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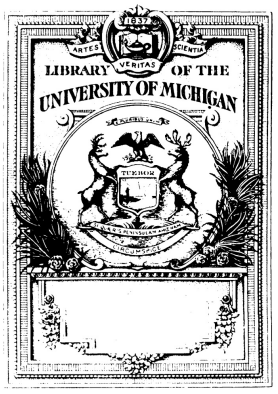

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Gen. O. M. POE.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOLUME XV.

FOR THE YEAR 1871.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year One Thousand Eight Hundred and Seventy-one, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

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NEW-YEAR'S WITH THE POOR.

"ONE half the world doesn't know how the other half lives" is a saying as true as it is trite. We have no doubt that many of our readers, casting a hasty glance on the scene of squalor and wretchedness depicted by our artist on this page, may be inclined to accuse him of exaggeration; but no one who will take the trouble to go through any of our streets where the very poor are huddled together in tenement houses, packed from cellar to garret with every form and manifestation of poverty and wretchedness known to the police and the benevolent city missionary, will question the fidelity of the sketch. In New York, as in the cities of the Old World, may be found

"Many a grim and loathsome lane
Swarming with the outcast children of disease and want and pain,
Where the foulness of pollution, on the pavement, on the walls,
Reeks and fumes like witch-sweat poison that in hideous cavern falls;
Where the pressure of the gables, leaning inward, stops the breath,
And no sunlight breaks the shadow, clears the atmosphere of death."

To these poor wretches—for the most part made miserable by crime or improvidence—these joyous days bring no pleasure, no relief from the hunger and cold and sickness that winter always keeps in store for them. Our Northern climate is not friendly to the poor. It multiplies all their miseries tenfold, and deprives them of nearly every physical comfort. In warmer countries, like Cuba, or Southern Italy, poverty is robbed of half its wretchedness by the geniality of the clime and the prodigality of nature. There the beggar may have scarcely clothing enough to hide his nakedness, but he is never cold; and

ANY THING BUT A HAPPY NEW-YEAR.—[DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.]

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where fruit and bread are always cheap, he is rarely hungry. But here, Heaven pity the poor when winter sets in! Thousands in this city to-day are half freezing with insufficient clothing and want of fire, thousands are half famished because meat and bread are dear, and because so much of their scanty means must go to buy fuel and the rags with which they seek to defend themselves against the cold; and thousands to-day are living in just such dens of wretchedness as the one depicted by our artist.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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LOOKING ABOUT.

A GENERAL amnesty would have this advantage, that it would increase in Congress the number of gentlemen like Senator M'CREERY, who express the real spirit of the Democratic party. The American people are so generous that they easily forget, and they are often saved from the disastrous consequences of their own indifference by what the Puritans would have called "little Providences." When the war ended there was a strong tendency to a kind of mush of emotion, by which the most serious considerations were likely to be overborne. It was a state of mind very serviceable to the designs of those who had been disloyal through the war, and to the mere ambitious demagogues like ANDREW JOHNSON. The death of Mr. LINCOLN, whose kindness of heart was always controlled by remarkable sagacity, brought the country to the verge of very grave perils. The defection of the JOHNSON Administration with all its patronage, and the confusion of the public mind in regard to the constitutional difficulties, were a threatening embarrassment. But the black codes of the Southern Legislatures and the massacre at New Orleans were "little Providences" which, by recalling the country to a sense of the actual situation, saved it from a catastrophe.

So at the end of the shameful JOHNSON era, when the Democratic National Convention met at Tammany Hall, there were many of the more sagacious members of the party who hoped for a platform and a nomination which would perplex the Republicans and open a chance of victory. But the predominance of the rebel chiefs, the repudiating platform, and the nomination of a candidate who was morally responsible for the New York riots of 1863, and of another who had proposed forcible measures with Congress, were "little Providences" again, revealing to the country the real character and purpose of the Democratic party. And now, when it was hoped by that party that there was Republican dissatisfaction enough with General GRANT to produce a formidable Republican dissension, when the burden of taxation had been so oratorically emphasized that with the restoration of the Union it was believed that Republican fidelity would be relaxed, and that by skillful concealment the Democratic party might regain a great deal of power, if not absolute control of the government, a performance like that of Senator M'CREERY is a "little Providence" which opens every body's eyes, and shows us the eternal truth, that whether the Evil One tempts St. Anthony in the form of a fiend or of a beautiful woman, he is the Evil One still.

Of course a few more gentlemen of the same kind in Congress would mutually embolden each other, and the country would see still more plainly the drift of the Democratic party. And if we ask why it is that this party seems to be so curiously unskillful, always pulling the area bell, as a wag says, instead of that of the front-door, the reason is obvious. It is that it is a negative and not a positive party. It has no general policy to propose. It decries Republican administration as unconstitutional and wasteful. But the covert proposal to disturb the settlement of the Union does not attract the country, and while the Democrats talk about free trade they say that they don't exactly mean it. Meanwhile a general declaration of economy and administrative honesty, from a party of whose honesty and economy the city of New York is the perpetual illustration, is a jest which the whole world appreciates. Nor is the situation improved by the traditions of the party, or by the character of its leaders. Its paramount aim for a generation was the extension of slavery, and many of its present conspicuous leaders are men as deeply identified with political corruption as its older chiefs with slavery extension. Indeed, the sole hope of the Democratic party is now what it has been since the war, that by a careful "hushing up" of the M'CREERYS and WADE HAMPTONS and PENDLETON repudiators, and by fine talk about low taxation and free trade, it may attract the discontented Republicans, and come into power.

The duty of the Republican managers, therefore, is plain. It is to disappoint this hope, and to retain the cordial approval of the best men in the party, who value purity more than party, and who will not be whipped by men whom they do not respect into the support of measures which they do not approve. They may not, if dissatisfied, vote for the other party, but their strength will be lost to the Republicans. They do not like to see, as they sometimes do, honorable and able men, men whose character is an invaluable capital for any party or administration, withdrawing from public life without explanation, but apparently as if it were impossible with self-respect to remain. They are dismayed by the apparent ascendency in influence of some persons who are notoriously unprincipled and jobbers. They feel, and they feel truly, that the people of this country will support the Administration with enthusiasm and pride, as they see it represented every where by the most unexceptionable men. Political managers know that they are always sure of "the regulation vote" of the disciplined and pachydermatous gentlemen who support "the devil if he is the regular candidate." It is those who will not support the devil, however regularly nominated, that they must hold.

The President is much stronger in the popular confidence now than he was before Congress met; and it is because his Message shows that he heartily favors certain measures which the mere politicians oppose, and which are of a kind that, if adopted, would secure Republican ascendency indefinitely. The country is sure from the Message that the President is not so absolutely under the control of certain counsels as was supposed. It is easy for any man to sophisticate himself with theories of the necessity of yielding to the laws of the situation. The difficulty is in knowing what those laws are. One who is new to political life naturally supposes that there is some mystery in political management which only technical politicians comprehend. But honesty and sagacity are the only necessary elements of political strategy. Sagacity without honesty is sure to fail in politics as in every other kind of activity. It is a truth which we believe the vacation will have impressed more deeply upon the minds of Senators and Representatives, and which, carefully pondered, will enable them to establish the party impregnably, and to re-elect General GRANT with enthusiasm.

PILGRIM WEEK.

THE third week in December was emphatically Pilgrim Week. It was the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the landing at Plymouth, and was jubilantly celebrated by the sons of the Puritans. They are naturally proud of their ancestry. The Puritan element in our history is most powerful and characteristic, but it is not all-embracing. It is the fruit of Puritanism which is so generous and noble. It is not the ascetic colony of Plymouth or of Massachusetts Bay—it is the smiling nation of to-day; it is not the sour Blue-laws—it is the proclamation of emancipation, which show the Puritan spirit in its full and rich development. The advanced line of civilization is unquestionably that of the English race, and that was determined by Puritanism. That was the flinty will which prevented the reaction and reconquest under the Cavaliers. The Cavaliers were graceful and gay, and they trolled many a droll and laughing stave at the lank brethren who snuffled in prayer. But through their noses the old Puritans sang a terrible psalm of liberty, and CROMWELL was not wrong when he described his victory at Worcester as a crowning mercy. They were very austere. We think of their world as destitute of sunshine. But upon this side of the sea they had to fight winter, savages, and a sterile soil. That was no work for serenading Cavaliers. The fathers of this country were sad and sombre men. But out of strength has come forth sweetness.

The Pilgrims did not bring liberty of thought to this country, but they brought the protest out of which it sprang. They came to enjoy a freedom which was denied them in England, but it was a freedom for themselves alone. They treated ROGER WILLIAMS as they had themselves been treated, and the execution of MARY DYER was LAUD'S persecution magnified. The attempts to excuse these acts, and to treat them as punishments of civil offenses, are failures. They were the results of ecclesiastical rule, which is always the most despotic and hopeless of all government. But the pure deposit from the muddy confusion of sophistry is invaluable. It is what has saved, and will continue to save, America, for it is conscience in politics. Puritanism, under obscure forms, is the assertion that morality can not be safely divorced from politics. That is the principle which, being denied, agitated us for a generation, led us to war, and at last triumphed in the regeneration of the country.

This was the principle which DANIEL WEBSTER announced at Plymouth fifty years ago, in the oration which was so renowned. He repeated it at Niblo's Garden twenty years afterward. He renounced it ten years later; but it was still true, as the contest which he deprecated, but could not postpone, terribly proved. For us that is the great lesson of the anniversary of this year. It is not to praise the Puritans without qualification. It certainly is not to scoff at them, nor to forget the immeasurable work they did. But we can not enough praise nor emulate their fidelity, their heroic persistence, their profound conviction that the life of the state, like that of the individual man, must be founded upon morality, and that there is no human relation from which the law of conscience can safely be discarded. They foolishly and oppressively magnified the functions of government. But that great, grim company, whom we are so apt to fancy plodding solemnly through the deep snow to the log meeting-house, around which they stacked their arms, harshly supervising every human relation, relentlessly punishing the most venial error, sad, silent, saturnine, were the men who transmitted the torch of liberty unextinguished from the old time to the new.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE SENATE.

THAT the President believes the advantages of securing a coaling station upon the island of San Domingo, by annexing part of the island, to be greater than the disadvantages, is most evident. During the last session of Congress he personally visited the Capitol to advocate the project, and in his recent Message there is nothing more earnest and sincere than his argument for annexation. But there is a very positive and honest disagreement with the President's views in his own party; and each side persists so strenuously that the matter has become perilous to the party harmony. Yet the duty of the President and of Senators who differ from him is plain, and there ought to be no bitterness of feeling in consequence of the difference of opinion. The President most properly suggests to the country and to its representatives a measure which, in his judgment, is of the highest public service. He urges it with every argument he can command, and he is entitled to the most respectful hearing. But it is in this instance not a question of principle, and, indeed, belongs to a class of measures of which the advantage is always doubtful. The Senate is morally bound to consider it wholly upon its merits, and if it differs from the President, he is morally bound to respect the honest difference.

But, for some reason, the San Domingo question has become a personal matter. It is understood that to oppose the annexation is to displease the President, and it is very generally supposed that the recall of Mr. MOTLEY was due to Mr. SUMNER'S hostility to the San Domingo project. The debates in the secret sessions of the Senate are reported to have been very acrimonious, and it has been stated in one of the most judicious of Republican papers that the President has intimated that except for the dignity of his office he should feel constrained to ask an explanation of certain personal remarks made by Mr. SUMNER. On the other hand, Mr. SUMNER and Mr. SCHURZ have not hesitated to speak very sharply and contemptuously of the San Domingo proposition; so sharply and contemptuously, indeed, that there seems to be no prospect of a good understanding between them and the President. Indeed, the Senate has been divided into the President's "friends" and the opposition, to the sincere regret of all honest people who know that Republican harmony is indispensable to the welfare of the country.

Nobody would acknowledge sooner than the President that the President's wish can not be made the policy of the party. Nothing, therefore, can be more mistaken than to expect the adherence of Senators as Republicans to a very important public measure which they disapprove upon the most urgent considerations. The rule would seem to be that the majority in Congress should defer in many things to the suggestions of a President of its own party, but that the President should make serious proposals only upon consultation with his advisers and leading party friends, that precisely the present unseemly spectacle may be avoided. The instinct of every practical man assures him, of course, that no party can long retain the ascendency under our system if there is no sincere co-operation between the executive and legislative departments. But the same good sense assures him that such co-operation must be the result of reflection and consultation, and of good-natured forbearance. If the Senate, or any considerable part of it, regards every proposition of the President with suspicion, as ANDREW JOHNSON'S were regarded, the result is inevitable.

The Republican chiefs ought to understand that the country will hold them responsible for any serious differences, and to remember that nothing is more nationally humiliating than the spectacle of mutual crimination among political friends in the national Legislature. Senators seem to cultivate a brilliant asperity in debate. But it is more mischievous than they would believe. If they differ with each other or with the President, can it not be done in a frank and manly way, and without the most miserable gibes and insinuations?

THE REORGANIZATION OF FRANCE.

THE success of the Germans in France continues, but it is not easy to see how the war can end. Usually when it is evident that one of the combatants is beaten, he confesses the fact by accepting terms of surrender. But that is in organized political communities, while France is entirely disorganized. There is no reason to suppose that Bordeaux would yield even if Paris fell. M. GAMBETTA would only issue another proclamation declaring the republic to be invincible, and calling upon the country to expel the invader. Nobody can speak for the whole country, no authority can pledge its submission. There is no power to treat with; and if M. FAVRE should accept conditions, there is no security that M. CREMIEUX would not reject them. There is, however, not even an appearance of any other authority than that of the Committee of Defense, and if they should simultaneously abandon the struggle, although the army and its generals might not acknowledge the right of the Committee to act for them, it is probable that general hostilities would cease. Such an event would leave in France only the elements of a nation, and a government would be organized under the superintendence of Germany.

It would be with such a government that Germany would treat for the final terms of peace. Yet here is a difficulty. If the French resistance should at last give way before the German force, the will of Germany would be virtually supreme, and the more surely because of the French consciousness of virtual national disintegration. But when a government, of whatever kind, arose from the votes of the people, a renewed sense of power and pride would arise with it, and make the conditions of peace more difficult to determine. The Vienna conference of the neutral powers proposes as a basis of settlement European acquiescence in the annexation of Luxembourg; the acknowledgment of WILLIAM as the Emperor of Germany; the payment by France of 1,200,000,000 francs; the razing of two frontier fortresses; and the cession of Alsace to Germany. But if resistance to the German arms should cease, and the Committee of Defense should accept such conditions, the new government could not feel bound by the acceptance, and the country would feel stronger, in the fact of a government, to refuse them.

Nothing, therefore, is practicable but an armistice, which M. GAMBETTA was erroneously reported to have wished or even proposed. And then? Indeed, there is no problem more obscure than the future of France, which is made the subject of a thoughtful essay by M. EMILE DE LAVELEYE in the last *Fortnightly Review*. He is of opinion that the republic is the best government for France, but he doubts if the condition of the people and of the country makes it practicable. The mass of the peasant proprietors in the country and the bourgeoisie, the "middle class," in the towns, are afraid of a republic, which they associate with incessant agitation and insecurity. Then he thinks that when the suffrage becomes universal, which is the tendency every where, the people, of whom a majority are always poor, will naturally wish to change by law the distribution of wealth, and in the consequent struggle freedom would perish. But his article shows that the empire has so effectually demoralized the French people that it is impossible to assume in them the character and heroism which are essential to the establishment of a republic.

But in the reorganization of France very much more than is now believed will depend upon the personal ascendency of some man or men who are both wise and patriotic. At present there is no man in the country who seems to be a real leader. When such a man appears he will reassert the practical supremacy of character and intellect over the force of mere numbers.

GENERAL SCHENCK'S INSTRUCTIONS.

THE amicable adjustment of the difficulty with England would be hailed by the country with the utmost satisfaction, and it would add much to the prestige of the Administration. The views of the Administration upon the subject are not unknown, and it is reported from Washington that General SCHENCK will be instructed to effect a settlement, if possible, upon three conditions—payment to the owners, reimbursing of expenses to the United States, and public recognition of the true principles of neutrality. This is a position different from

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that of Senator SUMNER. There are no constructive damages demanded, and no confession of a premature recognition of belligerency. The conditions imply an acknowledgment that due precaution was not taken to prevent the escape of the *Alabama*, and that it is the duty of a country to make its municipal law adequate to the enforcement of its international obligations. But there is to be no bluster upon our part, and no requirement that Great Britain shall do what we should never think of doing, and what it is therefore an insult to propose to any other power. Nor is it likely that Great Britain would object to a declaration of the principle upon which she has already modified her local law. By the change proposed by her own Government to Parliament the British authorities have conceded that the previous law, under which we complain, was inadequate.

It is very agreeable to believe that the Administration is not disposed to act upon the absurd principle that we can afford to postpone a settlement if England can. Neither nation can afford it, because no nation can properly afford to cultivate hostility with another. Firm and honorable and intelligent friendship with other nations, and especially with England, is our true policy. And nothing will tend more powerfully to secure a really satisfactory treaty than an evident disposition of friendliness evinced by a waiving of a mere form. The truth is that we think we have been injured, and that a great many Englishmen think so also. They are ready, and the British Government is doubtless of the same mind, to do what they honorably can if we will only let them know what we wish. They say, and not untruly, that we merely shake our heads ominously, and declare that we have been very much injured, but that although they have assented to all that we have hitherto proposed, we rejected the settlement of our own agents, and have proposed no other. But if the reports in regard to General SCHENCK are correct, the English can no longer say this, and he will be instructed to state precisely what we wish.

When his instructions, or their spirit, are authentically known, as we hope they soon will be, we have little doubt that they will be another illustration of the quiet good sense of the Administration. The President and the Secretary of State are peculiarly practical men, and they understand the responsibility of their positions. The suggestion of terms not agreeable to the best judgment of our own country, and instantly rejected by Great Britain, would be a very great misfortune. But the subject is so thoroughly understood, the general feeling of this country and the state of sentiment in England must be now so familiar to the Administration, that such a misfortune is hardly possible. A judicious and honorable settlement, also, would go very far toward securing the continuance of the Administration that accomplished it. Against the great facts of a steady diminution of the debt and reduction of taxation, an evidently increasing honesty and economy of collection and disbursement, with a firm, peaceful, and honorable foreign policy, healing difficulties and knitting closer bonds of prosperous amity, Democratic promises of greater administrative honesty, efficiency, and economy would break into ridiculous froth, like the waves against a rocky cliff.

THE CRUMMLES CORRESPONDENCE.

IT is constantly said that the public has no interest in private quarrels; but it is certain that their revelation always provokes a great deal of public comment. The merest tale of *scan. mag.* finds a very large and most interested circle of readers; and the wars of actors have always enlisted the public attention. Indeed, such quarreling is a kind of gladiatorial show. The imperial public lounges in its purple pavilion and looks down upon the combatants, applauding the skillful stroke, amused for a moment, but wholly indifferent whether one or both of the fighters are slain. It is not, therefore, that the public is not interested which should persuade a man to keep his quarrels out of the papers, but that it is the interest of mere excitement, and that the publication is very likely to touch his own self-respect, and affect the public regard for him. The recently published correspondence in which Mr. FECHTER figures occupied a great deal of conspicuous space in the papers; its substance was telegraphed; and it was the occasion of universal public comment, and of much private conversation. But although the pulse of the public was stirred for a moment, its respect for the correspondent was certainly not increased.

Gentlemen and ladies, therefore, who are burning to make a clean breast to the public of the injuries which have been done them may profit exceedingly by a little reflection upon the facts of this latest appeal. They are simply that Mr. FECHTER became stage manager of a certain theatre, and that, finding difficulties, he decided to throw up the engagement. The mere announcement of such a fact would not have been surprising, because the difficulties behind the foot-lights are known always to be immense, and often insuperable. Nobody would have thought ill of Mr. FECHTER, and those who liked his acting would have been only very sorry that their pleasure was to be interrupted; but in an unhappy hour he published a long letter detailing the differences between him and other actors, and producing private letters. There were, of course, prompt rejoinders and rebutters, and with every word "the profession" suffered sadly in public estimation. Nothing whatever has been gained by the publicity but a laugh upon the part of the public, and a general feeling that every body concerned is a little to blame. A solemn appeal to the public by any worthy gentleman to decide whether he is not justified in leaving a shoemaker who wantonly squeezes his foot, or the placarding of Jones by Smith as a caitiff coward, and whelp, and scoundrelly poltroon, are only ridiculous performances, however amusing.

If one actor quarrels with another, if an author differs with a publisher, if a customer is displeased with his tailor, if there is any private difference not involving a wrong to the public, let it remain private. There are offenses which affect us all, and to such the attention of every body can not be too pointedly called. The constant and innumerable perils and carelessnesses of railroad and other travel, the superb swindles of hotels, the insecurity of buildings, are of this kind. Publicity given to such offenses is like the policeman's lantern turned upon a thief. But who cares whether Smith thinks Jones a caitiff or not? Who cares that there is a misunderstanding as to the scope of his duties between Mr. Crummles and Mr. Folair? The account may be "spicy," but let all ladies and gentlemen intending publicity be warned by the general derision and the occasional regret with which the fiery Crummles-Folair correspondence is perused by that terrible critic, the newspaper reader.

LITERARY.

THERE is the usual Christmas activity among the publishers, and there are so many valuable and handsome books for all readers of all ages that it is not possible to mention more than a few. PAUL DU CHAILLU gives us another of his tales of African adventure with most suggestive illustrations, and he tells the story of his actual Barataria, his "Apingi Kingdom," a romantic story in which every boy who is of the Robinson Crusoe age will be absorbed with delight. The HARPERS publish it, and also the "Adventures of a Young Naturalist," by BIART, with the most copious illustrations—a book full of interest and instruction for every body; and they give us some new and charming fairy stories, by E. H. KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN, M.P., who calls his book "Puss-Cat Mew." For graver books there are BEECHER'S "Morning and Evening Devotional Exercises;" and "Light at Evening Time: A Book of Support and Comfort for the Aged," edited by JOHN STANFORD HOLME—a book especially designed, in the large clear type and convenient form, for those whose Christmas is a feast of memory. Then there are LABOULAYE'S always fresh stories, and MACÉ'S; and WOOD'S "Homes without Hands;" and LYMAN ABBOTT'S "Old Testament Shadows;" and "The Poets of the Nineteenth Century," with all the countless works published by the same house, of the best authors, whose presence is a perpetual benediction in every home.

Of Mr. HOWELL'S "Suburban Sketches" we can only say now that its grace and delicate insight and subtile humor, with the delightful air of intellectual sanity which pervades it, only the more firmly establish his claim to the foremost rank among younger American authors. "My Summer in a Garden," by CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER, one of the editors of the Hartford *Courant*, is as fresh and breezy as a June morning. The book is a series of little papers upon gardening originally published in the *Courant*, and now introduced by a letter from HENRY WARD BEECHER. But the book will make its own way. The reader will not learn much from it of the vegetables and flowers that grow in a garden, but he will learn a great deal of the cheerful thoughts and pleasant fancies that grow there. He extracts morals and humor, if nothing else, from his vegetables. The constant humor of the little book is wayward and unexpected, but it is wholly unlike the extravagant and boisterous fun which is now so popular. Speaking of eating onions, the author says: "The act is in the nature of a religious ceremony, an Eleusinian mystery—not a breath of it must get abroad." What happiness that passage would have given the author of the essay upon "Roast Pig!" "An English Governess at the Court of Siam" is a true and most extraordinary story. MRS. LEONOWCAS, the author, was for some time the teacher of the royal children, and she has given us a more vivid picture than we have ever had of the interior of a life so foreign and so secluded. The book is very handsomely bound and illustrated, and as an authentic revelation it is very valuable.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

WE have already referred to an unusually heavy rain that fell recently at Aspinwall. Late advices from the isthmus inform us that one of the highest floods known in that region since the construction of the railroad culminated about the first of the present month, and that the track between Gatun and San Pablo was submerged for at least eight miles, in some places to a depth of from three to four feet.

There appears to be a hitch in regard to the work of completing the ship canal which was to be constructed across Nicaragua, under the auspices of the French government, since the President of Costa Rica has, for various reasons, refused his assent to certain modifications of the original treaty, without which the construction of the canal is said to be impracticable.

During the present year there has been an unusual number of land-slides and sinkings of the ground over considerable areas in different parts of the country, one of the most striking being the dropping out, so to speak, of a portion of the harbor of St. John, New Brunswick, last winter. Quite lately, again, three acres of land on the Delaware division of the Erie Railway suddenly sank below the ground to the depth of about forty feet, leaving the tops of the trees just visible above the surface. As an instance of a more gradual sinking of an extended region, it is said that the islands of Jersey and Guernsey, in the British Channel, have subsided to the extent of forty feet in five hundred years.

Such of our readers as have watched the progress of legislation in regard to the fur-seal islands of Behring Sea, namely, St. Paul and St. George, forming the Pribylow group, may remember that a limitation of the number to be killed each year was strictly insisted upon, in accordance with the practice of the Russian company when in possession of the islands, the average number of skins formerly taken amounting to 75,000 on the island of St. Paul, and 25,000 on that of St. George. During the few years that have elapsed since the Russian possession of these islands it is said that a considerable excess of this number of animals has been killed, and it was predicted that the result would be the abandonment of the islands by the seals. By a recent arrival from the islands it is stated that the catch for the present year will amount to only about 35,000, and that the seals have left their accustomed haunts to a very appreciable degree, and fears are entertained that they may abandon them entirely. Part of their number appear to have resorted to the Commander Islands, west of the Aleutian group, which still belong to Russia, and it is said that the Alaska Fur-Seal Company, now having control of the Pribylow Islands, are endeavoring to obtain a cession from the Russian government for the purpose of monopolizing the capture on Behring and Copper islands, forming the Commander group.

For some time past a very valuable collection of ethnological objects has been on sale in Germany, the acquisition of which by New York would be an object of the greatest interest. It was made by Dr. GUSTAVUS KLEMM, of Dresden, with the view of illustrating his researches upon the progress of human civilization, and forms the basis of his great works on this subject. After his decease it was put into the market; but has, we believe, not yet met with a purchaser, although several establishments in Germany are anxiously endeavoring to secure the mass required to purchase it. The collection embraces over 14,000 specimens, in all possible variety, illustrating the physical and natural history of mankind from the earliest times to the present day. Mummies, crania, stone implements, armor, clothing of all kinds, musical instruments—in fact, articles of every kind that can well be imagined, are represented in this cabinet. The price asked for it some time ago was, we think, about $12,000, and we presume it could readily be purchased for that sum.

As was foretold by sagacious prophets, the cod-fisheries in Alaska continue to increase in economical importance to the country, the catch during the present year having amounted to over 1,300,000, all the fish of large size. Should the cod-fisheries of the Banks of Newfoundland fail in the course of time, as is feared by some, it is quite probable that we shall be obliged to depend upon the Alaskan seas for our supplies. As the shoals frequented by cod in these seas vastly exceed in area all those of Newfoundland, and the fish themselves are of equal size and excellence, and in much greater relative abundance, we can look forward with equanimity to the transfer of that branch of the fishing interest from one side of the continent to the other, satisfied, as we may well be, that a plentiful supply will always be available for consumption.

From a table by Dr. KLEIN, showing the mean annual frequency of thunder-storms in different localities, Java appears to be the most favored in this respect, one locality being credited with 159 storms, and another with 110. Beyrout, in Syria, can count only four, while Sitka has an average of only one and a half per annum, as shown by a period of nine years.

The inconveniences and dangers of the harbor of Punta Arenas, the principal harbor of Costa Rica, on the Pacific slope, situated on the Gulf of Nicoya, have induced the authorities of that state to request the government of the United States to furnish competent engineers to make surveys for a more suitable location.

A new exploration of the islands of the Pacific Ocean, under the auspices of the Geographical Society of Russia, is now fitting out, and is to be in charge of a young Russian, Mr. MIKLUCHO MACLAY. This gentleman, well known by previous journeys among the Eastern islands, Morocco, and on the coast of the Red Sea, will be accompanied by several specialists in different branches of science. The subjects that will receive particular attention are those connected with the physical geography of the sea in its relationship to animal life, such as the temperature at different depths, the percentage of salt, density of the water, ebb and flow of the tide, etc.; also studies in animal geography, and ethnological investigations. Full collections in the animal and vegetable kingdoms will be made to illustrate the labors of the expedition. It is expected that a vessel of war will be detailed to carry the party to the Pacific, especially while it is occupied in exploring the Kuriles, Saghalin, and Kamtschatka.

Dr. FRANC, of Munich, informs us that coryza, or cold in the head, with severe sneezing, can be cured perfectly, in from two to four days, by preparing a solution of permanganate of potassa in the proportion of about one and a half grains to two fluid ounces of water. Of this solution some twenty to sixty drops are to be poured into a tumblerful of water, and every two hours a table-spoonful is to be snuffed up the nostrils; and if there be any soreness the same may be used as a gargle. The remedy may be applied much more efficiently by means of the fountain syringe now so much in use, replacing advantageously the solution of salt in water so generally resorted to in connection with the apparatus.

No recent paleontological announcement has been of more interest than the discovery in the small island of Anguilla, in the West Indies, of fossil remains of extinct species of vertebrate animals, among them rodents of enormous size. These are closely allied to the chinchilla, which furnishes the well-known South American fur; but instead of being of about the size of a small rabbit, the largest fully equaled a cow in its dimensions, constituting the largest rodent on record, and considerably exceeding in bulk the capybaras, or fossil beaver, of the United States. Of the remains thus far identified by Professor COPE there are five rodents, one deer, and two birds. In the same communication Professor COPE announces the discovery, in the collections of the Smithsonian Institution, of a new fossil lizard, from New Mexico, which must have been about one hundred feet in length, being probably the longest known reptile.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

December 19.—Most of the day, in the Senate, was spent in discussing a proposition to make compensation for property destroyed in the late war by order of Federal officers. The debate was not concluded.—In the House, a large number of bills were introduced, including one to prevent and punish bribery in Congressional elections, and to enforce the rights of citizens in the several States; one authorizing the issue of one-cent correspondence cards, and one providing for a commission to settle claims for damage done in the late war. An act was passed giving soldiers of the war of 1812 and the Mexican war the same benefits under the Soldiers' Homestead act as are granted to those who fought in the late war.

December 20.—In the Senate, the San Domingo question came up, on the motion of Mr. Morton, for the consideration of his resolution in favor of an investigating committee. The subject was debated at considerable length.—In the House, the discussion of Mr. Butler's Amnesty bill was resumed. The principal speakers were Messrs. Bingham, Fitch, Degener, and Mercur. The Southern members were mostly in favor of general amnesty. The debate was finally cut off by the previous question, which was moved by Mr. Butler.

December 21.—In the Senate, the San Domingo matter was again the principal topic of discussion, the question being on resolutions introduced by Mr. Morton authorizing an investigation into the condition of San Domingo. The debate was kept up until nearly seven o'clock in the morning. Mr. Sumner made a severe and bitter attack upon the administration. Several amendments were offered and rejected, and the resolutions were finally adopted by a vote of 31 to 9.—In the House, the consideration of the Amnesty bill was postponed till after the holidays.

December 22.—In the Senate, the House Amnesty bill, relating to certain persons in Virginia, was laid aside for the present, and the Senate adjourned till after the holidays.—In the House, remarks on amnesty were made by several members—Mr. Jones, of Kentucky, Mr. Bird, of New Jersey, Mr. Booker, of Virginia, and Mr. Barry, of Mississippi, speaking in favor of a measure of general relief, and Mr. Porter, of Virginia, opposing it, and declaring that Republicans were not yet secure in their rights in the South. The House finally adjourned to January 4.

GENERAL DOMESTIC ITEMS.

Several disasters have recently taken place on the Mississippi. The steamer *Nick Wall* was wrecked on a snag, December 18, and forty of her passengers were lost. On the 22d ult. the crack steamer *R. E. Lee* came in collision with another steamer opposite Natchez, and was so much injured that she sank. No lives were lost.

It is reported that Sir John Rose is on his way to Canada and the United States, on an important mission regarding the fisheries.

The people of San Domingo are represented as anxiously looking for the President's Message, and for something in it favorable to annexation. A revolution and a European protectorate are spoken of in the event of failure of their hopes of entering the Union.

The President's views on the *Alabama* claims are still discussed in the London papers. The *Times* says that the Americans are ready to fight, because their exposed points are few, and their resources unbounded, and England is averse to war for converse reasons.

An accidental explosion of 1500 pounds of nitro-glycerine occurred December 23 at the Hoosac Tunnel, by which the superintendent of the works was killed.

FOREIGN NEWS.

IT is reported that the two divisions of the Army of the Loire have effected a junction. A vigorous sortie was made from Paris December 21. Generals Malro and Blaise occupied Neuilly-sur-Marne, Villa Evrard, and La Maison Blanche, to the east of Paris. The fire of the enemy was silenced at all points. The French also captured Le Bourget, but were unable to hold it, and retired with one hundred German prisoners. General Ducrot was engaged on the south side of Paris, and at night occupied Groslay and Drancy. A feint was made from the west, Mont Valérien, and occupied the island of Chiard, in the Seine. General Trochu remained outside of Paris with the army.

The Prussian design of obtaining provisions from England by way of Dieppe is said to have been frustrated by the close watch of the French cruisers.

The King of Bavaria announces the concurrence of all the German princes and the Hanse Towns in the project for making the King of Prussia Emperor of Germany.

King William, in his reply to the Parliamentary deputation conveying a congratulatory address, signified his acceptance of the imperial crown offered by the "unanimous voice of the German nation."

The Luxembourg representative at Berlin has gone to Versailles to explain to the King of Prussia the position of the Grand Duchy with regard to the complaints of Count Von Bismarck. A London paper says Earl Granville's note to Count Bismarck expresses the hope that Prussia will abstain from putting in practice its theories, and will make an amicable arrangement. The *Kreutz Zeitung* (official organ of Bismarck) says that Prussia is ready to submit her claims to arbitration affecting the independence of Luxembourg.

The candidates for the Presidency of Mexico, in the approaching election, are Juarez, Diaz, and Tejada, and the latter, it is believed, will be chosen. Lotteries have been re-established by act of Congress.

Caballero de Rodas, ex-Captain-General of Cuba, sailed from Havana for Spain December 17. Acting Captain-General Valmaseda has begun his administration by sending to the field the regulars who were doing duty about Havana, leaving the guarding of the Moro Castle and Cabaña to the volunteers.

The Indians on the Paraguay River have recently been committing depredations upon passing vessels. The crew of an Italian sloop, ten in number, were killed by them a few weeks since, and the vessel burned.

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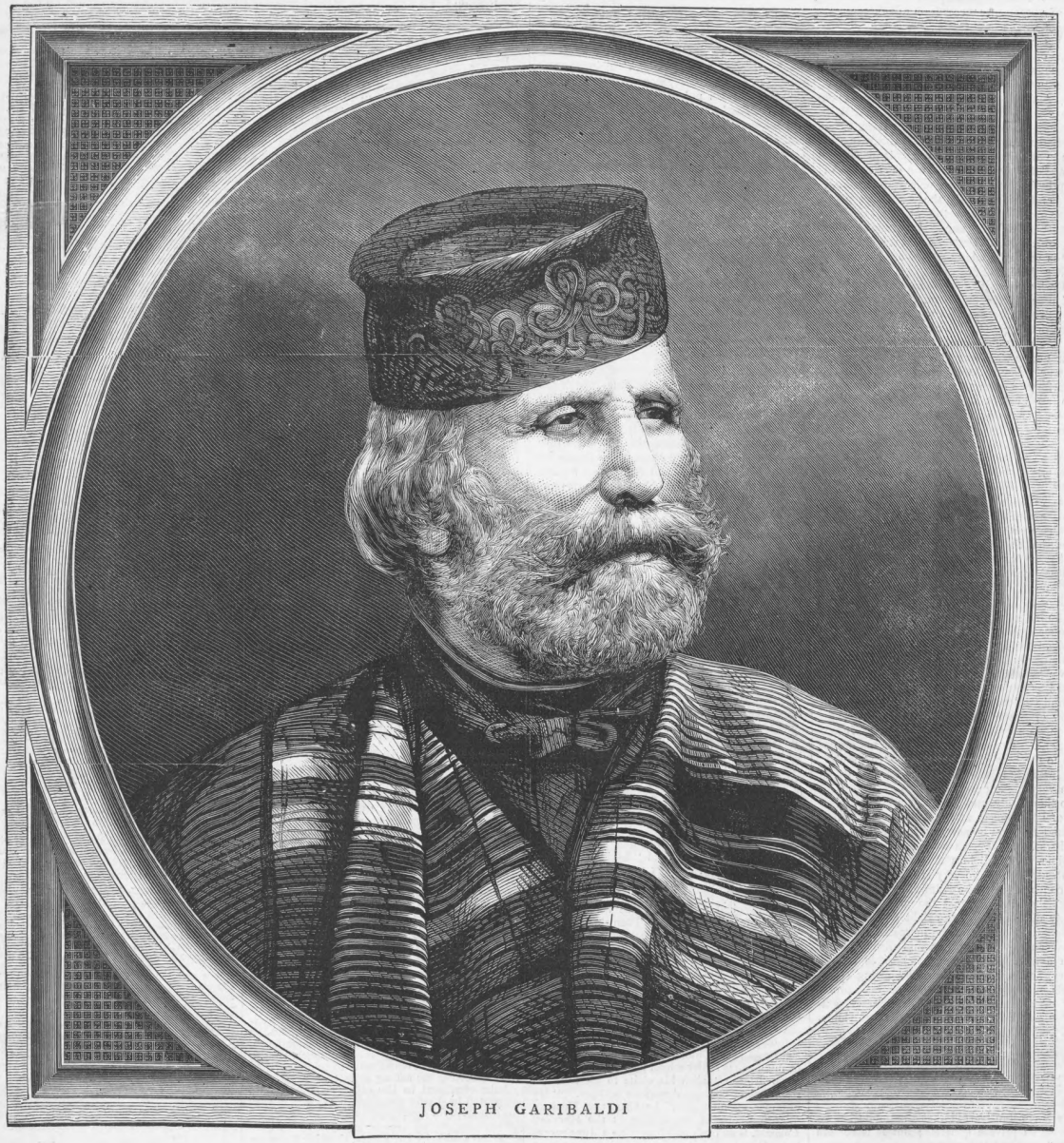

JOSEPH GARIBALDI

THE CITY OF EVREUX, NORMANDY, FRANCE.—[SEE PAGE 10.]

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GURNEY & CO. AT HOME.

CHRISTMAS-EVE.

In Two Parts.—Part II.

"HERE'S JOHN GURNEY! GOD BLESS HIM!"

THE GANNETTS.

IT was a poor neighborhood. You felt that before you saw it, as you feel dampness in the air before you see the falling of the rain. Beginning at a main thoroughfare, the streets ran easterly to the river, and the nearer they approached it the worse they grew. At first they seemed to have been swept, though the sweepers had forgotten to remove their mountains of dust and mud. A block or two farther on the pretense of cleanliness ceased. Stagnant water stood in the gutters—little inland lakes, the shores of which were strewn with cabbage leaves, potato peelings, and fragments of egg-shells. Ashes abounded, the debris of dilapidated old barrels overset by mischievous boys for a lark, and the deposit of rusty scuttles hastily emptied behind the backs of policemen. "Rubbish shot here" was the tacit understanding every where. As the streets were, so were the houses. The contrast between them and the new brown-stone mansions in Burlington Row was instructive. They were old and shabby, the best of them—in need of paint, in need of repairs, but not in the least need of dirt. The stoops were never scrubbed, the areas were seldom swept. Shutters banged, and blinds rattled, and the doors were generally open. The peculiarity of these doors was that they had been painted a rusty green once upon a time, and that there were knockers on every one of them. The neighborhood was astir with business, though where the money to carry it on came from was a mystery. It would be difficult to name a trade or profession which did not flourish there. There was, for instance, a barber for every block, a drug store say for every two blocks, and groceries and groggeries innumerable. It would be safe to say that one of every four corners was a groggery, and that in one of every four basements lager was sold. It is curious how thirsty these neighborhoods are, and how hungry, and how their hunger satisfies itself with oysters! Baskets of them are piled up in front of dingy little dens, the windows of which solicit attention with bowls of the same already opened. Butchers' shops, with rounds of beef on blocks and quarters of beef and mutton on hooks, not forgetting whole hogs suspended under the awnings outside; cigar stores guarded by wooden Indians, mostly princesses in scanty attire, with many feathers in their hair, and bunches of choice Havanas in their hands; drug stores, with their globes of colored water shining afar; and undertakers' shops, with the invariable baby's coffin, and the dreadful smell of varnish hanging about—or is it the odor of sickness and death, that forever haunts such neighborhoods as these? Dreary enough at any time, they are drearier than ever on Sunday, when the shops are closed and the bustle is suspended. It is a Day of Rest—for the brute creation at least; there are no horses out, no vehicles of any sort in motion. Drawn up close to the sidewalk are carts, trucks, and the numbered wagons of "licensed vendors." Something like silence, which is not silence, is oppressive here: one is possessed with a feeling of desolation. It is not broken by the shambling figures that lounge on the corners, and it is increased by the glimpses of indoor life one sees through the windows—glimpses of faces in damp basements where the light is as darkness, and in cold garrets where the wind shuffles through papered panes. Drearier than all are the tenement houses which have been built here of late years, rising like Babels over the low wooden buildings around them—six stories high; two, four, six, eight together, and as many more in the rear—great hives of brick and mortar, swarming with men, women, and children—curious, improvident, wretched bees, who hoard no more honey than will last themselves to-day, and satisfy the owners of their hives to-morrow.

Through these disconsolate neighborhoods—for there are many of them—a man might have been seen plodding his way one afternoon in December. He was wrapped up in a great cloak, as befitted the weather, and he carried a cane, though rather, it seemed, for show than use. There was a lightness in his step not in keeping with the stoop in his shoulders and the wrinkles in his face. It was the face of a gentleman, ruddy and clean-shaved, but alert and keen, turning hither and thither as he walked, that nothing might escape his eyes, which one would have pronounced keen also, though they were concealed by a pair of blue spectacles. It was evident that he was a stranger, since he stopped occasionally to inquire his way, and appeared perplexed and amused at the different answers that were given him.

"They have a patois of their own, I see; their very intonation is different from ours." He was right in thinking so; for what with the Celtic element, and the German element, and the element of General Ignorance, the wells of English are indeed muddy in all such neighborhoods.

He stopped, and drew a bit of paper from his pocket.

"'One hundred and fifty-seven Constable's Block.' It might be any block that I have passed. They must be dreadfully poor."

He shook his head and went on again, looking up at the corners of the streets to read their names, since he could not find the one he sought, so contradictory were the directions that were launched on him. "Ah, here we are at last!"

He turned to the right into a small street, sloppier and muddier than any he had yet traversed—a close, dark street that was paved with large cobble-stones which wouldn't keep in their places, that was bordered by narrow brick sidewalks—dikes of the ever-brimming gutters—and that was shut in by wooden and brick houses in all stages of decay. None were more than two stories high, and the newest had not known paint within the memory of their occupants. Alleys between them led into houses or stables in the rear. The street was littered up with old carts, upon which children were playing; dogs barked furiously; and coming toward him was a policeman leading a poor wretch to the station-house maudlin with overmuch whisky.

"It is horrible!" he muttered, as he stepped aside to let the motley following pass.

Another reference to his paper and to the numbers on the doors, and he stopped before a small brick house, the best in the block, and ascended the high stone steps, which were swept clean. Then he lifted the iron knocker, that fell with a clang. A slatternly little girl opened the door.

"Is Mrs. Gannett at home, my child?"

"Dunno; lives up stairs."

"Shall I go up?"

"Can if you like."

"Hold the door open, then, till I see." He pinched her cheek, and picked his way to the foot of the stairs, which were dark and steep. Arriving at the second-floor, he knocked at the first door he came to, the door of a back-room. There was no answer. He knocked again; still there was no answer. He found the knob and turned it; the door was locked. He groped his way until he reached a second door, which he knocked at.

"Come in," said a soft voice; and he entered, hat in hand.

"Excuse me, madam, but I am looking for Mrs. Garnett."

"No Mrs. Garnett lives here."

"Perhaps I have mistaken the name," and he pretended to look at a paper. "I have. It is Mrs. Gannett—Mrs. Anne Gannett."

"I am Mrs. Gannett, but my name is Ann."

"I know a friend of yours, Mrs. Gannett—if you are the lady I am looking for—Mrs. Watkins, who lives at Gurney Place."

"Won't you take a chair?"

"Thank you, yes." And he proceeded in a leisurely way to divest himself of his cloak, peering round him as he unwound the heavy cape and unbuckled the collar, until he had taken in the room and its occupant. She was what I call a pretty woman—a slight little body with tender black eyes, and black hair brushed smoothly round her forehead, and slightly sprinkled with gray. Her face was care-worn but pleasant. She was ill dressed—not untidily, but carelessly and without taste. Her sleeves were stripped up above the wrist, and she wore a short apron, to which bits of thread and the ravelings of cloth adhered. A sewing-machine stood near the window, beside which lay a garment that she was making, and had dropped when she heard the knock.

"I fear I interrupt you, Mrs. Gannett?"

"Not a bit. But excuse me a minute while I rake the stove."

Snatching a poker, she kneeled before the stove in question, which was red-hot on top, and odorous with something baking in the oven, and raked the grate vigorously. This done, she removed her apron and turned down her sleeves.

"I hardly know how to begin what I have to say," remarked her visitor, who had watched her movements with a curious smile; "but, as I said, I am acquainted with your friend Mrs. Watkins."

"I hope she is well."

"She was when I saw her last, and she wished to be remembered to you. She is a sort of client of mine—in the Roman sense at least—and it is in consequence of a conversation with her that I have come to see you."

"Are you a lawyer? I thought you might be a minister, from your white cravat."

"Allow me to introduce myself as Josiah Skinner—a good name for a lawyer, isn't it?"

"I hope Martha hasn't been tattling of me and my affairs?" She spoke distrustfully.

"Nothing to your disadvantage," he answered, gravely.

"She couldn't, if she told the truth."

"Let us understand each other, Mrs. Gannett. I did not come here to pry into your affairs, of which Mrs. Watkins has told me nothing, but to see if I can not be of service to you and your children. You have children?—I think Mrs. Watkins said so."

"Two," she replied, stiffly, as if she had a grudge against Mrs. Watkins.

"You do not object to my—what shall I say?—to my benefiting your children—if I can?"

"I can take care of them myself, Sir."

"I see that, Mrs. Gannett. You are a brave woman, and a proud. I respect pride, but it may be carried too far. I do not say yours is. But you are not listening to me."

It is true she was not listening at that moment. She sat in a low rocking-chair, with her hands folded, and her eyes fixed on vacancy. How could he benefit her and her children? was the question she put to herself. Had any of the Gannetts died and left property? They had none to leave. Was her brother dead? She would have heard of it if he were. What did he mean?

"I am sorry to disturb you, Mrs. Gannett, but if you will answer a few questions which, with your leave, I will put to you, you will no longer distrust me, I think. As I said before—or meant to, if I did not—I am here to serve you, if you will let me."

She roused herself.

"Your maiden name was Gurney—Miss Ann Gurney. You are a daughter of the late John Gurney, of the firm of 'Gurney & Co.,' India and China merchants. You have a brother named John, and a sister named Judith, who married a Trevor. I am right so far?"

She nodded.

"Your father died about thirty years ago, and left a large estate. Do you know its value?"

"I do not."

"Did it never occur to you to inquire? Do you not know the value of money?"

"I did not then, though I have learned it since. Brother John took care of us after father died. We wanted for nothing."

"This brother of yours inherited the whole estate, eh? He was a lucky man. You were a girl then; you are a woman and a mother now. What do you think of him? And what do you think of your father for leaving every thing to him? Was it right?"

She started to her feet with flashing eyes.

"Mr. Skinner, I will not hear a word against my father. He was a good man, and I shall never cease to love him—never! never!"

"You are excited," remarked her visitor, coolly; "and you entirely mistake me. I have not spoken against your father; far from it. I am the last man on earth who should. I knew him well in his lifetime, and I respect his memory deeply."

"You have a queer way of showing it," she observed, bitterly.

"It is my misfortune that I am a blunt man. Besides, I really think the will an unjust one."

"We will not discuss that. I am satisfied."

"We will not discuss it, then. But your brother—why did he do nothing for you after your father's death—after you were married? Your husband was not rich, I take it."

"I am not fond of talking of my family affairs; but as you wish to serve me—I don't see how—I will answer your questions. My brother was displeased with me because I married against his wishes. He wanted me to marry a rich man, and I accepted a poor one. But Mr. Gannett was not so poor after all, for he was the captain of a ship, and"—she hesitated, in a womanly way—"he loved me."

"And for this your brother cast you off? He was wrong. He may have justified himself at the time, but he could not now. He was wrong, very wrong."

"So I think; though I don't know how I would behave if my Ruth should disappoint me—as I did him."

"Not like him, I know. But surely you have not a daughter old enough to be married?"

"No; though I was married myself at her age. Ruth is too young."

"What a pretty name Ruth is!"

"It was my mother's, Sir," she said, with a sigh.

He waited for her to recover herself, and continued, "Your other child—"

"Is a boy—I might say a man, he is so nearly of age. Reuben will be twenty-one in March."

"An odd name. I don't remember it among the Gurneys."

"It was his grandfather Gannett's. His father's name was Richard—Captain Richard Gannett."

"If Master Reuben or Miss Ruth is at home, I should like to see them, if you have no objection."

"Do gentlemen like you imagine that women like me permit their children to grow up in idleness? We make them work. We can not live without work. We have to work early and late to live."

"And who does not, with head or hands?" he inquired, blandly, detecting in her voice that irritation which the poor can not but feel when they compare their own lot with the supposed lot of others. "I do, and have for years—more years than you have seen, Mrs. Gannett. You have done wisely in teaching your children to labor. They will reward you for it."

She was mollified, perhaps ashamed.

"Ruth is in a milliner's shop, and Reuben is learning a moulder's trade. He works on the next corner, at Jackman's foundry. Next spring he will be out of his time." She paused a moment, and resumed: "I have answered your questions; now answer mine. What can you do for my children?"

"I have so far interested her as to gain the information I sought," he said to himself; "but she comes back to the starting-point. She is sharper than I thought." Then aloud: "We shall soon come to that. In the mean time let me ask you two or three more questions. Your husband was not poor, I understood you to say. How was it, then, that you were left poor?"

"Captain Gannett was not rich. He was the son of a sea-captain, and, like his father before him, had to make his way in the world; and he did. At first he shipped before the mast. Soon he was a mate. When he married me he was the captain of the brig *Royal Arch*."

"Did he have a share in her? Was he one of the owners, I mean?"

"Yes."

"To what amount?"

"I don't know."

"You should have learned at the time."

"I could not. When the news came that he was lost, I went to the owners, but I got no satisfaction."

"What did they say?"

"That there was nothing coming to me—that I had drawn more than I ought to. I don't remember what else, for I was distracted with my husband's death and the thought of my children. Ruth was a baby not three months old."

"Poor thing!" he exclaimed, with a tremulous voice. "But had you no friends?—no one to advise you, to take your part, to act in your stead?"

"No; my husband's family never liked me—

"EXCUSE ME, MADAM, BUT I AM LOOKING FOR MRS. GARNETT."

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except his father. I was too much of a lady for them. Think of it?" She laughed nervously, and held out her little hands, hardened by years of the coarsest labor.

"Mrs. Gannett, there was foul play somewhere —where, I mean to discover."

"There was; but one of the owners was paid for his share of it—he was struck dumb."

"You amaze me, madam."

"God palsied his lying tongue. It was a judgment on him for robbing me and my children."

She set her teeth firmly, and an implacable light shot up into her tender eyes, consuming their tears.

"You shock me."

He rose and walked about uneasily.

"You shall have justice done you—justice. Who were the owners of the vessel? Do you remember their names? Why did you not write to your brother at the time?"

"You forget that he had cast me off."

"Still he was your brother, and you should have gone to him in your trouble."

"I wrote him, but he would not answer me."

"Perhaps he did not receive your letter."

"It is of no consequence now; I lived through it all—no thanks to him."

"He did not get your letter, I say."

"Why not, pray?" she asked, sneeringly.

"Because there was more foul play. I am sure of it. John Gurney is a hard man, but he is not a brute. I don't like him; but I am sure your letter never reached him. He will tell you so himself, and you will believe him."

"I will believe him."

"Thank you—for him. I say further that he shall right you. He is rich, and he shall help you and your children."

"No."

"He shall, and you shall let him. I will have it so."

He spoke in a passion, as it seemed.

"And I say '*no!*' I will not have my brother troubled on my account. He is growing old, and has been very sick. Mrs. Watkins fears he will not live long."

"She is a fool! He will live for years. But he shall smart for his neglect of you."

The little woman was roused again.

"Mr. Skinner—if that is your name—I dislike you. You have tried to set me against my father and brother, but you have failed. You found me happy, and you leave me wretched. You are a bad man, and you shall never darken my doors again."

"You will think better of it," he observed, as he rose to depart. "Let me send you my card."

"Go—Sir."

"Certainly; but I will send you our card."

"*Go!*" And she pointed to the door.

He stood with his cloak on, and his hat and cane in his hand. "Good-afternoon, Ann. Any word for Martha?"

She shut the door in his face, and he groped his way down stairs, chuckling.

"Poor girl!"

The afternoon had deepened, and it was nearly dark. The snow, which had ceased at noon, was falling again in large flakes, that were blown hither and thither. They lodged on his cloak, but he shook them off occasionally, looking about him as he did so, to make sure that he remembered the way he had come. "Confound these glasses!" he exclaimed; "I can't see through them now." When fairly out of Constable's Block he stopped and removed them. What a difference they made in his looks! He was no longer the grave, passionless man that he had been, but a brisk and hearty old gentleman. No longer inquisitive Mr. Skinner, but satisfied John Gurney.

A sudden glare of light struck the windows of a low building on the corner, and blinded him. He stumbled against a pile of iron boxes piled on the walk, but at once recovered himself, with a strong expression which need not be set down here. "This, I suppose, is Jackman's foundry; I'll look in a minute."

It was Jackman's, and the moulders were casting their day's work—stalwart men with great ladles of molten iron, stopping here to pour the metal into the moulds, and stumbling there in the gloom. It was darker than midnight; it was brighter than noonday—a mingling of light and darkness too vivid to be described. And through all rose the mist and steam of the heated, wet sand, and the whir of the fan in the roaring furnace. Seated on the threshold of the door was a slight young fellow, in a blue flannel shirt, and a pair of coarse trowsers which were fastened about his waist with a leather strap. Bareheaded, and his shirt open at the neck, he sat in the wind, and the sweat ran from his brow, his face, his breast, his arms—from all over him.

"You will catch your death of cold, my man," said John Gurney, with a shudder of sympathy from under his warm cloak.

"We never take cold when we cast off."

"Come, Rube," cried a begrimed moulder, clapping him on the shoulder, "we must finish pouring."

"Ready, Sam," and he vanished in the darkness within.

"So that is my nephew," said John Gurney. "He favors his father."

Under other circumstances he would have waited until he could have seen more of the lad; at least he would have considered what he could do for him. But now he was too full of his sister to think of any body else.

"Poor little Ann! It was a shame to tease her so."

He did not seem to regret it much, however, for he smiled and smiled as he strode on, and hummed the burden of an old song which sang itself in his mind—

"Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho! unto the green holly!"

The snow came down faster, in greater flakes, that lay where they fell. It was making in the sloppy streets, and it was making on him and on those he passed—the hundreds who brushed against him and hurried past him as he plodded along leisurely.

"She's as good as gold," he murmured, still thinking of sister Ann. "I wonder if Judith intercepted her letter."

A mile of poor neighborhoods, and he approached a better one—a short Place which intersected the main thoroughfare, and was usually crowded at this hour with mechanics and shop-girls, who made it a short cut to the river streets. It was empty that night.

Not quite. For as he was crossing the street he noticed a woman coming toward him, and three men going toward her. They were talking noisily, and one was unsteady in his gait. Not liking their looks, he hurried up behind them, rapidly freeing his right arm from the cloak.

The woman turned aside to let them pass, when one darted suddenly forward and seized her by the shoulder.

"Let the mort be," said one of his companions.

"Nary a let!" and he dragged her toward him roughly.

"Be off, you scoundrel!" cried John Gurney, raising his cane.

"*What?*" He leered at him in a drunken way.

A heavy blow on his hand was the only answer. It was a sharp one, though, for it loosened his grip.

"Here, my child"—he saw at a glance that she was a young girl—"I will protect you." And he placed himself before her.

The rough chafed his fingers, and consigned himself and the "mort" and the "bloke" and his "pals" to perdition.

"Travel, old un—travel," suggested the least brutal of the three, "or there'll be a mischief done ye."

"Let me mash him!"

But now a new actor appeared on the scene, and stepped before John Gurney and his charge.

"Beg your pardon, Sir; but take care of the lady, and I'll settle him."

He did not look as if he could do it; for, though he was young and well built, he was a dwarf beside his antagonist, who towered above him, with a huge bull neck, broad chest, and fists like sledge-hammers.

They put up their hands at once and struck at each other, the one savagely, the other warily. They parried and struck again, and the ruffian went down with a thud.

"Let us see it out, my dear!" John Gurney was excited and delighted, for, old as he was, there was young blood in his veins.

The brute picked himself up, and his fellows drew farther off to give him more room. "Won't he fetch him now?" "Oh, I guess not!" were their sarcastic remarks.

He seemed to think so himself, for he struck out again, and more savagely than before, full in the face of his enemy, who suddenly ducked under and gave him a tremendous upper cut, which lifted him off his feet.

He picked himself up again, sullen and dangerous.

"Now for it!" thought John Gurney, who watched him narrowly, prepared to take part in the fight if it was necessary.

"Go in, Bull!"

The Bull rushed in, not with his hoofs raised, but with his head down, plunging against his master. It was a clever dodge, but it failed; for a knee driven up into his face and a tremendous left-hander between the eyes tumbled him over backward.

"The cops! Bingavast in the darkmans!" His seconds took to their heels and left him —dead, for all they knew or cared.

"Now, my dear," said John Gurney; but the girl had vanished. He turned to his new friend. "Sir, I thank you. You have done me a great service."

"Don't mention it. I was in want of a little practice."

"Here is my card, Sir. Come and see me."

"You are very kind."

They touched their hats to each other and parted.

"A brave young fellow!" thought the elder.

"A nice old gentleman!" thought the younger.

"Who is he?" said John Gurney as he hurried homeward. "His face is familiar to me. I know I have seen it before."

GURNEY & CO. AT HOME.

It was Christmas-eve, and the thoroughfares that lead to such neighborhoods as Constable's Block were crowded. The crowds were made up of poor people, who were enjoying themselves for one night in the year. It was Saturday night as well as Christmas-eve, and they had their Sunday marketing as well as their presents to buy. Fathers and mothers went to market, leaving their children at home—went to market together with full purses which were soon emptied, and with empty baskets which were soon filled—filled with sirloin and porter-house steaks, with sugar, raisins, and crackers, and with fat turkeys, if the money held out, and with chickens if it did not. But no; the turkeys were carried by hand with their long necks dangling, and their bills tapping on the pavement. But besides the stomachs to be filled on the morrow, there were stockings to be filled that night, hanging at the foot of beds and on the backs of chairs—little stockings belonging to little folks, who lay awake with expectation, and dropped asleep late to dream of Santa Claus coming down chimney with his arms full of toys. So they strolled from the markets to the toy-shops—fathers and mothers, elder brothers and sisters, and priced and chaffered and selected and rejected, and finally purchased a world of wooden dolls and tin soldiers, little tables and wee dishes, and whole orchestras of drums, trumpets, and whistles. Nor did they forget to visit the confectioners, who drove a brisk trade in taffy, pea-nut, and molasses, and in variegated broken candies. One saw then why the men wore over-coats with such roomy pockets, and why both men and women were so cheery. They were making their children happy; they were thinking of the days when they were children; they were touched by the spirit of the time. They were keeping Christmas-eve.

It was Christmas-eve, and the great thoroughfare that branches through such neighborhoods as Burlington Row was crowded. The crowd was made up of rich people, who were enjoying themselves, I suppose, though not so heartily as their poor neighbors. There was no marketing to be done, for one thing—the servants had attended to that: there were no toys to be purchased, for they had been sent home in the afternoon, and were already arranged on the Christmas-tree, which was soon to be lighted up. There might have been, though, an errand or two to be done. Perhaps the classic bronze statuette had gone astray, the cuckoo clock had flown elsewhere. Perhaps the diamond ear-rings were not so brilliant as they expected, and there was still time to change them for the solitaire; or the bracelets were inferior to the other pair, which they thought they could not afford, though of course they could, and would now, if they were not gone. There is no end of errands which can be made on Christmas-eve. Splendor and Beauty and Pleasure sing to us then in the streets—

"Sing to our spirits ditties of no tone,"

melodies of color and form, epithalamiums in gold and gems and flowers, and bacchic songs in the generous vintages of Champagne and Burgundy. Most artful of sirens, who can resist your enchantments—on Christmas-eve?

It was Christmas-eve, and John Gurney was at home. Not in Gurney Place, as of late years, but in the old house which was formerly the winter residence of the family. It stood in what was once the fashionable neighborhood, Amity Avenue, and what was still a good one; a wide, well-swept street, to which faded Gentility clung, refusing to be elbowed out of it by prosperous and ambitious Trade. A large brick mansion, with the old-fashioned fan-light over the door, long windows on each side, with iron balconies, and a court leading to the stable. He was in the parlor of other days, a spacious room, with heavy mahogany doors, and furniture resembling that described in Gurney Place. He stood with his back to the fire which was blazing on the hearth —stood like a host waiting the arrival of his guests. A bit of a dandy in his youth, he was behind the time as regards dress, for he wore a blue coat with brass buttons, a flowered silk neckcloth, and embroidered vest, with tight trowsers and shoes. Add to this a clumsy chain with heavy seals of red gold, and a large seal ring on his finger, and we have the man sartorially. For the man himself, we have seen what he was, so far; outwardly calm, he was inwardly anxious and expectant; so much so, that he had been walking up and down the room like an impatient sentinel who wonders why he is not relieved. He rose early that morning, and dispatched two messengers—one to Burlington Row, with a broad envelope, addressed,

"*Mr. Hugh Trevor & Family;*"

the other to Constable's Block, with a similar envelope, addressed,

"*Mrs. Ann Gannett & Family.*"

Each contained this card:

Gurney & Co.,
At Home.
Christmas-eve.
Amity Avenue.

Had they been delivered correctly, and what would be the result? It was of this that John Gurney was thinking; this was the problem that he was trying to solve. And naturally enough, when we remember that it was this alone which had brought him to town, and made him hunt up his sisters after his long estrangement. He wanted to be at home once more with his kindred; no longer John Gurney lonely and discontented, but happy John Gurney, the head of the family as well as the house, which would soon, perhaps, have somebody besides himself to represent its mythical "Co." Did he want too much?

The bell rang while he stood musing by the fire, and the colored servant who answered it returned with a card on which was his own name —"*Mr. John Gurney.*"

"Why do you bring me this? Who gave it to you?"

"Genelman at the door, Sah."

"Ask him what it means."

"He said, Sah, you gaved it to him, and tole him to call."

"Ah! I remember. Say I am engnged tonight, but will be glad to see him to-morrow."

The servant returned with a second card.

"'*Mr. John Gurney Trevor.*' Show him in at once."

A young gentleman entered whom John Gurney immediately recognized.

"I knew I had seen you before, but I could not tell where. It was little Jack who saved his old uncle from a thrashing."

"I don't know that, Sir, but I am Jack. Little Jack, if you will."

"How you have grown! What a stout fellow you are! A real Gurney! Give me your hand."

They shook hands heartily.

"Where did you learn to handle your bunch of fives so well? I am afraid you hurt our friend the other night."

"Not much—not so much as the papers said. They reported our little 'mill' the next morning:

"'DANGEROUS ASSAULT.—As Mr. William Bullock, the noted English pugilist of Birmingham, known in the annals of the P. R. as the Brummagem Bull, was proceeding quietly on his way alone last evening through Short Cut Place, he was assaulted by a crowd of ruffians. He defended himself bravely, but, being disabled at the commencement by a slung-shot in the hands of one of the desperadoes, he was eventually obliged to succumb to numbers. The perpetrators of this outrage were a gang of roughs, instigated to their dastardly work by the backers of the Chicago Chicken, who is soon to meet Mr. Bullock in the arena. The police are on their track.'

"What do you think of that, Sir, as a specimen of reporting? You, I suppose, were the hoary desperado with the slung-shot—viz., your cane—and myself the remainder of the gang. Funny, wasn't it?"

"Very," said John Gurney, with a laugh. "But where are the others, Jack? I sent a card to the house this morning, inviting you all to meet me here to-night. You got it?"

"It came, Sir," answered his nephew, soberly.

"They are coming?"

No answer.

"They are not coming, then?" John Gurney's face fell as he said this. "I am very, very sorry. I hoped my advances toward a reconciliation would have been met kindly. Your father—"

"Is in Washington," hastening to exculpate his father from blame.

"Your mother?"

"Uncle John, your card reached us while we were at breakfast. Mother said she wouldn't come, and Percy said she should. They were squabbling over it when I left the table, and I have not seen them since. We are a bad lot, Sir; and the less you have to do with us the better."

"I won't believe it. Your mother is angry with me about something, but she'll come round. I wish she had come round to-night."

"So do I, Sir."

The tone of his voice touched his uncle, who answered, cheerfully, "Well, when we can't have what we would we must have what we can. You are here; that's something; the others will follow in time. But tell me, John—is your father as prosperous as he seems?"

"I suppose so, but really I don't know. I haven't much head for business, Percy says. *He* has. Mother declares that he has made us what we are. If I ask, 'Who did this?' 'Percy did it.' If I ask, 'Who will do that?' 'Percy will do it.' It is all Percy with her. You didn't meet him the other day?"

"No. Your mother said I ought to know him. What do you say?"

"I don't think much of any of the Trevors," he said, lightly. "But Percy is smart, and always was, though something of a prig. Proper, moral, and all that, with a horror of slang. But, Uncle John"—he spoke very gravely now—"I have neglected to thank you for one thing; and as none of us has had the grace to recognize it, let me do so. My poor sister—God bless you, Sir, for your kindness to her."

The tears came into his eyes, and he was not ashamed of them. His uncle took his hand and squeezed it silently.

The door-bell rang again, and again the servant answered it.

"Mrs. Cannot, Sah, and her family."

"Ann!"

"John!"

"Here!" he cried, with emotion. He drew her toward him, and strained her to his heart. "Forgive me, sister, forgive me." He patted her head as he used to do when she was a girl, and shut his eyes to keep the tears back, but the rebellious drops would fall.

She was the first to break the silence.

"This is Ruth, John." And she led toward him a pretty little woman, who timidly extended her fingers.

"Good-evening, my dear."

"And this is Reuben."

Reuben bowed stiffly, but refused to be led up.

"Good-evening, Mr. Gannett," said John Gurney, coldly. Then remembering himself he turned to his other nephew and namesake. "I beg your pardon. Ann, this is your nephew John—Judith's son."

"Good-evening, aunt."

"Your cousin—Ruth."

He started, but bowed politely.

"Mr. Gannett," indicating him.

"I am happy to meet you, Sir."

Mr. Gannett bowed stiffly again, but said nothing. There was a look of dissatisfaction in his face which he took no pains to conceal. He cast his eye round him furtively, and every thing upon which it fell appeared to irritate him. He was especially irritated with his cousin—why, it would have puzzled him to tell. Perhaps it was because he was so well dressed and so well bred. A sense of their inferiority to the rich is one of the penalties which the poor have to pay for being poor, and Reuben Gannett was paying his penalty—settling in a moment the accumulated debt of years.

"Mother," whispered Ruth, turning her head in the direction of her cousin, "that was the gentleman."

"Don't you remember her, Sir?" inquired Jack of his uncle.

"Now that I look at her carefully—yes. Why, my dear, we have met before."

"Yes, uncle."

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"You know this gentleman?"

"Yes, indeed," she answered, eagerly.

"Talk together, then, young folks," he remarked, dryly; "for we elders have something to say to each other." He pushed Jack toward his cousin, and seated himself beside his sister. The two young people obeyed, as in duty bound, but the talk was mostly on the side of the gentleman. It was agreeable, because she looked pleased, and confidential, because she cast down her eyes and blushed. Nobody paid any attention to Reuben, who pretended to interest himself with his grandfather's portrait.

"Have you forgiven me, Ann?" asked John Gurney, in a low tone. "And have you settled what reparation I shall make you? Mr. Skinner was serious in what he said."

"John, John!" laughing and sighing in the same breath, "how could you play such a trick on me?"

"I wanted to see if you remembered me. And you didn't, Ann, you didn't."

He took her hand and fondled it.

"Brother," exclaimed Ruth, "come here!" He hesitated. "Come here, I say; I want you." She frowned charmingly, and tapped her foot on the carpet. He came at that.

"Reuben, I want you to thank Cousin John for rescuing me; it was he who pounded the ruffian so."

If Reuben Gannett disliked his cousin, as he fancied, he loved his sister, and was grateful to the man who had stood between her and harm. Besides, he had a great respect for personal prowess.

"I thank you, cousin, more than I can say."

His aversion to John Trevor vanished, but it was succeeded by a greater aversion to John Gurney.

"Come, mother," he said at last.

She looked up at him in surprise. John Gurney looked at him curiously.

"Come, sis; it is growing late."

But neither his sister nor his mother stirred.

"Mr. Gurney, we have to thank you for making our acquaintance at this late day. It is a great honor."

"Say a great pleasure—to me, Mr. Gannett."

They confronted each other with determination—a hard-headed man of the world and a soft-hearted, inexperienced boy. It was easy to see with whom the victory would rest.

"Mr. Gurney, we ought to feel obliged to you, I suppose, and my mother and sister do; but I do not. Why you sought us out is best known to yourself. If it was to see how your poor relations live, you succeeded; if it was to help us, permit me to say it is not needed."

"No?" asked John Gurney.

"You coolly severed a sacred tie when it was distasteful to you, and you as coolly propose to renew it when it suits you. I admire the airs you rich people give yourselves, the confidence you have in the power of your money."

"Yes?"

"There was a time when you might have helped us. It was when my father was lost, and my mother was left a widow—a helpless young thing, I have heard, with two little helpless children. What she endured neither of us know; but she has not forgotten. I remember her first as a pale woman in black, holding me in her lap at Gran'ther Gannett's, teaching me how to spell. She folded my hands at sunset as we sat by the fire, and I repeated after her a little hymn. How did it run, mother?

"'The day is past and gone—'"

"Reuben!" interposed his mother.

"Things became confused after that," he continued. "I am not expected to live, but I do. Then sis is sick. We go to school together with a little dinner-basket, and a larger boy whips me. Don't you recall it, Ruth? Next we are living with some of the Gannetts, and mother, they tell me, is in a factory. I ask what a factory is, and they take me one day to see her. In a large, close loft full of machinery—shafts revolving overhead, with belts on their wheels, and long spinning-frames with rows of whirling spindles and spools—clatter, noise, and the sense of smothering with dust. You must have worked very hard there, mother?"

"Don't, Reuben!"

"But that winter in Boston—that was the worst of all. I shall never forget it as long as I live, though I was not old enough to realize it then as I do now. A little old house in a dark street. We lived in the second story—the garret. How well I remember it—the steep stairs, the rough rafters, the bedroom in which we huddled! You made shirts, drawers, overalls—whatever is given out to seamstresses from sailors' slop-shops. You often worked all night, I have heard you say—all night long. It was the winter I had the rheumatism so badly that you had to lift me in and out of bed. I was not worth it, mother—I was not worth it. I should have died then, and you would have been spared a world of trouble."

"Is this true, Ann?" asked her brother.

"True!" demanded Reuben Gannett; "you know it is true. What have I to gain by lying—to you? I want you to know what your sister, my mother, has suffered. I want it brought home to you and to her—to you, that you may feel what you have done; to her, that she may not be fooled into an easy forgiveness."

"Reuben! Reuben!" begged the poor woman, anxiously.

"Let him go on, Ann."

"I mean to go on. But I will say nothing more of mother, since it pains her. I speak of myself now. Look at me, Mr. Gurney. I am your own flesh and blood—a man, I suppose, like yourself and my cousin John. What chance have I ever had to be or do any thing? How I have grown up, you know; but not all. I have sold matches in the streets; I have been an errand-boy in stores; I have been in a lawyer's office, in a broker's office, in a tailor's shop; I have kept a pie-stand on the wharves; I have worked at a forge; I have painted chairs; I have varnished coaches; I have done almost every thing, that we might live. What I do now you know, for you saw me at work."

"I did, and felt for you."

"Thank you, Sir." He looked less sullen as he said this—looked, in fact, as if he were surprised at an expression of sympathy from his uncle. "Understand me, I have no fault to find. I am willing and able to work, and always expect to. I only wish I was not quite so low down in the scale. I begin to think I am something of an aristocrat in my way, as mother is in hers. I suppose I get it from my father."

"He was a good man, Reuben," she said.

"So he was, Ann, if he did marry you in spite of me," replied John Gurney.

The sullenness left Reuben Gannett's face. His uncle was not so hard-hearted after all, for he had spoken well of his father. He pulled from his pocket a bundle of his father's letters—old, clumsily folded epistles, yellow with time, and tattered with many readings. "See what he wrote, uncle."

"It is the first time he has called me uncle," thought John Gurney.

"He mentions me. 'I have nothing to send you better than my love, and that you must give a part of to Reuben. I had no time to get him any thing yesterday.' No; that is not the letter I wanted.

"'MY DEAR WIFE,—These few lines, which I write in haste, will inform you that I am now about ready for sea. Shall probably sail in the morning. The most that I have to send you is my love and good wishes. I trust you will not think light of it. These eight dollars are all I have to send you. I want you to make the best of them.'"

"Let me see that letter," remarked John Gurney.

He ran his eye over it hastily, until his attention was arrested by a paragraph which his nephew had not read.

"Mr. Gannett, I have a few words to say to you. Step this way." And he went to an old desk in a corner of the room, where they might converse unheard.

"In a minute, Sir," answered Reuben, and crossed the room to where his mother was sitting, in no enviable frame of mind. "Don't worry, mother;" and he kissed her; "it will all come right."

"How could you, Reuben—how could you?"

He turned to his sister and Jack Trevor. "Sis," he whispered in her ear, "what do you think of him?" Then, in an under-tone to Jack, "Isn't she nice?" Before either could reply he was seated beside his uncle.

"Mr. Gannett, you have given me a lesson to-night which I may or may not have deserved. I have taken it kindly, have I not?" He bowed. "I am about to say something to you, and I hope you will take it as it is meant. You think I have been hard upon your mother. I have. But she has forgiven me, as you must, for her sake, if not my own. You can not know—you are too young to know—how she pained and wounded me by her marriage—a marriage which I thought unsuitable to her, and would have prevented if I could. I thought at the time your father married her for money. I am willing to believe now that I was mistaken. I think I was. You think I did nothing for your father, but you are wrong. I will prove it to you." He opened a small drawer in the desk, and selected a paper from it. "Read that."

"*Received from John Gurney, Esq., Five Thousand Dollars.*

"RICHARD GANNETT."

"Mother!" And Reuben Gannett sprang to his feet in astonishment.

"Silence, boy!" exclaimed his uncle.

"Mother, Uncle John and I are beginning to understand one another."

"I hope so, dearie."

"Nephew," said the old man, gravely, "you see how easy it is to be mistaken. I sent your father that money, at his request, as freely as if he had been my own brother. He wanted it, he wrote me, to purchase a share in the ship he sailed in. What became of it? you ask. From what your mother has told me he either did not own the share she supposed, or she was cheated out of it. There is a passage in this letter of your father's which has set me thinking." He read it in a whisper: "'I bought your ten tickets yesterday. The lottery is now drawing. You can find out in a week whether you have drawn blanks or the great prize.' I don't like that, I say."

"Nor I, Sir." Reuben Gannett leaned his head on his hand with the feeling that perhaps his father had not been, after all, the perfect being that he had always believed; that it was possible that he might have squandered his money in foolish attempts to get rich suddenly.

"You think, then, uncle—"

"I fear—not think. If your father owned a share in the lost ship it may be recovered. I have the matter in hand. And now"—he rose, as did his nephew—"what is it to be between us—peace or war? Will you let your mother love me, if she can; and will you and your sister try to like a gruff old man?"

"We will, uncle; we do!"

"Well, Ann," observed John Gurney, "Reuben and I have made up our differences."

"Yes, mother. Uncle John has concluded to forgive me for playing the indignant son, if you will forgive him for playing the disguised brother—eh, uncle?"

At this juncture of affairs a colored gentleman looked in at the door solemnly.

"We's ready, Mr. Gurney."

"So are we. Ann, with me; John, you and your cousin Ruth; you, Reuben, are banished to the rear."

Sister Ann took brother John's arm, and a nice couple they made; she in her black silk and lace cap, and he in his blue coat and brass buttons. Cousin Ruth took cousin John's arm, and a nicer couple they made; she in her little ruffles and ribbons, and he in dress-coat and white vest. Reuben took nobody's arm; but he made one of a couple, nevertheless, for his better self was with him!

The folding-doors opening disclosed a cozy room, in which supper was spread. The table shone and glowed with silver and glass and quaint old china, and vases of rare flowers from the conservatory at Gurney Place. Just to look at it was to feel hungry, it was so loaded with good things—with tureens of stewed oysters, flanked by slices of bread and tongue, with oysters scalloped and broiled, with boned turkeys, cold chickens, and a whole grove of celery. There were glasses by every plate; white glasses, green glasses, purple glasses, glasses of all colors, for all kinds of wine. There were wine-coolers in a corner; there were urns of tea and coffee; there were waiters in abundance. And there, Ann saw, was Martha Watkins and her husband; and there, John saw, was his sister Elizabeth, pale but beautiful. "Excuse me a minute," he said to his cousin Ruth; and going to his sister, he kissed her before the whole company. "Oh, my dear! oh, my dear!"

"Come, come, be seated!" said John Gurney, briskly. "Here, Ann, by me, on the right; Elizabeth on the left (don't cry, dear, it will spoil all!); and Reuben between Mr. and Mrs. Watkins—to keep them from falling out."

When they were seated he rapped on the table with his knife.

"My friends, I am glad to see you here. It is long since we have met in this way; indeed, some of us never met so before. That shall not happen again, if I can help it. I have many things to say, but the presence of certain ebony gentlemen is an impediment to freedom of speech. We had best keep our family matters to ourselves. I began to think one time to-night that this little gathering would not come off. But it has paid to wait. And it is never too late to mend. I know what you would like to say, Mr. Watkins, let me say it for you:

'While yet the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return!'

God bless you, my friends! God bless you!"

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Jack Trevor, rising in his seat, "I have a toast to propose, and it must be a bumper all round! Ready? Here's John Gurney! God bless him!"

"Jack, I amend that," said his uncle, as he filled his glass. "Here's Gurney & Co.!"

"*Gurney & Co.!*" "*Gurney & Co.!*" "*Hip, hip! hurrah!*"

What more? What more do you want? You want to know how the rest of the characters turned out, and what became of them. Well—if I must. John Gurney took his nephews into the firm, to supply the mythical "Co." so long represented by himself. Ruth and John will make a match of it, I think, though they have not yet done so. Reuben remains a bachelor, and is rather a favorite with his uncle on that account; for, between ourselves, John Gurney has no faith in early marriages. But Percy? Ah! that is the saddest part of it. "Percy did it." He committed a series of clever forgeries, the largest on the house of "Gurney & Co.," and is now serving out his time in State prison, as boyish, as handsome, as proper as ever. It was a terrible blow to his family, especially his father, whom it beggared, and his mother, who has never forgiven him. She suffered less in one way, however, than any of the rest, for she kept the house in Burlington Row, the deed of which had been made out in her name, and which was *not* mortgaged, though she could not remember the fact in her conversation with her brother. She is in Europe, where, it is to be hoped, she will remain until her religion shall become some one of the known forms of Christianity.

And here, for the present, end our dealings with Gurney & Co.

CHARLES DICKENS'S STUDY.

THE double page illustration in this Number of the *Weekly* is a faithful representation of the room in which CHARLES DICKENS passed much of his time, and did much of his work. It was his custom to make use on different occasions of three several apartments in his house as workrooms, just as inclination or convenience dictated. In a secluded part of the shrubbery at Gadshill there stood, as most people know, a *chalet*, given to him by his friend FECHTER, and which was sent over from Paris in no less than ninety pieces—all numbered with true French precision, and fitting together like the joints in a puzzle. The upper room in this *chalet* was his ordinary summer study, but as it had no fire-place he could only use it when the weather was warm. In winter he wrote either in his bedroom—at all times, and wherever he lived, a favorite working-place with him—or in this very apartment of which the portrait is before the reader. This was the room which went in the house by the name of the "Study"—a bright, cheerful place, brilliantly lighted by three great windows occupying one side of it, in front of which was the desk at which DICKENS sat, undazzled, in such a blaze of light as would have made any body else in the world giddy and bewildered.

Ranged in front of and round about him were a variety of objects, which were always there for his eye to rest on in the intervals of actual writing, and any one of which he would have instantly missed had it been removed. There was a French bronze group which figures in Mr. FILDES's drawing, and which was exceedingly humorous and good, representing a duel with swords fought by a couple of very fat toads, one of them (characterized by that particular buoyancy which belongs to corpulence) in the act of making a prodigious lunge forward, which the other receives in the very middle of his digestive apparatus, and under the influence of which it seems likely that he will satisfy the wounded honor of his opponent by promptly expiring. There was another bronze figure which always stood near the toads, also of French manufacture, and also full of comic suggestion. It was a statuette of a dog-fancier, with a profusion of little dogs stuck under his arms and into his pockets, and every where where little dogs could possibly be insinuated.

Those who have had access to the room in which DICKENS wrote, and who have had opportunities of noting the familiar odds and ends of which his desk furniture consisted, will remember many other items in the collection, all of which are now dispersed among his dear friends. There was the long gilt leaf, with the rabbit sitting erect upon its haunches, the huge paper-knife, often held in his hand during his public readings, and the little fresh green cup, ornamented with the leaves and blossoms of the cowslip, in which a few fresh flowers were always placed every morning—for DICKENS invariably worked with flowers on his writing-table. Nor must the register of the day of the week and of the month, which stood always before him, be forgotten. Wherever he worked this was on his desk, and when the room in which he wrote his last paragraph was opened, some time after his death, the first thing to be noticed by those who entered was this register, set at "Wednesday, June 8"—the day of his seizure. This sad little record is in the possession of a member of the family, and the date which it registers will never be changed. Of course there were numbers of other small matters on his desk—the usual paraphernalia of an author's most slender stock in trade: the big ink-bottle full of blue ink, the quill pen with which he always wrote, the pencil, the India rubber, and the pin-cushion—that indispensable adjunct to a writing-table, of which every editor knows the value.

The room has been most skillfully and faithfully rendered in the present sketch, which, it may be mentioned, is the production of the artist who was especially selected by Mr. DICKENS to illustrate his latest work—a fact which imparts an additional interest to the drawing itself.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

YANKEE RIGHTS—Patent rights.

Mr. Greeley, on being asked by a Pennsylvania farmer why he didn't write a new work entitled "What I Don't Know of Farming," is said to have replied that life was too short.

Flowers are very warlike in their disposition, and are ever armed with pistils.

A young lady in New Orleans, while playing croquet one scorching afternoon, was son-struck. It was a rich man's son. The marriage is believed to be a happy one.

The chap who took the thread of life to sew the rent of a house has gone West, and invented a patent point for cross-eyed needles.

A writer in one of our religious exchanges says: "I would like to see a thinking department established in our theological schools."

A victim of unrequited affection concludes as follows:

"I sat me down and thought profound;
This maxim wise I drew:
It's easier far to like a girl
Than make a girl like you."

FRUIT FOR BALLOONISTS—Currents in the air.

A good deal of the consolation offered in the world is about as solacing as the assurance of the man to his wife when she fell into the river: "You'll find ground at the bottom, my dear."

PHYSICAL INSANITY—A deranged stomach.

At one of the stations on the Chicago and Northwestern Railway, recently, an anxious inquirer came up to the door of the baggage-car, and said, "Is there any thing for me?" After some search among boxes and trunks the baggage-man rolled out a keg of whiskey. "Any thing more?" asked the wet-grocer. "Yes," said the baggage-man; "there's a grave-stone that goes with that liquor." The countenance of the wet-grocer assumed a wrathy appearance, and the car door was shut with a slam.

FINANCIAL ILLUSTRATIONS—Drawing checks.

The following complacent Scottish remark upon Bannockburn was made to a splenetic Englishman who had said to a Scottish countryman that no man of taste would think of remaining any time in such a country as Scotland. To which the canny Scot replied, "Tastes differ. I'll tak' ye to a place no far frae Stirling whaur thretty thousand o' yer countrymen ha' been for five hunder years, an' they've nae thocht o' leavin' yet."

THE FRUIT OF IMPERTINENCE—Apple-sauce.

Persons who like stale bread should send to Pompeii for it. They have loaves there which were baked eighteen hundred years ago.

A MENTAL MORSEL—A bit of one's mind.

Let a woman once think you unconquerable, and, unless she is unlike all other women, she will still want to conquer you.

A little girl, busy in making a pair of worsted slippers for her father, said to a young companion near her, "You are very lucky, you are; your papa has only got *one* leg."

A country dentist advertises that "he spares no pains" to render his operations satisfactory.

The man at the corner has just seen a letter of a ill-pill proprietor to one of his best customers, which was ominously signed, "Yours till death."

Why is love always represented as a child?—Because he never reaches the age of discretion.

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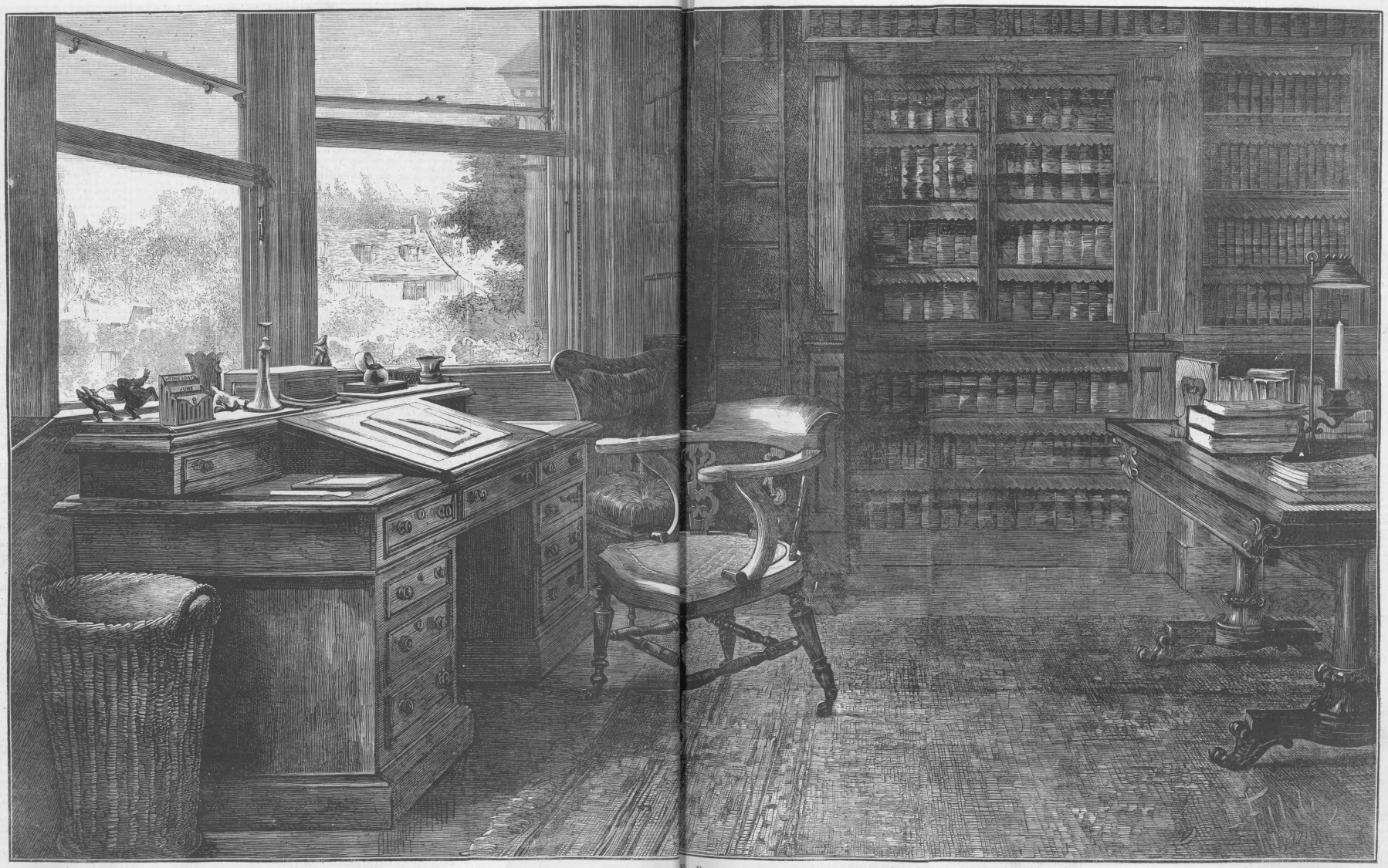

THE ROOM IN WHICH CHARLES DICKENS DIED.—From a Drawing by S. L. Fildes.—[See Page 7.]

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EVREUX.

"A COMPLETE change has taken place in the situation at Evreux. The valley of the Eure has been cleared of troops, and the National Guards are repelling the enemy at Evreux. The peasantry assist with much enthusiasm, and actively pursue the Prussians."

Such was the telegram from Tours, November 23, informing the public that the tide of this terrible war had reached another of the beautiful Normandy towns.

A more peaceful and prosperous town than Evreux is rarely seen. The view on page 4 was taken near to the railway station, with the town spreading itself out along the bottom of a valley surrounded by richly cultivated hills.

Evreux, which is of very ancient origin, was once made into a county under the rule of the Dukes of Normandy. Although burned by HENRY I., of England, and plundered and devastated by PHILIPPE-AUGUSTE in the twelfth century, yet it not only recovered itself in the course of time, but became stronger and more powerful than ever. Its fine old Cathedral is prominent from every point of view—its beautiful spire, called the Clocher d'Argent, or Silver Steeple, from the mixture of wood and lead of which it is formed, being 220 feet in height from the ground. This was not built till 1826.

After the Cathedral the church of the ancient abbey of St. Taurin is the most worthy of note, both for its interesting architectural features and for the magnificence of its painted windows.

The belfry, or clock tower, to the left of the Cathedral in the sketch, is of a remarkably elegant form, being square at the base and octagonal for some distance above. The bell hung within it is very ancient, and is now used as an alarm-bell in case of fire in the town or environs.

Throughout the town of Evreux the cleanliness and regularity of the streets are striking peculiarities, and the promenade on the road to Caen, planted with tall poplars, is a grand feature.

Evreux has changed hands several times during the present war, and at latest accounts was occupied by the French, with the Prussians in force at a little town a few miles to the west of the city.

WON—NOT WOOED.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Bred in the Bone," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

LIFE AT "THE GRAND."

IT is probable that even so energetic a demon as ASMODEUS would in these days decline to take the roofs off one of our populous towns to pleasure any mortal. But in default of so vast an operation of trepan, he might now obtain a microcosm of human life by comparatively simple means. In the months of August or September he need only visit one of our fashionable sea-Londons, and lift the highly decorated roof from one of their Grand Hotels. Like a bee-keeper, through his cunning slide of glass, he might then look down on the unconscious human hive, and mark every variety of the species, from the queen-bee to the drone. For in the matter of these huge caravanseras we are becoming less English and more American yearly. Whole families take up their quarters there for the season, or at least a portion of it, as in a home. Within it the whole work or play of society is for the time carried on, independently of the world without. Hundreds of persons dine together daily at its table d'hôte. They dance together in its giant ball-room. They saunter out together to make love or friendship, or to play at croquet—an occupation so entrancing that it seems with some folks to supply the place of both emotions—on its well-trimmed lawns, or on the silver sands that fringe them. As acquaintanceship and contiguity beget familiarity, the Sympathetic coalesce, the Antagonistic withdraw from one another; cliques and coteries are formed; all have their "favorites" and their "aversions;" just as happens in any large family beneath an ordinary roof, and the game of life begins as usual upon the ruins of convention. Picnic-parties are made up at dinner for the morrow, or riding or driving excursions are arranged; over all which matters the fair sex reign supreme. But in the smoking-rooms on the basement these despots are discussed with considerable freedom, and those of their subjects who are most slavish above-stairs are invariably the most audacious beneath. There are often plots and schemes going on, too, of a more serious sort than even the love-makings (which are sometimes very serious also); for with many men pleasure is only a gay cloak for business. Then up in the bachelors' quarters, on the fourth-floor or so, there is a good deal of gambling late at night, when the angels who are fitfully using their ivory hair-brushes before the looking-glass—having sent their poor abigails to bed, for mercy's sake, or in order that they might feed on their sweet thoughts alone—imagine that their swains of the ball-room are dreaming of them.

The abigails themselves, it is probable, are also not without their thoughts. The waiters at *The Grand* are always polyglot, and afford an interesting study; and if it were not for the vulgarity of concerning ourselves with such small people, one might well be tempted to speculate upon what Mary thinks of Signor Saffi, at present attached as waiter to the first-floor, and therefore to her master's family, but once a red-shirted patriot, in the service of Garibaldi, whom (he tells her) "he love next to woman;" or of Don Rodrigo, the third cook, who is really a first-rate hand at an omelet, and who boasts to her of being a nobleman in his own country, and of the accomplishment of the guitar. The first suit of apartments which that impudent Asmodeus would present to our notice (if we had the hardihood to take advantage of his offer) would be the bowers of Mary and her sisterhood, the native or imported servant-maids, without whom—so let us not despise them—the machinery of life at *The Grand* would be out of gear indeed. Her mirror is not a swing one, like that of her young mistress, but a small square of glass, difficult, even by the adventitious aid of her work-box, to prop at a proper angle for the due contemplation of her charms; her hair-brush—for she does not possess a pair of them—is of commonest deal, her chignon is less ample, if more glossy, than that which reposes upon the laced dressing-table of Miss Marguerite. But the thoughts of the two girls run in the same channel, and are, indeed, identical. It is spring-time with both of them, and the tender flower of love adorns each bosom equally. The romance of the attic is as enthralling as that of the second-floor, and, indeed, to the philosophic observer, infinitely more so; for the way of life is not made smooth for Mary as it is for Miss Marguerite, and it will be set, poor soul! with many a snare. Her very beauty, which, in her young mistress's case, is but a source of pride, is with her one of peril also. Her mother is far away, in her straw-roofed village cottage, praying to God, perhaps, to preserve her child, but little knowing to what temptations she is exposed; while Marguerite has not only "dear mamma" herself, a model of propriety, but a deputy-mother also, when so-called necessity requires it, in a chaperon of rigid, and yet discriminating virtue. God see thee safely through the dangers of the servants' hall and of the bachelors' quarter, Mary, and have mercy upon those who would harm thee for their selfish pleasure! This story is devoted to good society, and will have little to do with such as thou.

The strata of apartments in *The Grand* (as the good people of Shingleton always term the hotel, from pride in its colossal proportions and renown quite as much as for shortness) are, of course, in inverse ratio to the social rank of their inhabitants. The lowest portion (beginning, that is, with the first-floor) is devoted to those who pay the highest prices, and require the best accommodation—to families who occupy large private sitting-rooms, or to opulent couples who choose to indulge themselves in that luxury; then come the apartments of the bachelors, with snug little parlors, from which the tobacco smoke goes upward, and does not in reality annoy Materfamilias at all, although she sniffs occasionally, in reprobation of such disgusting practices, and can not think how her Angelina can "put up with" Edwin's pipe.

"In *my* young days, my dear, I can only say that if your papa, when he was paying his attentions to *me*, had ventured into my presence with a pipe in his mouth, I'd have—"

"Well, what *would* you have done, dear mamma?" inquires Angelina, with a toss of her head. Even in this early stage she flatters herself she knows how to manage her own Edwin (already acquired by engagement, though not yet in his ring-fence), and resents maternal interference. "What *would* you have done with papa and his pipe?"

"I would have put it out for him, Angelina."

"I do sometimes, mamma, for Edwin, or at least"—here she blushes in the most bewitching manner—"it goes out of itself while we are—talking. But I don't dislike the smell of smoke myself, do you know?"

Above the bachelors' quarter, or contained in it, are the apartments occupied by the "pensioners" of the establishment—those who have no private sitting-rooms, and who live at fixed charges by the day or week, using the table d'hôte and all the advertised advantages of the establishment. These are by far the most numerous class; and their custom keeps *The Grand* "going" at unfashionable times, when the huge empty creature would otherwise double up and collapse like a burst balloon, and from the same cause—the rent. It is for these that the mighty coffee-room exists, and the common drawing-room, from which last are chiefly drawn the belles of the ball-room; for the occupants of the private suits are often too exclusive to mix in dancing assemblies, "where nobody knows who is who," though even they will occasionally leave their Olympian heights and selected ambrosia for the table d'hôte and public fare.

Even when Asmodeus has shown us all, from attic to ground-floor, there is much of *The Grand* still to be explored. Beneath the basement are vast halls, such as Egyptian kings might not disdain as places of sepulture, but where, it is darkly whispered, that great army of martyrs, the waiters, occupy as they can and space permits. *The Grand* never shuts its portals; however full, its greedy maw is always agape for guests; and, in seasons which the management calls "good," there is no apartment so humble but that it is snatched from the slave who tenants it, and, being swept and garnished, is given up to visitors, and paid for by the foot. Then it is that Saffi camps once more—not, indeed, in the open fields, as of yore, but in the smoking-room, to which he can not retire until the latest wassailer has left it free; and Don Rodrigo dreams of his ancestral greatness beneath the shadow of the billiard-table.

What do *they* think, I wonder, of life at *The Grand?* What calling do *they* follow, and where, when the three months which constitute the sea-London season are over, and all of them, save some half a dozen, are disarmed of tray and napkin, and disbanded? What secrets do they hide beneath those snow-white waistcoats? What Gil Blas life-histories must they not have to tell, beside which that of Bullion Esquire, and family, on the first-floor, whom they serve, is a pale and ineffectual story! The gentleman who first observed that one half the world did not know how the other half lived may have been a clever fellow; but it is certain that he was a cautious one, and spoke within limits.

However, let us have done with waiters.

If ever I seem to concern myself with low company, it is that devil Asmodeus who leads me into it. *Pace* Burke, *pace* Mr. Mudie. For myself, I am never so happy as when (which is more seldom than I could wish) I stretch my legs under the mahogany of a person of title. This narrative, I repeat, is one of good society; a fiction, if not of the first-class, at least of the first-floor.

On the first-floor of *The Grand*, then, and in an apartment furnished after the foreign fashion (which our hotel affects), with much gilding and many mirrors; with bright cornices on the ceiling, and a gay flowery scroll upon the lofty walls; with sofas of yellow damask (or what looks like damask), and with window doors that are opened wide upon a balcony overlooking the sea—sit three of our *dramatis personæ*. It is as pretty a picture as you can imagine, for the folks in the fore-ground (which does not always happen in portrait drawings) are as fine and elegant as are the accessories. These are two ladies and a gentleman, whose united ages (as the newspaper correspondent delights to write when dismissing ancient people to their graves) do not exceed that of one sexagenarian. The elder lady—if it may be admissible to apply a term so suggestive of age to so youthful a creature—is plump and dark as a daughter of Spain; so dark, indeed, that when you hear her companions call her "Ju" (as they do for love and brevity, her name being Julia) you might easily think it a playful reference to her complexion. She is of exquisite beauty, and though she does her best to assume the air of a matron, can not be more than twenty years of age. The younger girl, who is but eighteen, presents as striking a contrast to her as their common youth and beauty permit; her complexion is fair as a lily, though not pale; her look is bright and fresh as the morn; she has no cares nor fears, nor, indeed, has Ju; but the latter has, or imagines she has, her "responsibilities," from which this other young life is as yet wholly free. Her name is Mabel, but they call her, rightly, "May." The merry English month that heralds summer was never better typified by human form. There is a breezy air about her that scatters wholesomeness; her smile is gracious sunshine, and her tears, near to those tender lids, and loyal to the first touch of pity, are still more gracious rain; her words are no gross diamonds and pearls, as in the fairy tale, but flowers of innocence and courtesy; she uses no other, nor has need to use, for "May it is with 'May' from head to heel."

The man—to drop at once from this elevation—is a well-looking young fellow enough; fair-haired, bronze-cheeked, and with a neat mustache, the silkiness of which acquits it of any acquaintance with the razor. He is standing in a well-known national attitude, with his back to the fire-place—though, of course, there is no fire, since it is late in August—regarding these two angels with a look of confident mastership on his handsome face, which, to a male looker-on, had there been such, would have been most aggravating and intolerable.

The wretch is upon his honey-moon with both of them.

CHAPTER II.

AT THE TABLE D'HÔTE.

LEST the line we have last written should be liable to misconstruction, let us hasten at once to explain that Mr. Frederick Pennant, the gentleman just introduced to our readers, though traveling on his honey-moon with two young ladies, is the husband of but one of them. He is a young English barrister, and no Mormon. Ju is his wife, a bride of five weeks old or so, whom he is about to take with him to Hong-Kong, where he has an appointment; and May, or Mabel, Denham is his sister-in-law. The married pair had been so very happy together that it had suggested to them the making others happy—an idea so rare in practice as to be obscure, and perhaps incomprehensible, when stated. But the fact was that May and Ju had grown up together side by side, like white and red rose on a single stem, twin buds of sisterhood, with no mother to expend their wealth of love upon; and being co-heiresses in that respect they had lavished it upon one another. Lapped in bliss, then, as she was with her Frederick, the bride had not been unmindful of the sister left in the dull Berkshire vicarage, but had invited her to be their guest at *The Grand*. It was a life altogether novel to Mabel Denham, and the present was her first day of it. There were children in the house in plenty; the patter of little feet along the balcony is audible now within the room, and childish laughter mingles with the soft sigh of the sea. But not a heart even among them is lighter or more glad than May's. Whatever her eye falls upon ministers to her pleasure—the stretch of summer sea without, flecked with white sails, as is the blue air above with white-winged gulls; the harbor, which the flowing tide is filling; the narrowing sands, on which the boys are racing their ponies; nay, even the painted room with its gay fittings, so different from the vicarage parlor (though that has its own soberer and homelier charms), affords her joy.

"I wish dear papa were here," is her only regretful thought. It seems so selfish to enjoy all this without him, though she has not left him all alone, since an old college friend is his guest, whose company over a pipe, to say truth, he infinitely prefers to any thing in the way of pleasure which Shingleton has to offer him.

"Well, Ju," observed Mr. Frederick, with that provoking air of proprietorship of his, "I suppose we must take May to the table d'hôte today? She won't like being shut up here alone with an old married couple like ourselves, eh?"

"Oh, indeed, Fred, I shall be quite happy here," remonstrated Mabel. "Why, what do you suppose I care for, beyond Ju's company—and yours?"

"Thank you, miss, for that after-thought," returned the young man, bowing demurely; then, in a bantering tone, "I can not, of course, tell at present whose company you will prefer to ours, my dear; but there is a great choice of eligible young men below-stairs—"

"Frederick, for shame!" interrupted his wife; "don't put such things into the child's head. I won't have it done."

"Why, dear me, I thought she came here on purpose!" exclaimed Frederick, with innocent amazement. "Didn't your good papa write and say—I should have the letter somewhere"—and here this rogue pretended to search his pockets—"that life at *The Grand* would afford the best chance in the world for getting her off his hands for good?"

"You wicked wretch, how dare you!" cried May; and both the sisters made a simultaneous dart at the offender. But Fred was in the balcony in a moment, where he could not be pursued, since it was a public and exposed position, common, indeed, to all the sitting-rooms on the same floor.

"My dearest Ju," exclaimed he, from this post of vantage, but taking care to throw his voice well within the room, "if you will bring May out here, I will introduce her at once to Mr. Flint. He is sitting in his American chair here, with his hat off, and looks exceedingly well."

"A most hideous old creature, who believes in nothing," whispered Ju to May, with a toss of her head.

"Your good papa made no restriction as to religious faith," continued Fred, confidentially. "'Youth and beauty,' he writes, 'are not so important as a large and assured income.' His letter is full of good and wise reflections. 'It is never too early,' says he, 'for a girl to have an object in life.' Now Mr. Flint is decidedly an object."

"I am quite sure that dear papa wrote nothing of the sort," exclaimed May, indignantly.

"Now that's very well said," cried Fred, approvingly, and softly clapping his hands; "there was an air of innocent simplicity in your manner, too, that reminds me of your sister's early days. Ju angled for me successfully with that very bait. 'I am afraid,' she used to say, 'that my good papa will never be induced to part with me, dear Frederick. He has no plots and schemes for my future, as some fathers have.'"

Here a dextrous movement was effected against the common enemy. As Fred stepped back to avoid an angry pat, that might have killed a butterfly, from his wife's fingers, they closed upon the handle of the French window, and shut him out; at the same moment Mabel did the like with the other window. This double-action escape-movement of theirs was, in fact, perfectly successful, and their persecutor began at once to sue for peace.

"It is very cold, my dears, out here," pleaded he, flattening his handsome features against the pane, and affecting to shiver in that sunny air.

"That is why we have shut the windows," answered the bride; and at this happy repartee the sisters laughed a laugh together with a richer music in it than any instrument which man's contrivance ever compassed.

"I am not well, dears," continued the exile, plaintively.

"You don't look well, I do assure you, with your nose flattened like that, Sir," replied the relentless bride.

"It is to *you* I speak, sweet May," continued Fred, in mock Shakspearian strain, "and not to that inexorable Jew. The air is piercing cold, and I have a little bald place on the top of my crown, which has come since marriage. It is not trouble, as (since you know her) you may think; she tore out a handful of hair in one of her tantrums."

"You are a wicked story-teller, Sir," said Mabel, coming close up to the window.

"I should like to do it of all things," said Fred, affecting to misunderstand her; "only I daren't without Ju's leave. May wants me to kiss her, Ju; the window is between us, and glass is a non-conductor. May I?"

"You wicked, conceited creature!" cried Mabel. Then, turning to her sister with a blush, "I'm sure I wanted nothing of the sort, Ju."

"Of course you didn't, my darling," said the bride, with assuring gravity; "it is only one of Fred's absurd jokes, I know."

"Won't she let us?" continued Fred, with earnestness. "I can't hear what she says, but she looks angry." Then, in solemn tones, he added, "Mr. Flint's compliments, and might he peep through the window and see Mrs. Frederick Pennant looking angry? He says he can't believe it."

At which Ju, melted to the core, opened the window, and let the flatterer in.

It was very simple fooling, doubtless; but they were very happy, these young people, and quite as pleased with one another (and, perhaps, even more so) as though they had each uttered the most cutting witticisms. Frederick had really a pleasant vein of humor of his own, and the girls had an excellent substitute for wit in their light hearts and high spirits. It was altogether an afternoon to be remembered, not for its brightness and its gayety, but for the careless happiness which made it bright and gay. To one at least of the actors in that little farce the memory of it was often destined to recur; not to provoke the ancient mirth, alas! but to present a type of palmy days gone by and lost forever. Which of ourselves has not some similar reminiscence? Upon whose ear falls not, more sad than any knell, the far-off echo of laughter, which death—or worse, which wretchedness—has hushed forever?

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It was, however, but the dressing-bell of *The Grand* which put a stop to these young people's mirth on this occasion, or rather gave it a new direction. May was certainly to go with them to the table d'hôte; but what was she to wear? Fred suggested a white frock with red ribbons and a coral necklace, since there was nothing like a childlike simplicity. "She should let down her back hair—if she has any." Here, being thumped, he apologized. "How should *I* know? Ju has none save what I bought for her; I've got the bill." In fact, this impudent young fellow was so incorrigible that they refused to listen to him. Mabel Denham had, indeed, no great choice of dresses, and all she had were as well known to her sister as the flower-beds in their home garden; but the occasion was momentous, and needed all their deliberation. At last the blue was fixed upon; and in the blue May presently appeared, as bewitching as any tenant of the cerulean. She was just sufficiently nervous and timid, "pink and palpitating," to make one long to comfort and reassure her. Her appearance was enough to make a knight-errant out of the merest attorney.

The gallant Frederick had provided a fitting flower for the adornment of each of their heads—a rose for Mabel, and a camellia for Julia; but this courtesy was refused by the latter for self and sister. "One doesn't go to a table d'hôte, you silly man, with flowers in one's hair."

"Oh, I *am* so sorry!" said Mabel, almost tearfully. "It was so kind of Fred to think of us—or at least of me;" and she put her rose in a glass of water, and wore it afterward all the evening in her bosom.

She had never been to a table d'hôte before, nor even to a dinner-party—unless her father's tithe dinner, to which all his farmers came, could be called such. She had not as yet, in fact, "come out," or "burst upon the public view," as Frederick called it. It was the prettiest sight in the world to see her trip down the hall staircase, with her trembling fingers lightly laid upon her brother-in-law's arm, and pass into the great room, crowded with guests, where every eye turned at once to look at her.

"*I* am nobody at all now, you see," whispered Julia to her husband. But there was not an atom of wounded vanity in the remark; on the contrary, she felt a pride in her sister's beauty which she no longer felt in her own, though, perhaps, if it had not already won her its prize, in the person addressed, she might not have taken this transference of the public allegiance so philosophically. For the fact was, Mrs. Frederick Pennant had been the acknowledged belle of the hotel ever since she had deigned to appear at the common table, notwithstanding that there were other brides in the house, not without claims to admiration, independently of the interest which always attaches to their position, and especially in such places as *The Grand*. The honey-moon folks are the salt of hotel society, without which it would be almost flavorless. The favorite topic of the table d'hôte is always the last bride. The males express their admiration, and the females mitigate it by depreciatory remarks. "She is passable-looking," they allow; "some people will doubtless call her pretty;" but, for their parts, she is "not their style." So striking-looking a bridegroom might, they conceive, have been more favored in his matrimonial lot. To this the males demur—they see nothing striking in the man at all, except an air of intolerable conceit.

When any young couple, or a couple of whom the lady, at least, is young, make their first appearance at the public table, speculation at once opens upon them. The conversation resembles that which we read in phrase-books designed for Continental travel. "Are they married?" "They are husband and wife." "They are brother and sister." "They are uncle and niece." "See, they have changed chairs." "I am sure he is her husband, because she orders him about." "He chooses wine without consulting her—they can not, then, be newly married." "Nay, but perhaps she drinks only water." "Not she; he has ordered Champagne—girls never refuse Champagne." "They must be bride and bridegroom, or else very rich." "It is only a pint." "Will he drink it all himself?" "Will he give her none?" "None; but he gives her fingers a squeeze under the table—that pleases her equally well, and is cheaper—she is all smiles." "Is that toast-and-water which the waiter has brought her?" "I believe it is brandy-and-water—how shocking!" "But perhaps her digestion is weaker than the brandy-and-water." "True; she has too small a waist, which perhaps accounts for it." "She has brought her own maid with her—I have seen her—a very strong young woman, *pour lacer son corset*." "For shame, Sir; and, besides, it is bad French."

Such is the talk of the British table d'hôte, and a favorable specimen of it. When gossip ripens into scandal, it is a sign that you have had the same neighbor more than once—that acquaintanceship is progressing. There was no such talk upon Mabel Denham's first appearance among the guests at *The Grand*. Her beauty held them for the moment spell-bound. Unaware of the interest she was exciting in these good people, but alarmed at their numbers, she moved with downcast eyes to the place which was pointed out to her upon Frederick's left. She knew that she was in a large room—the largest she had ever seen, and at a table even longer than that on which the school-feast to the village children used to be spread upon the rectory lawn at home; but she did not yet dare to look about her. The folded napkin on the plate before her astonished her by the ingenuity of its shape; it seemed a shame to destroy so fanciful a form.

"Is it not pretty, May?" murmured her sister across her husband. "Mine is like a cornet. Fred's is a fan, and yours—"

"I must introduce you to your next neighbor, May," said Fred, cutting short this eulogy on the napkins. "Mr. Flint, this is my sister-in-law, Miss Denham, whom I told you we were expecting to-day."

Mabel looked up and bowed, then cast down her eyes again, like a carnation which the south wind lifts and lets fall. This sudden demand upon her frightened wits, just as she was endeavoring to collect them, was too much for her. She did not know whether the stranger was old or young, nice-looking or a fright; but she felt an exceeding terror of him, and decided that if such a state of things as this was "going into society," she would much rather have remained outside it.

"There is a considerable talent hidden in that napkin," said a slow, sober voice. The words were spoken behind her, as if intended for her brother-in-law, and she felt gratified to the speaker for not addressing her. There was a kindness in his tone which seemed to intimate that he perceived her confusion, and wished to spare her. But perhaps what pleased her most in the remark was neither that nor its wit, but that the accents were evidently those of an old man, which greatly reassured her. Indeed, when she took courage to look at him again, she saw that Mr. Flint was older than her father, who himself had married by no means early in life. He was not classically beautiful, his face being so long as to almost resemble that of a horse; but his half-shut gray eyes were full of intelligence, and twinkled in their deep-set caverns like stars.

"And what do you think your napkin most resembles?" inquired he. "It is an artistic effort which Alphonse, the head waiter, has made exclusively for your benefit; for see, there are no others like it."

"It looks to me like a heart," said Mabel.

"Ah, that is because you are seventeen," returned the old gentleman, dryly. "Now to me, who am getting on for seventy, it looks like a sheep's head."

What a droll old man! And now he had once made her laugh, how at home she felt with him! He had something funny to say about every thing and every body, and yet in such a quiet, unobtrusive way. His lips scarcely moved at all; all the fun flashed from his eyes. As for smiling, Mr. Flint had never been seen to do such a thing; but a quick ear could detect a sort of rattle in his inside, which was his dry laugh. This alarmed Mabel at first with the apprehension that he was not well.

"Do you see that young gentleman at the end of the table, with the beautiful black hair and the white teeth? Well, he is fifteen years older than I am, and a great beau. He will come round and speak to you after dinner."

"Speak to *me*?"

"Yes, certainly; that is, he will do so under pretense of speaking to your brother-in-law. It is Major Pomeroy, the self-appointed master of the ceremonies here, who must know every body, and collect his information. He has just made a memorandum about it in his note-book, because his memory is getting defective."

"But how very rude of him," objected Mabel.

"Not at all; it is his mission. Would you like to be introduced—but don't look up, because he is staring hard at you—to this gentleman on my left?"

"Is it necessary?" pleaded Mabel, beginning to tremble again.

"Not at all. Only she wants to know you, and she knows your sister."

"I thought you said a gentleman?"

"So I did. I believe that Mrs. Marshall is a gentleman, although in female attire. We all call her 'the General;' and she has certainly occupied some position of military command. It was in the cavalry, because at the time she must have been superannuated the infantry did not wear mustaches. She is charging down upon you in spite of me. Prepare to receive cavalry."

"How do you do, my dear?" said a hoarse, cracked voice. Mabel looked up in alarm. A large-featured old lady in blue spectacles, and a cap so full of leaves and flowers that she seemed to look out of an arbor, was nodding at her, across Mr. Flint, with an amazing energy. "You don't know me, but I seem to know you quite well. I have heard so much about you from dear Mrs. Pennant. How well she is looking to-day—how well her husband is looking! You came by the afternoon train; I saw them waiting for you at the station. My name is Marshall."

"*Field* Marshal," whispered Mr. Flint.

"How do you like *The Grand*, my dear?"

"I like it very much," said Mabel; "at least so far as I can judge on so short an acquaintance."

"What does she say, Mr. Flint?" inquired the old lady. "I can't hear her."

"She says she doesn't very much like talking to so short an acquaintance."

"Well, I'm sure! What a very rude young person! I could never have believed it of her, to look at her."

Quite unconscious of these last remarks, Mabel had turned to listen to an observation of Frederick's.

"Look yonder," said he, "in the doorway. Here are our *vis-à-vis* at last."

There had been a couple of chairs turned down in the usual way, to show they were engaged, immediately opposite; but, since the dinner had progressed so far, the arrival of their tenants had ceased to be looked for. The new-comers were two gentlemen, of striking rather than prepossessing appearance. They were both well-favored, but the elder's thoughtful face was marred by a certain peevish melancholy, which never left it; while the younger's, though much handsomer, wore a contemptuous air, which, when fixed upon woman, became insolent, and upon man, defiant. Unabashed by their unpunctuality, they seated themselves with deliberation; and, as they unfolded their napkins, the one discontentedly perused the wine list, and the other cast his bold eyes down the long line of guests.

"Are they brothers, think you," whispered Julia, "or father and son?"

"I don't know," said Fred, with irritation; "I am only sure that the black one is an impertinent coxcomb;" and indeed the young gentleman opposite had passed a very leisurely survey upon both wife and sister-in-law.

"They are not relatives at all," said Mr. Flint, with philosophic decision; "the elder is pure Caucasian, and would be very handsome but for his ill temper."

"The younger will have his beauty spoiled for him if he stares at young ladies like that," muttered the indignant Fred aside to Mr. Flint.

"Pooh, pooh! he can't help it," rejoined that philosopher. "Look at his skull—look at his jowl; that youth is a Carib."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

STANDING on the threshold of 1871, we take a retrospective glance, and marvel more and more at the wonderful changes which the past twelvemonth has wrought in many countries. One year ago who would have predicted that to-day sunny France would have been overrun with invading soldiers, and beautiful Paris, the pride of the world, surrounded by unrelenting besiegers? Who would have foretold when, on the 8th of December, 1869, the Œcumenical Council, convened by Pius IX., met in the Eternal City, that Victor Emanuel should now be about to take possession of the Quirinal Palace as his residence, and the Pope deprived of much of his boasted power? In other countries gigantic movements seem already to be inaugurated, and none can tell what a day may bring forth. But we realize that we are living in "grand and awful times;" and yet stranger events may transpire before 1872 shall dawn upon us.

France and Germany have long been competitors in the toy market—the one excelling in tastefulness, the other in cheapness. By another Christmas the European war will doubtless produce a marked diminution in the quantity of foreign toys in our market—at least of some kinds—and the prices will probably be higher. France and Germany have more important business on hand now than making toys.

We see it stated that the public library of Dubuque, Iowa, owes its eight thousand standard volumes mainly to the efforts of a lady—Miss Martha Craddock.

Professor Huntington, in his eyrie on the summit of Mount Washington, recently received a visit from some friends, who with difficulty made the ascent to his winter-quarters. He was at that time alone, his companions not having joined him. The frost on the outside of the building he occupies had accumulated to an immense thickness. The telegraph was not working so well as it was expected to do. The report of Professor Huntington's winter experiences will be awaited with much interest by the scientific world.

On December 18 the Capitoline Pond, Brooklyn, was thrown open to the skating public for the first time this season. Even then the pond was not entirely frozen over, but portions of it were safe enough for the juveniles. This was the first skating of the winter. Nor was it of long duration. In anticipation of the severe winter which weather prophets have foretold, the proprietors of ponds and rinks have long been ready for the cold snap which would form good ice for skating; but the mild weather has called for patience on the part of youthful skaters. The Central Park ponds are the favorite resort of New Yorkers, but now Prospect Park lakes are even greater in extent than those. It is stated that twenty thousand people can skate at one time on the lakes of Prospect Park.

Not long ago a Scotch daily newspaper contained the following advertisement:

"MATRIMONY.—A young man of good position, and all that sort of thing, wishes to correspond with a young lady; age under twenty-five, good-looking, of a pleasant temperament, and accomplished. Money no object, at same time no objection. Address Sylvanus, etc."

A few days thereafter the writer received his answer through the same medium, as follows:

"MATRIMONY.—A young lady, rising twenty-four, beautiful, of genial temperament, and all that sort of thing, recommends Sylvanus to apply to Brigham Young, Wife Nurseries, Utah!"

The late fearful accident in Thirty-fifth Street, by which several lives were sacrificed, and many persons seriously injured, is a warning against the hasty erection of buildings which should not be disregarded. It is said that great haste was made in the construction of the factory which fell, as the owner was anxious to complete it before the cold weather set in. In fact, the insecure appearance of the building had attracted attention in the neighborhood, and comments had been made upon it. Even some of the workmen had remonstrated about it. It would seem that, such being the case, somebody is very much to blame in the matter.

A new census of New York is now in progress. As much indignation was expressed at the imperfect manner in which the previous one was taken, it is reasonable to expect that citizens will now cheerfully give all the information in their power to the marshals.

Three French artists were wounded in the affair of La Malmaison: Vibert, the well-known *genre* painter, who was wounded in the shoulder; Leroux, a young artist of great promise, who was shot through the thighs, and remained a prisoner in the hands of the Prussians; and Cuvillier, the sculptor, who was mortally wounded.

During the month of August 108 persons were killed in the central provinces of India by the bite of snakes and by wild beasts.

The successful lady candidates at the recent School Board elections in London were Miss Garrett, Miss Davies, and Mrs. Grey. The first-named is the most extensively known of all as a physician of undoubted professional skill. She is represented as of fair complexion, with regular features, the expression of her face indicating firmness and rigid self-control. She dresses with taste and care, converses in a peculiar style of directness and brevity, and is extensively consulted by ladies of the highest standing. Miss Davies has written extensively on education. She also founded the Ladies' College at Hitchin, to be connected with the University at Cambridge, through which any girl may attain the highest educational prizes. She was instrumental in promoting the Oxford and Cambridge local examination for girls, and in securing the commission on endowed schools. She appears to be between twenty-five and thirty, is easy and agreeable in manners, and in conversation her words are few and well selected. Mrs. Grey has been most favorably known to a large circle in London as an earnest worker in several charitable societies. These ladies were elected by a large majority to positions which they will undoubtedly fill to the satisfaction of the public.

An enterprising girl of twenty, living near Alton, Illinois, has contracted with her father to dig him a well, at seventy-five cents a foot. It is reported that she was twenty feet under-ground at last accounts, and no less than three offers of marriage from delighted young farmers had gone down that hole since it was commenced.

Early in December the Empress Eugénie and Prince Imperial, accompanied by their suite, left Chiselhurst to visit Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle. They went by special train, every arrangement for their comfort having been made. They were received at the station by Lord Charles Fitzroy and Hon. Miss Phipps, and conducted to a private waiting-room. Thence they were driven to the castle, where they were cordially welcomed by the Queen and the royal family. The visit lasted upward of an hour, and on leaving the Empress was accompanied by Prince Arthur, and attended by Lord Fitzroy and Miss Phipps.

The number of copyrights issued since the business was transferred to the Library of Congress has reached 5000.

These are some of Spurgeon's pithy sayings:

"Nobody is more like an honest man than a thorough rogue."

"Don't believe the man who talks the most, for mewing cats are very seldom good mousers."

"By no means put yourself in another person's power. If you put your thumb between two grinders they are very apt to bite."

"Don't go to law unless you have nothing to lose; lawyers' houses are built on fools' heads."

"Put no dependence on the label of a bag, and count money after your own kind."

"In any business never wade into water where you can not see the bottom."

The ladies of Lafayette, Indiana, are blessed with sensible, if the announced object of a club recently formed is an index of their real feeling, namely: "To free the members from the thralldom of fashion, and leave more time for pure, healthy pleasures, intellectual improvement, and ennobling pursuits, such as every true woman's heart craves."

Milk is said to be an antidote to the lead-colic which is so common among the workmen in white-lead factories. On account of the casein which it contains, it is well known that milk acts very favorably in cases of metal poisoning, consequently this suggestion deserves attention.

A Prussian soldier had narrowly escaped death by a Chassepot bullet. Standing in the centre of a listening group, after his return from the front, he took out his watch and showed it, pierced through by the ball, which, having thus expended its strength on the solid metal, inflicted but a slight wound on his breast. The people pressed around to get a look at the watch, and one citizen, impulsively taking out his own gold time-keeper, put it into the hand of the astonished soldier, saying: "Here, take this one. It is a good one. Yours will never go again."

A correspondent of the Boston *Advertiser* writes from Florence an interesting description of Mead's statue of Lincoln, which is designed for the National Lincoln Monument at Springfield, Illinois. The statue is to be eleven feet high; in the left hand is a scroll, on which is "Emancipation;" in the right hand a pen; at the right of the statue are the consular fasces, about which is the flag; at the foot of the fasces is a crown of laurel. On each angle of the monument is a group; one cavalry, another infantry, a third artillery, a fourth marines. Behind the statue of Lincoln an obelisk rises up. This Lincoln monument of Mead, and the one to Cavour at Turin, are the largest ones made during this century. The commission given to this sculptor for this monument is the largest ever sent from the United States. It is to cost $200,000.

The Jewish population of New York city is estimated at not far from seventy-five thousand. The Temple Emanuel, corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-third Street, is the finest and largest in the country, and cost nearly three-quarters of a million of dollars.

Queen Victoria has now nine grandsons and eight grand-daughters, and she has still five unmarried children.

In Alaska every body uses snow-shoes in the winter, and those accustomed to their use can travel thirty or forty miles a day with them. The Norwegian snow-shoe, which is the most popular where it is known, is a very different thing from the snow-shoe of the American Indian. It consists of a thin strip of wood about four inches wide and ten feet long. This is turned up a little in front, and has a piece of hog-skin, with the bristles attached, fastened to the under part of the rear of the strip, so as to prevent it from slipping back. The wearer does not lift them from the surface of the snow, but slides them along as he travels, and when descending a hill he puts them to the same use as the runners of a sleigh, and glides down at great speed. He uses a pole to assist him in ascending eminences, and, unwieldy as these may seem, he can travel rapidly with them.

An examination of the income-tax returns of the last year develops many curious facts. A New York paper gives a résumé of these, among which it is stated that the whole amount of income tax, exclusive of the tax from corporations, was $25,025,068 86. Of this amount seven States paid the sum of $18,837,328 99, and nearly one-third of the whole amount was paid by New York. In nineteen States the amount collected was less than $75,000 for each. Mr. A. T. Stewart paid more than either one of twenty-seven States, including the Territories, and more than Arizona, Colorado, Dakota, Florida, Washington, New Mexico, Utah, Idaho, and Montana combined. Mr. W. B. Astor paid more than the whole of the State of Vermont.

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BISMARCK'S QUARTERS.

COUNT BISMARCK'S house, at Versailles, represented on this page, is situate in a very quiet street at ordinary times; but the advent of Count BISMARCK has changed its character to one of continual bustle; orderlies are forever galloping to and fro with dispatches; visitors of every grade are always coming and going. At all hours of the night a light is seen burning at one of the windows of a room which is reported to be the dormitory of the great minister, proving, as we have heard, that he is apt to turn "night into day." But he rises to work very early in the morning; about noon he issues from his house and goes to head-quarters, where he has a chat with the King's staff. It is noticeable about him that he shows, in moments of leisure, more of the bluff heartiness of the soldier than the quiet manner which we are apt to attribute to diplomatists. He returns punctually to dinner at seven (except when dining with his Majesty or the Crown Prince), after which the labors of his day are said to commence. The telegraphic wires are laid in his room, from which he can communicate with the outer world. Count BISMARCK always appears in his cuirassier undress uniform; and his white cap is often seen towering above the other Prussians, who are mostly big men. He goes about in a carriage without escort, or sometimes is seen mounted on his favorite bay charger. He is a constant object of curiosity to the French, who all want to have the great man pointed out to them in preference to any other celebrity.

QUARTERS OF COUNT BISMARCK AT VERSAILLES.

A DOGS' DINNER-PARTY IN PARIS.

BESIEGED correspondents have often remarked of late upon the number of stray dogs in Paris. These poor creatures, abandoned by their owners, roam the streets, and, unmolested by the police, gain a scanty subsistence by following ladies returning from market, or by moving the compassion of the National Guards on the ramparts, who frequently feed them out of their own meagre rations. Some of these wretched animals go outside the city to the advanced posts, where they are sure to obtain a hearty reception, for the sentinel, alone for so many hours, finds even the company of a dog a relief to the usual monotony of his watch. The sagacious brutes, however, return to the city at nightfall, and, should the gates be shut, howl most piteously to be let in. Finding this of no avail, they seek for some bivouac of the friendly Mobiles, of whom they can beg a supper and a small share in a tent.

The sketch below represents a scene far more familiar in an Eastern than a Western town; indeed, the deserted aspect of the street, and the emaciated appearance of the poor animals, suggest rather the idea of a Mussulman quarter of Stamboul or Cairo than a street in that centre of civilization—Paris.

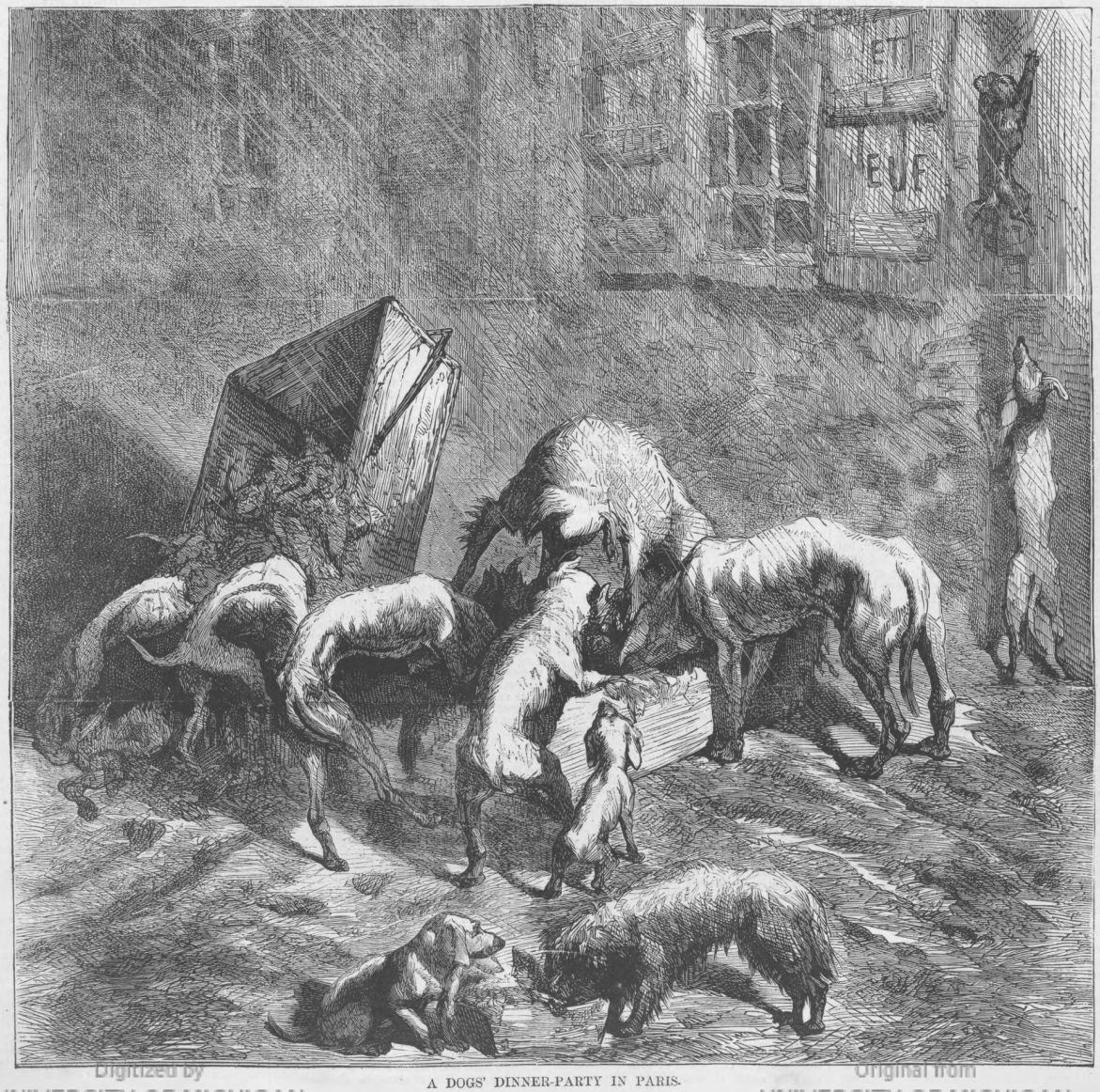
Now, however, the Parisians are reduced to eating their former companions, and the number of dogs is visibly decreasing. As a sign of the times, dogs' flesh is openly sold in Paris, and is taken about the streets in a cart. To the back and two sides of the vehicle the following placard is affixed:

"RESISTANCE TO THE LAST!
Grand Canine and Feline Meat-Market."

A writer, who evidently believes in making the best of every thing, describes dogs' flesh as "excellent eating when nicely killed, properly skinned, and cooked with a good sauce. The flesh is pink and delicate, and by no means hard."

GARIBALDI.

WITH that generous sympathy for the people which has always been the guiding star of his life, GARIBALDI, the moment a republic was proclaimed in France, emerged from the retreat of his island home, and entered that country with his



A DOGS' DINNER-PARTY IN PARIS.

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sons MENOTTI and RICCIOTTI, accompanied by a band of equally enthusiastic volunteers, to assist in driving back the Prussians. That he was singularly unfortunate in his military operations is not surprising. The Garibaldians are detested by the Roman Catholic clergy on account of their activity against the temporal power of the Pope and the influence of the priesthood. Moreover, GARIBALDI himself is no longer fit for an active campaign. His lameness is excessive, and though his intellect is as clear as ever, he has lost the dash of former days. Nevertheless, among the ardent republicans of France, his name still possesses a magical power, and it is not impossible that, aided by great successes elsewhere, his roving bands may yet achieve valuable service. Whatever happens, whether he dies on the field of battle or in his bed, he will leave behind him an imperishable name; he will be followed to the tomb by such sentiments of affectionate regard as few of the world's heroes have been able to command. The portrait of GARIBALDI, which we give on page 4, is from a recent photograph.

HOME TREASURES.

HOME TREASURES.

THE original of this engraving, by a French artist of high repute, M. MERLE, was one of a number belonging to a well-known Parisian dealer, which were sent to London for safe-keeping immediately before the investment of Paris by the Prussians. That nearest and most beautiful relationship on earth, of mother and child, is a theme on which, under various titles, M. MERLE's pencil has been often exercised. This present version of the painter's favorite subject has a metaphorical designation, the purport of which will be obvious to all, yet of which only a mother's heart will realize the full meaning. "Home Treasures"—how teaming with varied significance is the phrase! A thousand associations cluster thick about it. Who is there that, having once left or lost a "home," does not religiously preserve some memorial of that sanctuary of childhood or riper years? A trifle it may be, as regards intrinsic value, that is preserved, but a sacred relic, perhaps, of dear departed ones; or, possibly, all that remains to cherish is a faint remembrance. Yet who would exchange that bare recollection for all the dross that men call riches? And if we so prize the shadow of home, how must the substance be treasured! Ask this happy mother, with her handsome infant boy pressed more closely to her heart than a miser hugs his money-bags, and with her pretty daughter hanging round her bosom, far more fair to see, and infinitely more precious, than a necklace of rubies, pearls, or diamonds. Her answer would furnish the best commentary on the text afforded by the title. Looking at such a picture, one can understand RUSKIN's saying, that if an English or French artist can not paint a Madonna from an English or French mother, the study of all the "Raphaels" in the world would not help him.

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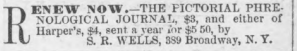

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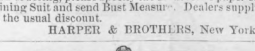

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SONG OF THE OLD YEAR.

AWAKE, awake, old Janus!
Your double visage show,
And open wide the gateway
Through which I needs must go;
Through which I needs must wander,
A ghost of former time,
And bear to land immortal
A record of this clime.

My royal life is ebbing,
And though I lusty seem,
To-morrow none will know me
But as a faded dream:
Behind your closing portal
I shall enshrouded be,
Gathered with all the ages
In past infinity.

The days, the months, the seasons,
Have loyal vassals been,
With faithful fingers weaving
These records that I glean;
But now in festal garments
They wait the coming king,
Ready to bear his mandates
And tribute still to bring.

A vision humbling truly,
While Death, too, draweth near;
For I have ruled a universe,
With naught to interfere—
With naught to interfere, say I?
Old Year, thy pride withdraw,
But delegated power hadst thou;
Thou, too, art slave to law!

A larger power than thou controls;
And none so regal be;
But something higher throned within
Revealeth Deity!
And yet, to meet thy service done,
A realm is still in store,
O'er which a sceptre of good deeds
Shall lift thee evermore.

Then open wide, old Janus,
The gate of passing time;
I hear the faint beginning
Of the twelve-month's fatal chime.
My spirit drops its fetters,
The far-beyond to delve:
Uprise! swing wide, old Janus,
The stroke is at the Twelve!

BRED IN THE BONE.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Gwendoline's Harvest," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

MAKING PEACE.

WHETHER Richard's own injuries proved fatal or not was with him a matter of secondary importance. His anxiety was to prove that they were received by misadventure; upon the whole, matters promised favorably for this, and were in other respects as satisfactory as could reasonably be expected. The blood of Solomon Coe was upon his own head. Richard had no need even to reproach himself with having struck in self-defense the blow that killed his enemy; and he did not reflect that he was still to blame for having, in the first instance, placed him in the mine. He had at least done his best to extricate him, and his conscience was (perhaps naturally) not very tender respecting the man who had repaid his attempt at atonement with such implacable animosity. At all events, Richard's mind was too much engaged in calculating the consequences of what had happened to entertain remorse. The question that now monopolized it was, what conclusion was likely to be arrived at by the coroner's inquest that would, of course, be held upon the body. The verdict was of the most paramount importance to him, not because upon it depended his own safety (for he valued his life but lightly, and, besides, his inward pain convinced him that it was already forfeited), but all that now made life worth having—the good regards of Harry and her son. He had no longer any scruple on his own part with respect to accepting or returning their affection. His fear was, lest, having been compelled to take so active a part in the rescue of the unhappy Solomon, something should arise to implicate him in his incarceration.

Fortunately he was far too ill to be summoned as a witness. His deposition alone could be taken, and that he framed with the utmost caution, and as briefly as was possible. His wounded lung defended him from protracted inquiries. Solomon himself had proposed the idea of a partnership in Wheal Danes, and his interest in the mine, the knowledge of which had suggested to Richard the place of his concealment, had evidently proved fatal to him. That he should have broken his neck just as Richaid had broken his ribs on such a quest was by no means extraordinary; but how he ever reached the spot where he was found at all, without the aid of a ladder, was inexplicable. The line of evidence was smooth enough but for this ugly knot, and it troubled Richard much, though, as it happened, unnecessarily. Had the place of the calamity been a gravel-pit at Highgate, it would have been guarded by constabulary, and all things preserved as they were until after the official investigation. But Wheal Danes, from having been a deserted mine, had suddenly become the haunt of the curious and the morbid. There was nothing more likely than that Solomon's ladder had been carried off, and perhaps disposed of at a high price per foot as an interesting relic. The presence of the half-extinguished torch that Richard had flung away in the second level (and which should by rights have been found in the third) was still more easily explained: there were a score of such things now lying about the mine which had been left there by visitors. In short, an "active" coroner and an "intelligent" jury could have come to no other conclusion than that of "accidental death;" and they came to it accordingly.

Other comforters had arrived to the wounded man, before the receipt of that good news, in the persons of Harry and her son and Agnes. There was a reason why all three should be now warmly attracted toward him, which, while it effectually worked his will in that way, gave him many a twinge. They looked upon him, as did the rest of the world, as the man who had lost his life (for his wound was by this time pronounced to be fatal) to save his friend. He told them that it was not so, and they did not believe him. He had not the heart to tell them how matters really stood; but their praise pained him more than the agony of his wound, and he peremptorily forbade the subject to be alluded to. This command was not difficult to obey. Solomon's death, although the awful character of it shocked them much, was, in reality, regretted neither by wife nor son: such must be the case with every husband and father who has been a domestic tyrant, no matter how dutifully wife and son may strive to mourn; his loss was a release, and his memory a burden that they very willingly put aside; and, in particular, his name was never mentioned before Agnes without strong necessity.

Mrs. Coe, always at her best and wisest in matters wherein her son was concerned, had never told this girl of the part which Robert Balfour had taken against her. It would have wounded her self-love to have learned that the influence of a comparative stranger had been used, and with some effect, to estrange her Charley. She would scarcely have made sufficient allowance for a man of the world's insidious arts, notwithstanding the circumstances that had so favored them. Thus Harry had justly reasoned, and kept silence concerning him. Agnes had therefore set down the gradual cessation of her lover's visits to Soho, and his growing coldness, solely to the hostility of Solomon. They had pained her deeply, though she had been too proud to evince aught but indignation; still she strove to persuade herself it was but natural that this lad, entirely dependent upon his father for the means of livelihood, and daily exposed to his menaces or arguments, should endeavor to steel himself against her; that he really loved her less she did not in her own faithful heart believe. It was, however, with no thought of regaining his affection that she had obeyed the widow's hasty summons on the news of the catastrophe at Wheal Danes, but solely from sympathy and affection. She had always loved and pitied her, for Harry had shown her kindness and great good-will; and, notwithstanding the girl's high spirit, she did not now forget, as many would have done, all other debts in that obligation so easy of discharge, namely, "what she owed to herself."

Her presence, notwithstanding the sad occasion of it, at once reawakened Charley's slumbering passion, and the coldness with which she received its advances only made it burn more brightly, like fire in frost. He felt that he had not even deserved the friendship she now offered him in place of her former love, and was patient and submissive under his just punishment. He hoped in time to re-establish himself in her affections; but at present, somewhat to Mrs. Coe's indignation, she had showed no sign of yielding. He did in reality occupy the same position in her heart as of old; but now that he was rich, and his own master (for his mother was his slave), she was not inclined to confess it. Had he been poor and dependent, she would have forgiven him readily enough; nor are such natures unparalleled in her sex, notwithstanding the pictures which are nowadays presented to us as types of girlhood.

Such, then, was the mutual relation in which these two young people stood, who ministered by turns (for Harry was always with him) to the wants of the dying Balfour. The feelings with which he was regarded by all three were in curious contrast with their former ones. What those of Harry were now toward him we can easily guess; her hate and fear had vanished to make room for love—not the love of old times, indeed, but a deeper and a purer passion; it could never bear fruit, she knew—it was but a prolonged farewell. To-morrow, or the next day, Death would interpose between them; but in the mean time they were together, and she clung to him.

Charley, on the other hand, with whom Balfour had once been such a favorite, felt, though attentive to his needs, by no means cordially toward him. Gratitude for the fancied service he had done to his late father compelled him to give Richard his company; but it was not accorded willingly, as heretofore. He could not but set down to the account of his companionship the present frigidity of Agnes, and at first he had even seen him a material obstacle to his hopes. This audacious man of the world, who had at one time so excited his admiration, had suddenly become in his eyes an impudent *roué*, who even on his sick-bed was only too likely to make their past adventures together the subject of his talk. True, his mother had told him that Mr. Balfour was now an altered man; but the young gentleman had entertained some reasonable doubts of this conversion. His manner to the sick man was so reserved and cool, indeed, that it seemed to all but Richard (who guessed the cause of it, and yet felt its effect more bitterly than all) unkind. This behavior on the part of his former ally did not injure Balfour in the regards of Agnes; she resented Charley's conduct, and did her best to redress it by manifesting her own good-will; she had herself had experience of his shifting moods and causeless changes of demeanor, and perhaps she was willing to show what small importance she attached to his capricious humors. Thus it happened that Richard and herself "got on" together much better (as well, of course, as much more speedily) than the former could have hoped for; for indeed he had, with reason, expected to find a bitter enemy in Agnes. He improved this advantage to the utmost by taking occasion, in Charley's absence, to praise the lad, under whose displeasure he manifestly lay. She answered that he had not, at least from Mr. Balfour's lips, deserved such praise.

"Nay, nay," said Richard, gently; "it is I who have not deserved the lad's good-will; and you, my dear young lady, ought to be the last to pity me, as I see you do."

"How so?" asked she, in surprise.

"Because," answered he, gravely, "I once strove to keep him from you."

She looked annoyed, and cast a hurried glance toward the place where Mrs. Coe had been sitting; but there was now only an empty chair there. The widow had purposely withdrawn herself, in accordance with Richard's wish. Agnes could scarcely leave the sick man without attendance.

"When I say, 'Keep him from you,'" continued Richard, "I mean that, being lonely and friendless (as you see I am but for you three), the society of this bright boy was very dear to me, and I selfishly strove to secure it when he would fain have been elsewhere. I needed, as you may well imagine, authority to back me in such efforts, but, unhappily for him, I possessed its aid. He now resents, and very naturally, the restraint which my companionship once imposed upon him, and sets down to my account the estrangement which he so bitterly rues. An old man's friendship is of no great worth at any time; but weighed in the balance against a woman's love—"

"Sir!" interrupted Agnes, with indignation.

"Pardon me," continued Richard, gently; "I see you do not love him. I am deeply grieved, for the sake of this poor lad, who is as devoted to you as ever, to find it so, and to feel that it was in part my fault. I will ask him to forgive me if he can."

"Nay, Mr. Balfour, I beseech you, don't do that," cried Agnes, with crimson cheeks.

"As you please," murmured he, gravely. "But, remember, a few days hence, or perhaps a few hours, and I may be beyond his forgiveness. It will then rest with you, young lady, to clear my memory. You are not angry with me—you can not be vexed with a dying man."

"No, no." She was sobbing violently; her heart was touched, not only by his own condition, as she would have had him believe, but by these confidences respecting Charley. There is nothing more dear to a young girl than the testimony of another man to her lover's fealty; the witness himself is even guerdoned with some payment of the rich store he bears; and from that moment Balfour was not only forgiven by Agnes, but even beloved by her.

CHAPTER XLIX

REST AT LAST.

THAT the termination of Richard's malady would be fatal did not from the first admit of doubt, but he lingered on beyond all expectation. The spring came on and found him yet alive at Gethin. He was never moved from the room to which he had been carried after his mischance—the same which had been his bedroom in the old times, when he was full of strength and vigor—wherein he had so often lain awake, revolving schemes to win his Harry, or slept and dreamed of her. The comparison of his "now" and "then" was melancholy enough, but it was not bitter. His pain was great, but not out of proportion to his comfort. He had still Harry's love, and he had even that of two other hearts besides, which he had reconciled and drawn together. In him Charles had had an unwearying advocate with Agnes, and at last he had won his cause. She had been driven to take refuge in her last intrenchment—her poverty—and Richard had made that untenable.

"You will not be an heiress, perhaps, my dear," he had said to her, "though you deserve to be one; but neither will you be undowered. I have left you all I have. Nay, it is not much—a few score acres by the sea—but they will soon be yours."

She had accepted them unwillingly, and under protest; but a day came when it became necessary for her to remonstrate with the sick man once again concerning this matter, sorry as she was to thwart or vex him; she therefore requested to have a few minutes' talk alone with him.

"Dear Mr. Balfour," said she, gently, "I am going to disobey you in once more reopening the matter of your kind bequest. Something has happened which has given the affair a wholly different aspect. Among the visitors yesterday to that dreadful mine, to which people still flock, there was a Mr. Stratum—a young engineer, it seems, of some reputation; and in his researches in Wheal Danes they say he has hit upon a great treasure, or what may turn out to be such."

"Ay," said Richard, with a smile; "what's that?"

"A copper lode. It is curious that so many folks should have come and gone there and never found it before; but there it is, for certain. Mr. Stratum has seen Charles, and tells him that he can hardly trust himself to speak of its probable value."

"Well, I congratulate you, my dear, on being an heiress."

"Nay, my dear Mr. Balfour, but this must not be. Overborne by your kind pressure I consented to receive this bequest—a considerable one in itself, indeed—for what it was. I could not now take advantage of your ignorance of its real value; it distresses me deeply to give you trouble in your present sad condition, but you must see yourself that circumstances compel me."

"Give me the will, my dear; it is in yonder drawer. Here is a letter folded in it in my handwriting. What does the superscription say?"

"*To Agnes Aird.*"

"Just so. You were to have opened it after my death, but you may read it now. Please to do so aloud."

"MY DEAR YOUNG LADY,—When I am gone, it is my earnest desire that your marriage with Charles Coe shall take place as early as may be found convenient. He will make a good husband to you, I think; I am sure you will make him a good wife. He loves you for your own sake, which is the only love worth having. But, as it happens, you are very rich. In the mine which I have left you—in the northeastern corner of the bottom level—there is a copper lode, the existence of which is known to me, and to me only. I have every reason to believe that it will be found in the highest degree productive, and for your dear sake I trust it may be so. True, you will have money enough and to spare for your own needs, but wealth will not spoil you—in your hands it will be a great good. To the two injunctions which here follow I have no means to give effect, and must trust solely to your loyal heart to carry them out. I do so with the most perfect confidence. (1.) I wish that this bequest of mine, be the value of it ever so great, be strictly settled, upon your marriage, on yourself and your children, so that it can not be alienated by any act of your husband; and this I do not from any preference to yourself over him, or from any prejudice against him, God knows. (2.) In case the estate of Crompton, of which Wheal Danes formed a fragment, should again be in the market, and the mine turn out so valuable that its proceeds should enable you to purchase such estate (without inconvenience or damage to your interests), I do enjoin that you do so purchase it, and make Crompton your future home. This is a 'sick man's fancy,' some will tell you; and yet you will not neglect it."

"And you *will* not, Agnes dear?" whispered Richard, eagerly, when she had thus finished. "This is the last favor I shall ever ask of you. Promise me! promise me!"

"Oh, Sir, I promise you," cried Agnes, earnestly, and scared by his anxious feebleness; "your wishes shall be obeyed in all points."

"Good girl, good girl," sighed he; and though the effort pained him sharply, his face exhibited a great content. "Send Charley to me," said he, presently, in a faint voice.

"But you are tired already," remonstrated Agnes. "You have talked enough for to-day; see him to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" repeated Richard, with a smile that chilled her heart. "There will be no to-morrow, dear, for me. Reflect hereafter that you made my last day a happy one. Kiss me, daughter." This term, which was uttered very fondly, did not surprise her, for she little guessed its full significance. She bent down, and kissed his forehead. "Send me Charley."

Those were the last words she ever heard him speak.

Agnes had told the young fellow how much feebler Mr. Balfour seemed that day, and warned him to make his interview as brief as possible; but Charley was of a sanguine temperament, and to his view the sick man looked better. The recent excitement had heightened his color, and, besides, he always strove to look his best and cheerfullest with Charley.

Balfour told him all that he had already said to Agnes respecting the provision he had made for her; he thought it better to relieve her from that task. But, to do Charley justice, he was neither grasping nor jealous. Nothing seemed more natural to him, or even more reasonable, than that Agnes should be made sole heiress.

"As for me, I should only make a mess of so much money," said he, laughing. "*She* understands how to manage"—meaning that she had a talent for administration of affairs—"five thousand times better than I do. Her father has taught her all sorts of good things, and that among them. You see the poor governor and I—we never pulled together. Perhaps if I had had a father a little less unlike myself, I might have been a better son, and a wiser one. It was unfortunate, as Mrs. Basil used to say. You remember her, of course?"

"Yes, indeed."

The sick man's tone was so full of interest that Charley, with great cheerfulness, proceeded to pursue this subject.

"She was an excellent old soul; and, for her age, how sprightly and appreciative! I remember—the very last time she came down to dinner—telling her that story of yours about the stags in harness, and it so interested her that she made me repeat it. It seemed to remind her of something that she had heard before; and yet the incident was original, and happened within your own experience, did it not?"

"It did," said Balfour, hoarsely.

"I am tiring you, my dear Sir," said Charley, anxiously. "What a fool I have been to chatter on so, when Agnes particularly told me to be brief. I shall leave you now, Sir; I shall indeed. Is there any thing I can do for you before I leave?"

"Nothing, nothing. If I strove to take Agnes from you, lad, I did my best to make her yours again. You don't dislike me now, dear boy, do you?"

"Dislike you, Sir!" cried the young man. "That would indeed be base ingratitude; you

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were always most kind to me, and you have loaded my Agnes with benefits. I can not say, Sir, how unhappy it makes me to see you lying here in pain, and—"

"And dying, Charley. Yes, you are sorry for me, good lad."

"Indeed, indeed I am, Sir."

"When your Agnes left me last she kissed me on the forehead—here. I would not ask it else—but—kiss me, Charley."

The sick man's voice was very weak and faint, but its tones were full of pathos. In some surprise, but without the least hesitation, the young man stooped down and kissed him. "I shall leave you now, dear Mr. Balfour, and only hope my thoughtless chatter may not have done you mischief. I will send my mother to you, who is so quiet, and so good a nurse, as an antidote. Good-by for the present, Sir."

"Good-by, dear lad—good-by."

Richard well knew it was good-by, not for the present, but forever.

When Mrs. Coe came into the sick man's room she perceived in him a change for the worse, so marked that it alarmed her greatly, and she was about to softly pull the bell when Richard stopped her with a look.

"Don't ring," whispered he, faintly. "Sit down by me, Harry; put your little hand in mine. I am quite happy. Our boy has kissed me."

"You did not tell him? He does not know?" inquired Harry, anxiously.

"Nay, dear, nay; I am not quite so selfish as that," answered he, gently.

There was a long pause.

"Do you think my mother knew about him?" asked Richard, presently.

"Oh yes—though I strove to deceive her—from the first moment she saw him, Richard, she knew it well. We never spoke of it, but it was a secret we had in common. She loved him as though he had been your very self; I am sure of that."

"And she knew *me* too, Harry."

"Impossible! She could never have concealed that knowledge—with you before her; for you were her idol, Richard."

"It was afterward," murmured the dying man. "When I had left the house Charley told her something I had related to him, which convinced her of my identity. I see it all now. She felt that I was bent on vengeance, and sent you after me to use that weapon of which she knew you were possessed. If we once came face to face, and you reproached me, my secret was certain to come out—just as it did, Harry—and then you had but to say, 'Charley is your son.'"

"But why did she not tell me who you were?"

"Because, if you were too late—if the mischief had been done on which she deemed me bent—if your—if Solomon had come to harm, she would not have had you know that Richard Yorke—the father of your child—had blood upon his hands. Oh, mother, mother, your last thought was to keep my memory free from stain!"

He spoke no more for full a minute; no sound was heard except the distant murmur of the sea, for the day was fine and windless. The April sun shone brightly in upon the pair, as if to bless their parting.

"Where is Charley?" murmured he.

"He is gone with Agnes for a walk, they will not be long; they talked of going to the Watch Tower. You remember the Old Watch Tower, Richard?"

"Well, ah, well!" answered he, smiling. "It is just twenty years ago. How often have I thought of it!"

For a moment—before they separated forever—these two seemed to themselves to relive the youth to which another generation had succeeded.

"Agnes is a far better girl than I was, Richard; but she can not love our boy more than *I* loved *you*."

Richard answered with a smile that glorified each ghastly feature, and brought out in them a likeness to himself of old.

"She will be his good angel, Harry," whispered Richard, gravely, "and will guard him from himself. He will need her aid, but it will be sufficient. I trust, I believe, that evil is not Bred in the Bone with him, as it was with me."

There was a long, long silence, broken by a silvery laugh, which came through the half-opened window like a strain of cheerful music, then was suddenly cut short.

"Hush, Charley; you forget," said the soft voice of Agnes; "he may be sleeping."

Through the calm spring air the reproof was borne into the sick man's room as clearly as the sound which had called it forth.

"He is so happy," whispered Harry, gently; "you must forgive him; remember he does not know."

"Yes, yes; it is better so. Dear Charley—happy, happy Charley!"

And a smile once more came over the sick man's face, which did not pass away, for Death had frozen it there.

L'ENVOI.

YEARS have passed since Richard Yorke was laid in the church-yard on the hill at Gethin, close beside his mother, whose bones Harry's pious care had caused to be transported thither.

If aught of things that here befall
Touch a spirit among things divine—
If love has force to move us there at all,

her ghost was glad. "In time," thought Harry, "I too shall lie by his side, at last, once more."

Old Trevethick's prophecy was accomplished in the almost fabulous success that attended the working of Wheal Danes. If its shares are not quoted in the market, that is because the family have retained it in their own hands, in spite of the most dazzling offers.

Mr. Dodge has a codicil to his story at *The George and Vulture* now, and expresses his infinite satisfaction at the fact that "that 'ere Coe" came to grief in the end, as he had so richly deserved to do. "I don't doubt," says he, "that while he was underground with the bats and rats he thought of that poor lad as he had treated so spiteful. Things mostly does work round all right" (he would add) "under Providence, whose motto (if I may say so without disrespect) is summat like mine: 'Let us have no misunderstandings and no obligation.'" On the other hand, what "sticks in Mr. Dodge's throat," as he expresses it, and is "a'most enough to make a man an infidel," is, that "the widow of that 'ere Coe—she as was young Yorke's ruin—is living at Crompton (in the very house his father had) with all her brood."

Mr. Dodge is right in his facts, if not in his deductions. Out of the proceeds of the mine the whole home-estate of Crompton has been purchased by Charles Coe, or rather by his wife; and they both dwell there quite unconscious that he is the lineal descendant of the mad Carew, with whose wild exploits the country side still teems. If the old blood shows itself, it is but in quick starts of temper, and occasional "cursory remarks," which sound quite harmless in halls that have echoed to the Squire's thunderous tones; and even at such times Agnes can calm him with a word. If the open hand which is Bred in the Bone with him scatters its *largesse* somewhat broadcast, the revenues of Crompton, thanks to her, are in the main directed to good ends. In that stately mansion, whose hospitality is as proverbial though less promiscuous than of old, not only is there room for Mrs. Coe the elder to dwell with her young folks, without jar, but in a certain ground-floor chamber, the same he used to inhabit in old times, there dwells an ancient divine, once Carew's chaplain. He is still hale and stout, and has a quiet air that becomes his age and calling. Life's fitful fever is past, and he lives on in calm. The children—for there is small chance of Crompton being heirless in time to come—are very fond of him; and grandmamma spends so much time in the old gentleman's apartments, that Charley declares it is quite scandalous. What *can* Parson Whymper and she have to talk about in common? In spite of the attractions of her beautiful home, and the infirmities of advancing years, not a summer passes without Mrs. Coe the elder revisiting Gethin. The castled rock, up which she used to run so lightly, is beyond her powers; she is content to gaze on that with dewy eyes; but she never fails to seek the church-yard on the hill.

"He was what one would call a hardish husband to her, was old Solomon," say the neighbors, "and yet you see, when a man is dead, how a wife will keep his memory green!"

THE END.

CHANGING NAMES IN OLD TIMES.

THE practice of changing names abrubtly and of set purpose is an extremely ancient one, and one known to all nations, although never so freely indulged in as by the Americans, and by the English of the last years. The first changes that we have notice of in Hebrew history were made on the highest authority. Upon the occasion of the old man, Abram, receiving a divine promise that he should become "a father of many nations," his name, which had signified "high father," was altered to Abraham, the "father of a great multitude;" and the name of Sarai, "my lady," "my princess," was altered to Sarah, the "mother of many nations." When Jacob, the "supplanter," had prevailed in his night-long wrestling with "a man" whom he identified with God, his mysterious antagonist bestowed on him the name of Israel, a "prince with God." The names of Belteshazzar, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, were conferred respectively on Daniel, Hananiah, Michael, and Azariah, children of the captivity of Judah, at the court of Nebuchadnezzar, by Asphenaz, chief of the eunuchs of that monarch. The name of Paul, a "worker," would seem to have been conferred on Saul as a tribute for the zeal and activity he displayed after his conversion to Christianity. In the thirteenth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles the transition time is marked by an alias—"Saul (who also is called Paul)"—before which the former, and after which the latter, of the two names is used exclusively.

In ancient profane history likewise we have examples of changes of name accompanying or marking some notable change in the office, character, or circumstances of the person affected. Upon his accession to the throne of Persia, for example, Codomanus became Darius; Romulus, on the occasion of his apotheosis, received the name of Quirinus; while the second of the Cæsars offers an instance of both the dropping and the assumption of names. Octavianus had in early life been known by the "cognomen" of Thurinus, as Suetonius tells us; although that pleasant historian is in doubt whether this name had reference to the origin of his ancestors, or to some distinctions of a military kind which his father had gained in Thurium. "Afterward he assumed the cognomen first of Cæsar, and then of Augustus, one of these names being prescribed to him by the will of his uncle, and the other by the advice of Munatius Plancus." Among the Romans persons who were adopted into noble families substituted the name of the latter for their own original appellations; and slaves, in manumission, took their master's name in addition to their own single one.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

1. THE OLD YEAR WONDERS WHAT TIME IT IS.

2. THE NEW YEAR CRIES, "TIME FOR YOU TO LEAVE!"

3. THE OLD YEAR DECIDEDLY OBJECTS;

4. WHEREUPON THE NEW YEAR VIGOROUSLY PITCHES INTO HIM;

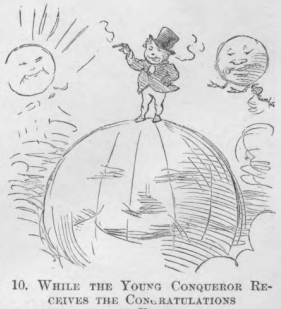
5. AND A DESPERATE FIGHT IMMEDIATELY ENSUES BETWEEN THE TWO ANTAGONISTS,

6. WHICH IS ENERGETICALLY CARRIED ON.

7. BUT YOUTHFUL MUSCLE AND PLUCK ARE TOO MUCH FOR THE OLD FELLOW;

8. WHO, UPON GETTING A WELL-DIRECTED BLOW ON THE NOSE,

9. THROWS UP THE SPONGE AND PRECIPITATELY RETIRES,



10. WHILE THE YOUNG CONQUEROR RECEIVES THE CONGRATULATIONS OF HIS FRIENDS.

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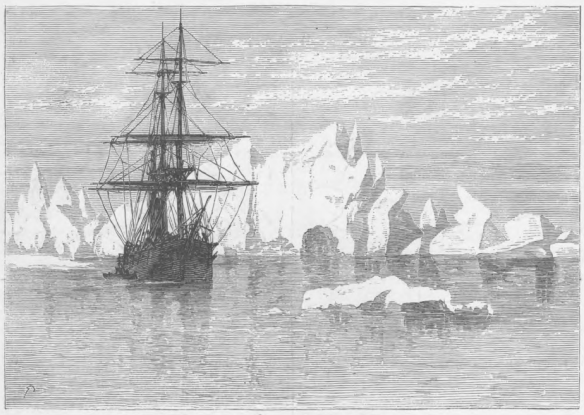


THE "PANTHER" CROSSING THE ARCTIC CIRCLE.

Travel and Adventure.

PREPARED
EXPRESSLY FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

ACROSS THE ARCTIC CIRCLE.

By Dr. ISAAC I. HAYES.

CHAPTER I.

Crossing the Arctic Circle.—Caught in a Fog-Bank.—Among the Icebergs.—Entering a Fiord.—Among the Arctic Birds.—Esac's Hut and Family.—Singular Evasion of the Liquor Law.—The most Northern House on the Globe.—Getting on the Rocks.—The Whalemen's Grave-yard.

THE steamship *Panther* crossed the arctic circle July 31, 1869, bound for the upper waters of Baffin Bay. She was not, however, bound upon a voyage of discovery, nor did she belong to the whaling fleet which for the past three centuries has annually visited the icy regions; nor was she in pursuit of the codfish, salmon, and halibut which abound in the Greenland seas and lakes; but she simply bore a party of excursionists, who had resolved to make a summer trip to the regions of the arctic circle.

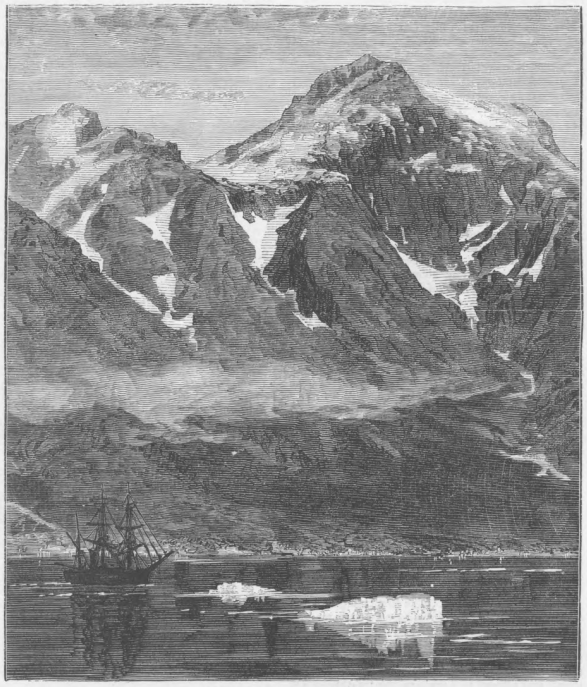
Our vessel had been chartered for three months at St. Johns, Newfoundland, from which port we sailed July 2. She was a strongly built vessel of 350 tons, expressly intended for ice navigation.

Her owners had coaled, officered, manned, and equipped her for the voyage as part of the contract. To direct where she was to go was our business; to put her there was the captain's; and all risk and responsibility lay, not upon our shoulders, but between that gentleman and the insurance company.

The inception of the voyage was due to Mr. William Bradford, artist, of New York, who had several times been "down to the Labrador" to sketch and photograph the icebergs which float there with the polar current. But this had proved to be a field too circumscribed for him, and he was no longer satisfied with such a sub-arctic question. He had become ambitious to try his hand upon the more grand and picturesque scenery of Greenland, to trace the icebergs to their home, and sketch them in their cradle. Accordingly he invited some friends to join him; and a party being made up with all possible haste, I became very gladly one of the adventurers. And so it came about, on this beforementioned 31st of July, that I found myself for the third time crossing the arctic circle, northward bound.

We were not destined to reach our summer pleasure-grounds without adventures. Once we were nearly cast away in a gale; once almost overwhelmed by the breaking of an iceberg; twice we were aground in dangerous places; and at last, when fairly running into Baffin Bay, we were suddenly enveloped in a dense fog-bank, through which we slowly and anxiously groped our way for many hours. At length, to our great relief, we suddenly shot out from the gloomy pall into bright sunlight. The limit of the fog was almost like a wall, so sharp and well defined that while the quarter-deck was still in its shadow the forecastle was brightly illuminated. Fearful that the fog might roll over us again, the *Panther* was put to her speed, and we steamed on into very different scenes.

Though still among the icebergs, we were now in a bright instead of a cloudy atmosphere. The icebergs were, in fact, so numerous about us that we could often not see the horizon, and we were sometimes obliged to deviate from a straight course, to the right or left, in order to avoid one of these huge floating islands of the deep. But this was a trivial circumstance, for we had dodged about among such neighbors many a time before.



THE PEAK OF KRESARSOOK.

ENTERING THE FIORD.

It was the atmosphere that made the scene one to be long remembered. The hour was approaching midnight, and the sun, nearing the north, gradually dipped until it had touched and finally passed beneath the horizon, with its upper limb barely below the line of waters. For some time previous the sky had been peculiarly brilliant, but when the sun went fairly down, the little clouds, which had before been tipped with crimson, melted away, and the whole sky became uniformly golden, while the sea, quite motionless, unruffled by even the slightest breath of air, reflected the gorgeous color like a mirror; and the icebergs, of every size, from the puny fragment a few fathoms only in diameter to the enormous block hundreds of feet in height, and of every shape, from the wall-sided semblance of a giant citadel to the spired effigy of a huge cathedral, wore an aspect of indescribable brilliancy as they floated there in the golden

ESAC.

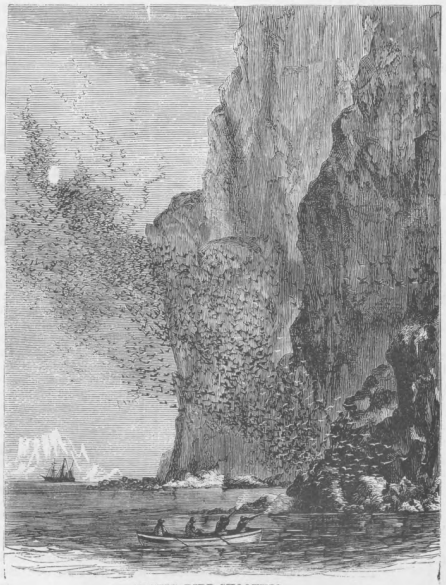
sea. In color they were wonderfully varied—against the brilliant sky dark purple, shading away to left and right into amethyst, and then into green and blue and pearly white; and away behind us, against the dark fog-bank which lay upon the waters, chased silver; while every where around were flecks of lustrous splendor stolen from the sky.

Emerging from this blaze of brightness we glided on through the night in view of some of the finest coast scenery of a region where the scenery is never tame. First we passed under the gloomy, cavernous Black Hook; and then near the stupendous cliffs of the main land, which, cut by deep gorges, seemed like grim old time-worn columns holding up against the sky a vast white entablature—the great icy sea of Greenland. Then we came beneath one of the noblest landmarks of the coast—a cone-shaped mountain rising from the sea, which we had first seen some sixty miles or more away. Then it was but a dark hommock against the sunset; now through the breaks in a fleecy cloud which girdled it we caught occasional glimpses of its crest silvered by the rays of the morning sun.

Tempted by the unusually grand aspect of the scenery, Mr. Bradford desired to make a landing, and, tempted by the hope of game, the sportsmen were of the same mind; so, with helm a-port, we wheeled in on the south side of the mountain, and entered, close beside its base, a narrow, winding fiord just as the sun was dropping his earliest rays down upon a silvery thread of unencumbered waters winding between cliffs of unparalleled magnificence. The base of the mountain formed the cliffs on our left, and, as I afterward determined, they were at one point 2870 feet high, rising so squarely from the water that it seemed almost as if one might drop a plumb-line from the summit into it.

The mountain is an island some ten miles in diameter east and west, by six north and south. This line of cliffs is almost uniform around its base, above which the conical top ascends quite regularly to an altitude of 4500 feet. And such is Kresarsook—the "big mountain" of the natives—the Sanderson's Hope of old John Davis, who discovered it in 1585.

The cliffs upon our right were not less lofty nor less gloomy. The fiord widened a little by-and-by, and we opened a more cheerful spot. There, for a short distance, the cliffs at the base of the mountain are broken away, and the slope of the mountain itself extends down in an almost unbroken line from the crest to the sea. Here there were some signs of life. Up to about 500 feet elevation the slope was in places green—little patches of mountain heather and moss and stunted grass, which some flowers speckled with white and yellow. It seemed like a curtain hung across the entrance to the interior of the mountain, where, according to native tradition, dwell mountain giants. By this same



ARCTIC BIRD-SHOOTING.

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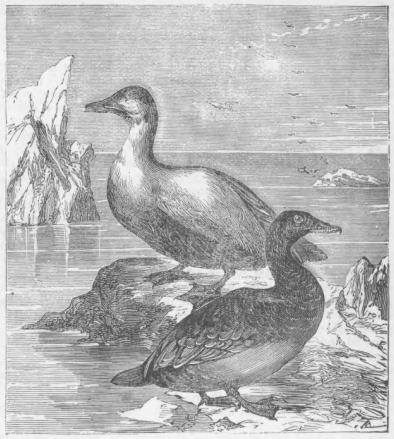
ESAC'S HUT.



EIDER-DUCKS.

tradition the mountain should be but a shell, the whole interior being one great cave, which, if true, gives the giants plenty of room.

Meanwhile we had been pushing on toward our place of destination, which was a great truncated cone standing in the middle of the fiord, and right before us. This truncated cone we came to know right well afterward. Its height is 2300 feet. Its sides slope a little only from the perpendicular, and at our position when Esac left us there was no perceptible break in the line of the cliff to an altitude of 1460 feet. Above, the top is more or less ragged, yet the crest is nearly level, and the whole aspect of the rock is one of such great symmetry that it seems almost as if it were carved by man for a monumental pile.

Upon a close inspection of it can one only realize its immense height. Even after having visited and examined it I was quite amazed when I came to measure its dimensions. We were, indeed, all much deceived, and none worse than the captain, who, when four miles away from it, thought he was quite as near as it was safe to go, and accordingly he hauled the *Panther* up alongside of an iceberg, and tied her fast.

How rejoiced were we all now to get once more out of the ship! A landing on the iceberg was easily effected, and we ran about over it as if it had been dry land. It was comparatively small, being not over a hundred yards in diameter by fifty feet in height, and it was undulating on the top. In the little valleys the water which the warm sun had formed of the pure fresh ice had gathered, and from one of these little lakes we watered the ship.

Satisfied that this was a place for birds, I persuaded the captain to take a boat with me and row toward a vast cliff, which, owing to a strange optical illusion, appeared to be only a few rods distant. To the captain's amazement we had a pull of more than a mile before reaching its base. Then the sight was grand. Looking up we saw the cliff towering nearly half a mile above our heads, and its perfect counterpart beneath in the bright, clear waters.

A strange feature of this cliff, and others of like geological formation, is that the rock is fractured here and there horizontally, and that scales have splintered off from time to time, leaving a series of narrow ledges, or steps, which extend from the very bottom to the top; and these ledges are in the summer time the home or breeding-place of myriads of birds. These birds are the well-known "Bacaloo bird" of Newfoundland and Labrador, and the St. Lawrence region generally, where they winter. They are the lumme of the Arctic seas, and the *Uria Brunichii* of the naturalist.

When about half a mile away from the cliff we began for the first time to perceive something of its character. Then birds came flying over us in considerable numbers. Many of them were on the water, and like all the divers, who rise with difficulty, they made a great noise about us as they prepared to take the wing, flapping along close over the surface of the sea. As we kept nearing the cliff the birds became still more and more numerous.

Presently we heard a murmuring sound like that of distant falling waters. Then, as we came under the cliff, this sound changed its note, and became so loud that we were obliged to elevate our voices to make ourselves heard.

The noise was caused by the constant fluttering of innumerable birds, and incessant screaming. Some of the ledges, or shelves, on which they sat were very narrow, others were two or three feet wide; some were but a few yards in length, others were many rods; some were in pretty regular order, one above another, others were not quite horizontal; but upon all of them, from near the water's edge to the summit of the cliff, the birds were sitting, packed close together, and facing outward—sitting bolt upright, row above row, crowded into the smallest possible compass, and looking for all the world like soldiers with white coats and black caps standing shoulder to shoulder on parade. Low down the birds were easily counted; but higher up they melted away into scarcely distinguishable lines of whiteness, and higher still they disappeared from sight altogether.

At first it puzzled me to account for their strange attitude; but when I remembered that each female bird lays but one egg, it was readily explained. They make no nest whatever, but lay their single egg upon the naked rock. The bird can only cover it, therefore, by placing it upon its end, which is accomplished with the bill, and then she sits down upon it as if it were a stool.

After listening a while to their strange cries, and watching their movements, we remembered that we had come out to try our luck at shooting. Our guns were fired simultaneously, and down came plump into the water birds enough to make a meal for the whole ship's company. But what a change now there was in the aspect of the cliff! Following the discharge of the guns there was an instant of calm. It seemed as if every scolding voice was hushed. Every bird had leaped into the air, and now the wild flutter of their wings, as they darted away from the rock, was like the rush of a tornado, while they were so numerous as they passed over that they threw a shadow on us like a cloud; and having sprang from their eggs so quickly, many of them were left insecure, and a perfect shower came spattering down the cliffs.

But the birds did not long keep the air. They came down upon the water, with a great splash, about a quarter of a mile from the cliff, perfectly blackening its surface. Some of them did not even go so far; but, wheeling about in mid air, they put back in haste to get once more upon their eggs before they had time to cool; and those who took the water soon came back, despite the danger, to shelter their precious all.

A few more shots satisfied us with this kind of sport. Verily, in the sportsman's sense of the word, there was no sport in it at all. Having knocked over about twelve dozen, we returned on board, leaving the poor frightened lumme at such peace as they might find in the confused state of the private property which must have resulted from our so repeatedly driving them from their family stools.

Every boat was now immediately in requisition, and every gun was started on its murderous work; and there was great rivalry and great destruction, and half a ton of birds was the day's reward.

After this successful raid upon the feathered inhabitants of the cliffs we cast off from the iceberg, and steamed over to the little bay of Karsuk, where we found good anchorage with sandy bottom, and paid a visit to Esac, the trader of Karsuk—or, as we, with much gravity, styled him, "governor"—the only white person there.

The government house at Karsuk is of the same general style of architecture that prevails throughout the village, and differs only from the others in its superior size, increased comfort, and greater ornamentation. That is to say, the vestibule is not so long as that of the others, and does not, therefore, accommodate so many snarling dogs and litters of puppies, the owner being rich enough to afford a separate shelter for those ordinary members of a Greenland family. Then this same vestibule is four instead of three feet high, and you run a correspondingly less risk of knocking your brains out as you go in. The interior—roof, floor, and walls—is lined and covered with planed boards, which Esac has obtained from the government stores at Upernavik.

THE MOST NORTHERN HOUSE ON THE GLOBE.

The house has but one room, it is true, but then it is sixteen by twenty feet, while the native houses are ten by twelve, and their walls are lined with seal-skins instead of boards, and the floor is covered with flat stones. As for the walls, they are all built alike, six feet high and four feet thick, of stones and turf. There is a roof of rough timbers and boards; then the whole, roof and walls, is covered with heavy sods, which grow green, and convert the hut into a sort of mound. At fifty yards you could hardly distinguish Esac's house from the general green of the hill-side but for the government stove-pipe which sticks through the roof, and the smoke of Danish coal that comes from it.

Esac had previously paid us a visit, and obtained some medicine for rheumatism, and had evidently made good use of it, as he was clearly free from pain. He did not once mention it. But he extended his huge hand to welcome us, and introduced us to his wife, and invited us to be seated, with immense decorum, and with a high appreciation of the rights of hospitality. Half the floor was raised a foot above the other half, and down we sat on this, along with the different members of his family, including a son recently married and his blushing bride—at least it is fair to suppose that she was doing what brides always do, as a matter of course, only she was too dark to allow the blushes to be visible. Along the back part of this raised place there were piled up great bags of eider-down, which are spread out at night, and there the numerous family of Esac would bestow themselves to sleep.

Esac's wife was a thorough-bred Esquimaux, and she sat beside a lamp and kettle groaning

THE GOVERNOR AND FAMILY.

THE LUMME OF THE ARCTIC SEAS.

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audibly. She wore yellow boots of extraordinary length, seal-skin pantaloons, a Scotch plaid jacket lined with fawn-skin, hair twisted into a knot after the native fashion; and altogether she looked neat and matronly. Esac's approbation left no doubt on that score. "Mine frau!" said he, pointing to the lady of the yellow boots. "Mine frau—all the same you speakum vife. Very good vife. Plenty vurks;" and with his right forefinger he counted this item, number one, off upon his left forefinger; "plenty good cooks" (finger number two); "plenty good coffe makum" (finger number three); "plenty sew" (finger number four); and then, after a pause, and dropping his fingers, evidently regarding them as of no further account, he threw back his head, sniffed the air, and said, triumphantly, and as if there was no use talking further, "no smell."

But if Esac's frau did not smell, the government house did, so that we remained only long enough to pet the babies, bestow some presents, and receive some in return, when we took to the open air for relief; not, however, until we had partaken of a really excellent cup of coffee of this estimable lady's preparing—coffee being the universal and, besides the pipe, almost the only luxury of these arctic wilds. It is offered to you every where, in every hut and tent even of the lowest savage. It has, of course, only been in use since the Christians came there; but now it is a national beverage, and one of the principal articles used in trade. In the Upernavik district alone the annual consumption is about 6000 pounds among a total population of less than 700 souls—nearly ten pounds to each man, woman, and child. And in this district every man, woman, and child has free access to the government store-rooms, provided he brings blubber, walrus or narwhal ivory, eider-down, or some other merchantable commodity; and in return he receives every needful article of civilized comfort and convenience, save and except only that villainous "fire-water" which has played such a conspicuous part in the demoralization and destruction of our own Indians. Once a year only are the people allowed to smile at the bottom of an empty glass. This is on the king's birthday, when every where throughout Greenland all the able-bodied native men march in single file to the door of the government store-room to receive, each in his turn, a glass of "schnapps," and enjoy the privilege of drinking to the reigning majesty of Denmark. The women are excluded; but a man may kiss his wife in Greenland without offense; and he may drop down her throat at the same time whatever portion of the king's bounty may suit his generosity and convenience, and nobody be the wiser for it.

The exclusion of spirits from the Greenland natives is but one of many evidences of the paternal care which the Danish government exercises over these children of nature. The government has made it a steady policy to convert them into useful subjects, instead of reducing them to dependents, and, while practicing toward them the Christian virtues, causes them to be taught Christian doctrines in conformity therewith. There being thus no conflict between precept and example, the Greenlanders have embraced Christianity, with its churches and its schools, and present an exceptional example of the current of a savage nature being turned into the broad stream of modern civilization. They are even instructed in the system of civilized governments, and every "district" of Greenland has its native parliament—a sorry parliament, to be sure, but still it serves an excellent purpose; and if all parliaments did their duty half so well, the world would be better governed. They provide for the poor; they render assistance to the unfortunate; they punish the indolent and guilty; they reward the industrious; and what more do you want? Each small town or settlement of the district sends up a "member;" and, to cite Upernavik district as an example, we see represented (in the semi-annual assembly at the town, or, as usually called, the colony of Upernavik) by a thorough-bred native the settlements of Proven, South Proven, Karsuk, Aukpodlartok, Kresarsook, Kiryitok, and Tessuisak, which, with one from the colony of Upernavik itself, makes eight representatives of the rights, interests, and dignities of the entire Upernavik district, with its united interests of its 669 people. The home government allows the parliament the use of a certain percentage of the proceeds of the district, and the annual budget of the Upernavik government shows the appropriation of about three thousand Danish dollars to charities, and as prizes and rewards for skillful hunting.

These are homely practices; but then it must be borne in mind that Greenland is a long way off, and that little Denmark is a gallant nation.

We were bound to the colony of Upernavik, capital of the Upernavik district; and having accomplished our business in the fiord, we steamed around the base of the "big mountain," and in a couple of hours were at anchor again in a most uncomfortable situation, among a great quantity of drift, indirectly off the little town, which, perched upon the naked, treeless rocks, presented a most wobegone appearance. Yet hearty hospitality and a warm welcome were in store for us, as I knew they would be; and we soon forgot the desolate surroundings, as one would forget the desert in the wild flower that he finds growing by the way. My friend of former years—good old Governor Rudolph—was there to greet us. And his great ancestor, the father of all the Hapsburgs, could not have welcomed guest with more lordly courtesy than did this true-hearted gentleman offer us the freedom of his house.

And his house was snug and comfortable. Two lovely children and a kindly, gentle wife comprised the family; and after seeing them we needed not to see the fragrant flowers growing in the windows, nor to eat an excellent dinner, nor to drink freely of the wine, to convince us that we were in a home as happy as it was refined. The wild winds might whistle as they would over the boundless wilderness beyond the window panes—they could not disturb the peace and comfort that reigned within.

Upernavik district extends from about latitude 70° to latitude 74°, and enjoys the peculiar distinction of being the most northern spot of all the earth where civilized industry is carried on. Of this district Tessuisak is the most northern settlement or outpost. This settlement lies some fifty miles north of Upernavik, and here, after leaving Upernavik, and twisting for many hours about among a perfect maze of islands, we made our next halt. The place differs in its general features from Karsuk, already described, only in having for its trader a man of more intelligence, and altogether of very different character from Esac, with the wife of many virtues. His wife is Danish, and he brought her with him from Copenhagen to this last boundary of the Christian world, and he lives here in a comfortable little house of civilized construction. His wife when she first came here was a fresh young bride; and here four children have been born to them—one of these sleeps among the stones.

The town itself is otherwise not unlike Karsuk, and has about the same number of native inhabitants, an equal number of yelping dogs (I should say about a hundred), and the average proportion of the filth and stench inseparable from a town of such description. Among it all the trader's little whitewashed house loomed up cheerily, and, like a light-house in a dirty fog, it was a pleasant thing to look upon. It was late at night when we dropped our anchor, but the photographers had time to get out their camera and bath, and as the clock struck twelve they made a picture of it—the most northern house upon the globe, photographed by the light of the midnight sun! We carried the picture off as a pleasant souvenir.

But, unhappily, the proprietor of this house was not there, nor his family. They had all gone off reindeer-shooting—a circumstance which I regretted the more that the man had served me faithfully before as interpreter and dog-manager in 1860–61. His name was Peter Jursen. I saw him, however, two weeks later, upon our return southward.

From Tessuisak we passed northward over the classic ground of the old whaling fleet—past Wedge Island and Cone Island, and Horse's Head, and Cape Shackleton; and finally we fetched up at the Duck Islands.

The Duck Islands were in former years a sort of whalemen's rendezvous. To this point they fought their way among the dreadful ice-fields along the Greenland coast; and now they are beyond the Danish colonies, and beyond the reach of human succor if misfortune happens them. Ahead of them lies Melville Bay, and the "middle ice," and the "pack," which they are bold to enter, and if lucky enough, in the end, to pass, they are pretty sure to find an ample reward in the cargo of whale blubber and whalebone which they will gather in the northern and western waters. In former times this fleet numbered something like a hundred sail; but now about a dozen steamers do the work of the noble old sailing ships, of which the recently destroyed *True Love* was the last. As the fleet "take the ice" here early in June or late in May, we were, of course, too late for them.

When a little more than half-way between the first and second of the Duck Islands we ran, at nearly full speed, upon a sunken rock, not laid down on the charts—probably for the reason that nobody ever hit it before. We struck it first with the stem, and fortunately glanced off to port, thus easing the shock, and by somewhat deadening the headway of the steamer the better enabled us to take the rock again and get fast aground. The shock was, I need hardly say, rather startling than otherwise. The timberheads were, of course, started; of course the ship had sprung a leak; of course we would have to take to our boats, and make our way as best we could to Tessuisak and Upernavik, and then meet the Danish ship, and reach home by way of Copenhagen, leaving the *Panther* to go to pieces on the rocks. It was not a pleasant prospect, but there was no help for it. At least such was the prevailing opinion. Bradford and the photographers were in a great stew about the "negatives." Our special artist (a very lively young gentleman, much given to caricature, who, for short, bore the cheering name of "Blob") was much alarmed for the safety of his numerous sketches. "The Professor" bemoaned the fate of his immense collection of specimens. But to every body's great surprise, and to the utter destruction of every body's well-laid plans of misfortune, a careful examination proved that no harm had been done whatever, except to the cabin furniture. The shock set our cups and plates shying about the deck in a very fragmentary state, and sent our cabin-boy, who was, as usual, asleep in the pantry, head foremost through the door, where he tripped up the steward, who was bringing in a pot of boiled mush, all of which the unhappy boy received on his stomach, and for the first, last, and only time during the cruise got thoroughly woke up.

It was none of our business whether the *Panther* got off the rocks or not. That was the captain's affair; and therefore, when we learned that no hole had been made in her bottom, we were eager to get ashore, and after the birds. "The Professor" was easy in his mind about the specimens, "Blob" was relieved about his caricatures, and the "negatives" were safe. What was to prevent us? Nothing but the settlement of the question of responsibility as to whose fault it was that we hit the rock. The mate said it wasn't his. Oh no! who ever was at fault when any mischief was done? But the captain declared it was, and the mate, with equal zeal, repeated that it wasn't. But the second mate was against him, and every body else appeared to be; so he protested very loudly that it was none of his duty to keep the run of all the rocks in Baffin Bay, which was pretty hard upon the captain, who kept the charts, and if there were any rocks lying around loose should know about them. This home thrust incensed the captain greatly; and, without making any secret of it, he advised the mate to go home to his mother (which he would, no doubt, have been glad enough to do), and, with a consistency peculiar to maritime people, told him, with the same breath, that he had better go and scrape the rust off the anchor, which was all he was fit for. This settled the matter; and the matter being settled, a calm followed on the heels of the storm; and, upon the first lull, we got a boat off the davits, and got ourselves and our guns and heavy shot, for the promiscuous slaughter of ducks, landed on the beach. Then we all filed off to left and right, and marched inland, the ducks very obligingly getting up before us as we went along, and hurrying away with a terrible flapping of wings and quacking with fright—at least, such as we did not bring down—and, since they rose superbly, any body with half a hand could have knocked over his bird. The sport was good, and, by all odds, the best we had yet enjoyed.

The islands proved, indeed, to have been well named. The birds were the famous eider-duck, close kindred of our much prized canvas-back, though much larger, and, feeding on shrimps, their flesh is not so well flavored.

The whole aspect of the place was forbidding in the extreme—too bleak and desolate to make one think of looking there for game did he not know better beforehand. But there were, toward the centre of the island, some small pools or lakes of snow-water, which furnished moisture for the growth of great quantities of moss; and in this moss, after the waters had subsided and left it dry, the birds had built their nests, lining them with the delicate down which grows upon the breast. This the bird plucks off with her bill to the extent of a good handful, leaving the feathers intact; and when she leaves her nest, to feed, she covers her eggs with this warm material to keep them warm. In regions further south the Greenlanders make descents upon the islands, and carry off this fine lining of the nests, which, when cleaned, becomes the well-known and very valuable "eider-down" of commerce. "Live down" is the commercial name of it; and it is a singular fact that the same material plucked from the bird even an instant after death is worthless. The wonderful elasticity which gives such great value to the "live down" is wholly wanting in the dead.

During the early part of the season the ducks go in pairs, and the contrast between the two is very great—the female bird being brown and homely, while the male is black, with cream-colored breast and neck, and has the most beautiful tints of green upon his head. If the nest is robbed of down, and the female's own supply is exhausted, the male will sometimes obligingly pluck himself to accommodate her; but after she begins to "sit" he is seldom seen about her nest or in her company, and, indeed, is not allowed there except when she has been robbed, and wants his help to refresh the family nest. The males then flock together—like hen-pecked husbands at the clubs—and are very wild. To get within range of them at all one must lie low behind the rocks, and wait for them to fly overhead. In this manner we shot quite a number, and found their flesh a little fishy, but very fair. We enjoyed the afternoon's sport immensely, and perhaps not the less that the captain had come off very soon after we landed to convey the pleasing intelligence that, the tide having risen, the *Panther* was afloat and all right. And apart from this we liked the captain on all hunting expeditions. He was generally the best shot, which detracted something, of course, since he was pretty sure to be the winner. But then he was always gay and lively; and he carried a gun which nobody but a tall, powerful man like himself could possibly have used—one of those Newfoundland sealing guns—long enough, ordinarily, to knock a bird over without firing. But the captain was too fond of sport for work of that sort, and he invariably allowed the bird to get beyond the muzzle before he pulled trigger. Fifteen dozen birds rewarded us well for some fatigue, undergone in a temperature warm enough to enable us to dispense with coats, even although we were in lattitude 74°, and surrounded on every side by ice.

The islands were so full of interest, and possessed so many romantic associations, that I wandered about them, from one to the other, rather in pursuit of my own fancy than of game. Every where that I went there appeared traces of the whalemen—at one place a flag-staff, at another place the fragment of a wreck; here they had built a fire, and there they had made a camp; and upon the very summit of the outer island, five hundred feet above the sea, we discovered the walls of an old look-out station, behind which many a hardy mariner whose ship was lost among the ice had come and watched, perhaps for days, waiting and hoping for some favorable change of wind and weather to bring a change of ice and change of fortune.

On another part of this same island we came upon a number of graves. They were about fifty yards from the beach, on a rapidly sloping hillside facing the west, beneath a great tall cliff, which forms a conspicuous landmark for vessels approaching from that direction.

Never was place of human sepulture more desolate. Here there were no birds; there was not even a blade of grass, nor a bit of moss—not a living thing—nothing but a waste of naked rocks and loose stones, that had been tumbled by the frosts of winter from the cliffs above. The dead had been laid in some convenient place among the rocks, and the stones had been heaped upon the coffins, and at the head of each rude sepulchre there had been placed a board on which the shipmates of the dead sailor had carved his name and age, and the place of his nativity, his ship, and rank, and day of death; and over all "Sacred to the memory."

It was late in the afternoon when we brought up at the summit of the island in the whalers' old look-out station, where we commanded a superb view of the surrounding region. How grandly the mountains and glaciers of Greenland loomed up on our right! How splendid was the sea around, speckled with ice, while here and there appeared a dark rocky island among the general whiteness! How tempting Melville Bay ahead, with the interminable "pack," the endless ice-fields, which we could distinctly see! For now we had the promise of a tussle with what all had heard and read so much about, and the still better promise of some bear-shooting.

But for our adventures in this particular we have here no space, and must therefore reserve them for another Number.

TO BE CONTINUED.

MY BEST CHRISTMAS-BOX.

I DON'T know how it came to pass, but I certainly contrived to fall in love very decidedly with my cousin Clara. She was a bright, pretty girl—as, curiously enough, nearly every girl of the name of Clara is sure to be—the brightest and prettiest that I have ever known. With her, cousinhood had at once paved the way for intimacy. "If ever you fall in love, you ought to fall in love with your cousin Clara," said my good mother one day to me. I contrived to carry out the maternal hint with great promptitude. Now my mother was the poor sister of a rich man. Because she saw this delicate matter in a certain point of view, it by no means followed that Uncle John should see it exactly in the same light; and even if Uncle John should happen to coincide with her on such a vital matter, it was still more unlikely that Aunt Jemima should take the same kindly view; for Aunt Jemima was a rich, proud woman. Clara was her only child, and, of course, all the money of her marriage settlement was to go to Clara. Aunt Jemima took good care to let me understand that, properly speaking, she was no aunt of mine. She had married my uncle, but she had not married his family; and, indeed, even my uncle looked down upon his sister, for she had married a poor curate, who was to be nothing else than a poor curate all his days. He lived in the North country, and I went to the great grammar-school of a Northern city. The fact will be hardly credited in these days, but I actually came of age without ever visiting the "little village," as those people say of London who call the Atlantic a pond. I am so near the top of the big grammar-school that I had the refusal of a scholarship or exhibition that would have gone most of the way toward clearing my expenses at Oxford or Cambridge. My father wrote to Uncle Blogue to ask him whether, as a family matter, he could give me any help toward the university. Uncle Blogue, or possibly it was Aunt Blogue, by no means "seemed to see it." He sent a letter quite full, I am informed, of very beautiful Christian feeling, saying that he had no doubt that I should ultimately find an opening in commerce in one of the neighboring manufacturing counties. I believe my mother shed some bitter tears, but I am sure I never bore Uncle Blogue the least grudge in the matter. I went into a lawyer's office at Liverpool, who took me on account of my school character for sharpness; and I don't think that Liverpool allowed my natural acuteness, such as it was, to be dulled, although I had not had the advantage of a metropolitan experience. I am afraid, indeed, that the Liverpool experience might not have been of the most healthful sort; but I used to spend most of the long vacation with my father; and in the seclusion of my familiar and loved home amid the Yorkshire moors and streams I came nearer to what my father wished me to be, and rubbed off the narrowness of the office, and the unfavorable general coloring conferred by Liverpool.

I got a kind of promotion. It was settled that I was to go up to London, to the office of the London agency that was very closely connected with the Liverpool firm. They wanted a man in town who knew all about Liverpool. My berth was moderately good, and there was the expectation that it would become better. Moreover, there was a location assigned me—a bedroom with a very diminutive sitting-room attached, which were handed over to me by the junior partner. He had just been admitted a member of a club, and had taken lodgings in Jermyn Street to carry out the idea, firing many of his friends with a noble emulative ambition. For a few days I roamed about London, not exactly like a noble savage lost in hopeless admiration, but with the cynical *nil admirari* style, which we flattered ourselves we had brought to considerable perfection in the provinces. And then I bethought myself that I would call on Uncle Blogue, who, indeed, had been frequently in my mind since it had been settled that I should come up to London.

I confess I knocked at my uncle's door, throwing into my knock much of the energy of my original Yorkshire nature. I confess also that when I first met my mother's only brother I yearned for some little amount of sympathy, for I had had a touch of melancholy that morning, and a feeling of the loneliness of London was growing upon me. I moved with the heartiest feeling toward a middle-aged gentleman in a pink waistcoat, with pink eyes and cheeks to match. There was only one point about him which I liked, and that was that his smile was of a more pleasing kind than might have been expected from his

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visage, generally speaking, and that he smiled with his eyes. But when I noticed his mechanical movements, and the cold pressure of his flabby hand, my Liverpool training stood me in good stead, and I very exactly adapted my own manner to his. Mrs. Blogue was hardly more disappointing, and for a very simple reason. After some inquiries were exchanged, of a very conventional nature, the word "dinner" escaped my uncle's mouth, but died away upon his lips at a look from my aunt. Mrs. Blogue substituted a milder invitation, and asked if I would stay lunch that day, or some other day before they should be leaving town. I was feeling annoyed, and was about excusing myself, when there came a peculiarly sharp knock, a peculiarly quick ring, and Mrs. Blogue exclaimed, "Why, here's Clara," and her face lighted up with a sudden animation and interest as she moved into the hall to meet her daughter.

"Cousin Charlie here!" came the accents of a musical, surprised, and even rather a delighted voice, and my bright, handsome cousin entered the study, where we had been talking. She came up immediately with extended hands and dancing eyes. The provocation of those eyes was immense; and who could deny that we were first cousins? I bent forward to kiss her, and her lips moved to meet mine.

Mrs. Blogue looked aghast, but presently recovered her equanimity; and in a way half apologetic for her daughter, but not over-friendly to myself, she murmured, "Ah yes! cousins always are so affectionate."

We sat down to a very good lunch, and before the lunch was half over we were on "Charlie" and "Clara" terms. Before the lunch was entirely over I had gone a long way toward obeying my beloved mother's injunction.

When we had finished lunch Clara said, "Isn't it nice that Charlie has come up to town? He is just in time for our dinner-party next Monday."

"I am afraid, my dear, our table will be quite full," said my uncle. "There's Sir James, and the Downings, and Lady Pendleton, and the others. Quite a close fit as it is."

"Oh, I saw Lucy Pendleton in the square this morning, and she said that her mamma was so upset by the death of her poodle that she was going to write a note to decline the invitation."

"Seriously, Clara?" said Aunt Jemima.

"Seriously, old lady." I opened my eyes at this expression, for it sounded slangy and periodic, but Aunt Jemima took it mildly. It was evident to me that the young lady ruled the old lady, and meant to have it her own way in the matter of that invitation.

So it was fixed that I should come to dinner on Monday at seven o'clock. "And remember," said Clara, half whisperingly, "that you may be here a little before, if you like, for I shall be down in the drawing-room long before that."

I do not know why I should go very fully into my love-story, which was in its blessed experience like all the true love-stories that ever were or will be. A hint is rarely lost upon the legal mind. I shall always remember that evening of evenings. I made a point of willfully mistaking the hour, and came exactly an hour earlier; but that was, of course, excused to the kinsman of the house. The old birds were engaged. Aunt Jemima was putting herself in gorgeous apparel, and the uncle was draping himself in black. So we sat for a whole hour in the delicious gloaming twilight of the drawing-room, in full cousinly amity, and Clara and I exchanged our histories. She had not much to tell, for she had only been released six months from her school at Brighton; but she wanted to know all about her relations in Yorkshire, and had an enthusiastic regard for my father, a portion of which I hoped she would transfer to his unworthy son. So at last hand clasped hand, and when the first note had announced the first guest, she gave me the kiss of cousinhood and ran up stairs to meet her mother.

The dinner was a very excellent one. The charm to me was, beyond Cousin Clara, who sat directly opposite, the presence of two or three guests, of whom I had heard a great deal in the public papers, but had never contemplated with the eyes of the flesh. The lord of the absent Lady Pendleton was a celebrated judge; but she had probably wept more over her poodle than over any number of criminals whom the judge had hung. Then there was a great M.P., with a boundless capacity for work and talk; and I perceived that, in the course of the evening, he ventilated every fact and idea with which he favored the House and the country the following Tuesday night. As a rule, however, very great people are not so impressive in the undress of private life as when they are "upon their legs," or girt with the insignia of office. Still it was a happy night; but I thought the judge and the M.P. talked poor stuff compared to what Cousin Clara said.

I came whenever I had a chance to St. George's Road. Clara was always kind and courteous, very pleasant in manner, and, if she had the woman's wit with which I credited her, she would have known how fond I was of her sweet face. But I perceived that I was not very popular with my uncle and aunt. I really think my uncle Blogue had a not unkindly feeling toward me. But he was emphatically "a man under authority," absolutely subjugated by Aunt Jemima. Mrs. Blogue always gave me a sickly, stereotyped smile, and a hysterical shake of that codfish hand of hers. I perceived that there was a kind of cycle in this curious household which quite reversed all my limited notions of propriety—the wife domineering over the husband, and the daughter, in a sweetly imperative fashion, over the mother. However, it was clear to me that the old people did not care very much for my company. As a rule, I went through the farce of asking if they were at home; but they must, I think, have understood that I did not care very greatly if only the young lady were in the drawing-room. One day I got a letter from my honored father which was not at all to my liking—at least the P.S. alarmed me, which was this: "I am afraid you are giving your uncle Blogue too much of your company. The wise man tells us to withdraw the foot from our neighbor's house, lest he weary of us. Your uncle says, a little unfeelingly, that you come very often, and not always at convenient times." Now was not this a passage peculiarly likely to gall a young man, and hurt his sense of his own dignity? It hurt all my *amour propre* that I should be supposed to go where I was not wanted. I kept away for weeks. Wounded sensibility told me never again to cross that hateful threshold; but affection reminded me of Clara's bright eyes, and confidently assured me that she at least had no part in that cruel message.

When I summoned up courage to call at last, the door was opened by a man-servant, of unamiable and even forbidding aspect. He took a very deliberate survey of me, and asked for my card. He then informed me that the family was all *hout*. I bore my disappointment as I could, and deliberated within what space of time it might be decent for me, considering my uncle's expression of weariness, to call again, I determined to allow him the eternity of a lunar month. At the conclusion of that month I once more faced Cerberus. "Not at home," said he, very sharply. "When will they be at home?" I asked, with a failing heart. "Don't know, Sir; hout for the day." I prolonged the lunar month to the space of a calendar month before the next call, and then I knocked at the door once more. It was in the evening, this time, between eight and nine. I read the inevitable "Not at home" upon the scoundrel's stolid face. "How very unfortunate!" I exclaimed. "Very unfortunate indeed," said the man; and I am not sure that he did not put his tongue into his cheek. As I turned away I cast a look back toward the drawing-room, and there I saw lights. "Very odd," I thought, "when there is no one in the house." This unhappy experience happened once or twice again, and I began to think that I must give up calling altogether.

It was a Saturday afternoon, some weeks after my last failure, and I was sitting moodily in my rooms. It was long past business hours, and I had been intending to run down to the Crystal Palace for a half-holiday, and was thinking how sweet it would be to have Cousin Clara there at the Rosary and by the lakes. It was dull work, however, to go by one's self, and I had given up the notion. Presently there came a gentle rap at the office door. I wondered greatly what should bring clients at that time; for my few friends were very unlikely to call at an hour when they and I would most likely be away from town. There was no clerk in attendance, and when I opened the door I saw two young ladies. I immediately recognized my cousin Clara, and presently her lady's-maid—possibly a shade better, certainly several shades more showily, dressed than herself. With the utmost joy and eagerness I hurried her into my room, leaving the maid in a clerk's room adjoining. I seated myself on my tall stool, while she sat down on a tin box close to me, labeled "The Right Honorable the Earl of Z——," and supposed to contain that noble lord's most precious parchments.

"Oh, Cousin Charles!" she exclaimed, "they have treated you most shamefully, and I could bear it no longer. I thought I must come and tell you; you must not think it was my fault."

"What is it all about, dear Clara? Oh, you sweet, kind Clara, to come to me! I have been thoroughly beaten and broken-hearted, that I could never see you at home."

"But we were at home, Cousin Charlie," she answered; "but it was one of those wicked lies which we tell in London. Papa told that new footman—the stupid wretch!—to say 'Not at home." And twice at least, Charlie, when you have been there I have watched you from the window with my eyes full at papa's unkindness.

"I told papa, one day," she went on, "that it was very cruel of him to be so unkind to his own flesh and blood; and that, as you did not know much about London, we ought properly to take you to the Polytechnic, and Madame Tussaud's, and the Tower of London, and all sorts of places. Papa said that he did not approve of a young man like you wasting your time at a house; and what do you think he said, Charlie?"—and here there was much blushing—"He said that you only came to see me, and did not care for your uncle and aunt."

"I'm afraid it's a true bill, Clara."

"Then that's very wrong of you, Charlie. Be pleased to remember that your uncle and aunt are my papa and mamma."

"Well, Clara, and what did you say to that?"

"Why, I said that if you wanted to see me, I wanted to see you; and that if he meant to be harsh and cruel, I should be obliged to run away with you."

"Oh, my Clara!" And while Clara was saying, "But I didn't mean it, Charlie; I didn't indeed," I had caught her in my arms, and pressed a lover's kiss on her unresisting lips.

It was very sudden; I dare say it was very wrong; but Clara and I were engaged. How the dingy office became beautified and glorified all at once! Unhappily, the engagement was to be kept a secret from the parents—an unpleasant and unhappy state of affairs. It was not my fault, however, but the fault of Uncle Blogue. For myself, I could have been content to have shouted my happiness from the house-top. It was very pleasant to lay out a regular little plan of operations to see all I could of Clara. Sometimes, as the evenings grew longer, I would meet her as she was shopping in Oxford Street or Regent Street; and once—ah, happy day!—in Covent Garden Market; and if the mother was not with her, I could get ten minutes' chat with her. There was one house where I was asked to dinner to meet her; but Clara was not allowed to go to that house again. But if she went to the Opera or one of the theatres, I contrived sometimes to see her, and always to look at her dear face. It will readily be understood that I found ways and means of corresponding with her.

But I may venture to say that my nature was quite alien to the spirit of intrigue. I was grieved that I should be engaged to Clara, and yet be unable to tell my own mother. I could say nothing to those at home, lest the news should travel back to St. George's Road. So I made up my mind to brave the lion in his den, and I pounced upon Uncle Blogue. I watched my opportunity, and caught him one afternoon, as he was returning from the Reform, at the door-step.

"Uncle," I said, "I want to speak to you on a deeply important matter, which concerns my happiness, and perhaps your own."

He took out his latch-key, and motioned me to follow him. He led the way into his study, behind the dining-room, and sitting down, composed himself into an inquiring attitude.

"Uncle," I said, "I love my cousin Clara, and I feel I must tell you so; and I implore you to take my avowal kindly."

My uncle gave a grimly sarcastic look, and then went on dryly,

"You desire, I presume, to make me a proposal of marriage for my daughter?"

"Yes, uncle," I replied, somehow a little crestfallen at the pomposity of his announcement.

"May I inquire, Nephew Charles," said my uncle, with the pompous element unpleasantly predominating, "whether you are able to maintain my daughter in that state of life to which she has been hitherto accustomed?"

"Uncle," I replied, "I love my cousin Clara, and I believe she is not altogether indifferent to me." The old gentleman looked greatly disgusted, but waved his hand and interrupted.

"My daughter Clara is so young and inexperienced that she does not know whether she is indifferent or whether she is not indifferent. Let me repeat my question, young Sir. My daughter is accustomed to a carriage, to her own maid, to the Opera, to parties, to tours in the recess. May I ask how much you have a year?"

"About two hundred a year, uncle."

"Absolute poverty! sheer destitution!" said my uncle. "I could not for a moment entertain such an exceedingly absurd proposition. But I will be plain with you, Nephew Charles. In a worldly point of view you would not suit me as a son-in-law. But, Nephew Charles," he added, with the utmost solemnity of manner, "I do not take a worldly view. I object on principle to the intermarriage of cousins." This is a valuable remark, which, I believe, has frequently been made in cases parallel to my own, but without bringing home a sense of criminality to the human breast.

I confess at the moment that I was greatly taken aback.

"My daughter," continued Uncle Blogue, "is about to visit some friends in Edinburgh. We have some notion that a thorough change of scene will be a good thing for her. Good-morning, Nephew Charles."

My uncle had spoken—cruel brute! There were no more messages, and no more pleasant meetings. I ascertained, beyond a doubt, that Clara was in Edinburgh; but I could not find her address. The late summer and the dull autumn wore away, and I had a dull pain in my heart, and went mechanically through my hardening office-work, and my heart hardened to it.

Now it so happened that on Christmas-eve I was returning to my rooms in a very dispirited state of mind. From considerations of the *res angusta domi* I was not going home this Christmas. I had been dining at some chop-house, familiar to many denizens of Gray's Inn, and had tried to encourage myself by usages which seemed meet for Christmas. A sympathetic waiter brought me roast beef and plum-pudding afloat in blazing brandy, and I took one or two mince-pies in pursuance of the time-honored fiction that so many mince-pies before Christmas would entail so many happy days after it. There were very few men of the Inn there. There had been a great many hansoms flying about Gray's Inn Square this afternoon, with hampers that visibly displayed game, oysters, and codfish. Even such homeward signs as these unconsciously saddened me. The notion occurred to me that I might as well go to some place of amusement; but I presently resolved to go home, and think of Yorkshire, and brood and dream about my Clara. I walked up and down in the square, feeling very melancholy, enveloped in a thick fog, in which the gas-lamps gleamed lurid, the passers-by other than human, and the very cabs swollen into stage-coaches. At last, with a groan, I ascended that eternal staircase, greatly desiderating the American lift. I opened the door with my latch-key and struck a light. It was Christmas-eve, to be sure, but even at Christmas there are ill-disposed people who insist on litigation. I took out half a dozen letters addressed to the firm, and there were a couple for myself. One was from my mother. I knew it would be long, loving, and consolatory, and I laid the treasure aside, with the intention that it should strengthen and help me on Christmas-day. The other, to my great surprise, was a letter in handwriting which certainly seemed to be the handwriting of Uncle Blogue. It ran thus:

"ST. GEORGE'S ROAD, S. W., *Dec.* 24.

"MY DEAR NEPHEW,—Your mother mentions in a letter that you are staying in town this Christmas. I do not like to think of your spending it alone in chambers, while you have flesh and blood of your own in London. Will you come to an early dinner on Christmas-day? It is an early dinner because a lot of children are coming to dine with us, and there will be no grown-up people besides ourselves. With compliments of the season, your affectionate uncle,

"NATHANIEL BLOGUE.

"CHARLES TRAFFORD, ESQ."

I confess I was astonished at this letter. Was Uncle Blogue burying the tomahawk, and lighting the pipe, and extending the olive branch of peace? Then I felt rather vexed. A one-o'clock dinner was rather a fall in life, and only to meet a lot of children was an additional fall. There was not a word about Clara—not the slightest intimation of any news from Edinburgh. I felt very grand, and had half a mind to send a dignified refusal. But Clara's parents, *quâ* her parents, seemed to have an attraction for me, and somehow to bring me nearer Clara. When the Christmas morning dawned, somehow I felt very happy. The air was crisp and bracing. The depression of last night had worn away. Then I went to Lincoln's Inn Chapel, heard the gorgeous Christmas anthem, listened to a noble sermon, and, though I had never been at college, I could realize my favorite poet's words:

"And heard once more in college fanes
The storm their high-built organs make,
And thunder music rolling shake
The prophets blazoned in the panes."

Then I proceeded to the river, and took a steamer which landed me at St. George's Pier, Pimlico, whence I soon made my way to St. George's Road. It was a little late, but my uncle and Aunt Jemima received me very graciously. The twinkle in Uncle Blogue's eye—the one peculiarity about him which I rather liked—was a merrier twinkle than ever I thought it could have been, and yet he had an anxious look. Aunt Jemima had a subdued, and what really appeared to me a somewhat deprecating expression of countenance. There were a lot of children who were congregated in the study, in a state of great glee and expectation, surrounding a Christmas-tree.

There were a great many pretty presents about, and each child invited had a Christmas-box. Then there was a little talk about Christmas-boxes.

"Whatever custom goes out, I think the custom of Christmas-boxes will never go out," said Mrs. Blogue.

"I always think the postman ought to have a good Christmas-box," said a pretty child, tall for her age. "He brought me such lovely valentines this year."

"But every body wants a Christmas-box," said Mrs. Blogue. "Policemen, newspaper-boy, butcher, baker, and all the rest. It would be much more reasonable if they gave Christmas-boxes to those who have to keep them."

"Would you like a Christmas-box, Nephew Charles?" said Uncle Blogue, with a peculiar twinkle of that solitary redeeming feature, his eye.

"No kind offer refused, uncle," I answered. "The smallest Christmas-box thankfully accepted."

"We have not forgotten you, Charles," he said, with some kindness; "I have a Christmas-box for you somewhere. Let me see—where is it?" And he felt in his pocket, and pretended to look about the room. "Ah! I recollect now," he said. "You will find it lying upon the sofa in the drawing-room. You had better go and look for it."

I went up stairs, wondering very greatly what might be the meaning of this unusual piece of civility on the part of Uncle Blogue.

But when I opened the drawing-room door—oh, heart of mine!—there, on the sofa, was my cousin Clara, rather ill and worn in looks, but stretching out her hands toward me; and, giving a little cry of joy, in a moment she was in my arms.

Then she told me all. They had sent her to Edinburgh, and had exacted a solemn promise from her that she should not correspond with me. Her friends in Edinburgh had received instructions to do all they could to occupy and divert her mind. She had gone on a tour through the Lakes and the Caledonian Canal; and they had taken her to all kinds of amusements and parties when they got back to their own "romantic town." But she did not forget that heart and faith were pledged to her cousin Charles; and the thought that she was so far away from him—the thought that she was never more to have communication with him—pressed heavily upon her spirits, and spoiled all enjoyment. She had returned to London at the beginning of the month in a very unsatisfactory state of health. Then they called in the doctor. The doctor puzzled and prescribed, and called in another doctor more illustrious than himself. They agreed that both the complaint and the remedy were beyond their art. Then the family doctor, with the advice of the consulted doctor, asked Uncle Blogue if there was any thing on his daughter's mind that might account for her ill health and depression. Mr. Blogue replied that there had been a silly love affair which she had not altogether been able to dismiss from her mind. The doctor said that the silly love affair was a very important matter indeed, and that, if he did not wish his daughter to go into a decline, he had better arrange it with the young fellow. This had happened only yesterday, and Uncle Blogue, in a great fright, and zealously incited by the doting mother, had sent for me at once.

Thus it was that I found on the sofa that Christmas-day the best Christmas-box which I had ever received in all my life. My uncle acted liberally, and we began on much more than two hundred a year. My mother, overjoyed, came up to the wedding ceremony; but, long before that happy morn, on Clara's candid face the lilies had yielded to the brightening roses. Uncle Blogue's only regret is, that he did not send me to college, and, as he considers, make me better fitted for my lofty destiny as his son-in-law.

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THE ORPHAN'S DREAM.—[DRAWN BY W. S. L. JEWETT.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

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A PRUSSIAN ADVANCED POST BEFORE PARIS—WAITING FOR THE SORTIE.—[SEE PAGE 35.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1871.

☞ *In the Splendid* EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT *sent out with this Number of the* WEEKLY *the reader will find the Second Chapter of* DR. HAYES'S *interesting reminiscences of* ARCTIC TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE, *with illustrations of "Hunting Bears by Steam," "Shooting Bears on the Ice," etc.; "*THE REHEARSAL," *a full-page drawing, by* W. L. SHEPPARD; "A TAMMANY COMPANY RETURNING FROM AN EXCURSION," *a capital sketch by* C. G. BUSH; *and the usual large variety of entertaining literary matter.*

THE PRESIDENT AND SENATOR SUMNER.

WE learn with great pleasure that the report of a threat uttered by General BABCOCK against Senator SUMNER is wholly unfounded. Had it been true, we have no doubt that the President would have promptly shown his disapprobation, because, whatever differences there may be between the President and the Senator, General GRANT would not countenance a gross insult to MR. SUMNER. The differences between them are, however, notorious, and they are deplorable. The President and the Senator are both men whose character and services to the country have secured for them the utmost respect and confidence. They are both of the same party, and of the most honorable official position. The legislative experience, great political knowledge, and spotless patriotic fidelity of the Senator should properly supplement the sagacity, the firm will, and the honest purpose of the President. If there are peculiarities of temperament which tend to alienate them, the President knows that his position elevates him above personal differences. He is not only the chief magistrate of the country, but he is the head of the dominant party, and both his duty and his interest point to the honorable maintenance of harmony within the party. As a chief of the party also, the same obligation rests upon Senator SUMNER; not, indeed, to renounce his convictions of public duty, but to differ, when there must be difference, generously and frankly, and with a constant aim at friendly understanding.

It is evident that both the President and the Senator forgot this duty in the late San Domingo debate. The President is silent and tenacious; the Senator is imperious. Perhaps the President—a man of military training and habit, accustomed to act decisively upon his own judgment—is somewhat unjust to what may seem to him a visionary and impracticable view of public affairs; while the Senator, versed in political history and law, a man of remarkable accomplishment, is a little impatient of contradiction from what may seem to him imperfect knowledge. It is probably not to be denied that the learned Senator—one of the purest and simplest of men—is yet not of a conciliatory temper. He does not propitiate his fellow Senators when they differ. His convictions are so absolute that he is somewhat intolerant of opposition; and with all his noble qualities he has not that minor grace of tact, which, indeed, may often seem to be weakness, but which still, as the poet says,

> "Gets the vote in the Senate
> Spite of WEBSTER and CLAY."

In the late difference there was too much bitterness upon both sides. The mistake of Senator SUMNER in insinuating that General GRANT could by any possibility resemble FRANKLIN PIERCE, JAMES BUCHANAN, and ANDREW JOHNSON was matched by the warnings of the President's advocates upon the floor that the Senator should beware of the fate of Messrs. DOOLITTLE and DIXON. Yet that very warning should have shown the Senator that he had gone much too far. For it is just as probable that he will follow MR. DOOLITTLE as that the President will follow ANDREW JOHNSON. We sympathize with the Senator's opposition to the San Domingo scheme; but none of us who oppose it sympathize in the least with the suggestion that the President, in any dishonorable sense, has intrigued, or menaced, or trampled on the weak and humble, to secure the acquisition of the island or of Dominica. The President believes that the honorable possession of part of the island, or of the whole of it, would be most advantageous, if it be not indispensable, to the United States. He therefore urges the acquisition with the utmost earnestness. But if, as the Senator intimates, his earnestness extends to a prostitution of his powers for the most nefarious purposes—namely, the armed intimidation of weak and humble friends of this country, to coerce them to his will—is it not the Senator's duty to take steps to bring the President to trial for high misdemeanors?

On the other hand, we differ from those who insist that MR. SUMNER should be displaced from the Committee on Foreign Relations because of this unfortunate difference. Upon what ground should he be removed? Is it because he does not agree with the President? Is there any other ground? If MR. SUMNER uses his position, as chairman of that committee, improperly to delay or to thwart the public business, let him be exposed and removed; and no one would say so more swiftly than he. But to demand that the chairman of the Foreign Committee be removed because upon a certain point of foreign policy he individually differs from the President's opinion is folly. And it is equally foolish to say that the President can not communicate with a Senator who has made such charges against him. The Senator says that in his judgment the President has threatened Hayti. The President knows that he has not. If the Senator declines to communicate with a President who, as he thinks, has usurped power, very well; but the President is certainly not bound by any mistaken views of the Senator. Again, if a majority of the Foreign Committee is in general hostile to the Administration, the committee ought, undoubtedly, to be reconstructed, upon the principle that all committees of Congress should be friendly to the Administration of the party of the majority, which is a very different thing from asserting that every chairman is to agree with every Executive proposition.

We hope sincerely that the recess will have shown Senators that the public welfare and the success of the Republican party demand of them the settlement or resolute disregard of these differences. There must not be a GRANT party and a SUMNER party among Republicans; and Senators must tolerate each other's manners, however disagreeable they may be. They can hardly imagine with what profound regret the report of such debates as that upon Senator MORTON'S resolution are read by intelligent and thoughtful people throughout the country. Such people rightfully demand of their representatives to remember how much forbearance is essential to wise administration, and how necessary it is to criticise our friends without offensive haughtiness and acrid insinuation. We beg our friends in Congress to believe, what is universally felt in the country, that their action during this winter will do very much to secure or to imperil Republican ascendency in the government. And if that is lost, if is no reformed revenue, or any other reform, that will follow, but the administration of a party which includes every enemy of equal liberty and of American institutions.

A SUGGESTION FOR THE NEW YEAR.

IF with the beginning of the new year every honest and capable citizen would resolve, and keep his resolution, that he would not seek nor accept an office in the civil service of the United States, he would be an infinitely happier man; and he would have done all that he personally could to secure a reform which is most imperatively demanded. There are young, honest, industrious men, who might thrive in any business, who are strong, active, willing, yet who are beginning the year in actual want, in the most tragical uncertainty, in a half despair, and all for the chance of an appointment to some government position, upon the hope of which they have been dangling for many and many a weary month. Yet if any one of them should get his appointment to-morrow morning, he could not be sure that he would not lose it to-morrow night. It is not his character, his capacity, his devotion, his fidelity, his efficiency, that keep him in it: it is the comparative weight of the political influence of somebody else. And such is the wretchedness of the system that the appointing power is no less a victim. A pressure suddenly comes upon it which is of a wholly factitious force; but to those trained in the miserable mill it seems actually resistless, and it sweeps out honesty and fidelity into want and despair.

It is extraordinary that self-respecting men continue to enter the civil service of the United States. For instance, here is a young man of excellent character, of habits of industry, of good executive faculty, and quick at figures, who is appointed to a clerkship upon the request of a gentleman of political influence, as the phrase is. The young man's yearly salary is, perhaps, fifteen hundred or two thousand dollars, and he ventures to get married. He knows what the system is; that if his party goes out he goes out with it, just as a family may be growing up around him; and he knows also that he may go out when a place must be made for another young man more strongly recommended. But he is young, and he defies fortune. In a few months the catastrophe happens. Many gentlemen of great political influence insist that somebody else shall be appointed to a clerkship. The department, whatever it is, has been carefully weeded. There are only political friends at all the desks. What is to be done? In such a ridiculous emergency common-sense suggests the removal—since somebody must go—of the most incapable and negligent clerk. But it unfortunately happens that that very gentleman has the strongest party "backing." And therefore, by a proper deference to the genius of the system, the register is searched for the name of the clerk who has the least political backing, which happens to be our newly married friend, and he is peremptorily turned into the street.

That is the civil service system of the United States. We ask every clerk of every kind who reads these words to reflect what would probably be the result if he and his associates held their places upon such terms as these? If honesty, fidelity, and efficiency were unable to secure them their positions, and they might be turned out to-morrow, would they not lose their self-respect, and fall to making hay while the sun shone? And if any mercantile house should be organized in such a way, would it not be very sure that if all the clerks did not steal at every opportunity, it was not because the system did not invite thieving? Yet the probability is that the poor fellow turned suddenly into the street with wife and child, and with nothing to buy bread for them but the lean savings of his scant salary, would instantly try to procure political influence enough to be put back again into the wretched mill, from which he would be ground out again next week.

The reason that honorable and intelligent men in this country avoid politics—a fact which was observed by DE TOCQUEVILLE forty years ago, and by THOMAS HUGHES two months ago—is chiefly that politics consists largely in an incessant and humiliating entreaty of the appointing power to provide places for hosts of applicants. It is an incessant entreaty, because there are very few places and the applicants are innumerable, and there is always the chance of pushing somebody out. It is humiliating, because of the consciousness that the qualification demanded has no relation to the duties required; and it is painfully harassing because every man who has any thing to do with politics knows how real and acute the suffering is of those who are unwilling to break up their homes and try their fortunes elsewhere so long as there is a chance of the government place. Ex-Secretary COX and his predecessor, MR. BROWNING, have testified in their official reports to the serious loss which this system imposes, in many ways, upon the country; and among others, by requiring the appointing officer to devote his whole time to listening to certain Senators and Representatives who, in the morning, insist that Poldoody, and to others, in the afternoon, who aver that Mullaney, is the man who ought to be made sub-coal-heaver in the Buncombe Post-office. It is the men who are willing to do this who are sent to Congress, and, of course, they have no time and no taste for intelligent legislation.

There is a very common assertion, which MR. RANDALL repeats with approval in his "Life of Jefferson," that no set of men are entitled to monopolize public office, and that every man will use his official influence for the party whose principles he accepts. But the people have certainly the right of deciding upon what principles their civil service shall be administered; and when they have made fidelity and capacity the tenure of appointed officers, they have destroyed the chief weapon of official influence by compelling a resort to reason, and not to the fear of removal. There is no one measure that would so mollify the ferocity of our politics as a reform of the civil service, such as the President recommends in his Message. Nothing would tend more to remove from them much that now repels the very men whose activity in politics is so desirable. Meanwhile those who are already active must do what they can to secure the appointment of the best men. But if the best men would refuse to be beggars, and to receive an alms which may at any moment, and for no reason whatever, be withdrawn, they would stimulate a reform under which they could most gladly, honorably, and satisfactorily serve the country.

THE SYMPATHY OF FINE WORDS.

IF any thing further were necessary to make a thoughtful and patriotic Frenchman despair, it would be the perusal of the report of the late meeting in the city of New York to express sympathy with the French republic. It was a meeting for home effect, and was in no sense whatever representative of American opinion. We do not recall any similar assembly of which the tone was so hollow and insincere. We do not mean, of course, that the orators and the letter-writers do not sympathize with France, and see with pleasure the rise of a republic any where; but there was a painfully perfunctory air in all that was said and written; there was no word, no touch, that showed the least earnestness or conviction; and the moral of the affair should be that it is not worth while to spend money upon such meaningless and resultless performances.

There are two points which the orators in America who profess sympathy for France always depend upon, and they are both misconceptions. The first is the aid which the Government of LOUIS the Sixteenth sent to the struggling American colonies in the Revolution. Unquestionably that aid was of great service, but it was not sent from any sympathy with the cause of the colonies, but as an injury to Great Britain. The Government of LOUIS the Sixteenth had no more sympathy with insurrection against established order and with republican sentiments than the Government of LOUIS NAPOLEON. The friendship of France, as it is called, appeared in its true light when the treaty was negotiated at the end of the war, and the affection and respect felt for us were shown in the treatment our ministers afterward received from the Directory—a fact to which MR. ADAMS called attention in his recent historical address. The second point is, that as the United States enthusiastically supported the cause of Greece fifty years ago, they should, with the same ardor, declare themselves for bleeding France. But, as we have more than once said, if the situation were the same, the feeling of this country would be spontaneous and irresistible. Does it never occur to the orators that if the people of this country saw that France was trampled, an innocent victim, under the heel of an armed and ruthless tyranny, they might speak in tones that would not die away in a faint newspaper report, but would arrest the march of the tyrant? And if they do not speak in such tones, it is because they do not see that sore oppression which the orators declare, whatever other horrible suffering they may behold. And how does it chance, since most of these orators are Democrats, that while the people of France lay prostrate under the imperial heel of LOUIS NAPOLEON, the orators raised no cry of sympathy or denunciation, and that one of their chief organs in this country was, to the very last, one of the most obsequious of the imperial lackeys?

The resolutions of this meeting denounce as a "hypocritical falsehood" the assertion that there is no Government in France with which Germany can treat; and they have a fine smoke of blarney about "brave German democrats." But do American and German "Democrats" hold that a self-appointed Committee of Defense, which seizes and wields the authority of a Government, is a republic? They forget that M. LOUIS BLANC, who is quite as democratic as any of them, is opposed to the calling of an assembly elected by the French people, lest it should not be republican. If fine words could save France, she would never have been in difficulties. It is not by the pronunciation of Shibboleth that the French nation is to be helped. If it is ever to rise again, it must be by the most painful regeneration. Nothing but the most resolute sincerity, self-denial, hard work, education, and the most profound disregard for phrases, rhetoric, tinsel, and veneering of every kind, can ever restore that people. They are paying now the terrible penalty of that maundering self-glorification, to which such a meeting as we have considered only ministers, and which must, therefore, be considered a misfortune for the unhappy country with which it professed to sympathize. There is a great deal of real sympathy for France in this country, but it is of a very different kind from that which calls Paris the mother of civilization, and which thinks that all will be well if M. GAMBETTA and his friends are only called a republic.

CRUSHING AND MAIMING BY LAW.

THERE is such incessant building in the city of New York, and such a tendency to build insecurely, that there are laws to regulate the thickness of the walls and other details, and there is a Department of Buildings in the city, and a Superintendent of Buildings under the Department, and Deputy Superintendent under the Superintendent, and Sergeant Inspectors and other Inspectors under the Deputy Superintendent. And the law and the Department and the Superintendents and Deputies and Inspectors could not prevent the erection of a factory which blew down in a high wind, crushing an adjoining house, maiming and killing its occupants. How many hundreds of thousands of dollars the tax-payers of the city pay for the support of a Department of Buildings which does not compel a man to regard the warning of a builder that his structure is insecure, may be surmised from the expense of other departments of equal efficiency, the praises of which are sung by MR. RICHARD O'GORMAN in Tammany Hall.

In the present instance, as there were certain hapless people crushed to death, there was a noble show of investigation. The owner testified that he contracted for building according to law; but he was evidently suspicious of something, for when the building had reached the sixth story he remarked to the builder that if the walls were not strong enough he might stop where he was. But the builder was quite sure that every thing was plumb and strong, and he went on. MR. HAMILTON was the carpenter. People asked him if the building was not in danger of falling, but he saw no signs of such a catastrophe, until there came a high wind, which was too severe for "its unfinished state," and it fell. MR. DAVIE, a mason, suggested that the walls of the lower stories should be made heavier; but MR. HALE, the owner, said that he was building according to law. MR. MULLIN, a mason and builder, testified that the walls were run up too rapidly, and that had more time been taken the building would not have fallen. MR. DOWNEY, a builder, stated that there are no means to protect a building so exposed except such as were used, "as I understand," in this case. MR. CONOVER, a builder, stated that every thing was properly done, and that the wind caused the fall. But upon cross-examination he said that the walls were built too rapidly for safety, and that if longer time had

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been taken the building would have been much safer.

Then Mr. HILL, a practical builder, testified to the imperfection of the construction of the building in detail; and to the question of a juror he replied that "it is not customary to build as I suggest in New York, to my knowledge; I know nothing of the law, I speak from a common-sense point of view." Mr. SWEENY, Inspector of the district in which the building fell, was of opinion that the wind might "blow over any building in course of erection;" but this was not put up too hurriedly, and thicker walls would not have prevented the fall. Mr. ADAMS, Deputy Superintendent, testified that the plan and specifications were according to law; and, had the floors been in, the building would not have fallen. Mr. MACGREGOR, Superintendent of Buildings, had examined the ruins, and found that the building had been erected according to law. The mortar was green—still the law was complied with. He has always advocated stronger buildings before the Legislature, and builders generally make the walls stronger than the law requires. The jury, having heard the evidence, exonerated the owner and builder from blame, as every thing had been done according to law. They found also that the Building Department had done every thing according to law; and finally they found the law defective. The family and friends of ANNE HAMILTON and the other victims, therefore, have the satisfaction of knowing that she was crushed to death according to a defective law, and that nobody is to blame. But Mr. A. H. GUERNSEY writes to the *Tribune* that he has personally inspected the ruins; that the wonder is that it should not have fallen before it was half-way up; that the mortar, which the Superintendent of Buildings calls "green," was mere powder; that the bricks might as well have been piled up without mortar; and he charges that every one of the persons killed was murdered by "gross and wanton recklessness;" and he calls for the indictment of the persons responsible.

But it appears that there is a law which carefully authorizes the erection of unsafe buildings, and a Department of Public Buildings which, according to the testimony of the Superintendent, can not stop the construction, although it be evidently unsafe. The witnesses, therefore, who testified that the building was strong enough, if it had not been for the wind, might have contented themselves with asserting that it was lawfully weak. If it blew over it was the fault of the law, not of the builder or owner. We offer our sincere sympathy to all who are now living under the walls of unfinished buildings. There may be a severe winter gale at any moment, and they know what to expect. Some foreman may have suggested to the owner that the walls are not secure. But the owner has probably answered that he is building according to law; and when those to whom we offer our sympathy are crushed or maimed for life, they or their friends may know in advance that an intelligent, a conscientious, a law-abiding jury of their countrymen will decide that nobody is to blame; and that the Superintendent of Buildings will decide that the mortar was unfit, and that he profoundly regrets his total imability to do any thing to save human life from criminal recklessness in building.

PAPAL POLITICS.

As the Government of Italy has undertaken to take care of the Pope, it seems unnecessary for the British Government to offer to do it. The complaint that the Pope is under any improper constraint is undoubtedly only part of what may be called the Buncombe of the situation. It is the interest of the Papal politicians to confuse the civil and ecclesiastical functions of the Pope, so that his religious subjects may feel that the secular authority is harming them. But, as we recently stated, there is no reason whatever to suppose that the Pope is constrained in the exercise of his ecclesiastical duties because he is made the political governor of four or five hundred men rather than of as many thousands. The declaration that he is "morally a prisoner in the hands of a sanguinary mob" is merely amusing. The people whom the Pope has been politically ruling did not offer the least resistance to the entrance of the Italian army of emancipation, and when the question of acceptance was formally submitted to them they almost unanimously declared in favor of the Italian Government.

The occupation of Rome by that Government was the result of the following considerations. When the Italian kingdom was formed, in 1860, it was recognized by Europe, although it included some of the Papal dominions. The reasons of the consent of the population of these territories to be incorporated in the new kingdom were so well understood that the Papal protests were of no weight with other powers. But the consequence was that the States of the Church became a most dangerous neighbor to the new kingdom. The Pope refused to recognize it, to negotiate with it, or to treat the King of Italy with ordinary courtesy, and Rome became the rendezvous of all the enemies of Italy and the focus of their intrigues. While the Pope ruled at Rome he could summon a foreign army, by the support of which only could he reign, and which was a fatal menace to the independence of Italy. Except for this foreign army, which for some years had been French, the Italians would have long since reduced the Papal political authority; and when the French retired the Italians entered. The occupation, therefore, is justified by the Italians upon the ground of national independence and safety, and upon the consent—irregularly obtained, indeed—of the people. The alternative was simple. The Papal political rule, which was the most tyrannical and corrupt and hopeless in Christendom, could be thrown off in one way only, and that was by revolution. Should that revolution be forcible and bloody, or virtually peaceful? The country chose the latter course by acquiescing in the Italian occupation.

This is the simple and sufficient explanation of the situation at Rome. Ecclesiastics every where will, of course, seek to confound the two functions of the Pope, and appeal to superstitious passions to protest against the movement which, although it guarantees him precisely the same ecclesiastical liberty as before, and even the same revenues, yet releases a whole people from his political oppression. The most unreasoning partisan of the Papal political rule has not yet ventured to assert that it was wise, elevating, or liberal. No one familiar with the facts will deny that the States of the Church have been conspicuous in Europe for their degradation, ignorance, and poverty. Nor is it easily conceivable that any sincere member of the Roman Church should seriously insist that the political oppression of a million of people is essential to the proper ecclesiastical supremacy of a bishop of their communion. They know as well as the rest of us what the ecclesiastical rule always has been and always will be; and if the American Romanists who recently protested were obliged to be politically subject to their chief bishop, controlled by Cardinal ANTONELLI, or some other, their protest would have been very much less fervent.

MR. HOLLAND'S FUNERAL.

THERE has been some feeling expressed at the refusal of the Rev. Dr. SABINE to permit the funeral ceremonies of the late GEORGE HOLLAND, comedian, to take place from his church. As we learn, he did not decline to read the service, as, indeed, he could not under the rubric of his Church; but he was not willing to seem to countenance the theatre by opening his church—which was in his discretion—for the obsequies of an actor. The church was asked for by the friends of Mr. HOLLAND, because he was a man so honored in his profession and so generally respected that a crowd was properly anticipated at the funeral, for which suitable accommodation was desirable. And for such an occasion, under such circumstances, his friends naturally supposed that a church was the appropriate place. It seems to us that the clergyman was mistaken in supposing that if he permitted the church to be opened for so affectionate and solemn a ceremony, the permission could be construed as an approval of what are called the immoralities of the stage. And he might very justly have asked himself whether, if his Church does not forbid Christian burial to a man because he is an actor, it can be supposed to close its doors against his dead body for the funeral rites. The pastor no more approves the theatre because he opens his church to bury an actor than he approves gambling because he opens the same church to marry a Wall Street operator.

The ground of the refusal in this case is to be regretted, because no wise or Christian man, it seems to us, ought to judge another by what he believes to be the character of the class to which the other belongs. No one would be hardy enough to assert that in this country and at this time even the good repute, not to say good character, of any person is imperiled by the fact of his being an actor. The names of JENNY LIND, of NILSSON, of SONTAG, of Mrs. CHARLES KEAN, of Mr. WILLIAM WARREN in Boston—not to come nearer to the city of New York—are enough to remind us all that there is no necessary taint in the theatre. We had not the pleasure of knowing Mr. HOLLAND, nor do we remember ever to have seen him upon the stage; but the hearty expression of love and respect which followed his death is the best possible tribute to the truly humane and generous character of his life.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

We have referred, in previous Numbers of the *Weekly*, to the fact that two important expeditions had been engaged during the past summer in prosecuting researches into the natural history and geology of the Rocky Mountains; and as these have now returned to the East, we have been enabled to gather some facts in regard to them which may be of interest to our readers.

An appropriation having been made by Congress for the purpose of continuing geological explorations commenced several years ago by Dr. HAYDEN, under the direction of the Interior Department, a party was fitted out by him at Cheyenne, about the middle of July, which included a scientific corps of ten persons, together with nine other employés. Provided with proper authority from the War Department to obtain assistance in the way of supplies and transportation, it left the point mentioned about the 6th of August; and as the work of the previous year had been southward along the eastern flanks of the Rocky Mountains to Santa Fé, the present expedition was arranged to move northward along the same range, so as to obtain as extensive a section of the mountains as possible.

Leaving Cheyenne, as stated, the party proceeded along the eastern base of the Laramie Range, by way of Chug Water Creek, Laramie Peak, North Platte, Sweet Water, and South Pass, to the Wind River Mountains; then down the Big and Little Sandy creeks to Green River, and thence to Fort Bridger. Here they remained for about twenty days, making explorations in the vicinity. From Fort Bridger they then went southward to Henry's Fork, and ascending its valley to Green River and Brown's Hole, returned up the river to the Union Pacific Railroad, and thence by way of Bridger's Pass, Medicine Bow Mountain, and Laramie Plains, and through the Laramie Hills, by way of Cheyenne Pass, back to the original point of departure, which was reached about the 1st of November. Extensive collections were made in all branches of natural history and geology, and numerous sections, photographic views, sketches, and notes taken, from which to prepare the geological history of the country. It is understood that Dr. HAYDEN'S report is well advanced, and will probably be printed in the course of a few months.

The expedition of Professor MARSH, although a private one, and instituted especially in the interest of the museum of Yale College, was also of great magnitude, and thoroughly equipped for accomplishing its desired object. His party consisted of twelve companions, principally students or recent graduates of Yale, and left New Haven on the last of June, proceeding directly to Fort M'Pherson, on the line of the Union Pacific Railroad. From Fort M'Pherson, escorted by a company of the Fifth Cavalry, under Lieutenant RILEY, an exploration was first made along the Loup Fork and Niobrara, where rich collections rewarded their efforts. Returning from this excursion, they proceeded early in August to Fort D. A. Russell, near Cheyenne, and from that point made a trip, accompanied by a detachment of the Fifth Cavalry, under Captain MONTGOMERY, into Northern Colorado, and thence to Antelope Station, where extensive collections were made. From this point they moved to the north branch of the Platte River, near Chimney Rock, and again returned to Fort Russell by way of Horse Creek. Continuing their labors, they started westward to Fort Bridger, with an escort from the Thirteenth Infantry, and examined the eastern Uintah Mountains, and the region along the Green and White rivers, and other main tributaries of the Colorado; and after an absence of about eight weeks returned to Fort Bridger.

Thence a portion of the party went to California, and visited the Yosemite Valley, while others proceeded to Denver in November, and then to Fort Wallace, in Kansas, where their explorations for the season were concluded. The amount of material brought in by both these parties, the movements of which overlapped each other to a certain extent, may be considered as the most important and valuable ever made in a single season in the United States; and as they will be submitted to the most accomplished specialists in the United States for investigation, we may look with confidence to the final reports of the results as likely to clear up a great deal that is at present perplexing and obscure in the geology and natural history of the country.

If any of our readers are interested in the purchase of walrus hides, they may be pleased to notice that the quotations for this year are much lower than usual. VON HEUGLIN remarks, in a recent communication, that they bring in Hammerfest, at the present time, only two cents per pound, which is just half what they were worth last year. Walrus teeth are worth about thirty cents a pound. The skin of the large seals now brings four cents a pound, the salted meat of the reindeer six or eight cents, and bearskins about eight dollars apiece.

English papers mention, with regret, the fact that Sir RODERICK MURCHISON, the eminent geologist and geographer, has been stricken with paralysis, and express the hope that the case may not be as severe as his friends at first feared.

We learn from *Nature* that Admiral FARQUHAR has concluded to revisit the Galapagos Islands in the *Zealous*, for the purpose of continuing his researches on their natural history, the results of which proved so interesting on a previous occasion. This group furnishes one of the most remarkable of all known lands, in a natural history point of view, since, while the fauna bears a general relationship to that of the coast of South America, it yet possesses certain remarkable peculiarities that distinguish it from all others. There are several islands of small size, quite close to each other, which are, however, found to contain species peculiar to each. One of the most thorough explorations yet made of the natural history of that region was accomplished by Dr. HABEL, a resident of Hastings-upon-Hudson, New York. A report has recently been published in London upon the birds obtained by this gentleman, from which we learn that he procured twenty-three species of land birds, embracing many hundreds of specimens, and including six kinds previously undescribed.

The daily papers have lately referred in brief terms to the recent capture of a whale in the Arctic Ocean, with a harpoon embedded in its flesh that must have been implanted in Davis Straits. From a Honolulu paper we learn that the whale in question was taken by the ship *Cornelius Howland*, off Point Barrow, the northernmost cape of Alaska, and of the main land of North America. The harpoon was marked "A. G.," referring, as was supposed, to the ship *Ansel Gibbs*, of New Bedford, which has been engaged for ten or twelve years in the whale-fishery at Cumberland Inlet, in Davis Straits. Cases have before occurred of whales being captured at Cumberland Inlet with harpoons in them that must have been inserted in the Arctic Ocean; but this is said to be the first instance authenticated in which the movement of the whale was in the opposite direction. Although geographical exploration has already proved the existence of a connection by water between the eastern and western sides of America, these occurrences tend to furnish an interesting corroboration of the fact.

In a report of a zoological exploration made in the White Sea and on the Murmanian coast in Lapland, by JARSCHINSKI, in 1869, lately published by Dr. PETERMANN, attention is called to the fact that while in the tropical seas the highest development of animal life is found near the surface, and diminishes with increasing depth, a precisely opposite state of things is met with in the arctic seas. Thus, in the shallow portion of the White Sea animal life was extremely scanty, and it was only in the deep bay of Condelac that an abundance was met with. The same condition of things was found in a portion of the Polar Sea, where in the shallow bays of the Murmanian coast there was a comparatively poor fauna, while at a greater depth—namely, from 80 to 200 fathoms—the variety was unexpectedly large.

All the large and more highly developed forms occurred at great depths, certain echini, crabs, and sea-spiders acquiring comparatively colossal dimensions. Among the latter was a species of pycnogonid which measured ten inches between the tips of the outstretched arms. In fact, it was found that the Polar Sea, along the Murmanian coast, was richer in animal life than any other part of the maritime portion of European Russia.

The close relationship of the animals of this region with those of the Atlantic Ocean is believed to be a further proof of the existence of a branch of the Gulf Stream on this coast; and thus to substantiate the views of PETERMANN of the great extent of this stream, as opposed to the ideas of FINDLAY, who denies that the Gulf Stream proper has power enough to reach the European coast or exercise any influence upon its climate, believing it to be completely destroyed near Newfoundland by the southwest polar current, and not to be traceable any further.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE WAR IN FRANCE.

THE bombardment of Fort Avron, commenced by the Prussians December 27, resulted, on the 29th, in the abandonment of that work by the French garrison, who retired into Paris. Fort Avron was the most advanced of the French forts on the east side, and distant from the city wall six miles. Mount Avron is an elevated position, a short distance in rear of the positions said to have been occupied by the French after the sortie of the 21st ult. The possession of this fort gives the Prussians a position whence a portion of the city of Paris can be reached by their heavy shells.

General Bourbaki is making an important movement eastward, at the head of a large force, to operate against the Prussian communications. Gambetta is at Bordeaux, where his presence has given great activity to military preparations.

The Prussians have recently made two attempts to storm the small fortress of Belfort, both of which were repulsed with great loss to the besiegers.

The Prussians have evacuated Dijon, which is now occupied by a French force.

Reports relating to the recent engagement at Nuits, not a great distance from Lyons directly contradict each other. The French official report says that 24,000 Germans attacked the French, who numbered 19,000. After five hours' fighting the French retreated half a mile. Reinforcements coming up the next morning, the Prussians retreated in such haste that they lost the prisoners taken the previous day. The Prussian account represents the affair as ending favorably for the German side.

During the recent excitement in Lyons, caused by the reported occupation of Nuits by the Prussians, an alarm was sounded, the guards mustered, and a procession of women in mourning passed through the streets. General Arnaud, on refusing to admit a crowd of "Reds" to the Hôtel de Ville, was assailed, and in self-defense discharged his revolver at his assailants. He was overpowered, and shot, on conviction at a mock trial, in which his assailants were the judges.

New French earth-works at Paris, constructed beyond Mont Valérien, on the west, sent shells beyond Versailles, the Prussian head-quarters.

A Prussian commander recently seized several English vessels on the Seine, sank them to impede navigation, and treated the crews with great severity. To a remonstrance from the British government the Prussians reply that they will give indemnity bonds to the owners of the vessels, but will not compensate the seamen for the harsh treatment they received.

GENERAL FOREIGN ITEMS.

On the evening of December 27 General Prim, while driving home in his carriage from the Ministry of War, was shot by a band of assassins. The General was severely wounded in the shoulder and right hand, but at the time the injuries were not supposed to be mortal. Seven bullets were extracted from his shoulder, and it was found necessary to amputate two of the fingers of the right hand. Soon after the operation he commenced talking, and expired on the evening of December 29. This sad event caused great excitement in Madrid, and a popular disturbance was checked only by prompt military precautions.

Admiral Topete immediately assumed the functions of General Prim, and organized a temporary ministry.

The new King of Spain reached Madrid on the 1st instant, and was received with enthusiasm.

King Victor Emanuel entered Rome December 31. The city was illuminated, and the enthusiasm of the people was unbounded.

The Bavarian Deputies have rejected the treaties with Prussia, in order to obtain more favorable terms.

Mr. Gladstone writes to deny a recent report that he had embraced the Roman Catholic faith.

The tunnel under Mont Cenis was completed December 26.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

A UNITED STATES steamer, at the Navy-yard in Washington, is now actively getting ready for the expedition to San Domingo, as soon as the commissioners shall have been appointed, should the Senate resolution pass the House.

A hotel at the east end of the wire bridge across the Alleghany, at Pittsburg, was burned, December 30, and the wire cables of the bridge became heated until they parted, letting the entire structure into the river, with twenty persons who were on it watching the fire. Four persons were fatally injured, and several others severely.

The Apache Indians are reported as committing outrages in Arizona. A freight train was recently attacked by them, three persons killed, and a number of cattle "run off."

It is said that Canadian officials have received highly satisfactory dispatches from England relative to the position assumed by the Canadian government in reference to the fishery question.

The Gloucester (Massachusetts) fishing fleet lost last year thirteen vessels, and ninety-seven men, who leave twenty-six widows and forty-five children.

An appropriation of $76,000, for the erection of a soldiers' monument on Boston Common, has been made by the City Council of Boston.

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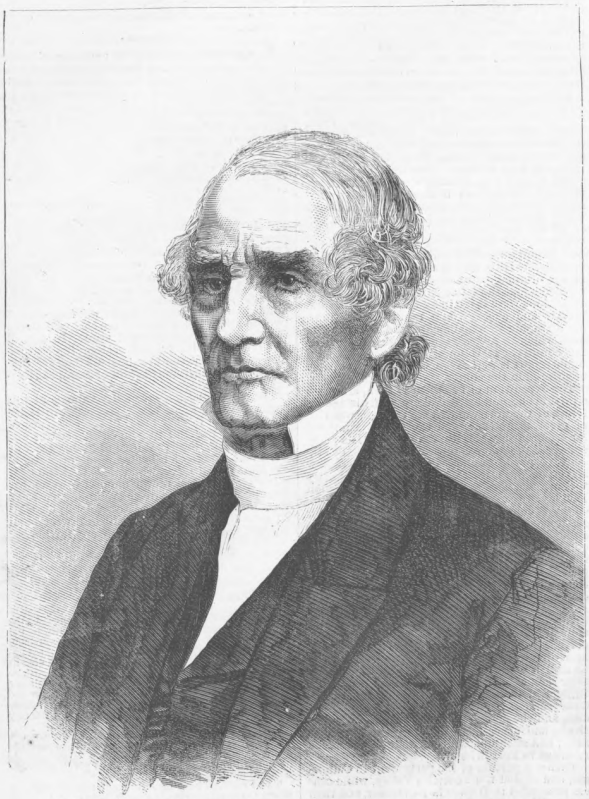


THE LATE REV. ALBERT BARNES.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY F. GUTEKUNST, PHILADELPHIA.
[SEE PAGE 30.]

Philadelphia Dec. 23. 1870.

Messrs Harper & Brothers.

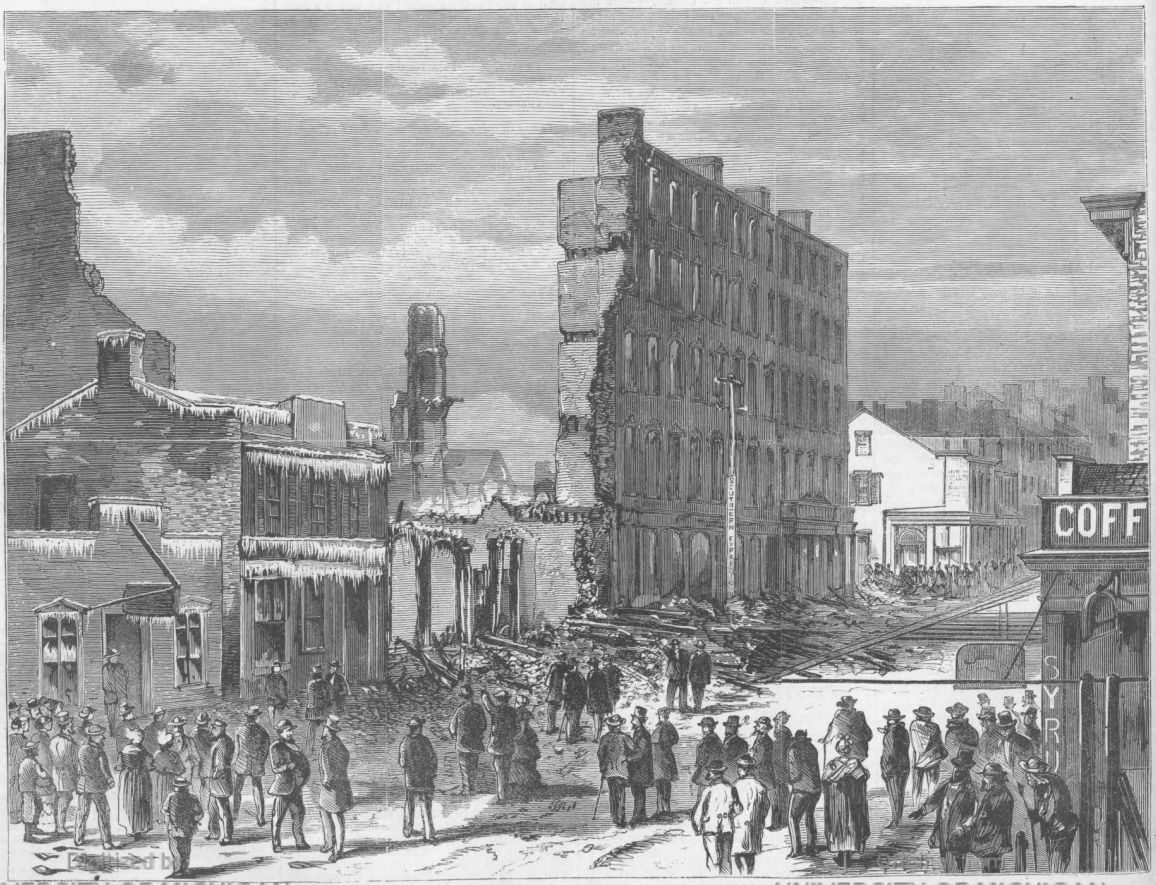
Gentlemen,

I have received the volumes of Notes on the Acts of the Apostles this morning, and I will send one of them to the Library of Congress, and deposit the other in the Clerk's office in this city immediately.

Will you please to send me a duplicate, by mail, for my own use, and charge it to me, and oblige

Yours very respectfully
Albert Barnes.

FAC-SIMILE OF THE LAST LETTER WRITTEN BY MR. BARNES.



BURNING OF THE SPOTTSWOOD HOUSE, RICHMOND.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY C. R. REES & CO., AND ANDERSON, OF THAT CITY.—[SEE PAGE 30.]

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MY "FIRST-CLASS" GHOST-STORY.

I WAS seated in a comfortable compartment in a first-class railway carriage at London Bridge railway station on 24th of December. The weather was horribly cold, and the wind was very high. I had my evening paper already cut by my side, and my *Bradshaw* was in my hand; but they were at present both unheeded, for my thoughts were far away down the line—forty miles down, to Nettleton, where I was going to spend my Christmas holidays with my uncle, Arthur Blicher, a few cousins, and Bessie Noland. When I say that my uncle and cousins were second and third in my thoughts, I need hardly explain that Bessie was my sweet-heart—rather an old-fashioned word, but I like to use it. I had won her after a courtship of twelve months; and I thought myself the happiest of young fellows and the luckiest of mankind. I will not attempt to describe my Bessie, for that can only be done by photography. She was very pretty, very sensible, and beloved by every body, and adored by me. I had parted with her in the autumn; and although every week brought me a kind, gentle letter from her, we had not met since saying good-by at the Barmouth station, North Wales, when she went to stop at Nettleton, and I returned to grim old law in my chambers, New Inn, Lincoln's Inn. How slowly the time dragged on, to be sure! There never could have been a windier or a more cheerless October than in that year, nor a duller or darker November. I could find no charm in the London theatres, in spite of the novelties produced. The newspapers were stupid, and the magazines barely readable. My friends, too, somehow or other, became wearisome. Johnson's puns fell flat, Robinson's practical jokes lost their charms, and Smith's and Jones's parties bored me. I wanted Christmas to come as quickly as possible, and yet Old Time would not get on any quicker in spite of my fretting. But at last the day arrived for my departure. I had packed my portmanteau two days before it was necessary. I had studied my route until I knew the stations by heart, and I found myself at London Bridge station a good half hour before the train was advertised to start. Immediately "my" train (I had known this 5.55 for so many weeks that I looked upon it in the light of personal property) backed into its position I insisted on taking my seat, although the guard assured me that we shouldn't be off for a quarter of an hour, if then. Never mind; I felt happier and less restless in the carriage, knowing that it was something somehow connected with Nettleton and my visit. Our train, according to the time-tables, did not stop any where after passing Croydon, but ran right into Nettleton junction—ignoring Reigate, Little Houghton, and Rushley. So, giving a shilling to the guard, I requested him to lock the door, and I was left to my cigar, my evening paper, my *Bradshaw*, and my Bessie.

The station was thronged with holiday-makers of all grades of society, pushing, squeezing, laughing, shouting, but all bent on one object—to get good places in their various trains. Poor guards, how I pitied them! and how I admired their coolness and clearheadedness in the midst of such a Babel of tongues! Should we never start, I asked myself as I leaned out of window for the twentieth time. Yes, surely those are "our" doors being slammed to; that is our guard whistling and holding up his hand; and that brisk, determined whistle belongs to our engine. We were off. As we slowly glided out of the station I was somewhat surprised to see a tall, lank, white-faced gentleman walk up to my carriage door—which I paid the guard to lock—open it, step in, and take his seat opposite me. He was a most peculiar-looking individual. His face was very long, and painfully white; his eye was bright and restless; his hands, incased in black kid gloves, had the appearance of possessing a good deal of bone; his legs were awkwardly long; and, to add to his eccentricity, his head was quite bald, and shone like a plain white billiard-ball. On entering the carriage he bowed to me, and, after carefully gazing round him, smiled—such a smile!—and taking out a black-covered book, coiled himself up in a corner and buried himself in its contents. This strange being puzzled me considerably. What could he be? Perhaps a doctor. No—his appearance would terrify any nervous patient. A lawyer possibly; an escaped lunatic more probably. I determined to speak to him; for, though I was not a coward, I did not like the man. There was something unearthly about him; for now and then he would put down his book, gaze on the lamp above him, and laugh quietly; then fixing his eyes on me for a second, would relapse into a smile, and continue his reading. "Do you object to smoking?" I asked—I own with an effort. He took no notice of me. I repeated the question; but, in lieu of replying, he twisted himself into an easier position, and went on with the black-bound book.

"I shall not be at all sorry when we get to Nettleton," I thought to myself, as I threw my cigar away and took up the paper; "I don't relish this superhuman fellow-passenger at all. Well, as there's no chance of release for two good hours, I may as well make the best of it." I tried to read, but could not fix my thoughts on any subject; so I soon gave it up, and tried to lose myself in dream-land. But at first I could not sleep; for whenever I happened to look up I found my horrible companion's eyes fixed on mine. A cold perspiration came over me every time I looked on him; so I summoned up courage and said, somewhat sharply, "I think you are very rude to stare at me so, Sir; if you have any thing to say to me, be good enough to speak." He smiled, and looked out of the window for a moment, sighed, and changed his seat. I must have soon fallen into a doze, but how long I slept I have little idea. When I awoke I felt the carriage oscillating violently, and to my horror and surprise, *my companion had gone!* Yes, I was alone in the carriage! In another moment the air was filled with shrieks of agony and yells of despair, the escape of steam, and the crashing of wood. My carriage shook and groaned, and then tottered over on its side down an embankment; but luckily for me, I was, with the exception of a few bruises, unhurt. Oh, what a sight was before me! The 5.55 from London had run into a goods train, and lay before me a wreck. Women, children, and men were buried under the débris, while some, like me, had escaped without a scratch. We rendered all the assistance that lay in our power to the poor creatures; and it was not until the sun had risen on Christmas morning that we got sufficient hands together to clear the line.

Twenty-five people were killed in this awful accident, and over thirty severely injured.

The news of the disaster had reached Nettleton some hours previous to my arrival; and when I had briefly narrated the painful facts of the case, I asked leave to go to my room, feeling perfectly unable to take part in the Christmas merry-makings. I was glad enough to throw myself on the bed; and although I could not sleep, the quietude of the place, and the calm rest which I enjoyed, soothed my nervous frame and cooled my burning brain. I thought over the events of the short time which had elapsed since I left London, and could not help connecting my mysterious fellow-traveler in some way with the accident. I was no believer in ghosts; and yet what was the meaning of that man's mysterious entrance at London Bridge, and his still more mysterious disappearance? Was it fancy? Certainly not. Could it have been a warning of the coming danger? I could not answer myself, but continued to ponder and argue until I could not bear to be alone, so got up and went down into my uncle's library. I sent for Bessie by one of the servants, and in a very few moments my dear girl and myself were together. I told her all my adventure. At first she laughed at me and called me a superstitious goose; but when she found me serious she was annoyed, and gave me a good lecture, which she finished up by telling me that I had been working too hard and too late at my chambers, had overheated my brain, and therefore fancied all manner of stupid things. I promised not to allude to the "ghost," as she termed my railway companion, during my holidays; and I kept my word.

The few days' leisure that I had allowed myself went quickly enough; and my Nettleton visit was soon a thing of the past, and I was once again hard at work in the Inn. At times my thoughts would turn to the events of Christmas-eve; and though I strove to erase the recollection from my mind, I could not forget my fellow-traveler. I read books on spiritualism; and in spite of arguments with friends, and several serious conversations with my relatives, I became a believer in ghosts. I kept the truth from Bessie, for I knew that she would be broken-hearted if she knew that I had become a disciple of the spiritualists. I was very unhappy and very unsettled; my health was none of the best; my spirits were low; and my energy flagged considerably. So the long year passed away, and Christmas came again. I was, as usual, to spend my few days' holiday at Nettleton, and I found myself once more in a first-class carriage by myself at 5.55 on the 24th of December.

The whistle was sounded, the engine shrieked, the train moved, the door opened, and HE entered the carriage, smiled in the same deathlike manner as he had smiled twelve months ago, took his seat, produced the black book, and read in silence. I do not think I was very much surprised at seeing him, for he had been in my "mind's eye" all the year; but a cold perspiration came over me; I felt a sinking at my heart, and a burning, throbbing pain flew to my head. "Man, if man you be," I said, fixing my eyes on the figure, "if you have come to warn me of any coming danger, speak to me. I am brave enough to hear the worst." He lifted his eyes from his book, yawned, closed the volume, and settled himself to sleep. "No," I cried, "you shall not evade my question; you must answer me. What will happen? Why are you here?" He roused himself, and looked at me with a smile upon his hard lips; he then took out a small pocket-book and wrote on a page, which he tore out and handed me, these words: "WE SHALL MEET TO-NIGHT."

"I STARTED BACK WITH A LOOK OF HORROR ON MY FACE."

I read the five words over and over again, but could not fathom their meaning. I was painfully certain, in my own mind, that some other terrible calamity of some kind or other would happen before long, and that I read my warning on the piece of paper I held in my hand. I kept my eyes fixed on him for some time; but nature at length ruled, and I fell asleep—not into a sound slumber, but into a troubled, fretful series of dozes of an unrefreshing and feverish character. I was aroused by the train slackening speed, and, on looking out of the window, found we had arrived at Nettleton junction, *and I was the only occupant of the carriage!* Hastily gathering my traps together, I got out of the haunted carriage, and inquired of a porter if my uncle had sent over any conveyance for me. Yes, there was the dog-cart. Before leaving the station I asked the station-master if he was sure that the train from which I had alighted was the express from town. "Yes, Sir," was his answer; "through from London Bridge." What an awful ride I had on that dark Christmas-eve! At every turn of the road I thought we should be overturned; whenever the horse improved his pace I made up my mind that he had bolted; but, in spite of my fears, we arrived safely at Nettleton House, and received a hearty welcome, as of yore.

All agreed that I was looking far from well. "Bless the boy," said my aunt; "you look as pale as though you'd seen a ghost." I stammered out something about the closeness of London, and went up stairs to dress for dinner.

How I got through the meal I have very little idea. Bessie must have thought me very stupid, for I made few remarks, and answered her questions in monosyllables. There was to be a dance, as usual, in the evening, and I was engaged, of course, to Bessie for the opening quadrille; but I made so many foolish blunders, and, as my sweet-heart told me, looked so very unwell, that I was fain to leave off.

"Come into this room, dear," Bessie said; "it is cooler there, and more quiet."

We entered. I started back with a look of horror on my face; for *there by the mantel-shelf stood my mysterious railway companion, with a glass of sherry in his hand.*

"Bessie," I said, earnestly, "come away; come away, for Heaven's sake!"

"Why, what ever is the matter, Charlie? You look so terribly frightened," she said.

But I heeded her not, for I could not think of any thing but the phantom before me. He approached with that cursed smile upon his face, and held out his hand.

Bessie looked up laughingly at his face, and said, "Charlie, won't you shake hands with Doctor Linton?"

"Who—who is he?" I asked.

"Why, Doctor Linton, the *deaf* and *dumb* gentleman."

For a moment my brain whirled round, and I can remember but indistinctly what immediately followed. I saw Bessie making signs with her fingers, and the doctor replying to her in the same manner. This is what I learned in calmer moments:

The doctor was deaf and dumb, and a season-ticket holder on the line; and as he could not always make the porters understand him, he was allowed a private key. He lived at a little village some five miles the London side of Nettleton, and the managers of the line stopped the 5.55 for him out of courtesy.

So my ghost vanished with the explanation. I shook him warmly by the hand, and, with the assistance of my Bessie, informed him of my doubts and fears, at which he laughed heartily. My spirits soon returned, and by the time the last dance was announced no one was happier than myself. Bessie and I were married the following Christmas, and conspicuous among our guests was my "First-class Ghost."

BURNING OF THE SPOTTSWOOD HOUSE.

ONE of the most deplorable disasters by fire which the press has chronicled in a long time was the burning of the Spottswood House, in Richmond, on the morning of Christmas-day, by which eight persons lost their lives. The fire was first discovered in the lower story, by the porter of the hotel, a little after two o'clock. An alarm was instantly given, and an effort made to awaken the guests. The fright and confusion that ensued among them can not be described. The halls were crowded with panic-stricken men and women, suddenly confronted with death in its most appalling shape. Those who were nearest the entrances were able to escape without much difficulty; but the intense cold rendered it almost impossible to work the engines, and in a very few minutes after the alarm was given the flames spread to such an extent that escape from the upper stories by means of the stairways was cut off, and the guests commenced jumping from the windows. In doing this several received fatal injuries, while others escaped without harm.

The most fearful incident of the disaster was the appearance of MRS. EMILY KINNERLY, of Baltimore, the housekeeper, at the window in the fifth story, with one or two other ladies, screaming for help. The fire companies' ladders were put up, but failed by two stories to reach the window. While the firemen were endeavoring to lengthen the ladders the crying women disappeared in the thick smoke, and were lost, the room brightening up a moment after with the flames. Another frightful incident was the appearance of a man at one of the upper windows, paralyzed by fear, who sat tearing paper into small pieces and throwing them out of the window till he fell back into the blazing mass.

A guest of the hotel, MR. LEIB, of the Treasury Department, gives a graphic account of the disaster. He says that soon after two in the morning, while in bed in the third story, he heard a sound below as if some one was breaking kindling-wood. He rose and looked out of the window, but saw nothing unusual. The noise continuing, however, he commenced dressing himself leisurely, as he intended to take the next railroad train. Before leaving his room he turned off the gas, and glancing toward the window, saw a light from the outside, which he soon discovered proceeded from flames bursting from the story directly under him. He then heard a woman, whom he supposed to be the housekeeper, cry, in wild alarm, "My God! the house is on fire!" He called to her to dress herself, and, with the view of calming her excitement, said to her that there was no danger on her side, but that it was on his. He then proceeded to knock at all the doors in the third story to awaken the occupants of the rooms, and urge them to dress themselves quickly, as the house was on fire. Mr. LEIB then descended to the second story, where he found another gentleman waking the guests, who were soon all up and alive to

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their danger. The utmost alarm now naturally prevailed; and in the general eagerness to escape the passage-way of the private entrance was in a short time crowded, and owing to the pressure the doors, which opened inward, could not be opened until by extraordinary force the crowd was pushed back, and room was made for that purpose. The housekeeper, Mrs. KINNERLY, was the second person who awoke on that morning, but perished by being cut off by the flames, having delayed in order to look after her trunk. The man who was carrying it preceded her, and barely got beyond her when the flames impeded her progress, and the stairway fell.

REV. ALBERT BARNES.

WE give in another part of our issue a portrait of Rev. ALBERT BARNES—he studiously refused the title of D. D., though it was repeatedly offered to him—and a fac-simile of a letter addressed by him to his publishers the day before his death. So far as we know it is the last piece, of any sort, from his pen. The firmness and vigor of the handwriting will at once strike our readers as an evidence that, despite the infirmities of age, and the fact that blindness compelled him to use a machine in writing, his natural force was but little abated.

ALBERT BARNES was born in the town of Rome, New York, on the 1st of December, 1798. At the time of his death, therefore, he was a few weeks over seventy-two. His father was a tanner, and he commenced life without any advantages of wealth, patronage, or position. For the opportunity, earnestly wished for, to acquire an education, he was indebted to a bequest in the will of an aunt, who held his abilities in high esteem. In his early youth he had imbibed skeptical ideas, and at the age of nineteen was firmly fixed in his rejection of the Bible as the Word of God. This intellectual skepticism—which, however, never affected his moral character—prepared him for his future life-work. It is characteristic of all his theological writings that he perceives the objections and difficulties of the disbeliever from the disbeliever's point of view, and by his appreciation of the doubt wins over the sympathies of the reader, and secures at least an attentive heed to the proffered explanation. In none of his writings is this characteristic more apparent than in his "Evidences of Christianity." Studiously avoiding all avowedly religious literature, the immediate cause of the change in his religious opinions was the remarkable article on "Christianity," by Dr. CHALMERS, in the "Edinburgh Encyclopedia," then in course of publication. This intellectual change was followed a year later by his conversion, during a revival in college, which in turn led to an entire change of his plans for life, and his devoting himself to the study of theology, in spite of some opposition from his father, who had intended his son for the bar.

In February, 1825, he was ordained and installed as pastor of the Presbyterian church at Morristown, New Jersey. He here commenced at once those Scripture studies which have made his name a household word wherever the English tongue is spoken. He organized a weekly Bible-class in his congregation. One of the members of his church at that time has told us of the interest which attached to those evening meetings, held, if we recollect aright, in a little school-house; and how, always, whatever the weather, the young and earnest pastor was always in his seat, promptly at the appointed hour, Bible and note-book in hand. He here formed the plan of preparing a commentary on the Bible, which, rejecting abstruse and scholastic discussions, should afford a useful interpreter to the common and unlearned readers; and he had already begun to make some preparation toward the consummation of this plan when a remarkable sermon on the "Way of Salvation," preached to his own people, and published by request, called the attention of Dr. WILSON'S church in Philadelphia to the young preacher, and led to his removal to Philadelphia in the summer or fall of 1830. This sermon, while it was the means of transferring Mr. BARNES to a new and wider field of labor, was also the first step in a long and bitter controversy in which he became involved, and from which, after long years of trial and aspersion, he has at length, in the reunion of the two Presbyterian bodies, emerged with honor untarnished, as in it all he carried himself with a Christian patience and gentleness never ruffled. The doctrines of the sermon awakened a fierce opposition to his ordination, in which, however, neither the church nor the former pastor, whose colleague he was called to be, took any part. This was but the beginning of controversy. It was followed in a few years by an ecclesiastical prosecution for supposed heresies contained in his "Notes on the Epistle to the Romans," which had been meantime published. Acquitted by the Presbytery, he was suspended, on appeal, by the Synod, and for a year relinquished the pulpit, his people, however, still sustaining him, and waiting with a spirit of patience, which they imbibed from him, for the final action of the General Assembly, by whom he was sustained and his suspension reversed. Those who were present when he returned in triumph, but not exultant, to his charge, will never forget the scene, nor the Christian mien of the man, who took victory with a modesty as great as the patience with which he suffered reproach. Six years thus passed in a perpetual turmoil, which ended only with the division of the Presbyterian Church into the two branches of Old and New School.

Meantime, despite this theological warfare, despite, too, the claims of a large and critical congregation, whose spiritual needs were never neglected, he pushed on steadily with the work of annotating the Scriptures. The "Notes" on one book after another were published in rapid succession. Every morning before light the student made his way to his church, where his study was situated, and where he worked amidst his books, until nine o'clock in the morning; never any later. "At the very beginning," says he, "now more than thirty years ago, I adopted a resolution to stop writing on these notes when the clock struck nine. This resolution I have invariably adhered to, not unfrequently finishing my morning task in the midst of a paragraph, and sometimes even in the midst of a sentence." On one occasion his almost nocturnal habits led to a disagreeable adventure. The night watchman, seeing a man prowling about the church doors at an unconscionably early hour in the morning, would fain have taken him into custody; and it was with some difficulty Mr. BARNES established his identity, and escaped arrest.

Since 1836 Mr. BARNES has been regarded as a representative of what is known as the New School theology. He lived to see the divisions, in which he had borne so active but unwilling a part—for, though prosecuted himself, he never prosecuted another—wholly healed, and was among the most active and cordial in bringing about a reunion of the dissevered branches in the one Presbyterian Church. His pen has never been idle. His commentaries, which cover the whole of the New Testament and part of the Old, have had a circulation of over a million of volumes in America, and have been translated, in whole or part, into the Welsh, French, and Tamul languages. Their gentleness and candor in the treatment of controversial points, the light which they shed on Scripture by their varied stores of information concerning Oriental life and customs, their *common-sense*, and, above all, the spirit of piety which pervades them, render them the best, as they are the most popular, commentary in any language for the ordinary reader. His latest literary work was a thorough revision of the entire series on the New Testament, with illustrations, of which the Gospels and the Acts, in three volumes, are now ready for publication, and the remainder is going through the press. The last letter he wrote was respecting these volumes. As a religious writer, without a superior; as a preacher, he was clear, calm, cogent, without being brilliant or popular. Few pastors were ever more beloved by their own people, though many have attracted greater floating congregations.

In 1868 age and failing eyesight, which had been impaired by his protracted studies, compelled him to resign his pastoral charge. He preached but little, wrote only by aid of an amanuensis or a machine, and amused himself by cultivating a little farm—of one acre. His death at the last was utterly unexpected. In company with his daughter he left his residence in Walnut Street, to pay a visit of condolence to an afflicted family residing about a mile distant. He was apparently in excellent health. But on the way he experienced considerable difficulty in breathing, and on reaching the house and taking his seat, fell suddenly back in his chair, and expired without a struggle or a word. He needs no other monument than the works which he has left behind him; and he could have no more appropriate epitaph than the closing paragraph of the last volume of his great life-work:

"*I can not lay down my pen at the end of this long task without feeling that with me the work of life is nearly over. Yet I could close it at no better place than in finishing the exposition of this book; and the language with which the Book of Psalms itself closes seems to me to be eminently appropriate to all that I have experienced. All that is past—all in the prospect of what is to come—calls for a long, a joyful, a triumphant* HALLELUJAH!"

HOW IT HAPPENED.

THIS is the way it came about; and mind! you are to believe me and no one else: certainly not Cousin Lotty or Aunt Julia, for they were not fair witnesses, as you will hear.

We were all staying down in a very wild and remote country place on the edge of a magnificent common, far away from any thing like a town or railway, and we were going to stay there for the summer. Aunt Julia and Cousin Lotty had just come from France, where they had been for a few weeks; and though they seemed to us a little affected, and as if they liked to give themselves airs—why! Cousin Lotty used to speak with a strong foreign accent, and they were never tired of saying what French people did, and said, and thought, and all so much better than the English—still, as we were living very cheaply, they were glad to join us; and as they were our aunt and cousin we all did our best to get on well with them. The "all" meant mamma, Minnie my young sister, myself Emmy, and Uncle Robert, mamma's brother, who lived with us. Aunt Julia was poor papa's sister, a widow like mamma; Cousin Lotty was six-and-twenty; I was nineteen, and Minnie three years younger.

Uncle Robert was very badly off; so was mamma; but we had another uncle whom we had never seen—poor papa's eldest brother; Aunt Julia's brother too, of course; our Uncle Tremlett, a rich man of whose very name we were in awe, for he made mamma an allowance, in fact supported us all, papa having died suddenly and left nothing; and I believe he did not much like having to make it, though he did not grumble now, and was punctual to a day in his checks. But he had grumbled very much at first, and mamma had never forgotten it. Poor mamma! I am sure she did not like to take the money. But she could do nothing else. She was in wretched health, and Mary and I were too young to work for ourselves, when all this took place that I am going to tell you of—at least Minnie was, if I was not. Besides, Uncle Tremlett would not hear of my going out as a governess or any thing like that, and mamma naturally obeyed him in all he wished.

As I tell you, Minnie and I had never seen this uncle of ours, nor indeed had Cousin Lotty; for he had quarreled once with Aunt Julia, and as he was not a man to forget a thing of this kind, he did not take any notice of the daughter. Mamma, I knew, was in mortal fear of him; so was Uncle Robert. Dear Uncle Robert! Let me tell you a little about him before I go on with my story. He was—what can I say to put it gently?—not quite right, you know; perfectly harmless, and so sweet and good, and with such a beautiful face! His hair was long and white and wavy; his face was thin and pale; he had large, light gray eyes that were generally cast up, and he always looked as if he was seeing angels or saying his prayers. And so he was. Even his poor, weak, wavering mouth, with that simple smile on it like a child's, was beautiful; and I am sure his nose, keen, and high, and bony, was the handsomest you could see any where. He was proud of his nose, the darling. And so, if he had not as much intellect now as other people, he had more beauty and goodness; and he had once been cleverer than other people. He had gone out of his mind when a young man, partly from over-study at college, and partly from a love disappointment, just as he had taken orders, and expected to be married immediately. I don't know how, but Uncle Tremlett was mixed up in this matter somehow, and his very name was enough to make Uncle Robert wild with terror or convulsed with grief. So we never spoke of him. He had lived with mamma since he came out of the asylum. She was his favorite sister, and he was very fond of Minnie and me.

Well, you may imagine our state when Uncle Tremlett wrote to mamma, saying that he was coming to pay us a visit at Woodham, where we were staying, and that he was going to bring his adopted son, Hume Cardew, with him. We had never seen this young man—"Uncle Tremlett's lubie," as Cousin Lotty called him—and we were naturally very curious to see him; especially as we felt that if Uncle Tremlett had wanted to adopt any one, he might have taken one of us. But though both Minnie and I wanted to see him, we were nothing to Cousin Lotty. She worried one's life out about this Mr. Cardew, wondering what he was like, and how much he would have when Uncle Tremlett died, and if he was in love with any one, and all sorts of speculations of things with which we had nothing whatever to do. I declare I got quite tired of hearing his name; and then Cousin Lotty used to say such rude things to me. She once said that she was sure I would set my cap at Mr. Cardew. I was so angry with her! but I am so stupid when taken suddenly that I could not answer her as I should have liked. All I could think of at the moment was: "I have no cap to set, Cousin Lotty," which I said very indignantly. And then she laughed, and her green eyes looked like a cat's, for she half shut them as she drawled out, with a strong foreign accent: "So I we affect the petite ingénue, do we?"

I wish great girls might slap each other as when they are little.

Aunt Julia was very vexed that Uncle Tremlett did not write to her instead of to mamma, but it was not our fault, so she need not have been so cross to us. Uncle Robert was at first furious, and we were sadly afraid we should not be able to manage him; but he soon got out of that state, and went into one of the most painful melancholy, shutting himself up in his own room, and refusing to come out or to let any one but mamma or me go in. However, we had to make the best of things, and we all put on our nicest faces and pleasantest manners, when, in the soft still summer's evening, a carriage came rattling up to the door, and we flocked out to receive Uncle Tremlett and his adopted son.

I scarcely know what I, for one, expected to see in Uncle Tremlett. In consideration, I suppose, of his reputation for severity and general bogeyism, I had a vague notion that he must be a tall, authoritative-looking man; but he was not. He was a small, thin, dapper little man, almost painfully neat, and with a constant smile. Not a smile like dear Uncle Robert's, that was a habit of mind, but a fixed, made-up smile, that looked like a mere trick of the face. Not that it was a bad face; it was kind in a way, but it struck me as being neither candid nor quite sincere; and it looked mean, too, though he was really kind-hearted, I am sure, and to us generous.

As for Hume Cardew, I scarcely know what to say of him. He was, he is, the handsomest fair man I have ever seen, and the others thought so as well as I. He seemed to feel a little awkward at first, and his position among us was awkward; but that soon wore off, for he was too much a man of the world to let us be uncomfortable because of him. My uncle was very kind to us, so far as a soft voice, a quiet manner, and that eternal smile went; but I felt he was taking the measure of all of us girls, and trying to find out what we were like. He paid the most attention to Cousin Lotty, and after her to Minnie; least of all to me. He spoke to me only once during the evening, but he watched me till I was crimson, and so awkward and nervous I scarcely knew what I was about. As for Hume, he devoted himself to mamma and Aunt Julia, and I don't think that on that first evening he knew one of us from the other, or could distinguish Cousin Lotty with her golden chignon, from Minnie with her long, straight, brown hair falling down to her waist, or me, with my black rough head, from either. Not that my hair is quite black, only it is very dark brown, and will curl and stick about as if it had been frizzed. As, of course, Uncle Robert would not come in, we had Uncle Tremlett and Hume Cardew as our only gentlemen, and had to make much of them accordingly. Not that I approve of flattering men just because we are women, but Aunt Julia used to say that I was bold and unwomanly when I talked like that. I do not think I was so bold as Cousin Lotty when she used to pay gentlemen such attention, and say such flattering things to them that really they did not know what to do or where to look. I have seen Hume so much embarrassed by her that I have quite pitied him, and done all that I could to help him by saying the most disagreeable things to him I could think of; but I did not mean them, and he knew that. He used to pretend he did not like it when I snubbed him to counteract Cousin Lotty's extraordinary flattery, but I think he did, after all. "Miss Pert," or "Little Fire and Fury," as Uncle Tremlett called me when he got to know me better, and was in a good-humor. But it is better to be both pert and furious than as Cousin Lotty was, with green eyes and a flattering manner, and the habit of speaking against every one as soon as they were out of hearing.

Uncle Tremlett and Hume Cardew staid a long time with us, and during all the time Uncle Robert never appeared, nor did Uncle Tremlett ask for him. Mamma was sadly perplexed what to do, between her brother and her brother-in-law, her charge and her patron; and I am sorry to say that I accused her in my own heart of paying too much court to Uncle Tremlett, not because she liked him best but because he was the richest, while she left the one she did love to get on without her as he best could. Minnie and I used to go and sit with the poor darling as often as we could, but Minnie, of course, being so young, had not much will of her own, and if Uncle Tremlett or Hume Cardew asked her to be with them, why, she left Uncle Robert to himself and did as she was told. But I was older, and took my own way more.

I remember one day especially. We were all going on a charming excursion—the excursion of the neighborhood—and Uncle Tremlett had been quite excited about it. Even mamma was going, and only Uncle Robert was to be left. I went into his room to wish the poor dear goodby, and I found him in tears, weeping like a child. He did not often do this, but when he did it was very painful to witness, and all the more so because of that usual habit of his of being rapt away in a vague unfounded happiness, which, however mournful it was for us to see, was a very heaven to him. I threw my arms round his neck, and smoothed down his dear silvery hair, and asked him to tell me why he was so unhappy, and why he was crying; and, after a long time of coaxing, I got him to confess that he thought we had all gone without wishing him good-by, and that he was lonely and did not like it. And he did not like being left, he said, as if he had been a child. He saw ugly faces and horrid sights; and ever since that fiend (he meant Uncle Tremlett) had come into the house, She had not once been to see him as She used, She had kept in heaven away from him, and had left him to the demons.

"That fiend came between us once before," he said, flinging up his hands while I wiped away his tears; "and now he has driven her away again; and not only her, but all of you, even you, my little Emmy, that I love so much!"

"No, dear; not any of us, and certainly not me," I said, coaxing him; and then I added, impulsively, "I have come to stay with you to-day. The others are going; and when they are fairly off, you and I will have a nice walk on the common."

You should have seen his pleasure at this; but I don't know why, as soon as I had said it, a great lump rose in my throat, and I had to turn away that he should not see my eyes get wet. I had looked forward to this day with so much pleasure, but still I could not leave the poor darling alone! I knew that Cousin Lotty would make out that I had done wrong in staying behind, and she would say that I had "motives"—that was her phrase; and I knew that she would monopolize Hume Cardew. I could fancy her leaning across the carriage to speak to him, looking up into his face and hanging all her weight on his arm in that odd way she had. Of course she was quite at liberty to do this if she liked. I only hoped she would not prejudice him or Uncle Tremlett against me. As uncle's adopted son, I regarded Hume almost as a cousin, and naturally I did not want him to hate me merely to please Cousin Lotty.

When I went back to the drawing-room to tell the rest I was not going with them, I little knew the storm that would break out. Uncle Tremlett was furious. He called me insolent and undutiful, and declared he would disinherit me—cut me off with a shilling; and I am sure I had never given it a thought that he would leave me even that. Mamma was frightened, and scolded me too, Aunt Julia made the worst of it she could; and Cousin Lotty said, in her most unpleasant voice: "Dear uncle, do not you know that this is Emmy's way? She enjoys herself in making herself a martyr, and attracting the regards of an assemblage. It is her foible—the way your very unselfish, very conscientious little people have," she added, with a little laugh.

Hume was the only one who kept silence; and he walked away to the window, so that I could not see his face. But I was firm. Poor Uncle Robert! How could I have deserted him! it would not have been right; and the party went off without me—Lotty driven in the dog-cart by Hume, "as Miss Tremlett will not go," said my uncle, grimly, "else that was *her* appointed place." Did not Lotty glare, and did not I choke! and my uncle sitting with mamma and Minnie and Aunt Julia in the carriage, as sweet to them as ever, perhaps more so; but to me—I could not help thinking of the old saying, "If looks could kill!"

I was nearly crying as they drove away; but I thought that would be too absurd, so I pressed back my tears and ran to Uncle Robert, and made the poor dear as happy as—as I was wretched.

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When they came back, Uncle Tremlett would not speak to me, and the next day mamma said something about his taking away what might be considered my share of the allowance he made her, and my going out as a governess. He would not let Hume Cardew speak to me either, but told him off to Cousin Lotty whenever he could, while he fondled her and Minnie ostentatiously, and never so much as looked at me. I was very sorry, for I had an odd kind of liking for him; not the tender love I had for Uncle Robert, but a mixture of gratitude, and fear, and respect. I did not like his being so angry with me. But because he had all the money, I could not even try to make friends with him for fear of being misinterpreted. As it was, I was once almost put in the wrong when I was going to do a little service for him, he not being in the room; and Cousin Lotty took the chair from me, saying, in her half-French way, "Ma chère, you can not hold with the hare and hunt with the hounds. You have chosen your parti, and you must content yourself now without Uncle Tremlett's money!"

And I am sure that he heard her, for he was at the door when she spoke, and came into the room before she had quite finished.

I was much astonished that Uncle Tremlett should have shown so much displeasure for such a trifling act of disobedience, if even you can call it so—I do not, for I do not think I owed him so very much obedience. I did not then know that if poor Uncle Robert feared him, he hated Uncle Robert as people do hate those whom they have injured. He had injured him for life, ruined his prospects, destroyed his intellect, and of course he hated him; and now he hated me for having dared to do him a kindness against his own, as he thought, superior wish. He could not get over it, and did he not make me suffer!

The most painful thing, however, at this time, was his behavior to me about Hume. When they first came he had thrown us together so much that I was often made quite uncomfortable, it was so marked, besides making Aunt Julia and Cousin Lotty furious with me; but now he would not let him come near me, if he could help it; and I must say I did feel in disgrace when I saw Hume forbidden to speak to me, as if I was something bad and wicked, while Lotty was put forward for every thing, and Uncle Tremlett was never happy if Hume was half a minute away from her. "Hume, your Cousin Lotty wants you;" "Take your Cousin Lotty, boy;" "What lovely hair that Cousin Lotty of yours has, and what a sweet obliging disposition!"

Every word of praise of Lotty seemed somehow to tell as blame of me, and I was more miserable than I care now to remember. But Hume was not quite the cipher Uncle Tremlett wanted him to be; and though, as he owed him every thing, and as much, if not more, duty than a real son, he did all he could to please him, yet he had too much self-respect to be a slave or unjust; and he would not hurt me by any thing like neglect, though he could not, if he had wished it, pay me too much attention.

One day he met me alone in the garden. I had been crying, because I was very unhappy. Uncle Tremlett had been speaking at me all the morning, saying to Cousin Lotty how much he admired her sweet manner, and how he disliked pert, self-willed girls, and how he hoped that when Hume married (Hume was not in the room) he would marry a girl who had her temper under control, and understood the grace of obedience, and was well-mannered, had been abroad, and had fair hair—in fact, Cousin Lotty herself.

And then he said, "It will be a good thing for the girl, whoever she may be; for if Hume marries with my consent, he will inherit as a son would; if without it, not a shilling!"

And then Lotty laughed quietly, and looked at me with her eyes half shut and very green.

Of course it was nothing to me whom Hume Cardew married; but I was hurt at Uncle Tremlett's unkindness, and cried accordingly. When Hume met me he seemed much distressed to see my red eyes, and I was quite as much ashamed to show them. Besides, I could not tell him why I was so unhappy. It looked so babyish to go away and cry because one's uncle was cross. I was comforted, however, after this meeting, for Hume was so kind, so good; and there was something in his manner different from his usual way of speaking to me. I can not explain exactly what it was, but I don't think he would have spoken to Cousin Lotty as he did to me. I remember to this hour his look when he took my hand in both of his, and said, "Don't be downhearted, my little cousin. All will come right in time—better than we dare to hope now, either of us."

I puzzled myself greatly over this speech. Who did he mean by us? and what were we to dare to hope? However, his words and manner made me much happier than I had been for many days, and I think they all noticed the change in me; and I think, too, that both Lotty and Uncle Tremlett suspected it had something to do with Hume, for he suddenly got almost as cross to Hume as he was to myself; and Cousin Lotty was really too horrid, in the way in which she snubbed me, and flattered both him and Hume.

A few days after this Uncle Tremlett became very ill. No one knew what was the matter with him at first, but we all saw that it was something very dreadful. We were far away from any town, and could get no one to nurse him. Mamma, an invalid herself, and poor little Minnie, were of course unfit; Aunt Julia and Cousin Lotty were as helpless as two babies in a sick-room; one could not let Hume take up an office that seemed so entirely suited for women; so there was really only myself to undertake the charge. And as poor Uncle Tremlett was very ill indeed, it did not much signify who it was, so long as there was some one to attend to him quietly, and see that every thing went right. So I installed myself head nurse, and Cousin Lotty laughed at me to Hume, and said I was making a fuss, and that I did it to show off. I don't quite see where the show-off was!

When the doctor came he looked rather grave at us all, and on the second visit he told us that Uncle Tremlett had small-pox. You may imagine the despair and consternation of the house. Aunt Julia and Cousin Lotty left at once; they never waited even for the carriage to be sent, but went away as if the place was besieged. The doctor ordered mamma and Minnie away; but Uncle Robert, who had an obstinate fit on him, would not stir; and Hume too remained: I too. There was no one else to attend to the house or the poor dear invalid, at least for the first day or so, until we could get a nurse from London; and as I had already been under fire I had got all the damage I could, and of course could not go to mamma for fear of carrying the infection with me. There was nothing for it, then, but to stay at home and make the best of it. And the doctor said I did my part very well, and nursed as if I had been used to it. And Hume was satisfied with me also; which was a comfort, as he was Uncle Tremlett's son—or like his son.

The disease ran its course, and uncle did not die of it, but he did not get well. I do not know what else went wrong, but something did, and he got weaker and weaker, instead of better, when the fever and the spots went away. One day it seemed as if he could not live many hours. He was very, very weak, but quite sensible; and he called me to him, and asked me to forgive him for his harshness. I thought my heart would have broken, and yet I dared not show that I felt any thing, for fear of agitating him. All I could say was, "Don't, dear uncle, don't! You were right to show you were displeased with me, if I vexed you, though I did not mean it."

"No, I was not right, little dear," he said, very tenderly, very faintly. "I would not have minded but for the old hate. Any one else but him!"

I did not know what he meant, so could only stand smoothing his wasted hand, and trying my best to calm him. But I learned afterward that he meant Uncle Robert, and that it was that sad old story he was alluding to, which I will tell you presently.

After a long time of silence, the poor dear opened his eyes again, and said: "I wanted Hume to like you, Emmy. I liked you at the first; and if *her* son had married my niece, it would have pleased me. I did what I could, and now I fear it is too late. I made him take to Julia's daughter instead."

I looked down at this. I thought that if this was all his sorrow, poor man, he might soon be comforted; for Hume had told me that he didn't like Cousin Lotty, and I pitied her when he said that. I did not pity myself when he added that he did like me. However, this was not a time to think of one's own happiness, so I said nothing of it, but petted uncle a little, and quieted him, and then he went to sleep; and Hume came in and sat with me, watching him.

The next day he was even weaker, and I was really afraid to be left alone with him, expecting he would die on my hands; but the nurse said he would not, and went to lie down, and so I sat and waited and watched.

Suddenly he opened his eyes, and asked for Uncle Robert. I was frightened, but of course obeyed him, and went to the door to call a servant. Here I stumbled over Hume. He had been waiting in his own room, which was close to uncle's, to be at hand if he was wanted; and he volunteered to go for Uncle Robert, though he had never seen him yet. For all the time that he and Uncle Tremlett had been with us, Uncle Robert had shut himself up as I told you, going out only at dead of night when every one else was in bed; so he had not seen or been seen by either. Hume, nevertheless, went to summon him; and presently I heard a scream, and then a loud sobbing. I dared not leave the dying man, though I was in torture, afraid of Uncle Robert and for Hume: indeed, I did not know what I was afraid of. But after a long time of mingled sobs and a soothing, low, kindly voice—Hume's—I heard footsteps coming up the stairs, and Uncle Robert appeared, leaning on Hume, and looking up into his face with that expression in his own which meant "seeing angels"—the sweet old raptness back again. They both came to the bed, Hume all amazement, uncle all mild ecstasy and radiance, Uncle Tremlett lying like a man already dead, quite still and as if breathless, his small pinched face and wasted hands looking so pitiful, so heart-breaking.

Neither of my uncles looked at each other.

"That is right," said Mr. Tremlett, faintly, not opening his eyes. He seemed to know every thing now without seeing it.

"And he is *her* son?" breathed Uncle Robert, he too not looking at his ancient foe, but at Hume.

"Yes," said Mr. Tremlett, "and, since his death and hers, mine."

"Mine too," said Uncle Robert, with his sweet vague smile.

Poor Hume! I thought he was more than a little embarrassed at this reduplication of fathers; but he was very tender and good to the dear crazed brain.

Then Uncle Tremlett made a faint movement with his feeble hand.

"Shake hands before I die," he gasped, "and say you forgive me, Robert."

"I forgive you, from my soul, James. Why not? Is She not always with me?" said Uncle Robert, smiling; but the tears were fast falling from his eyes, though they had their ecstatic look too.

"Hume, my boy, my Mabel's son, your hand," said poor Uncle Tremlett, yet more feebly; "yours, Emmy, little angel-girl."

We put our hands into his: he joined them, and his lips murmured, "God bless you."

He smiled and looked pleased when Hume leaned over me, and took me to him and kissed me.

I can tell you no more; there was something very dreadful then—a noise, a something; don't ask me what: all I know is, that I found myself on the sofa some time late in the evening, with the nurse and doctor, and Uncle Robert, and Hume—my Hume—all about me, and I very ill, and feeling very odd. But I did not have small-pox, only a kind of nervous attack that did not last long; and when I recovered—well! I would have gone through a hundred times as much to be so happy!

So this is exactly how it happened; and in no other way. Aunt Julia and Cousin Lotty at the first cut me; but, now that I am married, they have thought better of it, and have come round to me again; and I forgive them all they said of me. They certainly did say awful things; and Lotty, once, more than hinted that I had poisoned Uncle Tremlett that I might marry Hume, whom he would have disinherited if I had while he was alive, and whom he had expressly forbidden to think of me, "having other views for him." But I knew that was not true. Hume, the son of the only woman he had ever loved, or that Uncle Robert had ever loved, and whom he had induced to break off her engagement with Uncle Robert in the hope of winning her to himself—but you see he did not, for she married Mr. Cardew instead—Hume was destined for me from that first evening, if he would take as strong a liking to me as Mr. Tremlett himself did. For, being Uncle Robert's favorite niece, it seemed in some way to atone for his base conduct to him in those early years, at least in his own mind; and I knew that he died happier, reconciled to his old victim, and leaving one of mamma's daughters, and his niece, safe with Hume as his promised wife, and consequent heiress to his own fortune.

WAITING FOR THE SORTIE.

THE sketch on our first page, representing a group of Prussian soldiers on the look-out for the enemy in front of Paris, will give our readers an idea, not only of what hard work is entailed by winter operations, but of what a scene of desolation must now be presented by the once pleasant villas around Paris. Their contents are made to do duty in the besiegers' works, and no doubt many of those Frenchmen who made such determined efforts to break through the German lines stormed barricades bristling with their own chair legs, and made up of their own choice furniture. In one of those villages so hotly contested during the great sortie, we read of a brave lady who, in spite of Prussians, bullets, and shells, still clung to her home, and sat quietly among her possessions while the battle raged around her; but it is a solitary example of nerve and almost superhuman pluck, and we are glad to learn that hitherto she has succeeded in preserving her surroundings intact.

The following extract from a letter of Dr. RUSSELL in the London *Times* is apropos of our subject: "It was a saying of 'old Fritz' that the Prussian soldier should be always '*en vedette*.' He is so assuredly here—never more so than on the 2d and 3d, when he stood in Champigny, Brie, etc., within fifty yards of his Frenchman—each behind his barricade, and each ready for the attack of the other. On the morning of the 4th, as you know, all the French had disappeared, and, as a German officer said, 'they did not leave even a button behind them.' This cold weather completes the work of ruin. If any 'happy home' had a door left, or a table, or chair, in the wrecked villages, it has gone now in the flames of many watch-fires and camp-kitchens. An amateur told me that nothing burned so well as 'piano wood,' and that he had no idea of its value, having never had an opportunity of testing the property before."

PARIS AND ITS FORTIFICATIONS.

IN the event of the bombardment of Paris, which now appears to be imminent, the double-page map of that city and the encircling fortifications, which we publish this week, will be found exceedingly valuable and interesting. The first attack will probably be made upon the east side, where Fort Avron, an insignificant outwork in itself, but important as regards position, was taken by the Prussians on the 29th ult., after one day's bombardment. Forts Rosny and Nogent will probably be the next objects of their attention.

The following is a key to the principal places shown in the map: 1, Arc de l'Étoile; 2, Église Russe; 3, Pare de Monceaux; 4, Champs Elysées; 5, Palais de l'Industrie; 6, Palais de l'Elysée; 7, St. Augustin; 8, Gare de Chemin de Fer de l'Ouest Rive droite; 9, Montmartre; 10, Église de la Trinité; 11, Église de la Madeleine; 12, Ministère de la Marine; 13, Place de la Concorde; 14, Corps Législatif; 15, St. Clotilde; 16, Hôtel des Invalides; 17, École Militaire; 18, Institution de Ste. Périne; 19, Abattoir de Grenelle; 20, Gare de Chemin de Fer de l'Ouest; 21, Cimetière de Mont Parnasse; 22, Palais de Luxembourg; 23, St. Sulpice; 24, St. Germain des Près; 25, Palais de Tuileries; 26, Place Vendôme; 27, Opera; 28, College Roland; 29, Gare du Nord; 30, Gare de l'Est; 31, Hôpital Militaire; 32, Prison St. Lazare; 33, St. Vincent de Paul; 34, Porte St. Denis; 35, Porte St. Martin; 36, Opera; 37, La Bourse; 38, Palais Royal; 39, Halle au Blé; 40, Halles Centrales; 41, St. Germain l'Auxerrois; 42, St. Jacques de la Boucherie; 43, Palais de Justice; 44, Tribunal de Commerce; 45, Ste. Chapelle; 46, Notre Dame; 47, St. Severin; 48, St. Étienne du Mont; 49, St. Barbe; 50, St. Genevieve; 51, Observatoire; 52, Asile Clinique des Aliénés, 53, Gare de Sceaux; 54, Marché; 55, Abattoir de Villejuif; 56, Gare d'Orleans; 57, Jardin des Plantes; 58, Halles aux Vins; 59, St. Louis; 60, St. Gervais; 61, Hôtel de Ville; 62, Théâtre de la Gaité; 63, Conservatoire des Arts; 64, Marché du Temple; 65, Canal St. Martin; 66, Bassin de la Villette; 67, Marché aux Bestiaux; 68, Parc des Buttes Chaumont; 69, St. Jean Baptiste; 70, Cimetière du Père la Chaise; 71, Prison de la Roquette; 72, Hôpital des Incurables; 73, Place de la Bastile; 74, Place du Trône; 75, Hôpital St. Eugénie; 76, Gare de Vincennes; 77, Grenier de Réserve; 78, Gare de l'Arsenal; 79, Prison Mazas; 80, Gare de Lyon.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Two Emeralders working on a new building were dry, and one bet the other a pint of whisky that he could not carry him to the roof in his hod. No sooner said than done. Mike shouldered Pat, and after a slow and painful tugging, dumped the precious burden on the roof. "Ah, Mikey, my boy," said Pat, rather crest-fallen, "you've won the bet; but mind yez, as yez was passin' the fourth story yez stumbled, an' I had hopes."

An anecdote is told of a certain Highland hotel-keeper. He was one day bickering with an Englishman in the lobby of the inn regarding the bill. The stranger said it was a gross imposition—he could live cheaper in the best hotel in London; to which the landlord with nonchalance replied, "Oh, nae doot, Sir, nae doot; but do ye no ken the reason?" "No, not a bit of it," said the stranger, hastily. "Weel, then," replied the host, "as ye seem to be a sensible callant, I'll tell ye: there's 365 days in the Lunnon hotel-keeper's calendar, but we have only three months in ours'—do ye understand me noo, frien'?—we maun mak hay in the Hielans when the sun shines, for its unco seldom she dis't!"

A NICE LETTER.

MY LOVIN WIFE.—Ime comin ome nex week and hav forgiv you fer jawin me. Ile come on the 7 o'clock trane and shall stay ome hereafter & tri to be an altered man. I want pesce and so do yew why shouldn't we luv each other as we used ter when we first jined together in the wholly bands of madlock ive jined a temperance society but if yew ever jaw me agin or commin ome I'll wollap yew like dy fur we must have pesce as grant sos.

A couple of youngsters of twelve years were looking into a tobacco-shop close by, and one cried out to the other: "I'd like to smoke a cent's worth of tobacco." "Well," said the other, "buy a cent's worth." "Ah! as luck will have it, I haven't the cent." "Hold on! I've got two cents." "That's the ticket! just the thing; one for the pipe and one for the tobacco." "Oh yes; but what am I to do?" "You? Oh! you shall be stockholder; you can spit."

The newspapers are full of advertisements for plain cooks. We suppose pretty cooks have no occasion to advertise at all.

A Bavarian officer in France found one of his men cleaning a chicken. "Hallo!" cried he, "fellow, where did you get that chicken? Don't you know that stealing has been forbidden on pain of death?" "A peasant woman gave it to me," was the answer. "And what did she say?" "Well, she didn't say much. She only cried."

If brooks are, as the poets call them, the most joyous things in nature, what are they always murmuring about?

"Looking at the aurora borealis" is the excuse heads of families and young men give now at breakfast for being out late the previous evening.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.—"Pray bestow your charity, young gentleman, on a poor blind man," said a beggar to a person passing by. "If you are blind, my good fellow, how did you know that I was young?" "Oh, Sir! I made a mistake," said the beggar; "pray give a trifle to a poor dumb man!"

A WICKED WORLD.—Marble's.

The following question is now being discussed before the Bungtown Debating Society: "Can a big man ache harder than a little one?"

When Mr. Dodge, electric physician, was lecturing through the State on the laws of health, he happened to meet, one morning, at the breakfast-table, a witty son of Erin, of the better class. Conversation turned on the doctor's favorite subject, as follows: "Perhaps you think I would be unable to convince you of the deleterious effect of tea and coffee?" "I don't know," said Erin; "but I'd like to be there when you do it." "Well," said the doctor, "if I convince you that they are injurious to your health, will you abstain from their use?" "Sure, and I will, Sir." "How often do you use coffee and tea?" asked the doctor. "Morning and night, Sir." "Well, do you ever experience a slight dizziness of the brain on going to bed?" "Indeed, I do." "And a sharp pain through the temples, in and about the eyes, in the morning?" "Troth, I do, Sir." "Well," said the doctor, with an air of assurance and confidence in his manner, "that is the tea and coffee." "Is it, indeed! Faith, and I always thought it was the whisky I drank."

During the making up of the census the residence of a well-to-do farmer, about sixty years old, was visited. The farmer had married his second wife about eight years before, and among other questions the census-taker asked, "What is your wife's given name?" The old man looked up, then he looked down, then opened his eyes, apparently perfectly astonished; finally his mouth opened, and he said: "Well, I declare! I really don't know! I think it is Betsy Ann Phillips, but I'll go round into the cow-yard and ask her." And away he went.

One of our young acquaintances, not long since, was endeavoring to enjoy an evening in the company of a young lady, fair and entertaining, upon whom he called, but found a serious obstacle in the person of her stern and not very cordial father, who at length ventured to very plainly intimate that the hour for retiring had arrived. "I think you are correct, my dear Sir," returned the unabashed young man. "We have been waiting to have you go to bed for over an hour."

An Oshkosh lady being presented with a card-case by an admirer, wished "he had given her a bigger one. This little thing won't hold more'n half a deck."

IRRITATING THE FEELINGS.—After rolling all night in your berth at sea, till you are miserably sick, to have a steward ask you in the morning if you will have a fresh roll for breakfast.

A newly married lady in Chicago complained to her ma that on her reception day her card-basket was overrun with circulars from lawyers announcing terms for divorce. "So absurd, you know, ma, before our honeymoon is over." "True, dear," replied ma (who had been twice divorced), "but I'd put them in a safe place; you may find them very useful in a year or two."

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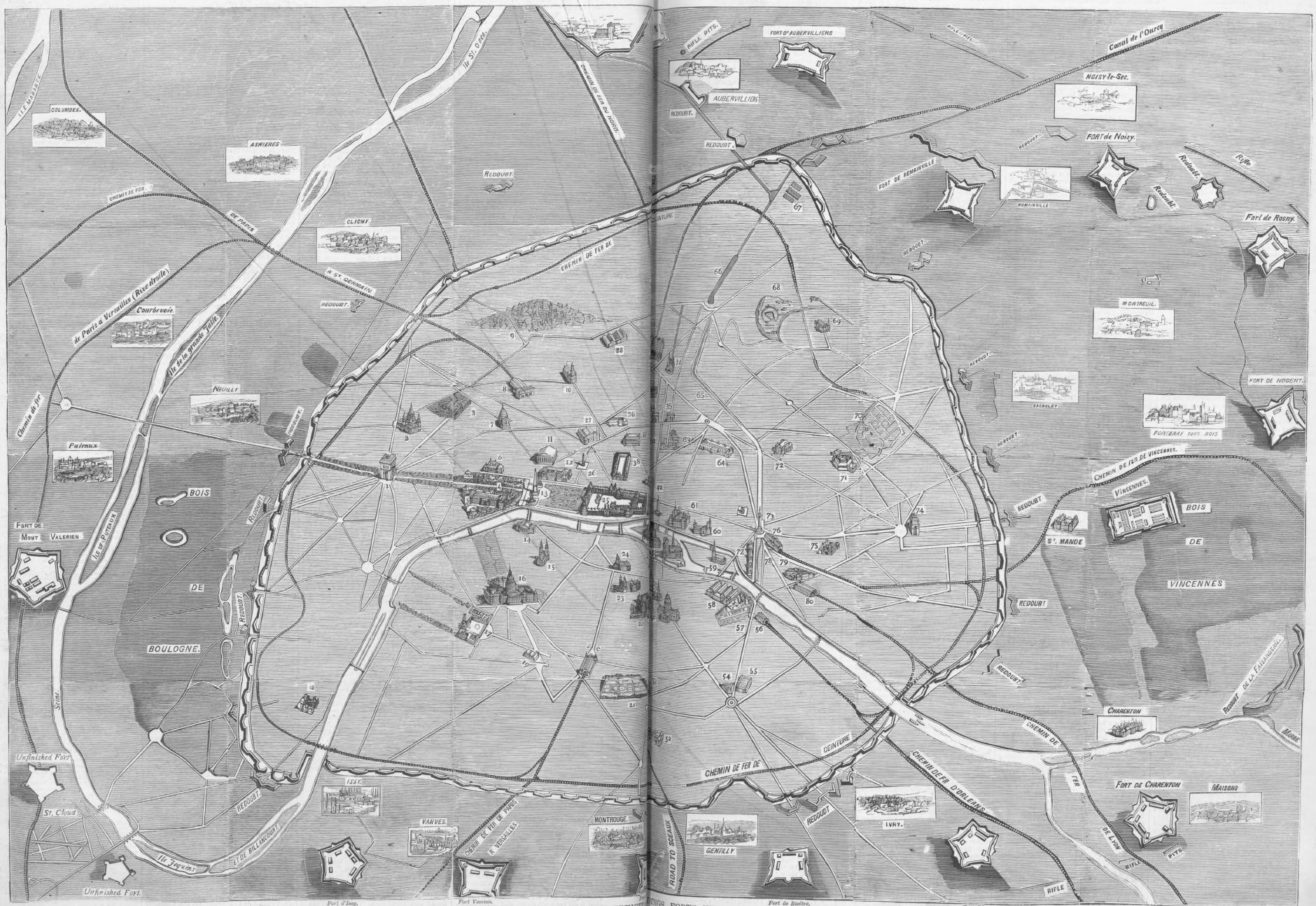

PARIS—SHOWING THE POSITIONS OF THE PRINCIPAL BUILDINGS, FORTS, VILLAGES, AND RAILWAYS.—[See Page 31.]

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IN WINTER.

The snow hides field and hill,
And gathers in the wood;
The land, at winter's will,
Is made a solitude;
The streams forget their speech, the winds are grown more rude.

These ways I loved so well
Have lost their summer cheer,
And naught is left to tell
Of days that were so dear,
Save happy evergreens that gladden all the year.

For summer's wealth of shade,
For bloom and warmth and scent,
For sights and sounds that made
The eye and ear content,
Fulfilling all we deemed spring's prophecies had meant,

We have—the naked bough,
Thin shadows on the snow,
Clear skies that disallow
Their ancient, tender glow,
Pale sunbeams like the ghosts of those we used to know.

All those soft winds are gone
That cheered the wayward spring,
And Nature is forlorn—
For birds have taken wing,
And brook and breeze and bee have done their gossiping.

Forlorn—and yet more grand,
In her stern purity,
Than when the merry land
Laughed out from grass and tree;
She buries her old loves, and waits for what shall be.

She waits the slow increase
That former years have lent;
See keeps a wondrous peace
Beyond all accident
And in her changing moods there is no discontent.

WON—NOT WOOED.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Bred in the Bone," etc., etc.

CHAPTER III.

MRS. MARSHALL.

NOTWITHSTANDING the rude rebuff with which, as she imagined, her approaches toward Miss Denham had been received, Mrs. Marshall was not discouraged. She was determined to make friends with a young lady who was acknowledged to be the belle of *The Grand*, and likely to reign there during her stay. The humiliation was not greater, perhaps, than many of us are prepared to undergo under analogous, if not quite similar circumstances. We "put up" with a great deal in order to win the acquaintance of celebrities of all sorts; and if in this case the reflected splendor of such a friendship could be but short-lived, on the other hand, it would be patent to all eyes. It would not be necessary to state Mabel's claims to admiration, as it unhappily so often is with literary, scientific, and other lions. Her surpassing beauty spoke for itself. To be seen with her, even as chaperon, duenna, or familiar gossip, would be to hold a position in the hotel of some social importance, and one which would make the young men civil to her; and the civilities of young men were very welcome to Mrs. Marshall. This respectable old lady resembled in some respects an individual whom she would have liked to have known immensely—the Wandering Jew. Her age was fabulous; lost, indeed, in the mist of ages. She had neither relative nor a home, but passed her life in migrations from place to place. If Timbuctoo had become a fashionable resort, in Timbuctoo she would undoubtedly have been found at the due season. In the early spring she honored Brighton with her presence; with her man Melcombe, and her maid-servant Janet, she took up her quarters at the Megatherium mansion (on the West Cliff), where she delighted its proprietor by her condescension in dining at the public table; but the fact was, that to have dined with less than a dozen people would have given this devotee of society an indigestion. She was ever greedy for new acquaintances, her affection for whom grew as rapidly and perished as abruptly as Jack's bean-stalk in the fairy tale. If any of them were celebrities, so much the better; and they must have been exclusive, indeed, and wary as the Indian of the prairies, to have eluded her attentions. But, if unknown to fame, she conferred upon them such attributes as, if they had not been evolved from her imagination, would have been well deserving of a public statue. Mr. Brown was, she would assure you, "altogether out of the common way," and "a most superior person;" that "it was a treat to listen to him, he was so full of anecdote;" he was "the best of men," and "a blood-relation of the late Earl of Babbleton." Or Mrs. Smith was "simply the sweetest creature, my dear"—she called almost every one "my dear," quite independent of sex or age—"the *very* sweetest that I have ever come across. None of your talkers, but oh, so full of thought! To see her tat—you know what tatting is, of course—it's quite a picture!"

If three months afterward you should chance to mention these amazing folks to Mrs. Marshall, she would pretend to have forgotten all about them. "My Janet will remember, I dare say; she has the most wonderful recollection for names and people; but for my part I see so many new faces." But in this the old lady did her own powers of memory great injustice; she forgot neither face nor name; and upon her recollection of such matters she relied, and with reason, for the prosecution of her social calling. Her new favorites eclipsed her old ones without absolutely erasing them. She went to London for a few weeks in the season, because "all the world" could not be there without her. But she did not like town; the hotels had too shifting a tenantry to suit her, and, of course, a London boarding-house was "not to be thought of." Such was her own expression; but the fact was that she had thought of it more than once, and with some favor, but she was afraid of broaching the subject to Melcombe. He was a man, upon whose calves if you had placed black gaiters, who would have passed for a bishop any where, except in the colonies, for which he would have been far too august. In the autumn Mrs. Marshall plumed her wings for Leamington, Scarborough, Matlock, or Shingleton-on-Sea, where we now find her. In the winter she moulted, it was not known where, but it is my belief she went to Bath. At all events, in the spring, when she came out quite fresh again, she used to vaguely attribute that miracle to "the waters;" and it is certainly at Bath that ladies of her description do hibernate in prodigious numbers. She had also a store of marvelous anecdotes connected with card-playing—such as how General Jones and others had sat up to their knees in cards for eight-and-forty hours at a stretch, or rather without a stretch—which could only have emanated from that dissolute but superannuated city. A necessary result of Mrs. Marshall's constant migrations and protracted experience was, that she knew somebody wherever she went, or, if not themselves, their relatives up to the fourth generation. She had met Mrs. Frederick Pennant's mother years ago, when the latter was herself a bride, and upon that indisputable ground had made acquaintance with her daughter.

"When I look at you, my dear, I seem to see your poor dear mamma again. We lost sight of one another for many years, but we were fast friends at one time, though, of course, there was a great disparity of years between us. I was three times her age then—for she was but a girl—and now, I suppose, I am four times yours. Your good husband is amazingly like what my Henry used to be at his age, just half a century ago. Here's his portrait on this bracelet. The hair and eyes and features are different, but the complexion, you see, is very similar. My Henry did not joke so much as yours—he had too classical a mind for humor—rather severe, perhaps, until you came to know him. He died in youth. Thank you, I always carry my own smelling-salts about with me. I get them at Cox's, at Harrogate, and it's wonderful how they keep their strength. If you use my name—and you're quite welcome—you are sure to get the best. I have it by the dozen bottles, on account of my extreme sensibility, and also because there is a reduction upon taking a quantity."

Mrs. Marshall was not a character to suit Mrs. Frederick Pennant's taste, but the claim she had made to her acquaintanceship could be scarcely disallowed. One's father's friend, or he who professes to have been such, is not, as men well know, an individual to be lightly shaken off; and the same thing holds among women. Under cover of this family connection (which in reality had consisted in the interchange of a few formal visits between Mrs. Marshall and Mrs. Denham, upon which occasions the latter lady had become a sacrifice to her own scrupulous regard for truth by being "at home") "the General" had pushed her advances with Julia so far that she had twice reached the Pennants' private sitting-room. Frederick had stood to his guns the first time, or rather, too brave to flee, had remained to endure all the horrors incident to an indefensible post which was carried by assault. An Englishman's house is his castle, and a first-floor apartment at *The Grand*, he had fondly thought, was equally inviolate. The fire and sword of Mrs. Marshall's eloquent reminiscence had laid it waste, however, for a full hour, and he had registered a vow that, *with him in it*, they should never do so again. On the second invasion, therefore, when the herald brought the summons to surrender, or, in other words, the waiter presented Mrs. Marshall's card, Frederick had with uncalculating precipitation fled into the balcony, from which there was no outlet, and where he had remained for hours, wild with rage, and exposed to the gravest suspicion of playing an eavesdropper at his next neighbor's open window. He had listened willy-nilly to all that had passed between his wife and her visitor. He had heard the latter express her delight at finding the former quite alone, since they could now have a "nice long chat together over old times." She had even congratulated Julia upon his being "out," little guessing, poor old soul, that he was only outside.

"It is just as well, my dear, that he should leave you at times; so don't you fret about *that*, as I see you have been doing: he will not get tired of you half so soon if he has his liberty occasionally. It's not in man's nature, as it is in ours, my dear, to be always attentive and devoted. What I always used to say to Henry when I saw him getting moped was, 'Don't mind me, Hen, but go and have your fling'—rather a vulgar expression, you are thinking, my dear; I can read it in your eye; but the fact is, between man and wife—you are not a wife yet, my dear; you may think you are, but you're not; you are only a bride, which is very different—it's much better, I say, between man and wife, to be outspoken. If ever I should marry again—What's that noise in the balcony? It sounds like a cat spitting. Where was I? 'Oh, Hen,' said I, 'go and have your fling.' Then he would go to his study and read Plutarch or Plato, or something of that sort, for he had an eminently classical mind. The nature of the fling, of course, depends upon one's husband's character. I dare say Mr. Pennant, now, is having a quiet game at billiards. There's no harm in that except in what it leads to. I've a dear old Scotch friend—a lady of the first quality, with a title in her own right—'I dinna mind Donald' (that's her husband)—'dinna mind his drinkin', and—and—sic-like,' she says; 'but what I do object to is his takin' to cards or sic things as you lose money by.' And do you warn your husband against betting with that Major Pomeroy at billiards. My dear, he would win the shirt off his back, as I have known him to do, or something very like it, with half a dozen other young men, who had no suspicion of what was going to happen to them. He looks so old and decrepit, you see, that they are naturally desirous to challenge him; they expect an easy victory, and then they find themselves in the wrong box. He is as sharp as a ferret, and looks uncommonly like one with his wig off. My dear, I have *seen* him in a place that shall be nameless—well, I may tell *you* in confidence that it was at my Lord Bilberry's, after a picnic in the open air—I have *seen* that man put his wig on the end of his walking-stick for coolness, and because he had had too much Champagne, and laugh like a demon. There's that nasty cat again. My dear, I see nothing to laugh at in a man's making old age ridiculous in that manner. The idea of his taking off the wig that Heaven had given to him—for it had supplied him with the means to procure it—and exposing his gray hairs in that manner! You wouldn't like to see *me* do it, I hope." (Mrs. Pennant hung her head, and covered her face with her hands, while her whole frame shook with emotion.) "Of course not; you are sorry even to hear me suggest such a thing. Puss! puss! I hate a cat, because of that horrible idea of its sucking your breath when you're asleep; but I always speak civilly to the creatures, especially when they are black. It may be superstitious, but there must have been something in all those stories about black cats and witchcraft; and, like the gentleman who took off his hat to the fallen statue of Jupiter, I always wish to be on the safe side in every thing. Why does a cat spit, for instance? Tell me that. She doesn't smoke like a man, you know, and she can't be *always* quarreling with her husband. The thing's inexplicable. My dear, *would* you mind my pulling the bell, and ordering myself a cup of tea? I generally take one at this time, and especially if I can get a nice person to listen to me. I talk so much better over tea, just as a man does over his cigar. You must let me have it put down to my own bill; you must, indeed. Very well, if you insist; else I know some husbands don't like it: 'Here's a shilling,' they say, 'for that horrible old woman's tea.' Money, my dear, is the touch-stone of the male character. As for women, they are all mean, or nearly so. Ah! you think otherwise; but then you haven't lived quite so long in the world as I have. Of course, they are very tender-hearted; they'll give their tears quite cheerfully to any tale of distress—but that's all. They are worse than the American gentleman who considered that three-cent pieces were invented especially for the exercise of charity, for they will give nothing. I once went round to get subscriptions at Leamington to buy a poor would-be washer-woman a mangle. The excuses, my dear, from the great ladies—patronesses of the Hospital Ball, and holders of stalls at the Fancy Fair in aid of the Lunatic Asylum—were such as you wouldn't believe if they were written in a book. One of them discovered that the washer-woman did not belong to the Church of England, and tried to pick a quarrel with me (sooner than pay) for endeavoring to entrap her into subscribing toward a Presbyterian mangle. Another—it was the Dowager Lady Grimjaw—protested that nothing would have given her greater pleasure, but that she had passed a solemn promise to her husband on his death-bed not to indulge in indiscriminate charity. To tell me that that old woman is gone to heaven, my dear, is to give me a distaste for the place. But all women are skin-flints, more or less. I should be one myself if Melcombe would let me; but he keeps me straight, and puts a stop to all my little economies in the bud."

Here, for the first time, Mrs. Pennant ventured to interpose a remark beyond an interjection. "I think you are too hard upon our sex, Mrs. Marshall. They have, as a rule, much less money to spare for any thing than men, and obtain what they have with greater difficulty; they have often to press and press for it, even when it is due, because the man will not part with his means of extravagance and dissipation—"

"Oh, my goodness!" interrupted the old lady. "If he is so bad as that when he is a bridegroom, what will he come to, my poor dear, before the first six months are out? I am as sorry I have had this tea as can be. I have no more taste for it now than if it was hay-and-water. You *must* let me put it down to my own account."

"But, my good Mrs. Marshall," remonstrated Ju, "I am not speaking of *my* husband."

"Yes, yes; of course, of course. You're quite right to say that. But whose husband can you be speaking of, my poor dear? But if he does keep you short, he's not worse than the rest of them, I do assure you. There's that nasty cat again. I'll give it this cream, for it would choke me now to swallow it. Puss! puss!"

"No, you musn't; indeed, you musn't," said Julia, rising precipitately to interpose between the old lady and her purpose. "My husband hates cats, and cream would only encourage the creature." Her terror lest Fred should be discovered in his hiding-place gave Julia the courage of despair; she protested that she had to go and dress, in order to be ready to walk out with him, and so contrived to get rid of the common enemy. But the alarm this invasion inspired in the breast of both bride and bridegroom was permanent, and the door of their apartment had been jealously guarded against her ever since.

Mrs. Marshall herself was dimly conscious that she was shunned; but her desire to make the acquaintance of the admired Mabel now gave her an audacity even beyond the intrepidity with which nature had endowed her.

She had fortunately overheard Mr. Flint invite Mr. Pennant to smoke a cigar with him after dinner; and when the ladies rose from the table d'hôte, she at once addressed herself to Julia.

"My dear," said she, "since you are going to be alone with your sweet sister, can you 'do with me,' as the Irish call it, just for half an hour? I have got something very particular to tell you; and as the daughter of my beloved old friend—Thank you, my dear; I knew you would. You needn't introduce me to Miss Mabel—she will excuse me calling her by her Christian name—because I have introduced myself. I shall borrow her arm to help me up these stairs. There's a dear, good girl. How all the young men are envying me, I'll wager!"

She had conquered; but the victory had been gained, as it were, by a dead lift. Mrs. Pennant's acquiescence had not been over-gracious, and she now felt angry with herself for having given way at all. She knew it would vex her husband to find this dreadful old lady established in their room when he returned, and she even suspected that her admission had been obtained under false pretenses.

"Well, Mrs. Marshall, and what is your news?" inquired she, somewhat austerely, when they had all three seated themselves in front of the open window.

"My news?" returned Mrs. Marshall, with her accustomed vivacity, not unpreceded, however, by a start of surprise. "Yes, yes; very true; I must not forget my news. My dear Mrs. Pennant, my sweet Miss Mabel, you will be the first to hear about it. I promised myself that you two should be the very first. You saw those two gentlemen who came so late to the table d'hôte. Every body saw them, of course, and every body is talking of them. Such a very remarkable pair, and such a contrast! Major Pomeroy would give his head to be here; he won't find it easy to make *their* acquaintance in a hurry, not he. Well, my dears, I know all about them—they are the Wapshots of Winthrop. You have heard of them, without doubt. What! Not of the Wapshots of— What am I talking of? I meant, of course, to say that they were the Winthrops of Wapshot."

CHAPTER IV.

"A LADY'S CONFAB."

THE remarkable revelation just made by Mrs. Marshall to her two young companions had by no means the effect which she had looked for. The Denham family had been "buried alive" in an obscure southern village, separated by the whole length of England from Wapshot, which had but a very uncertain sound in their ears. They knew that it was not a cathedral city; but beyond that they knew nothing more than that such a place existed. The name was not one of those which at once absorbed the attention—such as Great Grimsby—and they would not have even known where to look for it on the map. Mrs. Frederick Pennant confessed her ignorance upon this vital point with considerable *sang froid*.

"But you must at least have heard of the Winthrops, my love," argued Mrs. Marshall, growing more affectionate as her hostess cooled in manner. "Why, the Winthrops are the oldest family, except the Howards, in England. They have had the most curious hereditary disease—I think it's on the first joint of the little finger; but we shall soon see *that*—for five hundred years. You *must* have heard of the Winthrops."

"We never have," returned Mrs. Pennant, wearily, "I do assure you. What have they ever done?"

"Done, my dear? What strange ideas you have! I hope it is not necessary, at least in this country, for an old family like that to have *done* any thing, to be respected or looked up to. They have lived in the same place, father and son, since the Conquest."

"My dear Mrs. Marshall," returned her hostess, laughing, "there is a farmer in our parish—although he is decayed in fortune now, and, indeed, his son is the postman—whose family has done the same; yet, I dare say, *you* have never heard of *them?*"

"But, my dear Mrs. Pennant, the Winthrops have always had ten thousand a year, and given the tone to the county. This man—the very one you have just seen down stairs—is the first of his line who ever thought of leaving the Hall. Wapshot Hall is one of the show-places of England, with a priest's hole, and a haunted wing, and every thing. Well, instead of staying there, as was expected of him, no sooner did he come of age than he married, and took his wife all round the world for her honey-moon. I remember the sensation which the matter created in society as though it happened yesterday. Of course every body thought he wanted to kill her, which seemed so strange in a bridegroom; and nobody was at all surprised when he came home again without her."

"Poor thing!" exclaimed Mabel, pitifully; "it did kill her, then, did it?"

"Listen, and you shall hear, my dear. Yes; another cup of tea, if you please, for telling stories always parches my throat; if I was much of a talker I should soon die, that's certain. No; Mr. Winthrop didn't kill his bride—or rather his wife, for the affair happened some months after they set sail—but he did worse, if any thing—he lost her!"

"Lost her!" echoed both the young ladies, with genuine interest; "do you mean that she was drowned at sea?"

"Not a bit of it, my dears. Better for her, perhaps, if she had been, for Heaven only knows what she went through. She was cast away upon a desert island."

"What! alone?"

"Yes; or, at least, I believe she had a servant with her; but *he* was eaten by the savages."

"Lor', Mrs. Marshall!"

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The *raconteur's* victory was complete. Both the young ladies drew nearer—"hitched their chairs up" we should have written had they been men, for that is what they *did*—and anxiously regarded their visitor. "Eaten? Why, I thought you said the island was uninhabited?"

"Well, there was nobody there, my dears, to be called any body. Let me see; it was not Aragon, of course—Aragon is not an island. Ah! it was Patagonia."

"The land of giants!" ejaculated Mabel.

"Just so, my love; but not a wheeled conveyance in the place, let alone a caravan. It has been always a matter of surprise to me she didn't write a book about it; Lady Hester Stanhope did, you know, as well as many other ladies of quality who have had similar experiences. But, as far as I remember, Lady Hester never came home again, so there was no advantage in her case, whereas Mrs. Winthrop did, and would without doubt have been a lion—it's curious one never says lioness, when it's a female—nay, *the* lion of the London season, and paid all her expenses in Patagonia besides; not that *they* would have been much, by all accounts; she could not have gone into society, for there was none to go into; and as for milliners' bills, there was a heartless joke, I remember, at the time, of her having come home 'in weeds.'"

"My dear Mrs. Marshall!" exclaimed Julia, reprovingly.

"It was most unfeeling, my dear, I know that—I only mention the fact to exhibit the want of feeling of the fashionable world. The Winthrop necklace—made of sea-shells—had quite a run throughout that summer."

"But how in the world came this poor lady to be cast ashore without her husband?" inquired Mrs. Pennant. "What became of the ship?"

"Oh, the ship was all safe enough; the ship was in the Sound—as I was told the story—though it could hardly have been within hearing. I don't understand those nautical matters myself. My own idea is that she and the servant were being towed in the boat behind, and that her husband slyly undid the rope and sailed away. I can't answer for the actual facts. Naval accounts are always so obscure. Admiral Boreas, to whom I narrated the thing, said that Winthrop must have 'cut the painter;' but I could make nothing of his remark, for Mr. Winthrop painted himself—I mean, of course, pictures, and not as the Patagonians did—in a small way; and so it was *she*, as I told the admiral, if any body, who must have cut the painter. But he only laughed in his rude, loud way; he was what is called a very 'bluff' man, and died (as I always said he would) of an apoplexy."

"But how did this poor lady get home again?" inquired Mabel.

"Well, it was something connected with the trade-winds, whatever they are, that brought her. An English ship, just four years afterward, was waiting for the trade-winds, or driven by the trade-winds, off the coast of Patagonia, and picked her up on the sea-shore, with her child."

"With her child?" ejaculated Mrs. Frederick, with quite a little scream.

"Well, yes, of course. The fact is, Mrs. Winthrop, poor dear soul, was in an interesting situation when she was cast away, and, of course, not so much as a pin-cushion in the way of preparation. But, however, Heaven tempers the wind to the infant without baby-linen, and both mother and child did uncommonly well. The savage people treated them both with great kindness, though it may sometimes have been misdirected—they would not let her cut up her own food, for one thing, and they had not such an article as a knife among them; and their drinks were made very much in the same way. 'Manners none, and customs abominable,' as the midshipman said. Yes, I'll have one more cup of tea, my dear, since you are so good; and that shall be the last, for I make a point of never exceeding five."

"But, my dear Mrs. Marshall," said the hostess, when she had complied with this modest demand, "what was the husband—this Mr. Winthrop of Wapshot—doing all this time?"

"Well, my dear, he was living quite broken-hearted upon the family estate, from which he ought never to have stirred, except at the due seasons. He apparently did all he could to recover his wife, perhaps he was really sorry when he found he had got rid of her—husbands sometimes are. A storm drove the ship out to sea on the very day the boat was missing; but he returned as soon as he could—it cost him a mint of money to persuade the captain—and remained off and on the coast for weeks. At last he gave up the matter in despair, came home, and buried himself in seclusion. The county families were thus placed in a most embarrassing position, since nobody of any consideration could permit his daughter to marry a man whose estate was entailed, and whose lawful wife and child might turn up at any time. And very lucky it was for all parties that he remained single, since, exactly four years after his sad loss, Mrs. Winthrop reappeared again with the son and heir—that very handsome young man, my dears, whom you have just seen with his father at the table d'hôte."

"A very bold and impudent young man," observed Mrs. Pennant; "I never was so stared at in my life."

"A young man with ten thousand a year in land entailed upon him can afford to stare, my dear; his manners may be Patagonian, but so is his fortune, you must recollect. It assumed giant proportions during these four years which Mr. Winthrop spent in seclusion; though, of late, they do say that the young man himself has made a considerable hole in his father's savings."

"But what has become of his mother?" inquired Mabel. "It seems to me that she is the most interesting person of the three."

"She may have been at one time, my dear; but the fact is, she has been dead these twelve months, though I see that Mr. Winthrop, who has excellent taste, still wears slight mourning for her. I'll look in the 'County Families,' which I always carry about me—that and the Bible, my dear, are the only books that an old woman like me need possess—but I don't think he can be a day more than forty. Upon my word, if I was a young girl, I should be puzzled to know which to take—the son or the father."

"My dear Mrs. Marshall," expostulated Julia, "how can you say such things!"

Mabel was looking out to sea, thinking, perhaps, of the unhappy lady cast away by the cruel waves on that far-off inhospitable shore; and she did not see the expressive glance which her sister gave toward herself in disapproval of the old lady's remark.

Mrs. Marshall nodded a great number of times, to show that she understood the reproof, and then smiled as many more, to prove that it had not put her out of temper.

"Quite right, my dear," she whispered, yet not so low but that, in so calm an evening, Mabel could hear every syllable; "one shouldn't put such things into young people's heads. It is not natural to them to entertain such ideas. It is the young man, of course, who takes their fancy. A gentleman of forty seems to them to rival Methuselah. Your dear mother, indeed, showed a mature judgment at a comparatively early age; but it's not usual."

"Hush!" exclaimed Mrs. Pennant, imperatively, and pointing to the further window, which was closed, but through which could be seen three gentlemen standing on the balcony, and watching the sunset; the odor of their cigars was also very perceptible; at the same time Mabel drew hastily back from the open window, but not before one of the three had perceived her, and, with a movement of courteous apology, removed his Havana from his lips, and threw it upon the croquet-ground beneath.

"There was no occasion to do that, my good Sir," said the cheery voice of Mr. Frederick Pennant; "my wife and sister-in-law are very indulgent in the matter of tobacco."

"Why, who on earth can my husband and Mr. Flint have got with them?" whispered Mrs. Pennant, with amazement. "Why, I do believe it's that very Mr. Winthrop we have just been talking about!"

"Then we'll certainly have him in!" cried Mrs. Marshall, rising and hurrying to the window with a speed of which her years and limbs would have seemed wholly incapable.

Mrs. Pennant caught at her gown with an incisive "Don't!" but too late to stop the impulsive old lady.

"I have got a bone to pick with you, Mr. Flint," cried she, gayly, "on account of a trick you put on me at dinner; and I'll only forgive you on condition that you'll come a little nearer, and let us enjoy the full flavor of those excellent cigars."

This *coup de main* of the intrepid Mrs. Marshall brought about at once a result which would have taken her at least a week of her usual social tactics to have effected: the whole party were introduced to Mr. Winthrop of Wapshot upon the spot, and that under circumstances which precluded all stiffness and formality. The "affair" was spoken of by "the General" for years afterward with a pardonable pride, as one of the most successful and complete in which she had been ever professionally engaged.

AIR-HOLES IN ICE.

THERE are some curious facts connected with the air-holes which form themselves during winter in the ice covering of ponds and lakes. There are often particular spots where partial openings in the ice will be formed every winter. These arise, probably, from warm springs, and have no connection with air-holes properly so called, which are not confined to any particular locality, but may appear any where. There is always a good deal of air under ice, and you may often see it scattered about in small bubbles when the ice is thin. It is probably air excluded in the process of crystallization, and when there is added to it sundry gases formed from decaying matter in the water, it amounts during the winter to a considerable quantity. Such collections of air, like the bubble in a spirit level, are in a very uneasy condition, and are rapidly transferred from one place to another on any casual disturbance of the level, giving rise to one of the numerous noises which are always more or less heard on a lake covered with ice—at least, we used always to attribute to this cause a peculiar groaning sound which was very common. Now, if there should be any casual inequality in the lower surface of the ice, the air will naturally collect there, and if it is above 32° Fahr., which in so far as it consists of evolved gas it probably will be, the receptacle will be increased by thawing. A dome-shaped cavity will thus be gradually formed, which will finally reach the surface; air will escape from below, and the surface-water, of which there is almost always more or less after the snow has fallen, will run down from above, wearing the little jagged channels which are characteristic of air-holes. The whole thing will then after a while freeze up again, leaving an indication of where the air-hole has been in the different color of the freshly formed ice. The writer tried several such air-holes with an axe when first formed, and has always found them to lead to such a dome-shaped cavity. On one occasion an otter frequented a large air-hole on a Canada lake which remained open for some time, and which must have been from a mile and a half to two miles distant from the nearest open water. How did he reach it? for no otter can travel that distance under water without access to air. The Indians say that they will go to greater distances still under the ice, and that they always find air there. It is likely enough that there may be many such dome-shaped cavities which have not yet reached, and may never reach, the surface as air-holes, but one would imagine the air they contain to be not of the most wholesome character. However, this otter did frequent that air-hole for about a week, which it certainly did not reach by traveling on the ice, and though it had few chances of breathing there, in the daytime at any rate, it contrived during that period to elude the snares of a white man and an Indian, who wasted a good deal of time in looking after it.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

WE seem to be living in a period of meteorological metamorphoses and phenomena. The "oldest inhabitants," who have prided themselves upon their long experience enabling them to foretell storm, or wind, or heat, or cold, from some peculiar atmospheric condition, have been forced to shake their wise heads many times during the last twelvemonth, and confess that they never knew "such a strange season." The singular mildness of last winter was the subject of wondering comment. Until nearly the end of December, 1869, violets were found blooming in sunny spots in New England fields; no January had been so warm for forty-six years; in February dahlias blossomed and rose-bushes budded in Pennsylvania; and even in bleak New England the willow and magnolia put forth buds, and a Massachusetts farmer dug potatoes from his field unfrozen and unhurt; in March came severe days; but the sun was high in the heavens, and the cold could not last long, so mild May weather came in April. May itself was almost hot, and in June commenced that long-continued heated term—hotter and longer and more deadly than any that can be remembered—accompanied by severe drought. Then followed a delightful autumn, extending far into the normal winter. But while with us the winter of 1869-70 was peculiarly mild, in Europe an extraordinary degree of cold was experienced. Snow fell in Florence, to the amazement of the people, and in Moscow the mercury sank to 35½° below zero. The Frost King even penetrated some of those sunny climes where the orange-tree blossoms, and its golden fruit is expected to ripen to perfection. On the ocean the cold was intense, and violent storms prevailed, causing the loss of an unusual number of stanch vessels. Our own country also has been startled by earthquakes, tornadoes, furious thunder-storms, auroras of amazing brilliancy, and other phenomena. Scientific men are trying to ascertain some special cause for all this confusion of seasons and atmospheric disturbance. Some declare that the spots on the sun are responsible for a good deal of this irregularity of nature, and predict a continuance of it for some time to come.

At the time of the burning of the Spottswood House, in Richmond, such was the general eagerness to escape from the building that the passage-way of the private entrance soon became so crowded that it was impossible to open the outer door until extraordinary force was used, and it is believed that some lives were lost by the delay. The door opened inwardly. Warnings come almost every day showing that public buildings should be so constructed as to give easy and quick egress in case of fire.

Mont Cenis Tunnel approaches a conclusion. On Christmas-day the workmen on the French and Italian sides had come so near each other as to exchange greetings through the barrier that separated them. This barrier of rock has since been removed.

Four iron steamships 335 feet in length, 40 feet breadth of beam, of 2800 tons burden, and containing all the modern improvements and luxuries, will be built immediately for the American Steamship Line between Philadelphia and Liverpool. The estimated cost of each steamer is $500,000.

Hans Christian Andersen, who visited Charles Dickens's home many years ago, wrote thus concerning Mrs. Dickens:

"It is a great pleasure to find in an author's innermost circle the types of those characters that have delighted one in his works. I had previously heard many people remark that Agnes in "David Copperfield" was like Dickens's own wife; and although he may not have chosen her deliberately as a model for Agnes, yet still I can think of no one else in his books so near akin to her in all that is graceful and amiable. Mrs. Dickens had a certain soft, womanly repose and reserve about her; but whenever she spoke there came such a light into her large eyes, and such a smile upon her lips, and there was such a charm in the tones of her voice, that henceforth I shall always connect her and Agnes together."

The young Spanish King will ascend the throne with the title of Amedeo I.; and it is believed that he will do his best to serve the interests of Spain, and win the affections of the people.

MISSING.—A large island, one of the New Hebrides group, known by the name of Aurora Island. Any information respecting it thankfully received by the owners. The loss was first discovered by Captain Plock, of the bark *Adolphe*, bound from Iquique to London, who states that while passing the New Hebrides Islands he discovered that Aurora Island had entirely disappeared, and no trace of it was to be seen on the face of the ocean where it was before situated. Aurora was a fertile island, about thirty-six miles long and five broad, and was last seen in latitude 15° 2′ south, and longitude 168° 25′ east.

An evidence of the progress of civilization in the Sandwich Islands is recorded in the Honolulu *Advertiser*, being nothing less than a case of pocket-picking, the first that has been known to occur there! Missionaries will scarcely be needed longer! The offender was arrested at once, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment at hard labor.

If reports from abroad are correct, Jenny Lind's husband has used up the fortune with which she retired to private life, and now the songstress who once charmed all ears is compelled to teach music for her living. The ill-matched couple have separated by mutual consent.

Women are quite as often in full possession of their senses, and able to be useful, when suddenly awakened in the night, as men are, notwithstanding all that is said about their screaming and fainting in emergencies. Mrs. Lines, of San Francisco, is an instance in proof of this assertion. She aroused her better half one night, and informed him that some one was in the room. After listening a moment, and hearing no unusual noise, he turned over and lighted the gas to quiet his wife's fears, and then settled himself for another snooze. Mrs. Lines, feeling positive that she had heard footsteps in the room, crawled cautiously down and peered over the foot-board. There she saw the burglar crouched upon his hands and knees. She crawled back and whispered in her husband's ear the unwelcome intelligence, "There is a great big robber right down behind the foot-board." Mr. Lines crawled down to take a peep for himself. Sure enough, there the fellow was, doubled up into as small a space as possible, anxiously waiting for the light to be extinguished so that he might continue his researches. He was induced to quit the premises expeditiously.

A singular instance of death from hydrophobia is given in an exchange. Mr. King, living in Boylston, New York, was severely bitten by a mad dog about forty years ago. He has experienced no serious trouble from the wound during all these years; but a few weeks ago he began to act in a strange manner, and appeared very melancholy. Recently he was seized with severe paroxysms, indicating hydrophobia, and after a few days of fearful suffering death came to his relief.

Hundreds of families of fishermen are rendered destitute for the winter by the failure of the Labrador fishery last season. The amount caught is not a third of what it was the previous season.

Brigham Young thought his income tax too large last year. He declared it was erroneous, and asked to have it abated. Not being so successful as he desired, the venerable householder revenges himself by complaining of the extravagance of his family. Perhaps if he had only the usual quota of wives and daughters, he might find it required less cloth to clothe them. He says:

"I do not like to charge the ladies with extravagance, but how many yards of cloth does it take to make a dress? If Brother Heber C. Kimball were here he would tell you he used to buy six yards of calico for his wife, who was a tall woman. That used to make a dress, and it was a pretty large pattern; then it got up to seven, then to eight, then to nine, then to eleven, and I have been called upon to buy sixteen, seventeen, and eighteen yards for a dress.

"I recollect very well when our fathers and mothers raised the flax and the wool, and when it was carded with hand-cards, spun on hand-wheels, and woven into cloth on hand-looms, and in this way the wants of the family had to be supplied. But now every woman wants a sewing-machine. What for? To do her sewing. Well; but she can do a hundred times as much sewing with a machine as she could by hand, and she does not need a machine more than one day in two or three weeks.

"'Oh yes,' says she, 'I want my sewing-machine every day in my life.'

"'What are you going to do with it?'

"'I am going to sew.'

"And when the sewing-machine is procured, they want a hundred times as much cloth as they used to have."

If women make all this expense and annoyance, why in the world does the gentleman trouble himself with so many of them?

Over four thousand disabled soldiers have been supported during the year at the various national asylums, and in connection with them. At these asylums all labor and service are done by the inmates. Workshops are established, and also farms and gardens cultivated, and many of the soldiers earn a good deal. Each asylum has a library and reading-room, and is well supplied with newspapers and periodicals. Schools are also established, and disabled soldiers are prepared to be school-teachers, book-keepers, clerks, and telegraph operators. The daily bill of fare shows that the inmates of the asylums are afforded all the substantials and most of the delicacies of the markets, yet the average ration during the year has been only twenty-five and one-third cents per day, while the average total cost of maintaining each man, including transportation, clothing, medicines, food, light, fuel, salaries, and all expenses of every kind, is only one hundred and eighty-four dollars per annum—less, it is believed, than at any similar institution in the United States.

Mrs. Disraeli is stated to be no less than sixteen years older than her husband, yet by no means to seem very old. Rumor says that their married life has been a very happy one, and he certainly treats her in public with genuine gallantry.

An ingenious mechanic in Auburn, New York, claims to have discovered a new motive power in certain chemical substances which will take the place of steam, and will move a piece of machinery having the motion of a horse. The machine does not go on wheels like an engine, but walks like a horse on four legs, which rise eight inches, and make a forward move of eighteen, at every revolution of a centre shaft which works them. The shaft is ten feet long, the length of the machine. The legs are so arranged that the machine preserves its balance on uneven ground. It is so constructed that it will go up and down a heavy grade with the greatest ease, and is calculated to walk and draw on soft and tilled land with more ease than any team of horses. It turns round in its own length to any point needed. As to speed, it will go at any rate from three to fifteen miles per hour. The concern can be reversed. It can be employed for all the purposes that a team of horses are useful, such as plowing, reaping, or drawing wagons, street-cars, and canal-boats.

There is not a little truth in a remark made by a late writer on "Fashions:" "Elderly ladies can never appropriate toilets suitable only to youth without adding to their age to a degree of which it would be almost impossible to convince them; and, *vice versa*, young unmarried ladies, dressed in matronly robes and ornaments, lose the charm of elegant simplicity so becoming to them, and show a lamentable ignorance of the first and most immutable canon of good taste—suitability." The same is true in regard to other things besides absolute dress. It has often been remarked that an elderly person looks older with dyed hair than with the silver-threaded locks that nature gives with advancing age.

Nothing is more conducive to the good health, comfort, refinement, and social education of a young family than kind, genial, and cheering conversation at table. Many parents forget this; and when only their children are present swallow their food in morose silence, brooding over business or family cares, or if they speak, it is only to reprove. Make the family meals cheerful, and the happy influence will be felt all day—in the parlor, in the nursery, in the office or store, every where, and by young and old. Try it, and see the results thereof.

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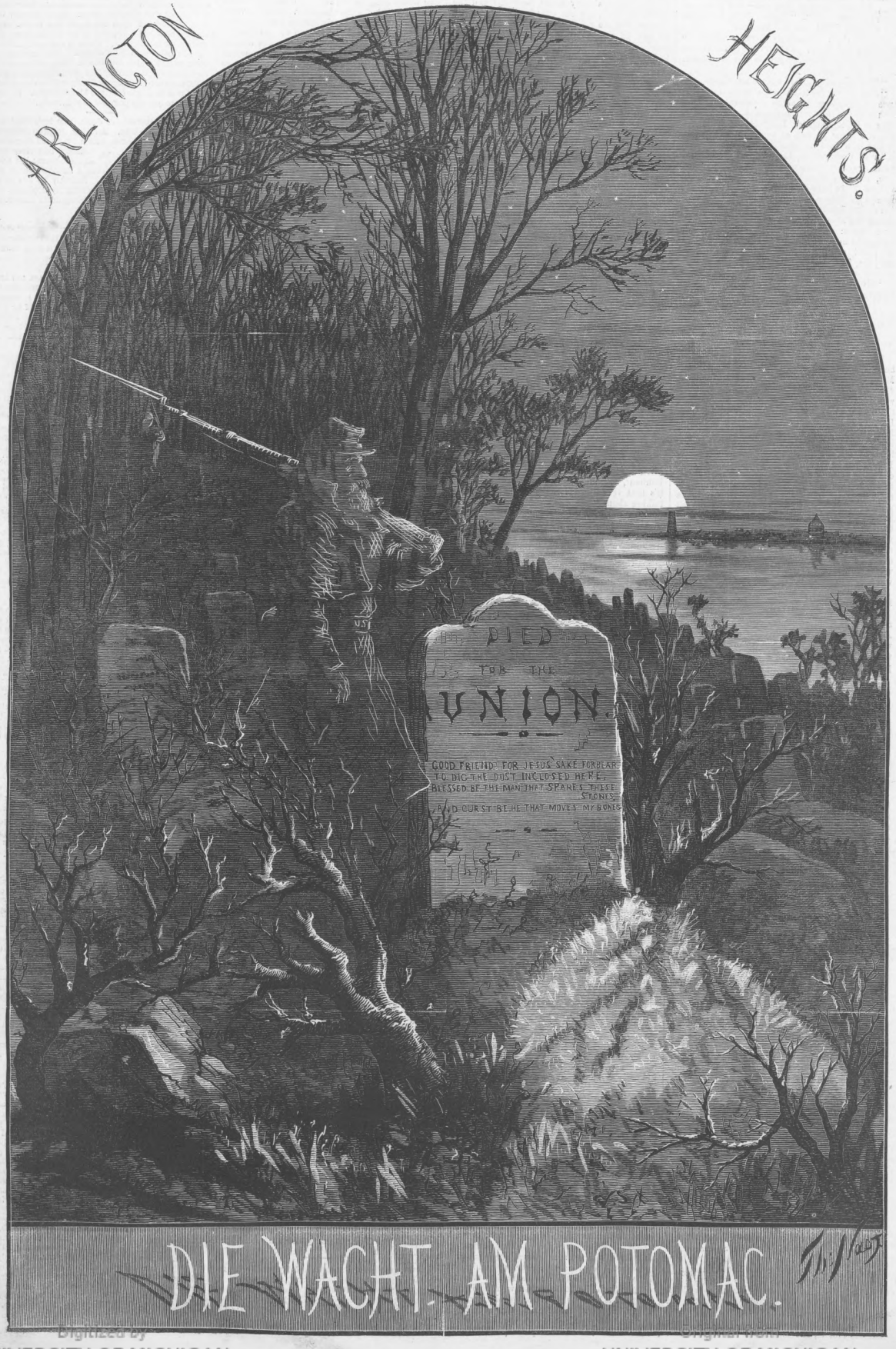

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PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF.

THIS Prince, whose Christian name is ALEXANDER MICHAELOWITSCH, and who is cousin to the famous general who defended Sabastopol in 1855–6, was born in 1798, and educated at the Lyceum of Tzarsko Selo. He made his entry into the diplomatic service at the Congress of Laybach and Verona, as *attaché* in the suit of M. NESSELRODE. In 1824 he became secretary to the Russian embassador at London, when he specially occupied himself in the study of foreign languages. In 1830 he was made chargé d'affaires at Florence; in 1832 he was attached to the legation of Vienna; while in 1841 he received the title of Privy Councilor, after having, as Embassador Extraordinary at Stuttgart, arranged a marriage between the Grand Duchess OLGA and the Prince Royal of Würtemberg.

During the stormy events of 1848-9 Prince GORTSCHAKOFF preserved a prudent reserve, and was thus enabled to use very moderate language as Plenipotentiary at the German Diet which assembled after the reaction of 1850. He is said to have concurred in the abdication of the Emperor FERDINAND of Austria in favor of his nephew FRANCIS JOSEPH. In 1854 he was appointed embassador to Vienna, and it was at his instance that the Russian government accepted the four points which formed the basis of the Conference of Paris in 1856. In 1857 he was recalled to St. Petersburg to replace M. NESSELRODE as Minister of Foreign Affairs.

After the Crimean war the name of Prince GORTSCHAKOFF was seldom before the public, until the world was suddenly startled by his celebrated Note demanding the abrogation of the treaties of 1856 in regard to the Black Sea. The Note created the utmost alarm and anxiety in England. Englishmen were so much alarmed, not because they were unwilling to release Russia from any of the bonds with which she was then bound, but because the *manner* of the declaration struck at the root of all treaty obligations whatsoever. This famous Note was prepared directly after the fall of Metz, when Russia no doubt regarded France as hopelessly crushed, and had arranged a good understanding with Germany. For a few days there was imminent danger of war, for Englishmen felt galled to think that Russia looked upon Britannia as a "cowardly old woman," whom nothing would induce to fight.

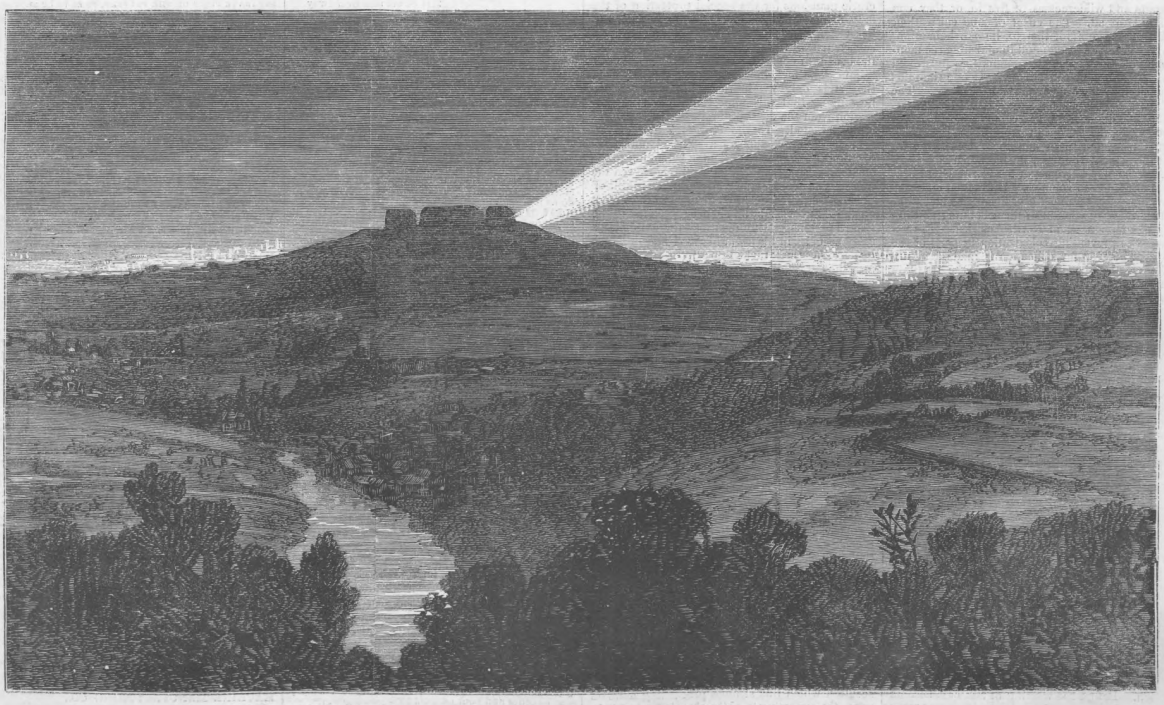
But the firmness of the British government induced the Russian cabinet to consent to refer the whole subject to a conference of the powers who were parties to the obnoxious treaties.

This is not the first time that Prince GORTSCHAKOFF has spoken haughtily to foreign countries. He opposed the meddling of the Western powers in the affairs of the Two Sicilies; in 1862, when NAPOLEON III. wanted to recognize the Southern Confederacy, he would have nothing to do with the matter; and in 1863, when Russia was engaged in putting down the Polish insurrection, and Austria, France, and England proffered some highly moral advice, the Prince courteously bade them mind their own business, and look at home.

PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF.

PARIS UNDER THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.

THE striking effect of the powerful electric lights, by which the French are able at night to illuminate the country to a great distance around Paris, is shown in the picturesque sketch on this page. The dark mass in the centre is Fort Mont Valérien, from which the light is cast over the western side of Paris with almost the brilliance of noonday. By the use of this light the French are able to annoy the Prussians very much in such military operations as are usually carried on after nightfall, as it enables them to detect every attempt to take up new positions or throw up earth-works under cover of darkness. It is not to be supposed, however, that it can materially impede the construction of aggressive works, since at most it only partially deprives the enemy of the advantage offered by night, and obliges them to proceed with greater caution. The modern system of approaches is reduced to an exact science; and if the besieging army is



PARIS ILLUMINATED AT NIGHT BY THE ELECTRIC LIGHT FROM FORT MONT VALÉRIEN.

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strong enough to hold its own against sorties and attacks from a relieving force, the question of its success is only one of time. Starvation, if not bombardment, will sooner or later cause the most powerful strong-hold in the world to fall.

FURS AND FEATHERS.

FURS may be worn for use, or worn for ornament. Inhabitants of cold countries, where furry skins are accessible, soon discover that what is good for the clothing of animals is also good for the clothing of themselves; but the wearing of fur as an ornament is determined by quite other conditions. It would not seem that the ancient Greeks and Romans knew much about furs, or used them as articles of attire. This might not have been altogether a matter of taste so much as a necessity. It so happens that nearly every fur of beauty and value comes from animals that inhabit a very cold country, and with no very cold country were the ancient Greeks and Romans acquainted. In medieval times the taste for furs first sprang up in Europe; and two especial furs, ermine and vair, having commended themselves to the heralds—ermine and sable, in language non-heraldic—acquired a fictitious value. Not only do furs, with hardly an exception, come from animals indigenous to very cold countries, but to be of greatest value the skins must be stripped in winter-time when the hair is softest and thickest. Norway and Sweden, Northern Russia, thence farther to the east, Siberia, these were the chief fur-yielding regions until the discovery of America. With the exception of seal-skins, the southern part of the southern hemisphere hardly contributes a fur-bearing animal, for the Antarctic Circle is strikingly devoid of land.

Fur-bearing animals are of various families. Thus the skins of hares and rabbits, and even cats, must be included as fur material, though in a humble way. Here then we have two animal orders, hares and rabbits being comprehended by *rodentia*, cats belonging to the *carnivora*. Seals belong to the almost fish-like tribe of *phocæ;* beavers are another example of *rodentia;* and thus running through a list of the known fur-yielders, we should fall in with a great variety of animal genera and species. Generalizing, we may say that the most valuable furs come from the weasel tribe. Thus a weasel known to naturalists as the *Mustela zibellina* yields the valuable fur sable, and *Mustela erminea* yields ermine.

Considered as to their preparations, fur skins, when first obtained from the fur-hunters, are merely dried. They are next subjected to a sort of alum dressing on the plain side, and lastly made up into various articles of dress. Considered as a protection against cold, perhaps no dress material is so efficacious as fur; but our climate is hardly cold enough to suggest this use of fur otherwise than as an ornament. The natives of Northern Europe are differently circumstanced. To them the wearing of fur attire is highly desirable, if not a necessity, and hence we find that at the annual sale of Hudson Bay peltry in London, Leipsic dealers are the best customers. Highly desirable though fur attire may be to people who live in very cold climates, the probability is that after the lapse of some time yet indeterminate they will have to do without it, and for the following reason, easy to understand. Fur-bearing animals, at least the best of them, never have been, and seemingly never can be, domesticated. Either they must have their own deserts and wildernesses to live in, or they can not live at all. The effect of land cultivation, with its concomitant thereto, human habitation, as restricting the range and diminishing the number of certain fur-yielding animals, is illustrated in the history of the beaver. At one time this animal inhabited most parts of Europe. The Rhone was conspicuous among rivers for its beaver population from source to sea. As time sped away, the European haunt of the beaver became restricted more and more to the north. At the present time the northern part of North America is the only part of the world where beavers are found in colonies. In Sweden and Norway single beavers may occasionally be met with, but not a congregation of them building and living in common, as in North America. The necessity of preventing colonization in parts of the world wherever fur collection is made a matter of trade, has been illustrated by the tradition and the practice of the Hudson Bay Company, an association that acquired exclusive trading privileges in the reign of Charles II., and maintained them almost intact down to the present year. The entire range of territory comprised in the Hudson Bay dominions formed an enormous tract, about twenty times the size of Great Britain in all, and wholly uncultivated, with the exception of the one small portion called Rupert's Land. The cultivation would appear to be incompatible with the extensive prosecution of fur-trading operations. The chief localities of what may be called inland fur supply are Siberia and North America; of maritime fur supply, the Arctic and Antarctic oceans, where various species of seal yield furs in some repute.

The rule that cold countries are fur-yielding countries especially holds good, as already stated, no fur of any particular repute coming from a temperate, much less a hot country. Chinchilla skins are, however, the produce of a squirrel not inhabiting a cold country; and the reader need not be reminded that monkeys do not inhabit cold countries, yet fur-dealers are not unacquainted in the course of their trade with monkey skins.

Although the most obvious application of fur to purposes of attire is that of wearing the skin to which it is attached, yet a second application of it, through the aid of felting, must not be forgotten. Before the wearing of silk hats became so general, the operation of fur felting was more commonly practiced than now; but even now the skins of hares and rabbits command a ready sale, and their fur is mostly turned to account by felting. Being stripped from the skins, it is beaten into a mat-like body more dense than if it had been spun and woven, and is used for the bodies of felted hats and some other purposes. Before silk hats came into use the favored material for men's head-covering went by the name of beaver. Only the best sort of hats had any real beaver hair in their composition at all, and even those very little; the commoner sorts were made of felted wool bodies, finished with the fur of hares and rabbits. The use of felted hats in England only commenced in the reign of Elizabeth, and they were then at first restricted to the higher classes, people of middling and low rank being obliged to wear knitted woolen caps by act of Parliament.

Some fur-bearing skins require the hair, as naturally presented, to undergo some sort of artificial trimming before the beauty of the fur is developed. This is the case with seal-skins, otter and beaver skins, all which have two sorts of hair, one sort long, coarse, and ungainly; the other short, thick, and lustrous. The three most valuable furs now known to commerce are sable, ermine, and the fur of the silver fox. All the most esteemed sables come from Siberia, and are dark, approaching black in color. The American sable fur is light chestnut-colored, inclining to yellow, as shown by the yellow sable brushes used by painters. Sometimes yellow sable is changed to dark sable by dyeing, but rarely with any great success. Not only does the color of the fur disappear, but the Chinese alone, it is said, can attach the dye so firmly that it will not come off by moisture and rubbing.

Although feathers are not fur, yet certain feathers attached to the skin are used like fur; of this grebe, the feathered breast of a bird commonly found in the Lake of Geneva, is an example. Ostrich feathers, too, may be mentioned here as an article of attire, not to multiply headings. Until lately the only source of ostrich feathers was Africa, where they were obtained from wild ostriches hunted and killed for the occasion; but during the last few years a considerable quantity of this beautiful female adornment has come consigned from the south of France, and from French naturalized tame ostriches. In practice it has been found that the ostrich can be as readily domesticated as the barn-door fowl. All this African bird insists on is a tolerably warm paddock, the ground of which is sandy—like her native Sahara. These two requisites complied with, the ostrich will live and thrive, and, cruel though the practice be, will allow her feathers to be plucked. While on the bird, ostrich feathers are not so very elegant. Their preparation for ladies' head-dresses is a trade in itself, involving many processes of bleaching, waxing, wire-dressing, steam-curling, and dyeing. Some of these processes ladies can execute for themselves. Thus feather dyeing is rather more easy than wool or silk dyeing, and nothing is more easy than curling the ends of ostrich feathers by the aid of a blunt penknife and a jet of steam from the tea-kettle.

THE FIRST UMBRELLA.

IT is generally stated that Jonas Hanway, the well-known philanthropist, was the first man who carried an umbrella in the streets of London. Hanway died in 1786. Early in the century a large umbrella was kept in the halls of aristocratic mansions for the special protection of the lady of the house in passing from her door to her coach; and it was not uncommon to keep such articles in the coffee-houses or taverns for the benefit of customers as early as Queen Anne's reign. The fact, however, is not the less true, that it is only within the lifetime of persons now living that this almost indispensable protection from the mists and rain has become generally adopted. In the *Female Tatler* of December 12, 1709, appears a satirical notice informing the "young gentleman belonging to the custom-house who, for fear of rain, borrowed the umbrella at Will's coffee-house, in Cornhill, of the mistress," that, "to be dry from head to foot on the like occasion, he shall be welcome to the maid's pattens." Gay mentions the umbrella as early as 1712 in his poem of "Trivia," in which he describes the "tucked-up sempstress" walking in a shower, while streams "run down her oiled umbrella's sides." Mr. J. Jamieson, a Scottish surgeon, brought with him from Paris in 1781 or 1782 an umbrella, which was the first seen in Glasgow, where he resided, and where it attracted universal attention.

The earliest specimens of the English umbrella were made, as mentioned in Gay's lines, of oiled silk, which, when wet, was exceedingly difficult to open or close. The stick and furniture were heavy and inconvenient, and the article very expensive. Its transition to the present portable form is due partly to the substitution of silk and gingham for the heavy and troublesome oiled silk, which admits of the ribs and stretchers being made much lighter, and also to the many ingenious mechanical improvements in the framework which have been made from time to time, several of which have been patented. No change has proved a greater convenience than that from the old-fashioned ring and string for securing the umbrella when closed to the simple clip and India-rubber braid now in use; and yet, before this was accomplished, many transitions had to be passed through.

Though the umbrella is itself of older date, there is nothing to invalidate the story that it is to the good Jonas Hanway that we are indebted for the valuable example of moral courage in first carrying an umbrella in the streets of London. It is difficult now to conceive the amount of persecution which this strange proceeding entailed upon the unfortunate philanthropist, whose object was, doubtless, less the protection of his own person than that of showing his fellow-countrymen how they might avoid those continual drenchings to which they had so long submitted. The hackney coachman and the sedan chairman were the first to call out against the threatened innovation, declaring that they were ruined if it came into fashion. When they began to be carried even a gentleman accompanied by a lady, under the shelter of the new-fangled rain protector, were hooted as they passed along, while a gentleman alone carrying one was certain to be attacked with cries of, "Frenchman! Frenchman! why don't you call a coach?" and other more offensive salutations.

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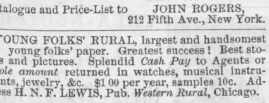

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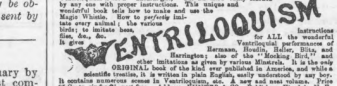

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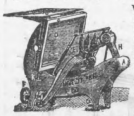

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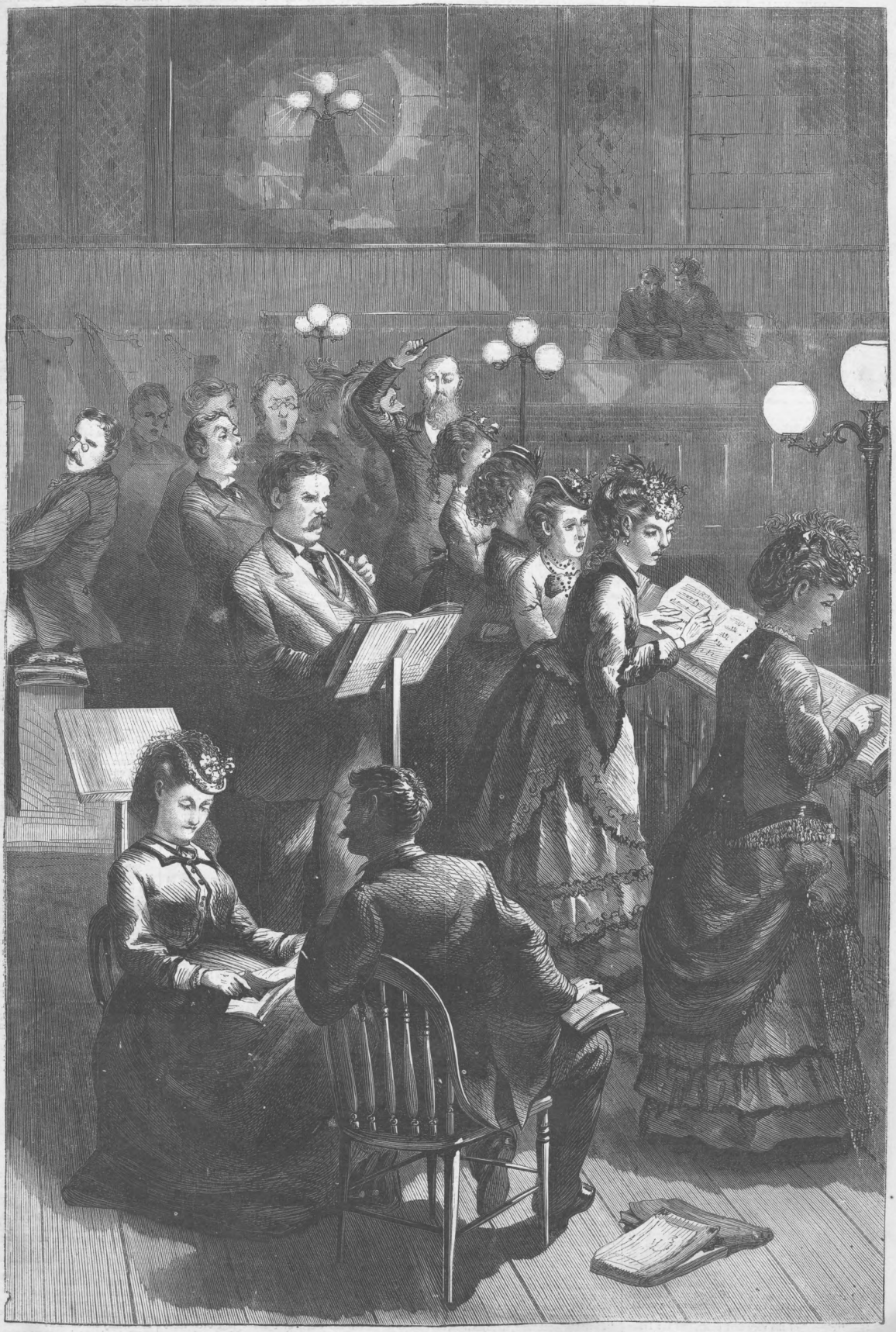

THE REHEARSAL.—[DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD, FROM A SKETCH BY STANLEY FOX.]

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NEW-YEAR'S EVE, 1870

Lo, a young New Year is coming on earth;
The Old Year is dying fast, they say:
Will the sorrows that crowded its weary days
As peacefully pass from our lives away?

I know that this pure, untried New Year
Will come to us clad in angel white;
No stain of the sin and shame on its brow
Which the passing hours will surely write.

Bringing bright, childish, unbroken trust
Out of its strange and mysterious home—
Bringing, with bountiful promise to man,
The New Year, year after year, will come.

But what will the New Year bring to my life
In the store of months it keeps hoarded up?
And what will the Old Year leave when it dies,
Bitter or sweet, in my half-drunk cup?

When the old church-bells are ringing to-night—
Now chiming a greeting, and now a farewell—
What sadness or gladness will ring in for me
Only the tale of the New Year can tell!

The New Year, which, spite of its first sweet smile,
Will not always move with so light a tread,
And need scarcely, it seems, be burdened too
With grief from the year that is lying dead.

And, watching the Old Year's parting breath,
This prayer from my heart may well arise:
"Oh, Old Year, Old Year, bury thy dead,
In thine own grave hide them, and hush their cries!

"Let never a murmur remind me of joys
Thou hast slain, but not yet hidden away—
Let never a breath of the New Year's air
Whisper in tones of a happier day!

"But leave me, Old Year, in mem'ry of thee,
What thou brought and gavest to be my own;
Take not away that sweet, strange, new light
Which makes God's meaning half seen and known.

"Leave me the faith in the good and the true,
Which can twine Hope's wreaths round the woes of life—
Leave me the peace it has spoken to me
When my heart was filled with unholy strife!

"Disturb not the seed springing up in my heart
Of love, from all earthliness purified,
Which can live in the light of another's joy,
Though its own long since have withered and died.

"Uncomplaining I yield up thy gifts, Old Year,
Ere thou ridest away from earth to-night,
Save my trust in Him who alone can make
The days of the New Year glad and bright!"

JULES AND LISCHEN.

"I TELL thee, Armand, there shall be war, and war before the summer is over—va! Knowest thou that these German vermin can not stand the hot weather, so that thou and I shall drink Moselle on the Rhine—on the Rhine!"

And then the speaker broke into the lovely, insolent song by Alfred de Musset—"*Why we have had it, your German Rhine.*"

The good friend, Armand, shook his head and looked grave. He was little older than the other, but much wiser; and your wisdom brings with it an increased happiness, which, however, has its sad side as well as its alleviating aspect.

"Why should we fight, my Jules?" he says, gently knocking off the end of his cigarette ash, as though, having done him a good turn when it was tobacco, he wished to treat it kindly in parting with it. "What have these Germans done to us?"

"Seest thou, my Armand, they are animals! They feed upon raw roots, and beat their women. Girls draw plows and carts, and they love to eat swine!"

"Still appears it to me that they have done us no harm."

"Thou stupid compatriot!" cries Jules. "Dost thou not see that only through war shalt thou or I become a marshal of France, be called a duke, and have a carriage each for his wife."

Armand shook his head.

"Thou art blind, Jules. Let there be made a marshal a year, my comrade, and 'tis but sixty in as many years, while the army numbers perchance half a million."

"Still, nevertheless, a marshal one may be," cries the younger and more eager of the two.

"But seest thou," says Armand, "we may not be even each a marshal until sixty; and, through all our lives, what shall we have done except taken the people's bread, which they have gained by the sweat of their brows, eaten their meat, drunk their wine and their cider, swallowed their fruit, and all for what?—that we may look well on a field-day, and keep the people down if they find fault!"

"Pst-t-t-t!" says Jules, looking about. "If thy captain heard thee talk thus, thou'dst be kept in barracks till thou wert paler even than nature made thee. The fact is, Armand, thou art a philosopher!"

"I am what I am," replies the other. "Sometimes I envy thee that thou art so light of heart, my Jules—though, mark thee, at other times I have great pity for thee, knowing that thou canst not control thyself as I can."

For a moment the dark blood mantled into the other's face, then a smile broke over the countenance, and, taking Armand's hand, he pressed it strongly, saying, "Nevertheless, we are friends unto the death!"

The two speakers here mentioned were—when they spoke to such effect as the above, and of course speaking in French—seated at one of those little tables outside the *cafés* on the line of the Paris boulevards, which, in the old time of French glory and supremacy that has passed away forever, gave such an air of holidays and continual enjoyment to the fairest metropolis in the world.

Armand Bellingé and Jules Praier were "chums" of the very first order, and the latter having joyfully received a remittance from home, the two were emancipated from barracks for one day, in that brightest of Junes, the last. The young soldiers were their own masters until midnight.

Armand had been in the *chasseurs à pied* about two years when Jules Praier joined them, and therefore it may be inferred that he was about two years his elder.

Both had drawn "bad numbers" from the conscription-urns, and the family of neither had been rich enough to pay the substitution-money, or to have been able to insure the boys, when born, against the contingency.

They were the sons of peasants, such men as usually have made up the ignorant mass of the French army, very few of whom could write, or even read, and they were both poor. But there the difference ended, for Jules was as ignorant as a charity-boy, while Armand was well informed.

In Armand's village there had lived, when he was a boy, an old conventionist, then near eighty years of age, but bright of eye and wit. He had risen to the surface, and represented the people in the first French Révolution, and when he was about eighteen. They did not study age in '89. When France fell, he fell; and so it came to pass that, at between seventy and eighty years of age, the peasantry would now and again stone him, because, said they, it was whispered that he had "the evil eye."

Armand Bellingé stood up for this old man, and lo! that bread we are urged to cast upon the waters came back in this instance freighted with life. This old man opened Armand's understanding, taught him the beginning of all the truths so few of us even now dare avow, and set him on the high-road to real patriotism and the highest life—a sense of the equality of all nations and of all men.

And so in God's good time this man died, carrying with him this purgation—"CANTAVI."

The now made man, Armand, goes to the army—peaceful, earnest, bright, safe. Then, in two years' time, he meets Jules—this meeting being in January, 1870. Six months after—in June—they are seated in the Paris sunlight, friends for life, though so different—Armand being safe from the danger of deception, by reason of the knowledge created in him by that old, old weak man's will; the other, Jules, ignorant, superstitious, and as easily deceived as the merest child.

They were equally brave; but Jules might be seized by panic, while Armand, being the wiser, was less likely to suffer from fright.

One was drinking that cloudy green liquor, "absinthe," which the French army so much affected; the other was sipping that strange refreshment, a glass of cold coffee, tempered with iced water—one of the most refreshing and sober-like drinks under the yellow sun.

"I tell thee, there will be war," said Jules, as though the other said that there could not be, "and thou and I shall be, at least, colonels; and I shall not be jealous of thee, Armand, if thou art colonel first."

There was the brightness of the excitement absinthe is so clever at producing in the eyes of the boy—for he was scarcely more than a boy—as he spoke.

Armand, sober in his ways as in his drink, put his hand lightly upon the other's, and said, "Who may be first dead, *l'ami?*"

He said it in no unpleasant, lachrymose way, but the other turned pale.

"Never think of death. *Vive la France!* To your health, comrade."

And in this way the day passed. After the absinthe, mid-day breakfast, or lunch, as we may call it here in America—after this varied meal, a hand-in-pocket promenade in the Bois de Boulogne, where the fashions are no longer to be found, because it is June, and the French world of fashion scorns Paris in the summer-time. Then follows a cup of black coffee at the café by the cascade, and then a walk in the jardin d'acclimatisation; so back to a two-francs-and-half-a-dozen-courses dinner in the Palais Royal. Thence to Bulier's, with dances and cigars for Jules, and cigarettes and a quiet hour for the soberer Armand.

And at midnight they are once more in barracks—Jules a little intoxicated, and somewhat surly because his chum has got him away, and so saved him from being reported in the morning as absent without leave.

A month passes. Paris is up, and therefore France is ablaze.

"Prussia," cries every body, "has betrayed France; the King of Prussia has turned his back upon the French embassador, and war is certain."

A week before a mob would have been dispersed by the police—now the great thoroughfares are one vast crowd.

Three days since to have sung the wild, wine-mad, blind-of-passion national hymn, the "Marseillaise," would have been to court an iniquitous inquisition—the interior of a prison. Now the police pay their foul spies to sing the hymn, awakening ghastly and strange from the tomb which has covered it for almost eighteen years.

The air is alive with trumpet-calls and clash of arms. "To Berlin!" is the cry; and men, meeting soldiers, embrace them. As for the women, a blouse is as contemptible as a monk's cowl, and no bright eyes will smile upon it.

The army is swarming, and war is in the air. The bands blare, the tuck-tuck of the drum is constantly heard, the fifes are shrill as the women's *vives*, and common-sense and mercy, Christianity and human love, justice, are all thrust to the wall.

To Berlin! France is the master of the world. To Berlin! Russia has been humiliated; Austria has been driven back; England is civil; and Prussia must be taught her place in Europe.

Bah! the Germans can not fight. Hark you—they never fairly and alone stood against the "Little Corporal," and, since his time, the Chassepot and the mitrailleuse are victory in themselves, without help from generals.

The Chassepot, see you, is far better than the needle-gun; and of what avail is cannon against mitrailleuses? Forward! France is the world's arbiter.

The news runs that the Germans faint in the summer sun, and that they are fair and weak.

Turco is told that the German woman is fair, and a goodly feast.

And Turco—who is a wild animal from the ravines of unfortunate Algeria, where live the race of Ishmael, whose hands shall be against all men's—Turco, in his brand-new, light blue uniform and white turban, smiles a red-hot smile, and in his tumultuous heart knows that where there is strife there is advantage for him. How little or how much cares he for all those pale faces, French or German, who care but for one wife, who eat the flesh of swine, and who believe not, O Allah!—in Mohammed?

The city is out-of-doors, marking the tens upon tens of thousands of soldiers moving forward, their faces to the east. The morning sun falls upon them—'tis a good augury.

The weather is growing hotter.

Ha! the Emperor has started, and he takes with him his son.

Then there is a lull.

Paris is empty of soldiers, and no news arrives from the Rhine.

M'Mahon is the greatest soldier in the world, 'tis said.

Some swear by De Failly, others by Bazaine, others by Canrobert, while some say Palikao is the man.

But at the head of all stands Napoleon III., and the Empress is Regent at the Tuileries.

So—the Prussians are in France.

* * * * * *

Why is there no news from the war?

"Ah, the Prussians have blown up the bridge at Kehl—les lâches.

So—the war has begun.

Saarbruck is taken. The Prince is a true soldier. He has been under fire.

Then—Weissenburg.

Then—Wörth.

* * * * * *

It is Weissenburg. Armand Bellingé and Jules Praier are side by side.

Confusion, smoke, explosion, rattle of musketry, the scream of shells in the air, the cutting, slatting rush of bullets, varied by reddened blazes of opal fire through the thick, heavy white smoke.

This is what a battle is to the private while waiting for orders.

"Chasseurs—forward!"

Cries nearer now. The voice of the captain of their company, and the men known here by name move forward with thousands of others.

"Halt!"

They are nearly within range.

The private now knows what war is when orders have come.

Those who direct the battle are on the hill-top.

Mark these galloping men—they belong to the staff, and are carrying orders.

"Attention: forward!"

On again, at the swift chasseurs' pace.

Hit!—there is a jet of screams—a hole is made in the ranks—a cry comes of "Re-form!" and half a score of men are left dead, dying, and wounded on the field.

The marshal's baton is not for any of them. A moment, and their worlds of hope are at an end.

The two friends embrace each other by a mere look, for their hands are now their country's, and they can not grasp them.

Suddenly the smoke-cloud rises, as a sweep of wind comes past, and there are two great cries, one in French, the other in German.

But the latter is vastly the louder, for there are Germans, Germans interminable, and as the ants upon a hill-side in high summer.

A moment, and the firing has begun nearer at hand. The old Brown Bess would be as good for aiming as the needle-gun or Chassepot, for the so-called enemies are not a hundred yards apart.

So near that the quick-eyed Jules can see the sturdy, fresh German marking down Armand. As he turns, the friend falls—well shot through the heart.

Is there or is there not a look to his left, at which Jules stands?

This is what the surviving comrade can not say. In a moment he is dead, the face and hair smirched with the already reddened ground.

Sparse time for sentiment. A sudden movement drives him over the body of his friend; and then it is that he thinks himself wounded because he feels faint. His want of educational training prevents him from self-sustentation. The panic of affrighted ignorance is beginning to set in.

Ah, but the face of the German who shot his "intime," his chum, his "pays," is printed on his angry and affrighted brain.

He has no thought of the marshal's baton now.

Thousands upon thousands more of the Germans, as the smoke rises; to the right, to the left, a-down in the hollows, a-high on the hills—steady, quiet, slow in their movements—never wavering.

Suddenly—a hail of bullets on their left flank, and the regiment wavers.

As suddenly—a hail of shot on their right flank, while the dead-straight lead and curving iron are belching upon their front.

On the ground (now an umber red at various points, and not a blade of grass, or vine, or corn to be seen) are dead men, in the strangest attitudes—wounded men, battling against the trampling feet of their own comrades.

Ha! The retreat is sounded!

A whirl of cries. Victory. The Germans are upon them.

Over the dead, over the dying, over those who can not move because of broken legs or blood-exhausting wounds, over the blind and the stunned, crash the flying thousands of their former comrades, every moment the number on the ground being added to, the enemy after them accomplishing with their feet and horses' hoofs the work begun by their comrades.

When the day is over, and the ghastly muster-roll is called, to half the names no "Here!" is responded. More than half the men of the regiment are either dead, wounded, or prisoners.

This is their first action, and the men are not accustomed to battle and to failure yet.

While daylight lasts no tears are seen; but the night-time can not muffle the sounds of sobbing.

The white flag is out by this time, and German and Frenchman are side by side, kneeling over the dead and dying.

Doctors, especially, are busy. Here are piles of arms—there a heap of the spiked helmets of the Prussian line—there a larger heap of the broad-peaked French képis.

On all sides broken arms and tattered clothes. It is like a hospital dislocated by an earthquake.

Already the beasts of prey are about, from the human kites (who are created, it would seem, upon the battle-field, who rob the dead, and perchance kill the dying) to the birds and beasts who gather at the smell of blood. The hawks and the falcons have already wheeled in the evening air. The crows, the rooks, and the ravens have already settled down upon the neighborhood of the field, like a diaper of funereal pall; the weasels, the stoats, and the field ermine have come out from their holes, raising their sharp snouts in the blood-stained air. The farm rats savor something more palatable than last year's corn or the hard farm bacon; and the wolf, which still slidingly crawls in the Alsatian woods, has proclaimed himself in his hoarse, quick bark.

Little lanterns, like glow-worms, only yellower, are wandering from point to point, stopping here, moving quickly from there; and the night, as seen from the battle-field, is fringed on two sides, east and west, with camp-fires, and especially in the east, where the myriad German soldiers are gathering strength for the morrow's massacres.

Over all the moon shines—grand jewel in her celestial quiet, set in an expanse of lesser jeweled plenitude of peace and quietude. For of what avail to time and space is a hard-fought contest in one corner of our globe?

Let us go back to this human field.

One little lamp is more active than the rest—moving along, never stopping for more than a moment, yet never ceasing to stop.

Peer through the clear darkness of the moonlight, and you will see this light rest for a moment at a higher level than that of the mass of searching lamps.

Come nearer the carrier, and you may mark that he is looking about him as though calculating distances.

Then on the lamp went again. It could have been marked that the lamp was going in no direct line, and moved generally in a northeasterly direction.

The battle-field is quiet enough now. The wounded have ceased to groan, and are waiting patiently, or are asleep. The yearning cries for water are at an end.

So—there are no cries.

Yes—suddenly. One.

And the little light you have been watching at the same moment drops and vanishes. In another quarter of an hour a visiting party of Prussians, examining the field, come to a touching group of two men—one whose fair hair is reddened, and whose all-unlustrous eyes and yawing mouth bespeak him dead.

Upon the body, face over the dead heart, lies a human figure, clasping one of the rigid hands.

"Freundschaft," says one of the Germans—"und tod."

Friendship and death—not really. The one has passed away from friendship, the other has not reached death.

The Germans start back, as the uppermost figure murmurs, "Good-by, old friend! good-by, comrade! dead! dead!"

The Germans look at each other sorrowfully, for they are not angry in their war of triumph.

One stoops, and in strongly German-accented French he says, "What ails you, friend?"

He looks in the moonlight, sees the face which was bent upon his friend's when the bullet removed him, and, with a cry, he falls away from the dead friend and the living foe.

When next this poor, ignorant, loving fellow, Jules, knows himself he is once more in the French lines, and lying under a hospital tent. Some searching spirit or strong salt saturates a handkerchief laid upon his forehead.

Says a pleasant voice, "Good-morning, my friend; you are yourself again."

The speaker is a pleasant-faced man, who wears a badge upon his arm—a red cross on a white ground.

"Yes," says the soldier, "quite strong."

And next day he is with his company, his swarthy face pallid, his merry voice silent, his laughing lips unparted, his eyes dull and piteously yearning.

He is an eager, a kindly, an undisciplined, ignorant man, now suffering the miseries of ignorance, as at other times he has escaped the sorrows of knowledge.

It was downward work with the French from the first. Once again this poor fellow, Jules, now so lonely, is in action with his regiment.

Ha! if he can only see the face he has now marked twice! Oh, for a third time! Let him but once again see the face!

He swears to kill him.

But in battle what man meets to-morrow the hand-to-hand enemy of to-day? More and more Prussians! To the right, to the left, in front, and finally surrounded!

The regiment is a mere point; the Germans are a thick belt of men.

Neither forward can they go, nor retreat.

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Their shot diverges; the German lead converges; and the sickly yet fresh smell of warm blood is strong enough in the air to overpower the searching smell of the powder.

Ha! the eagle is down; and an officer rides forward, with the point of his sword nearly touching the ground; and the bugle sounds, and the order is given to ground arms.

The regiment has capitulated, and the men are German prisoners.

So—the war will no more make Jules a marshal than it did poor Armand, now buried, with hundreds of others, beneath the already cracked and upheaved ground.

The battle is over, and Jules is a prisoner.

But if he could only see the German vermin who shot Armand.

Now the first of the German prisoners were forwarded to Germany by rail.

It has been told how the Frenchmen had been informed that the Germans were heathens, savages, monsters.

But lo! before the first train reached Berlin the willfully misinformed French prisoners learned that these people were kindly, simple souls, for the most part, who brought them huge chunks of bread and sausage, and poured for them draughts of plain, wholesome beer.

At first they feared poison—soon they wanted more.

A week from that time Jules Praier is billeted at a small farm some thirty miles from Berlin. He is no longer a soldier; he is a prisoner upon parole; and he leads an easy life enough of it, because he is willing to be useful, and because the people upon whom he is billeted speak some French.

Moreover, he had discovered, with the charming delight of friendly ignorance, that the name of his entertainer is almost the same as his own—he is Jules Praier, they are named Preier—the words, allowing for the pronunciation of each language, being almost identical.

In two or three days his shyness has worn off, and as laziness is not an attribute of health, and Jules is healthy, he is glad enough to go working in the harvest-fields with the women of the farm.

Strange, indeed, it is that while the German farmer, who should be there, is away in France, a prisoner from France is doing the German farmer's field-work.

The Germans are a little afraid of him at first, and especially when he has great bursts of grief in memory of his dead friend, and flings himself upon his knees in the midst of the yellow cornland, or in the old homestead, and prays with eagerlips, with trembling hands, and streaming eyes.

The women, followers of a less eager shape of prayer, mistrust yet pity these wild appeals to high Heaven. But they soon find that there is the same humanity in his heart as in theirs.

It is especially to Lischen that he looks up. Lischen is fair of skin, blue of eye, while there is something in her face which the prisoner can not comprehend, and which really is that presence of knowledge which always makes itself evident upon every face which masks even only a partially enlightened intellect.

This Lischen awakens no more thought of passion in the man's hot, eager, Gallic heart than in the church of his native village did the lily-bearing statue of the *mater purissima*.

She awes him.

"How comest thou to speak French?" he asks in the midst of the swish-swish of the scythe, and cracking chop of the reaping-hook.

"We have lived in France," she says; "for the father was once a baker."

"Dost thou like France?"

"Not so dearly as Germany."

"But they do not sing in Germany."

"No, because of the war. But when the good time of peace shall come we shall sing in bands all through the year. In Germany we all know songs, but now we are dumb except when we sing hymns."

"Ah!" the Frenchman cries, as though discovering something, "paternosters and credos?"

"No; hymns," said Lischen, in a gently perverse tone.

"Dost *thou* sing hymns?"

"Ah! we sang one when he left us. We sang 'Gottes liebe.'"

"'Gottes liebe?'"

"'God's love,'" she said.

"Ah, *we* sang the 'Marseillaise.' Who was *he* that went away?"

"My brother. He has gone to the war."

"He is not yet dead?"

"No; oh no, no!"

Here came another eager, frantic moment of prayer on the part of the poor, ignorant Frenchman—he remembering his friendship.

"Lisbeth, that thou seest in the dairy, is his wife. They were married only one hour before he joined the army; 'For,' said she, 'if I may not long be thy wife, I can all my life be thy widow. Go; fight for thy country!'"

This simple, plain, candid German woman stupefies the Frenchman—she is so different from the dark-eyed, mobile girl peasantry of his native France.

He plucks up a little banter.

"And thou—hast thou no sweetheart?"

"Oh no," she says, with the frank simplicity of a little child.

Day follows day, and behold the Frenchman follows Lischen about like a dog. The women at this small farm, led by the old, old father, clap their hands, and cry "Oh!"—and meanwhile the poor lad, who daily thinks less of his dead friend, yet each day reproaches himself more acutely for his forgetfulness—meanwhile he finds the hours tripping by.

He has learned a few words of stuttering German, and he is very glad to air them.

Days go past, they not telling him of the German victories. Alsace is conquered, Lorraine is conquered.

The German cannon roars at Strasburg; Nancy is no longer a free French town.

The Germans are spreading like a fan over northeastern France.

Marshal M'Mahon is in flight; Bazaine is shut up in Metz.

But Jules Praier knows nothing of all this. He works in the fields, finding, each day, the song of the lark more beautiful, the colors of the flowers rarer.

The hum of the bee will make his heart leap, the flutter of a butterfly will make his soul sing.

The memory of the poor, fair friend, Armand, is being displaced by the implacable conqueror, Love. This fair, calm, grave, generous Lischen is absorbing his very soul.

The 14th of August, and the 16th, and the 18th, the awful day which is to be known as that of the battle of Gravelotte—they all passed, and the military majesty of France was nearly broken. But the dark, bright-eyed prisoner knows only vaguely of all these matters—nor, indeed, have the Germans themselves heard more than rumors.

He works like a slave, does the prisoner; is as obedient as a child, as easily pleased as an infant.

And what of Lischen?

She has dazzled the stranger with her calm, fair beauty; so he had bewildered her with his eagerness and natural brilliancy of life. But she is calm, and hides her tenderness. He, on the contrary, has no natural power of concealment.

"Herr Praier," she cries, early one morning, almost as excited as a Frenchwoman, "here is a letter from our brother!"

"Ma foi! Can he write?"

"Ay, all Germans can write! Thou shalt hear what he says!"

"Parbleu! Canst *thou* read?"

"Ay, almost all German women read."

The Frenchman is distraught and pale as the fräulein reads the brother's letter—for is it not the history of the fall of France? But he has still comprehension which he can spare to feel dazzled by her wisdom.

"Canst thou not write?" she asks.

He shakes his head, his face being crimson enough by this time.

"And canst thou not read?"

Another slow shake of the head, held still lower than before.

"Ha! they say in Germany that we have conquered your people because we can all read and write."

The Frenchman looks up.

"Mais! if we others, we French, all wrote and read, thinkest thou we could beat the Germans?"

"Ah!" cries the fräulein. "Did all the French read and write they would be wise enough not to quarrel with us, but to love us."

"Will *thou* teach *me* to read and to write, Gretchen?"

An awkward, sweet "Ya" replies to the word "Gretchen," and two hearts are beating.

For, see you, there is no hatred between peoples—only prejudice, lies, ignorance, and power fighting for itself with other powers, and to that end setting honest people to work killing each other. Only these infamies separate the various peoples.

The blood-red month of August, 1870, sweeps on, as many seconds long as all the Augusts of the world has seen, and the awful 1st of September is at hand.

Sedan is down—the self-made Emperor is vanquished—Sedan is a heap of ruins—Paris is in revolt—the Spanish lady, called the Regent-Empress, has fled from her palace—every Napoleon is in a place of safety; and the lad who received the baptism of fire flees to the shore which, whatever be its faults, receives all comers without demanding passports.

But only vaguely do Lischen and the prisoner hear of these things.

That quality of love which conquers patriotism, blood, caution, even common-sense, and sometimes common honor, has besieged and vanquished them.

There is no Germany, no France, for these two; there is the universal empire of love, and commonplace patriotism is shivering out in the cold.

The republic exists; the Prussians march upon Paris; war is in the very air, and the world watches with bated breath; but the end of vain rivalries, love, has blinded Lischen and the prisoner, and the days dance by.

Strasburg falls.

Does ever he reproach himself when alone? does she? Be that as it may, when they meet their world is complete.

What of to-morrow?

They have no to-morrow—to-day is their all.

Days, weeks pass.

It is still to-day for them.

But upon one peaceful Sunday morning, when the great bells of the Gothic German churches are ringing out their wide hallelujahs, there comes to the farm a fair and stalwart man in uniform, his left arm in a sling.

The two are hand in hand, looking out upon the golden world before them.

"Mein bruder!" cries Lischen.

"C'est lui!" cries the Frenchman; "c'est lui!"

This brother is the man who shot tenderhearted and just Armand Bellingé—he whose friendship was so kindly noble.

So, loving the sister of the man who killed his one dear friend, what shall he do?

He remembers his oath: shall he kill him? Why, how can he?

Then the thought of suicide settles upon him.

Die, and leave her?

The brother is home from the wars, with a broken arm. He is pleasant, frank, candid, for he is a little wise.

And when, another week being past, his honest sister tells him all, the soldier says, "Why not? Let it be so. When the war is over, and peace is with us, all men will be brothers. The only enemy is sin."

Here the Frenchman kisses Hermann Preier's hand, and he says, "Brother Hermann, I will learn."

TARGET EXCURSIONS.

IN their most familiar shape the greater number of the target companies of New York are a wretched perversion of an originally good purpose. As organized at first, for rural recreation and harmless sport, they were not only unobjectionable in themselves, but sometimes led to excellent results in rifle practice. Many of the companies, composed of the employés of large manufacturing and other firms, still retain this character, and their annual excursions are creditable displays. But the legions of target companies that infest our streets just before a general or State election are very different organizations. Most of them bear a quasi-political character, and the members are, in fact, nothing more than election brawlers for some local demagogue. It is very simply managed. Some fellow with nothing else to do, by the aid of his own or the public purse, will enlist fifty or sixty corner-grocery idlers, and organize them into a company by appointing himself the captain. He has then but little difficulty in finding some wealthy aspirant for office ready to equip the men with red shirts and muskets, in return for which the company bears his name, and is supposed to be devoted to his interests. But, like all mercenaries, they will fight under any flag. The captain holds the gang in readiness to make forays upon public officials of every grade and creed with rigorous impartiality. Tribute is demanded upon pain of the forfeiture of the confidence and support of the company, and is taken in any shape in which it may be offered. It is gathered under pretense of prizes to be shot for; and although some few of the more potent companies get such substantial things as silver pitchers, the multitude have pewter cups and similar trash palmed off upon them. They have now so increased in numbers that they make demands upon every body in the ward, and taken any thing offered, so that lately one of these companies paraded with a handsomely mounted coffin, which one company had obtained from an undertaker to pledge for liquor.

But whatever may be the prize, its possession rarely depends upon the marksman's skill, as their excursions are simply the excuse for all kinds of rowdyism, and their shooting entirely apocryphal. Generally each company is supposed to have but one excursion each year, but the Democratic "Smith Guards" of one day becoming the Republican "Jones Rangers" of the next, and repeating their operation as often as caprice may dictate, some companies obtain unlimited free drink, and food during an entire political campaign. Demoralizing to the members, and a threat to the public, it is fortunate these organized frauds are short-lived, as most of them die with the occasion that gave them existence, and few survive the second year. The same men undoubtedly make up other and succeeding companies, but as their associations are constantly changing, the organizations never become welded into a dangerous mass. It is impossible to say how many of these target companies are in existence each autumn, but each ward in the city has at least half a dozen. Politicians in pretense, but marauders in practice, they are quasi-military companies, unauthorized and uncontrolled by law; they are a menace to the public peace, to which the attention of the Legislature was called some years ago by the Police Commissioners in an annual report. But nothing was then or has since been done to control or suppress them.

In the sketch to be found on page 48 of this paper an artist has happily and humorously hit off the characteristics of one of these target excursions. The company has been out all day, and is returning in a very jolly condition, which can not be altogether the result of steady rifle practice. The inevitable darky, whose presence seems to be essential to the dignity of every such excursion, brings up the rear with the disfigured target. It is certainly well shot through; but, doubtless, it would be difficult to get from any of the party a true statement of the range at which it was done.

FRANCE AFTER THE WAR.

THE war between France and Prussia was caused by social movements, and it must issue in still greater. Bismarck and Napoleon were each driven to divert the energy of their respective nations to foreign war by the upheaving of the popular spirit at home. The imminent danger to his own throne at last drove Napoleon into war. The very disasters of France are due to the same cause. France is still heaving with internal revolution. There the great social struggle between capital and labor, that prolonged struggle on which England and America are entering, and to which Germany is approaching, is already far advanced. The real cause of the war, of the disasters, of the powerlessness of France, is one and the same: that France is in the convulsion of a social revolution. She is divided against herself. Workman and employer, rich and poor, stand apart in two camps, distrusting each other, counterworking each other, and thus a prey to political adventurers. France is thus for a time weak, and falls in war an easy victim to the unity of Germany, in which, from its more backward social condition, all this crisis is yet to come.

But the moment France has weathered the storm, the impulse given to her social movement will be enormous. The republic has been established, and the republic itself is the only institution in France which has not been discredited. France, too, has been happily relieved of that incubus which has hitherto rested on progress—her army. Those 350,000 prætorians—those marshals, generals, and staff; guns, standards, material, and eagles—the whole chauvinist camp, from Emperor to drummer-boy, have been swept into space and into ignominy. The professional soldier in France is morally dead. Her army, the curse of Europe and of civilization, has gone out with an ill savor. It was not the *déchéance* of Napoleon that was proclaimed on the 4th of September, but the *déchéance* of militarism. The soldier is become an anachronism—the symbol of national degradation. The only sort of honor has been won by workmen and peasant volunteers—a true citizen-army of national guard. For the first time in French history the workmen of the great towns are armed and organized, and the whole of the new army from top to bottom is essentially democratic. In a military sense this may as yet be a weakness; but, in a political sense, it means the emancipation of the people.

Even after the fall of Paris the war may be indefinitely prolonged. But it must end some day. And then, with France exhausted, stripped of every thing, wealth and the means of wealth annihilated, she will be in the position of a new country; capital will be in search of labor, and labor will be master of the situation. However long the war continue, and however great the sufferings of France, it is the rich who really suffer. The poor, so long as they keep their own skins whole, and are not actually starving, do not lose much, for the simple reason that they have nothing to lose. A Prussian invasion to them involves no greater personal loss than individual distress, hard times, or a lock-out—indeed, far less, for they are the most indispensable part of the public, and must be fed.

On the conclusion of peace, therefore, the people, socially and politically, will be masters of the destinies of France, and therefore of Europe. All that France loses in material ascendency in Europe she will gain in moral ascendency. Peace can not be made in such a way but that relatively labor shall be left in the ascendant. It was so after the hurly-burly of '93, and it will be so again after '70. And the workmen are the only people who have upheld the honor of France. Thus, however France may be materially crippled, the cause of the republic and of labor will come to the front. Even if the republic itself collapse in the strife—for France is still divided into two camps, the rich and poor—the republican element will be strong. And France will retain and increase her moral influence. Not only Napoleonism and militarism are *déchus* henceforth in France, but something else; and that is the indolent extravagance of the rich. The degraded and selfish pomp of the third empire is a thing of the past. For once since '93 liberty *and equality* have begun to be realities.

A MONSTER OF CRUELTY.

DURING the reign of Duke Philippe le Bon there lived in Burgundy a man known as the Bâtard de Vannes, who seems to have taken a fiendish delight in tormenting all who unfortunately came within his clutches. His habit was to seize poor peasants in the open country, tie their hands behind their backs, and drag them, attached to his stirrup, to his strong-hold, where he kept them prisoners until he received a heavy ransom. But as this was often not forthcoming, he hanged them on a tree, which, from the number of wretches who had died on it, was called Vannes's gallows. One day he captured a youth, who was engaged in the peaceful occupation of plowing. Having dragged him to his strong-hold, he put him to the torture, in order to exact a large ransom from him. The peasant, who had not long been married, contrived to inform his wife of the fearful calamity which had befallen him, and of the sum demanded for his ransom. The latter, though daily expecting her confinement, determined immediately on going to Vannes, hoping that, by an interview with him, she should soften his heart. But she little knew the nature of the monster with whom she had to deal. Neither her entreaties, her tears, nor the condition in which she was, had the slightest effect on Vannes, who declared that the only means of saving her husband's life was to bring the stated ransom; and, moreover, that if this were not forthcoming immediately, her husband's life would be forfeited. The poor wife, finding that no words could cause Vannes to relent, did all in her power to procure the sum in question, and at length, by using the greatest exertions, she succeeded. But eight days elapsed before she was enabled to place it in Vannes's hands. Overcome with fatigue, and in momentary expectation of becoming a mother, she had barely strength to drag herself to the place appointed by Vannes for meeting her. "Pay the ransom," he said, "and you shall then see your husband." She produced the money; it was eagerly seized on by Vannes, who told the poor wife that, on going to a neighboring tree, she would see her husband suspended from it—the payment of the ransom having been delayed so long, he had put him to death.

The wretched wife, driven to madness and desperation by this avowal, uttered piercing shrieks and reproaches. Vannes bade her be silent, but as his commands had no effect on the poor woman, Vannes ordered that she should be beaten and bound to the foot of the tree from the branches of which her husband, with many others, hung suspended. Her cries, though they availed not to move the heart of the tyrant, attracted the wolves to this scene of torture, who quickly put an end to the poor victim's misery.

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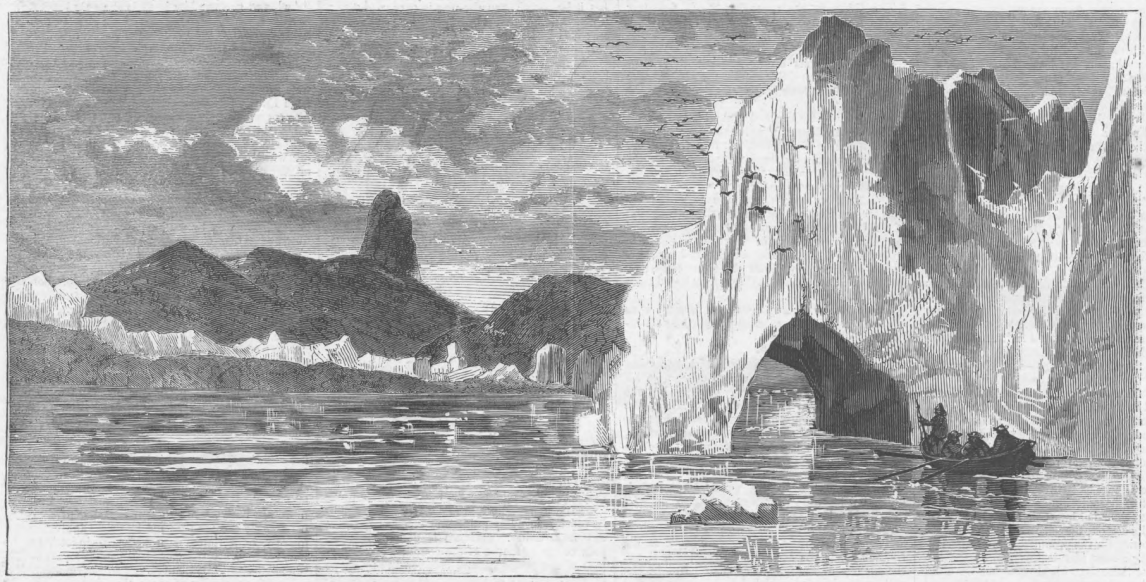


THE DEVIL'S THUMB.

Travel and Adventure.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

ACROSS THE ARCTIC CIRCLE.

BY DR. ISAAC I. HAYES.

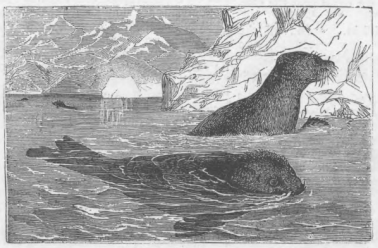
CHAPTER II.

Hunting Bears by Steam.—An exciting Chase through the Ice.—Ice Bears and their Habits.—Maternal Instinct and Affection.—Stalking a Seal.—Reindeer.—The Devil's Thumb.

IN the preceding chapter we traced the course of the steamship *Panther* "across the arctic circle," as far up in the head waters of Baffin Bay as the Duck Islands; and there the party on board would have been well content to remain for days, shooting eider-ducks, had a report not been circulated that larger game was likely to be had for the seeking.

Our movements were governed either by the caprice of the company or by the earnest claims of Mr. Bradford, the only person on board who had any "business" whatever to attend to. Where the rest of us went was a matter of no sort of consequence; but Bradford must needs be after every iceberg and mountain with sketch-book and camera. On the present occasion, however, his views happily coincided with every body else's, and when it was proposed to up anchor and go for bears there was a general shout of approbation.

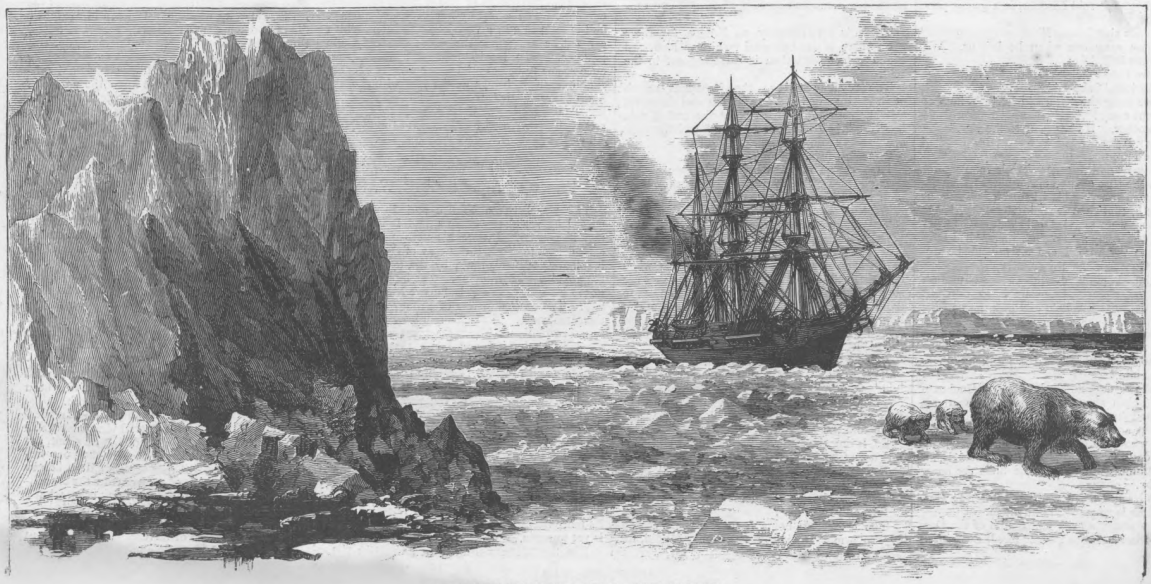
While the chain is clicking in the hawse-hole, let us take a quiet view of the situation. There is no need, however, to describe with much minuteness the "Melville Bay pack" which lay before us. The ice freshly broken up in any large river is a sufficient illustration, provided the imagination will stretch the river to three hundred miles in width, and magnify the drifting fields of ice in proportion. In the early part of the season this ice is very hard and many feet in thickness; but by August (which was the time of our being there) it has become porous, its thickness has been greatly reduced, much of it is on the eve of disappearing altogether, and still more of it has quite melted away. Almost all the fields, or the "floes," as they are called by the whalers, have been eaten through in places; and over all there are pools of water formed of melted snow, which give them a mottled appearance.



SEALS.

In the month of August this "pack" is mostly confined to the Melville Bay region; hence the name of "Melville Bay pack," which I have used before. At that season the navigation is not particularly difficult or dangerous. By keeping well away from the land the passage can then always be made with safety. It was by following the opposite course that Captain M'Clintock, of the *Fox*, found himself delayed in 1857, and finally frozen up, with no alternative but to pass the winter drifting with the "pack" in a most uncomfortable and hazardous situation. Had he followed the example and advice of Dr. Kane he might have won his knightly spurs a year sooner, and with less discomfort. Earlier in the summer the pack extends far down Baffin Bay; and south of the arctic circle it stretches away to the coasts of Labrador and Newfoundland. And it is here that commerce profits by it, for the seals flock to it the moment it has ceased to be the solid ice of the winter, and become the "pack" ice of the spring. Of these seals there are many varieties. Some are permanent denizens of the North; others are migratory. These last only are found so low as Newfoundland and Labrador. Seeking the ice in the month of March, they crawl upon it, and there bring forth their young. These seals come up from the south—from the St. Lawrence region and along the shores of New Brunswick and Maine, where they have wintered—and with the ice they drift back south again until it melts away. Other varieties (the true arctic seals) adhere to the solid ice, as far as possible, and, if drifted off southward with the pack, return north again to winter, and then, in order to breathe (for the seals are not fish, and can not breathe under water) they are compelled to keep holes open in the ice with their sharp claws. These true arctic seals are not so numerous as the southern varieties, of which latter millions may sometimes be seen at one time upon the drifting pack. It is the young of these (when from two to three weeks old), that are slaughtered in such great numbers by the seal-fishers. The vessels, usually small schooners, but sometimes steamers like our *Panther* (which was built for that service), enter the pack, and the crew, scattering to right and left over the ice, gather up the seals as they go along, the vessel merely keeping pace with them. Upon the first attack the old ones abandon their young to their fate, and the innocent, whining "baby seals," too young to appreciate danger, are captured without difficulty—a tap on the nose with the toe of a boot or with a boat's "gaff" robbing them quickly of what little life they have.

If the reader's patience has held out during this digression, I hope he will endure a still further, though shorter one, in relation to the bears. I mean, of course, the bears of the arctic regions, known in different localities by different names. "Ice bears" they are usually called in the far North, because they are not found elsewhere than on the ice. But further south this is not always true of them, since both from choice and necessity they often take the water, and are generally known on "the Labrador" as "water bears." They are often carried off from the pack upon a single ice-field, which, going to pieces under them, forces them to swim perhaps many miles before reaching another. I have seen one swimming in a heavy sea, where there was not a piece



THE "PANTHER" AFTER THE BEARS.

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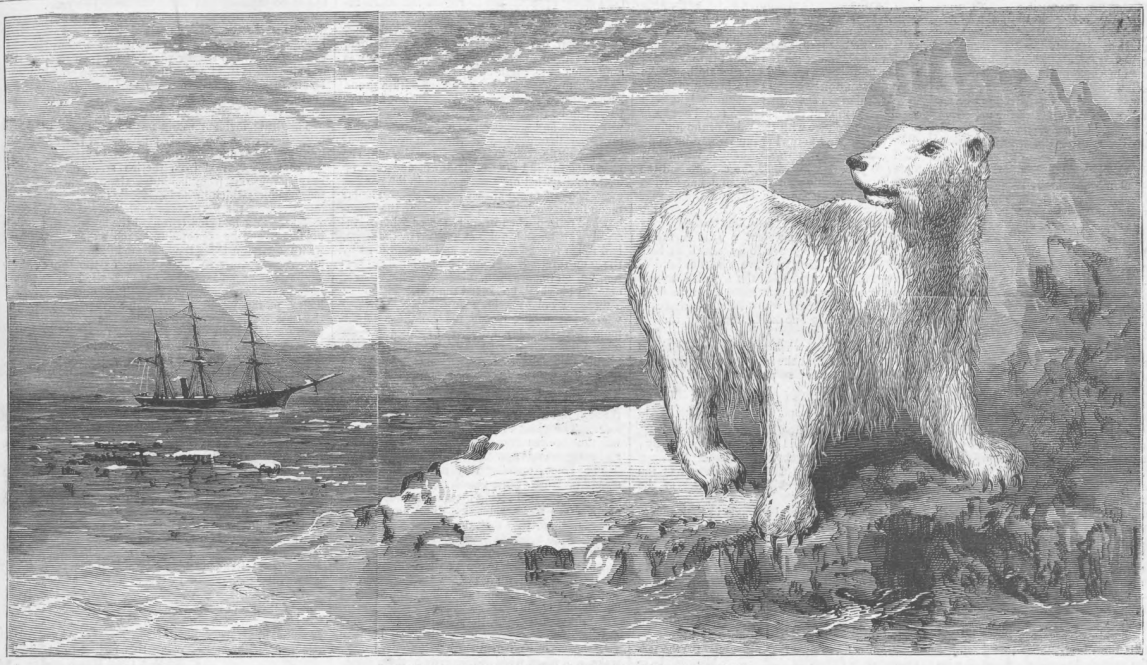

POLAR BEAR ON A CAKE OF FLOATING ICE.

of ice in sight. They seldom take to the land, and never voluntarily. Their food has either failed them on the ice, or they are pursued by enemies, or the ice has all melted away and left them no alternative. The naturalist's name, *Ursus maritimus*, expresses their character perfectly. ("The bear of the sea.") In color they are yellowish-white—quite dark, indeed, in contrast with the snow. "White bear" is therefore a misnomer, as is also "polar bear," which is the name most commonly in use.

The food of the seal consists of those low forms of marine life known to naturalists as *invertebrata*, and sometimes certain varieties of *mollusca*. The former exist in vast numbers in the icy waters of the North; and it is this abundant supply of food which attracts to that quarter of the world not the seals alone, but those enormous flights of birds of which we read, and some idea of which was given in the last Number. On the other hand, the food of the bear is the seal; and, therefore, wherever ice is seen seals may be expected; so, where seals are seen, you may look out for bears.

It was a knowledge of this fact that made the report that the pack was visible from the look-out station on the Duck Islands so peculiarly welcome to the people of the *Panther*.

The anchor is a-weigh, and the steam is up, and the *Panther* heads northward in the calm evening. The sun is in the west, a good way above the horizon, and a pleasant glow is over sea and land and glacier. We steer for Wilcox Point, fifteen miles in a northeasterly direction from the Duck Islands, and it is a very lofty, noble headland. We spread out the map on deck to see what comes next, and where we are to go. Eastward from Wilcox Point we observe that the coast trends some miles, and then comes a mountain called "The Devil's Thumb;" and as we subsequently see it, it has very much the appearance of a thumb projecting vertically above the hand when it is placed edgewise on the table, with the little finger down. We afterward discover the hand to be an island, and the thumb the centre of it, but we did not know it then. Why the Devil's Thumb rather than the thumb of some more respectable character might seem puzzling; but I fancy that that dark spirit of evil was complimented with this monument on account of his supposed influence over the neighboring sea. The sea is there, indeed, very perilous, and no part of Baffin Bay is so much dreaded as that vicinity. The icebergs are so numerous that the locality is often called "Bergy Hole;" and the currents are so swift that a sailing vessel, once becalmed off "The Thumb," is very likely to be sucked in and whirled about, as if there were some secret and supernatural influence at work upon the waters; and if the ship escapes without getting battered against an iceberg or so, and being much damaged in consequence, she is very lucky. Dr. Kane's brig *Advance* got whirled into this dangerous situation, and I shall not soon forget the struggle of hours at the oars—by which means the brig was saved, though not until every body was thoroughly worn out, and ready to drop dead with fatigue.

In a northwesterly direction from the Devil's Thumb, and distant from it about two hundred miles, lies Cape York, and between these two points the coast makes a deep curve, and the space thus embraced is Melville Bay—though the name has really a wider significance—the term Melville Bay being usually meant to signify that part of Baffin Bay west of it, where the "middle ice" is always lying. The whole sweep of Melville Bay is one vast line of glaciers, wholly unapproachable, and from which are cast off an incredible number of icebergs, that are scattered over Baffin Bay in all directions, and by accumulating in greater numbers, year by year, gather the field-ice about them more and more, and thus render navigation each year more difficult and perilous. Since ships first penetrated Melville Bay a very perceptible change has taken place.

Most of which information we gather from the map; and while gathering it the *Panther* is coming, bows on, to the very first field-ice we have seen. There it is before us—a great, long, level plane of white and blue, stretching beyond the line of vision. It does not look so very formidable, after all, and is rather disappointing, until the ship takes a projecting tongue, and, by the shock that it gives us, shows there is more body to the ice than first appeared. In fact, from seven-eighths to nine-tenths of it lies below the surface of the water, and not until the *Panther* had split a fragment off and turned it up on its edge, as the bow slid over it, did we appreciate its really solid quality.

But this was a brush not worth mentioning; and on went the *Panther* beyond and across clear water until we approached another great field, which had at first appeared to be a part of the one which we had passed; but the event proved that there was a wide streak of open water stretching to the northward, which a whaleman would call a "lead;" and, seeing that our further headway in that direction was cut off, we bore away three points from Wilcox Point, and steamed north at great speed between the "floes."

Very soon there was no water to be seen except the lead we were in—ice to right and left of us—unless we went aloft, when other leads were visible, meandering among the floes in all directions. The lead we had entered was at first at least a mile wide: but as we proceeded it gradually narrowed, then became crooked; loose floes of small size were lying here and there upon it. And the mate, who was aloft, kept the man at the wheel busy enough with his "starboards" and "ports" and "steadys," until it was reported that our lead was a blind lead, and we were coming to the end of it. An immense floe lay between the two great floes to right and left of us, jammed tight and squeezed and broken up, more or less, upon its sides. This was the report from aloft, and the mate cried, "Starboard!—hard a-starboard!"

"What's that for?" shouted the captain, with stentorian voice. "What do you want to starboard for?"

"Jammed tight every where, and we must go back," said the mate.

"Is there no opening any where?"

"None; but the ice looks weak on the port hand."

"Keep her for it, and put her in," roared the captain.

"Ay, ay, Sir! Port—port a little; steady—steady as she goes."

And down we bore upon the ice, the rakish bow and stem of the *Panther* well up out of the water, and looking defiant, as if it were a matter of no kind of difference to her what amount of

SHOOTING BEARS ON THE ICE.

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ice lay before her. She looked as if she could crush it down, and trample on it, and ride over it rough-shod, and never wink until the affair was finished. Perhaps the captain's threat—seemingly made in earnest—to "put her through, or knock her bloody eyes out," may have had some effect upon her, and have inspired her with additional resolution.

We were soon so near the ice that the opening could be seen from the bridge, and the mate was called below. "Mind your helm, Mick," said the captain to the man at the wheel; "mind your helm."

And still on we went, on and on, still rushing toward the ice at full speed, the screw grinding fiercely, and making the ship tremble in every timber. It was soon too late to check her headway, even if the captain should have wanted to; to wheel round now was quite impossible. We braced ourselves for the shock that was coming; every man catching hold of something to steady himself with. The captain watched the point he wished to make ahead. "Port—port a little, Mick—steady."

Cr-r-r-r-ash—and there we are.

The solid iron cut-water of the *Panther* takes the ice, cuts into it, slides up on it, and crushes it down; the ship rides up again, and sinks, and buries herself one full length in the body of the floe; but still she is sliding up again, and crushing the ice further on, but going slower now; and then she stops and settles down to her proper level, and the groaning of the ice seems to be a cry of relief and satisfaction from the noble ship, which only wants a little breathing-time before she begins again. She isn't hurt—not in the least. Her masts are all standing right, her bows are sound as ever, her solid, iron-bound sides have not a scratch. Pretty well for a first beginning; and no one now doubts the *Panther's* ability for any thing. "Back astern," sung the captain; and we hauled out into clear water a hundred fathoms or so, and butted away into the opening we had made before. We ride over the broken ice; the cut-water strikes again; again we feel the ship going up forward; again she sinks and rises, and then she settles down again at rest. Then we go below, in great glee, to supper, and the captain tells the watch officer to "keep her at it;" and the screw, thumping against the ice that has come about the stern, is kept revolving, and the wedge-shaped *Panther* is pushing in between the floes, forcing them asunder.

When we come on deck again the crack is opening. The jar and steady pressure have had their effect; the floes have been set in motion, the crack widens, and we grind through into clear, open water.

This bold dash into the very teeth of the enemy saved us a wide detour, and brought us by a short cut into an extensive area of open water, which gave us a free passage northward as far as the eye could see. But still ice had heavy floes on the starboard hand, which prevented us from hauling in, as we desired, close under Wilcox Point. We had, however, a fine view of the noble headland at a distance of five miles.

Running now along the edge of an old floe that lay to our right, all eyes were strained and all glasses were doing service in search of bears. Men were in the rigging and up aloft, yet we steamed on in the anxious hope of seeing the object of our search, without, however, being gratified. Meanwhile we opened Melville Bay, the tall spire of the Devil's Thumb coming in view exactly at midnight.

And such a midnight! The bright sun stood in the heavens before us but a little way above the horizon, glittering upon the icebergs and flinging gems broadcast upon the floes. The great glaciers that climbed up from the sea at the bend of the bay, until they were lost in a line of purple against a belt of golden light, reflected the brightness of this wonderful midnight from their glassy terraces; the cavernous old cape which towered above our heads was warmed and reddened by the glow; and upon the summit of the Devil's Thumb there fell and lingered a brilliant ray; and, as the lofty column rose there from out a vast cluster of icebergs, it seemed as if it were a church spire mounting to heaven above some nameless city.

My reveries were cut short by a cry of "Bears! bears!" The people swarmed up from below, and the deck was alive in an instant, every body shouting "Where?" And "Where? where?" rang through the ship loud enough, as one would think, to have frightened all the bears of Melville Bay into fits, and to have split an iceberg into all manner of small pieces.

But there were the bears, sure enough; and they appeared to be the very chaps we were looking for. They did not seem to be at all frightened, but stood their ground boldly, looking at us evidently with more curiosity than alarm. There were three of them, an old mother and two cubs. They were about three or four hundred yards distant from us, standing quite still, facing us, the mother in the middle, with a cub on either hand. They appeared to be an affectionate sort of family, and were a very odd sight as they stood upon the old ice-field, the only living things on that desolate waste. It seemed, indeed, a pity to disturb these strange denizens of the polar wilderness.

The steamer was stopped as quickly as possible, and we lay there watching them, and they us, both parties clearly endeavoring to make up their minds what the other was going to do. The bears probably did not see us—only the steamer—since we kept our heads as much as possible below the bulwarks; and whatever wind there was being from the north, they had not discovered an enemy with their noses. The steamer was but a black curiosity, and we were well pleased when they manifested a disposition for a nearer inspection and a closer acquaintance. The old mother led off, and the two young ones came shuffling along beside her, very slowly and cautiously, edging off, however, toward the vessel's stern, manifestly for the purpose of coming as far as possible around to the leeward of us. And here the ice favored the old bear's design, for a long tongue projected far out from the general line of the floe; and if they should reach the end of it they would be able to discover us, and they would be at the same time in a pretty trap of their own making. In this design we encouraged them by lying low at the suggestion of the captain. It did not seem to be in accordance with the rules of the hunt to allow your game to crawl around where he could wind you, and this it was, of course, within our power to prevent; but since the captain had the management of his own vessel, and knew what he could do with her, he became the master hunter by virtue of his office. "We'll get the whole lot of them now," said he, "if they only crawl along out on that point a little further." And he told the engineer to go ahead at half speed, and told Mick to shove his helm hard a-port. This action wheeled the *Panther* around upon her heel, and she now stood upon the dead waters facing the bears, who still, slowly and cautiously, were going out on the tongue of the old floe.

"Why, captain, what are you going to do now? The moment the bears wind us they will take off!" exclaimed an anxious hunter.

"But before they do," replied the captain, "I can cut in behind and head them."

"But the ice, the ice, man! You will surely not drive her into a floe like that?"

"That I will," said the captain, promptly; "drive her into an iceberg, if necessary."

So now it was the skill and strength of the *Panther* against the skill and fleetness of the bears.

Bears are not graceful animals in their movements. Their enormous legs are carried along as if they had no joints in them, and their immense feet are lifted as if they were mounted on snow-shoes. Their long, tapering neck is the only graceful thing about them.

I was particularly struck with the old mother's excessive caution. She would not come near, and yet she would not go away. Had she taken to her heels when she first discovered us he could, of course, have defied pursuit, for the ice-field was so extensive that we could never have overtaken her. But she seemed to be fascinated with the steamer, and her curiosity got the better of her discretion. It is not the first time that this same quality, inherent in all living creatures, has involved its possessor in trouble.

She moved along with most provoking deliberation. She appeared to be a well-fed bear, and probably had breakfasted recently, and felt lazy, for she did not once attempt to run, nor did she wade through the pools of water which were on the ice, but deliberately walked around them, as if indisposed even to wet her feet. Sometimes she would turn her back toward us, sometimes her front; often she would stop, stretch out her long neck and sniff the air all round, turning her head to right and left, throwing her nose as high up as she could get it, and then dropping it on the ice as if she might discover something there. Meanwhile the little ones were cutting all sorts of antics about her. Seeing that she was not alarmed, they were in great glee, evidently regarding the *Panther* as a very wonderful show, got up by their mother for their special benefit. They chased each other like a pair of kittens; raced round and round the old bear, rolled each other over on the ice, using their paws and teeth upon each other after the usual innocent and playful fashion natural to most dumb animals in the youthful state. They splashed the water right and left as they ran through the pools, and altogether they appeared to be a pair of very lively, very awkward, and highly delighted young bears, who regarded the present occasion as rather a jolly sort of entertainment.

It took this family party somewhere near half an hour to get around to where the old one wanted to be to satisfy herself as to whether the *Panther* was a friend or a foe. Once she seemed irresolute, and turned about as if she would retrace her steps and make off; but then she turned back again, and then for some minutes seemed to be dragged by two antagonistic impulses, first one way and then the other, with a general gain of force, however, on the string which drew her out toward the point of ice.

By-and-by she got where she seemed to be satisfied, for she suddenly stopped short, threw up her head, gave a tremendous snort, wheeling around at the same time in a state of alarm, and looking about as if for some means of escape. After a moment's reflection she took the back track. The alarm spread to the little ones, and the lively fellows ran around their mother as if they would inquire what the matter was, and if the show was over, and they were to have no more of it, while she seemed to be encouraging them by assurances that it was no great affair, but that it was necessary for them to use their legs as nimbly as possible, for they must get out of that. So their gambols were ended, and the little things whined piteously, and did their best. It was now not less amusing to watch them than before. In the confused state of their minds they grew utterly careless of what they were about, and they often sprang upon rotten places in the ice, and broke through, and by the time they had crawled out again the mother was some distance ahead, and was obliged to wait, and often to run back, if not actually to render assistance to her children, at least to encourage them. As for herself, she could readily have escaped; and she appeared to be quite conscious of the fact; but she would not leave her young; her devotion to them was indeed touching and worthy of all admiration.

Meanwhile the *Panther* had not been idle. The moment the old bear got the wind of us, and began to show symptoms of alarm, the captain rang his bell, "Ahead, full speed." The screw began to revolve, and at the top of her speed she bore down upon the ice to cut off the bears' retreat.

This was the captain's plan from the beginning, and it now became a mere question of time; though on the *Panther's* part, besides, there was a question of strength and power.

We came upon the ice as before with a grand rush and a grand crash. We struck what appeared to be the weakest spot. The shock was worse than any thing we had yet felt, the ice being firmer than before; but the solid iron cut-water opened her way into it as formerly, and she rode up on it and crushed it down, and rode up again and settled once more; and in the conflict every body was very uneasy on his legs. The jar made lively work in the pantry, where the cabin-boy had retired when he had shouted "bergs" instead of bears, and, quite exhausted by the effort, had fallen fast asleep there, and was aroused by the soup-tureen coming down and landing, bottom up, on the crown of his head, which nearly cracked his skull, but saved the crockery, and in a measure woke up the young man. "Blob," who was standing beside the combings of the main hatch, making a sketch of the bears, turned a somersault into the coal-hole, spoiling his picture completely. Otherwise no damage was done; but the ruse was altogether successful, as the captain had anticipated; for the force of the shock started the ice, and a crack opened right through in front of us to the water on the other side. The point to which the bears had gone was thus broken from the main body of the floe, and the game was now on a raft, and at our mercy.

The crack, opening very rapidly before the steady pressure of the vessel, gave us a free passage through, and seeing themselves thus headed off, and the steamer bearing down across their line of retreat, they took the back track and ran across to the opposite side, behind us, thus compelling us to wheel about and return through the crack. By the time we had accomplished this the bears had taken the water with the intention of swimming to the solid floe; but here we again anticipated them, and they wheeled about again, and swam back toward the ice which they had left but a few moments before. Putting the helm a-starboard, we now came directly in upon their wake, and when within fifty yards of them slackened speed.

At this moment they presented a magnificent sight, their beautiful long hair waving gracefully in the clear blue water, and the round, buoyant bodies of the now thoroughly frightened animals floating along swiftly toward the ice and hoped-for safety. The tender regard of the mother for her offspring was here as strikingly apparent as when on the ice. She would not abandon them; but, on the contrary, the nearer we approached the more she stuck by and encouraged them, still, as before, with one on either side. Once she invited them to dive, and, imitating her example, the three went down together and paddled themselves along for some distance about twenty feet below the surface, where we could easily see them striking out for dear life. When they came up we gave them a volley from our rifles, and the old mother and one of the cubs lay lifeless upon the water.

The other cub, by some mischance, escaped with only a slight scratch, and reached the floe, where, as he rose, another ball entered his side and sent him off, with a mortal wound, whining piteously. The captain now jammed his steamer into the ice, and clambering down over the bobstays gave chase. The bear soon stooped and hid himself behind a hommock, and when the captain came up he was disposed to make fight. His whine was converted into a defiant growl, and he charged his pursuer; but a well-aimed shot brought the game down and completed the hunt.

It only remained now to get the animals aboard, to weigh and measure them, to award the skins to the rifles which had given them death-wounds. This last was no easy matter; but finally, after much discussion and some rather animated assertions, such as usually take place on like occasions, the award was finally made to Lockwood, Benedict, and the captain; which done, we tied up to an iceberg that promised us a chance for watering ship, and, after the excitement and exposure of the night, were well prepared to enjoy a good breakfast of the game we had brought from the Duck Islands.

Not least among the novelties of this our first experience with the unusual sport was the fact that the photographers took the portraits of the bears while they were on the ice, and when about two hundred yards distant from us. To accomplish this feat required the very first degree of enterprise and skill. The camera was stationed upon the top-gallant forecastle, and an instantaneous impression was obtained by means of a falling slide with small aperture, while both ship and bears were in motion. The brightness of the light, of course, greatly favored the success of this altogether novel experiment in the photographic art. The artists (Mr. John Dunmore, of Boston, and Mr. George Critchersen, of Worcester) deserve great praise for their successful accomplishment of so difficult a feat.

Casting off from the iceberg next day, we set out to look for further game, steaming up in a northeasterly direction through a wide lead. Presently we saw something dark on the edge of the ice, and soon made it out to be a seal, a very large one, of the barbed species. We knew from former experience how very wild they were, and slacking our speed, we approached cautiously. At first he appeared to be asleep, dozing lazily in the warm sun; but if so, the noise of the steamer awoke him, and he grew restive and alarmed. Evidently he was not to be caught as the bears had been, and if we would shoot him we must approach with caution; so the headway of the steamer was slackened still further, and we all lay low behind the bulwarks, as we glided slowly along, thus stalking the animal in a somewhat unusual fashion. But he was too old to be cheated, and when still near two rifle-shots away he threw up head and tail, and floundered into the water. Then he swam off, and brought his almost human-looking face above the surface within twenty yards of us, then took a deliberate look at us, and before a rifle could be aimed he had apparently satisfied himself, for he turned himself heels over head, and with a terrific splash disappeared to be seen no more.

This little incident would not be worth naming, since it was an entirely unsuccessful feat of hunting, had it not been that at the very moment the seal disappeared from the ice, an immense bear sprang out from behind a ridge of hommocks, along which he had evidently been crawling, stalking the very same seal that we were stalking. We had clearly robbed the brute of his breakfast, and he appeared to be more disgusted with the circumstance than alarmed by us. Yet he was not quite so unsuspicious as the bears we had before encountered. He was the largest bear I ever saw, and we wanted him badly. He looked perfectly splendid as he stood there upon the floe. The moment he saw the *Panther* he came to a dead stand, and made no further movement than to turn his head first to one side and then to the other, in a sort of measured oscillation. There was evidently upon his mind a feeling of irresolution that was constantly increasing; yet it did not seem as if he was willing to own to himself that he was afraid, until the steamer, coming in contact quite unavoidably with a piece of ice, made a considerable crash, which settled the bear into a suspicion that we were hardly to be trusted. He wheeled suddenly round on his hind-legs, like a horse wheeling in play in the pasture, made a most magnificent bound across a pool of water, and then took himself off quite leisurely, turning his head back over his shoulder with every step, to have a further look at us. Occasionally he would give a snort, attended with an extra leap, and then go waddling on again at the same stiff-legged and snow-shoe pace as before described in the case of the other bears which we had before pursued and captured. But for all he had still clearly some lingering doubts of the *Panther's* hostile disposition, and allowing this feeling to get the better of him he came to a dead stand, and squared himself round to have a better look at us; then he advanced a few paces, stopped, and fixed his gaze upon us steadily. Meanwhile the *Panther* lay still upon the waters, and seemed to have her eye upon him, and the two stood, as if trying to stare each other out of countenance, for some minutes. The bear seemed at length to be getting charmed, for he advanced a hundred yards or so with the greatest coolness and deliberation; and then, as if suddenly recollecting himself, or had got something suddenly in his nose, he wheeled short around as before, on his hind-legs, took a huge leap and the back track again.

To look at the animal now, and watch all his antics, one would think him as mad as a March hare. He turned first to the right and then to the left, after he had gone a little way, and then he began to move up and down in front of us, like a sentry on post, acting very deliberately all the while, poking out his head and drawing it in again like a turtle, elevating his nose as high as he could, and then depressing it again close down upon the ice, occasionally stopping short and looking at the *Panther* sideways.

All of these manœuvres, it must be understood, were for the special benefit of the *Panther*, for we on board of her were closely hidden behind the bulwarks, with nothing but our eyes exposed. Up to this time it was clear enough that the bear had not been seriously frightened. Like the others, he was in some doubt and uncertainty about the meaning of the dark object, and was filled with curiosity. We had, therefore, great hopes that he would become reconciled to the *Panther*, and be inclined to closer acquaintance. It is not an uncommon thing for a bear in Melville Bay to leave the ice, and swim off to a vessel. I have seen two deliberately come alongside the brig *Advance*, attracted thither, no doubt, by the smell of bones which were burning in the galley—a whaleman's device for attracting the bears. But the sight or smell of a human being, or of a dog, alarms them at once, and they instantly make off. In the burning bones they find, no doubt, something savory and suggestive of food.

We felt greatly encouraged when we saw the bear begin to march up and down in front of us, as if standing guard; but unfortunately the *Panther* could not forever hold her breath, and with the first gush of steam through the escape-pipe old Bruin bounded up in the air as if possessed, gave a fierce snort, and ran away as fast as his legs would carry him; and in order that he might make the best time possible, and show off his points to the best advantage, we fired a volley from our rifles after him, without the least hope or chance of doing him any damage, owing to the great distance. He did not now pause until he was a good quarter of a mile away from us, when he faced round once more, seemed to bestow upon us an approving nod, and then, with much deliberation, made for the opposite side of the floe, where we now busied our minds with devising ways and means of reaching him. But no way could we see but once more to put the *Panther* into the ice—no very difficult matter; but here the ice was unusually thick, and there did not appear to be much chance of breaking through it. To go around the floe was to make a circuit of several miles, and long before we could reach the point for which the bear was making he would be far enough away.

Running down a little way, near the edge of the floe, we discovered a narrow spot, into which the captain put the vessel, as before, under full headway, but with less happy results. Only a few fathoms of the ice were broken away. Owing to this circumstance the shock was greater

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than on either of the former occasions; but, nothing daunted, the captain backed her out and put her in, and backed her out and put her in four successive times, and was rewarded in the end by starting a crack, through which the steamer was forced.

We were now in the same lead for which the bear was making, and we could with our glasses still see him upon the ice, though very near the water, which by this time he could readily have reached had he done his best. We bore down upon him with all possible haste. Presently he disappeared. He had taken the water, and was making for the opposite ice, which was very solid, and was held firm and fast by a great number of icebergs, which were embedded in it. If he once reached this the game was up.

The second mate was sent aloft, and detected him in the water making for a point which, instead of being low and flat, as is usual, was rough and hommocky. The *Panther* made for this point also, with the view of cutting off his retreat. This once accomplished, the bear was, of course, ours. Seeing our purpose, the animal, now evidently in a great state of terror, swam away for dear life, making a splendid spectacle of himself as he floated along with his nose only above the surface, and was clearly in much the condition of the soldiers who swam the river from the battle of Ball's Bluff—he was not hurt, but fearfully demoralized.

We were only about sixty yards away when he reached the point, and we now felt sure of him. We had not succeeded in cutting off his line of retreat, but we had come within easy range; and since the vessel was forging ahead, we should be almost atop of the animal by the time he got out of the water. The *Panther* was going fairly for the ice, and we were all ready to fire the moment he showed himself. But the fellow fooled us. The rough hommocked ice of the point hid from our view a bight on the opposite side, into which the bear swam for safety; and now, thoroughly sheltered behind the ice for which we were making, he was clearly getting the better of us. With that quickness of perception characteristic of the skillful sailor, the captain grasped the situation, and, seeing that to round the point was to lose the bear for certain, he shouted to the man at the wheel to put his helm hard a-port, which caused us to bring up with a terrific crash against the ice some distance from the point, and where the ice was comparatively thin. The moment the ship struck and buried herself a little the captain let himself down by a rope from the cat-head, and, followed by two other rifles, ran over the floe toward the head of the bight for which the bear was making, but not in time to intercept him. He reached the ice, and drew his enormous body out of the water a hundred yards from the riflemen, and bounded away with the speed of the wind, not stopping even long enough to shake himself of the great quantity of water in his long hair. Every body fired at him, of course, but none of our balls took effect; at least none of them produced any impression upon his speed. The captain thought he saw blood, and kept up the race for half a mile, hoping to see him drop or halt, as the one he had chased before, mortally wounded; but the animal was soon out of sight among the icebergs, and our eagerly coveted game was gone.

We were all much chagrined by this mishap. Every man had regarded him as his own particular prize, and felt quite sure of him. We had even taken the measurement of his skin and the weight of his body. One was going to have his skin spread out for a mat, with his head stuffed and his pawson. Another was going to drive four-in-hand in the Park, and have him for a sleigh-robe; another was going to sell him for two hundred and fifty dollars currency, and he knew where to place the article; but all these bright anticipations came to a most lamentable conclusion when the bear carried off his own skin in his own four-in-hand fashion.

We were soon consoled for this disappointment by another alarm of "Bears!" It came from the look-out up aloft, and was answered with a universal "Where away?" which was answered in turn by the most satisfactory assurance that they were down on the extreme point of a long, narrow floe, and were apparently easily accessible. They were three in number. We bore down upon them without delay, the man aloft coursing the ship, until they were seen from the deck, when the captain, as usual, gave his own orders.

The ice upon which the bears were proved this time to be very thin and rotten, as was evidenced by the fact that the animals frequently broke through. They could not, therefore, travel very fast if they should become frightened; and then, besides, as we came nearer to them we perceived that, no matter how fast they might travel, there was but little chance of their escaping us, for in whatever direction they might attempt to go we could follow them; and when in the water they would be easily overtaken, as they would have at least a quarter of a mile to swim before reaching another floe.

The *Panther* tore through the ice this time without difficulty; and she actually broke the ice up with such facility, and approached the bears with such rapidity, that they were almost dropped into the water—at least a crack was forced open ahead of us, almost underneath the bears' feet. They took to it immediately, and we almost ran over them. As we approached we might have shot them very easily; but the photographers were crazy for a chance at them, and seeing that there was no possibility of their escape, we sacrificed our impatience in the interest of art.

The bears having swam a little while, crawled up once more on the ice. By this time we had wheeled round, and the photographers had a fine chance at them. At length they were satisfied. The "Colonel" put his head out of the window of his shop, and shouted, "I'm done with them, gentlemen."

By this time the bears had taken the water again.

We made short work of cutting through a tongue of ice which intervened; and coming upon the animals as they swam, we ceased playing with them as a cat plays with a mouse before swallowing it, and at thirty yards gave them a volley, and three more bears were added to our trophies. The carcasses were soon hoisted on deck, and we then steered for Wilcox Point, without, however, seeing any bears by the way. Then we headed in for the Devil's Thumb, and discovering a moderately firm floe, which seemed to be held in its position by some grounded icebergs, we steered for it, run the *Panther* a hundred yards into it, and proceeded to let our six prizes down on the ice, where we soon had the skins off, some for specimens, and some for robes and mats—each one who was the fortunate possessor of a skin following the bent of his fancy in the matter.

We remained several days in the vicinity of the Devil's Thumb; and if we caught no more bears, we had ample reason for feeling well rewarded. Probably no vessel had ever been so near the Thumb as we were, and although our situation was one of some peril, we did not feel justified in losing the opportunity so auspiciously presented to us. We climbed the hills all round, and every where we went we discovered numerous traces of reindeer, but we did not succeed in finding any of the animals themselves. There can be no doubt that they exist there in considerable numbers, and had we followed them inland it is equally certain that we would have found any number of them. But for an enterprise of that description we had not sufficient time to stay—or, rather, the threatening nature of the ice, and the uncertainty of our situation, made it important that all hands should be at least within signaling distance, that we might steam out from underneath the Devil's Thumb upon the first threat of danger.

To climb the Thumb we found to be impossible, but we reached its base, and from there—an elevation of 1300 feet, according to my barometer—we overlooked one of the most remarkable scenes that ever met the eye of man. Such a wilderness of ice, such a forest of icebergs, such boundless desolation, would be difficult to describe, or to be appreciated except by the actual observer. Let me, in a mechanical sort of way, make the attempt to convey to the reader's mind some idea of this remarkable scene.

The Devil's Thumb is an island—at least, without actually sailing round it in my boat (being prevented by the ice), there were such indications as to make it certain that, if not an island, it is connected with the main land only by a very low and narrow isthmus. It lies at the head of a deep bay, and is from five to eight miles long, by from three to five wide. The Thumb itself is on the further side from the sea, and is about six hundred feet high above its base, rising like a church spire, and as abruptly. Down into the bay, to the north and east from the island, come two great glaciers, one about twelve miles wide, the other about three. These glaciers climbed up steadily, or descended, I should rather say, between the coast mountains in steady streams, which, joining together, and with others to the north and south of them, form a long level line against the sky, and this is the summit of the great icy sea—the *mer de glace*—which covers the whole length and breadth of the Greenland continent, and which, from its exhaustless bed, sends down through every valley opening to Baffin Bay such streams as these. And these streams send off into the sea the icebergs, which are but trifling fragments of the glacier itself.

The icebergs coming from these two glaciers about the Devil's Thumb were altogether countless. They filled up the whole north side of the bay, and extended out to sea for miles. The time of my visit was near midnight, and with a clear, bright sun illuminating the scene, scattering every where its splendors, I could but wish for something better than a simple note-book and the use of words to embody an idea of the view before me. An artist alone, with his pallet and his pencil, could convey any proper effect of it. My feeble powers of sketching were exhausted with the effort herewith accompanying. "Blob" might have done better, but no amount of persuasion could induce him to climb a hill marked in the devil's name. Of all the situations of the cruise, this view was the finest beyond comparison, and to see it was enough to repay one for all the trouble and vexation and hazard of a dozen such voyages. We missed a photograph of it for the same reason we missed "Blob's" sketch—a fearful superstition. Had it been called "The Pillar of the Church," instead of "The Devil's Thumb," the whole cabin mess would have climbed it willingly.

TO BE CONTINUED.

MARKED FOR THE KNIFE.

ABOUT two years before the startling revelations respecting the dissecting trade in Edinburgh had placed the legal supply of "subjects" upon its present satisfactory footing, there occurred to my elder brother, at that time a delicate boy of about fourteen, a singular adventure, involving such a shock to his nerves as, the doctors believed, very much hastened his death, which occurred in less than a year after it.

We then resided in a large white house, with a row of poplars in front, close to one of our canals. Within a stone's-throw of our hall door was a lock and a lock-house, and then followed, in the London direction, one of the longest and most solitary levels to be met with in the United Kingdom.

The canal, at a point about seventy yards from the lock, makes a slight deflection. The consequence is, that neither the lock nor our house is visible from the long, straight level that follows, and which is closely fenced between tall hedges and old trees.

My brother had been ordered walking exercise, and my father generally appointed the path beside the level I have described for his walk. The traffic, never very active, was, at that time, in a state little better than extinct. Not more than two or three boats passed in a day, and chiefly, owing to its perfect quietude, it had been chosen for the walk of our solitary invalid.

It was now summer, and the hour of his daily walk was from five to seven; the earlier hours of the afternoon being pronounced too hot for exercise.

On the evening in question he set out alone. His usual walk was to a point two miles up the level, where there was a stone block, on which he used to sit and rest a little before setting out for home.

While he was taking his ease on this stone bench, and listlessly looking up and down the long and deserted reach of water, there emerged, a few hundred yards to his left, from a sequestered path, a singular figure, which approached slowly and passed him by, with only the narrow tow-path between them. It was moving in the direction of our home, and was that of an emaciated man, with a complexion dark as very old box-wood, limping, as it seemed, painfully, very much stooped, and with a big angular hump upon his back. His hair was long and sooty-black, he had prominent dark eyes, under thick black brows, and his face and chin were stubbled with a week's growth of beard. He was leaning heavily on a long stick, and walked with a kind of hitch, which resembled a spasm, and gave one the idea that each step was accompanied by a separate sting of pain.

The face of this man expressed extreme weakness and suffering, and might almost be that of a man dragging himself away, with a mortal wound, to some spot where he might lie down and die in quiet.

He had a long and heavy bottle-green coat, which had grown to be, indeed, a coat of many colors; for over the threadbare and greasy ground it was overlaid, with fantastic and extraordinary industry, with a tesselation of patches, of every imaginable color, in which yellow, and red, and blue, and black were discernible, under a varnish of grease, and toned with a variety of dirt; and even these patches were patched again, and had broken here and there into rents and fissures, and bunches of shreds and tatters. Round his body was buckled a broad discolored leathern strap, and he wore a wide-leafed felt hat, with a rather conical crown, brown and grimed by time and ill treatment.

This figure, with long gaiters of rabbit-skin, and shapeless "brogues," limped past my brother without taking the slightest notice of him; and uttering now and then a short groan, as if of suppressed pain, he excited the wonder, and in some degree the compassion of the boy.

He watched the progress of this man, who was moving with great difficulty, and with many halts, in the direction of our home. It was not until he had got on nearly a quarter of a mile that my brother got up, now quite rested, to follow in the same direction.

As this strange, crooked man with the stick got on, he appeared to grow more and more exhausted, and at length he tottered into a little recess at the edge of the path, and fell helplessly on his side among the bushes.

The boy quickened his pace, and as he approached the spot he passed the head of a narrow lane, in which he saw a donkey and cart standing. The cart had in it, upon some straw, a piece of old carpet, from under which emerged some folds of coarse canvas, like a part of an old sack; but he could not see any one in charge of this conveyance, though, being anxious to obtain help, he called repeatedly.

Despairing of succor, he went on, and reached the point where he had seen the man fall. Here he found him. He had crept a little farther in among the bushes. He was supporting himself feebly on the ground upon his elbow, his eyes turned up as if he were on the point of swooning, and he moaned faintly.

The boy's courage almost failed him; but the sick man seemed to perceive him, turned his eyes upon him imploringly, and extending his hand toward him, so evidently signaled for aid that my brother could not help drawing near.

The fainting man then told him, in a whisper, that if he would take his hand and draw him gently toward him, he would perhaps be able to turn himself a little, to his great relief.

My brother did give him his hand accordingly, and the fainting man, instead of taking it, seized his arm above the elbow, with a gigantic hand, in a grips like a vice, and jerking him under, sprang over him, thrusting his other arm round and beneath him, so as to pinion him fast. He had carried in his hand the end of the belt which he had removed from around his own body while waiting for his prey, and with a dexterity acquired, no doubt, by long practice, in a moment, with the now disengaged hand, he drew it and buckled it round the boy's arms and body at a single jerk, with a pressure so powerful that he could scarcely breathe, much less disengage his arms.

In another moment, with his knee on the boy's chest, and one broad hand placed right across his mouth so as to stifle his screams effectually, he hitched round what had seemed to be his hump, but what proved to be, in fact, a bundle, from which, with the other hand, he took out, with the quickness and neatness of a skilled manipulator, two things: one a sort of cushion about eight inches square, covered with chamois-leather—I have that horrible relic, no doubt intended to aid in the process of suffocation, still in my possession; the other was the renowned pitch-plaster.

My brother had not an idea what he intended, for the disclosures in Edinburgh had not yet enlightened and terrified people of all ages throughout England.

The miscreant kept his face close to his victim's, with his powerful eyes fixed on his. His dark lean features and long beak, and the thick hair that hung forward like a sooty plumage round them, and the long sinewy neck that arched over my poor brother as he lay at his assailant's mercy, gave him, in the fascinated gaze of the boy, the appearance of a monstrous bird of prey.

I dare say this ghoul had an actual power, such as many men are said to possess, of controlling the springs of action, mental and bodily, by some occult power of the eye. To my brother it seemed that it needed a perpetual and desperate struggle of will to prevent a frightful trance from stealing over him.

For a moment the wretch's hand was slightly raised from the boy's mouth. He intended, no doubt, at this instant to introduce the pitch-plaster, which was to stop both mouth and nostrils. But my brother, now struggling frantically, uttered two piercing yells, which compelled the murderer to replace his hand before he had accomplished his purpose. He was evidently now transported with fury. Up to this he had been operating as methodically as a spider. He looked so fiendish that my brother fancied he would cut his throat, or otherwise dispatch him at the moment.

His plans, however, were different. He had no idea of losing sight of his interests, much less of his safety. No principle of his nefarious trade was better established than the absolute necessity of leaving no trace of actual violence upon the persons of his victims. Even the knee with which he held his prey was padded so carefully that this young boy's breast did not exhibit the slightest contusion, although so long under a pressure which held him at the verge of suffocation.

Rapidly, and with more success, the villain again essayed his final sleight. One dreadful yell escaped, and the deadly pitch-plaster was fixed on mouth and nose, and another sound or respiration became impossible.

The leafy bushes above and about him, the figure, the face of the spectre, began to swim before his eyes. He saw the man, still on his knees, rise with a start and pause, with eyes askance, and his dark hand to his ear. In the next instant he had disappeared.

In his struggles the boy now rolled from the lair in which he had been attacked into the clear light upon the open path, where he lay perfectly insensible.

When consciousness returned, which was not for some minutes, three men were about him, drenching his head with water, and all endeavoring to extract a word of explanation; but for long after he could not speak a syllable, nor, for some time, even hear distinctly what they said.

Not a moment was lost, so soon as he was able to describe what had happened, in directing pursuit, wherever any results were the least likely. All my brother could say as to the point toward which the assassin had directed his flight was that, as his sight failed, he thought, though very indistinctly, he saw him pass away obliquely in the direction of the lane in which he had observed the donkey-cart.

It must have belonged to an accomplice, who was there by arrangement. Every thing had been prepared to carry away the body of the poor fellow, which would have been secured in the sack, enveloped in the carpet, and covered with straw, and thus secreted in some lonely lock-up yard, until, at dead of night, it would have been conveyed to the dissecting-room. The boy's hat thrown upon the water would have turned inquiry off the scent, and induced delay.

The strap, still buckled with cruel force about the poor fellow's arms and ribs, the chamois cushion I have mentioned, and the pitch-plaster fixed over the lower part of his face, were the only "properties" of the villain left to indicate his visit.

The cool old assassin had carried off every other trace of his presence, and he and his comrade, taking the donkey-cart with them, had decamped with a celerity, and managed their disguise with an art which, as matters then were, and with a full hour's start, had baffled pursuit.

No doubt, with the police force now at our command, the result might have been different. As it was, no clew whatever was discovered; and this was positively marvelous, considering the marked peculiarities of dress and of person that belonged to the culprit. The persons best acquainted with the ways of our criminals at that period were of opinion that the strange details of the dress, the gait, the hair, the complexion, and the distortion of the figure, were parts of an elaborate piece of masquerading.

There was some controversy as to the object of the projected crime. It was not until the terrific exposure at Edinburgh had made all the world horribly familiar with the machinery of that peculiar species of murder that all debate upon the matter ceased, and the pitch-plaster was accepted as conclusive evidence that the body was intended for sale to the surgeons.

No doubt these poachers on a great scale were thoroughly skilled in all the finesse and strategy of their contraband art. The regularity of my poor brother's solitary walk, its favorable hour, and the easy suggestion of drowning as the cause of his disappearance, had all been noted, and the enterprise was, as I have told you, very nearly accomplished, when an unexpected interruption saved him.

My brother was ailing at the time this dreadful attempt was made upon his life. He survived it little more than ten months, and the able physician who attended him referred his death to the awful shock which his system had received.

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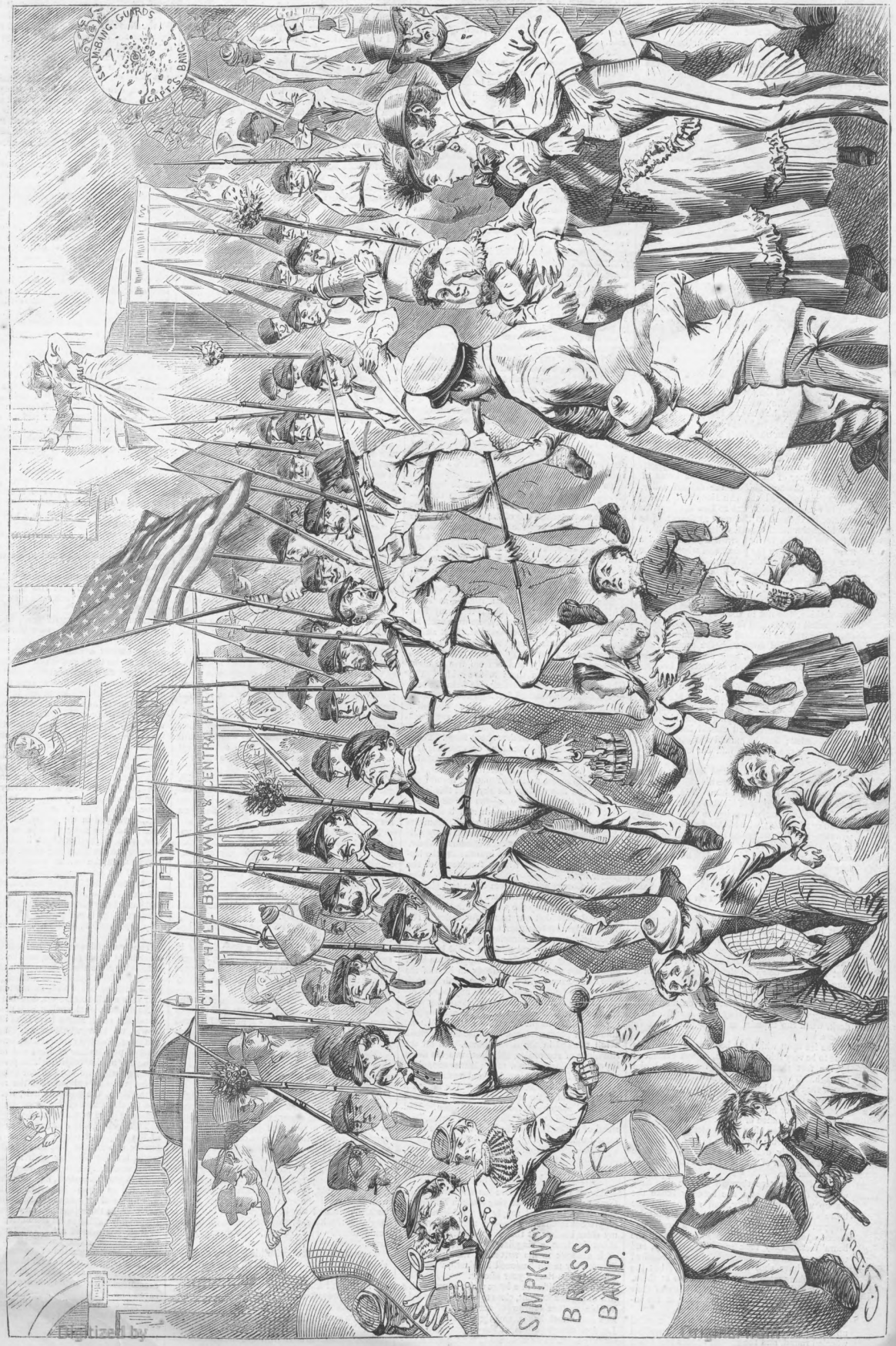

A TARGET COMPANY RETURNING FROM AN EXCURSION.—DRAWN BY C. G. BUSH.—[SEE PAGE 43.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

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TENNYSON'S NEW POEM.

THE WINDOW;

OR,

THE SONGS OF THE WRENS.*

I.

ON THE HILL.

The lights and shadows fly!
Yonder it brightens and darkens down on the plain.
A jewel, a jewel dear to a lover's eye!
O is it the brook, or a pool, or her window-pane,
When the winds are up in the morning?

Clouds that are racing above,
And winds and lights and shadows that can not be still,
All running on one way to the home of my love,
You are all running on, and I stand on the slope of the hill,
And the winds are up in the morning!

Follow, follow the chase!
And my thoughts are as quick and as quick, ever on, on, on.
O lights, are you flying over her sweet little face?
And my heart is there before you are come and gone,
When the winds are up in the morning!

Follow them down the slope!
And I follow them down to the window-pane of my dear,
And it brightens and darkens and brightens like my hope,
And it darkens and brightens and darkens like my fear,
And the winds are up in the morning.

II.

AT THE WINDOW.

Vine, vine and eglantine,
Clasp her window, trail and twine!
Rose, rose and clematis,
Trail and twine and clasp and kiss,
Kiss, kiss; and make her a bower
All of flowers, and drop me a flower,
Drop me a flower.

Vine, vine and eglantine,
Can not a flower, a flower, be mine?
Rose, rose and clematis,
Drop me a flower, a flower, to kiss,
Kiss, kiss—And out of her bower
All of flowers, a flower, a flower,
Dropped, a flower.

III.

GONE!

Gone!
Gone till the end of the year,
Gone, and the light gone with her and left me in shadow here!
Gone—flitted away,
Taken the stars from the night and the sun from the day!
Gone, and a cloud in my heart, and a storm in the air!
Flown to the east or the west, flitted I know not where!
Down in the south is a flash and a groan: she is there! she is there!

IV.

WINTER.

The frost is here,
And fuel is dear,
And woods are sear,
And fires burn clear,
And frost is here
And has bitten the heel of the going year.

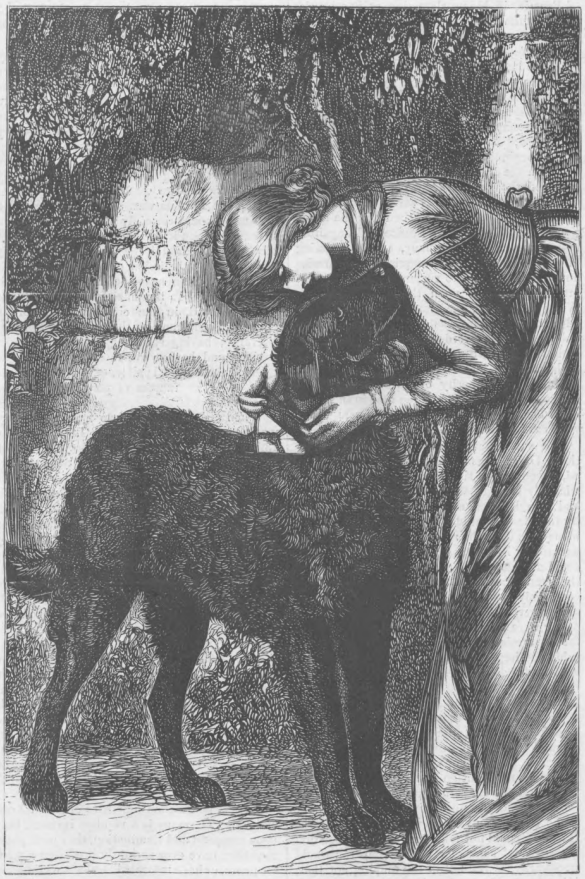
Bite, frost, bite!
You roll up away from the light
The blue wood-louse, and the plump dormouse,
And the bees are still'd, and the flies are kill'd,
And you bite far into the heart of the house,
But not into mine.

Bite, frost, bite!
The woods are all the searer,
The fuel is all the dearer,
The fires are all the clearer,
My spring is all the nearer,
You have bitten into the heart of the earth,
But not into mine.

V.

SPRING.

Birds' love and birds' song
Flying here and there,
Birds' song and birds' love,
And you with gold for hair!
Birds' song and birds' love,
Passing with the weather,
Men's song and men's love,
To love once and forever.



"GO, LITTLE LETTER, APACE, APACE."

Men's love and birds' love,
And women's love and men's!
And you my wren with a crown of gold,
You my Queen of the wrens!
You the Queen of the wrens—
We'll be birds of a feather,
I'll be King of the Queen of the wrens,
And all in a nest together.

VI.

THE LETTER.

Where is another sweet as my sweet,
Fine of the fine, and shy of the shy?
Fine little hands, fine little feet—
Dewy blue eye.
Shall I write to her? shall I go?
Ask her to marry me by-and-by?
Somebody said that she'd say no;
Somebody knows that she'll say ay!

Ay or no, if ask'd to her face?
Ay or no, from shy of the shy?
Go, little letter, apace, apace,
Fly!
Fly to the light in the valley below—
Tell my wish to her dewy blue eye:
Somebody said that she'd say no;
Somebody knows that she'll say ay!

VII.

NO ANSWER.

The mist and the rain, the mist and the rain!
Is it ay or no? is it ay or no?
And never a glimpse of her window-pane!
And I may die but the grass will grow,
And the grass will grow when I am gone,
And the wet west wind and the world will go on.

Ay is the song of the wedded spheres,
No is trouble and cloud and storm,
Ay is life for a hundred years,
No will push me down to the worm,
And when I am there and dead and gone,
The wet west wind and the world will go on.

The wind and the wet, the wind and the wet!
Wet west wind, how you blow, you blow!
And never a line from my lady yet!
Is it ay or no? is it ay or no?
Blow then, blow, and when I am gone,
The wet west wind and the world may go on.

VIII.

NO ANSWER.

Winds are loud and you are dumb:
Take my love, for love will come,
Love will come but once a life.

Winds are loud and winds will pass!
Spring is here with leaf and grass:
Take my love and be my wife.
After-loves of maids and men
Are but dainties dress'd again:
Love me now, you'll love me then:
Love can love but once a life.

IX.

THE ANSWER.

Two little hands that meet,
Clasped on her seal, my sweet!
Must I take you and break you,
Two little hands that meet?
I must take you, and break you,
And loving hands must part—
Take, take—break, break—
Break—you may break my heart.
Faint heart never won—
Break, break, and all's done.

X.

AY!

Be merry, all birds, to-day,
Be merry on earth as you never were merry before,
Be merry in heaven, O larks, and far away,
And merry for ever and ever, and one day more.
Why?
For it's easy to find a rhyme.

Look, look, how he flits,
The fire-crown'd king of the wrens, from out of the pine!
Look how they tumble the blossom, the mad little tits!
"Cuck-oo! Cuck-oo!" was ever a May so fine?
Why?
For it's easy to find a rhyme.

O merry the linnet and dove,
And swallow and sparrow and throstle, and have your desire!
O merry my heart, you have gotten the wings of love,
And flit like the king of the wrens with a crown of fire.
Why?
For it's ay ay ay, ay ay.

XI.

WHEN?

Sun comes, moon comes,
Time slips away.
Sun sets, moon sets,
Love, fix a day.

"A year hence, a year hence."
"We shall both be gray."
"A month hence, a month hence."
"Far, far away."

"A week hence, a week hence."
"Ah, the long delay."
"Wait a little, wait a little,
You shall fix a day."

"To-morrow, love, to-morrow,
And that's an age away."
Blaze upon her window, sun,
And honor all the day.

XII.

MARRIAGE MORNING.

Light, so low upon earth,
You send a flash to the sun.
Here is the golden close of love,
All my wooing is done.
O the woods and the meadows,
Woods where we hid from the wet,
Stiles where we stay'd to be kind,
Meadows in which we met!
Light, so low in the vale,
You flash and lighten afar:
For this is the golden morning of love,
And you are his morning star.
Flash, I am coming, I come,
By meadow and stile and wood:
O lighten into my eyes and my heart,
Into my heart and my blood!
Heart, are you great enough
For a love that never tires?
O heart, are you great enough for love?
I have heard of thorns and briers.
Over the thorns and briers,
Over the meadows and stiles,
Over the world to the end of it
Flash for a million miles.

* Four years ago Mr. Sullivan requested me to write a little song-cycle, German fashion, for him to exercise his art upon. He had been very successful in setting such old songs as "Orpheus with his flute," and I dressed up for him, partly in the old style, a puppet whose almost only merit is, perhaps, that it can dance to Mr. Sullivan's instrument. I am sorry that my four-year-old puppet should have to dance at all in the dark shadow of these days; but the music is now completed, and I am bound by my promise.

A. Tennyson.

December, 1870.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1871.

☞ *The* SUPPLEMENT *issued with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains a fine genre sketch, by* W. L. SHEPPARD, *entitled,* "PREPARING FOR BUSINESS;" *a View of the* CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY *in the Capitol at Washington; the concluding chapter of* Dr. HAYES'S *interesting* ARCTIC SKETCHES, *with eight characteristic illustrations, drawn from nature; an illustrated Story, and many other attractive features.*

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY IN NEW YORK.

IT is to be hoped that Republicans in New York, as in every other State, will confine their quarrels to the common foe, and not turn their weapons against each other. For we can hardly expect to beat each other and the enemy also. If, indeed, any policy is proposed by a party leader which ought not to be adopted, or any man is nominated who ought not to be elected or confirmed, every Republican who respects himself and his party will properly protest. Party ascendency is maintained by restraining party recklessness and excess. But personal and imaginary differences should not be suffered to divide the friends of a common cause, whose hearty union is indispensable to success. And the attempt to encourage such a division must be resolutely frustrated. Thus before the meeting of the New York Legislature the Republicans, who are in the minority, were engaged for a day or two in deciding who should receive their complimentary nomination for the Speakership. The discussion was instantly declared to be a trial of strength between what are called the friends of Senator CONKLING and those of Senator FENTON, as if the respective merits of those gentlemen were, in some way, a point of Republican difference.

Now we assure the Republicans in other States that, whatever may be the feeling of certain persons in regard to the New York Senators, the Republican party of New York is not divided upon any question of difference between them. Members of the party hold, of course, their opinions of those gentlemen, as they do of other public men in and out of the State. But the great body of the party knows nothing of any more personal difference between any of its representatives, and is a sincere and firm Administration party. The Convention at Saratoga, in which the difference was supposed to reach its climax, showed this conclusively. It was one of the most intelligent assemblies of the kind that was ever gathered in the State, and with many delegates personal feeling was very ardent. But the Convention pronounced decisively and unanimously for the Administration; and so little was the mass of members swayed by any unworthy personal feeling, so unwilling were they to allow the occasion to degenerate into a mere field-day between two party chiefs, that when a temporary chairman was chosen whose election was supposed to be more desired by the friends of Senator CONKLING than by those of Senator FENTON, Senator CONKLING instantly moved that the candidate of Senator FENTON should be made permanent chairman. This was, as will be remembered, in every way a most adroit and skillful act, but it proceeded, as we presume every one present felt, not merely from a desire to appear magnanimous after the substantial victory was won, but from the conviction that such was the real wish of the Convention, which did not intend to "take sides," nor to humiliate any leader. And when the two chiefs were called to conduct the permanent chairman to the platform, the temper of the Convention and of the party was shown by the sincere acclamation which hailed the appearance of the harmony which was felt to be the vital condition of success.

There can be no severer blow to the dominance of the national Republican party than the fostering of the impression that New York Republicans have already thrown away their State for the election of 1872 by being more divided among themselves than against Tammany Hall. If our Senators differ, it is to be deplored, but we of the rank and file can not assume the difference. Mr. HUSTED and Mr. SELKREG are Republicans. They have their personal preferences undoubtedly among other Republicans, but they are equally friends of the Administration, and of an equal faith in the party principles; and they both believe that Republican ascendency is essential to the national welfare. If these two gentlemen, now so conspicuous in the State from their position and from the late discussion of the Speakership, should favor men and measures only as they are supposed to be favored by Senator FENTON or Senator CONKLING, they would be doing all that they possibly could to destroy the party. And what is true of them is true of every Republican in the State. If we are GRANT Republicans, so to speak, we must discard all other names. But if as CONKLING men we are to fight FENTON men, and as FENTON men to fight CONKLING men, the hordes of Tammany will sweep over us with a laugh of triumph and derision.

GERMANY AND FRANCE.

THE new year opens upon a war which every body hoped would have been ended long before the winter. During its terrible progress there has been no serious difference of opinion as to its immediate and guilty author, and the name of "the second empire" has become a synonym of the most deplorable phantasm in modern history. But while the judgment of the world has been unanimous upon the wanton origin of the war, the surrender at Sedan and the disappearance of the empire have been considered by many persons as offering Germany an opportunity for peace which she failed to improve; and there is, therefore, a feeling in some minds that since Sedan the character of the war has wholly changed; that Germany is now pursuing a criminal career of conquest, seeking, as far as possible, to obliterate France; and that all generous sympathy is, therefore, due to that invaded and outraged country. M. LAUGEL suggests this view in the admirable letter which was one of the most sensible and temperate utterances of a Frenchman since the war began. Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS expressed the same opinion in a strain of fiery invective against BISMARCK. Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON, in a vigorous article in the *Fortnightly Review* upon Bismarckism, declares that the cause of France is that of modern civilization; and the *Evening Post* publishes a communication from "a most eminent Frenchman," whose name, it says, would justly have immense weight with his countrymen, which states that Germany is aggressive, and that France is "truly pacific."

But are these statements justified by the facts? It is undoubtedly true that the King of Prussia, in his proclamation at Saarbruck, said that the Emperor NAPOLEON had attacked the German nation, and that he had taken arms to repel aggression; and in his letter to the Pope he said that Germany had neither desired nor provoked war, and that if he could have assurances from LOUIS NAPOLEON of a pacific disposition, "and guarantees against a similar attempt upon the peace and tranquillity of Europe," he should be content. This was in the beginning of August. The war went on. On the 2d of September General WIMPFEN and the French army capitulated at Sedan, and LOUIS NAPOLEON surrendered himself to King WILLIAM. What then was the situation? The Emperor of France had begun an unjust war against Germany, and in resisting him the Germans had vanquished his armies and compelled him to surrender, and they remained victorious upon the soil of France. When the news of the disaster of Sedan reached Paris the empire was overthrown, and a republic was, in the words of the first official proclamation, "constituted and ratified by popular acclamation"—that is to say, certain persons assumed the authority of Government, called themselves a republic, and the mob in the street applauded the names of the ministers which were read to them.

The committee, or the Government of National Defense, as it called itself, comprehended, of course, the situation. The Emperor had wickedly brought war upon the country. He had been defeated, and in the name of the country they had declared him dethroned. The Germans were upon the soil of France in force, and necessarily in the most hostile attitude. They could assume nothing of the probable action of the French people or their Government. They could only move on steadily toward the seat of the power which they were fighting. If that power were disposed to yield, to ask for terms, for an armistice—if it were inclined to throw aside the imperial policy of war as it had discarded the Emperor—Germany was ready to listen. But it is surely unjust to insist that because the King of Prussia had said, what every body knew, that LOUIS NAPOLEON had provoked the war, the King was to take for granted that, when LOUIS NAPOLEON had surrendered, every thing was at an end, and that the Germans might go home again. The King knew, and the Emperor expressly said, that his individual act did not compromise the Regency—the Government which he had left at Paris. Germany could not take for granted either that the personal surrender of the Emperor would necessarily be the fall of the empire, nor that, if it proved to be so, that the Government which succeeded would abandon the war as an evil work of the Emperor.

And the immediate event showed the justice of this view. On the 5th of September the revolution occurred in Paris. The Provisional Government was announced, and its very first proclamation declared that the people demanded a republic to save the country in danger. And how to save it? By denouncing the Emperor's war, as it denounced him, and insisting on the immediate suspension of hostilities? Not at all. The proclamation was a cry of continued war: "A republic vanquished invasion in '92.....To-morrow you will be avengers with the army of the country." That is to say, the empire could not conquer the Germans, but the republic will. The next morning, September 6, the same spirit was more elaborately expressed in another proclamation, which said that the empire was set aside because it had imperiled the public safety. The proclamation called upon the people to rise *en masse*, and to rally around the glorious symbol which, eighty years before, had driven all Europe before France; and the International Working-men's Society, in an address to the "social democracy" of Germany, gravely demanded the withdrawal of the German armies, or Frenchmen would re-enact '93, because they made no peace with an enemy on the soil!

On the 7th of September JULES FAVRE, the provisional Minister of Foreign Affairs, addressed a circular to Europe, in which he said: "The King of Prussia has said that he made war against the dynasty, and not against France. The dynasty is gone, and France is free; yet is this impious war continued. Will the King face this responsibility before the world and before history? France yields not one foot of soil, nor a stone of a fortress." The impious war did indeed continue, but by whose will? Germany stood victorious before the vanquished French armies; and to say that, because LOUIS NAPOLEON had surrendered, Germany ought to have marched off the field without knowing whether the war was to be continued, or whether she was to have any adequate security against similar attacks, is certainly trifling. If the war was to end, it must be the act of France. If the surrender of the Emperor was to cause the retirement of the King, it must be because France disavowed the Emperor's war. But when the dynasty fell the "republic" took up its cause. Its first word was not a demand for peace, but a cry for fiercer war. And although every man in his senses knew that Germany could not have withdrawn without ample guarantees of future security, the new Government not only did not proffer such guarantees, but defiantly declared with its first breath, "Not one foot of soil, nor a stone of a fortress."

The only different course open to Germany from that which was pursued was to have waited at Sedan to see the effect of the catastrophe, and then to have proposed terms to France. But it was desperate war, and the first condition of war, acknowledged by every power that resorts to it, is the prompt and vigorous pursuit of an advantage. One way to end war is to bring the vanquished to yield by following up a victory. If France really meant to stop the impious war, she would propose to stop much more certainly if the victor moved steadily on than if he paused as if doubtful or sorely hurt. And if he had paused merely to invite the submission of France, the result would have been a yell of rage from Calais to Bordeaux. It is amazing, in view of these facts, to read, in the communication of an eminent Frenchman to the *Evening Post*, that "France, having seen her regular army destroyed, and having overturned Cæsarism and rejected the imperial policy, offers Germany the most ample guarantees of peace and of good neighborhood."

When and where and how were such offers made? M. THIERS arrived in London on the 13th of September, upon a roving mission of inquiry, to ascertain whether the neutral powers would undertake to make peace. But he expressly disclaimed representing a "republic," and, in fact, was merely and vainly sounding foreign sentiment. England then asked Germany to grant an armistice. But Germany naturally asked in reply, Who can bind the French army or nation? JULES FAVRE'S answer admitted that he and his colleagues could not bind France. Notwithstanding this, M. FAVRE met Count BISMARCK, who professed himself as anxious for peace as M. FAVRE, and proposed an armistice for the election of a national assembly; but they could not agree upon a basis, and the negotiation failed. M. FAVRE was unwilling to allow any military equivalent for the inevitable loss by delay to a victorious and advancing army, and he did not hesitate to repeat that France would pay money, but would never cede territory. And this, so far as appears, is the sole "ample guarantee of peace and good neighborhood" that France has offered Germany.

Indeed, before the Committee of Defense can claim that Germany is a ruthless invader, bent upon conquest and humiliation, they must show that they have ever seriously professed a wish for peace, or have indicated the least willingness to accede to such terms as, under the circumstances, Germany has a right to require. To say that "the republic desires peace, but is ever mindful of the dignity of France," is not a proof either of a comprehension of the situation or of a serious wish for peace. Or to say that Germany is ruthless, because she demanded that she should not lose by an armistice, is to demand what is never conceded between belligerents so situated. If, when LOUIS NAPOLEON surrendered at Sedan, the Committee of Defense, instead of talking about the republic of '89, and driving Europe, and expelling the invader, and never yielding an inch of soil nor a stone of a fortress, had proclaimed that France renounced the Emperor and all his works, including his wicked war, and had dispatched an embassador to say to Germany that France, disapproving the war, wished to know what terms of peace were possible, and Germany had proposed conditions evidently dishonorable and impossible, then, indeed, appealing to Europe and to the world, France might have said that it could not submit, and might well have looked for universal sympathy in its effort to save its national existence. But the country which has been the most wanton of warriors seems to have imagined that all the laws and usages of war were to be relinquished in its favor; and that a neighboring nation, which France had constantly assaulted, ought to take it for granted that, because it had beaten three or four French armies, it was therefore forever secure from French aggression.

We deprecate as earnestly as Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON the horrors of war and of a military despotism, and we warmly oppose the transfer of a people by mere conquest to an alien authority; nor do we acknowledge in advance the justice of any guarantee that Germany may demand. But we certainly think that she is entitled to very stringent security against a neighbor like France; and just in the degree that France is to remain a powerful nation ought those guarantees to be ample. When a nation called an empire begins a causeless war against a neighbor to which it has always professed itself hostile, and is terribly beaten in the field, ought other governments, because the beaten nation then calls itself a republic, to interfere before the beaten nation asks for peace, and insist that the victors shall not exact certain conditions?

GENERAL PLEASONTON AND THE CIVIL SERVICE.

IN a letter to prominent internal revenue officers, declining a public dinner, General PLEASONTON, the new Commissioner, whose promotion is most deserved and satisfactory, says that the civil service in time of peace stands in the same relation to the institutions of the country as the army and navy in time of war. This is theoretically true. The civil service ought to be as efficient as the military or naval. But what civil officer is as proud of his position and his service as the lieutenant or the midshipman? It is not because he is not conscious of his own fidelity, but because he knows that the fact of being in the service proves nothing whatever in regard to a man's capacity or character. But the shoulder-straps or the buttons are evidence that the wearer has not failed in an honorable test. Among no body of men, also, is there greater *esprit de corps* than among military and naval officers. But is there any such sentiment in the civil service? How can there be when a gentleman knows that his neighbor in the service was appointed because he gave money to pay certain election expenses, or led a gang of men to control a caucus? Moreover, the utmost official honesty has characterized the military and naval service. The sense of honor upon this point has been most sensitive. In the civil service every fourth dollar of the immense sums collected is described, like a lost cow, as "strayed or stolen."

General PLEASONTON finally says that many revenue officers with whom he has conversed express the most earnest and honorable desire to have the civil service placed on such a footing that the people will look upon it with respect and confidence. That is undoubtedly the feeling of the best men in every department of the civil service. But they know that it can not be placed upon such a footing while the present system continues. And if it be said that General PLEASONTON is himself an illustration of the able and honorable men who are appointed to civil positions, the reply is, that except for some such men, both appointed and retained, the whole service would stop. If the general principle of appointment were universal the government could not go on. The system is saved by its exceptions. If the feeling which is so natural to General PLEASONTON, who has been an army officer, and which he represents as shared by so many in the civil service, is to be gratified, and the system is to be raised to public confidence and honor, it can only be by a radical reform. It is by making that the rule which is now only a happy chance. And we are glad to believe that such a change would be as agreeable to General PLEASONTON as to other good men in the country.

THE KING OF ITALY EXCOMMUNICATED.

THE Pope has excommunicated King VICTOR EMANUEL and all and sundry who have aided him in that "enormous crime," the plebiscitum of the 2d of October, by which the Romans almost unanimously declared that they did not wish to remain under the Papal political rule. He protests that he will make no farther concessions of the rights which are those "of God and of the Holy See," and that he is now under duress. We should like to hear from some of the American signers of the paper of sympathy with the Pope in his political overthrow what they think of his statement that his political authority over the inhabitants of the late States of the Church was derived from God. Those inhabitants had never been asked until VICTOR EMANUEL'S army came. They were originally

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placed under the political supremacy of the Pope by an arbitrary act, and they have remained prostrate ever since because of the skillful manner in which ecclesiastical politicians have confused things temporal and things spiritual. Any king would be very wary of offending a potentate who, as he believed, could virtually imperil his soul. But the steady light which advancing civilization and intelligence have thrown upon the question of the relation of church and state has enabled the Italian Government to adopt one of the most hopeful measures of the times. If only CAVOUR could have accompanied the King to Rome!

It is not probable that the fulmination of the Pope will reverse the revolution, or persuade the Italian people or the world at large that it is better to thrust the inhabitants of Central Italy under the political despotism of ecclesiasticism. Indeed, the real condition of that region, if it were not known to so many by actual observation and by careful reports in books, would be conclusively shown by the fact that, although Romanists, and under the immediate glamour of the power and prestige of their Church, the Roman people heartily declared their wish to be free of the political government of the Pope. And the future student of history will not fail to remark that the change was effected by those who acknowledge the Papal claim to ecclesiastical supremacy, and not by those who regard that pretension as utterly unfounded.

It is certainly not too much to claim that the occupation of Rome as the capital of Italy by the political authority of the country shows the most radical change in Roman Catholic opinion of the necessary connection of church and state. It is a result which the most liberal members of that Church will every where hail as a true victory of their faith. But it portends other and admirable changes. It marks the dawn of an era of real religious liberty—an era in which opinion will not take precedence of character, and when the highest human progress will be secured by the utmost respect for individual freedom.

THE ERIE CANDIDATE.

ONE of the organs of Tammany Hall says that Tammany will not urge Governor HOFFMAN as a Presidential candidate. So Governor SEYMOUR was perpetually protesting that he would not be a candidate in 1868. But when the nomination was urged upon him in the Convention, the protesting Governor, insisting he would ne'er consent, consented. The result was procured by certain New York managers, and his refusal was part of the plan. Tammany Hall intends to dictate the next nomination of its party, and as it hopes to be able to secure it for one of its most pliant instruments, it very properly begins by asserting that it has no other desire than the prosperity of the city of New York, and that while the State will support any candidate who may be properly nominated, "her Democracy.....will not have intrigued for any one of her sons." When a paper which the *World* describes as the "organ of Mayor HALL" says that Tammany will not intrigue, every body of course will be satisfied.

The Democratic difficulty is that General GRANT will undoubtedly be the Republican candidate, and that there is no man in the Democratic party who has any especial prominence. Undoubtedly the more intelligent Democrats would gladly abandon all their party leaders, not one of whom has the slightest national prestige, or is in the least identified with the great modern movement of the country, and "run for luck" with some candidate like Judge CHASE—who is, of course, out of the question—or CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS. In this situation, in the absence of any man who commands the nomination, the Tammany managers know very well that every kind of little consideration will have great weight. Questions of locality will be very important under the circumstances; and as there is a jealousy of Tammany supremacy in the party out of New York, and as Tammany controlled the last nomination, and gave it to a New Yorker, it is naturally supposed that there will be a very decided disinclination to accept a candidate from Tammany now; and, therefore, with its wonted frankness, Tammany declares that nothing could persuade it to have a candidate, and if there is one thing which it abominates more than another it is intrigue.

Such a declaration is infinitely comical, not only because nobody believes it, but because those who make it know that nobody believes it, and that every body knows that they know that nobody believes it. When the Convention meets, a little bird will say quietly to the delegates, "The vote of New York is indispensable, and we are in power there. The Governor is as well known as any other Democrat in the country. If he is nominated, Tammany will certainly carry the State at any cost, and it will furnish as much money elsewhere as may be wanted." Governor HOFFMAN will be the candidate of certain colossal railway monopolies using the Tammany political organization; and what have the friends of Mr. HENDRICKS to urge against that? They will be asked if they are willing to imperil the possibility of Democratic success by insisting upon a gentleman whose claims are exclusively local. That he is a very much abler man than Governor HOFFMAN, that he is free from any suspicion of the subservience to disreputable masters which Governor HOFFMAN has shown, will be a consideration of no weight when the question is merely one of expediency.

As for the Republicans, they could hope nothing better than that the Democratic party, which nominated a candidate in 1864 upon a platform of surrender, and in 1868 upon a platform of repudiation, should in 1872 prove that it was wholly unchanged by nominating for President of the United States the man who signed the Erie bill.

PRIM AND SPAIN.

THE beginning of the year brought striking news from Europe. On the same morning we read that VICTOR EMANUEL had entered Rome as King of Italy, that his son had arrived at Carthagena as King of Spain, and that Marshal PRIM, who had really brought him to the throne, and who would have been his chief counselor, was murdered. In the same paper we read that the successor of JOHN BRIGHT in the English ministry had been nominated, and that the first step of the direct attack of the Germans upon Paris had been successfully taken.

The death of Marshal PRIM can surprise no one, and he doubtless knew that he held his life in his hand. The chief actors in the European political revolutions play a game of life or death. It is usually a selfish contest for power, and the players hesitate at nothing. PRIM had himself been implicated in an attempted assassination of NARVAEZ, and was too old a conspirator not to have understood exactly his own position. But it is one of the finest compensations of nature that the assassin always wounds his own cause. The story of republicanism in Europe is too much stained with this kind of murder. The crude character of that republicanism is shown, as it used to be in the old Slave States of the Union, by a constant appeal to classical examples. BRUTUS is its hero. It is a Roman and not a Christian republicanism. It is very apt to mistake its own will for liberty. Whether it executes CHARLES the First or LOUIS the Sixteenth after the form of a trial, or whether it stealthily strikes ROSSI or PRIM, or aims in vain at BISMARCK or LOUIS NAPOLEON, this spirit always forgets that its enemy is not a man, but a system. It is not a king, but monarchy. Nothing was done for the security of the commonwealth when CHARLES the First fell, for at the same moment, and in consequence of that fall, CHARLES the Second arose.

And now when PRIM, who has been the guiding genius of Spain during its revolution, is murdered by an assassin, if the principle which he represents has no such single powerful advocate surviving, yet it is immensely strengthened by the instinctive horror of a cause which seeks its advantage by such a crime. The Spanish republicans can not, indeed, be held guilty of the crime of an individual or of a conspiracy, but Spanish republicanism will suffer. And European republicanism will and ought to suffer by every similar offense until it is a cardinal principle of its creed that assassination is the chief crime against the cause of liberty. Indeed, there is no surer barrier against the progress of republicanism in Europe than the general feeling that with its loud cry for liberty it has little respect for law, and for all the constitutional safeguards of freedom. It was this conviction which persuaded so intelligent a liberal as LABOULAYE that it was better to vote for the bad empire in France than for the worse uncertainty of a republic managed by men who, in his judgment, had no conception whatever of the spirit, the methods, or the purpose of free institutions.

The assassination of PRIM, therefore, hurts nothing so much as the cause of a true popular government in Spain. Whether the country can be called, in any intelligible sense, republican, we do not believe any body can truly tell. But that its deplorable condition is due to the combined influences of a virtually irresponsible government and ecclesiastical domination there is no doubt. CASTELLAR may be as impracticable as he is eloquent, but the real progress of Spain lies in the direction toward which his heart and hope are turned. MAZZINI may have been all his life a visionary and a despair to common-sense, but when VICTOR EMANUEL came to Rome it was a forward movement in the policy to which MAZZINI'S life has been devoted. The sad Italian seems to despair, and almost to turn cynic. But he is a man of the sanguine, passionate temperament which can not wait in a world where great and final victories are only achieved by waiting; and if his long experience has taught him wisdom, there is no one in Europe who will more deeply regret the murder of PRIM than MAZZINI.

What the actual effect of the crime upon the prospects of Spain will be we are yet to see. But every intelligent observer will be sure that unless the new monarchical government is very liberal, very progressive, and very wise—unless it strenuously promotes education, and represses the ecclesiastical influence—it will have to deal with incessant revolutions, and will be at last ignominiously overthrown like the old BOURBON monarchy.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

OUR readers have been kept advised, through the papers, of the movements of Professor HARTT'S third visit to Brazil—instituted, in part, for the purpose of enriching the cabinet of Cornell University—and have been informed of its safe return on the 22d of December last. We learn that besides making extensive collections in all departments of natural science, the exploration has brought to light several new features in regard to the geology and physical geography of the valley. The great Amazonian forest, according to Mr. HARTT, does not cover the whole district from the Andes to the Atlantic, and the mountains of Guiana on the north to the plateaus of Minas Geraes on the south, but consists of a comparatively narrow fringe overgrowing the lowlands, or flats, bordering the banks of the river and its affluents, while the intervening region is composed of grass-covered campos almost imperceptibly swelling from the alluvial intervals, dotted here and there by groups of palms—*muriti* and *carara*—presenting a singular feature in the distribution of Amazonian forests, usually composed of numberless varieties within a limited area.

Below the falls of the Tapajoz Mr. HARTT discovered carboniferous rock, and made a collection of a large number of species of marine fossils from this formation. The most interesting physical feature of the valley of the Amazon is the elevated range of Ereré, where the professor and his party spent nearly a month making detailed surveys. The sierra is composed of ancient rocks *quite highly inclined*, much disturbed, while the plains at the northern base consist of horizontal strata containing lower *palæozoic* fossils, trilobites, etc. The cliffs of Ereré are covered with Indian paintings, nearly all of which were carefully copied or photographed, and presented many interesting analogies to the inscriptions on the Indian pottery found at Marajo, near the mouth of the river. A special study of the *Tupi* language enabled Mr. HARTT to collect many interesting facts regarding the primitive denizens of the Amazon, their customs, habits, and peculiar method of teaching by symbolic fable.

In making a geological section of some fifty miles of the country near Santarem they found a thick bed of recent Amazonian shells at a height of some fifty feet above the highest present level of the river, showing that in comparatively recent times the waters covered a much greater surface at a higher level.

The first number of the new series of the *American Journal of Science*, lately announced in our columns as about to be published monthly, instead of bi-monthly as heretofore, has promptly made its appearance; and we find in it an interesting account of a fossil insect from the carboniferous formation of Indiana. This belongs to the neuropterous order, and is stated to be most closely allied to a species from the carboniferous formation of Europe.

It has been already announced in our papers by advices from London, that Aurora Island, in the New Hebrides group, situated about fifteen degrees east of Australia, had lately disappeared entirely, without leaving any trace of its existence; and the fact, it is said, has been corroborated by an American whaler which lately arrived at Honolulu. This island was one of the most fertile of the group, and is stated to have been thirty-six miles long by upward of five miles in breadth. In this same connection it may be mentioned that the American whaler *Milton*, lately arrived at the Bay of Islands, in Northern New Zealand, reported that when they touched at Sunday Island it was on fire in all directions, and had been in that state for nearly forty days. During the heavy shocks of earthquakes preceding and after the eruptions two islands were thrown up in the harbor, one of them being, as nearly as could be judged, about three hundred feet high. Two families were living on Sunday Island, and on the arrival of the whaler begged to be taken away, as the heat was so intense and the sulphurous smell so strong that all the animals about them were destroyed; and their fate must have been the same it they had remained much longer. They were accordingly carried to the Norfolk Islands, and left there in safety.

In a comparison of the aneroid and mercurial barometers, made throughout a recent voyage across the Atlantic, it was ascertained that the ordinary indications were the same in both instruments, but that the aneroid was to be considered as more sensitive to atmospheric changes. It always indicated the approach of foul weather, or the change to fair, in advance of the rival instrument.

In a late Number of the *Weekly* we made allusion to the project for the excavation of a ship canal across Cape Cod, to connect Buzzard's Bay with Barnstable Bay. In the same connection we may remark that a project has been suggested, and is now being very energetically urged, for the establishment of a line of interior communication, at least for small vessels, such as yachts, steamboats, schooners, etc., to extend from New York to Delaware Bay. An examination of the map of New Jersey will show that the greater part of the coast is bordered by outer beaches, which cut off inlets between them and the main land, and that it is only necessary, according to a statement before us, to make a few sections of actual canal, besides widening and improving certain natural means of communication, to complete the line in question. Should the enterprise be accomplished, and the Cape Cod canal be likewise constructed, a vessel might start at Boston, and pass by an interior line all the way to Delaware Bay.

The entire route by the proposed line of interior communication from New York to Delaware Bay is said to be about one hundred and twenty-five miles, requiring the construction of only about fifteen or twenty miles of actual canal, together with about fifteen miles of dredging to various depths. One section of canal, five miles in length, would be between the head of Denny's Creek, on the north side of Delaware Bay, and the head of Cedar Swamp Creek, which empties into Tuckahoe River, near the Great Egg Harbor Bay; the entire distance across being about twenty miles, while that around the coast is about sixty. From the head of Barnegat Bay to Squam Inlet, and thence to navigable water near Long Branch, a second line of about fifteen miles would be required.

According to *Silliman's Journal*, a topographical survey of the Hawaiian Islands has been ordered by the Legislature, and the amount of $8000 appropriated for instruments. Professor ALEXANDER, of Oahu, has been appointed Surveyor-General, and as soon as the necessary apparatus is received he proposes to measure a base line on the sandy isthmus (six or seven miles in width) between East and West Maui. The work is to be prosecuted with the rigorous accuracy that characterizes the labors of our coast survey.

We have already mentioned the fact that the British Association appointed a committee to secure from the Admiralty a renewed survey of the coast of Chili and Peru; and we now learn that the bay of Talcahuano, in Chili, has been found by the commander of the Chilian war steamer to have increased in depth two or two and a half fathoms.

On the other hand, however, it has been found that a certain spot in the gulf of Arauco, represented in Captain FITZHUGH'S chart as a sunken rock, is now a small island nearly united to the main land.

According to a recent account, a company which has been boring near Lake Ainslie, in Inverness County, Cape Breton, struck oil a short time ago, at a depth of 560 feet, with every prospect of securing an ample supply. The discovery has created quite a fever in Nova Scotia, and companies are being formed, and large tracts of land secured, for the purpose of going into the oil business.

A new and remarkable variety of cannel-coal has recently been announced in the *American Gas-Light Journal* as having been lately discovered on the Red Bank River, in Armstrong County, Pennsylvania. It is a variety of cannel-coal, but has the curious peculiarity that when cut, or even rubbed with a knife-blade, it assumes a brilliant lustre precisely like plumbago. It easily streaks paper, the streak having a slightly olive-brown tinge, and being indelible by India rubber. As a combustible it is of excellent quality, and as such will doubtless be soon brought to the notice of the public.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

January 4.—In the Senate, Mr. Sumner's resolution calling for information on San Domingo matters was adopted. A resolution was also adopted directing the Finance Committee to inquire into the expediency of imposing a tax of $1 on every applicant for an office having a salary of not less than $1000.—In the House, the bill providing for an International Exhibition at Philadelphia in 1876, in celebration of our national independence, was further considered, without action being taken.

January 5.—In the Senate, a resolution was adopted calling for the last correspondence between Mr. Motley and the State Department, including the telegraphic dispatches relating to his recall. A select committee was appointed to investigate the charges of blockade-running recently made against Senator Sprague.—In the House, Mr. Schenck's letter of resignation was read, and a bill introduced, and immediately passed, giving him an extra allowance of $2500 a year, as minister to England, for the employment of an amanuensis, made necessary by an injury to his right hand incurred in battle.

January 6.—Senate not in session.—In the House, resolutions censuring Admirals Godon and Davis for their conduct in the dispute between Minister Washburne and the government of Paraguay were adopted; and also a resolution directing a court of inquiry into the whole subject.

January 7.—Senate not in session.—The session of the House was occupied with general debate of no special interest or importance.

GENERAL DOMESTIC ITEMS.

The New York Legislature assembled January 3. Among the bills introduced in both branches were one to repeal the New York city registry law, and one to amend the excise law.

The United States steamer *Saginaw*, of the Pacific squadron, went to pieces on an island in the Pacific Ocean, on the 14th of November. Several of the officers were drowned on the 18th of December attempting to land at the Sandwich Islands, after a perilous trip of a month in reaching them. A vessel was dispatched to the rescue of the rest of the crew, with what result is as yet unknown.

The public debt of the country was decreased $2,240,760 90 during the month of December.

The house in which Henry Clay was born, near Ashland, Virginia, was recently burned.

The Indian Council at Ockmulgee, Indian Territory, has adopted the preamble of the Constitution and Bill of Rights submitted by the commission appointed to draft it, after several days' discussion, by a vote of 52 to 3. The Council then adjourned, to meet at Ocmulgee Creek, June, 1871.

About $5,000,000 in gold were shipped from Colorado during the year 1870.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE WAR IN FRANCE.

THE bombardment of the fortifications of Paris, begun on the 27th ult., continues with great effect. The casemates of Fort Rosny, on the northeast, have been destroyed, and the guns of Forts Issy and Vanves, on the south, have been silenced.

A battle between the French Army of the North and the Prussians, under General Manteuffel, was fought on the 2d and 3d inst. at Evrilliers. Both sides claim a complete victory. The material advantages appear, however, to have been on the Prussian side, as the French ultimately retired to recover and reorganize.

On the Loire General Chanzy repulsed several unimportant attacks by the Prussians, but at latest accounts had been compelled to retreat.

Berlin bankers have been sentenced to long terms of imprisonment for subscribing to the recent French loan.

GENERAL FOREIGN ITEMS.

Cardinal Antonelli cordially received the embassador sent by King Victor Emanuel to announce his arrival in Rome.

Prince Amadeus, on his arrival in Madrid, proceeded to the Cortes and took the oath as King of Spain. The enthusiasm is said to be great.

An act passed the Congress of Mexico on the 12th of December conceding to the Tehuantepec Railway Company the right to construct a ship canal across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, and operate the same for ninety-nine years.

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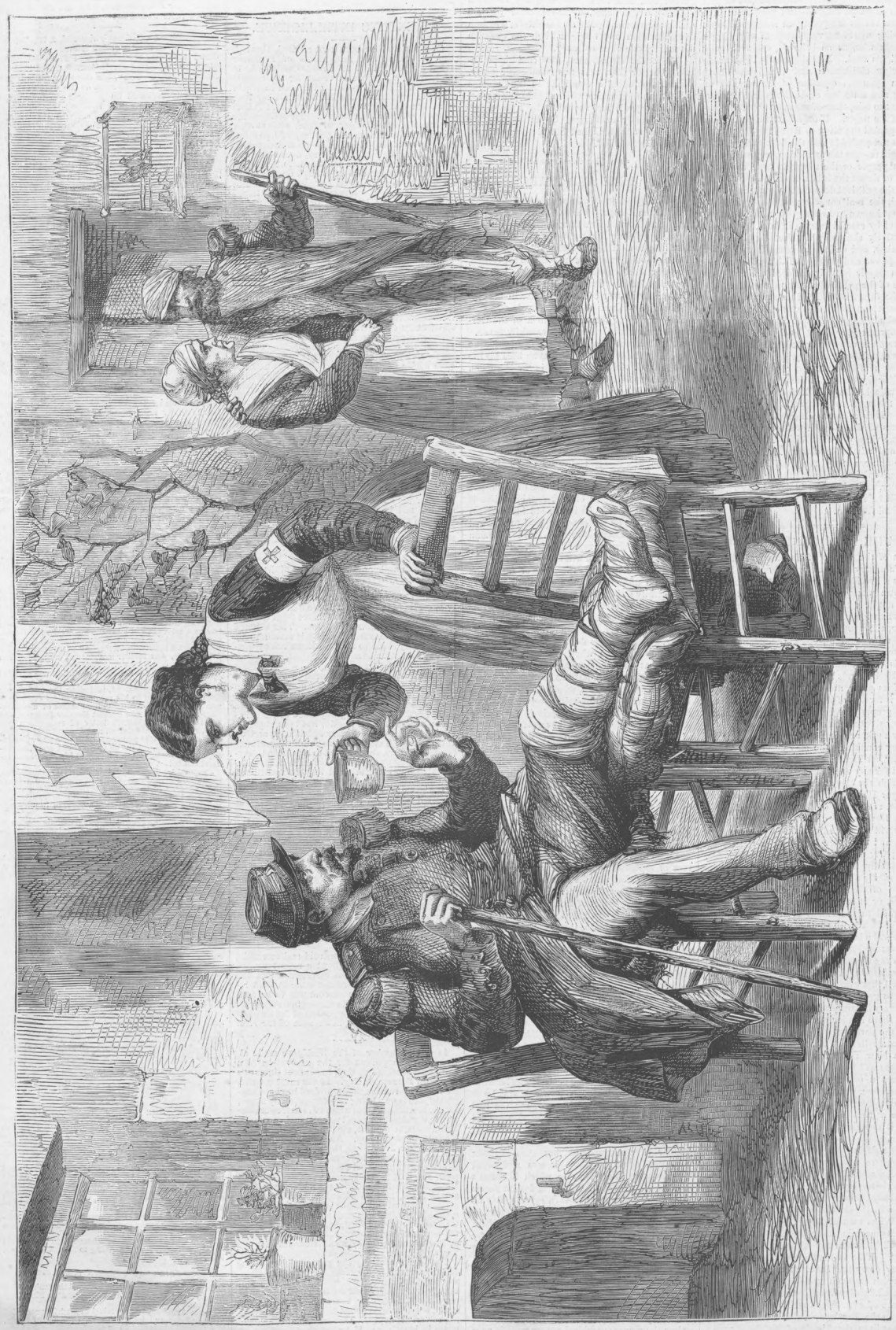

"CARED FOR."—[SEE PAGE 55.]

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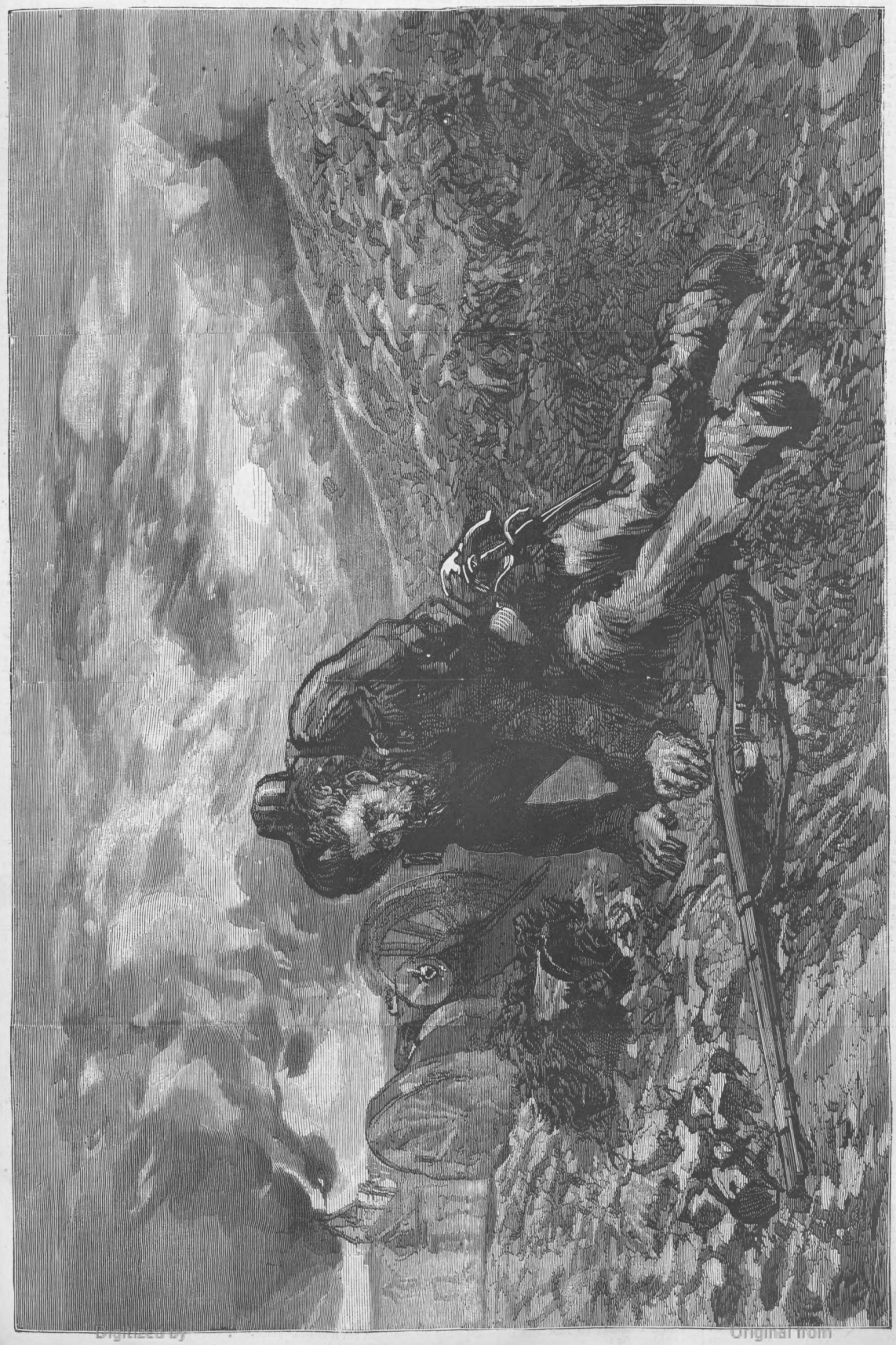

"UNCARED FOR."—[SEE PAGE 55.]

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TWO NATIONS.

WHAT are the sounds I hear to-day?
I hear a loud bell ringing;
The clang of a hammer o'er the way
That the sturdy smith is swinging;
And I hear the beat of myriad feet
That are swift or slowly walking,
And the waft of a song is borne along,
And I hear glad voices talking.

What are the things I see to-day?
I see a peaceful people,
And one goes this and one that way,
And the bell rings in the steeple;
And men go into the house of God,
And men sing at their labor,
And they meet and pass with a smile and nod,
Or a pleasant word to a neighbor.

What to-day are the sounds that are heard
In the land across the ocean?
The sound of sobbing, the parting word,
And a Nation's dire commotion!
The dropping of tears, and mad, wild cheers,
And the cannon's boom and rattle—
The gasp of the slain, and cries of pain,
And the awful sounds of battle.

What are the things that are seen to-day
In the land across the water?
Armies of men, who are marching away,
Fields that are red with slaughter—
Children with faces worn and wild,
Women mad with dishonor,
A Nation polluted and defiled
With crimes war heaps upon her.

Churches and homes all dark and dim,
Bells that are dumb in the steeple;
Haunts of labor deserted and grim,
And streets filled with mad, wild people;
Faces white with a speechless fright,
And hearts filled with desolation:
Ay! 'tis things like these that are over the seas—
God pity and save the Nation!

WON—NOT WOOED.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Bred in the Bone," etc., etc.

CHAPTER V.

A PALEONTOLOGICAL DISCOVERY.

THE means by which Mr. Miles Winthrop (for such was the full name of the elder of the two "new arrivals" at *The Grand*) became personally acquainted with two gentlemen, both of whom, but an hour ago, seemed totally unknown to him, need some explanation; for the fact was that Mr. Frederick Pennant, though an agreeable, pleasant fellow enough among his own family and friends, was one of those young Englishmen who oppose to the approach of strangers a shield of ice, which (whatever their genial warmth) it takes some time to thaw. He was not by any means one of those solemn swells, haunting wearily Piccadilly and the Park in the season, who affect a hostile indifference to their fellow-creatures, lest their own stupidity should be discovered by contact—just as, for an opposite reason, monkeys are said to appear dumb, lest man should discover their intelligence, and set them to work. Frederick was neither a swell nor stupid; but it was characteristic in him, notwithstanding that he had a frank and genial nature, to regard every man with suspicion who chanced to be out of the pale of his own acquaintance; and this was especially the case when, as at present, he was in charge of ladies, concerning whom it is not too much to say that he grudged strange men the opportunity of lifting their eyes to them, and resented their admiration as an insult. The advanced years of Mr. Flint had in his case mitigated this young gentleman's watch-dog zeal, and acquaintanceship had advanced so far that he had even been introduced by her husband to Mrs. Pennant. But then Mr. Flint was a man that "one knew something about to begin with." He had more letters after his name than a prince of the blood royal has before it. He was acquainted, or had the reputation of being so, with "all the ologies;" and was acknowledged to be the very greatest authority upon "stone cists" in all Great Britain. The rumored discovery of a few dry bones in Lapland would have "fetched" him—to use a significant phrase, with which this learned man was probably not acquainted—more certainly than the ripe charms of beauty; and the sight of a pre-historic ornament—some bit of gristle with a hole through it—would make his heart beat quicker than any love-song. Every bit of earth on which he set eyes had its story for him; and even from underneath the earth he had dragged many a secret out, which had been hidden—according to the chronology of more simple folks—before the earth was made. In fact, the only quarrel which Society had with Mr. Flint was upon this subject—of which, however, it must be confessed she knew very little indeed, namely, the duration of the human race. Man's antiquity was dearer to Mr. Flint than woman's youth; and for it, or rather for the theory of it, he had sacrificed more than most men sacrifice for women. He had left the ancient house of learning where he had first won his spurs, and, laying down his honors and emoluments upon the altar of what he deemed Scientific Truth, had gone forth into the world a comparatively old man, to make his living afresh. College rolls, though of finest wheat, were bitter in his mouth, since they were given to him only upon conditions, and he had exchanged them for the black bread of independence.

All this had happened years ago; Mr. Flint was the protomartyr of science, and had been long eclipsed by those who had put such martyrdom to better use. He had made no capital out of it, as they had done; but had quietly slipped out of his college stall, and taken up the profession of a man of letters. He had never written a syllable against that church with which he had no feud, and which he had quitted only because he could no longer be her minister. It was remembered by but a very few that Professor Flint (who was by no means proud, by-the-by, of that ambitious designation) had at one time been the Rev. Christopher Flint, M.A., tutor of St. Ermengard's, Oxford. There were two or three old Heads of Houses at whose "lodges" he was always a welcome guest, and with whom he would gladly talk over that old time—they and he as different as the poles, yet mutually cordial—but for the most part he was silent about it. There was only one thing which ever ruffled the Professor, even in connection with his hobby. Ordinary opponents, the mere orthodox, never angered him; the wits never got a rise out of him, in the shape even of a flushed cheek; but if he met an advocate of the Ape theory—of the idea that man and monkey were once terms synonymous—then he flamed out at white heat. He grew positively dangerous. His epithets had to be taken in the Pickwickian sense, or the peace must have been sworn against him. It is needless to say that, notwithstanding this, Society at large credited Mr. Flint with a belief in the Ape theory, which, she said, "was *such* a pity," in this "nice old man." One unfortunate young gentleman had once even endeavored to make acquaintance with him on the ground of holding the like heretical view. "*I*, too, Professor, hold the same opinion with yourself, that we are all descended from the ape. The ground for that belief appears to me both solid and sufficient."

"At all events, my good young friend," was the quiet reply, "there are occasional reproductions of type which appear to warrant that theory."

For Mr. Flint had a ready wit, and was, indeed, notwithstanding his learning, almost a man of genius. His manners were said to be original, because they were natural, and folks were a little afraid of him on that account; but, upon the whole, he was a popular man at *The Grand*, whither he had come for a few weeks' change of air and scene. He was now comparatively a rich man, having been lately left sole heir to an old lady of Matlock, who kept pet monkeys, and had understood that he had advocated the claims of her favorite animals to be considered as intelligent companions of man. She had had no relatives nor connections, and the Professor had pocketed the legacy without scruple, though not without a wry face. It was not the first time that a fool had done good service to a wise man.

It was to Mr. Flint's sitting-room, which adjoined his own, that Mr. Frederick Pennant had been invited to coffee and cigars after the table d'hôte, and it was there that the introduction took place which we are about to describe.

The two friends had scarcely seated themselves, and were in the act of lighting their Havanas, when the waiter brought up a card, with the message that the gentleman whose name it bore would be glad to have two minutes' conversation, if convenient, with Professor Flint on a matter of importance. "MR. MILES WINTHROP, Wapshot Hall," was the name and address which Mr. Flint was now regarding with raised eyebrows.

"Winthrop, Winthrop; I seem to know the name. Well, I'll see the gentleman, of course.—Nay, I beg you won't move, Pennant. He has certainly no private business with me; or if he has, it's a swindle. I dare say he's one of my Perkin Warbecks."

"Your Perkin Warbecks?"

"Yes; that's what I call the pretenders to Miss Melksham's estate, of whom I have seen at least half a dozen. She was the old lady who made me her heir, you know. She lived for eighty years without a relative in the world; but, now she's dead, there has sprung up a crop of cousins."

The Professor always spoke of his legacy in this airy way; but, as we have hinted, it was rather a sore subject with him, and the only one where he was afraid of ridicule.

"But this man lives at a Hall," said Pennant, gravely; "it is impossible he can be a swindler."

The dry laugh of the Professor rang out like a watchman's rattle.

"With your permission, I will make a note of that sentiment, and convey it to my friend Victor Hugo, who is compiling a work upon our national characteristics. But hush! here comes our friend."

The door opened, and the waiter ushered in their late *vis-à-vis* of the dinner-table.

The Professor's astonishment was so great that he exclaimed, mechanically, "Mr. Warbeck, I believe!"

"Winthrop is my name," observed the newcomer, in a smooth, soft tone. "I have to apologize for intruding upon your privacy, Professor, since I can hardly hope that I seem to you otherwise than as a perfect stranger. I was, however, your pupil at St. Ermengard's some twenty years ago, and though I only profited by our connection for a brief space, I assure you I have not forgotten my kind tutor."

"To be sure, to be sure," said the Professor, shaking his hand warmly. "I remember now—you left us early; but for the best of reasons—to be married. I trust Mrs. Winthrop—"

"Alas, Sir, she is no more!" said the stranger, touching the narrow rim of crape round the hat he carried in his hand. "I little knew, when I left your college halls, what trouble was in store for me; not only with respect to death, the common lot, but of all kinds. I lost my wife for years long before—"

"Patagonia!" exclaimed the Professor, excitedly. "Why, bless my soul, I remember it all now!—My dear Pennant, permit me to introduce you to Mr. Winthrop of Wapshot."

Frederick inclined his head with stiffness. He had been far from prepossessed, as we saw at the table d'hôte, with the younger Winthrop, and his antipathy (as happens with men of his character) had liberally extended itself to the elder. Fortunately, however, for the common harmony, he was smoking a cigar, which mollifies men's manners, and prevents them from being ferocious, more than the study of all the arts combined.

"You smoke, of course, yourself?" said the Professor, offering his cigar-case.

"I do little else," said Mr. Winthrop, languidly. "These are *Henry Clays*, are they not? When I was in the Havana I bought three chests of them, and nearly killed myself; they are too seductive. If I had known you had them, and not known you, I should have made your acquaintance to-night at all hazards. My murderer—I call my man my murderer, because he is the wickedest of his species, and *will* very likely murder me some day—forgot to pack up my cigars, so I shall not get them till to-morrow, and I can not smoke what they have in the hotel. This is magnificent—divine! By-the-by, Professor, how our dear old warden—he was so good as to stay with me for a week this summer at Wapshot—enjoys his cigar, and indeed every thing! What a constitution he has, and what a noble appetite! Dear me!"

"But why do you sigh, Mr. Winthrop? Your own constitution ought to be a good one. You are a child in years compared with the warden, and you look even younger than you are. Now, if you were *my* age, you might have some cause for despondency."

"My dear Professor, you are a man of iron. I watched you at dinner to-day, and it was quite a treat to see you eat. Such things as they give you here for dinner too! I was quite delighted. I observed to my son, there is a great man opposite, and, thank Heaven, he will live long."

The Professor smiled somewhat uneasily. Flattery of all kinds was unpalatable to him.

"That well-grown young gentleman who sat beside you was your son, was he?"

Mr. Winthrop delicately brushed the collar of his coat with his fingers, as though to remove some imaginary specks of dust.

"Yes, that is Horn Winthrop; my 'little encumbrance,' as I call him. He is at present in the army—an idle school; but then most schools are so. Perhaps the only substantial use of school is to prevent one's boys hanging about at home, and getting into mischief. My belief is that education is a marvelously overrated advantage, if, indeed, it is an advantage at all; and, by-the-by, that reminds me of the cause of my intrusion upon your privacy, which, in your pleasant and friendly welcome, I had quite forgotten. I honestly think I had some excuse for it, but it is quite possible I may have been mistaken. My ignorance upon all subjects is stupendous, and *omne ignotum pro magnifico*. But just cast your eye on this, Professor; it came in my way this afternoon in a manner that augurs well for its authenticity; and seeing you at table to-night, I determined to ask your opinion."

Mr. Winthrop took out of his pocket a small parcel inclosed in fine white paper, and handed it to Mr. Flint. That gentleman opened it tenderly, like a man who is accustomed to handle frail and valuable articles, and then, though the setting sun was filling the room with crimson light, walked hastily with his burden to the open window. The object disclosed was a triangular piece of black bone, with a jagged end.

"Where did you find this?" inquired the Professor, slowly.

"At a spot about nine miles from Shingleton, and between it and Burwell. We were riding home by the side of a stream, when, on a little hill above us, we saw some men apparently in eager talk over some object on the ground. I rode up to them, and they showed me a great hole, which had suddenly discovered itself upon their digging out the stump of an old tree. This hole gave access to a cave of considerable size, in which, however, there was nothing to gratify their curiosity. The men complained to me—as though it was *my* fault—that some mates of theirs had lately discovered a cavern "all a-glitter with diamonds like," which had been worth a matter of sixpence a head to them for showing it to the quality ever since; but, as for themselves, it was just like their luck to come upon an old pig-sty such as that, with nothing in it but a few old bones. This was one of the bones."

"There are more, then?" inquired Mr. Flint, his keen eyes flashing with eagerness.

"There seemed to be a good many; but I thought it best for all reasons to depreciate their little discovery. They were disposed to attach some importance to that particular specimen, and wanted to sell it to me for a shilling. 'My good friends,' said I, 'you would surely never sell that for a shilling. It is an invaluable relic. Don't you know what it is?' 'Nou, we doan't,' was their inconsiderate reply. 'Well, then, I'll tell you. It's the self-same and identical weapon with which Samson—of whom you have doubtless heard talk—destroyed the lion. It is the jaw-bone of an ass.' Then I gave them a shilling to buy beer with; and after a few eulogistic remarks upon the weather, pocketed the bone and rode away. That was how Horn and I came to be at the table d'hôte."

"But what *is* this bone?" inquired Mr. Pennant, a little peevishly, for the new-comer's languid air and manner were intolerable to him.

"It is part of the lower jaw of the Cave Bear," said the Professor, decisively: "perhaps the earliest weapon ever fashioned by man. The bone formed the handle; and this canine tooth, as you may imagine, must have made a considerable hole wherever it hit."

"Then this gentleman little knew how near he was to the truth," said Ferderick, "when he instanced Samson to the rustics."

"I did not *know*, Sir, it is true," answered Mr. Winthrop, haughtily; "but if I had not had very strong suspicions that the relic was one of importance, I should not have troubled Professor Flint with the matter."

"Yes, yes; the discovery is most interesting and valuable, my dear Pennant," said Mr. Flint, regarding this old bone with all the admiration that a beauty bestows upon a ball-dress. "There is no trace of the Cave Bear to be found in the *diluvium*. He was probably the first of the extinct animals to disappear.

* 'He wore no black; he wore his white;
He wore no black; he wore his blue;
He never mourned another's flight;
He was himself the first that flew.'

Come, let us have our coffee brought out to us on the balcony."

CHAPTER VI.

THE INTERRUPTED SONG.

WHEN two men dislike one another it is quite useless for a third man to attempt to heal their differences, though a woman will sometimes succeed in doing so. A fixed idea had taken possession of Mr. Frederick Pennant that Mr. Winthrop was inclined to give himself airs upon the strength of his park and his patrimony, and he was not the man to admit such pretensions, or to give way to them by so much as a hair-breadth. If his adversary had been a peer of the realm he would have submitted, and even done homage, for he was a Briton to the back-bone; but below that rank he deemed no man to be his superior. Mr. Winthrop, on the other hand, whose antagonism had at first been of a negative character, and only exhibited itself in ignoring Mr. Pennant's existence, resented exceedingly that gentleman's suggestion that the nature of the relic he had discovered had been really unknown to him, for to affect ignorance one's self is a very different matter to having it imputed by others; and he did this young man the honor of hating him very heartily from that moment. Mr. Flint, notwithstanding his excitement over his paleontological "find," was quite aware how matters stood between his two companions, and was by no means displeased when, on the adjournment of all three to the balcony, Mrs. Marshall's voice had greeted them in the manner with which we are acquainted, and compelled a movement toward the adjoining apartment, and a general introduction. Mr. Pennant thereby became host, and Mr. Winthrop guest, so that they were bound to be civil to one another; while he (the Professor) felt himself at liberty to withdraw at his own convenience, and gloat over his bone. In the mean time this valuable relic, of course, formed the topic of conversation with the ladies. They were set to guess as to what it was, and some very ingenious speculations were hazarded. Mrs. Marshall, who belonged to an era before anatomy had been proposed as a branch of female education, was convinced that it was the jaw-bone of a man, furnished with a particularly fine eye-tooth. The intelligence that it belonged to a Cave Bear alarmed her; and, notwithstanding a biographical sketch of that animal from the Professor, she thought there might be more of the same species in the neighborhood, and privately resolved not to venture upon any excursion in an open carriage. Mrs. Pennant and Mabel, on the other hand, were really interested in the great discovery, the details of which were once more narrated by Mr. Winthrop.

"But you have not told the ladies how cleverly you put the rustics off the scent," observed Frederick, mischievously; which hiatus had accordingly to be supplied.

"I hope you will know the poor men again," said Mrs. Pennant, gravely.

"My dear madam, it is certain they will know *me*," returned Mr. Winthrop; "and if I am acquainted with the character of the British peasant—his country's pride—they will not be backward to remind me of our acquaintance.—Miss Denham, who is last from Berkshire, and knows our agricultural friends, will, I think, bear me out in that opinion." And he turned to the young girl with a Continental bow and smile.

"Our people are very poor, but they are not beggars," said Mabel, quietly. "I must say I agree with my sister in hoping that you may meet with these men again, to whom you owe so interesting a discovery."

"Then I am sure I hope so too," said Mr. Winthrop, gallantly. "I have promised to take our friend, the Professor, to this cave to-morrow morning.—Can we not persuade these ladies, Mr. Pennant, to accompany us?"

"What do you *say*, Frederick?" inquired the bride, doubtfully.

Frederick was framing an unmistakable "No," when Mrs. Marshall struck in. "Oh, of course we'll go," cried she; "he would not be so cruel as to forbid it. This cave will be the very place to spend a happy day in, as the advertisement says, this broiling weather, and, at the same time, to improve our minds, which all the newspapers tell us has become so necessary for us ladies. We three can go in a fly, you know—I am sure I should be delighted to pay my share of the expense—and the gentlemen can ride. We are none of us *en pension* here, so we may just as well lunch out. It is the very thing which Miss Mabel here would enjoy.—Is it not, my love?"

"I should like to see the cave, of all things," said Mabel, excitedly; then, catching sight of an expression in her sister's face, reflected from the displeasure in her husband's, she blushed, and added, hastily, "at least, if Fred has made no other plans for us to-morrow."

"The Cave Bear can wait," said Mr. Winthrop, gayly; "as he has not been called upon for the last ten thousand years, the delay of a few hours can not make much difference to him. If to-morrow is inconvenient, let us say the day after."

"To-morrow will suit us as well as any other day," observed Mr. Pennant, not very graciously, it must be confessed.

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So for the morrow the expedition was settled.

Among the furniture in the Pennants' sitting-room was a piano, to which Miss Mabel was invited by the Professor to sit down. She consented at once, for affectation she had none; and in a fine rich voice—of which her slender frame scarcely gave promise—sang "Bonnie Dundee." Mr. Flint stood beside her, softly beating time with his fingers; Mr. Winthrop, with his arms folded, watched her from the open window, his handsome but fretful features lit, for once, with a smile. Frederick, with his hand in his bride's, listened in rapt admiration, and Mrs. Pennant with sisterly pride. The last verse was drawing to its conclusion, and eye and ear were still enchained by the charms of the performer, when a hoarse voice was heard without, exclaiming, "Bravo! bravo! young woman!"—followed by a clapping of hands. Crimson with indignation, Frederick rushed to the window; but Mr. Winthrop, who did not seem to comprehend his purpose, was standing in the way; and when he slowly moved aside to permit his passage, the croquet ground beneath, from which the interruption had proceeded, was vacant, or seemed to be so in the gathering gloom.

"Do you know who it was?" said Frederick, sharply, as he strained his eyes over the shadowy space.

"My dear Sir, I? How should I? It is doubtless some young gentleman who has taken too much wine."

"Wine!" cried Frederick, who did not perceive that, notwithstanding his calm voice, Mr. Winthrop's face was livid with rage. "A man must be a savage, drunk or sober, to behave like that. I'll ring the bell, and have this seen to at once."

"My dear Mr. Pennant, I implore you not to do so," pleaded the other, laying his hand upon his arm. "Consider your sister-in-law; you would surely not mix her name up with this foolish jest."

"Sir, I think I am the best judge of my own affairs and hers—"

"Not just at present," interposed the quiet tones of Mr. Flint, who had stepped out to join them. "Mr. Winthrop is quite right, Pennant; the matter is beneath your notice. It was clearly a mere drunken frolic; but it has alarmed Miss Mabel a little. Winthrop and I will leave you. Good-night."

"Pray make my compliments—" began Mr. Winthrop in his softest tone, but Frederick stepped hastily within, and closed the window.

"An unfortunate conclusion to a very charming evening," said Mr. Flint.

"Yes, indeed," answered the other, thoughtfully. "I could not quite catch the ladies' names. What are they?"

"Mrs. Pennant and Miss Denham."

"Yes, yes; but what was it they called one another?"

"May and Ju."

"Dear me. Pointers!" ejaculated Mr. Winthrop.

This gentleman's gallantry and politeness were proverbial among the ladies; but when exiled from their presence, the fair sex was by no means a sacred subject with him.

Mr. Flint looked grave; he was annoyed with the other's freedom, but he could not afford to quarrel with the only man who knew the address of the Cave Bear.

"We threw our cigars away half finished, Mr. Winthrop; will you take another of your favorites?"

"No, I thank you: I must see my man, and make arrangements for to-morrow. I have two horses here, and I hope you will permit me to give you a mount?"

"You are very kind; but I am an old fogy, and prefer wheels to hoofs; besides, I should be robbing your son of his nag."

"My son will not come with us," returned the other, decidedly. "He has no taste for cave bears. Good-night, my dear Sir, and many thanks."

The Professor liked his smoke, and was not to be balked of it for want of a companion; and, taking a chair into the balcony, he puffed away until the moon arose.

"Pointers!" mused he. "That fellow thinks he has hood-winked me by his jest on my fair neighbors; but he was in no humor for jesting, I'll warrant. He is smitten with the charms of Miss Mabel; that's what made Pennant in such a rage with him. But he'll buy her just as though he was at Zanzibar. Her sister will persuade her—they always do. I hope he'll treat her better than his first wife, if what I've heard is true, that's all— Why, what's that?"

At the door of a summer-house that stood at the further end of the croquet lawn there was a little burst of light, and then a gleaming spot such as a glow-worm shows. This was a man lighting a cigar. With a glance up at the balcony, where the lightless windows of the Pennants' room showed that its tenants had retired, the individual in question came swiftly across the lawn; as he did so his foot caught in a croquet hoop, and a hoarse execration burst from his lips.

"You are too impulsive, my young friend, for an eaves-dropper," was Mr. Flint's muttered reflection. "I recognize the silvery tones which cried out, 'Bravo! bravo! young woman!' By Jupiter Tonans, it's the Carib!"

It was certainly Mr. Horn Winthrop who limped into the house beneath, as this ejaculation was made; and as no one else had visited the croquet ground in the interim, it must have been he whose barbarous homage had been extorted by Miss Denham's song.

"Winthrop must have known it was his son," mused the Professor. "It's clear to me that he's ashamed of him. I don't wonder at it. His voice is like the Norwalloop of an Otjibbeway, compared to his father's satin note. He drinks, that's certain; and he has no taste for cave bears. That young man is altogether a bad lot."

With which fixed conclusion the Professor retired to bed.

"CARED FOR" AND "UNCARED FOR."

THE heart must be stony, indeed, that is not touched with profound sympathy, and filled with detestation of war, by the sketch of the poor French soldier left dying on the battle-field, over which the storm of lead and iron lately swept with unsparing fury. Wounded unto death, and just able to lift his head, he grimly thinks, perhaps, of the defeat and ruin of his country, or of the dear friends of his native village whom he will never meet in this life again; the good old mother, whose declining years he hoped to cheer; his sisters, who had been so proud of their gallant brother; his comrades of the school, the play-ground, the work-shop—will they ever hear of his death on this dismal plain? Will they only hear that he was missing when the roll was called next day, and never know where he lies buried, with other nameless and forgotten braves? Perhaps he wonders why God permitted an ambitious ruler to bring the horrors of war upon a peaceful land, and whether all the blood which moistens so many plains has been shed for naught.

"Cared for" has a different fate, which by contrast makes the other scene only more harrowing in its desolateness and unrelieved misery. This soldier, too, was struck by one of the enemy's missiles; but, instead of being left on the field to die of his wounds, he was borne away from the struggle, and carefully attended by the surgeon. His leg has not been cut off; the bones are fairly set, and will soon support him as firmly as ever. He has strength to sit in a chair, leaning upon a stick in his right hand, and to make a gesture of natural courtesy in acknowledging the approach of the kind nurse—a volunteer, doubtless, commissioned by the Society for the Relief of the Sick and Wounded—who brings him a cup of nourishing drink. She wears the cross of red on pure white, and the service on which she is employed is that of universal philanthropy—the only redeeming feature of grace and mercy in this terrible war which has transformed millions of men into the likeness of wild beasts. This crusade of organized charity to assuage the sufferings of war's innumerable victims is the only good that can result from the folly and wickedness that brought these horrors upon Europe. Far above the might of conquerors, with millions of bayonets at command, is the mission of divine mercy undertaken by the willing hearts, hands, and gifts of Christian people.

THE CONCARNEAU SARDINE FISHERY.

CONCARNEAU, in Brittany, stands on a rocky island, surrounded by fortifications, with eight or nine towers and thick walls, and communicating with the main land by means of a draw-bridge. This is called the "Ville Close." It consists of only one street. Opposite the island is the faubourg Sainte Croix, which is more populous than the Ville Close, and where all the business of the place is carried on. The sardine fishery, from June to November, occupies two-thirds of the population. From three to four hundred vessels are employed, with five men to each boat. Calm weather is most favorable for fishing. The sardines are taken in large seine nets, one side floating with corks on the surface of the water, the other falling vertically. The sardines, attracted by the bait, try to force themselves through the meshes of the net, and are caught by their gills. The bait used is called "rogue." The best is composed of the roe of the codfish, pounded and steeped in salt-water for several days; sometimes the roe and flesh of the mackerel are used. Rogue is made in Norway and Denmark, but principally at Drontheim, and is very expensive, costing about sixpence the pound; hence an inferior bait is substituted, composed of shrimps and other small crustacea, with fish salted, and the heads of anchovies, all pounded and putrefied together. But this kind of decomposed bait is forbidden by the fishery laws. The employment of it accounts for the rareness of good sardines, as the remaining of such a substance in the body of the animal can not fail of corrupting it. It is a pretty sight to behold the little fleet employed in the sardine fishery return in the evening, laden with the results of the day's work. The fish, when landed, are counted out into baskets, shaken in the water, and taken up to one of the curing-houses. Of these there are about sixty in Concarneau. In the first shed we saw above fifty women employed in taking off their heads—*dotêter* it is called—an operation they effect with great dexterity. With one cut at the back of the neck the head is separated and the fish *éventré* at the same time.

The sardines are next placed in little wire trays, with divisions like a double gridiron, and fried or dipped in boiling oil, an operation principally performed by the women of Pont l'Abbé, who are supposed to be peculiarly constituted to resist heat. The gridirons are then hung up to drain. The sardines are next packed in tin boxes, cold oil poured over them, and the boxes soldered down. From 800 to 900 boxes are placed in a boiler and boiled for half an hour to test the boxes, and those which leak are put aside. They are of English tin, and the making of them is the winter's occupation. Finally, the boxes are stamped with the name of the establishment, and packed in deal cases for exportation. The sardine is a very delicate fish, and easily decays. It is only taken out of the net with a rake (*raquette*); in summer numbers are spoiled from being heaped in the boats, and at whatever hour the boats come in the fish go through the whole process of curing, as they will not keep till the next day. Concarneau exports from 15,000 to 20,000 barrels of sardines annually. Only a part are *anchoitée*, that is, preserved like the anchovies of the Mediterranean; the others are salted in casks; and quantities, only slightly salted, are packed in baskets, to be sent to the provincial markets. It is estimated that twelve hundred million fish have been caught this year. The sardine fishery extends along the whole western coast of Brittany from Douarnenez to the Loire.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THERE are many brave-hearted men whose names are never known to fame, but whose quiet heroism is more worthy of mention than scores of more public deeds of daring which readily win praise and renown. Sometimes instances of self-sacrifice in private soldiers come to light which are truly noble. During the siege of Metz the supply of chloroform in the hands of the medical officers became very limited. After one of the sorties a soldier was brought to the hospital with his hand smashed by a shell. Examination showed that some of the shattered bones must be removed. The soldier asked to be made insensible during the operation. "I have been suffering terribly for the last two hours," said he, "and I do not believe that I could support any further pain." The surgeon was silent. It was a very painful operation, but the chloroform was almost gone. Noticing that the surgeon did not reply, after a short pause the soldier inquired, "Is the stuff that makes one sleep getting short?" "Terribly short," the surgeon said; "it has nearly come to an end." The wounded man was silent for a minute or two; then he said, "Very well, M. le Docteur, then I will do without it; some of those who have worse wounds than I have will want it more; only be quick about it." So saying, he stuffed his handkerchief into his mouth, and held out his hand for the operation to be performed. This quiet resignation of what would have alleviated his own torture for the benefit of others was true heroism.

In Boston there is on exhibition the model of a vessel intended to be propelled by the undulatory motion of the sea. The arrangement of the machinery is such that, however high or irregular the waves, it will never operate beyond a definite limit. Means are provided for regulating the speed perfectly.

Mr. Dye, a hale and hearty Indianian, barely three-score years old, has performed the somewhat unusual task of digging his own grave. In fact, he prepared his last resting-place several years ago, with his own hands, and has recently been repairing the tomb, heavy rains having caved in the earth. It is his desire that when he dies he shall be dressed in certain specified clothing, and that a blanket shall be laid in the tomb, upon which his remains are to rest. Another blanket is to be spread over him, a large slab of stone placed on the tomb, and the earth filled in above. He wishes no coffin, no burial service or sermon, and no monument erected to his memory.

Among the people shut up in Paris are three Japanese students, whom their French tutor has kept there. They write short notes to their friends in London, in Japanese characters, on the margins of newspapers, which they trust to the balloon post, and say they heartily wish they were out of the place, as they get nothing but horse-flesh and dog-flesh to eat.

On December 30, 1870, the mercury was nine degrees above zero in this city, indicating a degree of cold greater than any December day since 1860, excepting two—one in 1862, and one in 1866, when the thermometer registered eight and four degrees above zero. So the Old Year gave us a touch of intense cold just before he gave us his last farewell.

About ten years ago the French Emperor bought a portion of the Farnese Gardens from the King of Naples, and since then extensive excavations have been going on in it. Recently Napoleon offered to sell this property to the Italian government, and a transfer was made on condition of the payment of 650,000 francs. Under the control of the Italian government the excavations will be completed, and, doubtless, new art treasures brought to light.

At the latest accounts more than forty balloons had been sent out of the French capital since the investment of the city.

It is stated that about one thousand persons have lost their lives in connection with the working of the Mont Cenis Tunnel since it was first begun in 1857.

The burning of the Spottswood House has aroused people to a sense of the necessity of having fire-escapes attached to hotels and other buildings.

Very contradictory are the accounts from Paris. Some letters state that the citizens are suffering greatly from lack of food; other letters report that though the supply of fresh meat is limited, bread and wine are abundant, and that there is no danger of the people starving for months.

Forage is so scarce in Paris that many valuable horses are fed upon bread. This has excited some indignation, and a curious dispute has arisen. A horse eats about as much bread in a day as would support ten citizens. Therefore it is asked whether it is worth while to keep him, for the purpose of having fresh meat in the future? There has been a good deal of arithmetic done upon this question, and citizens, horses, and bread have been multiplied, divided, subtracted, and added up till the ministry are quite perplexed.

The celerity with which architectural work can now be accomplished by skilful hands is something wonderful. On the 10th of last July the corner-stone of the new church of St. Ann's, in Twelfth Street, was laid, and on New-Year's Day the building was publicly consecrated. The edifice is of the pure French Gothic style of the thirteenth century, 166 feet long and 63 wide. It is divided into a nave and two side aisles by rows of pillars, from which arches spread off, forming the roof. The impression received on entering the church is that of height, and as all the interstices between the arched ribs of the roof are painted a beautiful sky-blue, fretted with golden stars, the effect is very fine. The three altars are made entirely from American marble of different colors, and elaborately carved and gilded. The tabernacle, placed in the centre of the high altar, is a cube of fine gray marble, dotted with inlaid gilt crosses. The door is of gilt bronze. The baldachin, or canopy, supported by the tabernacle, is about four feet high, and was hewn from one block of white marble, which originally weighed over two tons. The weight is now about one ton. It is in the form of a quadrangular temple, with floriated roof, on the corners of which are carved angels with folded wings. This was designed by the architect, Mr. N. Le Brun, as well as all the furniture of the church—gas-fixtures, candlesticks, crucifixes, and even the organ case—by which means the most perfect unity of design has been secured. The church is finished in walnut and chestnut, elaborately yet chastely carved and gilded, and will seat about 1600 persons.

In Dublin a new weekly has appeared, bearing the name, *Billet-Doux*, and addressed "To the Daughters of Eve all over the world."

A young East Indian prince recently died at a hotel in Florence, and, according to the custom of his country, it was necessary to go through the ceremony of burning his body. With some difficulty, authority was obtained to perform the unusual rite, and about five hundred persons assembled to witness it. The body was wrapped in princely robes, and costly ornaments adorned it. After many strange ceremonies, the ashes were gathered up, inclosed, and sealed, to be sent to the native country of the deceased.

More than one fire has recently occurred from the cold-air boxes of furnaces being closed. Housekeepers should examine the condition of their furnaces.

Since Madame Seebach came to America she has given over eighty performances in different cities.

Water is becoming a scarce commodity in Boston. The Cochituate Lake is very low, and the President of the Water Board urges upon the people the absolute necessity of economy. Indeed, unless there is rain to fill the springs, the supply will be limited to certain hours in the day, and manufacturers may be altogether deprived of its use.

The marriage between the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise is announced to come off in March. The royal bride is to have eight bridemaids, seven of whom were selected at the last account.

Captain Eyre, of the steamer *Bombay*, whose conduct was so much censured at the time he ran into the steamer *Oneida*, and for which he was suspended for the term of six months, has now been notified by the Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Company that his services are no longer required.

We see it stated that among the Americans shut up in Paris is Miss Mary C. Putnam, daughter of the publisher. She was recently elected to a professorship in the Medical College of New York city.

It is generally understood that Mr. Tennyson is contemplating a short epithalamium in honor of the marriage of the Marquis of Lorne with the Princess Louise.

During the last three years Russia has expended at least one hundred and twenty millions of rubles (a ruble is about seventy-five cents of our money) in constructing railways. The war budget of 1869 amounted to one hundred and thirty-six millions of rubles, and that of the current year has exceeded it by upward of four millions. The Emperor has himself announced the setting apart of forty millions of rubles for "extraordinary war expenses for the year 1871." The War Office reports that by the ensuing 1st of January 497,000 remodeled and 150,000 new breech-loaders will be ready for use. So Russia is making all due preparations for war.

A German soldier writes the following romantic account of his quarters:

"I am sitting in a French tent, erected in the Prince Imperial's play-ground, behind the burned palace of St. Cloud. Imperial mattresses serve for a bed, and silk sofa and chair cushions for pillows. For blankets we use Turkey carpets and other articles from the palace. We also use the splendid tea and coffee services of Sèvres or Alféride porcelain, the imperial plate, glasses, and bottles, on all which the inevitable 'N.,' with the crown above it, is inscribed. The Prince's play-ground is a large grass-plot, with a miniature railway in the middle, with tunnel, bridges, and a station. Of course these artificial contrivances are now ruined, only a few fragments remaining. There are likewise some remains of a gymnastic apparatus, which the soldiers burn up in making their soup or coffee."

On the last day of 1870 two of the party who are wintering on Mount Washington for scientific purposes went two miles down the mountain. They found traveling very dangerous on account of the snow and ice, in some places sliding a distance of one hundred feet before they could recover their foothold. They returned in safety, although much exhausted.

Miss Edmonia Lewis, the young colored sculptor, has returned to Italy. She takes with her a commission to chisel a life-sized statue of John Brown, which is to be placed at the disposal of the Union League Club of New York. She will return with the statue in the spring of 1871.

At certain restaurants in Paris strangers are politely informed that dinners are served only to regular customers, who have handed over their ration-cards to the proprietor; and at the établissements de bouillon where most of the Garde Mobile dine when not on duty at the ramparts or the advanced forts, and who appear to be favored as regards their meat supply, a notice has been for weeks past over the doors warning customers that by order of the authorities only one plate of meat will be supplied to each person—said plate, too, consisting of certainly not more than half a dozen mouthfuls.

About one year ago a Japanese prince of high rank went to San Francisco, and entered the City College. In his own language he was well informed, and being naturally bright and intelligent, he succeeded in making admirable progress, although thirty-five years old. He returned home at the expiration of a year, able to read and write English. In his own language the prince could write in three different styles, to wit, the Katakan language, or colloquial, the mandarin, and a script. When asked what special reason his people had for desiring to be educated in this country, the prince said that they desired to know how a country less populous than Japan could be so much more powerful. The prince returned to Japan some months ago, but will resume his studies next year. Twenty Japanese have attended the City College, in San Francisco, within the past three years; at present there are but two of the race at the institution. They are now more inclined to come to the Eastern States.

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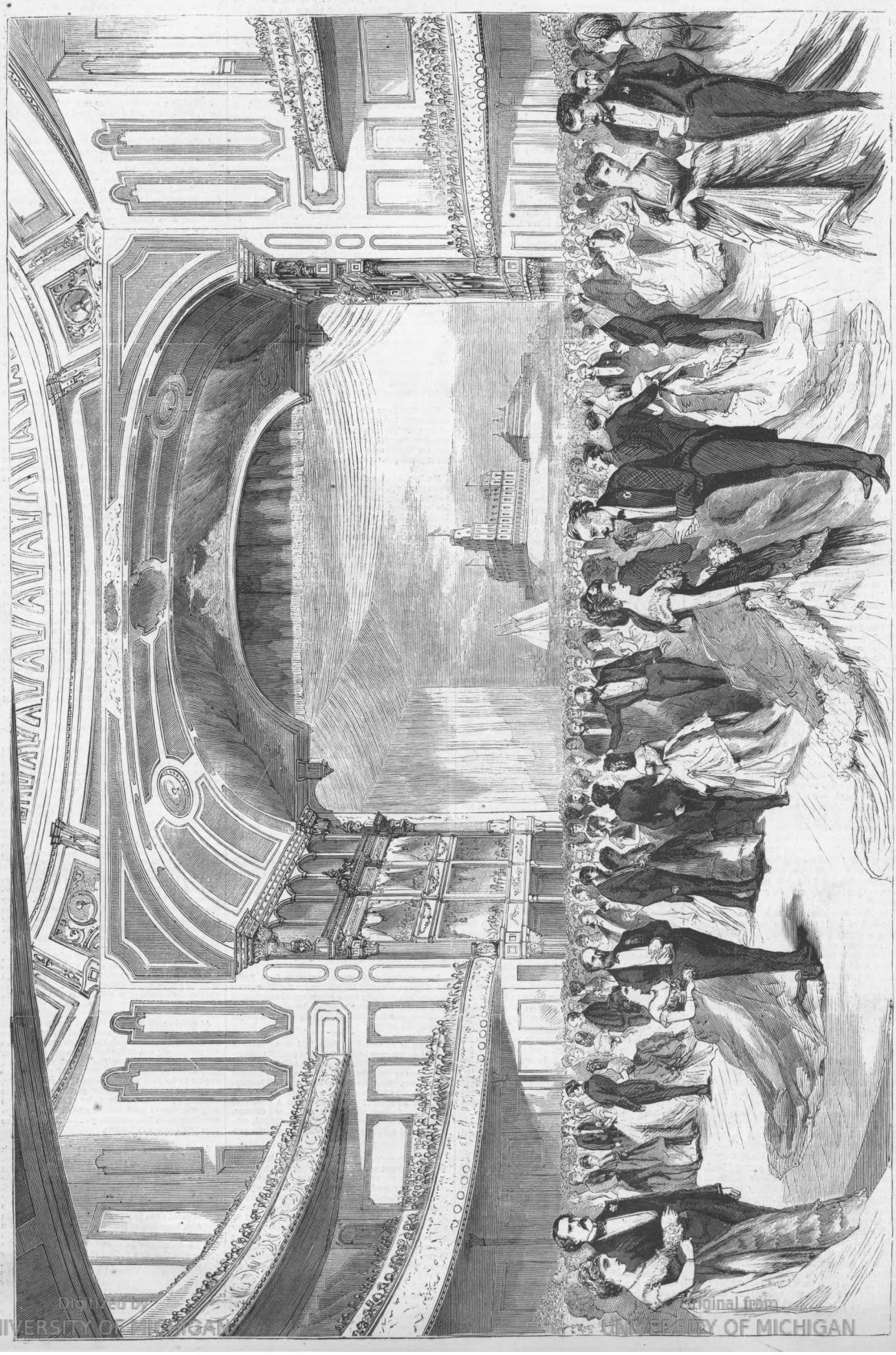

THE AMERICUS CLUB BALL.—INTERIOR OF THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—[SEE PAGE 57.]

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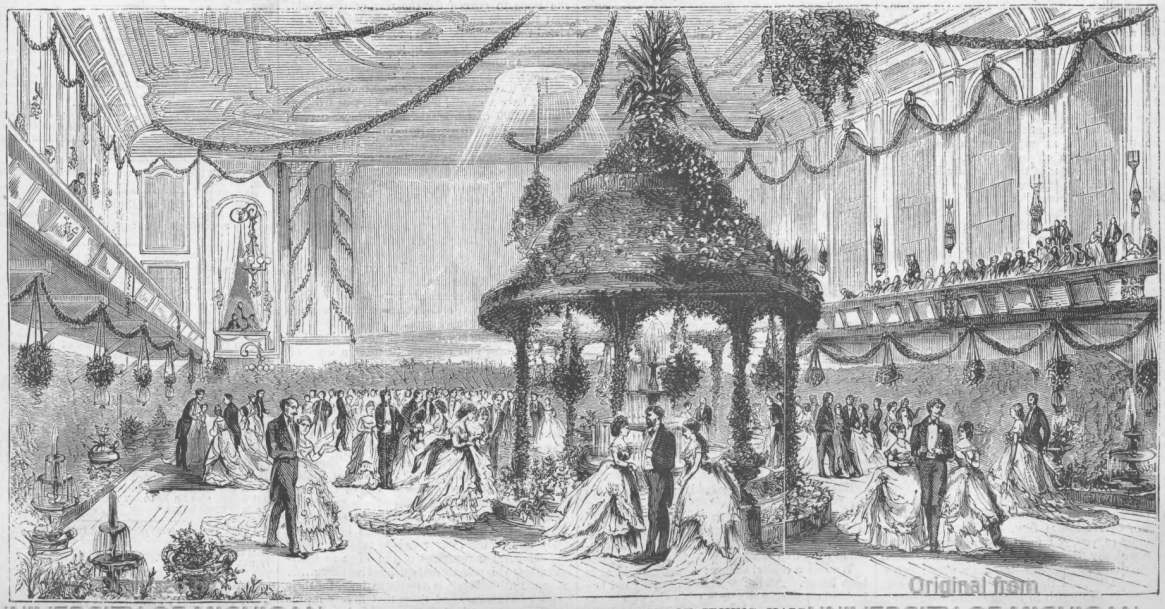
THE AMERICUS CLUB BALL.

THE Americus Club, which held its annual ball with unusual splendor on the 5th inst., is one of the most flourishing organizations of the kind in New York. Founded in 1853, it led a rather languid existence for eight or ten years, when it was brought into general prominence by the accession of Mr. TWEED to its membership. It now counts among its members many prominent politicians of various shades of political faith. The club grounds and buildings at Greenwich, Connecticut, are of great extent, and striking for beautiful elaboration of design and finish. There the art of summer seaside enjoyment is brought almost to the summit of perfection.

The President of the Americus Club is HON. W. M. TWEED, whose portrait is given on this page. Born in April, 1823, in an old-fashioned brick house in Cherry Street, New York, he has led a varied and remarkable career. With little education, but plenty of native talent, spirit, and ambition, he resolved to devote himself to a mercantile life. At first a clerk in the tobacco store of J. & G. C. ALEXANDER, at a salary of fifty dollars a year, then a clerk, and afterward junior partner, in the firm of D. BERRIEN & Co., brush-makers, he proved himself an active and intelligent man of business. On leaving the last-mentioned firm he tried his fortune as a stock-broker, failed, and resolved to go into politics. In this career, whatever may be thought of the means he has taken to secure his ends, his success was immediate, surprising, and apparently permanent. Discovering that the Seventh Ward presented the most promising field for political honors, he took up his residence within its precincts; and, as the first step in his new career, joined the "Americus Engine Company," No. 6, or "Big Six," as it was popularly called. Chiefly through the influence of this company he was elected alderman of the Seventh Ward in 1851—a position which he held for two years. He was elected to the Thirty-third Congress, over Mr. JOSEPH HOXIE; was School-Commissioner for two years, being first elected in 1856; was elected to the Board of Supervisors in 1858; ran for Sheriff in 1861, and was defeated by JAMES LYNCH; was made Deputy-Street-Commissioner in 1862—a position which he held for several years. In 1867 he was elected a member of the State Senate, and was re-elected in 1869, receiving on both occasions an overwhelming majority of the votes cast. Besides this important position he is Commissioner of Public Works, Grand Sachem of Tammany, and last, though not least, President of the Americus Club.

The ball, of which we give two illustrations, was very elegant. The Academy of Music and Irving Hall were connected by a Gothic passage, and the whole interior of the Hall was a labyrinth of festoons, flowers,

HON. WILLIAM M. TWEED.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.]



THE AMERICUS CLUB BALL—INTERIOR OF IRVING HALL.

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fountains, flags, and fir-trees, arranged with great taste. The most attractive feature of the whole display was the presence of over a thousand canary-birds, fluttering and chirping in gilded cages hung from every point in the hall from which such an ornament might depend. The decorations were intrusted to Mr. WILSON, florist, and Messrs. JAMES L. and GEORGE S. MILLER, of whose taste and skill the brilliant display afforded striking evidence.

In the Academy of Music but few decorations besides those of the auditorium itself had been attempted. The stage, orchestra, and parquet had been floored over for dancing. The stage itself was cleared, and the "flats" set for a drawing-room scene, with a tent roof tinted to correspond with the colors of the walls. At the rear of the stage a back scene, covering the whole wall, represented the new buildings of the Americus Club as they are to appear, which is shown in our illustration. In front of this scene was a gas device, fifteen feet in diameter, representing the well-known b dge of the club, with the familiar tiger's head surrounded by the legend, "Americus Club," and appropriately flanked with cork-screws. From each of the four chandeliers over the stage hung ornamental cages filled with chattering canaries; and rows of similar prisons hung from the gas jets on the dress-circle and the ornaments of "flirtation row" and the third tier. Lining the walls were marble vases of cut flowers, and fronting the main entrance was a full-sized photograph of Mr. TWEED finished in crayons.

It is estimated that at least six thousand people were gathered in the Academy on this occasion, and, of course, there was a terrible jam. It was scarcely possible to move about. The spectacle, viewed from the stage after the company had well assembled, was brilliant and magnificent. The varied and elegant dresses of the ladies, the sparkle of jewels, the melodious twitter of innumerable canaries distributed in cages all over the house, made up a gala pageant such as is rarely witnessed any where in the world.

A DINNER WITH THE "JOLLY OLD BOY."

I.

MR. JOSEPH FLINTOFF, head partner in the firm of Flintoff, Parminter, and Scinnum, was a sort of person whom it did you good merely to look at. There was such a jolly twinkle about the old boy's eye, such a rich smile always playing round his mouth, such a deep, luscious, gurgling note in his voice whenever he spoke, that reminded you of a rare port vintage. His gait, his manner, every thing about him, seemed to betoken the presence of one of those blessed creatures who are the salt of the earth—utterly careless of himself, and careful only for an opportunity of benefiting his species. He did not do much in the way of active business now, did Mr. Joseph Flintoff—"old Joey Flintoff" his friends affectionately used to call him. He had worked hard in his time, and fairly earned his repose. And this repose he enjoyed in the neighborhood of Clapham, in as snug a country house as any of the Clapham gentry could boast. To see the old fellow coming down by the afternoon train, and smoking one of those excellent cigars which he delighted to give his friends after dinner, beaming a smile of benignity and satisfaction upon all who entered the carriage, you could not help muttering to yourself, "What a jolly old boy!" And a jolly old boy Mr. Joseph Flintoff, by universal consent, was.

If you wanted to see Mr. Flintoff under his most favorable aspect—not that any of his aspects were unfavorable—you should have dined with him. He was far from being a sort of soulless, mindless old Silenus—very far. On the contrary, you had only to talk to him across the walnuts and the wine to discover that Mr. Flintoff possessed a shrewd head and an uncommonly amusing vein of humor. He was a great hand at a story, was the jolly old boy. He would stop you in the street and say, "Now, then, I've got something that will make you laugh;" and then Mr. Flintoff would begin: but before he was well in the middle of his anecdote it would occur to him that he had an engagement close by, and that he must run off to catch it. "But you mustn't be done out of this story, my boy, eh?" said Joey F.; "suppose you come down and hear it out at dinner;" and the jolly old boy pulled himself together and walked off.

Now when Mr. Flintoff gave you an invitation of this kind, of course he meant it. Bless your heart, would it not have been a pleasure to him to dine you every day to the top of your bent? It was very awkward that he sometimes quite forgot to name a date, and not liking to take him by surprise, you thought, probably, that you would wait till you met him again in the course of your city rounds, when he would be sure to fix day and hour for his dinner and the continuance of his famous story. "Ah, you dog," Mr. Flintoff would playfully observe to you the next time that you came across each other, "why didn't you come and dine? I suppose you are afraid to face an old boy's society like mine; but I can promise you a rare bottle of '31 port, and we'll broach a magnum of Lafitte. Will you come?—now, you must." You were on the point of accepting, and of even naming a day, when the jolly old boy's attention would suddenly be arrested by a passenger to whom he had to say one word. The one word increased to a dozen, and minutes flew. "Now," he said, turning to you, "I must just finish this business with my friend. Mind you come and dine. I won't take any excuse—no, not a word; come you must." And the jolly old boy walked off, leaving you as much in ignorance of day, hour, and perhaps even place, as ever.

Basing their dictum upon such experiences as these, there were some persons who were profane enough to say that the jolly old boy was little, if at all, better than a jolly old humbug, that his dinners were nothing more substantial than Barmecide's feasts, and that his stories were mere shams. They were wrong: Mr. Flintoff did give dinners, and, as I have already remarked, singularly good ones.

"None of your kickshaws for me," said the jolly old boy; "none of your badly made French dishes. You won't get them when you come to my crib; sound simple fare and sound wine. I think I can promise you that, eh?" and the old boy's lips would go through the imaginary process of tasting an ideal vintage of Oporto. "Just a plain dinner, you know; a little clear soup—clear turtle suits this time of year, eh?—a nice bit of turbot, just one *entrée*, a well-hung saddle of mutton, and a brown bird." It was a remarkable coincidence, but possibly this happened to be your own idea of a decent little dinner too. "Then I've got a still hock I should like you to try—just laid down twenty dozen of it; and with that and the brown sherry, a bottle or so of the old port, and, if you like it, the Chambertin, I've no doubt we shall get on. And—stay—it's bad for digestion moving after dinner; better sleep the night."

This was a favorite programme of the jolly old boy's, and you could not but allow that it was arranged upon sound principles. It was surprising how anecdotical Mr. Flintoff would become over the port or the Chambertin. Not that he monopolized the conversation; on the contrary, he liked to hear his friends talk, indeed encouraged them to talk, to discuss their present, and to canvass their prospects.

Such was Mr. Joseph Flintoff; "a rare good sort. The world wants a few more such," public opinion generally allowed.

II.

Mr. Flintoff, I may as well say, was a widower. It was a good many years ago since his wife had died. There was a full-length portrait of her in the dining-room at Clapham; a gentle delicate-looking young thing. She had brought him a large marriage portion, and when fate had deprived him of her, the whole of her fortune passed into his hands. Their married life had been short, lasting not more than two or three years; and Mr. Flintoff had not ventured to resume a state of matrimony. He had told me himself that his heart was buried in his poor young wife's grave; and so no doubt it was.

It was generally stated that Mr. Flintoff had a son, but that he, Flintoff junior, had, in some manner or other, "gone wrong," and that all intercourse between parent and child had ceased. At any rate, the jolly old boy never alluded to the subject of his offspring; and he but seldom reverted to his past life; neither could it be considered the legitimate business of other people.

Christmas-day was drawing close, and on Christmas-day Jack Rochester and I were to dine with the jolly old boy at his villa near Clapham.

"Very good of you indeed," Mr. Flintoff had said, when we had accepted his invitation to "cut our turkey with him," as he called it; "very good of you, and very kind to take pity on an old man's solitude; still, we'll do what we can to make you snug. Shall we say 6.30, and I'll have rooms ready for both of you; you can't go back the same night."

"I should like to have gone down to Strethcastar for Christmas-day," said Jack afterward to me, thinking of a certain young lady with long hair and hazel eyes; "but, please goodness, I shall have my own crib this day next year."

"Never mind," I replied, "we must take the gifts the gods provide, and be thankful for them accordingly; and I have not the slightest doubt that old Flintoff will make us happy as fighting-cocks."

It happened to be a regular old-fashioned style of Christmas-day. There had been snow for two days beforehand, and now a severe frost had set in. We had walked down to Clapham, and were not sorry, I promise you, to see the pleasant gleam of the fire outside the windows of the jolly old boy's villa.

Mr. Flintoff was engaged when we were shown in to his snugly furnished and brightly lit drawing-room, but would be with us in a few minutes.

"D—n you and Master George too!" Yes, those were the words we heard quite distinctly. The drawing-room door was left a little bit open, and the voice came from the direction of Mr. Flintoff's study, and it was unmistakably the voice of none other than of the jolly old boy himself. "I'll tolerate no begging. I've done all for you that I can. Because you were my wife's servant, and nursed my son, that's no reason why I should have you coming here, and begging me to forgive him and take pity on him, as you call it, and send that stupid penniless wax doll whom he made his wife more money. The allowance I make him is enough, quite enough."

"Oh, Sir; and he been so ill, and Mrs. George just had another baby!"

"If people are fools, Mrs. Jones, their folly be on their own head, that's all I have to say; and if it's my son who is the fool, I don't know that he should be any exception to the rule. But I'll have nothing more to say to you; and don't come as George's embassadress again. Tell him it's a fool's errand, and be—"

But here the door slammed, and the jolly old boy entered.

"A merry Christmas to you both, my boys!" said Mr. Flintoff. "Magnificently seasonable weather! So good of you to take pity on a lonely old chap like me."

We had a capital dinner; nothing could have been better. And after dinner the jolly old boy insisted on having the little table close up to the fire with the nuts and the wine. When we looked at the benignant countenance of Mr. Joseph Flintoff, we felt quite certain it was impossible for such a man to do any thing that savored of harshness to a son of his, supposing him to have one. Our ears must have deceived us, there was no doubt about that. The jolly old boy hard-hearted?—why, the idea was absurd, simply ridiculous! And so we went on laughing, and chatting, and drinking the old boy's wine, and cracking his nuts.

"Now," said our host, "I'm an old man, and you must pardon me if I do an old-fashioned thing. With you young fellows, drinking health has gone out; but Christmas is an old-fashioned day, and therefore I shall presume upon the period. There's one toast which we ought to drink for your sakes—Happiness and prosperity and luck to both of you!" And the jolly old boy, so saying, filled a glass of port and drained it. By way of acknowledging the compliment, we did the same.

"Here's another, and the last," said Jack, "which we must all of us drink—'Absent friends and relations!'" And Jack filled his glass and gave the toast, the jolly old boy and myself following his example, and repeating his words, "Absent friends and relations!"

"Father," said a voice, "will you not speak to me?"

We started, and looked round. It was a young man whose voice we had heard—thin, ill-looking, and not over-thickly clad.

The jolly old boy turned purple with rage. "George," he said, "d—n you, get out of my sight! I'll have no more to say to you; I told the old crone so whom you sent here this afternoon. You've made your bed, and, by God, you shall lie on it! Get back to your wife, she'll comfort you," shrieked the jolly old boy, positively foaming at the mouth. "Why do you come and intrude yourself where you're not wanted?"

Jack and myself rose to go. The young man stopped us.

"Only first hear," said he, "what I have done to deserve this—how I have been treated—what has been my fault—how miserably I have atoned for my folly. My mother—"

There was a gurgling kind of noise. We looked round. The jolly old boy had fallen from his chair in a fit; the excitement had been too much for him. A doctor was sent for, and we left him in his hands. The young man, George Flintoff, watched by his bedside all night. In the morning, when Jack Rochester called to inquire, he met the medical man, who shook his head.

"It's all over. A man of his make and habit could not recover such a shock as he had last night. He was conscious before he died, and his son never left him. A good young fellow that. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, of course; and *nil nisi bonum* will his son say. But he was a hard husband and a cruel, selfish father. He would have let his son starve like a dog."

Such was this jolly old boy in particular. Somehow or other, since then I don't put the same faith which I did in "jolly old boys" in general.

AMERICA AND THE POPE.

IF any one imagines Mr. NAST's admirable cartoon, which will be found on page 61 this week, to be in any sense a caricature, he has only to read the newspaper reports of various mass-meetings held throughout the country to express sympathy with the Pope to be convinced of his error. One of the most recent of these meetings was held on the 6th inst. at Boston, when the Music Hall in that city was so thronged that not one-half of those who sought admission could be accommodated with standing room. The Catholic Bishop of Boston made, as was to be expected, a vehement protest against Italian occupation. Rome, he claimed, was given to the Pope to govern for the rest of the world, that the poor and weak churches might be assisted from a central point; and hence the Catholic Church had a right to protest against VICTOR EMANUEL'S "usurpation." Another speaker, the Hon. P. A. COLLINS, asserted that "the question was not whether 20,000,000 of Italian should have a capital as much as it was whether 200,000,000 of Christians should have a common seat of authority. Rome had occupied but two positions since its foundation—as the capital of the empire, and as the Mecca of the civilized world. It did not belong to the Romans or to the Italians, and the Pope was justified in not abandoning it and the Church property to robbers. The occupation must cease, for 200,000,000 *of Catholics will tender their acknowledged head the homage of their hearts and the strength of their hands.*"

A mass-meeting for a similar purpose was held the same day at Cincinnati. It was addressed by several prominent priests, and resolutions against VICTOR EMANUEL, and denouncing the occupation of Rome, were adopted.

Not one of the speakers at these meetings had the manliness and courage to utter a word of sympathy with the masses of Italy, who, after long years of almost hopeless struggle, have overthrown the petty tyrants who, by the aid of foreign bayonets, kept them in bondage, and achieved the establishment of a free and liberal government for the whole nation. As the New York *Times* truly says, "They have no sympathy with a liberated Rome, or a united Italy. They call the occupation of its capital by a nation 'public robbery,' and the overthrow of one of the most stupid, reactionary, and oppressive governments of Europe an attack on public right and Christian morality. Unlike their liberal brethren in Italy and France, our religious rulers consider the temporal government of the Pope as indispensable to his priestly and spiritual influence..... A constitutional Italy is a terror to them, for their priests have instructed them that liberty means irreligion. A united Italian nation is a matter of indifference to their minds, unless the union be under priestcraft."

It was, perhaps, to be expected that the masses of Roman Catholics in this country and England should pursue this course; but what shall be said of the statesmen—or rather politicians—who truckle to their ignorant and bigoted prejudice? We understand from good authority, says the paper already quoted, that there is great difficulty in inducing public men to utter a word of sympathy for so stirring an event as the liberation of Rome and the unity of Italy, after more than a thousand years of separation and oppression, under one constitutional and free government. It is to be hoped these timid statesmen, who have proved recreant to the first principles on which our own liberties depend, will take a lesson from Mr. NAST'S cartoon.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A CATHOLIC gentleman, who was on the point of being married, obtained from his confessor his certificate of confession. Having read it, he observed that the priest had omitted the usual penance. "Did you not tell me," said the confessor, "that you were going to be married?"

One of the grave questions just now agitating the suffragists is this: "If women are too angelic to vote, how can they best be made wicked enough to become worthy of that great blessing?"

A young gentleman from the "rooral districs," who advertised for a wife, received answers from eighteen husbands, informing him that he could have theirs.

A thirty-two-months girl thus accosted her father a day or two ago: "Papa, will you buy me some hole to put in my ears, so I can have some ear-rings?"

Reporters are often unconsciously satirical. A morning paper says in an obituary: "Mr. —— was an estimable citizen. He lived uprightly; he died with perfect resignation—he had been recently married."

THE COLORS OF A STORM—Blew.

An old Scotch domestic gave a capital reason to his *young* master for his being allowed to do as he liked: "Ye needna find fault wi' me, Maister Jeems; I hae been langer about the place than yersel."

"What possessed you to marry that dowdy?" said a mother to her son. "Because you always told me to pick a wife like my mother," was the dutiful reply.

A Western writer thinks that if the proper way of spelling *tho* is "though," *ate* "eight," and *bo* "beaux," the proper way of spelling potatoes is *poughteighteaux*.

An eminent artist is about getting up "a panorama of a lawsuit." It opens with the year one and closes with doomsday.

Lord North, who had a perfect antipathy to music, being asked why he did not subscribe to the Ancient Concerts, and it being urged as a reason for it that his brother, the Bishop of Winchester, did, "Ay," replied his lordship, "if I was as deaf as my brother, I would subscribe too."

A physician said of a quack that "he was such an ignoramus that, if he could take a lantern and go down inside his patients, he couldn't find out what the matter was."

A young lady who has been practicing "Let me Kiss him for his Mother," says the more she trics it the better she likes it.

RICH MUSIC—A million-air.

"Astonishing cure for consumption," as the old lady said when she sprinkled snuff on the victuals of her boarders.

Two lawyers, when a knotty case was o'er,
Shook hands, and were as friendly as before.
"Zounds!" said the client, "I would fain know how
You can be friends, who were such foes just now?"
"Thou fool!" said one; "we lawyers, though so keen,
Like shears, ne'er cut ourselves, but what's between."

MUST BE POOR INDEED—He who can not even borrow trouble.

What is the difference between a soldier and a fashionable young lady?—One faces the powder, and the other powders the face.

A "FREE AGENT"—One who goes off with his employer's money.

Husbands desiring to maintain peace and quietness in their domestic circle should be careful not to swap over-coats with single gentlemen who make their pockets repositories for tender epistles from a large circle of female acquaintances.

"Is your note good?" asked a merchant the other day of a person who offered a note for a lot of goods. "Well," replied the purchaser, "I should think it ought to be; every body's got one."

It doesn't take long for a wife to find her husband out.

A writer, in describing the last scene of "Othello," had this exquisite passage: "Upon which the Moor, seizing *a bolster full of rage and jealousy*, smothers her."

"Take off your bonnet, and spend the afternoon, my dear Mrs. Slow. We are going to have tableaux to-night, and I am sure you will enjoy them." "Law sakes, I thought I smelt something good a-cookin', and guess I will stop until after supper."

"Sonny, my son, what are you doing here with your feet dangling in the water?" "Trying to catch cold, ma, so that I may have some more of those cough-lozenges you gave me yesterday."

VISIONARY FRUIT—The apple of the eye.

If a man loses his breath, it is no use to run for it. He can catch it quicker by standing still.

The chairman of an Ohio vigilance committee, who was instructed to duck an obnoxious citizen, thus reported to his constituents: "We took the thief down to the river, made a hole in the ice, and proceeded to duck him; but he slipped through our hands and hid under the ice. All our efforts to entice him to come out failed, and he has now retained his point of advantage some hours."

An eminent Scottish divine met two of his own parishioners at the house of a lawyer whom he considered too sharp a practitioner. The lawyer ungraciously put the question, "Doctor, these are members of your flock; may I ask do you look upon them as white sheep or as black sheep?" "I don't know," answered the divine, dryly, "whether they are black or white sheep; but I know, if they are long here, they are pretty sure to be *fleeced*."

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THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD SYSTEM.

Of the many great commercial enterprises which render the present century memorable, perhaps none has been projected on a more comprehensive scale, or on firmer foundations, than the Northern Pacific Railroad system, a map of which is presented herewith. The powerful corporation engaged in prosecuting this great work embraces among its members many of our most sagacious, wealthy, and conservative capitalists—merchants, statesmen, manufacturers, and practical railroad men, both East and West—who have already invested several millions of their own funds in the enterprise, and placed its future beyond question by building a goodly portion of the main line, and purchasing tributary roads. Unlike too many undertakings of the present day, the building of the Northern Pacific Railroad is entered upon for its merits as a solid and permanent business enterprise, its projectors depending for their compensation upon the development of the business of their road, and of its superb land-endowment—not upon any premature profits which, under a different policy, might be realized from the process of construction.

The reader will observe that the Northern Pacific Railroad proper has two eastern termini—one at Duluth, the new city at the head of Lake Superior, where the road meets the commerce of the great lakes and the St. Lawrence; and another at St. Paul, where connection is made with the commerce of the Mississippi River, and with the railroad system of the Central and Eastern States concentrating at Chicago. The trunk line traverses Central Minnesota, Dakota, Montana, Northern Idaho, and again branches, one arm reaching across Washington Territory to Puget Sound, where it gathers to itself the coast-wise and foreign commerce of the Pacific Ocean; the other arm following down the famous valley of the Columbia to Portland, in Oregon, where connection is also made with the sea and with the railroad system of the Pacific States. A shore line will also unite the two western termini.

From the point of junction of the two eastern arms in Western Minnesota a northern branch, already under construction, will extend to Pembina, on the British border, thus permanently securing the carrying trade of the prosperous settlements in the Winnipeg basin, and the fertile valleys of the Red, Assiniboine, and Saskatchewan rivers. That portion of the main line reaching from Lake Superior to the eastern border of Dakota is now approaching completion. This important section, added to the finished lines of the St. Paul and Pacific road, recently purchased by and consolidated with the Northern Pacific, gives the latter company nearly six hundred miles of road in the great State of Minnesota, already completed or under construction. In the coming spring work will begin at the western end and progress eastward. The close of the year 1873 will, in all probability, witness the completion of this great national improvement.

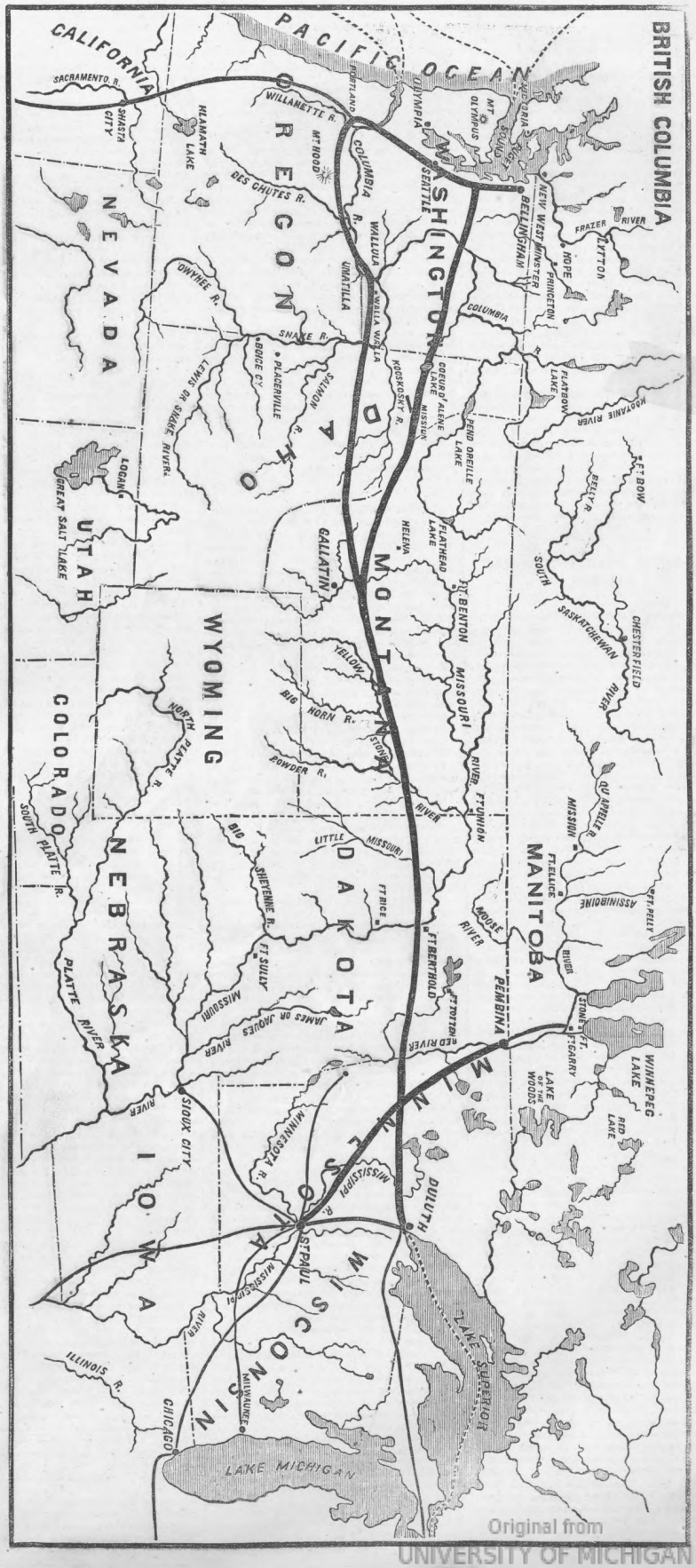
The principal advantages peculiar to the Northern Pacific route are these: 1. It reduces the distance between the lakes and the Pacific Ocean some 600 miles. 2. It lessens the distance between New York and the Pacific by water and rail to the same extent. 3. It lessens the distance between London and Chinese ports by the transcontinental route at least 1400 miles. 4. It traverses a belt of States and Territories admirably adapted by fertility of soil, mildness of temperature, and equal distribution of moisture, to profitable agriculture. 5. Its elevation in the mountain region is 3000 feet less than that of other lines, resulting in a diminished snow-fall, a mild climate, and far easier gradients. 6. At convenient intervals it intersects numerous navigable streams—such as the Columbia, the Cowlitz, the Yellowstone, the Missouri, the Red, and the Mississippi—which drain a vast region, and will serve as feeders to the road. 7. It will partake of the character of an international route, permanently controlling the carrying trade of British America, and rendering the important colonies north of the boundary, and west of Lake Superior, commercially tributary to our Northwestern States.

The public mind is rapidly being undeceived regarding the climate of the New Northwest. No part of the country adjacent to the Northern Pacific route is colder than Minnesota, and all know this to be the finest wheat-growing State in the Union. In Dakota the climate is very similar, and from Dakota westward it grows steadily milder, until, in Oregon and Washington, roses bloom out-of-doors in December, and snow is a comparative novelty.

Already settlers are rapidly crowding to the line of the Northern Pacific road, and, judging from what is known of the plans adopted for promoting the settlement and development, through immigration and colonization, of the belt of States and Territories tributary to the line, there would seem to be no doubt that the corporation upon which the government has conferred this great trust is determined to make the enterprise not only financially sound, but greatly and permanently beneficial to the whole country. With its munificent endowment of fertile lands, with the natural advantages this route undoubtedly enjoys, and with the far-sighted policy already inangurated, a great commercial project could hardly start under better auspices or with greater assurance of success.

Climate.—The fact, above alluded to, of the mildness of the climate which prevails along the belt of country tributary to the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad, is abundantly established. Nowhere between Lake Superior and Puget Sound is the climate colder than in Minnesota; and this great State is not surpassed as a wheat-producing region, or in healthfulness of atmosphere. Dakota is very similar to Minnesota; and from Dakota westward the climate steadily modifies, until, in Oregon and Washington Territory, there is almost no winter at all aside from a rainy season, as in California. Throughout Dakota, Montana, and Northern Idaho cattle and horses range out all winter, and in the spring are fat and strong. Records kept by government officers at the various military stations on the upper waters of the Missouri show that the average annual temperature for a series of years has been warmer in Central Montana than at Chicago or Albany. This remarkable modification of climate, the existence of which no well-informed person now questions, is due to several natural causes, chief among which are these: First, the country lying between the 44th and the 50th parallels is lower by some 3000 feet than the belt lying immediately south. The highest point on the line of the Northern Pacific road is 3500 feet lower than the corresponding summit of the Union and Central line. Both the Rocky and the Cascade ranges, where they are crossed by the Northern Pacific route, are broken down to low elevations compared with their height 400 miles southward. This difference in altitude would account for much of the difference in climate, as four degrees of temperature are usually allowed for each 1000 feet of elevation. But, second, the warm winds from the South Pacific, which prevail in winter, and (aided by the warm ocean currents corresponding to our Atlantic Gulf Stream) produce the genial climate of our Pacific coast, pass over the low mountain ridges to the north of latitude 44°, and carry their softening effect far inland, giving to Eastern Washington the climate of Virginia, and to Montana the climate of Western New York.

The same cause—the depression of the mountain ranges toward the north—accounts for the abundant rain-fall in nearly all parts of this vast area. The southwest winds, saturated by the evaporation of the tropics, carry the rain-clouds eastward over the continental divide, and distribute their moisture over the "fertile belt" stretching from the mountains to the lakes. Farther south the mountains, with their greater altitude, act as a wall against the warm, moist, west winds; hence the colder winters and the aridity of portions of the region south of Montana and east of the mountains. That the climate of that new Northwest which is now to be opened to settlement, travel, and trade is such as to make it a congenial home for the migrating millions of Central and Northern Europe, and the crowded portions of our own land, there is no doubt.



MAP SHOWING THE ROUTE OF THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

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SCHOOL OR JAIL?—A SKETCH FROM LIFE.—[SEE PAGE 62.]

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AMERICA (?) SYMPATHIZES WITH THE POPE.—[SEE PAGE 58.]

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SCHOOL OR JAIL?

WHICH shall it be? It took many ages of Christian civilization to decide in favor of schools for the poor and outcast. The first step in the right direction was the formation of Sunday-schools, where street children were taught the simplest elements of education; and after a time —especially in Germany and the United States— the necessity of national enlightenment came to be generally acknowledged. The events of the present struggle in Europe are a striking proof of this, and it is no longer possible to doubt that the ignorance of the people means the waste of the national strength. "We can not declare it too loudly," says an eminent Frenchman, writing of the war, "that it is ignorance that has ruined France. Ignorance in diplomacy, which, knowing neither the history, nor the language, nor the tendencies of Germany, deceived the Emperor as to the attitude likely to be assumed by the different states. Ignorance in the generals, who had never studied either the organization of the Prussians, or their tactics, or their progress, or the lessons of the campaign of 1866, or the quality of their leaders. Ignorance in the officers, who, accustomed to fight against Arabs, have been constantly surprised, confounded, bewildered, in their own country. Ignorance in the soldiers, who, considering the German as a brute to be driven with the butt ends of their muskets, lost all their self-possession when confronted with men as brave as themselves, more familiar with the ground than their own captains, and with skill enough to make a far more intelligent and deadly use of an inferior weapon. Ignorance without bound or limit in a press which cried '*à Berlin*,' as if it were a mere question of a military promenade."

In England public attention is now strongly directed to the question of compulsory national education, as the only means of saving the mass of the poor from sinking into utter degradation; but the system there is yet far behind those of Prussia and the United States. Even in this country much remains to be done in this direction; and the illustration on page 60 conveys a moral that should go to the heart and conscience of every enlightened citizen. The idea of "wastefulness" embodied in the sketch will strike every one who gives it a moment's thought. It is as if one made macadam out of marble, or ballasted ships with gold. Flesh and blood are always costly and precious things, however used or misused; and if this heap of living creatures and of possible men be suffered to perish, beyond doubt a something worth preserving, which we can never wholly replace, will perish with them. It may be a thought of genius, or it may be only an honest deed. In either case the world will be the poorer for the loss,

THE DEMON OF ALOST.

IN the philosophy of the good old times, the devil could be at times both generous and just. Witness the story of the Demon of Alost. In the year 1232, a Brabançon soldier, Jean Spitaels by name, arrived in the said town on a gloomy November night, coming from Ninove. Spitaels was wounded, having on his way had to defend the person of a young widow of Ghent, whom some malefactors had set upon in the hopes of an easy booty on the highway. He rescued the fair lady from their clutches, and, although her expressions of gratitude were vehement, they did not heal some severe cuts which he had received in the encounter. Spitaels, indeed, privately attributed the fact that he got out of the unequal struggle more to his having invoked Saint Martin of Alost than to his own prowess, and, actuated by this feeling, he no sooner reached the town in question than he went to return thanks at the altar of the patron of brave men. This done, he said to himself, as he was well provided with money he would not go to a hospital, but he would take up his abode at a hostelry, kept by one Ghislain Mercex, close by the Béguinage. He was hospitably received, and sending for a surgeon, was ordered to keep his bed for a fortnight, before his wounds could be cured. When Spitaels had rushed to the rescue of the lady in trouble and exposed his life in her cause, he had merely followed the generous impulse of all good soldiers of Christ, to do unto others as they would be done by. But as he lay on his bed of sickness, the beauty of the young widow, and the kind and graceful manner in which she had thanked him, kept intruding upon his thoughts until he could think of nothing else. His mind, indeed, became so entirely absorbed in reminiscences of the widow, that he resolved, when he got well, to go to Ghent, to find out the object of his affections, who had said she lived near the belfry in that ancient city, and to ask her in marriage.

Now when Jean Spitaels took up his quarters at the hostelry of Ghislain Mercex, fearing that he might be led into foolish expenses by some of the brotherhood of arbalatriers or cross-bowmen of Alost, with whom he was acquainted, he handed over his well-furnished purse to the care of his host. He was all the more anxious not to spend more than was necessary for his recovery, as we have seen that his thoughts were solely occupied with the person of the young widow, and like all lovers, disregarding the possible disparity of condition in life, he entertained hopes, as he had saved her life and honor, of succeeding in gaining her affections and hand, which would raise him to the very pinnacle of happiness.

Previous to taking his departure he claimed back the money he had deposited with his host. But the sight of gold tempts people to bad actions, and that all the more so as the sum is the more considerable. The host's wife (the French, the most gallant nation in the world, strange to say, always bring in the sex in their legends as at the root of all evil), pointed out to her spouse that the money had been placed in his charge without the presence of witnesses, "and who," she said, "would put the simple asseverations of a soldier of fortune against that of a well-known and honest landlord?" The host was easily prevailed upon by his worse half to secrete the money in his strong-box, and thus, when Spitaels claimed it, he not only declared that he had never received it, but, as dishonesty is generally impudent, he taxed the unfortunate man with either madness or bad designs, and asked him "if he wished to take away his character?"

Jean Spitaels became furious at the turn which events had taken, but although he loudly declared the wrong done to him, the sycophants of the public house sided with Ghislain Mercex and his wife, and helped them to get rid of the soldier's importunities by turning him out of the house. Spitaels was not, however, the man to be thus robbed with impunity. He drew his sword, and threatened to break open the door, and obtain his money by force. The host and hostess, terrified at his threats, and knowing the determined spirit of the soldier, were obliged to send for the archers, who led him away to prison.

Spitaels was comparatively a stranger in Alost, while Ghislain Mercex was known as a housekeeper and publican of tolerably fair repute. So the feelings of the grand bailiff of Alost were prejudiced against what was not an uncommon incident in those days—the supposed audacious attempt at extortion of a free-lance. It was even privately discussed whether the best way of getting rid of him and his pretensions altogether would not be by putting him to death. As he had no friends, the majority of opinions were in favor of this summary mode of proceeding, and, but for an unforeseen incident, it might have fared badly with the unfortunate soldier.

There was at that epoch a demon in Alost, who had shown himself to several persons, and had hence been much talked about; but as he had not harmed any one, he was not very much dreaded. The morning of the day when Spitaels was to be taken before his prejudiced judges, the said demon made his appearance in his dungeon, and said to him:

"You are about to be condemned to death, which is an injustice, but that is the way in which men act. Nevertheless, if you will give yourself to me I will save your life."

"And who are you?" asked the soldier, after a momentary silence.

"Do not be afraid of me. I am the demon of Alost."

"The demon of Alost!" exclaimed Spitaels. "A demon! I give myself up to a demon! No, I would rather perish innocent than save my life by giving up my soul to a demon."

"But," persisted the tempter, "think that in two hours the opportunity of saving you will have gone by. You are young; you have still many years to live; I can get back your money for you. And what about the fair widow of Ghent? She is here; she is in Alost; and she wishes to see you and to save you."

The last words had, as the demon archly calculated, a great effect upon Spitaels. He paced his dungeon in extreme agitation. "She is here!" he exclaimed. "She wishes to see me! But no matter," he added, recovering from his momentary weakness, "I can not be yours. No, I will perish on the scaffold before I yield my soul to the tempter. But you have brought me good news. She is here, and for that good news I pardon you, demon of Alost. I shall see her, for she will come to the trial. If they condemn me, my last hope will be that I shall tell her I wished to be her husband."

The grief and resignation of the soldier touched the heart even of the demon. "If I can not have him," he said to himself, "I can, at all events, have the other one." So turning round he said:

"Well, since you will not belong to me, I will be generous with you, and you shall not curse me, for I will give you a disinterested aid. I even flatter myself that I can save your life. But you must follow my advice. When you are presently summoned before the grand bailiff, plead innocence, and ask (what can not be refused to you) that you may have for counsel a barrister whom you will see there in a blue cap. That will be myself."

The prisoner was delighted. The reader may, perchance, think that the supposed demon was only a young barrister sent by the widow of Ghent to sound the soldier's feelings, and to put his piety to trial, in order the better to ascertain his real worth, but he will be in the wrong. The demon of Alost was really what he proclaimed himself to be, and he did not calculate badly, as we shall see.

Barely an hour had elapsed after this interview before the archers came to lead forth the Brabançon soldier from his dungeon into the presence of his judges. The accusation brought against him of his intending to murder his host and hostess, after having unjustly calumniated them, was so ably set forth that every body felt that the gibbet was inevitable. But Spitaels, casting his eyes around him, soon made out a barrister with a cadaverous face and a spare pointed beard, but with eyes of fire, and who wore a skull-cap of blue velvet. His courage revived upon seeing his mysterious ally, and he demanded in a loud voice that the pale-faced counsel should be allowed to plead for him, as he said he was but a rude soldier, and little versed in the art of pleading. His request was granted, although a murmur ran through the court, for his counsel was not known as one of those who practiced at the bar of Alost.

This is not surprising, when we know that it was a demon who, strange to say, had ventured to assume the garb of a barrister-at-law. As the novel forensic member proceeded with his case, and after declaring that the brave soldier had been most unfairly dealt with and most abominably ill-treated, he proceeded to relate the true history of the money deposited in the hands of his host, with the addition of circumstances which the soldier himself had forgotten till he was reminded of them, and he further declared that he could bring witnesses who would prove that Spitaels had the very sum of money about him when he left Ninove which he declared he had lost, a feeling began to pervade the assembly that the Brabançon might be in the right after all. But when his distinguished counsel came out with his last great point, and declared that he would reveal to the judges the very spot where the money was at that moment hid, the host was so astounded and perplexed that he jumped upon his feet, asserting that it was false, that he had not the money, that it was not secreted where he said it was; and he swore, in his excitement, that he would give himself to the devil, if what he said was not true.

This was just what the demon had hoped for, and had anticipated would take place.

"I do not ask for more," he said, taking off his velvet cap and displaying two little horns, while his eyes seemed to cast flames upon the terrified host.

The crowd at once made way for the mysterious pleader, who went up to Ghislain Mercex, seized upon him as his lawful prey, and carried him away so far (or, according to others, lifted him up so high) that he was never more heard of. The hostess—the most guilty of the two—fell upon her knees and prayed for mercy, promising to send for the money at once. Jean Spitaels was set at liberty the moment that the money he claimed had been restored to him in the presence of the whole court, and his character as an honest man fairly vindicated. The widow of Ghent was among those present, and going up to her gallant savior she congratulated him, and said she had come there solely in the hopes of saving him. They accordingly went forth together to Ghent, and Count Fernand of Flanders, to whom Baldwin of Guines had ceded the county, having heard of the adventures of the Brabançon soldier, gave him a good appointment in his court, and his marriage with the young widow was celebrated with a general rejoicing, which, in the naïve language of the chronicle, shows that it is inconvenient to thieve, indecent to tell stories, and very imprudent to give one's self to the Prince of Darkness.

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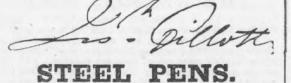

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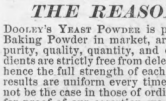

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We offer for sale at par and accrued interest the FIRST-MORTGAGE LAND-GRANT GOLD BONDS of the NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD COMPANY. They are free from United States Tax, and are issued of the following denominations: Coupons $100, $500, and $1,000; Registered $100, $500, $1,000, $5,000, and $10,000.

With the same entire confidence with which we commended Government bonds to Capitalists and People we now, after the fullest investigation, recommend these Northern Pacific Railroad bonds to our friends and the general public.

GOLD PAYMENT.—Both principal and interest are payable in American gold coin, at the office of Jay Cooke & Co., New York City—the principal at the end of 30 years, and the interest (at the rate of seven and three-tenths per cent. per annum) half yearly, first of January and July.

PERFECT SAFETY.—The bonds we are now selling are secured by a first and only mortgage on all the property and rights of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, which will embrace, on the completion of the work:

1. Over Two Thousand Miles of Road, with rolling stock, buildings, and all other equipments.

2. Over Twenty-two Thousand Acres of Land to every mile of finished road. This land, agricultural, timbered, and mineral, amounting in all to more than Fifty Million Acres, consists of alternate sections reaching twenty to forty miles on each side of the track, and extending in a broad, fertile belt from Wisconsin, through the richest portions of Minnesota, Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Oregon, and Washington, to Puget Sound.

While the Government does not directly guarantee the bonds of the Road, it thus amply provides for their full and prompt payment by an unreserved grant of land, the most valuable ever conferred upon a great national improvement.

THE MORTGAGE.—The Trustees under the Mortgage are Messrs. Jay Cooke, of Philadelphia, and J. Edgar Thomson, President of the Pennsylvania Central Railroad Company. They will directly and permanently represent the interests of the First-Mortgage bondholders, and are required to see that the *proceeds of land sales* are used in *purchasing and canceling the bonds of the Company*, if they can be bought before maturity at not more than 10 per cent. premium; otherwise, the Trustees are to invest the proceeds of land sales in United States Bonds or Real Estate Mortgages for the further security of Northern Pacific bondholders. Also, that they have at all times in their control, as security, at least 500 acres of average land to every $1,000 of outstanding first-mortgage bonds, besides the railroad itself and all its equipments and franchises.

PROFITABLENESS.—Of course nothing can be safer than the bonds of the United States; but as the Government is no longer a borrower, and as the Nation's present work is not that of preserving its existence, but that of DEVELOPING A CONTINENT, we remind those who desire to increase their income and obtain a more permanent investment, while still having a perfectly reliable security, that

United States 5-20's, at their average premium, yield the present purchaser less than 5½ per cent. gold interest. Should they be redeemed in five years, and specie payments be resumed, they would really pay only 4⅜ per cent., or if in three years, only 3⅝ per cent., as the present premium would meanwhile be sunk.

Northern Pacific 7-30's, selling at par in currency, yield the investor 7 3-10 per cent. gold interest absolutely for thirty years, *free from United States tax.* $1,100 currency invested now in United States 5-20's will yield per year in gold, say $62 00. $1,100 currency invested now in Northern Pacific 7-30's will yield per year in gold $80 30. Here is a difference *in annual income* of nearly *one-third*, besides a difference of 7 to 10 per cent. in principal when both classes of bonds are redeemed.

THE ROAD NOW BUILDING.—Work was begun in July last on the eastern portion of the line, and the money provided, by the sale to stockholders of some six millions of the Company's bonds, to build and equip the road from Lake Superior, across Minnesota, to the Red River of the North—233 miles. The grading on this division is now well advanced, the iron is being rapidly laid, several thousand men are at work on the line, and about the first of August next this important section of the road will be in full operation. In the mean time orders have been sent to the Pacific coast for the commencement of the work on the western end in early spring, and thereafter the work will be pushed, both eastward and westward, with as much speed as may be consistent with solidity and a wise economy.

RECEIVABLE FOR LANDS.—These bonds will be at all times receivable, at 1.10, in payment for the Company's lands, at their lowest cash price.

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HOW TO GET THEM.—Your nearest Bank or Banker will supply these bonds in any desired amount, and of any needed denomination. Persons wishing to exchange stocks or other bonds for these, can do so with any of our agents, who will allow the highest current price for all marketable securities.

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THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

WE give on this page a sketch of one of the principal rooms of the Library of Congress, at Washington, the foundation of which was laid in 1800, when Congress made an appropriation of $5000, to be expended in the purchase of books. In 1814, when the collection amounted to about 3000 volumes, many of them exceedingly rare and valuable, it was consumed in the Capitol—burned by order of the commander of the British army.

In view of the loss of this library, Mr. JEFFERSON offered to Congress his own valuable collection for purchase; and for this purpose an appropriation of $23,950 was made. The books were transferred to the Capitol in 1815, and formed the nucleus of a new library. In 1851 another disaster by fire befell the library, then consisting of about 55,000 volumes. Of this number 20,000 volumes were saved, among which was the greater portion of the library of Mr. JEFFERSON. The library rooms being destroyed, temporary accommodations were immediately prepared for the remaining volumes, and $10,000 appropriated to commence replacing those which had been destroyed. By an act of March 19, 1852, an appropriation of $72,000 was made for the repair of the library rooms, which were ready for occupation in July of the following year. They were constructed entirely of iron, to guard against a recurrence of disasters by fire. In August, 1852, an appropriation of $75,000 was made to meet the expense of an extraordinary purchase of books necessary to restore the library to its former state. An annual appropriation is made for the purchase of miscellaneous and law books.

The library now numbers about 180,000 volumes, carefully and judiciously selected under the superintendence of a joint committee. The purchase of books for the Law Department is directed by the Judges of the Supreme Court. The general use of the library is limited by act of Congress to the President and Vice-President of the United States, Members of Congress, Judges of the Supreme Court, the Diplomatic Corps, the Secretary of the Senate, the Clerk of the House of Representatives, and the Agent of the Joint Committee on the Library; but visitors are admitted by means of cards. It is open every week-day during the sessions of Congress, from 9 A.M. to 3 P.M., and for the same hours on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday of each week during the recess.

By the act of Congress approved July 8, 1870, all records and other things relating to copyrights were placed under the control of the Librarian of Congress. The act also requires that within ten days after the publication of every copyright book or pamphlet, two copies of it shall be forwarded to Washington for preservation in the Library.

This large collection of books embraces works in almost every department of literature and science, but is especially rich on the subjects of international and civil politics and law. It is admirably classified, and as a working library for a legislative body is, perhaps, second to none in the world.

PREPARING FOR BUSINESS.—[DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.]

CHINESE BEGGARS.

THERE is a class of beggars in China the members of which are all afflicted in some way; blind, or lame, or maimed, or with wounds, in many cases self-inflicted. DR. Lockhart relates the case of a man who called at his hospital in Shanghai with violent inflammation of both eyes, having the lids enormously swollen. He stated that he was a plasterer, and that some lime had accidentally fallen into his eye. Further inquiry, however, showed that the man had intentionally filled both eyelids with lime for the purpose of destroying his sight, so as to excite compassion; and he had succeeded, for the eyes were totally destroyed. This plan is not unfrequently resorted to by beggars, when with sound eyes they can not earn a livelihood; they will sometimes blind their children in early life by means of lime, or by puncturing the eyes with a coarse needle. The following plan is, however, the most extraordinary one that has been

THE CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY, CAPITOL, WASHINGTON.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BELL BROTHERS, WASHINGTON, D. C.]

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met with. Four men were seen one day crawling on their hands and knees, having lost their legs a few inches below the knee. They asserted that their eight legs had all been burned off in a fire. But it was ascertained that in the southern part of the province of Shantung beggars have their legs taken off by a professional beggar-surgeon, his plan being to tie a piece of thin string around the middle of the calf, drawing it closer day by day, till mortification of the lower limb ensues. After a while the bone is exposed, sawn through, the wound closed up, and the beggars sent forth, amidst the congratulations of their friends, as in a fair way to obtain a beggar's fortune. Numbers, however, sink under the tortures of the tedious operation. Devices which remind one of Western rogues are sometimes resorted to. Mr. Cobbold, who was formerly a missionary in Ningpo, in his very entertaining book, "Pictures of the Chinese," relates an act of charity of his own. A man came to his house with his wrist fearfully wounded—hacked through, as he asserted, by pirates. Mr. Cobbold called a chair, and hurried off to the dispensary of a missionary doctor. It was pronounced a case of amputation. A Buddhist priest was engaged as nurse; the surgeon set to work to remove the bandage; the patient shrieked in a becoming manner; roll after roll of the bandage was removed, until at last the wrist was disclosed, perfectly sound and whole. So ingeniously was the imposture contrived that it thus at first deceived even the practiced eye of a foreign surgeon.

There is a large division in the beggar host whose character is low even in the estimation of their friends. They have mostly been thieves in former days, and though set at liberty, they yet carry the badges of their crime about with them, whether as a punishment, as a sign of penitence, or as a means of exciting compassion, the writer is not prepared to say. They are called "mandarin beggars." Some wear a very small wooden collar, a model of the cangue borne by convicted thieves in the streets. Others carry a heavy stone on their shoulders from morning to night, their crimes being greater than the first class. Others, again, have a heavy iron spear padlocked to their foot and shoulder; these are chiefly men banished from other provinces. Others, more light-hearted and less burdened by manacles, whirl bowls of water round with juggler skill; they are called "Shake the falling sky." Others go through all the exercises of the noble art of defense, only beating the air, not boxing a brother beggar; and begging priests of the Buddhist and Taoist type are frequently met with—not true mendicant friars sent forth by the monastery abbots, but priests without a home, either outcasts from temples or fictitious characters

THE STAR RIDER.

"I'm sure I know his face!"

"I'm sure he knows yours! The man turned scarlet as he caught sight of you. He did not bow."

"Bow! no, I should think not! I can not recollect exactly where I met him, but I am certain it is not that sort of acquaintance. Don't you know the sort of feeling that you have when you recognize a man whose face you have seen somewhere, but you can not tell where, but you rather think it is in a shop?"

"I am sure that man had not the least appearance of a shopman."

"No; I do not say he had; but my recollection of him is as of some one who is not in one's set, and whom one scarcely ought to know."

It was on the Spa at Scarborough that this conversation took place, two or three years ago.

The speakers were cousins, Minnie and Kate Brandon, daughters of two men who had begun life with a mere nothing, had worked together, and held together in true Yorkshire fashion, and were now among the richest merchants in Leeds. There was a great difference between the two girls, which was to be accounted for principally by the manner in which they had been brought up. Minnie's father, Richard Brandon ("Devil Dick," as he was called, from the daring manner in which he plunged into speculations from which all other men shrunk, and which seemed almost invariably to turn out right for him), was a hot-headed, impulsive man, with whom, if the first pleasure in life was in making money, the second certainly was in spending it. He had a fine house out on the other side of Woodhouse Moor, sufficiently removed from the smoke and dirt of the town; and there he entertained in a lavish manner the officers of the —— Dragoon Guards—whose head-quarters were at Leeds—who declared that there was no such house within twenty miles as Richard Brandon's. It was a point on which both the old and the young, the married and the single, were unanimous; for while the corpulent major and the captains, who wished that the regulation of the service would provide for a little addition to their undress jackets, smacked their lips over the steaming dishes, and wagged their heads knowingly at the wine, the subalterns declared that Minnie Brandon was "quite the nicest girl in the place, don't you know?" and that there was no house throughout the whole of the cloth district where balls and all that sort of thing were so properly done. A lavish generosity was indeed Richard Brandon's characteristic; he entertained not merely the officers quartered at Leeds barracks, but the barristers who came thither at assize times, any passing strangers who brought letters of introduction, or any celebrity whom he heard might be staying in the town, besides having a certain number of set dinners for his acquaintance among the town people. As to his daughter, nothing could be good enough for her; when she was a child she had the best masters and mistresses that could be procured for money, and when she put away childish things her dresses were supplied by Worth, and her jewelry by Hancock. As her mother had died during Minnie's infancy, the young girl ruled the household, in which her word was law; she had horses and carriages of her own, a boudoir which was fitted up by a London upholsterer, and which was all crimson velvet, and low tables, and occasional chairs, and brackets, and lustres, and *étagères*, and hideous monsters in Sèvres and Dresden, and chiming clocks, and velvet-edged looking-glasses. When her father took a house for three months in Park Lane, and let her thoroughly enjoy one London season, some people in Leeds shook their heads, and said that Richard Brandon was becoming what they called "saaft," and would probably go into the *Gazette*, while others winked their eyes, and said that "Devil Dick" meant getting into Parliament and marrying his daughter to a duke.

Isaac Brandon, his brother, said nothing. He knew perfectly well that however reckless and ridiculous his brother's acts might seem to be, they were always guided by some principle of common-sense. When the hiring of the house in Park Lane was announced to him, he merely smiled, and said he was quite certain that Richard would find somebody else to pay the rent. When, after being a few weeks in London, Richard wrote to his brother informing him that they had been appointed sole consignees for a certain quantity of Australian wool, which they had been long desirous of getting, Isaac smiled again, and thought that, however expensive the visit to London might be, it was well repaid. He thought this more especially because the expenses did not fall on him. It was enough for one of the firm, he said, to undertake what he called "the dining and glitter" part; Dick was suited for that sort of thing, and Minnie delighted in it. For himself, he was content to live in a very plain and comfortable house at Headingley, to associate with a few old chums of his own social standing, and to be perfectly happy in superintending the education of his daughter Kate, by whom his characteristic quiet common-sense was inherited. At the very moment of our first sight of her she was smiling slightly at Minnie's allusion to "her set."

As they were retracing their steps on the promenade they again encountered the man who had formed the subject of their remarks—a man very little above the middle height, and slightly built, but wonderfully knit together. His slight, lithe frame seemed made of iron, and his whole appearance showed that he was in the highest possible state of physical training. His features were regular, his eyes large and dark, his hair crisp and curly; he wore neither beard nor mustaches, and was dressed in a loose blue suit, evidently of foreign make. As he neared the young ladies his cheeks flushed almost painfully, but this time he did not look at them, keeping his eyes straight before him as he walked past. Minnie was about to make some further remark to her cousin, when the sight of Mr. Bassenthwaite turned her thoughts into another channel.

Jack Bassenthwaite—who was called "Jack" because his name was Charles—was an officer in the cavalry regiment then quartered at Leeds, and was the possessor of a series of manly and intellectual accomplishments which deservedly constituted him the pet of the mess and the envy of his comrades. He could drink and smoke more than most men, could play billiards better, knew more comic vocalists and ladies of the ballet than any plunger in the service. In person Captain Bassenthwaite was tall and stout, with deep blue eyes, handsome bronzed features, and a thick heavy mustache, from under which the butt end of a cigar was usually protruding. He was the son of a country parson, poor in pocket but rich in blood, whom this high-spirited fellow had nearly ruined by his extravagance; and finding it impossible to keep on any longer, he had determined to retrieve his fortune by a good marriage, and had selected Miss Minnie Brandon as the exact person to suit him. He had come out that morning accompanied by his intimate friend, David Morgan—humorously known as the "Welcher," a combined allusion to his nationality, and to a little betting transaction in which he had once distinguished himself—with the full intention of meeting Miss Brandon on the Spa; and, with a view of preparing themselves for the encounter, these gallant spirits had partaken, at the bar of the Crown, of what they were pleased to call "two-and-a-split," which to the initiated means one bottle of soda-water divided between two glasses of brandy.

"Here they are, Jack!" said the Welcher, as they descended on to the promenade. "Your young woman is in great form this morning, though, as usual, confound it! she has got the little one with her."

"Wouldn't have her walk about by herself, would you?" growled Captain Bassenthwaite, emitting a big puff of smoke. "What is the matter with the little one?"

"Rather too much for me, don't you know?—down upon me, and all that sort of thing; always think she is poking her fun at me."

"You must learn to stand that, Morgan, as well as a good many other things in this life," said the captain, contemptuously. "You're entered to make the running in this race, and you must stick to that line of country. Light a weed, old man, and you can suck away at that, and only say 'Oh' and 'Ay' occasionally."

The Welcher complied with these instructions, and the gallant youths joined the ladies on the promenade. They had not walked fifty yards before they met the man of whom the girls had been speaking.

"See, Captain Bassenthwaite!" said Minnie, who, with her companion, was in advance of the others, "can you tell me who that man is? His face is perfectly familiar to me, but I can not tell where I have seen him."

Captain Bassenthwaite honored the stranger with a long stare. "Never saw him before in my life," he remarked. "Never wish to again, for the matter of that. Rum get-up, isn't he? Looks like a painter. Dare say Mogg knows who it is; he knows every body, does old Muggins; I will ask him."

Old Muggins, on being appealed to, was equal to the occasion. He did not think it possible, he said, that Miss Brandon could know the stranger, though doubtless she had seen him, as he was a rider at Quankibosco's Circus, then performing in the town. "Sydney Seymour, or some such name, he calls himself," added the Welcher, "and does the bare-back trick like a bird!"

Lieutenant David Morgan was both right and wrong.

The man whom they had noticed did call himself Sydney Seymour, and did ride bare-backed at Signor Quankibosco's Circus; but Miss Brandon had been introduced to him—and, more than that, had danced with him in the very best society. He was called Arthur L'Estrange then; and this was his history:

Arthur L'Estrange was the only son of General L'Estrange, an officer who had not merely served with distinction, but whose scientific knowledge of his profession had obtained for him a prominent position at the War Office. The general's greatest wish was that his son, whom he adored, should follow his profession; and the boy was educated at Sandhurst, under the special care of one of the general's old comrades, who was a professor there. Every thing seemed going on well; Arthur was reported to be diligent in his studies, and unexceptional in his conduct; but one day the professor arrived hastily at the general's house, and struck consternation into the heart of his old friend by telling him that the boy had formed an acquaintance with a young woman attached to a strolling company of actors, who had been performing in the neighborhood, and that unless strong measures were taken he would probably disgrace himself by marrying her. Strong measures the general took at once: he proceeded direct to Sandhurst, saw Authur, and demanded to know the history of the whole affair. The boy, then about seventeen years old, answered frankly, completely indorsing the professor's story. He did know this young lady, who was called Florence Delavanti; he was in love with her; he did fully intend to marry her; but admitted, however, that he should not have taken that step without asking his father's sanction. The old general was furious: he would hear of no delay, no compromise; the girl must be given up at once, or he and his son would be strangers henceforth and forever. A scene of hot and angry recrimination ensued, ending by the reiteration on Arthur's part of his refusal to give up the girl, and by the general swearing that henceforth his son was nothing to him, and must gain his living as he best could.

Arthur L'Estrange married the poor little girl with a high-sounding name, and became a member of the play-acting troupe to which she was attached. He had been always celebrated for his agility and feats of strength, and now turned these qualifications to good use. The poor little creature whom he had made his wife was very delicate, and, about eighteen months after their marriage, lost her strength and her voice, and was incapable of fulfilling her professional duties. Thus the whole burden of the household fell upon Arthur; and, under his assumed name of Sydney Seymour, he was beginning to be well known among the professors of that strange world which he had adopted. In graceful agility he was allowed to be quite unique; and the unmistakable bearing of the gentleman, which distinguished him on the stage or in the circus, always made him an object of interest to the female portion of the spectators.

Three years after his marriage his wife died. The shock was very great to him, for he had been deeply attached to her. It was some time before he could resume the practice of his profession; and when he did so, though he was as graceful and agile as ever, there was a certain callous carelessness about him, which seemed to pervade every action of his life. His companions, who, without being acquainted with any particulars of his history, could not avoid seeing that by birth and education he was not one of them, but rather a gentleman under misfortune, or, as they phrased it, "a swell out of luck," expressed their wonder that he did not return to his friends; but he only answered moodily that he had grown habituated to his life, that he had no interest or care for himself, and that the shackles of conventional society would now be impossible for him to bear. These remarks were fully coincided with by the manager of the circus, of which he was always the greatest attraction; and thus matters stood at the opening of our story.

That evening was a "bespeak night" at the circus, the performance being under the patronage of a nobleman who had just arrived at his shooting-box in the neighborhood, and who attended on the occasion with a large number of his friends. The house was crammed, and among the audience were Minnie and Kate Brandon, attended by Captain Bassenthwaite and several other officers. Some of them had only that day come over from the barracks at Leeds, and their arrival had been celebrated by their friends by a little dinner, at which a great deal of wine had been drunk. Of this Captain Bassenthwaite seemed to have had his full share; his eyes were rather bloodshot, his speech rather thick, and he rolled about in his seat. He also made himself conspicuous by his loud remarks, mostly of a derogatory character, on the various performances. But it was not until the "daring feat of equestrianism on a bare-backed horse" by Mr. Sydney Seymour took place that the captain's conduct excited general attention. At the sight of the rider his dull eyes seemed to glow with rage, and turning to Miss Brandon, he said, in a thick, husky tone,

"That is the fellow who stared at you this morning on the Spa!"

"Hush, pray be quiet!" said Minnie, in a frightened voice; "he did not stare at me, he—"

"That is all very well," he cried; "you say that to save him, but I saw him stare at you; he is staring now! By Jove! I'll—" He suddenly rose, as though about to spring into the arena, but was checked by a cry of "silence" which arose from the audience. His sudden motion had, however, frightened the horse, which swerved quickly on one side, disturbing the rider's equilibrium, and throwing him on to his head.

A mingled cry of fright and rage rose from the people; but Arthur L'Estrange was on his feet in a moment, bowed, quickly caught the horse, and carried on his performance with greater grace and daring even than before. Some quarter of an hour afterward he entered the audience portion of the house, dressed in private clothes, and looking very pale and gentlemanly. His entrance was observed by the large mass of people filling the gallery, and he was cheered to the echo. At the conclusion of the performance Captain Bassenthwaite, in conducting Miss Brandon to her carriage, saw the man whose presence had so annoyed him standing with his back to the wall, as though waiting to let the visitors pass out.

"Step aside, Sir," said Bassenthwaite, pushing him roughly, "and make room for your customers!"

Arthur L'Estrange made one step forward, but, seeing Miss Brandon, he merely bowed, and, turning into the crowd, followed in their footsteps. No sooner, however, had the carriage door closed upon the ladies than Bassenthwaite, who was standing making his farewell bow, felt a grip of iron in his cravat, and heard a voice hissing in his ear, "You scoundrel! I spared you this instant because ladies were present. There are none here now, and you shall answer to me for your insults this evening!"

"Who the deuce is this? Take your hand off me!" cried Captain Bassenthwaite, shaking himself free. Then turning to his assailant, "Oh, it is you, is it?" said he. "I thought it was a gentleman; but I shall give *you* in charge of the police!"

"You are a bully, and so would shelter yourself under any excuse; but that I am a gentleman, at least your equal in birth and breeding, I am fully able to prove. If I can prove it, will you give me a meeting?"

"*If* you can; but you are only a tumbler in a circus, and one does not go out with such people."

"Fortunately there is some one here who can corroborate my assertion," said the circus-rider, turning to one of the gentlemen who had gathered round. "Your name is Norman Lockwood?"

"It is," said the gentleman addressed, adding, rather contemptuously, "but that information might easily be acquired; and I confess I have not the slightest knowledge of you or your antecedents."

L'Estrange stepped up to him and whispered in his ear.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Captain Lockwood aloud; "you don't say so!" Then turning to his acquaintance under the gas-light he looked at him for a moment earnestly, and said, "There is no doubt about it! My dear Arthur, I am delighted at meeting you again. Bassenthwaite, I will guarantee this gentleman's position and—"

"If I want to put a bullet through him, would you be his friend?" asked the captain.

"Willingly; but we will not talk about bullets or meetings: we are none of us quite in a condition to settle preliminaries. If you are in the same mind to-morrow you will find me ready to act on this gentleman's behalf. We will meet on the Spa at eleven. Now good-night."

The next morning Arthur L'Estrange left the humble lodgings which he inhabited in the north quarter of the town, and walked over toward the Spa. A great change had come over the weather during the night. The wind, which had been fresh for some days, was now blowing half a gale, and the surface of the sea was covered with foam-crested breakers. All the little fleet of fishing-boats lay snugly in the shelter of the harbor, and of all the small craft usually dotting the surface of the bay there was only one boat visible. This was a pleasure-boat, which seemed to be making for the shore, but to be beating up and down, and tacking in and out in an odd and unseamanlike fashion. There was a small group of fishermen standing on one of the grassy knolls to the southward of the Spa; one of them had a telescope, through which he was examining the solitary boat, and as he passed them Arthur heard one of them say that Jim Raper could not be out in the Nancy, or he would have struck that mainsail long ago.

When he descended on the Spa he found that universal interest was roused about the little craft, which was rapidly nearing the rocks, with her sails still flying. Groups of people were gathered together here and there, pointing eagerly to her, and discussing what appeared to be her inevitable fate.

"It is impossible she can hold out!" said one of the speakers, to whom all seemed to pay attention: "my only wonder is that she has not capsized long before this. If one could make him understand that he ought to lower that mainsail!"

"Does nobody know who it is?" asked another.

"There's two of them," said a third—"officers, so far as I can make out. They are in the habit of going out bathing with Jim Raper; but Jim was not there this morning—he would not have let them go if he had been, with this breeze coming on; so they got hold of the boat and went out by themselves."

"Hoy! lower your mainsail," roared a boatman, using his hands like a speaking-trumpet. "It is no use; they can't hear. It will be all over with them in a minute!" As he spoke a tremendous wave whirled the little cockle-shell aloft, and

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left it keel upward. For a moment two men were seen floating in the boiling surf. Then one of them gained the boat, and dragged himself to a secure position on her bottom—the other was lost to sight.

A cry of horror burst from the crowd, in the midst of which a wild scream of a woman was specially audible. Arthur L'Estrange rushed to the spot from whence it proceeded, and found Minnie Brandon, with her hands clasped and her hair loose and streaming in the wind.

"Oh, for God's sake save him!" she cried. "Be men, some of you, and go to his help! You, Sir," turning to Arthur, "you will make some attempt to save him?"

"Who is it?" he whispered, hoarsely.

"Captain Bassenthwaite," she replied, "my husband that is to be. Oh, for God's sake try to save him!"

In an instant Arthur L'Estrange had pulled off his coat and waistcoat and his shoes, and sprang on to the top of the low wall, and thence into the boiling flood. The one man still remained clinging to the boat, the other had risen to the surface, and was floating helplessly about fifty yards in front of him. Arthur was a splendid swimmer, and struck out boldly; the force of the tide was tremendous, and it was some time before he could reach the object of his search: twice the man had sunk, and, helpless and insensible, was throwing up his arms preparatory to his final disappearance, when Arthur L'Estrange seized him by his hair and turned his face to the shore, attempting to drag his helpless burden into safety. The tide was running out like a mill-race, and so heavy was his encumbrance that Arthur found it almost impossible to make head against it. Again and again he renewed his effort, encouraged by the fact that he was evidently nearing the shore; that he could hear the hearty cheers of those witnessing his gallant attempt; that it needed but a very few strokes more and his end would be attained. Then an enormous wall of blue water seemed to rise up against him; sea and sky were mingled together; there was a mighty rushing sound in his ear; his senses failed him, and he knew no more.

When he came to himself he was lying in bed at a hotel, with his hand clasped between those of an old gentleman, who lifted his head as the patient moved, and revealed the features of General L'Estrange. It was like a dream to Arthur, and he took it as such, and fell calmly off to sleep again. Nor for days after was he well enough to learn how half a dozen stalwart fishermen dragged him and Bassenthwaite, whose life he had saved, to the shore; how Norman Lockwood had at once telegraphed off an account to the general, who had instantly come down to Scarborough; and how the reconciliation between father and son was complete.

It was not until weeks afterward that Arthur L'Estrange, fully recognized by his father and his friends, was one of a wedding-party, acting, indeed, as best man to Captain Bassenthwaite, whose gratitude and affection for his preserver were unbounded, and who has since sold out of the service, and become one of the steadiest and most prosperous gentleman-farmers in Yorkshire. It was not until months afterward that Arthur L'Estrange stood at the altar on his own account; but the girl who, to the solemn invocation, asking her whether she would take him to be her wedded husband, answered, "I will!" was none other than Kate Brandon, who had first known him as Mr. Sydney Seymour, the Star Rider of Signor Quankibosco's Circus.

THE USE OF BALLOONS IN WAR.

AN ingenious Frenchman, M. Bobœuf, some time since discovered a method of discharging missiles by means of the gas in the balloon, which he compressed in a special apparatus; and thus, as the weight of the car was diminished by that of the bullet thrown, so also the lifting power of the balloon was lessened by the use of the amount of gas which discharged it.

Such a plan, however, might bring the aeronauts into an unpleasant position; they might fire away all their gas in the action, and find themselves slowly sinking into the hands of their irate enemies below, without any means of taking flight again. On the other hand, the vapor or gas of gunpowder has been used to inflate balloons, apparently not with very great success. What special advantage this gas has over the ordinary coal-gas does not appear.

Such are the only uses to which it has been proposed to apply balloons, as at present constructed, to purposes of war. Numerous other inventions have been proposed; but they are all founded on some plan for obtaining flight, either by guiding a balloon, or by means of an aerial ship, or flying-machine. Of course one of the most obvious uses to which an aerial ship could be put would be to sail quietly into the centre of a town or camp, and attack the unconscious inhabitants. Most of our greatest inventions are now principally useful according as they can be more or less easily adapted to the purposes of war. More thought and trouble have been spent on the Martini-Henry rifle than on the spinning-jenny. Perhaps the culmination of all modern civilization, the greatest achievement of modern science, is the mitrailleuse. Consequently, if ever any attempt to navigate the air can be successful, the first application of the scheme will probably be to purposes of destruction. We shall hear of balloon monitors before we hear of balloon mail, in any other sense than that in which those irregular supplies of letters from Paris are said to come *par ballon monté*. It is curious—as showing, among other circumstances, how little change there has been in this respect in men's opinions—that the Jesuit, Francis Lana, who was one of the very earliest to hit upon the idea of any scheme, like that of our balloons, for rising in the air, when he described his machine (which was something like a boat, with several copper globes, from which the air had been exhausted, fastened round her gunwale, in order to raise her into the air), should have looked upon his craft as likely to be of use chiefly in war, and lamented the fact that it would make all castles and strong-holds useless. He, of course, did not know the modern dictum, which has received so much confirmation from recent events, that the easier it is to wage war, and the more destructive war is when waged, the less we of necessity have of it. But then, of course, he only lived in the dark ages, before nineteenth-century civilization and breech-loaders were invented.

Unfortunately all these schemes break down in the flying part. Nobody as yet has managed to fly—at least more than a few yards, which has been accomplished—or to construct any machine capable of being guided in the air. A man can, by help of a balloon, rise into the air, like a cork in the water, and then drift about at the mercy of the winds, but that is all; and it seems more than probable that he will never do any thing better. To prove the impossibility of such a thing is, indeed, not easy, as it never is to prove any impossibility; but there are a few obstacles in the way which seem almost insuperable.

In order to guide any machine through the air it is necessary that it should have some motion independent of that given it by the wind—some steerage-way, at all events. It is obvious that a boat simply drifting before a current can not be steered; the rudder in such a case is simply useless, and is only available when the boat has a definite motion in some particular direction independent of that given it by the stream. Some motion, then, independent of the wind, the balloon must have. Again, to be of any avail beyond checking its forward movement, such power must be capable of driving the balloon faster than the wind, or else it can only be of use in perfectly calm weather. Considering the amount of force required to move a body along the ground, with the leverage afforded by the solid earth, at a pace equal to that even of a light breeze, the power required to move any object in the air, with no better leverage than that given by the air itself, may easily be imagined. Suppose that an aerial ship could be made which would go twenty miles an hour in a perfect calm, that would be considered a sufficient feat; but in a breeze which moved at the rate of twenty miles an hour it could only be stationary, or, at most, move in a direction with the wind, but not exactly before it—with the wind on her quarter, to use a nautical expression. It is to be remembered that a balloon must of necessity be carried along entirely by the wind, so that, as regards the balloon, the wind has absolutely no relative motion. Aeronauts never feel any breeze whatever in a balloon, since it and the wind travel along precisely at the same pace. Hence it can not sail, as a boat does, in a direction at an acute angle to that of the wind, any more than a boat can drift in any direction but that of the current. The motion of the boat is the result of two forces acting upon it; the balloon is subjected only to one. The first thing needful, then, is to impart motion to the vessel which is to sail "with sublime dominion through the azure fields of air." Until this can be done it is hopeless to think of directing it.

This puts balloons out of the question. It will probably never be possible to make a balloon which can lift any engine capable of moving it. The surface of a balloon is enormous; and to drive such a large mass—which is incapable, from its nature, of receiving momentum—through the air, would require an engine of immense power, and, therefore, of considerable weight. The only way of increasing the lifting power of a balloon is by increasing its size, and consequently its surface, and consequently, again, the power of its engine. This is a hopeless dilemma. Then a silk balloon is not strong enough to resist any pressure from the air; and no other material of equal lightness and sufficient strength is likely to be discovered. Any frame-work which would serve to strengthen the balloon, and enable it to keep its shape, would also be heavy. Lastly, the guiding machinery must be attached to the balloon itself, not to the car—so that the ordinary shape could not be employed; and the machine would have to be fish or boat shaped—an almost impossible form for a gas balloon.

If, then, we are ever to rival the birds, it must be by aid of some mechanical means—some flying-machine. Numbers of these have been invented, but it is hardly necessary to say that none of them have as yet been successful. No one has yet really discovered the principles on which birds fly, or on which it will be necessary to proceed before men can do the same. Any of these machines would doubtless, if successful, be very useful for purposes of fighting, but some few have been intended by their inventors chiefly for that object.

Among the most remarkable of these is one for which a patent was taken out, in 1855, by the Earl of Aldborough. This invention, if it could be brought to work, would of itself be quite sufficient to revolutionize the whole art of warfare; and balloons would by this time have taken the place of men-of-war, with the additional advantage of being equally useful over land and sea, which no ship could possibly be. Then the present war might have seen fulfilled the prediction of the poet of "Locksley Hall," who, in fancy,

> "Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a ghastly dew
> From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;
> Far along the world-wide whisper of the south wind rushing warm,
> With the standards of the people plunging through the thunder-storm."

The specification of the patent in question describes a perfect armament of aerial vessels of warlike nature, which probably never existed even as models. Each of them is a sort of balloon, fitted with wings to be worked by hand and by a complicated arrangement of springs. Some are of the ordinary balloon shape, and have wings fastened to the car; others are in the shape of a boat. They are all to be raised by means of gas, and the wings are to be used only to impart horizontal motion and direction. How liable these machines are to all the objections mentioned above is obvious.

The armament of these vessels is complete. Guns and muskets are to be so placed as to utilize the recoil—how, is not said—while explosive shells are to be dropped from them. Some are even to be thinly armor-plated at top, that they may be safely protected from the attack of hostile vessels above. To each ship one or more "pilot-boats" are attached, for the purpose of guiding, landing passengers, etc., so that no convenience may be wanted.

To insure the safety of these marvelous ships a fortress is to be provided, guarded by a sort of *chevaux de frise*, arranged like the entrance to a mouse-trap, so as to allow vessels to go out, but impede the entry of any hostile ships. In order to admit friendly balloons the stakes of the *chevaux de frise* are movable.

This invention is apparently the most complete in intention of any which would apply balloons to fighting uses. How utterly impracticable it is in all its execution is obvious. One or two others of like character have been patented, but one such is enough to mention—*ex uno disce omnes*. Still it is easy to laugh at the attempt after aerostation. The science may, after all, but be in its infancy; and some new source of motive power may yet be discovered which may lift us through the air. Till such discovery we must be content to go on destroying one another with the means we have—means, to judge of the present war, of very sufficient power.

CLOUDED INTELLECTS.

FORTUNATE it is in regard to the insane that, as a rule, their attention is easily diverted. The maniac resembles the child in this respect. His fancy is readily tickled with any straw. A personal compliment, however irrelevant, meaningless, or absurd, will generally have the effect of checking his fiercest fit of passion, and of thwarting his most threatening intention.

But we might give several remarkable instances where the deadly purposes of the demented have been averted only through the extraordinary presence of mind of those who were the objects of their hallucination. Once a keeper in an asylum had occasion to go upon the roof of the building—a very high one. A patient, unobserved, quickly mounted the ladder after him, and confronting the keeper at the top, told him if he (the keeper) did not jump down, he (the lunatic) would throw him down. There was no mistaking the menacing look and tone. Escape was impossible. Suddenly a happy thought struck the keeper. "Ha!" said he, with an air of easy confidence; "to jump down would be no great feat. I tell you what—I'll go down and jump up." The madman was off the scent at once. The notion pleased him immensely. Both descended the ladder, and the keeper saved his life by this lucky stratagem.

A young lady was put into a railway compartment alone, to go to London. As the train was on the point of starting a gentlemanly looking man rushed up and took his seat in the same carriage. Shortly after the train had got up speed the gentleman jumped up and exclaimed, "This carriage is to heavy, and must be lightened;" and straightway his carpet-bag disappeared out of the window. He remained quiet for a couple of minutes, then started up again, when his coat and waistcoat followed his bag. After another brief pause he said, "Let us pray for the Duke of Gloucester." Down they went on their knees, the poor girl, only seventeen, too frightened to do any thing but obey. When that was finished they prayed for the Duke of York, and then for another—in fact, for a whole string of dukes; after which they sat down, the young lady alarmed out of her senses. A few more minutes of silence, and the gentleman once more exclaimed, "It won't do; I can't stand it; the train is too heavy; either you or I must get out; I don't want to, so you must go." The girl, in despair, says, "But we have not prayed for the Duke of Northumberland." "Ah! no more we have." Down they went again on their knees, when fortunately the train stopped at a station. The young lady called the guard, and it was discovered that the gentleman was a lunatic escaped from Hanwell.

Very affecting is the incident recorded of Jullien, the musician. Latterly that popular favorite became deeply involved in difficulties, under which his mind ultimately gave way. On several occasions his friends fancied they observed him in fits—though passing ones—of insanity. These fits consisted of sudden overflows of high spirits, followed by prostration and dejection, without any apparent cause. One day he returned home armed with a large knife. He found there his niece, a young lady of sixteen, whom he had adopted. "Come here," he said to her; "I am going to let you hear the most marvelous of all music—the grand concert of the angels; I am going to kill you." With these words he was about to carry out his threat, when the young lady, with great presence of mind, said, "With all my heart! only, before sending me to heaven, just play me an air once on your piccolo, so that I may compare your music with that of the angels." The idea struck him as admirable. He kissed his niece, and went to get his instrument. Meanwhile she made her escape, and the poor madman, having been secured, was taken to a *maison de santé* at Neuilly, where he died a few days afterward.

The story of the madman who made his way into the presence of the Duke of Wellington is probably well known. He had come with the express purpose of killing the great captain. The Duke, who was busily engaged in writing, on hearing this alarming intimation, looked up, pen in hand, and calmly remarked that he was very sorry to disappoint his friend, but he was really very much engaged with some work that must be finished without delay. If, however, his visitor would call to-morrow at the same hour, the Duke would be happy to see him. The would-be assassin actually promised to call on the following day, and then quietly retired.

Hypochondriacs indulge in singular fancies enough, but the delusions of monomaniacs are still more extraordinary. There is nothing too preposterous for them to imagine. Very ludicrous, for example, is the answer of a lunatic to a visitor, who said to him: "You now tell me that you are the archangel Gabriel, but last time I was here didn't you tell me that you were Lucifer?" "So I am," was the reply; "but it's by different mothers."

Not long ago a patient of an asylum died; he had resided there for the long period of twenty-nine years. Being a thorough gentleman and an excellent companion, he was much esteemed by every one who knew him. With all his fellow-patients he was an immense favorite, for he possessed great humor and an inexhaustible stock of anecdotes, was a capital player at bowls, billiards, and whist, and yet no lunatic perhaps ever labored under more singular delusions. He asserted that he was upward of 20,000 years of age, and used to describe the pre-historic period of the earth, during which he had witnessed "three floods greater than Noah's." Noah he knew very well. He described him as a *nice* lad when he first knew him, but as having latterly fallen into dissipated habits. He had commanded numerous large armies at various periods, and for the last three or four thousand years had been Augustus J. Cæsar, commander and chief of the Roman armies, which was his usual signature.

The cunning of lunatics is proverbial, and they display at times not a little shrewdness of speech and purpose. There may be said to be sensible madmen, just as there is said to be wise fools. At any rate, we often find considerable method in the madness of some "clouded intellects."

A game-keeper and an inmate of an asylum at Neath, England, happened to meet on the lawn in front of the building.

INMATE. "Good-morning to you. That's a fine horse you have; pray what is he worth?"

GAME-KEEPER. "This horse cost my master sixty pounds."

INMATE. "And what may that gun have cost which you have?"

GAME-KEEPER. "This is one of Westley Richards's, and consequently is expensive; it cost twenty pounds."

INMATE. "And what are these dogs worth?"

GAME-KEEPER. "These dogs are worth about twenty pounds."

INMATE. "And what have you in that basket?"

GAME-KEEPER. "A snipe."

INMATE. "And what is that worth?"

GAME-KEEPER. "About sixpence."

INMATE. "Well, I should recommend you to ride off as fast as you can, for if our governor were to know that any man expended a hundred pounds to procure a six-penny bird, he would immediately seize him and put him in his asylum."

We have heard of a remarkable instance of shrewdness on the part of two lunatic lovers. Some years ago there were in Colney Hatch a young man and a young woman who made each other's acquaintance at one of the monthly balls given for the amusement of the inmates. Deranged though this couple were, they carried on an innocent courtship, and, despite the vigilance of the officials, managed a written correspondence. Both recovered, and after their discharge, having renewed their courtship, married happily. So far as is known at the asylum, neither has had a relapse of insanity. Though the lamp of reason burned dim, the affections and sympathies still continued undiminished in warmth and power. Many interesting things might be told of the mechanical ingenuity and artistic taste of some of these clouded intellects.

The worst examples of frenzied guilt howl and fret away their days and nights behind thick iron gratings. Their faces are hideous, their voices inhuman, degradation is exhibited in their every action and gesture. But there are others whose condition is less terrible, and far more hopeful—men of less criminal and more cultivated natures, whose right hand has not lost its cunning, though in other respects they are childish, helpless, and irrational. These melancholy captives write poetry, play on musical instruments, make sketches, and execute works of sculpture, construct models of steam-engines, ships, etc., and thus beguile the tedium of the "long, weary hours," and render their condition less unbearable to themselves and to those around them.

In very many cases such efforts, as might be expected, exhibit some droll irregularity or funny feature, which sufficiently marks the mental condition of their authors. The peculiarity of a late clever and well-known artist, who during his confinement in an asylum painted a large number of pictures, was that he always added a devil's tail to his figures. He did not consider that his portraits of either ladies or gentlemen were finished without the caudal appendage.

On the other hand, the writer lately saw in a Scotch asylum a series of most beautiful and perfect diagrams to illustrate a course of lectures on the Infusoriæ, the artist being an inmate who was more mad a great deal than any March hare.

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Travel and Adventure.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

ACROSS THE ARCTIC CIRCLE.

BY DR. ISAAC I. HAYES.

THE AUK.

CHAPTER III.

Phases of Human Life in the North.—A Sultry Day among the Icebergs.—Remarkable Ice Formations.—An Isolated Home.—Jensen and his Family.—An Arctic Witch.—A Half-breed Family.—An Arctic Love Romance.—Conclusion.

UNDER the head of "Hunting Bears by Steam," I described in the last Number of *Harper's Weekly* some arctic adventures of a novel character in situations quite unusual for "summer excursionists." We will now observe some aspects of human life there which fell under my observation on the homeward route.

Before, however, quitting Melville Bay, where we had encountered the bears, let us dwell for a few moments upon the last day we spent in that quarter.

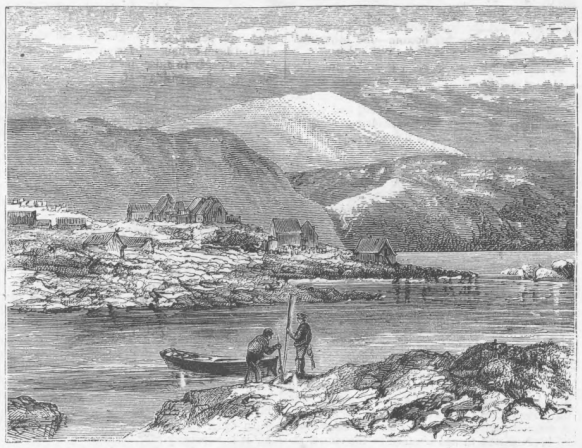
It was a day long to be remembered, and one to mark an era in a lifetime. Think of a sultry heat in an iceberg forest, and a blazing sun that scorched our faces as we walked about over the ice-fields, and you will get some idea of it. We lay moored to an immense ice-field that was, so far as the eye could perceive, limitless in extent. Its thickness was about two and a half feet, and for the most part it was as level as the sea in a calm. The snows of winter had melted from its surface, and here and there the water had gathered in shallow pools, giving something the appearance of a marsh. Through the field numerous icebergs protruded, like huge rocks rising above a plain; the universal whiteness, broken only by the deep blue of the water, produced a glare that was sometimes painful to the eye, and when the sun was shining at its brightest quite overpowering.

Our people amused themselves in various ways. Some carried out boards from the ship, and dropping them upon the ice, went soundly to sleep upon them in the hot sun. Others played football, while some exercised their skill with pistol and rifle upon a target painted with ink upon the side of a berg. Others again ran foot-races, and all hands made the most of the strange and unusual situation. There were neither bears nor seals to attract to more serious pastime, and no living thing besides ourselves was seen in this brilliantly illuminated wilderness except a flock of rotche, or little auks, which came from the northward, and dropped down in the sea only a little way from us. Afterward they climbed out of the water and stood in a row, bolt upright, in a most cunning and saucy manner, on the edge of the ice. No doubt they had come from the extensive rookeries on the north side of Melville Bay, where the shore is for miles and miles literally alive with them. This bird is the liveliest of divers, is not larger than a quail, and the few that our sportsmen secured proved the best food of all the arctic birds we had as yet obtained. Our position was now latitude 75° north, near the very middle of Melville Bay.

While the idlers were thus amusing themselves Mr. Bradford and the photographers were busy enough, and I found sufficient occupation in measuring and closely examining an iceberg which lay partly embedded in the floe about two hundred yards from us. It was a very remarkable berg, both in form and dimensions, though, in the latter particular, many that I have seen exceeded it. Its greatest height, determined from a carefully measured base line, was 230 feet, and its extreme length 1040 feet. We called it "the ruined castle," and, indeed, there was only required a very slight assistance from the imagination to complete the outlines of an ancient work of defense turned adrift upon the sea in some unaccountable manner, as if to make room for more modern inventions. I estimated its cubical contents at fifty millions of tons.

It is hardly necessary to explain that these icebergs have only one-eighth of their bulk above the sea. Being composed of fresh-water—that is to say, snow—and formed upon the land, they are, to all intents and purposes, but fragments like the bit of ice that clicks in your tumbler at dinner-time; and any one who has drunk a glass of ice-water has seen a miniature iceberg to perfection.

Our castled iceberg can best be appreciated by a detailed description, and yet it is difficult to describe so grand an object even by contrasting it with familiar things. In the first place, there was an open portal and a lowered draw-bridge; but the latter did not look very secure, being but a portion of the ice-field on which we stood, that had been crowded into the opening. So we did not venture upon the passage, but rather gazed through the archway at the blue sky beyond, until the curiosity was satisfied, when we walked as far around the ruin as the nature of the ice would allow. The rear proved to be much lower than the front; and, in fact, the front and one side presented from both points of view a no bad imitation of a lofty wall (now partly crumbled down) which had once been the half of the wall inclosing the central space, or court-yard, to which the portal led. This space was about one-eighth of a mile in diameter, and was very rough and rugged, and it lay some fifty to eighty feet above the sea level. When the sun came around to that side, and shone down upon that part of the wonderful ruin, and we stood upon the ice-field in front and in deep shadow, looking through the open portal, the effect was most enchanting; and it is indeed impossible to conceive of any thing more startling in the way of light and shade and color than is presented upon and about such a huge mass of ice seen under such conditions. When the sun was shining on the ice, as seen through the portal, the surface had the appearance of delicate white satin. The shadows were the most tender and delicious blue, while in those places where the ice-field was removed from the berg, and an overhanging portion of it received the reflected light from the water below, the color was the most exquisite green that can possibly be imagined.

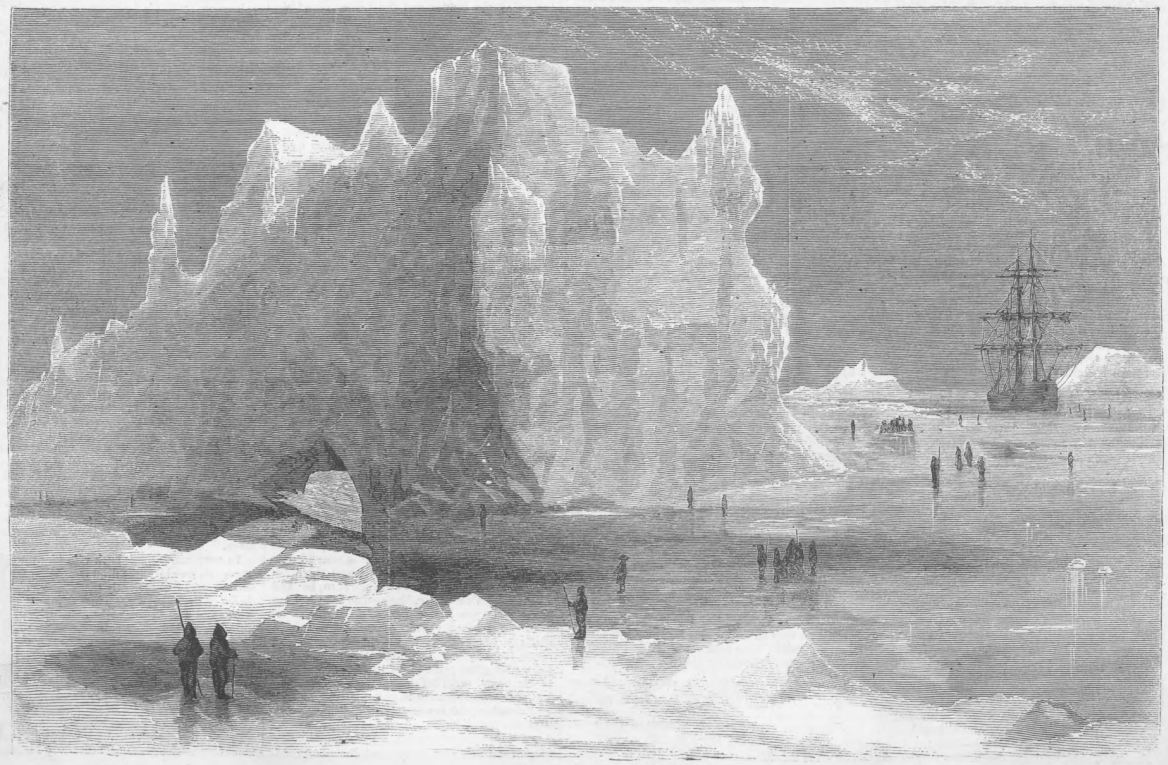


HARBOR AND VILLAGE OF UPERNAVIK.

But I fear the reader will say, "There's something too much of this." The fact is, travelers have rhapsodized so much and so often over icebergs in all their various forms and conditions, that the subject has become more than a "twice-told tale." So we will pass on and let our ruined castle lie there in all its glory, beauty, and desolation; and let it glow by day and grow dim by night, and without further demonstration let it and all the thousands of sister objects which surround it in that wondrous sea glow and grow dim, and continue to be in the future, as in the past, the most beautiful and grand and glorious gems that the all-wise Father has placed upon the bosom of nature. And now, with this our farewell to the icebergs with which we have so long kept company, we will quit them for the south.

To quit them, however, was not so easy as might have been imagined; for, by the time we were ready to retreat, a great change had come over the sea. The days of our lingering had robbed us of the midnight sun, and on the 18th day of August that bright luminary dipped about eleven o'clock P.M. The wind came out from northeast, directly from the Greenland glaciers, the temperature went down below freezing, and by morning the waters about us were firmly glued up, and the *Panther* was a prisoner. In many places the young ice would bear a man's weight. It was a very needless predicament to have been placed in, but these Newfoundland sailors must not for the world be robbed of their night's rest; and although ready to leave at the close of the previous day, the captain allowed his crew to "turn in;" and so all through the solemn arctic night no sound was heard save the heavy breathing of the sleepers.

Luckily the *Panther* was strong, or we should have lain there beside the ruined castle for the



THE ICEBERG CASTLE.

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PHILIP AND HIS FIVE SONS.

HANS AND HIS FAMILY.

winter. It was at least a quarter of an hour after we cast off from the floe before we budged, and then it was a long while before we made much headway. By-and-by, however, we made four knots, and then, after that, went crunching through the transparent film that was on the sea; the crystals flew to left and right, and when the sun came out, shining upon the flying fragments, it seemed as if we were cutting through a waste of jewelry. A few hours of this sort of running brought us into the clear water of an opening lead, and thence our flight from Melville Bay was made much after the same fashion as that of our going in—the same cutting through and breaking down of floes, and the same wild excitement as before.

Our good ship seemed to have a realizing sense of her situation, and to enjoy as much as we the prospect which had so suddenly overtaken us together of wintering in the dreaded "pack." Welch, the fireman, declared that the *Panther* was a ship "as knowed a thing or two."

When the day closed we had Wilcox Point and the Devil's Thumb abeam. The great icefields which on our way north had so much embarrassed us on entering Melville Bay had by this time either drifted or melted away; and now through an unobstructed sea we held our course for the Duck Islands; and thence we groped our way down the coast through one of those provoking fogs which so often come to pester the life of the arctic voyager, and which set upon us early in the night.

I never remember to have seen any thing more gloomy than the scene before us when the fog lifted in the early morning. We had been lying to for some time, not really knowing where we were; but, as good luck would have it, we found that we were pointed fairly between two remarkable islands, known from their conformation as Cone and Wedge. Beyond was a straight passage of twenty miles, between lofty, cavernous, brownish-red, rocky islets; and beyond these again was to be seen in the far distance the cold line of the *mer de glace*, from which come pouring down cold glaciers to the sea. Cold icebergs lay upon the leaden waters; a cold wind was moaning from the hills; and although the sun shone out after the fog had vanished, it failed to throw any glow of warmth over the general desolation, or to dissolve the oppressive chill.

Steering southeast we passed presently around a large iceberg which had before obstructed the view, and then we opened a low point of land, rugged as any other land in sight, and as utterly without sign or trace of vegetation; and yet a little white house stood upon the naked rock, and the white and red emblem of Danish sovereignty fluttered from a little flagstaff on the roof.

And this is the northernmost house of all the world; and in this little house, in this fearful desert, dwells a Christian family, with no other human beings within fifty miles of them save a few ignorant savages.

The head of the family met us a mile away. He had a swarthy crew of skin-clad men, and as he hauled in alongside of us, and stood up in the stern of his boat, I recognized the sturdy figure and sandy hair and striking features of Peter Jensen, who had served me faithfully and well on a former voyage. I was heartily glad to see him, and had him on board and by the hand without a minute's loss of time. Then we steamed into a good anchorage, and went ashore, and called upon his wife, and petted his children, and dined with him off venison and eider-ducks, and had some excellent coffee and rum-punch. The wife made us some delicious sweet cakes, and we had cigars and Danish pipes; and then we smoked and drank and chatted away the evening, and were very much surprised, when we came to think about it, that we had passed a very pleasant time with a very pleasant family, within ninety miles of the extreme point to which we had penetrated in our wild pursuit of bears, and within just one thousand nautical miles of the north pole.

But there was something indescribably sad to me in their dreadful isolation. It was worse than loneliness, for the savages around, with their filth and wretchedness, and their packs of howling, vicious dogs, could not give companionship to a lady bred in Copenhagen, nor to the three little children whom she nurtured with the carefulness of a Christian mother. These children were two pretty flaxen-haired girls, Johana Marie and Jenny Caroline, of five and seven years. But the hope of the house was Julius Christian, aged three years and some odd months.

They had all been troubled with the scurvy, and I did not wonder at it. What could these poor children do to preserve their health by outdoor exercise and outdoor pastime in a climate where the snow is on the ground nine months out of the twelve, and where the sun is never seen in winter for more than a hundred days; where the house must be banked with snow, the windows double glazed, the stoves and lamps kept burning constantly, to ward off the piercing cold, which often sinks to 50° below zero, and even lower, and where howling gales, filling the air with snow-drift, are of almost daily occurrence?

The four rooms of the house were comfortably furnished, and were not without some ornaments upon the walls. Huge bags of eider-down, among which the children buried themselves through the dark, cold nights, were piled upon the beds, and one might think the cold could never reach them when they had crawled to rest. But even children can not sleep all the time, though it may be always dark, and the loneliness of that prison-house to those three little creatures was a painful thing to contemplate. But then the wife! The children were born there, and had no other associations; but through the desolate winter do the wife's thoughts not wander sometimes mournfully and regretfully back to the society and the changing delights and changing fashions of the world wherein she lived before she became a bride, and left it for this desert, simply that she might be with the man she loved? for, surely, there could be nothing else to tempt her. She made no complaint; she appeared cheerful, and may have been happy. It was hard for me to think so. Hopeless, indeed, to her this life of toil, anxiety, and suffering, unless the blind god gives her some vast measure of bliss, utterly beyond man's power of appreciation. Alas, how little men really know of the sacrifices women make for them continually! Was the man ever born who was capable of such an exhibition of unselfishness as this Betty Jensen? I doubt it.

THE RAVEN.

And the life of her husband is a very hard and, as it seems to me, a very thankless one. Strange as it may seem, Jensen came here to seek his fortune. The little money that he had saved up from the expedition of 1860–61, in which he had acted as interpreter, enabled him to return to Denmark, and there to marry, and come back to Greenland and set up for himself. He had been promised the charge of this remote settlement of Tessuisak, which is sixty miles above Upernavik, and on the very confines of the great ice-barrier. He was always a fine shot, an active man, and an expert hunter; and he thought by coming here he would in a few years accumulate a competency, which he would carry back to Denmark. But I fancy it must have been something of his restless nature besides that impelled him to this life. He had lived several years in Greenland before I knew him, and, like all men whom I have ever seen that have descended once from our higher civilization to the life of the pastoral age, or the age of the hunter, never again take kindly back to the loftier ways, but cling lovingly to their independence. It is not, however, so with woman, and hence to them the greater hardship. Without the same motives to action, they can not find society in the animals of the chase, nor in the herds of the field.

Unhappily Jensen had overestimated his skill and the resources of Tessuisak, and in spite of all he was disappointed. The whole productions of the place per annum do not exceed five thousand dollars, chiefly made up from seal-oil, eider-down, and bear and fox skins. On this Jensen receives but five per cent., a salary besides of five-and-twenty dollars, and one government ration. There is no provision for his wife and children. Clearly the Royal Greenland Fishing Company never contemplated such a thing as a wife going to so remote and wobegone a place.

Besides Jensen and his family the population of Tessuisak comprises sixty-two savage souls, scattered about in huts and tents upon the rocky hill-side. The dogs, which in the winter-time are used to drag the sledges, are beyond counting, and the stench that arose from the carcasses of decomposing fish and seals, and other offensive sources, exceeds belief. I pitied the wife, and mentioned it to Jensen. "Oh, she's got used to it, and don't mind!" One of the native families had, with peculiar impudence, pitched their tent close beside Jensen's door, and he told me that it could not be removed without giving offense to the whole village. Barren though the land, the Esquimaux, with laughable gravity, proclaim themselves the true proprietors of the soil, and they do not hesitate to tell the Danes that they are intruders. They call them foreigners, and question their right even to put up a house; and, indeed, they would never suffer it did not the

AN ARCTIC WITCH.

JENSEN AND HIS FAMILY.

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Danes bring stores of gaudy red handkerchiefs and beads with which to bedeck their women, and rifles which make the capture of game easier, and many civilized luxuries, such as coffee and tobacco, of which they soon grow fond. What made the presence of this tent the more obnoxious was that the wife was supposed to be a witch, and often made night hideous with her devilish incantations. Although nominally a Christian now, she can not yet always refrain from her old practices. And surely if ill looks had ever any thing to do, as they always seem to have had, with the general make-up of a witch, she was entitled to be looked upon as the mother of them all, for a more frightful-looking being surely never walked in darkness, and conspired with the evil one. Yet this monster had a child, and its innocent baby face did not exhibit any evidence that it was conscious of its dangerous parentage, but it sucked its fist as contentedly as any other baby that had been born all right and in the mortal fashion. Her original name was Annorasoak, which is something equivalent to "Mother of the Winds." Her history, as I had it afterward from Jensen, is not without romantic interest, and will again be referred to.

I could not part from this little family of Jensen without emotion. For seven long years the wife had seen no living soul from the great world from which her love had banished her; and the children looked upon us quite amazed. They had never seen a ship in all their little lives before, and the smoking, snorting *Panther* was a wonder in their eyes. We made them up a store of such good things as we had on board, including every thing of an antiscorbutic character that we could lay our hands upon, added a couple of tons or so of coals, and then, with Jensen on board to pilot us through the intricate passages between the islands, we bore away from this northernmost house of the world, and steered our course for Upernavik.

We asked Jensen on the way about the great glacier of Aukpadlartok, and he offered to take us there; so we resolved that we would see a novel sight; and when we had gone twenty-five miles upon our way toward Upernavik we wheeled upon our heel, and stood for thirty miles as near due east as the islands and icebergs would allow. We were going up the fiord which bears the name of the glacier at its head —the fiord of Aukpadlartok—"the fiord of the red rocks."

I verily believe there never was such another wilderness of desolation—such an interminable array of islands of ice and islands of rock; and when at last we saw another house like Jensen's, pitched like his upon just such another point of land, and reflected that these houses are dotted here and there in this dreary waste at intervals of forty and fifty miles, and that their inmates hold communication one with the other perhaps once in the winter with dog-sledge, and once in summer, and not more, with boat, it seemed as if proof was positive that life without social intercourse was really possible—a fact which I should never have believed for a single moment otherwise.

The ice was so thick along the shore that we could not get within a mile of the little house and the miserable huts which surrounded it. So we had nothing to do but tie up to an iceberg, and take to a boat and pull in as best we could. The shore was reached at last, but only after we had passed through many very dangerous places, including a hole in an enormous iceberg, and then we were landed on the rocks, where we were met by the most renowned of all the Greenland hunters—a blue-eyed and fair-complexioned and most "mild-mannered man," named Philip, who was backed up by a staff of five sons—Christian, Wilhelm, Simon, Hans, and Laro—while still further in the rear gaped the wife, Caroline, with her two daughters, Christina and Maria, and the various wives and sweet-hearts and children of all her five boys, and the lover of Christina, and some forty other savages and half-savages, who constituted the promiscuous population of the village of Karsersoak—"the village beside the mountain;" and the mountain reared its great white crest five thousand feet above our heads, and pushed itself away up among the clouds.

The family of Philip was a very different one from that of Jensen. His wife was a full-blown Esquimaux. His half-breed children were happy and well-contented, and rejoiced in the possession of every thing needful for the hunt or domestic comfort. Christian was married, and had a small hut and seven children all to himself. Simon ditto, but he lived with his wife and baby in a seal-skin tent. Wilhelm had recently been in trouble about his lady-love, who was a thorough-bred native, she at first preferring another fellow, who was a fine hunter, and evidently the superior of Wilhelm. But then Wilhelm was the son of the head man, which made all the difference in the world (such things may come about in other places); and so the marriage was settled upon, and was to take place as soon as the priest could come up from Upernavik to bless the nuptials. For the rest, they all lived in the communal mansion, which had but one room, and was divided with seal-skins into a number of stalls, like an oyster cellar, and in these the different members of the family retired to rest among their bags of eider-down.

Having enjoyed the benefit of Philip's hospitality, which was displayed chiefly in the form of seal-steaks and smoked salmon, I strolled out with Jensen, who had told me that near by once dwelt the witch Annorasoak, who now lived at Tessuisak, and had become a Christian—that is to say, after the Greenland fashion. I accepted with alacrity his offer to guide me thither. Crossing the neck of a promontory, in half an hour we came down into a valley, or rather wide gorge, bounded on either side by lofty cliffs, that were broken by immense clefts and crevices, which had a most glaring and forbidding aspect as they frowned down upon us from underneath the great white caps that untold winters had woven round their heads. Fitful gusts of wind came moaning down the gorge, chilling us to the very bone.

Our situation at the entrance to the gorge was very striking and remarkable. Looking up the fiord, we could faintly see the glacier of Aukpadlartok over the tops of innumerable icebergs, which crowded the fiord, and upon which the sun, breaking through the clouds that had obscured the sky for some hours previous, shone with great brilliancy, without, however, reaching us or giving any warmth. Looking up the valley, we saw the front of a small glacier, perhaps fifty feet high and two hundred yards over, which crossed the valley from cliff to cliff about a mile up from the sea, and from which was gathered a stream of limpid water that came rushing down over the rocks, breaking in falls and whirling in pools, and every where hurrying along as if it were glad to get its freedom again, and was making the first use of it by bounding away to the sea and the warm sunshine.

The ascent of the valley was difficult and laborious; but by dint of hard scrambling we succeeded finally in making about half a mile, when we had reached a point where the cliffs rose almost perpendicularly from the border of the stream, and were scarcely more than thirty yards apart. Between them the water rushed in a series of picturesque falls, the sound of which, added to the roar of the wind, that seemed as if it had accumulated beyond, and was being forced through the narrow passage, greatly heightened the gloomy aspect of the scene.

Continuing on our course, we finally reached the summit of the falls, and came there upon a level plain of considerable extent—a sort of natural amphitheatre. Here in this wild and desolate place, close to the fall and beneath the glacier, Annorasoak had, many years ago, chosen her residence. From here went forth her decrees, which stilled the winds or made them blow, and sent good fortune to her friends, and disaster to those who disregarded her. The heathen natives held her in the greatest awe, and were glad to propitiate her with the offer of food, clothing, and every thing needful for her comfort; and even those who had professed to embrace the Christian religion held her in superstitious dread, and thought it no harm to add a contribution to the witch's wardrobe and larder. The ruins of her hut, which was entered through a long and intricate cleft in the rock, were still visible. I examined this ruin, and heard the story of this last trace of the heathen practices in Greenland, with intense interest, not alone on account of this circumstance, but because of the peculiar mystery which shrouded her history, and the romantic interest of which culminated in a daughter—a girl with light complexion and black hair. The father of this girl was believed to be a criminal who had escaped from an English whale-ship, fled hither with this woman, and managed while he lived to avoid detection through her arts; for it was at the period of her flight there that she first assumed to be the "Mother of the Winds." From that time forth no native was ever known to enter the valley, except to a certain spot, where he left his offering; and even the Danes seemed to have a superstitious dread of it, associating it with the evil one. They called the glacier hanging above the witch's home "The Devil's Castle," and the valley itself borrowed its name from its wicked mistress. It was "The Valley of the Winds." The daughter's name was Annove—"Daughter of the Winds;" and she had been really taught to believe that she was born of the air.

Love, which is and always has been the disturber of so many human devices, finally broke up this nest of witchcraft and sorcery. A youthful Dane, named Elsen, saw the child, and had pity for her. His tenderness soon suggested means by which to approach without frightening her, and without her mother's knowledge. Then he fell desperately in love with his wild favorite, and addressed the mission of Upernavik for help to save her. "Poor Annove," the lover wrote, in his despair at her condition; "she is a wild flower in the wilderness. Can the wild flower be transplanted? Will the lustre of the leaves come out in other soil, and will gentler airs bring brightness to the blossom? Poor misguided child!—her birth a mystery to her; her very name a falsehood to her mind perpetually. And yet she is taught to honor it, and taught to think with pride that she was born of the winds, and to the winds will go away again, to wander to and fro, doing good or ill, forever. Annove, poor Annove! Will the falsehood pass away? Will the daughter of the winds become a child of God?"

And the lover's wish was answered favorably. The missionary became deeply interested, and the two together managed in the end to entice the mother and daughter away; and through their efforts Annove became Nina, and the wife of Elsen; and Annorasoak, her mother, became Tabitha, and the wife of a Christian native, and she is now the ugly hag that has pitched her tent at Tessuisak, right beneath the nose of Jensen, who hates her cordially.

We did not remain longer in the valley than was necessary for an inspection of the place. The wind shortly increased in violence, accompanied with occasional gusts of snow, and sometimes it fairly shrieked along the cliffs; and it seemed clear enough that if there ever was a place on earth fitted for the abode of evil spirits, this was it. As if to increase that impression, and leave no doubt at all about it, an ancient raven, with a ragged coat, flopped down near by, and set up a dismal croak. Then he walked off deliberately, muttering to himself the while in a sepulchral tone, and mounting to the ruined wall of the witch's hut, he croaked again. Then he cocked his head to one side, and looked at us in a very sinister way out of one eye; after which he went to the edge of the fall and looked over into the foaming abyss. Then he croaked once more, flopped himself over to the other side of the stream, and, lighting on a rock, began sharpening his bill, as if preparing for a sacrifice, croaking all the while. He seemed to know the spot, and to be at home there, for the moment he struck the rock I perceived there was a double echo, so that his voice resounded from cliff to cliff, until it seemed as if the air were peopled with spirits that were in league with him, and answering to his call.

By the time we had reached Philip's hut it was snowing heavily, and it being clear from the first that we had come up the fiord for nothing, the icebergs being so thick above as to defy even the passage of a boat to the glacier (and, besides, the *Panther* was lying in a most uncomfortable situation among the ice), we got aboard with all haste, and steamed away once more for Upernavik, which port we reached without accident. Here I went ashore to the house of my good friend Dr. Rudolph, the Governor, and was soon installed in a cozy little room, and went to sleep in a cozy bed.

Oh, the luxury of that bed after eight weeks in the narrow quarters of a ship's bunk, always damp and festering with rheumatism, and black with coal dust, and daily rendered worse by the unsuccessful attempts of an idiotic cabin-boy to put it to rights and keep it clean!

My window opened upon the sea, and was full of sweet flowers that had been nurtured tenderly by my good hostess, as if they were her children. It was strange to look out through a little wilderness of roses, mignonette, and heliotrope, upon a great wilderness of icebergs. The sea was, indeed, as cold as cold could be, and the waves broke fiercely right beneath me on the rocky shore; but about me all was peace and quiet—the pictures on the wall, the fire in the stove, the home comforts of the modest house which sheltered me—all spoke defiance of place or climate, and told a tale of tranquil love and contentment that was worth going thrice three thousand miles to see, even though the storms were never so threatening, and ice-barriers without number intervened.

We remained a week at Upernavik, and during that time I never saw the *Panther*. I never was so glad *not* to see any thing in all my life before. I was quite willing to believe that Mr. Bradford was painting icebergs innumerable, and that Dunmore and Critcherson were photographing every thing from a native to a mountain, but I did not want to see it. My enjoyment of the little paradise into which I had fallen was too fresh to court disturbance. To forget for a time that there was ever such an enemy to man as a ship's cook, and to partake of some simple fare with which a woman's hand had had to do, was too great a luxury to be profaned, and I lived along through my week at Dr. Rudolph's in a state of perpetual bliss. I wrote and read and played with the children, Anne and Christian. I talked with Jensen about his life, and the Greenland legends which he had gathered in his long experience. I helped the Doctor (I should say Governor) make up his annual accounts for the next mail home; and I bungled through my Danish with his amiable wife, making her laugh continually at my mistakes; and, altogether quite free from care, gave myself up wholly to enjoyment for the seven days.

And the ship came, and the accounts were ready, and there were now three of us in the house. The ship was the *Constancia*, and Captain Bang, her master, was a noble fellow, who spoke capital English, and helped us with our pipes and punch in the evening, and enjoyed the flowers as much as I did, and the delightful breakfast of smoked salmon, venison sausage, and halibut, and the substantial lunch, and the late dinners that were none the worse for the cigars and wine and Santa Cruz that he brought off one day to help out with; for the Doctor was the most hospitable of all old-fashioned gentlemen, and having three times dined our whole huge cabin mess, and opened his house to every body every day, his supply of cigars and liquors, after a whole year's pulling at them on his own part, had run rather low. Our mess would gladly have replenished the Doctor's fast-failing stock; but with true American energy we had gone to work at the start as if to get through with what supplies we had in the shortest possible space of time; and there was not now among us so much as a single "Havana," or even a bottle of ale, to bless ourselves with.

The Doctor surprised me one day by coming into my room, and in his genial way calling out, "You know dis man; you know dis feller, eh?" producing from behind his coat a rascally face, which I never could forget in any length of time. It was the face of Hans.

Now Hans is a man of some celebrity. In 1853 Dr. Kane took him from Fiskerness, South Greenland, upon his famous voyage into Smith's Sound. His age then was about twenty years, and he lived in great state, considering his youth, on board the brig *Advance*, and waxed fat, and tricked his master, from whom he finally ran away, and joined the Smith Sound savages, marrying one of their women, by name Merkut. Among these people I found him in 1860, and took him aboard with his wife, Merkut, and his baby, Pingasuk. I ought to have known better. He tricked me worse than he had tricked Dr. Kane. I am fully convinced that he was instrumental in causing the death of two of my command, though it was never possible to prove any thing against him positive enough to insure conviction. It is hard to collect evidence where there are no eyes to see nor ears to hear. Being unable to verify my suspicions, I brought him back in 1861, and delivered him over to the Danish authorities, from whom Dr. Kane had taken him eight years before. Even now he could not cease from mischief, and his wife was in a state of chronic dissatisfaction because she could not live in her old-fashioned savage way, and her children (she had two now) were a burden on the poor fund. I gave Merkut some money to buy clothes for the children, and within an hour it was all spent at the government store-house for figs and sugar-candy.

The untutored savage is not a peculiarly delicious creature under any circumstances. He is apt to have very crude notions about *meum* and *tuum*, and the truth is not in him. Truth, indeed, seems to be a fine art, and men have to be cultivated to the understanding of it. But Hans was not altogether an untutored savage, for the missionaries had control of him before Dr. Kane took him in charge, and had taught him to read the Testament and Thomas à Kempis, and to sign his name. The story of his proficiency in these respects having got abroad, in connection with supposed services rendered to Dr. Kane's party in Christian charity, Hans has been made much of in a Sunday-school book as a striking example of the power of Christian labor among the heathen—just as if he did not use what he had acquired for a cloak to hide his true character, something after the manner of the hypocritical Uriah Heep when playing a part before the pious Creakle and the zealous board of visitors.

The week was a very short one, and I quitted my cozy room at the Doctor's house and took leave of the Doctor's amiable wife and children with much reluctance, and betook myself once more to my damp and smoke-begrimed quarters in the *Panther's* cabin. On the same day the *Constancia* was ready to sail, and our captain offered Captain Bang a tow. He was going down the coast forty miles, to Proven, where he was to take in more cargo before returning home to Copenhagen. But, as ill luck would have it, a small iceberg had drifted into the middle of our harbor and grounded right in front of the two vessels, which lay almost side by side. It seemed as if we were both fast there, but the *Constancia's* cable proving to be free, while our own was bound down under the berg, she picked her anchor up and was warped out to sea without any trouble, while we remained safely moored, with several thousand tons of ice precluding the possibility of our being driven off shore.

Finding himself clear, the captain of the *Constancia* hailed, and asked if he should give us a tow. The Doctor, who was going with him to Proven, cried across to us as the ship glided away, "Hana, Americana, I comes back in tree days; you's welcome to de harbor."

It was rather aggravating, considering our promise to the *Constancia*. Captain John Bartlett, of the *Panther*, grew vexed, slightly, and very red in the face. He shouted, "Pay out chain," and then rang his bell to "Back astern." When he had got off as far as the chain would let him go, he rang again, "Ahead, full speed," and struck the berg fairly in the middle with the *Panther's* head. The shock was terrific, but luckily the iceberg at that point was sloping, and the *Panther* slid up about five feet out of the water, which partly broke the force of the blow. Then she slid back again (luckily with her masts all standing). The *Constancia's* people cheered us, and we backed off again and went at the iceberg once more, with the same result—we did not budge or damage it in any way further than to splinter off innumerable fragments, which covered the sea all around us. But the berg was thin at the centre where we had struck; and the captain, growing more and more determined, backed off and butted away at the berg again and again, until, finally, the sixth effort proved successful. The berg split with a fearful sound. The two masses, each pivoted on the bottom, rolled over with a great swash; the *Panther* sheered ahead between the fragments, and then, picking up our anchor, to the universal astonishment we steamed out of the harbor in triumph, and kept our promise to the *Constancia*.

Dropping the *Constancia* off Proven, we continued south through the night, and on the following morning sighted the lofty mountains of Disco Island. Passing the Waigat, and the great stream of icebergs which emerges from it, we kept close to the bold and picturesque shores of Disco, and on the following day dropped anchor in Godhaven, close beside the town which takes its name from the little landlocked bay.

CANADIAN WINTER SPORTS.

Of the richer classes of Canada, it is well known that a set of people more capable of enjoying themselves does not exist. Yet few mere tourists have a chance of seeing them at their gayest. When the cold is most keen and the wind cuts like a knife; when the great Canadian river is turned into a mass of joined icebergs, and is no longer an easy highway from the lakes to the ocean; when the Grand Trunk Railway, that other highway of Canada, is blocked with snow, and its trains are breaking down with even more than their average regularity; when to try to reach Canada means to be stuck half-way, to be run into a snow-drift, to be bumped about, to be frozen and starved—if not, to be collided with, to have rails breaking under you, to be rolled down an embankment, and roasted alive at its foot—still to be, in divers ways, horribly tortured: when, in fact, nobody with the least self-respect will try to pass over to them, then Canadians make merry; then American freedom from social restraints, joined to English bodily hardihood and vigor, see what they can both do together to beguile the situation. In every large town the temple of jollity is the skating-rink. In summer, this building looks merely an immense wooden shed, very dreary and uninviting. But in winter, when it is floored with smooth ice, and its walls are hung with flags and otherwise cunningly decorated, when it is brilliantly lit up at night and filled with bright faces and gay dresses, the shed is transformed and becomes a fairy palace.

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However deep the snow may have fallen or drifted outside, there is good skating at all times within; and in the evenings the rink is the scene of the most picturesque Canadian festivities. Montreal people tell you that, when you have seen a fancy ball in their rink, you may at any moment die in contentment. In Canada skating is more than a mere pastime; it is a serious business, one of the trials of life, one of the tests of personal merit, and offers one of the most conspicuous fields for the winning of honor and renown. Thus Canadians will say of some belle whose claims to distinction they wish to uphold, "She may not be as pretty as A——, nor as pleasing in manner as B——, but her skating is perfect!" Or of some beau, "He isn't handsome and he isn't agreeable; but you should just see him waltz upon skates!" Besides skating and an extraordinary amount of dancing, the sleigh and "toboggin" play a great part in the amusements of a Canadian winter. Boston is called the head-quarters of sleighing for the whole of the continent; but though the equipages may not be in such throngs, or so grand, any where in Canada, as on the famed "Brighton Road" of Bostonians on a keen and clear winter afternoon, still sleighing in Canada is not only the chief means of locomotion for half of the year, but the foremost among occasions for sociability, the most successful of match-makers, the most characteristic amusement of the country. Nothing in a Canadian winter can roll upon wheels; every thing glides upon runners to the music of tinkling bells. And then is the time of "muffins;" that is, when a man, availing himself of the custom of the country, has secured a young lady for the season, to share with him his sleigh-driving and other of the national amusements, in Canadian phrase she is called his "muffin." The origin of the term seems to be wrapped in obscurity; Canadians will not address themselves in earnest to its investigation, and no more serious suggestion can be got from them than that the things may have been so called "because fellows are always burning their fingers with them."

Of the sport of "toboggining," one of the most curious points is the greatness of its celebrity in Canada, contrasted with the almost absolute ignorance of its name beyond the frontier. "A toboggin," says a late work upon Canada by a Canadian, "is a light Indian sleigh made of very thin wood, curled over in front, and used chiefly by pleasure-parties in sliding down hill-sides covered with crusted but lightly-packed snow." A toboggin is made to hold at least two persons, and as, in the practice of the sport, these two persons are usually of different sexes, some light is thus thrown upon the great esteem in which it is held by Canadians. The sitter in the back seat of the toboggin steers with his hand. Any want of care or skill on his part is pretty sure to lead to an upset. However, as the sleigh is light, and the selected snow-bank probably not very hard, such upsets are only occasions for the more merriment, and sometimes do good service by calling forth the talent of some clever caricaturist. The cones of ice and snow which, fed by the constant spray-showers, grow up at the foot of the falls of Montmorenci, make a famous toboggin ground for Quebec. The larger of these cones sometimes becomes nearly a hundred feet high; but there is a smaller, which all, except the most venturesome, prefer for toboggining. After they have toiled up to the top they intrust themselves to their miniature sleigh, and slide down at full speed, gaining a velocity which sometimes carries them, it is said, half a mile or more over the level ice surrounding the cone. Of the social effects of such a national pastime it is almost needless to speak. What could be more likely to break through formality, to make the acquaintance between two persons ripen into the most genial sympathy, than their facing in common the toils and the dangers of the toboggin — the headlong rush downward, with its giddy excitement, the frequent upset and precipitation of both voyagers together down into the snow? When brought under this treatment, it is said that the shyest and most intractable young men have been known to turn matrimonial within a week—so bracing a tonic to the nerves is this sport, and so stimulant to the healthful action of the heart. This may redeem the amusement from utter puerility; but it must still be a question for the philosopher why it should flourish among the best society of Canada, while it is rejected by all, except the very little street boys, in the States.

THE KAIETEUR WATERFALL.

THE great Kaieteur Fall, recently discovered in Demerara, has a clear descent, according to barometrical observations, taken simultaneously at the bottom and the top, of 750 feet. Above, the Potaro glides smoothly in a slight depression of the table of conglomerate sandstone, and disappears over the edge in a body which is estimated at eighty yards in width, and of depth uncertain in the centre, but shallowing rapidly toward either bank. When the fall was discovered, in April, 1870, the rocky channel was completely covered, and the stream must have had a width of at least 100 yards. During the summer it is diminishing in volume, and, as the Indians state that it will continue to do so till October, only the central and deeper portion, about one-third of the whole, will then remain. The best time, therefore, for a visit is in spring, at the end of what appears to be the rainy season of this elevated tract.

As the fall was seen by the exploring party who discovered it, nothing can be imagined more beautiful. The central portion, which is never dry, forms a small horseshoe, or re-entering angle, and the water in this part preserves its consistency for a short distance from the edge. But every where else, and here also at a few feet from the top, all semblance of water disappears; it breaks up, or blossoms, into fine foam or spray, which descends in the well-known rocket-like forms of the Staubbach and similar waterfalls, but multiplied a thousand times, into a small dark pool over a semicircular curtain. The cavern behind the fall is the home of thousands of swallows, which issue from it in the morning, and may be seen returning in their multitude at night. The fall itself is one vast descending column of a fine, dry-looking, snow-white substance, bearing a resemblance in color and consistency to the snow of an avalanche, but surpassing all avalanches in size and in the beauty of the forms taken by the material as it falls. Rainbows of great splendor were observed, one from the front of the fall in the morning, one from the summit in the afternoon; but this last reverted, forming a colored loop, or ring, into which the whole mass seemed to precipitate itself and disappear, and dart out underneath, black and foaming, at the gorge and outlet of the pool.

THE HAUNTED ROCK.

SOME years ago, through the interest of a relation, I received the appointment of a light-house keeper. I did not much care about the work, as I dreaded its dullness; but I was young and beginning the world, and could not afford to be nice in my selection of an occupation.

The remarks of my friends, when they heard of my new career, were certainly not calculated to reassure me. Most of my companions were, in one way or the other, connected with the sea; and all the congratulations I got upon my advancement in life were ominous shakes of the head, and muttered remarks as to there being "queer tales about them light-house chaps;" the concluding practical advice being, generally, "I wouldn't take it if I was you, Tom."

This was certainly rather calculated to throw a damper upon my new employ; but, as I argued with myself, if I did not take it I had nothing better to look to, and I would not throw myself upon my friends; so, determined to make the best I could of the matter, I went down to Blackwall to be instructed in my new duties. It was not long before I made myself sufficiently acquainted with them as to be *au fait* at the management of the lamps and apparatus; and was at length pronounced fit to undertake the duties of supernumerary light-house keeper.

These supernumeraries have to hold themselves in readiness to proceed to any part of the coast where they may be required, to relieve others who, from sickness or other causes, are removed from their posts. A few mornings after my instruction was completed I received a sudden intimation that I was required to proceed to take charge of a light-house on the coast of Wales. On making inquiries about the new charge to which I was posted, all I could learn was that the legitimate keeper had deserted his employ some months before, and had not since been heard of; that his place had been temporarily filled up by a man from a neighboring village, who, it was hoped, would have continued in it; but that he had recently insisted upon giving up his berth, alleging as an excuse that the dullness of the life was more than he could bear. With this information—which was all the people at head-quarters either could or would give me—I was forced to be content, and started off for Wales that very afternoon, arriving at the scene of my future labors on the next day. At the first glance the prospect was not alluring. It was at the end of October, on one of those dull, boisterous, dank days on which all Nature seems mourning the brightness of the summer that is past, and lamenting the rigor of the winter to ensue. The wind came sometimes in strong, chill puffs, that seemed to send the cold to one's very bones; sometimes in soft sighs, that moaned dismally through the half-barren trees, sending the leaves slowly fluttering from the branches to rot upon the oozy ground. The desolation of the scene seemed even to have infected the few cottages by which I was surrounded, and in which the only signs of life appeared to be clouds of steam (evidently from washing) which came through the open doors; while a few slatternly women went in and out on pattens, sometimes chiding the groups of children that clustered on the threshold, greedily eying the pools of mud and water beyond.

Even had I wished to possess it, I saw that there was little information to be got there; and as I was tired with my journey, and anxious to be out of the cold as soon as possible, I put what effects I had into a boat (which I hired with some little difficulty), and set off for the light-house, which was built upon a rock at some distance from the land. On the way thither I thought that the boatmen eyed me somewhat curiously, and were not very talkative, simply hailing my volunteered information that I was the new keeper with an "Ah!" and a significant glance at each other. I did not notice this much, however, as I was occupied with my own thoughts, speculating how I should pass my time in the grim building I was approaching, round which the eager waves leaped, as if anxious to engulf it, curling back with a sullen roar at their defeat. On my arrival I was received by the man whom I was to relieve with evident satisfaction. He was a gaunt, beetle-browed Welshman; and I could not help noticing the haggard, anxious look his face wore. Almost the moment I set foot in the building he called out to the boatmen who had brought me to "wait, as he wouldn't take long setting his new mate to rights with the place, and they could take him on shore." This, however, I combated stoutly, and insisted on his at least keeping me company the first night, as I did not know how the lights worked. To this, after much demur he consented, with evident reluctance, and the boat went back.

My new abode consisted merely of the "lantern," in which the lights burned, and, beneath, the watch-room, furnished with a bed, chair, and table, and such culinary and domestic necessaries as the keeper required. A flight of stairs led to the door by which the building was entered, and a lower flight seemed to lead to cellars or recesses of some sort; my companion did not, however, show me these, as he said they were never used, and it wasn't worth while going down in the cold. The evening drew quickly on; and as the autumn twilight grew darkling over the waters, the sea and wind both seemed to rise, and the crash of the breakers as they leaped fiercely up the rock, and the whistling of the gale, were any thing but agreeable adjuncts to a residence desolate enough in itself.

For the first hour or two of the evening I was busily enough employed in learning how the lamps were trimmed, lighted, etc., and in reading the regulations by which the keeper was to be guided. When I had, as I thought, made myself sufficiently acquainted with the routine of the life that was before me, I sat down with my quondam companion (whose name was Morgan); and as we smoked our pipes by the fire tried to gather from him the particulars of the late keeper's disappearance, and why he himself was giving up the situation. Morgan, however, was any thing but communicative; he said he knew very little about his predecessor; he was a sulky, gloomy sort of chap, who lived here with a very pretty wife, and was said to drink hard at times (but that he didn't know about). One night the lamps were not lighted; and when the coast-guard put off to see what was amiss, the light-house was found deserted; and as a good many metal articles of value were missing, it was supposed that the keeper and his wife had stolen them and made off. As for himself, he had lived there better than three months, but it was so mortal dull he couldn't stand it any longer. This was all I could get from my new friend, and even this was only got out of him by close questioning.

As the night wore on I noticed that Morgan seemed to grow fidgety and uneasy, and applied himself, rather more than I thought the authorities would have approved of, to a case-bottle of spirits on the table. It seemed to have no effect on him, however; and he at length volunteered to look after the lights that night, so that I might have a good rest after my journey. I was too tired to gainsay this, and in spite of an uneasy feeling, which I could not account for even to myself, soon fell into a troubled sleep. Whether it was the novelty of my situation or not I hardly know, but during the first portion of the night I scarcely slept half an hour consecutively; and when I awoke, hearing the never-ceasing roar of the waves, contrasting with the deep silence within the building, I always, in spite of myself, began wondering why the last keeper had left, what sort of a woman his wife was, and whether he had really stolen the missing things. These speculations seemed so absurd that I tried hard to dismiss them, but without success; and it was only as the dawn was breaking that I fell into a deep unbroken slumber, from which I did not wake till the morning was far advanced.

When I arose I found it was a bright, fresh morning, the gale having died away to a soft southwest wind. As I stood by one of the open windows, how different the scene appeared to the gloom of yesterday! Where the sunlight fell upon the still heaving billows it turned them now to masses of sheeny opal, now into cascades of diamonds, as the spray was thrown high into the air. In the distance, like snowy sea-birds, appeared the white sails of the fishing-craft; and as the fresh wind cooled my fevered cheek my spirits rose wonderfully, and I anticipated almost with delight the calm hours I might spend here with my books, surrounded by the ever-changing beauty of the ocean. Morgan now came down from the "lantern," and pointed to the breakfast he had got for me; his own, he said, had been finished long since, and as soon as I was ready he would go on shore. Although I could not help being surprised at the almost nervous haste the man displayed to be off, I now had nothing to urge against it. I therefore finished my repast as expeditiously as I could; and having lowered the boat attached to the light-house, we pulled on shore almost in silence. When within about half a mile of the land Morgan, who had been thinking deeply, suddenly stopped pulling, and very abruptly asked me if I had any arms in the light-house. Somewhat startled at the question, I replied that I had a revolver, but it was unloaded, as I didn't see how I could require it. "Better load it," was the hurried answer; "it's lonesome at times out yonder, and you'll feel more comfortable if you've something by you as you can trust to." We were close to the land now, and in a minute or two my companion sprang ashore, and hurriedly wishing me good-by, strode away through the trees, and was soon lost to sight. I knew no one in the little village; so I thought I would go up to the coast-guard station, as I had been desired to put myself under the orders of the officer in charge. There was no one there, at the time I arrived, but an old man-of-war's-man, to whom, however, I duly reported myself, and got him to give me some information as to where to get my provisions, etc. This he very good-naturedly did; and while going down to the village I questioned him about the late keeper's desertion, which somehow or other always seemed strangely to interest me. My new friend, however, could tell me no more than Morgan had, viz., that the man and his wife were supposed to have stolen the articles that were missing, and decamped. I spent a good bit of the afternoon in making my little purchases, and returned to the light-house about four o'clock, in order to be in time to light the lamps before the approach of dusk. After the boat was securely fastened up, and the door locked and barred, I must confess that a dull sense of loneliness fell upon me. I shook it off, however, and busied myself with my work; and what with trimming the lights, and preparing and discussing my evening meal, I got through the time pretty well till eight o'clock, when I went up into the lantern to see that all was working correctly, and then sat down to commence my first night's watch alone in the midst of the waters.

All anticipated evils seem smaller when really near. I had all along so much dreaded the dullness of my night-watchings that, now I had really commenced one of them, I was agreeably disappointed at finding it much more endurable than I had expected. There was certainly an oppressive silence reigning through the building, and the monotonous boom of the waves dashing against the rock was not inspiriting; but I had letters to write home, plenty of books to read, and my lights to visit every hour; so that altogether the night passed quickly enough away; and, when the dawn broke, I went to bed with the hopeful exclamation that "it wasn't so bad, after all." The following day was Saturday, and I determined to devote it to putting my room in order. I did not rise till nearly two o'clock, and spent the remainder of the afternoon in arranging my books, clothes, etc. As the evening drew on I trimmed and lighted my lamps, and then read till nearly nine. About this time I began to find a difficulty in confining my attention to my book. In spite of myself my thoughts kept wandering to their old theme—the late keeper's desertion of his post, and what sort of a life he had led in the room in which I was sitting to induce him to disappear so mysteriously. I roused myself, by a strong effort of will, from these profitless speculations, and went to the window to see what sort of a night it was. There was no moon, and as far as the eye could reach nothing was visible but the black heaving waves purposelessly swaying to and fro, sometimes tinged by a faint streak of phosphorescent light, as the white ridge in which they culminated rippled slowly away. It seemed very lonely to be built up there in that waste of waters, and a sort of cold chill seemed to settle on my heart as I began to revolve all sorts of improbable contingencies, such as having a fit, or the light-house taking fire. Altogether, I felt myself gradually getting into such a state of nervous excitement that I could hardly bear my own thoughts. So, determined, if possible, to break the spell that seemed creeping over me, I mixed a stiff glass of grog, and sat down with my pipe by the fire. There was nothing to disturb my thoughts, and I sat conjuring up all sorts of home scenes, listening absently to the half-minute click of the lights as they revolved above, the only sound that broke the dead silence surrounding me. The clock had just struck eleven, and I was thinking of visiting my lights, when suddenly a confused noise of struggling and curses, intermingled with the sound of heavy blows, arose from beneath me. I sprang from my chair, my first impression being that thieves had broken into the light-house. While I stood listening, rapid steps ascended the stair; and as I turned to seize the poker, as the nearest weapon available, the door flew violently open, and, to my intense horror, the sound of oaths and struggling commenced close by me, but not a thing which *could cause it was visible!* The noise barely lasted a minute, lifetime as it seemed to me, and appeared again to descend the stair. For a moment all was still, and I was beginning to try and persuade myself that I had been the victim of some horrible hallucination, when a wild, shrill scream, the agony of which haunts me still, rang through the silent building, and a woman's voice exclaimed, "George, George! for God's sake don't murder me!" A dull thud, as of some heavy substance falling to the ground, a low gurgling noise, and all was still.

Palsied with horror, I stood leaning on the chair to which I had clung for support, every nerve strained in agonized expectation of a renewal of the disturbance; but minute after minute went by, marked by the sound of the revolving lights, and all remained as still as the grave. Little by little I recovered power over my thoughts, and sat down, trying to account for the scene I had just gone through. Could any joke have been played on me? That hardly seemed possible, for I had barred and locked the door myself, and the key still hung beside me. I could scarcely bring myself to believe it was any thing supernatural, for I had been all my life a skeptic as to such things; but how to account for the scuffling in the room close by me? I at length became more emboldened by the perfect quiet that reigned, and got out my revolver and loaded it carefully, and, summoning up all the resolution I possessed, I determined to go down and examine the cellars where the noises had apparently begun and ended. Taking a closed lantern in one hand and my revolver in the other, I cautiously descended the stair, looking around and behind me, I must confess, with fear and trembling. Nothing extraordinary was, however, visible; the door was barred and fastened as I had left it, and all the things that lay about were in precisely the same positions as when I had seen them last. Not a sound was to be heard but the dash of the waves, which broke upon the walls around and above me now. I was somewhat reassured by finding every thing as I had left it on coming in; but as I prepared to descend the lower winding stair leading to the cellars I felt a smothered sensation upon my chest, and my heart beat so loud that it would have been audible to any one standing near. Down the narrow stair I went cautiously, the air becoming colder at every step, while the little light that came from the lamp I carried showed that the walls were dank with moisture, and covered with fungoid growths. When I arrived at the bottom I found myself

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opposite a strongly built door, not apparently fastened. The clammy sweat rolled down my face, and it was some minutes before I could summon up enough courage to thrust the door open with my foot. Holding the lantern forward, but almost dreading to see what its light might reveal, I found that two or three steps led down to a large cellar, made apparently in the rock itself. The walls, like those surrounding the stair, were dripping with moisture, and a peculiar earthy, sickly odor seemed to taint the air; but with the exception of some billets of wood, a chopper, and a large hammer thrown into a corner, the place was perfectly empty. I satisfied myself that there was no outlet to it; and, barring the door as best I could, returned to the watch-room, slightly relieved in mind, but more puzzled than ever to account for the scene I had gone through an hour before. I passed the remainder of the night in the "lantern;" and may no one ever know such wretched hours as dragged their weary length along till dawn!

Out of the chaos of thoughts that went whirling through my brain I determined that, as soon as daybreak released me from my watch, I would instantly go on shore and inform the officer of the coast-guard of the whole affair. At about eight o'clock I securely fastened up the place, lowered the boat, and taking advantage of the light wind, sailed on shore, went straight up to the coast-guard station, and asked to see the officer. The men gathered, I think, from my haggard looks and flurried manner that I had something of importance to communicate; and one of them took me at once to the officer's cottage, which was not far distant.

Mr. Thomson, who commanded the coast-guard, was a man about thirty-three years of age. He had been a lieutenant in the navy, and was now on half-pay. Being without private means, and seeing no immediate prospect of active employment, he had petitioned and petitioned the Admiralty until they had given him his present appointment; and the men who served under him said there was not a braver or better officer in the whole service.

After I had told my story exactly as the circumstances which gave rise to it occurred, Mr. Thomson gave me a keen, searching glance, and very abruptly asked me what stories the man I had relieved had been putting in my head.

I replied, none; that he was very uncommunicative, and would hardly give any reason for leaving, except that the life was so dull.

"Very well," was the quick answer; "I'll give you a man to stay a few days. Some one has been hoaxing you, or, more likely still, you've dreamed the whole affair. Here, Wilson, you must go off to the light-house for a few days; this man thinks he's been hearing ghosts, or some nonsense of that sort, out yonder. You'd better go with him, and show him what rubbish it is; for I think you fear neither man nor devil."

"Well, Sir," was the reply, "as regards the devil, I never come athwart his hawse yet, thank God! but I do hope, by the aid of a fair conscience, as I shouldn't miss stays if I did."

"Very well," was the reply; "that's settled. Wilson will keep you company for a few days, and I hope I shall hear no more of the matter. No doubt you had a bad nightmare; and I'd recommend you to keep a sharper eye after your lamps, and then it won't occur again. That'll do."

With this curt decision we were dismissed, and Wilson (who happened to be the man to whom I had spoken on my first arrival) and I strolled to his cottage to get what things he required while with me. On our way I retold my story; and although he was evidently incredulous as to its being any thing but a dream, he asked me to say nothing of it to his wife, who was very poorly. His wife evidently did not relish his going, but there was no disobeying the orders he had received; so, after having our dinner at his cottage, we returned together to the light-house. Every thing was in its place as I had left it, and when we explored the cellar together the same fastenings were upon the door that I had placed there the night before. However, we now nailed it closely up; and the evening, enlivened by Wilson's sea-yarns, passed quickly enough away till twelve o'clock, without any thing occurring; and after that we agreed to take alternate two-hour watches in the "lantern." Not a sound broke the stillness all night; and as we sat down together to breakfast in the morning I received the bantering of my companion upon my dream, as he called it, with an uncomfortable sensation of having made a fool of myself.

The days passed away thus till Thursday, not a single event occurring out of the common, and I had by this time thoroughly persuaded myself that I had fallen asleep, and dreamed all the horrors about which I had made such a stir. Toward noon that day a boat came off, with a message for Wilson to the effect that his wife had had a bad epileptic fit the night before, and was then very ill. I could not offer any opposition to his departure, under such circumstances, and had even so well recovered my ordinary nerve that when he asked me if he should send another man to take his place I said no; all the noises I had heard must have been the effect of imagination, and I was quite content to remain alone. So he went off. Friday and Friday night passed quietly enough, and on Saturday morning I was obliged to go on shore to get some provisions I wanted. I was doubtful at first whether I would go, as the day was dark and lowering, with heavy banks of leaden-looking clouds to windward, which betokened a coming gale. However, I determined to risk it, and make as much haste as I could; and taking advantage of the wind (now rising every minute), was only away about two hours. On my return I made all due preparations for a stormy night, doubly barring the doors, and putting battens on all the lower windows. After the lamps were lighted I stood for some time at one of the windows above, watching the warring of the elements. The black scud flew across the heavens as though rushing in terror from the fierce wind that howled across the waters, and the sea seemed turned into a gigantic caldron of seething foam, save when, like monsters arising from the deep, the huge black waves met each other with a furious roar, the foamy atoms into which they dashed themselves glistening in the murky night till swept away by the wind.

The scene was a grand one; ut, with a feeling of compassion for all in distress at sea that night, I turned to the more congenial view of my bright little fire, beside which I now sat down and smoked till nearly ten, arousing myself at that hour to write a letter of some importance to my brother. The subject upon which I was engaged had reference to some accounts which I had examined for him some time before, and respecting which he had written to me. The letter necessarily contained a quantity of figures, and I was so deeply engaged upon them that I paid no heed to the flight of time, till, with a sense of horror amounting almost to sickness, I heard the sound of oaths and blows emanating from the cellar. A moment's pause, and the footstep I had heard before ascended the stair; and as I crouched into a corner, with eyes dilated, and every hair upon my head moving, in my agony of terror, the sound of scuffling commenced close by me, though, as before, not a thing was visible. Again the sounds appeared to descend the stair; again, above the howling of the wind and the roar of the waves, arose the agonized entreaty, "George, George! for God's sake don't murder me!"

How I passed the remainder of that night I hardly know. Nothing more occurred; but I was so unstrung by what I had for the second time heard, that I remained, Heaven knows how long, crouching by my bedside, muttering incoherent prayers, and in a state of hysterical fear which almost bereft me of my senses. With the first streak of dawn I prepared to go on shore, at great risk to myself; for though the sea had been somewhat beaten down by a heavy fall of rain, it was still much too rough to be quite safe for a small boat with only one man to manage it. However, I got safely on shore, and instantly went direct to Mr. Thomson's cottage, and told him what had taken place for the second time.

"This is very strange, my man," he said, eying me with no particular favor. "This thing happened to you when you were alone before. I give you a man I can trust in, and nothing takes place while he is there; but the moment his back is turned you come to me with a cock-and-a-bull story, which I tell you candidly I don't believe."

I replied that he might believe it or not, as pleased him; that I had told him nothing but the truth; and begged to be allowed to give up my situation at once, as, I said, no earthly consideration would induce me to pass a night alone again in the light-house.

He looked hard at me for a moment, and then said, "Of course it is your own fancy; but something has evidently frightened you. I will try you once more, and get Wilson to stay with you this next week; and next Saturday night I will myself come off and stay with you."

We went down together to Wilson's cottage; and although his wife was still very unwell, Mr. Thomson got him to agree to come off with me at once, and stay the next week, and on the Saturday he himself would join us.

We returned to the light-house at once, Wilson in no very good temper, and evidently thinking me a cowardly fool, or that I was hoaxing him. When we got off he insisted on going down to the cellar with me. Every thing was as we had left it, save that the door, which we had fastened with long nails, was ajar, *the nails seeming to have been wrenched from the wood!* I at once assured my companion that I had never been down the steps since he was with me. He heard me in silence, but with evident incredulity; and together we fastened up the door in such a manner that nothing short of sledge-hammers would open it, and returned to the watch-room. The days and nights went quickly by, nothing occurring to alarm or disturb us in the slightest degree. Wilson recovered his good temper on hearing that his wife (to whom he was deeply attached) was much better, and proved himself, as before, a most entertaining companion. At about four o'clock on Saturday afternoon Mr. Thomson came off, and asked us banteringly what we had heard.

The reply, of course, was, "Nothing."

"Nor ever will," was the answer. "However, I'll look out with you to-night."

He then questioned me closely upon the exact situation and description of sounds I had heard, and minutely examined the whole place. The fastenings of the cellar door were not removed, but an additional padlock put on, as also on the light-house door.

Mr. Thomson then said that, as the sounds appeared to begin and end in the cellar, toward eleven o'clock we would post ourselves, armed with revolvers, opposite the door, and wait the event. I certainly did not much relish the prospect; but the other two seemed so cool and confident that I could make no demur. We passed a pleasant evening in the watch-room, till, at twenty minutes to eleven, the revolvers were carefully looked to, and, with a large ship's lantern throwing out a brilliant light, we descended the spiral stair in a body, and hanging up the light, waited what might ensue. It was a very calm night, and the gentle ripple of the waves against the rock was barely audible, and so profound was the dead silence that we could hear the slow, monotonous ticking of the clock in the watch-room. As we stood and waited, we knew not for what, in almost the foundations of that lonesome building, the minutes seemed like hours, as we eyed each other and the damp, grim walls around. Suddenly the little bell of the clock in my room rang out eleven, and during the minute or two that ensued we held our very breaths in expectation.

All at once the struggling and oaths commenced close to us in the cellar. The words were audible now—"Down, damn you, down!" in harsh, rough tones, intermingled with heavy blows and feeble moans for mercy.

Suddenly, before our very faces, the door which we had fastened so carefully flew open, and the step went by us as we crouched back almost into the very wall. The struggling now sounded up in the watch-room, and then again seemed coming nearer to us, step by step, as if a heavy body was being lifted down the stair. I glanced at my companions; they were both ashy pale, but seemed calm and resolute. The steps came nearer, nearer, and again passed into the cellar; and again the wild cry of "George, George! for God's sake don't murder me!" rang out close by; and as the words died away a vision appeared before us, the horror of which, even at this lapse of time, makes me shut my eyes in dread. By the light of a pale lambent flame that seemed to spring from every part of the cellar we saw the dead body of a man lying on the ground, the face and head so battered and covered with blood as to make the features undistinguishable. Over it stood a woman in her night-dress, her arms extended as if to ward off a blow, while from a gaping wound in her throat the blood poured down in torrents. I remember the agonized entreaty visible in the large blue eyes, and the rippling masses of golden hair contrasting strongly with the blood-covered bosom—but no more; for I fell insensible. When I came to, I found myself in bed, and so deplorably weak that I could barely turn round. I had been nearly dying, it afterward turned out, from an attack of brain-fever, brought on, the doctor said, by over mental excitement.

It appeared, on after-inquiry, that the vision scarcely lasted a moment after I became insensible; that Mr. Thomson and Wilson, who had retained their senses, although terribly alarmed, had carried me up stairs, when, finding that I only roused out of my insensibility to become delirious, I had been removed to the hospital, where I had remained ever since. Mr. Thomson was so much impressed by what he had witnessed that he determined to have the light-house thoroughly searched; and next day, taking a large party and plenty of light, the cellar was closely investigated, and the hammer which lay in the corner found to be covered with blood and human hair. Close by the wall, and, as nearly as they could judge, below where the vision had appeared, a large stone had been apparently recently moved, and Mr. Thomson determined to take it up. This was done; and after removing a quantity of loose sand the decomposing bodies of a man and woman were discovered exactly as they had appeared to us—the woman in her night-dress, with her throat cut, and the man with the skull horribly fractured and the face beaten in.

THE VISION OF THE HAUNTED ROCK.

The remains were identified as the wife of the late keeper, and the son of a neighboring farmer, who used to be a good deal at the light-house. Information was at once given to the police of the discovery of the double murder, as no doubt it was, and a strict search was instituted after the late keeper. It was months before he was traced, and then only found almost on his death-bed.

Before he died, however, he confessed the crime with which he was charged, and even described how it was committed.

It appeared that he had long suspected his wife of too close an intimacy with a young man in the neighborhood; and one Friday night, while on shore, received what, to his jealous mind, was a confirmation of his suspicions, and, frenzied with rage, determined to have revenge. The next night he contrived to get the young fellow off to the light-house; and after plying him with drink till he was almost insensible, he dragged him to the cellar, and dispatched him with repeated blows of a sledge-hammer.

Maddened with brandy, and now determined to complete his vengeance, he rushed up stairs and dragged his wife down from her bed; and showing her the mangled remains of her supposed lover, cut her throat, in spite of her entreaties and declarations of innocence.

Fearing lest the sea should reveal the crime, he buried the bodies in the cellar, and taking a few valuable articles, to divert suspicion, fled the spot.

Even while in the throes of that death which defeated the ends of justice he declared that by day and night his wife had haunted him, and that from the hour in which he had done the deed to the time he had confessed it he had never known one moment's peace.

Philosophers may account for the scenes I have related, or learnedly disprove them, as they please; I only know that, from being an utter unbeliever in the supernatural, I have now got so much faith in it that, though my present way of life is quite unconnected with the sea, I never hear the plash of the waves without recalling with a reminiscent shudder the hours I passed on the "Haunted Rock."

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HON. ROBERT C. SCHENCK,

OUR NEW MINISTER TO ENGLAND.

HON. ROBERT C. SCHENCK, United States Minister to England, whose portrait is given on this page, is a gentleman whose eminent fitness for this high position is generally acknowledged, even by his political opponents. During the thirty years past he has occupied prominent positions in the public service; and none who have followed his course with any care can doubt that in him the United States will have an able and energetic representative at the court of St. James.

He was born in Franklin, Warren Co., Ohio, October 4, 1809; graduated with high honors at the Miami University in 1827, where he remained two years as a tutor; was admitted to the bar in 1831, and settled in Dayton, where he has since resided. In 1840 he was elected to the Ohio Legislature; was re-elected in 1842; and was a Representative in Congress from Ohio from 1843 to 1851, serving on many important committees, and during the Thirtieth Congress as Chairman of the Committee on Roads and Canals. On his retirement from Congress he was appointed by President FILLMORE Minister to Brazil, where he negotiated a number of treaties. In 1861 he served as Brigadier, and was promoted Major-General in the Union army for his conduct at the second battle of Bull Run, in which he was severely wounded; and in 1862 was elected to the Thirty-eighth Congress, serving as Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs. He was re-elected to the Thirty-ninth Congress; and in 1865 he was appointed by the President a member of the Board of Visitors to the West Point Academy, and was President of the Board. He served on the Committee on the Death of President LINCOLN, and again at the head of the Committee on Military Affairs; was a member of the National Committee appointed to accompany the remains of President LINCOLN to Illinois; also of the Committee on Retrenchment; and was one of the representatives of the House designated to attend the funeral of General SCOTT in 1866; he was also a delegate to the Philadelphia "Loyalist Convention" of 1866, and to the Soldiers' Convention held at Pittsburg. He was re-elected to the Fortieth Congress, serving as Chairman of the Committee on Ordnance, and again of that on Military Affairs. He was re-elected to the Forty-first Congress, in which he served as Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means. Throughout his whole Congressional career Mr. SCHENCK approved himself a statesman of enlarged and liberal views, an able debater, and a skillful political manager. The important positions he has held on committees show the high estimation placed on his abilities by the party to which he belongs. It is claimed that he was legally elected to the Forty-second Congress, though the certificate was given to his Democratic competitor; and had he not accepted the position of Minister to England, the election would probably have been contested.

HON. ROBERT C. SCHENCK, UNITED STATES MINISTER TO ENGLAND.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD & CO.]

HOW THEY LIVE IN PARIS.

THE Paris correspondent of the London *Food Journal* sends to that paper some interesting particulars in regard to the present state of affairs in the besieged capital of France. He says:

"The idea that two millions of people, a large number of whom have ample means, should find themselves rationed like soldiers and paupers, is so novel that nothing but the actual experience of the fact can bring it directly home to the mind. That people who are accustomed to delicate eating, to every culinary luxury, who *fast* on delicious fish, the freshest of eggs and vegetables, water-fowl, and splendid fruit—say once a week—should now *feed* every day on an ounce or two of any kind of meat that they can obtain—beef, horse, etc.—is certainly an extraordinary form of sybaritism of the nineteenth century."

The consumption of horse-flesh is, of course, almost universal, and even the subject of puffing: "A horse-butcher the other day exhibited the following placard: 'Horse of the first quality, from the stables of the Comte De Lagrange.'"

The writer says: "Some persons prefer it to beef, from the gamey flavor which it possesses, and compare it to *chevreuil*—the small doe venison of France—which certainly scarcely deserves the name; others particularly dislike it for the same reason. This is, however, simply a matter of taste. As good, wholesome food it has been universally eaten; and the soup made from it is declared by every one to be superior to that from beef."

Smaller game, however, is not neglected by these masters of the culinary art; and dishes indigenous to China now find favor in the most civilized capital of Europe: "Cat is eaten and sold openly; and although I never had the pleasure of partaking of a civet of the kind—to my knowledge—I can assure you that cats are relished by a good many people, and are quoted at six francs each, while dog is quoted at four francs the half animal. One journal declares that more than 24,000 cats have been sold and eaten. A student in medicine sent the following note to a friend: 'Come on Saturday to my rooms and eat a broiled cat, seasoned with pistachio nuts, olives, gherkins, and pimento, and washed down with Chablis. After dinner we will drink some Rhenish wine to the indivisibility of France.' At a good house the other day—the house of a *gourmet*—the bill of fare was: *filet de cheval rôti, escaloppes d'ânon*, plum-pudding, *au graisse de bœuf*."

On the subject of prices this correspondent says: "Bread is plentiful and cheap; ham, 6*s.* 8*d.* per pound; Lyons sausage, 12*s.*; a turkey, 52*s.* 6*d.*; a rabbit, 15*s.*; an eel, 15*s.*; a plate of gudgeons, 5*s.*; twelve eggs, 3*s.* 10*d.*; a cabbage, 15*d.*; a bunch of carrots, 2*s.*"

The prices of delicacies are enormous: a *pâté de foie gras* costs 45 francs; and a turkey with forcemeat, 55 francs. This was on the 25th of December; now, in all probability, these prices are nearly doubled. But the beleaguered citizens bear up bravely—as yet. The writer in the *Food Journal* says: "In the midst of all our annoyances we have our jokes. When dinner is ready some one is sure to say, 'To horse, ladies and gentlemen, to horse!' Stories are told of commanders of besieged towns who presented to their guests, as choice dishes, a roast cat, garnished with a dozen of mice and a *salmi* of rats. The following is one of a dozen *vers de table:*

'We cheerily feast upon
horse, dog, and cat,
Nor bother the cook
with a question;
If the dish is well served,
we're contented with
that,
And nothing disturbs
our digestion.'

"A woman is detected stealing out of a house with something hidden under her shawl; she is arrested, and a fine cat found upon her. 'Oh! pray do not expose me,' she cries, in a plaintive voice; 'it is for a poor sick friend!'"

In regard to the amount of food in Paris the *Indépendance Belge* of December 29 states, on the authority of a government official, who had just arrived in the south of France by a balloon, that the city has provisions enough to last until the 1st of February, and not, it is true, without privation, but by continuing the present system of rations—that is to say, she can eke out the ordinary means of subsistence with the help of rats, cats, etc. From that date she will have nothing but bread and wine, but this will be enough for her to live on. The *Indépendance* also states that General Trochu is determined to hold out in any case, and that he intends to intrench himself in one of the forts.

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with the full approbation of the population of the city. The same paper mentions a case described in the *Correspondance Havas* which goes far to prove that famine has already made great strides in Paris. A lady, aged sixty-six, was discovered on the 18th in a room of a hotel almost dead with hunger. This unfortunate lady was the widow of M. Hammelin, the French embassador to Constantinople in the reign of Louis Philippe.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1871.

☞ *In the attractive* EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT *sent out with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *will be found the commencement of a series of papers on the* ROMANCE OF ARCTIC DISCOVERY, *profusely illustrated; a view of* AUTUN, *the head-quarters of* GARIBALDI *in France; and other literary and artistic features of interest.*

THE "SERVICE" AND THE GOVERNMENT.

THE debate in the House of Representatives upon the conduct of Admirals DAVIS and GODON in Paraguay resulted in a virtual vote of censure upon those officers. It is possible, but we hope not probable, that they will resign in consequence. But the circumstances should suggest what the preachers call some profitable considerations to the gallant gentlemen of the army and the navy. In his speech at the Pilgrim dinner in New York General SHERMAN spoke of the system of subordination which necessarily prevails in the military service. But there is a certain kind of moral insubordination, of which, perhaps, both services are more or less guilty. The very precision of the routine in which the officers are trained occasions an impatience, not to say contempt, of what they call "civil interference." It is a very general feeling, probably, in army and navy circles that Congress is a kind of impertinence, and its action upon military and naval subjects is derided as ignorant and stupid. "What does a country lawyer know of such matters, merely because he has bought an election to the House?" demands an impatient officer. "How can a service ever become efficient if it is to be interfered with and perpetually tinkered by ignoramuses?" The theory of these gallant gentlemen is, that a soldier should be Secretary of War, and a sailor Secretary of the Navy—forgetting that the tone and spirit of their criticism show conclusively the folly of any such system.

It follows naturally from this kind of feeling that when a naval officer, in a foreign port, is compelled by circumstances to take action in the interest of his Government, he is very unwilling to listen to the counsel, and wholly disinclined to obey the order, of the minister in that country. "The country lawyer again: what does he know of the laws and proprieties of such a situation as this?" is the instinctive question of the officer; and the result probably is that he acts upon his own responsibility, and even in defiance of the minister's wishes. The correspondence upon this very subject of Paraguayan difficulties between Mr. WEBB, our minister in Brazil, and Admiral DAVIS, illustrates the kind of jealousy of which we speak. There may not always nor often be open and flagrant refusal to co-operate; but there is often an action which is so devoid of zeal as to defeat, with apparent intention, the very object sought.

Now the two services ought to understand that the peculiar excellence of this government is that it is, so to speak, a government of country lawyers, and not of generals and admirals. It is a system in which the civil is to be always superior to the military power, except when, for its own salvation, it summons the military power to its assistance. The feeling in the army and navy of which we are speaking, and which, of course, we are far from attributing to every officer, is the feeling which logically results in a military despotism. There may be great inconveniences in making a lawyer Secretary of War; but there would be great danger in calling a general to that position as a matter of course. It may be very exasperating, as WASHINGTON found in the Revolution, for a general in the field to be subject to the movements of a legislative debate, but it is one of the conditions of a popular government. Its perils are fewer than the perils of the opposite system. There was a wonderful difference between the campaigning of FREDERICK the Great and that of WASHINGTON. The European martinets and the great soldiers must have smiled at a campaign conducted by a Congress; and what, cries the military gentleman, could NAPOLEON BONAPARTE have done under the superintendence and direction of a commission from Paris? Nevertheless, the greatest Secretary of War we have ever had was a lawyer.

Certainly every honest American officer who rises above the mere feeling of his profession into the purer perceptions of patriotism will agree that the very vital principle of our system is the total subordination of the military to the civil power. And the result of the war does not show that it is, upon the whole, an inefficient system. Ought it not, therefore, to be cheerfully recognized? Whenever Congress takes up a military or naval bill, ought the army and the navy to groan in spirit, as if a horde of meddlers and bunglers were let loose upon them? And when an admiral in a foreign port finds himself likely to be called into some kind of action, ought he not to hold himself entirely at the orders of the representative of the Government, assuming, of course, that nothing "unbecoming an officer and a gentleman," in the truest sense of the words, will be required of him? It is now alleged that naval officers in such cases are accustomed to write home to the Secretary of the Navy for instructions! Nothing could be more exquisitely absurd; and the debate will be of the greatest service if it leads to the most distinct understanding and instruction that every naval officer in foreign ports is, under the general directions of the department, to submit himself to those of the resident diplomatic representative of the United States. If the navy or the army officers are of opinion that such representatives are apt to be noodles, they are at liberty to resign the commission of a government which chooses to be so represented.

ITALY AND AMERICA.

THE great meeting in New York to congratulate Italy upon her union and independence was one of the most imposing and significant meetings ever held in the city. It was the first real voice of America upon the subject; and what it said, and said so well, would undoubtedly be approved by seven-eighths of the people of the United States. Hitherto Italy and Europe have heard from this country only the voice of the members of the Roman Church, which, as one of its most respectable clergymen in the country says, permits here no difference of opinion upon the subject. But now they hear how Americans of all denominations, who believe in political self-government and religious liberty at home, rejoice when they see another country founding its future and its happiness upon the same immortal principles.

Such Americans—and so numerous are they that they may be truly called America—perceive in the events that have recently occurred in Italy a revolution, peacefully accomplished, in the interest of liberty and intelligent progress. They see a degrading despotism ended, and the sanguinary and horrible convulsions to which such a despotism always leads happily and wisely avoided. They see in the political emancipation of Rome from ecclesiastical control by the unanimous and hearty consent of the Romans themselves, who are also members of the Roman Church, the dawn of that better day which shall show the world a free, regenerated, and progressive Italy. We trust that the New York meeting will be but the first of a series of similar meetings all over the country, that the hearts of the brave Italians who have achieved so spotless and glorious a victory may be cheered and strengthened by the knowledge that the great heart of America beats in sympathy with theirs.

The duty of American Roman Catholics would seem to be to show to this country that their Church does not ask nor need to exercise the absolute political control of any body. They should be anxious, if they would conciliate American sympathy, to show that they gladly acquiesce in the rescue of their Church from the political responsibility of the notorious wretchedness of Central Italy. They should say what Father HYACINTHE recently said in London of the situation in Rome. And Father HYACINTHE, when he was in this country, declared that if to be born a Roman Catholic, to believe the creed, to honor the traditions, and to hope for the triumph of his Church made him a Roman Catholic, there was no better under the sun; so that his words are to be regarded as those of one of the most devoted members of his communion. "The temporal power of the Pope," says the good father, "useful in its own age and for particular stages of European society, has long outlived its time. Thrice have I visited Rome. Thrice have I seen that power close at hand. Thrice have I labored to respect it. But I saw clearly that it rested only on the bayonets of France, and that when they were withdrawn it would crumble to pieces. It has crumbled; and I thank God for an event that will minister to the unity of Italy, to the regeneration of the Latin races, and, above all, to the reform of a Church always dear to me—the Catholic Church of Rome."

MR. GREELEY, CHAIRMAN.

THE election of Mr. HORACE GREELEY as chairman of what has been called the Tammany Republican General Committee of the City of New York should show Republicans in the interior of the State, and beyond the State, either that Mr. GREELEY is singularly deceived, or that the aspersion upon the Committee is unfounded. Mr. GREELEY, upon his unanimous election, made a speech which expressed a conciliatory spirit, and was admirably adapted to produce harmony. Whatever else may be said of him, nobody would seriously charge him with any kind of collusion with Tammany; and he says, nor will any one doubt his sincerity, that if it shall at any time be proved that any member of the Committee is acting in the interest of Tammany Hall, he will himself surely move his expulsion, if no one else anticipates him in so doing. Mr. GREELEY advocates a fresh enrollment of the Republicans in the city, and a minority representation upon the Committee—a principle which, it seems to us, will be difficult to apply to the election of a party committee, without organizing and perpetuating the very elements of discord which it is the wish of all to remove. Mr. GREELEY also declines to contest the authority of the State Committee to disband the city Committee, although he anticipates no such action; and he manfully refuses to be identified with any faction. He temperately commends the President, suggesting that, until a nomination of his successor is made, it is well to remember that General GRANT will be far better qualified for the Presidency in 1872 than he was in 1868.

As Mr. GREELEY has never taken any active part in the foolish dissensions that have latterly divided the party in the State, and is much too sensible a politician, as well as patriot, to indulge that kind of hostility which merely harms friends and delights enemies, it is fair to presume that an effort will now be made to produce harmonious party action in the city. The success of the effort, however, will depend upon one thing, and that is the belief of intelligent Republicans that the party is not managed by the agents of its enemies. There is much said of Tammany agents in the Republican Committee, and there are assertions openly made which, if true, are fatal to the character and influence of the Committee, because they show that Republican fidelity is impossible upon the part of certain members. Actual and conclusive proof of these assertions is difficult. But they rest upon the best "knowledge and belief."

Every honest Republican will hope that the allegations are untrue, and will gladly see them disproved. But if they are generally believed in the party, it will not be enough to say that they can not be definitely proved, and we shall see again what we saw at the last election—a schism which is fatal. It is the task of Mr. GREELEY to remove this suspicion, which destroys the party unity. Unless that can be done, we do not see upon what grounds he expects hearty co-operation from the "good Republicans" of whom he speaks, "who took no part in the election of this Committee." They are the same who refused to be bound in the autumn by the action of a committee which they believed to be improperly controlled. Let the chairman show that he disbelieves the reports of such malign influence, and he will have done a great deal to remove the injurious suspicion. He knows, of course, that if, as he truly says, he can not afford to be identified with a faction, neither can he afford to be regarded as a blind. Mr. GREELEY is in a position where he can be of the utmost service to the party and to the country. If the Republicans believe that he is an actual and not an honorary chairman, and if he persuades them that the evil stories which are told of Republican complicity with Tammany are untrue, his Committee will represent a harmonious party.

SYMPATHY WITH FRANCE.

A FRIEND asks, with great significance, whether "American culture, offended by American vulgarity, is quite loyal to American institutions?" The same question has been asked by Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS, and it is suggested by the tone of much of the ablest writing upon public affairs. At this time the question is asked with the more earnestness because the sympathy with Germany in the present war, and the rhetoric of some of the French leaders, are felt by many to blind such Americans to the fact that the cause of France is really that of republicanism and constitutional freedom, and that of Germany merely that of monarchy and military despotism. It is true, says our friend, that the proclamations of GAMBETTA and his associates are often foolish and false, and that the Committee of Defense do not of themselves constitute a republic; but do they not always declare that, if successful, they will appeal to the people to establish a republic? And if, even under the direful circumstances, they are successful, will not a republic certainly be attempted? On the other hand, if France succumbs to Germany, will she not surely be dismembered, and with dismemberment is not anarchy inevitable? What held the loyal sentiment of this country to its terrible task, in the darkest days of the war, but the consciousness of the chaos that would succeed the dissolution of the Union? And, therefore, will not every man who fears anarchy, and who wishes to see a republic in France, encourage in every way the success of the French struggle?

We stated last week why the responsibility of the present situation rests upon France. If, in renouncing the empire, the country had renounced the wanton war of the Emperor, and had demanded terms of Germany, and Germany had offered what was plainly inadmissible, then France would have continued the war with the encouragement of universal sympathy. But if the tide of war should now turn, and the Germans be swept out of the country, and a republic should be established in France, would it probably keep the peace with Germany? Would there be no old scores that would press for settlement? and is it likely that the people of France would long resist the appeals of the war party? If, indeed, the plain alternative were the government of France by Germany, or a republic—or if it were the restoration of LOUIS NAPOLEON, or a republic—most sensible men, we presume, would wish to see the republic tried. But are either of these alternatives presented? France having begun a war, and having refused to ask terms when her armies were beaten, Germany has no choice but to press on. And although with every French defeat, and in the degree that the war is prolonged, the victor's terms will be more stringent, yet Count BISMARCK has steadily asserted that France would determine her government for herself, but that Germany would certainly demand substantial guarantees against similar attacks.

The question, therefore, really is whether, for the chance of a republic in France, an American ought to wish to see Germany driven back over the Rhine without securities of any kind against future French assaults. The moral of such a position would be that if one nation begins a causeless war against another, and is defeated, and its government is overthrown by a *coup d'état* calling itself a republic, although without an appeal to the people, then we ought to hope that the nation which is attacked will be driven home again, and the *statu quo* restored. Now a nation engaged in an unjust war, which it has not taken reasonable measures to stop, can not expect the sympathy of Americans because it is a republic. A man who persists in doing wrong can not claim pity or support because he is getting the worst of it. It is very true that if the United States had provoked a war, and a hostile army were in the heart of the country, taking city after city, every American would doubtless forget the origin of the war, and fight to expel the enemy. But if the Committee of Defense had insisted, after Sedan, upon making peace, the enemy would not have been in the heart of France, or he would have had the hopes and prayers of the world against him.

But because the demand for peace was not made at Sedan, it may be said: because in a moment of incalculable disaster to the country the very wisest course was not adopted, is all sympathy to be refused to men bravely struggling to prevent the dismemberment of their native land? The reply seems to be plain. There is always sympathy in generous hearts for bravery any where, and if Paris should surrender before this paper is issued, and the Germans should offer dishonorable terms, and rural France should continue the contest, it would be with general sympathy. If we say that all war is wrong, we condemn both sides. But if we admit that war is justifiable, we can not deny that Germany, having been attacked, is in its right, until war reaches its legitimate solution.

Certainly, however, no man should be thought a lukewarm American, nor indifferent to national liberty and independence, merely because his sympathy is not given to every claim in the name of republic. Bad as the condition of Ireland may be, for instance, is it reasonable to suppose that life and liberty would be more secure there under a Fenian republic? If the war against Germany had been begun by republican France, and had taken the same course as now, and France were threatened with dismemberment, should we say that, because she was a republic, she had not invited that result, or that it would be right to interfere to prevent it? Or because a republic may follow the present war, if the Germans are defeated, ought we to forget that the contest, which the republican leaders opposed while they were in opposition, was adopted by them when they assumed power? That France will be perpetually agitated until there is another attempt at a republic, we firmly believe. That the chances of a republic would be increased by success in the present struggle, is unquestionable. But there are other considerations essential to a fair judgment of the situation which can not be forgotten, and which seem to us to be entirely overlooked by those who think solely of a French republic.

Undoubtedly the conflict of parties in France is one of the barriers to success. Operations are now carried on under the name of republic. But LOUIS BLANC confesses, by the reasons that he gives for opposing the calling of an Assembly, that he doubts whether the prevailing sentiment is republican. Then the political partialities of the generals affect and even paralyze military action. Again, the preference of rural France, and of the middle class in the cities, is monarchical. To them the republic is not *démocratique* only, it is *sociale*; and that, in their judgment, is sheer anarchy. It is not easy, as the facts show, to rouse them to enthusiasm for victory when victory means a government which alarms them, and which they abhor. It is unwise, therefore, to insist that American sympathy shall be unconditionally with the French in the pending strug-

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gle; and it is impossible to resolve the question into the simple antagonism of despotism upon the one side and a republic upon the other.

CERTAIN GENTLEMEN FROM THE PACIFIC COAST.

THE President very properly rebuked "certain gentlemen from the Pacific coast" who called to recommend the appointment of Senator WILLIAMS, of Oregon, to the cabinet, by saying that he was not aware of any vacancy, and by suggesting that when he wanted advice he would ask for it. It was the reduction to absurdity of the system which assumes that appointments to office are to be determined by every consideration but fitness. Senator WILLIAMS, indeed, was ignorant of the intention of "certain gentlemen from the Pacific coast," and the President did not permit their importunity to affect his regard for the Senator, and his appreciation of his ability. But the scene was a ludicrous illustration of the extraordinary popular theory of appointments to office. The irrepressible political managers usually concede that the President may select his cabinet advisers upon his own responsibility, and to satisfy himself, while they freely exercise their right of pressing upon him every kind of man, upon every kind of ground, for every other office. But it seems that they wish now to select his cabinet also.

How sincerely the President wishes that some reform in the civil service might be accomplished is evident from his Message. We have little doubt that he favors Mr. JENCKES's bill, of the principle of which Mr. SCHENCK, the minister to England, spoke so warmly. But the details of any scheme would demand very careful consideration. We have heard it stated that the members of the British Government are not entirely satisfied with the results of the system which has been adopted in England. The difficulty that we hear mentioned is that of ejecting incompetent officers. Such men live just within the requirements of the law, and so escape its exclusions. They live by the letter, and not by the spirit, and the service therefore suffers. Army officers know that it is not easy to get rid of their unworthy fellows, even by court-martial; and it is sometimes feared that, if the civil service were regulated by something of the same strict method, the results would not be what is hoped.

On the other hand, we know that the effect of the system of examinations for government clerkships is so good that employers often consult the list of the accepted candidates to select their responsible clerks. Difficulties there must, of course, be in every system of the kind. But whatever the objections to any particular scheme that may be offered for the reform of the civil service, they can not be so fatal as those to the present system. And if we wait to adopt a sanitary system until we find one that will utterly abolish disease, we shall die of infection in the mean while.

THE VICTORY OF THE REPEATERS.

THE registry law in the city of New York is to be repealed. It was passed by the Legislature last winter, with the support of most of the Republican votes, and as a kind of consideration for the Tammany charter, for which many Republicans also voted. We objected to this action at the time as unsound policy. We stated what is universally true, that a bargain made with a sharper will end in a swindle. The result of the bargain is that the Tammany charter is the law of the city, and that the security of an honest election afforded by a registry law which sweetened that charter to reluctant Republican tastes will be abolished, so as to allow Tammany to vote early and often in the election of 1872.

We hope that thoughtful men throughout the country will remark this striking illustration of the unwillingness of the Democratic party to secure the purity of the ballot. Cheating at the polls in the city of New York is notorious. Evasion of the naturalization laws, repeating, stuffing, and false counting undoubtedly vitiated the election of 1868 in that city, and gave the State a Governor who was not the choice of the people. It is no answer to say that Republicans cheat also. We do not defend Republican cheating; but that it rivals the Democratic offense nobody in the city of New York who knows any thing whatever of the subject pretends. It is naturally the first object of every honest citizen, any where and of whatever party, to secure an honest poll. When that fails, every thing fails. When the people of the United States are convinced that the declared result of the elections is a swindle, the government will be very near a violent convulsion. And that is not a very improbable catastrophe if the most ordinary, and in proper cases extraordinary, safeguards of the ballot are despised. The duty of the honest citizens, then, is plain. It is to declare who shall vote, then to take care that only the voters vote, that they vote honestly, and that their votes are honestly counted and reported.

To this end laws must be adapted to the situation. If, for instance, there is to be a system of naturalization, it must be organized so as to attain its purpose. If the action of the State courts is found not to promote but to perplex the object, the process of naturalization should be transferred to another and efficient authority. Obviously, also, a public and authentic list of qualified voters is indispensable to a proper election; and this list should be made, under the law, in such a way as to make false voting, wherever it is probable, as difficult as possible. If the registration takes some time and some trouble, time and trouble should be gladly given, as the smallest possible sacrifice for the most desirable end. If the condition of one part of the commonwealth is so peculiar as to require more stringent safeguards than another part, the claim that they shall be applied to all parts or to none, upon the ground that laws should be equal, is to confound a substance with a form, and to connive at lawlessness under cover of respect for law. The registration in the city does not, indeed, prevent all cheating, but it makes it more difficult. To repeal the law is to make cheating easier. To repeal it under the pretense that it does not operate in districts where cheating of the same kind is practically impossible, is to show that the intention of the repeal is not the security of honest elections.

If the Democratic party, in repealing the present city registry law, upon the ground that it oppresses the legal voters of the city, would provide a more stringent defense against the known knavery of the city elections, no good citizen would complain. But the men who manage the repeal are the men who organize repeating; and the repeal of the registry law will be the victory of the repeaters.

MR. MOTLEY.

THE correspondence between Mr. MOTLEY and the Secretary of State shows plainly that from the beginning of his mission to England Mr. MOTLEY had not the confidence of the Administration, and also that he was not distinctly informed of it. Some readers of the correspondence may, perhaps, be of opinion that the loss of confidence was not justified by the facts; but that is a point of which the Administration must necessarily be the judge.

We find nothing in the correspondence to change the opinion which we have always entertained that, under the circumstances, it would have been wise for the Administration to confide to some trusty friend, with the intention of publication, the main fact, that while recognizing the ability, the character, and the honorable fame of Mr. MOTLEY, and his satisfactory adjustment of certain questions between the countries, it felt that he was not heartily in accord with it upon the great question, and had therefore asked his resignation. An explanation of this kind, evidently authentic, would have satisfied the country. It involved no publication of elaborate correspondence, and it would have been respectful to a conspicuous public agent, who was also an eminent citizen.

It is evident that profound dissatisfaction with Mr. MOTLEY existed long before Senator SUMNER's opposition to the San Domingo treaty was expressed; and the reasons for not removing him earlier, which are stated by Mr. FISH—unwillingness to proceed summarily, and the negotiations in which Mr. MOTLEY was engaged, pending the reserve of the *Alabama* question—are certainly plausible. But it is unfortunate that the removal did not take place before the acrid debate upon the ratification of the treaty, because in that case ill-nature itself could have found no connection between Senator SUMNER's opposition and Mr. MOTLEY's recall.

The correspondence is to be deeply regretted. Mr. MOTLEY, evidently feeling himself ill-used, writes with warmth, and closes with an insinuation against the President which every friend of both will be sorry that he permitted himself to record. On the other hand, the Secretary of State closes in a tone of contempt for one of the most justly and honorably distinguished of American citizens which will amaze sensible men in Europe as much as it grieves them here.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

FOR many years past the *terra incognita* of the United States has been the region forming the head waters of the Yellowstone River, to the north of the Wind River Mountains. Traditions have prevailed for a long time of the existence there of a large lake, and of boiling springs and spouting fountains, of terrific waterfalls, and other wonderful works of nature. Trappers have looked into the mysterious region from the summits of the neighboring mountains, but did not dare any nearer approach, owing to the physical obstacles and the fear of Indians. Colonel RAYNOLDS, in his last expedition into the Upper Missouri region, in which he was accompanied by Dr. HAYDEN as geologist, aimed to reach the locality referred to, but was prevented by deep snows and other impediments. We now learn from a Montana journal that a party of bold explorers from Helena, fourteen in number, under the lead of General H. D. WASHBURNE, have at last solved the interesting problem, having visited the country, and returned, after an absence of six weeks, with a report of their discoveries. They left on the 17th of August, and proceeding to Fort Ellis, were there joined by an escort of five soldiers. Leaving this fort on the 23d of the month, they continued their route through Bozeman's Pass, and after a short time reached the valley of the Yellowstone. Up this stream they advanced for several days, until they arrived at the Great Fall on Cascade Creek. This was found to be upward of 350 feet in height, and of great magnificence, its swift waters flowing afterward through a cañon in some places 2000 feet in depth.

Still farther up the river they came to a region abounding in hot sulphur and mud springs, the heated vapors steaming forth perpetually through the openings in the soil.

Leaving the falls and proceeding up the river, they met with another remarkable series of springs and mud volcanoes. On one hill they found a large spring, filled with boiling water, gushing up in a basin formed of pure, solid brimstone. Around this were other springs of different characters, while sulphur occurred in inexhaustible abundance. A series of springs was seen in which the mud was constantly bubbling up in a kind of thick mush, one of them forming a volcano, from which the mud was ejected to a great height.

The most remarkable discovery of the party, however, was that of a valley abounding in geysers of enormous dimensions, the largest throwing a solid column of water from 150 to 250 feet in height. There were a dozen of large size, while the smaller ones were almost innumerable. As usual in these hot springs, the borders were constituted by a hardened deposit from the water of a silicious character and of great beauty, looking as if carved out by the art of the sculptor.

In the course of the expedition a lake of steaming hot water was found, 450 yards in diameter, resting in a basin which had been built up by its own overflow to a height of 50 feet. The ultimate destination of the party—namely, the Yellowstone Lake—was ascertained to be a body of water about twenty-two miles in length and fifteen miles in width, and at a level above the sea (as shown by the barometer) of about 8000 feet.

The length of time which the party was able to spend in this region of wonders was too limited to determine whether still greater marvels might not exist in the neighborhood; and we presume it will not be long before a thorough exploration of the whole region will be made, and all its hidden curiosities brought to light. One of the party, Mr. N. P. LANGFORD, is, we understand, now in the East, for the purpose of delivering some lectures on the subject of the journey; intending also to prepare a detailed account of it to be published in one of our leading magazines.

In illustration of the statement we have already published in regard to the capture of a whale to the north of Behring Straits, having a harpoon embedded in its flesh which must have been inserted in Baffin Bay, a writer in a late number of the *Tribune* states that a similar circumstance occurred a number of years since, a harpoon being found in the body of a whale captured off the coast of Japan, which, from reliable evidence, had been implanted not thirty days before in Baffin Bay. Those who objected to this fact being taken as proof of a communication by water across the northern parts of America maintained that the passage of the whale had been made by way of Cape Horn; but apart from the improbability of this circuitous journey having been accomplished in so short a time, it was objected that the whales of the northern and southern seas are totally distinct as species, the heated waters of the tropics apparently confining each to its appointed limit.

Captain HALL, of arctic fame, continues the preparations for his arctic journey, and in the course of a late lecture announced his expectation of starting about May of the present year. His plan contemplates a visit, in the first place, to Newfoundland to make up his crew; thence he will proceed to the west coast of Greenland to take in supplies, and then to Repulse Bay to obtain about fifty dogs for his use in the journey. After that he goes directly to Jones's Sound, and passing up about 200 miles, will turn to the north, with the intention of getting as far toward the pole as possible before winter sets in. He will then go into winter-quarters; and in the spring of the coming year he hopes to proceed on sledges to the pole, with every expectation of reaching it in due season.

According to late advices from London, Sir RODERICK MURCHISON, of whose illness we recently made mention, continues to improve; and it is hoped that before long he may be restored, in a great measure, to the full possession of his strength.

According to Professor AIRY, the Gessoriacum of the historians of the Roman empire is not the modern Boulogne-sur-Mer, as has generally been supposed. On the contrary, he thinks that Dunkirk has the best claim to identification with the place in question.

Mr. RUPERT JONES has lately published extracts from a letter written by a friend in South Africa, containing a reference to certain old paintings found upon the walls of caves, and made by the Bushmen. These pictures are said to be very varied, and to constitute a faithful representation of the manners, customs, modes of warfare, weapons, etc., of the race mentioned. Three different series of paintings were met with, one over the other; and as the most recent were believed to be upward of fifty years old, it was inferred that the undermost were very ancient. The colors are permanent, being derived from the ochreous concretions abounding in some of the sandstones of the interior of Africa, which, when broken open, are found to contain various shades of yellow, browns, reds, etc.; the broken concretions themselves serving as paint-pots. The importance of copying these paintings, and rendering them available for ethnological investigations, is urged on account of the fact that the Caffres are constantly destroying them, so that in the course of a few years they will probably become entirely obliterated.

We have already made some reference to the observations of Professor TYNDALL in regard to the cause of the blue color of the Lake of Geneva, and to his ascribing it to the presence of solid particles of extreme fineness suspended in the water. The researches of Professor TYNDALL, and of Professor LORET, on the same subject, have been reproduced by Professor DELAFONTAINE, of Chicago, and lately presented before the Academy of Sciences of that city. As the result of his observations, he stated that common water, when crossed by a beam of light, becomes illuminated, and assumes a blue color, polarizing the light in the same way that air does, and that it loses this property on having undergone a complete purification by the removal of solid matter suspended in the liquid. His experiments were tried upon the Chicago River water in its natural state, which exhibited great illuminating power even after a rest of several weeks. By first filtering and then carefully distilling the same water, with the aid of permanganate of potash, for the purpose of removing the organic matter, he found that it lost almost the whole of its power of illumination.

A German writer recommends a new form for the construction of weather-cocks, or wind vanes, as being more suitable and less likely to be moved out of place by slight puffs of wind. The peculiarity of the vane consists in having two wings instead of one, united at an angle of forty-five degrees.

In reply to the question, Why does the salmon follow the artificial fly, and what does it take it to be? Dr. GUNTHER, the well-known ichthyologist, says that if we watch a prawn (one of the principal articles of food of salmon) in the sea, swimming in jerks, we at once observe that by means of the rod we impart to the fly the peculiar motion of the prawn; while the iridescence of the real creature is reproduced by the colors of the fly, which must vary according to the physical changes of the sky and water. No two things can be more unlike than a prawn and a dry, artificial fly; yet, according to Mr. GUNTHER, no two things are more alike than a swimming prawn and that same fly in the water, worked by a skillful hand.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

January 9.—The session of the Senate was chiefly occupied in considering Mr. Sherman's bill for the revision of the laws relating to the mints, assay offices, and coinage of the country. This makes the Mint a bureau of the Treasury Department, under a director appointed for five years. The discussion turned on the proposition to discontinue the charge of half of one per cent. for coinage. No action was taken.—In the House, Mr. Jenckes, of Rhode Island, introduced a bill to regulate the manner of making appointments in the civil service.

January 10.—In the Senate, petitions were presented praying for an amendment to the Constitution recognizing the Supreme Being. The act revising the Mint and Coinage laws was passed by a vote of 36 to 14, after the amendment reducing the charge for coining had been rejected.—The House took up the Senate San Domingo resolutions; and after some debate an amendment was adopted declaring that the government is not committed to the annexation scheme by these resolutions, which were then adopted.

January 11.—The Senate concurred in the House amendment to the San Domingo resolutions after long debate.—No business of general importance was transacted in the House.

January 12.—In the Senate, most of the day was taken up with the consideration of Mr. Trumbull's bill looking to reform in the civil service.—In the House, the session was occupied in discussing the Legislative and Executive Appropriation bill.

January 13.—Nothing of importance in the Senate. In the House, a bill to provide for a commission to audit all claims for damages caused by the Anglo-Confederate steamers *Alabama*, *Shenandoah*, *Florida*, and *Georgia*, and for the issue of bonds of the United States for the payment thereof, was referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

January 14.—Senate not in session.—In the House, the consideration of the Appropriation bill was resumed. The salary of the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court was fixed at $8500; that of each Associate Justice at $8000.

GENERAL DOMESTIC ITEMS.

A bill has been introduced in the New York State Legislature relative to the rights and liabilities of married women, one of the provisions of which exempts the husband from liability for the wife's debts. A bill was also introduced to repeal the Erie Directors act, and provide for the election of a new board.

General Stoneman, commander of the Department of the Pacific, has issued an order declaring his intention to prosecute a relentless winter campaign against the Final and Tonto Indians in Arizona.

Hon. John Covode died January 11 in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, of heart disease.

Red Cloud wishes the President to send provisions to Fort Laramie for his tribe, who are reported to be starving. The Crows stole sixty horses from them lately, he reports.

Negro children have been admitted by the public-school authorities into public schools in New Orleans, which were heretofore attended by white children only.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE French army of the Loire has suffered a series of reverses, beginning on the 6th inst., and ending on the 11th with the occupation of the city of Le Mans by the Prussians under Frederick Charles. In these engagements the French lost over sixteen thousand men, and a large number of cannon and mitrailleuses.

The bombardment of the Paris fortifications is continued with great vigor. The barracks in Fort D'Issy and Fort De Montrouge have been burned, and large fires have occurred within the walls of Paris, caused by incendiary shells fired into the city at night. The latest reports state that the mines and countermines around Fort Mont Valérien were on the 15th in such close proximity that a collision was momentarily expected.

The capture of the fortified town of Perrone by the Germans secures a line of advance for the German reinforcements. The siege of Givet, on the Belgian border, has been raised.

A battle on the 9th inst. at Rougemont, Department of Doubs, is claimed as a victory by the French, who report having carried Villersexel, the key of the German position. This comes from Bordeaux. From Versailles the very reverse is telegraphed, the victory being claimed by the Germans, who say they defeated the French attempt to retake Villersexel.

The North German minister at Washington has received a telegram from Count Bismarck, dated the 13th, in which it is announced that the declaration that French merchant ships carrying nothing contraband of war would be exempt from capture is withdrawn, in consequence of the French treatment of German merchantmen, the withdrawal to take effect four weeks after the date of the dispatch.

The steamer *Hornet*, sent to Cuba by the revolutionists with arms and ammunition, landed her cargo on the 12th at Punta Brava, near Manati. The Spanish troops arrived shortly afterward and captured her entire cargo. They killed several of the expeditionists, and are in pursuit of the remainder. The officers of the *Hornet*, seeing the state of affairs on the shore, immediately went to sea.

Rev. Dr. Alford, Dean of Canterbury, died suddenly on the 29th instant in London, aged sixty-one years.

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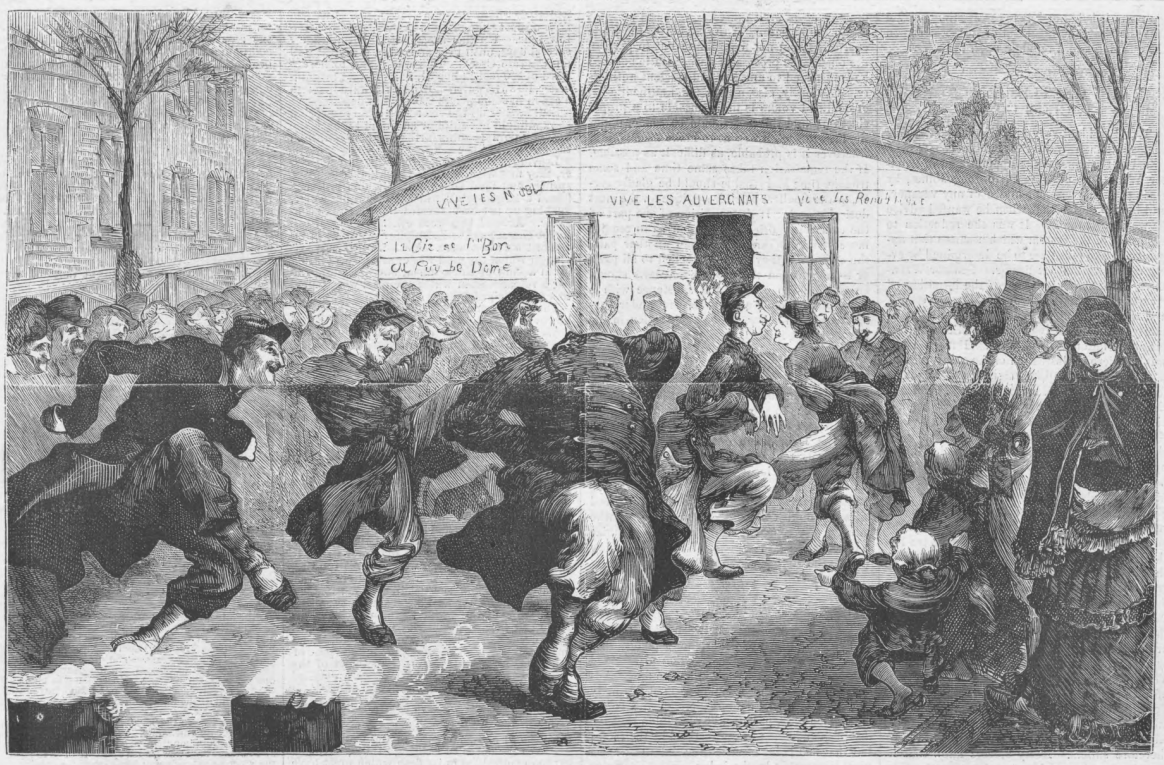

A DANCE OF MOBLOTS IN PARIS.

ARTILLERY PRACTICE IN PARIS.

EVERY available spot in the beleaguered capital of France is turned to use for the purpose of drilling raw recruits into soldiers, and of perfecting them in the use of their several arms. Thus in an inclosure behind Notre Dame, as shown in the illustration on this page, some artillerists of the National Guards are taught expertness in the handling of their guns. The French are at length awake to the importance of artillery, having learned many a hard lesson on this point, and are making strenuous exertions, in Paris and elsewhere, to compete with their foe in this arm of the service.

A DANCE OF MOBLOTS.

ONE of the great features of the present war is the prominent part which the Garde Mobile have played in it. These young troops, who, a

ARTILLERY PRACTICE IN PARIS.

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LISTENING.

short time ago, no more dreamed of soldiering than our own youthful citizens do now, have for the past three months been the prop and hope not only of Paris, but of the whole French nation. Not that they have always acted with unusual bravery. By no means. In several engagements, and notably in the skirmishing before Orleans and Rouen, they seem to have behaved with astonishing cowardice. Still it must be admitted that those dreadful Landwehr men are, in many cases, already veterans of two campaigns—viz., the Danish and Austrian—and all fresh from unparalleled victories over the hitherto invincible Zouaves and Turcos. It is not to be wondered at that the poor inexperienced Moblot felt some misgivings at the sight of men who had vanquished troops which he had always been taught to look on as the bravest in the world.

In many cases, however, the Mobiles have shown themselves indubitably brave, and as capable of enduring hardship as the most seasoned campaigner extant. This is more especially exemplified in Paris, where a long course of drilling, and a little familiarity with, at least, the sight of the enemy, have imbued the Moblot with a good deal of that contempt of danger which is so necessary in the making of a droll soldier.

Thus the Mobiles are high in favor with their countrymen, and jokes and freaks which would be indignantly resented in a civilian are patiently borne and even applauded in a Moblot. Neither are the Mobiles slow to avail themselves of these privileges, for, endued with an irrepressible fund of mirth, they have greatly contributed to keep up the Parisian spirits during the siege.

This jollity has been by no means damped by the tediousness and monotony of besieged life, and the sketch on page 76 represents him dancing as energetically and with as much gusto as though again tripping it in a primeval ball-room of Auvergne or Brittany.

DEPARTURE OF A BALLOON.

THE departure of balloons from Paris takes place only at night, and the time is rigidly concealed from all save those immediately concerned, in order to avoid as far as possible the chances of its being communicated to the enemy, and thereby exposing the aeronauts and their precious freight to the fiery rockets and other projectiles with which the Germans are prepared to favor them. As in old times, the railway stations are still the places from which passengers and letters take their departure for the outside world; for they not only offer large open spaces in which to fill their balloons, but, being situated away from the centre of Paris, there is less risk of these in their ascent coming in contact with buildings. The engraving on page 81 represents the departure of one of these balloons from the Gare du Nord at half past eleven o'clock at night. The balloons start from one of the court-yards of the station, which is lighted up with the lamps belonging to the now disused locomotives. Perfect silence is maintained while the necessary preparations are made, and the shrill whistle directing the workmen engaged in performing the various operations is the only sound heard. About half an hour previous to the time fixed for the departure a post-office van arrives with the sacks of letters and the copies of the *Journal Officiel* intended to serve as ballast. These are at once placed in the car, to which is also attached (as shown in the sketch) a basket containing pigeons, and addressed, "Pigeons—to be immediately forwarded to Tours." If the night should be foggy and the wind favorable, the countenance of the Director-General of the Post-office is beaming with satisfaction, for he knows that the balloon will both leave without being perceived by the enemy, and will fall far outside their lines. The car has been fixed on, the aeronaut and his passengers have already taken their places, the former clad in a light-colored fur coat, to shield him from the intense cold of the upper regions of the atmosphere, when an aid-de-camp of General TROCHU arrives, out of breath. His dispatch is handed to the aeronaut, the command "Let go!" is given, and the balloon soars majestically into the air. The spectators watch it clear the glazed roof of the station, and it disappears into the night; but for a few moments after they can still hear the adieus of the travelers, who are carrying with them into the outer world so many messages of love and hope from the sorrowful inhabitants of the beleaguered city.

As the balloon can carry but a limited amount of freight, and the number of persons who wish to send messages is very great, the size and weight which each letter must not exceed are prescribed by the authorities. Thin paper is consequently in great demand, and a studious brevity of expression is cultivated, even by female correspondents. Artist in the beleaguered capital, who send sketches to the illustrated journals, make use of the finest tracing-paper for this purpose, and in many cases make their drawings very small, in order to send a number by the same mail.

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PARIS, NEW-YEAR'S, 1871.

THE VOICE OF THE NIGHT.

ARISE, hollow-eyed and forsaken,
Arise from dreams splendid and vain;
The dawn is at hand, to awaken
Thy children to battle again.
Art not wearied of passion and splendor?
Was there nothing but semblance and show?
Oh! Paris, once true and once tender,
Lament thy old nobleness now.

PARIS.

I am haunted, and a voice
In the darkness cries aloud;
And the forms of by-gone joys
Across my eyeballs crowd.
Strange whispers wake me—what is this?
Alas! I dreamed that, as last year,
Once more the passionate music-bliss
Thrilled through me, and the past was here.

VOICE.

You drowned, in the whirl of your dances,
A voice that would never be mute;
But dead are illusions and fancies,
And hushed is the song of the lute.
Gone, gone, is your holiday lover,
And silent the hymn of your praise;
And only around you there hover,
Accusing, the Spectres of days.

PARIS.

My children perish on my walls,
My children perish for my sin;
No sound of music in my halls,
No joy my palaces within.
Without, the hosts expectant wait,
My little ones with famine cry,
My heart is broken with my fate;
So let it break, and let me die.

VOICE.

You danced, with a gibe at things holy,
A jest at things lofty and pure;
There was nothing but scorn for the lowly,
But scorn for the poor who endure.
Go, think of the years of your glory,
Then make up the tale of your lost;
And on each battle-field of your story
Count up, in your tears, what it cost.

PARIS.

I wake from dreams; the colored veil
Drops now, and all the world is gray;
Accusing women, wan and pale,
Weep where their children used to play.
Forgive me, thou, best blood of France,
Forgive thy mother's sin and shame;
Forget my teachings: so, perchance,
Restore in time my trampled name.

VOICE.

Is there hope? Look to suffer more sorrow,
Make ready thy daughters for tears;
And for many and many a morrow,
Weep still for the wasting of years.
See, see, a new day; but 'tis breaking
Beyond the close ranks of thy foe;
Oh! bitter and sad the awaking,
My Paris—arise to new woe.

WON—NOT WOOED.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Bred in the Bone," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VII.

DANCING ATTENDANCE.

LIFE at *The Grand* begins betimes in the morning, for there are some who believe that a few drops of nasty water from a spa, if taken before breakfast, will repair a shattered constitution, and even refit it for another voyage upon the ocean of Excess; very early, therefore, a straggling procession of shaky folks is seen issuing from the hotel portals, and betaking themselves to the Temple of Hygeia, a damp well, with a couple of spigots in it, each of which is a fountain of health. The one on the right hand is a sovereign medicine for the liver; that on the left is equally efficacious for the spleen. Among this wobegone crowd may be observed not a few young people afflicted with disorders of the affections, who find the spa a convenient spot for meeting with their beloved objects. Glass in hand the bashful maiden, glass in eye the enamored swain, wander about the undulating and many-seated "grounds," which the corporation of Shingleton has laid out at a great expense, ostensibly for recreation, but in reality for this very purpose. The undulations are little knolls embowered in trees, and, like the seats, adapted for two persons only. For Shingleton-on-Sea is one of the great matrimonial marts to which the fashionable of both sexes repair when London is a desert: the flirtations which have formally received the paternal or maternal consent are carried on here every afternoon to the soft music of the spa band; but those in embryo, or which are regarded by the domestic authorities with disfavor, are pursued in the morning only, under favor of Hygeia. To say of a young lady at Shingleton that she takes the waters early, is to hint that she has a clandestine attachment; while in the case of a young gentleman, the simple phrase, "He has a liver," has a signification with his rude companions beyond its mere anatomical truth.

The early visitors to the spa are, however, but few in number compared with the rest of the inmates of the hotel, who are for the most part late sitters and late risers. The breakfast epoch for those "upon the establishment" ranges from nine to eleven, and that meal, in the private sitting-rooms, is sometimes served at an even later hour.

The Pennants were no sluggards, yet Mabel Denham, fresh from the country parsonage, and accustomed to early hours, found, on her descending to their parlor, a chamber-maid sweeping the carpet, and not even the breakfast-cloth laid. It was but natural, then, that in order to escape the dust and the coming waiter, she should come out into the balcony, where the sea-breeze was blowing freshly, tossing the boats, and creaming the waves, and giving life to every object. How delightful every thing looked, and was, thought she, at Shingleton! How pleasant it must be to be rich, and able to live at such a place as *The Grand* all one's life! (The Pennants were not rich, but during our honey-moon we can afford to be a little extravagant, or we have no business to marry at all.) How nice every body was she had yet seen, and how anxious to please her! Mrs. Marshall, it is true, was rather talkative, but then she was very good-natured. That dear old Professor had quite won her heart; he was so kind and gentle, notwithstanding all his learning; and really Mr. Winthrop had been very civil, though Frederick had said last night, when his opinion was asked about him, that he was "a beast." Frederick was charming, only his expressions were a little strong when he was put out; and he *had* been put out—upon *her* account, dear fellow, not his own—by that stupid man's interrupting her song. How foolish of her it had been to stop and be so frightened! Why, as Mrs. Marshall had said, "the man had only expressed his pleasure at the performance, though in a vulgar way;" and it certainly would have been "a much more disagreeable thing if he had hissed." How beautiful that yacht looked coming out of the harbor, with its great sails shining like angels' wings! But how very much on one side it was! She would have liked it to keep straight and safe. And why were the sails of the fishing-boats all red? Perhaps to save washing. How far the sea stretched! Limitless as Eternity itself. How bright and pure and sparkling, as though it felt the smile of Heaven! How easy it must be to be good with such a sight always before one! How early people began croquet! No; it was only a young man knocking the balls about with his foot. Good gracious! what *was* she to do? He had actually taken off his hat to her! Ought she to bow—for she saw it was Mr. Winthrop's son—or to go indoors at once? She did neither, but only blushed exceedingly, and stared out to sea—not to see *him*. He had a very bold, disagreeable look, which she did not wish to meet again. She hoped he was not to accompany them in their expedition that day, for Frederick had taken even a greater dislike to him than to his father. He was still looking at her, with his hat off, and it made her very hot and uncomfortable. But she would not be driven in by his rudeness, nor notice it in any way.

"A silver sixpence for your thoughts, Miss Mabel," said a voice, so sudden and so close beside her that, gentle as it was, it "made her jump." But she was delighted to find the Professor at her elbow, in such trying circumstances, and welcomed him with grateful eyes.

"I was looking at the light-house on that far promontory," said she, "and thinking how nice it must be to live there all alone."

"That was a very cruel thought, my dear young lady," said Mr. Flint, unconscious of the fib; "but still, here's the sixpence."

"But that is not a sixpence, nor a silver coin at all; it is a gold one."

"Yes, because you can not hang a sixpence on to your chatelaine, where I wish you to hang this. It is a Celtic ornament, and may, for all we know, have been some maiden's amulet more than a thousand years ago. If my good-will could endow it with magic charm, care should never furrow that happy brow of yours. Will you wear it for my sake?"

"Indeed I will, Mr. Flint. But the coin is so pretty—and doubtless rare—that I hardly like to rob you of it."

"It is very old," said the Professor, gravely, "and therefore the more fit to remind you of the giver." There was a short pause, during which Mabel caught once more the noise of the croquet balls, and blushed. Mr. Flint also heard it, and looking down, recognized the younger Winthrop.

A frown passed over the Professor's face, followed by a look of ineffable sadness. He had lived so wholly among men, and heard so much of their lying talk of women, that for a moment he half believed that this bright, innocent creature was in the balcony by design, because Horn Winthrop was on the lawn.

"The light-house you were thinking of is farther than it looks, Miss Denham; but it is not far from the spot for which we are bound this morning. When you are tired of our antiquarian researches—which doubtless you soon will be—we will visit it."

"I should enjoy that of all things," said Mabel. "There has always seemed to me something almost sublime about a light-house, where folks watch, while others sleep, to warn their fellow-creatures of peril."

"What a pity it is," mused the Professor, thoughtfully, "that there are no light-houses for landsmen and landswomen—no sleepless eye to warn *them* of shoal and rock—of the Shallow and the Cruel! at least save the eye of God," added the Professor, reverently: "may *that* watch over you, young lady, and guard you always from all harm."

There was a gravity in Mr. Flint's manner which, while it convinced Mabel of the genuineness of his regard, depressed her. Even the best of us, when we are young, are somewhat of Dame Quickly's opinion, that there is no need to speak of serious matters yet; and it was a positive relief to May when her brother-in-law appeared at the open window, summoning her to breakfast, and denouncing her for flirting with Professor Flint instead of attending to the tea-pot.

They had a very merry meal, during which the Celtic amulet did not escape Mrs. Pennant's observant glance, and was the cause of a great deal of raillery on the part of her husband, who professed to see in it all the signification of "an engaged ring."

After breakfast an open carriage was ordered for the party of the previous evening; the Professor sitting inside with the ladies, and Frederick on the box. Mr. Winthrop, accompanied by his groom, was on horseback. He rode close to the vehicle, and always—as Mrs. Marshall remarked to herself, with intense satisfaction at her own sagacity—upon that side of it on which Miss Denham sat. It was all nonsense that his presence was necessary there to direct the driver to their destination. He was an excellent horseman, and the steed he rode excited even Mr. Pennant's admiration. His hat, on which was a slender band of black, concealed his slight baldness, the only evidence of age which his appearance exhibited; and he looked scarce five-and-thirty. It was difficult to conceive of him that he was the father of the tall, swarthy youth who was lounging on the hotel steps as they took their departure, and to whom he hurriedly introduced them as they started. He made himself as agreeable as the circumstances permitted, which were certainly not favorable for conversation. Equestrian exercise never is, which is doubtless the reason why great talkers seldom use it: the clatter of hoofs and the rapid motion are incompatible with the interchange of intelligent ideas, and the wisest man, when he mounts his horse, becomes either commonplace or dumb. This is especially the case when the rider has to discourse with others who are on wheels; what he hears is half rumble; he is blinded by the dust, or smacked on the cheek by the mud of the road, which sticks there, and renders him ridiculous; he has to break off in the middle of an eloquent sentiment because the way grows narrow, or he meets a wagon; and by the time he has resumed his place, and concludes his sentence, he finds his hearers have either forgotten his existence, or are talking of something else, or have taken advantage of his temporary absence to turn his opinions into ridicule. Finally, the horse, even if it is "a clever horse," is one of the stupidest of created animals, and is almost certain, if the chance is offered, to "bark" either his own leg or that of his rider against a wheel.

Mr. Winthrop, for example, who is full of social anecdote this morning, has a capital story to tell the ladies about the clergyman of Shingleton. "The living, you know" (bump, bump, and a twig of a tree in his eye), "is in the gift of Lord Muscat."

"Lord Muskrat?" says Mrs. Marshall; "what a funny name!"

A butcher's cart drives Mr. Winthrop into the rear before he can set right this mistake, which renders his story ridiculous at starting, and spoils the point.

"Lord Muskrat belongs to the Shrew family," remarks the Professor, gravely. "They possess the peculiarity of having webbed feet."

"Bless my soul, Mr. Flint, you don't say so?" cries Mrs. Marshall. "Now that's very curious. The Winthrops themselves, as I was telling Mrs. Pennant last night, have also something very peculiar about them. Their fingers are not exactly webbed, but— But here he comes again."

"Lord Muscat is the patron of the living," explains Mr. Winthrop, flushed with exertion, and out of humor with his horse, who is worried by flies; "and when it fell vacant the other day he gave it to the present rector, under the following circumstances."

The circumstance immediately following was a mail-cart, coming up at twelve miles an hour, which drove Mr. Winthrop forward at a canter, and postponed the narration for full a minute. In the mean time the conversation was turned upon letter-carriage in the present day, the speed of which the Professor is contrasting with that in vogue during his boyhood, and the company are just getting interested in an illustration of slow delivery, when Mr. Winthrop strikes in again with, "It was in a church at Bethnal Green—you have heard of the *Beggar of Bethnal Green*, Miss Denham—that Muscat heard him preach. He was doing somebody else's duty there, being what I believe is called a hack parson.—Hold up, *will* you, you stupid beast!" (this through his teeth to his horse, who had nearly come down upon his nose).—"And Muscat was delighted with him—liked his sermon immensely, because it only lasted five or six minutes, and after service thus addressed him: 'I am Lord Muscat; the living of Shingleton, which belongs to me, is vacant. In all probability I shall give it to you; but I live there myself, so you must let me see your wife.'"

Here the road narrowed, and Mr. Winthrop had to retire again, leaving every body very uncomfortable.

"I hope he is not going to tell us a gentleman's story," whispered Mrs. Marshall to Mrs. Pennant.

Nobody else spoke; all remained in a state of tension and embarrassment until Mr. Winthrop once more appeared. "I think it was so nice of his lordship," said he, "to find out first, before giving the man the living, whether his wife was a lady or not; it showed such consideration for society."

"I don't think it showed much consideration for the clergyman's feelings," observed Mrs. Pennant.

"One pockets one's feelings when one pockets twelve hundred a year," answered Mr. Winthrop; "that is," added he, hastily, perceiving Mabel's look of displeasure, "it is only too usual to do so."

There are few things more difficult than for a cynical man of the world to ingratiate himself with an honest young girl who has a sense of justice; the caustic speech which long use has rendered natural to him is not only unappreciated, but unwelcome to her, and he needs all his intelligence to repair the errors of his own wit. Mr. Winthrop was a cynic to the back-bone; he had been all round the world, and found it "a very small affair"—not too large, indeed, to have been made solely for his private pleasure and advantage. The misfortunes of others, so long as they did not affect himself, failed to depress him or distress his mind; and he took the utmost possible care of his constitution; but still he was not quite the man he had been. The bald spot on the top of his head affected his spirits. He would have devastated a province, if by so doing he could have restored that little handful of hair; not from vanity, but because its loss perforce reminded him that he had passed the table-land of middle life, and was beginning that long descent every step of which is a bathos; the pleasures of life had begun to pall with him, and, as usual, sarcasm had taken the place of youthful spirit. He knew that this was a sore impediment in the way of ingratiating himself with a young girl like Mabel Denham; but he had never yet failed in an attempt to make himself agreeable to the other sex, and he was surely not yet too old to succeed in this case. To fail would not only be a disappointment—it would be a catastrophe, for it would convince him of his own decline. It was bitterness to him to have to swallow his bitter words, and to affect sentiments he despised; but to have to acknowledge to himself that he was no longer young would indeed be gall and wormwood. Mr. Winthrop hated hypocrisy, because it gave him trouble, and lying, because it was a strain upon his memory; bother of all kinds was distasteful to him; but having once set his mind upon the attainment of any object, he was prepared for sacrifices that would have been shrunk from by many a less selfish man.

CHAPTER VIII.

A PROPHETESS OF EVIL.

"WE are nearing our destination now, ladies," cried the cavalier, as the road began to dip, and then to follow the windings of a shallow stream. —"There is the hill, Professor, of which I spoke; and half-way up it is your treasure-house. As luck will have it, too, there are a couple of men at work yonder, whom we may impress into our service.—George" (this to his groom), "gallop off to those fellows, and bid them come down here."

The groom obeyed; and the "fellows," by no means unwillingly, left their field-work—they had been digging up roots—and came down to the carriage, with axe and spade.

"Are these the same poor men, Mr. Winthrop, whom you saw before?" inquired Mabel, in a low voice.

"To be sure, to be sure," answered he, eagerly. "Here; you remember me, my men. I gave you a shilling the other day for an old bone; well, here is half a sovereign for you—since this young lady here thinks you deserve it—and if you will dig for us where we tell you, you shall be paid for your services besides."

"A very satisfactory arrangement for every body except their own master," observed Frederick, dryly. "Moreover, as a matter of fact, you have no more right to dig on that hill without permission than to break into its proprietor's house."

"Stuff and nonsense!" ejaculated the Professor, contemptuous of this technical difficulty. "Let us have none of these frivolous and vexatious objections. Set to work, my boys, set to work."

The "boys," who were about his own age, and prematurely bent with that primeval agricultural curse, the rheumatics, shouldered the implements on which they had been leaning, and began slowly to climb the hill. Mr. Flint descended from the carriage with alacrity, and before Mr. Winthrop, who had by this time dismounted, could interfere, had handed Mabel down, and offered her his arm.

"Come along, Ju," said Frederick, jumping down from his perch, and opening the door upon the other side for her to alight; "a man must cleave to his wife, saith the Scriptures." So Winthrop of Wapshot had perforce to content himself with Mrs. Marshall.

The object which they were now approaching appeared a sort of niche of about seven feet long, and very narrow, which had been disclosed but the day before by the removal of a tree-trunk. It was "a bit of a squeeze," as Mrs. Marshall observed, to push through this opening into the cave beyond; and when you had done so, it was that lady's opinion that it was hardly worth while to have "gone through so much to see so little." There was hardly light enough, in fact, to see any thing; but the Professor, who was used to such explorations, and had the eyes of a cat, expressed himself more than satisfied with the exploration. This cave, the opening of which had so long been hidden by a débris of stones and vegetable earth, was in the solid rock, and perfectly dry and cool. The flooring was of "made ground," and quite intact, save where the men had been digging on the previous day. Mr. Flint was shown the exact spot where the precious bone had been discovered, and stooping down and groping in the half-light, his own fingers came upon some object, which caused him to utter a sharp cry.

"What is it?" was the universal inquiry.

"Let us get out into the light and see," quoth the Professor. His hand was bleeding, but his thoughts were far too occupied to observe it. The gravity of his face was lighted up by a look of intense triumph. "Do you see this weapon?"

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cried he, after a short silence, holding up what he had found.

"I see a stone with a sharp point," said Frederick. "Ju, my dear, you always carry court-plaster about with you, I know; give a bit to the Professor."

"It is nothing less than a flint knife!" exclaimed the latter, exultingly, and without noticing this benevolent suggestion. "Look where it has been wrought and chipped! I have seen hundreds of them, and can not be mistaken.—My dear Winthrop, I congratulate you; this discovery is of incalculable value. I make no doubt but this cave was a human habitation in pre-historic times. It shall be known to science by your own name, as Winthrop Cavern."

"You are very good," replied that gentleman, somewhat precipitately; "but I beg you won't. I am really not deserving of that honor."

"It shall be henceforth known as Winthrop Cavern," reiterated the Professor, solemnly.

"Well, I only hope you may prove right, that's all," murmured the recipient of so much honor; "because if it turns out to be nothing particular, it will make me very ridiculous."

"Nothing particular!" roared the Professor. "Is it nothing to reflect that until yesterday that home of primeval man may not have been looked upon by his fellow-creatures for thousands of years! Is it nothing that in that cavern, into which have just been admitted the rays of our summer sun, he found warmth and shelter from the inhospitable and glacier-covered earth, and from a climate compared with which that of the arctic regions may be called temperate! I tell you that if a human bone should be discovered in yonder place it would be worth its weight in gold. It would prove that in the same epoch as that of the Cave Bear—"

"Here's a boar-pig's tooth for you, Sir," said one of the laborers, coming out from the cave, where he had been assiduously digging within while the Professor had been haranguing without; "and it's a good big un too."

"Impossible!" cried Mr. Flint, with an uneasy frown; "the pig had no existence before the diluvial inundation. Give it to me, my good man. Why, gracious powers! this is the upper molar of a bison!"

A child with a new toy, a miser who has found a sixpence, a maiden in whose ear her lover has just breathed his welcome passion for the first time, are faint types of the Professor's joy as he gazed upon the misshapen bone.

"What is that he says, my dear, about a mole and a basin?" whispered Mrs. Marshall.

"Hush!" said Mabel; "listen!"

But the Professor was speechless, wrapped in veneration of this relic of antiquity, out of respect to which he had actually taken off his hat.

"Is a bison more wonderful than a Cave Bear, then, Mr. Flint?" inquired Mabel, deferentially.

"Not at all, my dear," answered the Professor; "but the point is that this has been found *in situ*, and under my very eyes; the other bone I had only Mr. Winthrop's word for, and he might have stolen it from a museum, for all I knew."

"Very true," observed Mrs. Marshall, with that welcome which is always afforded in a scientific inquiry to an observation that one can thoroughly comprehend.

"Upon my word!" remonstrated Mr. Winthrop.

But Mr. Flint, quite unconscious of having given offense, pursued his self-congratulations. "These precious relics are like ghosts," said he, "they so rarely come to us, except at second-hand. Such good fortune as this befalls a man but once in a lifetime. Give me the spade, man, and let me dig for myself. And do you, ladies and gentlemen, please to stand aside, and let the light help my old eyes as much as it can."

So the Professor worked away in his shirt-sleeves within the cave, every now and then coming forth excitedly, with some new wonder, which, however, to the ladies at least, required his explanation before it could be recognized as such; for stones unset, and bones in need of setting, have little significance to the uneducated eye; and what are called "flint weapons" of the pre-historic times seem to differ little from that historic one with which David slew Goliath.

After an hour or two of watching and listening the interest of the spectators flagged a little; the heat in their exposed position upon the treeless hill was also somewhat trying; and with their pre-historic dreams began slowly to mingle the idea of lunch.

It was felt that the Professor would regard any interruption of his occupation as a sacrilege, and Mr. Pennant was, by common consent, deputed to break this delicate subject.

"My dear Mr. Flint," said he, "have any of those bones in there got meat upon them?"

"Meat? Of course not," answered the paleontologist, contemptuously. "But observe how the long bones have been broken, with the object of extracting the marrow. When we get home I will point out to you notches in them, which prove the flesh has been cut off by some sharp instrument; there are also traces of the action of fire. Ah! only see what I've got here!" Here Mr. Flint emerged from the cave, bearing in his hand a small and sharpened object, which he regarded with the air of one who has, at all events in this world, nothing more to wish for. "There is only one such another," cried he; "and that is in the Museum of St. Germain. This is certainly the whitest day in the whole calendar of my life!"

"But what is it, Professor?" inquired his audience, once more stimulated into interest by his impassioned air.

"It is nothing less than a whistle!" exclaimed he, excitedly.

"A whistle!" echoed Mrs. Marshall, collapsed with hunger and disappointment. "Why, what of that?"

"What of *that*, madam!" retorted Mr. Flint, indignantly. "This is the knuckle-bone of a reindeer's foot, bored with a hole, with the evident and express purpose of emitting sound.—Miss Mabel"—here he turned to the young girl with the earnest pleasure of some munificent benefactor—"put your pretty lips to this, and blow, my dear, blow."

The object thus presented was not an attractive one, and, to say truth, much resembled a mutton-bone that has been recently rescued from the dust-heap; but May did as she was bid with a good grace, and succeeded in producing a shrill sound.

"The last person that used that instrument," said the Professor, solemnly, "died probably no less than ten thousand years ago, and the echoes which it awakened were cast back from walls of ice."

The idea was really a grand one, and a silence followed the expression of it for some moments.

"Had they any thing to wet their whistles with in those days?" inquired Frederick, demurely.

The Professor looked so indignant at this ill-timed pleasantry that Mr. Pennant hastened to explain that the ladies stood in need of lunch, and had commissioned him to say so. There was a village near called Hillsborough, close to the light-house, and food could doubtless be procured there.

At first Mr. Flint was immovable; he was not to be seduced from his post by all the flesh-pots of Egypt; let lower natures act as they pleased; but as for him, he was not going to leave this temple of antiquity even for an hour. He might possibly be upon the brink of some great discovery. Never yet had a whole skeleton, or even an entire limb of the skeleton of a man, been disinterred in any primeval cave, and Winthrop Cavern might be the first to present this unparalleled prize. It was true that nobody knew of the existence of the cave at present besides themselves; but your true *savant* has the scent of a vulture for such matters, and is always a rogue concerning them. The temptation to build on another man's foundation, or rather to continue his excavations, was too tremendous for human nature to resist; and if Huxley or Owen—

"But, my dear Mr. Flint," interposed Mabel, pleadingly, "you promised to take me over Hillsborough light-house yourself, remember."

"Did I, Miss Mabel, did I?" sighed the Professor. "Well, I must keep my word, then. Oh dear, oh dear!"

So the laborers were left on guard, with strict orders to admit no one, though it were the proprietor himself, into the cave; and, above all, touch nothing till Mr. Flint's return—a command which they very readily promised to observe; they had too much to do with "boans and muck," they said, to be anxious to meddle with them without need.

"What are you waiting for, Mr. Winthrop?" asked Mrs. Marshall, a little impatiently, as that gentleman, to whose care she had once more been consigned, tarried on the hill-top (while the rest trooped down to the carriage), and gazed anxiously down the road by which they had come.

"I sent my servant back to Shingleton for something," murmured he; "but I suppose these men here will direct him on."

"Yes, yes; of course they will. Do, pray, let us come along. I protest I would give all the precious relics that have been found to-day for a mutton-chop, though it was cut from the neck; and *what* a difference there is between the neck and the loin, is there not?—Now, my dear Miss Mabel, if you're tired of sitting with your back to the horses, pray say so; it is quite indifferent to me, and I know that it makes some people quite sea-sick. Very good; then we'll sit as we were. I wonder what sort of a place is Hillsborough.—Driver, driver, is there a good inn?"

The driver answered that there were two inns. *The Ugly Duck* and *The Hillsborough Arms*—"much about the same" as to goodness; there was "not a ha'porth to choose between them."

"I suppose we shall get ham and eggs there, at all events, eh, driver?" continued Mrs. Marshall, pursuing her inquiries with a certain liveliness and relish, after the long silence which she had perforce maintained during the late scientific investigation.

"Well, ma'am, that will just depend on whether they keep pigs or fowls," was the abrupt reply.

Mrs. Marshall's cross-examining manner, although she especially piqued herself upon it, was not a popular one with servants, and now and then, as in this case, it produced rather embarrassing rejoinders; upon which circumstances she founded her opinion, that servants were an ungrateful and rebellious class, and the lower orders generally a dangerous set of persons, for whose good conduct the police were by no means a sufficient guarantee; she placed her confidence only in the military and "guns."

The Hillsborough Arms was certainly not an attractive caravansera. It stood in the High Street of the little village, and in no way different in appearance from the cottages on either side of it, except by its possession of a sign.

"This will never, *never* do!" ejaculated Mrs. Marshall, but in a low tone; for she stood in awe of that rude man, the driver, and was secretly convinced that he was in an advanced stage of intoxication; "not master of himself, my dear," as she confided to Mrs. Pennant; "capable of any atrocity."

Mr. Winthrop had lagged behind, and was at that moment looking down the road, like another Sister Anne, for that something for which he had sent back his groom; but Frederick and Mr. Flint at once left the carriage, and made their way into the apartment, which evidently formed both parlor and kitchen of the little inn.

"Can you give us some lunch, my good woman?" inquired Mr. Pennant of the landlady, a thin and poverty-stricken widow, with three small children, who, to look at her, should have been her grandchildren, crowding about her as she superintended some culinary operation at the fire.

"Nay, Sir," was the civil reply; "we have naught but bread and cheese; and, since you have ladies with you, not a room as you can well sit in, I fear."

"Oh, we are not particular about the room," said Frederick, doubtfully. Then he went out to the ladies, and bade them make themselves as comfortable within as circumstances permitted, while he went on to the other inn to see whether it offered better accommodation.

"I think we had better purchase what we can here, and eat it in the open air," suggested Mrs. Pennant, softly.

"That is much the best plan," cried Mrs. Marshall; "I am sure I should be suffocated in such a hovel."

She spoke so loudly that Mabel felt sure that the poor woman, whom she could see through the open window, must needs have heard the observation; and she jumped lightly down, and entered the house at once. Her heart was naturally tender, and constant intercourse with the poor folks about her home, so far from blunting her sympathy for them, as not seldom happens, had only shaped it aright. The insolent patronage that some persons exhibit toward their social inferiors was scarcely more impossible to her than the callous indifference of others. She felt the divine truth of the modern parable of "the insect on the leaf and its brethren in the dust" as deeply as he who wrote it and preached upon that text his whole life long. Though the daughter of a clergyman, she was not religious in the ascetic or doctrinal sense, but her heart was full of the truest Christian piety—pity for the poor. This bright and beautiful girl, to whom pleasure and gayety were so welcome, was always ready to minister to the wants of a whining grandam, or to still the cries of a sick child, in scenes of sordid squalor, from which taste, and even delicacy, shrank appalled. England has her Sisters of Charity, though not in uniform—mere volunteers, called out on only occasional service—Garibaldians of God, who fight the battle of Faith and Love as bravely as those in the regular army—and May Denham was one of these.

"No fish?" the Professor was saying as she entered the inn kitchen; "and your village within so few miles from the sea-shore? Why, that is most extraordinary!"

"There's plenty fish caught, Sir, but it all goes to Shingleton for the quality; we never taste it here."

"Well, you get the money for it, at all events," pursued Mr. Flint.

"The fishermen do, Sir; but then, you see, I am not a fisherman."

"But those who are such spend their money at your inn, my good woman; so the fish come to you, after all, in some form."

In this lecture on political economy Mabel perceived that Mr. Flint had evidently quite forgotten the object of his visit.

"But what is that savory something which is cooking yonder?" inquired she, with a sweet smile, and pointing to a simmering sauce-pan.

"Oh, nothing as you'd eat, ma'am, or even look at," replied the woman, curtly, her manner altered for the worse at once; "it's wolf-fish."

"Wolf-fish! what's that?" exclaimed the Professor, excitedly. "I should like to see it, of all things. Dog-fish I know well; but wolf-fish?"

"'Twas never used here except for manure before this year," continued the woman, in grumbling tones. "But folks as lives in *hovels*"—and she glanced with indignation at Mabel as she laid stress upon the word—"must just eat what they can get, and be thankful too, or else the parson picks a quarrel with them."

"The parson must be hard to please if he quarrels with *you*," said Mabel, softly, "whose house is so beautifully clean, and whose children are so well-behaved as yours appear to be. Those two fine boys look just of the same age. Which is the elder?"

"Well, ma'am, unfortunately they *are* of the same age. It's bad enough, as my old man used to say, when children are born to poor folks at all; but when they 'comes two at a time,' it's enough to make one wish one's self unmarried."

The relish with which the Professor received this homely joke, joined to Mabel's evident desire to conciliate, quite won over the aggrieved woman. She took off the sauce-pan lid, thereby exhibiting some shapeless substance, which might have been stewed tripe or veal; and when Mr. Flint could make nothing of that, she entered a little scullery, and brought out of it a truculent but flabby object, at least four feet long, and with a head like a pantomime mask.

"There he is," said she, "as large as life, but not so ugly. That's the wolf-fish; and if you had to kill him with a chopper yourself before you cooked him, you would have less appetite for him than you have now."

The Professor and Miss Mabel were still contemplating this unexpected spectacle—the latter with some alarm, the former with the profoundest satisfaction—when Mr. Winthrop made his appearance at the door.

"My dear Miss Denham," exclaimed he, in accents of disgust, "do, pray, come out of this horrible hut, where there are nothing, it seems, but monsters. I am thankful to say we have obtained—that is, my son here has brought from Shingleton—something fit for human food."

At his elbow stood Horn Winthrop, devouring Mabel with his dark eyes. "Your sister is waiting for you," said he, "and also the lunch."

"We are coming directly," said Mabel, with confusion. "Mr. Flint, pray take them away," whispered she; "for see how angry they make this poor woman."

The landlady was, in fact, speechless with rage, caused by the air and look of young Winthrop as much as by his father's offensive speech. She might have been, and probably was (as the latter subsequently termed her), "a widow woman with a temper;" but the look of contemptuous disgust with which the younger of the visitors was surveying her little home and its belongings would have been trying to any householder.

"You young blackguard!" roared she; "how dare you?" and would doubtless have given him a much larger piece of her mind, had not the Professor hurried them out-of-doors.

"I am most distressed," said Mabel, not offering to stir, but confronting her hostess's crimson face and flashing eyes with a look of pain and shame; "I can not say how sorry I am that you should have suffered this rudeness."

"You are an honest girl, although you are a lady," answered the woman, earnestly. "You have a kind heart, and I will give you a word of advice that may keep it from being broken. There is evil about your path, though it seems so smooth. I see it, I see it!" In the frenzy of her passion she whirled the hideous object, which she still held in her hand, about her head, until she really looked like some malign professor of the black-art. "Beware of that young fellow yonder! He is your lover, is he not?"

"No, no!" said Mabel, more terrified lest the woman's words should be heard without than at the really formidable appearance which she presented. "You are quite mistaken. But pray hush!"

"I am not mistaken," answered the woman, sinking her voice to a hoarse whisper. "Do you suppose, because I live in a hovel and eat wolf-fish, that I have no eyes? That man is your lover, I tell you; and beware of him, for he has a black heart—a black heart!" Hissing these last words through her teeth rather than articulating them, the woman dashed the fish down on the clean tiles, and resumed her occupation beside the fire; while Mabel, white as ashes, left the room, and, not without difficulty—for she trembled in every limb—got into the carriage.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A GENTLEMAN visiting Glasgow for the first time, and falling in with very wet weather, inquired of a person in the street if it always rained in Glasgow. "Na," was the answer; "it snaws sometimes."

Prussia is very anxious for peace—a piece of France.

Cowper speaks of "the bubbling and loud-hissing urn." The same little machine, when it won't either bubble or hiss, may be described as tacit-urn.

Lavater could always tell whether a man was a miser by the way in which he pursed up his mouth.

"Say, Smith, where have you been for a week back?" "I haven't been any where for it. I haven't got a weak back."

MUTUAL FRIENDS—Kerosene and coroners.

An ignorant fellow, desirous of "showing off" in a company where the conversation was of a classical character, speaking of Leander crossing the Hellespont for an interview with Hero, designated the feat as "Leander swimming across the herring-pond to see Nero."

"THE RELIGIOUS DIFFICULTY"—Long sermons.

"I am," said a reverend rector of the old school to a ritualist curate, "a martyr to the gout." "Pardon me, my dear Sir," replied the latter; "happily you still survive. You should not call yourself a martyr, but a confessor."

Land-lubbers may be informed that the nautical experiment of boxing the compass is usually attempted upon the spar-deck.

In the concert of birds the domestic fowl plays but a humble part—only supplying the drum-sticks.

A young lady being asked by an enthusiastic politician which party she was most in favor of, replied that she preferred a wedding-party.

'Tis sweet to court,
But, oh! how bitter
To court a gal
And then not git 'er.

"Do you know the prisoner, Mr. Jones?" "Yes, to the bone." "What is his character?" "Didn't know he had any." "Does he live near you?" "So near that he has spent only one dollar for fire-wood in eight years." "Did he ever come in collision with you in any matter?" "Only once, and that was when he was drunk and mistook me for a lamp-post." "From what you know of him, would you believe him under oath?" "That depends upon circumstances. If he was so much intoxicated that he did not know what he was doing, I would. If not, I wouldn't."

TO KILL ANTS—Hit your uncle's wife on the head with a hammer.

A man in Exeter, Massachusetts, refused to have the pegs of a new pair of shoes he was buying for his boy rasped off, because in that case the boy would run all over town, and the shoes wouldn't last him three weeks.

A CHECKMATE—A wife.

It is considered cool to take a man's hat with his name written in it, simply because you want to get his autograph.

A college professor, having requested that some man should go to the president's office on an errand, nearly the whole class rose to their feet. The professor's question, "How many of you do you think it takes to make a man?" quickly brought them to their seats again.

The choir sung "Come, ye Disconsolate," at a recent wedding in Lafayette, Indiana.

A person in prison was asked by a friend what it was for. "For telling lies," he replied. "Telling lies! how is that?" demanded the other. "Why, telling people I would pay 'em, and not keeping my word."

THE SCIENCE OF SORROW—Sighchology.

What should a man carry with him when calling upon his affianced?—Affection in his heart, perfection in his manners, and confection in his pockets.

THE FAVORITE NOVEL OF OFFICE-SEEKERS—"Put Yourself in His Place."

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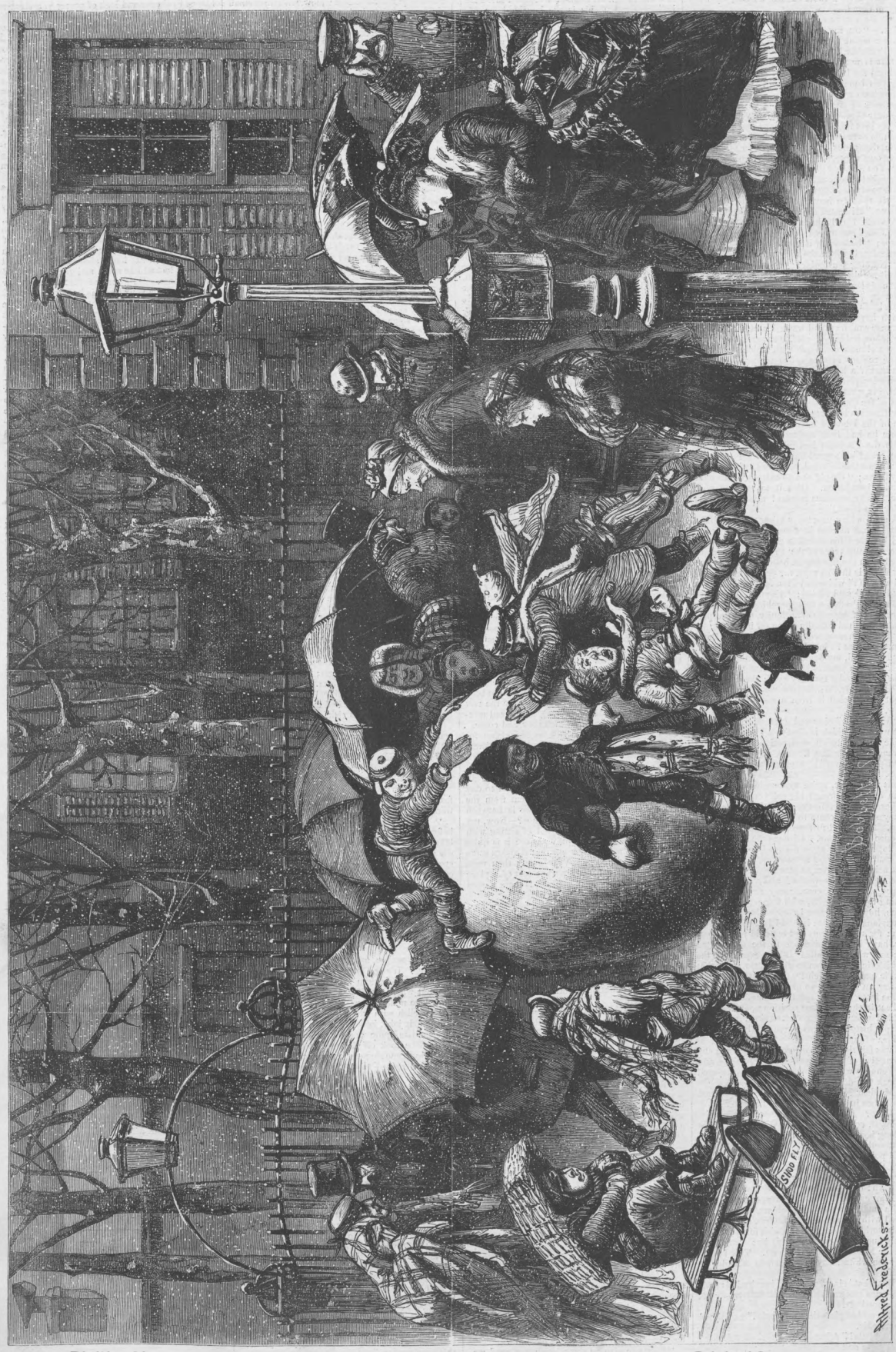

THE SNOW-BALL OF THE SEASON.—[DRAWN BY ALFRED FREDERICKS.]

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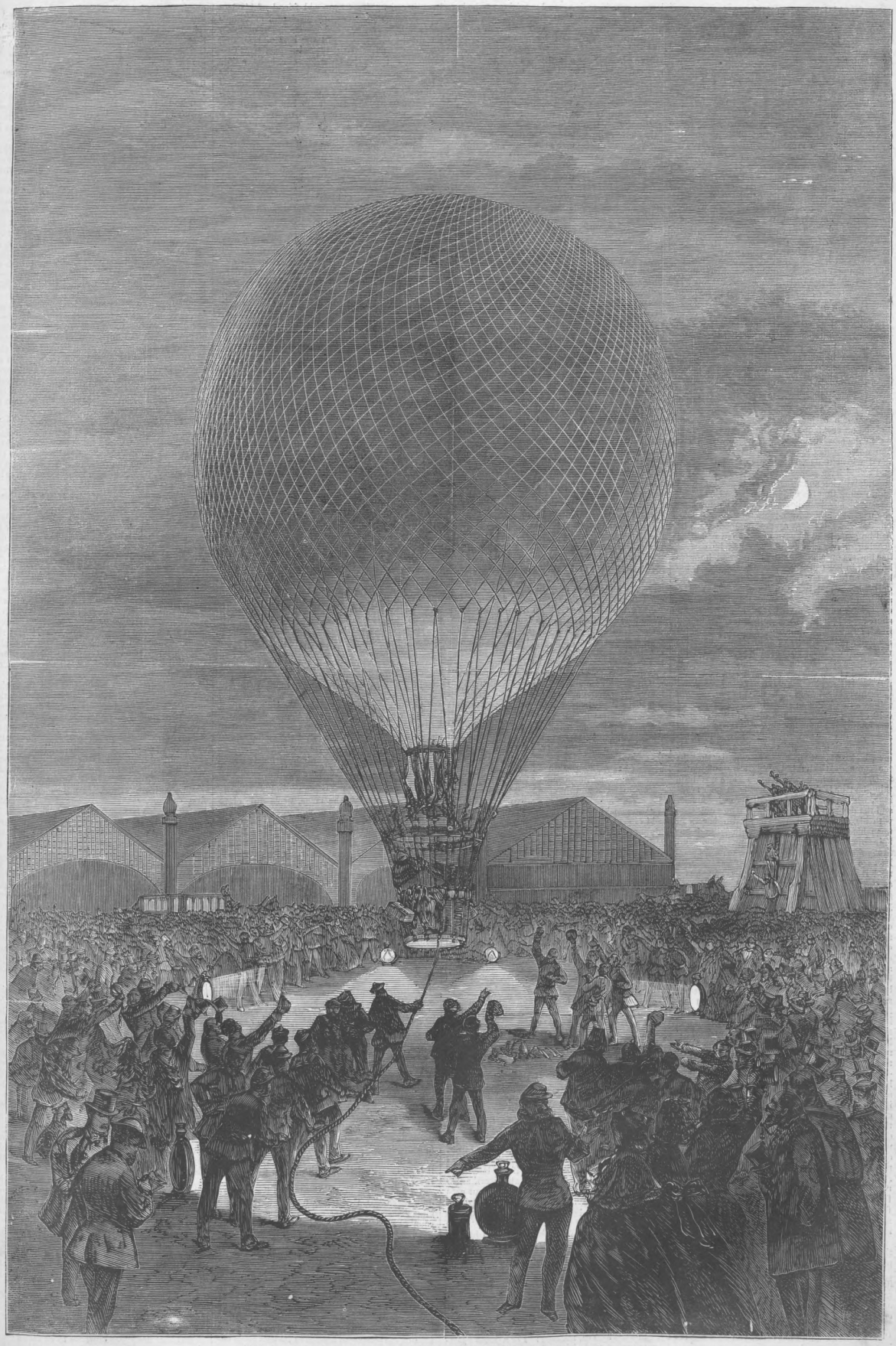

THE DEPARTURE OF A POST-BALLOON FROM PARIS.—[SEE PAGE 77.]

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CHARLIE'S WOODLAND.

POOR Charlie Carletan's was a desperate case: completely in love, as he was, with a damsel who had been accustomed from birth to all the luxuries and enjoyments of life, and he without a piece of silver to cross his palm; without enough ready money to pay a marriage fee; without any thing to support a wife upon; with nothing, in fact, but a square mile of remote woodland, of no good to him or any one else that he knew. It is true that the trees on his land could be cut, and floated down the stream that ran through it to tide-water, and there disposed of; but to do that required the means to hire a gang of men for cutting and rafting it, and to feed them while at work; and money being so tight just then that it was impossible to borrow for any such scheme, of course the thing was not to be thought of. And yet there was nothing else to do. Charlie's late employers, wealthy merchants, to whom he had been the confidential clerk, had but just failed, and thrown him on his own resources, when his quarter's salary exactly met his bills, and left him in this destitute condition, with the option of seeking another situation, or of going back to his woodland, and delving his life away there with old Flamen and Jule. He would willingly have gone—but there was Flora. Going back to the woodland was no way to win her, and poor Charlie Carletan could have torn his hair for vexation if he had not been standing on 'Change in the face of all men. Why had he been so idiotic as to cast a second glance upon the girl—she as high as any star, he a clod? Why, when he first saw the dazzle of her golden-haired ivory beauty from the box that night, had he not taken his hat and left the place with his eyes closed? Why had he pushed to a spot in the vestibule beside her as the place emptied, and, on an accident happening to her escort, put her in the carriage himself, and felt a thrill that had not subsided when he met her walking in the Park next day, and hesitated, and looked, and would have passed by if she had not put out a hand, with her engaging frankness, and thanked him, saying that his employers, her father's particular friends, had spoken of him so warmly that she needed no more introduction? Why had he not fled from his fate at that moment? Why had he gone to the house with an old friend an evening or two afterward? why had he carried her flowers on a second call? why had he waylaid her in her walks, sought acquaintance at the houses of her resort, spent all his money on wonderful boots and ties and broadcloth, put himself into Brown's hands, entered on the full tide of society, and followed her at last to the seashore? Why, but that destiny had taken him in hand, and brought him to this pass, so delicious and yet so miserable, so full of bliss and trouble together, that though he could not, if he would, undo the work, he would not, if he could, do it over again! Would not if he could? Would not have those plunges in the surf, when all other women vanished from their fair proportions into things as unlovely as the sticks and weeds and drift of the sea, and Flora alone had a color in her cheek, a flame in her eye, as she floated away on the wave, her long hair streaming behind her like an angelic mermaid's? Poor fellow! he knew that other Floras' Charlies thought the same of them; but they were infatuated fools, he argued, and only of this Flora could the thing be true! Then there had been such evenings, when the band blew out its waltz music, and the dancers floated down the long circles, he with his arm around her waist, with her head upon his shoulder, with his breath stirring her hair—that shining cloud of hair, fluffy and fleecy and mysterious in lustre—what did Charlie care whether it all grew upon her head or not? it was there now, a part of her, and sacred as the nimbus round the head of any saint or goddess! And there had been other evenings yet, long strolls upon the cliff or down the beach, with the tide breaking in a hushed and murmurous tune; and one night there—never could he forget it! never could the heavens be as deep and dark, the starlight as radiant, the wind as odorous; never could such divinity breathe through all the dark and dewy night again! For in helping Flora over the weed-wet rocks he had held her hand, had felt it tremble, and seen it glisten white as a lily leaf; had looked in the face, and seen it bending over him, beautiful, impassioned; had suddenly kissed the hand, and then, wild with emotion no longer to be restrained, had kissed the face; had held her strained one moment to his heart—one moment of surging joy, that abandoned him for one of passionate despair—and he had cried out what a wretch and villain he was to have dared to love her; and she had answered that he would have broken her heart if he had not loved her. And so in a rapture and ecstasy they had lingered till the tide had swept them up; and late at night, all drenched with dew and the salt wind, but warm and flushed with happiness, they had parted—each, when alone, to doubt the moment's truth, to renew the night's rapture when assured that it was real. Ah no! Charlie Carletan could not choose to annul such scenes as these; he could only regret, for Flora's sake, suffering and rejoicing together for his own, that she had singled him out for her regard—that regard which was a crown and glory itself.

For the way had been no smoother for them than for the traditional true lovers, and a stern parent had ordained the daughter a duenna, had forbidden all intercourse with Charlie, had made her young life a burden to her, and had commanded Charlie never to cross his threshold again till he was able to place his daughter in as comfortable a home as she had a right to expect.

"I don't mean," said the rich old merchant, "to say that I would not select you as a son-in-law among many; but my plans for my daughter require that her husband should furnish as large a sum in their mutual provision as she herself will bring. And till you can do this, excuse me if I request you to release her from her engagement, and to be seen by her no more. You yourself must realize, if you have her interests at all at heart, that a continuance of the relation can only hinder her establishment for life in a desirable way."

But how could Charlie release Flora from her engagement—Flora who refused to be released? And there they were at present, Flora going out every night, wretched in all her flounces and furbelows, Charlie watching her from some dark corner of the pavement as the carriage lamps illumined her, a vulture gnawing his heart, and hunger gnawing his stomach; and just now, in the broad noon, he stood leaning against a lamp-post and pretending to read a letter, while he was in truth only pondering on his deplorable situation, and wondering where in the world his next meal was to come from. He was startled from his reverie by a hand on his own.

"Just the man I want to see," said a voice he knew, and he turned to meet a person to whom he had spoken of his square mile of woodland, and who now informed him that he could put him into communication with parties who would purchase it, and proceed to avail themselves of its timber and water-power, and would at once give him a bond for a deed to be executed in thirty days, or after a survey of the tract.

It seemed to Charlie that the broker was an angel dropped from heaven. That purchase-money would establish him in business, where with care and economy he might advance from small to great; and Flora had promised she would wait. He closed the bargain on the spot, and the bond for the deed was given that day and placed in his wallet; and having sold his watch to procure the wherewithal for his journey, Charlie and two of the contracting parties started together by the night train to survey the purchase.

The bond for the deed having been given, it was impossible, Charlie knew, for the purchasers to retreat; but in some vague way he found himself trembling lest, after all, the inspection should prove so unsatisfactory, and the purchasers should plead so lustily to be freed from the obligation, that decency would require him to do as they desired. But then when he thought of that mile of timber; those large and lofty trees, immense in girth, straight as arrows, almost an arrow's flight in height; that brook, foaming from fall to fall through the whole—it seemed to him impossible that they could wish to recede; and with a good heart he left the train next morning, and led the way on horseback up the rough country some half score miles to the woodland, and displayed it to his companions at last in its full extent, satisfied that they could not but heartily conclude the arrangement, and put the promised ten thousand dollars in his hands at once.

When he had performed this duty Charlie sought the hut upon the place in which he allowed old Flamen and his wife to live, on condition of keeping depredation from the timber. It was after their boisterous welcome had quieted that he began to observe a thousand nods and winks and quirks passing between Flamen and his spouse, till the by-play became so amusing that Charlie, happy and high-spirited, could not himself at last hinder an outburst of laughter, only hushed by amazement at the snickers and slaps and jerks and guffaws with which the two joined him.

"So you knows all 'bout it, Mars' Charles?" said old Flamen, as soon as he could compose himself, his words still broken by many a chuckle. "So you knows all 'bout it? But spec 't didn't cross yer dat me an' Jule we knows too?"

"Know all about what?" cried Charlie, open-mouthed at their unaccountable behavior.

"'Bout dis yer ile business—dis yer ile runnin' off'n our lan' like water, and swimmin' onter the brook so's't Jule and me can't drink out'n it, and catches our drink in de holler logs—"

"What!" cried Charlie. "What do you mean? For Heaven's sake, Flamen—"

"'Den yer hab'n heern? Jes yer be still, den, Mars' Charles," said Flamen, getting up and coming and laying his black hand on the young man's arm. "Jes yer be still. No 'xcitement. Easy. Easy. I's great news. Now look here!"

And Jule put a board before the window, leaving the room in Cimmerian darkness; and then a light as brilliant as day's filled the place from a lamp of their own contriving—a bottle, in a cleft stick, furnished with a cork, a big quill, and a bit of rag—and blazing with petroleum that they had refined in some rude way, blazing like a comet, and in a manner that would have blown any body else to pieces.

"Do you mean—can you mean—" began the stammering Charlie.

"'Xactly, Mars' Charles. Yer see me 'n' Jule went up to town and took notice o' dem black tanks a-movin' troo, and two-story engines haulin' 'em, and heern 'bout dis yer ile runnin' from de bow'ls of der yerth way up Mar'land way; and says we 't's mighty strange if our lan' down yere—ole Mars' Charles's lan'—ain't wort' much as dem Mar'land farms! An' we kep' our eyes peeled, and, Mars' Charles, when we went down to der run one spring day, after der freshet, dere 'twas, in globs, all ober it! Dat ar freshet done der business. An' we dished it up and biled it down; and Mars' Charles can see," said Flamen, with a lordly gesture lost in something like a jig.

Yes, Master Charles could see, could understand—clear petroleum, running to waste seaward; and if so much, then certainly more; and wells could be sunk here, derricks raised, fires fed with the timber, and thousands and thousands of money made with every turn of a windlass. Thousands? Yes, millions! For a dozen heart-beats such a wild vision of wealth danced before his eyes as to dazzle them. He saw himself representing the thing to the old friend of his late employers who had introduced him at Flora's house—a man good for a speculation of millions, while he would laugh at the idea of bothering about a trifle of ten thousand dollars' worth of woodland; saw half the place and the profits mortgaged to the man for the means to make the millions; saw the gold flow back as the oil flowed out; saw a bank account swell to fabulous sums; saw a palace on Murray Hill, his own; saw Flora blazing with diamonds within it; saw Flora's father a pauper beside himself; saw pictures, statues, bronzes, books; saw an equipage fit for a prince to roll along in; saw—saw a bond for a deed, to be executed in thirty days; and disposing of this dream of opulence, diamonds, palaces, pictures, bank account, and all, for the paltry figure of ten thousand dollars! He just sat down and groaned, and Flamen and Jule, struck with consternation at such method of receiving such news, sat down and groaned with him.

So proud and confident and happy five minutes ago with the hope of receiving ten thousand dollars; so wretched now with the certainty of it! He sat there for a long hour without moving. Old Flamen got up and went out with his gun, and came in with a rabbit, and Jule had made a stew of it and served it up before Charlie stirred.

"Come now, Mars' Charles," she coaxed, "'pears like you shouldn' take good news so serus. When yer comes acrost rej'icing, rej'ice, says I."

"Rejoice," groaned Charlie, "that I've sold my birth-right for a mess of pottage!"

"Sold yer— Oh, Mars' Charles! Oh, Flam! Oh, good Lord in heb'n, yer don' mean ter say yer've gone done—"

"Yes, I have," he answered. "Sold it to those people I was showing round. And all your trouble's for nothing. It goes to enrich those men who are robbing me. For it can't be they wanted the land just for timber," he went on, more to himself than them. "They've prospected till they've learned it was an oil region, and so kept their knowledge and swindled me—"

"Mars' Charles," said old Flamen, "I wouldn' gib ye no advice to do a wrong action; but ain't dere no backing down for ye? Is de money paid?"

"No, no, no," answered Charlie, disconsolately; "there's no backing down for either side, though the money isn't paid."

"Isn' paid? Den I's tell yer what. Jes trow it up, Mars' Charles."

"I wish I could; I wish I could! An hour ago I was trembling for fear they should want me to—but now—"

"Mars' Charles, honey," said Jule, suddenly, after a little while, "dar ain't no ile been foun' for many a mile roun' dis yer place, an' I don' believe dem fellers has an idyere 'bout it. Dey's jes affer der timber, an' dat's all. An' ef yer could gib 'em a notion 'twould cost more'n 'twould come to—"

"Oh, it wouldn't do, Jule. It isn't true. I couldn't say a word now in honor, you know. If they want timber, here it is—theirs; and if they want oil, it's theirs. And the money would never do me any good if I got it by falsehood and trickery." And all at once his fortitude gave way, and he bent his head on his folded arms, and shook the table with his sobs.

Perhaps that sight was too much for Flamen; he got up and left the place, while Jule crept round and took the young master's head on her old shoulder, and mingled her sobs with his, while she moaned, "Lors, ef 'tain't his pa's own chile—talkin' of honor when he ain't a second shirt to his back! Lors, chile, I's proud of ye!"

So Charlie, down-hearted, and with swollen eyes hardly hidden by the slouching brim of his hat, forgetful of his ten thousand dollars, and heavy with the loss of a fortune he had never had, set out at last on his homeward way, and caught the train with his comrades—silent men they, speaking hardly two words in all the tiresome ride, and as evidently discomfited as he himself, had he been sufficiently disengaged for his gloomy thoughts to notice them. For the fact was, they had met a garrulous old colored man, picking up sticks and twigs in the wood, who told them he lived in the hovel yonder, and took care of the timber, and who added, on their inquiry, that he made a pretty good thing of it, for much of the timber was so rotten that it blew down in every gale in such quantities that he bound it into fagots which his old mule hauled into town, where they turned him many an honest penny, and he had just cleared away all the wreck of the last storm; and on their asking him why he didn't raft these fagots and float them down on the stream, he had laughed in their faces, and told them there was no brook there except just after the March and September freshets, when it foamed along for two or three weeks as it was doing now, it being the first of October, but dried up to a thread you could cross without wetting your feet the rest of the year. Poor Flamen—it is to be hoped the falsehood was forgiven in the fidelity.

"I's heern ole Mars' Charles tell," said he to Jule that night, "dat when folks fight duels 'dey allus measures swords; an' dese yer fellers come roun' cheating Mars' Charles out'n his eye-teeth—guess we's eben as we can git any ole way."

The unhappy Charlie Carletan on his return to the city went to his old boarding-place—he had money left from the sale of his watch sufficient to meet the new month's bill there—and locked himself into his room, and sat down to meditate on the fate that had snatched such solid ground from beneath his feet; to wonder if it had really been an honest timber and water-power speculation with those men; to wonder if they had any idea of the petroleum hidden in its vast pools beneath that forest growth; to wonder if it was his duty to tell them of its existence. For another wonder he decided in his own favor in the last matter—it was no business of his to ruin himself; and for the rest, if, by any lucky chance, those men could possibly become dissatisfied with their bargain, and request a release, they should have it on the moment. But no, it was little likely that such straight, sound sticks as crowded that square mile, such a water-course as traversed it, should not have found favor in their eyes; and he had better, he said, dismiss all thought of any thing but the way in which he could turn his poor little matter of ten thousand dollars to advantage.

So, trying to reconcile himself to the inevitable, Charlie went about town again seeking avenues to be used at the expiration of the thirty days.

It was the day before the thirtieth when he received a note from one of the two persons who had inspected the woodland with him, requesting him to be so good as to call that evening at his office with the bond, which the other contracting parties to the arrangement desired to look over again; and punctually to the moment designated, and with half a hope that they might wish to cancel the bond altogether, and with an impatient declaration as to the absurdity of the idea, Charlie presented himself.

They were an angry and dissatisfied set of men in the room that night before his appearance—the cheerless basement-room of a new building where the gas had not yet been brought in, and which was lighted with but a couple of candles that set all manner of shadows flickering in an unearthly fashion about the ceiling. There were five of them talking together, and all bitterly lamenting their unconsidered bargain, and the two thousand dollars apiece which they were as good as throwing to the winds.

"There is but the one way, I assure you," said Mr. Hincks. "Of course, if he can sell a tract of rotten timber a dozen miles from any market, and without a mill-privilege two months in the year to use it on the spot, or a water-course to get it away, he would be a condemned fool to let us off."

"Still," said another, "we might ask him, and lose nothing by doing that."

"Only excite his suspicions," urged Mr. Beverley, "and make him hold us the tighter, if he so much as lets us take the paper into our hands at all. No virtue in half measures; Hincks's way is the only way, believe me."

"I don't know," pleaded a fourth; "I think I should like to try fair means first—"

And just then came Charlie's footsteps, slower and slower in the dark hall, and the rap at the door—a doubtful sort of rap, much as if its giver was divided in mind as to whether he should await an answer or should run away. But the door was thrown back at once; and, cordially greeted and seated at the table among them, Charlie waited for them to open the subject of the bond, which presently was done.

"We begged that you would call on us this evening, Mr. Carletan," said one of the gentlemen, "because we feared there might be some slight informality in the bond, and, before executing the deed, we wished to make reference to it; for you will agree with us that it is desirable every thing should be done with exactness."

"Certainly," said Charlie, but in a very uncertain tone, while producing his wallet and extracting the desired paper therefrom.

"Of course you understand," continued the first speaker, "that it is our desire to make money by this transaction—"

"Or we shouldn't enter into it," said another.

"And so we feel bound to state to you that some doubts have arisen as to the soundness of the timber—"

The color flushed all over Charlie's face; if, after all, they were going to pray for release—to intimate the wish! His eyes sparkled, his hand shook; but as they waited for his reply there was nothing left for him to do but to stammer, half inarticulately as he did, that to the best of his belief the timber was perfectly sound.

"Best of your belief!" said his chief interlocutor, exchanging glances with his partners, and all quite confirmed in their suspicions by his peculiar look and manner. "But how as to your personal knowledge?"

"Why, Sir," said Charlie, in one of his quick tempers at the tone and the seeming doubt of his truthfulness, "I told you in the beginning what this woodland was; but now Mr. Green and Mr. White have as much personal knowledge on the matter as I have."

"Do not be alarmed, Sir," said the suave man of business. "We have no idea of forfeiting the bond, though the statement we desire as to the timber might have made it of more value; but your ten thousand will be ready for you to-morrow at noon. And meantime we will look into this little informality. Beverley, have you the statute there?"

"It is in my office up stairs. Excuse a candle one moment. Confounded nuisance, this delay about the gas! Back directly." And Mr. Beverley left them with one wax-light.

They had not yet unfolded the bond. It lay on the table between them. Mr. Hincks extended his hand to take it; in so doing his elbow touched the other candlestick; it tottered and fell, and the room was as dark and black as a cavern. A flurry of exclamation, and outcry, and skirmishing for matches; and just as a match was being scratched, and failing to answer, Mr. Beverley opened the door and came in innocently, humming the end of a tune, and the statute under his arm.

"What! put out your light?" said he. "Confound these candles, they're always doing that! Well, here's the law. Got it lighted? Now to business. Where's the bond?"

But that bond was nowhere to be found; neither on the table nor under it. Nobody had touched it, nobody had seen it, nobody knew

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where it was. Charlie, in the bewilderment of a guilty consciousness of having longed for its destruction, feeling his situation to be suspicious, and in an insane perplexity refusing to suspect the others, begged them to search him, which, of course, they declined to do, though evidently, as it seemed to him, with a strong belief that he had secured it to prevent the consummation of the bargain. And after much loud talking and angry affirmation, Mr. Hincks threatening Charlie with the law, Mr. Beverley vehemently declaring he could not have believed it, Mr. Green assuring them that he should hear from them through a sheriff if the bond were not forthcoming by the morrow, and Charlie all at once enlightened but keeping his own counsel, since they had stolen the rope to hang themselves, the party broke up with feelings on both sides to which language is inadequate—a guilty satisfaction on the one hand, and on Charlie's some anger, some amusement, but a world of joy!

On the thirtieth Charlie presented himself in the same room, but, except an office-boy, with his shoulders in a chair and his heels on the mantel-shelf, the place was vacant, and Charlie's heart—which had leaped up the previous night like a balloon from which a weight had been removed, now that the time had expired, now that whether the bond were found or not it was good for nothing, and the land remained his own—went soaring away into the limitless ether of castles in the air.

They do things quickly in this fast age. On the noon of the thirtieth there was one brief secret interview with Flora stolen, a dozen words, a long embrace; then there was a contract made with the old capitalist who had stood his friend before, a mortgage drawn, a check cashed, an engineer and a gang of laborers found, a sawmill dispatched to the distant township; and six months from that time a gentleman ran up the steps of Flora's house, entering past the wondering servants who no longer dared refuse admittance to one coming in a turn-out that every eye on the street had followed.

"Sir," said this gentleman when he had closed the library door behind him and stood opposite Flora's surprised papa, "you once gave me to understand that when my fortune could equal your daughter's provision she should be mine. I do not know, Sir, how much you may be worth, but perhaps you can tell me how much I am!" and he laid a bank-book before the old merchant's wondering eyes. "Study it out, Sir," said he, joyously. "It is half my property. If you doubt it, the president of the bank is in my carriage at the door. Here is a blank check, signed. Here are revenue stamps. When you have made out the amount, fill up the check and deposit it for my wife, if you will be so good. You asked of me a herculean labor—the cleaning of an Augean stable, in fact; but it is done. There is no god but cent. per cent., and petroleum is his prophet!" said the gay young millionaire. "For my part—you have not a word to say—there is my admission—I am going to see Flora!"

ODD TITLES OF BOOKS.

VICTOR HUGO tells us that, being behindhand with his publisher in his agreement to write "Notre Dame de Paris," he locked up his clothes, bought a knitted woolen suit, and shut himself up in the house for a few months until his work was completed. He had also on the first day prepared a bottle of ink, the last drop of which was finished with the last line. This gave him the idea of naming the book "The Contents of a Bottle of Ink," which, however, he did not carry out, considering the title he had already chosen more to the purpose. Some years after, his friend Alphonse Karr, who thought the idea a charming one, begged it of him, and published under this name several novels—among others, his master-piece of wit and emotion, "Geneviève."

In every age it has been a matter of great consideration with authors as to the title under which they shall issue their works; publishers agree with them in the importance they attach to this point, as the public are easily attracted by a taking title. Pliny remarks that the Greeks showed admirable taste in this way; some called them "A Hive," by which their readers were to understand that they would enjoy a rich piece of honey-comb; others, "The Horn of Abundance;" or the "Meadow," the "Picture," the "Violet;" while the Latins, in their vulgarity, were content with the ordinary names of "Antiquities," "Examples," or "Arts." The more witty gave the title of "Lucubrations," as did the author who called himself Bibaculus, and who passed the night in drinking. Varro named his satire "A Movable Picture;" while Diodorus, among the Greeks, disdaining these puerilities, entitled his work "The Library." Aulus Gellius tells us that it was during the long winter nights in the country of Attica that he amused himself in writing his work, which he therefore denominated "The Attic Nights."

The Oriential and Jewish nations, on the contrary, sought for the most obscure and ridiculous titles. Who could imagine that "The Heart of Aaron" was a commentary on the prophets; or "The Bones of Joseph" an introduction to the Talmud? "The Garden of Nuts" and "The Golden Apples" are theological works; a ritual is the "Pomegranate in Flower;" and a catalogue of rabbinical writings passes under the name of "The Lips of the Sleepers," alluding to a passage in Solomon's Song. There is also "The Royal Wardrobe, divided into Ten Coats," by Mardocheus; "The Book of the Druggist," by Eleazar, a work which is nothing more nor less than a treatise on the love of God; and "The Two Hands," the hand of the poor and the hand of the king, each section being divided into five fingers. "The Perfume of Damascus Roses" is the poetical title of the history of some of Mohammed's companions, who lived to the age of a hundred and twenty years. "The Spring-time of the Just," by Zamakhichari, is a collection of farces; and there are two works on law by the celebrated Turkish jurisconsult Ibrahim, entitled "Precious Stones," and "The Confluence of the Seas."

When we reach the Middle Ages, authors in the West seem to have adopted the Eastern fashion, and tried to make their titles as enigmatical and fantastic as those of the East. Sometimes they are so long as to be a sort of prospectus of the whole work, as, for instance, the following: "The Great Shipwreck of Fools, who are in the Hold of Ignorance, swimming in the Sea of the World; a Book of great Effect, Profit, Utility, Value, Honor, and Moral Virtue, for the Instruction of Every Body; which Book is adorned with a great Number of Figures, the better to demonstrate the Folly of the World." Or this: "The Blazon of Dances, where may be seen the Misfortunes and Ruin arising from Dances; from which no Man ever returns the Wiser, or Woman the more Modest."

It would seem as if the writers of works of devotion had a particular preference for strange titles—perhaps to counteract the unattractive dryness of their subject-matter. A priest taking for his meditations the anthems which are sung in Advent and before Christmas, entitles them, "The Sweet Marrow and Tasty Sauce of the Savory Bones of the Saints in Advent." A canon of Riez, in Provence, writes, "The Royal Post to Paradise, very useful to those who wish to go there: a Collection of the Works of Pious Doctors who have curiously treated the Subject." In it there is a chapter on the post established by Satan to go to hell; and another to reach purgatory, which is the suburb of heaven, and the outer court of paradise. An ascetic gives us "The Scraper of Vanity: a Spiritual Pillow necessary to extirpate Vice and to plant Virtue"—a strange use for a pillow, certainly. Philip Bosquier, a Flemish monk, published a tragedy entitled "The Little Razor of Worldly Ornaments." We have "The Spiritual Snuff-box, to lead devoted Souls to Christ," and "The Spiritual Seringa, for Souls steeped in Devotion," in which the author thus strongly apostrophizes those of the fair sex who are addicted to painting their cheeks: "Vile carcasses, masses of infamy, have you no shame in turning yourselves round and round in the furnace of love, and blushing like boiled lobsters, to secure for yourselves admirers?"

In the sixteenth century we find the greatest extravagance displayed in the titles of books. These may be taken as examples: "The Pious Lark, with its Trill—the little Body and Feathers of our Lark are Spiritual Songs," by Father Autome de la Cauchie; "Bread Cooked on the Ashes, brought by an Angel to the Prophet Elijah, to comfort the Dying;" "The School of the Eucharist, established on the miraculous Respect that the Beasts, Birds, and Insects have shown on different Occasions to the Holy Sacrament of the Altar;" "The Lamp of Saint Augustine, and the Flies that flit round it;" "The Silver Bell, the Sound of which will, by the Grace of God, make of a Usurer a perfect Christian"—a work which we may hope fulfilled its purpose. The following would prove very attractive: "Some Beautiful Biscuits, cooked in the Oven of Charity, and put aside carefully for the Fowls of the Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit, and the Swallows of Salvation;" or this: "A Bouquet of Delicious Perfume prepared for the Saints of the Lord." A work on Christian charity is entitled "Buttons and Button-holes for Believers' Breeches;" and we have also, "High-heeled Shoes for those who are Dwarfs in Sanctity;" and, "Crumbs of Consolation for the Chickens of the Covenant."

A Quaker who was suffering in prison published "A Sigh for the Sinners in Zion, coming from a Hole in the Wall, by an Earthen Vessel, known among Men under the name of Samuel Fish." Abraham de Sainte-Claire, an author of the seventeenth century, chose this extraordinary title: "Judas, Archicoquin; Fi du Monde; Attention Soldat." A work on the consideration of the name taken by the popes, "*Servus Servorum Dei*," has the title of, "A Hunt after the Stag of Stags;" and, not unnaturally, it has been classed in a recent catalogue among works relating to hunting.

Sometimes, in the midst of political quarrels, works have been announced, the satirical titles of which were the only portions of them that ever appeared. Brantôme tells us that when the Duke of Epernon was made governor of Provence, a book was made in mockery of him, and cried before the palace and through the streets, as "The Great Deeds, Works, and Valor of M. D'Espernon in his Journey to Provence." This was printed in large characters; but on turning over the leaves, every page was blank, and nothing printed on them. The public, friends as well as enemies of the duke, ran to the criers and bought eagerly; but when they looked within and saw nothing, they returned in anger to the vendors, and accused them of their deceit. They, however, excused themselves in this way: "Why, Sir, the duke has done nothing; how can we print any thing about him?" In the early years of the reign of Louis XVI. some works of this kind were advertised, but never appeared, as, "A Treatise on Pleasure," dedicated to the queen; "The Living Catafalque," dedicated to the Princess of Condé; "French Politeness," dedicated to the Countess of Ossuna; "The Necessity of Shaving," dedicated to the Duchess of Orgia. This paper shall be closed by the title of a work published in 1780, and containing a collection of poems: "I do not know what it is; by whom I know not; the price? I know not how much; it is sold I know not where; by a bookseller whom I know not."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE magnificent theatre of Santiago, Chili, was recently destroyed by fire, to the great grief of the inhabitants, who have always regarded the building with pride, and are almost inconsolable over its loss. The theatre was erected in 1856 at a cost of more than $600,000, and was doubtless the finest in South America. It was capable of holding about five thousand persons. On the evening of the fire Miss Carlotta Patti had been enthusiastically listened to by a large audience, which had scarcely vacated the building when a strong smell of gas was perceived. The supply of gas was cut off; but the matter was not investigated until an hour afterward, when the manager venturing below the stage with an open light, a violent explosion immediately occurred. The theatre was in flames in a moment; and though every exertion was made to extinguish the conflagration, in two hours the building was only a mass of ruins.

The fine collection of paintings recently brought from Europe by Mr. H. W. Derby, and now on exhibition at the Academy of Design, includes about one hundred and fifty works of eminent foreign artists. These were purchased abroad just before the commencement of the war, and, of course, have never been exhibited in this country. Among the well-known names represented in this collection may be mentioned Gallait, Daubigny, Marecnal, Van Marcke, Bouguereau, Baron, Desgoffes, Rousseau, Jacque, Chaplin, Troyon, Koller, Baron Leys, Stevens, Merle, Willems, Breton, and Koek Koek. There are also some choice little gems by such artists as Frère, Chavet, Bakalowiez, Pecrus, Fichel, and Aufray.

A letter recently received from Darien, Georgia, states that St. Andrew's parish has received a donation of one thousand dollars from the relatives of Colonel Robert G. Shaw, residing on Staten Island and in Boston—a tribute to his memory. It will be remembered that Darien was burned during the civil war; and contributions for the rebuilding of St Andrew's Church have been solicited from all religious denominations. The letter referred to says, "It is clear this church was destroyed by General Montgomery, under orders from General Hunter, in the burning of Darien." And the published letters of Colonel Shaw show that he acted under General Montgomery's orders, and was not responsible for the destruction of the town.

Stations for observations on the weather have been established as far north as Portland, Maine; and arrangements have been effected at the War Department with the Western Union Telegraph Company, by which the weather reports for the New England coast will hereafter be received at regular hours.

The microscope has enabled a savant to discover that the union of milk with tea or coffee produces a compound not unlike leather—though in minute flakes. He consequently estimates that in the course of a year a tea-drinker of average capacity imbibes enough leather to make a pair of shoes.

The ice which has been harvested thus far this winter is said to be remarkably clear and clean. This is attributed to the fact that we have had no freshets to make the water "riley," and very little snow to lessen its transparency. Judging from the activity of the ice-dealers, there is a good prospect of plenty of ice next summer.

The most novel definition of "fiction" that we have ever seen is, "a story made up of *facts invented* for the purpose!" We will not attempt to dispute it, however, as it comes from a learned man of the age.

Judges do not often pronounce a condemning sentence upon themselves; but once in a while a righteous justice appears, who looks upon his own deficiencies with an impartial eye. Not long ago the criminal court in Galveston, Texas, adjourned at noon until three o'clock P.M. The judge, however, failed to appear at that hour; and about four o'clock he entered the court-room, and, on taking his seat, said, "Mr. Clerk, enter a fine of one hundred dollars against Samuel Dodge, judge of this court, for being absent at the hour to which the court adjourned." The fine was entered by the clerk.

The Chicago *Tribune* contains the following statement in a dispatch from Washington:

"Surratt's reappearance to public notice has brought out a fact concerning him which has never heretofore been published. It is stated, on the most responsible authority, that when Surratt's mother was on trial here, Judge-Advocate Holt consented to release her, if the former would give himself up to trial. Surratt was informed of this by friends who were in communication with him, and instead of at once complying, thereby securing the release of his mother, he immediately absconded, leaving her to her fate."

The most aged stove in the United States is probably the one which warms the Capitol at Richmond, in Virginia. It was made in England in 1770, and was in the House of Burgesses sixty years before it was removed to its present location.

Seventeen years ago there was not a house, nor even a single human being, in Leavenworth, Kansas. Now there are 25,000 inhabitants, twenty-seven schools, thirty churches, two theatres, seven public halls, two jails, and hotels, stores, factories, and foundries in abundance.

Chicago bears the dubious honor of having entered into the city courts no less than six hundred and sixty-eight suits for divorce during the past year.

Plain people have the advantage over the beautiful during a part of life; that is, when old age comes. Homeliness wears well; it seems to mend with years, or, at least, it has nothing to spoil. As a general rule, the most worn and time-touched faces are the faces of those once handsome. There *are* characteristics which defy the ravages of time, but mere personal beauty is evanescent.

A certain lecturer asserts that woman's sphere is bounded on the north by her husband, on the east by her baby, on the south by her mother-in-law, on the west by her maiden aunt.

Some slight disagreement arose, not long ago, between Rev. Thomas K. Beecher, of Elmira, New York, and a certain Mr. Smith, Congressman elect from that district. Mr. B. had made some remarks which the politician declared were far from correct. The minister rejoined, "Do you want to get up a quarrel with the Beecher family?" This was for a moment a stunner; but the politician, presently recovering himself, and perceiving his advantage on this ground, replied, "No, Sir; but I want to know if you intend to get up a fight with the Smith family?" The difficulty was speedily settled.

It is seldom that there has been so much regard for temperance principles on a similar occasion at Washington as on last New-Year's Day. We see it stated that at a majority of houses nothing stronger than coffee or chocolate was served. This is a movement in the right direction. Whatever various opinions may exist in regard to the use of wine on some occasions, there can be no question that the etiquette which expects a gentleman to take a glass of wine—or something stronger—in connection with every New-Year's call is dangerous, and should be abandoned in all circles where wives, mothers, and sisters care for the best interests of their husbands, sons, and brothers.

After nearly two years' absence abroad, Miss Vinnie Ream returned to this country with the completed statue of Lincoln which she was commissioned by the government to execute. This statue has been warmly commended for the fidelity and strength of the likeness; and whatever artistic criticism it may excite, there is no doubt that it is a work which will be highly valued by all who revere the memory of President Lincoln. The statue is of life-size, cut from a beautiful block of marble, which is almost perfectly white. It stands on a pedestal of slightly clouded marble, and represents Mr. Lincoln in ordinary citizen's dress, with a cloak hanging loosely from his shoulders, and holding in his extended right hand the Emancipation Proclamation.

A project of a new deep-sea cable line, communicating directly between London, Liverpool, and New York, has been started by an enterprising London firm.

Brigham Young's latest scheme for the admission of Utah into the Union involves Congress authorizing a convention to assemble in Salt Lake City next July to form a Constitution, in which polygamy is to be prohibited. Then Brigham is to be Governor, and every thing would be all right. As one of Brigham's bishops, the husband of five wives, has been sent to Washington to further matters, the proposition to abandon polygamy might well be regarded with some distrust.

"It is strange," writes one from Paris, "to see groups of well-dressed women looking in the windows of pork-butchers' and tripe shops with the same eager curiosity with which they used to gaze at ribbons and bonnets."

Governor Claflin, in a recent review of the interests of the State before the Massachusetts Legislature, gave it as his opinion that great injustice was done to woman by many existing laws, and that it was the duty of the Legislature to relieve the statute books of these relics of barbaric ages. The laws relating to property, and those affecting the rights of women in regard to their children, were the ones to which he particularly referred.

At Bethany Chapel, in Brooklyn, a free library and reading-room have been opened under the auspices of the Rev. Dr. Eddy's Reformed Church on the Heights. The building is entirely new, and is beautifully painted interiorly in blue, peach, and fawn color. The exterior is of brick, trimmed with Nova Scotia stone, and cost, including lot and furniture, $26,000. The library and reading-room are on the same floor as the chapel, and are divided merely by glass sliding doors. The building is admirably ventilated, and will accommodate over sixty readers, seated at three long sliding tables. The number of books is not yet large; but it is confidently expected that by the end of the present year there will be not far from fifteen thousand volumes.

On March 23, 1861, a newspaper in this city published the following item:

"A young Swedish girl, Christina Nilsson, has been sent to Paris by the Duchess of Osgothland to be educated, at her expense, as a singer, in consequence of the great beauty of her voice."

The receipts at one of Nilsson's matinées in Boston this winter were $9000; and her eight performances in that city yielded nearly $50,000.

"Garden City" is the name which has been given to the rural city which is soon to rise on Hempstead Plains, under the supervision of Mr. Kellum, the architect of Mr. A. T. Stewart. The work of grading and fencing streets and avenues has been vigorously prosecuted, and the city is now ready for building. It is two and a half miles wide by ten to twelve miles in length, and runs north and south. Thirty miles of street have been cleared of soil and made perfectly level, while there are sixty miles of fences, and twelve thousand maple shade trees, from twelve to fourteen feet in height. The blocks are five hundred feet wide, and from eight hundred to twelve hundred feet long. It is intended to have the lots two hundred and fifty feet square. All the houses will sit back seventy feet from the street. The estimated cost of each house will be from $3000 to $10,000. Twenty houses will be erected this season, and others as soon afterward as possible. A fire-proof hotel is also to be commenced immediately, and a railroad depôt.

Although Baron Rothschild had not invited the King of Prussia to the hospitality of his house, nevertheless, until recently, his château at Ferrières has been the head-quarters of William. The place is a modern paradise. In the park the flora of the whole world is represented; the picturesque Scotch fir stands by the trembling-foliaged silver-poplar; tamarinds and weeping-willows line the brook that winds among the grass; grand old cedars dot the vista here and there; broad wood-shaded paths lead to and from the villa, where the most beautiful forms of Oriental vegetation meet the eye. The château itself, the creation of the late Baron James Rothschild, is built in the style of the Renaissance. The interior is grand. From the north one enters first a vestibule, with marble busts of Roman emperors. Ascending a few steps, the largest hall of the château is entered—a *salon* with galleries borne up by Ionic gilded pillars. An indescribable wealth is here displayed in gold ornamentation and paintings. The rear wall is occupied entirely by the library, all the books of which are bound in red morocco. The upper rooms consist chiefly of dwelling and sleeping rooms, all being fitted out with extreme luxury, and in part decorated with valuable paintings. The more valuable articles have been taken away, although what remains is valued at twelve millions of francs. King William used the rooms, and nothing more. Even fruits and vegetables taken from the gardens were paid for, and Rothschild will suffer no loss.

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PRAYING FOR PEACE.

No pen can describe, no pencil depict, the desolation that broods over the once fair land of France. Wherever the terrible armies of King WILLIAM have passed, they have left nothing but ruin and misery in their track. Scores of villages have been burned to the ground, fields laid waste, and the defenseless population left a prey to wintry cold and famine. In many districts, we are told, none are left but old men and women and children, all the able-bodied young men having been called to the defense of their country; and from all these desolated homesteads, from all these wasted provinces, amidst the dreadful misery left behind by the advancing armies, rise agonizing prayers for the return of peace.

The desire for the close of the war is not confined to civilians. The following extracts from a letter written by a French officer show the state of feeling existing in the French army. Other advices of the same tenor prove that the writer's case is not an isolated one, but that the demoralization he describes is wide-spread and threatening. The letter is dated December 15:

"MY DEAR PARENTS,—I am quite well, but I have lost all hope that France can recover from the blows which she has received. You may say to all those who chatter about politics that France is conquered and betrayed, and that she will be again. Why? Because three dragons rule in France—indifference, ignorance of military art, and party spirit, which devour and will devour France.

"Panic is in the French army. All the chiefs cry to the soldiers, '*Sauve qui peut.*' First, national indifference. No one cares for aught but himself. National unity is extinct. Our chiefs at the table, at the café, in the billiard-room, at play—behold their life. They dream of nothing but to parade and to gossip. The rest are becoming even more depraved. Behold those into whose hands we are delivered. From the smallest chief, who is called lieutenant, to the general there are none but the ignorant and imbecile. All who are conscious of their duty groan in despair....

"Every body demands peace. What will be done? What will become of us? We are about to perish under the ruins of France, ruined by luxury, pride, and jealousy. The pride of the soldier makes him think himself greater than his chief. Confidence lost, ruin, destruction! What shall we do with peace? What shall we be? We shall only seek to hide our shame; and, besides, the parties will continue to devour us. Civil war is inevitable, enormous imposts, requisitions, etc.

"With such cowards as we have, you may say to those who ask you what we must do to conquer: 'It is necessary to place a row of mitrailleuses behind the army, and to say to the soldiers, "Soldiers, conquest or death. You must conquer, or I mitraille you. Advance!"'

"We have lost 400,000 men during this campaign, and we have not gained one victory....

"We are all old people. We submit to the fate of all great nations. What has become of the Greeks, the Persians, the Romans, the Moors, the Turks? They were all great nations. What are they now? Vile wrecks, the sport of other nations. Such is our destiny. We are already one of these ancient peoples; we are in our decadence: this time one rag, another time another; soon there will remain nothing....

"I shall return, please God, different from what I was at my departure—full of contempt for men, for I know them; and I shall be indifferent to all the goods and ills which may happen to me, because, humanly speaking, there is to-day, both in the army and at home, nothing but demoralization, disorder, and confusion."

Poor France! her banner trailed in the dust, her children suffering untold agonies of body and heart, her villages and châteaus all black with burning and bespattered with blood—has she not suffered enough? Would not the whole world rejoice if her prayers for peace were speedily granted?

THE DESOLATED HOMES OF FRANCE—PRAYING FOR PEACE.

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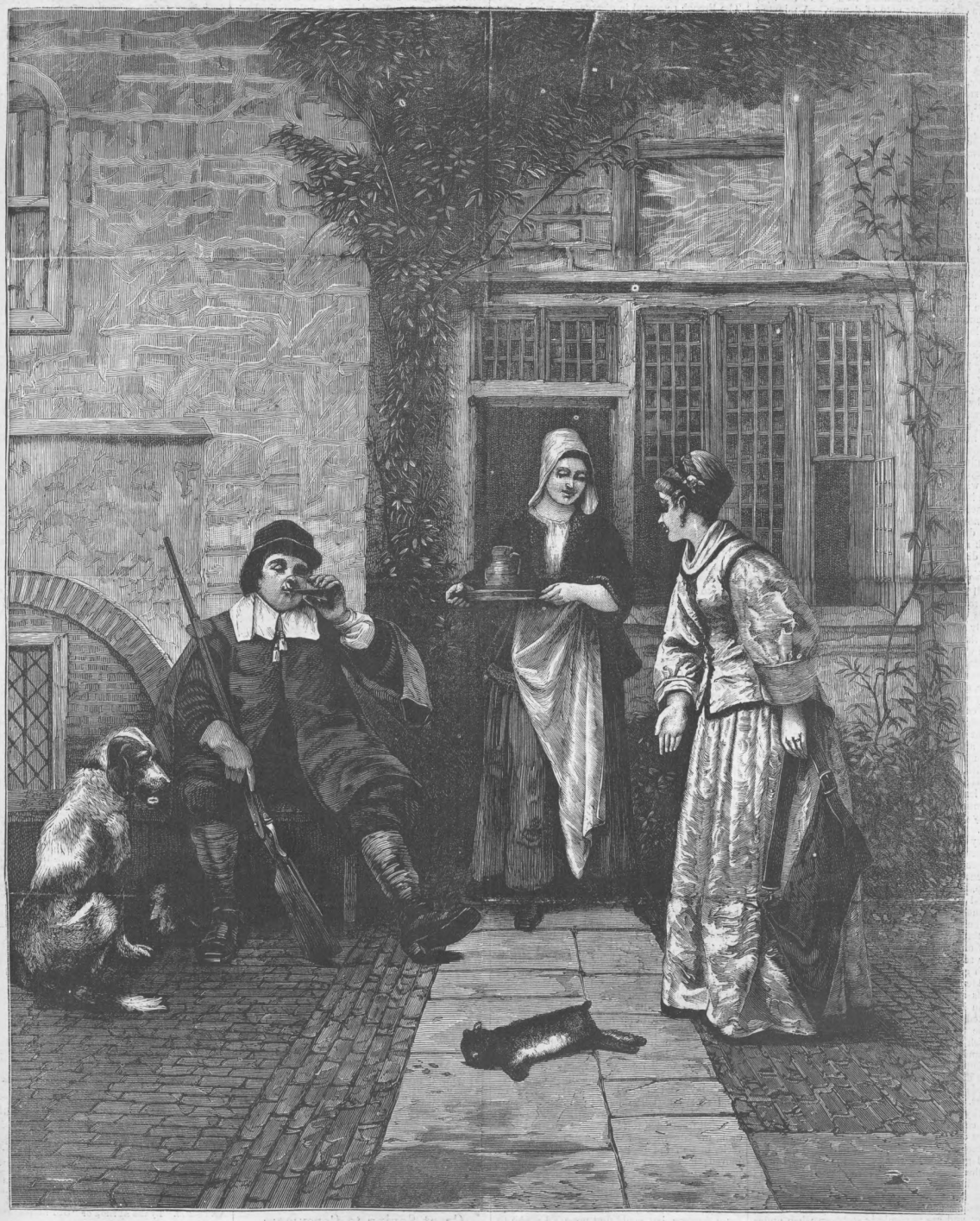

"ONLY A RABBIT."—[FROM A PAINTING BY G. R. STOREY.]

"ONLY A RABBIT."

"THE Sportsman's Return" is a subject which has been so well worked by artists that we might have supposed, had not Mr. STOREY, a young English artist of great promise, taken it in hand, that there was nothing new to be got out of it. Dusty sportsmen, weary dogs, a litter of picturesquely arranged game, and admiring friends and dependents, are the recognized ingredients for such works; but Mr. STOREY has struck out a line for himself, and, by a touch of humor, made it his own. The day's work is done; the sturdy sportsman is taking his ease, quaffing bright ale; while a lady—his wife or his daughter, we are not certain which—turns out the spoils of his gun from the game bag. "Only a rabbit!" No wonder she looks at him in remonstrance and inquiry; no wonder that even the dog should regard the pitiful result with a kind of dignified sorrow. It is not the kind of work to which he has been used, and, as accessory, he must needs feel some shame. But the principal actor, the gentleman, has no such weakness, or effectually conceals it under a stolid exterior. He is evidently determined to give no explanation. Perhaps he has had other sport on hand which it would not be convenient to speak about before the lady, and so has made up his mind to bear any amount of ridicule with a good grace. "Only a rabbit!" exclaims the lady; and he thinks, as the golden ale gurgles down his throat, of the game-keeper's pretty daughter, and of what a delightful ramble he has had.

It is a capital picture. Careful finish without weakness, good drawing, good composition, without that overcrowding of details which is such a temptation and snare to artists who have a knack of deftly touching off pots and pans in the old Dutch manner, and a dry humor in the expression, are qualities to be found in this work. True humor is rather scarce, and we are glad to meet with it any where, in pictures or in books, for we may be pretty sure it implies prolonged popularity. Sentiment is apt to change with the times; the pathos of our fathers has grown out of fashion, and needs to be differently expressed to touch our hearts; but humor is always in fashion, however strange may be the cut of his coat. The fun of the old novelists makes us laugh still; their love-making has a tendency to weariness. We are, therefore, glad to see that in the modern school of painters there are several—and Mr. STOREY is among the number—who have this sense of perennial humor, and can transfer it to their canvas.

ON A BATTLE-FIELD.

IT was a bright October day, no cloud obscured the clear blue sky, and Versailles looked her best as she basked in the sun. To be sure, the black and white flag of Germany floated overhead, and a park of Prussian field artillery filled the Place d'Armes; but the good people of Versailles had long been accustomed to such sights, and although many a mournful look was cast at the sombre flag, and many a sigh was given for the time when the gay tricolor should once more take its proper place, the good towns-people knew their interests too well to show any signs of hostility to the foreigners. It was past noon, and the grandees of the German army, after lunching at the Hôtel des Reservoirs, were tranquilly enjoying their cigars. Prince Hohenzollern had mounted his black charger; the Prince of Würtemberg stood beside his spotless snow-white Arab, buttoning his glove preparatory to a start; the very wind seemed to pause and listen.

The frightful roar of a heavy gun broke the spell. At the first discharge I held my breath. The little butcher-boy with his basket stood suddenly still, and, with head forward, in an attitude of the utmost attention, listened. Young ladies, starting for a walk in the palace gardens, stood irresolute as to whether they should proceed. Their minds were soon made up, however, as the heavy "boom, boom" broke the tranquillity again and again, while little white clouds, marking the descent of bursting shells, floated away over the trees. Hark! what is that distant trumpet-note?

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It comes nearer, the bugler stops exactly opposite me, and, putting the brass trumpet to his lips, blows the warning note of danger. A minute's pause, then his message seemed to work like electricity. The grandees threw away their choice cigars, buckled their long swords tightly round their waists; some returned to the reservoirs, to drink a last stirrup-cup; others mounted their steeds, and darted off to head their regiments; a few stood still, to listen to the heavy thuds of the great guns from Fort Valérien, or to grasp some friend's hand preparatory to a parting which, perhaps, would be forever.

The Place d'Armes was instantly alive with a swarming mass. Soldiers poured into it from all sides. Each man knew where his division, his regiment, his company stood; there was no noise, no confusion. Each man was in his place, not one seemed missing. "Fix bayonets!" "March!" and the serried ranks of mighty Prussia, with their helmets, bayonets, and shining accoutrements glistening in the sun's rays, their standards unrolled and their drums beating the advance, marched with firm step, to meet, in many cases, an agonizing death. There was no flinching, no bravado; each seemed impressed with the sort of work he had to do, and seemed to have made up his mind to do it; the tightened lip and the fixed eye were all that told their resolution. The towns-people shuddered as they passed; and many a fair French girl turned pale as she, no doubt, thought of François, who had only left her side three months ago, and would now have to meet these dreaded "Prussiens." Then came the field artillery. Each gun followed by its eight artillerymen; six sturdy horses trotted the cannon along; then rode by the cavalry, the dreaded Uhlans in the van, and, following in their wake, the dashing dragoons and the ponderous cuirassiers. One splendid-looking Landwehr officer caught my eye as he passed. I had often noticed him before; he had a face on which calm courage was indelibly stamped, and his form was herculean. To-day his bright glance was, for some reason, dimmed by sorrow. I know not what emotion brought it there. I felt drawn to him irresistibly. I followed him with my eyes till his black helmet had faded in the distance.

The town cleared rapidly of troops; only a guard was left at the palace, and a few pickets piled their long needle-guns before the gates of the town. There was a buzz in the crowd which lines the St. Germain road, which hushed suddenly at the sight of a small cavalcade of Uhlans. On they came, with lances erect, their little black and white pennons fluttering in the breeze; then appeared a large open chaise drawn by four horses. The King and General Moltke were in side, grave and engaged in earnest conversation; they scarcely noticed passing salutes. Following the carriage came the King's staff, composed of officers dressed in all the varied costumes of the great army. Next rode the grooms, each leading an extra horse, and a squadron of Uhlans brought up the rear. Again the crowd became excited, and as the sound of battle seemed approaching, cries of "Vive la France," and "à bas les Prussiens," echoed through the streets and avenues; but again the storm lulled, as another body of horsemen appeared over the brow of the hill. It was the Crown Prince and his staff. They rode quickly by. I followed, as two of the officers were friends of mine, and beckoned me to accompany them. We galloped to a spot from whence we could see the battle spread out like a map. Massed on the slope of Mont Valérien stood a large body of about twelve thousand French. They stood immediately under the guns of the fort, and were flanked on their left by two or three compact, but smaller, clumps of troops. In front of these, at the bottom of the green slope, in a southwesterly direction, the French attacked with great spirit the line regiments of the ninth and tenth Prussian divisions. The Prussian outposts and advance-posts were driven in on the main body, and the French tactics seemed directed against the village of Bougival, which lies close to the Seine. Between this and Garches, which is situated on the other side of this tongue of land, and also near the river, the sloping plain is dotted by woods, which extend for a considerable distance back toward Vaucresson; in these woods the Prussians stood to meet the French onset. The onset was made in a curious but plucky way down the slope: before the skirmishers came two field-pieces and a mitrailleuse; these dashed at a gallop, bump, bump over every obstacle; then with a quickness that did their drill great credit, the horses turned the muzzle of the guns toward the enemy, and the gunners pounded away into the woods to their heart's content. It was hard work, however, for the Prussians stand like walls even when without cover, and are particularly stubborn when under protection of woods or houses. The rattle of musketry was incessant; it was like a continuous volley, the smoke of which seemed to emerge from every thing around. The French troops posted on the hill, under the Valérien guns, never moved an inch the whole day, but kept firing incessant volleys at the Prussians posted to the right of Bougival. The artillery seemed also to be doing its work, for ever and anon the rattle of the volleys was drowned by the awful boom of the heavy fort guns; while throughout the infernal music ran the newest battle sound—I mean the horrible rat-tat-tat-tat-tat of the mitrailleuse. Simple as the sound may look on paper, there is something horrible about it; something quite distinct from the noise made by any other weapon.

At about half past three the French seemed vigorously to be pushing on; they were making for a ridge which was the stand-point of the Prussians. Where was the deadly Prussian artillery? Presently the French seemed to catch sight of a new enemy on their flank, for they stopped, and with a crab-like motion appeared to be drawing slowly backward. The hidden enemy at last emerged; it was the Landwehr of the Guard. Shoulder to shoulder they pressed on. The French retreated in disorder; a whole body of them threw away their arms and fled. There was a dash of cavalry into the smoke, and out again, up a hill. Two or three horsemen fell, but the two cannons and the mitrailleuse were taken. The Germans, having repulsed the sortie, now made a retrograde movement. It was about half past four. The dispirited French turned round once more, and seemed inclined to renew the contest, some of the reserves coming to their aid; but General Kirchbach was too wise to allow his Prussians to be cut to pieces by Mont Valérien projectiles, in following up their advantages. The French sullenly fired a few shells after the enemy, which illumined the gathering gloom, and returned to their capital, their forts, and their ramparts, to tell the excited Parisians of their individual deeds of prowess, or to mourn over the strength of the iron girdle which encircled the city.

The last volley had been fired, and the night set in cold and dismal enough. I followed some ambulances to the battle-field, procured a lantern, and started alone to tend the wounded and dying. Slung at my waist was one of my large saddle-bags, which contained charpie, bandages, instruments, etc.; a bottle of brandy at each side, and a large flask of water, completed my equipment. I shall never forget the chill that crept over me as I came nearer and nearer to the field of slaughter. I made my way through the woods. Hearing somebody groaning heavily, I screwed up my courage and walked toward him. When I approached I found it was a poor wounded Prussian, who took little or no notice of me. He was beside himself with pain. I asked him where his wound was. He said it was through the stomach. I took out of my bag a bottle of laudanum, poured out fifteen drops, and mixed it with a little water in the cup of my flask. It was taken thankfully, and without a question. I then wrote on a card, in German, "Wound through abdomen, tinctura opii xv." This I put on the top button of his great-coat. Then I applied some charpie, moistened with water, to the wounds; told him to remember his card, should he be taken to another doctor, and wrapping him up as warmly as I could, I left him to attend to others. They were easily to be found—to the right, to the left, and in front; the German cry of "Herr Jesus!" was intermingled with the distressing French groan of "Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!" Some were sitting, some leaning against the trees; some called for water, others for help. I almost wished that I had been wounded too; it was so dreadful not to be able to help them all at once. One poor fellow, shot through the breast, could not speak; but while I was attending to his wounded comrade beside him he kept pulling my coat-tails, and whenever I turned round he, in a beseeching manner, pointed to his wound. There was something so sad in this mute distress that it powerfully affected me. Near him sat a Frenchman, who had been making such an awful howl that it made me doubt the severity of his wound. I found he had only received a ball in the calf of his leg. It was easily extracted, but had I been taking the man's leg off without chloroform he could not have made more noise. He stood pain very badly, and the contrast to his poor German neighbor, who was fast sinking, was very great.

I now came to a little clearing in the wood. Just as I stepped into the open a gust of wind blew out my lantern. I had no matches. I crept cautiously along, but it was pitch-dark, and I could not see an inch before me. I had not gone many yards when I stumbled over a body; I spoke, there was no answer; I put my hand over the face, it was cold; I got up, and again I stumbled over a second body. I felt for matches in a dead man's pocket; to my delight I found a pipe, and of course matches. I lighted my candle in the lantern, and then, holding it above my head, I surveyed the scene before me. To my dying day I shall never forget it; stretched out like a fan, with their feet toward a common centre, lay eight men near the middle of the clearing; between them and the side of the wood I had just emerged from were the two corpses I had stumbled over, and in this little space five others lay dead also. I was horrified; fifteen dead men, and I the only living person near them; oh, how dreadful was that silence! I shivered from head to foot. Just as I was lowering my lantern, after viewing this ghastly spectacle, one of the supposed dead in the centre moved; it brought my scattered senses back again. I went to the wounded man; he had received a frightful scalp-wound, and looked, from his face being covered with blood, almost unearthly; his eyes rolled in their sockets. I felt for a fracture, but could find none. I spoke to him; he answered. I asked him why he did not go away; he pointed to his knee; I ripped the trowser open, his knee-cap had been completely blown away. I dressed his wounds, took the great-coat from the knapsack of a dead man lying near and wrapped him in it, for he was shivering with the cold. As I was leaving, he said, "Ah, that was a fearful bad shell; we are only half of what it hurt, the rest have crawled away." Of the seven others, six were stone-dead. The Mont Valérien shell had indeed done its work; the other still lived, but how? I will not harrow your feelings by answering the question; his lips were blue; he murmured "Wasser, wasser;" I handed him my flask. I knew nothing could be done for him. At that moment I saw the gleam of a light coming toward me through the trees. Two krankenträgers, or sick-carriers, stopped in the wood to pick up a wounded man. I went to them and told them of the men in the clearing, and they promised to return at once. I now thought my work was done, and, making my way toward the road leading to Garches, I came to what seemed to be a field; many lights were flitting about, and wounded men were being carried to the village. I saw a light stationary at a spot not far distant, and could hear the thud, thud of a pickaxe. I knew what that meant, and turned away; helmets and knapsacks were lying about in all directions. I then passed some vineyards, where there had been some heavy fighting. From the amount of débris all the wounded seemed to have been taken away, but many dead lay about. I had now almost got into the road, when out of the darkness I heard a low call for water; I hastened to the spot, and in a ditch I found a man lying on his back, breathing heavily. I gave him water, then set about finding out where his wound was; his shirt was hot, wet, and red; I tore it open; in doing so I knocked my lantern over. As I relighted it I saw the man's face; it was ghastly pale, and death was there, but I knew it, and uttered a cry of horror. It was the Landwehr officer I had seen that morning in all the vigor of manly health, and now, only ten hours afterward, I was to find him dying. I plugged the great hole in his chest lightly with charpie moistened with water, took a Frenchman's great-coat and wrapped him in it, and left him there to seek a couple of krankenträgers. I was away about twenty or twenty-five minutes; to my horror, when I returned with the men, the handsome lieutenant was dead, and his coat and waistcoat were gone. I looked round, then ran down the road for five minutes toward Garches to catch the robber, who, if he had done nothing worse, had robbed the dead, but could see no one. I returned; the two krankenträgers were standing by the corpse. I examined the neck; there were no marks of violence, so I hoped the bright spirit had fled before those vultures of the battle-field had rifled the poor corpse.

Yes, such is war. Can any thing justify the causes of such a scene as I have tried to portray? Yet, what I can tell is scarcely one-twentieth part as horrible as the awful reality; the scenes haunt me even now like an ugly nightmare, and are ever before me. If this is enough to cause sadness in one who has only tried to alleviate such sufferings, what ought to be the feelings of monarchs who willfully or thoughtlessly inflict the horrors and unspeakable miseries of war on their fellow-men?

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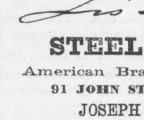

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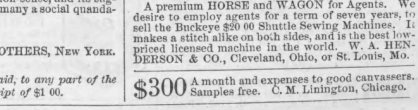

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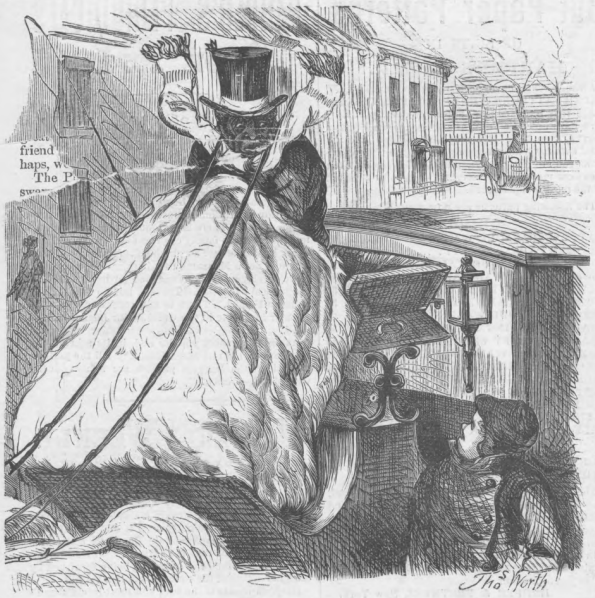

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HERE THEY COME!

AUTUN—HEAD-QUARTERS OF GARIBALDI IN EASTERN FRANCE.—[SEE PAGE 91.]

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THE SHOEMAKER'S DAUGHTER.

YESTERNIGHT as I sat with an old friend of mine,
In his library cozily over our wine,
Looking out on the guests in the parlors, I said,
Of a lady whose shoe showed some ripping of thread,
"Frank, she looks like a shoemaker's daughter."

"Yes," said Frank—"yes; her shoe has a rip at the side—
The mishap of the moment—the lady's a bride.
That reminds me of something; and here as we sit,
If you'll listen with patience, I'll spin you a bit
Of a yarn of a shoemaker's daughter.

"When I was a boy, half a century since—
How one's frame, as one numbers the years, seems to wince!—
A dear little girl went to school with me then:
As I sit in my arm-chair I see her again:
Kitty Mallet, the shoemaker's daughter.

"Whence the wonderful ease in her manner she had?
Not from termagant mother, nor hard-working dad.
Yet, no doubt that, besides a most beautiful face,
The child had decorum, refinement, and grace,
Not at all like a shoemaker's daughter.

"Her dress was of six-penny print; but 'twas clean;
Her shoes, like all shoemakers' children's, were mean;
Her bonnet a wreck; but, whatever she wore,
The air of a damsel of breeding she bore—
Not that of a shoemaker's daughter.

"The girls of the school, when she entered the place,
Pinched each other, then tittered and stared in her face.
She heeded no insult, no notice she took;
But quietly settled her eyes to her book—
She meant business, that shoemaker's daughter.

"Still jeered at by idler and dull-head and fool—
A hermitess she in the crowd of the school:
There was wonder, indeed, when it soon came to pass
That 'Calico Kitty' was head of the class,
'What! Kitty?' 'That shoemaker's daughter!'

"Still wearing the same faded calico dress,
And calm as before in the pride of success;
Her manner the same—easy, soft, and refined—
'Twas she seemed an heiress, while each left behind
In the race was the shoemaker's daughter.

"Bit by bit all her school-mates she won to her side,
To rejoice in her triumph, be proud in her pride,
And I with the rest—I felt elderly then;
For I was sixteen, while the lass was but ten;
So I petted the shoemaker's daughter.

"Do you see that old lady with calm, placid face:
Time touches her beauty, but leaves all her grace:
Do you notice the murmurs that hush when she stirs,
And the honor and homage so pointedly hers?
That's my wife, Sir—the shoemaker's daughter."

HOW I QUARRELED WITH JACK.

THERE was a time when I thought that no earthly power could interrupt or lessen the friendship existing between Jack Downing and myself. It was no common bond. We had been playmates in infancy, and school-mates and college chums afterward. We had studied law together in New York, and had commenced business there in partnership. Neither had an interest or wish in which the other did not share; in short, we were Damon and Pythias, Castor and Pollux, David and Jonathan, over again. It only need be added that we were of respectable parentage and connections, tolerably well off for money, with a law practice beginning to come in, and with homes in a certain town in Connecticut, which we were glad enough to visit now and then. The "nows" and the "thens" were, however, owing to the aforesaid coming in of practice, getting to be further and further apart. In fact, when we found the Christmas of 18— close upon us we seriously contemplated omitting for the first time our accustomed holiday at that festive season. "What *is* to be done, George?" said Jack one morning, looking up from some papers he was drawing up. "I can't get the faces at home out of my head at all. Suppose we settle it now for good."

"Letters from the post-office, Sir!" said our boy, suddenly entering and handing me two epistles which he had just received.

"Excuse me, Jack," said I, opening the first. "This concerns you, Jack, as well as me," I added, pitching it across to his desk.

The second concerned him too, but I did not show it to him. And yet they were upon the same subject. One was from my mother, the other from my sister; this latter was the one I kept to myself. They both said that this year there were to be unusually delightful festivities, and we *must* come to participate in them. My mother said she hoped that there would be no doubt of Mr. John Downing's being with them, for they *all* wished it so much. My sister expressed no such wish, nor even mentioned his name, only adding in a postscript, "Now do come—I hope you are both quite well." Then there was a second postscript: "Myra Greene is come to stay a month. You remember her, of course?"

"Remember!" That was a little bit of mischief from Kitty. She knew more than I had ever told her. In fact, I had told her nothing; but she had understood how I felt when Myra and I had been thrown together a year ago.

I laid down my letter. Jack laid down the one he held, and we looked sternly at each other for a minute without speaking. He broke the silence.

"George, this is serious."

"Jack, this is very serious."

"Another letter, Sir; left it in my pocket by accident," interrupted the boy, again thrusting his obtrusive form into our presence, and handing a missive this time to Jack.

"From *my* mother, actually; she says I must come. Clearly a case of duty to parents, George. In effect, I consider the matter settled."

It had been "in effect" settled before, but we went through the form of pretending each could not see the other's thoughts, knowing it to be thorough humbug all the while. The half yawn with which I mentioned that Myra was, I "believed," to visit our house was not less transparent than the indolent way in which he received my slight allusion to Kitty's few words as to our state of health. So very soon we two young men, learned in the law, deserting clients and papers, were speeding homeward on the wings of—well, the wind; and arrived at our respective homes, to meet again at the Cedars, where no end of festive preparations had been made by both families. My receptions at home were affectionate always—this time more so than ever. Father put his hands on my shoulders and surveyed me with a beaming look of approval worth more than words. Mother kissed me fondly, with an unwonted something dimming her dear old handsome eyes; and Kitty gave me a sister's warm embrace, in which love for her brother was funnily mingled with avoidance of his gaze, which sought to exchange questionings with her own. All this was satisfactory, so far as it went; but there was something I wanted to know before I could feel that the pleasures of the evening were complete.

"Is there to be a large party?" I asked, with an effort at carelessness.

"Oh yes," said Kitty; "the Devines, the Nevilles, the—the—quite a number of your old friends."

"By-the-by, I have not told you, George," said my mother, "we have Myra Greene with us."

"Indeed!" I replied, innocently glancing at Kate, who looked as demure as possible.

"Yes, she is here for a month. I wonder that you have not seen her yet. My dear, will you not go and tell her that your brother has come?"

"Oh, she knows, mamma. She—we—saw him walking up the avenue, and she will be down directly. I will go and hurry her; perhaps she is a little shy."

Myra shy! Not much. She walked into the room with perfect calmness, gave me her hand without a tremor, and then, gracefully disposing herself upon the piano stool, "hoped that I was well!" Now Myra is a very stately and magnificent sort of young lady, and when she does put on her queenly manner is rather an awful undertaking in the way of conversation. I had expected blushes, shrinking, embarrassment; but there was on this occasion nothing of the sort. She talked small talk with entire self-possession, so that I became at last perfectly amazed. I spoke of occurrences which had formerly brought us into very friendly companionship, to say the least; but she had "forgotten them," or was "uncertain as to which I referred." I even tried a compliment or two, but was brought up short by a cold, steady look, which froze them on my tongue. It was wonderful, mortifying, painful; and when in a short time she sailed out of the room with Kitty, as composedly as she had sailed into it, I felt bewildered and utterly cast down.

I was glad Jack came in soon after this, and I dragged him away as soon as I decently could into a sort of lumber-room sacred to my treasures and the forbidden weed, there, metaphorically, to throw myself upon his bosom and weep. But he laughed at me; told me that was the way with all the girls; they always "said one thing and meant another." If he were me he would "pay her off in her own coin," and so forth; which was, no doubt, very funny and philosophical from his point of view, but not from mine.

"Why," said I, "we understood each other a year ago, I thought; Kitty understood it too, and now—"

"'Patience, and shuffle the cards,' as the Spanish say," said Jack. "I am really ashamed of you, George. She is a girl of spirit, and I like her all the more for not striking her flag at once."

At this very moment we heard a low fitter outside the window, which, however, was too high for any one to be seen by us unless we had opened it and looked out. Surely there could be no mistake in those voices—Myra's and Kitty's. We listened instinctively, which was mean, of course, but excusable perhaps. Both girls were laughing.

"For my part," said Kitty, "I think your performance was perfectly splendid."

"Didn't he look funny? Oh, I had such trouble to keep from laughing; and it was a little too bad, after all," replied Myra.

"Then," said Kitty, "I shall do just the same with—"

And then the speakers passed out of hearing altogether.

"There!" said Jack; "what did I tell you?"

The evening came, and with it many guests from far and near. It was a glorious gathering. There were games of forfeits and all sorts of fun, and, above all, dancing. It was my luck to secure Myra for the latter, but she kept up her reserve of the afternoon; and it was not until we went down to supper that there was the least chance of private conversation. At last the opportunity came—we were seated at table together.

"Myra," said I, "I wish that you had to leave this house to-night."

She looked much astonished. "If I am unwelcome," said she, "I can, and will."

"Not at all," said I; "but still I *do* wish it. I only meant that if you were to go home to-night I should escort you, and tell you as we went along how much I admired your acting of to-day."

"My acting?"

"Yes. For my part I think your performance was perfectly splendid!"

Myra glanced at me quickly, and her face crimsoned. "You were listening, then," she said.

"No; but I could not help hearing the little confidence between you and Kitty, and it made me very happy; though I thought I would retaliate just for once."

"Then," said she, "you took an unfair advantage, for which I do not thank you."

"Of course not. That's where the joke lies. Myra, I was miserable before, but now I hardly know how to express my thanks."

Her color began to rise. She became seriously angry. Persiflage is a keen weapon, but though a woman may use it against a man, she will cry "Unfair, unfair," if its edge be turned against herself.

"Sir," said she, hotly, "allow me to tell you that your eaves-dropping was scarcely the act of—" and she hesitated.

But I was nettled by this.

"Say the word!" I exclaimed.

"Well, then, I will," she retorted. "It was scarcely the act of a gentleman; and your interpretation of a few light words is presumptuous, impertinent, and unbearable."

"Myra," I said, earnestly, "I intended neither to be unfair nor presumptuous, believe me."

"Yet you are both. Take care, Sir, that you forfeit not only my friendship, but my respect."

Well, I could not stand this, and the end of it was that she left me with a formal courtesy, which I acknowledged by a bow as formal.

But all came right next day—Christmas-day. We all went to church together, and a brisk walk was proposed afterward. There were Jack and Myra, Kitty and myself—a distribution which Myra herself rather insisted upon, though not in actual words. It was a pretty walk, and a glorious day. The road was covered with dry snow, which squeaked under our feet, and the sky over all was blue and clear. The bare trees were silvered with frost, and the bushes clothed in white as with a garment.

"Which way shall we go?" said Kitty.

"Oh, straight ahead," said Jack; and we stepped out in good style. Suddenly Kitty stopped.

"Oh, Myra, I have left my handkerchief in church!" she exclaimed. "I must go back for it."

"I will," said I.

"Let me," said Jack.

"Two offers," replied Kitty; "I think I'll accept both, and go with you to keep you out of mischief."

"What is to become of me?" questioned Myra.

"True," answered my sister; "I had forgotten that difficulty. George, you and Mr. Downing stay here with her;" and off she ran like a deer.

"That won't do at all," muttered Jack; and off he ran, too, and thus Myra and I were left alone together. So we walked slowly on. I felt woefully embarrassed. Should I, or should I not, try to amend the trouble of last night? I would try.

"Myra," I began. She started. "Words have passed between us which have caused me deep pain and sorrow. If any apology of mine can atone—"

"None can," she answered, briefly, and with averted head.

"What," I continued—"what can I say or do to remove the cloud that has come between us? I will speak plainly. I love you very dearly, and hoped that you were not entirely indifferent to me. I was too bold, and, as you said, perhaps offensively so. I spoke in haste. I recall every word. Can you forgive me?" And I took her hand, which was not withdrawn, though she still kept her face concealed, and seemed agitated. I pressed the hand tenderly, and finally lifted it to my lips. As I did this she fairly shook with emotion. "Tears," I exclaimed, "and for me? Oh, Myra, let me look into those dear eyes; let me see that dear face." And she turned full toward me, and burst into a merry peal of laughter.

"Why, what a goose you are, George! Did you really think me so angry?"

Well, I thought it was a good imitation of anger, but did not say so. I only did say, "Then you love me?"

"I wish Kitty would come back," was her only answer.

"So she will," I urged. "But before she does, just one little word."

"Yes, *dear*," she whispered.

"One more," I asked, eagerly. "Quick, quick—Kitty's coming. You *do* love me?"

"Yes," she whispered; and I immediately kissed her, for the first time in my life. It was but a moment afterward that Kitty's quick step and Jack's heavy one were heard crunching over the snow, and they had turned the corner. We resumed our walk at once, Kitty only saying, as she flashed a quick look at me, "Shall I walk with you, George?" to which I replied by tucking Myra's arm under my own and starting off, leaving the other two to follow when and how they pleased.

All was plain sailing after this day, and it was understood that Myra and I were engaged; and we accordingly became objects of interest to all our friends, who watched us as if we were the subjects of some curious scientific experiment. As for Jack, he did not seem to make much headway, sure as I had thought him of his prize. It almost seemed as if Kitty had flirted with him in order to leave a clear field for me.

Well, the visit came to an end, and we went back to work, and at work remained for some months without intermission. Presently, however, there came a change. We were applied to by an old friend for legal help in investigating a claim upon considerable property held by the British crown, and which had belonged to some ancestor who had died intestate, and whose heirs had not, so far, been found. The case for our friend was a tolerably good one, but much depended upon a lawyer from this side going to England to work it up. The choice of a lawyer for such a mission fell on me. Payment was liberal; and, in short, if I succeeded, I should be rich enough to venture upon matrimony without further delay. All this was talked over at home, and I finally decided upon the journey. There were some tears, much long-drawn leave-taking, all of which may be passed over. I may only mention that on finally parting with Jack on board the New York steamer, I bid him hope for the best in respect to Kitty. "She will be kinder to you some day, Jack," said I. "And meanwhile run over to —— as often as you have a chance, and keep up Myra's spirits whenever you can;" which he promised to do.

Once in England, the case in my charge prospered, though slowly. But at last I once again set foot in New York, having earned my money and my wife. Hurrying on at once to Connecticut, I got to ——, just ten miles from home, too late for any conveyance, and too tired to walk on, as ordinarily I should have done at once. It was very vexatious; but a night at a hotel was the only choice, and so I proceeded to the reading-room. One cigar, I thought, and then for the Land of Nod. So I took a chair pleasantly situated just under the hotel piazza, which was tolerably full on this August night. How strange it seemed to be there! Home, nearly—a home full of visions of happiness, beside which all the scenes through which I had passed faded into nothing. Suddenly a name struck my ear, and brought me back to the world of realities. Could it be Myra's name? Impossible! Could it be that one of a group of young men sitting on the piazza almost at my elbow could be talking of her? I listened intently, and soon found that it was her of whom he was speaking.

"Ah! she's a splendid girl," pursued the unknown—"so amiable and clever!"

Well, thought I, no harm in that; in fact it's rather gratifying than otherwise.

"That's a fact," said another. "I wish I was the lucky fellow that is to marry her. I often see her when she is walking out alone with Jack."

"He's always with her, isn't he?"

"Always. What a handsome fellow he is! She positively dotes on him. Our Carry was laughing about it the other day, and says the way she fondles him is quite absurd; though for my part I should not think it absurd if it were my case."

This was to me astounding! This of Myra; this of Jack! I was absolutely stunned, and quite at a loss what to think, say, or do. One impulse was to rush out and take somebody or other by the throat, and say he lied. My friend was a traitor, and my betrothed—ah! what should I call her? Perfidy and cruelty from them; unavailing grief and rage for me. How the rest of that night passed may be imagined by one of similar experience to mine, but by no one else.

Well, I got home next day, early. I was expected, of course; but they looked startled by my altered looks, which were haggard and miserable. Fatigue partly accounted for it, however; and the day passed over with the usual talk of those who return from journeys. As for the revelation of the night before, no one, not even Kitty, was to hear of that just yet. Of

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course Myra was spoken of; but, beyond an indifferent manner which suprised them, I received the information that we should meet at church next day without any betrayal of my feelings.

Next day, Sunday, was beautiful as mortal could wish; but the glories of nature had no charms for me. I had a task before me which threw me back upon myself, and closed my senses to all external things. What the task was I hardly knew. Something of it must be left to chance—at least there were two alternatives, either of which might be forced upon me. One was to tax Myra with her perfidy at once; the other was to cast her off without any explanation beyond that which her own conscience would furnish. Fate decided for me. We went to church. There, in her accustomed seat, was Myra; but I could not see her face from my position. There would be time enough when service was over. At last the time for dismissal came. She sat nearer the door than my folks, and when we got out was waiting in the porch with her father and mother. At that moment I made up my mind. As we approached she made a shy move forward, with hand extended and blushing face; and I drew myself up with all the haughtiness I could muster, looked her sternly straight in the eyes, and then, with a distant bow, passed her without a word. What followed among those others I do not know; for I walked away, and reached home in a sort of angry dream.

Of course my parents and sister showed great amazement when we met at dinner. No one, however, questioned me—all saw that I was in no mood for explanations. Only once or twice I saw Kitty furtively glancing at me with tears trembling on her eyelashes; but even she said never a word. There was something more to do before the full story was to be told. In the evening, it seemed, Jack was to be here. Well, so much the better. I would meet him on his way. He, at least, should be called to rough account. When the time came, therefore, I took my way along the road by which he must come, and about midway we met. Of course he came on with quickened steps and extended hand. I expected that, and was prepared for it. Seeing my wrathful, hostile look, he stopped short.

"Why, George!" he exclaimed, "what's the matter? You look as if you wanted to offer me a fight instead of a welcome."

"Perhaps even that," I retorted. "How should I look when I hoped to see a friend, and only meet a villain?"

"What on earth do you mean?"

"I mean that you have robbed and betrayed me. Why have you done this? You might have trusted me with all you have or hold dear—with your very life itself—and I would have been true to you as steel. And what do I find is your faith, your integrity? You have been as cruel as false, and you shall answer it."

"George, are you mad, or only drunk?"

"Neither, as you will find. Do not add hypocrisy to the wrong which you have already done me."

"Look here, George; these are hard words, and need explaining. You are evidently laboring under some monstrous delusion. What it is I can not guess. But you must not insult me."

"John Downing, I have but one word. It is this. If I could stand with you opposite at twelve paces' distance, and only our pistols' muzzles between us, it would be the happiest moment of my life."

He started as if I had struck him. Then he said, very gravely, "If you doubt my courage, I may even grant you that happy moment. But now I think we had better say no more. I can not allow the friendship of a lifetime to be broken without knowing why. And now you are too excited to speak reasonably. Will you write to me in a few hours, or shall I write to you?"

But I turned and left him; and as I did so I heard his footsteps rapidly receding. And yet, now that he had gone, I felt as weary as revengeful. Weary of life, of every thing. What should I do? Where go? I could not return home at once; there would be too many prying eyes striving to read what was now a deadly secret. Besides, I must so arrange matters that my threats should bear their necessary fruit. So I turned back once more, and walked slowly for some distance, reflecting deeply. Presently I turned off from the road, and threw myself down on the side of a little mound, upon whose top waved a few trees, and from which on the other side the ground sloped again. Here in the long grass I lay an hour or more, until at last I felt calm enough to go home, and collected enough to arrange what next was to be done. And I half rose to go. But footsteps and a voice stopped me—light footsteps rustling among the fallen leaves, a voice whose music I knew, alas! too well. I could not face her. I must keep still until she had passed. She came nearer and nearer, and at length, to my great vexation, paused on the farther slope, and, as I could distinguish, sat down. Had I a right to stay and listen? "No matter," I thought; "I will."

"Let us sit down here, Jack," she said, "and talk over our troubles;" and her words nearly drove me mad, though I held my peace. "Jack," she continued, and I heard her voice tremble—"oh, Jack! he was so long away, and I thought he was never coming back any more; and there was no one but you to love. I am very, very miserable."

How I strained my ears for the villain's reply. But he was silent.

"Oh," cried she, "what shall I do, what shall I do?" And still I listened, while she sobbed bitterly, "Oh, Jack! dear Jack! why are you silent, when you love me so much, and I—"

But I had heard enough. I was frantic. "Madam," I shouted, springing to my feet, and rushing to where she sat—"madam, your falsity, your baseness, are known to me."

She was now alone. That did not deceive me. She screamed, and made as though she would fly had not her terror held her fast.

"Where is your companion?" I demanded. "Has he fled from me, or is he skulking away from the anger that he has aroused?"

Oh, I was eloquent, you may be sure. No reproaches seemed bitter enough; and all the while she sat, pale as ashes and silent as death. But I paused when I found that she had fainted. This sobered me a little. I began to feel that I was something of a brute, and to desire to atone for my violence; at the same time I tried all I could to restore her, at last with success. As she came to herself slowly, but with closed eyes, she whispered, faintly:

"Was it a horrible dream? Was it George's voice I heard? was it George I saw before me?"

As she recovered I fell back into, not now a violent, but a scornful manner. "What you heard *was* my voice," said I. "You heard me denounce conduct so dishonorable, so— But I have no words to express all that my feelings dictate. There is but this that I would say to you: go, madam! Go to the consoler of your sorrow in my absence. Go to that friend of mine who is friend no more."

"'Consoler,' 'friend?'" she faltered, vacantly.

"Yes. Go to your lover—he is no doubt at hand. You are worthy of each other," I answered, turning on my heel contemptuously.

"Stay," said she, eagerly; "you have spoken words to me that must, henceforth, make us strangers. That you are under some strange delusion I can not help. But I demand the explanation to which I have a right, unless you would earn the contempt due to liars and slanderers. What is it that you mean? Of what do you accuse me?"

"Listen, then," said I. "It was but yesterday that I came home, after an absence during which your image was always with me, and the prospect of my return the only joy I had. Judge how this prospect brightened with every day of my journey hither. Judge how I—"

"Sir," she interrupted, "spare me the infliction of any further rhapsody. It is entirely out of place."

"True," said I, scornfully, "it *is* out of place. Enough, then, that in one moment all my hopes were dashed to the earth, and I found that I had been betrayed. I learned that you had become false. I learned that one more favored than I had been your constant companion, and possessed your whole affection."

"And who is this favored lover of mine who has taught me to be so base?"

"Can you ask me without a blush? Did I not hear you, even but a few minutes ago—even on this very spot—use toward him terms of endearment, of love?"

I expected her almost to sink with shame, for she had been so completely detected. Judge of my amazement when she burst into a wild, painfully wild, peal of laughter, again and again repeated, then wept passionately, and then laughed again until she was fairly convulsed with hysterical agony.

"Oh, you will kill me, you will kill me!" she almost screamed. "Oh, Jack, Jack! what have you done to this poor fellow? What atonement can you offer to my poor George?"

"Ah! you have the name pat enough," I began. But she suddenly stooped to where her shawl lay upon the grass, and lifted something like a bundle.

"Here, Mr. Rayner, is your rival. Permit me to introduce to your notice my very dear friend and companion—truer to his mistress than you, Sir—my own darling Jack."

And it was a little terrier of the likeness and similitude of a mop that met my astonished gaze as she held it out to me.

And so it turned out that I had made a fool of myself, and deserved to be kicked from one end of the county to the other. How degraded I felt! What excuse could I offer for my idiotic brutality? None. And I ran away without another word, leaving her silent and alone. But she forgave me soon after, as did also Jack the biped, though both laughed at me for many a year. They kept the secret, however; and it is only now, that Myra and I have long been married and settled, with Jack and Kitty for near neighbors, and that there are little people about both houses who will have lovers some day, and marry and settle too, that I write for the amusement and warning of them all the story of how I quarreled with Jack.

CANADIAN TYPES.

IT has been said that the typical Canadian is, physically and mentally, an Englishman in process of transition into an American. In traveling through Canada you see the physical process of transition in all its several stages. By a rough generalization it may be said that you find the European types least changed near the ocean, and more Americanized the farther you go to the west. Thus, to the Canadian long settled in extreme Western Canada, the remark that there is an outwardly evident difference in physique between the British subjects and the republicans on the continent, will hardly apply. It would indeed be pushing our theory rather far to claim that in Canada, side by side with the Americanization of English physical qualities, the Americanization in mental qualities also goes on with such an even progress that "concomitant variations" between the two are to be easily traced; but it is perfectly certain that just as, on the whole, the average Canadian looks to the eye about half English and half American, so is the general character of the Canadian people a sort of mean between the widely different characters of the two other kindred peoples. A brighter and more quick-witted man, more venturesome and of bolder enterprise, than the Englishman seen at home, the Canadian is a butt for American scorn on account of his slowness and caution, his easy, sleepy, dull contentment. "Those poor Cannots," Americans call the people of Canada.

But along with this English heavy, solid slowness has gone not a little of those mental gifts which are a set-off for the dreadful dullness—a safe, sound thoughtfulness. There is very striking testimony to this in Mr. Fraser's report on American education, all the more striking because he starts no theory on the matter, does not enlarge on it at all, but simply notes the facts he observed. "To set off against their quickness, I heard many random answers in American schools; while, *per contra*, to the slowness of the Canadian scholar I seldom got a reply very wide of the mark. The whole teaching was homely, but it was sound." The Assistant-Commissioner further compares the "life, the motion, the vivacity, the precision, in a word, the brilliancy," of the American education, with the "plain, unpretending power," the "thoroughness and solid results," of the Canadian—mentioning how each harmonizes with the character of its own people—and again, in the easy, free, discursive style of this remarkable report, how the Canadian system reminds him of the Vicar of Wakefield's wife, and the vicar's wife's gown, both chosen by their possessors "not for a fine, glossy surface, but for such qualities as will wear well."

AUTUN.

AUTUN, the head-quarters of GARIBALDI and his army of sharp-shooters, of which we give a sketch on page 89, is one of the most ancient towns in France. Called by the Gauls Bibracte, under the Roman occupation it was named Augustodunum, which was afterward shortened into Autun. Thus numerous interesting monuments of the Cæsarian age are extant here, and not only are the remains of the old Roman fortifications and of a spacious amphitheatre plainly visible, but the Cathedral is still called the Temple of Janus, from a supposition that a temple dedicated to the double-faced god had once stood there. The French forces here, under the apt leadership of that inimitable guerrilla, GARIBALDI, have caused a great deal of annoyance to the German troops, who have as yet found unusual difficulties in advancing toward Autun, and have several times been obliged to retreat. The hostility of the priests, who can not forgive GARIBALDI for his work in Italy, has, however, greatly impeded his operations.

A SUTTEE IN SUNNY ITALY.

THE banks of the Arno have just witnessed a ceremony whose very name kindles in our imaginations the weird and awful flames that rise on the sacred but gloomy shores of the Ganges to wrap in one red winding-sheet the dead and the living.

A suttee without a widow to burn may be considered, however, like the play of "Hamlet" minus the rôle of the prince; and yet, surely, no American reader will regret this deficiency in the spectacle any more than those did who witnessed it in Florence.

Rajah Murahaja de Kolapore, for whom these strange fires were lighted, was a young prince, hardly twenty years of age, but possessing vast estates and an important dominion in India. He was traveling to complete his education, and, too heedless of the unaccustomed severity of the northern winter, had ventured to cross the Alps, and, while skating at Innsbruck, was seized with mortal disease. He was hurried south by his attendants, but was only able to reach Florence, where he died in a few days after his arrival.

The denial of Christian burial in a foreign land seems the extremest expression of harsh unkindness; yet it is not always easy to put one's self in another's place; and it is quite possible that, even in free America, some conscientious scruples might be roused in the selectmen of a New England village by a proposal to erect a pagan altar and funeral pile on their church green. There were, of course, some among the Florentine authorities to raise objections to the petition of the prince's suit for their accustomed rites; but these were overruled; and, whether their tolerance were given or bought, it is pleasant—is it not?—to think that the young rajah was decently burned with all the ceremonies demanded by his religion.

By desire of the mourners, perhaps, and also, no doubt, to avoid the collection of too great a crowd for public order, the expected performance was kept as secret as possible, and its time was fixed at midnight of the day of death; but, notwithstanding this, and though the night was dark, and the *tramontana*—the cold wind from the mountains—was blowing sharply, great numbers gathered at the appointed hour in the Cascine, the beautiful park of Florence, where a pile of solid wood, about four feet high, had been erected close to the river's bank. Among the crowd were many strangers visiting the city, and a few ladies. The city police were present, but were hardly needed to preserve order in the throng, who, awed by the strangeness of the occasion, awaited in silence the arrival of the funeral train. It was not long before the distant sound of wheels broke the stillness, and the short cortége drew near through the darkness: first the omnibus of the hotel, bearing the dead prince and his Hindoo suit, and, following it, a few carriages, with a deputation from the civil authorities. Carefully taking the body of their prince from the omnibus, the Hindoos bore it through the crowd, which opened to admit them, and laid it upon the ground beside the pile. Then, by the torches which blazed around, it was seen to be regally robed in a mantle of scarlet cloth richly embroidered with gold; heavy golden bracelets glittered on the arms, and a necklace of large pearls encircled the throat. On the head was an embroidered turban, with jeweled decorations, expressing the exalted rank of the prince. All this magnificence was to perish with him.

A white-robed Brahmin advanced to the prostrate figure, and, placing a betel-nut between the cold lips, chanted a monotonous prayer, with strange gesticulation, while the attendants spread great quantities of camphor and shavings of sandal-wood upon the pile. Then, reverently raising their dead prince, they laid him on his fragrant couch, and placed beside him a consecrated cake to serve as sustenance for his spirit on its long journey. After sprinkling the body with perfume, they almost covered it with the aromatic gum; and wood was then arranged about it, in such a manner as to completely inclose and cover without touching it. Bundles of fagots were heaped over all; and at last, after a short and solemn pause, two of the attendants advanced with torches and set fire to the pile. Instantly the flames streamed up so bright and fierce that the crowd shrank back, as if Brahma himself had appeared to manifest his acceptance of the rite. The air became filled with pungent, spicy odors, as some of the Indians continued to feed the flames with the precious gums, while others bore the plank on which the body of their prince had briefly rested to the river's brink, and cast it into the Arno, where it fell with a heavy plash. The fires streamed higher and fiercer, lighting up the weird picture, and making strong Rembrandtesque effects in the strange figures that gathered round it, the crowd outside, and the dark groves beyond. The crowd remained a few minutes more, awe-struck by the scene; and then, gradually discovering that they were chilled through, slowly dispersed; but no one who witnessed that ceremony will ever forget it.

The Indians remained, feeding the fire until the morning. It was then extinguished, and the ashes of the prince were collected with religious care in a porcelain vase, to be carried to India, with his heart; which had been taken out before the burning: and all to be thrown into the Ganges, whose sacred waters will purify them from all remaining stains of earth, and insure the soul they once enshrined an endless succession of happy years.

All that remained of the pile was thrown into the Arno, and a visit to the Cascine the next day showed nothing left to mark the spot but some fresh earth carefully spread in the form of a heart, surrounded by little vases of rice, to ward off evil influences from the place. The Indians had gone, bearing the sacred ashes with them; and will, no doubt, carry to the mourning relations and subjects of the prince exalted praises of the respect shown him in a land of strangers. During all his short illness the religious rites by which they hoped to assist the treatment of his physicians were freely observed. A lamb and several fowl were sacrificed in the court of the hotel, and domestic animals were kept around his bed to draw upon themselves his disease. These were thrown into the court-yard after his death, that they might not spread its contagion. All this will be very comforting to his friends in India; and they will rejoice, above all, to know that the last solemn ceremonies of their religion were all performed for him—all, at least, but one!

Besides six hundred thousand subjects, the young rajah left behind him two wives to weep over his departure, and now over his death. Poor little wives! only ten and fifteen years of age. *Do* they weep, and were they dreaming fondly of the soft dark eyes of their handsome prince, or only of the coral beads he would bring them from Naples, and the toys from Germany? And what will become now of the poor little widows? There are some insatiable excitement-seekers in Florence who insist that at least one of them, the latest married and best beloved, will be burned also, as a testimony of the affection of her departed husband, who pines for her, even in the bowers of Vishnu. But there are limits even to the golden rule of religious toleration, and, under the British dominion of India, it no longer extends to the burning of widows. We will hope, then, that the tears of the dark-eyed beauties will be dried by a gentler flame than the funeral fires of their lost rajah.

SCHOOL-BOYS' HOBBIES.

SCHOOL-BOYS always have some particular hobby for each half, and always bring it home with them. Sometimes the mania is for cricket or foot-ball, fishing or boating. I have known of a passion for ferrets which was very trying to the other members of the family, to say nothing of eager collectors of birds' eggs or butterflies. A fresh-water aquarium is a fine invention for making a mess of a boy's clothes and filling the house with small, slimy monsters; but, on the whole, speaking individually, playing the banjo is the most distressing taste for a school-boy to bring into the bosom of his family. The only comfort is that there are intervals of respite from the dreary thrumming while the banjo is being warmed by the fire; for happily the parchment of this cheap instrument stretches so much as to be useless, or rather harmless, unless it be constantly contracted by heat. This banjo of my acquaintance, therefore, passed quite half its time silently reclining on the hearth-rug before the fire, while its joyous owner watched impatiently for it to be in a fit state to resume the interrupted melody of "Rosalie the Prairie Flower," which, I may mention here, is the most wearisome of tunes.

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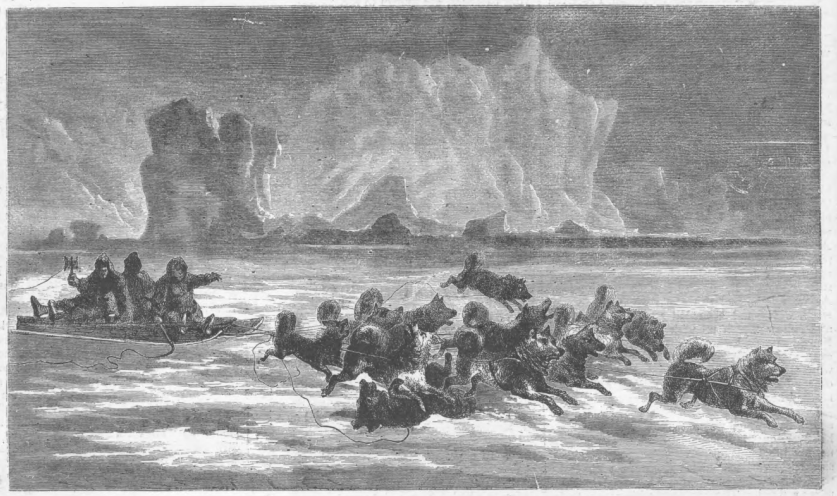
Travel and Adventure.

PREPARED
EXPRESSLY FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NIGHTS NEAR THE NORTH POLE.

ARCTIC MOONLIGHT.



HALL AND HIS EXPEDITION CROSSING FROBISHER BAY.

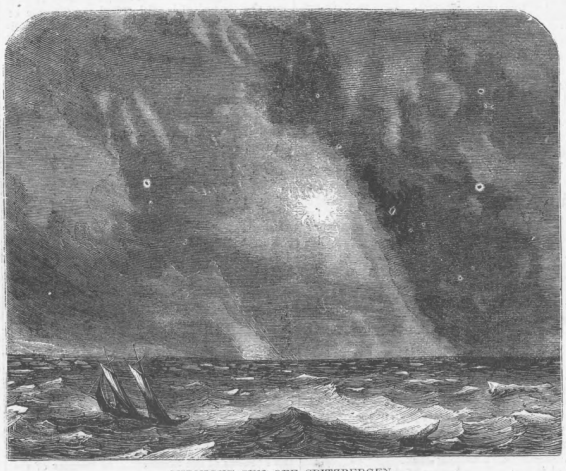
CHAPTER I.

The Mysterious Polar Sea.—Efforts of Explorers to reach it.—What was done by the Pioneer Voyagers.—The Romance of Arctic Adventure.

ALMOST as broad as the Atlantic, deeper, perhaps, than the volcanic bed of the Pacific, the polar ocean has defied from the beginning of history the curiosity of the mariner. Corinthian trireme or Tyrian bark never approached its icy barrier. The viking turned aside from its boisterous outlets. No Venetian argosy nor Hanseatic galiot gathered its teeming wealth; no companion of Cortéz or Da Gama stood upon its stormy peaks. The sailors of Holland, in the maturity of their maritime vigor, were repelled by its perpetual gloom; the followers of Davis and Frobisher shrank from the icebergs of the north. In our own age a throng of brave discoverers have striven to pierce the icy bulwark that rises in vast masses around the circuit of the polar sea, to climb over the endless waste of floating glaciers, to penetrate the narrow outlets, to traverse the dismal waste of Greenland, or ride from Spitzbergen to the pole. But all have been unsuccessful. Twice only have human eyes beheld the shores and the inhabitants of the mysterious sea. From two tall peaks that rise, bare and disheveled, near the utmost verge of solid land, two observers saw the waves swelling far away toward the pole, and beheld before them the end of the habitable globe.

It is asserted and believed that the warm current of the Gulf Stream spreads around the coast of Nova Zembla, and, bearing with it the heat of the tropics, penetrates the barrier of ice beyond Spitzbergen, and diffuses itself in the polar basin. A temperate climate follows the intrusive river. The arctic rigors relent; an uninterrupted flow of billows and breakers rolls over the northern pole; the ice-bound sea is filled with warmth and life; unnumbered flocks of birds build on its rugged cliffs; a boundless wealth of sea-monsters multiply in its safe shelter; gay flowers adorn the crevices of its rocks; auroral lights flash through its long night; its brief day invites the migratory throngs; and, possibly, in some undiscovered island of its mysterious depths some human tenants live, undisturbed by the fierce passions of the outer world, pursue the chase of the walrus or the seal in peace, and wonder when the tepid stream brings to their shores the fragments of shattered ships and lost armadas, and the rare traces of the civilization and the sorrows of a milder clime.

Such is the vision of a polar sea that has stirred the fancies of the most successful of modern discoverers. Yet it can scarcely be said to have been verified. The last great mystery of navigation is only so far unfolded as to awaken an entrancing interest, and lie shrouded in an alluring obscurity. Men of science have stood on the brink of the signal discovery, and then been driven back by an impenetrable barrier, when only a few miles of travel have separated them from the object of their search. Accomplished seamen have nearly pierced the straits that open into the polar world; Parry rode upon the ice from Spitzbergen until he was swept back by the descending current. Franklin perished at the gates of the open sea; Kane had nearly reached its savage shores; Hayes saw its waves swell beneath him. Nor can it be wondered that the ardor of discoverers rises high as they survey the rapid progress of previous explorers, and reflect that only a few miles of storm-tossed waters separate them from the polar main.

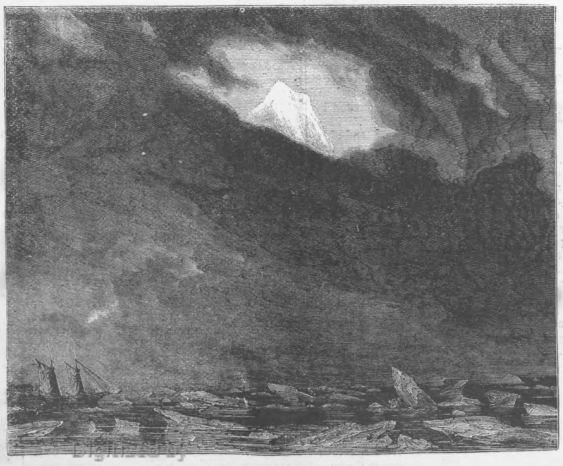


MIDNIGHT SUN OFF SPITZBERGEN.

Three methods of approach have allured the discoverers of more than three centuries, but have still eluded their research. Hudson attempted to sail directly forward over the northern pole, and thus unite the two hemispheres. The Elizabethan voyagers, to coast along the upper shores of Asia and America, and open a pathway through the southern waters of the polar sea. But it was found that each route was equally impracticable. To the east a wall of tempest-tossed ice clung to the northern coast of Asia. The short summer scarcely sufficed to temper the wintry rigor of Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla; the Asiatic sea was hidden in a perpetual gloom, from which even the Samoiede shrank in horror, and in a degree of cold that in winter drove the bear and the reindeer to a less rigid clime. Ships, mariners, and famous navigators perished, or were driven back hopelessly disabled from the endless glacier that enfolds the upper coast of Asia.

Nor has the western route proved more accessible. A net-work of islands, channels, and floating fields of ice lies in the path of the explorer. Overtaken by the swift approach of the wintry night, a series of brilliant leaders, the knight-errants of arctic discovery, have found themselves entangled in narrow inlets and frozen bays, and have vainly struggled to press onward to an open sea. Here Franklin perished with all his brave companions. Here, on the tortuous coast of North America, Back, Ross, M'Clintock, and a long succession of practiced seamen, have proved by their sufferings and their achievements the dangers of the western passage. It seems, indeed, scarcely credible that a safe outlet can ever be found along this iron coast from the Atlantic to the Pacific, or that the sounds, the islands, and the stormy bays will ever afford a pathway to the polar sea.

The third method remains, first attempted by the daring Hudson. The explorer must sail directly northward to the pole. Baffin Bay, a huge waste of waters, leads upward along the coast of Greenland; and at its upper extremity a narrow strait or sound points with alluring directness to the interior sea. Smith's Sound, as it is called, seems the very gateway to the unknown world. On the one side lies the coast of Greenland, reaching far away into the solitude of the north; on the other, a waste of desert islands. Its upper outlet, called Kennedy's Channel, opens amidst a solemn realm that has never been explored. Smith's Sound has been the favorite scene of American discovery. Kane passed two nights by its side; from a rugged peak on its eastern shore Morton saw an ocean stretching before him; Hayes followed in Kane's track, and from another peak beheld once more the open



A GLIMPSE OF JAN MAYEN'S ISLAND.

DRIFTING IN THE ICE.

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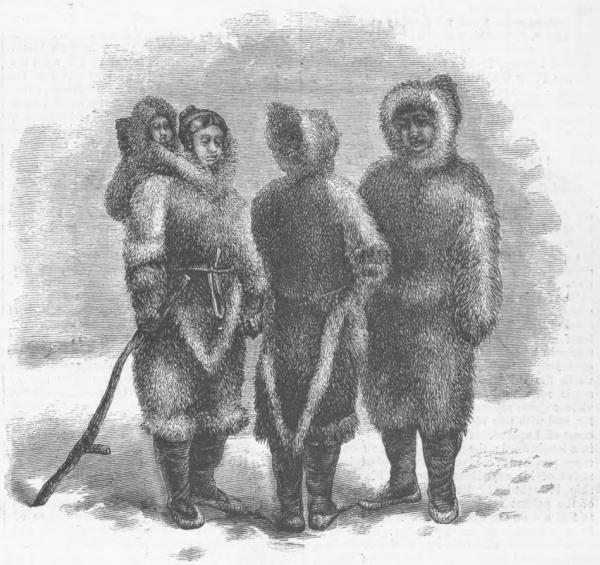
AURORA SEEN ON THE NORWAY COAST.



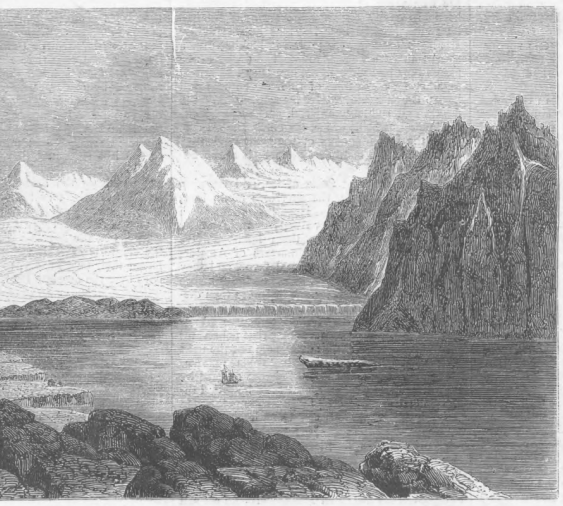
ARCTIC CLOTHING.

sea. The most northern point of land seen by human eyes is a projecting pile of rocks, washed by the polar wave, called Cape Union; on the shores of the unknown ocean lie Grinnell's Land and Washington, the farthest limits of the arctic world. Kane and Hayes have outstripped all their competitors in their progress toward the north; their countrymen may be the first to pass over the northern pole.

One doubt still disturbs the ardent explorer: it may prove that the new channel is only the prolongation of a bay, and that Washington and Grinnell's Land join in an icy continent extending over the fancied main. But to this suggestion is opposed the swift, strong current of the sound, the rush of floating ice from the north, the careful studies of Kane and Hayes, and their long and dangerous exploration of the opposite shores. Washington and Grinnell's Land seem parted by a rushing river, along whose melting waters in spring a mild north wind sweeps from the polar sea; the landmarks of Cape Union and Cape Constitution direct the path of the explorer; the wild storms that sweep over Smith's Strait, with its bands of ice, may yet be eluded; it will not be impossible, it is argued, for a skillful navigator to coast along the desolate shore, and ride safely beneath its frowning cliffs.

The Cabots first suggested the exploration of the northern seas; they contended that a pathway might be found to the Indies shorter and less difficult than that around the Cape of Good Hope. English traders and navigators eagerly accepted the theory, and the new field of discovery was entered upon with an enthusiasm that has never died. London, in 1553, was full of the novel excitement. The most important, if not the earliest, of the arctic voyages was about to set sail for the northern shores of Russia and Cathay. Trade had been stagnant; English merchants complained that their wares would not sell, even when they carried them to the very wharves of their ancient customers; and they resolved to seek for new scenes of commerce. A company had been formed, capital secured in moderate shares, three ships built with singular care for the arctic exploration, and at the head of the expedition was placed the valiant and noble Sir Hugh Willoughby, the most trust-worthy sailor of his day. Many others had sought the appointment, but the wise and careful merchants would have none for their admiral but the renowned Sir Hugh. Richard Chancellor commanded one of the ships—a man so eminent for his virtues that his friend, Henry Sidney, in a fine oration, presented him to the assembled company as worthy of the highest authority and esteem. Sidney promised that the nobility would favor the enterprise; he urged the merchants to remember how many dangers Chancellor was to encounter for their sakes and his country's love; what wild seas he was to enter; what barbarous races to visit; how he had placed life itself at hazard, while they sat calmly at home.

On the 10th of May, 1553, the ships dropped down the Thames. The captains and mariners had parted with tears from their wives, their children, their relations, and their friends. The wharves and shores were covered with people; and as the great ships, towed by boats and oars—the sailors clad in new blue jackets—passed slowly in front of the palace at Greenwich, where the gentle King Edward lay on his bed of death, their cannon roared over the quiet water, and echoed from the neighboring hills. All the court



MAGDALENA BAY, SPITZBERGEN.

HOME OF THE POLAR BEAR.

ARCTIC NAVIGATION.

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came out to see them. The roof and terraces of the palace were filled with noble and famous spectators. The king himself was too weak to leave his room. But there was the stern and wicked Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, and all the Privy Council, gazing upon the parting vessels; there perhaps was Cranmer, unconscious of his coming doom; there the thoughtful eyes of Lady Jane Grey may have looked on the splendid show; and from every hill, eminence, and building the people in eager throngs bade farewell to the adventurous mariners. The sailors cheered, the multitude replied, the cannon re-echoed from the shore; and thus, in a magnificent triumph, the valiant Sir Hugh was conducted down the Thames, and his tall and stately form faded forever from the eyes of his countrymen.

Scarcely a year had passed before the chief actors in the pageant had shared a common doom.

The feeble King Edward died in July; Northumberland, convicted of many crimes, perished on the scaffold; the accomplished Lady Jane and her fair young husband met the same fate; Cranmer was burned at the stake; and Mary ruled over England with relentless severity. Meanwhile the ships proceeded prosperously to the arctic zone, until, off the coast of Norway, a violent storm separated Sir Hugh from Chancellor, and with two vessels he made his way to the coast of Lapland. He was inclosed by the ice in a lonely fiord; the arctic night came on; his crews perished of cold or disease; and a brief narrative of his expedition, found in his deserted ship, brought indications to England of the fate of the gallant mariner, and of his vain efforts to find aid on the desolate shore. He probably froze to death in the solitary harbor. Chancellor, more fortunate, made his way to the White Sea, was presented to the mighty Emperor of Russia, and laid the foundations of a lucrative trade.

Three centuries later the arctic mystery was still unsolved, and Sir John Franklin, the most eminent of modern explorers, disappeared from sight, like Sir Hugh Willoughby, in a daring effort to discover a western passage. In May, 1845, he had set sail, attended by the good wishes of his sovereign and her people. His two ships, the *Erebus* and *Terror*, were provided with all the appliances of comfort for an arctic voyage. He had a long experience in polar navigation, which his predecessor, Sir Hugh, had wholly wanted; and it might well be hoped that the accomplished sailor who embarked in the reign of Victoria, surrounded by every aid that the science and wealth of her mighty empire could give him, would have a happier fate than his who was sustained alone by the humble resources of the reign of Edward VI. But years passed away, and no tidings came of the lost expedition. The whole civilized world was filled with anxious interest. A series of brilliant expeditions were sent out by England and the United States in search of the eminent discoverer. The arctic coasts of America were explored with wonderful vigor and endurance; a fleet of vessels entered the sounds and straits of the icy world; Ross and Kane, M'Clintock and M'Clure, the gallant Frenchman Bellot, and a throng of their heroic associates, strove in vain to penetrate to the last retreat of Franklin, to rescue him from arctic bondage, or discover traces of his mysterious doom. At length, after more than ten years of incessant effort, beneath a lofty cairn of stones on King William's Land a document was found relating the death of the explorer, and indicating that the survivors of his crews had wandered away to the shores of America in search of aid. Like the companions of Sir Hugh Willoughby, they perished in the vain attempt; and except the narrative of Franklin's death, the only accounts we have of their wanderings are the traditions of the Esquimaux, who saw them fall down, one by one, on their desolate way. Not a man survived of all the brilliant company to tell how frost, disease, famine, or the spears of the savage natives had destroyed the rest.

In the interval of three centuries between the death of Willoughby and that of Franklin the passion for arctic adventure has never waned. All the chivalry of the seas has been employed in ineffectual efforts to sail east, west, or north over the impenetrable waters. Almost every bay, cliff, and cape of the arctic landscape is marked by the name of some ardent discoverer, who has given the best energies of life, or perhaps life itself, to his ruling passion, or of some generous citizen who has aided by liberal gifts the plans of discovery. Cabot, Frobisher, Davis, Hudson, Baffin, and eminent London or Holland merchants, in the dawn of navigation, led on the explorers. Thrice the little bark *Sunshine* carried the modern viking, John Davis, to the coast of Greenland, until, as early as 1587, he had entered Baffin Bay, and opened the path to the western passage; and thrice Frobisher encountered, still earlier, the arctic storms, and had, perhaps, crossed to the coast of America.

Of the eastern voyages the most noted are those of Barentz. He was the most skillful seaman of Holland when the Dutch navigators, in the first period of their liberty, had begun to contest the supremacy of the seas with the haughty Spaniards and Portuguese. It was the favorite scheme of the adventurous merchants of Amsterdam to force through the Arctic Ocean a new pathway to Cathay. Barentz was their favorite captain. Twice he made his way to the dreary coasts of Nova Zembla; the storms, the ice, and the endless night repelled him, but he was resolved to return. In May, 1596, he set out upon his last and fatal voyage. His two companion ships abandoned him on the coast of Spitzbergen, yet he pressed on to the cliffs of Nova Zembla, through fogs and storms, and was frozen in upon the shore amidst the untried horrors of an arctic night.

All the circumstances of their winter's imprisonment were as terrible as they were novel to the distressed mariners. Their ship, raised by the pressure of the ice, fell upon her side, and seemed ready to break in pieces beneath them. They resolved, therefore, to build a hut upon the shore, in which to pass the winter; and were rejoiced to find the coast covered with trees, drifted from Muscovy or Tartary, that promised them a supply of fuel as well as materials for building. In the midst of intense cold and the rapidly fading light they dragged their timber over the snow, sometimes for many miles, and slowly proceeded with their painful labors. At length the rude hut was completed, and they removed their scanty stores of wine and provisions to the land. But the sun, their last source of pleasure, had now abandoned them; the snow was heaped up in huge masses over their dwelling; their scanty fires scarcely warmed them; the fierce polar bears, unacquainted with man, beset them in the gloom, and even strove to enter the hut; disease and death came upon the little company; yet the brave sailors celebrated Twelfth Night with a feast of fritters cooked in oil, as they would have done in happy Holland, and elected the gunner king of Nova Zembla.

As the solemn gloom began slowly to disperse in the spring, Barentz, finding his ships lost in the ice, resolved to prepare his two boats for a voyage over the stormy seas. They were drawn upon the shore and refitted. The sailors had now grown so feeble as to be hardly capable of labor. Their lingering strength scarcely sufficed to drag the boats to the water. Hope, however, revived. They had now some faint prospect of escape; and on the 14th of June, 1597, the survivors of the party set sail from Nova Zembla in their two frail vessels for the distant shores of Russia. The sea was filled with floating ice, and often the violent storms dashed the little barks against the floes in so dreadful a manner that the hair of the crews would "stand on end." Night and day perpetual danger hovered over them. Often they crept upon the fields of ice to gain a transient rest, and slept on the frozen ocean. Many were sick, and were tenderly watched over by their companions. At last even the iron vigor of Barentz, who had cheerfully borne so many disasters, gave way. He had long been ill, and now felt that he was dying. His last moments were passed in looking over a chart which De Veer, his mate, had drawn of the places they had visited. When they had talked together for some time of their adventures and hopes, Barentz said, "Give me some drink." He drank, and suddenly expired. The open boat, the boundless fields of ice, the chart, the amazed crew, the last moments of the great navigator, form one of the sublimest pictures in arctic adventure.

Piercing the vast fields of ice, and creeping along stormy coasts, the survivors made their way to the White Sea. Here they met with a Dutch ship, and sailed for Amsterdam. All their countrymen had thought them lost. Twelve only survived. The burgomasters of Amsterdam received them with signal favor, and they gave a recital of their wonderful fortunes before the chief lords of the city. They were then dismissed with liberal rewards.

A river, the centre of the intercourse of nations, a bay, the most important that penetrates the western continent, bear the name of the next great navigator, and perpetuate his renown. Henry Hudson was all his life borne onward by the passion for discovery. In 1607 he sailed directly northward, hoping to reach the pole. He coasted along the shores of Greenland until he was stopped by the ice. He passed over to Spitzbergen, and still failed to pierce the constant barrier. He attempted the northeast passage in vain, and in a third voyage (1609) entered the calm waters of New York bay. A fourth voyage proved his last. In April, 1610, he set sail in a vessel of fifty-five tons, manned by a disorderly crew, who, when they first encountered the fogs and ice of Hudson's Straits, would have forced him to return. But he pressed on, and in bright sunlight of a fair day saw stretching before him the magnificent inland sea that bears his name. Hudson, now filled with exultation, believed that the long-desired path to the Indies lay before him, and in spite of the murmurs of his disaffected sailors resolved to sail onward to the land of gems and spices. For three months he coasted along the southern shore, expecting every moment to find a channel open to the east. But the winter came on, and in November his little vessel was frozen in upon the desolate coast. With scanty food and intense suffering, he contrived to wear out the season of frost and gloom; and when at last the summer liberated his ship the brave navigator once more prepared to pursue his search for an eastern passage.

Suddenly, one morning as he stepped on deck, he was seized by three of his crew, and his arms pinioned behind him. The mutineers had resolved to return to England without their leader. He remonstrated, commanded, implored; and then, when he saw that no hope remained, looked calmly on while the sailors launched a little boat and lowered Hudson into it, bound and powerless. His carpenter, who had refused to join the mutiny, was placed beside him. Six invalids were also lowered into the boat. Some powder and shot were given them, and the ship sailed off for England, leaving Hudson and his companions to perish on the desolate bay. They were never heard of again. Hudson died on the scene of his great discovery. A terrible retribution, however, overtook his guilty crew: some perished in a conflict with the Esquimaux; others died of famine on their way homeward.

Such were the sufferings and fate of some of the earlier explorers; of the more recent voyages, so filled with wonderful examples of heroism and endurance, we have little room to speak. Parry, the favorite champion of discovery, in 1818 led the way to Wellington Channel, and passed the winter in the midst of ice and darkness. Twice he returned to his favorite scene of adventures, and at last, in 1827, set out on a journey over the frozen sea from Spitzbergen, hoping to reach the pole. He was provided with two boats, on runners, laden with provisions. The ice, softened by rain, gave but a dangerous pathway; the men clambered over the rough surface, often on their hands and knees; yet for thirty-five days they moved northward over the fathomless sea, and reached the highest latitude (82° 40′ 20″) ever attained by a discoverer. But Parry found that the ice on which he traveled was moving southward, and he was forced to turn back without reaching the object of his hopes. It was his last voyage; and more fortunate than Willoughby, Barentz, or Hudson, he returned in safety to receive the applause and favor of his country.

The four years passed by John and James Ross in the arctic solitude, and their wonderful return (1833)—the land explorations of Richardson, Franklin, and Back, more terrible even than the labors of the sea—seemed to prepare the way for that wild ardor of adventure with which the best seamen of the age volunteered to hasten to the rescue of Franklin and his brave companions. In the year 1850 twelve ships had sailed on the charitable enterprise. Yet the search proved useless, and the sufferings of the officers and crews were often nearly fatal. On a chill day in September Captain Kennedy, shut in by a barrier of ice at Prince Regent's Inlet, ventured out with a party of four men to search for papers or relics on the frozen shores. They made no discoveries, and turned back toward their ship. In the interval broken masses of ice had filled the inlet, and they found themselves cut off from their companions in the midst of the gathering night. Meantime the floe on which they stood began to break in pieces; icebergs tossed against it, and the rapid tide shook it to the centre. They fled to the bleak shore, and passed the bitter night alternately walking to preserve life or sleeping an hour beneath their boat. In the morning, upon gazing eagerly toward the inlet, they could see no trace of their vessel, which had been carried off by the ice, and felt with dismay that they were abandoned in the midst of the arctic desolation. Happily, however, they found some provisions left by Sir James Ross; they fitted up their boat as a rude shelter from the cold, and lived for a month in their solitary abode, surrounded by endless wastes of ice, and almost hopeless of relief. They contrived to build a fire, and began to provide winter clothing to protect them from the rigors of the season. It was the middle of October; no news had been heard of the lost ship, and they could scarcely hope that she had escaped the icebergs and the floes. But suddenly the sound of well-known voices broke upon them as they sat by their cheerful fire; a party from the ship had come to their rescue under the brave Frenchman, Lieutenant Bellot, and the hopeless discoverers, restored to the comforts of their well-provided vessel, soon forgot their past misery, to set out on new journeys over the desolate land.

TO BE CONTINUED.

KING WILLIAM AND "OUR FRITZ."

THE King of Prussia's letter to the Crown Prince, nominating him a Field Marshal, though dated the 28th of October, has only recently been published by the official *Staats Anzeiger*. It runs thus: "With the capitulation of Marshal Bazaine's army and the fortress of Metz, whereby both the hostile armies which in July of this year entered upon the present sanguinary war—one not, however, provoked by us—against the united forces of Prussia and Germany, have fallen as prisoners into our hands, so important a turning-point of it has arrived that I am induced to mark this event, in its entire gravity, by a special act. In promoting the success of our difficult task you have had throughout an important share, for you opened the campaign by two victories in rapid succession. The left flank of the main army was next covered by your strategic advance, so that it proceeded in security to the siege of Bazaine's army. You then, with your army division, joined the great army, in order to take part in the operations against Sedan, and to co-operate in the great results there obtained; and you have now, partly by fighting, effected the investment of Paris. All this put together indicates the great and successful general. To you, therefore, is due the highest step in military rank, and I accordingly nominate you a General Field Marshal. It is the first time that this distinction—which I also confer on Frederick Charles—has been enjoyed by princes of our house; but the successes which have hitherto been gained in this campaign reach a height and importance as to consequences to which there has been no precedent. What my fatherly heart feels at being able and bound in such a way to express to you my own and the Father-land's thanks requires no words.

"Your cordially loving and grateful father,

"WILLIAM."

DYING BY POISON.

"Is there any hope for him, Sir?"

"Hope? Yes, my man, there is always hope. Now, then, hold his head a little higher. That's right—steady!" And between my patient's set teeth I contrived to pour from a spoon a small quantity of a powerful stimulant, whose effect was almost magical, but at the same time strangely evanescent. For, in my capacity of surgeon of a Pennsylvania regiment, on service down South against the Confederates, I had had men brought in stricken down by a new enemy. Injuries by shot and shell, bayonet and sabre, and even the terrible strokes from galloping horses, I had dealt with daily, vainly struggling to combat the effects of the fearful butchery on all sides rife; but now that we had made a strategic movement, and were lying inactive, watching the opposite side, first one man and then another was brought in to the hospital tent, from outlying posts in some sterile, stony tract, to display nothing but two tiny punctures of the skin, now in the wrist, now in the leg; while one poor fellow had been lying down, and displayed his wounds in the cheek.

Rattlesnake—the deadly crotalus—a foe most dangerous and dread, to come as it were suddenly in our midst, often, too, striking men without affording them an opportunity for taking revenge upon their crawling, insidious assailant; so that in the course of a few hours men shrank with blanched cheek from taking their turn in rifle-pit or earth-work—soldiers who would have gone out boldly to the encounter of some inimical regiment. The very knowledge of there being such a deadly plague in our midst sent a shudder through the whole brigade; and those who had been in the habit of throwing themselves down to rest in all *insouciance* were now to be seen turning over stones, searching and beating bushes about the tents, and starting like frightened children at every false alarm.

Twice over the venomous beast was brought in with the sufferer; and after attending to the stricken man's wants, I had gazed with considerable curiosity at the long, lithe, faintly quivering scaly body, whose crushed head had contained so potent a *philtre* from Nature's laboratory that a tiny drop in the veins of a stout man brought him in a very short space to the brink of death.

I was very successful, saving the lives of all three men by the same means—a powerful stimulus, whose strength counteracted the fatal prostration induced by the poison.

And now here was another—a fine, strong young fellow, sinking fast when he reached the tent, and only just able to tell how he had lain down, and then, at almost one and the same moment, heard the rattle and felt the sharp prick of the beast's fangs. I had a hard fight, the poison having obtained so strong a hold; but perseverance and science proved the victors in the end, and there were tears of gratitude in my patient's eyes as he took his leave.

That night, so serious was the panic among the men, that the general of brigade consulted with his brother officers concerning the choosing of fresh ground. But, from the strength of our position, this was negatived; and the next morning the men were encouraged to hunt out our reptile foes—the result being the exhibition of four large-sized rattlesnakes, whose career of danger to man had been brought to a conclusion.

There was no respite for me, though: before many hours had elapsed an Irishman was led in, with a strap tightly fastened round one arm to arrest the spread of the poison, while his hand displayed the customary punctures, and the sufferer the usual symptoms of prostration. In this case, though, the effect of the stimulant administered was to send the patient into a profound state of unconsciousness, which somewhat alarmed me, from its being a contrary effect to that usually produced—the power of the poison being such that a pint of strong whisky did little more than revive the sufferer.

The Irishman was dismissed, cured, the following morning; but two hours after, another poor fellow from his company was led in, crying and moaning like a child.

"Oh, docthor, docthor dear!" he cried, "isn't it cruel to keep the boys here in such a nest of snakes? I'm kilt intirely wid one of the little poison bastes wid a rattle-tail, and it's such a small place ye can hardly see it. Wirrashtrue! why did I lave ould Ireland at all at all? where there isn't a vinomous baste to come and devour a boy if he's iver so hungry."

"There, there! stop that howling, my good fellow," I said, "and let me look."

"Is it howling ye call it, docthor dear, whin the pison's running all through ye? But plaze be a-lookin' at it before I'm kilt intirely. There, docthor dear, it's thim two small howls, jist as if some one had brogged 'em in wid two pins. Oh, docthor dear, shall I die? Shall I have to be berrid in the cowld airth widout bein' dacently waked? Ochone! why did I come out at all at all?"

"There, confound it, man, be quiet!" I exclaimed; and then, with a little application of bandage and lancet, I gave the poor fellow the stimulant, which he seemed to gulp down as if it were so much water, until at last insensibility ensued; and I noted down in my little case-book that the effect of poison and antidote was different upon men of the Celtic race, and I lay down that night in my tent very quiet and thoughtful.

Not a single rattlesnake had been killed that day, in spite of the most energetic search; and I began to hope that the peril would soon be a thing of the past—the snakes fleeing from the presence of man; but the very next morning, directly after leaving the mess tent, the colonel came to me himself, accompanying another Irishman from the same company.

"It will never do, Ellison," the colonel said; "I really can not stand it. It is not just to the men. We must move; for there's a perfect panic among the poor fellows."

"Don't be uneasy," I said, assisting the stricken man into the hospital tent; "I fancy the evil is nearly at an end.—Here, hold this poor fellow up." I exclaimed to a couple of the dressers.

"Now reach me that bottle. Quick, man; the poor fellow is fainting."

"Yes; for Heaven's sake be quick!" cried the colonel, as his private gave a hollow groan.

"No, no, no!" I said to my aid; "not that bottle; there's another, which I prepared this morning. That's right. No, never mind lancing the place. Now then; hold his head up a little higher.—Does your throat feel constricted

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—swelled up—my man? Do you think you can swallow?"

"Shure yis, yer honner, jist a little!"

"Drink that up, then, every drop," I said, placing in an assistant's hand a tin cup containing about a pint of the mixture I had made ready. "Now then—no flinching—every drop—not a drain left. Ah, would you! Hold his head!"

After the first taste the unfortunate patient shrank back; but with my help his head and nose were firmly held, and the whole pint of fluid poured down his throat; when with a howl resembling that of a wild beast he kicked out, sprang up, and then ran out of the tent, to the great astonishment of the colonel.

"What! turned homeopathist," he said; "giving poison to cure poison?"

"Oh dear, no! That was only a preparation of aloes, jalap, and tartar emetic. I don't think he will want another dose."

"My dear Ellison, how can you doctors be so brutal and callous when a fellow-creature's life is at stake?"

"Cool, that, for a charge-commanding colonel of a thousand human butchers," I replied, laughing. "You see, colonel, the fact of the matter is this: I've been tricked once too often. There were four genuine cases of snake-bite, which I successfully treated with whisky, when the Hibernian element of the regiment approved so of the doctoring, and shammed so successfully, that I must confess to having been taken in. By-the-way, though, would you like the laste taste of my Irish mixture?"

"Confound it, no!"

A CHINESE SUPERSTITION.

THE Chinese believe that every one has three souls. At the moment of death (which they call the breaking of the three-inch breath) one of these souls enters the unseen world and goes to judgment; one resides in the wooden table:—the spirit's throne, as it is called—which is erected to the memory of the departed either in some recess of the house or in the ancestral temple; and the third goes with the corpse into the grave. They believe that the unseen world is an exact counterpart, only spiritualized, of things visible; and that the spirits of the departed are in need of the same support as they required when living—food, raiment, dwelling-place—reduced, however, to a state suitable for the use of the invisible, which is attainable, they imagine, by the process of burning. There is a strange inconsistency in this superstition. In Chinese coffins the corpse is sometimes seen dressed in the usual costume of the living, each article of clothing being good and substantial, according to, and frequently beyond, the circumstances of the mourning family; a cap is placed on the head, the pipe is laid by the motionless hand, and frequently strings of hard cash are put in before the coffin-lid is screwed down. Whether this needless expense is incurred for display merely, or whether it is supposed that the raiment, gradually decaying with the mouldering corpse, will become thus invisible and spiritualized, we are unable positively to determine.

The people are, however, too prudent to carry this extravagance to an excess. Having to provide, not on the day of the funeral alone, but henceforth in perpetuity, for the comforts of the departed, and having to assist in the support, not of one loved one alone, but of a long line of ancestors, stretching back with their shadowy forms into the mists of antiquity, the Chinese take care that clothing, furniture, and money, which must be burned so as to be realized by the spirits, shall be as inexpensive as possible. They therefore manufacture imitations of these necessaries in paper; the paper-money being covered with tin or gilt foil; and on some occasions a paper mansion, ready furnished and prepared, is burned and passed entire into the unseen world. The food of the spirits is managed more simply still: the feast is spread, hot and steaming; and this steam, with the fumes arising from the viands, forms the repast of the spirits, the substantial food, warmed up again probably, being consumed by the survivors.

The Chinese appear to believe that the spirits of those who have died and are unburied—those, for instance, who have perished at sea, or in battle, or in a foreign land—wander about in misery, just as in this present world those who have no home, no dwelling-place, wander about as beggars. There are ghost-beggars, say the Chinese, as well as sturdy, palpable, visible beggars. Now the ranks of this unseen beggar race are swelled by the spirits of those whose comforts are not attended to by their surviving relatives, or whose families have become extinct. And, as in this world, the annoyance caused by troops of hungry mendicants is only too notorious, it is believed by the Chinese that the beggar ghosts, though with tongues unheard, and hands unseen, and noiseless feet, do approach and annoy and grievously injure those who refuse a pittance of charity. Sudden sickness, and misfortune in the family or in business, are frequently attributed to the unwelcome visits of these beggar spirits. Persons have even been known to commit suicide, so as to be in a more advantageous position to avenge themselves on their adversaries.

Now in Chinese cities the shop-keepers generally compound with the king of the beggars for a certain yearly payment, in consideration of which they are guaranteed against the annoying visits of the beggar host. Hence it follows that, apart from the regular and orderly worship and culture of ancestors in each family, all those who value their peace and quiet provide at certain periods for the wants of the untold crowd of wandering ghosts; and so tremendous is the power of this superstitious fear over the minds and pockets of the Chinese that, while real and present beggars are put off with the smallest possible sum, it is calculated that about thirty millions sterling are spent annually on this provision for the invisible host of imaginary mendicants. About half the women of China, some forty millions in number, are supposed to spend a large portion of their time in manufacturing the "*silboh*," or gold and silver paper for the dead. Hence also results the strong desire every Chinaman feels to have a son instead of a daughter; for should the male line of his family fail, the ancestral feast can not be performed, and then not only his own spirit will be starved, but all his ancestors will be reduced to a state of beggary. Christianity, by forbidding ancestral worship, breaks in the person of its converts the line of succession, and ruins the credit of the family, in the seen and unseen worlds alike, by consigning all to a condition of perpetual beggary. On one occasion a father, enraged even to despair at the resolution of his son to become a Christian, threatened to destroy himself. The son in that case would have been beheaded as the undoubted murderer of his father; and his spirit, appearing headless in the spirit world, would have been greeted with insult and opprobrium there, as one whose guilt required no further evidence. The heads of pirates and other notorious criminals are suspended in cages, after execution, over the city gates, and in other conspicuous places, as a warning and a deterrent, not merely through the prospect of punishment in this life, but also of indignity in the world to come.

GENERAL TROCHU AND VICTOR HUGO.

VICTOR HUGO and the balloon has been a latent joke in several quarters. But although it has been hushed up in Paris, and in those of the principal cities of France in which it got wind, the story has, nevertheless, found vent in a Guernsey paper (*Le Guernesiais*), to the no little amusement of the inhabitants of that island, and those among whom the paper circulates. It has been generally lamented that so great an author as Victor Hugo should not have exerted his energies and eloquence in exhorting the Parisians to look the bitter facts fairly in the face, instead of blindly and willfully repeating all sorts of vain defiances, threats, and hopes as vain. But Victor Hugo fell at once into the vortex, and went to and fro preaching and parading the same extravagances. General Trochu soon found that all this was becoming troublesome, inasmuch as it kept up a continual excitement in directions which he was not prepared to realize, or at that time attempt. He therefore invited the great author and orator one day to luncheon on a *ragoût* of fancy dog, with a delicate *fricassée* of drain-rat to follow—and, of course, very choice wines; after which he proposed a stroll down to the quarter where a balloon was about to ascend for a voyage to Tours. On the way General Trochu expressed his extreme regret that some eloquent man did not arise, in each of the great provincial cities, to exhort the inhabitants to the most vigorous resistance. "And who," said the General, as they approached the balloon, now swinging by its last cords—"who could do this so well—who could inspire their patriotism to the utmost height so effectually, as the illustrious author of "Notre Dame" and "Les Miserables?" Suppose, Monsieur, you were at once to step into that balloon?" There was a pause. The great author reflected. He then said that he thought his proper place was in Paris, and that he was ready "to die upon the ramparts." Concerning which *Le Guernesiais* humorously and somewhat irreverently remarks that "Victor Hugo was too old a bird to be caught with chaff or lime."

BRIERLEY GRANGE.

I.

"BRING some more toast, Crutchapple, and another dish of broiled ham; and let Mary poach three or four more turkey's eggs."

Thus spoke an old lady, of venerable and benevolent aspect, to an ancient housekeeper, as silver-haired and smiling as herself.

The party assembled around the Dowager Lady Brierley's hospitable tea-table on this cold winter night were but three in number, including the mistress of the Grange herself. The first was a young and exquisitely fair girl of twenty, whose golden hair fell in wavy masses upon a neck scarcely inferior in whiteness to the swan's-down which trimmed the body of her rich blue silk dress. She was the orphan niece of Lady Brierley, who, having no other living relative, had adopted her as a daughter; and Rosamond Chester was in every respect worthy of her aged relative's esteem and affection. The third member of this cozy and happy family party was a very handsome man, of a dark and almost gipsy-like appearance, who was perhaps some three-and-thirty years of age; and, lest Lady Brierley should be accused by any of our overparticular readers of imprudence, in holding the torch to the tow, by bringing so handsome a young couple into association with each other, it may as well be at once admitted that Arthur Callender was already a rising physician, and the accepted suitor of Miss Chester—with the full concurrence of Lady Brierley. The worthy old countess was by no means one of those who think it impossible for real merit to exist without a title; and as Dr. Callender, besides his own personal good qualities, was possessed of an ample private fortune, Prudence herself could not have sneered at the match.

"You must know, Arthur," continued the countess, as soon as the old housekeeper had left the room to prepare the savory reinforcements for the tea-table, "that Crutchapple has been almost frightened out of her wits the last two or three nights by the visitation of ghosts or goblins, or some such sort of weird creatures, and that she has made all the maids as foolish as herself, so that they are scared by their own shadows."

It may here be mentioned that Brierley Grange was situated near one of the pleasantest of our beautiful sunny country villages, not more than thirty miles from town, and that Dr. Callender had only that day arrived on a visit to its benevolent owner.

"And," added the countess, "Crutchapple, for all she looks so demure and highly decorous, has, I do verily believe, a firm faith in genii and ghouls, and all that sort of thing. She had positively never read the 'Arabian Nights' until a month ago, when she chanced to be laid up for two days, and I lent one of the volumes to her. Can you imagine such a thing as a staid old dame of seventy selecting a fairy-tale to read from a whole heap of all the best authors, past and present?"

The young doctor smiled, and said

"Oh, my dear Lady Brierley, that is the commonest of common occurrences. Contrast is a powerful ingredient in the cup of our bodily pleasures. The boy wishes to be a man, the man sighs over the pleasures of the boy. The dark love the fair" (here he glanced at Rosamond Chester); "the short, the tall; the urchin of four likes to play with grandfather's spectacles; and why should not poor Mrs. Crutchapple find pleasure in those delightful flights of imagination which have entranced us all in our day, and which she had never read of before? It is the most natural thing in the world."

"Really, learned doctor, you speak like an oracle," Miss Chester said, playfully.

Lady Brierley laughed one of the genial, cheery laughs of kindly old age, as she said:

"Arthur is right. I confess I did not look at it in that light. Now I think of it, I believe I am a very child myself."

"Especially with regard to cakes, aunty dear," said her niece, archly.

"Yes, I confess to a weakness for plum-cake. Well, but with regard to Crutchapple: ever since she first opened the pages of the charming Scheherazade, she has done nothing but question me as to foreign countries, where jewels grow upon trees; did my diamonds grow upon trees, in some outlandish part?—so she terms it—and such questions; and I do firmly believe she thinks that Sindbad and Aladdin actually existed, and that it is possible a genie might pop up at any moment in some corner of this very Grange."

Here the trio all laughed merrily in unison, but were obliged to put on decorous faces, as at this moment Crutchapple herself entered, bearing the relays of toast and ham, and looking as stately, and yet withal as cheerful and benevolent, as Mr. Dickens's Peggotty or Polly Toodles.

"Crutchapple," said the dowager, as she proceeded to dispense the ham, "won't you take a chair, and tell the doctor all about your 'visions?'"

Now Crutchapple, having been nearly fifty years in the service of Lady Brierley, was regarded by that excellent lady more in the light of a friend than a servant, and consequently there was nothing derogatory or *outré* in this invitation.

The housekeeper looked doubtfully at Dr. Callender, who was disposing, with hearty goodwill, of the fine-flavored York ham and hot toast, but who found time, nevertheless, to look up and say, with an encouraging smile,

"Pray do, Mrs. Crutchapple; I am longing to hear all about it."

Thus urged, Crutchapple said, resolutely,

"Well, my lady, I'm sure I have no manner of objection;" and accordingly sat down.

"You must know, my lady, and you, Sir, and you, ma'am" (*a good* servant never says *miss*), "that being troubled this time of the year with a cough, I never sleep particular sound of nights, and most times lie awake a good bit after I first go to bed."

"I will give you a cough mixture," said the doctor.

"Thank you kindly, Sir. Well, Sir, my lady's hours, you see, are early, and by ten o'clock we're all mostly in bed, and the lights put out. So you see, a few nights ago, after Mr. Rootshawe—that's the butler, Sir—had made all safe for the night, and I'd taken my lady her glass of mulled port-wine, why, of course, I went to my own bedroom. Well, it was bitter cold, you see, and I not being so young as I was, I'd got a bit of fire in my room; not as I hold with fires in a bedroom in general, except for old folks, that is—asking pardon for saying it—as my lady and me."

"Well, well, Crutchapple," said the dowager; "don't stop to apologize."

"No, my lady. *Well*, I wasn't special tired, and having a bit of a book, you see, just to finish, I thought as I'd take an hour cozy by the fire before I went to bed."

"Ah, ah, Crutchapple!" interrupted Rosamond Chester; "that was one of your dearly beloved tales of a genie."

"Well, ma'am," replied the good dame, sheepishly, and coloring to the roots of her gray hair, "I won't deny as it were. It were one where Annie (I think they called her) got up in the night, and went into a church-yard."

"Ah, I see—Aminé."

"Yes, ma'am; Amine got up in the night, and went into the church-yard, along with a ghoul; and there them two abominable creatures sat on the tombstones, a-cutting slices out of dead men's bodies, and a-eating of 'em."

"Well, but, Mrs. Crutchapple, you don't believe it really happened?" said the doctor.

"Well, I don't know, Sir. There's a many wonderful things as happens in foreign parts."

The three listeners could not avoid smiling.

"You may smile, Sir, and you too, my lady, and you, ma'am," said the housekeeper, a little discomposed; "but you know, my lady, as my lord himself, when he were alive, told us how his own brother had eaten of a dead man aboard ship, when—"

"Ah, yes, Crutchapple," answered the old lady, shuddering. "But that was when they were famished with hunger; and besides, that was in *real* life."

"Well, my lady, you know best. But as I was saying, this young woman and the ghoul, they sat eating of bodies on the tombstones; and of course, as I never read nor heard tell of such goings on before, I felt goosey-like, you know, and my flesh creeped. But I read on, for somehow the more horrible a thing is to read of, my lady, the more you can't leave it off."

"That is a literal fact," said the doctor; "and it is caused by— But go on, Mrs. Crutchapple; I beg your pardon."

"Well, Sir, I read on, till at last—there is no denying it—I fell asleep; and how long I slept I don't know, but I dreamed, oh, all sorts of awful things—"

"Caused by your uncomfortable position in your chair."

"Till at last I woke; and there was my candle burned out, and the fire burned low, but still enough left plainly to see any thing by."

"Well?"

"Well, Sir, at first I sat a while, not wishing to move like, as one never does when one's waked from sleep—"

"Another natural phenomenon, which—"

"Oh, Arthur, *do* be quiet!" interposed Rosamond Chester.

"So, Sir, and my lady, and ma'am," continued the housekeeper, "I just sat a minute or two, looking at the fire, half scared like, when I heard a noise, like some one walking in their stocking-feet; and I looked round, and pretty near fainted; for I saw a great big fellow, with a tremendous black beard, and eyes all wild-like, and I tried to screech out, but I couldn't."

"Nightmare," said the doctor.

"Oh no, Sir," said the housekeeper, earnestly; "I were wide awake, indeed I were."

"But, Crutchapple," said Lady Brierley, "you never told me *this* before."

"No, my lady; I thought as 'twould frighten you, for I believe as it were thieves; but then I saw the man walk quite through the wall, and then I knew as thieves couldn't do *that*, and I thought as it must be some kind of spirit, and you would all have made game of me. And then"—here she hesitated a little—"I persuaded myself as I'd been dreaming."

"The most rational solution to the mystery," said the doctor, smiling.

"Well, Sir, you're put in the room next mine, and there's not another soul but us in that wing; and there's a lot of old mouldy rooms that's not been furnished fresh since my lord died; so if there's any ghosts you'll see 'em as well as me, Sir."

"Well, well, Mrs. Crutchapple, I'll take my chance in such good company as yours," replied the doctor, good-humoredly.

"Thank you, Sir; but I don't fancy the left wing no more; and with my lady's permission, *I* shall sleep to-night in the right wing, in the room next Miss Chester."

"Oh, arrange it as you like, Crutchapple," said Lady Brierley; "and don't eat any thing too rich or heavy for your supper."

"So I am to face the ghosts alone, then?" interrupted the doctor. "Well, so be it. I will try some spell to banish them. And, Rose," he added, to Miss Chester, "you may as well nail a horseshoe over my door, and order vervain to be strewn over the threshold."

"Well, I'll see about it," the young lady replied, laughingly.

Mrs. Crutchapple rose.

"With your leave, my lady, I'll send Mary to take the things away; for I have got to see to the jelly and the pheasant for your supper."

"Do so, then," replied Lady Brierley, with a kind, smiling nod of dismissal. And forthwith the good woman departed upon her domestic affairs, not perhaps altogether sorry to escape.

"A nice old lady," said the doctor, when she had left the room, "but I should say decidedly superstitious."

"Yes," answered Lady Brierley. "Crutchapple believes in all the old superstitions, such as that it is unlucky to spill salt, to cut your nails on a Friday, or to see a rabbit run across your path early in the morning."

"And from what you said, I gather that she is not averse to suppers of a savory nature."

"Why, no. She certainly likes her veal-cutlet, or stewed duck, for the last meal of the day."

"Upon my word," rejoined Doctor Callender, laughing heartily, "I never heard of a more satisfactory recipe for conjuring up ghosts in my life. An old lady eats a rich supper, reads a story full of horrors, and finally falls asleep in a most uncomfortable posture. *Voilà tout!* I think the ghosts are accounted for."

"I think so too," said Rosamond.

"*Et moi aussi*," added Lady Brierley.

"It is remarkable," said the doctor, "how extremely credulous some old people become on this point, even when they have not been so in their younger days. They are often mere children."

Lady Brierley sighed.

"I think sometimes," she said, "that I should have been happier if I had had children; and yet dear Rose has been all a child could be to me."

Rosamond Chester rose and kissed her.

"Yes," continued the old lady, "it is, perhaps, all for the best. You know, I suppose," she added abruptly, and, turning to Doctor Callender, "that there was insanity on my husband's side of the family?"

"No," said the young physician, somewhat startled; "I really did not know it."

"There was indeed," replied Lady Brierley,

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again sighing. "Even my husband himself was somewhat flighty; and besides, you know, insanity will pass over some members of a family, and reappear in the children."

"Yes, that is true."

"So that although my dear lord was no more than eccentric, the disease might have appeared in its full force in his children, if it had pleased Providence to grant us any."

"Very probable indeed."

"So that all is, no doubt, for the best. Lord Brierley had a nephew (you can just remember him, I dare say, Rosamond, my dear), a tall, dark, sulky young man—"

"Yes, I remember him, aunt."

"Who was continually here," pursued the dowager, "and who, I must say, was exceedingly deferential to both his uncle and myself, until at last he took it into his head to believe that the estates were rightfully his; and from that time Lord Brierley and I had no peace."

"How, my dear Lady Brierley?" asked the doctor.

"Why, he sent us lawyer's letters; he came down and threatened to take immediate possession; and, in short, behaved so outrageously that my husband was obliged to take measures to have him shut up in a lunatic asylum."

"Poor fellow!" ejaculated her two listeners.

"Ah, poor fellow indeed! He must be forty-five or so now, if he is alive. That is sixteen years ago."

"But is he alive?" asked Rosamond Chester.

"Nobody knows, my dear. Some short time back he escaped from the asylum, and has not been heard of since."

"Then he must be dead," said Miss Chester.

"Most likely, my dear. Since his body has never been found, it is my belief that he drowned himself. But let us talk no more on so melancholy a subject."

The three then sat down to a game of cribbage, which was Lady Brierley's especial delight; and, thus occupied, passed the time away pleasantly enough, until Mrs. Crutchapple appeared with the roasted pheasant, and the special mould of jelly of her own making.

By half past ten the lights were all extinguished, and Brierley Grange was wrapped in profound silence.

II.

The apartment apportioned to Dr. Callender—and to which he was conducted by Rootshawe, the butler—was, as before stated, in the left wing of the Grange, and next to that now vacated by poor Mrs. Crutchapple. It was, to all outward appearance, a spacious and comfortable room, apart from the fact of its *isolation*, which would not be deemed a very pleasant circumstance by persons who have slept in rambling old country houses. In short, the apartments in the left wing of Brierley Grange had been but little used since the death of Lord Brierley, about fifteen years since, and the housekeeper had retained hers from the sheer force of habit, it having been the room which she had occupied when she first entered Brierley Grange as lady's-maid to its mistress, nearly fifty years prior to the date of this story.

Having dismissed his conductor with a few words of thanks, Dr. Callender naturally enough took a survey of his sleeping-chamber. It was one of that description of family apartments which were, and are, very common in the country seats of the nobility and gentry. Lofty, and lined with old tapestry, the walls were hung also with a few family pictures of Lord Brierley's ancestors; and the four-post bed, with its rich but heavy drapings of dark red figured velvet, corresponding with the window-curtains, gave a somewhat sombre appearance to the room. But a bright fire, on which were two or three huge logs, burned on the large, old-fashioned stone hearth, and shed a cheery glow upon a huge polished oaken wardrobe, which stood up to the wall, exactly opposite the fire-place, the bed itself being on the third side of the room, and opposite the window. The doctor, when in bed, would thus have the window facing him, the wardrobe on his right, and the fire-place on his left hand side. The visitor thought to himself, as he held up his candle and surveyed his surroundings, that if there were such another wardrobe in Mrs. Crutchapple's adjoining room, her visions of ugly faces might be accounted for otherwise than by attributing them to the influence of nightmare.

The ponderous piece of furniture in *his* room—although handsome, certainly—was almost black with age, and the top of it was carved into strange and curious shapes. Figures of bats' and owls' heads, interspersed with here and there a satyr or a Caliban (together with other heads and busts which forcibly reminded the doctor of Madame Tussaud's phrenological collection of murderers' skulls), might well be supposed to be no pleasant objects to a nervous old lady, when seen in the dim light of an expiring fire; and for the matter of that, Arthur Callender himself, in spite of his philosophy, turned away from the contemplation of them with a visible shudder.

It must be admitted that the young doctor did not usually follow the rule which is said to make those who obey its precepts "healthy, wealthy, and wise;" but on this occasion he was tired with his journey, and eleven o'clock had not long struck when he, like the other inmates of the Grange, was wrapped in a profound slumber.

He never knew how long he slept, but always supposed it to have been about two o'clock when he was awakened by that vague feeling of intense horror which most of us have, under some sort of circumstances, experienced—the feeling that some terrible danger is near, of the nature of which the disturbed sleeper is ignorant. Even with the bravest men, this awful sensation produces intense fear; the heart beats almost audibly, a cold dew bursts out on the brow, and a cold feeling thrills down the spine. It is a sensation, in short, which none but those who have felt it can in any degree understand. The doctor felt it in all its intensest horror, and, like Mrs. Crutchapple, he felt that to cry out was impossible. Even in this terrible plight he knew that *this* was not nightmare; and, strange as it may seem, the thought flashed like electric fluid through his brain that the housekeeper had neither suffered from nightmare nor been fooled by her imagination. Not two minutes had elapsed from the time of Arthur Callender's awaking when he really believed he should have expired from fright.

THE OCCUPANT OF THE FORGOTTEN ROOM.

He became conscious that some one or some thing was breathing heavily on his neck!

In the next instant a hand, cold as ice, was laid upon his face and passed over it, as a blind man manipulates the features of those whom he wishes to identify. It was fortunate for the doctor that he had no power to move or call out, or he might, as the sequel proved, have lost his life. As it was, he had the presence of mind to subdue as much as possible the heaviness of his breathing, though it was not in his power to prevent the beating of his heart being almost as audible as the ticking of a clock; and the bed on where he lay was literally drenched with the perspiration which poured from him.

But the creature, human or otherwise, seemed satisfied with its investigation, and, to his indescribable relief, the doctor heard it withdraw in the direction of the wardrobe, the footsteps sounding at regular intervals across the floor, until at last a door was heard to shut cautiously.

A door! The doctor had not observed that there was one other than that he entered by.

Satisfied *now* that, after all, he had a human creature to deal with, the young doctor's courage (which was natural to him) at once returned, and hastily springing from his bed, he struck a light. To throw on his clothes and summon Rootshawe was the work of very few moments. The staid old butler stood aghast at Arthur Callender's revelations.

"Lord, Sir," he said, "you must have been a-dreaming."

"Dreaming, Rootshawe? not I!" yet he remembered that he had himself made the same accusation against Mrs. Crutchapple.

"But there isn't no door in that room, Sir, that ever I heard on, except the one as you went in at."

"Well, then, I tell you there is one you never heard of. Get on your clothes directly, Rootshawe."

"O Lord, Sir! what for?"

"*What for!* Why, to help me to search those apartments, to be sure."

"Good gracious!" said the butler, as, trembling with cold and fright, he reluctantly slipped one leg out of bed; "there *can't* be any one there, Sir; there hasn't been no one in those rooms since my lord died."

"Get up, I say, or I'll pour this jug of water over you."

The threat had the desired effect, and in a few moments the aged retainer was dressed.

"Now," said the doctor, "get a strong cord: I have my pocket-pistols here;" and he showed Rootshawe the case containing them.

"Cord! pistols! Oh, dear, Sir! what for?"

"Really, Rootshawe," said Arthur Callender, almost losing patience, "you must be an idiot. Don't you see that there is a thief there, and we shall have to secure him?"

"Secure—" But at a threatening look from the doctor the butler vanished, and procured the desired article.

"Now," added the doctor, "take the candle and come with me;" and he left the room with a firm step, the scared butler following like a veritable Sir Andrew Agueeheek.

Thus they proceeded to the chamber lately tenanted by the doctor. There were no visible signs, that the latter could see, of there having been any visitor to the room while he slept. But presently, as his eye fell upon the coverlet of the bed, it was attracted by the glitter of some small object, which, on taking it up, proved to be a common table-knife!

The doctor shuddered. From what unknown danger had he been thus mercifully preserved! Was it intended by the mysterious visitor to murder him? and if so, for what purpose?

"Now, Rootshawe," he said, showing the old domestic the knife—"*now* do you believe some one has been here?"

"Lord preserve us, Dr. Callender!" replied the trembling butler; "what can this mean?"

"Look at the knife," said the doctor; "is it one of your mistress's?"

Rootshawe eyed it attentively, and then said: "I really can't say, doctor; those white-handled knives are all alike; but I can count if one is missing."

"No, no; that would answer no purpose now."

"I don't see how no knife could come in this wing, doctor, unless it's the one Mrs. Crutchapple had with her supper tray last night. I—"

"*What!* the housekeeper took her supper up *here?*"

"Yes, Sir. The next was her room. Mary used to bring her tray up every night, so that she might have it comfortable. She had a partridge last—"

"Never mind about that," said the physician, impatiently.

The thought instantly struck him that the "dark, tall man" spoken of by Mrs. Crutchapple had entered her room for the purpose of secreting the knife. He was now convinced the good dame had been no more dreaming than himself, and felt more determined than ever to clear up the mystery.

The doctor then proceeded cautiously to examine the walls, and first that by which stood the wardrobe. Just as he expected, concealed behind the old tapestry, *there was a door*, the existence of which was probably, from the long disuse of the left wing, known only to the housekeeper and Lady Brierley, and probably also forgotten by both. Further examination revealed a *second* door, by the side of the fire-place, opening from the doctor's chamber into that tenanted until this night by Mrs. Crutchapple.

Arthur Callender had now no doubt that a similar series of concealed doors ran throughout the entire suit of apartments which formed the left wing of the Grange; and so it ultimately proved.

Selecting for the first trial the door which opened from the side of the old wardrobe, the doctor opened it, keeping himself in readiness to use his pistols at a moment's notice if required. It proved, however, after a cautious examination, to be empty, as did the next, and the next, and the next.

"Be careful, Sir, for Heaven's sake!" said the old butler; "there is only one more room left."

"Ah!" and the doctor cocked one of his pistols. Then, with the utmost precaution, he opened the door slowly, and peered in.

The room was half full of old mattresses and disused feather-beds, and smelled horribly. Dr. Callender also noticed on the floor some dry crusts of bread, the peel of apples, potatoes, and onions, and a *quite fresh mutton bone*. Still nothing stirred, and there appeared to be no living tenant of the chamber.

"See," said the doctor, in a whisper, pointing to the bone and the crusts.

"Rats," said Rootshawe; "Mrs. Crutchapple's been complaining how they've stole the things of late."

"Rats! don't talk such nonsense—two-legged rats," returned the doctor. Then, in a louder voice, "Is there any one here? No harm shall be done them."

Not a syllable in reply.

"O Lord, Sir! *do* come away," groaned the butler.

But the doctor advanced boldly to a large heap of mattresses piled up against the farther side of the room.

As he did so, a man sprang from behind them, and, with a yell like that of a baffled wild-beast, threw himself upon Arthur Callender.

So sudden was the attack that the doctor and his assailant fell together on the floor, and a fearful contest ensued, in which the young physician would certainly have lost his life, but for the prompt and unexpectedly able aid of Rootshawe. The old man seemed suddenly to throw aside his cowardice, and regain the courage of his youth; and after a desperate struggle between the three men, the nocturnal visitor was at last, thanks to the doctor's foresight in procuring a rope, secured.

Wiping the blood from his face, Doctor Callender looked fixedly at his prisoner, and it scarcely needed his professional experience to tell him that he beheld a *madman!* The large, wild, dark eyes, the shaggy masses of unkempt hair, the hollow cheeks, prominent teeth, and foam-specked lips, rendered the unfortunate being, who thus lay bound before his captors, a ghastly object to behold.

A new light burst upon the startled physician's brain. *The late Lord Brierley's lunatic nephew!*

And so indeed it proved. The unhappy man, possessed with the idea that he was the lawful master of Brierley Grange, had, on his escape from the lunatic asylum, proceeded hither by night. Well acquainted with all the secret passages of the house, from his familiarity with it in boyhood, he had, with all the cunning of a lunatic, secreted himself in the disused suit of chambers in the left wing, whence it was easy, owing to the early-retiring habits of the family, to steal out at night and procure food—depredations which had been laid by good Mrs. Crutchapple to the charge of the rats. Not being aware of the death of Lord Brierley, and conceiving (by some subtle chain of madman's reasoning) that were he dead, he, the lunatic, would come into possession of what he deemed his rights, he had secreted, from the housekeeper's supper tray in the adjoining room, a table-knife, with which it was his design to murder Lord Brierley as he slept. It should here be remarked that the chamber used by the doctor had been that of Lord and Lady Brierley during the lifetime of the former, as was well known to the lunatic.

The unfortunate man had, on passing his hand over the features of Arthur Callender, discovered, with a madman's quickness of perception, that the occupant of the bed was NOT his intended victim; and to this momentary glimmering of reason in an obscured brain the young doctor owed his providential escape.

The rest may be safely left to the reader's imagination. The poor fellow was, of course, put under safe though kind restraint; but he did not long survive the date of the solution of the mystery of Brierley Grange.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XV.—No. 736.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1871. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

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IN A STATION-HOUSE.

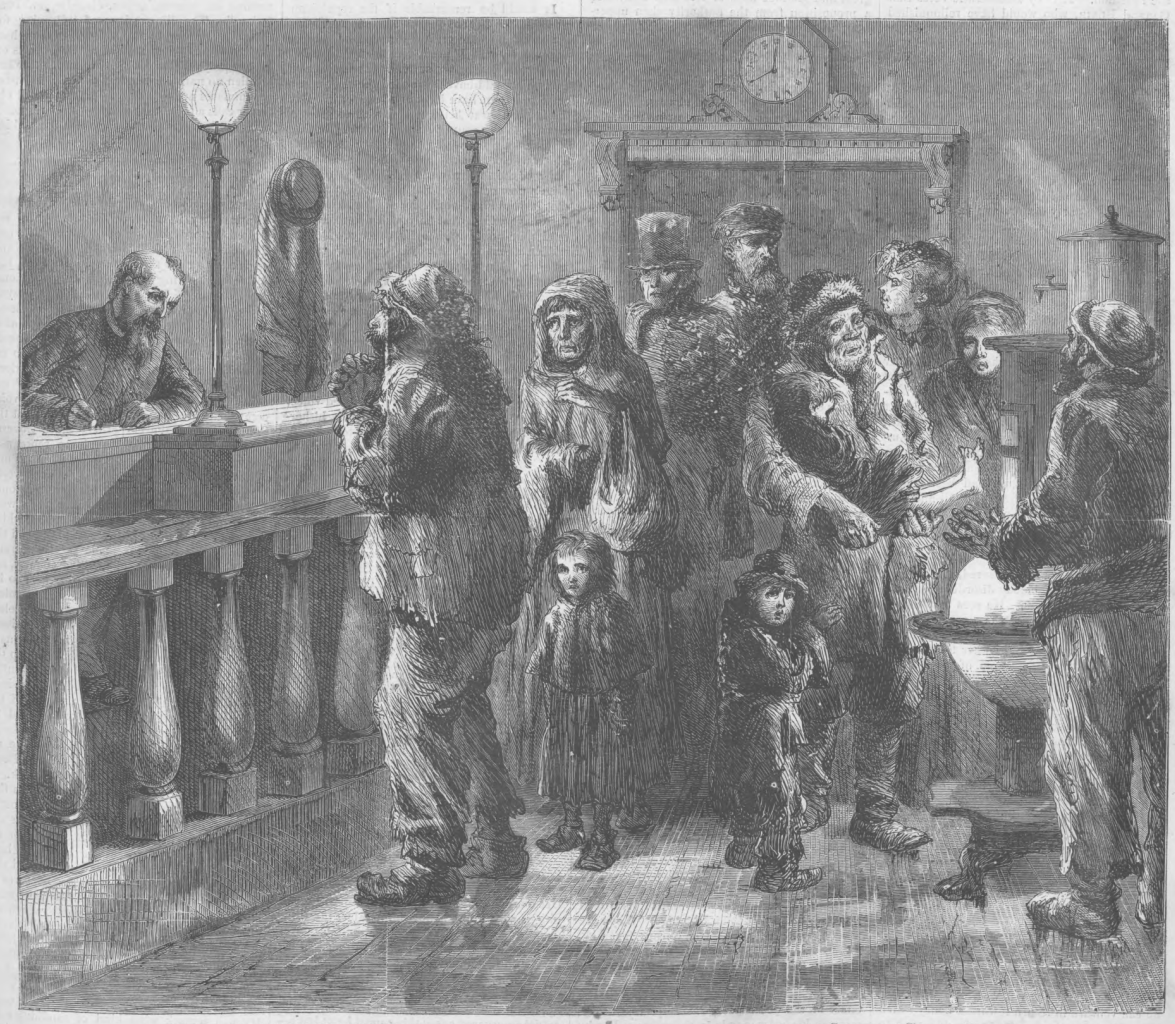
If any one wants to know the extent of the misery existing among the lower classes of our city population, he must pay a visit, on some cold winter's night, to one of our police stations. He will generally, almost invariably, in fact, find it crowded with a motley collection of people—such as Mr. SOL EYTINGE has so graphically depicted for us—from trembling old age down to little children scarcely able to walk, who have been driven to seek shelter in these comfortable and always hospitable quarters from the inclemency of the weather. Many of them are constant tramps, who have nowhere else to go. Others are strangers in the city—poor people who have come to the city in search of employment. Failing to find it, and what little money they brought with them being exhausted, they have only the alternative of the station-house or the pavement; and many persons of this class often suffer to the verge of perishing rather than apply to the police for aid, under the impression that some sort of stigma rests upon such places and upon all who enter them.

The different classes of people who frequent the station-houses in winter are well characterized in our illustration. There is pathos as well as a grim sort of picturesque humor in the group collected about the glowing stove; and it would be easy, studying these forms and faces, to construct for each one a story, either of misery or of crime.

OLD AND YOUNG SOLDIERS.

GENERAL TROCHU, in his masterly criticism on the French army of 1867, dedicated a chapter to a discussion on the merits and demerits of old and young soldiers; and as much that was written in that pamphlet has been fully exemplified by recent events, it will not be out of place to trace how far the views he advocated on this particular point have received corroboration during the present war. General Trochu combated the generally received opinion that old soldiers, such as form the strength of an army in times of trial, mean men of from thirty-five to forty-five years of age, who have passed their youth and prime in the ranks; he showed that such men were usually encumbrances rather than aids to discipline, and that generally they had lost much of the bodily and mental vigor necessary for soldiers, and had imbibed many of the vices inherent to the military profession. The true old soldier is the man young in years, who had learned experience from one or two campaigns; or, if circumstances did not permit of such training, who had passed two or three years creditably under military discipline. General Trochu regretted that the imperial army was gradually losing its youth, and that, owing to the great encouragements afforded to re-engagement, its ranks were becoming encumbered with men who were serving simply for pay and pension.

Whether this, among other causes, operated in determining the inferiority of the French to the Prussian troops at the commencement of the present war must still be a matter of opinion until the whole truth affecting the organization of the imperial army is fully laid bare. The fact, however, remains that the Prussian army, in respect to the rank and file, was essentially young—*i. e.*, it was formed of men in the prime of youth and vigor, from twenty to twenty-six years of age—and that such soldiers in nearly every engagement, whether acting on the defensive or the offensive, whether employed as artillery, cavalry, or infantry, overthrew what had been hitherto considered the most perfect army of Europe. The later experiences of the war have shown how these same troops, meeting the newly organized levies which France, after the loss of her regular army, poured into the field, although far inferior in numerical force, have defeated them in every important engagement. Without, therefore, straining facts to suit theory, it may be declared that the perfection of soldiers in regard to age is from twenty to twenty-six years; that is, when men have come to maturity in respect to bodily strength, and are yet possessed with the vigor of youth, together with the freedom from care and encumbrances which usually accompany middle age. Still more, however, may it be held that without military training neither patriotism, enthusiasm for liberty, nor the courage which the defense of hearth and home inspires, will avail against disciplined and organized troops. It is not only that the raw levies will be imperfect in drill and tactics, but they will be deficient in what military education implies. Subordination of the will to the superior authority, mutual confidence and respect between the different grades, the feeling of reliance on the support of fellow-comrades in the ranks, are all unconsciously but not less surely imbibed during the process which, founded upon the traditions of the most ancient times, still obtains in training men for soldiers.



SCENE IN A STATION-HOUSE ON A WINTER'S NIGHT.—[DRAWN BY SOL EYTINGE, FROM A SKETCH BY THOMAS WORTH.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1871.

☞ *In the* SUPPLEMENT *sent out with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *the reader will find another Chapter of the interesting Summary of* ARCTIC TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE, *commenced in the Number for January 28; two fine and characteristic Illustrations of* WINTER SPORT; *a* COUNTRY WINTER SCENE; *and other attractive features.*

1872.

THE formation of GRANT Clubs in the city of New York is a significant sign of the tendency of opinion in the Republican party. It shows that the conviction of the renomination of the President is so strong that gentlemen are willing to pronounce for him, thereby prejudicing their chances with any other possible candidate. There is, indeed, no other serious candidacy, and the reason undoubtedly is that the administration of General GRANT is felt to be, upon the whole, honest, efficient, and satisfactory. It certainly has not lacked criticism from its friends, in which we have borne a part; but its great merit is that it has practically persuaded the great mass of intelligent American citizens that it seeks unostentatiously and economically the public welfare. A certain good sense has presided over it throughout; and, attacked with a rancor which from its extravagance has been often ludicrous, it has yet maintained its even way, and has quietly lived down a great many imposing accusations.

Indeed, a feeble Republican administration would be more trusted by the country than any Democratic administration whatever. For the permanent fact in the political situation which is universally seen and pondered is that the Democratic party is the party which sneers at the war and the victory of the Union, and which steadily honors the cause and the leaders of the rebellion. It is by Democratic votes that General BLAIR, who would have relinquished the victory in which he took part, is elected to the Senate. It is by Democratic votes that a portrait of General LEE is ordered by the Virginia Senate, and a portrait of General THOMAS is declined. It is by Democratic papers that General LONGSTREET is decried, because he did not persist in his hostile attitude to the Government. It is by Democratic papers, in fine, that rebels are extolled, and the great results of the war are belittled. Meanwhile the leaders of that party are seen to be substantially unchanged. The old Copperhead element is supreme. The party orators and papers cry out against Republican extravagance and corruption, while in the government of the city of New York the whole country beholds an illustration of Democratic economy and honesty!

There is, therefore, and most justly, in the great popular heart of this country, a profound distrust of the Democratic party. If a man thinks the taxes heavy, he sees that the dominant party has both diminished the debt and reduced taxation, and he asks himself whether he can fairly expect any speedier relief from the party whose last declared policy was virtually repudiation. He looks at General GRANT in the White House, who, as General BLAIR told us, would undoubtedly make himself Emperor, and he asks himself whether the country would have been more peaceful and prosperous and stable if Mr. SEYMOUR had been placed there. He sees every where tranquil and confident industry, and such a restoration of order as no country ever showed after so fierce a convulsion as that of the war, and he asks himself whether industry would be more tranquil and confident, and order more assured, if those who made the great and bloody disorder should be called to control affairs. He sees that the intelligence, the rural labor, the moral sentiment of the country instinctively favor Republican rule, and he asks himself whether the cause of individual liberty, of education, of moral progress, of the general welfare, is likely to be more advanced by a party to which the ignorant and vicious classes naturally gravitate.

And this man sees that the Republican cause —at once patriotic, and full of the glorious traditions of the pure devotion and heroism and results of the war, and progressive in the truest American sense, the cause which is that of all our best principles and of our most legitimate hopes—is satisfactorily represented to the popular mind by the honest purpose, the sturdy good sense and simplicity, of General GRANT. It does not make him an ideal hero. It does not deny that it wishes some things might be different in his administration, as, indeed, in every administration. It does not defend or praise every measure; but it judges him by the character of his whole administration, and it declares that it finds him sensible, sincere, upright; a man who does not believe that the old day of slavery was better than the new day of liberty; who does not wish to try how far he can venture to return toward a policy which the country has rejected; but who does wish to confirm and strengthen the country in its new and true policy of equal rights for all men.

During Mr. LINCOLN'S first term, and in the very crisis of the war, there were those who thought that it would be wise to try a new candidate who had not been so severely criticised. But those who heard the thrilling shout of unanimity with which he was renominated in Baltimore knew that it was the voice of that great popular confidence, which was only the surer because it was not blinded by idolatry. The good sense of the people renominated LINCOLN, as it elected GRANT. The same sagacity is now turning to GRANT, as a man who has faithfully served the country, and whom the country heartily trusts.

THE SAN DOMINGO DOCUMENTS.

WHATEVER differences there may be upon the general question of San Domingo annexation, there is no doubt whatever that the character of the gentlemen composing the commission has satisfied the country that the President spoke truly when he said to Commissioner WHITE, "What I want is just what the country wants—and that is, the real facts." These we shall presently have from the commission; and simultaneously with its departure the documents asked for by Senator SUMNER'S resolution were sent to the Senate. The Secretary of State accompanies them with a brief review of the policy hitherto pursued by the Government in regard to the Dominican republic. From this statement it appears that during the administrations of Presidents POLK and PIERCE agents were sent by the United States to report upon the situation and prospects of the country, and measures were taken to secure a coal station on Samana Bay, which were fruitless, because of the disturbed condition of the people, who were estimated at two hundred and thirty thousand, of whom forty thousand were blacks and one hundred thousand whites.

During our late troubles Spain tried to recover the Dominican part of the island, but was foiled. Then followed more revolutions and negotiations with us; and finally, in the great and glorious days of ANDREW JOHNSON, a proposition from the authority then uppermost in the country to lease certain points upon and near the coast. This was not agreeable to the United States, and the subject rested. The Dominicans wished, however, to resume its consideration, and an agent was sent to Washington with full powers. Just as he was about to do something, another revolution abruptly ended his efforts. In December, 1868, the new Government, which was that of BAEZ, reopened the question. In the following July General BABCOCK went to the island, and brought back the famous protocol. The treaty for annexation failed, and the convention for the lease of the bay and peninsula of Samana is still pending. The Secretary of State speaks of the policy of acquiring some hold upon the island as settled by a practice of nearly seventy years. But this is a question apart from the merits of the case. The policy of annexation, or of manifest destiny, sprang from the necessity of slavery to extend itself over a wider area. It had neither origin nor support in the real political or commercial necessities of the country.

There is nothing very significant in the documents submitted as to the designs of European powers upon the island. In 1856 our consular agent reported the European consuls there as hostile to the projected treaty with the United States, which was natural enough, but is of no significance. In May, 1868, Mr. SUMNER wrote to Mr. SEWARD for any information he might have of the wish of the North German Confederation to obtain a naval station upon the island. But there is no reply upon the files of the Department.

Another point in Mr. SUMNER'S resolution, to which the documents are the reply, is, however, of the highest importance. It is, in fact, whether BAEZ was kept in power by the presence of United States ships, and whether the republic of Hayti was coerced by our naval officers. This is the most serious charge in the speech of Mr. SUMNER, and it is one which should be very clearly explained. From the documents submitted it appears that Mr. BASSETT, our minister in Hayti, warned the Haytien Government not to interfere with the Dominican republic in any manner; and Rear-Admiral POOR, with the *Severn* and *Dictator* at hand, informed the Haytien President that, pending the negotiation between the United States and the Dominican Government, he should by every means prevent any interference with that Government. The Haytien authorities hastened to say that they should abstain from all interference. But when the treaty failed the Haytien President officially expressed his pleasure.

There appear to have been four of our armed ships in the waters of San Domingo. Why were they there? Were the Dominicans favorable to the treaty? If they were, they needed no support from the ships. If they were not, against whom were the ships to direct their fire? The Secretary of State says that the effect of the presence of the ships in the Dominican harbor was to keep the peace. But by what authority do American ships keep the peace in a foreign port? The Secretary says that the peace was threatened by Dominicans, who thought BAEZ too slow in concluding the treaty with the United States. Were our ships, then, to repress that part of the population which favored us? Perhaps the threatened disturbance might have overthrown BAEZ. If so, were our ships to sustain him against a domestic revolution? Is it true, also, that an American officer went to the Haytien executive palace at Port-au-Prince, and, pointing to the *Severn* and the *Dictator* in the harbor, threatened to fire upon the town if any movement were made against the Dominican republic? Do we claim the right, while a treaty of this kind is pending with another government, to defend it against its own people, and to repress by force, and without a declaration of war, a neighboring Government which may choose to protest?

The warmth of Senator SUMNER'S speech has been severely censured. But the documents submitted to the Senate show that great emphasis was justified; and it must be remembered that he made his speech with full knowledge of the documents. Certainly no man can regret the result of the debate who reflects that no measure should be more openly, generally, and deliberately discussed than any proposition for the annexation of territory and people to the United States. Such an act must not be completed secretly. And the whole country will be glad that the San Domingo question was not hurried through Congress by a joint resolution in the face of a rejected treaty, and that the country will have ample opportunity to understand the question. At present Congress is unpledged to annexation. Independent and honorable men have gone to examine and report upon the subject. "Investigate every thing," said the President to Mr. WHITE, of the commission. "I don't wish to influence you to make a report on one side or the other. Don't hesitate to expose any body and every body whom you may find guilty of dishonest dealing." This is the spirit which will elicit the truth.

THE TRAGEDY IN FRANCE.

IT would be remarkable if the republican *coup d'état* in France should prove to have been the occasion of the greater suffering of the unhappy country. If peace had been made with the Regency, after the surrender at Sedan, the Germans would have demanded the provinces; nor could there have been any help for it. But the imperial war being ended with so great a disaster to the country, and the enemy having withdrawn, there would have been a movement which would certainly have ended in the overthrow of the empire, and a popular Assembly to form a new government. It is not improbable that it would have been a republic, which would then have had to deal only with domestic difficulties, and not with a foreign enemy. But the sudden assumption of power by a few gentlemen in Paris furnished Germany the most plausible of excuses for refusing to treat with a committee who could not offer any guarantee whatever that they represented France, or that the terms upon which they might agree would be ratified by the country. If Germany intended a war of conquest she could have asked no greater favor of France than precisely such a movement as took place. It was a movement which deprived France of any authorized voice, and the gentlemen who controlled it have hitherto steadily refused to allow that voice to be heard.

M. GUIZOT deprecates this cardinal error of the Committee of Defense. M. LOUIS BLANC, as we have more than once remarked, justifies it. But in so doing he justifies every crime of every despotism that has harried his country. M. LABOULAYE declares that after Sedan France would have paid without haggling a heavy indemnity, and would have accepted defeat freely without any thought of revenge. But what proof is there of such a disposition? The empire was thrust aside by the cry that it had not repelled the enemy, and the republic was proclaimed as more efficient to carry on the war. If, when the news of Sedan came to Paris, any body had publicly advised that peace should be sought upon condition of an enormous payment, and of an understanding that France would never seek revenge for an unparalleled humiliation, does M. LABOULAYE think that the orator would long have survived his oration? The Committee of Defense, calling itself a republic, was born of mingled rage at defeat and resolution to retrieve it. It was the very moment when the leaders might have trusted that an Assembly, fresh from the country, would have buried every other feeling, and all political preference, in a determination to resist.

But when, by the overthrow of the empire, all representative authority disappeared, and no attempt was made to turn sympathy against Germany by extorting from her the offer of conditions which were plainly intolerable, the great opportunity was lost. The Committee of Defense made their own a war which they had individually opposed, and which the world condemned as causeless and wanton; and they postponed peace indefinitely by preventing the appearance of a representative power. In the actual emergency every thing must be at last referred to an Assembly, which should have been summoned at first. If Paris falls, and whether the Committee of Defense yields or persists further, there can be no settlement without some appeal to the people of France. But if the republicans, after Sedan, had insisted that a truce, with the offer of necessary guarantees, should have been asked by the Regency until the people had been consulted, the later disasters of France might have been avoided, or the opinion of the world would have been unanimously favorable to the French persistence.

The touching and interesting letter of LABOULAYE, to which we have alluded, is written to a friend in New York, and is another expression of the despair of France. He hopes that in America we comprehend that the cause of France is that of liberty, and that the victory of Prussia will be the triumph of despotism, the beginning of another Thirty Years' War, and Europe abandoned to the greed of Prussia and the barbarism of Russia. He declares what France would have done after Sedan—but unhappily history will only see what France did. He is sure that America will agree that there could be no more heroic spectacle than France refusing to abandon Alsace and Lorraine. He states that the wickedness with which the war is waged is inconceivable, and that the three hundred thousand Germans who lived and throve in France have become spies to lead the armies of Germany against their ancient masters. LABOULAYE indignantly denies the moral superiority of the Germans, which, he says, they constantly boast; and he asserts that the German soldiers themselves are weary of the war. "As for the old King, the mysterious corporal, as he is justly called, he thinks that he plays the Christian in slaying thousands of people, and he is persuaded that his mission is to scourge a country which has not harmed him." The tone of the letter is profoundly pathetic.

On the other hand, the reader will find in our last issue another letter, written by a Frenchman ten days before that of LABOULAYE. He says what the mere outside spectator would infer: "Three dragons rule in France—indifference, ignorance, and party spirit, which devour and will devour France.....Humanly speaking, there is to-day, both in the army and at home, nothing but demoralization, disorder, and confusion." The illustrations of "Praying for Peace" which accompany this letter show how passionately the desolated homes and hearts of France pray for peace. So sorrowful a fate has befallen no nation in modern times. Disaster accumulates upon disaster. The appalled observer calls a truce to the argument of responsibility, and awaits the final catastrophe, which can hardly be much longer delayed.

THE MISSOURI SENATOR.

THE selection of General BLAIR by the Democratic party in Missouri as Senator of the United States is another of the signs of its real character which that party occasionally and generously offers the country. In 1868, just before the meeting of the Democratic National Convention, which was controlled by rebel sympathy, General BLAIR wrote a letter to Colonel JAMES O. BRODHEAD, in which he said, after denouncing the reconstruction acts as unconstitutional, that there was but one way to restore the government and the Constitution; "and that is," he continued, "for the President elect to declare these acts null and void, compel the army to undo its usurpations at the South, disperse the carpet-bag State Governments, allow the white people to reorganize their own governments, and elect Senators and Representatives." The meaning of such words was, of course, evident, and they were at once understood by the country. But they were sweet and precious to the rebel element, which controlled the Democratic Convention, and the writer of the letter was made the Democratic candidate for Vice-President. The country, not wishing renewed civil war, nor anxious to intrust the government to its confessed enemies, presently showed its disposition. As the election approached, the New York *World* insisted that General BLAIR should be discarded as a candidate, which was merely "throwing up the sponge;" and instead of electing the gentleman who was for "undoing" and "dispersing" as President of the Senate, the people of the United States preferred Mr. COLFAX, and no sensible man in the country was sorry.

General BLAIR, as a Senatorial candidate, recently said in the Missouri Legislature: "There is no item in that letter that I take back. I stand by it." And he proceeded to explain that if the soldiers were withdrawn from "the South" their work will be undone. Now, small as this hole of escape is, it was not necessary for the General to creep through it. He would have received just as many votes if he had said that he would forcibly disperse the Legislatures of the Southern States. It was his BRODHEAD letter, and not the New York *World*, which expressed the spirit of his party; and that spirit is unchanged. If the General and his political friends could obtain control of the government, they would not hesitate to act upon the feelings and views which he expressed in 1868, and which he "stands by" in 1871. Meanwhile the country will remark what kind of candidates the Democratic party prefers as its representatives, and what kind of policy is probable, should such representatives direct the administration of affairs.

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JOHN AND JONATHAN.

THE London *Times*, in a carefully moderate article, anticipates a favorable and friendly result from the mission of General SCHENCK. It thinks that the prospect was never so hopeful as now. It welcomes the new minister as "representing the best and most honorable section of the dominant party in the United States," and declares that in England "there is nothing but a desire to attain, by fair concessions or frank allowances, the settlement of a foolish quarrel, which has alienated two great nations, allied by blood and by intellectual sympathies." In this country we can not consider the quarrel to be foolish, however unfortunate. It is a very grave difference, and touches some of the most vital points of international relations. But it is agreeable to read that Mr. VERNON HARCOURT, at Oxford, while maintaining that on strictly legal grounds Great Britain could hardly be made responsible for the escape of the *Alabama*, admitted that "her subsequent admission to British ports was undoubtedly an error." And in any case, whether right or wrong, it is most desirable that these questions should be discussed by a competent tribunal. Mr. HARCOURT will perhaps remember that the admission which he now makes as of course has not hitherto been conceded.

The principles upon which General SCHENCK will be instructed are evident from the MOTLEY correspondence. The United States do not complain of the recognition of belligerent rights. They assert, merely, upon that point, that the circumstances under which it was made revealed an unfriendly disposition, and that where negligence of duty subsequently appears it may be presumed to be intentional. They also allege that it is the duty of every government to provide by law for the prompt and ample performance of international obligation, and that refusal to amend an inefficient law of this kind is a distinct violation of neutrality. In conversation with the British Government General SCHENCK will undoubtedly be instructed to call attention to the fact that upon remonstrance made by Prussia during the last summer, in a strain like ours during the rebellion, the British authorities immediately proposed a change which they refused to us. What occasion would there be, therefore, for referring to arbitration a question which the British Government has virtually decided against itself? If Prussia would, as the British action confesses, have had a right to complain if the law had not been revised, is it not clear that the United States may rightfully complain of losses that occurred before the revision?

Undoubtedly what remains in the settlement of the *Alabama* question is rather of form than substance. Great Britain probably expects to pay damages, and is willing to pay them; but she is not willing to make disagreeable acknowledgments any more than we should be. Yet we see no reason, in any view, why there may not be an expression of sincere regret at a misunderstanding which has not unnaturally arisen. In a difference of this kind there is always a great deal of feeling—and feeling is not pacified by the payment of money. A statesmanship which is not pedantic, and which seeks to deal with the essential elements of the case, no more disdains international magnanimity than an honorable statesman disdains generosity in his personal relations. In this instance it is the United States which is the injured party, and which complains. "Fair concessions," therefore, in the phrase of the *Times*, would be wise statesmanship. There is deep feeling in this country upon the subject. There is a sense of alienation and hostility toward England, which, although by no means so extensive and significant as the *Pall Mall Gazette* represents, is still very positive. There is also a sentiment of defiant willingness to wait, which means revenge in kind. But there is a deeper and a stronger sentiment, more truly American and human, which holds that the difficulty between America and England must be adjusted peacefully.

NOTES.

WE do not mean to cast any reflection upon the commissioners of the new State Capitol at Albany when we say that it will probably turn out to be an enormous job. The vast swindling inseparable from such a work is something that they can not control. It was supposed that the building might cost four millions of dollars. It has already cost more than a million and a half, and it will probably cost ten or fifteen millions before it is finally finished. Meanwhile a sufficient, beautiful, and commodious building could undoubtedly have been erected for two millions of dollars. The Governor, in his message, suggests that work might be judiciously suspended for a time, which shows that he thinks of the effect of the sums total of State expenses during his administration. But the commissioners ask for an appropriation of another million, that the work may go bravely on. Should the building ever reach the magnificent proportions proposed, what a fitting hall of legislation it will be for the representatives whom the dominant party in the city of New York send to the Assembly! If any body still doubts the advantages of Democratic ascendency in the government, let him come to the city in which the Democratic party has one will rejoice.

questioned control, and study those whom it selects as its representatives, and by whom the party is ruled.

THE *World* speaks of HORATIO SEYMOUR and JOHN A. ANDREW as war Governors, or Governors who put in the field the forces which conquered the rebellion. This is like classing JUDAS and JOHN together as Christian apostles. If all the apostles had been of the spirit of JUDAS, the hope of Christianity would have been well-nigh extinguished; and if all the war Governors had been like Mr. SEYMOUR, the Union would hardly have survived. It is a pity that the friends of Mr. SEYMOUR should suppose that a cool assertion can affect the facts of history, and of the most vivid remembrance. The speech of war-Governor SEYMOUR, at the Academy of Music, on the 4th of July, 1863, was intended, of course, to inspire the brave boys in the field. The same war-Governor's expostulation with his friends in the Park during the riots which followed his speech, as flames follow the touching of a torch to tinder, were further illustrations of the energy and the devotion with which the Governor consecrated himself to the war. His presidency of the Chicago Democratic Convention, which adopted a surrender platform, shows how his zeal for the Union consumed him, as his suggestion that the Union should be relinquished rather than slavery illustrated his fidelity to human liberty. The *World* might as well describe itself as a loyal Union journal during the war, as speak of "State Governors like SEYMOUR in New York, ANDREW in Massachusetts, MORTON in Indiana, and so on." The verdict of the people of this country upon the war record of Mr. SEYMOUR has been pronounced; and we shall take care to revive the recollection of it, whenever there is an impertinent presumption that the American people forget who were Copperheads, or why they were called so.

AN amendment to the Constitution of New York, forbidding grants of public money for sectarian purposes, has been proposed in the Legislature. It attacks the most flagrant form of the present evil practice, prohibiting such largess to any religious corporation, sectarian school, or institution of learning under the control of any religious denomination. With a Democratic majority in the Legislature, the passage of any such just resolution is, of course, hopeless. It is upon Democratic suggestion that the sectarian grants have hitherto been made; and it is part of the Democratic policy to propitiate in this way the favor of the only political sect in the country. Intelligent men every where can not be too watchful of this tendency of the Democratic party. It has the elements of great mischief, and is vitally hostile to one of the fundamental principles of any free political system — the absolute separation of church and state.

THE valuable and interesting work recently issued, "The English Governess in Siam," has been severely attacked by the London *Athenæum*. The explanation of the onslaught is that it is inspired by the agent of the Siamese Government in England, who is himself an Englishman, and, as we learn, not familiar with the language of Siam; and as many of the facts told in the book, illustrating the real character of the Government of the country, are such as that Government would naturally wish to conceal, its obvious plan is to throw discredit upon the writer. But the good word of Dr. BOWRING, who personally knows and esteems the author, will, pending a rejoinder to the strictures of the *Athenæum*, be of more service to her than the interested denial of the Siamese agent can be prejudicial.

THE investigation of the difficulties in the Methodist Book Concern has been postponed to the meeting of the General Conference of that Church in 1872. This is a judicious decision; for whatever the present result might have been, the subject would certainly have been brought before the final tribunal of the denomination. The committee affirm their belief in the honesty, economy, and prudence of the business management of the Concern, but withdraw the charges against Dr. LANAHAN, referring them to the General Conference. Upon his part, Dr. LANAHAN reaffirms his charges of fraud and irregularity, and withdraws his present answer. Meanwhile Dr. LANAHAN is restored to all his official relations with the Book Concern; and a commission, impartially selected, will make a thorough examination of the books and the financial management of the business of the Concern from its beginning until the present time, and will report to the Conference.

THERE is evidently a disposition in Congress to respond to the general wish of the country for the repeal of the income tax. The new commissioner, General PLEASONTON, says that the tax "costs as much as it comes to," and he is evidently of opinion that it is desirable to remove it. When the subject was proposed in the Senate it was welcomed with unexpected ardor, and Senators SUMNER and CONKLING heartily agreed in wishing immediate action. Senator SHERMAN, the chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, opposed the repeal last year; but we hope that he has seen since the adjournment the inexpediency of continuing an exceptional war tax, which is of doubtful constitutionality, which is not necessary to the revenue, and which, if it were, furnishes so little relief to the treasury. The expression of public opinion in the country is almost unanimous in favor of the repeal, and a majority of the House of Representatives decreed it last year. Let the majority of the Senate now join with the House, and the country

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

AN English writer, in discussing the question of easterly gales, and the methods of foretelling their approach, by means of the barometer and otherwise, infers from the observations of the "Quarterly Weather Report" that such gales, so far from coming almost without notice, are preceded by a high barometer and a low temperature, and that an increasing difference of atmospheric pressure between the extreme limits of the British Islands is the danger signal of the advent, direction, and intensity of all storms. At the southern edge of these easterly gales he states that there always exists a lower barometer than at the northern, and hence the change of the position of low pressure marks out the track of the storm.

The use of torpedoes and other explosive apparatus for the capture of whales has been long practiced; but their application in the destruction of smaller fish is, we believe, somewhat novel. We now learn that a German named COOMBS has established himself at a point below New Smyrna, in Florida, where he proposes to make use of these engines of destruction for killing fish as they come in schools into their vicinity. It is his intention to work up the fish obtained in this manner in the manufacture of fish guano on a large scale.

According to late papers, whaling in the North Pacific and Arctic seas has been more successful during the past season than in any year since 1852, a single vessel having lately put into Honolulu with 2200 barrels of oil.

The discovery of the Kaieteur Fall, in Demerara, already alluded to in *Harper's Weekly*, has added to the list of remarkable waterfalls, as its height is asserted to be greater than that of any other known. The perpendicular descent, according to careful observation, amounts to 750 feet, with a width during the rainy season of 100 yards. The water, after passing over the edge, preserves its consistency for only a short distance in the central portion, every where else being only a sheet of fine foam or spray, in appearance very much like snow. One interesting feature connected with this fall is the fact that the cavern behind it is the home of thousands of swallows, which issue from it in the morning and return in large flocks at night. The precise species to which these swallows belong is not indicated, and it is quite possible that they are actually swifts, and, therefore, belong to a very different family.

We are pleased to learn that Mr. JANSSEN, the eminent spectroscopist and astronomer, to whom we referred some time ago as having attempted to leave Paris in a balloon for the purpose of taking part in the observations of the recent eclipse, succeeded in his undertaking, and reached his destination in Algiers. He was, unfortunately, unable to accomplish much in consequence of the unfavorable weather.

Mr. GWYN JEFFRIES, in a communication to the British Association relative to the late deep-sea exploring expedition of the *Porcupine* in the Bay of Biscay and along the Atlantic coast of Spain and Portugal, stated that at depths of about a thousand fathoms many species of mollusca were found in a living state, some of which had been previously regarded as fossil and extinct, and all of them occurring in the newer tertiaries of Sicily and Calabria; and he thought that a record of the fact might lead to the further discovery of the geological phenomena which had caused the fossilization of so many species in that limited area. Some of them inhabit northern and even arctic seas. The author suggests whether, in view of the wide distribution of many of the species of the deep-sea forms of European mollusca, they did not originate in the north, and spread southward in consequence of the great arctic current. He also inquires whether, since the pliocene division of the tertiary formation is found to contain scarcely any extinct species, and, in fact, the percentage being likely to be reduced to nothing by further explorers, that artificial division should not disappear entirely, and be merged in the quaternary, and the tertiaries be restricted to the eocene, miocene, and oligocene.

In the course of a subsequent communication Mr. JEFFRIES described a living *pentacrinus* obtained on the same cruise. The base of this was free, although embedded in the mud. The animal is interesting as being the first and only instance of a European species of this genus, which forms so important a link in the geological chain, and connects the mesozoic period with the present epoch.

Sir RODERICK MURCHISON has lately offered to endow a chair of geology and mineralogy in the University of Edinburgh with the sum of $30,000, on the condition that the annual income be supplemented by a grant from Parliament. It is now stated that the government has acceded to the proposition, and that an appropriation of $1000 a year has been recommended.

The foreign journals received up to this time are provokingly meagre in their accounts of the eclipse of December 22. Most of the scientific papers of London, published a week after the occurrence in question, say nothing upon the subject, while *Nature* has but a very brief report. From this, however, we learn that "observations at Catania, under direction of Mr. LOCKYER, were much interfered with by unfavorable weather, although substantial results were secured." Lord Lindsay reports from near Puerto, opposite Cadiz, that "a few good pictures of the corona were taken, but that the polariscopic observations were doubtful;" also that "the sky was more or less unfavorable for observation." At Orân the sun was entirely obscured during the period of totality.

Professor HALL, of the Washington Observatory party, reports to Commodore SANDS, from Syracuse, that they had very tolerable success, the four contacts being pretty well observed, although the physical appearances were rendered somewhat doubtful by thin clouds covering the moon during the total eclipse. The protuberances were well seen, of a pale red color, though the clouds interfered with the observations of the corona.

No reports from Professor NEWCOMB's party at Cadiz have yet been received at the Depart-

ment. But as Lord Lindsay, in the same region, seems to have been quite successful, we trust that the American party had equally good fortune.

A member of the Coast Survey party at Catania reports satisfaction with the general results of observations in that neighborhood. A dense cloud covered the sun at the beginning of the eclipse; but just previous to the moment of total obscuration the clouds parted, and furnished an excellent view of the corona and of the whole totality. The observations tended to prove that the solar corona is a solar atmosphere extending about eight thousand miles above the usually visible surface of the sun. At the time of writing nothing had been heard from the Mount Etna parties. The British expedition had not been so fortunate as the American, the sun not being visible, at the critical time, to its parties.

According to Professor NORDENSKJOLD, of Stockholm, an appreciable per cent. of platinum has been found to occur in the gold found during the past summer in Lapland.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

January 16.—In the Senate, a bill was passed to expedite the survey of private land claims.—In the House, a bill on ocean telegraphs was passed. It gives the conditions to which all ocean telegraph lines shall be subject, viz.: The government of the United States shall have equal privileges and control with other nations; citizens of the United States shall have the same privileges as the most favored; government dispatches shall have precedence; lines shall be kept open daily and dispatches forwarded in the order received; and a written acceptance of these conditions shall be given.

January 17.—In the Senate, a bill was introduced proposing an amendment of the Constitution, making every person eligible for President who may be thirty-five years of age and fourteen years a resident of the country. The House bill authorizing the additional issue of $500,000,000 of five per cent. bonds was concurred in.—In the House, the several appropriation bills were considered without action of any importance.

January 18.—In the Senate, a bill for the redemption of copper and nickel coins in sums of not less than $20 was passed. A long debate took place, without action, on a proposition introduced by Mr. Morton to investigate the alleged disorders and outrages in the South.—In the House, a bill was introduced and referred for the admission of Utah as a State, with an irrevocable provision in its constitution prohibiting plural marriages. A bill authorizing the sale of certain Indian lands was passed, with an amendment prohibiting contracts with Indians for a commission or compensation in effecting sales. The Legislative, Executive, and Judicial Appropriation bill was passed, the amendment increasing the salary of the Judges of the Supreme Court having been agreed to.

January 19.—In the Senate, a bill abolishing the ranks of Admiral and Vice-Admiral in the navy was passed, with an amendment continuing them until vacancies occur.—In the House, most of the session was occupied in debate, and no business of importance was done.

January 20.—In the Senate, a bill was introduced by Mr. Conkling incorporating the New York Port Tunnel Company with authority to tunnel the Hudson and East rivers, which was referred.—In the House, a proposition to amend the bill to provide a government for the District of Columbia, so as to permit women to vote, received 55 votes to 115 against it.

January 21.—Senate not in session.—The House met for general debate, but nothing of importance was said or done.

GENERAL DOMESTIC ITEMS.

In a suit brought at Richmond to recover the price of slaves sold in 1863, the defense is made that the negroes had been freed by the Emancipation Proclamation, and, therefore, that the sale was not lawful. The decision is looked for anxiously, as many cases of the same nature will be affected by it.

The steamer sent out to repair the broken ocean telegraph cables has been driven back to port, and it is thought the work can not be proceeded with till spring.

A slight earthquake shock was felt January 18 at Laconia and Lake Village, in New Hampshire. It did no damage.

Mr. Henry Burden, an eminent inventor and iron manufacturer of Troy, New York, dropped dead of heart disease on the 19th ult. He was eighty years of age.

The Virginia Senate, by a strict party division, on the 17th ult., voted $600 to purchase a portrait of the late Robert E. Lee, and by the same division refused an appropriation for a portrait of General Thomas.

The charges against Dr. Lanahan, of the Methodist Book Concern, have been withdrawn, and he has been reinstated in his position. A sub-committee has been appointed to inquire into the business of the Book Concern, its methods of book-keeping, etc., as compared with those of other business houses.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ON Thursday, January 19, King William I. of Prussia was proclaimed Emperor of Germany, in the "Hall of Mirrors," at Versailles, in the presence of all the German princes and representatives of the regiments of the army. A grand military pageant took place in Versailles on the occasion of the event.

The siege of Paris continued at last accounts with unabated vigor, after a cessation of twenty-four hours, commencing January 19. Balloon reports to January 18 state that considerable damage had been caused by the bombardment to prominent buildings and points in Paris, but nothing of a very serious character had up to that time occurred. Several corn-mills had been injured by the shells of the enemy, and, consequently, supplies of meal were with extreme difficulty obtained. The deaths from the bombardment inside the city were estimated at fifteen per day.

On the 19th ult. General Trochu made a sortie from Paris, under cover of the fire of Fort Mont Valérien. The fighting continued until night. The German loss is said to have been inconsiderable, and the Emperor William telegraphs to Berlin, January 19, that the sortie was entirely resultless. He says, on the 20th, that the attacking party was in large force, and was still outside of Paris, and that a renewal of the attack was certain that day.

All the members of the diplomatic corps in Paris, except Mr. Washburne, recently applied for permission to pass through the Prussian lines, but were refused.

The military operations in other parts of France have been equally unfortunate for the French. General Bourbaki has utterly failed in his attempt to raise the siege of Belfort, and his army on the 21st ult. was in full retreat. On the 19th ult. General Faidherbe was driven from Beavois to St. Quentin, with the loss of 4000 prisoners and two guns. The following day he was compelled to retreat from St. Quentin. General Chanzy attributes his defeat and the evacuation of Le Mans to an inexplicable panic among some of the troops, and the loss of important positions, which compromised the safety of the entire army, and the failure to execute certain orders given by himself.

General Placido Vega attempted recently to get up a revolution in the northwestern states of Mexico. Failing in this enterprise, he is now hiding round in the mountains of Sinaloa, and watching his opportunity to escape to this country.

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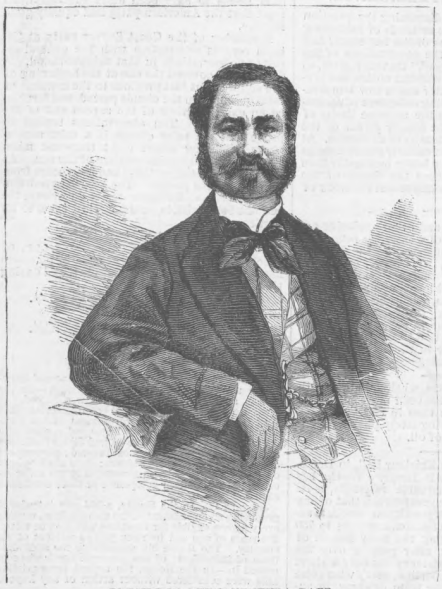
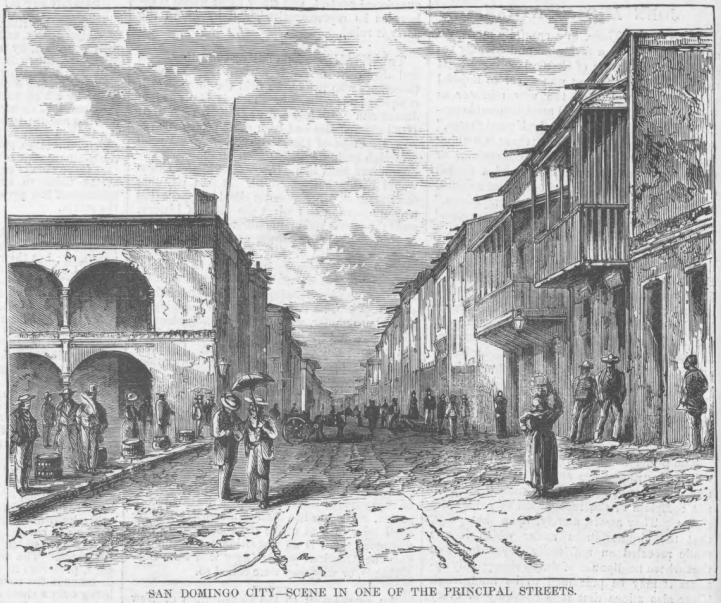
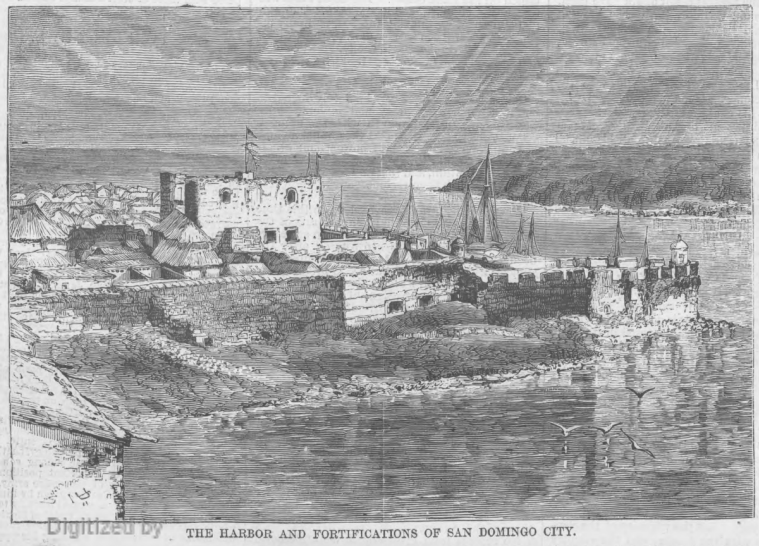


PRESIDENT BUENAVENTURA BAEZ.

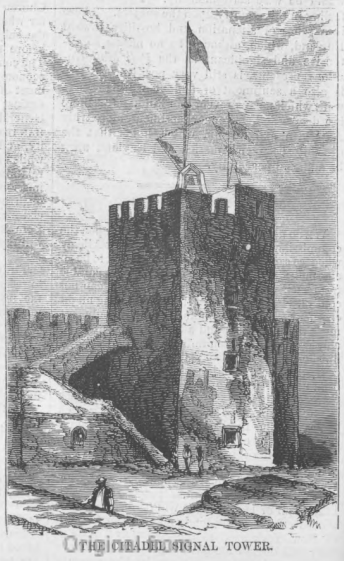


SAN DOMINGO CITY—SCENE IN ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL STREETS.

MAP OF THE ISLAND OF SAN DOMINGO.



THE HARBOR AND FORTIFICATIONS OF SAN DOMINGO CITY.



THE OLD BELL SIGNAL TOWER.

SCENES IN SAN DOMINGO, WITH A MAP OF THE ISLAND.—[SEE PAGE 103.]

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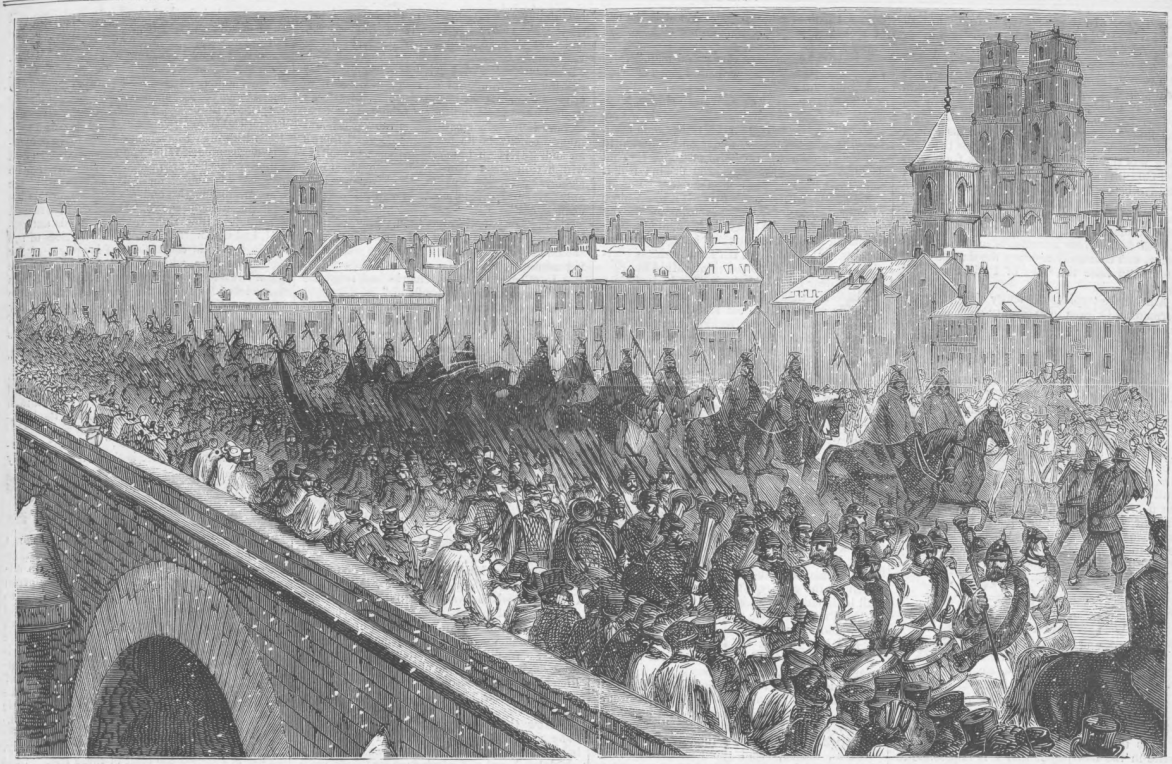

THE GERMAN ARMY CROSSING THE LOIRE AT ORLEANS.

THE CAMPAIGN ON THE LOIRE.

THE two sketches on this page illustrate the advance of the victorious Germans in the neighborhood of Orleans, when the French Army of the Loire fell back, and allowed the enemy to reoccupy that important city. It was on the 5th of December that, after a week's hard fighting, in the latter days of which the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg was relieved and supported by Prince FREDERICK CHARLES of Prussia, with a portion of the army from Metz, that the French commander, General AURELLE DES PALADINES, was forced to abandon the city before daylight, and the Prussian troops immediately entered it. They continued to pass through Orleans during several days, crossing the Loire by the fine stone bridge shown in the sketch, on their way to the road to Blois, down the left bank of the river, with a view to cutting off the remnant of the French army

RETREAT OF THE FRENCH ARMY ACROSS THE LOIRE.

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from Tours. In the mean time, from the 7th to the 10th of December, the German right wing, under the Duke of Mecklenburg, was again opposed, on the right (or north) bank of the Loire, by a considerable force, which delayed its westward progress. The fighting was most obstinate at Freteval, Oueques, and Marchenoir; but the French resistance, though stoutly maintained, was finally overcome, and the Germans gained the town of Vendôme. In this position the right wing was threatened with an attack from General CHANZY, at Le Mans, to the northwest. A decisive battle has since been fought, in which the army of General CHANZY was defeated with great loss. Le Mans, a most important position, fell into the hands of the Germans, severing the French forces from communication with Cherbourg, and effectually averting the danger of an attempt to raise the siege of Paris from that quarter.

Among the trophies of victory claimed by the Germans at Orleans were seventy guns, and four small gun-boats, each mounted with one brass gun. These form the subject of the sketch on page 109. In these days of armor-plating and monster guns they do not look very formidable weapons; but if the sailors whom King WILLIAM has imported into France be intended to man them, it is to be presumed that he considers them useful.

An amusing incident is told of this recapture. A Bavarian officer, who quitted the city upon VON DER TANN'S sudden retreat some weeks before, had told his host that he might not be back until late, and that the key had better be left in the door. Upon the re-entry of the Germans he went straight to his old quarters, and found, sure enough, the key in the door, and his host ready to receive him with a light and a witty greeting. "You are home earlier than I expected," said the Frenchman.

WON—NOT WOOED.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Bred in the Bone," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IX.

ONE OF FREDERICK'S "LITTLE WEAKNESSES."

IT is the opinion of so many wise ladies who write in the newspapers that it is impossible to fix a too early date at which the thoughts of women first turn to matrimony that it would be arrogance to dispute it. The very corals which female babies use must be made, we are told, in the form of a ring, if the teeth are to be "brought through" with satisfaction to themselves; the first word they lisp is "hubby" (meaning husband), instead of mamma or papa. Still it is possible that the aspiration may be general rather than particular. It is surely not always absolutely personal. "Will he marry me?" is not the idea that instantly crosses a young girl's mind upon being introduced to one of the opposite sex. We protest, at all events, that Mabel Denham had never asked herself that question; and hence, perhaps, it was that when it was "put into her head" by the widow of Hillsborough, with respect to Horn Winthrop, it disturbed her so excessively.

"My dearest May, what is the matter?" inquired her sister, anxiously, as she gazed upon her flushed and agitated face. "Has that dreadful woman, of whom Mr. Winthrop has been telling us, said any thing rude?"

"I think, on the contrary, Mr. Winthrop was excessively rude to *her*," answered Mabel.

"Lor, my dear, impossible!" said Mrs. Marshall, excitedly. Her idea of rudeness, in the case of a Winthrop of Wapshot toward any female of such inferior social position, being comprised in a chuck under the chin. "Why, she must have been fifty, as I saw her through the window, if she was a day."

"He did not make love to her," explained the Professor, "but he trod on her toes."

"What a *very* strange thing for him to do!" observed Mrs. Marshall, gravely.

Mabel could not resist joining in the laughter occasioned by the simplicity of this remark, and, revived by the quick passage of the carriage through the air, soon became herself again.

Still her sister had seen enough to be convinced that something unpleasant had taken place in the cottage, and resolved to stop any further cross-examination upon that subject.

"We have lost our cavalier, Mabel," said she. "Mr. Winthrop is putting up his horse at the other inn, and is coming on in the dog-cart with his son."

"It really was very good of him, was it not," said Mrs. Marshall, "to think of our lunch? I could not imagine what he had sent back his groom for to Shingleton."

"It seemed to me that he would rather have seen his groom again than his son," observed Frederick, from the box.

"Now, don't be ungrateful, Fred," said Mrs. Pennant, administering a playful poke of her parasol to her husband.

"I don't eat lunch," observed he, dryly, "and am therefore under no obligation."

"But *I do*, you selfish creature, and so do Mrs. Marshall and May here. I am sure I feel much indebted to him; and how nice it will be to have it, like a picnic, on the sea-shore, instead of being shut up in one of those miserable inns."

"We shall have to ask him to dinner, or something, to get quits," grumbled Frederick.

"Oh, you stingy, vulgar man!" said Ju.

"Quits!" echoed Mrs. Marshall. "The idea of getting quits with a man like Mr. Winthrop! What is it to him what he spends? He has ten thousand a year if he has a penny. For my part, I shall be exceedingly disappointed if he does not give us Champagne. What is the use of these rich people, if they do not make others happy?"

"But my husband is a very proud man," whispered Mrs. Pennant, not without a touch of pride in her own tone.

"That is just like a man," returned Mrs. Marshall. "They will starve, and, what is worse, they will let their wives starve, rather than ask a favor, or put themselves under an obligation to any body. What is the harm of asking? And as for the obligation—well, you needn't feel it unless you like. *I* never do, for one."

"I'm hanged if I don't think it a great piece of impertinence, this fellow's bringing us out lunch!" exclaimed Frederick, his simmering indignation boiling over at these antagonistic sentiments. "Why, we've not known him twenty-four hours!—What do *you* think, Mr. Flint?"

"My dear Sir," said the Professor, laughing, "I have not thought about it at all; but I shall certainly not refuse to eat and drink, if there's any thing good. If you feel aggrieved at Winthrop's hospitality, it is easy to show your sense of the insult by never speaking to him again."

"Well, I've always heard you were a very clever man, Mr. Flint, and now I'm sure of it!" exclaimed Mrs. Marshall, admiringly. "There's not a lawyer in all England who could have put the thing in a more sensible and proper light.—I hear the noise of wheels behind us; that is the dog-cart, I do hope! When I don't get my luncheon I feel quite a-sinking.—It's a vulgar term, I know, my dear Mrs. Pennant, but there's nothing else expresses it; and I dare say you feel the same. My poor dear husband, who, however, seldom joked—because he had such a classical mind—used always to say that I carried a clock inside me, so far as meals were concerned." Mrs. Marshall's frankness, combined with her extreme earnestness of manner, was here too much for the gravity of the company; even the still indignant Frederick shook with laughter.

The Professor's face moved not a muscle; but you would have thought, to hear him rattle, that he also had a clock inside him, the works of which were neglected, and that it was striking twelve.

At this moment they reached the summit of a hill, immediately beneath which, at the extremity of a tongue of land, stood the light-house.

"By Jove! it's dead low-water," exclaimed Frederick. "What a way the tide goes out!"

"Yes, indeed," said the Professor. "The rise and fall here is greater than at any other part of the British coast, though not so great as in the Channel Islands. I have seen a mile and more of land laid bare there: you would think the sea was never coming back again. To the right yonder is Anemone Bay: that is quite a show-place for marine curiosities—a mermaid's garden."

"Oh, *do* let us go there!" said Mabel. "I have never seen an anemone, except in a *vivarium*; and it would be so nice to have Mr. Flint to explain it all to us!"

"It is too far, Miss Mabel," said the Professor, doubtfully; "and, besides, there is my cavern gaping for me. Have pity on my old bones!"

"Dear me, I forgot," said Mabel, archly. "It would be too cruel to ask you to leave them, of course—the Elephas Primogeniture and the Rhinoceros Ticklerinus."

Mr. Flint smiled—he really did. "You have got those Latin names I taught you so very exactly, dear Miss Mabel, that I can refuse you nothing. We will go to Anemone Bay."

"You spoil my sister, Professor," observed Mrs. Pennant.

"No, no," said he, gravely; "I am only rewarding her; she is very good at her lessons."

"Very," said Frederick, slyly, and with a wicked glance at the blushing girl; "she remembers all that is taught her.—Papa said you were to have an object in life; didn't he, May?"

It was really too bad of Frederick to say such things, and under Mr. Flint's very nose, as it were: certainly brothers-in-law are the most teasing and audacious of male relatives, though one sometimes can not help liking them. Fortunately for Mabel's embarrassment—"Why, there's another light-house!" exclaimed Mrs. Marshall at this moment.

"Come, come," said Frederick, once more full of fun and banter, "that is rather *too* much; we have not yet had Champagne lunch, without which it is impossible to see two light-houses."

"What an impudent man your husband is, Mrs. Pennant! Look yonder; am I not right?"

"That is the chimney of the gas-works which supply the capital town of Hillsborough," asserted Frederick, gravely.

"It can not be gas-works, because there is no smoke," replied Mrs. Marshall, decisively.—"Now what do you say, Professor?"

"You are right, madam, as to the light-house matter, although the Trinity House has no cognizance of the erection in question. That is a very ancient beacon—supposed to have been originally Danish; you can see a part of the iron cage still left at the top of it. In those two buildings we see the Alpha and Omega of science—the rude pharos and the perfected light-house."

"I am delighted to hear you allow that the moderns beat the ancients in something," observed Frederick; "for it seems to me that there is a general tendency among the learned to extol the past at the expense of the present in every thing."

"How so?" inquired the Professor, settling his spectacles upon his nose, as a soldier looks at his arms before action.

"Well, I have often heard great authorities, or what were considered such, at Oxford, assert that the world is not advancing in civilization at all—that the Japanese, for example, were as highly cultivated a nation five thousand years ago as we are now."

"Nay, nay: as *they* are now, my good Sir. It is certainly curious how early the arts and sciences sprang into existence among some nations, and then stopped altogether at a certain point. But no one contends that that is the case with our Western races. Japan is still in its childhood; and the chief wonder about it is that it has never grown up. Its artists produce bright colors; its architects build indifferent temples; its code of laws is ingenious as respects the variety and intense cruelty of its punishments—and there's an end. It is an intensely barbarous country, with a thin glaze upon it, indeed, made up of elaborate courtesies and dædalian vice, but which only a very superficial observer can mistake for civilization."

"I only repeat what has been told me by the learned," returned Frederick, shrugging his shoulders. "I felt all the time they were talking nonsense, though I could not refute them. But I am sure that their remarks had reference to ourselves—that is, to England."

"If so, my dear Sir, they were amusing themselves with that intellectual plaything called a paradox. Such ideas may be agreeable to a cynical nature; but they are worthless—they are nothing, as our Yankee cousins say, when they come to be tried."

"I am delighted to hear you say so, Professor. Now with respect to the ancient classics—the Latin and Greek which is whipped into us at school—would it be sacrilege to suggest that much of that owes its reputation to its exceeding age? Was not I made to swallow a great deal of rubbish—I don't speak of the dirt, but works which, if they had been written in plain English, would have been called 'poor stuff?'"

"Has Heaven no lightnings for this blasphemer!" ejaculated the Professor; but there was a sly look in his eye which encouraged Frederick to proceed.

"Now come, Mr. Flint," said he, "do tell me the truth, and it shall go no further. Were those Greek plays which I was made to struggle through at Oxford real master-pieces, such as have never been equaled, or only master-pieces of the period? Should we read them if they were *not* in Greek? Would they not suffer, in that case, the same neglect as—say the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher or Ben Jonson?"

"My dear Sir, no comparison can possibly be made."

"Now that is unworthy of you, Professor. Why not be frank with me? I entertain a hatred so intense against the Greek language, which has bored and worried me for fifteen years of my life without giving me the least gratification in return, that I should really like to have it mitigated. When I matriculated at your own college it was necessary to get up a work of the divine Plato's—the *Memorabilia* I think it was called. The great Socrates was portrayed in it asking an infinite number of dull questions—hair-splitting, refining, protracting, and reducing his adversaries to silence by wearing the poor wretches out. May I ask whether that was what is called the Socratic method, and if so, was it worth any thing? He seemed to me to have been the very high-priest of verbiage and king of old bores."

Here the Professor took his hat off, and with an injured air appealed to Mrs. Pennant. "Madam, I feel as if my few gray hairs were standing on end in consequence of these remarks of your husband. Will you be good enough to tell me if this is the case?"

"Don't mind him, Mr. Flint," said she.—"Frederick, how can you be so foolish as to go on in that way, abusing Greek and Latin, when you know it made dear papa so angry that he almost broke off our engagement!—You have no idea how they used to go on, Professor; it fairly made my blood run cold."

"Yes, for fear she should lose me," explained Frederick. "Poor dear Ju, I was her last chance! and yet the governor was so 'riled' by the way in which I spoke of Æschylus that he was reckless of consequences: not that I blame him. The ancient classics were the bridge that carried him over the river of adversity, and gave him his fellowship, and subsequently his living; and if it was not for the vested interests that are thus bound up with them, they would long ago have been reckoned at their true value."

"They *have* a value, then, have they?" inquired the Professor, winking in a highly reprehensible manner at his antagonist's wife.

"Of course they have," rejoined Frederick, with irritation; "they have very considerable merit, though not enough to make such a fuss about them: the respect that we pay to mere antiquity amounts to fetich worship. It is the same with your flint weapons and arrow-heads, and scratches of drawings found in caves. You are not content with saying, 'This is very creditable'—that is, considering the epoch at which they were accomplished, and the absence of tools to work with—but you must talk about their 'artistic beauty,' the 'flowing lines of form,' and I don't know what else. Why, it takes a very learned man indeed to prove that the bit of flint *is* a weapon, and the drawing not an accidental scratch. I have no patience with it at all."

"*That* much is evident, my dear Sir," said the Professor, warmly; "the rest of your assertion is not so easily to be admitted. Why, I will undertake to prove, Sir, even to *your* intelligence, that in every specimen"—and he produced his bag of precious relics—"which I have had the good fortune to secure to-day—"

Here Mabel hurriedly whispered something in the Professor's ear, which made him pause. "I don't deny," said he, "that there is some reason in what you say, Pennant, as respects our blind acquiescence in many matters which have only age to recommend them."

"Well, well, that is all I wished you to allow," said the conciliated Frederick.

"For instance," continued the Professor, with the air of a man who makes an admission, "there is that tangled skein of absurdities which we call English law: nothing but a superstitious veneration for mere age could have induced us to put up so long as we have done with its vain repetitions and ridiculous formulas; its paraphernalia of seals and parchments; its stupid jargon, so useless and yet so expensive—"

"Oh, excuse me, Professor," interrupted Mr. Frederick Pennant, vehemently; "this is a subject with which I have some claim to be personally acquainted. What you consider jargon and a useless expense are necessary safeguards: once you make law cheap and easy, and you will have a set of unprincipled and ignorant scoundrels"—In his excitement, the young barrister here turned for the first time right round upon his antagonist, and discovered that the four inmates of the carriage were in convulsions of laughter. "By Jove!" said he, with comical chagrin, "you've got a rise out of me, I confess, Professor. It was that wicked May there who put you up to it. She knows my little weaknesses better than any body—except my wife," he added, but not soon enough to prevent a shadow crossing Julia's brow. "Come; was it not Miss Mabel?"

"She did whisper me, 'Try him with law,'" said the Professor, laughing; but I had no idea that you would have gorged the bait, hook and all, in that fashion. How true it is that all men are conservatives at heart. But here's the light-house."

"Yes, and what is better," cried Mrs. Marshall, ecstatically, "here is the luncheon! Only look!"

CHAPTER X.

THE PICNIC.

THE good lady who had last spoken was not without warrant for her enthusiasm. The dog-cart had reached the spot by a short-cut in advance of its companion carriage; and in a green hollow, over which the only trees that were to be seen in the landscape threw their grateful shade, a cloth had been spread, and covered with dainty viands. Mr. Winthrop and his son were standing by, ready to welcome the party to this impromptu feast, which really looked very attractive. The lobsters offered "a pretty bit of color," contrasted with the cool green of the salad which had just been made; and in a little stream which ran close by could be seen the shining tops of some Champagne bottles.

"My *dear* Mr. Winthrop," cried the old lady, as her eye caught the glint of these last, "what a nice man you are!"

Every body was moved to good-natured laughter.

"One has heard of making a sunshine in a shady place," observed Mrs. Pennant; "but you gentlemen have found a shade in the sunshine, and much more than a shade."

"It is indeed a magnificent spread!" said the Professor; "there seems to be every thing that three out of the four elements produce."

"Nay," said Frederick, "the fourth is not omitted, for do not the viands show traces of your favorite 'action of fire?'"

"Pennant has just been 'roasted' himself, Winthrop, and is still tender," observed Mr. Flint, in explanation of this assault. "But what have you got in that blanket?—a salamander, or a boa constrictor?"

"Well, I hope we shall find some table-ice still left in it," answered the host, modestly. "Horn says there was a hundred-weight at starting."

"Ice!" exclaimed Mrs. Marshall, ecstatically, at the same time settling herself down by the festive cloth—for board there was none. "Did I not say he was a nice man!"

This respectable old lady was not one of those grave deceivers who protest they don't care what they eat, or thank Heaven that they can eat any thing, but who are, nevertheless, so extraordinarily particular about the under-cut of the beef, or that bit of crackling of the pork, or the liver wing of the chicken. She liked her food, and was not ashamed to show it.

"Now, I call this most charming, my dear Mrs. Pennant!" whispered she, when, the ladies being seated, the gentlemen began to minister to them in the usual picnic fashion. "I confess I like to be well waited upon. I hope that 'the equality of the sexes,' which they are now making such a fuss about, may never come to pass in *my* time, at all events; for, of course, if there's equality, we shall be no more made much of. At present I am allowed by man to be a superior being, and I do not wish that notion to be done away with.—Yes, lobster, if you please, Professor.—Sherry and Seltzer; thank you, Mr. Horn; I hope it isn't mixed too strong.—Well, since you have made the salad yourself, Mr. Winthrop, I can't refuse.—Once establish an equality, my dear, and every man would be helping himself. The pretty young girls, such as May yonder (and only *do* look how they are all at her feet), might still secure a little attention; but as for old ladies like me, we should starve. (It's uncommonly difficult, let me tell you, even now, for a woman of my age to get exactly what she wants at a ball supper.) And yet they are all tolerably ancient damsels who are in favor of this reform. 'The Rights of women are the Lefts of men,' you know. I call it perfectly suicidal." (Pop, pop!) "How pleasant it sounds! There's certainly nothing like Champagne: the longer I live, the better I like it.—Now do come and sit down, Mr. Winthrop; I am sure you have slaved enough—that is, when you have given me just the smallest piece of ice. Champagne without ice is like kissing one's sister-in-law—it's insipid."

"My dear Mrs. Marshall," exclaimed Mrs. Pennant, reprovingly, "what an idea!"

"It will be a deal worse than an idea, my love, some day, when they get that wicked bill passed in Parliament about their deceased wives' sisters. How would you like your husband to be flirting

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in that way with May yonder—you don't mind it now, of course; but if you thought she might take your place when you were dead and gone? —Now do let us see you eat something yourself, Mr. Horn!—Not he: he's off to Miss Mabel."

Such was the rapidity of Mrs. Marshall's monologues, and so quickly did one topic succeed another therein, that she could not have reiterated one of her own speeches in proper order had her life depended upon it. Her remarks, even when they were sharp rejoinders, were forgotten by herself as soon as spoken (for she was totally free from malice); and, unlike the bee, which dies when it has left its sting, she often wounded others by her thoughtless talk without being aware that they had so much as received a scratch. She had no more idea that she had let fly a poisoned arrow at Mrs. Pennant in the words "flirting in that way with May yonder" than that she had thrown the salad bowl at her head; and yet she had wounded her to the quick. Frederick's thoughtless speech a while ago, "there is nobody knows my weaknesses like May," with its too tardy supplement, "except my wife," was not forgotten; and this reference to his pleasure in the young girl's society galled the still tender spot. All women are madly jealous; there needs no cause to drive the wisest of them frantic with suspicion of the man they love: a smile, a look, a whisper, addressed by him to another—though old enough to be his mother, or (still worse) young enough to be his grand-daughter—will set their souls aflame like sparks to tinder. In such a case they lose all belief in the probity of man, and, we had almost added, the virtue of woman. To do Mrs. Pennant justice, however, she well knew that her sister was wholly innocent of wishing to divert from her the affection of her husband; but she was scarcely less angry to think that she had involuntarily done so. What did he mean, the beloved wretch, by her "knowing his weaknesses?" What business had he to let her know them? And what right had he now to desert his wife—his bride—by whose side his place should be, in order to hover about Mabel in that way? Her face was calm as she looked at them, but her bosom was a volcano in action; her appetite was gone; the cold lamb upon her plate might have been veal for all she knew, if it had not been for the mint sauce which the provident Mr. Winthrop had allotted to it from a little bottle.

"Well, Ju, and how are *you* getting on?" was the sprightly inquiry of the unconscious Fred, as he seated himself at last beside her, plate in lap. "Isn't this jolly?"

"I am glad you find it so," was the rejoinder. —"No, I thank you; I don't require ice."

Frederick saw that she did not. He had been too recently a lover not to recognize the indications of a tiff: the course of true love never ran without them. Unfortunately for the present need, he took a humorous view of her irritation. "Mr. Winthrop has given us silver plate, I hope!"

"I believe so; you can see for yourself."

"That's well. I was afraid, my dear, that you had been taking your mint sauce with a steel fork; that makes people a little cross sometimes."

"I have very good reason to be cross, Sir."

"Because there is no looking-glass to show to you your own handsome face!" was the astute reply. "Come with me to the brook (Mrs. Marshall wants another bottle of Champagne opened), and then you'll see it. I never saw you looking half so charming. Come, give me a smile, Ju."

"I can not dissimulate like you, Frederick."

Here intervened the host with a courteous question.

"I have done admirably, Mr. Winthrop, thank you, and was never more delighted with a picnic. I was just saying to my husband how charmingly every thing had gone off."

"They are all going to Anemone Bay, Ju; I'll stop with you, if you please, and sit on the shore. I'd *rather* stop with you," whispered the wily Frederick.

"If you *really* would, Frederick, of course I should prefer it. But I can hardly think you are in earnest. Leaving me all alone."

"Why, you had the Professor."

"The Professor! What did I care for him? There were plenty to look after Mabel, I am sure, without you."

"My dear Ju, that was the very reason why I went. Those fellows were enough to turn the poor child's head; of course they mean nothing serious, but she might easily misunderstand their attentions. While she is staying with us I feel, as we lawyers say, *in loco parentis*—in the place of her father. This Winthrop is an old flirt, and his son an impudent puppy."

"Hush, hush! If that is why you left me, I forgive you; but don't do it again. May is not a fool, and quite old enough to take care of herself."

"She always seems to me such a mere child," was the careless reply of the judicious Frederick; "but you ought to know best, my dear. They are moving to the light-house; take my arm, and I will carry your shawl."

It was not the prick of conscience that caused Mr. Frederick Pennant to form a diagnosis so accurate of the state of his wife's mind, and to apply so sovereign a remedy; he thought no more harm of amusing himself with his sister-in-law than he professed to think; but he was one of those who, though possessed but of moderate ability in other respects, are socially very intelligent, and he had seen where the shoe pinched at a glance. A less sagacious man would have reasoned with his wife; a less good-tempered one would have "had it out with her," if not then, as soon as occasion served; but Mr. Pennant preferred to make all smooth in the manner we have seen. He had been always a favorite with women, and imagined that he understood them thoroughly; but he had a good deal to learn respecting those interesting and attractive creatures yet.

As for Mabel, Frederick had told nothing more than the truth when he said that she had had attention enough paid to her by their host and his son sufficient to turn the head of a less sensible girl. Mr. Winthrop, of course, had been obliged to give some of his time to his other guests, but Horn had been her slave throughout the repast. Never had the offices of cavalier and waiter been more assiduously combined than in his person; it was not his fault that he was less dextrous than diligent, but his compliments, to say truth, were clumsy; and, unable to open the Champagne bottles, he cut their necks off, in rather a savage fashion, with a blow of his knife. When a difficulty of this sort occurred a quick ear might have caught another sound besides the crashing of glass: this was Mr. Horn Winthrop swearing at the bottle under his breath. As the wine flowed, his attentions redoubled, and his tongue was loosened. He informed Mabel that it had been his father's cruel design to exile him from the company that day, but that the groom's return to the hotel had given him the opportunity of joining it. "I wouldn't have missed it," whispered he, "upon my soul, for all the world."

May endeavored to look as if this remark had no personal reference to herself; and, feeling that she was called upon to say something, inquired why Mr. Winthrop should have wished to deprive him of the day's pleasure.

"Because I make him look old," was the frank reply. "He does not mind going with me among strangers, because he thinks we are as like as not to be taken for brothers. However, whenever I have the chance, I always make a point of calling him father."

"But that's very unkind of you," said Mabel. "Many persons object to being thought old; and certainly your father does not look his age."

"Well, he's not a chicken, so you needn't think it," observed the young man, confidentially. "He wouldn't take off his hat, like the Professor yonder, for fifty pounds, or if it was ten times as hot, just because it would show how bald he was getting."

"But what would be the harm of that?" inquired Mabel, amused in spite of herself.

"Oh, I'm sure I don't know," said Horn, with a short, dry laugh. "All I know is that when he came down to see me at Aldershot the other day, he sat without his hat in the mess veranda; perhaps that was because there were no young ladies to look at him. Well, every body's done, so I suppose I must not eat any more. We are going to the light-house, it seems; though I fancy the governor won't much like mounting up so many steps directly after his lunch. May I offer you my arm?"

Mabel had no alternative but to accept it; and, under the very nose of his father, who was hurrying up with the same offer evidently on his lips, Mr. Horn marched off with his prize.

"Just look at that!" whispered Mrs. Marshall to Mrs. Pennant, drawing her attention to the couple in question: "upon my word, the young gentleman is making play. I shouldn't wonder if there was a popping of something else than corks before the day's out. What a good thing it would be for your sister, to be sure!"

SAN DOMINGO.

MUCH interest has been felt, both by politicians and men of science, in regard to the commission appointed by the President, under the recent resolution of Congress, for the purpose of securing reliable information in regard to San Domingo. As is well known, the commissioners appointed consist of Hon. B. F. WADE, of Ohio; President WHITE, of Cornell University; and Dr. S. G. HOWE, of Boston. These gentlemen, recognizing the propriety of securing the services of persons competent to collect information in regard to the natural and physical character of the country, for which their own studies had not qualified them, have taken Professor WILLIAM P. BLAKE as principal geologist, with Professor HENRY A. WARD, of Rochester, as assistant. Dr. NEWCOMB, of Cornell University, acts as zoologist; and Dr. C. C. PARRY, of the United States Agricultural Department, as botanist; and it is likely that other savans may be embraced in the party. The secretary of the commission is the Hon. A. BURTON, of Kentucky, a gentleman whose long residence as United States minister at Colombia, and whose thorough knowledge of the Spanish language, amply qualify him for the post. Professor CRANE, of Cornell, accompanies President WHITE as his private secretary. The press is well represented by a large number of persons; and delegates from some of the State agricultural societies and other bodies will also take part in the expedition. The United States steamer *Tennessee*, under the command of Captain TEMPLE, was fitted out expressly for the purpose of conveying the party, and it is thought possible that a second steamer may also be detailed.

On page 100 will be found a map of the island, with sketches of its scenery and architectural features. The Dominican republic comprises over one-half of the island, sometimes designated as Hayti, and controls about 17,000 square miles, divided into five departments, which are subdivided into communes. The departments are called San Domingo (which contains the capital), Azua de Compostela, Seybo, Santiago de los Caballeros, and Concepcion de la Vega, the whole containing a population estimated at 136,000 souls, or about eighty persons to the square mile.

San Domingo abounds in valuable natural resources. The soil is remarkably fertile, producing every thing grown in the tropics, and the climate is more salubrious than that of any of the other West India Islands. Gold and silver abound in the country, and iron, lead, and other minerals are said to be plentiful. The mountain ranges, where the mineral treasures chiefly abound, attain an elevation of 6000 and 8000 feet above the sea level, and are covered with magnificent tropical forests. In these high regions the climate is said to rival that of Southern Italy. Writing from Port-au-Prince in 1848, Lieutenant PORTER, who made the tour of the island, said of the country:

"In many of the provinces through which I have passed the country may be said to be almost in the same state as it was when COLUMBUS first discovered the island, and in these places the population can not be said to be much superior in intellect to the unpolished Indians who were the first possessors of the soil, although they have many of the same traits of character by which those unhappy people were distinguished, and that are so much to be admired. The remembrance of some places through which I have traveled appears to me like a beautiful dream, and no one who has not seen can form the slightest idea of what nature can be, arrayed in all the beauty of hills and dales, rocks and waterfalls, and mountains piled up one upon another in such beautiful and fantastic shapes that the mind is completely bewildered by the majesty of scenery it could never have dreamed of.... For those who have the ambition to labor, the soil is overflowing with wealth, the hill-sides are full of the richest minerals, and they have only to gather in the gifts which nature has placed at their disposal. There is scarcely a spot over which I have passed—excepting about two hundred miles along the sea-shore on the south side—where the most fastidious would not be happy to rest himself forever, with full security that he could never be without the necessaries, and could always have at hand the comforts of life. It all seems like a land of poetry and flowers, and more fit for the abode of the guileless people first found there than of the avaricious race who worked them to death in pursuit of the wealth which the Indians alone despised."

The city of San Domingo, the capital of the country, is situated on the south side of the island, and contains about ten thousand inhabitants. It is the principal sea-port, although Porto Plata and Samana and Santiago de los Caballeros are splendid ports, and, if the republic was in a prosperous condition, would carry on an extensive trade. Another town in the interior, called Azua, is memorable as the place where HERNANDO CORTÉZ lived, pursuing the business of a public notary. The other towns worthy of mention are Concepcion de la Vega, near where COLUMBUS built Fort Concepcion, and Santo Cerro, where he erected a cross. Of the other centres of population, Higuey, Seybo, San Juan de Maguana, Neybo, Bani, San Cristoval, Bayaguana, Monte Plata, Cotuy, and Boya are the only ones deserving notice. Boya was the place of refuge of HENRIQUILLO, the last of the Haytien caciques. CHARLES V. of Spain permitted him to retire thither with the remnant of his people.

San Domingo was a dependency of Spain till 1795, when the entire island was ceded to France. In 1808 it again passed into the hands of Spain; but in the following year the people revolted, and declared their independence. For upward of fourteen years afterward San Domingo was a prey to civil strife. In 1823, however, the entire island was united under a republican form of government, and BOYER, at that time ruler of Hayti, was chosen President for life. Twenty-two years of comparative quiet followed, and had this interval been employed in developing the resources of the country, San Domingo would have become thickly populated and prosperous.

In 1844 a revolution in Hayti elevated RIVIÈRE to the Presidency. The Dominicans revolted against his rule, and after a sharp struggle acquired independence. It would be tedious to recount the repeated attempts made by SOULOUQUE, the negro emperor of Hayti, to recover control of the Dominican republic, and the long struggle between SANTANA and BAEZ. At the present time BUENAVENTURA BAEZ, whose portrait is given on page 100, is President.

The *Tennessee*, with the United States commission on board, sailed from New York on the 17th of January. The scientific, as well as the political community, will look with much interest to the results of this expedition; and in view of the judicious selections which have been made of specialists, there is general regret that the time of absence is likely to be short, although the precise period of their return has, we believe, not been determined upon.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

TOPSAWYER, a Boston commercial hub, went into a New York bank with a check. The teller didn't know him, and wouldn't honor it. Topsawyer went in a rage to get somebody to identify him. Fortunately he met Galloons, who knew him. So back they went. "Mr. Teller," said Top, "allow me to make you acquainted with Mr. Galloons—firm of John Galloons, of Murray Street." "How do you do, Sir?" said the teller. "This is all right," said Galloons, pompously. "This is Mr. Topsawyer, of Boston, and I know him." "That may be, Sir," said the teller to Galloons, "but I don't know *you*." "Wha-wa-what!" said Topsawyer, boiling over at the second refusal, "don't you know him? What do you mean by that? Haven't I just introduced you?"

HOUSE DECORATIONS—Women.

"Bob, where's the State of Matrimony?" "It is one of the United States. It is bounded by hugging and kissing on one side, and cradles and babies on the other. Its chief products are population, broomsticks, and staying out late o' nights. It was discovered by Adam and Eve while trying to find a northwest passage out of Paradise. The climate is sultry till you pass the tropics of housekeeping, when squally weather commonly sets in with such power as to keep all hands as cool as cucumbers. For the principal roads leading to this interesting State, consult the first pair of blue eyes you run against."

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS—"Well, I'm blowed."

An unmarried friend declared to us the other day, with an expression of countenance most lugubrious, "I never cared a farthing about getting married until I attended an old bachelor's funeral."

Why talk of fireside circles any longer when they are stove?

Old Moneybags says that a girl with an income of three thousand dollars a year or more is always an object of interest, because she has so much principal.

What is the difference between an auction and seasickness?—One is the sale of effects, the other the effects of a sail. And why do physicians have a greater horror of the sea than any body else?—Because they are more liable to *see sickness*.

INFALLIBLE WISDOM.—The Pope, on being asked what part of Rome his Holiness intended keeping, replied, "Va-ti-can."

"Boy, why did you take those shingles last Sunday?" "Because, mother needed some kindling-wood, and I didn't want to split wood on Sunday."

A man in Michigan swapped his horse for a wife. An old bachelor acquaintance said he'd bet there was something wrong with the horse, or its owner would never have fooled it away in that reckless manner.

An Irishman, upon seeing a squirrel shot from a tree, said: "Faith, and that's a waste of powder. The fall itself would have killed the squirrel."

Divorce traveling suits are said to be the latest novelties in Indiana.

A Galvestonian, whose hennery has been robbed of five Brahmas, requests the thief to call and "take away the rooster, as he is very lonely, and no questions will be asked."

An original neighbor of old Rip Van Winkle was said to be so lazy that when he went to hoe corn he worked so slowly that the shade of his broad-brimmed hat killed the plants.

"I declare," said an old lady, reverting to the promise made on her marriage day by her liege lord, "I shall never forget when Obadiah put the nuptial ring on my finger, and said: 'With my worldly goods I thee endow.' He used to keep a dry-goods store then, and I thought he was going to give me the whole there was in it. I was young and simple, and did not know till afterward that it meant one calico gown a year."

TO YOUNG LADIES.—Keep your eyes wide open before marriage, but half shut afterward.

An Eastern paper, in a fit of revolutionary enthusiasm, says, "Hurrah for the girls of '76!" "Thunder!" cried a New Jersey paper. "That's too darned old! No, no! Hurrah for the girls of 17!"

NEW YORK POLITICIANS TRYING TO PUT SALT ON THE TAIL OF THE FENIAN BIRD.

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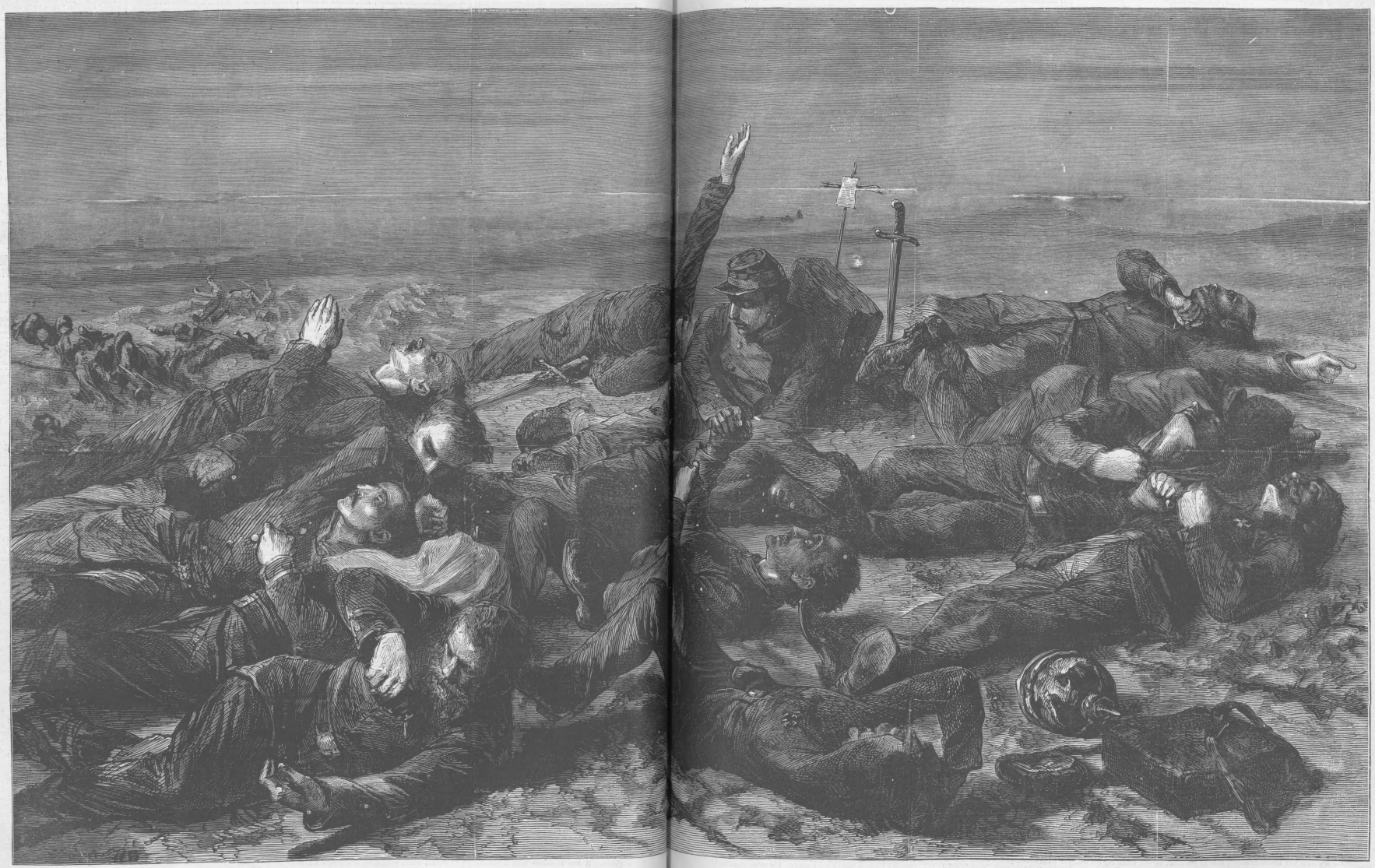

THE BIVOUAC.

THE CREST OF A HILL BETWEEN CHAMPIGNY AND VILLIERS, ON THE NIGHT OF DECEMBER 5, 1870.

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THE PRAYER OF THE ROMANS.

Nor done, but near its ending,
Is the work that our eyes desired;
Not yet fulfilled, but near the goal,
Is the hope that our worn hearts fired.
And on the Alban Mountains,
Where the blushes of dawn increase,
We see the flash of the beautiful feet
Of Freedom and of Peace!

How long were our fond dreams baffled!—
Novara's sad mischance,
The Kaiser's sword and fetter-lock,
And the traitor-stab of France;
Till at last came glorious Venice,
In storm and tempest home;
And now God maddens the greedy kings,
And gives to her people Rome.

Lame Lion of Caprera!
Red-shirts of the lost campaigns!
Not idly shed was the costly blood
You poured from generous veins.
For the shame of Aspromonte,
And the stain of Mentana's sod,
But forged the curse of kings that sprang
From your breaking hearts to God!

We lift our souls to Thee, O Lord
Of Liberty and of Light!
Let not earth's kings pollute the work
That was done in their despite;
Let not Thy light be darkened
In the shade of a sordid crown,
Nor the Piedmont swine devour the fruit
Thou shook'st with an earthquake down!

Let the People come to their birth-right,
And crozier and crown pass away
Like phantasms that flit o'er the marshes
At the glance of the clean, white day.
And then from the lava of Ætna
To the ice of the Alps let there be
One freedom, one faith without fetters,
One republic in Italy free!

JOHN HAY.

CHARLIE BENSON.

AN old merchantman lumbered along far out in the China Sea, and a sailor leaned over the bulwark and sang:

"Do you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,
Sweet Alice, with hair so brown?
Who wept with delight when you gave her a smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown?"

Perhaps it was that the sailor knew no more of the song, or some tender memory of his own prevented him from finishing the melancholy part of the verse; at all events, he kept to the first four lines, and the captain was grateful to him, very grateful. Jack got an extra glass of grog that night, and a kindly word and smile from Captain Benson. Not long after Jack was snoring in his bunk the captain walked to and fro upon the deck, and thought of sweet Alice, always keeping that grim idea of the churchyard out of his thoughts. How could the ideal of sweetness and bloom be associated with the slab of granite so gray!

Still he shuddered a little, and drew his arms more tightly across his brawny breast, and felt a chill strike to his heart, although the air blew hot as a simoom, the sea shone like an emerald, and phosphorescent lights reflected themselves on the heavy black hull of the ship. Sweet Alice! Ay, how sweet, that she should have separated two brothers, who were alone in the world, and all in all to each other, until, for love of her, they became like Abel and Cain!

But it was foul play—yes, and unbrotherly—to hatch up a plan to get rid of him for a day, and to press the girl for an answer while he was gone—Alice was so gentle and timid. A hot flush rose to the captain's brow when he thought of all that had passed, and he pitied again the poor lad that had crept away from the old homestead, with a bursting heart, and never returned—not for eighteen years—but then, eighteen years! That was a long time, and the captain's brow grew cool again; after all, the lad had buffeted his way in the world, and had not been utterly miserable; and now he was a hale, hearty captain, with not the least hint of a broken heart about him. Eighteen years had cooled the fervor of his love and hate, and he felt that he could kiss the white brow of sweet Alice, and clasp brother Bob's hand with fraternal warmth; and, by George! he would go home that very trip—he would go home, and stay perhaps. This sending of crape shawls, and work-boxes, and Japanese puzzles, had been kept up long enough; he would take himself home now, and would stop on the way and get lots of toys for the children—Bob's children and hers! There must be a houseful by this time, although not one line or word had been exchanged for eighteen years; but, then, of course, there were children, plenty of them—and the old ship lumbered on.

How hot the sun was that day at Bambury! The very dogs blinked and drooped their ears, lolling out their tongues, and panting desperately.

In the lower part of the village, quite out of the fashionable range of travel, there stood a little old tumble-down house, with a little old tumble-down kitchen at the side, and an old tumble-down grape-arbor at the back, under which grape-arbor a young girl busied herself arranging and adorning a table for three. How she flitted from the kitchen to the arbor, like a butterfly, or a bit of thistle-down, or any other flitting piece of loveliness! For in spite of her calico dress, which I am sorry to say was a little torn out at the gathers, and a sun-bonnet flopping from the back of her head, that would have made any other girl look ugly, and a rivulet of perspiration rolling from her straight little nose, and making a pool in the delicious little curve of her upper lip—in spite of all this, the young girl was Charlie Benson, and loveliness and Charlie Benson were synonymous terms; besides, the sun-bonnet flopped so far back that one could see the ripple of her hair and her fair low brow.

"Oh, how hot you are, Charlie!" cried a voice from the lane; and a young rustic, stalwart and lithe, and brown as a berry, leaped over the fence and approached the arbor. "Now, why not eat in the kitchen? it's such a toil, lugging every thing out here."

"But then it's so nice, Joe," rejoined the maiden; "we can hear the birds sing, and I've got a great bunch of flowers for the table; and it's mother's birthday, you know."

That was Charlie Benson all over, with her indefatigable toiling in behalf of the artistic and beautiful. Half an hour later she stood in the kitchen doorway, with a pretty clean calico on, and a ribbon about her hair; and nothing would do but Joe must wear his coat.

"It's awful hot," groaned Joe.

"It won't be hot out there," replied Charlie; "and now I'll run in for mother. When I call, you come, and we'll help her out to the table. I've got her hair braided, and she looks pretty as an angel."

But Charlie did not come very soon, nor call, and Joe felt that his back was roasting, and had slyly slipped one arm from his coat; but he put it back again with a start when Charlie stood at his elbow.

"It's no use, Joe; she's afraid of ear-wigs."

"Ear-wigs!" echoed Joe.

"Yes; and all my trouble is for nothing."

"Nonsense," said Joe. "Have you coaxed her?"

"I hate to, Joe, if she's afraid. You know she never refuses any body any thing."

"I wish somebody was more like her," said Joe.

"I wish you wouldn't stand there and talk; let's get the things in again."

Alas! in dragging the table back to the kitchen, a brier caught Charlie in a fond embrace; and so reluctantly did it relinquish its grasp that, in spite of Joe's care, a great rent was made in the clean calico.

"There now; how stupid you are, Joe! I'm just sorry I tried to make things nice;" and the hot tears sprang to Charlie's eyes. Just at that moment young Wayne came galloping along, and took off his hat with a sweep to poor Charlie, who colored to the roots of her hair, but returned the bow gracefully enough.

"To think of his seeing me in such a plight!" said Charlie.

"He's no better than any one else, if he is the judge's son," said Joe; "and if he wasn't a fool, he wouldn't drive a horse that way on a day like this."

"He has plenty of horses," said Charlie.

"Yes; but his father 'd raise Old Nick if he saw one of 'em in a lather like that."

Charlie shrugged her pretty shoulders disdainfully, and busied herself in arranging her mother's dinner.

"I wish we were able to have something nice for her," said Charlie. "I wish we were rich."

"That's what I call downright ingratitude, Charlie," said Joe. "Nothing could be nicer for any one sick than a piece of this chicken."

"Oh, I know," she replied; "I'm a hateful, ill-tempered wretch. But—but I'm so tired, Joe!"

"Never mind, Charlie; every thing 'll be right one of these days."

"When our ship comes in, Joe."

Meanwhile the ship went lumbering on; but it took a long while for the captain to settle up his affairs, and he hesitated greatly over giving up his roving life, once in a while feeling like sheering off again, seaward. But he found himself one evening in March at the station at Bambury, and looked about him in wonder; there was scarcely a landmark that he could remember at first, and he felt more lost than when he had been in mid-ocean. The captain poked with his stick among some furze bushes that grew at his feet, and all at once a little pewee set up its pipe; it was a melancholy whistle enough, but it seemed cheerful to the captain; he shook himself in his great-coat, like a Newfoundland dog, and started on his way. Then the friendly pewee, fearing the captain had not quite understood the refrain, sounded a more melancholy note; but still the captain jogged along cheerily. The little bird leaped from limb to limb, following the traveler upon his way, and piping more and more mournfully; but as the captain reached a strip of wood that he remembered well, he commenced whistling aloud, so that the pewee song was completely lost, and the bird flew away pityingly. He remembered the strip of wood well; many and many a time he and Bob had been nutting there; and although many trees were cut down, and the wood was not what it had been, he vowed to himself that Bob and he would go nutting there again that very fall—Bob and Alice and he and the children, for whom in yonder town was a great chest of toys. The captain chuckled when he thought over all the funny gifts in that old chest, and walked more briskly along. There would be a fire on the hearth a night like this; and coming, as he had, fresh from the flower-ships and the tinseled joys of the celestial empire, a fire on the hearth was a thing to grow jolly over. He reached soon the turn of the road, beyond which lay the dear old lands and homestead, where lived his brother Bob and sweet Alice. Yes, there was the very old stone house; the wooden portico had fallen a little to decay, and the captain wondered that the rose-vines were all gone—all dead and cut away. Alice was so fond of roses in the old days; but children and household cares had, of course, changed Alice with the rest. But stay! Could that be Bob at the wood-pile? No, surely; not that broken, bent old man! And not a child to be seen—not one.

The captain lingered a little at the fence; then, clearing his voice, he called out,

"Is Mr. Robert Benson at home?"

"At home!" said the old man; "ay, he is at home these many years."

A strange reply, thought the captain. "Can I see him?" he called aloud.

The man went on chopping wood, and shook his head mournfully. Then a woman came out of the kitchen door, slatternly and toil-worn.

"Robert Benson's been dead these ten years," she said.

The captain grasped the fence a little tighter, and swallowed an obstruction in his throat; but he said, quickly,

"His wife?"

"Well, she's poorly enough. She lives down in the old house on the South Road."

"She's dying," interrupted the old man. "These March winds 'll make an end of her."

"Get along with your croakin'," said the woman, noting the pallor in the stranger's face. "Don't you mind my old man. She's poorly enough, but not so bad as all that. Hem! A stranger in these parts?"

"I'm Charles Benson," said the captain, curtly.

"Do tell! Home from sea? They'll be powerful glad to see you, that's a fact."

"The—the children are—well—I suppose?" faltered the captain.

"Oh yes, thank ye," said the woman, briskly. "They ain't any on 'em at home now. I've got six."

"I meant my brother's children," said the captain.

"Oh," she replied, "I don't know of any children except Charlie. That's all I ever heerd on."

The captain turned away, and walked toward the South Road. The little pewee had caught up with him now, and sang a cheerier song; but the captain thought it was like a wail. Bob was dead, Alice dying; only the one child, and the farm in the hands of strangers—the land that had belonged to the Bensons for over a century. He had gold enough to buy it over and over again; but could he have the heart, now that all were gone? The one child, Charlie! How his heart swelled to bursting as he repeated the name. They had cared for him, then, and named their only child after him; while he—

Ah! that was a bad-hearted lad that remained obdurate and cold for eighteen years. Only Charlie left, and sweet Alice was dying. Well, he would take the lad, his nephew, and go back to sea; but never again could he drive this desolation from his heart, let him battle with the winds and waves as he might. He walked sadly down the old road till he reached the little house that he remembered used to belong to the farm—a shabby little shanty enough; but somehow the captain's heart warmed to it. For one thing, the front of the cottage was covered with the branches of a huge rose-vine, and he could see in the moonlight that it was pruned and cared for. Then a cheery whistle came from a chink in the kitchen door, and a light shone from the window that looked like fire-light. The captain opened the door, and, his heart beating quickly, he went in. There stood a young fellow whistling gayly, with a towel in one hand and a long stick in the other. He was washing dishes after a method of his own; but he dropped the stick and the towel, and turned crimson, when the captain stood in the door.

"Why, this can't be Charlie?" said the captain, in a low tone; "not a grown lad like this?"

"Who are you, Sir, that walks into people's houses without ever asking their leave?" said Joe, ashamed of having been found in so humiliating a position.

"I'm Charles Benson, my lad, and don't say any thing harsh now. Give me a hearty welcome, boy, for I need it much."

"Not Uncle Charley home from sea!" cried Joe.

"Yes, my dear boy, your uncle Charley; for you must be my nephew," said the captain, flinging his arms about Joe.

"Oh no, Sir," said Joe, extricating himself from this warm embrace; "I'm only Joe Miller, Sir; I've lived with the folks ever since you went away, and Charlie has so much to do that sometimes I help a little at night. You see, Sir, Mrs. Benson is not strong—"

"Dying, Joe, dying," said the captain, abruptly.

Joe started back in dismay.

"Who said so?" he gasped.

"The man up at the farm," said the captain.

"Darned old raven! I thought so," said Joe. "Well, it ain't true at all. She's awful weakly; but I shouldn't wonder if your coming back would bolster her up again. But don't go in suddenly, Sir. I'll just let Charlie know."

"There's a good lad," said the captain, feeling a sudden warmth at his heart; "I'll walk about outside for a minute."

The captain went out into the cool March air, and walked to and fro in the road. Presently he heard a light step behind him, two soft arms were flung about his neck, and two great violet eyes shone in the starlight—shone full of tears.

"Uncle Charley! dear Uncle Charley!" said the sweet, girlish voice.

"Why, good, then," cried the captain; "there is a girl, too—a girl besides the boy. Where is Charley, then—my namesake?"

"I'm Charlie, uncle; I'm your namesake. There isn't any lad, except Joe."

"Well, we must e'en be content, then," said the captain, stretching out his hand to Joe, who stood near by. Joe caught it quickly; he liked the captain well. Already a light shone from the window of the sitting-room, and the curtain was half raised.

"I must tell her, uncle," said Charlie. "Oh, tell me, joy won't kill?"

"No, no, girlie," said the captain; "joy won't kill."

Joe said never a word, but looked at Charlie as she stood in the moonlight. A thousand thoughts surged through his mind, filled his heart to bursting—so many strange, thrilling certainties resolved themselves into shape. He loved her—he must lose her. He was glad she would be rich, prosperous, happy. He was sorry—oh, how grievously!—that her happiness would take her out of his reach. In trouble, vexation, disappointment, Charlie had always been his own; at the first touch of success—joy—triumph—she was as unattainable as yonder stars that gleamed in the cold sky. Did he not well remember the day of the fair, when Charlie wore the white dress, made out of the very Canton crape that Uncle Charley had sent them, and she shone fair and peerless above them all; and how, alas! the judge's son, young Wayne, who had every thing else in the world to make him happy—health, wealth, good looks, fine clothes—all—must needs possess himself for the whole day of poor Joe's wee ewe lamb, and the worst of it was, that the ewe lamb was quite content to walk and dance and talk with the judge's son?

Joe walked sadly down the road, and the captain went in. Soon sweet Alice was sobbing in his arms, a cheerful fire blazed upon the hearth, and Charlie, like the household fairy that she was, toasted some bread by the coals. The captain knew in his heart that the gentle creature in his arms was wearing away—the frail, shadowy loveliness was fit, even now, for "the land of the leal;" but he took heart of grace, and thanked God for this present happiness.

"I'm so glad," she said at last, in the same sweet voice that had been sweet to the captain's heart these many years—"I'm so glad, for Charlie's sake. You know, dear, when I am gone she'd have nobody in the world—nobody but Joe," she added, with a quick glance at Charlie. "Ah, if poor Bob could have lived! It broke his heart, Charley, when he lost the farm." Alice's voice was calm and smooth now, and her face placid and sweet, while the heart of the captain beat like a trip-hammer. A hot flush rose to his brow, and he muttered under his breath,

"Poor Bob! and I rolling in gold."

"We have wanted for nothing, dear," said Alice, quickly; "don't fret about it now. We have got along, although what we would have done without Joe I can not tell." She gave another glance at the face of her daughter, but nothing could be seen but a calm profile; the little ear was rosy red, but that might have been from the fire-light.

At that moment the door opened, and in walked Joe. He carried an armful of wood, and strove to appear at ease; but one could plainly see a cloud of grief in his face.

"Come, Joe," said the gentle invalid, "fix my pillows for me as you always do." And as Joe arranged her couch she quietly but tenderly looked upon him. Catching her glance, the tears sprang to his eyes; then she stroked his hair with her wasted hand.

"We will be so happy, Joe," she said.

Joe felt a choking in his throat that hindered a reply; but he turned to Charlie, and, stooping, placed his brown, rugged hand upon hers supplicatingly. Charlie shook it off, and said, quite aloud, "Don't, please."

Joe started back, smiled bitterly, and went out of the room.

"How could you, Charlie?" said her mother, reproachfully.

"Now, mother, *don't!*" said Charlie, energetically.

"No, dear," said the gentle lady; and the captain heaved a prodigious sigh, and thought of the past. He pitied Joe, but he ate his buttered toast in comfort, nevertheless, and could not feel utterly unhappy about any thing. Here was a little rest and much cheer; and despite the grim and melancholy visage of the lad, whom he was heartily fond of, he felt too grateful for his own comfort to be cast down at the dismal prospect for poor Joe.

What a time there was in Bambury, to be sure, when it was known that Captain Benson had come home from sea rolling in gold! Those were the very words—rolling in gold! What a delicious bath! And as his brother's wife was dying, and Charlie was the only child, she was to be the Danae to the captain's Jupiter. He could shower her, make her worth her weight in the precious metal, the villagers discovered; and then they also discovered that Charlie was the best, the prettiest, the gentlest, the most graceful girl in Bambury. Now there was one who had known this all along—Walter Wayne, the judge's son, and heir to the estate on the hill. The estate was heavily mortgaged, and it was whispered about that a little money would be very acceptable to the old gentleman; but it was nothing sordid or unworthy upon young Wayne's part to be at the Bensons' cottage the most of his time. Even when Charlie wore calico dresses a little drabbled and torn, and her sleeves were always pushed high above her elbow as she delved at her work in the tumble-down kitchen—even then Walter Wayne had told her, had told every body, that she was as graceful and as beautiful as a queen. His attachment had been known and shown when the Bensons were poor; and now that the people upon the old farm had even sold their outstanding crops to the captain, and a new portico was in course of erection, and rose-trees in every variety were planted about the grounds, and the captain and Joe were busy as men could be at the old place, and a servant was hired to do the delving at the cottage, and Charlie, in muslins and laces, had nothing to do but wait upon her mother and look

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her prettiest—now it was quite right and natural that young Wayne should be ardent and devoted. It was not Charlie's fault if she was going to be rich, nor his, nor any body's.

But it made a little difference with the judge, Walter's father. It made that much difference that the pompous old gentleman even deigned to walk down to the cottage. He was not used to walking, he said; but with the aid of his companion (referring to a gold-headed cane) he had managed the distance nicely.

How charmed and delighted was the judge with the cottage ornée (as he insisted upon styling the little rookery); how obsequious to the captain; how courtly to the invalid; how utterly unconscious of Joe, only noticing the latter, with an elevation of the bushy gray eyebrows, when the captain introduced him as his young friend, Joe Miller. At one time during the visit the judge managed to get by the side of the sick lady's couch, and lowering his voice, he said, significantly:

"I am prouder of my son, madam, to-day, than I have ever been in my life. The young dog has excellent taste. I had no idea your daughter was such a gem of loveliness and excellence. I suppose all we can do is to try to make them happy?"

And Alice said "Yes," as she always did.

But when the judge was gone, and Charlie and her uncle stood out upon the porch bidding him good-by, Joe went up to the couch, and glared upon Alice with two fierce, searching eyes.

"Is it all over?" he said. "Have you given her to him? Speak! Tell me the worst at once!"

Then Alice trembled and grew pale, and Joe fell upon his knees by her side, and begged her to forgive and comfort him.

Alas! what could the gentle lady do but bid God comfort and bless him!

The next evening a splendid pair of grays came dashing up to the cottage, and there alighted from a carriage a young gentleman so elegantly attired, his manner was so delicately tender, so judiciously discreet, that it was plain to be seen what was the drift of young Wayne's invitation to drive. Joe strove in vain to get one earnest word with Charlie before she went. There was a haughty curve in her upper lip nowadays, and a slight tossing of her shapely head; and she could talk of nothing, nothing in the world, but how did she look in this and that, and would Joe *please* tell her which color suited her the best.

"Ask young Wayne," said Joe; "he's just the chap to know about ribbons and laces. As for me, I've something else to think of."

Oh, indeed, Charlie wasn't aware he possessed so momentous a mind; she would be careful not to trouble him again. Then, to her great surprise and indignation, Joe told her *not* to trouble him, but to let him alone henceforth and forever. Charlie looked after Joe as he went out in the moonlight, and first a glitter of triumph shone in her eyes, then an expression of fear and doubt; at last two limpid tears suffused their violet depths, and an infantile gentleness made them the loveliest eyes in the world. But Joe walked on and on miles upon the white road, with nothing but his great gloomy shadow for a companion. It seemed to Joe that the ugly black phantom by his side whispered to him that it was better to end the matter at once. And reaching a pond by the border of the little wood that lay within the old Benson farm, Joe, without any ceremony, threw himself in.

"Hallo!" said a voice upon the bank; "what the dickens" (perhaps it was a stronger word) "are you about, Joe? Come out of that!" And as Joe didn't come out, the captain sprang in and dragged him out.

There they were upon the bank, all wet and slimy, and poor Joe felt it would have been far better to have drowned. He couldn't even drown in peace. Was there ever so unfortunate a fellow?

"What the dickens" (this time it *was* a stronger word) "made you throw yourself in such a mudhole as that? Couldn't you choose a place a little further up stream? I've a mind to heave you back again, you young scalawag. What do you mean—say? Don't you know it's against the rules to heave away what you can't bring back again? What a cowardly lubber you are, Joe? I thought there was better stuff in you."

Thus the captain harangued the unfortunate creature at his side; but he threw about him a stalwart arm, and there was a tenderness in the rough tones that went to the poor lad's heart.

"If you'd chuck me in again, captain, I'd be the most grateful fellow on earth. I can't live without her. I've tried to bear it—indeed, I've tried my best—but I can't. I've loved her since she was as high as my knee; we were youngsters together, and she used to care more for me than any body in the world; she'd run away from any body to come to me. And now I see her getting colder and colder every day, and even jeering at me and making fun of me, it's more than flesh and blood can stand, captain."

"I know it, Joe," said the captain; "it's tough to go through with. I know all about it, my boy; but once weather the gale, and you're all right. Look at me, Joe;" and Joe stole a shivering glance at the honest, bluff face of his friend. "Well, I suffered more agony in an hour than you could in a lifetime; but I didn't heave away my life, Joe; and the consequence is, here I am, and here you are; and, by George! we must get home and jump into something dry, and drink something hot, or we'll catch a dickens of a cold."

So the philosophic captain dragged the lad along, and they made their way homeward, leaving a trail of ooze and mud upon the road.

The next day Joe went to the farm, and worked like a beaver all day with the captain, and Charlie went out driving again with young Wayne, and the invalid was a little better, and the world went on pretty much as usual; but there was a stronger bond between the captain and Joe, and once in a while a caressing word fell from the lips of the bluff old salt, and Joe grew stronger and braver.

"I wish," said Joe, as they walked home together in the twilight—"I wish I could get away from here for a while. The minute I come within sight of the house, or see any thing belonging to her, I am the veriest coward on the face of the earth; it sets me to trembling all over."

"I'll tell you what," said the captain, suddenly, "you must cut and run. I've been thinking it over, my boy, and I don't see any other way. You must get off to sea, Joe. Ah," he added, taking a long breath, "that's where you'll get strength and grit—that's what 'll make a man of you, Joe."

"But how about the farm, captain?" said Joe.

The captain blew a long whistle from his lungs, that was meant for a sigh.

"Well, Joe," he said, "the farm ain't altogether what I've been looking forward to. You see, there's no children to fill it up, and Charlie will live at the judge's house on the hill, and it stands to reason Alice 'll go with her daughter; and what's the use of the farm? We couldn't live there alone, Joe. Lord! we'd die of the blues. I'll tell you what, boy, we'll go to sea. And yet, Joe—and yet," added the captain, blowing another melancholy blast from his chest, "I'm free to say it's a great blow—a bitter blow."

Joe remained gloomily silent.

At that moment a little pewee, that hopped along from branch to branch at their side, commenced such a charming little quaver that Joe and the captain listened with delight. It sounded like the voice of a mother to her child, or the whistling of a landward breeze to sea-side mariners—of a kettle singing upon the hearth—it was such a miniature anthem of hope and cheer.

"That's a nice little bird, Joe," said the captain.

"Very nice, Sir," said Joe; and their faces lighted up, and they walked a little more briskly. Just as they reached the turn of the road a lithe, graceful figure, dressed charmingly in white, ran to meet them, and a flutter of rose-colored ribbons fell upon the summer air. A sweet, girlish voice called out:

"Oh, Uncle Charley—oh, Joe—I'm so glad you've come! I've been looking for you ever so long, and mamma feels so well to-night, and I've been making a raspberry pudding."

Then she slipped one little hand into the captain's, and another into Joe's, and walked on between them innocently as an angel. The captain knew what Joe was undergoing, and thinking that the best way to cure trouble was the quickest, called out, in his bluffest tones:

"Avast there, my little mermaid; drop Joe's hand, if you please, and get back in the house again. He's too fond of you to stand your blowing hot and cold with him. Do you know you're driving him off to sea—and me, too, for that matter? As soon as you're spliced with yon popinjay I'm off with Joe; it's the only medicine for us both, for I believe I'm almost as fond of you as he is.—You see, Joe," added the captain, apologetically—"you see Charlie's a good bit of Bob and a good bit of Alice, and she's got mixed up in her a deal of every body I ever cared for, and I can't bear to part with her, that's the fact."

"Part with me!" said Charlie, who had not obeyed the captain's order, but clung fast to Joe's brown hand and his own brawny one—"part with me! How could you be so cruel? Didn't you promise to stay home and live at the farm with mother and me?"

"But you can't live at the farm, girlie; they want you at the house on the hill."

"People can't have every thing they want, uncle. I'll live where I please; I'll live at the farm with mother and you."

Here Joe gave a little struggle to get his hand away; but there was considerable strength in the rosy fingers that clasped themselves about his own.

"Well, you see, Charlie," said the captain, "I feel in honor bound to take care of Joe; if he's left to himself he'll drift among the breakers. I'll just look after him a while till he's able to steer clear of the reefs, and then perhaps I'll come home for a bit. Why, just to think of his heaving himself into that dirty pond last night; he hadn't the sense to pick out a clean spot. If I hadn't been there he'd 'a been choked, sure enough, half with mud, half with water. Hallo! what the dickens is the matter now?"

Charlie had grown suddenly pale, the rosy fingers fell from their warm embrace. "Oh, Joe!" she gasped, with a great look of reproach in her face; then she fell upon his shoulder quite wan and lifeless, and the white lids shut all the glory from the violet eyes.

"Hold her tight, Joe," said the captain; "I'll go get some brandy;" and he hastened with trembling steps to the house.

When the captain returned he found to his astonishment, and a little to his indignation, that Charlie had quite recovered her consciousness, and that, in place of the pallor that had reigned in her face, a bright flush glowed there, and the violet eyes were filled with a tender radiance. She held out two little trembling hands to her uncle.

"By George!" said that hardy seaman, pretending not to see this flag of truce; "here I am blowing like a porpoise and scared half out o' my wits; I haven't run that way since I was a boy. And here are you better than ever, by George! and prettier; and—eh, Joe?" This interrogative was addressed to his young friend, who looked as if he had suddenly swallowed a sunbeam.

"Uncle dear," said Charlie, demurely, "I'm going to stay at the farm with mother and you, and—and Joe!"

The captain caught her in his arms and swayed her about joyfully. "By George!" he cried, "we'll have that chest of toys, after all." Then he wrung Joe's hands in a way that brought the tears to that young fellow's eyes, and the pewee upon a neighboring branch chanted a paan of joy, and all the heavens glowed with the light of the stars that looked down upon old mother earth and saw so many scenes like this—scenes of gladness, innocence, and peace.

So Bambury was mistaken, and that girl married Joe Miller, after all. Just shows how *contrairy* girls are. What she could see in that humbly fellar the Lord only knew.

But if *He* knew, what mattered it?

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

ABOUT a quarter of a century ago there occurred at Rome an inundation of the Tiber similar to the one which has been recently experienced. It appears from the latest accounts received that during the height of the flood the whole of the Corso, which is the principal street in Rome, was covered with water to the depth of several feet. After a time it was impossible to drive or ride through the Corso, and boats began to appear, containing the police, who rescued any unfortunates whom the unwelcome invasion of the Tiber might have placed in difficulty or danger. Boats also passed through the street laden with bread for those who had gone to sleep the previous night expecting the usual visit of the baker. Baskets were let down from upper stories to receive food. The scene is described by those who witnessed it as a very curious one. This inundation is said to have been the most disastrous one which has occurred in this century. Much property which had been stored in cellars was totally destroyed, and immense numbers of cattle from the country round about were drowned, and large quantities of timber floated away. Many lives are also reported to have been lost. Some of the Italians consider this flood as an ill omen—a judgment of heaven on the people of Rome. It is not, however, the first judgment of the kind which has fallen upon the Eternal City.

The Governor of Indiana, in his message to the Legislature, complains that the divorce laws of that State, and the lax manner in which they have been administered by some of the courts, have given Indiana a notoriety that is by no means enviable. He therefore recommends that certain clauses of the statute be repealed, and others modified. And he expresses the hope that, with the amendments suggested, Indiana divorces will soon cease to be advertised in any of the Atlantic cities as marketable commodities, and that refugees and fugitives from the justice of other States will no longer come to Indiana in quest of divorces to be used, on their return to their homes, as licenses to violate the laws of sister States.

Beggars *are* choosers, it seems, in these days. A Connecticut beggar recently called at a clergyman's house, and the lady gave him a coat slightly threadbare, and minus a single button. The applicant for charity passed it back, exclaiming, with offended dignity, "Madam, I want a coat that I should not be ashamed to wear in the daytime." His would-be benefactress gazed at him in amazement, and then retired to repair the garment for the use of her own husband.

The following rules for the government of children, which were first presented in one of Mr. Jacob Abbott's books, have been of great service to many successful teachers: "When you consent, consent cordially." "When you refuse, refuse finally." "When you punish, punish good-naturedly." "Commend often." "Never scold." If parents and teachers would bear these simple directions in mind, children would be better and happier.

A horse was once brought to Brigham Young for sale. "Why, the beast is half starved," said Brigham, running his hand over the pony's side. "You can count his ribs." "That's more'n a chap could do with yours," retorted the dealer. Brigham Young concluded not to buy that pony.

One of the smallest newspapers on record is a copy of *Le Soir* which was sent out of Paris not long ago. It had been compressed, by means of photography, into a sheet measuring only three and a half by two and a half inches. Nevertheless, this Lilliputian journal contained the full contents of an ordinary-sized number, and could be read easily with the aid of a good microscope. It was printed on one side only of the little sheet, and headed with a notice that it must be read as a transparency—that is, against the pane of a window—and with a magnifying-glass. *Le Soir* can thus be sent out by the balloons in immense quantities without any curtailment of its usual contents.

Various rumors have been circulated in the newspapers which do not reflect much honor on the husband of Jenny Lind. It has been reported that he was intemperate, extravagant, and that she had been forced to separate from him, and exert herself for her own support. This is now all contradicted by an anonymous lady, who says she has recently returned from England, and has had an opportunity of knowing the facts in the case. She assures the public that a happier and better matched pair can scarcely be found in England—that they reside near London in elegant style, surrounded by all the comforts of life.

Spurgeon says it is a remarkable fact that ministers of the Gospel are not able to live on much less than other people. They can not make a shilling go so far as other people can make a sovereign. Some of them try very hard, but they do not succeed. A member once said to a minister who wanted a little more salary as his family increased: "I did not know that you preached for money." "No, I don't," said the minister. "I thought you preached for souls." "So I do; but I could not live on souls; and if I could it would take a good many the size of yours to make a meal."

By means of the spectroscope, an inquisitive American has discovered that the spectrum of a fire-fly is composed of rays which affect the vision powerfully, but give out no heat.

The Minister of the Interior in Chili has received from a native of France a petition for a patent right, relative to the discovery of a system in which air, in a state of expansion, in combination with other agents, produces the instantaneous breakage of the hardest mases of granitic, metallic, or other stone. Besides this, the system is claimed to possess an advantage over those hitherto employed, inasmuch as it produces no explosion whatever when breaking the rock, and permits a person to stand with perfect safety at a distance of two metres from the stone. If this process be as efficacious as described, it will be of material service to mining industry, doing away with blasting powder.

It is stated that the directors of the Bank of England have resolved that all clerks in their employ shall retire from their appointments at the age of sixty-five. What provision is then to be made for the discarded employés?

Last week the dramatic profession united in a demonstration of respect to the memory of the late George Holland. Managers and actors in New York and Brooklyn cordially offered their services for extra performances, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to the benefit of the widow and children of Mr. Holland. From several other cities also handsome donations have been sent to the "Holland Testimonial Fund," and subscriptions have come from private, and even from unknown individuals.

Bret Harte, whose humorous poetry has awakened so much interest of late, is thus described by an acquaintance: "He is a little below the medium stature, well-proportioned; has a forehead more high than broad, thin brown hair, a fair complexion originally, but his face is now badly pitted with small-pox; eyes remarkably soft and brilliant, and an indescribable expression of countenance that indicates a spirit in complete sympathy with all that is beautiful and all that is good. His voice is peculiarly sweet and musical; his powers of endurance not over-large; he is firm in his opinions, but in the expression of them modest; shuns rather than seeks society; never courts but avoids notoriety; is a delightful companion; does far more work than he ought; understands what he can do, and never attempts what he can not."

An Ohio dentist has got into trouble. A young lady went to him to have a tooth extracted. The dentist examined all her teeth, and attempted to argue her into a belief that she should have her front teeth extracted and an artificial set inserted. She firmly declined. Her front teeth had given her no trouble, and she wished only to part with the one which had been rebellious. So the dentist administered gas. By-and-by the lady was aroused to consciousness by pain, and discovered that the operator had already taken out three front teeth, and apparently intended to proceed farther. The dentist has been arrested for assault and battery.

Few ladies in any country have had a more distinguished career than Miss Maria Mitchell, of Vassar College. She is a native of Nantucket, and by birth and education a member of the Society of Friends. At the age of eleven she assisted her father in giving instruction in his school. From him she learned the first elements of the science in which she has been so much distinguished. On October 1, 1847, she discovered a telescopic comet, which was afterward observed elsewhere by other astronomers. For this discovery she was presented with a gold medal by the King of Denmark. She was subsequently employed in observations connected with the United States Coast Survey. She also assisted in the compilation of the "Nautical Almanac." She was chosen a member of the American Association for the Advancement of Science and Art on the recommendation of Professor Agassiz. A New York college has conferred an honorary degree on her, and at present she is Professor of Astronomy and directress of the observatory in Vassar College.

Chicago has been visited with a snow-storm unparalleled in that section for its severity. The "oldest inhabitants" remember nothing like it in duration, violence, and in the amount of snow which fell.

The following incident comes from Versailles: One of the great military chiefs was going to his quarters one evening inside the princely precincts when he was brought up by the point of a bayonet, and a demand for the pass-word. The general had forgotten it. "I am General Von ——," he explained; "I have forgotten the pass." The sentry was a man of few words, but they were emphatic. In Polish-German he merely observed, "I will shoot you;" and looked so very like it that the general desisted from verbal controversy, and waited till a soldier from the post had returned with an officer to identify his Excellency and give orders for his release.

An Indiana husband, who was fond of trying experiments upon his wife, told her one day that he was going down cellar to commit suicide. Down he went, and fired a broadside into the pork barrel. His wife kept right on with her knitting; and after waiting for some demonstration until he was tired, the man came up stairs, swearing the woman hadn't any feeling.

Fright is the latest reported remedy for rheumatic affections. It is a powerful stimulant, and if the excitement it causes is sufficient it may overcome the torpidity of the muscles, and restore them to their former functions. A case is on record of a soldier who had been discharged from service on account of rheumatism, which prevented him from walking without crutches. The house in which he lived took fire one night, and he sprang out of bed to save his children. The result of his efforts that night was such that his rheumatism disappeared and returned no more.

The author of the "Marseillaise" seems to have died a wanderer, and to have been buried without any special marks of honor. A German soldier, while on outpost duty at Choisy-le-Roi, near the little burying-place of that village, was attracted by a lonely-looking grave among the elaborately sculptured monuments. It was simply covered by a flat, gray stone, bearing an inscription in French, of which the following is a translation:

"Here reposes Claude Joseph Rouget de l'Isle. Born at Lons-le-Saulnier in 1760. Died at Choisy-le-Roi in 1836. When in 1792 the French Revolutionists arrayed themselves against Royalty, he put into their hands, as a weapon wherewith to break its power, the 'Marseillaise.'"

A singular custom exists in Arabia. When an Arab widow intends marrying again, the night before the ceremony she pays a visit to the grave of her first husband. There she kneels and prays him not to be offended. The widow brings with her a donkey laden with two goat-skins filled with water. The prayer ended, she proceeds to pour the water upon the grave, and having well saturated it she departs, and makes her preparations for the approaching nuptials.

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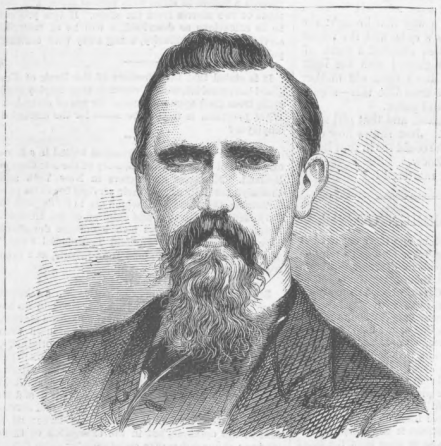
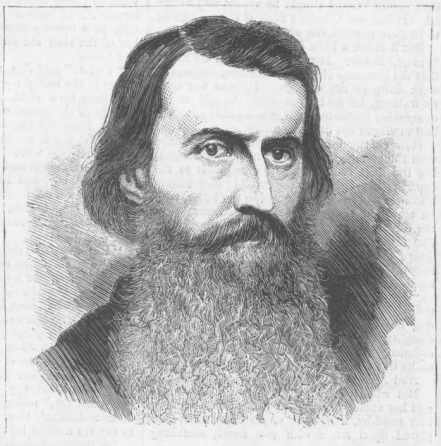


JEREMIAH O'DONOVAN ROSSA.

tenced to penal servitude for life. His associate, and editor of the paper, Mr. O'LEARY, who was arrested the same day, received a sentence to twenty years' penal servitude. Mr. LUBY was the son of an Episcopal clergyman, and had excellent prospects of preferment if he would take the government side. In 1863 he became one of the editors of the *Irish People*, was arrested at the same time with ROSSA and O'LEARY, found guilty, and received the same sentence as the latter. General HALPIN served with credit in the Union Army during the Southern rebellion. His sentence was fifteen years' penal servitude.

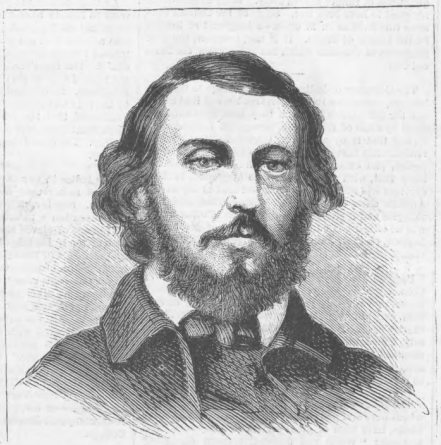
These portraits were engraved from photographs courteously furnished to us by Mr. J. T. FOLEY, of 119 Nassau Street, New York, who publishes a chart containing the portraits of these gentlemen and their associates.



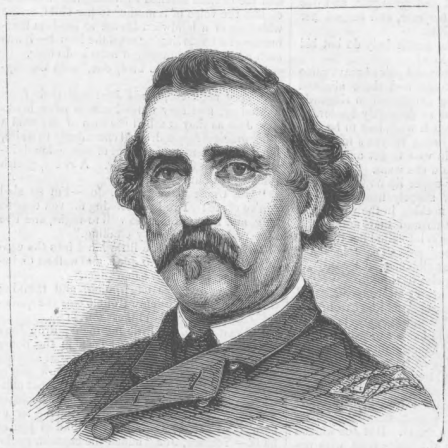
JOHN O'LEARY.

THE IRISH EXILES.

ON this page we give the portraits of four of the Irish exiles who were recently released from imprisonment by the British government on the condition that they should leave the country, and who arrived at New York on the 19th of January—Mr. JEREMIAH O'DONOVAN ROSSA, Mr. JOHN O'LEARY, Mr. THOMAS CLARKE LUBY, and General HALPIN. They were among the most active participants in the recent unsuccessful revolutionary movements set on foot in Ireland against the government. The first-named was the business manager of the *Irish People*, the newspaper organ of the disaffected classes, published in Dublin. He was arrested on the 15th of September, 1865, and after a brief trial was convicted, and sen-



THOMAS CLARKE LUBY.

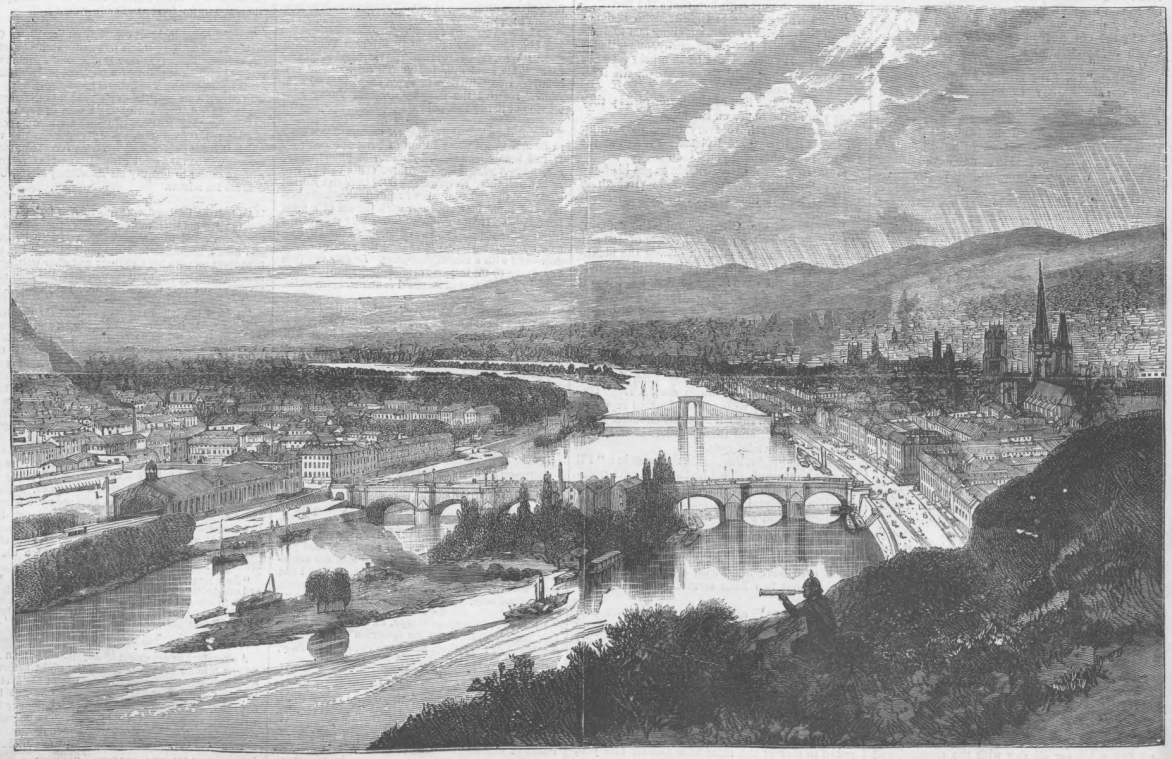


GENERAL HALPIN.

THE CITY OF ROUEN.

ROUEN, the Roman *Rotomagus*, of which we give a sketch on this page is, or rather was a few months ago, one of the most flourishing towns of Normandy. Situated within an easy distance from Paris, on a navigable river, and able to communicate with the principal northern ports in a few hours, it possessed unusual commercial advantages. Indeed, it has often been said that, had France chosen Rouen for her capital, England would not have been so vastly superior in maritime affairs. Thus not only is Rouen interesting to the antiquary from the beauty and grandeur of its fine old monuments, but the man of business also finds there numerous signs of a flourishing commerce. The staple manufacture is cotton, but there are also large establishments for tanning and dyeing.

Rouen is also interesting from its historical recollections. Here, in the square still called Place de la Pucelle, JOAN of Arc was burned as a witch, and here, in the Museum, reposes the heart of RICHARD I. of England. That inimitable poet and dramatist, PIERRE CORNEILLE, called by his countrymen Le Grand CORNEILLE, was born in Rouen; while that unfortunate minister of CHARLES II., Lord Clardendon, chose Rouen for his place of exile, and died there in 1674. Rouen is by no



THE CITY OF ROUEN.

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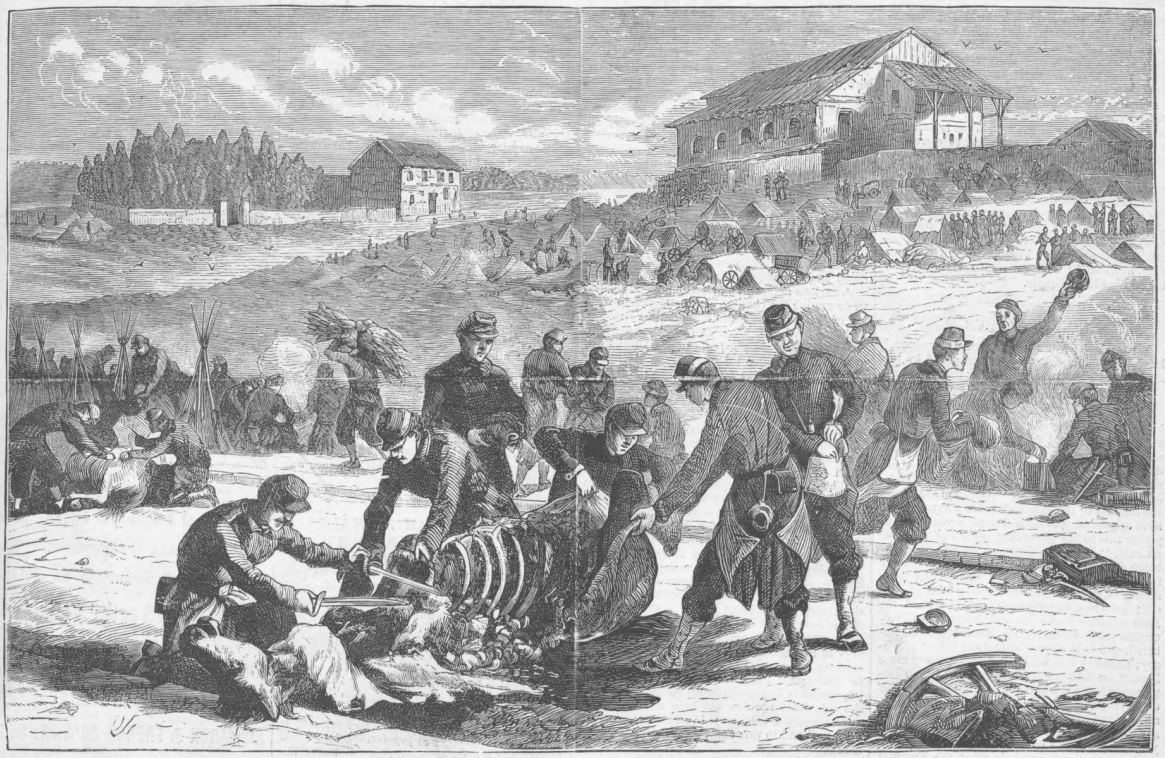


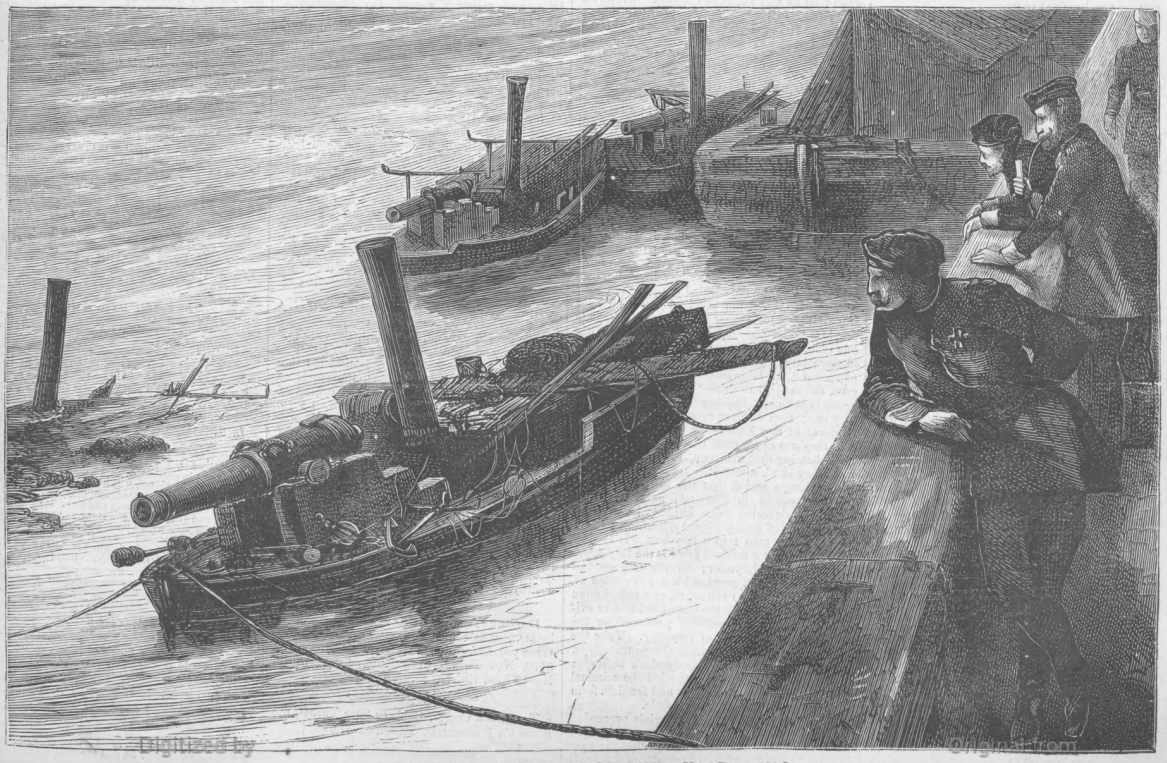
FRENCH SOLDIERS CUTTING UP HORSES AFTER A SORTIE.

means fitted for hostilities, and is built in a most exposed position, being surrounded by numerous heights. Indeed, the town has never been distinguished for successful resistances, as both HENRY V. of England and HENRI IV. of France occupied it after easy sieges. At that time some fortifications existed, but they have been swept away by modern improvements, and a handsome boulevard occupies their place.

At the beginning of the war, when the German invasion of France first became probable, Rouen, like so many other French towns, was heroic. Paris was besieged: Rouen would also show the world how France can resist in spite of overwhelming forces. Amiens was taken: Rouen would fight to the last. The Prussians advanced still further: and the Rouennais—*i. e.*, the military—after the slightest of skirmishes, all ran away to Havre. The Prussians thus entered Rouen in the most peaceable manner on the 4th of December. On their arrival they requisitioned boots and blankets, suppressed the Rouen journals, established an organ of their own, left a considerable garrison to keep possession, and then sent the chief part of the army on to Havre and Dieppe. Thus ended the part played in the present war by Rouen. Little has been since heard of the town; but from what has been heard, the Prussians seem to have fairly established themselves there, and probably intend to make it their winter head-quarters in Normandy.

CUTTING UP HORSES AFTER A BATTLE.

A BATTLE-FIELD, shortly after an action, is, at any time, a singular sight; but still stranger scenes than usual are now witnessed after the numerous encounters between the Parisians and their Prussian besiegers. Before the firing has ceased small detachments of adventurous Mobiots may be seen advancing with their swords drawn, and on murderous thoughts intent. Not, however, that they intend, like the red Indians, to dispatch and scalp their fallen foes. Far from it: they pass by a wounded Teuton with a benevolent smile, and perhaps administer a dram of Cognac, and call a charitable *frère* to his assistance. No; their search is not for human but for equine victims. Like King Richard III., they cry out for "A horse! a horse!" Having found some poor



CAPTURED GUN-BOATS AT ORLEANS.—[SEE PAGE 102.]

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animal which, struck down by a shell or Chassepot bullet, has been rendered useless for war purposes, they fall upon him with their swords, and hack him to pieces, and then, shouldering the flesh, march off to their respective quarters, where the remains of poor Dobbin are placed in a camp-kettle, and quickly converted into *pot au feu au cheval*. The rapidity with which these amateur butchers will cut up a horse is astonishing, half an hour being sufficient to convert a plump animal into a cleanly picked skeleton.

Frequently, also, the flesh is carried into the capital, where it is distributed among the various butchers; and the Paris *Journal* tells us that the action at Champigny supplied Paris with meat for five days, as nearly twelve hundred dead and wounded horses were found in the positions gained by the French, besides three or four hundred of their own animals which had been killed in the battle.

COINCIDENCES.

WHEN André wrote his satirical "Cowchase," in ridicule of an expedition commanded by the American General Wayne, ending with the lines,

"Lest the same warrior-drover, Wayne,
Should catch and hang the poet,"

he little thought he was anticipating a sad truth, and that he should really be taken prisoner by some of Wayne's division, to die the ignominious death at which he jested. Archbishop Usher, when a young man, preached a sermon in Dublin in 1601, from the text, "And thou shalt bear the iniquity of the house of Judah forty days; I have appointed thee each day for a year." Applying this to the governing powers of Ireland, he said, "And then those whom you now embrace shall be your ruin, and you shall bear their iniquity." At the time this was looked upon merely as an outburst from a young hater of popery; but when, exactly forty years afterward, the Irish rebellion broke out, and thousands of Protestants were murdered, his words were remembered, and held a proof he had the gift of prophecy; although it is not likely Usher had any more idea of the fulfillment of what he said than Napoleon when he wrote to Maximilian upon his displaying symptoms of withdrawing his acceptance of the Mexican throne, "What would you say to me if, after you had been in Mexico three years, I were to say the same thing to you?" And yet that was precisely what the Emperor did suggest at the expiration of the period he had named. Nor, probably, did the writer of the warning lines in the *Unita Cattolica*—

"Maximilian, go not too far;
Turn again, Max, to Miramar.
The crumbling Aztec throne's a chalice
Brimful of Gallic froth and malice.
Who trusts the deceiver, who hopes against hope,
In the folds of the purple may find a rope!"—

deem he was to prove a true seer; true as the lot Victor Noir drew in jest three days before he met his death at the hands of Prince Pierre Bonaparte; true as the prophetical inscription upon the boulder in the French river—"Those who have last seen me cried, and those who may again see me shall weep"—brought to light by the drought of 1870, after lying covered by the waters for two hundred years.

If Maximilian received the papal blessing when he started upon his ill-fated expedition, its issue is accounted for. Pio Nono blessed Charles Albert, and he succumbed to Radetsky at Novara; he blessed the King of Naples, and Garibaldi drove him from his throne; he sent his blessing and the Golden Rose to Isabella of Spain, and she became an exile; he blessed the first Roman railroad, and the first train ran off the line; he blessed a convent of monks, and the convent fell down upon all that were in it.

Scott's agriculturist, Triptolemus, in the "Pirate," discovers a horn full of silver coins under his hearth-stone, which disappears again through the agency of the oracular Norna's creature, the dwarf. While the sheets of the novel were passing through the press, some workmen, taking up the foundation of an old wall within a very short distance of the supposed residence of Norna of the Fitful Head, came upon a hearth-stone, under which they found a horn filled with coins of the Heptarchy. Another literary coincidence was pointed out by a writer in the London *Times*. The last paragraph of "Our Mutual Friend," the last completed work of Charles Dickens, recounts how, upon the 9th of June, 1865, the great novelist narrowly escaped being killed in a terrible railway accident, and concludes with these words: "I remember, with devout thankfulness, that I can never be much nearer parting company with my readers forever than I was then, until there shall be written against my life the two words with which I have this day closed this book—THE END." Just five years afterward, on the very same day of the very same month, The End came.

Dr. Doran tells of a comical coincidence, of which the rector, curate, and congregation of an English village were the victims. The rector and his curate both returned to their duty, after a long absence, upon the same day. The curate took the morning service, and preached so well as to astonish his hearers. In the evening the rector, who had officiated in a neighboring parish in the morning, ascended the pulpit, and rather surprised his flock by giving out the same text as the curate had chosen in the forenoon. Their surprise became puzzled wonderment when they found it was not only the same text, but the same sermon; and one can imagine the horror of the listening curate. The fact was, rector and curate had each purchased some lithographed sermons, and were so unlucky as to inaugurate their return home with the same one. Good as this story is, it is capped by the misadventure attending three young candidates for a Scotch ministry. The first one put upon his trial, while putting on his robes happened to descry an ancient-looking, well-worn roll of paper, which proved to be a sermon upon the text, "Jacob was a plain man, dwelling in tents." Seeing that the old sermon was much better than his new one, the aspirant to pulpit honors took possession of it, delivered it as his own, and then returned it to its old resting-place. The sermon was a good one, and pleased the hearers, although they would have preferred one delivered without book. Great was their astonishment the following Sunday, when preacher number two treated them to the same sermon from the same text; but it was too much for Scottish patience when a third minister, falling into the same trap, commenced his sermon by announcing that "Jacob was a plain man, dwelling in tents;" and one old woman relieved the feelings of her fellow-sufferers by exclaiming: "Deil dwell 'um! Is he never gaun to flit?"

A curious application of mathematical science to determine the chances of coincidence in writing one's name was made a short time ago in a will case tried at Boston. One of the parties to the cause produced a paper, attached to the will in her favor, stating that nothing would induce the testatrix ever to alter her intentions, and that, whatever document might afterward be produced, that, and that only, was her true will. This strange declaration was duly signed; but the other side disputed the genuineness of the signature, alleging it had been traced from the original signature to the accompanying testament. This document had been executed in duplicate; there were therefore three signatures for examination, and they were found to correspond with mathematical accuracy, not only letter for letter and space for space, but each of them had the same slant to the base line of the paper. Professor Pierce, of Harvard College, was called as a witness. He deposed that he had ascertained the relative frequency of coincidences in a number of the testatrix's undoubted signatures, and arrived at the conclusion that the phenomenon of coincidence observable in the signatures before the court could only occur once in two thousand six hundred and sixty-six millions of millions of times—"a number which far transcends human experience; so vast an improbability is practically an impossibility, and the coincidence which has here occurred must have, therefore, originated in an intention to produce it;" and to this conclusion the court itself came.

TRIAL BY JURY.

THE word "jury" denotes an institution so commonly known and so sacredly regarded as a sort of palladium of popular liberty—namely, *trial by jury*—that we shall say a word or two concerning what is known of its origin in England. Perhaps we should rather say that our remarks would take the form of a speculation about the origin and growth of trial by jury; for of the early history of this method of deciding disputed questions of fact very little is known accurately. In our research we soon get into the far-back ages of fog and mist, where history gropes her way with faltering and uncertain step. There is, in fact, no means of discovering when trial by jury began in England. Juries sat to try cases in Henry the Second's time. Now what were Henry the Second's juries like? It is a matter of the purest conjecture. We can not say, and we can not find out. The growth of trial by jury has probably been a gradual process. Its origin was, with little room for doubt, as follows. In the early times of English history a small number of men lived together; they constituted a tithing, or a larger number a hundred. Now these names have no sensible meaning, if we regard their ancient meaning: they denote merely the limits of topographical boundaries, the space within those limits. Then they really meant an association of ten families in a tithing, or a hundred families in a hundred. A man committed a crime in a hundred, say. He wishes to purge himself of his imputed guilt. His jury, by whom he was tried, were the men of his own hundred; they knew every act of his life—his incoming, his outgoing, his innocence or his guilt; they constituted the jury by which he was tried; and the peculiarity of their case was that they tried the cause having a complete previous knowledge of all the facts. Herein lies one chief difference between our ancient and our modern jury. While the jurors of early times possessed a full knowledge of all the facts of the case, the modern twelve—"good men and true"—are men caught hap-hazard in the streets, we may say; men who are supposed to be perfectly innocent of any knowledge of the facts of the case they are to try until they hear the evidence. After hearing that evidence, they tell the judge what they think about it. It has not been for so very long a period that the fear of a packed jury has ceased in England; and in the last century a celebrated judge said it was one of the highest feats of constitutional government to get twelve honest men into a jury-box. It is thus established that a modern juror is the very opposite of the old juryman; for the one entered upon a trial, in all cases, with a knowledge of the facts of the case; the other, as a rule, knows nothing of them until they are disclosed in evidence. And this knowledge possessed by the old jurors was a matter of necessity. Take the case, for example, of a small village nowadays. Every body knows every body else's business; and if the men of the village tried the criminal themselves, ignorance of facts and freedom from prejudice would be alike impossible.

But how far these ancient trials proceeded before all parties got tired of the affair, and threw the game up to rush off to settle the case by trial by ordeal, or trial by wager of battle, it is, of course, impossible to determine. What their form of procedure was we do not know; but, as far as the juries are concerned, we may safely infer their origin as dated above; and we see their gradual extension from the men of the tithings and hundred to those of the vicinetum, or vicinage—in fact, drawing the jurymen from a larger area. Their proceedings, indeed, seem to have been with the object of "purging" the man; that is, coming forward to swear to his character. Their criminal trial proceeded, apparently, something like a modern preliminary police inquiry—learning all they could of a man's character from his neighbors. There was in the early feudal times a system of guarantee. The tithing-man was to a certain extent answerable for the men of his tithing, and so on. A B guaranteed the good conduct of C D. People living together were answerable for one another; and when one was charged with a crime, the others came forward to swear to his character. The criminal had to purge himself of his guilt among the set he lived in. As to the evidence given at these trials, a complication arises from our ignorance of the value of that evidence. Every man's oath had a value, differing according to his status in society. In fact, they had a line, and all above it were white, and all below, black sheep. Thus the king's oath was above all question—he could not be wrong; the lord's was (to speak within the mark) at least forty times as trust-worthy as the vassal's; the freeman's evidence was taken, and believed or not according to circumstances; but the serf was such an indifferently honest rascal that he could not be believed at all, and so his evidence was not allowed to be taken.

ANTEDILUVIAN ANIMALS.

WERE it not for innumerable fossil remains, and even entire skeletons, of extinct animals wholly unlike those now in active existence, people in general would be quite slow to believe the statements of naturalists respecting former races of quadrupeds and mighty reptiles which roamed over the marshy surface of the earth while it was passing through various geological changes, to fit it for the reception of a higher order of occupants.

A question in regard to the period when those extinct animals lived can not be determined in our present state of knowledge; but such is the indomitable perseverance of men of science, it is possible they may yet pry further into chronology, and gratify our curiosity. Bones of the mastodon in an admirable state of preservation, and teeth beautifully enameled weighing several pounds—to say nothing of tusks from eight to ten feet in length—have been dug up so often in the Western States, and even in western sections of the State of New York, that to pretend they were not animal productions, and once belonged to living, moving creatures, monsters in size compared with those familiar to us, would be simply ridiculous.

Lizards from seventy to one hundred feet long dragged their huge carcasses through the soft mud of ancient bogs, associated with the ichthyosaurus—another terrific reptile giant of the Old World—whose jaws, four feet in length, armed with teeth like strong spikes, preyed upon the no less formidable tyrant of the primitive lakes and stagnant waters, the plesiosaurus. This last anomaly in animal architecture had the body of an alligator, with a serpentine neck, made up of more bones than there are vertebræ in the extraordinary neck of the giraffe. They paddled swiftly in pursuit of game, or fled before a superior monster, with four flippers, which were constructed upon the general mechanical plan of the pectoral fins of a whale. There were several species of all those ferocious, flesh-eating pioneers, who fulfilled their mission, and then were suddenly destroyed, apparently all at once. It presupposes a very dreadful and universal revolution, which should blot out of existence, and forever, unnumbered races, which had had possession of all the land and water for thousands upon thousands of years, for aught we know to the contrary, and thus opening the way for the advent of new and different organic forms, adapted to the altered condition of the surface of the globe, and modifications of its surrounding atmosphere.

An examination of fossil bones, which were the frame-work for sustaining the muscles, digestive apparatus, and, in a word, the vital machinery necessary for carrying on the functions of life, at first view clearly demonstrated that the carpentry of their skeletons, the power of the levers, and the character of the organs of sense were all different from the modern type, yet no doubt admirably adapted for contending in a war of elements, in the midst of armies of foes, each formidable, and striving for the mastery.

When did those monstrous animals range over the green prairies of the Western States? Did they roam from the Mississippi, across the Rocky Mountains, to beautiful regions of California? It is believed that the vast mountain chains on the American continent were raised from the deep bed of a great ocean almost simultaneously, and then the fossil animals were universally destroyed.

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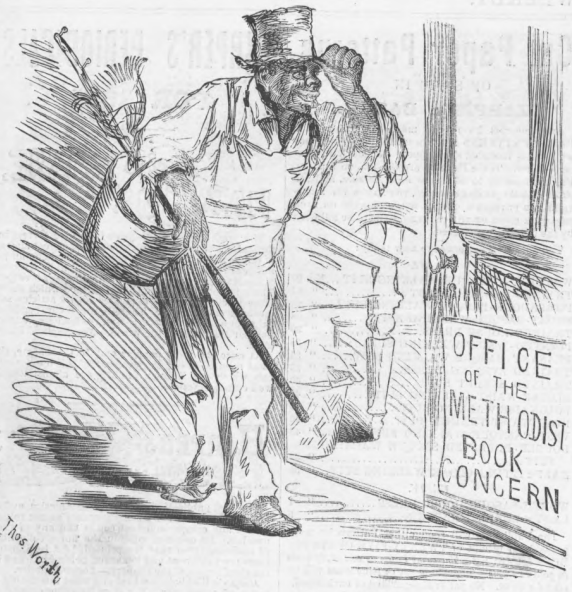

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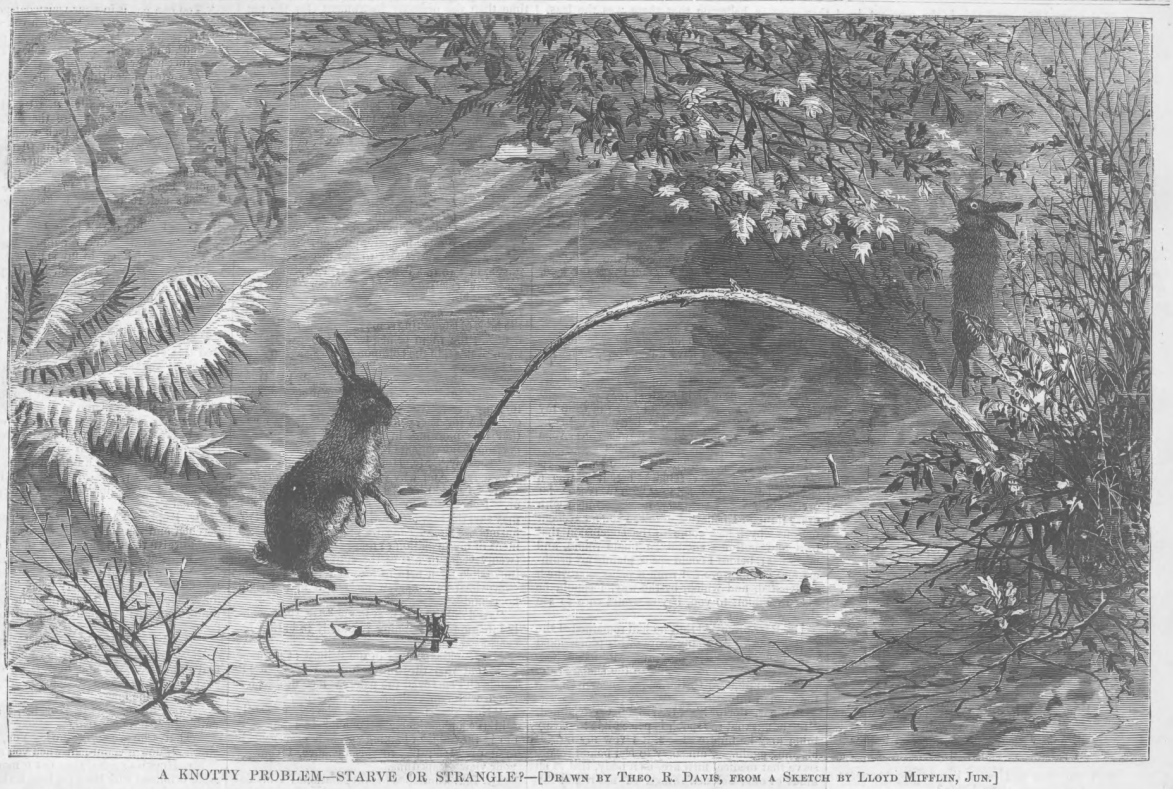
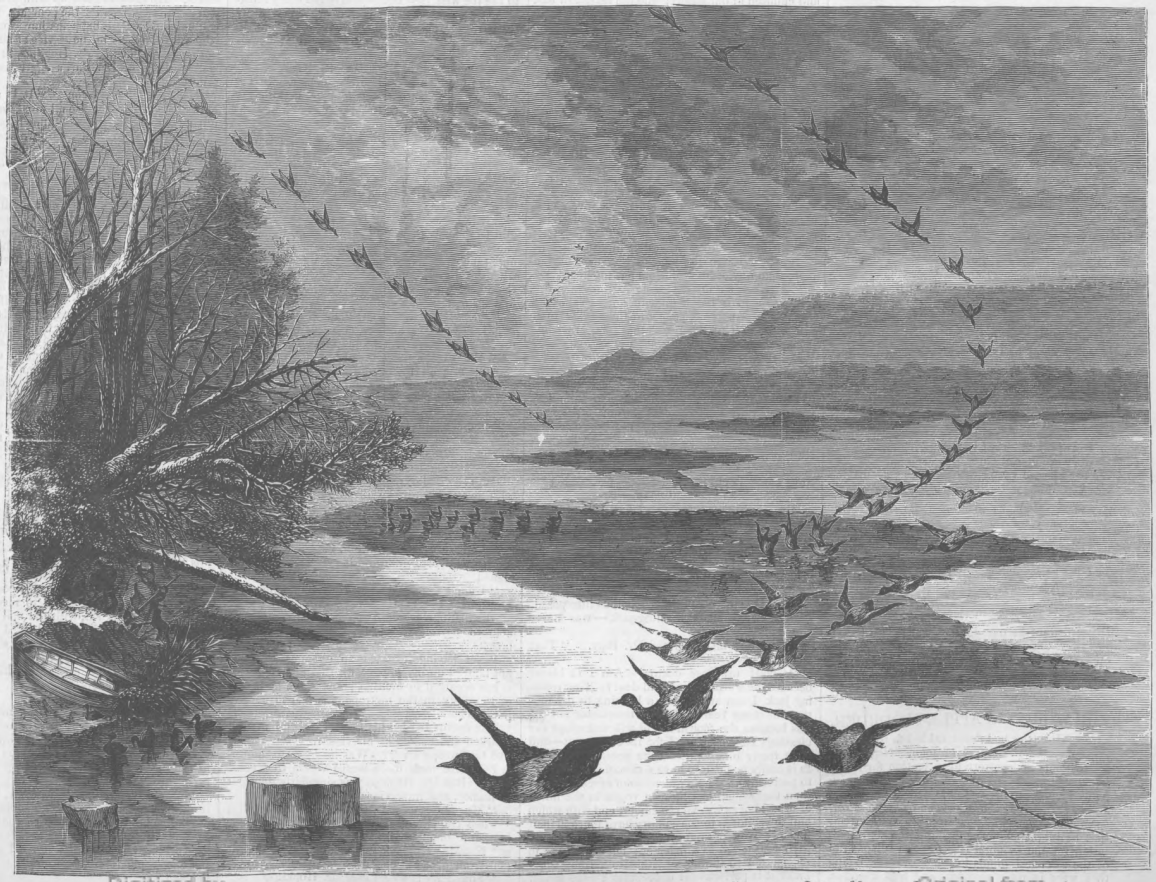


A KNOTTY PROBLEM—STARVE OR STRANGLE?—[DRAWN BY THEO. R. DAVIS, FROM A SKETCH BY LLOYD MIFFLIN, JUN.]

WINTER SPORTS.

THE two illustrations which adorn this page are very appropriate to the winter season, one being a snow and the other an ice scene. In the first a rabbit, half starved, has just emerged from the thicket, and come upon the tempting but perfidious bait of a skillfully set trap. He appears to be somewhat suspicious, and is evidently considering whether it would be prudent to make the trial.

The "Duck-Shooting" is a bit from real life. The river is frozen over, with the exception of a few open spaces, or air-holes, in which sportsmen are accustomed to place decoy-ducks. From some sheltered spot near by the gunner watches for a momentary chance for a shot. The ducks scarcely ever alight or even touch the water, for the instant they see the deception they wheel away. This is the sportsman's opportunity, when the wings are expanded and the sides



DUCK-SHOOTING IN WINTER.—[DRAWN BY THEO. R. DAVIS, FROM A SKETCH BY LLOYD MIFFLIN, JUN.]

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turned toward him, and this is the moment depicted in the sketch. It is almost useless to fire when the birds are flying directly toward you, as the shot is very apt to glance from the strong feathers that protect the breast.

A HEBREW LAMENT AFTER DEFEAT.

Thou hast thrust us away to a corner
As refuse beneath.
Thou hast given our cheek to the scorner,
And broken our teeth.

Thou hast hired us to death without wages,
Because of our sins.
Thou hast fastened our feet into cages,
And trapped them in gins.

Thou hast shattered the joints of our harness
And loosened our greaves.
Thou hast made us light dross in the furnace,
Gray blight in the leaves.

Thou hast altered our marvelous places
To pasture for cranes.
Thou hast broken the flesh of our faces
With leprosy stains.

Thou hast wrought us reproof with thine arrow,
Dismay with thy spear.
Thou hast probed all our bones to the marrow,
And slain us with fear.

The rebuke of thy wasting is grievous
As death on our tribe.
Our glory and excellence leave us;
Fools mutter and gibe.

The beam of our sun's way is broken;
Our moon bows her head.
In the core of our sunset thy token
Is darkness for red.

To the field we ran under thy mantle,
Arrayed in thy name.
Behold us a fragment, a cantle,
A city of shame.

They are slain, who arose in thy shelter;
They lie gray in sleep.
In the plash of the vine-hills they welter
Like plague-eaten sheep.

They are snared in their trust. They are weaker
Than sleep, who were strong.
Will they sit with the lute-string and beaker
At feasting or song?

Will they rise and reach lips to their spouses,
And govern their hinds?
Will they rule with delight in their houses?
Weak are they as winds.

Will they whine to the snow that she spare them,
Or harbor in rain?
Can they tell thee the mother that bare them,
Or pleasure from pain?

All these have inherited silence,
Past labor, past light;
Thou hast sold them away to the islands,
Whose ocean is night.

Out of mind in the desolate porches
And precinct of shade,
They, desiring in dimness no torches,
Forget they were made.

Shall they smite with the sword, or be smitten,
Bring spoil or be spoiled?
They are past as a dream; who has written
In books how they toiled?

They were sleek in all fullness of treasure,
Sweet wine and soft bread;
They shone, till a tyrannous measure
Was dealt to them dead.

Wilt thou speak? We are melted with trouble;
They sleep, we remain;
Wilt thou save, and restore to us double
The blood of our slain?

Bring again thine own flock to their feeding
In sweet pasture ways.
In thine hand there is fullness exceeding
All fatness of days.

Thou hast broken thy vineyard in anger,
And wasted its shoots;
Thou hast said to the son of the stranger,
"Go, trample the fruits."

In rush-pits and reed-beds, uncertain,
We wander till morn.
We are clothed round with death, as a curtain,
Our raiment is scorn.

Our slain people lie in each gateway.
Our city for shroud
Has the smoke of her burning, a great way
Seen yellow in cloud.

Remove as keen hoar-frost thine evil;
Refresh drought with dew.
Restore our brave summers thy weevil
And canker-worm slew.

Bring delight in our desolate garden;
Slay these whom we hate.
Sprinkle ash in their eyes; give us pardon;
Sow grass in their gate.

THE WORLD IN APPLE-PIE ORDER.

MR. HOPKINS had devoted his life to the improvement of the family of man. No smaller family could concentrate his attention for a single moment. In pursuit of his mission, which had engaged all his waking moments since the age of fourteen, and of which he had, moreover, dreamed regularly, he went to the Sylvan Retreat, that he might show the governors of that institution for the parental treatment of persons not of the strongest minds in the world how wrong they were in their methods, and how mistaken they were in believing that there was the least need for putting restraint upon any inmate.

Mr. Hopkins was introduced to a quiet, meditative gentleman who was poring over Euclid.

"See," said Dr. Barr, in profound thought. "A great mind, not exactly cast in the conventional mould, but—"

The profound gentleman turned gently to Mr. Hopkins from his problem, observing, "Where would you draw the perpendicular?"

Smiling at his own sagacity, and at the triumph of his theory as to the inmates of the Sylvan Retreat, Mr. Hopkins indicated with his finger—"Why, there, of course."

Whereupon the profound mathematician rose, stood back a pace or two, and saying, "You would, would you!" planted his fist with tremendous force between Mr. Hopkins's eyes.

Dr. Barr immediately furnished the mathematician with a strait-waistcoat, and begged to have a few minutes' conversation with Mr. Hopkins, as soon as this philosopher had succeeded in stopping the bleeding of his nose.

"I believe, Mr. Hopkins," Dr. Barr began, having examined the damaged bridge of his visitor—"I believe you have a taste for putting the world in order—I may say, in apple-pie order."

"Dr. Barr," was Mr. Hopkins's proud reply, "from my earliest childhood—I may say almost from the year in which I could first run from my mother's knee—my mind was occupied with the duty of leaving the world just a little better than I found it. I felt—if I may use the expression—that I had a mission almost before I was short-coated. My mother remarked that I was a strange lad—as she said, "with a reason for every thing"—and ready for an experiment with every thing. I believe I adduced some excellent reasons why I had come to the conclusion that tops and bottoms should be made round, and never flat; before I could speak plainly my brothers and sisters were fed from a pap-spoon which I invented, and which, by-the-way, I should be glad to submit to you, if you would care to see it."

Dr. Barr protested that he had remained of the opinion during the many years of his professional experience that the spoon ordinarily in use was as well adapted as it need be to the shape of the human mouth, and to the conveyance of food to the human throat.

"What, doctor!" Mr. Hopkins exclaimed, "not admit that the spoon is perfectible! Every thing may be improved. But I vow my nose is bleeding again. I am sorry to feel bound to observe that medical men are, as a body, tied to all kinds of old-fashioned things. I discovered this at the opening of my career. That spoon, on which I had expended so much young and fresh thought, was laughed at by the family doctor.

Dr. Barr smiled—not incredulously—and besought Mr. Hopkins to bear in mind the weight of responsibility under which a doctor gave his advice. "We have the lives of men, women, and children in our hands; and the thread of existence is not to be experimented upon with a new-fangled instrument."

"But let me not dwell on these early beginnings in what I trust I may be permitted to call a career of usefulness to my fellow-creatures. Traces of my hand were, as I grew, to be seen in every room and corner of my father's house."

"It must have been Pandemonium!" This escaped from Dr. Barr.

"Dr. Barr, do you believe for a single moment that I sought the discomfort and not the comfort of my species? Mine were all improvements calculated, as I think I observed in the beginning of our interesting conversation, to leave the world better than I found it. I invented a noiseless roasting-jack, to give you an insignificant instance. And what was my dear mother's shrewd remark on it? why, that in all probability it would lessen the sum of human suffering more than any score of doctors put together!"

"And how so, my dear Sir?"

"The sum is not a difficult one. Take the proportion of nervous people in the world: then the proportion of the population who are compelled to cook. You see what I am driving at?"

Dr. Barr smiled, and inclined his shiny head.

"It is as plain as a pikestaff. Do you happen to know the proportion of cooks and housewives of nervous temperament who have been hurried into their graves by the clicking and ticking of the old-fashioned roasting-jack?"

"I can not charge my memory with exact statistics on the vital subject."

"Then, pray, Dr. Barr, how can you presume to estimate the amount of misery my silent jack was calculated to prevent or relieve?"

"Understand me, Mr. Hopkins; I don't say it might not have put a new face on the universe, and made every kitchen something like an anteroom to paradise: but I am listening to you. I am waiting to be instructed. Perhaps I shall be persuaded to send for one this very day; and our dinner shall be cooked by it—"

"Visionary dream!" Mr. Hopkins interposed, sadly. "My silent roasting-jack — was never adopted."

"Ha! ha! ha!" shouted Dr. Barr. "That *is* good!"

"Good! my dear doctor! Am I to blame because the world is blind and deaf? That roasting-jack, I can swear, was a blessing to my mother for many years. I am a benefactor not the less because the foolish world will not adopt the blessings I have planned for its enjoyment—and have freely offered it. Take another instance. Is it easily possible to have a clumsier instrument to perform the simple operation of cracking a nut than that which has been in vogue in the midst of us as long as we can remember, and with which half the children in the country have pinched their fingers? Now my nut-cracker is a little elaborate perhaps, viewed as a machine; but considered in its relation to the object it has to accomplish, I know it is perfect. If it occupies a little longer time than the ordinary instrument (for the nut must be exactly adjusted) the result is complete, satisfactory, neat—and there is no squeezing of the fingers. But, my dear doctor, I have a strange feeling in my nose. You are sure there is no fracture?"

The doctor quieted the benefactor of his species by going through a second examination of the organ which the poor mathematician had assailed.

"Sound as before you entered the Sylvan Retreat," said Dr. Barr; "only a little bruised and sore. That will go off in a few hours. Make your mind easy about it."

"That being so, permit me to ask you what is the relative proportion, in the world's affairs, of a cork-screw to a perfect button? If you have a quarter of an hour to spare, pray devote your intellectual penetrativeness to the discovery of an image, in two quantities, that will express, I repeat it, the relative value of a good cork-screw and a perfect button—in the world's affairs. I am in no hurry. I came here to pay you a visit, with the hope of suggesting some improvements to you, if not in the main principles of your treatment, then, at least, in the common strait-jacket in use: so that I am at your service—"

"Very proud—very proud indeed, Mr. Hopkins, of your favors; but unfortunately we doctors are not often masters of many minutes of our time together; and I must confess to you that this morning, in particular, I have some pressing engagements on hand which—"

"Exactly," Mr. Hopkins fell in, cheerily—"exactly. And why should they be interfered with? I once invented an appointment-reminder. Punctuality in keeping appointments is, I may say, the backbone—the essence—the soul of business. Now by means of the simple instrument of my invention (I don't think I had turned twenty years of age at the time) it was utterly impossible for a man to lose or forget a meeting—provided he wound it up, put it at the right hour, and—"

"And didn't leave it at home," Dr. Barr gruffly interrupted, beginning resolutely to button his coat.

Mr. Hopkins smiled in the delight of the new idea that was thrown to him. He folded his hands and surveyed the pale, fat face of the physician with admiration.

"Now that is exceedingly clever," presently said the indefatigable benefactor of man. "I am in the habit of looking carefully at every side of a question; but in this instance, I confess, your view escaped me."

Dr. Barr continued his preparations for his departure. He had folded his sleek person in that ample olive-colored coat which he held to be the only proper wear of his profession, and was examining it minutely to be assured that it was speckless, when he replied to Mr. Hopkins's compliment:

"Escaped you, Mr. Hopkins, did it? It seems to me the first view that would strike every sensible— Dear, dear me! here's another tear in my skirt—from that brougham door — the fourth. John must have neglected to have that handle mended again."

The doctor pulled the bell violently.

"Let me look at it, my dear doctor. In my palmy days—when I was close upon making my fortune—I so contrived the door of my brougham, that—"

"That you had to put it down altogether, Sir." Dr. Barr was in no sportive humor as he stood patting the rent in his favorite garment, and watching for the opening of the door. Here Mr. Hopkins delivered himself of a profound observation.

"It is better, Dr. Barr, to have the enjoyment of a perfect thing for a day, than of an imperfect one for a lifetime. The remembrance of that unparalleled vehicle comforts me on my longest trudges through London. Nor have I seen a carriage yet, owned by another man, that I envied him for a single moment."

John entered the room, glanced sharply and inquisitively at his master, and appeared to give the very slightest jerk of his knowing head toward the irrepressible lover of his species.

"No, no; all right," said Dr. Barr to the servant. "It's my coat, man, that's all wrong. That cursed handle! Has it been locked to?"

"I must confess, doctor—"

"Confess—nonsense. If it's not right to-morrow, take the consequences." And, by way of emphasis, Dr. Barr threw his coat over John's head. "Take it, and have it mended directly."

"Ah!" cried Mr. Hopkins, his eyes sparkling with delight, while he dived into his pockets. "In that case I shall have an opportunity of showing you my chest-expander. It is as simple as *bon jour*, as our neighbors say."

Dr. Barr threw himself into his chair, and patted his bald head—and did his very best to be resigned.

"I don't know whether you have remarked, Dr. Barr," the benefactor began, "that nearly all the ills to which flesh is heir are directly traceable to narrow chests, or, as we say, pigeon-breasts."

"Not having invented an expander, I have not buoyed up my hopes with that fallacy. But it has occurred to me that perhaps the high rate of mortality in the metropolis is due to clumsy nut-crackers."

The doctor twirled his glasses before him, and smirked and looked at his visitor. How did he like *that* wasp's sting? Was he ready for another? There were more wasps where that came from. But Mr. Hopkins was singularly deficient in humor, and impervious to sarcasm.

"My nut-cracker," he said, magnificently, "when compared with my chest-expander, is—is—as a blunderbuss compared with—a—pop-gun?" Mr. Hopkins unfolded it. "A simple contrivance, as you see, doctor."

"Simplicity is your forte, Mr. Hopkins."

"You can put it in your waistcoat-pocket."

"The very best place in which you can put it—when the fire's out." Dr. Barr kept glancing at the door, and growling to himself, "They must be making a new coat."

"The world owes this expander to the merest accident. My younger brother had broken his leg, and it had been badly set. I said so at the time. They would not use the self-adjusting everlasting splints that, as luck would have it, I had just contrived after a visit to the Charing Cross Hospital. The consequences I predicted all along came to pass. Conceive the depths of popular ignorance! I went one day into my brother's sick-room; and what do you think I saw?"

"Your brother on his back."

"Yes—and the nurse actually making his broth boil by the help of my splints!"

"Is that nurse disengaged, Mr. Hopkins?"

"Dead!" was the prompt answer. "Well, when my brother was able to crawl about, he went on crutches."

"Of your invention?"

"Fortunately not, or the accident which created this expander would never have happened. His chest would not have been contracted by my *béquilles*, Dr. Barr. It was the sight of my brother's deformity, consequent upon the long use of crutches, that moved me to create the inestimable blessing to my fellow-creatures, which, as I say, you may carry in your waistcoat-pocket. He never lived, alas! to wear it, and to know how true and devoted a brother he had in me."

"He died?" the desperate doctor interposed, just to say something by way of keeping down his impatience.

Mr. Hopkins had taken out his pocket-handkerchief and was mopping his eyes.

"Forgive the emotion which those days recall to me! forgive me—you who are so accustomed to see weeping relatives—"

"Quite so—quite so; cry away," said the doctor, stooping. "But you have dropped something. A nail!"—handing it back to the benefactor.

"Ha!" Mr. Hopkins thrust his handkerchief vigorously back into his pocket, took the nail from Dr. Barr, and held it up daintily between his thumb and forefinger. "Now guess—just give one guess."

"Upon my word, Mr. Hopkins, I see a nail; nothing more than a nail."

"That won't do: no, no! You, a doctor, and not know a coffin-nail when you see one!"

Mr. Hopkins's eyes, that but a moment since were brimmed with tears (at least he had sponged them with his handkerchief), now sparkled.

"You are pleased to jest," the indignant physician said, haughtily. Dr. Barr, it may be noticed, in parenthesis, was one of those many gentlemen who, prone to show what little spiteful light they have at the expense of their friends, never suffer a spark to be directed against themselves. He drew himself up with great dignity, and set a stony face for the poor Mr. Hopkins to contemplate. It so happens, however, that men who are volunteers in the service of humanity are not easily abashed. Mr. Hopkins, in superb unconsciousness of Dr. Barr's aggressive attitude, proceeded:

"Out of evil good comes. It is an ill wind blows nobody good. We all must die; but permit me to qualify the well-known remark with this—that it is no reason why we should not be buried in perfect coffins. You see this coffin-nail?"

"Not being blind," by the doctor, bowing with studied solemnity.

"I see you do, by your gravity. Gravity becomes the subject. It is a coffin-nail of my own invention. A lady's thumb has more than force enough to drive it home. You remember the intolerable rat-tat of an undertaker's shop. To live in the vicinity of a coffin-maker is to endure a perpetual flow of bad spirits. On a wet, foggy November afternoon—the very day a bill falls due you can not meet, when your wife is ill up stairs, and the doctor's brougham is waiting at the gate—to hear this eternal rat-tat sounding from the black shop opposite, is to have a cup of bitterness as full as hard London can mix it. Now take the rat-tat away, and you remove nine-tenths of the misery. I shouldn't remember the undertaker's shop at all; I shouldn't be drawn to the window. The raven wouldn't be forever sitting above my chamber door—or, at any rate, he might sit and I should never notice him. Hence this patent coffin-nail, my dear doctor, which I hold between my thumb and forefinger. The very gentlest pressure of the hand, and it is firm in the roof of our narrow bed! I said just now that it is an ill wind blows nobody good."

"And that we all must die," Dr. Barr added.

"True. Well, it was my brother's death that was the origin of this solace I have been spared to bestow upon the human race."

John entered with the mended coat; and Dr. Barr jumped from his chair to meet the relief. Still Mr. Hopkins sat, with the nail between his thumb and forefinger. John looked anxiously at his master. He was alert for the signal. Was it time to remove the party?

The doctor smiled, and shook his head, and shrugged his shoulders.

"I see it is not to your taste. In the Sylvan Retreat the coffin-maker's hammer is never heard." Mr. Hopkins folded the nail in a worn piece of tissue paper, saying the while, "But the particular subject that brought me here was a little improvement I have to suggest in padded rooms."

"Man alive!" shouted Dr. Barr, "you would improve the rising sun!—the robin as he pecks at your window!—and suggest some amendments in the distribution of the Milky Way!"

Mr. Hopkins, his head perched sideways, his lips apart, and his eyes beaming on the doctor, listened.

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"Don't you think, Mr. Hopkins, that a man who has only eight fingers and two thumbs—"

"As a rule," Hopkins interjected.

"Well, granted, as a rule. Don't you think that a being so constituted should be content when he has, say, ten pies to dabble in?"

"I hardly follow you, Dr. Barr. But you are leading up to my improvement in the old-fashioned strait-waistcoat, I presume?"

John could hardly refrain from making a dart upon Mr. Hopkins. Dr. Barr smiled, and being now well prepared for his exit, and, as he felt, master of the situation, was even gracious, as he continued:

"The strait-waistcoat, Mr. Hopkins, is not a matter easily disposed of. No, no; I was considering, and begging you to consider, the number of pies with which a man should meddle at one and the same time."

"And a very pretty subject too," said Mr. Hopkins, dropping his hat upon the carpet, and disposing himself for a weighty argument.

"Tut, tut!" from the doctor; "I have no time for argument. I am over-due. Another time—"

"Just one moment, while I show you the ingenuity of the self-adjusting buckle, and tell you how I was led up to the discovery of—"

"I have patients waiting, Mr. Hopkins."

"It will not occupy—"

"Two, dying—"

"They'll wait five minutes, I'm sure."

"The man's mad! Good-morning, Mr. Hopkins. Another time, Sir; another time."

Dr. Barr sailed majestically away. John remained, his eye fixed on Mr. Hopkins, who shrugged his shoulders, muttering to himself that the world was blind.

* * * * *

Dr. Barr was reclining after the fatigues of the day, chatting with his wife over his claret.

"Most extraordinary fellow was with me this morning, my dear. Universal genius. Was ready to improve the face of the moon, and had original ideas on every thing, to the twist of a sucking-pig's tail. Some of his ideas were not bad. But such a character! You shall see him next time he calls. He will amuse you."

John entered the room.

"Please, doctor, could I speak to you for one moment?"

"Speak, my man," said the doctor, putting on a superb judicial air.

"Mr. Sharpsett would be glad if you would step round and see the new gentleman. He's uncommon violent. The douche has done him no good—"

"What new gentleman, John?"

"Of this morning, doctor."

Dr. Barr started from his chair, a horrible suspicion stealing over him.

"Explain, man!"

"Why, the gentleman of this morning—him as wanted to put all the world in apple-pie order. He's been in a strait-waistcoat ever since; and me and Mr. Tom had a tough job in gettin' it on, doctor."

THE LAST GREAT SIEGE OF PARIS (1589–1590).

A REVOLTED capital was a part of the troublesome legacy which Henry the Third, the last king of the race of Valois, left to his legitimate successor. The effeminate son of Catherine de Medicis had alternately disgusted his subjects by his inordinate luxury and profligacy, and vexed them with hypocritical displays of a religious zeal which was evidently only assumed from interested motives. It was hard to say whether they felt greater loathing for their anointed sovereign when they saw him dressed like an Amazon, and surrounded by a knot of his *mignons* similarly accoutred, or giving audience to foreign embassadors with a basketful of little pet dogs dangling from his neck, and heard the too faithful account of the infamous orgies in which he participated; or when they beheld him walking, with bare head and feet, in a procession of "flagellants," pretending to seek the favor of Heaven by bodily mortification such as no king of France before him had ever stooped to accept. After a while the farce became too transparent to impose upon the most credulous adherents of the Church, and Henry found himself confronted by a new "League for the Defense of the Faith," which was even more hostile to the royal authority than to the heretics against whom it was ostensibly directed. After in vain attempting to subordinate the dangerous engine to his own designs, and discovering that it had been fabricated altogether in the interest of the aspiring family of Guise, he came into open collision with it. He forbade the Duke of Guise from coming to Paris; the duke boldly entered the city and was received by the populace with regal honors. Henry called in Swiss mercenaries to maintain his authority. In a few hours Paris was full of barricades; the Swiss were hemmed in, and they would have been killed to a man had not the insolent duke himself interposed and assumed the rôle of a peace-maker. But Henry had no relish for a palace where he owed his own safety to the protection of an overgrown subject, who was at the same time his capital enemy. So he stealthily escaped from the Louvre, and made his way toward the south, resolved never to return except as a conqueror. A few months later the breach between the king and his mutinous capital widened into an impassable chasm. The Guises were not yet ready to throw off the mask, and openly enter into the lists with the king as claimants of the throne once held by their reputed ancestor, Charlemagne. The queen-mother had consequently little difficulty in patching up an insincere reconciliation. With what intentions Henry the Third had agreed to it became evident at Blois, when by his orders the Duke of Guise was stabbed to death by assassins at the door of the audience-chamber, and his brother, the cardinal, suffered a like fate a few hours later, the king, with strange inconsistency, being at that very moment in attendance upon matins in the private chapel of the castle.

Treachery generally recoils upon its perpetrators. It was so in this instance. Paris and a great part of France flew into open revolt. The clergy, who recently panegyrized Henry at a time when he persecuted the Church's enemies, now denounced him as a blood-thirsty tyrant, and the king, finding no support in any other direction, turned to the young King of Navarre and his Huguenot soldiers as affording the last hope of recovering the kingdom, of which a great part had already slipped from his grasp. In the park of the old castle of Plessis les Tours, Henry of Valois and Henry of Bourbon met for the first time in many years, and, if we may credit contemporary chroniclers, with every demonstration of joy and delight. "A good quarter of an hour," says one, "did they struggle to approach one another, and could not for the press; but when they at length succeeded they affectionately embraced, while *tears big as peas* coursed down their cheeks!" However heartless this show of love, there was one point in respect to which both Henrys were cordially united, and that was the speedy reduction of Paris—a city which each had sufficient reasons of his own for hating. On the 24th of May, 1589, a small detachment of royal troops made its appearance in the neighborhood of the capital, and threw the inhabitants into consternation; but it did little or no damage to the city by the few shots which were fired from the rude ordnance then in use. It was not until July that the two kings prepared to lay a regular siege, and took positions on the southwest of Paris—Henry of Navarre at Meudon, and Henry the Third a little farther north, at Saint Cloud. On this commanding height, enjoying an extended view of the tortuous Seine, there stood an elegant pleasure-house, the property of the Cardinal of Gondi, who, like the great majority of the French prelates, had thrown in his lot with the rebellious League. Here, with the towers of Notre Dame in plain sight from his windows, Henry the Third made his final arrangements for the expected struggle.

Meanwhile the environs had been ravaged alike by both parties. If there was any difference between the partisans of the king and those of the League, it was that the former were more merciful than the latter. The villagers bitterly complained that they suffered more at the hands of their pretended friends than from their foes. Not only so, but the simple countrymen were justly scandalized at the dexterity with which these champions of the faith, who were fighting to exterminate all that defied the authority of the Church, themselves dispensed with its prescriptions. It must be confessed that their method of justifying their uncanonical use of meat on fast-days was at once novel and ingenious. "Placing the points of their daggers at the throats of the parish priests," writes one who was in the city at the time, "they used to compel them to *baptize*—that was the very word they employed—their calves, sheep, swine, kids, hens, and capons, and confer upon them the names of pike, carp, trout, herring, and salmon." Some plain folk, not satisfied that the sacrament, even when thus administered by priestly hands, had really performed the transformation necessary to make the meal an innocent one, complained of the abuse to the leading general, the Duke of Mayenne; but he only deigned to reply that they must be patient, for he had need of all his pawns to checkmate his opponent. Nor were the heads of the League more scrupulous as to the means they employed in order to maintain the courage of their deluded followers. Of reports of victories, never won save on paper, there was no end. As during the present war, the Parisians were systematically fed on lies. Not even the shame of detection deterred Mayenne and his colleagues from new fabrications. We have before us the diary of a literary man, a devoted loyalist at heart, who resided in Paris during the siege, and collected with indefatigable zeal all the pamphlets and fly-sheets with which the city was flooded. In one place he tells us of a couple of stout volumes in his library, containing upward of a hundred accounts of victories over the king's forces which had never occurred, but which had been invented to fire the flagging courage of the populace. The generals of the League, according to L'Etoile, did not hesitate to go even further, and attest their imaginary triumphs by ostentatiously displaying the standards that had been taken from the enemy. In fact, Madame De Montpensier was said to have an ample supply of these fictitious trophies in readiness to be brought out whenever the occasion demanded their exhibition. It was more than hinted that of the six stands of colors hung up in the cathedral of Notre Dame after a success of the rebels in the vicinity of Tours, full a half had never been near the battle-field.

The preparations which the two kings had long been making portended no good to the devoted city; but one of those unlooked-for events which so often come in to disturb the calculations of the most sagacious, and to demonstrate the existence of a higher Power that shapes the destinies of men and of nations, averted for a little while the impending blow. On Tuesday, the 1st of August, 1589, Henry the Third received a mortal wound at the hands of Jacques Clement, a fanatical monk of the order of St. Dominick, who had insinuated himself into the king's room on the pretext of bringing him an important letter from Paris. It was stated by those who considered themselves well informed respecting the matter that, by a singular coincidence, the place was the identical one where, seventeen years before, in his brother's reign, Henry had himself planned the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day. The room, the day of the year, even the very hour, were the same. By his death, which occurred the next day, the crown of France fell to Henry of Navarre. But he was not at once able to prosecute the siege. The late king's troops in large numbers left him for their homes, some with, others without leave, and within a week the new monarch found a decent pretext for breaking up the siege in the necessity he was under of accompanying the royal remains to their burial-place.

Six weeks later, with a small force of 500 horse, 1200 French foot, and 2500 Swiss, Henry the Fourth defeated the Duke of Mayenne's army of from 25,000 to 30,000 men at Arques, near the English Channel; and in a month more, with recruits three or four times as numerous as his original victorious troops, he returned to Paris. Again he made his approach from the south, lodging his soldiers in the villages of Vaugirard, Montrouge, and Gentilly. These places were at a considerable distance from the fortifications of the Paris of those days. Even on the right bank of the Seine the city wall did not reach the present Boulevards toward the west, but came down to the river in the vicinity of the Tuileries; while the smaller portion of Paris on the left bank lay east of the Louvre, and only stretched as far south as the modern Pantheon. Outside of this inclosure, however, the suburbs or *faubourgs* occupied a very considerable space; especially the faubourgs Saint Jacques and Saint Germain. On the morning of the 31st of October Henry made himself master of these suburbs, which even then were densely inhabited. A heavy fog had during the night been hanging over the city; but about six o'clock, just as the Huguenot soldiers had risen from their knees, after the prayer with which they always closed their preparations for battle, the mist, "as by a miracle," suddenly rose. The veterans rushed forward upon the prize now disclosed to their view, with the eager haste of men who had been long exiled from their country's capital, and who still had a vivid recollection of the past. Their significant battle-cry was "*Saint Barthélemy!*" It struck terror into the surprised Parisians, eight hundred of whom, it is said, fell victims to their impetuous assailants. After the conflict the rugged Bearnese prince, worn out with fatigue, gladly threw himself on a little fresh straw, as he had often done before, and rested for a few hours. Wishing afterward to inspect the promised land, which it sometimes seemed that he was not destined ever to tread, he embraced the opportunity to visit the celebrated Abbey Church of St. Germain des Prés, and ascend its lofty bell-tower. His sole companion was a monk. The circumstance did not at first strike the king as remarkable; but he afterward confessed that as he stood there the thought that he might have beside him another friar Clement, with a knife concealed under his conventual habit, gave him the greatest fright he had ever experienced.

But even after this brilliant success, the stay of Henry the Fourth before the walls of Paris was again a very brief one. His army was too small to take the city by assault, and the arrival of Mayenne, who had closely followed him, prevented him from attempting to reduce it by famine. He preferred, therefore, to withdraw to a short distance, and endeavor to provoke his antagonist to a pitched battle outside of the walls. In this, however, Henry was unsuccessful; and he reluctantly abandoned the vicinity of Paris to institute a brilliant campaign, by which, in the course of the next two months, he brought back the provinces of Touraine, Anjou, and Maine to their allegiance, and gained over by his prudence no less than fifteen important towns.

On the 14th of March, in the next year (1590), Henry obtained a second and more signal victory over the Duke of Mayenne at Ivry, a little over forty miles west of Paris. The result was decisive. In less than an hour, as Henry himself wrote on the same day to the Mayor of Langres, the cavalry of the enemy had abandoned the infantry and fled. The Swiss mercenaries then surrendered in a body—colonels, captains, and soldiers, with all their colors. The German lansquenets and the French troops, he added, had no leisure to follow their example; twelve hundred of each were killed, the rest taken prisoners, or driven in disorder into the woods, and left to the mercy of the peasants. An army of two thousand horse and eight thousand foot had routed a superior force, said to consist of four thousand horse and twelve thousand foot, had destroyed the greater part, and taken away all its artillery.

If Henry had marched directly upon Paris after this victory, it is the deliberate opinion of Pierre Corneio, a violent partisan of the League, who wrote a contemporary account, that he would without resistance have taken the city, and have obtained easily what afterward cost him so much to pursue, although unsuccessfully. There were dissensions within the walls, in consequence of the lack of a single acknowledged head. There was a total want of munitions of war. Only a single gun was mounted upon the walls, the rest having been removed and lost in previous engagements. The walls themselves were so dilapidated that in many places the inhabitants had no trouble in climbing up or descending, as occasion required. What was worse, in case of attempted resistance, there was no store of provisions—not bread and wine enough for two weeks. Our chronicler regards it as a special interposition of Heaven in behalf of Paris, and as a mark of Henry's intoxication at his success, that he delayed his coming, and thus permitted a pretty liberal supply to be admitted into the capital. It may be considered characteristic of the country and of the times, that over against three thousand hogsheads of grain of various sorts thus introduced, there figure in the account some *ten thousand* hogsheads of *wine*. When Henry did arrive, it was too late to capture the city by a single assault, if indeed he desired it, and he was compelled to try the painful and uncertain method of starvation. For this purpose, he seized the towns of Corbeil, on the upper Seine, and Lagny, upon the Marne, thus severing the arteries through which the heart of France received its vital support. At the same time all the other and less important avenues were cut off. It was not long before the effects of these measures manifested themselves within the beleaguered city. Want first overtook the artisans, who had never been accustomed to provide for more than their immediate wants, and who in the general destitution of work, soon experienced the pangs of hunger. This distress was temporarily relieved by the execution of an order enjoining upon all persons, of whatever station in life, who had a greater quantity of wheat than would last two months, to offer it in the market for sale. Soon, however, this supply failed, and an attempt was made to send out of the city a few thousands of the poor, who must evidently be the next victims of famine; but the besiegers refused to permit their work to be protracted by relieving the pressure upon the city. *Seven or eight thousand* persons had already died, and the daily mortality was rapidly increasing.

Recourse was now had to the ecclesiastics, who were informed that they would be required to undertake the support of all the poor for the next two weeks. Great was the grumbling, and the rector of the Jesuits in particular objected strenuously to the visitation which formed an essential part of the plan. The reason became apparent in good time. The Jesuit house was found to contain food enough for an entire year, and the Capuchins, whose vow bound them to poverty, and who were supposed to depend upon what they begged from day to day, were equally well provided. From eating dogs and cats, the miserable Parisians were driven to still greater extremities. The skins of animals, even the very entrails that had been thrown into the kennel, were eagerly sought and ravenously devoured. Now the rich themselves began to fall before a calamity from which even wealth could give no immunity. In the very household of the Duchess of Montpensier, a servant-woman died of hunger. A wealthy gentleman, lying dangerously ill, for whom the physician had prescribed the somewhat singular remedy of *a dog's brains*, sought in vain for the commodity in a city where the quadruped in question, in ordinary times, was any thing but rare. Not a dog could be found in the streets; the whole race had long since fallen a prey to the omnivorous throats of the famishing. At last the sick man bethought him of the favorite lap-dog of Madame de Montpensier; and knowing that his cousin, who was at the time *prévôt des marchands*, the most important magistrate of the city, was well acquainted with the lady, he begged him to take chains and rings to the value of 2000 crowns and offer them in exchange. But neither gold nor compassion moved the duchess. "You see," she said, "the famine that threatens us all with a cruel death, unless the King of Spain soon sends us succor. I can not do less than reserve my little dog against such necessity as that of your cousin, if it please God to send it." It is even said that, on the recommendation of Mendoza, the Spanish envoy, a revolting bread was baked and eaten, of which the principal ingredient was the ground bones exhumed from the cemeteries. The people nicknamed it Madame De Montpensier's bread; but the duchess took care not to partake of it, and with good reason, since all who tasted of it were reported to have died. At last, in the desperation of famine, a mother was even known to have eaten the bodies of her own children who had perished of hunger. Happily for the world, she did not long survive the Thyestian feast. When her heirs came to search in her house, not so much for gold as for food, they discovered, to their horror, the remnants of the unnatural repast, and for the first time learned that their kinswoman had long been subsisting on the salted flesh of her own offspring. If such were the straits to which a woman reputed to be worth 30,000 crowns was driven, the misery of the extremely poor during the four months of the siege can scarcely be imagined.

Yet, after all, Paris did not fall. Its desperate perseverance in adhering to a bad cause was finally rewarded by deliverance. After long hoping against hope, the wretched inhabitants learned that the Prince of Parma, the general of Philip II., had actually crossed the Flemish frontier. In a few days more he was near Meaux, having formed a junction with the army of the League commanded by the Duke of Mayenne. Henry, who might have captured Paris, perhaps, more than once, by assault, now abandoned the siege to go out and meet his adroit antagonist. How he was foiled and outgeneraled by Alexander Farnese, we can not here narrate.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF LOUNGING.

LOUNGING is an admirable thing in its way. There are few positive enjoyments which equal the negative enjoyment of doing nothing, and taking your time to do it leisurely and completely. An important part of the philosophy of life consists in lounging at the proper place and time. It is only in rest that you can store up force. A man has a good deal of work to do; things would be bad for him if he had not. They are bad for him if he is lounging while he should be laboring. Yet this lounging is exceedingly pleasant. To many people it is more attractive than any thing else in the world. It is partly the enjoyment of rest, partly an unwillingness to come up to the scratch in the way of work, partly the enjoyment of giving free moderate play to one's faculties. In the "Memoir" of young Hallam it is mentioned that he was very fond of going about in men's rooms talking with them during the morning, and at such times he doubtless talked his best. Lord Rochester said that sauntering was the true Solitude of the affections.

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SURVEYING IN GREENLAND.

THROUGH THE SNOW.

Travel and Adventure.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NIGHTS NEAR THE NORTH POLE.

CHAPTER II.

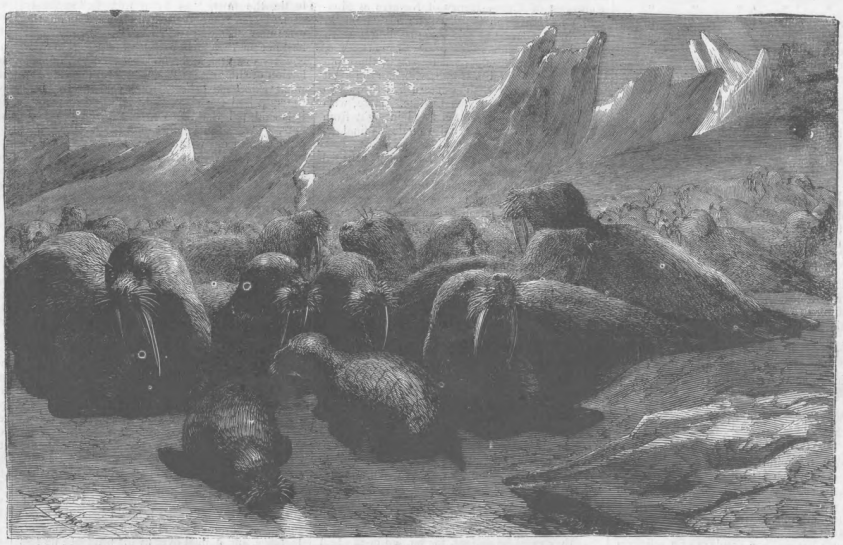
Dr. Kane's Expedition.—A Land of Terrors.—A long Imprisonment in Ice.—Frightful Overland Journey.—Arctic Phenomena.—Magnificent Auroral Displays.

FOR several years the arctic zone was peopled with heroes. The unselfish labors and rare endurance of these wonderful men can scarcely be equaled in history. Richardson, M'Crae, and Simpson made their way by land to the shores of the arctic ocean, slept on the frozen earth, and waded through perpetual snows. Haggard, faint, and wan, they lost the semblance of human beings; governed alone by a single generous impulse, they defied the rigors of the climate and the dangers of the unknown shore. Some perished in the inclement waste; some returned to relate adventures and trials such as have seldom fallen to the lot of man. But the sea was equally fruitful of adventures. It would be impossible even to sketch the labors of the various expeditions that penetrated the straits and channels of the north in search of the lost hero of arctic discovery. Some future historian will condense in a brilliant chapter the literature of the stirring period; yet we may review briefly a single tale of heroism which can never be forgotten.

In the last days of May, 1853, Dr. Kane passed out of the harbor of New York on his way to the polar seas. He was full of enthusiasm, and was followed by the sympathy and good wishes of many devoted friends. In many particulars he was well fitted to join the brilliant company of the explorers who, from Barentz and Hudson to Franklin or Ross, have striven to penetrate the polar mysteries. He was a man of active intellect, filled with a single engrossing aim. His mind was vigorous and refined; his delicate yet active form was capable of singular endurance. From early youth he had ever been eager to excel. His aspiring nature had now turned all its energies to the resolution of a famous problem, which had baffled all other investigators; and he set out cheerfully and full of ardor to meet those labors and sufferings of which his narrative gives so striking and so touching an account. His journey over the ice to the far north, until he fell down, wasted by scurvy, to be brought back by his scarcely more vigorous companions; his voyage in an open boat on the wild waters of Baffin Bay; his last effort to escape from his imprisoned ship over many miles of frozen ocean; the terrible sufferings of his diseased and famished crew; his unvarying cheerfulness, his courage, and his success—have placed him in the front rank of eminent discoverers.

Yet in the opening of his voyage all was prosperous. His single ship, the *Advance*, a brig of only one hundred and forty-four tons, reached the coast of Greenland in July, and was soon struggling amidst the ice of Baffin Bay on her way to Smith's Sound. The arctic landscape around the voyagers was gloomy and solemn beyond description. The shores were immense masses of barren rock, enormous precipices, and frightful cliffs; the interior of the land seemed only an endless glacier. The sea was filled with dangerous ice, and the little vessel made her solitary way to the north, crashing through the broken floes, and skirting a treacherous coast, whose aspect was desolation.

At length before the voyagers arose two wild and lofty peaks, capes Alexander and Isabella, the portals of Smith's Sound. Beyond them stretched the perilous strait which was believed to lead directly into the polar sea. Kane pressed on. Yet he was not unconscious of his danger; and on a desolate island amidst the icy waves he left a boat, a supply of provisions, and a beacon, or cairn, that in case of shipwreck some hope of safety might remain, and that, should any one come in search of him, they might find some traces of his course. A shadow seemed to rest upon the whole party as they passed into the stormy entrance, from which the *Advance* was never to return. It was late in August; the year was fading out. The cliffs grew wilder and the storms fiercer as they struggled onward toward the pole; and Kane at last found himself in the grasp of floating seas of ice, that closed forever the passage through the strait. He was tossed in fierce tempests, and nearly crushed in the conflict of the floes; was almost lost on the desolate coast. With wonderful labors and dangers he was enabled to draw the *Advance* into a secure harbor, where she was soon locked up in an icy prison, from which he was never able to rescue her, and where for two years the adventurous party were to remain the inhabitants of the outer verge of the polar land. It is probable that no other human beings, at that moment, were living so near the pole. For two arctic nights the adventurers were imprisoned at Rensselaer Harbor. At first they were scarcely conscious of the dangers that hung over them. The vessel was fitted up for a winter home; provisions were plenty. They built their observatory, and made many instructive excursions over the realm of ice. But as the deep night settled upon the scene, and their spirits sank in the gloomy inaction, the scurvy made its appearance; their faces grew pale and haggard, their limbs were stiff and heavy; and Kane, when the spring came on, the usual season of arctic exploration over the ice, saw with dismay the ravages made by the perpetual darkness in his once vigorous and hopeful companions. They had become aged in a single winter. The supplies of his vessel, consisting largely of salted food, were certain to foster the disease; and yet it was impossible to procure any other means of subsistence. Fuel, too, was scarce, and even already the few comforts of the suffering crew were diminished by a sad necessity. How could they hope to survive the coming months of spring without some alleviation of their misfortunes! What must be their fate unless they could extricate their vessel from the ice! Late in March a party of the strongest of the diseased and desponding crew was sent out upon a distant exploration. They were absent many days, and nothing had been heard from them. At midnight Kane and his feeble companions were at work, cheerfully sewing their moccasins of skins by the blaze of their lamps; they were startled by a noise on deck; three men rushed into the cabin, swollen, livid, and distorted, their faculties almost lost in cold, hunger, and despair. It was a part of the exploring party, who had made their way to the vessel to seek assistance for their companions. They had left them, frozen and disabled, on the ice; but so deadened were their mental powers that they could remember nothing of the place—not even the direction from whence they had come.



WALRUSES ON THE ICE.

Not a moment could be lost. Kane prepared to set out in search of his suffering crew. The sledge was prepared; Ohlsen, one of the three who had returned, was placed, asleep, in his fur bag upon it, and the party moved as swiftly as they were able over the ice to the rescue of their friends. The thermometer marked forty-six degrees below zero. They carried only the clothes they wore; and for eighteen hours they wandered over the limitless solitude of ice. They then found that they had lost their way, and paused to search for traces of the wanderers. But they could not rest long, for they had no fire, and the cold had deepened. They pressed on; they trembled with cold and want of food, and twice Dr. Kane fainted in the snow. In the dreadful contest between human endurance and the terrors of the arctic climate, aided by hunger and fatigue, it seemed hardly possible that the rescuers could escape the fate of those they strove to save. But they came upon a solitary track through the snow, and stumbling onward, with intellects shaken and disordered by intense suffering, they saw at length before them a small American flag floating from a hill of ice, and below, the tent in which their frozen companions lay. Kane entered it first. It was dark and si-

GLACIER DISCHARGING.

DISTORTED MOON.

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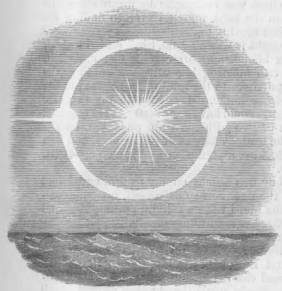
OVER THE ICE.

lent. But a shout of joy from the four sufferers broke upon him, and the feeble cheers of the party without joined in the cry of hope.

Fifteen men, half crazed with cold and faint with disease, were now gathered in the lonely tent in the midst of the arctic seas. They were ninety miles from their ship. Their road lay over a rough path of ice covered with snow, and they were to drag their sick on the sledge with the remains of strength left them by their previous labors. The thermometer had sunk to fifty-five degrees below zero. They did not dare to sleep long lest they might never wake. The sick, sewn up in heaps of skins, were placed upon the sledge; the party assembled, and breathing a short prayer to the God of the universe, began to drag their heavy load over the rugged road. Almost every man was frost-bitten and benumbed; yet for six hours they were enabled to move slowly onward.



PARHELIA, OR MOCK SUN, AS SEEN AT FIELD BAY, MARCH 14, 1861.

But now the powers of nature seemed to yield at last; the strongest sank under the biting wind and the incredible toil; some fell, speechless and hopeless, in the snow-drifts; they no longer felt the cold, but all begged to be allowed to lie down in sweet and peaceful sleep. Kane kept them awake by constant efforts—how, he could scarcely remember or conceive. They reached the tent they had left, half-way, and slept. Once more they waked, and pressing on in a strange stupor, clambering over tall hills of ice and stumbling into snowy ravines, halting at short intervals to fall down, half sleeping, in the snow, and then rising to drag on again the heavy sledge, they at last arrived, after three days of unexampled horrors, at the safe shelter of their ship. All were saved. But when Kane endeavored to recall the events of the latter part of the journey, he could only remember that he must long have been delirious, and that when he reached his vessel he had given orders and made speeches that were only the ravings of his madness.

Death now began to thin their numbers. Baker, Kane's early friend, died; Schubert soon followed him. The cabin was full of hopeless sufferers, when the sudden approach of a party of Esquimaux gave them some aid, and the return of the seal and the walrus helped to relieve the sick. The courage of the heroic band revived, and they set out on various exploring journeys that have covered the expedition with historic interest.

Feeble and faint, they traveled to the north, and discovered Humboldt Glacier, the most wonderful of all the Greenland shore, from whose vast barrier, fifty miles long and three hundred feet high, a throng of icebergs fall into the summer waves, and fill up the stately fleets that annually—an armada of gold and gems—sail down the blue waters of Baffin Bay. They penetrated to the interior valleys, and Kane clambered over the ice to the northward, until he fell down, overpowered by disease, and was brought back almost dying to his ship. They grew familiar with the Esquimaux, and were indebted to their generosity for comfort and even life; and at length Morton pressed on over the ice on the Greenland coast, beneath the savage cliffs and crumbling glaciers, until he reached a rocky promontory where there was neither snow nor frost, and where the polar sea rolled before him as free and broad as the Atlantic. Yet a deep gloom fastened on the whole party as the summer passed away, and no prospect remained of escaping from their desolate harbor. A wall of ice shut them from the open sea. One hope had still cheered them amidst sickness and night, that they might be set free by the summer heat, but it was now gone. Another winter was approaching; their provisions would soon be consumed; they looked forward with horror and despair to the famine, the disease, and the shadows of a perpetual night.

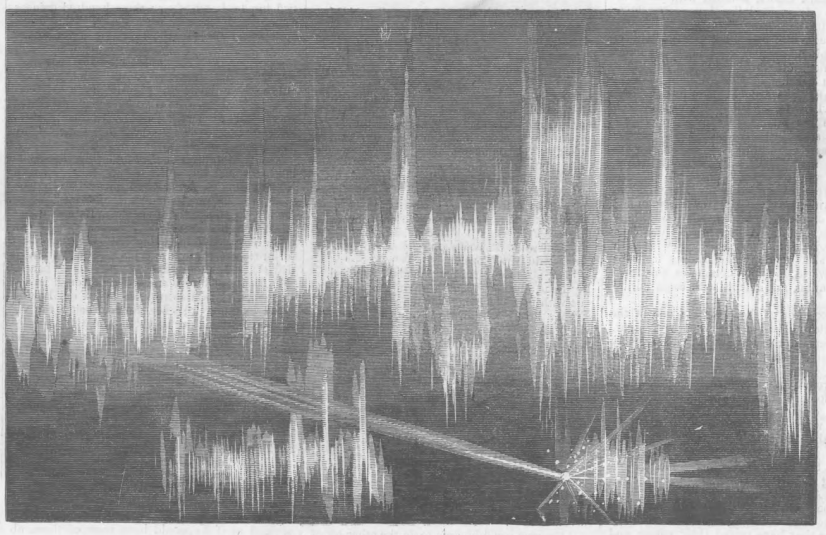
It came on with unusual rigors even for that extreme climate. A party who attempted, with Kane's permission, to make their way to the southward, abandoning the ship, were driven back from their icy journey, famished and frozen, and were received with kindness by the companions they had striven to desert. The cabin of the vessel had been fitted up into the representation of an Esquimaux hut; its walls were thickly covered over with moss; lamps smoked perpetually in its narrow limits; it was entered by a long, low passage; and so long as fuel could be procured its inmates were kept in a temperature that might at least be endured. But it was a lazar-house. All through the second winter the greater part of Kane's men lay groaning and pining on their beds in the narrow cabin, incapable of motion, and almost wholly fed and tended by their commander's hand. They were saved alone by the generosity of the Esquimaux, who, out of their own scanty resources, had something to give to the stranger.

Once more spring appeared; the sun glittered over the unchanging landscape; the day broke; food became plentiful; birds from the south, and seal and walrus from the depths of the ocean, brought relief to the starving discoverers. The currents of the strait began to break up the bands of ice, and the fleets of bergs sailed down on their way to the sea. An intense interest, an eager curiosity, filled all the suffering company as, day by day, the season drew near and passed by when the ice that held them in bondage should have broken up, and left them free to spread their sails for home. It proved to be a year of unusual cold. The barriers of ice still remained around the imprisoned ship. No power could remove her from the lonely harbor. She was lost.

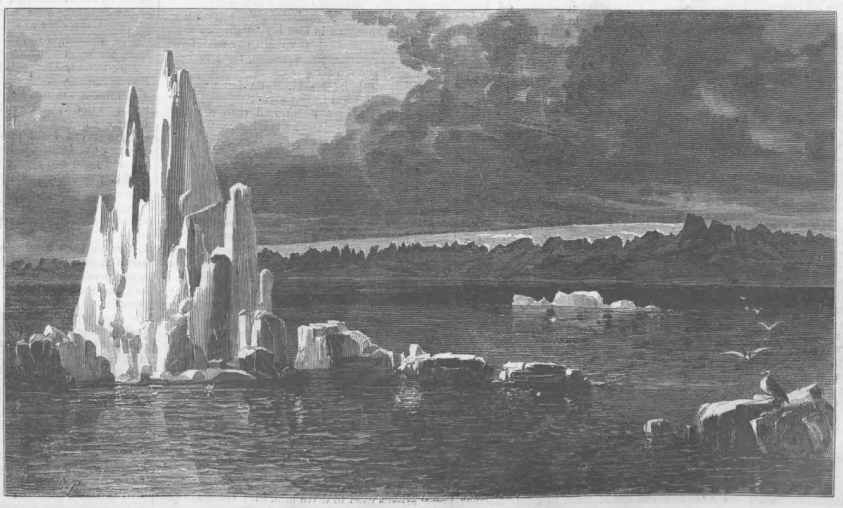
As the last refuge of despair—for he felt that another winter in the solitary realm would prove fatal to them all—Kane began in June to prepare for a journey and a voyage of more than a thousand miles, in three shattered boats, along the stormy shores and dangerous capes of Greenland. The sick and weary crew dragged the boats on runners over the broken ice until they reached the borders of the sea; their solemn prayers ascended often as they thought of home; a throng of natives bade them a kind farewell on the edge of the floe; and the three boats set out on their dreadful voyage. Kane remembered Barentz and Franklin, but cheered his companions with words of hope. They encountered furious storms, and mild and gentle weather. They were sometimes shut in in vast fields of ice, and then sailed gayly over quiet seas. Sometimes they starved and were faint with hunger, but soon fed to repletion on countless eggs. They slept in a huge cave on the fearful shore, that proved a palace of delight, for it was filled with nesting birds; but they swept away from the land of plenty, and were again wan and weak with famine. Ice was every where around them. For many days they had taken little food; their minds grew weak with suffering; they could not sleep; they were consumed by the fever of hunger. At this moment, when nature had yielded to the trial of endurance, a single seal fell into their power; they devoured it raw, like famished tigers, and were saved.

The sea and land now supplied them with food; and creeping along the frightful shore, they came to the Danish settlements. Here they encountered the expedition sent out for their relief; and [illegible] homeward-bound.

THE FROZEN SAILOR.



AURORA AND METEOR, OCTOBER 13, 1860.



ICEBERGS AND GLACIER, FROBISHER BAY.

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with that renown which he had so coveted and so well deserved, to die early, amidst the sorrow of his countrymen.

His companion and trusted friend, Dr. Hayes, in 1869 led a new expedition to the polar sea. He had but a little schooner of one hundred and thirty-three tons, but his crew was well selected, and he had learned the dangers of the arctic world. He hoped to press through Smith's Strait, and be the first to sail upon the unknown ocean. But as he entered the portals of the dangerous pass, the ice, the fogs, the fierce winds, and the fading season drove him to take shelter in a narrow fiord, which he named Port Foulke. It was nearly twenty miles below the harbor where Kane had abandoned the *Advance*. Night came on with its usual gloom and horror. But fresh provisions were abundant, and the Esquimaux, who remembered Kane's equity, gathered around the new explorers, and gave them friendly aid; savage but kindly faces greeted them in every hut. When the spring arrived Dr. Hayes formed an exploring party to discover a path to the open sea. He clambered over the strait, now frosted into a series of icy hills; passed the familiar grandeur of the Humboldt Glacier and the coast of Washington; crossed into Grinnell's Land; and, amidst such perils and toils as are seldom told, reached, as he believed, the shore of a mighty ocean. He saw the opposite coast, discovered by Morton; before him lay an open channel. The melting ice stopped his advance, but he traced, far away to the northward, a mighty cape—the end, perhaps, of the habitable globe, boldly piercing the billows of the tempestuous sea. His return was full of suffering. Yet, more fortunate than Kane, he rescued his little vessel from its imprisonment, and sailed homeward with the tidings of his great discovery.

He describes the sea as a mottled sheet of white and dark colors, studded with floes of melting ice. It seemed limitless. The huge cliffs of Kennedy Channel opened into it. He was convinced that a vessel might make its way, in some propitious season, from Cape Alexander to Cape Union, and throw wide the portals to an unknown world.

If we neglect the account of Wrangel, who, from a low latitude, supposed that he had seen an immense and solemn ocean swelling before him, Hayes and Morton are the only observers who have descried and described the appearance of the polar sea. Their accounts confirm each other; it is scarcely possible that both can have been deceived by a mirage or a refraction. Later expeditions, sent out by the Prussian and Danish governments, on the eastern side, have been less successful. A new plan of discovery has been projected; others must follow; and we propose to sketch briefly the leading traits of that arctic world, to which commerce now turns with expectation, and science with eager curiosity.

To the explorer of the polar sea one of the chief obstacles is the long prevalence of night. The year seems to resolve itself into a single day of a few months' duration, a dawn of many weeks, a sunset of equal length, a darkness that holds all nature from September to February in an intolerable gloom. It was not the solitude, the silence, the dismal scene of barren waste, said Kane, that weighed upon the spirits of his men, so much as the long absence of the cheering light. Groping in perpetual darkness, they pined and withered in the unaccustomed privation.

All living things fly instinctively from the polar night. As the sun sinks low in the early days of September, the countless flocks of migratory birds, warned by the fading light, rise from the crags where they have reared their young, and sail high in the air to the southward over the barren cliffs of Labrador. The little sparrows who have chirped around the tents of the explorer make their way mysteriously to the gentler clime. The bee and the butterfly disappear. As the twilight deepens the fox and the reindeer retreat before the increasing cold, and the female bear digs herself a deep cave in the snow. Soon even the waters, so lately teeming with a vast population of grimy monsters unknown to the less prolific seas of the south, grow silent and deserted. The great herds of walrus no longer bellow and wrangle on the floating ice, basking in the feeble sun; the gentle seal, whose countless flocks fill all the arctic shores, now sinks beneath the ice, to hide in the curious home he builds for himself or his offspring under the solid floe; the seas are frozen over, and their numerous tenants vanish from sight. The midnight comes with the winter solstice. Then no traveler ventures abroad for many weeks; no object is visible in the general gloom; no living thing is seen, unless, perhaps, some ravenous bear steals out over the snows, lean and fierce, or some starving Innuit watches on the ice for the breathing of the seal. In such a night no one would care to be abroad.

Yet the polar darkness is not without its alleviations. The stars shine, when the heavens are clear, with a cold and unvarying lustre; the moon circles in the sky for a fortnight without setting; the white veil of endless snow reflects the lustre of the heavens. It is often possible to read by the moonlight, while the unseen sun sometimes shoots a few faint beams over the distant horizon. The heavens, indeed, shine with unparalleled magnificence in these northern climes; the moon rides amidst the misty night encircled by a chain of halos that reach to the zenith, and startling refractions often fill the whole scene with a wild confusion. Icebergs seem overturned, and hang suspended in the air over the heads of the mariners; the whole coast of cliffs and mountains is displaced, to assume unnatural distortions; tall peaks seem torn from their rocky base, to float upon the sea; islands and continents spring up that are only the delusion of the sense, and a grand phantasmagoria encircles the astonished observer.

But the most wonderful and the fairest of all the arctic phenomena is the ever-varying aurora. Sometimes the bright play of the dancing light is so universal and so mysterious as to terrify the mind, filling it with strange forebodings. The scene is appalling as well as beautiful. On one of these rare occasions Hall, the well-known explorer, was roused from his rest by the cry, "Come up! the world is on fire." As he threw open his cabin door a blaze of light poured into the narrow room. There was no sun nor moon, but every part of the sky rained down a profuse illumination. Golden sunlight, silvery moonlight, every hue of the prism, every color of the rainbow, lit up the wintry landscape. Lustrous rivers seemed to flow down from the zenith; a deluge of golden flame descended from the dome of night; the light danced in myriads of serpent-like forms, and played in sudden pencils; a war of rival radiance seemed to have broken out in heaven, and scattered its ruins upon the earth. Grave men trembled as they watched the solemn spectacle, and saw in it the emblem of a universal conflagration.

Yet it lasted only for a few moments, and soon a few scattered beams replaced the nocturnal daybreak. No sound accompanied the deluge of light; it came and passed away in silence. Nor is it common even in the arctic regions to witness so magnificent an exhibition. Usually a few crimson clouds, a chain of luminous pencils, or a glittering meteor, breaking into colored fragments, satisfy the observer; the sentiment of awe and terror inspired by the grander spectacle is more than the mind can bear. "I do not care ever to look upon such a scene again," said Hall's companion to him.

TO BE CONTINUED.

TURNING A SCREW.

"BUT you won't sell him, Tom?" said Mrs. Tozer.

By-the-way, my name is Tozer—the Reverend Thomas Tozer, M.A., formerly of Caius College, Cambridge, and now of Stogglesby Rectory, Lincolnshire—Mrs. Tozer being my wife.

"My dear," I said, "humanity is humanity, but incomes are incomes; and though the former says no, the latter says yes. I can not afford to turn the paddock into a hospital for decayed horses. This lameness decides it; and old Prince must go."

"But where shall you sell him?"

"Well, I shall not sell him at all; Mr. Tomson will do that for me at Horncastle Fair tomorrow. I am going to drive him over. I dare say Prince can hobble that distance."

"And what do you suppose you will get for him?" said Mrs. Tozer.

"Oh, not more than ten pounds," I replied.

"Dear, dear! What a shame it seems to part with poor old Prince for ten pounds!"

"My love," I said, decisively, in that tone which always closes a discussion, "it is not the ten pounds, but the cost of keeping the old horse. If you like to do without our having another, well and good. Stout walking-boots suffice for me in the winter."

But Mrs. Tozer seemed to think that it would be a pity to let our four-wheeled chaise grow mouldy in the coach-house; and the consequence was that the next morning at eleven o'clock I was driving my church-warden, Farmer Tomson, over the half dozen miles that intervened between Stogglesby and the world-famed horse fair; but very slowly, for Prince's limp in what horsey people call "the off fore-leg" was rather marked.

"Perhaps you'd like me to do the other bit of business for you, Master Tozer?" said my companion.

"Well, no; thank you," I said. "If you'll do the selling part, I shall be obliged. I think I'd rather buy for myself. I don't boast, mind; but if there is any thing secular I do know a little about, I think it is a horse."

Farmer Tomson chuckled.

"Well, well," he said; "don't get took in, for they're a rough lot down here at fair-time."

"That's precisely why I want you to sell Prince for me. I know they would get him from me, and then there would be some difficulty about payment; and, as a clergyman, I don't want to be mixed up with any unpleasantness. And besides, you see, the class of men who go about buying lame horses are not those with whom I care to have dealings."

"All right, parson, all right," said Tomson; "only don't blame me if I don't get enough for him. I promise you, though, that I'll bring back the ready cash."

"Do your best, Tomson, do your best, and I shall not complain," I said, for I had implicit confidence in him, his only failings being too great a leaning toward gin-and-water, and a tendency to familiarity, as evinced in his addressing his pastor as "Parson."

We reached the head inn; I brought out a halter, and Mr. Tomson led off poor old Prince, the chaise and harness being left in charge of the hostler, a fresh man.

As the old horse was led off he seemed to give me a mournful look, as though he would have said, "Do you turn your back like this upon your old friends?" And then he went limping out of the yard, whisking his gray tail about in a melancholy manner; and I thought of the many times those four white stockings had gone over the road with our modest conveyance, never too fast; never taking fright; never shying; never being inserted, as to the hind stockings, in fierce kicks through the splash-board. And I thought that if, for the five-and-thirty pounds I had placed as the outside sum, I could get as good a steed to dwell with us for the next ten years, I should do well.

I went into the coffee-room to await Farmer Tomson's return, and somehow I rather regretted that I had not called in a veterinary surgeon, and given Prince a month's rest; but the next minute I drove away the thought, and stood at the window, looking out at the busy turmoil of the little town during the horse fair.

My wife had stipulated for a horse as much like Prince as I could get; and as I stood gazing out, I saw one or two goodly looking cobs, with one, two, and even three white-stockinged feet, but not one, like old Prince, with four.

"But I can't study that," I thought to myself. "A good sound horse is what I require, and a black-legged cob is likely to be the more durable."

Before I had waded half through the day before's *Times*, Farmer Tomson was back.

"Well, how have you got on?" I said.

"Oh, just as well as I expected, parson; the regular thing for an old horse—pound a leg;" and he dashed four sovereigns down upon the table.

I was disappointed, for I had expected double, but I did not say so. Tomson saw it, though.

"It was its real value, parson," he said quietly: "the horse was lame, dead lame."

"Don't say another word, Tomson, pray," I said, hastily. "I am indeed much obliged."

"You're quite welcome, parson. I shall look in on you in the morning about that bit of wall in the church-yard, and then you can show me your new horse-purchase."

"But won't you let me drive you back?" I said.

"No, no, thanky," he said; "I dare say I shall be late. Good-morning; and be on the look-out for sharpers."

Farmer Tomson departed; and I went about the town attending to a few domestic commissions before venturing upon the prime business of the day. At last, though, I had a look round, to see splendid carriage-horses selling at from two hundred and fifty to three hundred guineas a pair, and hunters, park hacks, ladies' well-broken mares, sturdy cobs, gigantic cart-horses—every description of the equine race; but though I wandered about for quite an hour and a half, I could not see the sort of cob that took my eye. Invitations to buy I had in plenty from cunning-looking gentlemen, who could see what I was about; but a word from any one of these horsey-looking gentry was sufficient to put me on my guard, and to take me to another part of the fair.

Tired at last of the noise and bustle, the shouting horse-dealers and the trotting hoofs, I began to wish that, after all, I had intrusted some one else with the commission; and walking back to the inn, I had a glass of sherry and a biscuit, sat down for half an hour, and then went to have one more look round, intending, if I were unsuccessful in my search, to hire a horse from the inn to drive back, and then trust my case to other hands.

"Plenty of horses are bought through advertisements," I said to myself; "and old Baldox could examine it;" Mr. Baldox being the vet who came round our neighborhood.

"The very thing I want," I said to myself the next moment; but, all the same, I preserved a strict appearance of want of interest; for just then a rather red-faced young fellow, in a quiet groom's livery, passed me, leading a very good-looking dark cob, very plump-looking, full head, short, well-carried tail, four black legs, good dark, glossy coat, but rather playful-looking, and given to dance about.

I let the man pass me two or three times as I looked unconcernedly on, while first one horsey man went up, and then another, wanting to try the horse, and talking in loud and depreciatory accents; but the groom was very surly, and seemed as if he would have none of them, always walking off a few yards before he came to another stand.

"Horse for sale, my lad?" I said at last.

The groom looked at me surlily all over, his eyes resting long on my white handkerchief. "Do you want to buy one?" he said at last.

"Well, I don't know," I said, smiling; "but that don't seem to me the way to sell him."

"Oh, don't it! P'r'aps it don't," said the man. "I know what I'm up to."

"What's the price?" I said, as I walked round the cob, liking his looks more and more.

"Now look here," said the groom, gazing at me as searchingly as in him lay: "do you want to buy him? Because, if you do, say so: if you don't, just leave me alone, please, for I've been humbugged enough for one day."

"Well, my lad," I said, "you are not very civil; but I do want to buy a cob."

He looked at me again, and then a bright thought seemed to flash across him. "You're a clergyman, ain't you?"

"Yes," I said, smiling.

"Then where's your card?"

He smiled triumphantly as he said this, evidently thinking that he had posed me; but I drew out my card-case and gave him a card—Rev. T. Tozer, Stogglesby Rectory—when the man's face underwent a complete change, and he touched his hat respectfully.

"Beg pardon, Sir; but I didn't know but what you might be a chanter dressed up like a parson. Master sent me here to sell the pony, and told me to be very careful and not get done, and I've nearly been chiseled out of him twyste. Here's these fellows come round you with flash notes and duffing suvrings, and more dodges than you'd ever think of, and it makes one suspicious."

"Who is your master?" I said.

"Mr. George Smith, Sir, of Louth."

I did not know the gentleman, but the livery-buttons on the groom's coat bore the well-known crest of the Smiths—a fist clenched upon a hammer—and I asked him a few more questions. "What is he parting with the cob for?" was among the rest.

"Missus used to drive him, Sir; but we're going to have a broom now and a sixteen-hander. It is a pity, though, for this here's as nice a little thing as ever stepped. That quiet you may do any manner o' thing with him."

"Not very young, my lad," I said, knowingly, after a look in the horse's mouth.

"No, Sir, he ain't young; but he ain't a old 'oss. Master's only had him two years. I don't believe he's eight year, that I don't."

I had him walked; I had him trotted; I had him tried in harness, and I drove him myself; and then he was once more reduced to the halter.

"Rather more skittish than I like," I said.

"Skittish, Sir!" said the groom. "He ain't skittish; but I tell you what he is, Sir: he's that fat and lazy, and full of play, that he's spoiled. Just fancy yourself, Sir, shet up in a loose box, and the missus coming and blowing you out with corn at unreg'lar times till you blew upon it. Wouldn't *you* be skittish? Why, see how slow he is: he might do two mile more an hour if he wasn't so fat."

"Well, and now how about price?"

"Forty guineas, Sir," said the groom—"forty-two pound in gold."

"Which means that five-and-thirty pounds will buy him, I suppose?" I said; for I liked the horse, the man, and the character of the affair altogether.

The groom looked hard at me for a few moments, and then his face wrinkled all over into a simple grin. "Well, Sir, master said, 'Ask forty pound, and stick to it; but if you can't get five-and-thirty, bring him back again.'"

I looked the cob over and over again, felt his hocks and fetlocks, and, with all my manipulation, found him as quiet as a lamb.

"Well, my lad," I said, after bidding him thirty in vain, "I'll give you the five-and-thirty pounds."

"Suvrings, Sir."

"Well, a check on Garfit's bank will do?" I said, smiling.

"I don't know nothing about checks nor notes, Sir; suvrings for me, please," said the lad; and the purchase was completed by my fetching the gold from the bank myself, to return finding the groom just moving off.

"Thought it was all a do, Sir," said the man, touching his hat and brightening up; and then, on my remembering him with five shillings, he led my purchase to the inn, where he was put to; and I drove home, delighted with my bargain, for no horse could have gone better. He required a touch or two with the whip once, but, on the whole, he trotted along most respectably, and was as nice-looking a plump cob as a parson need wish to drive.

Our boy was absent on my return, and I had to take the new horse out myself, my wife coming to see him by lantern-light, patting him, and expressing her admiration loudly.

Farmer Tomson, being an early man, was over next morning by the time we had done breakfast; and I proudly led him out to the stable, unfastened the halter, and brought out the purchase smilingly, while the old man walked round it, and round it again; looked at its head, its tail; ran his hand all over it; stooped down by its legs one by one, and then looked at me.

"Well," I said, "what ought I to have given for it?"

"Pound a leg!" he exclaimed.

"Pooh!—nonsense!" I said. "What's he worth?"

"Pound a leg, I tell you, man. Why, drat it, parson, you've bought your own old hoss again!"

"What!" I exclaimed, laughing.

"Absurd!" exclaimed Mrs. Tozer, who just then joined us. "Why, Prince had four white legs, and he'd follow me about like a dog. And so will you some day, then—a poor fellow, then!"

To my utter surprise, the horse walked up to her and put his nose in her hand, as I had seen Prince do scores of times.

I thought I knew a little about horses, but I did not. The hollows over poor Prince's eyes, that had been blown out, hollowed out again; his docked tail grew, and the dye wore off his four stockings; while the dodge in re-shoeing him, so as to give a limp to the near fore-foot, was shown to me by the old farmer; and I learned how that, where two legs were lame, they formed a pair, and the lameness was not noticed.

But, after all, I did not lose thirty-one pounds five; for upon choking down my disgust, and asking Farmer Tomson's advice, he said: "Turn him out in the paddock; the lameness may go off; but don't think of trying law. Bear the first loss, and don't throw good money after bad. I'll never say nowt about it."

Neither did I till now; and in proof of my journey not being all loss, the lameness did go off, and we drove old Prince till he died suddenly, five years after the Turning of the Screw.

A PERTURBED SPIRIT.

THERE have been many goblins much more awful than the one which incessantly tormented a series of worthy pastors in the village of Gröben, but there never were any so intensely and so persistently disagreeable. The goblin in question did not aspire to the performance of any grand and terrible feat. Of such aspiration his paltry soul—if he had a soul—was incapable. He was a lubber fiend, in the strictest sense of the word, as stupid as he was malignant; a Puck of the worst sort; a Robin Good-fellow who had degenerated into a Robin Bad-fellow. It was his ambition to be handed down to posterity as the greatest supernatural nuisance that ever afflicted the sublunar world, and his ignoble hopes were realized. Of the situation of Gröben some of our readers may possibly be ignorant. We therefore state that it is not very distant from Jena, and that the duty of its pastor is to administer spiritual instruction to a congregation of simple peas-

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nts, resident at the western extremity of the Thuringian Forest.

Dull boys are sometimes distinguished by a power of application which greatly counterbalances their dullness, and enables them, in the long run, to surpass their more precocious comrades. In like manner, the goblin of Gröben, not naturally or supernaturally bright, was wonderful for his perseverance, and it was by slow, not to say painful steps, that he ascended the summit of that bad eminence which he afterward occupied, to his own eternal infamy. He believed, like Mr. Wordsworth, that a star looks brightest when there is only one in the sky; so, although he was doubtless as old as the Germans of the time of Tacitus, he did not care to risk his notoriety by rushing upon mankind too soon. Had he manifested himself in the age of Faust and Mephistopheles, or in those immediately preceding, he would have been lost in a crowd of fiends and spirits, all much brighter than himself; so, in spite of a burning desire for mischief, he repressed his longings, and bided his time. He seems first to have revealed his existence shortly before the close of the Thirty Years' War—that is to say, about the middle of the seventeenth century, when the old superstitious beliefs of medieval Europe were on the decline; but even then he cautiously felt his way, and refrained from displaying his full power. It was not till the eighteenth century, the age of Voltaire, that he put forth his strength in bad earnest. He then so distinguished himself from ordinary village goblins that he became the subject of a learned book.

We will begin with him at the beginning, that is to say, in the year 1646, when the then pastor of Gröben, Johannes Rodigast, was greatly annoyed by the visits of a mysterious gray monk, who somehow or other contrived to enter his study without noise, and seated himself cozily before the fire. The monk neither talked himself nor listened to the talk of his unwilling host, who found that his hints on the propriety of a speedy retirement were utterly disregarded. Weary of the intrusion, Johannes Rodigast at last boldly asked the monk who he was, whence he had come, and what he wanted, adding some words of solemn exhortation. These words were so far efficient that the monk vanished, but unfortunately his figure was not to be erased from the memory of the pastor, who took to moping, and after moping for upward of thirty years, put a violent end to his own existence.

Weighing the case with impartiality, we find that we can scarcely hold the monk responsible for this terrible calamity. He went away, when exhorted with a due measure of force, and if the pastor fretted himself for more than thirty years afterward, it is hard to see a close connection between the alleged cause and the alleged effect.

The goblin, who of course is identical with the monk, kept himself quiet during the long remainder of poor Rodigast's life, but he was only preparing for more showy exploits. Probably he was amazed at the success of his first paltry feat. To dress himself like a gray monk, and to sit down sulkily by a fire, was no great achievement, after all.

The immediate successor of Rodigast in his sacred office was Adam Simler, one of those prudent men who meet a difficulty with a compromise. He in his time was honored by the gray monk with a visit, but, instead of having recourse to exhortations, he simply moved his books and his desk into another room, and allowed his visitor to retain the chosen apartment. He was thus in no worse predicament than many a scion of an ancient race, whose ancestral residence is said to be haunted. The door of the suspected room remains shut, and the inhabitants of the mansion are probably comfortable, till some unlucky visitor arrives, and can not be accommodated save in the Blue Chamber, where he meets some horror, which he describes to his host at breakfast, and is at once delicately warned that he had better keep his information to himself.

Heinrich Stemler, the immediate successor to Simler, was subjected to sundry annoyances, but their precise nature does not seem to have been recorded. For the next pastor, Jeremias Heinisch, the goblin had reserved his main force. The miserable stratagem of donning a monk's habit was not to be tried again. It had partially failed already, when practiced upon Adam Simler, and Jeremias Heinisch was a man who, though an orthodox Lutheran minister, boasted of his utter disbelief in spiritual manifestations. Jeremias Heinisch would have set down the gray monk as an optical illusion, and have gone on preparing his sermon for Sunday as composedly as if he had been alone in his study. If Jeremias Heinisch was to be hit, more practical means were required.

The new pastor had built himself a new cattle-shed in his court-yard, and on the roof of this edifice stones were thrown, by an unseen hand, for five successive days in the June of 1718. The stones were not large, but they came down with a prodigious rattle, and it was a singular circumstance that they were always thrown in the daytime, never at night. The thrower loved notoriety, for whenever a crowd of persons surrounded the house to witness the performance, the shower was continued with redoubled vigor.

All this annoyance was set down to the account of some naughty boy by the strong-minded pastor, who laughed at the superstitious fears of his flock, and thus the only man in the district who did not believe in the ghost was precisely the man whose house was haunted. He had two enemies to contend against—the human th[illegible] of stones, whoever he might be, and the cra[illegible] norance of the peasantry, who had not forgotten the sad fate of Johannes Rodigast. To secure the former, he set a strict watch about his premises, himself being the principal watchman; to convince the latter, he caused some of his own people to throw stones on the cow-shed from a place of concealment, intending, at the end of the performance, to come forward and explain to the appalled spectators the natural means by which the apparently supernatural phenomenon had been produced. Both plans failed. On the one hand nobody was caught, on the other hand the stones thrown by the pastor's order were seen during their passage through the air, whereas the other stones did not become visible till they had actually touched the roof. The pastor, however, held his ground, and, still convinced that some mischief-makers of the village were at the bottom of the nuisance, spread a report that he was about to commence a strict judicial inquiry, and that the offenders, if discovered, would be subjected to severe punishment.

This last stroke of policy seemed to be successful. The stone-throwing left off, and for five weeks not a rattle was heard on the roof of the shed. The pastor was naturally in high glee. The mischief-makers had been rendered harmless, and the voice of superstition had been hushed. One afternoon, toward the end of July, he walked complacently through his fields, chatted with his reapers about his own superior enlightenment, and hinted that they should feel proud of a pastor who had kept so completely aloof from vulgar error. Ah, for some time to come that was the last bright day for poor Jeremias Heinisch. As he approached his homestead his servants came rushing toward him with the sad intelligence that at three o'clock—the very hour of his discourse with the reapers—the rattle on the roof of the shed had recommenced.

Had the goblin been annoyed by the vaunts of Jeremias Heinisch, and would the goblin have remained quiet if Jeremias Heinisch had held his tongue? We can not say. Certain it is, that he seemed resolved to make up for lost time. Nevertheless, the gallant pastor still held his own. On Sunday, the 31st of the month, he preached in the afternoon a sermon on a topic of great local interest. Some of his parishioners had expressed the opinion that, as a punishment for self-destruction, poor Johannes Rodigast was not allowed to repose in his grave, and that the irrepressible stone-thrower was no other than the restless spirit of that unfortunate man. This was just the sort of doctrine that Jeremias Heinisch loved to attack; and, in his eloquent discourse, he convinced himself, if not his congregation, that his ill-starred predecessor had no hand in the revived nuisance. Having returned home from church, satisfied that he had well done his duty, he looked out of the window of his upper room upon the spacious court-yard below, complacently reflecting on the theme of his sermon, and the masterly manner in which it had been handled, when the course of his meditation was interrupted by a most astounding phenomenon. A stone lifted itself out of the pavement of the court-yard, and visibly flung itself upon the roof of the shed. The pastor tried to persuade himself that the stone was in reality a bird, and went to bed affectionately nursing that opinion; but on the following morning, when the throwing commenced early, his stubborn incredulity began to give way. Many stones now rose from the pavement, others flew out of the walls of the house, describing curves beyond the power of any projectile thrown by human means, and, what was more curious, they did not leave so much as a chink behind them. Convinced at last that he had to deal with a spiritual foe, Jeremias boldly addressed his persecutor in a tone of solemn exhortation, which, we grieve to say, caused the stones to rattle down with greater violence than ever. One missile, larger than the rest, directed itself toward the pastor's face, but dropped midway. The person of Jeremias was evidently sacred.

Hitherto all the stones had been thrown on the roof of the cow-shed, but early in August this limit was passed, and the parsonage itself was invaded, the moment when the pastor had just taken his seat at the dinner-table being selected for especial demonstrations of violence. As before, however, the throwing always ceased at nightfall, to be renewed at break of day.

Unable to endure the annoyance any longer, Jeremias, on the 4th of August, set out for Jena to lay his case before the celebrated professor of theology, Dr. Buddeus, commending the parsonage to the care of his wife and household. During his absence the bombardment was carried on with even increased vigor, and as he approached his home, after his consultation with the learned doctor, he had the pleasure of witnessing the demolition of the window-panes in his lower room. The work of destruction was as methodical as it was incessant. If any one went close to the window the pane was indeed smashed, but the stone fell outside the house; whereas if the observer receded from the window, the stone flew far into the room. It should be added, that one party of spirits seemed to be besieging another, which offered a stout resistance, since not only did stones fly from the yard into the room, but others flew from the room into the yard, a heap raised in each place recording the multiplicity of the shots.

Before dawn, on the 5th of August, the pastor's wife gave birth to a son, who was christened by his father on the afternoon of the same day. The good man stood on the very spot in his room where a missile of extraordinary size had fallen; and the holy rite of baptism apparently so awed the enemy, that for three days the house was tranquil. Jeremias began to hope that the nuisance was at an end forever, but soon found that the peace he had supposed lasting was merely a brief armistice. On the 9th the invincible stone-throwers returned to their work like giants refreshed, and continuing the old system till the 23d, began in the evening of that day to overstep the limit they had previously respected, and pelted throughout the night, while the rattle of stones and pieces of lead was disagreeably accompanied by scratchings at all the doors and cupboards. On the following day an alarming activity was manifest in the crockery, plates and pots smashing themselves to pieces in the most reckless manner. A cheese, too, was tossed from the pantry into one of the rooms, though the door between them was locked; and this cheese, when examined, looked as if it had been clawed by a dog.

The stout heart of Jeremias now sank within him. His servants vowed they could remain with him no longer; his wife was sinking under the weight of the annoyance; and the counsels tendered by the learned and pious men whom he consulted were most conflicting; some advising him to resist the Evil One to the last, others exhorting him to leave a house so filled with abomination. No wonder that occasionally, in fancy, he saw the haggard figure of Johannes Rodigast, and feared that he might end his life like that wretched man.

On the 25th, following the advice of an eminent physician, he removed his wife and child, with a few of the more valuable articles of furniture, to another dwelling, he himself remaining at the parsonage, under the protection of a body-guard, composed of villagers. On the 7th of September—the annoyances having continued till that date—burning coals flew out of the stove, through the windows, and were scattered about the yard. Then the persecutors seemed to be weary of persecution. Only one stone was thrown on the 8th, and that was—the last. Trusting that peace was now attained, the pastor brought back his wife to the parsonage, which remained undisturbed till the year 1835, when it was pulled down, and a new one was built in its stead.

In 1719 an anonymous work appeared, in which the facts we have recorded were grossly exaggerated, and used to prove that the laws against witchcraft should not have been abolished. In another book, written by one Gottfried Wahrlieb, the wonders were treated in an opposite spirit, the whole affair being regarded as a gross imposition. Displeased with both these publications, Jeremias Heinisch thought that the time had arrived when he might properly address the world on a subject with which he was more familiar than any one else, and he accordingly, in 1723, produced a neat little volume on the Kobold of Gröben, which is now extremely scarce, but a copy of which is to be found in the library of the University of Jena. To a description of the contents of this book, written by the German antiquary, Herr Kurt Gress, we are indebted for our knowledge of the marvels above narrated.

And how are those marvels explained? They are not explained at all.

IMPRACTICABLE INVENTORS.

BRUNEL was continually tormented with impracticable and ignorant inventors, who solicited his attention for projects frequently of the most absurd kind. An Irish gentleman once submitted to him a design for a kind of hood for a carriage, the merit of which was that in fine weather it was to hang under the vehicle ready for use. "Impossible," exclaimed Brunel, after a moment's examination; "such a mass could never be stowed away in so small a space." "Do you think so?" said the Irish gentleman, not at all taken aback. "Ah! then we will soon get over that. The thing must be left at home in fine weather. Sha'n't want it then, you know."

On another occasion his benevolent feeling was appealed to to give attention to a new means of sweeping chimneys, intended to obviate the necessity of the climbing boys, who were at that time used for this cruel employment. The plan was extremely simple: a broom was to be worked from above, as well as from below, and thus every nook, whichever way it turned, was to be easily swept out.

"Excellent," said the great engineer; "but you have not told me how the rope is to be got to the top."

"Nothing more simple," replied the sanguine inventor. "Of course a boy will go up with it first."

Sometimes he was annoyed at finding that a kindly word, or a mere formal expression of politeness, which he had used toward some of these tormentors, was construed into an approval of their schemes, which were forthwith announced as sanctioned by Brunel's approbation. This occurred in the case of a new machine, a "criopyrite," or fire-ram, invented by a Mr. Collier. This gentleman not only put forth his invention as sanctioned by Brunel, but referred inquirers to the agent of the latter to certify to the soundness of his principle. Brunel was naturally indignant at this, and he replied: "Nothing is more preposterous than the account which has been published respecting this engine, which, it is added, consumes no more than one-twentieth part of the fuel required for a steam-engine of the like power.....Having been called on to witness its action, and to give my aid in directing its power, I am enabled to state that the new engine, supposed to possess a power equal to twenty horses, has not yet, to my knowledge, moved without the external aid of two or three men."

MEMORIES OF CALAIS.

As at many a pretentious castle the owner and visitors prefer entering by some modest little postern, so in France, magnificent country as it is, the traveler is introduced through such humble little doorways as Dieppe, Boulogne, Calais, and similar places. These ports are after the one pattern, scratched and dredged into something that will give water for a few hours to ships of modest tonnage, which then leaves them prostrate on their muddy bottoms. A frail paling runs out timorously into the sea, and forms a sort of avenue. In Dieppe and some of the others Englishmen have little interest, but to Calais—a poor little wind-blown, wave-buffeted outpost—we are drawn by a hundred associations that are stirring and interesting, dramatic, picturesque, and historical. No voyager of true sympathy and reading, as he steps from the boat and tramps across the draw-bridge, walks over the solemn square, and rests his hour or so at an inn, but must find himself looking curiously round, and see every thing through a cloud of the most romantic color. It seems charged with the strangest associations. We think of Sterne, Hogarth, Brummel, Lady Hamilton, Foote; of the burgesses with the ropes round their necks, figuring in so many historical pictures: of the writing on Mary's heart, of the tide of nobles who have stopped there, and had their first look at France: and of that hapless English colony, always recruited by those who have fled from debt, and who marshal their ranks to see the packet—on which they dare not set foot—come in. Every one, in short, will feel the truth of Mr. Ruskin's picture, which calls up a feature of the old town. "I can not find words," he says, "to express the intense pleasure I have always felt in first finding myself, after some prolonged stay in England, at the foot of the tower of Calais Church. The large neglect, the noble mightiness of it, the record of its years, written so visibly, yet without sign of weakness or decay, its stern vastness and gloom, eaten away by Channel winds, and overgrown with bitter seagrass—I can not tell half the strange pleasure and thoughts that come about me at the sight of that old tower." Other eyes had looked, we may be sure, at the "large neglect" with an irksomeness that was intolerable—eyes of the expatriated hemmed in there as in a jail, burrowing, swarming in those little streets that radiate from the square, where many an agonizing shift was contrived that should extort a day's more credit from the French shop-keeper. The presence of Sterne is what we feel most, his hotel (Dessein's), his monk, his delightful *désobligeante*—a chariot on shafts—lying in the court. The whole of that short sojourn is a bit of true French comedy, charmingly done. We need read but the first half dozen pages of the "Sentimental Journey," and lo! again rises about us the gates and courts and old houses of Calais. Leslie, coming after, has helped to spread the same fascinating associations.

"Monsieur Dessein" and his heirs should have done more for Sterne than hang up a mezzotint, or label a room "Sterne's Room." That delicate etching brought the inn-keeper thousands of pounds, and made him immortal. But he became griping and avaricious, and, like other hosts, began to give bad wine, and generally bad treatment, on the strength of his reputation. This inn no longer exists, though it was an established device to allow an enthusiastic traveler the favor of sleeping in Sterne's Room. The Barber and "the Monk" enjoyed a perpetual vitality, for the guest was naturally delighted at such proof of accuracy in the humorist's description, and gave accordingly.

The old place is stamped all over with seals and tokens of its ancient vicissitudes. Up to a few years ago the municipality was sunk in a more than conservative lethargy, would do nothing and change nothing. There is even now to be seen the figure of a cat carved on a stone let into one of the houses, and the tradition runs that this animal was the price paid for the ground on which the house stands, during the dreadful famine when the town was besieged by the English, when, fresh from Cressy, King Edward came to besiege the place in the fourteenth century. That beleaguerment and its horrors lasted some eleven months. Then came the dramatic episode. But the burgesses of the historical pictures are quite too remote to awaken any sympathy, and they may be dismissed with their scarcely deserved reprieve. So with the Field of the Cloth of Gold, which the resurrection men, who provide "subjects" for anatomical burlesque, have lately snatched.

It seems strange to think that for the two hundred years that followed the English should have held this corner of French soil—a dreadful irritating sore in the French mortal body. It is little known how thoroughly English the place was, the streets having English as well as French names, as "Rigging Street." It had its mayor and its two members during the English occupation. It was a favorite spot for royal and noble junketings—kings and princes "running over," as they would to the isles of Wight or Man. The great Wolsey was there twice. Grand functions were held there for "making of knights." But a lugubrious association attaches to the place, as it was the Calais headsman who was often fetched over specially to do the work, on account of his superior skill. The French frontier was always coolly spoken of as being at Ardres, about ten miles away. There it was assumed that French soil began.

It was no wonder that the situation became "too stretched" to endure, and that at last, in 1558—only thirty-eight years after the magnificent pageant of the Field of the Cloth of Gold—a desperate effort was made by the French to recover the place. It succeeded, under the direction of the famous La Balafré, and the English were no longer in France. Even in Henry the Eighth's day the Venetian embassador, Michele, wrote to his court about the boldness of the English sailors, who went in and out of the place in all weathers, never heeding the state of the harbor, they managed their boats with such skill and daring.

Once lost, there was no chance of its being recovered again. The genius of Vauban was directed to the strengthening of it with that wonderful style of fortification which has covered France and the Low Countries with a crowd of monuments to his memory. These mammoth works are prodigies of skill and swift construction; and even now defy the ordinary power of

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gunpowder to destroy them. Now are to be seen the bastions of the old fortress; the ruined dock, with its enormous iron gates, and the whole apparatus of fosses and bridges. To this day it is like a prison; and the traveler who wishes for a stroll can only leave it by a single gate. The words "Calais Gate" at once recall Hogarth's picture—that clear, brilliant piece of painting, which now hangs in the home of a noble family in the North of Ireland. Of its Canaletti-like brightness the engravings give no idea. That gate is as old as the English; and in the picture we see the English arms sculptured, though they have long since been erased. The old church of Notre Dame was built by the English. On its pillars, some years ago, were discovered some votive paintings set up by the English Woodhouses; but the French had them whitewashed out at once. The great square tower can be seen far out at sea, rising starkly from the sands, a stone anchorite. So with the old tower *de Guet*. The effect of these lorn memorials, as the packet glides on slowly, is always sad: they seem to give solemn and silent greeting.

The story of Hogarth's adventure has been told very often. How this true Englishman, sitting down and sketching the gate which bore the English arms, was at once taken into custody by the soldiers, and forthwith shipped back to Dover. This, according to the usual precedent, was thought a scandalous outrage upon a British subject; but, in the annals of fortifications, sketching has always been held to be a dangerous amusement. An Englishman sketching Calais, little over a hundred years after it had been recovered, was still more suspicious. In that fair scene, with its ridiculous figures of lean and hungry-eyed French soldiers, the artist had his revenge; for it was to be seen by thousands, then engraved, and bought by hundreds; and thus indirectly helped to foster that amused contempt which, up to the days of Gilray and Rowlandson, was considered only public spirit. On the sirloin of beef was a label, directed "Madame Grandsire," the landlady of the "Silver Lion"—a rival hostelry—with a singularly lean cook, whom the sirloin nearly crushed. The natives were pretty well accustomed to Englishmen and their extravagances, but they must have been highly amused by the eccentric Parson Harvest, who could not find the way to this house, and could not speak a word of French. He stopped the first native he met, and thrusting out his arms and feet, after the picture of a lion rampant, and putting a silver crown between his teeth, made the Frenchman understand. Nothing, however, could compete with Dessein's—its handsome courtyards, gardens, luxuriant geraniums three or four feet high; its theatre and good wine, whose "bush" was the reputation of the "Sentimental Journey."

Another figure is seen wandering about Calais—a true adventuress—the defeated Chudleigh, and deposed Duchess of Kingston, who staid long at Dessein's, and was said to have left him a large sum in her will. An incident of her desperate battle with Foote brings the town before us with a flash—one of his spirited dramas, with the poet and inn-keeper, the scurrilous duchess herself, and Father O'Donovan, the Irish Capuchin. Goldsmith wrote to his friends, describing the persecutions and extortions on landing; and in a delightful letter records the landing of the baggage: "Two little trunks, which were all we carried with us.....We were surprised to see fourteen or fifteen fellows all running down to the ship to lay their hands upon them; four got under each trunk, the rest surrounded and held the hasps, and in this manner our baggage was conducted with a kind of funeral solemnity, till it was safely lodged at the Custom-house. We were well enough pleased with the people's civility till they came to be paid, when every creature that had but the happiness of touching our trunks with his finger expected sixpence." Foote must have heard Goldsmith relate this adventure; and it is some homage to the author of one of the most spirited comedies in the language, "She Stoops to Conquer," that Foote should have thought it worth while to incorporate the mere scraps of a letter in a drama.*

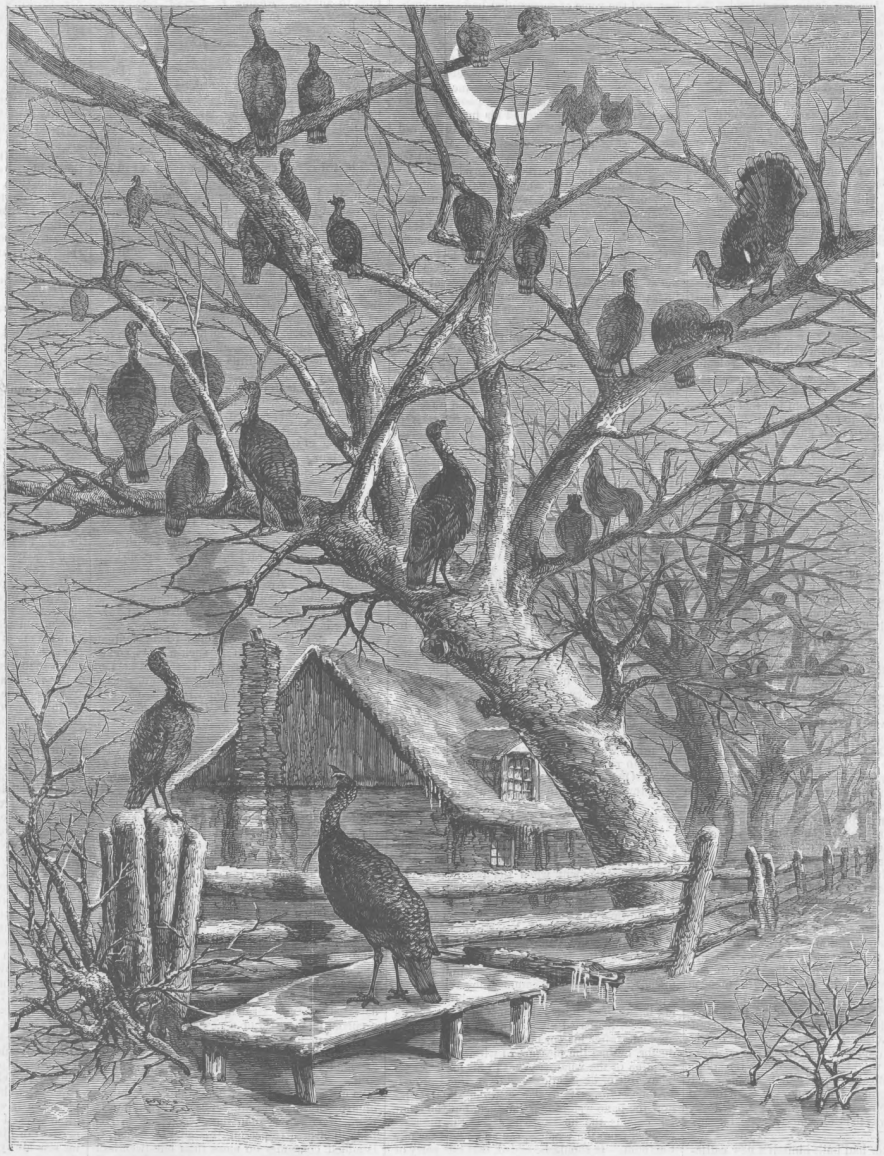
But we approach the later days, within the present century, when it became the refuge, the sanctuary, as it were, for English debtors and *vauriens*. Calais and Boulogne, two "tidal" anthills, have engendered those strange beings, the *soi-disant* "captain" and "colonel," the reduced gentleman and his family, who choose Calais "for educational purposes:" the poor shifty beings in threadbare but diligently restored coats, looking out for familiar faces, or what shrinking away, as the wealthy traveler, old club-mate, comes ashore, his swinging traveling coach taken to pieces and put together, he just halting to dine at Dessein's, and posting on at night, by Abbeville and Amiens, to Paris! To the reduced and fallen gentleman the walls of Calais must have indeed seemed a jail yard.

Many, however, would fly thither for breathing time, as it were, from the pursuit of English bailiffs—even men of true condition. The traditions of such were fondly cherished. For Englishmen that of Brummel, who lived there for thirteen years, has more interest than for Frenchmen. It was not in his exile at Calais that the poor Beau suffered the privations that are related of him; for there he lived in luxury, living literally on alms from his friends in England, but alms that reached to some five or six hundred a year. His rooms at Leleux's, the old Dessein's before its removal, were, in fact, haunted by shoals of fine people, where he laid down marble pavement, and decorated the old rooms to his heart's content. His *esprit* made him a favorite; and it must be said of his more fortunate friends who were still surviving, they always thought of Brummel as they passed through Calais. Often the chaise was halted at Leleux's, and the invitation to dinner given from the carriage window. It is, indeed, vastly to the credit of the much-abused world that he met such generous treatment from the dandies. An old friend who lived at Dover would often fix a day for a dinner at Dessein's, and come over in the packet specially. Callous and battered as that old heart must have been, it surely fluttered in the September of 1821, when the sham "first gentleman of Europe" came over and passed through Calais. The little penal colony was in a stir, and there was great speculation at the clubs as to how the poor broken Beau would behave. It is said that he did behave with dignity. It is said that he tried to avoid meeting the king in his passage from the ship to the hotel; and friends of his describe how he got blocked up in the crowd as he was walking home to his house, and was thus forced to see the "first gentleman," who was heard to exclaim, "Good God, there is Brummel!" What a meeting! the poor exile and former boon companion, and "your fat friend," now a great king!

It is hard to accept that story of dignity; and it would be beyond human nature to resist such an opportunity for reconciliation. The Beau *must* have hoped to catch the royal eye. When his Majesty was feasting at Dessein's some old friends were not remiss, and mentioned the poor old Beau. A bottle of choice *liqueur* was sent from the latter. And there was a more artful reminder—something about the Beau's famous old snuff mixture, which found its way to the king's table. At any allusion, however, the mean prince was silent; he either felt a secret reproach, or, like many weak men, shrank from the "fuss" and unpleasantness of such a meeting; and though the poor Beau left his name, the shabby "first gentleman" quitted the town without seeing him. Richly did he deserve the attacks of the caricatures and the stinging squibs of Tom Moore.

In the rotten society of the place Brummel was, of course, a leading figure. The traditions associated with his name gave a tone to the place, and to those who had the happiness of knowing him. The Beau was said to conduct himself with his old matchless insolence, especially in regard to the sham colonels and captains, whom he delighted in putting down. "Know him!" he would say; "to be sure. Why, he was head butler at Belvoir." The Beau had not much courage, and was once called to account for some such description. "You said I was a butler," said a half-pay captain without a nose, who came to call him to account. "If you do not retract in five minutes—" "In five seconds, my dear Sir," said the other, apologizing handsomely. But as the captain was going the Beau added, "It *couldn't* be, for, now I think of it, I should have remembered being served by a butler without a nose." The injured party had best have left the matter alone; formally his honor was salved, but the retractor had the best of it. In his turn the Beau was hit pretty hard when walking with Lord Sefton. A questionable man bowed eagerly to the Beau. "Who is that friend of yours?" said the Beau, lamely enough. Lord Sefton said he knew no one in Calais but Brummel himself. A few minutes later the same man passed again, and said, "Don't forget, *Brum*—roast goose at four!" This he richly deserved. At last he obtained his consulship at Caen, and got away from Calais.

There is one more figure, whose ghost flutters about Calais—that of Lady Hamilton, who lies buried in a timber-yard, dying after a miserable illness. She was attended by an officer as priest, and there was a question of giving her a pauper funeral. But a generous English merchant interposed, and had her decently interred, "fifty gentlemen of Calais" attending. What a *cortège*—a band of adventurers waking the adventuress! One of the dreadful incidents of that refugee life was near taking place when the French creditors wished to detain the poor daughter, Horatia, as a sort of pledge; but the same humane gentleman got her away. The place has its tragedies also. Angry Englishmen have crossed over to avenge their differences on the sands—a favorite spot. In short, the little town, in one ignoble sense belonging to the English still, does not want a true dramatic interest, even in these days of tidal



A WINTER SCENE IN THE COUNTRY—JUST BEFORE SUNSET.—[DRAWN BY T. R. DAVIS, FROM A SKETCH BY LLOYD MIFFLIN, JUN.]

perennial actors who flourish about in the prison yard. What a race! what long generations! How strange they must have looked to the natives and shop-keepers! what stages of doubtful progress before credit could be assured, even before that shaky security of the impecunious, dependence on fitful remittances from England, could be attained to! These little streets which radiate from the Place, what stories they could tell of wrangling and pitiless landlords, despairing debtors, seizures in execution, and even "liens" upon bodies lying unburied! wives and children detained in pawn for the debts of the buried husband! We think of that grand theatrical scene every day, when the captains and colonels mustered to see the English packet—a small sloop then of fifty or sixty tons—come in. What

* "Enter porters with small parcels." M. Codling is told that these are "porters from de Custom-house vid you baggage!" "Baggage?" repeats Codling, in amazement; "any one of them might have carried it all."

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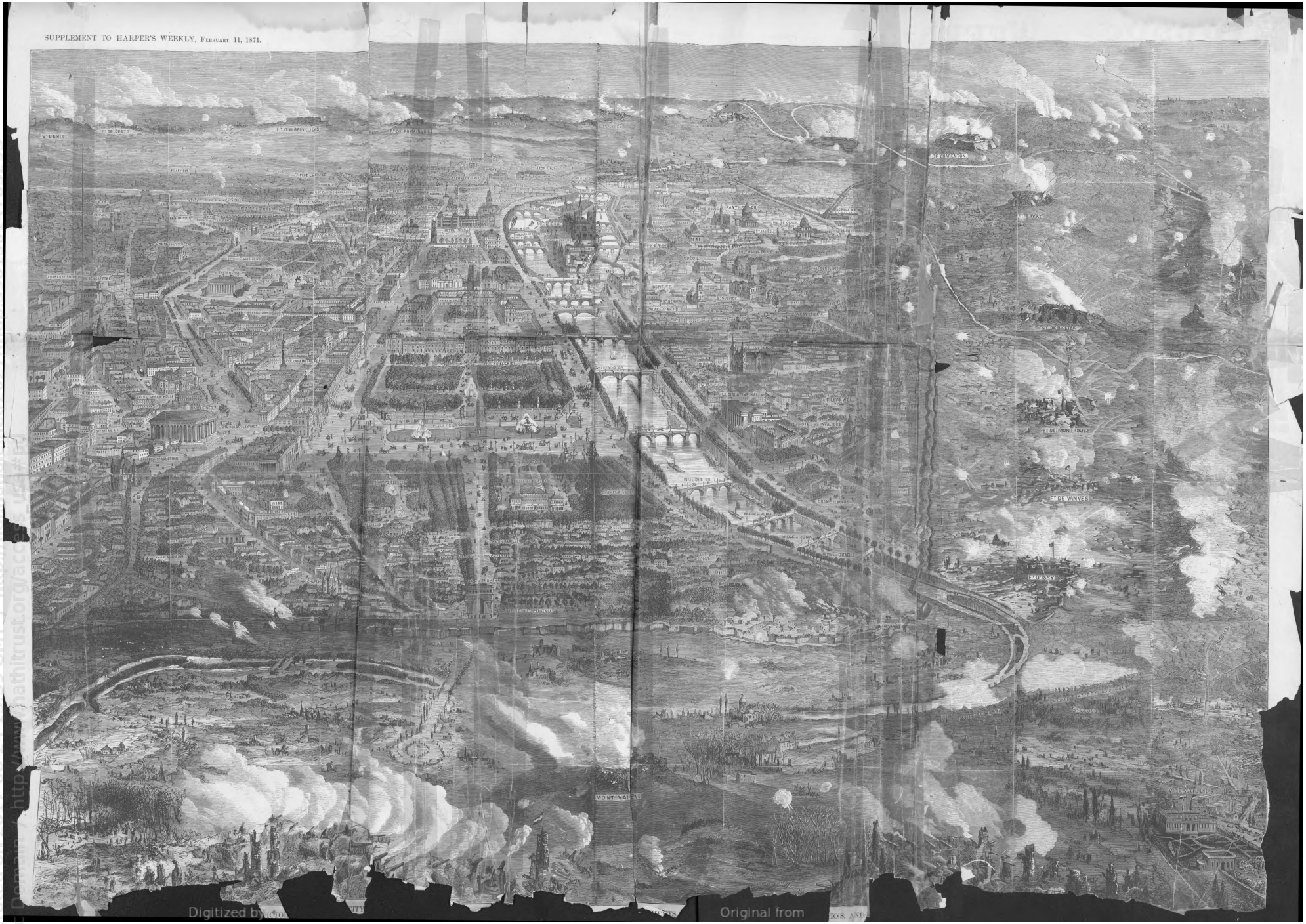

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

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COUNT VON MOLTKE.—[SEE PAGE 131.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1871.

☞ *With this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *is sent out a splendid* SUPPLEMENT, *containing a large and accurate*

PICTORIAL MAP OF PARIS,

showing all the principal Buildings, Parks, Monuments, etc., together with the surrounding Fortifications, and the Prussian Lines of Investment. It will be of great assistance in studying the accounts of the Bombardment.

THE IMPERIAL RING.

DURING the long Republican ascendency in this State the Democratic party constantly alleged that the city of New York had been virtually deprived of self-government by the system of commissions appointed by the Governor and Legislature. The people were implored to save the very principle of free popular institutions by overthrowing the Republicans and bringing the Democracy into power. At length the Republicans were defeated. We are now entering upon the second year of Democratic supremacy in the State, and popular government in the city of New York is already practically subverted. An imperialism has been established here as absolute as that of LOUIS NAPOLEON, and it is formally sustained, as his was, by an occasional *plebiscite* called an election. DE TOCQUEVILLE, that acute political thinker, contemplated with the utmost apprehension a democratic state of society without honest democratic institutions. He thought it the worst form of tyranny. This is the spectacle which the city of New York now presents, and it challenges the thoughtful attention of every political student, as of every American citizen who is looking candidly to see with which party in this country the just development of the American constitutional and popular principle is most assured.

There are in the city of New York four well-known persons—Mr. TWEED, Mr. SWEENY, Mr. CONNOLLY, and Mr. HALL. They are the managers of Tammany Hall, and the most conspicuous of them, Mr. TWEED, has been described often and at length in one of the organs of his party in the city, the New York *World*, in terms which, if not justified by knowledge, were the most wantonly injurious that could be applied to any man. And it is one of the signs of the power of which we speak that the *World* is now as utterly the spaniel of the imperial Ring as PAUL DE CASSAGNAC'S paper was of LOUIS NAPOLEON. The four persons whom we have mentioned are the authors of the present city charter, which was passed last spring by the Democratic Legislature—many Republicans voting for it because of a registry law which Mr. TWEED permitted to pass for the purpose of procuring an appearance of unanimous support for his charter, and which he now intends to repeal.

The charter vests the executive power in the Mayor and the heads of departments. The Mayor is elected for two years; and the system by which Tammany controls what are called elections is notorious. The Controller is elected every four years. The heads and commissioners of departments are appointed by the Mayor to serve from four to eight years. The charter was passed, and took effect immediately. The Mayor was Mr. HALL, and he instantly appointed Mr. TWEED Commissioner of Public Works, and Mr. SWEENY the head of the Department of Parks. In November Mr. CONNOLLY was elected Controller under the auspices of Tammany Hall. Thus these four persons, known as the Ring, and who by familiar means nominate and elect their agents to the Legislature, and fill all minor offices with their adherents, were placed by the charter which they had prepared, and which the party under their control had passed, in the chief executive positions in the city. Their official terms are four years, except that of Mr. SWEENY, which is five years, and that of Mr. HALL, which is two. They will continue to hold the offices at their pleasure. So efficient is the political machinery of Tammany Hall, and so well adjusted is it to Democratic voters, that no man whom the imperial Ring does not nominate will be elected Mayor, and it will nominate no one of whose obedience it is not sure.

The next step is now to be taken in the formal subversion of the popular system. The imperial Ring has introduced a bill in the Legislature which constitutes the Mayor (Mr. HALL), the Controller (Mr. CONNOLLY), the Commissioner of Public Works (Mr. TWEED), and the President of the Department of Parks (Mr. SWEENY) a Board of Apportionment, which, after providing for the interest of the city debt, and for the city's proportion of the State tax, shall appropriate at its pleasure all the money that is raised by taxation in the city. To make this extraordinary grant of power more acceptable, it is decreed that the amount raised in 1871 and 1872 shall not exceed a sum equal to two per cent. of the valuation already fixed for this year by the Commissioners of Taxes and Assessments. And it is further provided that no bonds and stocks of the city or county, except those already authorized, shall be issued hereafter except by this Board. But it is by their will alone that the rate of taxation is limited for two years to two per cent. of the present valuation. It will rest with them alone to determine what the rate shall be after the two years are ended, or to amend their law next year by striking out the limitation for 1872, and leaving the valuation wholly at their pleasure.

Meanwhile, to divert public attention from this practical imperialism which the Democratic party has thus established, it imitates the policy of LOUIS NAPOLEON, who imitated the Roman despots, in amusing the people with games and public displays while they destroyed liberty. Thus there is a show of care about the public grounds, and of anxiety to complete the system of water supplies. There is an ostentation of charity to the poor. But while every man is glad that suffering is relieved, he shrugs his shoulders when he is asked if the money that relieved it was honestly gotten. While this is the outer show, the secret aim of the imperial Ring is to dishearten opposition by showing its hopelessness, and to terrify capital by a relentless exercise of the mastery of property which the law bestows. It bribes to silence where it can, but it spares no blow, open or secret, to cripple those whom it fears, and the terrorism is deepened by the public knowledge that certain judges upon the bench are the supple tools of this enormous and arbitrary power, so that the citizen is conscious that he is deprived of the last remedy of injustice.

Thus the result of the ascendency of the Democratic party in New York is the destruction of popular government in the city, as it would have been in the country at large if the people of the United States had not chosen war as the least fearful alternative. Nor is this surprising. The Democratic party in its long national ascendency was steadily hostile to the fundamental principles of a free government. It was a vast conspiracy to make slavery the fundamental law of the republic. That purpose required absolute national demoralization, and the great effort of the party was to produce it. A clear perception of the true spirit and principle of free popular government was fatal to Democratic dominance, and therefore the party ruthlessly sought to obscure it. In the city of New York the party has never lost its supremacy. The men who guide it today are politicians bred either in total ignorance or in utter contempt of American principles. They are brought in constant contact with the most ignorant and venal men; and without faith in individual honor, with the sincerest persuasion that money and fear are the masterkeys of politics, they distrust mere honesty as hypocrisy, and undoubtedly despise "the people" and their representatives as heartily as ROBERT WALPOLE.

Any Democratic protest against this imperial power, whether from the mere adventurers of the party, like the *World*, or from honest men who cherish the vain illusion that they can control it, is swept away like a leaf upon Niagara. To-day the protestants of last spring are, either like the *World*, kissing the imperial feet, or, like those honest men, lending the prestige of their names and the weight of their votes to schemers whom they utterly distrust, and to practices which they abhor. The imperialism of the Ring is the rule of corruption by money and by fear. It is a plague-spot in the centre of the American system. It is the fresh attack upon American institutions under the name of Democracy. Let the people of this country consider it well, and decide whether it is to restore the control of the national government to such men and to such influences that our brothers died in the field, and that we are taxed to-day.

FRANCE.

AFTER enduring a siege of four months, with more patience and heroism than was expected of her turbulent and excitable population, Paris has surrendered. The uniform disaster, and even destruction, of the French armies left no alternative. It is perhaps without a precedent that a nation so fatally weak should have impressed the world as one of the strongest states almost to the very moment of its demolition. In June France was considered one of the most powerful of nations. In January it lies utterly prostrate before Germany. So total is the overthrow, so entire is the disintegration, that it is not easy to believe that it ever was a power which contested the mastery of Europe. Even the recent traditions of the Napoleonic era—that blazing line of invariable success—are already like vague and doubtful legends. In the light of to-day a character and career like those of RICHELIEU become inconceivable. The age of LOUIS the Fourteenth, of the great monarch, seems a mere fable. Poor France is a name only, no longer a power.

When FRANCIS of France was beaten at Pavia he said that all was lost but honor. Yet what Frenchman can say that now? Is not the very sting of the situation the consciousness that the catastrophe was wantonly provoked, and that there has been little skill or heart in the resistance? We do not deny, of course—no one will—that Frenchmen have fought bravely. But through all the incessant shock of disaster there has been nothing more evident than jealousies, rivalries, hatreds, and intolerable lying. There seems to have been no hearty, heroic union of the people of France; and probably most observers are of opinion that, if the people should sincerely vote, they would restore the empire, and accept any peace that Germany might dictate.

The best Frenchmen—GUIZOT, LABOULAYE, LAUGEL, GASPARIN—insist that since Sedan France has been fighting to expel the invader, and that her cause has been that of liberty itself. But the France of which they speak is that of their imagination and hope. It is the ideal France, for instance, which GUIZOT held constantly in mind during his long administration. Yet that administration disappeared in a laugh and sneer from the actual France. It is the ideal France in which LABOULAYE undoubtedly cherishes the highest faith. Yet LABOULAYE voted for the empire as preferable to the government of the very men who have directed France since Sedan. When these gentlemen say that France would have done this, and that France was ready for that, they say what they themselves think the country should have done. But actual France has been torn by the fiercest dissensions. Actual France has been afraid to win the victory lest it should turn to the advantage of the republic. The French are a brave and impulsive race. If they had been really united—if, that is to say, there had been the France of which these gentlemen speak—it would have forgotten every quarrel in the sole and fiery vow to expel the invader. But the Committee of Defense, while they talked about the country, carefully refused to let the world hear its voice. They did not trust the France in whose name they appealed. Did they not know, as we all know, that if they had called an assembly of the people, and that assembly, which could alone speak for France, had cried out for union and war, the shout would have rung through every heart in the land and in the world like the old cry of the Crusades—"God wills it! God wills it!"

Yet for the unimaginable woe which has fallen upon the two countries there is no heart in the world which is not pained. France, indeed, is conquered; but the conqueror also has suffered. The homes of France are desolate; but there are how many and many German homes from which light and joy have gone forever! Our own experience teaches us the cruelest pang of war, which is also the most secret. We are now to see how France can reorganize herself—a nation paralyzed physically, industrially, and morally. She has lived by the sword, and by the sword she perishes. Yet, from the ruins of the old nation, pursuing a false "glory," every generous and humane heart will pray that a new nation may arise—a fairer France than ever GUIZOT and LABOULAYE have dreamed—which shall understand what glory truly is!

THE WORLD MOVING.

SENATOR WILSON is known to be very sagacious as well as honorable, and his declaration in favor of a reform in the civil service has therefore peculiar significance. He has introduced a bill differing somewhat from those of Mr. JENCKES and Mr. SCHURZ, and resembling the first English bill of fifteen years ago. It provides that all appointments shall be subject to the approval of a board of three examiners, selected by the head of the department to which the office belongs. The appointment is to be finally determined after a satisfactory probation, and the term is to be four years. Unlike the plans of Mr. JENCKES and Mr. SCHURZ, this system opens the doors only to those previously nominated, and consequently does not avoid the partisan difficulty, especially as the official term is that of an administration. The result would practically be, if the intention were faithfully followed, to fill the offices with fit men of the dominant party. This is, indeed, an improvement upon the present plan. But if Mr. WILSON'S bill can be passed, a very much better system is practicable.

The moral difficulty, so to speak, of the present system is the uncertainty of official tenure. The system teaches that honesty, fidelity, industry, and efficiency are of no value in the public service, and constantly tempts the officer to make hay while the sun shines. Moreover, it imparts a ferocity to party contests, which surely need no exasperation. It makes every election not a choice of governmental policy, but a desperate struggle for bread and butter. Thus, again, it degrades and demoralizes, because, while our obvious duty and interest are to purify and elevate political discussion in every practicable way, this system tends to exclude reason and intelligence from politics altogether. Mr. WILSON'S bill provides that officers at the end of four years shall be eligible for reappointment. But of what avail is such a provision for an officer of one party when the other has come into power? The fact that the experience of the incumbent is a great advantage to the service would be of no weight whatever against the argument of party desert. And by-and-by the very limitation of four years would be cited as evidence that a change with every administration was contemplated by the framer of the bill.

Undoubtedly Mr. WILSON proposes his bill not as the best system, but as the only modification of the present system that public opinion would sustain or Congress pass. But if it were all that Congress would countenance, it is by no means all that would satisfy public opinion. If the question of a thorough reform in the civil service should be put to vote in the country, it would be carried by an immense majority. The technical politicians would strenuously oppose it; but the intelligence and character of the country would support it with enthusiasm, and a flood of light would be thrown upon practical politics, which would show how infinitely superior to the heathen Chinee, in ways that are dark and tricks that are vain, is the American trading politician. The chief difficulty with Mr. WILSON'S proposition is that it would not secure even the improvement at which he aims. For the whole subject would be left, as it is now, at the mercy of party; and the heads of departments would select a party commission which would be governed by party considerations.

We observe that Senators MORTON and CAMERON differ from the President upon the desirability of a reform of the civil service. Mr. MORTON, indeed, leads the opposition in the Senate; and Mr. CAMERON asserts that the cry of abuse in the civil service comes from a small minority, and that under all administrations, from that of JOHN ADAMS to the present, none but the supporters of an administration have held office! Mr. CAMERON'S Senatorial duties are probably too engrossing to permit him to perfect his historical studies, or he would probably endeavor to state facts when arguments fail. In the debate upon Mr. TRUMBULL'S bill Mr. WILSON made some frank and manly assertions, which show how plainly he sees the evil. He declared that he thought the grievances of the Republican party were largely due to the practice of a mere partisan civil service. And certainly there is no reform which is more congenial to the principles and wisely progressive spirit of that party than that of the civil service. We trust sincerely that Senator WILSON will bring his bill to a vote, that we may see how many Republican Senators are unwilling even to try to correct so vast and undeniable a public evil.

THE SHIPS.

BEFORE the arrival of the United States commissioners in San Domingo was announced an extraordinary letter was published from Rear-Admiral LEE to the Secretary of the Navy, in which the Rear-Admiral warmly advocates annexation, although he allows that it would be the acquisition of civil war and financial trouble. Probably he thinks that if a strong power takes possession of the country, anarchy will yield to order, and we shall obtain "cheap coffee and sugar." But the important points in his letter are that he mentions several of our armed ships as in the San Domingo waters, and that he sententiously concludes by saying: "With the annexation of San Domingo the boundary question will be settled by an easy and natural revolution of opinion in Hayti for annexation to America. The circumstances all seem favorable."

We trust that the Administration is fully aware that the country sees the ships in those waters, and that a project of annexation consummated under the guns of our navy will be not only a serious blunder but a crime. In that case the Dominican territory would not be annexed. It would be seized by conquest, as Germany has seized Alsace and Lorraine, and without the justification which Germany may plead; while "an easy and natural revolution of opinion" in Hayti, produced by the American naval commander threatening the Haytien President in his own palace with the destruction of his capital, would be a shameful prostitution of the power of this government. The presence of our fleet in the Dominican and Haytien harbors at this time is a circumstance very much graver than seems to be understood at Washington. The people of the United States have not asked for the annexation of any part of the island. They do not wish it. The project springs from a policy which they have repudiated. But as the President is very much interested in annexation, and very anxious for it, and as an able and impartial commission has been sent to investigate and report upon the whole subject, the country awaits information.

Still, if there is to be annexation—which is untimely, undesirable, and enfeebling—it should be accomplished honorably. Yet, with the fleet in the waters of San Domingo, after the threats conveyed to the President of the Haytien Republic by our minister in his letter, and by our Admiral in his conversation, it can not be honorably accomplished. Public opinion in this country may finally acquiesce in Dominican annexation if the Dominicans themselves wish it. But while our ships are lying before their capital we can not know whether they wish it or not. The Secretary of State admits that the influence of the ships was to keep the peace. Then if they had not been there, the peace might have been broken, and the BAEZ Government overthrown, and annexation defeated. If the United States mean to coerce the Dominicans, let the

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ships remain. But if we intend that their action shall be entirely free, let the Secretary of the Navy order the ships away. Above all, if one of our admirals has threatened the executive chief of a government with which ours is at peace that he would open fire upon him if he took any action adverse to our wishes in a matter which involved the destruction of his government and the absorption of his country, let the admiral be called before a court of inquiry. It was an act of war: and when did Congress declare war against Hayti?

The first necessity of the situation is the recall of the ships. It is very generally believed that they are there to sustain President BAEZ, who represents the Dominican party of annexation; and so long as they remain there the people of the United States will very properly decline to perceive any proof that it is the unbiased wish of the Dominicans to be annexed. Quite as urgent is the necessity of their recall from Hayti, because we know, upon the evidence of Mr. BASSETT, our minister, and of Admiral POOR, that they are there to coerce Haytien action. The merits of the case are not to be discussed while there is this constraint. The Dominican and Haytien, indeed, are only two small and insignificant governments. Their absorption or direct conquest by the United States would not disturb the world nor any of our relations with other powers. But the United States are not small and insignificant. They are the great republic, one of the chief powers of history and the world; and their character is hopelessly stained if they do not conduct all their relations, and especially with their weaker neighbors, with perfect honor.

ALSACE AND LORRAINE.

IN a late article upon the Russian Question, Mr. JOHN STUART MILL asserts that when states make treaties like the Treaty of Paris, which impose very stringent conditions upon one of the signers because of defeat, it is only reasonable to consider that his assent is given under duress, and that he will recede from the treaty at the first favorable opportunity. This is undoubtedly a true view. But it should be added that the coerced state should sign under protest. If no dissent is expressed, and, after ample consideration and opportunity of objection, the different states sign, it is evident, as Lord GRANVILLE said, that when one of the signers wishes to withdraw, he ought to invite his co-signers to reconsider the treaty. If they decline, or if, upon consultation, they refuse to release the dissenter, he will, of course, take his own action, with all the risks. This is a right which every sovereign state reserves under all emergencies; but such a course is to be especially expected from a state whose action has been constrained.

The principle which Mr. MILL states will affect any enforced assent of France to the results of the present war; and this has been constantly recognized by BISMARCK. He has held throughout that the French hostility to Germany would be more deadly than ever, and that further war would be but a question of time. The true policy of Germany, therefore, he thinks, is to obtain as much security as possible. Whether Germany retains or relinquishes Alsace and Lorraine, the result will be the same. France will hate Germany because of the terrible humiliation of the war. She will not hate her more if Alsace and Lorraine are retained. But if they are retained, Germany will have a real security, to which she is entitled.

The only valid objection which other European states could make, under the system which they acknowledge, and with their own precedents, is that the balance of power would be disturbed. This has long been the pivot of European politics. When ISABELLA of Spain was a child, the question of her marriage became a European question, and England, France, Austria, and Prussia fell to corresponding and intriguing, upon the ground that her marriage involved the balance of power. Under that pretense France had her own way, and ISABELLA married her cousin—an alliance which retained the succession in the BOURBON line, as France had demanded. The balance of power in Europe was, of course, only theoretically affected by all this; but it was a "good enough Morgan" for the various powers, and for a conflict of wits which is utterly ludicrous. The same balance of power will be the excuse now, if the "great powers" wish to protest against the absorption of Alsace and Lorraine.

But they will hardly do it, not only because the claim of Germany is very plausible, but because they know that she would not yield to the protest, and the alternative would be a European coalition to make war upon Germany. Nor can the United States insist that the population shall be first consulted, because we have ourselves annexed territories without consultation of the people interested; and in the St. Thomas negotiation it was Denmark and not the United States which proposed that the people of the island should be asked whether they wished to change their allegiance. Yet the seizure of Alsace and Lorraine by the mere force of conquest, and without the least attempt to ascertain the inclination of the people, will be none the less an act which will alienate much of the sympathy which has attended Germany through the war. The general conviction is that those provinces, although formerly German, are now essentially French, and would much prefer to remain so. Nor has the marvelous result of the war changed the opinion which we expressed last summer, that the destruction of the fortresses of Eastern France, an ample indemnity, and the submission of the question of cession to the people of Alsace and Lorraine, should be the essential conditions of the settlement between the countries.

NOTES.

PROBABLY every New Yorker who is familiar with the politics of the State read with an amused smile the message of Governor HOFFMAN denouncing bribery at elections. The peril of electoral corruption is indeed evident. Undoubtedly the Governor of the State was elected two years ago by bribery and fraud of many kinds. His Excellency's message irresistibly recalls the familiar story of the temperance lecturer who was always attended by his brother, who was by no means a teetotaler. "I understand," said a friend to him, "that your brother lectures upon temperance; but what, in the name of decency, have you to do with a temperance lecture?" "I?" returned the brother—"why, I am the 'awful example.'"

MR. GEORGE TICKNOR, the historian of Spanish literature, who recently died in Boston at the age of eighty, was one of the most accomplished literary scholars in the country, and his house was for many years the seat of refined hospitality. His life was the uneventful one of a devoted scholar, and the larger part of it was passed in the spacious and delightful library which overlooked the Common. There the reminiscences of a man who had seen most of the famous people of the last sixty years, and who had known many of them intimately, were pleasantly narrated, and were most interesting; and there the host sought to vindicate his claim to a place among them by the preparation of his exhaustive work upon the literature of Spain. Mr. TICKNOR was strongly conservative in his sympathies and opinions. He had little confidence in the spirit of progress and reform which animated the world immediately around him, and with which the other scholars, his immediate neighbors, were so deeply moved. But he was zealous and active in all educational and literary projects, and his practical sagacity made him always a valuable counselor. His life was long and singularly fortunate; and he died peacefully in old age, with no sad previous failure of his powers.

THE terrible war in France naturally makes every body wish that there were to be no more wars. It is a humane emotion and a noble desire, but its expression should have strict regard to actual circumstances. To wish that war were abolished is to wish that men would be governed by reason and the Christian law of forgiveness of injuries. But if we were literally to forgive all injuries, the profession of the law might be in danger. Yet to demand the abolition of that profession as a means of producing a spirit of forgiveness would not be wise. The Massachusetts Peace Society have recently resolved that, in view of the appalling European drama, America and England have no political or moral right to be mute spectators, but "should seize the opportune moment to organize an indignant protest of the world into a supreme law of nations to forever prevent the recurrence of international strife." We sympathize heartily with this wish; but the world which is called upon to protest indignantly is the world that makes war. If people would not enlist, nor submit to a government which drafts them, wars would end. In the present case seven millions of the people of France—an enormous and overwhelming majority—had just declared their support of the government which maintained a military organization as the basis of its system; and when war was declared it received the popular sympathy until reverses developed the intestine feuds which have completed the ruin of France. LOUIS NAPOLEON said that his empire was peace. But declarations are of no importance. The gradual progress of civilization, the enlightenment which shows the better policy of charity and forbearance, will alone put an end to war, as to the quarrels of private selfishness.

THE New York *World* speaks of "a party which supports CARL SCHURZ in the Senate, and has sent FRANK BLAIR to keep him company, and which put GRATZ BROWN at the head of the State." This may be called "making things serene." A party which supports a Republican of the deepest conviction like Senator SCHURZ, and an extreme Democrat like Senator BLAIR, must be the same kind of party that would support in this State Mr. CONKLING and Mr. SEYMOUR. As for Governor GRATZ BROWN, he has defined his position for himself in a speech which the *World* published on the day before it said that the Governor and General BLAIR were supported by the same party. Mr. BROWN said at the St. Louis banquet in honor of Senator BLAIR: "It is perfectly understood that the gentleman whom you have elected to one of the highest offices in the land, to represent Missouri in the United States Senate, and myself, occupy relatively distinct positions. He is a member of the Democratic party, while I am enrolled among the Republican party." Nothing could be more pointed and distinct than Governor BROWN'S declaration of his Republicanism; and it would be interesting to know the name of "a party" which supports Republicans and Democrats at the same time. It is very evident that some "party" is sadly cheated. It is true that Governor BROWN and Senators SCHURZ and BLAIR are all "revenue reformers;" but that no more puts them into the same party than agreement upon the same subject puts Mr. BRYANT and Mr. TILDEN into the same party.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

WHETHER connected in any way with the unusual heat of the past summer, or merely as an accidental coincidence, it is stated that the Gulf Stream has manifested its presence much farther to the northeast in the seas north of Europe than had previously been observed; so much so, indeed, that no solid ice was found at 75° 50' north latitude and 79° east longitude. During the summer Nova Zembla was completely circumnavigated by Captain JOHANNESEN, who, however, from certain observations made by him, found reason to believe that, in the wintertime, there is a communication between Nova Zembla and Spitzbergen either by land or by ice.

Letters have just been received from DR. H. BERENDT, dated at Merida, in Yucatan, early in January. The Doctor, who is well known in American circles both as a naturalist and philologist, has been occupied for a number of years past in exploring the unknown region in the vicinity of Peten, in Guatemala, and has already added much to our knowledge of that country. His principal linguistic work consists of a very complete manuscript dictionary of the Maya language, or that spoken by the inhabitants of Yucatan at the period of the Spanish discovery, and still used by the wild tribes of the peninsula.

Fears were entertained, at one time, for the safety of Dr. BERENDT, in consequence of the hostile attitude of the Yucatan Indians. These have been happily dissipated by the information that he is comfortably established at Merida, where he is prosecuting his researches. He expects to return to the United States in May or June next.

The inhabitants of the northern portion of Berks County, in Pennsylvania, have lately been much exercised at the existence of a small pack of wolves in that neighborhood, by which a number of sheep have been killed. It is many years since such animals have been seen in that part of Pennsylvania, although in the region farther north and west they are said to be not very uncommon.

The Governor of Pennsylvania, in his late message, urges the importance of a new geological and mineralogical survey of the State; and we trust that his advice will be followed by the Legislature, and that the proposed survey will be initiated at an early date. The report of Professor ROGERS, although very valuable in many respects, is yet far from embodying the entire amount of information needed to obtain a just idea of the vast mineral wealth of Pennsylvania; and there is no doubt but that a new examination, conducted in connection with the latest modes of research, and by the competent men who will doubtless be called upon to take charge of the matter, will yield an immense amount of important practical information.

The Springfield *Republican* speaks of the capture in the course of two days in a pond in Granby, Connecticut, not long since, of a large number of pickerel, amounting to six hundred. We believe the restrictions regulating the capture of this fish have been recently removed in several of the New England States, so that they may be taken at any time. This is a prudent measure, since the voracity of pickerel prevents the introduction of other and much more valuable species of fish.

A Buenos Ayres journal congratulates the people of the Argentine Republic upon the discovery of guano in great quantity on certain sea islands belonging to that country, an entire cargo having lately arrived at the city. The discoverer reports that the amount is very large; and dreams of rivalry with Peru in the possession of this valuable commodity are already freely indulged by the Argentines.

Few States of our Union are liberating themselves so rapidly from dependence on other sections of the country and the world as California, new fields of industry being continually opened up and more or less explored. According to a late paper, the three most notable events in this progress during the year 1870 are the shipment of the first bale of home-raised silk; the successful raising of the first crop of cotton, which has led to the planting of large tracts; and the first successful manufacture of beet sugar.

By late advices from the extreme north of the continent, we learn that small-pox and measles have continued to make fearful ravages among the natives. Entire bands of Esquimaux, in the region between the mouths of the Mackenzie and the Coppermine, have been exterminated by measles; and in a settlement of five hundred half-breeds, near Fort Edmonton, on the Saskatchewan, one hundred and eighty have already died of the small-pox, the disease being still in full activity.

At the meeting of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Science, January 3, Professor O. C. MARSH, of Yale College, exhibited a tooth of a new species of *Lophiodon* (a tapir-like animal), from the miocene marl of Cumberland County, New Jersey, which is the first indication of the remains of the tapir family on the Atlantic coast, or of the genus *Lophiodon* in this country east of the Rocky Mountain region. This species, which was named *Lophiodon validus*, was probably a contemporary of the *Rhinoceros matutinus*, described by Professor MARSH, from remains found at the same geological horizon in Monmouth County, New Jersey.

According to late advices at the Navy Department, the steamer *Kansas*, of the Tehuantepec Ship Canal expedition, arrived at Vera Cruz on the 6th of January, from Minatitlan, and reported that at the last accounts the surveying party was on the mountains east of Tarifa, where, if water can be obtained for the supply of the summit, it is thought that a canal can be built at a less cost than elsewhere on the isthmus. It was, however, considered extremely doubtful whether a sufficient amount of water could be found, and that, therefore, the inquiry in regard to a ship canal must be transferred to Nicaragua, in accordance with the purport of the resolution ordering the work.

It may be mentioned in this connection that a very thorough exploration, under Professor SUMICHRAST, of the natural history of the Isthmus of Tehuantepec has lately been brought to a close, after a duration of several years. The work was prosecuted under the direction of the Smithsonian Institution, and very complete collections in all branches of zoology have been sent from time to time to Washington.

However rare whales are becoming in the seas north of America and Eastern Asia, they are said to be extremely abundant at the present time to the east of the North Cape of Europe, ten or more having been found stranded on the shores in a single season. All the beaches in that region are said to be strewn with bones or partially decomposed carcasses, which can be scented at a great distance. The species of whale is not well ascertained; but it is said to attain sometimes the length of 110 feet.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

January 23.—In the Senate, a bill to increase the pensions of disabled soldiers and sailors twenty per cent. for five years was passed.—The House passed a bill to regulate rank in the navy.

January 24.—In the Senate, an adverse report was made on the bill for refunding interest to the States on the expenses incurred in aiding the government to carry on the war.—The House passed the Diplomatic and Consular Appropriation bill.

January 25.—The session of the Senate was mainly occupied with a long personal debate, and nothing of importance was done.—The House passed a bill turning over several military reservations near the forts on the Western frontier to the Secretary of the Interior to be sold.

January 26.—The Senate, by a majority of one, passed a bill to repeal the Income tax.—In the House, a communication was received from Commissioner Pleasonton in relation to the income tax, in which he expressed the belief that the evils more than counterbalanced the benefits derived from its retention, and recommended its unconditional repeal.

January 27.—The Senate passed a joint resolution appointing General Sherman a Regent of the Smithsonian Institute.—In the House, a question of privilege was raised on the Income Tax Repeal bill, from the Senate, that the Constitution required that all measures to raise money should originate in the House. After some debate, the Speaker ruled the question well taken, the objection having been made that the bill only repealed an act to raise money. The previous question was moved, and the resolution was adopted.

January 28.—Senate not in session, and the House met only for general debate.

GENERAL DOMESTIC ITEMS.

Mr. Thomas Garrett, a prominent Abolitionist, and well known as a friend of escaping slaves, died in Wilmington, Delaware, January 25, aged eighty-two. He had been ill for some time.

Representative Butler, of Tennessee, who was accused of forgery, has been acquitted by the Criminal Court in Washington, after the examination of a few witnesses. The Court stated that there was not the slightest foundation for the prosecution.

Mr. George Ticknor, a distinguished scholar of Boston, died January 26, at the age of eighty years.

The boiler of the steamer *W. R. Arthur* exploded near Island No. 40, on the Mississippi River, January 28, and it is reported that sixty lives were lost. The vessel was owned in St. Louis, and was valued at $75,000.

Rain has fallen in California sufficient to remove all apprehension for the safety of the next wheat crop, and sowing is progressing rapidly.

The Anglo-American Committee in London publish a report on the fishery question and other points of difference between the United States and Great Britain. While the conclusions are somewhat unfavorable to the Americans, the Canadian pretensions on the question of headlands are held to be unfounded.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ON Sunday, January 29, the Emperor of Germany telegraphed to Berlin that on the previous night an armistice for three weeks had been signed; that the French regulars and Gardes Mobiles were to be kept within the limits of Paris as prisoners of war; that the Gardes Nationales should undertake to keep order, the German forces occupying all the forts, and Paris remaining invested, but with the privilege of revictualing as soon as arms are surrendered. The National Assembly is to be summoned, and will meet at Bordeaux or Tours. The armistice extends to operations at sea as well as on land. The German forces occupied the forts around Paris at 10 o'clock on Sunday morning. The announcement was read in the churches in Berlin on Sunday, and the rejoicing was intense.

The terms of peace were not discussed between Favre and Bismarck, the capitulation of the city being received as a military act only; but it is understood that Bismarck will insist upon the following: 1st, the cession of Alsace and Lorraine; 2d, the cession of one French colony, name not mentioned; 3d, twenty war ships from the French fleet; 4th, France to pay a war indemnity of four thousand millions of francs.

Heavy guns will be at once moved into the captured forts, and the *enceinte* guns dismounted. The condition of Paris is said to be terrible, all the political clubs being armed, and the mob desperate and excited enough for any thing. Nothing but the most energetic measures on the part of the military authorities can preserve the city from the most frightful excesses. Twelve thousand of the National Guard will remain under arms to preserve order.

On the 22d of January the Germans suffered a small defeat near Dijon at the hands of the Garibaldians.

On the 26th of January the fortress of Longwy, on the Belgian frontier, surrendered to the Germans, after a long and severe siege. By this surrender 4000 prisoners of war and 200 guns fell into the hands of the victors.

The fortress of Belfort and the army commanded by General Bourbaki were not included in the armistice. According to latest accounts, Bourbaki is completely cut off from retreat by the Lyons Railway, and his rear is occupied by the Germans. After his failure to raise the siege of Belfort this unfortunate commander attempted to commit suicide by shooting himself through the head.

Count Bismarck has been appointed Chancellor of the German Empire.

The bill to remove the capital of Italy to Rome has been passed by the Italian Senate, by a vote of 94 to 39. The removal will take place on the 30th of June, and Baron Haussmann is negotiating with reference to a reconstruction of the future capital. The Senate also ratifies the guarantee of the Pope's independence.

Père Hyacinthe, in a letter to *La Liberté*, denies the validity of the Pope's encyclical, and denounces his pretensions generally.

The marriage of the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise is to take place on the 21st of March.

Sir Roderick Murchison has received a letter from Africa giving positive assurance of the safety of Dr. Livingstone.

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TIP-TOP HOUSE, SUMMIT OF MOUNT WASHINGTON, DURING THE RECENT STORM.—[SEE PAGE 131.]

ALONG THE DOCKS OF NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 134.]

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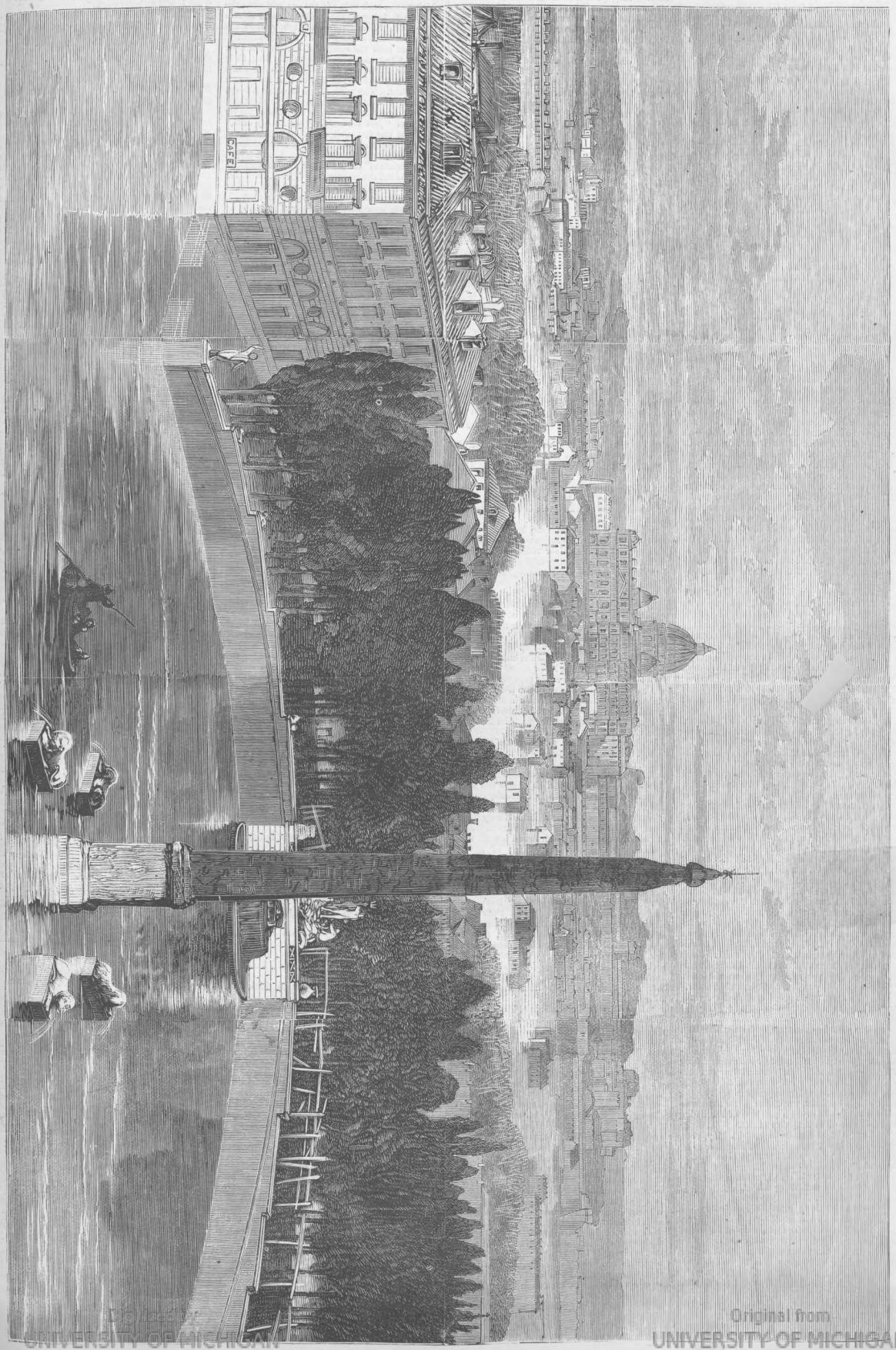

THE RECENT FLOOD IN ROME.—[SEE PAGE 134.]

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MY IDOL.

ALL for the sake of a false, sweet word,
By the light of a smile repaid,
I decked my idol in beautiful guise,
And knelt at the shrine I had made.

The old beliefs, the world's set laws,
I broke them one by one,
And turned to my false god's smile, to praise
The ruin I had done.

Yet half in love, despairing half,
To the altar steps I clung:
Who else but I knew what costly freight
To our frail cable hung?

But the clasping hands grew tired out—
The jar, the chill, the strain,
No love could smooth—no faith could mend—
The last strand snapped in twain:

Free, free, and oh, so lonely!
By the empty shrine I stand,
And pity my own unglamoured sight,
And pity my bleeding hand.

WON—NOT WOOED.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Bred in the Bone," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XI.

THE RESCUE.

THE light-house was like all light-houses on land, which, lacking the romance of those exposed to the rage of the waves, are mere embodiments of science. The path that led to it was so straight and smooth, and the erection itself so out of proportion with the other objects in the landscape, that the whole resembled one of those cheap valentines where perspective is sacrificed to sentiment, with Horn and Mabel, who walked in advance, for the couple in the fore-ground who are going to be married at the white church—all steeple. The small cultivated plot about it was as spick-and-span as a German toy-garden; the tower was so white and shining that it seemed strange it should cast a shadow; and all within was so preposterously clean that you might, as Mrs. Marshall observed, "have eaten your dinner off the floors," if the smell of oil, which was every where, had permitted you to feel an appetite. To be unco clean is almost as bad as to be unco guid; and the immaculate spotlessness of a light-house has something, perhaps, of the nature of prudery about it, which suggests a lack of the very virtue it affects—at all events, it is exceedingly uncomfortable.

The light-keeper, in his slippers, led the way up the winding stair, complaining, as usual, as he went, of all that were in authority over him. "It's but poor pay," said he, "as I gets, considering; and when one goes at the knees, it's precious hard work, I can tell you, gentlemen all."

"What makes you go at the knees?" inquired the Professor, whose motto might well have been *Nihil humanum*. "These stairs?"

"Ay, Sir, these steps; there are a many more of them in the summer months, you see, than at other times."

"That is very remarkable," said the Professor, stopping for breath as much as to investigate this problem. "One has heard of 'getting a step,'" murmured he; "but I did not know steps increased by spontaneous generation."

"Well, Sir, it's the visitors as drag one up and down so; that's what I mean. In winter-time, one never sees a soul."

The "lantern" was almost as hot, in that sultry afternoon, as though the lamps were lit, and, when its coverings were removed, shone almost as brightly in the sun. The party who surveyed it from its little grated gallery were half grilled; Mrs. Marshall privately informed Mrs. Pennant that she was "melting away," and Mrs. Pennant informed Mrs. Marshall that she was "ready to drop;" but still the Professor, "with his glittering eye," held the unhappy light-keeper in talk upon the relative merits of the catoptric and dioptric systems, of which (though they professed an interest in them) the other three gentlemen had not so much as heard. There seemed no end to this engrossing subject, had not Mabel interfered with a gentle reminder that the tide was rising, and Anemone Bay yet remained to be explored. "And remember you did promise me, Mr. Flint."

This hint was at once acted upon, and the party trooped down again, nothing loth to exchange the atmosphere of science for that of nature. They did not, however, all make for the bay. Mrs. Pennant felt unequal to the expedition—"a little overdone"—it was no wonder, said her husband, exposed as she had lately been to that fiery furnace—and would sit about with dearest Frederick on the shore. Mrs. Marshall, on the other hand, always revived by the prospect of any thing new, as by a cordial dram, was eager for the anemones, though she made a pretense of sacrificing herself in order to chaperon Mabel.

"That is quite unnecessary, Miss May, since you have got me," whispered the Professor to his fair charge; "for one old woman is as good as another." The fact was, he felt rapidly falling in love with this young lady, and endeavored to cure his madness by exhibiting his own folly in its most vivid colors.

By virtue of his appointment as scientific marine instructor to the expedition, he had tucked her under his own arm, in defiance of the scowling Horn, and led the way with her across the cliffs. It was more than a mile, as the crow flies, to the spot for which they were bound; but two little bays stretched their long bowed arms, like crabs, on the coast-line, and trebled the distance by that route. Not a living thing was to be seen except gulls and rooks, which pastured peacefully together in the fields, just as Surplice and Black-gown meet in harmony over the well-spread board. In the second bay, however, and under the further arm of it, sat a young fellow under the shadow of a coble, or small fishing-boat, smoking his pipe and reading a book. His red shirt, for he wore neither coat nor waistcoat, gave him a picturesque and striking appearance.

"That is how our fishermen work," observed Mr. Winthrop, rather acidly, for he did not relish being once more the cavalier of Mrs. Marshall: "he is waiting there for the tide to come up to him, which will happen in about four hours."

"He'll have to wait longer than that, for it has scarcely turned," said Horn.

"You are wrong there," remarked the Professor; "it was low-water an hour ago."

"Not a bit of it," returned the other, rudely. "Why, the rocks are bare for half a mile out. But we'll soon settle that question.—Hi! you fellow!"—he raised his voice to an unnecessarily high pitch—"is the tide going out or coming in?"

The young man looked up, showing a very handsome sun-burnt face, with short curling brown hair, and then resumed his book and his pipe.

"Confound his impudence!" exclaimed Horn; "he *must* have heard me. Why don't he answer?"

"Perhaps for the very reason that he did hear you," remarked the Professor. "Even poor folks don't like to be spoken to like dogs; and I fancy that this man is a gentleman."

"What! in a red shirt?" cried Horn, contemptuously. "That's just because you see him with a book in his hand."

"Gad! I think that shows he belongs to the lower classes," laughed Mr. Winthrop, whom the opportunity for being cynical would have tempted to chartism itself.

They had now drawn quite close to the stranger, to whom the Professor repeated, though in very different tones, the inquiry which Horn had already made. The young man jumped up, removing his hat for an instant, in courtesy to Mabel.

"The tide has turned an hour ago," said he, "and is coming in very fast."

"We shall have time to explore the bay, however, shall we not?" inquired Mabel, even more winningly than usual, as though she would have compensated by her tone to this young fellow for the rudeness of which one of her companions had been guilty.

"You have plenty of time, madam; it is a spring-tide, and the sea has gone out a great way." He spoke in musical clear tones, and returned her bow with grace as the party moved away.

"You are quite right, Professor," said Mabel; "he is a gentleman."

"Of course he is. And did you ever see such a handsome young fellow?—how strong and well built too! It makes an old battered hulk like me quite savage to see, setting out on life's voyage, so noble a craft—"

"What! the coble?" ejaculated Horn, who had come up in time to hear only the last few words. "Well, much you must know about a boat, Mr. Flint! Why, two men could take that thing up and carry her any where; while the weight of half a dozen would sink her like a stone. You should see the new yacht I've bought for the lake at Wapshot; and so should you, Miss Mabel; I hope you will some day. I'll—"

"We will go down to the water's edge at once, Miss Denham," interposed the Professor, curtly, and with a pointed stress on his fair companion's name; "the most curious things are always to be found far out. The tide has begun to make its way up the side channels, and you will have to pick your way."

Anemone Bay lay now immediately before them, and afforded a curious spectacle. Acres and acres of sea-garden stretched on all sides, studded with beautiful rockeries of nature's own handiwork, and interspersed with shining streams. As they advanced new beauties every where disclosed themselves. Here were little plots of silver sand, studded with milk-white pebbles or delicate shells of every hue; there, prodigious plants concealed, with their brown hanging leaves, the rocks on which they grew; and here, again, delicate sea-weeds, pink and white, showed through the clear, calm pools, as temptingly as ever did flowers in garden-plot. In rocky ponds, in place of gold-fish, and infinitely more beautiful, the rainbow-colored anemones disclosed their gorgeous hues and exquisite fringes.

"I could stay here all day!" cried Mabel, clapping her hands in girlish glee. "I am sure we shall not have half time enough. You'll persuade Frederick to bring me another time, won't you, Professor? How I do wish he and Ju were here!"

"I dare say they are tolerably happy in each other's company," said the Professor, grimly. He had been explaining every thing in the most scientific and satisfactory manner, and had hoped she was too wrapped up in his *al fresco* lecture to desire any disturbing influences. "Let us make our way for that great rock yonder, where we shall be out of all this wet."

Accordingly, across tracts of green weed, already beginning to sway gently in the oozing wave, and swift little rivulets, and table-lands of softening sand, they reached the foot of the rock in question. In front of it was a deep hollow, where a shallow stream was running, over which, with her companion's help, May lightly jumped; then they clambered together up the rock, and the rest of the party followed them. The elevation which they had thus secured was a sort of rocky plateau of very considerable extent, which shelved seaward, but was still of sufficient height to make them secure even from the spray of the advancing waves. On this seaward shelf the gentlemen dispersed themselves, each looking for something more curious than common, in order that he might present it to Mabel; while the two ladies sat down—the elder because she was fatigued, and the younger to keep her company. The ridge of rocks rose so high behind them that it shut out the view of the land—a circumstance which no one took note of; the sea, and what the sea had left, being for the present the sole objects of interest. The sun shone brightly upon the face of the deep, causing that "countless smile," which has been the delight of human eyes even in ages when the beauty of nature had little charm for them, and the soft, warm air came from its gently heaving bosom like the breath of an infant. The wash of the wave, as it swept up higher and higher, itself wooed to slumber; and Mrs. Marshall had hardly announced her intention of "just taking forty winks, my dear," before she was fast asleep.

The dragon thus disposed of, the attentions of Mabel's admirers redoubled. Mr. Flint brought her "specimens" of all sorts of marine wonders, and explained the peculiarities of each, for which her eyes gave him thanks more precious than any payment professor could receive from pupil. His knowledge enabled him to select them in an ascending scale of beauty. First, the *Actinia mesembryanthemum*, then the *Actinia crassicornis*, and last, the *Actinia dianthus*, most beautiful of its (doubtful) sex, and only to be found in deep water, excepting Anemone Bay. There was therefore no bathos in his little offerings, which, with the other two gentlemen, happened often enough, as Mabel's observations convinced them. She thanked them, but had seen "plenty of these" already, or "much better ones than those;" for, finding herself so exceedingly made much of, she had insensibly adopted a sultana-like air and manner, which drove her slaves to frenzy. Mr. Horn having tendered her rather an ordinary mollusk, she observed, since it was not beautiful, she hoped it was good to eat; whereupon that dull but intrepid youth, taking the observation as a command, immediately opened it and swallowed the contents. Mr. Winthrop brought her one of the most hideous objects that the sea-shore produces, and inquired, cynically, who could doubt that it was not made by chance, in hopes to provoke her smile. Each, in short, did his best to recommend himself, in his own fashion, to Mabel's regard, and all was love and laughter and playful toil, when a circumstance occurred which was destined to turn every heart from mirth to horror.

They had not been twenty minutes on the rock, when, in pursuit of science, in the shape of a gigantic crab that had escaped from one of the upper pools, Mr. Flint chanced to climb over the ridge and cast his eyes to landward; as he did so his jaw fell, and his face blanched as though Death had stricken him, instead of only menacing him, as it really had done. In those few minutes the rock had become an island, separated by a great waste of water from the shore. Nor was this the worst: a stream ran in the deep channel which they had so lately crossed with a rapidity that it was plain only a strong swimmer could have contended with, and against which, even if the sandy bottom had afforded firmer footing, it was certainly impossible to stand.

"It is I that have murdered her!" were the first words that the old man uttered, striking his forehead, with an exceeding bitter cry.

"Hollo!" exclaimed Mr. Winthrop, hearing his exclamation without catching the words. "Found a mermaid, Mr. Flint? Or what is it?"

"Death!" said the Professor, solemnly, seizing him by the arm and pointing to the hurrying stream. "Hush! Not one word to the ladies until it is absolutely necessary. Let us think what can be done."

"Great Heaven! I am but a poor swimmer," exclaimed Mr. Winthrop.

"And if it were otherwise," said the old man, sadly, "you could never support another with you over yonder mill-race." The one man was only thinking of himself; the other was so concerned about a third person that he did not credit his companion with being less so.

"Are there no boats in sight?" inquired Mr. Winthrop, anxiously.

"None, except those distant sails. We must make what signals we can to draw their attention. As to those ashore, they can not be put out, on account of the low water; and if they could, they would arrive too late. The tide is coming in with frightful speed."

"Will this rock be quite covered, think you?" The Professor smiled from habit; ignorance has always to the learned man some touch of humor. "How can you ask? Look there." He pointed to the plateau on which they were standing, which was studded with mussels and limpets. "These are covered by every tide."

"And the lad told us that this was a spring-tide," said Mr. Winthrop, gloomily.

"The lad with the coble!" cried Mr. Flint, a gleam of joy lighting up his mournful face. "That is well thought of. We must call out together, and he may chance to hear us. The wind, thank God, sets in his direction: unfortunately that involves telling the ladies. What a task it will be!" He turned round as he spoke; and, indeed, it was a pitiful sight that presented itself. Horn had brought Mabel some new prize, which her blue eyes were regarding with amused interest. Her hair, loosened by the freshening wind, had escaped from its bands, and was flowing about her in shining strands; her laugh rang through the sunny air: she looked the very impersonation of innocence and joy.

"Call your son," said the Professor, huskily; "I must break it to her alone."

Mr. Winthrop obeyed him; and Horn loitered slowly toward them, here picking up a shell, and there a weed. "What is it?" inquired he, sulkily. "I dare say you have found nothing particular; the best things are all on the other side of— The devil!"

A gesture from Mr. Winthrop drew his attention to the state of affairs, and he comprehended it at a glance. "I think I can swim that," muttered he, glancing at the now swirling current; "but it will be tight work."

"Could you save others besides yourself?" whispered Mr. Flint, pointing significantly toward the ladies.

"I think not; but I will try to save the young one. Here goes;" and he stripped off his coat in an instant, and began to unlace his boots.

"Be quiet, Sir; there is no hurry," said the Professor, sternly. "Put your coat on this stick, and signal with it here as well as you can."

Mr. Winthrop was silent; but he looked wan and pale. Was it the prospect of death that had given him death's color, or the bitter reflection that his son's first thought had been to save the girl, not him? The three men were all serious enough, each after his own fashion. A few yards away Mabel and Mrs. Marshall were laughing together. The latter had been awakened by a rude wave, which, rising higher than its fellows, had cast its spray in her face.

"My dear Professor," cried she, as the old man drew near, "just see what has happened! My best bonnet-strings are quite spoiled. I believe nothing takes out sea-water stains. Even that excellent friend of mine, the chemist at Leamington, has nothing, he says, which he can conscientiously recommend to do that. Surely the tide must be rising."

"Alas! it has risen, madam," was the solemn rejoinder. "Miss Mabel, Mrs. Marshall, I have the saddest news to tell you—we are surrounded by the tide."

The ladies started to their feet.

"Let us get home at once," cried Mrs. Marshall. "I don't much like getting wet, because of my rheumatism. Perhaps you gentlemen might manage to carry me king-coach."

"It is not a question of getting wet," said the Professor, keeping his eyes earnestly fixed on Mabel, who remained silent; "it is a matter of life and death; and I alone am to blame for our condition."

"You are not to blame," said the young girl, resolutely. "Whatever happens, Mr. Flint, do not reproach yourself with that. Can nothing be done?"

By this time they had climbed the ridge, from whence the condition of affairs was plainly to be seen.

"We are in the hands of God," answered Mr. Flint, "and He alone knows what will happen! Our only plan is to cry out together, in hopes to attract attention from the shore."

The little party were now all collected in one spot—the highest point of the rock. The gentlemen waved their hats and coats upon sticks or in their hands; the ladies tied their handkerchiefs to their parasols. Then the Professor gave the time—"One, two, three;" and all cried "Help!" simultaneously, just as though they had been cheering, but with a sound strangely different, that cut the summer air with its sharp sorrow, and seemed to fill the very sky with plaintive woe. By Mr. Flint's advice they paused at intervals, since the cry was rendered thereby more marked, just as a revolving light is more distinctly seen far out at sea than one that is stationary. He explained this quite calmly in his characteristic fashion; and informed Mabel how their hopes were centred in the youth whom they had seen reading in the neighboring bay. "I feel sure he is there still," said he, smiling; "for the book he had with him was 'Les Misérables,' which no man could lay down in a hurry."

May could only smile faintly. Her thoughts were prayers.

"Don't you be afraid, my dear," said good-natured Mrs. Marshall, clasping her waist. "We shall all get to land yet, please God."

"I am not afraid," said Mabel, quietly. "though it seems hard to die.—How long will it be, Mr. Flint, suppose no help should come, before—before the waves wash over the rock?"

"We have at least an hour, my dear girl; perhaps two."

"But does not every minute make matters worse, even for those who can swim?" asked Mabel.—"Mrs. Marshall, we should surely insist upon these gentlemen saving themselves while they may."

"They may do as they like, my dear, of course," was the sharp rejoinder. "In my time it would have been considered bad manners; that's all I know."

"Gentlemen," exclaimed Mabel, excitedly, "I entreat you to leave us, and look to your own safety. It was my wish that brought you all to this place. Do not let my last moments be imbittered by the thought that you have lost your lives, twice over, through my means."

"My dear Miss Denham," answered Mr. Winthrop, taking off his hat with his usual care to hide his baldness, "the time has gone by for saving myself, even if I could have done so consistently with my sense of honor. We are, metaphorically speaking, in the same boat, which" (here he showed his teeth in a ghastly manner) "I wish to Heaven we literally were."

Here all cried "Help!" again, and strained their eyes shoreward.

"Miss Denham," whispered a hoarse voice close beside her, "I have a word to say to you. Keep your eyes fixed on yonder sail while I do so, that we may not be observed. I am a strong swimmer, and could gain the shore in half an hour or less by myself. It is for your sake alone that I do not do so. I mean to try to take you with me."

"I thank you," said Mabel, turning paler than she had hitherto done; "but that is impossible."

"It is not impossible, though it will be very difficult. If I succeed, you will not, I am sure, forget the service; and that will be payment enough for me."

"Mr. Horn Winthrop, you mistake," said Mabel, shrinking from the dusky face which,

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aglow with passion, had approached so nearly to her own.

"When I said impossible, I was not referring to the difficulty of the adventure. I am quite resolved to take my chance with Mrs. Marshall and the rest."

"You must be mad, girl," continued he, in a tone of suppressed rage.

"Mad or not, I am decided upon that point," was May's steady reply. She felt no gratitude for this young man's apparently sublime offer. It was evident to her that there was a future condition annexed to it which she would have died rather than have accepted.

"You will think differently when death draws nearer," answered he, almost with menace; then resumed his place by his father's side.

"What a brave girl you are, Miss Mabel!" observed the Professor, gazing upon the quiet face, which, flushed for a moment by the young man's words, had already resumed its calm: "you set an example to us all."

"I do not fear death," returned she, slowly—"at least not yet;" here her eyes fell on an eddying wave, and she shuddered slightly. "But it makes me sad to think of dear papa. He will be very lonely. As for being brave, I should be ashamed to be otherwise, when I look at you and Mrs. Marshall."

That lady, indeed, was thoroughly vindicating her right to the title of "general;" neither sigh nor tear had escaped her. She had taken on herself the Professor's task of giving the time to their united cry for aid, upon the ground that she had a superior ear for it, and her voice had never failed nor faltered. She had her follies, but a futile shrinking from the Inevitable was certainly not one of them. Moreover, while there was a shadow of a hope, she clung to it, and endeavored by constant talk to prevent stagnation and depression taking possession of the little party, which, in case of there being any need for action, it was most necessary to do; and in this she was well seconded by the Professor. The latter pronounced her to be a "wholesome woman," and expressed his regret that she had had no issue male, since they would have been likely to do the country credit. Even Mr. Horn Winthrop, who disliked her in common with all elderly ladies, acknowledged that she was "a good-plucked one."

"Mrs. Marshall is behaving like a heroine," assented Mr. Flint, smiling, "which is nothing less, however, than we had expected of her. But you, dear Miss Mabel, are young, and have the best years of life before you; while to us old stagers, to whom at most a few miles more of toilsome road are left, marked by the grave-stones of our contemporaries, life is not so precious."

"You answer for yourself, Mr. Flint," was Mrs. Marshall's sharp rejoinder; "for my part, I hope to see a good many miles yet.—Look yonder; there's young Red-shirt. Hollo, boys! hollo!"

Upon the low ridge of land that separated Anemone Bay from its neighbor cove was now seen standing the young fellow of whom, less than two hours ago, they had asked the question about the tide. He was gazing directly toward them, his eyes shaded from the still powerful rays with his hand; and while they once more shouted and signaled, he waved his hat, in token that he understood their strait, and was out of sight like a deer.

"Thank Heaven!" ejaculated Mrs. Marshall, fervently; "he is gone for the coble. We shall see it round the promontory in no time."

Mr. Flint was silent, for he recognized the obstacles that must needs present themselves to their would-be deliverer. The sea withdrew itself even to a greater distance in the neighbor bay than in that in which they were, and it would be impossible for any one man to force even so comparatively small a boat as the coble over the rocks and weeds; while to go to the light-house now for help would be to consign them to death. The sea was rolling in apace, and had already laid its foam at their feet, as though in gage of battle—a battle that could have but one issue. Mabel gathered from the Professor's face that the confidence expressed by Mrs. Marshall, and shared by the rest of the party, was premature; but she forbore to question him as to the cause. He had taken her hand, and was holding it tenderly in his own, as a father might have held his child's, when she suddenly felt his fingers tighten. "Brave boy! brave boy!" cried he.

Following the direction of his eager eyes, she saw a dark object moving slowly over the lowest portion of the tongue of land. "What is that?" cried she.

"It is the boat, which that good lad is pushing before him. He must have the strength of Hercules. That is the very feat which Bruce performed in Scotland, and Garibaldi in South America—the taking one's ships over dry land."

Here a joyful cry burst from the lips of the rest of the little party, who for the first time perceived what was happening: they had been looking for succor from the sea, and not from the land.

"Bravo, Red-shirt!" exclaimed Mrs. Marshall, as the coble came down to the shore with the velocity of a sledge on ice. "For strength and speed, that young gentleman might be a red-*skin*."

"He is a noble fellow, and has done his best," said the Professor, gravely. "May Heaven reward him for it!"

His tone was so very serious that Mr. Winthrop began to rally him. "Come, Mr. Flint," said he, "you will make another visit to Winthrop Cavern yet. We shall all pack into that boat somehow."

"It has first, alas! to reach us," was the sober reply.

As if in illustration of his remark, the course of the coble came at that very moment abruptly to a close. Urged by Red-shirt's strength and skill, it had plowed the turf and the land with comparative ease; but no sooner was it among the rocks and tangle of the shore than it stuck fast, exactly as the Professor had foreseen. Had half a dozen men been behind it, it would have done the same. The water, which was now so deep about their little island, had not yet sent one herald wave to the spot where the boat remained immovable; and long before it could be set afloat it was evident that their fate would be sealed.

"We are lost!" exclaimed Mrs. Marshall, for the first time bursting into tears. Mr. Winthrop stood haggard and silent. The Professor gazed with tender pity upon the unconscious Mabel, whose eyes were raised to heaven. Horn Winthrop kicked off his boots, and drew nearer to her side.

At this supreme moment of despair, when some special interposition of Providence seemed necessary for their deliverance, a strange spectacle suddenly presented itself. Red-shirt had disappeared, but the coble began slowly to advance toward them, bottom upward. Hercules had become Atlas, and was carrying, not the world, indeed, but their only hope of rejoining the world, upon his shoulders. He staggered under the enormous burden, but he staggered *on*. Past rock after rock he came; through the dry weed and the wet, with slow uncertain footing; through the slush of the sand and the sump of the shallow, until he found water enough to float the coble. Then he put it down, took out the little sculls, which he had made fast within it, embarked, and rowed with rapid strokes toward the rock, which was now almost completely covered by the hungry tide. It was a deed which taxed good-will to the very uttermost, and his heated toil-worn face and laboring breath evinced how muscle and lungs had worked to effect it.

"God bless you, Sir!" said the Professor, earnestly, as their deliverer came within hail.

"If I were a pretty girl, I would give you a kiss, young man," exclaimed Mrs. Marshall, energetically. "But as it is, perhaps you had rather not.—Good gracious! are we all to get into that cockle-shell?"

"Let the ladies be put ashore first," suggested Mr. Flint; "then come back for us."

"This current will take us out too far for that," was the reply. "You would be dead men by then."

"You look very much exhausted, Sir," said Mabel, shyly, but with grateful tenderness. "Had you not better depute the oars to one of these other gentlemen?"

Horn, in his shirt-sleeves, stepped forward at once to volunteer his services.

The young fellow took no notice of his offer, but, looking at Mabel with earnest but respectful gaze, replied, "What I have done, madam, I have done with all my heart; I trust you will permit my own hands to complete the service that they have begun." He held out one of them as he spoke to assist her into the coble.

"We all owe our lives to you, Sir," said she, fervently, as she grasped his fingers in her own.

"I don't owe mine, for one," observed Horn, "for I could have swam ashore."

The dogged defiance of the tone of the speaker was even more offensive than his words. He stood, with his folded arms, surveying the embarkation of his companions with a contemptuous smile, while all kept silence, shocked, perhaps, by the callousness of his speech as much as by its ungraciousness.

"You may sink or swim for all I care," observed the young oarsman, coolly, as he prepared to push from the rock, which was now submerged even to its summit. "The coble will do all the better for having one the less."

"Horn!" cried Mr. Winthrop, suddenly, "are you mad or drunk? Get into the boat this moment, Sir; I insist upon it."

"That fellow says there's enough in her already, and I can swim," was the sullen reply.

"Speak to him, Miss Mabel," whispered Mrs. Marshall, earnestly, "or we shall have the blood of this obstinate lad upon our heads."

"We are being delayed, Mr. Horn Winthrop, upon your account," observed Mabel, thus appealed to, "and every moment is precious to us."

Without waiting for his reply, which some instinct seemed to tell him would be an assent, the oarsman, who had actually pushed off, once more brought the coble beside the rock.

"Step in there, and sit quiet!" said he, sternly, indicating a space which was still vacant in the bows of the boat with a motion of his head.

There was a moment of indecision, and then, in silence, but with knitted brow and angry eyes, Horn Winthrop took his place. This increase of freight brought the gunwale of the little craft down to the very water's edge. It was with difficulty that, once in the swirl of the current, it could be kept from whirling round, or being dashed against the unseen rocks; but the strength and skill of man conquered the white malice of the sea, and, after a long struggle, brought the coble and its passengers, not, indeed, to shore, but within such a distance of it that they could disembark and wade thither without danger. When they had done so, and all save one looked round to thank their deliverer, they found he had departed; the boat with its oarsman was already some distance out to sea. They cried out with one accord, and beckoned to him that he should return, but there was no reply of voice or gesture.

Mabel took out her handkerchief and waved it in the air. The coble stopped; its occupant took off his blue cap with the same courtesy that he had used two hours before, and then resumed his way.

"This is not to be endured," said the Professor, excitedly. "Why, we don't even know the name of this young fellow who has saved all our lives."

"But I *do*," said Mrs. Marshall, impressively, "and all about him. At present, however, I need all my breath to get me to the light-house, where I must take off this wet petticoat, or I shall catch my death of cold."

CHAPTER XII.

MRS. MARSHALL TELLS "ALL ABOUT HIM."

As the party approached the light-house they met Mr. and Mrs. Pennant, smiling complacently, and evidently reconciled, and in their bride and bridegroom trim again.

"Why, what has kept you good folks so long?" cried Fred. "We thought you had deserted us altogether. You should not leave a poor fellow with nobody but his wife to keep him company." Here he slyly compressed the plump arm that was linked within his own, as much as to say that for his part he had been more than content, and considered their return as an impertinent interruption.

"We are glad enough to get back at all," said the Professor, gravely. "Through my insane folly in not remembering that a spring-tide comes in quicker than a neap, we had almost all been drowned."

"Good Heavens! you don't say so?"

"Yes, indeed," said Mr. Winthrop, showing his white teeth; "we have only just escaped having the starch taken out of our shirt-collars."

It was evident enough that the dresses of the two ladies had not been so fortunate, for the seawater dripped from them as they moved; and after the interchange of a few words of explanation and sympathy, Mrs. Pennant hurried off with Mabel and Mrs. Marshall to the light-house.

"But how the deuce did it all happen?" inquired Frederick, moved to mirth by the bedraggled appearance of his friends, and unable to picture the past danger.

"You would not have thought it a laughing matter if you had been with us," growled Horn Winthrop. "I didn't like it myself, let me tell you, though I will swim against any man for what he likes."

"Yes," observed the Professor, acidly; "this was the only Newfoundland we had with us, and even he could only have saved himself. We have been cut off by the sea, and only been saved by the extraordinary exertions of a young gentleman, who has gone away without waiting to be thanked. That we have brought Miss Mabel back to her sister, Pennant," added he, in a lower tone, "is, in fact, scarce less than a miracle."

"Then I must find the man that worked it, and thank him with my own lips," said Frederick, earnestly. "If any thing had happened to May, it would have broken Ju's heart, and, indeed, mine also. The dear child must have been terribly frightened."

"She showed herself a brave, good woman, Pennant," said the Professor, huskily; "as, in fact, did Mrs. Marshall also. I believe we all behaved ourselves pretty well," added he, sinking his voice to a whisper, "except that odious animal who swims. I called him a Newfoundland, but he showed his teeth like a walrus, even to our deliverer."

"I knew he was a beast, but I didn't know he was amphibious," was the dry rejoinder. "Hollo! who's your friend in the red shirt?"

The late occupant of the coble here made his appearance on the cliff-top, and the Professor at once started off to join him.

"One moment!" interposed Mr. Winthrop, taking out his card-case and pencil. "Be so good as to give him my card. I am sure we are greatly indebted to him. I daren't wait to tell him so, because I am so wet; but please to offer him our best acknowledgments."

"Not mine," said Horn, gruffly.

"I have placed your name along with mine, Sir," observed Mr. Winthrop, with dignity, "and I shall certainly not erase it. You might feel some gratitude, I should have thought, upon your father's account, if not upon your own." Thus speaking, Mr. Winthrop pushed hastily toward the light-house; while his son, who had been selecting a cigar from his case with studied care during this "jobation," strolled slowly in the same direction.

Mr. Flint and Frederick bent their steps toward the cliff-top, where, in obedience to a signal made by the former, the young stranger stood awaiting them.

"I think Mr. Winthrop of Wapshot," observed the Professor, looking with some disgust at the address-card which had been confided to him, "might have expressed his thanks in person. The idea of his sending his card to a man who has saved his life! I am sure, my dear Pennant, although you have not personally shared our danger, that *you* feel very differently toward this young fellow."

"I hope so, indeed," was the carelessly good-natured rejoinder. "If he's at all presentable I shall most certainly ask him to dinner."

But if Mr. Frederick thus regarded the late romantic incident with characteristic coolness, and the majority of the other gentlemen with philosophic calm, such was by no means the case with the ladies. Mrs. Pennant was never tired of listening and asking questions concerning it; nor Mrs. Marshall of narrating and replying; while May, though unusually silent, took an absorbing interest in all that was said. It was not, however, till they were all three in the little parlor of the light-house that Mrs. Marshall could be induced to divulge her secret respecting the hero of the day. Such a priceless piece of information was not to be lightly spoken on a windy down, where precious words would be wasted, and the attention of her audience likely to be distracted; she kept it for indoors, as the smoker keeps his most delicate and rare tobacco. News and scandal were this excellent lady's stock in trade; she was not so imprudent as to waste or dispose of it at a disadvantage. She waited for her opportunity, as a diner-out for the seasonable introduction of his good story, and then, and then only, let the tortoise-shell Tom out of the bag. Imagine, then (if you can do so with propriety), this admirable lady and the fair Mabel drying their petticoats at the fire which the light-house woman has lit in the parlor for that purpose, and Mrs. Pennant sitting on the pollard sofa, all ear.

"My dears," said Mrs. Marshall, impressively, "I'll tell you all about it. This young gentleman lives, or did live, in Cavendish Square (though where I have met him was at Brobignag Mansion, Brighton), and the name he goes by is Thornton."

"The name he goes by!" echoed Mrs. Pennant. "Why doesn't he go by his own name?"

"I thought you'd say that, my dear," continued Mrs. Marshall, with quiet triumph; "I had made up my mind you would ask that question. But the fact is, Mr. Richard Thornton has got no name of his own to go by. He never had father or mother—that is to say, I mean they were people of no consequence; and when they died and left him a small orphan, they left him nothing else. He might have gone to the work-house if it had not been for Mr. and Mrs. Thornton, very rich West India people—you *must* have heard of 'Pickles Thornton'—who, being childless, adopted him, and brought him up as their own son."

"Why, dear me, this is quite a romance," cried Mrs. Pennant, sitting more upright than ever.

"Well, I don't know as to that, my dear; there was a good deal of commonplace and vulgarity mixed up in the affair, I'm afraid. Pickles is not all benevolence, far from it; and Mrs. Pickles is all whim. So long as the child was too small to have a will of his own, all seems to have gone well enough; but as he grew up, their affection for him waned. On the face of the affair, one would, of course, deplore the ingratitude of the lad toward his benefactors; but there are at least two sides to the story. My own conviction is that Mrs. Thornton always disliked the child—looked upon the poor little innocent as a reproach to her, because she had no family; and that if it had not been for her husband, she would have disposed of 'Dicky,' as coolly as though he had been a mute canary, the purchase of which she had repented of; but, at all events, there came a time when she positively got to hate him. When Richard was about fifteen a curious circumstance took place, which sent the poor boy's market value down to zero. Mrs. Thornton gave birth to a son and heir. Just fancy, my dear" (here Mrs. Marshall turned to Mrs. Pennant with a glance of matronly meaning), "only imagine, after five-and-twenty years! There were lots of wicked stories, of course' (here she winked behind the unconscious Mabel, as much as to say, "I'll tell you them presently, when this innocent young person is out of the way"); "but there was the child, and, as you may imagine, he put Master Richard's nose out of joint pretty completely. Mrs. Thornton behaved disgracefully in the matter, and would have had the poor lad turned out of house and home with scarcely any provision at all; and though Pickles stood by him like a man at first, in the end, and for peace and quietness sake, he gave way so far that Richard was put to earn his own living. I have heard that this poor lad, from having been accustomed to look upon himself as the heir to eight thousand a year, is now articled to a solicitor, and has to live on some very small allowance; but, rich or poor, he is a brave young gentleman, that's certain."

"Yes, indeed," assented Mrs. Pennant; "and I sincerely hope Frederick will find him out, and acknowledge the debt we owe him on your account, May."

At the mention of her name Mabel started, and with a rosy blush begged pardon for her inattention. "I did not hear what you said, Ju; I was thinking—thinking of something else."

"You ungrateful little puss!" cried Mrs. Marshall. "The idea of your paying no attention when we are talking about the man who saved us all from drowning! For my part, if I had been in your place, I should have made a point of falling in love with him, and of thinking of nothing else. But girls are not what they used to be in my time."

The rose-blush deepened upon Mabel's cheek, but she made no reply; and at that moment there was a clamor at the door.

"The carriage is ready, Ju, if the ladies are dried," cried Frederick; "and we are all waiting your good pleasure."

Who are the "all?" thought Mabel, trembling. Was Mr. Richard Thornton among them? Had her brother-in-law brought him in person, and was she about to take his hand and thank him with her own lips for having saved her life? Of course she wished to do so, but not just then. She mistrusted her power to do it fittingly; she dreaded to meet his look, at least in public. There had been a certain reverence in that manly gaze when fixed upon herself, which had already discomposed her. And now that she knew this handsome, brave young fellow had been ill-used by fate—wore the red shirt, on which Mr. Horn had so insolently remarked, as much from poverty, perhaps, as choice—she somehow felt infinitely more embarrassed. It would be necessary to be much kinder in her manner toward him than if he had been some favorite of fortune. She would naturally like him to know that he possessed her pity as well as her gratitude; and yet how was she to express it? How her dainty limbs trembled, how her pure heart beat, as she moved with the others out of doors! What an immense relief it was to her to find only Frederick and the Professor waiting for them beside the carriage; and then, again, with strange inconsistency, what a pang of disappointment she felt that He was not there! The fact was, notwithstanding Mrs. Marshall's remark, and in spite of much cynical opinion to the same effect, girls are very much "what they used to be" in her time, and will probably remain so still for some generations; nay, even as long as love endures, which is warranted, on good authority, to last forever.

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THE DYING SOLDIER'S LAST MESSAGE.—[SEE POEM ON PAGE 130.]

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WILL THE ICE BEAR?—[SEE PAGE 133.]

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THE LAST MESSAGE.

[See Illustration on Page 128.]

THAT cruel day at St. Privat,
When Death mowed down rank after rank,
Our bravest blenched before the fire,
For just a moment by the bank
Of a poor stream that reddening ran,
And halted. "It was warm up there!"
I said; but Henri, laughing, cried,
"*Mais à la guerre, comme à la guerre.*"

And then the bugle screamed again,
And called us to the burning street
Where bayonets glittered through the smoke:
And now and then you heard the beat
Of angry drums as "*en avant.*"
A wounded man, with flying hair,
Cried, "Once more, or the day is lost."
We said, "*Il faut finir la guerre,*"

And closed up grim and silently,
As our old captain, first to lead,
Snatched our brave eagle from the hand
Of one who envied him the deed,
And rushed upon the burning bridge,
Eager to let us have our share—
Thin muster at the next parade—
Mais à la guerre, comme à la guerre.

A shout, and down our bayonets went;
We closed upon them fierce and quick,
But faster through the flame and smoke
We saw the rascals gathering thick;
And down a deluge of fresh men
Drove us from street to street, and there
We left one-half our bravest men—
Mais à la guerre, comme à la guerre.

We'd made a stand, but all in vain,
And I had turned to bind my brow
A shot had grazed, when Henri fell:
I almost seem to see him now,
His hand upon his ghastly wound,
Yet still his smiling face so fair,
As he exclaimed, "Nay, do not grieve—
C'est à la guerre, comme à la guerre.

"Our side will win the trick, you'll see;
Look yonder, how our Chasseurs ride
The Sauerkrauts down. *Vive la belle France!*"
He watched them with a soldier's pride.
"Give this to Madeleine for me,
And tell her how I died, *mon cher:*
I'd hoped to see the game played out—
Mais à la guerre, comme à la guerre."

I felt his hand grow cold in mine,
The bugles sounded "the retire;"
I staid a moment by the dead,
As nearer rolled the gathering fire;
No time for tears; one sorrowing look
I gave, and then I left him there,
And as I joined the rear-guard said—
"*Mais à la guerre, comme à la guerre.*"

THE SIEGE OF PARIS.

IN the Supplement to the current Number of *Harper's Weekly* we present our readers with a comprehensive pictorial view of the city of Paris, with the surrounding fortifications and the Prussian lines of investment. The spectator is supposed to be in a balloon over the Bois de Boulogne, looking directly down the magnificent avenue Champs Elysées toward the palace of the Tuileries. For greater facility of reference, the names of all the squares, public buildings, monuments, etc., have been inserted in the proper places, thus avoiding the inconvenience of a separate list of names.

The German armies appeared before Paris on the 15th of September, and first occupied positions on the northeastern side of the city. This was accomplished without difficulty, as General TROCHU was afraid to trust his raw levies on the field against the veterans of so many signal victories. But if this was prudence, his failure to occupy the range of hills known as the Heights of Sceaux, lying to the south of the city, and commanding the fortifications on that side, was a terrible blunder. When too late, General TROCHU made an attempt to wrest these heights from the possession of the German forces in a battle fought September 19, but was utterly beaten. The attack was badly directed, and though the French troops displayed great gallantry, the day was lost through the inefficiency of their officers.

On the 30th of the same month General TROCHU made a reconnoissance in two strong columns from Chatillon and St. Cloud, for the purpose of developing the German positions on the west and south; but the French were met by overwhelming masses of the enemy, and driven back with severe loss. On the 28th of October another sortie was attempted against the Bourget, on the north of Paris, with equally fruitless results. The next and most formidable of the sorties undertaken in the vain hope of breaking through the strong line of investment was made on the 30th of November by General DUCROT, with a hundred thousand men, against the positions at Brie, Champigny, and Avron, held by the Saxons and Würtembergers, and commanding the German communications. Here, again, hesitation and want of confidence frustrated the plans of French generals. After penetrating the German lines, and capturing several important positions, DUCROT stood for two days on the defensive, until the Germans attacked him in overwhelming force, and compelled him to retire into Paris. This was the last attempt but one made by the defenders to raise the siege.

For many weeks before the actual commencement of the bombardment it was supposed the Germans would be content to reduce Paris by starvation. Few believed that the resources of the city would sustain its immense population longer than two months. But the end of December came, and Paris still held out. German patience was exhausted, and, all preparations being made, fire was opened from the investing lines the day after Christmas. Mont Avron was captured after two days' bombardment, and a powerful battery planted on it, capable of throwing balls within the walls of Paris. Forts Rosny, Noisy, and Romanville were soon after silenced from this work, but the Germans made no attempt to occupy them. On January 5 fire was opened from the batteries south of the city on Forts Issy, Vanves, and Montrouge. The first two were silenced after a brief bombardment, and the third ceased to reply after the 11th. On the 19th another sortie was attempted, with disastrous results; and soon afterward negotiations were opened, which resulted in the capitulation of the city on the 28th.

According to trust-worthy accounts from Paris, the city itself has not materially suffered from the bombardment. None of the public buildings have been seriously injured. The inhabitants have suffered severely from want of food, and many were killed by the German shells. A letter from Paris, dated January 8, says the effect produced by the enormous projectiles used by the besiegers is not in any way commensurate with their formidable size and appearance. The writer says: "The fort of Nogent, which has received in its interior 10,000 shells (within 200 or 300, a marine having been told off specially to count them), has none killed and only two wounded. The number of shells which fell within the approaches to the fort may be estimated at from 20,000 to 25,000. In the interior of Fort Vanves about 6000 shells have struck since Thursday, and outside from 10,000 to 12,000. Still only four were killed and ten wounded in this fort. Our total loss since Thursday, in our different forts and redoubts, does not amount to more than fifteen killed and sixty wounded. Thursday was the most unfortunate day, for we had on that day nine killed and forty wounded. The damage done to the forts is trifling, and easily repaired during the night. In the interior of Paris several women and children are daily struck by the enemy's projectiles."

THE MARSHES.

"So you really are determined not to go with us on the excursion this afternoon?"

"I really am determined, as I have already remarked;" and the young lady certainly looked very determined indeed, as she stood firmly planted on her two little feet by the window, and drummed emphatically on the pane.

John Rutledge stood just behind her, and looked at her in a half-sad, half-amused condition of mind; looked at her, too, so earnestly that she presently flushed up to the tips of her ears, and turned upon him like a tormented kitten.

"I wish you would not stand staring at me so, Mr. Rutledge; it's very unpleasant."

The young man flushed in his turn, for her tone was unmistakably in earnest, and he said, "I will not look at you, Miss Gordon, since it annoys you—although I had no intention of *staring*, as you term it; besides, I know very well why you will not go with us."

"Do you? Well, I'm sure I don't care. I don't go because I don't choose to go; I suppose I can do as I like."

"I perceive the real reason for your not going coming up the steps," rejoined Rutledge; "so I will not trouble you longer. Good-morning, Miss Gordon." And stepping to the door, he took his hat and passed out, just as a servant admitted a tall, stylish gentleman, at whom he certainly stared with any thing but a friendly glance.

Lillie Gordon had started forward at his last remark, but, seeing from the window its occasion, she held her tongue, and awaited the entrance of the visitor in a very disturbed frame of mind.

The gentleman entered the parlor unannounced, as though he were familiar with the premises, and accosted Lillie warmly before taking a seat by her side.

She was so evidently perturbed by something that he remarked upon it; but obtaining no satisfaction, he presently said, "I have to leave town this afternoon on unexpected business, and shall remain away a couple of days; so we will have to postpone our ride."

"Oh, well," replied the young lady, "it is of no consequence; I can go on the excursion which I intended to give up for the ride. I dare say I shall enjoy myself quite as well."

This reply was certainly not calculated to gratify the young man, and its effect was quite perceptible. He shifted his position uneasily. "I am really very sorry, Lillie, but I must go to Boston by the three-o'clock train. Is that—Rutledge fellow going on the excursion?"

"Really, George, I don't keep any account of the movements of 'that Rutledge fellow,' as you elegantly term him; and I can not see what his going or not going can have to do with you—or me."

"Well, excuse me. I am always so annoyed when I meet him here that I can hardly restrain myself. Let us drop him. Now about that ride: this is Wednesday, and I shall be back by Friday. Suppose we take it then?"

Lillie laughed—a pretty, coquettish laugh enough—and rising, said, "Wait till Friday comes! I never could make up my mind half so far ahead; and, besides, your important business might detain you in Boston, you know. I would not like you to break two engagements with me the same week."

"You are too hard with me, Lillie; but I see you are not in a pleasant mood this morning, so I must submit."

No woman likes to be told she is not in a pleasant mood, and Lillie showed her entire disapproval of the remark by rising, making a very sweeping and certainly graceful bow, and saying, "Good-morning, Mr. Hartley. A pleasant journey to you, and a pleasant mood to me when you return." And then she disappeared through the door, and ran singing up stairs.

Mr. Hartley sat for a moment looking decidedly aggrieved; and then, with a mutter of something which he never learned in the catechism, possessed himself of his hat and cane, and departed.

Lillie Gordon had not been spoiled, but she had been permitted by her parents to remain just sufficiently under the control of her animal spirits and her little willful ways to keep her out of the influence of any other control whatsoever.

She was now eighteen; and having followed her own guidance in the matter of her love-affairs as she always had in most others, she had engaged herself to Mr. George Hartley, and informed her father of the fact, to that worthy gentleman's great dissatisfaction. Not that there was any thing against the person in question, who was well known in society, and who was currently reputed to be possessed of independent means, arising from a large inheritance well invested. But Mr. Gordon was a business man, a merchant in high standing, and he did not relish the idea of giving his only daughter to an idler—one who, confessedly, was engaged in no pursuit whatsoever, other than the lavish expenditure of his large income. Mrs. Gordon was a nonentity, except in the fashionable world; and after dropping a few tears over her daughter's willingness to leave the family roof, she subsided into a gentle commiseration of herself as a much aggrieved personage, and relieved her mind by loudly boasting the many virtues of appearance and purse of her daughter's choice.

John Rutledge occupied the rather disagreeable position of a lover who had never dared to acknowledge himself, yet could not tear himself away from the object of his regards, though he was forced to consider her as the property of another. As he had never spoken, Lillie tolerated him—especially as the rising young artist, whose name was on every body's tongue in society, was not by any means a disagreeable companion at art-receptions and in the studios. The engagement was, after all, a matter of very late date; and as Mr. Hartley was obliged to be away from town a portion of every week on important business connected with his investments in New England, and as John Rutledge was an old acquaintance, and "every body's friend," there had been as yet none of the scandal customary in such cases on account of his frequent visits to the house, or his appearance with Miss Lillie in public.

At precisely three o'clock in the afternoon of the day whose events we are chronicling the Boston express train left the dépôt and proceeded duly on its journey; but if any friend of Mr. George Hartley had been seeking him among its passengers, he would have sought in vain, for we have it on the best of evidence that he failed to put in an appearance at that time and place.

At the same hour the bright and dashing little yacht *Fairy* set sail from one of the uptown piers on the North River, and, with a fair wind, glided beautifully out toward the bay.

On the quarter-deck of the yacht were grouped in picturesque and mutually agreeable attitudes about twenty young ladies and gentlemen, while in the bows a charming band made the air melodious; and amidships a heterogeneous gathering of baskets of wine, hampers of provisions, and boxes of cigars promised even more than "a feast of reason and a flow of soul;" and seated on an afghan, and leaning over the side of the yacht in friendliest communion, were Mr. John Rutledge and that wickedest of young coquettes—Miss Lillie Gordon.

It is not the design of the present writer to condone Miss Lillie's fault in thus comforting herself during the absence of her lover from her side; but we may privately state that that young lady had been seriously displeased at the coolness of Mr. Hartley's manner in the matter of breaking engagements on several occasions, and had chosen this method designedly with the hope of bringing him to book, and indicating to him a path for his future pursuit more congenial to her own feelings. Add to this the fact, known to this writer, that Mr. John Rutledge had, by his good conduct, taken a position in Miss Lillie's esteem of no trifling importance, although she herself was hardly aware of it, and there are but few of our young lady readers who will not be able to find excuse for her—particularly when they have read the remainder of this story.

The day was full of the beauty of early autumn. The clear blue sky framed in the fleecy cloud-pictures; the soft and tender sunlight gleamed silvery and bright upon the pure white sails; the great city, with its hundred steeples, faded away in the distance; Staten Island and its pleasant homesteads delighted the eye; and so down through the "Kills" the *Fairy* floated swiftly and gracefully toward the spot which was to be the scene of their afternoon merry-making.

A couple of hours' sail brought the yacht in front of a dense grove of old forest trees; and there, hauling in to the bank, the anchor was thrown over, the sails came clattering down on the deck, and the party disembarked, full of glee, and making the ancient grove resound with laughter and with song. Seated under the brave trees, while the fresh western wind trembled musically among the branches, and the many-hued leaves came fluttering down into their laps, they discussed wine and viands, drank toasts and sang songs, and were as merry and happy as could be reasonably expected. John Rutledge gave himself up with dear delight to the generous pleasure of the passing moments; and if at times the black vision of their fleetingness came to disturb him, he put it aside, and dwelt only on the blissful present, considering not that this must doubtless be the last occasion when he could thus tranquilly enjoy to its fullness the charm that the graceful girl so subtly threw about him.

A loud whistle, apparently proceeding from a locomotive, at length startled the air, and caused one of the young ladies to ask what it was. The answer was simple enough—that it was the engine on a railroad only a mile back of the grove.

"And does that road go to the city?" asked the inquisitive young lady aforesaid.

"It goes to Jersey City," was the reply.

And conversation and song and laughter went on, none dreaming of how much importance to two of the party were those simple questions and answers.

After a while the party separated into couples, as is the custom for such occasions made and provided; and John and Lillie, like the rest, strolled away by themselves.

Now whether it was Lillie's remarkably good spirits, or the juice of the grape that completely destroyed Mr. Rutledge's self-possession, it is difficult to say; but certain it is that that young man took advantage of the occasion, and the comparative seclusion afforded them in their stroll, to make, in the most unmistakable and unwarrantable manner, a declaration of love to his fair companion; and as if his passion, which had been so long bottled up, rejoiced at its escape from bondage, he poured forth the wildest rhapsodies on his love for her, completely ignoring the existence and prior claims of the absent one—a course of conduct which could not fail to impress unfavorably the well-regulated mind of the one to whom his words were addressed.

At first, unable to stem the torrent of his passionate language, Lillie stood silent and amazed, or apparently so; but at length, when he paused to take breath, and for a moment gave her an opportunity, she did not hesitate in her reception of this unexpected onslaught. Stamping her pretty foot upon the dead leaves beneath her, she said, passionately:

"Mr. Rutledge, I am ashamed of you. To take advantage of my kindness to you, when you know that I am engaged to another! I would not have believed it of you. Now, Sir, you can go back to the party, and say I am going home by the train. I'll not speak to you again—never."

And so saying, she turned from his side, and hurried off in the direction whence she had heard the sound of the whistle. Rutledge ran after her a few steps, called to her, begging her to forgive him, and then, as she continued rapidly on her course, returned to the yacht, intending to tell their friends that Miss Gordon had concluded to return by the train, and that he should accompany her. And with that design we will leave him for the present.

Lillie hurried on precipitately, little heeding the nature of the course she was following, or the many obstacles of root, rock, and dead limb that obstructed her way, so fully was her mind absorbed with the occurrence of the preceding moments.

While her face burned, and a variety of sensations, occasioned by the mad advances of poor John Rutledge, troubled her mind, she thought little of her surroundings, and was only recalled to herself—to lose herself more completely at the same time—by suddenly tripping over a tangled root, and being plunged headforemost into a gully worn by some little brook, now dried up and sunk into the earth.

The hole, or pit, was not deep, but Lillie had lost consciousness; and when John Rutledge passed within a few yards of the spot ten minutes later, on his way to the cars, he little imagined that the one he sought lay bruised and senseless within reach of the sound of his footsteps.

Hurrying over to the railroad station, he discovered that a train had just left, while another would not go out until late in the evening. He pushed his inquiries, involving a description of Miss Lillie, in every direction; but it was not for some time that he finally learned that no young lady had taken passage on the train on that occasion.

When he had satisfied himself of this fact, beyond a question, he became really troubled as to Lillie's whereabouts. It was just possible that she might have stopped at some farm-house, and accordingly he spent considerable more time searching and inquiring among these, but with no result—she had not been seen. Then he became really alarmed, for the land about was marshy, and extended to a great distance in all directions, and he feared she might have lost herself. How his search resulted will be told in the sequel.

The yacht sailed without them, every one commenting on the extraordinary freak of Miss Lillie Gordon, and wondering what Mr. George Hartley would think of the matter when he should hear of it, which they were sure he would, though one and all of them asserted they would be the last ever to communicate such a disgraceful and improper proceeding—"for the sake of her poor mother, you know."

And so the yacht sped on its homeward way; the sun sank slowly down; the blue sky turned gray, and then black, and became studded with stars, as is its wont; the moon rose up in richest fullness; and this last, shining fairly in the face of the silent figure lying out there alone in the Jersey marshes, at length, with its own peculiar influence, brought her again to life.

Slowly she raised herself to her feet, numbed and aching, and, passing her hand through her hair, asked herself the old question—where she was. After a little her scattered senses came to her, and she remembered.

But she had now no idea of the direction of the railroad; her limbs were bruised and torn, and her impulse was very strong to sit down again and cry. But she was a plucky girl, and concluded to make an effort to gain the dépôt, which she supposed to be not far away; and, accordingly, set forward on her lonely journey, picking her steps carefully by the moonlight.

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Thus she had walked some distance—how far she had no idea—when she saw, a long way off, a dim and flickering light, and toward this she hastened with what speed her tired limbs would permit.

It seemed a very long way indeed; but at length she drew nearer to the light—near enough to see that it proceeded from a small house, and situated very near the water, on which she could see the moonbeams glistening, as it seemed to her, cold and mockingly.

Presently she heard sounds as of hammering, apparently issuing from the house; and at length she reached it, and could look into the window whence proceeded the light—a small oil-lamp on a table in a room otherwise devoid of furniture, and unoccupied by any living thing.

Still she heard the same regular hammering; and now a strange dread came over her. Unformed and mysterious imaginings disturbed her mind, and she was on the point of fleeing from the place, when a door in the room opened, and a man entered from another part of the house. His back was toward her, but she felt a thrill, for the figure seemed familiar; he carried something heavy with the assistance of another who followed him. It was a small chest, which they placed upon the floor; then they opened a trap-door, and then—Lillie screamed, shrieked at the highest pitch of her voice, for the one who had first entered the room had turned his face toward her, and she saw that it was George Hartley.

The scream was hardly uttered when a coarse, heavy hand was placed over her mouth, and she felt herself rudely grasped by strong arms, while a harsh voice muttered, "If you speak or move again, I'll cut your heart out." Then the speaker sounded a whistle which he held in his hand, and which was evidently a signal, for the two men inside the house pushed the box hastily down the trap, which they closed.

But now a loud shout was heard near by; several lights appeared, and in a moment more Lillie's captor was dashed to the ground by a strong arm, and she found herself held tight in—well, yes—the embrace of—John Rutledge.

Men rushed rapidly—half a dozen at least—into the house; there was crashing of glass, oaths, screams, and a general mêlée; and of all of it Lillie could make nothing, except that she had been saved from some dire disaster—and by John Rutledge, the man who had so grossly insulted her by his impertinent allusions to her lover, who—could it be possible?—she now saw dragged from the house, struggling and cursing, handcuffed, clothes torn, and in a generally dilapidated condition.

Five minutes after she was seated in a wagon, with John's arm supporting her, as they jolted over the rough road, and then she could stand it no longer.

"Oh, John! what does it all mean?"

She had never called him John before; but suppressing an exclamation of delight, and the wild impulse to turn a somersault over the horse's head, he said, quietly:

"It means, Lillie, that Mr. George Hartley is the leader of a gang of counterfeiters; that you happened somehow—God knows how—to straggle upon his den; that the man on watch outside saw and seized you; that you screamed; that I, who was looking for you, and the officers, who were looking for him, came up in the nick of time to save you from—what I dare not think of."

And here poor John broke down; and it is on record that this outrageous little flirt of a Lillie Gordon said, thereupon, "Don't cry, John," and that she even put up her handkerchief to see that he obeyed her orders then and there.

Great joy was there in the house of Gordon that night, when, at about midnight, Mr. Rutledge made his appearance with the lost one.

Great surprise was there in society next day when Mr. George Hartley was duly arraigned in the proper court for counterfeiting—not greenbacks, good people, but the sterling old gold and silver of this republic, in use in those happy days when we were children.

Great fluttering was there not many weeks after, when Mr. and Mrs. John Rutledge (the latter *née* Lillie Gordon) made their first appearance in society; what time Mr. George Hartley was diligently pursuing the mysteries of stone-breaking at his new villa on the Hudson.

And those three persons will never forget, so long as they live, the eventful night they spent on "the marshes."

COUNT VON MOLTKE.

On our first page will be found the portrait of the man to whom the Germans are chiefly indebted for the conquest of France, and who, for his great services, has received the title of Count from the Emperor of Germany.

Von Moltke was born in Mecklenburg-Schwerin October 26, 1800. His military career commenced in Denmark; but, finding this field too limited, he soon offered his services to Prussia, and in 1822 received the commission of a Second Lieutenant. In the Prussian service his advancement was rapid. It was not long before he was appointed to the general staff of the army; and in 1858 was made chief of staff, a position which he still holds, and which makes him virtually the commander-in-chief of the military forces of Prussia. In this capacity he planned the successful campaign against Denmark; but his genius as a strategist was first fully displayed in the war of 1866 with Austria, when the military power of that empire was humbled in the dust.

Still more wonderful, however, is the grand campaign which has destroyed the military prestige of France, and brought her to the very feet of Germany.—From the moment that the hesitating imbecility of Napoleon gave the great German commander the opportunity to concentrate his forces and perfect his plans, the immense armies under his direction have marched on from victory to victory without a single reverse of importance, until 300,000 prisoners of war in Germany, and a dozen great fortresses captured and held by German soldiers, attest the supremacy of his genius, and the completeness of his victory.

A man of firm and steadfast character, without the stubbornness which often characterizes narrow-minded men, Von Moltke never hesitates when once engaged. The motto chosen for him by the Emperor, on creating him a Count, shows a true appreciation of his character, *Erst wägen, dann wagen*—"First weigh, then venture"—a quality of mind which, in these days of scientific warfare, goes further in the long-run than the most brilliant dash and personal courage ever displayed upon the field of battle.

TIP-TOP HOUSE IN A STORM.

The snug eyrie on the summit of Mount Washington, where Professor Huntington, with one or two associates, is spending the winter for the purpose of making scientific observations, was rudely shaken by the storm which recently swept over the country. Would any reader who glances at our sketch on page 124 like to change places with them for all the curious facts they may discover, or all the fame they may acquire? The deep snows that obstruct the road to the summit, and render it impassable for months, shut them off as effectually from the rest of the world as if they were floating on an iceberg in that famous polar main which you must first see to believe in—only that they have the telegraph with which to communicate with their fellow-men. The accounts which they send us of the state of the atmosphere are not exactly what old ladies call "inviting." The velocity of the wind is tremendous, and ice and snow are hurled against the sides of the house with a violence that, say the occupants, "is likely to keep us wide awake as long as it continues." It is a singular fact, however, that the thermometer indicates a less intense degree of cold on the very summit of the mountain than prevailed during the storm at Lowell and other places no further north. The principal discomfort arises from the violence of the wind.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Snow in New York brings ever so much discomfort. Nobody is prepared for it. Locomotion is fearfully impeded, and not unfrequently quite suspended in some quarters, when the great snow-drifts fill streets and sidewalks. There is no room for snow in the great metropolis; the citizens are too much crowded at the best, and regard the gently falling flakes as intruding on their rights. It is not so strange that this is the general feeling, for not one in a thousand can enjoy the exceedingly brief period of sleighing which may follow a snow-storm, and every individual experiences that almost intolerable nuisance which is the inevitable result of every fall of snow—*mud*. That nuisance is the bane of New York winters; clean snow, be it ever so deep, is luxury compared to it. Alas for all those who are forced to wade our streets in the height of the mud season! But snow is a good thing (although there may be too much even of a good thing) where the weather is cold enough—in Maine, for example—and where people expect it, and prepare for it. Two or three feet of snow does not disturb the equilibrium of New Englanders in a country town. They get out their oxen and snow-plows, and break out a good road; they have sleds and sleighs, snow-shoes and arctic boots; and even if they are blocked up in the house a few days, they don't fret about it much, for the larder is well supplied, and plenty of occupation within-doors. And there the beautiful snow, pure and white, wraps up the earth, and keeps it warm. Strange as it is, this coldest of substances is, by its structural composition, a heat-sustaining medium. Soft and porous, it acts like wool in confining the natural heat of the earth. Thus the ground is fertilized, and crops benefited. "A year of snow, a year of plenty," is an old proverb. And this reminds us of another proverb on the subject, which we believe is of Italian origin, "Snow for a week is a mother to the earth;" with the significant addition, "After a week it becomes a step-mother." We think the most and best that can be said of New York snow is that it is only a "step-mother"—and a very disagreeable one.

There has been a discussion in England as to the value of acorns as food for cattle. Some persons say they are poisonous, while others estimate the acorn crop in that country last year as worth more than a million sterling. The fact seems to be that acorns, dry and ripe, are very valuable food for swine and sheep, if taken in moderation.

It may be a sad fact for some of the present inhabitants of this globe to reflect upon, that a certain learned professor has discovered that our earth can not support human life more than twenty-six millions of years longer!

Dickens was of the opinion that it furnishes a complete answer to those who contend for the gradual degeneration of the human species, that every baby born into the world is a finer one than the last.

Halifax gentlemen do not seem to be "up to the times." One was solicited, not long ago, to buy something at a fair, and he gallantly replied to the lady who made the request that what he wanted to buy he feared was not for sale—a lock of her hair. To his surprise and delight she promptly cut off the coveted curl, and received the price offered—ten dollars. The happy purchaser was exhibiting his trophy to one of his friends, who very suddenly blasted his joy by saying, "She rather outflanked you, for, to my certain knowledge, she only paid three dollars for the whole wig."

From the Twenty-third Annual Report of the Massachusetts School for Idiotic and Feeble-minded Youth we learn that the number of inmates in this institution last year was eighty-seven. Experiment proves that this unfortunate class of children are capable of a good degree of education and culture, though the methods pursued with them are peculiar, and there is great advantage in placing them under the charge of those who devote their time and thoughts to the responsible business. In the State School above referred to all pupils, whether State beneficiaries or private, are treated alike. They are well and comfortably clad, housed, and lodged. They have abundance of nourishing food, and are kept scrupulously clean. They are taught daily in school and in the work-shop. They are subject to gentle and kind discipline, and never made to suffer any corporal pain for any offense whatever—it being well understood that an attendant will be instantly dismissed who even pulls an ear, or inflicts any painful discipline. The girls are exercised daily in such house-work or handiwork as they can manage. The boys work daily in the shop, and some of them do very well at simple trades, like broom-making.

It may be a slander upon the Legislature of Pennsylvania—for which, however, we are not responsible—that the following speech is currently attributed to a member of that august body: "I know wimun, Mr. Speaker; I say it in no disrespect; I know 'em; I have had a heap to do with 'em. They're a useful class, and—and yet with the best of 'em you may have trouble."

Among the Mohammedans no lengthy legal process is necessary to divorce a wife from her husband. The "liege lord" simply says to his wife three times, "You are divorced!" and the thing is done. The wife, however, has no such power over her husband.

A Boston fanatic has issued a circular, signed with his own name, in which he earnestly solicits *ten cents* from a million people. He does not ask it for charity, but simply states that one million ten-cent pieces make one hundred thousand dollars, and begs that no one will turn aside from the request, but send the ten cents, and be one of many to make one person rich!

Fanny Fern does not seem to think much of the safety of New York as a residence as compared with Boston. At the "Hub," she says, ladies can go to public places in the evening, alone or in couples, if their husbands and brothers do not want to go, or are away from home. "But in New York, where people go out from their own doors and are sometimes never heard of afterward, and, for the matter of that, go into their own doors and are never seen alive afterward, it is a risky undertaking."

Cincinnati has a Big Tree Exhibition. The Sequoia is the scientific name of a gigantic kind of tree growing only in a few isolated groves in California. A complete section of one of these trees, fourteen feet high and seventy-six feet in circumference, has been brought from California, and is now on exhibition at Wiswell's Art Gallery in Cincinnati.

This is the season for colds. The evaporation of a large body of snow, the sudden changes in temperature, muddy streets, and general imprudences give many a sore throat, dry cough, and stuffed head. The *Herald of Health* advises the following remedies: "Upon the first indication that you have taken cold, stop eating until the cold is cured; drink freely of cold water; induce a free perspiration over the entire body, either by exercise, the Turkish, vapor, lamp, or hot-water bath, or wet-sheet pack, followed by a tepid spray or sponging; go to bed, cover up warm, and breathe all the pure air you can. Nine cases out of ten will yield to this treatment in less than twelve hours, and the tenth one will hardly continue twenty-four hours."

Many statements have been made indicative of the destructive and dangerous nature of nitro-glycerine. Facts, which are fresh in the memory of all, show that serious accidents have resulted from its use, although in many instances carelessness has been the immediate cause. Professor Mowbray, the inventor of the explosive used at the Hoosac Tunnel, thinks that some prevalent errors regarding this substance should be corrected. He gives a list of the fatal accidents which have occurred at or about the Hoosac Tunnel from nitro-glycerine during the past three years, five in number. He also says that "facts show that there is no work employing so many men in any part of the world where so few casualties have occurred from the explosives used as in the Hoosac Tunnel. The miners are, perhaps, as good judges of this matter as any person, and they seem to prefer nitro-glycerine. They have even refused at the central shaft to substitute powder."

A ludicrous incident lately occurred on a Mississippi steamer, which we relate as a warning to those who attempt to change the personal adornments which Nature has given them. A man who was journeying to Texas with his wife thought he would enjoy the luxury of a shaving and shampooing. While this was going on he concluded to surprise his wife, and at his request hair, eyebrows, and whiskers were changed from a fiery red to raven blackness. He hastened to his stateroom, but was met at the door by his spouse, outraged by the intrusion of a stranger as she supposed, and admittance refused. He called himself her husband; she said he was an impostor. He attempted to explain; she was useless. A crowd gathered around, and the laugh became general. At last, in his perplexity, the hoosier exclaimed, "Sallie, look at my feet!"

One glance at the pedal appendages assured her. "Yes, John," she said, "I know them feet. They can come in, but keep that head out of sight."

Victor Hugo is writing an epic on the present siege of Paris, which he calls the "Great City of the Free."

On the Kennebec River, in Maine, there are now twenty-three ice companies within twenty-five miles. The ice on the river is of splendid quality, and there is every prospect that all the houses will soon be filled. Elsewhere, also, in our own vicinity, the ice companies are very busily engaged, and if we have not an abundance of ice next summer the blame must rest on some other personage than the Frost King.

There is a wonderful spring in Texas, about sixty miles north of Galena, the water of which is quite acid, resembling lemonade, and those who have tasted it like it so much that they are in danger of indulging in it immoderately. The spring has no apparent outlet or inlet. It is said to be sixty feet wide, and it is covered with a white froth or foam, which, upon close examination, appears like cream of tartar on a wine-cask. It kills insects, worms, and other small animals that come near and use it. No fish or other evidence of life is seen within its waters.

A man who should have the palm for possessing extraordinary managing abilities hails from a thinly populated township in Iowa. Living remote from a school-house, and having children to educate, he contrived to get a certain territory, of which he was the only inhabitant, set off as a new district. He then elected himself sub-director, and secured an appropriation to build a school-house. He built a dwelling-house for himself with the money, finishing off a school-room in the upper story. He then used the contingent fund to buy himself a cooking-stove, placing it in the lower room, and warming the school-room by taking the pipe through it to the chimney. He then installed his wife as teacher of her own children (and no others), fixing the salary to please himself. Such a man as this ought not to be hidden away in an unpopulated wilderness of the West.

A Boston journal suggests that tablets be placed on kitchen walls, commemorative of departed cooks, for the benefit of their successors. For example:

Suddenly,
in a
fit of temper,
at 11 o'clock A.M.,
on Tuesday, April 9, 1870,
BRIDGET O'FLAHERTY,
a good cook,
but
peppery in the extreme!

Or thus:

Departed this kitchen, without any warning,
Early St. Patrick's Day in the morning,
A whole household to mourn her, one Margaret M'Shane,
Who e'en to get breakfast refused to remain.
The cause of this exit untimely you seek?
She could only go out seven nights in the week.

All our preconceived ideas in regard to historical characters are, one by one, being swept away by the new developments of the present age. That much maligned woman, Xantippe, is now crowned with honor. It is now asserted that she was beautiful, thrifty, and a good housewife; that she first won the regard of Socrates by her wonderful conversational powers, and the skill with which she refuted some of his arguments; that in spite of the ugliness of Socrates, and his poverty and obscure origin, she married him, discerning the beauty of his mind and soul; that her relatives disapproved the match, and she herself soon found her husband lacking in very essential qualities for comfort in common life. Socrates is found to have given himself little concern about the support of his family; he had no legitimate calling; he was a lounger in public places; he had a habit of inviting persons to dine with him when there was nothing with which to entertain them. Moreover, he was repulsive in appearance, slovenly in dress, and very unsocial at home. What wonder, then, if she lost her temper while attempting to keep the house and rear the children of such a man? The trials of poor Xantippe are only just beginning to be revealed!

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A comic story is told of Dean Stanley's parrot, which was a great pet of the whole family. One day Polly managed to open her cage and get away, to the consternation of the whole household. After a great search some one found Polly in the garden on the top of an apple-tree. The welcome news was communicated to the dean, who, with the whole of the inmates, rushed out at once, accompanied by Dr. Vaughan, who, with some friends, was then on a visit to the dean. Polly was found swinging herself in a topmost branch, but when she discovered the large audience below her, she looked gravely down at them, and said, "Let us pray."

Slip-knots—Divorces.

Recognition on Earth.—The following is suggestive of an evil which exists in certain city churches: A Boston minister says he once preached on "The Recognition of Friends in the Future," and was told after service by a hearer that it would be more to the point to preach about the recognition of friends here, as he had been in the church twenty years, and didn't know any of its members.

Not long since an Irish employé at the Walker House, Portland, adopted the following ingenious method to atone for a mistake. It seems he had been in the habit of calling up a boarder at precisely half past five o'clock in the morning; but one morning he called him at five o'clock. So when the boarder came down Pat called out to him: "Indade, Sir, and faith I called you a little arely this morning. It is only five o'clock." "Ah!" said the boarder; "why did you call me so early?" "Why, and because, and be jabers, I missed my man, and called him half an hour too late; so, to make it up, I called you half an hour too arely!"

How was Jonah punished?—Whaled.

A young ensign of a regiment, residing in a room which was very small, was visited by one of his fashionable friends, who, on taking leave, said, "Well, Charles, how much longer do you mean to stop in this nut-shell?" To whom he replied, "Until I become a kernel."

A Pitched Battle—A fight between two tars.

There is a little railroad at Bayou Sara, Louisiana, that runs to Woodville on a very uncertain schedule. A stranger came in the other day and inquired how often that steam-car made trips to the country. "Tri-weekly," was the reply. "What do you mean by tri-weekly?" "It goes up one week, and tries to come down the next."

"Please, Mr. Smith, papa wants to know if you won't lend him the model of your hat?" "Certainly, my son; what for?" "He wants to make a scarecrow to keep the corn out of our turkey-buzzards." Exit precocious youth, followed by Smith and a new axe-helve.

An elderly Indiana pair, aged respectively seventy-eight and seventy-five, want a divorce on account of accumulated incompatibility.

A doctor's motto is supposed to be "patients and long-suffering."

To Keep Dry—Live on codfish.

Female pickpockets all wear the convenient Arab shawls. They fold their shawls like the Arabs, and silently steal away.

The Poor Man's Story—The garret.

EPIGRAM ON A DULL PREACHER.

Dormouse esteems it wond'rous odd
That people, when he preaches, nod,
As if he was a very proser.
Take comfort, Dormouse—though they blame
Your oratory, you may claim
The merit of a rare composer.

"Tom," said a man to his friend, "I think it highly dangerous to keep the bills of small banks on hand nowadays." "Tim," answered the other, "I find it more difficult than dangerous."

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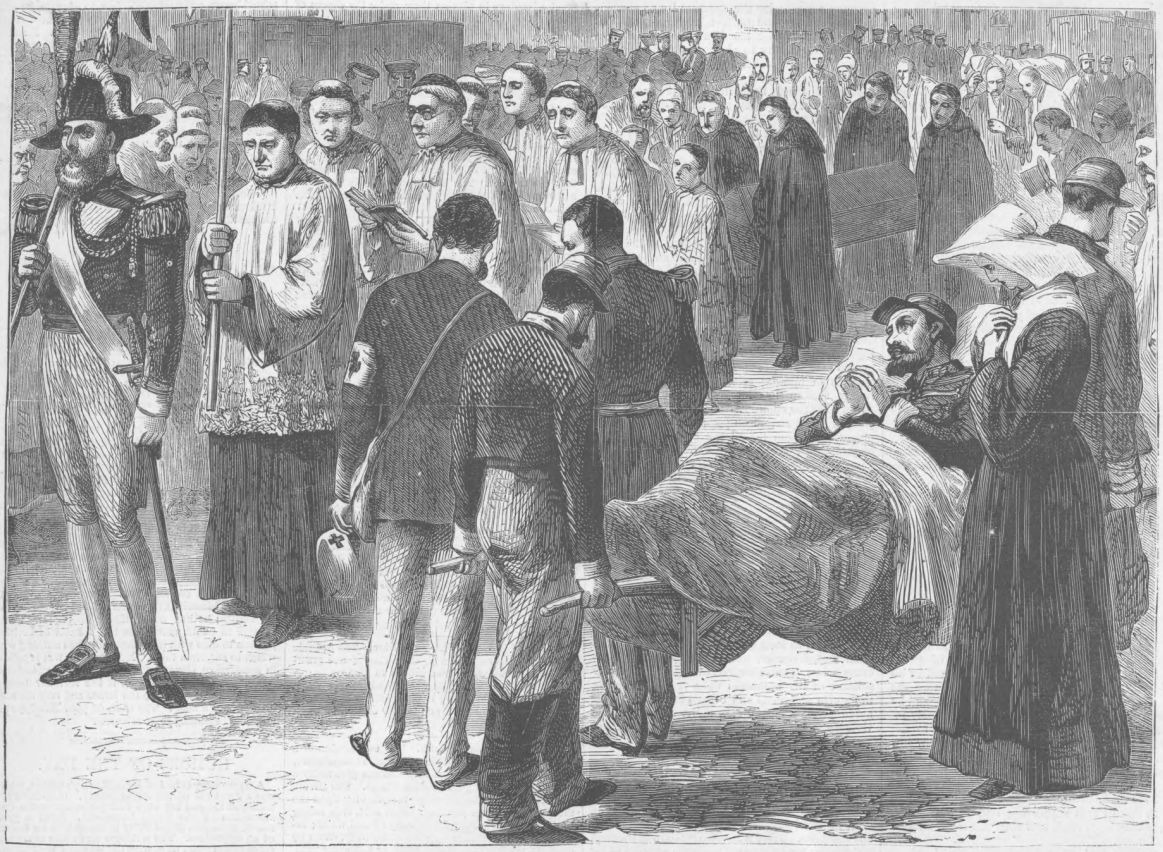

A SCENE AT VERSAILLES.

A STRAY SHOT—AN INCIDENT OF THE SIEGE OF PARIS.

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THE RED CROSS.

THE sketch on this page, with the above title, represents an English lady, one of the numerous band of the "Red Cross" sisterhood, who, during the recent campaigns, have devoted themselves to ministering to the sufferings of the sick and wounded victims of war. Many a refined and delicately nurtured woman has left the luxuries and comforts of her peaceful English home—a voluntary exile, following in the footsteps of a foreign army, spending the long sultry days of summer and the cold dreary nights of winter in the wards of an army hospital, often beyond the reach even of letters or news from her native home.

The sketch depicts a room in one of the many stately old French chateaux, but a few short months ago the home of a prosperous family, the scene of festive gatherings, now the refuge of pain and suffering. The lofty "salons" converted into hospital wards; camp bedsteads and the rough appliances of a field ambulance replacing the luxurious canopies and inlaid cabinets. The delicately furnished boudoir and "Chambre de Madame" converted into storerooms, heaps of coarse woolen clothing and piles of bandages filling the wardrobes where gorgeous robes were wont to hang. On the shelves the varied appliances of a fashionable lady's toilet ruthlessly cleared away to make room for neatly arranged stores of medical comforts and necessaries. The young Englishwoman has evidently with her own hands been opening one of the large, well-packed bales sent by her generous countrywomen. She is now carrying a bundle of bandages into the adjoining ward, where the surgeon is doubtless waiting for her gentle aid to bind up the shattered limb of a patient sufferer, who a few hours ago was marching into battle in all the pride of his youth and strength, now laid low on a bed of pain, grateful for the soothing sympathy and tender care of the English *infirmière*. To him she seems a ministering angel, throwing a ray of light upon his sufferings, recalling to him in his hour of agony the fair and loving bride, whose soft-toned voice he longs, with all the longing of a dying exile, once more to hear.

THE RED CROSS.

WILL THE ICE BEAR?

A VERY pertinent question in these days of accidents on skating-ponds and rivers, and one which, if always solved satisfactorily, would prevent many melancholy occurrences. But the dainty lady in the sketch on page 129, who is just tapping the slippery surface with her foot, is scarcely acting in a manner which will properly decide the weighty problem. What is the best course of procedure? We are supposing the case of a private sheet of water, on which no human foot has ventured since King Frost set his crystalline seal upon it. A large Newfoundland dog is not a bad pioneer, if you can only persuade him to venture on the ice; but those ani-

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mals, though ready to plunge boldly into any depth of water, have a strong objection to appearing ridiculous, and they are aware that they do look ridiculous when they are floundering about with their legs wide apart, and a helpless expression on their sagacious countenances. We recommend the ladies to enlist the services of the most corpulent gentleman of their acquaintance—a bachelor, of course, for married men's lives are far too precious for such perilous ventures. He should put on a cork jacket, and have a stout rope fastened round his body, with the coachman and gardener at the other end, to give a haul in case of need. If your fat friend tumbles—as he is pretty sure to do—and does *not* go in, you may venture to put on your skates; and the least you can do is to pet him exceedingly all the rest of the day.

ALONG THE DOCKS.

THE most picturesque portions of New York, as of nearly all cities where the antique element is wanting, are to be found in the dilapidated structures along the docks. A walk there in the dusk of a winter's evening, though neither very safe nor very pleasant, will lead one through many scenes like the one depicted by our artist on page 124. There the novelist and the painter may find inexhaustible materials for studies in their respective arts, and the philanthropist and reformer the most ample opportunities for Christian work. Our illustration is a sketch from real life. Pausing a moment before any one of the well-warmed and cheerfully lighted coffee-booths, which form a characteristic feature of our river streets, one may witness just such a scene—the half-frozen, shivering news boy and girl wistfully regarding the display of cakes and pies, so tempting to the unfastidious appetite; the half-drunken beggar-women, obstinately deaf to the policeman's order to "move on;" the warmly coated pedestrian; the tough and storm-beaten sailor, to whom all weathers are alike. They are not pleasant places to enter, these coffee-booths; but sometimes singular characters are there to be met-with, who, on a little provocation, will give you a history as sad and as thrilling as any you ever read in romance. The famous old Russian, Count GUROWSKI, when reduced to financial straits, used to haunt these places, and was not ashamed to confess that his supper of "hot cakes" or pie and coffee, costing ten cents, sometimes tasted better than the most splendid banquet at which he ever sat! At such times, however, we fancy the Count must have been very hungry.

THE EGYPTIANS AND THE ISRAELITES.

THE Egyptians were the first people upon the earth who emerged into what is now called civilization. How they lived, how they were governed, during the tens or hundreds of generations which intervened between their earliest and latest monuments, there is little evidence to say. At the date when they become historically visible they present the usual features of effete Oriental societies: the labor executed by slave-gangs, and a rich, luxurious minority spending their time in feasting and revelry. Wealth accumulated, Art flourished. Enormous engineering works illustrated the talent or ministered to the vanity of the priestly and military classes. The favored of fortune basked in perpetual sunshine. The millions sweated in the heat under the lash of the task-master, and were paid with just so much of the leeks and onions and fleshpots as would continue them in a condition to work. Of these despised wretches some hundreds of thousands were enabled by Providence to shake off the yoke, to escape over the Red Sea into the Arabian desert, and there receive from Heaven a code of laws under which they were to be governed in the land where they were to be planted. What were those laws?

The Egyptians, in the midst of their corruptions, had inherited the doctrine from their fathers which is considered the foundation of all religion. They believed in a life beyond the grave—in the judgment-bar of Osiris, at which they were to stand on leaving their bodies, and in a future of happiness or misery as they had lived well or ill upon earth. It was not a speculation of philosophers, it was the popular creed; and it was held with exactly the same kind of belief with which it has been held by the Western nations since their conversion to Christianity.

But what was the practical effect of their belief? There is no doctrine, however true, which works mechanically on the soul like a charm. The expectation of a future state may be a motive for the noblest exertion, or it may be an excuse for acquiescence in evil, and serve to conceal and perpetuate the most enormous iniquities. The magnate of Thebes or Memphis, with his huge estates, his town and country palaces, his retinue of eunuchs, and his slaves whom he counted by thousands, was able to say to himself, if he thought at all, "True enough, there are inequalities of fortune. These serfs of mine have a miserable time of it, but it is only a *time*, after all; they have immortal souls, poor devils, and their wretched existence here is but a drop of water in the ocean of their being. They have as good a chance of Paradise as I have—perhaps better. Osiris will set all right hereafter; and for the present, rich and poor are an ordinance of Providence, and there is no occasion to disturb established institutions. For myself, I have drawn a prize in the lottery, and I hope I am grateful. I subscribe handsomely to the temple services. I am myself punctual in my religious duties. The priests, who are wiser than I am, pray for me, and they tell me I may set my mind at rest."

Under this theory of things the Israelites had been ground to powder. They broke away. They too were to become a nation. A revelation of the true God was bestowed on them, from which, as from a fountain, a deeper knowledge of the Divine nature was to flow out over the earth; and the central thought of it was the realization of the Divine government—not in a vague hereafter, but in the living present. The unpractical prospective justice which had become an excuse for tyranny was superseded by an immediate justice in time. They were to reap the harvest of their deeds—not in heaven, but on earth. There was no life in the grave whither they were going. The future state was withdrawn from their sight till the mischief which it had wrought was forgotten. It was not denied, but it was veiled in a cloud. It was left to private opinion to hope or to fear; but it was no longer held out either as an excitement to piety or a terror to evil-doers. The God of Israel was a living God, and His power was displayed visibly and immediately in rewarding the good and punishing the wicked while they remained in the flesh.

THE FLOODS IN ROME.

THE overflow of the Tiber, from the sudden melting of the snow in the Apennine mountain country, inundated a great part of the city of Rome three days after Christmas-day, and caused much distress to the inhabitants. The photograph from which the illustration on page 125 is engraved was taken on the terrace of the Pincian Hill, or public pleasure-ground, looking over the Piazza del Popolo to the opposite side of the Tiber, where the majestic dome of St. Peter's, and the extensive pile of the Vatican beside it, fill the back-ground of the view. The Piazza del Popolo, entered from the city gate on the north side of the city, is a meeting-point of three long streets—the Via di Ripetta to the right hand, along the bank of the river; the Corso, the principal street of Rome, in the middle; and the Via del Babuino to the left hand, leading into the Piazza di Spagna, where foreign visitors usually dwell. Upon this occasion not only the Ripetta, but the Piazza del Popolo and the Corso, for a length of three-quarters of a mile, as far as the central Piazza Colonna, were flooded to a depth of six or eight feet. It is said that no former inundation, since the sixteenth century, has been so great as this; but there was a great one in 1846, at the beginning of the reign of PIUS IX. The Corso was traversed by boats and rafts, which latter were often extemporized from tables, or other household furniture. The people in the houses were supplied with provisions by letting down baskets from their upper windows to the bakers and butchers passing in those vehicles, as no horse and cart was able to go into the streets during twenty-four hours. On the evening of December 28 the Piazza del Popolo looked like a lake, with two great torrents of water pouring into it from the Ripetta and the Corso. In the middle stood the Egyptian obelisk and the four lions of the fountain still above water, the lions' mouths continuing to pour out their contribution, which is usually received by the four marble basins of the fountain. Between the Piazza del Popolo, shown in the fore-ground of the engraving, and St. Peter's, in the distance, the flood swept over every thing except a few isolated houses, to which it was all but impossible to convey food for the imprisoned inhabitants. It is said that two Italian soldiers, in attempting to do so, were drowned.

THE AURORA BOREALIS.

ALTHOUGH many ancient writers allude to appearances in the sky which, there is no doubt, were identical with the aurora, we have not any very accurate descriptions, the phenomena having been regarded from a superstitious rather than a scientific point of view. The first of these displays of which we have a careful and scientific account is one that occurred A.D. 1560; but the particulars were not published till ninety years afterward, when they appeared in a book called "A Description of Meteors." In 1621 the name of Aurora Borealis was given to this phenomenon by Gassendi, the French philosopher, on the occasion of a remarkable display visible over a great part of Europe. None seems to have been observed after this till the year 1707; but during the last century it has been by no means uncommon.

It occurs generally in the spring or autumn, particularly after a dry year. In the arctic regions, however, it is the usual accompaniment of a clear winter's night, and is familiar to the inhabitants even of the Shetland Isles. Lights of a similar character have been observed toward the south pole. Mr. Forster, in a voyage with Captain Cook, had an opportunity of observing the Aurora Australis, as it has been termed, and thus describes its appearance: "It consisted of long columns of a clear white light, shooting up from the horizon to the eastward almost to the zenith, and gradually spreading over the whole southern part of the sky. These columns were sometimes bent sideways at their upper extremities, and though in most respects similar to the northern lights of our hemisphere, yet differed from them in being always of a whitish color, whereas ours assume various tints, especially those of a fiery and purple hue."

It is, however, in the northern hemisphere that there have been most opportunities of taking minute observations of this phenomenon, and it is from these that we are able to form some idea of the natural operations to which it owes its existence. The flashes of light which constitute the aurora are now generally allowed to be within the region of the terrestrial atmosphere, though they were at one time considered to be far beyond it, as it was thought that they could not otherwise be visible at such a height from the horizon over such an extended area. It would appear, however, that the aurora covers a larger extent of sky than an observer would suppose. All is invisible to him except a certain arc with its flaming and streaming offshoots. Its visibility has, perhaps, some analogy to that of the rainbow, which, as is well known, appears to two observers to be of a different height, their positions requiring the light to be reflected from different parts of the sky to make the angles of incidence and reflection equal in the case of each. There are circumstances attending the auroral phenomena which may be accepted as proofs of their electric nature. It is supposed that the lights seen are flashes of electricity passing through the higher strata of the atmosphere, which are, of course, highly rarefied, and an experiment whereby a stream of electricity is passed through a glass tube from which the air has been exhausted strengthens this view, appearances similar to those of the aurora having been noted.

The position of the arc is observed to bear a remarkable relation to the magnetic pole: it generally lies east and west, having its vertex on the magnetic meridian, but it appears at all times to have the magnetic pole for its centre. The earth currents of electricity, which often interfere with the working of electric telegraphs, are most frequent at the time of a display of the aurora, sometimes causing an entire stoppage in the working of the wires, unless the electric circuit can, by using double wires, be rendered independent of the earth. The magnetic compass is also affected during the display of an aurora, and often in places where the latter is invisible. Sir John Franklin, who made some minute observations in the arctic regions upon the deviations of the needle, which are often so slight as to require microscopic examination, stated that the motions were not sudden; but that, after an aurora, the needle would travel slowly in a certain direction, and as slowly recover its position after several hours. He also remarked that when the arc was not at right angles to the magnetic meridian, but inclined to east or west, the needle deviated toward that end of the arc which was nearer to the magnetic pole; after deviation, it would be assisted in recovering its position if an aurora occurred in a direction opposite to the former. He observed that when the arc seemed to be exactly at right angles to the meridian the needle was generally inclined to the west. The prevalence of pink, violet, and blue in the colors of the lights seems to confirm the probability that they result from a discharge of electricity; and the noise affirmed by some to have been heard at the time of an auroral display seems to have resembled somewhat the crackling sound heard when sparks are taken from a Leyden-jar, or the conductor of an electric machine. The hearers have compared it to the sound made by rubbing one piece of silk on another, and to the discharge of fire-works. Some, however, including Captains Parry and Franklin, have affirmed that they never heard any sound at such times which they could not trace to ordinary terrestrial sources.

Although, of course, difficult to ascertain with certainty, it would seem that these aurorae, the borealis and australis, occur simultaneously at their respective poles, and this would point to an electric action common to both. It has been surmised that on such occasions a discharge of electricity is taking place from the poles to the equator, and the apparent motion of the auroral arc in that direction seems to confirm this view. There are, however, reasons for thinking that, on the contrary, the discharge is from the equator to the poles, and that the direction of the motion is only apparent. However this may be, we may presume that in one or other of these places an amount of electricity accumulates from time to time, and that it is periodically discharged into the other through the medium of the upper atmosphere; or that the atmosphere and the earth form together a galvanic circle, which is put into action at certain intervals. But it is remarkable that though the earth currents would be expected to run north and south, they are frequently observed to move in a direction from east to west. Like many other phenomena, however, this has yet to be fully investigated by observation and experiment. The meteorology of the earth will, perhaps, be found to be more under the influence of this electric action than is at present supposed. It no doubt performs some important function, and is destined to be as perpetual as the revolution of the globe itself. Discoveries respecting it will, in all probability, assist to confirm the theory that heat, motion, and electricity are essentially one, and that they are the origin of many of the phenomena of the earth and of the organic life on its surface.

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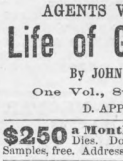

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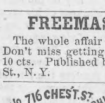
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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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THE PRISON PEN.

THIS is a roomy inclosure in the Tombs, shut off from one of the halls by a strong railing, in which street vagrants are temporarily locked up when arrested by the police. They are generally persons against whom no charge for absolute infractions of the laws are brought—mere "street-sweepings," as they have been christened—who have been arrested, perhaps, for being drunk in the streets, for sleeping on door-steps at night, or other vagrant acts to which homeless and houseless wretches are constantly driven. The scene depicted on this page was taken from life by our artist, and its counterpart may be witnessed almost every winter morning in that dismal locality. Sometimes—as shown in our sketch—a wife, or mother, or child comes to the "pen," seeking the poor vagabond, who, having staid away from the wretched cellar or garret which, by a sort of unconscious irony, is called home, is first looked for through these bars as the most likely place to find him; and very pathetic as well as serio-comic scenes are sometimes to be witnessed there, according to the humor of the parties. Though not a pleasant phase of humanity, it has its instructive side, and should be an incentive to those who are laboring for the elevation and improvement of the lower grades of society.

THE PRISON PEN IN THE TOMBS.

SALUTATIONS.

IN former days the English said, "God save you, Sir," subsequently contracted into "Save you, Sir;" and "good-by" is from "God be with you." Our "farewell," said to be an indication of national character, is a direct translation of the German *lebewohl*, good living being, it is presumed, equally appreciated by both nations. It is highly probable that saying and writing "your servant," and taking off the hat, were originally demonstrations of obedience to those who claimed it. The different forms of civility connected with bodily gestures are even more remarkable than the words; mutual contact, such as the pressure of hands, embraces, and kisses, being always regarded as the expression of kindly intercourse, although the *words* may, to a certain extent, be considered as an index of national character.

The theory of firing a salute is that it leaves the guns harmless and at the mercy of the other party; and this is so true that firing salutes with blank cartridge is a modern innovation, occasioned, however, by the fact of a complimentary cannon-ball proving fatal once to the personage whom it was meant to honor. When an officer salutes, he points his drawn sword to the ground; and the salute of troops is still designated "presenting arms"—that is, presenting them to be taken.

When the Arabs meet each other the first thing is the salute, which is repeated several times, and is done in the following manner: each strikes the palm of his right hand on that of his companion, or throws it on his left shoulder, repeating always the same phrase, *Salamat, Caif Halcon taibin* ("Peace! How are you?—well?"). This way of saluting is most beautiful and striking, and when performed gives a new figure and majesty to the naked Arabs who are the actors of it. Those gesticulations are always accompanied with a very grave tone of voice. After the salutation they inquire of each other the news about the places whence they came. Their news relates generally to the buying and selling of dromedaries, whether there are loads to carry, or something of this kind. They then ask each other for tobacco or salt, and their conclusion is, "Salute me, Hamed, at Corosco; and you, Ali, at Barbar. Do you understand? In peace!" After this each resumes his way. Women and children kiss the beards of their husbands and fathers. Their greetings are marked by a strong religious character, such as, "God grant thee His favors;" "If God will, thy family enjoy good health;" "Peace be with you."

The Chinese are the most particular in their personal civilities, even calculating the number of their reverences. Of equals they inquire, "Have you eaten your rice?" "Is your stomach in order?" and "Thanks to your abundant felicity!" The Turks cross their hands, place them on their breasts, and bow, exclaiming, "Be under the care of God!" "Forget me not in thy prayers!" "Thy visits are as rare as fine days!"—an ancient greeting, as it is by no means applicable to their present country. The Romans, in ancient times, exclaimed, "What doest thou?" "Be healthy!" or "Be strong!" when it was customary to take up children by the ears and kiss them. Italians, on meeting, kiss the hands of ladies to whom they are related, with the strange inquiry, "How does she stand?" Japanese remove their sandals when they meet a superior, exclaiming, "Hurt me not!" Manillas bend their bodies, place their hands upon their cheeks, raise one leg, and bend the knee. Persians salute by inclining neck over neck, and then cheek to cheek, with the extravagant greeting, "Is thy exalted high condition good?" "May thy shadow never be less!" and "Peace be upon thee!" In Poland the inhabitants bow to the ground, with the significant inquiry, "Art thou gay?" and "How hast thou thyself?" Russian ladies permit not only their hands but their foreheads to be kissed by friends. The men salute by inquiring, "How do you live on?" "Be well;" and a common exclamation, which means, literally, "God be with you!" has degenerated of late years into the opposite—"Devil take you!" The Hollanders, with their proverbial love of good living, salute their friends by asking, "How do you fare?" "Have you had a good dinner?" Laplanders, when they meet on the ice, press their noses firmly together. Bengalese call themselves the "most humble slaves" of those they desire to salute. Bohemians kiss the garments of the persons whom they wish to honor. Siamese prostrate themselves before superiors, when a servant examines whether they have been eating any thing offensive. If so, they are kicked out; if not, they are picked up. Ceylonese, on meeting superiors, prostrate themselves, repeating the name and dignity of the individual. The Moors of Morocco ride at full speed toward a stranger, suddenly stop, and then fire a pistol over his head. Mohammedans say, "Peace be with you!" to which the reply is, "On you be peace!" to which is added, "And the mercy and blessings of God!" The Swedes on meeting one another simply inquire, "How can you?" The Burmese apply their noses and cheeks closely to a person's face, and then exclaim, "Give me a smell!" attributable to their great use of perfumes. The Scotch frequently salute by asking, "Hoo's a' wi' ye, mon?" to which the most common reply would be, "Brawly, thank ye for speerin'."

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1871.

☞ *The* SUPPLEMENT *sent out with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains an illustrated article on the* SOLDIERS' HOME AT DAYTON, OHIO; *the concluding chapter of* "NIGHTS NEAR THE NORTH POLE," *with many illustrations; and other interesting and attractive features.*

HOSTILITY TO THE ADMINISTRATION.

IN Congressional debates and elsewhere there is a great deal said in rebuke of certain Republicans as hostile to the Administration; and there seems to be an opinion in some quarters that support of an Administration means universal approval of all its acts. But it is very clear that that kind of approval is not to be expected from Republicans. They are men who observe and criticise, and who understand that friendship to an Administration, like private friendship, is not a blind idolatry, but a wise preference. The discipline of the Democratic party awakens the profound admiration of a great many people, who suppose that every thing is possible with such discipline. Certainly its value need not be denied. But the discipline of that party has been always a kind of despotism, and despotism at last defeats itself. If the Democratic party had had severe and judicious critics—if the papers which supported it had protested firmly and unitedly against many of its fatal and ferocious measures—that party might have retained power much longer. But its discipline crushed all remonstrance. Criticism was regarded as alienation or hostility. The discipline was a terror. Those who were suspected, and those who were suspected of being suspected, were summarily dealt with; and the party shared the fate of all tyrants—it was flattered, and fell.

There is a great deal of criticism in the Republican party, and that is its life. The President began his administration by saying that he should have no personal policy, and wished to follow the will of the people. When, therefore, the President suggests a measure for consideration, he invites criticism. It is to be presumed, of course, that his suggestions will usually be in harmony with the general policy and tendency of the party, and that the party, with a just instinct, will generally support them. But that is all. If, by chance, the President proposes something upon which there is, in its very nature, a serious difference of opinion in the party, to differ from the President is in no proper sense to be hostile to his administration—it is only to suggest how that administration may be improved. Not to share his personal convictions upon a certain policy is not to oppose his administration. And only when a man objects to every great measure, and to the whole tone and movement of an administration, can he be truly said to oppose it. We, for instance, support heartily the administration of President GRANT; but we did not, therefore, approve the appointment of General SICKLES, nor the manner in which Mr. MOTLEY was recalled; nor do we advocate the annexation of San Domingo.

But in differing upon certain measures from an Administration which we support, we differ as friends, and not as enemies. And that is the difference between criticism and hostility. If a Republican President honestly proposes measures which seem very unwise to other honest Republicans, their objections will naturally be so expressed that they will not tend to exasperation. They will not suggest to an enemy that they can be so manipulated as to promote trouble in the Republican camp. There will be the utmost care to ascertain facts, and an equal caution not to asperse motives. The differing Republicans will show by their tone that they assume misapprehension or mistake, not evil intention; and what they say, while it may be very firm and explicit, will seem to the Administration, as to all observers, the criticism of friends. It is this spirit, it seems to us, which can alone prevent or heal those party differences which threaten party supremacy. It is this freedom alone which renders it possible for a self-respecting man to act with a party. For if a party excluded a member because he did not sustain every act of its Administration, it would be a very small and a very contemptible party indeed.

THE DUTY OF LAWYERS.

THE Springfield *Republican* having published in a letter from New York certain offensive remarks upon Mr. DAVID DUDLEY FIELD, the lawyer, for his known professional connection with Messrs. JAMES FISK, JUN., and JAY GOULD, Mr. FIELD called upon the editor, Mr. SAMUEL BOWLES, for a disavowal. Mr. BOWLES replied that, while he might modify some of the statements in the letter, he should be obliged to add his own opinion of the association of Mr. FIELD with the clients named. This led to a correspondence which became very warm, but in which Mr. BOWLES showed great sagacity and admirable temper, until some of the letters were finally given to the newspapers by Mr. FIELD, and Mr. BOWLES immediately printed the whole correspondence. The main question at issue in the discussion is, whether a lawyer may, without discrimination or responsibility, assume any cause whatever that may be offered to him, and use all his learning and skill to secure it a legal defense.

Mr. BOWLES contends that when men are notoriously unscrupulous, and are engaged in enterprises universally believed to be audaciously dishonest, spreading financial ruin among the innocent, and even attempting to corrupt the head of the nation, whoever gives his professional services to shield them from surrendering "their ill-gotten gains," justly forfeits the esteem of honorable men. He asserts that Messrs. FISK and GOULD are notoriously guilty of such offenses; and that Mr. FIELD, in serving them by his learning and ability, has undeniably and justly fallen in public regard. Mr. FIELD claims that a lawyer is bound to represent in the courts any person who has rights to be asserted or defended, and that bad repute, or even bad character, does not deprive the person of those rights. Hence, he argues by implication, his duty is not to decline a case intrusted to him by Messrs. FISK and GOULD even if he thought them to be rascals; but to take care that justice is done, and the law rightfully administered.

The forms of law are the subject of a great deal of satire, but they are indispensable to social order. The observation of the old judge to the convict whom he had just sentenced to death, and who expostulated that it was hard to hang a man for stealing a horse—"Yes, but you are to be hung not for stealing a horse, but that horses may not be stolen"—is applicable to all the forms of law. They aim not at single cases, but at the general welfare. Even if a man confesses his crime, it is better that he should not be punished if his guilt can not be lawfully established, and the reason is that his word may be suspected. A wretched, freezing outcast may be wrongfully accused, from suspicious circumstances, of stealing food, and he may plead guilty to secure the warmth and food of a jail. The forms of law are indispensable, and lawyers are a part of the machinery with which society keeps order, and aims at justice through law. Therefore, if a man owns his guilt to his advocate, it is none the less the advocate's duty to do what the law provides for his defense, because the object of society is not the punishment of the offender, but its own protection by reaching punishment only in a certain way.

But the practical difficulty usually lies in the ambition and the vanity or the greed of the lawyer. The moment he does more than set forth the honest evidence, the instant that he badgers a witness for the purpose of confusing him, or appeals to the sympathies or prejudices of the jury, or distorts the case by passionate rhetoric, or swerves in the least degree from what he personally knows to be the truth for the purpose of producing a different impression, he is recreant to his duty. And the temptation to do some of these things is almost irresistible. If a man says to a lawyer that he will give him fifty thousand dollars if he will "get him off," or "put him through," the lawyer is sorely tempted not to do the duty which society has imposed upon him of asserting or defending the rights of that man as a member of society, but to prostitute his knowledge, his sagacity, his power of every kind, to betray society by getting the man off, and earning his fee. A lawyer who yields to such a temptation clearly can not honestly plead the moral obligation of his profession, which is not to get men off, but to take care that justice is administered according to law.

Again, a man in becoming a lawyer does not cease to be a man and a citizen. If, therefore, he is of opinion that a person, without precisely violating the law, is injuring the welfare of society, he will probably decline to become a virtual accessory by learnedly and skillfully proving that the letter of the law has not been violated. Bold and bad men, also, may seek to cover infamous conduct with the cloak of law; but surely no honorable lawyer will help them, under the plea that it is his professional duty to defend every man without regard to his character. The question for his consideration is, whether he is bound to help every man without regard to his objects. Of course, if the lawyer believes the men to be honest, and their purpose pure, he will gladly devote his powers to them. But if he has good reason to doubt both their character and their intention, although he has no legal proof of the defect of either, he will certainly not shut his eyes, and the more tempting the fee the more suspicious will be his inquisition.

Further, as the *Nation* has well suggested, no lawyer who understood his duty, or respected himself, would consent to plead the cause of clients presumptively dishonest before judges universally suspected to be their confederates. There is, indeed, a great deal of libel and slander current. But, on the other hand, many things are known which it is difficult to prove. And, despite the currency of slander, is an honest man often likely to be generally considered a knave? Or, when a man is commonly held to be a rascal, and his name becomes another name for sharper, is he probably a scrupulously honest person? The law itself very properly admits as evidence a man's general reputation, and as with other men, so with judges. Was JEFFREYS probably belied? Is there serious doubt that HALE and MANSFIELD were upright magistrates? Or is there any question whatever that there are certain judges upon the New York bench—whose names will probably occur to many readers of these lines—who are generally believed to be venal? It may be as difficult to prove it as to prove certain other persons to be knaves. But if persons who are generally believed to be knaves are anxious to bring causes which are commonly believed to be swindles before judges whom public opinion condemns as corrupt, ought a lawyer who helps them with all his learning and adroitness to be surprised if his reputation is soiled, and can he justly complain of a newspaper which calls attention to the facts? If lawyers consent to do what we have described before such judges as we have mentioned, what possible defense has society if the press is silent? It is, indeed, a lawyer's duty to defend the rights of every man, but the rights of every man and of society are unsafe with suspected judges.

PERSONALITY IN POLITICS.

THERE is sometimes a complaint of what is called personality in politics, as if it were possible or desirable to conduct political discussions without reference to persons. But in the most perfectly contrived machinery there may be a defective wheel, in the most carefully laid railway there may be a rail with a flaw, and the defect and the flaw will baffle the fine machinery, and destroy the safety of the careful road. So we may plead the abstract merits of a political policy, and prove this to be sound and that dangerous. But if dishonest persons are proposed as agents, of what avail is it to have shown the policy to be judicious? The doctrine that in practical politics principles are every thing, and candidates nothing, must be very seriously qualified by premising that if the candidates are honorable and able there need be no personal discussion. That, indeed, is the ideal situation. Every man who is interested in public affairs—and all men in an intelligent community should be—would very much prefer to discuss public questions upon their merits alone, and appeal only to the reason of the country. But if DICK TURPIN should suddenly be presented to us as a political candidate, would propriety require that he should be called the Honorable RICHARD TURPIN, and that no allusion should be made to the fact that his antecedents showed him to be a rogue? Indeed, nobody would be so much interested that this fact should be clearly understood as the honest men of the party which nominated him. For not only would his probable "irregularities" increase the general public burden, but they would sadly discredit his party.

Moreover, in a political system like ours, which rests so much upon patronage, the necessity of personal criticism in politics is more imperative. The tendency of office under a system of patronage is naturally to unworthy and incompetent hands, and that incompetency should be pointed out. Wanton personality in politics, as elsewhere, is undoubtedly to be deprecated; but is it therefore desirable, for instance, that such a fact as the kind of representatives which the city of New York sends to the Legislature should never be mentioned? If they are almost without exception selected from those citizens who are not well known and generally respected—if they are almost without exception members who make no favorable impression of any kind whatever upon the Legislature or the State—may the truth not properly be told? And is it not a fair argument to insist that a party which, in its very seat of unquestioned supremacy, selects such representatives must explain why it selects them, and not assume that the true arena of political discussion is that of abstract principles? A man who sees a great party consenting to be represented by inferior men is justified in suspecting that the party is managed by selfish leaders for their own advantage.

Impersonality in political discussion is as vain a chimera as what is called neutrality in politics. A man who knows nothing of politics should not presume to speak of them. But if he does know about them he has an opinion. He is not a neutral. He may be as independent as he will, but he will still believe that the principles and tendency of one party are preferable to those of the other. Of course the necessary personality of political discussion may be often very disagreeable, even when it does not extend to charges of disreputable conduct. It is not pleasant to insist that a person of irreproachable character was faithless to human liberty and to the country in a sore crisis. But nothing may be more necessary than to say so, as nothing is more pernicious than the idea that the tendency of a man's political doctrines is to be measured by the purity of his life. His honesty must, indeed, be respected. In a free country he has perfect liberty of expression; but his views, in the judgment of those who think them false, are even more perilous because of the regard which his character inspires.

The maxim that all's fair in politics is no more true than its kindred maxims, "all's fair in love," and "all's fair at the custom-house." If a merchant cheats in paying duties, he may very properly be denounced by name as much as any other thief; and he is not to be shielded by the claim that he pays his butcher regularly, and is a member of a church. So in politics, if a man's conduct is dishonorable, he may be exposed by name, although he is elsewhere a person of the best reputation. Indeed, personality in politics is justifiable upon grounds that legitimate other personal allusions. But to repeat scandal, to ridicule or expose acts and words essentially private, to malign or to sneer with intent to pain, are as dishonorable in political discussion as they are elsewhere. Undoubtedly very much of the personality of politics is unpardonable. The high responsibility of the press, which is the chief offender, is not adequately appreciated by many who have command of that tremendous engine. The rule of many an editor is that laid down by BROUGHAM for a lawyer—to win your cause any how. All this is true. But still gross abuse is not an argument against use; and the rule in political discussion is not no personality, but honorable personality.

MR. JENKINS AND THE POPE.

MR. JENKINS insists that he has seen the Pope, and gives us a very characteristic account of the interview, which reads like a faded "Lothair." As in that highly perfumed and upholstered novel, we are introduced at once to the most purple society, and we proceed in a dazzling cloud of Eminences and Graces to the very Pontiff himself. In London, where the tale begins, Mr. Jenkins, associating us with himself, and by his vivid descriptions enabling us to see as with our own eyes, presents us to the "Very Reverend Canon DONELL, a well-known and popular London clergyman," who politely gives us a letter of "the greatest utility." From him we proceed to "Monseigneur CAPEL, of Kensington, perhaps the most eloquent of living preachers;" and after being shone upon by that excellent person for a little while, we ascend to "the Archbishop himself," Dr. MANNING. With the unvarying good fortune of Mr. Jenkins, "his Grace.....received me with his well-known urbanity of demeanor." Well-known, indeed! This is merely the touching urbanity of his Grace Mr. Jenkins himself, who is perfectly aware that it is only gentlemen who move in those lofty circles who know any thing about such manners, and he courteously assumes that we are as familiar as he with Graces and Eminences.

Still breathing this fine air, and with our letters in our pockets, we hurry over the Continent to Rome. There Dr. O'CALLAGHAN, the Principal of the English College, "with great courtesy" gives us some information. He introduces us all to Monsignore NARDI, the Auditor of the Rota, whose "life is one of incessant industry," etc., etc. The Monsignore promises to present us to the Pope.

At the proper hour we wait upon the prelate, who is "attired in his purple robes, and in perfect readiness to set off." We reach the Vatican; we behold the Swiss Guards—"perhaps the finest body of men in the world;" we ascend "the magnificent marble staircase;" we approach the Pope's private apartments, in a highly breathless state, "but are stopped by a lackey in red livery," for the Pope is celebrating mass. This over, we "make our way through a crowd of cardinals, bishops, and monsignori," the Swiss Guards present arms to us, and we enter the reception-room. Presently the Pope arrives, "attended by a large number of prelates and other ecclesiastics;" and after Monsignore NARDI has presented an Irish cake, he presents us to the Pope, and we behave "in the manner usually observed on such occasions, genuflecting on one knee, and kissing the Pontiff's hand."

When Mr. Jenkins says to the Pope that his political rule was generally considered to be intolerable to his subjects, the ex-potentate assures him that the papal rule "aimed to be especially mild and beneficent, and was—shall I use the term?—popular in an extraordinary degree." No wonder that the Pope hesitated to say that his political rule was extraordinarily popular, because we remember that it was overthrown by those of his own religious faith, and by a virtually unanimous vote. But he assures us that the voting was a mere New York election, and that he knows one porter of a certain hotel who voted five times. He avers that he is unable to go outside of the Vatican, because "the multitude, who have been wickedly deceived, would assuredly seize every opportunity of insult." But we politely refrain from repeating to him the rather ridiculously inconsistent remark of Monsignore NARDI, who had told us a day or two before that the revolutionary party "had failed to seduce the great bulk of the population, who remain steadfastly attached to the Church and the Supreme Pontiff."

But while the Pope tells him how mild and popular his political government was, Mr. Jenkins had seen for himself, and records for us his impression of "the desolate appearance of the country, which contrasted very unfavorably

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with the well-cultivated fields and trim farm-houses of Italy proper." Indeed, this is the unanimous testimony to the character of the papal temporal rule. Yes, Mr. Jenkins, the ecclesiastics may be attired in purple robes, and live in noble libraries and magnificent palaces, guarded with picturesque soldiers, and adorned with the splendors of art; but the degradation and ignorance and utter wretchedness of the people whom they despotically ruled appealed to the sympathy of mankind, and especially to the heart and conscience of Americans, who believe that free institutions are the security of popular welfare. For the unhappy and suffering people of the Roman States we hear no word of cheer or sympathy from those who are so dazzled by his Grace's urbanity, and the lackeys in red livery, and the guards in picturesque medieval costumes, nor from those in this country who are so profoundly touched by the fact that a despotic prince, whose rule ruined a people and desolated a country, has been peacefully removed, without one hair of his head being harmed. Excepting the expressions that have been inspired by some of the ministers of his Church, there has been no response whatever to the complaints of the late prince of the Roman States. The great, free, popular heart of Europe and America beholds with joy and pride the restoration of political liberty to the Roman people—a restoration accomplished by the acquiescence of the people themselves, who are of the same Church as their late ruler. No great and difficult political event was ever accomplished more peacefully, satisfactorily, and surely; and even Mr. Jenkins's assurance that the late political head of the Roman States thinks that his rule was most admirable will hardly change the joy of liberal Roman Catholics, as well as Protestants, into regret.

THE CLERGY AND POLITICS.

SEVERAL Protestant clergymen of this city and neighborhood have recently made a very serious blunder. They have addressed, *as clergymen*, a petition to the President of the United States asking for the appointment of a certain gentleman as Collector of the port of New York. These gentlemen are curiously unmindful of the fact that one of the most vital points in our political system is the absolute separation of church and state. The government knows no sect, no religious profession whatever, but it equally protects all its citizens, whether they are Christians or Jews or infidels; and it is the imperative duty of every good citizen who knows what tragical results have always followed ecclesiastical interference in politics to resist the first approach of it, from whatever quarter it may appear.

Thus we have always steadily exposed and opposed in every honorable way the political attempts of the Roman Catholic priesthood. Recognizing the perfect political equality of the ministers of that Church, as of every other, we have denied their right to interfere, as a sect, in public affairs. Their demand that the school money should be divided among the religious denominations, which is a proposition that the state should recognize sects, is the beginning of a fatal assault upon a free popular system. As citizens they have perfect liberty to advocate any policy which seems to them wise. But when they combine as priests, and use all the power which the ecclesiastical profession holds over the popular mind, to effect certain political results, they seem to us false to our fundamental principles, and we oppose them accordingly. For the same reason we rejoice, with lovers of liberty every where, at the peaceful overthrow, by the will of the people themselves, of the political rule of ecclesiastics in Rome. Human nature suggests, and history and the experience of the Roman States themselves prove, the tragical misfortune of such a rule; and we hold him to be a very poor American who is afraid to express his satisfaction with the downfall of a tyranny which was all the more hopeless and horrible because it was ecclesiastical.

And upon the same grounds that we oppose the ecclesiastical political interference of the Roman Catholics in this country do we condemn the action of these Protestant ministers, who represent Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists, Episcopalians, and Congregationalists. They have done what they had no right to do. They have silenced themselves in any objection they might urge to the political interference of the priesthood of other churches. They have attempted, as clergymen, to influence the state, which knows them only as citizens. They have taken a first step in a course which could only be disastrous to the country. For why do they ask the removal of the present Collector? If it is because they think him an incapable or dishonest man, why do they not say so, and offer to prove what they say? and why do they say it as ecclesiastics? If it is not for any such reason, but because of his religious sympathies and connections, then, still more, why do they not say so? As their petition stands, it is a blow at the American principle of absolute separation of church and state; and it is, by implication, a stab at private character. They say, indeed, that the appointment of the gentleman whom they recommend would be acceptable to the public, and especially to the Republican party. But why do they say so as clergymen? It is impossible not to feel that they wish the fact of their profession, and not of their character as individual citizens, to affect the decision; and therefore their action deserves the sharpest rebuke.

Ecclesiastical influence in our politics is more than ever to be apprehended, as the increase of the denomination which has always sought political power tempts the alliance of political parties. It is an influence which must be earnestly and constantly combated. It will not relax its efforts. It has fastened its heart upon a purpose, and it hopes to effect a radical and ruinous change in the whole American system. All citizens who heartily believe in the wisdom of absolutely excluding ecclesiastical interference from political government will inflexibly resist it. But the clergymen who have signed the petition of which we speak have done all that they could well do in a single act to justify and strengthen the fatal assault.

A CHRISTIAN HERO.

A TRUE American hero lately died, over whom no elaborate eulogies will be spoken, but whose name will long be fondly cherished as that of a most faithful friend by the most unfortunate class of American citizens. It is fifteen years since we saw in Wilmington, Delaware, a hearty, cheery Quaker, whom every body knew, and who, in that Slave State, was famous for aiding the escape of fugitive slaves. He was, indeed, the chief agent of the underground railroad. He was a conspicuous, uncompromising abolitionist—that is to say, a sincere American. The sentiment of his neighborhood was un-American, medieval, and barbarous. There were scarcely a dozen persons who cared to have it known that they sympathized with him. But THOMAS GARRETT was of a sturdy, stalwart frame—a man of invincible bravery, hearty, humorous, and frank; and as you looked at him, and thought of the sullen hatred and inhumanity and ignorant prejudice around him, his brawny shoulders and the indomitable heart that smiled in his eyes seemed an impregnable bulwark of freedom.

THOMAS GARRETT was an iron-monger, and established one of the largest houses of that kind in Wilmington. But while his industry and sagacity in business were well rewarded, his delight was to help the helpless and succor the forlorn. He was, of course, suspected, hated, watched; but he worked in secret only so far as was necessary to elude the vigilance of the slave-catchers. The masters came to him, and stormed and threatened; but, with oaths and revolvers and bowie-knives, they never frightened him. While Mr. WEBSTER was calling upon Massachusetts to conquer its prejudices, and consent to kidnapping; while the New York merchants hastened to Castle Garden, and resolved that the compromises of the Constitution must be respected, even if the self-respect of honorable men was annihilated; while, on the one hand, eloquent men were exposing the evils and infamies of slavery, and on the other there was a loud chorus that it was indeed horrible, but that nothing could be done about it—THOMAS GARRETT did something about it. The slave stole from the lash and the block, trusting to God, and seeking the north star and THOMAS GARRETT; and before President LINCOLN, in the name of the loyal nation, emancipated all the slaves, the Delaware Quaker had sent forward twenty-seven hundred into freedom.

When he was nearly sixty years old he was tried before Chief Justice TANEY for abducting certain persons who had no rights which white people were bound to respect, and the damages awarded against him swept away all his property. But THOMAS said to the crowd in the court-room that he should only work harder than ever to save his fellow-creatures from slavery; and he kept his word. He began business, also, anew, and was again prosperous. But his hand and heart never relaxed their labor for the oppressed; and when, a year ago, the colored people of Wilmington celebrated the great release of their race, THOMAS GARRETT was borne in an open carriage, surrounded by his faithful friends, who carried banners inscribed, "Our Moses." His years increased, but his heart never grew old, and his interest in all generous and humane movements was unabated. Had he lived until next August he would have lived eighty-two years; but on the 11th of January of this year he wrote, renewing his subscription to *The Woman's Journal:* "I now must own up that I am an old man—the machinery has not rusted out, but worn out.....I have been favored to keep cheerful, but feel that my work here is nearly done." The old man was right. He died after a few days, and, as he had promised when they asked him a year before, men of the race he had so faithfully served bore him to his grave.

Who are the Christian heroes? Are they not those of whom it is written, "And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me?"

NOTE.

"ONE of Quaker and Pilgrim origin" writes to complain that we spoke of ROGER WILLIAMS as ill-treated by the Pilgrims. We humbly beg his pardon, with that of the august shades of Plymouth. We were thinking of Puritanism, and incautiously failed to distinguish the Pilgrim spirit from it.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

IT is stated that the Secretary of the Navy has ordered the ship of war *China* to Magdalena Bay, Lower California, to make a survey, and to ascertain the best harbor for a coaling station. It is well known that the Lower California Company has lately founded a new city, called Cortese, in that neighborhood, in the vicinity of Magdalena Bay. Great inducements, by grants of land, are held out to immigrants, and the promise of many unusual facilities is made to settlers.

It is understood that the steamers of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company will, before long, make Jamaica one of their stopping-places, a subsidy having been settled upon for the purpose by the Jamaican government. This movement is of the greater importance since the island of Jamaica has just been fixed upon as the principal military and naval station of Great Britain for the West Indies.

According to a recent official report the inspections of fish in Massachusetts for the year 1870 amounted to about 15,000 barrels of herring, and 318,500 of mackerel. In addition to these there were various lots of salmon, swordfish, haddock, menhaden, bluefish, cod, etc.

MR. HENRY BANNISTER has lately published a paper "in the Proceedings of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences" upon the classification of the American ducks and geese. In this he finds occasion to establish several new genera, as being required by hitherto unnoticed peculiarities in the skull.

A society of British archæologists has recently been established in London, having as its proposed object "the investigation of the arts, archæology, history, and chronology of ancient and modern Assyria and Palestine, Egypt, Arabia, and other biblical lands. Also the promotion of the study of the antiquities of these countries, and the preservation of a continuous record of discoveries now or hereafter to be in progress."

DR. LEIDY has lately announced the discovery, in California, among some bones obtained from under Table Mountain, in Tuolumne County, of remains of a large species of llama, closely allied to the llama of Peru, and exceeding even the camel in size; the metacarpal in the species in question being nineteen inches in length, while the corresponding bone of the camel measures only thirteen inches.

It may be remembered by some of our readers that Congress, at its last session, made an appropriation of $12,000 for completing the survey of the Colorado of the West, under Professor POWELL. A proposition is now before that body for an additional appropriation of $12,000 to enable the Professor to undertake and complete a topographical and geological survey of the valley of the Green River. As the equipment now on hand, and used in the surveys of the Colorado, will answer for the work on the Green River, and as this last-mentioned valley must be traversed before the labors on the Colorado can be finished, it is urged that the work can be accomplished at a much less cost than that of the original undertaking. The appropriation is commended by the Secretary of the Interior to the favorable consideration of Congress.

The Professor has returned from the West for the purpose of building boats to be used in the explorations of the lateral cañons of the Colorado. He has been quite successful in finding passes into the Grand Cañon, by which supplies can be taken to the river. Thus he will be able to continue his work to completion even though he should meet with a loss of rations at any time, as he did on his first trip through the cañons, for now he can get fresh supplies through these passes. After he had completed the exploration of these cañon passes he crossed Northern Arizona to New Mexico, and on the way visited the "Seven Ancient Cities," and spent several weeks with their interesting people, making vocabularies of their language, collecting their implements, utensils, etc., and studying their mythology, religion, habits, customs, etc.

The Professor found that their religion was elaborately systematized, and that they used sacred paintings, or picture-writing, in their worship. His discoveries among this remnant of a once great nation will be of interest to those who have made a study of the aboriginal races of the continent.

In March or April he will rejoin his party, left in the field, shipping his boats by the Pacific Railroad.

In the course of an investigation during the past season of the marine fauna of the peninsula of Gaspé, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, Mr. WHITEAVES, of Montreal, added largely to the knowledge of the molluscs of that region, as he collected one hundred and eighteen species of marine shells, or nearly double the number previously supposed to exist in that vicinity.

Professor DAWSON, of Montreal, has lately discovered in the Silluro-Devonian beds on the north side of Gaspé Bay the first known American species of the genus *Cephalaspis*, a kind of fossil fish especially familiar to all readers of HUGH MILLER'S works, as one of the forms which he was particularly successful in procuring. It has been recently described by Mr. E. R. LANKESTER, and called *Cephalaspis dawsoni*, after its discoverer.

From the detailed report by VON HEUGLIN of his late expedition, recently published by PETERMANN, we learn that the north coast of Nova Zembla is erroneously laid down on the maps, especially the northeastern cape, which should be placed at a latitude of 77° 8', and a longitude of 71° east. He was surprised to find a temperature of 41° Fahr. in the Matotshkin Strait, which cuts through Nova Zembla, and a still higher degree eastward, in the Kara Sea. The latter fact is ascribed to the temperature of the fresh-water currents, streaming forth from the mouths of the Obi and Yenisei, which were met with as far out as the latitude of 75°. An abundance of the glass balls used by the Norwegians for the floats of nets, etc., was found on the northwest coast of Nova Zembla, which had undoubtedly been carried there from the Loffodens.

Dr. PETERMANN calls attention to the very trifling cost of this expedition of VON HEUGLIN, compared with the important results which it accomplished, the total expense amounting to only about one thousand dollars.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

January 30.—In the Senate, the question of the eligibility of the Georgia Senators was discussed without coming to a vote.—A bill was introduced in the House to regulate commerce among the several States. It provides that a general law for railroads, canals, and other highways from one State to another may be established. A resolution of welcome to the Fenian exiles was adopted.

January 31.—The greater part of the day's session was again consumed in the Senate with a discussion of the Georgia Senatorial question, without reaching a vote.—The House passed a bill authorizing the Secretary of the Navy to institute proceedings to obtain damages and indemnification for the destruction of the *Oneida* in the Bay of Jeddo. A bill to extend the bounty land system to soldiers and sailors of the late war, their widows and orphans, was passed by a vote of 184 to 2.

February 1.—In the Senate, a remonstrance against female suffrage, from women of New England, was submitted. Mr. Joshua Hill, Senator from Georgia, was admitted to his seat. No decision was reached in regard to his colleague, Mr. Miller.—In the House, a bill prescribing an oath of office for persons who participated in the rebellion, but are not disqualified from holding office by the Fourteenth Amendment, was taken up, and, after considerable debate, was passed by a vote of 118 to 89. It provides that such persons shall take the oath prescribed for those whose disabilities have been removed.

February 2.—The Senate passed a bill allowing a drawback on brandy.—In the House, a bill to extend the time for constructing a railroad from St. Croix to Lake Superior was considered at some length. The debate had reference to the expediency of giving public lands in aid of railroad enterprises. This policy was generally opposed, and a motion to recommit the bill passed by a vote of 103 to 84.

February 3.—The Senate, after a long debate, passed a bill granting pensions to soldiers and sailors of the war of 1812, with an amendment to extend its provisions to widows of Revolutionary soldiers.—A petition was received in the House asking that the appointment of one or more professors of the homeopathic system may be provided for in the proposed National University at Washington.

February 4.—The Senate adopted a resolution authorizing the President to station one or more vessels at the port of New York, to convey such articles as may be contributed for the relief of the sufferers in France and Germany. The remainder of the day was spent in considering a bill for the revision of the postal laws, but no action was reached.—In the House, several bills were reported by the Committee on Territories, and passed, among them one forbidding Territorial Legislatures to grant private charters, and one limiting the sessions of the Legislatures to forty days, and the compensation of the members to $6 per day.

GENERAL DOMESTIC ITEMS.

The public debt statement shows a reduction, during January, of $4,040,986 75.

The Apache Indians in Arizona are committing depredations about Tucson and Preston, killing whites, and driving off their cattle.

The Legislature of Missouri is resolving again in favor of removing the National Capital to the Mississippi Valley.

Captain Selfridge is reported to have found a route for a ship canal across the Isthmus of Darien, the summit of which is but 300 feet above the sea level.

The filibustering steamer *Hornet* is reported to be at Port-au-Prince, flying the American colors, and preparing to return to the United States. A Spanish war steamer is watching her.

FOREIGN NEWS.

IT now looks very much as if there was going to be a division, on the question of continuing the war, between Northern and Southern France. The Bordeaux branch of the government having issued a decree declaring the ineligibility to the Assembly of the functionaries under the empire, the Paris branch has declared itself supreme, annulled the decree, and suspended Gambetta and his colleagues. It is announced, however, that Gambetta will ignore this action, and that he is warmly supported by the people of the south of France. At Lyons warlike demonstrations have taken place, the people demanding war to the last extremity.

The report that Bismarck had demanded, as conditions of peace, the cession of Alsace and Lorraine, and the colony of Pondicherry, twenty first-class ships of war, and the payment of an indemnity of two thousand millions of dollars, is now pronounced to be incorrect. The Germans will probably retain Alsace and the fortress of Metz, and require the payment of an indemnity sufficiently heavy to prevent warlike preparations in France for many years. It is said that, in the event of peace, the German army will make a triumphal entry into Paris, and that the Fifth Army Corps will occupy Champagne until the indemnity is paid.

By the surrender of Paris the Germans gained 130,000 prisoners, 1500 cannon, 400 field-pieces and mitrailleuses, several gun-boats in the Seine, and a very large amount of railway rolling-stock.

The revictualing of Paris is carried on under the supervision of German officers.

A series of engagements between the Germans and the rear of Bourbaki's army, during the last days of January, resulted in the capture of eagles, cannon, mitrailleuses, and 15,000 prisoners, by the Germans, besides hundreds of provision-wagons, and a large quantity of arms. The greater part of the French crossed the frontier into Switzerland, where they were immediately disarmed and scattered through the several cantons.

A radical society has been organized in Paris, which pronounces in favor of a republic, with one Assembly; an Executive to be chosen and removed by the Assembly; the suppression of the standing army, substituting a militia; the reduction of the budget, and the abolition of titles and privileges of the nobility. It repudiates wars for conquest, and concludes its platform by demanding that no negotiations be held with Prussians while they remain on French soil.

The Italian government announces that the attitude it assumes toward the Pope is substantially the same it holds in relation to the liberty of the Church, the practical effect of which will be to exempt the Pope from subjection to temporal authority.

The Italian Chamber of Deputies has voted in favor of transferring the capital to Rome.

The Liverpool members of Parliament have recently expressed their earnest hope that Mr. Schenck might bring about a satisfactory settlement of the *Alabama* question.

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TWO VALENTINES—"WHAT DOES MY TRUE LOVE SAY?"—[DRAWN BY ARTHUR LUMLEY.]

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THE HALF HOUR BEFORE DINNER—BAD TIDINGS FROM THE KITCHEN.

Page (to dismayed Hostess). "PLEASE, MA'AM, COOK SAYS AS HOW THE SOOT HAVE FELL DOWN CHIMNEY INTO THE SOUP AND ALL OVER THE FISH, AND SPOILT MOST EVERY THING."

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WON—NOT WOOED.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Bred in the Bone," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

A DINNER OF GRATITUDE.

"THE captain of the coble is coming to dine with us to-morrow," exclaimed Frederick, from the box-seat, in answer to the eager inquiries of his wife and "the General."

"Nay," cried the Professor, "he is coming to dine with *me*."

"A pretty thing, indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Marshall, indignantly. "You men are not going to have him all to yourselves. Sooner than that, and if Mrs. Pennant and May are to be forbidden to meet him, he shall dine *tête-à-tête* with *me*."

"That would be highly improper," said Frederick, gravely. "I am quite sure that your Melcombe, who is all propriety, would, under such circumstances, refuse to wait."

"That would be all the better," answered the indomitable old lady; "the young hero and I would then be quite alone."

It had been, however, in reality arranged that the dinner—at which, of course, the ladies were to be present—was to take place in Mr. Flint's apartment, while that of the Pennants' was to be used as a drawing-room. Mr. Thornton had accepted the common invitation of the two gentlemen very frankly, and had even promised to remain for a day or two at the hotel as the guest of the Professor. The latter was loud in his praises of the young man's modest manner and talk. "He made no more of getting us all off that rock," he said, "than if we had been so many anemones."

Mabel listened to him with an interest so eager, that he might almost have been pardoned for misunderstanding its nature. This really excellent old gentleman—one in a thousand for wisdom and learning—was, in fact, within a very little of persuading himself that it might be possible for Miss May Denham to entertain an affection for him other than that filial one something of which she really did already feel. Her very name should have suggested to him that poem of "May and December," which is a lesson to all gray-beards in such matters; but it did not do so, or, if it did, the lesson missed its personal application, just as a sermon flies over the head of the sinner. Let us, however, not be too hard upon the good Professor: even Solomon made more than one mistake of the same nature; and Mabel herself was (though involuntarily) without doubt to blame in the matter in being "a sight to make an old man young." Moreover (to anticipate a little), Mr. Flint not only never told his love, letting concealment, like the worm in the bud, feed on his white-whiskered cheek, but never acknowledged, even to his own conscience, how great a fool he had nearly made of himself. He fluttered round the candle, but did not absolutely burn his drab wings. Yet how greatly the flame attracted him was evident in his total forgetfulness of the treasures he had left in the residence of the Cave Bear. Not a word did he say about them, and, indeed, not a thought did he give to them, till Mabel inquired with interest why they were going straight home without revisiting the cavern.

"My dear, we are both still damp," observed Mrs. Marshall, decisively; "and as for me, I have some other old bones to think about besides those of antediluvian animals. Of course the Professor would not dream of taking us out of our way under such circumstances."

"Indeed," affirmed Mr. Flint, earnestly, "you only do me justice, I hope. I am not so selfish as to have dreamed of any thing of the sort."

"On the contrary," said Frederick, "the Professor was the one to suggest that you ladies that have been in the water might require fires when you get to the hotel, and Messrs. Winthrop and Son have gone ahead in the dog-cart to order them.—By-the-by, Mr. Flint, there was one thing that we both forgot—namely, to ask those two men to dine with us to-morrow. Upon such an occasion we can hardly leave them out, I think—eh?"

There was an awkward pause. The Professor shrugged his shoulders. Mrs. Pennant bit her lips, and frowned at her husband (How could you be so foolish, Fred, as to moot such a question in public? Why didn't you wait till you and I could talk it over together?). Mabel felt herself turning crimson, because she knew that it was upon her account that her sister was displeased.

"Oh, dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Marshall, "we must certainly have the Winthrops—that is, of course, you gentlemen will please yourselves; but I think it would only be common civility. He gave us an excellent lunch, remember; and I am sure, for my part, if it hadn't been for that Champagne I could never have borne up as I did, when that horrid tide came all about us."

"She had as much Champagne as was good for even that old woman," growled Fred to his wife when subsequently discussing this momentous question in private. "If she had been in her senses she must have seen how unwelcome to all of us was the idea of asking these people to dinner; and yet, after what she said, one couldn't well get out of it."

Mrs. Pennant was far too wise to remind her husband, at so inopportune a moment, that but for him the subject need not have been broached; she doubtless put away that rebuke in a pigeon-hole of her mind, as women will, to be used at another time; but for the present did her best to calm him (for he was really much annoyed), and fit him for the duties of host.

"What is done can't be undone, my dear," was her philosophic remark; "and, after all, it is but an hour or two, and we never need see either of these Mr. Winthrops again."

She was by no means so sure of this in her own mind; and, indeed, was much more seriously disquieted about the whole affair, on May's account, than her husband, who was only irritated, after the fashion of his sex, at having to endure for a single evening the society of two "confoundedly disagreeable fellows," to whom he would be compelled to be gracious and polite. It was not less unpleasant perhaps for his wife than for himself; but selfish man hates "bother" and "trouble," and to have his pleasures interfered with; and one of his favorite excuses for avoiding any thing of the kind is that, "for his part, he can never play the hypocrite." He has a complacent idea that women, on the other hand, are fitted for that rôle by nature.

The dinner came off upon the following day in the Professor's apartment, the party consisting of the eight persons whose acquaintance we have already made. Mr. Winthrop had accepted the common invitation very readily, and his son had done likewise, though after some slight demur, which had given false hopes of a refusal. His attire was splendid in the extreme—jewels sparkled on his embroidered shirt-front, and even on the buttons of his waistcoat. "He *is* a Carib," was Mr. Flint's silent reflection, "and would wear a ring through his nose if he dared." Mr. Winthrop himself regarded this lavish display of ornament with unmistakable disfavor. "My Horn is as fond of finery as a servant-girl," remarked he to the host: "if he had had his uniform with him, he would have undoubtedly put it on to-night."

It was curious to notice how bitter against his offspring was the traveled squire, though unusually gracious toward his fellow-guests. To the guest of the evening he was especially civil, making elaborate speeches to him, in compliment to the strength and skill which he had displayed in the rescue of the previous day, and expressing his personal gratitude in the most highly polished phrases. All this embarrassed the honest young fellow exceedingly, and he grew still more confused when Mr. Winthrop began to ask questions of him concerning his own affairs and belongings.

"Did he belong to the Leicestershire Thorntons, or to the Sussex branch, which (as he understood) had devoted themselves so successfully to commerce?"

It was strange enough that so practiced a conversationalist did not perceive, what was evident enough to the rest of the company, that he was causing annoyance by these interrogatories. As for the ladies, in whose minds the recollection of this young gentleman's history was so recent, they were beyond measure indignant at Mr. Winthrop's stupidity. "He may be a Winthrop of Wapshot," was Mrs. Pennant's subsequent remark to Mrs. Marshall; "but he was a born idiot not to see that he was giving pain."

"Don't speak of it, my dear," was the latter lady's reply. "The idea of his asking that poor boy after his father and mother! Even to think of it now makes me 'all of a pug.'"

As for Mabel, her heart had bled for this young fellow; and although she had not had the courage to interfere, or could have thought—to save her life—of any thing to say at the moment by way of diversion, she had not attempted to conceal her sympathy with his distress. She had thanked him warmly, when they met that afternoon, for having saved her life; and although he had made light of the matter, her gratitude had evidently been far from being displeasing to him, like that of Mr. Winthrop. There was a certain tender gravity in the tone of his reply, which did not escape her, and evoked as if by magic the color to her cheeks; and yet it was clear that, however circumstances had repressed his spirits, he was by nature buoyant and even gay. His description of his lodging at Hillsborough was full of humor. He had not only seen but tasted wolf-fish, and much strange fish and flesh besides. In fact, it had only too often occurred that he did not know what he was eating. On one especial occasion his landlady had given him hopes of a fruit pie, but the performance had come far short of the promise; he had expected bilberries, but he was put off with a treacle tart.

"You must smack your lips over a dinner like this, I should think," was Mr. Horn Winthrop's graceful comment upon this sad experience.

"He has earned it, at all events," observed the squire, waspishly; "and you, Sir, will never earn a dinner as long as you live."

"He has earned more than that," said the host, clapping his young guest on the shoulder, "whether he ever gets paid or not. I don't think a dinner is quite sufficient salvage for saving five lives."

"If you really think that any obligation still remains upon your side," answered Thornton, earnestly, "you can discharge it at once."

"How so?" inquired more than one voice.

"By never saying any thing more upon the subject. It is more than sufficient reward for playing the tortoise—and I have often carried a boat on my back for my own pleasure—to have met with so kind a welcome here."

"But why the deuce don't you come and stay here altogether," inquired Horn, "instead of being poisoned at that wretched village?"

For an instant a blush came over the other's face; then he smiled, and said: "It is for a very vulgar reason, Sir—mere poverty. I am not rich enough now to live at a hotel, as I used to do; but I like this part of the coast, and therefore spend my holiday at Hillsborough.—Have you still the ghost in the bath-room, Mr. Flint, that was wont to be here, or has he been already exorcised?"

"I never heard of him," answered the Professor, smiling. "What room does he haunt, or does he use all the bath-rooms?"

"He is a ghost of the first quality, and occupies the first-floor."

"*I* have heard of him," cried Mabel, "from the chamber-maid!"

"And I from my Janet!" exclaimed Mrs. Marshall. "Oh, do tell us the true story."

"Nay, I don't know as to the truth of the matter," answered Thornton; "but what I have heard is, that in the first year the hotel was opened two brothers put up at it, the elder of whom was very rich, and the other poor. It was the nightly custom of the former to take a warm bath before he retired to rest; and on a certain morning he was found in the said bath-room, drowned or suffocated. The event was ascribed to accident, and the younger brother came into all the money without opposition. Next year, however, when he came to the hotel again, a strange thing happened. He called up all the household in the night, and half the visitors, by his shrieks and cries, protesting that he heard his brother groaning and suffocating in the bath, and accusing himself of having been his murderer. It was an awkward admission to make; but, on the other hand, he had had a good deal of brandy in the smoking-room, and was supposed to be slightly delirious. Opinions were divided on his departure—which took place the next morning—as to whether it was a case of Cain and Abel, or only of delirium tremens. But the proof of the matter remained behind him in the ghost. In the dead of night, you might hear that unhappy gentleman of property gurgle, gurgle, gurgle—sob, sob, sob—"

"I don't believe a word of it," interrupted Horn, morosely; "it's my opinion that it's nothing but the pipes."

"That view is shared by others," observed Thornton, coolly; then turned abruptly to Mrs. Pennant, and inquired whether she patronized the dancing assemblies at the hotel.

"Of course not," interposed Horn, in a tone still harsher than before, and playing impatiently with his wine-glass. "Neither Mrs. Pennant nor Miss Denham would, I am sure, be seen in such company. Nobody who *is* any body ever mixes with it. For my part, I should consider my uniform disgraced and soiled if I put it on for any such occasion."

"It must be a very delicate color," observed Mr. Flint.

"It's the usual color, Sir," answered Horn, fiercely, who had imbibed sufficient wine to exhibit his character in its most genuine aspect. "I say I would not wear my red coat at a hotel assembly for fifty pounds."

"You must, if it's a hunt ball," observed Pennant, gravely.

"But I would *not*, Sir," contended the stubborn youth.

"Horn, don't be so excited," remonstrated Mr. Winthrop; "you are not likely to be asked to submit to any such indignity. It is not usual for officers in her Majesty's army to appear in such places in full uniform; but certainly it is very possible to disgrace yourself in a worse manner."

Here Mrs. Marshall cast across the dessert to Mrs. Pennant that mystic sign which dooms men to their own society; but, like the great Nelson, the latter lady declined to perceive the signal. She was equally impatient with "the General" to unreservedly discuss in the next room the misbehavior of Mr. Horn Winthrop; but she saw that war was threatened, and that the presence of her sex was necessary to prevent its breaking out. She continued, therefore, her conversation with Mr. Thornton, with that appearance of interest and animation which is rarely exhibited by a woman unless it is spurious.

"So you are a Volunteer," said she, "are you? Well, now, I should have thought as much."

Mr. Horn Winthrop laughed derisively, to express that he also should have thought as much.

"And a good shot, I dare say," added Mrs. Pennant, though with a slight tremor in her voice. She was afraid that her hasty Frederick would suddenly seize upon this rude young man and pitch him over the balcony.

"A man may shoot for a fortnight at Wimbledon at a toy deer," observed Horn, scornfully, "and yet not know how to handle a gun. One must have a moor or a manor of one's own to do that."

"Well, you've certainly got a manner of your own, young gentleman," observed Mr. Flint, with irritation. "However, you are not *my* son;" and he looked toward Mr. Winthrop the elder.

"Indeed, Professor," said that gentleman, "your observation is most just.—I blush for you, Horn; and if you do not apologize to your host and these ladies for your foolish and quarrelsome conduct, I must beg you to leave the table."

"I apologize to every body except one," said the young man, doggedly.

"Let that one be myself, then," answered Mr. Winthrop, quickly. "I am used to being treated disrespectfully by you, and can bear it. Now be silent, Sir."

Except for some inarticulate muttering, the young man obeyed; there was a menace in his father's voice quite different from its customary peevishness, and which had its effect; but through this untoward fracas a wet-blanket was imposed upon the little party for the rest of the evening. The one who seemed least affected by it was Mr. Winthrop himself, who perhaps was not displeased to have this public opportunity of exhibiting his authority over his audacious offspring. He expressed in a low voice to Mabel, who happened to be his next neighbor, his sorrow for what had occurred. "Horn has never had a mother's care," said he, "and his home discipline has been neglected, for which I am afraid my own gad-about habits have been to blame."

Mabel murmured some indistinct phrase of sympathy, and was greatly relieved when her sister and Mrs. Marshall at last rose to leave the room, and admitted of her own escape from the table.

One may imagine how Mr. Horn was "pulled to pieces" in the next apartment. "What an unhappy temper!" exclaimed Mrs. Marshall, who, though indignant, could not forget that the young gentleman was a Winthrop of Wapshot. She belonged to that large class of persons who never perceive "brutality" in the higher ranks, but only "too great a determination of character," or a disposition which they pity for its owner's sake.

"I call him an ill-mannered cub!" cried Ju. "How infamously he behaved to that kind, inoffensive Mr. Thornton!"

"And how beautifully Mr. Thornton took it!" ejaculated Mabel. "It was easy to see that he forbore to resent his conduct entirely upon our account."

"They are in very different positions of life, however," remarked Mrs. Marshall: "one is a spoiled boy, the heir of ten thousand a year; and the other, though an excellent young man, I'm sure, is a nameless orphan."

"The more reason," observed Mrs. Pennant, excitedly, "that he should be treated with consideration. As for the difference of position, the advantage is on Mr. Thornton's side, since he is evidently a gentleman, and the other is not. I never witnessed such behavior. I hope Mr. Horn Winthrop will not have the hardihood to come into this room to coffee."

Mabel said nothing: perhaps she repented of having spoken what she had, for her face had worn a blush ever since.

Mr. Horn's sense of shame, it seemed, was overrated, for he presently made his appearance with the rest: they all looked serious, and made spasmodic attempts at conversation, with the exception of Thornton. He was cheerful and pleasant, and made himself agreeable to the two elder ladies, but avoided Mabel so persistently that it appeared to be on purpose. Horn, on the other hand, hung over her chair. ("Steadying himself on the back of it, as I believe," said Mrs. Pennant afterward.) He would persist in talking to her in such low tones (which were also rather thick) that she could hardly make out what he said. She gathered, however, that he intended to be very polite. He really could be superficially eloquent on occasion; it was the one gift he had in common with his father. But now he was all himself; he was "cut," and showed the Tartar. He expressed to Mabel the pleasure he had felt in carving the chicken for her at the picnic on the previous day. He said that Aldershot was a beastly place, because there was no ladies' society. Well, yes, there were a few officers' wives, who did not mind living in huts; but, for his part, he could not understand a man asking a woman to become his wife under such circumstances. He should leave the army to-morrow if he married. He would have an allowance from the governor at once.

"You are fortunate," said poor Mabel, to whom speech was embarrassing, but silence still worse, "in having a father who can afford to behave so handsomely to you. If he were a poor clergyman like papa, that would be impossible."

"Oh, of course, I should have an allowance; and besides, the gov'nor is very creaky and shaky, though he tries to look young and strong; so perhaps I should not have very long to wait for Wapshot."

The look which accompanied this piece of confidential intelligence was even more awkward and unwelcome to the recipient than the communication itself.

"I have ten thousand a year in land entailed upon me," continued he, "and can make good settlements; whereas the governor—"

Here Mabel, in feigned reply to a sign from Ju, rose hastily, and took a chair by her sister's side, which Thornton courteously placed for her, and then withdrew to converse with Mrs. Marshall. Mabel's heart, which had been in her mouth through terror at Horn's remarks, at once grew cold and heavy as a stone, and sank within her. For the rest of the evening she scarcely knew what occurred, and answered such observations as were made to her at random.

When the gentlemen retired, and Frederick with them, to smoke in the next room, or rather on the balcony, Ju inquired of her with some interest if any thing ailed her.

"No, nothing," said she, smiling faintly.

"Well, upon my word, I thought, from the expression of your face when that dreadful cub was talking to you, that he had said something unpleasant—asked you to marry him, for instance."

"How can you talk such nonsense, Ju? He was only very egotistic and dull, and I had a headache, which I have not lost yet. If you and Mrs. Marshall will excuse me, I think I'll go to bed."

"Do, my dear, by all means," said Ju, kissing her affectionately.

"Shall I send my Janet with you," inquired Mrs. Marshall, "to blow Paragon Vinegar on your forehead through the glass tube? Nothing is like that Paragon. I get it of that dear man, the chemist at Leamington. Now, *do* let me."

"No, I thank you," answered Mabel, with a merry laugh. "I shall soon sleep the pain off, as I have often done before."

But the smile faded from the young girl's cheek as she closed the door behind her, and her throbbing head was destined to toss upon the weary pillow for many an hour that night before she found relief, first in tears, and afterward in slumber.

"Do you think Mr. Horn Winthrop *did* make her an offer to-night?" inquired Mrs. Marshall, confidentially, of Ju, as she lit her bedcandle.

"Certainly not, my dear Mrs. Marshall. May is truth itself, and you heard her answer just

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now; though, indeed, I had no intention of putting the question in earnest. I think the young man had had quite enough wine—so much, indeed, that he shall never have the chance of putting his foot in a drawing-room of mine again; but he was not so tipsy—or rather so mad—as to make May an offer."

"Humph!" said Mrs. Marshall, in a disappointed tone. "Well, of course, you know your sister better than I do; but I must say I thought the young man's manner very *empressé*."

"*Empressé*? I thought it abominably disagreeable; and I was glad to see that his father evidently observed it, and formed the same opinion of it."

"I saw that, too, my dear; and did you happen, by-the-by, to observe any alteration in Mr. Winthrop when we met him this afternoon?"

"Not I, indeed; he appears to me always much the same—cynical, vain, and insincere." The fact was, though she had a husband to herself, Mrs. Pennant was of opinion that a little more attention might have been paid to herself by Winthrop of Wapshot, and this was the first opportunity that had offered of expressing her own sentiments (obliquely) respecting that matter.

"I don't refer to his manner, my dear, but to the change in his external appearance," returned Mrs. Marshall, mysteriously. "He told me yesterday that it was exactly a year since his wife's death, and I observed to-day that he had left off his mourning. Now, in my opinion, that is rather significant. What a magnificent position it would be for any young woman! You think the idea ridiculous? Very good; *nous verrons*. Good-night, my dear, and pleasant dreams."

CHAPTER XIV.

A FRAGMENT FROM THE FRENCH.

IT was not only Miss Mabel Denham who held the opinion that Richard Thornton had behaved himself to admiration under the after-dinner impertinence of Horn Winthrop; both Mr. Flint and Frederick were loud in Thornton's praises upon that matter, and in other respects; for he had now been the Professor's guest some days, and reaped golden opinions by his gentle bearing. They were discussing his character upon the balcony one afternoon, while he was absent at Winthrop Cavern, where he "superintended the excavations," in the absence of his host, who had just the least touch of gout; and that onslaught of Horn, which he had borne with unsheathed sword, became, not for the first time, the subject of their talk.

"It is not as if the lad were lacking in spirit," observed Mr. Flint, with animation. "He has the courage of a young lion, with strength enough to put that impudent fellow over his knee and administer chastisement *more magistrum*."

"Gad, I should like to see it done!" answered Frederick, laughing. "I never met with a cub more in want of a licking. His father is not a favorite of mine, but he is in manners a gentleman; and how he could have begotten such a son I can not imagine. Why the deuce, I wonder, did he give him such an outlandish name as Horn?"

"There is always a reason for a name of that kind," returned Mr. Flint, demurely.

At this Frederick broke into such laughter as brought his wife out on the balcony to learn the joke, in which she was disappointed.

"It is Mr. Flint's, not mine," said her husband; "you must ask him." But Mr. Flint was granite.

"I shall get it out of Frederick presently," said she, shaking her finger menacingly at the Professor; and we have no doubt she did.

In the mean time the old gentleman pursued his laudations of Thornton. "The more I see of him, the more I like him," said he. "He is as good at heart as he is to look at; and if I was a young girl, as Mrs. Marshall says, I should certainly fall in love with him."

"That would be an act of some imprudence," answered Mrs. Pennant, gravely, "unless the young girl was an heiress."

"In which case she would certainly look out for a rich man," observed Frederick. "You are very wise, my dear Professor; but you don't understand women."

"I suppose I don't," said the old man, humbly, and with a little sigh; "and yet if men, with few exceptions, do not comprehend the other sex, how much less must women know of men!"

"That is true," observed Frederick, "and also fortunate; otherwise men would never get wives."

"That remark should be written in gold," observed the Professor, gravely.

"Are you all so very wicked, then, you men?" inquired Mrs. Pennant, laughing. "This confession is really very touching. In all books, from the Bible downward, the wickedness seems all upon the women's side; and to hear the contrary is most refreshing, especially from folks like you, who have doubtless considerable experience."

"This is what comes of making an admission to a female!" cried Frederick. "For my part, I retract every thing."

"Now I should think that Mr. Richard Thornton—for a man"—continued Mrs. Pennant, thoughtfully, "was not so very wicked."

"Not so very wicked as the Professor, I suppose you mean," laughed Frederick. "Well, you see, he has not had the time for it. I confess I don't, myself, believe in your good young men."

"He judges them by what he was himself, before you absolved him," said the Professor, gallantly. "It would be worth one's while to be wicked if one was sure to be shrived by so fair a priestess."

"Yes," said Frederick; "just as it is worth while to be a little drowned in the Serpentine for the sake of the brandy administered by the Royal Humane."

"Talking of being drowned," said the Professor, "reminds me that I am about to lose 'the captain of the coble,' as you call him. Thornton told me this morning that he had important business which would take him back to town. I shall miss him immensely. He has been very useful to me in classifying my bone treasures, and has worked out our disinterments in the cavern quite *con amore*."

"Like a ghoul," suggested Frederick, by way of free translation.

"He appeared very happy the first day or two here," said the Professor, with chagrin; "and now, all of a sudden, it seems he must be off to London."

"When you were Thornton's age, Mr. Flint," said Frederick, smiling, "I dare say that you had sometimes important business, unintelligible to your friends, which took you from country places up to the gay town."

"No, no; it is not mere pleasure that makes Thornton go; of that I am sure," returned the Professor, seriously. "If it was so he would acknowledge it; he is much too honest to resort to any subterfuge."

"Well, well, Professor, I have already expressed my incredulity upon the subject of good young men; but I have no wish to prejudice you against this Bayard.—There goes three o'clock, when the London papers arrive.—As we are going abroad next week, Ju, it is just as well to keep one's eyes upon foreign affairs, so I'll run down and get a *Times*."

Mrs. Pennant remained upon the balcony with the Professor.

"I have something to say to you, Mr. Flint," said she, earnestly, "which I don't wish my husband to hear, since he would only laugh at me for saying it. Laughter, he says, is the only proper weapon with which to meet a woman's arguments; and yet we are sometimes right, I think."

"Always," said the Professor, gallantly—"always."

"I have a favor to ask of you, Mr. Flint," continued she, without noticing the badinage in his tone. "You were telling us just now that Mr. Thornton wishes to leave Shingleton, though he does not give his reasons. If he mentions the matter again, be so good as not to press him to stay."

"Not press him to stay!" exclaimed Mr. Flint, more astonished at this request than if he had been asked for his watch and chain.

"Yes," said she; "let him go at once—that is the favor I have to beg. I ask it for his own sake, but still more for that of another. My dear Mr. Flint"—here she laid her fingers on his arm, and looked at him with beseeching eyes—"I ask it for my own."

"It is granted, of course," said the astonished Professor; "but—"

"Hush! here is my husband;" and throwing the old *savant* a grave but grateful smile, Mrs. Pennant stepped back into her own apartment. Mr. Flint also retired into his sitting-room, the better to collect his thoughts, which had been scattered by this confidential communication, as by a shell exploded in the centre of his mental system. Presently they gathered themselves together, and concentrated on one subject, which was not by any means a favorite one with them—namely, the inconstancy of woman.

The Professor's acquaintance with the sex had been slight and superficial. His nature was not amorous (in spite of that momentary weakness with respect to Mabel, which was itself so vague and evanescent that I already almost reproach myself for having disclosed it); the love-affairs of his youth, if he ever had any (of which, with all deference to the general opinion on such matters, I have my doubts), were of so commonplace a character that the recollection of them had faded from his mind. He had been, and was, a favorite with the sex, as Professor Flint; his kindly and chivalrous nature had been fully recognized by them in his days of "reverence and the silver hair;" but up to middle age, and even beyond it, he had not only been no philanderer—he had been a recluse, a college hermit. The ways of women had been, if not "too wonderful for him"—as to Agur, the son of Jakeh—at all events, unknown to him. He had listened (much displeased) to jokes upon them, made in the common room of his college by ordained celibates, who ought not to have been (and perhaps were not) better informed on the subject than himself; and, of course, he had read about them in poem and fiction. The Greek, the Roman, and the modern Gaul had each informed him how unfaithful was the sex to which his mother belonged: an honest Christian soul, always, as he remembered her, ripe for heaven, but who, these writers asked him to believe, had been in youth—since all women were alike in such respects—frivolous, vain, immodestly passionate, and false. He had not believed them—he had scorned to do so—though he did not himself possess those selfish and violent appetites, the existence of which in most men convicts them, if it does not convince, of lying and cowardice in their charges against the chastity of women: but at this moment the reiterated accusations of ancients and moderns found in him, for the first time, a patient though a very unwilling listener. He was not a man, as we have seen, to turn from the consideration of any question because it gave him discomfort or pain; and he did not turn from this, but reviewed the matter with judicial impartiality. He liked the Pennants much; he both respected and admired Julia; and yet something within him was now asking him to believe that this bride of but five weeks had permitted her affections to be estranged from her lawful husband, and to fix themselves upon Richard Thornton. True, she did not encourage herself in this wicked and wanton infatuation. She evidently saw her danger, and desired to have the temptation removed from her. But it shocked the old Professor to the core to have heard that such a precaution was necessary. "Do not press him to stay," she had said; and her manner had been infinitely more impressive than the words. "My dear Mr. Flint," she had pleaded (and how much more earnest had been the entreaty in her eyes), "I ask this favor for his sake, and still more *for my own*."

Such a state of affairs was morally unintelligible to the Professor, but he could not but accept the fact; confirmation of it, indeed, was not wanting when he began to recall the circumstances, trivial in themselves, but of importance when viewed in connection with this matter. In particular, there was the behavior of Thornton himself, who had certainly paid somewhat exclusive attention to Mrs. Pennant; if he had not absolutely "devoted himself" to her, he had sought her society in preference to that of her sister, which had always been, in the Professor's eyes, an incomprehensible circumstance, and was now become a suspicious one. Of course this was an idea that did great discredit to his young friend. But if Mrs. Pennant had strayed in thought from the path of honor, upon whose virtue could he rely? If there were no good young women, he was quite ready to subscribe to Mr. Pennant's opinion that there were no good young men. Like most men who have conscientious religious doubts, Mr. Flint was a man of rigid morals; but he was not so severe against those little weaknesses to which his enemies, the bigots, are often but too prone, as they were against his supposed latitudinarianism. He knew that his own nature was cold, and took no credit to himself for virtue; he made great allowances for their passionate temperaments—and, of course, he was not less charitable toward those who were not his enemies. He was as much shocked and grieved at the tacit confession which Mrs. Pennant had just made to him, as an archbishop could have been at hearing of a new heresy; but he did not break out into anathemas. On the contrary, he pitied her from the bottom of his heart. As to Thornton, he could not persuade himself that his frank young companion was a designing scoundrel. That phrase of Mrs. Pennant's, "for his own sake," led him to believe she did not fear *him*, but rather *for* him. One thing was, at all events, quite clear: Thornton, so far from being pressed to stay, must be got away as soon as possible, but not without a word or two of advice, if not of rebuke.

Just as the Professor had arrived at this sage conclusion, in came the young man himself, with a business-like report of the state of affairs at the cavern. The excavations were quite extensive by this time, but it seemed that the place had yielded almost all it had to yield. This was the less to be regretted, since the Scientific, who had got wind of the great discovery, were pouring in upon the place from all sides, and would without doubt have pillaged it remorselessly.

"I think I have brought away to-day all that is worth bringing," observed Richard, producing a few odds and ends of bone. "I shall be able to leave you now, Professor, since our work is finished, with a clear conscience."

"I hope you will," said Mr. Flint, significantly, and regarding the young man with great earnestness; "I trust you will have nothing to reproach yourself with."

Thornton looked up from the table, on which he had been spreading his antediluvian spoil, with great astonishment.

"I trust so, indeed," said he, simply. "If you have any fault to find with me, my dear Mr. Flint, I entreat you to mention it, that I may excuse myself, or make atonement. I regret, beyond the power of words to express, any offense that I may have unintentionally committed. As to willful annoyance, I am quite sure I have given you none."

Mr. Flint, whose liking for this young fellow was perhaps stronger than he had been himself aware of, began to regret that he had begun his lecture. It was very different from the lectures he had had to give at college, with the subjects of which he had been conversant. Moreover, there was that in the young man's air which convinced the Professor more than ever of his innocence. Suppose this unhappy *tendresse* of Mrs. Pennant's should have been all on one side, and Thornton not even conscious of its existence—that would be a pretty kettle of wolf-fish!

"Why do you not speak to me, Mr. Flint? Do you suppose that your displeasure is a matter of indifference to me? I have been overwhelmed by kindnesses at your hands. I have been through your means introduced to"—here something seemed to choke the poor fellow's utterance—"others, who have been equally kind, and whose friendship I prize very highly. The few days I have spent with you and them have been far brighter ones than I had hoped to know, or than I shall ever know again. It is you I have to thank for them. I have not so many friends—God help me, I have none!—that I can afford to lose your friendship. What *have* I done, Sir? I know I have my enemies here, and if they have accused me of any thing, I have a right to hear what it is."

It was touching to see this lad, so young and powerful, appealing with such pathos for bare justice, which the other was yet unable to grant to him. It was impossible for Mr. Flint to continue the task which he had originally proposed to himself; he felt that he had nothing to go upon; that there was some monstrous mistake, which he would not make worse by an explanation. For the first time in his life—the first that he had ever meddled with the affairs of womankind—the Professor found himself dissimulating.

"I accuse you of nothing, my dear Thornton," stammered he; "I was only annoyed at your proposed abrupt departure. The statement of your intention this morning was so unexpected that I scarcely knew what to say; but I have been 'nursing my wrath to keep it warm' in the interim; and, besides, I have had twinges in my toe, which do not improve one's temper. I feel that I have behaved absurdly. To talk of your having a clear conscience was, of course, a most exaggerated phrase; but you must forgive an old man, who, having been long accustomed to live alone, finds the companion who pleases him suddenly announcing that their intercourse must end. You have a perfect right to go, of course; I have not now a desire to stop you, mind that; and altogether I feel," added the Professor, warmly, "that I owe you an apology for such an outbreak of bad temper."

"Nay, Sir, indeed you do not," cried the young man, with flushing cheek. "It is *I*, rather, who owe you an explanation of that departure, which you are so good as to say you regret. I told you what was false when I said that I had business in London; I—Sir, please to remember that it is only your great kindness which wrings it from me—I had another reason."

The embarrassment of the lad was excessive; his color came and went like that of a shy girl asked for the first time to play in public on the piano-forte, and his speech was as full of joints as a trout-rod; at last he stopped altogether.

"Perhaps the reason you speak of does not affect yourself alone," observed the Professor, hastily, all his suspicion suddenly revived, and dreading above all things to hear it substantiated. "I do not wish you, of course, to tell me any thing that may compromise another."

"Compromise?" repeated Richard, reddening even deeper than before. "There is no question of compromise in the matter, dear Mr. Flint, nor, indeed, of a second person; it is I only who am concerned in it—and," added he, with a sigh he could not repress, "who will have alone to suffer for it. I hope so most fervently; I should be a vain and impertinent fellow if I did not think so—"

"If there is a lady in the case, Mr. Thornton," interrupted the Professor, earnestly, "I do not wish to hear this explanation."

"Pardon me, my dear Mr. Flint; it is you who have made a disclosure necessary, which it must be much more painful for me to narrate than for you to hear. Blindly, foolishly, but, upon my honor, Sir, beyond my own power to avert it, I have placed my affections where I had no right to place them—where it would be base, as well as idle, to suffer them to rest."

The old *savant* was profoundly affected. His heart felt for this unhappy young man, while at the same time it condemned him. There was something, after all, then, in that sentiment of the French novelists, which hitherto always seemed to him too unreal for indignation, and had only awakened his contempt.

"May I ask, Mr. Thornton, if the lady—to whom we need not more particularly refer—is aware of this misplaced attachment of yours?"

"I think not—at least," added he, hurriedly, "I hope not, Sir. I most solemnly assure you that neither in word nor manner have I ever sought to inform her of it. On the contrary, I have studiously endeavored to conceal it. My own prospects in life, and especially my position here as your guest, compelled me in honor to do so."

"Why, he's more French than the French themselves!" reflected the astonished Professor. "He falls in love with a married woman, and feels an apology due to *me*, instead of to her husband."

"I see, Mr. Flint," continued the young man, gravely, "that this confession has lowered me in your good opinion. I can hardly wonder at it; yet the error I have fallen into was unavoidable; and I have taken the only course to remedy it, in my determination to leave this place at once. Since I have lost your friendship, there is nothing that need keep me here an hour longer. Please to make what excuses for me you think proper. It will be better—for me at least—that I should not wish her good-by."

"It will be better for both of you," answered the Professor, decisively. "There is a train to town at five o'clock."

The young man rose, with a heavy sigh. "I will go, Mr. Flint. I leave you with a tender sense of the kindness that I have received at your hands; and I acknowledge that you have had the right to rebuke me for my imprudence. Still, I can not help adding that, notwithstanding my own bitter experience of how loss of fortune affects the behavior of our fellows, I had hoped to find in you a man a little more merciful, a little more pitiful toward one whose only crime is the involuntary one of poverty. A year or two ago I need not have blamed myself for entertaining this unhappy passion; and what was not discreditable then can not, surely (however weak and hopeless), be so unpardonable now."

"The devil it can't!" ejaculated the Professor, indignantly. "Do you mean to say that there's no difference whether you fall in love with a single woman or a married one?"

"A married one, Sir?"

"Well, a bride is a married woman, isn't she?" returned the Professor, angry at what he considered the young fellow's shallow quibble. "Why, it seems to me to be even worse—if there is any worse, where every thing is as bad as it can be—to fall in love with a bride like Mrs. Pennant than a matron."

"My dear Mr. Flint, you are dreaming!" ejaculated the astonished young man. "I have never said a word about Mrs. Pennant; I have been talking about Miss Mabel Denham."

The Professor sank back in his chair with his mouth open, and held up both his hands for "Stop," like a railway signal man. For the present, he felt that silence was absolutely necessary for the preservation of his wits.

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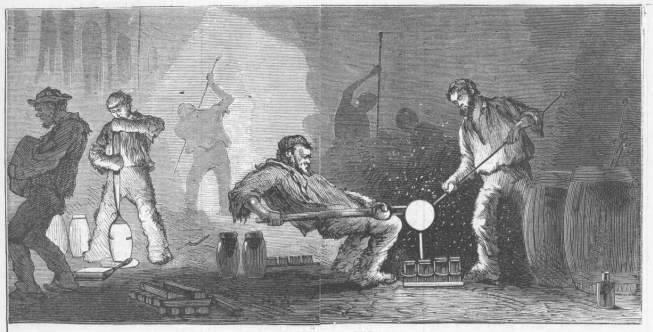

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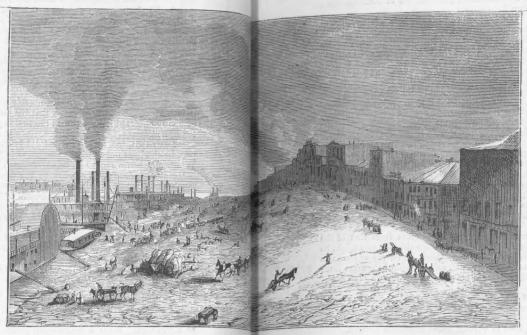
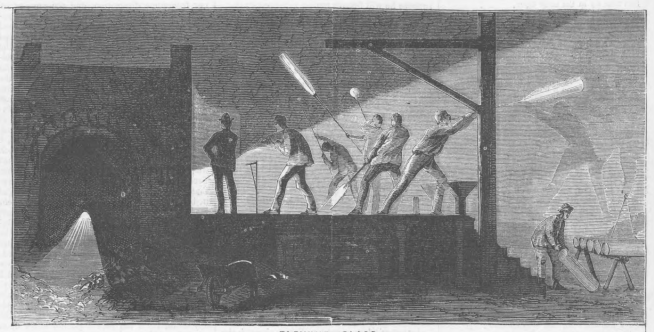
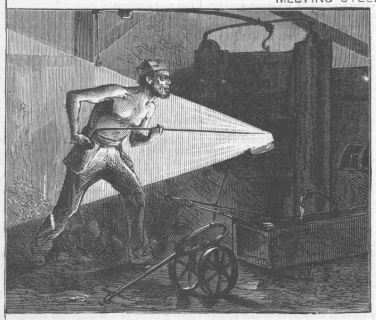
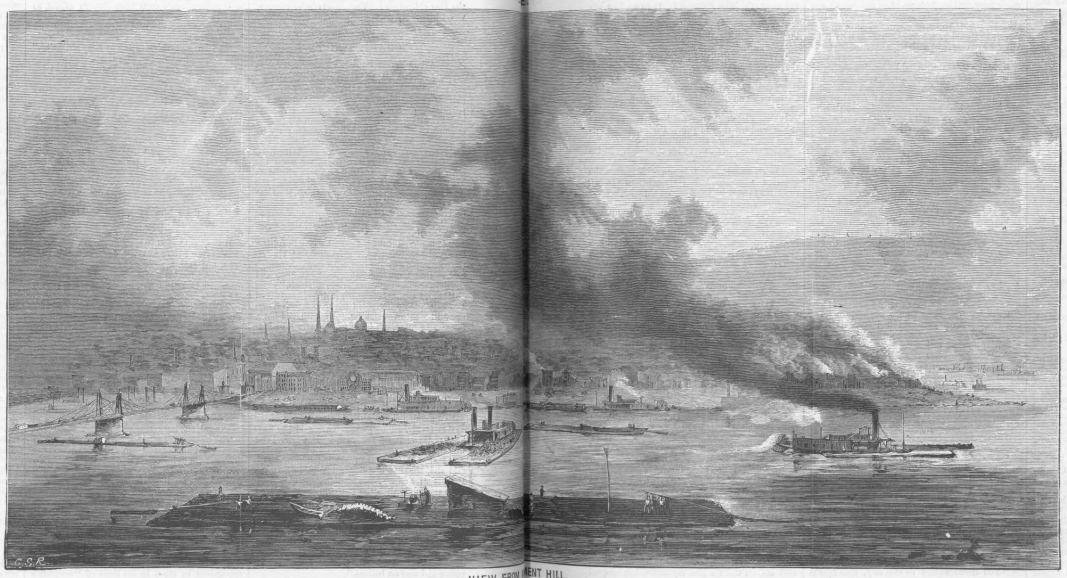




BLOWING GLASS



PUDDLING IRON.



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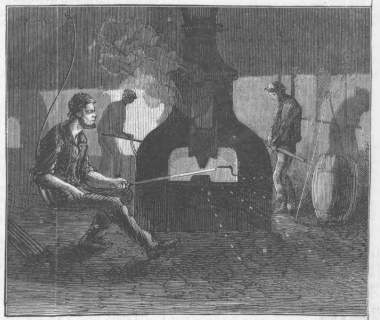
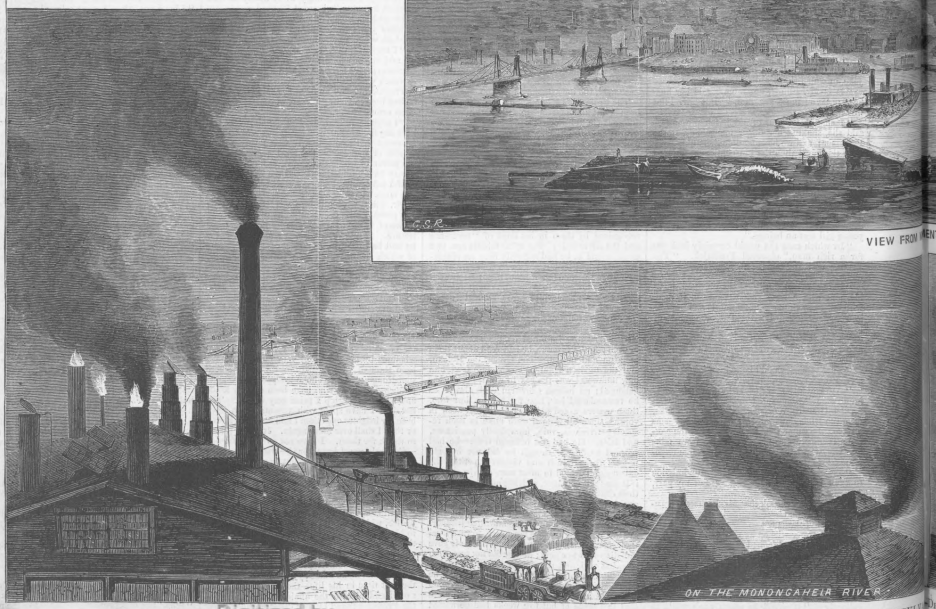
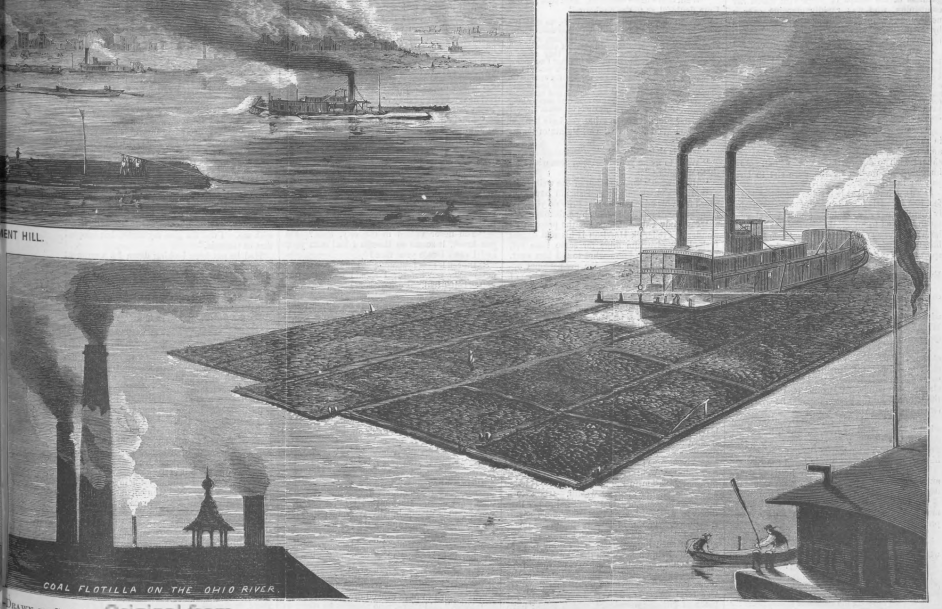


STEAM HAMMER.



ON THE MONONGAHELA RIVER.



COAL FLOTILLA ON THE OHIO RIVER.

VIEWS ABOUT PITTSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.—DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.—[SEE PAGE 147.]

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WORD FROM THE BATTLE-FIELD.

She rose up in the early dawn,
And white and silently she moved
About the house. Four men had gone
To battle for the land they loved,
And she, the mother and the wife,
Waited for tidings from the strife:
How still the house seemed! and her tread
Sounded like footsteps of the dead.

The long day passed; the dark night came;
She had not seen a human face;
Some voice spoke suddenly her name—
How loud it sounded in that place,
Where day on day no sound was heard
But her own footsteps! "Bring you word?"
She cried, to whom she could not see—
"Word from the battle-plains to me?"

A soldier entered at the door,
And stood within the dim fire-light.
"I bring you tidings of the four,"
He said, "who left you for the fight."
"God bless you, friend," she cried, "speak on!
For I can bear it: one is gone?"
"Ay, one is gone," he said. "Which one?"
"Dear lady, he—your eldest son."

A deathly pallor shot across
Her withered face. She did not weep.
She said, "It is a grievous loss,
But God gives His beloved sleep.
What of the living—of the three—
And when can they come back to me?"
The soldier turned away his head:
"Lady, your husband, too, is dead."

She put her hand upon her brow;
A wild, sharp pain was in her eyes:
"My husband! oh, God help me now!"
The soldier shivered at her sighs;
The task was harder than he thought.
"Your youngest son, dear madam, fought
Close at his father's side; both fell
Dead by the bursting of a shell."

She moved her lips, and seemed to moan;
Her face had paled to ashen gray.
"Then one is left me—one alone,"
She said, "of four who marched away.
Oh! overruling, all-wise God,
How *can* I pass beneath Thy rod!"
The soldier walked across the floor,
Paused at the window, at the door—

Wiped the cold dew-drops from his cheek,
And sought the mourner's side again.
"Once more, dear lady, I must speak:
This last remaining son was slain
Just at the closing of the fight;
'Twas he who sent me here to-night."
"God knows," the man said afterward,
"The fight itself was not so hard."

BROTHER NED'S SISTER.

I.

Two beautiful girls were reading very quietly in a handsome parlor in one of the large, old-fashioned houses in that highly favored city whose lovers have named it "the Hub of the Universe," besides giving it various other appellations, to show their appreciation of its high literary and intellectual standing.

One, a fine-looking brunette, was poring over the last novel, so absorbed as to be utterly regardless of the scraps of news with which her companion, who was rapidly glancing over a newspaper, regaled her. At last she was roused by the exclamation: "Belle, I certainly am going to answer this advertisement. Listen to it:

"'A young gentleman, whose friends say that he is intelligent, refined, and fine-looking, would like to prevail upon some of the fair ladies of Boston to open a correspondence with him, with a view to beguiling some leisure hours, and perhaps forming an agreeable and valuable acquaintance. Should any one be curious for further information, he adds that his heart and hand are free. Address Georgia, Tremont House, Boston.'"

"Really, Clara, I can not see what there is in that particular advertisement to attract you; and, besides, I am perfectly astonished that you should wish to do any thing of the kind. Just imagine your mother's looks were she to hear you say that."

"Yes, I know that it is quite shocking, but I feel like it. His impudence and conceit certainly require a little subduing; and I feel very much inclined to undertake the task. Of course he will never see me, or even know my name; but, nevertheless, I shall manage to have some sport out of it."

"Remember, you foolish child, I warn you. Evil may come of it."

"Nonsense, Miss Propriety; how can evil come of it, if I do not choose to let it?"

"But, Clara, granting that you can answer it with impunity, how will you get a response? Where will you have it directed? You will require some one in your confidence."

Pretty Clara Fletcher looked decidedly blank at the dilemma in which she suddenly found herself; but a moment's meditation showed her a way out of the difficulty. "I know!" she cried, clapping her hands. "Brother Ned always gets the letters from the post-office, and he will manage it for me."

So brother Ned was called in and informed what was expected of him, to which he agreed without the slightest demur. He was younger than Clara, and whatsoever she did was right in his eyes; moreover, he dearly loved fun.

"Now, Belle, we will lay our heads together and concoct the letter. Put on your thinking-cap, please, and give me the benefit of your wit."

"Clara, I do not think it would be right for me to aid and abet you in what I do not approve of."

"Well, then, just stop and listen to it."

"I suppose I can do that, though I wish you would not undertake it."

"Now I have made a beginning:

"'GEORGIA: SIR,—The unparalleled modesty and diffidence of your advertisement attracted my attention, and, as a Boston lady, I am inclined to do something toward relieving the tedium of leisure hours for one who is evidently a stranger in our city.'

"Now, Belle, what shall I say next? Let me see. I think I will tell him I have no matrimonial intentions concerning him; though I don't suppose he will believe me.

"'Perhaps it is because I am not endowed with the average amount of feminine curiosity that I am disposed to resent the latter part of your communication. I beg to inform you beforehand that this correspondence is undertaken by me solely because I love fun, and this promises to be quite a comical episode. This "agreeable and valuable acquaintance" can be further pursued by addressing Brother Ned, Box 607, Boston.'

"Now, Belle, is that saucy enough to match his?"

"It certainly is; but I think you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"Now you need not lecture me; for, as somebody says, 'what is writ, is writ—would it were worthier.'"

"I think it were worthier if it were not writ."

"Well, I must be sowing my wild oats now. So, Ned, take the letter, and post it as soon as you can, or else this prim girl will persuade me not to send it; and what a loss that would be to the world!"

Mercury speedily departed on his errand, while Clara meditated some moments, a little frightened at what she had done, but determined to see what would come of it.

A day or two after this the fair Clara might have been seen, about the time that her brother usually came home, hovering round the door in a suspicious manner. "Clara," her mother at last exclaimed, "whom or what are you expecting, that you linger in the hall so? Why don't you go and sit with Belle?"

Just then Clara caught a glimpse through the window of her brother Ned, who, as he saw her, shook a letter over his head in a highly suggestive manner. Without heeding her mother, away she flew to get it.

"Ned, is not that my answer?"

"Well, yes, little sister; but as it's directed to me, suppose I read it?"

"Now, you dear boy, just give it to me first, and you shall read it afterward, I promise. Come up to my room."

Calling Belle to enjoy the reading, they entered Clara's sanctum.

First, the girls criticised closely the exterior of this precious document.

"Manly, handsome writing, isn't it?"

"Oh, what's the device on this seal?"

"I suppose it is meant for a hawk or falcon; but I prefer to call it a wild-goose."

"Well," said Ned, "I would respectfully suggest, as an improvement on the device, that there should be two wild-geese instead of one."

"Silence, Ned, and listen.—Belle, lend me your ears.

"'FAIR BROTHER NED,—Not the slightest doubt disturbs my equanimity lest you should really be a *brother* instead of a *sister;* for no one but a lady could have indited the piquant response elicited by my advertisement. You neglected to sign your note. Surely you will not be so hard-hearted as to have me continue the correspondence so delightfully begun without bestowing on yourself some more feminine and euphonious title.'

"I guess, Belle, I will sign myself next time, 'Brother Ned's Sister.'"

"Well, that's more feminine," said Ned; "but I am doubtful as to the euphony."

"'Permit me, daughter of the North, to take the initiative by informing you that I came from South Carolina, and expect to return to that sunny clime in about three months. Southern ideas of chivalry will not permit me to correspond with a lady under a feigned name; therefore I will tell you that I am called Frederick Harrison. Please grant me a renewal of your favor and kindness, in the shape of a speedy response to this. Remember that when one has tasted of spiced wine, other things appear flat and unpalatable; and your charming note has made me eagerly long for more. Address as on a previous occasion.'"

"Sister mine, it appears that you have learned what Sam Weller calls 'the whole art of letter-writing.'"

"How is that, Edward?"

"Why, to make your correspondent wish that there was more."

"Belle, what's your opinion of the writer?"

"More gentlemanly than I should have supposed from his advertisement. Pray do you contemplate continuing this foolish performance?"

"Certainly I do—at least for the present. I wonder if Frederick Harrison is his real name? I shall not give him mine for some time yet. Dear me! I don't know what to tell him next. Oh yes, I do. I will describe my personal appearance; and it shall be an astonishing piece of portraiture, I assure you."

The letter was accordingly written; and a more whimsical description of a young lady's personal attractions was never penned. Her correspondent, however, interpreted every thing by the rule of contraries, and seemed to be completely fascinated by the wit and cleverness displayed in her letters.

II.

Two years have elapsed since the conversation recorded above took place. Many changes have occurred meanwhile in the circumstances of our fair heroine. Her father suddenly failed in business, and soon afterward died of a broken heart, leaving his family entirely destitute. Brother Ned, a manly and high-spirited fellow, took his mother and two younger sisters to the West to seek his fortune; while Clara, with equal spirit and courage, went South to teach, and found a pleasant situation in the family of a Mr. Harris, a Georgia planter of great wealth. Clara, in a moment of repentance, had confessed to her mother the whole story of her anonymous correspondence. The good lady was naturally much shocked that her daughter should have been guilty of such imprudence; but readily forgave the little witch, on condition that the correspondence should immediately cease. Clara had received the picture of her unknown admirer, but refused to send her own in return; and the affair was soon forgotten, or remembered only as a piece of girlish imprudence, which might have had a more serious ending.

Clara, meanwhile, fairly established in her new home, is as happy as one can be who is separated from those most dear to one. Notwithstanding her frolicsome disposition, and the amount of petting she has received all her life heretofore—enough to spoil almost any other girl—she had genuine Yankee enterprise, perseverance, and love of independence lying dormant. Now the sad day of adversity has roused the latent faculties. There is some romance in her too. In what girl of twenty-two is there not? Now, the school duties for the day being over, she is lying on her lounge looking over some letters. Soon she comes upon a package, evidently from a gentleman, carefully preserved. As she looks at them she smiles involuntarily, and a sort of dreamy look comes into her eyes, that would, I think, have afforded her correspondent much pleasure, could he only have seen it. "That was a romantic episode. I wish I knew whether Fred Harrison was his real name, and whether that was his own picture: what a pity I have lost it, by-the-way. But I know it must have been. He would not have deceived me, for he was certainly in earnest, and perhaps I would have continued to write to him, under my own name—he seemed such a noble, refined fellow—but mother was so opposed to it. Nonsense!" she continued, quickly: "why should I waste my thoughts on him? He is gone, I do not know where, and I probably never shall see him. My flirting days are over. I have given up fun and frolic, and have settled down to a sober 'Yankee schoolmarm.' Well, it's fortunate I do not wish to flirt any more, for I am sure I do not know upon whom I could exercise my powers of fascination down here, unless perhaps upon this model son of the colonel's, who is expected to-day. But then he is said to be as solemn as an owl, and doubtless would be amazed at my audacity if he knew I even thought such impertinence concerning him."

Here she was interrupted by hearing shouts of welcome from the negroes, and soon made out the words "Welcome, Massa Fred!" over and over, in every imaginable voice. Against her will curiosity led her to the window in time to catch a glimpse of a tall figure and a curly head just entering the doorway. Soon the tea-bell summoned her to make her appearance down stairs. As she entered the room the late arrival was seated by his mother, while the two little sisters uttered exclamations of joy over the gifts he had brought them.

"Miss Fletcher, my son Frederick." Miss Fletcher bowed gravely, just raising her eyes to glance at the face of the beloved son. Something in his expression that seemed familiar made her look again—but only to assure her that he was a total stranger to her. Soon escaping to her room, she sat down a while to look out of the window, and enjoy the quiet scene before her. It was a bright, beautiful night, and her thoughts, after wandering over the world, strange to say, finally settled on Mr. Fred Harris. She could not help wondering where she had seen his face. "I will ask him when I get a chance, for he is not the solemn personage I had fancied him." Still pondering, she retired to dream of her dear ones, far away in Chicago.

A day or so after this Miss Fletcher, Mrs. Harris, and her son were seated on the piazza. Clara was watching with quiet interest the manœuvres of the humming-birds that flitted here and there, like living rainbows, among the flowers. Mr. Harris was, unobserved, studying her face with equal interest.

"Those little creatures are not quite so numerous at the West as they are here, Miss Fletcher. Perhaps the prairie life does not agree with them."

"I do not know, indeed, for I have never seen any thing of the great West."

"Pardon me, but I supposed you came from Chicago."

"No; I have lived in Boston all my life. Have you ever been to the 'Athens of America?'"

"Yes, many times, on business."

"How do you like it?"

"Knowing so little of it socially, I am scarcely a competent judge. I have but few friends there beyond business acquaintances."

"You never visited in the city, then? Do you know, it seems as though I had seen you, and I can't locate your face?"

"Indeed! that is strange. I am sure I have never seen you before; I should not have forgotten it if I had. Perhaps some one looks very much like me."

"No, that's not it. It must be only a freak of my imagination."

III.

Weeks and months passed away, and the subject was quite forgotten by Clara, as she became more and more engrossed in her round of duties, when one day it was recalled to her mind in a never-to-be-forgotten manner. The letters generally arrived at the plantation in the morning, soon after breakfast, before the family had dispersed to their several duties or pleasures. Frederick Harris entered the room on the morning in question with a mail-bag.

"Who speaks for a letter?" It is scarcely necessary to say that this question was promptly answered by all present.

"Here are half a dozen for father, two for mother, none for me, none for any one else, but plenty of papers. It's a pity, Miss Fletcher, that you should be disappointed. Why, no; here is a letter for you hidden among the papers. It may be a love-letter."

"A love-letter, indeed," said Clara, with a smiling glance at it, "for it comes from brother Ned."

"Brother Ned! I wonder if he would write to me now?" soliloquized Mr. Fred, in whom the words seemed to have evoked dreamy thoughts.

"Why," said Clara, who thought he spoke to her, "did my brother, Edward Fletcher, ever write to you?"

"Not your brother Ned, little lady, I imagine. But I must tell you that bit of romance some day."

Clara, absorbed in her brother's letter, did not heed his words. Fred Harris certainly must have been in a sentimental mood that morning. He marched straight up to his room, and began to ransack drawers, boxes, and port-folios, until he came upon some dainty little notes. These he pored over for some time, then put away carefully, with a sigh. Could it be that the existence of those letters had any connection with the steady resistance he offered to his worthy mother's efforts to unite him to some one of the heiresses of neighboring plantations?

Meantime, down stairs, sentiment and romance quite forgotten, Mrs. Harris and Clara were absorbed in a very practical discussion about housekeeping affairs. This was a subject on which the fair Clara was by no means ignorant, and recipes for all sorts of delicious compounds were repeated, until it actually made one hungry to hear them.

"Well," said Mrs. Harris, "Northern cookery is certainly quite different from that of the South, and it seems to me that the two might be mingled with advantage. You are welcome to any of my recipes, and it would be a great favor if you would copy some of yours in my book;" and off the good lady bustled to get it.

"Certainly; I will do it immediately. Which ones do you wish?"

They were specified, and Clara was busily engaged in writing, when Frederick entered.

"What are you writing in that old book of my mother's, Miss Fletcher? It looks like poetry."

"It is poetry, Mr. Harris—the poetry of cooking, as you shall see some day."

"May I not see now?"

"Why, yes, if it will afford you any satisfaction to read about butter, eggs, and sugar."

It apparently did not, for he only read a few lines, but scanned those over and over. Then he turned and looked at her with a piercing glance.

"Miss Fletcher, your writing seems familiar to me, and my face to you. Does not that impress you as being a singular coincidence?"

Clara raised her sweet blue eyes to his in innocent wonder.

"Why, no, Sir. You have probably seen the letters I wrote to Mrs. Harris before coming down here; and as for your face, perhaps some one closely resembles you."

The young man walked thoughtfully up and down the room for a few moments; then sighing as if over a hopeless case, soon buried his head in a newspaper, not so completely, however, as not to see what she was doing. Indeed, it was a singular fact that he seemed to be ever conscious of every movement of hers. He noticed that she finished her writing, and taking her work-basket, strolled toward a shaded piazza, and seated herself in the furthest corner.

He rattled the papers impatiently, and glanced in a dissatisfied manner over one after another, till finally he stopped to read a short paragraph; then, as if suddenly actuated by an irresistible impulse, joined Clara in her rosy bower.

"Miss Fletcher, I have come across such a comical matrimonial advertisement! Do read it."

She glanced over it, and remarked, in the most indifferent manner:

"Absurd, is it not?"

"What would you say if I told you that I once amused myself by inserting one of those things?"

"You! Is it possible you ever condescended to such levity?" said Clara, laughing roguishly.

Mr. Harris gravely laid down his paper, deliberately moved her work-basket to a chair, and seated himself by her side.

"Miss Clara, I promised to tell you about that romance, for such it eventually became, and made of me a knight-errant.

"Two years ago—nearly three—I was in Boston several months. Something prompted me one day to insert an advertisement in the newspaper, requesting a young lady to correspond with me. I did not give my name, but adopted that of Georgia."

Had he not been looking down for a moment he would have seen that his fair listener started, blushed, and seemed much embarrassed. Her hands fluttered about nervously for a while; then she possessed herself of the newspaper and a lead-pencil from the work-basket, and began to draw all sorts of grotesque faces and strange devices.

"Was your advertisement answered?" she murmured.

"Yes, by the spiciest letter imaginable. The lady soon after gave me a most ridiculous description of herself, and I took the liberty of believing just the opposite of it. I told her my name, or something like it, but she coquettishly refused to give hers. Through the fun and frolic there gleamed such refinement and so much true womanliness, particularly in the last two or three letters, that in a most Quixotic manner I formed an ideal; and now, without having seen her face, or even knowing her name—for she broke off the correspondence suddenly—I am searching for my fair correspondent. She knew I loved her; and I can not bring myself to think her a heartless coquette who encouraged my letters, when she saw I was in earnest, solely for fun."

"She did not! She was in earnest too!" broke in Clara, impetuously. Then, confused and covered with blushes, she rose to escape from the searching eyes that were fastened upon her. But she was not to elude him so easily. He caught her hand and exclaimed, "How do you know? Can it be that you are—?" Here his eyes fell on the paper which she had dropped; and there, in the delicate characters which he so well remembered, were the words "Brother Ned's Sister."

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"Found at last! Why have you never let me know who you were? Did you not recognize me at first from my picture?"

"Your picture was lost in the confusion of the breaking up of our household; and so many sad events have happened that it never occurred to me that you were Frederick Harrison. That accounts for your face seeming familiar, and my writing. Does it not?" She tried to look up as she spoke with her old saucy smile; but something in his eyes made the attempt at roguishness a complete failure; and the bright head drooped, and once more she started to leave him; but, grown more bold, his arm drew her back to her seat. What could she have been thinking of to permit it?

"Were you really in earnest, Clara? Was my love merely a jest in your eyes?"

"Perhaps I was in earnest then; but now—"

"But now? Did the memory of Fred Harrison vanish with his picture?"

No answer.

He waited patiently a moment; then said, in a grieved voice, "Clara darling, don't you think the search for two years deserves better success? Must I be disappointed after all?"

This argument seemed to touch her heart; for, after a moment of indecision, her little hand crept into his, and her head nestled on his shoulder. It is seldom a freak of youthful folly has so satisfactory a termination.

THE HEATHEN CHINEE.

THE practical good sense of the working-men of America, which a few months ago so signally defeated the attempt to create popular excitement on the Chinese question, will not be taken in by Mr. TWEED'S bill, recently introduced in the New York Legislature, to prohibit the employment of any "heathen Chinee" or cooly laborer in the State of New York, under or in pursuance of any contract made out of the State. All such contracts now existing, or which may hereafter be entered into, are declared null and void. Any person who shall introduce any Chinamen into the State, under contract, to build railroads, grade streets, make boots and shoes, or perform other labor, is declared guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall be liable to a fine of not less than $1000, or more than $5000, or imprisonment in a penitentiary for not less than six months, or more than a year, or both fine and imprisonment, according to the disposition of the court toward Chinese cheap labor.

The working-men of this State know perfectly well that no such danger exists as that which is hinted at in Mr. TWEED'S bill. The Chinese invasion, of which he seems to be so much afraid, is altogether mythical, as every body in his sober senses is well aware; and Mr. TWEED presumes too much on the ignorance or the prejudices of the working-men if he expects to delude them with such a flimsy cheat. The general sentiment of the American people on this question is admirably expressed in Mr. NAST'S cartoon on page 149. A majority in this country still adhere to the old Revolutionary doctrine that all men are free and equal before the law, and possess certain inalienable rights which even Mr. TWEED is bound to respect. The bill is, of course, a mere catch. If the author really believed that the Chinese would soon overrun the country, and hold the balance of power at the ballot-box, he would not be among the last to bid them welcome.

PITTSBURG.

On the 28th day of May, 1754, a company of Americans, commanded by a Virginian only twenty-two years old, fired, in the dense wilderness of the Alleghany Mountains, upon a party of French soldiers, killing their captain and wounding several of his men. It is safe to say that the echo of this volley will reverberate through history as long as time will last; for the young Virginian who there received his "baptism of fire" was GEORGE WASHINGTON. The fight was the *first* act of war in that bloody struggle known as the Old French War, and the immediate object of the contest was the possession of the key of the Mississippi Valley, where now stands the Iron City.

The present aspect of the spot brought in so memorable a manner within the area of civilization may be learned from the double-page picture of Pittsburg which we present to our readers with this issue.

Though born in the throes of a mighty struggle, nowhere else on this continent have such splendid triumphs of peace, industry, and commerce been achieved, as the following facts will show:

Pittsburg is really a complex of municipalities, embracing two cities and eleven boroughs. The Monongahela River sweeps from the south through the most densely populated district, forming with the Alleghany River, flowing from the northeast, the beautiful Ohio. Pittsburg proper lies between the two former rivers. On the south side are situated the boroughs of Ormsby, East Birmingham, West Pittsburg, Allentown, Birmingham, Monongahela, and Temperanceville. On the north bank of the Alleghany are the City of Alleghany and the boroughs of Etna and Sharpsburg. The total area covered may be estimated at about twenty-five square miles. Nine bridges cross the rivers, and the aggregate population, according to the census recently completed, amounts to very nearly two hundred thousand, while the entire county of Alleghany, which should properly be included in an estimate of the population of Pittsburg, would give a total population of over 263,000. The city is not, to one visiting it for the first time, a very attractive-looking place. The dense volumes of black smoke pouring from the hundreds of furnaces, the copious showers of soot, the constant rumbling of ponderous machinery, the clatter of wagons laden with iron, are experiences that are not calculated to make a favorable impression at first. In a very brief time, however, the visitor learns that the black canopy is the "pillar of cloud" to Pittsburgers, assuring them that the vast industries are still prospering. He learns, too, that the rugged-looking hills bounding the horizon are full of riches in the shape of bituminous coal. The mass of the inhabitants, if they do labor and toil, are educated, even refined, ever alive to the beautiful as well as to the useful. They are clever, sociable, and generous. The public buildings, churches, halls, etc., compare favorably with any in the land, in spite of the awful smoke.

Iron, steel, glass, coal, and petroleum are the leading interests of this wonderful hive of industry. Here are forty-two iron-mills, consuming nearly 400,000 tons of metal annually, employing 15,000 hands, who receive over $10,000,000 of wages per annum. One-fourth of all the pig-metal made in the United States is consumed in Pittsburg. The iron, sent to every part of the continent, is acknowledged of superior quality.

For a number of years only the lower grades of steel were made here; but now the finest qualities are produced; and for edge-tools the competent judges of the New England manufactories declare it to be equal to the best English steel. There are seven large steel-works, producing nearly thirty thousand tons of steel annually, sent to twenty-four States.

One-half of the glass made in the Union is produced at Pittsburg, whose sixty glass-manufactories employ five thousand hands, receiving over $3,000,000 of wages a year. The export tables show that twenty-nine States, besides several Territories, and Canada, received their glass from this point.

The coal trade is one of the principal sources of the wealth of the smoky city. Over two hundred collieries are now in operation, which shipped nearly one hundred millions of bushels. And the coke business is making tremendous strides, ranging its customers from Boston to Omaha. These two interests represent a business of more than fifteen millions of dollars per annum. There are sixty petroleum refineries located at Pittsburg, with a capacity of 36,000 barrels per day.

It would lead us too far to notice the rest of the fifteen hundred manufacturing establishments, embracing locomotive and copper works, gun foundries, chemical works, cotton-mills, car and carriage works, plow-factories, planing-mills, etc. Suffice it to say, that all these, if placed side by side, would form a line of over fifty miles long!

The free navigation of the Ohio River, affording cheap water communication with nineteen States of the Union, embracing over a million of square miles, and measuring over twelve thousand miles upon *thirty* different rivers, is of the greatest importance to the city. The tonnage of Pittsburg, composed of steamers, barges, and boats, exceeds that of New York; and the trade of the Ohio River, estimated by the government engineers at eight hundred millions of dollars, equals the entire foreign commerce of the United States.

Pittsburg, in conclusion, is not only working up the mineral treasures of its native soil, but draws supplies of ores, chemicals, etc., from all parts of the country from Lake Superior to Arkansas and Louisiana; nay, it is no exaggeration to say that nearly the whole world is laid under contribution to keep her immense and multifarious industries constantly supplied with the necessary material.

FRIENDLY ADVANCES.

WHEN DE PALADINES set out upon his march to Paris the good people of Orleans were looking forward to brighter times. Paris was to be relieved; the New-Year would be truly a happy one; the detested invader had been cleared out of their town; and they would be able to spend their Christmas comfortably, and have a joyful *jour de l'an*. One sad day all was changed. The enemy came thundering at their gates again, and their own brave fellows, beaten, but by no means disheartened, had to leave them. Once more the German quartermasters went round marking the doors—"ten soldiers" here, "twenty soldiers" there—and then the Germans came tramping in and were sent off to their billets, and all hope of a merry Christmas for the towns-people was at an end. It was a cruel disappointment, after all the hopes and anticipations. To have one's larder stripped early on Christmas morning is hard to bear, but to have one's house taken into the bargain must be past endurance.

In the cottage shown in the illustration on page 148 some soldiers, who have been quartered there, are endeavoring to make friendly advances. But this is not an easy task. The master of the house has dashed a proffered glass to the ground, and stands sullenly by. He will not drink with his enemies. The mother is in tears; the old people are in the back-ground trying to conciliate the soldiers returning from duty by some show of civility. One of the Germans, with a touch of kindly feeling in his heart—perhaps he is thinking of his own children at home—is trying to bribe the little girl with a toothsome gingerbread pig into some show of friendship, and it is still doubtful which will gain the day, fear of the stranger or love of his cakes. But there is no gingerbread pig to offer their unwilling host; he has been ground down by misfortune, or, as one such said to a visitor, "he is seasoned to misery;" he has his own woes and his country's woes to imbitter him; and though FRANZ may pat his daughter on the head, and stuff her mouth with sweet gingerbread, and be as genial and kindly and considerate as circumstances will admit, the Frenchman would be delighted to see a shell come plump among the Christmas party, and clear them and their tree out of his dwelling, even although he should himself get a gash or two from a splinter.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A PETRIFIED Indian is said to have been found not far from Greenfield, Massachusetts. It has been publicly exhibited, though we are not informed whether it belongs to the tribe of Sioux, Pequot, or Creek, or whether it is the "last of the Mohicans." Possibly it may be related to the "Cardiff Giant."

The occupant of a comfortable home in a country village can not imagine the miserable quarters which many of the poor of New York are forced to inhabit. In the Fourth Ward of this city is a lot 240 by 150 feet in size. It is occupied by 20 tenant houses, 111 families, 5 stables, a soap and candle factory, and a tan-yard. In one block of this same ward are to be found 59 old buildings, occupied by 382 families, in which are 2 Welsh, 7 Portuguese, 9 English, 10 American, 12 French, 39 negroes, 186 Italians, 189 Poles, 218 Germans, and 812 Irish. Here is a village of no mean size bounded by four city streets.

All the German libraries are rich in documents illustrating the progress made in the art of printing from century to century. In the library at Munich is a very ancient Koran, the prayer-book of Albert Dürer, four Gospels, called the *Codex Aureus*, bearing the date of 870, also another four Gospels, dated 1024. This immense library numbers about eight hundred thousand volumes, which fill seventy-seven large rooms, and are free to all. The library building is a magnificent one, built in the Byzanto-Florentine style. Its front measures five hundred and twenty feet, it is eighty feet in height, and has seventy-two large windows. Four colossal statues are in front of the building—they are Homer, Hippocrates, Thucydides, and Aristotle.

A Boston young lady keeps in her porte-monnaie a pathetic appeal to the light-fingered gentry, in which the sufferings she would endure if deprived of her money are so feelingly presented, that the purse has been returned to her intact on three occasions.

In a letter written from Florence we find it stated that the artist Powers has been forced to take a peculiar method of protecting himself against those who would gratify their vanity by giving an order for a bust and never paying for it. In his studio, attached to some six or eight busts of persons from different States of the North, are cards with the names and prices, and a statement that they have been ordered and never paid for.

A nice place must India be for a residence! A statement has been published that during the year 1869 11,416 persons died from snake-bites in the Madras Presidency alone. And in the same district 311 persons were killed by wild beasts.

There is a prospect that we shall have a reform in the dispensation of drugs, and fewer fatal mistakes be made in filling prescriptions. Druggists' clerks are to be properly qualified for their important position, and to receive a certificate from an examining board of physicians. At least such is the suggestion which has been made in the Legislature.

The superintendent of a Sunday-school in a country town in Massachusetts had given to the pupils a certain portion of the Sermon on the Mount, which they were to read over carefully, and he to question them upon it. The following Sunday the children were asked, "Who was persecuted for righteousness sake?" when a bright little fellow answered, promptly, "Jesus Christ." "Who else?" was then asked, and another smart lad answered, "Stephen." "Who else?" asked the superintendent, when an older boy replied, "William Lloyd Garrison." "Who else?" was again asked, and a young lady in the infant class promptly answered, "John Brown." And when the question was next put, a fat lad, with apparent confidence in his correctness, replied, "Andy Johnson." With this climax the catechising was ended.

When Paris surrendered the supply of food in the city was so low that the Germans were obliged to feed the famishing people with their rations. M. Jules Favre appealed to the Emperor of Germany for help; and William, in reply, immediately ordered six millions of rations and fifteen thousand head of cattle to be sent into Paris.

The new missionary brig *Missionary Star*, which was recently launched at Boston, has been built, like the one which was wrecked on the Micronesian Islands last year, by contributions from the Congregational Sabbath-schools for the use of the missionary stations in the islands of the Pacific Ocean, under the direction of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. The vessel goes to Honolulu, where she will pass under the control of the Hawaiian Board of Missions, who will bear the expense of her cruising; but she will continue under the American flag, and be commanded and officered by Americans. When ready for sea she will have cost about $27,000.

Many who are charitably disposed find themselves quite at a loss to know how to meet the numerous appeals which are constantly made to them in this city. The wretched-looking child who stands day after day at the street corner piteously asking for "a penny," or the squalid woman, with a puny babe in arms, who sits persistently on the steps of some church asking alms, *may* be worthy objects of charity. Yet the providence boy who would like a good home, put him on the way to the Juvenile Asylum, 61 West Thirteenth Street. If you learn of sickness, call upon the dispensary physician. If a father or a mother be taken away, and the surviving parent needs a place for the children, there is the Half-Orphan Asylum, Tenth Street, near Sixth Avenue. If you find children deprived of both parents, there is the Leake and Watts Orphan House and the Bloomingdale Asylum open to them. The beggar, the vagrant, and the indolent should be directed to No. 66 Third Avenue, corner of Eleventh Street, that they may find admission to the public institutions. A careful examination of the list of societies of the City Directory will show that there is hardly any class of persons, or any form of suffering, or any condition of want, that is not recognized and cared for in one way or other."

Applications made for immediate relief at unseasonable hours of the night are usually from impostors. If unknown, it is better to direct them to the nearest station-house, which is always open for their reception.

Isabella, ex-Queen of Spain, has not allowed the troubles of her life to rest heavily upon her. She must have kept her mind in a comfortably quiet condition, or she could not have attained the weight of 238 pounds, with an increasing tendency to adipose.

Rev. Dr. Storrs, who has been pastor of the Pilgrim Church, Brooklyn, for nearly twenty-five years, recently sailed for Europe, with his wife and two daughters.

The great sensation in Williamsburg at the time of this writing is a mysterious creature who goes about with a knife, or some other sharp weapon, and amuses himself by stabbing women in the streets. Six or eight persons have received wounds at different times. A youth, apparently about sixteen years old, has been seen running away after the injuries have been inflicted, consequently suspicion has fallen upon him. It is to be hoped these are the mad freaks of a lunatic.

The celebrated German painter of battle-pieces, Feodor Dietz, recently died at Gray, France, of heart-disease. He wore the red cross, and was one of the managers of the Baden Sanitary Corps. "Vienna Besieged by the Turks" was the last picture he had painted, to which he had just given the finishing touches. He was born in 1812, and was court painter to the Grand Duke of Baden.

Steam communication will probably be soon established between San Francisco and New Zealand. Indeed, the present year promises to be prolific in new steamship companies. Steamers will soon enter this port belonging to newly organized lines between London and Liverpool and Stettin; a new line is now in operation between Liverpool and the western South American ports, through the Straits of Magellan; and a new weekly line between Philadelphia and Liverpool will probably be established.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

AN Indian chief, in a telegraph-office in Montana, being told that the operator was "talking with a white brother two thousand miles distant," gave it as his opinion that that was the *longest talk* he had ever witnessed.

MATRIMONIAL.

THREE WEEKS AFTER MARRIAGE.

My dearest, are you going out?
Indeed, 'tis very cold.
Let me, sweet love, around your neck
This handkerchief enfold.

You know how anxious for your health,
My own dear George, am I.
One loving kiss before we part—
Good-by, sweet chuck, good-by!

THREE YEARS AFTER MARRIAGE.

You're going out!—why don't you go?
I can not help the rain.
You wouldn't grieve me mightily
To ne'er come back again!

Umbrella? I don't know where 'tis!
What 'll you want next, I wonder?
Don't pester me about your cold.
Good gracious, go to thunder!

A Missouri newspaper claims that the hogs of that State are so fat that in order to find out where their heads are it is necessary to make them squeal, and then judge by the sound.

THE "ILE" OF MAN—Elbow-grease.

There is in a Western State a woman so cleanly that she rubs the dirt off the fire-wood before she puts it in the stove. Another woman tries to beat this by pulling the growing beets out every morning and washing the dirt off them.

"Chicken recreation" is a new name in Louisiana for cock-fights.

Two boot-blacks were passing up Chatham Street, when one accosted the other with, "I say, Jack, 'f I's you I'd be ashamed o' myself, picking up old second-hand chaws terbacker!" "Tend to your own business," retorted Jack. "I guess this is good enough to learn on."

Young men who go to see girls have adopted a novel method of obtaining kisses. They assert, on the authority of scientific writers, that the concussion produced by a kiss will cause the flame of a gas jet to flicker, and easily induce the girl to experiment in the interest of science. The first kiss or two, the parties watch the flame to see it flicker; but soon become so interested in the experiments as to let it flicker if it wants to.

Dr. Macleod and Dr. Watson were crossing a lake together in the West Highlands, in company with a number of persons, when a storm came on with terrible force. One of the passengers was heard to say, "The two ministers should begin to pray, or we'll be drowned." "Na, na," said the boatman; "the little ane can pray if he like, but the big ane maun tak' an oar."

A young man's affections are not always wrong, but they are generally miss-placed.

The following is told of a young society gentleman, who graduated from Harvard. On the examination in physics he was asked: "Mr. ——, what planets were known to the ancients?" "Well, Sir," he responded, "there were Venus, and Jupiter, and"—after a pause—"I think, the Earth, but I'm not quite certain."

A gentleman traveling in Ireland said to a very importunate beggar, "You have lost all your teeth." The beggar quickly answered, "An' it's time I parted with um, when I'd nothing for um to do."

The young gentleman who sang,

"My heart and lute are all the store
That I can bring to thee,"

was solemnly assured by the young lady's paternal relative that it would be quite impossible to support a family upon the receipts of such a *store*, and earnestly enjoined him not to undertake the experiment with any member of his family.

"Steam," said Dr. Lardner, "is the great annihilator—it annihilates time and space." "Yes," said another, "and multitudes of passengers, too."

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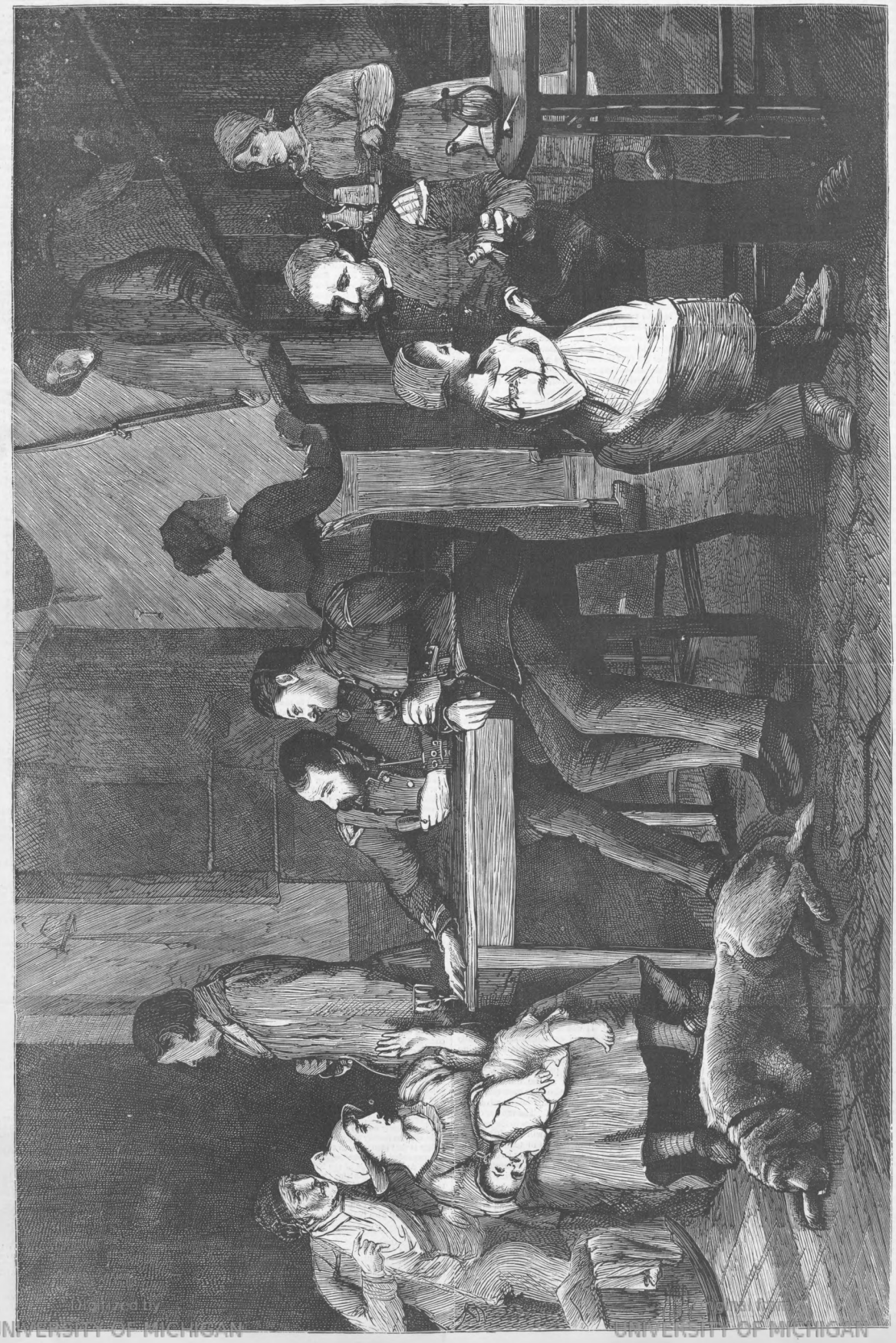

THE GERMANS IN ORLEANS.—FRIENDLY ADVANCES.—[SEE PAGE 147.]

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THE CHINESE QUESTION.—[See Page 147.]

Columbia.—"Hands off, Gentlemen! America means Fair Play for All Men."

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FATE VERSUS THE DOCTOR.

THERE is a big house on the hill and a small house under the hill, both inhabited by members of the honorable family of Brown; and to each appertains an only daughter of the name of Mary. With the exception of this one accidental point of resemblance, there is nothing in common between the wealthy, plentiful home above and the bare little cottage below; and even this is fast vanishing, for in the rarefied and aristocratic atmosphere of "The Hill" the sweet homeliness of the Mary has long since given place to a diminutive, and Judge Brown's only daughter is generally known under the name of "May."

Pretty May is at this moment brushing out her crimps, and otherwise preparing for an evening entertainment; while little Mary, whose wavy yellow hair needs no crimps, and is, in fact, her sole beauty, is lying in bed, with a meek patience on her pale face which is pitiful to see. There she has lain for two years, poor child! and it is hard to comprehend how Widow Brown has managed—what between nursing by night and washing other people's clothes all day long. She "niver could," she says, "if it hadn't been for the saints and Dr. Hetley—and glory be to 'em both for the same."

The Dr. Hetley mentioned in such honorable companionship is in the kitchen at this instant, busily mixing a sleeping-powder for his little patient. The materials therefor came out of his pocket—they "happened to be there," he said. Such happenings were not infrequent when the doctor visited a bare home like this.

He is an immensely tall, angular young man, with long legs and arms, a kind face, and a pair of sweet short-sighted gray eyes. I suppose I may as well own at once that he is the hero of this little tale, and in love with May. You people who read the weeklies get to be so sharp and experienced in love-affairs that there is no use trying to deceive, or attempting to spring an unforeseen catastrophe upon you. The moment Dr. Hetley was mentioned half of you, I know, said to yourselves, "There he comes." And you were right—only, you must understand, my doctor was a very modest young fellow, and hadn't the faintest notion of the luck in store for him; and though May, perhaps— But let me not anticipate.

Mary was talking to her mother about something which seemed to excite her.

"All pink, you know, mother, with green edges to it. Oh! do you think I'll iver git one?"

"Whist! mavourneen; who'd be after sending it—"

"But, mother"—in a disappointed tone—"Judy says they always come, and it's St. Valentine sends 'em. He's a saint, you know."

"What's that?" called out the doctor.

"Oh! it's only Mary as is a thrubbling her head about Judy Macarthy's valentine, which she showed her to-day, and asking 'Will she ever have one?' I tell her there's no likelihood. Who'd be sending her one, you know!"

"Do you want one very much, pussy?" asked Dr. Hetley, appearing at the door, with a smile.

"Judy said almost all little girls as old as eight did get 'em," replied Mary, shyly.

"So they do! Judy was right; and I think you'll have one, Mary, provided"—and the kind face grew quizzically solemn—"you take your dose without making any faces, and sleep all to-night without waking up once. Valentine's Day isn't till to-morrow, you know."

Such a tender, grateful, pleased look! It followed the doctor down the street. "Poor little soul!" he thought; "I'll write her one myself."

This was easier said than done. All sorts of people seemed needing medical aid that day. They pounced on him from door-steps, waylaid him round corners, hailed loudly from upper windows. A man had been smashed on the railroad—a boy had scalded his foot. Altogether it was eight in the evening before the hunted doctor reached home and swallowed his tea; and there was that party at the Browns to dress for! Dr. Hetley dreaded parties. They always made him miserable—conscious of his elbows, of his deficiencies in small-talk; but May had given the invitation herself, and was irresistible. Half-way through his toilet, he remembered the valentine.

"There!" he said, half aloud; "that poor child! It is always the way! The little ones get crowded out;" and going across the room, he began to rummage in a drawer. True enough, there was the very thing—a box of dainty paper, with tinted monogram—gift of a stylish sister-in-law, but never used or remembered till now. No danger that small Mary would evolve the initials from their complicated interlacement. Hurry winged his wits. In ten minutes the following was written and copied:

> "Mary had a little lamb,
> As the nursery legends tell:
> I am not little, nor a lamb—
> But I love Mary well.
>
> "My fleece is not as white as snow,
> I can't so much as 'baa!'
> But wheresoever May may go
> I follow from afar.
>
> "And if a lamb's dumb, earnest love
> Could such answer gain,
> May my silence, unreproved,
> Be not all in vain.
>
> "Blest and happy, all and each,
> Who their love can tell,
> I for loving find no speech,
> But—I love you well.
>
> "VALENTINE."

Perhaps some other and larger Mary had strayed into the doctor's mind while writing. He smiled faintly as he read it over. "Sad stuff," he thought; "but it will amuse the child." Then he opened the door and called, "Bob!"

Bob, the office-boy, responded.

"Take this note round to Mrs. Brown's. Ring the bell *hard*, leave it on the step, and run away. Don't let any one see you. It's a valentine, you know."

"Cracky!" said Bob, half aloud, as he departed on this congenial errand. "Well! I'm blowed if I ever did! What's the doctor up to now?"

The party was well under way when Dr. Hetley made his appearance. He entered, shrinking and nervous, trying to make out with his near-sighted vision where the lady of the house might be, and where the dancers were *not*; for he had a mortal and well-grounded terror of those pitfalls spread for the unwary by muslin trains. May espied him, and advanced to the rescue.

"Oh, doctor! how do you do? We began to be afraid you were going to break your promise. You are looking for mamma? Here she is, in this corner."

Mrs. Brown turned with cordial greeting, but May did not go away. She stood quietly beside her mother, looking prettier, the doctor thought, than ever before, in her simple, elegant dress of white and blue. "Sweet," "homelike," "womanly," were the words her face suggested—"the very woman to make a fireside bright, and a husband perfectly happy," which reflection had occurred to him perhaps fifty times before. He gave an inaudible sigh.

Mrs. Brown was called off, and the doctor and May went on talking. Somehow it was easy to talk to May.

Suddenly the door-bell gave a terrific peal.

"Gracious!" said May, with a jump. "*What* a ring!—What is it, Ann?" to a servant who now came into view, spying about as if in search of somebody.

"A note for you, Miss May, somebody left."

"It may want an answer," May said. "Will you forgive me if I open?" She broke the seal. Her fair face flushed crimson. The doctor inadvertently glanced that way. Horror of horrors! He recognized his own handwriting. There was the seal, the monogram—there could be no mistake. It was the very valentine so lately penned. Oh, that wretched boy!

If ever luckless lover wished the earth to open and swallow him up, it was the doctor at that moment. What had he said? or, rather, what had he *not* said? The moments seemed interminable. Would May ever get through reading, ever look up? And just then—"the curse of a granted prayer"—she did look up: a half glance, nipped in the bud by finding him looking at her; and, blushing deeper, she again dropped her eyes. But amidst all her confusion there was no anger, no scorn; and, for all his shyness of modesty and short sight, this fact did dawn upon our hero, and give him courage. Strange to say, he recovered self-possession first.

The silence became intolerable. May, with trembling fingers, was trying to fold up her letter.

"Miss Brown," he said, very gently and gravely, "will you allow me to explain something?"

"Certainly," replied May. It was all she could contrive to utter.

"It was impossible for me to help seeing what you held in your hands. I wrote those verses."

"I knew the hand and initial," was the answer, in a low tone.

"But I didn't mean—pray believe it—that the silly production should ever meet your eyes. It is all a mistake."

"Whose, then?" asked May, wonderingly, turning her gaze upon him.

"Little Mary Brown's, under the hill. The poor child was wishing for a valentine; so I scribbled that for her just as I was coming out, and left it for my boy to carry round. It is a mistake of his."

"It was very good of you," said May, trying to smile. But the smile was faint and weary, and she had grown strangely pale.

"But," pursued the doctor, with unwonted fire, "suppose it *had* been written for you; or, rather, suppose in another form of words—the truest, the worthiest—I had expressed the same feeling, had told the love that is in my heart, May—would you—"

"Well?" said May, with a rainbow smile.

"Would you have been angry?"

The rose-flush had swept back again to the sweet cheeks, the blue eyes met his confidingly. "No," said the honest-hearted girl, coloring deeper with the effort to be true—"no; I should have been very glad!" Then, as the enraptured doctor, forgetting all place and things besides, seized her hand, she added, hurriedly, "Oh, please, remember! These people will think us crazy. We must not stand here any longer," taking his arm. Then, with a little laugh: "Mary Brown, under the hill, must do without her valentine, I am afraid. I can't give it up, though it did come to me under false pretenses. But we will buy her the prettiest one in town to-morrow to make up for it, won't we?" What music sometimes lies embodied in a "We!"

I need not go on with the story, I am sure. May and the doctor were married about six months later. They are very happy. The doctor was just the man to be made or marred according as some woman said "No" or "Yes." He would have developed into a dry, ungainly old bachelor enough. As it is, thanks to his wife, he makes the most charming of husbands. All his *mauvaise honte* has melted away in the sunshine of happiness, and he shines out the manly, excellent fellow he was meant to be.

Mrs. Hetley took Bob under her special protection, and rewarded him for his lucky stupidity by a new suit and an increase of wages. What the effect of this immoral proceeding may be on the doctor's future office-boys is questionable. I should say, bad; but that is May's look-out—not ours.

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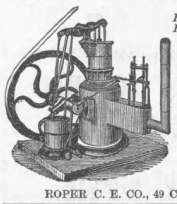

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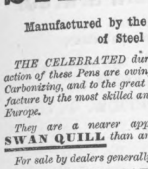

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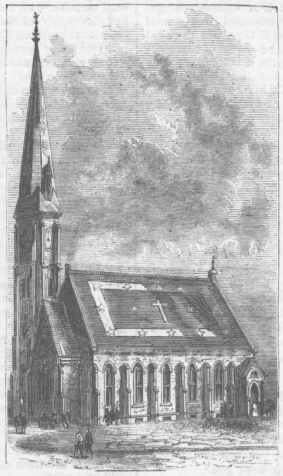
SOLDIERS' HOME, DAYTON, OHIO.

ABOUT three miles west of the pleasant town of Dayton, Ohio, is situated the "National Asylum for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers," commonly known as the "National Soldiers' Home." It is only about three years old, and yet has grown to be not only the largest and most flourishing institution of the kind in this country, but one of the largest in the world. It was established by an act of Congress, approved March 21, 1866, and placed under the control of a Board of Managers, of which the President of the United States, the Chief Justice, and the Secretary of War are ex officio members. Nine others were appointed by Congress, as follows: Major-General B. F. BUTLER, of Lowell, Massachusetts; Major-General JOHN H. MARTINDALE, of Rochester, New York; JAY COOKE, Esq., of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; Honorable LEWIS B. GUNCKEL, of Dayton, Ohio; Governor FREDERICK SMITH, of Manchester, New Hampshire; Dr. ERASTUS B. WOLCOTT, of Milwaukee, Wisconsin; Brigadier-General JOHN S. CAVENDER, of St. Louis, Missouri; Hon. HUGH L. BOND, of Baltimore, Maryland; General THOMAS O. OSBORN, of Chicago, Illinois.

THE HOME.



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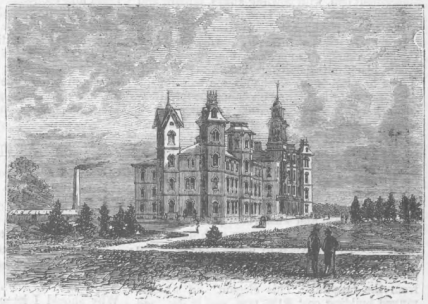
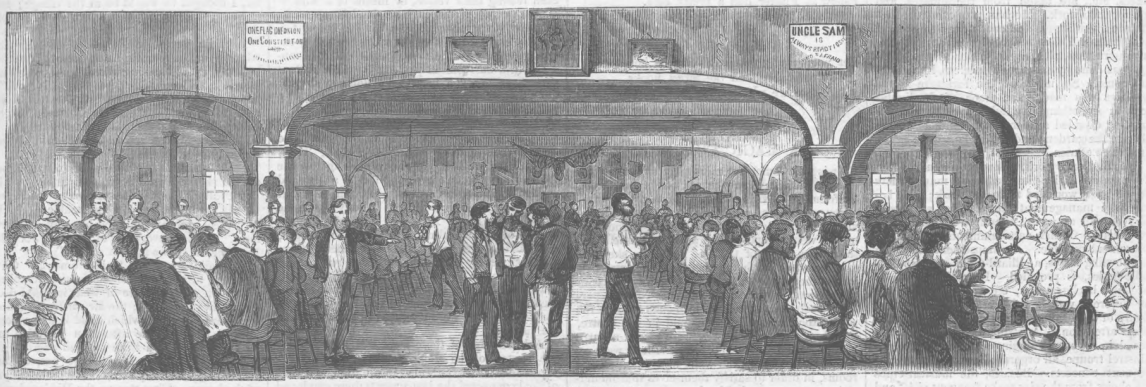


THE HOSPITAL.

The Board, at its first meeting, elected General BUTLER President, and Mr. GUNCKEL as Secretary; and it has kept up the same organization ever since.

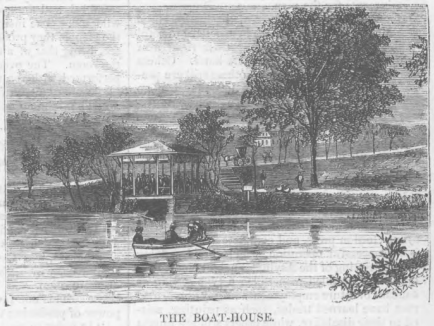
The act of Congress authorized the Board of Managers to establish one or more asylums; and under it the Central Asylum was established at Dayton, Ohio; the Eastern branch at Augusta, Maine; and the Western at Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

The grounds attached to the Home comprise five hundred acres, and the site overlooks the town and the beautiful valley of the Miami for miles around. They have been laid out under the supervision of a competent landscape gardener, and broad avenues, beautiful lakes, splendid groves, and cultivated lawns now combine to make it one of the most attractive places in the country. Sufficient land is reserved for orchards and gardens, which will soon furnish all the fruit and vegetables needed in the Asylum. Besides, there is a green-house and a conservatory, both of which are filled with rare plants and beautiful flowers. Several acres have been inclosed with a tasteful wire fence as a deer-park, where a dozen or more deer—several of them sent from Look-out Mountain—are kept by an old soldier who was once deer-keeper to the King of Prussia. A beautiful feature of the grounds—and one not equaled by any thing in our Central Park—is a deep ravine, converted into a lovely grotto, reached by stone steps, containing four remarkable springs, two of which are said to have rare medicinal qualities, and embracing rustic bowers and seats, a miniature fountain and lake, beds of beautiful flowers, etc. The buildings are about forty in number, among the finest of which is the church, built of stone, in the Gothic style. The barracks consist of nine large three-story structures, each one hundred feet long by thirty feet wide, with French roofs, and uniform in size and appearance. They have windows on four sides, with no partitions, and with perfect natural ventilation, and are admirably adapted for sleeping-rooms. Another building, similar in appearance, but much larger, is called music hall, and is designed for concerts, lectures, etc., with rooms on the second and third floors for band, singing-clubs, telegraph and printing offices, and school-room. Another is used as head-quarters, with offices of governor, surgeon, chaplain, etc.; another for quartermaster and commissary stores, with post-office, store, etc., which is built of brick, and is



THE DINING-HALL.

THE LIBRARY.



THE BOAT-HOUSE.

INTERIOR OF THE HOSPITAL.

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fire-proof; another for library, reading-room, school-room, and society hall. Back of these buildings is the dining-room, and in the rear of it are the kitchen, bakery, etc. Then there are six one-story frame buildings, twenty-five by one hundred feet, intended for work-shops; a large amusement hall, with bowling-alleys, billiard and bagatelle tables, etc.; a laundry run by steam, where all the washing is done; also half a dozen cottages for officers' residences, work-shops for cabinet-makers, shoemakers, tinners, saddlers, tailors, blacksmiths, butchers, broom-makers, etc.

The hospital is a very handsome building of brick, three stories high, with basement for kitchen, bakery, medicated baths, smoking-rooms, mortuary, etc. The building is two hundred and ninety-three feet long, and composed of a centre or administration building forty-one feet by one hundred and thirty-one, and two wings for wards for the sick, each of the six wards being thirty-one by sixteen, with two rooms in the towers, twelve feet square, attached to each ward, and fitted up for bath and wash rooms, water-closets, etc. There is a dining-room on each floor, connected with the kitchen by dumb-waiters. The building is heated by steam, but the boiler, etc., are in a separate building at least a hundred feet from the hospital. This elegant and well-arranged building cost $185,000, and is designed to accommodate three hundred persons.

Believing that men are every where more healthy and happy by having something to do, it has been a cherished object of the management to encourage employment of every kind, by giving a moderate compensation for every kind of useful labor. All non-commissioned officers, clerks, ward-masters, engineers, nurses, cooks, bakers, etc., are taken from the inmates, and paid for their work. Mechanics of every description are given shops, and encouraged to work at their trades, all the profits being given to them. In construction, all the painting on all the buildings was done by one-armed painters, inmates of the Home. So, much of the furniture in the buildings was made, and much of the lighter work in smoothing and adorning the grounds done, by disabled soldiers. And almost all the labor in the gardens and orchards is done by the same class of men.

But all can not work. Some two hundred and fifty men are in hospital beds, and many others are too badly wounded to do any work; and, besides, the management believes that all should *play* as well as *work*; therefore especial pains are taken to furnish entertainments and all the amusement possible. An amusement hall, with four bowling-alleys, a billiard-table, and two bagatelle-tables, is provided. In addition, chess, checkers, backgammon, etc., are furnished for the different wards. A brass band, composed wholly of disabled soldiers, plays on the grounds every afternoon. A string band, an English glee club, a German singing-society, and a negro minstrel troupe, all organized at the Home, give frequent concerts. Besides, the musical clubs and choirs from the city make frequent visits and volunteer delightful concerts, and traveling lecturers, as well as musical troupes, often favor the Home without charge. There is also a society hall for meetings; and flourishing lodges of the Grand Army of the Republic, Good Templars, etc., furnish pleasant and profitable evening entertainments for the men.

Another excellent feature of the institution is a school, where veterans are instructed in useful callings. Here men who lost their right arm are taught to write with the left hand. Others are taught book-keeping, and others still are prepared for teaching school, so that they can go out in the world again and earn their own living; others are learning to read, some of them (mostly colored men) having to commence at the alphabet. A large class are being taught telegraphy, with a view of earning a living as telegraph operators; and to facilitate their studies, as well as to connect the Asylum with the outside world, a telegraph line has been erected to the city. There are also classes in music, both instrumental and vocal. A printing-office, with a fine Gordon press, and complete in all its parts, is in successful operation, which, besides doing all the printing of the Asylum, enables one-legged and other disabled men to learn type-setting as a means of future employment. Many one-armed men have learned trades, such as painting, suited to their disability, while others still are taught broom-making basket-making, etc.

The library and reading-room constitute another pleasant feature of the Home. The library is a large, handsome room, adorned with a hundred or more rare and beautiful pictures, all of which were donated to the Asylum. The library contains about 3000 volumes of standard works, many of them in costly binding. The reading-room has all the leading magazines and reviews (including the pictorials) on the tables, and in the stands are filed some two hundred newspapers—about fifty daily, and the remainder weekly—representing all parties and denominations, and coming from all parts of the country, all furnished without cost by their generous publishers. It need hardly be said that these rooms, thirty by one hundred feet, are crowded from morning to night.

This Home, like the rest of the national asylums, is supported by a Congressional appropriation of stoppages and fines adjudged against officers and soldiers during the war, all forfeitures on account of desertion from the service, and all moneys due deceased officers and soldiers which are unclaimed. It is a contribution from soldiers to soldiers—from bounty-jumpers and bad soldiers to the brave and deserving.

Any soldier during the late war for the preservation of the Union, who was honorably discharged and disabled by wounds received or sickness contracted in the service, can gain admission. He can send to either manager for a blank application, and by having the same filled up as per directions, and returned to the manager, can have transportation sent him without charge. This Home is admirably managed; but special credit is due to HON. LEWIS B. GUNCKEL, the local manager, who has had entire charge of construction, and to whom belongs the entire credit for the rapid and economical manner in which the Asylum has been erected. To him, too, largely belongs the honor for the many new and kindly features which are distinctive of this Home.

For the material for this article we are indebted to an interesting account of the Home which appeared some time since in the Dayton *Trade Review and Business Register*; the illustrations are from photographs.

A LITTLE LECTURE.

SIT still, child, if you know the way,
Cross your white arms upon your breast,
Let the dark glory of your hair
From bands escape.
'Tis weary always to be gay;
And sweet is silence, sweet is rest:
We drink the juices of despair
From life's crushed grape.

Why should I lecture? You are young,
And tameless as a dragon-fly,
And beautiful to look upon,
And sweet to touch.
Nothing you know of nerves unstrung,
Nor can I believe that you will die,
And go where other girls have gone.
I ask too much.

Pshaw! Flutter like a pretty bird,
Outrun the wind, outlaugh the brooks,
Flout the frail ferns with flying feet,
Outblush the rose;
Let your young petulant voice be heard
Joyous through all the forest nooks.
But where are you drifting, where—my sweet?
Who knows? Who knows?

A MAGIC CONCERT.

IT is now somewhat more than two years ago since a Parisian *savant* astonished a number of his friends by inviting them to a concert performed by musical instruments whose keys were obviously untouched by human hands. The invitations were accepted; and at the appointed time the guests, most of them of decidedly skeptical tendencies, assembled at their host's apartments, where they were ushered into a drawing-room of very modest dimensions, and presenting a perfectly ordinary appearance. In one corner of the room stood a small piano; and in the centre, raised on wooden supports, were placed a harp, a violin, and a violoncello. The visitors were requested to examine the walls and the adjoining rooms, in order to satisfy themselves that no musicians were concealed in them.

When all were convinced that no imposition of any kind was possible, the host proposed that the concert should begin. Taking a conductor's baton in his hand, he struck one of the supports with it, and then began to beat time—one, two, three. Instantly the windows shook, the room trembled, and the audience rose stupefied and bewildered. The instruments were untouched, yet the sounds they produced were deafening; the effect being that of an entire orchestra playing in the room. The overture to "William Tell" was performed with the utmost precision, to the extreme amazement of the hearers.

"That is more noisy than you like, perhaps?" suggested the host. "If you prefer it, you shall hear a quartette." The signal was given by the baton, and a beautiful quartette was exquisitely rendered by the piano, violin, violoncello, and voice.

One of the guests inquired if the musicians were hid in the rooms either above or below that in which they were assembled. Permission to investigate was immediately granted, and a search followed, which was utterly unsuccessful. One fact, indeed, was then ascertained, namely, that the music, which was heard so distinctly in the drawing-room, was inaudible elsewhere in the house. This one little room alone possessed the power of producing these mysterious sounds.

"In order to prove that these sounds are really engendered here, I have had these instruments placed as you see them. You shall now hear them play alternately." Scarcely had the *savant* uttered these words before the harp and violin—standing on their wooden supports—began one of Mendelssohn's "Lieder ohne Worte," arranged as a duet. Their exquisite harmonies were hardly ended before the piano began the overture to "Tännhauser," which it performed in an animated but somewhat noisy style. The effect was magical, and the guests were utterly astounded.

The philosopher next proposed to do something still more marvelous.

"I can, if you wish it," he said, "even make these little boards perform. This plank can, at your desire, sing, recite, beat a drum, or imitate any musical sound."

The piece of wood was scarcely placed in the position previously occupied by one of the instruments before the loud beating of a drum—as if it were calling an army to assemble preparatory to a charge—was heard in the room. On the plank being removed, the sound ceased; but on its being replaced, the drum beat as loudly as ever.

The plank was then caused to speak, which it did with the harsh, grating tones of a ventriloquist. Its shouts of laughter filled the room. On its being removed from its place, there was perfect silence; but when it was returned to its former position, it made the air resound with a mocking and derisive laugh.

These extraordinary phenomena were frequently repeated in the course of the evening, and on each occasion with increased success. The host had thoroughly fulfilled his promise. He had unquestionably accomplished what most of his guests had previously considered to be impossible.

The auditors, aided by a heated imagination, were only too ready to attribute these phenomena to the intervention of some supernatural agency; while, in truth, the whole secret of the wonderful performance was to be found in well-known acoustic laws. It was based on the fact that sound travels with much greater rapidity through solids than through air. Under ordinary circumstances, sound will travel through about 372 yards of air per second; while through the fibres of a piece of wood, in the same time, it would travel nearly 4360 yards. The rapidity of its transmission varies considerably in the different kinds of wood. Thus, through acacia, it passes at the rate of 5142 yards per second; through deal, 3630 yards; through poplar, 4670 yards; through oak, 4200 yards; and through ash, 5090 yards in the same time. Through some metals the rapidity is still greater. An iron wire, for example, transmits it at the rate of 5363 yards, and cast steel at the rate of 5436 yards, per second; while through brass its velocity is only 3888 yards. In consequence of this rapid and accurately determined transmission of sounds through solids, the slightest vibratory motion applied to the end of a piece of wood is instantly communicated to its other extremity. The fact of the ticking of a watch, held at one end of a piece of wood, being distinctly audible at the other end, suffices to illustrate this principle.

Two persons at a considerable distance from each other can carry on a conversation, without even raising their voices, by means of a wire or a wooden rod, if the ends are held between the teeth of the speakers. Herhold, a Dane, frequently excited the curiosity of his friends by enabling them, with their ears stopped, to hear music from a harmonium played 250 yards distant from them. This he succeeded in doing by stretching a wire from the instrument to the hearer, who had to hold it in his teeth.

Laths of wood transmit sounds communicated to them not only with great rapidity, but also without the slightest modification of pitch. Thus, if a lath ten yards in length is placed against the front of a house, and a tuning-fork is struck and applied to its lower end, a similar tuning-fork at its upper extremity will give exactly the same sound as the first. Fifty such forks may be used instead of two, and the lath may be of any length, and still the same results will be obtained. Consequently, every time that a wooden rod or lath is applied to the sounding-board of an instrument, it will transmit any notes produced by the instrument, causing the auditors to hear the sounds as clearly as if they were produced in their immediate vicinity.

A knowledge of these facts serves to explain the mystery of the Magic Concert. A small orchestra had been concealed in the area, and rods of deal connected the instruments there employed with those in the drawing-room where the guests were assembled—the wooden supports which have been mentioned being placed there as coverings to the upper ends of the rods. The guests, by these means, heard in the drawing-room up stairs the pieces of music which were performed in the area, the effect being precisely the same as if the musicians had been playing in their presence. This, briefly, is the explanation of this curious Parisim concert.

NORTH IN THE SNOW.

I ONCE spent Christmas in the Rob Roy country. It was perhaps an eccentric thing for an Englishman with no Scottish connections to do; but a certain little affair, with which I never intend to amuse the public, had inspired me with a romantic discontent; and in disgust with the heartless conventionalities of hyper-civilization, I thought of the little saw-mill in the neighborhood of a Scottish loch, where I had lodged for part of two consecutive summers, while fishing, sketching, and making pedestrian excursions round about.

The Macbean family were not very much surprised by my proposition to come to them, for when I had spoken of the beauties of Switzerland for the purpose of piquing their national enthusiasm, which would allow of no scenery comparable to that of the land of cakes, they always ended with a challenge to come and see their streams and mountains in their winter dress, and I had often declared that I would do so "some day." So I received a letter, cordial but business-like, by return of post, to say that my old room was at my service; and went down at once, arriving on the third Tuesday of December, after a difficult journey, particularly as respected the last stage from Callander. But the driver told me I had no reason to grumble.

"Weel, Sir," said he, "I'm thinking that if the snaw had begun to fa' in airnest, ye might have been kep' at Callander a fortnight or mair."

The place was hardly recognizable, the mountains looked so different in their white clothing; the stream was frozen, the clatter of the water-wheel silenced.

The family consisted of four persons: Allan MacBean, formerly piper in a Highland corps. His long white hair was like spun glass, his eyes were dim and generally fixed and vacant, and he could hardly rise from his chair without assistance. He seemed to be passing the last years of his life in a semi-somnolent condition, from which, however, he could rouse himself whenever he chose, and it was difficult to determine when he was or was not noticing what passed around him. Robert MacBean, his son, was a man in full vigor, hard-headed, enterprising. He had originated the saw-mill, and worked it himself, assisted only by his son, James MacBean, a fine young fellow of about twenty-five; Mary MacBean, a buxom lass a little younger than her brother, and mistress of the house, her father having been for years a widower.

There was also a domestic, who was on perfectly equal terms with them all—Jenny, a brawny, red-haired girl who was always singing, and felt uncomfortable in shoes and stockings; which latter articles, however, both Mary and herself were forever knitting when they had no important work on hand. They were all at tea when I arrived, and the greeting I got half thawed me at once.

"Grandfather," said Mary, "here is the London gentleman really come."

"I ken him, lass," the old man said, presently, slowly raising his head, and shaking my proffered hand; "the Southern laddie that's sae great amang the trouts."

This was a standing joke; the elaborate paraphernalia, and especially the collection of town-made flies, with which I had opened my first fishing campaign, and the small proportional result, had amused the skillful natives.

"Nay, and it's not fair, grandfather," expostulated Mary. "You may mind how reel weel he did last spring. He took a dozen trouties to a loss of only sax hooks."

Little traitress, to banter me under the pretense of taking my part! But I could be even with *her*, at any rate.

"Have you not got Jock Murchison with you?" I asked. Jock was six feet one of Highland shepherd, and the lover of Mary, who bustled off to the other end of the room on some convenient errand, pretending not to hear. "I knew he had to be out far on the mountains all the summer," I persisted, "but now, in the winter, I thought he would be in the village; and I must say I expected to see him come in before this."

A smile expanded Robert MacBean's somewhat capacious mouth, as he said to his daughter, "What a' blushing about, lass? Sure it's a simple question. Jock has left this part," he continued, turning to me. "He had a good offer to be head-shepherd to Colonel Campbell, beyond the Ben yonder, and closed with it. But he is to come and see us before next Sabbath, and stay over Christmas."

"Pleasant weather for a walk over the mountain; I should like to be his companion," said I.

"Pleasant enow if does na snaw," said James.

"Is the mountain ever impassable?"

"Weel, Jock would find his way as weel as most. He kens every foot of the way, Jock does. But when it snaws here, it snaws!"

Why did I not cry "absit omen?" On the following morning the snow thought it polite to give a stranger a taste of what it could do. I never saw it so dense; the air was darkened with the noiseless flakes, which filled it like a coarse-grained fog. In the afternoon I wanted to go out in it, and get a little air and exercise; but Robert MacBean persuaded me not, declaring that I might lose myself within a hundred yards of the house. That was on the Wednesday, and Thursday was just like it; but on that day James went to the village, which was some two miles distant, and I accompanied him, and so managed to stretch my legs and relieve the tedium of confinement; but the walk proved to me the truth of his father's remark, for I should never have found the way by myself, well as I thought I knew it; and even James had to stop every now and then and take bearings, to be sure that he was on the right track. When we got back Mary was standing in the porch, peering in the direction of the mountain.

"Never mind, Mary; it must clear before Saturday, surely," said I.

"I dinna care," replied she, turning on her heel; but if she spoke the truth, it was strange that she should have paused in her household avocations so often that day to gaze out in the same direction, for she was a glutton for work; and also that the merry laugh which so constantly resounded from the back kitchen, where she and Jenny carried on cooking and cake-making, was stilled.

However, that night the thermometer fell; Friday morning was clear and bright, and when I came in to the mid-day dinner after a long walk, I heard the two girls trolling out their favorite hymn; and very pretty music they made, let me tell you, in case your idea of old-fashioned hymns should be tainted with the experience of a nasal twang. But unfortunately the glass rose again as rapidly as it had fallen, and about noon on Saturday a few flakes came floating down, and in a little while it was snowing again as thickly as before.

"Will Jock come this evening?" Mary asked her father at dinner, anxiety overpowering her bashfulness.

"Weel," answered the cautious Scot, "a much depends upon the weather on the ither side."

I followed the two men out into the saw-mill, where they found supplementary work to do during the frost, and put questions dictated by a certain amount of experience in Alpine regions, where to be overtaken by a snow-storm is sometimes a very serious matter. They had no idea of any cause for alarm; if Murchison found any difficulty in making his way he would go back again, or at any rate find shelter somewhere; the worst that could happen would be his non-arrival, and Mary's consequent disappointment.

So when night came, and no Jock Murchison, the little household was quite free from excitement and alarm. Even Mary seemed to have made up her mind that he could not come, and that probably he would arrive on the Monday, and conversation went on much as usual; and this you must not imagine to be in any degree like that of folks holding the same position in England. The MacBeans read much and thought more, and I do not believe that there is a cultured man in the realm who would not have found

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pleasure and profit in talking with them. The old man, indeed, no longer took part in the conversation; his mind seemed generally wandering in the past, and he would sit for hours without a word.

We were sitting round the fire after supper, the girls knitting, Robert MacBean, his son, and myself smoking our pipes over a night-cap of toddy, when suddenly I saw something come over old Allan, who faced me in the opposite chimney-corner. He grasped both the arms of his chair and sat up erect and stiff; his eyes dilated, and appeared to be fixed on some object over my shoulder with such intensity of gaze that I involuntarily glanced behind me; but there was nothing to be seen.

"I see him! I see him! Jock Murchison!" he said in a loud whisper, and continued his fixed look for full two minutes, and then gradually relaxed into a state of torpor. Most certainly I am not superstitious, but I confess that a most indescribable feeling of awe came over me; what the others, who firmly believed in second-sight, experienced, was evident in their faces. James sat still, pale and aghast. Mary, after a few terrified minutes, burst out sobbing; and her father soothed her, not by making light of the old man's vision, but by solemnly reminding her that her lover was in God's hands, and no harm could happen to him without His permission. Jenny went into hysterics, like a town-bred girl, and altogether I thought it best to retire. At breakfast next morning the whole party had recovered their composure, and it was difficult to say how far the scene of the night before still affected their minds; silent and solemn enough were they, but that was always their demeanor on the Sabbath. It was a beautiful day, bright with sunshine and crisp with frost; and the others started for the kirk, while I volunteered to take care of old Allan in their absence. It was a good four miles to the place of worship, and the service was no short one, so you may imagine that I was startled when James MacBean rushed in at the end of an hour.

"Murchison?" I involuntarily asked.

"Something must have happened to him," replied the young man. "We met Alec, one of Colonel Campbell's gillies, who had come over to see his mother, and he asked what for Jock was no with us. He started twa hours before Alec."

A search had been at once decided upon, but as the route led back within a mile of the sawmill, James had come on at once for a rope, which he presently got, and started off again; and as the girls would be back presently, I went with him, not forgetting my whisky-flask.

On the brow of the first and lowest of the pile of hills, which swell one above the other from the loch to the summit of the mountain, we found Robert MacBean and the gillie, a sinewy giant in Highland costume, waiting for us; then on we plodded in silence, the gillie leading the way back along the route he had taken the day before.

I have always been fond of mountain pedestrianism, but this was as tough a bit of walking as ever I had. On and on we toiled for hours; now sinking waist-deep in a drift, now slipping back where the snow had been melted by the sun, and frozen again into a surface of ice, now stumbling over hidden boulders. What surprised me most was the confidence with which the Highlander pursued one path, for I expected that all the inhabitants of the villages round would have been called to turn out and search; and once, when we stopped a while to take bearings, I made some such remark. "Naw, naw," he replied, "I ken weel where he will have gane wrang;" and then James explained to me that a stranger might be any where on the mountain, but that one so conversant with the ground as the man we were searching for would have turned up by that morning if he had not wandered into one particular part. At about three o'clock in the afternoon we turned the corner of a rock toward which we had been descending at a sharp incline; and the sudden caution to take care, uttered by the gillie, was not superfluous, for we were on the edge of one of the most treacherous precipices imaginable—a deep basin, into which a mountain stream, now ice-bound, was cutting a ravine, and the face of which was, on the side we stood, perfectly perpendicular. Its brink was masked by the soil, which, bound together and pushed forward by the roots of trees and shrubs, protruded over the sheer rock which formed the substratum; and beyond this dangerous lip, a coping of snow firm to the eye as marble, but hardly equal to the weight of a bird, formed a still more fatal snare. The sudden changes of temperature had fringed this coping with large icicles; and where the stream had been arrested in its plunge into the abyss, these were of enormous size, causing the glen to bear the appearance of a stalactite cavern laid open to the light of the sun. Probing the snow with our sticks, and clinging to the trees, we got close to the brink, and saw that the opposite face, which was crowned with a little clump of fir-trees, was less precipitous, the sides sloping at a sharp angle to the frozen pool at the bottom.

On a large flat slab of rock just above the ice lay the figure of a man extended on his back, one arm stretched out, and a shepherd's crook, the Highland alpenstock, lying near him.

"Is he alive?" I involuntarily cried.

Robert MacBean shook his head despondently. "Nae; the auld mon *saw him!*" said he; "but we must use a' human means. How to get to him puzzles me; it will tak an hour to gae round."

Alec settled this matter without hesitation; taking the rope from James, he made directly for a spot beneath which a tree had pushed its way laterally between the strata of the rock, and slipping down to this, he fastened one end to a bough and dropped the other, which reached the ground. He slid to the bottom in a second; Robert MacBean followed him closely; then James. I was more clumsy and longer; so that by the time I joined the party they had examined and raised the body, which was that of Jock Murchison.

"He's got his right arm broken, but he's alive!" said Alec, and the news took all the fatigue out of one's limbs. There is nothing so exciting as saving a life, except, perhaps, taking one. It was a rare job to get him home, though the journey was one-third shorter than the way we had come, and all down hill, fortunately; but we managed it between the four of us; and then hot blankets, hot bottles, hot toddy resuscitated him.

The next morning a surgeon came and set his arm, and time and Mary's nursing completed his cure. But he was not on the safe side by Christmas, which was hardly a very merry day. It was thoughtless of Jock to recover, and so spoil a good, well-testified instance of second-sight.

PARIS—SEBASTOPOL.

CHRISTMAS ushered in the commencement of the real siege of Paris. Up to that time there had only been an investment of the giant fortress. Batteries had been constructed, it is true, for heavy siege guns; a siege park had been collected; but not a gun had been placed in position, not an embrasure cut, not a shot fired. All these preparations had been made on the southern and southwestern front. On the other fronts there were breast-works thrown up as well; but these seem to have been intended for defensive purposes only, to check sorties, and to protect the infantry and field artillery of the besiegers. These intrenchments were naturally at a greater distance from the Paris forts than regular siege batteries would have to be; there was between them and the forts a larger belt of debatable ground on which sorties could take place. When Trochu's great sortie of the 30th of November had been repelled he still remained master of a certain portion of this debatable ground on the eastern side of Paris, especially of the isolated plateau of Avron, in front of Fort Rosny. This he began to fortify—at what exact date we do not know; but we find it mentioned on the 17th of December that both Mont Avron and the heights of Varenne (in the loop of the Marne) had been fortified and armed with heavy guns.

Barring a few advanced redoubts on the south front, near Vitry and Villejuif, which do not appear to be of much importance, we have here the first attempt, on a large scale, of the defenders to extend their positions by counter-approaches. And here we are naturally referred, for a comparison, to Sebastopol. More than four months after the opening of the trenches by the allies—toward the end of February, 1855, when the besiegers had suffered terribly by the winter—Todleben began to construct advanced works at what were then considerable distances in front of his lines. On the 23d of February he had constructed the redoubt Selenginsk, 1100 yards from the main rampart; on the same day an assault of the allies on the new work failed. On the 1st of March another redoubt (Vloynsk) was completed in a still more forward position, and 1450 yards from the rampart. These two works were called by the allies the "ouvrages blancs." On the 12th of March the Kamtschatka lunette, 800 yards from the ramparts, was completed—the "Mamelon vert" of the allies—and in front of all these works rifle-pits were dug out. An assault, on the 22d of March, was beaten off, and the whole of the works, as well as another to the (proper) right of the Mamelon, the "Quarry," was completed, and all these redoubts connected by a covered way. During the whole of April and May the allies in vain attempted to recover the ground occupied by these works. They had to advance against them by regular siege approaches, and it was only on the 7th of June, when considerable reinforcements had arrived, that they were enabled to storm them. Thus the fall of Sebastopol had been delayed fully three months by these advanced field works, attacked though they were by the most powerful naval guns of the period.

The defense of Mont Avron looks very paltry side by side with this story. On the 17th, when the French had had above fourteen days for the construction of their works, the batteries are completed. The besiegers in the mean time sent for siege artillery, chiefly old guns already used in the previous sieges. On the 22d the batteries against Mont Avron are completed, but no action is taken until every danger of a sortie *en masse* of the French has passed away; and the encampments of the Army of Paris round Drancy are broken up on the 26th. Then, on the 27th, the German batteries open their fire, which is continued on the 28th and 29th. The fire of the French works is soon silenced, and the works abandoned on the 29th, because, as the official French report says, there were no casemates in them to shelter the garrison.

This is undoubtedly a poor defense, and a still poorer excuse for it. The chief fault seems to rest with the construction of the works. From all descriptions we are led to conclude that there was not on the hill a single closed redoubt, but only batteries open to the rear, and even without efficient protection on the flanks. These batteries, moreover, appear to have been facing one way only, toward the south or southeast, while close by, to the northeast, lay the heights of Raincy and Montfermeil, the most eligible sites of all for batteries against Avron. The besiegers took advantage of these to surround Avron with a semicircle of batteries, which soon silenced its fire, and drove away its garrison. Then why was there no shelter for the garrison? The frost is but half an excuse, for the French had time enough; and what the Russians could do in a Crimean winter, and on rocky soil, must have been possible too this December before Paris. The artillery employed against Avron was certainly far more efficient than that of the allies before Sebastopol; but it was the same as that used against the redoubts of Düppel, also field-works, and they held out three weeks. It is surmised that the infantry garrison ran away, and left the artillery uncovered. That may be so; but it would not excuse the engineers who constructed the works. The engineering staff inside Paris must have been very badly organized, if we are to judge it from this sample of its handiwork.

THE ORIGIN OF WHIST.

WHIST is of English origin, but its popularity is not confined to that country. On the Continent it has become fully naturalized; the finest player that ever lived was a Frenchman, and the most elaborate works on whist are by foreign authors. It has, in fact, extended over the whole earth; there is not a spot where European civilization prevails where whist is not practiced and prized. A published collection of "Whist Studies" dates from the tropics; in the rigor of the North American winter whist forms the occupation of the frozen-up inhabitants for months together; and in the wilds of Australia the farmers play at whist for "sheep points, with a bullock on the rubber."

The early history of whist is involved in some obscurity. It is not to be supposed that a game of this high character should have sprung at once perfect into being; it has been formed by gradual development from elements previously existing. As early as the beginning of the sixteenth century a card game was in common use, of which both the name and the chief feature enter prominently into the construction of whist. This was called *Triumph*—corrupted into *Trump*—and the essence of it was the predominance of one particular suit, called the triumph or trump suit, over all the others. It was of Continental origin, like most of the card games in use at that period. A work published in Italy in 1526 speaks of it under the name of *Trionfi*, and it is mentioned by Rabelais, as *la Triumphe*, among the games played by Gargantua. From France it was imported into England, where it soon became popular in good society, as we find a reference to it in a quarter where it would hardly be looked for, namely, in a sermon preached by Latimer at Cambridge the Sunday before Christmas, 1529. He mentions the game under its corrupted as well as its original appellation, and clearly alludes to its characteristic feature, as the following extracts will show:

"And where you are wont to celebrate Christmass in playing at cards, I intend by God's grace to deal unto you Christ's Cards, wherein you shall perceive Christ's Rule. The game that we play at shall be called the Triumph, which, if it be well played at, he that dealeth shall win; the Players shall likewise win; and the standers and lookers upon shall do the same."

"You must mark also that the Triumph must apply to fetch home unto him all the other cards, whatever suit they be of."

"Then further, we must say to ourselves, What requireth Christ of a Christian man? Now turn up your Trump, your Heart (Hearts is Trump, as I said before), and cast your Trump, your Heart, on this card."

The game of Triumph appears to have been played in several different ways, some of which resembled our present *Ecarté*; they had, however, little similarity to whist, except in the feature of the predominance of the trump suit, which was common to them all.

About the beginning of the seventeenth century the game had acquired in England another name, which is also preserved in whist, namely, *Ruffe*. It has often excited curiosity how the word for an ornament to the neck or wrists should have come to be used for this purpose; but it is possible it may have been only another corruption of the original French *triomphe*, as there is much similarity in the sounds. At any rate the terms were synonymous, as Cotgrave, in his "French and English Dictionary," 1611, explains the French word *triomphe* to mean "the card game called ruffe or trump;" and Nares in his Glossary says "ruff meant a trump card, *charta dominatrix*."

But contemporaneously with this change the game itself had also undergone, in England, some modifications which caused it to differ materially from the original foreign type, and among these was the attachment of certain advantages, or "honors," to the four highest cards of the trump suit. This was probably of itself an ancient invention, for we find a game called "les Honneurs" in Rabelais's list; but the importation of it into trump or ruff gave the game a new character, and it took the name of "Ruff-and-Honors," the original form being called "French Ruff" for distinction.

Ruff-and-Honors was played with a pack of fifty-two cards, the ace ranking the highest. There were four players—two being partners against the other two, and each received twelve cards; the remaining four were left as a stock on the table, and the top one was turned up to determine the trump suit. The player who happened to hold the ace of trumps had the privilege of taking the stock in exchange for four cards of his own, an operation called *ruffing*. The score was nine, and the party that won most tricks were "most forward to win the set." Three honors in the joint hands were reckoned equivalent to two tricks, and four honors to four. This came very near to whist, and was, in fact, whist in an imperfect form.

The further changes in the constitution of the game, and the radical alteration of the name, appear to have taken place early in the seventeenth century. The first form of the new designation was *Whisk*—a word which occurs in "Taylor's Motto," by Taylor, the Water Poet, published in 1621. Speaking of the prodigal, he says:

"He flings his money free with carelessnesse,
At novum, mumchance, mischance (chuse ye which),
At one-and-thirty, or at poore-and-rich,
Ruffe, slam, trump, nody, whisk, hole, saint, new cut."

The origin of the word is obscure; but, in default of a better explanation, it has been suggested that it was used by the common people as a synonym for *ruff*, in ridicule of the affectations of the gallants who played at the game.

In 1674 we find a published description of the game in a curious book, ascribed to Charles Cotton, the poet, and entitled "The Compleat Gamester; or, Instructions how to Play at Billiards, Trucks, Bowls, and Chess; together with all manner of usual and most gentile Games, either on Cards or Dice." In this book a chapter is devoted to "English Ruff-and-Honors, and Whist," and it contains the following passage:

"Ruff-and-Honors (*alias* slamm) and Whist are games so commonly known in England, in all parts thereof, that every child almost of eight years old hath a competent knowledge in that recreation."

After describing Ruff-and-Honors the author says, "Whist is a game not much differing from this." The ruffing privilege was abolished; each player still had twelve cards; but, instead of leaving an unknown stock on the table, the four deuces were discarded from the pack before dealing—a great step in advance, as it enabled the players to calculate with more certainty the contents of each other's hands. The score was still nine, tricks and honors counting as before.

Cotton never uses or alludes to the earlier name "Whisk," but he gives an independent derivation of the newer word. He says the game "is called whist, from the silence that is to be observed in the play."

This meaning is warranted by the custom of the time. The word, although treated as a verb, adjective, or participle by Shakspeare, Milton, Spenser, and others, is defined by Skinner (1671), one of the best authorities, as *interjectio silentium imperans*; and so it was commonly used. In an old play, written by Dekkar in 1604, we find the example—

"Whist! whist! my master."

Cotton's derivation of the present name has been adopted by Johnson and Nares, and has always been most commonly received; but it must not be forgotten that the word "whisk" is the older of the two, and that it continued in use, along with the other name, for a century after Cotton wrote. Pope, in his epistle to Mrs. Teresa Blount, 1715, says:

"Some squire, perhaps, you take delight to rack,
Whose game is Whisk, whose treat a toast in sack."

Johnson describes whist as "vulgarly pronounced whisk;" and the Hon. Daines Barrington, writing, in 1786, on games at cards, adopts the latter orthography without any qualification.

It is possible to reconcile the two derivations by supposing that when the game took its complete form the more intellectual character it assumed demanded greater care and closer attention in the play; this was incompatible with noise in the room or with conversation between the players, and hence the word "whist!" may have been used in its interjectional form to insist on the necessary silence; and from the similarity of this to the term already in use the modification in the last letter may have taken its rise. It is worthy of remark that in a fashionable book on Ombre, published in Berlin in 1714, the writer, who had probably never heard of the English game, says, "In order to play Ombre well, silence and tranquillity are essential."

But whatever may be the views held in England as to the origin of the name of this game, it is only fair to give the explanation which we find in a French work on whist:

"At a time when French was the current language in England, the people had become so infatuated with one of their games at cards that it was prohibited after a certain hour. But parties met clandestinely to practice it; and when the question 'Voulez-vous jouer?' was answered by 'Oui!' the master of the room added the interjection 'St!' to impose silence. This occurred so often that '*Oui-st*' became at length the current appellation of the game!"

It is curious that although the precursors of whist had enjoyed favor in high places, yet whist itself, in its infancy, was chiefly played in low society, where cheats and sharpers assembled. The greatest part of Cotton's chapter is devoted to a warning against the tricks and frauds of these gentry. He alludes to the "arts used in dealing," and shows how, by ingenious devices, "cunning fellows about this city may not only know all the cards by their backs, but may turn up honors for themselves, and avoid doing so for their adversaries." The following passage gives some significant hints:

"He that can by craft overlook his adversaries' game hath a great advantage, for by that means he may partly know what to play securely. There is a way to discover to their partners what honors they have; as by the wink of one eye, or putting one finger on the nose or table, it signifies one honor; shutting both the eyes, two; placing three fingers or four on the table, three or four honors."

In a republication of Cotton's work in 1734, these cautions are amplified, showing that whist still retained the same low character. The editor says, "As whisk" (he uses the old appellation) "is a tavern game, the sharpers generally take care to put about the bottle before the game begins." A special chapter is given to "piping at whisk;" and as this is an accomplishment not generally known at the modern clubs, the following extract may be interesting:

"By piping I mean when one of the company that does not play (which frequently happens) sits down in a convenient place to smoke a pipe, and so look on, pretending to amuse himself that way. Now the disposing of his fingers on the pipe, while smoking, discovers the principal cards that are in the person's hand he overlooks, which was always esteemed a sufficient advantage to win a game. This may also be done by another way—*i. e.*, without the pipe, and by common conversation. 'Indeed,' signifies diamonds; 'truly,' hearts; 'upon my word,' clubs; 'I assure you,' spades."

It is only fair to add, that with the bane the editor supplies also the antidote. He says: "*For which reasons, all nice gamesters play behind curtains.*"

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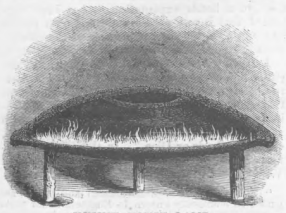


INNUIT STONE LAMP.

Travel and Adventure.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

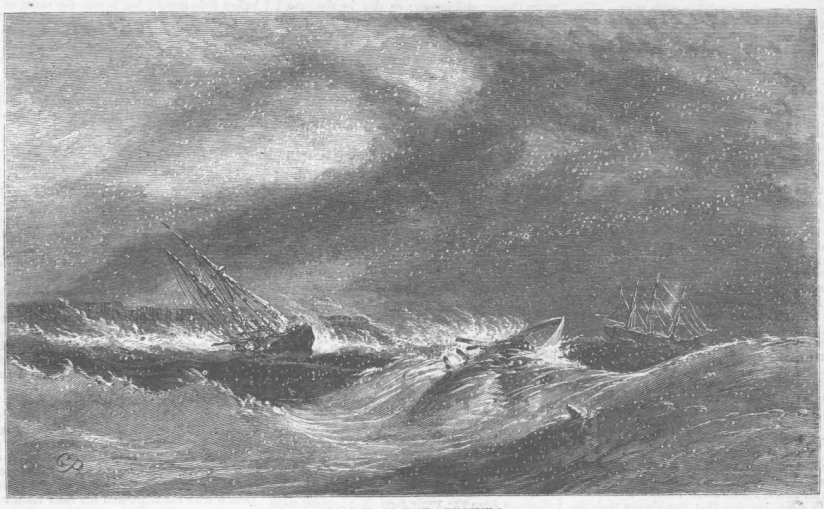
NIGHTS NEAR THE NORTH POLE.

CHAPTER III.

The Arctic Night.—A Midnight Excursion.—The Polar Morning.—Reawakening Life.—An Innuit Village.—Fantastic Shapes of Icebergs.—Curious History of the Innuits.—Conclusion.

STORMS often rage through the arctic night with more than tropical severity. The intense gloom, the unendurable cold, the wild howling of the blast, the blinding snow, drive even the starving Innuit to the shelter of his house of ice. At times the solid covering of the sea is broken up, and the troubled waters groan and swell beneath their winter bondage. Hall describes a midnight excursion over the frozen ocean that was nearly terminated by an arctic storm. Clothed in skins, and followed by several natives and a train of dogs, the travelers set out to cross the sea on the ice. They descended the cliffs, and rode over an icy plain. At night the Innuits raised a circular hut of snow, clad in the interior with the skin of the reindeer, and warmed by a single lamp. The little party gathered cheerfully in their icy home, built on the bosom of the frozen ocean. The air was warm within; they slept soundly in their beds of fur laid upon the snow. Meanwhile a storm had sprung up, and raged throughout the night. The next day they were imprisoned in their hut by the fury of the gale. The wind roared without, the snow fell in great thickness, and the travelers kept warm beneath their fragile shelter. But what was their surprise and terror to discover, on venturing out, that the storm had broken up the immense sheets of ice, that the billows were rolling fiercely a few rods from them, and that they were liable in a moment to feel the foundations of their hut give way beneath them, or to be carried out to sea on the treacherous ice! A brief consultation showed them that they could not hope to reach the land through the blinding storm, and they resolved to remain within. In the evening the wind lulled, but they heard, without, the ice cracking and groaning upon the billows, and moving off in huge masses to the sea. They made an opening through the roof of the snow hut to observe the weather. All was now calm. The travelers set out to reach the shore; the starving dogs were driven over the ice; the crevices were bridged over with the sledge. After a weary and almost hopeless struggle upon the broken floes and the huge drifts of snow, they reached the firm ice, and came, exhausted with hunger and thirst, to the hut of a friendly native.

Stern and rigid as is the polar night, its dawn and daylight are filled with an active and prolific life, scarcely equaled in more southern climes. Slowly the sun begins to rise above the horizon; many days pass before his welcome rays effectually disturb the twilight of the dawn. At length, in June, the summer of the year begins. But already every rugged peak and cliff is covered thick with migratory birds; the clamor of their various cries fills the air, and their flying throngs darken the face of the landscape. White and blue foxes roam in pursuit of eggs and sea-fowl, and herds of reindeer crop the new grass of the interior valleys. The glaciers melt and send down rills of crystal water; flowers shine forth in the crevices of the rock; and as the season advances a brief vegetation covers the hill-sides, mingling with the perpetual snows. The sea, far more prolific than the land, now teems with its herds of monsters, and the starving Innuit, who through the winter was scarcely able to provide oil for his lamp and food for his family, revels in the products of the chase, and forgets in his abundance the lessons of his direful want. On the floating fields of ice thousands of walruses lie basking in the sun, and stretch their immense forms at ease, scarcely terrified at the approach of the hunter. The whale seeks his accustomed haunts; great herds of seals gambol in the waters; icebergs, set loose by the summer heat,



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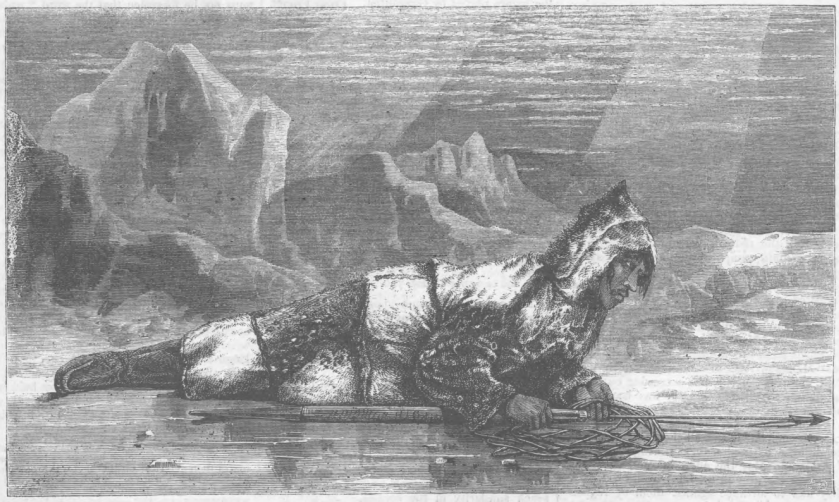
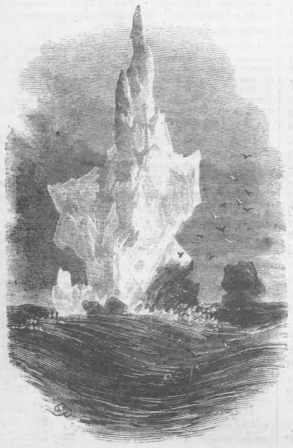
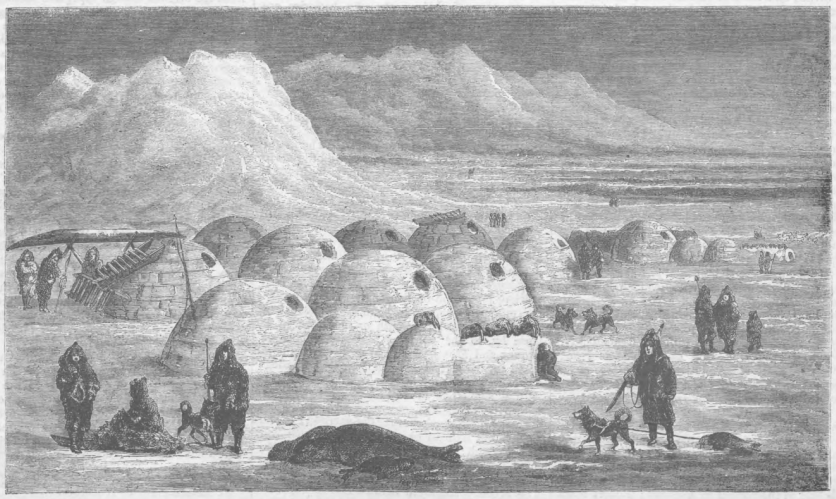


INNUIT STRATEGY TO CAPTURE A SEAL.

GOTHIC ICEBERG.



ICEBERG ADRIFT.



INNUIT IGLOOS, OR SNOW VILLAGE.

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INNUIT WATCHING FOR SEAL.

HARPOONING A WALRUS.

glide southward like floating mountains over the misty waves; refractions of singular grandeur transform the landscape into a fairy picture; and the never-setting sun sends down a perpetual radiance that lights with wonderful magnificence the towering peaks of ice, the boundless glaciers, and the boisterous waves of the polar sea.

Far as the eye can reach in winter spreads a limitless waste of ice and snow. The ocean is covered with a solid floor; the land groans beneath its weight of frozen moisture; navigation ceases; and the explorer, shut up in his narrow covering, waits patiently amidst the darkness for the slow return of day. Ice in its various changes is the chief element of the polar landscape. In its three forms of the glacier, the iceberg, and the floe, it never ceases to terrify and embarrass the navigator. The glacier is a vast frozen river, reaching down from the interior eminences to the sea, and slowly moving onward with resistless force, crushing or furrowing the interposing rocks, or bearing forward in its course huge boulders and piles of stone, until it enters the warmer ocean, and breaks to pieces on the stormy waves. The broken fragments torn from the glacier by the furious storms form the icebergs, often of immense height, and plowing the water nearly to the bottom of the sea; the great fleets of icebergs sail down the sounds and outlets of the polar waves, and, tossing against each other, cutting through the floating fields, and crumbling to fragments as they advance, descend to the warmer latitudes, until, clad in mist and hid in night, they startle the voyager as he glides over the summer waves on the Banks of Newfoundland and the shores of the Atlantic. The white spectre shoots over the track of the steamer, and chills the winds that blow over the eastern coast of America. — But it is in their native haunts that the icebergs display their peculiar grandeur. They cover the ocean with their countless and ever-varying forms. Sometimes like huge cathedrals and towering piles of architecture, covered with natural spires, or vaulted and arched by the restless sea—now wrought into pillars of marble, or rising in mountains of ice from their unseen base, the monsters of the deep sail majestically over the waters, and fill the whole vision with an endless variety.

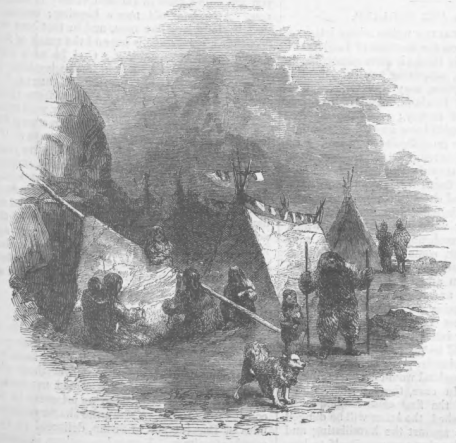
As the sunlight falls upon them they assume a thousand nameless tints, and glitter in crimson and gold. The scene becomes singularly magnificent. Every iceberg gleams like a precious stone set in the bosom of the deep. The opal and the pearl, the ruby and the amethyst, are repeated from a thousand pinnacles and cavities; the varying tints flash from peak to peak, and the ocean glows with a wonderful illumination. Meantime the roar of a ceaseless ruin fills the ear. The mountains of ice crumble and overturn with the swelling tide. Huge cliffs and crags break off from lofty heights, to fall with loud reverberations into the sea; berg strikes against berg with fearful concussion; and, like some hapless nation torn by civil contests, its factions battling with each other, ungoverned and without a law, the troop of icebergs move on to the open main.

Still more dangerous to the discoverer is the floe, or field of ice. The polar sea seems encircled by a belt or zone of frozen water, often many feet in thickness, and stretching in winter in a solid surface over the unresisting waves. Then every stormy channel and inlet becomes as safe as the firm earth, and men travel for hundreds of miles northward over water twenty fathoms deep. Over this icy surface the cold wind sweeps to the south, bearing the rigor of the pole to Chicago or New York, and might condemn to perpetual sterility the higher latitudes of America. But, happily, in summer, the brief day and various occult influences break up the polar ices; the solid covering of the sea parts into a thousand floating fragments; the floes drive slowly southward; some, huge and firm as islands, belt over the entrances to Smith's Sound or Baffin Bay; many, crushed and broken, melt in the open sea. In the perpetual motion of the waters, the rush of the tides, the fury of the northern storms, the bays and inlets are freed from their bondage, and the ocean, that seemed about to be changed into a bed of solid ice, now breaks fiercely upon its barren shores.

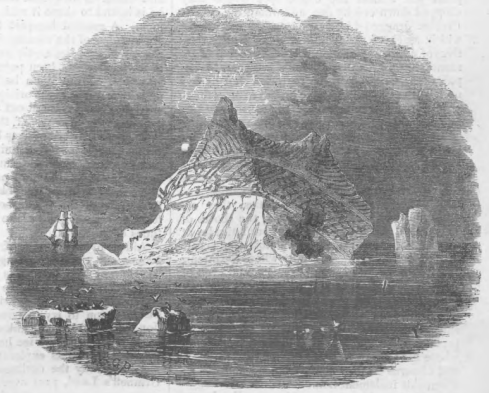
But as the floes glide down the bays and channels of the north, the adventurous voyager on his upward course must coast all around their sides in the narrow pathway that lies between them and the immovable ice along the shores, or must boldly penetrate the floating fields, to find an entrance among their dismembered fragments. Here dangers thicken around him; disaster broods over his track. He may be crushed against the shore, or, if he has entered some broad channel, apparently safe and inviting, suddenly the ice rejoins, and he finds himself shut up in a moving prison, from whence there is no escape. Countless ships have gone down, crushed in these icy ambuscades; some have floated through dreary winters at the mercy of the floes; others have been abandoned by their hopeless crews. The brave M'Clintock, in the little steamer *Fox*, penetrated into Smith's Sound, and was embayed in an enormous field of ice. No science nor skill could extricate him. It was August when the *Fox* entered the floe; soon the brief day began to fade, the winter night came on, and the explorer, in the increasing gloom, found himself floating slowly downward in the midst of Baffin Bay. Near him were two huge icebergs, imprisoned like himself, and whose glittering peaks soon became the only companions of the unlucky vessel. On all sides was a boundless region of ice, and an utter solitude. The weather was often fair, the temperature mild, and the moon rode through the heavens crowned by its arctic halos; a faint and fairy light played over the white expanse; but soon an intense gloom would settle around the ship, and such fierce storms of snow and wind terrified the voyagers as are known only in these inhospitable climes. Dangers hovered around them, of whose approach they could have no warning; and often they waited, amidst the blinding gloom and the crashing ice, for the blow that must shatter to pieces their groaning bark. The deep night of winter passed away, and late in January they saw the rim of the sun gleam over the white horizon. Morning came in February, and their floe began to break up as they passed through Baffin Bay; the two icebergs that had accompanied them throughout the winter sailed away; but their danger increased as the storms beat over the parting ice, and dashed it against the ship. More than once they resolved to leave the *Fox*, and seek safety on the frozen sea. At last, after seven months of imprisonment, they floated into Davis Straits, and escaped from their singular bondage. Caught in a still more dangerous field, the *Terror* was rocked and disabled by the tempest-tossed ice: now sunk on her side, she was next lifted upon the pack; rode helpless for many miles along well-known shores, hopeless of relief, and was scarcely snatched from a total ruin by the separation of the floe.

Conscious of all these obstacles, yet full of confidence, our most recent and successful American explorer, Charles Francis Hall, who has just returned from a residence of five years in the arctic world, is to set out in May next upon a new effort to solve the problem of the polar sea.

NIK-U-JAR, THE PILOT.



INNUIT SUMMER VILLAGE.



LELTED ICEBERG.

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He goes possessed of singular advantages. No man was ever more familiar with the arctic scene; he has tested all its dangers, and has provided the best means for obviating them. Mr. Hall has what all previous explorers have wanted—experience. His residence for many years among the icebergs and the floes, in the snow huts of the Esquimaux, his long journeys upon the ice, his familiarity with the climate and the resources of the singular territory he proposes to explore, have shown him that it is not difficult to maintain health and cheerfulness in the midst of the northern nights, and to obtain suitable food and subsistence from the frozen seas. Unhappily most former discoverers had not this advantage, and they perished or were driven back through ignorance of the common laws of health.

A fatal disease, the scurvy, has uniformly affected the explorers who have ventured to winter in the arctic zone. Under its slow approach the spirits sink, the limbs become enfeebled, and death follows unless some speedy change is made in the food and habits of the sufferer. The disease usually makes its appearance the first winter; in the second or third it is almost certain to be fatal. Whole crews have been swept away by its repeated attacks, and the strongest constitutions yield to an insidious poison that seems to assail the very sources of life. Kane's expedition seemed provided with every means of securing health and vigor, yet his men sank into feebleness the first winter, and the second were scarcely able to escape from their imprisoned ship. Ross had often scarcely a single companion who was not suffering from the arctic scourge. It is probable that Franklin's men, weakened and borne down by several winters of disease, dropped in the snow as they made their way to the south, or, in their feebleness, fell an easy prey to the warlike Innuits of Hudson Bay.

Yet Mr. Hall's experience has shown that no traveler in the arctic zone need suffer from the scurvy. The disease is altogether unknown to the natives. No Innuit was ever affected with it, however scanty his food or uncleanly his mode of life. It is the civilized man alone, who brings with him the habits of civilization, that sinks plague-stricken amidst the healthful blasts of the pole and dies from his own imprudence. The remedy proposed is not difficult; no salt meat should be eaten in the arctic world, and the explorer must learn to adopt the food and the habits of the natives. He must live in their huts of snow, feed upon the walrus, the seal, and the bear, and wash down his arctic luxuries with copious draughts of whale-oil. The civilized appetite soon becomes satisfied with its novel diet, and no banquets, we are assured, are more inviting or more healthful than those laid out on the icy table of the Innuit lodge. Apicius might have envied the appetites of the host and his fur-clad guests, and Lucullus reveled in an untried luxury.

For many years Mr. Hall has been preparing himself for his final attempt to pass the barriers that have repelled all previous explorers, and to penetrate to that mysterious sea from which Wrangel, Morton, and Hayes have brought back only an imperfect vision. The polar ocean has ever had for him a strange fascination. He has longed from youth to tread its unknown shores, to launch his boat upon its mighty waves, to lift the veil from the last great mystery of navigation. In 1858 he led an expedition in search of the traces of the fate of Franklin and his companions. He passed two nights in the arctic world. Here he lived in the snow huts of the Esquimaux, and formed a close acquaintance with the habits and dispositions of the wandering people. His chosen friends were Ebierbing and Tookoolito, whose tenderness and sympathy he has made famous in his narrative, to whose faithful friendship he owed many of his happy hours in the frozen regions, and in whose hospitable home, a hut of snow, he learned to value the native qualities of the Innuit.

He returned home, but in 1864 hastened again to the polar regions on a new search for the remains of the Franklin expedition. For five years he was lost to the civilized world; he passed five nights in the gloom of the arctic waste. Yet to the ardent explorer the period was one of active enjoyment. His health was perfect, his spirits buoyant, his researches singularly successful. He lived once more with the Innuits at the head of Repulse Bay, and in various difficult and hazardous explorations was enabled to trace the melancholy wanderings of Franklin's party, and to point out almost the exact spot where they dropped down one by one, and where the gallant Crozier dragged his weary steps to die almost within reach of safety and of life. Few narratives of arctic exploration will prove so full of romantic interest as that of Hall's five years at Repulse Bay, and it is to be regretted that he has no leisure at present to give his adventures to the public. Once more he is about to return to that icy land, of which he has almost become a denizen.

The Innuits, or Esquimaux, among whom our explorer has passed so many happy years, belong to that singular race of little men who occupy a belt of barren territory extending quite around the northern pole. Under different names, and with slightly various characteristics, they are found on the arctic coast of Asia, the shores of Greenland, and in the most rigorous latitudes of Europe and America. They inhabit what is called the treeless zone. It is only where the intense cold prevents the growth of forests, and even of shrubbery, that the Innuit will consent to dwell. His natural home is a wide expanse of frozen plains and ice-clad mountains, where the feeble summer produces no scanty harvest, where no protecting woodlands intercept the wintry blast, where his eye ranges over endless fields of snow, and discerns its prey floating on the frozen deep. From this inclement home no milder climate can tempt him. He pines amidst woodlands and meadows; he prefers his house of snow to the wigwam of the savage or the most comfortable dwellings of the south. The sea is the chief source of his subsistence. When the brief summer fills every arctic coast and bay with teeming life the Innuit revels in abundance; the walrus, the seal, the whale, the flocks of birds, the bear, or the reindeer, fall before the skillful hunter; the oil lamp blazes freely in every hut; the children gambol in the snow, and a general carnival rules throughout the treeless realm. But when the long night comes on, the improvident race suffer under a bitter famine. Like the savage herds around them, they make no provision for the future, and often many days pass over the villages of snow when the whole population is starving in patient silence; when even the lamp, so necessary to the existence of the family, fails for want of oil, and the most skillful hunter returns unsuccessful from his search upon the frozen ocean for a walrus or a seal.

Short in stature, vigorous, active, and capable of patient toil, with broadened face and matted hair, with intellects scarcely superior to that of the polar bear, whom they admire and imitate, or the seal, whose house of snow is the model of their own, of mild disposition, gentle, affectionate, and docile, yet cold and inhuman to a remarkable degree, the Innuits seem scarcely to belong to the higher races who have learned to till the earth and unfold the resources of nature. The red Indians look upon them with contempt, hatred, and alarm. It is said that they kill them wherever they find an opportunity, like some odious reptile, and that the Innuits often repel with courage the attacks of their natural foes. The savage Innuits sometimes destroy their infants, and expose the sick or the aged to perish unattended. They are singularly superstitious. Every motion or act is ruled by the angekok, or priest; and throughout all the range of feeble intellects, nurtured amidst the gloom of the northern night, witches, goblins, or ghosts abound, and sorcerers and magicians direct the operations of the chase, produce or allay storms and pestilence by their incantations, and live in plenty upon the credulity of their countrymen. The whole race, indeed, seems slowly fading from the earth, and a melancholy foreboding of decay saddens their intercourse with the stranger.

A curious light has recently been thrown upon the early history of the Innuits. It is shown, with some degree of certainty, that they were once the only inhabitants of what is now the most civilized and populous portion of Europe. Once France and England were within the arctic zone. Glaciers crept down the declivities of the Grampian Hills, icebergs floated upon the German Sea, the reindeer wandered over the barren waste of France, and the Innuit raised his summer lodge on the site of London or Paris. In the caves of Kent and of Dordogne are found traces of a diminutive people, who fed on the deer and the moose, and employed the rude yet ingenious instruments of the chase still used in the arctic world. Spears of bone and arrow-heads of flint, stone cups and chisels, hidden amidst heaps of ashes and the bones of animals, recall the usual appearance of the Esquimaux hut. Some traces of carving on spears and bow-handles are also found resembling that of the Innuits of Western America; and it is probable that the little people of Europe retreated to these singular caves to avoid the attacks of wild beasts or of their enemies. In the pre-historic period the ocean rolled over the plains of Gaul, ice-fields floated over what are now the seats of prosperous communities, and the Innuit could not have wanted his appropriate food. But as the European climate grew milder he retreated toward the north. He followed the zone of ice and snow. He was driven from France to Norway, and from Britain to the coasts of Greenland; and at length the feeble race clings to its last refuge around the shores of the arctic seas.

There is little of romance in the mode of life of the savage Innuit. His snow hut, filled with the bones of the animals he has captured, resembles the lair of wild beasts. He devours his food raw, and cleanliness has scarcely a place in his esteem. In summer he lives in a tent of skins; in winter he builds his *igloo*, or house of snow, moving from place to place as want or convenience impels him. His habitation costs him little trouble; a village can be built in half an hour; the blocks of snow are easily cut and joined together, and an exhaustless quarry follows him wherever he goes. The village forms a community upon the principles of socialism; and whenever an Innuit catches a seal or walrus he is bound to share it with all his fellow-townsmen. A general banquet follows, of which every member of the community partakes. Yet to the traveler in the arctic world the mode of life of its natives has been peculiarly useful and instructive. From them he obtains the faithful dogs that carry his provisions over the fields of ice; they have pointed out to him the means of avoiding the diseases of the rigorous climate; their generosity often saves him from fatal want. Kane, Hayes, and Hall unite in applauding the better traits of the wandering Innuits; and without their aid and counsel no successful exploration can be made of the polar world. They find food beneath the frozen ocean, and make comfortable homes amidst the most dreadful solitudes of the north.

Aided by his savage friends, Captain Hall proposes to explore thoroughly the arctic world. To him its long night has no terrors. He can travel at will over its waste of snow, and build a comfortable home in its wildest solitude. It is his intention to try to pass through Smith's or Jones's Sound into the unknown sea. If his vessel is inclosed in the ice he will find a safe harbor, and begin his explorations. He will trace more carefully the outlines of Washington and Grinnell's Land, pass over the ice to the polar ocean, and examine the farthest limits of the habitable globe. Several years may be employed in these adventures; yet the civilized world will await with interest the results of an expedition that can not fail to add largely to the sum of human knowledge, and to throw light upon a problem that for three centuries has excited the curiosity of mankind.

WAR NOTES AND INCIDENTS.

THE FORTIFICATIONS OF PARIS.

HEINE'S remarks on the fortifications of Paris are of interest at the present moment. Writing on the 13th of February, 1841, he said: "France has not yet come to its end, but, like all nations, like the human race itself, it is not everlasting. It has perhaps already passed its meridian, and is now undergoing a metamorphosis which can not be disguised. On its smooth brow various wrinkles are showing themselves; its thoughtless head is getting gray, stoops anxiously, and no longer busies itself exclusively with the present; it thinks also of the morrow. The decision of the Chambers on fortifying Paris indicates such a transition period of French national feeling. The French have learned a great deal of late; they have thus lost all desire of blind irruptions into dangerous foreign territory. They now wish to intrench themselves against the eventual attacks of their neighbors. On the tomb of the imperial eagle" (an allusion to the then recent interment of Napoleon in the Invalides) "they caught the idea that the citizen King Cock" (Louis Philippe) "is not immortal. France no longer lives in the reckless intoxication of its unconquerable supremacy; it has been sobered by the Lenten consciousness of its conquerability, and, alas! whoever thinks of death is already half dead. The fortifications of Paris are perhaps the giant's shroud, which the giant with melancholy forebodings has decreed for himself. A good while, however, may elapse before its death-hour strikes, and it may previously inflict the most deadly injuries on its inferiors in stature. The fortifying of Paris is the most momentous event of our time, and the men who voted for or against it in the Chamber of Deputies exercised the greatest influence on the future. With this *enceinte continue*, these detached forts, is now bound up the fate of the French people. Will these works afford protection from the storm, or will they attract still more destructive lightning? Will they promote liberty or servitude? Will they save Paris from ruin, or mercilessly expose it to the destructive rights of war? I do not know, for I have neither place nor voice in the councils of the gods. But I know this much, that the French will fight well if they have to defend Paris against a third invasion. It is the power of revolutionary ideas which would confront a third invasion, and which now, sharpened by bitter experience, no longer reckons on the omnipotence of enthusiasm, but does not despise also the material bulwarks of defense."

MINISTER WASHBURNE'S DISPATCHES.

THE *Journal des Débats* thus describes the ceremonial observed on the weekly occasions when the correspondence of Mr. Washburne, the United States minister, is admitted into Paris: "Every Tuesday morning, at ten o'clock precisely, a trumpet announces the arrival of a *parlementaire* at the bridge of Sevres, and a white flag is displayed. A Prussian officer in full uniform, gloved and shod as in a drawing-room, advances upon the bridge as far as the broken arch, raises his hand to his cap, and addresses the French officers who await him, 'Gentlemen, I have the honor to offer you my salutation.' They reply, 'Sir, we have the honor to salute you.' 'Gentlemen,' he resumes, 'I have the honor to inform you that I am commissioned to hand to you the communications for Mr. Washburne;' to which the reply is, 'Sir, we will have the honor to send for the packet.' After another exchange of military salutations, each party retires from the bridge to their respective banks of the river. The French send off a boat and receive from the hands of the Prussian officer the diplomatic letter-bag. Further salutations follow, and the parties withdraw to their respective intrenchments, and the firing, if deemed advisable, is at once resumed."

PRUSSIA AND ENGLAND.

M. MICHEL CHEVALIER writes a long letter to a Havre newspaper on the inaction of England in the present war. He thinks it quite admissible to assume that Prussia, supposing her triumph over France to be complete, may procure herself a fleet equal to that of England. Indeed, to do so is only a question of money; and from the extent of coasts she would have under her domination she would have no difficulty in manning it, especially as steam has rendered thorough seamen less necessary than they used to be in the sailing days. With such a fleet Prussia would only have to wait until England should be engaged in some difficulty with the United States, and might then declare war on her with the suddenness which characterizes her resolutions. Although, says M. Michel Chevalier, some persons consider a descent into England perfectly chimerical, the Duke of Wellington and Lord Palmerston held one to be possible, and urged that preparations should be made against it. Therefore, with a numerous steam fleet Prussia might be able to throw a large army into England. An invasion of the country would be popular among the Germans, especially as plunder possesses great charms in their eyes, and England would be a magnificent field for pillage. In case, then, France, which is the only ally of the first class England can have, should be crushed, the latter will be obliged to take precautions against the humiliating and disastrous eventuality that presents itself to her. She must, for example, maintain permanently at home 350,000 to 400,000 trained soldiers, for Prussia has 1,200,000; she must throw up new fortifications round her arsenals; have intrenched camps and impregnable forts to protect her capital, and must remodel her fleet. The result will be that while "Mr. Lowe, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, may have conceived the hope of presenting a reduced budget for 1871, he will have to decide the problem how to prevent one of sixty and odd millions from growing into one exceeding one hundred millions." In conclusion, M. Michel Chevalier says: "There is no exaggeration in affirming that in the tragic drama now being played in Europe, the interests of England, whether she will or no, are almost as much engaged as those of France. How is it that the men of superior intelligence who govern her are so long in seeing that?"

THE FRENCH LOSSES.

"UP to the end of September," says the *Staats Anzeiger*, "there had fallen into the hands of the German armies 3577 officers, 123,700 privates (in both cases unwounded men), 56 eagles, and 2218 guns (including 96 mitrailleuses). In October and November these numbers were increased to 10,067 officers, 303,842 privates, 112 eagles, and 4130 guns (170 of these being mitrailleuses). The former figures comprise the trophies captured at Sedan, Toul, Laon, and Strasburg; the latter include the 6000 officers and 150,000 men, besides 23,000 sick and wounded, taken at Metz, 5000 men at Schlestadt, 4000 at Verdun, 3500 in the engagements round Paris, 1500 captured by General Werder's Baden corps in the west, and 500 officers and 7700 men who were discharged (cured) from the hospitals and transferred to the dépôts of prisoners. Fifty-six eagles were taken at Metz, the greater number of the eagles belonging to Marshal Bazaine's army having been destroyed just before the capitulation. The guns taken in October and November consisted of 1570 at Metz (including 72 mitrailleuses), 3 at Orleans, 128 at Soissons, 2 before Paris, 108 at Schlestadt, 5 in Fort Mortier, and 100 at Neuf Breisach."

CARLYLE AND GARIBALDI ON THE WAR.

A CORRESPONDENT, writing from Ville Evrart on the 7th December, forwards a copy of a letter sent by Mr. T. Carlyle to a German soldier named Waldmüller, in acknowledgment of a little book which Herr Waldmüller had sent him:

"5 CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA, *Dec.* 27, 1870.

"SIR,—Three nights ago there came to me from Dresden a beautiful little blue book, '*Die tausendjährige Eiche in Elsass*,' which—especially as coupled with your kind inscription on the cover of it, bearing date 'vor Paris'—I read with very great interest. It is in itself truly a beautiful little book, put together with a great deal of art, and betokening in the writer a delicate, affectionate, poetic, and gifted human brother, well skilled in literary composition—not to speak of still higher things. Nowhere have I seen a more ingenious arrangement of whatever was bright and human in an antiquarian study into a really living and artistic form than this of Elsass and its 'Thousand Years' Oak!' That a soul capable of such work should now date to me from 'Le Vert Galant,' and the heart of a great and terrible world-event, supremely beneficent and yet supremely terrible, upon which all Europe is waiting with bated breath, is another circumstance which adds immensely to the interest of the kind gift for me; and I may well keep the little book in careful preservation as a memorial to me of what will be memorable to all the world for another 'thousand years.' I wished much to convey some hint of my feeling to you, as at once a writer of such a piece and the worker and fighter in such a world; and I try to contrive some way of doing so. Alas! my wishes can do little for you or for your valiant comrades, nobly fronting the storms of war and of winter; but if this ever reaches you, let it be an assurance that I do in my heart praise you (and might even in a sort, if I were a German and still young, envy you), and that no man, in Germany or out of it, more deeply applauds the heroic invincible bearing of your comrades and you, or more entirely wishes and augurs a glorious result to it at the appointed hour. My faith is that a good genius does guide you, that Heaven itself approves what you are doing, that in the end victory is sure to you. Accept an old man's blessing; continue to quit yourselves like men, and in that case expect that a good issue is beyond the reach of fortune and her inconstancies. God be with you, dear Sir, with you and your brave brethren in arms. Yours sincerely, T. CARLYLE."

The *Morimento* publishes a letter from Garibaldi, dated the 30th December, which, with equal appearance of conviction, though from a very different point of view to Mr. Carlyle's, says: "I never wished so much as I do now to be thirty years younger. I regard this war as the most important in my life, and am truly gratified at seeing the cause of the Republic take so favorable a turn. Of eventual success I have never doubted, and today I doubt less than ever. The spirit of the population is reviving, and men of every age hasten to take up arms with admirable enthusiasm. My hand, as you see, is weak, but when I rest I am still quite stróng, and I can even sit on horseback."

FALSE CONFIDENCE.

THE *Electeur Libre*, published in Paris, in its number of January 6, says: "Paris has the presentiment that it will be saved. We have not manufactured our cannons to deliver them over to the enemy; we have not armed numberless battalions only to send them as prisoners to the coasts of the Baltic, to share the shame of the armies of Bazaine and of Sedan, delivered up by a couple of traitors. France has uprisen, indignant at finding her soil profaned by the foreigner.

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She will be delivered. Every thing is prepared for the grand attack. It must be made. The investing army has been obliged to reduce its strength in order to attempt to check the relieving armies which are advancing toward us. The moment is a solemn one. Let us profit by the trouble and hesitation of the enemy, who seeks to obscure our vision by the smoke of his bombardment, and to prevent us from hearing the cannon of the legions of Chanzy and Faidherbe. Let us all proceed *en masse* to the ramparts. The Prussian press either lies or remains silent. We fear not ourselves to tell the truth and to hear it. We publish articles of writers who endeavor to disguise facts and to mislead public opinion. Who will venture to assert that only Republicans have taken part in this struggle? Count up the illustrious names among our dead, unhappily too numerous. Commerce, manufactures, attorneys' offices and barristers' chambers, all liberal professions and manual trades, have alike furnished expiatory victims. All classes have been smitten without distinction. 'Forward!' is the universal rallying cry. There are no longer any political camps; we must absolutely fight and conquer."

THE LAST OF A NOBLE HOUSE.

THOSE familiar with Goethe's play of "Götz with the Iron Hand" will be interested in learning that the hero's last lineal descendant, Joseph von Berlichingen, lately met with his death before Paris. He had been a Zouave in the Pontifical army, and on its dissolution returned to Stuttgart, joined the Würtemberg forces, and fell beside the two young Counts Taube at Champigny on its recapture by the Germans on the 3d of December.

SEVERITY OF THE PARIS BOMBARDMENT.

THE *Correspondance Havas* of Paris thus describes the bombardment of Fort Rosny on the 30th December: "Within five hours 155 shells fell into a single barrack. Casemates believed to be bomb-proof were penetrated; and between 8 A.M. and 6 P.M. nearly 2000 projectiles fell into the *enceinte*, on the scarp, and the counterscarp. This unheard-of fire, more sustained and terrible than that of Sebastopol, happily caused but little loss of life. Three or four marines were wounded, while an unfortunate ball put *hors de combat* six persons quartered in the same casemate belonging to the volunteer artillerymen of the National Guard. In so severe a bombardment there is a feeling of helplessness which affects even the bravest. Not even the most experienced soldiers can say that they have undergone a fire such as that experienced by Forts Rosny, Noisy, and Avron, for it is warfare with a new kind of projectile. We are really impressed by the spectacle presented after three days of this frightful fire by the marines in our forts—firm, resolute, vigilant, ready for every sacrifice. From Issy to Mont Valérien the soldiers are ready. The hour having arrived when the already narrow circle is contracted round us, the line of our forts becomes our great defense." Fort Rosny, it is explained, is 4000 metres from the continuous *enceinte*, 2000 from Fort Noisy, on the left, and 3000 from Fort Nogent, on the right. It faces the plateau of Avron, from which it is situate 1200 or 1300 metres.

A PRUSSIAN OFFICER'S STORY.

A PRUSSIAN officer who was captured before Paris early in December, and exchanged after three days' captivity, has given an account of his treatment and experiences in a Berlin paper. It must, however, be received with some caution. He was first taken before the commandant of St. Denis, Admiral La Roncière, who provided him with an elegant civilian costume, invited him to a sumptuous dinner, placed a carriage and a commissionaire as interpreter at his disposal, and, on his promise not to quit Paris, allowed him to go at large. He was afterward presented to General Schmitz, the head of General Trochu's staff, who received him very courteously and conducted him to General Trochu, who also offered him a capital dinner. In the course of conversation the General asked why the German staff gave no intimation of the commencement of the bombardment, to which the officer replied that, as a soldier, he was wont simply to obey orders, and did not know the intentions of his superiors. General Trochu rejoined, rather excitedly, that he was anxious for the beginning of the bombardment, as the German guns could only bombard the quarters chiefly inhabited by the mob, who were the greatest encumbrance to him in his undertakings. He should be glad in that way to lose a couple of hundred thousand of these *canaille*. He also stated that he was accurately acquainted with the hostile positions at all points, and was convinced that he could silence the German guns by the French batteries. He went into details as to the construction of the former, and expressed an opinion that their range was less than that of the French field artillery. The officer saw various herds of cattle round Paris, and in a restaurant where he breakfasted, and had beef-steak, vegetables, and wine for 3 francs, there was much life and bustle. In the streets, too, there was much activity, and vegetables were offered on low terms in the markets.

SPIRIT OF THE FRENCH PEOPLE.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *National Gazette* of Berlin states, as the result of his five months' observations in France, that the inhabitants of the country and of the small towns are industrious, frugal, virtuous, and in comfortable circumstances, but possess no public spirit. "Politics," they say, "do not concern us; that is a matter for the large towns. We are contented if we are allowed to work quietly and earn money." The Republic has few adherents among them, and they fear that in the event of a civil war, which they consider probable, they would be unable to defend their property. They detest the Emperor, and Marshal Bazaine still more. They knew, they say, that the former was a rogue, but they were in his favor because trade and commerce were never so flourishing as under him, but he shamefully deceived them at the last *plébiscite*. All his prefects and mayors told them that "Yes" meant peace, and "No" war. They desired peace, and therefore voted affirmatively, but the result has been war.

NIPPED IN THE BUD.

THE *New Free Press* of Vienna states that the Emperor Napoleon was desirous of issuing a manifesto to the French people from Wilhelmshöhe, but was restrained from so doing by the Prussian government, which considered such a step incompatible with his position as a prisoner.

SAVINGS FOR OLD AGE.

No one denies that it is wise to make provision for old age, but we are not at all agreed as to the kind of provision it is best to lay in. Certainly we shall want a little money, for a destitute old man is, indeed, a sorry sight; yes, save money by all means. But an old man needs just that particular kind of strength which young men are most apt to waste. Many a foolish young fellow will throw away on a holiday a certain amount of nervous energy which he will never feel the want of until he is seventy, and then how much he will want it! It is curious, but true, that a bottle of Champagne at twenty will intensify the rheumatism at threescore. It is a fact that overtasking the eyes at fourteen may necessitate the aid of spectacles at forty instead of sixty. We advise our young readers to be saving of health for their old age, for the maxim holds good in regard to health as to money—"Waste not, want not." It is the greatest mistake to suppose that violation of the laws of health can escape its penalty. Nature forgives no sin, no error; she lets off the offender for fifty years sometimes, but she catches him at last, and inflicts the punishment just when, just where, and just how he feels it most. Save up for old age, but save knowledge; save the recollection of good and noble deeds, innocent pleasures, and pure thoughts; save friends; save love. Save rich stores of that kind of wealth which time can not diminish, nor death take away.

TWICE MISTAKEN.

CHRISTMAS-EVE. *Half past nine.*—Crumms comes into my room to clear away tea.

"I suppose, Sir," he says, as though it were a subject not admitting of a doubt—"I suppose you don't dine home to-morrow."

Both the tone and remark are unfortunate. I have not an invitation to dine out, and I can not insist upon dining at home, as my arrangement with the Crummses provides for dinner on Sundays only. I had intended to put my difficulty to my landlady, who is good-natured and easily persuaded. I find, instead, I have her husband to deal with; so I close my book slowly and say, "Well," as if I were thinking and not quite certain.

Mrs. Crumms would have waited to hear what I had to say; not so her husband. He looks surprised at my hesitation, and quickly puts in a clencher.

"Most gentlemen dine out on Christmas-day," he says, staring at the wall some feet above my head; "and Mrs. Crumms always expects a holiday on that day."

I feel, after that statement, the only thing to be done is to surrender gracefully.

"Of course; quite right. Oh yes! I shall dine out, Crumms."

"Very well, Sir," he replies, in a tone as if he had never raised the question, but was simply taking an order in his old capacity of hotel waiter. "Any thing else, Sir? Good-night, Sir."

Then Crumms goes down stairs triumphant, and I doubly regret having staid in town, instead of going home, since I shall have to get my solitary Christmas dinner at a London hotel.

Christmas-day.—Mrs. Crumms this time brings in my breakfast. She has a large apron pinned over the front of her dress, and her sleeves are tucked up, which mean, with her, cooking. As she sets out the things, she wishes me the compliments of the season. "And I hope you'll enjoy yourself, Sir," she adds; "for I am sure you want a holiday, with your sitting here reading to all hours of the night."

She means it kindly, and not as a hint. I pay for my own coals and candles—for the former particularly, they being supplied by the Crummses—so I thank her for her good wishes. I don't anticipate much enjoyment; on the contrary, I am at a loss to know what to do with myself, and heartily wish that the day was over.

One o'clock.—I see through the window, as I come back from church, that the Crummses are at high dinner. Crumms himself is in his shirt-sleeves and on his legs, and looks very much as if he were making a speech. There are cries of "Bravo, pa!" and a great deal of laughter, both of which subside very rapidly as I knock. One of the smallest of the many small Crummses comes to the door, with her little cheeks and chin bearing unmistakable signs of pudding. She just peeps out to see who it is, and then scampers away, as if afraid of losing some of the good things in the parlor. For this want of respect to the lodger I hear her mamma rebuke her sternly; and then Crumms says, "Never mind, mother; nobody is naughty on Christmas-day." Rounds of applause. I go up stairs, and "pa" proceeds with his speech.

Two o'clock.—I ring the bell for some hot water, and Crumms answers it in full waiter's dress, white tie, dress-coat, and a low-cut waistcoat, showing a large amount of shirt front with an elaborate frill. He walks into the room as if he is very proud of himself, and is more waiter-like in his manner than usual.

"Hot water to wash with, Sir? Yes, Sir." Disappears, and reappears with the jug, which he sets down upon the table.

"Why, Crumms," I ask, "where are you going?"

"Out waiting, Sir." He pauses for a minute, then becomes less majestic and more confidential. "I always go out waiting on Christmas-day," he adds, "and I have been to the same house for the last fourteen years. The gentleman and lady are a couple as came to the Crown at Newford the year I married Mrs. Crumms. We were both at the hotel, you know, and were just leaving to come up here. The lady took a great liking to Mrs. Crumms, and one day she said to me, 'So you and your wife are going up to London, Crumms. Now you must come and wait at my house when we want help.' And I have been there every Christmas-day since then—not missed one. I go on other days"—he says this quickly in an off-hand manner, as if the other days were of no importance—"but they ain't regular."

"You go there and help wait, I suppose?"

"Well, I do most of the waiting; all of it, you may say," he replies. "They don't keep a man, and there are only the female servants. They ain't much good, not like Mrs. Crumms. She could wait, she could. She was wonderful handy. That's what first made me look at her."

"And where do you go to?" I inquire.

"Bedford Square. Domville is the gentleman's name."

On the spur of the moment, just to see what Crumms will say, I ask, "Will you take me with you to-day?"

"You, Sir!" he replies, in surprise. "Well—really, Sir, I don't think Mr Domville would—though I have known him these fourteen years, I am afraid he'd think it rather presumptuous of me to introduce a gentleman into his house."

"I suppose so," I answer; the idea of the waiter introducing a friend as a guest at the dinner being certainly very absurd. "But I didn't mean that. Take me with you to wait."

"You! you go out waiting!" says Crumms, holding his breath.

"Yes; if you will take me."

"Well! I do call that a good joke," he gasps out. "Lord, Sir, what an idea!" Then, dropping his waiter-like manner altogether and becoming thoroughly human, he bursts out laughing.

I had only intended to chaff Crumms, but it strikes me that going out with him will be more lively than spending Christmas-day by myself, and I begin to hope that he will take me.

"I dare say Mr. Domville would have no objection to an extra hand," I urge, "and I could go as a young friend of yours, who is just beginning and wants to learn his business."

"Lord, Sir," pants Crumms again, "you ain't serious?"

"By Jove! I am, though," I say. "I don't know what on earth to do with myself all day. I should like to go out waiting."

Crumms's laughter, which is very prolonged and loud, and accompanied with a great deal of coughing and wheezing—for he is rather stout—brings his wife up the stairs and finally into my room. She begs my pardon for the intrusion, and then turns to her husband.

"Crumms," she says, "you mustn't excite yourself. Remember, you are going out waiting."

"Yes, yes, my dear; I remember," he answers, as soon as he recovers his breath. "But here is Mr. Herbert wanting to go out waiting too."

"Mr. Herbert!" says my landlady, surprised in her turn.

"Yes, Mr. Herbert," repeats Crumms; and his laughter bursts out again like a smouldering fire.

I immediately begin to enlist Mrs. Crumms on my side. She is a merry good-natured woman, with rather a partiality to "wild young gents," as she calls them, and is fond of telling tales about the young fellows round Newford when she was at the Crown hotel. There isn't any thing particularly wild in my going out waiting with Crumms, but his wife seems to think there is, and it puts her in mind, she says, of Mr. Somebody at her old place.

"It is just what he would do, Sir," she continues; "and I did think you were such a quiet young gentleman, Mr. Herbert. — Law! Crumms," she adds, turning to him, "you would not spoil a bit of fun like that, I know."

"But Mr. Domville—" begins her husband.

"Nonsense, Mr. Domville!" she replies. "He needn't know; and if he does, why, he'd laugh as much as any one."

"But you will be careful, Sir, won't you?" says Crumms, yielding to the two of us. "You won't let Mr. Domville know. There isn't any one likely to be there as will recognize you, I hope."

I satisfy him on these points; then Mrs. Crumms, with a due regard for her position among her neighbors, raises one nearer home. "It won't do, though, Sir," she says, "for you and Crumms to go out together. The people about here all know that he is going out waiting; and may be, if they saw you together, they might think you were a waiter too." I don't see that it would matter if they did, but to my landlady such a mistake seems to represent some dreadful calamity; so it is arranged that Crumms shall go first and send a cab, and then wait for me in the crescent a little distance off.

Three o'clock.—Crumms and I are in the cab on our way to Bedford Square. The whole time he is either laughing at my going out with him or nervous as to the result. In the latter mood he is almost piteous in his entreaties to me to be careful, and repeats over and over again his directions how to wait. We stop the cab at the corner of the street leading to the square, and walk on to the house.

It is a big house with a large hall. There is a window by the street-door at one end, and a broad staircase at the other. The dining-room is fair-sized; the walls are painted and hung round with pictures. It is rather dark and heavy-looking, however, and the furniture is old and massive. There are three servants going about with trays and piles of plates, busy laying out the table. They stare at me as I stand by the side of Crumms, and he introduces me as a young friend who wants to see a little genteel waiting, and whom he has made bold enough to bring. Then, as if that settled the matter, he goes off into business, and asks several questions as to the number and names of the guests. I notice that the servants all treat him with great respect, and he, in return, is condescending and polite to them. With me, when they are in the room, he assumes an authoritative air, and all the time he is very grave, and looks as if the cares of his position were too much for him. He smiles once, when we are alone, as I hand him a jelly; and then, his muscles being relaxed, his old fit of laughing suddenly breaks out again. He can not laugh aloud, but he laughs inwardly, and shakes so tremendously that the jelly rolls and trembles to an alarming degree; and it is only by the means of promptly taking it under my own protection, that I save it from being shaken on to the floor.

"Oh Lor'! to think of you being here!" he mutters; and the next instant is gravity itself, as Mrs. Domville's voice is heard on the stairs.

She is a middle-aged lady, and speaks in a friendly manner to Crumms, and is particular in her inquiries after his wife and children. He points me out as a young friend of his, who has come to help him; and Mrs. Domville seems quite satisfied, and goes up stairs again to the drawing-room.

Four o'clock.—The dinner is ready, and all the guests have arrived. Crumms stations me behind the door, and goes himself to the head of the table, and I watch the people as they come into the room and take their places.

They are mostly middle-aged, like their host and hostess, and evidently old friends; for several nod to Crumms, and one gentleman is quite hearty in his greeting, and says it would not seem like a Christmas dinner without him. Mr. Domville laughs, and asks after Mrs. Crumms; but Crumms refuses to be thawed, and replies in a tone as if such trifling questions interfered with the responsibility of his position.

So far every thing has gone right. Then comes a slight mishap. Just as every body is seated and silent, and Mr. Domville going to say grace, Crumms gives me a signal, and I step forward quietly to close the door. The movement attracts the attention of a young lady, who is sitting with her back to me, and she turns round. She evidently has not noticed me before, and her laughing gray eyes scan me with surprise. My face is a new one to her among the many well-known faces round the table. I suppose she thinks I am a guest, who has arrived late and just come into the room, and, seeing me standing there and no one taking any notice of me, she says, courteously,

"Isn't there a chair for you?" Then turning round to Mrs. Domville, "Oh, aunt! here is a gentleman left outside in the cold."

Mr. Domville, instead of saying grace, looks up, stares, and half rises from his chair, while the company all turn toward me. It is certainly an embarrassing moment; but Mrs. Domville comes to the rescue, and says, quietly, "It is quite right, Helen." The young lady looks a little confused, and then Crumms, in his nervousness, spoils every thing by rushing up to her, and calling out,

"He's come to help me wait, Miss Linton."

My fair champion thereupon blushes very deeply, and begs my pardon; several of the guests have simultaneous twitchings of the mouth; Crumms looks half angry, half apologetically, at me; and at last Mr. Domville, in a shaky voice, says grace, while Miss Linton bends her head very low, and hides her face. The next minute Crumms, serious and imperturbable as ever, removes the cover off the soup, and the dinner begins.

I believe I acquit myself creditably. Crumms declares that I did wonderfully well, and is inclined to think, I believe, that I have wasted natural talent by not being a waiter. At any rate, I don't spill any thing over any body's dress, or knock any body on the head. I carefully watch Crumms for his signals, and, thanks to having been at a dinner before, though not in the capacity of a waiter, I have some idea of what ought to be done, and so remove the right covers, and hand round such dishes as ought to be handed at the proper time. The greatest difficulty I have is to keep my countenance, particularly when I hand any thing to Miss Linton. She is so bright-looking, and it is such fun to see the sparkle in her eyes, and the way they drop if they meet mine, and a little repressed smile steal over her lips, that it taxes my powers to the utmost to keep from laughing. I feel that I should very much like to change places with the young fellow sitting by her side. He does not seem to have very much to say for himself, and he examines every dish, as it is handed to him, through an eye-glass. His inspection is so long, and his nose is so close, that I have a growing inclination each time to bob the dish up in his face. For more than half the dinner he is silent, then he talks a little politics—stanch Conservatism—and Miss Linton immediately enunciates the strongest radical principles, upholds woman's suffrage, and their having seats in Parliament. This seems to overwhelm him, and he retires from the contest with a sigh.

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Later on, he tries again, when the mince-pies are being handed round.

"Will you have a happy month?" he asks with a faint smile, which disturbs his eye-glass and brings it down into his lap. He readjusts it slowly, and, not trusting himself to repeat the joke, asks her to have some mince-pie.

"No, thank you; I never eat them," she replies.

"Have you never tasted them?" he says, frowning as if he were a barrister cross-examining a witness, but probably because his glass gives a premonitory slip.

"Oh yes; I have tasted them, but I don't care about them," she answers.

He has no comment to make upon her reply, and he helps himself in silence.

Six o'clock.—Crumms and I solemnly put on the wine and the glasses, push the dessert-dishes a little one way or the other, and leave the room.

"Bravo!" whispers Crumms when we are in the hall. "Bravo, Sir! With a little teaching you'd make a capital waiter. And Miss Linton mistaking you for a gentleman, too. What a joke! At least," he adds, as if he suddenly feels that he has made rather a mistake himself, "of course that is what you are, and a gent is always a gent, I say. But you understand, Sir. It was so ludicrous."

"Perfectly. I understand, Crumms. What are you going to do now?"

"Well, Sir," he says, coming a little nearer, "I generally have something in the housekeeper's room. Maybe you wouldn't like that, though we should be quite alone."

As I want something to eat, and am not particular where I get it, I follow Crumms down stairs into the kitchen. The servants there are busy washing up the plates and dishes, amidst a general smell of dinner and hot-water, which is far from pleasant. The housekeeper takes us at once into her room, where there is a cloth spread upon the table, and a row of the good things from up stairs on a kind of dresser.

"You are sure you don't mind, Sir," says Crumms to me, when we are alone, "because I'll wait till you are done, if you like. I am not hungry."

"But I am, and I shall not begin till you do," I answer; and we sit down together. The soup is cold, and fast becoming a jelly; the fish looks mangled and unsavory; so I decline soup and fish. I find that the having a little something in the kitchen, after dinner is over up stairs, requires training before it becomes really enjoyable. Crumms evidently has had the full amount of training that is necessary. For a man who professes not to be hungry, and who has had a good dinner a few hours before, he displays a capability for eating that is truly wonderful. I prefer the dishes that have not been touched up stairs; he, on the contrary, is on equally good terms with all of them. However, I get quite enough to satisfy me, and there is a novelty in eating one's Christmas dinner with a waiter in a back-kitchen. The wine certainly is the best part. Crumms has taken care there shall be plenty of that, and makes a most liberal host with Mr. Domville's port and sherry.

Seven o'clock.—Crumms says he must take the coffee up to the gentlemen, and leaves the room. No sooner is he gone than one of the servants comes in, apparently in search of something. Whatever it is, she does not find it. She hunts about vaguely for a minute, and then stops opposite to me.

"So Miss Linton took you for a gentleman," she says, with a laugh. "How nice!"

"Miss Linton made an unfortunate mistake," I answer, gravely, imitating Crumms's manner.

"Well, I don't know about that," she replies. "There is certainly an excuse for her doing so."

This strikes me as being very open flattery; but under the circumstances it loses its point; moreover, the speaker is rather warm from standing over her tub of hot water, and very plain into the bargain. As I don't answer, she tries another subject.

"You are out of a situation at present, ain't you?"

I nod.

"Where were you?" she asks.

"In the country."

"Notts?" she says, knowing Crumms came from that part. "And so now you've come to London."

At this moment Crumms shuts the dining-room door; and the girl, without looking farther for whatever it was she had pretended to come in to fetch, immediately makes a rapid retreat.

"Been pumping you, Sir?" says Crumms, jerking with his thumb in the direction of the kitchen.

"Trying to," I answer.

"I knew they would," he replies. "They are awful curious about you—them women. I wouldn't stop here too long now. There ain't any thing more for you to do, and I can say you've got an appointment to keep, you know."

Acting upon his advice, we go up stairs to the hall, and Crumms lets me out, shutting the door very quietly behind me.

It is a fine clear night, and I turn my face homeward, and stroll slowly along the deserted square. I go all up the long straight Gower Street without meeting any one. By the University I see a figure advancing quickly. We pass under a gas-lamp, and both pull up.

"Herbert, by Jove!"

"Why, Roche, what are you doing here? Going out to dinner?"

"Just had it," he replies. "Been to see an old lady home."

He then naturally wonders what I am doing, strolling along the streets on Christmas night. I tell him I have been out to dinner.

"They have broken up very early," he says; and then asks suddenly, "You haven't sneaked off to read, surely?"

This is said in a tone as if it were a mortal sin for a man to read for an examination on Christmas-day.

"That's right," he says, when I had disclaimed any idea of reading. "Well, you come home with me. My people will be very glad to see you. We always have a carpet-dance or something in the evening."

I accept readily, and go back with Roche to his house.

Nine o'clock.—We have cleared the room for dancing, and the first quadrille had just commenced. Not being able to get a partner, I am standing on the landing, when a carriage rolls up to the street-door, and there is a loud knock announcing the arrival of some new-comers.

Mrs. Roche hurries down and meets them in the hall. I hear her say as they come up stairs, "You are just too late for the first dance, Helen."

The name quite makes me start.

"By Jove, if it should be Miss Linton!" is my muttered thought.

I half hope it may be; I half hope it may not be; and I haven't time to decide which half is the stronger, before Miss Linton herself comes laughing up the stairs.

At the very first glimpse of her I instinctively draw back into the shade, and she and her mamma pass by without noticing me.

It seems very ridiculous to meet the same young lady twice in one evening, first as a waiter, and then as guest; but there—it is done, it is a *fait accompli*; and Miss Linton and I are once more under the same roof. I wonder if she will recognize me, and I watch her with interest as she goes round the room. Sooner or later we must meet face to face; and the awkward moment comes sooner than I expect.

When Miss Linton reaches the door where Roche is standing with his partner, she stops there and talks to them when they are not dancing.

"Is there any lemonade, Edward?" she asks presently. "I want some, if there is."

"That's a bad sign, Nelly, after dining out," he answers, with a laugh. "There is some down stairs. I would get you a glass; but you see it is my turn. If you don't mind, you will find somebody outside, I think."

Roche leads off with the third figure; Miss Linton comes out upon the landing, and I move from the shadow of the wall into the light.

She gives a quick start with her head, and opens her eyes in surprise as she sees me. There is just a little tightening of her lips, a faint blush rises to her cheeks, and then she askes me quietly to fetch her a glass of lemonade.

Roche had said it was down stairs, and I find it in the dining-room. I am rather glad of the excuse to get away and have my laugh out; for the whole thing is more and more absurd, since Miss Linton has made a second mistake, and thinks I am a waiter. It is a very natural error, of course; and to keep up the deception, I put the glass on a tray and go gravely up stairs.

She is quite composed now, and thanks me unconcernedly as I hand her the lemonade. Then we stand side by side—I holding the tray in both hands—till the dance finishes, and Roche comes out to us.

"Have you got your lemonade?" he asks. "That's right. Now you want a partner for the next dance. Who shall it be? I am engaged till after supper, unfortunately. Oh, here! Let me introduce you. Miss Linton, Mr.—"

Instead of waiting to hear my name, the young lady puts down the glass quickly and looks indignant.

"Don't be absurd, Edward!" she says as she walks off.

"Some mistake, old fellow," whispers Roche to me, and catches her up just inside the room. They are so close I can hear what they say.

"What is the matter, Nelly?" he asks.

"How could you be so ridiculous as to introduce me to him?" she replies.

"Why shouldn't I?"

"Why shouldn't you! He is a waiter. I know that. He is waiting at Mr. Domville's."

Instead of looking contrite, Roche goes off into a roar of laughter.

TWICE MISTAKEN.

"It was very stupid of you," she says, half crossly. "It forced me to be rude to him."

"What nonsense, Nelly! I shouldn't play you such a trick as that, of course. That is Herbert; he is in the same office as I am."

"You're not joking, Edward, are you?" she asks, quite seriously.

"No; upon my word I am not."

"Oh, I am so sorry, then," she says immediately. "But there was somebody just like him at the Domvilles'. What shall I do?"

"Come and be introduced, that's all. I'll put it right." And they come together on to the landing.

"My cousin made a mistake, Herbert," he says, while she stands by him blushing deeply. Then he adds, laughing, "She mistook you for a—"

"I made a mistake," she breaks in very quickly, coming a step nearer. "I beg your pardon."

To save her from any further embarrassment, I ask her at once for the next dance; and it is immediately granted.

"By-the-by, Miss Linton," I say, when the dance is over, and we are standing on the landing again, "you have never told me what you took me for. An ogre?"

"No."

"What then?"

Her laughing eyes look up with their old merry sparkle into my face. They seem at the same time to question me whether I shall be annoyed if she speaks the truth. She pauses for a moment, and then says, "A waiter," and presses her lips tightly together.

"Thank you."

"But it was quite excusable"—she begins, hurriedly.

"Thank you again," I remark, interrupting her.

"You won't listen," she says, plaintively; "I want to explain—"

"That I look so much like a waiter," I add, breaking in again, "that it was quite excusable taking me for one."

"Oh no; I didn't mean that, of course," she says, forced to laugh. "But where I was dining, there was a waiter like you—so exactly like you," she emphasizes the word "exactly," and glances quickly up at me as she does so, "and I mistook him for a gentleman, and thought he was one of the guests."

"So you make up for it by taking me for a waiter," I answer. "Well, I think the waiter had the best of it."

"But it was excusable, was it not," she asks, "you two being so much alike?"

"You mistaking the waiter for a gentleman? If he was like me, certainly."

"No," with a little stamp of her foot; "my mistaking you for a waiter."

"I can't grant that," I answer.

"Very well," she says, with a laugh. Then she adds mischievously over her shoulder, as her partner comes for the next dance, "I think my first mistake was the more excusable of the two."

"And I think the last by far the worst," I reply.

"Do you? Well, I am very sorry," she answers; but her eyes belie her as she goes off laughing into the drawing-room.

Fortunately I secure the dance before supper, and take her down.

"You don't wait so well as your double," she says, as I hand her some mince-pies. I had just put them before her for a minute, and then taken them away.

"I am sorry for that," I answer; "but then, you see, I know you never eat mince-pies."

"How do you know that?" she asks, turning round quickly.

"Your cousin has told me a great deal about you," I reply.

"Did he tell you, pray, that I never eat mince-pies?"

"How should I know it if he did not?" I say, with assumed simplicity.

She looks very incredulous. "He didn't tell you that, I know; though I believe you men talk a great deal of nonsense—as much nonsense as women do."

"You own that about women, then, and yet you want them to have seats in Parliament?"

"Oh, now I am certain you must have been at Mr. Domville's," she cries; "for I never said so till to-day at dinner, and then only in opposition to my neighbor. If you were not there, how could you have known what I said?"

"Do you believe in the theory, Miss Linton," I begin, with a grave face, "of a person knowing, by a sort of affinity, the thoughts and actions of another person whom he has never seen, but whom, when he is permitted to see, he is at once, by fate, most deeply interested in?"

"No, I don't," she replies, laughing. "How nonsensical you are!"

Before I can go on expounding my impromptu theory, Roche comes up and claps me on the shoulder.

"Well, Herbert, how's Crumms?"

Roche has often been to my rooms, and knows my landlord, of course; but what demon possesses him to come at this moment and pronounce that fatal name, I can't imagine.

"Bravo!" cries Miss Linton, clapping her hands. "Now I know: you went there with Crumms."

"Went where?" asks Roche, in surprise.

"To the Domvilles'," she answers. "Mr. Herbert was there with Crumms waiting.—Now weren't you?" she asks, turning to me.

So, driven up in a corner, at last I make my confession.

"What fun!" she says. "Won't I laugh at mamma! She read me such a lecture as I came here. And I have not made a mistake, after all."

"Except when you took me for a waiter, Miss Linton."

"Oh, that was your own fault. I am not a bit sorry about that now."

What Miss Linton did say to her mamma, of course I don't know: if she did laugh at her, Mrs. Linton must have taken it very good-naturedly; for when I go up stairs after supper, she calls me "Mr. Waiter," and the name sticks to me for the rest of the evening. Just as we are all leaving, she comes to me and invites me to a party at her house in the following week.

"How shall I come, Miss Linton?" I ask, as I put on her cloak: "as a waiter or a guest?"

"In the capacity you think suits you best," she answers. Then she adds more softly, "We shall be glad to see you in either."

There is a farther note in my diary for that Christmas-day—something about Miss Linton—which perhaps it will be as well to let remain private. But about two years afterward, and not so very long ago, there was a wedding-breakfast given at the Domvilles'. Crumms was there to wait, and Crumms's feelings had overpowered him, and required soothing. From being usually calm, Crumms became unusually excited, and was with difficulty prevented from solemnly blessing the happy couple, and making a speech to the effect that the joyous occasion was brought about by his taking the bridegroom out waiting on a certain Christmas-day.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XV.—No. 739.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1871. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

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THE REV. BISHOP SIMPSON.

THE Rev. MATTHEW SIMPSON, D.D., one of the bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, is a native of the State of Ohio. He received his academic training at Alleghany College, Meadville, Pennsylvania, and afterward, we believe, studied medicine.

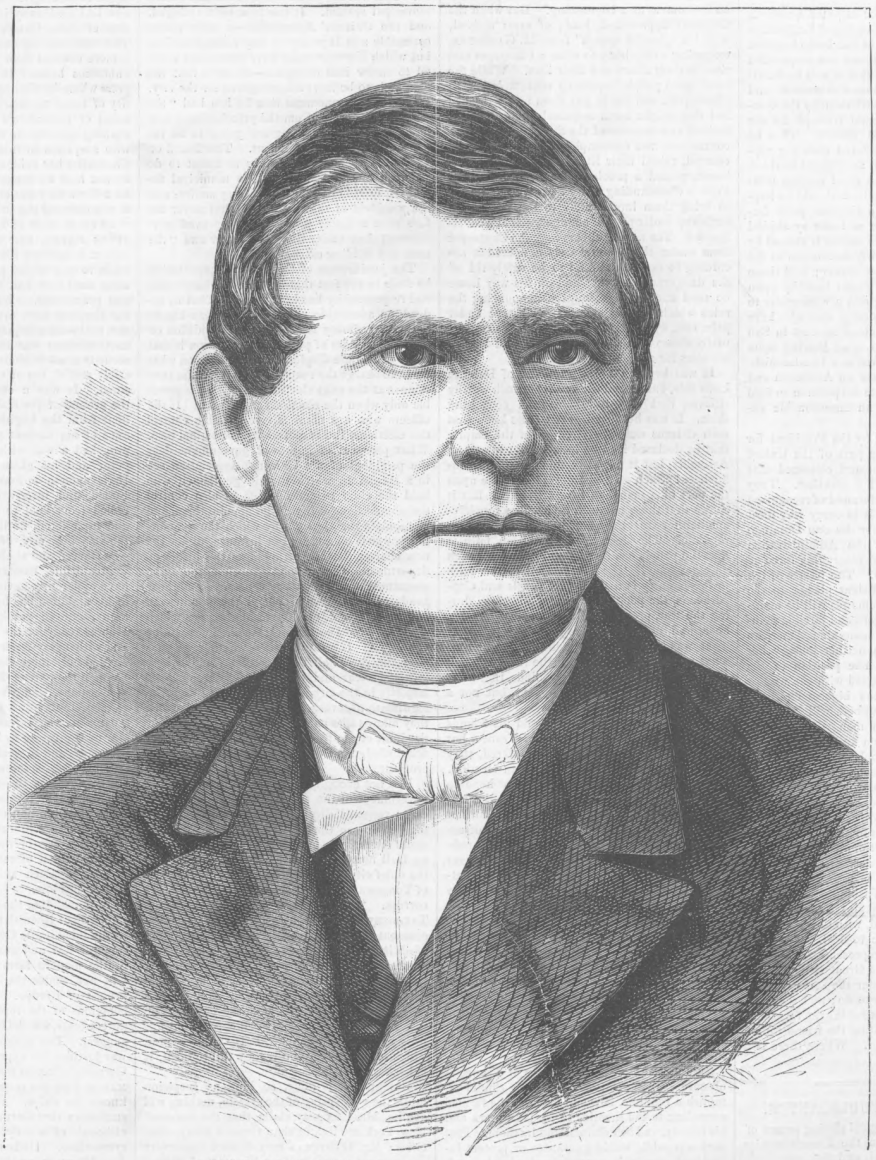
In the year 1834 he entered the ministry in the Pittsburg Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He soon became known as a most eloquent preacher, and attained a wide-spread popularity. In 1839 he was elected president of Asbury University, in Green Castle, Indiana. In this position his reputation and influence as a pulpit orator continued to grow, so that he was universally recognized as one of the foremost men of the State. In 1848 he was elected by the General Conference editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*, one of the most important of the official newspapers of the Church. In 1852 he was made Bishop, and has filled the office with great efficiency, proving himself a successful administrator as well as a powerful preacher.

The Methodist bishops are required by the law of their Church to travel at large. Their superintendency is not diocesan, but general. They are, therefore, of necessity continually in motion, and their field of travel embraces the entire United States, with parts of Europe and Asia. It is not uncommon for a Methodist bishop to spend the winter in the extreme South, the spring in the Middle and New England States, the summer on the Pacific coast, and the fall in the nearer West. During these long tours they are incessantly occupied in holding conferences, preaching, dedicating churches, and administering discipline.

While pursuing this laborious life Bishop SIMPSON has maintained his position as an incomparable preacher. He is the only pulpit orator whom we have ever heard compared with HENRY WARD BEECHER. He is, however, more sympathetic than Mr. BEECHER, and his preaching is more marked by the production of an immediate and vivid impression upon his audiences than is that of the famous pastor of Plymouth Church. There is a contagion in Bishop SIMPSON'S voice which it is difficult to resist. Added to this are an easy flow of speech, a manner free from harshness, a glow of feeling which passes, by unforced transitions, into the tenderest pathos, and takes the hearer captive.

When the civil war broke out Bishop SIMPSON exerted himself to the utmost in promoting the work of suppressing rebellion. He was the trusted friend of the lamented LINCOLN, who often sought his counsel. His oration on "Our Country," which was delivered during the war in our principal cities, and in New York at the Academy of Music, will be long remembered by all who heard it for its overwhelming power. Upon the death of President LINCOLN he was selected to deliver the funeral oration at Springfield—a service which he performed with tender and touching eloquence. It was a worthy close of the prolonged funeral service.

In his episcopal administration Bishop SIMPSON has been distinguished for the breadth and liberality of his opinions on denominational questions. He has been from the beginning identified with the effort—just crowned with success—to secure lay representation in the Methodist Episcopal Church. Very recently he was selected by President GRANT as one of the commission to visit San Domingo, but was compelled by the pressure of other engagements to decline. He is still in vigorous health, and to all appearance capable of years more of active labor.



THE REV. BISHOP SIMPSON.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY F. GUTEKUNST, PHILADELPHIA.]

THE DUKE AND THE INVENTOR.

THE propensity of military men, even of the highest genius, to cling to the ideas and fashions in which they have been educated was never better exemplified than by a correspondence which took place some years since between the Duke of Wellington and Mr. Wright, the inventor of certain improvements in percussion-caps. In 1820 percussion fire-arms had already almost superseded the old flint lock; but there were still some practical objections to the innovation, which were readily taken advantage of by the old-fashioned shots of that day. The disadvantage of the detonating powder then in use was that it quickly rusted the lock of the barrel, that it was affected by damp, and that the charcoal in the gunpowder occasioned the accumulation of dirt. In that year Mr. Wright, who was an ardent sportsman as well as an excellent chemist, was led to turn to practical account some experiments he had made with fulminating mercury as far back as the year 1805, soon after its discovery. He primed some caps with a preparation of this powerful detonator, mixed with a solution of benzoin as a protection against damp, and quickly found by experiment that the idea was valuable. After many trials he wrote to the Duke of Wellington, pointing out the advantages of the new substance, as being free from damp, producing no rust, and being safer than the old preparation. In the same letter Mr. Wright suggested the application of the principle of percussion to ships' guns. The Duke's reply was as follows: "The Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr. Wright, and has the honor to inform him that the application of fire by percussion to naval ordnance has been considered by various committees of officers of the navy and of the artillery, each of which has decided against it in every form. There are strong objections to the use of the copper cap mentioned by Mr. Wright, which Mr. Wright has not taken into consideration."

The value of Mr. Wright's invention is now placed beyond doubt. In 1823 he published a full account of its process, and its superiority was soon afterward generally admitted; but although subsequently adopted by government, it never received any other official recognition than is contained in the above letter.

BANNOCKBURN.

SCOTT has described the battle of Bannockburn in imperishable verse; and even to this day, when all animosity between Englishmen and Scotsmen has happily passed away, and the two are one people, with only such slight differences of character and idiosyncrasy as to show that they are not twins, though excellent good friends and brothers, this story of the battle is never recited in Scottish ears without exciting a thrill of patriotic emotion. The battle was a fortunate accident or a happy achievement both for the Scotch and the English. It prevented the English from vaunting themselves too much, and it prevented

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the Scotch from considering themselves too hopelessly the inferiors of the English. Not but that the Scotch are somewhat vainglorious on the subject; but if they be, the little trait of character may be pardoned for the patriotic spirit that underlies it. Bannockburn is always the set-off to Flodden in popular estimation, and without it Flodden would be a sore subject. "So you are going to England to practice surgery," said a Scottish lawyer to a client, who had been a cow-doctor; "but have you skill enough for your new profession?" "Hoots! ay, plenty o' skill!" "But are you not afraid ye may sometimes kill your patients, if you do not study medicine for a while as your proper profession?" "Nae fear: and if I do kill a few o' the Southrons, it will take a great deal o' killing to mak' up for Flodden!"

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1871.

☞ *The* SUPPLEMENT *to this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains a fine Sketch, by* MR. JULIAN SCOTT, *entitled,* "MORNING ROLL-CALL AT WEST POINT;" *an attractive illustrated paper on* "THE LADIES OF AREQUIPA;" *a view of a* HOSPITAL FOR WOUNDED SOLDIERS IN THE PALACE OF VERSAILLES; *a finely illustrated Poem; and a large variety of interesting reading matter.*

THE JOINT COMMISSION.

THE reference of all the disputed questions between the United States and England to a commission of citizens of the best character and ability from both countries is a proposition so simple and satisfactory that it will be heartily applauded by every honest American and Englishman. A pacific settlement by the commission will be a most signal triumph for the administration of General GRANT. That he should be personally associated with the suppression of the rebellion as general-in-chief, and that as President the chief foreign difficulty arising from the rebellion should be happily adjusted, would be a singular good fortune. To establish peace at home by skillful military operations, and to secure it abroad by wise negotiation, would fairly entitle him to the praise of an efficient peace-maker; and those who have imagined some secret hostility upon his part to Great Britain, and a willingness to resort to war to win popularity, and who have even believed that his zealous interest in San Domingo annexation had some bearing upon his hostile foreign plans, will now be admonished that he is too sagacious an American and too true a man to prostitute his position to feed a miserable jealousy or an unreasonable antipathy.

The gentlemen named by the President for the commission, upon the part of the United States, are so well known and esteemed that the wisdom of the selection is manifest. They are men of spotless character, and of recognized capacity. The selection is in every way most fortunate, and, like that for the San Domingo commission, shows that the Administration comprehends the great and controlling force of character in public affairs. The names of the commissioners are a sufficient pledge to the country that all its just demands will be maintained in the most intelligent and forcible manner, and with the most honorable American feeling. With such men neither jobbery nor Buncombe is possible. The position of the United States will be asserted with the utmost independence and with the highest courtesy, and the British commissioners will feel that they are in contact with men who represent both the general conviction and the best character of the American people.

Of the British commissioners Sir EDWARD THORNTON is favorably known in this country, and the Earl De Grey and Ripon is one of the most liberal and able of British statesmen. Mr. BERNARD is a noted expert in international law; and the two gentlemen from Canada, if less known in the United States, are conspicuous in Canadian politics. It is fortunate that the commission is to sit in Washington, where the British members can acquaint themselves, as they could not in England, with the exact feeling with which they have to deal. They will learn that no sensible or representative body of Americans wishes or asks Great Britain to do what America would, under the same circumstances, scornfully refuse to do; and they will perceive how much it is possible even for diplomatists to effect in cementing the friendship of two great kindred nations. Where there is a will there is a way.

GAMBETTA REPUBLICANISM.

IN the midst of the tragical closing scenes of the war in France, when the French armies seemed to be annihilated, and the only hope and prayer of humane men was for peace, M. GAMBETTA was reported as making "a splendid speech." When the armistice was concluded, and active hostilities ceased, and the election was ordered, M. GAMBETTA issued a proclamation prohibiting certain persons to be candidates. Those whom he prohibited were the members of the families that had reigned in France, and certain classes of persons who had held office under the empire. This proceeding showed both the absolute disintegration of political society in France, and the character and intelligence of those who call themselves republicans. M. GAMBETTA is one of a small number of gentlemen who, after the surrender of LOUIS NAPOLEON at Sedan, called themselves a republic, and seized authority. It was five months ago, and they have never even asked of the French people a justification of their *coup d'état*. And when all was over in the field, and the imperative necessity of the situation was to ascertain the wish of France, M. GAMBETTA —as absolute a usurper as can be conceived—declared that France should not express her will.

His conduct explains what seemed so strange to many persons in this country—the enormous majority for LOUIS NAPOLEON at the *plebiscite* of last May, and the vote of a man like M. LABOULAYE for the empire. He said that the republican leaders in France had no respect whatever for liberty, and no conception of the essential conditions of constitutional government; and he thought the despotism of the empire preferable to the anarchy and tyranny of such a republic as the leaders proposed. Since those leaders seized power nothing has been more evident than their indifference to the wishes or to the condition of France. The country had been deprived of arms under the empire. In the country towns a Chassepot was as mysterious an instrument as a boomerang. But when the Germans approached, loads of arms arrived, with "a splendid speech" from M. GAMBETTA, exhorting every body to seize a Chassepot and rise for their altars and their fires. While the bewildered people hopelessly contemplated the Chassepots, and finally put them under the bed lest they might harm somebody, the Germans arrived and summoned the town. Defense, of course, was not contemplated. The Germans entered, raised their little flag over the townhouse, posted a proclamation in German and French commanding every body who had arms to bring them immediately to the designated authority under pain of summary trial by court-martial. The worthy citizen took the Chassepot from under the bed and duly delivered it according to orders, thankful to be safely rid of the dangerous weapon; and on his way home he read another proclamation announcing the rules which every body was to observe under pain, etc., etc. And the worthy citizen punctually observed every one of them, and blessed his stars for a whole skin.

It was because the Committee of Defense knew this, and feared the verdict of such worthy citizens, that they refrained from consulting them. It was because LOUIS BLANC knew that such citizens were the strength of the empire that he declared it to be inexpedient to call an Assembly, lest it might be under improper influences! Such stultification is incredible upon the part of a man like LOUIS BLANC. But it shows that those who call themselves republicans neither trust the people nor comprehend a republic. The essence of republican faith is that the people *can* be trusted in precisely such an emergency. The justification of this faith in this country is that, despite rebels and Copperheads, the people, at regular elections during the war, pronounced for its steady persistence, and against compromise or surrender. That was the marvel of political skepticism. That was the annihilation of the theory, which was so sincerely held in many minds, that a republic was a pretty pleasure-yacht, but not a craft to weather a typhoon.

The object of M. GAMBETTA and his friends now is not to ascertain the will of France, but to establish a republic. If they dared, they would declare a republic without an election. But since that is impracticable, they hope to secure a majority for their purpose in the National Assembly by contriving that it shall not represent France. Yet the chief object of every patriotic Frenchman who is also a republican should be to know precisely the character and weight of opinion in the country. Whatever party may be found to be in the majority needs nothing more than an accurate knowledge of the force of the opposition. But this is the very knowledge which M. GAMBETTA would exclude. He knows, however, that when LOUIS PHILIPPE'S government suddenly disappeared, it had an enormous majority of the Assembly and of the voters of France. He knows that no government in France, whatever its form, can hope for strength or duration which does not spring from the clearly expressed preference of the people.

In any case, indeed, the future of France is obscure. If the National Assembly should establish a republic, it would probably be formed according to the theories of M. GAMBETTA and his friends, and be administered by them. That such a republic would guarantee or protect individual liberty is extremely doubtful; and, therefore, that it should have the sympathy of those who prefer a republic like ours, because it does offer the best chance of such a guarantee, is not clear. An American is certainly not bound by his political faith to admire, because of its name, the despotic oligarchy called the Venetian republic; and he will be slow to yield his faith, because of "a splendid speech," to a government called republican, but controlled by those who show no appreciation of the republican principle. Yet every monarchy in France, of whatever name, has so conspicuously failed that the question really seems to become one of men. If the result of the action of the Assembly should be to bring into power honest, able, and intelligent men, under whatever political form, it would be the dawn of a new day for that unhappy country, for they would found a sound system. But it can not be denied that a GAMBETTA government would not seem to be the happy day-spring.

A ROSY VIEW CONSIDERED.

THAT the government of the city of New York has long been a reproach is undeniable. Fifteen years ago, under the mayoralty of FERNANDO WOOD, the general feeling of insecurity was so profound that citizens of all parties united in a request to the Legislature for relief, and the Police Commission was established. Since that day there has been a feeling of confidence in that department; but nobody denied that the system of municipal interference by the Legislature was unusual, although amply justified by the situation. The people of the State being the political society which granted a charter to the city, they could rightfully make such stipulations as the genius of popular government and the actual circumstances demanded. This was the justification of the late mixed municipal system. It has now been changed, and the Citizens' Association—a body whose ostensible aim is purity of city administration, but which circumstances have sometimes tended to throw into disrepute—declares that the change is to be most advantageous for the city. Its president announces that he has had "the strongest assurance from the principal men now holding power" that they are going to be remarkably honest and efficient. The Board of Docks he especially mentions as about to do its work most faithfully. The municipal future, in fact, is wreathed with rosy smiles, and the president of the Association has never before seen a better prospect of improved government than under the new charter and "the men now holding office."

The justification of this cheerful expectation he finds in the fact that by the new charter official responsibility has been fixed. That is, indeed, an admirable point. Every man knows that responsibility is the cardinal condition of the wise exercise of power. The reason is that if the people are displeased, they see upon what agent to charge the responsibility, and him they remove at the next election. But this is possible only when the elections are honest. If the officers who are nominally responsible control the elections, the responsibilty is nominal also. What prospect of improved government does the president of the Citizens' Association see in a system in which certain gentlemen who hold the chief responsible offices also control the nominations of those who appoint them, and manipulate the elections by which the appointing power is chosen? For instance, under the new charter the Mayor appoints the heads of departments, who now give such encouraging assurances of efficiency and economy; and those heads of departments control the nomination and the choice of the Mayor at elections which are known to be corrupt. "Heads, I win; tails, you lose." If we are asked whether we suppose that, with all the electoral frauds, there is not a clear and overwhelming Democratic majority in the city, the reply is that those who legitimate a government upon elections which they allow to be partially fraudulent must show the limit of the fraud before they can claim an acknowledgment of the legitimacy of the government.

It is not enough, therefore, to insist that the government of the city will now be better because responsibility is distinctly fixed, unless the people see that that responsibility can be made operative. At the present time Tammany Hall nominates and elects and appoints all the chief city officers. Yet under the auspices of Tammany Hall the elections are notoriously corrupt. The only way, therefore, in which Tammany Hall, which is practically the government of the city, can remove the conviction of all intelligent citizens that, despite the forms of the charter and of apparent responsibility, there is fatal and enormous corruption, is by securing elections honest beyond cavil. The masters of the city alone have the power to do it. Let them do it so fully and clearly that nobody can affect to doubt. It is the first thing which is demanded, and if they fail to do it, it is because they do not dare.

But until it is done, so long as suspicion taints the very spring of the system, nothing will avail. Mr. COX may claim that the taxes of New York are lighter than those of many other cities; Mr. O'GORMAN may declare that every government is necessarily a Ring; the Citizens' Association may aver that responsibility is at last settled; others may declare that the city is well governed because some vast plans of knavery are found even here to be intolerable, and because of fine promises for the future; others may proudly proclaim that life and liberty are safe, and justice secure; that the judicial bench is unspotted, and graced with magistrates before whom envy itself is dumb, and who have made the name of New York judge every where honored and beloved; that the streets are kept in perfect order; that the parks are a marvel of neatness; and that complaint is wanton malice. Yet until there is an honest election secured by those who have the power, and who adapt the proof of it to the condition of the public mind, the declaration of good government will fall upon justly incredulous ears.

Meanwhile, if the city government is more efficient than ever before, as is now claimed, it is because of the steady exposure of knavery made by the press; and the masters of the city, knowing the fatal tendency of absolute power, will, of course, welcome nothing so warmly as honest criticism.

BISMARCK'S "BLOOD AND IRON."

IT is remarkable that throughout the French and German war the only trust-worthy news of its progress and events has been sent from the German head-quarters. The intense desire of the newspaper correspondents to convey important intelligence before any rival, has imposed upon the public the most amusing and unfounded stories. The latest illustration of this swiftness and uncertainty was the report of the terms that Germany intended to offer to France. These were duly reported, and the London *Times* and other great journals thundered accordingly. But before the reverberation had died away it appeared, as in the circles of Mrs. Gamp, that it was "no sich." The news was not authentic. Indeed, nothing is more comical than the idea that BISMARCK unbosoms himself to every gentleman of the press whom he chances to meet; and the quantity of bread to the sack in all the glowing histories of BISMARCK'S conversations with those gushing gentlemen should have suggested a wise suspicion in this instance. The German Chancellor has evidently one valuable quality—he can hold his tongue and keep a secret; and he follows very closely Mr. LINCOLN'S wisdom in not jumping the stream until he reaches it.

In his account of his first interview with M. JULES FAVRE, four months ago, Count BISMARCK suggested that it would not be worth while to talk of the possible terms of a settlement until they had agreed that an armistice was practicable. But neither BISMARCK nor the Emperor have ever concealed their conviction that some adequate security against French encroachment was indispensable. What this security must in their opinion be was not precisely stated, but it was very distinctly understood. It was a cession of territory. And the ground of the claim has been also very evident from the beginning. France, in pursuance of her ancient policy of aggression, had provoked a war with Germany, and the Emperor and his glittering suit departed from Paris upon a military promenade to Berlin. Foiled and utterly overthrown, France has reeled from field to field, hopelessly defeated and humiliated, until Paris itself—the Mecca, the very holy city, of French pride and vanity —is starved and shelled into surrender.

Meanwhile BISMARCK'S view and purpose have apparently never changed. The scheme of his ambition has been to make Prussia Germany, and to paralyze Austria and France. He was ready for the war which France began, and with every fresh disaster he has comprehended only more clearly that the result would be upon the part of France an undying hatred of Germany, and a resolution to rise from the ruins of to-day to a glorious future of victory. To make what seems to him this inevitable war of the future as harmless as practicable to Germany, and to weaken France, he has scarcely concealed his intention to retain certain territory. It was the consciousness of this determination—a resolution which they interpreted by the intention of France in this war, and by its conduct in other wars—which inspired the first words of the Committee of Defense, "Not an inch of territory; not a stone of a fortress." Each side knew the stake, and France has lost.

In demanding the absolute cession of a certain strip of Rhenish territory without reference to the inhabitants Germany will follow the customs of war and conquest, and her disregard of the modern form of consulting the people will not, under the circumstances, excite the protest of Europe. Every government is too conscious of the reply, drawn from their own antecedents, which Germany would disdainfully suggest. But nothing in the conduct of the war justifies the expectation of the demand by Germany of terms wantonly humiliating. BISMARCK does not respect public opinion, but he knows its value. He is the most sagacious statesman that Germany has seen since STEIN, although of wholly different convictions and sympathies. He is not likely, therefore, to injure his cause, or touch the marvelous prestige of Germany in the war, by proposing what would forbid general acquiescence, and tend to justify a war of desperation.

Germany will undoubtedly demand Rhenish territory and a large indemnity. This last, added to the enormous expense of the war, will burden France with so heavy a debt that she will be under bonds to keep the peace, because the people would protest against further war taxation. And further than this BISMARCK prob-

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ably cares little. He is indifferent to the form of government that France may choose, because he is undoubtedly sure that, whatever the form may be, civil dissension is inevitable. And thus, if peace follows the armistice, Germany will recross the Rhine, leaving France shorn of provinces, staggering under a vast debt which she will not dare to increase, and torn with political strife. "The questions of this time," said BISMARCK, some years ago, "are not to be settled by argument, but by blood and iron."

"AN EMPTY VISION."

SENATOR HOWARD, of Michigan, is reported to have remarked, after the great speech of Mr. SCHURZ upon the reform of the civil service, that the project was "an empty vision." The Senator from Michigan is in illustrious company. When the British Parliament reformed the law that hung a man for stealing five shillings, Lord Eldon said that the bulwarks of the British Constitution were going. And when the law abolishing the slave-trade passed the House of Lords, Earl St. Vincent walked out, declaring that he washed his hands of the ruin of the same venerable tradition. An empty vision is probably a very dreadful kind of vision, but perhaps the vision of a reform in the stupidities and corruptions of the civil service is no emptier than that of the abolition of slavery, which cheered a great many souls a dozen years ago. And a project which commands the sympathy of the intelligence of the country, which is supported by men like Mr. SCHENCK, Mr. KELLEY, and Mr. JENCKES, as well as by some eminent colleagues of Mr. HOWARD, and which is strongly recommended by the President for action by this Congress, if it be a vision, is, perhaps, not accurately described as empty. It is a fact well worthy the attention of Senator HOWARD that "empty" visions are those of men who are not especially in earnest; but when men of strong convictions and great tenacity see visions, they are visions—if the Senator will forgive a frightful mixture of metaphors—which are very likely to hold water.

Those who cling sturdily to principles in politics are very generally called visionary, while those who constantly defer to what they suppose to be the popular feeling are called practical. The favorite doctrine of the trimming school is that politics is the application of principle so far as it is expedient; that is, so far as circumstances and human nature will allow. But the difficulty with this theory is that it is a sliding scale with a fatal tendency toward the bottom. The best despot and the worst demagogue equally plead that they do all that the situation will permit. Mr. SEWARD said that he early learned from JEFFERSON that in politics we must do what we can, not what we would. The difficulty, we repeat, is that this is a downward tendency. It is, in a word, shaping your action by your estimate of men and things—a judgment which is necessarily confused and inadequate, even if it be not utterly erroneous—instead of acting upon a clearly discerned principle. A trimmer is always drifting. He is always in danger of striking upon reefs and shoals, because he steers not by the beacons upon the headlands, but by the lights in the houses upon the shore.

The vision of a civil service conducted so as to secure the utmost efficiency and economy, so far from being "empty," as the Michigan Senator supposes, is the prophetic vision which springs from confidence in the common-sense of the people. Its most conspicuous opponents in Congress thus far have been Senators MORTON, NYE, CAMERON, and HOWARD; and in the House, Generals BUTLER and LOGAN, and Messrs. BINGHAM and WOODWARD. Many of these gentlemen are noted as careful students of public opinion, and some of them have started a little hastily in directions in which public opinion did not point; but they thought it did. And the dire results of starting too soon illustrate the peril of trusting your surmise of the way that the wind is going to blow. As the vision of those who believe in the advantage and the practicability of managing the public service upon the same principles that a sound private business is conducted becomes more and more real, some people will feel the breeze, and gracefully adjust their sails accordingly. Empty visions, indeed! Does not Senator HOWARD remember the astounding number of "original anti-slavery men" that the war developed?

CHEAP BLARNEY.

IS Buncombe so indispensable to political success as the conduct of politicians would imply? Such a question involves another—whether technical politicians are so sagacious as is generally assumed? Certainly some of the most conspicuous public men in the country, and those who are surest of a long and honorable fame, have been denounced as very poor politicians. Yet they have risen steadily in esteem and in distinction, while crowds of "knowing" politicians are still kicking their obscure heels in the pot-house. The chief recent form of Buncombe is the propitiation of the Irish vote, as it is called; and many painstaking gentlemen have exhausted their wits in the problem of how to secure it. General BUTLER, who toils assiduously after the probable course of public opinion—who studies the weather-cock with a patient prayerfulness of hope which is exceedingly touching, is a statesman who might be represented as continually trying to drop the freshest salt upon the tails of the most fugacious birds. He has been prospecting for the Irish vote, and he has recently persuaded Congress to share his labors.

That the gentlemen known as the Irish exiles may have been justified in their efforts to excite rebellion against the English Government, and that their punishment was wantonly severe, may be conceded. But why the Congress of the United States should signalize their arrival here by a formal vote of welcome would not at first appear, because political refugees are constantly coming to this country from over the sea. We do not remember that Mr. JOHN MITCHELL, who escaped from British servitude only to wish that he had fat American slaves of his own, was rapturously received even by a Congress in which the fat slave-holding interest, under the name of Democracy, was in the majority: and Mr. THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER was not the subject of a national "ovation" in the form of a resolution, although he secured his own liberty and was not pardoned. Two other Irish gentlemen—Mr. O'GORMAN and his friend Mr. DILLON, friends of SMITH O'BRIEN—came quietly to America, and Congress spake never a word. But now Mr. ROSSA and his companions arrive, and the Tammany agents and the United States officers run a prodigious race to see who shall first welcome them, and General BUTLER, shrewd student of the wind, springs a resolution upon Congress to signalize the happy event by especial congratulation.

The gentlemen themselves have undoubtedly already learned that all this ardor does not mean sympathy, but votes. The majority of the majority in Congress which passed the resolution of welcome probably had no knowledge whatever of the Irish exiles, nor of their services to their country or to liberty. They saw a cheap chance of blarney, and they blarneyed. The good sense of the exiles, with that of every intelligent American and European, will see in the whole performance a wanton sacrifice of dignity and self-respect upon the part of the Congress of the United States. As an expression of sincere feeling, it was laughable. As a bid for votes, it will unquestionably be a failure. As a national disgrace and signal feat of Buncombe, the resolution will remain.

SUFFERING FRANCE.

CHARITY is of no party and of all countries, and the appeal of the committee of New York citizens for the relief of the suffering in France needs no urging. But it may not be known to many who would gladly give something in succor of the unimaginable sorrow and misfortunes of the French that a committee of the most conspicuous and responsible gentlemen in this city has been formed for the purpose of receiving and forwarding every kind of subscription and relief. A day or two after the organization they sent fifty thousand francs to Mr. WASHBURNE, our minister at Paris, and they intend to remit constantly all contributions received. Money may be sent to CHARLES LANIER, treasurer, 27 Pine Street, and communications in regard to provisions, grain, seed, etc., may be addressed to DAVID DOWS, chairman.

Congress has requested the President to have a national ship or ships ready at New York to convey the food that may be offered. We all know what war is, although happily in this part of the country we have been spared the desolation that lies in its withering track. But France lies stripped and paralyzed in the midst of the severest of winters. A private letter from Cannes, in the south of France, says that "it is the most rigorous winter of the generation." In the hour of her bitter sorrow let France feel the sympathizing and succoring hand of America. Boston moved simultaneously with New York; and other cities, long before these words are read, will doubtless have opened heart and hand to the victims of the terrible war.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

FLORIDA has, this winter, its usual complement of scientific visitors, who are engaged in prosecuting investigations upon its natural history. Mr. E. J. MAYNARD, of Massachusetts, is exploring the ornithology of the keys and the southern portion of the State; Mr. N. H. BISHOP, of New Jersey, and Mr. GEORGE A. BOARDMAN, of Maine, are at work with a similar object about Jacksonville. Professor WYMAN, of Cambridge, also is making use of the opportunities of his third or fourth visit to the State in the critical examination of the ancient mounds and shell heaps which abound every where.

According to a report of a leading furrier in New York the season of 1870 was very unfavorable to high prices for furs, as the warm weather lasted so late into the winter that but little time elapsed between the beginning of cold weather and the holidays, when such purchases are usually made, so that there was but little demand for furs. The stocks remaining over, it is said, are considerable, and unusually low prices are likely to prevail for some time. The war in Europe has also had a somewhat depressing effect upon this branch of industry, as interfering with the markets, and deranging the values to a very considerable degree.

Attention was called in the Scientific Record of *Harper's Magazine* for March, 1870, to the economical value of the palmetto leaf as a fibre, and to the great demand existing for it in Europe; and we have reason to believe that quite a number of the readers of *Harper's Magazine* went into the business of collecting and shipping these leaves on the suggestion of the paragraph referred to. We learn from a recent publication of the Agricultural Department that a cargo of 50 bales was lately shipped from New Orleans to Liverpool, where the price is now about 10½ cents a pound. The entire consignment was worth $1200, of which $1000 was clear profit. It is stated that one man could gather the whole quantity in forty or fifty days.

Recent telegraphic advices from Havana announce that Captain SELFRIDGE, who is engaged in prosecuting the Darien ship canal exploration, thinks he has discovered a practicable route over a line where the elevation of the divide is not more than three hundred feet above the level of the sea. The dispatch is dated Paya, on the Tuira River, a stream which empties into the Gulf of San Miguel, on the Pacific.

Of the many fresh-water fish characteristic of the continent of North America comparatively few, with the exception of members of the salmon and trout family, are of sufficient economical value to make it expedient to introduce them into regions where they do not naturally occur. This transfer has been made to a very disastrous extent in the case of the pike (*Esox*), which, although multiplying rapidly, is at the same time the determined foe of all other kinds of fish, and soon almost exterminates them from the waters which it inhabits. For this reason some States have passed laws prohibiting, under severe penalties, except by direct permission of the Commissioners of the Fisheries, any transfer of the species in question to new localities. There is, however, one fish that is of great value, and which can be introduced without as much doubt of the propriety of the act as exists in regard to the pike. We refer to the black bass (*Grystes salmoides*). This inhabits, in one variety or another, the basin of the great lakes, of the Mississippi Valley, and the upper waters of the streams of the South Atlantic coast as far north as the James River. Within a few years it has been transferred with success to streams previously uninhabited by it—to the Potomac, for one, where it is now extremely abundant. During the past summer some public-spirited gentlemen of Philadelphia collected among themselves a fund to stock the Delaware with this noble fish, and obtained about seven hundred, principally in the vicinity of Harper's Ferry. These were carried alive in large tanks to the Delaware, and deposited in that stream at Easton, about two hundred of the number dying by the way. The same party of gentlemen propose to use a surplus fund in their hands in experimenting upon the restocking of the river with shad and salmon.

Dr. PACKARD has lately announced the discovery, by Professor VERRILL, of a dipterous larva of the genus *Chironomus*, at a depth of 120 feet, in the vicinity of Eastport, Maine. He also describes a mite, or *Acarus*, as occurring at a similar depth. He has not yet ascertained whether, like other species of the genus, the latter lives, in any of its stages, in the gills of the lamellibranchiate mollusca.

A recent communication to the State Department from the United States consul at St. Hélena states the fact that the white ants, which have effected a lodgment in the island, are rapidly destroying every thing upon it. No wood but teak, and sometimes not even that, escapes their fangs; and numbers of houses in Jamestown have been fairly gutted by them—doors, window-sashes, floors, and roofs, all being eaten up, leaving nothing but the bare walls.

According to late accounts Captain FOYEN, to whom we have recently alluded as prosecuting the whale-fishery in the Norwegian seas by means of steamboats and torpedo harpoons, succeeded during the past summer in capturing thirty-eight fin-back whales, valued at about $40,000. As these whales are very apt to sink when killed by the explosion of the missiles, he has devised a special apparatus for buoying them up to enable him to tow them into port, where they are subjected to the mode of treatment we have heretofore described.

It is stated in some of the papers that the system of storm signal observations now in progress under the direction of the Signal Corps of the army was devised by Great Britain before it was made use of by the United States government. This is perhaps correct so far as it goes; but it is to Professor HENRY, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, that we owe the original idea of procuring dispatches regularly in relation to the weather, and tabulating them, as also of placing them on a map so as to show, day by day, the general character of the weather throughout the United States. For several years prior to the beginning of the war this system was carried on regularly, and was of great interest to visitors to the Institution. The occupation of the telegraph lines for military purposes, and the fire in the Smithsonian building, broke up the arrangement; and it was about to be resumed when the government undertook the work, thereby relieving the Institution from the necessity of its further prosecution.

An effort is now being made by Chilians to obtain aid from the Argentine government to construct a railway from Buenos Ayres to Chili by the way of the Planchon Pass.

Among the experiences of the Mount Washington winter party may be mentioned an exposure to perhaps the greatest cold ever recorded in the annals of science. The temperature of 40° below zero was not in itself unusual; but to this was added a hurricane blowing at the rate of ninety miles an hour. The combination of such a wind with the temperature indicated would probably have been entirely unsupportable but for the means of protection enjoyed by the party in the dwelling which had been fitted up expressly for their accommodation.

The returns of the Massachusetts fisheries for 1870 exhibit a remarkable feature in the small quantity of No. 1 mackerel, which usually yield the most favorable returns to the fishermen. Although the catch is much greater than last year, the quantity of No. 1 is said to be only about 66,000 barrels. The catch in 1865 was 153,000 barrels, but has since then steadily decreased annually to less than half that amount. Should this diminution continue, it will make a serious difference in the profits of mackerel fishing in the American waters. As some of our readers may not know what determines the different grades of mackerel, we may state (borrowing from Dr. STORER) that No. 1 fish must be 13 inches long from the tip of the snout to the notch of the caudal fin, and must be fat; No. 2 are fat fish, less than 13 inches in length; No. 3 comprise those which are 13 inches long, and poor; while No. 4 are under 13 inches, and poor.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

February 6.—In the Senate, the policy of government interference with the railroads was discussed at length, without action.—In the House, the bill authorizing the stationing of a vessel at New York to take supplies contributed for the sufferers in France and Germany was passed, amended so as to authorize the stationing of others at Boston and Philadelphia for the same purpose.

February 7.—In the Senate, the repeal of the resolution authorizing the payment of the Chorpenning claim was considered at some length, and finally carried. The debate related mainly to the propriety of the Postmaster-General's course in the matter, which was not involved at all in the question of repeal.—The House passed a bill providing that claims against the government when once settled shall not be reopened after six years from the time of their origin, except in certain special cases. It also prohibits employes of the government from prosecuting claims in departments in which they have served.

February 8.—A bill was introduced in the Senate providing severe penalties for bribery at elections.—A bill was reported in the House for the sale of the navy-yards at Brooklyn and Charlestown. A discussion followed on the expediency of maintaining public navy-yards in preference to having vessels built by private contract. A substitute for the bill was offered, constituting Secretary Robeson, Admiral Porter, General Sherman, Brigadier-General Humphreys, and Captain Patterson, of the Coast Survey, a committee to inquire into the expediency of selling the Brooklyn Navy-Yard.

February 9.—A bill was presented in the Senate for the better security of life on steam vessels.—In the House, a motion was made to go into Committee of the Whole for the purpose of reaching the bill for the repeal of the income tax. The vote, which is regarded as a test on the general question for repeal, was taken amidst considerable excitement, and resulted in the rejection of the motion—103 to 107.

February 10.—In the Senate, a bill was introduced increasing the salary of the minister to Berlin to the standard of the London and Paris missions.—In the House, Admiral Porter was bitterly assailed by Messrs. Banks and Butler. In the course of his remarks Mr. Banks alluded to the steamer *Tennessee*, saying he had heard within a few days of scores of naval engineers having said she was unseaworthy, and that they were unwilling to risk their lives in her. The intimidation of naval officers by the Department had kept the condition of the vessel secret. A bill providing pensions for soldiers and sailors of the wars of 1812 and the Revolution was passed.

February 11.—In the Senate, a bill was introduced to facilitate commerce between the United States and Asia.—In the House, a joint resolution was introduced and referred, declaring that hereafter no Indian nation or tribe within the United States shall be acknowledged or recognized as an independent nation, tribe, or power with which the United States may contract by treaty; and that all contracts or agreements hereafter made by and between them, or any of them, and the United States shall be subject to the approval of Congress, not to be construed as affecting or impairing the obligations of any existing treaty.

GENERAL DOMESTIC ITEMS.

The revenue receipts for the first six months of the fiscal year ending June 30, 1871, shows a falling off of $3,708,818 from the amount collected during the corresponding period of the preceding year.

Among the bills recently introduced in the New York Legislature was one to authorize aliens to acquire, hold, and dispose of real and personal property in like manner with citizens.

The Kansas House of Representatives has passed a bill permitting criminals to testify in their own behalf, and husband and wife to give testimony in each other's behalf in criminal cases.

In Franklin County, Tennessee, a deputy United States marshal and a squad of soldiers, who had made an arrest and seizure for violation of the revenue laws, were on February 9 surrounded by a force of 300 armed men, the prisoners released, and the property retaken.

The Pennsylvania Secretary of State gives the septennial enumeration of all the counties except Fulton, showing the aggregate of taxable persons to be 856,697; of deaf and dumb persons, 607; and of blind persons, 761. Philadelphia has 188,622 taxable persons, 88 deaf and dumb persons, and 276 blind persons.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE elections in France indicate a triumph for the conservatives. Very few republican candidates have been returned. There is much speculation as to the probable course to be pursued by the Assembly; but it seems to be taken for granted that a monarchical form of government will be adopted, with some member of the Orleans family as king.

The ex-Emperor of the French has issued a proclamation to the people of France which shows a very despondent frame of mind. Since he was made prisoner, he says, he avoided any word or act that might cause party dissensions. He did not treat for peace, because it might be ascribed to personal considerations. He left the Regent to decide whether the struggle should be continued. France was unsubdued, notwithstanding her reverses, but the insurrection in Paris overthrew the thrice-sanctioned empire. Instead of protesting, he hoped for the success of the defense. Now that the struggle is suspended, and all reasonable chances of victory gone, the time is come to call the usurpers to account for bloodshed, ruin, and shameful resources. France could not be abandoned to a government having no authority from the people. For himself, he did not know or claim his repeatedly confirmed rights, but till the people assembled it was his duty to declare all acts illegitimate. There was but one government in which the national sovereignty resided, and which was able to restore industry, concord, and peace.

The British government has appointed a commission to proceed to Washington to confer with commissioners appointed by the President in regard to the *Alabama* claims and the fishery question. The British commissioners are, Earl De Grey, Professor Montagu Bernard, Sir Edward Thornton, Sir John A. Macdonald (of Canada), Sir John Rose; secretary of the commission, Lord Tenderden. The President has appointed Messrs. Fish, Nelson, Schenck, Hoar, and Williams (Senator from Oregon) to act on the part of the United States.

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THE RAILROAD ACCIDENT AT NEW HAMBURG—SCENE OF THE DISASTER ON THE FOLLOWING MORNING.

THE RAILROAD ACCIDENT AT NEW HAMBURG—THE BURNING CAR.

THE RAILROAD ACCIDENT AT NEW HAMBURG—RECOVERING THE BODIES.—DRAWN BY THEO. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 171.]

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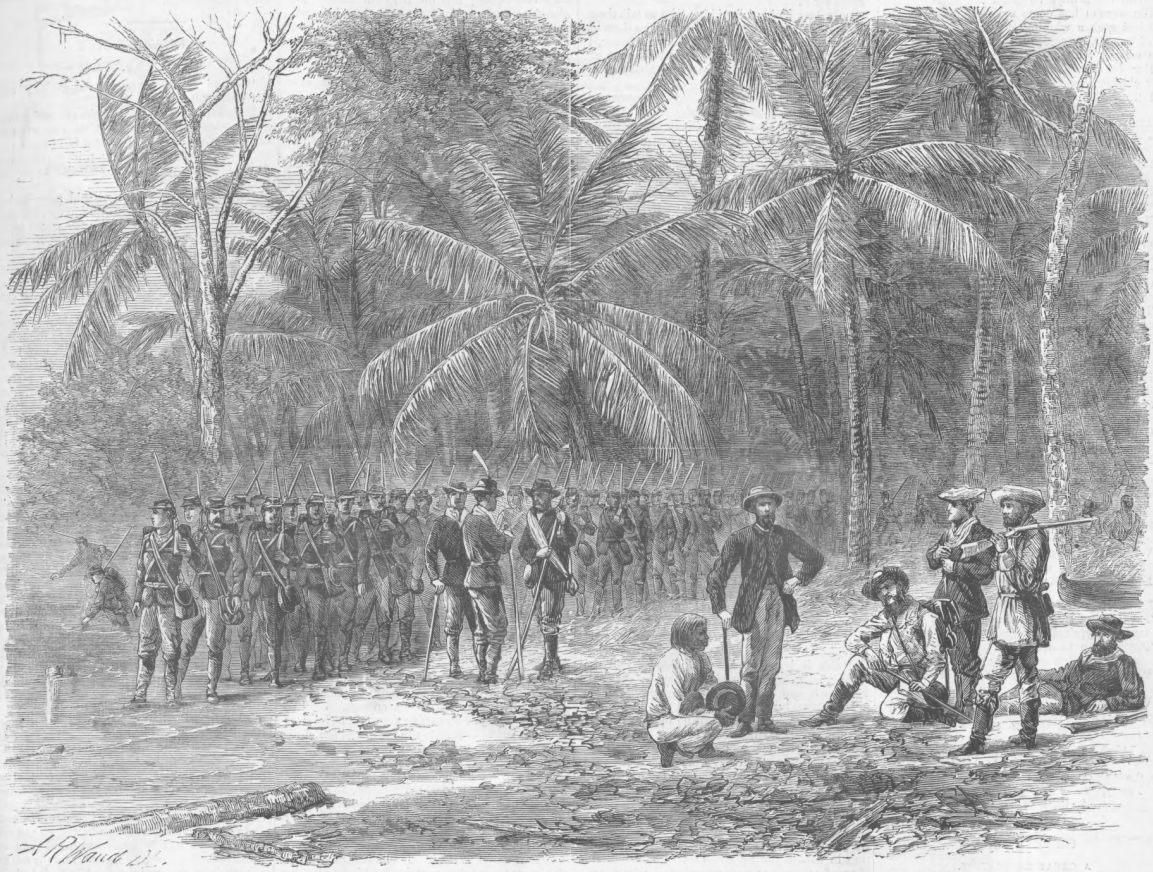
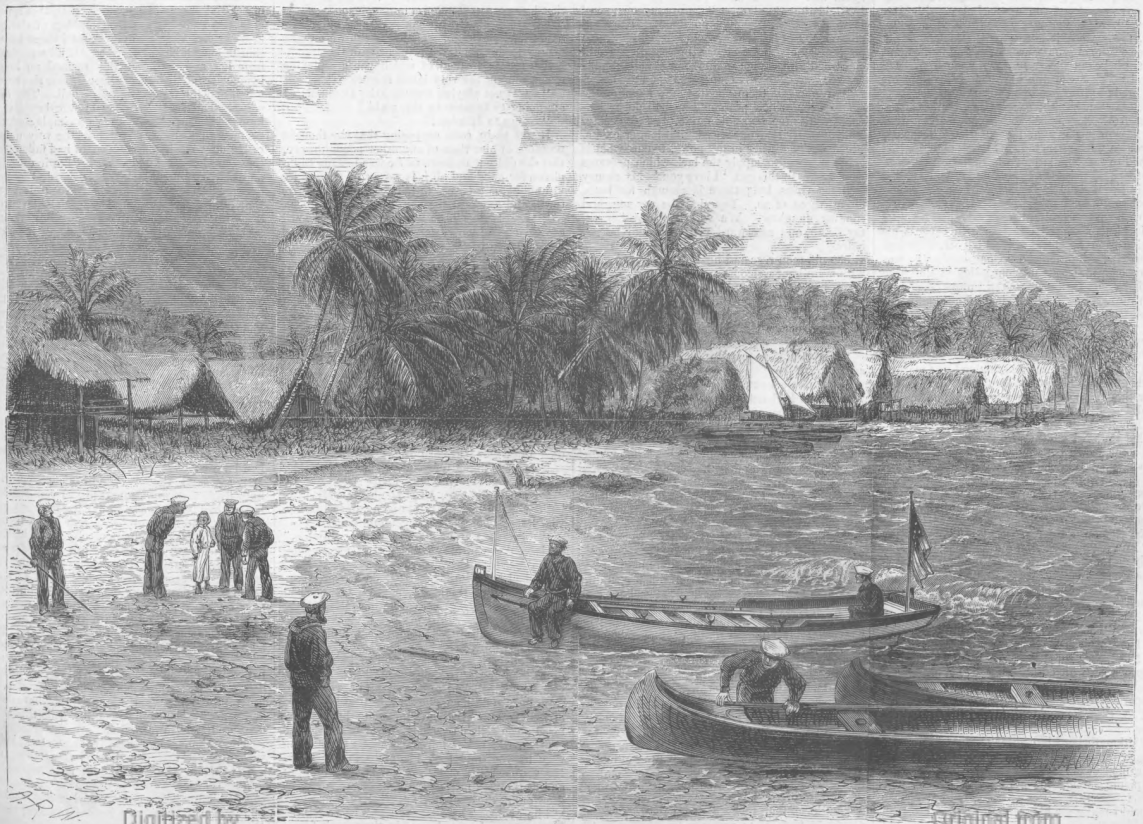


THE DARIEN SHIP CANAL EXPEDITION—THE PIONEERS PREPARING FOR THE MARCH.—[SEE PAGE 174.]



THE DARIEN SHIP CANAL EXPEDITION—NATIVE VILLAGE ON THE COAST.—[SEE PAGE 174.]

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A LESSON.

We can not always be giving:
The woman has come again;
She has such a whining story
Of hunger, or cold, or pain;
She wearies with repetitions—
Her Johnny is out of place,
Her children are sick with hunger
I tire of her listless face.

Grand Philip sat lazily reading
The crimson gas-light shook,
From a shade that was ruby-tinted,
Its red flakes over his book.
I thought that he did not notice;
But suddenly, sweet and low,
He said, with the voice of a dreamer,
"Don't let the woman go."

And then, with his smile so royal,
So sweet with pity and pain,
He called her into the study,
Out of the merciless rain.
"Sit down, my friend;" and he gave her
The best chair in the place;
And I saw a quick flush brighten
Her haggard and listless face.

And then, with his tones like music,
He sounded her frozen heart,
Till the thrill of a tender question
Sundered its ice apart;
And tears and sobs and passion
Came thick as the midnight rain;
And she told such a pitiful story
My own heart throbbed with pain.

"You see," said my Philip, softly,
"She is greater than you or I;
She has struggled and conquered where we, love,
Should maybe sink down and die;
She has fought in the dark with demons,
With evil on every side;
And Satan hath tried to strip her
Even of her woman's pride.

"Love, let us be very tender:
The lowliest soul may be
A temple of priceless treasures,
That only a God can see."
So the woman left our study
With the face of an angel of light;
And she is my noblest pattern
Who came as a beggar that night.

WON—NOT WOOED.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Bred in the Bone," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XV.

A GREAT TEMPTATION.

The first sentence that rose to the Professor's lips was, "My good lad, you must leave this all the same; for if you are not in love with Mrs. Pennant, Mrs. Pennant is in love with *you*." But, fortunately, it did not cross them. As he reviewed the circumstances of the affair in hand the truth began slowly to dawn upon him. He perceived that the appeal which Mrs. Pennant had made to him was upon her sister's account, and not her own, although she had made it a personal favor that he should accede to it. Her quick woman's eye had seen that Thornton's affections were attracted to Mabel, and she had wished to save the latter from the knowledge of what—since neither of the young people had a shilling of their own—must needs be a hopeless attachment. Doubtless she had spoken of the lad with earnest praise, because she had witnessed in him that honorable desire to conceal his passion from the object of it which Mr. Flint had mistaken for indifference. Chagrined as he was at his own ludicrous misconception of the state of affairs, the Professor was still more concerned with the wrong that he had unintentionally imputed to his young companion, and, above measure, touched by the humility with which he had taken his undeserved rebuke.

"Why, what on earth, my dear Thornton," said he, warmly, "did you imagine I was making all this hubbub about? What a brute you must have thought me, to take you so roundly to task for doing the most natural thing in the world!"

"I thought you were a little unreasonable, Sir," replied Richard, smiling, "though you certainly had some cause for annoyance. Penniless and nameless as I am, I ought not to have allowed any feeling of affection for Miss Denham to take possession of me. You will do me the justice, however, to admit that I was about to do my best to correct my error in fleeing from the temptation which I could not resist."

"You have behaved, my dear Thornton, most nobly and most honorably. But why should this self-sacrifice be necessary? You are very young, and may win for yourself both wealth and a name."

"These are not the days for that, Mr. Flint," answered Thornton, smiling sadly; "or if they be, I am not the man. I love Miss Denham; but I feel, even supposing that my affection was reciprocated, which I have not the smallest right to imagine, that the obstacles to such a union are insuperable."

The Professor winced in spite of himself. Here was a young man of a third of his own age exhibiting thrice his common-sense. His conscience reminded him that he had not come to the same sagacious conclusion that afternoon of the picnic, though the grounds of his doing so were infinitely more obvious. The best excuse he could make for his folly upon that occasion was that the Champagne had got into his old head. That moment of weakness had, however, long passed away, and an idea presented itself to him for making an ample and chivalrous reparation for it.

"My dear Richard," said he, "let us talk these obstacles over together before we dismiss them as insuperable. If I were Miss Denham's father, I frankly tell you that, from what I have seen of you, I should wish to find no better husband for her than yourself."

"It is most kind of you to say so," answered Thornton, with a grateful flush; "but you are not her father. He is a poor country clergyman; and it is necessary, as well as natural, that his daughter should look for a husband able to maintain her in the position to which she has been accustomed, when Mr. Denham, and his means of subsistence with him, have passed away. Mrs. Pennant has told me as much, doubtless not without a grave intention. Miss Denham herself, when rallied by a certain person for the interest she is wont to exhibit in the poor and aged, once said within my hearing, 'I shall be old myself as they one day, Sir, if I live; and if any thing were to happen to my father, I should be almost as poor.' It was not intended for my ear, but I heard it. I am not so heartless, nor so vain, as to strive to win a young girl's love for the mere sake of winning; nor so selfish," added Richard, with a spasm, "as to harm by my attentions her chance with a more fitting wooer."

"By whom, I trust, you are not hinting at Horn Winthrop?" inquired Mr. Flint, uneasily.

"May God forbid!" ejaculated Thornton.

"Amen!" said the Professor, piously. "That fellow seems to me more brute than human."

Both were silent for a moment, occupied with the same thoughts. "Whoever marries Mabel Denham," resumed the Professor, thoughtfully, "will have a good wife. She is as kind and honest as she is beautiful. It would pain me more than I can express if she fell into bad hands—cold or cruel ones, I mean."

Richard groaned, and motioned with his hand, as though he would have said, "Don't hint at that; I can not bear it."

"It would be a good deed to prevent it, Thornton; to place her out of the reach of evil fortune. What say you?"

"I say the thought is the dream of a good man."

"But it is not a dream, Richard," said the Professor, gravely, "since it may be realized. Sit down and listen." Richard looked at his watch uneasily. "Never mind the train, lad; perhaps you may not need to go by it, after all; at all events, hear me out. I am an old man, as you see, and my wants are few; if they were many, I have enough for them, and more than enough. I have neither kith nor kin for whom to hoard or spare. You saved my life, and have, at the lowest, a claim upon my gratitude; but I am a debtor to you of another sort as well. Since you have been with me I have felt a new life stirring in my veins; my own youth has come back to me in contemplating yours; an interest in the fate of others has now reawakened within me, which many lonely years had almost stifled; again and again I have wished in my heart, 'Would that this honest lad were my own son.' It was a selfish thought, no doubt. I drew a picture of an old man no longer dependent upon hireling hands for tendance, but comforted and cherished for his own sake. Your suddenly expressed resolve to leave me jarred upon my heart-strings, and put them out of tune; but now the very reason which prompted you to depart endears you to me, and bids me to press your stay. The necessity for your absence no longer exists, Richard, since it lies in my power to cure what is amiss in you—to supply the lack which prevents your saying to this girl, 'I love you.' My money shall be yours, lad; there is enough for both, for all three of us. You shall be my son, and she my daughter. We will live together till my death, and afterward you two shall be my heirs."

The old man rose and held out both his hands, with a smile of welcome. Richard took one of them in his own, and carried it to his lips. "Dear Mr. Flint," he said, with emotion, "your kindness is extreme; your offer generous beyond the reach of words to acknowledge; but I can not accept it."

"Not accept it—not make us all happy by accepting it?"

"We don't know about 'all,' Sir, to begin with," said Richard, smiling sadly.

"But you have only to ask, man," cried the Professor, pettishly. "I can't believe that any girl in her senses would prefer Horn Winthrop, or, for that matter, any body else, to a fine young fellow like yourself; and if she does, well, you shall be my son all the same. But she will not be such a fool. I'll wager my Cave Bear's bone against a heap of oyster-shells that Mabel will say 'Yes.'"

"You torture me with your good intentions, Mr. Flint," returned Richard, sadly. "I beseech you, if you have any liking for my unhappy self, do not tempt me further. I thank you from the bottom of my heart for your noble offer, but I can not accept it. It is impossible for me to do so. Oh, Sir, I know how ungrateful and wantonly churlish I must appear; but if you could only read what is written in my heart—the experience of my life—you would not wonder. I have suffered from man's generosity more than others have done from his neglect or cruelty; I have been petted and pampered for a season, only to be cast off; I have been made sleek and tender, so as to feel the rubs and blows of poverty far more acutely than if I had always known them. Nothing but kindness was intended to me by the man I have in my mind, and I am grateful to him still; but he has worked me grievous wrong. The desire of my heart—deeper and more consuming even than that which I have to-day disclosed to you—is to repay at least all material obligations, and to begin life, even if it be at middle age, a free man, exempt from hateful obligation. I have not a word to say against my once benefactor; it is not his fault that he has abandoned me; a stronger will than his compelled him to do so. But from henceforth I am my own master, and none other's, no matter how hard I have to toil. I only wait until I shall have paid my debt to resume my own name in place of my creditor's. I am quite aware how different are the circumstances of your present offer. I allow that so good a heart as yours is incapable of the change which has happened in another's. The temptation which you hold out before me is almost greater than I can resist. But I do resist it. I cast it from me. I"—Richard's breath came hard and fast, and the drops of agony stood out upon his brow—"I go, Sir. God Almighty bless you and reward you, Mr. Flint! You will not be angry with me; you will write to me now and then; and—and—if there is any thing to tell me about her, you will not keep it from me."

"If you leave me thus, Richard Thornton," said the Professor, with menacing finger, "you leave Mabel Denham to another. I am as sure of that as that yonder sun will set to-night."

"Do you think I am blind?" answered Richard, bitterly. "I know it, I know it! Do not drive me mad by speaking of that, but let me go."

The next minute he had closed the door behind him, and run up stairs to his own room. His baggage packed, he carried it down stairs with his own hands; and though it wanted some half hour to the time of his train's departure, dreading to meet under that roof once more the fair young face whose smile had expelled him from it, he took a fly at once to the railway station. Having procured his ticket, he proceeded to the book-stall, wishing to furnish himself with the means to divert his thoughts upon the journey. But they were already busy within him; and it was half mechanically that he took up volume after volume, and laid them down with scarce a recollection of their titles. As the time of the train's departure drew near the throng about the stall became thicker, and in changing his position he trod upon the skirts of a lady's dress.

"I beg your pardon, madam; I—"

The apology was never finished; the words were caught midway frozen as they fell from his tongue.

Mabel Denham herself stood before him!

The cause which had brought Mabel to the book-stall was a simple one enough. Ju had been disappointed in getting a certain novel from the circulating library in the town, and her sister had clandestinely tripped up to the railway station, in hopes to get it for her there. But Thornton stared at her as though she had been an apparition. Had the Professor, in the extremity of his chagrin, sent her thither himself, to persuade his young comrade to return? or had he told her all, and was she come of her own accord to bid him good-by forever—or perchance to beseech him to stay? If she had come upon the latter errand, it is certain that his late resolve would have melted like snow.

"*You* here, Miss Denham!" said he, in a tone that he strove to render commonplace.

"Nay, I should rather say, *you* here, Mr. Thornton! We understood that you were doing deputy to-day for the Professor with the antediluvian relics; instead of which you are playing truant among the very latest literature."

"I was not playing truant, Miss Denham. I am going to London by this train."

"Going to London!"

It was plain, even supposing that she thought no more of him than of any other acquaintance, that she did not understand he was leaving Shingleton for good and all. It was usual enough for visitors at *The Grand* to take a return ticket to town, and reappear the next afternoon.

"Yes; I have been unexpectedly summoned away; so suddenly that I could not even bid you and your party good-by. Mr. Flint kindly promised to make my excuses."

He spoke quite coolly and deliberately. The crowd about them could not have guessed but that he was discussing a very ordinary topic; but he was sick at heart, and he knew that, in spite of himself, his face had grown deadly pale.

Mabel was pale too; and her hand, which had been busy with the books, now rested on the counter, as though she was in need of its support.

The porter on the platform was ringing the five minutes' bell. The sound beat upon her brain, and dazed her. She was doomed to hear it, a thousand times in the years to come, tolling the knell of a young hope that had not, alas! died altogether still-born.

"Are you going for good?" said she, simply. "Shall we not see you back again?"

"I am afraid not, Miss Denham. My little holiday is finished for this season. It has been a very happy one, thanks to you and yours."

"Now, then, take your seats for London," exclaimed the railway guard; "all for London take your seats."

"Good-by, Miss Denham," said Richard, hurriedly snatching the hand she mechanically held out, and which struck cold even through its glove. "God bless you—and yours."

Something within his throat rose up and choked his trembling voice. As for Mabel, she was tongue-tied; but the fingers which he held had unmistakably returned his earnest pressure. It was that which had unnerved him. One word from her would have altered the future destinies of both, even at that last moment; but she uttered not a syllable. He left her standing by the stall, on which her left hand was now leaning very heavily, and took his place in the train. He watched her eagerly through the window; and at the very last, as the long line of carriages drew out of the station, he saw her turn and look at him again. There was no sign of farewell between them; but each read in the other's face a despairing calm, a mute recognition to the will of ruthless Fate. They loved one another, and yet they felt that they were henceforth divided in their lives forever!

CHAPTER XVI.

"MAN PROPOSES—"

"This is the book you wanted, ma'am," said the book-stall keeper.

Mabel took it like one in a dream, and moved slowly toward the station door, whither a stream of people were already wending, full of talk.

"Beg your pardon, miss," said a voice close to her ear; "but you have forgotten to pay for the volume."

"How *very* stupid of me," said poor Mabel, fumbling for her purse with trembling fingers.

"Not at all, ma'am," said the stall-keeper, upon whom constant association with literature had worked its civilizing influence, and whose wits exceptional opportunities for observation of mankind had sharpened to a fine point.

"Parties often do forget who have just been seeing parties off by the train."

Mabel blushed crimson as she paid the money, and hurried away—not back again to the hotel: to meet and have to converse with any body, even with her sister, she felt was just now more than she could bear. If she could have reached her own room unobserved she would have done so gladly; but there was risk of being interrupted on the way. She took a road that led out from the town to an unfrequented path along the cliffs. Her heart lay within her like a lump of lead, and her head was heavy too; but she walked very swiftly through dusty suburban streets, new built, and but half finished; then along an open common, where the nurse-maids, leaning on the perambulators which they pretended to push, turned round to gaze at her, and to interchange with one another meaning glances (it was clear to them that she had an appointment to keep with her "young man"); then over a low stile on to the cliff path, where the sea air came fresh and cool to her fevered forehead. At her feet, but far below, was the shore, with its knots of children, its shrimpers dredging in the sand, its searchers of the rocks and weeds; and the spa, with its groups of gayly dressed folks, listening to the band, the strains from which came faintly to her ear. She hastened on, and left all this behind her. Her one desire was to be alone—to be out of sight and hearing of all the world.

At last she found a solitary spot, a grassy ravine, with a few sheep browsing on its sides, which looked up at her for a moment, more in wonder than in fear, and then recommenced their meal. The tinkle of their bells, as each slowly changed his feeding-ground, and the far-off murmur of the sea, just glinting through a narrow cleft, were all that was to be heard. The peace and quiet music of the scene helped on the tears of which she was in more sore need than ever was parched earth of summer rain; and here she sat down and shed them. She had shed tears before—what woman has not?—often; tears of childhood, dried as soon as fallen by the kisses of beloved ones; tears of later years, that sprang unbidden to her eyes when thinking of the mother she had scarcely known; and those impassioned ones which fell when "Ju" was taken from her and the home that seemed no longer home without that sister's face. But those were tears, and these were drops of gall. Ten days ago she had seemed to herself the happiest of human creatures; and now, poor simple soul, she deemed that she was sounding the very depths of human wretchedness: the sun had fallen from that blue heaven, and left all her life in darkness and eclipse forever. "Oh, Richard, Richard! why did you save me from the waves to leave me thus forlorn and desolate?" For she loved the lad with trustful heart; and somehow, though he had never told her so, or hinted at it by one look or gesture (save in that farewell pressure of her hand, which it was not in nature to withhold—how *could* he have taken it in his own, and held it there, and given it back again—the dearest thing in all the world—as though it had been a pebble or sea-shell?)—somehow she knew that Richard returned that love. If she had listened to all his talk with Mr. Flint she could not have more accurately guessed how matters stood with him: that he was poor and proud, and had been hardly used; and that he had left her for the same reason that he had held his peace, and avoided her society to spare them both unfruitful sorrow, since neither pain nor patience could avail them. Mere sympathy and intuition had told her much of this, and the rest had been supplemented for her by her sister and Mrs. Marshall, though they little guessed what knowledge they were imparting. Even Ju's loving eye had failed to discern the impression which Thornton had made on her sister's heart, though (as we have seen) she had perceived that he himself was smitten by her darling's charms; and as for Mrs. Marshall, she could not imagine that any girl, however young, could "think seriously" of a nameless, fortuneless lad like Thornton, when Winthrop of Wapshot and Son were so evidently regarding her with favor. But both ladies had spoken of Richard's modesty and right feeling in terms which had early opened Mabel's eyes to the true state of the case, and, to say truth, had prevented her from fretting, as she had done at first, at the young fellow's supposed indifference to her; and now it would have been better far for her to have continued in that mistake, and to have fretted on.

She saw herself back again at the rectory, laden with a secret that she dared not disclose, the only being in whom she could have reposed it hundreds of miles away in unknown China. She drew a picture in her mind, colorless and sombre, of the life that she must henceforth lead there. "The level waste, the rounded gray" of country existence rose up before her from fore-ground to

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horizon, without one attractive feature; the dull dinner-parties to which she would now accompany her father, and afterward entertain the company with a little music; the stately patronage—paid chiefly in the coin of croquet and afternoon tea—which she would receive at "the Hall," for the squire of Swallowdip was a great magnate, and his wife "my Lady" in her own right; the tattle and small-talk in which, even of yore, it had been difficult to affect an interest, and which would now (she felt) be insupportable. Lastly, there were her home duties; the attention to her father's needs, which, indeed, were few enough (he was a bluff, healthy man, who had rarely known sickness, and of a nature disinclined to sentimental "fal-lal" of all kinds; he liked his pipe, and to be let alone); the visiting and tendance of the poor; the teaching in the girls' school; the practicing in the village choir. In these duties, in the more energetic performance of them, she would endeavor to forget—no, that was impossible—but to mitigate the past. Time would heal, perhaps, even this deep and gaping wound, and loving Duty would be its best ally. It might be so; but in the mean time this foreshadowing of her future was so dark and depressing that, like a sick man whose malady has long to run, she turned from the contemplation of its course to the sharp, present pain as almost a relief. She reviewed all that had taken place within those last few days, the incidents of which so outweighed all others within her smooth experience that they seemed to comprise her life. Father and sister and home were on one side of an imaginary equator, and on the other was her lover. She called up every circumstance connected with her brief acquaintance with him, and lingered over them as a child might do over the contents of her little jawel-drawer—worthless in all others' eyes, but beyond all price in hers. The glance with which he had looked up at her from his book, when they asked him the way to Anemone Bay, and the simple bow with which he had greeted her. Once more she watched him toiling over the sandy hill with the coble, and straining every nerve to be beforehand with the greedy waves; she felt again the warm clasp of his hand, as he assisted her into that little ark of safety; she heard his accents of contempt, as he addressed the morose Horn, and marked the obedience with which he had returned for him at her lightest word. She thought, with a flush of shame and indignation, that it might have been because he had misunderstood her relations with Mr. Horn Winthrop that he had rowed away without even waiting for her word of thanks; as it certainly was for that reason that he had forborne (as Mrs. Marshall had openly hinted) to pay her any court while at the hotel. He would not intrude his attention, when it was obvious that others, or at last one other, infinitely more favored by the gifts of fortune, were endeavoring to win her hand. An hour ago she would have shrunk from taking such a view of the advances of Mr. Winthrop or his son, but in this supreme moment all things appeared to her in their true light. The refinements of convention were swept away. Alas! how falsely had he sung who said, "'Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all!" How infinitely happier would it have been for her had she never come to Shingleton to meet him whom she would never cease to mourn! The one thing that she yearned for now was to go home—not that home was dear to her as it had been, but because it would have nothing to remind her of Richard. *Here*, all was eloquent of a vanished joy; the very wind seemed laden with it, as it sighed on her wet cheeks, and the sorrowful monotone of the sea was, "Richard, Richard!" She would get away from Shingleton at once, and at all events. How she was to effect this, what excuse she was to make for such an abrupt departure, was by no means clear to her; her father was expected on the ensuing Monday, and on the Thursday following, when the Pennants departed for Hong-Kong, she was to return with him to the rectory. Such were the present arrangements, which certainly seemed reasonable enough, and with which she would scarcely be permitted to interfere without good cause. True, she had only to make a *confidante* of Ju, and her sister would doubtless make all smooth for her; but had she a right to tell Ju, which, moreover, would involve her husband's being also told? Was not this secret of hers Richard's also? and, since he had only disclosed it to herself by accident—if he could have been said to have disclosed it at all—was it likely that he wished others to know of it? This made her pause in her resolve to quit the place. She would still be loyal to Richard, if she could be nothing else; and terrible as it would be to remain at Shingleton—for other reasons besides that he had been there, and was now to be there no longer—she was ready to endure it for his sake. Having come to this conclusion, she was about to rise and return to the hotel, when she heard footsteps behind her. Fearing that some traces of her late emotion might still be visible in her face, she waited until the new-comer should pass. The footsteps came nearer and nearer—then stopped. The man—for they were man's steps—was probably contemplating the landscape, which, at that spot, offered peculiar attractions.

"My dear Miss Denham, is it possible that I find you here?"

Mabel started to her feet, and met Mr. Winthrop the elder face to face. She was too angry to be embarrassed or distressed. The intrusion, so unwelcome and inopportune, appeared for the moment to her excited fancy to be intentional.

"I am afraid my coming upon you thus suddenly, Miss Denham," said he, with great respect, "has alarmed you?"

"I am not at all alarmed," returned she, coldly; "but, of course, I did not expect to see you here."

"Nor I to see you. I am equally astonished with yourself, though, doubtless (as is only natural), better pleased. You do not intend, it seems, to honor the table d'hôte with your presence today."

"We dine in our own room, I believe."

"I am sorry for it—especially sorry to-day—for a reason with which perhaps you are not unacquainted." Mabel was gazing abstractedly at the little strip of blue sea that showed itself through the gorge, and did not perceive the searching and suspicious glance with which these words were accompanied.

"I know no reason," said she, in quiet scorn, "why to-day, more or less than any other day, our absence from the table d'hôte should be regretted."

"You seem piqued, Miss Denham. I am afraid that the departure of a certain young gentleman from *The Gravel* to-day may—"

"I do not understand you, Mr. Winthrop." She turned upon him with flashing eyes and crimson cheeks. "To whom do you refer, Sir? Or rather by what right do you venture to make such an observation?"

"Well, really, one has rights, I suppose, as a parent—since one has certainly wrongs enough. I was referring, of course, to the departure of my son Horn."

"Is Mr. Horn Winthrop gone, then?" Her astonishment at this information was unmistakable, nor could she omit from her tone some indication of relief. "There is nothing wrong, I hope," added she, apologetically; "no bad news, I mean, which has necessitated his departure?"

"No, no," said Mr. Winthrop, gayly, his countenance, so far from displaying annoyance, evincing the utmost satisfaction; "and if there were, Horn could bear it with great equanimity. He is a philosopher in his own way, and in return demands occasionally philosophy in others. You must not judge him harshly, however; he has been a spoiled child all his life, but his faults are on the surface. They are certainly *there*, you would say, Miss Denham. Well, well, I can not deny it."

"Indeed, Mr. Winthrop, I was about to say nothing of the kind."

"Then it was very good of you. Let me flatter myself that your forbearance was on my account. I am not blind, believe me, to my son's deficiencies and excrescences. He wants planing. He wants a number of remedies which I have never had the patience to apply; and now the poor fellow, so far as tone and manner are concerned, is past mending. He goes on his way, and I on mine. The world will be charitable to him, because he will be very rich; and, in the mean time, I have made him quite independent of me. I do not see him twice a year; and, to tell you the truth, he would not break his heart if we met even less often. He is not demonstrative in his affections; whereas I myself—" Here Mr. Winthrop sighed heavily.

"Alas! I have been deprived by Providence of her who could reciprocate my love."

Mabel knew what was coming now. Her heart beat violently within her; there was a sound in her ears as though the waveless sea had risen in storm. It was as vain for her to attempt to escape as for the dove to flutter which finds itself already in the hands of its captor; yet she made shift to murmur that the hour was late, and she must return to the hotel.

"Permit me, my dear Miss Mabel, to be your escort."

She rested her finger-tips upon the arm she could not decline, and they turned slowly homeward.

"I was about to confide to you," continued Mr. Winthrop, in low, broken tones, "some sorrows of my own, with which I have, after all, no right to trouble you. I will pass them by, and speak at once upon a brighter topic—their possible solace. Miss Denham, you see before you a man whom the world would tell you is to be envied. The heyday of youth has indeed gone by with me, and yet, I hope, not youth itself. Even in years I am still a young man, and my heart is as young as ever; more tender, perhaps, than others which have not beat so long, since it has known what it is to suffer. You, my dear young lady, have happily been spared the knowledge of what it is to love and to lose; but I read in your eyes that you pity me."

"Indeed, Sir, I am very sorry for you," said Mabel, simply. She would have used the same tone and form of words if he had complained of headache.

"You are most kind," said Mr. Winthrop, softly; "and yet you can be kinder still, if you will; there is something which a man like me, forlorn and desolate and friendless, yearns for even more than pity. Would you find it impossible, dear girl, to love me—to be my wife?" He stopped, and looked fixedly at her; she raised her eyes, and met his glance with a courage for which she had not given herself credit. Her voice was very distinct as she replied: "Indeed, Mr. Winthrop, it would be quite impossible. I am sensible of the honor you do me. I am aware that many girls, much more worthy"—he smiled sadly, and waved his disengaged hand in deprecation; but she went on—"much better, wiser, abler than myself in every way, would gladly accept your offer. But I can not do so."

"That is enough, my dear Miss Denham," answered Mr. Winthrop, gravely. "Do not fear that I shall distress you by pressing a hopeless suit. At the same time I honestly tell you that I am not utterly disheartened—man proposes, and God disposes, in all cases save one, where man proposes, and woman rejects. The matter is not, then, so definitely settled, and I do not feel that Providence is finally against me in this matter."

"But indeed you may, Sir," said Mabel, firmly, and perhaps somewhat piqued by the light manner beneath which the other strove to conceal a bitter chagrin. "It is better to face the truth at once."

"Yes; but that is not so easy for poor me as for you, Miss Mabel," returned Mr. Winthrop, forcing a smile; "yet for the present let it be so. You will forget my words and me, of course. Be it so. On the other hand, I shall never, never forget you. Some day, perhaps"—here he spoke with great impressiveness and quiet—"there may be a chance of proving my devotion, if not to you, at least to your interests. If I can do so, if by any means within my power I can do you service or pleasure, I pray you remember that I am actuated by friendship only (for that, I trust, you will permit me to entertain for you); I shall demand no guerdon beyond the gratification of assisting you. It will be a very great gratification; and yet that you may never need such aid will be my constant prayer." He lifted her fingers to his lips, then replaced them on his arm, like one who, at a holy rite, handles some sacred vessel.

"Your generosity, Mr. Winthrop, touches me deeply," said Mabel, in trembling accents. "I did not expect—that is, I had no right—"

"Ah, you thought me a heartless, selfish, vain old fellow," broke in Mr. Winthrop, with an attempt at gayety. "Well, well, you have learned to think better of me; that is something. Still, I have a little vanity, and I should not like it known, I may confess to you, that I have—that you have declined—" Here Mr. Winthrop's ready tongue failed him in this delicate extremity.

"Your secret is quite safe with me, Sir," said Mabel, earnestly.

They were once more on the common among the nurse-maids, who exchanged with one another glances even more significant than before. Their intuitive perception that Mabel had gone to meet her young man was proved accurate, since here he was arm in arm with her. Their looks, which she had not noticed on the previous occasion, now seriously annoyed her; whereas Mr. Winthrop was rather gratified with this mark of attention than otherwise. They had a habit, however, of bursting into open laughter immediately after the pair had passed, which was objectionable, since he could not but reflect that the sense of humor is sometimes tickled by the idea of disparity of age.

When they reached the suburbs Mr. Winthrop halted. "Dear Miss Denham," said he, respectfully, "I am about to make a remark, which, although rude, you must allow is at least an unselfish one: would you not prefer to return to the hotel alone—I mean, not in my company?"

"Thank you, yes," said Mabel, eagerly, to whom this idea had already presented itself; "that would be much better." Her fingers dropped from his arm; she felt that she ought to shake hands with him, were it but in sign of this final parting; but she thought of the last clasp which that hand of hers had felt and returned, and hesitated to offer it. Mr. Winthrop, as though divining her objection, took off his hat.

"Good-by, Sir," said Mabel, not without a touch of kind feeling, such as every true woman feels in dismissing forever the man who has offered himself to her in honor.

"Au revoir," said he, with a grateful look; then turned down a by-path that led to the seashore.

As Mabel hurried homeward, she regretted that he had used that phrase, "au revoir." Still, he was that sort of man who habitually interlards French phrases with his speech, and might have meant nothing by it. He could not surely mean that after what had passed he would continue to meet her as before! Such a course of conduct would be most embarrassing—nay, unbearable.

Here was the hotel at last. What experiences had she undergone since she had looked upon it, scarce two hours ago!

The affable manager was in the hall as she passed through it. "Your sister," said he, with the bow on which he justly prided himself, "has been inquiring for you, madam, with some anxiety."

"Indeed!" said she. "I have been for a walk along the cliff path; that is all."

"Nay, madam, I do not mean that she was anxious upon your account—nobody ever comes to harm at Shingleton, I hope; but a letter has come for you by the afternoon post, which I noticed was marked 'immediate.'"

The events of that eventful day, it seemed, were not yet ended.

SHOOTING AN ELEPHANT.

DURING the latter weeks of the siege of Paris it was found advisable to order the killing of the wild beasts and birds in the zoological collections both at the Jardin des Plantes and at the Jardin d'Acclimatation, as well to save the fodder, corn, hay, and horse-flesh which they had been accustomed to consume, as to make the flesh of such animals as the human appetite can stomach available for the public need. While six or seven hundred horses were daily slaughtered for food, their flesh being sold at a franc and a half the half-kilogramme, or pound—while dogs' flesh was worth two francs the pound, and cats and rats were alike the food of Frenchmen—it was not to be doubted that dainty pickings would be found in the Parisian "Zoo." The deer, the antelopes, the kangaroos, the bears, and even some portions of the largest graminivorous beasts, such as the elephant and rhinoceros, would afford tolerable meat. They were quickly put to death by shooting, and their carcasses were sold to the leading restaurateurs in the city. The London *Times* correspondent describes a dinner to which he was invited, where one of the dishes was a few slices of elephant's trunk, often described by African hunters as a very choice morsel, "the flesh very tender, and not badly flavored." We give an illustration on page 173 of the slaughtering of this grand creature.

THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE.

THE destruction of those beautiful groves in the Bois de Boulogne and other public pleasure-grounds, which have been cut down either to clear the space, for military reasons, in front of the ramparts, or to provide fuel for the distressed townsfolk, has already been mentioned in our columns. We give on page 173 an illustration of the scenes of havoc and devastation now to be found in what till recently was the most delightful promenade belonging to any city in Europe. The Bois de Boulogne can not, for many years to come, even though wealth and fashion return to Paris, be restored to its former condition. Its extent is above 2000 acres; nearly half was a wood, the whole place having been a wild forest till 1852; a quarter of it was laid out in grass, one-eighth in roads, and seventy acres covered with water for the lakes, streams, and cascades. It was constructed by the government of NAPOLEON III. in concert with the municipality of Paris.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THERE was, many years ago, a Lazy Men's Society. One of the articles required that no man belonging to the society should ever be in a hurry. Now it happened on a time that the village doctor was driving post-haste through the street to visit a patient. The members of the society saw him, and on his return reminded him of his fast riding, and violation of the rules. "Not at all," said the doctor; "the truth is, my horse was determined to go, and I felt too lazy to stop him." They did not catch him that time.

The following rhythmical "dunning letter" was received by a firm on Broad Street, from Bristol, Rhode Island:

"If consistent to thy will,
Please send to me the amount of bill;
For without money I do not know
How to pay others what I owe.
You said to me, at any time
I was in want, 'Just drop a line;'
So now I take the present occasion
To write to you the information.
On the next page you there will see
The amount of money due to me;
If you attend to my case so clear,
I will wish you a Happy New-Year."

A little boy in a Brooklyn Sunday-school was asked lately to say which was the most beautiful verse in the Bible. After some hesitation he replied, blushingly, "If any man pulls down the American flag, shoot him on the spot."

A Chicago girl, who has lost her left leg, advertises for a husband who has no right one; as thus they can buy their shoes together and have nothing over.

The young lady at Allemagoozelum who was up with the lark is now down with the rheumatism.

Many of our city tradesmen having signs in their windows, "Selling at less than cost," and others of a similar nature, one more enterprising trader has outdone them by the following: "Selling at cost—and more too."

What is that which must play before it can work?—A fire-engine.

A recently married lady lately consulted her lawyer on the following question: "As I wedded Mr. Smith for his wealth, and that wealth is now spent, am I not, to all intents and purposes, a widow, and at liberty to marry again?"

Oliver Wendell Holmes calls a kiss a lisping consonant. He should have added also that it usually follows *a-vowal*.

Of what trade are bees?—They are comb-makers.

"Why don't you take your seat within the bar?" asked a lawyer of his client the other day. "My father always advised me to keep out of bad company," replied the other.

A new-made justice of the peace having occasion to marry a couple as his first official act, and there being quite an assemblage present, he determined to strike them dumb with awe, and so, in winding up, he said, "I pronounce you man and wife; and may God have mercy on your souls!"

A man we have heard of is so short that when he is ill he don't know whether he has headache or corns.

A gentleman of a decided Teutonic cast of countenance, having knocked for a long time in vain at the town-clerk's office door at Middletown, Connecticut, anxiously inquired of a by-stander what was the matter. He was politely informed that the office was closed, but, if any thing important was wanted, the house of the clerk might be found. "Oh," said Teuton, "it is nothing; I only wanted to get married."

THE BEST CHURCH SERVICE—Matrimony.

A kind lady who sent up a mince-pie, with the request to "please insert," is assured that such articles are never crowded out by a press of other matter.

This is a good time to collect autographs—of your creditors.

A contemporary says, "The first printers were Titans." There are a good many "tight uns" among them still.

A Chicago saloon is called "Lamb's Rest." Folks look sheepish when they come out.

MODERN HEATHENISM—Worshiping idols (idles) in crinoline.

A diminutive piece of masculine conceit was nicely put down the other evening. He was detailing to a lady how one of our most noted belles had taken his arm on the Avenue on Sunday evening. "I don't know what people would have thought, I'm sure," he said, with the air of a lady-killer. "Oh, don't alarm yourself, Mr. ——," was the reply. "They probably took you for her little boy."

On one occasion a young and zealous lawyer, not over-punctilious in his allusions to the Court, nor very formal in his manner, was arguing a question before a judge, and in the course of his argument, by way of illustration, wished to suppose a case. "We will suppose, your Honor," said he, "that your Honor were to steal a horse—" "No, no," interrupted the judge. "Not at all, not at all. 'Tain't a supposable case, Mr. S——; 'tain't a supposable case." "Very well, begging your Honor's pardon," proceeded the eager lawyer, with more zeal than prudence; "very well. Then supposing that I should steal a horse—" "Ah, yes, yes, yes," said the judge; "that is a very different thing. Very likely, Mr. S——, very likely. Proceed, Mr. S——." Mr. S—— proceeded to take a seat, amidst the shouts of his brethren, and had the good sense to take the joke in good part, and repeat it often to his friends.

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IN THE CLUTCHES OF THE ENEMY.—[SEE PAGE 173.]

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BEFORE THE SURRENDER OF PARIS—"ANOTHER SORTIE."

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IN THE CLUTCHES OF THE ENEMY.

THE shifts and contrivances to which the beleaguered Parisians, shut out altogether from the world, were reduced, partook so much of the primitive stratagems resorted to in former days that we might almost think, if we did not know that history was writing itself so sadly hour by hour, that this nineteenth century of progress was a dream, and that railways, telegraphs, Atlantic cables, and Mont Cenis tunnels were not wonderful realities of the present generation. The man who, this time last year, might have hinted that the people of Paris would be escaping in balloons from the city, which German hosts were so inexorably investing, or that messages would be sent by pigeon-post, would have been reckoned a fit person to be at once taken care of by his friends. Yet, day by day, these aerial messengers, the courier or carrier pigeons, with their burden of minutely photographed missives—bearing, fastened to their feet or the middle feather of their tails, dispatches on which the fate of the city of the world hung—winged their momentous journeys to and from unhappy Paris.

Their Prussian foes met this manœuvre as well as they could, as illustrated on page 168, by training hawks to run down the pigeons, and thus intercept the communications; but their success was only partial, and it may safely be considered that the majority of the "couriers" reached their destination safely.

THE LOOK ACROSS THE CROWD.

A Love-Story.

BY ANNIE THOMAS.

IT is ten years since it flashed upon me, but my recollection of it is so vivid that I can photograph the scenes and the actors as clearly as if it were only yesterday.

It was the first week of my residence in Gleyne, where I had gone to take possession of a medical practice that had been left to me by my uncle and god-father, Mr. Lynton. I was a very young man to step into such a good thing as this Gleyne practice: so all my friends impressed upon me. And I was ready to acquiesce in the truth of their remarks, and to sun myself in the summer of prosperity which had suddenly burst upon me with a light and grateful heart.

In addition to the practice, my uncle had bequeathed to me his handsome, substantial, roomy, well-furnished house, in Gleyne High Street. Three old maiden sisters had lived with him, and died with him, leaving him all their possessions; and these filled every nook and corner of the big house—filled it so comfortably that I, the owner of the house, was looked upon as a man who was "well to do," in the village idiom; "an eligible," in fashionable slang.

I had been in Gleyne a week, as I have already stated, and during that week I had been on several rounds, and had made the acquaintance of several of my patients of the better class, as well as some hundreds of my poorer brethren. In short, I had thrown myself into my work with all my heart and soul, and, judging from the start, my career in Gleyne promised to be a successful one.

I arrived in Gleyne while a sharp electioneering tussle was going on between a lately ousted radical member and his opponent, a "liberal conservative." It was an exciting time for the little borough town, and the little borough town made the most of it. On the strength of the election a committee was formed to organize a bazar, a ball, a garden fête and concert, and a public dinner. I was told wherever I went, and by whomsoever I was met, that I was supremely lucky to have come into the place at this most festive time. Naturally, as a rising young practitioner, I put my name down as a subscriber to all of the gayety that was going on. I was called upon to be one of the stewards of the ball and dinner, and flowers from my green-house were begged, to contribute to the splendor of the flower fête. Altogether, I was well in for it, and being young and full of life, I greatly rejoiced thereat.

The bazar inaugurated the festivities. I reached Gleyne early in May; consequently the garden, on which my predecessor had expended much care and money, was in its early summer glory. There was a wealth of pale buff roses, and lilies of the valley, and luscious magnolias out in full bloom; and the young ladies of Gleyne formed themselves into a deputation, and came to levy a tax on my flower-beds at all hours of the day on the eve of the bazar; for one of the features of the bazar was to be a bouquet and button-hole-sprig stall, and two of the belles of Gleyne were to keep it, and by their wiles and beauty win much coin of the realm to the cause in which the bazar was held.

I wanted to make my way in the place, both socially and professionally; and so on the morning of the bazar I filled my pockets with as much cash as I could afford to waste, and went down to the gayly decked tent in which the fair despoilers held their court.

It was a sufficiently gay scene—a surprisingly gay one for a country revel—for all the county was there; and Gleyne itself was rich in inhabitants of the upper middle-class order—whose daughters were all more or less well and fashionably dressed. But though they were well and fashionably dressed, the country breeding and the rural air were stamped upon them; and so I, fresh from London, where I had been free to gaze upon the courtly beauties daily and nightly on view in Rotten Row and at the Opera, felt myself justified in withholding from them that meed of admiration which their fellow-townsmen lavished upon them to an extravagant degree.

I had disbursed at several stalls, and been introduced to and "chaffed" by a variety of fair stall-holders. The word "chaff" is not a pleasing one to be used in connection with ladies, but it expresses what the ladies of Gleyne said they were doing, and thought they were doing. They were all (the young ones) more or less volatile, after what they probably believed was the custom of more aristocratic amateur shop-women. And they were all eager to impress themselves upon the notice of a marriageable man, after what we know to be the manner of the common herd of girls in all ages and all climes.

Looking round from a stall at which I had loitered for some minutes, and sending my gaze over the heads of the intervening masses of possible purchasers, I met that "look across the crowd" which has lived in my memory ever since. It was a look of such quiet, perfect, thorough sympathy with and understanding of the weariness which I have good reason to know was apparent in my face. There was nothing cynical or sneering in it. It simply expressed sympathy and understanding. And the eyes that expressed these things were the sweetest eyes I ever saw—dark gray velvety eyes, with a soft, long, curly fringe on either lid—lovely, gentle, womanly eyes, that I knew in a moment would never be dimmed by idle, or discontented, or spiteful tears—eyes that would never flash fury, or narrow between their lids with needless jealousy.

That look across the crowd took me over to the stall at which the owner of these eyes stood in a moment. She was not a saleswoman. I was glad of that; for in my heart I had a very poor opinion both of bazars and of the ladies who lowered themselves to the system of extortion practiced at them. The lady whose sweet looks had led me hither was not a saleswoman, but she was standing inside the stall, talking to the keeper of it—a lady of rather more mature age than herself, whom I afterward discovered to be her sister.

Can I make you, who never saw her, understand the winning charm of her beauty? I fear not; for to myself my own words of warmest praise of her ever seemed cold and tame. There was the gentlest grace that I ever saw in a woman; and this it was that lent the subtlest spell to her loveliness. She was so gracious to all things animate or inanimate that I believe a mad dog would have refrained from biting her. My darling! I loved you so well that first moment of seeing you that it is incomprehensible how I ever came to love you more.

I stood near her for a few moments—long enough to hear her speak in her glad, sweet, good, girlish tones. And then I went off eagerly in search of the accommodating friend who had been introducing me right and left to the other girls of Gleyne. He knew in an instant by my description whom I meant. "Oh! ah! that's Miss Belmore," he said; "but I don't know about introducing you. Her sister mounts guard over her to a most awful extent."

"Bother her sister!" I said, impatiently. "Is that her sister she's with? Take the opportunity of introducing me to Miss Belmore when her sister is thrusting a pin-cushion, or some trifle of the kind, upon some unlucky fellow. I must know that lady. Come!"

My manner was so peremptory, I was so filled with my earnest desire to know her, that I carried my friend away against his own conviction that it would be better not to beard Mrs. Kellogg in her den."

"I tell you," he grumbled, "that it's no use; you'll never advance the intimacy a step, however hard you try. Mrs. Kellogg was a beauty, too; but she made a mess of it; and she's determined to keep a sharp look-out on her sister. They say she has her bright eyes on our new member, Sir Laurence Divett, for a brother-in-law."

"Never mind; introduce me," I urged; and in a few minutes it came about that I was introduced, and Lily Belmore was speaking to me.

"You looked so tired just now, I couldn't help pitying you," she said. And I answered,

"I saw that you pitied me, Miss Belmore."

"And I was tired, too," she said, honestly. "My sister is so good, she likes these things; but I dislike making, or buying, or selling for them."

"I wish you would dislike chattering and interrupting the business of them," Mrs. Kellogg said, not over-good-temperedly, I thought.—"Mr. Lynton, *may* I trouble you to move on. I see some possible purchasers hovering about, and while you stand here they think I am engaged and can't attend to them."

I could not be thrust away from her thus without making an appeal. At this distance of time I am free to confess that it was very bad manners on my part; but I would attempt to resist Mrs. Kellogg's authority.

"Perhaps, Miss Belmore, you will allow me to escort you down to the flower-stall?" I said, pertinaciously; "the bazar looks prettier from that point than from any other."

"Will you spare me, Gussie?"

"How unreasonable you are, Daisy!" Mrs. Kellogg replied, in a peevish tone. "No, I can't spare you. *Good*-morning, Mr. Lynton."

And then there was nothing for me to do but to take off my hat, bow my adieus, and retire, discomfited. But Daisy's eyes met mine once more, and put me at peace with all mankind. And, at least, I was thus much more blessed than I had been an hour ago, in that I knew her now.

The whole of that day, to the disregard of some of my possible professional interests, I hovered in and about that masculine purgatory, the bazar; but I failed in gaining further speech of the woman who had suddenly become the light of my life. But I saw her constantly, and derived a sort of tantalizing consolation from the sight; and occasionally I got a look across the crowd that compensated me for the weary watch I kept.

I have told you that Daisy had dark gray velvety eyes, but I have told you nothing more of her appearance yet. I will tell you now that she had a short oval face; in childhood it must have been round, like one of Sir Joshua Reynolds's children. But now, in her glorious spring-tide, it was a delicate short oval. Her hair was very light and fine in texture, and of a rich golden brown in color. And her mouth was tenderly curved, and full of sympathy in every line. She had a gracious, womanly figure, too—not a stately, imposing "presence," nor a "sylph-like form"—but a full, gracious, well-developed figure, in which every organ, the heart included, had free room to play.

They were at the ball which brought the electioneering festivities to a close—Mrs. Kellogg and her sister—escorted by the man who had been kindly permitted by Mrs. Kellogg to bestow his name and money upon her. Mr. Kellogg was a short, podgy man, with a healthy red face, and a capital interest in the county bank; and, while he nearly supported the whole family, the Belmores conceived him to be much honored by the alliance.

Sir Laurence Divett was there too—a handsome, well-bred, successful young fellow. What chance, I asked myself, miserably, could an obscure country surgeon have against him if he meant to win her? The only reflection that brought me any comfort at that wretched epoch was that perhaps Daisy was not so lovely in his eyes as she was in mine. I admitted that this was a *possibility*; but that it should be a probability never occurred to me.

She was our queen, our rose, our star, that night. And the young baronet, the new member, devoted a large share of his attentions to her. So large a portion, indeed, that Mrs. Kellogg grew gracious with the world in general, and even honored me with a portion of her notice. She bowed, and brought me up to her side with one of those flashing smiles that women of the world know so well how to deal out liberally when they feel sure that the liberality will cost them nothing. And when I went up to her she said:

"Mr. Lynton, I must apologize for having appeared to be rather brusque at the bazar the other day; but the fact is, the burden laid upon me was greater than I could bear, as Longfellow observes apropos of something else. I did feel so dreadfully busy, and my sister would do nothing but talk to every one who came near the stall."

"Ha, ha! madame wishes me to understand that I was not specially favored by Miss Belmore," I thought; but I only said,

"I hope your efforts were well rewarded?"

"Yes—thanks. I made a good sum. My husband owes you an apology for not having called on you yet; I make it for him. Let me take you and introduce you to him."

I acquiesced in her suggestion, and felt overwhelmed by her kindness for a few moments, until she led me into the card-room. Then I realized that this was a *ruse* to get me away from the ball-room, where her sister was, and I resolved to balk her.

"You must fix one day of next week for Mr. Lynton to dine with us, John," she said, suavely, to her husband, as she was leaving us. And when she was gone, clumsy, blundering, honest "John" said:

"I'll fix a day for you to dine with us, with the greatest pleasure, Mr. Lynton; but it shall be to-morrow, if you please, when we have a party and a houseful of friends—not next week, when my wife's sister and every one will have left us. Will you come?"

I accepted the invitation gladly, and scored one against Mrs. Kellogg; and then I sauntered back to the ball-room, where I saw Miss Belmore pausing to rest in the middle of a waltz, while her partner (Sir Laurence Divett again) fetched her a fan from the other end of the room. In a moment I was at her side.

"Will you give me one dance?" I pleaded.

"With pleasure," she said.

"May it be the next?"

"The next is a quadrille, and I'm engaged for it," she said, consulting her card; "but the one after that is a waltz. Will that do?"

She looked up at me so suddenly as she asked her question that she caught the glance of ardent admiration that I was bending upon her, and in a moment her sweet face flashed crimson, and a soft light came into her eyes that made my heart beat.

"I have lived on the hope of this possibility, which is now to be realized, ever since I saw you that morning," I ventured to say; and then her partner came back to her, and they went whirling off together.

I was in a young man's paradise that night—a fool's paradise it turned out to be; but I would not part with those precious minutes of my life for all the wealth of the world. I believe we said little to one another. But the sensation of her hand resting in mine, the glance shot at me now and again from the sweetest eyes were ever seen, the sound of her breathing close to my ear, as, resting on my arm, we went round and round to the thrilling strains of the "Mabel" and "Guards" waltzes—all these things were infinitely more precious to me than any spoken words could have been at that early stage of the proceedings. Twice or thrice in the course of our gyrations I caught sight of Mrs. Kellogg, and saw that a lowering, ominous frown had settled on that lady's face—a frown that I should have felt boded ill for my future peace if I had not been so foolishly self-confident.

That night came to an end at last, but not the emotions that night's events had raised. Of course I dreamed of her, of Daisy—"my Daisy," as I presumptuously dared to call her to myself. And I woke to the joy of knowing that I should dine in her company that day. How fervently I blessed the uncle who had left me that practice in that place! How cordially I appreciated the kindness and forethought of the maiden aunts who had so stocked and furnished the house that I could take a wife into it at once without expending a single penny on mere "necessaries," which cost so much, and do nothing toward the gratification of the pride of the eye! What visions I had of Daisy flitting about the dark old abode, making it bright and full of sunshine by her mere presence! How little in my heart of love's young dream I foresaw impediments, or feared delay!

Mental cold water was thrown upon my fiery fancies as soon as ever I entered Mrs. Kellogg's drawing-room that evening. The lady of the house made it freezingly manifest to me that I was not welcome and not wanted. She paired me off with a grim old maid with bony shoulders, who was very deaf and very exacting, who would talk to me of woman's rights and wrongs until I could have wrung her scraggy, yellow neck. And all the while my darling was listening to and smiling upon Sir Laurence Divett, as she had listened to and smiled upon me only the night before.

I evaded my deaf and arbitrary persecutor in the drawing-room when we rejoined the ladies after having just enough of Kellogg's good wine to excite the brain and mar the judgment. And after a time I approached Daisy, and begged her to sing, for local report had assured me that she did sing most divinely. She demurred, with a little nervous hesitation in her manner; but presently she threw this off and went to the piano, and sat down and sang "*Non e' Ver*" in a glorious contralto that made every nerve within me vibrate convulsively. Sir Laurence Divett lounged on a low ottoman behind her as she sang, and sometimes beat time audibly on a little table that stood close by him. But I saw with satisfaction that her singing did not affect him as it did me. And I felt a proud consciousness of superiority to him in that I appreciated her more highly than he did.

She left Gleyne the day after this dinner, to go home to her mother's house (her father was dead) for a week or two, and then she was to return and stay with the Kelloggs "for a month," Mrs. Kellogg mentioned, significantly, in my hearing. Rumor had already told me that in a week or two Sir Laurence Divett was going to be the Kelloggs' guest, and it seemed to me that Mrs. Kellogg was bent upon forcing the young people into intimate communion. I did not know then how far things had already gone.

The week or two passed, and Miss Belmore came back to Gleyne, and I determined to seize the earliest opportunity of putting my fate to the touch. True, the young baronet was quartered in the same house with her; still it seemed to me that he was but a cool wooer, and I did not fear him greatly. Gossip was rife in Gleyne about Mrs. Kellogg and her ambitious views for her sister. But then gossip is always rife about every body every where, and I did not heed it much. It was quite sufficient for me that Daisy understood me. That she did so I never for a moment doubted.

The opportunity of speaking to her, of telling her in words what I felt sure she already so well knew from my manner, by the instinct of that fine sympathy which I believed existed between us, came at last. It came in a prosaic way. Not under green trees was it given to me; not by the river-side; not under God's free sky; but in Mrs. Kellogg's strictly conventional drawing-room, where the spirit of the country-town upholsterer was rampant, did I find my love alone at last.

I had called nominally on Mrs. Kellogg, but that lady being out, I had asked, with some fear and trembling, if "Miss Belmore was at home." The answer was in the affirmative, and I was ushered into her presence before I had time to think that, however the interview ended, it would be public property in Gleyne before nightfall.

My heart was in the matter too entirely for me to falter about it. I greeted her and introduced my subject almost in the same breath. I told her what she had been to me from the first moment that I had seen her. I took away her breath with my fervor and my intensity of feeling. I prayed for her love with a passion that made her tremble. I promised her that, as my wife, care and sorrow should be strangers to her. "My love shall shield you from every thing—from the coldness of ambitious friends—" I was saying, excitedly, when she burst out:

"Oh, stop, stop! Oh, Mr. Lynton, you will never forgive me; yes, you will, though—you will be yourself, you will be as generous and good and dear as I have always thought you. I am engaged to Sir Laurence Divett."

I don't know what happened during the next ten minutes. I believe I sat down and buried my face in my hands, like a baffled boy, instead of like a blighted man. But when I removed my hands from my burning eyes she was standing near me, with such wistful pity in her dear face that I loved her more than ever.

"I will tell you all of it now," she said, softly. "He asked me to marry him that night of the ball. I have known him a long time; every body—my own people, I mean—are so pleased with the marriage. Mr. Lynton, don't think of me hardly—and—and—go away now."

I obeyed her, and that was the last time I saw her as Daisy Belmore.

On the plea of ill health I went away for some months, and put a substitute in my practice, who killed and cured most successfully in my behalf. When I came back to resume my place in the little world of Gleyne, Daisy had been Lady Divett some three or four months.

I have called Daisy the love of my life. Heav-

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en knows she was this. From the day that I knew that I had lost her, I never gave a tender word, or look, or thought to another woman. I did not neglect my professional interests, simply because human life and the happiness of others were involved in them. But I grew a grave, quiet, silent, self-absorbed man, and I lived a lonely life.

About four years elapsed, and then, by reason of some changes in our family circumstances, it was deemed advisable that my mother should take up her abode with me. She was a widow, and I was her only son; consequently, in a quiet way, it added much to the happiness of both of us when she came to dwell with me. Unconsciously I relaxed my habits of morbid self-contemplation under the healthy, loving influence of the mother who had borne me. And though I never grew a gay or genial man, I became a better and a happier one.

We vegetated on in this way for five or six years. The little world of Gleyne had ceased long ago to take an interest in me as a marrying man; and the young ladies who had been children when I came among them looked upon me as old and "out of the betting" altogether. Mr. and Mrs. Kellogg had kept up a sort of quarterly interest in me. That is to say, about once in every three months they invited me to dine with them; and regularly at these dinners Mrs. Kellogg made honorable mention of her sister, Lady Divett—not to me, indeed, but to some one who sat near her—in a loud voice that I could not fail to hear.

At last the quarter slipped by, and there came no invitation to dine with the Kelloggs. I should not have noticed this fact, but it did not escape my mother's observation. She commented upon it, and fell into a way of speculating about it that was infinitely wearisome to me, until she fairly aroused my attention one day by saying, "The Kelloggs were in deep mourning yesterday at church; I hear they have lost a near relative on her side."

In an agony of mind that but a minute ago I had not thought it possible I could feel, I besought my mother to find out who that relative was. For the first time I mentioned Daisy to her. "Mrs. Kellogg had a sister in whom I was very much interested when I came here first," I said; "in fact—well, mother, *she* is the cause of my being a wifeless, childless man. Find out all you can; you understand?"

She did understand. Blessings on the maternal spirit which made her so prompt and so sympathetic! In a day or two she told me, casually, *as it seemed*, with what rare delicacy I alone could feel, that she had seen Mrs. Kellogg, and that Mrs. Kellogg was in much distress at the death of her brother-in-law, Sir Laurence Divett.

Eighteen months passed away after the receipt of these tidings, when one day, as I was riding home after a long, tedious, spirit-depressing round of complaint and suffering, I saw a traveling-carriage rolling through the High Street of Gleyne. A few stragglers were standing gazing at the progress; a few idlers were speculating as to whom it could be. I pulled up, and made one of a little group at the door of the "Golden Lion," and almost the next moment the carriage pulled up also. A man-servant out of livery descended from the box, and made inquiries as to whether "Lady Divett's servants could have accommodation at the inn for a fortnight;" and at the same moment, beaming through the carriage window, I caught sight of the still exquisitely lovely face of the woman whose beauty and grace had made my life barren.

Her eyes did not meet mine until just as the carriage was rattling away, and then I saw by the sudden gleam in them, by the pleased blush, by the irrepressible start, that she had recognized me.

"That's the widow Lady Divett, come to stay with her sister, Mrs. Kellogg," I heard muttered about. But I said no word on the subject until I got home; then I told my mother that I had seen her once more.

Two days after this I stood in her presence again. Her little child, a girl of seven, was ill, and she had sent for me. She met me just as she would have met any other medical man, who might possibly relieve her little feverish child. "Poor Daisy is not strong," she said, smiling like a Madonna upon her daughter; "and I get nervous about her, Mr. Lynton. It is such a comfort to me that I am within reach of one who bears such a high reputation for skill as you do."

"Is she your only child?" I asked, without daring to look at her.

"Oh dear, no! happily I can say no. I am very much blessed in my children; they are such sweet pets. You must know them all before I go again; my boy is nine years old."

"Is it possible!" I exclaimed, unguardedly. "Your boy nine years old! and to me it only seems like yesterday that you gave me that look across the crowd at the bazar, which made me your slave for life."

There came a color and a light upon her cheeks and forehead as I spoke that brought the blessed conviction home to my heart that *her* heart was not buried in the grave of her husband. She made no answer to my speech, but she was not angry with me for having made it; and, feeling this, I went home a happier man than I had been for years.

The little Daisy's illness, slight as it was, was a powerful help to me. I went to see the child daily, until the mother had got so used to my presence that the first day I staid away she missed me. The second day she wrote me a note relative to her child's medicine; and the third day she called on my mother.

I was only a country surgeon, and she was the wealthy widow of a baronet! Moreover, it had been duly impressed upon me by her sister, Mrs. Kellogg, that "Daisy's first marriage had been one of the purest affection." But neither of these facts prevailed against my love for her—my desire to have her for my wife. "I have been faithful to you for ten years," I said to her, briefly; "I shall be faithful to you unto my life's end, whether you marry me or not."

For answer she held out her hand to me, and when I relinquished it, it was the hand of my promised wife—long served for, and won at last.

She is Daisy Lynton now, and of all concerned only Mrs. Kellogg regrets that look across the crowd that made me go into bondage for life to the only woman who has ever had a loving look or word from me.

THE NEW HAMBURG DISASTER.

THE trestle bridge that carries the Hudson River Railroad over Wappingers Creek, near the village of New Hamburg, was, on Monday night, February 6, the scene of one of the most shocking disasters on record. The circumstances, as disclosed at the coroner's inquest, were briefly as follows:

The "Second Pacific Express" train left New York that evening about five minutes after eight o'clock. It consisted of the engine, baggage and express cars, five sleeping cars, and one ordinary car. A little behind time at the start, and losing more on the way by stopping to let a passenger get off, it was driven at a high rate of speed—by some estimated at forty miles an hour—rendered more than ordinarily perilous by the effect of the intensely cold weather on the rails, axles, and wheels. Yet all might have been well but for the accident to the huge and unwieldy oil train, which was coming from the opposite direction. This train, consisting of about thirty cars, overladen with immense tanks, each containing about five hundred gallons of oil, was also running, it is said, at an unusual and dangerous rate of speed. Just as it emerged from the tunnel above New Hamburg an axle snapped in two, letting a car near the middle of the train down upon the track. The accident was not discovered, and the train rolled on and partly across the bridge, when the broken axle caught in the trestle-work of the draw, and the car, with its inflammable freight, was thrown over upon the other track, upon which the express train, with its precious load of human lives, was rushing along. It was but a short distance away when the accident occurred, and we believe the evidence shows that there was not time to give the engineer warning of the danger before it was too late. On thundered the train, sweeping round the curve which conceals the bridge from sight until close up to it. Too late the engineer perceives his danger; too late whistles "down brakes," and reverses his engine. With a heroism worthy of all honor he remains at his post, determined to save the train or perish with it. The impetus was too great to be checked, and with a terrible shock the engine plunged into the oil car in its pathway. Instantly a loud explosion shook the air, and a blaze of light shot up toward the sky, illuminating the scene for miles around. Ignited by the fire from the wrecked engine, the burning oil that flowed over the bridge and the frozen creek beneath instantly enveloped the engine, the baggage, express, and the forward sleeping car in sheets of flame that rendered escape impossible. It mitigates the horror of the calamity to think that death must have come instantly to those who were imprisoned in the car, and that their suffering was not prolonged. The bridge is barely five feet above the frozen surface of the water, so that the cars felt the intensest heat and fury of the flames. It was some time before the bridge burned away, so as to let the engine and cars into the creek.

To add to the horrors of this fearful scene, where human aid was of no avail, the utmost confusion prevailed among the employés of the road. No one was on the spot to assume control; and a crowd of human harpies began plundering the baggage (part of which had been thrown out by the force of the collision), and the bodies of the dead, as they were drawn out of the water after the flames had subsided. This horrible work was at last stopped by the courageous bearing of a passenger, who drew his revolver and threatened to shoot the wretches if they would not desist. The officers and employés of the road exhibited the most heartless indifference, and left the work of rescuing the bodies of the dead from the water entirely to the passengers, while they busied themselves with clearing away the wreck.

The number of lives lost by this sad disaster is not yet definitely ascertained, but is supposed to be about twenty-five. Some remarkable escapes from death are noted by correspondents. Just before the collision a gentleman left his family to go into the smoking-car. It was a long separation; the shock came a moment afterward; and later the gentleman recognized among the mutilated bodies those of his wife and two children. One gentleman had started for the West, with his wife and all of his property, intending to settle there. Wishing to speak with a friend in a rear car, he left his wife for a moment; but before he could return the collision came, and he did not see her again till her mangled and disfigured body was taken from the ruins. A lady was on her way to Buffalo with two sisters, and wishing to make some arrangements with friends in the rear car, went back, and had barely escaped from the car when the collision took place. One gentleman saved his life by being ten minutes too late for the train. He had telegraphed to the conductor to reserve him a berth in the car which was consumed. The apparently trivial circumstance of his meeting a friend on his way to the dépôt caused him to miss the train. One of the most touching incidents of the tragedy was the death of the family

SCENE OF THE DISASTER.

of the Rev. Mr. FOWLER. This gentleman, with his wife and two children, was on his way, as a missionary, to Salt Lake City. They were all in the forward sleeping-car, and all were burned together.

This is not the place to inquire whether the disaster was caused by carelessness or not. The coroner's inquest, in progress at the moment of writing, may throw light upon this question. On another page we give several illustrations drawn on the scene of the disaster; and the diagram of that portion of the road where the collision occurred will enable the reader to form a clear conception of the manner in which the sad event took place.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE enormous mortality from scarlet-fever in London has induced medical men in England to investigate more accurately than ever before the means by which it is spread. The results of their researches are specially useful to us just at this season, when that disease is prevailing in our own city to some considerable extent. We have no specific means for checking its progress, such as we possess in vaccination for small-pox; hence greater general care is requisite. In truth, scarlet-fever is extensively spread by personal carelessness and ignorance, by criminal neglect, and by recklessness of individuals as to the public safety. Intensely contagious as is this disease, the patient should be carefully isolated, from the first appearance of the fever until completion of the subsequent process of the peeling of the skin. His clothing is pregnant with poison, and should be thoroughly disinfected before it is sent to the laundry; and attendants should exercise the utmost care not to disseminate the disease. Probably scarlatina is extensively spread during the stage of convalescence, when the epidermal scales are so freely shed and diffused in the atmosphere. Cleanliness and general sanitary regulations, though no bar to its propagation, are of great use in mitigating the severity of this disease.

An excellent regulation is that which has been adopted by some of the Brooklyn lines of street cars, prohibiting the conductor from collecting the fares of passengers on the front platform through the door, but requiring him to go outside from the rear door for this purpose. Every individual who patronizes street cars experiences the great discomfort arising from a chilly current of air pouring through a partly opened door while outside fares are collected. Half the conductors pay little regard to the comfort or health of their passengers in this respect.

It is estimated that the total amount of wine produced in California during the year 1870 is between six and ten million gallons. In addition to this about 150,000 gallons of brandy have been made, which is said to be of superior quality.

A curious custom exists in Switzerland respecting news-boys. When boys cry and sell papers and extras through a city the law forbids them to announce the contents. No matter how exciting the news it may contain, they only announce the name of the paper, and the fact that it is an extra. Consequently there is no special inducement to manufacture news.

At day receptions in Washington the gas is rarely lighted. The rooms are partially darkened, just enough to prevent a glare. Usually a hostess has one or two young ladies receiving with her. After the entrance of the guests, chocolate or coffee and cake are served. This year there has been no wine used at the receptions of the cabinet ladies, as it was determined, if possible, to introduce simple customs.

Cardinal Antonelli has forbidden the publication of the *Almanac of the Holy See* for 1871. The Almanac contains the names of all the functionaries of the Pontifical government and court of Rome, and, if published, this list would have to be omitted, a virtual recognition of the fall of the temporal power; so a way is found out of the difficulty by suppression.

Numerous criticisms have been made upon Miss Vinnie Ream's statue of Abraham Lincoln. Some of these certainly seem both unkind and unjust. It does not, however, amount to much to assert that the artist "did not really execute the work, but got workmen to cut the model." Those who know any thing about art know that all modern statuary is put into marble by skilled "workmen," whose business it is; that the artist seldom, if ever, undertakes the purely mechanical process of reproducing his model in marble. Since the statue of Lincoln has been placed in the Capitol it has been constantly surrounded by throngs of people, cultivated and uncultivated; and the opinion is pretty generally expressed that it is the best literal representation of Lincoln that has been made, and that the artist has succeeded in retaining the likeness in the plain face and uncouth figure, while presenting both with dignity. The *Art Journal* of Rome, Story the sculptor, Kellogg the painter, and the artist Healy have all given thoughtful and approving criticisms upon this work. It will be remembered that the model was on exhibition in Washington for months before it was taken to Europe, and with the exception of the slight change in the drapery on the arm, recommended by Story, the finished work is a literal copy of that model. And it was upon that model that the eulogiums of Kellogg, Healy, Story, and the *Art Journal* of Rome were based. Time will show the justice of conflicting opinions. Every work of art must be judged on its own merits, and this statue of President Lincoln, if worthy, will stand the test of just criticism.

An item recently appeared in this column, taken substantially from the *Court Journal*, to the effect that the directors of the Bank of England had resolved that all their clerks should retire from their appointments at the age of sixty-five. A correspondent from Alleghany City, Pennsylvania, thinks that the apparent harshness of this edict will be mitigated by some statements which appeared a few years ago in *Wilmer and Smith's European Times*. At that time the eight hundred clerks of the Bank of England received salaries ranging from £65 to £800 per annum. The patronage was in the hands of the directors, of whom there were twenty-four, each having a nomination to admit one clerk, provided he be found qualified on examination. The vacancies were not, as in most public offices, filled up as they occurred by deaths, resignations, etc., but by electing from twenty-five to thirty junior clerks every four or five months; one-fifth of this number being usually from the sons of clerks already in the service. The scale of pensions for length of service was the same as in the government. A good library and reading-room had been established by the governor of the bank, to which the directors made handsome donations. A Bank Annuity Society, for the benefit of widows of clerks, was under the management of the clerks themselves.

The second reception of President Grant was the most brilliant in style that the Executive Mansion has witnessed for many years. The toilets were elegant, and the crush as great as any body could desire. In fact, hundreds of ladies, suffering agonizing apprehensions concerning the costly fabrics which encircled them, resolved, "Never will I come again." Of course they will go again all the same, however. One of the chief excitements of the evening was the visit of the Japanese Commission, who have been studying into the financial policy and processes of this country. There are several rich merchants among them, and one is reported to be a millionaire. Those who spoke English chatted freely with the ladies, and all seemed much entertained by the scene. Jushe Hirobumie Ito, Assistant Minister of Finance to the Empire of Japan, is the chief of the Commission. After they have learned what they can concerning our system of finance, they will visit Europe for a similar purpose.

The old adage that "a woman can not keep a secret" may as well be set aside as false and libelous. Proof: A young girl of St. John, New Brunswick, recently married, leaving the bridegroom in total ignorance of the fact that she was worth four millions of dollars in her own right.

Some of the most valuable sanitary work now done in France is confessedly by American philanthropy. Among private individuals who have devoted themselves to the relief of suffering soldiers may be mentioned Miss Clara Barton, who did so much for our soldiers in the late civil war, and under whose supervision are several military hospitals in Alsace.

Mr. James Jackson Jarves, who has for so many years been identified with art and art criticism, writes an interesting letter to the London *Art Journal* concerning the "Progress of American Sculpture in Europe"—a prolific subject. In it he mentions Thomas Gould, of Boston, but at present established at Florence, as "another sculptor who seeks to divert the popular taste into a poetical channel, and to vindicate the rights of art in the higher field of idealism." This in contrast to what he terms the "prevailing realistic bias of the popular taste," which seems to influence the sculptors who remain in America, and even many who go to study and work abroad. He speaks particularly of a statue of Gould's, concerning which we see frequent mention in our papers of late as being much noted by European critics—"The West Wind." Of this he says:

"There is a breezy freshness of posture and airy lightness and flowing swell of gently stirred drapery, with a pleasing animation of features indicative of the balmy qualities of the wholesomest wind of the American continent, which particularly commend this idealization to the fancy. It is now the property of Hon. Demas Barnes, member of Congress from Brooklyn."

The statue is reported to have arrived in this country, and to be safe in the possession of its owner. We are glad it has not staid in Europe, as too many of our finest American works of sculpture have done.

A skeptical physician attempted to puzzle a colored minister by propounding to him various theological questions. "Why is it," he asked, among other things, "that you are not able to do the same miracles the Apostles did? They were protected against poisons and all kinds of perils. How is it that you are not protected in the same way?" The colored brother responded, promptly: "Don't know about that, doctor. I specs I is. I have tooken a mighty sight of strong medicines from you, doctor, and I is alive yet." The doctor had nothing more to say.

For the benefit of that portion of the community who feel distressed if forced to appear at a fashionable party twice in the same dress, it may be stated that a lady of wealth, beauty, and fashion has made her appearance at three grand evening parties in Washington this season in the same costume. She still survives, and retains the respect of her friends. Sensible fashions may well be copied.

Herr Baedeker, the compiler of the well-known guide-books for travelers, is at present serving before Paris as a lieutenant in the Prussian Landwehr.

Mr. Spriggins counted his children the other night, and could make only fourteen.

"How is this?" he asked his wife; "I thought there were fifteen of them at the last census."

"So there were," answered his wife; "but little Sammy was drowned since then."

"Indeed!" said Spriggins, meditatively; "why, it seems to me I heard of that at the time."

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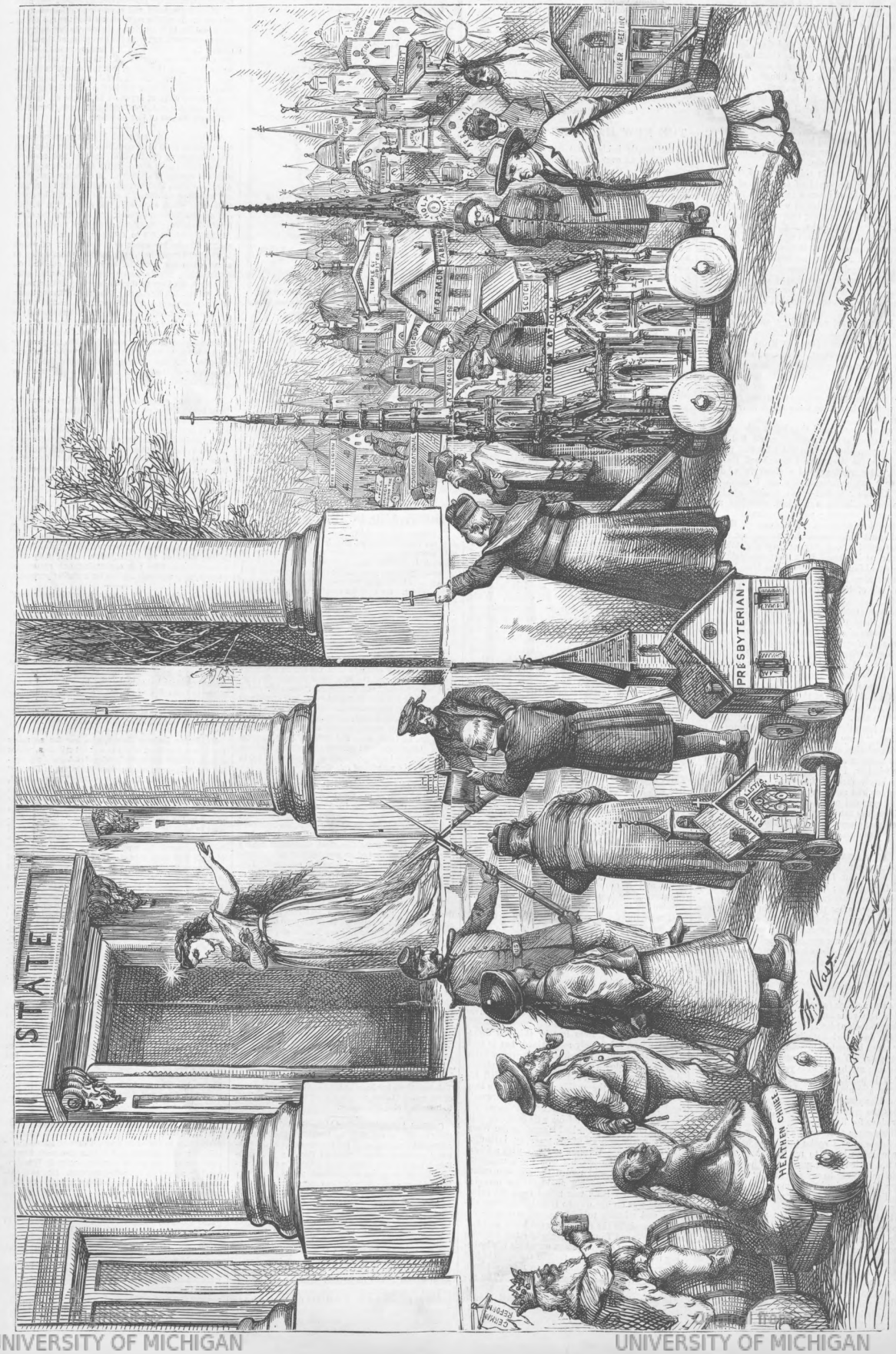

CHURCH AND STATE—NO UNION UPON ANY TERMS.

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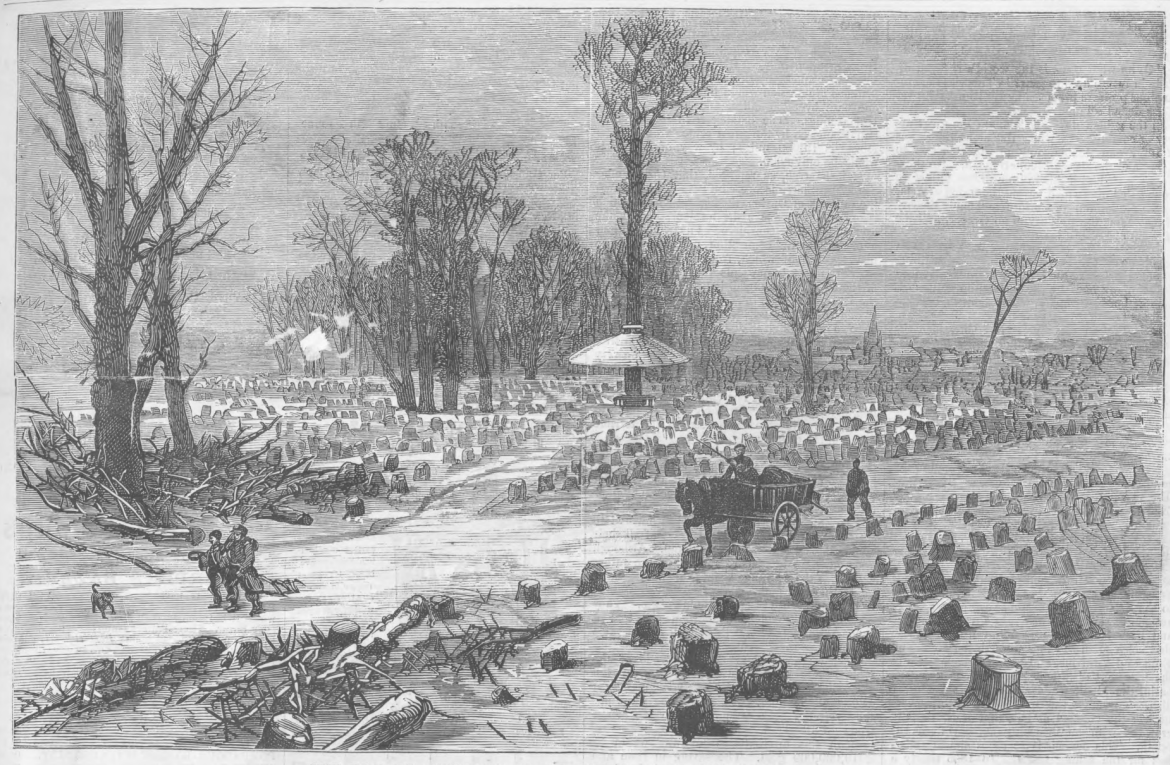

THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE IN ITS PRESENT CONDITION.—[SEE PAGE 167.]

SHOOTING AN ELEPHANT IN THE JARDIN DES PLANTES, PARIS.—[SEE PAGE 167.]

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THE CARAVAN OF THE WORLD'S TRADE.

THE DARIEN SHIP CANAL.

"OVER what track is the world's caravan of trade in future ages to pass?" This was the momentous problem proposed by LE BRUN. As yet it has defied solution.

In the golden days of Solomon the great artery of commerce by water was along the shores of India and Arabia, and up the Red Sea to Egypt and the classic Mediterranean. No thoroughfare vied with this in importance, unless we except that over which passed the traffic of Asia, across the Isthmus of Corinth, and made the city of that name the treasury of all Greece, and the very lap of Eastern luxury.

Centuries afterward, when VASCO DA GAMA doubled the Cape of Good Hope, every thing was changed; and the Isthmus of Suez, thronged for so many ages by the mercantile and maritime nations *in transitu*, was a silent and unfrequented bed of shifting sand.

It is not strange, therefore, that, since the completion of the Suez Canal, and the reopening of the once crowded but till recently deserted route of trade, the Old Word looks forward to the return of its ancient empire through the prosperity to be derived from improved communication with India and China.

The peculiar hazards and hinderances, however, in the Egyptian route are not to be removed.

Every body knows the perils of navigating the coral-reefed waters of the Red Sea. The winds that sweep across its narrow trough-like body from October to May are any thing but propitious to the seaman, taking his vessel directly on the rocks of the coast; while the evaporation at the head of the sea so reduces the level as to cause a heavy flow of water, rendering the passage to the outward-bound Indiaman as difficult as sailing up stream. At Gibraltar the avenues to the Atlantic for the homeward-bound vessel are almost sealed. Situated in a tropical region, and underlaid by those subterranean furnaces that belch forth at times through the craters of Etna and Vesuvius, and manifest themselves in the incessant disturbance of the soil around its basin, the Mediterranean is a vast evaporating dish. To supply the drain of moisture from its surface the channel at Gibraltar is continually crowded with an inrushing current from the ocean. This current is at times almost resistless for the sailing vessel. In 1855 nearly a thousand sail were detained for three months within the Straits waiting for a favorable opportunity to get to sea; and when some of these vessels, with strong wind, got out as far as Malaga, they were drifted back.

But, apart from all such considerations, the march and movement of national enterprise have changed within the present century. When HANNIBAL led his army over the Alps the world had an illustration of the value of a great highway of migration. While the other great rivers of Europe, flowing in a northerly or southerly direction, formed a barrier against the invasion of savage nations, as one has remarked, one river of the Old World, the Danube, on the contrary, served as a highway from East to West. Hence the ebb and flow of the great migration of nations, subsequent to the downfall of the Roman empire, were the strongest in the basin of the Danube, and for long centuries the fate of European civilization depended on the contest of races in this portion of the continent.

What the Danube was to Europe the uninterrupted highway across the equatorial ocean, through the Isthmus of Darien, would prove to the commerce of the world.

A Darien canal is the true solution of LE BRUN's long-agitated problem. A simple glance at the map of the world is enough to convince us of this. The great railroads soon to span the American continent on the north and south, as it is now girt by the Pacific Railroad, are hastening the diversion of the streams of emigration, wealth, and depreciated industry and talent from the other side of the water. We now face Europe with twelve hundred miles of coast on one side, and old Asia with an equal extent of line upon the other. Once oceans were regarded as the great barriers of human intercourse, and walls or moats impassable. Now they are seen, in the light of science, to be the most valuable vehicles of commerce. COLUMBUS, unwittingly, stumbled upon this fact. Indeed, it was the very circumstance that proved to him the portal of success in his lofty mission. He sailed to the west, and fell in, off the Canaries, with the equatorial current setting to the west, and the trade-winds steadily sympathizing in his enterprise, and conspiring to speed him on his way. Had he found the Atlantic moving and mingling with the Pacific at Panama, with no intervening isthmus, then had the great Genoese lived to see the triumph of his reasoning, and the solution of the geographical problem we have adduced.

But a little rampart for the combined forces of civilized nations to overleap, and the route is forever clear for the commerce of the world from the rising to the setting of the sun.

The tendency, too, of every thing to-day, as it has been said, is to accomplish the most in the shortest time. The route to the East *via* Suez has not, and never can, furnish a release for the great bulk of sailing vessels from the circuitous and stormy tracks around the capes of Good Hope and Horn. The reasons already assigned will satisfy the reader of this fact; for he will readily see that the Suez Canal is, so to speak, *locked in* by the very position it occupies in the centre of the great continents. Turning our eye to the map of the world, we see that Darien is in the centre of the great oceans. The saving of distances would be an enormous gain. From New York to Calcutta, by way of the Cape of Good Hope, is a distance of 17,500 miles; and if the vessel chooses the Cape Horn route, it is 23,000 miles. If a way was opened through Darien by a canal, there would be a saving over Good Hope of over 4100 miles, and over Cape Horn of 9600 miles. By a voyage from New York to Canton, by the same cape routes, the distance *via* Darien would be diminished in the one case by 8900 miles, and in the other by 10,900 miles. The distance from New York to San Francisco by the usual route, around Cape Horn, is 19,000 miles; by way of Darien it would be only 5000.

If it be true, as reported, that Commander SELFRIDGE has discovered a pass leading across the Isthmus of Darien, the highest part of which is only 300 feet above the level of the sea, the question must be considered as near its solution. We give, in this connection, on page 165, two pictures, one of which, from a photograph by Mr. SULLIVAN, represents the advance-guard of the SELFRIDGE expedition preparing to cross the Isthmus. It is, in fact, a reconnoitring party of well-armed and picked men, whose orders were to go through in defiance of obstacles. We can hardly realize the difficulties of such a trip, nor can we wonder that they returned in a very dilapidated condition, having literally to cut their way through the dense tropical thickets, much of the way wading. The climate is of the most depressing character, extremely humid, and it required the utmost care to keep off the terrible fevers of the country.

The other scene represents a village of the native Indians. These are found along the shore, and also upon the adjacent coral islands, among the graceful palms and bushy mangroves. Their huts are thatched with palm leaves, and built of two stories, the upper one being devoted to sleeping-apartments, and the storage of all their goods which might suffer from damp. Although apparently an inoffensive race, they are rather jealous of these strange visits to their sultry and moist thickets, and zealously kept their women from the presence of the white intruders. They are, like most American aborigines, adepts at canoe-building, and sail them with considerable dexterity.

Official reports show that the trade of the United States that would annually pass through a Darien canal would be safely estimated at $205,000,000 gold. And upon the same authority it has been estimated the value of the trade of England and France alone passing through this international highway would be $310,000,000 gold. The saving in time and expenses to the world's commerce, it has been computed by one of the first commercial authorities in the country, the Chicago *Bureau*, deducting all tolls, towage, etc., would not fall short, by a transit on this route, of $60,000,000 annually.

A vessel can in no quarter of the globe find circumstances so auspicious for her voyage going west. Returning, she has only to enter the anti-trades, which, in the extra-tropical latitudes, blow her homeward, and while under their breath she can beat into the currents of the sea, such as the Gulf Stream and Kuro Liwo, in the northern hemisphere, and the Cape St. Roque and Mozambique currents in the south, which recurve to the east.

The completion of the scheme, inaugurated already by the United States, in the surveys under Commander SELFRIDGE, will give an impetus to American commerce no legislation can ever impart, and revive it as by an electric touch. It would not conflict with any other existing interest, but, building up the shores of the Pacific with cities and towns, it would redouble the opportunities of all the inland and minor avenues of trade. Our Eastern, Southern, and Western States, no longer separated by a long and difficult voyage around Cape Horn from the Pacific shores of the continent, would realize more and more their unity and oneness in the common bond of nationality.

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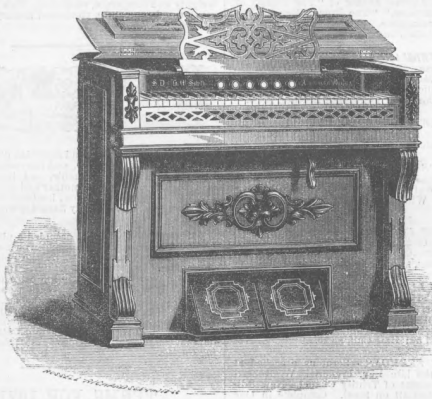

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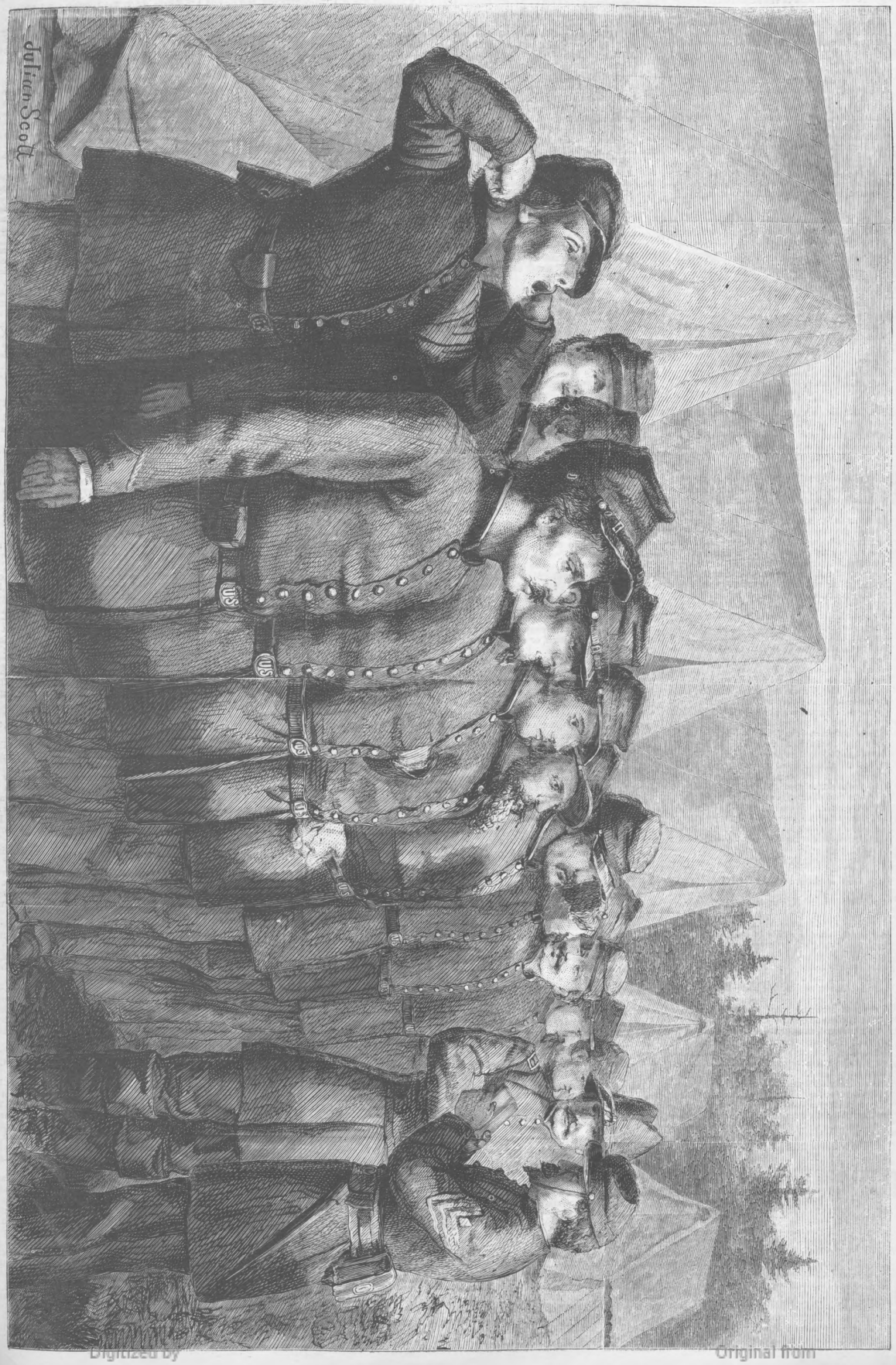

MORNING ROLL-CALL AT WEST POINT.

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FREDERICUS REX (OLD FRITZ).

(A FAVORITE SONG IN THE PRUSSIAN CAMP.)

FREDERICUS REX, our King and our Lord,
He called to his soldiers to buckle on sword,
Two hundred battalions, of squadrons ten score,
And to each man some sixty cartouches or more.

"You rascals!" His Majesty was pleased to say,
"Like men every one you serve me to-day:
They grudge me Silesia, the Grafschaft of Glatz,
And the one hundred millions locked up in our Platz.

"The Empress and French are in league, as I find,
And the empire of Rome with the pair has combined;
The Russians have fallen on Prussian land, too:
Up and show them what Prussians in earnest can do!

"My Generals, Schwerin and Field-Marshal Keith,
With Ziethen, are ready, and armed to the teeth;
Potz Mohren, Blitz, Hagel: French, look to your ears;
You little know Fritz and his old Grenadiers.

"Now, Louisa, adieu! Don't cry: never fear:
Some bullets fly crooked, remember, my dear;
If each bullet went straight and plump into its mark,
We kings should be soon left alone in the dark.

"The musket-ball makes but a little round hole,
The cannon-ball knocks apart body and soul;
The bullets are all made of iron and lead,
Yet many a shot misses many a head.

"Their guns of calibre are smaller and fewer;
From Prussia the foe get no cannon, be sure.
The Swedes have such cursed bad money, you know;
What the Austrians have, time will speedily show."

Fredericus Rex, whom the laurel wreath crowns,
If you'd only but now and then plunder some towns—
Fredericus Rex, ere your banner was furled,
We'd chase you the devil clean out of the world.

WHAT A GHOST-STORY DID.

"ALL in the dark!"

The door opened, heavy steps were heard, and a voice said, "All in the dark!"

"Papa, how you startled us!" said a girl's voice, almost from the floor—the speaker sitting on the hearth-rug, one knee slightly raised, her two hands clasped over it, and nothing visible in the semi-darkness of the room but a heap of white muslin with the moonlight streaming full upon it through the large unclosed bay-window, a similar patch of white a yard or two off, and a dark figure sitting on a low chair at the other end of the room, with two bright bars moving in front—a pair of knitting-needles—showing the busy mother at her constant occupation. One of her favorite maxims was, "Always be doing something."

She certainly carried it thoroughly out herself. The same could not be said of her daughter on the rug: she dearly loved what she called "resting" (from what, it was difficult to say); but, being an only child, she got a good deal of her own way. So when, on leaving the dining-room, she and her cousin had begged for half an hour without lights, Mrs. Vernon had on this occasion given up her maxim, and they were all thoroughly enjoying the darkness which, as Ellen Vernon said, "makes one feel so sociable."

The gentlemen—the father, a bachelor uncle, and a boy cousin home from Eton for the holidays—staid some time over their wine, adhering to the old custom; and it was on opening the drawing-room door to join the ladies that Colonel Vernon exclaimed, "All in the dark!"

On hearing his daughter answer "Us," he said, "Who are us? I can see nobody.—George," as by the sound he guessed his brother was tumbling over the furniture, "take care; don't break your knees, or my chairs. It's this silly child's fancy, I know: dreaming in the moonlight or gossiping—pulling your neighbors to pieces—eh, Nelly?"

"What a shame! Fancy mamma talking scandal! What have you and Uncle George been discussing—something very interesting? You've been such a long time! Where's Ned?"

"Gone to look after his new ferrets. That boy is wild after any kind of sport. But there he is just what I was at his age, so I oughtn't to grumble. Here he comes.—Well, have you seen after the new treasure? Jones hadn't forgotten to feed them, had he?"

"No, I never supposed he had; but it's as well to be sure. They should have plenty to eat at first. I mean to have rare sport next week; and you girls can come too, if you like."

"Thank you, most polite of boys!" rejoined his cousin. They were very fond of each other, but, cousin-like, were always chaffing. "Oh, I forgot; you're not a boy; Eton fellows are never boys, always men. I won't offend again. I beg the whole school's pardon, from the head master to the smallest fag. Don't annihilate me. Also, it is as well you should know, that white thing you are so quietly walking upon is my dress—not by any means meant for you to make a carpet of."

"I'm so sorry, Nell! but why are you sitting in the dark? Are you telling ghost-stories? I declare it would be a jolly time for a good story; that moonlight looks ghostified enough. I'll promise to scream or faint—which is the correct thing?—or I'll carry any of you out that do, and dip you in the fountain—warranted to cure any fainting or hysterics.—Does any one know a story? Nell, you're always ready to talk, and you're first-rate at odd bits of information; can't you tell one?"

"No, I can't; and, what's more, I don't think I ever heard a real ghost-story; I certainly don't remember it.—Mamma, you used to tell us lots of stories; did you ever tell us ghostly ones? or can you think of one now? I should like it of all things—shouldn't you, Constance?" turning to her cousin, who had been silent since the male addition to the party.

"Don't do any thing of the sort, Maria, I do beg." And they were quite startled by the earnest, almost imploring tone.

There was a movement in the darkest corner of the room, as George Temple (Mrs. Vernon's brother) advanced to the fire-place and felt for the bell.

"I'll ring for lights."

"Oh, uncle, don't!" exclaimed Nelly.

"I say, uncle, did you ever see a ghost?" called out Ned at the same moment.

"Don't talk nonsense," George Temple replied. He rang the bell sharply, and then, groping his way to the door, left the room.

"Has George gone?" said Colonel Vernon. "Poor fellow! he feels it, I do believe, as deeply as ever."

"Yes," replied his wife; "George is not one to forget. I did not remember him when the children were talking about ghosts; I ought to have stopped them. No wonder he could not bear it."

"Mamma, what is it? Did uncle ever see a ghost? What made him so odd?"

"I don't believe in ghosts; such rubbish is only fit for silly old women. I'm sure Uncle George is much too sensible," said Ned.

"Do tell us, aunt!" gently entreated his sister Constance.

"Even your curiosity roused, Constance!" replied Mrs. Vernon, with an attempt at a laugh—a very poor attempt, too.

"No, dears, I don't think I can tell you. It is a very sad story; my poor brother has never got over it. You know how quiet, almost sad, he is. I remember him the brightest, merriest fellow possible—always full of fun and high spirits. But no wonder. How I wish I had stopped the subject to-night! I believe it will bring the whole scene back, and quite prey upon him, though it is so many years ago."

"You must tell us, please—oh, do!" And Nelly came and stood beside her mother, putting one arm round her neck.

"Papa, make mamma tell us. There can't be any harm in it. We'll never repeat it, I'll solemnly promise—won't you, Connie, and Ned, too?"

"All right," the Etonian said; "I don't mind hearing, though I am not so curious as you girls."

"No, I should think not—it looks like it!" (Nelly's propensity to tease getting the better of her curiosity). "But you are not compelled to stay; you can retire into the garden, and show your manly disregard of our weakness; only don't come to-morrow and try to get it out of me—I won't tell you a word. Mamma dear, you will tell us, won't you? I hear John bringing the lamp; so, if your story is very horrible, we sha'n't be so frightened. Was it a real ghost? I didn't think there were such things."

"My dear, it was the consequences of a ghost-story, not the story itself, or even seeing a ghost, that affected your uncle. I dare say, like Ned, he does not believe there are such things, though I confess I do." Then, turning to her husband, "I don't see it will do any harm to tell them, as they wish it so much. What do you say? It may warn Ned never to do such a thing."

"I hope he doesn't require such a terrible warning. The whole thing was most unpardonable. I have only heard your account; but if I had been present I think I should have half killed Major Gordon; he certainly would have got a thrashing. Yes, you had better tell them, if you like; only remember, all of you, the subject is never to be mentioned again before your uncle—mind that. I'll go and see after him now; perhaps he is in the library."

"Now, mamma, we are all attention; do begin."

It is many years ago (began Mrs. Vernon)—I was a girl of sixteen—when my father took a house for a year two miles from a small watering-place on the Yorkshire coast. It was a very quiet place. The only house of any consequence near ours was a handsome one, with large park and beautiful gardens, belonging to a Mr. Masterton, whose family only lived there three months in the year, spending the rest of their time in London, or at a larger place he had in Northumberland. Our house—a sort of enlarged cottage, with all kinds of odd windows in still odder places, and covered with different creepers—was just outside the park gates. We had been living there about two months—my father and mother, your aunt Constance and myself; George, being then in the army, was with his regiment in Canada, but we expected him home, on leave, the next mail—when we heard the Mastertons were coming to Holme Park for their annual visit.

We were very anxious to see them; they would be our nearest, in fact, our only, neighbors for three months—the clergyman of the parish being an old bachelor, much liked by my father, but taking little notice of Constance and myself; and we hoped to be great friends with the family at the Park.

There were two sons and four daughters—the two youngest being girls, about our own ages, sixteen and fifteen. The Mastertons arrived on a Friday. Our old Scotch nurse always said, "No good came of any thing begun on a Friday;" and this visit was ever after her pet illustration. The dining-room windows of the cottage commanded a capital view of their gates; and we two girls spent that afternoon one at each window, and were rewarded after long watching by seeing the gardener's wife at the lodge, in a great state of fuss, opening the gates and staring down the road at least half an hour before a close carriage, a private omnibus, and three cabs from the station drove up. The gardener's wife and the servants were the only people we saw that day. As the horses in the first carriage slackened their pace, turning in at the gate, a gentleman's voice called from the window, "How are you, Mrs. Collins—flourishing, I hope? I'll come and see you to-morrow;" and that was all. Not much reward for three hours' patient watching.

The next day was thoroughly wet, and no one came to the lodge, as we half hoped they would in spite of the rain; but at half past four a dog-cart, driven by a groom, came from the house, clearly bound for the station. An hour passed before it returned, with a fair-haired man of six-and-twenty and a small bull-terrier occupying the front seat, a magnificent deer-hound lying at the man's feet, the groom and two huge portmanteaus being at the back. The driver was the eldest son—then a lieutenant in the Guards—now Colonel Masterton, the man so well known in India, to whom your uncle writes so frequently.

We saw the Mastertons at church the next Sunday. After the second service we went, as we usually did, to the vicarage for tea, where the Holme Park party also came: Mr. Masterton—a thorough country squire, strong and active, fit, in spite of his sixty years, to hold his own across country after hounds, and a capital shot; his wife, pale and delicate-looking—the sort of woman you feel assured leaves every thing to be decided by her husband when young, and by her daughters when they grow up; two daughters and a governess; the eldest daughter, Margaret, and her second brother remaining behind in Scotland visiting some cousins.

The Guardsman, considering afternoon service a work of supererogation, remained at home, strolling about the stables, smoking.

I don't know how it was, but I took a fancy to Charley Masterton immediately. Charley, you must know, was not a boy, but a young lady of twenty. Her proper name was Charlotte; but her father, of whom she was the especial pet, had re-christened her Charley when a very little girl, because she was a regular little pickle, more like a boy than a girl; and the name had stuck to her ever since. She was not really handsome, still less would you have called her pretty; but she was essentially bright-looking—no other word suited her so well. I can hardly describe her particularly; yet she stands as vividly before my mind's eye now as she did in bodily presence more than twenty years ago.

She was a general favorite, especially with gentlemen; they called her "so fascinating," and seemed all of them more or less in love with her dark eyes, irregular features, and bright, speaking face, set off by quantities of brown hair always very fashionably dressed. She was proud of this hair, often saying it was her only beauty, so she must make the most of it. I remember thinking, that first Sunday, how I should like to have my hair done the same way, and to be a "come-out" young lady like her.

At first Charley talked principally to the vicar, inquiring after half the parish. Presently she turned to me, asking about a peculiar Russian cat we had, saying she was quite foolish about all kinds of animals—we must come and see her collection—and then she went on to other subjects. She must have found both Constance and me very stupid. We had seen very little of the world, and were shy; but Miss Masterton did not seem to mind that, and took such trouble to amuse us, and make us talk, that before she rose to say "good-by" we were quite charmed with her; in fact, we liked all the family, and the liking seemed mutual; the elders of both houses making out many common friends. So in a short time we became very intimate; hardly a day passed without our meeting; and when my brother George came home it continued just the same.

George was then thirty: tall, with gray eyes, straight, well-cut features, golden-brown hair and whiskers—in short, a very nice-looking young fellow; and very proud we were of him.

The Mastertons had a party of gentlemen staying with them for shooting, and George, being a great sportsman, was at Holme Park daily.

It would take too long to tell you how George Temple and Charley Masterton fell in love with each other; but so they did; and though there were difficulties at first—Mr. Masterton objecting to his daughter marrying a soldier, and Charley being too sensible to wish him to leave the army, though he was quite willing to do so for her sake—yet, on the whole, their course of love ran pretty smoothly; and it was settled they were to be married in six months, so as to join his regiment in Canada the next summer.

Mrs. Masterton had an idea her daughter was being exiled to a kind of Siberia, and moaned continually over it; and Charley's spirit of fun often prompted her to horrify her mother by predicting she should come back a regular colonial officer's wife, calling people by their surnames, and perpetually talking of "our fellows."

Those six months were a very merry, happy period for us. The Mastertons spent most of the time at Holme Park, and we grew to like our future sister-in-law more and more. The days passed quickly, and March came, and the important day and all necessary arrangements were settled.

It was two days before the wedding—that was fixed for the 8th of April, a Thursday. The Monday before, Charley said to my mother, in her coaxing way, she should like to spend a last evening at our house—could she come that night? The next day all the guests for the marriage would arrive, and she could not well manage it then.

So it was settled that she, George (who dined almost daily at the Hall), and any of the others who liked, should walk across the park after dinner.

Accordingly, about eight o'clock (people dined earlier twenty years ago than they do now), we saw them coming—Charley, George, Margaret Masterton (Charley's eldest sister), her brother Robert, and a distant cousin of theirs—Major Gordon, who, his regiment having recently come into the country, spent much of his time at Holme Park.

I must describe him fully, or you will hardly understand his part in the catastrophe.

Alan Gordon, the younger son of Scotch peer, was wonderfully superstitious, and a great hand at curious "uncanny" stories. It puzzled me then, and has done so often since, whether he really believed what he said. However, he had a remarkably *real* way of talking of the supernatural.

His stories were very odd—decidedly improbable—not to say against all reason; but he seemed to believe them himself so thoroughly that, against your will, they impressed you. I believe they had that effect upon many strong sensible men. I know my father, the most practical person alive, used to say his tales were most unaccountable; but "Gordon's head was in a mist, like his native mountains."

All that generation of Gordons were more or less in the same way. Of late years I have met several of them, and have heard them gravely declare the gift of second-sight was in their family. I am sure Alan believed so, though it seems unheard of in these days that educated people could be so superstitious.

Putting aside this belief in ghostly appearances, in other respects Major Gordon was a sensible man, extremely agreeable, and a general favorite in society. He was about forty—a tall, powerful man, with light hair, and a round, good-natured face; but his naturally merry expression was spoiled by a habit of rolling his eyes when speaking, till often only the whites were visible. He was a thorough soldier; had been much on foreign service; consequently the Mastertons knew very little of him. Indeed, I do not think the younger part of the family had even seen him till his visit to Holme Park some two months before; but they liked him much now, Charley especially. She was always asking about his adventures, and getting him to tell her stories. She owned they frightened her; that she could not bear to think of them afterward; still there was a fascination in them.

I don't know whether I ever told you, one curious thing about Charley was her horror of the dark. A dark room sent a shudder through her. It was extremely silly, and she often said as much, knowing nothing could hurt her; but still the fear remained. She never seemed able to get over it. I do not think any power on earth would have tempted her to stay five minutes by herself in perfect darkness. We used to fancy she had been frightened, when a child, by a foolish nurse; but that never was proved. You can imagine how we all, and especially the Masterton boys, teased her, calling her "a goose, and afraid of her own shadow;" but it was of no avail; and all had at last become so used to her fear, no notice was taken of it.

Well, that Monday night they came—three Mastertons and Major Gordon. It was a lovely night; the air warm as June, the moon just rising as we went across the lawn to meet them. There were exclamations on the beauty of the weather, and many hopes that Thursday would be as fine; my father laughingly telling Charley, "If it rained, she must put off her wedding: rain was so unlucky."

Upon this Major Gordon, who was walking with my mother and Margaret Masterton, turned round, and said, in fun,

"Mark my words, Charley, that wedding of yours won't come off—you will see. Remember the proverb, 'There's many a slip,' etc."

We little thought, as we listened to her merry reply, "If Captain Temple changes his mind, you'll have to take compassion on a forlorn damsel and marry me yourself; and that will be a punishment for your impertinence, Sir; for I shall plague your life out"—we little thought how sadly true his words would prove.

I must make my story short, though it is difficult to do so, remembering, as I do, every action—nay, every trivial word spoken that evening. They passed unheeded at the time, till the awful end of that merry party stamped every thing connected with it on my brain, till nothing will efface the impression.

We lingered some time in the garden, then went into the house and had tea; and it must have been nearly ten o'clock when, sitting in the drawing-room talking, Margaret (poor girl, it has quite haunted her since to think that she proposed it) said,

"Alan should tell one of his stories.—Mrs. Temple, have you ever heard one of Cousin Alan's ghost-stories? He tells them wonderfully. Wouldn't you like to hear him? Charley actually believes in ghosts, and Alan says she is as good as a Scotchwoman!"

Several of us exclaimed,

"It would be capital fun; and Major Gordon must tell one."

He agreed; but said the lights must be put out; no one could tell a good horrible story in the face of two lamps and four candles; and if the blinds were up, there would be just the proper ghostly light. He had his way; and I remember well how bright the moon shone, making the grass look like snow, contrasted with the intense blackness of the clump of tall trees some twenty yards off.

The room we were in had a large bow-window at one end. Close to this window, but rather in shadow, so that only the outline of his figure was visible, sat Major Gordon; near him, on a low chair, was Margaret Masterton; and Charley was on the floor at her feet, with her hands clasped on her sister's knee, and her eyes gazing out into the moonlight, apparently fascinated by the weird shadows. The rest of the party were scattered in other parts of the darkened room.

"It is at least ten years ago," began Major Gordon, "that I was taking a walking tour through the northern part of Sutherlandshire. It is a curious part of the country for such an expedition; I can hardly say why I chose it—perhaps from its being almost the only spot in my

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native land I knew literally nothing of. I had been shooting woodcock with some fellows in the Hebrides, and a very jolly party we made. When our sport was over we all went east together. At Stour I left them, starting on my own hook, in spite of much chaff at my choosing such a country and such a time—the end of November—for a tour. I suppose none of you have been in Sutherlandshire. It is just about the wildest, most desolate place you can imagine—the wild, grand scenery that impresses one with admiration, mingled with a sense of one's own insignificance. As I walked day after day through immense tracts of moorland, hardly ever meeting a human creature, a feeling of loneliness and utter desolation—a sort of hopelessness of ever again arriving at civilization—came over me, and I resolved that, as it was my first, so it should be my last visit to Sutherlandshire.

"I must tell you there were hardly any inns. I generally slept at farm-houses. The people were hospitable, though primitive, and my welcome was generally cordial. I went on in this way for a week, when, feeling I had had quite enough of it, I started one morning from my sleeping-quarters, intending to walk some twenty miles to a town on the coast, whence a coach went monthly to Inverness. I missed my way; for, as night began to close, I found my road stopped by a small river, with no means of crossing it. I followed the banks for perhaps three miles. At last I saw a light; on nearer approach I found it came from a considerable-sized house. Though now inhabited by a farmer, it had evidently seen better days; there were remains of handsome gates; part of the original house had been pulled down, part converted into farm buildings. One wing remained perfect, and toward a door in the centre of this I directed my steps. After much knocking, the door was opened by a servant-girl, who stared when I asked if I could have a bed for the night; and, saying she would 'ask the master,' shut the door. When the master came—a rather stupid though pleasant-looking man—he seemed doubtful, was afraid they had no room for strangers, but would see; I might come in and have a rest and a bit of supper, if I pleased. Nothing loth, I followed him into a comfortable kitchen, where his wife was busy preparing the meal; and in a few minutes we sat down to enjoy it—myself, the farmer, his wife, the girl who had come to the door, three or four farm laborers, and an old woman, deaf and seemingly half-witted—the farmer's mother, as I found afterward.

"After supper I asked about my bed. Then arose a difficulty. The wife said, 'There was no room.' I suggested, 'The kitchen would do.' She said, 'The mother slept there.' I asked, 'Was there another house near?' She said, 'Not for six miles.' At last the farmer whispered something to his wife. She exclaimed, 'For Heaven's sake, don't put the gentleman there!' I asked, 'Where?' And the man explained. There were two rooms they had never used; there were queer noises in them—he believed they were haunted; but perhaps one of them might be better than the big barn, the only alternative? I said, 'Certainly; I would face the ghosts.' And, in spite of the earnest entreaties of the wife, so it was settled.

"I went with the farmer to inspect the rooms, and chose the smaller of the two. There was no furniture in either, but the farming men brought in three benches; we placed them side by side, spread some blankets on them, and my bed was ready. A glorious fire was made up, and, in spite of ghosts, I congratulated myself on my quarters. On returning to the kitchen for my knapsack, the moment I appeared the old woman ran toward me—I had no idea any thing so bent and crooked had such pace in her—and, flinging herself on her knees before me, prayed me, 'For God's sake, do not sleep in that accursed room!'

"This rather startled me; but I thought her out of her mind, so tried to soothe her, assuring her nothing was likely to happen; I was sure there was nothing in the rooms, and wondered they did not use them. She only grew more earnest, sobbing and rocking herself backward and forward, crying, 'I should be dead before morning! She knew I should! It was just the same before!'

"Her words seemed strange, but she looked a poor, demented creature; so, finding my soothing quite ineffectual, I cut the matter short by taking my bag and leaving the kitchen. I wished the farmer good-night outside my door, and was alone. The hot kitchen, after the long cold walk, had made me drowsy. Before many minutes I was in bed and asleep. How long I slept I know not. Something, I can hardly tell what, awoke me. The fire had burned low; still there was sufficient light to see there was no one in the room save myself; but an icy chill crept over me, a consciousness of not being alone possessed me. I sat up and stared round. There was nothing. Still the feeling grew stronger. Suddenly I heard a groan—another, deeper, louder, nearer—and a hand, cold like a corpse's, was laid on my shoulder. I started round; every particle of blood froze in my veins, for I saw—"

At this moment Major Gordon uttered a loud, piercing shriek. It was a trick. The whole story had been nonsense! He only did it to frighten us; but—the effect was terrible. His shriek was hardly ended when, almost joined to it, we heard a most fearful cry—a long, agonizing scream. You can never realize what it was like. I shall never forget it. It seemed really like a spirit being torn out of its body. Another, louder still, but stopping suddenly—not as it were ended, but broken off in the middle—and Charley Masterton's head fell heavily on her sister's knee. Every one started up. Major Gordon said,

"Who screamed? You're none of you frightened, are you?"

Margaret laid her hand on Charley's head, saying,

"My darling, what is the matter? Didn't you know that it was only Alan's nonsense? I knew his voice directly!"

Then, as she grew frightened at the silence,

"Oh, Charley! what is it? Do speak!"

But there was no answer. George sprang across the room.

"She has fainted! Bring a light! Some one get a candle, or any thing!"

He lifted her up; lights were brought, and she was laid on the sofa; but still she neither moved nor spoke. George kept repeating,

"She has only fainted, she has only fainted."

But I saw how his whole frame shook, and his face became deadly pale; and a dreadful fear came over me that she would never speak again. Alas, alas, it was so! Charley Masterton was dead; had died of sheer fright! She lay there with an awful terror fixed on her face. We all stood round for some seconds, too awe-stricken to do any thing—George, supporting her head on his arm, repeating over and over again,

"She has only fainted! Can't you see it is only fainting?"

But at last he grew silent. Then my father spoke,

"I will send for a doctor."

He walked to the door, and we heard him outside giving orders for the groom to start immediately. When he came back, laying his hand on George's arm,

"My poor boy!" he said, "I have sent for Blake; but I fear—I fear nothing can be done."

Then turning to young Masterton,

"Some one must break this to your father; can you do it?"

At his words Robert Masterton roused himself; since the first he had stood motionless by the sofa, hardly realizing his sister's state. Now he started, stooped, pressed his lips on her forehead; then, all of a sudden seeming to understand, strode across the room to where Major Gordon sat, shook him roughly by the shoulder, saying in a voice low, but fierce with concentrated passion,

"You murderer! look at your work! How dare you try your devilish trick upon her! Go and tell my father you have killed his daughter; you are the fittest person to tell him. Go! By Heaven, if Temple does not kill you, I will!"

When Charley was first laid on the sofa Alan Gordon looked once on her face. He had seen death too often to doubt its aspect now. Then he walked to the window, sat down, burying his face in his clasped hands, and never moved till he heard Robert's words. Now he sprang up, confronting him haughtily, a savage frown darkening his face; gradually it faded; a look of intense pain succeeded—a look of almost agonized regret; and he answered in a low, broken voice,

"I never meant to hurt her. I would give my life, ay, ten lives, to undo this night's work; I did it in fun—devilish fun, you say right—but—but—" Here a sob broke his voice: he walked to the door, then said, "I will go and tell them! It will kill my uncle; I shall be a double murderer."

His hand was on the door. Suddenly he turned, rushed across the room, flinging himself on the floor by the sofa.

"Oh, Charley! dear Charley! you can not be dead! It is not true! I have not killed you! Say so! Oh, speak!"

My mother gently pushed him away, saying,

"Go—do go; you can do no good; don't stay here."

He rose, staggered across the room; my father followed him out and shut the door.

We that remained tried various restoratives, feeling their utter uselessness, but from a feeling of restless anxiety to try something. Then the doctor came. A brief examination only confirmed the worst. It was all over, poor Charley's short bright life; and nothing remained but to carry her home—the senseless body to its earthly home. But the spirit, the kind, loving heart? ah! we could not doubt whither that had gone—to the only true home, compared with which the brightest, happiest earthly lot (and Charley's had been a very bright, happy one) fades into utter blankness.

I can not describe the rest. You must picture to yourself the father's intense grief, the mother's silent anguish; the awful stillness in the house so lately resounding with merry wedding preparations, as they bore her, a pale, silent corpse, on the very road she should have traveled a happy bride, under the half-finished arches the village people had been busy all day erecting; the church-bell sadly, solemnly tolling out the twenty-one years. It must have been just midnight, for the bell had hardly ceased when the clock struck twelve; and I remember well the awful shudder I felt (it seems to creep through me now)—the feeling some one else must be dead, that that bell would never be still—would go on tolling forever.

I need not tell you how George felt this cutting off at one blow of all his happiness. Poor dear fellow, he has never got over it yet. It was very quiet, very deep grief; I do not think he ever shed a tear. Never to this day has he spoken of her; but I have seen him—ay, not a year ago—shudder and turn pale at the careless mention of the name Charley; and I am very sure his only wish, his only hope, has been to follow her, to meet her again, never to be parted. But people do not die for wishing; and after long years in India (he went there six months after her death), after active service during the mutiny, and many hardships, he is still a strong man; but, as you all know, he always seems one burdened, almost broken down, with heavy, secret sorrow. And this was the cause—a seemingly trivial thing, which many would call a harmless practical joke; and yet look at the awful consequences!

Major Gordon I have never seen since; he left the country immediately, and for many years was never even heard of; but I believe he is alive still.

The Masterton family are much scattered; some married, some dead— But hush! not another word on the subject: here comes your uncle George!

PARIS IN 1815.

Now that the Prussians have captured Paris, it may be useful and interesting to recall a few of the episodes of the foreign attack on that city after the abdication at Fontainebleau, and after Waterloo and the Hundred Days. As regards the last-named epoch, we can not do better than consult Mr. John Scott, who, to a certain extent, may be regarded as the prototype of Dr. William Howard Russell, and (Xenophon's claims always reserved) as the first "special correspondent from the seat of war" for the English press. Mr. Scott was the editor of a London newspaper called the *Champion;* and hastening to Paris as fast as the Margate hoy, the Dover coach, and the Calais mail-packet would allow him, to "do" the captured city, he sent home some very graphic narratives of the spectacles he had witnessed, and of which we purpose to give a few brief extracts. Mr. Scott likewise had a friend who watched from day to day the collapse of the First Empire, and who has jotted down some very curious notes of the gradual tumbling to pieces of that stately structure. Here is Paris on the 20th of June, 1815, two days after Waterloo had been fought. "A rushing whisper," writes the diarist, "pervades Paris, increasing to a buzz in the cafés, that the army has suffered a great defeat. Lucien Bonaparte has sold out twelve millions of francs to-day. Stocks fall to fifty francs" (about their present quotation on the Paris Bourse). "Nine o'clock, evening. The news keeps us all on our feet. People throng toward the Tuileries, the Barriers, etc. Report of a battle lost gains ground. Bonaparte, they say, has been killed. Jerome has arrived wounded from headquarters. The officers and Bonapartists evince consternation." Well they might; for Wellington was swooping down upon Paris like a sandstorm on a caravan in the desert. "Wednesday, 21st, nine o'clock, morning. The army is lost, annihilated. Bonaparte is in Paris, wounded, killed! Not two hundred of the Imperial Guard remain." (The Imperial Guard, the old one at least, ran away in the *Sauve qui peut* at dusk from Mont St. Jean, and were safe and sound some weeks afterward on the banks of the Loire.) "The Allies are marching on Paris. The Chambers are sitting, in consequence of a hasty summons. The police interfere harshly with the assemblages in the streets, to stop the circulation of the dreadful tidings. The royalists become at first agitated with hopes, then enthusiastic and regardless of restraint. The representatives declare *La patrie en danger;* they proclaim their own permanency, and that he is a traitor who shall attempt to dissolve them. Regnault de St. Jean d'Angely is not allowed to read the Emperor's bulletin to the Chamber. The ministers are ordered to appear at the bar. Immense crowds surround the palace of the Legislature; but the crowd behaves very well. A member expresses his surprise that Bonaparte has not yet sent his abdication. *Stocks rise to fifty-five francs fifty centimes.*" (They rose because the moneyed and influential classes were eager to get rid of Napoleon, and were quite ready to welcome the allied armies. In England the funds generally experience a slight fall at the death of a sovereign. Nobody can exactly tell why; for stock-jobbers would seem to be superior to such little human weaknesses as sorrow and commiseration; but at the death of Queen Anne the funds rose. The common people were very fond of the "good Queen Anne," and mourned her death most piteously; but she was a Jacobite, and her death came just in time to prevent her recognition of the old Pretender as her successor. The incoming of the house of Brunswick, desired by the moneyed classes, was assured, and stocks rose.)

And so from day to day goes on the diarist. He proceeds to tell how the command of the National Guard was given to Marshal Macdonald, and how the abdication of the Emperor was strongly advised by Prince Lucien, by Caulaincourt, and Fouché—the last, Duke of Otranto, the second, Duke of Vicenza, owing every thing to defeated Cæsar; the first, his own brother. How the rats desert the sinking ship! On the 22d, Napoleon's surrender of the crown, which he picked up out of the gutter, was announced by proclamation. The funds opened at *fifty-nine* francs, with great applause and some cries of "*Vive le Roi!*" Disturbances took place in the Palais Royal, caused by decorated officers attempting to make the passers-by cry "*Vive l'Empéreur!*" Stocks closed at sixty-two francs fifty centimes. Please to remember that all this time the victorious British, and the Russians, Prussians, and Austrians were getting nearer and nearer Paris. On the 23d young Napoleon was "ambiguously recognized by the Chambers," and stocks fell two per cent. Extraordinary speeches were made by Ney and Labédoyère, the halters round whose necks were rapidly tightening. The next day an attempt was made by the Fédérés (who may be described as the Belleville patriots of the period) to disarm the National Guard, and proclaim the Second Empire, or the Republic, or something else nice and hot and violent. The revolt was put down, and at noon commissioners left Paris for the head-quarters of the Allies. "Many projects," the diarist writes, "were announced among the anti-Bourbonists. The regency was the favorite, with modifications—namely, the Empress to be regent, or her brother, the Archduke Charles" (an Austrian field-marshal!). "According to others, the crown should be offered to Eugène Beauharnais if the young Emperor is rejected; or to the Duke of Orleans" (he afterward became Louis Philippe I.); "*or to an English prince!*"

On the 26th there was a rumor in Paris that Marshal Ney had been tried, condemned, and executed "snugly." "It is an undoubted fact," observes the diarist, "that he has betrayed Bonaparte." But the bravest of the brave was not destined to die as a traitor to his old master. Curiously, it was the Bourbons who had the very strongest reason for entertaining the conviction that the man who, when he took leave of Louis XVIII. at the Tuileries, promised to bring back Napoleon in an iron cage, had betrayed *them;* and so soon as the second restoration was successfully accomplished it was by the Bourbons that the luckless Prince de la Moskova was snugly tried, condemned, and executed. By Tuesday, the 27th, Napoleon, who still lingered at the Elysée, hesitating as to which power he should give himself up, and vainly entreating for a safe-conduct to the United States, was currently spoken of on the boulevards as "Monsieur Bonaparte." At five in the afternoon a ministerial bulletin appeared, containing the information that the Allies were at Noyen, St. Quentin, Guise, and Avesnes, and that Blucher with his advanced-guard was at Compiègne. The Prussians were at Compiègne only the other day (1870), and smashed a large quantity of the imperial crockery-ware at the palace. Crowds of peasantry began to flock into Paris through the Portes St. Denis and St. Martin, and intelligence arrived that a royalist insurrection on a grand scale had commenced in La Vendée. At ten o'clock at night the sound of cannon was heard in the direction of Meaux.

On the 28th the Allies were within a day's march of Paris. During the forenoon small bodies of French troops entered the city in the greatest disorder. The groups of poor country people flocking in, with cart-loads of furniture, provisions, cows, horses, and sheep, continued to be a most distressing spectacle. Paris, however, was "perfectly tranquil," and "Mr. Bonaparte" was at Malmaison. "Never, to my recollection," writes the diarist at eight o'clock in the evening, "not even on days of festivity, have I seen so many genteel persons on the boulevards, from the Rue de la Paix to the Porte St. Martin, as to-day. Crowds of elegant females are promenading, brought out by the critical state of public affairs, yet looking cheerfulness and confidence. Miserable remnants of half-destroyed regiments are constantly passing before these gay companies, but the eyes here are not much connected with the heart. The middle of the boulevard is crowded with infantry, cavalry, and artillery, going and coming to and from the head-quarters—where? *at the gates of Paris!* Close to these horrid trains of destructives people are sitting on chairs, reading the newspapers, eating ices, and sipping lemonade. Is it not more than probable that, in a few hours, these seats will be filled with the dead and the dying? What reason have we to feel confident that Paris will not be sacked? We are Parisians. That is the reply." "At ten o'clock at night," records this Parisian Pepys, "the first Prussian prisoner has just passed; he was escorted by five grenadiers of the National Guard, and walked along dejectedly, leading his horse by the bridle. I hope, for the sake of the nation, that his escort will be able to protect him from the fury of the ruffians who now compose the French army."

From two until seven in the morning of Friday, the 30th, the guns were heard roaring in the plain of St. Denis. The departure of Napoleon for Rochefort (where he gave himself up to Captain Maitland) was officially announced. "The soldiers appeared in the streets half drunk, and crying *Vive l'Empéreur!* (poor devils!) with the ferocious expression of untamable brutes; their rage against the Prussians, the royalists, and the English is in the last degree ferocious." The principal part of Vandamme's corps had now arrived; alarm spread, most of the shops were shut, and there were expectations of a great combat on the morrow. At ten o'clock at night the gossips of the boulevards said that the intention of the Allies was to blockade Paris. "The Parisians have become all of a sudden in terror of famine, and crowds are flocking to the merchants to purchase provisions. The public spirit is very low."

On Sunday the situation became somewhat more defined. The idea of resistance *à outrance* seemed to have been abandoned by the chiefs of the provisional government, who may in part have owed their change of mind to a very terse message sent in by Blucher, who observed, that if an immediate surrender did not take place it would be his painful duty to bombard Paris until not one stone remained on another. There was some fighting, and much more manœuvring, on the 3d of July; and the diarist asks if Wellington is again "waiting for seven o'clock in the evening"—a curious confirmation of one of the most hotly disputed Waterloo stories. At two in the afternoon the firing ceased, and Bondy, Guilleminot, and Guinon were the head-quarters of the Allies, whose commanders refused to treat with any but the municipal authorities of Paris. Some of the marshals visited the British lines, and "interviewed" the Duke. And now once more the diarist: "Five o'clock in the afternoon. AN ARMISTICE IS CONCLUDED—terms unknown—universal joy. Stocks sixty-two."

On the ensuing Thursday, the 6th, the barriers of Paris were quietly given up to the foreign troops, and the remains of the French army sulkily marched out westward, to be known for some months afterward by the appropriate name of "Les Brigands de la Loire." A body of 2000 National Guards proceeded to St. Denis to pay their respects to Louis XVIII., that unwieldy exile having come by easy stages from Ghent so far toward his faithful capital. On Friday, the 7th, *the Prussians took possession of the Palace of the Tuileries;* and on Saturday the white flag of Bourbonism was hoisted on all the public buildings side by side with the national ensigns of Austria, Russia, Prussia, and England. *Consummatum erat.* The Prussians were in Paris.

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Travel and Adventure.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE LADIES OF AREQUIPA.

By JACOB ABBOTT.

The City of Arequipa.—Construction of the Dwelling-Houses.—Earthquakes.—The Ladies of Arequipa.—How they Dress.—Fashion of Going to Church.—Pages on the Retired List.

THE city of Arequipa is situated in one of the most charming valleys in the world. It is among the Andes; and though it is within the tropics, its position is so elevated that no intense heat is ever experienced there, and a slight frost is the extreme of cold.

The valley occupies a region of very considerable extent, and is a scene of perennial beauty and fertility. It is filled with smiling villages and fruitful fields, and is surrounded, moreover, with mountain scenery of the most stupendous grandeur. There is but one drawback to the charm of this earthly paradise, and that is that it lies in the very centre and strong-hold of the domain of earthquakes and volcanic fire. Beauty and fertility and perpetual summer, with incessant exposure to sudden and overwhelming destruction.

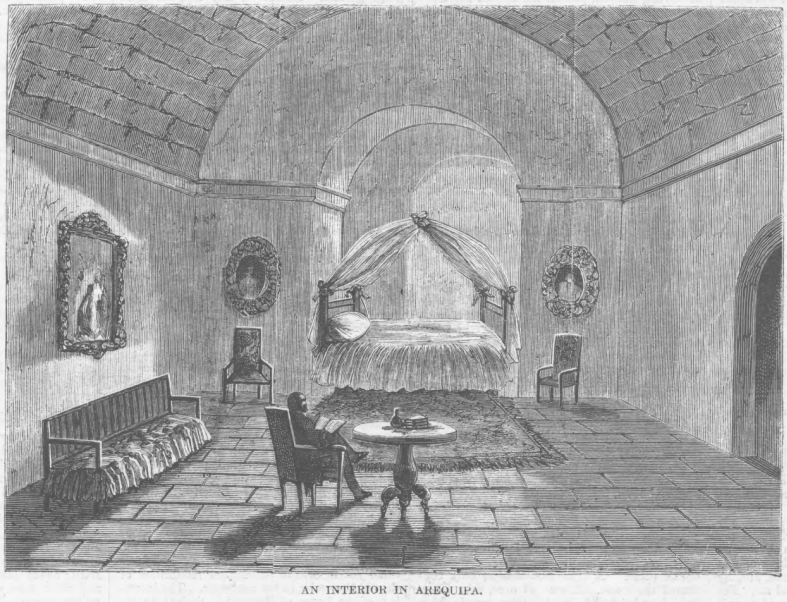
The people build their houses of stone, one story, and of very massive masonry, and with vaulted roofs of timber-work or stone. They make a recess in the thickness of the wall for the bed, and have very few openings for doors or windows, for fear of diminishing the solidity of the edifice, and thereby impairing its power to stand firm under the shakings which it is destined to undergo.

They build no chimneys, for it is seldom cold enough to require a fire, except for cooking; and they have various contrivances for disposing of the fumes produced in cooking without building tall chimneys to be toppled down. The ground beneath them is subject at all times to fits of groaning, rumbling, and trembling; and the volcanoes near may at any time break out into fearful eruptions. The city has, in fact, been repeatedly destroyed by these disastrous outbreaks; but as a commotion of sufficient magnitude to demolish the dwellings and crush the occupants to death is not likely to occur oftener than once in a century, the people of each generation conclude, very philosophically, that the period of comparative repose will "outlast their time;" and so they enjoy their fruits and their flowers and the loveliness of their climate and scenery, and eat and drink, and marry and are given in marriage, in nearly the same peace and quietness as those of us in other parts of the world enjoy, who have more stable foundations for our homes.

The kind of shaking, however, to which they are at all times subject, magnificent and beautiful as their country is, and genial as is their climate, recalls to mind the reflection of the New England father, who, when his children were complaining fretfully of the winter's cold, and wishing that they lived in a warmer climate, told them that it was a great deal better to be shaken with the cold than by earthquakes, or by fever and ague.

ON THE RETIRED LIST.

The people of the country are of a mixed race, being now chiefly the common descendants of the Spaniards, who were the first Europeans to colonize and settle in these countries, and of the aboriginal inhabitants, who, when the Spaniards came, had already attained to a very considerable degree of advancement in civilization. The superiority, however, of the European race and of the European civilization has asserted itself very strongly in the process of amalgamation, the European arts and usages and language and fashion of dress having become greatly predominant over those of the native tribes. The style of dress, for example, follows as closely as the distance and the uncertain means of communication will allow the general type prevailing in France and Spain—modified, however, in some degree by the taste and usages of the natives. Our lady readers can judge, perhaps, from the examples which we here give—and for which we are indebted to the drawings made on the spot by a French naturalist, who has recently given to the world a full account of a journey made by him through these countries—how far the ladies of Arequipa have attempted to improve upon the French models through the influence of aboriginal ideas of elegance and beauty.



AN INTERIOR IN AREQUIPA.

The mantilla, as in all Spanish countries, is a very important article of this attire; not only, it is said, on account of the function it fulfills as a covering, and of the graceful wavings and folds which it assumes in the endless variety of forms which it may be made to present in its different adjustments, but also on account of the charming gracefulness of person and movement which the wearer herself displays in the manifestation of it. The head-dress is elaborate. There is a high comb, and below it, behind, an arrangement of artificial hair hanging in pendent curls, which the French writer calls "weeping curls," as we would say "weeping willows."—The plumage of the bird of Paradise is a favorite ornament for the hair, and, with it, imitations of insects or flowers in gold and precious stones, which are attached to the ends of slender spiral wires, where they swing tremulously to and fro with every movement of the wearer.

The fan is almost unknown as an article of dress, the climate never requiring the use of any cooling contrivance of that kind. For something to take its place as a means of occupation for the hand they carry a small bag. These bags are made of various forms, and are embellished with every conceivable variety of ornamentation.

The ladies of Arequipa are very fond of riding, and they manage their horses with great dexterity. The costume, however, which they adopt for this purpose, so far as we can judge from the representation of it which our author gives, seems to incline far more toward the Indian type than toward the European.

They have, moreover, a special dress for the church, there being often in Catholic countries some very commendable restrictions in respect to the amount of gayety and display admissible in the toilet when going to engage in the sacred duties of divine service in the house of God. The church dress of the Arequipa lady is always black, made, both in respect to the cutting and the trimming, in a comparatively simple manner. The dress and the mantilla are both of silk, the latter being trimmed with lace, and worn in such a manner that the lace forms a species of ruffle, which is brought forward about the face. Indeed, the dress is so made, and so arranged in the wearing of it, that the whole of the person, except the features of the face, is covered.

In the back-ground of the picture is seen an Indian boy following the lady, and carrying over his shoulder the carpet upon which his mistress is to kneel at her place in the church. Such a carpet as this is used instead of the cushions and covered benches employed in other parts of the world. The fashionable ladies pride themselves on the possession of such a page as this, an Indian boy from the mountains being preferred. Such a boy, bought of his parents, is often sent, it is said, as a valuable present to a lady by a gentleman friend. One is often promised by a gentleman to his daughter, or to any lady whom he is specially desirous to please—so much so that when a company is setting off on some tour of business or exploration among the mountains in the interior it is not uncommon to hear, among other words of farewell, the reminder, "And be sure not to forget to send me my little Indian boy."

A person who has made such a promise can redeem it without much difficulty, as the half-savage father and mother can generally be easily induced, for a moderate consideration in the shape of money or of such merchandise as they prize, to give up their boy to this service in the town.

Of course, while these pages remain young enough to serve as the personal attendants of their mistress, they are treated somewhat as favorites, being often petted, and always nicely dressed. But when this time is passed they become "superannuated," as we might say—a fate which sooner or later befalls them all, and, of course, comes much earlier with some than with others. The poor things are then, of course, stripped of their finery, and turned off, some into the kitchen, and some into the street, to earn their livelihood as they can.

The ladies of Arequipa set a very high value upon jewels and gems, and greatly prize them—not only as personal ornaments, but as votive offerings at the shrines of the Virgin and of the saints, with which the churches abound. The images and the dolls which are every where set up as aids to their devotion are profusely and very richly decorated with gold and gems; which treasures, as our author states, though very much exposed, are effectually protected by the sentiment of veneration and awe which even the worst men there feel in re-

LADY OF AREQUIPA IN FULL DRESS.

LADY OF AREQUIPA DRESSED FOR A RIDE.

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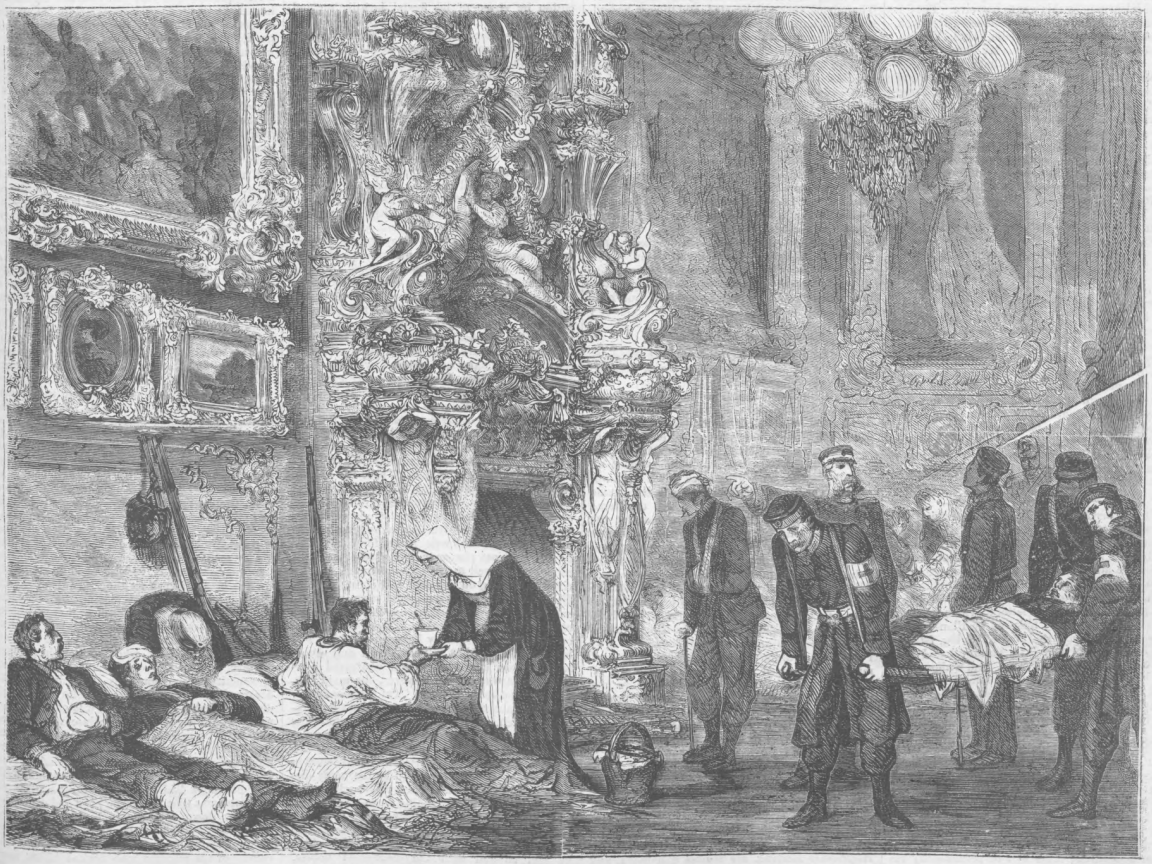
DRESSED FOR CHURCH.

GOING TO CHURCH IN AREQUIPA.

spect to the objects and places consecrated to the service of religion and of the Church A robber who would waylay and murder a helpless traveler without the least compunction, to gain possession of his purse, would be overwhelmed with remorse and horror if he had yielded to the temptation of despoiling of the smallest jewel the carved and painted image of the Virgin in a church.

There are a great many of these images in the churches, representing the Virgin and Christ in different forms, being impersonations of divinity



HOSPITAL FOR WOUNDED SOLDIERS IN THE PALACE OF VERSAILLES.

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presented in various aspects, and in the exercise of very diverse functions. Although the doctrine of "the Church" is that these different effigies are only so many modes of awakening a feeling of veneration in the minds of the worshipers for one single supreme and spiritual divinity, it is to be feared that the poor people do not always look beyond the sign to the thing signified, but that this adoration stops with the images, which are thus regarded by them as so many different gods. Indeed, the conceptions which all men form of divine things, in their inmost hearts, are really influenced far more by the mental cultivation and development to which they have attained, and are less controlled by what they are told or taught, than is generally imagined. A pagan philosopher will sometimes form, from the multitude of gods presented to his mind by the theology, or, rather, the mythology of his times, an ideal divinity that is spiritual and *one*, and of which the multitude of deified personages are only rude and imaginary embodiments, suited to minds not much advanced beyond the capacity for *material* impressions and conceptions; while, on the other hand, the Christian worshiper whose thinking and reasoning powers are wholly uncultivated will be in great danger of adoring the pictures and images themselves, that are presented to his view only as symbols of one unseen and ineffable power. For the true well-being of man the means of cultivation and development for the intellect, and spiritual guidance for the soul, must be supplied together.

WAR NOTES AND INCIDENTS.

AFTER PEACE—WHAT?

THE *Allgemeine Zeitung*, discussing what is to be done after the fall of Paris, deprecates the extension of the war further to the south, as calculated to attenuate the German lines, and expose them to incessant guerrilla attacks. It points out that, even if a truce and preliminaries of peace are arranged, the troops will not be able very soon to evacuate France. The peace negotiations will probably be more protracted than at Prague. A National Assembly, moreover, will have to be called and ratify the treaty. Even then the soldiers will have to await the payment of the indemnity and the fulfillment of other obligations. After the peace of 1815, when France had to pay the comparatively small indemnity of £28,000,000, and the not less moderate sum of £64,000,000 as compensation for private losses, the foreign occupation did not entirely cease till November 30, 1818.

THE MILITARY POWER OF FRANCE.

THE editor of the Cologne *Gazette* thinks Germany has rendered a great service to the rest of Europe by destroying the military power of France. "How immensely strong the defensive power of France hitherto was," he says, "we are now learning by this war to perceive. The fortresses of Metz, Strasburg, Schelestat, Breisach, Marsal, Phalsbourg, Thionville, Toul, Verdun, Soissons, Laon, Montmédy, Mézières, Amiens (the citadel), and Pérone we have already conquered with more or less loss. The capture of Paris, Belfort, Besançon, Lyons, Langres, Longwy, Cambrai, Douai, Valenciennes, Arras, Lille, Cherbourg, Brest, irrespective of the southern fortresses, still remain, and if success is not to be doubted, time, money, and loss of life are requisite. It is an uncommonly concentrated military power, this always warlike-minded France; and that we are now radically destroying its power, and thereby securing peace to Europe for a long time, is a great service which the German people are performing for the future of all European states."

THE GERMANS IN FRANCE.

THE German forces on French soil comprise, according to the calculation of a Berlin paper, 591 battalions, with 575,100 men; 424 cavalry squadrons, with 66,400 men; 280 batteries, with 74,100 men and 1680 guns; and 12,600 engineers—making a total of 728,000 men. The effective strength on the 1st of January was about 510,000 men, and so many reserves are being sent that it will hardly fall below this number. Sixty-two Landwehr battalions from the old provinces, and sixty-two battalions from the new provinces and Saxony, are available for active service if required, and a portion of these have already been directed to undertake *etappen* duty.

SNUBBING A PRINCE.

THE *Courrier de la Gironde*, confirming the news of General Changarnier having snubbed Prince Napoleon when he made overtures to him at Brussels for a Bonapartist restoration, vouches for the authenticity of the following extract from a letter written by Changarnier himself: "In returning from the post-office, whither I had gone to throw in the letter to which you now respond, I was closely followed by Plon-Plon in person. I was surprised to see this big, fat person filling up my poor little parlor; but I preserved my soldier's *sang-froid*, and, without asking him to sit down, inquired how it happened that I had the honor of his visit. After many compliments, impossible to be repeated, about my importance and my renown, Plon-Plon added: 'You alone can save France, and put an end to this war. The Empress is but *une brute* (*sic*). You must be Regent, and bring back the little Prince. I can guarantee you the assent of Prussia and Bismarck. You will assemble on the frontier 150,000 of our prisoners, commanded by generals of your own choosing. When you shall have executed the members of the provisional government, and some few hundred other scoundrels, order will be permanently restored. If you agree to this proposal, I have an agent ready to take the news at once to Count Bismarck.' 'Prince,' I replied to him, 'I have done with romancing, and will not put my hand to such an absurd romance as this.' And then I showed him the way down stairs."

NARROW ESCAPE FROM DEATH.

A JEWISH resident at Dantzic, who on the outbreak of the war followed the German armies as sutler, has written to his friends informing them that he was recently taken prisoner, tried as a spy, and condemned to death, together with his partner, a Christian. The latter was first shot, and the Jew was already bandaged, when the words "Schma Israel," the commencement of the prayer offered up by every Jew before death, struck the ears of the French major who was presiding over the execution. He immediately ordered the suspension of the proceedings, and turning to his soldiers told them that the accused was very possibly innocent, and directed that he should be remitted to prison. The major then examined more closely the prisoner's papers, arrived at a conviction of his innocence, and procured his release. The major, it is explained, like many French officers, was a Jew, and his conscience forbade his executing an unjust sentence on a fellow-believer.

PERILS OF BALLOON TRAVEL.

THE *Independance Belge* gives an account of a perilous balloon descent near the sea-coast. The balloon, which left Paris on Monday morning at seven o'clock with two passengers and a great bulk of correspondence, was seen to pass over Brussels the same morning. The persons in charge had been told by the chief of the Aeronautical Department in Paris that with the force of wind then blowing their progress would be about five leagues per hour. Two hours after their departure they were over Brussels; but, relying upon the information they received, they believed they were not more than ten leagues from Paris, and therefore feared to descend, lest they should fall into the hands of the Germans. They continued their course, but in less than an hour they came within sight of the sea. The balloon was then 13,000 feet from the earth; but the travelers, perceiving the perilous nature of their position, immediately cut open the silk in various places. The descent was made with fearful velocity, and when the car dashed upon the earth the two travelers were thrown out, but, although they fainted, they were not seriously hurt. One packet of dispatches was also thrown out; but the balloon, with the remainder, after being relieved from their weight, immediately rose. It was ultimately seen to fall into the sea.

MAN AND SOLDIER.

A GERMAN artilleryman states, in a letter to his parents, that on entering Mézières he was proud, as a soldier, of the effect of the guns, but, as a man, he cursed and shuddered at the war. Though not very soft-hearted, and though he had seen Strasburg and much destruction and wretchedness, the appearance of Mézières surpassed every thing he had previously witnessed. Scarcely a house was uninjured, and the church was partly in ruins. From the very first house—or rather ruin—which they passed, the besieging troops heard the word "*canaille*" uttered by a woman, who clenched her fist at them. One of the soldiers would have gone up to her, but he held him back, for the woman was doubtless standing on the still smoking ruins of her house and property. While passing through the town, hearing ever and anon of the number of persons who had been crushed by the fall of this or that house, the troops suddenly heard the music of the advancing Seventy-fourth regiment. "Misery and grief are forgotten, and our hearts beat at the enlivening strains of the national hymn. The man is shaken off, and the soldier resumes his rights, for man and soldier are two things often very different. Yes, war is terrible, but it is also grand."

SORROWS OF PRINCE HENRI.

THE following letter has been addressed by the Count of Chambord to the *Union* and the *Gazette de France:*

"It is impossible longer for me to keep silence. I had hoped that the death of so many heroes, fallen upon the field of battle, that the energetic resistance of a capital resigned to endure all to keep the enemy outside its walls, would spare my country new trials; but the bombardment of Paris wrings from my grief a cry which I can not retain. The son of Christian kings who have made France, I groan at the sight of her disasters; condemned to inability to redeem them at the price of my life, I raise my testimony before peoples and kings, and protest, as much as I am able in the face of Europe, against the most sanguinary and lamentable war that was ever waged. Who should speak to the world, if not I, for the town of Clovis, of Clotilde, of Généviève; for the town of Charlemagne, of Saint Louis, of Philip Augustus, and of Henry IV.; for the capital of the sciences, the arts, and of civilization? No! I will not see the great city perish which each of my ancestors used to call 'my good town of Paris.' And since I can do nothing more, my voice shall be raised from my exile to protest against the ruin of my country. My voice shall cry to earth and to Heaven, assured of meeting with the sympathy of man, and awaiting the justice of God. HENRI.

"*January* 7, 1871."

SUFFERING IN GERMANY.

THE dispatch of reserves and war material from Berlin is monopolizing means of transport, and seriously interfering with civil business. The stores of fuel, according to a letter in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, are almost exhausted, and the price has considerably risen. The elementary schools were obliged, after the Christmas holidays, to send their pupils home, partly on account of lack of coal. The number of pauper families has increased, owing to the war, by more than 13,000. "Such things make the wish for peace even here more and more earnest; and it is more loudly expressed than from the tone of our press could be gathered. Warmly, however, as this wish is evinced, it does not extend to peace at any price. Even the man who has incurred, and is daily incurring, heavy sacrifices, will have no other peace than one by which our enemy's teeth are drawn. He sees, therefore, in the constant dispatch of additional force to the seat of war a new guarantee for the attainment of this desire." The writer adds that the garrison battalions taking the place of troops sent to France includes men of advanced age. The district of Dirschau, for example, has furnished 530 men, almost all aged.

STIRLING CASTLE.

THE view from Stirling Castle impresses all beholders with its variety and beauty, including, as it does, not only the field of Bannockburn, the Abbey Crag—on which a monument in memory of William Wallace has of late years been erected, which stands as a landmark, visible in every direction for many miles around—but the beautiful woods of Kier, the fashionable watering-place, the Bridge of Allan, the majestic ruins of the abbey of Cambuskenneth, and the sinuous river that, issuing from the highest hills beyond Callander, assumes the names, ere it reaches Stirling, of the Avondhu and the Forth. And the interior of the castle is as greatly worthy of a long visit from every intelligent and well-read traveler as the exterior. In the banqueting-hall the kings of the houses of Bruce and Stuart, and even of an earlier time, were accustomed to hold the Round Table, supposed to have been originally established by King Arthur, though no record states when that fabulous monarch inhabited Scotland. The old Parliament House, in which the estates of the realm met under the Stuarts, is now used as a barrack for the garrison. Almost if not every room of the palace and castle has its own little bit of romance and tradition; but that which excites the greatest interest among the multitude—for the same reason that makes the Chamber of Horrors at Madame Tussaud's so attractive—is the little bedroom of King James the Second, where a very ghastly tragedy was enacted, ghastly alike in its first act as in its climax and catastrophe. William, the eighth Earl of Douglas, haughtiest and savagest among the haughty and savage Scottish nobles of his time, carried things with somewhat too high a hand in the south of Scotland and in his own extensive domain to be considered either a peaceable, a safe, or a loyal subject by his king. Douglas had seized and imprisoned one M'Clellan of Bombie, and threatened to bring him to trial and execution by virtue of his feudal jurisdiction and authority. Sir Patrick Grey, commander of the king's body-guard, and uncle of M'Clellan, obtained from James the Second, at Stirling, a warrant for the delivery of the prisoner. On Grey's arrival at Douglas's castle of Thrave, Douglas, suspecting his errand, invited him to dine, with the remark that it was "ill talking between a full man and a fasting." Grey accepted the invitation; and in the mean while the unfortunate M'Clellan was, by the grim earl's orders, led out into the court-yard and summarily beheaded. After dinner Grey proceeded to business, and presented the king's warrant. "You are too late, Sir Patrick!" said Douglas. "Your sister's son lies in the court without his head. *That* I can not spare you, but you are welcome to the dead body." Grey sprang suddenly to his steed, and, vowing revenge for the cruel and dastardly outrage, rode off, pursued by some of Douglas's men until within a few miles of Edinburgh. He lived to be revenged, and in a manner which he could not have anticipated. The king was highly incensed, not only at the murder, which was but the climax of many other atrocities, but at the confederacy into which Douglas had entered, with the Earls of Crawford, Ross, Moray, and other great nobles, against his crown and authority. But Douglas was too powerful a person to be lightly assailed; and at a loyal council it was resolved to offer him an amnesty for all past offenses, if he would renew his oath of allegiance, and break off his connection with the confederacy. For this purpose he was invited to visit the king at Stirling, with promises of a hospitable and a friendly reception, and provided with a writ of safe-conduct. Douglas was strongly dissuaded by his friends against trusting in the king's word; but, confiding in the writ, he set forth, attended by his trustiest clansmen and several hundred retainers, all well mounted and armed, and arrived at Stirling on the 20th of February, 1451. His followers were lodged in the town, and himself and nearest kinsmen, to the number of about twenty, in the castle. Every thing went on smoothly and quietly between the king and his powerful subject. They dined and drank together, sat and walked and conversed amicably, always avoiding, however, the main subject at issue between them. On the second day the king gave a great state banquet to the council, at which, after the removal of the cloth, the matter of the confederacy, of which Douglas was supposed to be the head and the heart, was brought forward and discussed. The discussion grew warm, and being shared by too many disputants, the king suddenly asked Douglas to retire with him into an adjoining room—a bedroom—to discourse with him privately. Here the king endeavored to persuade him to return to his allegiance, and to break the bond into which he had entered with the disaffected nobles. Douglas defended himself quietly against some of the charges made against him, alleged his feudal right to punish his enemies within his own jurisdiction, and, as regarded his bond or compact with Crawford and other nobles, maintained that he had as much right to make compacts as the king himself. The king lost his temper, and in a fit of rage drew his dagger, and exclaimed, "Traitor! if thou wilt not break the bond, my dagger shall," and stabbed him to the heart. Douglas attempted to return the blow, but in vain. The lords of the council, hearing the scuffle, rushed in, all armed, and Douglas fell to the ground, stabbed in twenty-six places, the finishing blow being given by Sir Patrick Grey, who smashed in his head with a pole-axe. This done, the body was thrown out of the little bedroom window into the court below, where it was immediately buried. This room was almost wholly destroyed by fire a few years ago, but has been restored in the exact style of the original. In 1797 a skeleton of a man was found in the spot indicated by tradition as that in which Douglas was buried.

Another room in Stirling Castle, which has associations of a pleasanter character, is that which was the study of James the Sixth when a child under the tutorship of the celebrated Buchanan. It was here that the future King of Great Britain and Ireland climbed painfully up the hill of knowledge, and that when he was remiss, or idle, or stupid, which often happened, a scapegoat was found for his offenses in the shape of a little boy of his own age, who received the whippings that ought of right to have been administered to the royal offender. It is related that Buchanan, losing faith in this vicarious method of punishment, one day, when he was more than usually aggravated by the inattention or stupidity of his pupil, administered the treatment to his royal pupil himself with a force and decisiveness which made the young king roar as lustily as if he had been a small Etonian, or a parochial charity-boy, undergoing the same penance. The king's governess, the Countess of Mar, rushed into the room, with fury in her eyes, and seizing James from his castigator, asked the schoolmaster, savagely, "how he dared to lay his hands on the Lord's anointed?" Buchanan's reply has been duly preserved for the laughter of posterity, but does not exactly suit the decorum of this paper, or of modern parlance.

THE CONVENT OF MAR SÂBA.

THE frontispiece to the "Talisman," in the Favorite edition of the Waverley Novels, represents the convent of Mar Sâba, in the region of the Dead Sea, and the rugged grandeur of its site. If the reader has the volume at hand, let him study this picture well, for there is nothing else like the place portrayed in Palestine or the world. Its church, courts, cells, and chambers are built up and let into the caves and ridges of a lofty precipice, so that you can not determine how much of the formidable structure before you is natural and how much the work of man. This precipice is faced by another, equally perpendicular and high, so that the holy house of Mar Sâba stands on the side of a roofless tunnel, the walls of which are above and below and opposite. The only situation at all like it is the mythical dwelling of one of the Children of the Mist, pointed out to the tourist in the Highlands as he looks up, half shudderingly, on his passage through the gloomy Glencoe. The house of Mar Sâba is far more like a fortress than a convent, and its monks still adopt many of the precautions of a state of siege. No woman and no Bedouin is permitted to cross its threshold, and our little party was inspected minutely from a carefully guarded loophole while our credentials were read, and before the narrow and ponderous iron door turned slowly on its hinges, and we were permitted to enter. We found ourselves in a small court-yard, strongly guarded, and were conducted subsequently over a wilderness of cells, refectories, flat roofs, hospital wards, chapels, and ancient cells. Some were mere natural caves, others were holes scooped by hand out of the solid rock, and others, again, such as the church, with its enormous buttresses, dome, and clock-turret, were elaborate specimens of ornate architecture. On looking out, there was nothing but an enormous chasm to be seen, and it seemed as if we were at the end of the world. The monks looked dazed and feeble-minded, as if the utter solitude and gloomy grandeur had been too much for their minds, though the one who conducted us round was, perhaps, from frequent performance of similar duties as guest-master, both garrulous and bland. From a small open terrace about the size of a hearth-rug we looked to right and left, up and down the awful space below us, while our host, uttering a peculiarly shrill cry, brought what looked like a gray mouse from its hiding-place in the rocks. The mouse was a fox, which looked up cunningly for the bread thrown to him; and the good father explained that thus feeding the wild foxes and jackals of the ravine formed the chief amusement of his leisure. We had much talk concerning the holy St. Sabas, the founder of the convent, a native of Cappadocia, who flourished in the fifth century, and, by his reputation for extraordinary sanctity, drew thousands after him into this dreary glen. The precipice opposite to us is riddled with holes, each of which was once the lair, not of a wild beast, but of a recluse, who believed himself to be serving God by leading a life of useless solitude. There are no pathways or other modes of approach to these very ineligible residences. They are sheer holes in an upright wall, and our monk laid quite an unctuous stress on the statement that those who lived and died there were let down severally in baskets, and never afterward returned to the upper world. Their only means of subsistence, he insisted, was the charity of the pilgrims who flocked hither from all parts of the world, and who let down contri-

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butions of bread and fruit, until a day came when the basket was not emptied, nor an answering pull given to the rope from above, and then the word went round that one more holy father had, after ten, or fifteen, or twenty years of death in life, departed finally, and that his late hole was ready for another tenant. We saw hundreds of these caves here, and next day in the rocky sides of Quarantania, known as the Mountain of the Temptation, and as each of them represented a succession of empty lives, which had in their time been quoted as examples to the ignorant and credulous, we numbered them among the many shockingly melancholy sights of Palestine.

The past history and present surroundings of the convent are in accordance with its appearance, and justify its precautions and fortress look. It was attacked and conquered by the Persians in the seventh century, and its monks murdered; it was frequently stormed during the fierce struggles of the Crusaders, and it is now one of the richest convents in the Holy Land, with a church stocked with gold and silver ornaments, a valuable library, which includes rare manuscripts, and priceless relics in the shape of piled-up bones of murdered saints, in the very centre of a district infested by the wildest Bedouins. No wonder, then, that the monks keep a strict guard, and that the convent is made as difficult of access as the original lion's den in which St. Sabas dwelt, and which was the germ of the entire building.

SCIENCE AND IMAGINATION.

On the 16th of September, 1870, Dr. Tyndall delivered before the British Association, at Liverpool, a wonderful oration, "On the Scientific Use of the Imagination." We are constantly reminded, even by the conversational expressions of everyday life, of the help which imagination affords to science. How is an important discovery spoken of? It is a bright idea, a lucky hit, a happy thought, a fortunate guess, a clever notion, an inspiration of genius, a successful experiment. It is evidently something good and new attained by an intellectual leap or spring, and not a result worked out step by step, by chopping logic and spinning a series of "therefores," like Euclid's solution of a problem.

What are scientific experiments but brilliant efforts of the imagination? "I imagine that, under such and such circumstances, such and such will be the case. I don't know it; but I will try." By no one is this fact more profusely and more convincingly illustrated than by Dr. Tyndall, both in his published books and his lectures. He amplifies the experiments of other philosophers, besides inventing experiments of his own. He wishes to know whether pure water be, as most people suppose it, absolutely colorless. It is so, as we usually see it in small quantities; but a very thin stratum of pale ale is almost as colorless as a stratum of water. He pours distilled water into a drinking-glass; it exhibits no trace whatever of color; so he imagines an experiment to show us that this pellucid liquid, in sufficient thickness, has a very decided color.

"Here," he says, triumphantly, "is a tube fifteen feet long, placed horizontally, its ends being stopped by pieces of plate-glass. At one end of the tube stands an electric lamp, from which a cylinder of light will be sent through the tube. It is now half filled with water, the upper surface of which cuts the tube in two equal parts horizontally. Thus I send half of my beam through air, and half through water, and with this lens I intend to project a magnified image of the adjacent end of the tube upon this screen. You now see the image, composed of two semicircles, one of which is due to the light which has passed through the water, the other to the light which has passed through the air. Side by side, thus, you can compare them; and you notice that while the air semicircle is a pure white, the water semicircle is a bright and delicate blue-green." The real color of distilled water was ascertained and proved beyond a doubt.

Again: somebody once imagined that sound was owing to commotions of some kind produced in the air, and consequently that air was necessary to the propagation of sound. No air, no sound, it was guessed. But what airless region of the world could the learned then find to put the notion to the test? In course of time the air-pump was constructed. A celebrated experiment, which proved the truth of the theory, was made by a philosopher named Hawksbee, before the Royal Society, in 1705. He so fixed a bell within the receiver of an air-pump, that he could ring the bell when the receiver was exhausted. Before the air was withdrawn the sound of the bell was heard within the receiver; after the air was withdrawn the sound became so faint as to be hardly perceptible.

Dr. Tyndall, as is his wont, carries it farther. After exhausting the receiver as perfectly as possible, he allows hydrogen gas—which is fourteen times lighter than air—to enter the vessel. The sound of the bell is not sensibly augmented by the presence of this attenuated gas, even when the receiver is full of it. By working the pump, the atmosphere round the bell is rendered still more attenuated. In this way a vacuum is obtained more perfect than that of Hawksbee, which is important, for it is the last traces of air that are chiefly effective in this experiment. The hammer is then seen pounding the bell, but no sound is audible. An ear placed against the exhausted receiver is unable to hear the faintest tinkle. Note, however, that the bell is suspended by strings; for if it were allowed to rest upon the plate of the air-pump, the vibrations would communicate themselves to the plate and be transmitted to the air outside. All that can be heard by the most concentrated attention, with the ear placed against the receiver, is a feeble thud, due to the transmission of the shock of the hammer through the strings which support the bell. On permitting air to enter the jar with as little noise as possible a feeble sound is immediately heard, growing louder as the air becomes more dense, until every person assembled in the lecture-room distinctly hears the ringing of the bell.

Count Rumford was one of the first to propound, in 1798, the theory regarding the nature of heat which is now universally admitted by men of science. The suggestive fact which led to it was the large amount of heat developed in the process of boring cannon at Munich. To test his idea, he contrived an apparatus for the generation of heat by friction, and with it succeeded in actually boiling water, originally at a temperature of sixty degrees Fahrenheit, in two hours and a half. "It would be difficult," he says, "to describe the surprise and astonishment expressed in the countenances of the by-standers on seeing so large a quantity of water heated, and actually made to boil, without any fire." Dr. Tyndall, being short of time, produced the same effect by similiar means, on a small quantity of water, in two minutes and a half.

The electric telegraph is perhaps the thing which has most frequently missed the consummation of discovery. In 1732 it was prefigured in the shape of a desirable and perhaps possible talisman. Indeed talismans and amulets often express anxious longings after ends which we now either know to be impossible, or which we have either partially or completely realized. Express trains, for instance, are not bad substitutes for the flying carpet of the "Arabian Nights." Now Father Lebrun records the employment of the magnet as a means of conversing at a distance. "I have heard say several times that certain persons have interchanged secret communications by means of two magnetic needles. Two friends took each a compass, around which were engraved the letters of the alphabet, and, they pretend, when one of the friends made the needle point to any letter, the other needle, although distant several leagues, immediately turned to the same letter. I do not answer for the fact; I only know that several persons, as Salmut, have believed it possible, and that several persons have refuted this error."

This "error" is nothing less than the electric telegraph, minus the batteries and the conducting wires.

Aldini, again, in his "Essai Théorique et Experimentale sur le Galvanisme," published in 1804, hit upon a veritable electric telegraph without knowing it. His object was to ascertain whether a galvanic shock could be transmitted through the sea. It had already been effected through the waters of the Lake of Geneva by Swiss, and through those of the Thames by English philosophers. Happening to visit Calais, he laid down a wire from a battery on the end of the west jetty to the platform of Fort Rouge, now demolished. The effects of the battery fixed on the jetty were felt, not only by living persons stationed on the platform, but even recently slain animals betrayed by their contractions the fact that they had received the message sent from the distant battery. In this suggestive experiment (and we now wonder how people could be so dull) all that was wanted to constitute the telegraph were the dial-plates at each end of the wire.

Most happily does Dr. Tyndall select, as his principal illustration of the scientific use of the imagination, the undulatory theory of light. Light, which is the synonym of perception and intelligence, is, we now feel thoroughly assured, the result of a mechanism utterly and absolutely imperceptible by our senses. It is the consequence of pulsations or waves in a subtle ether pervading all space. But we only know the ether intellectually. No one has ever compressed it, so as to make it tangible, nor revealed its presence by chemical tests. No one has ever felt it blow on his cheek, or seen the lightest film of down displaced by its currents. The ether itself is far beyond our ken: and yet we know that it must exist, because we see, and witness the phenomena of light and vision, which, in many instances, are only a repetition, in another form, of the phenomena of sound.

It is difficult to state the case, even briefly, without borrowing not only Dr. Tyndall's thoughts, but in great measure his very words. Sound travels through different media with different velocities. In water it is propagated at the rate of four thousand seven hundred feet a second, whereas the wave-motion in water (like that produced by the fall of a heavy rain-drop on a tranquil pond) is propagated at a rate which does not amount to a foot a second. Gravity and inertia are the agents by which this wave-motion is produced, while in the case of the sound-pulse it is the elasticity of the water that is the urging force.

But water is not necessary to the conduction of sound; air is its most common vehicle. And when air possesses the particular density and elasticity corresponding to the temperature of freezing water, it is known that the velocity of sound in it is one thousand and ninety feet a second—almost exactly one-fourth of the velocity in water: the reason being that, although the greater weight of the water tends to diminish the velocity, the enormous molecular elasticity of the liquid far more than atones for the disadvantage due to weight. Now we have a tolerably clear idea of the phenomena of sound. By various contrivances we can compel the vibrations of the air to declare themselves; we know the length and frequency of sonorous waves. We can abolish one sound by another. We know the physical meaning of music and noise, of harmony and discord. In short, as regards sound, we have precise ideas of the physical processes by which special sensations are excited in our ears.

In these phenomena we travel a very little way from downright sensible experience. But still the imagination is brought into play to some extent. We construct in thought the waves of sound which we can not see with our bodily eye, and we believe as firmly in their existence as in that of the air itself. But, having mastered the cause and mechanism of sound, we desire to know the cause and mechanism of light. Here we have to call upon that expansive, almost creative power of the human intellect, which we call the imagination. In the case now before us, it is manifested by our transplanting into space, for the purposes of light, a modified form of the mechanism of sound.

We know on what the velocity of sound depends. When we lessen the density of a medium, and preserve its elasticity constant, we augment the velocity. When we heighten the elasticity, and keep the density constant, we also augment the velocity. A small density, therefore, and a great elasticity, are the two things necessary to rapid propagation.

Now light is known to move with the astounding velocity of one hundred and eighty-five thousand miles a second. How is such a velocity to be attained? By boldly diffusing in space a medium of the requisite tenuity and elasticity!

Accordingly, philosophers have made such a medium their starting-point, endowing it with one or two other necessary qualities, handling it in accordance with strict mechanical laws; and thus transferring it from the world of imagination to the world of sense, and trying whether the final result be not the very phenomena of light which ordinary knowledge and skilled experiment reveal. If in all the multiplied varieties of these phenomena, including those of the most remote and entangled description, this fundamental conception always brings them face to face with the truth; if no contradiction to their deductions from it be found in external nature; if, moreover, it has actually forced upon their attention phenomena which no eye had previously seen, and which no mind had previously imagined; if by it they find themselves gifted with a power of prescience which has never failed when brought to an experimental test—such a conception, which never disappoints them, but always lands them on the solid shores of fact, must, they think, be something more than a mere figment of the scientific fancy. It is impossible to come to any other conclusion than that reason and imagination, by their united action, have led them into an invisible world, which is not a bit less real than the world of the senses.

Imagination, then, in one brilliant instance, has guided us to one of the grandest physical facts. But this universal medium, this light-ether as it is called, is a vehicle, not an origin, of wave-motion. It receives and transmits, but it does not create. The motion it conveys is derived, for the most part, from luminous bodies. The scientific imagination, which is here authoritative, demands, as the origin and cause of a series of ether-waves, a particle of vibrating matter, quite as definite as, though incomparably smaller than, that which gives origin to a musical sound. Such a particle is named an atom, or a molecule, and is, we think, by no means difficult to imagine.

Acting on our retina, the different light-waves produce the sensation of different colors. Red, for example, is produced by the largest waves, violet by the smallest; while green and blue are produced by waves of intermediate length and amplitude. We may compare their differences of magnitude to the billows of the ocean and the ripples of a pond. The shingle that would stop the one would have no perceptible effect on the other. Now suppose a number of minute particles, like the motes which dance in sunbeams, to be suspended in the atmosphere. It will be admitted that, like the pebbles on a beach, they may have some influence on the smaller waves of light.

The sky is blue; which indicates a deficiency on the part of the larger waves. In accounting for the color of the sky the first question suggested by analogy would undoubtedly be, "Is not the air blue?" The blueness of the air has, in fact, been given as a solution of the blueness of the sky. But reason, basing itself on observation, asks in reply, "How, if the air be blue, can the light of sunrise and sunset, which travels through vast distances of air, be yellow, orange, and even red?" The passage of the white solar light through a blue medium could, by no possibility, redden the light. The hypothesis of a blue air is therefore untenable. In fact, the agent, whatever it is, which sends us the light of the sky, exercises, in so doing, a double action. The light reflected is blue, the light transmitted is orange or red.

But it is known that infinitely small particles, suspended in a medium, give it a blue tint, when seen by reflected light. There are glasses which show a bright yellow by transmitted, and a beautiful blue by reflected light. A trace of soap in water gives it a tint of blue, as does the steeping in it of a fresh shred of horse-chestnut bark. New York milk makes an approximation to the same color, through the operation of the same cause; and Helmholtz has irreverently disclosed the fact that a blue eye is simply a turbid medium.

The minuteness of the particles which produce our azure sky must be left entirely to imagination. From their perviousness to stellar light, and other considerations, Sir John Herschel drew some startling conclusions respecting the density and weight of the comets. We know that their tails often fill spaces immensely larger than the whole earth, whose diameter is only eight thousand miles. Both it and our sky, and a good space beyond the sky, would certainly be included in a sphere ten thousand miles across, three hundred thousand of which spheres would be required to make up a handsome comet's tail. Now suppose the whole of this cometary matter to be swept together and suitably compressed, what do we suppose its volume would be? Sir John Herschel would tell us that the whole mass of this cometary rubbish might be carted away at a single effort by a single dray-horse. Perhaps even a donkey might do the work.

After this we may entertain Dr. Tyndall's notion concerning the quantity of matter in our sky. Suppose a shell to surround the earth at a height above the surface which would place it beyond the grosser matter that hangs in the lower regions of the air—say at the height of the Matterhorn or Mont Blanc. Outside this shell we have the deep blue firmament. Let the atmospheric space beyond the shell be swept clean, and let the sky-matter be properly gathered up. What is its probable amount? Dr. Tyndall has thought that a lady's portmanteau, nay, even that a gentleman's portmanteau—possibly his snuff-box—might take it all in. But whether the actual sky be capable of this amount of condensation or not, he entertains no doubt that a sky quite as vast as ours, and as good in appearance, could be formed from a quantity of matter which might be held in the hollow of the hand.

After this the sky may fall without making us quake about broken bones.

BATHING IN THE DEAD SEA.

BATHING in the Dead Sea produces as novel a sensation as if you found yourself suddenly endowed with wings, and emulating the feats of a tumbler-pigeon in mid-air. You become a clumsy float, a top-heavy buoy, a swollen cork, the instant you are in its waters, and arms, legs, and body are apparently endowed with the strangest qualities. It is as if heavy weights were affixed to each directly you attempt to move, and experienced swimmers fail in their best strokes, by reason of the unnatural buoyancy with which they have to contend. Your limbs are on the surface, and you cleave the air with your hands, the moment you try to swim, and the man who would be drowned as soon as he was out of his depth in any other sheet of water in the world is the one best fitted for bathing in the Dead Sea. He can not sink in it, let him do what he will. It is as if he were incased in life-belts, or sprawling on a feather-bed. If he lean back and throw his feet up, it is exactly as if he were resting in a peculiarly well-stuffed easy-chair, with a leg-rest to match. He may fold his arms, turn on one side, lie flat upon his stomach or back, clasp his knees with both hands, or draw toes and head together, in the shape the human body would assume if crammed hastily into a jar with its extremities left out, and all with no more possibility of sinking than if he were in so much soft sand. Woe to him if he be tempted by these unusual facilities to stay long in the water with his head uncovered! The bare and rocky walls of the low-lying caldron which holds the Sea of Death reflect back the burning sun and concentrate its rays; and a coup de soleil will be the all but inevitable consequence of his imprudence. Two of our party entered the water, and remained in it for some seconds before they re-covered their heads, and the result was severe shooting pains, sickness, and dizziness, which lasted until their immersion, an hour later, in the refreshing waters of the Jordan. Woe, too, to the inexperienced stranger who, following his rule in other bathing, dips his head as well as his body into the Dead Sea. Inflamed eyes and nostrils, together with hair and beard laden with acrid salts, are among the penalties of his rashness; while if he taste its waters, he becomes acquainted with a greater concentration of nastiness than had entered into his imagination before. In buoyancy and bitterness the Sea of Sodom exceeded all we had heard or read respecting it; but in some other particulars our anticipations were falsified surprisingly. We looked for gloom, and we found brightness; we had imagined turbid waters, and we found a lake exquisitely clear and delicately blue; we expected perfect silence and an unbroken waste, and we found the birds singing sweetly among the tamarisks and oleanders, which spring up wherever a stream finds its way from the mountains to mingle with the mysterious inland sea.

THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

THE beliefs that were held some two or three hundred years ago regarding animals were most extraordinary. Not only were perfectly harmless creatures described as "deadlie" and "possessed of murthering faculties," but, what is most strange, they were reputed to be filled with all kinds of malignant passions and envious feelings. Deep, calculating designs, and spiteful, crafty cunning, were laid to the charge of the most inoffensive animals; and old natural history writers vie with each other in attributing bad qualities, both mental and physical, to the whole animal world.

That beasts of prey, serpents, and stinging insects should have borne a bad character in olden times is not very surprising; but that such humble and harmless creatures as caterpillars and worms should be written of as poisonous and deadly does indeed seem extraordinary at the present day.

In an old natural history book now before us, date 1608, we find the following character given of caterpillars, or "cankers:" "There is not any one sort of caterpillers but they are maligne, naught, and venomous;" and again, "All caterpillers have a burning qualitie, and such as will readily fetch off the skinne, and flea [flay] it quickly, and rayse blisters. If any one drinke the caterpiller [by some extraordinary accident, we presume] that liveth in the Pytch [fir] trees, there will forthwith follow a great paine about his mouth and jawes, vehement inflammation, with a sensible itching, the whole body, as it were burned and scalded with heate and hot vapours." The names of the creatures referred

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to are generally vague and ambiguous to a degree. The following is a description of what is termed "a strange and stinking caterpiller," quoted from Gesner: "This stinking caterpiller is very like to those that are horned, but yet it wanteth horns (!), differing fro them all in colour. I first espyed it creeping upon a wall toward the end of August, anno 1550. There commeth from it a loathsome and an abhominable savour and smell, so that you would verily beleeve it to be very venomous. It went forwards very frowningly, and with a quick, angry, and despightfull countenaunce, the head alwaies stretched up aloft. I judge her to be blind.....Her head was blacke and somewhat hard; her mouth crookedly bending like hookes (!), having *teeth* notched like a saw, and with these teeth, as with pincers or nyppers, whatsoever she layd hold on she, as famished, did bite.....Without doubt, she must be concluded to be exceeding venomous." Elsewhere we read: "The hayrie Calterpillers are most mischievous and dangerous amongst them all, and these are eyther thicke or thinne hayred, and the most venomous is that which is called Pityocampe, *whose byting is poyson.*"

It is almost impossible to conceive a more helpless and inoffensive creature than a worm, yet we read in the same book that "wormes are found to bee very venomous in the kingdome of Mogor, and the inhabitants there doe stand in so great feare of them, that they bee destroyed and slaine by them when they travell a journey; and therefore, there, they use ordinarily to carry Besomes (birch-brooms) with them to sweepe the playne ways for feare of further hurt."

Such were the fallacious teachings of the "learned physitions," and the uncomfortable beliefs of our sturdy forefathers, some three hundred years ago. The teachers evidently regarded nearly every living thing with distrust and suspicion, and the people at large were only too ready to believe in the teachings of their old apothecaries and herbalists.

GOVERNMENT AMONG ANIMALS.

UNLIKE the monarchical system of horses, dogs in the savage or semi-wild state, left to themselves, without masters, as they are in all Oriental cities, form clans, and actually subdivide their foraging ground into districts, over the boundaries of which a death penalty is inflicted upon a trespasser if he can not make a successful escape.

Wolves hunt together in packs, and by combining forces destroy both men and groups of large animals. When their hunger is satisfied they separate, and wander about stealthily and solitarily. Not so, however, with dogs. They keep compactly together in searching for garbage, as the scavengers in all Oriental countries, and quarrel savagely for a bone; but when it disappears their wrath subsides, and they are good friends again. No one dog assumes superiority over the others of his clan or district, which shows a peculiar order of government. They know every member of another community, and deadly conflicts ensue when either party crosses the recognized lines of territory. Many young puppies lose their lives in consequence of not being thoroughly instructed in their constitutional rights and privileges.

Travelers furnish abundant evidence of this natural order of government among canines. It matters not where they may be—in Europe, Asia, Africa, or America—the form of government is always the same.

Those four-handed gentlemen with tails, accounts of whose imitative faculty, restless activity, and nut-loving stomachs are written in books, seem to form no associations, or act under any acquired or instinctive rules that approach to any systematic form of government. Monkeys are social in their habits, but excessively selfish, capricious, and unreliable. Unrestrained in their native haunts, they lead a wandering, vagabond life in groups, principally in the tops of trees. There is neither king, autocrat, presiding elder, nor council of state among them. When alarmed, they all scamper off out of harm's way as fast as possible, reappearing as soon as the cause of alarm is past. They then chatter with the volubility of members of a debating club about nobody knows what. Howling monkeys listen hours together to the awful noise of one individual perched on a limb where the others can both see and hear the distinguished orator. What it is all about can no more be divined than the secrets of the Knights of Malta.

Monkeys have philoprogenitiveness. A big fellow is never happier than when he sits hours together with a little one in his arms; but no attachment is discoverable toward adults of either sex that partakes of the characteristics of actual love. Ishmaelites in their intercourse—each looks out for himself, utterly regardless of the rights, claims, or interests of others.

Might is right, to all human appearance, with the lower orders of animals. The strongest, by mere dint of physical force, have full sway among their associates, seizing the best morsel, driving away others from their own possessions, and, devoid of all sympathy, keep the control as long as they have strength and sharp teeth equal to the maintenance of the ascendency.

Rats and mice accompany civilization. They make voyages round the world, leaving colonies at every stopping-place where there is time for communication with the shore. By a nice instinct they scent the land, and, with equal nicety of discrimination, decide to emigrate when a vessel arrives in port. There is a language by which their intentions are communicated from one to another, or it would be impossible there should be such general acquiescence in a new enterprise. But with all the ingenuity of naturalists in studying out the economy and governing instincts of many races, the rats bid defiance to their researches. Whether there are chiefs of tribes, bashaws, or an oligarchy, is still an open question. Yet there is a concert of action in their apparently confused movements, which at least presupposes a sagacity always equal to the emergency, when on their thieving expeditions. When ten rats agree to dip their tails in succession into the nose of an oil-jug, and then lick each other's caudal extremity for a luxury, it indicates something beyond instinct.

POETRY AND PROSE.

HE plunged into a myriad themes;
A highly sentimental youth,
He talked of hope and hope's bright dreams,
Of love and love's eternal truth;
He read from out the Laureate's page
The glowing lines of Locksley Hall,
The glories of the future age—
To her he deemed his all in all.

He hinted that, when lit by love,
Life's path, albeit smooth or hilly,
Must easy be, "Hope's ray above—"
"I think," she said, "'tis growing chilly."
"How sweet," he still went on, "to flee
From streets of men and crowded city!
Sings Shelley—" "On my word," said she,
"Your talk is really vastly pretty.

POETRY AND PROSE.

"You waste your sweets on desert air;
They always tell me—don't you know it?—
I'm most prosaic, and declare
I've nothing in me of the poet."
"Ah, poetry! 'tis Heaven's own speech,"
He cried, in manner quite ecstatic;
"Music celestial, teach me, teach—"
"I like my music operatic,"

She interposed. "I must go in;
'Tis late." "Oh, fair, ethereal creature!
Oh, heartless world of show and sin!
Where art thou, world of love and nature?"
Ah me! if hard he deems her now,
For this same hardness soon he'll thank her:
He'll marry money; she, I trow—
Well, she will wed yon sterling banker!

GLACIERS ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

FEW advances in our knowledge of the physical geography of the continent are more entitled to consideration from their interest and importance than the discovery, during the past summer, of systems of glaciers (some of immense magnitude) in the high mountain peaks of Northern California, Oregon, and Washington Territory—namely, Shasta, Rainier, and Hood. Explorers in the Alpine regions of the United States have been struck with the indications that glaciers must have existed there at no distant period, the phenomena of moraines, polished rock, and other unerring evidences of glacial agencies appearing in every direction above an altitude of 9000 feet. While, however, it has been a subject of surprise that no glaciers were actually discovered, their non-existence has been considered an established fact in our physical geography, notwithstanding that the elevation and general configuration of our mountains are as well calculated for their exhibition as the glacier region of Switzerland. Immense fields of perpetual snow or névé were, indeed, met with, but no consolidation of this into true glacial ice.

For some years past Mr. Clarence King, formerly of the Geological Survey of California, has been engaged, under the direction of the Engineer Bureau, in the geological and topographical survey of the region along the fortieth parallel; and the report upon this labor is now being printed by the government in an unusual style of excellence of typography and illustration.

By authority of the Chief Engineer of the Army, Mr. King's attention was directed during the summer of 1870 to questions connected with the configuration and general condition of our lofty mountain summits, especially those of a volcanic character; and it was determined to make thorough surveys of Mount Shasta and others in the series. Mr. King himself proceeded to Mount Shasta with the special object of investigating the lava systems connected with that peak. The ascent of the mountain was made on the 11th of September with a properly equipped party, and the necessary topographical and other instruments were carried along for the purpose of the survey. On reaching the summit of the lesser Shasta they obtained a fair view in every direction around them, and, to their astonishment, they found directly beneath them, in a gorge dividing them from the main Shasta, a glacier of at least three miles in length and four thousand feet in width, opposite where they were stationed. This proved to be only one of an extended series belonging to the same volcanic peak. From the summit of the main mountain, 14,440 feet above the sea level, they were able to mark out three other glaciers of considerable extent, the largest about four and a half miles long, and from two to three miles wide. The reason that, notwithstanding the many ascents of this mountain, no glaciers had hitherto been discovered lies in the fact that parties have gone up from the south side, where no glaciers and but little snow are to be met with.

In the course of the exploration additional glaciers were found—one on the eastern side, ending in a rounded bluff of 900 feet; another on the northeast side; and still another, the largest of all, and of the greatest interest, on the northern side. This glacier covered the side of the mountain for a breadth of three or four miles, and with a length of about six, attaining an estimated thickness of 2500 feet. The entire glacier system of the mountain was ascertained to be of much complexity; but it is hoped that the detailed map which was prepared by Mr. Clark, the topographer of the expedition, on a scale of two inches to the mile, with the final report of Mr. King, will exhibit all the phenomena in their mutual relations. Six weeks were occupied altogether in the work of examination and survey of Mount Shasta.

During the exploration of Shasta Mr. Arnold Hague, a member of Mr. King's expedition, was occupied with the survey of Mount Hood; and Mr. S. F. Emmons, leaving the Shasta party, subsequently proceeded from Shasta, with Mr. Wilson, to Mount Rainier, in Washington Territory, for the same purpose.

Both these parties succeeded in finding glacier systems in fine development, a report in regard to all of which will be included in the account which Mr. King is now preparing for publication. The glaciers of Mount Hood were found to be of great magnitude, and to constitute the source of several well-known streams. Perhaps the largest glacier in the entire system observed during the summer was that from which White River takes its source, on Mount Rainier. The greatest width of this was estimated at from four to five miles, narrowing toward its extremity to about one and a half miles, and attaining a length of probably more than ten miles.

A detailed account of the discoveries of Mr. King's party is to be given, with full illustrations, in his report to the Engineers' Department. It is his intention, if he receive the proper authority, to continue his investigations on other mountain peaks, especially of Mount Baker, Mount St. Helens, and Mount Adams, with special reference to establishing a connected system of surveys of the higher altitudes of the country.

The discovery of glaciers on Mount Shasta by Mr. King of course soon became known in California, and several parties have since then visited the locality, and have had the pleasure of seeing for the first time an American glacier. Excursions to these will, of course, soon become the rage, and add another to the many attractions and fascinations of the Pacific slope of the United States.

A SCRAP FROM BURMAH.

IN the happy days when Karhathan Parah was King of the Burmese a potter formed in his heart an evil plot against the prosperity of his neighbor, a wealthy washerman who lived in the same village. The envious potter, bent on injuring his good neighbor, went to the palace of the king, and thus addressed him:

"O illustrious prince! is it not well known in the mountains and valleys of our land that all the calamities which have come so severely and suddenly upon your kingdom of late years have arisen from the fact that your Majesty has no longer the charm of a white elephant, since the unfortunate death of the lucky white elephant which belonged to your father, who now reposes in rapture in the seventh heaven of the blessed immortals? Do you not know, O king, that the elephant which now carries you is but a common black beast, which brings only black luck to us? Having, therefore, your prosperity and glory at heart, O king, and kissing the dust from your golden feet, I venture to propose the following plan to your Majesty: There is a washerman in this city of extraordinary skill in washing or dyeing white every thing brought to him, however black it may be, and however difficult to make white and beautiful. Let, now, my lord the king consider well the word of his servant, and bid this skillful washerman to wash your royal elephant white, so that the white days of prosperity may once more dawn upon your blessed Majesty."

The king, who was weak in mind, heard the potter's project with delight, and readily assented to it. He summoned the skillful washerman, whose fame was great, and thus addressed him:

"I command thee, most loyal subject, to use thy skill in washing my elephant white, that I may enjoy white days of prosperity even as my father before me."

But the washerman, who was a shrewd man, suspecting the plot of the potter to ruin him by so vain a project, thus spoke to the king:

"Oh, my lord king! that I may wash my lord's royal elephant white, a suitable washing-house must be erected, and also a pot of corresponding size must be constructed, and then I will wash your Majesty's highly respected elephant white, and feel myself thrice blessed in having carried out my lord the king's wishes."

On this the king summoned the potter, and enjoined him, on pain of his royal displeasure, to construct a vast pot, of sufficient dimensions to hold the royal elephant, as well as a sufficient quantity of water and other constituents for the ablution. The potter, in fear and trembling, collected a mass of clay, out of which he constructed a pot large enough to hold the royal elephant.

When, however, the elephant stepped into this huge pot, it broke into several pieces. Another pot was made, of considerable thickness, by the potter, who, do as he would, could not, even by his largest fires, bake it thoroughly, so as to make it both compact and strong. So the unfortunate potter was in this dilemma: if he made a thin pot, it was broken by the weight of the elephant, and if he made it thick enough to resist such a weight, he could not, with all his efforts, get the pot sufficiently baked, and was obliged at last to give up the task as beyond his power, and to brave the royal displeasure, which consigned him to a prison for the rest of his life, and confiscated his goods.

"Plot not against thy neighbor," says the Burmese proverb, "lest thine own property suffer by the plot"—a proverb which is here well enforced.

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KATRINA S——.

DROWNED IN EAST RIVER, BROOKLYN, JANUARY 30, 1871.

SEVEN o'clock of a midwinter's night!
Over the earth the snow lies white;
Down from above the stars shine bright,
Flooding two cities with spotless light—
Vast New York, with her pride and power,
Growing and greatening every hour;
Brooklyn, crowned with her hundred spires,
City of homes and of household fires—
Rough East River between them, wide,
Rushes and whitens with ocean's tide,
Where a thousand ships in a day sweep by,
And the great steam ferry-boats ceaseless ply,
Backward and forward, night and day,
Bearing their thousands to work or play.

Seven o'clock! Toil's hours are o'er.
Home from New York how the people pour!
Thousands on thousands! Merchant and clerk,
Students, mechanics, men of all work;
Rich men and poor men, young men and old—
Those who were selling, and those who were sold;
Ladies from shopping, and work-girls, and boys;
Mourners to sorrows, and lovers to joys;
Mingled and motley, the mighty throng
Surges and swells like a torrent along,
Thronging the ferry ways, boat after boat,
Cabins and decks, till they scarcely can float—
Black with their cargoes from stem to stern:
Horror! to think should one blow up or burn!

Keen blows the north wind; the tide runs high;
Crunching and grinding, the ice drifts by;
Crashing and dashing and churning to foam
The ice and the river, the boats fly home.
Here they go, there they go—up the stream, down the stream;
Wild through the darkness their wheels and their lanterns gleam;
Here the *Cayuga* steams into her slip,
Safe from her tenth or her twentieth trip,
With a crowd the compactest she's carried to-day,
From Grand Street, New York, to Brooklyn's Broadway.

See! see! as through tide-way and ice-drift she plows,
How the throngs in impatience rush out on her bows!
Not a gate! not a railing! But one paltry chain
'Twixt the hundreds on deck and the salt, surging main!
Not cattle were risked so, not oxen, nor swine!
Great Father! how cheap is Thine image divine!
Hark! Shrieks from the crowd! By the dock-lamp's red flash,
One glimpse, as a form flutters down with a splash!
"Woman sprang overboard!" "Overboard?" "Where?"
"Woman sprang overboard!" "Overboard!" "There!"
There! where the strong current eddies and swirls!
There! where the boiling deep tumbles and whirls!
Like a snow-flake she sinks in the yeast of the wave!
Clang the bells! Back the engines! Save! save her! oh, save!

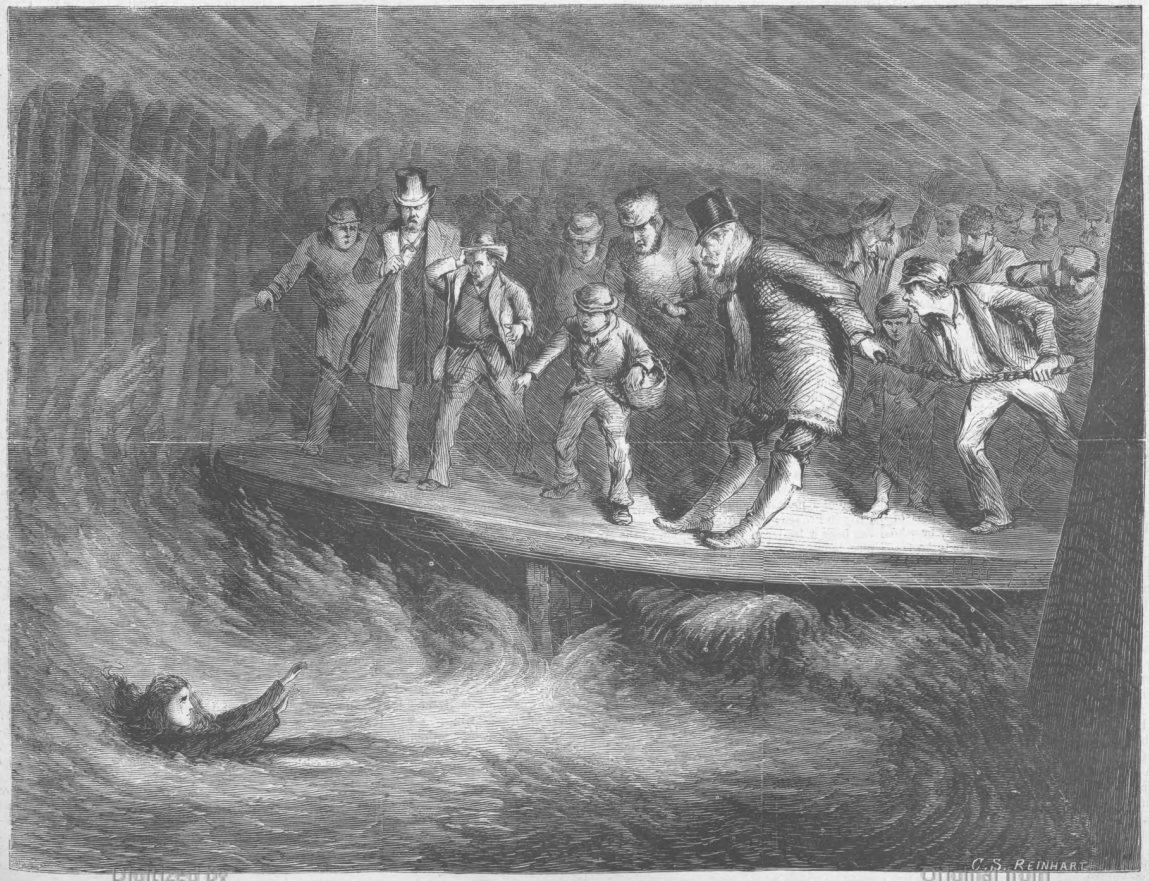
Kind Heaven! in that throng is there not one brave man
To leap and strike out as a strong swimmer can,
And buffet the flood with a stout heart of hope,
While cowards are fumbling for grapnels and rope?—
Not one! The great boat seems to throb with the shock,
As she reels from the spring-piles and swings to her dock;
Then the clank of the windlass, the rush for the gate,
And the drowning one's left to the boatmen—and fate!
But the sea-nymphs are tender, and yield back her form
To the world whence she fled as a bird from the storm.
Name and number!—Katrina!—a German; young, fair;
Neatly dressed, comely form, mild blue eyes, auburn hair;
A gold ring with rubies, gold ear-rings, gold cross:
Oh, the Cross! Had she clung to it, never this loss!

"Why was *this*?" Come with me—Ewen Street, eighty-four;
"Lodgings let, in the rear." Climb the stairs, second-floor.
Here's her room, neat as wax, as she left it at dawn,
Her chair at the window, the curtains of lawn,
A table, a mirror, a new magazine
In German—taste, tidiness every where seen—
An ink-holder, paper, a note on the stand,
In the Fatherland's tongue and a fine woman's hand:
Hark! "What brings me to this is the falseness of one
Who has broken his vows, and has left me undone!
Tell my father beloved, in Bohemia dear,
That I died nature's death. To obliging friends here,
Kind wishes for all;—and, oh, pray God to screen
The soul, the poor soul, of heart-broken Katrine!"

Gone! gone!—"Willful suicide," coroners said,
With a hint at the shame from whose coming she fled,
Despairing, yet loving, wild, agony-wrung,
Till her form to the dark, freezing river she flung;
And two hearts grew silent beneath its black wave,
To slumber forever in one nameless grave.

"One suicide more," in the ghastly array,
Told, but not told, in the papers next day;
Only one more in the catalogue sad
Of "weak, silly women, who've gone to the bad."
So says the world, as it thunders along,
Crushing the weak, but exalting the strong,
While this dread record of blood-guilt and fear
Grows with all seasons, and swells with each year!
Here a poor girl draws her dagger, and dies;
There a young brain from a pistol-shot flies;
Some to the river, and some to the flame,
Flee from an anguish too fearful to name;
Some with the poison-cup, some with the cord,
Hurry uncalled to the face of the Lord;
While hundreds and thousands, o'erwhelmed by earth's frown,
Are trodden, like snow, in the mire of the town;
Admired and betrayed, and then trampled when down,
Till in frightful revenge for her wrong and disgrace,
With a fiend in her brain, and a leer on her face,
The victim turns vampire—the wolf of her race.

O God, must this be? Must creation's last birth,
Its flower and perfection, the light of the earth,
The envy of angels, man's glory and pride,
Created to mount through the spheres by his side,



"CLANG THE BELLS! BACK THE ENGINES! SAVE! SAVE HER! OH, SAVE!"

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A spirit immortal, from purity hurled,
Thus perish, or linger to canker the world?—
O Thou from whose presence one lost one of yore,
Unstoned, was sent forth as a sinner no more—
Saved, rescued from infamy, cleansed and forgiven,
Restored to life's hopes and the pathway to heaven—
Teach us Thy sweet mercy that stooped from above;
Help us to save others by pureness and love;
Purge us all. Then once more man and woman shall stand,
As in Eden, and worship the Lord, hand in hand.

George Lansing Taylor.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, March 4, 1871.

☞ *The* SUPPLEMENT *sent out with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains a splendid full-page Cartoon by* Nast, *entitled,* "Capital and Labor; or, Put Yourself in His Place;" *an illustrated account of a* Journey to the Country of the Alpaca; *an article on the* Python, *with a spirited illustration; and other attractive features.*

POLITICAL DUTY.

Upon taking the chair as President of the Union League Club of this city, Mr. William J. Hoppin made an admirable speech, which is well worthy the consideration of every good citizen. It was naturally suggested by the position and purpose of a political club composed of educated and prosperous men, and "founded upon the idea that the possession of wealth and the refinements of education do not absolve a man from duty to the state." This text was most forcibly and eloquently treated; and one sentence might be fitly wrought in gold as an ornament of the stately drawing-room of the club: "The theory of self-government rests entirely upon the active participation of the best citizens in public affairs." It is a familiar truth, but it is not carried in the heart of the people. Every body knows educated and intelligent men who constantly complain of the low character of many public officers and the sordidness of government. "Why should I vote?" asks such a man: "It is only a choice between two rascals." But if you ask him in return whether he has done the first and plainest duty of a citizen by endeavoring to control the nominations wisely, he is as much amazed as if you had asked him if he had cleaned his own drains.

But duties and responsibilities go together. "No right without its duties, no duty without its rights," says Dr. Lieber. The political duty of an American citizen begins at the beginning, and the beginning is the nomination, and the thought and care before the nomination. The election is a mere form. It is the confirmation and registration of previous acts. If a man leaves his interest and his action until he comes to the polls, he may find himself compelled to burn down his house in order to roast his pig. He may be obliged to help overthrow the supremacy of his party that he may defeat a candidate. No man familiar with political methods will wish to connive at so clumsy and perilous a process. If Republicans, for instance, leave the earlier movements of an election—the caucus, the primary, and the nomination—to be directed by rogues, the only way to baffle the knavery will be to secure the defeat of the party, which may be a disaster for the State or country. Yet the one thing which an honest and sagacious party man will refuse to do is to vote for an improper candidate under the bullying cry of regular nomination. For such a vote merely secures other improper nominations, and such nominations will, of course, and justly, destroy the party. If the voter has taken no care, and the candidate is unfit, although the voter may vote against him, he has not done all his duty, and is responsible for the calamity that may follow the defeat of his party. But if he has done what he can, although in vain, to prevent a bad nomination, he has no further responsibility than to help defeat the candidate at the polls.

If it be true, as is sometimes asserted, that intelligent and honest men will not trouble themselves to attend the primary and the caucus and the convention, then honest government under a republic is impracticable, because those who understand the conditions of good free government so imperfectly, or who care for it so little, will not be likely to be fastidious at the polls. They are, indeed, the very kind of men upon whom the knavish managers depend. They can be trusted to vote the regular ticket, and to leave the nominations to those who are willing to take the trouble. In fact, it is the man who complains that voting is merely a choice between two rascals who makes it so. Why did he not acquit himself of blame by protesting in the convention by word and by vote against rascally nominations?

A striking proof of the good result of what Mr. Hoppin calls "the active participation of the best citizens in public affairs" was lately given in Richmond County, in this State. The town of Castleton in that county has a Democratic majority; but last year when a gentleman of the highest character was nominated by the Republicans, many of the most intelligent Democrats supported him, and he was elected. This year, pursuing the same policy, the Republicans, when the present incumbent declined, nominated another gentleman most honorably known in the town, and the Democrats were constrained to do the same thing. The consequence was that both candidates were unimpeachable, and every voter felt, as he ought always to feel at an election, that, whoever might be elected, the town was sure of an honest, faithful, and efficient officer. In a mere party view also it had this advantage, that the party organization was fully maintained, which, under our system, is essential to great political results. Nothing is plainer than that this kind of honesty is the best policy. The "discipline" of party is very powerful, but character is sure to tell. Nobody knows this better than the most peccable politicians. The most skillful stroke of stategy in the career of Fernando Wood was his procuring scores of decent and honorable merchants to recommend his election as mayor. How valuable to the present masters of the city is the mere name of the respected Peter Cooper!

Apathy and despair make the voter feel that nothing can be done. But the better the man the better the candidate. How the Administration was strengthened by the selection of the San Domingo commission! How it was weakened by the nomination of General Sickles! Probity and purity are as powerful in politics as they are in every sphere of human activity. The reputation of an honest and able candidate will do more for party success than the shrewdest bargaining of the most corrupt and "knowing" sneak. Bad men will not give us a good government merely because they are nominated by "our party." Nor can they be ingeniously circumvented. There is one thing, and one thing only, that will make our government preferable to any other, and that is, in Mr. Hoppin's phrase, "the active participation of the best citizens in public affairs." That does not by any means necessarily imply holding office, although that, also, under certain circumstances, may be as much a duty as voting; but it does imply that the best citizens must submit to the trouble, the sacrifice, the distaste, that are inseparable from the familiarity with men and affairs which is indispensable to the right discharge of political duty.

A FRENCH REPUBLIC.

The elections in France show, what every shrewd observer had supposed, that the dominant sentiment of the country is not republican. But the fact is neither surprising nor discouraging, because the traditions of a republic, and the intelligence and methods of those who call themselves republicans in France, inspire neither admiration nor confidence. Republic in that country has always been the expression of a mere political aspiration. In the minds of most Frenchmen it is associated with '93 and the terror, with a kind of ferocious communism and sanguinary intolerance. Yet its first outburst in 1789 was the inevitable result of the incredible oppression of the people; nor is it ever to be forgotten that the old Bourbon royal *régime* was responsible for the terror, the days of September, the guillotine, and the *noyades*. And it was the secret horror of a renewal of that time and its scenes which placed Louis Philippe upon the throne in 1830, when otherwise a republic would have been established, after the foolish tyranny of Charles the Tenth.

During Louis Philippe's reign the tone of the national mind was so far restored that when the storm burst which overthrew his throne the old fear was partially pacified, and a republic was again declared. But the formidable development of the socialist element in the republican party, of which Prudhomme's famous work, "Property is Theft," was the gospel, not only weakened and ruined the experiment, but once more covered the name republic with the old odium. What socialism really meant France was too terrified to inquire, and Louis Napoleon perjured himself, and overthrew the republic under the name of "the savior of society," which was declared to be threatened in its integral elements. Since the 2d of December, 1851, there has been no evidence of a practical and practicable republican party in France; M. Thiers, for instance, who has been a leader of the opposition to the empire, being an Orleanist, and not a republican.

The experience of France, and our own long and desperate political contest—ending in tremendous war, upon the question, so preposterous in a republic, of the absolute slavery of part of the population—have greatly dispelled the glamour which formerly invested the mere name of republic. Intelligent persons see that names in politics are not enough. Those in this country, for instance, who most despise the people and distrust popular government usually call themselves Democrats. The most servile apologists of the late French empire, and those who sympathized most warmly with British torvism during the rebellion, were of the same kind. To a faithful government of the people, which shall secure the utmost individual liberty, something very different from a name is necessary; and it is not to be doubted that those who are called distinctively republicans in the present National Assembly in France would probably propose a form of government which would least secure the fundamental rights of the people. The central idea of the more conspicuous republican leaders has been a single popular assembly, elected by universal male suffrage, sitting in Paris, and appointing an executive chief, who should be immediately responsible to it. That is to say, the mob of Paris should be the French government.

It was that mob, calling itself the people of France, which made what has recently been called the republic. And for that authority American sympathy has been strenuously invoked, not because it was founded upon the will of the people, for it constantly refused to allow the people to speak, but merely because it called itself a republic. It is certainly no reproach to M. Jules Favre and his associates that, when the only existing authority was displaced, they stood between the country and anarchy. Nor are they to be blamed that what they did was done in the name of a republic. Their faults were of another kind, and chief of all that their refusal to appeal to the people alienated confidence, and justified the most injurious suspicions. In 1848 the Provisional Government instantly summoned the National Assembly, and in the interval its conduct of affairs was so sagacious that it commended the name of republic to the trust and hope of the country.

If the present experiment of a republic has failed, it is for many reasons; and prominent among them is the evident distrust of the truest republicans of those who lead the movement. If a republic is not established, it will not show France to be reactionary; for the election seems to prove that the pinchbeck empire has happily disappeared, and that the French people have had the good sense to prefer the party which promises best for a wise and progressive government.

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART.

The general interest both in New York and Boston in the establishment of museums of art shows that our knowledge and resources are at last ripe for such institutions. The undertaking in this city took form about a year ago by the incorporation of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, naming as corporators many citizens conspicuous for their liberality and public spirit, whose active sympathy and co-operation were very properly believed to be ample security of the success of the enterprise. These gentlemen have been busily organizing during the year, and have already made and received large subscriptions, although no general public appeal has been yet attempted; and, indeed, few even of those indicated as likely to subscribe have been yet visited. There have been interviews also with the proper authorities in regard to sites and buildings, and there is little doubt that the project will receive the most cordial aid in official circles.

Indeed, there is no one who thinks of it who does not feel that a great museum of the scope proposed, whose hospitable doors will open wide to every notable work in every kind of art, will be a vast and invaluable gallery of instruction and delight and refinement, not to the city alone, but to the whole country. The time also is most favorable. The war in Europe, like all the great modern wars, has brought precious collections into the market; and one gentleman interested in the museum, and the earnestness and sagacity of whose interest may be cited as an illustration of the spirit with which the project is entertained, while traveling in Europe during the last summer partly secured two curious and complete collections upon most favorable terms, with the expectation that they might be serviceable to the museum.

The general plan of the gentlemen who are most active in the movement is, as we understand, to raise a certain sum by private subscription, and then, with suitable assistance from the authorities, to begin the erection of a building and the collection of material. Meanwhile, as an earnest of their purpose, and in illustration of the rich stores already among us although unknown, there would probably be a loan exhibition—an exhibition of objects of art in every kind loaned for the purpose by the owners. Such an exhibition would develop and educate the taste and interest upon which such a museum must constantly depend. It would also encourage that noble form of public spirit which seeks to share enjoyment with the greatest number, by providing a gallery in which the most beautiful, the most curious, and the most interesting works could be most advantageously seen and studied by the most observers. Every generous man in New York or in the country, who owns some really unique treasure of art, must often regret its necessary isolation in his own house. A loan exhibition, and still more strongly the completed museum, would constantly persuade him to share his riches with others, knowing that such generosity, like true love,

"—in this differs from gold and clay,
That to divide is not to take away."

Of course it is not a gallery of pictures only, or of sculpture, that the plan of the museum contemplates. What Mr. Jarves calls the minor arts of the Oriental nations, which they have curiously perfected, would be amply represented for the study of our own designers and manufacturers. Works in porcelain, bronze, metals, enamel, lacquer, glass, gems, jewelry, terra-cotta, iron, tapestry, ancient and modern, and with which most famous names are associated, all belong in such a museum, with the noblest monuments of the highest genius. It is precisely the refining, elevating, æsthetically stimulating influence that our life needs. Boston is thoroughly aroused to the work, and New York will not falter. The great Tosti collection of engravings, owned by Mr. Thomas G. Appleton, and deposited in the City Library, in Boston; the magnificent Gray collection, belonging to Harvard College; the Lawrence collection of medieval armor and quaint cabinet-work, now in the Boston Athenæum—will all be deposited in the Boston Museum.

For it is the genius of such an enterprise to collect and concentrate treasures. There are enough in New York to-day, which a loan exhibition will reveal, to astonish and delight us all. Messrs. Tiffany & Co. generously offered rooms in their spacious new building upon Union Square for the purpose; but the plans of the trustees were not yet completed enough to permit them to accept. But the sign of good-will is significant. Indeed, every thing is full of good augury; and we may be very sure that if so noble an enterprise fails in the hands that have undertaken it, it is because the most sagacious observation is at fault, and New York is not yet ready to grace herself with what is one of the chief glories of every other great metropolis in the world.

THE PATRIOTIC BUCHANAN CABINET.

The people of the United States can not too soon nor too seriously reflect upon certain facts which show the character and real tendency of the parties which will contest the Presidency in 1872. On the 4th of December, 1860, Mr. Buchanan sent his annual message to Congress, in which he said that he had arrived at the conclusion that Congress had no "power to coerce into submission a State which is attempting to withdraw, or has actually withdrawn, from the confederacy." That is to say, the Union has no constitutional right to prevent its own dissolution. The Attorney-General at that time was Mr. Jeremiah S. Black; and in an opinion dated on the 20th of November, 1860, he sustained the President's position, and significantly asked, "Is any portion of the people bound to contribute their money or their blood to carry on a contest like that?" On the 14th of December Lewis Cass, Secretary of State, resigned, and Mr. Jeremiah S. Black was appointed to the State Department in his place.

Mr. Jeremiah S. Black and the New York *World* are laboriously endeavoring to establish what the *World* calls the "infamy" of Secretary Stanton. The *World* also claims to be of advanced Democratic principles, and occasionally urges its party to accept the situation. This is the way in which the *World* speaks of Mr. Black and the Buchanan cabinet before the changes.

"Now be it understood that of Mr. Black's fidelity to the Union, the Constitution, and the true interests of the country we have never had a doubt. We think, and no doubt he thinks, that he made a terrible mistake when he obtruded, 'caused to be appointed,' Messrs. Stanton and Holt into Mr. Buchanan's disturbed but, before that, homogeneous and honest cabinet. We can perfectly understand why, having done so, and tasted or seen others taste its bitter fruits, he may feel that sort of self-reproach which a generous temper even in merited disappointment acknowledges."

Mr. Black's fidelity to the Union is recorded in Mr. Buchanan's message, and in his own opinion. His devotion to the true interests of the country is illustrated in his willingness to surrender absolutely to the rebellion of slavery against the government. The *World* thinks that he made "a terrible mistake" in favoring the appointment of Mr. Holt and Mr. Stanton, who, with General Dix, were the only loyal members of the cabinet.

It was undoubtedly a "terrible mistake" in the interests of treason and rebellion to introduce loyal men into that nest of traitors, the Buchanan cabinet, but in no other view. This cabinet, which the *World* extols as homogeneous and honest, and which it thinks a generous temper would be self-reproached for having disturbed by patriotic additions, was made up of Mr. Jeremiah S. Black, the author of the opinion; of Howell Cobb, whose financial conduct while plotting the rebellion is familiar; of John B. Floyd and Jacob Thompson and Isaac Toucey, all of them chief conspirators and abettors of rebellion. If Mr. Black was faithful to the Union, the Constitution, and the true interests of the country, so were they; and the *World* has "never had a doubt" of his patriotic devotion.

These are the deliberate convictions of those who hope to obtain control of the government of the United States. Whatever their professions, these are their principles. They are not inferred—they are declared; and we repeat that they are worthy the thoughtful consideration of every truly conservative citizen.

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HONEST ELECTIONS.

HONEST elections are the concern of no party, but of the people; and there is no subject upon which all citizens should so heartily agree as upon a stringent law to secure the purity of the polls. The duty of Congress to pass such a law, that the fundamental authority in the government may be beyond question, is imperative. When experience has shown that in any part of the country the electoral frauds are so enormous as to throw suspicion upon the results of the elections, it would be a criminal neglect of duty if Congress should fail to protect the rights of the citizen. The cries of "usurpation," "despotism," "bayonet elections," are simply silly. It is the right of every American citizen to demand, and the duty of Congress to give, the amplest defense against dishonest national elections; and every man who opposes the most decisive legislation upon the subject is justly liable to the most damaging suspicion.

Ever since the Republican party obtained the ascendency in this country rebels, Copperheads, and traitors of every kind have raised a loud shout of unconstitutionality, centralization, and tyranny. It might be supposed that they really thought the people of the United States would believe that the only people who respected the Constitution were those who tried to destroy the Union of which it is the bond, and that the only enemies of tyranny were those who plunged us into civil war because they could not extend and perpetuate the most inhuman system of slavery. And now, in the Senate, General FRANK BLAIR expounds the Constitution, and denounces despotism to Senators TRUMBULL and SUMNER; while in the House Mr. VOORHEES, whose sympathies in the rebellion were not concealed, stigmatizes General GRANT as a man "to be watched;" and Mr. COX, who was the chief champion of VALLANDIGHAM as Governor of Ohio after he had been sent for treason within the enemy's lines, and who declared at Chicago that LINCOLN and DAVIS should be brought to the same block, threatens the resistance of New York to the United States if Congress undertakes to secure its own honest election.

The Republican party in Congress and in the country has weathered stormier blasts than these in its defense of popular liberty. The same men who hiss and curl around it now, because it proposes to deal with the most flagrant frauds at the polls, struck at it fiercely when it was dealing with armed rebellion in the field. Let Congress remember that the Republican policy of equal liberty, and of honest elections as its guarantee, is intrenched in the profoundest convictions of the intelligent American people. The attitude of the Democratic party is one of carping and malignant misrepresentation, while it questions the validity of the amendments, and in every way honors and laments the cause and the soldiers of rebellion. It unquestionably carried the State of New York by fraud in 1868, and it hopes to carry the United States by the same means in 1872. The methods which it pursues lead as directly and surely to civil commotion as its ruthless policy of slavery extension twenty years ago. The people of the United States would hardly submit to a government which they believed to be the result of fraud, and consequently the worst kind of usurpation; and the first duty of good citizens, therefore, of every party, is to demand laws which shall secure, as far as practicable, that rightful votes only shall be honestly cast and honestly counted.

THE DOWRY OF THE PRINCESS LOUISE.

THE hostility recently shown in England to granting a dowry to the Princess LOUISE upon her marriage with the Marquis of Lorne is a curious sign of the times. It means simply impatience of a royal system. But instead of feeling that the marriage of a royal princess with a subject is the most striking illustration of the fading glamour of royalty, a certain public opinion seems to have demanded some positive expression, like the refusal of a dowry. Members of Parliament and of the Government were summoned in meetings, which they addressed, to state whether they would vote for the dowry or against it. The audiences took a decided position, and hissed those who did not respond according to their humor. At Bradford Mr. FORSTER was reported as saying, jocosely, that he would not fine the Princess for marrying a Scotchman; and some members almost lost the confidence of their constituents because they refused to pledge themselves to vote against the dowry. In one view the excitement was comical, because it showed such a total want of comprehension by Englishmen of their own government. It was certainly a most amusing comment upon Mr. BAGEHOT'S remark that "a royal family sweetens politics by the seasonable addition of nice and pretty events." The marriage of the Princess LOUISE is a nice and pretty event which is apparently not a drop of "lucent sirop."

The argument of the street and the shop is evident. "Here is England," said the orator of the Trades Union, for instance, "with every seventh man a pauper; with the land held by less than fifty thousand proprietors, and honest men and women every where willing to work, but starving. Why should enormous sums of money be paid to support one woman and her family in the most luxurious idleness? It is an intolerable injustice." And the company, with a vehement Amen, adjourned to the hall where the member of Parliament was to speak, and they demanded whether he intended to connive at the flagrant injustice. It is the feeling of this class which makes the difficulty, and the explanation of the case does not satisfy them. The orator, if he did not wholly evade their question, would have said: "Gentlemen, you are really asking me whether I mean to maintain the British government, or am prepared to vote for its overthrow. Are you yourselves prepared for that result? Our government is a monarchy, in which the monarch is a ceremony, indeed, but he is essential to the system. What is called 'state' is indispensable to the ceremony; and such is the character of the system that it is probably cheaper for you to pay to maintain that ceremony than to save your money by abolishing it. When Parliament votes a dowry to the Princess LOUISE, it merely votes to maintain a permanent executive as it should be maintained under the conditions of our society and the general feeling. The vote has no reference whatever to that young woman. The money is given to her not because she is young, or good, or fair, but because it is for our interest that there should be princesses, and we have decided that she shall be a princess. If you oppose the grant, therefore, you must do it not upon the ground that she does not deserve the money, or that other people are poor, but because you wish to abolish princesses."

The question of the Princess LOUISE'S dowry, therefore, was one of the comparative expense of a monarchical and a republican government. But the fact that there was a popular protest against it which members of Parliament could not disregard upon the hustings shows that the political revolution in England, of which the Reform bills of 1832 and of 1868 are victorious monuments, is still proceeding. The time has come for English statesmen to teach their masters, as Mr. LOWE contemptuously said. The English people should be shown that the fact of their government is essentially different from its theory. The Queen is not the august sovereign that they believe her to be—the monarch responsible for the laws and the taxes. She is as much a mere figurehead as those they see in the barbers' windows. She is a fiction, an imagination. The actual government of England is a committee of the majority of the House of Commons. Mr. BAGEHOT says that people can not comprehend government by an assembly, but they do understand government by a man. What people? In America we understand our system very well. There is no elaborate and conscious deception in it. It is not a monarch with a glamour of regality, it is individual responsibility, which is the important point in the government of intelligent people. And as the royal glamour disappears, as it plainly does in a day of photographs, and queens' journals, and the marriage of a princess with a subject, and a free press, the English people will ask whether the stately sham of monarchy is either necessary or economical. But meanwhile, as the monarchy remains, the Princess LOUISE has very properly received her dowry.

THE NEW YORK POST-OFFICE.

IT is a very ridiculous fact that the chief city upon this continent can not have a proper Post-office. If its Common Council met in a cheesemonger's attic it would not be more ludicrously unfit than that it should have no other Post-office accommodations than those of the old Dutch church in which they now are. So hopelessly inadequate for the proper business of the Post-office is the present little room that we understand some of the clerks are delegated to the offices of certain journals of large circulation by mail, for the purpose of doing the work which should be done at the Post-office. There is, indeed, no great city in this country, nor in any other, which has so mean accommodation for its postal service; and whenever our rural friends wish to bring the proud New Yorker to terms, we advise them to ask to be shown to the metropolitan Post-office. It is the divided glory of the city and of the nation. A government building of such noble proportions and such ample accommodations as the poor old church is as perpetual a credit to the intelligence as it is to the public spirit of Congress.

We do not forget, of course, that there is an extraordinary disturbance of the lower end of the City Hall Park, which is supposed to be the beginning of a new Post-office. But that is wholly a matter of faith. There was some activity in that neighborhood a year ago, but a high fence has now been built, apparently to inclose a certain space of silence and solitude. There are occasional reports from Washington that something is about to be done—some appropriation is about to be made—some decision is about to be reached. But meanwhile profound silence reigns at the point of the Park, and the postal business of New York continues to be put out to be transacted in private offices when it is not done in the spacious postal halls at the corner of Nassau and Liberty streets—halls which, although magnificent, would yet be inadequate to a city of a tenth of the size of this.

The latest report that we have seen upon the subject of the new Post-office is that the committee, or the commissioners, insist upon a guarantee that the building shall be absolutely fire-proof, and that no contractor cares to give it. It would seem that some approximate security of safety might satisfy the authorities; and, certainly, we hope that New York is not to be much longer deprived of a suitable Post-office, and that the delays and extravagances in the erection of the national building at the lower end of the Park will not rival the scandalous jobs of the municipal building at the upper end.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

ONE of the most interesting scientific novelties of the day is the discovery of a true bone cave, near Phœnixville, Pennsylvania, by Mr. C. M. WHEATLEY. The remains of animals, all extinct, are quite abundant and varied, and include bones of mastodon, horse, mylodon, and other forms, and are in great part entirely new to science.

In a previous Number of our paper we mentioned the fact that an expedition of students from Williams College had gone to Honduras for the purpose of making explorations in natural history. Late advices inform us that they had reached the table-land of Comayagua, and were about proceeding to the Pacific coast.

Captain C. F. HALL is busily engaged in fitting out his vessel for his next summer's cruise, and will be amply provided with every thing necessary for his comfort and the success of his enterprise. It is understood that Dr. DAVID WALKER, the well-known companion of Sir LEOPOLD M'CLINTOCK during his expedition on the *Fox* in search of Sir JOHN FRANKLIN, will accompany Captain HALL, in charge of the scientific department.

The region bordering upon the Black Sea has long been known to be full of antiquarian treasures of the highest interest, as evinced by the superb reports published from time to time at the expense of the Russian government. A late exploration of the peninsula of Toman, situated between the Black Sea and the Sea of AZOV, in continuation of previous researches, has brought to light many striking objects, particularly of those belonging to a past period of Greek art, and consisting of gold ornaments, sarcophagi, terra-cotta statuettes, etc.

We have already referred to the explorations made during the past summer in the Western Territories of the United States by the parties of Professor HAYDEN and Professor MARSH, the latter of whom has just published an interesting résumé of his geological observations. The principal field of his labors, as already stated, was the neighborhood of Fort Bridger, among certain fresh-water deposits from an ancient lake, the strata of which formed a thickness in places of at least 1500 feet. Vertebrate remains in great variety were found entombed in these deposits, differing in marked features from those belonging to the miocene basin east of the Rocky Mountains. In the latter, bones of ruminating animals were especially abundant, while fishes and reptiles, with the exception of a single species of tortoise, were entirely wanting. In the Fort Bridger basin, on the other hand, reptilian life was in great development, and was represented by crocodiles, tortoises, lizards, and serpents, together with numerous fish, while many mammals, allied to the tapirs, as well as other smaller quadrupeds, occupied its borders.

In a recent article we referred to the fact that torpedoes were being used for killing fish for manure on the coast of Florida. This business is carried on about six miles below New Smyrna, at Mosquito Lagoon; and the method adopted is said to consist in exploding the torpedoes in the water, under the schools, as they pass by. In addition to the many that are killed outright, and float on the surface, large numbers are wounded, and go off elsewhere to die, without being caught. This practice, we are assured, has already resulted in a very marked diminution of the schools of fish in that vicinity, and has been greatly resented by the people of the State, who are endeavoring to drive the operator from its waters.

Lieutenant PAYER, well known for his geological investigations in the Alps, has lately communicated some facts in regard to discoveries in Greenland by the late German expedition, of which he was a member; and in this he calls attention especially to the probability of the hypothesis that Greenland is essentially a congeries of islands similar to that west of it, and not a huge continental mass, as has been supposed by most authors. One strong evidence of this he considers to be furnished by the deep inlet discovered by the expedition, previously unrecorded on any chart, and which received the name of Emperor Francis Joseph's Fiord. This was found to extend deep into the interior of the land, continually opening into new arms, and widening in places until it was traced out for over one-third of the estimated breadth of Greenland, and without any indication of coming to an end. Indeed, in a southwesterly direction it opened out into what looked like a great basin into which the fiord itself emptied. The circumstance also that the saltness of fiords is generally greatly diminished by the fresh-water streams pouring into them when they are simply cul de sacs, and the fact that the great Greenland fiord, notwithstanding the enormous addition of fresh-water, retained all its saltness, pointed to a maritime communication with the opposite side of the country.

Time was not allowed to the party to prosecute the exploration of this supposed strait; but it is believed, as stated, that it finds its opposite opening in Baffin Bay. Another still more potent argument in favor of the assumption that Greenland is a congeries of islands, and not a continent, was found in the apparent absence of great longitudinal valleys, such as usually characterize continents, these being entirely wanting in the northeastern part of Greenland.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

February 13.—In the Senate, a joint resolution was passed prescribing an oath to Dr. Miller, Senator elect from Georgia.—In the House, a bill was introduced to protect loyal and peaceable citizens, and to perpetuate evidence of loss sustained in the war of the rebellion; one removing all political disabilities, and one to preserve the peace in the several States.

February 14.—In the Senate, a bill was introduced to provide for the selection of cadets for the Naval and Military academies on a competitive examination. An adverse report was made on the bill remitting duties on articles donated to the suffering in France, on the ground that it would be wholly impracticable to pass upon the articles. The bill subsidizing a steamship line from New Orleans to Mexican ports was discussed at some length, and passed by a vote of 29 to 21.—In the House, the subject of the West Point disturbances was discussed, without reaching final action.

February 15.—The Senate was occupied with a long debate on the resolution of the Indiana Legislature withdrawing the ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment.—In the House, the bill to enforce the provisions of the Fifteenth Amendment, and to secure the right of citizens to vote, was taken up at the opening of the session, and gave rise to a long debate. The provision for calling on the military at elections was stricken out, and the bill then passed by nearly a party vote.

February 16.—In the Senate, the consideration of the Appropriation bill was resumed, and the provisions relating to judges' salaries finally agreed upon. They fix the salary of Chief Justice at $8500; Associate Judges, $8000; Circuit Judges, $6000; District Judges, $5000.—The House adopted the report of the committee appointed to inquire into the West Point troubles, which bears severely on the members of the first class, with an additional resolution directing inquiry to be made into the conduct of the officers of the institution.

February 17.—In the Senate, a long discussion took place on the point of the admission of a Presidential pardon as evidence in the Court of Claims.—The House agreed to the report of a committee of conference on a bill creating a Territorial government for the District of Columbia.

February 18.—In the Senate, a resolution was offered recommending that the Joint High Commission provide for the cession of the British North American possessions to this country. Its consideration went over under objection. The Judiciary Committee was discharged from the further consideration of the petitions on female suffrage and the recognition of the Christian religion in the Constitution. The bill providing regulations for the army was reported, but not acted on.—In the House, the report of the committee of conference on the Consular Appropriation bill was agreed to. The Army Appropriation bill was then considered in Committee of the Whole. The amendment to perfect the title of the national cemeteries was rejected after some debate. The bill was subsequently reported to the House, and passed. The bill authorizing a commission to settle the northwest boundary was discussed in Committee of the Whole, and afterward reported to the House, but not acted upon. The opposition came mainly from Mr. Dawes, on the ground of expense. The rest of the day was spent on the report of the Judiciary Committee on the M'Garrahan claim. The majority report against the claim, and the minority, headed by Mr. Bingham, direct the issue of a new patent to Mr. M'Garrahan for the lands claimed by him.

GENERAL DOMESTIC ITEMS.

The Canadian authorities have released the American schooner *White Fawn*, under a decision of the Vice-Admiralty at Halifax, Nova Scotia.

The Massachusetts Legislative Committee on Federal Relations reported resolutions on February 18 representing that the arbitrary and unfriendly actions of the Canadians toward American fishermen constitute a grievance demanding the attention and protection of the general government.

Lieutenant-Commander George Dewey is to command the store-ship *Supply*, which is to sail from this port for France with a cargo of food for the suffering people of that country.

A special dispatch to the *Avalanche*, Jackson, Mississippi, says it is stated upon good authority that Governor Alcorn will shortly resign, and retire into private life. He absolutely declines to go into the United States Senate, though his term commences on the 4th of March next.

The Missouri Senate respectfully refers the lady petitioners for the right of suffrage to the United States Courts, as they claim to have the right to vote already.

An expedition has left San Francisco for the Cocos Islands, under the direction of spirits, to seek for treasures buried by pirates.

General J. B. Magruder died February 19 at Houston, Texas.

The Mexican Governor of Sonora has refused to surrender a Mexican accused of murder, and demanded under a requisition by Governor Safford, of Arizona.

A route for a ship canal has been surveyed from Suisoon Bay to Stockton, California, through the Valley of San Joaquin.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE General Assembly of France met on the 13th of February, and has elected M. Thiers "Chief of the Executive Power of the French Republic." For his cabinet he has selected Dufaure, Favre, Simon, Lambrecht, Picard, General Le Flo, and Admiral Poithevin. The English, Austrian, and Italian governments at once recognized the Thiers government. Mr. Washburne, American minister, had returned to Paris. The feeling against any cession of territory in favor of peace continues very strong, and has found forcible expression in the General Assembly, where Generals Chanzy and Billot declared that a defensive war could, if necessary, be successfully prosecuted. In Paris commercial affairs are recovering from the effects of the siege, and the Bank of France is said to have advanced the total war contribution of the metropolis.

Sir John Rose has declined to serve on the High Commission, and the British government has appointed Sir Stafford Northcote in his place.

The House of Commons has unanimously voted a dowry of £30,000 to the Princess Louise, and an annual allowance of £6000.

Advices from South America state that many persons were killed by a collision on the St. Paul (Brazilian) Railroad. A ministerial crisis was imminent in Brazil. The revolution at Montevideo was still in progress.

Nine more Japanese students have reached San Francisco, among them a prince, by the steamship *Great Republic*, from Yokohama. Small-pox was epidemic in the latter city, and several of the crew of the United States steamer *Benicia* had died of it. Messrs. Dallas and Ring, teachers in a Japanese college, were attacked with swords and cut down on the 12th of January. They were frightfully but not fatally injured. Mr. Seward had left Hong-Kong for Singapore.

The Greek Court of Appeals has confirmed the judgment against the accomplices of the Marathon bandits, and the Englishman Noel will be put on trial for murder.

The elections in Spain are to be held on the 8th of March, and the Cortes will assemble on the 3d of April. Cuba and Porto Rico will be represented.

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M. THIERS.

THE Constituent Assembly of France having elected LOUIS ADOLPHE THIERS President of the Provisional Government, under the title of "Chief of the Executive Power of the French Republic," our readers will doubtless welcome the magnificent portrait of the distinguished Frenchman which we give on this page.

M. THIERS was born at Marseilles in the year 1797, his father being a mechanic of good repute. In early youth he was designed for the army, but finally it was settled that his future battles should be fought in the forum instead of in the champs de Mars. He studied his profession at Aix, leaving that city in his twenty-fourth year to try his fortunes in the metropolis. He was accompanied by his friend MIGNET, and the two youthful adventurers entered Paris, with few francs in their purses, but with talents, energy, and health, which justified their hopes of future fame and fortune.

Like so many other political leaders in France, THIERS first became known to the public as a journalist, his earliest engagement being on the staff of the *Constitutionnel*. In the columns of this, the then leading journal, THIERS manifested the readiness alike in attack and defense, and the fertility of resource which have distinguished him through life. The connection with the *Constitutionnel* terminated at the close of the year 1829, when THIERS, associated with MIGNET and ARMAND CARREL, started the *National*, in bitter opposition to the POLIGNAC ministry, in the overthrow of which, and the consequent expulsion of the elder branch of the BOURBON family from the throne and soil of France, the future Prime Minister of LOUIS PHILIPPE and his journal played a most prominent part.

THIERS's first appearance in the Chamber of Deputies, to which he was sent by the College of Aix, was as a supporter of the LAFITTE ministry, the chief of which had been his earliest friend. When CASIMIR-PERIER overthrew LAFITTE, THIERS retired with his friends. It was, therefore, with amazement that France beheld the first political somersault made by this shrewd politician. Without having sounded a warning note, in April, 1831, M. THIERS made the leap from Left to Right, turning his back on his ten-years' friends, and boldly advocating the CASIMIR-PERIER administration and the measures upon which he had been wont to vent his bitterest sarcasms and his fiercest denunciations. He was furiously assailed; but he listened to all the abuse with a bland smile, having probably well weighed the cost and the gain before the long and never-to-be-retraced step was taken. The prize he sought was soon within his grasp. On the death of CASIMIR-PERIER, in 1832, Marshal SOULT bestowed on M. THIERS the port-folio of the Ministry of the Interior. This appointment was no sinecure, but THIERS performed the arduous duties it imposed upon him with marked ability and zeal. He held office only until November, 1834; but during the two years' tenure he had assisted in putting down the insurrection in La Vendée, in taking Antwerp, and in capturing the Duchesse De Berri, the life and soul of all the BOURBON conspiracies; and he hunted down with terrible severity the secret societies which were heretofore the hot-beds of treason against the Orleans dynasty. THIERS was the first minister of the French crown who boldly advocated the taxation of future generations for the purpose of internal improvement. His first loan was for the large sum of a hundred millions of francs. In despite of all this, it is doubtful whether, in the winter of 1834, there was a more unpopular man in France than LOUIS ADOLPHE THIERS.

In 1838 he became President of the Council, from which post he retired in 1840. He then commenced his "History of the Consulate and the Empire." In 1844 he appeared once more as leader of the opposition in the Chamber of Deputies, and once more was the most radical of *talkers*.

In February, 1848, LOUIS PHILIPPE was induced to send for THIERS and ODILLON BARROT in the vain hope that they could form a ministry which should save his tottering throne. When the republic was proclaimed M. THIERS was one of the earliest to give in his adhesion to the new order, and became a strenuous supporter of the claims of LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE to the Presidency. He even fought a duel on account of his new protégé. After LOUIS NAPOLEON was firmly seated in power the old intriguing spirit was dissatisfied with the result of his own work, and so apparent was his wish for the restoration of his old master LOUIS PHILIPPE that it surprised no one to hear one winter's morning that M. THIERS had been arrested and banished to England. He was permitted to return to Paris in the following year, but it was not until 1863 that he again took his seat on the opposition benches in the Corps Législatif.

M. THIERS's course since the commencement of the Prussian war has been eminently patriotic: having protested against it, he has done his best to assuage the evils he could not prevent.

M. THIERS has had several narrow escapes from death by assassination. In 1834 he was twice shot at in the streets of Lyons, and was close to Marshal MORTIER when that gallant soldier was killed by the explosion of FIESCHI's infernal machine. It is to be hoped, but scarcely can be expected, that M. THIERS should live to see his country once more peaceful and prosperous.

M. THIERS, CHIEF OF THE EXECUTIVE POWER OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

HOW PRUSSIANS THINK OUT WAR.

AN English gentleman writes as follows of what he saw at Versailles during the siege of Paris: My second day at Versailles was one of research. My business was to find out how the land lay; who were there that could help or hinder the object of my coming there; and, above all, to find out the whereabouts of the great men now controlling the destinies of France, and who were either to aid or to oppose me. I was glad to discover, for I thought it good taste, that none of the great men occupied any part of the palace of Versailles. The great monarch War, with wounds and death, alone occupies these imperial halls. It is the palace of the maimed and wounded. Its picture-galleries were the wards of a great hospital, of which true and touching pictures have been from time to time sent home to the *Times*. The mansions occupied by the King of Prussia, the Crown Prince, Prince Adalbert, Count Bismarck, the Count Von Moltke, and the other heroes of the war are chiefly the deserted mansions of the rich inhabitants of Versailles, and, excepting a flag or a sentry, there is nothing to proclaim to a stranger, "Hence are ruled the destinies of Europe." In truth, it is impossible that great things could be managed with less parade than that with which this war is directed. Three or four men work together in a little room two or three hours each day; they have much to talk over, and then parting, each goes to his own home and does his day's work. At dinner they meet and try to forget toil and anxiety during the couple of hours of a *table d'hôte* at the Hôtel des Réservoirs, when they part to carry on their work late into the small hours. Short is the sleep of these men of war. And here I may say that nothing struck me more than the great number of aged, gray-haired men who conduct this war. While we have been getting rid of all old admirals and old soldiers as fast as the laws of promotion and pension allow, and even making laws to exclude from active service men of ripe years, it seems as if it had been the policy of the Prussians to choose exactly the one the most opposite to that of the English. They have aged men to decide and guide, young men to execute the work.

While I witnessed the quiet, methodic, systematic way in which the political negotiations of Europe, the war organization of Germany, and the war in France were being carried out in this tranquil town, with so little show and so much strength, I could not help some feeling of sorrow for the way in which we are ruled at so much cost to such small purpose. £25,000,000 a year is what England pays for past wars, £25,000,000 a year is what she pays for coming wars; and at this great cost we are told by those who seem to know, that if Prussian readiness for war and English readiness for war were set side by side, we should find that at half the cost Prussia is able to produce double the value, so that we are four times more wasteful or less wise than they are. Is this true or false? I did all I could while in Versailles, where the machinery of Prussian war is undergoing its test, to find out where lay our huge inferiority, and whence came their superiority, in matters of war. I think I find it in this—that they are patriots, and thoroughly in earnest; that we are not patriots; that we believe in shams; and that we are not in earnest. To be just, I ought to add one element more—one that we possess in common with the French, but which, unluckily, has just broken down—we English believe that we are the greatest nation in the world; we believe that our troops have always conquered, and will always conquer; that good luck and pluck attend our arms and win our battles, and that what has been will always be. The Prussians trust nothing to chance, luck, or fortune; they prepare industriously for war in time of peace; they cast their cannon, finish their rifles, and make their shells while they have ample leisure and means to do it; they prepare their trains of field telegraphs, of pontoon bridges, of ammunition wagons, of field ambulances, of commissariat trains, of war locomotives, and of military railway carriages, while at peace. Thus they do war timely, cheap, and well; while we do it late, in a hurry, and at extravagant cost, and at a time when, instead of preparing, we should have occupied the field before our enemy.

There is another point in which I have recognized a very unexpected and marked superiority in the Prussian army. It is officered, like our own, from the aristocracy and wealthy classes. The difference between us is, that in their army I found every individual officer making a study of the higher branches of his profession; also that I found him already possessed of a high scientific education, preparing him to excel in study and practice, and that the whole army from top to bottom is pervaded by the desire to turn to the advantage of the army all modern inventions, and utilize for it all improvements in science. In our army, on the contrary, a man with an invention has at starting the feeling of—every body against him: next, he has to take out a patent; then he has to offer slices of the patent to all who will lend him a hand, and all the rest are turned into determined enemies. Our system is quite wrong. All modern inventions should be at once pressed into the service of the country. The inventor should be helped with all the aids that the military experience of the country can give him. Whatever is good should be turned to account, and the bad mercilessly rejected. As to patent rights and payments, there should be none; each citizen should rejoice to be able to serve his country, and the country should be too grateful to the inventor to withhold national gratitude for national good.

Another feature in army organization was forced on my attention by a scene I witnessed at head-quarters. It was somewhat early in the morning, when I observed a parade of officers in the open square of a court-yard, but under cover. In front of the line are two or three officers with papers, one reading aloud. There seemed to be many dispatches to read, and between them were generally some words of conversation. I found that this was a daily practice at the head of each *corps d'armée*. The papers which were being read were the telegraphic or written dispatches which had been received from every other *corps d'armée*, and the purpose of the arrangement was that every officer of the corps should be able to know what every other corps was doing all round. The officers who attend this reading, returning to their respective stations, give in their turn to the officers under their command a summary of that knowledge which is nearest and most interesting to them, and they again retail it to their men; so that every day is studied over and over what has been done, is doing, and is about to be done by their own division and by all around it. Here seemed to lie the secret of having an army with one mind, one will, and one way, each man foreknowing all he was about, and only awaiting the word of permission to do it.

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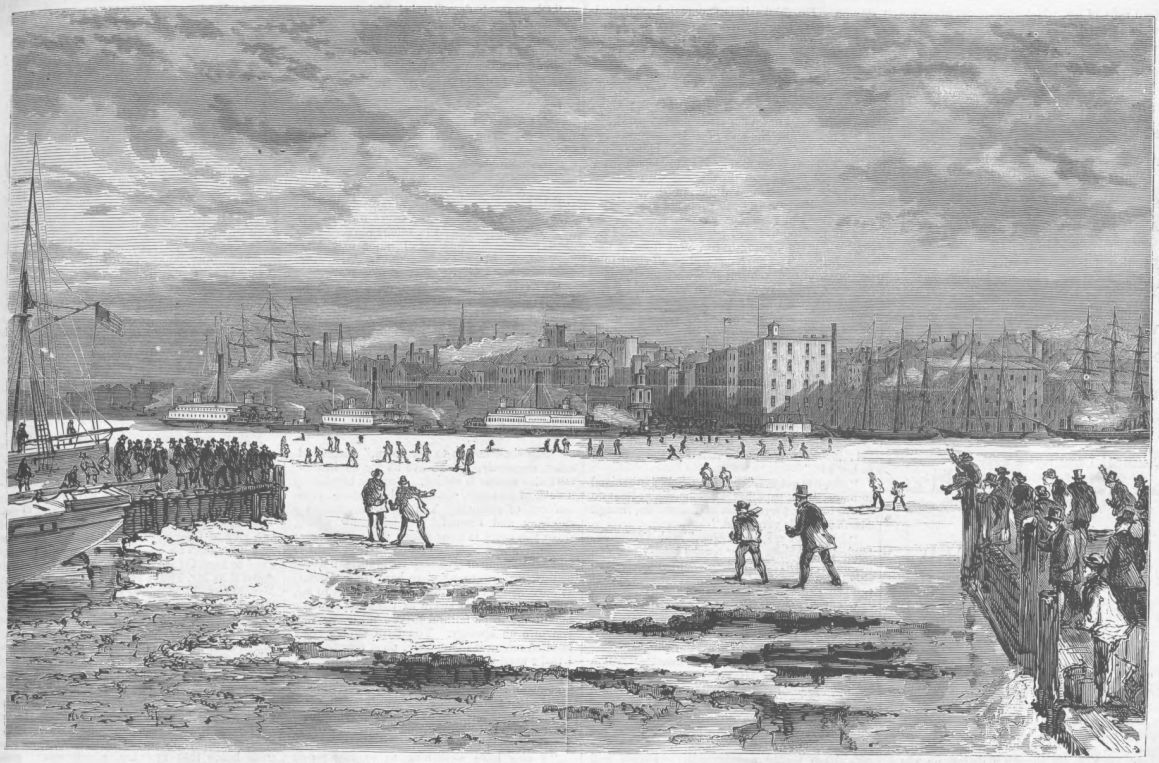
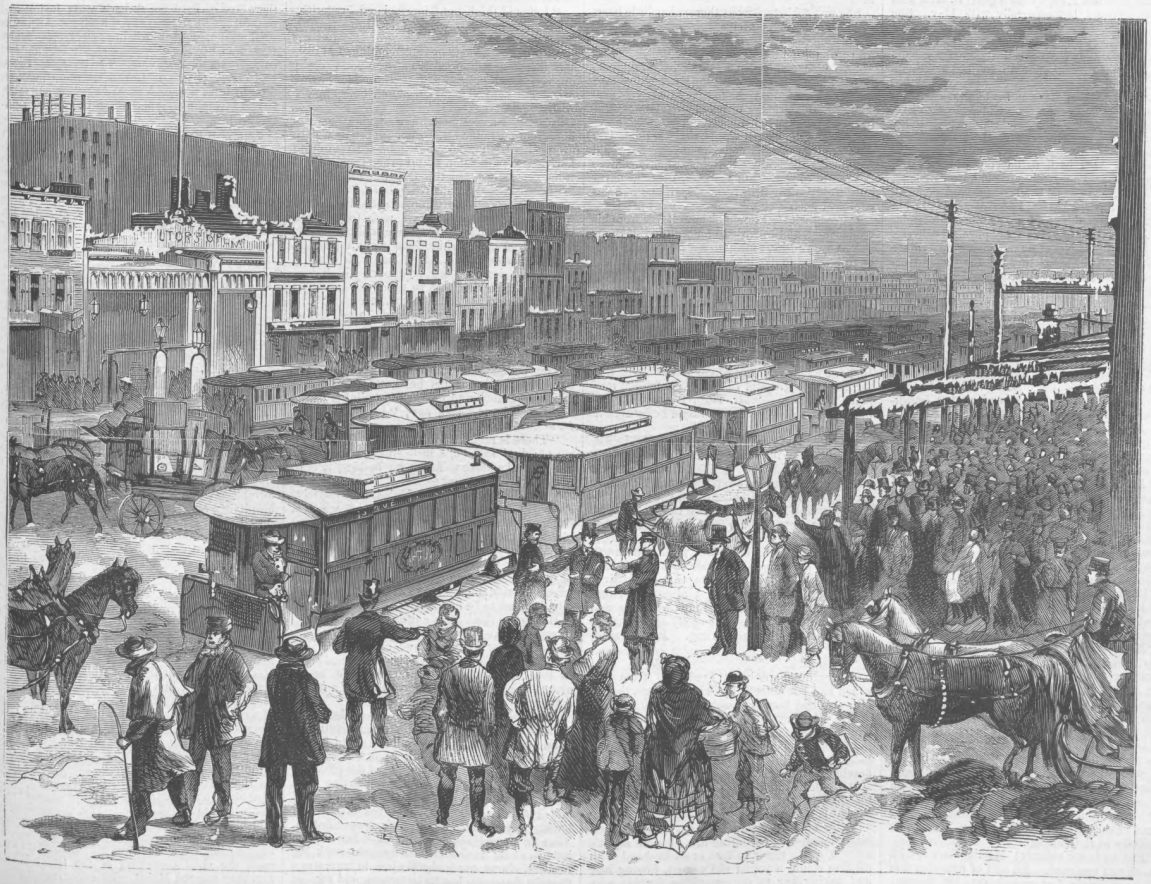


CROSSING THE EAST RIVER ON THE ICE BRIDGE.—[DRAWN BY THEO. R. DAVIS.]

ICE BRIDGE OVER THE EAST RIVER.

TWICE this winter the East River, between New York and Brooklyn, has been covered by an ice bridge solid enough to suspend navigation—stopping even the powerful steam ferry-boats—and to permit adventurous people to make the passage on foot from shore to shore. Our illustration on this page depicts the scene at Fulton Ferry, at an hour when hundreds of people were crossing. The bridge lasted, on each occasion, about four hours, until the falling of the tide detached the edges from the shores, when the ice broke up into fields of various dimensions. Many persons were still on the bridge when this occurred, and a general rush and scramble for terra firma at once took place. Most of the adventurers—among whom were women and children—succeeded in getting off; others, less fortunate, found themselves floating down stream



CAR BLOCKADE IN THE BOWERY.—FROM A SKETCH BY STANLEY FOX.—[SEE PAGE 191.]

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on frail rafts of ice, which threatened every moment to give way beneath their weight. Several hair-breadth escapes occurred, but, with the assistance of the various tugs and ferry-boats, all were eventually rescued.

FAREWELL!

FAREWELL! but ere in grief we part,
Oh, hear my fond affection's plea,
And treasure up within thy heart
Some lasting fervent thoughts of me.

Farewell! our little dream is o'er,
The curtain fallen on our play,
And I shall ne'er behold thee more,
Nor bask within thy smile's bright ray.

For thee I leave my native land,
And know not what my lot may be;
Yet e'en upon a foreign strand
My heart will ever turn to thee.

Whene'er at morn, by night, by day,
Thou bend'st a supplicating knee,
Remember one who's far away,
And breathe a prayer to Heaven for me.

When down life's rapid stream I flow,
And near the vast eternal sea,
'Twould blunt death's sting could I but know
Thou still hadst one kind thought for me.

Farewell! I tear myself away,
From these endearing scenes I flee;
May the angels guard thee night and day:
God knows how dear thou art to me!

WON—NOT WOOED.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Bred in the Bone," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

A TIFF AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

THE word "Immediate" frightened simple Mabel. She had lived far from the atmosphere where such electric disturbances as "telegrams" are common things; and even a letter which demanded haste had its vague terrors. She was accustomed to do much of her father's letter-writing for him, for though a divine, he was a lazy man with his pen; but she had hardly any correspondents of her own. As she flew up stairs to the sitting-room, all the personal thoughts which had so lately possessed her mind clean vanished, and their place was occupied with one apprehension: Had any thing happened to Cousin Martha Barr? This relative of the Denham family was a lady of advanced years and scanty means, who had always been a great favorite with the two sisters, but especially with May. She had nothing to recommend her (being old and ugly and poor, and using a plainness of speech and manner that was often mistaken for vulgarity) with the exception of a heart as sound as a bell, and an inflexible determination to obey her conscience. The rector, in his bluff, open-handed way, had more than once endeavored to confer upon her some material benefit—and a very little aid would have gone far with one of her small needs—but she had invariably rejected all assistance. "I wish to be your friend, John, all my life, and especially your children's friend, and that I can not be if I become your pensioner." To this resolve she had steadily kept; but she would probably not have declined the tender aid of the Denham girls in any physical distress. She lived quite alone at an out-of-the-way village by the sea; and for an instant the thought occurred to Mabel how welcome would such a summons be, if such it were! To be left alone in quiet was what she yearned for; to tend the pillow of a sick friend would be the very occupation to rescue her from her own bitter thoughts. But the next moment she reproached herself for having entertained so selfish a reflection.

"What is it, Ju?—what is the matter?" cried she, as she opened the door of their apartment with a haste and suddenness somewhat imprudent, considering that it was the bower of a bride and bridegroom. Her appearance, indeed, was not quite opportune, since Frederick was in the act of removing the recent traces of tears from her sister's cheek by osculation.

"I beg pardon," murmured poor Mabel; "but I was so frightened by what the man told me about the letter."

Frederick had bolted on to the balcony, from whence little explosions of laughter could now be heard. Ju's face was crimson, and she looked annoyed as she replied, "There is nothing to be frightened at: only papa is not quite well, and Dr. Bowen has written—"

"Papa ill!" said Mabel, clasping her hands, "and all alone at home! Oh, let me go to him at once!"

"No, no," replied Ju, a little sharply; "there is no occasion for that; I would have gone myself if there had been, you may be sure. It is only a passing indisposition; but Dr. Bowen says that it is out of the question that he should come to-morrow, as he had intended; and Frederick and I are off on Thursday; so that we shall not be able to wish him good-by. And that is what made me cry. Papa particularly begs—see, he has written a few lines himself in pencil—that you will not hurry back. He wishes you to finish out your holiday. He says—"

"But, Ju," interrupted Mabel, piteously, "I should be miserable here to think that poor papa is solitary at the vicarage."

"But he is not solitary: Martha Barr is with him, as you can read. No sort of apprehension need be entertained at present, says Dr. Bowen; and it is papa's particular wish that you should stay on. He thinks it is suppressed gout, and hopes to have it out by the time you come back, and 'to be very cross by that time, as usual.' He writes quite cheerfully, you see, and like himself."

"I shall go home," said Mabel, decisively, having read the letter.

Julia looked astonished as well as displeased. She had never known her sister act in opposition to her opinion before, and of course she was ignorant of the other reasons which, besides her father's illness, were urging May to depart from Shingleton. "I can do nothing with Mabel, Frederick!" exclaimed Julia, in discontented tones. "Perhaps *you* can persuade her."

The obedient Frederick at once made his appearance at the window. "My dear May, I do hope you are not going to run away from us unnecessarily. The governor will be all right in a day or two; and, remember, we are leaving England on Thursday for Heaven knows how long. If he were really ill, Ju and I would be both going to him ourselves, instead of endeavoring to prevent your doing so. As matters are, upon my life I am so selfish as hardly to regret this slight attack, for we wished him good-by already, before we thought of coming to Shingleton, and Ju would be so dreadfully upset at parting with him, just as she needs all her strength for her long voyage. There, she has left the room, no doubt to have 'a good cry' at the mere thought of it. She needs your company just now, Mabel; indeed she does, as much as she ever did in her life."

"She has got *you*," said May, herself dissolved in tears; "but papa has got nobody—at least no one to love and nurse him as I could do, though Martha Barr is very good."

"Listen to me, dear May," said Frederick, tenderly, the sight of her tearful beauty piercing his heart. "There is another reason why you should stay here, if you will forgive me for speaking about it."

"Another reason!" May felt that she was growing crimson, though without knowing why, except for a vague thought of Richard.

"You know I am not a man who cares for mere conventionalities," he continued; "still, a young lady in your position can not be too particular, too prudent." Here the ready Frederick began to stammer. "I feel you must think me a great fool; it is so difficult to talk of these things; but since Ju has not made use of the argument, I am obliged to do so. Somebody left Shingleton to-day unexpectedly. People will chatter, you know. If you were to leave the same day as he, it would look so odd. Ju and I, of course, know that there is nothing in it; but folks like Mrs. Marshall 'put two and two together,' as they call it, and fancy themselves very wise. Now don't cry, May darling, for nobody blames you, or can blame you. It is only your being so pretty and charming, which you can't help."

She was sobbing now as though her little heart would break; and, perhaps with some vague view of averting that catastrophe, Frederick passed his arm around her dainty waist.

"Of course the man couldn't help falling in love with you, May; every one must do that; and you were quite right to give him his *congé*."

"But, Frederick, I did *not*!" exclaimed Mabel, with sudden vehemence.

"Well, well, not in words, perhaps; but you let him know plainly enough—or else he would not have gone away—that his attentions were distasteful to you. For my part, I should never have forgiven my dear little May if she had encouraged such a cub."

"Frederick!" She shook herself free from his tender hold, and regarded him with indignation.

"Why, you don't mean to say he *wasn't* a cub, or to pretend to like him!" answered Frederick; "and if you did not like him, you would surely not have consented to marry him though he had ten times ten thousand a year. I think I know my little May better than that."

The relief to Mabel's mind upon discovering that it was Horn Winthrop to whom her brother-in-law was alluding, and that her attachment to Richard was still unsuspected, was so great that she felt quite grateful to Frederick for his mistaken suspicion. "Mr. Horn Winthrop is nothing to me, dear Fred, nor would he be even if he had asked to be any thing."

"Thank Heaven for that!" cried Frederick, with an energy that rather contradicted his late confident expressions. "I felt that no amount of wealth ought to have rendered such a creature acceptable to Mabel Denham, and yet I am overjoyed to hear it from your own lips." Here he kissed, not them, but her forehead, in an approving, brotherly fashion. "Some people, indeed, like Mrs. Marshall, hold that girls will marry any body for money; and she has put it into your sister's head, as I believe, that the affair is serious. But, for my part, I always said that there was nothing in it; and now we know that there *is* nothing, let us all be jolly again together, May, and don't go, darling. For *my* sake, *do* stay, and—"

"Frederick!"

It was quite another "Frederick" from that which had left Mabel's lips a minute ago, though *that* also had been reproachful and indignant.

Mrs. Pennant stood at the open door, the handle of which shook in her trembling fingers; her face, always pale by contrast with her raven hair, quite white with passion; her dark eyes flaming with wrath.

"My dear Julia," exclaimed Frederick, in astonishment, not wholly free from trepidation, "what is the matter?"

"Oh, nothing," returned she, with a short, bitter laugh—"nothing at all. I dare say it's quite a usual thing to find one's husband with his arm round a young girl's waist, kissing her, and asking her to do something for his sake which she has refused to do for her own sister's."

"Oh dear, oh dear!" cried Mabel, wringing her hands. "How can you say such shocking things, Ju!"

"I don't blame *you*, child," observed Mrs. Pennant, coldly; "God forbid I should. It is with my husband only that my quarrel lies, and it is a just one."

"A just one!" exclaimed Frederick, with scornful vehemence. "You must be mad to call it so! You should be ashamed to speak such words as you have used in the presence of a good and innocent girl."

"It is of *your* innocence that I have a doubt, Sir, and not of hers," interrupted Mrs. Pennant. "This is not the first time that your behavior toward Mabel has given me cause for displeasure; it has been noticed by others also—"

"Then it's that infernal old idiot, Mrs. Marshall," broke in Frederick, passionately. "She has made you as great a fool as herself."

"You are most kind and courteous, I am sure; but it was not Mrs. Marshall's eyes that saw you kiss Mabel a minute ago, or her ears that heard you call her 'darling,' and tell her her sister's head was turned."

"Oh, Ju, Ju!" said Mabel, beseechingly, "indeed you are very wrong; and oh, so cruel to poor Frederick!"

"It would be more becoming, Mabel," observed Julia, sharply, "if instead of making excuses for my husband you were to go to your room."

"She shall not go to her room," cried Frederick, decisively, "nor leave us for an instant, until this matter is settled. You are blinded by a devil of jealousy, whom you have raised yourself out of nothing. You have entertained a shocking and shameful suspicion, for which, when you come to your senses, you will be sorry enough; and I insist on its being retracted. I will say nothing of it as respects Mabel—it would be a wickedness to associate her with a calumny at once so groundless and so base; it is to *me*, your husband, who swore at the altar scarce a month ago to be faithful to you till death, that you owe an apology. You have wronged and insulted me most infamously, most cruelly; and I insist upon your expressing regret for it."

"And you—you have nothing to express regret about?" rejoined Mrs. Pennant, but in a tone of less audacity than her words implied; for it was not only plain that her husband was deeply wounded, but also that he believed himself to have been so without cause.

"I *may* have something to express regret about," answered he, coldly, "if you contrive to behave in this manner; "I may have to acknowledge a mistake committed by myself—to repent an alliance which—"

"Frederick! Julia!" interposed Mabel, earnestly. "How can you go on like this, when each of you loves the other at heart better than all the world besides? Heaven knows that *I* am not to blame—"

"I should think not," interpolated Frederick.

"I never said you were," cried Julia, tearful, but still defiant.

"And yet I seem to myself," continued Mabel, "to be the mischief-maker between you two. I am very much obliged to you—very—for having asked me here; but, oh dear, oh dear, how I wish I had never come!"

Never was a sentiment more genuine, or wearing a more genuine air. Poor Mabel, as we are aware, had half a dozen reasons for regretting her visit to Shingleton besides the present disastrous occurrence, but this fact was unknown to her hearers; and the distress that seemed wholly upon their account moved both exceedingly. "I would go away directly, as I wish to go," she went on, "but that I do not like to leave you on such bad—I mean, while there is any misunderstanding between you. I am but a girl—and a very foolish, ignorant one, no doubt—still, it does seem to me so shocking, so needless" (here she threw her arms about her sister's neck). "Oh, kiss him, Ju, and make it up; do, pray, just as you and I have often kissed and made up quarrels not more childish!"

Such innocent eloquence was irresistible.

The belligerents did not kiss, indeed, but Frederick held out his hand, with frankness, which Julia took and retained in both her own.

"Forgive me," said she; "I was to blame for—"

"There is nothing to forgive, my dear, in an act of folly," said he, a little stiffly. "One has only to make haste to forget it; besides, it is to Mabel as well as to me—"

"Kiss her, Fred," cried Mabel, imperatively. And with a good-natured smile, with which a little curl of contempt in vain endeavored to mingle, Fred kissed his wife accordingly.

Let us hope that the tiff ended there between them, never to be referred to at curtain-lecture or other dangerous domestic season again. Its effects upon Mabel and her fortunes were unhappily destined to be lasting.

It is sad to think what a little cause is sufficient to separate two poor human souls that have clung to one another for years, and especially if they are female souls. The two sisters did not cease to love one another; but on one side, at all events, the love was henceforth to be of a different sort.

Julia was always "glad to hear of dear Mabel's well-being," "deeply interested about her, 'and genuinely eager to do' all she could for her and hers;" but the golden bowl of sisterly love was broken by that unhappy jog of the elbow.

She might have forgiven her for having been the innocent occasion of quarrel between herself and Frederick, but she could not forgive her having been the cause of their reconciliation. That *her* appeal (although Julia had herself been influenced by it) should have brought back her husband's hand, her husband's lips, to hers, was a thought that never lost its bitterness, and seemed almost to justify the very suspicion which she had confessed to be groundless. She never said this, nor any thing like it, in words, nor perhaps even admitted it to herself; but she felt it, and, notwithstanding some effort of concealment, caused others to feel it. It was not her fault. Julia was as sensible and good a wife as could be found within the four seas—it was a sin and a shame, said Mrs. Marshall, very justly, to export her to China—but she was a woman.

Nothing more was said concerning this unpleasant matter by any body; but after dinner that day, when Mabel reopened the question of her return to the rectory, the opposition on her sister's part was languid and feeble. "Perhaps, if dearest May was fretting about dear papa, it would be cruel to keep her. What did Frederick think?"

Frederick, thus appealed to, shrugged his shoulders, and pulled vigorously at his cigar. "You had better settle it between you," said he, presently. What he had been *thinking* in the mean time was something like this: "All women are fools"—he meant in one respect, but when one reflects one often generalizes—"and *I* was a fool to suppose that I had married one who was not. If I press Mabel to stay, there will be another row, or the embers of the old one will be fanned anew. The poor little thing had better go."

And on the following day Mabel Denham went home accordingly.

Mabel's parting with her sister and Fred was, of course, a sad one, since it was certain they would not meet again for at least seven years; but it was less poignant by far than four-and-twenty hours before she could have possibly expected. She longed to be at home and alone. The old Professor had held her fingers so tight and long at their good-by that Fred's last joke had been that he was offering her his ancient hand to keep for good; but she was scarcely so grateful as Mr. Flint's affection deserved of her. Mrs. Marshall had kissed her tumultuously, and blessed her impressively for "a good, dear girl;" and she had submitted with a good grace, but without being correspondingly affected. Lastly, Mr. Winthrop had come to the station—by accident or design, she knew not which—and bowed his adieus with his usual grace; but they had not disturbed her. Her mind was preoccupied with its own sorrow. These smaller troubles—including even her father's illness (which, to do her justice, she had been persuaded to think lightly of, and especially since "no news" had arrived from home that morning, which was "good news")—were all dwarfed by the thought of that "good-by forever" she had whispered in her heart but yesterday to Richard, and which was echoing still "forever." How infinitely dearer did he seem, now that he was gone; dearer, too, for that sudden slackness which, she had been unable to hide from herself, had taken place in Julia's affection for her. How she longed for one loving, faithful arm on which to lean! Well, there was at least her father's arm; loving and faithful it had always proved itself; and if it was weakened now, so much the better opportunity was offered to her to support and tend him, and so repay its life-long care. The bitterness of life was surely past. If it had no more innocent joys to offer her, such as had pleased her once, it had loving duties that would bring their comfort with them.

So she reasoned—innocent, ignorant Mabel; just as some passenger in a train, doomed to disaster, murmurs, consolingly, "This tunnel is dark, but we shall soon get to the end of it," not knowing of the evil lurking in the darkness, of the catastrophe that is close at hand, and little guessing of the weary hours that will elapse before—bruised and shattered and "another man"—he will once more welcome the light of day.

CHAPTER XVIII.

COMING HOME.

MABEL'S journey was a long one, and included many changes; and though she had as little trouble as was possible—for railway guards are the pink of politeness to unprotected youth and beauty (when traveling in the first-class)—she felt weary enough when the train drew up at the little station that was nearest to her home. She had still some miles to go by road; and as she was not expected at the rectory, there was of course no vehicle to meet her. The station-master, who knew her well, dispatched a messenger for a fly; and in the mean time his wife made her as comfortable as she could in her own parlor, for which hospitality Mabel felt truly thankful; for the deserted waiting-room looked chill and forbidding enough in the autumn twilight, and melancholy thoughts were astir within her. In all her life she had never before known what it was to be quite alone, as she was now; her little life-path had been hedged in by love and loving ministration from her cradle; and somehow the reflection, "If home was not at the end of his day's travel, how very sad she would be!" came into her mind. What she meant by home was not merely the rectory-house, of course (for Mabel was not a cat), but the roof which sheltered her father; without him it would have no welcome for her—and what if it *should* be without him? It would be so one day, and probably at no very distant date, for the rector was an old man; but the idea of losing "dear papa" had never seriously entered Mabel's mind, except for a few minutes after the reception of the doctor's note on the previous day. The foreboding she had then momentarily experienced now returned upon her with redoubled force. The station-master and his wife had heard so nothing of the rector's illness; they were not likely to be ignorant of such a calamity, since it was his parishioners who were the chief customers of the ticket-office; and they assured Mabel, with encouraging protestation, that it was nothing to be alarmed about.

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Miss Martha Barr had arrived by the 9.55 last Tuesday, and while warming herself at that very fire, before starting in the vicarage pony-chaise, chatted away quite cheerfully, without saying a word of her relative's indisposition. She would be surprised enough, they did not doubt, to see Miss Mabel. And how was Miss Julia that was, and Mr. Pennant? They remembered her when Foxly Road first became a station, and she was but so high. Well, well, how time did fly, to be sure! In such well-meant, kindly gossip the honest pair strove to make the time pass for their young guest until her vehicle should arrive. But the inn was at some distance, and boasted but of one hired conveyance, which was often in demand to take the smaller gentry in the neighborhood out to their evening festivities, and some such occasion was evidently delaying it now. Mabel's anxiety and impatience had become so great that she was on the eve of starting with the good-natured station-master, who had promised to accompany her home on foot, as soon as the last train had come in, when the long-looked-for fly arrived.

"Why, where the dooce have you been, Bob?" asked that official of the driver, as they were putting the luggage on the roof.

"I took a gentleman from the other line to Parson Denham's," returned he; "and there he kept me shilly-shally for hours, not being able to make up his mind whether to go or stay; and, after all, he staid, and I am to go for him again to-morrow morning."

"Parson Denham's! Hush, man! It was not a doctor from town, was it? because it's one of the rector's daughters as is here now, and in a sad way about her father."

"No, it was not a doctor; it was a lawyer, I reckon, by his shilly-shallying so, as though time was what he was paid for wasting. But parson's main ill, they said, and—"

Here Mabel's appearance at the station door cut short Bob's eloquence; and he touched his hat, and gathered up the reins.

"To Swallowdip Rectory, if you please," said she, in her gentle voice; "and pray be so good as to drive as quick as you can."

"All right, miss; the moon is up, so we shall go along famously;" and he touched the old gray so sharply with his whip that it started at a canter, which lasted for nearly twenty yards. With that exception, the pace was not that which is described in the sporting prints as "killing." If the steed in question could be spoken of classically as "devouring the ground," he devoured it in homeopathic doses. If occasionally, under pressure, he was driven out of his jog into an amble, he did not advance the quicker. His movement became analogous to that of a rocking-horse. When pushed—as those ignorant of his habits sometimes attempted to push him—to the double-quick he threw up his head and his tail, and became heraldic: he marked time. In the hands of the judicious Bob, who had been his guide and friend for nearly a quarter of a century, he achieved all that he was capable of in the way of speed, which was about that of a full hearse when it has cleared the outskirts of the town.

There was plenty of time afforded to admire the scenery; and how beautiful it was! Even Mabel's mind was won for a brief space from the anxiety which engrossed it by the wonders of the way. Hill and vale were flooded by the peaceful moonbeams; the quiet homesteads, the silent woods, the broad, fair river, winding blue and cold in the distance, seemed cast into a magic trance. Immediately before her—so large that it always seemed quite close—stood up the noblest castle ever reared by man, the home of English kings for centuries, the pride and glory of the land, now bathed in fairy splendors. There was a seat in the rectory garden which fronted this sublime spectacle, at which her father was never tired of gazing. She had sat there with him many an evening as a child, and he had pointed out to her its stately towers, and given the picturesque story of each to her eager ears. He could not have been more proud of the castle had he been the queen herself who lived there. He had a reverence for it such as is rarely found among men of his class for similar objects. Country parsons are not, as a rule, historical enthusiasts, nor was Mr. Denham an exception from them save in this one instance. Next to his children and his dog and his gun he loved the castle, with its grand old memories and rich traditions. It was the one romantic, nay, perhaps, the one spiritual feature of his character: the "eternities" and "immensities" were too much for him; his mind did not grapple with them, unless those two simple sermons of his per week could be said to do so. He believed in the creed he taught without much searching for the reason for the faith that was in him. He did his duty in a sense which was not a high-flown one. He was "respected" by his farmers, and "beloved" (as the phrase goes when we speak of parsons and their flocks) by the poor. They would, on the whole, have been sorry to change their cheery, wholesome rector for another: they might easily have got a better one, still more easily a worse. He had a strong natural sense of justice as between man and man, but not quite so strong of that between man and master. He revered the laws, but with an unfortunate predilection for one of them in particular—the game law. "Shoots himself!" grumbled the sporting villager; and perhaps it would have been better for authority and the church if he had not been on the bench of magistrates. But the old rector's heart was sound—far sounder, as happens in some cases, than his principles—and women and children loved him. As Mabel gazed now at his favorite scene she seemed to feel the gentle touch of his broad palm smoothing her childish locks—to hear his loving talk, streaked with sly fun; and the tears rushed to her eyes, and she felt sick at heart with the sense of coming loss. A strange and weird notion took possession of her: the whole landscape lying in moonlit sleep before her suggested the image of the rector—dead. She saw him with his head, on which the plentiful gray hair still curled like a boy's, laid low on the pillow, and the clear blue eyes close shut forever!

The rumble of the wheels had ceased, and their crunch on the gravel succeeded it; the vehicle had turned out of the road, and was already within the rectory grounds. The gate, then, had been left open, which was unusual. It occurred to Mabel's mind at once that the doctor was within doors. How ill must her father be to cause him to come at so late an hour!

It was near midnight, but a light was dimly burning at an upper window; and scarce had the carriage stopped when a female figure appeared at the opened door with her fingers at her lips.

"Don't ring," said she to the driver.—"Oh, Mabel, is that you? Thank God—thank God!"

"Dear Martha, how is papa?" asked Mabel, breathless with anxiety, and also because Martha was squeezing her to her bosom.

"He is ill, my child, very ill. I thought you were Dr. Bowen. We have been expecting him these two hours, and the gate was set open on purpose. Don't cry—don't cry, my pretty bird;" and, strangely in contradiction to her words, Martha Barr herself burst into a flood of tears.

"Let me see him—let me go to him!" cried Mabel, endeavoring to free herself from the other's embrace; but the good old spinster held her fast.

"You must not go," she said; "he is asleep, and you might wake him. It is the first sleep he has had for days. Sleep is a good sign, darling." Mr. Bampton is here, the lawyer from London. No, no," in answer to Mabel's terrified looks; "your papa did not send for him. He came of himself;" and here Martha Barr began to cry again, not passionately, but in that slow, hopeless manner which wears away a man's heart though it be a millstone. It was quite unlike Martha Barr to "give way" in this fashion, and the folly of it seemed to strike her now; for she hastily brushed her tears away, and bade the man put down the boxes quietly, and so as not to hurt the walls.

"Have you paid him, dear?" said she; and when Mabel shook her head, and brought out her dainty little purse (a present from Frederick at Shingleton), Martha took it, and counted out the proper sum with methodical accuracy.

There was something in the driver's look, though he said nothing, which seemed to argue that the lateness of the hour might have earned a higher wage.

"There is a florin for yourself," said Mabel, smiling feebly through her tears.

"God bless you, miss, and raise your father from his bed of sickness!" said Bob, gratefully.

"That is too much to give, May," said Martha, reproachfully, when the man was gone.

"What *does* it matter?" Mabel was almost pettish at this reference to such a trifle at such a time; and yet it was so like dear, good Martha's economical ways.

"You had better see Mr. Bampton at once," said the latter, decisively. "I left him here in the drawing-room."

"I can see nobody to-night except papa," answered Mabel, drawing back and wringing her hands; "do let me go to him, pray."

"Susan is with him, my darling child, and has orders to call me if he should wake," said Martha. "Would I keep you from him, think you? Mr. Bampton has come upon the most important business, and, since your father can not be spoken with, he must see *you*—he must, he must. Oh, why did not your sister come, and Frederick?"

Without waiting to have this question answered, Martha opened the drawing-room door, and led the unresisting Mabel in. At the little round table, usually bespread with books or fancy-work, was seated a thin, gray-haired gentleman, examining by the light of a reading-lamp a mass of law papers. He rose at the entrance of the ladies, and saluted Mabel on the forehead. Mr. Bampton was an old friend of her father's; she had seen him from time to time at the vicarage for many years. He had a solemn, careworn air at all times, but had never looked so grave and sad as now.

"I am very sorry, dear Miss Mabel, to find you in such trouble. I had heard nothing of your good father's illness, but came down to see him upon a business matter, which did not admit of delay. These papers, however, have nothing to do with that. Whenever I come into the country among you idle people I always bring my work with me, and it is fortunate I have done so now, since it seems the dear rector will not be able to see me till to-morrow—if even then."

"He will not be able to speak of business to-morrow, I am quite sure," observed Martha Barr, authoritatively.

"Well, well, we shall hear what the doctor says," returned the lawyer, smiling.—"Mistress Barr here sets us all to rights, you see, Miss May, as usual. I am so glad you have come to temper her despotism."

"If you can not speak with the rector, Mr. Bampton," said Martha Barr, "you had better say something to dear Mabel, had you not?" Then added, in a whisper, "She must know all sooner or later, and it will be better for her to hear it now than afterward."

"Not at present, not at present, Mistress Barr," answered he, in the same low tones. "It is always time enough to tell the sort of news that I am the bearer of—and, besides, we are not sure of the worst. Let us wait at least for the doctor."

"Hush! listen!" cried Mabel, whose ears had been on the stretch ever since she had entered the room, though, on the other hand, she scarcely understood a word that had been said to her. "I hear wheels."

"Then that is Dr. Bowen at last," said Martha Barr, and she left the room, rapidly and noiselessly, to anticipate, as before, the ring at the front-door.

Mabel sat still and silent, her hands clasped tight in one another. The sudden mutation of affairs—the change from the gay life at Shingleton to this house of mourning, where every body spoke in whispers, had, thought the lawyer, quite bewildered the poor young thing.

"This change must seem very sad to you, Miss May?"

"I thought you said—or some one said—that it was a good sign?" said she, quickly. "Oh, surely if he sleeps it must be a good sign!"

The lawyer had judged wrongly of his young companion; her heart was up in the sick-room, and not concerning itself with her own affairs at all.

"Is he very, very ill, do you think, Mr. Bampton?"

"Dr. Bowen will tell us," said the lawyer, evasively. "He has gone up stairs with Mistress Barr."

Mabel knew that, and more. She had followed him in imagination into her father's room; seen trusty Susan make way for him to approach the pillow; and was looking in his homely, honest face to learn his verdict.

Mr. Bampton watched her rapt and earnest gaze with an expression of pity that was a stranger to him. He had seen young girls at similar supreme moments of anxiety before, and his experience was, that such misfortunes as a father's death were soon got over; and yet he took out his handkerchief and wiped his — spectacles, which was for him a sign of great emotion.

"My dear young lady," said he, softly, "I am the bearer of evil tidings to you and yours. Can you endure to hear them?"

"Evil tidings?" she said, aloud. "Can you all have had the heart to deceive me, then?" She rose, and would have hurried toward the door, but he seized her hand and held it.

"Hush! hush! I am not speaking of your father; he is still alive, and in God's hands. Pray listen to me in patience. You heard Mistress Barr just now. She said that this was the time to tell you something; and she was right."

"I can not listen to any thing just now; I can not understand any thing—except about papa."

"This *is* about your father, dear Miss May. I think he would wish you to hear it."

"Then I will listen," answered Mabel.

"He has been very unfortunate in his affairs; his savings have been placed in an insurance company—*The Benevolent Mutual*—for many, many years, and the company has become bankrupt, and they are all gone. He thinks that he has left you and your sister well provided for; and alas! there is nothing left—absolutely nothing. Are you listening, my dear Miss May?"

"Yes, yes; that is Dr. Bowen's voice. Hush! they are coming down again."

Muffled footsteps were, in fact, descending the stairs as she spoke, with her eyes riveted on the door; and the next moment the doctor entered, with Martha Barr. This gentleman, whose face was red and round, like the sun in a fog, was an old friend of Mabel's; had brought her into the world, and pulled her through divers diseases, such as measles and scarlatina; and their mutual greetings were naturally therefore always of an affectionate kind. Still, it was some years since Dr. Bowen had considered himself privileged to kiss her, as he did now in the most tender fashion. Even the lawyer, as we saw, had done this; and such greetings, poor Mabel felt, were evil omens. "Is he better? Can I see him? Oh, dear doctor," pleaded she, "I will be so quiet!"

"You shall see him, my dear Miss May—to-morrow. Go to bed now, and get some sleep, that you may be stronger to nurse him—if he should need it."

How those last simple words chilled Mabel's heart!

"He is not like himself," continued he. "It would only distress you, and distress him if he were to know about it. Directly he wakes, you may trust me, my dear, you shall be called. Is it likely that Mrs. Pennant will be here to-morrow?"

"Oh no," said Mabel; "she has no idea that dear papa is so ill, and I know not how I can send her word. She will have left Shingleton, and started from Hull by the packet. I have brought a long letter of farewell from her to dear papa, and she was to write a few lines before she sailed.—Oh, why did you not send us word, Martha?"

"My dearest child, your father's seizure—I mean this second attack—was so sudden, and just as he had seemed to be getting so much better, too. He had been so earnest against your stay at Shingleton being curtailed upon his account that I did not dare to write upon my own responsibility. Come, dear, come; let me see you settled in your own room. Dr. Bowen is going to stay the night here; and every thing is provided for."

As the two ladies crossed the hall a strange sound caught Mabel's ear; and a flash of memory at once recalled to her Richard's story about the haunted bath-room and its suffocated inmate.

"What noise is that, Martha?"

A door was softly closed above stairs, and the noise ceased.

"I hear nothing," returned the other. "You must not keep listening for every little sound. It is fatigue and worry that makes you nervous; and, by-the-by, you must need some refreshment. If you can't eat solid food, I must bring you an egg beaten up in wine."

Martha did so, and saw her young charge into bed before she left her room.

"Are *you* not going to bed, Martha?" asked she, humbly; for she was accustomed to be taken in hand by this ancient relative.

"Not at present, my child. I have one or two things to see to. Good-night, dearest."

Martha waited in the passage, shading the candle mechanically with her hands, and listening. The sound that Mabel had heard in the hall now seemed to fill the whole house. It was the stertorous breathing of one in an apoplexy.

A CAR BLOCKADE.

ONE afternoon, during the recent storm that filled our streets with snow, Mr. BERGH, President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, remonstrated with the conductors of one of the street railroads against overloading their cars; and finally, as his appeals were ineffectual, took the decisive action of stopping a car at the corner of Spring Street and the Bowery, and caused the driver to hitch his horses to an awning-post. Very soon a long line of cars was stopped, extending as far as Chatham Street. Before he could be induced to remove his injunction the company were compelled to attach four-horse teams to every car. Our illustration on page 189 gives graphic representation of this unusual blockade.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

SOME slandering bachelor says it is much joy when you first get married, but it is more jawy after a year or so.

Skinflint—who "gives nothing to street beggars"—buttoned his pockets on being approached by a soldier, and said: "My dear fellow, I never can repay the debt I owe you—the debt we all owe you for your noble self-sacrifice! Money can't do it! It is of no use trying!" With this patriotic utterance he walked away.

TYPICAL TREES.

For gouty people—the ache corn.
For antiquarians—the date.
For school-boys—the birch.
For Irishmen—the och.
For conjurors—the palm.
For negroes—see dah!
For young ladies—the mango.
For farmers—the plant'in.
For fashionable women—a set of firs.
For dandies—the spruce.
For actors—the pop'lar.
For physicians—the sye-a-more.
For your wife—her will, oh.
For lovers—the sigh press.
For the disconsolate—the pine.
For engaged people—the pear.
For the sewing-girls—the hemlock.
For boarding-house people—'ash.
Always on hand—the pawpaw.
Who was this written for?—yew.

The man who "couldn't find his match" went to bed in the dark.

A QUOTATION FROM LONGFELLOW.—Topham Bankes was at a ball on the 6th, where the ladies' dresses were excessively and inconveniently long. His remark at supper was that he understood now what the poet meant by "the trailing garments of the night."

HOW TO SPOIL A CHILD—Send him to fill a lighted kerosene lamp.

"I thought I understood you to say that your father was a merchant only a week ago," said a lady to a little girl who was soliciting alms; "and if that is so, how could your family have been reduced to beggary?" "It is true, ma'am; my father kept a pea-nut stand; and last week he took a bad two-dollar bill, and failed!"

GONE COUETING—The lawyers.

The way a Colorado lover expressed admiration for his fair: "She's a peeler, she is. She killed a bar when she was fifteen, and a Digger Indian when she was eighteen; and now she'll whip her weight in wild-cats."

"Lookee here, mister, I ain't complainin'; but this ere' *mossié* stool you sold to my wife, we've twisted it roun' till we've twisted off un's 'ead, an' not a ha'porth o' toon can we get out of 'un."

An English paper, speaking of a very tall actor, says, "By Jove, he's tall enough to act in two parts."

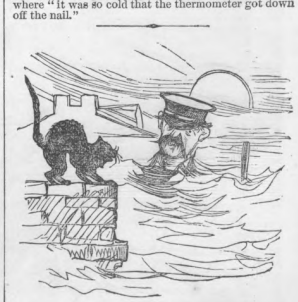
The Chicago *Times*, in chronicling the fact that a man there married to get out of jail, remarks that "some chaps have a queer idea of liberty."

A physician was going his rounds among some small-pox patients in a hospital, and, stopping by the bedside of an Irishman, he inquired, "Well, Pat, how are you to-day?" "Faith, Sir, I am better; but I am so wake that I should not be surprised at all if some one was to come along to tell me I was dead."

The ladies give as a reason for marrying for money that they now seldom find any thing else in a man worth having.

A prominent merchant of Augusta, Georgia, fell dead the other day while conversing with his wife; which shows the need of being careful.

Fitz Hugh Ludlow, in his narrative of travel in "The Heart of the Continent," tells of an eccentric genius who improved on the old yarn to the effect that "the weather would have been colder if the thermometer had been longer," by saying he had been where "it was so cold that the thermometer got down off the nail."



THE TALLEST OF THE BROADWAY SQUAD DURING THE RECENT THAW.

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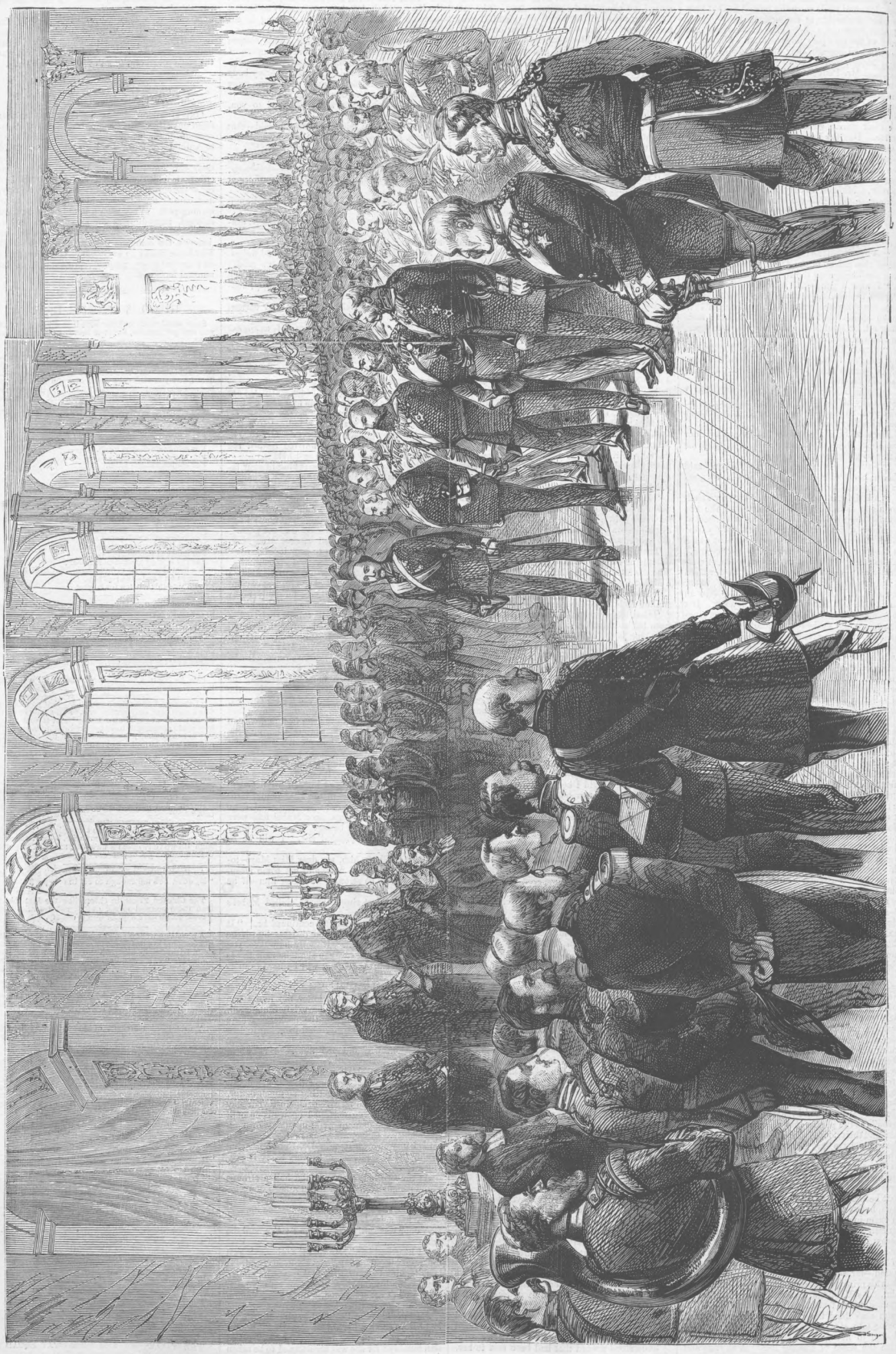

PROCLAIMING THE GERMAN EMPIRE—RELIGIOUS SERVICE IN THE GALERIE DES GLACES, PALACE OF VERSAILLES.—[SEE PAGE 195.]

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THE COMING MAN.

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TO A CROW.

OLD crow, if you did but know
How we fret and scrape below,
And die of toil before we accomplish rest,
You would guess, though you can but caw,
Why I sigh at your sticks and straw,
And so envy the easy building of your nest.

You have but to come and go,
You good-for-nothing old crow!
The earth has worms, and plenty of twigs will fall;
But a man must strive all day—
Weary labor, and scanty pay;
And the world is wide, and there are not twigs for all.

And each new spring you can find
A lady-mate to your mind,
And the present bliss is marred by no old pain;
No face of a vanished crow
Looks out of your "long ago,"
To say, "Ah, love!" and, "So soon happy again!"

Ah, bird! have you ever heard
Of sick hearts from hope deferred?
And how hard it is for a man to find his mate?
Can birds be disordered so
As to love what they let go—
As to love and lose, and then to find and hate?

You only caw a reply,
That may pass for "No" or "Ay,"
Yet that discordant tone is music to me;
A pleasant, prosperous sound,
That seems to say, "Though not found,
Somewhere or other thy joy is waiting for thee."

THE NEW ENGLAND FISHERIES.

THE decadence of the fishery interests in New England is illustrated by the fact that in the annual meeting of the Nantucket Fishing Company it was voted to sell the vessels owned by them; and the directors were empowered to take measures to that end. It is also stated that while formerly seventy fishing vessels were owned at New Castle, and twenty at Kittery (both in Maine), there are now only seven owned by the former, and one or two by the latter.

SELINA'S STRATAGEM.

By JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

SELINA PRESCOTT lived at Albany; Charles Sandford lived in New York. She was an only daughter; he was an only son. Her father had retired from business, and was a man of some property; his father was the head of an influential firm in New York, and Charles sat at a desk in the office, and was likely some time to reign over the concern, whenever the present ruler should feel inclined to resign his sceptre. Selina Prescott was a charming young woman; Charles Sandford was a fine young man. The pair had met at Newport, or Saratoga, or some such place, and fallen in love. The parents on both sides were well content with the love and its probable consequences; and Selina and Charles, after a while, were engaged to each other under the most promising and delightful auspices. Nothing seemed to stand in the way of their happiness; and their marriage was arranged to take place in the spring, it being now autumn.

Selina had heard, during the earlier stages of her acquaintance with Charles Sandford, that that youth was somewhat a "light of love," and sadly given to flirtation. Of course this only attracted her all the more toward him, and she soon forgot the hints and stories she had heard about him in the glow and delight of their deep and genuine mutual love. On the other hand, Charles had been told of Selina, even before he saw her, as a sparkling, heedless young coquette; and this had at first a little discouraged him, and inspired him with a prejudice against her. The discouragement and the prejudice soon vanished, however, when he came to know her, and found, first, that she was delightful; next, that she had a heart; next, that he, too, had a heart; and, finally, that both hearts were filled with the same love.

One day Selina's mother brought her to town rather unexpectedly. They went to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and Selina at once dispatched a dainty little note to Charles announcing their arrival. Her mother and she were looking out of the window shortly after, when Selina saw Charles Sandford driving in a light, open carriage across Madison Square. She was just going to exclaim, "Mamma, here is Charley!" when she saw that a lady was seated by Charley's side: a young and pretty woman, too—*petite*, elegantly dressed, graceful—evidently deep in animated conversation with Charles Sandford. Charles, for his part, never looked up at the windows of the Fifth Avenue Hotel; and, of course, did not see his *fiancée*, who now gazed after him with pale, startled face.

Mrs. Prescott had not seen Sandford, and Selina would not call her attention to him. In some way which she could not explain to herself Selina felt compelled to keep what she had seen a secret from her mother, as if there were something dreadful in it. She felt humiliated, aggrieved, almost outraged. In vain she told herself over and over again that there was probably nothing in the whole affair which could not be easily explained. In vain she reminded herself that her note could not have reached Charley's office before he had left it. All the old stories she had heard of his fickleness and his flirtations came back to her memory, and stung her. Was there not something ominous, and more than merely ominous, about the fact that the very first hour of her arrival in New York she should have seen her lover, for whose coming she was pining, pass under her very windows in the company of a young and pretty woman, of whom she had never heard before?

She brooded over all this silently and very sadly. Her heart became filled with bitterness; and yet she was ashamed of herself for her fears and her suspicions. Mrs. Prescott wondered to find her daughter so depressed and silent and strange.

Late in the evening came Charles Sandford—a fine, manly young fellow, full of animation and love. He told them, what Selina, indeed, well knew already, that he was out when her letter reached his office. But he did not say any thing about his drive or his companion; and as Selina had said nothing on the subject to her mother, she could not just then make any allusion to it. His manner, however, was so loving, and apparently so frank and true, that Selina's fears and jealousies began to die within her breast, and she was prepared to receive readily and confidingly any manner of satisfactory explanation.

Being left alone with her lover for a moment, and being now only too anxious for such an explanation, Selina began:

"I saw you to-day, Charley, when you didn't see me. I saw you when you drove past the windows."

"Oh, did you? Yes; I drove past, and I never looked up! I hadn't the faintest idea that such eyes were on me. 'Angel of God was there none' to tell me that Selina was looking out of those windows."

"That was a very pretty girl with you, Charley." (This with an immense effort to appear perfectly careless and at ease.) "Who was she?"

"Oh, didn't you know? Well, of course you didn't. That was my cousin Lucy."

"Lucy?"

"Yes, dear; Lucy Granger."

"Oh!" (a very blank sort of ejaculation). "You never told me you had a cousin Lucy before."

"Didn't I? No, I believe I didn't. In fact, she doesn't often come to New York; and somehow she and my father don't seem to get on together very well. But Lucy and I are good friends."

"So I should have thought. Where does the lady live?"

"In Philadelphia. She is returning home to-morrow."

"Indeed! She is very pretty."

"Yes, isn't she? And she is just as good as she is pretty, Selina; at least I think so. You must come to know her. She would love you."

Selina made no response to this suggestion. She did not like this mysterious cousinship at all. She liked it still less when Charley said to her a moment after, in a tone which seemed a little constrained and embarrassed:

"If you should see my father to-night, Selina, pray, like a dear girl, don't say any thing about Lucy Granger. My people have a sort of prejudice against her somehow, and there would be no use in stirring it up."

"I shall certainly never mention the lady."

Now why did not Selina, then and there, ask Charles Sandford, frankly and cheerily, for a clear explanation of all this apparent mystery? He would have given it, and it would have been satisfactory. But Selina would ask for nothing in the way of explanation. If he had any thing to say, he could say it; if not, he could remain silent on the subject. Her heart contracted; so did her brow. She became cold and ungenial. He had noticed almost from the beginning a certain chilliness in her manner, and he had now for some moments been watching it painfully. In fact, he was so much absorbed in this unpleasant observation that he hardly thought about Lucy Granger, and the possibility that her being seen in his company in a clandestine sort of way might call for some explanation.

The meeting of the lovers was, therefore, a kind of failure. Their parting was a failure too. Charles Sandford went away, wondering, moody, uneasy. Selina went to her room and cried.

Two or three days of close association somewhat wore away the mutual suspicions and coldness. But when Mrs. and Miss Prescott were dining at Mr. Sandford's the last day of their stay in town Selina saw a letter, addressed in a woman's handwriting, put into Charley's hand. She felt sure it was from Lucy, as, indeed, it was. She said nothing on the subject, but she thought the more. That night she was very cold to her lover, and all but repelled his advances; and that night, too, she cried a great deal.

A few days after she had a letter from Charles, in which he mentioned casually that he had just been to Philadelphia. The letter was full of love. It did not receive a very warm and loving answer. Selina was becoming very angry and jealous. At last she resolved that she would do something decided, at once to try the strength of Charles Sandford's love, and to punish him for having tried her.

Charley came to spend a day or two at her house. She was quite ostentatiously capricious with him; now tender and loving, now cold and repelling. He was much bewildered and pained.

"You wear a locket, Selina," he said to her, suddenly, one day when they chanced to be alone. "I don't know that I ever saw you wear it before."

"Oh yes, I have worn it these many days."

"May I see it?"

"If you wish. It only contains a miniature photograph."

"A likeness?"

"Yes, the likeness of a friend; in fact, a sort of relative—a distant cousin."

"A girl?"

"Oh dear, no. Look at it."

He took the locket. It opened on the pressure of a spring, and showed the miniature portrait of a very handsome man, with dark mustache and brilliant eyes—a man who seemed specially designed by nature to win the admiration of women. Charles Sandford, who was only a fair-haired, manly, good-humored looking fellow, winced as he gazed on the portrait.

"I really didn't know you had such friends or cousins, Selina," he said. "Who is this fellow? and did he give you this?"

Selina evaded both questions.

"Is he not handsome?" she asked; and she threw a glance of admiration at the portrait.

"Did he give you this picture, Selina?"

"Oh no, dear, *he* didn't quite give it to me. But I like to wear it, because he is so handsome."

"I don't like your wearing it, Selina. I don't think you ought to wear it."

Poor Charley was growing quite angry. Selina was maliciously pleased.

"You ought to tell me something about this man, Selina."

"There is really nothing to tell, Charley. I have told you that he did not give it to me, poor fellow. Of course I should not have worn it if he did. But I like to wear it; and I don't see why one should not wear a portrait of a relative. Of course, if you wish me not to wear it, I will put it away."

"Do we understand each other, Selina?"

"Do we not?"

This was said with the prettiest possible affectation of ignorance and innocence.

"Well, I hardly know; of late you seem cold and strange: and I don't like your wearing this man's picture as if you were fond of it."

"I am fond of it. Why should I not be? But, of course, if you insist on my putting it away, I will do so. Only I think that will be very foolish and absurd of you."

The lovers nearly came to a quarrel on that occasion; but Selina apparently grew a little yielding at last, and the storm was averted. Charley took care that evening to have a quiet conversation with Mrs. Prescott, and in the course of the talk made some apparently casual inquiry about Selina's cousin.

"Selina's cousin! What cousin? Oh, I suppose you mean Hugh Stamers—Captain Stamers. He's a distant relative—hardly quite a cousin; but she used to call him Cousin Hugh."

"Is he in New York now?"

"No; he has been in Europe for some time, but I believe he is coming home."

"I suppose Selina likes him very much?"

"Yes, I think Selina liked him very well. Better than I did, certainly, or than Mr. Prescott did. Mr. Prescott does not like him at all."

"Indeed! Why so?"

"Well, he thinks him rather a good-for-nothing fellow. There is not much to be said against him, I fancy; but I dare say he was a little wild, and all that."

This did not tend to reassure or comfort poor Charley. He mentally grumbled a good deal, and was, indeed, beginning to be seriously unhappy. There was, however, nothing to find open fault with—nothing which he could expose to parental counsel. Selina's manner seemed to him cold; but in these matters people who are lovers know not "seems," and will understand nothing which they do not clearly see. Besides, Charles Sandford thought very manfully that when it comes to complaining of your affianced bride to her parents, it is about time that the wedding preparations were countermanded.

He resolved to smother his feelings as well as he could; to be patient, to observe, to put the best construction possible on every thing; and if withal he should yet see reason to believe that Selina repented of her engagement with him, to release her from the engagement, though in doing so he should renounce all he really cared for on earth.

So he was magnanimous, and miserably unhappy. Even New York young men have their feelings. Virtue can not so inoculate our old stock but we shall relish of it. Pan, in Mr. Steadman's pretty poem, still pipes in Wall Street; and it was only the other day that I saw the star of love and of the shepherds beaming mildly over Union Square. Charles Sandford, therefore, although a youth born of the soil of modern New York, felt bitter pangs of love and jealousy, chill achings of disappointment and distrust, under his fluted shirt-front.

The parting of the lovers this time was cold. Each expected some word from the other, which was unspoken. A by-stander would have probably noticed nothing; even Mr. and Mrs. Prescott regarded the affianced pair as fond and faithful lovers; but the lovers themselves felt the heart-chills only too plainly.

"He never told me any thing of his cousin Lucy," Selina said to herself, "although he has only just been with her in Philadelphia. If he were not conscious of something, he would have spoken of her. Ah! it is all only too plain. He does not love me any more—any more! He would be released from his engagement; and he shall be released!"

"I do believe she loves that fellow," fiercely murmured Charles Sandford—"that confounded scoundrel!" (Observe that he knew nothing whatever to the discredit of the confounded scoundrel.) "Yet, hang it all, why should I think that of her? No; it can't be. But then, if she does not love him, why does she wear his picture? Of course I had Lucy's picture once, but then I didn't wear it; and the case is quite different, for of course I couldn't be suspected of being in love with Lucy! I'll wait and see."

On the whole, Charles was less precipitate—less inclined to condemn entirely and out of hand—than Selina was. Such is, indeed, the way of men. Perhaps women would say that the warmer and deeper the love, the quicker and more fierce the jealousy. However that may be, both the parties suffered keenly, and suffered about equally, in this case. Quite natural, perhaps, that Sandford should think it impossible any one could suspect him of being in love with his cousin Lucy, for he knew. But it was not quite unnatural that Selina should thus suspect him, for she did not know.

A few days, and Selina and her family were again in New York. They came partly to be present at a great ball in Fifth Avenue, which was to be one of the most brilliant affairs of the season. Charles Sandford, of course, was to be there.

He was morose and melancholy, and he came late. The first sight he saw when he entered the ball-room was Selina Prescott in conversation with a man in military uniform. He was struck by the extraordinary flush on her cheek, and the apparent confusion of her manner, when she saw him enter the room. Then the military man turned round, and Sandford saw in him the original of the portrait! A fierce, passionate pang went through his heart, and his temples throbbed for a moment as though a diminutive steam-engine were at work within them. He only bowed to Selina, and turned away. He did not see—he did not wait to see—the tears that sprang to her eyelids. She soon got rid of her military friend, and ran to Mrs. Prescott.

"Oh, mamma!" she whispered, in a tremulous, tearful tone, "I must find Charley! I must go to Charley! He is offended with me, and it is all my own fault—all because of some nonsense of mine. Do let us come and find Charley!"

Mrs. Prescott was partly alarmed, partly amused. She knew what lovers' quarrels were, and she did not believe this could be any thing very dreadful. But, as Mr. Prescott was not near at hand, she readily consented to escort her daughter on the quest for the missing lover. They went through several rooms without finding him; indeed, if it were left to Mrs. Prescott to find him, the search would have been rather vain; for the lady was dreadfully short-sighted, and yet would not consent to spoil her face with glasses of any kind.

They stood on the threshold of a room which was nearly empty. Only two or three groups of persons were scattered through it. It was the supper-room, apparently, and the hour for supper being yet far off, the few guests who were in the room had evidently wandered in merely for coolness and quiet. At the far end of the room Selina's eye lighted on a couple who were seated side by side in the most confidential attitude. They were a lady and gentleman. The gentleman held the lady's hand in his, and was, so far as Selina could judge by the attitudes of both, consoling or encouraging her. Selina's face grew pale as death, and her limbs trembled.

"Come away, mamma," she said, in a low, sad tone.

"Our Charley is not there?" Mrs. Prescott said.

"Our Charley is not there, indeed," replied Selina, with a calmness which cost her a cruel strain. "Our Charley—*my* Charley—is not there!"

She hurried her mother away. The affectionate and confidential couple she had seen were Charles Sandford and his cousin Lucy!

That night two miserable creatures wandered for a while through crowded, glittering rooms. The dawn of next morning found the two miserable creatures sleepless and haggard. Then the two miserable creatures, as if urged by a common and simultaneous impulse, sat down and wrote and dispatched each to the other a miserable letter.

The letters reached their destination about the same time.

This was what Charles Sandford received:

CHARLES,—The events of last night—I need not more distinctly allude to them—have satisfied me that our engagement has been a sad and cruel mistake. I release you from a bond which can now only be distressing to you, and I wish and pray that you may be happy in the future. Farewell. SELINA.

And this was what Selina received:

SELINA,—I can no longer doubt, after what occurred last night, that you desire to be released from your engagement with me. I will not ask you to cling to a bond which can only be odious to you. You are free. May you be happy! CHARLES.

Each was astonished to receive the letter of the other.

"This, then, is a confession," said Charles. "She acknowledges her fatal love for this—this scoundrel; and will not pretend to a love for me which she can no longer feel! Good God! what a cruel change has suddenly come over her, or how heartlessly she must have been deceiving me all this time!"

"He owns himself guilty!" exclaimed Selina. "He has at least the grace not to try to deceive me any more. Oh, how long and cruelly have I been deceived! Oh, Charley! Charley! how much I loved you, and how heartlessly you have treated me! Oh, how I wish that I were dead!"

Selina and her parents were guests at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. When Charles Sandford had got through the melancholy, miserable farce of breakfast he wandered or drifted along Fifth Avenue in the direction of the hotel, drawn thither he knew not why—without purpose, without hope—somewhat as one wanders toward the grave that holds a loved, lost friend. Poor Charles had as little hope of regaining his lost happiness as a man might have of the bodily resurrection of a coffined friend; yet he wandered instinctively round the place where Selina lived, and which was, indeed, the grave, he thought, of his love.

But as he drew near the principal entrance he saw a sight which made his eyes flash and his hands clench. There, at the door, *nonchalant*, lounging, self-satisfied, stood the "confounded scoundrel," the original of the ill-omened portrait! Probably he had only just that moment come from the presence of Selina. "Do you triumph, Roman, do you triumph?" Charles Sandford might well have asked, in the bitter words of Othello.

One thing alone could relieve the heart of poor Charles—a quarrel with this man. Did not the

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man make love to Selina Prescott, knowing (as the scoundrel must have known—of course he must have known) that she was engaged to him, Charles Sandford? Was not that ground enough for a thousand quarrels? And if it was not, what matter? quarrel there must be.

Charles approached his hated rival, raised his hat with elaborate courtesy, and in tones as bland as those of a Chesterfield asked if he might be favored with a moment's conversation.

The hated rival bowed, assented, and courteously led Sandford into a secluded part of the hall. Then he bowed again, and awaited Sandford's communication.

"My name is Charles Sandford."

The stranger bent his head, said, "Indeed?" and assumed an expectant attitude.

"My name, Sir, I have said, is Charles Sandford."

"Yes, Sir, you have said so. Now that you have twice told me your name, may I ask you to tell me what you want of me?"

"Does my name not indicate to you?"

"Indeed no, Sir; it indicates nothing whatever. I never, to my knowledge, heard the name before."

Charles started. Was this a dastardly evasion? Could it be that this man really had never heard of him?

"I have the honor surely of speaking to Captain Hugh Stamers?"

"I knew there was some mistake," said the stranger, smiling. "No, Sir, I am not Captain Stamers. I know Captain Stamers; but I am not he, nor like him."

Now this was astonishing. Sandford did not know what to make of it. Could Selina have been deceiving him even more profoundly and more cruelly than he had supposed? Was the story of her cousin only a subterfuge to conceal an affection which had no cousinly relationship to excuse it?

"I fear you will think me rude," Charles went on to say; "but I assure you as a gentleman I have a strong and natural reason for the questions I ask. Were you not last night at the ball given by—" And he mentioned the name of the hostess.

"Yes, certainly."

"One question more." Here Charley hesitated, and a great gulp came in his throat. "You know Miss Selina Prescott, do you not?"

It cost Charley an immense effort to bring out this question. Many of my readers have, I hope, seen Charlotte Cushman play Bianca in "Fazio." Those who have seen the performance will remember how the great actress, pleading to Aldabella for the husband whom Aldabella had beguiled, speaks of him as "one whom you loved, Giraldi Fazio; one who loved you, Giraldi Fazio." The first words are brought out sadly and painfully, indeed; but oh, the unspeakable pain and struggle to get out the latter part of the sentence! It is hard for Bianca to acknowledge that the other woman loved Bianca's husband; but how infinitely harder to acknowledge that the husband loved that other woman! Well, in his own rough and commonplace sort of way, Charles Sandford choked over his question in a manner which showed that jealousy has no sex, and that passion in prose only wants to be genuine in order to be very like passion in tragic poetry.

Very cool and unconcerned came out the answer of the stranger:

"I can hardly say I know the young lady you speak of. I had the honor of being introduced to her last night, and I spoke a few words to her; but that was all. I saw her then for the first time."

And the stranger, who seemed to have had enough of the conversation, and to have done quite enough in the way of courtesy, bowed somewhat coldly, and passed on, leaving Charley *planté là*, and utterly bewildered.

He struggled round unconsciously to the ladies' entrance of the hotel. He almost ran against Mrs. Prescott, who was just coming out.

"Charles Sandford! Well, I am glad to find you here. What *is* the matter between Selina and you? I can't understand it at all. What have you been quarreling about?"

"I—I don't know, Mrs. Prescott. I am very unhappy. I don't think Selina cares about me any more."

"Stuff and nonsense, Sir! The child's only too fond of you—and you know it. Your lovers' quarrel, whatever it is, is breaking her heart. Of course you are in the wrong, and you must come up at once and fall on your knees and apologize."

Charles went up stairs, bewildered, and not knowing what he did. Mrs. Prescott led the way to the suit of rooms she occupied; she opened a door, and bade him enter.

He went in; and his coming caused Selina to start up from the sofa on which she had been reclining; and he saw that the tears were streaming down her cheeks.

"Charley!"

"Selina!"

A moment's pause.

"Selina—one word! Whose portrait—I beg of you to tell me—*whose portrait was that?*"

"Oh, Charley" (with a burst of tears), "I didn't know whose it was when I showed it to you."

"You didn't know?"

"No, indeed, not until last night. I found it in a collection of photographs belonging to Hugh Stamers, and I took it out, and put it in one of mamma's lockets, and wore it—to—to punish *you!*"

"To punish *me!* For what, in the name of Heaven?"

"Because of your cruel, cruel conduct with that girl—your cousin, Lucy Granger!"

"Why, good Heavens, Selina, you don't suppose I am in love with my cousin—with Mrs. Granger?"

"Mrs. Granger? Is she married?"

"Why, certainly. Of course she is; didn't you know? She is married to another cousin of mine, Clayton Granger. And Clayton is hard up, you know, and I am doing my best to get the governor to stand by him and pull him through, for all the folks on both sides are so dreadfully angry with the pair of them because of their having married on nothing. I was in the whole secret of their love-making, and I helped them all through; and I mean to help them yet, by Jove! for I am immensely fond of Clayton and of Lucy."

"Oh, Charley, why didn't you tell me all this before?"

"On my word, I don't know. I didn't think about it at all. I suppose I was too much taken up with my own love, and our engagement and our prospects, and the rest of it, to think about any thing else when I came near you."

"Oh, Charley, I thought you were fond of her, and that you were keeping it a secret; and I used the little portrait to try to make you jealous, and to know whether you really loved me; and I told a little fib—at least a sort of one—for I said it was my cousin's portrait. So it is, you know, for it belongs to him; but I fear that was a small untruth all the same."

"And the man himself was at the ball last night!"

"Yes; and oh! fancy my feelings when some one brought him up and introduced him to me. I turned as red as scarlet, and I could hardly speak. I don't know what the man must have thought of me. Oh, but I don't care what *he* thought—only *you!* Can you ever forgive me and trust me again? I will never distrust you any more!"

I shall not record Charles Sandford's answer. Indeed, it could not conveniently be expressed in words. And I think the story may fairly end here, with the remark that the lovers never did again suspect or distrust each other, and that Selina had no recourse any more to stratagems of any kind to test the strength of Charles Sandford's affection.

PROCLAIMING THE GERMAN EMPIRE.

WE give on page 192 an illustration of the ceremonial on the 18th of January, when the King of Prussia formally assumed the new title of "German Emperor." That day was the 170th anniversary of the coronation of the first King of Prussia. It was in the French royal palace of Versailles, built by LOUIS XIV., and in the splendid Galerie des Glaces—a vast apartment, so called from the mirrors with which its walls are adorned—that the Imperial dignity of United Germany was consecrated by a Lutheran religious service. There was an altar, covered with a red cloth bearing the symbol of the Prussian order of the Iron Cross, erected near the pillar on the south side, to the right and left of which stood deputations from the troops who had accompanied the German banners to Versailles. These banners were held by the standard-bearers on a dais at the east side of the apartment. There were five flags belonging to the Guards and the Landwehr Guards, eighteen of the Fifth Corps, ten of the First Bavarian, and eight of the Second Bavarian Corps, ten of the Sixth Corps, and five of the Eleventh Corps; or fifty-six in all. The Würtembergers, who are at present with the Meuse army, and could not well send in their colors, were represented by a deputation of officers. The whole number of German officers present was between five and six hundred.

His Majesty entered the gallery at a quarter past twelve and took his place in front of the altar, while a choir, selected from the Seventh, Forty-seventh, and Fifty-eighth regiments, sang the hymn, "Jauchzet dem Herrn alle Welt" (Praise the Lord, all the earth). About the King stood many illustrious personages—princes, generals, state ministers, and diplomatists. The King wore the uniform of the First Guards, in which regiment he first earned field rank in 1814. To his right was the Crown Prince, a little withdrawn; the rest of the sovereign princes occupied places still farther back. Behind them were the ministers of state. The group looked like a chapter of the order of the Black Eagle, for the King and many of the Prussian princes wore the grand cordon of that order; there was but one bearer of the cordon of the Red Eagle. The King wore those orders only which were actually gained by him on the battle-field—namely, the full insignia of the Garter and St. George (Russian); the round stars of the high Prussian orders were conspicuous on his breast.

After the singing of the hymn, some prayers from the Liturgy were read by the Lutheran clergy in attendance; and the preacher of the day, Dr. RÜGGER, delivered a consecration sermon, in which he referred to the history of the HOHENZOLLERN family, and to the traditions of Versailles. The King stood under the portrait of LOUIS XIV., on which was the inscription, "Le Roi gouverne de lui-même." This legend was expatiated upon by Dr. RÜGGER, and furnished a moral to the preacher. The concluding prayers of the Litany were then read, after which the choir began to chant, "Nun danket alle Gott." The King, followed by all the German princes, advanced to the flags, stepped upon the platform, and, having turned round, addressed the assembly, stating that he accepted the title of Emperor at the wish of the people and the princes of Germany, and to secure the national union of the Fatherland. His Majesty concluded by saying, "I command my Chancellor to read aloud my proclamation to the German people." Count BISMARCK then read, in a calm voice and with a collected manner, the proclamation, which set forth that his Majesty would do what the princes and the free towns of Germany had unanimously desired, and that he and his successors would add the Imperial title to the Prussian crown, and use this title in all the affairs of the Empire. There was an allusion to the change of frontier, which would guarantee Germany against any future attacks by France, and there was an expression of hope that the good of the Fatherland would be secured by peace and freedom. Count BISMARCK read slowly and formally; every phrase could be distinctly heard; and he gave full emphasis to the allusion to the frontier, as though he wished there should be no mistake about it. The crowd of officers and soldiers listened breathlessly to the end, when the Grand Duke of Baden advanced, and exclaimed in a loud voice, "Es lebe Seine Majestät der Deutsche Kaiser Wilhelm, hoch!" The cheer was taken up with wild energy; the band played "Heil Dir im Sieger Kranz" and "God save the Queen." The Emperor and Crown Prince embraced thrice, and the German princes paid homage to the former as "Deutscher Kaiser." This concluded the ceremony. The new Emperor then received the deputations of officers from distant corps, and withdrew, accompanied by the princes, generals, and other illustrious personages. The deputations, with other guests, were entertained by the Emperor in the afternoon, previous to their leaving Versailles, at the Hôtel de France. Numerous promotions took place on this auspicious occasion in the Prussian army, and his Majesty distributed some iron crosses to the Bavarian infantry regiment that bears his name.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE United States government is lavish in providing her legislators with all modern conveniences. We wonder if any other country in the world makes such ample provision as ours does for the national habit of expectoration? From authorized statistics we learn that in the Capitol at Washington there are no less than 688 spittoons, of which 148 belong to the hall of the House of Representatives, and 43 to the Senate Chamber, while 497 are distributed through the committee-rooms and along the corridors and galleries. Upon what principle these apparently indispensable articles are distributed it is somewhat difficult to determine. For example, the room of the Committee on Territories is furnished with nine spittoons, while the Committee on Agriculture have none; the Committee of Ways and Means require eight "expectorroons," while the Senate Library is wholly destitute. The White House shows no lack of these conveniences. Spittoons stand like sentinels on every side. Hotels abound in them; private houses supply them most hospitably; every where they stare one in the face—a constant reminder. We never happened to see a spittoon which we thought ornamental, but it is the least of two evils. We recommend that the number be increased tenfold; that they be supplied to churches, to street cars, to omnibuses, to all public places, including, if possible, our *sidewalks*, which would thereby be rendered more cleanly promenades.

The libraries and galleries of the Vatican have been declared to be national property by the adoption of a resolution of the Italian Parliament. The ministry objected to this measure, but it was carried in spite of their opposition.

A most singular marine disaster befell the steamship *England* a few weeks ago. She left Queenstown with two hundred passengers, encountering on the first day a severe storm, which, although it lasted five days, did no other damage to the vessel than to introduce a small quantity of water into the hold. Suddenly, however, the whole ship was filled with a dense volume of stifling fumes, which rendered it impossible to exist below decks. Engineers, firemen, and all the crew below, were obliged to abandon their work. Not even the saloons could be occupied, and had it not been for a wind which blew the fumes aft, the decks would have been little better. When the trouble was investigated—with great difficulty and danger—it was found to have been caused by the bursting open of some barrels of bleaching powder, and the mingling of the powder with the water in the hold produced the offensive fumes. As it was impossible to remedy the difficulty, since no man could remain below long enough to do any thing, the captain was obliged to return to Queenstown.

The London *Daily News* has been informed that M. Alexandre Dumas left behind him the unpublished manuscripts of twenty-three novels and fourteen plays, and it is not inclined to congratulate lovers of literature on the prospect which this statement holds out. It says: "Dumas was in the habit of constructing skeleton plots by the dozen; and these were filled in with indifferent flesh and blood by his staff of assistants. If those novels are merely novels in outline—if those plays are but the bones of plays—we are sure his literary executors will not presume to have them clothed and named and sold."

Woman's war against the dram-shops is fairly inaugurated in Ohio. One Mrs. Streeter recently recovered damages of three hundred dollars from a liquorseller for having supplied her husband with liquor, and the consequent injury to her means of support. A Mrs. Wilson also obtained a like sum for a similar cause. The vendors of rum are getting frightened, and many dram-shops have been closed.

Some ladies succeed in being economical in their wardrobes, general criticisms to the contrary notwithstanding. A Philadelphia paper says: "After paying their board bills our lady school-teachers have thirty-six dollars a year to dress with. They manage to dress very neatly."

French prisoners at Dresden complain of much suffering from the cold. There are twenty-two thousand prisoners in Dresden, many of whom are confined in barracks so near the river that it is feared the buildings will be inundated when the ice breaks up in the spring.

M. Ponson du Terrail, a most fertile sensational novelist, recently died, at the age of forty-three, from a combined attack of small-pox and scarlet-fever. For some time before his premature death M. Ponson du Terrail had been a captain of francs-tireurs, and for two months he haunted the forest of Orleans, which was his native place, and did much damage to the enemy. The hard life he led during this campaign broke down his constitution. A few days before his death, when some friends were talking in his presence about the awfulness of 1870, he said he was greatly pleased with the year. Astonished, they asked him why; and he answered, "Because nobody can hereafter tax 'Rocambole' with improbability." "Rocambole" is one of his most extravagant works.

One man who has been confined in a Connecticut jail seems to be in the wrong place. He is quite too honest to be very bad, and must have been sent to prison by mistake. Three of the prisoners the other evening pried out the nail from over the door latch, and walked out for a little fresh air and exercise. The other one, to whom reference has been made, hunted all over town for the police force, and told him, when found, that he was lonesome down there, and wanted some company, or else to be released himself.

From all parts of America contributions in money and food are being sent to the starving in France. Two United States steamers, one at Boston and one at New York, have been placed at the disposal of the committees organized in those cities for the purpose of sending supplies to the suffering in France and Germany.

The House of Commons has voted a dowry of £36,000 to the Princess Louise, and an annual allowance of £6000.

The official report concerning the result of the re-enumeration of the city and county of New York indicates an increase of 16,767 over the number obtained by the first taking of the census. In the first instance the census was begun in June, the second time in December, and a summer enumeration in a great city would naturally be less than a winter one. The population of New York now stands at 942,292.

The Wisconsin *Journal of Education* gives seven maxims for teachers, which are worthy of consideration: Never teach what you don't quite know. Never tell a child what you can make him tell you. Never give a piece of information without asking for it again. Never use a hard word if an easy one will convey your meaning, and never use any word at all unless you are quite sure it has a meaning to convey. Never begin an address or a lesson without a clear view of its end. Never give an unnecessary command, nor one which you do not mean to see obeyed. Never permit any child to remain in the class, even for a minute, without having something to do, and a motive for doing it.

Royalty is becoming more and more literary. Many kings and queens have written books; but now Louis, King of Bavaria, is said to be about to take the editorship of a musical journal.

Brigham Young proposed to marry a car-load of female recruits who recently arrived in the saintly city, but only fifteen of them would entertain the offer. Surely his influence is waning.

A splendid monument is to be erected over the grave of Beethoven at Vienna, a distinguished Austrian nobleman having inaugurated the movement.

The latest style of wedding tour appears to allow the bridegroom to go by proxy. After a brilliant wedding in a rural district of New York, not long ago, friends accompanied the happy couple to the depôt, where the new husband bade his bride a tender farewell, and she started on the wedding tour with her uncle! The gentleman's business would not permit his absence at this season of the year without incurring possible losses, and losing important business opportunities; and he believes in attending to business before pleasure. There must have been a screw loose somewhere in the joining of this couple.

The mental pressure to which young children are subjected in both public and private schools often brings to mind the reply of a little girl when asked by her teacher, "How is it that you do not understand this simple thing?" "I do not know, indeed," she answered, with a perplexed look; "but I sometimes think I've so many things to learn that I have no time to understand."

The Dahoman language—spoken in some section of Western Africa—is easy enough to learn, if one will not be in too much of a hurry. For example, the word *jug* is expressed by simply saying *see noo-noo ee-a woo-long. Moon* is *hath ee king-fish-do-wee.* Should one wish to compliment a Dahoman belle, to express the sense of the word *beautiful* he must say *ee-nin dag bee-dag be.*

Pompeii is always accessible to strangers and citizens in Naples for a couple of francs on week-days, and for nothing on Sunday. But it is not always that the pick-axes and shovels of the workmen are ready to lay open to curious eyes the secrets of some hitherto uncovered habitation of the ancient Pompeiian. A visitor in Naples informs us, however, that, when persons of distinction go there, Signor Fiorelli is always ready to arrange a special excavation for their pleasure. The top layer, so to speak, of buried Pompeii is skimmed off by ordinary laborers, without any special supervision, but they can not be trusted when in the vicinity of delicate and valuable portable articles. That test is greater than the Neapolitan workmen can endure. A special Pompeii excursion was arranged for a portion of the United States Scientific Expedition, who passed through Naples on their way to Sicily, where the total solar eclipse was to be observed. Two or three promising shops and houses had been reserved by the superintendent for such an occasion, and in front of them chairs were placed for the company. The débris had been left to the depth of two or three feet over the floors, and the doorways had been blocked by large stones to keep the looser dust from rolling out into the clean-kept street. A dozen men were immediately set to work, and about as many *custodi* stood by, watching with all the sharpness of their long-trained eyes that nothing might be caught up and concealed. Digging soon developed a building which had been evidently a shop, containing a furnace set in brick, various bronze vessels, and sundry articles similar to those which have been placed in the museum of Pompeii. Signor Fiorelli has done wonders in collecting and arranging the articles in this museum. Every thing unearthed is immediately stowed away, by order of government, though many articles are already duplicated by the score. Every body who goes to Pompeii is watched by the guide; but, for all that, every body whose conscience is not too scrupulous manages to pick up, undetected, a few bits of black or white marble from some Mosaic floor, or a piece of stone from a temple or theatre.

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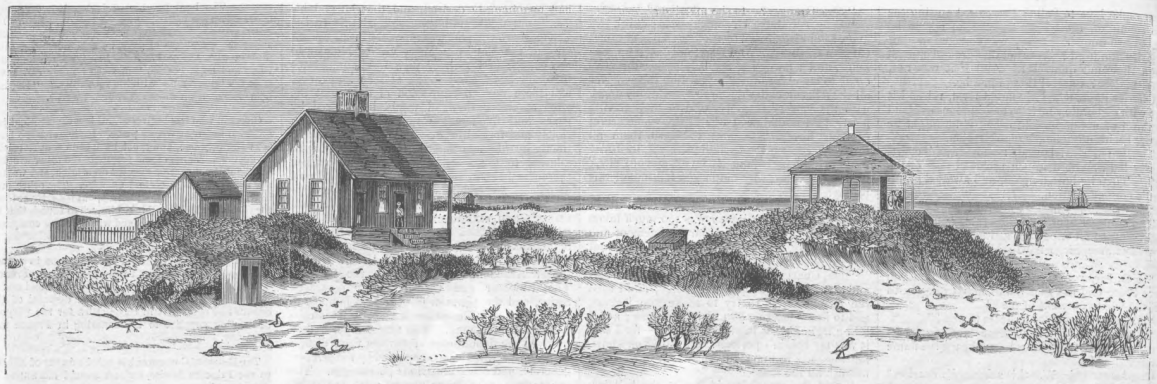
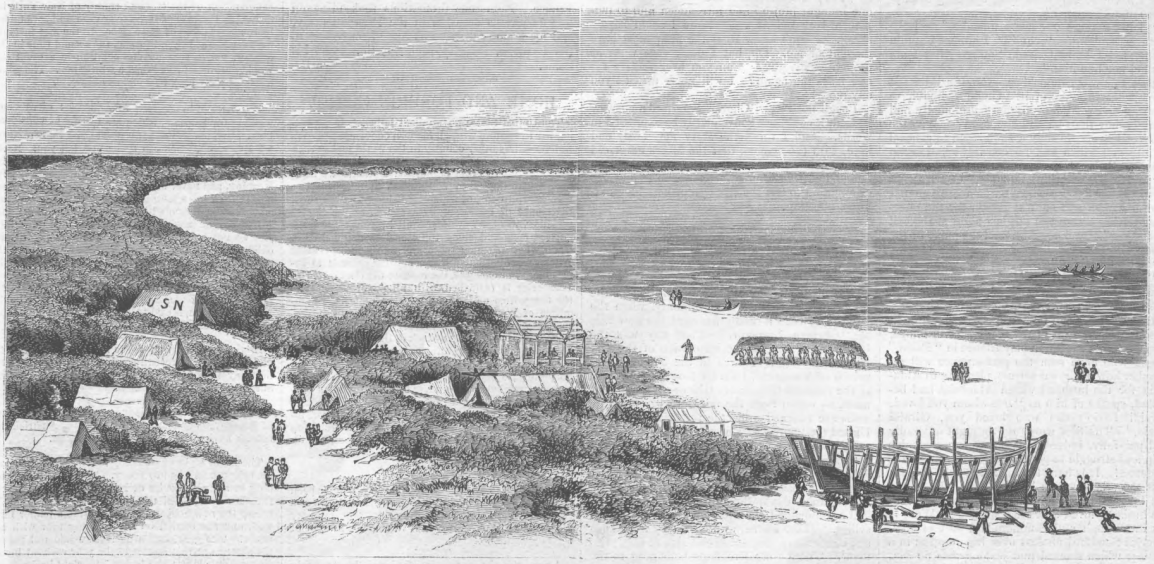
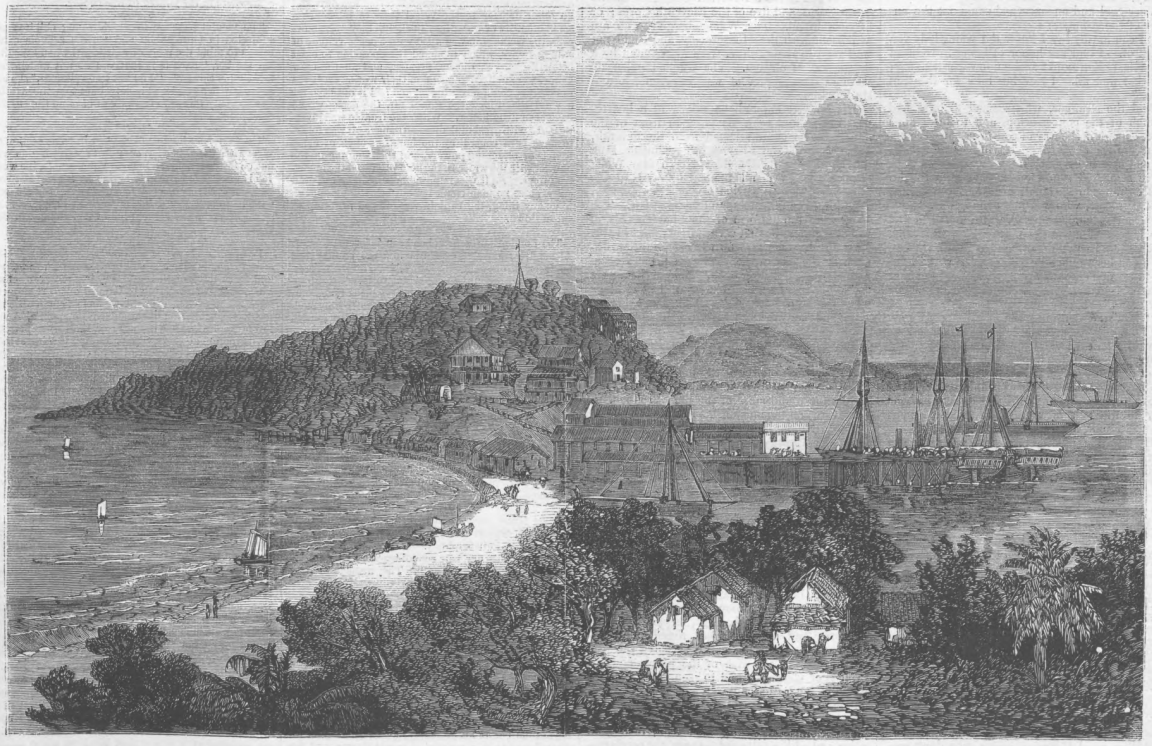


MIDWAY ISLAND HARBOR AND COAL DÉPÒT.—FROM A SKETCH BY R. W. ANDREWS.—[SEE PAGE 197.]



"CAMP SAGINAW," OCEAN ISLAND.—FROM A SKETCH BY R. W. ANDREWS.—[SEE PAGE 197.]



BAY OF PANAMA.—[SEE PAGE 197.]

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ADIEU!

THE BAY OF PANAMA.

ABOUT two and a half miles northwest of Panama are situated the beautiful islands of Perico, Flamenco, and Islñao, the joint property of the Panama Railroad and the Pacific Mail Steamship companies, and are occupied by them as the rendezvous of the California and Central American lines of steamships. These islands, of which we give a sketch on page 196, are well wooded, and abound in fine springs of water. Flamenco, the largest of the three (about half a mile in length by a third in breadth), has on its southern side a fine beach, which, as the tides here rise and fall from twelve to twenty-one feet, gives admirable facilities for the repairs of the shipping. Excellent and capacious anchorage exists here. The building of the Panama Railroad, and the establishment of the connecting lines of steamships in the Pacific, have revived the ancient commercial prosperity of the city of Panama, which, previous to 1744, was the principal entrepôt of trade on the Pacific coast, but began to decline from that time, owing to the diversion of traffic to the Cape Horn route.

THE STORY OF THE "SAGINAW."

WE give on page 196 two sketches of scenes on Midway and Ocean islands, North Pacific Ocean, which have been brought into notice by the attempt of the government to make a coaling station of the former. The latter is where the United States steamer *Saginaw*, employed in connection with the work on Midway Island, was totally wrecked, on Saturday, the 29th day of October, 1870.

Under an appropriation made by Congress of $50,000, the United States steamer *Saginaw* left San Francisco for Midway Island, *via* Honolulu, on the 22d of February, 1870, having on board a party of divers, mechanics, and laborers, to the number of thirteen, in the employ of the contractor, G. W. TOWNSEND. About the same time a schooner sailed for Midway Island, carrying the materials for prosecuting the work, and supplies for the party to last six months. In March the *Saginaw* reached the island, and shortly after the schooner arrived. Work began at once upon the bar, which was to be cut away until the depth of water was increased to twenty-four feet, requiring the cutting away of five or six feet, on an average, of coral rock. The bar was surveyed by naval officers, and records of rise and fall of tide were kept, under the superintendence of Lieutenant-Commander MONTGOMERY SICARD, commanding the *Saginaw*. In addition to this duty, the *Saginaw* was to furnish frequent communication with the Sandwich Islands, to carry the mails, furnish reports of progress, and convey such supplies as were required. A large scow, sufficiently strong to resist the heaviest seas which might strike her in the exposed position she was to occupy, was constructed, and provided with a stationary engine and derrick for taking inboard the masses of coral removed by blasts. During the building of the scow, which took some weeks, blasting was carried on from boats. The charges were of common blasting powder, contained in tin canisters, and discharged by electricity. A diver, in submarine armor, was employed to place the charges in position in the crevices of the coral, and afterward to attach the masses to the hoisting gear.

In May the *Saginaw* left the island for the first trip to Honolulu; and from there Captain SICARD sent home his first report, which showed that the difficulties of the undertaking had been far too highly estimated. He gave his opinion

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that, instead of $50,000 and one season's labor, there would be required several years' time, and over $200,000, to complete the task of cutting the bar sufficiently to permit the safe entrance of large vessels, such as the steamers of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, for whose use the station had been mainly intended. He also showed that the harbor would be unsafe even after the bar had been removed. The *Saginaw* returned to Midway Island in June, remaining but a short time, leaving again for Honolulu in July. She returned in August, and left again the same month. On the 1st of October she left Honolulu for the last time, as the appropriation for the work on Midway Island would be exhausted during that month; and it was Captain SICARD'S intention to convey the working-party direct to San Francisco.

On the 21st work ceased on the bar, leaving as a result a cut to the requisite depth entirely across the bar, and about twenty-five feet wide —an accomplishment which showed careful and judicious expenditure of the funds provided, while it was but a step toward a result which would be of practical benefit. Having secured on shore the scow, boats, and other property it was necessary to leave, the expedition embarked, and left harbor at 4 P.M. on Friday, the 28th of October, in good spirits, anticipating a pleasant trip to San Francisco. In all her trips since leaving that port the vessel had experienced good weather, and had never met with accident of any kind; so that none felt other than perfect confidence in the success of the voyage. Captain SICARD took a nearly westerly course, intending to visit Ocean Island, which lay at a distance of about fifty miles in that direction, to look for any wrecked sailors who might by chance be upon that little-frequented island. Having a fair wind astern, the engines were run very slowly during the night, and at 2 o'clock they were stopped entirely, as land was supposed to be not far distant.

About 3.30 A.M. on Saturday, October 26, breakers were reported ahead, and the engines backed; but their power could not overcome the vessel's speed, impelled as she was by sail, before striking the reef. Attempts were made to furl sail, but time was wanting. Immediately after striking, the engines were disabled, and the vessel lay impaled upon the rock, one point of which came through the bottom of the vessel, and raised the floor-plates in the fire-room. Heavy seas broke over the ship, and in the darkness each one feared that every shock would break her in pieces; but she remained nearly intact until daybreak. Every one was employed getting out provisions from the hold. When daylight came it showed to the anxious crew a sand island about a mile away, and a broad, nearly dry reef beneath the ship, to and from which men could easily and rapidly pass. The boats and most of the provisions were saved and removed to the shore. During the morning the portion of the vessel forward of the engines separated from the stern, and was broken up. The after-part remained high and almost dry on the reef for a week or more. Uncertain how long the officers and crew might have to remain on the island, they were at once put on short and equal rations. Of the food saved, the most was injured. Scarcely any of the bread, flour, and vegetables had escaped soaking in salt-water. Of these the daily allowance was four ounces, a quarter of the full ration, and for meat recourse was had to seals and black albatross. Such was their diet during the whole stay of the crew on the island, save that the vegetable ration was reduced successively from four to two ounces, and then to one. For variety there were a few fish and an occasional turtle. The meat saved was kept as a reserve to supply boats departing on expeditions; for the whole party, ninety-three in number, it would have been but a few days' rations. No fresh-water was found at first; but a small boiler, which had been on the *Saginaw's* deck, was set up as a condenser, and a very limited supply was produced.

For a long time much discomfort was caused by the want of salt; but after a while the sole iron kettle was employed to boil down sea-water, and thereafter the precious seasoning was doled out to each in homeopathic doses. Very fortunately the ship contained men accustomed to mechanical labor in various directions, and there were saved many tools, which, belonging to the contractor's party, had not been stowed below decks. As soon as the wreck had been cleared of such things as it was possible to obtain, and which would be of any use to the shipwrecked party, work was commenced, putting up tents made of the sails and awnings of the ship, and then preparing the captain's "gig" for a voyage to Honolulu. She was ready, and left for her perilous voyage of 1200 miles, on the 18th of November. Before this time there had been much sickness, caused by the change of diet and exposure. Having no medicines, disease had to take its own course; but after the boat sailed matters began to mend, and on that very day fresh-water was found by accident. Work was at once started on a second boat, to fit her for crossing to Midway Island, and the keel was laid of a cutter-board schooner forty feet long.

With no intervals of rest, neither holidays nor Sundays, the work went on; every body hopeful, yet not assured of the success of the gig's voyage. Many had begun to give her up as lost, when, on the 3d of January, there appeared the black smoke and afterward the hull of the Hawaiian steamer *Kilanea*, sent to the relief of the unfortunate crew by the Hawaiian government. When communication was had with the ship it was found that relief had cost the lives of four of the brave volunteers who went in the gig, in being cast upon the shore of Kauai. This alone damped their comrades' joy at escape from their island prison. The *Kilanea* brought comforts and luxuries as well as necessaries. It was without regret that, after an occupancy of sixty-eight days, Ocean Island was left behind. The *Kilanea* visited Midway Island for coal, and then steamed direct to Honolulu.

The sketch of Ocean Island shows the camp, named Camp Saginaw, and looks quite green and pleasant—even a romantic watering-place—but the reality was not so charming. The bushes, though green, gave no shade nor shelter, and bore no fruit. No grass grew, and the sand rose like dry snow in the wind, entering every hole and crevice, filling eyes and mouths, whitening food, and muddying drink. The sketch taken on Midway Island represents the houses built by the Pacific Mail Steamship Company for the accommodation of their agent and employés. The ground is covered, as shown, with thousands of black albatross, which in smaller numbers are found on Ocean Island, and furnished much of the food of the *Saginaw's* crew.

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.

MISS "C.," of Troy, N. Y., in three years and eleven months, earned with a Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine $2308 92, in stitching 638,652 collars, equal to 216 miles and 1528 feet of seam, making 117,102,300 stitches, an average of 100,000 per day and 12,500 per hour.—[*Com.*]

DRUNKARD, STOP!—The most confirmed cases of Intemperance cured by Dr. BEERS, by a very simple remedy; it never fails. Send for a circular and convince yourself. Address C. C. BEERS, M.D., Box 5110, New York.—[*Com.*]

WINCHESTER'S HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME AND SODA is a certain Cure for CONSUMPTION.—[*Com.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

SOMETHING ABOUT WATCHES.

Readers of the newspapers for the past few years can hardly have failed to notice an article originally published in the *Providence* (R. I.) *Journal*, which has been widely copied, concerning the method and advantages of construction, beauty, and durability of the LADD PATENT STIFFENED GOLD WATCH CASES, and last, but not least, the very moderate prices at which they are afforded as compared with heavy solid gold cases of equal strength and durability. But as the question "What is the Ladd Patent Watch Case?" is constantly recurring, a few lines for the enlightenment of inquirers will not be amiss at the present time.

To the eye the Ladd Patent Watch Case is in no respect different from one of solid gold—in point of fact *it is* no different, except in the greater metallic value of the latter, and is the same to all intents and purposes for wear and use.

The outer surface is solid gold, thick enough to richly and elegantly engrave and engine-turn; underneath this is the nickel composition stiffening (taking the place of gold useful only as a stiffening in the solid case, while adding heavily to its cost); then comes the inner surface of gold, thus forming practically a gold watch case.

The inception of the idea in the mind of the inventor was occasioned during the practice of his trade as a watchmaker, some years ago, by noticing the many poor and miserable gold cases of watches brought to him for repairs. As a class, these cases were reduced to the thinnest possible point in material, in order to bring their cost down to a salable price, the consequences of which were seen in the dented, marred, and twisted covers, sprung and broken joints, heads bent or torn off, bows in all conditions of infirmity, bezels so meagre in stock as to be unable to hold glasses or stay in place from sheer weakness—in short, afflicted with all the various ills that such watch cases are heirs to.

This was particularly noticeable in the ladies' watches, which, it may be added, are too often selected by their purchasers for other than their serviceable qualities. For better would it have been for their owners, both on the scores of beauty and usefulness, had these thin, fragile cases been strengthened with a stiffening in the manner of the Ladd Watch Case.

The cases of the larger or gentlemen's watches, though more "stocky" in necessity, yet were weak and feeble in structure, and quite frequently of very low carat, or what was known at the time as Philadelphia gold, a compound which might nearly as well have been all base metal but for its name.

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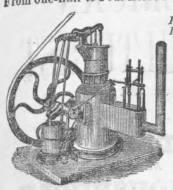

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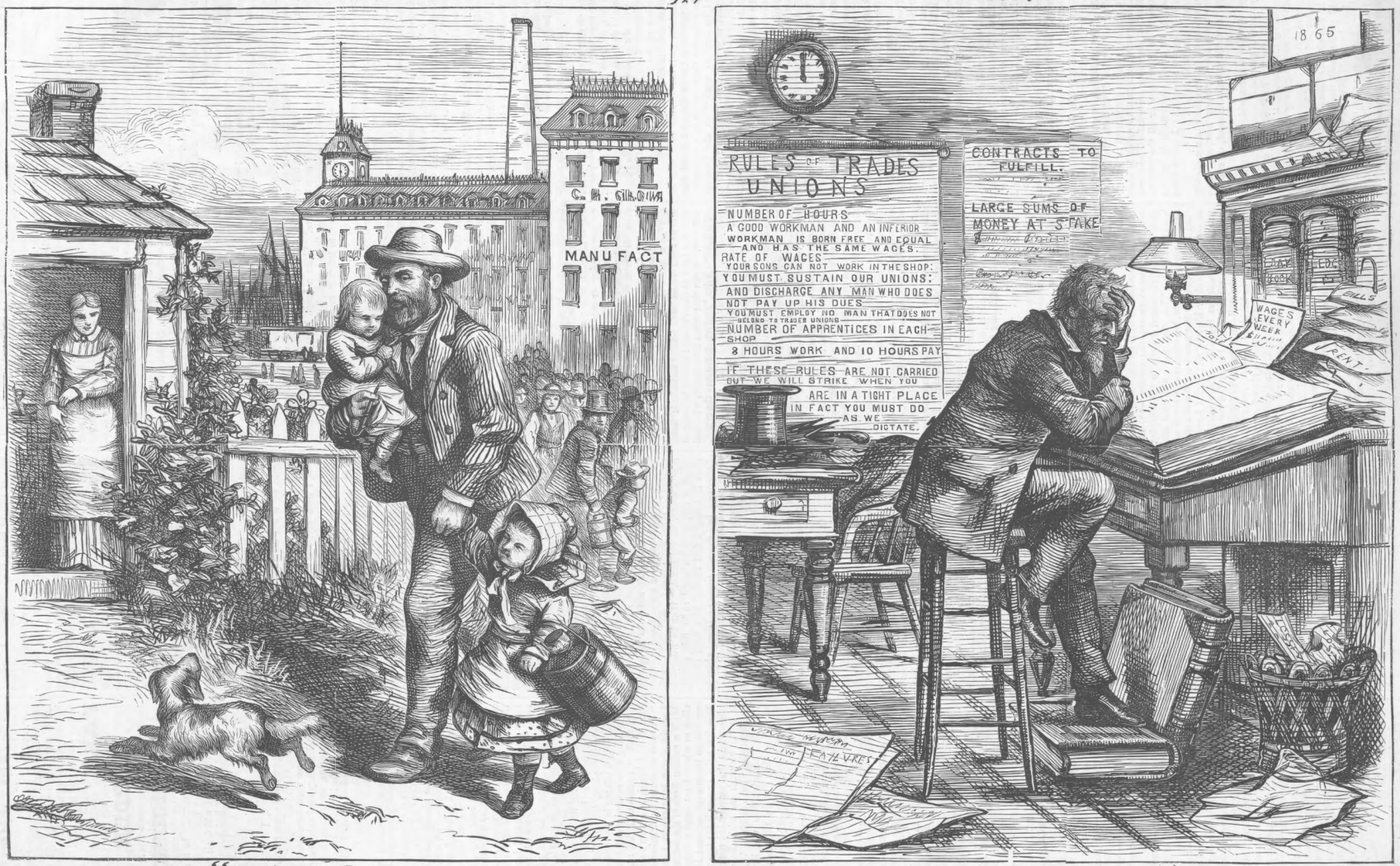

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ONE NIGHT.

IT had happened twice. When I went to my work after each service I found that the reed stops had been pulled out against my express desire; and all my labor—as I chose to believe—had been wasted.

Perhaps organ-builders, as a rule, are bad-tempered men. I am, and I own to it at once. You may guess, then, that I was not much inclined to rejoice when I heard that there was to be an eleven o'clock service on the night of New-Year's Eve.

"You will have the kindness," I said, sternly, to the beardless little schoolmaster who played during the absence of the regular organist, "*not* to use the reed stops."

"All right, Sir," he simpered.

All right, was it? We should see.

"It is hard enough," I blustered, "to be sent for to such a job at this time of year. I don't care to have to do it half a dozen times instead of once—through your obstinacy."

"All right," he smiled, once more. "But shall you not be at church yourself?"

"I think there are various spots where I would rather be in the middle of a winter night," said I, turning on my heel.

But, all the same, my mind was made up to go. It was a great old gloomy church of three aisles, with a heavy tower. Very beautiful it might have been made with Mr. Scott's assistance; but very gaunt and bare and unbeautiful the five thousand parishioners of St. Mark's were content to allow it to remain.

The best part of it was the organ, a fine old instrument by Bernhard Schmidtz, and fit for a cathedral.

Perhaps it was natural that the friends of St. Mark should be proud of his bells (there not being much else in the neighborhood to beget pride at all), but I always shuddered when I heard them, and hastened to my lodgings (which were out of hearing), with my teeth on edge, and metaphorical wool in my ears.

Always, I say, until this New-Year's Eve, when, as they tuned up for the extraordinary midnight service, I hastened in the other direction, into the very shadow of St. Mark's tower, under the very clash of the bells.

I crept up to the gallery, opened the side door of the instrument, and (after looking cautiously around, to be sure I was alone) bolted in with a congratulatory chuckle, and shut it all up as before.

I heard very little of the reading; what I did hear I did not heed; but the playing? Yes, I did hear that, oh, very distinctly indeed; with a rather painful distinctness.

What with the squeaking of the treble stops, and the creaking of the bellows, and the buzzing and booming of the pedal-pipes, mine was any thing but an enviable situation.

The canticles and the hymns were over at last; but then to my great dismay I found that during the collection there was to be a voluntary. I gleaned no comfort even from the pleasant thought that they would not bring the plate to me.

The little organist was in his element now—at least he seemed to think so. In the very vibration alone I could feel the evident elevation of his spirits. His feet danced on the pedals; his fingers tripped on the keys; I could see, in imagination, the rolling of his conceited little head as he added absurd little trills and shakes to Rossini's "Carita."

Presently, as I expected, out came the Cremona stop; but, as he did *not* expect, in it went again at a touch of mine. Yet actually, in the very face of that, out popped the Hautboy! In it went in the twinkling of an eye, and I could distinguish that, for an instant, the busy hands quavered uselessly, as if in a panic. Then the little musician seemed to renew his vagaries with a movement of desperation, as if he had summoned all his efforts for another trial. Rather slowly and cautiously the Clarion stop was drawn out. Rather quickly and incautiously it was pulled in again.

The notes ceased suddenly. A very extraordinary silence fell on the church, and I chuckled in my packing-case over the novel and abrupt termination of "La Carita" in the middle of a bar.

The sermon was over, but no voluntary was forthcoming. Aha! he was afraid of the haunted instrument.

Presently I should hear him lock the organ; then I would rush out upon him like an accusing spirit. How he should cower and quake!

The singers straggled down from the gallery, but there was no sound or movement in the organ-loft. He must have gone to speak to some one. What a long time he was! There was not a step to be heard now in all the church. What had he to gossip about while he left his organ open? I grew impatient; I would come out and meet him on his return.

Perhaps, after all, he *was* there in the silence, staring at his music; thinking how, next time he played, he would improve Handel, or enliven Bach.

I crept into the outer world, rather glad to leave my cramped position.

Ah! What was this? Darkness! a heavy, damp, unearthly darkness.

The rascal! sneaking away and leaving the organ open in this way.

The arrant little coward! Had he crept off because he was afraid of the supernatural agency which had pushed back the stops? for I never guessed that he could have forgotten; I, who nearly always had some organ or other upon my mind. I closed it first carefully, then I began to think about myself, partly because various bruises forced themselves on my attention, partly because there seemed to be nothing else to think about.

It was almost a mile along the gallery! Then the steps; I might have been going down the Monument staircase for the time it took me! But at last I felt out the door, with a large blue elevation in the middle of my forehead, and the dust of ages in each palm. Locked! bolted! ruthlessly barred between me and my genial fellow-creatures; between my dark prison and the warmth and light of the homes without.

I kicked and shouted; but there was no answer except the wind sweeping by, shaking the glass in the old casements above me. I looked round helplessly—I mean I turned my head round *most* helplessly, feeling the darkness like a dreadful tangible thing. Then despairingly I gave a louder shriek than ever. How weirdly it echoed up the aisles and vibrated in the organ-pipes like a crowd of ghostly, mocking answers! But it brought no other answer, and I knew then that it was useless to hope for help from without. What should I do? I felt so sick and giddy that I sat down upon a bench against which I had stumbled near the door, and tried to steady my mind to the inevitable night in this dreadful cold and darkness. I knew I was not a coward; I knew there was little of the superstitious in my nature; I could face darkness and loneliness perhaps better than many a bigger man; but what a cheerless, comfortless night this would be! What a beginning of a new year! What would they think at my lodgings? would they send out and seek me? They might even guess, and send here. What a laugh I would have over this! That little organ-playing rascal would try, perhaps, to laugh at me for this unexpected sequel to my plot; but that would not matter much, I could soon quench him. What was that? Only the wind again; how it had risen, and how those blessed windows creaked, and shook, and chattered! Why could not they repair the windows? It would be a good deal more sensible than spending so much on the organ. Especially since the last organist left (and he *was* an organist), and left no respectable player in the parish to take his place. Where was the pulpit? Oh, it must be over there, straight opposite me. Could I not make believe very much, like the little Marchioness, and see it lighted up, and hear a gentle, gray-haired old man preaching to me? Not a bit of it. I'll defy a man, sitting alone in an empty, vault-like place at midnight—the wind swaying and groaning and shrieking all round it—to fancy a pleasant lighted church full of cheerful listeners, and a genial old man telling them, in a kindly, friendly way, how to make themselves happy forever. Yes, just as I will defy you, at your warm, bright firesides, or in your sunny gardens, to fancy me groping in this heavy darkness—knowing I was shut out from all my natural world, until that world should choose, for its own purpose, to summon me. They would open the church in the morning for me to go on with the organ. Ah! it would be indeed for me.

Was it one o'clock yet? I wondered. Why, all the town would be in bed by this time; those who had been at church could almost be snug in bed now. Even that mean little sneak, who had ruined the "Carita," and wanted to ruin the organ, even he was probably asleep by this time, and I had never frightened nor fought him. It was almost more than human patience could stand. Did that ridiculous wind want to come in too, that it rattled the windows in that fiendish manner? Well, it could not go on long, I should think, at that pace. What was that? The whole building was shaking. No wind that. No, only the reverberation of the great clock bell. One! What a gloomy note it was! how different to the sound, twelve hours ago, when I had left my work in pleasant anticipation of the dainty little hot dinner I had ordered! It had a cheery sound then; now it rolled sullenly and despondingly through the tower. How many people, or rather how few, would be awake to hear it! Ah! a sudden thought struck me; fool, never to have imagined it before. If I rang the bells, or even tolled one bell, it would surely summon somebody who could open the door to me. I could try, at any rate; it should not be my fault if I spent the wretched night that loomed before me. How long would it take me to reach the belfry? I knew how to find it in daylight, but now? Well, I *might* find it now; I would grope until I did, at any rate.

Feeling along the sides of the high old pews, I went on until I reached the wall, along which somewhere I should find the little iron-nailed door. Then, as I felt I was nearing it, a sudden fear overtook me. It would be locked: they would naturally lock the door of the tower. I went on still, my hand outstretched upon the wall, but with no spirit in the search now.

At last my hand slipped, and I felt the iron nails of the little door of the belfry stairs. I turned the handle. Yes, it opened to my touch, and I was free to mount the narrow way, and make my imprisonment known to the sleeping world without. The steps were awkward and unpleasant in daylight, but what they were to me then I can not say. But now I could feel a new air—a wider, colder kind of air; and I knew I was in the belfry at last. Yes, there were no more steps to climb. Now I must feel my way once more by the wall—and for the last time.

To the right or left should I go? Some childish idea turned me to the right. How far would the ropes be away? My right hand went up to the wall; my left I held out before me as advanced guard, to give notice of any obstacle the intense darkness might hide. And so I went along—my palm scratched and grazed by the rough surface of the stones—until suddenly there ran through all my nerves a strange, horrible thrill; my breath seemed to stop with a spasmodic gasp, for my groping right hand had been stopped by a man's shoulder, close against the wall, just at the height my own head would be. A human shoulder! I never could have mistaken that, though the instant after touching it my hand had dropped, and I leaned against the stones steadying myself. In the horrible, heavy silence my own heart-beats sounded almost like the striking-bell of the clock. This was a fiendish place to be in; why should there not be unearthly figures about it in unnatural postures? What more fitting place could they choose than this damp, weird place, up above all human sights and sounds, only level, it seemed, with the raving, tearing wind? and what more fitting time for them than this winter midnight? How long was it since it struck one? When would it strike two? It would be almost a relief to hear the clock again—the great heavy pulse that might still my own for a minute. It seemed a whole long night since I crept into that infer— into that dismal organ-loft.

"What was the use of it, after all? If every stop had been used the whole time, the organ would not have been really injured. I need not be half such a fidgety, anxious fellow as I am over the instrument; I might very well have let that poor little donk—that poor little gentleman alone for this conf—for this one service. I had better, indeed, have been sitting decently in a pew down stairs, listening to the old parson. He said a good many capital things, no doubt; I do not see why I should have scoffed at the idea of the service: I wonder that I had done it. I would not again, for it was done for a good purpose. After all, I was in a holy building too; I do not see why I should be afraid; it was only imagination, I dare say. What figure could be up in such a place as this—and silent too? Nonsense! it must have been a coat, hung up perhaps by one of the ringers. Was I growing a coward in my old age? I would go to it again. Suppose I spoke first. I don't know why I should, seeing it was only a bell-ringer's coat; but I will, just to air my own voice. It did not sound exactly like my own, though, when it did come. "Is any one here in the belfry with me?" I said; "if so, pray speak, for I am shut alone in the church." No answer. Of course not—I laughed a little grim kind of laugh—what answer had I expected from an empty coat? I took a few small hesitating steps forward, and, shutting my eyes, even in the dense darkness, perhaps to concentrate all my powers in my sense of touch, I put out my right hand with a slow, cautious movement along the wall again. For an instant my head reeled as if it would throw me down like a teetotum, for my fingers went straight into a thick mass of tangled hair, and when I drew them suddenly back and put them to my head to steady it, they were cold as death. No bell-ringer's coat—a ghastly, hairy head! not human, of course! What living man would be standing thus in such a place, the head flattened against this rough cold wall? If it had been any one shut in like myself, he would have only too readily answered my words; besides, what human being would stand in such a posture? What living man? Ah! that brought a new horror to my mind. *Was* he living—or could a corpse be stationed so in this ghostly place? Could a foul murder have been once—Nonsense! had not the ringers all been chiming there gayly only a couple of hours before? If there had been a corpse; but—I would listen for the breath. I do not know how I could do it, though you may laugh at the horror it had for me—in your comfortable incapacity for picturing this ghostly tower. I bent my head forward, listening; but the thump of my own heart and the gusts that raged round me were all I heard. Was it human or supernatural? Was it living or dead? Oh! where were the bells, that I might summon kindly release from this horrible imprisonment? But how could I reach the bell now? I dare feel my way no farther, with the possibility of another ghastly figure barring my progress. Yet if I did not—oh, horror! to imagine a whole night here, in Heaven knew what awful companionship! No; I would summon all the strength and courage that I used to think I possessed, and walk straight off into the space till I felt the ropes. Spreading now my two hands before me, I stumbled on, round and round, backward and forward, frantically dashing out my hands in all directions, until at last, oh, Heaven be thanked! I clutched the carpeted rope, and felt that the power of bringing help was in my hand at last. But then a new dread crept over me. I actually was afraid to sound the bell. There, when I had reached what I had been struggling for, this new, cowardly fear took entire possession of me. My eyes were strained and wide open in the darkness: the rope was grasped in both my sore and bleeding hands, and there I stood trembling like a child. How did I know what the sound might not waken? Did I not know for a certainty that I was not alone in this haunted place? At the first note of the clanging bell, might I not—*what* might I not summon?

As I hesitated, with an intense throbbing pain over my eyes, my foot moved something on the ground—a piece of rope, evidently; and, vaguely glad of any thing that should delay for a moment the call I wished to give, I stooped and took it in my hand. It resisted me, and I drew my hand along it to feel to what it might be attached. As I did so, my hand came in contact with another hand. For one moment I reeled and tottered; in the next, with one mad effort, I seized the bell-rope, raised my feet from the ground, and hung my weight upon my hands; and, as the one solemn note boomed out, my head swam round, my fingers slid down the rope, and I fell backward senseless on the ground.

Neither a shock nor a friendly voice called me back to consciousness; I awoke in a cold shiver, to the horror and the darkness of which I had been for a time unconscious. I sat up, opening my eyes wearily, for the intense darkness literally seemed to weigh down my eyelids, and it all came slowly back upon me almost with a twofold horror.

What time would it be now? How long had I been in this double darkness? Ah! listen; the great clock bell shook and trembled through the tower. One, two. Only two! If the night were to be spent here, and each hour were to be like this, my hair would be gray before daylight. Two o'clock! how snugly every one was sleeping now, and how unthinking of the one miserable man in the tower! How little I should be thinking of any thing so ghostly if I were comfortably between my own sheets now! Those things do not trouble one much until they visit one with a terrible personality like this. Even this raving, maddening wind would hardly keep me awake on ordinary nights, yet how impossible here to fancy sleeping through it! There! was not that like a dozen demons shrieking for entrance at those little shivering casements?

I shall be more grateful always for quiet, undisturbed nights after this. The length of that hour made unbearable the thought of the hours to come; I rose painfully to a sitting posture, held my head in my hands, and tried to pray. Now that the signal which all these efforts had cost me had failed, I had not strength for more than to wait. I was not much accustomed either to wait or to pray. Perhaps if I *had* been, this dreary time would not have seemed so interminable; perhaps, even, I might not have felt so helpless in the unknown horror that was about me. I thought I would repeat one of the canticles, for I knew them better than any thing else; but somehow they died away in wandering, wondering thoughts, more accordant with the fierce gusts that dashed against the tower than with the simple, musical words I tried to say. Ah! what was that distant sound? The turning of a heavy grating lock far away. It was quite a faint sound against it reached me, yet I could distinguish it so readily, so eagerly, with quickening pulses, and with a strange hot flame rushing to my cheeks in the darkness.

Steps along the church floor below. So intensely I was listening—with such painful, strained attention—that I believe I could have counted them; though now from the same spot I feel sure I could hardly hear steps, however heavy. Yes, up the belfry stairs they came, and now a streak of yellow light crossed the belfry from wall to wall. My eyes—wide open and almost burning with eagerness—strained into the dark corners, waiting and ready for what the light should reveal there. I never looked who was coming through the door; all thought of my release now seemed swallowed up in the hungry desire to see what had been with me in the darkness. The fitful light from two lanterns danced up and down the gloomy place, but I had seen nothing. Voices began talking in low tones; then, though my aching eyes never turned from their search, I listened. "I guess we'll find him just as we left him, eh?" I heard, in a man's amused whisper; "I expect no other, the drunken rascal; and yet I could almost have sworn I heard the bell." With a sudden flash of the lanterns on the wall close to where I sat came a little laugh. In all my life no laugh ever sounded like that to me. Was it a relief, or was it the last touch of the unnaturalness that surrounded me? I shivered as if it ran through me with the wild answering laugh of the wind outside. With a sickening fear that consciousness was leaving me once more, and that if it did they might not find me, I pulled myself up by the bell; and as it rang its weird note the light of a lantern was thrown upon me standing there—a strange figure to meet any human gaze, with the fixed stare in my eyes. I heard a queer kind of cry from some one; one lantern fell and was smashed to atoms; I heard feet running to the door; but I felt too a strong arm round me; I heard a man's rough voice—than which no other voice, though, ever sounded sweeter in my ears—telling me it was "all right." Then once more all around me was lost in mental darkness.

I awoke on the settle in a small firelit kitchen where two or three men sat round the fire silently. When they saw that I was watching them, one said—and I recognized the kindly voice—"Are you feeling all right again, Sir? the cold gave you a shock up there." I rose and sat among them, half bewildered still, and tried to warm my hands, which were of a pale green color.

"Did you hear me toll the bell?" I asked.

"Yes, Sir, surely; and these burly comrades of mine thought you was a sperit, and took to their heels; as if sperits was any more likely to be up there than in this very kitchen—less likely, I should think, considering all things."

What should I do? Should I tell them what I knew, or must the horrible secret live and die with me?

"You didn't happen to see no sperits yerself now, Sir, I s'pose?" he said; and I actually think I saw the fellow wink.

"I saw—at least I felt—something," I faltered, trying to look at them all as if it was just what I had expected to do.

"Did ye, now? Would ye mind, Sir, just giving us yer experience? a ghost-story is just the thing for this time of the morning, with that pleasant little breeze a-blowing outside and shivering all the winders in its frolic."

But I could not tell them; not that it seemed unnatural and dream-like in the warm glow and companionship, but because it was such a certainty that I dreaded to bring the ghastly reality among them.

"Did you see any thing?" I asked, simply to gain a little time.

The laugh was general.

"In course we did, Sir, we saw what we went for to see, and that was Topin' Jerry."

"What on earth is Toping Jerry?"

"You may well say 'what,' Sir, for at this blessed minit he don't look 'uman enough for to speak of as a 'who.' Topin' Jerry, Sir, is the topingest rascal in all the parish, and moreover, besides, he's one of St. Mark's ringers, the drunk-

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est and disorderlyest fellow as ever pulled a rope."

"Yes, yes, I see; and he was in the belfry last night?"

"Well, I'll tell you how it was, Sir, and how he did come to be there a-letting in the new year in a new way. He's been so often a few over the score lately that, though we wouldn't any of us peach on him, we can't 'elp jest wishing the parson would ketch him at it. He came to ring in the Christmas last week in sech a state as we were all ashamed on, and, to cap it up, he brought a bottle with him to renoo his failing strength. In course he couldn't ring, he could only set himself into a corner agin the wall and sleep. So we told him if he did it agin we would hang him then and there. He was fuddling away yesterday evenin', forgettin' the late service—it surely was rather late, ye see, Sir, for a man as is fond of a few cups social in the evenin'—so we knew what was comin', and another fellow (him by you, Sir) came to ring instead, and we took a rope. Sure enough, in comes Topin' Jerry with his chin down in his shirt collar, and his legs looking like somebody else's; out come the bottle, and we let him have his swing at it; then, when we was comin' down, we tied him to two staples in the wall, straight up on his feet agin it, with the intention of showin' him, when he waked soberer, that there he was, hanged by the neck till he was dead. While I brought you here, Sir, these here comrades of mine witnessed the jolliest sight. Topin' Jerry woke hisself gradwelly, and twisted and groaned hisself into blue convulsions, while they was hid, with the lantern dark. And he shrieked out that he wouldn't never do it agin, if he could be forgiven this wunst, all to nobody, Sir, but the sperits, as he thought was there. They'll tell ye all that joke, Sir."

So they did, jovial, hearty fellows as they were, and every ringer in the parish drank my health that night in hot and strong. Every ringer, at least, except Toping Jerry, whom I have never seen since—I mean whom I have never seen at all, only felt.

TRAVELS IN THE AIR.

WHEN Mr. Glaisher, in company with MM. Flammarion, De Fonvielle, and Tissandier, projected the history of his aerial voyages, he and his *collaborateurs* little dreamed that before the work could be printed and published the time long hoped for and almost despaired of by aeronauts should at last have come. Mr. Glaisher writes on the opening page: "In its present form the balloon is useless for commercial enterprise, and so little adapts itself to our necessities that it might drop into oblivion to-morrow, and we should miss nothing from the conveniences of life."

This could not be said now. The balloon has become something more than a philosopher's toy or a raree-show; the nation which invented it has found it an indispensable resource in a desperate emergency, and the political, commercial, and private ends it has served could have been gained in no other way. Only *par ballon monté* could Gambetta have escaped to the provinces, where his sanguine and energetic spirit has for so long organized not, indeed, victory, but a sanguine and energetic resistance; only *par ballon monté* can thousands of Frenchmen hope to hear of all that is nearest and dearest to them; and if the war and balloons ended together to-morrow, the latter have deserved so well of their country that the city of Paris, under the new republic, or whatever it is to be, ought to charge its shield of arms with, "on a field azure, a balloon rising."

The accounts we possess at present of the wonderful journeys made every day over the heads of the German soldiers are very imperfect. When the war ends, its permanent literature will begin, and we shall, doubtless, have full histories of these aerial voyages, in which we hope will be written the names of those poor fellows whose letter-bags, picked up off the Scilly Isles, are supposed to have been blown out into the Channel, as an east wind carried their balloon toward the Atlantic.

For a long time the most famous ascent in aerostatic annals was that of Gay Lussac, who, in September, 1804, started from Paris, and reached the height of 23,000 feet. To lighten the balloon he threw overboard every article he could possibly dispense with; a common deal chair went with the rest, and fell into a hedge close to a girl who was tending some sheep. As the sky at the time was clear, and the balloon invisible, some of the country folk held that it must have come straight from paradise, and cried, "A miracle!" others refused to think that "the workmen up above there could be such muffs," for the chair was roughly made; but the miracle-mongers would, no doubt, have carried the question had not a timely account of Lussac's voyage appeared in the papers. Several years later Andreoli and Brioschi ascended, it is said—but it has never been fully believed—to an elevation of 30,000 feet, when the balloon burst with a loud report, and came to the ground with great speed, but safety, near Petrarch's tomb. The torn balloon must have acted as a parachute. Mr. Glaisher has himself fallen, in his balloon, two miles in four minutes, and has landed without being greatly hurt. He and Mr. Coxwell became the champion aeronauts after their memorable ascent from Wolverhampton on the 5th of September, 1862. They rose to the enormous height of 37,000 feet—a mile higher than the highest peak of the Himalayas; at 29,000 feet Mr. Glaisher became insensible; the valve-line was entangled, and Mr. Coxwell had to climb from the car into the ring to readjust it; the cold was so intense that he lost the use of his hands, and had to pull it with his teeth.

We will endeavor to give our readers some idea of the difficulties, pleasures, and dangers of aerial navigation by following an imaginary aeronaut from the earth to the clouds, and back to the earth again. Let us suppose that he has resolved to make a prodigious ascent for strictly scientific purposes. He has succeeded in borrowing (for there seems to be a great deal of borrowing among aeronauts) a balloon, and has had it conveyed overnight to the gas-works, where it is to be filled. He has secured the services of an experienced balloon captain to take the exclusive management of the balloon, and has borrowed from various societies a number of beautiful and delicate instruments wherewith to make his observations. At daybreak the two aeronauts—or, as we will call them for the sake of distinction, the philosopher and the aeronaut—and their friends start for the gas-works, and with the help of a number of workmen commence filling the balloon. Ballast and some victuals are stowed away in the car, the instruments are fixed on a board lashed across its gunwale, and the direction of the wind is anxiously noted. The balloon—we will suppose it to be a large one—gradually inflates, the wind rises, and what between the wind and the gas it is all that fifty men can do to keep the monster from breaking clean away. At last there is a cry that the balloon is full, and that the men can hold it no longer. The two adventurers jump in, their ropes and other chattels are bundled in after them, and away they go with a side sweep which very nearly wrecks them against some contiguous chimneys. Perhaps it does, and the balloon in a few minutes comes down in a field a couple of miles off, having never got a thousand feet above the ground, with a great tear in its side, the loss of two or three hundred pounds' worth of gas, and the breakage of the instruments and the aeronauts. Other very frequent stumbles at the threshold may show that the balloon is rotten; that it is "full of minute holes;" that it will not carry ballast enough for safety, etc. But let us suppose it fairly gas-tight, and that the aeronaut, by a liberal discharge of ballast, clears trees and chimneys, and shoots up into the clouds, a great deal faster than he intended, to a height of some 5000 or 6000 feet. More ballast is discharged, and up and up they go till the philosopher's face becomes of a "glowing purple" and his heart palpitates audibly. He does not mind this, but watches the falling mercury, and busily records the readings of the instruments, until the aeronaut announces that the balloon is stationary, and that he can spare no more ballast, what remains being kept in hand to throw out, if necessary, on nearing the earth, so that they may fall soft. Perhaps some *contretemps* has happened; the balloon has been gyrating and the valve-line become twisted, as with Messrs. Glaisher and Coxwell; or it may have passed through a snow-cloud and thence into the rays of the sun, which have melted the snow from the covering and expanded the gas, giving our travelers a most dangerous impetus upward—an impetus which may be brought to a stop in half a minute by the bursting of the balloon "with a loud report." The aeronaut and the philosopher hang on to the valve-line, gas rushes out in volumes, and the balloon falls. Presently the snow-cloud is entered again, the ropes and car covering are clogged with snow, the fall is terribly accelerated, the snow-cloud is passed through, and the earth is seen approaching "with frightful rapidity." The remaining ballast is thrown out; nevertheless the balloon takes the ground with a bump that breaks all the instruments, and after rolling and dragging and bounding along "at the speed of an express train, playing leap-frog over oaks twenty yards high," tearing itself to pieces, the grapnel hooks, and it is brought up, perhaps, in the middle of a marsh. Cut and bruised and half stunned, the aeronauts scramble out, inquire where they are, and find that they are forty or fifty miles from their starting-point, although they have not been an hour in the air. Fonvielle and Tissandier started from Paris, ascended several thousand feet, and came to the earth with terrific force forty-eight miles away—all in the space of thirty-five minutes. Theirs was the fastest journey yet made by a balloon.

A balloon is poised in the air with exquisite delicacy. Tissandier relates that throwing out a chicken bone caused the Neptune to rise suddenly from twenty to thirty yards, and Lunardi's barometer fell three degrees on his casting away his hat. On sand being thrown out from a balloon rapidly descending, it (apparently) rises into the air, and, as the balloon slackens speed, falls again in a fine shower. The sea is the great bugbear of the aeronaut; to save the land he will almost drop upon it like a stone. Mr. Glaisher, who chose Wolverhampton for his favorite place of ascent, tells us that an aeronaut can not get far enough from the sea in England, and requires all the land-room of a continent to make his voyages with freedom and comfort. Balloons have a great reputation for danger, but the 3500 ascents which have been made have only caused fifteen deaths. The most critical moment of an air voyage is its last; to be able to take the ground well and skillfully requires the greatest presence of mind, as well as thorough experience, and even then there is generally more or less of a crash. No one is very sanguine of the speedy invention of a method by which balloons may be directly propelled or guided. At present their vertical motion only can be controlled, and that only so long as there is gas or ballast to spare. By rising or falling into opposite currents of air a certain amount of steering can be done, but this requires a happy conjunction of the most skillful management with the greatest good luck. Even in their present imperfect state balloons have done most valuable service to science, and there seems no reason to doubt that they have it in their power to render much more. Now that it is also proved that aeronauts can be of service to statesmen and generals, they will receive that attention and patronage which has long been their sorest need. Generally speaking, want of funds has compelled them to put up with many make-shifts and inconveniences which will now be remedied. A good gas-tight ballast-carrying balloon has been the rarest thing in the world; when it becomes more common, safe and easy ascents, fulfilling all that is expected of them, will become the order of the day instead of the exception of a year.

CAVALRY IN MODERN WAR.

AN idea became prevalent among French officers, especially after the Italian campaign of 1859, that modern fire-arms had rendered cavalry useless. In a book called "L'Avenir de la Cavalerie," Baron D'Azemar, with true prophetic instinct, wrote to warn his countrymen against this error. Bonaparte said at St. Helena, where he reviewed his own life, "In 1813, if I had had cavalry, I could have reconquered Europe." The baron says: "People propose to reduce the cavalry. They think that cavalry are 'played out,' and will in future play a minor part in war. Woe to the nation that follows such conceits! Woe to the sovereigns who adopt such maxims! *To-day, as of old, I say the future of empires is in the future of their cavalry.*" The recent war has vividly shown the truth of this prophecy. The Uhlans have been the eyes and hands of the invading Prussian army—as the prisoner of Wilhelmshohe himself confessed. The Uhlans hung like a veil before the whole Prussian army; masking its operations, and confusing and anticipating the enemy in all directions. Trochu was of the same opinion as M'Mahon and D'Azemar. He said: "The difficulties the cavalry had, to take their proper part in the Italian campaign of 1857, gave rise to an opinion that before modern rifles cavalry had become powerless. This is an error which it is important should not gain acceptance. Cavalry is, *par excellence* in war, the insurer of speed, the producer of those great moral effects which paralyze and disorganize; and the results of which are incalculable. And is then the arm which most tends to produce rapidity of execution useless? It is impossible. *On the contrary, the formation of cavalry* will increase; but it must be on condition that it at once abandons old beliefs and traditions." Trochu's proposed reform was to lighten the cavalry horse's load by putting light men on strong and resisting horses. He insisted on at once throwing away all cavalry helmets and cuirasses. According to French writers on cavalry, one of the great defects of the French cavalry is the saddle. Under the Republic and the Empire the Hungarian saddle was used, which was very simple, by no means clumsy, and easy to repair. The modern saddle is more elegant than the Hungarian, but it hurts the horses and the men. In the Italian campaign of 1859 two thousand of the horses were injured by the saddles, and many of the non-commissioned officers had sores on the knees. The French cavalry carbine is also too heavy, and the trooper is allowed to carry too many small articles of use.

It was generally thought, before the advent of the Uhlans, that the lance, which Montecuculi called "the queen of weapons," had become obsolete. In spite of Marshal Saxe having given his own regiment of hussars lances, and the Marshal of Ragusa wishing to arm his second rank of cuirassiers with the lance, Trochu and others condemned its use. No, said these reformers; take away the lances and pull off the cuirasses, put light men on strong horses, and they will crush squares just as well, and with less pain and fatigue to the animals. One of the recent battles between France and Prussia proves how powerless the heaviest cuirassiers are against infantry when the men on foot stand firm and shoot calmly and carefully. In the future, if French reformers have their way, hussars and chasseurs will not wear the sabretache, which is a mere vanity and impediment. Chasseurs and hussars will have the same uniform, and with the éclaireurs of each infantry regiment there will be a company of light horsemen, mounted on small horses, and carrying the lightest form of carbine.

THE ART OF FORTIFICATION.

THE science of war—whether in its application to the branches termed *Strategy* or *Tactics*, which are simply different names of the same art when applied to scales of different magnitude—may be defined as the art of bringing superior numbers against an enemy. In other words, success in war depends on *superiority of concentration*. The same idea was expressed forcibly, if rather irreverently, by the first Napoleon, when he said, "God always fought on the side of the *gros bataillons*."

The different rules and maxims which have been framed by military writers are all deduced from this one leading principle, by which, indeed, all military operations, whether great or small, must alike be regulated; whether these relate to the general strategy of a campaign, to the marshaling of an army on a field of battle, or even to the manœuvring of a battalion on the parade-ground. And the object of all military rules, of all drill, discipline, and military training, and of all the labors of the different military departments, is to enable the general in command of an army to apply that principle successfully.

The art of fortification is simply an application of the same principle, by means of which a small force may be enabled successfully to resist a large one, and the real superiority may be converted practically to the side of the weaker numbers. Its origin dates as far back as, and was a consequence of, the use of missiles. And the primary idea was to neutralize superior numbers by creating a shelter, from behind which the weaker party, in comparative safety, might discharge their missiles at an enemy advancing to attack them. It is clear that if a man sheltered by a parapet could discharge three darts or arrows at an attacking body between the moment of the latter coming within range and that of closing with the defenders, the interposition of the parapet would, speaking theoretically, place one of the latter on an equality with three assailants. Every improvement in the science of projectiles has been in favor of the lamb against the wolf; and it is evident that the advantages to the defenders must increase in the triple proportion of the range, accuracy, and rapidity of fire. Thus, the same man behind a parapet, who, when armed with stones or darts, might be equal to three assailants, would, when furnished with a weapon firing ten shots in a minute, at an effective range of six hundred yards, be equal in theory to fifty assailants, or, if we suppose only every fifth shot to tell, to ten assailants, advancing to the attack over open ground.

As the art of fortification advanced, towns were completely surrounded by parapet walls, and various devices were adopted in their construction, with the purpose of increasing the superiority of defensive fire, of which the most important was the provision of flanking defense.

The reduction of an ancient fortress, too strong to be carried by sudden assault, was undertaken, as in modern times, in a methodical and scientific manner, the system of attack being regulated according to the nature of the defenses. In the absence of any sufficient means of forcing a passage through a solid rampart too lofty for escalade, the assailants resorted to the erection of a huge mound of earth, pushing forward the mass gradually until it touched the walls, and raising it to the level of the summit, from whence the besiegers might pour their stormers *over* the defenses. Many passages in the Old Testament refer to this method of capturing besieged cities, as (Deuteronomy, xx. 20) where the Israelites are commanded to "build bulwarks against the city" until it should be subdued; and yet more expressly in the denunciation against Sennacherib (2 Kings, xix. 32), proclaiming that he "should not shoot an arrow into Jerusalem, nor come before it with a shield, nor *cast a bank against it*."

This, the most ancient mode of attack, was superseded by the method of effecting an entrance into a besieged place by breaching the wall with battering-rams, and engines hurling masses of rock and other missiles with great force. To effect this, however, these engines had to be brought close up to the wall; and the necessity of protecting the soldiers employed in running up these engines or rams, and in working them when in position, gave rise to the system of *approaches*, the rudest idea of which is expressed in the movable towers or sheds on wheels, which were pushed up to the walls. This system has, in modern days, only been elaborated to suit the altered conditions introduced by science in military operations.

As the power of artillery increased it became necessary to substitute for the parapet wall a rampart built of a thick mound of earth, the excavation of which formed the ditch. This mound was faced or scarped with brick or masonry to such a height as to render access to the interior impossible, except by scaling-ladders; and to prevent this scarped wall, forming the inner side of the ditch, from being brought down in ruins by a distant fire, it was protected by raising on the outer edge of the ditch an earthen mound or parapet higher than, and sloping gradually toward, the surrounding country.

The increased range and accuracy of hollow projectiles have rendered the old system of closely surrounding a town with a continuous rampart or *enceinte* both useless and dangerous, unless supplemented by a system of detached forts sufficiently in advance to keep an enemy's artillery beyond that distance from which he might destroy the place by his shells. It was the absence of such advanced works at Sedan that enabled the Germans to place their artillery on the heights surrounding the fortress, and compelled the surrender of the French army inclosed within its walls.

A series of such forts, disposed on a large circumference, constitutes a vast intrenched camp, the forts themselves armed with the heaviest known ordnance, and requiring comparatively small garrisons, yet affording the most favorable battle positions for a large army, whose flanks would rest on two of the forts, and whose front would be effectually protected by their fire.

In general terms, the advantages of such a system are: 1. They oblige an enemy to commence his approaches at a great distance from the place they are designed to protect, thereby preventing its being destroyed by distant bombardment, and rendering it necessary, before such a result can be achieved, that the besiegers should reduce two or more of the adjacent forts by regular approaches and assault. 2. The circumference marked by the forts is so extensive, that, in order to invest them completely, the besiegers must desseminate or spread out their force in such a manner as to be dangerously weak at any one point. 3. The forts composing the system being capable of defense by small garrisons, the bulk of the defensive force is available for offensive action, by sorties on a large scale, against any point in the besiegers' weak line; and these sorties could be repeated daily, the time and point of attack being varied, so that the besiegers could never know when or where they might be attacked. Under these conditions, and supposing the garrison effective, the reduction of such a fortress as we have described should be extremely difficult. By means of sorties, not only would information be obtained as to the intended direction of attack, but the siege-works would suffer constant interruption. The troops engaged in these sorties would never be required to advance far from their own secure base; and both in advancing and retreating they would be supported and protected by the preponderating fire of the forts.

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Travel and Adventure.

PREPARED
EXPRESSLY FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

AN ALPACA STORY.

By JACOB ABBOTT.

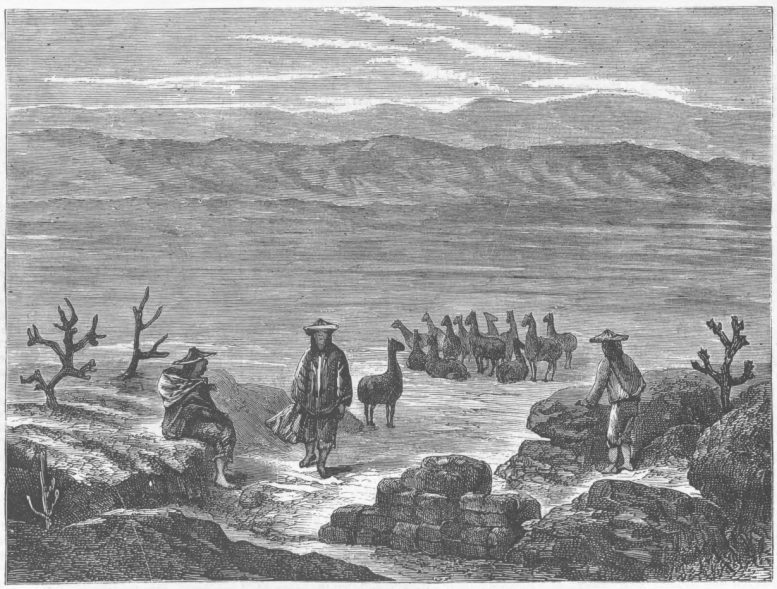
The Alpaca.—A Visit to the wild Region where it is found.—A deserted Village in the Andes.—Curious Custom of the Inhabitants.—Story of the old Curate and his Sisters.—Life and Labor in the Andes.

THE French naturalist, M. Marcoy, whose journal of a tour across the continent of South America has been referred to in a previous Number, gives an account, in the course of his narrative, of a visit which he paid to an aged and infirm Catholic priest, whose name was associated with some improvement in the breed of the alpaca, the animal of Peru which furnishes the wool from which the stuffs manufactured in France and England, so much valued by the ladies for certain purposes as materials for dress, are made. The alpaca is an animal of the camel kind, belonging as it does to the natural order *Camelidæ*. Its native country is Peru. There are many species of the animal, more or less allied to each other, and varying in the qualities of the wool which they yield—such as in the length, and in the fineness and softness of the fibre. The natural home of these peaceful ruminants is among the elevated plains and steep declivities of the Andes, where they find a scant vegetation of coarse herbs, to which their digestive organs are well adapted, and on which they thrive.

Among all the different species and varieties of the camelidæ there is a general resemblance, in whatever part of the world they are found. According to the views of the great naturalist Darwin these have all descended from one common stock, the different branches from this stock having become modified, in the course of ages, in accommodating themselves to the different regions and localities into which they have roamed. The other view is that each separate species has been produced by a separate and independent act of creation, the resemblance between them being due to their having been fashioned after a certain common type in the Divine mind.

However this may be, the camelidæ are all of a kind and gentle disposition, and are easily made to assume friendly and familiar relations with man. Their power of living upon coarse and scanty herbage makes them invaluable, and renders many regions inhabitable by him which would be otherwise wholly abandoned to barrenness and desolation.

The existence of the alpaca, combined with that of the various mineral deposits, especially those of silver and gold, has drawn the Spanish and Indian peasants far up among the valleys and gorges of the Andes, into regions most inhospitable and wild. Among these mountains the alpaca is domesticated. Sometimes a poor family own only one, and they make a pet of him. Others have flocks, larger or smaller, which they fold in a little yard inclosed by a rude stone wall, and closely adjoining their hut, which is scarcely less rude in its construction. Now and then one of these dwellings, somewhat larger and more



HERD OF ALPACAS, WITH THEIR HERDSMEN.

imposing than the rest, serves as a post station for the entertainment and repose of the traveler who has occasion to traverse these dismal wilds.

POST STATION IN THE ANDES.

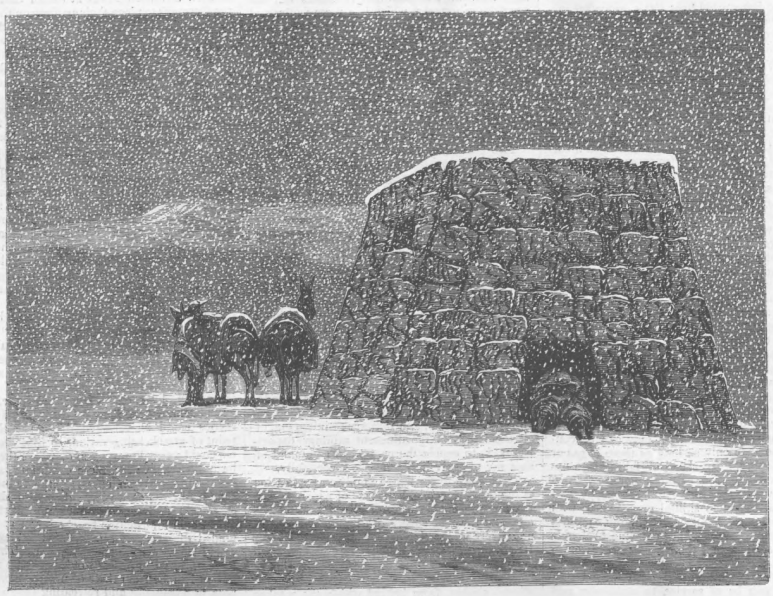
The French adventurer to whose narrative we are indebted for the facts about to be related had seen in a museum at Lima, several years before, a somewhat rudely painted portrait of a parish priest, with an inscription upon the corner of it giving the name of the priest and that of his residence, which was at a rude hamlet among the mountains; and also speaking of him as distinguished for having originated an improved breed of the alpaca, by which the whole region in which he lived had been greatly benefited. M. Marcoy had not forgotten this circumstance; and now, although several years had elapsed since he saw the painting, it occurred to him that as he was about traversing the mountain region in which this curate lived, he would so far deviate from his most direct course as to call and see him. It was not that he was peculiarly interested in improvements in the breed of the alpaca, but he thought that the visit would afford him a view of human life in these remote regions in a somewhat new aspect. To see the curate, whom he knew from the dates must now be a very old man; to observe how he lived; to converse with him, and learn something about the ideas and aspirations, the hopes and fears, the trials, the enjoyments, and the sufferings attendant upon life in these frightful solitudes—was the great motive of his visit; the alpaca question being incidental and subordinate.

The muleteer who accompanied him, and who was his sole attendant, was much surprised to find that his master was willing to deviate so much from his direct road on such an errand. As they went on from day to day they met with various adventures, and encountered some very serious hardships. When they began to reach the higher regions, where the peaks around them were covered with snow, they found that although below, along the coast, the wild flowers were colored, many of them being of a yellow hue, as they reached the higher elevations they almost all became white—a characteristic of the flora of the two regions which is expressed by a saying of the natives: "Silver among the mountains, and gold along the shore."

Our travelers were sometimes overtaken by snow-storms, or, rather, snow-squalls, attended with terrific thunder and hail. In one of these they were so blinded and pelted by the snow and hail that they could not pursue their journey, and would have suffered very severely if they had not chanced to come upon a rude structure which, the muleteer said, was built by the Indians in ancient times for a tomb, or sepulchre, but which was now empty and abandoned. There was a low opening in guise of door, through which M. Marcoy crawled to seek refuge from the storm, and into which the muleteer followed him, after having taken care of the mules. They were imprisoned here for some time, until at length the thunder-cloud passed over, and the sky became again serene.

The travelers went on in this way, meeting with various adventures, until at length they came in sight, toward evening, of the village where the curate resided. The village was separated into two hamlets by a rapid stream, which was crossed by a rude stone bridge of three arches.

The village in both parts consisted of huts covered with a coarse thatch, but it appeared utterly abandoned and desolate. Not a person was to be seen. The muleteer accounted for this state of things by saying that he supposed the whole population had gone into the mountains on an expedition after gold and silver ore. "But the women and the children?" said M. Marcoy. "They have gone too," replied the muleteer. He then went on to say that the men of the villages in these regions were accustomed to go off on



THE REFUGE.

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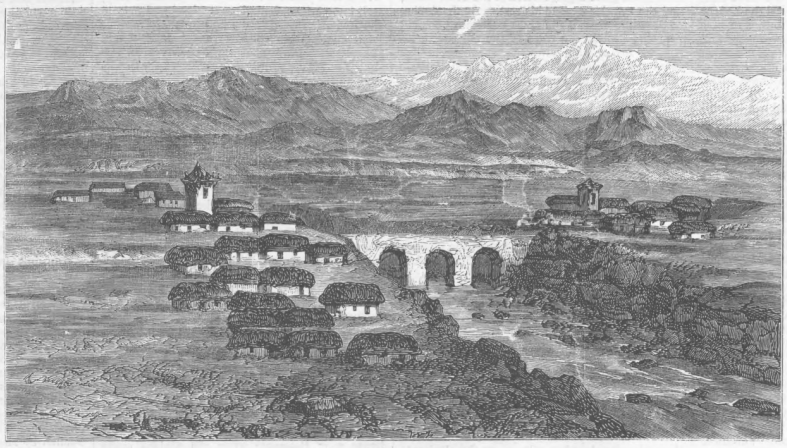
excursions among the mountains around them to gather gold and silver, and would like very much to go by themselves, but their wives would insist upon accompanying them, under pretext of cooking their food and mending their moccasins, but really to be a plague and torment to them! Then, if the women were to go, it was plain, he added, that the children could not be left to take care of themselves at home, and accordingly they must go too; and as the dogs would be very lonesome without the children, *they* could not be left behind. Thus it happened that the whole population of the village—men, women, children, and dogs—went off together, and the huts were left in utter solitude!

They heard at length the hoarse barking of one dog, which the muleteer said belonged to the curate; and, turning a corner, they came to the curate's house, which stood close against the church. There was one door and one window. Upon the sill of the window was a flower-pot, of earthen material, but of quite an artistic form, and in it was growing a beautiful flower. M. Marcoy recognized the flower at once as a native of that region, though, as he says, it is known and cultivated in Europe as the Peruvian lily. Its color as well as its form was beautiful, and M. Marcoy was pleased to see it, thinking that its presence there denoted some degree of refinement and taste in the family that he had come to visit.



VILLAGE IN THE ANDES.

THE FLOWER IN THE WINDOW.

The dog redoubled his barking as the two strangers approached the door, and a moment afterward an aged woman appeared. The muleteer addressed her with the customary salutation in Spanish,

"God bless you, my good mother!"

She returned the salutation in the native dialect of the region; and being told that the traveler had come to see the curate Cabrera, she invited him in. She proved to be the curate's sister—her name Veronique, or, in the English form of the word, Veronica—she herself and another sister constituting the whole of the aged priest's family.

Sister Veronique conducted M. Marcoy into the house, while the muleteer remained without to unsaddle the mules. She stopped with him in the first room into which they entered; and then, apparently with some hesitation, asked him whether his wish to see her brother was urgent, so as to make it necessary for her to wake him, as he was then asleep. M. Marcoy said by no means, and while they were talking together in a suppressed tone they heard the voice of the curate himself through the partition, asking Veronique who she was talking to.

"A white man," replied Veronique, "who wishes to see you; and, in the mean time, wants me to give him something to eat."

"Because," added the traveler, speaking still through the partition, "he is ready to faint with hunger and fatigue."

The old man immediately gave directions through the partition to prepare a good supper for the stranger, and asked the latter if, in the mean time, he would have the goodness to pass through into the inner room, where they could talk together more at their ease.

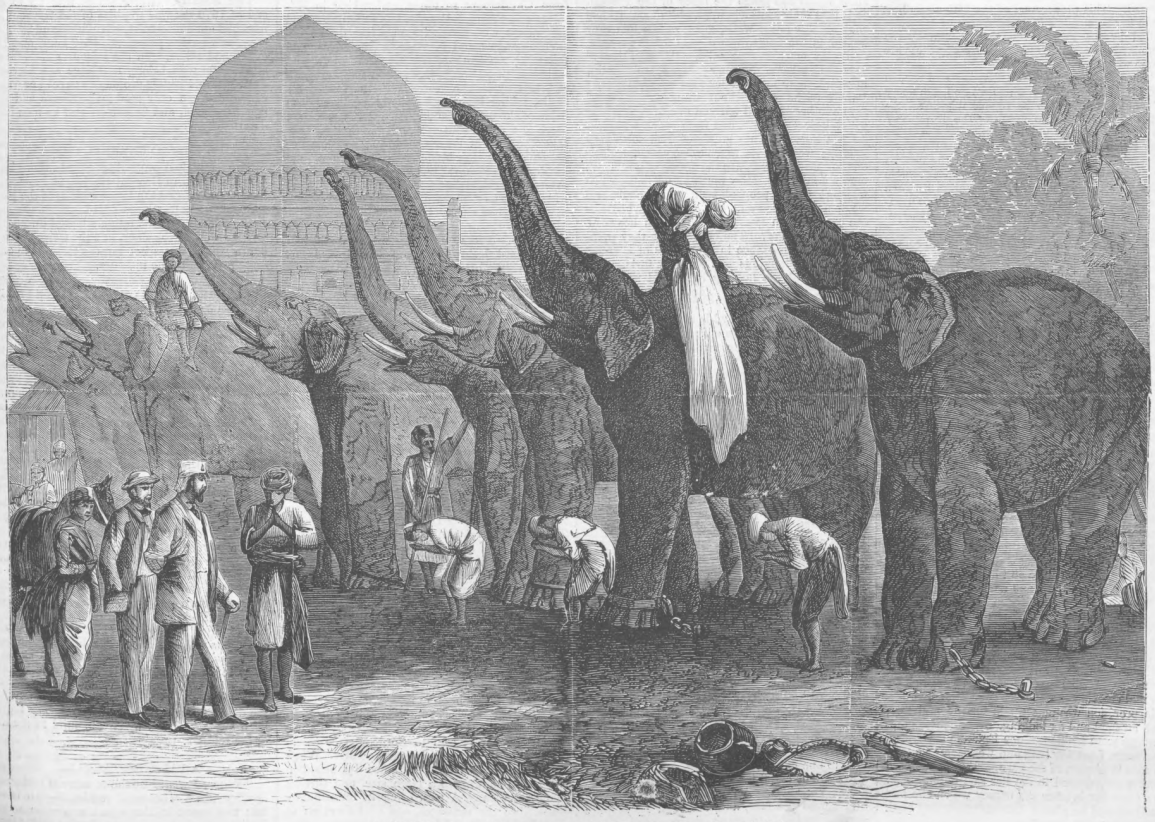
Accepting this invitation, M. Marcoy opened the door and passed into the other apartment. The apartment was of good size, but very low, and it was lighted by what he calls a Venezuela stone—which must have been mica, or something of the kind—that was set in a frame let into the roof, in the form of a sky-light. Against the middle of one of the sides of the room was built up a square block of masonry, after the custom of the country, to answer all the purposes of furniture, being made to serve for a bed by night, and for chairs, sofa, and table by day. Some fleeces were spread upon the upper surface of this hard couch, and they were covered with woolen cloaks and old rugs to represent quilts and coverlets.

THE OLD CURATE AND HIS VISITOR.

The old curate was standing in the middle of the room when M. Marcoy entered. He held a rosary in his hand, with the aid of which he had been saying his prayers, according to his custom when awaking from sleep. He reached out his hand gropingly, saying, "Help me a little to find you, Sir; I am blind. For four years I have not been able to see at all."

M. Marcoy advanced, and,

SISTER VERONICA.



A SQUAD OF ELEPHANTS SALUTING.—[SEE PAGE 206.]

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taking his hand, was received by the blind man with great cordiality, and led toward the bed, or sofa, whichever name it is most proper to give in the daytime to such a wool-covered mass of rock. The curate clambered to his place against the wall, while the traveler seated himself near. He explained to the old man the object of his visit. He had seen his name, he said, and his portrait in the museum at Lima, and had learned in that way of the great service he had rendered to the people by the improvement which he had effected in the alpaca wool; and as he had occasion to pass through that part of the country, he had taken the liberty, he added, to come and pay him a visit.

The curate seemed much pleased with this act of attention, and fell into a friendly and confidential conversation with his visitor in the half-Indian dialect of the country. When the supper was ready, which consisted chiefly of a broiled guinea-pig and a kind of omelet called a tortilla, they both went out into the other room, and sat down together to eat it. Sister Veronica remained standing, to serve as waitress during the repast.

The curate had another sister, whose name was Epifania, in his family, but she was absent at this time, having gone to the nearest town to sell the yarn which the two sisters had spun from their alpaca wool during the preceding week.

After supper M. Marcoy and the curate returned to the other room, and resumed their places upon the stone bed. Sister Veronica, after she had "put away the things," came in to join them, and taking her seat upon a little bench near the door, went to work with her distaff and spindle, and listened to the conversation.

The old man gave his visitor a long and full account of his life, and of the course of his ministry; of the different places among the mountains where he had resided; of the trials and difficulties which he had had to encounter in his endeavors to bring the influence of the Gospel to bear upon the character and lives of the ignorant and half-savage people that had been committed to his charge; and of the economical contrivances and modest industries by which he and his sisters had endeavored to eke out their scanty means.

In the course of this conversation M. Marcoy alluded to the circumstance of the picture which had attracted his attention in the museum at Lima, and of the improvement which the curate had made in the breed of the alpaca, which was referred to in connection with it. The curate said he would relate the facts as they actually occurred.

He said that one day when he was making an excursion among the mountains he came upon a young alpaca, lying in a recess among the rocks, which, as he thought, had just been born. The mother was browsing the herbs near by, but ran off, affrighted, at the sight of a man. The curate took up the lamb into his frock, and carried him home, and gave him to his sisters, who at once adopted him, bringing him up by hand, and making him the companion of another alpaca-like animal which they had previously domesticated. This predecessor of the little foundling lamb in the curate's household was of a species called by the French the *vigogne*, and by the Spaniards *vicuña*. The English form of the name would be *vigonia*.

The young vigonia was a female; and she, in process of time, gave birth to a lamb, the fleece of which promised to be remarkably fine. As this lamb advanced to maturity the promise of its youth in respect to the qualities of the fleece was fully confirmed. The family sent a specimen of the wool to some dealers in the nearest large town, and their report was so favorable that the sisters concluded that a cross between the two species would probably result in an intermediate breed which might be greatly superior to either.

So they went to work at once to procure a number of animals of both species, so as to form a flock. It was the project of the sisters, rather than of the curate himself; but he aided them in procuring the animals. The task of obtaining a sufficient number cost them many journeys among the mountains, and much expense; and was attended, as all such undertakings are, with many disappointments and trials. They, however, succeeded in the end; so that after about seven years they had a flock of sixty animals of the improved breed, and from this beginning the improvement spread through all the region.

The curate and his family derived very small profit themselves from the improvement that they made—or, rather, which they found the means of making; for, of course, there could be no way of confining to themselves the benefit of it. It was of great advantage to the country, and some efforts were made to reward the discoverers by some action of the government. But all the measures that were proposed for the accomplishment of this end were swallowed up and lost in the political contests and commotions then raging, and the poor curate and his family were left to grow old in poverty and neglect.

While the curate had been holding this conversation with his guest, his sister Veronica, seated on her bench, had continued industriously engaged with her spinning.

When bedtime came, at length, the good sister made up a couch in the corner of the room, by means of wool-covered skins, the saddle of his mule serving the traveler for a pillow. Suitable provision was also made for the muleteer, both for food and for lodging. While these preparations were making, sister Epifania arrived on her return from her long and wearisome journey on foot to dispose of the yarn. Her brother and sister were rejoiced to see her safe home again. She gave her brother the money which she had received, and he placed it in his customary bank of deposit under his pillow.

The sisters then, bidding their brother and their guest good-night, retired to the other room, and the traveler went to his rest. As the feeling of drowsiness gradually came over him he could hear indistinctly the voice of the old curate repeating his evening prayers—speaking in low tones of voice, with which suppressed sighs were intermingled—and soon afterward he fell into a profound sleep.

The next morning, after partaking of the simple breakfast which the sisters provided for him, the mules were saddled and brought to the door; and the traveler, receiving the most cordial expression of thanks and good-will from the sisters, and fervent benedictions from the curate, resumed his solitary journey.

We do not give this narrative to our readers on account of any interest which we suppose them to feel in the methods of perfecting the wool of the alpaca, but solely for the sake of the glimpse it affords us of one of the phases of life in the valleys of the Andes.

ELEPHANTS SALUTING.

OUR illustration on page 205 affords a striking instance of the high degree of training to which the elephant may be brought. The scene was sketched at Dinapore, India, where a large squad of elephants was picketed. On this occasion the commandant of the station was inspecting them, and as he passed down the line the word "Sulaam kurro" was loudly shouted by the mahouts, who themselves made a low salaam, as the elephants immediately poised their trunks perpendicularly in the air. Each elephant is tied by the foreleg to a picket driven into the ground, and is thereby kept in his place; the chain or rope used for this purpose seemed inadequately slight and weak, and, indeed, it would require but a small effort on the part of the animal to free himself; but his sense of duty forbids this, and so accustomed are these docile creatures to second the will of their keepers that a very small cord would, in most cases, be sufficient to keep them in their places.

WAR NOTES AND INCIDENTS.

INGENUITY OF PRUSSIAN SOLDIERS.

THE French hate the Germans with a terrible hatred; they are exasperated beyond measure at the manner in which the Germans have conducted the war in France; but being themselves an ingenious people, they are mightily struck with the ingenuities of the enemy. Thus there was a Prussian battery at Breteuil which for a time received the fire of Mont Valérien without any apparent effect, much to the astonishment of the gunners in the fort. They were extremely puzzled, and sought the point of attack with double care. Then they discovered the cause of their failure. It seems that the Prussians flashed powder at some distance from the embrasures of their battery, and thus contrived to misdirect for some time the heavy fire of Mont Valérien. Then there is another contrivance of the Prussians which has taken the fancy of the French. It is that their sentinels wear white cloaks when they stand against walls, green ones when they appear in the fields, brown ones for the woods, and gray ones for the mist. "Tiens, tiens!" says the Parisian, with an appearance of disdain, in which there is an under-tone of admiration; "their tricks are without number." "But," says another, "I will tell you one of their tricks which deserves praise, and from which we might learn a lesson. They go about their work very quietly; we make too much noise with our clarions and drums—we warn the enemy of our movements a mile off. How much better is their low whistle! Their people hear it well enough, and we do not hear it at all. But talking of whistles," the conversation goes on, "have you heard of that other dodge? The other night they managed a reconnoissance in the woods of Clamart by means of hootings like so many owls. Our fellows heard the hooting, and could not make out what it was at first. They have got a little instrument to hoot with." Then says another: "Quite as good as the owl is the dog trick. The outposts at Creteil have a dog who watches for them, and barks when any one approaches." Then yet another: "Oh, they are ingenious enough; and that dog reminds me that they like to take things easy. We made a reconnoissance to the Maison Blanche the other day. We found one of the houses with a large room loopholed. But if you imagine that the Prussians stand before these loopholes, you are mistaken. They sit on chairs. In another house there were no chairs—they had to sit on planks; but, to make the benches easier for the rotund sentinels, they had got the pillows from the bed in the next room, and therewithal made cushions to repose upon." There is another story of a loophole. It was a good big one—in fact, a window. The French saw a man's head there, evidently the man on guard. It was daring too much, and they peppered him with their Chassepots. But every time a shot took effect, and they began a crow for triumph, back comes another sentinel, showing himself at the window as brave as ever. They killed him off; he was replaced by a third. Him also they killed; and a fourth, and a fifth, and a sixth. They admired the pluck of these fellows coming to the window like that, one after another, to be shot. At last they found that it was only a lay-figure.

AN AFFECTING SCENE.

"I WENT," says a correspondent, "to pay a visit to one of the German sufferers, who lies in a precarious condition in the hospital at the palace of Versailles. A fragment of a shell struck him across the face, and, although he is quite sensible and able to speak, the poor fellow presents the most ghastly appearance of a human wreck it is possible to imagine. A kind lady, well known here, had given a friend and myself the invitation to visit the hospital; and as our good conductress cheered that bandaged and shapeless mass of suffering humanity until she drew from it a painful smile, I mused for the fiftieth time upon the utter senselessness and brutality of this war. I spoke to the patient, and had to bend dow low to catch his feeble and oft-repeated attempts at articulation, which at length I understood to be an inquiry after his brother. 'I have been here some days,' he said, 'and my brother has not come to see me. Will you send him to me? I want to see him,' he continued, with great difficulty. 'He wishes to see his brother; do you know where he is to be found?' I asked; and before I could understand the meaning glances of the lady, the patient broke in rapidly, with a burst of energy: 'Fifth Jägers, Ville d'Avray!' and his glazed eyes rolled quickly and suspiciously from one to the other. 'You will see him soon; but you must be quiet now,' was the reply, as we bade him good-by, and stepped on tip-toe to another bedside. 'His brother was killed by his side by the same shell which wounded him; but he must not know it, poor fellow!' was the whispered information given, while I noticed that his looks still followed us."

HOOD-WINKING THE UHLANS.

AN amusing incident occurred in a small farmhouse near Bapaume when the Uhlans made their first appearance in the neighborhood. A fine fat pig formed part of the farmer's stock, and its safety created considerable anxiety to both the farmer and his wife. On the suggestion of the latter the pig was instantly slaughtered and dressed. This operation was scarcely concluded when the Uhlans' near approach was announced. Without loss of time madame placed a table in the centre of their room, or house-place, on which she directed her husband to place the carcass of the pig, over which she immediately threw a clean sheet. Candles were instantly lighted and placed around the table, and a *chapelle ardente* was improvised. "If the Uhlans come, you will say I am dead;" and, so whispering, she withdrew. The tread of horses came up to the door; the farmer and the other members of his family immediately knelt around the dead body. The Uhlans, opening the door, entered the house. The leader halted, and exclaimed, "Morto?" "Oui, oui," said the mourning husband; "it is my wife who is dead." The Uhlans withdrew, the wife came from her hiding-place, and the pig was not eaten by the Prussians.

THE NEW GERMAN FRONTIER.

IN reference to the various lines of frontier which have been sketched out by German politicians as a compensation for their sacrifices in the war, "the most ambitious scheme propounded," says a correspondent, "commences with a proposal to annex the strip of France which lies between the Meuse and Belgium on the north, making the German frontier begin at a line drawn from Charlemont to Givet, and taking in Mézières and Sedan. But the less sanguine would be content with a frontier on a line drawn between Longwy and Montmédy (included), and following the bank of the Meuse to Metz, and including that strong place; then running south and east by Pont-à-Mousson to the line of the Seille, taking in Marsal and the coal and iron fields of the district, and Phalsbourg, etc. Here there is a divergence of opinion. Some would take the line of the Saar, and strike down to St. Dié, Marle-aux-Mênes, and so by Thann and Mulhouse to Belfort (included). Others would demand the Meurthe up to Luneville and Nancy, which might or might not be left to France, as matters turned out, and then come south on the Moselle at Remiremont, and from it draw a line to Belfort. From Belfort there is no doubt that Montbéliard, inside a line drawn southward, and thence a strip between the Doubs and the Swiss frontier, would be sought, so as to include the railway from Paris to Neufchâtel at Pontarlier. This would give Germany a safe frontier against her aggressive neighbor, and place a broad, thick veil between the longing eyes of France and her Rhine boundary."

HOW THE "TIMES" WAS SENT INTO PARIS.

THE London *Times* of January 31 says: "Attempts to establish a ready communication between the beleaguered inhabitants in Paris and their relatives and friends beyond the German lines have given rise to many contrivances which are not unlikely to make a new era in the history of aeronautics and photography. Among them may be mentioned the ingenious device by which the matter of two whole pages of the *Times* has been transmitted from London to Paris. This has been accomplished by photography. Those pages of the paper which contained communications to relatives in Paris were photographed with great care by the London Stereoscopic and Photographic Company, on pieces of thin and almost transparent paper, about an inch and a half in length by an inch in width. On these impressions there could be seen by the naked eye only two legible words, '*The Times*,' and six narrow brown bands, representing the six columns of printed matter forming a page of the newspaper. Under the microscope, however, the brown spaces became legible, and every line of the newspaper was found to have been distinctly copied, and with the greatest clearness. The photographs were sent to Bordeaux for transmission thence by carrier pigeon to Paris. When received there they were magnified, by the aid of the magic-lantern, to a large size, and thrown upon a screen. A staff of clerks immediately transcribed the messages, and sent them off to the places indicated by the advertisers. The success of this experiment gives rise to the hope that the new art of compressing printed matter into a small compass will not stop here. If a page of the *Times* can be compressed into a space little larger than that occupied by a postage stamp, the matter of an octavo volume might be made to cover not more than two of its own pages, and a library could be reduced to the dimensions of the smallest prayer-book."

GARIBALDI AND HIS CORPS.

A LETTER from Dijon, in the *Cross Gazette* of Berlin, dated January 15, says: "I find myself here in the midst of Garibaldi's Army of the Vosges. The streets of the old capital of the Dukes of Burgundy are filled with red-shirts and francs-tireurs. Mobiles are also strongly represented. The railway station is crammed with troops, and accessions are daily arriving. The Vosges army, since the German attack on Autun, has grown to a very respectable strength. All the divisions are in uniform, and mostly furnished with breech-loaders. The Genoese Jägers are armed with Chassepots, and with the Spaniards form Garibaldi's body-guard. Many of the francs-tireurs are equipped with Remington rifles, which, according to competent persons, have proved the best weapon in this war. Garibaldi's quarters are at the Prefecture, as also the offices of the staff, at the head of which is Colonel Bordone, a very intelligent man, but little acquainted with war. He was formerly a physician. Though of Italian descent, he is French by birth, and more attached to his new country than to Italy. He is disliked by the greater part of the Italians in the army, and is violently attacked in the Italian papers. Two well-known officers, Colonels Lobbia and Canzio, are on the staff. The former recently received the command of a brigade. Both have expressed to me their conviction that a skillfully conducted guerrilla war might bring the Germans into great difficulties if systematically and persistently carried on at all points. Both Ricciotti and Menotti Garibaldi are with their corps at advanced posts. I visited General Bosak, who commands the First Brigade, and became well known in the last Polish rising, and was received with the greatest civility. I found in his tent several Poles, including a Major Bohdan, who formerly served in the Russian army. General Bosak is much beloved in the army, and is a brave and skillful officer, trained in the Caucasus. The artillery was hitherto the weak point of the Vosges army. Three weeks ago Garibaldi had little more than a few batteries of small mountain-guns drawn by mules. Recently matters have quite altered. He has received not only a sufficient number of field-guns, but mitrailleuses, with which he will very probably make a stand against the Prussian artillery. I have seen Garibaldi twice; his snow-white beard and pale face give him the appearance of a warrior nearing the grave. His wounds do not permit him to walk or ride; he is carried in a litter, whence he gives orders during the battle."

GERMAN WAR TROPHIES.

THE *Staats Anzeiger* states that up to the end of 1870 the war trophies of the German armies had amounted to 11,160 officers and 333,885 men (unwounded prisoners), 4640 guns, and 115 eagles and colors. Of the prisoners 232 officers and 25,490 men belong to Alsace and German Lorraine, and 78,995 are unable to read or write, while 6250 can only read; 48 officers and 586 men have died, and 38 officers and 48 men have deserted.

HONORS TO GENERAL UHRICH.

THE municipal authorities of Strasburg have just forwarded to General Uhrich, at Montreux, a diploma constituting him a citizen of the place which he so gallantly defended. This was only the fulfillment of a resolution adopted during the last few days of the siege, and the German rulers had a sufficient respect for the General to offer no opposition to the measure.

SUMMARY JUSTICE ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

ONE incident of the battle before Paris was (says a correspondent) very peculiar. A man was shot on the field for a crime. He was a private in the 119th regiment of the line. He had, for some reason or other, perhaps not expecting to be discovered, shot his captain in the battle. Summary justice was executed upon him. Half a dozen men were told aside to shoot him. He fell, but not dead, it seems. By-and-by came the "brancardiers," as they are called—that is, the stretcher-bearers—and see a wounded but living man on the field. They propose to carry him away. The soldiers of the regiment see what they are doing, and warn them off. They find that the man they had shot is still alive. They lift him up to see if he can stand, intending to shoot him again; but he falls flat on the ground with a heavy thud. A soldier levels his gun at him as he lies on the ground, apparently quite conscious. The ball hits, but does not take effect. The man still lives. Then another soldier comes forward and tries. There is something wrong with his gun, and it does not go off. A third soldier then tries, and he at last succeeds. He sends a ball through the head of the poor wretch who had killed his captain. A battle is horrible enough in itself, but an execution like this in the midst of it is worse than all. Perhaps a few more executions would be of use to the discipline of the French army. The republican authorities are much too mild to the sins of the soldiers.

A PARIS RESTAURANT.

"WHEN I went into the restaurant to dine today," writes a "besieged resident"—"it is the best restaurant in Paris just now—the waiter brought me the usual cover; but he said, 'Have you brought your bread with you? We have no

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bread. Since bread is so strictly rationed all our friends will have to bring their own bread.' I said, 'No, I have no bread—I did not know that I was to bring my portion with me. Try and get me some for to-day. I shall know better to-morrow.' He brought me a small piece of unwholesome-looking bread, which I could not eat. I happened to be ill, and took a capricious but mortal hatred to this piece of bread. In token of my eternal enmity I put it on the opposite side of the little square table at which I was dining, and regarded it at a distance. Presently came others to dine at the tables near me. On my left side came to sit a captain in the uniform of the Éclaireurs de Seine and a colonel of Mobiles; on my right a young lady dressed in black, and demure as a Quakeress, but evidently of a class for which Paris is famous. In a little while my companions to right and left had eaten up their bread, and began to look wistfully at mine. Says the colonel of Mobiles to me—a stranger whom I had never before met—'Monsieur, are you going to eat your bread, or are you going to take it away? If not, may I have some of it?' 'You may have it all, colonel; I have had enough.' He took half of it, and shared that half with his friend the captain; whereupon struck in Mlle. Cocotte, saying, 'And may I have the other half? Permit me.' This is a trifling incident—the sharing of a bit of bread, which a sick man was unable to eat, between a couple of soldiers and a lady of Lorette; but it is characteristic of the day; and I could not help feeling that those who chewed their slender portion of half-baked bread to-day—a portion so small and so bitter that it may be taken as the symbol of many privations, and must awaken many fears—would, if they were capable of serious thought, be led, as they made the most of their hard fare, to think with all the more gloom of General Trochu's failure at Buzenval, and of Chanzy's retreat upon Mayence."

WILLING PRISONERS.

AN amusing incident is told by a correspondent, which illustrates the utterly demoralized condition of the French army. Two dragoons found themselves surrounded and about to be taken prisoners by thirty Mobiles. One of them could speak a little French, and one of the French soldiers was an Alsatian, who could speak a little German; there was thus no difficulty in communicating. The dragoons refused to surrender, on an entirely new and original ground. "If we go with you," said they, "we shall share your discomfort; but if you come with us you will share our comfort, and escape all the dangers and hardships of the war. On the whole, you will gain far more in letting us take you than by making prisoners of us." This reasoning proved irresistible, and the two dragoons rode back to their regiment with their thirty Mobiles following them like sheep. The Grand Duke was so much pleased with the tact which the two dragoons had displayed upon the occasion that he made them each a handsome present, which, alas! one of them was not destined long to enjoy, for he was shot dead in the action a few hours later.

CORAL AND CORAL REEFS.

THE polypes which give rise to the white coral are found, it may be said, in the seas of all parts of the world; but in the temperate and cold oceans they are scattered and comparatively small in size, so that the skeletons of those which die do not accumulate in any considerable quantity. But it is otherwise in the greater part of the ocean which lies in the warmer parts of the world, comprised within a distance of about 1800 miles on each side of the equator. Within the zone thus bounded by far the greater part of the ocean is inhabited by coral polypes, which not only form very strong and large skeletons, but associate together into great masses, like the thickets and the meadow turf, or, better still, the accumulations of peat, to which plants give rise on the dry land. These masses of stony matter, heaped up beneath the waters of the ocean, become as dangerous to mariners as so much ordinary rock; and to these, as to common rock ridges, the seaman gives the name of "reefs."

Such coral reefs cover many thousand square miles in the Pacific and in the Indian oceans. There is one reef, or rather great series of reefs, called the Barrier Reef, which stretches, almost continuously, for more than eleven hundred miles off the east coast of Australia. Multitudes of the islands in the Pacific are either reefs themselves, or are surrounded by reefs. The Red Sea is in many parts almost a maze of such reefs; and they abound no less in the West Indies, along the coast of Florida, and even as far north as the Bahama Islands. But it is a very remarkable circumstance that, within the area of what we may call the "coral zone," there are no coral reefs upon the west coast of America, nor upon the west coast of Africa; and it is a general fact that the reefs are interrupted, or absent, opposite the mouths of great rivers. The causes of this apparent caprice in the distribution of coral reefs are not far to seek. The polypes which fabricate them require for their vigorous growth a temperature which must not fall below 68° Fahrenheit all the year round, and this temperature is only to be found within the distance on each side of the equator which has been mentioned, or thereabout. But even within the coral zone this degree of warmth is not everywhere to be had. On the west coast of America, and on the corresponding coast of Africa, currents of cold water from the icy regions which surround the south pole set northward, and it appears to be due to their cooling influence that the sea in these regions is free from the reef-builders. Again, the coral polypes can not live in water which is rendered brackish by floods from the land, or which is perturbed by mud from the same source, and hence it is that they cease to exist opposite the mouths of rivers, which damage them in both these ways.

Such is the general distribution of the reef-building corals; but there are some very interesting and singular circumstances to be observed in the conformation of the reefs, when we consider them individually. The reefs, in fact, are of three different kinds: some of them stretch out from the shore, almost like a prolongation of the beach, covered only by shallow water, and in the case of an island, surrounding it like a fringe of no considerable breadth. These are termed "fringing reefs." Others are separated by a channel, which may attain a width of many miles, and a depth of twenty or thirty fathoms or more, from the nearest land; and when this land is an island, the reef surrounds it like a low wall, and the sea between the reef and the land is, as it were, a moat inside this wall. Such reefs as these are called "encircling" when they surround an island, and "barrier" reefs when they stretch parallel with the coast of a continent. In both these cases there is ordinary dry land inside the reef, and separated from it only by a narrower or a wider, a shallower or a deeper, space of sea, which is called a "lagoon," or "inner passage." But there is a third kind of reef, of very common occurrence in the Pacific and Indian oceans, which goes by the name of an "atoll." This is, to all intents and purposes, an encircling reef, without any thing to encircle; or, in other words, without an island in the middle of its lagoon. The atoll has exactly the appearance of a vast, irregularly oval, or circular, breakwater, inclosing smooth water in its midst. The depth of the water in the lagoon rarely exceeds twenty or thirty fathoms, but outside the reef it deepens with great rapidity to two hundred or three hundred fathoms. The depth immediately outside the barrier, or encircling reefs, may also be very considerable; but at the outer edge of a fringing reef it does not amount usually to more than twenty or twenty-five fathoms; in other words, from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and fifty feet.

Thus, if the water of the ocean could be suddenly drained away, we should see the atolls rising from the sea-bed like vast truncated cones, and resembling so many volcanic craters, except that their sides would be steeper than those of an ordinary volcano. In the case of the encircling reefs, the cone, with the inclosed island, would look like Vesuvius with Monte Nuovo within the old crater of Somma; while, finally, the island with a fringing reef would have the appearance of an ordinary hill, or mountain, girded by a vast parapet, within which would lie a shallow moat; and the dry bed of the Pacific might afford grounds for an inhabitant of the moon to speculate upon the extraordinary subterranean activity to which these vast and numerous "craters" bore witness!

When the structure of a fringing reef is investigated, the bottom of the lagoon is found to be covered with fine whitish mud, which results from the breaking up of the dead corals. Upon this muddy floor there lie, here and there, growing corals, or occasionally great blocks of dead coral, which have been torn by storms from the outer edge of the reef, and washed into the lagoon. Shell-fish and worms of various kinds abound; and fish, some of which prey upon the coral, sport in the deeper pools. But the corals which are to be seen growing in the shallow waters of the lagoon are of a different kind from those which abound on the outer edge of the reef, and of which the reef is built up. Close to the seaward edge of the reef, over which, even in calm weather, a surf almost always breaks, the coral rock is incrusted with a thick coat of a singular vegetable organism, which contains a great deal of lime—the so-called *Nullipara*. Beyond this, in the part of the edge of the reef which is always covered by the breaking waves, the living, true reef-polypes make their appearance, and in different forms coat the steep seaward face of the reef to a depth of one hundred or even one hundred and fifty feet. Beyond this depth the sounding-lead rests, not upon the wall-like face of the reef, but on the ordinary shelving sea bottom; and the distance to which a fringing reef extends from the land corresponds with that at which the sea has a depth of twenty or five-and-twenty fathoms.

If, as we have supposed, the sea could be suddenly withdrawn from around an island provided with a fringing reef, such as the Mauritius, the reef would present the aspect of a terrace, its seaward face, a hundred feet or more high, blooming with the animal flowers of the coral, while its surface would be hollowed out into a shallow and irregular moat-like excavation.

The coral mud which occupies the bottom of the lagoon, and with which all the interstices of the coral skeletons which accumulate to form the reef are filled up, does not proceed from the washing action of the waves alone; innumerable fishes, and other creatures which prey upon the coral, add a very important contribution of finely triturated calcareous matter; and the corals and mud becoming incorporated together, gradually harden and give rise to a sort of limestone rock, which may vary a good deal in texture. Sometimes it remains friable and chalky, but, more often, the infiltration of water, charged with carbonic acid, dissolves some of the calcareous matter, and deposits it elsewhere in the interstices of the nascent rock, thus gluing and cementing the particles together into a hard mass; or it may even dissolve the carbonate of lime more extensively, and redeposit it in a crystalline form. On the beach of the lagoon, where the coral sand is washed into layers by the action of the waves, its grains become thus fused together into strata of a limestone so hard that they ring when struck with a hammer, and inclined at a gentle angle, corresponding with that of the surface of the beach. The hard parts of the many animals which live upon the reef become embedded in this coral limestone, so that a block may be full of shells of bivalves and univalves, of sea-urchins, and even sometimes incloses the eggs of turtles in a state of petrifaction. The active and vigorous growth of the reef goes on only at the seaward margins, where the polypes are exposed to the wash of the surf, and are thereby provided with an abundant supply of air and of food. The interior portion of the reef may be regarded as almost wholly an accumulation of dead skeletons. Where a river comes down from the land there is a break in the reef, for the reasons which have been already mentioned.

The origin and mode of formation of a fringing reef, such as that just described, are plain enough. The embryos of the coral polypes have fixed themselves upon the submerged shore of the island, as far out as they could live, namely, to a depth of twenty or twenty-five fathoms. One generation has succeeded another, building itself up upon the dead skeletons of its predecessor. The mass has been consolidated by the infiltration of coral mud, and hardened by partial solution and redeposition, until a great rampart of coral rock one hundred or one hundred and fifty feet high on its seaward face has been formed all round the island, with only such gaps as result from the outflow of rivers, in the place of sally-ports.

THE FOOD OF BESIEGED PARIS.

THE sufferings of the Parisians during their siege have, amidst many sterner and sadder lessons, taught us to realize the full force of the proverb that "Nature creates nothing in vain." The French stock-pot has always had a high reputation for economy and for power to transmute into wholesome and palatable food scraps which an American housewife would cast aside as worthless or even offensive. But however miscellaneous its contents in past times may have been, there was doubtless some law of exclusion, and perhaps a line was drawn between the national delicacy, frogs, and their congeners, the objects of universal loathing. Necessity, however, knows no law, and often teaches men that their most time-honored restrictions are only prejudices in disguise. This lesson beleaguered Paris has taught. True to her mission, she has, even in her sufferings, ceased not to contribute to the gastronomy of Europe, and may fairly boast that her *batteries de cuisine* have borne their share in keeping the investing army at bay.

According to some calculations, Paris should have capitulated from starvation in about two months, and that she was able to defer the evil day proves that these calculations were based either upon Prussian hopes or imperfect data. The fact is that the Teuton, whether English or German, is accustomed to so much larger a proportion of animal food than the Frenchman that he fancies starvation must be the result of any diminution in this particular. It is stated on good authority that while in London the average quantity of meat consumed per diem is about half a pound to each person, it falls as low as one-sixth of a pound in Paris. Nor is this deficiency made up by an increased consumption of fish, for it is notorious that no city is better supplied with this article of food than London, and that not for the tables of the wealthy alone, but for all classes of the community.

But, besides this, we must take into account a certain boldness which our French friends display in adapting all the gifts of nature to feeding purposes. Here there still exists a prejudice in many minds even against mushrooms; in France a vast number of funguses, which we indiscriminately call toad-stools, are highly relished. Our salad herbs are the products of the kitchen-garden; our neighbors cull them from the fields and hedges; and, lastly, hippophagy, which has made no progress among us, is an institution of respectable antiquity in Paris. It is true that the demand for horse-flesh has been artificially quickened by the failure of other meat supplies; but long before the siege it was a recognized article of food in the French capital, and *la viande de cheval* was consciously eaten and openly praised. Some of us have no doubt partaken of, and perhaps relished, the same flesh; for it is said to enter largely into the composition of potted meats, and, on account of its hard fibrin, is in request with the makers of German sausages and Bolognas. We are, however, under the impression that it has not hitherto been recognized as a competitor with beef, with which we are inclined to remain content, in spite of the dictum of Dr. Amédée Latour, that it is "moins accentué de goût, moins parfumé, moins résistant de sapidité" than horse-flesh.

From hippophagy to onophagy is a slight step, and one which we should have described as a descent had not recent authorities assured us, on their own experience, that for table purposes the flesh of the ass is superior to that of the horse. The cuticle must be tough, or rendered tender by a process more familiar to school-boys than to cooks; but there is good reason to believe that the flesh beneath is delicate, and in flavor not unlike venison. It is, moreover, a classical dish. Both the Greeks and the Romans held it in estimation, and it was introduced into the cuisine of the latter by no less a personage than Mæcenas, the friend of Virgil and Horace, and the leader of fashion.

With regard to rats, eaten during the investment of Paris, we confess to entertaining a perhaps unreasonable distaste. It probably requires the stern persuasion of a siege to convince the ordinary human stomach that these unpleasant rodents are palatable food. And yet in other quarters of the globe people are not so particular. In Brazil the negroes eat them with avidity, and there is not a more popular dish among the native population of the West Indies than a fricassee of rats which have been caught in the sugar plantations. We can understand that where the rat, who is generally a very promiscuous feeder, has been restricted to a vegetable diet, his flesh might be wholesome; but we fear that our objections would be insurmountable in the case of an animal which had been captured in the sewers of a great city, and nourished upon the garbage and offal which accumulate there. To divest them of their repulsiveness, we should need the skill of a Chinese *chef*, whose recipe for rat-brains, with garlic and camphor sauce, is said to excel any thing that Apicius ever devised or tasted. It is only fair to add that Mr. Wallace, the eminent naturalist, has expressed his opinion that the common idea of the food of an animal determining the quality of its meat is quite erroneous, and he cites the pertinent fact that carnivorous fish are not less delicate eating than herbivorous ones. Can the same be said of carnivorous birds?

The other domestic sources of meat supply during the investment of Paris have been cats and dogs. The former are no new substitutes for rabbits, and have been accepted as such for many a long year in the *barrière gargotes* of that city. Nevertheless, there is a remarkable absence of all precedent for employing cats as food, which can only be explained in one of two ways. Either there is in the nature of things that which forbids the conversion of the "harmless necessary cat" to such base uses, or else the supply of the animal in countries where other flesh is scarce has never been sufficient to suggest such uses. We incline to the latter belief, fortified not merely by the story of Dick Whittington, but by the provisions made in the ancient laws of Wales. A lawgiver, who died in the year 948, enacted that the price of a kitling before it could see should be a penny; till it caught a mouse, two-pence; and after it had graduated as a mouser, four-pence: and he farther enacted that whoever killed the granary cat should forfeit as much wheat as when poured on the cat suspended by its tail would form a heap upon the floor high enough to reach the tail's tip. No wonder that, thus defended, the cat bore a charmed life, and the reputation of a nine-fold vitality.

Dog-eating has been compared by a traveler to a low grade of cannibalism; and there is certainly something revolting in the notion that man, who has been truly called the god of the dog, should prey upon his votary. Yet Hippocrates, we suppose, spoke from experience when he described the flesh as a light and wholesome food, and we are told that it was freely eaten by the poor at Athens and Rome. In China the edible dog is a peculiar variety, resembling our Spitz dog in appearance, and certainly suggesting that appellation by its fate. It is fed principally upon vegetables and meal, and is said by one who has been bold enough to make the experiment to be good eating, and to combine in itself the mingled flavors of pork and lamb. On the whole, we must characterize these latest additions to our cuisine as the offspring of necessity rather than of taste.

TEA.

IT is said that half the human race drink tea of some sort or another; it is certain they are by no means agreed upon the proper method of preparing and drinking it. The Chinaman puts his tea in a cup, pours hot water upon it, and drinks the infusion off the leaves; he never dreams of spoiling its flavor with sugar or cream. The Japanese triturates the leaves before putting them into the pot. In Morocco they put green tea, a little tansy, and a great deal of sugar into a tea-pot, and fill up with boiling water. In Bokhara, every man carries a small bag of tea about him, a certain quantity of which he hands over to the booth-keeper he patronizes, who concocts the beverage for him. The Bokhariot finds it as difficult to pass a tea-booth as our own dram-drinker does to go by a gin-palace. His breakfast beverage is schitschaj—that is, tea flavored with milk, cream, or mutton fat in which bread is soaked. During the daytime sugarless green tea is drunk, with the accompaniment of cakes of flour and mutton suet. It is considered an inexcusable breach of manners to cool the hot cup of tea with the breath; but the difficulty is overcome by supporting the right elbow in the left hand, and giving a circular movement to the cup. How long each kind of tea takes to draw is calculated to the second; and when the can is emptied it is passed around among the company for each tea-drinker to take up as many leaves as can be held between the thumb and finger—the leaves being esteemed an especial dainty.

When Mr. Bell was traveling in Asiatic Russia he had to claim the hospitality of the Buratsky Arabs. The mistress of the tent, placing a large kettle on the fire, wiped it carefully with a horse's tail, filled it with water, and threw in some coarse tea and a little salt. When this was near boiling point she tossed the tea about with a brass ladle until the liquor became very brown, and then it was poured off into another vessel. Cleansing the kettle as before, the woman set it again on the fire, in order to fry a paste of meal and fresh butter. Upon this the tea and some thick cream were then poured, the ladle put into requisition, and, after a time, the whole taken off the fire and set aside to cool. Half-pint wooden mugs were handed round, and the tea ladled into them—a tea forming meat and drink, and satisfying both hunger and thirst. However made, tea is a blessed invention for the weary traveler. Hear M. Vambéry: "The picture of a newly encamped caravan in the summer months and on the steppes of Central Asia is a truly interesting one. While the camels, in the distance, but still in sight, graze greedily, or crush the juicy thistles, the travelers, even the poorest among them, sit with their tea-cups in their hands, and eagerly sip the costly beverage. It is nothing more than a greenish

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warm water, innocent of sugar, and often decidedly turbid; still human art has discovered no food, has invented no nectar, which is so grateful, so refreshing in the desert as this unpretending drink. I have still a vivid recollection of its wonder-working effects. As I sipped the first drops a soft fire filled my veins, a fire which enlivened without intoxicating. The later draughts affected both heart and head; the eye became peculiarly bright, and began to gleam. In such moments I felt an indescribable rapture and sense of comfort. My companion sank in sleep; I could keep myself awake, and dream with open eyes."

Of all methods of making tea, that hit upon by Heine's Italian landlord was, perhaps, the most economical. Heine lodged in a house at Lucca, the first-floor of which was occupied by an English family. The latter complained of the cookery of Italy in general, and their landlord's in particular. Heine declared the landlord brewed the best tea he had ever tasted in the country, and, to convince his doubtful English friends, invited them to take tea with himself and his brother. The invitation was accepted. Tea-time came, but no tea. When the poet's patience was exhausted, his brother went to the kitchen to expedite matters. There he found his landlord, who, in blissful ignorance what company the Heines had invited, cried: "You can get no tea, for the family on the first-floor have not taken tea this evening." The tea that had delighted Heine was made from the used leaves of the English party, who found and made their own tea, and afforded the landlord an opportunity of obtaining at once praise and profit by his Italian method of making a pot of tea.

The Chinese, who have been tea-drinkers for seven hundred years at least, have not preserved the name of the mortal who made the first cup of their national tipple. The Japanese, less remiss or more inventive, tell us that about the year 519, Darma, son of an Indian monarch named Koojurvoo, was obliged, for unexplained reasons, to take refuge in China. There he set about preaching the only true faith, and teaching all who chose to listen to him that the only way to attain happiness was to eat nothing but vegetables, and go without sleep—a doctrine that doubtless astonished if it did not edify the Chinese. After *many years'* wakeful watching, this anti-Morpheusian prophet succumbed to the drowsy god; and when he awoke to a knowledge of his violation of his own precept, great was his self-reproach. Determined not to transgress a second time, Darma cut off his eyelids and threw them on the ground. Next day he found they had taken root. He naturally took an interest in watching this vegetable phenomenon; and, watching, he saw his lids gradually develop themselves into the plant now known as tea. He soon discovered (intuitively, no doubt) the use to be made of it, and, by discoursing thereon to his disciples, spread his knowledge abroad, and gave the world a new solace.

AT HOME WITH THE PYTHONS.

AMONG the many peculiar constructions of nature, there is not one which appears to me more singular than that of the snake. To see a creature without legs able to glide along the ground with great rapidity, to climb trees, and though possessed with jaws of but slight power, yet able to crush by its embrace creatures of considerable strength, is really a wonderful sight. When, too, we find that some of these snakes grow to such a size as to render them formidable and dangerous opponents even to man, they naturally are looked upon by all persons as most interesting creatures. Thus some few remarks as to their habits and peculiarities will, I trust, be interesting—especially when a knowledge of the private life of these monsters has been gained in consequence of visiting them in their wild homes in the African forests.

There are several species of pythons or boa constrictors, inhabiting various parts of the world, and growing to a great size. These are known as the boa constrictor, the anaconda, the rock snake, etc. The particular species to which I shall here refer is called the Natal Rock Snake, or Port Natal Python.

This serpent was not uncommon in the Natal district during my residence there many years ago. This fact will be evident when I state that the python usually lies concealed at least six days, and roams about in search of food one day; thus, though there may be many snakes in a certain locality, yet it is not likely that a person merely riding over the country should see even one-tenth of these. Yet, during my residence of two or three years at Natal, I shot seven pythons, each of which exceeded sixteen feet in length. I killed eight or nine varying from seven to twelve feet in length, and I "let off" at least a dozen others, whose habits I wished to study, or who escaped because I would not alarm the animals in the vicinity by firing off a gun at such unprofitable game.

The python of Natal grows to a very large size, and I take this opportunity of recording the dimensions of some of the pythons I shot. The measurements were made immediately after death, and when consequently the skin had neither stretched nor contracted. The largest python was twenty-one feet six inches in length, and measured twenty-seven inches round the body. It was of a beautiful olive and yellow color, spotted with yellow and black spots, having a gloss on its skin similar to that seen on a ripe plum. Another python that I killed measured sixteen feet, and was twenty-six inches in circumference.

The weight of these creatures could only be roughly judged of, but a fair estimate of their weight can be made from the following description: A rietbok that weighed ninety-five pounds I could lift off the ground and place upon my pony's back; but the python which was only sixteen feet long I could not raise from the ground more than a few feet, and even then a great part of the creature was upon the ground. Thus, if I were to give a guess at the weight of such a snake, I should say it was two hundred pounds at least.

The pythons as well as the boa constrictors destroy animals by crushing them in their folds: these snakes have no poisonous teeth, as have several smaller snakes, and are not therefore dangerous to man; at least, they are not so if he is armed and on the alert. Still, there is no doubt that if one of these giant pythons once coiled itself round a man's body, the man would very soon be so squeezed as to be suffocated, though the snake is, I believe, disinclined to attack a man.

The first python I ever saw in its native home was a very large one. I was riding over some down-land about six miles west of the Bay of Natal. Seeing the long grass moving in a suspicious manner, I rode toward it, and just caught sight of an enormous serpent gliding into an immense hole. This hole had been made by an ant-bear or a porcupine, and was big enough to have allowed a man to crawl into it. I did not fire, as the snake's head was not visible, and a dead shot was therefore impossible. Shortly after I met a Caffre, who informed me that this snake was his enemy, as it had killed and swallowed a calf of his about ten days previously. Upon hearing this intelligence I informed the Caffre of the snake's locality, and he intimated his intention of watching for his enemy.

Two days afterward I was riding in the vicinity of the snake's residence, when I heard a Caffre shouting from a distance. Upon riding up to the man I found him smiling and very proud, the reason for which was, that on the ground was an enormous python pinned down by about half a dozen assagais, and to all appearance dead.

Upon pacing the length of this snake, I found it eight good paces, so that I estimated the length at above twenty-three feet.

The Caffre gave the following history of the capture of the monster: From sunrise in the morning until sunset on the day after my visit to his district he had watched the snake's hole, but saw nothing of it. On the following morning he again examined the snake's hole, and saw at once that it had moved out during the night. Now a Caffre can follow any creature by sight just as a dog can by scent, and so the Caffre followed the trail of the serpent, and soon noticed that the monster was gliding toward the grazing-ground of his cattle, most likely with the intention of eating more veal. This idea added speed to the Caffre's feet, and he soon came within sight of the python as it was slowly advancing toward its prey.

As soon as the creature knew it was pursued, it made away toward some reeds and marsh, but the Caffre boldly pursued it, and when within a few yards of it hurled one of his sharp assagais at the monster. A Caffre is a very good shot with a spear, and on this occasion he transfixed the python with his first shot. One assagai, however, merely stopped the snake, but did not entirely disable it. The creature turned and showed a determination to attack its pursuer, but several other assagais having been driven into the snake, it was soon helpless, and was then pinned down to the ground in the manner that I had seen it.

Some time after this first adventure with a python I had a very close interview with the largest I ever killed. Happening to be out shooting, and in search of buck, about six miles from Natal Bay, I was riding with a friend and attended by a dog. This dog was of the pointer breed, and was very fond of turning a buck out of cover. The country over which we were riding was like an English park, in which were small patches of brush-wood about the size of a comfortable dining-room. At one of these patches of bush my dog stopped, and commenced acting in a very unusual manner. He pointed at the bush, then wagged his tail as he looked round at me, then drew back as though afraid, and so on. I at once knew that some strange game was in the bush, and I suspected that it was either a leopard or a porcupine; so, dismounting from my horse, I ran to the bush ready for a shot, my friend doing the same. On looking cautiously into the bush, my friend started back, exclaiming, "It is an enormous serpent!" At the same instant I saw the heavy thick body of the python slowly gliding toward my dog. Raising my gun, I sent a charge of shot into the snake's body, and jumped back so as to avoid any attempt of the creature to spring at me. Having loaded the empty barrel, I approached with great caution, holding my gun ready, and peeping among the leaves and branches to catch sight of my enemy. It was well I did use caution, for the instant I moved the branches the serpent lunged forward, making a dart at my face as rapidly as a cat springs on a mouse, his enormous jaws open, and extended wide enough to have taken my head in them. I was just beyond the monster's reach, or he would have pulled me down on the ground and probably have crushed me before my friend could have cut or shot him. Before, however, another dart could be made at me, I sent a charge of shot into the python's head which at once killed it. On dragging out with considerable difficulty this serpent from the bushes, I was surprised at the beauty of its coloring and its enormous size. The size at first is deceptive; when an animal is seen on the ground among trees and bushes, it looks small, but when it is handled or seen near, it looks far more formidable. So was it with this python. At first I fancied it was little more than twelve or fourteen feet in length, and that probably I could have dragged it along the ground or knocked its head against a tree if it had attacked me; but when I found that two of us could scarcely drag it along the ground, and that while as big round as a man's thigh, it was twenty-one feet in length, I realized what a formidable monster it was, and how poor a chance a man would have if he once allowed a serpent of this size to coil round him.

I believe the largest snake I ever saw was in the forests on the coast eastward of Natal. This snake was moving through the forest apparently in search of food; but it seemed rather lazy, and was gliding along scarcely as fast as a child could walk. I was sitting down in the bush with my hunting Caffre, when our attention was drawn to the snake by the noise it made among the leaves and broken branches. Caffres have great fear of any animal with which they are not thoroughly familiar, and this man informed me that the snake was a deadly poisonous one, and very fierce also. As, however, I recognized the python at once, I knew it was not poisonous, and so determined to follow and watch it to see what it was about. I had no fear of being attacked by it, for I was armed with a double-barreled gun, with which I could have shot the serpent, so I placed myself in its path and waited its approach.

The creature came gliding along slowly, and apparently unconscious of my presence until within a few yards of me. It then evidently had reached its home, for it gradually disappeared into a large hole, coil after coil passing into the mysterious retreat, until at length nothing was manifest but the tail of the serpent. From the estimation which I made at the time, I believe this snake was fully twenty-five feet in length.

Near the hole into which this python had glided there was a quantity of sand, over which the creature had passed. On this sand the trail or spoor was clearly marked, so that I at once examined this, in order to get my eye accustomed to the spoor of a large snake, and also to be able to judge in future what the size of snakes must be in order to leave certain marks. From the information thus gained I was enabled to form a very correct judgment of the size of snakes when I saw their traces, and on one occasion was astonished to see on the banks of a stream near Natal traces which could have been left only by a gigantic serpent.

This serpent, I believe, must have been above thirty feet long; and my belief was strengthened when I had communicated with an old Caffre whose kraal was near. This man asserted that the snake had killed and eaten a half-grown cow, and that it was so long that its head was on one side of the stream before the tail had entered the water on the other side. On examining the stream where the snake had crossed, it was evident that, if this report were true, the snake must have been above thirty feet in length.

Such a size as thirty feet seems marvelous; but having killed and measured a snake twenty-one feet in length, I think it very improbable that this particular creature was the biggest in the district, and thus thirty feet does not seem to me an improbable length to be attained by a python.

The python, as well as other snakes that destroy animals by crushing, is very formidable to monkeys and baboons. These snakes climb trees with great ease, and when hidden among the foliage can not readily be seen; thus a monkey, skipping from branch to branch, suddenly alights on a python, is seized with the rapidity of a tiger's spring, is held by the powerful jaws, and instantly folded over and over again by coils of the creature's body, and crushed to death in a few seconds of time.

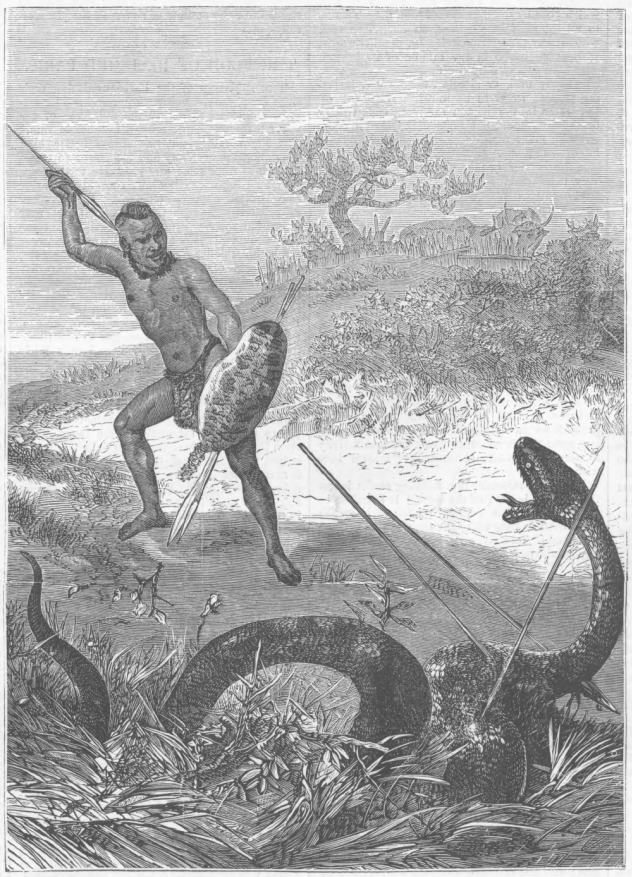
The swallowing process is slowly accomplished by the pythons; they swallow their animals entire. And if the creature happen to be a bustard, a guinea-fowl, or a duck, down go feathers and animal together. There is no picking or carving process to go through, but the python dines off his animal without any preparation.

In the London Zoological Gardens there are two or three specimens of the python, though they are small compared to those one sees in their native wilderness. Still I believe two, at least, of those in the Gardens must be twelve feet long.

During a visit to the snake-house in the Gardens one Friday last autumn, I was witness of a curious scene between one of the largest pythons and a small one in the same cage.

The large python was occupied in swallowing a duck, when the smaller one glided up to him, examined his tail, and suddenly darting at it as though it were "game," coiled itself round, and commenced trying to crush its big companion. The pressure was evidently unpleasant, as the large snake tried to free itself; but as a duck was half-way down its throat it seemed helpless, and had to endure the unpleasant squeeze. The keeper's attention was soon drawn to the knotty mass, and the man, by a few blows with a stick, and by hauling at the creatures, managed to get them uncoiled.

Strange and wonderful as are many of the animal creation, there are few which seem so remarkable as the larger species of snake; creatures which, although without arms, and move rapidly without legs, who swallow their food whole, and kill it by squeezing it, are what may be termed originals; and yet these are but one branch of the snake kind. The other branch, which destroys by a subtile and mysterious poison, is equally as marvelous, and to these we will draw attention at a future time, as we have had the opportunity of seeing very many poisonous snakes at home in all the pride of their power.



AT HOME WITH THE PYTHONS.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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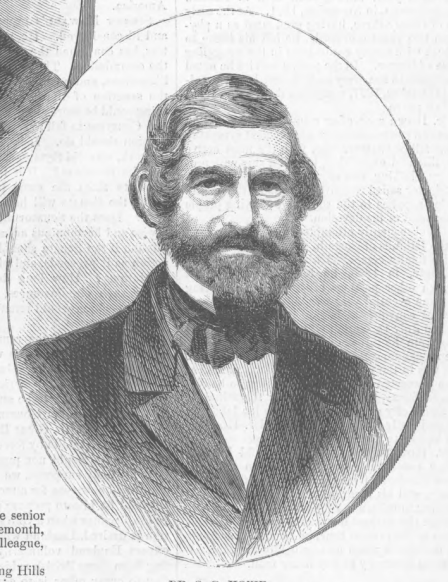
SAN DOMINGO.

We give on this page the portraits of the Commissioners to San Domingo, together with a sketch of an interesting historical spot in San Domingo City. The small column at the corner of the building in the centre of the illustration was built by COLUMBUS when he first landed there in 1498, as an altar around which to worship God until a building could be erected, having decided immediately on his arrival there to abandon the city of Isabella, which he had commenced on the north side, and make that his seat of government. It is just within the walls of the city, near the marine gate, and at the junction of San Francisco and Colon streets. Although constructed of coarse materials, and probably in great haste, it is in a most remarkable state of preservation, as may be seen on a careful examination. The little house adjoining was likewise built by COLUMBUS, and occupied by him until a suitable place of residence could be built on the opposite bank of the river. Although substantially constructed of stone and mortar, it is now without roof, and its walls in a crumbling state; in striking contrast with the little rude altar at the corner, which bids fair to stand as many centuries more, to perpetuate the memory of the great and good man and his exalted piety. General LAVASTIDE, a native Dominican, who espoused the cause of Spain at the time of the annexation, and is still in Spain, deeded this property to Queen ISABELLA in 1863.

HON. BENJAMIN F. WADE.
[PHOT. BY BRADY & CO., WASHINGTON.]

PRESIDENT WHITE.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY TOMLINSON & BEARDSLEY, ITHACA, NEW YORK.]



DR. S. G. HOWE.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY WHIPPLE, BOSTON.]

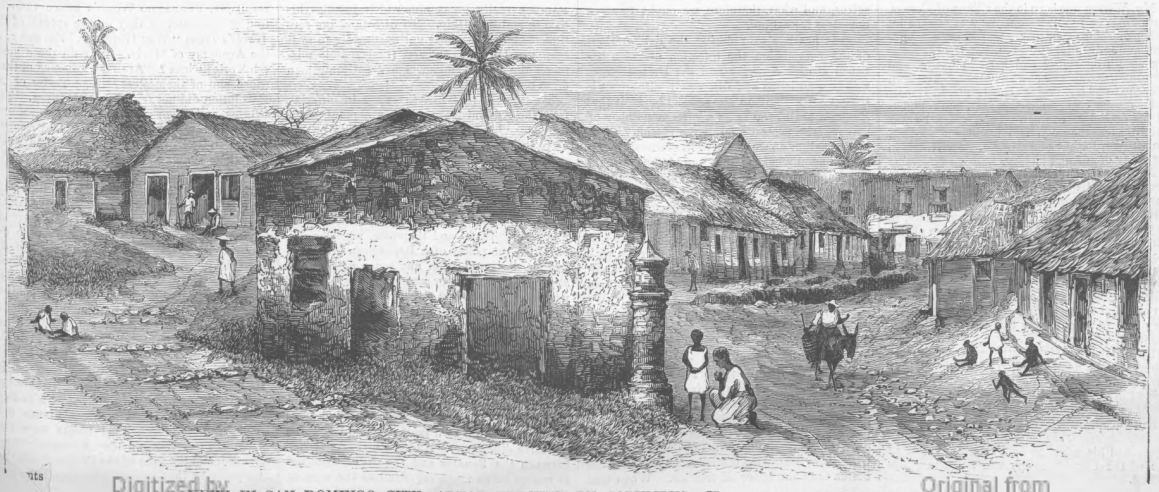
THE COMMISSIONERS.

HON. BENJAMIN F. WADE.

THE HON. BENJAMIN F. WADE is, in years, the senior member of the Commission, but only by one twelvemonth, having been born the year before his illustrious colleague, Dr. HOWE—namely, in 1800.

Mr. WADE's parents resided at the time in Feeding Hills Parish, near Springfield, Massachusetts, probably in very humble circumstances, and the future President of the United States Senate had to pick up his early education as best he might. That he did manage to acquire knowledge while working on a farm in the summer, or at other times sawing lumber, is evident, for before emigrating to his future home in the West he taught school in his native State.

In the year 1828 he was admitted as an attorney and counselor in Ashtabula County, Ohio, having previously studied his profession in the office of ELISHA WHITTLESEY. Seven years after his admission to the bar he was elected Prosecuting Attorney of his county, and two years later was returned to the State Senate, to which body he was twice re-elected. In 1847 he was chosen by the Legislature Presiding Judge of the Third Judicial District of the State; but this office he held only three years, being elected United States Senator in 1851, which honor was conferred upon him for the second time in 1857, and once again in 1863. Thus we see that Mr. WADE never sat in the Lower House either in the State or Federal legislature. The Ohio Senator soon became prominent as a leader of the anti-slavery Whig party. In 1852 he voted—one of six—to repeal the Fugitive Slave Law; and from that time



VIEW IN SAN DOMINGO CITY—ALTAR ERECTED BY COLUMBUS.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAVIS HATCH, ESQ.]

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forward was a steady, uncompromising opponent of every measure which appeared likely to strengthen the hands of the slaveholders, or to rivet the bonds of the colored race. Mr. WADE voted against STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS's bill to abrogate the Missouri Compromise, against Mr. SLIDELL's bill which looked to the purchase of Cuba, and against every scheme having for its object a compromise between the Free and Slave States, so many of which were offered for adoption after Mr. LINCOLN's election in 1860.

Mr. WADE has been a consistent advocate of many measures which have tended to the good of the people, and has carried them triumphantly through the Senate in the face of long and persistent opposition. Such were the Homestead and Pacific Railroad bills. West Point Military Academy has always been an object of his open and avowed dislike, claiming that such an institution was aristocratic, anomalous, and impolitic in a republican country.

During the war for the Union the subject of our sketch was a hearty, unwavering supporter of every measure which tended, in his opinion, to its speedy conclusion. He was unwilling to weigh cost or consequence of the means which might insure victory. He early advocated the confiscation of the property of all rebels, and the emancipation of slaves.

Since the war he has been an earnest advocate of the radical policy of reconstruction; and the faith in and reliance on his upright conduct and unswerving loyalty were signally shown by his fellow-Senators when they elected him as their presiding officer in the Fortieth Congress. The duties of the position he fulfilled with zeal and ability. It was understood that he had retired from public life; but a sense of duty to the country called him from his seclusion when President GRANT requested him to lend the aid of his name, experience, and tried fidelity as a member of the San Domingo Commission. Men of every shade of political feeling seem to agree that the selection of "Honest Ben Wade" was an excellent one.

DR. HOWE.

DR. SAMUEL GRIDLEY HOWE is now in his seventieth year, having been born in Boston, Massachusetts, in November, 1801. At the early age of twenty-three, having graduated as a physician two years previously, he left his home to embark with hearty enthusiasm in the struggling cause of Greece. In the patriot service he acted as surgeon in the army until the battle of Navarino, in October, 1827, compelled the Sultan to conclude a peace.

Dr. HOWE soon after returned home, and by voice and pen awakened the benevolent sympathy of his fellow-citizens, who, with the most active liberality and expedition, loaded a ship with provisions, clothing, and money; and in her the gallant doctor sailed to convey personally the greatly needed supplies to the suffering, starving people in the land of his devotion.

He subsequently attempted to found a colony on the Isthmus of Corinth, which the state of his health finally compelled him to abandon. Accordingly, in 1830, he left Greece to travel through other portions of Europe, and during the same eventful year was witness to two great political convulsions, having been in Paris during the July revolution which drove the BOURBONS from the throne of France, and in Brussels when Belgium established a separate nationality.

It was in the year following that his name became connected with—never hereafter to be dissevered from—the Institution for the Blind in his native city of Boston. It is by his labors in this eminently humane cause that Dr. HOWE is best known to the present generation.

Dr. HOWE throughout his eventful life has been a consistent advocate of human freedom. From the days of his doctoring and fighting in Greece, and his imprisonment in Prussia for attempting to relieve the suffering Polish refugees, through the darkest hours of American emancipation to the present time, he has talked as freely and written as much and as boldly in behalf of suffering humanity as any living man.

ANDREW D. WHITE.

MR. WHITE was born in the village of Homer, New York, in 1832. Seven years afterward his father moved to Syracuse, and became a prominent and influential citizen of that place, amassing wealth by energy and good judgment, and securing general respect and esteem. The son, after the usual training at school, entered Hobart College, where he remained a year, and completed his collegiate course at Yale, where he was known as a thorough and intelligent student. He afterward spent some time at New Haven in the study of law and history.

At the University of Michigan Mr. WHITE, as Professor of History, achieved a national reputation. It is a singular fact that thus early in his career he had dreams of a grand university, to be established somewhere near the centre of this State, on a scale corresponding to that of one of the great European universities. Ten or twelve years afterward these dreams were realized by the foundation of the Cornell University, over which he was called to preside, and which, under his able and sagacious management, has taken a very high position among the educational institutions of this country.

During the war Mr. WHITE gave unwavering support to the administration of President LINCOLN; and in the State Senate, to which he was elected in 1864, he did good service in the interest of popular education and of intelligent and honest government. He is a gentleman of many accomplishments, has traveled extensively in Europe; and his selection by President GRANT as one of the Commissioners was universally approved.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1871.

☞ *With this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *our readers will receive another superb* SUPPLEMENT, *filled with elegant illustrations and entertaining reading matter. It contains a full-page sketch entitled,* "SELECTING A COSTUME;" *an interesting illustrated article on the* RIVER AMAZON; *an account of a* "NIGHT UPON THE ALPS," *with five spirited sketches; Stories, Poems, etc. The Publishers are confident that the* WEEKLY *and* SUPPLEMENT *together present a larger variety and greater quantity of useful and attractive reading than any other journal in the world.*

THE UNITED STATES AND BRITISH AMERICA.

THE project of the joint commission to suggest the plan of a settlement of the questions pending between the United States and the British Government has been received by the country with great favor. The alternative has been evident for a long time: either a frank and magnanimous agreement or war. To leave the questions open after an attempted settlement, and with the latent ill feeling toward England already existing in many American minds, and to throw the whole subject into the Presidential election of 1872, would be to encourage an intensity and exasperation of feeling which could have but one result. Every American, therefore, who honestly wishes a peaceful and honorable settlement of the questions will do what he can to aid the work of the commission. But already we have seen in some quarters a disposition to proclaim an ultimatum before the commission meets. Let it be understood, say certain persons, that there can be no permanent peace between the United States and England until the English flag ceases to float upon the American continent; and Senator HOWARD has proposed a recommendation to the commission to provide for the cession of British America.

Senator HOWARD's proposition is untimely and ill-considered. He, with his fellow-Senators, has confirmed the American members of the commission. The Senate will revise its deliberations, and no treaty can be made without the sanction of the Senate. But surely nothing could be more absurd than for Parliament and Congress to fall to resolving what the commission should do. If it is not competent for its work, why did Senator HOWARD vote to confirm its members? If it is, why does he not leave to them the same liberty in initiation which the Senate will have in the final decision? Does the Senator think it would tend to a wise and harmonious adjustment by the commission if the Senate should comment upon its action as it proceeds, and virtually direct it by resolutions? How long does he think that, under such circumstances, any gentleman fit for the position would remain a member of the commission?

The question of the removal of the British flag from the continent is wholly independent of those that are to be submitted to the commission. If British America should vote next year that it wished to be annexed to the United States, the home Government would interpose no objection. Great Britain does not propose to hold Canada by force; but the question of separation could not properly proceed from her. Nobody supposes, we presume, that Canada would now vote for annexation. Therefore it would be idle to propose it as a condition of peace, because when a vote shows that the junction is desired, England will not oppose it. To expect England voluntarily to withdraw her flag from those British subjects who prefer that flag to every other is to expect her to submit to conquest without a battle. It is to ask her to do what we should justly scorn to do ourselves, and what, therefore, we ought to scorn ourselves for asking.

It is possible that during the deliberations of the commission the question of union between British America and the United States will be mentioned and discussed. But what is it that we wish upon the subject? Is it that England shall cede to us a certain number of persons who protest against the cession? But by what right do we ask so preposterous a measure, or upon what grounds would she consent? The suggestion is ridiculous. Or do we wish that the question should be submitted to those people? But is it really the mere submission of the question, or is it the removal of the flag, that we desire? Should we be likely to be satisfied, as a cardinal condition of a treaty, with the privilege of asking a question that we know will be answered unfavorably? England would justly say, if the proposition were made, "We certainly shall not withdraw our flag from any of our subjects until they ask for its removal."

That the flag of England will continue to float forever over any part of this continent may be shrewdly doubted. But if the removal be an object of sincere desire upon our part, and if we do not speak of it as a mere taunt or menace, our policy is plain enough. Let the present questions between the two countries be promptly settled upon terms obviously fair, and with those frank acknowledgments which are better than the letter of treaties. When that is done the question of the annexation of British America becomes simple, and admits of an easy treatment. The proposal must come from that country. Our greed is no argument for annexation. Our theories of manifest destiny are no argument. Our views of the desirability of a politically consolidated continent are no argument. The real reason for union with British America would be the sincere and general desire of the inhabitants of that region to join us. Then, as people of the same country, race, language, and political traditions, union would undoubtedly be a wise policy.

But this is a question of great magnitude, and it is one which could only complicate the action of the commission, because all that could possibly be done by it would be to agree to consult the British Americans. Such a reference could hardly be accepted by us as indemnity for any positive loss, or penalty for what we may deem an infraction of international law. To propose the withdrawal of the British flag as a condition precedent to negotiation upon the proper objects of the commission would be to postpone, with a strong probability of war, all settlement whatever. To resolve in the Senate, or in the forum of public opinion, that the American commissioners should be recommended to urge the withdrawal would be to excite a feeling which will make any wise result of the deliberations impracticable. To suppose, also, that, if not accomplished now, union is improbable, is to yield to an impatience which is unreasonable. Nothing would so exasperate the people of the country in question as the conviction that they were thrown into a bargain as a make-weight. If Great Britain wishes to part with her American provinces, and if those provinces wish to leave her, the result can be easily reached without complicating the present negotiation.

SENATOR SUMNER.

THE news of the illness of Senator SUMNER was received with the most serious concern; for whatever may be the warmth of feeling with which his course is criticised even in some papers of his own party, his hold upon general respect and confidence is very firm. He has steadily asserted the value of the highest moral principle in politics. He is honorably identified with the most momentous epoch of our history since we became a nation; and the manly heroism with which, in the dark days of fear and servility before the slave power, he asserted the fundamental principle of the government, the equal rights of all men, and with ample accomplishment and legal learning guarded and secured all that he said, have deeply endeared him to the American heart.

We hope that no Republican or friend of the Administration will suppose that he can help the good cause by questioning the motives or maligning the character of the Massachusetts Senator. In his public conduct Mr. SUMNER is not so anxious to know what public opinion is as to ascertain what it ought to be. His conception of the duty of a statesman is that he should act upon what he knows to be the facts, and not upon what imperfectly informed persons suppose the facts to be. His judgment of the significance of the facts may, of course, be erroneous; but the man who does not rely upon his own convictions, after patient and impartial examination, lacks the first quality of a statesman. The chief praise of a statesman will often be his willingness to stand alone—the courage that does not fear isolation. For although practical statesmanship undoubtedly implies the fine instinct which wins popular sympathy and support, it also requires unflinching fidelity to a purpose which is worthy of support and sympathy. The Prussian STEIN was certainly a greater statesman than HARDENBERGH, in his later day; and it is BISMARCK's really great aim which justifies his title to statesmanship. To withstand the sentiment of the people is not necessarily to mistake it. On the contrary, the less it is mistaken the more firmly will a great statesman often oppose it.

To suppose that Mr. SUMNER, in differing from the Administration upon any point, seeks to revenge himself for imagined insults, or that he is foolishly fond of the mere eccentricity of opposition, or that he defiantly courts unpopularity, is only to show ignorance of the man. By no possibility, for instance, could CHARLES SUMNER be any thing but a Republican—not easily, we may add, could Republican faith in him be disturbed—and therefore, when he differs from the policy of a Republican Administration, it is not from any sense of personal wrong, but upon very serious conviction. It would be hard to find among all the conspicuous public men in our history one whose motives are less liable to just suspicion than CHARLES SUMNER'S.

We certainly do not always agree with his views of public questions, nor always approve the manner in which he presents them. We have often stated our differences with him, and shall possibly yet have occasion to state others. But it will be our own fault if it is a hostile or offensive difference. And the mere difference between the Senator and the Administration is not to be so much regretted as the manner in which certain friends of the Administration have assailed him. If, in the San Domingo affair, for instance, he has misrepresented the facts, let the proper statement of them refute him. But when no attempt is made to show that he is mistaken, and his action is attacked as the gratification of a feeling of revenge, it is an attack which recoils upon those who make it. So, if upon the question of the proper grounds of settlement with England he also differs from the Administration, is any thing to be gained for the Republican party or cause by asserting that he is seeking to gratify strong passions? Such assertions may excite prejudice against him among the unthinking, but they will certainly persuade the thoughtful that he is personally maligned because his arguments are unanswerable. It is the most damaging kind of assault to those who make it.

The continued ascendency of the Republican party in this country is essential to the national welfare. There could be no greater misfortune than the return to power of the party whose principles and policy produced and encouraged the rebellion, the party which includes every bitter enemy of the Union and Government, every infidel of popular principles and institutions. Republicans have a right, therefore, to expect from the Administration itself a spirit and policy of conciliation within the party, which they are also honorably bound to encourage. As earnest supporters of the Administration, we hope to discuss all its measures temperately, and when we differ to differ as friends. For it is very evident that if those Republicans who disapprove any measure of the Administration are either to denounce it as corrupt, or are to be denounced by it as seeking personal revenge, the paralysis of the party is inevitable.

WOOD'S LABOR LOST.

IT is ludicrously useless for the gentlemen who were the most notorious of the "peace" Copperheads during the war to attempt to pose as patriotic Union men now. In a recent debate in the House of Representatives Mr. FERNANDO WOOD, whose faithful contemporary portrait is preserved in "The new Gospel of Peace," rose to inform Congress and the country that he was really the first man who practically responded to the summons of the President. It was he who called the Union Square meeting. It was he and Senator BAKER who made the speeches upon that occasion. It was he who raised the Mozart regiment, and paid for it money which has never been repaid to him. So ardent was his zeal that it is only wonderful that he did not lead the regiment in person. Undoubtedly Mr. WOOD made a speech at the Sumter meeting in New York, as certainly as he regretted to ROBERT TOOMBS that he could not send him arms to be used against loyal citizens. Undoubtedly he said in Union Square that the Union must be maintained, as certainly as he said in a message to the Common Council that the dissolution of the Union was inevitable. And undoubtedly, if Mr. FERNANDO WOOD and his friends could have had their way, the rebellion would have succeeded, and the government have been overthrown.

Mr. WOOD was too astute a politician not to surround himself at such a time with technical defenses to which he could recur in a pressing emergency; and he is now so wholly a political figure of the past that he is only useful as an illustration. But the noble army of Copperheads may spare their pains. The people of this country know very well who were loyal. They have not forgotten whose souls supported ABRAHAM LINCOLN in the stern trial, and whose tongues hissed treason and doubt. They remember very well whose "friends" burned orphan asylums, and hunted negroes, and strove to array the city and the State of New York against the war. They may even recall Mr. FERNANDO WOOD'S Peace Convention at Syracuse, as they do the speech of the *World's* great "War Governor," SEYMOUR, at the Academy of Music. Why do these modern Tories wince? Are they ashamed of their cause and of themselves? The Tories of the Revolution did not try to dodge history. The WOODS and VALLANDIGHAMS and SEYMOURS of those days did not claim that they secured American independence, because they knew that their sympathies and attitude were well understood.

Let the Copperheads of the rebellion save their labor. They could as easily prove ABRAHAM LINCOLN to have been a rebel as persuade the country of their own loyalty. Who denounced the President at every step, and decried the policy of Congress as unconstitutional and anarchical? Who resisted every vigorous measure, and maligned every patriotic motive? Who adopted with acclamation the surrender platform at Chicago, and pronounced the war for the Union a failure? Who sneered at the black soldiers, and canonized the rebel chiefs as Christian gentlemen? Who were those for whose success at the election of 1864 rebels prayed and rebel agents plotted? Mr. FERNANDO WOOD and his political friends may have forgotten. But loyal hearts have long memories. And while they accurately recall the men and the tone of the Copperheads, they also perceive that the party to which these men

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of that name now belong has not yet honestly accepted the result of the war, nor acquiesced in the settlement of the Union, and through its organs in the press derides those of the late rebels who have done both; while in Virginia, by a strict party vote, it orders a portrait of General LEE. Carrying water in a sieve is easy labor compared with that of proving the patriotism of a Copperhead.

THE GUILTY PATENT BRAKE.

No one who has read the testimony in regard to the New Hamburg slaughter is likely to agree with the verdict of the coroner's jury, that nobody is to blame but the patent brake, that wouldn't get into order. It is perfectly evident that the kind of catastrophe which occurred at the New Hamburg bridge could always be avoided if there were a proper system of signaling, and a proper inspection and supervision of trains. And if any thing is established, it is that the system of signals was defective. The question for every jury to ask when they are summoned to investigate the cause of a railroad calamity is this: Is there upon this road such care that at every point of his course the engineer knows the condition of the track before him, so that he can stop in time if any thing is wrong? If that question can not be answered affirmatively, then the company which issues the directions is to blame for the inadequacy of the system. There will be no end to such tragedies as that upon the Hudson River road until the people, through the jury, defend themselves. Nor have we any doubt that the counsel of the survivors of those who were lost will be able, in a court of law, to secure a reversal of the nobody-to-blame verdict, and heavy damages against the company.

There is a great deal of unnecessary fatalism in the feeling of many persons with regard to what are called railroad accidents—a disposition to believe that they are unavoidable. It is true that many are so, upon railroads as elsewhere; but the usual disasters are evidently avoidable. A proper railroad law in this or in any State would establish certain cardinal conditions of construction. The curves should be regulated so that a certain space of the track should be always visible; and a searching official investigation should ascertain whether a safe system of signals was adopted and in constant use. The rails and the machinery should be tested by official experts, and those reasonable precautions should be taken which are now omitted. The regulations respecting bridges should be of the utmost stringency; and the railroad companies should be emphatically taught that the people are resolved that a certain number of persons shall not be annually sacrificed to the mere rapacity of a corporation.

Here is one point in the recent investigation. There is a signal-light upon a high pole at the New Hamburg draw, visible as we learn from the station below. When there is danger at the draw the light is red; when all is right it is white. As the draw was locked for the winter, the man in charge of the signal was removed; but the light was set every night. It can be changed in a few seconds; but on the night of the catastrophe, as the draw was all right, the light was unchanged. Such an arrangement was criminally stupid. This light was visible for a long distance, within which the fastest train could have been easily stopped. But the order to change the light was limited to the condition of the draw, and it was, therefore, nobody's duty to change it. The signal, which if red would have saved the train, blazed out white, and the train was lost. The regulations, indeed, were obeyed. SIMMONS knew that the white light meant a safe draw; and the draw was safe. But if he had seen a red flame, although he knew that the creek was frozen and the draw locked, he would have recognized the sign of danger, and have stopped the train.

If greater care would involve greater expense to the companies, and a little longer delay to travelers, let the companies and travelers submit. The disasters are constant repetitions. No man who takes a berth in a sleeping-car, or passage by any train, is surer of a safer journey because of the horrible event at the New Hamburg bridge. And he may be very sure that the companies will do nothing to help him. They may be composed of men who, individually, are not cruel; but the spirit of money-making is cruel, and it is that which animates the great companies. Their power is gradually becoming immense and resistless; and while the public has yet the opportunity and the disposition, let it do something to secure at least the greater personal safety of travelers.

LATEST FROM EL DORADO.

THE letters from the correspondents who accompanied the San Domingo Commission are very interesting, and their evident delight in the charming climate shows how indirectly useful to the project of annexation the Commission will be. Leaving New York in the most dismal and chilly moment of the year, and landing under the lustrous skies and amidst the luxuriant beauty of the tropics, the romantic contrast enchants every eye, and colors every thought. The happy correspondents see with eyes touched by a rosy glamour. It is a world of indolence and delight and ease. It is a bountiful and beautiful garden. There is no limit to the possibilities of its prosperity. The soft-eyed islanders have been sadly maligned. The chief of the isle of happy delights is a noble being, who has been cruelly misrepresented. It is an Eden in the Millennium—and who are we that we should become possessors of such a treasure? Hispaniola has affected the Commission and its attending company as it did the imagination of COLUMBUS and his crew. The Spaniards had been sailing for many a weary week, confined in the narrow vessels upon the stormy sea. What wonder that they were intoxicated with the soft tropical smile that lighted the welcome shore! Our correspondents emerged from January sleet and east wind upon the perennial green of plumed palms, where

"Swings the trailer from the crag."

What wonder that Dr. HOWE confesses every sense to be captive, and breathes an eloquent sigh to annex himself to the island, if the island be not joined to his native land!

But it is not easy to find any new facts under all the rosy rhetoric of the letters. That San Domingo was a lovely island in a soft climate, producing many valuable articles, was known. Yet we must apparently wait for the official report before we can tell what more is known. The correspondents are sure that every body wishes to be annexed, but apparently from fear of the rude neighbor, Hayti. A good reason for them, but not conclusive for us. There has been also, they say, a vote of the people, and it was substantially unanimous; but it was taken under the guns of United States ships; and even if the inhabitants do wish to be annexed, and may vote for union unanimously, such a polling is no proof of it. Then the government is clearly unable, according to the correspondents, to state exactly what it owns or what it owes; but there is no doubt that a vast proportion of the public domain is pledged to a certain San Domingo Company in New York—an association, doubtless, founded in disinterested patriotism. The relations with Hayti, also, are manifestly hostile. The correspondent who is the most ardent advocate of annexation says that the Dominican black hates the Haytien black. Hayti has shown both the will and the force to maintain her independence; and should we annex the rest of the island, frontier difficulties would be unavoidable. The advantage of buying another Seminole war is not evident. But Mr. WADE certainly showed himself a shrewd politician when he said, in response to a serenade, that any of his Dominican hearers, upon the annexation of the island to the Union, and their qualification as citizens, would become eligible as candidates for the Presidency.

Evidently we must reluctantly turn from the serenade speeches, and await the official report. But, meanwhile, these summer sketches of the correspondents, written in the most tropical mood, wonderfully enliven our harsh winter days. They all seem to be sure that the Commission will virtually recommend annexation by the favorable tone of its report, and that San Domingo will be annexed. And as the American citizen, wrapped in coats and mufflers and shawls and furs and arctics and India rubber over-shoes, making his desponding way through oceans of slush and a depthless, dirty meal of snow, meditates the eternal summer of Hispaniola, the very vision that it may be his will help persuade him that it ought to be his, that his country is not large enough, that its population is too homogeneous, that it needs a little further infusion of ignorance and barbarism, that its debt requires increasing, and that a campaign among the Haytien hills, where the French army of LE CLERC wasted away, is imperatively demanded by liberty, humanity, and Christianity.

NOTES.

MR. PETER COOPER is one of the men whom future generations of working men and women will arise and call blessed. Upon WASHINGTON'S birthday it was announced at the Cooper Union, in his name, that, upon his eightieth birthday, he had given a hundred and fifty thousand dollars more to the good purposes of his great foundation. His charity is tireless. His mind is always revolving plans of beneficence, and his heart grows younger with the lapse of years. Such a man is a perpetual beacon to the younger men, who are so busily engaged in making money. "Make as much as you honestly can," his example says; "but remember that the wise rich man is he who considers himself only the steward of God's bounty for others." It is pleasant to contemplate so long, so industrious, and so honorable a life; and such is Mr. COOPER'S perennial activity that we may justly hope it will yet continue long.

THOSE who have ever enjoyed the delightful hospitality of Vassar College will hear with sincere regret of the death of Miss LYMAN, the lady principal, or head of the college family. She had been for some time an invalid, and her friends had been prepared for the issue by her steadily failing health. The position she filled in the college was one that brought her into the most familiar relations with all the young women, and her duties were done with a tact so thoughtful and delicate that she was universally respected and tenderly loved. Miss LYMAN was a lady of admirable cultivation, and of a most catholic sympathy. Her opinions were positive; but she expressed them with perfect courtesy, and cheerfully entertained every honest difference. Associated with the college from its beginning, she was, of course, known through its pupils in every part of the country; and the news of her death will be received by them as that of the loss of the mildest of monitors and the most faithful of friends.

THE fact of the imposing and significant demonstration of American sympathy with Italy at the Academy of Music, in New York, was duly communicated to the Italian Government by Signor L. CORTI, the Italian minister at Washington, and he was requested to express its sincere gratitude to the distinguished citizens who took part in the meeting. In communicating his instructions to General DIX, the president of the meeting, Signor CORTI makes an eloquent and fitting allusion to the great work in which his country is engaged; and in acknowledging his letter General DIX well and truly says, "I am sure I speak the sentiments of every true-hearted American when I say that our sympathy will accompany her in her new career with a fervency which will be increased by every successful step in her progress."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE 85th number of the "Proceedings of the American Philosophical Society," lately published, and completing the eleventh volume, is, like many of its predecessors, nearly filled with important communications from Professor COPE, whose industry in publishing accounts of new, recent, and extinct zoological forms is untiring. One of the most important of these communications is an article upon certain fresh-water tertiary fishes from Idaho, collected by Mr. CLARENCE KING, and embracing twelve species of six genera. These all belong to the cyprinidæ, with the exception of one species of the trout family. With these fish were three species of *astacus*, also described by Professor COPE in another communication.

We have already referred to one of the papers of Professor COPE, published in this number, in which he describes a new species of mosasauroid, called *Liodon dyspelor*, based upon specimens from New Mexico in the museum of the Smithsonian Institution, and which, according to Professor COPE, probably exceeded one hundred feet in length, and may be considered as the longest reptile of which we have any account.

We have frequently called attention to the interest and value of the dredging operations conducted by Count Pourtales in behalf of the Coast Survey, in the deep seas adjoining the southern coast of the United States. The results of these labors are being published by the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Cambridge, Massachusetts; and there has just appeared an elaborate memoir upon the crustaceans by Dr. WILLIAM STIMPSON, of Chicago. A large number of new genera and species was detected in the collection, and a portion of these is enumerated in the report referred to, which embraces only the Brachyura, the remaining families being reserved for a future memoir.

An extensive work upon the "Birds of Europe" is announced by Messrs. SHARPE and DRESSER, of London, both eminent English ornithologists. They do not intend to limit themselves to Europe in its strictly geographical sense, but to include Africa north of the Desert of Sahara, as well as Palestine, thus covering what is known as the western palæarctic region. The number of species embraced in this area is estimated at between six and seven hundred, and illustrations of all will be given, drawn by KEULEMANS, an ornithological artist of much promise.

It will interest our American sportsmen, who are in the habit of visiting the British Provinces for the purpose of catching salmon, to learn that the last report of the Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries for New Brunswick and Nova Scotia announces a very decided increase in the number of salmon, in consequence of the protective measures that have been established by the Dominion government. He recommends, what will also be agreeable news to our fishermen, that the salmon rivers be freely leased to gentlemen, under proper regulations, as the best method of preventing illegal poaching, and the improper destruction of breeding and immature fish. Among the chief measures to which the increase in question is due is ascribed the introduction of ladders into the dams on the streams, both salmon and alewives, by their means, passing up waters from which they had for a long time been absent.

A most important guide to the labors of the comparative anatomist will be found in Professor FLOWER'S recently published work, entitled "Introduction to the Osteology of the Mammalia."

The Ethnological and Anthropological societies of London have lately been united under the name of "Anthropological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland," with Sir JOHN LUBBOCK as president of the new society.

Late South American advices inform us that a steamer, named the *Javari*, was launched on the 6th of January last on the waters of Lake Titicaca, being the first vessel of the kind ever seen on those waters.

In a recent article, Professor WILLKOMM, of Tharandt, in Germany, discusses the subject of the cryptogamic growth which so frequently interferes with the business of artificial fish-breeding, by attaching itself to the eggs or to the young fish, and destroying them; and after considering in detail the various suggestions made by writers in regard to this parasite, endeavors to show that it is simply the alternate condition of the ordinary mould (*Mucor mucedo*) which develops itself, under favorable circumstances, in the air. This was proved by transplanting filaments of mould to fish or eggs, and finding them develop into the species in question; and *vice versa*, by taking the filaments from the fish, and planting them in the air, when they produced genuine mould. The generic name adopted by our author for the plant in question is Saprolegnia, as established by NEES VON ESENBEKH, who called it *S. molluscorum*.

Dr. WILLKOMM is even of opinion that the fungus which forms on dead flies and other insects in such large quantities, and known as *Achlya prolifera*, as well as the *Empusa muscæ*, which develops on living insects in the air, is merely a different form of the same polymorphous growth, and which, when taking root on perfectly sound, healthy animals, may impart disease to them, and even produce death. It is also suggested that the *Tarichium* of Dr. COHN, which produces a new caterpillar disease, is a still different phase of the same growth. He refers the origin of the fungous growth upon fish and their eggs to the sporules which are continually floating in the air, and which only require a favorable nesting-place for their development; and he makes an important practical suggestion in the interest of fish culture, especially that of trout and salmon. He advises very earnestly that the water used for hatching eggs and raising young fish be derived, as far as possible, from springs, and at or near their source, and even urges the transportation of such water for a long distance in closed pipes, for the purpose of securing that which will be measurably free from the danger in question. In this way he thinks there is much less danger of having the fungous spores fall into the water, and producing disease. He himself found, after adopting this plan at the fish-breeding establishment in Tharandt, that for the first time the operations were not interfered with by the death of a large percentage of eggs and newly hatched fish from this disease, while for the twelve previous years a large number was annually lost. A loss of not over fifteen per cent. of the eggs is considered quite favorable, since sometimes fifty per cent. or more die, in spite of the utmost precaution.

The Commissioners of Fisheries for the State of New York have lately announced, in the public papers, their readiness to furnish, free of expense, living black bass, cat-fish, white bass, rock bass, roach, perch, sunfish, and pike-perch, for stocking the waters in any part of the State of New York, provided parties desiring them will send an agent to receive and take charge of them. All of these are now bred at the State establishment at Caledonia, and applications for them are to be made to SETH GREEN, Rochester.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

February 20.—In the Senate, the House bill to guard the purity of elections was favorably reported. The Legislative Appropriation bill was taken up, and the debate continued on the repeal of the provision making the possession of a pardon evidence of disloyalty in the Court of Claims. The repeal was carried by the casting vote of the Vice-President.—In the House, a bill was introduced to punish the printing or depositing in the mails of counterfeit bank-notes or fractional currency, and one to encourage and aid the establishment of free schools throughout the country. The bill authorizing a joint commission to fix the Northwest boundary was taken up, and after some further discussion passed by a vote of 122 to 72. The minority report on the M'Garrahan claim, which directs the restoration of the record of the grant to M'Garrahan, and authorizes the President to do in the premises what he deems just, was adopted—110 to 91—and rendered irrevocable by a vote to lay on the table a motion to reconsider.

February 21.—In the Senate, the Legislative, Executive, and Judicial Appropriation bill was passed, the motion to strike out the increase to the Educational Bureau having been voted down.—The House passed the Southern Pacific Railroad bill, with two important amendments—one cutting off branch roads, and reducing the capital $50,000,000, and one excluding the proposed road from consolidation with other roads hereafter chartered.

February 22.—The Senate was chiefly occupied in discussing the Indian Appropriation bill. No action was taken.—The House spent the whole day on the Deficiency bill, which appropriates $10,677,525, including $500,000 for the New York Post-office. After a sharp debate, in the course of which Mr. Farnsworth, of Illinois, charged General Butler with having the use of government mirrors, and deriving profit from some granite quarry in Massachusetts, which furnishes stone for the New York and Boston Post-offices, the bill was passed.

February 23.—In the Senate, the bill amending the bounty law, and granting $100 to all soldiers mustered in for three years between May 4 and July 22, 1861, was passed.—The House passed a bill making appropriations for defenses and fortifications, and one to make improvements in harbors and rivers. The latter included an appropriation of $14,000 for the improvement of Shrewsbury River, New Jersey.

February 24.—The Judiciary Committee of the Senate reported favorably the bill repealing the test oath. The House bill to guard the purity of elections was made the occasion of a long debate, principally on the part of the Democrats, to stave off a vote.—The "Omnibus Appropriation bill" was debated in the House; and the item of $5000 due to Vinnie Ream for her statue of Lincoln was changed to $10,000, making the total amount $15,000.

February 25.—The bill to revise the patent and copyright laws was passed by the Senate, and also the bill to celebrate the centennial anniversary of '76 by an exposition at Philadelphia.—In the House, a letter from Commissioner Pleasonton was read, urging final action, one way or the other, on the repeal of the income tax.

GENERAL DOMESTIC ITEMS.

The strike of the Pennsylvania coal miners, and the action of several of the railroad companies of the same State increasing the freight on coal, have produced a great scarcity of that article in New York and other cities. The price has advanced to $14 per ton, causing great anxiety and suffering among the poor.

The steamship *Tennessee*, with the United States Commissioners, arrived at San Domingo City February 1.

Governor Randolph of New Jersey has signed the resolutions ratifying the fifteenth article amending the Constitution of the United States.

The coroner's jury on the New Hamburg disaster throws the blame on those in charge of the express train.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE terms of the treaty of peace between France and Prussia will probably include the cession of Alsace and part of Lorraine, including Metz. At the time of writing they have not been made definitely known. Bismarck is said to be pitiless and unyielding in his exactions, and to insist on the triumphal entry into Paris.

The German armies are said to be concentrating for a combined movement into Southern France, should the treaty negotiations fall through.

A colliery explosion occurred in Wales February 25, by which over fifty lives were lost.

There is prospect of war between Italy and Tunis.

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THE JOINT HIGH COMMISSION.

PEACE TO JUSTICE.—"AFTER YOU, MADAME."

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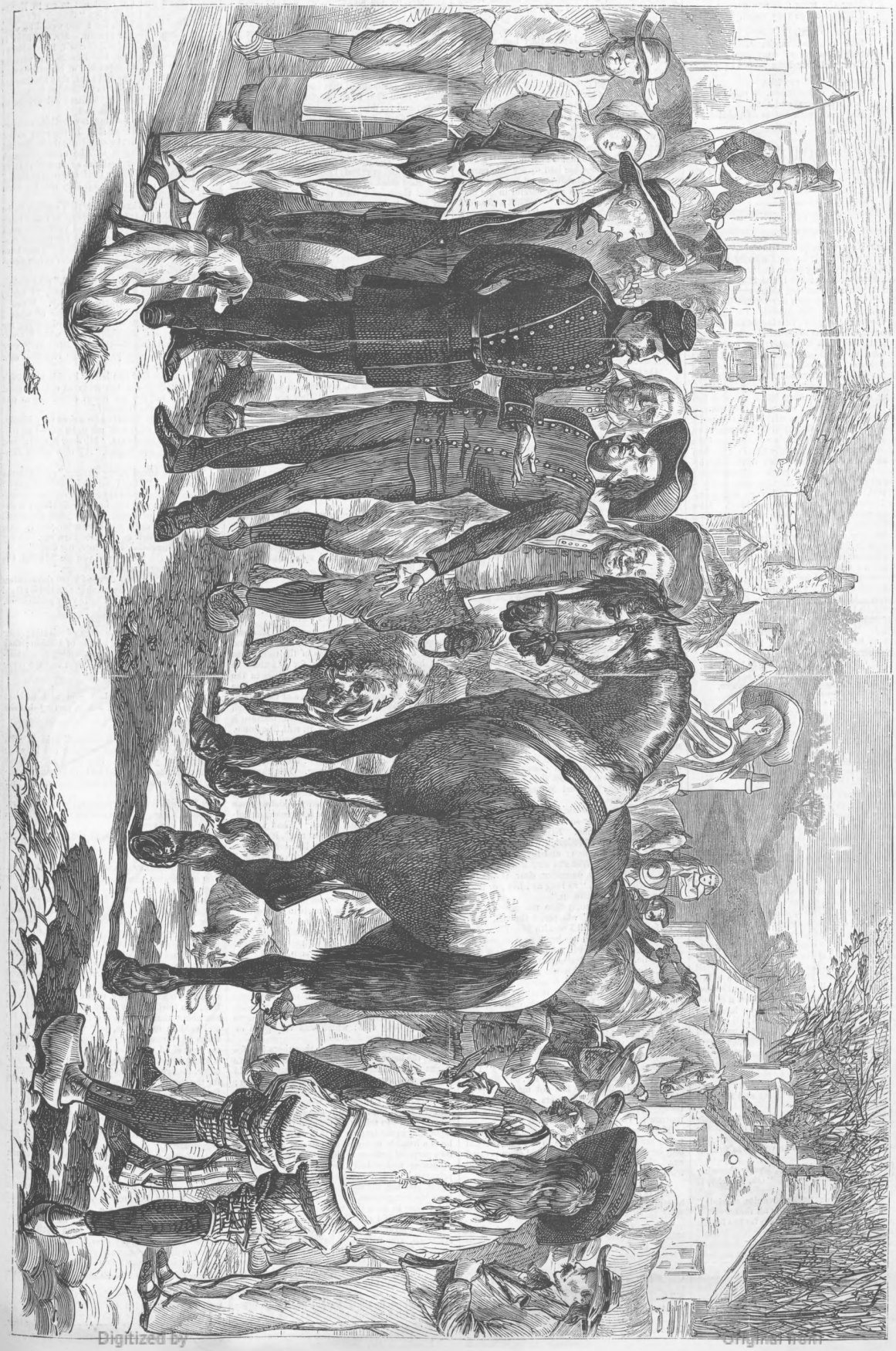

BUYING HORSES IN BRITTANY FOR THE FRENCH ARMY.—[See Page 215.]

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SNOW.

LIKE to my lady's face,
Likest her soft, white hand;
Veiling the trees and flowers,
Till statue-like they stand.

Like her in purity;
Like to her spirit chaste,
Which thoughts all angel-pure
Ever and ever have graced!

Like her, alas! too like,
Are ye, white snows, so cold:
Arise, love's sun, and thaw
Her heart with beams of gold!

WON—NOT WOOED.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Bred in the Bone," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

ORPHANED.

"ALL Nature knows our triumphs," says the poet, in a pardonable burst of hilarity upon the occasion of his coming home from a sea voyage, in excellent weather; but if she knows them, it is certain she cares nothing about them. If she seems to sympathize with our human joys, it is only as the bell appears to tink in consonance with the fool's thought. She is cold and careless as to all that happens to mankind, notwithstanding that among them she has so many worshipers. Blue and unruffled, the vast glaciers of Mont Blanc shine with equal beauty upon the rapt gazer at Chamouni after his table d'hôte, and on the unhappy mountaineer who has just lost his footing, and is disappearing into a crevasse forever. She has no pity; and when she weeps, it is to please herself, or *Him* who has made her.

The early sun is shining upon the vicarage lawn as brightly as it did on Julia's wedding-day; the quiet elm trees stand grandly out in the clear blue air; the flowers are giving forth their incense; the smooth turf is green and sparkling; the birds are singing their morning songs of joy—as Mabel, white and wretched, rises with trembling limbs, and lifts the window-blind. How many a morning has she done the like, hoping that the weather will be fine for the promised croquet-party at the Grange, or for the drive with her sister in the pony-chaise, or for the walk with her father out shooting—for the modern notions of woman's mission and partridges' rights are unknown to her, and her quick eyes have often marked the coveys for him without any thought of harm. All that, she too surely feels, is over now. Life looms before her now harsh and unfenced from care, and in the mean time Death is at hand. That thought underlies all others. When he is gone, this beloved scene will also vanish—strangers will be here.

Unwatched the garden bough shall sway,
The tender blossom flutter down;
Unloved that beech will gather brown,
This maple burn itself away;

* * * * *

Till from the garden and the wild
A fresh association blow,
And year by year the landscape grow
Familiar to the stranger's child;

As year by year the laborer tills
His wonted glebe, or lops the glades;
And year by year our memory fades
From all the circle of the hills.

Mabel Denham's mind contains but scanty store of poems, but this one is among them, and it recurs to her now with cruel tenderness. They are not, however, selfish tears that hurry down her cheeks. It is not the prospect of her own loss, of her own exile, which is making her heart shrink within her; that! alas, will come in due time. At present she is putting herself in the place of him, the darkened windows of whose room, she can perceive from where she stands, look blindly down upon the sunny lawn. What will this home of peace and beauty, which has hitherto been all the world to her, be without him? And it *will* be without him, though she has prayed to God with ceaseless lips to guide things otherwise. If He would only grant *that*—just only *that!* (Let His will be done in all other respects, poor Mabel would have said.) How trivial were all things else, in comparison with this momentous question! What a life of vanity seemed that which she had of late been leading at Shingleton, compared with these last twelve hours! With such awful suddenness had this blow been struck at the roots of her young life that she could not compose her thoughts; they wandered in a wilderness of woe—from glade to glade of vague and tremulous shadow! Could she also not die, and be at rest with him?

"Mabel darling, you can come and see dear papa."

Martha Barr had entered the room unperceived; she wore the dress she had had on the previous night, and her face looked weary and white with watching, but her voice was firm as ever.

"Is he better?" said Mabel, hastily throwing her dressing-gown about her. "Oh, Martha, is he better?"

"He is awake, dearest, and quite sensible," was the grave reply. "That is all that was left for us to hope for. All night long he has lain in a lethargy, but without pain. There is no hurry; Dr. Bowen has said so. Put on your clothes, so that you need not leave him again. Let me help you, my dear."

This ancient woman, plain and squat, with a voice not unlike that of a frog, disproved the popular idea that good people die young. Those the gods love best are not always taken first, or Martha Barr would have been an angel for the last half a century.

We often hear it said by some average fellow-creature, who has recovered from an illness, that he has been "spared;" his company has been greatly desired, it seems, by the angelic choir, but they have consented to do without it a little longer. It does not seem to occur to him that we also might have "spared" him without inconvenience. Now Martha Barr had really, it seemed, been spared by Heaven (to which she belonged), in order that she might do good on earth. She was not the least like the popular notion of an angel (which is, after all, but a sort of glorified ballet-girl), but went about in homely guise dispensing her Master's alms. She did not consider that what she gave was her own at all. When she found some weak and ailing sister, she would say to herself, "God has given me strength on purpose to help this fellow-creature with it." When she met a foolish one, "I have a stock of common-sense laid up for this particular noodle." And she dispensed her stores accordingly. She was not very careful in the putting on of her own apparel. "What a dear old fright you have made of yourself!" was a remark that had been often addressed to her by the Denham girls in old times; but now, to see her helping May to dress, you would have thought, so quick and neat-handed was she, that she had never been any thing else than a young lady's maid.

"Is there *no* hope?" asked Mabel, between the sobs which she did not attempt to smother in the presence of this good creature, any more than if she was at her prayers.

"None, my own darling—none."

"I knew it—I knew it!" said Mabel, bitterly. "Oh, why did you forbid me to see him last night, and let me waste these precious hours!"

"He was not himself last night, love; and if he had been, he would not have liked you to have seen him."

Mabel understood what was meant. The rector, who was as little like a dandy as was the Duke of Wellington, had a certain deep-seated pride in his personal appearance; never exhibited himself in his dressing-gown to mortal eye; and if there had been fire in the house at two in the morning, would have come down clean shaved and in a stiff cravat. Martha Barr was, of course, a privileged person—one of those heaven-born knights of the Red Cross whom nobody is distressed to see by their sick-pillow; but he would not easily have forgiven her had she admitted his daughter to the sad sight he had exhibited on the previous night.

He looked ill enough even now to Mabel's eyes, as they fell upon him, propped high on pillows, and looking straight before him with dim gaze, notwithstanding that Martha had whispered in his ear, "Here is Mabel come to see you, papa." But a smile flickered on his pale lips as she stooped down to kiss him, and a glance of ineffable love lit up his face as he murmured: "My pretty May." More than that he could not utter until Martha had given him some cordial, which enabled his cold fingers to return the girl's passionate clasp, and loosened his parched tongue.

"I am going away from you, May, in God's good time; and should be thankful for it, except for your sake and Ju's. You have always been very dear to me. Oh, so dear, so dear! and to part from you is very hard. You are good girls both; I shall tell your mother that, which will gladden her even in heaven. You used to remind me of her, May; but my sight is dim now, and I can not see your face. Let me hear your voice, my child—more sweet than any bird's."

"Papa, papa!" sobbed Mabel, covering his hand with kisses.

"That is not my birdie's voice," said he. "I am sorry to make her so sad; and yet it is well to know she loves me. Kiss dear Ju for me when I am gone. Frederick will take care of her; he is a good man; and my May will be taken care of too.—Will she not, Martha?"

"She will be my daughter, dear William," said Martha, simply, "as long as I live; or until she finds a better guardian."

"Then you will not refuse me now what I once asked in vain?" whispered the sick man, gratefully. "You will live with May?"

The old lady bowed her head, as if in assent.

"Our good Martha will not be proud with *you*, my birdie," continued the rector, with a faint smile, "as she was with me. You will keep house together. I have left enough behind me—Mr. Bampton will see to that—to keep my child from want. It is not much, darling; but it is enough, thank God!"

Martha Barr turned away her face, sick at heart to hear him thus thanking God for the blessing that had no existence; but Mabel smiled sunnily upon him.

"Thanks, papa, thanks," said she. "You have always been so careful for me."

"Then Mr. Bampton has not made the poor child understand how matters are, after all," thought Martha. "Death to-day, and ruin to-morrow! God help my little May!"

There was a long, long silence. The sick man's breathing had become so low that it could only be detected by an attentive and close-pressed ear. Presently a melancholy wail was heard from the yard beneath the window.

"What is that?" asked the rector, feebly.

"It is only the dog," replied Dr. Bowen, who had taken his seat by the window, with Martha Barr, leaving the father and daughter together.

"Poor *Ponto!*" said the rector. A faint smile passed over his features, called up perhaps—who knows?—whether by a vision of the Elysian Fields, or shining turnip-tops, from which his gaiters brushed the dew, while his trusty pointer moved before him with stiff legs, or "stood" above the hidden covey.

There fell another silence, longer than the last; and then the doctor's creaking boots were heard treading softly across the floor. He stooped down over the bed, then beckoned over Mabel's head to Martha. The old lady rose, with a fixed, sad look, and laid her hand upon Mabel's shoulder.

"Oh, let me stay—let me stay by papa!" moaned she.

"Come away, come away, my own dear child," whispered Martha, softly. "Your father is here no longer, but in heaven."

"It was all so different, Martha," said Mabel, many days afterward, when she was enabled to review the incidents of that last scene with calmness, "from what I had imagined of a death-bed scene; and yet dear papa was such a good man."

"My darling, that is because you have had such scenes imagined for you by book-writers. I have seen them often. Most people when they are dying think of nothing: pain and weakness dull the brain. The wicked think of the devil. The religious folk (so called) think of their own souls. The good think of those whom they are leaving behind them, and their needs. How it wrung my heart to hear your father talk of the little store he had, as he fondly thought, laid by for his dear ones! To see you smile I could not think that you were aware that it was gone. If *he* had known it, how bitter would the cup of death have been to him!"

"Yes; I thank God that he was spared that pang," said Mabel, simply. "Is—I saw you had a letter from Mr. Bampton this morning, Martha—is it *all* gone?"

"Every shilling, darling. For twenty years your poor father has, it seems, been worse than throwing away his savings; he has been supporting a gang of thieves, whose trade it was to rob the orphan and the fatherless."

"God forgive them!" answered Mabel, quietly.

"*Man* has done so, my dear, at all events," observed Martha, dryly. "They are all 'very much respected' in the City, it seems, and thought very good men—of business. Their work here, however, has been ruin, positive ruin. Do you understand, my own darling child, what that word means?"

"Oh yes: no money and no friends."

"Nay, my dear, not so; let us rather say—no money and no fair-weather friends. Life with the gilt off, if you will; but the true gold remains."

"I know that *you* are true gold, dear Martha. Heaven bless you! I know I have one friend."

"Pooh, pooh! You have half a dozen. Now come, let us two hold a council together, and think who is to be counted upon, and what is best to be done."

CHAPTER XX.

OUR SYMPATHIZING FRIENDS.

MABEL bent her head in assent to Martha's suggestion; but she was weary in her mind, and dulled at present to the sense of the misfortune that had befallen her. But for Martha she would not have looked her own affairs in the face, as it was become so necessary to do. She did not understand the imminence of the calamity. She was still at the rectory, which, though emptied of its best treasure, seemed, because it was the casket that had held it, still like home. Her hardly tasted meals were served as usual; the old servants were still about her. A sense of loss pervaded her, but not of loss of station, or of the means of subsistence. Her thoughts were in the tomb; and yet she knew that in a few days a sale was to be held at the rectory, the proceeds of which were necessary to defray some small outstanding debts of the late rector, including the expenses of his burial. What was left after that—a hundred pounds at most, it was calculated—was to be hers. She had even written to the few acquaintances she had to say as much in answer to their "kind inquiries," and some of them had again written a reply. Their letters lay on the table before the two women, as well as certain business communications, which Martha had taken it upon herself to deal with.

"To begin at the beginning, my darling," said Martha Barr, "though it is a small thing. Do you think you are justified in putting up that tablet in the chancel to your poor papa? His name does not need to be writ in marble to be remembered here, does it? And it will cost—let me see—thirteen pounds thirteen."

"I thought the mason said it would be eight pounds," said Mabel; "though, indeed, he added that that was cheaper than he could have done it for any body else; which was very good of him."

"Well, my dear, the fact is that there is a fee due to the incoming rector for permission to have it put up at all. Your papa, of course, would never have dreamed of demanding such a thing; but the Reverend Theophilus Bray—I've got his letter here, for I thought it worth while to ask him the question, though it seemed a matter of form—writes to tell us that, 'as a point of principle, and in the interest of that church of which he is a humble minister, he can not indulge his own personal feelings in the matter, which would otherwise undoubtedly lead him to waive his privilege.' It is a matter of principal—and interest, you see, my dear; and he would like to have his five guineas."

"I wish to have the tablet put up, nevertheless, Martha, if I may."

"Very good, my dear. Then that is settled. After all, you will only have to pay half, of course, since Julia pays her own share. By-the-by, dear, when this sad news reaches your sister, I have not a doubt but that she will send for you at once to come out and live with her and Frederick."

"I shall not do that, Martha," said May, firmly, and with a slight blush. It was the first touch of color that had visited her cheek for days, and as it did so Martha thought she had never seen any one so beautiful. Her black robes seemed to become her as well as any bridal dress could possibly have done.

"I think you are right not to go to Hong-Kong," said Martha, simply; "though, of course, if Ju lived in England, her house would be your natural home for the present. Mr. Pennant is almost as fond of you as Ju herself, I do believe; and I have no doubt, notwithstanding that he will be somewhat disappointed at his wife having come to him with empty hands, that his first act will be to make some sort of provision for you—"

"Oh, please—I hope you have not written to say *that?*" said Mabel, earnestly.

"I have written nothing, my darling, with respect to that matter at all. If the offer is not made spontaneously, be sure I should be the last to suggest it. But it *will* be made—through your sister, of course—I am as sure of that as that I breathe. They are kind, and true as steel."

"I know it, Martha; but they are far from rich."

"Tut, tut! They are not rich enough to be mean, my dear. It is only persons of really large income and funded property, as your poor papa used to say in what he called his radical moments, who can afford to be base. They have something to spare for a sister who is left des—very ill off, I mean."

"If it could possibly be avoided," said Mabel, keeping her eyes fixed on the carpet, "I would rather not be a burden to any body. When I wrote to Lady Moorcombe I spoke of what I could do for myself—I mean toward getting my own living; and she thinks, with what I know of music and French—though I know very, very little—I could perhaps get some situation as a nursery governess."

"I saw you had two letters by this morning's post; but they did not seem to contain good news, so I did not ask about them. Was one of them from the Grange?"

"Yes. Lady Moorcombe writes very kindly. But—it's very foolish of me to be vexed at it—but it used to be always, 'My dear Mabel;' and now, you see, she begins, '*My dear Miss Denham.*'"

"She can afford it, my darling," said Martha Barr, slowly. "May I see the letter?—Humph! 'Exceeding distressed at your sad tidings—greatest respect for your late father—Sir Henry is out with his gun, or would have written also—will keep her eyes open, and remember you in case any situation such as she describes, etc.'—Very nice and thoughtful, I am sure, my dear."

"And in the mean time, you see, Martha, she very kindly asks me to the Grange."

"So I perceive, my dear—for ten days—after which 'the Lascelles are coming, and she is afraid the house will be full.'—She is your godmother, is she not?"

"Yes, Martha."

"That shows the advantage of selecting your godmother from among people of fashion; they always know how to express themselves genteelly when you are in trouble. Who was the other letter from?"

"Mrs. Marshall."

"That pleasant old lady you met with at Shingleton, and who told you at parting that she felt like a mother to you?"

Mabel nodded.

"I should like of all things," said Martha Barr, "to hear what that gushing old lady has to say about you now. But perhaps you have some objection?" Mabel had not pushed the letter across the table, as she had done in the other case.

"You will find some nonsense in it; it is Mrs. Marshall's way. She means nothing by it. You can read it if you like."

"Thank you. How well she writes for her age!

"'MY DEAREST MABEL' (come, I like that. *Her* sentiments, then, have not been altered by your change of fortune),—'You must excuse my writing on plain white, but I make a point of having all my note-paper from Leamington, and have used up my black-edged.'" (Here Martha looked so comically over the rim of her spectacles at Mabel that a smile came into the latter's face, despite her efforts to prevent it; the next moment—so conventional is even our grief itself—she looked doubly sad, as though she had wronged the dead.) "'How shocked I was at your sad news! To lose a father, whose income dies with him, is a terrible blow; and as for what you tell me about that insurance company, it made me feel cold in my inside, just as happens sometimes when one swallows a whole grape. Why, my dear child, every farthing *I* have in the world is sunk in an insurance, or at least an annuity office, though I wouldn't let Melcombe know it for the world. He thinks he is down in my will for hundreds of pounds, and is therefore always on his good behavior. Well, directly I got your note I thought of a plan. You must come and live with me, my dear. My eyes are getting weak, and I want somebody to read to me; my fingers are stiff in the joints, and I want somebody to write for me. Your knowledge of French will be invaluable to me when I go abroad. I will give you fifty pounds a year and your "keep," as the saying is. I have been looking out for a companion for these ten years, and you are just the sort of body to suit me. With me you will see plenty of society. Brighton in November, Bath for the winter, London about April, is my present programme, my dear, and certainly you will have as good *chances* as any girl can hope for. (What a pity it seems now that you ever snubbed H. W., by-the-by.)'—Who is H. W.?" inquired Martha, simply.

"Oh," said Mabel, coloring, "that was a young man at the hotel; a friend of Mrs. Marshall. He was not a favorite with Ju and Frederick."

"Nor with you, it seems, my dear.—'Our *young* Papa left Shingleton the day after your

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departure.'" ("Another friend of Mrs. Marshall's," explained Mabel, in answer to a raising of Martha's eyebrows.) "'He spoke most kindly and cordially of you, and I shall make a point of writing him a line to-day to inform him of all that has happened. Of course nothing may come of this; but he is as rich as a Jew, and I never leave a stone unturned—and—*nous verrons*.'—What *does* this excellent lady mean by that, my dear?" inquired Martha.

"She means *well*," answered Mabel, in great confusion; "that is all I can say in her favor. Her letter annoys and distresses me exceedingly, as you may guess."

"I hope it is not an additional annoyance that I am reading it, darling. Of course I had no idea that there was any thing pri—I mean any thing— Oh dear, oh dear! what a prying, curious fool you must be thinking me!"

"My dear Martha," said Mabel, smiling this time without prick of conscience, since she did so to reassure her friend, "there is no sort of harm in your reading Mrs. Marshall's letter. I knew well that it was only your eager desire to identify yourself with all my little interests which made you desire to do so."

"Indeed, indeed, that was all!" interposed Martha, eagerly.

"Just so, dear; it was only your loving-kindness—and you were right, besides. You perceive, I am sure, what sort of woman this good Mrs. Marshall is—I mean how thoughtlessly she rattles on; and even if it were otherwise, and what she says had any serious meaning, I should still have wished you to know it. I have no secret"—Mabel felt that she was growing crimson—"there is scarcely any thing which I should ever desire to conceal from you, and certainly not this singular effusion. Pray, read on, dear."

"As you please, my darling.—'The Professor is still here, but by no means in his usual spirits. Do you know, I sometimes think it is the absence of a little bird who used to sing to him that makes him look so glum! At other times I fancy it is the loss of our gallant captain of the coble.'—Is that another friend of Mrs. Marshall's?" inquired Martha, innocently.

Mabel became here so diligently occupied with her needle-work—measuring some article of apparel against another with such accurate precision—that she could not lift her eyes from it as she replied, "Yes, dear; that was the gentleman I told you of, who saved Mrs. Marshall and the rest of us from drowning. The word coble means a little boat."

"Oh, indeed," said Martha; "I was not aware of that.—'It is my belief, my dear, that when the Professor dies he will make that lucky lad his heir. I ventured to hint as much to the old gentleman (we two have got quite thick since you all left), and he rumbled away like an alarum (you remember how he laughs), and told me to mind my own business; which (though rude) I think was a good sign. I should be glad if I could do R. T. a good turn. And that brings me back again to you and your affairs, my dear. I have just consulted my good Janet about your living with me'— Who is her good Janet?"

"Her maid," said Mabel.

"'And she is quite willing to come into the arrangement. She objected at first to take hot water up to a companion (if it was cold, it seems, she could have stomached it); but when I told her who it was to be, she answered that that was different, and assented at once; but I have no doubt I shall have to consider it in her wages. I anticipate no opposition from Melcombe. Give me a line shortly. Believe me, always, my dearest Mabel, yours affectionately,

"'LETITIA MARSHALL.'

"That is a curious composition," observed Martha Barr, as she concluded the epistle. "But it seems to me this Mrs. Marshall is really a good-hearted creature—under the mud."

"She has been most kind to me," said Mabel, seriously. "I think she would continue to be so, in her way. But her mode of life—just now, too—I don't think I *could* bear it." She looked down at her crape dress, and burst into tears.

"My own sweet child," cried Martha, putting aside her work in methodical fashion, and kneeling down beside the weeping girl, "who ever dreamed of your bearing it! Who ever supposed that you could go to Brighton or Bath, with their bands and—and—buns, and mix with the gay and giddy at such a time! Nobody but this mad old lady could ever have thought of asking you to do it!"

"But unhappily, Martha," sighed Mabel, wiping her eyes, "no one has thought of asking me to do any thing else."

"I thought somebody had, my child," whispered Martha, smoothing the other's hair with tender touch—"some one, whose dying wish ought surely not to be forgotten or disregarded."

"Oh, but that was said when dear papa thought that I was rich—or, at least, what seems now to have been rich—and what he said was, 'You will live with May.' Now every thing is different. I am sure he would not have wished me to become a burden upon you, with your scanty means."

"I have not much, my darling, it is true; I should hardly like to tell you what I have—not because it will not be enough for both of us, for I am sure it *will*—but because you have such grand ideas, and don't understand how to make a little go a great way. But I never dreamed but that it was quite arranged that you and I were to live together for the present. I say 'for the present,' darling, upon your own account, not mine. It would be joy indeed to me to have that song-bird of whom Mrs. Marshall writes in my own poor wicker-cage as long as I live; but she would mope and moult and die of the pip. Something better than old Martha's cottage will be your home some day, I hope; but in the mean time you will make shift with that as long as it suits you. The Lascelles are not coming in a fortnight, so far as I am aware, to occupy *my* spare room. Don't you see, dear?"

"I see," sobbed Mabel, "the best of friends and the kindest of women."

"Pooh, pooh! That is owing to the magic crystal of your tears, my darling. If your eyes were clear, you would discern a much more ordinary spectacle. The simple fact that should present itself is this: this old woman here, ugly and stupid, has been offered half a dozen times in her life, by my late father, a home under this very roof—a palace compared with her own dwelling (which is quite a rabbit-hutch, my dear, I do assure you)—and where she has always received the warmest welcome. It is only natural that she should now, in her turn, be ready to share with me whatever she has; the obligation will still be immensely upon her side; and indeed I am conferring a great favor upon her in coming to relieve the dullness of her sordid home. That is the proper way to put it, my dear child—the practical and common-sense view of the matter. You shake your head, you clasp my old hand with your pretty fingers. Well, well, you may think as you please about it, but at all events you accept my offer; that is settled."

"Yes, dear Martha, I accept it—oh, so gratefully; and pray, pray let me be useful to you, and not a drag upon your little resources more than can be possibly helped."

"Useful, my pretty pet? you will be invaluable. There will be the plants in the window to water—and—and a thousand things. I *am* so pleased to think of my being your hostess! To think of my entertaining such a princess is like a fairy dream! I hoped for it, my darling, but I never dared to realize it. I said to myself, some rich and stately person will certainly interfere and carry her off."

To see the old lady from henceforth was to watch a sunbeam in the house. She flitted from room to room, all radiance, putting this and that aside out of the store cupboard for her darling's use in her new home, and reserving such small articles of furniture as she thought would be of comfort to her, and yet were not likely to fetch their value at the coming sale. For it was necessary to be away almost at once, before the auctioneer should come with his hammer—as dread, but less pious than that of Thor—to destroy the household gods before their eyes.

As for Mabel, she had affairs to attend to also, but unhappily they were not of a nature to distract her thoughts from the present trouble. She had to bid good-by to her humble friends in the parish, and to do so with empty hands. Then there came one bitterest day of all—the last that she was ever to spend in her old home. Every haunt which had been dear to her or hers, and especially to him for whom earth was never more to smile, was once more visited; the river, with its sounding weir, where she had sat a hundred times, with book in hand, while her father threw his fly into the circling pool; the wood, with its white quarry, where they had picnicked in the summer afternoons; and the home garden, that was to bloom and bear for other eyes, for other hands, henceforth and forever. She plucked a late lingering flower or two, and put them in her bosom, then sat her down on the mossed wooden seat which the rector himself had built—he had been cunning at such handicraft—and placed so as to command his favorite view. It was the very season for sad thoughts and farewells—a still autumn evening. The leaves did not need the summons of the wind to render up their lives; the chestnuts fell on the damp ground with a dull thud; the banner on the castle top hung heavily in the misty air. She sat here for an hour alone, thinking unutterable things of God and death. Then there was a patter of feet on the sodden walk, and Martha came and sat down by her in silence, hand clasped in hand.

"Martha," said Mabel, suddenly, "who was the iron-monger?"

"Lor, my dear," answered Martha, with a start, "what could have put that into your head?"

"The time and place, I suppose; for half my life ago, on just such a night as this, when I was sitting here with dear papa, you came. I have never thought of it since, from that hour to this; but you had a letter in your hand—I can see it now, with its large red wafer—from the iron-monger; and papa was angry, and called him by some slighting name."

"The Corrugated!" exclaimed Martha; "so he did. The idea of your remembering that! What a man your father was for jokes and names!"

"But who *was* the iron-monger?"

"There was no such person, my dear: it was my cousin Job, the iron-*master*, whom your papa used to make merry about. He is alive still, though very old, and is said to have as many thousands a year as he has years of age. Poor man!"

"Why do you call him poor if he is so rich?"

"Because he is greatly to be pitied, my dear; for, just as you are unhappy to-night because you are on the point of leaving all you love forever, so Job Maddox is unhappy at the idea of leaving all *he* loves—his wealth; for money can not purchase a new lease of life. The only quarrel your dear papa and I ever had was about Job. When my mother died, and I was left—not ill off, my dear, you know, but what you would call with rather small means—it was expected—that is, some people expected—that Job, who was my only relative save yourselves, would do great things for me. He wrote me a most excellent letter of advice, I'm sure; I have got it now, with a picture of his chief manufactory lithographed on the note, and *Corrugated Iron Company* printed on the envelope; but your papa was not satisfied with that, and took upon himself to send him what he called a pastoral letter."

"I remember," said Mabel, smiling; "a letter such as he used to send to the farmers when they refused to let their empty wagons bring back the poor people's coal from the railway station."

"Just so, my dear. Well, Job didn't like it, and I didn't like it, either—I mean your papa asking for any thing upon my account; and the matter was always a bone of contention between us. What names he gave him! Dear me, dear me! 'The Golden Mean,' on account of his wealth and prudence; and 'The Corrugated.' Cousin Job may not have been very liberal, but I am sure we have enjoyed many a hearty laugh at his expense. How strange that it should have come into your head to think of him to-night!"

But there was nothing strange about it. A thousand recollections, "buried all under the down-trodden pall of the leaves of many years," rose up from their graves that night to people Mabel's mind. The memories of the dead, God be thanked! are not always mournful, although the echo of their mirth sounds so sadly to us from the tomb; and perhaps what was destined to be missed most and longest, in the place that was to know Parson Denham no more, was the smile that was a cordial to weary hearts, and the wit that always couched its shining lance in the cause of the weak and the poor.

A HORSE FAIR IN BRITTANY.

HERE we have a highly characteristic scene of Breton life. In many towns of Brittany a monthly horse fair is held; and these meetings are noted not only for the excellent specimens of horse-flesh which are brought together there, but for the human oddities who bring them. The horses are especially good, and are much sought after in the other provinces, so that our worthy Breton often makes a good thing out of his stable. Thus, as the sketch on page 213 represents, on fair-day the peasants of the neighborhood bring their salable steeds to the appointed place, which, in this case, is the pretty little town of Pont Aven; and great is the bargaining and consumption of sour cider and *petits verres* of weak brandy that then go on. The Breton has many odd customs of his own. He wears long hair, short jackets, baggy trowsers, and wide-awake hats; but he has one trait in common with other Frenchmen. And as a Turk can not do a stroke of business without his *tchibouk*, a Chinaman without his cup of tea, so can not our Breton propose, discuss, or conclude a bargain without the aid of a *petit verre*.

During the war the French army has been badly off for horses; and this is probably owing to the system of putting out the artillery horses in time of peace—*i. e.*, letting them out for agricultural purposes. It was customary to permit farmers, on the deposit of a small amount of caution money, to use the spare horses of the army for plowing, harrowing, or other rural labors. As French farmers are notorious for the carelessness with which they treat their horses, the poor animals naturally fell into bad condition, and when wanted for the campaign were totally unfit for their work. Great numbers were then bought up in England, Ireland, and Hungary; but as many of these were not equal to the rough work required of them, the French frequently found themselves in great straits. This, perhaps, accounts for the great superiority of the German cavalry over the French in the recent campaign.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE announcement of a certain temperance lecture in Muskegon, Michigan, was simply in the words, "Muzzle that Dog," which was posted in large letters throughout the city, and some of the unsophisticated, taking it as a warning from the police, muzzled their respective curs without delay.

A darky, left in charge of a telegraph office in New Orleans, while the operator went to dinner, heard some one "call" over the wires, and began shouting at the instrument, "De operator isn't yer." The noise ceased.

A garrulous fop, who had annoyed by his frivolous remarks his partner in the ball-room, among other empty things asked whether "she had ever had her ears pierced." "No," was the reply; "but I've often had them *bored!*"

Misfortunes never come single,
And so, like birds of a feather,
The marriages and the deaths
Are always printed together.

HOW TO GET THE EXACT WEIGHT OF A FISH—Weigh him in his own scales.

At a juvenile party in Lowell one little fellow, rejoicing in the splendor of his new clothes, sidled up to another, with the triumphant remark, "I—ain't dressed as well as I am." "Well," retorted the other, "I can lick you, any how."

When does a besieged city most resemble a pea?—When it is shelled.

THE ARTIST'S ADIEU TO HIS PICTURE—You be hanged.

ANOTHER NOTICE TO PUBLISHERS.—More disappointment arising out of the title of a book! An enterprising farmer, always on the watch for information, indeed an enthusiast in his profession, ordered "Rain upon the Mown Grass," and found it was—sermons.

A friend relates a comical story of an Irishman who went in grief to a neighbor to get some of the women to lay his grandmother out for burial. Accordingly, that night a couple of the ladies went over, when, to their great astonishment, the man met them at the gate, informing them, "No hurry; she isn't dead iist yet; but ye may begin bilin' the water to wash her."

A Western editor reports money "close, but not close enough to be reached."

A jolly fellow suggests the following: To make boarding-house hash, take a little uv every thing, a good deal uv nothing, and throw in something; jam to a mix, cook over a coal-fire, season with hair-pins, and serve up on a jump.

DRAWING-ROOM—Apartment of a dentist.

An Indiana editor says that he now believes in total depravity, as some wretch lately stole his only pair of boots, which will confine him to the house till the opening of the barefoot season.

THE BEST THING TO TAKE BEFORE BREAKFAST—Another nap.

As an illustration of the exigencies of rhyme, an English magazine writer cites the following epitaph, copied from a tombstone at Manchester:

"Here lies, alas! more's the pity,
All that remains of Nicholas Newcity.
N.B.—His name was Newtown."

An appropriate present for a zoologist would be a bunch of seals.

He was evidently not beyond the reach of consolation, that sad Hoosier widower, who repliedto a sympathizing visitor, at the funeral of his wife, "Well, yes, I shall miss her; she was a very expensive woman."

OLD LADY. "When does the next train stop here?" PORTER (*explaining*). "Well, 'm, ye see, the next train don't stop 'ere at all, and the next train as stops 'ere don't go no further, and the next is a through express." (Old lady is much better for the explanation.)

A great violinist accepted an invitation from a vulgar notary at Brussels, and was kind enough to play during the evening to the guests. A month after the notaress sent the musician another invitation, with this postscript: "Above all, don't forget your instrument." The musician sent back a violin, and these lines: "Madame,—I regret that, personally, I can not accept your invitation for the —th. I am sure you will the more readily forgive the apparent neglect, as I send my instrument."

"Now, then, my heartie," said a gallant captain, seeing that his men were likely to be outnumbered, "you have a tough battle before you. Fight like heroes till your powder's gone; then—run! I'm a little lame, and I'll start now."

CHEEK.

Louis Nap.—"AS SOON AS YOU ARE READY, I WOULD LIKE TO OCCUPY MY THRONE, IF YOU PLEASE!"

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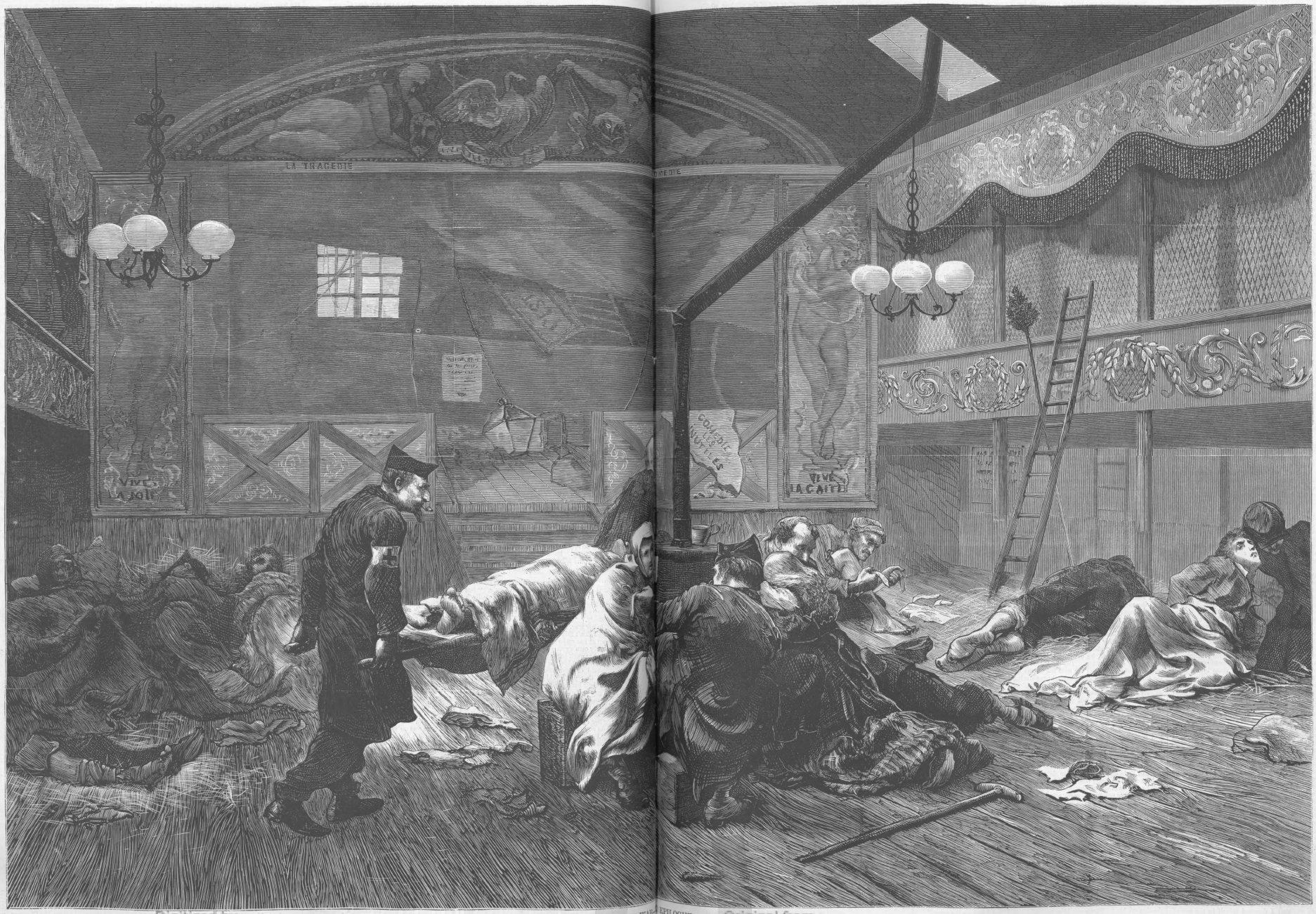

THE THEATRE OF WAR.—EPILOGUE.—[See Page 218.]

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THE THEATRE AT BEAUGENCY.

FROM AN EYE-WITNESS.

"DOWN the dark narrow passage where jolly crowds had hustled for a front seat in the pit—a *cockpit* now—Heavens, what a hideous sight! What a sickening stench! I can not bear it. I go back; then try again. In the middle of the long room is a table covered with rags and doctors' stuff, close to a fire, round which crouch those who are only slightly wounded. There is the long, low stage, with its far-drawn vista of ins and outs, and nooks and corners, from which jut the ends of straw beds and mattresses mixed up with all the litter of the stage—lanterns, boxes, scenery, and dresses; the tawdry prosceniun and half-dropped curtain; the gilded balcony over the orchestra, where lie wounded men, three on either side of the steps, one nearly naked binding up his own leg; the tiers of boxes at the sides, with their tinsel decorations and purple drapery, and under them the long foul line of wretches, some dying, some crying out at the touch of the surgeon, some desperate, with faces buried in their straw, praying, perhaps, for death; the play-bills and manager's notices still pasted over their heads—one that '*Les consommations doivent etre payées en les servant*;' another, '*Par ordre de police il est expressément défendu de fumer dans la salle*'—in the fore-ground is a group cowering round the stove, whose chimney pierces the arched ceiling by a hole, through which peeps one solitary little bit of pure blue sky. How they must have lain and longed for that pure sky, those wretched inmates of the loathsome lazarette! One victim was carried past me dead as I stood there, his clay-cold feet cropping from the cloth thrown round him. This is *Le Théâtre de la guerre*, and here is *the epilogue!* Here are some of those who 'sought a bubble reputation even at the cannon's mouth.' I have looked for Heroism in war, and found only Foulness. Pah! I am glad to get away, and passing by the ticket-place and corpse, I stand once more in the pure air and the sun."

LOVE AND COUNTER-LOVE, OR MASQUERADING.

I.—LOVE AT SECOND SIGHT.

INDISPUTABLY I was in love. There could be no doubt about it. And yet scarcely three days had passed since, standing in the solitude of my apartment, arranging the unwilling folds of my neck-tie before the cracked looking-glass, I had said to myself, with a touch of conscious pride, "I've never been in love in my life!"

Nor had I.* The nearest approach I had ever made to it was once during my college days, when I had become deeply enamored of a picture of my chum's sister, which hung on the wall of our room. I had confided my passion to Ned, of course, and we had plotted a marriage between us, to take place as soon as we should get out of college; she, all the time, being with her uncle in England, whither she had gone some years before, on the death of their father, old Ralph Lawnworth. This fact may have accounted for the falling through of our plans. At any rate, fall through they did.

For, on graduating, Ned had his hands full to take care of his immense property; I had my profession to study; and Cecile, I suppose, remained in England with her uncle. But I always believed that, had circumstances been more favorable, things might have turned out differently. I know that I always retained a vivid recollection of the portrait; and I really believe that my romantic and boyish love for it may have been potent to preserve me from many of the matrimonial perils that beset a young man's path. However that may be, I stood before my glass that afternoon unloving and, as far as I knew, unbeloved also. This looking-glass, by-the-way, was of German manufacture; so was the room; so was the house. In short, and not to keep the reader in suspense, I was in Germany. When, a year or so before this story begins, my poor old aunt went to her account (I trust her pounds avoirdupois outweighed her sins), I had given way to my life-long inclination, and, collecting my worldly possessions together—I found I could easily get them into a moderate valise—I had set out on my travels. Germany, the father-land of fairy stories and romance, had presented the greatest attractions; and here I was, accordingly, subsisting very peacefully and contentedly on beer, music, and philosophy.

As soon as my neck-tie had given in I put on my Tyrolese hat, lighted a Russian cigarette, and sallied forth into the soft June sunshine. I was bound on my daily walk to the Grosser Garten, there to listen to the music, and imbibe the delicious beer, which, and which alone, make Germany worth living in. My way lay toward the river, where it is spanned by the dusky arches of the venerable bridge. Beneath the arch on the further side a gigantic canal-boat was being towed up stream by a string of human horses. This was an occurrence that I had never failed to witness whenever I crossed the bridge. Nor had I ever omitted to pause a few moments and watch its progress in company with a crowd of slow-witted Teutons, who took as much interest in the matter as if they, and all their ancestors before them, had not seen the same thing every day of their lives.

The rumbling of a carriage over the bridge distracted my attention from this exciting spectacle. I looked round, and caught a glimpse of a beautiful young woman seated in it, and by her side a ruddy-visaged, white-bearded old fellow, whom I at once set down as her father.

The most peculiar feature of this little adventure was that I detected myself in the act of taking off my hat. The next moment I asked myself what the deuce I could have been thinking of. Did I know the lady? Certainly not: I felt sure that I had never even so much as seen her. But then what was it that had made her face seem so familiar to me? For it assuredly had seemed familiar; and though I had obtained but the merest glance of it, I found I could recall it, line by line, and feature by feature. Gray eyes, clear, sweet, and steady; a mouth small and delicate, but with a resolute "set" about the curved lips that gave a self-reliant and somewhat haughty air to her charming face; a firm, white little chin; delicate yet healthful complexion; and a most lovable little nose, with no regularity about it, and therefore utterly bewitching. It seemed to me I remembered that nose especially well. But I was quite unable to satisfy myself what business I had to remember any thing about her at all. Three seconds was the outside of the time I could have been looking at her, and yet I knew every thing in her face—yes, down to the little mole on her left cheek.

"It is the strangest thing I ever heard of," soliloquized I, as I traversed the quaint and narrow streets of the old city. "I shall send an account of it to the President of the Society of Pre-existinarians, as a striking confirmation of the truth of their theory. I only wish she would find an old acquaintance in me. Perhaps she may return my bow next time!"

Immersed in such speculations, I arrived at the concert ground—fifty tables set out beneath ancestral trees, and the band arranged under a sort of wooden tent at one side. Around the tables were congregated the German race, who, under the combined effects of beer, sausages, and music, presented a species of animal I was very fond of studying. I took my place at my accustomed table, and having sent the grinning "Kellner" for a "Glas Bairisches," I settled myself as comfortably in my chair as its rickety properties would allow, and began my observations on the faces around me. They did not extend very far on this occasion, for the occupants of the very next table to mine, to which I first directed my attention, were the identical young lady and old gentleman whom I had just encountered on the bridge.

I congratulated myself on my good luck, but made no rash demonstrations this time, though my second view of the lady only confirmed me in my perverse belief that I had seen her before. But I wisely resolved not to trouble myself about that. Enough that I saw her now; the next thing was to get an introduction. And the next event that occurred increased my desire to obtain one tenfold. During a pause of a few moments in the music I overheard some words of their conversation, when what was my surprise and delight at finding they spoke English!

At the time I write of—something less than twenty years ago—it was by no means so usual to meet English or Americans in a German town as it has since become; and though I had been but a year away from home, I found the sound of the English tongue by no means unwelcome. But this new discovery, charming as it was, could hardly warrant my presenting myself, and the most I could do, after all, was to sit still and stare.

"Gott! was für eine Schönheit!" exclaimed a coarse, guttural voice behind me.

I knew the voice very well; it was the property of a huge, overgrown cavalry officer, the occupant of the étage below mine, against whom, for several reasons, I had acquired a most inveterate dislike. There he stood, with his sleepy, sensual eyes fixed full upon the young lady's face, and his stupid features twisted into an attempt at rapturous admiration.

I felt strongly inclined to get up and thrash him, but didn't, remembering that I was in Germany, and that it was none of my business in any case. The young lady, however, turned out to be quite able to take her own part. Her deepened color proved she had heard the remark; then she turned very pale, and raising her head, looked directly through the cavalry officer. The latent power in her eyes came out, and on her mouth was unutterable scorn. The big lump of flesh seemed absolutely to dwindle away; his remarks and scrutiny came to an abrupt termination; and turning about, with a melancholy attempt at a swagger, he decamped, leaving her mistress of the situation. Her lip curled in a haughty little sneer, and her eyes fell on me for the first time. I'm afraid she caught me staring with my mouth open. I recovered myself as quickly as possible, and blushed like a schoolboy; she colored also, but whether with anger or not I could not determine. But she was evidently of opinion that this was no place for her. She whispered to the old gentleman (who had all this time remained quite unconscious of what had been going on), and they forthwith arose, entered their carriage, and drove off: and all my interest in the concert, and every thing else, seemed to have been driven off with them. I arose and took my way homeward.

I had little enough grounds to show for being in love with the young lady; still less cause had I to be jealous of the cavalry officer; yet by these two conflicting emotions was my mind disturbed. Probably they reacted upon and intensified each other. I loved her because she was entirely lovable; and I hated him because he seemed to share my love.

The events of the next few days did not tend to alleviate my inflamed condition. I only obtained a few aggravatingly brief glimpses of the young lady; and the climax was capped by the demeanor of the cavalry officer. As often as I encountered him I imagined he regarded me with a peculiar look of malignant satisfaction, as if he was aware of and exulted at my misery, and at the same time was himself in the enjoyment of all I was striving for.

Was it possible that he had obtained an introduction to her? The mere idea was maddening; and many were the forms of death to which I mentally consigned him.

It was while laboring under the depression induced by these events that, sitting in my room over a volume of Goethe, I was startled from my brown-study by a quick knock at the door. Hastily throwing the dictionary under the table, and closing my book, I bade the caller "Herein!"

II.—LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

In response to my summons the door opened, and a small, dark-complexioned little fellow appeared on the threshold. He was faultlessly attired, had a pair of mischievous, clear brown eyes, and wore a thick mustache and imperial.

But the mustache and imperial could not hide him, large as they were. I had no need for a second glance; the mist of five years cleared away in an instant, and springing from my chair I caught my old friend Lawnworth in my arms. He struggled manfully, but it was no use; and when at last I let him get his feet on terra firma he was quite limp and out of breath.

"Ned, old fellow," cried I, "is this really yourself?"

"Of course it is, my dear child," replied he; "what there is left of me;" and he felt his ribs doubtfully. He always took a fatherly tone toward me, on the strength of being about one-quarter my size.

"Well," exclaimed I, emphatically, "I never was so glad to see any one in my life."

And hereupon I led him, unresisting, to my big green easy-chair, put my choicest meerschaum into his mouth, produced my last scrap of "Perique" from the top of the book-case, and then, throwing myself on the sofa, I proceeded to load and fire a well-burned brier-wood, in vast contentment of spirit. Ned was just the man I wanted to see; invaluable either as a lover's envoy or second in a duel, in both of which capacities I proposed to make him officiate; and on all difficult and delicate subjects he was an unfailing adviser. I longed to pour into his sympathizing ear the story of my woes.

I reflected, however, that there was time enough to discuss affairs of the heart, and postponed allusion to them, while for half an hour we kept up a running fire of question and answer. At last we paused a moment by mutual consent, and puffed contemplative clouds at each other.

"But you haven't yet told me what brought you over here," said I, recommencing the bombardment.

"Well," replied Ned, after a moment's hesitation, "I came to look after my sister."

"What!" exclaimed I; "haven't you seen her since she went to England?"

"No, not for ten years," answered the little man, descending from his chair and beginning to pace the room. "I started about three months ago to make them a surprise visit. When I got to the house—no one at home; gone traveling, the housekeeper said; didn't know where. I came on to Paris, thinking I should find them there, if any where." And Ned stopped and gazed pensively out of the window.

"Haven't you even heard of them yet?" demanded I. "That's very remarkable."

"Well, yes, my boy, it is, rather," said Ned, appearing somewhat restless. He became deeply and unaccountably interested in the pot of heliotrope that stood in the window. "That is—" continued he at length.

"Well, what is it?" inquired I.

"You see, the fact is, Harry," said he, addressing the bowl of his pipe, "I didn't get time to look after them much."

"How so?" I asked, beginning to suspect there was a screw loose somewhere. "You just said you came on purpose."

"So I did," replied he; "but—" At this ominous word he paused, and tearing off the choicest blossom of my heliotrope, proceeded to use it as a tobacco-stopper. I did not interrupt him; I gave him plenty of line, knowing he would come ashore at last. And so he did, on the very next tack.

"Harry Hollingsworth," said he, impressively, "can you keep a secret?"

"Try me," replied I. "Queer we should both of us have a confidence on hand," I remarked to myself.

"You know, my dear Harry," proceeded Ned, stroking his imperial a little nervously, "that I never was susceptible."

I turned and looked at him. There was no doubting it; he had all the signs; the experience of my own heart told me that. I exclaimed at once:

"Ned, you're in love. Come, own up."

There was a silence.

"Ah, how little you can understand, my dear child!" said he at last, apostrophizing the landscape. "In love? In despair, rather."

"Of course you are. I understand all that," replied I. "But come, tell me all about it. What's her name?"

"Just what I want to know," returned Ned. "Couldn't get an introduction, though I tried every thing. Her old man keeps a look-out for me, I believe. I followed them from Paris all over the country, till at last I've tracked them to this musty old place."

"What! are they here?"

"Yes; came several days ago. I saw your name at the banker's, and rushed up. Thought you might know them, perhaps, and could give me a lift," continued Ned, forgetting the paternal for the nonce.

"Ned," said I, coming up to the window out of which my friend was leaning, "on one condition I'll give you all the help I can."

"Name it," said Ned, majestically.

"That you'll do the same for me. You see," continued I, confidentially, "I'm in love too, and our cases are remarkably similar, as I will hereafter explain. Now, take your oath you'll do every thing in your power to get me married, and I will do the same."

Ned took my proffered hand. "Harry," said he, "I swear it."

"So do I," I rejoined, solemnly. "And now for the particulars."

We leaned together out of the window, which commanded a full view of the two streets crossing beneath it. I was just about to launch into a detailed account of my experiences, when my friend interrupted me by exclaiming, in great excitement,

"By Heaven! there she is!"

I looked down to the street. A carriage was driving rapidly past, and seated in it were the identical young lady and old gentleman I was on the point of describing to Ned.

"Why, how the devil did *you* know her?" gasped I.

"How do I know her?" repeated he: "how can I help knowing the girl I am in love with?"

III.—LOVE AND TREACHERY.

It never rains but it pours! I had considered myself badly enough off before my best friend assumed a position toward me that was only fit for my worst enemy.

I drew my head in from the window, and sat down on the nearest chair, and proceeded to review several very unpleasant facts which Ned's last inquiry had brought to light.

First, we were both in love with the same woman; second, I alone was aware of the fact; third, I had just taken my oath to do my best to get my friend married to this very young lady. How little had I known to what I was pledging myself! Luck was dead against me. I had had troubles in my day, but never three more disagreeable pills to be swallowed all at once! There was no chance for fair rivalry, even. I must not only keep the matter a secret from Ned—I must abstain from all attentions to the lady. "And to think," groaned I, "if I had only seen that carriage a moment sooner it would all have been the other way!" Not a very Christian remark, but it had an immense deal of human nature in it. Ned, meanwhile, absorbed in the delicious excitement of watching the carriage disappear down the street, remained in blissful ignorance of my passage through the vale of tribulation. All I could see of him were his small legs and feet, which failed by about six inches to reach the floor.

A knock at the door. "Herein!" growled I. Old Joanna, my maid-of-all-work, appeared with a troubled countenance, and handed me a note. She then remained standing, first on one leg and then on the other, as if something weighed on her mind.

"You may go," said I, severely.

"If the well-born son of a lord would excuse," said the old lady, overflowing with gutturals and gesticulation, "the note should have come three days before; but the Herr Officier who lives below received it by mistake, and only remembered it to-day; and Christina, his mädchen, says—"

"That will do," said I, savagely; and, with a deprecating courtesy, she vanished.

"The scoundrel!" I muttered. "I wonder if that was what he was grinning about when I met him?"

The note contained tickets for myself and friends to a masquerade ball at my banker's, to come off that evening. "It's queer there should be but two tickets, when the invitation is for me and my friends. It's not much matter, though; I shouldn't have gone, any way," remarked I.

Ned now clambered down from the window in a state of dreamy ecstasy, and threw himself on the sofa. "Wasn't she lovely?" said he.

I made no reply. He took up the envelope, which lay beside him, and began idly to examine it.

"Were you aware, my boy," said he at length, "that this envelope has been opened before? See there!"

Sure enough, one end had been cut open with a pair of scissors, and then pasted together again. "That's where the other ticket went to," ejaculated I; "the thieving rascal!"

"Whom do you dignify by that title?" demanded Ned.

"The officer below," I replied, briefly. "I'll be hanged if I can see what his object could have been," I added.

"Can't say," rejoined Ned; "unless," he continued, with a smile, "he's a rival of yours, and wants to cut you out. Is that young lady you spoke of just now going to be there?"

This accidental solution of the enigma put on the finishing touch to the anguish of my heart. Beyond a doubt it was the correct one. The officer had taken this method of at once preventing my attendance at the ball, and insuring his own, having in some way informed himself that the young lady would be present. It accounted also for his demeanor to me on the street. I resolved to be even with him, at any rate, and that at once.

"Ned," said I, "I move we go to this masquerade, late as it is. It will be good fun; and I've no doubt that both our lady-loves will be there. What do you say?"

"Well, perhaps we had better go," replied Ned, vainly endeavoring to conceal his impatience to be off immediately. "I may be able to give you some assistance, you know," continued the little hypocrite.

"All right," said I; "I'll send for dominoes immediately."

IV.—LOVE IN DOMINOES.

A few hours afterward two dark muffled figures (which, not unnecessarily to alarm the reader, were those of myself and friend) might have been seen trying to induce a drosky-driver to forsake his dewy slumbers beneath a flickering gas-lamp. Having at length partly awakened him, we jumped in, and were jerked and wrenched to our destination. Descending from our chariot, we pushed our way through a motley crowd of fantastic shapes up the staircase, delivered our tickets to an old grandee of Spain at the door, and were ushered into the reception-

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hall forthwith. Having paid our respects to Nut-cracker and Sugar-dolly, the host and hostess of the occasion, we found ourselves at liberty to go whither we chose. Feeling in no mood for gayety, I proposed that we should meet at an appointed place an hour from that time, meanwhile to pursue our fortunes apart. Ned assented readily, and we separated accordingly; he in quest of his love, and I of my enemy, whom I intended to make the scape-goat of all my pent-up wrath.

Manifold and wonderful was the incongruous harmony of shapes that drifted before my eyes, fascinating partly by its novelty and partly by its realization of impossibilities. Strange and numerous were my adventures; but I paid little attention to them, until finally I was accosted by the arch-fiend in person. He appeared to recognize me at once as one of his household, and would instantly have hurried me to the bottomless pit; but I resisted strenuously, and ultimately escaped by pointing out to his worship a certain individual in a Bloomer costume as being even more fitted than myself for the honor of his company. He introduced himself immediately, and I was pleased to observe that a most cordial and complete understanding was at once established between them.

Warned by this last encounter, I withdrew from the crowd, and ensconced myself in the deep embrasure of a neighboring window, determined to wait there until the time for meeting Ned should arrive. As yet I had seen nothing of either the young lady or the officer, but I felt sure they were present.

"I wish I'd never met her," soliloquized I; "or that Ned had had fraternal instinct enough to go on looking after his sister; or, for that matter, if I had been constant enough to stick to my old love for her—I should probably have died a bachelor, to be sure, but that couldn't have made things worse."

The clock struck twelve, the appointed hour, and I began to shoulder my way to the rendezvous—one of the side rooms off the principal hall.

A heavy crimson curtain served as a door. I pulled it aside, entered the room, and removing my mask, looked about me. It was empty. "Not come yet," I remarked; "perhaps he's met—"

The sound of a voice, audible above the muffled din of the crowd outside, made me start and pause: it came from an adjoining room, which I now noticed for the first time, opening out of the one in which I was standing. It was the coarse guttural voice of the officer. I stepped forward at once, with a savage exultation in my heart. My time had come!

Before I could take a second step I heard a woman's scream—slight and suppressed, as though coming through set lips—but I recognized it at once, and it went through my heart like a knife. It must be dire need that could draw a scream from *her*. My blood stood still, then rushed tingling to the tips of my fingers. I sprang through the doorway.

There they were! She, shrunk up in the furthest corner of the room, her gray eyes black and flashing, anger and loathing in every line of face and figure; he, heated with liquor, bending over her, had placed one hand on her bosom, while he stooped forward to kiss her.

"Stop!" thundered I, in a voice hoarse with rage.

She gave a joyful little cry as she saw me, and her eyes lightened. He turned on the instant, his sword half out of the sheath. But he was at least five seconds too late.

Before he could draw it out I was upon him, and had caught him by the throat. Then he dropped his sword and grappled with me. He was a heavy and powerful man, but I was the quicker and more skillful, and a life of muscular training now stood me in good stead. For a few moments we strained forward and backward; then, suddenly putting forth all my strength at a moment when he was unprepared, I whirled his gigantic carcass across my hip, and he came down with a headlong crash to the floor, I falling on him. As he fell his head struck the marble foot of the mantel-piece; and when I gathered myself up to secure my advantage my enemy lay limp and motionless, the blood flowing from a deep gash in his temple.

I rose to my feet, and turned to the young lady. She was leaning up against the wall, one hand clenched, the other pressed against her heart, and her face very pale. Her eyes met mine; they were yet bright with anger, but, as I looked, the tears came into them. She stretched her hand toward me, and her lips moved to speak; then all at once overstrained nature gave way, her eyes closed, and she sank without a word to the floor.

It seemed to me, as I raised her in my arms and laid her on the sofa, that I had never known till then how much I loved her. But it was not for me to indulge in such thoughts; and as I proceeded to do what I could to restore her to consciousness I tried to forget that it was *she* who lay there so pale and still and sweet.

My endeavors were just beginning to have effect when I heard a hasty step in the next room, and a kind, gruff voice, "Now, my dear, are you ready?" and the next moment the white-headed old gentleman appeared in the doorway.

He stopped short in astonishment and dismay at the scene before him, glancing from the motionless man on the floor to the motionless woman on the sofa, and then at me, with a look of such agonized entreaty that I hastened to reassure him.

"She's not dead, Sir," said I, "only fainted. I happened to come in, and found that fellow insulting her, and—"

A deep sigh from the sofa interrupted me, and we both forgot every thing else in the anxiety of watching her recovery. It was very rapid. She raised herself on her arm, and the first thing she saw was the old gentleman on his knees at her side.

"Oh, dear uncle!" exclaimed she, throwing her arms round his neck. "I'm so glad you're here!"

"So," thought I, "he's not her father, after all!"

"But, my dear," demanded he, anxiously, as soon as he had satisfied himself that she was alive and unharmed, "who is this gentleman?" indicating me. "Are you acquainted with him? And how—"

"I don't know his name," said she, interrupting, and looking at me in charming embarrassment; "but I know he *is* a gentleman. Oh, if you had only seen him fight that man there! It was glorious! I wished I had been a man! I want to thank you, Sir," she continued to me; "but I never can thank you properly for your noble conduct. May I shake hands with you?"

She had never looked so lovely as she did at that moment, looking up in my face with changing color and extended hand. I would have died on the spot for the sake of one of her little white fingers. But I knew if I took one step more I was lost—if, indeed, I had not already gone too far. My promise to Ned was trembling on the verge of dissolution. With an effort that left me as weak as a child I drew back a step. Oh, how I wished that I and not the officer were lying senseless at her feet!

She looked surprised, then drew herself up haughtily and coldly. "You must excuse my freedom, Sir," said she. "I thought—no matter what. I merely wished to signify my obligation for your assistance.—Uncle," she continued, "let us go now, please."

"Sorry to be late," said the voice of Ned in the next room. "What the devil— Hallo!" exclaimed he, catching sight of the prostrate officer, and finally of the young lady and her uncle. He stopped, looking from one to the other of us in bewilderment. The old gentleman and his niece moved toward the door.

Then, all at once, I came to my senses. I could not and would not let her go off with the impression that I was a boor, devoid of all sense and courtesy; it was a little too much. Ned's presence relieved me of the scruples I had felt before. Intercepting their passage, I addressed myself to her:

"Stop one moment, please," I said. Leaning on her uncle's arm, she paused; in her eyes a questioning, half-hopeful expression seemed to struggle with wounded pride. "She don't *wish* to think ill of me," said I to myself, and felt encouraged. "You said just now you knew I was a gentleman," I continued, blundering along, without much idea of what I was about. "I want you to think so still. I can't explain now—but, really, I didn't mean to be rude. Can you forgive me?"

She did not take her eyes off me all the time I was speaking; and as I ended I saw forgiveness in them. But before she could speak the old gentleman broke in:

"Excuse me, Sir," said he, "but it strikes me things have been going on in rather an unbusinesslike manner. I should feel obliged to you if you would favor me with your name."

"Harry Hollingsworth is my name," I replied; "and this gentleman," turning to Ned, determined to do my duty by him at all costs, "is my friend Ned Lawnworth, of Rookwood."

If I had told them that Ned was Satan incarnate it could not have produced a more striking effect. The young lady gave a little scream, and gazed at Ned with such a bewitching expression of bewilderment, delight, and affection that my heart died within me. As for the old gentleman, he stared at Ned a moment with all his eyes and eye-glasses, and then burst out:

"Are you the son of old Ralph Lawnworth, the banker?"

"I am, Sir, I believe," replied Ned, evidently unable to determine whether he were asleep or awake.

"God bless you, my boy!" cried the old gentleman, seizing both his hands, and shaking them with all his might; "God bless you! What, don't you know me? I'm your uncle Tom, boy—your old uncle Tom! And here—Cecile! Ned! this is your sister! Forgotten her too, eh?"

I haven't any very distinct recollection of what happened after that. We were all very jolly, and questions, explanations, and congratulations followed each other in a shower. In the midst of it all I happened to catch Ned's eye, and there was a rueful expression in it strangely at variance with the prevailing gayety. I stepped up to him, and whispered something in his ear.

"You don't mean it!" he exclaimed, starting back.

"Fact!" said I; "and I never realized before what good policy it is to keep one's promises. That introduction was the hardest and the luckiest thing I ever did."

"Well," said Ned, "I never felt any real inconvenience in being myself until this evening. But I shall consider that that fact relieves me of any further responsibility as regards keeping my promise to *you*, Sir."

"Now what are you two talking about?" inquired the loveliest of women. "Mayn't I know?"

"Oh, my dear," replied Ned, with his mischievous smile, "you'll find that out soon enough!" Upon which I blushed, and she looked puzzled, and Uncle Tom rubbed his hands and laughed as if he thought it the best joke in the world. I'm afraid he didn't relish it quite so well afterward.

As for the officer, he came to himself about this time, and sat up, looking the picture of misery. But when he saw the turn events had taken he crawled away, and we none of us ever saw him again; so I never was able to thank him for the introduction he had procured me.

I had intended to keep on a little longer, and explain how every thing came about; but my wife, who is looking over my shoulder, says I have written as much as any one needs to know, and, since I have implicit faith in her judgment, I sha'n't add one word more.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

IMPRESSED with the belief that the public would be glad to learn more concerning winter life among the clouds, a representative from the Boston *Journal* recently paid a visit to the scientific party on Mount Washington. Although there are inhabited places in America at a greater elevation than the summit of this mountain—which, according to barometrical observations, is about 6291 feet in height—none are so exposed to the fury of the elements; consequently this enterprise has awakened great interest. The ascent of Mount Washington, in the winter, can be accomplished safely enough by one who is blessed with an extra amount of physical strength, though the sudden and severe changes liable to occur are dangerous. Physical exhaustion might lead to serious results. There have been two instances, at least, the present season, where persons have become so exhausted in climbing the mountain that they could not have proceeded without aid from others, while death would have ensued had they been abandoned. On one occasion a young man became so fatigued and so benumbed with cold that his companions were compelled to carry him a considerable part of the way. Professor Huntington was possessed of great powers of endurance, and evidently thinks nothing of walking up and down the mountain. The scientific party occupy the dépôt which was erected last summer. The frame-work is of the strongest kind, and bars, braces, and supports of various kinds give it stability, while three strong iron chains, securely fastened to the rocks, pass over the roof. Within the dépôt, the apartment occupied by the party is about twenty feet long and eleven feet wide. It is protected from the cold by numerous devices, and two stoves occupy a prominent position in the middle of the room. This little snuggery is made to serve not only as a kitchen, dining-room, sleeping-room, sitting-room, parlor, library, and study, but also as an observatory and telegraph office. Every inch of space is utilized. Scientific instruments, books, book-cases, writing materials, snow-shoes, clothing of various kinds, maps, chairs, tables, beds, and an infinitude of tin dishes, all seem to have a place, though the occupants of the room complain that it is the easiest place to lose any thing in they ever saw. This enterprise of spending a winter upon Mount Washington was conceived many years ago by Professors Hitchcock and Huntington, and, though of a meteorological character, was adopted by the geological survey of the State. Professor Hitchcock assumed the expense, relying upon the friends of scientific research and mountain exploration to provide the funds by subscription. Nearly, though not quite, the whole amount necessary to defray the expense has been subscribed. The members of the expedition expect no personal remuneration.

The German army about Paris requires for daily consumption 148,000 three-pound loaves of bread, 1020 quintals of rice or barley, 595 beeves or 1020 quintals of bacon, 144 quintals of salt, 9600 quintals of oats, 24,000 quintals of hay, 28,000 quarts of brandy or other spiritnous liquors. Each army corps, consisting of from 25,000 to 30,000 men, receives every ten days sixty quintals of smoking tobacco, 1,100,000 cigars for private soldiers, and 50,000 cigars for officers. Nearly all this immense mass of supplies has to be brought from Germany, a distance of some hundreds of miles, every army corps requiring daily the use of five railway trains of thirty-two freight cars each.

Isabella, ex-Queen of Spain, has requested permission to accompany the first party that passes through the Mont Cenis Tunnel by rail.

Arrangements have been made by the German Astronomical Society to construct a new and complete catalogue of all stars of the first nine magnitudes in the northern heavens. The work is distributed, by zones of five degrees, from eighty-five degrees north to two degrees south, to the officers of fourteen observatories. Those selected in this country are at Cambridge and Chicago.

"Our Girls" is the title of a new book by Dio Lewis, just published by Harper & Brothers, which contains much sensible advice, given in a plain but interesting manner. The book will find many readers, for many topics are treated concerning which girls and their mothers will be glad of information. Dio Lewis discourses at some length upon the dangers of wearing high heels, and the necessity of girls learning to walk. He says:

"The heels of the fashionable ladies' shoes at the present moment—quarter past three P.M., August 4, 1870—are two inches high, and at the bottom not larger than an old-fashioned silver quarter of a dollar, if any body can remember how large that was.

"Need it be argued that this absurd fashion weakens the ankle, and jams the toes into the sharp points of the boots?

"If a woman were to walk as much as her health requires, with those most unphysiological heels, her feet would soon be crippled.

"How any of you who desire to appear well, to make a fine impression, can consent to crawl about, poking your chins out, shoulder-blades sticking out, and wiggling yourselves along in that stubby, stumbling way, amazes me.

"Why, girls, if you were to give one-twentieth part as much time to learning to walk as you give to the piano, you would add immensely to your attractions."

Submarine divers have been employed to explore the sunken wreck at New Hamburg in search of bodies. It is now believed that the last has been recovered. Twenty-two in all are supposed to have lost their lives by this railroad disaster.

Those who have read with pleasure the works of M. Michelet will be interested in the description given of him, as an old, white-haired man, about seventy-six years old. He has a markedly intellectual face, large, hollow eyes, deeply sunken, but bright and penetrating, a small, somewhat bent figure, but with a great deal of dignity of bearing. He impresses one at once with a sense of great intellectual power and force. His conversation is serious and earnest, but at times he is sarcastic. His voice is somewhat slow and accentuated, but when interested in conversation his tone becomes more natural. His wife, who looks young enough to be his daughter, is a fair, thoughtful-looking, pretty woman, with a grand, dome-like forehead and regular features. She is eloquent and clever, and, notwithstanding all the disadvantage of bad spirits and delicate health, great natural gifts and great cultivation seem to have united in her to form a true woman.

Tin-foil has long been used, with excellent effect, as a preservative from the air of various substances that require such exclusion, especially such as chocolate, tobacco, cocoa-butter, etc. Quite recently a new application has been made of it in the preservation of lemons, which, as is well known, soon become dry and hard when exposed to the air, and ultimately parchment-like and covered with mould. The foil has the effect of preventing such drying up, and of keeping the lemons fresh for an indefinite period of time. Oranges may be kept fresh by the same means.

Telegraphic communication between America and Europe evidently is not such a simple thing to be maintained as many have supposed. The efforts made to repair the Atlantic cable at this season have failed in consequence of ice and storms. Probably the work must be delayed until warm weather. Meanwhile the French cable will be the only dependence.

A Massachusetts gentleman has invented a fire-escape which consists of a small rope, the upper end being provided with a grappling hook, which can be made fast to any projection. This rope runs through a slide block, in which operates a friction lever, which is controlled by the hand of the operator. To the block are fastened a pair of stirrups and a waist belt. The person in descending is in an upright position, and can, by pressing upon the lever, which is held in the hand, stop short as often as he pleases.

The war in France has caused the untimely death of some promising artists. Among these is Otto Weber, who was killed during one of the sorties from the capital in January. A fine picture by Weber has been on exhibition for some time at Goupil's gallery, which will be studied with peculiar interest. Regnault, who also lost his life in a sortie from Paris, was an artist of undoubted talent. He was only twenty-four at the time of his death, but had already won the highest honor of the French Academy at Rome. One of his paintings is now on exhibition in the Academy of Design. At the early age of twenty-eight Zamacois died at Madrid, whither he went from Paris. He was inclined to consumption, and the excitement of the war in France was thought to have brought him to an untimely grave. He was an artist of great originality, strength, and purity, and he stood high in the modern school of painters. Many specimens of his work have been exhibited in this city.

English papers state that the executors of the late Mr. Charles Dickens (Mr. John Forster and Mr. Dickens's sister-in-law, Miss Hogarth) have disposed of the author's entire series of copyrights to Messrs. Chapman & Hall.

That a social entertainment may be elegant, attractive, and thoroughly enjoyable without wines and liquors was pleasantly proved by the recent card reception given at the residence of Senator Pomeroy in Washington. All the arrangements for the evening were in the most tasteful and elegant style, and the collation served was of the choicest kind. Yet the strongest beverages furnished were coffee and lemonade. Notwithstanding this, the party was esteemed one of the most elegant of the season.

It has been reported that Taglioni, the once-renowned *danseuse*, was dead. A later report is that she is living luxuriously in her own palace at Venice.

During the past winter over 125,000 pounds of buffalo meat have been sold in this city. This is sent here mostly by a purveyor of bison who hails from Ellis City, Kansas. Not long ago a haunch of buffalo was regarded as a curiosity in New York city; now a regular traffic in it is established. Buffalo meat possesses in a marked degree the quality of remaining fresh and sweet for an almost unlimited period.

Vesuvius is in a state of alternate activity and quietude. But it has recently presented a very brilliant spectacle on fine nights, and many foreigners have hastened to view it, making the ascent as far as Atrio del Cavallo, the grand cone being almost prohibited ground. From all indications it is inferred that Vesuvius will for some time present a more or less brilliant spectacle before arriving at the grand finale, and travelers may bend their steps toward Naples with almost a certainty of seeing something worth seeing. The new cone which opened toward the north has closed, but at the back of it another mouth has opened, and is throwing out a lofty column of black smoke. In fact, the mountain is in a state of intermittent fever, being sometimes almost passive, and at others ejecting smoke and stones to a great height.

Word comes from Paris that "all the animals in the Zoological Gardens have been killed except the monkeys; these are kept alive from a vague and Darwinian notion that they are our relations."

A few months ago a lady, who had no ambition to have her name known as a reformer or professional philanthropist, quietly attempted to do something for practical temperance in Boston. Through her instrumentality the "Holly-Tree Coffee-Room" was established—a clean, bright, cheerful place for refreshments—in the neighborhood of dirty grog-shops. A branch of holly was set in the window, an engraving of Charles Dickens, and other pictures, adorned the walls, newspapers were conveniently placed, and mottoes, in clear type, were displayed, of which the following are a sample:

"Hot coffee within
Is better than gin."

"Drink hot coffee, and save your cash;
Drink hot whisky, and go to smash."

The lady who established this coffee-house made herself responsible for the expenses for one year, and saw that the attendants were capable and trust-worthy, and that the provisions were of good quality. The place is kept by a man heartily interested in the work. The prices asked for coffee, tea, bread, meat, and similar articles are very low, yet will pay all expenses of the establishment. And its influence is being felt. Many prefer a clean table, and good, cheap food, without liquor, to their former haunts; and many others are trying to break away from old habits.

Lillie Smith, the little Sunday-school scholar who gained a reputation from having committed to memory three hundred and sixty-nine verses of Scripture in one quarter, is just recovering from brain-fever.

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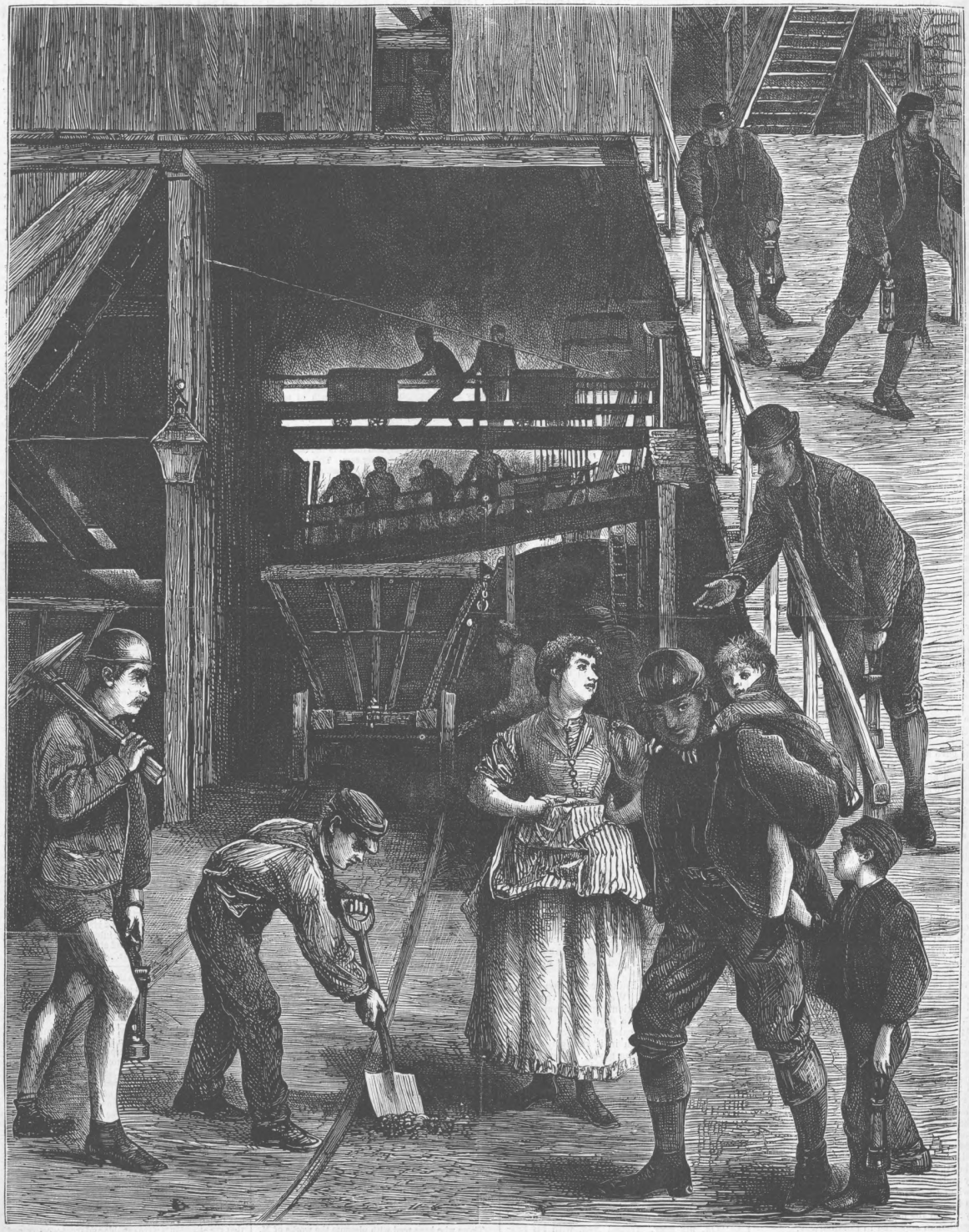
MINERS LEAVING THE PIT.

THE illustration on this page represents the conclusion of a day or night shift of workmen in an English coal-mine. The time may be morning or early evening. The wife of one of the men has come to meet him and the lads, and take them home to supper or breakfast, as the case may be. The men have come up from their underground labors in a tub or basket, and have been landed on a platform over the pit, from which we see three of them descending on an incline of rough plank.

The condition of the English miners, though greatly ameliorated of late years by humane legislation, is one of constant hardship and peril. Yet they not only become accustomed to the ordinary dangers of their work, but frequently run the most fool-hardy risks. In what are called "fiery" mines they often break open their safety-lamps, either for a little more light, or, in some cases, to light a pipe. In the early days of the lamp one great explosion was brought about by a miner who sneered at the anti-explosion invention, and purposely destroyed it. Although every precaution is taken in "fiery" mines, backed by "pains and penalties," the colliers often keep private keys to unlock the "safety-lamp," and do so at the risk of their own and all the other lives in the pit; but familiarity with danger breeds contempt of it, and among large bodies of men there are always reckless persons. Where there is nothing to fear from atmospherical changes and explosive gases the men work with naked candles, and a good deal of the coal is "blasted" with gunpowder, after the manner of quarrying. In illustration of the defective supervision in the past, as well as recklessness on the part of the men, it was the custom in certain known fiery mines in Wales to "blast" the coal; thus daily, as it were, defying the grim fiend Fire-damp, at whose mandate hundreds of human beings have been swept away in one fell swoop of flame, as hot and fierce and deadly as the sudden inburst of forty fiery furnaces.

The pitman's perils are only equaled by his courage and self-denial in times of danger. Though uncouth, vulgar, sometimes a brute, he is the very type of chivalry when the great incident of his career comes—the flooded mine, the blocked-up shaft, the fiery explosion. Is there any act of self-sacrifice needed to save the life of another? Is a life wanted? The collier is there. You are sure of your man. He will come forth out of the little knot of lookers-on. As certain as the peril, there he stands, with bared arm and breast, ready to swing down the awful chasm to the dark scene of death.

A pit village generally consists of one or more rows of cottages, and often these tenements belong to the proprietors of the coal-mines adjacent. Not many years ago a stranger who should have invaded such a colony in a good coat would have needed all his courage. "Stranger, Bill," "Heave half a brick at him," was not, once upon a time, an exaggeration; but in this respect the pit districts are wonderfully changed. The Dissenting minister, the hard-working parson here and there, the Odd-Fellows' clubs, meeting-houses, and other kindred institutions have ameliorated the condition of the miners immensely. In many a cottage nowadays you meet with



ENGLISH MINERS LEAVING THE PIT.

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standard books. The "Pilgrim's Progress" is a favorite in some districts. The "beer-shop" is the greatest curse of pit districts, chiefly on account of the wretched liquor, which the beer-seller often adulterates—thus increasing the thirst of the drinker, and making him an easy prey to the enemy which takes the reason prisoner.

WILLIAM B. TAYLOR,

LATE ASSISTANT POSTMASTER, NEW YORK.

WILLIAM B. TAYLOR, whose portrait is given on this page, was the son of JOHN and SARAH TAYLOR, and was born in Trenton, New Jersey, January 28, 1800. His parents removed to New Brunswick, New Jersey, when he was quite a lad, and he entered the post-office there under BERNARD SMITH, postmaster, in the year 1815, served there very acceptably for several years, when he was called to the New York Post-office by General THEODORUS BAILEY, postmaster, who appointed him chief clerk. In those days the work was performed by only about six or seven persons, and Mr. TAYLOR, as chief clerk, assorted all the mails himself, and the postmaster, with his family, lived in rooms in the same house, which was what is known as a three-quarter house, on the corner of William and Garden streets (now Exchange Place). The business of the office was transacted in the small side of said building on the corner till 1826, when it was removed, temporarily, to the "old school-house," opposite the South Church, until the rooms were ready in the Exchange, corner of Hanover Street and Exchange Place, in 1828. After this Mr. SAMUEL L. GOUVERNEUR was appointed postmaster, with Mr. TAYLOR as assistant postmaster, in 1832. By a political strategy, Mr. BARNABAS BATES was substituted in his place. Matters grew so unpleasant that Mr. TAYLOR, with his friend Mr. WILLIAM S. DUNHAM, notified Mr. GOUVERNEUR that they would leave on the 1st December, 1835. Mr. GOUVERNEUR, however, prevailed upon them to remain until the 15th of the said month, which they did, and took their leave on that memorable evening; but before morning they were sent for, the Exchange, in which was the Post-office, being on fire, as was also a very large district in that part of the city. They returned to the Post-office Department until the office was located in the Rotunda, in the Park. They then, in 1836, embarked in a legitimate brokerage business, which proved very successful, until at last the numerous failures of 1837 caused them to suspend. In the mean while Mr. J. J. CODDINGTON had been appointed postmaster, and tendered the office of assistant postmaster to Mr. TAYLOR, which he accepted, and held during his term, and continued to hold that position under the successive administrations of JOHN L. GRAHAM, ROBERT H. MORRIS, WILLIAM V. BRADY, ISAAC V. FOWLER, and General JOHN A. DIX. In the latter part of 1860 General DIX was called to the cabinet of Mr. BUCHANAN, and Mr. TAYLOR was appointed postmaster to fill the vacancy, in January, 1861, holding the position about one year; at the end of which time he was succeeded by Mr. ABRAM WAKEMAN, who prevailed upon him to remain in the office as his deputy.

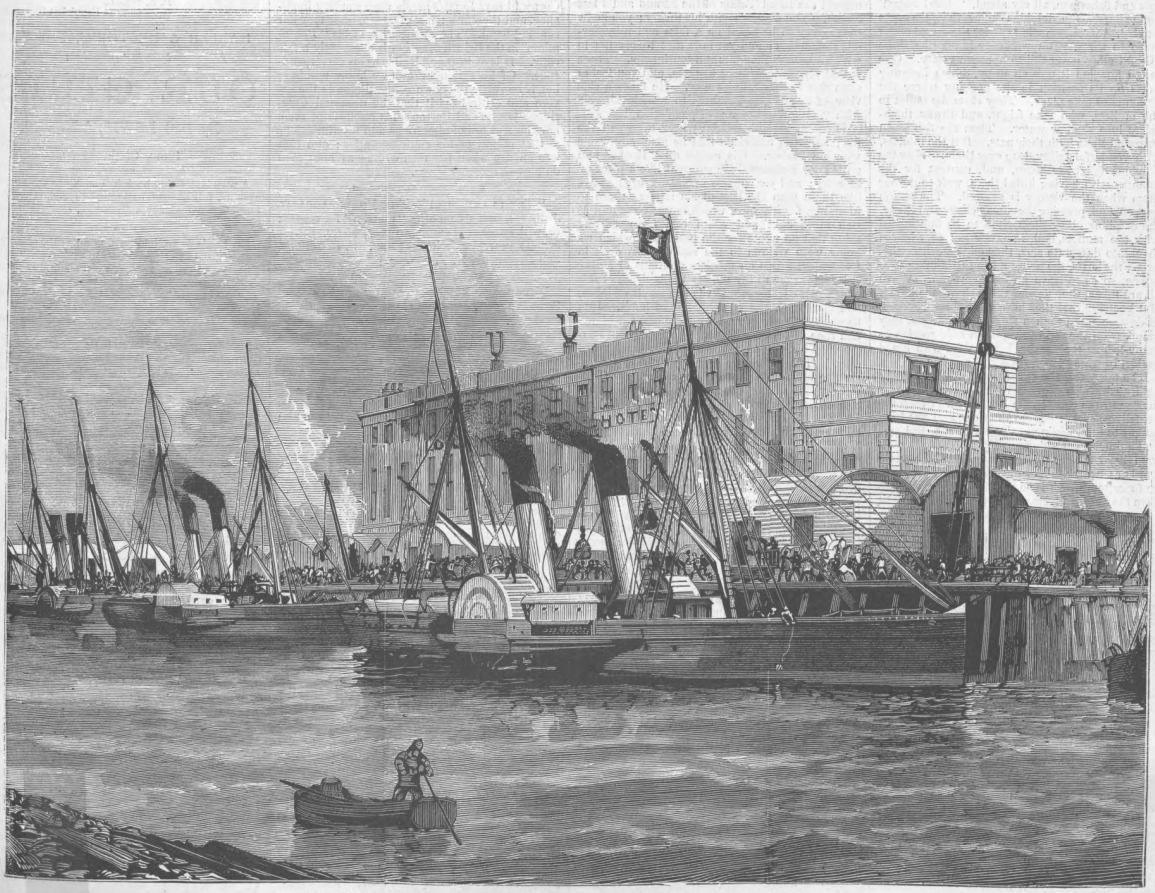
W. B. TAYLOR, LATE ASSISTANT POSTMASTER OF NEW YORK.

Prior to the close of Mr. WAKEMAN'S administration Mr. TAYLOR resigned, to enter business with his sons in Pine Street. When General P. H. JONES was appointed postmaster, he called Mr. TAYLOR back to his old position as assistant postmaster, which received the indorsement of the entire business community. He continued to fill this position until the time of his death, to the satisfaction of all who had business at his desk. No officer of the department will be so sadly missed. His genial smile and pleasant words, under the most trying circumstances, ever sent the numerous callers away with the assurance that their case would receive his prompt attention; and it can be safely said that throughout his very long term of office he was never known to give an angry look, or utter an unkind word. Mr. TAYLOR was an honest, hard-working, and faithful public servant; he was kind-hearted and benevolent, and for the poor always had a dollar. Among his subordinates he was almost idolized. He leaves a widow and large family in only moderate circumstances. He died Sunday evening, February 12, 1871, aged seventy-one years and fifteen days.

The funeral took place on Wednesday, February 15, at the church on Washington Square, Rev. Dr. HUTTON'S, of which he was a member, which was filled by a great concourse of mourners, including a large delegation of Post-office officials. Rev. Dr. HUTTON officiated, and Rev. THEODORE L. CUYLER assisted, and were listened to with marked attention. His remains were taken to the Marble Cemetery, preparatory to their final interment in Greenwood Cemetery.

FOOD FOR PARIS.

THE relief of the extraordinary distress which now exists in Paris and other cities of France is a duty which humanity imposes upon the rest of Europe and America. It is one which the Germans, perhaps, are not bound to undertake, and could not discharge even if it were incumbent on them. The usages of war prescribe the rendering of certain services to the enemy's wounded, and to the prisoners you have taken from him. But they contain no special precepts applicable to a case like the present, and the magnitude of the need is such that no amount of aid toward meeting it can be regarded as superfluous. It is almost beyond our power to conceive the position of a great capital on the brink of literal starvation. Paris is at this moment an absolute maelstrom in respect of necessary food. It swallows up every thing that comes near it, and yet the gulf yawns as wide as ever. Even when the wants of Paris have been supplied there will remain the enormous distress of the devastated provinces around. The operations of war, which it has been the principal oc-



REVICTUALING OF PARIS—SHIPPING STORES FROM AN ENGLISH PORT.

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cupation of many persons to read about for the last six months, have no fertilizing influence. They destroy the existing means of subsistence, and they prevent the cultivators of the soil from making any provision for raising subsistence for next season. For many miles round Paris great armies have been marching and countermarching for weeks together. Even if they had been well disposed toward the peasantry, their movements must have been highly injurious to every sort of agricultural industry, and it may be said without much danger of contradiction that the German troops are not well disposed toward the French peasants.

From this country and England large quantities of supplies have been already sent forward for the relief of the suffering caused by the war. The sketch on page 221 shows the shipment of stores for this purpose at an English port.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE SEAL.

VERY striking is the resemblance which certain varieties of seals bear to the human form. Their heads, perfectly round and bald, their large bright eyes, full of intelligence and tender feelings, their full beard on both sides of the face, and their broad shoulders give to the upper part of their body a startling likeness, such as, in the foggy atmosphere of the Northern seas, and with a predisposition to see what people expected to see, may very well have led to a sincere conviction that they were human beings. To this must be added their merry, playful disposition, and the peculiar manner in which they hold themselves almost perfectly upright when gamboling in the water. Naturally harmless, and even timid, they have a habit of following the small boats that go on shore, and of observing attentively all that is done; and if the crew remains longer at one and the same place, they become familiar, and fond of their company. They learn to know the people living on the shore near their play-ground, so that, in Corsica, flocks of them follow the fishing-boats, and modestly content themselves with the fish rejected after the nets have been hauled in. There can be little doubt that this intimacy has given rise to an account given by Pliny of a scene daily enacted near the town of Mines, in southern France; and as here truth and fiction meet in striking relation to each other, we insert the words of the great naturalist: "At a certain period of the year a prodigious number of mullets make their way to the sea through the narrow mouth of a swamp called Latera. These fish choose the moment of the incoming tide, which prevents the stretching out of nets and the taking them in vast quantities. By a similar instinct they turn at once toward the open sea, and hasten to escape from the only place in which they are liable to be caught. The inhabitants, who know the period of this migration, and enjoy the pleasure of the sport, assemble on the shore. Spectators and fishermen, all cry aloud, 'Simo! Simo!' Immediately the dolphins know that they are needed. The north wind carries the sound of the voice to them. But whatever it may be, these faithful allies never fail to appear at once. One might imagine it was an army, which instantly takes up its position in the opening where the action is to take place. They close the outlet to the mullets, who take fright, and throw themselves into shallow water. Then the fishermen surround them with their nets. But the mullets, with wonderful agility, leap over them. Now the dolphins fall upon them, and, content for the moment with having killed them, wait to devour them when the victory is assured. The action goes on, and, pressing the enemy closer and closer, the dolphins allow themselves to be imprisoned with the mullets, and, in order not to frighten them into desperate acts, they glide stealthily between the boats, the nets, and the swimming fishermen, so as to leave no passage open. When all are taken, they devour those they have killed. But knowing that they have labored hard enough to deserve more than a single day's wages, they reappear on the morrow, and not only receive as many fish as they desire, but are fed with bread soaked in wine!"

The talents of the seal are manifold, from the agility which he displays in catching fish for his master to the capacity he has shown in learning actually to speak. More than one seal has been taught to utter distinctly the word papa, and several animals of the kind are reported to have gone even beyond, and to have pronounced several words at a time. Nor must their love of music be forgotten, which is so great that they will rise from the water and remain standing nearly upright as long as the instrument is played, to which they listen with unmistakable pleasure. It is not so very long since one of this remarkable race came every day for six weeks from the waters of the Mediterranean, to take her rest under the divan of a custom-house officer in Smyrna. The latter had tamed her, and placed a few rough planks, at the distance of about three feet from the water's edge, under his couch, and on these boards the seal loved to rest for several hours, giving vent to her delight, oddly enough, in a profusion of sighs like those of a suffering man. She ate readily the rice and the bread which were offered her, though she seemed to have some trouble in softening the former sufficiently to swallow it with ease. After an absence of several days the affectionate creature reappeared with a young one under the arm, but a month later she plunged one day, frightened, into the water, and was never seen again.

Nearly about the same time another seal appeared suddenly in the very midst of the port of Constantinople, undisturbed by the number of caïques dashing to and fro, and the noise of a thousand vessels, with their crews and their passengers. One day the boat of the French legation was crossing over to Pera, loaded with wine for the embassador. A drunken sailor was sitting astride on the cask, and singing boisterously, when all of a sudden the seal raised himself out of the water, seized the sailor with his left arm, and threw himself with his prey back into the waves. He reappeared at some distance, still holding the man under his fin, as if wishing to display his agility, and then sank once more, leaving the frightened, sobered sailor to make his way back to the boat. Surely nothing more than one such occurrence was needed to give rise to the many romances of former ages; if the same even had happened in earlier days, the seal would have been a beautiful Nereid, who, having conceived a passion for the hapless sailor, had risen to take him down to her palace under the waves.

CHARLES LAMB.

CHARLES LAMB possessed, and possessed in a high degree, most of the qualities which distinguished Addison and Montaigne, Cowley and Goldsmith. He had wit, he had humor, he had imagination, he had a good heart. Add to this that he possessed rare powers of observation, a quick eye for the picturesque, sympathies that covered the whole field of thought and feeling; that he had browsed upon our old English authors, essayists, poets, and dramatists—Sir Philip Sidney, Cowley, Donne, and Isaac Walton, Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, and Beaumont and Fletcher—till he had made their spirit his own, and had colored with their thoughts every fibre of his own intellect; that he looked at every thing from his own point of view, was free from every thing like artifice and cant, and that, pen in hand, he jotted down his thoughts in the terse, chatty, and suggestive style in which he scribbled a note to Manning, or Coleridge, or Barnard Barton, at the India House, with clerks chatting around him of the price of indigo or the rate of exchange in Calcutta, or talked at his own fireside; and we have *Elia*—the *Elia* of our library shelves, and the Charles Lamb of the Temple.

I have been beating about for a phrase to describe the charm of his style. To say that it is pleasant, genial, chatty—that it sparkles with epigram, is intensely personal, rich in paradox and fancy—is to say nothing. It is all his; and yet, when you have said this, you feel that, after all, you have not hit the exact mark between wind and water. There is a soul in Lamb's writing which you feel, and yet can not describe by any simple expression. Its antique simplicity, its mingled gravity and humor, its fantastic turns of thought and expression, the sweet and benevolent spirit that breathes through every sentence, even the occasional perversity of the train of thought, give the "Essays of *Elia*" a charm which, like the charm of his conversation, every one feels, and no one can hit off in a characteristic phrase. How he set himself in opposition to every principle of political economy and social morality in his chapter on "Beggars!" And yet what a halo of sentiment and fancy he throws around the Blind Tobits of the Strand and Fleet Street. You disagree with his theory; you know that theory to be based on a false and mischievous conception; and yet how that theory fits in with all Lamb's thoughts and sentiments. There *is* that way of looking at beggars, and you feel at once that that is Lamb's way. He takes a side view of beggars, and refuses to trouble himself with "withering theories of population."

Many of Lamb's writings bear marks of the file; and it is notorious that he generally wrote with great labor. His essays on "Books" and on "Poor Relations" are wrought like a piece of tapestry; and yet when we compare even essays like these with the best of his letters—those to Manning, for instance, which are as terse and as rich in thought and whim and fancy as any thing that he wrote for the press, and which we know were written in the main at his desk in Leadenhall Street on invoices and bills of lading—it is not easy to say off-hand how much of this terseness and compression is the result of labor, and how much the consequence of habit. Run through the essay on the "Superannuated Man," and then turn to his letters to Manning and Barton upon his sensations when walking home "forever." The letters are superior (infinitely superior, to my thinking) to the essay, and his fictitious "Life of Liston" falls far below his letters to Manning. But of his habits of composition we know next to nothing; for he kept no diary, and he is curiously reticent in his correspondence with his friends about all his compositions, with the exception of his sonnets, and they generally speak for themselves. But from the hints which he drops here and there in his essays and in his correspondence it is plain that he wrote very slowly, revised and corrected endlessly, and generally preferred to write by candle-light. Extolling the invention of "long sixes," in his whimsical essay on the fallacy "that we should lie down with the lamb," *Elia* says he loves to read, talk, sit silent, eat, drink, sleep by candle-light. "By the midnight taper the writer digests his meditations; by the same light we must approach to their perusal, if we would catch the flame, the odor. It is a mockery all that is reported of the influential Phœbus; no true poem ever owed its birth to the sun's light. They are abstracted works—

'Things that were born when none but the still night
And his dumb candle saw his pinching throes.'

Marry! daylight—daylight might furnish the images, the crude material; but for the fine shapings, the true turning and filing (as mine author hath it), they must be content to hold their inspiration of the candle. The mild internal light that reveals them, like fires on the domestic hearth, goes out in the sunshine. Night and silence call out the starry fancies. Milton's 'Morning Hymn in Paradise,' we would hold a good wager, was penned at midnight, and Taylor's rich description of a sunrise smells decidedly of the taper. Even ourself," Lamb adds, "in these our humbler lucubrations, tune our best-measured cadences (Prose has her cadences) not unfrequently to the charm of the drowsier watchman 'blessing the doors,' or the wild sweep of winds at midnight."

That he wrote slowly we have his own direct acknowledgment in more than one instance. Writing to Southey, for instance, when "John Woodvil" was on hand, Lamb hints his doubt whether it will be ever finished; "for," he says, "I am as slow as a Flemish painter when I compose any thing." When writing blank verse, again, he complains that he is dismally slow and sterile of ideas; and we have more than one hint as to the recasting of his essays. "I write with great difficulty," he says, when at work upon his review of "The Excursion" for the *Quarterly*. "I can scarce command my resolution to sit at writing an hour together." And his sister, in a letter recently brought to light by the *Pall Mall Gazette*, gives us an interesting glimpse of Charles Lamb when at work, I believe, upon this notable review. "Last winter," she says, writing in November, 1814, "my brother being unable to pursue a work he had begun, owing to the kind interruptions of friends who were more at leisure than himself, I persuaded him that he might write at his ease in one of these rooms" (a suit of tenantless garrets which they had discovered by breaking through the panel of their own apartments), "as he could not then hear the door-knock, or hear himself denied to be at home, which was sure to make him call out, and convict the poor maid in a fib. Here, I said, he might be almost really not at home. So I put in an old grate, and made him a fire, in the largest of these garrets, and carried in one table and one chair, and bid him write away, and consider himself as much alone as if he were in some lodging on the midst of Salisbury Plain, or any other wide, unfrequented place, where he could expect few visitors to break in upon his solitude. I left him quite delighted with his new acquisition, but in a few hours he came down again with a sadly dismal face. He could do nothing, he said, with those bare, whitewashed walls before his eyes. He could not write in that dull, unfurnished prison. The next day, before he came home from his office, I had gathered up various bits of old carpeting to cover the floor; and, to a little break the blank look of the bare walls, I hung up a few old prints that used to ornament the kitchen; and after dinner, with great boast of what an improvement I had made, I took Charles once more into his new study. A week of busy labors followed, in which I think you would not have disliked to have been our assistant. My brother and I almost covered the walls with prints, for which purpose he cut out every print from every book in his old library." And there Lamb spent many hours at his desk in the evening.

His manuscript was precise and clerkly, but neither particularly elegant nor fluent. He called it a sort of deputy Grecian's hand, a little better and more of a worldly hand than a Grecian's, but still remote from the mercantile; and Barry Cornwall says Lamb's hands were wanting in pliancy, and therefore never good—neither text nor running-hand. The manuscript of his "Pantomime" in the British Museum is apparently a fair copy. It is as neat and legible as his correspondence. Of his original drafts we know nothing; but if he revised his own compositions in the severe and critical spirit that he dissected Coleridge's poems and Barton's, his manuscript must have been as full of alterations and interlineations as that of any of his contemporaries; and that was an age when few men wrote—as most men do now—*currente calamo*.

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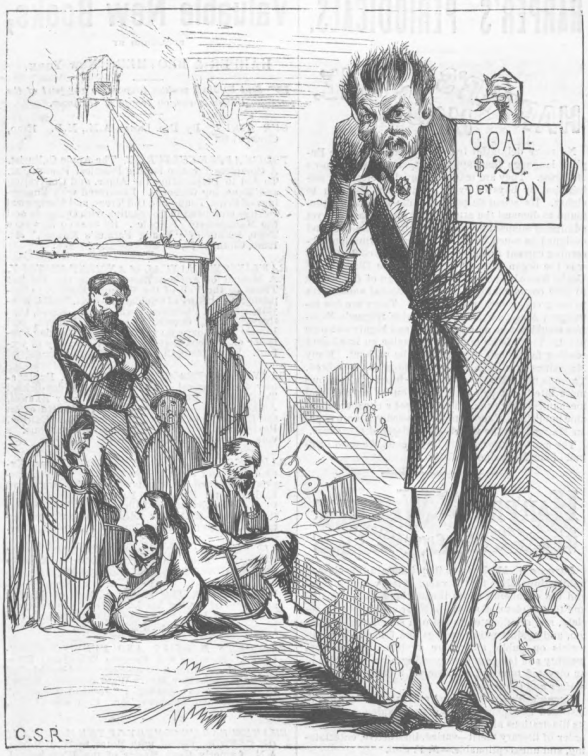

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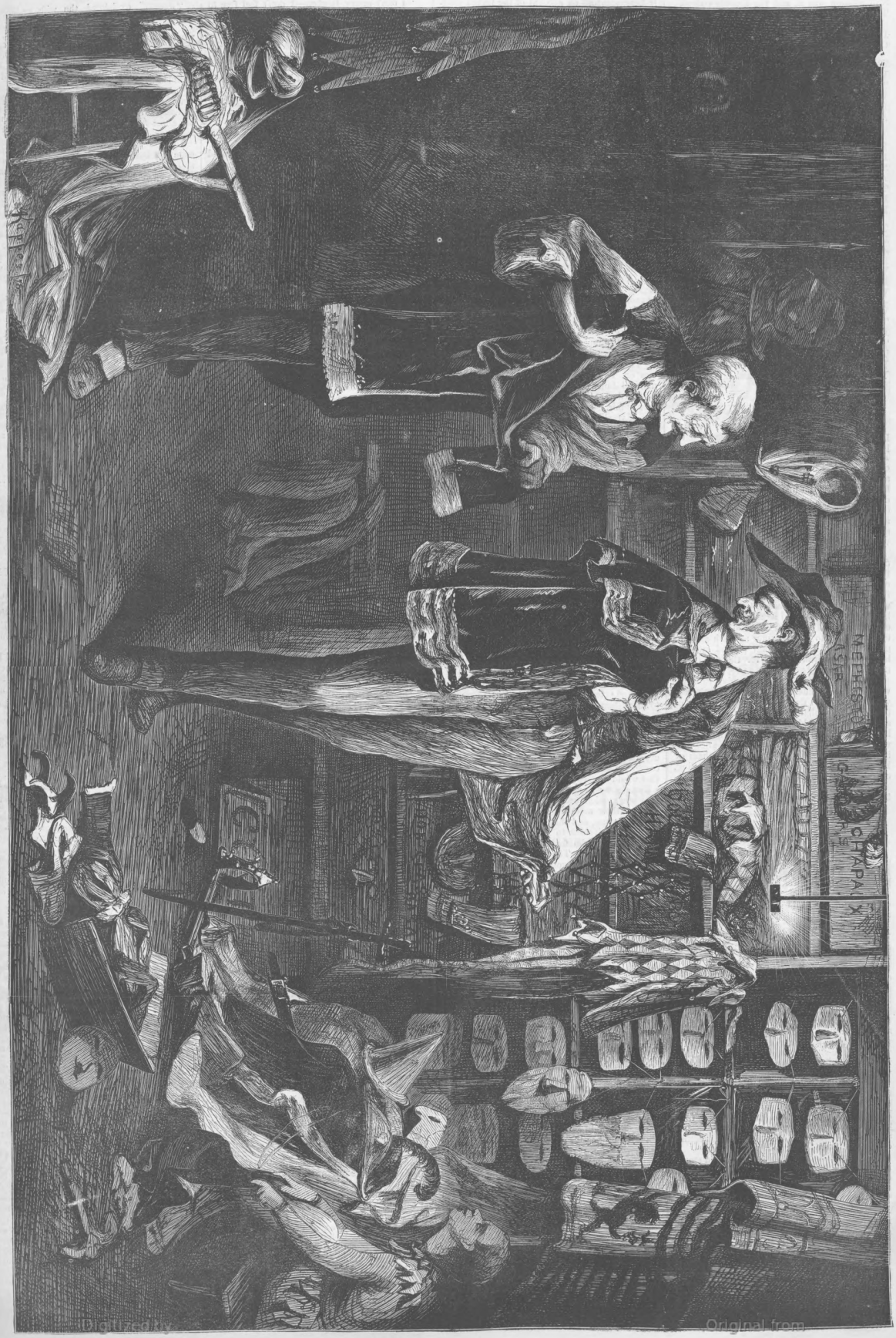

BEFORE THE MASQUERADE—SELECTING A COSTUME.—[SEE PAGE 226.]

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THE DARK WOOD.

UPON an eve I sat me down and wept,
Because the world to me seemed nowise good;
Still autumn was it, and the meadows slept,
The misty hills dreamed, and the silent wood
Seemed listening to the sorrow of my mood:
I knew not if the earth with me did grieve,
Or if it mocked my grief, that bitter eve.

Then 'twixt my tears a maiden did I see,
Who drew anigh me o'er the leaf-strewn grass,
Then stood and gazed upon me pitifully,
With grief-worn eyes, until my woe did pass
From me to her, and tearless now I was;
And she, 'mid tears, was asking me of one
She long had sought unaided and alone.

Him I knew not of, and she turned away
Into the dark wood; while my own great pain
Still held me there, till dark had slain the day,
And perished at the gray dawn's hand again.
Then from the wood a voice cried, "Ah, in vain,
In vain I seek thee, oh, thou bitter sweet!
In what lone land are set thy longed-for feet?"

Then I looked up, and lo! a man there came
From 'mid the trees, and stood regarding me;
And once again my tears were dried for shame;
But he cried out, "Oh, mourner, where is she
Whom I have sought o'er every land and sea?
I love her, and she loveth me, and still
We meet no more than green hill meeteth hill."

With that he passed on sadly, and I knew
That these had met, and missed, in the dark night,
Blinded by blindness of the world untrue,
That hideth love, and maketh wrong of right.
Then 'mid my pity for their lost delight,
Yet more with barren longing I grew weak;
Yet more I mourned that I had none to seek.

SELECTING A COSTUME.

THE illustration on the first page of our Supplement tells its own story. An *elegant* of the period wishes to appear at the masquerade of the Arion or Liederkranz as the fascinating courtier of CHARLES II., or, it may be, as the representative of the Merry Monarch himself; therefore he visits one of the many stores which the balls of the above-named societies appear to have called into existence, where he is seen trying on a mantle of velvet and gold lace over the more serviceable, if less graceful and costly, dress in which he daily promenades Broadway.

One is naturally led to ponder on the amount of effort necessary to maintain decently, even for a few hours, a character such as ROCHESTER or SEDLEY. From whence produced the playful fancy and the somewhat broad humor with which the court of the second CHARLES is credited? Are these rented as accessories with the costume? Are the gay gibes and flowery conceits returned to the costumer as fresh as when given out, and then are they packed away in lavender and brown paper for the use of the next customer?

Which of the many masks hanging from the wall shall be considered in keeping with the velvet cloak, slashed doublet, and flowing locks of the Whitehall gallant? Will the assumed character be thrown aside as easily as the mask, and left hanging to the wall? With what feeling will the gay CHARLES or ROCHESTER, after flirting with some NELL GWYNNE or Duchess of Portsmouth until four o'clock in the morning, open his ledger or his law-book at ten o'clock?

These and many other questions are suggested by this admirable illustration.

ROGER WILSON'S GHOST.

REUBEN WILSON stood in the doorway of his store long after the last customer had departed. Behind him were displayed, in the glow of two kerosene lamps, rows of bottles too frequently in demand, boxes of tea, piles of dry-goods, and other innumerable and diversified belongings of a country grocery.

Before him was stretched the beautiful bay, which juts in from the Sound, and gives to Port Jefferson its chief glory, and world-wide celebrity as a boat-building locality.

From this place the yacht *Wanderer* went off on her wild cruise, and here are to be found the bravest, hardiest, and roughest men that Long Island can produce.

It was a cold, clear night, late in the year, and the masts of many vessels stood out in bold relief against the steel-gray back-ground, looking like phantom ships; while the plash, plash of the waves on the shore sounded distinct and solemn in the else unbroken silence of the night. The winter had been an unusually mild one; there was no hint of snow in the air, and vessels were continually arriving and departing, and keeping up their intercourse with the outside world. The lights that had glimmered here and there from numberless windows went out one by one, like stars in a lower firmament, and darkness settled down upon the sleeping village.

Reuben appeared as if in a dream; and standing there in the doorway, his arms rigidly locked on his breast, his crisp locks forming an ebony crown around his brows, he seemed like another Theseus awaiting his commission from the gods. At times his eyes were fixed upon the bay, shining clear and unruffled in the starlight, and again his gaze would wander to a cottage nestling against the opposite hill-side, where Janet Barnaby had lived and labored for these many years.

But Reuben is conscious that he has been standing, statue-like, for about an hour in the frosty air; and so he finishes putting up the shutters, blows out the lights, puts a few wet ashes on the fire, and turns in to his bunk of a bedroom. That bedroom would have made you smile. It was a receptacle for all the odds and ends that are apt to collect themselves together in the transactions of trade, and were particularly heterogeneous on account of the mixed character of the stock that usually supplies a country grocery. There were old boxes thrown up in one corner, unsalable rat-traps, boat-hooks, and grappling-irons in another; while bits of sail-cloth, tarred ropes, and tarpaulin were scattered over the floor without any regard to order or picturesque effect.

Just behind the door was Reuben's bed—a long, narrow chest, which had done service as a sailor's kit, and had been consigned to Reuben in part payment of a long-standing debt. It was a very convenient affair, differing from the usual style of sleeping accommodations in that it was taken to pieces every morning, and put in shape again at bedtime. It was but little trouble to open the lid, and take from the capacious hold the small mattress, pillow, and bed-clothes that were stored therein; and on this hard couch Reuben Wilson passed into Sunday through the Straits of Dreamland.

He had been thinking of Roger all day, his brother Roger, whose slight request he had refused, and so made himself miserable for life; and as he lapsed into sleep it all came up before him, and he could almost hear Roger's voice urging him, as he had done that distant but never-to-be-forgotten day,

"Come, Reuben, we must take this yacht over to Bridgeport; it is promised this week."

"I say I won't. It's no fit weather to go, any way, and to-morrow 'll do just as well."

"To-morrow won't do as well for me, Reuben, for I have leave to go with Janet to West Meadows on Thursday. Tuthill says he can spare me, and Janet needs a holiday."

"So do I. Tuthill favors you and Janet more than is fair. I swear I won't go to-day to please any of you!"

"Well, then, I must go alone, I suppose."

It was not a great undertaking, to be sure, Bridgeport lying directly opposite; and Roger could return in the packet, which would make her semi-weekly trip to Port Jefferson the next day.

Reuben was not often in the sulks; and, perhaps, if Roger had not mentioned Janet's name, there would have been no controversy whatever. But Reuben was jealous of his brother, and the temptation was too great for him to resist using his influence against their anticipated pleasure.

So Roger went across the Sound alone. He was not so good a sailor as his brother Reuben, though full as honest and reliable; and, having the work to do, set about doing it at once with unflinching determination. But days passed, and he did not return. The yacht drifted back into the harbor bottom-side up; and after the first excitement occasioned by his disappearance had subsided, Roger Wilson slipped out of his place among his comrades as if a whirlwind had seized him. Late in the night and early in the dawn Reuben Wilson watched and waited for the return of his brother—the brother he had murdered; for was it not equivalent to murder to allow him to cross the Sound alone in a toy-boat? He might just as well have gone with him as not, and would have done so but for that devilish feeling at his heart that prompted him to do Satan's own work. Out to the bar every chance he got, searching in every hole and corner for some vestige of the lost one, any thing that would do away with this dread uncertainty.

But there was nothing. The waves went singing their requiem over the departed, dancing and flashing their mocking radiance in the face of every mourner, and they brought no message of hope or forgiveness to Reuben Wilson. Janet came often to him for consolation, but he had none to give her. The sight of the girl almost crazed him, and he wondered that she didn't die then and there. He could weep over her grave, and plant roses and evergreens around it, but it was no relief to his agony to see her moving about like a half-dead woman. And she always wanted to talk about Roger when she saw him, and would come down to the shore where she knew she would find him, and motion him to sit down beside her on a bit of mast, and then go over all the scenes in which she and Roger had participated.

She had the bluest eyes out of heaven, had Janet Barnaby, and the sweetest smile that ever rippled over mortal cheek; and when she rested her head on her hand, and gazed away and away where the sky leaned down to kiss the sea, one could almost fancy that the harbor's mouth was one of the celestial gateways through which her spirit passed to hold converse with angelic ones.

And she always talked of Roger as if she could see him standing there at the entrance of the bay, and had frequently asked Reuben if those we loved and lost so strangely never came to tell us they were dead.

Reuben would sometimes shut his ears, so as not to hear her go on in this terrible way; it half crazed him, and he didn't know what he might be tempted to do.

But Janet had other sorrows to meet, in the death of her father and mother, and for a while forgot to disturb the ashes under which was burning the memory of her lost love. She went out to service in Captain Tuthill's family; and as there were young people in the house, and fun and frolic going on continually, she soon recovered her spirits, and was as young and gay as any one.

Reuben had lost his taste for ship-building. There was not excitement enough about it; and so he opened a store, and found plenty of customers among the sea-faring men who frequented the place, or were resident there.

Five years had passed since Roger went out of the bay into eternity—five long years!

Reuben had never married, for he would marry no one but Janet, and Janet declared she wouldn't have him; and so he waited year after year, hoping to overcome her prejudices.

"I can't marry, Reuben—I don't feel free to do so. How would we feel if Roger should ever come back?"

"Roger wasn't the sort of man to stay away five years, and then come back. Do be reasonable, Janet; Roger would much rather see you my wife than the wife of a stranger."

"I don't know about that," said Janet, shaking her head rather incredulously; "I'm not so certain."

"Roger knew you were jealous of him; and so it's all useless, Reuben—I can't, and I won't;" and with that she went back to the knife-scouring which Reuben's case had interrupted.

"How queer some women are!" soliloquized Reuben, sauntering home by the shore road. "Captain Many's widow married before the year was out; and Selina Brewster, who went into fits when she heard of the loss of the *White Squall*, went off on the next trip of the *Mary J. Hulse* as Captain Ed's wife; and what a talk was made of it! But here's that Janet, who, because she has'nt seen the grave dug and the tombstone set up, feels herself just as much a married woman as Captain Beebe's wife, and more, perhaps, for they do say some hard things about the captain." But neither Reuben's entreaties nor the solicitations of half the marriageable men in Port, changed the resolution of Janet Barnaby.

"If Roger was dead I should know it," was what she said confidently to herself, and what kept hope alive in her heart, when it had died out in every one else's.

Through all these experiences did Reuben Wilson travel in his excursion through dreamland, and very restless and uneasy were his slumbers in consequence. It seemed to him as if all the graves in the place were opened, and their fleshless occupants had taken advantage of the opportunity to torment him. They danced inside the chest on which he was lying; they took possession of his property; and every red herring and tenpenny nail, every cork-screw, gimlet, and cheese-knife—in fact, even the empty baskets and bits of sail cloth—seemed to be animate with life, and came to whisper in his ear, with mockings and menaces unendurable.

And he was so powerless to resist them! He, with the muscles of a Titan, to match against their puny strength! But, try as he would, he could never succeed in dispelling them; they eluded his grasp, and sat grinning at him as if they enjoyed his discomfiture.

And then they all resolved themselves into one shape—a tall gigantic form, whose breath exhausted all the air in the room; and Reuben thought he gasped for breath, and looked up beseechingly, only to encounter the face of his brother Roger.

He wanted to shriek, but something held him by the throat; and he could only look in those eyes which held his own by a cruel power; and, looking thus intently and longingly, he was conscious that the figure became more and more indistinct, and when he was able to articulate—"Roger!"—which he did with all the intensity of feeling he could command—it disappeared altogether, and Reuben was alone. The first gleam of the morning sun was working its way through a chink in the shutters; the room was in the same disorderly condition, to which he had been so long accustomed that any change therein would have been at once unhomelike and unwelcome. He was glad to be awake—glad to escape from the horrid net-work of dreams into the security and peace afforded by the daylight. After the reaction from the perturbation of the night, when he had prepared and eaten his breakfast of salt mackerel, and cleared out his store, he began to feel in better humor than he had been for some time.

He whistled and sang, and waited cheerfully on the few customers who strolled in during the morning; for the schooner *James L. Bogert* had come in during the night, or rather in the early dawn, and the crew were anxious to stretch their legs, and enjoy a stroll on shore and in the company of their old companions. At nine o'clock Reuben put up the shutters, for it was Sunday, and he had been invited to dine with some friends, where Janet was expected to spend the evening. He was sure of Janet now, and he wanted dreadfully to go round by Captain Tuthill's and tell her what he had seen in the night. It would convince her—he was sure it would; but perhaps it would be as well to wait until evening, when he could see her alone, and where her agitation would not be remarked. So he strolled along the upper road, instead of going by the beach, and amused himself selecting a location for the house he would build when Janet gave her consent to be his wife.

"Reuben is like his old self," said John Morgan to his wife, by whose fireside, later in the day, Reuben was cracking his jokes and drinking cider. "I don't know when I've seen him so chipper."

"Not since my time," said Maria Morgan, she who was Maria Beardsley—"not since my time, I reckon; for we girls used to call him old porcupine ever so long ago."

"Well, but he didn't used to be hedgehoggy at all. It all came of Roger's disappearing so suddenly, and him feeling as if he'd sent him to judgment; though it's all nonsense. There wasn't a blow struck, 'cept what goes with a hasty word; and if Roger would and Reuben wouldn't, I don't see as either's to blame."

"Well, Roger was more to my fancy," said Maria, from the corner of the milk-room, where she was setting away the clean dishes, "though I don't know that I'd be such a ninny as Janet Barnaby. A home of your own is better than any body else's house, and a husband above ground is enough sight better than a lover in the bottom of the sea."

"Well, Janet is—" began the less philosophical husband.

"Janet!" exclaimed the wife, seeing that young woman standing in the doorway.

"That's a fact!" said John Morgan, but whether in response to his wife's remark or his own conclusion it might be difficult to determine.

Reuben thought he would wait to see Janet alone; he would go over home with her, and that would be a good opportunity. But Janet appeared so bright and smiling, so much more gracious in manner than she had been of late, that his impatience overcame him, and he decided to make his ghost-story part of the evening's entertainment.

He was more inclined thereto by the knowledge that both John and Maria favored his suit, and might possibly influence Janet more than he would be able to do unaided.

They sat around the stove, the two women on one side, the two men on the other, sometimes having duets of chat, and occasionally uniting in an uproarious quartette. And how the smiles did chase over Janet's face! and how bright her eyes shone! It did one's eyes good just to look at her.

"Now we'll have a ghost-story," said John Morgan, "just by way of variety. Reuben, you're up head; you take the lead."

"Well, I will," said Reuben, promptly, only too glad of this easy way of introducing his night adventure.

"I saw a ghost last night."

"Last night!" exclaimed John; "that's too new. Give us one that's a little further off, or I shall fancy he hasn't found his right resting-place yet."

"Oh no; we'd rather have a fresh one," said Maria; "wouldn't we, Janet?" to which Janet acceded; and as there were two against one, and the women in the majority, Reuben began his ghost-story.

"Roger is surely dead," said Reuben, as he finished the recital.

"Certain sure," said John Morgan.

"I never doubted it," said Maria. "I think Reuben has made himself needlessly unhappy."

Only Janet was silent.

"If any body has suffered, that man is Reuben Wilson; and I think it's high time he had his reward."

Reuben looked over at Janet, but her eyes were on her lap, and for the first time he noticed she wore a ring on the third finger of her left hand.

"What did it mean?"

"Janet, why don't you speak?" asked Maria Morgan, coming back from her mental examination of the subject. "Don't Reuben's dream convince you that Roger went into eternity five years ago?"

"No, it don't," replied Janet. "I saw Roger myself last night, or, rather, early this morning," she added, hesitatingly.

"Saw Roger yourself, Janet!" exclaimed Reuben, springing from his chair, and seizing her furiously by the arm—"saw Roger yourself! and won't believe it, when you declared it only needed this to convince you?"

"I said—let go of my arm, Reuben!—I said if Roger was dead, I should know it; I have always said so, and I say it now."

"But if his ghost appeared to you, as it did to me—"

Before Janet could answer there was a loud knock at the door—an imperative knock, that startled John and Maria Morgan, and made Reuben's knees strike together.

Only Janet was calm, and she opened the door. It was a tall, athletic fellow, wrapped in a heavy grayish shawl, and his eyes shaded with a broad-brimmed hat, who stood on the threshold awaiting an invitation to enter.

"Come in," said Janet, taking upon herself the rites of hospitality the others felt incapable of offering—"come in; this is a wintry night, and no one can refuse you a seat by the fire;" and she sat him a chair close by her own.

"Reuben," she went on, as if there had been no interruption in their talk, "I didn't say I saw a ghost last night, but I saw Roger Wilson—and this is he!" and she hid her head upon his shoulder.

"Roger!" gasped Reuben, "my brother!" and laying his head upon the table beside him, he wept out his joy, his grief, his disappointment.

Roger was the first to speak, and break the silence that was becoming really painful.

"I am very sorry you blamed yourself so much, Reuben. It was all my own fault; and had I died, my ghost would never have come to accuse you of murder. But I was picked up and taken to the West Indies, being too far gone to tell any thing about myself for several weeks. When I got well I saw a chance to make something; and I hadn't the courage to come back to Port Jefferson without a cent in my pocket, and no strength in my back. So I went to California, and picked up considerable, and then made up my mind to see after Janet. I know I might have written; but I am no hand at talking on paper, and the only way to be happy was to keep Janet out of my mind."

"Yes," said Maria Morgan, giving vent to her growing indignation, "that's just the way with you men! If I was Janet, I'd send you back to Halifax, to pay you for the five years of misery I'd spent on your account."

"Hush, Maria," expostulated the milder John.

"Hush? It's no time to hush. A woman may as well speak her mind; and I do say that Reuben Wilson deserves Janet far more than does Roger."

"That may be," said Janet, blushing and smiling; "but I forgave Roger, and—we were married this morning."

"Married! Whew!" exclaimed John Morgan, nearly upsetting the table in his astonishment.

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"Married, indeed?" said the practical Maria; "then that ends the business. Reuben, the milk is spilled, sure; and I'm glad of it, for now maybe you can see that there's somebody else in Port Jefferson quite as good as Janet Barnaby—Wilson, I mean. Come, then; as our ghost turns out to be real flesh and blood, we may as well make merry at his expense. John, take the pitcher down cellar for more cider, while I fill up this dish of dough-nuts. Janet, I am just as glad as I can be; and if I don't show it, it's because Reuben takes all the life out of my joy."

"Reuben," said Janet, going over to where he sat, still lost in thought, "there will always be a warm corner in my heart for you. God has given Roger back to us; is it in your heart to wish him dead?"

"No!" said Reuben, springing up and driving away the demons that had taken possession of him—"no, by the mother that bore us! Roger, forgive me; I'm a brute. It comes hard, but I'll get over it." And, with his great strong arms around his brother, he pledged himself anew to love and loyalty.

There was so much to tell, and all were so eager to listen, that it was almost morning before any one thought of saying good-night, or had heard the farewell of the midnight spirit as he went over the hills into the grave-yard where our yesterdays are buried.

Roger took Janet back with him to California, and in the course of a year or two Reuben sold out the stock and fixtures of his store, and with his wife— Oh, I forgot to say that before the next winter he had found a wife, in every way better suited to him than Janet Barnaby! And finding that fortunes were not to be made in Port Jefferson, they sailed out of the little harbor, and made for themselves a new home in the distant El Dorado.

No ghosts came to trouble Reuben Wilson, and he and Roger are fast making their way in the world, uniting their efforts in every praiseworthy enterprise, and realizing every day that the ghosts of remorse and jealousy are the only skeletons that have power to make us miserable.

MARVELS OF THE DEEP.

AMONG South American Indians tales of mermen are a favorite subject, though here and there these marine monsters are dreaded with instinctive abhorrence. Moravian missionaries have sent home strange reports of these superstitions, and yet found themselves unable, in their desire to honor the truth and to avoid misstatements, to deny positively all ground for these traditions. For not only the natives, but the ministers and agents of the pious Brethren themselves, firmly believe that they had met with men and women who lived in the water. They furnished statements, apparently made in full earnest and godly sincerity, that they had actually seen brownish beings with human faces and long hair rise suddenly from the water, and that the urgent intercession of the Indians alone had kept them from killing the supernatural beings. The natives looked upon them with superstitious awe, and insisted upon it that to kill one of them would be simply to bring calamities upon their settlement and the whole race. It must be presumed that we meet here with stray members of those aquatic tribes of Indians who live actually more in the water than on land. Martius and other travelers, down to our day, tell us that the Indians who dwell near the upper branches of the Paraguay, the Maranhao, and other large rivers, remain for hours and hours in the water, and are such expert swimmers that they defy the most powerful current, and dive like water-fowl. A small bundle of leaf-stalks taken from the Buriti palm-tree is all they use ordinarily for their support; at all other times they seize an oar, hold it between their feet, and use it as a rudder to steer with, and thus swim, holding their weapons in their muscular arms; or they leap with incredible agility upon a tree floating along on the swollen stream, sit down on it astride, and thus cross in a few minutes the most rapid current. No cayman or aquatic animal is safe from them, and they fight and defeat the huge capyvara, and the largest serpent, with great courage. They fear literally nothing except the Minhoças, a fabulous creature which is said to live in the rivers and still waters of Equatorial Brazil, and which naturalists believe to be either a giant eel endowed with powerful teeth, or perhaps a large variety of the famous gymnotus, with its galvanic battery. These Canoeiros, as the Water-Indians are called, are true Ishmaelites; they are at war with all the other tribes, and are therefore hunted down like wild beasts. They have no home and no country of their own, and hence they may very well have given rise to the fabulous reports of mermen still rife among the credulous Indians of that continent.

In Germany, where folk-lore abounds, and superstition still has its strong hold on the minds of the masses, grewsome stories are told in the long winter nights of the Nixen, who dwell in the waters near the coast, in crystal-clear rivers, under the dark shadow of ancient trees, and in bright bubbling wells in half-hidden glens. They are the sirens of the sunny South; and even here the ancient curse seems to follow the ill-fated race; for here, also, they are condemned to expiate some great and grievous sin committed by their forefathers, and to suffer long and miserably. As the whole creation groaneth, however, these sorrowful beings also yearn to be released, and of this longing many a touching tale is told in German legends. Thus one of them tells us that the children of a Protestant minister were once playing on the banks of a river, when they saw a Nix rise from the water, who, thinking himself unobserved, began to sing and play on a strange but ineffably sweet instrument. With the cruelty common to children, they at once rushed upon him and reproached him for his merriment, adding that as he was nothing but a condemned sinner, he had much better weep over his eternal wretchedness. The poor water-sprite, taken by surprise, and distressed beyond measure, broke into tears; and the youthful tyrants, delighted with their success, went home to tell their father what had happened. But they were badly received here, and told that they had acted very wrongly, and must return at once and comfort the poor being whom they had so grievously afflicted. They ran back, and as soon as they saw the Nix they cried out to him not to weep any longer, since their father had said that the Lord had died even for him, and he also might hope to be forgiven hereafter. Thereupon the poor Nix dried his tears, recovered his cheerfulness, and played with them all day long.

Holland, with its wondrous bulwarks, and its life-long conflict with the sea, abounds naturally in stories of every kind, in which merman and mermaids play a prominent part. Sometimes they meet the intrepid sailor out on the high sea, and sing of his joyous return, or warn him of his approaching end; at other times they come on shore, make themselves useful in a thousand ways, and vanish only when they are ill-treated or laughed at. There is hardly a town on the sea-coast which has not its own legend of this kind; but generally the men are less interesting than the maidens, since the latter are prophets, and play a prominent part in the sad history of that country. Such was the mermaid that once frequented the waters near Zevenbergen, a fortified town, with massive walls and lofty towers, in which dwelt thousands of opulent citizens, with their wives and children. But the people were as wicked as they were rich, and professed to believe neither in heaven nor hell. One fine day the siren appeared in company with a sister mermaid, and with solemn, tearful voice both began to sing:

Zevenbergen must perish,
And the tower of Lobbekens alone shall remain.

In spite of this warning the inhabitants continued their riotous living and sinful profanity. In a dark November night of the same year a fearful tempest arose; the wind blew from the northwest, and with such terrific force that the dikes gave way under the overwhelming pressure of the waters, and the Saint Elizabeth, as the inundation was called, overwhelmed not less than seventy towns and villages. Among these was the unfortunate town of Zevenbergen; and so thorough was its destruction in the deep waters that when the morning broke, and people came from a distance in boats, they saw far beneath them the ruins of houses, and nothing standing but the one lofty tower of Lobbekens. Thus the prophecy of the mermaid had become true. Fortunately man has triumphed over the evil prophet and the element alike. By an immense outlay of capital, and the incessant labor of long years, the whole vast region has been once more laid dry; and from the midst of polders, or diked meadows of surpassing fertility, there rises now a new town of Zevenbergen, richer and wiser than the doomed village of former days.

Holland is also the land which has originated the very peculiar faith in legends of sea-knights and sea-bishops, some of whom were captured from time to time, and exhibited in the large cities. They were found afterward in all the Northern seas, and the works of those ages, down to the latter part of the sixteenth century, contain generally one or two so-called faithful likenesses of these very curious monsters of the deep. In 1305 already a sea-knight was caught out in the open sea to the north of Dockum, and carried from town to town. His fair appearance, and especially the complete suit of armor which he wore, excited universal admiration; but he died, unfortunately, in the third week, at Dockum.

A work of great scientific merit, published as late as 1534, contains an engraving representing a sea-monk, whom the author, Rondelet, heard of in Norway, where it had been taken after a fearful tempest. It has the face of a man, but rough and repulsive, a bald, smooth head, with the cowl of a monk hanging over the shoulders, two long fins instead of arms, and a body ending in a huge double-fluked tail. Other monks of the same kind appear in similar works, sometimes wearing a bishop's habit and mitre; and one is reported to have been sent, in 1433, from the Baltic, where he was captured, to the King of Poland. The poor creature, however, refused steadfastly to utter a sound, or to take any food; the king, moved with compassion, ordered him to be carried back to the sea; and the monster no sooner saw his own element than he gave signs of exuberant joy, leaped into the water, and was never seen again. It may be added that the Protestants made great capital out of these marine dignitaries of the Church, and hence gave rise to the suspicion that the whole race of sea-monks and sea-bishops was artistically produced as a quaint revenge which the Reformation took on the persecuting Church of Rome.

The explanation is perhaps only an afterthought; but as the proverb has it that there is no smoke without fire, so here also these countless and persistent traditions contain their grain of truth, which has been only half hid in a bushel of falsehoods. The fact is, that these fables could never have been invented, much less authenticated, even after the imperfect manner of early ages, if there were not certain animals living in the great deep which possess sufficient likeness to the human form to deceive careless and superstitious observers. If there are no real tritons and sirens to be met with in our waters, such as we see in ancient sculptures, or on the coats of arms of noble families, there are at least seals and walrus, sea-lions and sea-cows, and similar monsters, whose faces and gestures, as seen on the surface of the waters, recall forcibly the features and movements of men. Unscrupulous cheats have occasionally taken great pains to manufacture actual sirens, and their remains are to this day carefully preserved in many a museum of European cities, like the well known sirens of Leyden and Hague. Nor is our own time exempt from these attempts to profit by the credulity of men. At the beginning of this century a crafty fisherman on the coast of India skillfully joined the body of an ape to the lower part of a large fish, and dressed up the whole affair so cleverly that even experienced men were taken in, and bestowed much time and long research upon the extraordinary being. As the inventor attributed, moreover, healing powers to the touch of the siren, he was soon overrun, and could, after a short time, retire upon a competency. A European charlatan purchased the marine monster at a high price, and exhibited it in England and on the Continent. He met with great success for a time; then he and his siren were forgotten, only, however, to revive more brilliantly than ever in the hands of the master of his art, the great Barnum. Another siren was, a couple of years ago, the marvel of the rural population all over England; nor was it, in this case, a mere mummy that was shown, but a living mermaid, not unattractive in appearance, who discreetly plunged her fish-tail into the waters of a huge basin, and held the classic mirror and comb in her hands. At last public sympathy was aroused by some benevolent Quakers; an investigation was ordered by the authorities, and it was found that the poor woman had been forced for years to spend her days in the water, with an imitation fish-skin sewed on to her body.

ANECDOTE OF THE CZAR ALEXANDER II.

AN interesting work has lately been published at Leipzic by an old exile of Siberia. It contains a thrilling narrative of a most memorable event in the history of Russia and of modern Europe—the military conspiracy at the death of Alexander I. and the accession of Nicholas. A notice of the work was given in the last *Edinburgh Review* under the title of "Memoirs of a Russian Dekabrist." The name is derived from Dekaber, the Russian word for December, and denotes those engaged in the conspiracy which in that month agitated St. Petersburg to secure the throne for Constantine, the elder brother of Nicholas. When the news spread of the death of Alexander the troops were called out, formed, and ordered to hail Constantine as Emperor. It was known to Nicholas that the late Czar had by will nominated him as successor, and that Constantine had by anticipation renounced the claim. Had this been made known, there would have been no room for the conspiracy, and no need for violent suppression of the insurrection. The leaders of the troops engaged in the revolt were killed or banished to Siberia, from which a few, after long years of dreary exile, were permitted to return. One of them, Baron Rosen, is the author of these personal recollections. The following passage is worthy of being quoted, as giving a sketch of the present Czar in his young days.

Early in 1837 a report spread that the Cesarewitch, now the Emperor Alexander II., would pass through Kurgan in the course of a tour he was making in Siberia, and in April every thing was prepared for his reception:

When the news arrived that the Prince was already in Tobolsk, that he would only visit the western zone of Siberia, passing through Kurgan to Oremburg on the 6th of June, my anxiety became extreme. For myself I had nothing to ask, but I had to think of the future of my poor children and my faithful wife, the more so as the decline of my own strength, consequent on an accident, led me to fear they might soon be left without a protector. Three days before the arrival of the Prince I drove round to my friends, and told them that I had made up my mind to beg an audience, and personally to entreat his imperial Highness to befriend my family, if I should fail them. I should not have forgiven myself had I neglected such an opportunity of endeavoring to alleviate their future condition in life.

It was midnight before the Prince arrived; but an enterprising speculator had laid in an abundant supply of lights, on the chance of the entry occurring at night. The people were all on foot, and illuminated the road. At length a courier dashed into the village, and shortly afterward the Prince reached the house of the chief magistrate, where he was to sleep. There was no time to be lost, for he was to proceed on his journey at six the next morning. At four I drove to the house, and dragged myself on my crutches, through a crowd of people, to the door. Here I was informed that the adjutant of the Governor-General had given the most peremptory orders that none of the political convicts were to have access to the Prince. I observed that I doubted whether any such order could have been given without notice to us; but on applying to an officer on the staff of the Prince, I was informed that although my request for an audience could not be granted, he would receive a petition and lay it before his imperial Highness.

Just at this moment a dignified-looking man in a cloak came up to me, and said, "You are doubtless Baron Rosen. My friend Krutow solemnly charged me, if I passed through Kurgan, to see you and do what I could for you. Come into my room; I am Jenochin, the Prince's body-surgeon." In a moment I found myself skillfully stripped. Jenochin examined my limb, and pronounced it to be no more than a bad sprain, which had been aggravated and made permanent by the blundering treatment of the local doctor. After his inspection I saw the Prince's adjutant, Kamelin, who advised me instantly to prepare a petition or memorial.

At the door of my house stood a carriage, and on my asking who had come in it, I found to my inexpressible joy that the gallant and accomplished Wassily Andrijewitsch Shukowsky, well known as a poet, and the tutor of the Prince, had come to call on me. When I told him my story and my disappointment he replied: "You have no time now to write a memorial; we are just starting; but never fear, I will relate every thing to the Prince. I have been with him day by day for thirteen years, and you may rely upon it his heart is in the right place; when he can do a good action, he does it willingly." Our conversation was necessarily short. The poet was gratified to find that even in Siberia we had read and admired his last work, "Undine," and he said the Prince had been surprised by the flourishing aspect of Siberia, the more so as he had been received as loyally by the exiles of Tjumen and Tobolsk as he would have been at Rybinsk or Jaroslaw, in the heart of Russia.

While Shukowsky was at my house the church-bell was ringing for the early service. The Cesarewitch had told the staff-officer of gendarmerie to take measures that "these gentlemen" (by whom he meant the political delinquents) should be in the church. "There only," said he, "can I see them." The instructions from St. Petersburg had not provided against *that* contingency. The head of the police immediately sent word to tell us to assemble in the church. The Prince, with his whole suit, stood before the high altar; on the right, along the wall, stood my comrades; on the left, Princess Naryschkin (who with her husband was in Kurgan); the employés and people stood back along the side altars, but the mass of the populace were in the street, looking at the carriages. During the service the Prince looked round several times at my companions in misfortune, with tears in his eyes. I was unable to reach the church in time, and as I came out of my house, with my children, a loud hurrah announced the departure of the Cesarewitch, the only stranger whose presence could throw a beam of hope and joy over our place of banishment. The people shouted at having seen their future ruler; some of the old women, awe-struck at the sight, crossed themselves, saying, "God be praised that we are still alive!"

These hopes were not disappointed. From the very next halting-place the Prince dispatched a letter to his father, soliciting relief for the prisoners. The Emperor Nicholas replied that for "these gentlemen" the road back to Russia lay *over the Caucasus*, and immediately ordered that they should be enrolled as common soldiers in the army serving against the Circassians.

THE SIEGE OF PARIS.

IT is probable that the calm, astute, and slightly cruel leader of the German operations had expected civil war in Paris; but it is certain, from a paper of his own in the German military journal, that this aid failing, he was aware of the terrible task he had undertaken. With an army at first not 200,000 strong—for at first Metz was untaken, and the communications were fully defended—he had to invest a city with a radius of thirty-two miles, protect the investors from an army in the centre numbering 300,000 men, and defend his intrenchments from the attacks of all France. Those attacks were most dangerous. Roused by the genius of the Parisian representative, Leon Gambetta, a Frenchman of Genoese parents, best described as "The Marseillaise" incarnate, France, waking from the stupor which followed Sedan, sent army after army into the field. For men, all Frenchmen were ready; and by lavish expenditure in America, in England, and in France itself, rifles, cannon, and equipments were hastily got together. From the west a large army twice approached the city. From the north a good army advanced three times. From the southwest an army better than either advanced within fifty miles of the besiegers' lines. Still neither the besieging army nor its chief ever relaxed their grip. As each army approached, Von Moltke met it, now by the daring expedient of sending out reinforcements till his thin line round the city grew imperceptible; now, when Metz had fallen, by directing its besiegers against relieving armies; and again, even after Metz, by suddenly lifting an entire *corps d'armée* from before Paris, and dispatching it to the north. The risk was often frightful. Thrice during the siege the garrison might have crushed their foes; twice a half-successful sortie might have succeeded; once—after D'Aurelle's first advance through Coulmiers—orders were given to raise the siege. And still the line, strong or thin, held on, and still the calm man of seventy rayed out or brought up the necessary force, and adhered to his great design. During all that terrible time, though he was three hundred miles from his base, the supply of munitions never failed, the troops were never left unfed, the force necessary to defeat an attack was never absent from the threatened point. Disease threatened the camp. Nostalgia broke out in the army with a fury which at one time menaced discipline. A deep despondency, a despondency as dangerous as fear, settled for three weeks upon the besieging army. And still General Von Moltke, true representative of German soldiership, fought on unmoved, or seemingly unmoved, working out his "great problem," as if his men had been chess-men, and he the prince of players. Never was there such a triumph of scientifically organized force over the patriotic virtues, never in history was such a feat of war accomplished. General Von Moltke, after a siege of four months, captured the greatest capital of the Continent, inhabited by two millions of people, defended by three hundred thousand drilled and two hundred thousand partially drilled men, in the teeth of the efforts of half a million of volunteers, well armed and fairly equipped, to bring the city relief. Never before has a capital proved such a fortress. Never before has a besieging army performed a task so completely above its strength.

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BANKS OF THE AMAZON.

Travel and Adventure.

PREPARED
EXPRESSLY FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE RIVER AMAZON.

By JACOB ABBOTT.

The Basin of the Amazon.—The extraordinary Rainfall.—Luxuriant Vegetation.—The Animals found there.—The Jaguar, or American Tiger.—The Al.—How the River Channels are formed.—The *Bore*, or great Tidal Wave.

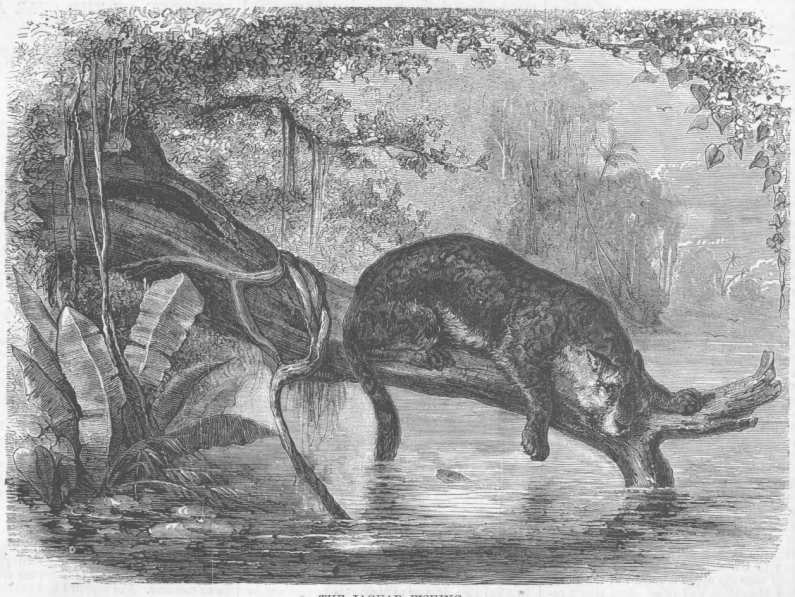
THE River Amazon is one of the wonders of the world; not only on account of the vastness of the *basin*, as we call it, from which its various branches draw their supplies, but more especially on account of the extraordinary physical phenomena which characterize the region over which it seems to reign supreme—a region in which nature has been thus far powerful enough to defend itself almost completely from the invasion of man.

We call the region the basin of the Amazon, and it is a basin—that is, a depression—if we consider it in relation to the *level of gravitation*. But it is very far from being a depression considered in relation to a mathematical plane. Indeed, if a straight line were drawn from the source of the river to its mouth, to mark a mathematical level, we should find that the bed of the river, in the middle of its course, would be more than a *hundred and fifty miles* above the kind of level which this line would determine.

This circumstance, though it at first strikes us with some surprise, if we have been accustomed to consider that the basin of a great river is, *geometrically* as well as geographically, a hollow, is, after all, nothing extraordinary, as every one knows that the middle of every level canal, long or short, is geometrically higher than the extremes, though in relation to gravitation the surface of the water lies level. The real wonders of the valley of the Amazon consist in the phenomena connected with vegetable and animal life. It is a region in which material force, as wielded by the untrammeled powers of nature, has thus far proved itself too strong to be brought under control by the intelligence of man.

The elements on which the principles of vegetation and animal life depend, and on the abundance of which they thrive, are sunlight, warmth, and rain—not merely water, but rain; for rain brings with it in solution a vast amount of fertilizing material, which it absorbs from the air.

Now the basin of the Amazon, and especially certain portions of it, form, more perhaps than any other region on the globe, the great centre and home of solar radiance and of rain. The basin lies in the very heart of the torrid zone; and while the rain which falls in Europe comes usually within the limits of fifteen and thirty inches a year, there are habitable places in the valley of the Amazon where an amount equal to *ten times* the European quantity has been collected and measured. How much greater the amount is in places where no philosophical observers are at hand to watch their pluviameters, and record the results for a year, no one can tell. We know, however, that in these regions there is a perpetual succession of hot sunshine and of



THE JAGUAR FISHING.

THE JAGUAR MEETS HIS MATCH.

AN OLD CHANNEL FILLING UP.

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pouring rains, and that vegetation and wild forms of animal life multiply and thrive to such an extent that man finds the task of subduing them utterly hopeless. He can only live in the midst of such savage wildness by conforming to the conditions of it in becoming himself savage and wild.

The engraving at the head of this article gives some idea of the luxuriance and density of the vegetation which the virgin forests along the banks present to the view of the traveler in descending the river. So great is this density that it is often impossible to penetrate into the thicket faster or farther than one can cut his way with an axe. And even this process is extremely difficult and slow, on account not only of the multitude and the tangled intricacy of the stems and branches of the trees, and of the masses of underbrush and creeping vines, but also of the great hardness of the vegetable tissues of which these plants are composed. They belong chiefly to the endogenous class—that is, those which grow by expansion from within, like the stalk of Indian corn, the bamboo, the reed, and the ratan, instead of by successive layers beneath a soft bark on the outside, as is the case with most trees which grow in temperate climes, and which the axe of the woodman will easily penetrate. The endogenous class of plants have often a portion of silex in their tissues, which gives them great power to resist the action of edge-tools, and makes the work of clearing such land a herculean, and sometimes a practically impossible task.

LAKE FORMED IN AN OLD CHANNEL.

This exuberance of vegetation, of course, produces inexhaustible supplies of food for insects and animals of every kind that can live on vegetable food; and the multiplication of these animals provides for the sustenance, and so ensures the increase, of beasts and birds of prey in endless variety. But man is, or, rather, has been thus far, in a great measure excluded. He can not, except as a savage, live on whatever happens to grow spontaneously. In order that he may supply his bodily wants with sufficient facility to give him time to exercise his intelligence in cultivating the arts of civilized life he must exterminate the beasts and birds of prey, suppress the mass of wild and useless vegetation, and appropriate the fields that he thus clears to plants that will produce in abundance and with facility the food and the materials for raiment that he desires; to corn, to wheat, to grass for cattle and for sheep; to the vine, to the cotton-plant, and to wood that is suitable to furnish fuel for his fires. This he has thus far not been able to do in these regions which are so completely in the possession of sun and rain. Nature, with her own exuberant life, is too strong for him here. He lives here, it is true, but he lives subdued, conforming his life in a great measure to the savage conditions which control every thing around him.

The animals of the Western continent resemble in *generic* character the corresponding forms existing in other parts of the world, though they are in almost all cases specifically distinct. This fact is in harmony with the views of Darwin, who offers many facts to show that the characteristics of any race of animals become slowly modified in the course of ages by the conditions of life in the place they inhabit; not, indeed, by any change taking place in the individual animal, but by the more sure propagation of those forms which by birth happen to be best fitted to the changed conditions. As the animals in the two continents must have been separated for a very long period, time has been allowed for these changes to make very perceptible progress.

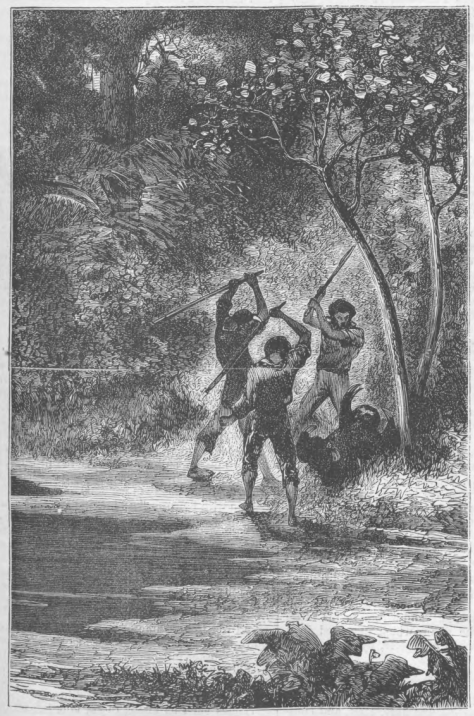
We see in the engraving the animal which is in America the representative of the tiger or leopard of the Old World. Indeed, he is often called the South American tiger, though certain specific differences which characterize him entitle him to his own proper name, the jaguar. The jaguar is a great fisherman. In the engraving he is fishing for turtles in his usual way. His fishing tackle consists of his paws and his tail. When he has taken his post upon a fallen trunk over the water of the river he drops the tip of his tail into the water, to represent a nut or a fruit fallen from a tree; and when the turtle comes to the surface to procure the prize, the jaguar seizes him with one of his claws, and throws him out over to the land. He then springs to the land himself, and holding the turtle down with one paw, he inserts the other between the upper and the under shell, and tears out the quivering flesh and limbs of his victim between them.

The jaguar is a hunter as well as a fisherman. He is strong enough to carry off a horse or an ox, and sometimes does so in those parts of the country where villages of half-civilized colonists have been formed. His chief hunting ground is, however, the tangled forest, where he springs upon animals larger than himself. The engraving shows him upon the back of the tapir, a fierce pachyderm of those regions, which in its form gives one the idea of a boar in process of being developed into an elephant. It is confidently asserted that he kills the prey that he thus seizes by grasping his head between his paws, and drawing it over upon one side with so much force as to break the neck. The jaguar, however, meets his match sometimes, it seems, in the great ant-eater, an animal four or five feet long, and having in some respects the form and some of the characteristics of the bear. He has a very much elongated head and a very bushy tail. His claws are very long and sharply pointed, being formed both for defense and for digging in the ground. When this animal is seized by the jaguar he contrives by his struggles to turn, and to grasp the body of his enemy with his claws, and to cling to it with so fixed and convulsive a grip that even death does not make him relax his hold. The skeletons of the two animals are found sometimes long afterward inseparably interlocked.

Among the other strange and uncouth forms of animal life with which this wonderful region teems is a monster of the tardigrade type, called the aï. The rude colonists kill the aï, when they can find one, for food, though the physiognomy of the animal bears so much resemblance to that of a human being that to most travelers the thought of eating its flesh suggests rather strongly the idea of cannibalism. The half-civilized colonists, however, that inhabit at scattered points this great wilderness of luxuriant life kill them wherever they can find them, and cook and eat them without any repugnance.

One of the most remarkable characteristics of the valley of the Amazon consists of the phenomena resulting from the continual change of the course of the river, which produces a very tortuous course of the channel, and leads to many other results greatly affecting the character and condition of the country through which it flows. All rivers flowing through level or alluvial regions, with banks formed of materials subject to abrasion by water, necessarily form for themselves this tortuous channel. We have examples of this in the Mississippi, the Connecticut, and, indeed, in all rivers flowing through what are called alluvial districts in every part of the world.

This common phrase, which speaks of the river as flowing through an alluvial district, seems to imply that the alluvial formation is independent of the river, which only flows through it—as if it were formed first. But the truth is that in most cases the meadows—or river bottoms, as they are sometimes called—are formed by the river, which must, from natural causes, make for itself a tortuous course if the banks consist of materials soft enough to be abraded. If a perfectly straight canal were made through a plain, and a current of water were caused to pass through it, the canal would soon cease to be straight. The slightest inequality or irregularity in the margin



KILLING AN AÏ.

THE POROROCA.

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on one side—the right for example—would deflect the current in some slight degree, and this would soon wear away a little on the other bank, somewhat farther down. This would cause a new and increased deflection of the current back to the right bank again at a point farther down still. Thus a series of encroachments on the banks would begin, and would go on continually increasing, the materials thus abraded being deposited in shoals at the intermediate points.

All rivers, and even brooks, flowing through level lands are now in the condition to which this process, continued perhaps for centuries, has brought them, and the process is still going on. From the concave parts the banks are gradually caving in, and the materials of which they are composed, with the trees growing upon them, are carried away. The sand and gravel are deposited on the convex portions of the banks, which are sheltered, as it were, from the current, while the floating trees get entangled by their roots in the bed of the stream, and become snags and sawyers, or the *nuclei* of new islands; or, jamming together, form immense rafts, which for many miles cover the water from shore to shore.

The curves thus formed go on increasing, until sometimes, as in the Mississippi, the sweep in the river forms an immense bow a great many miles in extent. At last the neck of the bow is worn through, a new channel is made across it, and the entrance into the old one after a time becomes choked up, and is abandoned, and forms a long, curved lake, a mile wide perhaps and fifty miles long. Every inundation of the river, however, brings materials to help fill it up. Aquatic plants grow in it. In time it becomes a marsh, then a swamp, and, in a few centuries, solid ground.

Thus the whole level portion of the valley of such a river is in a state of never-ending change. It is disintegration here, and reconstruction there, but stability and permanence nowhere. The whole country bordering on the Amazon is in this condition. Banks undermined and caving in; trees of immense magnitude, with tangled masses of vines and brush-wood clinging to their branches and roots, floating down the stream; shoals of sand and gravel—some just beginning to be formed, others covered with a rank growth of ferns and bushes, others brought up nearly to the general level—already mantled with a young forest, and receiving from every inundation a fresh layer of fertile soil; long and narrow lakes, at various distances from the present bed of the river, some entirely cut off from the river, and half filled with trunks of fallen trees and aquatic vegetation; others yet open, and accessible by boats; and others still converted into swamps and morasses, and waiting for contributions from the floods of several more centuries to convert them into solid ground.

To complete the wild grandeur of which this wonderful region is the scene, the river at the mouth is subject to the influx at certain times of an immense tidal wave called sometimes the *bore*, though the name given to it by the natives is the *pororoca*. The wave rolls in with such tremendous force that nothing can withstand the rush and the concussion of the water. The vessels in those waters when it is expected seek the best shelter they can find in side channels, away from the main stream, till the violence of the shock has gone by. When, as is sometimes the case, this phenomenon is accompanied by one of the terrific storms of thunder and lightning common in those tropical regions, the effect is inconceivably sublime.

LEAVES FROM OLD LONDON LIFE. 1664–1705.

THE Scottish newspapers recorded, not long ago, some instances of mirages in the Firth of Forth exactly like the freaks of the Fata Morgana in the Straits of Messina; and on three distinct occasions the Bass Rock has assumed, to the eyes of the crowds upon the sands of Dunbar, the form of a giant sugar-loaf crowned by battlements, while the island of the May seemed broken into several portions, which appeared to be perforated by caverns where none in fact exist.

Such optical delusions have been common at all times in certain states of the atmosphere, and science finds a ready solution for them; but in the days of our forefathers they were deemed the sure precursors of dire calamities, invasion, or pestilence.

The years shortly before and after the beginning of the last century seem to have been singularly fruitful in the marvelous; and the most superstitious Celtic peasant in the Scottish glens or the wilds of Connemara would not have believed in more startling events than those which are chronicled in the occasional broadsides, and were hawked about the streets of London by the flying stationers of those days.

To take a few of these at random. We find that all London was excited by strange news from Goeree, in Holland, where, on the evening of the 14th of August, 1664, there was seen by many spectators an apparition of two fleets upon the ocean; these, after seeming to engage in close battle for one hour and a half (the smoke of the noiseless cannon rolling from their sides), vanished as if shown from a magic-lantern. Then appeared in the air two lions, or the figures thereof, which fought three times with great fury, till there came a third of greater size, which destroyed them both. Immediately after this there came slowly athwart the sky, as represented in the wood-cut which surmounted this veracious broadsheet, the giant figure of a crowned king. This form was seen so plainly that the buttons on his dress could be distinguished by the awe-stricken crowd assembled on the sands. Next morning the same apparition was seen again; and all the ocean was as red as blood. "And this happening at this juncture of time," concludes the narrator, "begets some strange apprehensions; for that, about six months before Van Tromp was slain in war with England, there was seen near the same place an apparition of ships in the air fighting with each other."

Sixteen years later another broadsheet announced to the metropolis, that the forms of ships and men also had been seen on the road near Abington on the 26th of August, 1680, "of the truth whereof you may be fully satisfied at the Sarazen's Head Inn, Carter Lane." It would seem that John Nibb, "a very sober fellow," the carrier of Cirencester, with five passengers in his wagon, all proceeding to London about a quarter of an hour after sunrise, were horrified to perceive at the far horizon the giant figure of a man in a black habit, and armed with a broad-sword, towering into the sky. Like the spectre of the Brocken, this faded away; but to add to the bewilderment of Nibb and his companions, it was replaced by "about a hundred ships of several bigness and various shapes." Then rose a great hill covered with little villages, and before it spread a plain, on which rode thirty horsemen, armed with carbine and pistol.

The same document records that, on the 12th of the subsequent September, a naval engagement was seen in the air, near Porsnet, in Monmouthshire, between two fleets, one of which came from the northern quarter of the sky, the other from the south. A great ship fired first, "and after her the rest discharged their volleys in order, so that great flashings of fire, and even smoak was visible, and noises in the ayr as of great guns." Then an army of phantoms engaged in "a square medow" near Porsnet, closing in with sword and pistol, and the cries of the wounded and dying were heard. On the 27th of December Ottery, near Exeter, had a visitation of the same kind, when at five in the evening two armies fought in the air till six o'clock. "This was seen by a reverend minister and several others, to their great amazement." On the 2d of the same month the people in Shropshire were, according to another sheet, sorely perplexed by the sudden appearance of two suns in the firmament, and it was duly remembered that "such a sign was seen before the death of that tempestuous fire-brand of Rome here in England, Thomas Beckett, Archbishop of Canterbury, and when Queen Mary began her bloody reign."

Then follow the death of the three lions in the Tower, and a vast enumeration of fiery darts, bullets, storms of hail, and floods, making up that which the writer hopes will prove "a word in season to a sinking kingdom."

Nor were ghosts wanting at this time, of a political nature, too; for, in the same year, there was hawked in London an account of an apparition which appeared three several times to Elizabeth Freeman, thirty-one years of age, on each occasion delivering a message to his sacred Majesty King Charles the Second. As certified before Sir Joseph Jorden, knight, and Richard Lee, D.D., rector of Hatfield, her story was as follows, and was, no doubt, a political trick:

On the night of the 24th of January, 1680, she was sitting at her mother's fireside, with a child on her knee, when a solemn voice behind her said, "Sweet-heart!" and, on turning, she was startled to perceive a veiled woman all in white, whose face was concealed, and whose hand—a pale and ghastly one—rested on the back of her chair.

"The 15th day of May is appointed for the royal blood to be poisoned," said the figure. "Be not afraid, for I am only sent to tell thee," it added, and straightway vanished.

On Tuesday, the 25th of January, the same figure met her at the house door, and asked Elizabeth if she "remembered the message;" but the woman, instead of replying, exclaimed, "In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, what art thou?" Upon this the figure assumed "a very glorious shape," and saying, "Tell King Charles, from me, not to remove his Parliament, but stand to his council," vanished as before. Next evening the veiled figure appeared again, when Elizabeth was with her mother, who, on beholding her daughter's manifest terror, said, "Dost thou see any thing?" She was then warned to retire, after which the spectre said, sternly, "Do your message." "I shall, if God enable me," replied Elizabeth. After this the spectre appeared but once again, and remained silent. "This was taken from the maid's own mouth by me, Richard Wilkinson, schoolmaster in the said town of Hatfield."

In 1683, as a variety, London was treated to an account of a dreadful earthquake in Oxfordshire, where the houses were rocked like ships or cradles, while tables, stools, and chests "rowled to and fro with the violence of the Shog."

The year 1687 brought "strange and wonderful news from Cornwall, being an account of a miraculous accident which happened near the town of Bodmyn, at a place called Park. Printed by J. Wallis, White Fryars Gate—next Fleet St.—near the Joyners Shop."

From this it would appear that on Sunday, the 8th of May, Jacob Mutton, whose relations were of good repute, and who was servant to William Hicks, rector of Cordinham (at a house he had near the old parish church of Eglashayle, called Park), heard, on going into his chamber about eight o'clock in the evening, a hollow voice cry, "So hoe! so hoe! so hoe!" This drew him to the window of the next room, from whence, to the terror of a lad who shared his bed, he disappeared, and could nowhere be found.

According to his own narrative, he had no sooner laid a hand upon an iron bar of the window, which was seventeen feet from the ground, than the whole grating fell into the yard below, all save the bar which he had grasped. This bar was discovered in his hand next morning, as he lay asleep in a narrow lane beyond the little town of Stratton, among the hills, thirty miles distant from Park. There he was wakened by the earliest goers to Stratton fair, who sent him home, sorely bewildered, by the way of Camelford. "On Tuesday he returned to his master's estate, without any hurt, but very melancholy, saying 'that a tall man bore him company all the journey, over hedges and brakes, yet without weariness.'" What became of this mysterious man he knew not, neither had he any memory of how the iron bar came to be in his hand. "To conclude, the young man who is the occasion of this wonderful relation was never before this accident accounted any ways inclinable to sadness, but, on the contrary, was esteemed an airy, brisk, and honest young fellow."

But Mutton's adventure was a joke when compared with that of Mr. Jacob Seeley, of Exeter, as he related it to the judges on the western circuit, when, on the 22d of September, 1690, he was beset by a veritable crowd of dreadful spectres. He took horse for Taunton, in Somersetshire, by the Hinton Cliff road, on which he had to pass a solitary place known as the Black Down. Prior to this he halted at a town called Cleston, where the coach and wagons usually tarried, and there he had some roast beef, with a tankard of beer and a noggin of brandy, in company with a stranger, who looked like a farmer, and who rode by his side for three miles, till they reached the Black Down, when he suddenly vanished into the earth or air, to the great perplexity of Mr. Jacob Seeley. This emotion was rather increased when he found himself surrounded by from one to two hundred spectres, attired as judges, magistrates, and peasantry, the latter armed with pikes; but, gathering courage, he hewed at them with his sword, though they threw over his head something like a fishing-net, in which they retained him from nine at night till four next morning. He thrust at the shadows with his rapier, but he felt nothing, till he saw one "was cut and had four of his fingers hanging by the skin," and then he found blood upon his sword. After this ten spectre funerals passed; then two dead bodies were dragged near him by the hair of the head; and other horrors succeeded, till the spell broke at cock-crow.

It was now remembered that the house wherein Mr. Seeley had his beef, beer, and brandy had been kept by one of Monmouth's men (the spectre farmer, probably), who had been hung on his own sign-post, and the piece of ground where the net confined the traveler was a place where many of the hapless duke's adherents had been executed and interred. Hence it was named the Black Down, according to the sheet before us, which was "Printed for T. M., London, 2d Oct., 1690."

A sheet circulated at the close of the preceding year warns "all hypocrites and atheists to beware in time," as there had been a dreadful tempest of thunder and lightning in Hants, at Alton, where the atmosphere became so obscure that the electric flashes alone lighted the church during the service, in which two balls of fire passed through its eastern wall, another tore the steeple to pieces, broke the clock to shreds, and bore away the weather-cock. The narrator adds that all Friesland was under water, and that a flood in the Tiber had swept away a portion of the Castle of St. Angelo.

As another warning, London was visited in 1689 by a tempest, which uprooted sixty-five trees in St. James's Park and Moorfields, blew down the vane of St. Michael's Church in Cornhill, and innumerable chimneys, and injured many well-built houses, and part of the Armorers' Hall in Coleman Street. Several persons were killed in Gravel Lane and Shoreditch; sixty empty boats were dashed to pieces against the bridge; three Gravesend barges full of people were cast away, and the *Crown* man-of-war was stranded at Woolwich.

But the warning seems to have been in vain, for London, in 1692, was treated to an earthquake, which—as another sheet records—spread terror and astonishment about the Royal Exchange, all along Cornhill, in Lothbury, and elsewhere, on the 8th of September. All things on shelves were cast down, and furniture was tossed from wall to wall; the Spitalfields weavers had to seek shelter in flight, and all their looms were destroyed; these and other calamities were, it was alleged, "occasioned by the sins of the nation," and to avert such prodigies the prayers of all good men were invoked.

Two years later saw another marvel, when "the dumb maid of Wapping," Sarah Bowers, recovered her power of speech through the prayers of Messrs. Russel and Veil, "two pious divines," who exorcised and expelled the evil spirit which possessed her; and in 1696 the metropolis was treated to the "detection of a popish cheat" concerning two boys who conversed with the devil, though none seemed to doubt the Protestant miracle.

The close of the century, 1700, saw "the dark and hellish powers of witchcraft exercised upon the Reverend Mr. Wood, minister of Bodmyn," on whom a spell was cast by a mysterious paper, or written document, which was given to him by a man and woman on horseback (the latter probably seated on a pillion), after which he became strangely disordered, and wandered about in fields, meadows, woods, and lonely places, drenched the while with copious perspirations; however, "the spell was ultimately found in his doublet, and on the burning thereof, Mr. Wood was perfectly restored," and wrote to his uncle an account of the affair, which appeared in a broadsheet published at Exeter, by Darker and Farley, 1700.

Rosemary Lane was the scene of another wonder, when a notorious witch was found in a garret there, and carried before Justice Bateman, in Well Close, on the 23d July, 1704, and committed to Clerkenwell Prison. Her neighbor's children, through her alleged diabolical power, vomited pins, and were terrified by apparitions of enormous cats. By uttering one word she turned the entire contents of a large shop topsy-turvy. She was judicially tossed into the river from a ducking-stool, "but, like a bladder when put under water, she popped up again, for this witch swam like a cork." This was an indisputable sign of guilt; and in her rage or terror she smote a young man on the arm, where the mark of her hand remained "as black as coal;" he died soon after in agony, and was buried in St. Sepulchre's church-yard. Of the woman's ultimate fate we know nothing.

In 1705 London was excited by a new affair: "The female ghost and wonderful discovery of an iron chest of money"—a rare example of the gullibility of people in the days of the good Queen Anne.

A certain Madam Maybel, who had several houses in Rosemary Lane, lost them by unlucky suits and unjust decrees of the law: for a time they were tenantless, and fell to decay and ruin. For several weeks, nay months past (continues the broadsheet), a strange apparition appeared nightly to a Mrs. Harvey and her sister, near relations of the late Madam Maybel, announcing that an iron chest filled with treasure lay in a certain part of one of the old houses in the lane. On their neglecting to heed the vision, the ghost became more importunate, and proceeded to threaten Mrs. Harvey "that if she did not cause it to be digged up in a certain time (naming it) she should be torn to pieces." On this the terrified gentlewoman sought the council of a minister, who advised her to "demand in the name of the Holy Trinity how the said treasure should be disposed of."

Next night she questioned the spectre, and it replied,

"Fear nothing; but take the whole four thousand pounds into your own possession; and when you have paid twenty pounds of it to one Sarah Goodwin, of Tower Hill, the rest is your own; and be sure you dig it up on the night of Thursday, the 7th December!"

Accordingly men were set to work, and certainly a great iron chest "was found under an old wall in the very place which the spirit had described."

One of the diggers, John Fishpool, a private of the Guards, "has been under examination about it; and 'tis thought that the gentleman who owns the ground will claim the treasure as his right, and 'tis thought there will be a suit of law commenced on it." Many persons crowded to see the hole from whence the chest had been exhumed in Rosemary Lane; and, by a date upon the lid, it would seem to have been made or concealed in the ninth year of the reign of Henry the Eighth.

The dreadful effects of going to conjurors next occupied the mind of the public.

Mr. Rowland Rushway, a gentleman of good reputation, having lost money and plate to a considerable amount, Hester, his wife, took God to witness "that if all the cunning men in London could tell, she should discover the thief, though it cost her ten pounds!"

With this view she repaired to the house of a judicial astrologer in Moorfields, about noon, when the day was one of great serenity and beauty. After some preliminary mummery or trickery, the wizard placed before her a large mirror, wherein she saw gradually appear certain indistinct things, which ultimately assumed "the full proportion of one man and two women."

"These are the very persons who stole your property," said the astrologer; "do you know them?"

"No," she replied.

"Then," quoth he, "you will never have your goods again."

She paid him and retired; but had not gone three roods from the house when the air became darkened, the serene sky was suddenly overcast, and there swept through the streets a dreadful tempest of wind and rain, done, as she alleged, "by this cunning man, Satan's agent, with diabolical black art," forcing her to take shelter in an ale-house to escape its fury. "Many chairmen and market folks were all cognizant of this storm, which was confined to the vicinity of the ale-house and a portion of the adjacent river, where many boats were cast away; and the skirt of it would seem to have visited Gray's Inn Walk, where three stately trees were uprooted!"

CAMEOS AND CAMEO-CUTTING.

THERE is great uncertainty as to the origin of the word *cameo*, or *camaieu*; some of the learned tracing it to the Arabic *camaa*, an amulet; others supposing it to be derived from *chama*, a shell used by workers in cameo; others, again, giving it an Italian origin. The term, however derived, in modern languages has always been applied to a gem, stone, or shell carved in relief, in contradistinction to *intaglio*, or engraving *in cavo*; though usually understood to signify a medallion with figures raised in relief upon a ground of a different color.

Cameos were highly prized by the ancients; glyptographic art being brought to the utmost state of perfection in the palmy days of Greece, at the same time with the arts of architecture and sculpture. The names of a few ancient gem-engravers have been handed down to us. We hear of Cronius and Apollonides, and of Pyrgoteles, who lived in the time of Alexander the Great, and was employed by him both as a seal-engraver and worker in cameo. There are but few undoubted Greek cameos extant; one of these—having for its subject Cupid playing on a lyre—is inscribed with the name "Plotarque."

Stones such as agate, onyx, and jasper, used for cameos, are not indestructible, like the gems on which signets are engraved, but, on the con-

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trary, are extremely liable to be split or chipped. Work in relief, moreover, if buried in the ground with other *débris*, becomes injured and defaced; this will account for the small number of antique cameos remaining. Of shell cameos there is only one Greek specimen existing, the head of a nymph found in a vase at Vulci. This one specimen is, however, quite sufficient to prove that carving on shells was practiced by Greek artists. The frailty of the material renders it little surprising that no others have been discovered.

Cameo-cutting was an art much esteemed in the Augustan age, when Greek artists were encouraged to settle in Rome in order to supply the demand for these beautiful ornaments. Cameos have always been truly *objets de luxe*, and were used among the Romans, not only to decorate their persons, but the service of their table, especially those cups called *gemmæ potariæ*. Many of these beautiful cups are preserved in the cabinets of collectors. But few Roman artists arrived at so great a degree of perfection in carving and engraving as the Greeks. They were less skillful in design, and were for the most part content to copy from *intaglii* and other sources. The demand for cameos became so great in the latter days of the Empire, that in wealthy houses slaves were regularly employed in cutting cameos, just as they were in transcribing manuscripts. Of course these slaves were not all artists, not all even skillful copyists; thus the art of cameo-working became degraded.

There are few antique cameos of so small a size as to fit rings; they are mostly of bolder workmanship, in order to be effective at a distance, though Seneca mentions a ring set with the head of Tiberius in cameo. The reason why these cameo rings are rare is obvious: among the ancients rings were little used except as signets, for which engraved gems were, of course, only applicable.

The stones principally used by the Greeks and Romans for cameo-cutting were the agate, onyx, and the Indian sardonyx; the latter was the most prized on account of the variety of tint in its different beds or layers, and its beautiful warm, transparent, carnelian-like ground. In these stones there are two or three, or sometimes even four, layers of various contrasting hues, as white on dark red, or white on black. In others the upper layer is blue or brown, the centre one white, and the base black or warm brown. The real Oriental onyx is now scarce, and therefore valuable. A stone the size of a crown piece is worth about thirty pounds.

These precious pebbles were formerly found in India plentifully enough in the beds of torrents. The Indians were in the habit of boring holes through them and wearing them as necklaces. The Romans purchased them in their original round or oval shape, and cut them down into flat disks, to work upon according to the disposition of the strata. The cameo-cutters prized these pebbles all the more when perforated, as they considered the hole a warrant for the genuineness of the article. In the Pulski collection there is a cameo carved on an onyx that has been perforated in this manner, and in the hole is still a bit of the wire by which the stone was originally suspended.

The great value of the Oriental onyx and sardonyx gave rise to many imitations, and much imposture. One method employed by modern as well as ancient lapidaries is to place the sard stone upon a red-hot iron; this produces upon the surface of the red stone an opaque white layer. Another plan is to saw stones of different tints into thin slabs and to join them artificially; or the pebble is cut extremely thin, and a lining is applied to alter or enrich the natural hue of the ground; or the design is carved in a layer of one stone, and placed upon a separate ground. All these are defects, and impair the value of the cameo so treated.

A cameo, to be perfect, should have each layer pure in tint; one color should not flow into or impinge upon another. Where a stone is used of a great variety of tint, exquisite taste and skill are required to accommodate the design to these freaks of nature: this has frequently been done so successfully as to lead to the supposition that artificial coloring must have been added.

Cameos were frequently worn suspended round the neck by gold chains or collars. It is recorded that when Cardinal Ippolito de Medici set out for France he was escorted to some distance by a company of nobles and gentlemen, among whom was Giovanni del Castel Bolognese, one of the most celebrated gem-engravers of that day. The cardinal, on taking leave of the artist, removed from his neck a cameo worth more than six hundred scudi, and presented it to him, desiring him to keep it till his return.

Matteo del Nassaro was one of the greatest artists in cameo in the beginning of the sixteenth century. He was the son of a shoemaker at Verona, but soon quitted his father's trade for the pursuit of that art in which he afterward so much excelled. He was especially remarkable for the tasteful and skillful manner in which he made use of the natural tints of the stone on which he worked. Two specimens may be cited. One, a deposition from the cross, in a piece of green jasper marked with red spots; on this stone he contrived his design so that the red spots appeared exactly where the wounds would have been represented. The other, perhaps still more ingenious, is a head of Dejanira on a peculiarly marked stone. The face and neck are of a delicate pale tint, approaching that of flesh; a portion, of tawny color, is converted into the lion's skin that serves as head-dress, and a bright red vein running through this, brought into the reverse of the skin, makes it appear as if freshly torn from the animal. Nassaro, in spite of his low origin, was of a haughty temper. A nobleman persisted in offering him a lower price than he demanded for one of his cameos. Nassaro refused the paltry price, but offered the gem as a present to the illiberal connoisseur. The nobleman refused the gift, and again repeated his offer; this so enraged Nassaro that he seized an iron instrument that lay near and dashed the beautiful cameo to pieces.

The Italian and French cameo-cutters of the renaissance excelled greatly in portraiture. They have left us many most interesting works, where not only the features of those they thus immortalized, but the costume is rendered with the utmost nicety. To Coldoré we are indebted for several valuable specimens of portrait in cameo; among the rest, one of Queen Elizabeth, carved on an onyx stone.

For a time the rage for cameo collecting appeared to decline; but during the last half of the eighteenth and the early part of the present century the art of cameo-cutting again revived, and at no period was it brought to greater perfection. Enormous sums were given for antique specimens. A fragment ascribed to Apollonides was purchased by the Duke of Marlborough for a thousand guineas; but at the same time contemporary artists were munificently rewarded. Most of these were Italians; but two celebrated Germans must be mentioned, John Pikler and Laurence Natter, who has left a treatise on gem-engraving. Several Englishmen also achieved a name in this elegant art.

The Empress Josephine, extravagant in all her tastes, paid 10,000 francs for a cameo of Roman work — a Roma crowned by Victory. Charmed with her acquisition, she ordered Denon, who was then director of the *Musée Impérial*, to select from the treasures under his care a sufficient number of cameos to form with the one she had purchased a complete *parure*. These gems of art, which were elaborately mounted, were intended to form a part of the crown jewels of France; but after the fall of Napoleon the cameos were not restored, and at the death of Josephine they were divided and dispersed among the different cabinets of Europe.

The high price given for choice cameos induced fraud, and an endeavor after extensive production without sufficient regard to quality; the consequence was that cameo-cutting, as an art, again declined. The best specimens now manufactured are the shell cameos of Rome and Paris. In previous ages the carver had to content himself with the shells of the Mediterranean Sea; but now the Indian conchs supply a material for beauty and richness of hue only inferior to the Oriental sardonyx. Cameos are vulgarized by the loads of inferior works that are every where exhibited for sale. The real value of a cameo consists of purity of material, beauty of design, and delicacy of workmanship; and these can not be obtained without price.

WAR NOTES AND INCIDENTS.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

A GERMAN publication, the *Soldier's Friend*, gives the following account of the Emperor William's daily routine: "His Majesty usually rises at seven o'clock, in summer frequently much earlier, in winter sometimes later. He never sleeps but in his own campaign bed, which is carried to all reviews and military manœuvres which he attends. If there is already a bed in the room where he stays, it is taken out and the campaign bed substituted. The latter consists of an iron frame; it is only a foot high, and has but little furniture. In raw weather the King wears his cloak. Only a small pocket watch is hung up by the wall near this simple couch, this being a favorite souvenir with which the King was presented in 1814, on accompanying his royal father in a journey to Neufchatel and through Switzerland. At a previously fixed, or otherwise at the ordinary time, if the King has not already rung, two attendants enter the room. On days when there is to be a battle this occurs at a very early hour, as at Sadowa, where he was awoke at four A.M., and at Gravelotte, where he was awoke at three, for the King likes to be present at the marching out of the troops. If this is not necessary, dispatches, etc., are laid on the table where the King drinks coffee, so that they come immediately into his hands. The King, as soon as he rises, dresses from head to foot, and remains dressed the whole day, merely unbuttoning his over-coat if he is alone in his room, or receives only persons on his suit. When other persons are received he always appears with buttoned over-coat, as also when he steps up to a window to watch troops marching by, or if he knows that military persons can see him. On returning from journeys and reviews, or from a battle, he changes his linen, but entirely dresses again. A dressing-gown, slippers, or any other domestic luxury, which almost every independent man allows himself at home, the King has never used, even during indisposition or sickness. The King opens all his letters himself, without exception; even during serious illness they must be opened in his presence. He sorts them. On a first perusal he makes signs or marginal comments on them. These signs have a fixed signification, and the officials into whose hands they come know how to deal with them. All letters destined for the Berlin ministry go back thither; otherwise they are sent to the authorities at head-quarters. Every thing goes on according to a regular method, and the King has really only one habit—that of working."

TERRIBLE CONDITION OF FRANCE.

"PAUPERISM," says a writer in the *Cologne Gazette*, "will, on the conclusion of peace, prevail in one-half of France, and will eat up the other half. Already armed bands are roaming about which plunder the country houses and châteaux, and murder their own countrymen with the very arms put into their hands by the country as francs-tireurs. Hundreds of thousands have been suffering for months. They are enduring all privations for a time as a sacrifice imposed on them by the misfortunes of the country; but with the war their resignation will cease. Hundreds of thousands of officials are starving, with their families, because too old to carry a musket. In the occupied towns the inhabitants have long ceased work, and have not the means to procure the requisite materials. Entire communities have emigrated, and will, perhaps, on their return, find half their property burned. Who will restore all this, and who will be less able to do so than a new republican government, which will send a multitude of spouters and followers into the provinces to make the confusion greater than it is already? I often hear it said, "What matters it to us how France will get on its legs again?" This point of view is quite a wrong one. On the contrary, it is of great importance to us how France will reconstitute itself. Murder and conflagration on our frontiers, especially on the frontiers newly acquired, can not be indifferent to us; and as these will infallibly follow the war, Germany is in some degree bound for a time to keep up a kind of guardianship over this unfortunate country. This is, of course, a question for the peace negotiations.

THE CONDITIONS OF PEACE.

THE *Allgemeine Zeitung* thinks it a fortunate circumstance that peace was not concluded immediately after Sedan, as a durable peace, the only reasonable object of the war, has only just become attainable. "Had we made peace after Sedan," it remarks, "we should have conquered only the Emperor and his marshals, not France. France would have been, in its own opinion, the real victor, and would eventually have taunted us with having retreated out of fear of the genius and vigor of the republic. Now, however, when the generals of the republic, as many as have confronted us, have been just as little able to keep the field, with the rapidly mustered levies of the republic, as the Emperor's marshals and armies were—indeed, still less so; when not a single general witnesses the end of the struggle as a victor; when not a single strong-hold has been able to resist the German attack—France, the French people, is conquered. Now, for the first time, can a durable peace be concluded; for only when returning peace has assuaged passions, and quiet consideration returns to our hot-blooded enemy—when the consciousness of his deserved defeat is brought home to him—does a permanent friendly understanding between the two peoples become possible. There would otherwise have only been a truce of longer or shorter duration. After Sedan, moreover—and this is the chief matter for us—the war, in spite of its glorious ebullition of popular feeling, would have been without influence on the development of our national relations, whereas we now owe to it the formation of the German state. Proud as we justly are of the martial victories of our troops, we may equally rejoice at our peaceful victory over internal discord and disunion. As the former guarantee us a gloriously secured peace, so may the latter bring us internal peace and unity. In this double sense may it henceforth be said 'The German empire is peace.'"

FRENCH PUBLIC OPINION.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Cologne Gazette*, who has since the beginning of the war traversed the departments occupied by the Germans in various directions, and has had intercourse with people of all classes, states that during the last two months the national confidence has been gradually giving way. "I have," he says, "spoken with no Frenchman, of whatever rank, during the last six weeks, who did not admit the urgent necessity of peace, and who was not prepared for any sacrifice to obtain it. Now, at length, on all hands, wherever our armies penetrate, it is seen and confessed that people have been grossly deceived by their government and press. A few *exaltés*, of course, excepted, all are now unanimous for obtaining peace on our own terms, and for giving up Alsace and German Lorraine. As to the country's future, however, there are conflicting feelings. Country people, many of whom in various districts I have conversed with, would accept any government which gave them tranquillity, and imposed no greater burdens than formerly. Even Napoleon III. would suit them. They remember what he has done for agriculture by opening means of communication—roads, railways, and canals. Simple peasants have frequently surprised me by saying, 'We must, above all things, have our children learn more, and improve national education; that is our greatest task after the peace.' As a small pendant to this, take the following. I enter a peasant's cottage at Toury. A German musketeer is sitting by the fire. I converse with the daughter of the house, a handsome brunette, on the supply of fuel. The musketeer listens, scratches his head, and says to himself, 'It is provoking to listen, and not understand a syllable: my son must learn languages.' Both town and country people frequently remark that, whatever the form of government, the right of declaring war must not henceforth be given to a single man. Artisans and laborers wished to maintain the republic, generally associating vague ideas and expectations with this form of government. The middle classes are decidedly averse to the republic, fearing that it will not sufficiently guarantee peace and order. They do not like people without property to push themselves forward, only, as they think, to make money at the expense of others; and they see in a republic nothing but the opportunity for this. An Orleans prince, perhaps the Comte de Paris, would most content them. The clergy are just as little for the republic, and they would like us to get rid of it for them. '*Débarrassez-nous de cette république*,' said a country priest to me. Of course they do not like the invasion, fearing that its influence and consequences will diminish their power in the country. Hence their zealous support of the francs-tireurs, and of measures of resistance. The greater part of them regard the invasion as more dangerous to their interests than the republic itself, which is not expected to last. They would prefer the Comte de Chambord. The old aristocracy, as far as I can gather from personal observation, is legitimist and clerical, but would accept an Orleanist. They mostly keep aloof from active participation in the war. Both they and the clergy are opposed to national education. 'The extension of education is our misfortune,' said the Marquis of —— to me: 'as soon as the people have learned any thing they become discontented. Whoever can just read and write takes up with journalism, makes an opposition, and produces confusion. This so-called culture makes the people ungovernable, and puts confused notions into their heads.' The Marquis is one of the most ancient nobility who used to decline all invitations to the Tuileries, and whom the ex-Emperor consequently kept out of the Corps Législatif. Thus do things stand at present. Every body yearns for peace, yet nobody makes it. Frenchmen told me Gambetta should have a safe-conduct given him to go through the occupied provinces, as he would then certainly conclude peace."

EXPLORATION IN PERU.

WITHIN the past few years the government authorities of Peru have done a great deal toward exploring the less known portions of that country, especially those on the eastern slope of the Andes; and the report of a late expedition has just reached us. The object of the examination in question was to determine the navigability of the River Perené, and the character of the adjacent country. This river, which is a branch of the Ucayale, or rather of the Apurimac, rises near the town of Tarma, in the department of Junin, and flows through the country of the Chunchumayo Indians, a wild and but little known tribe. According to the report of the chief of the expedition, dated October 26, the river was found to be completely unobstructed, and navigable to within a distance of only fifty-eight leagues from Lima, so that water communication with the Atlantic becomes practicable by that route in half the time now required to pass round Cape Horn. The river is one hundred yards wide, and from three to five fathoms in depth, up to a point where a convenient route across the Andes from Lima would strike it.

In the course of the expedition an Indian camp was met with, in which was a house twenty yards long, sixteen yards wide, and fifteen yards high. In this they found a sort of furnace for smelting iron, which was of a square form, about two yards high, and one and three-quarter yards each way, constructed of bricks half a yard long. The fire was furnished with two double bellows, the fuel used being coal and wood, mixed with pounded ore. A considerable quantity of cast iron was found, and a number of articles of unusual excellence of construction. None of the Indians themselves were met with.

NIGHT UPON THE ALPS.

MR. EDWARD WHYMPER, who has long been known as one of the most enterprising and successful of English mountain climbers, has described his exploits and hair-breadth escapes in a volume that has just been published.

At an early period he found that there were many mountain excursions which might be made with pleasure—ascents which were commonly supposed to be impracticable—if it was possible to sleep out at considerable elevations. After endeavoring, without success, to use sleeping-bags, he turned his attention to tents, and at length produced one which would stand in any wind, and was "sufficiently portable to be taken over the most difficult ground." In this tent he slept on numerous occasions 11,000, 12,000, and even 13,000 feet above the level of the sea, enjoying the glories of sunrise and sunset in the Alps, in comfort, even in luxury.

A blanket sleeping-bag is a very good thing during fine weather, but it does not, of course, afford sufficient protection during rainy or snowy weather. If a water-proof case is added, the bag may be very uncomfortable. Mackintosh coverings are hot and close in warm weather, and during cold they are exceedingly cold. They exclude ventilation; from their weight, lie closely over the blanket, and conduct the warmth away, or at least prevent the pleasant accumulation that takes place in a tent.

Here is one of our author's blanket-bag experiences: "As it was getting dark, I encamped in a lovely hole—a cavity, or kind of basin, in the earth—with a stream on one side, a rock to windward, and some broken pine branches close at hand. Nothing could be more perfect: rock, hole, wood, and water. After making a roaring fire, I nestled in my blanket bag (an ordinary blanket sewn up, double round the legs, with a piece of elastic ribbon round the open end), and slept, but not for long. I was troubled with dreams of the Inquisition; the tortures were being applied; priests were forcing fleas down my nostrils and into my eyes, and with red-hot pincers were taking out bits of flesh, and then cutting off my ears, and tickling the soles of my feet. This was too much; I yelled a great yell, and awoke to find myself covered with innumerable crawling bodies. They were ants. I had camped by an ant-hill, and, after making its inhabitants mad with the fire, had coolly lain down in their midst.

"The night was fine, and as I settled down in more comfortable quarters, a brilliant meteor

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THE BLANKET BAG.

sailed across full sixty degrees of the cloudless sky, leaving a trail of light behind which lasted for several seconds. It was the herald of a splendid spectacle. Stars fell by hundreds; and, not dimmed by intervening vapors, they sparkled with greater brightness than Sirius in our damp climate."

In spite of all precautions, Mr. Whymper was sometimes surprised by night.

"In the course of half an hour we got uncommonly close to the main torrent, and Croz all at once disappeared. I stepped cautiously forward to peer down into the place where I thought he was, and quietly tumbled head over heels into a big rhododendron bush. Extricating myself with some trouble, I fell backward over some rocks, and got wedged in a cleft so close to the torrent that it splashed all over me.

"The colloquy which then ensued amidst the thundering of the stream was as follows:

"'Hullo, Croz!' 'Eh, monsieur.' 'Where are you?' 'Here, monsieur.' 'Where *is* here?' 'I don't know; where are you?' 'Here, Croz;' and so on.

"The fact was, from the intense darkness, and the noise of the torrent, we had no idea of each other's situation. In the course of ten minutes, however, we joined together again, agreed we had had quite enough of that kind of thing, and adjourned to a most eligible rock at 10.15.

"How well I remember the night at that rock, and the jolly way in which Croz came out! We were both very wet about the legs, and both uncommonly hungry; but the time passed pleasantly enough round our fire of juniper; and until long past midnight we sat up recounting, over our pipes, wonderful stories of the most incredible description, in which, I must admit, my companion beat me hollow. Then, throwing ourselves on our beds of rhododendron, we slept an untroubled sleep, and rose on a bright Sunday morning as fresh as might be, intending to enjoy a day's rest and luxury with our friends at La Ville de Val Louise."

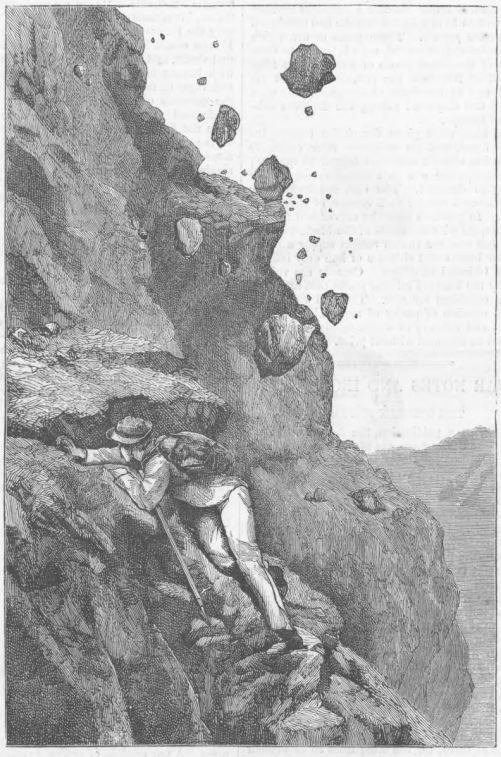
As a rule, Mr. Whymper's camps-out at night were intentional. Enveloped in a blanket bag, under the protection of his tent, he was as dry and warm as if sleeping at home. He speaks almost affectionately of one of his porters, a poor little hunchback named Meynet, who used to carry the tent. "We saw an ungainly, wobbling figure stoop down and catch up the little ones, kiss them on each cheek, and put them into the empty panniers on each side of the mule, and then heard it come on caroling, as if this was not a world of woe. Yet the face of little Luc Meynet, the hunchback of Breil, bore traces of trouble and sorrow, and there was more than a touch of sadness in his voice when he said that he must look after his brother's children."

Grand sights were seen and startling noises heard during these nocturnal bivouacs. Here is an extract from the ascent of Mont Pelvorex, one of the highest mountains in France:

"This night we fixed our camp high above the tree line, and indulged ourselves in the healthy employment of carrying our fuel up to it. The present rock was not so comfortable as the first, and before we could settle down we were obliged to turn out a large mass which was in the way. It was very obstinate, but moved at length, slowly and gently at first, then faster and faster; at last taking great jumps in the air, striking a stream of fire at every touch, shining out brightly as it entered the gloomy valley below. Long after it was out of sight we heard it bounding downward, and then settle with a subdued crash on the glacier beneath. As we turned back from this curious sight, Reynaud asked if we had ever seen a torrent on fire; and told us that in the spring the Durance, swollen by the melting of the snow, sometimes brings down so many rocks that, where it passes through a narrow gorge at La Bessée, no water whatever is seen, but only boulders rolling over and over, grinding each other into powder, and striking so many sparks that the stream looks as if it were on fire.

"We had another merry evening, with nothing to mar it. The weather was perfect; and we lay backward in luxurious repose, looking at the sky, spangled with its ten thousand brilliant lights.

"Nothing but the heavy breathing of our already sound-asleep comrades broke the solemn stillness of the night. It was a silence to be felt. Nothing? Hark! what is that dull, booming sound above us? Is that nothing? There it is again—plainer: on it comes, nearer, nearer. 'Tis a crag, escaped from the heights above! What a fearful crash! We jump to our feet. Down it comes with awful fury: what power can withstand its violence? Dancing, leaping, flying; dashing against others; roaring as it descends. Ah, it has passed! No! there it is again. And we hold our breath, as, with resistless force, and explosions like artillery, it darts past, with an avalanche of shattered fragments trailing in its rear. 'Tis gone, and we breathe more freely as we hear the finale on the glacier below."



A CANNONADE OF THE MATTERHORN.

These falls of rock, which occur through the splitting off by frost of vast masses, sometimes take place at inconvenient moments; and Mr. Whymper has reason to consider them among the greatest dangers of the Alps. The illustration shows an instance where he was proceeding up the edge of a ridge, and was surprised by a sudden cannonade. It is very unusual for rock to fall down the very edge or crest of a ridge in this fashion, and consequently the summits of ridges were frequently selected as camping places. This was the case upon his attempts to ascend the Matterhorn in 1861, 1862, 1863; and we conclude our extracts from his graphic and beautiful volume by a description of a storm which he witnessed upon that mountain on the night of August 10, 1863:

"We went on gayly, passed the second tent platform, the Chimney, and the other well-remembered points, and reckoned confidently on sleeping that night upon the top of 'the shoulder;' but before we had well arrived at the foot of the Great Tower a sudden rush of cold air warned us to look out.

"It was difficult to say where this air came from; it did not blow as a wind, but descended rather as the water in a shower-bath. All was tranquil again; the atmosphere *showed* no signs of disturbance; there was a dead calm, and not a speck of cloud to be seen any where. But we did not remain very long in this state. The cold air came again, and this time it was difficult to say where it did not come from. We jammed down our hats as it beat against the ridge and screamed among the crags. Before we had got to the foot of the Tower mists had been formed above and below. They appeared at first in small isolated patches (in several places at the same time), which danced and jerked, and were torn into shreds by the wind, but grew larger under the process. They were united together, and rent again—showing us the blue sky for a moment, and blotting it out the next—and augmented incessantly, until the whole heavens were filled with whirling, boiling clouds. Before we could take off our packs, and get under any kind of shelter, a hurricane of snow burst upon us from the east. It fell so thickly that in a few minutes the ridge was covered by it. 'What shall we do?' I shouted to Carrel. 'Monsieur,' said he, 'the wind is bad; the weather has changed; we are heavily laden. Here is a fine *gite*; let us stop! If we go on we shall be half frozen. That is *my* opinion.' No one differed from him; so we fell to work to make a place for the tent, and in a couple of hours completed the platform which we had commenced in 1862. The clouds had blackened during that time, and we had hardly finished our task before a thunder-storm broke upon us with appalling fury. Forked lightning shot out at the turrets above, and at the crags below. It was so close that we quailed at its darts. It seemed to scorch us—we were in the very focus of the storm. The thunder was almost simultaneous with the flashes; short and sharp, and more like the noise of a door that is violently slammed, multiplied a thousandfold, than any noise to which I can compare it.

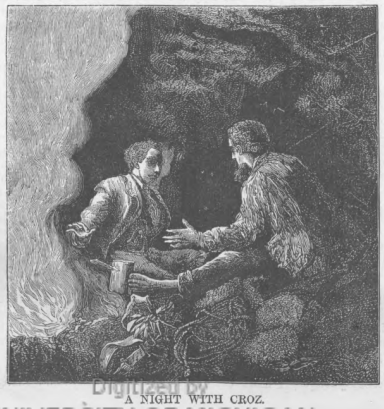
MY TENT-BEARER, THE HUNCHBACK.

"At the place where we were camped a remarkable echo could be heard (one so remarkable that if it could be heard in this country it would draw crowds for its own sake); I believe it came from the cliffs of the Dent d'Herens. It was a favorite amusement with us to shout to rouse this echo, which repeated any sharp cry in a very distinct manner, several times, after the lapse of something like a dozen seconds. The thunder-storm lasted nearly two hours, and raged at times with great fury; and the prolonged rollings from the surrounding mountains, after one flash, had not usually ceased before another set of echoes took up the discourse, and maintained the reverberations without a break. Occasionally there was a pause, interrupted presently by a single clap, the accompaniment of a single discharge; and after such times I could recognize the echoes from the Dent d'Herens by their peculiar repetitions, and by the length of time which had passed since the reports had occurred of which they were the echoes.

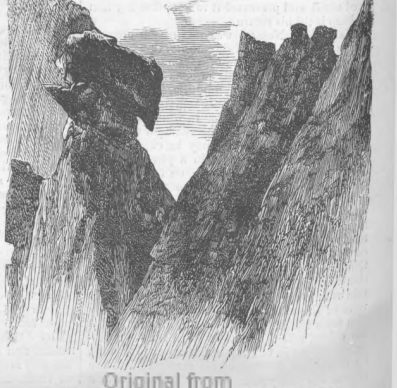
"The wind during all this time seemed to blow tolerably consistently from the east. It smote the tent so vehemently (notwithstanding it was partly protected by rocks) that we had grave fears our refuge might be blown away bodily, with ourselves inside; so, during some of the lulls, we issued out and built a wall to windward. At half past three the wind changed to the northwest, and the clouds vanished. We immediately took the opportunity to send down one of the porters (under protection of some of the others a little beyond the Col du Lion), as the tent would accommodate only five persons. From this time to sunset the weather was variable. It was sometimes blowing and snowing hard, and sometimes a dead calm. The bad weather was evidently confined to the Mont Cervin, for when the clouds lifted we could see every thing that could be seen from our *gite*. Monte-Viso, a hundred miles off, was clear, and the sun set gorgeously behind the range of Mont Blanc. We passed the night comfortably—even luxuriously—in our blanket bags; but there was little chance of sleeping, between the noise of the wind, of the thunder, and of the falling rocks. I forgave the thunder for the sake of the lightning. A more splendid spectacle than its illumination of the Matterhorn crags I do not expect to see.

"The greatest rock-falls always seemed to occur in the night, between midnight and daybreak. This was noticeable on each of the seven nights which I passed upon the southwest ridge, at heights varying from 11,800 to 13,000 feet.

"I may be wrong in supposing that the falls in the night are greater than those in the daytime, since sound causes much more effect during darkness than when the cause of its production is seen. Even a sigh may be terrible in the stillness of the night. In the daytime one's attention is probably divided between the sound and the motion of rocks which fall; or it may be concentrated on other matters. But it is certain that the greatest of the falls which happened during the night took place after midnight; and this I connect with the fact that the maximum of cold during any twenty-four hours very commonly occurs between midnight and dawn."



A NIGHT WITH CROZ.



PART OF A RIDGE OF THE GRAND CORNIER.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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VICTORIOUS PEACE.

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BROWNING'S NEW POEM.

IN the following vivid and picturesque poem, which we print from advance sheets of the London magazine for which it was written, the poet rescues from oblivion the name of a hero who will thus owe his immortality to ROBERT BROWNING, as the brave boy Casabianca owes his to Mrs. Hemans.

HERVÉ RIEL.

BY ROBERT BROWNING.

On the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two,
Did the English fight the French—woe to France!
And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter through the blue,
Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks pursue,
Came crowding ship on ship to St. Malo on the Rance,
With the English fleet in view.

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full chase;
First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship, Damfreville;
Close on him fled, great and small,
Twenty-two good ships in all;
And they signaled to the place
"Help the winners of a race!
Get us guidance, give us harbor, take us quick—or, quicker still,
Here's the English can and will!"

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leaped on board;
"Why, what hope or chance have ships like these to pass?" laughed they:
"Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage scarred and scored,
Shall the *Formidable* here with her twelve and eighty guns
Think to make the river-mouth by the single narrow way,
Trust to enter where 'tis ticklish for a craft of twenty tons,
And with flow at full beside?
Now 'tis slackest ebb of tide.
Reach the mooring? Rather say,
While rock stands or water runs,
Not a ship will leave the bay!"

Then was called a council straight;
Brief and bitter the debate:
"Here's the English at our heels; would you have them take in tow
All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern and bow,
For a prize to Plymouth Sound?
Better run the ships aground!"
(Ended Damfreville his speech.)
"Not a minute more to wait!
Let the captains all and each
Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the beach!
France must undergo her fate."

"Give the word!" But no such word
Was ever spoke or heard:
For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid all these—
A captain? A lieutenant? A mate—first, second, third?
No such man of mark, and meet
With his betters to compete!
But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville for the fleet—
A poor coasting-pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisickese.

And "What mockery or malice have we here?" cries Hervé Riel:
"Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards, fools, or rogues?
Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the soundings, tell
On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell
'Twixt the offing here and Grève, where the river disembogues?
Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the lying's for?
Morn and eve, night and day,
Have I piloted your bay,
Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.
Burn the fleet, and ruin France? That were worse than fifty Hogues!
Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe me there's a way!
Only let me lead the line,
Have the biggest ship to steer,
Get this *Formidable* clear,
Make the others follow mine,
And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I know well,
Right to Solidor, past Grève,
And there lay them safe and sound;
And if one ship misbehave—
Keel so much as grate the ground—
Why, I've nothing but my life: here's my head!" cries Hervé Riel.

Not a minute more to wait.
"Steer us in, then, small and great!
Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!" cried its chief.
Captains, give the sailor place!
He is admiral, in brief.
Still the north wind, by God's grace.
See the noble fellow's face
As the big ship, with a bound,
Clears the entry like a hound,
Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide sea's profound!
See, safe through shoal and rock,
How they follow in a flock.
Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the ground,
Not a spar that comes to grief!
The peril, see, is past,
All are harbored to the last,
And just as Hervé Riel hollas "Anchor!"—sure as fate,
Up the English come, too late.

So, the storm subsides to calm:
They see the green trees wave
On the heights o'erlooking Grève:
Hearts that bled are stanched with balm.
"Just our rapture to enhance,
Let the English rake the bay,
Gnash their teeth and glare askance
As they cannonade away!
'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the Rance!"
How hope succeeds despair on each captain's countenance!
Outburst all with one accord,
"This is Paradise for Hell!
Let France, let France's king
Thank the man that did the thing!"
What a shout, and all one word,
"Hervé Riel,"
As he stepped in front once more,
Not a symptom of surprise
In the frank blue Breton eyes,
Just the same man as before.

Then said Damfreville, "My friend,
I must speak out at the end,
Though I find the speaking hard:
Praise is deeper than the lips:
You have saved the king his ships,
You must name your own reward.
'Faith, our sun was near eclipse!
Demand whate'er you will,
France remains your debtor still.
Ask to heart's content, and have! or my name's not Damfreville."

Then a beam of fun outbroke
On the bearded mouth that spoke,
As the honest heart laughed through
Those frank eyes of Breton blue:
"Since I needs must say my say,
Since on board the duty's done,
And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it but a run?—
Since 'tis ask and have, I may—
Since the others go ashore—
Come! A good whole holiday!
Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle Aurore!"
That he asked, and that he got—nothing more.

Name and deed alike are lost:
Not a pillar nor a post
In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell;
Not a head in white and black
On a single fishing-smack,
In memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack
All that France saved from the fight whence England bore the bell.
Go to Paris; rank on rank
Search the heroes flung pell-mell
On the Louvre, face and flank;
You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé Riel.
So, for better and for worse,
Hervé Riel, accept my verse!
In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more
Save the squadron, honor France, love thy wife the Belle Aurore!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1871.

☞ *In the* SUPPLEMENT *to this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *is commenced an exceedingly interesting series of papers, entitled*

Memories of Distinguished Authors;

illustrated with PORTRAITS, SKETCHES OF CELEBRATED PLACES, FAC-SIMILES OF HANDWRITING, *etc. The list will include many of the most eminent* AMERICAN *and* ENGLISH AUTHORS; *and the publishers believe that it will prove to be one of the most fascinating contributions to biographical literature ever offered to the reading public of this country. Among other attractions in this* SUPPLEMENT *will be found several humorous* CHARACTER SKETCHES *from* SAN DOMINGO; *a fine engraving, entitled* "THE FIRST MUSIC LESSON;" *and the usual variety of interesting literary matter.*

EMBARRASSING THE JOINT COMMISSION.

WE perceive with pleasure upon every side the friendly feeling toward the Joint Commission, and the high expectation with which the probable result of its deliberations is regarded. Indeed, it would be a signal proof that the leadership of civilization belongs to our race and to our free institutions if, while Germany and France have just settled their difference by so terrible a war, the United States and England should end theirs by a pacific negotiation. But it is to be regretted that the universal feeling of satisfaction with which the Commission and the prospect of its labors are regarded in the two countries most intimately concerned should not be shared by all friendly powers. For surely, if a question so peculiarly exasperating as that which has so long excited this country and Great Britain can be peacefully settled, there would seem to be no reason why all international quarrels might not be amicably adjusted. The harmonious issue of the action of the Joint Commission would be a truly great step in civilization, as showing that wars are not indispensable to appease the "honor" of nations.

Yet there is evidently some hostility to the Commission for the very reason that it is of such peaceful promise. A letter-writer from Washington, in the *Independent*, recently, reports a conversation with Mr. COLFAX, in which the Vice-President remarked that the Russian minister had said that during the rebellion Great Britain, in concert with France, had proposed to Russia to recognize the Confederacy, and had been very decidedly refused. Mr. COLFAX is a contributor to the *Independent*, and may be fairly presumed to have seen the letter; and as he has not denied a statement which is, under present circumstances, so significant, some remark susceptible of such interpretation must have been made. If so, its purpose can not be mistaken. Made at this time, when England and Russia are but partially friendly, and when a negotiation is pending between England and the United States which would leave Great Britain unembarrassed, it can only be intended to make the negotiation more difficult by exciting American jealousy of Great Britain.

But the assertion is wholly without foundation. The British Government was cold toward us, and a certain British opinion was actively malevolent, but no American forgets how promptly that Government declined the overtures of LOUIS NAPOLEON to do what it is now itself charged with having joined him in asking Russia to do. The members of the British Government possibly believed that the Union would be dissolved, but they did not mean actively to promote that result. Our friends in England, JOHN BRIGHT at the head, watched the authorities, as we know, with the most constant vigilance, and, as one of the most honored and faithful of them, GOLDWIN SMITH, says, "as for the interest of their own cause." Had there been the least desire upon the part of the British cabinet to do what the Russian minister is said to have told Mr. COLFAX it did, the fact would have been instantly exposed by our English friends. Moreover, such a proposition could only have been made by the consent of the cabinet after careful deliberation. It was a measure involving immense consequences. It included, of course, the chance and the probability of war. By no possibility could it have been resolved upon except after the maturest reflection; nor is it conceivable that had the British ministry decided upon the overture, the Duke of Argyle, and the Duke of Newcastle, with our other well-wishers in the cabinet, would have remained in the government.

We have satisfactory authority for asserting that the story as reported is untrue. No Englishman, friend or foe of the United States—not even Mr. LAIRD himself, whatever he may have wished—would venture to state that Great Britain, directly or indirectly, solicited Russia to recognize the Confederacy. If such an allegation is now made, it is, of course, with the hope of perplexing the negotiation, and of reviving an ill feeling which is happily less fervent than it was. But this is not the time to invent or to imagine offenses upon the part of Great Britain. She has come to us with open heart and hand, frankly to discuss and fairly to settle our differences. We owe it to our own honor to reject all the innuendoes by which those who would gladly frustrate the negotiation seek to sow mischief. Every intelligent American will aid in every honorable way the work of the Commission. We all know that its English members have not come to measure wits with us, to fence and feign with diplomatic technicalities, but sincerely to ascertain how two nations of the same race and the same great traditions may be, as they ought always to remain, the best of friends.

REPUBLICAN UNION.

IT is constantly more evident that the State of New York will probably be the battle-ground of the next Presidential election; and it is therefore obviously necessary that the Republican party here should be in proper condition for the conflict. The State is now in possession of the Democratic party, and the richest and most powerful managers of that party in the country have their head-quarters in Tammany Hall. They are also wary and experienced, and their game will be skillfully played in the Democratic National Convention to secure the Presidential nomination in their interest. WILLIAM GODWIN said of the Church of Rome that it relied with unshaken confidence upon the ignorance of mankind; and experience has taught that a similar confidence may be reposed by Republicans in the fatal fatuity of the Democrats. But it is not wise to count upon a folly in their counsels like that of 1864 and 1868. It is safer, at least, to expect sagacity, and in our preparations for battle assume that the victory will not be won without a contest.

Is the Republican party in the State of New York in proper battle-array? Probably it was never less so. There is a smothered feud in the party like that of the Hunkers and Barnburners in the Democratic ranks before the war; and if it continues, the vote of the State will be cast against the Republican candidate for President in 1872 as surely as it was cast against the Republican candidate for Governor in 1870. Nothing is gained by concealing what every body knows; but a frank discussion of the situation may tend to relief. The feud which has long obscurely existed was brought to great intensity by the direct action of the Administration; and it is to the Administration, therefore, that we must look for the remedy. It must devise some means by which the party in this State will cease to be divided into Administration and anti-Administration Republicans. But, of course, it can make no bargains, nor pretend a confidence which it does not feel. Nor can it hope to do any thing efficiently to relieve the difficulty if any body of Republicans in the State is more devoted to a man than to the party principles.

That there is collusion between certain conspicuous Republicans in the city and their political opponents is not merely suspected; it is known. The evidence may not be submitted to a committee in which those Republicans are influential, for obvious reasons; but it nevertheless exists, and is conclusive to those who are familiar with it. That, under any circumstances, such Republicans will seriously withstand the efforts of Tammany Hall can not be expected. Nor can it be doubted that, even if there were no satisfactory proof of the unfortunate fact of which we speak, the general suspicion alone would be a serious injury to the party. It would be asked with amazement—nor could there be any satisfactory reply—why should such a suspicion taint any person or persons if there were absolutely no reason for it? There are those, for instance, whom the New York *Tribune* has by name accused of complicity with the common enemy, and has, therefore, covered with the suspicion arising from its expressed distrust and censure. Has the *Tribune* changed its opinion? And if so, has it ever mentioned the change, or stated the reasons for it? If not, must not the suspicion still attach, and upon its authority? And can harmony fairly be expected under such leadership?

Again, it is alleged that one of the Senators of the State is upon unfriendly terms with the President, and that the President ought to restore good relations. But this may not be altogether a matter of will. Thus if the President should lose confidence in an adviser—and we put the case merely as an illustration of what will be universally allowed to be possible—what ought he to do? Certainly, whatever he does, he must not pretend to trust where he does not. And would it be just for any friend of that adviser to insist that the President ought not to distrust him because he trusted some one else who in the opinion of the friend was much less trust-worthy? Or could any betrayal of the party be more signal than the attempt of such a friend, upon such grounds, to thwart the Administration, and so to imperil the dominance of the Republican party? If the hostility should be carried further, and lead, for no other reason than this, to discord in the National Convention, would not the disaster which might ensue be fairly attributable to such friends?

The Administration, upon its side, certainly owes to the party in New York, whose success, as we said, is very desirable in the election of 1872, sufficient evidence that it is hostile only to the bummers and traitors in the ranks. It is due to the party that no considerable portion of it shall seem to lie under displeasure because of its supposed personal sympathies, and that there shall be nothing which could be called a warfare upon them. The very appearance of such action should be carefully avoided; and those who are disposed to be captious upon such grounds should be made to see how totally mistaken they are, and that if there are Republican quarrels in the State the Administration takes no part in them. Undoubtedly, the State of New York to-day is honestly Republican. If a fair election could be held—an election without repeating, stuffing, or Tammany counting, the decided majority would be Republican. Undoubtedly, also, the Republican conviction in the State is that General GRANT will be the candidate of the party in 1872. A united party here would unquestionably elect that candidate. Are not the means of securing that union well worth earnest consideration?

THE TAMMANY RING AND ITS FRIENDS.

THE *Evening Post* condemns the administration of President GRANT, and praises that of the Ring in the city of New York. It has for some time spoken very gently of the imperial rule in the city, and recently published a tentative article, indirectly commending it by stating what was claimed upon its behalf by what is called the Citizens' Association. After a little while it republished the article; and, averring that its statements had not been challenged, declared that they were therefore established! It would not be easy to imagine a more summary and amusing method. As a matter of fact, the Republican journals of the city were exposing the Broadway widening job and the water bill at the very time the *Post* made what it calls its uncontradicted assertions.

And by what authority were they made? Upon that of the Citizens' Association. That such an association may have been at one time, and under certain circumstances, a body whose opinion would have weight upon such a subject, is very possible. But all that the public now know of the Citizens' Association is an occasional manifest signed by Mr. PETER COOPER and Mr. NATHANIEL SANDS. Mr. COOPER is one of the most venerable and respected citizens of New York, but it is not generally supposed that he prepares the manifests. They are understood to be substantially the work of Mr. SANDS. Mr. SANDS is understood to have favored the passage of the Tammany tax levy of 1868, upon which the Republican Senate proposed to hold out; but the votes of Mr. WILLIAMS and Mr. MATTOON, in favor of the Tammany project, which Mr. SANDS befriended, made such action useless. Mr. SANDS subsequently received an appointment in the Tax Commission. His opinion, therefore, upon the action of the Tammany masters of the city must obviously be received with great reservation. And that the declarations of the Citizens' Association are the opinions of Mr. SANDS is probably not disputed. But if such declarations in regard to the benefits of the Ring to the city of New York should, under these circumstances, pass unchallenged, it would by no means necessarily be because they could not be successfully questioned, as the *Evening Post* assumes.

The new charter, of which the *Post* speaks

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so kindly, was the work of the Ring, and designed to perpetuate its power; and such has undoubtedly been its effect. It is certainly remarkable that a paper which professes to respect so deeply the principle of the responsibility of power should praise, upon that ground, and with its knowledge of the actual situation in the city, a charter which makes the terms of the chief officers appointed by the Mayor twice as long as his own. Executive responsibility to the people is destroyed by the charter. The government of the city of New York, under the Tammany Ring, as we have frequently shown, is an absolute empire, which will end only by the voluntary retirement of the Ring-masters or by a successful rebellion of their subjects. The methods of their government are familiar to every citizen. One of them is to cover themselves and their acts with respectable names. Thus, the last project of a city railroad selects the Ring, with three or four conspicuous citizens, as the commission. Every New Yorker at once understands "the little game" of the Ring, of which, it is unnecessary to say, those gentlemen are innocent.

To our readers who are not New Yorkers, and who may be supposed to be uninterested in such local questions, the reason of our allusion to them is obvious. The power that now controls the city and State of New York aims at the control of the national government. The ruthless imperialism which prevails here it would extend through the country. Its methods of bribery and intimidation it would practice upon a national arena. And it is, therefore, of the utmost importance that the people of the United States should understand the character and contemplate the measures of the imperial cabal which would rule them. Its power can well be studied in the tone of the *Evening Post*, when commenting upon the government of the city. Its defiance of the ordinary safeguards of vested rights is illustrated by the Erie bill, and the water bill, which confers a practically unlimited and irresponsible authority upon one man. Its malign influence upon popular rights may be seen in the fact that the Governor of New York, which the cabal nominated and elected, faithfully obeys its will, and that the honor of the bench in the city is notoriously stained. This is the rule which the *Evening Post* praises, but which the best men of the Democratic party privately deprecate and oppose.

DANGER UPON THE HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD.

WE call the attention of the managers of the Hudson River Railroad to the fact that the drawing-room cars upon that road can not pass safely through the tunnels. Besides the instances of collision mentioned in the papers, we have others, upon private authority, of which there is no question. Whether the difficulty is that the bore of the tunnels is not large enough, or that the cars strike each other, is not clear. But of the fact and of the consequent danger there is no doubt whatever. The duty of the company is, therefore, imperative, and we shall be glad to hear that it has been done. The investigation of the New Hamburg catastrophe has properly shaken public confidence in the management of this road; and should any passengers be fatally injured by reason of negligence to correct the evil which we here mention, we can only wish that the case may not be submitted to a jury like that which found nobody to blame for the slaughter at New Hamburg.

A CHANCE TO RIGHT A WRONG.

IF the Erie bill was passed, as was alleged in extenuation of the Governor's approval, by the vote of the Republicans as well as of the Democrats, there is all the more reason that the Republicans should now repair the mischief. The character of this infamous bill is familiar to the whole country, and the lamentably and ludicrously futile attempts of the Democratic papers to defend and explain Governor HOFFMAN'S signature serve but to reveal it more distinctly. At the time, some of his party friends were wiser than he. If they are silent now, or try to conceal the significance of his action, it is but another proof of the fact that the managers of the Governor and Legislature also control their party organs. The *World* said of the Governor, with entire truth, when a proposition was formerly made to repeal the Erie bill, "If there is any thing he ought to covet, it is an opportunity to rectify the mistake he made in approving that piece of knavery and making it a law." There was never a more ruthless betrayal of the people by the officer to whom they have given the power of the veto for their defense than in Governor HOFFMAN'S signature of a bill which honest men of every party indignantly denounced.

The duty of the Republican members of the Legislature, therefore, is plain. Mr. GOODRICH'S resolution for the repeal of the bill gives them the opportunity which they ought to wish. Let the Republican party at least be clear of this iniquity. Let the law stand, if it must, as a characteristic act of Democratic legislation, and as a warning to the country of what it may expect of Democratic ascendency. Let the people of other States see plainly that in New York the Democratic party destroys the most precious right—that of every man to dispose of the fruits of his labor; that it authorizes railroad directors to perpetuate their control of the property of stockholders without their consent. If the Republicans in the New York Legislature connive at this monstrous wrong, or actively support it by refusing to vote for the resolution of repeal, they will do all that they can do to persuade intelligent and just men every where in the country that in this State there is apparently little to choose between the two great parties.

NOTES.

THE Congressional Committee on Education and Labor has honorably acquitted Major-General HOWARD of all the charges brought against him by Mr. FERNANDO WOOD. The juxtaposition of the names is suggestive. It is fairly illustrative of the two causes which the two men represented during the rebellion, and of the present attitude of the two great parties in regard to the war. General HOWARD'S patriotic devotion and wounds in the field, and his faithful discharge of the onerous duties of the head of the Freedman's Commission, will be much longer remembered than the abortive aspersions upon his character of persons like Mr. FERNANDO WOOD, and remembered always with gratitude and honor.

The Golden Age, Mr. THEODORE TILTON'S new weekly paper, is handsome and attractive; and as the innumerable difficulties which beset a first number are familiar to all the initiated, we can safely anticipate from the lively variety of the beginning a racy and readable journal. It professes the widest hospitality for every thought, from all sides, properly expressed. But we hope, and we infer from what we know of the editor, that it will also have very positive opinions of its own, and not be a mere cave of the winds, however musical. No one, we presume, knows better than the editor of the *Golden Age* that there is no place waiting for a new paper, but the new paper must make its place by making itself a pleasure or a necessity to the reader. It is a bold enterprise, but we heartily welcome it to the discussion of all public questions with temper and good sense.

MRS. NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE—formerly SOPHIA PEABODY, the sister of Miss ELIZABETH P. PEABODY and Mrs. HORACE MANN—died recently in England. MRS. HAWTHORNE had edited her husband's delightful Note-Books, and had written a volume, published by PUTNAM last year, of foreign travel. She was a lady of the most accomplished taste in art and literature; and her death will be both a surprise and sorrow to her American friends.

THE late House of Representatives, before it expired, virtually refused to repeal the income tax, and so has one title the less to the gratitude of the country. Yet those who defeated the repeal may justly urge that the opinion of the Secretary of the Treasury, who is, so to speak, politically responsible for the financial policy of the Administration, should have great weight; and he is known to be vehemently opposed to the repeal. This difference of opinion between the House and the Department suggests the desirability of the reform which has been often urgently proposed, and which would give a Secretary a voice in Congress. If he were present, and could personally answer all questions, and engage in debate, the defeat of his plans would lead very properly to his retirement. As it is, there is a vague feeling that he has not had a fair chance, and that it is hard to refuse what he warmly presses.

THE effort to throw discredit upon the management of the Children's Aid Society, in New York, one of the most admirable and efficient charities in the country, and to prevent the annual State appropriation for its benefit, has signally failed. The attack upon the Society proves to have been a good fortune, for it was the occasion of the revelation to the public of its singularly honorable and disinterested management. There has been no more triumphant vindication of a slandered institution, and the Senator who preferred the charges not only withdrew them, but declared himself to be entirely convinced of his great misapprehension of the facts.

AMONG the great railroad enterprises interrupted by our late war was that of the Chesapeake and Ohio line, which had been partly constructed by the State of Virginia when the events of 1861 brought the work to a stand-still. It was resumed at the close of the war, and now only one hundred and fifty miles of road remain to be completed to open a continuous line of railway from the Atlantic coast to the valley of the Ohio, through a country which, in addition to the through trade, will afford a large and remunerative local business. The subscription books for the amount necessary to complete the road have been opened by Messrs. FISK & HATCH of this city. The officers of the company are gentlemen of high standing in the business community of New York.

IT is unfortunate that the Baptists did not follow the advice of their eminent leader, Rev. Dr. W. R. WILLIAMS, and decline the grant of a lot of land from the city for benevolent purposes. They know, of course, that it is not given from any love of them, nor from any sense of justice, but merely to hush their remonstrances against similar grants to the Roman Catholics or any other sect. The action of the Young Men's Christian Association last year could have been wisely studied and emulated by the gentlemen who have consented to receive this grant. They may be very sure that it will return to plague them.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

SEVERAL foreign journals have much to say of the recent discoveries made by Dr. SCHWEINFURTH in Central Africa, as first published in PETERMANN'S "Mittheilungen." The country examined by this gentleman lies to the northwest of the great equatorial lakes, and his labors have tended to define the limits of the Nile Valley in the direction of the equator, to which he has approached more nearly than any other traveler. His letters contain very interesting accounts of adventures among the Niam-Niams, a race of very peculiar and remarkable character. After crossing the water-shed of the Nile he met with another and totally different people, distinguished by the lighter color of their skin and their blonde and frizzled hair, as compared with the brown-colored skin and long, silky hair of the Niam-Niams. They also possess the unpleasant peculiarity of cannibalism to a greater degree than is believed to exist among any other people on the face of the globe at the present time.

One result of the completion of the Pacific Railroad has been the introduction into our Eastern markets of Western game. We see it stated that two hundred antelope were sent to Boston during a single week, and three hundred saddles of deer, of both the white-tailed and black-tailed species. The antelope brought from fifteen to twenty cents per pound at wholesale, and the venison from twenty to twenty-five.

The subject of fish-breeding continues to excite much interest in Victoria, and eggs of the European salmon-trout, introduced from Tasmania, were successfully hatched out early in September, and are now in a promising condition.

The Agricultural Department informs us that in Princess Ann County, Virginia, the average number of geese shot daily, last winter, was 25, and of ducks 100, during a season of 104 days, or from November 1, 1869, to March 1, 1870; in all, 2600 geese and 10,400 ducks. The geese brought 70 cents each, on an average, and the ducks 40 cents, making for the season $5980.

The Mexican Congress has lately conceded a very liberal grant to some American citizens for a transcontinental railroad, starting from any point between the ports of Tampico and Tecolutta, and terminating between the Bar of Zacatula and the port of San Blas, on the Pacific Ocean. The concessions made are said to be entirely satisfactory to the grantees.

Dr. KESSLER claims to have discovered lately in Cassel the oldest herbarium known, some of the plants having been prepared in 1556. It contains 614 plants, properly fastened down and labeled, and was formed by CASPAR KATZENBERGER.

Fish culture is prosecuted at the present time on a large scale in California; the "California and Lake Tahoe Artificial Fish Culture Company," established near Lake Truckee, having now six ponds, in which there are 2000 trout three years old, 14,000 two years old, and 110,000 younger ones, the oldest fish already weighing as much as twenty ounces. These fish bring a high price, whether as fish grown for food, or as young fish for the purpose of stocking other ponds.

The Commissioners of Fisheries for New Jersey in their late report maintain that, owing to the introduction of gill nets, the number of shad caught has diminished by one-half.

The subject of breeding minks and killing them for their furs is one that has been prosecuted for some years with, it is said, satisfactory results. We have been lately informed that from one pair a progeny of eighty-seven has been obtained within two years' time.

A California cattle raiser has been lately trying the experiment of training coyotes or prairie wolves as shepherd dogs, but does not consider his experiment entirely satisfactory, as the sheep are generally killed before the training has been completed. He has, however, strong hopes of succeeding in his object in time.

We regret to learn that in the course of a disastrous fire at Springfield, Illinois, on the 25th of February, the collection of the Geological Survey of the State of Illinois was in large part either destroyed or greatly injured, especially the fossil plants. This loss is the more severe as the collection in question contained one of the finest series of carboniferous fossils in the country, and embraced a large number of types of new species described by Messrs. WORTHEN and MEEK. This should be a warning to all who have charge of valuable natural-history collections, to give themselves no rest until their treasures are secured in fire-proof buildings.

According to late advices from Florida, Mr. N. H. BISHOP, whose visit to that State in the interest of natural history we have already referred to, has started off in his yacht on a cruise down the coast for the purpose of making collections of Florida birds, etc. He hopes to penetrate into the Everglades and prosecute some inquiries in regard to certain species of birds said to occur there, and nowhere else in Florida.

At a late meeting of the Boston Society of Natural History a communication was presented by Count Pourtalès in reference to the character of the sea bottom off the coast of the United States south of Cape Hatteras, and based upon the researches of the Coast Survey. According to his statement, the principal constituent of the coast is silicious sand from the coast-line to about the line of one hundred fathoms—a limit which coincides nearly with the inner edge of the Gulf Stream throughout the greater part of its course. Outside of this line is a whitish calcareous mud, containing *globigerina*, and extending probably over the greater part of the ocean. South of the Vineyard Islands, and off the eastern end of Long Island, the silicious sand is replaced by a kind of bluish mud, known as the Block Island soundings. A similar mud is found off Sandy Hook in a range of depressions known as mud holes, which form a leading mark by which to find the port of New York in thick weather. A few rocky patches are found east of the neighborhood of New York, and a rocky bottom occurs, sparingly, near Cape Fear; but otherwise the sand is pretty uniform, varying only in the size of its grain. On the inner edge of the Gulf Stream there is a deposit of green sand composed of the casts of foraminifera.

We regret to have to record the death, at St. Paul, Minnesota, on the 13th of December last, of Professor WILLIAM CHAUVENET, formerly Chancellor of Washington University, St. Louis. This gentleman has long been known in American scientific circles for his attainments as a mathematician and astronomer; and the various works published by him have occupied a high position as text-books and manuals of instruction. For a time connected with the Naval Academy at Annapolis, he was subsequently elected Professor of Astronomy and Mathematics in Washington University, St. Louis, afterward becoming Chancellor, and remaining there until 1869. His death occurred in consequence of exhaustion of the nervous powers at the age of a little over fifty.

Mr. CHARLES G. ATKINS, Commissioner of Fisheries of the State of Maine, lately presented his report to the Legislature for the year 1870, giving a gratifying account of the increase of the fish, especially of salmon, in different parts of the State. The building of fishways in the dams has permitted the alewives, as well as shad and salmon, to ascend to their breeding-grounds, and there is reason to expect a great increase in the stock of these valuable food fishes within the next few years. The Commissioner recommends the establishment of breeding-houses for facilitating the reproduction of salmon; and states that these can be arranged at a very slight cost, and that by the sale of impregnated eggs the experiment could actually be made to realize a profit to the State. The entire expenditure of the commission during the year, including salary, traveling expenses, etc., amounted to about $1600.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

February 27.—In the Senate, an amendment to the Post-office Appropriation bill, for an increase to the subsidy to the China and Japan Steamship line, was tabled.—In the House, the Conference Committee on the question of the right of the Senate to originate the income tax repeal, reported that no agreement was reached, and recommended that the claims of the House be adhered to.

February 28.—The Senate adopted an amendment to the Army Appropriation bill, directing the Secretary of the Treasury to pay over to the Pacific Railroad one-half the compensation for services rendered to the government.—The House passed a bill repealing the duties on coal.

March 1.—The Senate passed the Army Appropriation bill, with an amendment extending the jurisdiction of the Court of Claims to loyal Southerners. The House bill repealing the duty on coal was read once, but objection being made, no further action was taken. In the House, a bill providing that no tax shall be imposed on the undistributable sums of the contingent funds and unearned premiums of insurance companies was passed.

March 2.—The Deficiency and Fortification bills were passed in the Senate; also one for the recovery of damages for the loss of the *Oneida*.—In the House, a resolution was adopted exculpating General Howard from all charges made against him in connection with the Freedmen's Bureau.

March 3.—Among the bills passed in the Senate was one for the reissue of national bank notes, and one in relation to ocean telegraphs, prohibiting the consolidation of companies, and the establishment of rates above $5 for ten words.—The House agreed to the Senate bill relating to ocean telegraphs.

March 4.—The Senate failed to pass the House bill repealing the duty on coal. At twelve o'clock the Senate of the Forty-first Congress adjourned *sine die*, and the organization of the Forty-second was effected. The credentials of Mr. Goldthwaite, of North Carolina, Mr. Hamilton and General Reynolds, of Texas, and Mr. Blodgett, of Georgia, were temporarily laid on the table.—The House passed the Civil Appropriation bill, with all the Senate's amendments. An attempt to pass the bill abolishing the grades of admiral and vice-admiral failed. At twelve o'clock the House of the Forty-first Congress was adjourned by the Speaker, and the organization of that for the Forty-second Congress was proceeded with without delay. The old officers were all re-elected, and then the oath was administered to the members.

GENERAL DOMESTIC ITEMS.

The monthly statement of the public debt shows a reduction, during the past month, of $7,317,960, and since March 1, 1869, of $204,754,413.

The coal difficulty remains unsettled. The miners have resolved to adhere to their demands, and to permit none to work who do not agree to abide by them. An "outside" miner named Hoffman was murdered at Mount Carmel, Pennsylvania, on the 2d inst. as a warning.

The Hudson River is clear of ice to Albany, and navigation will soon be reopened.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE preliminaries of peace were ratified March 1 by the French Assembly. They cede one-fifth of Lorraine, including Metz, Thionville, Longwy, and Saarbrück, and all of Alsace, except Belfort, and pay $1,000,000,000 indemnity—$200,000,000 this year, and the balance in three years.

On the 2d of March the German army of occupation entered Paris. There was much agitation in the city on the preceding night, and when the troops marched in, passing by the Arch of Triumph, shops and public buildings were closed, and the people looked on in gloomy silence. A disposition to make friends with the citizens was repelled with spirit. Prussian officers who penetrated into the city in disguise were discovered, and narrowly escaped with their lives. Immediate vengeance was wreaked on some who held communication with the officers or soldiers. The city was evacuated by the Germans on the 4th. Only about 30,000 entered Paris.

Prince Frederick Charles has been appointed commander-in-chief of the Army of Occupation in France, with head-quarters at Rheims.

Sir Robert Peel, in the British House of Commons, lately commented in severe terms on the conduct of Lord Lyons in deserting his post in Paris during the siege, and extolled the devotion of Minister Washburne in remaining.

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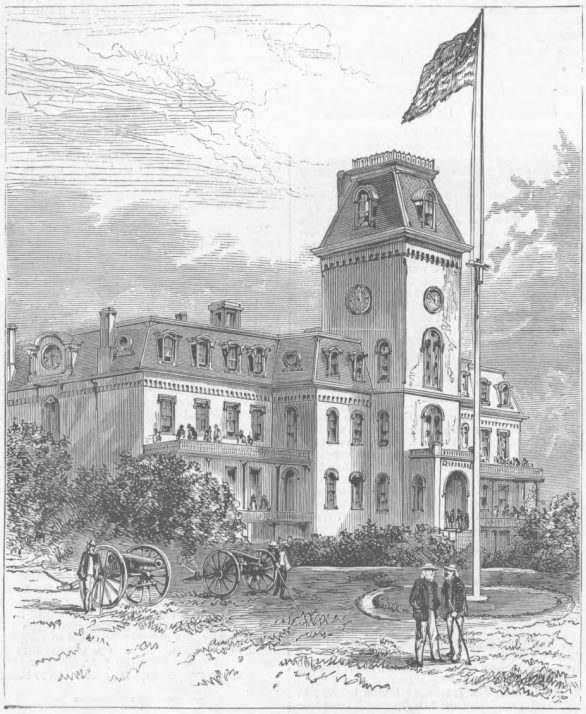
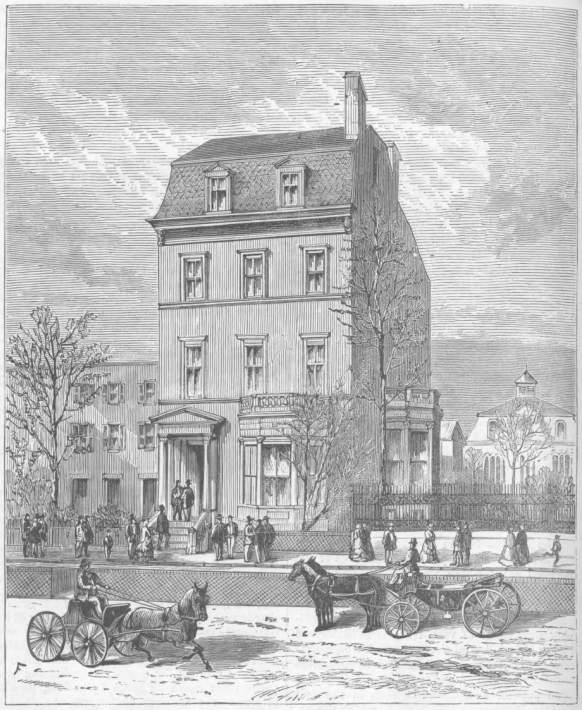


SOLDIERS' HOME, WASHINGTON, D. C.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY BELL & BROTHER, WASHINGTON, D. C.—[SEE PAGE 239.]



RESIDENCE OF THE BRITISH COMMISSIONERS, WASHINGTON, D. C
PHOTOGRAPHED BY BELL & BROTHER, WASHINGTON, D. C.—[SEE PAGE 239.]

A WOUNDED FRENCH SOLDIER RETURNED HOME.

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THE ROYAL HOSPITAL, CHELSEA.

SOME two hundred years ago an old or wounded English soldier who was obliged to fall back for relief on his parish or district, even if he succeeded in showing his right by domicile to some assistance, received as a pauper's dole what should have been given in the shape of grateful reward. It is true that a limited number of men received accommodation from time to time in alms-houses to which the crown had a right of presentation, but the number was very small, and the relief therein given was seldom sufficient for the old men's wants. These considerations, and the importunity of the large numbers of maimed soldiers wandering about, led King CHARLES II. to adopt some more efficient means of providing for them—an idea which became embodied in the structure since familiarly known as Chelsea Hospital.

The liberality of Parliament in modern times has greatly increased the utility of this institution. CHARLES II. had no public grant to assist him in providing the fabric of the building, or even the site on which it stands, but an appeal to the army itself to contribute a day's pay in the year, and a poundage on some of its allowances, brought in sufficient funds, when aided by voluntary contributions, to pay for land and buildings. This scheme proved insufficient in a very few years, which led to the permanent institution of *out pension*. There are now 60,000 out pensioners, for whose support Parliament votes a million of money.

Owing to the liberal grant now made for army pension, a soldier has no difficulty in obtaining such an annuity in money as his merits entitle him to under the rules of the service. But admission to a berth inside the hospital at Chelsea is not so easy of attainment, being reserved for those among the large body already mentioned to whom any ordinary pension in money could not bring suitable support, by reason of great age or infirmity. Fifty-five or sixty years of age usually qualifies for admission, but wounds, or severe injuries by climate abroad, would give a claim earlier. In either case, the candidate is supposed to be unburdened by a family depending on him. The total number accommodated at Chelsea Hospital is 538. The average age of those in the house on 31st December last was sixty-five years.

They are provided with excellent lodging and clothing, and a very liberal diet. They have physicians and nurses to see to their wants, and there is a handsome chapel, with a resident chaplain on the premises. Library and reading-rooms, smoking-rooms, baths, and all other conveniences of such an establishment are not wanting; and the old men receive a weekly allowance of tobacco money. These advantages do not always bring contentment; and occasionally an inmate desires to return to his old haunts, which he is freely permitted to do.

SUNDAY AT CHELSEA HOSPITAL, ENGLAND.

The sketch on this page represents some of the old pensioners seated in the chapel, which wears a very historic look from the number of foreign captured flags suspended from the walls. The chapel and the whole of the hospital buildings were designed and built under the superintendence of Sir CHRISTOPHER WREN, who was a member of the first Board of Commissioners of the institution.

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MEA CULPA.

BY ALICE ROBBINS.

I HAVE lost all faith, dear, even in Christ,
All hope in God or my kind,
Since my life was mapped out like a city unbuilt,
With the great things I meant to do;
For when I was young, with my amber locks,
That no silken fillet could bind,
I dreamed wild dreams, and my wonderful deeds
Threaded them through and through.

I knelt at the shrine of a perjured love;
I fell, through my love and hate;
He was not my king, but a serf so base
His hound was nobler than he;
And yet with an angel's front he came;
I worshiped, and kissed my fate;
And my bridal roses were yet in bloom
When a story was told to me.

Ah, Heaven! I try to forget—but no—
I was never his lawful wife;
My God! it came like a hot simoom—
Like the shriek of a bursting shell;
He ruined me, body and soul; through him
I have earned this death in life,
For I died that day, and I drifted down
To the very deeps of hell.

Child, I wonder why you, with your fresh young face,
Like pearls in its tints and blooms,
Should take me into a home like this;
For I see from my silken bed
Splendors of marble, and wealth of color,
And wonders of Persian looms;
And I think of the heaven my soul has lost,
My poor lost soul that is dead.

But stop—I have told you the worst; there's one—
There's one spot as white as snow
In my wasted life, on my stained page
Of what shame has written in blood:
I found a homeless and starving child
In my wanderings, long ago,
And, almost starving myself, I sold
My rags to buy her food.

I saw the dim eyes open at last,
The pinched, white lips grow red,
I felt the frozen tide flow back
In the veins that warmed my own.
I pillowed its little form by night,
My bosom its only bed;
I hallowed its troubled smile by day—
God had not left me alone.

My hunger fought sometimes for the crust
I gave to the little maid,
But I fought it back with a mighty blow,
Till my famished lips were dry—
So parched I dared not kiss her, lest
The bloom on her cheek should fade;
And I battled with fiends that tempted me
To take the child and die.

How long did I keep it? Three blessed years;
Three bitter and blissful years;
Till its tender touch had found the key
To my dead and locked-up soul;
Till its love had opened the dusty fount
Of my hot, repentant tears;
And then—and then—I gave it away,
Before it had made me whole.

For you see I could not starve, and the door
Of honest toil was shut,
Oh, tight as the heart of a Pharisee,
And so—I—gave it away.
You! you!—my God!—*you* are not the babe
I found in that frozen hut?
Not you—and this splendor! this living bloom!
Was it *you* I saved that day?

Come nearer, darling!—is God so good?
Out of my wasted life
Can a flower have blossomed so perfectly?
Out of the slough and fen
Of a broken, withered, blighted thing,
That was never a lawful wife?
I'm weary—I see a light, far up,
In the hand of the Magdalen.

Her Christ forgave. Will you say a prayer?
I'm very sorry for all;
I would wash *His* feet—oh, so eagerly!—
For this perfect, crystal hour.
Perhaps, like that blind one, I may sit
At the pearly gate, and call,
"Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy,
As Thou hast glory and power!"

WON—NOT WOOED.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Bred in the Bone," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXI.

COMING DOWN BY DEGREES.

It is not to be supposed but that other letters from friends, conveying more or less of sympathy, had been received by Mabel on the occasion of her father's death, besides those of Lady Moorcombe and Mrs. Marshall; moreover, a considerable number of persons had given themselves the personal trouble to attend the funeral; and each had made some little offer of help, in a neighborly way. All these had been gratefully acknowledged, but declined. Mabel did not wish to impose her sombre company upon these good people, even for "a few days," or while "she could look about her;" the neighborhood of Swallowdip would have been, at all events, insupportable to her; she could not have endured to be a guest in the place that had so long been her home; and, besides, it had seemed to her somehow that these invitations had been given for the most part in a half-hearted manner. Though she was far from complaining or repining, it struck her that if such misfortunes had happened to another as had occurred to herself, she would have held out her arms to the poverty-stricken orphan, and not merely offered her hand so civilly. The contrast between the warmth of their expressions of condolence and their scanty proffer of material aid was remarkable. They thought nothing of invoking all the blessings of the Creator upon her unprotected head, but they evidently thought a good deal of asking her to stay with them from Saturday till Monday. Their former behavior to her, while her father was alive, had not, of course, been so impressively kind, but it had suggested bottomless depths of benevolence, should any occasion ever arise for its exercise. She was quite willing to believe that their good-will toward her had been exhibited upon her father's account—that there was nothing in herself to have earned it; but she could not understand why it had cooled, now that he was dead. To *her* his memory seemed even dearer than he himself had been; and his lightest wish had all the force of a command.

Mabel's own opinion of herself, notwithstanding her little reign at Shingleton, was a very humble one; but she felt sad at heart to think how the influence of her father had passed away already with his breath, and to feel that perhaps in a few short months he would be forgotten—"a dead man, out of mind." Over this reflection she shed bitter tears, which Martha strove to arrest by dry and sober argument.

"My darling," said she, "you are very young and ignorant of life, or such ideas would not distress you. If *The Benevolent Mutual* had not turned out so unsatisfactorily, your father's daughter would have occupied quite another place in the hearts of these good people. In one of the few bits of poetry I ever learned poverty is said to 'freeze the genial current of the soul;' and that is true not only of the person who is poor, but of those who observe that he is so. The homes of your well-to-do neighbors would all have been open to you, had you not been in actual want of a home; but they are now very careful to assign a limit for your stay with them, lest you should stay on forever. I see by your blush that that is an uncomfortable idea to you, but it is so to them also. One of the doubtful gains which we reap from an experience of life is the capability of putting one's self in the place of others; which is peculiarly difficult for you to do, from your individual character as well as from your youth. Your dear father himself was older than I, but he never reaped it. He was impulsive and generous to the last, and had a magnificent contempt for cautious calculators. It made him many enemies, my dear, and—well, at least one friend."

Here Martha paused; and the hand she had laid upon Mabel's shoulder began to quiver; she had intended to be wholly logical; but they were in the dead man's very room—these two—bidding its bare walls and carpetless floor good-by, on the last night in the old home.

"Men often say of one that is dead, Mabel," continued Martha, with emotion, "'that they shall never see his like again;' but that is sober truth with respect to your poor father. Of course he was neither so good nor so wise as he might have been; but, in the matter of generous thought and kindly deed, I never knew his equal; and it would be a great misfortune, indeed, for you, my poor child, to enter the world with the idea that it is peopled by such as he. It would be very hard and unjust upon your fellow-creatures to judge them by such a standard. There is a vulgar saying that 'money is the touch-stone of the heart;' and though this is not quite true—since there are men that are very reckless with their money who have no hearts to be touched—it is in the main correct. No man acknowledges himself mean, even to himself, any more than he acknowledges himself ungrateful; and from long habit he becomes most ingenious in glossing over what is amiss with him in this respect, and inventing excuses for his conduct. Women, in particular, are adepts at this form of self-deception. They will refuse aid to their own sisters 'upon principle' (a form of words which is almost invariably used in apology for a baseness); or 'for fear of inducing a habit of dependence;' or 'lest they should seem to be encouraging imprudence.' It is necessary to stand on this exceedingly high ground in order to discover these excuses; and also not to see the obvious need which renders it disgraceful to be looking for them."

Mabel remembered how Mrs. Marshall, a very different character from Martha, had spoken upon the same matter, and how similar had been her verdict. "Perhaps you are right," sighed she; "but I was not thinking of money matters, or mere giving, at all."

"That is what it all comes to, however, my darling," said Martha, quietly, "when, as Cousin Job says, 'it is fried.' Of course you don't want these people's money, nor, indeed, their help, in any way; but they are chary of their sympathy (which you *do* want), for fear you should."

"I think Mr. Duncombe—such an old friend of dear papa's—might have written a line," said Mabel, "since he could not come to the funeral."

"Mr. Duncombe has written, my darling."

"Oh, Martha," cried Mabel, reproachfully, "you have made me think very unjustly, and—"

"Pray forgive me, dear. Perhaps it was ill-judged, but I feared lest something which he wrote might cause you—for my sake, you know—to give up our little scheme of life, and—he did tell me not to show you his letter unless I thought it desirable to do so—I meant to give it you as soon as we got down to Brackmere, and were nicely settled; I did indeed."

"Let me see his letter."

"It is quite at the bottom of my big box, my darling, I was so afraid of your getting at it; but I can tell you what he said, almost word for word. I used to think Mr. Duncombe cared for nothing besides port-wine and legs of woodcock, and I did not scruple to say so; but your father was right in standing by his friend.—'I write to you, madam,' says Mr. Duncombe, 'not because you have ever shown yourself my ally, but because, in spite of some foolish prejudices and narrow views of life, you are a sensible woman: you will know best whether what I have to offer to my dead friend's daughter in her need is worth her acceptance, and, indeed, I leave it to your own judgment as to whether the proposition shall be made at all. It is not what I could wish it to be. It is not, believe me, what it would have been could I have foreseen this calamity ten years ago. But the fact is, imagining that I had no one to look after but myself, I have always lived up to my income, and—excellent madam, I fall on my knees—a little beyond it. Well, with respect to the present emergency, I have just been to consult a man of money, one Pickles Thornton—'"

"Thornton!" exclaimed Mabel; "are you sure that was the name?"

"Thornton—yes; why not? It seems to me that Pickles is more open to doubt. Do you happen to know any gentleman so wronged by his sponsors?"

"No, dear, no. Pray go on."

"'And the advice he gives to me is this: Buy a presentation for the young lady to the Ecclesiastical Retreat. This is, it seems, an asylum for clergymen's daughters, considerably superior to the usual run of such institutions; and, in fact, a suitable residence for any young lady. I can command, or at least procure, the sum requisite for this purchase; but, of course, Miss Mabel need not know the method pursued, nor my personal share in the transaction. Pickles himself, who is a governor of the place, will arrange every thing, in case you think favorably of the matter, and the presentation will be sent in the usual course. I inclose a lithograph of the Retreat—an apparently palatial residence—and regret exceedingly that I have put it out of my own power to offer to Miss Denham—what, I fear, it can hardly be the substitute for—a home.'"

"I wish you had shown me Mr. Duncombe's letter before, Martha," said Mabel, gravely.

"You surely would not have accepted his offer?" cried Martha, in alarm.

"No, dear, I should not; but it would have saved me a heartache to know that it had been made. Was there—" Here Mabel's voice faltered a little. "I know you have done it for the best, and I forgive you beforehand; but have you kept back any other letter from me, Martha?"

If Mr. Thornton the elder knew what had happened, Richard, thought the poor girl, must also have known. The wild idea that *he* might have written had flashed on her brain.

"Certainly not, my child. I should not have kept back this but that it was left to my own judgment to do so. You will write to him now, of course."

"I—never!" cried Mabel. "That is—what am I saying— Of course I'll write to Mr. Duncombe. How delicate, as well as kind, his letter is!"

"Yes—'Duncombe's value increases every day,' said your father once; 'because, you see, he is a gentleman, and the breed is dying out.'"

Mabel wrote, that very night, some words that pierced through many folds of fat, and melted a bon-vivant's heart. She loved the old college don for having proved his right to be called her father's friend. It was unreasonable, she whispered to herself, that those who had not known her father should express regret for his loss. It was out of the question that Richard, for instance, should have written. How foolish and wrong of her to have dreamed of his doing so! And as for the Professor, whose golden amulet was the only ornament she wore—well, perhaps he had found a megatherium, or other antediluvian trifle, which was monopolizing his attention. Poverty was the weeder of the garden of friends, and had done its worst in her case, as in others. That was all.

There was, indeed, immediate need of all Mabel's stock of philosophy. The farewell to faithful Mary, who had offered in vain to live with her dear young mistress without wage, exhausted her little balance in that respect, and overdrew the account. The driving from the rectory door, that was never more to open at her bidding, was an ordeal which she had so often pictured to herself in all its wretchedness that its sting was dulled. The tortured soul, unlike the bruised body, which with every beating grows more tender, has less and less capacity for pain the deeper the iron eats into it; but it dies a hundred deaths in a hundred ways. There was one sad picture which had not presented itself to Mabel's imagination, although it had supped on horrors of a like kind—the last look of the church, seen through the trees after they had left the village, with the sun shining full upon the chancel window, under which the dead man lay. How cruel it seemed to leave him! Would it not have been possible to live in some humble cottage near his resting-place until the time came for them to meet again?

The noise and bustle of the railway station dispelled these tender dreams. Unhappily, the Moorcombes were on the platform, and greetings and condolences had to be exchanged. How "dreadfully distressed" her ladyship was, and "how nice it would have been if Mabel could have come to the Grange;" and "yet, perhaps, after all, there was nothing like complete change of scene." Sir John was not so demonstrative, but he shook her hand with honest warmth.

"You will remember that your father had a friend in me, my dear," said he, almost in a whisper; "if ever you need one yourself—"

"Ahem!" said her ladyship, significantly.

The baronet had fits of thoughtless generosity—prodigality, indeed—which had to be watched and guarded against by his natural protector; and when he made a promise, however ridiculous, such was the man's obstinacy that he would keep it.

"Well, at all events, my dear," said she, with fine-lady fervor, "this opportunity of seeing you, after we had thought we said good-by, is most delightful. See, Robert has secured a compartment, so we shall have you—and—Miss Barr, of course—all to ourselves."

Mabel looked despairingly at Martha, who, in reply, exhibited two blue tickets.

"We are going second-class," observed Mabel.

This unprecedented position of affairs was too much for even Lady Moorcombe's justly celebrated tact and *usage du monde*.

"God bless my soul!" muttered Sir John.

Fortunately the engine at that moment shrieked with impatience.

"*Good*-by," exclaimed her ladyship, and hurried into the carriage.

Martha and Mabel took their humbler seats, and were just about to congratulate themselves on being alone, when, as the train moved on, the door was flung open, and in jumped Robert, Sir John's man. He would have jumped out again, at the risk of his neck, but for Mabel's good-natured smile.

The world goes round, and the stars move on in their courses, notwithstanding that these things happen; cases of shipwreck are described, wherein people of all classes are thrown together indiscriminately, even for months. It would almost seem as though Providence did not invariably keep its eye upon Society. Philosophers and critics may say what they like, but I contend that it was exceedingly embarrassing for Mabel to have to sit in the same carriage with Robert, between whom and herself no conversation had ever passed beyond, "Haunch of mutton, miss?"—"Thanks," at the Grange dinner-table.

And it was infinitely worse for Robert. He blushed, and shuffled with his shoes. It would have been a relief to him to have used his pocket-handkerchief, but he did not dare. He had purchased, as literary aliment for the journey, a copy of the *Illustrated Criminal Record*, but he had to keep it in his pocket for fear the wood-cuts should alarm the young lady. By way of making matters easier for him, Martha Barr asked this young man if he was married; in his intense confusion—for he was a modest youth—he answered "Yes," then "No;" then became red and silent, wishing that he had never been born.

At the first station, muttering something about an apple in order to cover his retreat, he rushed frantically out in the direction of the refreshment-room, and never returned.

"Poor Robert," said Mabel, smiling; "I am afraid we have frightened him away."

"Yes, my darling, it was very unfortunate," sighed Martha, "after I had taken such pains to prevent any thing unpleasant."

"How so, dear? Not that there *was* any thing unpleasant."

"Well, I mean by taking second-class tickets as far as Didcot. We change there, you know, and after that— We're not very rich, now, my darling, you see, and Brackmere is a long way off, so I'm afraid we shall have to go third-class."

"Why not?" said Mabel, simply.

"Well, some folks think that people *bite* in the third-class—as though it were the cattle-train."

"You must think me very proud and very silly, Martha. I hoped that you had had a better opinion of me, and would have begun as we were to go on."

"Well, at *your own station*, dear, I thought I would just stretch a point; and it's very vexing to find that the very thing has happened which one endeavored to avoid."

"My dear Martha," cried Mabel, embracing her old friend, "let this be a lesson to you not to spoil me any more; let the rod of Adversity correct me for my own sake; I have much, very much, to learn, and, I fear, much to lose."

"No, no, it is not much to lose," said Martha, who had taken out her leathern purse, and was performing with dumb lips some abstruse calculation over its contents. "Two and four and two and four is four and eight-pence; well, we must make our pears and sandwiches serve us instead of that half-crown dinner at the junction—that's all."

CHAPTER XXII.

A DOLL'S HOUSE.

"POVERTY, my friends," observed an ancient (and modern) divine, whom I had once the pleasure to hear preach, "is attended with many inconveniences, and more particularly is this true," he added, sinking his voice to the most confidential tone, "of *abject poverty*." It was evident that he believed himself to have given the congregation "a tip," which they could not easily have derived from any other source. However, if mistaken on that point, this good clergyman's statement was undoubtedly a correct one. The poverty which so often forms the subject of eulogium is, in fact (or ought to be), not poverty at all, as the poor understand it, but simply moderate means—the desire of him who prayed, "Give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me, lest I be full and deny Thee, and say, who is the Lord? or lest I be poor, and steal, and take the name of my God in vain." This shrewd sentiment is worth all the romantic rubbish about cultivating literature on a little oat-meal, all the philosophic indifference to comfort, all the pseudo-religious delight in dirt and horse-hair. That riches harden the heart, and make gross the soul, is very true; but not more so than that "the destruction of the poor is their poverty." To have to live from hand to mouth; to have to look at every six-pence before you spend it; to "be cutting and contriving" all day long to make things fit, as though life were a Chinese puzzle; to struggle and strain, as though one was strapping a portmanteau, at making both ends meet—this is a condition of affairs that seldom bears good fruit. Slavery to mammon, when mammon represents a quarter of a million, is disgusting and despicable; but slavery to a four-penny piece is also to be deprecated. Of course the question of what is riches, and what is poverty, is a relative one; but moderate means may be well defined as, Means with a margin. It is, indeed, pretended that "he who loves no man," or who "lives

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within his income," is, in a sense, rich. But if this is only *just* effected, if, though there be no lack, there is nothing *over*, this envied individual is, in effect, as one in mid-ocean in a ship which is warranted to float only so long as the "sea disturbance" never exceeds five. Upon the least emergency, and when the balance of expense is the least disturbed, like the poor *Captain* with its too scanty freeboard, down he goes.

Now Martha Barr's income was one of those so exactly calculated to eke out for the ordinary twelve months that leap-year was a strain upon it. Groceries, butcher-meat, loaves—not fishes, for fish was dear at Brackmere—were items for which pecuniary provision was made beforehand to a nicety; in short, every thing was "constant," except her charities, which varied as the demand for them, and these put her to the sorest straits of all. The addition, therefore, of Mabel to her little household was a matter of the gravest importance; a difficulty, however, which her grateful guest, fortunately for her own peace of mind, had no means of estimating. "Bellevue Terrace," in which Martha resided, consisted, indeed, of the very smallest houses—to be called such—that Mabel had ever seen. When you entered the lobby, a single stride would have taken you into either of the three rooms that formed the basement story; when you entered the dining-room, and held the door open, the other tenant of that apartment, if such there was, had to retreat into the bow-window. At the top of the stairs "the landing" might be said to be dangerous, it was so narrow; you seemed to be in a ship's cabin, surrounded with lockers, which were the bedroom doors. One of these chambers had been the drawing-room, but it had been fitted up as a sleeping-room for Mabel, and a bright little bower it was. She understood at once that this transformation had been accomplished, and taxed her hostess with it.

"You promised me," pleaded she, "that no difference should be made on my account; and the first thing you have done is to deprive yourself of your drawing-room—"

"A hall of state, my dear," whispered Martha, confidentially, "which always oppressed my spirits, and gave my excellent Rachel endless trouble. The attention she lavished upon that room, in the way of feather-brushing and yellow gauze—just as if the looking-glass had been a peach-tree, and the flies blackbirds—quite exhausted her. Moreover, my darling, now we have no reception-room, there will be an excuse for not entertaining quite as much—though we shall not be without our visitors, I dare say—and generally for drawing in our horns."

The phrase so exactly fitted the little house that Mabel could not help smiling.

"But I am sure, Martha," urged she, "that that little room next to yours would have suited me capitally, and been quite big enough."

"Hush! hush! That is my good Rachel's," whispered Martha; "we could not turn her out, you know. She can't sleep down stairs, because it is so lonesome, although, indeed, there are plenty of black beetles. I am sure my Rachel has taken to you already."

"That is very good of her," said Mabel. "I think I'll just step down, and help her up with the luggage. Nay, Martha"—for her hostess blocked the way with a reproving finger—"I am not going to be a fine lady any longer, I do assure you, who can do nothing for herself—"

"Hush!" interrupted Martha, in the same cautious tone; "you and *I* will bring up your box, and so on. My good Rachel is a most estimable person, and invaluable in a house—quite a *chef* in the way of cookery, and would make a bed with any woman in England; but she is a little peculiar."

At which mysterious word Martha pursed her lips and nodded her head in a manner that led Mabel to apprehend that her good Rachel was a little mad. That she was "peculiar" was positively certain. In the first place, she had only one eye; and if she had really "taken to Mabel," that organ was not an index of her mind, for it had regarded her with unmistakable malevolence. This domestic was tall and angular in figure, and very grim, save for an occasional convulsion of the features, with one of which—supposed to be a smile of welcome—she had received her mistress on her return.

"All well, Rachel?" the latter had cheerily inquired.

"The cat's ill, ma'am, and the beetles be woss than ever. It's my belief that they've disagreed with him."

"Well, well, we must try something else to get rid of them," had been her mistress's conciliatory reply. "You see I've brought you our promised visitor."

At this pointed reference to the duties of hospitality there was an expression in Rachel's face such as ensues in others only upon mortal struggle with a fish-bone. Then she had vanished down the kitchen stairs, for the obvious reason that there was no room for her elsewhere, but with the air of a patriot unjustly exiled.

"The fact is, if my good Rachel has a weakness," continued Martha, "it lies in a mistaken sense of duty. She leaves nothing undone—that I will say—which ought reasonably to be expected of her, but she is very punctilious about what it is 'her place' to do. Hence arises this little difficulty; and now I'll leave you to unpack."

The difficulty in question being the getting Mabel's leathern box up the cabin stairs, accomplished upon Martha's part—who insisted upon being the one to go backward—only by infinite perseverance, and a determination of blood to the head.

While Mabel was still engaged in unpacking she heard a bell ring, or rather tingle, just as those very little bells are wont to do when struck by a marble in the child's game of cockamaroo, or by a ball in the centre hoops of croquet. She concluded at once that this was Martha's timid summons to Rachel. It seemed to say: "I *do* want you, my good creature; but, pray, do not put yourself out. If you are pleasantly engaged, forgive me. I am quite distressed at having tingled." Presently there was a knock at her door, so soft that it might have been the twin-sister of the other sound.

"My dear, I hope you are nearly ready. Did you not hear the bell? I have no doubt Rachel has got something nice and tasty; and if it spoils, why, that will naturally—"

"I did hear a bell; but I thought it was you ringing for Rachel."

"No, dear; no, my child. The fact is"—here Martha hesitated, nervously—"I don't ring for Rachel; that is—not my *bedroom* bell. You see it brings her up all those stairs so unnecessarily, once to hear what one requires, and again to go and get it. I find it more convenient to come out on the landing, and call over the balusters for what I want. Now don't you think that a good plan?"

Mabel thought it an excellent plan—for Rachel, and smiled approval.

"I am so sorry to be late, dear Martha."

"Don't mention it, my dear; or at least, perhaps it *would* be just as well to mention it—to explain how it happened, so that she will understand that it is not likely to occur again. Not, of course, that any apology is due to Rachel: that would be ridiculous; she knows her place much too well. Oh, my goodness, pray make haste! How she *is* ringing that bell!"

Here the tingle ceased, and some small, hard object seemed to strike upon the oil-cloth that paved the hall.

"Dear me, she has rung the tongue out!" cried Martha, in alarm. "I've only known her do that once before. My good Rachel is a most invaluable person; but just now and then—especially in the autumn—a little hasty in her temper. One can't have every thing, however, and it is foolish to expect perfection."

It would have been exceedingly foolish, or, at all events, very disappointing, to have expected perfection in Martha Barr's retainer; had that lady, in fact, been a person devoted to social ambition, the fiction of her keeping a domestic servant at all, in the person of Rachel, might have been set down to sheer boastfulness and pride. Their relative positions seemed rather to be those of lodging-house keeper and of tenant behind-hand in the rent—such a high-handed virago was Rachel, such a diffident humble suppliant in all respects was her nominal mistress. The latter had originally engaged this myrmidon because she was ill-favored and chronically out of place; and obligation working in Martha's case (as in some good folks it does) as favor works with others, she had grown more and more her debtor, until there was no possibility of release. What underlay her misplaced attachment for this cyclops was, without doubt, the conviction that if she cast her forth Rachel would starve; but she had really contrived to persuade herself that the woman had good qualities, and had so defended and stood by her—for her foes were many—that, like some commercial house which has made advances beyond reason to a failing merchant, she now continued her support for the sake of her own credit almost as much as for that of her client. It was curious, but by no means contrary to human experience, that Martha Barr was herself an excellent domestic manager, and recognized a good servant or a bad one at a glance in other households; and the reputation that she enjoyed in this respect among her friends had been, and was, of incalculable advantage to Rachel, who would otherwise have, long ago, in that court which sits in perpetual judgment upon "the greatest plague of life"—the jury of matrons—been pronounced an uncertificated bankrupt.

At supper the chops were burned outside, and would have suggested the idea that they were "done to a cinder," whereas the cook had prepared what gastronomers call a "surprise," inasmuch as the interior was almost raw; while the potatoes had not only that attribute so praised by Irishmen, of having "the bone left in them," but were throughout of the consistency of a green apple. The plates, however, it must be acknowledged, had seen more of the fire than their contents; and the hostess took occasion to remark that "if there was one thing more than another for which Rachel could be relied upon, it was for having the plates hot."

If the viands had been ever so tempting, it would not have made much difference to Mabel, whose appetite was far from keen.

"You have gone through a good deal to-day, my darling," said her kindly hostess, "and yet you eat like a sparrow. I must insist upon your having a glass of wine. It is not usual for me to have wine, as you see, from Rachel not having put out the glasses; but this one occasion must be an exception—not that it is a gala night to you, God knows, my child. I can guess very well what you are thinking about, and I feel for you with all my heart: this is a poor house and scanty fare."

"Martha!" cried Mabel, starting up; "what do you take me for? Why are you so cruel and unjust? When have I shown myself capable of entertaining such base thoughts as you impute to me?"

"Base thoughts, my darling; stuff and nonsense! Of course there is a mighty difference between the rectory and this doll's house; you may not feel it to-day, because your mind is busy with farewells and regrets; but you must needs feel it in time. Well, I can give you but one thing as good and genuine as even the rectory was wont to offer—here's the glass, dear; and see, I pour myself out another to the brim: it's a welcome, my dear Mabel. Your health, dear child, and welcome, from the bottom of my heart."

To see Martha Barr drain her glass (it was filled up to the cut instead of the brim, and contained about two thimblefuls), then clasp Mabel's hand, was quite a bacchanalian spectacle.

"It's good wine, my child, and fit to drink such a toast as this in, for it came from your own father's cellar. He sent me a dozen of it when I was recovering from an ague, twenty years ago; and there is but another bottle left. That shall be opened on the day when I see you married, Mabel, to the man you love—for you will love some man some day, lassie, for all you shake your pretty head; it is not reasonable that you should wither away alone through life, like me and Rachel. There's a good girl; but you should drink it up to the last drop, as I used to tell you in old days, when you used to be so naughty with your senna. It's a sin and a shame to waste such wine as that. Mr. Simcoe says there is nothing like it in all Brackmere—not even at the *George*, where the Princess Charlotte once put up at—and he's an excellent judge. Upon my life, I don't know what to do about it," added Martha, standing irresolute, with the decanter in one hand and the stopper in the other.

"Don't know what to do about *what*, my dear?" asked Mabel, wiping from her eyes the tears evoked by the kindly welcome of her old friend.

"Why, about giving a glass of this wine to Rachel. It seems so ill-natured not to offer a drop to the good creature on an occasion of this sort, for she's a kind, sympathizing soul. But then she has often told me that spirits disagree with her dreadfully, and perhaps it may be the same with port-wine. You have no idea what a delicate liver my excellent Rachel has!"

THE SOLDIERS' HOME.

ON one of the most beautiful sites in the neighborhood of Washington stands an edifice of singular attractiveness, known as "The Soldiers' Home," of which we give a sketch on page 236. For this excellent institution the country is largely indebted to the foresight of General WINFIELD SCOTT, who urged its foundation upon the government. The Home, our readers will remember, was the chosen summer residence of President LINCOLN, whose patriotic sense of duty would not permit him to seek, at more distant places of resort, relaxation from the arduous labors and responsibilities of his position during the continuance of the war.

THROWN INTO THE SHADE.

ON the 28th of October, 1806, the first NAPOLEON made his triumphal entry into Berlin. All Germany was prostrate at his feet, her military power broken by a series of defeats hardly less humiliating than those of Gravelotte and Sedan. French satraps occupied the thrones of German princes, and the country of the great FREDERICK was, to all appearance, reduced to a condition of perpetual vassalage to her powerful neighbor. The present Emperor of Germany was a boy of ten years when this event took place; and if, during his recent sojourn in Versailles, he ever paused before the picture of NAPOLEON, as represented in Mr. NAST's powerful cartoon, we may easily imagine the current of his thoughts. No vulgar sentiment of personal triumph, we may be sure, filled his mind, as his thoughts ran backward through the years to the time when the sun of the Prussian monarchy went down in blood, and the proud house of the HOHENZOLLERNS seemed to be doomed to sink back into the insignificance from which it had been raised by the genius of FREDERICK. As he recalled the terrible humiliation of his house and nation, the grand uprising of his people to throw off the foreign yoke, the folly of the man who had again provoked war between the two nations, and the wonderful course of events which had borne him a victor to the walls of Paris, doubtless the deepest feeling of his heart was, "What hath God wrought!"

The picture has another meaning for those who choose to follow out its suggestive imagery; for the shadow of the living Emperor falling on the portrait of the dead may justly typify the ascendency of a peace-loving though warlike nation over one that pursues military glory for its own sake. Peace will be the motto of the new empire; and let us hope that its greatness and prosperity will cast all the military traditions of the world into the shade.

AN EAST INDIAN CUSTOM.

"I WISH she'd go! I have nothing to say to her. And yet what am I to do to get her off?" is said to have been the "aside" of an eminent English statesman, distinguished almost as much by his absence of mind as by his administrative powers, when calling upon a lady, and after going through the ordinary round of morning commonplace, taking it into his head that the lady was his visitor. And Lord Blank's difficulty with his imaginary visitor represents one of the perplexities which most of us are apt to find ourselves in every now and then with people who do not know when to go. You may cut a bore short with your watch. But you can't talk of appointments to a lady, and ask her to excuse you—unless she happens to be *passé*, or your mother-in-law, or a poor relation, and then perhaps policy may require a touch of masterly rudeness; and why may we not acclimatize a very pretty custom which prevails in India, with any little variation, of course, that the circumstances of our position may require? After you have run through the Indian gamut of commonplace, which is not very much longer, although perhaps a trifle more poetical than our own, and the position is becoming embarrassing, your host rises, gives you two parcels of betel wrapped up in leaves, drops a little attar of roses into your hands, sprinkles you with rose-water, and the interview is at an end. The custom itself is a pretty one, and, as the intimation which it is intended to convey implies no reflection upon the guest, it might be brought into use at home.

THE COMMISSIONERS' HOUSE.

WE give on page 236 a sketch of the elegant mansion of Mr. FRANKLIN PHILP, of Washington, which has been leased by the British minister as a residence for the English members of the Joint High Commission during their sojourn in this country. It is considered one of the finest private houses in Washington, and the furnishing is of a style corresponding to the exterior. A magnificent collection of water-colors, probably the best and most extensive in the United States, is not the least of its many attractions.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A CHAPLAIN of the State prison, an enthusiastic devotee of the temperance reform, had the idea that most of the convicts were incarcerated because of the use of whisky. In his round he met a sturdy man of many stripes, and put the usual question to him, "Had whisky any thing to do with bringing you here?" "Every thing, Sir, every thing," exclaimed the man. The chaplain was encouraged, and eagerly inquired how it was. "Well, Sir, I'll tell you how it was. The judge was drunk, and the lawyers were all drunk, and they fetched me in guilty."

If a man sleighs all day, can he be said to kill time?

Some thoughtful individual, after duly considering the subject of woman suffrage, raises a serious inquiry, which he propounds in the following fashion: "S'posing that—a—now—Olive Logan, f'r instance, should be made President of this great and glorious country, bequeathed to us by noble sires, and all that, she'd be President Logan, wouldn't she? Well, now, s'posing she was to marry, say a man by the name of—of Perkins, f'r instance, would she be President Logan, or President Perkins?"

The royal "carpet-bagger" is what they call the new King of Spain.

A gentleman took a lady out to ride the other evening, and came home with a false curl attached to the button on the side of his cap. He wonders how it could have got there.

A LIMITED MONARCHY—Napoleon's dynasty.

An editor out West says that he is so short-sighted that he often rubs out with his nose what he writes with his pencil.

The Chicago women find a mild form of dissipation in chewing gum. A pious lady of fashion has announced to her friends her intention of keeping Lent this year by giving up her gum till Easter—if she can.

ENGLISH STYLE.—"Well, if a haitch hand a ho hand a har hand a hess hand a hee don't spell 'orse, then my name hain't 'Enry 'Ill."

AMERICAN STYLE.—"Wa'al, if h-o-r-s-e don't spell hoss, then you can shoot me."

TOWN PUMPS—Local editors.

An Irish girl went to an apothecary for some castor-oil, to be mixed with something which should disguise its taste. On being asked if she liked soda-water, she replied in the affirmative, when the apothecary gave her a glass seasoned with lemon and the oil. But she still lingered, waiting, and presently asked for the oil again, when the man informed her that she had already taken it. "Oh, gracious!" she cried, "I wanted it for a man who is sick."

THE QUIETEST THING IN VEILS—Nuns.

They do business with dispatch in Texas. A man in a certain neighborhood, who had lost a valuable mare, received the following by telegraph: "Mare here. Come get her. Thief hung."

"You are a coward!" said a low cockney to a poor countryman who had refused to fight. "No, I bean't," said the countryman; "I have nothing to do with *cows*. I am a *shepherd*."

When a man's business is rapidly running down, it is time for him to think of winding it up.

TO YOUNG LADIES.—Keep your eyes wide open before marriage, but half shut afterward.

If all the world's a stage, and men and women merely players, where are the audience and orchestra to come from?

Judge B——, in reprimanding a criminal, among other names, called him a scoundrel. The prisoner replied, "Sir, I am not as big a scoundrel as your honor"—here the culprit stopped, but finally added—"takes me to be." "Put your words closer together," said the Judge, reddening.

An Irish judge had a habit of begging pardon on every occasion. At the close of the assize, as he was about to leave the bench, the officer of the court reminded him that he had not passed sentence of death on one of the criminals, as he had intended. "Dear me!" said his lordship; "I really beg his pardon—bring him in."

A Massachusetts paper tells of a colored woman who had been lately converted, but was so unfortunate as to fly into a passion over the misdoings of one of her neighbor's youngsters. Her mistress remarked upon the impropriety of such conduct in the case of one about to join the church, and received this frank response: "I have 'sperienced religion, an' I's gwine to join the church; but, Miss B——, I'll scald dat nigger furst."

The greatest "pain annihilator" in existence is said to be an Indian boy, who has smashed 1000 windows this year.

A man who pretended to have seen a ghost was asked what the ghost said to him. "How should I understand," replied the narrator, "what he said? I am not skilled in any of the *dead* languages."

The night editor of a daily paper wrote this headline to one of his cable dispatches: "The British Lion shaking his Mane." He was unable to eat his breakfast next morning when he found the printer's version of the matter staring him in the face thus: "The British Lion skating in Maine."

It chanced, one gloomy day in the month of December, that a good-humored Irishman applied to a merchant to discount a bill of exchange for him at rather a long though not an unusual date; and the merchant having casually remarked that the bill had a great many days to run, "That's true," replied the Irishman; "but consider how *short the days are* at this time of the year."

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THROWN COMPLETELY INTO THE SHADE.

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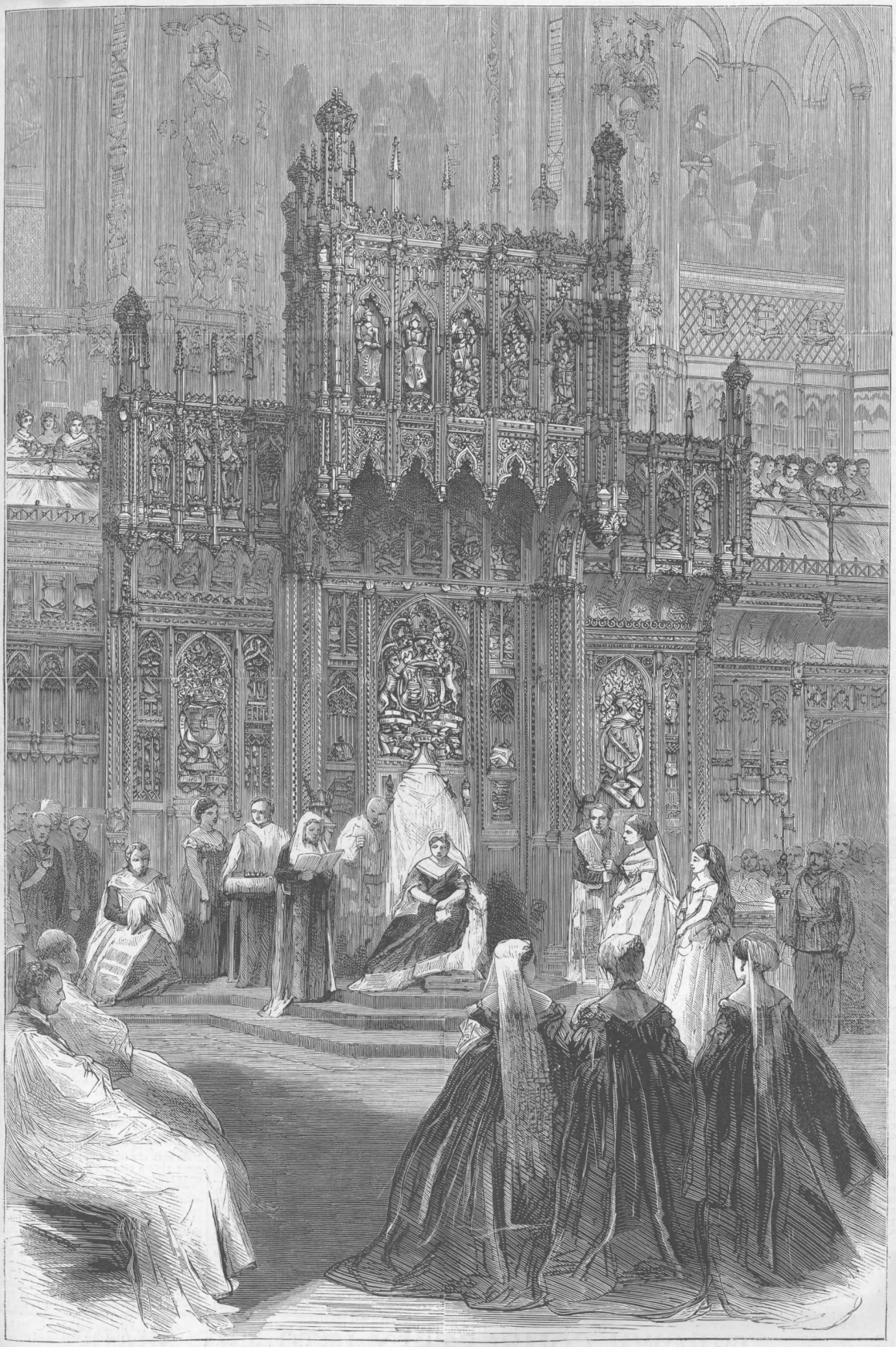

THE OPENING OF THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT.—[SEE PAGE 243.]

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ON THE SITE OF A MULBERRY-TREE,

PLANTED BY WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE; FELLED BY THE REV. F. GASTRELL.

THIS tree, here fall'n, no common birth or death
Shared with its kind. The world's enfranchised son,
Who found the trees of Life and Knowledge one,
Here set it, frailer than his laurel wreath.
Shall not the wretch whose hand it fell beneath
Rank also singly—the supreme unhung?
Lo! Sheppard, Turpin, pleading with black tongue
This viler thief's unsuffocated breath!

We'll search thy glossary, Shakspeare! whence almost,
And whence alone, some name shall be revealed
For this deaf drudge, to whom no length of ears
Sufficed to catch the music of the spheres;
Whose soul is carrion now—too mean to yield
Some tailor's ninth allotment of a ghost.

D. G. ROSSETTI.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

SPELL-BOUND.

BY ANNIE THOMAS.

I.—HOW THE SPELL WAS WOVEN.

IT was during the days of the first stay I had ever made away from my home that the story of my life began. I am an old maid now, a woman of thirty-five, with a pale, thin face and a heavy step, and a streak of silver amidst the brown hair on either temple. But fifteen years ago I was a light-hearted, light-footed, light-headed, handsome girl, of whom great things were expected.

Mine was a country home, but it was neither a very quiet nor a very dull one. We were a large family of laughter-loving boys and girls; and our father was a wealthy man; and not only a wealthy man, but a hospitably minded man, who kept what is technically termed open house—that is to say, he made welcome and entertained all comers who were known to him or neighbors to him.

I was the eldest daughter, and, by right of seniority, was very much in the confidence of my father and the company of my mother. It is not too much to say that they both idolized me; and their pride in me was so perfect and so pure that the memory of it has been my safeguard through many years of trial.

It was tacitly understood, out of the family as well as in it, that "pretty Maude Chichester," as I was called, was expected to marry well. I myself had visions, more or less misty, of some one who had not appeared yet, who should unite in his own person the charms of both Adonis and Crœsus—be, in fact, a sort of Admirable Crichton, with all the modern improvements.

My home was so happy, and I was so happy in it, that it was with a feeling of dissatisfaction almost that I learned that I was asked to go and spend a month of the season with Mrs. Kenneth Ramsay, an old friend of my father's, who had visited us once when I was a child, and then had disappeared from our midst as utterly as if she never had been. I remembered her, when this invitation came to me, as a slight, graceful, fascinating woman, with no great beauty of person, but gifted with an elegance of manner that was bewildering, and with a subtile power of pleasing that amounted to genius. I remembered, too, that my mother had not appreciated these gifts; and, somehow or other, much as I liked gayety, I disliked the idea of going to stay with Mrs. Kenneth Ramsay.

I spoke to my mother about this unwillingness, and she laughed at me.

"You dear silly child," she said, "go for my sake. I shall feel very proud for Mrs. Kenneth Ramsay, who always looked upon me as a nonentity, to see my daughter. Besides, Maude, we want you to see society, and to be seen by it, and Mrs. Ramsay will introduce you well."

My younger sisters envied me hugely and openly when they saw the wardrobe that was prepared for my visit. It is one thing to be considered well dressed in the country, and another to be considered well dressed in town, and my mother fully recognized the distinction. I had some dresses from Paris, and these served as models for others to be made by; and so, altogether, I went out well prepared with the munitions of woman's warfare.

My father took me up to town, and on our way he gave me a slight sketch of Mrs. Kenneth Ramsay. "We were both young when I knew her first," he said; "and she was just married to Ramsay, who's an excellent fellow, and was enormously rich at the time. Since then they have had reverses, but I suppose he's all right again now."

"Got another fortune, do you mean, papa?" I asked, wonderingly.

"He has had several fortunes, and lost them on the Stock Exchange; but I hope that he has secured something now. She isn't a woman to endure poverty in her old age."

"She's very nice, isn't she?" I asked, dubiously.

"She's bewitching," my father said, earnestly. "But—" then he hesitated slightly, and at last added—"she isn't quite what your mother calls trust-worthy. I promised I would tell you this, and now I have told you; but you mustn't let it prejudice you against her. Her temperament is a variable one, and it makes her act and speak inconsistently sometimes. She's the offspring of two brilliant nationalities—of an Irish father and a French mother. I'm very much mistaken if you are not devoted to her before you have been with her a week."

"Mamma wasn't devoted to her, was she?" I asked.

My father laughed. "Your mother thought her a humbug, my dear; but that won't prevent your finding her uncommonly agreeable," he said; and I made up my mind that I would not be led away into liking an untrustworthy woman, however agreeable she might be.

My intentions were built upon the sand. I had not been an hour in Mrs. Ramsay's atmosphere before they crumbled away into nothingness. I can recall her vividly as I saw her first, and experience again the same sensations of gratified taste and perplexed admiration with which she filled me then.

We had been ushered through a shady, fern-adorned hall, up a staircase that had brackets at every third step supporting pots of richly colored flowers, along a sumptuously carpeted little corridor, and finally into the sanctuary and presence of the mistress of the mansion.

"Show me a woman's favorite resort, and I will tell you what she is," is a sentiment that is frequently uttered. But Mrs. Ramsay's "favorite resort" was apt to confuse one's judgment respecting her and her tastes.

It was a long, lofty room, the ceiling painted with a mass of pale blue clouds, that merged into rosy Loves and Venuses in the centre. There were three windows on one side of the room, and these were draped with splendid Oriental stuffs and filmy white muslin. Between each window a cabinet stood, and on one of these a cross was placed, and on the other a good copy in marble of the Venus de Medici. In each window there was a jardinière; rare exotics filled two of them, and the third was filled with growing primroses. The wide velvet-covered mantel-piece supported Dresden jars, bronzes, Rose du Barri cups and saucers, scent-bottles, old German and Venetian glass, rosaries, Oxford frames with photographs of saints, ormolu frames with photographs of opera queens, flowers, a Rimmel's vaporizer, and a little incense-burner. Scattered about the room were *prie-dieu* chairs, nests of ottomans, fat, luxurious arm-chairs, couches of every imaginable shape, and swarms of spidery-legged tables covered with books. All sorts of incongruous books were there littered about in fascinating confusion. French novels and German studies in metaphysics, volumes of the old English dramatists, Heine's poems, and lectures by Newman and Lyddon.

At the end of the room, in the deep recesses of one of the fattest of the chairs, the mistress of all these things sat: a tall, slight, fair woman of about fifty, with a pale face, that would have been plain had it not been so animated and eager. At the very first glance I acknowledged her to be picturesque, peculiar, charming.

She was dressed in a loose violet silk garment, that fell unconfined from her shoulders, and draped her as classically as ever Greek art draped marble. About her head and neck there was a good deal of old cream-colored rich lace, and her fingers were heavily jeweled. "She can't walk about in the streets in that thing," was my first thought, as she rose up in her graceful height, and I saw that the violet silk still lay in sheeny, lustrous billows on the floor. She welcomed my father as an old and valued friend. One would have thought to hear her that he had been greatly in her thoughts since they had last met, whereas a closer knowledge of her character revealed to me the fact that she had never given one to him. And when she had said her rapid, prettily pronounced, forcible, and effective welcome to him, she turned to me.

I can't remember all she said now, and if I did remember it, my story would not be materially bettered by the repetition. All I do remember is that she made me feel very much pleased with myself, and with the prospect of her companionship for a time.

I soon found that the society into which she plunged me was as varied, attractive, dazzling, and mixed as were the adornments of her room. One day she would be making offers, that no one thought of accepting, of selling all her ornaments and personal trinkets, and giving the proceeds to the chapel of a sisterhood. The next day she would be calculating in what way she could most easily economize, in order that she might become possessed of a ruby bracelet or a diamond ring. One week politics would claim all her heart, all her soul, all her thoughts. The next, a new theatrical star would banish the memory of every other interest. And suddenly the theatrical star would sink into insignificance before the rising light of a spirit-rapping charlatan.

She was as changeable as a chameleon, as versatile as Queen Titania's darling Puck, as fickle as a Parisian mob. But she possessed in the highest degree woman's royal grace of charming. Her enthusiasms were infectious, though you knew them to be false. Her flatteries were elating, though you knew them to be fulsome. Her attentions were gratifying, though you knew them to be feigned. Mrs. Kenneth Ramsay was, on the whole, as delightful and as dangerous a chaperon as a young girl could have.

Her "admirably disordered" drawing-room was the trysting-place of a number of fashionable ladies and of semi-professional young men. Rising violinists, budding artists, popular young actors, flocked to Mrs. Kenneth Ramsay's house to Champagne luncheons, and kettle-drums, and delicious little "five-o'clock dinners," that were arranged to exactly suit the exigencies of play-going. Small wonder that these young men, many of whom were without a "local habitation and a name" as yet, were very much at the feet of the lady who catered so liberally for their creature comforts.

The brightest star of this galaxy of talent was a Mr. Harold Temple, a gentleman who had taken to painting, not only because he wanted to make money by it, but because he loved it, and believed in it, and did it well, as only those who do love it and believe in it can. He was a clever artist, and a polished man of the world; and Mrs. Kenneth Ramsay, among others, made much of him, and prognosticated great things of him.

I think that I was attracted toward him first, not by his great personal beauty, nor by his polished address, nor by his great talent, but by his supreme ambition. It was such a new thing to me to hear burning talk of a career. He used to come and sit for an hour or two in Mrs. Ramsay's drawing-room late at night, after he had been to dinners or to the opera (for he was a privileged person, and she suffered him to drop in at any hour, however untoward it might be), and talk excitedly of the vast room that there was for improvement in all the schools of art, and plan out possibilities of inaugurating a purer era.

Nor did he talk only. He was an earnest-minded, hard-working student, and he constantly brought us "studies" of some portions of the great pictures he was painting, and discussed them with us, until I began to patter the professional jargon quite freely. And on several occasions Mrs. Ramsay took me to his studio, where I saw him at his best—a genuine art-enthusiast, a successful man unspoiled by success, with every picturesque effect about him heightened by his accessories.

I have said that ten years ago I was a handsome girl; and he, at least, seemed to think so. He made me his model for countless Guineveres and Christabels and Mary Stuarts. And at last, one never-to-be-forgotten day, he threw his pencil aside, and came over to me, and clasped my hands in his, and pressed his lips on my brow, and told me that he loved me—loved me, and was ready to fight a hard fight to win me!

For an hour or two I was in a more perfect paradise than I had ever imagined, or can ever know again. For an hour or two I believed that Love would be lord of all, and would conquer the difficulties which, girl as I was, I foresaw were in my path. Ah me! the difficulties that I did *not* foresee were the ones that gave me my fall.

I leaped at once from girlhood and its delicious sense of irresponsibility into womanhood during those happy hours. Harold took me into his confidence at once, told me of his plans, his hopes and aspirations, and laid well and clearly before me his probabilities of success.

"I am a loyal servant to my art now. I must master it in time," he said to me; "and when I have mastered it your friends will leave off rallying you for having preferred me to one of the fine gentlemen with large estates who are favored by your father; but in the interim you must make up your mind to be looked upon as a little in the shade."

"What do you mean?" I asked, wonderingly. "There are no gentlemen, fine or otherwise, who are favored by my father, or who favor me."

"Are there not?" he said, laughing. "Then our well-beloved Mrs. Ramsay has been painting the lily with a vengeance. Mind you select a happy moment for telling her of this little affair, or she will be unpleasant."

"No, she won't; she's so fond of you," I interrupted.

"I know that," he said, dryly; "but she likes to play the part of Providence to her favorites, and she hadn't ordained this finale, I assure you;" and then he laughed again, and said he would like to see her face when I told her.

Before he left me that morning he had put our engagement ring on my finger. It was not the usual brilliant badge which is generally given on such occasions, but what I valued and admired much more—a large carved turquoise, a genuine antique, and a very beautiful one. I had often noticed it on Harold's finger, and I knew that my secret would soon cease to be one, as Mrs. Ramsay could not fail to mark it on mine.

For a time after my lover left me I sat in a happy day-dream. He was a god of power and intellect, of genius and beauty, to me, and my heart throbbed with gratitude that he had chosen me, and with pride as I pictured the way in which I should introduce him to my family. Presently my day-dream was dispelled by Mrs. Ramsay sweeping in with a little repressed air of displeasure. She was always a late riser, and this was her first appearance for the morning. "My dear Maude," she began, with the peculiar bell-like inflections in her voice which I had already learned to dread, "don't you think that you are a little imprudent? Hatcher tells me Harold Temple has been here again, and you received him."

"Of course I did," I blurted out, rather vehemently. "He came on purpose to sketch me in his 'Dream of Fair Women.'" Her eyes were on the ring, I saw, and so I hastened to add, "And before he went he asked me to be his wife, and I promised to be."

"Of course he did," she said, with such extraordinary calmness that I almost hated her. "You're just the sort of girl whom Harold Temple always does ask to be his wife."

"*Always does ask?*"

"Yes; you were not so terribly foolish as to take him to be in earnest, I hope?" she said, scoffingly; and I gave a great moan, and almost fell upon my knees, as I implored her to say that she was "not in earnest now."

Her slender hand came out from the lustrous silken sleeve, and laid itself upon my burning forehead. Involuntarily I shrank from it, and she drew it back in anger.

"Maude," she said, with dignity, "your infatuation is making you act absurdly: you have not taken the young man's ring, surely?"

"Surely I have!" I said, passionately.

"Such conduct in my house!" she said, apostrophizing the ceiling. "Commend me to country-bred girls for audacity, and that fastness which is the bane of modern society. Harold Temple is known to be involved in a difficulty that puts marriage out of the question. I shall write and tell him that I have told you this; it is my duty, as your temporary guardian, to tell you this, and save you trouble."

"Save me trouble! You are breaking my heart," I muttered.

She shrugged her shoulders. "Pray don't treat me to histrionics, Maude; I am in no mood for them to-day. I am too much annoyed with the way Harold Temple has abused my confidence; he gave me his promise that nothing of this sort should occur with any girl under my protection."

I could bear it no longer. He was in the habit, then, of winning other girls' hearts as he had won mine. "Why did you let me—let me—"

"Let you love him, my dear? It never occurred to me that you would, on such slight provocation," she said, coldly. And then I dragged the ring off my finger, and cried,

"Send it back to him!"

"For your own dignity's sake, send a line with it," she said. And I wrote,

"Mrs. Ramsay has enlightened me respecting you. I return your ring, and bid you farewell.

"MAUDE CHICHESTER."

She made it up daintily in an envelope, directed, and sent it to him; and then she counseled that I "should go home."

II.—THE BREAKING OF THE SPELL.

There came no answer, no remonstrance, no explanation from him, nor demand for an explanation from me in answer to that line, which might have been written with my heart's blood, for the agony it cost me. I bore it for three days—bore the gnawing disappointment, the terrible wound to my heart and pride, and Mrs. Ramsay's scarcely veiled looks of contemptuous pity, in silence; and at the end of three days I went home, renouncing all hope.

It was well for me—if any thing can be said to have been well for me—that I did so, for Harold Temple never made a sign. My father and mother found me altered, and sought for the cause of the alteration at first. But I could not be made to bare my wound. I think my father sought an explanation from my late hostess; but whether she gave him a true one or a false one I never knew. She drifted away from us entirely after that; left a letter of mine and a letter of my mother's unanswered, and never troubled her head about us again. And so my last chance of hearing any thing of Harold Temple faded.

His spell was over me powerfully. It was as the sight of water in a dry land to me to see his name in the public papers, and to read honorable mention made of his paintings. But after a time I searched in vain for one or the other, and at last I came to the bitter conclusion that he must be dead.

No one but myself can tell the agony of remorse that I used to go through at intervals. I had reft myself from him without sufficient cause, I soon came to feel. Why had I not borne in mind all that had been told me relative to the untrustworthiness of the woman who had marred my life and his for some idle or wicked purpose of her own? Why had I listened to the "whispered words that poison truth?"

No written words can convey any idea of the aching waste of years that followed, to those who have never loved as hotly, as despairingly, as regretfully as I did. And no words are needed to prove that it was agony, to those who have gone through the same great tribulation.

It came to be a generally understood thing in our neighborhood, though I never opened my lips to a human being about it, that pretty Maude Chichester had "been disappointed," as the phrase is, in London. My young sisters passed me in the race. They married, developed into happy, hearty matrons, and I staid on in the old home, and grew a gray-haired woman before my time. Always yearning for tidings of one of whom tidings never came.

In time I came to have a firm conviction that he was dead. I remembered his bright, ambitious talk, and told myself that if he had lived he would surely have distinguished himself in a way the sound of which would have penetrated to me. And I had this comfort, that if he was dead—*as* he was dead—he must know how true and faithful I had been to the love I had given him.

No thought of another man, no thought of the possibility of loving another man, ever obtruded itself between me and the memory of my lost hero. The spell he had cast over me was never weakened by the most transitory preference for another. My heart had been quickly won, but it was not lightly lost.

At last I heard his name; heard him mentioned as a living man; and the revulsion of feeling this mention caused me may not be lightly described. It was at a country dinner-party, among a party of friends, all of whom were well known to one another and to me; and perhaps it was the knowledge I had that they were all my friends that caused me to lose my self-control for a moment. At any rate, my mother, seated opposite to me, saw that in my face when his name was mentioned that told her the secret of my life.

A county magnate, a neighbor of ours, had been traveling in Italy lately, and now he had come home the proud possessor of a picture that he had "picked up for a song," as he said, in Rome. "It's a most interesting thing," he said; "the work of a man called Harold Temple. A *genre* picture of a high class. You must all come and lunch with me, and see it."

"What is the subject?" my mother asked, quietly; and I knew that her eyes were on my face as he gave the answer.

"Well, it's one of those luxurious interiors that the young men of the day are so fond of painting, only in this case the central figure is a man's, not a girl's; an artist's studio; a man standing at the easel with a most marvelously painted expression of bitter despair on his face, and in his hand a curiously carved turquoise ring; a servant is just leaving the room, and looking back wonderingly. That is all, but it took my fancy completely."

I felt my lips tighten and whiten. So he had felt the return of that ring, then—and made capital of his feelings!

"Did you buy the picture of the artist?" I ventured to ask at last; and I knew that my

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voice must have sounded strangely in the ears of the others, it sounded so strangely in my own.

"No," my old friend replied, "I bought it of a dealer. The artist is married now, and has vanished from the realms of art, I'm given to understand. Probably he married money, and has cut his profession; many of those young fellows do."

"Married money!" Oh, Harold! Harold! and for your sake I was a blighted woman! There are some things hard to understand.

From that moment—from the moment that suggestion was made, I never thought of him but as a man who had purchased luxury with a price. He had sacrificed his dreams of ambition at the shrine of Mammon, I told myself. And ever as I told myself this my heart cried out in bitter appeal against the venality which had robbed me of my hero. He had married money, and his God-gifted genius was a talent hid away in a napkin.

I often drew mind-pictures of his present, and compared it with my own. Down in the depths of his art-loving nature there was a keen appreciation of luxury, and a taste for lavishness and splendor, that he was probably gratifying now. "He has grown idle from overindulgence in the good things of this world," I told myself; "idle and fat, perhaps, on the generosity of his rich wife; and *I* have withered away."

Some time after this phase of feeling had set in I was deputed by one of my young married sisters to go up to the City, and get certain choice articles of clothing, that could only be got there, for her oldest boy, the pickle and pride of the family. I was on a visit to her at her town house at the time, and she lent me her brougham toward the performance of her task. It was winter, and I was wrapped up in fur; and altogether I must have looked rather matronly as I rolled on alone.

There was a slight check to our progress by reason of a crush at the corner of a street; and as I gazed idly out of the window my eyes fell upon what I at first took to be a grotesque and painful likeness to Harold Temple; but a second glance showed me that it was the man himself; and, with a sensation of sharper anguish than I had ever known before, I let down the window and called to him, and he turned and came toward me.

He came toward me—my once gallant-looking lover—a shambling, shabby-looking man, with the broken look about his eyes and brow that penury is apt to stamp there, I have since learned; came toward me in threadbare clothes, with broken, patched boots on his feet; came toward me with a listless air, and a look in his eyes that told me he did not know me.

Eagerly I put my hand out to him. "Have you forgotten Maude Chichester?" I said; and then he knew me at once; and oh! what pain there was to both of us in that recognition!

Our talk was not very coherent for the next few minutes. He said something once that implied that he believed me to be married; and I, in wretched uncertainty as to whether it would be well to undeceive him or not, let the illusion stand. But I did tell him how I had always watched for mention of him and his works; and then he said,

"Come and see the deity of my home, and then you'll comprehend why you have never heard the mention made."

I made up my mind at once to disregard my sister's mission. "Get in," I said; and he got into the brougham, to the wonder of her astute coachman. Then he gave his address, and we were driven away.

Away from the haunts with which I was familiar; away through streets that grew gradually poorer and meaner and duller; away into a wilderness of poverty-stricken terraces and alleys, to a habitation in one of the former that he pointed out to me as his "home."

My heart was bleeding now. Vulgarity was rampant wherever Want was not. A squalid maid-of-all-work opened the door to us, and in answer to his inquiry said, "Missus was at home." Then he led the way up a narrow, dirty staircase to a room on the first-floor, where a woman in an elaborate attempt at a morning *negligé* was lying at full length on a sofa, reading a dingy penny periodical.

"An old friend of mine has come to see you, Alice," he said; "get up, will you, and speak to her?"

She threw her book aside, and rose up and stood before me.

"I'm sure I'm very glad to see any friend of Mr. Temple's," she said, with an air of mingled shyness and effrontery; "it's years enough since any friend of his has been near us."

"Have you been married long?" I asked, as gently as I could, of the woman who was so pretty, and so vulgar, and so incapable, and so altogether unlike what the wife of my Harold should have been.

"About ten years," she said.

"Ten years ago the last twentieth of August," he said, distinctly; and I felt my heart quail. Ten years ago the last nineteenth of August I had sent him back his ring.

"And ten hard years they have been, I can tell you," she said, discontentedly. "Harold is so lazy that he has let all chance of making a fortune slip by, and my health is so delicate that I can do nothing, and we have five children."

"Where are they?" I asked, eagerly.

"I send them to a dame school in the next street, to get them out of the way," she said. And then the hot blood of shame came up into his face; and, though the love-spell was broken, I pitied him profoundly.

"I should like to see them," I said. And when she had gone out of the room to send for them I turned to him.

"Let me do something for your children, will you, for the sake of old times?"

"What made you cast me off?" he asked.

"It is useless to tell you now," I said. But he pressed me, and then I told him briefly what arguments Mrs. Kenneth Ramsay had used.

"The vile old creature, the false-hearted woman!" he said, passionately. "She lied to us both. She told me that you renounced me at once when she told you I had nothing but my art; that you laughed at the idea of my pretending in serious earnest to your hand; and that you had only taken my ring in joke."

"We must not speak about it," I said; but I couldn't help sobbing as I said it. "We must bury all anger against her as we bury every thing else connected with the past, for you are married, Harold. But what could have been her motive?"

"Can't you guess?" he said.

I shook my head. But suddenly my face flushed as an idea flashed into it, and I said,

"If she had been younger and unmarried—"

"If she had been younger and unmarried," he interrupted, "she couldn't have been more absurd in hurling her heart, and what her set were foolish enough to call her attractions, at every young fellow who chanced to please her taste. She was a type of that pestilential element in modern society—a woman who does not know how to grow old. She has ruined my life, Maude."

"Don't say that," I pleaded. "You have your wife and your children."

"My wife!"

"You married her, Mr. Temple," I said, reproachfully; "and you owe it to her and to your children to do the best you can for them."

And then Mrs. Temple came back with her five boys and girls, and I felt at once that at least I could and might love them.

They are my adopted children now, for their father is dead, and their mother has married a well-to-do tradesman, and has surrendered them entirely to me. They are a bright, clever, beautiful band; and my only fear concerning them is that they may inherit a little too much of that impulsive temperament which wrecked their father's life, and marred mine, until they came to make it sound and whole again.

THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

THE British Parliament was opened on the 9th of February by the Queen in person, with all the pomp of ceremonial customary on such occasions. The scene, says an eye-witness, was magnificent. Lord Chamberlains, like gorgeous butterflies, in azure and gold; peers temporal, in scarlet and ermine; the towering figure of the Primate of the Northern Province; SAMUEL of Winchester, with his blue Garter ribbon and great white tippet. Judges, with faces creased with much thought, and their active brains buried in mighty wigs of horse-hair; foreign embassadors sparkling with orders, and the envoy of Persia in a robe of rich fur. Then the ladies—many of them chosen specimens of British loveliness—with their beauty, too, by no means unadorned, but set forth with all the attractions of exquisite millinery and jewelry. Next we behold the personages of royal blood: Prince TECK, attired as a foreign hussar; Prince CHRISTIAN as an English officer; their respective wives in low dresses of black velvet, trimmed with ermine; and the Prince and Princess of Wales, the latter also in black velvet, with a trimming of violet and white satin. Then a pause, a whisper, a door opens, and enter Earl Granville, carrying the Sword of State, the Marquis of Winchester with the Cap of Maintenance, and Lord Bessborough with the Crown. Then came Her Most Gracious Majesty, accompanied by the princesses LOUISE and BEATRICE. The Queen, who appeared to be in excellent health, wore a black velvet dress, the ribbon of the Garter, and a Marie Stuart cap, surmounted by a miniature crown of brilliants. One is pleased to note, amidst the constraint of state formalities, that the Princess LOUISE rearranged the state robes, which were thrown over the back of the throne, so as to show the crimson velvet. When her Majesty had taken her seat, the Lord Chancellor stood at her right hand, and then came the farcical interlude which invariably succeeds this grand historical drama. A distant rumble is heard, succeeded by a bellowing and trampling of feet, and then the faithful House of Commons, like a drove of excited bullocks, come tearing up to the bar, pell-mell, helter-skelter. Not even the person of the Prime Minister is sacred; for we hear of his turning with pained face to protest against being prodded by fists from behind. The speech from the throne was read by the Lord Chancellor, as shown in the sketch on page 241, to the great disappointment of the audience, who had hoped to hear it delivered by the Queen herself.

THE CITY OF BORDEAUX.

THE large and wealthy city of Bordeaux, third in importance of the French sea-ports, and capital of the department of the Gironde, has been the abode of the delegate French government of National Defense since its removal from Tours, and is now the meeting-place of the National Assembly convened for the discussion of terms of peace. It is situated just above the head of the Gironde, or long estuary of the Garonne, and on the left bank of that river, about seventy miles from the sea. Its population is nearly 200,000; its trade, besides the export of claret wines, is considerable—with Great Britain, the United States, South America, Mexico, and the West Indies. There is much ship-building here. As this port has no docks, and no extensive quays, the vessels that frequent it lie in the middle of the river. Bordeaux was the capital of Aquitania Secunda, in the ROMAN province of Gaul, when its Latin name was Burdigala. It belonged, during nearly three hundred years, to the PLANTAGENET kings of England, being the chief town of Guienne, whose heiress, ELEANOR, daughter of the last native duke, was the queen of HENRY II. EDWARD the Black Prince lived at Bordeaux, and here was RICHARD II. born. This town had an important part in the French civil wars of the seventeenth century, and in the Revolution from 1789 to 1793. It was occupied by the Duke of Wellington in March, 1814, when the restoration of the BOURBONS was here first proclaimed. The view of the city, from the opposite bank of the river, which is shown in the sketch on page 245, has a very agreeable effect; the curving shore, in the form of a crescent, is lined with handsome buildings to the extent of two or three miles. The river is about two thousand feet wide, and eighteen to thirty feet deep, usually filled with shipping as far up as the magnificent bridge, of seventeen stone arches, built fifty years ago. In the centre of the view is the Cathedral of St. André, with its two élegant spires, built during the English rule; and close beside these spires is a third spire, that of the Tour de Peyberland, at the east end of the cathedral, a memorial of PIERRE BERLAND, a bishop of Bordeaux in the fifteenth century. The church of St. Michel, with its fine hexagonal bell-tower, surmounted by a spire, is conspicuous to the left hand, near the river.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THERE is no better time for the truly benevolent to exercise a wise and judicious charity than when the poor are daily suffering distress in consequence of the sudden increase in the price of some necessary article—like coal. The wealthy man, and even the man of moderate means, fills his capacious coal-bin in the fall, and it little affects his personal comfort whether coal is afterward ten or twenty dollars a ton. But it is a true proverb—"the destruction of the poor is their poverty." They have no place wherein to store a supply of any thing beyond each day's necessities, even if they had the money to buy it. Day by day they purchase their pittance of food and fuel—a few pounds of flour and a pat of butter, a pail of coal and a bundle of kindling-wood. Hence they have been the greatest sufferers during the recent "coal panic." Fortunately for them the spring has come, so that they will not experience the intense cold of mid-winter frosts; but damp, sunless cellars and tenement houses bring discomfort and death; and the investigations of the city missionaries have disclosed families who have been forced to eat uncooked food.

The heroism which leads one to go courageously on to the battle-field sinks in comparison with that which exposes life to the contagion of a fearful and deadly disease. Of forty-eight Sisters of Charity tending the small-pox patients in the Bicêtre Hospital, at Paris, eleven died of the hideous malady. Volunteers from the sisterhood were called for to fill their places, and thirty-three instantly responded.

The mental and moral condition of the inhabitants of San Domingo City is certainly open to improvement, if we may judge by the account of a grand Sunday cock-fight which comes to us through one of the party accompanying our commission. The details are too disgusting to be agreeable to our readers. But there were present, and actively participating in the scene, not only the lower classes, but even the highest officers of government. Inquiry proved that this special fight was no exception to others, but that officials of every grade habitually attend these brutish spectacles. This "grand cock-fight" began at nine o'clock Sunday morning, and lasted until dusk.

Notwithstanding Gustave Doré has so superbly illustrated the Bible, he is said to have no faith in its doctrines. With a multitude of friends, with youth, health, fame, and fortune, he is a prey to fits of morbid melancholy. His skepticism broods over him like a heavy cloud, and banishes happiness.

A report comes from Brussels of the death of the Countess Kisseleff, the venerable gamestress of Baden-Baden, whom all habitués of German gambling spas will remember. She was in her seventy-eighth year, was immensely wealthy, and during twenty years of devotion to play is said to have lost four or five millions of florins. She was handsome and charming forty years ago, and enjoyed the reputation of a most delightful and dangerous coquette. Her husband, with whom she was not very harmonious, was formerly Russian minister to Rome.

Over five hundred thousand San Francisco cigars are manufactured every month, chiefly by the Chinese—about four thousand persons being employed.

After many carefully prepared obituaries of Mlle. Schneider had been printed in the various newspapers of the country the report of her death was contradicted, to the great dismay of the press. It appears to be one very good method of advertising an artist to announce her death, and thus the public is informed in regard to virtues and talents which might never have otherwise been brought to light.

On the eastern shore of Lake Michigan, within the boundaries of a single county, two hundred and ninety-nine millions of feet of lumber have been cut into boards and timber during the past year. And this amount is not much more than half what was cut in 1869. The immense demand for lumber suggests the fear that the forests may be exhausted; and it has been proposed that measures be taken to reserve by law alternate tracks of forest, where the undergrowth might have time to become mighty trees before being disturbed by the axe.

One of the most remarkable skating feats on record is one performed a few weeks ago by three "fast" young men from Newburg. It is, at least, without parallel in the history of skating on the Hudson. In seven hours and five minutes they skated from Newburg to Albany, a distance of one hundred miles, notwithstanding the ice was very rough in many places.

At the present time there are about two hundred Japanese students in the various colleges and universities of America. The present government of Japan is endeavoring to obtain all possible information respecting various departments in other leading nations. One method of accomplishing this object is to send abroad members of the imperial family, and others, to be educated at the expense of the Japanese government; and when they have finished their studies they carry to their country the results of their experience and education. It is stated that the government of Japan has already sent to Christian countries to be educated about four hundred young men, and will send, it is stated, about six hundred more during the present year. Eighteen students recently arrived in New York, with Prince Mets Fusimi, uncle of the reigning Emperor of Japan, and Jugoi Aronori Mori, *chargé d'affaires* of the government of Japan in the United States, attended by attachés and servants. Some of these young men, who are all between the ages of eighteen and twenty, will be established in schools in this country; the others will go to Europe.

Centipedes are common enough in San Domingo, but their bite is not dangerous, being easily cured with ammonia. Scorpions also are frequently found, but their sting, though painful, is not more dangerous than that of wasps. That ugly spider, the tarentula, kills horses, but seldom bites men. Fleas and mosquitoes, however, exist in large quantities

In Syracuse the market value of baby boys may be quoted at $200 each; of baby bears, at $450 each. A little child was recently killed by the cars near that city, and the jury awarded the parents $200. Later, two bear cubs were also killed by the cars, and the jury awarded the owner $450 for each cub.

Eighty thousand dollars in five-cent nickels were lately transferred from New York to the Mint in Philadelphia.

Count Bismarck seems to be as non-committal, when attacked by impertinent questioners, as certain high officials in our own country. When the Count was returning from his conference with Jules Favre he was met by an officer, who asked if there would be peace. The statesman, in reply, merely puckered his lips, and whistled the bugle signal, "Rest arms!" "Only an armistice, then?" persisted his questioner. Bismarck commenced whistling the hunting-call, "Tally ho! tally ho!" leaving the officer to draw his own inferences.

Isabella, ex-Queen of Spain, intends to locate in Austria, and is negotiating for the purchase of a château near Vienna.

Shortly after the announcement of the capitulation of Paris to the citizens there was a sudden appearance in the shops of chickens, butter, eggs, rabbits, and sundry articles of food long unheard-of. The attempt to sell these commodities at outrageous prices resulted in a mob, who seized on them, giving ordinary prices for them. It was in vain for the shopkeepers to call on the National Guard for help—the National Guard was itself the mob.

A Frenchman has written a *brochure* dedicated to "William I., King of Prussia by the 'grace of God,' and Emperor of Germany by the effusion of blood."

America is getting a dubious reputation abroad for her wonderful inventive faculties. An English paper declares Americans are manufacturing golden sirup from sulphuric acid and starch, and currant jelly from old boots! Another journal kindly gives a list of tempting articles referred to American ingenuity. "Treacle made from coal-tar; anchovy paste and sauce from old fishing-tackle; Cayenne from rusty ten-penny nails; preserved ginger from door-mats; ketchup from old hats; isinglass from shirt-fronts; caviare from old Russia leather book-bindings; sponge-cake from flannel garments." The above items should be read *after* dinner, not *before*.

Louis Bonard recently died at St. Luke's Hospital, in this city, leaving the whole of his large estate to Mr. Henry Bergh, in trust for the use of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

A patent has been recently taken out for converting goat's hair into hair for ladies' use. It is said that the experiment is so successful as to render it almost impossible to distinguish the real article from the imitation. This will be good news not only to the dealers in hair, who might apprehend the exhaustion of their source of supply, but also to the ladies who depend upon art to compensate the deficiencies of nature. In 1868 over 22,000 pounds of hair were imported into Great Britain, representing the clip of about 45,000 women. Much of this is obtained from the large communities of sisterhoods scattered throughout France and Belgium.

The past winter has been unusually severe in Northern and Central Europe. It is said there has not been such good sleighing in Switzerland for thirty years.

An English gentleman has taken the trouble of studying up the genealogy of the Smith family, and they are certainly to be congratulated, as he has gone back to the very beginning of things; and from Scandinavian mythology proves that the Smiths are a very ancient and honorable set of people. From various sources he has made a collection of the arms borne by most families of the surname of Smith in Great Britain and Germany.

The people of the Swiss republic appear to be fully aroused to the necessity of being prepared to defend their own country. Special government factories for improved fire-arms, cannon, and cartridges have been established.

A little examination into the method of making fine laces at once discloses the reason why they are so costly. The manufacture of lace is carried to its highest extent in Belgium. The finest specimen of Brussels lace is so complicated as to require the labor of seven persons on one piece, and each operative is employed at distinctive features of the work. The thread used is of exquisite fineness, and is spun in dark, underground rooms, where it is sufficiently moist to prevent the thread from separating. It is so delicate as scarcely to be seen, and the room is so arranged that all the light admitted shall fall upon the work. It is such material that renders the genuine Brussels ground so costly. On a piece of Valenciennes not two inches wide, from two to three hundred bobbins are sometimes used, and for the wider kinds as many as eight hundred on the same pillow. The most valuable Valenciennes is determined by the number of times the bobbins have been twisted in making the ground; the more frequent the twists the clearer and more beautiful will be the lace.

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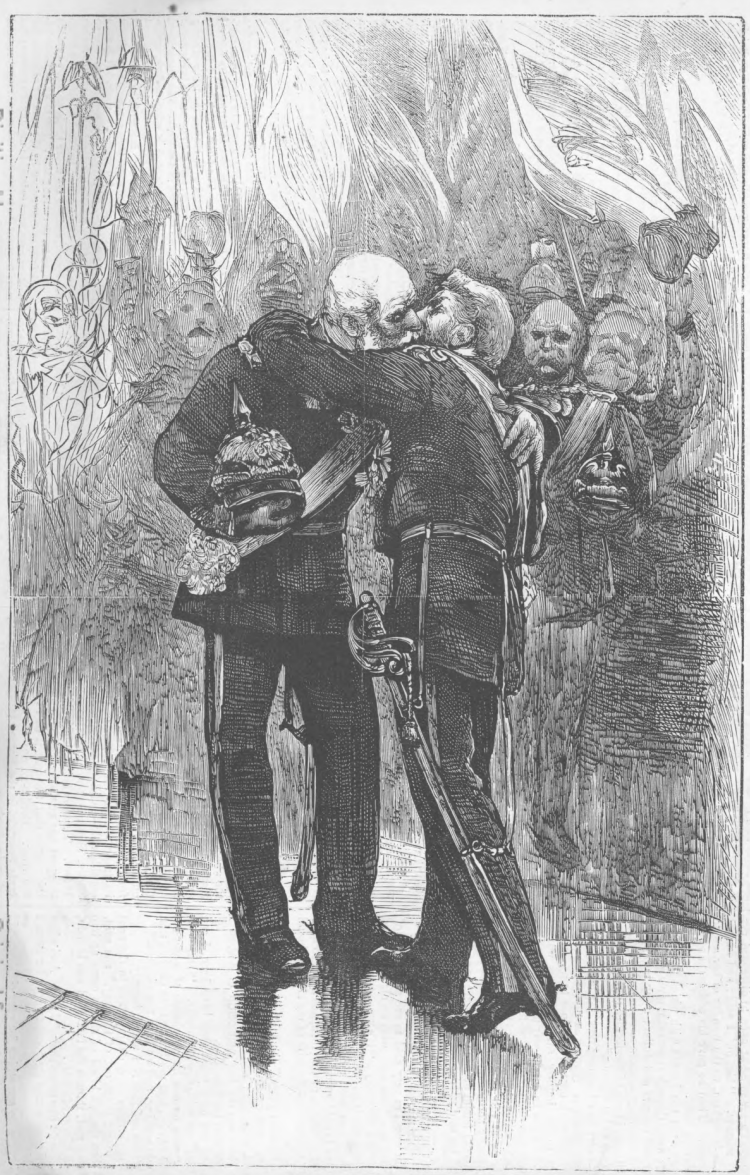


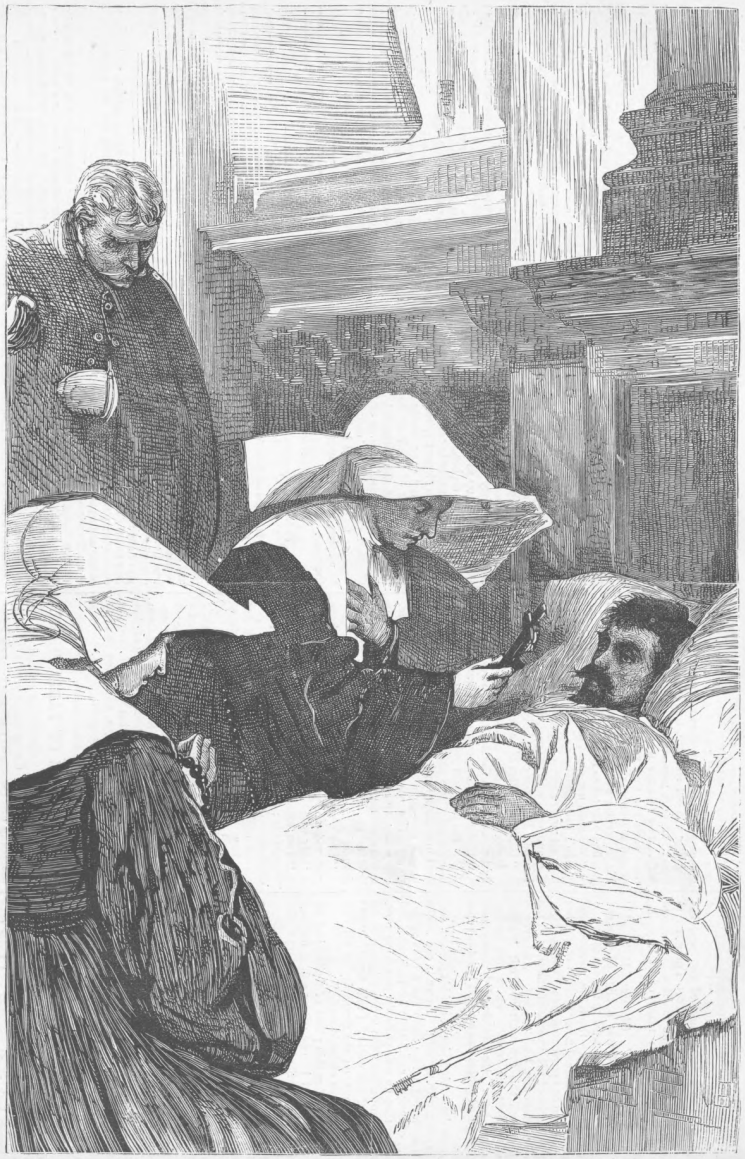
AVE, CÆSAR, IMPERATOR—

AVE, KAISER WILHELM, IMPERATOR.

ON the 18th of January, writes an artist correspondent, I was in the Salle des Glaces, and saw the King proclaimed Emperor, of which you have no doubt read descriptions enough by this time. It was a scene of intense interest, long looked forward to. On that day all officers were in full uniform. Even correspondents were many of them gorgeously appareled. I having no right to any thing but a boating costume, which was at home, went to the Salle des Glaces in *mufti*. Had I appeared as a member of a boat club, Prince ADALBRECHT and myself would have been the only wearers of naval uniform in the room. By the grace of a friend I was smuggled in, and got a capital position just in front of the altar, where the priests were moving about, like players before the performance begins. Impressive as the scene was, the extemporized altar, with its candles and bay-trees, reminded me of the "make-ups" in a charade. It was a good hit to set it up under the picture on the ceiling entitled "Faste des puissances voisines de la France." The King, at the head of princes innumerable and magnates infinite, came in amidst the alarums and excursions of the band. He stopped and stood immediately opposite the altar. The Crown Prince to his right, Duke of Baden just behind his Majesty, Prince ADALBRECHT behind the Duke, and I behind Prince ADALBRECHT. All this time I was beseeching officers to cover my want of uniform. They would persist in retiring to give me a good view. As the gorgeous troop advanced I retired, but, alas! left my "pot hat" just before the altar. I shall never forget how Prince GEORGE of Saxony looked at it, and took up his station exactly at its brim, as if the hat had been put there for the express purpose of marking his place.

When the princes had arranged themselves in a hemisphere, like planets and stars round their sun—the Emperor—the Crown Prince, soon to be Prince Imperial, turned and bade his soldiers doff their helmets for prayer. Then followed a prayer, a hymn, and a sermon. The sermon was very long-winded, and I kept looking at his Majesty's legs to see if they were giving. So, I believe, did BISMARCK, for his eye hardly ever left the Emperor; and as I was almost in a line with his Majesty, sometimes that awful eye fell upon me. It always did so when I began to draw BISMARCK'S own features, and I collapsed at the glance as if I had seen Medusa. The Prussian way of saying "Amen" is peculiar for its fierceness. It quite startled me, but gladdened me too. After the sermon all walked up to the standards at the end of the Salle. Then followed one or two speeches; then the Emperor was saluted as Kaiser; then every body kissed every body. But who shall describe the waving of helmets and banners and the hurrahs at the words, "Long live Kaiser WILHELM"—the Ave, Cæsar, Imperator? My hair stood on end, and my ears were fairly deafened with the patriotic and loyal vociferations of the enthusiastic multitude.

The day after this imposing and joyous ceremony was the sortie of the 19th, and on the evening of that day the mirrors of the Salle des Glaces reflected a different scene. It was filled with wounded, who then had no beds to lie on. The Salle des Glaces on the 18th, and the Salle des Glaces on the 19th—what a contrast! "*Ave, Cæsar, Imperator*"—"*morituri te salutant.*"



MORITURI TE SALUTANT.

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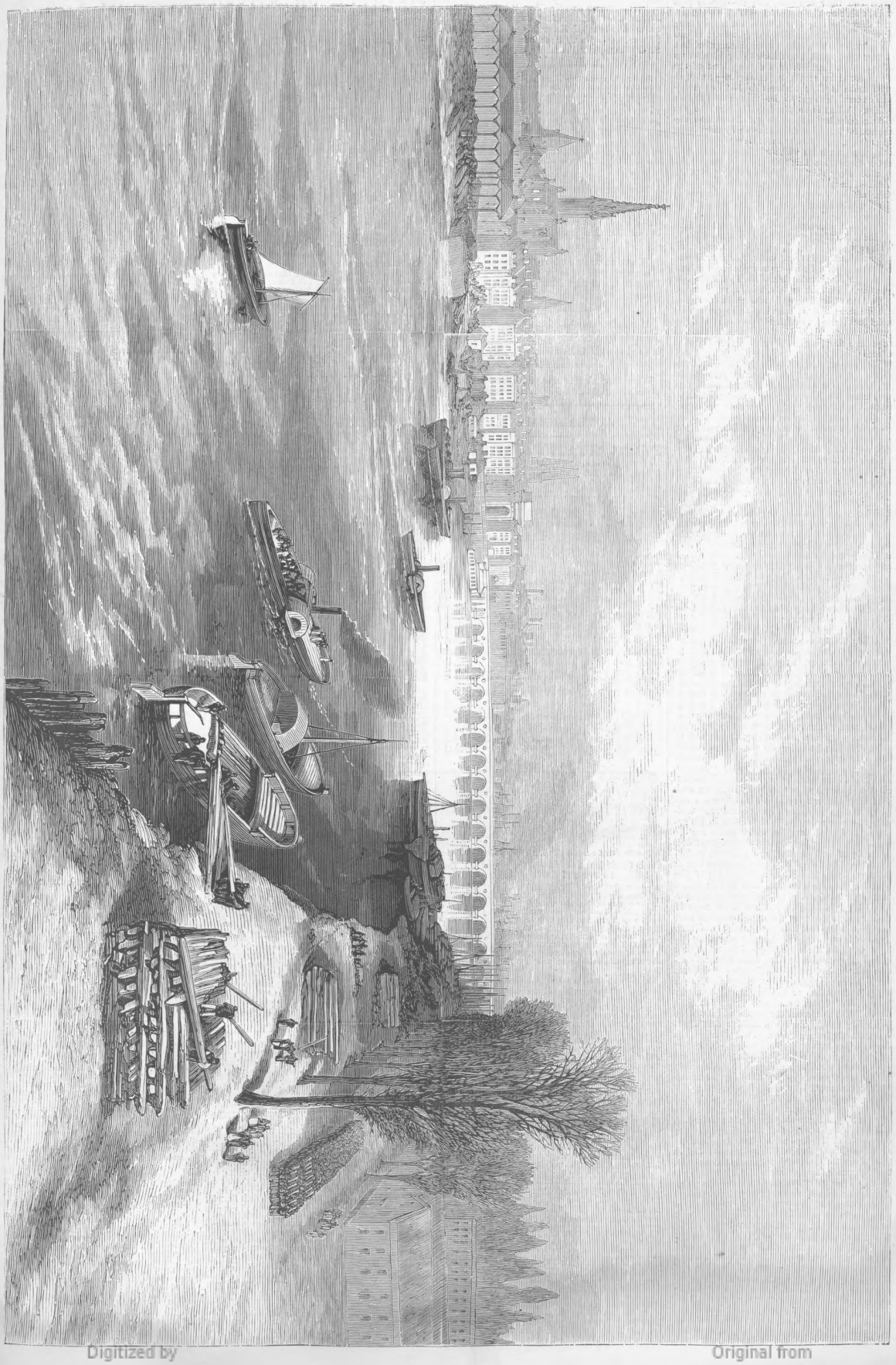

THE CITY OF BORDEAUX—THE SEAT OF THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT OF FRANCE.—[See Page 243.]

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SOCIAL FERRETS.

BETWEEN the two extremes of the people who think the whole world is occupied mainly with them and their concerns, and the people who take it that no one notices any body very much and themselves not at all, there is a mean class: people who believe in the prying instinct as one among others, and who, on the assumption that ferrets exist, think it no shame to lay false scents if put to it. And these are the wisest of the three, for there are ferrets among us—creatures who make it their business to find out every one's secrets and get to the back of every one's affairs. What is an unrelated accident to the simple onlooker who does not dive below the surface is to the ferret a fact as easily read as an open book. He has the *mot d'énigme*, and can enlighten you if he will, and perhaps does, and understands to a hair's-breadth the exact relation of every thing. He knows why Mrs. A. blushes like a June rose as she passes you, with your wife on your arm; he is quite clear as to the reasons which made you give up your appointment or break off your engagement, and which shut your door hard and fast in the face of the Malafides, your former nearest friends. Things which are dark as night to the rest of the world are as clear as noonday to your ferret; and if he is of a malicious turn, he is more dangerous to his friends than a shell with the fuse burning. But fortunately, with many persons, the charm of finding out is enough in itself, and the consciousness of knowing more than their neighbors its own reward. Thus the love of ferreting and the habit of gossip do not always go together; though generally where the one is the other is not far off.

There is infinite variety in the manner of ferreting. Some watch you to prevent your watching them—in this case every thing depending on who takes the initiative; some ask you leading questions, to which you must answer yes or no, if you answer at all—questions to refuse to answer which would be as compromising as direct admission; some take you by surprise, and say suddenly, point-blank, without warning or paraphrase, "How's your friend So-and-So?" then fix their eyes on you hungrily to see you change color; some watch you from under cover, no one participating; and some "draw" your friends, your very servants; some are ill-natured, and hunt you down if they have got on your track, telling every one they know that questionable little anecdote concerning you which you fondly hoped was buried out of the sight of all; and some are influenced by the dramatic instinct only, and enjoy your life's comedy in a box apart, without ever doing you harm by telling; some pounce, and some stalk; but, however it is done, it is done, and more is known of the private life of every body than any one cares to believe for his own part.

Of the domestic order of ferrets, charwomen and nomadic servants are the chief, and carry their stories of family doings from basement to basement as they carry off their perquisites. Half the gossip which circulates without the possibility of tracking it to its source—that vague, nebulous, ownerless gossip which does so much harm because it never assumes a definite shape, and can therefore never be fairly fought—comes, with red ants and black beetles, from the kitchen. And one reason why it can not be tracked is because ladies do not like to confess that they have heard it from their maids; another because it is after the pattern of "Russian scandal," in the game where people unintentionally misrepresent what they hear, therefore each preceding author repudiates his successor's version. Hence the kitchen ferret is the most dangerous, because the most blundering in his reports; and, of all the tribe, ladies'-maids are the worst, from their position knowing a great deal of frailty of temperament, and too often inventing more. Butlers and footmen hear the talk at table, and take it abroad, mistranslated if you will, but with that dreadful core of fact which makes the falsehood of an envelope unconquerable; and, as a rule, all servants know more of their masters' business than their masters have the least idea has leaked out, and turn their knowledge over to the public with unsparing liberality. Then there are conjugal ferrets of both kinds—wives who spy after their husband's secret goings, and get but little good therefrom, when husbands have secret goings it being a wife's best wisdom to be blind; and husbands who make "Judas holes" and peep upon their wives. But as women are angels and never do any thing naughty, we will assume that Bluebeard merely loses his time. And there are the ferrets who haunt public institutions—committee ladies who turn up hospital-beds and turn out school-room cupboards; men who taste workhouse broth on a specially bad day, and who sniff out a cooked account with unerring instinct; people who are down on the weak spot so industriously sought to be hidden, and who are always writing to the papers, or exploding on a board-day—the terror of the officers, and the champions of Rhadamanthine justice; and there are housekeeper ferrets whom servants find it hard work to cheat, and who seem to have an intuitive perception of dodges and the tradesmen which no plausible explanation can blunt; and spectacular ferrets, who see every thing, and go every where, and know all about times and the right doors, where your ticket lodges you, and where the best places are; ferrets who see all the great fires, are just on the outside of all the great accidents, in the centre of all the great crushes, and without whom no ceremony is complete and no catastrophe can be enacted. To be sure, you reserve to yourself the liberty of doubt, and lay a heavy account to the score of newspaper reporting and a lively imagination in your friend; but, after all discount taken, the spectacular ferret does manage to see a good deal: and if he does not always hold quite the correct card, he is better than those who have no card at all, and to unprotected females and country cousins is invaluable.

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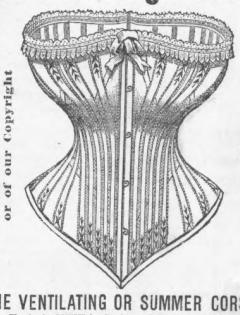

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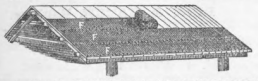

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SOLDIERS' BALLADS.

I.—THE BATTLE OF PRAGUE.

AN OLD ANONYMOUS BALLAD STILL POPULAR AMONG THE PRUSSIAN SOLDIERS.

[The battle of Prague referred to in this rough old German hussar ballad was the battle of Prague so well known to generation after generation of young pianoforte players. It was not, however, fought against the Turks, but took place at the siege of the picturesque capital of Bohemia by Frederick the Great, one of the earliest of that long series of grand robberies which gradually helped to build up Prussia into a compact, powerful, and aggressive kingdom, and at last to turn it, as we have seen, into one of the strongest, most ambitious, and most dangerous of the military powers of Europe. We picture to ourselves some of Ziethen's cavalry shouting their quaint doggerel the night after Leuthen, while old Fritz, stalking past their bivouac fire, gives them a grim stare, with his large round eyes, watching them from under his huge, dingy, cockaded cocked-hat, as the red light for a moment glances on the diamond star on his breast, and on the well-worn hilt of his sword, fatal to so many an Austrian. In that rough song the sublime old scoundrel heard the echo of fresh victories.]

To blockade Prague, that fine old town,
We Prussians one day sat us down.
Our camp it stood us in good stead,
Stored well with powder and with lead.
Our cannon were all laid with care,
And Schwerin was our general there.

Fast rode up our Prince Heinrich then,
Followed by eighty thousand men.
"Now all my army would I give
So my brave Schwerin did but live.
O Fate! O Fate! war's hardest lot,
That Schwerin should so soon be shot."

A trumpeter to Prague was sent
To learn what was the town's intent,
Whether to open or stand out;
But the Bohemians, stanch and stout,
Would never yield their liberty:
Bombarded then the place must be.

Who did this little song indite?
Well, three hussars who came to fight.
With Seidlitz' corps they were drawn up,
And in old Prague they hope to sup.
Hurrah! Wohoop! Victoria!
Old Fritz himself was there, hurrah!

II.—GOING INTO NEW QUARTERS.

AN OLD GERMAN MILITARY BALLAD, DATE (PERHAPS) THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR, AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

[One likes to think that Tilly's and Wallenstein's brave musketeers may have perhaps chanted this ditty at the gates of Magdeburg the night it was taken, and that our old friend Dugald Dalgetty, passing his horny hand over his long, gaunt face and grizzly mustache, may have thereupon said in Latin of Marischal College to some Swedish friend in trouble: "Marry, these same German rogues love a good stave almost as well as they do plunder; and, by St. Andrew! in that last charge in truth they broke in on our pikes like so many mad bulls. Even my late master, the great Gustavus himself, would have said 'Bravo!' at the onset; and now fighting being first work, more especially when one has been beaten, let's into the town, old comrade, and have a stoup of good Bacarac." "You will? Marry, well said, Soldado." "By your right, then, forward. There's good wine at the Kaiser Rudolph's—good wine. By your right."]

You people be merry, the soldiers—hurrah!
Singing now greet you jucheira—sa—sa!
They're from the German land,
As you well understand,
Merrily coming to quarter on you.

Solid good fare and a welcoming face
Are better than banquets in every case.
Bring us the drink along,
Landlord, join in this song:
Deutschland hoch lebe, hoch leb' der Soldat.

Germans are hearty and always are ready,
Tender to maidens, in battle as steady.
They love with keen desire
A kiss, wine, and battle-fire,
Words that are truth, and a jovial song.

Maiden, beware of your little heart's flight,
Love often comes like a thief in the night.
When daylight sees us go,
Many will say, "Ah no."
Sobbing with sorrow, and tears in their eyes.

For the soldier knows neither of peace nor of rest,
To-day he is here, there to-morrow a guest;
Home and love changing see,
T'ill to head-quarters we
March when the death drummer beats the roll-call.

A SKATER'S LOVE-AFFAIR.

LOVE is always young; and this is the reason, I suppose, why the "old, old story" is the youngest—that is, the most attractive, the prettiest, the pleasantest—which a novelist can offer to his readers. I acquiesce in this circumstance now. As one grows older one becomes more acquiescent; and, besides, I have another reason. There was a time, however, when I was known as a scorner of love. Among my modes of expressing my scorn was an objection which I frequently reiterated to the everlasting love-entanglement which a novelist makes his *point d'appui*. Many a tirade have I vented, and held many an argument with my friend Cuthbert Dean on this subject, when we lodged together one winter in London, during which I, requiring some light reading, and objecting on principle to the common run of novels, perused Scott's *Redgauntlet* a dozen times over, because so little of the interest of that powerful novel arises out of the tender passion.

I have referred to my friend Cuthbert Dean. When we lodged together, in days now long ago past, I regarded Cuthbert with the warmest friendship; friendship, in fact, took with me the place of love. That tendency to admire which we all have, and exhibit, most of us, by regarding young ladies as angels, was expressed by me in elevating Cuthbert Dean to the position of a hero. He was what admiring people regarded as a clever, good-looking, popular, honorable young man; and to me he seemed handsome as Adonis, clever as Apollo, the most delightful of companions, the most sincere of friends.

One evening, after my tirades against the passion of love had been unusually long and strong, Cuthbert said:

"I thoroughly enjoy sitting in this arm-chair, and looking into the fire; and though your conversation, Fred, is beginning to have somewhat of a sameness, I don't mind it. But I am anxious about you, my dear boy."

"How so?" I said.

"Why, you are in the most dangerous position of any man I know. Any evening I may come home, and hear you suddenly turned sentimental instead of sarcastic. And you are not safe. You may be rash; may go and make a fool of yourself with any female."

"I suppose," I said, "that you mean that when a man thinks he despises young ladies, he is in that position of false security which is the most dangerous of all positions. The idea is a common one; but, in my case—"

Cuthbert interrupted me.

"I don't see that yours can differ from that of others. You are what is called 'nice' by girls; you are good-looking, you are other good things; but there is nothing so very heroic about you, Fred."

I was rather vexed at this speech. We like friendship to be mutual; and as I thought Cuthbert a hero, I wished to be rated by him as one. However, unconscious of my annoyance, he resumed:

"I have known several cases. There was Jenkinson, who railed quite as much as you do, and married his washerwoman. There was—But I'll tell you what it is, Fred; I've had this in my mind for some time; and as I take a friend's interest in you, I'm determined to put a spoke in the wheel of fortune, so far as it may be turning adversely to your good luck. I wrote to a relative in Gloucestershire, saying I was coming down, and that I should bring a friend, if it was convenient. He replied very satisfactorily this morning. So we will run down; and in ten days' time you will propose to my relative's daughter. She is a rare girl, and you are a good fellow, though a trifle nonsensical, and will suit her excellently."

"Am I to understand," I said, "that I accept your invitation on the terms of marrying your cousin, or whatever she is?"

"Of course, you know what I mean," Cuthbert said, taking his feet off the fender, and refilling his coffee-cup.

Well, we went down together the next day. I found Cuthbert's relative's house a very pleasant place for a visitor. The mansion itself would have shocked Mr. Ruskin, being built in the Italian style; but it did not shock me. I was pleased with its long white front, looking out from the trees that embowered it, and especially with some ever-green shrubberies. I like such scenery as that amidst which Mr. Pitcairn's house was situated—hilly for Gloucestershire, but, in reality, merely undulating. I like such scenery, I say, better, for a length of time at least, than that which is finer, but, except for holiday excursions, too exciting.

Avice Pitcairn was like the scenery amidst which she had been brought up. At first I thought her an agreeable girl, so far as girls could be agreeable, that is, negatively. Young ladies, I held, should, like children, be seen and not heard; and I found that I frequently surveyed Avice with some pleasure. She was not strikingly handsome, nor even strikingly pretty; but (these were the impressions of her I at first formed) she *was* pretty; a quiet English style of prettiness, that would depart, I mentally said, with youth and bloom, in the melancholy way in which the prettiness of girls slowly but surely does depart.

As I have implied before, Avice was at first not much heard. I have since ascertained that, being young, she was shy; and as the days went on and we became better acquainted, she grew conversational; and I found somehow that still she was not too talkative. She pleased the sense of hearing. I found myself talking to her with as much pleasure as I received from looking at her.

"I like such fresh innocent girls as your cousin Avice," I said one evening to Cuthbert, as we walked quickly up and down the veranda. The evenings were cold just now, and each one colder than the last. "Her mind is pure as any star in that great glittering arch above us," I said, looking up to the frosty skies. "It is an elevating change from the fast fools and worn-out cynics of London to such society."

"Just so," returned Cuthbert, with a considerate smile. But he said nothing more; and just then Mr. Pitcairn came out into the veranda, rubbing his hands in evidently good spirits.

"A most promising sight," he said, looking up at the bright multitude of stars; "a delightful evening;" and he shivered.

"Let me fetch your coat, papa," Avice said, who had followed.

"No," Mr. Pitcairn said; "to shiver with cold is to me a most delightful sensation."

"Indeed!" I said, feeling on my part that the sooner we were all round the fire within the better.

"You do not look as if you agreed with papa, Mr. Bernard," Avice said to me, smiling.

"I like it because it affords a hope of some skating," Mr. Pitcairn said. "I am passionately fond of skating. Do you skate, Mr. Bernard?"

"Oh yes," I said.

"Are you a figure-skater, Mr. Bernard?" Avice asked.

"Yes," I said, in a matter-of-course tone. (I am somewhat conceited about my skating.)

"I'm delighted to hear it," Mr. Pitcairn said. "We will have a famous turn together if the frost holds. Avice, put the thermometer out; and I propose, gentlemen, that you each put a basin of water outside your window-sills to-night. We shall so be enabled to judge more accurately to what depth it will have frozen during the night. Avice, go in and get out my skates—the skeleton pair and two or three others, that Mr. Bernard may have a pair to his mind."

I soon discovered that on the subject of skating Mr. Pitcairn was a rabid enthusiast. He talked of nothing else during the whole evening; and as I, too, am interested in the art, I did not find the conversation tiresome. Indeed, I suppose I showed a good deal of interest, and may have seemed conceited as to my own proficiency.

"Do you skate?" I said to Avice.

"A little," she returned; "papa is teaching me."

"She's pretty good, for a girl, but gets on slowly," Mr. Pitcairn observed; "teaching any thing is tiresome work, and teaching skating is no exception."

"I shall be glad to take your post of instructor," I said, eagerly. I did not think teaching Avice would be tiresome.

"By all means," Mr. Pitcairn said; "I shall be infinitely obliged to you. Avice, we have been in the house an hour; just run out and see whether that saucer of water I placed in the cucumber-frame is frozen over yet."

"Does Giles skate?" Cuthbert asked.

Avice, at the door by this time, stopped and laughed.

"Yes," she said; "he is most persevering, poor fellow. But he is slower than I am; isn't he, papa?"

"Oh, Giles," replied Mr. Pitcairn, "is beneath contempt. Now, Avice, go and look after that saucer."

Subsequently upon that evening, Cuthbert came into my bedroom, and volunteered to me some information regarding Mr. Giles. Mr. Giles was younger than either of us, it appeared, and therefore not in possession of a certain fifty thousand pounds which would be his property when he came of age. He had been struck by Avice's attractions, and had proposed to her.

"And she?" I asked eagerly, quite forgetting myself when Cuthbert gave me this piece of information.

"Made no reply which need discourage you," Cuthbert returned, laughing. "Now don't look silly, Fred; you have merely carried out my theory that you are not superhuman. I hope you will succeed, old fellow, and I think, from what I have noted, that neither Giles nor any one else is likely to interfere with your success. Good-night and good-by; for I must reseek the *fumum et opes strepitumque* to-morrow morning before you are up."

"You're not going back to London to-morrow?" I asked, but he was out of the room before my question was ended. He had not given any hint before of so immediate a departure, and I was still wondering and surmising about it when I fell asleep; and when I awoke and saw the sun glittering on my frosted window-panes, Cuthbert was gone.

Mr. Pitcairn was in high spirits at breakfast that morning; for all the water in every basin had frozen, and the thermometer was at fourteen.

"The ice will bear to-morrow, on the smaller pools, at least," he said, "and we shall enjoy the ignominy of Giles."

"You are very cruel, papa," Avice said. "Poor Mr. Giles! I wonder if he has learned to strike out with both legs yet. One can not help laughing at him, it does look so very awkward, the sight of a man striking out each time with the same leg. But you must really, papa, be less hard upon Mr. Giles than you were the last time he skated with us."

"Mr. Giles seems a favorite of yours, Miss Pitcairn," I could not help saying.

"Not at all," she said; "I don't think he is a favorite of any body's, except upon the principle that people like those who amuse them, and Mr. Giles amuses every body. So far as that goes, he is a universal favorite."

I felt relieved in my mind, and curious to see this Mr. Giles.

Mr. Pitcairn now informed us that he might be expected about mid-day. We had hardly finished breakfast, however, and were only just beginning the pleasant walking and talking in the veranda which generally followed that meal, when the sound of rapid wheels was heard, and directly afterward a dog-cart swept round the last turn of the avenue. Not till he was within a few yards of the hall door did the driver, a very large and rather ugly man, moderate his speed; and then, throwing the reins to a groom who sat by him, he jumped down while the cart was still moving fast, tumbled nearly on his nose on the gravel, rose, shook hands with Avice and Mr. Pitcairn vehemently, and equally vehemently with me, though I had never seen him before that instant. He took me so by surprise that I passively accepted his salutation. Miss Pitcairn laughed; I think she perceived by my manner that we had not met before, and besides she knew Giles very well.

"Now, Mr. Giles," she said, "you are too impetuous, as usual. You should wait to be introduced to gentlemen whom you do not know. Mr. Giles—Mr. Bernard."

"I beg pardon," Giles said. "I really took it for granted I was going to meet Cuthbert Dean here, and I did not look in the gentleman's face till too late. I thought he was Cuthbert, of course."

"It's a very venial fault, and you need not have taken it up," Mr. Pitcairn said to his daughter. I noticed, by-the-way, that during the whole of that day Mr. Pitcairn's manner was unusually gracious to Giles; the more singularly so, because he had spoken of him upon the previous night with such supreme contempt. I was puzzled, but I determined to make the proposal I was about to make to Avice all the sooner. I excogitated the matter all day; I prepared an elaborate oration; I calculated the various ways in which she might answer, and made myself ready to reciprocate suitably to any one of them. I would take the plunge, I decided, the very next day. Perhaps, if the frost held, I should have an opportunity on the ice.

But if I intended to be quick, some one else was quicker. We happened to be all four of us in the veranda that day when the first dinner-bell rang, walking rapidly up and down it; Mr. Pitcairn with Avice, to whom he was communicating, I supposed, some household matters; I with Giles, whom I did not like on farther acquaintance. He bragged about himself, and it appeared to me very likely that he lied. Certainly, if he spoke the truth, there had been no such shooting as his in Scotland that autumn, and there would be no such riding in England this winter. He was offering, in his loud, hurried way, to back himself to kill twelve blue rocks out of fifteen, at twenty-six yards' rise, when the bell rang.

"We must go in, I suppose," I said with alacrity; and I opened the hall-door, and Mr. Pitcairn, who did not like dinner to be kept waiting, went within as soon. About ten minutes before, he had handed over to me the pair of skates that I was to use to-morrow, and when I had been up stairs about ten minutes, I remembered that I had left them in the veranda. I had better fetch them at once, I thought; Mr. Pitcairn would be displeased if I seemed to neglect his loan; and, just now, I was very far from wishing to displease Mr. Pitcairn. So I put on the coat and vest I had thrown off, and went down stairs again. As I opened the door of the veranda, I heard Avice's voice. "I wondered she had not gone in to dress, and was just about to compliment her on the short time she was about to give to the frivolity most dear to females, when I stepped forward, and caught her very words.

"I am surprised at your coming forward again, Mr. Giles. As I told you before, it can never be."

I had heard enough. I was well pleased with what I had heard, but I did not pay my compliment, nevertheless. I went up stairs again at once instead; and at dinner, if I was not agreeable, I was at least cheerful; while Giles, though Mr. Pitcairn talked to him constantly, was as ill at ease as a big school-boy would be dining out, or would have been, at least, in the good old times when big boys were big boys and nothing more.

The next morning I rather expected to find Giles missing; he would never stay, I thought, in a house where he had been refused the night before. But when I came down to breakfast he was there, talking more freely than he had talked on the previous night; and (the frost, to Mr. Pitcairn's great delight, had continued, and in the basins set out, as on the previous night, every drop was frozen) he went with us down to the pool on which Mr. Pitcairn thought we might safely commence.

Giles, off in as great a hurry as usual, got his skates on before any one else, and immediately careered round the pond at a considerable speed, but striking out with one leg only. This mode of progression may possibly satisfy the skater; it certainly amuses the spectators. Avice and I were both moved to laughter by the rapid and unconscious Giles, and so was Mr. Pitcairn, though he tried hard to hide his mirth, more even than we did. Presently, however, we three had also our skates on, and Mr. Pitcairn commenced a series of performances which I could only envy. For my part, I executed a few eights and threes, which were about the extent of my accomplishments; and I felt much humiliated by observing that Avice was, it appeared to me, completely mistress of the outside edge, and executed feats which were quite beyond my skill. Meanwhile Giles, still using one leg only, spun round and round the pool.

"Now, Mr. Bernard," Avice said, rather mischievously, I thought, "are you not about to commence your instructions? Papa is engaged yonder in cutting out Constantinople."

"You ought to teach me, and not I you. I feel very small at this moment, Miss Pitcairn," I said. "I suppose you can cut out words on the ice, too?"

"Short ones," she returned, as she finished a graceful backward stroke.

Girls look well skating when they can skate. Avice, despite her father's remark, skated better than any girl I ever saw before or since. And she looked well then, on her easy poise, with her bright unsuspecting face and sly large eyes turned upon me.

"You ought to be my instructor, not I yours," I said. "Will you cut a word on the ice for me?"

"If I can," she returned. "What word?"

"By accident I overheard your reply to Mr. Giles last night in the veranda," I returned. "Now suppose that I have put to you the same question as he did. Cut the answer."

Avice, taken quite by surprise, blushed very much, looked this way and that, and evidently did not know what to do.

"Avice dear," I said, drawing closer to her, "you promised."

She clasped her hands imploringly, and looked this time straight in my face.

"How could you?" she said. And then she cut one letter, and stopped. "I can not go on," she faltered. But the letter she had cut was a "Y."

"Avice, my own Avice!" I said; and I think it is possible I might have offered her the support she so little needed on the slippery ice, but that, looking round, I saw Mr. Pitcairn, who had cut Constantinople three or four times over, standing still now, and looking at us. He did not seem overpleased; perhaps there was some imperfection in his last Constantinople.

"I am afraid," Avice said, with the blush still on her face, "that you must get papa's skates to agree with mine before you can call me what you have just called me."

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"I will soon see about that," I replied.

"And I will go and teach Mr. Giles the outside edge. Why, papa is doing it already," Avice said. "Please go up to them, and leave me; I am so confused, and really I don't know what I have answered, after all. Do go, please."

"On condition that you do not recall your answer, whatever happen," I said, "I will go."

"Not if I can help it," Avice replied.

And thereupon I left her, and skated away to where Mr. Pitcairn had commenced instructing Giles, being eager to broach to him what had just occurred. I hardly doubted that he would consent. I had a fair, though not a large property; and I had seen nothing in Mr. Pitcairn that I thought likely to interfere with consideration for his daughter's affections.

When I came up to him Mr. Pitcairn was absorbed in his task as an instructor.

"Nothing easier, Giles, after a little perseverance. Lift your left leg—so—well in front of you, and cross it over your right; now incline your body boldly to the right, and try to make a circle on the right leg."

"Just say it all over again," Giles returned.

Mr. Pitcairn repeated his remarks.

Thereupon Giles raised his left leg, and stood still.

"Let me give you an impetus," Mr. Pitcairn said; and he pushed him gently from behind, an operation which resulted in Giles going forward on one leg some two yards, with an inclination to the left rather than to the right, and measuring his length on the ice at the end of the attempt. Mr. Pitcairn picked him up.

"Not hurt, I hope?" he said. "You should have got your left leg well over your right, putting it down, of course, whenever you feel yourself falling."

"Oh, I thought I was to keep it up all the time," Giles observed.

"Excuse me, Mr. Pitcairn," I interrupted; "I have something important to mention to you."

"In one moment, my dear Sir," Mr. Pitcairn returned; "as soon as I have put Giles into the way. Now, Giles, look here;" and Mr. Pitcairn, throwing his left leg across his right, illustrated the outside edge on the right foot by describing a circle, inclining toward the latter side always, and putting his left foot down to the outside of his right repeatedly, for Giles's instruction. "You see, by throwing the left foot well over you get the inclination," he said. "Now try again."

"I daren't throw the left foot over," Giles returned; "at least I can't."

"Well, go on till you can," Mr. Pitcairn replied.

Giles thereupon commenced a series of feeble attempts to "get round," diversified with frequent falls and much bodily anguish. Meantime I told Mr. Pitcairn what had occurred, and asked his consent. To my considerable surprise, he refused it.

"I am very sorry," he said. "During the last day or two I have suspected that something of the kind was going on. I hope we shall continue friends."

I pressed him for reasons.

"My dear Sir," Mr. Pitcairn said, cutting a figure three, "I am not bound to give you my reasons. I very much regret that this has happened."

"You will allow me to say good-by to your daughter," I said.

Mr. Pitcairn gave a hesitating consent, and at the same time suggested that I should at least stay to dinner. But I declined, and returning to Avice, acquainted her with the stoppage which her father had put on our designs. I am afraid I was not as much distressed as I should have been at the look of disappointment which came over her face, and at the tears which rose into her large eyes. I was, however, decidedly put out by the explanation she gave of her father's conduct.

"I did not expect he would refuse, but I am not surprised. It is Cuthbert's doing."

"Cuthbert's!" I said. "It can not be.

"But I know it is," Avice returned.

"Cuthbert is the soul of honor and friendship," I said. "What proof have you?"

"I should not have made the assertion if I had not some proof with which to support it," she replied.

"I can not believe Cuthbert would act in such a way until it is proved against him."

"You believe in me no more," Avice answered, "than a lawyer does in a witness. Perhaps papa's refusal came from some penetration into character. You do not care for me so much as you do for your friend."

I was beginning to repudiate this statement, when Mr. Pitcairn skated up to us.

"Avice," he said, "I have just been under the painful necessity, for reasons which appear satisfactory to myself, of refusing my consent to an engagement between you and Mr. Bernard. I think that, as Mr. Bernard proposes to leave us at once, your interview had better close."

Avice, a little offended still, held out her hand. I took it, bent over it, shook hands in a somewhat stiff fashion with Mr. Pitcairn, and then departed.

It is needless to say that the train which conveyed me to London conveyed a miserable man. In addition to love, friendship seemed about to be lost to me, and the double blow was a cruel one. One feels very foolish usually when one's favorite hero is thrown down from his pedestal, and made to look ridiculous in the mire. But I was too wretched to be annoyed by this view of the matter. I think I may say it was not for myself I was annoyed so much as for my friend, that so much kindness, agreeableness, and cleverness should have been but a deception; that even Cuthbert Dean, the soul of honor, should have gone the way of the rest of the world, and have shown himself deceitful and a double-dealer. I could still hardly believe it; but a very few days after my arrival in London I received a letter from Mr. Pitcairn, which thoroughly confirmed what Avice had rather hinted than stated. Mr. Pitcairn reiterated his great regret that circumstances should have occurred to cut short my visit, and expressed a hope that I should revisit Gloucestershire when the first unpleasantness had worn off. He added that, partly though not wholly, he had acted in the matter on the advice of Cuthbert.

Doubt after this, of course, was ridiculous. It was, perhaps, just as well that Cuthbert at present was away from town, as I might have gone to his rooms in my hot anger, and an irreparable quarrel have ensued somehow. As it was, I admit that for several hours I tried to devise some scheme or other of revenge. Perhaps his club might take it up as an ungentlemanly transaction; and I seriously meditated bringing his conduct before the committee of the Chesterfield, an association particularly strict respecting the honorable conduct of its members. Unfortunately, on consideration, it was apparent that the publication of the matter would inevitably make me ridiculous, as I should have to state that Mr. Dean, having induced Mr. Bernard, both members of this club, to accompany him down into Gloucestershire on the understanding that he was to recommend him to a young lady, had recommended somebody else. This would never do; and, express the thing however I could, it always appeared to me that the members of the club, when they discussed it, would use terms which made my share in the matter a supremely absurd one. "What vile creatures men were!" I said to myself. "After all, the lover in 'Maud' was right"—I had often criticised that very cross-grained hero unfavorably—"we men are a little hard. Why," I said to myself, "here was a case where, though one member had behaved most dishonorably, and another member's happiness had, in consequence, been ruined for life, I felt instinctively that if the latter laid the matter before his club, the boast of which was its punctilious honor, he would simply become its laughing-stock; and the other member's name would, without the least demur, be retained on the books." I felt that I despised my species. "Oh, for a lodge in some vast wilderness!" I said to myself; and the idea of Father Ignatius's projected monastery in the Black Mountains occurred to me.

To one of my friends at the Chesterfield I did, indeed, confide the matter. The result was that my affair down in Gloucestershire began to be a a club joke against me about two days afterward, and continued to be one for a month or so, till it was worn threadbare by reiteration. As a consequence, I objected to my species more and more, and took to discovering out-of-the-way places of refreshment, where men dined whom I never saw any where else.

After I had spent a month in this very unpleasant manner I received a call one day. Formerly the non-occurrence, instead of the occurrence of this event, had been noteworthy, for when I was in good spirits I was popular, and had many friends. But now, the joke against me having been worn out, or, as I think now, but did not think then, the men seeing that the affair was really to me too painful for a jest, I did not get much of their society; only a few intimate sympathizers attempted to soothe my melancholy, and dropped in at rare intervals.

This time, however, the visitor came up much more quickly than usual—indeed, very rapidly. Looking up from the chair where I passed hour after hour of, I am afraid, weak and idle despondency, I recognized Mr. Giles. He staid with me half an hour, and his visit was, beyond all comparison, the most aggravating one I ever underwent. He was in boisterous spirits. He evidently was annoyed because I was not in boisterous spirits.

Had he learned the outside edge? I languidly asked.

Yes, he could do it splendidly; and he exemplified the attitude on my carpet. I have since learned that he has not the remotest idea of it with one foot, and hardly any with the other.

Had he only just left the Pitcairns? I inquired. Only lately.

Was Mr. Pitcairn well?

Very well. By-the-way, in confidence, as I seemed interested, there was every probability that he would before long become a married man. Avice Pitcairn—did I recollect her? Generally thought pretty and interesting.

Indeed! I said. A positive engagement, might I ask?

Well, not exactly a positive engagement: he had not gone so far that he could be liable for breach of promise. Dangerous thing to go so far with a girl. I seemed put out—perhaps I had been the defendant some time or other in a breach-of-promise case, or the plaintiff even. Mr. Giles here laughed. He begged pardon for alluding to the subject.

At this point I confess I lost patience. I sprang up.

"Your conversation is rude and annoying," I said; and I was going on to express my sentiments in the same free manner, but Mr. Giles had himself risen, and was already descending my stairs with greater rapidity even than he had climbed them. A sudden anxiety took possession of my mind that his precipitation would result in a fall; but rushing out upon the landing, I saw that Giles had already reached the bottom, and was passing out through the door. I shouted, "Good-morning!" repentant of my rudeness; but Giles did not reply. He was half-way down the street already.

I was left in worse plight than ever. Hitherto I had only blamed fortune; and the hope that, notwithstanding our little quarrel, Avice was thinking of me in the quiet Gloucestershire manor-house, as I was of her in the crowded streets of London, had been some consolation. But now Avice was false as I was faithful. A pleasant predicament always; insult, as it were, added to injury; despair, too, instead of hope; for, till Giles's visit, hope had lingered with me. I had hitherto still hoped against hope, clinging to the idea that the obstacle to our engagement was, after all, one of the ordinary crosses of love; but now matters seemed serious indeed. All, in fact, was over. Lost to me forever was the desire of my remaining days—the only thing that, youth being now nigh spent, seemed sweet between me and the grave. Lost was the fair pure English girl whom I had hoped to

Bear with me smiling through the shocks of life;

and that with the loss of love should be involved the loss of friend seemed to me harder still. Only for a few days, however, I lay in this abyss of despondency. I then received a letter from Avice, which very decidedly established the fact that Mr. Giles had a tendency to gasconade. She said that she wrote with great hesitation, inasmuch as she was compelled to do it without her father's knowledge. But she thought I ought to be prevented from receiving any false impression that her marriage to Mr. Giles was forthcoming. Mr. Giles had stated his intention of visiting me in London (of that visit, and of what occurred at it, the reader has been informed), and she knew that he was a little addicted to exaggeration; and his wild statements were generally made to the advancement of his own reputation. But I was to remember, Avice said, that she was a girl of her word; and having passed that, she would keep it (so far as remaining single for my sake went), unless I would release her. And even if I did release her, she would not accept Mr. Giles.

With this the letter ended; but there was inclosed (it was February by this time) the first flower of the year—a snow-drop.

I gazed at the snow-drop for about three-quarters of an hour, and then placed it in water in a vase on the mantel-piece. It refreshed my eyes much during the day, till toward evening I went out to dine, revisiting, for the first time for many days, the Chesterfield. My reappearance there pleased my friends, who welcomed me, and congratulated me on the improvement in my spirits.

When I returned to my room the first object I saw, on opening my door, was a man with his back partly turned toward me deliberately examining my snow-drop, which he had taken out of the vase. Looking again, I recognized Cuthbert. This was coolness, indeed; and my feelings rose to a height of fury compared to which those I had lately entertained toward Giles in the same apartments were the milk of human kindness.

Cuthbert had turned as I entered, and now came toward me, holding out his hand. But I stood still, folding my arms, in an attitude of rejection as dignified as it is possible to conceive. Cuthbert stopped, and his face wore a look of genuine astonishment.

"You act well, Sir," I said; "but it won't do. I have learned lately not to be surprised at very remarkable circumstances; but I confess I *am* surprised at your insolence in visiting these rooms. Allow me to add that the sooner you are out of them the better."

"You compliment me on my powers of acting," Cuthbert said, taking up a very unconstrained position in front of my fire-place; "but I think that it is you who have missed your vocation in not going on the stage—on the transpontine stage, at least. However, I partly guess the cause of your denunciations. Now let us have an armistice, and come down with me to-morrow to Gloucestershire. You have been mistaken."

"Can you clear yourself?" I said, eagerly.

"Come and see," Cuthbert said, tranquilly. "And now let me tell you of my wanderings. I have been abroad, as you know." And settling himself in my easiest chair, Cuthbert began to talk of a foreign tour he had just been making fluently and easily; and inasmuch as from his manner I saw that he at all events hoped to vindicate himself, and as I had some idea on my part that our journey of to-morrow would lead to something better even than restored friendship, I too sat down, and listened affably.

It was exhilarating on our arrival next day to meet Avice in the avenue, accompanied by Giles. But a shy look that she gave me when we shook hands reassured me. It was a look that indicated much more pleasure than did that with which Giles regarded Cuthbert. So red did Giles grow, and so confused did he seem, that I noted his embarrassment even while I drank the look of Avice's eyes. By this time Mr. Pitcairn appeared in the avenue, and came up to us, not looking over well pleased when he recognized me. However, he made a shift to be agreeable, and remarked that he was afraid February would go without another frost.

"I hope the winter is gone in other ways," Cuthbert said. "As we are all here together, I may as well force matters to a general explanation at once. When I recommended Mr. Giles to you, Pitcairn, as a son-in-law, in place of my friend Bernard, on the sole ground that the former was the richer, you ought not to have divulged by whom the recommendation was made."

"Perhaps I ought not," Mr. Pitcairn said, reddening; "it was careless on my part. But don't you think this conversation had better be dropped? It is not upon your recommendation that I urge my daughter to accept Mr. Giles, but upon my own."

"Please do not go, Miss Pitcairn," Cuthbert said. Avice staid. "When I recommended Mr. Giles to you I did so in sincerity, supposing it very possible that your daughter might be willing to place herself in a position to give him annual instructions in the outside edge—in other words, to marry him. But it seems she is unwilling still."

"Against my wishes—against my strong wishes for her welfare."

"You mean that, there being two candidates for your daughter's hand, one rich, the other only fairly endowed in that direction, you prefer the former."

"It is very cool of you thus publicly to catechise me on my own grounds," Mr. Pitcairn said. "But for our relationship and friendship, I should stigmatize your conduct in stronger terms."

Cuthbert interrupted:

"I am surprised at you, Pitcairn. You are a decent fellow generally, and yet you are yielding to the unrighteous Mammon in a most inexcusable manner. You want to force Giles on your daughter, because he will be able to buy a large property in the county."

"I wish her to marry him," Mr. Pitcairn said, coldly; "and also that this conversation should cease."

"If I acted on your last wish," Cuthbert said, "and Avice acted on your first, and acted, after what has occurred, as I should know, most reluctantly, you would repent it to the last day of your life."

"And how so, Sir?" Mr. Pitcairn said.

"That fifty thousand pounds, which is Giles's great attractiveness, would be reduced," Cuthbert answered, "to a small annuity, enough to enable Giles to buy a pair of skates now and then as a luxury; but not more than enough."

"Nonsense! nonsense!" Mr. Pitcairn said. "You are wrong, my good man. Isn't he, Giles?"

Giles, who had stood biting the end of his stick during this dialogue, replied in a very hang-dog manner,

"Not entirely so, I suppose."

"You speak truly for once," Cuthbert said, regarding Giles rather severely. "I'll explain. A very large sum of money, double exactly of what Giles will have, was left to me by an uncle of both of us, who, preferring me, left me every penny of his property. I thought this unjust, and I have, therefore, in my possession a deed of gift making over half this sum to Giles when he comes of age. That is his prospective property. Now, if he proceeds in this affair any farther, I shall simply destroy that deed of gift. What do you say, Giles?"

"Why, that the matter must be given up, of course," Giles returned without hesitation.

"Very well," Cuthbert said; and turning to me, "You understand, old fellow, I hope, *why* I recommended Giles. From a circumstance which happened to me once, by reason of which I shall remain unmarried through life, I conceived the desirability of proving a wife before she is chosen. I have done as much for you."

"And a very humorous way you seem to have of settling the matrimonial arrangements of my family," Mr. Pitcairn said. "Don't think I shall fall in with your ideas for one;" and he went angrily into the house by himself.

"There'll only be a few light March frosts before the flowers," Cuthbert said. Avice was weeping.

But she is now Mrs. Bernard, and does not weep, I think, much more than most people.

GHOST-SEEING.

WE find quite an interesting account of ghost-seeing in the pages of a work entitled "Arcana of Spiritualism," and a still more interesting explanation of why ghosts are sometimes seen. The author of the work says that ghosts are nothing more than a luminous, gaseous flame that arises from all bodies, and especially those undergoing decomposition. These emanations, he says, are of so ethereal a nature that only persons of peculiar organizations can see them, unless, on some occasions, where they are present in great force. Of course, in grave-yards, for instance, it "takes no great stretch of fancy to shape the upright, luminous, waving cloud into human form." The author pronounces this a simple fact in chemistry, and thinks it singular that from it should have arisen all the unbelievable stories of ghosts and hobgoblins which float through people's brains and terrify them; all "having no more existence than a wisp of flame or fog-like cloud." A singular instance is given as happening in Germany, in a locality known as Pfeffel's Garden, at Colmar. Pfeffel will be remembered as the blind German poet, and he had engaged a young clergyman named Billing as his amanuensis. The poet was always led by his amanuensis when he walked out, which was most frequently in his garden. After a time Pfeffel remarked that every time they came to a particular spot in the garden Billing's arm trembled, and he manifested uneasiness. Some conversation about it finally occurred, when the young clergyman reluctantly stated that as often as they passed that spot certain sensations attacked him, which he could not overcome, and which he always experienced at places where human bodies were buried. When he came to such places at night he saw strange sights. With a view to cure this man of his delusion, the poet returned with him to the garden that night; and, when near enough, Billing said he saw what at first appeared to be a white, immaterial flame, which then took the form of a woman—one arm laid across the body, the other hanging down, wavering, or at rest, the feet elevated about two hand-breadths above the ground. Pfeffel walked up to it, as the young man would not, and struck through the spot with his cane; but the spectre did not move nor alter. It was as when one strikes a stick through a flame: the fiery shape always recovered the same form. Many others also saw it, and quite a sensation was created; and at last Pfeffel had the place dug up, when a skeleton was found, covered with quick-lime, as in time of pestilence. The bones were taken out, the hole filled up, and the spectre was never seen again.

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MEMORIES OF DISTINGUISHED AUTHORS.

THOMAS MOORE.

BY S. C. HALL.

MANY years have gone—nearly half a century, indeed—since I had first the honor to converse with the poet THOMAS MOORE. Afterward it was my privilege to know him intimately. He seldom, of late years, visited London without spending an evening at our house; and in 1845 we passed a week at his cottage, Sloperton—his happy home in Wiltshire.

"In my kalendar
There are no whiter days!"

The poet has himself noted the time in his Diary (November, 1845), and the terms in which he refers to our visit can not but gratify us much.

In the year 1822 I made his acquaintance in Dublin, while I was a casual resident there. Moore was in the full ripeness of middle age; then, as ever, "the poet of all circles, and the idol of his own." As his visits to his native city were few and far between, the power to see him, and especially to hear him, was a boon of magnitude. It was, indeed, a treat when, seated at the piano, he gave voice to the glorious "Melodies" that are justly regarded as the most valuable of his legacies to mankind. I can recall that evening as vividly as if it were not a sevennight old; the graceful man, small and slim in figure, his upturned eyes and eloquent features giving force to the music that accompanied the songs, or, rather, to the songs that accompanied the music.

Dublin was then the home of much of the native talent that afterward found its way to England; and there were some—Lady Morgan especially—whose "Evenings" drew together the wit and genius for which that city has been always famous. When I write a Memory of "Sydney, Lady Morgan," I may have something to say of the brilliancy of those evenings, although then (as now) there were two "societies" which rarely mingled the one with the other. In Ireland it never has been as in England, where public differences seldom interrupt private intercourse, and where cordial friendships exist between persons of very opposite opinions in both religion and politics. But the poet Moore was an "influence" that rendered powerless, for a time, the evil spirit of Party; and it was not difficult, on such occasions as that I describe, to attract around him all that was most eminent and distinguished in the Irish capital. I was then very young—a hero-worshiper, as I have been from that day to this; and though he was to me "a star apart," I remember his cordial reception with an amount of gratitude that time has neither lessened nor weakened. It is a great privilege—the belief that I may repay some portion of the debt, nearly fifty years after it was contracted.

Among the guests on the evening to which I make special reference were the poet's father, mother, and sister—the sister to whom he was so fervently attached. The father was a plain, homely man;* nothing more, and assuming to be nothing more, than a Dublin tradesman. The mother evidently possessed a far higher mind. She, too, was retiring and unpretending; like her great son in features—with the same gentle yet sparkling eye, flexible and smiling mouth, and kindly and conciliating manners. It was to be learned, long afterward, how deep was the affection that existed in the poet's heart for these relatives—how fervid the love he bore them—how earnest the respect with which he invariably treated them—nay, how elevated was the pride with which he regarded them from first to last.

The sister, Ellen, was, I believe, slightly deformed; at least the memory to me is that of a small, delicate woman, with one shoulder "out." The expression of her countenance betokened suffering, having that peculiar "sharpness" which usually accompanies continuous bodily ailment.† I saw more of her some years afterward, and knew that her mind and disposition were essentially lovable. She was the poet's friend as well as sister.

To the mother—Anastasia Moore, *née* Codd, a humbly descended, homely, and almost uneducated woman‡—Moore gave intense respect and devoted affection, from the time that reason dawned upon him to the hour of her death. To her he wrote his first letter (in 1793), ending thus:

"Your absence all but ill endure,
And none so ill as—THOMAS MOORE."

And in the zenith of his fame, when society drew largely on his time, and the highest and best in the land coveted a portion of his leisure, with her he corresponded so regularly that at her death she possessed (so Mrs. Moore told me) four thousand of his letters. Never, according to the statement of Earl Russell, did he pass a week without writing to her *twice*, except while absent in Bermuda, when franks were not to be obtained, and postages were costly. When a world had tendered to him its homage, still the homely woman was his "darling mother," to whom he transmitted a record of his cares and triumphs, anxieties and hopes, as if he considered—as I verily believe he did consider—that to give her pleasure was the chief enjoyment of his life. His sister—"excellent Nell"—occupied only a second place in his heart; while his father received as much of his respect as if he had been the hereditary representative of a line of kings. All his life long "he continued," according to one of the most valued of his correspondents, "amidst the pleasures of the world, to preserve his home fireside affections true and genuine, as they were when a boy." To his mother he writes of all his facts and fancies; to her he opens his heart in its natural and innocent fullness; tells her of each thing, great or small, that, interesting him, must interest her—from his introduction to the Prince, and his visit to Niagara, to the acquisition of a pencil-case, and the purchase of a pocket-handkerchief. "You, dear mother," he writes, "can see neither frivolity nor egotism in these details."

Evidences of his deep love and veneration for his mother are sufficiently abundant. I add to them one more. The nephew of Mrs. Moore, Charles Murray, recently gave to me a small MS. volume of early poems, "written out" for his mother (it has no date); it is thus prefaced:

"For her who was the critic of my first infant productions I have transcribed the few little essays that follow. The smile of *her* approbation and the tear of *her* affection were the earliest rewards of my lisping numbers; and however the efforts of my maturer powers may aspire to the applause of a less partial judge, still will the praises which she bestows be dearer, far dearer, to my mind than any. The critic praises from the head—the mother praises from the heart. With *one* it is a tribute of the judgment; with the *other* it is a gift from the Soul."*

THOMAS MOORE.

THE BIRTH-PLACE OF THOMAS MOORE.

Of his father, "I have been able to make his latter days tranquil and comfortable."—When sitting beside his death-bed (in 1825) he was relieved by a burst of tears and prayers, and by "a sort of confidence that the Great and Pure Spirit above us could not be otherwise than pleased at what He saw passing in my mind."*

When Lord Wellesley (Lord Lieutenant), after the death of the father, proposed to continue the half-pay to the sister, Moore declined the offer, although he adds, "God knows how useful such aid would be to me, as God alone knows how I am to support all the burdens now heaped upon me;" and his wife was planning how "they might be able to do with one servant," that they might be the better able to assist his mother.

The poet was born at the corner of Aungier Street, Dublin, on the 28th of May, 1779, and died at Sloperton on the 25th of February,† 1852, at the age of seventy-two. What a full life it was! Industry a fellow-worker with Genius for nearly sixty years!

He was a sort of "show-child" almost from his birth, and could barely walk when it was jestingly said of him he passed all his nights with fairies on the hills. "He lisped in numbers, for the numbers came." Almost his earliest memory was his having been crowned king of a castle by some of his play-fellows. At his first school he was the show-boy of the schoolmaster; at thirteen years old he had written poetry that attracted and justified admiration. In 1797 he was a "man of mark" at the University. In 1798, at the age of nineteen, he had made "considerable progress" in translating the Odes of Anacreon; and in 1800 he was "patronized" and flattered by the Prince of Wales, who was "happy to know a man of his abilities," and "hoped they might have many opportunities of enjoying each other's society."‡

His earliest printed work, "Poems by Thomas Little," has been the subject of much, and perhaps merited, condemnation. Of Moore's own feeling in reference to these compositions of his thoughtless boyhood it may be right to amends by a life of the strictest virtuous propriety, equally exemplary as the husband, the father, and the man; and, as far as the muse is concerned, *more* ample amends, by melodies as sweet as Scriptural and sacred, and by weaving a tale of the richest Oriental colors which faithful affection and pity's tear have consecrated to all ages." This is the statement of his friend Rogers: "So heartily has Moore repented of having published 'Little's Poems' that I have seen him shed tears—tears of deep contrition—when we were talking of them." And thus writes Jeffrey: "He has long ago redeemed his error; in all his later works he appears as the eloquent champion of purity, fidelity, and delicacy, not less than of justice, liberty, and honor."

I allude to his early triumphs only to show that, while they would have "spoiled" nine men out of ten, they failed to taint the character of Moore. His modest estimate of himself was from first to last a leading feature in his character. Success never engendered egotism; honors never seemed to him only the recompense of desert: he largely magnified the favors he received, and seemed to consider as mere "nothings" the services he rendered, and the benefits he conferred. That was his great characteristic—all his life. I have myself evidence to adduce on this head. In illustration I print a letter I received from Moore, dated "Sloperton, November 29, 1843:"

"MY DEAR MR. HALL,—I am really and truly ashamed of myself for having let so many acts of kindness on your part remain unnoticed and unacknowledged on mine. But the world seems determined to make me a man of letters in more senses than one, and almost every day brings me such an influx of epistles from mere strangers that friends hardly ever get a line from me. My friend Washington Irving used to say, 'It is much easier to get a book from Moore than a letter.' But this has not been the case, I am sorry to say, of late; for the penny-post has become the sole channel of my inspirations. How *am* I to thank you sufficiently for all your and Mrs. Hall's kindness to me? She must come down here when the summer arrives, and be thanked *a quattr' occhi*—a far better way of thanking than at such a cold distance. Your letter to the mad Repealers was far too good and wise and gentle to have much effect upon such Rantipoles."*

The house in Aungier Street I have pictured. I visited it in 1864, and again in 1869. It was then, and still is, as it was in 1779, the dwelling of a grocer—altered only in so far as that a bust of the poet is placed over the door, and the fact that he was born there is recorded on a marble tablet.† May no modern "improvement" ever touch it!

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The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
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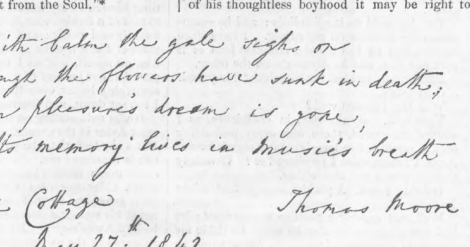
This humble dwelling of the humble tradesman



FAC-SIMILE OF MOORE'S HANDWRITING.

In 1806 Moore's father received, through the interest of Lord Moira, the post of Barrack-master in Dublin, and thus became independent. In 1815 "retrenchment" deprived him of that office, and he was placed on half-pay. The family had to seek aid from the son, who entreated them not to despond, but rather to thank Providence for having permitted them to enjoy the fruits of office so long, till he (the son) was "in a situation to keep them in comfort without it." "Thank Heaven," he writes afterward of his father, "I have been able to make his latter days tranquil and comfortable."—When sitting beside his death-bed (in 1825) he was relieved by a burst of tears and prayers, and by "a sort of confidence that the Great and Pure Spirit above us could not be otherwise than pleased at what He saw passing in my mind."*

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* Mrs. Moore—writing to me in May, 1864—told me I had a wrong impression as to Moore's father: that he was "handsome, full of fun, and with good manners." Moore calls him "one of Nature's gentlemen."

† Mrs. Moore wrote to me that here also I had a wrong impression. "She was only a little grown out in one shoulder, but with good health. Her expression was feeling, not suffering." "Dear Ellen," she added, "was the delight of every one who knew her—sang sweetly—her voice very like her brother's. She died suddenly, to the grief of my loving heart."

‡ She was born in Wexford, where her father kept a "general shop." Moore used to say, playfully, that he was called, in order to dignify his occupation, "a provision merchant." When on his way to Bannow, in 1835, to spend a few days with his friend, Thomas Boyse—a genuine gentleman of the good old school—he records his visit to the house of his maternal grandfather. "Nothing," he says, "could be more humble and mean than the little low house that remains to tell of his whereabouts."

I visited this house in the summer of 1864. It is still a small "general shop," situate in the old corn-market of Wexford. The rooms are more than usually "quaint." Here Mrs. Moore lived until within a few weeks of the birth of her illustrious son. We are gratified to record that, at our suggestion, a tablet has been placed over the entrance door, stating, in few words, the fact that there the mother was born and lived, and that to this house the poet came, on the 26th August, 1835, when in the zenith of his fame, to render homage to her memory. He thus writes of her and her birth-place in his "Notes" of that year: "One of the noblest-minded, as well as most warm-hearted, of all God's creatures was born under that lowly roof." (I have used the words "at our suggestion," but, in fact, it was at our sole cost that the tablet was so placed. We had thought it in better taste to erect it by subscription; but the attempt to raise money for the purpose was a failure.)

* The book is written in a somewhat boyish hand—that of Moore in his youth. On a fly-leaf, in the later hand of the poet, is this passage: "Very juvenile poems, indeed."

* At a grand dinner given to him in Dublin (his father and mother being both present), on the health of Mr. Moore senior being given, Moore said: "If I deserve (which I can not persuade myself I do) one-half of the honors you have this day heaped upon me, to *him*, and to the education which he struggled hard to give me, I owe it all. Yes, gentlemen, to him and to an admirable mother—one of the warmest hearts even this land of warm hearts ever produced—whose highest ambition for her son has ever been that independent and unbought approbation of her countrymen, which, thank God, she lives this day to witness."

† I find in Earl Russell's Memoir the date given as the 26th February; but Mrs. Moore altered it (in a letter to me) to February 25.

‡ On the 9th of April, 1795, at a meeting of Roman Catholics in Dublin, the youth Thomas Moore made a speech. On that day Moore headed a large body of students of the University, and presented an address to Henry Grattan. Moore's address was energetic, eloquent, and impressive: it was a fervid demand for "emancipation," of which he was all his life long the earnest advocate. The following is a passage from that speech: "In declaring their sensations on this day, at this important period, the youth of Ireland, the nation's rising sun, bursting from these clouds of bigotry, opacity, and darkness, with which they have been enveloped—give you—give Ireland—a solemn instance of uncorrupted honor and pure integrity; an instance at which the Minister of Britain, in his plenitude of power, must stand appalled, and conclude that the 'rising, as well as the passing generation,' unite in one voice—the voice of reason and justice—for your emancipation—that basis of liberty, that pledge of reform."

* Alluding to a Letter I had printed concerning the Irish agitation for Repeal of the Union.

† I regret to say it *was* so recorded. I procured a white marble slab, had the fact of his birth in that house engraved upon it, and obtained the sanction of the owner of the house to put it over the door. I paid the expense of so fixing it. In 1869, on visiting the house, I found, to my surprise and indignation, that it had been removed. On my inquiring of the *then* occupier the cause of this outrage, he coolly informed me that when the house was repainted he took it down, and had not thought it worth while to restore it. I asked him if he would do so on my paying the cost; but he declined to give me any promise to that effect. I endeavored to induce him to give me back the slab, but that also he refused to do.

I trust this note will draw the attention of some more powerful "intercessor" to the discreditable fact, and that an Irishman will do what I, as an Englishman, failed to do.

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is the house of which the poet speaks in so many of his early letters and memoranda. Here, when a child in years, he arranged a debating society, consisting of himself and his father's two "clerks;" here he picked up a little Italian from a kindly old priest who had passed some time in Italy, and obtained a "smattering of French;" here his tender mother watched over his boyhood, proud of his opening promise, and hopeful, yet apprehensive, of his future; here he and his sister, "excellent Nell," acquired music, first upon an old harpsichord, obtained by his father in discharge of a debt, and afterward on a piano, to buy which his loving mother had saved up all superfluous pence. Either she came—not less proudly, yet as fondly as ever—when college magnates gave him honors, and the Viceroy had received him as a guest.

In 1835 he records "a visit to No. 12 Aungier Street, where I was born;" "visited every part of the house; the small old yard and its appurtenances; the small dark kitchen, where I used to have my bread and milk; the front and drawing rooms; the bedrooms and garrets—murmuring, 'Only think, a grocer's still!'" "The many thoughts that came rushing upon me while thus visiting the house where the first twenty years of my life were passed may be more easily conceived than told." He records, with greater unction than he did his visit to the Prince of Wales, his sitting with the grocer and his wife at their table, and drinking in a glass of their wine her and her husband's "good health." Thence he went, with all his "recollections of the old shop about him," to a grand dinner at the Viceregal Lodge!

I spring with a single line from the year 1822, when I knew him first, to the year 1845, when circumstances enabled us to enjoy the long-looked-for happiness of visiting Moore and his beloved wife in their home—Sloperton.*

The poet was then in his sixty-fifth year, and had, in a great measure, retired from actual labor; indeed, it soon became evident to us that the faculty for continuous toil no longer existed. Happily it was not absolutely needed; for, with very limited wants, there was a sufficiency—a bare sufficiency, however, for there were no means to procure either the elegancies or the luxuries which so frequently become necessaries, and a longing for which might have been excused in one who had been the friend of peers and the associate of princes.

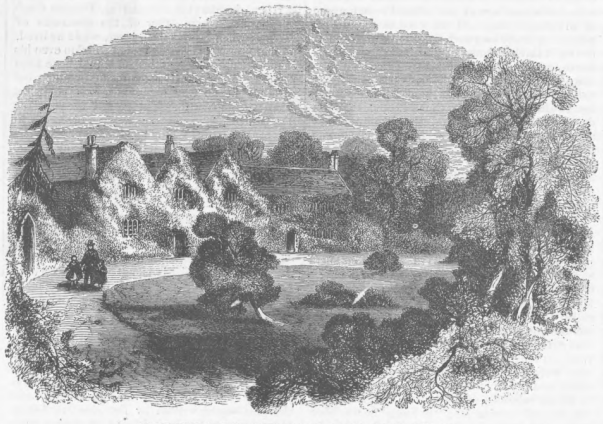
The forests and fields that surround Bowood, the mansion of the Marquis of Lansdowne, neighbor the poet's humble dwelling; the spire of the village church—the church of Bromham—beside the portals of which he now "rests"—is seen above adjacent trees. Laborers' cottages are scattered all about. They are a heavy and unimaginative race, those peasants of Wiltshire; and, knowing their neighbor had written books, they could by no means get rid of the idea that he was the writer of "Moore's Almanack!" and perpetually greeted him with a salutation, in hopes to receive in return some prognostic of the weather that might guide them in arrangements for seed-time and harvest. Once, when he had lost his way—wandering till midnight—he roused up the inmates of a cottage in search of a guide to Sloperton, and found he was close to his own gate. "Ah, Sir," said the peasant, "that comes of yer sky-scraping!"

He was fond of telling of himself such simple anecdotes as this; indeed, I remember his saying that no public applause had ever given him so much pleasure as a compliment from a half-wild countryman, who stood right in his path on a quay in Dublin, and exclaimed, slightly altering the words of Byron, "Three cheers for Tommy Moore, the *pote* of all circles, and the *darlint* of his own."

I recall him at this moment—his small form and intellectual face, rich in expression, and that expression the sweetest, the most gentle, and the kindliest. He had still in age the same bright and clear eye, the same gracious smile, the same suave and winning manner, I had noticed as the attributes of his comparative youth: a forehead not remarkably broad or high, but singularly impressive, firm, and full, with the organs of music and gayety large, and those of benevolence and veneration greatly preponderating. Tenerani, when making his bust, praised the form of his ears. The nose, as observed in all his portraits, was somewhat upturned. Standing or sitting, his head was invariably upraised, owing, perhaps, mainly to his shortness of stature. He had so much bodily activity as to give him the character of restlessness; and no doubt that usual accompaniment of genius was eminently his. His hair was, at the time I speak of, thin and very gray, and he wore his hat with the "jaunty" air that has been often remarked as a peculiarity of the Irish. In dress, although far from slovenly, he was by no means particular. Leigh Hunt, writing of him in the prime of life, says: "His forehead is bony and full of character, with 'bumps' of wit large and radiant enough to transport a phrenologist. His eyes are as dark and fine as you would wish to see under a set of vine leaves; his mouth generous and good-humored, with dimples." Jeffrey, in one of his letters, says of him: "He is the sweetest-blooded, warmest-hearted, happiest, hopefulest creature that ever set fortune at defiance." He writes also of "the buoyancy of his spirits, and the inward light of his mind;" and adds, "There is nothing gloomy or bitter in his ordinary talk, but rather a wild, rough, boyish pleasantry, more like nature than his poetry." This is the tribute of Scott: "There is a manly frankness, with perfect ease and good-breeding, about him, which is delightful." In 1835 this portrait of the poet was drawn by the American, N. P. Willis: "His eyes sparkle like a Champagne bubble; there is a kind of wintry red, of the tinge of an October leaf, that seems enameled on his cheek; his lips are delicately cut, slight, and changeable as an aspen; the slightly tossed nose confirms the fun of the expression; and altogether it is a face that sparkles, beams, radiates."

"The light that surrounds him is all from within."

He had but little voice; yet he sung with a depth of sweetness that charmed all hearers: it was true melody, and told upon the heart as well as the ear. No doubt much of this charm was derived from association; for it was only his own melodies he sung. It would be difficult to describe the effect of his singing.* I remember some one saying to me it conveyed an idea of what a mermaid's song might be. Thrice I heard him sing "As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow"—once in 1822, once at Lady Blessington's, and once in my own house. Those who can recall the touching words of that song, and unite them with the deep yet tender pathos of the music, will be at no loss to conceive the intense delight of his auditors.



SLOPERTON, THE DWELLING OF THOMAS MOORE.

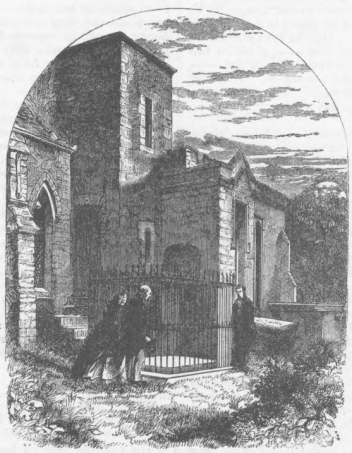
I occasionally met Moore in public, and once or twice at public dinners. One of the most agreeable evenings I ever passed was in 1830, at a dinner given to him by the members of "The Literary Union." That "club" was founded in 1829 by the poet Campbell. I may have to speak of it when I write a Memory of him. Moore was then in strong health, and in the zenith of his fame. There were many men of mark about him—leading wits and men of letters. He was full of life, sparkling and brilliant in all he said, rising every now and then to say something that gave the hearers delight, and looking as if "dull care" had been ever powerless to check the overflowing of his soul. But although no bard of any age knew better how to

"Wreathe the bowl with flowers of soul,"

he had acquired the power of self-restraint, and could "stop" when the glass was circulating too freely.†

Moore sat for his portrait to Shee, Lawrence, Newton, Maclise, Mulvany, and Richmond, and to the sculptors Tenerani, Chantry, Kirk, and Moore. On one occasion of his sittings he says, "Having nothing in my round potato face but what painters can not catch—mobility of character—the consequence is that a portrait of me can be only one or other of two disagreeable things—a *caput mortuum* or a caricature." Richmond's portrait was taken in 1843. Indeed, the only one of his poems to which he made any special reference was the "Lines on the Death of Sheridan," of which he said, "That is one of the few things I have written of which I am really proud."

The anecdotes he told me were all of the class of those I have related—simple, unostentatious. He has been frequently charged with the weakness of undue respect for the aristocracy. I never heard him, during the whole of our intercourse, speak of great people with whom he had been intimate; never a word of the honors accorded to him; and certainly he never uttered a sentence of satire, or censure, or harshness concerning any one of his contemporaries. I remember his describing with proud warmth his visit to his friend Boyse, at Bannow, in the County of Wexford; the delight he enjoyed at receiving the homage of bands of the peasantry gathered to greet him; the arches of green leaves under which he passed; and the dances with the pretty peasant girls—one in particular, with whom he led off a country dance. Would that those who fancied him a tuft-hunter could have heard him! they would have seen how really humble was his heart.* Reference to his Journal will show that of all his contemporaries—whenever he spoke of them—he had something kindly to say. There is no evidence of ill-nature in any case—not a shadow of envy or jealousy. The sturdiest Scottish grazier could not have been better pleased than he was to see the elegant home—evidence of prosperity—Abbotsford.



THE GRAVE OF THOMAS MOORE.

The house at Sloperton is a small cottage, for which Moore paid originally the sum of £40 a year, "furnished." Subsequently, however, he became its tenant under a repairing lease, at £18 annual rent. He took possession of it in November 1817. Bessy was "not only satisfied, but delighted with it, which shows the humility of her taste," writes Moore to his mother; "for it is a small thatched cottage, and we get it, furnished, for £40 a year."† "It has a small garden and lawn in front, and a kitchen-garden behind; along two of the sides of this kitchen-garden is a raised bank"—the poet's "terrace-walk;" so he loved to call it. Here a small deal table stood through all weathers; for it was his custom to compose as he walked, and at this table to pause and write down his thoughts.* Hence he had always a view of the setting sun; and I believe few things on earth gave him more pleasure than practically to realize the line,

"How glorious the sun looked in sinking!"

for, as Mrs. Moore informed us, he very rarely missed that sight.

In 1811, the year of his marriage, he lived at York Terrace, Queen's Elm, Brompton. Mrs. Moore told us it was then a pretty house. The Terrace was isolated, and opposite nursery gardens.† Long afterward (in 1824) he went to Brompton to "indulge himself with a sight of that house." In 1812 he was settled at Kegworth,‡ and in 1813 at Mayfield Cottage, near Ashbourne, in Derbyshire. Of Mayfield one of his friends, who, twenty years afterward, accompanied him there to see it, remarks on the small, solitary, and now wretched-looking cottage where all the fine "Orientalism" and "sentimentalism" had been engendered. Of this cottage he himself writes, "It was a poor place, little better than a barn; but we at once took it, and set about making it habitable." The rent Moore paid for it was £20 a year. It was then "within twenty-four hours' drive of town," *i. e.*, London. It is no better than a poor place now. I visited the house in the autumn of 1869, in company with my friend Llewellyn Jewett, who furnishes me with the following description:

"Situate only a couple of miles from Ashbourne, within walking distance of Dove Dale, and in the midst of most charming scenery, Mayfield Cottage may have become a delicious, though it was a homely retreat. The cottage is a plain square building, with a hipped roof. In front is a small flower-garden, slightly terraced, and a path leads up to the front-door, which is in the centre of the building, and is covered with a simple trellised porch. There are only four windows—two on the ground-floor, one in the 'houseplace' and the other in the 'parlor,' and two up stairs in the bedrooms. The rooms are small, and have brick floors, and have nothing 'cozy,' or nice, or inviting about them. There are also a kitchen and a dairy on the ground-floor, for the cottage is now a small farm-house. The bedrooms are, like the lower apartments, small and uninviting. The poet's own room—that in which he slept—is the one on the left, and on a pane of the window the following lines are scratched on the glass, and are said—though without any evidence—to have been so scratched by Moore himself:

'I ask not always in your breast
In solitude to be;
But whether mournful, whether blest,
Sometimes remember me.
Old Moore's Almanack.

'I ask not always for thy smile,
Lot of some happier one;
But sometimes be with feelings fraught
O'er joys now past and gone.

'I ask not always for those sighs
Which make thy bosom swell;
But still in this fond heart of mine
Those strong affections dwell.'

I have placed a portrait of Moore over the chimney-piece in that room. The front of the cottage is partly overgrown with foliage, and is surrounded by trees; there is a small 'arbor,' where the poet was wont to sit and write, but the room he is said to have usually 'written in' is now used as a dairy: even when he resided there it must have been sadly unsuited to his mind."

At Mayfield "Lalla Rookh" was written; and here it was "little Barbara and I rolled about in the hay-field before our door till I was much more hot and tired than my little play-fellow." The district has other memories. Not far off resided for a time Jean Jacques Rousseau, and here he wrote his "Confessions;" Ward, the author of "Tremaine," here lived and worked: the Dove is consecrated to the memories of Walton and Cotton—here they studied the gentle craft; Congreve, not far off, penned his first drama; Dr. Johnson visited here his friend Dr. Taylor; Dr. Greaves, the author of "The Spiritual Quixote," had his home here; and here—or rather not far off—is laid the scene of one of the most remarkable novels of modern time, "Adam Bede." Moreover, the Dove is one of the very loveliest rivers of England.

Moore had a public appointment. As Burns was made a gauger because he was partial to whisky, Moore was made "Registrar to the Admiralty" in Bermuda, where his principal duty was to "overhaul the accounts of skippers and their mates." Being called to England, his affairs were placed in charge of a superintendent, who betrayed him, and left him answerable for a heavy debt, which rendered necessary a temporary residence in Paris. The debt, however, was paid, not by the aid of friends, some of whom would have gladly relieved him of it, but literally by "the sweat of his brow." Exactly so it was when the MS. "Life of Byron" was burned: it was by Moore, and not by the relatives of Byron (nor by aid of friends), the money he had received was returned to the publisher

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* Our intercourse was a result of his having quoted, in his "History of Ireland," some stanzas from a poem I had written, entitled "Jerpoint Abbey"—privately printed in 1823.

* In 1806 Lucy Aitken thus wrote of the young poet: "He sung us some of his own sweet little songs, set to his own music, and rendered doubly touching by a voice the most sweet, an utterance the most articulate, and expression the most deep and varied that I had ever witnessed."

† At the memorable dinner of the Literary Fund, at which the good Prince Albert presided (on the 11th May, 1842), the two poets, Campbell and Moore, had to make speeches. The author of the "Pleasures of Hope," heedless of the duty that devolved upon him, had "confused his brain." Moore came on the evening of that day to our house; and I well remember the terms of deep sorrow and bitter reproach in which he spoke of the lamentable impression that one of the great authors of the age and country must have left on the mind of the royal chairman, then new among us.

It is gratifying to record that the temptations to which the great lyric poet Thomas Moore was so often and so peculiarly exposed were ever powerless for wrong.

* I have seen the following passage from the Journal quoted as evidence of the mean subservicncy of Moore: "Called at Lansdowne House, *and was let in.*" The generous critic overlooked another passage in the Journal as follows: "Lord Lansdowne called, *and was let in.*"

† One of Mrs. Moore's dearest friends informs me that Moore "almost entirely rebuilt the lower part of the cottage. The drawing-room remained as of old; the library had a small ante-room added to it, the wall and door being removed, the whole raised, and the ceiling arched."

* He was always in motion when he composed. If the weather prevented his walking on the terrace, he would pace up and down his small study: the length of his walk was indicated by the state of the carpet; the places where his steps turned were, at both ends, worn into holes.

† It is now part and parcel of a populous suburb—a house in a row. I regret that I can not indicate the number, but believe it to be No. 5.

‡ His daughter Anastasia Mary was born here on the 4th February, 1813. Of Kegworth he writes: "Bessy is quite pleased with our new house, and runs wild about the large garden, which is certainly a delightful emancipation for her after our very limited domain at Brompton."

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who had advanced it.* "The glorious privilege of being independent" was indeed essentially his—in his boyhood, throughout his manhood, and in advanced age—always!

In 1799 he came to London to enter at the Middle Temple. His first lodging was at 44 George Street, Portman Square. Very soon afterward we find him declining a loan of money proffered by Lady Donegal. He thanked God for the many sweet things of this kind He had thrown in his way, yet at that moment he was "terribly puzzled how to pay his tailor." In 1811 his friend Douglas, who had just received a large legacy, handed him a blank check, that he might fill it up for any sum he needed. "I did not accept the offer," writes Moore to his mother, "but you may guess my feelings." Yet, just then, he had been compelled to draw on his publisher, Power, for a sum of £30, "to be repaid partly in songs," and was sending his mother a second-day paper, which he was enabled "to purchase at rather a cheap rate." Even in 1842 he was "haunted worryingly," not knowing how to meet his son Russell's draft for £100; and a year afterward he utterly drained his banker to send £50 to his son Tom. Once, being anxious that Bessy should have some money for the poor at Bromham, he sent a friend £5, requesting him to forward it to Bessy, as from himself; and when urged by some thoughtless person to make a larger allowance to his son Tom, in order that he might "live like a gentleman," he writes, "If *I* had thought but of living like a gentleman, what would have become of my dear father and mother, of my sweet sister Nell, of my admirable Bessy's mother?" He declined to represent Limerick in Parliament, on the ground that his "circumstances were not such as to justify coming into Parliament at all, because to the labor of the day I am indebted for my daily support." He must have a miserable soul who could sneer at the poet studying how he might manage to recompense the doctor who would "take no fees;" or at his "amusement" when Bessy was "calculating whether they could afford the expense of a fly to Devizes;" or when he writes of his wife's "democratic pride," that makes her "prefer the company of her equals to that of her superiors;" or at his thinking she never looked so handsome as when (in 1830) sitting by his mother's side (in Abbey Street), and with his sister Nell, "just the same gentle spirit as ever" —"had a most happy family dinner;" and next day receiving the homage of a score of noted and dignified admirers. It was with many as it was with the poet Bowles, who "delighted to visit the Moores," they "had such pleasant faces."

As with his mother, so with his wife: from the year 1811, the year of his marriage,† to that of his death, in 1852, she received from him the continual homage of a lover; away from her, no matter what were his allurements, he was ever longing to be at home. Those who love, as he did, wife, children, and friends, will appreciate —although the worldling can not—such commonplace sentences as these: "Pulled some heath on Ronan's Island (Killarney) to send to my dear Bessy;" when in Italy, "got letters from my sweet Bessy, more precious to me than all the wonders I can see;" while in Paris, "sending for Bessy and my little ones; wherever they are will be home, and a happy home, to me." When absent (which was rarely for more than a week), no matter where or in what company, seldom a day passed that he did not write a letter to Bessy. The home enjoyments, reading to her, making her the depositary of all his thoughts and hopes—they were his deep delights, compensations for time spent amidst scenes and with people who had no space in his heart.‡ Ever, when in "terrible request," his thoughts and his heart were there—in

> "That dear Home, that saving Ark,
> Where love's true light at last I've found,
> Cheering within, when all grows dark
> And comfortless and stormy round."

This is the tribute of Earl Russell to the wife of the poet Moore: "The excellence of his wife's moral character, her energy and courage, her persevering economy, made her a better and even a richer partner to Moore than an heiress of ten thousand a year would have been, with less devotion to her duty, and less steadiness of conduct." The "democratic pride" of which Moore speaks was the pride that is ever above a mean action, always sustaining him in proud independence.

In March, 1846, his Diary contains this sad passage: "The last of my five children is gone, and we are left desolate and alone; not a single relation have I in this world."§ His sweet mother had died in 1832; "excellent Nell" in 1846; his father in 1825; and his children one after another, three of them in youth, and two grown up to manhood—his two boys, Tom and Russell, the first-named of whom died in Africa (in 1846), an officer in the French service, the other at Sloperton (in 1842), soon after his return from India, having been compelled by ill health to resign his commission as a lieutenant in the Twenty-fifth regiment. In 1835 the influence of Lord Lansdowne and Lord John Russell obtained for Moore a pension of £300 a year from Lord Melbourne's government—"as due from any government, but much more from one some of the members of which are proud to think themselves your friends." The "wolf, poverty," therefore, in his latter years, did not "prowl" so continually about his door. But there was no fund for luxuries—none for the extra comforts that old age requires. Mrs. Moore received on the death of her husband a pension of £100 a year, and she had also the interest of the sum of £3000—the sum paid by the ever liberal friends of the poet, the Longmans, for the Memoirs and Journal edited by Lord John, now Earl, Russell—a "lord" whom the poet dearly loved.

When his Diary was published—as from time to time volumes of it appeared—slander was busy with the fame of one of the best and most upright of all the men that God ennobled by the gift of genius. For my own part, I seek in vain through the eight thick volumes of that Diary for any evidence that can lessen the poet in this high estimate. I find, perhaps, too many passages fitted only for the eye of love, or the ear of sympathy; but I read *none* that show the poet other than the devoted and loving husband, the thoughtful and affectionate parent, the considerate and generous friend.

That these volumes contain many pages that are valueless is certain, but that they contain any thing to the poet's discredit or dishonor is utterly untrue.

Those who read his Journal with generous sympathy can not fail to have augmented esteem and affection for "the man." His stern independence might have yielded to temptations such as few receive, and very few resist. He preserved it to the last, under circumstances such as any of his many great and wealthy friends would have called "poverty." Of luxuries, from the commencement of his career to its close, he had literally none. His necessities were at times severe, but they were never published to the world; nay, were never obtruded even on those who could, and certainly would, have made them less. In all the relations of life he was faithful, affectionate, and considerate; "at home" he was ever loving and beloved; there he was happiest by rendering his limited circle happy.

The biographers of poets are almost proverbial for diminishing the giant to the dwarf. With a few grand exceptions, we find the loftiest precepts humiliated by the meanest examples, social intercourse degraded by frequent inebriation, poverty callous to the "glorious privilege," condescending to notoriety instead of suffering in solitude; so mingling the vices with the virtues that worshipers eagerly draw the veil over genius in private life, willing to "make allowances," and content with the record, "They are not as other men are."

How few great men are heroes in their daily communion!

The poet Moore is one of the very few of whom we may think and speak without a blush. The cavils and sneers of those who do not or can not understand him are limited to the "crimes" of his dining with lords, and delighting in the courtesies of flatterers in rags. Had he been a sensualist like ——, a drunkard like ——, a pitiful borrower like ——, a truckler for place like ——, critics might have been less severe. Alas! my own experience might readily fill up these blanks; so may any one who has a large "literary acquaintance."

I honor the memory of Moore for the virtues he had and the vices he had not.

When these Memoirs were first published there were some critics who received them with a howl of derision. It was an Irish howl—unreasoning, bitter, malignant. It came almost exclusively from his own countrymen. A pamphlet was printed by Charles Phillips, sometime known as "the Irish orator," who, having obtained a sort of renown at the bar in Ireland, left the country, and practiced chiefly at the Old Bailey, in London. He obtained one of the Commissionerships in Bankruptcy, and was far more prosperous as to worldly circumstances than was Moore at any period of his life.*

The atrocious attack on the memory of Moore in the *Quarterly Review* was written by John Wilson Croker, who for many years held the lucrative post of Secretary to the Admiralty. There are many living who remember this busybody of the House of Commons. Small of person, active, energetic, and undoubtedly able, his party found in him a zealous and unscrupulous partisan. He is the Crawley Junior of the novel, "Florence Macarthy," by Lady Morgan, who detested him, and she was "a good hater." He was one of the originators of the *John Bull* newspaper, and from him it received its tone of private slander and public turpitude. It is, I believe, Madden who says of him, "His memory is buried beneath a pyramid of scalps."

The article in the *Quarterly* was a shameful article. It was the old illustration of the dead lion and the living dog. Yet Croker could at that time be scarcely described as living; it was from his death-bed he shot the poisoned arrow. And what brought out the venom? Merely a few careless words of Moore's, in which he described Croker as "a scribbler of all work;" words that Earl Russell would have erased if it had occurred to him to do so. No doubt, however, long-pent-up wrath thus found vent. They were political opponents from the first, and although of Moore it may be safely said, "He lacked gall to make oppression bitter," it was the very opposite with John Wilson Croker.

His namesake (but no relative), Thomas Crofton Croker, was another of the assailants of Moore—when he was dead; yet, while he lived, no man more eagerly coveted to worship even his shadow; his very shoe-ties he would have been proud to unloose. By some means or other, but certainly in no way creditable, was published a series of letters that had passed between the poet and his song publishers, the Powers; with whom, no doubt, he had occasional misunderstandings, but who were his firm friends to the last, the daughter of Mr. Power being one of the executors to the will of the poet's widow, and, as I have stated, he it was who gave Mrs. Moore away at their marriage in 1811. The title-page of this foolish, needless, and useless book states that its publication "was suppressed in London." A publisher was, however, found for it in America; and Crofton Croker prefaced it by an "Introductory Letter." It is not worth while now to confute the statements made in that preface—an example of "safe malignity;" but they might be confuted easily.

I knew Crofton Croker during many years of his life; he was a small man—small in mind as well as in body; doing many little things, but none of them well: his literary fame rests on his "Irish Fairy Legends"—a book of which he was only the editor. Most of the stories—and those the best—were written by Dr. Maginn, Joseph Humphreys (a Quaker), Pigot (the present Irish Chief Baron), Keightly, and Charles Dodd—subsequently the compiler of the "Parliamentary Guide." I was the writer of two of them.

I might take note of other Irishmen who, when the poet Moore was dead, and, therefore, an adversary who could be insulted safely, did their best to dishonor his name, and cast a slur upon his memory; but the subject is not a pleasant one. Is it not Macaulay who speaks of "abject natures, whose delight is in the agonies of powerful spirits, and in the abasement of immortal names?"

Of a truth, it was well said, "A prophet is never without honor save in his own country." The proverb is especially true as regards Irish prophets. Assuredly Moore was, and is, more popular in every part of the world than he was, or is, in Ireland. The reason is plain: he was, so to speak, of two parties, yet of neither; the one could not forgive his early aspirations for liberty, uttered in imperishable verse; the other could not pardon what they called his desertion of their cause, when he saw that England was willing to do, and was doing, "justice to Ireland."

Let it be inscribed on his tomb, that ever, amidst privations and temptations, the allurements of grandeur and the suggestions of poverty, he preserved his self-respect; bequeathing no property, but leaving no debts; having had no "testimonial" of acknowledgment or reward; seeking none, nay, avoiding any; making millions his debtors for intense delight, and acknowledging himself paid by "the poet's need, the tribute of a smile;" never truckling to power; laboring ardently and honestly for his political faith, but never lending to party that which was meant for mankind; proud, and rightly proud, of his self-obtained position; but neither scorning nor slighting the humble root from which he sprung.

He was born and bred a Roman Catholic; but his creed was entirely and purely Catholic. Charity was the outpouring of his heart: its pervading essence was that which he expressed in one of his Melodies:

> "Shall I ask the brave soldier, who fights by my side
> In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree?
> Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried,
> If he kneel not before the same altar with me?"

His children were all baptized and educated members of the Church of England. He attended the parish church, and according to the ritual of that church he was buried. It was not any outward change of religion, but homage to a purer and holier faith, that induced him to have his children brought up as members of the English Church. "For myself," he says, "my having married a Protestant wife gave me opportunity of choosing a religion at least for my children; and if my marriage had no other advantage, I should think *this* quite sufficient to be grateful for."

Moore was the eloquent advocate of his country when it was oppressed, goaded, and socially enthralled; but when time and enlightened policy removed all distinctions between the Irishman and the Englishman—between the Protestant and the Roman Catholic—his muse was silent, because content; nay, he protested in emphatic verse against a continued agitation that retarded her progress, when her claims were admitted, her rights acknowledged, and her wrongs redressed.*

The poetry of Thomas Moore has been more extensively read than that of any modern poet; those who might not have sought it otherwise have become familiar with it through the medium of the delicious music to which it has been wedded; and it would be difficult to find a single educated individual in Great Britain unable to repeat some of his verses. No writer has enjoyed a popularity so universal; and if an author's position is to depend on the delight he produces, we must class the author of "Lalla Rookh" and of the "Irish Melodies" as "chiefest of the bards" of modern times.

But reference to the genius of Moore is needless. My object in this Memory is to offer homage to his moral and social worth. The world that willingly acknowledges its debt to the poet has been less ready to estimate the high and estimable character—the loving and faithful nature—of the man. There are, however, many—may this humble tribute augment the number!—by whom the memory of Thomas Moore is cherished in the heart of hearts; to whom the cottage at Sloperton will be a shrine while they live; the grave beside the village church of Bromham a monument better loved than that of any other of the men of genius by whom the world is delighted, enlightened, and refined.

Two years and two months—mournful years and months—Moore may be said to have lain on his death-bed—dying all that weary time; his mind almost obliterated; restorations to reason being only occasional, and very partial. His disease was softening of the brain. Sometimes he knew and recognized his "Bessy;" generally she was an utter stranger to his soul until it was released from its earth-fetters. During the whole of that sad period she was never for an hour out of his room.* She told us that when intelligence was at all active he would ask her to read the Bible, but his great delight was to hear her sing; that his frequent desire was for a hymn, "Come to Jesus," in the refrain of which he always joined, and which he often asked her to sing for him a second time. Almost his last words—and they were frequently repeated—were, "Lean upon God, Bessy; lean upon God!"

It was, in truth, a mournful sight; but few saw it; none, indeed, except the "dear wife," one attendant, and the clergyman of the parish and his daughter, the loved and trusted friend of both the poet and his wife. A great man, so clinging unwillingly to earth, so awaiting patiently, and yet eagerly, the call of his Master—it is sad, but not altogether sad, to contemplate: it is better, nevertheless, to draw a veil over the "last scene of all."

A statue, in bronze, of the poet was erected on a space of ground that faces Trinity College, and in October, 1857, it was inaugurated. It was the first statue ever raised in a public thoroughfare of the Irish metropolis to an Irishman; and although as a work of art it is but a poor affair, it is at least a record that Ireland was not altogether oblivious of the great man who will be for all time one of its glories. On that occasion one of the most eloquent of Irishmen mourned over the melancholy fact that fame acquired by an Irishman creates no thrill of joy in the hearts of his countrymen; that honors accorded to him by every part of the world are accepted in that country without response. These are the impressive words of Baron O'Hagan: "It is the sorrow and the shame of Ireland—proverbially *incuriosa suorum*—that she has been heretofore too much in this respect an exception among the civilized kingdoms of the earth. And the sorrow and the shame have not been less because she has been the parent of many famous men—of thinkers and poets and patriots and warriors and statesmen—whose memory should be to her a precious heritage, and of many of whom she might speak in the language of the Florentine of old—

> 'Tanto nomini nullum par eulogium.'"

The orator hoped for a more auspicious future for Irishmen; but as yet it has not come, although he is himself one of the most emphatic proofs that England has done "justice" to Ireland. When Baron O'Hagan was born—and he is not an old man—no Roman Catholic could have been even a Queen's Counsel. He, a Roman Catholic, is Lord High Chancellor of Ireland; eight Roman Catholics wear the ermine in their own country; and a Roman Catholic has recently been a judge in England. A hundred pages could not add weight to this single fact with a view to illustrate the changed condition of Ireland, and the altered sentiments of England as regards Ireland. I believe that Moore is now, and was during his lifetime, less worthily appreciated and truly honored in Ireland than in any other country of the world.

While a Scottish man is, so to speak, born to an annuity—for his countrymen ever lend him "a helping hand," and consider they share, though it may be but a tiny part, of the fame he achieves—it is mournful, yet very true, to say of Ireland that with its people it is the opposite.

Moore, at least in the latter part of his life, knew and bitterly felt that dismal truth.

"That God is love," writes his friend and biographer, Earl Russell, "was the summary of his belief; that a man should love his neighbor as himself seems to have been the rule of his life." The good Earl of Carlisle, inaugurating the statue of the poet, bore testimony to his moral and social worth "in all the holy relations of life—as son, as brother, as husband, as father,

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* The recent statements of Mr. Murray are not of such a nature as to leave any doubt concerning this assertion. It is not disputed that the money he had received was paid back by Moore.

† Moore was married to Miss Elizabeth Dyke, at St. Martin's Church, London, on the 25th March, 1811, and Mrs. Ellison writes to me: "She was given away by my father [Mr. Power], her mother, Mrs. Dyke, and her youngest daughter, being present. That sister afterward became the wife of Mr. Murray, of Edinburgh, and the mother of the nephew who is Mrs. Moore's heir."

‡ In one of Moore's letters to me, dated Sloperton, August 23, 1844, he writes: "I have been once in town since I saw you, and your name was foremost in the list of those I meant to call upon. But a sudden illness of Mrs. Moore caused me to hurry down here, and leave business, calls on friends, and all other such pleasures and duties unattended to."

§ The five children were—Anne Jane Barbara, born in 1812 at Brompton; Anastasia Mary, born at Kegworth in 1813; Olivia Byron, born at Mayfield in 1814; Thomas Lansdowne Parr, born at Sloperton in 1815; John Russell, born at Sloperton in 1823.

* As I wrote and printed the following passages—in April, 1853—shortly after Phillips published his pamphlet, and, of course, while he was living, I need not hesitate to reprint them here. Phillips threatened to prosecute me for libel. He did not carry out his threat, but withdrew the pamphlet from circulation:

"It has long been notorious that if it be desired to ruin an Irishman, you can easily find an Irishman to do it; nay, there is a sort of proverb, 'Put an Irishman upon a spit, and you'll always find another Irishman to turn it.' Mr. Phillips has added force to this opinion. An old man, in the self-reproach arising out of a career that has reflected, to say the least, no credit on his country, endeavors, as perhaps the latest act of his life, to prove the baseness and the wretchedness, nay, the infidelity, of a man as superior to his calumniator, in all that men esteem and venerate, as the light-giving sun is to the unwholesome vapors that sicken earth. Supposing for a brief moment all the statements of Counselor Phillips to be as true as they are untrue, to what possible motive, except the very worst that may dishonor a gentleman, can their publication be attributed? But few months have elapsed since the great poet and good man has been consigned to the grave—a humble grave in a remote church-yard of a country village. His childless widow's days of mourning are but commenced, when this infamous attack is made upon his memory, in the wretched hope and expectation that the world will abhor the name that for more than half a century has been respected and loved."

* Moore's friend, Thomas Boyse, of Bannow, thus wrote to me on the eve of Moore's death: "I know not whether you are aware that he whose loss we are soon to deplore would never join in the frantic movement of O'Connell for Repeal, and that, therefore (what a therefore!), the then omnipotent *Tribune* at once whispered down the name and fame of our friend 'from the Giant's Causeway to Cape Clear.' O'Connell denounced him as an enemy to freedom, and an apostate from the cause of Ireland! You are aware of what effects must result from such a sentence, pronounced by such a tribunal."

* The following passage I find in one of her letters to Mrs. Hall: "I write in his room, but can hardly see; my eyes are very weak."

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as friend;" and on the same occasion Baron O'Hagan thus expressed himself, "He was faithful to all the sacred obligations and all the dear charities of domestic life—he was the idol of a household."

Perhaps a better, though a briefer, summary of the character of Thomas Moore than any of these may be given in the words of Dr. Parr, who bequeathed to him a ring: "To one who stands high in my estimation for original genius, for his exquisite sensibility, for his independent spirit, and incorruptible integrity."

On the 4th of September, 1865, the estimable wife of the poet died. She rests beside her beloved husband and three of her children in the church-yard of Bromham. I have said enough to show how highly we estimated her worth—as wife, mother, friend, and benefactress; for the small means at her disposal were ever ready for distribution among the neighboring poor. I have quoted Earl Russell's testimony to her many virtues.

Some Recollections of this excellent lady, by Mrs. Hall, will, I think, be acceptable to the reader; and I print them.

The first time I saw Mrs. Moore was at our own cottage, "The Rosary," Old Brompton. We had heard it was considered expedient that their second son, Russell, should visit London for medical advice. We were going to Ireland for two or three months, and it seemed a small thing to offer the poet the use of our cottage. It is the characteristic of all sensitive minds to exaggerate attentions for services received. Mr. Moore wrote me a letter expressing warm gratitude, but declined the offer, "because just then it was impossible to move Russell until he got better. He hoped soon to thank us." The son who, Mrs. Moore afterward assured me, had never given them one hour's uneasiness, did not "get better"—until he died; but soon afterward, some engagement calling Mr. Moore to town, Mrs. Moore accompanied him, and came to see us.

"There!" he said, as I entered the room; "there is my Bessy; and I know you two ladies are prepared to love each other!"

And so we were. Though her early beauty had faded under the influence of time and anxiety, enough was left not only to tell of what she had been, but to excite love and admiration then. Her figure and carriage were perfect; every movement was graceful; her head and throat were exquisitely moulded; and her voice, when she spoke, was soft and clear. Moore once said to me, "My Bessy's eyes were larger before she wept them away for her children." But when I knew her the sockets were large, but the soft brown eyes fell, as it were, back. All her other features were really beautiful; the delicate nose; the sweet and expressive mouth; the dimples, now here, now there; the chin so soft and rounded; the face a perfect oval. Even at that time no one could have entered a room without murmuring, "What a lovely woman!"

She spoke of Russell's illness—hopefully; but the quivering lips, and eyes suffused with tears, did not sustain her words. While walking with me round our little garden, she laid bare her heart in a few words. "I do not suffer his father to believe how ill he is; he will know it time enough. Lover painted a charming portrait of him. You will see it when you come to Sloperton, but you will never see *him*."

Poor Russell! he was, as his mother knew he would be, in Bromham church-yard before our return from Ireland; and more than a year elapsed ere we paid our first visit to Sloperton. We were there a week, and during that time Russell's name was never mentioned by either Mr. or Mrs. Moore; but one morning she called me into her bedroom, pointed to a picture, and left me alone with Russell's portrait.* The boy must have been very like his mother. Their eldest son, Tom, was, if I may judge from a miniature of him, remarkably handsome. Poor lad! he fell early into the ways of folly: he had great temptations, and yielded to them. At his death there were debts owing by him: they were paid out of the limited "means" of his parents; and when his father had expended every farthing he could command for that purpose, his mother gathered together her most valuable trinkets, took them into Bath, and sold them, rather than that the taint of an unpaid debt should rest on their son's name.† Moore passed the mornings in his library, the largest room in the cottage, whose pleasant window commanded a view of the fields and the high-road: it contained his books, his piano,‡ and two Irish harps, various chairs and tables, which, if not hallowed by long residence in the poet's room, would have been called "mean;" a few pictures, which Mr. Moore did not care for—as pictures: they were valued from association. He was strangely indifferent to art. "His friends at Bowood," Mrs. Moore said, "would have made a connoisseur of him had it been possible, but it was not. Scenery he enjoys fully, but a painted one strikes no chord in his heart."

Even then, though it was November, and we were seated enjoying his cheerfulness round the drawing-room table, he seemed to have an instinctive perception that the sun was about to set. He left the room, and a story unfinished, and we saw him pass the window on his way to the terrace-walk. "Sunset," said Mrs. Moore, laughing—"he will finish his story when he returns." That raised terrace-walk, inclosing two sides of his little domain—the exquisitely kept garden—gave the poet never-ceasing enjoyment. There were seats in three or four places, but the favorite one was beneath a group of, I think, *elm*-trees, and there stood the little green wooden table which dear Mrs. Moore bequeathed to me, and which is the most highly honored of all my mementoes of departed friends. The poet would pace up and down that walk for hours, and pause to write whatever thoughts he considered worth recording. Between those trees we caught glimpses of Bromham Church. Mr. Moore was becoming very absent, and at times Mrs. Moore seemed pained by the efforts she made to recall, as it were, his mind to our conversation. Even at table she frequently exclaimed, "Tom, Tom, what are you thinking of?" His absence of mind was, indeed, so great, that it gave *me* uneasiness; but Mrs. Moore took it as a matter of course.

I never knew any one with such active and genial affections as Moore, except his wife. Her nature was quite as sympathetic as that of her husband; and while her reverence for that husband amounted to devotion, she watched over him as a mother watches over a tender and beloved child. It was the most wonderful blending of admiration, duty, and lovingness I ever witnessed or could fancy. At times, even then—though, as her husband tenderly said, she had wept her eyes away crying for her children—she looked radiantly beautiful.

When silent, Mrs. Moore's mouth was charmingly expressive. It was not small, but it was beautifully formed; the lips full, yet delicate, and quivering like a child's with any sudden emotion, giving birth to little fleeting dimples; and at times the upper lip would upturn with such pretty disdain that it seemed a pleasure to make her a little angry:

"The short passing anger but seemed to awaken
New beauties, like flowers that are sweetest when shaken."

During many succeeding months I heard frequently from Mrs. Moore.* She sent me several little commissions for biscuits of some particular kind, "he was so fond of them." She seemed to me to watch the advertisements, and to obtain every thing nourishing or new to tempt him. As time passed, his mind passed with it. She was slow to realize the agonizing fact; she had put it from her, hid it away, invented reasons: "his stomach was out of order;" "he wanted change;" "he had been working too hard;" "the summer always tried him—he would be better in the winter;" or "the winter was too cold—he always bloomed out with the flowers."† One reason was the right one; like Scott and Southey, "he had worked too hard." Imagination, thought, memory, were worn out. At last—at last—she knew it; the greatest trial of her sorely tried life had come. Her idol, whom she worshiped with perfect enthusiasm—he of whose genius she was so proud—to become what he was: still tender and gentle, but mindless as an infant. She could not bear any one to see him in that state; day and night, night and day, for months and months, she *alone* ministered to him, at his desire singing him scraps of hymns. We can easily imagine how the perpetual watching and waiting preyed on a constitution already enfeebled by sorrows which it had been her chief care to prevent *his* feeling in their intensity. She was ever at her post. The sick-room was the heart of the house; the life-blood beat there, more and more feebly, but still it beat; and then there was no longer need for watching: the end came—the end here!

After a time she collected his books, and gave them and his Irish harp to the Royal Irish Academy, on condition that a room should be appropriated to them—now and always. That has been done. About six months after his death she asked me to come and spend a few days with her. "The light of the house is gone," she said, "but you can recall it as it was." I found her changed, yet not more so than I expected, and I perceived that the only pleasure she seemed to have was talking about HIM. While the morning was yet gray—about half past five—I heard her voice in the garden, directing her old gardener, and immediately after breakfast she took her seat at the dining-room window, which she opened, and awaited there for the poor villagers, who never failed to present themselves for what they wanted—medicine, or soup, or articles of clothing, or books, to be lent or given, or often for a bit of advice from "Madam Moore." This occupied from one to two hours, and then she would go up stairs, unlock and enter his library, where she would sit alone for another hour, never inviting or permitting any one to enter it. I was never in it during either of my visits to her. She swept and dusted it herself, and then sat down with at least outward calmness at the window. If I had gone for a walk into the beautiful lanes, or through the fields to visit the tomb in Bromham church-yard, and looked up at the bowery window as I entered the gate, she would nod and smile at me, and in the course of a little time come down to the drawing-room, and take up her patchwork, or her knitting, or doll-dressing (for she had always some bazar-work on hand), or cushions, or slippers to make for a friend; and it often seemed to me strange how the last great sorrow had tided over all others—all except one. The eldest son, Tom, was known to have died in Africa; they had received confirmatory letters and all his "things" long ago, but *she* retained fragments of broken hope that he would yet return. One particular evening we had been sitting still and silent a long time, when suddenly the garden gate was thrown open, her pale cheek flushed, she started up and looked out, then sank into her chair. "What was it, dear?' I inquired. "You will think it a weakness," she said, "or perhaps insanity; but I have never quite believed in our son's death, and I seldom hear the garden gate opened at an unusual hour without a hope that it is my boy."

She was then beginning to suffer from an internal complaint that persecuted her to the last, and which her medical advisers said had been brought on by stooping over and turning—lifting, in fact—her helpless husband.

Suffering of her own had not exhausted her sympathy for others. She was warmly sympathetic to the last, retaining her taste for the beautiful, which most manifested itself in her care and love of flowers. Her cheeks would flush if you brought her a new or beautiful flower; and whenever she obtained a rare plant her first thought was how it could be divided. Her garden was like the widow's cruse—tiny place though it was—yet such clumps of lily of the valley, such roots of marvelous polyanthus, such fragrant violets, such "sirikings" of the wonderful "Tara ivy," which was flourishing when I paid my first visit to Sloperton!

I had visited her four times between the death of her husband and her own, and promised her, on my return from Germany, that I would spend some few autumn days with her; but that was not to be; and dearly as I loved her, I could not regret her release from the intense suffering she endured, and which had so much increased of late as to render her once beautiful person a complete wreck. But when hardly able to stand, she would creep into the garden to see that *his* favorite terrace-walk was free from weed or pebble, and that his Tara ivy, and whatever he loved, was duly cared for. In our early friendship Mr. Hall had sent Mrs. Moore some standard roses; two or three of those were the poet's especial favorites. I was there when one of them showed symptoms of decay; it was painful to witness her anxiety about that tree. Every species of "compo" was applied to its roots; I might almost say she watered it with her tears. Thoughtlessly, I told her Mr. Hall would send her another of the same sort. "No, no," she said, impatiently; "he can not send me a tree on which my darling looked, or from which he gathered a blossom."

She is with him now!

On the death of Mrs. Moore she directed some relics connected with her illustrious husband to be sent to us; she had, indeed, told us that she would do so.* To Mrs. Hall she sent an inkstand, presented to Moore by the sons of George Crabbe, and the small deal table to which I have referred as standing in the terrace-walk, at which it was "his custom to pause and write down his thoughts." To me she sent some MSS. of the poet.

Among the MSS., all in his handwriting (the major part, however, being notes, chiefly for the "History of Ireland"), is one that contains this prefatory passage: "The first rudiments of the 'Loves of the Angels,' which it is clear I began and meant to continue in prose. T. M." The following is the fragment; there are also some fragments of poetry, hitherto unpublished:

"The world had been created about a thousand years, and the Deity had not yet repented of his work. But corruption spread fast among the nations of the earth, and the day was at hand when Justice could no longer sleep. There appeared about this time some Youths of extraordinary beauty, who excited in a strong degree the attention and the interest of the world. They had something in their air which the eye had never witnessed before, which was just heavenly enough to awe, and just mortal enough to captivate. Yet a strange kind of melancholy always hung over them; they appeared to look back upon times of glory and happiness that were past; and bright and lovely as they were, they seemed but the ruin of something more bright and more lovely. It was to the women of earth they particularly addressed themselves, and therefore the smile of love was to them by no means a stranger. Yet the light which it threw was cold and tremulous. Like moonlight upon a temple of former days, it was but a faint illumination of grandeur in decay. There were various opinions with respect to their nature and origin. By some they were thought to have sprung from the female genii, who, according to the absurd belief of that period, had stolen into Paradise with Adam before the formation of Woman; while others supposed they were beings of a purer order, who had been placed in Eden when our primitive parents were expelled, and, like them, had lost it by disobedience and pride. Two of these youths, who called themselves Zaraph and Rubi, and surpassed even the rest in dignity and grace, became enamored of the sisters Lilis and Issa, maidens who were almost as distinguished among women as their youthful lovers stood peerless among men. But the minds of these sisters had little or no resemblance to each other. Issa had that kind of sanguine and impetuous spirit which is so much misplaced in the female bosom, and will seldom lead to any thing that is admirable except at the expense of every thing that is amiable. The best feelings of such a woman become, by their violence, much more dangerous than the hatred of another. Her very love is to be dreaded; and the ancient picture of Cupid with a thunder-bolt in his hand is the aptest emblem of such formidable affection. The ambition, too, of Issa was boundless; nor could Rubi have gained her heart if he had not at the same time satisfied her pride. She saw that he was a creature superior to the rest of mankind: she found ample inspiration from his look; and thoughts of more than mortal shone so spiritually through him that she felt them ere he spoke, and grew more than mortal while she communed with him. These were the sublime impressions which made Rubi dear to Issa; nor could she set any limit to the power which a love so supernatural seemed to promise to her ambition.

"Such was by no means the disposition of Lilis. She was one of those meek, feminine spirits to whom love is every thing that this world has to bestow. She looked to her Zaraph for happiness, not for greatness, and to know that she was beloved was the only knowledge necessary to her heart. While the eyes of the world were turned upon these extraordinary youths an opportunity occurred to Issa of proving triumphantly to her sex how Rubi bowed before her, and how the multitude bowed before Rubi. The growth of impiety in those days was dreadful, and gave gloomy presage of the ruin that awaited mankind. Among the numerous heresies that arose there was one which the giants patronized, and which spread, of course, rapidly under such powerful influence. This creed contained some blasphemous tenets, which were most of them luckily lost at the Deluge; but they believed that God was a giant like themselves—that men and women were inferior angels, whom the Deity had bewildered by some intoxicating power, and then sent upon earth to exhibit their folly for his amusement. The giants and philosophers grew sober much sooner than others, etc., etc. We may presume, however, it was then—as it has always been ever since—that the power of these infidels was much more obnoxious than their errors; for religion may wear her mantle of any color she likes, so long as she is not suspected of hiding a sceptre under it. The nations rose in arms against the giants; but strength was on the side of the impious, and the nations were discomfited. This was the moment for the lover of Issa to distinguish himself, and her heart beat high in the expectation of the glory he might acquire. But Rubi was cold and insensible to all that earth could offer. Languishing, enamored, by her side, in dreams of melancholy and love, he seemed to gaze on her as something to which heaven itself might be sacrificed; and it was not till the aspiring virgin made victory the price of her charms that he woke from his trance, and rushed to combat with the infidels. 'Shall I then,' he exclaimed, while his eyes turned wildly upward—'shall I dare to be thy champion, O God! I, who have abandoned thy glories?' The sadness of despair was on his brow even amidst the splendors of conquest. The smile of Issa alone seemed necessary to reconcile him to the honors he had won. That smile was not wanting; her arms opened to receive him, and Love and Ambition joined their trophies over them.

"This is the first instance which occurs in the annals of the world of a war undertaken professedly in defense of religion, and it appears that religion was the last thing considered in it.

"Zaraph had fought by the side of Rubi, while the trembling Lilis wept and prayed for his safety; but the triumphs of Zaraph were of a gentler nature. He went among the vanquished; he loosed the chains of the captive; he shed light over the minds of the infidels; he spoke to them the language of nature and of truth; and it was thus for the first time that mankind felt the magic of eloquence. With eyes that expressed the very anguish of humility, nor dared even to cast one look to that heaven whose wonders he proclaimed, and whose spirit seemed to burn upon his tongue, so pious and sublime were the attributes in which he clothed the divinity, so touching was his appeal to the misguided souls of the unbelieving, that doubt dissolved beneath his words, and every heart opened to the truth."

This is followed by a number of detached notes, which have reference chiefly to the Platonic loves of saints of comparatively recent ages. Although interesting, they are mere fragments. One of them relates the story of St. Jerome, who, complaining of the slander of his enemies, wrote that "if the gratification of sense had been his pursuit, he would naturally have selected some of those fair wantons of Rome, whose persons charmed the eye by every embellishment of beauty and of art; but that, on the contrary, the objects of his attachments were women who, by fasting and humiliation, had not alone ruined the attractions of their forms, but suffered neglect to obscure even its decencies."

This apology suggested the following lines:

"THE SAINT'S LOVE.

"She sleeps among the pure and blest;
But oh! believe me when I swear
That while a spirit thrills my breast,
Her worth shall be remembered there.

"My tongue shall never hope to charm,
Unless it breathes Blesilla's name;
My fancy ne'er shall beam so warm
As when it lights Blesilla's fame.

"On her, where'er my pages fly,
My pages still shall life confer,
And every wise or beauteous eye
That studies me shall weep for her.

"For her the widow's tear shall fall
In sympathy of single love,
And holy maids shall learn to call
On her who blooms a saint above.

"And many a learned and lonely sage,
And many a monk, recluse and hoary,
Shall love the lines and bless the page
That wafts Blesilla's name to glory."

PHOSPHORUS.

SOME curious experiments on the luminosity of phosphorus have been announced by Dr. J. Moffat, in England. It is non-luminous in a temperature below 39° Fahr., but luminous at 45°, although the pressure of the atmosphere varies those properties, and so does the course of the wind. Vapor arising from phosphorus is attracted by heat, but repelled by cold. A sea-breeze, or rather equatorial wind, is charged, it would appear, with phosphorescence and ozone, while a land-wind possesses no such qualities; hence it is suggested that the ocean is actually a reservoir of ozone, and the phosphorescence of the sea is measurably due to that circumstance. Phosphorus abounds largely in all land animal bones. Several pounds might be extracted from an adult human skeleton, if properly treated for that object. Scrofulous persons, and particularly rickety children, are deficient in that element, which is a cause of their condition. Persons having a tendency to an early decay of their teeth are also suffering from the same cause. Phosphate of lime is essential to the development and sound state of those organs. Those who subsist on the coarser kinds of food—as corn-

* In one of Lover's letters to me he writes concerning this portrait: "You ask me to give you some description of Russell Moore. You know how hard, or rather how impossible, it is for words to convey any notion of lineaments. All children's faces are, to a certain extent, round; but Russell's might have been remarked for roundness even among children—nose, though *retroussé*, nicely defined about the nostril; a pretty mouth, well-marked eyebrows, and dark brown eyes of remarkable beauty, with a certain expression of archness that reminded one of his father (you remember what brilliant and vivacious eyes his were); in short, Russell Moore's face would have been a good model for a painter who wanted a suggestion for a little Cupid."

† Tom was undoubtedly possessed of abilities. He obtained a prize at the Charter-House. On his death a French general wrote to Mr. Moore to say he would have received the Cross of the Legion of Honor had he lived a while longer; and among the few remains sent to his parents were note-books and drawings concerning many of the countries of Europe.

‡ That piano was a special legacy from Mrs. Moore to her grand-niece, with an injunction that it was always to be kept in the family—"never to be parted with." A few months ago we were gratified by hearing this grand-niece (the daughter of Charles Murray, Esq.) play one of her grand-uncle's pieces on this piano.

* Her letters to me always contained flowers, and occasionally a sprig of bay. I have just opened one of them; the leaves are dry and dead, but there are loving words to keep memory green in the soul.

† One of her touching notes is now at my side. "My dearest Mrs. Hall,—He is now sitting up with the window open, and the sun shining on him. I can hardly believe that I write the truth. His sleep is excellent, and in all ways he improves daily. I am not at all well, and begin to feel I require rest, which I will take if I can. But he is yet too feeble to be left, and I do not like to bring a stranger about him. Your affectionate B. M.—He is sitting close by me, and is anxious to walk."

* It is pleasant to know, and to record, that the nephew of Mrs. Moore, Charles Murray, Esq., to whom she left all she had to leave, excepting such memorials as she desired to bequeath to dear friends—and all these were carefully labeled and marked to secure their due delivery—sacredly preserves the relics he inherited, and honors all that recalls the memory of his aunt and the husband she adored. He has recently placed a memorial window in the church at Bromham.

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bread, instead of wheat flour—ordinarily possess better and sounder teeth than those whose bread is deprived of the bran (in which that material resides, and not in the flour), from which the hull of the grain is bolted out.

THE GREAT PICNIC PARTY.

IN a recent number of his *Fors Clavigera*, Mr. Ruskin says some smart things about "the upper classes of Europe," who, in his opinion, "during the last eight hundred years have been one Large Picnic Party." "Most of them," he says, "have been religious also; and by sitting down by companies upon the green grass, in parks, gardens, and the like, have considered themselves commanded into that position by Divine authority, and fed with bread from heaven: of which they duly considered it proper to bestow the fragments in support, and the tithes in tuition, of the poor.

"But, without even such small cost, they might have taught the poor many beneficial things. In some places they *have* taught them manners, which is already much. They might have cheaply taught them merriment also: dancing and singing, for instance. The young English ladies who sit nightly to be instructed, themselves, at some cost, in melodies illustrative of the consumption of La Traviata, and the damnation of Don Juan, might have taught every girl-peasant in England to join in costless choirs of innocent song. Here and there, perhaps, a gentleman might have been found able to teach his peasantry some science and art. Science and fine art don't pay; but they cost little. Tithes—not of the income of the country, but of the income, say, of its brewers—nay, probably the sum devoted annually by England to provide drugs for the adulteration of its own beer—would have founded lovely little museums and perfect libraries in every village. And if here and there an English Churchman had been found (such as Dean Stanley) willing to explain to peasants the sculpture of his and their own cathedral, and to read its black-letter inscriptions for them, and on warm Sundays, when they were too sleepy to attend to any thing more proper, to tell them a story about some of the people who had built it, or lay buried in it, we perhaps might have been quite as religious as we are, and yet need not now have been offering prizes for competition in art schools, nor lecturing with tender sentiment on the inimitableness of the works of Fra Angelico.

"These things the great picnic party might have taught without cost, and with amusement to themselves. One thing, at least, they were bound to teach, whether it amused them or not: how, day by day, the daily bread they expected their village children to pray to God for might be earned in accordance with the laws of God. *This* they might have taught, not only without cost, but with great gain. One thing only they *have* taught, and at considerable cost.

"They have spent four hundred millions of pounds here in England within the last twenty years!—how much in France and Germany I will take some pains to ascertain for you; and with this initial outlay of capital have taught the peasants of Europe to pull each other's hair."

THE FIRST MUSIC LESSON.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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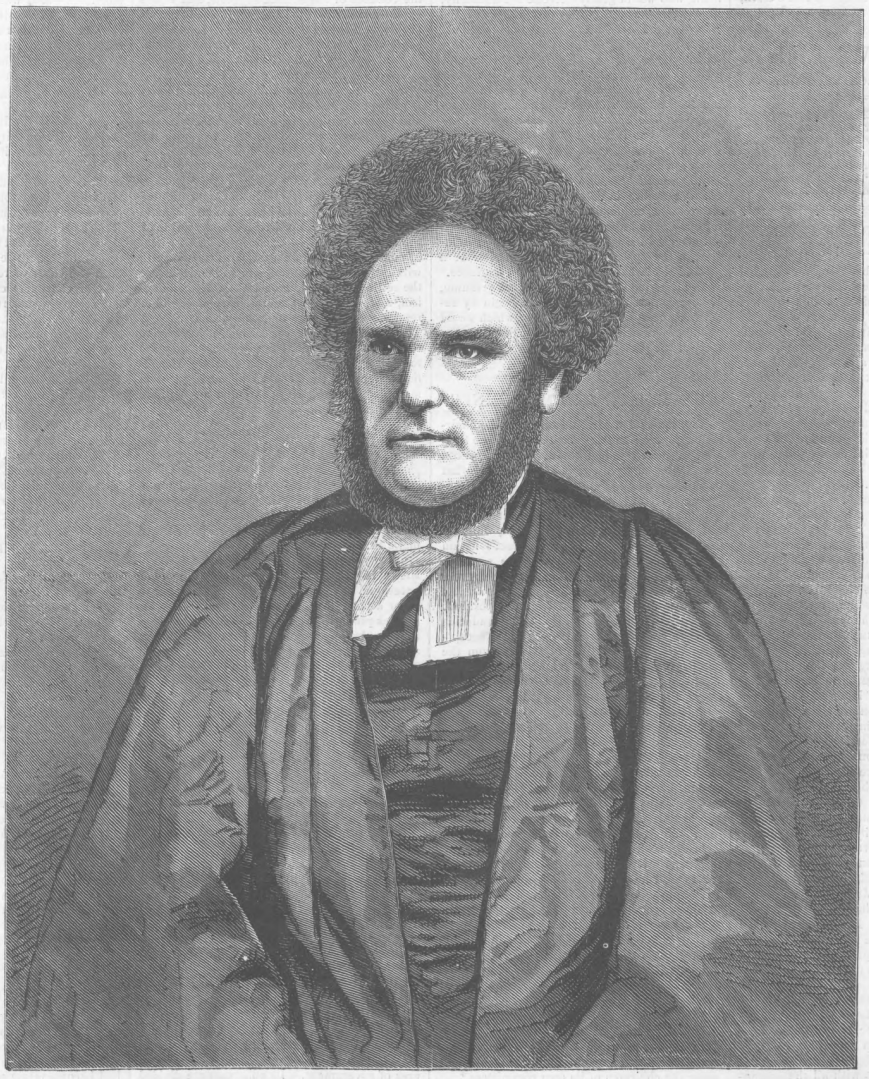
REV. WILLIAM ORMISTON, D.D

SUDDENLY a star of the first magnitude has appeared in the pulpit of New York. Without any heraldry to announce his coming, and at a season of the year when most of the church-going people are out of town, the Rev. Dr. ORMISTON, in the middle of last summer, was announced as having accepted a call, and begun his labors as one of the pastors of the Collegiate Reformed Dutch Church in this city. He was not unknown to fame. He had refused previous invitations to the city; but the call from this venerable body was so quietly made and accepted that the event took the community by surprise. The house on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-ninth Street, one of the largest and most beautiful churches in town, was immediately thronged; and now, every Sabbath when he preaches there—and he is always in his pulpit Sabbath evenings—the house is filled to overflowing. Who is he?



REV. WILLIAM ORMISTON, D.D.

WILLIAM ORMISTON was born in Lymington, Scotland, April 23, 1821. His father was a farmer, and his son was well taught in childhood by an intelligent mother. In 1834 the parents came with the family (says the *Canadian News*) to Canada, and settled in the township of Darlington, about thirty miles east of Toronto. WILLIAM spent four years on the farm, taking a man's share, though only a boy in age, in all the toil, the tear and wear of felling trees, in cross-cutting and rolling logs into piles, in burning the piles, digging, plowing, harrowing, sowing, mowing, harvesting, threshing, and conveying produce to market, making or mending implements of work, repairing his boots or the harness of the horses at hours when others would have rested; yet all the while reading books and acquiring a knowledge of arithmetic, mathematics, and Latin, so far as books could assist without a teacher.

One day in winter, when in his eighteenth year, he was cutting fire-wood in the "bush," his father conveying it home. Toward evening, during the absence of the sled, the young man sat down on a log, and fell into a mood of deep, intense, inspiring thought. It was not discontent with hard toil, but an aspiration to engage in higher work. The intellectual forces of his nature impelled him to form visions of other employment than wood-cutting and farm labor. He informed his father, who in turn consulted with the mother, and both agreed that WILLIAM should go to school and college, and be educated for the pulpit; to effect which the father proposed to sell a portion of his land to meet the expenses. But to that proposition WILLIAM firmly said, No, it would be unfair to the rest of the family; he had his plans formed, and would work them out.

Without so much as a sixpence or a penny at command he went to the town of Whitby and opened a school. The present educational system did not then exist. He relied entirely on fees for his income. The school prospered; it was attended more largely than any other had been in that part of Canada. While teaching, he prepared himself for entering college, which he did in 1843, and took the degree of B. A. in Victoria College, Coburg, in 1847. Mr. ORMISTON filled a tutorship in that institution during all the time of his studies, and was elected to a professorship, the duties of which he discharged for two years. In 1849 he was ordained to the ministry in connection with the Canadian branch of the Scottish United Presbyterian Church. His first pastoral charge was in the township of Clarke, and there he still pursued the classics, theology, and science. In 1853 he removed to Toronto, where, for the space of four years, he was Mathematical Master and Lecturer on Chemistry and Natural Philosophy in the Normal School. While thus employed in the Normal School he preached frequently, and from time to time lectured, as he had done in years before, on temperance and kindred moral subjects, through every town and almost every village and township in Upper Canada. He had been a teetotaler from childhood. In 1855 this diligent and successful scholar was appointed Inspector of Grammar Schools, first for the whole of Canada West, but subsequently for half of that vast area. He held the inspectorship with the local superintendency of the public schools of Hamilton until the pressure of other duties and delicacy of health compelled him to retire.

In 1857 Mr. ORMISTON accepted a call, which he had previously declined, to be pastor of the Central Presbyterian congregation of Hamilton, where he remained, exerting great influence for good in the city and throughout Canada. Frequently visiting "the States," he was heard at public meetings, General Assemblies, and conventions. He was invited to settle in nearly all the chief cities of this country, and in London, England. All these calls he declined, and, at last, in the fiftieth year of his age, he has removed to the metropolis of the nation, and in the most central part of the town has begun to preach with a degree of success almost without parallel.

He is a strong, nervous, energetic, peculiar speaker. By his abruptness and disregard of conventional rules he arrests the attention, and then with fertility of illustration, with spirited earnestness, mingled tenderness and power, he brings the great truths of the Gospel down upon the heads and hearts of the people. He reproves, rebukes, and exhorts, perhaps not with long-suffering, but with great fidelity—his sincerity of purpose commanding the respect of those who hear. So much spiritual wit enlivens his discourse that the mind is constantly on the alert to catch his words, which come with the rapidity and force of a torrent. No reports of his sermons have given any adequate idea of his manner or matter. He is already "a burning and shining light" in the city.

ATTACKING THE HOTEL DE VILLE.

ON Saturday, January 21, the Hôtel de Ville, in Paris, was visited by a tumultuous crowd, exasperated by the failure of the great sortie of the 19th; but they only listened to the violent speeches of a few mob orators, and uttered threatening shouts. Next day was Sunday, and the doors of the Hôtel de Ville were shut. Precautions were quietly taken by Colonel VABRE, the commandant in charge of the building, who had a sufficient force of Breton Gardes Mobiles. At half past one in the afternoon a party of two hundred or three hundred insurgents, mostly wearing the uniform of the National Guard, came along the Rue de Rivoli, and drew up in front of the Hôtel de Ville, where they began to load their rifles. Ten of the Gardes Mobiles then came out of the building and stood a moment, with shouldered arms, confronting the assailants, who were so frightened by the sight that they hastily retired. They came again, however, at a quarter before three, having rallied upon the quay near the Pont Notre Dame, and were joined by a hundred others from the opposite bank of the river. An officer of the National Guard was at their head, and they cried, "Vive la Commune!" signifying their wish for the establishment of a more revolutionary government than that of General TROCHU and M. JULES FAVRE. They had begun to shake the iron gates of the Hôtel de Ville, when M. VABRE came out to speak to them, accompanied by Major DE LEGGE, commander of the Breton Mobiles, and Adjutant-Major BERNARD. M. VABRE asked

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the insurgents what they meant to do. The man dressed as a National Guard replied by asking M. VABRE whether his Gardes Mobiles were going to fire upon the people. He had scarcely time to answer when the insurgents began to fire upon M. VABRE and his two companions, who stood by themselves outside the closed door, but inside the closed gate. Adjutant-Major BERNARD was struck by three bullets, one in the head, and fell on the pavement. They sheltered themselves behind the sentry-boxes on each side of the door, and escaped further hurt. Meantime the Gardes Mobiles in the rooms above opened the windows, and fired, steadily and deliberately, at the most active and forward of the assailants. These were presently scattered, returning the fire as they fled, some taking refuge behind the lamp-posts, some crouching or lying down behind the heaps of earth in the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville, others entering the nearest houses and firing out of the windows, or from their roofs and balconies. This is the scene represented by the engraving on page 269. The little group shown at the gate of the Hôtel de Ville, to the left hand, is that of Colonel VABRE and his two companions, who were unable, for some time, to retire inside the building. The conflict lasted half an hour, when the insurgents, who had collected in the Avenue Victoria, hoisted a white handkerchief in token of submission, and the firing ceased. About thirty of them were overtaken and arrested. Nearly a hundred persons lay upon the ground, but many of these were not wounded at all; they got up and sneaked away. A dozen were severely wounded, and five or six were killed. The arrival of a strong force of National Guards and gens-d'armes, between three and four o'clock, put an end to all fear of a renewed attack.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1871.

☞ *The attractive* SUPPLEMENT *sent out with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains an interesting account of the* DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE AT WASHINGTON, *with a page of illustrations; another installment of the* "MEMORIES OF DISTINGUISHED AUTHORS;" *a humorous picture entitled,* "AN AFFAIR OF HONOR;" *Stories, Poems, and other literary attractions.*

THE BEGINNING OF CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

A GREAT victory has been won for the civil service reform. The history of the proceedings which led to this favorable result is interesting, as illustrating the rapid change in the opinion of Congress, and the good sense of the chiefs of the movement. To one of them in particular, the father and pioneer of civil service reform, Mr. JENCKES, of Rhode Island, the issue must be especially gratifying. The section which was adopted we presume to have been drawn by him, and its passage, by a great majority, just before the dissolution of the Congress with which his official term expired, was a fit tribute to the ability and zeal with which he has urged the measure.

In his first annual message the President spoke of his resistance to mere political pressure in the case of certain offices, thus showing a sympathy with the movement. But in the second message, last December, he spoke of the abuse which he hoped "to see remedied by this Congress." Mr. JENCKES thereupon modified his bill, and, as we stated some weeks since, the President approved the change. Mr. SCHURZ modified his, and Mr. TRUMBULL and Mr. WILSON pressed theirs. Among the different propositions some understanding was imperative, or the project must fail altogether. The result of deliberation among the friends of the reform was the section which has now become law, and which received the unanimous consent of the committee upon the subject. The draft was submitted to the President, and although he possibly preferred the more complete system of the JENCKES bill, he was heartily satisfied with any good measure which Congress would approve. The friendly Senators were not less reasonable, and a majority of the Judiciary Committee reported the proposition to the Senate, and it was placed upon the calendar. But it was unlikely to be reached, and late on the last night of the session Mr. TRUMBULL moved the section as an amendment to the Sundry Civil Appropriation bill. It was passed by the Senate, every leader of the movement generously waiving his individual preference in order to secure the only practicable measure, and it went down to the House.

In the House, Mr. DAWES called for the reading of all the amendments to the Appropriation bill by the Senate, showed that at so late an hour in the session a committee of conference would probably defeat the entire bill, and moved a concurrence with all the amendments, including the civil service section, by one vote. General LOGAN, who is one of the most determined enemies of the reform, in a brief speech earnestly protested against the section, and his remarks show his understanding of the scope of the proposition. He denounced the amendment as the most obnoxious civil service bill which had come before the House. "It gives the President full power to appoint a commission, and to prescribe rules for the examination of every man in the United States of America who is to hold a civil office." He concluded by saying, "I do protest against it; and if the House shall pass this [Appropriation] bill with this civil service bill attached to it—a measure which the House has always opposed—I will ask for the yeas and nays, in order that I may record my vote against it." General GARFIELD heartily approved the section. "I am exceedingly glad," he said, "that we are able, at last, to give, for the first time in the history of this government, a legislative expression in favor of civil service reform." Mr. ARMSTRONG, of Pennsylvania, also warmly supported the proposition. Mr. DAWES called for the vote. General LOGAN demanded the yeas and nays. The House was so decided that they were refused, and the first great measure of civil service reform was passed by a vote of ninety yeas to twenty noes.

We congratulate the country and Congress; and we rejoice that the Republican party, upon the suggestion of a Republican President, has thus begun one of the most vital and valuable of reforms. It is, indeed, but a beginning. We do not deceive ourselves as to the exact extent of the measure. It is a law of Congress, and Congress may repeal it. It is not mandatory upon the President; it is discretionary. Nor does it directly affect the tenure of office, which is a point indispensable to the completion of the reform. But it is a most emphatic declaration of opinion by Congress, in which hostility to the movement seemed to be intrenched. It authorizes a departure from the malign custom which had become virtually law. It empowers a President, who would gladly exercise the authority, to establish a reasonable system, which the friends of the movement will not fail to demand of him. And unless those friends are sadly mistaken, the working of the system will be its own vindication; and any future Congress, or party, or President will attempt a return to the present vicious custom at their peril. The language of the section has been described as "crude;" but it is substantially that of the British Orders in Council of last June, which established civil service reform throughout the British dominions, and which justified Mr. MUNDELLA'S remark, in his lecture at the Cooper Institute, that, although a member of Parliament for one of the largest and most important constituencies in England, he had no more influence in the appointment of a tide-waiter or a post-office clerk than any one of his audience.

In his action under this section, we presume, of course, that the President will begin by requiring a competitive examination, which would at one stroke sweep away many of the worst defects of the present system.

THE SENATE AND MR. SUMNER.

THE removal of Mr. SUMNER from the chairmanship of the Foreign Committee of the Senate is a grave political blunder. Mr. SUMNER is a man of very positive convictions, and what he thinks of persons and questions he very freely says. There is no doubt that he has privately spoken of the President in a manner which could not fail to exasperate any man, while he has publicly criticised the President's action upon certain subjects with extreme severity. All this is conceded; but all this is the very reason that the President should not have wished Mr. SUMNER'S degradation from his position. We use the word advisedly; for degradation it was intended to be, and so it will be accepted by the country. This is evident from the reasons alleged for the action of the Senate. There was no objection mentioned, nor is any, under the circumstances, conceivable, which would not have been entirely removed by a different composition of the Committee, still leaving Mr. SUMNER chairman.

The amazing reason for his removal, stated in the Senate by the chairman of the caucus committee, was the unfriendly *personal*, not official, relations between the Senator and the President! And the Senate sustained the pretext. No reason was offered to show, if unfriendly relations existed, that the Senator was to blame. It was not even suggested that if the Senator had privately spoken harshly of the President, one of the President's confidential friends and secretaries had, in an article in the *Galaxy*, publicly charged the Senator with falsehood. It was not even alleged that in his public criticisms the Senator had misrepresented the action of the President. The personal relations between them were unfriendly, and therefore the Senator must lose his place at the head of the Foreign Committee. How long is it since the Senate was unwilling that the President should remove his own cabinet advisers at his pleasure? Is it now willing that he should name the chairmen of its own committees?

The President came into his office pledged to have no policy of his own. Yet a Republican Senate is willing to make unfriendly personal relations with the President, growing out of difference of opinion upon a measure which is not a party policy, and for which the country has not asked, the excuse for consenting to the humiliation of a Republican statesman of unsurpassed ability, experience, and spotless character, whose long and honorable career is identified with the greatest glories of the country and the party. The Senate declares that friendly personal relations with the President shall be the tenure of its highest positions. Then the President has but to interrupt personal relations with a Senator, and he loses his place at the head of a committee! And this, although upon the subject involved in this difference the Senate is constitutionally the peer of the President! The Senate of the United States has forgotten its own dignity and responsibility. In removing Senator SUMNER, for the reasons stated by the committee, which it sustained, it has been guilty of what can only be called servility.

We are fully aware, indeed, of the force of political necessity. We understand that in a government by party accord is essential between the various branches of the Administration. But there is a harmony still more indispensable than that, and that is the accord of the party itself. The Administration is bound in honor to the party for which it holds power in trust to consider carefully what the political effect of every act will be. Which, then, was probably the more injurious course for the party interests—that Mr. SUMNER should be continued chairman, with a committee favorable to the foreign policy of the Administration, or that the most distinguished Republican leader in the country should be humiliated because he differed from the President? That was the question for the caucus to determine; and the kind of excuse which was uttered, and the disclaimers of personal feeling, were no answers to it. And there is one other question which the conduct of the Senate suggests, and which we do not hesitate to ask, because it is felt so deeply in thousands of the truest Republican hearts: is the Republican party strengthened by humiliating CHARLES SUMNER, and honoring SIMON CAMERON and DANIEL E. SICKLES?

The better sentiment in every political party is perhaps limited to a small number of adherents; but their cordial sympathy is indispensable to the party success. The secession of the Conscience-Whigs ended the old Whig party. The retirement of the Free-soilers was the departure of heart and power from the Democracy. In the great Republican Convention of 1860 there was a little hesitation to proclaim anew, as superfluous or irrelevant, the words of the Declaration of Independence. But when, in consequence, old JOSHUA GIDDINGS rose to withdraw, the Convention saw in his departure the retirement of the Ironsides of Republicanism, and, by its reconsideration retaining him, retained enthusiasm, unanimity, and victory. These are lessons of experience, if knowledge of human nature does not suffice. They are terrible warnings. We wish that our Republican friends in the Senate had pondered them more deeply before they consented to humiliate CHARLES SUMNER.

No. 30.

THE inevitable tendency of the Democratic party in the United States may be observed and studied in such a proposition as that recently made in the Legislature of New York to make St. Patrick's Day a public holiday, as its sympathy is seen in the election of General BLAIR in Missouri because of his BRODHEAD letter, and in the vote of the Virginia House to order a portrait of ROBERT E. LEE. The St. Patrick proposition was made as an amendment to a resolution designating Decoration-day as a holiday. It was opposed in a little spirited speech by a Democrat of Irish birth, Mr. EDMUND CONNOLLY, who remarked that it was an attempt "to make political capital out of claptrap." One of its Democratic advocates said that he was unwilling to make Decoration-day a holiday, but he would gladly confer that honor on St. Patrick. This was a shrewd Democratic calculation, that it is a better party policy to honor a dead Irish saint than the dead Union soldiers. Another of its advocates insisted that the Democratic party could not afford to oppose the proposition.

This was not unwisely said. The meaning of the gentleman was that the Democratic party must, at all hazards and at every cost, propitiate what is called the Irish vote. Nor can any observer fail to see that it is doing it constantly, nor to reflect upon the consequences. The important consideration for every friend of free institutions is that this Democratic policy is abject subservience to a part of the population, which, as a class, is profoundly ignorant, and of the Roman Catholic faith. Its religious faith, indeed, would be of no importance but for the very significant fact that it is the only sect which has a distinct and permanent political policy. It aims, as a sect, to direct the measures of government. Its adherents are divided by no ecclesiastical lines among themselves, and they are politically led by their clergymen. This was recently most strikingly illustrated in the case of Father FARRELL, a Roman Catholic clergyman in this city, who, having written a letter favoring popular liberty and self-government in Italy, was disciplined by his ecclesiastical superiors, and compelled to write a letter of recantation. Let us fancy Bishop POTTER calling Dr. TYNG to account for sympathizing with the freedmen, or Bishop SIMPSON catechising Mr. ANDREWS for speaking at a Republican meeting, or the Baptist or Presbyterian or Congregational authorities dealing with any of their preachers for advocating liberty and the American principle of government! We should then understand the policy and the peril of the sects acting as such in politics.

The Democratic policy of winning the Irish vote at all costs is, therefore, the policy of yielding to the political demands of the Roman Catholic priesthood. And this is a subject which can not wisely be disregarded. It is to this policy that we owe the attack upon the Free School system. It begins always with the Democrats, and is sustained by them. Its object is a sectarian division of the public school money. Its result would be the destruction of the most vital defense of free republican institutions. Every vote for the Democracy is, therefore, a direct blow at American liberty. It is to this policy also that the immense grants of the public property to private sectarian institutions are due. The most valuable real estate in the city has been given, under Democratic auspices, to Roman Catholic ecclesiastics. Enormous annual gifts of property are made to the same sect. The Democratic city government of New York has given within the last twenty or thirty years, and for a nominal consideration, more than three millions of dollars in real estate to this single sect for sectarian purposes. And had the other sects been equally favored, a very large part of the real estate of the island would be passing into their hands. BLACKSTONE says that but for the statutes of mortmain—laws which forbade real estate from passing without restraint into the possession of corporations that never die, and which give nothing to the state, therefore called dead-hands, as being an inalienable hold—except for these statutes all the real estate of England would have been ingulfed by ecclesiastical corporations.

Fortunately the laws now restrain both this ecclesiastical rapacity and the Democratic disposition to gratify it. But the policy is inexorable. The Irish vote must be retained at every cost, and the demands of its ecclesiastical leaders are insatiable. They strengthen their power in every way. Their control of the Democratic party is sure, for the defection of the vote they direct would be fatal to the Democratic hopes. The present laws, as we said, limit the value of real estate which any religious or charitable corporation may hold. If any society wishes relief, and for good reason, a special act relieves it. But this is attended with danger to the sect. Every instance of relief under this system is publicly scrutinized and debated. The ecclesiastical chiefs of the Irish vote desire unlimited power of acquiring and holding real estate. To this startling demand, which is really the restoration of the old ecclesiastical system in England, the Democratic party proposes to yield. To win the Irish, which is virtually the Roman Catholic vote, it is prepared to surrender another safeguard of popular liberty, and to bring political government more surely under ecclesiastical control. Mr. TWEED, the Democratic autocrat of New York, has introduced a bill, No. 30, removing, by a general law, the special restrictions upon the holding of real estate now existing in all the charters of religious corporations in the State.

The scope and the intention of the bill are evident. The Irish vote must be had, and, therefore, the price must be paid. To propose St. Patrick's Day as a holiday was logical. It may have been premature. But it will be supported by the Democratic party whenever it is necessary to retain the Irish vote. If to retain that vote it be necessary to fill the public schools of this city with Roman Catholic text-books, that policy will be supported by the Democratic party. It is not a New York question, but an American, a national question. It is the question whether it is wise or safe to call to power a party whose policy is dictated by a political priesthood controlling the most ignorant class of citizens. If the Methodist, or Baptist, or Presbyterian clergy pursued, as sectarian leaders, the same policy that the Roman Catholics pursue, we should oppose them just as firmly; and the party that constantly yielded to their demands we should denounce as the deadliest enemy of the people and of free institutions.

"FACTS FOR MR. FIELD."

IT has been long notorious throughout the country that certain judges and lawyers in this State had so disgraced their profession that "New York justice" and "New York judge" had become terms of derision. That there are, indeed, magistrates in the State well worthy to sit upon the bench where KENT and OAKLEY and JONES have sat is a fact familiar to all New Yorkers; and the sense of disgrace latterly cast upon the whole profession by certain conspicuous members has been most acute with those who would have no other than worthy successors of such magistrates in their seats. Some four years ago an article in the *North American Review*, undoubtedly written in New York, and by a New York lawyer thoroughly acquainted with the facts, vigorously exposed the shameful character of certain proceedings

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under the name of law in this city. And since the Erie litigations began, their extraordinary character has arrested the attention of the whole country, and has justified the worst charges ever made against certain judges and lawyers, and deepened the suspicion with which the administration of law is regarded here by other States. "Is it possible," asked some eminent English lawyers, who were here during the summer, "that the persons implicated in these proceedings hold any position in decent society or among reputable men?"

The proceedings of Mr. FISK and his friends in the Erie management are well known. The servility of the Governor of New York to the power wielded by them is in perpetual proof in his signature of the bill authorizing them to retain control of the property of the road without the consent of the owners, and has been exposed in his own party papers as well as in those which are politically opposed to him. But it would be impossible for the Erie proceedings to have been continued without the assistance of able and learned lawyers and the favor of judges. That such judges could be found, if the statements in the *Review* of which we have spoken were true, was probable; but that among conspicuous lawyers those could be found who would do what it was generally asserted that Mr. DAVID DUDLEY FIELD had done was not easily believed.

What had long been privately discussed was at length, however, publicly mentioned, and led to the correspondence upon which we have hitherto commented between Mr. SAMUEL BOWLES, of the Springfield *Republican*, and Mr. FIELD. In that correspondence Mr. FIELD asserted stoutly that a lawyer is not responsible for the reputation of his clients, and that no man, because of evil character and repute, is to be deprived of his legal rights of defense. These are propositions which are very generally admitted. But the real question in the controversy was whether a lawyer may prostitute his knowledge and ability to give a technical legal protection to the designs of rogues. And to this view of the question Mr. FIELD substantially replied that it would be time enough for him to answer charges of professional misconduct when they were made; but that gossip and loose newspaper talk were not to be treated as serious charges. Meanwhile there was no question as to the fact of the general impression in regard to Mr. FIELD'S conduct. The truth may not have been known, or may have been wickedly perverted by his enemies. But, although aware that Mr. FIELD'S respect for the assertions of the press is not profound, we venture to assert it to be the truth that, however unjustly, Mr. FISK was not regarded as an honorable man, and that Mr. FIELD was generally believed to be very largely paid by him to "see him through." We repeat that this was merely a universal impression. It may have been ill founded; but any group of gentlemen talking upon the subject did—as a matter of fact, but perhaps erroneously—agree in that view. Mr. FIELD meanwhile maintained his position of contempt for the slanderous gossip of the press, and demanded facts in proof of his alleged professional misconduct.

As the case stood the honor of the profession and public morality were concerned, but nobody seemed willing to move. The public was morally persuaded of the truth of the assertions regarding Mr. FIELD, but it could still be technically urged that they could not be proved. At length, however, General BARLOW, in a series of letters to the *Tribune*, has brought from the official records of the Erie litigations a mass of facts, sworn as evidence in the trials, which will probably satisfy most readers as to the real position of Mr. FIELD. The letters are vigorously and clearly written, but wholly without heat. They submit, in the most intelligible manner, to Mr. FIELD and to the public, the facts for which he has asked. They show that certain proceedings of Mr. FISK in 1869 were described by Judge E. DARWIN SMITH, a spotless magistrate, as "fraudulent," and that the counsel of Mr. FISK in the proceedings was Mr. FIELD; that Mr. FIELD was concerned in bringing Judge BARNARD from Poughkeepsie to the city of New York to hold chambers, at half past ten o'clock at night, in the house of JOSEPHINE MANSFIELD LAWLOR, for the purpose of removing Mr. RAMSAY from the presidency of a railroad, and appointing Mr. FISK receiver; that Mr. FIELD was privy to certain other abuses of law, of which the details are stated from sworn evidence; that Mr. FIELD, by his action, deprived Mr. RAMSAY of the power of taking testimony, and then forced him to trial in an unfriendly court; that Mr. FIELD has asked for illegal injunctions from a judge whom he knew to be friendly to his client, and has improperly removed suits from the courts in which they belonged to the court of Judge BARNARD, whom he had himself denounced as dishonest. Having carefully made his preparations, General BARLOW has charged as resistlessly as at Spottsylvania, and has done his country as signal a service.

Now, having challenged a plain statement of the grounds of the ill opinion which is entertained of his professional conduct, it shows very suspicious anger upon the part of Mr. FIELD, that he speaks of General BARLOW—who was very much better known to the country than Mr. FIELD until Mr. FIELD'S connection with Mr. FISK made him notorious—as "this person" going about to "gather scandal." Mr. FIELD is lawyer enough to know that that is the very question at issue, and public opinion can be changed only by refutations as distinct as the charges. That there is a scandal, and of the most flagrant kind, is universally admitted. It was clear also that it could be conclusively exposed only by some citizen who, in a time and city where disinterested public service has become a vague tradition, would take the trouble to serve his profession and the good name of the city and State by exposing it. This General BARLOW has done, and for this every good citizen will sincerely thank him. His powerful and conclusive statement, and the fact of his willingness to make it, will show to other States that there are lawyers in New York who do not hesitate to bring so great a scandal to the judgment of public opinion, that the proud traditions of their profession in the State may not be lost.

Will the Bar Association now act? It was formed to purify the profession. If it can not act decisively in such a case as this, when can it? How can it avoid degrading instead of elevating the profession if it will neither tell the truth itself, nor sustain its members who tell it? Can it suffer such charges as are now made, upon apparently incontrovertible evidence, against one of its members to pass unnoticed? It must either take decisive action, or those members who believe that General BARLOW has told the truth will, we hope, prefer to bear their testimony by resigning.

NOTES.

IT is remarkable that when a woman asks that if she is taxed she may also be represented, she is denounced by male editors as a platform termagant striving to "unsex herself." But when she proposes to teach cooking, so that men's dinners may be a little more appetizing, she is extolled as "really doing something for the improvement of her sex."

IF there were any doubt of the lofty independence with which the *World's* favorite statesman, Governor HOFFMAN, uses the great veto power confided to him by the people for their defense against hasty or unjust legislation, it would be disposed of by the fact that, although his Excellency signed the Erie bill, and the Broadway job, and the water bill, he has sternly vetoed the bill which "narrowed the time during which game is protected from the hunt." Happy the State whose Chief Magistrate keeps so vigilant an eye upon great public interests!

IN a little volume called "Our Girls," neatly and very legibly printed, and published by the HARPERS, Dr. DIO LEWIS, the author of certain popular treatises upon health and the morals of the body, so to speak, addresses himself in a sprightly and familiar manner to young women. He talks of their boots and shoes and walking; of their dress and its follies; of their idleness and work and opportunities; of their study of music, French, and dancing; of their bathing and exercise; of their eating, drinking, and recreation; and finally of their matrimony. It is a brisk, sensible, intelligent talk, which every girl can understand, and by which she can profit—one of the books which are always timely, and in this instance, from the pretty way in which it is "got up," a very useful gift.

IT is agreed upon all sides that the condition of the late rebel States is deplorable; and even the advices of papers unfriendly to the Republican party concede this fact. The Democratic papers say that it is the natural result of Republican rule. The more friendly papers think that it is due to disfranchisement, by which many of the most intelligent people of the States are excluded from public life; and the indifferent papers declare that nothing else is to be expected so soon after the war. Certainly very much such a condition was to be anticipated, and we have never thought otherwise. The report of the special committee upon the KU-KLUX outrages tells the story plainly. And the remedy seems to be simple. Removal of every pretense of complaint, and complete personal security, are now required. General enfranchisement, and the summary destruction of the KU-KLUX, should be simultaneous. And for this Mr. SHELLABARGER'S bill provides. It empowers the President to protect all citizens—even with "the bayonet"—when forcible combinations in any State are too strong for the law, and whether the Governor asks for aid or not. Plainly, if disabilities are removed, the KU-KLUX may come into possession of the State governments; and since, whether in or out of authority, the KU-KLUX is increasing, the United States should try its hand, and ascertain if it be invincible. The remedy may be disagreeable, but the disease is, otherwise, mortal. The KU-KLUX terrorism indefinitely postpones the tranquillity which is indispensable to the Southern States.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

A SCIENTIFIC institution has lately been organized in the city of Washington under the name of the Washington Philosophical Society, the object of which is to furnish to the many persons interested in science, and resident in Washington, the means of convenient communication with each other, in order to exchange discoveries and observations in different branches of learning. Many organizations with the same end in view have been started at various times in Washington, but have not been very successful in accomplishing their purpose, partly on account of the ambition of the founders in endeavoring to give to them too much of a national basis, and partly because the time was not entirely ripe for such an enterprise. It is believed that the prospects of the success of this new society are very good, as Washington possesses, at the present time, a larger number of specialists in the different departments of science than is to be found in any other city in the United States. This is easily accounted for when we bear in mind that the Coast Survey Office, the Patent-Office, the Agricultural Department, the United States Medical Department, the Smithsonian Institution, the Library of Congress, the National Observatory, the Scientific Bureaus of the War, Navy, Treasury, and Interior departments, and other public bodies, all established at Washington, necessarily attract around them men of eminence in the various branches involved in the proper prosecution of their duties. Professor HENRY was elected president of the new society, and the usual officers were also chosen.

We have already, in a previous Number, referred to the examination of a locality in California by Professor MARSH'S exploring party, where numerous fossil trees had previously been discovered; and we learn that a detailed report may be looked for in the April number of the *Journal of Science*. The region in question is situated on a high, rocky ridge in Napa County, California, near Calistoga Hot Springs, and about ten miles from the summit of Mount St. Helena. The ridge itself belongs to the Coast Range series, and forms the divide between the Napa and Santa Rosa valleys. It is about two thousand feet in height, and is composed of metamorphic rock of the cretaceous period, overlaid unconformably by later tertiary strata, consisting of light colored, coarse sandstone, and beds of stratified volcanic ashes. A careful examination showed that the trees on the surface of the ground had been weathered out of the volcanic tufa and sandstone, and consequently were of the tertiary age; and also that there remained still imbedded in the volcanic tufa, etc., an extensive forest of very large trees, stretching over a great area. Some of the trees were of great size, a portion of one having been traced for a length of sixty-three feet, with a diameter of seven feet near its smaller end. Another tree indicated an original diameter of not less than twelve feet. All were prostrate, and had apparently been thrown down by the volcanic current which covered them. Many were much decayed internally and worm-eaten before they were buried. All of the wood was silicified, probably by means of hot alkaline waters containing silica in solution—a frequent result of volcanic action.

A careful examination of the wood obtained at this locality showed no essential difference in structure from that of the modern red-woods of California (of the genus *Sequoia*). No other fossils were met with, which rendered it somewhat difficult to fix the precise epoch; but it is considered probable by the Professor that the trees belonged to the pliocene period. The origin of the volcanic material which covered the forest could not be ascertained, although it was supposed to have been derived from Mount St. Helena, which is the nearest volcanic peak.

An animated discussion is at present being carried on by the newspapers on the Pacific coast as to which State possesses the highest mountains; Mount Shasta, in California, with an altitude of 14,440 feet, as determined by Mr. CLARENCE KING, finding it necessary, according to the Olympia papers, to yield the pre-eminence to Mount Rainier, in Washington Territory, which Professor DAVIDSON, of the Coast Survey, decides to be 14,444 feet high, or four feet more than the other.

According to Mr. A. R. WALLACE, the most important losses in the ranks of the students of entomology during 1870 are those of Professor J. T. LACORDAIRE, of Liege, and Mr. A. H. HALLIDAY, of England.

The death of Professor CHARLES M. WETHERELL, late Professor of Chemistry at Lehigh University, Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, is announced as having taken place at his residence in that village on the 5th of March last. This gentleman is well known in the scientific circles of the United States, on account of his researches in theoretical and applied chemistry, in which capacity he was for a time engaged with the United States Agricultural Department, then with the Smithsonian Institution, and ultimately with the university just mentioned.

It is stated by the San Francisco papers that the furs which come to that port from Alaska are no longer sold there, as in former years, but are now transmitted to Europe, where, notwithstanding the expenses of repacking, freight, and insurance, they brought forty per cent. more than could be obtained for them in San Francisco. Sixty thousand fur-seal skins sold in London on the 9th of December last at an average of about $5 per skin. The importation of furs into San Francisco in 1870 exceeded two million dollars in value, and it is probable that the amount will increase for at least some years to come, owing, it is said, to the discovery of several valuable fur-seal islands hitherto unworked.

A writer in the Boston *Daily Advertiser* urges the propriety of establishing signals at certain prominent points on the coast, such as Cuttyhunk, Nobska Light-house, West Chop of Holmes Hole, etc., to be connected with the War Department Storm Signal Office, so that information of approaching storms may be thus communicated to vessels at sea. He remarks that after a voyage has once been entered upon it is, of course, impossible to learn by the newspapers of an impending change of weather, and thinks that a simple arrangement could be devised by which mariners, as they proceed along the coast, could learn what precautions it may be necessary for them to take.

According to a recent report by Dr. STIMPSON, upon the crustaceans dredged in the Gulf Stream by Count Pourtalès, of the Coast Survey, eighty-one species, of forty-seven genera, were obtained, of which fifty-two of the species and nineteen of the genera are to be considered as new. Only a small proportion of the species were from great depths, fifteen alone being recorded as coming from below 100 fathoms. The greatest depth at which any of the species were found was 150 fathoms, these belonging to the family of the *Portunidæ*. The portion of Dr. STIMPSON'S report on the brachyurous crabs of this collection has just been published in the Bulletin of the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Cambridge, already so well known for the merit of its zoological memoirs, and the remainder will follow at no distant interval.

It is said that a salmon lately caught at Wooster Cove, Connecticut, is the only fish of the kind that has been taken in the Housatonic River for the last fifty years.

The rapid decrease of food fishes on certain parts of the sea-coast and the lakes of the United States has for a long time been a subject of much solicitude to thoughtful persons; and various causes have been suggested for this state of affairs, and remedies proposed for its correction. Laws have been passed by most of the New England States, and by the British provinces, regulating and protecting the fish and fisheries in the inland waters; but as the jurisdiction of the States does not extend over the high seas no special effort has been made on their part to protect the marine species by legal enactments. In view of the difficulty referred to a bill was introduced at the last session of Congress providing for the appointment of a Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries on the part of the United States, to make inquiries as to the alleged facts, and to report upon the same to Congress, together with any suggestions for legislative action in the premises, and the President has just appointed Professor BAIRD, of the Smithsonian Institution, as the Commissioner in question, with instructions to enter immediately upon the discharge of his duties.

Mr. JAMES CROLL announces in *Nature* that the latter half of his paper on the cause of ocean currents—the first portion of which, as published in the London, Edinburgh, and Dublin *Philosophical Magazine*, was considered so interesting to physicists—will soon make its appearance in the journal mentioned; and that he hopes to show that ocean currents are due to the impulse of the winds, the objection to this theory, in his opinion, being founded upon misconceptions regarding the way in which winds produce the great system of oceanic circulation. He thinks it can be easily proved that these currents are not caused by a difference in the specific gravity between the waters of the equatorial and polar regions, as insisted upon by many writers.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

March 7.—In the Senate, a large number of bills were introduced, and laid on the table to await the appointment of the standing committees. Adjourned to the 9th.—In the House, nothing of importance was done, pending the appointment of the standing committees, which the Speaker declined to proceed with. Adjourned to the 9th.

March 9.—In the Senate, Mr. Sumner introduced a bill to guarantee equal rights to negroes in public conveyances, places of amusement, etc.—The day was spent in the House mainly in discussing the repeal of the duties on salt and coal. No vote was reached.

March 10.—In the Senate, the absorbing topic of discussion was the proposed displacement of Senator Sumner from the head of the Committee on Foreign Relations, which was opened by Mr. Sumner himself in declining to serve on the Committee on Privileges and Elections. The resolution was finally adopted by a vote of 30 to 9, Senators Schurz, Tipton, Trumbull, and Wilson not voting.—In the House, the repeal of the salt duty was discussed. The proposition for a reduction was defeated by opposing members offering resolutions that coffee, tea, lumber, timber, potatoes, barley, and malt be placed on the free list, with other propositions that only served to load the salt question. The matter finally ended in Mr. Kelley offering, as an amendment to the entire question, the present tariff law. The House adjourned to Monday.

GENERAL DOMESTIC ITEMS.

Dispatches from Kingston, Jamaica, dated March 11, state that the San Domingo Commissioners had arrived there on the *Tennessee*, bound for New York, and that the several reports of the Commissioners were favorable to annexation.

A bill recently introduced into the New York Legislature to make St. Patrick's Day a legal holiday was defeated.

A negro charged with incendiarism was on trial recently at Meridian, Mississippi, when one of his comrades shot the presiding judge, killing him instantly. This led to a general riot, in which another white man and several negroes were killed.

The Mount Carmel District Miners' and Laborers' Beneficial Association has offered a reward of $500 for the arrest and conviction of the murderers of George Hoffman.

On the 8th inst. a terrific tornado passed over the eastern part of St. Louis, Missouri, destroying many buildings, and killing and injuring a large number of persons.

Mount Rainier, in Washington Territory, is reported to be in a state of apparent activity, the heat being so great as to melt the snow, and there is a constant emission of steam and smoke from the crater.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ON the 10th of March the French National Assembly voted, by 407 to 104, to remove to Versailles, and to hold the first public session there on the 20th.

The forts on the left bank of the Seine were delivered up to the French March 7. A part of the National Guards in Paris endeavored to create disturbances, and strongly barricaded themselves at Montmartre. On the 11th inst. they surrendered to the military authorities, and quiet was restored. Several rabid newspapers which advocated dangerous agitation have been suppressed in Paris, and the publication of new papers of this class forbidden.

A counsel of war has condemned Blanqui, Flourens, Giraud, and Avrille to death for participation in the riots of December 10.

Napoleon, in a letter to the Assembly, protests against the vote that his dynasty has forfeited the throne, and says the Assembly, having been elected only to make peace, has exceeded its powers.

While the Germans of Zurich were celebrating the restoration of peace on the 9th of March they were attacked by some French prisoners. Several French officers concerned in the outrage having been arrested by the Swiss authorities, their friends attacked the prison in an attempt to rescue them, when they were fired on by the Swiss troops, and several killed and wounded.

The Duke of Montpensier has been ordered to Minorca by the Spanish government, it is asserted, for refusal to take the oath of fidelity to the new king.

The English House of Commons has again passed a bill permitting marriage with a deceased wife's sister.

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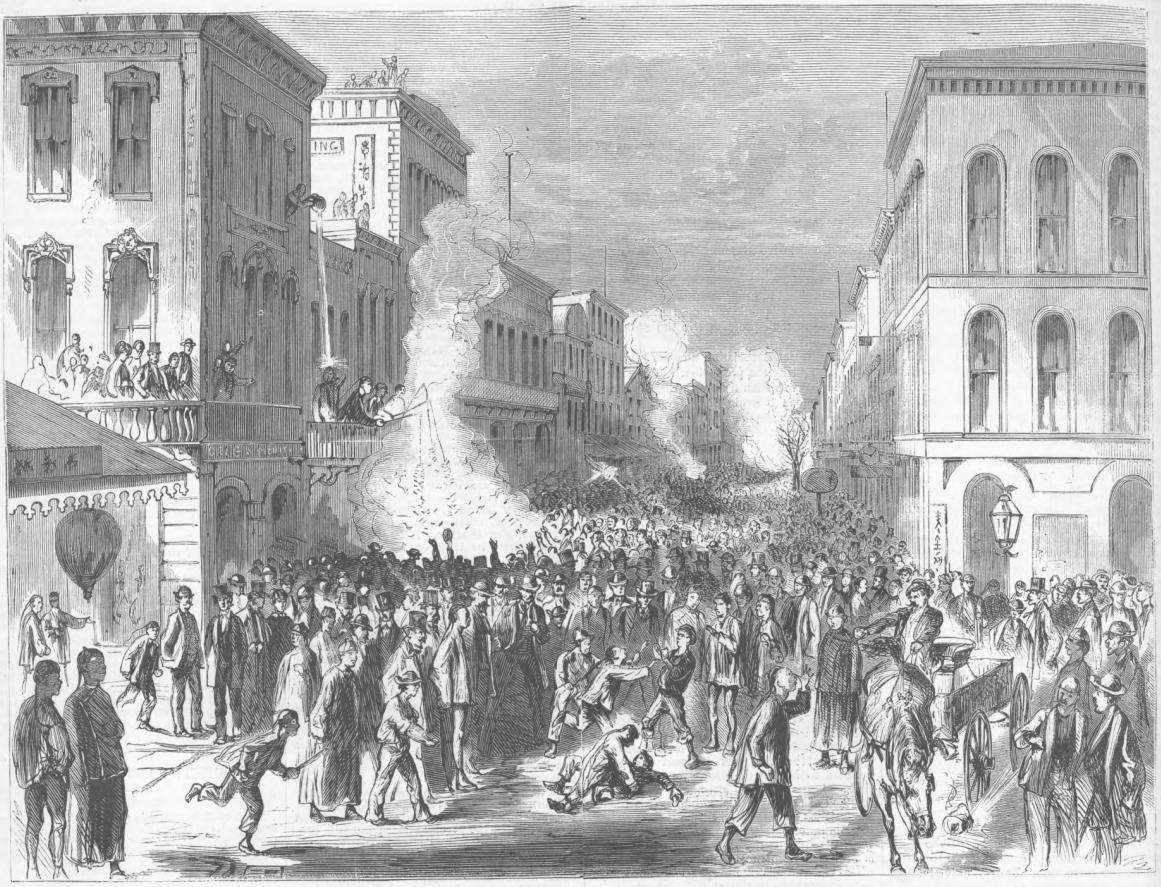

CHINAMEN CELEBRATING THEIR NEW-YEAR'S DAY IN SAN FRANCISCO.—[See Page 266.]

ALTAR IN THE CHINESE JOSS-HOUSE, SAN FRANCISCO.—[See Page 266.]

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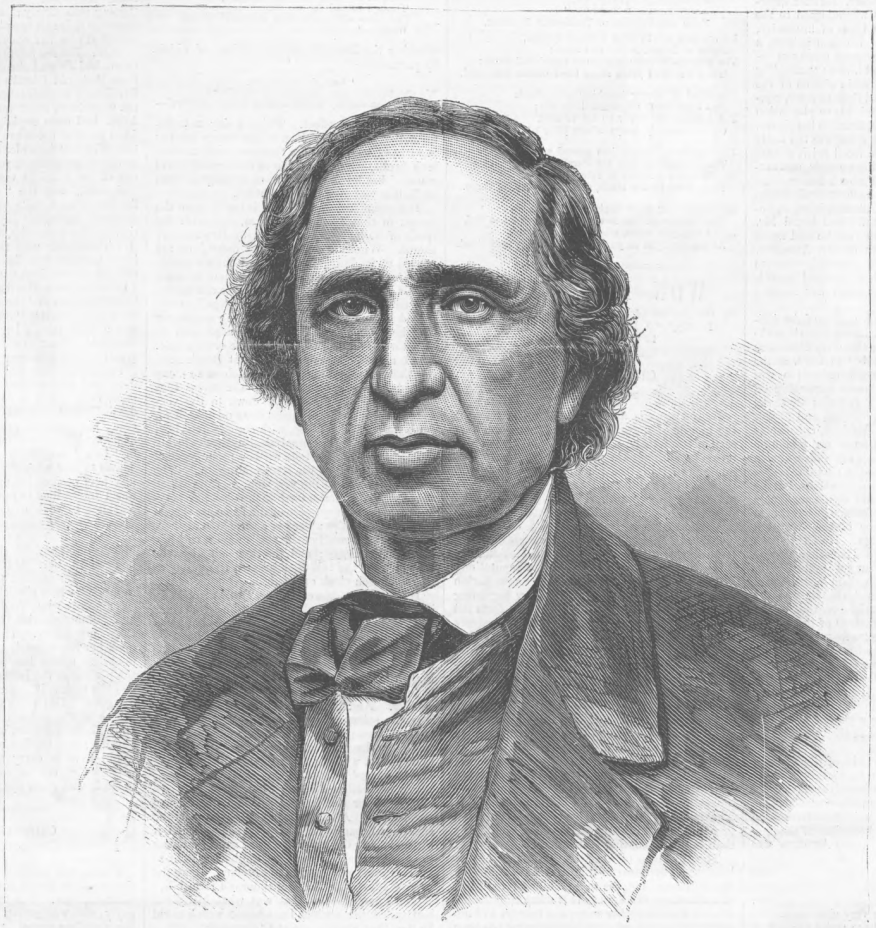
BISHOP ANDREW.

JAMES OSGOOD ANDREW was born in Cuthbert County, Georgia, in 1794; entered the ministry in 1812; was ordained deacon in 1814, elder in 1816, and bishop in 1832. He died in Mobile, Alabama, March 2, 1871.

Bishop ANDREW had not many helps to intellectual culture in his youth. The schools in Georgia were few, and still fewer were the schools of high repute. Men of wealth could send their sons to Northern colleges, or abroad, and Bishop ANDREW'S parents were not able to give him such opportunities for mental culture. But his religious training was very complete. His father was a devoted minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and his mother was a woman of extraordinary intelligence, dignity, and kindness. Those who knew the Bishop as a man can easily fancy what a genial, pleasant boy he must have been. He was devoted to his mother, and she lived to see the tender care she had bestowed upon her cherished son richly rewarded in a life of great devotion, of unsullied purity, and of remarkable success.

The Bishop's original mind, rare powers of observation, extensive reading, and great physical and mental activity enabled him to supply in a large measure the educational deficiencies of his early years. His first sermon was preached just sixty years before his last, and those years were filled with labors in almost every department of work which Methodism affords to its ministers.



THE LATE BISHOP ANDREW.

It will be seen that he commenced his work early, having been licensed to preach when only eighteen years of age. He was not large and not comely. One of his earliest circuits was in lower North Carolina, where, as it is told, when he went to visit a family, the head thereof declined to receive him, as he "did not want any little mulatto preacher about him!" But the young itinerant with the dark complexion lived to be the welcomed and honored guest in thousands of the best houses North and South.

His zeal, good-humor, and devotion to his work soon made him a man of mark among his brethren, and he rose rapidly. A single incident is often the turning-point in a man's life. There is the record of a great speech made by Mr. ANDREW at the Anniversary of the Missionary Society of the South Carolina Conference, in Darlington, early in 1832. Professor MARTIN P. PARKS, who was afterward one of the ministers of Trinity Church, in this city, then held a chair in Randolph Macon College, Virginia. He had great reputation as an orator. His fame had preceded him when he went to the Conference to represent the interests of his college. Great was the desire of all the people to hear Professor PARKS. Mr. ANDREW and he were to make the speeches at the Missionary Anniversary.

Mr. ANDREW rose and read the following resolution:

"That while we consider false views of religion as every way mischievous, and judge from the past that much evil has resulted from that cause among the slave population of this country, we are fully persuaded that it is not only safe, but highly expedient to society at large, to furnish the slaves as fully as possible with the means of true scriptural instruction and the worship of God."

The people had been accustomed to hear such eloquence as Dr. CAPERS used to pour from his golden mouth, but JAMES O. ANDREW took that audience by storm. He painted a plantation negro neglected in mental culture, growing more and more irreligious. But he was a man. But he was immortal. And that immortal soul ever and anon raised its cry for light, and after these upflashings of the soul the

EFFECTS OF A SHELL.—[SEE PAGE 262.]

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darkness grew deeper and darker. He then showed how the Gospel of Jesus was adapted to the lowest as well as the highest types of humanity, in any stage of civilization. He then painted a converted negro slave, the greatest trophy of redeeming grace. He described him as "mingling his morning song with the matin chorus of the birds," praying under the cold light of stars, contented in his humble lot, submitting to plantation discipline for conscience sake, living in happiness, and dying in hope. His last scene was the lowly cabin of the dying slave, the freed spirit caught into the glowing arms of radiant angels, and carried, enraptured, up to the Father's house.

Those who have heard it have never forgotten that speech. A gentleman distinguished in political circles declared that he had heard MR. CLAY in his best moods, but that he had never heard him equal that speech of MR. ANDREW. Professor PARKS wisely and gracefully excused himself from following such a powerful appeal. A few months after MR. ANDREW was made a Bishop.

Bishop ANDREW was the occasion of the division of the Methodist Church into the two branches, North and South. The antislavery discussion was agitating the country; but in 1840, at the General Conference, a formal resolution was passed to the effect that "mere ownership of slave property, in States or Territories where the laws do not admit of emancipation, and permit the liberated slave to enjoy freedom, constitutes no legal barrier to the election or ordination of ministers to the various grades of office known in the ministry of the Methodist Church."

Bishop ANDREW did not own slaves, but he had married a lady who did own one female slave. At the General Conference in 1844, held in this city, a large number of the Northern clergy requested him to resign. He felt that he could not do so and keep a good conscience, as he honestly believed that such an act would forever destroy the influence of Methodism in the South. A resolution was then passed that it was the "sense" of the General Conference that he desist from exercising the functions of the episcopacy; whereupon the delegates from the thirteen conferences in the Southern States presented a declaration setting forth their solemn belief that a continuance of the jurisdiction of the General Conference over those annual conferences would be incompatible with the success of Methodism in the South, and thereupon a plan of separation was adopted, which resulted in the two Methodist organizations.

It will always be to the credit of the memory of the late Bishop, that from his earliest ministry he had labored for the elevation of the slaves, and that he bore himself with manly and Christian dignity through all the ecclesiastical trials, and was held in great regard on both sides of the line.

In personal appearance Bishop ANDREW was of moderate height, and full but not plethoric habit. He had a fine head, a large mouth, large gray eyes, and a sunny tinge in all his features. His manners were full of pretentionless dignity. His colloquial powers were very charming. He was quite affectionate. These traits made him a delightful companion in private. His sense of the ridiculous and his pungent vein of humor sometimes broke through his self-control; and when he turned upon any mean vice, or stupid folly, or absurd skepticism, his lip would curl, and his large nostrils dilate, and a torrent of irony and sarcasm would inflame his style. But ordinarily his sermons were warm discussions of general topics, in which argument was transfused into eloquence in a manner which made him a very popular preacher. But both in his sermons and in the discharge of his episcopal functions there was frequent betrayal of the lack of early discipline in that vigorous intellect.

Of late years he has not presided at the conferences. He preached whenever his health allowed. His last sermon was delivered in New Orleans on the 19th of February. He there suffered a stroke of paralysis, but retained possession of his faculties. He was removed to Mobile, Alabama, where he died on the 2d of March.

The perilous and conspicuous position he held amidst the ecclesiastical storms of 1844 will keep his name in the list of historical characters.

EFFECTS OF A SHELL.

THE Boulevard Port Royal, which faces the Val de Grâce, is situated in one of the southern quarters of Paris, and came in for a large share of shells during the late bombardment. Many of the houses were riddled through and through, and scenes similar to those depicted in the sketch on page 261 were, unfortunately, only too common. Few things bring the horrors of a bombardment so forcibly forward as such incidents as these. A peaceful dining-room was suddenly struck by that fearful messenger of war, a Krupp shell. Entering by the ceiling, the bomb exploded in the opposite corner, curiously enough, in the china cupboard, smashing every breakable thing in the room (among which happened to be a bust of NAPOLEON III.) by the shock. The bottom of the projectile, which weighed about twenty pounds, was blown through the room beneath, and finally buried itself in the floor of a lower story. The most curious part of the affair is that this mass of iron, in its downward course, passed between two cradles, occupied at the time by a couple of sleeping babies, without hurting either, although they were only a few inches apart. Indeed, throughout the siege, although the damage to property was very great, the loss of life was not so large as might have been expected, considering the enormous number of shells which were thrown in day and night for twenty-three consecutive days. Thus the total number of killed and wounded only amounted to 383—namely, 201 men, 115 women, and 67 children.

PASTEL.

FROM THE FRENCH OF THEOPHILE GAUTIER.

I love you yet in your settings quaint,
Faces of ladies, lovely and dead;
The flowers in your hands are faded and faint;
'Tis a hundred years since their bloom was shed.

The wind of winter touching your cheek
Has made your roses and lilies die;
But patches are never so far to seek
On the mouldy quays where your portraits lie.

The empire of beauty has passed away:
The Pompadour and the Parabère
Would find no lovers to rule to-day:
They sleep in the tomb, and Love's buried there.

But you, sweet faces that men forget,
You breathe at the flowers whose scent has fled,
And sadly you smile, who are smiling yet,
At the thought of your lovers so long time dead.

WON—NOT WOOED.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Bred in the Bone," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.

FOREBODINGS.

BRACKMERE is a small but growing town at the mouth of a great tidal river, but boldly asserting itself to be a marine resort. Some of its more enthusiastic partisans (who have also house property in the place) have even gone to the length of calling it Brackmere-super-Mare; but the post-office authorities have not admitted this claim, and enemies have freely translated the agnomen by "in the marsh," and "in the mud." The fact is, Brackmere is too near a great manufacturing "centre of industry" to be fashionable; it is got at too easily to have a high reputation; and the cheapness of its general accommodation attracts excursionists. From its very beginning—with the sublime exception of a visit from the Princess Charlotte—the place was exclusively middle class; devoted to the interests of that enormous section of the British public which dines early, and takes "s'rimps" with its tea. Its terraces, streets, and crescents consist of houses that in hardly any case exceed two stories in height, and which are packed with children from June to September as closely as herrings in a barrel. In laying out the ground these tenements, which are all alike, were so disposed that the spectator who beholds them for the first time ejaculates, "Why, this is a penitentiary!" From wherever he places himself he beholds every individual house, and every individual house beholds him. The man who desires privacy would obtain it in a hip-bath in Fleet Street more completely than in perambulating Brackmere.

The first idea of the stranger is that he has been brought down to this spot for exhibition. He burns and blushes to find himself the focus of a thousand windows. It is some time before Reason reassumes her sway, and he says to himself, "I comprehend: this arrangement has been made in order to secure for every tenant an uninterrupted view of—well—the Sea." At high tide and for two hours after at Brackmere there is a splendid expanse of ocean; but suddenly—like some miracle of the Red Sea accomplished lengthwise—the waters vanish, and give place to an expanse of mud. After a heavy dinner at two, the newly arrived Paterfamilias looks forth from the window, and congratulates himself that he has acceded to his wife's wishes, and brought the dear children to the sea-side, instead of putting his brutal jest into practice of letting them have "Tidman's sea-salt and 'the shingles' at home," in place of it; blinks, puts his handkerchief decently over his face, and enjoys his nap. His forty winks—which last forty minutes—over, and—Hi, presto!—Open, sesame!—Abracadabra!—he wakes, and finds himself in the Fen country. The hearth-rug has been an enchanted carpet, upon which, like Prince Houssain, he has been transported inland.

The ships that enlivened the prospect have disappeared with their natural element. "No wonder they calls it an offing," says the astonished citizen. Where they rode, or "walked the waters," is now by comparison dry ground; where the red buoy bobbed and rolled, there is now a juvenile population (white) cockling where the cockle floated, which now lies upon its side, as though prostrated by the phenomenon that has taken place. Sheep-folds appear, which are the sides of oyster-beds (but how is he to know *that?*). The pier, which is of such amazing length that it is said to be used to teach perspective, has become an unnecessary viaduct. Ponies and donkeys urge (or are urged upon) their wild career where the sea-horse reared and foamed. The flower which the dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear—the periwinkle—is disclosed in myriads; but "it is forbidden to pick the flowers," since (in addition to their native fragrance) they have the peculiarity of being edible, and are sold at Brackmere by the bushel, and eaten by the peck. A flower-farm is here a periwinkle farm. The police have orders to take into custody all persons (except tailors) who look as if they liked periwinkles, and are found with a pin in their coats; notwithstanding which full many a wily youth will fill his pockets with bread-and-butter, and saunter beneath the pier (on the piles of which, like peaches on a garden wall, these crustacea grow) and lunch to repletion. To our visitor these marauders appear to be taking innocent recreation, as under an arcade. There is no sign of ocean to be beheld in any direction; but, seizing a telescope, the enchanted wretch descries in the extreme distance a thin, watery line, which is the diminished river. It is said to have been while at Brackmere during low tide that the greatest of philosophic poets composed his ode "On the Intimations of Immortality:"

"Here in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our glass still sights that intermittent sea
Which—"

meaning the favorable representations of which by partisans—

"brought us hither.
We see the children sporting on the shore,
But hear the mighty waters rolling there no more"—

or words to that effect. Twice a day a transformation scene takes place at Brackmere such as is witnessed only at those theatres (such as Sadler's Wells) which have the advantage of "real water;" but let me add that no scenery devised by Telbin was ever more beautiful.

The commerce of the world is borne upon the bosom of that Pactolian stream, rich with the spoils of nations, which sweeps by Brackmere's shores. Whole argosies "drop down," or are tugged up it, daily; and ever and anon a countless fleet of lesser vessels, wind-bound, or waiting for a wind, lie off it, far as the eye can reach; the red-sailed fishing-boats, with sweeps for oars, thread in and out their baffled line; and along the shore creeps the deep-laden barge, with its tall store of corn or hay to feed the city's cattle. There are no wastes of sand about Brackmere, nor those bare, rolling downs which at so many sea-side places seem to imitate the waves they fringe. The meadows stray down to the very water's edge, so that stranger cows mistake it for fresh water, and indorse, with complaining low, the fiat of "the high analytical authority" who, the local guide-book tells us, has pronounced it to be "as saline as the sea at Margate." The trees grow close to the very marge, from which they tentatively thrust forth their roots, like nervous bathers. On one side of the fence are sheep; on the other, ships; here is a steeple, and there a mast; the "smell of the sea" mingles with the scent of the clover; and the time is told to the herdsman by the bell on shipboard as audibly as by the church clock on the hill.

It is at night, however, that Brackmere looks its best: in the moonlight, and when the tide is in, it is, indeed, no longer picturesque, but absolutely sublime. The stars in the heavens are outnumbered by the stars upon the deep—the lights upon the foreheads of the stately ships. Mabel gazed upon them from the window of her little room, ere she went to rest that night, in wonder. And as she gazed there fell upon the silence a solemn sound—the throb of the great heart of some steamship which was pulsing its way from the other side of the world—perhaps from China, whither Ju had gone. (That China which seemed almost as far as yonder heaven, where her father dwelt. Should she ever see him more, or the face of a single friend, save one, again?) Along that silent highway sped the eager-eyed, panting messenger; she watched it thread its way through those fixed stars, that were the anchored ships, and past the harbor light at the pier head, and round the Foreland, where the Pharos stood and flashed a thousand farewells.

The Pharos?—yes, that was what Mr. Flint had called the ancient light-house which stood by that they went to see at Oldborough.

How short a time ago, and yet how long! The place where she had first seen Richard, and where he had saved her life. Oh, cruel, cruel Richard, to have done so! Then she kneeled down beside her bed, and prayed to be forgiven for that thought. For why should she desire death, and hate her life, merely because it loomed before her without color? Dull and gray and chill it would be doubtless; but it was duller, grayer, chiller to many another. What had Martha Barr, for example, to live for? or what had *she* ever had in the way of pleasantness? and yet she had trodden her appointed path with firmness, and, though it was so narrow, God himself had been her fellow-traveler, and walked with her all the way. She would take heart and do the like, or strive to do so. Martha was poor, and yet so enriched by the blessings of the sick and sorrowful that with them she had bought "a mansion incorruptible" in the glorious city; and if she died to-night, so much the better, save for those who had such cause to cry, "Would that she had staid with us!" But as for herself, she was a wicked, ungrateful girl; were there not thousands destitute and orphaned like herself, who had no home, no friends, but many and many a smiling enemy? She was not ignorant of such cases, having come across them in her village visitations. Who was *she*, that she was not to feel thankful for food and raiment, and the friendly roof that sheltered her? Though her lot was henceforth to be cast in the by-stream and back-water of life, was there not as much scope for duty there as in the main current? She would do her duty, she would be helpful and self-reliant. Her kind hostess should find her a prop instead of a burden. Perhaps she might even do something, if it were ever so little, toward keeping house. Her lace-work had been praised of yore, when praise was more thought of than pudding; it was quite likely that she might make a little money by that; and how nice it would be to pour it into Martha's astonished hand!

She did not shrink from work of any sort; she had made up her mind, to begin with, to "do" her own room, so that Rachel should have as little extra trouble on her account as possible. Employment was what she needed. Nor was it the melancholy of her future lot that cast its shadow upon her; on the contrary, what she dreaded more were its possible amenities. From certain hints which Martha Barr had let fall—by no means in the way of apology—Mabel had a presentiment that she was to be the victim of much tea-table festivity. She had not relished this description of dissipation even at home, and at Brackmere it was likely to be much more wearisome. There was a certain Dorcas club, of which she had heard a good deal; and it had filled her with the liveliest apprehensions. Gossip, when it was good-natured, was very dear to Martha Barr, though she was averse to what is termed "going into society;" and Mabel would be expected to share all her pleasures. Well, it should henceforth be her endeavor to do so, or to seem to do so. But she felt that this would not be easy. Often had Ju and she agreed together (judging from their old friend's own description of her Brackmere acquaintances) that "dear old Martha must know some very queer people." Their father had once explained to them that as the fixed stars of literature attract about them satellites of an inferior order and doubtful light, so the genuinely good are surrounded by spurious varieties of the religious world: the "earnest," the "cheerful," and the "serious." But while, in the former case, the great man is far from being deceived (having usually a very accurate perception of his own merits, and especially of his relative importance with respect to others), in the latter humility and the charity that imputes no evil are apt to blind the judgment. "Much as I love our good Martha, girls," said the rector, between whom and the self-styled religious world there was certainly "no love lost," "I would not stay a week among her Brackmere friends for a bishopric. I am much mistaken if they are not greatly given to solemn fudge."

Parson Denham had a morbid dislike of boredom, and especially of that particular development of it which is called being "preached to death." But this was far from being Mabel's case; she made no pretense to being easily *ennuyée*, and she had listened to too many histories of "how I caught the rheumatics" from village dames to fear what Brackmere gossips could do unto her; besides, her present circumstances were much too serious to admit of her attaching importance to such a mere inconvenience. But what she would have desired above all things now was solitude, or at most the companionship of Martha only; and this she had a foreboding would be denied to her. Martha had openly expressed her intention of "not permitting her dear child to mope," which she felt to be a menace, involving not only what Fred used to call "tea-fights" and "muffin-worries," but all the horrors of "serious" hospitality. These might not be pressed upon her immediately; her recent trouble would doubtless afford her protection from them for the present at the hands of her kind hostess, unless she took it into her head that they were for her good. But there was a woe within her, if not so sharp as her regret for her dead father, more likely to endure, and of which Martha knew nothing: the burden of a hopeless love. She would have to carry *that* about with her into scenes of gayety (or some substitute for it), and to smile with alien lips and an aching heart.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MR. SIMCOE.

MABEL was up and dressed next morning when the excellent Rachel made her appearance at her bedroom door. "A fine morning," said Mabel, gayly, who was gazing out at the low window on the sparkling scene. "How beautiful your river and the ships are looking in the sunshine!"

"It ain't *my* river, as I knows on," was the handmaiden's reply; "and as to the ships, I've got no time to look at 'em now, with all the work of this house upon my shoulders, and another to wait upon."

"I am sure I will endeavor to give you as little trouble as possible," said Mabel, gently. "It is quite unnecessary to call me in future; and I can do quite well without hot water."

"Umph! Then I've been and brought this up for nothing. Missus says, Will you have your egg boiled or poached? *She* never eats nothing herself for breakfast but bread-and-butter."

"Then I had much rather do as she does. Indeed, I want no egg. The sea-air should give me plenty of appetite here, without any thing to tempt it."

Rachel nodded, and muttering, "I thought you said it was a river," disappeared with a ghastly grin.

Her visit, short as it was, sufficed to dash the cheerfulness with which the brightness of the scene without had for the moment inspired poor Mabel. Her presence in the house was, then, already felt to be an inconvenience, and had evidently irritated Martha's trusty retainer. Hitherto she had only beheld domestics from the stand-point of a mistress, or from one of equal height. As a guest at the Grange, for instance, her ladyship's own maid had been all smiles and obsequiousness; and even Mrs. Marshall's Janet had been most respectful and obliging. But now it seemed that poor Robert's embarrassment in the railway carriage was to be the last tribute offered to her by a servant in the way of acknowledgment of her position as a lady. She had noticed how very different had been the behavior of the railway officials to herself and her fellow-traveler on the preceding day from the moment that they had become third-class passengers, and she began to be, perforce, of Martha's opinion, that money was the test and touch-stone of most natures. It might have comforted her to reflect that in the very fact of having insulted her so rudely Rachel had paid an involuntary compliment to her refinement and delicacy, since she would surely not have done so unless she had been well convinced that no complaint would be made of her to her mistress; but this consolation was too subtile for Mabel's wounded spirit. It was with difficulty that she could summon a smile with which to return Martha's affectionate greeting in the breakfast-room; and when she knelt down at prayers beside the horse-hair sofa, and hid her face, tears of bitterness—which her hostess, who silently marked their after-traces, attributed to a very different cause—rained down her hot cheeks.

"My dear," said Martha, "I shall run away from you after breakfast for an hour or so, to do

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my marketing; it would not amuse you to see me choose shoulders and briskets; and, besides, you would make me nervous and spoil my bargains. You won't mind my leaving you alone now, will you?"

"My dear Martha, I should"—she was on the point of saying, "much prefer it;" but she stopped herself in time, and substituted—"I should rather think not," for that expression. "The only terms upon which I have consented to come here, remember, are, that I should make as little difference in your way of life as possible. I will not add any thing to distress you about my presence being a burden; but if I am to be freed from that unpleasant sense, it can only be by this means. I have been a very sad companion to you for many weeks; well, that is over now. I mean, dear Martha, let me henceforth take whatever part I may be fit to act in life; and at least let me not mar *your* part. It is time I should have done with luxuries, and (I do not speak it cynically, Heaven knows!) the luxury of grief among them. Look upon me no longer as a spoiled child. If I can not be merry, yet I will not mope—I—"

Something rose in Mabel's throat and seemed to choke her; but she looked very resolute and quiet.

"You good, brave girl!" exclaimed Martha, admiringly; "you have inherited your father's courage and good sense, if he has left you nothing else. I can not say how your words gladden me; such resolution is the earnest of your own happiness, and therefore of mine, you know." Never on the lips of the proudest beauty was a sweeter smile than that which lit up the unclassical features of Martha Barr, as she thus spoke, and settled her cap upon her head, as her habit was when greatly moved. The tear supply was not laid on at high-pressure with Martha, as it is with most kindly women. When others would have piped their eye, her large hands trembled and went to her cap-strings; when others would have spoken daggers, she smoothed her gown.

"I confess, my dear," she went on, "that what you have said has not only made me a happy woman, but relieved me from a little embarrassment; for I had quite made up my mind to shut people out, and keep ourselves to ourselves, rather than that you should be troubled by visitors; and though I should not have minded it at all, so far as *I* was concerned, my good friends hereabouts might have— Lor, that's Mr. Simcoe! Nobody else would think of ringing the visitors' bell before nine o'clock in the morning except him. He built the new church here single-handed. You won't mind seeing *him?* He's quite a character, and a most estimable person, but oh, so fat!"

Never, indeed (since Swallowdip lay out of the road of traveling caravans), had Mabel beheld so stout a gentleman as he who, unushered, now entered the little breakfast-room. The wily Rachel knew better than to precede him, lest by so doing her own retreat should have been cut off, and contented herself with announcing Mr. Simcoe over his own shoulder; for, though so stout, he was not tall. His legs, in fact, were so exceedingly short that he resembled one of those Dutch tumblers that has no legs at all, and who, however agitated in his upper stories, spins round on an insubvertible basis. They moved, however, with speed, and a quick strut, similar to that of the carrier-pigeon; the misfortune of which ambitious style of going was that it rendered Mr. Simcoe, when in motion, speechless. With such high and rapid action he had no breath to spare for words; and thus it happened on the present occasion that, having seated himself on the first chair, he nodded and smiled familiarly to the ladies, and blew—not his nose—but as a grampus blows, who, having made a wager with another grampus as to which shall stay longest under water, has run the thing rather too fine. Martha Barr, who, of course, was used to this phenomenon, made conversation for her guest accordingly. She introduced her cousin to him, asked him how he was, how his son was, and how all the good folks at Brackmere were; asked how the new church filled, and was in the act of asking whether the choir gave satisfaction, when Mr. Simcoe caught his breath at last, after a long chase, and observed, "How are you, eh? How are you?" between a sob and a gurgle. Mr. Simcoe would have talked forever but for want of that raw material without which talk can not be manufactured; his fountain of speech was always at work, but ever and anon there occurred a hitch, as though some foreign body had invaded the main pipe. If you had any observation in reply to make to Mr. Simcoe, then, and then only, was your time.

"How are you? How are you both? Glad to see you back again!—Glad to see *you*, miss. Did you ever see any body so fat as me?"

This was a stock inquiry put by Mr. Simcoe to every lady to whom he was introduced for the first time; and the embarrassments that arose from it were the source of his keenest delight. On the present occasion he laughed so uproariously, and got so purple in the face, and then so black, that Mabel's look of distress gave place to one of positive alarm.

"No, no, no, miss; don't be afraid," gasped he, waggling his head in deprecation and reassurance. "I am not going to have a fit. It does me good. Laugh and grow plump, you know. My son Sam, *he* don't laugh enough; and that's why he's a whipping-post. He *is* a whipping-post.—Is he not, Miss Barr?"

"I am sure I should be very sorry to say so to his father, or, indeed, to any one else," added Martha, hastily, and in some confusion.

"There, you see!" cried Mr. Simcoe, in triumph; "she thinks so, though she don't say it. She is afraid I shall be angry with her. She imagines that, being her landlord, I shall send the bailiffs in to seize her furniture; I am sure she is afraid of that, because she pays her rent so punctually—oh dear, oh dear!" Here Mr. Simcoe, as though in appreciation of his own Machiavelian shrewdness, patted himself on his capacious chest, and wobbled like blanc-mange.

"It would only serve you right, Mr. Simcoe, if I was not quite so punctual with my rent in future," observed Martha, gravely.

"Very good, ma'am; don't be," wheezed the old gentleman, "only don't be, and I'll seize Miss Denham!"

Mr. Simcoe's merriment, which had been fizzing like a fire-work, here fairly exploded.

Martha was not pleased that Mabel should have been made the subject of a jest, even by a gentleman who had built a church single-handed. "You'll kill yourself, Mr. Simcoe, some day, if you laugh like that," said she, reprovingly; "and then you'll be sorry for it."

"How do you know *that?*" inquired the visitor, with sudden gravity. "Why shouldn't I be glad of it? Why should I change for the worse? Do you suppose it's nice to go about this world with eight-and-twenty stone of adipose deposit? You're as bad as Sam. Why the deuce should I be sorry for it?"

"Hush, hush, Mr. Simcoe! Pray, don't let the servant hear you use such dreadful words. I merely meant, of course, that you would be sorry to hurt yourself."

"Oh, that was all, was it?" Here he winked at Mabel, as much as to say, "One is bound to believe a lady." "I thought you was a-going to sprinkle me with brimstone; and that reminds me I have not asked after your good Rachel. How did you find that single-eyed and faithful creature on your return?"

"I shall not answer any such questions, Mr. Simcoe," said Martha, drawing herself up. "Rachel is a very excellent servant, and a good woman, though I am aware that she has her enemies."

"I am delighted to hear it," replied Mr. Simcoe, earnestly; "and I hope one of them is a garroter. Well" (here he rolled off his chair), "I am going to church this morning, ladies. Will you come too? You shall sit in my pew, where there is room for six; so we shall just fill it."

"Certainly not. I mean—no, thank you," said Martha, hastily.

"We are still angry," observed the stout gentleman, slily; "our crab-apple Rachel is as the apple of our eye. I must send Sam to plead for me, to whom (in his pontifical robes) we can refuse nothing.—Good-by, miss; I hope you will join our choir. Your cousin, you see, does not refuse me her hand; her heart is forgiving, though wounded in its tenderest place.—Madam, I would kneel and ask your forgiveness, had not nature herself interdicted that position. Sam is of opinion that unless the knee is bent the prayer is futile. I put the case to him of a man with two wooden legs; he has looked the thing up, but the councils are silent.—You must see my Sam, Miss Denham. He is an excellent young man, though I say it, who am his father—a *most* excellent young man; but, unfortunately, the greatest fool in England."

"Mr. Simcoe, I am ashamed of you!" exclaimed Martha, indignantly; "to talk that way of your own son—and a clergyman, too!"

"Pooh, pooh! his being my son is an aggravation of his follies, since he ought, by inheritance, to have some sense in him; and as to his being a clergyman, what with his posturings and prostrations, his tunics and his spangles, I call him a theological acrobat. But there, I must be off at once to see him tumble."

Mr. Simcoe, however, did not go off at once; he choked in the passage, and roared upon the door-step for a good three minutes, before he got under way; and even then had to stop at the garden gate to take in breath, and recover from a second paroxysm—so inexhaustible and so exhausting a theme for mirth was the Rev. Claude Simcoe with his father.

"Well, what do you think of my landlord, Mabel?" inquired Martha; "eh, my dear, eh?"

"He's funny," said Mabel, dubiously. "Don't you think so?"

"He's eccentric in his manner, my dear, no doubt; but I don't mean that. I should like to know what you think of his moral and religious character. Of course you know nothing about him; how should you? But I should like to hear your opinion. The first impressions of a sensible girl like you are always worth having; and there are such various views about Mr. Simcoe afloat at Brackmere."

"Well," said Mabel, "he seems a very good-natured and good-humored sort of person—"

"With prejudices, though," interrupted Martha, gravely; "and those entertained sometimes against the most worthy persons."

"Perhaps," continued Mabel, unable to repress a smile as she recognized this allusion to the excellent Rachel. "Still, I should say Mr. Simcoe was not an illiberal person."

"Quite right, my dear, quite right. He supplied a new top to our cistern last winter without haggling or hesitation. Some landlords, you know— But go on, go on."

"But I *can't* go on," remonstrated Mabel. "If you press me, however, I must say that, unless I had been informed of the fact, I should not have suspected Mr. Simcoe of having built a church at his own expense."

"You should not, shouldn't you?" said Martha, earnestly. "Dear me, dear me! now that's very curious. I was in hopes you would have had a contrary impression."

"Contrary? My dear Martha, was it to be expected? How very few people *do* look as if they had built churches at their own expense!"

"Or ever build 'em, my dear, eh? For that's the point. When people abuse Mr. Simcoe—and he is dreadfully run down—I say, 'Well, there's the church, at all events; come, you must grant that.' But they won't do it."

"This Mr. Simcoe is very rich, then?" observed Mabel, with a laudable desire to appear interested in Martha's friend.

"My dear, his wealth is *untold*," answered Martha: that was her generic phrase for fortunes, which are often calculated by their possessors with considerable nicety. "His father was, I believe, a great chemist—at least that is what his grandson gives out; but the elder Mr. Simcoe will have it that he was a chemist and druggist. Well, he left a lot of money, with which this Mr. Simcoe made a most successful venture in winkles."

"In winkles!" ejaculated Mabel. "Do you mean periwinkles?"

"Certainly, my dear. That is what Brackmere is famous for. You should hear Mr. Simcoe upon that matter. 'Strasburg for its patties, Jersey for its pears, but Brackmere for its periwinkles. Ask for Simcoe's at a penny a peck, with the pin in.' He *is* so funny; only it drives poor Mr. Claude well-nigh frantic. Well, he has built half Brackmere and the new church entirely of periwinkles."

"Impossible!" cried Mabel.

"I mean, of course," explained Martha, "with the money received *from* them, my dear. And what people do say is that he has built our church just as he would have built a public-house, in order to attract people to come and live in the neighborhood, and take the carcasses—that's empty houses, you know—but what *I* say is, we are not to judge men's motives. And now I'm off to market, my darling, like old Mother Hubbard, with this big basket, you see, which saves the tradesmen a world of trouble in sending things home, and yet shuts down at top, and looks as genteel as a lady's reticule."

With a beaming smile Martha thus spoke, stooped down and kissed her guest, then sallied forth, and once more smiled and nodded as she passed by the bow-window. But once out of sight, her honest face grew sad. She had been told that morning by her retainer of various little expenses that had on Rachel's responsibility been incurred "about the house" in her absence, and which, under the circumstances, she now grievously regretted. It was not a time for renewing, nor even for repairing; she would need all her little means for the future, in order to make both ends meet, to purchase even what was absolutely necessary for the sustenance of her household, now unexpectedly increased by one-third. Her marketings had always been on a miniature scale; so much so that, as we see, she had not even liked to ask the tradesmen to send home her supplies; but she had now not only to be economical, but to pare and pinch; not only to bargain, but to cheapen; and this was why Martha Barr went alone to market, and left her guest at home.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

PRESENCE of mind in emergencies is an invaluable gift—especially if one happens to possess with it a certain peculiar sway over the minds of others. In sudden panic or fright those most bewildered and alarmed will usually yield readily to the influence of a mind strong enough to retain and assert its self-possession. Not long ago more than two thousand persons were assembled in the Stadt Theatre of this city at a popular entertainment. Some disorderly individuals in the upper gallery became quarrelsome, and others still more disorderly made an audible suggestion of a "fight." The immense audience below, unable to see any thing, and mistaking the word "fight" for "fire," the wildest commotion was instantly produced. The alarm of fire spread through the entire house, and the long, winding passages were blocked up with a struggling, terror-stricken crowd. Had those who were upon the stage participated in the general panic, the effect upon the audience would have been most disastrous. They, however, remained quietly in their places. One of them endeavored to explain the cause of the disturbance, but finding the confusion so great that nothing he said could be heard he coolly put on his eyeglasses and seated himself with an air of languid *ennui*. A lady in one of the proscenium boxes eagerly asked him what was the matter, and in an easy, deliberate manner he entered into conversation with her, explaining the state of affairs. This little scene upon the stage quickly reassured the audience, though they could not hear a word that was said. The panic subsided; the audience resumed their seats, and the play went on.

At St. Joseph, Missouri, they have a genuine "mad-stone." Recently a citizen having been bitten by a rabid dog, this wonderful talisman was placed about two inches from the wound, when it was violently attracted to the spot, and adhered to it until the poison was extracted. At least such is the wondrous tale. What a pity there are not more "mad-stones," or fewer rabid dogs!

Two dollars, in currency or greenbacks, is the exact measure of damages for the offense of kissing another man's wife in a certain Connecticut town. In a recent case, however, the defendant thought this excessive, and appealed to a higher tribunal.

Archbishop Spaulding, in calling for financial aid for the Pope, suggests that the ladies devote one-half their superfluous jewelry, ornaments, and expenses for the support of his Holiness. The word "superfluous" will admit of great latitude, we fancy—among ladies.

Christine Nilsson has purchased five lots of land on a bluff near the city of Peoria, Illinois, upon which she intends to erect an elegant villa. She gave $25,500 for the site.

The 4th of March in Washington was one of the stormiest of stormy days. Rain fell in torrents until the increased cold changed it to snow. The wind also blew a gale; but all the elements combined could not deter the "fair and brave" abiding in that "city of magnificent distances" from turning out *en masse* to witness the last expiring gasps of the Forty-first Congress, and to catch a glimpse of the Forty-second in its first, fresh glory. The attractions in the Senate were not so overwhelming but that an entrance into the galleries—though not always to a seat—might be obtained at a late hour, but two hours before the momentous hour of twelve the throng gathered in the House of Representatives. The crowd thickened into a fearful jam. The galleries were packed full, and overflowed into the corridors. Scores stood at the doors, with expectant eyes and attentive ears, where it was impossible to hear a word, or see any thing but the backs of those before them. Men and women, mounted on chairs outside the doors, stretched their necks in the vain hope of seeing the performances on the floor of the House. Meanwhile the House of Representatives of the Forty-second Congress was organized, the members took the oath of office, and then followed the drawing for seats, wherein the grand interest of the throng of spectators centred.

The English people have been examining the family records, and discover that Lord Lorne and the Princess Louise are related—more or less distantly. They have a common ancestor in John Stuart, Earl of Lenox, who flourished a little less than four hundred years ago. Queen Victoria descended from his eldest son, and Lord Lorne from his eldest daughter.

The following are the subjects upon which the Commissioners lately dispatched to San Domingo, and probably soon to return, are required to make a report: The political condition of Dominica, the probable number of inhabitants, and their disposition to become annexed to the United States. The physical, mental, and moral condition of the people, and their material wealth and industrial capacity. The resources of the country; its mineral and agricultural products; the products of its waters and forests; the general character of the soil, and the proportion of it capable of cultivation. The climate and health of the country; its bays, harbors, and rivers; its general meteorological character, and the existence and frequency of remarkable meteorological phenomena. The debt of the government and its obligations. Treaties or engagements with other powers. Extent of boundaries and territory—what proportion is covered by foreign claimants, or by grants or concessions. The terms and conditions on which the Dominican government may desire to be annexed to the United States as one of the Territories. And such other information as the Commissioners shall consider desirable or important.

An instance of the ruling passion strong in (official) death was observed a few minutes after the expiration of the Forty-first Congress. A member of that defunct body, becoming interested in the proceedings of the new Forty-second Senate, suddenly rose, and began, "Mr. President, I object, for this reason—" when he was interrupted by the information that he was no longer a Senator. The ex-member resumed his seat, amidst so much merriment, both on the floor and in the galleries, that Mr. Colfax was obliged to demand "order" imperatively, and many times, before it subsided.

If one has the presence of mind to meet awkward accidents with tact and philosophy, he can often turn the popular feeling to admiration rather than ridicule. A gentleman who suddenly sat down on a slippery sidewalk in Milwaukee, disarmed the ridicule incident to such accidents by coolly taking a cigar out of his pocket and lighting it before getting up. That was a fine thing for a gentleman to do. What substitute can be suggested for a lady in like position?

The United States steamer *Periwinkle*, now being put in order at the Washington Navy-yard, is expected to sail in May or early in June with Captain Hall's expedition party to the arctic regions. Heavy timbers are being used to strengthen her, and inside her sheathing there will be a coating of cork. She will have two boilers, one of which will use blubber, the only fuel accessible in some portions of the arctic region. To protect her propeller when she reaches the ice-fields she will carry a propeller well. Constructor Delano, under whose direction several of the former arctic expeditions have been fitted out, has the superintendence of the work, and is giving his personal supervision to the fitting out of the vessel, which is of 387 tons burden, and will probably take not more than one or two guns.

Spring has come, and the peasant farmers of France are almost wholly destitute of seed to plant, which would produce food for them the coming year. They have appealed to American farmers for help. But it is not money they want, for all the grain stowed away for this spring's sowing has been laid under requisition, and is gone; there is none to buy. They want the seed. The Commissioner of Agriculture, in commending this matter to the attention of farmers, suggests as especially desirable for contribution the best varieties of spring wheat, or winter wheat where the other is not attainable; the most productive oats; the most productive kinds of barley and bush-beans. The peasants also mention their need of pease, potatoes, carrots, and turnips. Corn, clover, and other seed would be acceptable.

The Legislature of Ohio has determined to make liquor-dealers responsible in some measure for the injurious results of their traffic, and to this end has passed an act which includes the following provision:

"Every husband, wife, child, parent, guardian, employer, or other person, who shall be injured in person, property, or means of support by any intoxicated person, or in consequence of such intoxication, habitual or otherwise, shall have a right of action against both the person who sold the liquor, and the landlord who owns the premises on which the sale was made."

A Prussian officer, passing through a deserted street of Orleans, came in front of what had formerly been one of the most popular *café chantants* of the town, but which was now supposed to be closed. From within he heard the deep, vibrant tones of a grand piano, played apparently by some master hand. There was also heard in the intervals a trampling as of many feet, betokening a large audience. Curious to know how such a thing could happen so soon after the confusion into which the town had been thrown by the recent battle, he entered, and found seated on the music-stool a Prussian train soldier, while all around him in the vast audience hall, which had been brilliantly lighted up for the occasion, and pressing close up to the platform, were his charges—a great troop of horses, who filled the house, and stood, with pointed ears and erect heads, eagerly listening to the music.

Among Congressmen there are many duplicates of surnames; but William Williams, of New York, and William Williams, of Indiana, will be likely to experience special inconvenience concerning their letters during their sojourn in Washington.

Professor Agassiz, though a native of Switzerland, and a resident there for nearly forty years, has acquired such a reputation here that his nativity is almost forgotten. In Neuchâtel, where he was once a college professor, he is spoken of as "the distinguished American *savant*."

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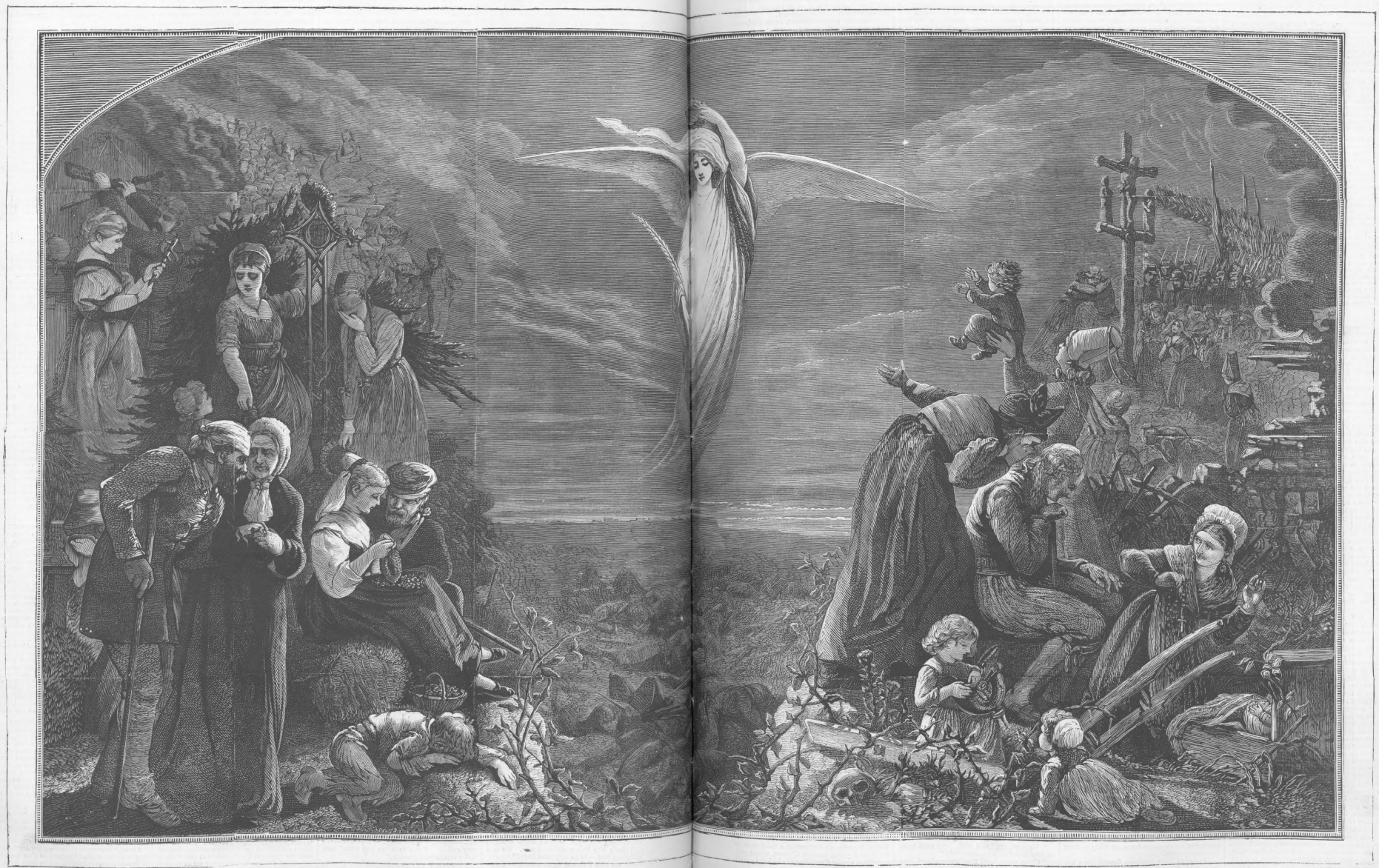

THE DAWN OF PEACE.—[See Poem on Page 266.]

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THE DAWN OF PEACE.

[See Double-page Illustration.]

To weary Teuton and to hopeless Gaul
  Welcome alike, descend!
Brief with thy epilogue; the curtain's fall—
  The ghastly drama's end—
The conquerors filing off 'mid clash and roll
  Of arms and drums—the sad stage left to thee
And to the conquered, whom do thou console—
  Is all the sick spectators want to see.

Peace for the vanquished! Courage, France the brave!
  It is not all that's lost;
And time will haply prove this lesson grave
  Was amply worth its cost.
Though wounded, bowed, exhausted, not disgraced;
  Thy empire o'er thyself restored; thy sin
And shame with thine own generous blood effaced—
  A new and more sublime career begin.

Look thy foe firmly in the face, thy foe
  Implacable, and drain
The cup she fills for thee. Should France not know
  To suffer what she fain
Would have imposed? Wert thou that dost complain
  So pitiful 'mid thy triumphs wont to be?
Has Prussia never had to entertain
  Ere now the angel of adversity?

Peace for the victor! whose complete success,
  Swift beyond expectation,
Has forced on-looking Europe to confess
  Germany one great nation.
Strong in her blood-cemented unity,
  In the hereafter never may she know
The need of that which now, as Destiny
  Inexorable, she declines to show.

Peace for the dead! A Cæsar does but speak
  One word, and thousands lie
To make the smiling fields of autumn reek
  With slaughter. Ye who lie
Interred upon the battle-plains of France,
  Peace to ye!—many a one of ye whose name,
But for this cruel impious war, perchance
  Might have been entered on the roll of fame.

Peace for the world!—when fear no more and spite
  Set nation against nation;
When all the peoples of the earth unite
  In one free federation;
When hate and envy and aggression cease:
  Then surely the millennium will set in—
The thousand years of universal peace,
  Dreamed of by singers and by seers, begin.

TOM POULTON'S JOKE.

A SOCIABLE club of seventy or eighty choice spirits, calling itself "The Serious Family," and having for its president or chairman Mr. Tom Poulton, Barrister-at-Law in theory, and Nothing-at-All in fact, held its weekly meetings for some years in three or four large rooms in a dull, gaunt house in Soho Square. The primary object of this association was the promotion of good-fellowship by the conciliatory medium of wholesome spirits and good tobacco. It possessed a secondary, or rather incidental, feature in the shape of a Provident Loan Fund, and according to the by-laws of this fund all members of the club who had proved their general solvency by twelve regular monthly payments of one sovereign were entitled to one loan of twenty-four pounds, to be repaid within six months of the date of borrowing. This fund was projected by Mr. Tom Poulton, who proved by statistics that, taking the general population of Great Britain and Ireland, including women and children, and excluding all members of the House of Peers and all registered paupers, only one person in four lived beyond his annual income; or, in other words, only one person in four had occasion to borrow money to meet his yearly expenditure. Assuming that these statistics were applicable to so many members of the Serious Family as elected to become subscribers to the projected Provident Loan Fund, it followed that for every four annual subscriptions of twelve pounds only one annual loan of twenty-four pounds would be applied for, leaving a clear annual balance of twenty-four other pounds in the fund's favor. But Mr. Tom Poulton did not close his eyes to the possibility that statistics which held good when applied to thirty-five million people, including women and children, might stand in need of some modification before they became applicable to an exceptional gathering of seventy or eighty young or middle-aged persons, among whom were no women and no children. He very fairly admitted the exceptional character of the club, in the course of his speech on the motion that the fund should be instituted; but he contended that if as many as one in three, instead of one in four, were to apply at the year's end for the loan of twenty-four pounds, the result would show a clear balance of fifty per cent. in favor of the projected fund. He went on to show that if an application from one in three resulted in a profit of fifty per cent., an application from one in one and a half would result in a profit of twenty-five per cent.; or, carrying the principle still further, an application from one in three-quarters would result in a profit of twelve and a half per cent.; from which an easy calculation would show that if every member of the Loan Fund who had subscribed twelve pounds were to insist on borrowing twenty-four, the clear annual profit in favor of the club would be fifteen and five-eighths per cent., and Mr. Tom Poulton would undertake, in writing, to be responsible for the accuracy of his calculation. It was immediately proposed that this fund be forthwith instituted, and the proposition was carried by acclamation. Mr. Tom Poulton was immediately elected chairman, treasurer, secretary, and trustee of the fund, and the whole club became subscribers to it.

Now this was one of Mr. Tom Poulton's practical jokes. Mr. Tom Poulton had, among other valuable gifts, a keen sense of humor, so keen, indeed, that it was in no degree blunted if the joke turned against himself. Most of Mr. Tom Poulton's practical jokes turned against himself, and the particular joke that Mr. Tom Poulton perpetrated in connection with the Serious Family Provident Loan Fund proved especially disastrous to Mr. Tom Poulton, and, in the long run, especially beneficial to his intended victims, the subscribers to the fund.

As the year drew toward its close, and as all the twelve-pound subscribers to the fund intimated their intention of applying for loans of twenty-four pounds apiece (leaving a clear annual balance of fifteen and five-eighths per cent. in favor of the fund, according to Tom Poulton's own showing), Tom Poulton began to cast about for another joke that should have the effect of eclipsing, by the richness of its humor, the humor of the fund joke, and of obliterating, by the force of its agreeable *dénouement*, all recollection of the disappointment that would be occasioned by the *dénouement* of the fund joke.

One morning Mr. Tom Poulton called upon Mr. Richard Harris, the secretary of the Serious Family. Mr. Harris was the chosen abettor of Mr. Poulton's little jokes. He also acted the part of Traitor-in-Ordinary to that gentleman, and brought all his ingenuity to bear upon the best means of causing Mr. Poulton's jokes to recoil upon himself. But Mr. Poulton's keen sense of humor reconciled him to all misfortunes that proceeded from it, and he and Mr. Harris were on the best of terms.

"Harris," said Tom Poulton, "I have arranged another sell for the Family, and I want your help."

"It is yours," said Harris. "Details?"

"You are aware that all the Family will be down on me, in six weeks' time, for their twenty-four pound loans? Well, before they fall due I'm going to die."

"Don't do that," said Harris.

"Yes, my mind's made up. Listen. I've found an old man of my name—Tom Poulton; I advertised for him. He is wretchedly poor, and he lives all by himself in Clump Cottages, Haverstock Hill."

"Well?"

"Well, he can't live three weeks, and I've taken lodgings in his house."

"Still I don't see—"

"You're very dull. He can't live three weeks—that is to say, in three weeks he'll die and he'll be buried. The Family must hear of it through you; they will all come to the funeral, and I'll turn up among them."

"But if you die, and don't repay them their money they have subscribed to the fund, I don't think they *will* come to the funeral."

"Yes, I've arranged about that. I'll make my will, leaving every thing I have to be equally divided among them. The will must be opened by you immediately after my demise. I'll appoint you executor, and I'll leave you—I'll leave you a hundred pounds for your trouble."

"Thank you—thank you heartily."

"Spend it judiciously, Richard—when you get it."

* * * * * *

"On the 17th November, at 3 Clump Cottages, Haverstock Hill, Thomas Poulton, Esquire, of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law."

* * * * * *

The Serious Family were very angry at Tom Poulton's death. He had pocketed nearly a thousand pounds of their money, and out of this sum they had counted on borrowing two thousand at Christmas. But by their chairman and treasurer's demise, not only was there no prospect of effecting the contemplated loan, but it became a very serious question whether they would ever see any of the paid-up capital again. It was voted abominable on Tom Poulton's part to die at such a crisis, and nobody expressed any intention of going to his funeral. However, Mr. Dick Harris completely justified Tom Poulton's dying by producing his will at the next meeting; the will left every thing that Tom Poulton possessed to the society, to be divided equally among its members; and as Tom Poulton had three or four hundred a year from house property, every one expressed an intention of going to his funeral.

The funeral was plain, not to say meagre, in its appointments; but no doubt Dick Harris, as executor, did not feel justified in putting the Serious Family to any unnecessary expense. It was voted thoughtful in Dick Harris, and never did any body of men feel more thoroughly convinced of the vanity of funeral pomp than did the members of the Serious Family as they stood round poor Tom Poulton's grave.

But between the demise and burial of the Tom Poulton who actually *did* die Mr. Dick Harris had made an important discovery.

The Tom Poulton who *did* die turned out to be an extraordinarily wealthy old miser. His mattress was stuffed with bank-notes, and so was his easy-chair, and under the boards of his room was gold to the amount of eight or nine thousand pounds. Moreover, he appeared to have died intestate; at all events, the only will that was found was the will made in favor of the Serious Family by the Tom Poulton who did not die. In the absence of any other testamentary document applying to the property of the Tom Poulton who *did* die, Mr. Dick Harris had no alternative but to apply to it the testamentary document drawn up and signed by the Tom Poulton who did *not* die. I will not attempt to describe how the grief of the Serious Family for the loss of Tom Poulton was tempered by the rapture with which they learned that his estate was worth altogether some thirty or forty thousand pounds.

The day of Tom Poulton's funeral was a bitterly cold one. A drizzling November mist shrouded one half of the funeral party from the other half, and all were drenched to the skin. There had been much moralizing among the mourners on the good qualities of poor Tom Poulton, on the eccentric taste that induced him to hoard away so much good money, and on the irreparable—almost irreparable—loss that his death would cause to the Family. As they stood round poor Tom Poulton's grave, discoursing in saddened whispers to this effect, they were naturally rather surprised to find poor Tom Poulton standing among them, his eyes red with weeping, and his general appearance carefully contrived to convey the idea that his grief at his own death was unbounded. It was natural enough that he should be sorry for his own death; the only unaccountable feature in the matter was his being present as a live mourner at his own funeral. This consideration appealed powerfully to Mr. Peter Hodgson, the member of the Serious Family who first became conscious of Mr. Tom Poulton's presence among them.

At first Mr. Peter Hodgson was not at all surprised. Mr. Tom Poulton was so thoroughly identified with all gatherings of the Serious Family, particularly with all funerals of deceased members (for it was a point of honor with the Family to muster in full strength on such occasions), that Mr. Peter Hodgson accepted his presence almost as a matter of course. His attention, however, was directed to the anomaly by Tom Poulton's first remark.

"Whose funeral is this?" said Tom.

Peter turned dead white.

"Why, it's—it's yours, Tom," said Peter.

"Mine?"

"Yes, Tom—yours."

"This is scarcely a place or time for a joke, Sir," said Tom, sternly.

"Joke!" said Peter; "it's no joke! Didn't you die last week?"

"I? Nonsense!"

"Well, any way, we're burying you, Tom Poulton!"

"Why do you call me Tom Poulton?"

"Aren't you Tom Poulton?"

"Certainly not—I don't even know the name—I happened to be passing through the cemetery, and seeing a large crowd of mourners, I joined them from motives of mere curiosity."

"Then, Sir," said Peter Hodgson, "I never saw such a wonderful likeness of the very man we are burying in the whole course of my life!"

Tom glided mysteriously away from Peter Hodgson, and made his way into the throng of mourners.

"Tom!" said another; "why, we are burying you!"

"My name, Sir, is not Tom, and I have never been buried in my life."

"Tom Poulton!" "Tom Poulton!" "Tom Poulton's alive and present!" passed from mouth to mouth, as the astounded Serious Family gazed in horror on his familiar but by no means vulgar features.

"Gentlemen," said Tom Poulton, "I must again assure you that you are deceived by an accidental resemblance. I am not Tom Poulton, and I never heard of him."

And with a slight bow he walked away.

* * * * * *

The principal topic of conversation that night at the meeting of the Serious Family was the miraculous appearance of somebody very like Tom Poulton at Tom Poulton's funeral. It was held that it couldn't possibly have been Tom Poulton, because Tom Poulton was dead and buried, and Tom Poulton's will had been opened, by which he left thirty or forty thousand pounds in ready money to the Serious Family. This was held by implication only, as it never entered any body's head to suggest that the mysterious stranger could possibly have been Tom Poulton.

The club had resolved itself into a committee to consider the best means of investing or otherwise disposing of the handsome legacy which Tom Poulton had left them.

It was decided, as a first step, that, as a mark of respect to poor Tom Poulton's fund scheme, every member should be permitted to borrow twenty-four pounds from Tom's estate.

The question then arose whether it would be better to apply the balance to allowing every member a reasonable quantity of spirits and tobacco for life, without any payment whatever, or to divide it equally among the surviving members—a course of procedure that would give every member, after allowing for probate and executorial expenses, nearly one hundred pounds each.

As this interesting question was being put to the meeting by Mr. Richard Harris, Mr. Tom Poulton walked in.

Every body looked very uncomfortable. Mr. Peter Hodgson, however, quickly recovered himself.

"Sir," said he, "this is a private club-room, and strangers are not admitted unless they are introduced by members."

"Ha, ha!" said Tom; "bravo, Peter!"

"Sir," said another, "we don't know who you are, but we must request you to withdraw."

"Allow me to introduce myself," said Tom, with much mock gravity. "I am Mr. Tom Poulton, whose funeral you attended this morning." And he took a chair and filled a pipe.

"If you imagine, Sir, that because you bear a certain distant resemblance to our poor friend Tom Poulton, you are justified in horrifying his friends with a highly indecent practical joke—" began Peter Hodgson.

"A distant resemblance!"

"A very distant and shadowy resemblance, Sir. Nothing more, I assure you."

"Don't be a fool, Peter," said Tom. "We've had enough of this, haven't we, Dick?"

"We have, Sir," said Dick. "I must insist on your withdrawing immediately."

"Come, come," said Tom, rather chap-fallen; "it was only my joke. I personated a poor old chap who happened to bear my name, in order to sell you all. Dick Harris and I arranged it together; didn't we, Dick?"

"Sir," said Dick, "I haven't the pleasure of your acquaintance. You will be good enough to withdraw, or we shall be under the necessity of expelling you by force."

And as the members of the club rose in a body with the evident intention of carrying Dick Harris's threat into effect, Mr. Tom Poulton withdrew with a very blank expression of countenance.

In order to test the feeling of the club on the subject, it was immediately proposed by Mr. Dick Harris and seconded by Mr. Peter Hodgson that Mr. Tom Poulton was dead and buried. The motion was carried by acclamation.

It was then proposed by Mr. Peter Hodgson and seconded by Mr. Dick Harris that if, by any miracle, Mr. Tom Poulton came to life again, the whole of the legacy should be refunded to him, if possible, without driving him into Chancery for its recovery. This motion also was carried by acclamation.

Finally it was proposed by Mr. Dick Harris and seconded by Mr. Peter Hodgson that the person who had just represented himself to be Tom Poulton restored to life was not in the least like Tom Poulton, and that he had no claim, and never by any possibility could have any claim, to the legacy in question. This motion also was carried by acclamation.

The question was considered settled by all but Tom Poulton himself.

Tom Poulton besieged the club doors day after day, but to no effect. The hall porter—they had started a hall porter and many other conveniences since Tom Poulton's death—had received strict injunctions not to admit any person calling himself Tom Poulton. He treated Tom kindly enough, believing him to be a harmless monomaniac, but no consideration could induce him to admit Tom within the club threshold.

Tom next tried the parish surgeon who gave the certificate of the dead Tom Poulton's death. But all the surgeon could prove was that the Tom Poulton who died was not at all like the Tom Poulton who stood before him. On the whole, this materially strengthened the club's case; particularly as the description given by the surgeon of the dead Tom Poulton's personal appearance corresponded exactly with every member's recollection of the unfortunate chairman of the Serious Family. It was finally voted that, on the surgeon's evidence, poor Tom Poulton was more dead than ever.

Do what he might, Tom Poulton could *not* prove himself to be alive. Nobody would hear of it for a moment. He appealed (at some pecuniary loss) to his tradesmen for identification. They identified him without hesitation as the Tom Poulton who owed them money; but they furnished no clew that would serve to identify him with the Tom Poulton who had been chairman of the Serious Family.

He never rested. He prepared petitions, but no one would present them. He commenced actions, but he broke down at the declaration for want of money. He called day after day at the club, but the hall porter was adamant. He addressed letter after letter to every member of the club, and inclosed stamped envelopes for reply; but they tore up the envelopes, and applied the stamps to other uses.

At first these appeals amused the club immensely; but after six or eight months' persecution the Family began to get tired of it. The *soi-disant* Tom Poulton was voted a bore; and at length it was solemnly proposed that negotiations should be opened with him with the view of arriving at some compromise. Mr. Tom Poulton was formally invited into the club-room; but he was informed that, for the purposes of that meeting, his name was Major-General Arthur Fitzpatrick. Tom was reduced to that condition of self-abnegation that he really had no objection to this arrangement.

It was then and there arranged with Major-General Arthur Fitzpatrick that, so long as Tom Poulton continued to be dead, an annual salary of one hundred pounds should be paid, quarterly, to the Major-General by the committee of the Serious Family. The Major-General accepted this proposition with alacrity; and he was forthwith elected an honorary life member of the Serious Family, *vice* Tom Poulton, deceased.

And Major-General Fitzpatrick accepted his election, and eventually became chairman of the Club. And poor Tom Poulton lies dead and buried at a salary of a hundred a year, payable quarterly in advance. On one occasion, indeed, when the Major-General's quarterly installment was some three weeks in arrears, poor Tom Poulton showed strong symptoms of revivification; but his disturbed spirit was eventually appeased by an additional advance of five pounds on account of the Major-General's next quarter's salary.

THE CHINAMAN'S NEW-YEAR.

OUR illustrations on page 260 will give the reader a vivid idea of the way in which the Chinese keep their New-Year's Day in San Francisco. Their year commences on the 18th of February, but the festivities continue for several days, to the great annoyance of the people, as the principal diversion is the constant explosion of fire-crackers and bombs.

Some rather amusing as well as annoying incidents occurred during the festival, as shown by our artist in the street scene. One unhappy man, driven wild by the racket in front of his house, tries to drive off his annoyers by throwing water on the crowd; and some ardent specimens of Young America are engaged in a hand-to-hand tussle with young heathen Chinese, whose pigtails afford a *point d'avantage* of which the young rascals make full use.

The other sketch represents the altar in the Chinese joss-house in San Francisco. It is of wood, elegantly carved, richly painted in various colors, and lavishly decorated with gilding. The idols are of clay, covered with a species of plaster finely wrought out, and decorated to correspond with the ornamentations of the altar.

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The effect of the whole is rich and novel. During the festival the joss-house is open to public inspection, and is largely attended by Americans as well as Chinese. The usual form of worship is for the person to stand before the idols and clasp his hands on his breast, and bow three times to the figure. In some instances a lighted paper is held in the hands, and waved up and down as the worshiper bends, as a defense against evil spirits. The more devout kneel on a mat placed before the idols for that purpose, and bow their face to the floor three times to each idol.

TOM BROWN AT HARVARD.

OUR old friend Mr. Thomas Hughes, author of those two delightful books, "School Days at Rugby" and "Tom Brown at Oxford," is giving in the new Oxford magazine, *Dark Blue*, his impressions of our own Harvard. After describing the ceremony of laying the corner-stone of Memorial Hall, he gives this pleasant account of the Harvard clubs:

Only a small minority of Harvards, past or present, know much more of the Porcellian than its name; for the club's members are extremely limited, and the rule rigidly enforced that no student not being a member be allowed to set foot within its exclusive precincts. Turning up a narrow entry opposite College Yard, and mounting to the first-floor, you pass through an old black door into the club. A suit of sober rooms, dark-furnitured, small, and snug, with all the respectability of their eighty years' existence about them. A carved boar's head on one of the walls grins attention to the derivation of the Porcellian's name, reminding members that they are to live the life of "Epicuri de grege porci." The library is good, and was, I take it, the chief pride and most prized treasure of the club in old days, when Prescott, the historian, and Everett, the orator, were Porcellians, and signed their names to the club formula—"I solemnly promise and declare that I will not in any way reveal the acts or constitution of the Porcellian Club." In these last days I suspect the club has fallen overfar into the popular eating and drinking idea of the Epicurean philosophy, and cares more about its goodly show of plate, presented by past members, and the excellence of its wines, cigars, and cookery, than about the condition of its library. Once every fortnight the Porcellians breakfast together, solemnly and artistically, no doubt; but what effect this act has upon the constitutions of the members they are pledged not to reveal, and I accordingly leave it to be imagined. They are, at any rate, a hearty, hospitable set of fellows to strangers, and know how to put an undeniable lunch upon the table on such occasions as the Memorial Hall ceremonies. At present I believe the number of Porcellians has dwindled to five, as the "Apostles" at our Cambridge did to two some twenty years ago. These are not enough to make a satisfactory college club, and all well-wishers to the Porcellians must hope to see its list of members lengthening.

Talking of lunch reminds me that it is close upon half past one, and club-table at Brown's expects me. Harvard has unfortunately no institutions answering to our College Halls and butteries, for I refuse to be so uncomplimentary as to say that Commons, a deserted and converted railway dépôt, some three hundred yards from College Yard, in which as many students take their meals, is in any sense accepted as a College Hall. The consequence is that small parties of friends organize private messes, called club-tables, at various houses in the town, which lay themselves out specially for this business, and often serve two or three separate tables in different rooms. A club-table provides breakfast at seven A.M. (the earliness of the hour is sufficiently accounted for by the considerations that morning chapel at a quarter before seven must be attended at least five week-days out of six, and that recitations begin at eight), dinner at half past one, and tea between six and seven. The dinner is about as good, and quite as nicely served, as that of Bachelors at our universities. One difference you remark at once—the only drink upon the table is iced water. All alcoholic liquors are prohibited by ordinance of the Faculty (the governing body), and any one who wants that supplement to his dinner must add it elsewhere—at the Porcellian, for instance, or at the less sumptuous quarters of the A. Δ.

And what, pray, may the A. Δ. be? A club of retiring disposition, which lies withdrawn from public view in the upper story of an unconscious-looking wheelwright's shop, in the sleepiest and most innocent of by-ways. Its fifteen members are elected with fixed formalities. The outgoing Seniors elect seven Juniors, who proceed, in their turn, to choose eight of their own classmates, and so the ordained number is preserved. But do my readers know what Seniors and Juniors are? The body of students, or *boys*, as they are familiarly called and call themselves, have a four years' course before them from the October of their entrance, and are always known, for distinction, as the class of that year in which they are to graduate. Thus a Freshman entering next October will be distinguished all through his time as one of the class of '75, while none the less he undergoes an annual change of name, becoming successively Freshman, Sophomore, Junior, and Senior. The result of the members of each class being banded together in this way, and having no plurality of colleges to separate them, is the growth of a strong class feeling, which often keeps "boys" of different standing lamentably estranged from one another. But we must not keep the door of the A. Δ. standing open any longer. The single room tenanted by the club is a cozy little place. Light literature and a few newspapers lie strewn about, and in one corner is a cupboard, which contains a store of bottled beer, wines, cigars, cheese, crackers (*Anglice*, plain biscuits), potted ham, and such like delicacies. No servant is wanted. Every thing in the cupboard is labeled with its price. Members help themselves to whatever they want, and enter their debts in a book for that purpose provided. The A. Δ. was originally an intellectual club, and took mysterious Greek characters for its name, after the fashion of American college secret societies in general, and of the celebrated Φ. B. K. in particular, which latter club has Professor Lowell, author of the "Biglow Papers," for its president, and yearly incorporates the thirty best scholars of a class. But another generation has arisen, which knows not the old A. Δ.'s, and aims only at being sociable and having monthly suppers.

Not many steps away a climb up the steep, narrow staircases of (I think) another wheelwright's—a grimy climb, past dusty workshops, where old wood and iron lie forlorn—leads at last to a long, dingy, low-ceilinged room, toward one end of which is the appearance of a stage. More mystic Greek characters on the proscenium. This is the club-room of the Δ. K. E., an unlicensed dramatic society, which serves Sophomores as a preparatory school for the licensed glories of the Pudding. But stay—*seniores priores*—courtesy forbids any detailed description of the copy till some notice at least has been taken of the original.

The Pudding, then, is a dramatic club of venerable antiquity, taking its name from the nature of the simple refection served at its monthly meetings—to wit, fries (fried slices of hasty-pudding) and molasses, mush (oatmeal porridge) and milk, eaten with spoons of pewter. It is strictly limited to fifty members, Seniors and Juniors exclusively, and to belong to it is a general object of ambition. And not unnaturally; for, to say nothing of its traditions, the Pudding gives monthly dramatic performances, offering constant openings to its men of action, and, moreover, possesses a very fair library of fact and fiction. But the club's collection of play-bills is certainly the most interesting and original thing it can show to a transient stranger. Great pains, fertile invention, and a good deal of humor go to the designing and coloring of these huge bills, which adorn the walls of the theatre on performance nights. Each class tries to outdo its predecessors, and when its Senior year is over binds its play-bills into a volume for the envy and amusement of posterity. Once in every volume you come upon a design in which strawberries are the predominant feature. Every such bill, be sure, hung on the wall on Strawberry Night, an annual festivity in June, when it is allowed to add strawberries, ice-cream, and other extras to the Spartan supper of ordinary meetings. The homely old rooms of the Pudding are in the garrets of Stoughton Hall, and are devoted to dramatic purposes with the knowledge and consent of the Faculty. Not so the Δ. K. E., of which it is enough to say that it performs monthly, and elaborates play-bills in reverent imitation of its prototype. The Δ. K. E., however, enjoys a pleasant belief that the Faculty have no suspicion of its existence and whereabouts. Perhaps.

Two serious questions forced themselves upon my mind with regard to these dramatic societies. What time can students be expected to find for work who live in such a constant turmoil of stage-business as monthly performances necessarily imply? And what would become of actors and audience in the very possible event of fire? The theatres are in the topmost floors of old buildings, and have but one exit apiece, and those down narrow, crooked staircases.

But leaving the clubs to take care of themselves, let us stroll a short half mile through Cambridge to the new college boat-house on the Charles River. At this point the Charles is a stream of very moderate width, and, at low water, not attractive to the eye; but, being a tidal river, it widens rapidly as it approaches Boston Harbor. It is practicable for the Harvard crews to a distance of two miles and a half above the boat-house, and for four miles, hampered at intervals by long, low bridges, below. The down-stream course is the favorite one, but it is October, and there is little doing on the river. Just one or two boys, stripped to the waist, are taking exercise in "single sculls," or in clumsy, nondescript outrigged boats termed wherries—stripped, because to have the brownest back in the University is every rowing boy's ambition; but nothing else is stirring. Winter comes on so soon after the college meets in October that no systematic rowing is attempted before spring; the sixes—there are no eight-oared boats at Harvard—rest on their brackets, and the Freshmen are spared until their second term. I was astonished to find that the boys have no regular bathing-place. Any one who wants a swim must jump off the boat-house raft and take it.

This want of a bathing-place is only one of many signs of the indifference to variety of pastimes which soon strikes an Englishman at Harvard. Cricket has been voted too tedious, and is not, I believe, played at all. The same may now be said of foot-ball, for a certain annual collision between Sophomores and Freshmen, on a day known as Bloody Monday, has brought out an ordinance against the game. So base-ball, a game almost identical with the "rounders" of our schools, enjoys undisputed pre-eminence among land sports. The Harvard Nine have reached a high degree of excellence in this national game, as many Americans love to call it, and they are said to be superior to any club in the States, excepting, perhaps, the professional White and Red Stockings. I do not deny that the game is a good one, when well played, but frequent accidents are caused to hands and knees by the violence with which the ball is thrown in to the bases, and it has not a tithe of the skill or variety of cricket. There is plenty of rowing on the Charles from spring up to the long vacation, and a gymnasium near the site of the Memorial Hall; but neither tennis, rackets, nor fives.

Still, nature has given Harvard students their due allowance of animal spirits, which they have had no opportunity of expanding at an American Eton or Rugby, and consequently let off at college in a multitude of school-boy practices. "Been hazed yet, Jim?" was the question which naturally rose first to the lips of two young ladies whom I accompanied in a visit to their Freshman cousin's semi-furnished quarters. To "haze" is a general term, comprehending all kinds of interference with a Freshman, from smoking up a box of cigars which he may have thoughtlessly purchased and displayed to the roughest sort of practical joke.

> "We think it no sin, Sir,
> To take the Freshmen in, Sir,
> To drive dull care away.
> It's a way we have at old Harvard
> To drive dull care away,"

says one of the favorite college songs; and it doesn't go beyond the truth. The Sophomores are the chief offenders. Between the Sophomore and Freshman classes there exists a traditional and cherished enmity. Twelve months together at college has made an organized body of the former, and they use this advantage to the full to haze and "rough" the unorganized mob of Freshmen. Even on the day of the Memorial Hall ceremonies a free fight was extemporized just outside the tent in which the stone was being laid, occasioned by the astounding presumption of certain Freshmen, who had ventured to appear in beaver hats. It is an established ordinance of the Sophomore despots that no Freshman do, under any circumstances, wear a "beaver," and any infringement of this rule renders the offenders liable to be "rushed." And it is by no means pleasant to be "rushed," for a "rush" means a sweep of a whole class across College Yard, hand in hand, forcibly removing all comers in the way, and, perhaps, pitching one or two against the big elms with which the ground is thickly dotted.

While we are in the yard let us step into one or two of the halls, and see what kind of quarters the boys live in. The usual arrangement is that two friends, chums, "room" together—that is, share a common sitting-room, with separate bedrooms opening out of it. But in old Holworthy a single large room, with a couple of beds at one end, is all that is allotted to each pair of chums, while again, in Gray, there is no chumming, but each student has a room to himself, with his bed in a curtained alcove. I should have supposed a desire to have one's own private and particular castle to be so strong by nature in every body's breast that Gray would have been prime favorite of all the "rooming" halls; but for some reason or other—the darkness of the alcoves, perhaps—it is certainly unpopular, and the more gregarious system of chumming far preferred. Now and then in the rooms you will see, over a bedroom door, a slip of wood bearing the occupant's name in bold white letters on a black ground. Be properly impressed by the sight, for it means nothing less than that in that bedroom sleeps a member of the envied Pudding Club.

REVICTUALING PARIS.

THE two soldiers in the small sketch on page 268 appear to be immensely happy. For many weeks past they have fed upon dry, tough horse-flesh and strawy bread—privations which they have borne very cheerfully, and excepting, perhaps, a grumble now and then at the inaction of their superiors, or an occasional boast of what they would do were they commanders-in-chief, can hardly be said to have complained at all. Now all these trials are at an end; with a goose under his arm, and a white loaf in each pocket, our lively friend to the left has determined to enjoy himself, and, after executing his characteristic *pas seul* of delight, will probably retire to his quarters. Here, having previously invited a select few of his friends to share such unwonted delicacies, he will indulge in a luxury which for him was long utterly unattainable—a good supper.

MR. E. B. WASHBURNE.

MR. ELIHU B. WASHBURNE, our minister to France, whose portrait is given on page 268, was born at Livermore, Oxford County, Maine, on the 23d of September, 1816. After serving an apprenticeship in the office of the *Kennebec Journal* he studied law at the University of Harvard, and then, removing to the West, practiced at Galena, Illinois. He was elected a representative of Illinois in the Thirty-third Congress, and was re-elected successively for the six following Congresses. On account of his having served continuously for a longer period than any other member of the Thirty-eighth Congress, usage awarded him the title of "Father of the House." During this period he fulfilled several important functions, serving on several occasions as chairman of the Committee of Commerce, and as chairman of the special committee for investigating the riots at Memphis. He was also the author of the bill for reviving the office of Lieutenant-General, which was conferred on General GRANT. Upon the retirement of Mr. SEWARD he was made Secretary of State for the United States, and held that office from the 5th to the 11th March, 1869, when Mr. HAMILTON FISH was appointed. This temporary dignity was conferred upon him in special recognition of his political services. On the 17th March, 1869, he was appointed Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to France. The majority of the foreign embassies, on the approach of the German armies, retired to Tours, but Mr. WASHBURNE stuck manfully to his post, where he has won the gratitude of unfortunate and distressed persons of various nationalities.

TAKING TOLL.

THE lively sketch on page 268 represents a scene at the Sèvres barricade, outside of Paris, shortly after the surrender of that city. A correspondent, writing from the spot, says: "The surroundings of the barricade made a lively picture. There were Prussian officers looking on at the corner, some sitting on the bridge. There were the privates, with fixed bayonets, guiding and directing the mob. It seemed to me that discipline was a little relaxed. I observed one of these privates taking toll—'just a kiss, and nothing more'—from a damsel he had let through to fetch two loaves of bread, and the officers winked at it. Then, too, they winked at the little boys that crept under the *chevaux-de-frise*, and darted back with this or that for a friend. I was amused at watching a nonchalant Frenchman, who, leaning between two arms of the *chevaux-de-frise*, with cigarette in mouth and hands covering ears, stood calmly smiling at the scene. He had not a *laissez-passer*, and did not want one apparently. Dogs went through unchallenged. I watched one of those nondescript 'chiens de chasse,' looking bewildered at the new world suddenly laid open to him. Perhaps he hardly recognized it, it was so changed by ruin."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

MONTAIGNE has a pleasant story of a little boy who, when his mother had lost a lawsuit, which he had always heard her speak of as a perpetual cause of trouble, ran up to her in great glee to tell her of the loss as a matter for congratulation and joy—the poor child thinking it was like losing a cough or any other bodily ailment.

A Western engineer has invented a hot-water pump to squirt deaf men off the track.

A young gentleman who has just married a little beauty says she would have been taller, but she is made of such precious materials that Nature couldn't afford it.

Meeting a negro on the road, a traveler said, "You have lost some of your friends, I see?" "Yes, massa." "Was it a near or a distant relative?" "Well, purty distant—'bout twenty-four mile," was the reply.

A person, hearing that "time is money," became desirous of learning how many years it would take "to pay a little debt of a hundred dollars!"

An eminent painter was once asked what he mixed his colors with in order to produce so extraordinary an effect. "I mix them with *brains*, Sir!" was his answer.

"Grammar class, stand up and recite. Tom, parse 'girls.'" "'Girls' is a particular noun, of the lovely gender, lively person, and double number, kissing mood, in the immediate tense, and in the expectation case to matrimony, according to general rule."

A man was once brought up before a magistrate charged with marrying six wives. The magistrate asked him how he could be so hardened a villain. "Please your Honor," replied the fellow, "I was trying to get a good one!"

"You flatter me," said a thin exquisite the other day to a young lady who was praising the beauties of his mustache. "For Heaven's sake, ma'am," interposed an old skipper, "don't make that monkey any flatter than he is!"

A burly Teuton, whose taste for beer could not be disputed, entered an omnibus one day with a huge meerschaum in his mouth, and taking the only vacant seat, proceeded to roll forth full volumes of smoke. The driver, seeing this violation of rules, called out to him, "No smoking allowed." The Dutchman, taking the pipe from his mouth with an air of astonishment, thus replied to the polite driver, "I don't make no noise when I schmokes."

A New York cat was so rash as to lick the cheek of a lady of improved complexion, and in a few minutes was no more. Young gentlemen will please take notice.

The following anecdote is told of Caleb Cushing and Miss Hannah F. Gould, both residents of Newburyport, and addicted to little pleasantries on each other. The following "epitaph" on Mr. Cushing was written by Miss Gould, of whom Mr. C. had requested it:

> "Lie aside, all ye dead,
> For in the next bed
> Reposes the body of Cushing;
> He has crowded his way
> Through the world, they all say,
> And even though dead will be pushing."

To which Mr. Cushing neatly rejoined as follows:

> "Here lies one whose wit,
> Without wounding, could hit,
> And green be the turf that's above her;
> Having sent every beau
> To the regions below,
> She has gone down herself for a lover."

A landlady, who exhibited an inordinate love for the vulgar fluid, gin, would order her servant to get the supplies after the following fashion: "Betty, go and get a ten-cent loaf and half a pint of gin." Off started Betty. She was speedily recalled: "Betty, make it a five-cent loaf and a pint of gin." But Betty had never fairly got across the threshold on the mission ere the voice was again heard: "Betty, on second thoughts, you may as well make it *all gin*."

Some people are curious to learn what the man who peddles peaches means when he gives one of his unearthly yells. I can tell them. He says, "Allyowarns-wageegissallyngwaa!" He is a Jerseyman by marriage, and consequently unacquainted with the English language.

In former days, when roads were bad, and wheeled vehicles almost unknown, an old laird was returning from a supper party, with his lady mounted behind him, on horseback. On crossing the river Urr, the old lady dropped off, but was not missed till her husband reached his door. The party who were dispatched in quest of her arrived just in time to find her remonstrating with the advancing tide, which trickled into her mouth, in these words, "No anither drap; neither *het nor cauld*."

Two travelers having been assigned to the same bedroom in a crowded hotel, one of them, before retiring, knelt down to pray, and confessed a long catalogue of sins. On rising from his knees he saw his fellow-traveler, valise in hand, going out of the door, and exclaimed, "What's the matter? What's up?" "Oh, nothing!" was the reply, "only I'm not going to risk myself with such a scamp as you confess yourself to be!"

An old soldier, having been brought up to vote at an election at the expense of one of the candidates, voted for his opponent, and when reproached for his conduct, replied, "Always *quarter* upon the enemy, my lads; always *winter* upon the enemy."

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HON. E. B. WASHBURNE, U. S. MINISTER TO FRANCE.—[SEE PAGE 267.]

REVICTUALING PARIS.—[SEE PAGE 267.]

TAKING TOLL AT A BARRICADE BEFORE PARIS.—[SEE PAGE 267.]

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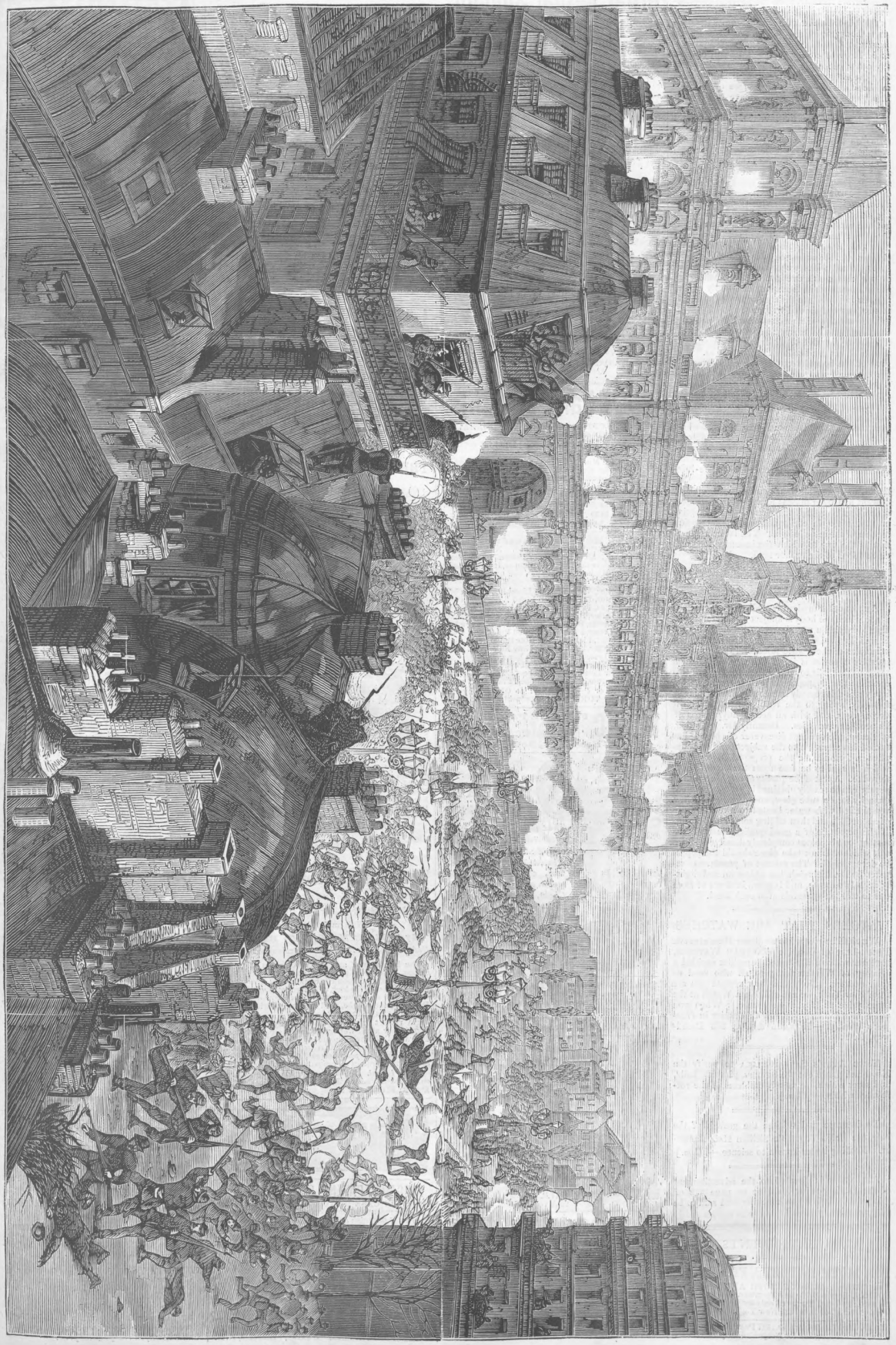

ATTACKING THE HÔTEL DE VILLE.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

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PROTUBERANCES OF THE SUN.

PROFESSOR ZOELLNER has recently presented an elaborate memoir, upon the physical constitution of the sun, to the Saxon Society of Science. In this paper he remarks that it is quite impossible, without quitting the range of known analogous occurrences, and at the same time the conditions explanatory of cosmical phenomena, to assume any other cause for the eruptive protuberances than the difference of pressure of the issuing gas in the interior and on the surface of the sun. The possibility of such a difference of pressure presupposes necessarily the existence of a separating layer between the inner and outer masses of hydrogen, the latter of which, as is known, forms an essential constituent of the sun's atmosphere.

The eruptive protuberances he considers to represent the efflux of a gas from one space into another, the pressure in both spaces during the discharge being assumed as constant, and neither a communication nor an abstraction of heat taking place. The protuberances are exhibited in two characteristic forms, the one vapor, or cloud-like, the other eruptive. The cloud-like formations bear a striking resemblance to terrestrial clouds; and the author considers this to be readily explained when we consider that the forms of our clouds are due not to the particles of water suspended in them, but essentially to the manner in which the differently heated and agitated masses of air and water are spread out.

The particles of aqueous vapor in terrestrial clouds are simply the material by means of which the above-mentioned differences between the masses of air are rendered evident to us. The glow of the incandescent masses of hydrogen is the cause of the visibility of the clouds of the protuberances.

With respect to the inner mass of hydrogen, bounded by the separating layer, which, if not solid, must be an incandescent liquid, two assumptions are presented: first, that the whole interior of the sun is filled with incandescent hydrogen, and, therefore, that the sun resembles a vast hydrogen bubble surrounded by an incandescent liquid envelope; second, that the interior of the sun consists of an incompressible liquid, in which local accumulations of incandescent hydrogen masses form near the surface, which break through their envelope as eruptive protuberances, in consequence of the increasing tension of the included gas. The latter assumption is the one to which the investigations and calculations of the author tend.

PEPSIN.

AMONG other modern remedies for the various ills to which the body is subject pepsin for a long time occupied a prominent position. This, as is well known, constitutes one of the peculiar principles of the gastric juice, and that to which its solvent power is largely due. Medical men teach us that it is to a diminished amount of this secretion that dyspeptics owe their troubles. Of late years this remedy has not been as popular as formerly, owing to the readiness with which it decomposes, and with an accompanying loss of its peculiar properties. Recently Dr. Liebreich, of Berlin, the eminent discoverer of chloral, has turned his attention to the subject, and has supplied a formula for the preparation of pepsin which is said to be free from the objection referred to. A test of the quality of any specimen of pepsin can be readily obtained by pouring a small quantity into a tube glass, and dipping this in a vessel filled with water heated to a temperature of about 80°, and then adding some blood fibrin. If the pepsin be of a good quality the fibrinous matter soon becomes completely dissolved—a result which will not take place should the pepsin be decomposed. The essence of pepsin, as prepared by Dr. Liebreich, has a pleasant and slightly acidulated taste, and is given in doses of from one to two tea-spoonfuls after each meal.

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ATTENTION is directed to the advertisement of the Davis Sewing Machine on page 272 of this paper. It is a new machine, and said to be very superior.—[*Com.*]

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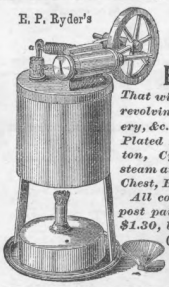

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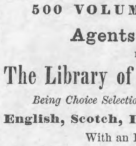

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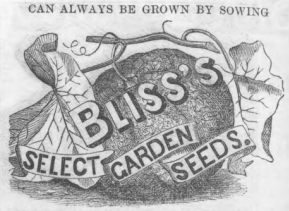

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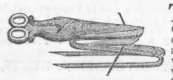
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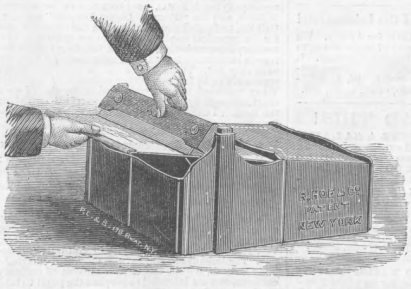

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New Loan of the U.S.

IMPORTANT CIRCULAR.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, *Feb.* 28, 1871.

Public notice is hereby given that books will be opened on the 6th day of March next, in this country and in Europe, for subscriptions to the National Loan, under the Act approved July 14, 1870, entitled "An Act to authorize the Refunding of the National Debt," and the Act in amendment thereof, approved Jan. 20, 1871.

The proposed loan comprises three classes of Bonds, namely:

First—Bonds to the amount of five hundred millions of dollars, payable in coin, at the pleasure of the United States, after ten years from the date of the issue, and bearing interest, payable quarterly in coin, at the rate of five per cent. per annum.

Second—Bonds to the amount of three hundred millions of dollars, payable in coin, at the pleasure of the United States, after fifteen years from the date of their issue, and bearing interest, payable quarterly in coin, at the rate of four and a half per cent. per annum.

Third—Bonds to the amount of seven hundred millions of dollars, payable in coin, at the pleasure of the United States, after thirty years from the date of issue, and bearing interest, payable quarterly in coin, at the rate of four per cent. per annum.

Subscriptions to the loan will have preference in the following order, namely:

First—Subscriptions that may be first made for five per cent. Bonds to the amount of two hundred millions of dollars, of which there will be reserved, for twenty days, one-half for subscribers in this country and one-half for subscribers in foreign countries.

Second—Subscriptions for equal amounts of each class of Bonds.

Third—Subscriptions for equal amounts of Bonds bearing interest at the rate of four and a half per cent., and of Bonds bearing interest at the rate of five per cent.

Fourth—Subscriptions for any five per cent. Bonds that may not be subscribed for in the preceding classes.

When a subscription is made, the subscriber will be required to deposit two per cent. of the amount thereof in coin or currency of the United States, or in bonds of the class to be exchanged, to be accounted for by the Government when the new Bonds are delivered, and payment may be made either in coin or in bonds of the United States known as Five-Twenty Bonds, at their par value.

The coin received in payment will be applied to the redemption of Five-Twenty Bonds, and the debt of the United States will not be increased by this loan.

The bonds will be registered or issued with coupons, as may be desired by subscribers. Registered bonds will be issued of the denominations of $50, $100, $500, $1,000, $5,000, and $10,000; and coupon bonds of each denomination except the last two. The interest will be payable in the United States, at the office of the Treasurer, any Assistant Treasurer, or Designated Depository of the Government, quarterly, on the first days of February, May, August, and November, in each year.

The bonds of the several classes aforesaid, and the interest thereon, are exempt from the payment of all taxes or dues to the United States, as well as from taxation in any form by or under State, municipal, or local authority.

After maturity, the bonds last issued will be first redeemed, by classes and numbers, as may be designated by the Secretary of the Treasury.

The bonds will be issued at the United States Treasury, but the agents for the negotiation of the loan in Europe are authorized to make arrangements with subscribers for the transmission of the bonds to the agents through whom subscriptions may be received.

Subscribers in the United States will receive the new bonds of the agents with whom the subscriptions are made.

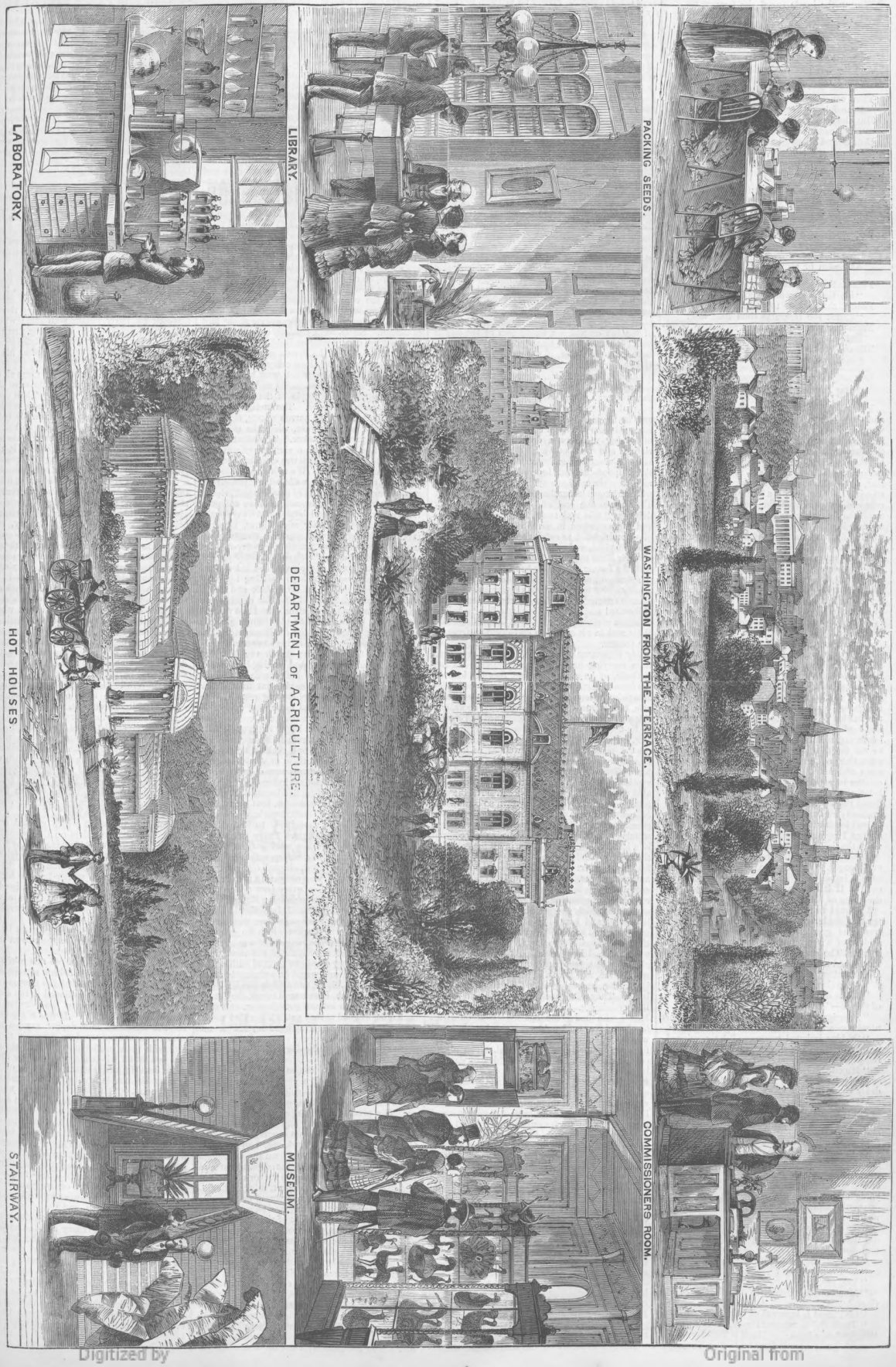
In the United States, the National Banks are authorized to receive subscriptions, and subscriptions may also be made at the office of the Treasurer of the United States, or of any Assistant Treasurer, or at the Designated Depositories at Buffalo, N. Y.; Chicago, Ill.; Cincinnati, Ohio; Louisville, Ky.; Mobile, Ala.; and Pittsburg, Pa.

The Scrip Certificates of the New Stock are now ready. These can be exchanged for the New Bonds, on or after May 1, from which date the interest will run. Where Five-Twenties are surrendered for the New Loan, the interest in gold to May 1 will be paid on surrender of the Five-Twenty Bonds.

GEO. S. BOUTWELL,
Secretary of the Treasury.

FIGURES OF REDUCTION OF THE PUBLIC DEBT OF UNITED STATES.

	Debt at close of Maximum War Debt.	Present Debt.	Reduction.
	July 31, 1865.	March 1, 1871.	
5-20s, six per cents	$514,771,600	$379,967,450	$134,804,150
Other six per cents	298,235,000	298,235,000	
10-40 five per cents	194,507,500	194,507,500	
Other five per cents	172,770,100	20,000,000	152,770,100
3-years six per cent. notes	47,022,000		47,022,000
3-year six per cent. notes	212,121,470		212,121,470
Total funded	$1,439,447,670	$892,709,950	$546,737,720
Greenback notes	$346,681,016	$346,681,016	
Greenback certificates	11,140,000	205,522,845	194,382,845
Gold certificates	28,175,560		28,175,560
Fractional currency	17,763,130		17,763,130
Past-due notes and bonds	40,677,148		40,677,148
	1,884,444		1,884,444
Total Treas. circulat'n	$446,321,298	$552,203,861	$281,882,563
Less gold in Treas'y	96,741,261	96,741,261	
	$349,580,037	$455,462,600	$281,882,563
Greenback notes	$400,399,383	$81,718,367	$318,681,016
Net Treas. circulation	16,583,629	373,744,233	20,839,396
Total principal of debt	$2,705,985,275	$1,819,172,183	$886,813,092
Yearly interest, gold	$134,250,350	$53,576,000	$80,674,350
Yearly interest, currency	9,184,290	1,067,140	8,117,150
	$143,434,640	$54,643,140	$88,791,500
Total interest charge	$136,898,550	$54,643,140	$82,255,410
	$134,852,089	$54,643,140	$80,208,949



DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE, WASHINGTON, D. C.—FROM SKETCHES BY H. J. MORGAN.—[SEE PAGE 276.]

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PEACE.

WHERE the battle raged the fiercest,
Where the flame of hate burned red,
Where the ground was thickly covered
With the dying and the dead,
Thou hast swept the wing of healing,
Thou hast bade the conflict cease,
And the hand of retribution
Holds the olive branch of Peace.

Thou canst bring again the quiet,
Peaceful days we knew of yore,
But the hearts that made our gladness
Thou canst ne'er again restore.
Homes and firesides may be builded
On the ruins of the strife,
But, alas! no Hope has whispered,
"I will bring your dead to life!"

We had sought thee in our sorrow,
We despaired of thy return,
When we saw the fires of anger
On the many hill-tops burn;
And we said there is no household
Where the shadow falleth not,
As we thought of friends and kindred
At Sedan or Gravelotte.

Peace! thou sayest to the nation,
"Sit thee down and count the cost!"
Peace! thou sayest to the mourner,
"Count the treasures thou hast lost!"
From our vision may thy presence
Hide the horrors of the past,
Till our hearts have learned the message—
Peace, sweet Peace, has come at last!

THE BRETON MARDI GRAS.

PLEASANT winter days are rare in Brittany; and when one wakes in the morning to find the weather, for once, bright, clear, and crisp, the sensation of grateful appreciation is much keener than among us in America, who are used to such blessings. Happily, on that particular Tuesday morning in February, the sun rose kindly brilliant, and the fresh air gave energy to the spirits, stinging the cheeks with a healthy frostiness; its crispy coldness stirred the blood, and imparted to all the frame a cheery vigor. We were wont to sleep late. Night is, above all in France, the time of festivity and wakefulness; and we had, as usual, divided the preceding evening between café, club, and opera. Somehow, toward morning, my dreams became singularly troubled. Busby, hale companion of my travels, slept so deeply that his snores kept time with the gingerbread clock on the mantel; and doubtless their monotonous drawl had something—though not every thing—to do with my confused and troubled visions.

All the romances of Nantais history entered into these dreams; I saw Henry of Navarre signing the famed edict, and then looking round with a clownish grin which amazed me in so exalted a personage. I joined in the chase of Fouquet; I saw him fly across the old castle drawbridge, and anon turn into a Breton *bonne* upon the bastion; I beheld bishops blowing tin horns and leading orgies, with blue-bloused revolutionists in rags and helmets. This last fantasy clung to me the most persistently; the episcopal din grew more and more deafening, as Busby snored more and more loudly; the shouts of the *sans-culottes* became more and more frantic, as they led their mitred partners in the most imp-like dance that eyes ever saw or visions pictured. I gradually awoke; but the din continued! Louder and louder it sounded now in the street below, as I lay there, eyes wide open, unconscious when the dream ceased and reality began.

For a moment I was tortured by an unpleasant thought. We were in France, the land of sudden impulse. Might we be sleeping on a volcano? If it were a revolution! (I had been dreaming of blue blouses.)

I started from the depths of my couch—the traveled reader will know how deep a depth it was—and grasped Busby. He awoke in the middle of a snore, rubbed his eyes, and stared at me. The same thought which had troubled me flashed across his reviving brain; we looked at each other, and simultaneously muttered,

"A revolution?"

"I was dreaming," said Busby, "of all sorts of things—"

"Principally," I interrupted, remembering his nasal concert, "war-bugles, and such."

"Of blue-jacketed workmen," he continued, not deigning to notice my impoliteness, "with red caps of liberty, and howling women—ugh—"

"It's odd, Busby. So was I."

Busby hastened toward the window, and suddenly checked himself.

"No," said he, shivering on the bare oaken floor in the middle of the room—"no, Waddler, my boy, we are aristocrats. If it is an *émeute*, and we appear at the window, we shall be called *suspect*, with paving-stones."

With such presence of mind did the cool Busby stop midway in his career of curiosity. The next move was to the bell-rope. He pulled, and it came tumbling upon his hand—several yards of it. Then there was a knock at the door, which proved to be Garçon, come to call us to breakfast.

I never spoke better French in my life than I did then, albeit still leaning on my "conversation-book" as a staff.

"Garçon, what is all this noise about?"

"Là-bas, Monsieur?"

"Yes, yes."

"Monsieur has forgotten this is the Mardi Gras."

"Oh!" said I, ignorant as before.

"Tuesday," murmured Busby, referring to his "conversation-book;" "Mardi is Tuesday. Gras—gras—gras; here it is—'fat.' Fat Tuesday! what on earth— Dites mo-i, gyarsong, quelle est—est—Mardi Grah?"

"Oh, Monsieur," rattled off Garçon, so rapidly that Busby stopped him every minute to find a word; "Mardi Gras is the great day of the Carnival. You will see great fun, Messieurs. It is our principal festival. Oh," went on Garçon, waxing zealous, and forgetting to be obsequious, "quels costumes, quelles fourberies, quelle diablesse, Messieurs, quel chic!—Pardon, breakfast is ready."

We were in luck, and being in Brittany "to see things"—like many philosophical travelers, we were particularly fond of studying the character of the race in its gayeties and deviltries—resolved to see all that was to be seen of the "Mardi Gras."

Impatiently and hurriedly we devoured our fried sardines and Medoc, our *côtelette à la sauce piquante* and sour bread, and engaged one of our glib-tongued and obliging hotel acquaintances to accompany us on the proposed expedition through the streets of the gay old town. It was, on ordinary occasions, the drowsiest and steadiest-going old town imaginable—being given up to commerce and humdrum pleasure, and only knowing at rare intervals the excitement pertaining to an official ball or the advent of a great histrionic star from the metropolis. On this morning, however, all was bustle and uproar—singing and howling, the braying of men and women, the tooting of horns, and the ringing of bells. Our solid old hotel stood on a large open square, on the crest of the hill on which a larger part of the city is built; it was a hotel, by-the-way, old enough to have accommodated, if not the retinue of bold Henry of Navarre himself, at least that of his grandson, Louis XIV., when he came rushing down the Loire in pursuit of his absconding superintendent. Opposite was the fine old heavy-pillared theatre; and on its broad yellow steps, and in its high-arched portico, we saw, as we emerged from the hotel court-yard, a perfect sea of shining white caps, decked with laces, and chains, and pins of various hues and shapes. Here, in short, had gathered a host of those hard-skinned, red-cheeked, brown-haired peasant women, from the contiguous villages for miles around, who are known under the general epithet of *bonnes*. They were, one and all, dressed in their very daintiest "bibs and tuckers;" many had babies and little children in care, the most diminutive of whom seemed to catch the hilarity which the scene inspired, and were crowing and cawing with all their little mights. This sea of *bonnes*' caps, with the *bonnes* and babies beneath them, was, to the stranger, a sight to see; and Busby, whose susceptibility to the charms of woman on every occasion excluded all other objects of interest, and obliterated social distinctions, was fain to hold a feminine review on the instant, by passing, with "his soul in his eyes," up and down in front of the theatre.

My ingenuous friend was, however, prevented from carrying out his æsthetic purpose—I say æsthetic, as he always insisted that his love of the female features and form was purely artistic—as a painter views a landscape. Not only the theatre, but the roofs, balconies, windows, doors, and sidewalks of the square were crammed and crowded by the most motley and curious crowd I ever saw. But the open part of the square was the central point of interest as well as of locality. Here were gathered the heroes of the Carnival of Mardi Gras. Imagination had run riot in the invention of these amazing and hitherto inconceivable costumes and metamorphoses. All the customary disguises which had grown so common in *bals masqués* were added to others wholly unique, peculiar to the place, and indescribable. Men, women, and boys were rigged up and accoutred in a hundred various fashions, in all the colors of the rainbow, and with an effect so wholly new and fresh to us that we stood stock-still in wonder and amazement. The antics and gyrations of this crowd of masqueraders were free and boisterous, rollicking, overflowing with homely, uncouth, and sometimes rudely energetic humor. They brayed like asses, and barked like dogs; squealed like monkeys, and hooted like owls; growled like panthers, and hissed like snakes; laughed like hyenas, and screamed like hawks. At the bottom of it all, doubtless, was many a bottle of the sharp white wine, which was cheap, if quick-yielding, inspiration, mounting, as it does, to the head and brain. They were capering, hustling, and crowding, embracing, pursuing innocent undisguised *bonnes* who had come out to "look on" with howls and roars of laughter, playing leap-frog and wrestling, blowing horns that deafened, and performing gymnastics that terrified. The liberty conceded to the maskers on this day of days is, it seems, as perfectly unstinted as the reddest French democrat of the period could wish. It is absolutely without limit. The careful frame-work which law has built up to preserve order, for once is ignored and ceases to avail. Gendarme and sergent de ville are for once indulgent and smiling, instead of being rigid and pitiless. Respectability permits familiarity with a patient resignation truly admirable. Fops see newly bought "stovepipes" vanish, crushed in a crowd of deftly dressed imps, with the curse smothered beneath their tongues. Mesdames the dames and demoiselles of good society must not venture within the reach of the Carnival *sans-culottes*, or they will, if pretty, be inevitably kissed, or, if plain, inevitably hustled and decked with burlesque night-caps. No one is exempt, were it by royal purple or judicial ermine. In short, to see the Carnival you must be prepared to suffer all things, and to resent nothing.

We were dressed, as it happened, in our best broadcloth, instead of, as in our jaunts, traveling costumes. We were just starting off when our French chaperon, observing it, said, smilingly,

"I beg your pardon—but may I be so free as to ask you to change your dress?"

Busby was intent on the bevy on the theatre steps, and did not hear; I expressed astonishment and inquiry in my countenance.

"Why?"

"Orange juice, Monsieur," returned Antoine, "may have a pretty color in the abstract, but gives a tint not altogether comely to broadcloth."

What he was driving at I could not imagine, and told him so.

"You will know by-and-by. Take my advice, and you will not repent it."

As the romancers say, the plot was thickening; involved in mysteries, I turned to comply. Just at this moment a troupe of screaming *bonnes*—of what sex it was hard to say—came rushing toward us, and, before he knew it, had pounced pell-mell upon the companion of my wanderings. Despite his remonstrances—in energetic English—they whirled away with him, and in another moment I saw his head, hatless, bobbing up and down in the excited crowd, his face red with unavailing wrath, and his hair dancing about his ears. Hastily rushing up stairs and changing my apparel, I descended again, to find the victim of this guerrilla raid, his broadcloth soiled and torn, his hat gone past recovery, and his almost breathless voice uttering execration on his persecutors. A change of clothing quite restored the good fellow's temper; and as we at last sallied out upon the street, he roared and roared again at the misadventure of which he had been a victim.

From the end of the square we could look down a long, straight, narrow thoroughfare, passing in a gentle slope to another square at the foot of the hill. Noble, solid, clumsily ornate old mansions, where once doubtless resided and reveled the faithful nobles of the Breton sovereign dukes, lined either side; and along every story of these ran long iron balconies, which were now thickly crowded by gayly dressed ladies and gallants on the lower stories, and people of the middle and lower classes on the upper. The sunlight streamed cheerily down on the narrow streets, shedding the full light on the centre, while the grim old houses were partly in shadow. The effect of this was very fine, and added a singular charm and romance to the scene which was enacting between sidewalk and sidewalk. We moved with infinite difficulty near the house walls, where the crowd was a conglomerated mass of maskers and priests, flower-girls and orange-women, *ouvriers* and gentlemen, shop-keepers and dandies. All were pushing and crowding hither and thither, currents meeting counter-currents, the side streets every moment pouring fresh quotas of merry-makers and the curious upon the already densely packed main thoroughfare. Antoine at last led us into the *rez-de-chaussée* of a high building half-way down the hill, guided us up a dark and damp staircase, through a suit of bachelor apartments, and out upon one of the balconies. Here we had a fine view, both of the fine old town in general and the fun that was going on immediately beneath us in particular. The high-towered cathedral in the hazy distance; nearer the blue and glistening Loire, rushing and roaring by; pinnacles of the churches here and there; the bright and airy Breton landscape, pleasant to the view even in midwinter, stretching out gracefully to the southward; bustle and noise, and many-colored forms down all the streets and cross-streets and lanes; and here just below the crowd swaying in billows—a crowd fantastic and uproarious, full of the spirit of fun, and reckless or careless whither the current took them or what happened to them. None of the stores were open, unless it were that now and then the windows, being in demand, had been let out (at five francs a standing-place) by the shrewd proprietor, bent on turning an honest penny, or a confectioner's, whose bonbons and gimcracks were likely to find a sale among so many roysterers. Every where you saw the tricolor of France waving from houses and public offices; and the deep cathedral bells, when one o'clock arrived, chimed out a merry, jingling tune, which was caught up and echoed by the lesser temples in every part of the city. Ever and anon would come dancing along a troop of peasants picturesquely and similarly clad, who had come, perhaps, twelve miles from their native village to mingle in a sport which no one who could, by hook or crook, witness it would miss. They would no sooner appear in the main thoroughfare than they would be greeted with a roar of rude applause, and would be welcomed to hospitable hustlings, kisses, and raps on the head and back—all of which, I am bound to say, they every one suffered with infinite good-humor, and gave back often as good as they got. Then they would gradually melt into the swaying mass, and become undistinguishable.

The great event of the day was a long procession of carriages and vehicles of every sort and shape, which took its course through the main thoroughfare, around in a circle, until it reached the thoroughfare again—going thus round and round in the same track for several hours together. The procession was open to all who could "beg, borrow, or steal" any thing on wheels which might claim to be a carriage or wagon. General, peasant, and shop-keeper had an equal right in the circle. There were the barouche-and-four of the prefect of the department and the general of the post, of the mayor of the city and the judge of the high court, mingled democratically among the donkey-carts of peasants and rude improvised carriages, which were simply boxes on wheels. Most of the vehicles were filled with maskers, who performed their antics with especial applause by reason of their elevation above the multitude. It was an odd thing to see the prefect as he sat, with smiling dignity, in his gilded and heraldry-bedizened carriage, with powdered and silver-laced coachmen and lackeys and high-mettled steeds, surrounded by that strange and boisterous mass of imps and burlesque knights and prancing skeletons, smiling constrainedly. The picture of official dignity had a most ludicrous frame indeed; still, he bowed and waved his hand with the air of a stern parent who had for once relaxed his discipline, and was pleased to see the unstinted frolickings of his children.

The wagons which held the masqueraders were as comical as possible. First, along came a miniature pasteboard *château*, mounted in a wagon, with bastion and turret and watch-tower; and from the terraces ludicrously overhelmeted knights, in cuirass and doublet, pelted right and left the excited crowd, their frail shields ever and anon yielding to the force of resentful blows. There came "my rattling mare and I," in the shape of a countryman's cart, with donkeys harnessed to it, and a cunning actor mimicking to the life rustic angularity and homely wit. Then came, in a cart, the model of a cottage-house, out of whose windows leaned brawny *bonnes*, who engaged with such lusty vigor in the general mêlée that one was forced to suspect them to be men in women's clothes; indeed, here and there I felt certain I saw beards protruding just a little beneath the masks. Now we espied a circular cart, fitted up as a circus ring; with clown and acrobat and sylph-like girl-performers in gauze and masks, performing as they went—with difficulty, as they were attacked by the outsiders every instant. One little ragged *gamin*, all laughter and deviltry, besmirched from top to toe, mounted on a donkey-cart, whisked off in an instant a gendarme's chapeau, and clapped it on his own grizzly head, giving the gendarme in exchange his own fragmentary and dirty cap; then rode skipping off, fairly yelling with glee: while the guardian of public order, inclined at first to wax wrathful, yet unable to avoid the infectious merriment about him, ran laughing after his frisky persecutor.

In the midst of the procession came along the tower of Babel, with little automaton masons building at its turrets of vanity. Then came an apparently marble pillar, which now would stop and stand stock-still, as if it naturally belonged there; and confidential couples, who had something of *very* special interest to confide to each other, would hide themselves behind it, the inhabitant of the pedestal listening with great interest to their mutual secrets. Anon stalked along a tall sheaf of corn, its ears whisking hither and thither as it advanced, and its gait clearly betraying it to be a sheaf of the gentler sex. Mingled with these appearances were almost all possible specimens of natural history, so that you might have imagined the Paris *Jardin des Plantes* to have been emptied to supply them: and all the nationalities were represented, putting to shame the Great Exposition itself, hurrying along as harmoniously as if they were, one and all, citizens of a Universal Republic. Beneath one of the windows, where sat a bevy of bright black-eyed and rosy-cheeked Breton belles, who were dividing the moments between coquetting with the gallants who stood behind them and screaming at the mishaps which constantly occurred below, a group of burlesque serenaders gathered, decked with ribbons and feathers, and howled and squeaked a burlesque scene from "Trovatore;" while, at a little distance off, some terpsichorean geniuses, setting a table on the pavement, and clearing a circle around it, would proceed to perform thereon the lusty *cancan* to the sound of fiddles, and amidst a roar of general delight. Here and there were saucy fellows who had rigged themselves up as *bonnes* with malice aforethought; their purpose was evident when we saw them rushing about and seizing the opportunity to kiss and embrace all the pretty *bona fide bonnes* who were unfortunate enough to be in their way; thus assuming with the dress the envied privileges of the sex.

Such was the scene which greeted our eyes when we found ourselves on the balcony; and now I found out what Antoine meant when he talked about the mysterious "orange juice." It seemed as if Busby was bound to be the victim of our party; for no sooner had we taken our places than my friend, who had insisted on at least wearing his new silk hat (with a view to the jaunty damsels of whom he had caught sight lining the balconies), with dismay saw his hat dancing off in mid-air closely pursued by a ragged *orange*, until both zigzagged down into the crowd below and disappeared.

No sooner had we observed this mishap than we found ourselves pelted with a merciless storm of the rich yellow fruit, and the targets of more than one of the groups stationed in the street below. This, it seemed, was the peculiar feature of the Breton Carnival. It was a glorious day for the fruiterers and dapper market-women, who no sooner appeared on the main thoroughfare with their loaded baskets than their stock was bought off wholesale, and in a few moments more had formed shapeless masses of débris, causing the people to slip this way and that on the ground. At times the air was absolutely heavy with these fruity missiles, which sped rapidly to and fro, and often squashed each other with a spirt in mid-air. The gentlemen and ladies in the balconies had, it appeared, taken care to provide themselves with heaps of oranges, with a view to entering, with the good-nature customary to the festival, upon the day's campaign. The contest was now an even one—family-proud aristocrat and wealthy *commerçant* vying on equal terms with the *gamin* of the alleys, the tillers of rustic vineyards, and the blue-bloused *ouvriers* of the faubourgs. The best aim and stoutest muscle won the victory and the applause of the multitude; and many were the deft attacks and vigorous responses, short and sharp orange battles raging about us every instant.

Those maskers who presented, as they passed in the procession, a peculiarly ludicrous or ostentatious appearance were sure to be attacked "along the whole line." When the mock-castle on wheels passed slowly along, with its towers and keeps loaded down with oranges, and its knights stoutly braving one and all with their martial audacity, down came a thick shower of

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oranges upon them from the balconies above, causing their limp shields to bend, and splashing ruthlessly plume and cuirass. Then the castle halted, and the retort became so very vigorous that it involved us innocents as well as the aggressors around us, and Busby was fain to suggest an incontinent retreat to the bachelor apartments in our rear. The whole procession was obliged to stop until the battle was over; the crowd became more and more dense; and battles of minor importance broke out from one end of the street to the other. Hats flew as wildly as the oranges themselves, and ever and anon a curly wig, or lace-trimmed chapeau, or grinning mask would pop suddenly into the air, and, falling, be in an instant trodden flat upon the pavement. The Roman nose of Cæsar was not exempt, but was wrenched from its owner's face, and went tumbling away with a dozen shattered oranges. Episcopal mitres were not sacred from the orange onslaught, but bobbed about as if in search of a worthy owner. Monkish beards were shaven close and clean, their unrooted hairs falling in a shower upon the people's heads. Sometimes the fruity hail assailed a passing and unoffending priest (no Breton crowd is without them, by the score), hastening in long draggling gown and broad-brimmed hat to his devotions; or yielded an unwelcome fragrance to the plush and lace of some stately coachman as he uneasily guided his horses, with their precious freight of nobility or official consequence, along the almost impossible line of the procession.

At times the attacks became too fierce even for stolid Breton patience; then you saw the attacked maskers tear their masks away from their hot faces, and fierce black eyes gleam with a momentary rage. They would grasp their oranges and throw them with impetuous swiftness and strength, and at haphazard; revenging themselves by shooting them pell-mell into the crowd around them, in whatever direction they chanced to face. It was but for a moment; the next, out came the bottles of white wine, and with the old French grace, which seems native alike to peasant and patrician, they waved a truce to their adversaries and in pantomime drank their healths. Despite the crowd, the drinking, the hot excitements of the day, and the naturally fierce Breton temperament, nothing serious occurred during the whole afternoon. There were no brawls or fights, and, wrought up as the crowd was, they abstained from so far sinning against authority as not to sing the "Marseillaise." There was, however, music, such as it was, in plenty; mainly rollicking airs from "La Belle Hélène," "Orphée aux Enfers," and "Barbe Bleue," not unaccompanied by instruments, brass, stringed, and lung-played; nor unattended by bones and drums and tin horns, and a hundred burlesques on harmony never imagined out of Brittany.

The part taken by the women in the Carnival was no slight or modest one. It was even rumored that some *grandes dames* from the aristocratic Cathedral Square, wild young demoiselles who were resolved for once to break from the traces of propriety and the weary restraints of social decorum, were galivanting about in the procession, and outdoing their humbler sisters in the rollicking pranks peculiar to the occasion. Mostly, however, the feminine element was composed of the grisettes of the shops and factories, the *demi-monde*, the actresses and *coryphées* of the theatre, and the rustic *bonnes* either fresh from the villages or resident in the town as ladies'-maids and servant-girls.

It need hardly be said that the women wore the gayest colors and the most fantastic dresses. Some floated along in the breezy costume of the ballet, with pink and lace masks, and little tasseled caps; others appeared in male clothes, or in some outrageous parody of beggary or quaintness. Many an Amazonian joust occurred along the line, the participants hurling their oranges with awkward aim and reckless prodigality, and adding to the general din by their screams when they were hit. Often a loving couple of maskers would come riding along in one of the wagons, and, their sentimental pose noted, would be jeered at and pelted, and worried on every side. The coquetries of the day were numberless, and many were the embraces and ostentatious love-makings, the struggles for kisses and the conflicts of rival aspirants for the favor of the fair disguised. The scene did credit, at least, to the muscles of the Breton damsels; for when they mingled in the orange mêlée they were seldom worsted, though their masculine adversaries did not stay their hands for gallantry. Busby, charmed with so many neat and dapper little figures flitting about, essayed, now and then, a sly flirtation—kissing his hand, or waving his hat to them, furtively—but seldom succeeded in gaining any more flattering recognition of his advances than a shower of oranges, well aimed at his head by the objects of his favors and their *chaperons*.

The procession of carriages and wagons and boxes on wheels wound round and round hour after hour, gaining each moment new accessions to its line; often delayed half an hour at a time by the battles of the oranges; screaming, laughing, howling, singing, going on in a continuous uproar throughout the afternoon. It was already twilight—a long lingering twilight—before the line began to thin, or the zeal of the masqueraders to abate. Gradually the carriages of the prefect, the general, and other officials and citizens of rank fell out, and left the masquerading vehicles sole occupants of the line; then these gradually dropped off one by one. At last the procession presented long, irregular gaps, and the crowd had grown sparse enough on the sidewalks to render locomotion no longer difficult. As we emerged into the street, its appearance from end to end was amusing enough; for you would have imagined that there had been a long and severe storm, when the heavens had hailed oranges. As the people passed along they slipped every moment, and many were the laughable accidents which occurred. Mingled with the fruity débris were hats and gloves, noses and beards, and pieces of cloaks and feathers, showing how earnestly the conflicts had raged.

On reaching again the square where stood the theatre and our hotel, we found that the orgie was by no means over yet. The merry-makers had gathered here *en masse*, looking, indeed, rather the worse for the day, their dresses and faces smeared with orange juice, and their faces still red with the exertions of the conflict, but still bent on making the most of the fast-departing Mardi Gras. The wine-bottles were passing freely from hand to hand, men and women alike taking deep draughts to keep up their somewhat jaded limbs. Presently a general shout arose, and several of the maskers began to push back the crowd so as to form a circle in the centre of the square. When the circle was large enough, forthwith there appeared in the middle of it a group of merry-makers more elaborately dressed than the mass, mostly in Spanish costume—the girls in short gauzy dresses, high boots, and little gold-laced caps; and the men in short cloaks, sugar-loaf hats adorned with feathers, and ribbon leggings. The crowd pressed about the circle, and we followed their example; and forthwith these performers began one of the most energetic, and withal graceful, dances I ever witnessed. The girls had little tambourines, and the men whistles and fifes; while at one side of the ring were some fiddlers and guitar-players, who rung out the merriest of possible *cancan* airs. The way the dancers leaped about, seemingly without rhyme or method, a combination between a grand *pas de ballet* and a negro "plantation walk-around," tumbling and jumping, skipping and whirling, was amazing to see. Before this performance was over the deep leaden haze of the late February twilight had descended; the lamps in the square had been lit, and the gens d'armes, at last fain to return to their function of restoring order, were moving among the crowd and gradually dispersing it. Slowly it broke up; and up and down the streets and alleys, far and near, for an hour afterward, might be heard the receding echoes of the roisterers, singing, dancing, and laughing till they reached their very doors, and at last found rest in their ground-floors and attics.

THE EXPRESS TICKET.

ONE of the pleasantest journeys I ever took was made a short time back, in company with a total stranger, but who proved to be the most chatty, most communicative person I ever met with, although his code of morals was undoubtedly rather lax. We got in at the London terminus, and as he almost at once asked me where I was going, we found we were each bound to the same large city. I fancied he had been dining rather generously, from his face, which was a little flushed; he had plenty of excellent cigars, and was very liberal with them; and ere we had ridden half a dozen miles he produced a pack of cards, and asked me to play. I declined; and he said with a smile, "Afraid of strangers with cards? Well, you are quite right; but we shall do no harm to each other."

I hastened to assure him that I was under no suspicion as regarded himself, but that I did not care for cards.

"There you are to blame," he returned; "you should always suspect strangers who want you to play at cards. Why should a man carry a pack with him, if he does not intend to profit by their use? Take my advice, and always be on your guard."

"But then," I said, with a smile, "by your own rule you would lead me to suspect you."

"You wouldn't be far wrong if you did," he replied, with a very meaning nod; "I only wished to play for a cup of coffee at the refreshment-station; but I have played in railway carriages for very different stakes—and won them. However, I am all right to-night, and don't want to win any body's money. I cleared eight hundred over the Leger, and that will last me some time."

I congratulated him on his good fortune, and said I wished I had been as lucky.

"If it shouldn't do you more good than it will me, you needn't mind," he returned; "light come, light go; but still it is better to have a few hundreds in your pocket than to be without a penny to pay your fare, as I have been on this very railway."

"Indeed!" I ejaculated, as he made a pause here; "that must have been awkward."

"Awkward! I believe you," he said. "But there! a man with his head screwed on the right way need never be at a loss in a rich country like this. I hadn't a penny—at any rate, I hadn't a tenth part of the required fare—with me; I was bound to keep an engagement a long way down the line, and I had not a friend who would lend me sixpence; and here I found myself, one evening, a quarter of an hour before the train started. Something like a fix, eh? What should you have done?"

"Well," I replied, "I hardly know. If I had a watch—"

"But I hadn't," he interrupted, "nor any thing else that would fetch two pound seven, the price of a ticket. A first-class ticket, of course, I mean; I had made up my mind to ride first-class; I like it best, and, under the circumstances, it was just as feasible as any other."

"Then, perhaps, I should have gone to the station-master or superintendent," I said, "and told him all about it; and if that wouldn't do, I must have stopped in London."

"Then it wouldn't have done, you may swear," he replied; "station-masters are not so soft as that. Well, now, I'll tell you all about it; and it may be of use to you to know some day what is possible to be done in such a fix."

I nodded my thanks, and he began:

"I need not tell you how I came to be so placed—speculative men are often in such a position; we always get out of it somehow, however, and I did, this time. When I arrived at the station, there was the train, with the engine waiting a little way off, blazing and hissing away; some of the passengers had taken their seats, but most of them were walking up and down, or having a parting glass with their friends, or looking at the book-stalls. How I envied the shabbiest of them all! for he, whoever he was, had got his ticket, and I could not get mine. If the train had gone right through, I would have taken my seat, and chanced dropping out just before they stopped; but I knew they examined tickets half-way, so that would not do. If the journey had been all by the same engine, I would have lain at the back of the tender on the coke, as I did once to a place nearly a hundred miles down the line; but I knew they changed engines; so this, again, wouldn't do. I saw one person on the platform whom I recognized; but as he was a clergyman—a dean, in fact—who was always preaching against us racing-men, and had once actually persuaded the townspeople to put their races down, I knew he was of no use. Yet I couldn't keep away from him; he had a sort of fascination for me; I may call it a presentiment that he was to get me out of my hobble. Well, the bustle increased; you know, of course, how busy the station gets just before an express starts. The engine came back, and was hooked on; the porters ran about with their barrows of luggage; the passengers left the refreshment-rooms and book-stalls, and clustered round the doors of the carriages; the dean got into a compartment by himself, and there was I walking up and down in the darkest part of the platform, and only five minutes left.

"I paused for a moment before a little room where I saw the guards go in and out, and wondered whether one of the men would let me ride with him if I told him of a good thing I knew—I really did know of it—for the Cambridgeshire; when, all at once, a splendid idea struck me. It was the very thing! The door of the little room was half open, so that I could see no one was in there, and several coats and caps, belonging to the guards, were hanging on the walls. I glanced down the platform; every railway official seemed up to his eyes in business—no one was looking that way. I popped into the room in an instant—had put on a coat and cap, which fitted me beautifully—and was out again in a few seconds. There was no time for reflection, nor did I need any; my mind was already made up, so, pushing past the people with the air of a regular guard, born and bred, I put my head into the carriage where the dean sat, and said, 'Tickets, if you please.' The old gentleman was reading a book; he looked round, pushed his spectacles a little higher on his nose, and exclaiming, 'Dear me! I had quite forgotten,' he handed out his ticket, which I very coolly pocketed, and was moving away, when the old gentleman said, 'This is a new rule, to take tickets at starting, isn't it?'

"'Yes, Sir,' I answered, touching my cap; 'only been in force this month, Sir.'

"'Oh,' he said, and began reading his book again.

"At this instant the bell for starting rang, and the guards began to bawl out, 'Any more going on?' but there was plenty of time for me. I dashed back to the little room, but hang me if there wasn't a guard in there, feeling among the great-coats, and swearing horribly, as I could hear, at some of his mates for moving his particular coat out of its place. I stood behind the long double ladder they wheel about to clean the lamps, took off the poor fellow's coat and cap, and flung them down by the door, put on my own cap, and hurried across the platform as though I had just come from the refreshment-room. The station doors were closed, but a guard, catching sight of me, shouted, 'Now, Sir, this way, or you will be too late!' He opened a carriage door and pushed me in, just as the engine sounded its whistle and the tug came which moved us on. I was in the carriage with the dean! There was nobody else there, as I well knew, and I really felt very uncomfortable. I didn't at all suppose he would recognize me, but yet there was a sort of feeling which made me wish that the guard had put me any where else. However, there was no help for it now, and I made up my mind to see at once if there was any danger of recognition; so the first time he put down his book, although it was only to cut some leaves, I offered him a newspaper. He declined it; but I had obtained an opening, and I followed up my offer with a few remarks about the weather, and so forth—quite enough to let me see that he did not at all remember my voice. I couldn't sleep, but I pretended to do so; and on we went, scarcely another word having been spoken on either side, until the train slackened speed; and I knew we were near the station where they examined the tickets, and where, of course, the murder would be out. When the carriages drew up alongside the ticket-platform, and I could hear the familiar cry of 'All tickets ready,' I feigned to be reading my paper very intently, although, in reality, I was watching and listening with all my might. I saw the dean look up curiously when he first heard the shouts; he listened, too, with a puzzled air, and took off his spectacles and wiped them, as if that would help him to understand it; however, I have no doubt he thought the notice did not apply to him, so he calmly put his glasses on again. At that moment a guard—a regular one this time, I thought to myself—looked in, and of course said, 'Tickets, if you please.' I gave him mine, which he merely glanced at and returned; and then I screwed myself into a corner, as much out of the light as I could manage. The old clergyman had, of course, done nothing. 'Now, Sir, if you please,' said the guard.

"'Eh?' returned the dean, looking round, and pushing up his spectacles, which seemed to be a habit with him.

"'Tickets, Sir, tickets; look alive, if you please, Sir,' answered the man.

"'Tickets! tickets!' echoed the dean; 'mine is all right. I have given it up.'

"'Not to me, Sir,' said the guard; 'and no one else has been near this carriage.'

"'Oh, but I gave it up before we started,' explained the old gentleman; 'it is a new rule—has only been in force this month.'

"Upon my word, I thought I should have burst with laughter here, the dean explained this so innocently.

"'New rule, Sir!' said the guard. 'No such thing. We examine the tickets here, and take them at your journey's end.'

"'Now, Popkins!' shouted a superior of some kind; 'haven't you finished with that carriage yet?'

"'Come, Sir, look sharp with that ticket,' urged the guard.

"'What do you mean?' demanded the clergyman, who was clearly getting angry. 'What do you mean, Sir? I have given up my ticket to one of your men, and I am rather inclined to think it was yourself.'

"Popkins was now shouted at again very angrily, and his answer brought two or three others round the carriage door.

"'Now, what's all this delay about?' said a man in a very swaggering tone (I suppose he was in some authority there)—'what's all this about, Popkins?'

"'Why,' said the guard, 'this party hasn't got a ticket. He says he gave it up at London; and, not satisfied with that, says he gave it up to me.'

"'Nay, nay; I am not certain about that,' said the old gentleman. 'I only say I gave it up to some guard, who told me it was a new rule, and he was much such another man as yourself.'

"'Oh, that won't do,' said the chief officer, very harshly; 'we must have your ticket or your money, or else we shall remove you from the carriage. We have these games tried on us very often.'

"'Do you, indeed?' said the old gentleman. 'Do you, indeed? There is my card, Sir, and I shall leave you to take your own course.'

"Well, when they saw who he was, they naturally cooled down a bit, and grew more civil; but by this time the other passengers had got anxious, and were putting their heads out of all the windows, and asking what was the matter.

"'Perhaps this gentleman,' says the guard, meaning, of course, myself, 'who must have been in the carriage at the time, can tell us something about it. You didn't give up your ticket, Sir, because I have just examined it.'

"'Unfortunately,' said the dean, speaking before I could answer, 'this gentleman was not in the carriage: he came in just as the train was starting, and after the collection of the tickets.'

"The men looked at one another, and I could see they did not believe the story at all.

"'I am afraid, Sir, you are under a great mistake,' said the chief one; 'and we shall be compelled to write to you for this money, if you do not pay now. We can't keep the train here all night; so you must do as you please, as, of course, we can have our remedy against you.'

"The old gentleman looked angrier than ever, and, pulling out his purse, exclaimed: 'There, Sir, there is your money; but, rely on it, you will hear from Jessom & Jessom, my solicitors, Sir, on the matter. It is an atrocious robbery!'

"'You will have your ticket given you at the next station,' said the other. 'I will not delay the train by going to my office now; I will send word on by the guard. But depend upon it, Sir, you are in error; you are, indeed.—All right forward!'

"'Error, Sir! error!' exclaimed the dean. 'You shall see, Sir: you shall see. I don't care for your ticket. You may make me pay again, if you please, when I get to my destination. I believe this company is capable of any thing; but I will teach them a lesson. This gentleman shall be my witness of the transaction.—I will take your card, Sir.' The men cleared from the window, for the engine whistle sounded, and off we went. 'Oblige me with your card, Sir,' continued the dean. 'I need hardly ask you if you ever saw so nefarious a proceeding?'

"'Never, Sir: absolutely scandalous!' I replied. 'But do you think it will be worth your while to take any further notice of it? It will involve you in a great deal of trouble.'

"'Trouble, Sir! What do I care for that?' demanded the dean, indignantly. 'It is my duty to expose such conduct; and I will do it. I will thank you for your card, Sir.'

"I felt it would be dangerous to refuse a card; so I expressed my sympathy with him, and gave him the card of a foreign gentleman of my acquaintance, which I luckily had in my pocket. Then the old gentleman seemed to be brooding over his injury, and scarcely spoke another word. When we came to the refreshment-station the guard brought him his ticket, which he took without a syllable, and at our next station we both got out. I saw his carriage was waiting for him; and I have no doubt that Mrs. Dean had all particulars before an hour was over. As for my friend whose card I gave, I never heard whether friend whose card I gave, I never heard whether he by no means friendly— You think the whole transaction rather fishy, eh?" ejaculated my companion, interrupting himself.

"I think it downright dishonest," said I frankly, "unless you repaid the dean."

"Oh, I did that," responded he. "I sent the old gentleman a post-office order in the name of my foreign friend. I'm a racing-man, and up to a thing or two, but I'm as straight as a die for honesty."

Well, well, I wonder where my communicative friend is now. I dare say the pitcher has gone once too often to the well in his case, as with the thousand other clever fellows we read of in their appropriate histories.

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MEMORIES OF DISTINGUISHED AUTHORS.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

BY S. C. HALL.

POETRY has been to me its own 'exceeding great reward;' it has soothed my afflictions, it has multiplied and refined my enjoyments, it has endeared solitude, it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the good and the beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me." These eloquent and impressive words prefaced a book of poems bearing date "May, 1797," and up to a summer morning in 1834, when, "under the pressure of long and painful disease," he yielded to the universal conqueror, and joined the beatified spirits who praise God without let or hindrance from earth, the comfort and consolation thence derived had brought continual happiness to SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE. Yet was the joy of his heart and mind drawn from a far higher source. He lived and died a Christian, seeking salvation "through faith in Jesus, the Mediator," and earnestly and devoutly teaching "thanksgiving and adoring love," ending his last will and testament with these memorable words—"HIS STAFF AND HIS ROD ALIKE COMFORT ME."

It is a rare privilege to have known such a man. The influence of one so truly good as well as great can not have been transitory. It is a joy to me now—nearly forty years after his departure. I seem to hear the melodious voice, and look upon the gentle, gracious, and loving countenance of "the old man eloquent," as I write this Memory, a memory of him who,

> "In bewitching words, with happy heart,
> Didst chant the vision of that Ancient Man,
> The bright-eyed Mariner, and rueful woes
> Didst utter of the Lady Christabel."

Samuel Taylor Coleridge was born at St. Mary Ottery, on the 21st October, 1772, and was thus a native of my own beautiful county—the county of Devon. His father, the Rev. John Coleridge, Vicar of Ottery, and head-master of Henry VIII.'s Free Grammar School—"the King's School"—was a man of considerable learning, and also of much eccentricity. Many singular stories are told of him; among others, that he occasionally addressed his peasant congregation in Hebrew.

Coleridge was a solitary child, the youngest of a large family. Of weakly health, "huffed away from the enjoyments of muscular activity; driven from life in motion to life in thought and sensation," he had "the simplicity and docility of a child, but not the child's habits," and early sought solace and companionship in books. In *The Friend* he informs us he had read a volume of "The Arabian Nights" before his fifth birthday. Through the interest of Judge Buller, one of his father's pupils, he obtained a presentation to Christ's Hospital, and was placed there on the 18th July, 1782. Christ's Hospital—the Bluecoat School—was in 1782 very different from what it is in 1870. The hideous dress is now the only relic of the old management that made "such boys as were friendless, depressed, moping, half-starved, objects of reluctant and degrading charity." There is little doubt that the treatment he received induced a weakness of stomach that was the parent of much after-misery. The head-master was the Rev. James Bowyer. Coleridge writes of him: He was "a sensible, though a severe master," to whom "lute, harp, and lyre, muses and inspirations, Pegasus, Parnassus, and Hippocrene, were abominations." De Quincey considers his great idea was to "flog;" "the man knouted his way through life from bloody youth up to truculent old age." And Gillman relates that to such a pitch did he carry this habit, that once when a lady called upon him on "a visit of intercession," and was told to go away, but lingered at the door, the master exclaimed, "Bring that woman here, and I'll flog *her*." Leigh Hunt thus describes the tyrant of the school: "His eye was close and cruel;" "his hands hung out of the sleeves of his coat as if ready for execution." He states that Coleridge, when he heard of the man's death, said "it was lucky the cherubim who took him to heaven were nothing but faces and wings, or he would infallibly have flogged them by the way."

Among his school-fellows were Charles Lamb and, later, Leigh Hunt. The friendship with Lamb, then commenced, endured unchangingly through life. In one of the pleasantest of his essays he recalls to memory "the evenings when we used to sit and speculate at our old Salutation Tavern upon pantisocracy and golden days to come on earth." Wordsworth told Judge Coleridge that many of his uncle's sonnets were written from the "Cat and Salutation,"* where Coleridge had "imprisoned himself for some time;" and Talfourd tells us it was there Lamb and Coleridge used to meet, talking of poets and poetry, or, as Lamb says, "beguiling the cares of life with poetry—

> "'Our lonely path to cheer, as travelers use,
> With merry tale, quaint song, or roundelay.'"

Yet full draughts of knowledge Coleridge certainly took in at Christ's Hospital. Before his fifteenth year he "had translated the eight hymns of Synesius from the Greek into English anacreontics;" he became captain of the school; and in learning soon outstripped all competitors. "From eight to eighteen," he writes, "I was a playless day-dreamer, clumsy, slovenly, heedless of dress and careless as to personal appearance, treated with severity by an unthinking master, yet ever luxuriating in books, wooing the muse, and wedded to verse."

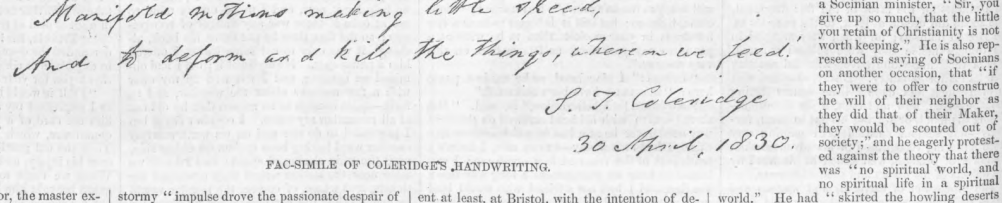
At the age of eighteen, on the 7th of February, 1790, after much discomfort and misery, he left Christ's Hospital for Jesus College, Cambridge. His fellow-scholars even then anticipated for him the fame which many of them lived to see. "The friendly cloisters and happy groves of quiet, ever-honored Jesus College" he quitted without a degree, although he obtained honors—poetical honors, that is to say. His reading was too desultory; in mathematics he made no way; there was, consequently, little chance of the University providing him with an income, and he had to take his chance in the world. During his residence at Cambridge occurred that romantic episode with which all readers are familiar. Having come up to London greatly dispirited, on the 3d of December, 1793, he enlisted in the 15th Light Dragoons, under the name of Silas Tomkin Cumberbatch. The story is told in various ways. Joseph Cottle, who professes to gather the facts from several "scraps" supplied by Coleridge at various times, infers that he enlisted because he was crossed in love. He made, of course, a bad soldier, and a worse rider. He did not long remain in the army. According to Cottle, he was standing sentry when two officers passed who were discussing one of the plays of Euripides. Coleridge, touching his cap, "corrected their Greek."* Another account is that one of the officers of the troop discovered some Latin lines which Coleridge had pinned up to the door of a stable. The discovery of his scholarship was made, however; his discharge was soon arranged; and he was restored to the University. Miss Mitford, in her "Recollections," states that the arrangements for his discharge took place at her father's house at Reading, where the 15th was then quartered, and adds that it was much facilitated by one of the servants who "waited at the table" agreeing to enlist in his stead.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

What motive swayed the judgment, or what stormy "impulse drove the passionate despair of Coleridge into quitting Jesus College, Cambridge, was never clearly or certainly made known to the very nearest of his friends." De Quincey, who writes this, adds that he enlisted "in a frenzy of unhappy feeling at the rejection he met with from the lady of his choice." In 1836 I published in the *New Monthly Magazine* an article entitled "A letter from Wales by the late S. T. Coleridge." It was addressed to Mr. Marten, a clergyman in Dorsetshire. Coleridge being at Wrexham, standing at the window of the inn, there passed by, to his utter astonishment, a young lady, "Mary Evans, *quam afflictum et perdite amabam*—yea, even to anguish." "I sickened," he adds, "and well-nigh fainted, but instantly retired. God bless her! Her image is in the sanctuary of my bosom, and never can it be torn thence but with the strings that grapple my heart to life." May not this incident, which seems to have been unknown to his biographers, supply a key to the motive of his enlistment, as surmised by both Cottle and De Quincey?

COLERIDGE COTTAGE AT CLEVEDON.

After his return to Cambridge he formed, with Southey, the scheme of emigrating to America. Southey, in a letter to Montgomery long afterward, thus briefly explains it: "We planned an Utopia of our own, to be founded in the wilds of America, upon the basis of common property, each laboring for all—a PANTISOCRACY—a republic of reason and virtue." And Joseph Cottle writes: "In 1794, Robert Lovell, a clever young Quaker, who had married a Miss Fricker, informed me that a few friends of his from Oxford and Cambridge, with himself, were about to sail to America, and on the banks of the Susquehanna to form a 'social colony,' in which there was to be a community of property, and where all that was selfish was to be proscribed." Two of the "patriots" were introduced to the more prudent bookseller: one of them was Coleridge, the other Southey. It was speedily ascertained that their combined funds, instead of sufficing to "freight a ship," would not have purchased changes of clothing; and very soon the Pantisocratic trio were necessitated to borrow a little money from the bookseller to pay their lodgings, which were then at 48 College Street, Bristol (the house is still standing, and remains in nearly its original condition). The scheme was, of course, abandoned, and Coleridge and Southey married the two sisters of Mr. Lovell's wife, resolved to settle down, for the present at least, at Bristol, with the intention of devoting themselves to literature.*



FAC-SIMILE OF COLERIDGE'S HANDWRITING.

The shades of Chatterton, Southey, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Lamb, Davy, Cottle, Lloyd, and of many others who are "famous for all time," consecrate the streets of Bristol. A dark cloud has forever settled over the proud church of the Canynges, although a monument recalls the memory of the "marvelous boy" whose birthplace is but a stone's-throw off—whose grave is past finding out among the accumulated rubbish of a grave-yard in London. In Bristol great Southey was born, and there (in the city jail) Savage died, his grave, in one of the church-yards, yet unmarked by a memorial stone.† Here immortal Wordsworth first saw himself in print; here Humphrey Davy had a vision of a lamp of greater worth than that of the fabled Aladdin; here dwelt the profound essayist, John Foster; here Robert Hall glorified a Non-conformist pulpit; here Hannah More taught to the young imperishable lessons of virtue, order, piety, and truth; here the sisters Jane and Anna Maria Porter dwelt in early youth and in venerated age; and here the artists Lawrence, Bird, Danby, Pyne, and Muller earned their first loaves of dry bread. But Bristol was never the nourishing mother of genius; the birds from her nest, as soon as full-fledged, went forth—thenceforward uncared for; they obtained no affection, and manifested no attachment. Here and there a few lines of tributary verse and a gracious memory bear misty records of friendships formed and services accorded in the great city of commercial prosperities; but Bristol has assuredly not honored, neither has she been honored by, the worthies who in a sense belong to her, and of whom all the rest of the world is rightly and justly proud.

While at college Coleridge imbibed Socinian opinions, and his mind became "terribly unsettled." In his Monody on the Death of Chatterton ("sweet harper of time-shrouded minstrelsy") he thus indicated his sad and perilous forebodings:

> "I dare no longer on the sad theme muse,
> Lest kindred woes persuade a kindred doom."

He tells us that before his fifteenth year he had bewildered himself in metaphysics and theological controversy, "and found no end, in wandering mazes lost." One of the experiments as to his future was to become a preacher. He was looked upon by the Bristolians as the rising star of Unitarianism, and he did actually, on a few occasions, preach. He preached indeed, but in so odd a dress and so out of the usual routine, that it was quite clear, as a minister, "he would not do."* Yet Hazlitt thus describes one of the sermons of the "half-inspired speaker:" "I could not have been more delighted if I had heard the music of the spheres. Poetry and philosophy had met together; truth and genius had embraced under the eye, and with the sanction, of Religion."

It was not long, however, before he struggled through the slough of Socinianism, and was freed from the trammels of infidelity. Cottle records how "he professed the deepest conviction of the truths of Revelation, of the fall of man, of the divinity of Christ, and redemption alone through His blood," and had heard him say, in argument with a Socinian minister, "Sir, you give up so much, that the little you retain of Christianity is not worth keeping." He is also represented as saying of Socinians on another occasion, that "if they were to offer to construe the will of their neighbor as they did that of their Maker, they would be scouted out of society;" and he eagerly protested against the theory that there was "no spiritual world, and no spiritual life in a spiritual world." He had "skirted the howling deserts of infidelity," but he had found a haven—one that sheltered him in pain, in trouble, even in the agonies of self-reproach. He became a thorough Christian, and ever after, in all his speakings and writings, was the advocate of the Redeemer, proclaiming in a memorable letter to his godson, Adam Steinmetz Kinnaird, and on many other opportunities, that "the greatest of all blessings, and the most ennobling of all privileges, was to be indeed a Christian." This passage is from his last will and testament (dated September 17, 1829). A few of the small things of earth he had to leave he bequeathed to Ann Gillman, "the wife of my dear friend, my love for whom and my sense of unremitting goodness and never-wearied kindness to me, I hope, and humbly

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* In the several memoirs of Coleridge and of Lamb the inn is described as being in Smithfield: I believe, however, it is in Newgate Street, No. 17. Peter Cunningham so states. Cunningham adds that "here Southey found out Coleridge, and sought to move him from the torpor of inaction." Lamb, in his famous letter to Southey, reminds him of their meetings at the old tavern.

* In 1837, after the death of Coleridge, a volume of "Early Recollections" of the poet was published by Joseph Cottle, the bookseller of Bristol, by whom the poems of Southey, Wordsworth, and Coleridge were originally published in 1794. The book is not "to be entirely depended upon." So, at least, Southey says. Yet it is full of curious and most interesting matter, and, beyond doubt, the publisher was the attached, and generous, and sympathizing friend of the three immortal men whom he may be said to have introduced to the world. James Montgomery's view of this work seems to me a just one: "that the reminiscent had not printed a single remark that was either dishonorable to himself or derogatory to the friendship that had existed between him and the highly gifted individuals." Cottle's book-shop stood at the northeast corner of High Street: the house was burned down long ago, and has been rebuilt. His residence was Fairfield House, Knowle, near Bristol, where he died in 1853, in his eighty-fourth year.

* The miserable sneer of Byron will be remembered; but the "three sisters" were of Bristol, and not of "Bath:" in "Don Juan" they were transferred to Bath because the word suited better than Bristol for the rhyme of the poet.

† I suggested to a respectable merchant of Bristol the removal of this reproach from the city, and I rejoice to say it has been recently done.

* Joseph Cottle says, "He preached twice at the Socinian chapel in Bath, in blue coat and white waistcoat, once on the Corn Laws and once on the hair-powder tax!" The witty answer of Charles Lamb will be called to mind. Coleridge asked him, "Charles, did you ever hear me preach?" "I never heard you do any thing else," was the reply.

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trust, will follow me as a part of my abiding being in that state into which I hope to rise, through the merits and mediation, and by the efficacious power, of the Son of God incarnate, in the blessed Jesus, whom I believe in my heart, and confess with my mouth, to have been from everlasting the way and the truth, and to have become man, that for fallen and sinful men He might be the resurrection and the life."

In 1796 he started a publication which he called the *Watchman*, the motto of which was, "That all might know the truth, and that the truth might make us free." The first number was issued on the 5th of February, 1796, to be published every eighth day, at the price of fourpence. It soon died, involving its editor in a heavy debt, which, happily, a friend discharged. In the "Biographia Literaria" there is a lively account of his travels in search of subscribers, mingled with some painful reminiscences of "those days of shame and regret," the degrading anxieties of his canvass. He was reminded by one to whom he applied, that twelve shillings a year was a large sum to be bestowed on one person, when there were so many objects of charity; a noble lord, whose name had been given him as a subscriber, reproved him for impudence in directing his pamphlets to him; a rich tallow-chandler was "as great a one as any man in Brummagem for liberty and them sort of things," but begged to be excused; while an opulent cotton-dealer in Manchester was "overrun with these articles;" and another "had no time for reading and no money to spare." At the ninth number he "dropped the work," and had the satisfaction of seeing his servant light his fires with the surplus stock, recording the event in this expressive line:

"O Watchman, thou hast watched in vain!"

But, in truth, he soon disgusted all his Jacobin supporters by attacking "modern patriotism," and raising a warning voice against it. Like "Balaam, the son of Beor," he blessed where he was employed to curse. Instead of advocating infidelity and the freedom that France was then brewing in her infernal caldron, French morals, and French philosophy, he "avowed his conviction that national education, and a concurring spread of the Gospel, were the indispensable condition of any true political amelioration." Loyalty is now the easiest of all our duties—thank God! It was not so when Coleridge, Southey, and Wordsworth were Republicans. While residing at Stowey, and having Wordsworth for his constant companion, Coleridge and his friend were suspected of being Jacobins; they were actually placed under surveillance, and a spy was ordered to watch their movements. They were guilty of talking to each other "real Hebrew Greek," and of wandering about the hills with papers in their hands; but nothing more formidable being urged, they remained at large.

The help of Josiah and Thomas Wedgwood—worthy sons of a great father, honored be the name!—by settling on Coleridge an annuity of £150, placed him at comparative ease. "Thence-forward," he writes, "instead of troubling others with my own crude notions, I was better employed in attempting to store my own head with the wisdom of others." By that help "I was enabled to finish my education in Germany." In September, 1798, he sailed with Wordsworth and his sister from Great Yarmouth to Hamburg.

THE CHAMBER OF SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

He visited Malta, Rome, Naples, and other parts of Italy, from which, however, he made a rapid exit, an order for his arrest having been sent, it is said, by Bonaparte, in consequence of his writings in the *Morning Post*.

The Friend, another literary venture, was published weekly; it reached its twenty-seventh number, and, like the *Watchman*, ceased from want of support. It was unfortunately printed at Penrith, and Coleridge was actually induced to set up a printer there, to buy and lay in a stock of type, paper, etc. The result was assured; the printer failed, and Coleridge had to sustain a severe pecuniary loss.

The circumstances that kept Coleridge apart from his wife during the greater portion of his life form one of those hidden mysteries into which it is not our business to inquire. Coleridge was married to Miss Sara Fricker on the 4th of October, 1795, at the church of St. Mary Redcliff, Bristol. There is abundant testimony to the amiable qualities and pure character of Mrs. Coleridge. De Quincey, perhaps, is the best authority on the subject: "She was in all circumstances a virtuous wife and a conscientious mother." Moreover, she was by no means commonplace: the affection borne for her by her sister's husband, Southey, and her long and close companionship with the high-souled Laureate, would suffice as evidence on that head. De Quincey records that, wishing her daughter to learn Italian, and in her retirement at Keswick finding it impossible to procure the aid of a master, she resolutely set herself to the task of acquiring the language, that she might teach it to her child; and Cottle prints a poem written by her of more than ordinary merit. I received the following note concerning Mrs. Coleridge from one who knew her well and loved her dearly: "She was a woman of rare qualities, very clever and accomplished, witty, and possessed of taste and judgment in no common measure; extremely industrious, laboring for the mental and bodily needs of her children through a long life. Frugality in her reached to a great virtue. She was of transparent truthfulness, in thought, word, and deed. Her unusually clear statements were very striking, both in writing and speaking. She probably withheld her 'candid admiration of her husband's intellectual powers,' which she undoubtedly was quite capable of appreciating, for she was *impatient* of what she conceived to be his impractical habits in matters of daily life, and that by which it must be clothed and fed. I have heard her speak sadly on that point; and I have often heard her speak *most* emphatically of his purity, of his uncommon gifts, and of his unlikeness to ordinary men. They took a pride in each other to the last. The mystery of their long separation can better be solved by the very commonplace facts of difficulties in matters of L. S. D. than in any of the guesses that meet one on every side. Had Samuel Taylor Coleridge been a rich—or even moderately well-off—man, he and his wife would have undoubtedly ended their days under the same roof: an unromantic explanation, but nevertheless the true one. They now rest side by side in Highgate church-yard."*

THE HOUSE OF THE GILLMANS AT HIGHGATE.

He was but fourteen months absent, and returned to London in November, 1799. The fruits of his journey were seen in his translation of "Wallenstein," which he wrote at a lodging in Buckingham Street, Strand. His travels in Germany, entitled "Fragments of a Journey over the Brocken," etc., he gave to me in 1828, for publication in the *Amulet* (one of the then popular "Annuals," of which I was editor from the year 1825 to the year 1836); they were subsequently reprinted by Mr. Gillman, in his Life of Coleridge.* They contained the well-known poem:

"I stood on Brocken's sov'ran height."

He was soon afterward engaged in the literary department of the *Morning Post*. Subsequently has also published works on his own account, which evince his merit as a divine and critic, and, above all, as an educationist. Thus the name of Coleridge has been continued in honor and in usefulness, and no doubt it will be so to another generation; for not long ago a grandson, Herbert Coleridge, achieved eminence, and was called away, and there are others who are bearing it with distinction. Genius is sometimes, though not often, hereditary.

It is unnecessary to name the Right Hon. Sir John Taylor Coleridge, or his distinguished son, the present Solicitor-General, Sir John Duke Coleridge, who represents in Parliament the city of Exeter, and who has high renown as one of the soundest lawyers and most eloquent of the men of the House of Commons.

The cottage at Clevedon, near Bristol, in which the young couple went to reside, heedless of all the requirements of life, and with literally nothing "to begin life" upon, is still standing, and is one of the "lions" of the place. The village was then essentially rural; it is now a fashionable watering-place. The cottage, which the poet thus describes:

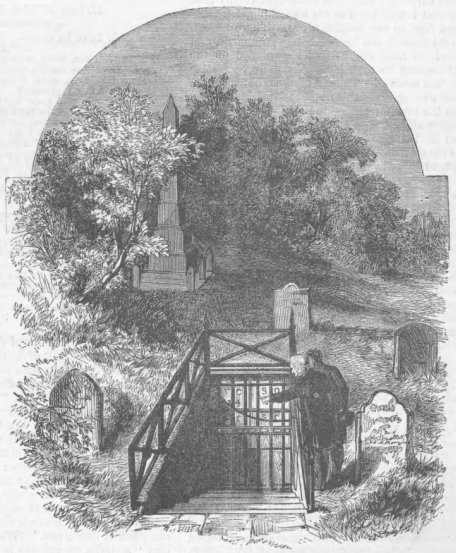
"Low was our pretty cot—our tallest rose
Peeped at the chamber window;
.....In the open air
Our myrtles blossomed, and across the porch
Thick jasmines twined—"

is now common-place enough. "The white-flowered jasmine" and the "broad-leaved myrtle" ("meet emblems they of innocence and love") no longer blossom there; but the place has a memory; for there, out of "thick-coming fancies," were planned and penned some of the sweetest and grandest poems in our language—poems that have given joy to millions, and will continue to delight as long as that language is spoken or read. It is now called "Coleridge Cottage," and is depicted in the accompanying wood-cut. The Bristolians love the place for its fresh sea-breezes, and airs redolent of health that come from heath-covered downs. Will no generous hand restore as well as preserve it, that thither the young and hopeful and trustful may make pilgrimage, that there the aged may think calmly over a troubled past,

"And tranquil muse upon tranquillity?"

Subsequently he removed to a cottage at Allfoxden. The rent of the cottage was but seven pounds a year. William Howitt describes it as a poor place; but the nightingales sing there yet, and traces of past pleasantness may be noted; the orchard trees, and the "lime-tree bower," in which the poet thought and wrote, flourish there still.

In 1816 the wandering and unsettled ways of the poet were calmed and harmonized in the home of the Gillmans at Highgate, where the remainder of his days—nearly twenty years—were passed in entire quiet and comparative happiness. Mr. Gillman was a surgeon, and it is understood that Coleridge went to reside with him chiefly to be under his surveillance, to break himself of the



THE GRAVE OF COLERIDGE.

The three children of that marriage have all been, or are, distinguished in the world of letters. The eldest was Hartley Coleridge, who died young, but not until he had given to the world many poems that place his name among the poets of the century, giving him rank, indeed, beside his great father. He was tenderly beloved in life by the Laureate, Robert Southey, who alludes to him in "The Doctor" as his "wife's nephew;" and by William Wordsworth, who had depicted him, when a child, as one "whose genius from afar was brought;" and who, when his mortal remains were to be laid in Grasmere churchyard, selected the place for his burial close to his own allotted resting-place, saying, "Hartley, I know, would like to lie near me." Sara, the only daughter, married her cousin, H. N. Coleridge, and edited some of her great father's works, inheriting, indeed, much of his genius. Ample proof of this is given in her notes to the "Biographia Literaria," and the Introductory Essay to the "Aids to Reflection." Those who knew her describe her as lovely in person and in mind. Derwent Coleridge, the youngest of his children, is happily still with us, in healthy vigor. He has written a memoir, and edited the works, of his friend Mackworth Praed. He has long been recognized as a ripe scholar, and was formerly the Principal of St. Mark's College, Fulham: he is now the rector of Hanwell. His name is associated with that of his brother as his biographer and editor of his writings; with that of his father as the latest editor of his principal works. He has also published works on his own account, which evince his merit as a divine and critic, and, above all, as an educationist. Thus the name of Coleridge has been continued in honor and in usefulness, and no doubt it will be so to another generation; for not long ago a grandson, Herbert Coleridge, achieved eminence, and was called away, and there are others who are bearing it with distinction. Genius is sometimes, though not often, hereditary.

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"And tranquil muse upon tranquillity?"

Subsequently he removed to a cottage at Allfoxden. The rent of the cottage was but seven pounds a year. William Howitt describes it as a poor place; but the nightingales sing there yet, and traces of past pleasantness may be noted; the orchard trees, and the "lime-tree bower," in which the poet thought and wrote, flourish there still.

In 1816 the wandering and unsettled ways of the poet were calmed and harmonized in the home of the Gillmans at Highgate, where the remainder of his days—nearly twenty years—were passed in entire quiet and comparative happiness. Mr. Gillman was a surgeon, and it is understood that Coleridge went to reside with him chiefly to be under his surveillance, to break himself of the fearful habit he had contracted of eating opium—a habit that grievously impaired his mind, engendered terrible self-reproach, and imbittered the best years of his life.† He was the guest and the beloved friend, as well as the patient, of Mr. Gillman, whose devoted attachment, with that of his estimable wife, supplied the calm contentment and seraphic peace—such as might have been the dream of the poet and the hope of the man.

* In 1835 I printed, in the *New Monthly Magazine*, of which I was then the editor, three letters from Coleridge to his wife (his "dearest love," from her "faithful husband"), dated May, 1799, which contain more details of his tour than are found in the "Fragments." I can not call to mind from whom I received them: a prefatory note states that they were given to the writer by Mr. Coleridge in 1828. It would appear that Wordsworth and Coleridge did not long travel together: Coleridge names his companions—Wordsworth is not among them. One of them, Dr. Clement Carlyon, F.R.S., published in 1836 a volume entitled "Early Years and Late Recollections," a principal part of which is occupied with details of this tour; it contains very little of any value. He states, however, that the beautiful poem, "I stood on Brocken's sov'ran height," was certainly written at the inn at Werningerode.

* These lines are from a poem addressed by Coleridge to his "pensive Sara," not long after their marriage:

"Meek daughter in the family of Christ,
Well hast thou said, and holily dispraised
These shapings of the unregenerate mind,
Bubbles that glitter as they rise, and break
On vain Philosophy's aye-bubbling spring."

* He seems to have faced and dared matrimony on an offer made him by the Bristol bookseller. "I told him," says Cottle, "I would give him one guinea and a half for every hundred lines he would give to me, whether rhyme or blank verse." That, in the estimation of the sanguine poet, was a certain income; for when a practical friend, with an eye rather to market prices than the Muses, asked him, "How was he to keep the pot boiling?" he answered; "Mr. Cottle had made him such an offer that he felt no solicitude on that head."

† De Quincey more than insinuates that instead of Gillman persuading Coleridge to relinquish opium, Coleridge seduced Gillman into taking it.

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Honored be the name, and reverenced the memory, of this "general practitioner," this true friend! It is recorded of Fulke Greville, the counselor of kings, that he ordered it to be placed on his monument, as his proudest boast, that he was

"The friend of Sir Philip Sidney."

It is a loftier title to the gratitude of posterity, that which James Gillman claims when his tombstone records the fact that he was

"The friend of S. T. Coleridge,

carving also on the stone two of his dear friend's lines:

"Mercy for praise, to be forgiven for Fame,
He asked, and hoped through Christ—do thou same."

Gillman died on the 1st of June, 1837, having arranged to publish a Life of Coleridge, of which he produced but the first volume.*

Coleridge's habit of taking opium was no secret. In 1816 it had already reached a fearful pitch. It had produced "during many years an accumulation of bodily suffering that wasted the frame, poisoned the sources of enjoyment, and entailed an intolerable mental load that scarcely knew cessation;" the poet himself called it "the accursed drug." In 1814 Cottle wrote him a strong protest against this terrible and ruinous habit, entreating him to renounce it. Coleridge said in reply, "You have poured oil into the raw and festering wound of an old friend, Cottle, but it is oil of vitriol." He accounts for the "accursed habit" by stating that he had taken it first to obtain relief from intense bodily suffering, and he seriously contemplated entering a private insane asylum as the surest means of its removal. His remorse was terrible and perpetual; he was "rolling rudderless," "the wreck of what he once was," "helpless and hopeless." He revealed this "dominion" to De Quincey "with a deep expression of horror at the hideous bondage." It was this "conspiracy of himself against himself" that poisoned his life. He describes it with frantic pathos as "the scourge, the curse, the one almighty blight, that had desolated his life;" the thief

"To steal
From my own nature all the natural man."

The habit was, it would seem, commenced in 1802; and if Mr. Cottle is to be credited, in 1814 he had been long accustomed to take "from two quarts of laudanum in a week to a pint a day." He did, it is said, ultimately conquer it; "there is more joy in heaven over one that repenteth, than over the ninety-and-nine who need no repentance."

It was during his residence with the Gillmans that I knew Coleridge. He had arranged to write for the *Amulet*, and circumstances warranted my often seeing him—a privilege of which I gladly availed myself. In this home at Highgate, where all even of his whims were studied with affectionate and attentive care, he preferred the quiet of home influences to the excitements of society; and although I more than once met there his friend Charles Lamb, and other noteworthy men of whom I shall have to say something, I usually found him, to my delight, alone. There he cultivated flowers, fed his pensioners, the birds, and wooed the little children who gamboled on the heath where he took his walks daily.† I have seen him often—as Thomas Carlyle (honored and loved among his many friends) saw him often—"on the brow of Highgate Hill, looking down on London and its smoke-tumult like a sage escaped from the inanity of life's battle, attracting toward him the thoughts of innumerable brave hearts still engaged there."‡ It is a beautiful view, such as can be rarely seen out of England, that which the poet had from the window of his bedchamber. Underneath, a valley, rich in "patrician trees," divides the hill of Highgate from that of Hampstead. The tower of the old church at Hampstead rises above a thick wood—a dense forest it seems—although here and there a graceful villa stands out from among the dark green drapery that enfolds it. It is easy to imagine the poet often contrasting this home-scene with that of "Brocken's sov'ran height," where no "finer influence of friend or child" had greeted him, and exclaiming,

"Oh thou queen!
Thou delegated Deity of earth,
Oh dear, dear England!"

And what a wonderful change there is in the scene when the pilgrim to the shrine at Highgate leaves the garden, and walks a few steps beyond the elm avenue that still fronts the house! Here he looks over London, "the mighty heart" of a great free country:

"Earth hath not any thing to show more fair;
Dull would he be of soul, who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty."

Forty years have brought houses all about the place, and shut in the prospect; yet from any ascent you may see regal Windsor on one side, and Gravesend on the other—twenty miles of view, look which way you will. But when the poet dwelt there, all London was within ken a few yards from his door. The house has undergone some changes; still the garden is much as it was when I used to find the poet feeding his birds there. It has the same wall—moss-covered now—that overhangs the dell; a shady tree-walk shelters it from sun and rain; it was the poet's walk at mid-day. A venerable climber—the glycenas—was no doubt planted by the poet's hand; it was new to England when he was old, and what more likely than that his friends would have bidden him to plant it where it has since flourished forty years or more? Many who visit it will say, in the words of Charles Lamb, his "fifty years old friend, without a dissension," "What was his house is consecrated to me a chapel."

I was fortunate in sharing some of the regard of Mr. and Mrs. Gillman. After the poet's death they gave me his inkstand (a plain inkstand of wood), which is before me as I write, and a myrtle on which his eyes were fixed as he died: it is now an aged and gnarled tree, and was long honored in our conservatory. As we have now no conservatory, a friend more fortunate has the charge of this treasure.*

One of the very few letters of Coleridge I have preserved I transcribe, as it illustrates his goodness of heart and willingness to put himself to inconvenience for others:

"DEAR SIR" (it runs),—"I received some five days ago a letter depicting the distress and urgent want of a widow and a sister, with whom, during the husband's lifetime, I was for two or three years a housemate, and yesterday the poor lady came up herself, almost clamorously soliciting me, not indeed to assist her from my own purse—for she was previously assured that there was nothing therein—but to exert myself to collect the sum of £20, which would save her from God knows what. On this hopeless task—for perhaps never man whose name had been so often in print for praise or reprobation had so few intimates as myself—I recollected that before I left Highgate for the seaside, you had been so kind as to intimate that you considered some trifle due to me. Whatever it be, it will go some way to eke out the sum, which I have with a sick heart been all this day trotting about to make up, guinea by guinea. You will do me a real service (for my health perceptibly sinks under this unaccustomed flurry of my spirits) if you could make it convenient to inclose to me, however small the sum may be, if it amount to a bank-note of any denomination, directed 'Grove, Highgate,' where I am, and expect to be any time for the next eight months. In the mean time, believe me,

"Your obliged,
"4th December, 1828." S. T. COLERIDGE.

I find also, at the back of one of his manuscripts, the following poem, which I believe to be unpublished. I can not discover it in any edition of his works.

LOVE'S BURIAL-PLACE.

A MADRIGAL.

Lady.—If Love be dead—
Poet.— And I aver it.
Lady.—Tell me, Bard, where Love lies buried.
Poet.—Love lies buried where 'twas born.
Oh, gentle dame, think it no scorn
If in my fancy I presume
To call thy bosom poor Love's tomb,
And on that tomb to read the line—
"Here lies a Love that once seemed mine,
But caught a chill, as I divine,
And died at length of a decline!"

I have engraved a copy of his autograph lines, as he wrote them in Mrs. Hall's Album; they will be found too, as a note, in the "Biographia Literaria:"

ON THE PORTRAIT OF THE BUTTERFLY ON THE SECOND LEAF OF THIS ALBUM.

The Butterfly the ancient Grecians made
The soul's fair emblem, and its only name
But of the soul escaped the lavish trade
Of earthly life! For in this mortal frame
Ours is the reptile's lot, much toil, much blame,
Manifold motions making little speed,
And to deform and kill the things whereon we feed!

S. T. COLERIDGE,
20th *April*, 1830.

All who had the honor of the poet's friendship or acquaintance speak of the marvelous gift which gave to this illustrious man almost a character of inspiration. Montgomery describes the poetry of Coleridge as like electricity, "flashing at rapid intervals with the utmost intensity of effect," and contrasts it with that of Wordsworth, like galvanism, "not less powerful, but rather continuous than sudden in its wonderful influences." Wilson, in the "Noctes," writes thus: "Wind him up, and away he goes, discoursing most eloquent music, without a discord, full, ample, inexhaustible, serious, and divine;" and in another place, "He becomes inspired by his own silver voice, and pours out wisdom like a sea." Wordsworth speaks of him "as quite an epicure in sound." The liveliest and truest image he could give of Coleridge's talk was that of "a majestic river, the sound or sight of whose course you caught at intervals, which was sometimes concealed by forests, sometimes lost in sand, then came flashing out, broad and distinct, then again took a turn which your eye could not follow, yet you knew and felt that it was the same river." The painter Haydon makes note of his "lazy luxury of poetical outpouring;" and Rogers ("Table-Talk") is reported to have said, "One morning, breakfasting with me, he talked for three hours without intermission, so admirably that I wished every word he uttered had been written down;" but he does not quote a single sentence of all the poet said.* And a writer in the *Quarterly Review* expresses his belief that nothing is too high for the grasp of his conversation, nothing too low; it glanced from earth to heaven, from heaven to earth, with a speed and a splendor, an ease and a power, that almost seemed inspired." De Quincey said that he had "the largest and most spacious intellect, the subtlest and the most comprehensive, that has yet existed among men." Of Coleridge, Shelley writes:

"All things he seemed to understand,
Of old or new, at sea or land,
Save his own soul, which was a mist."

The wonderful eloquence of his conversation can be comprehended only by those who have heard him speak—"linked sweetness long drawn out;" it was sparkling at times, and at times profound; but the melody of his voice, the impressive solemnity of his manner, the radiant glories of his intellectual countenance, bore off, as it were, the thoughts of the listener from his discourse, who rarely carried away any of the gems that fell from the poet's lips.

I have listened to him more than once for above an hour, of course without putting in a single word; I would as soon have attempted a song while a nightingale was singing. There was rarely much change of countenance: his face, when I knew him, was overladen with flesh, and its expression impaired; yet to me it was so tender, and gentle, and gracious, and loving, that I could have knelt at the old man's feet almost in adoration. My own hair is white now; yet I have much the same feeling as I had then, whenever the form of the venerable man rises in memory before me. Yet I can not recall—and I believe could not recall at the time, so as to preserve as a cherished thing in my remembrance—a single sentence of the many sentences I heard him utter. In his "Table-Talk" there is a world of wisdom, but that is only a collection of scraps, chance-gathered. If any left his presence unsatisfied, it resulted rather from the superabundance than the paucity of the feast.† And probably there has never been an author who was less of an egotist: it was never of himself he talked; he was always under the influence of that divine precept, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

I can recall many evening rambles with him over the high lands that look down on London; but the memory I cherish most is linked with a crowded street, where the clumsy and the coarse jostled the old man eloquent, as if he had been earthy, of the earth. It was in the Strand: he pointed out to me the window of a room in the office of the *Morning Post* where he had consumed much midnight oil; and then for half an hour he talked of the sorrowful joy he had often felt when, leaving the office as day was dawning, he heard the song of a caged lark that sung his orisons from the lattice of an artisan who was rising to begin his labor as the poet was pacing homeward to rest after his work all night. Thirty years had passed, but that unforgotten melody—that dear bird's song—gave him then as much true pleasure as when, to his wearied head and heart, it was the matin hymn of nature.

I remember once meeting him in Paternoster Row; he was inquiring his way to Bread Street, Cheapside, and, of course, I endeavored to explain to him that if he walked on for about two hundred yards, and took the fourth turning to the right, it would be the street he wanted. I noted his expression, so vague and unenlightened, that I could not help expressing my surprise as I looked earnestly at his forehead, and saw the organ of "locality" unusually prominent above the eyebrows. He took my meaning, laughed, and said, "I see what you are looking at: why at school my head was beaten into a mass of bumps because I could not point out Paris in a map of France." It has been said that Spurzheim pronounced him to be a mathematician, and affirmed that he could not be a poet. Such opinion the great phrenologist could not have expressed, for undoubtedly he had a large organ of ideality, although at first it was not perceptible, in consequence of the great breadth and height of his profound forehead.

Whenever it was my privilege to be admitted to the evening meetings at Highgate, I met some of the men who were then famous, and have since become parts of the literature of England, among whom sat Coleridge talking, and looking "all sweet and simple and divine things, the very personification of meekness and humility," though fully aware that he was the centre of an intellectual circle. Indeed, to his utter unselfishness witness is tendered by all who have ever written concerning him; he seemed striving to think how much he could give to, and never what he might get from, those with whom he came in contact. Even his engrossing conversation is evidence of this; and there is abundant proof that he ever sought to make the best of the works of others, though very rarely referring to his own.

I attended one of his lectures at the Royal Institution, and I strive to recall him as he stood before his audience there. There was but little animation; his theme did not seem to stir him into life; the ordinary repose of his countenance was rarely broken up; he used little or no action; and his voice, though mellifluous, was monotonous. He lacked, indeed, that earnestness without which no man is truly eloquent.

At the time I speak of he was growing corpulent and heavy. Being seldom free from pain, he moved apparently with difficulty, yet liked to walk, with shuffling gait, up and down and about the room as he talked, pausing now and then as if oppressed by suffering.

I need not say that I was a silent listener during the evenings to which I refer, when there were present some of those who "teach us from their urns;" but I was free to gaze on the venerable man—one of the humblest, and one of the most fervid, perhaps, of the worshipers by whom he was surrounded, and to treasure in memory the poet's gracious and loving looks—the "thick, waving, silver hair"—the still clear blue eye; and on such occasions I used to leave him as if I were in a waking dream, trying to recall, here and there, a sentence of the many weighty and mellifluous sentences I had heard—seldom with success—and feeling at the moment as if I had been surfeited with honey.

May I not now lament that I did not foresee a time when I might be called upon to write concerning this good, and great, and most lovable man? How much I might have enriched these pages—now but weak records of the impressions I received!

Many famous men have described the personal appearance of the poet. The best portrait of him is, I think, from the pen of Wordsworth:

"A noticeable man, with large, gray eyes,
And a *pale* face, that seemed, undoubtedly,
As if a *blooming* face it ought to be;
Heavy his low-hung lip did oft appear,
Depress'd by weight of moving phantasy;
Profound his forehead was, though not severe.

Wordsworth also speaks of him as "the brooding poet with the heavenly eyes," and as "often too much in love with his own dejection." That the one loved the other dearly is certain: they were more than mere words those that Wordsworth addressed to Coleridge:

"Oh friend! oh poet! brother of my soul!"

But the earliest word-portrait we have of him was drawn by Wordsworth's sister in 1797: "At first I thought him very plain; that is, for about three minutes. He is pale, thin, has a wide mouth, thick lips, longish, loose-growing, half-curling, rough black hair. His eye is large and full, and not dark, but gray—such an eye as would receive from a heavy soul the dullest expression; but it speaks every emotion of his animated mind. He has fine dark eyebrows, and an overhanging forehead." This is De Quincey's sketch of him in 1807: "In height he seemed about five feet eight inches; in reality he was an inch and a half taller.* His person was broad and full, and tended to corpulence; his complexion was fair, though not what painters technically call fair, because it was associated with black hair; his eyes were soft and large in their expression, and it was by a peculiar appearance of haze or dimness which mixed with their light." "A lady of Bristol," writes De Quincey, "assured me she had not seen a young man so engaging in his exterior as Coleridge when young, in 1796. He had then a blooming and healthy complexion, beautiful and luxuriant hair falling in natural curls over his shoulders." Lockhart says, "Coleridge has a grand head; nothing can surpass the depth of meaning in his eyes, and the unutterable dreamy luxury of his lips." Hazlitt describes him in early manhood as "with a complexion clear, and even light, a forehead broad and high, as if built of ivory, with large projecting eyebrows, and his eyes rolling beneath them like a sea with darkened lustre. His mouth was rather open, his chin good-humored and round, and his nose small. His hair, black and glossy as the raven's wing, fell in smooth masses over his forehead—long, liberal hair, peculiar to enthusiasts."

"A certain tender bloom his face o'erspread."

Sir Humphrey Davy, writing of him in 1808, says, "His mind is a wilderness, in which the cedar and the oak, which might aspire to the skies, are stunted in their growth by underwood, thorns, briers, and parasitical plants: with the most exalted genius, enlarged views, sensitive heart, and enlightened mind, he will be the victim of want of order, precision, and regularity." And Leigh Hunt speaks of his open, indolent, good-natured mouth, and of his forehead as "prodigious—a great piece of placid marble." Wordsworth again—

"Noisy he was, and gamesome as a boy,
Tossing his limbs about, him in delight."

In the autumn of 1833, Emerson, on his second visit to England, called on Coleridge. He found him, "to appearance, a short, thick old man, with bright blue eyes and fine, clear complexion." The poet, however, did not impress the American favorably, and the hour's talk was of "no use, beyond the gratification of curiosity." They did not assimilate: it was not given to the hard and cold thinker to comprehend the nature of "the brooding poet with the heavenly eyes;" and assuredly

* Gillman published but one volume of a Life of Coleridge. The copy he gave me contains his corrections for another edition. De Quincey says of it that "it is a thing deader than a door-nail, which is waiting vainly, and for thousands of years is doomed to wait, for its sister volume, namely, Volume Second." It must be ever regretted, that of the poet's later life, of which he knew so much, he wrote nothing; but the world was justified in expecting, even in the details of his earlier pilgrimage, something which it did not get.

† "His room looked upon a delicious prospect of wood and meadow, with colored gardens under the window like an embroidery to the mantle. Here he cultivated his flowers, and had a set of birds for his pensioners, who came to breakfast with him. He might have been seen taking his daily stroll up and down, with his black coat and white locks, and a book in his hand, and was a great acquaintance of the little children."—LEIGH HUNT.

‡ "Coleridge sat on the brow of Highgate Hill, in those years, looking down on London and its smoke-tumult like a sage escaped from the inanity of life's battle, attracting toward him the thoughts of innumerable brave souls still engaged there. His express contributions to poetry, philosophy, or any specific province of human literature or enlightenment, had been small and sadly intermittent; but he had, especially among young inquiring men, a higher than literary, a kind of prophetic, character. He was thought to hold, be alone in England, the key of German and other transcendentalisms; knew the sublime secret of believing by 'the reason' what the 'understanding' had been obliged to fling out as incredible; and could still, after Hume and Voltaire had done their best and worst with him, profess himself an orthodox Christian, and say and point to the Church of England, with its singular old rubrics and surplices at Allhallowtide, *Esto perpetua*. A sublime man; who, alone in those dark days, had saved his crown of spiritual manhood, escaping from the black materialisms and revolutionary deliriums with 'God, freedom, immortality,' still his: a king of men!"

* Mrs. Gillman gave me also the following sonnet. I believe it never to have been published; but, although she requested I "would not have copies of it made to give away," I presume the prohibition can not now be binding, after a lapse of thirty years since I received it. The poet, he who wrote the sonnet, and the admirable woman to whom it was addressed, have long since met.

SONNET ON THE LATE SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

And thou art gone, most loved, most honor'd friend!
No, never more thy gentle voice shall blend
With air of earth, its pure, ideal tones
Binding in one, as with harmonious zones,
The heart and intellect. And I no more
Shall with thee gaze on that unfathom'd deep,
The human soul, as when, pure-eyed off the shore,
Thy mystic bark would through the darkness sweep,
Itself the while so bright! For oft we seem'd
As on some starless sea—all dark above,
All dark below; yet, onward as we drove,
To plow up light that ever round us stream'd.
But he who mourns is not as one bereft
Of all he loved: thy living Truths are left.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

CAMBRIDGEPORT, MASSACHUSETTS, AMERICA.
For my *still* dear friend,
Mrs. GILLMAN, of the Grove, Highgate.

* Madame De Staël said that Coleridge was "rich in a monologue, but poor in a dialogue;" and Hazlitt said, sneeringly, "Excellent talker, very—if you would let him start from no premises, and come to no conclusion."

† It may not be forgotten that the Rev. Edward Irving, in dedicating to Coleridge one of his books, acknowledges his obligations to the venerable sage for many valuable teachings, "as a spiritual man and as a Christian pastor," lessons derived from his "*conversations*" concerning the revelations of the Christian faith—"helps in the way of truth"—from listening to his discourses. Charles Lamb thus writes: "He would talk from morn to dewy eve, nor cease till far midnight, yet who would interrupt him, who would obstruct that continuous flow of converse fetched from Hebron or Zion?" Coleridge has said "he never found the smallest hitch or impediment in the fullest utterance of his most subtile fancies by word of mouth."

* De Quincey elsewhere states his height to be five feet ten inches—exactly the height of Wordsworth—both having been measured in the studio of the painter Haydon.

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Coleridge could have had but small sympathy with his unsought-for, and perhaps unwelcome, guest. A more minute, and certainly a more true, picture is that which Carlyle formed of him, in words, some years later, and probably not long before his removal from earth: "Brow and head was flabby and irresolute. The deep eyes, of a light hazel, were as full of sorrow as of inspiration; confused pain looked mildly from them, as in a kind of mild astonishment. The whole figure and air, good and amiable otherwise, might be called flabby and irresolute, expressive of weakness under possibility of strength. He hung loosely on his limbs, with knees bent and stooping attitude: in walking, he rather shuffled than decisively stepped; and a lady once remarked, he never could fix which side of the garden-walk would suit him best, but continually shifted in cork-screw fashion, and kept trying both. A heavy-laden, high-aspiring, and surely much-suffering man. His voice, naturally soft and good, had contracted itself into a plaintive snuffle and singsong; he spoke as if preaching—you would have said preaching earnestly, and also hopelessly, the weightiest things." About the same period a writer in the *Quarterly Review* thus pictures him: "His clerical-looking dress, the thick, waving, silver hair, the youthful-colored cheek, the indefinable mouth and lips, the quick, yet steady and penetrating greenish-gray eye, the slow and continuous enunciation, and the everlasting music of his tones." Procter, writing of him, says: "In his mature age he had a full round face, a fine broad forehead, rather thick lips, and strange, dreamy eyes." In Lamb's words, "His white hair shrouded a capacious brain."

There are several portraits of him. The best is that which was painted by his friend Allston, the American artist, at Rome, in 1806. Wordsworth speaks of it as "the only likeness of the great original that ever gave me the least pleasure."* The portrait on page 276 is engraved from the painting by Northcote: it strongly recalls him to my remembrance.

Although in youth and earlier manhood Coleridge had perpetually been

"Chasing chance-starting friendships,"

not long before his death he is described as "thankful for the deep, calm peace of mind he then enjoyed—a peace such as he had never before experienced, nor scarcely hoped for." All things were then looked at by him through an atmosphere by which all were reconciled and harmonized.

It is true that he failed to perform all he purposed to do: of what high soul can it be said otherwise? But his friend Justice Talfourd, who, while testifying to the benignity of his nature, describes his life as "one splendid and sad prospectus," does the poet and philosopher scant justice. What he *might* have done was, perhaps, hardly known to himself, and could but be guessed at by others. Whatever the "promise" may have been, the "performance" was prodigious. To quote the words of his nephew, H. N. Coleridge, "he did, in his vocation, the day's work of a giant." The American edition of his works, which is not quite complete, extends to seven closely printed volumes, each of more than seven hundred pages! If he had done nothing but "talk," his life would not have been spent idly or in vain, as the "Table-Talk" may testify; but as a writer, who of the generation has done more? If, as Hazlitt writes, in the later years of his life, "he may be said to have lived on the sound of his own voice," and if, according to Wordsworth, "his mental power was frozen at its marvelous source,"† yet what a world of wealth he has bequeathed to us, although the whole produce of his pen in poetry is compressed within one single small volume! All must lament that this illustrious man, whom De Quincey describes as "the largest and most spacious intellect, the subtlest and the most comprehensive, that has yet existed among men," should have given way to the evil habit which made life miserable to him. But while lamenting what we have thereby lost, we may be consoled by the excellence of what has been preserved.

A few months ago I again drove to Highgate, and visited the house in which the poet passed so many happy years of calm contentment and seraphic peace; again repeated these lines, which, next to his higher faith, expressed the faith by which his life was ruled and guided:

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small,
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all!"‡

His mortal remains lie in a vault in the graveyard of the old church at Highgate. He was a "stranger" in the parish where he died, notwithstanding his long residence there, and was, therefore, interred alone. Not long afterward, however, the vault was built to receive the body of his wife. There the two rest together. It is inclosed by a thick iron grating, the interior lined with white marble, containing the letters marked in the wood-cut. When I visited the tomb in 1864, one of the marble slabs had accidentally given way, and the coffin was partially exposed. I laid my hand upon it in solemn reverence, and gratefully recalled to memory him who, in his own emphatic words, had

"Here found life in death."

The tablet that contains the epitaph is on one of the side walls of the new church. It was consecrated two years before the poet's departure; and although it shuts out his view of mighty London, it was pleasant to know that in his later days he had often looked on that temple of God. The tablet that records the death of Mr. Gillman (and also that of his wife, who survived him many years) is of the same size and form as that of the friend they loved so dearly.*

I would omit only the word "perchance" when I quote these lines from the poet, and to the poet apply them—to him who works untrammeled in another sphere, beloved by the Master he served in this:

"Meek at the throne of mercy and of God,
Perchance thou raisest high th' enraptured hymn,
Amid the blaze of seraphim!"

More than once I met, with Coleridge, at the house of the Gillmans, and afterward at other places, that most remarkable man—"martyr and saint," as Mrs. Oliphant styles him—Edward Irving. He and Coleridge were singular contrasts—in appearance, that is to say, for their minds and souls were in harmony. The Scottish minister was very tall, powerful in frame, and of great physical vigor; "a gaunt and gigantic figure," his long, black, "wavy" hair hanging partially over his shoulders. His features were large and strongly marked; but the expression was grievously marred, like that of Whitefield, by a squint that abstracted much from his "apostolic" character, and must have operated prejudicially as regarded his mission. His mouth was exquisitely "cut:" it might have been a model for a sculptor who desired to portray strong will combined with generous sympathy. Yet he looked what he was—a brave man; a man whom no abuse could humble, no injuries subdue, no oppression crush. To me he realized the idea of John the Baptist—"one crying in the wilderness, who had his loins girt about him, and whose food was locusts and wild honey."

Gilfillan represents Irving in his "Gallery of Literary Portraits"—a work of rare worth, the value of which will increase more and more as time removes the "originals" farther off: "His aspect wild, yet grave, as of one laboring under some mighty burden; his voice deep, yet clear, and with crashes of power alternatory with cadences of softest melody; his action, now graceful as the wave of the rose-bush in the breeze, and now fierce and urgent as the midnight motion of the oak in the hurricane."

Three great men have borne testimony to the high qualities of his heart and mind. Procter says of him: "He was one of the best and truest men it has been my good fortune to meet in life." Lamb describes him as "firm, outspeaking, intrepid, and docile as a pupil of Pythagoras." And this is the testimony of Thomas Carlyle: "But for Irving I had never known what the communion of man with man means; he was the freest, brotherliest, bravest human soul man ever came in contact with; the best man I have ever (after trial enough) found in this world, or now hope to find." Those who would know more of him may consult the volumes of his biographer, Mrs. Oliphant.

In the pulpit—where I lament to say I heard him but once, and then not under the peculiar influences that so often swayed and guided him—he was undoubtedly an orator, thoroughly earnest in his work, and beyond all question deeply and solemnly impressed with the duty to which he was devoted. I fancy I see him there now—as Hazlitt writes, "launching into his subject like an eagle dallying with the wind." At times, no doubt, his manner, action, and appearance bordered on the grotesque; but it was impossible to listen without being carried away by the intense fervor and fiery zeal with which he dwelt on the promises, or annunciated the threats, of the prophets, his predecessors. His vehemence was often startling, sometimes appalling. Leigh Hunt called him "the Boanerges of the Temple." He was a soldier, as well as a servant, of the Cross. Few men of his age aroused more bitter or more unjust and unchristian hostility. He was in advance of his time; perhaps, if he were living now, he would still be so, for the spirituality of his nature can not yet be understood. There were not wanting those who decried him as a pretender, a hypocrite, and a cheat: those who knew him best depose to the honesty of his heart, the depth of his convictions, the fervor of his faith; and many yet live who will indorse this eloquent tribute of his biographer: "To him mean thoughts and unbelieving hearts were the only things miraculous and out of nature:" he "desired to know nothing in heaven or earth, neither comfort, nor peace, nor rest, nor any consolation, but the will and work of the Master he loved." To some he was but the "comet of a season;" to others he was a burning and a shining light, that, issuing from the obscure Scottish town of Annan, heralded the way to life eternal. He died in 1834, comparatively young: there were but forty-two years between his birth and death. More than thirty years have passed since he was called from earth, and to this generation the name of Edward Irving is little more than a sound, "signifying nothing;" yet it was a power in his day, and the seed he scattered can not all have fallen among thorns. His love for Coleridge was devoted—a mingling of admiration, affection, and respect. "At the feet of that Gamaliel he sat meekly." Their friendship lasted for years, and was full of kindness on the part of the philosopher, and of reverential respect on that of Irving, who, following the natural instinct of his own ingenuous nature, changed in an instant, in such a presence, from the orator who, speaking in God's name, assumed a certain austere pomp of position, more like an authoritative priest than a mere presbyter, into the simple and candid listener, more ready to learn than he was to teach.

They were made acquainted by a mutual friend, Basil Montagu, who himself occupied no humble station in intellectual society. His "evenings" were often rare mental treats: he presented the most refined picture of a gentleman—tall, slight, courteous, seemingly ever smiling, yet without an approach to insincerity: he had the esteem of his contemporaries, and the homage of the finer spirits of his time. They were earned and merited. "Gentle enthusiast in the cause of humanity"—that is what Talfourd calls Basil Montagu. Those who knew him knew also his wife—one of the most admirable women I have ever known. She was likened to Mrs. Siddons, and forcibly recalled the portraits of that eminently gifted woman: tall and stately, and with evidence, which time had by no means obliterated, of great beauty in youth; her expression somewhat severe, yet gracious in manner and generous in words. She had been the honored associate of many of the finer spirits of her time, and not a few of them were her familiar friends.* She might have suggested these lines to Joanna Baillie:

"So queenly, so commanding, and so noble,
I shrunk at first in awe; but when she smiled,
Methought I could have compassed sea and land
her bidding."

DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

THE United States Department of Agriculture was established by act of Congress, approved May 15, 1862. In the law creating it its general designs and duties are defined to be "to acquire and to diffuse among the people of the United States useful information on subjects connected with agriculture in the most general and comprehensive sense of that word, and to procure, propagate, and distribute among the people new and valuable seeds and plants."

The law provides for the appointment of a "Commissioner of Agriculture," to "be the chief executive officer of the Department of Agriculture," and, in prescribing his duties, further indicates the object of the department. It says he is "to acquire and preserve in his department all information concerning agriculture which he can obtain by means of books and correspondence, by practical and scientific experiments (accurate records of which experiments shall be kept in his office), by the collection of statistics, and by any other appropriate means within his power; to collect, as he may be able, new and valuable seeds and plants; to test, by cultivation, the value of such of them as may require such tests; to propagate such as may be worthy of propagation, and to distribute them among agriculturists."

The first recognition which the agricultural interest of the country received from Congress in the way of appropriation of public money was under date of March 3, 1839, when it was enacted by request of Hon. H. L. ELLSWORTH, Commissioner of Patents, that a sum of money not exceeding one thousand dollars should be appropriated out of the patent fund, to be expended by the Commissioner of Patents in the collection of agricultural statistics, and for other agricultural purposes. Similar appropriations were made in succeeding years, after 1842, the amount being gradually increased to $5000 for the year 1853, and paid from the Patent-Office fund; that office, however, being reimbursed in that year, by act of Congress, in the sum of $39,000, the full amount of its outlay on account of agriculture. In 1854 Congress appropriated $10,000 for agriculture; and in 1862, the year in which the division of the Patent-Office having charge of agricultural matters was erected into a national department, the appropriation had been increased to $60,000. The Commissioner of Patents annually made reports to Congress of the results of efforts in behalf of agriculture, the same being published under the title of "Patent-Office Reports—Agriculture," and the first, in 1839, containing fifty-four pages. From the establishment of the government up to and including the year 1862 the direct public expenditure for the encouragement of agricultural industry amounted to only $554,000—less than the actual benefit conferred upon the country by a single importation and distribution of grain by the present Commissioner, at a cost not exceeding that of the legislative act which instituted the department. The total expenditure in behalf of agricultural interests has been exceedingly small—a pittance in comparison with the universality and magnitude of these interests, and with the amounts annually appropriated to foster and build up others, of which the claims are no greater, though more persistently pressed. And with the small appropriations allowed the Commissioner has, with a tact and frugality not always imitated, kept the expenditures within the limits of the current appropriations, while carrying out to a highly satisfactory extent the designs of such a department.

The Department of Agriculture continued to occupy rooms in the Patent-Office building until the completion of the edifice designed for its permanent occupation, in August, 1868. The department building is located upon a reservation of government land, containing thirty-five acres, between the grounds of the Smithsonian Institution and those containing the incomplete Washington Monument, and commands a very fine view of all those grounds, a large portion of the city, and of the adjacent country. It is one hundred and seventy feet long by sixty-one feet deep, and consists of a finished basement, three full stories, and Mansard roof. It is designed in the *Renaissance* style of architecture, and the front (north) presents a centre building with main entrance, flanked by projecting wings. The material is pressed brick, with brown-stone base, belts, trimmings, and cornices. There are on the first-floor above the basement fourteen rooms, besides a fine octagonal vestibule and ample corridor. The library, containing over seven thousand volumes, many of which are rare and valuable, is in the west wing, and is twenty by sixty-one feet in size. There are fourteen rooms upon the first-floor, ten of which are twenty feet square, and all are sixteen feet in height. The rooms of the Commissioner and chief clerk are finished by wainscoting in "American wood-hanging" in elegant style. The others are finished by paneling in encaustic paint, and with frescoed ceilings. The office and laboratory of the chemist and his assistants occupy the east end, first-floor, with a large room in the basement. The former contains a small special library, and fine geological and mineralogical cabinets, which are constantly being enlarged by contributions. In these rooms analyses of earth, plants, fuller's-earths, the various kinds of clay and limestones, calcareous minerals, roofing-slates, varieties of pyrites, bituminous shales, blendes, iron, copper, silver, and gold ores, marls, wines, mineral waters, etc., have been and are carried on. The employment of the laboratory is directed to subjects of importance to scientific agriculture mainly, and is intended to be entirely so. The main portion of the second story is occupied by the Museum of Agriculture, and is approached by a double flight of fire-proof stairs from the centre opposite the vestibule, lit by a grand window of stained glass. This hall, or museum, is one hundred and two feet long, fifty-two feet wide, and twenty-seven feet high, and is lighted through ten windows, each seven by sixteen feet. It has a bold curved stucco cornice, with brackets sculptured in colossal Indian busts, and is adorned by festoons of flowers and fruits, and medallion shields into which are worked the escutcheons of the United States, surrounded by those of the thirty-seven States of the Union in chronological succession. The museum is designed to be one of reference and strict utility, from which, and the books and notes of reference connected with it, and from the attendants, such information as is desired by the visitors may be obtained concerning the history, production, health, etc., of all kinds of agricultural products, especially those suited to our own country.

It contains, for instance, about fifteen hundred accurately moulded and colored specimens of fruits; five hundred specimens of native and twelve hundred of foreign grain; over two hundred specimens of corn in the ear; about one hundred of sugar and fifty of molasses, from various substances; forty of Indian food; cases of specimens of economic substances, as oils, gums, dyes; cases of American birds and fowls, and such as may be acclimatized here; the finest collection of silk cocoons in the country; various fibre specimens, as wool, cotton, hemp, flax, flax-cotton, ramie, asclepias, jute, etc., and miscellaneous tropical fibres; specimens of woods arranged according to botanical classification; forage plants; and, not least in interest, between seven and eight thousand accurately drawn and colored representations of injurious insects, with reference on each plate to book and page where their natural history is to be found—the etching upon copper, printing, coloring, labeling, and research being the work of the accomplished entomologist, done in the mornings and evenings of a few years. At the western terminus of the museum are the rooms of the entomologist, and one of extra size devoted to the use of the botanist, containing a valuable herbarium of about fifteen hundred species.

At the eastern terminus are the rooms of the statistician and some of his assistants. In them are prepared the annual and monthly reports of the department, a work of great labor and care, involving regular correspondence and the collec-

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* This portrait is now in the National Portrait Gallery—a recent acquisition.

† Very early in his life Lord Egmont said of him, "He talks very much like an angel, and does nothing at all." De Quincey speaks of his indolence as "inconceivable;" and Joseph Cottle relates some amusing instances of his forgetfulness even of the hour at which he had arranged to deliver a lecture to an assembled audience.

‡ It was once said to me, by a common "navvy," "I wouldn't give much for a man's Christianity if his dog was none the better for it."

* These are the inscriptions on the monument to both Coleridge and his friend Gillman:

Sacred to the Memory
of
SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE,
Poet, Philosopher, Theologian.
This truly great and good man resided for
The last nineteen years of his life
In this hamlet.
He quitted the "body of this death"
July 25th, 1834,
In the sixty-second year of his age.
Of his profound learning and discursive genius
His literary works are an imperishable record.
To his private worth,
His social and Christian virtues,
JAMES and ANN GILLMAN,
The friends with whom he lived
During the above period, dedicate this tablet.
Under the pressure of a long
And most painful disease,
s disposition was unalterably sweet and angelic.
He was an *ever-enduring, ever-loving* friend,
The gentlest and kindest teacher,
The most engaging home companion.

"O framed for calmer times and nobler hearts!
O studious poet, eloquent for truth!
Philosopher, contemning wealth and death,
Yet docile, childlike, full of life and love,
Here, on thy monumental stone, thy friends inscribe
thy worth."

Reader! for the world mourn,
Light has passed away from the earth;
But for this pious and exalted Christian
Rejoice, and again I say unto you, Rejoice!
Ubi
Thesaurus,
Ibi
Cor.
S. T. C.

Sacred to the Memory
of
JAMES GILLMAN, SURGEON
(The friend of S. T. Coleridge),
For many years an eminent practitioner in this place.
He died at Ramsgate, where his remains are interred, on
the 1st of June, 1839, in the fifty-seventh year of his age.
Whilst on earth his integrity of heart and generosity of
character gained the confidence and esteem of men.
His Christian faith has, we humbly trust, through the
merit of the Saviour, obtained the promise of a better inheritance.
"Mercy for praise—to be forgiven for Fame—
He asked, and hoped through Christ! Do thou the
same."

HIGHGATE, 13*th Nov.*, 1842.

* Procter, "Barry Cornwall," is the husband of the daughter of Mrs. Montagu by a former marriage, and their daughter, Adelaide Procter, during her brief life, made a name that will be classed with those of the best poets of the century. Basil Montagu was the son of Lord Sandwich and Miss Rea, an actress, the story of whose murder is one of the English *causes célèbres*.

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tion of statistics each month from every county in the Union, and the proper digestion and presentation of the same to the public. The third story of the building contains rooms where seeds are assorted and put up for distribution, and is in easy communication with the basement by means of a large elevator. The basement rooms contain the steam heating apparatus, the folding and book rooms, coal and wood cellars, closets, etc.

The grounds containing the department building are beautifully undulating. A large portion has been devoted to as complete an arboretum as can be found in any country, and in the main front of the building a flower-garden of geometrical design. The arboretum is being made as perfect and complete in species and varieties as the climate will admit, and with a strictly botanical arrangement is combined the idea of landscape effect. Walks and roads are being made through the grounds, and their ultimate connection with those of the contiguous grounds has been kept in view, admitting of a uniform style of improvement with them, and the highest style of landscape gardening.

A propagating garden, near the Capitol, is the property of the department also, and with a portion of the grounds near the principal building furnishes the means of testing and cultivating plants, etc. A conservatory, located west of and on a line with the department building, having a front of three hundred and twenty feet, and a rear extension from the centre of one hundred and fifty feet, is now in process of construction, and, besides its evident usefulness for the purposes of testing and plant propagation, forms a beautiful feature of the scene in the department grounds.—Two small summer-houses, in a style in keeping with the architecture of the building, will be placed at each of the front corners of the flower-garden in due time.

The first Commissioner of Agriculture, Hon. Isaac Newton, of Pennsylvania, was appointed by President Lincoln in June, 1862, and retained the position until his death, in the autumn of 1867. His successor, General Horace Capron, the present incumbent, was confirmed and entered upon his duties November 29, 1867.

The erection of department buildings, laying out of grounds, and all the improvements tending to the accommodation and inward and outward thrift of the department, and the increased scope of usefulness given to its operations in behalf of its great and peculiar interests, have characterized his administration.—General Capron is assisted in the discharge of his duties by an experienced chief clerk, R. T. M'Lain, Esq., of Maryland, and by a very competent corps of chiefs of divisions, including men of well-known ability and usefulness in their respective spheres, viz., J. R. Dodge, Esq., statistician and editor of the reports; Wm. Saunders, Esq., superintendent of the garden and grounds; Professor Townsend Glover, entomologist and superintendent of the museum; Professor Thomas Antisell, chemist; Dr. Stuart Eldridge, librarian; Dr. C. C. Parry, botanist; and B. F. Fuller, Esq., financial clerk.

The efforts of the department are now directed to obtaining and publishing reports of the condition and prospects of crops; to the analysis of soils, plants, etc.; to ascertaining the meteorology or climatic peculiarities of all sections of the country; to the introduction of useful plants (including medical) and fruits of other countries, and the development of some of our wild fruits and plants; to the investigation of fibre plants, grapes, cereals, and root crops most serviceable or best adapted to each section; to affording information, so far as possible, in response to inquiries upon all subjects coming within its scope; and, in fact, to a general fostering and practical encouragement of the grand interest it represents. It has taken its true place in relation to agriculture; and the appropriations to second and carry out its designs, it is to be hoped and expected, will be sufficient to give vigor to its efforts in behalf of an interest not sectional nor partial, but national and universal; one from which wealth and prosperity are primarily derived—the interests of agricultural industry.

The cordial co-operation of scientific agriculturists and agricultural societies throughout the country would tend greatly to strengthen and aid the department in its important labor, and is undoubtedly desired by its chief officer.

AN AFFAIR OF HONOR.

The absurdity of dueling in modern times, when gentlemen are no longer bred to the use of arms as an essential part of their education, and no longer parade the streets with a sword dangling at the side, is admirably illustrated in Mr. Myers's humorous sketch, entitled, "An Affair of Honor." The imagination easily fits a story to the characters. There was a party, or ball, or Champagne supper the night before, and when every body's brains were fuddled with wine, the poor fellow who sits at the table had the ill luck to offend some hot-blooded acquaintance. Angry words followed, a blow was perhaps struck, or a wine-glass thrown across the table into some one's face; and in the heat and excitement of the moment cards were exchanged and friends at once named to arrange for a hostile meeting. A night's sleep makes a wonderful change in the feelings of the principals. They are no longer quite so angry as they were the night before, and their valor evaporates with their anger. Each calls himself a fool, and heartily wishes he could recall the past; yet neither has the manliness to meet the other, acknowledge his folly, and agree to shake hands and be friends again. They have gone too far to recede; and their only hope is the vain one that their seconds may either forget the affair or take the same common-sense view of the situation. Seconds never act in this way. It is astonishing how boldly they can make their principals face the pistol, and how coolly they arrange preliminaries, and mark off the distance—six, ten, or twelve paces—over a handkerchief, if you like; it is all quite immaterial to them. The gentleman who leans against the mantel-piece in the sketch, and twirls his mustache with such a nonchalant air, evidently regards the affair with entire unconcern; but the poor fellow at the table sees it in a different light. He will accept, of course; he must accept, if he wants to maintain his position among his fast friends. But he needn't take things to heart. His challenger is doubtless just as much flustered as himself, and should they meet on the "field of honor" the chances are a thousand to one that neither will have the nerve to make a steady shot. The bullets will take their aimless flight into the regions of space, and the relieved combatants quit the field with whole skins and honor.

Except in the South and Southwest dueling has not only never been popular in America, but has been generally condemned as unchristian, barbarous, and absurd. Yet even in New England challenges have occasionally been passed. Many years ago a quarrel took place between two farmers of a Massachusetts village, one of whom was immensely tall, and the other noticeable for extreme brevity of stature. The little man challenged the big man, who at once accepted. Having the choice of weapons and ground, he selected flint-lock muskets and the middle of the mill-pond, both combatants to wade in to where the water came up to his, the tall man's, chin. It is hardly necessary to add that the duel never took place. Another challenged party accepted on condition that the antagonists should stand back to back on the ridge of a steep hill, march forward ten paces at a given signal, turn round, and fire. Every thing went off well till the parties turned round, when, to their mutual satisfaction, they found they had placed an impenetrable barricade between them. The hill was so steep that after advancing ten paces the parties could not see each other. Of course this duel also was given up.

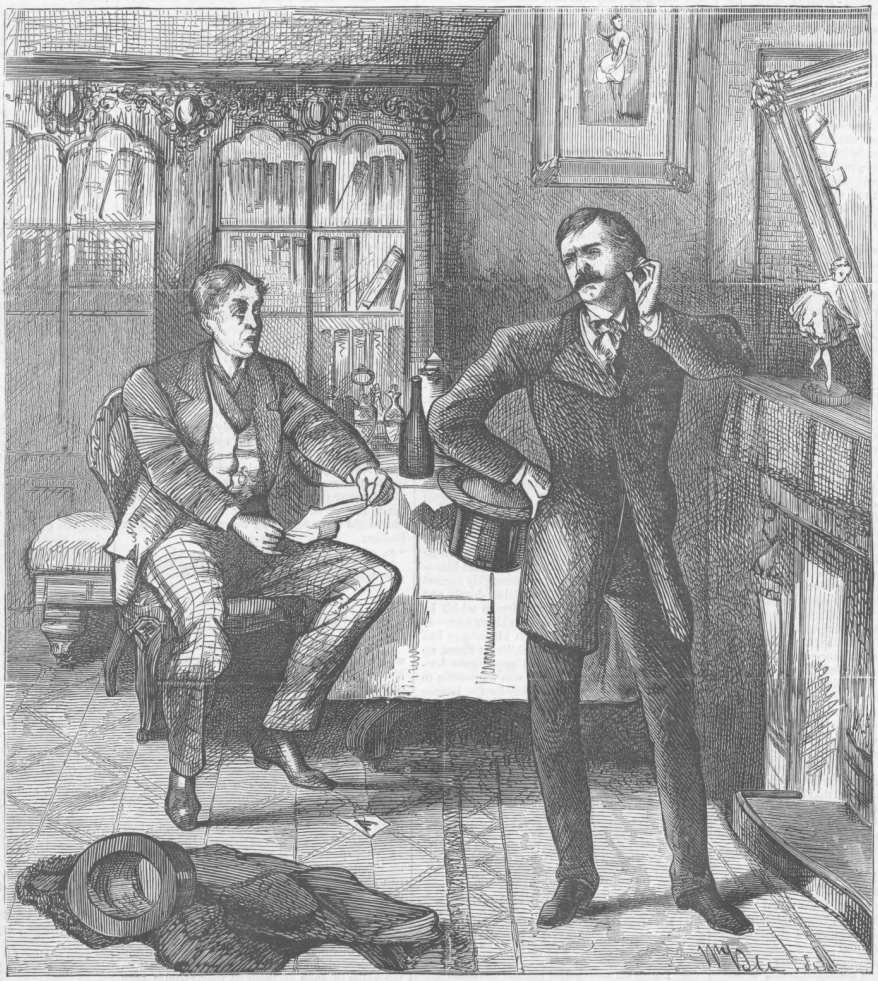
Few men have the moral courage to decline a challenge; yet there is on record the case of a distinguished Southern gentleman, the Hon. T. B. Hill. In 1856 Mr. Hill, in the height of a political discussion, spoke of the Hon. Alexander H. Stephens (subsequently Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy) "as having betrayed the Whig party, and as having acted worse toward it than Iscariot by abusing it afterward." Mr. Stephens took offense at these words, and opened a long correspondence with Mr. Hill. No understanding was effected, and Mr. Stephens, according to the practice of the duello, posted Mr. Hill as a coward. This occurred in Georgia, where the public sentiment was in favor of dueling; both the parties were Southern men, and had Southern men for constituents, and yet Mr. Hill, more courageous than Mr. Prentiss, accepted the direful consequences, and instead of seeking redress with pistols, was content to make an appeal to the intelligent and good in vindication of his conduct. His letter is a fine specimen of logic, and in a few words disposes of the subject. In his reply to Mr. Stephens, he says:

"You say that my letter, both in tone and manner, is personally offensive in itself, and without specifying any thing you designate as offensive, you proceed to ask of me 'that satisfaction which is usual between gentlemen in such cases.' It might be some satisfaction for you to shoot at me, though I should entertain no great fear of being hit; but candor requires me to say, with my present feelings, I could not deliberately shoot at you, and for many reasons—a few only of which I will now give.

"I might possibly kill you; and though you may not consider your life valuable, yet to take it would be a great annoyance to me ever afterward. The ceaseless accusations of my conscience that I was a *murderer* would be the bane of all my future happiness.

"If the invitation to mortal combat is intended as a mere formal occasion to exchange a few harmless shots, and then have an adjustment, I can only say that I never engage in farces, or make feigned issues. If I could be made conscious that I had done you injustice, I should deem it a duty to repair it, and should not wait first to be shot at. If you did me injustice I met the *occasion* with the *remedy*, and, it does seem, made a shot which produced a *wider* if not *deeper* sore than any within the power of powder and ball to produce.

"Now, Sir (as I always speak plainly), I will only add that I know of nothing which has occurred between you and me which could authorize or justify a duel; and while I have never at any time had an insult offered me, nor an aggression attempted, I shall yet know how to meet and repel any that may be offered by any gentleman who may presume upon this refusal or otherwise."



AN AFFAIR OF HONOR—RECEIVING THE CHALLENGE.

This correspondence occurred more than fifteen years ago, and was at the time the subject of a vast amount of newspaper controversy throughout the country. It is no doubt true that the thinking, solid men of Georgia, as a general thing, approved of Mr. Hill's conduct, and yet there is reason to believe it injured that gentleman's availability as a candidate for office, though it did not affect his social standing or professional career.

It is not generally known that Mr. Lincoln, in his youthful days, once accepted a challenge, and went out to fight a duel, but it will surprise none to be told that he turned it off with the inimitable sense of practical humor for which he afterward became so distinguished. Dueling was not popular in Illinois, the last hostile meeting within the limits of the State having brought the practice into disrepute. This was in 1820. Two obscure men, named respectively Stewart and Bennett, quarreled, and their friends, for the sake of a joke, agreed upon a sham duel. Stewart was in the secret, but Bennett was left to consider the affair in earnest. The duel was to be fought with rifles, loaded with blank cartridges. When placed upon the ground Bennett became suspicious of a trick, and, unobserved by his second, dropped a ball in his rifle. The word was given, and Stewart fell dead. Bennett made his escape, but two years afterward was arrested, tried for murder, convicted, and executed, in spite of the pressure for pardon brought to bear upon the Governor. The next hostile meeting was that in which Mr. Lincoln was engaged. Being the challenged party, he chose dragoon sabres for weapons. On arriving on the ground selected for the combat, he remarked that the spot was most appropriately chosen, as it was in full sight of the penitentiary. The seconds on both sides were fortunately men of good sense and tact, and between them they managed to delay the meeting by disputes upon preliminaries, and other important matters, until the whole thing was made so ridiculous that the parties shook hands and became friends.

As a rule, great military commanders have been opposed to dueling. Washington gave a high example to the world in this respect. Frederick the Great and Napoleon both discountenanced dueling, as prejudicial to military discipline. In our own army the practice is forbidden under the severest penalties.

Under the light of the better civilization now dawning upon the South, dueling will become as abhorrent to the moral sense of the people there as it has always been to that of the North; and probably we shall never read again of such sanguinary contests as that between Gamble and Schuyler, who fought in a dark room, or such meetings as those between Randolph and Clay, or Mr. Prentiss and Governor Foote.

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CAPTAIN MACDONALD.

ON the 25th of last February the steamship *Europa* sailed from Glasgow for this port with 195 steerage and 10 cabin passengers. For the first few days she experienced squally weather, which increased to a gale from the west, with sleet and a heavy cross-sea, on the 1st of March. The storm gradually increased in fury during the next two days, and toward evening of the 3d rose to such a pitch that the sails were double reefed, and the ship was put under very slow steam. By eight o'clock the situation was terrible. The night was pitch-dark, the air filled with driving sleet and flying spray. The wind screamed and whistled through the rigging, and huge waves struck heavily against the sides of the gallant vessel, which groaned and shivered at every blow.

The commander, Captain MACDONALD, whenever he could snatch a moment from his duties on deck, used his utmost endeavors to calm and cheer his passengers and allay their apprehensions. About half past nine on Friday evening, March 3, he left the cabin, where he had been sitting in conversation with the passengers, and in company with a gentleman of this city, who wanted to take a look at the storm, went on deck. A sudden lurch cooled the passenger's curiosity, and he turned to go down, calling out to the captain to take care of himself. He had scarcely seated himself in the cabin when the passengers were startled by a tremendous crash, followed by the cry, "Captain overboard!" Springing up the steps, he saw at a glance the extent of the disaster. A tremendous wave had struck the bridge—the captain's look-out on all European-built steamers—beneath the starboard side, twisting the horizontal iron railing into a perpendicular position, and tearing the planking up like paper. This broke the wave, and its crest fell with a crash upon the leeward side of the bridge, snapping the stanchions and grinding that part of the flooring into kindling wood. The almost solid mountain of water then bounded off into the sea again, staving in two boats, and breaking the main boom. In its passage it overwhelmed the captain and the first and third mates, and swept them far out into the ocean.

Startled by the cries of the sailors, Mr. FINLAY, the second mate, rushed, half dressed, upon deck. He bounded to the taffrail just in time to see three black specks disappearing in the darkness behind. Screaming to the men to throw out ropes and life-buoys, he sprang to the hatchway and signaled to the engineer to stop the engine. The ship was speedily slowed and stopped, and the buoys and ropes were cast into the waves, but without avail. The ship soon began to pay off in the trough of the sea, and Mr. FINLAY was compelled to order the engines to move again slowly. A strict look-out was kept for the lost captain and mates; but they had gone down in mid-ocean.

CAPTAIN MACDONALD, LOST OVERBOARD FROM THE "EUROPA" IN THE GALE OF MARCH 3.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY R. A. LEWIS.]

The news of this terrible disaster was carefully kept from all but the cabin passengers. The remainder of the night was passed in prayer and tears. Meantime the gale became a tornado, which continued through Sunday and Monday. To add to the terrors of the situation, the news of the captain's death became known to the steerage passengers. A kind of mutiny ensued, a mass-meeting was held, and a committee was sent to Mr. FINLAY to demand that he should put into the nearest port. But the cool-headed officer succeeded in pacifying them, and brought the ship into the port of New York without further trouble. He deserves the highest credit for his skillful performance of a very difficult duty.

Captain MACDONALD, whose portrait is given on this page, was a native of Greenock, about thirty-three years of age, and unmarried. His mother is living in Greenock, and dependent upon her son for support. He was captain fifteen years, during six of which he was in the employ of the Anchor line. He had command of the *Caledonia* at first, and after three voyages was transferred to the *Europa*, which vessel he commanded to the day of his death. Just before leaving New York on the last home trip Captain MACDONALD sat for his photograph to Mr. R. A. LEWIS, of Chatham Street, and requested him to have the picture ready for him on his return. Through the courtesy of Mr. LEWIS we are able to lay before our readers the portrait of this brave man.

STORM ON THE ENGLISH COAST.

THE sad calamity depicted in the second engraving on this page occurred on the 16th of February on the Yorkshire coast of England. A few days previous a large fleet of coasters passed southward, many of them bound for France with supplies of fuel. Early on the following morning a strong gale began to blow. One or two of the vessels succeeded in reaching a harbor, while the better built and better manned of the fleet rode out the gale in safety at sea; but the rest, unable to accomplish this, ran ashore and became total wrecks. The scene at Bridlington Bay is described as heart-rending. Shortly before noon no less than nine vessels were pitching about at the mercy of the wind and waves in the basin on the north side of the pier, and in all some eighteen or twenty vessels were lost. The crews of five vessels were brought off by lifeboats; but in attempting to rescue a poor fellow who was seen clinging to a wreck a life-boat was swamped by a tremendous wave, and her officer and crew of six gallant men were lost. The next day twenty-three of the recovered bodies were buried in the church-yard of Bridlington.

When the morning after the storm dawned the beach presented a most singular appearance, resembling a huge timber-yard, while dotted here and there at intervals were the remains of vessels more or less broken up.

NO BONES IN THE OCEAN.

MR. JEFFREY has established the fact that bones disappear in the ocean. By dredging it is common to bring up teeth, but rarely ever a bone of any kind; these, however compact, dissolve if exposed to the action of the water but a little time. On the contrary, teeth—which are not bones any more than whales are fish—resist the destroying action of the sea-water indefinitely. It is, therefore, a powerful solvent. Still the popular opinion is that it is a brine. If such were the case, the bottom of all the seas would long ago have been shallowed by immense accumulations of carcasses and products of the vegetable kingdom constantly floating into them.

Dentine, the peculiar material of which teeth are formed, and the enamel covering them, offer extraordinary resistance to those chemical agencies which resolve other animal remains into nothingness. Mounds at the West, tumuli in Europe and Asia, which are believed to antedate sacred history for thousands of years, yield up perfectly sound teeth, on which time appears to have no impression w[illegible]

STORM ON THE ENGLISH COAST.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1871.

☞ *In this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *our readers will find the opening chapters of* CHARLES READE'S *New Story,*

A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION,

with ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS, *in addition to those which appear in the English edition.*

☞ *The* SUPPLEMENT *sent out with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains the first of a series of illustrated papers on "*DOGS AND THEIR DOINGS," *which can not fail to prove exceedingly interesting, especially to the reading public of Young America; another installment of the "*MEMORIES OF DISTINGUISHED AUTHORS," *giving personal reminiscences of* CHARLES LAMB, *with portrait and other illustrations; a full-page Cartoon, entitled "*HIS PICTURE—KILLED AT THE FRONT;" *and the usual variety of Sketches, Stories, etc.*

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

THE result of the election in New Hampshire shows a Republican apathy which is alarming, because it may lead to the greatest of national disasters—the restoration of the Democratic party to power. We ask any man in that State, or in any other, who has hitherto sustained the Republican party, what advantage the success of the Democratic party could possibly bring to the country? Does any intelligent citizen who is familiar with the history of that party, or with the influences that now control it, look to it for greater purity, efficiency, or economy of administration? Does any such citizen wish to see the men and the means that now direct the State and city of New York brought into the national administration? Does any body believe that the peace of the country would be more assured by a party which is supported by the Ku-Klux Klan, and which has only scorn and contempt for the loyal men of the Southern States? Or because of conspicuous mistakes upon the part of the Republicans, or of personal disappointments and chagrins, are sensible and practical men ready to surrender the national government to a party which includes every enemy of the popular principle and of truly national union?

If we should be reminded that we have ourselves sometimes severely criticised Republican action, we reply that in no other way could Republican fidelity be shown. It is because of our profound conviction of the necessity of continued Republican dominance to the peace and prosperity of the country that we have criticised conduct which seemed to us likely to shake confidence in the party and its policy. Plainly, if every paper in the country friendly to Republican ascendency should praise indiscriminately every measure of Congress or every suggestion of the Administration, or should be silent where it could not commend, the result would infallibly be what we saw in the Democratic party a dozen years ago. It is the vigorous Republican protest against Republican errors which proves that the party is a truly living force, and not a mere machine. No criticism is to be deprecated, however severe, when it is seen to be that of a friend; and friendly remonstrance, however earnest, is very easily distinguished from hostility.

The party in power, it must be remembered, is most seriously affected by the action of the government at Washington. For a party is judged not only by its principles, but by the conduct of its representatives in the executive and legislative departments. They are subject to a hundred influences, the force of which is in no degree proportioned to their wisdom. In the heat of debate, for instance, and under the stress of personal feeling, Congress may pass measures which would certainly be condemned by the calmer judgment of the members themselves. So the President, who, despite himself, is surrounded by flatterers seeking personal favors, is really excluded from a knowledge of the tendency of public opinion and of his own party feeling, and may therefore do much that friendly remonstrance would have prevented. Now the duty both of the Republican press and of the Republican leaders arising from this situation is obvious, and it is mutual. The party press in the country is honorably and for the interest of its party bound to represent to the managers at Washington what public opinion really is, and those authorities are equally bound to heed its voice rather than the interested representations immediately about them, or what may often prove to be their own misconceptions of the real political situation. This, indeed, is the great value of an independent party press. If it merely echoes, records, and approves the measures of the party managers, it is contemptible.

The result in New Hampshire shows dissatisfaction. But this can be removed by careful consideration of the measures with which the Republican party shall be identified, and by a constant and simple statement of the real position and inevitable tendency of the Democratic party. The two can not be separated. It is not enough to show that the opposition does not deserve confidence, unless we prove practically that we do. And that practical proof will lie in the general wisdom of our policy. We will mention three points upon which wise action will be of incalculable service to the Republican party.

The first is the San Domingo question. It is plainly a subject upon which opinion in the party is divided, and therefore great urgency in pressing it to a decision would be extremely unwise. However favorable the report of the Commission may be, let the party be heard both upon the report and upon the general question. Then let the decision depend upon the evident feeling of the party. The failure of annexation will alienate no Republican. Peremptory pressure of the measure will certainly propitiate none. The second subject is the reform of the civil service. The late Congress left the responsibility with the President, who had wisely urged action upon the question. Should he at once begin the reform by a practicable system of competitive examinations, and by favoring Senator FENTON'S suggestion of a fixed term of office, the reform honestly and vigorously begun will command the hearty approval and co-operation of many whose sympathy is essential to party success, and tend to the pacification of certain local differences. The third subject is the Commission upon the English question. There is no doubt of the high and honorable and patriotic purpose of the Administration in the negotiation. If the Republican Senate, properly mindful of the party interests, which infinitely transcend any personal views, upon the presentation of a practicable treaty, securing the satisfaction of our honest expectations, promptly and unitedly ratify it, even if it does not obtain all that some might wish, but what none have the right to ask or to expect, it will be one of the great glories of Republican administration, and the party will be most strongly commended to the continued confidence of the country. But if upon this cardinal measure, in which civilization itself is interested, the Republican Senate wrangles and differs, the inestimable advantage to the party, and consequently to the country, of a heartily unanimous settlement will be most culpably sacrificed.

These are opportunities which can not be safely lost. They are measures upon which the party in the country may wisely be heard through the press, and upon which sudden and crude action will be most unfortunate. Republicans who would feel and speak very harshly of the San Domingo project, for instance, if it were "rushed through," will undoubtedly acquiesce, although they may not approve, if it were adopted after ample deliberation and a general expression of opinion. The necessity of Republican sagacity at this moment can not be too strongly stated, nor the fatal peril of yielding to any other motive of action than the evident advantage of the country. That ours is a government of the people is a truth which perpetually vindicates itself. They may not be always wise, and they judge by general observation. That the result of that observation is not at this moment favorable, the New Hampshire election shows. Yet it is not made unfavorable because of what is said about certain measures, but because of the measures themselves; and if those measures have been criticised, it was only that such results might be avoided. We have no doubt whatever that the apathy in New Hampshire, although unexpected and disagreeable, will be of the greatest service, by leading to a better mutual understanding among Republicans.

THE PRESIDENT.

THE ferocious abuse of General GRANT by the Democratic press is an illustration of the real feeling of that party. It can not forgive his victory over the rebellion. It hopes by a fog of slander to obscure the national remembrance of his great and glorious service to the country. But the people of the United States know very well that the worst mistake of his administration is white as snow compared with the deeds of that nest of traitors and rebels, the last Democratic national administration. While the Democratic papers sneer at the cabinet, whose personal character and efficient official service they can not question, the people have not forgotten the last Democratic cabinet, in which JEREMIAH S. BLACK, who declared that the Union could not lawfully be maintained by arms, was Secretary of State; and HOWELL COBB, one of the chief rebel chiefs, was Secretary of the Treasury, plotting to destroy the national credit; and JACOB THOMPSON was Secretary of the Interior; and ISAAC TOUCEY, who sent the national ships out of reach, was Secretary of the Navy; and JOHN B. FLOYD, who tried to transfer the national arms to rebels before the war began, who fled as a rebel general from Fort Donelson, and who died execrated by every honorable American, was Secretary of War.

This precious society of patriots was the last cabinet which the Democratic party furnished to the country, and its head was JAMES BUCHANAN, whose supporters now gibe at General GRANT! JAMES BUCHANAN was the faithful instrument of the slave-masters, and when they raised their hands to destroy the Union and the government, that great Democratic statesman, under the advice of JEREMIAH BLACK, whimpered that they had no right to do so, but that the country had no right to help itself! These were the men whom the Democratic party and papers, which now abuse General GRANT, called to power when they last carried a national election. And the party is not changed. As it was the organization by which slavery worked its will then, so it is that by which the Ku-Klux would work its will now. As it elected VANCE to the Senate from North Carolina, and BLAIR from Missouri, when he said that he would undo reconstruction by the army, so it would send JEFFERSON DAVIS from Mississippi, and ROBERT TOOMBS from Georgia, could it but have a little more encouragement.

The Democratic hatred of General GRANT is the Ku-Klux hatred of loyal men in the Southern States. He is the perpetual monument of the crushed rebellion. His presence in the White House is the constant assertion of the supremacy of the Republican principles of liberty, union, and law. The same spirit which hissed at LINCOLN as a gorilla and a despot, and at the Union soldiers as hirelings, denounced GRANT in the field as a butcher, and scolds at him now as a fool.

But he was not dismayed by Democratic rage when it took the form of fire, and he is not likely to be disheartened by it now that it is froth. But when the abuse is loudest it is well to reflect what party it is that utters it, and how its men and its services to the country compare with General GRANT and what he has done. It is natural that those who thought ROBERT E. LEE a Christian hero and gentleman should think General GRANT a butcher; that those who sneer at LONGSTREET as unfaithful to his cause because, when conquered, he honestly surrendered, should refuse to honor General THOMAS; and that those who excused the horrors of Andersonville should make light of the Ku-Klux Klan. This is all natural, but is it to such a spirit that the government of the country can be safely intrusted?

THE KU-KLUX.

THE Ku-Klux question has become very serious. Before the war a citizen of the United States who believed in the Declaration of Independence, and said so, was outlawed, harried, and liable to be murdered in half the country. It was safer for a free-tongued American, who held to the rightful equality of all men, to travel in Central Africa than in South Carolina under the flag of the United States. Now that the war is ended, no conspicuous Union man, and no colored citizen who takes an active and positive position in sympathy with the Union, is safe from assault or murder in a large part of the old Slave States. If he complains, he is told that the local courts are open to him. If he replies that the mob holds the courts, and that he has the same protection that the Abolitionist in the interior of Mississippi had against the slavery assassins fifteen years ago, he is told that he has the ballot, and he must right himself at the polls. If he replies that the mob, which is supreme, prevents his voting, he is told that that is his misfortune, but that the United States authority can only interfere in a State upon the requisition of the governor. If he says that the governor is the Ku-Klux, he is told that it is a pity; but that the principle of the government requires that every State must protect its citizens. And he is asked, in turn, if the United States should interfere at its pleasure in every State by a mere resolution of Congress, how would it be with him if his friends should lose power, and the friends of the Ku-Klux come in? To which he would, of course, reply that it would certainly be no worse for him—and it would not. But how would it be elsewhere and hereafter?

The question is undeniably a very grave and difficult one. The States rights answer, however, is very short and simple. The Southern States, it says, from an unnatural fostering of slavery and the inevitable consequences of war, have lapsed into quasi-barbarism, and they must work themselves clear. They must learn by experience. They must civilize themselves. This answer would be more satisfactory if the barbarians were not voters in a common Union, and adherents of a great party which contests its government. In view of that fact the practical question immediately is, whether that situation of things could be changed by legislation. And if it could, if the protection of those whom the Ku-Klux keeps from the polls by terror would prevent the national government falling into the hands of the Ku-Klux party, ought they not to be protected and the government saved?

Granting, as every sensible man must, that the process of reconstruction has been altogether too swift, and that the States in rebellion should, under the peculiar circumstances, have been much longer directly held by the national authority, shall nothing be done to avoid the ill effects of the haste, even to the control of the government by its open enemies? For every man knows what spirit would animate a Democratic national administration. Every body remembers that the last Democratic Convention was swayed by rebel chiefs rejoicing in their rebellion, and that a great portion of the party see with satisfaction now the very barbarism of which we speak. If our political system really be one which forbids the government to protect its own citizens when voting for its officers, and which requires the country to look on passively while mobs controlling various State authorities harry those voters, it will certainly be necessary to reconsider some of our raptures over the infinite superiority of the American to all other possible systems of government. But if the United States authority will amply protect its citizens at the national polls, and secure the equal liberty which it guarantees, it will, perhaps, solve the problem. For then its military force would be large enough in every disaffected State, without superseding the local authority, to give heart to good citizens.

THE DEMOCRATIC AND ROMAN CATHOLIC ALLIANCE.

THE resolution unanimously adopted by the recent preachers' meeting of the Methodists in this city is a very timely and vigorous expression of the opinion of representatives of one of the most powerful and important religious bodies in the country. The resolution is as follows:

"*Whereas*, In the present and prospective condition of ecclesiastical bodies in this State, great abuses are inseparable from the continuance of State and municipal gifts to churches and church institutions; therefore

"*Resolved*, That we respectfully and earnestly advise all our Methodist churches and institutions neither to ask nor accept any such appropriations."

That is the only true position, simply and effectively stated. We pointed out last week that a political alliance is virtually effected between the Democratic party and the Roman Catholics—the only political sect in the country—and that the necessity of the alliance to the Democratic party is so great that it will not hesitate to yield to any demand which that sect may make.

A signal additional proof of this alliance, and of its inevitable consequences, has been offered since our article was written. In pursuance of their plan of holding absolute power in the city under Democratic forms—which was the system of LOUIS NAPOLEON in France—the clique, or Ring, which made the new Charter has, by a legislative bill, constituted themselves a Board of Apportionment, which is to determine, with one or two exceptions, how the money raised by taxation in the city of New York is to be disbursed. This grant of absolute power is limited only by the restrictions that the distribution must be "to the departments and purposes of the city and county government;" and this restriction is nullified by a clause which authorizes the Board to transfer any excess of appropriation "to such other purpose" as they please.

Under such loose, and, of course, intentionally loose, restrictions, these masters of the city, interpreting the "purpose" of the government at their pleasure, may, and, in view of their antecedents, will, devote the public money to private sectarian uses. The proof of this intention, again, is ample. When Mr. TWEED moved his bill to the third reading, the Republican Senator KENNEDY presented an amendment absolutely forbidding the new Board and the other city authorities to appropriate any public money, or the city property or credit, to any private or sectarian school, or to any institution under the control of any religious denomination. Mr. TWEED instantly opposed the amendment, and rallied his followers. Upon the vote every Republican was recorded in favor of the amendment, and every Democrat against it. Thus the next step in this unholy alliance has been taken. The Roman Catholic interest will no longer need to make an open appeal to the Legislature. The new Board, composed of the Ring, will give whatever is thought necessary, without publicity.

This is a very grave question, and one which intelligent citizens can not too seriously consider. Is it desirable for American liberty and progress that a party whose policy and measures are dictated in any degree by the interests of the Roman Catholic denomination shall be the ruling party in this country?

THE MEXICAN METHOD.

THE project of a bill to protect the lives and liberty of citizens of the United States in certain parts of the Union having been suggested in a Congressional caucus in Washington, the *Evening Post* recommended resistance "at all hazards" if it became a law. But in thus counseling civil war as the remedy of what it considers unconstitutional legislation the *Post* evidently forgot the theory and principle of a popular government like ours. Such a government proposes to remove the necessity of the revolution which the *Post* recommends, by providing that the law-making power shall be constantly renewed by the people. It assumes that any law which is found to work injury to the general welfare will be soon repealed, and that the calamity of the enforcement of a bad law, which can soon be changed, is incalculably less than that of a civil war to overthrow it, as the *Post* proposes. The *Post's* remedy is that of Mex-

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ico, and of those who are called red republicans every where. But we assure it that it is not the American method.

The mischief of such counsels at this time is obvious. And when the *Post* proceeds to say that a law which it thinks to be unconstitutional, properly passed and enforced, would be a new rebellion against the Union, which would be as resolutely put down as the last, it merely echoes in substance the argument of secession—namely, that any State which thought the Constitution violated to its injury might withdraw from the Union. We have seen in no paper whose opinions are unquestionably honest and patriotic, as those of the *Post* are, so lamentable a misconception of the American doctrine, and so crude and unwise a treatment of a grave public question.

The better method, it seems to us, would be to show Congress and the country the unconstitutionality and disastrous consequences of what is believed to be an "atrocious" project, instead of advising every man to resist, at all hazards, a law which he thinks to be unconstitutional or oppressive. As a fact, the project of the law, whose object, as the *Post* knew, was not oppression, but simply the protection of innocent and outraged citizens of the United States, was dropped—it was not even read in the caucus—and the sole result of the *Post's* vehement statement of its misconception of the rightful resort to revolution was to fasten upon the Republican party the odium of an atrocious intention.

PELL-MELL LEGISLATION.

IF the House of Representatives wishes to simplify the tariff, both Republicans and Democrats should have a clearer conception of principles than was disclosed by the late pell-mell attack upon the revenue by both parties, when the duties on coal, salt, and tea and coffee were abolished. A few of the leading men upon each side understand, of course, the principles upon which the modern theory of raising a public revenue rests. But it is intensely amusing to observe that the Democratic representatives, who are fond of calling their party a revenue tariff party, voted, with eight exceptions only, directly against the vital principle of a revenue tariff. That principle, we may remind our readers who wish to have free tea and coffee, is that revenue should be raised upon articles with the production of which we enter into no competition, because all the money so received goes directly to the treasury. But, in the other case, a duty laid upon productions with which we compete tends both to the exclusion of the foreign article and to the increased price of the domestic; so that while little money goes into the public treasury from the duty, a great deal goes out of private pockets to pay the increased price.

But the chief objection to such headlong legislation as that of which we speak is the destruction of confidence, and the consequent paralysis of industry. We have an enormous debt, upon which we must annually pay a corresponding interest. A great revenue is, therefore, indispensable, and a large part of it must be raised by a tariff upon imports. Now if Congress shows that it is guided by no intelligent principle, that it will have neither a protective nor a revenue tariff, but may to-day strike suddenly at one great vested interest, and to-morrow at another, not only will intelligent men of all parties be disgusted, but the utmost uncertainty and consequent panic will fall upon vast industries. The public credit will be wounded, and the national prosperity imperiled.

The action of the House will probably be corrected by the Senate. But it is evident that since Congress will have to deal with the most important revenue questions, it has done wisely in resolving to adjourn, to devote itself, let us hope, to the mastery of some of the elementary principles of political economy.

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART.

THE officers of the Metropolitan Museum of Art have issued an address to the public briefly stating their purposes and their action hitherto. A charter has been obtained. There has been careful reflection and action upon the part of the executive committee, and a liberal subscription, amounting thus far to about one hundred and twenty thousand dollars, has been received. Nothing is payable until the subscription reaches the sum of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, which will be large enough to begin the active work of collection with the certainty of success. A bill is now before the Legislature which will provide a suitable building for the purposes of the Museum, and two of the most energetic of the gentlemen interested hold two admirable galleries, bought in Europe under most favorable circumstances, at the disposition of the Museum. The enterprise is in the hands of those who are best fitted for its successful prosecution, and every one who subscribes may be entirely confident that the very best use will be made of his money.

The chief purpose of this Museum, as the address says, is to illustrate the history of art through all its changes. And art is a word which is most liberally interpreted by the Museum. It includes industrial and decorative as well as what is distinctively called fine art. And the object of the Museum is to furnish the most ample opportunities of study to every student of every branch of art. Of course such a view does not contemplate every invention, but those in which beauty is a conscious and essential element—the arts, in the most generous sense, of design. A great city without such a museum is not a metropolis. It still wants one of the means of the highest cultivation, such as can be provided only where great centres of population accumulate great wealth. To give New York this crowning glory is the honorable and natural wish of every good citizen, and that the work should be the fruit of voluntary gifts is a not less honorable desire. The project is now before the public, and every one who is interested is solicited to lend such aid as he can.

SENATOR FENTON'S CUSTOMS BILL.

IN submitting a bill reforming the present method of collecting the customs Senator FENTON spoke very warmly in favor of civil service reform. He said, indeed, that "the very essence of popular government lies in associated political action;" by which he means, we presume, that the civil service should be in the hands of partisans of the administration. This is, of course, fatal to the true principle of the reform, which is that the tenure should be honesty and efficiency, not party sympathy; but the Senator added that it was a danger that "parties seek perpetuation by the use of patronage." And when he remarked that "those who hold positions under the government should be faithful servants of the republic and her laws, not suppliant tools of the appointing power," and that MARCY'S famous phrase, "To the victors belong the spoils," should be the rule no longer, he said what every friend of good government will heartily applaud, and what it is very refreshing to hear in the Senate of the United States.

Senator FENTON ended his speech, which offered many suggestions worthy of very careful consideration, by a proposition which, if adopted, would spare the Administration a serious and ever-recurring perplexity. This was that all customs officers whose appointment requires the concurrence of the Senate should be appointed for four years, nor be removed except for cause, and upon charges properly presented. This would compel very great care in the original selection of such officers, and enforce regard to their special qualifications. There is no doubt that very many reforms could be introduced with advantage to the country, as the Senator suggests, in the whole customs service. The only unpleasant consideration in regard to the bill is that it seriously affects the New York Custom-house, which has been a subject of such bitter feeling between the Senator and other Republicans as inevitably to suggest a thought of vengeance. We certainly ascribe no such motive to the Senator. The suggestions themselves are, indeed, not less important for that reason; but, under the circumstances, it would have been better had they proceeded from some one else. But we hope that the Senate will take up the subject in earnest. The public service can not be too simple, too economical, nor too efficient.

NOTES.

WE hear with sincere regret of the death of Mr. SAMPSON LOW, Jun., of London. He has been long associated with his father, whose name, as a publisher, is most favorably known, and was a man of sterling qualities, intelligently and quietly devoted to his business, and a most faithful friend. The house of LOW & SON has long held intimate and agreeable relations with this country, and the surviving members will be sure of the cordial sympathy of a circle of warm American friends.

MR. DAVID DUDLEY FIELD has published, since our article of last week was printed, a reply to some of the charges made by General BARLOW, and he states his intention of replying to the general accusation more at length. Mr. FIELD'S present reply is a denial of certain points in General BARLOW'S letters, as summarized by the *Tribune*. He denies absolutely that he was in the conspiracy to bring Judge BARNARD to the city to hold court at night in a private house. Public judgment will properly be suspended until Mr. FIELD'S reply is fully made. But he understands, of course, that to be satisfactory it must be simple, direct, and intelligible. It is not a question of legal casuistry, but of morals.

MR. T. ADDISON RICHARDS, the urbane and efficient secretary of the National Academy of Design, has now on view at the Somerville Gallery about a hundred of his paintings, which will be sold on Wednesday evening, March 29. Mr. RICHARDS'S landscapes are pleasantly familiar to every visitor of the Academy exhibitions, and the present collection includes some of his most characteristic works.

ONE of the most entertaining, and therefore one of the most successful, of our public lecturers is M. PAUL DU CHAILLU, whose books on African adventure and discovery have made his name familiar to thousands of readers. So eager were the young folks of Columbus, Ohio, to see the man who first made the gorilla known outside of his native wilds that the public schools were closed on the occasion of his recent lecture in that city, and the pupils attended *en masse* to listen to his instructive and entertaining narrations and descriptions.

THE Rev. Dr. ABEL STEVENS, the admirable scholar and historian of the Methodist Church, has been associated with Rev. Dr. CROOK in the editorship of *The Methodist*, which is one of the most vigorous and sagacious of our weekly contemporaries.

THE San Domingo correspondence of the *Tribune* has been admirable. It is graphic and picturesque, and its account of President BAEZ deserves attention:

"The fact is, Senator SUMNER spoke nothing but the truth when he called BAEZ 'a political jockey.' He jockeys his people, and he has done his best to jockey the Commissioners. He completes the thing by dressing as much like a jockey as any man can in the tropics. When he came aboard the *Tennessee* he reminded me at once of a horse-race. The Dominican flag was run up to the mast-head of this beautiful frigate, the officers grouped themselves on deck in full-dress uniform, with swallow-tail coats, epaulets, white trowsers, and cocked hats; a salute was fired of twenty-one guns: and the man for whom all this parade was made came on board in a brilliant jacket, light pantaloons, and a crimson velvet jockey cap trimmed elaborately with gold-lace, and looking, to tell the plain truth, like a shrewd and rather tricky 'sport.' He has no wife, but scores of children. He has no salary, but he lives in luxury while the soldiers starve. He has neither character nor courage, and he can not quell a contemptible insurrection, though his nominal power is almost absolute. In a republic he rules like a royal despot. And yet, as I said before, he is popular, and practically there is no respectable opposition to his government."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

AT a meeting of the American Ethnological Society of New York held in October, 1869, a committee was appointed for the purpose of organizing a new body upon the basis of the society just mentioned, to be entitled the Anthropological Institute of New York. This committee lately issued invitations to the members of the Ethnological Society, and others interested, to attend at the house of Mr. E. G. SQUIER on the 19th of March, in order to complete the proposed arrangements by adopting a constitution and by-laws, to be formally presented to the meeting. In the present interest which attaches to studies relating to the past and present history of mankind, and the development of civilization, it is much to be hoped that this new society will establish itself on a firm foundation in New York, and carry out the mission projected for it by its founders.

A similar transformation of the Ethnological and the Anthropological societies of London into the "Anthropological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland" has recently been referred to in our columns.

Professor WINCHELL, director of the geological survey of Michigan, has lately presented a report of the progress of the survey from its inauguration, May, 1869, to November, 1870. He sketches an outline of the nature and extent of the researches he proposes in connection with the investigations, and expresses a desire for sufficient appropriations to enable him to complete his work in the shortest possible time, two years being suggested as sufficient with proper means. His plan includes, in addition to pure geology and mineralogy, such subjects as paleontology, climatology, natural history, ethnology, etc. The sum of $61,300 is asked for by the professor for the purpose of completing his field work, as well as of preparing the necessary maps and illustrations for his report.

A form of steamer has lately been devised in England for the special purpose of employment in sea fishing, the advantages claimed being absolute safety; capacity for carrying considerable quantities of stores, with no splash of water from paddles or screws to disturb the fish; the power of steaming at a very slow speed while fishing; a low and perfectly clear free-board, so that nets and ropes can be passed all around the vessel, there being no shrouds, spars, rudder, or other external obstruction whatever; the vessel being double-ended, so as to avoid having to turn in port. The hull possesses great stability and steadiness, and can be made to contain suitable provision for wells for keeping fish alive till they can be sent to market.

The first part of a new edition of Professor SMITH'S work upon the British *Diatomaceæ* has just been published by VAN VOORST, following the first edition after an interval of fourteen years. The manuscript of an American work upon the same family has lately been offered to the Smithsonian Institution for publication by Dr. HORATIO WOOD, of Philadelphia.

Professor CARL G. BISCHOF, an eminent chemist and geologist, died at Bonn on the 29th of November last at the age of seventy-eight. He was well known as a specialist in various branches of science, particularly in the department of chemical and physical geology, in which his writings have occupied the highest rank.

It is said that the parties engaged in the manufacture of menhaden oil in the waters of Rhode Island, New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut have formed a mutual benefit association, with WILLIAM D. HALL, of Wallingford, as president, and that companies representing a capital of two and a half millions of dollars have already joined the association.

We regret to hear, by late European advices, of the death of M. GUSTAVE LAMBERT, well known for his persistent efforts to secure the means for a French expedition of discovery to the north pole by way of Behring's Straits. After several years' fruitless application to the government authorities of his country he succeeded in raising a portion of the fund required for this purpose, and had strong hopes of being able to start during the present summer, when the impending political troubles made it necessary to abandon the enterprise. He was badly wounded in one of the recent skirmishes before Paris, and died in consequence.

A dinner was lately given at a hotel in London by Mr. MONTON G. FISHER of New York, at which all the dishes consisted of American delicacies. Among those present were Mr. MORAN, United States chargé d'affaires, Governor GILPIN, of Colorado, CHARLES G. LELAND, and others. The articles served consisted of enormous American oysters, salt-water terrapins, buffalo meat, American quail, prairie-chickens, wild turkey with cranberry sauce, sweet-potatoes, canvas-back ducks, etc.—all of them the subject of the special admiration of the English guests at this entertainment.

Dr. HERMAN CREDNER, of Leipsic, in a forthcoming number of Petermann's *Mittheilungen*, presents a valuable report upon the geology and mineralogy of the Alleghany system of the United States, accompanied by a detailed map of the region.

In a late number of "Scientific Intelligence" we referred to the proposed exploration in the Pacific Ocean by M. MIKLUCHO MACLAY, of Russia. We have now information of the departure of this gentleman in the Russian steamer *Witiaz*, for a seven or eight years' cruise—the first two of which are to be expended in the investigation of the island of New Guinea. This region, as is well known, abounds in objects of natural history of the greatest interest, although comparatively little, so far, is known of its features in detail.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

March 13.—In the Senate, Mr. Fenton explained the provisions of a bill lately introduced by him to regulate the customs service of the country, commenting on the defects and abuses of the present system, and advocating a thorough and complete reform.—In the House, a resolution was passed repealing the duty on salt, tea, coffee, and coal.

March 14.—In the Senate, Mr. Sumner presented a remonstrance of several Dominicans, resident in Porto Rico, against the annexation of San Domingo. The reading of the document was interrupted, and decided to be out of order, as were also the remarks which Mr. Sumner attempted to make on the subject.—In the House, a bill for the removal of all political disabilities was taken up, together with an amendment excluding certain classes of persons from its benefits. The amendment was agreed to by a vote of 123 to 57, but the bill was lost by 120 in its favor to 82 against it, two-thirds being necessary for its passage.

March 15.—In the Senate, a bill was introduced giving additional bounty to the widow, children, or father or mother of any soldier killed in the service.—The House adopted a resolution inquiring into the expediency of acquiring Lower California. A resolution was offered authorizing an investigation of Southern affairs by a special committee of thirteen, to be appointed by the Speaker, and to report in December. This was adopted under the operation of the previous question, by a vote of 126 to 64, and the committee was appointed, consisting of seven Republicans and six Democrats.

March 16.—In the Senate, Mr. Davis, of Kentucky, offered a resolution proposing a new amendment to the Constitution, providing a tribunal, consisting of one from each State, to decide controversies between the national government and the States.—The session of the House was entirely occupied with a bitter personal debate, chiefly between Mr. Butler and the Speaker, who left the chair for the purpose of taking part in the debate.

March 17.—In the Senate, Mr. Wilson introduced a bill for the removal of political disabilities of all persons except cabinet members, Senators, and Representatives who left Congress.—The House passed a resolution extending to aliens in the navy or marine corps the benefit of the act making enlisted aliens in the army naturalized citizens.

March 18.—The session of the Senate was mainly occupied with a debate on the suppression of disorders in the Southern States.—The House was not in session.

GENERAL DOMESTIC ITEMS.

The election in New Hampshire, March 14, was very close. There was no choice for Governor. Three Democrats and one Republican were elected to Congress, and the official count will be necessary to decide the political character of the Legislature.

Filkins, the man accused of robbing an express messenger on the New York Central road, has been found guilty, and sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment in the Clinton State prison.

The stage from Fort Yuma to Tucson, Arizona, was captured by Apaches on the 7th ult. The driver received three bullets in the leg and an arrow in the chest, but escaped with the only passenger.

An army order has been issued, giving the table of the organization of the army after July 1, 1871, at which date it is to be reduced to 30,000 men, in accordance with the provisions of an act of Congress of July, 1870.

FOREIGN NEWS.

PARIS has been full of agitation and disturbance since the departure of the German armies. President Thiers has issued a proclamation, appealing to the patriotism and reason of the Parisians to maintain order. Following the proclamation, detachments of troops and gens-d'armes were sent against the malcontents, who were posted strongly at Montmartre, and a large number of cannon and about four hundred prisoners were taken. The next day, March 18, a mob of citizens and soldiers of the line released the prisoners, and recaptured some of the cannon. General Vinoy being in command of the government troops, posted a cordon of troops around the hill of Montmartre, and planted mitrailleuses at the approaches. This action only exasperated the people, who demanded if the authorities intended to massacre them, the result being a fraternization of the soldiers and the citizens, the latter drawing the guns aside and ascending the hill. As new detachments of troops arrived the people caused them to reverse arms and fraternize. A serious conflict occurred during the day in the Place Pisalle, and a lieutenant of chasseurs drew his sabre, which was the signal for his being dragged from his horse and killed on the spot. During the morning Generals Lecomte and Clement-Thomas were taken prisoners by the mob, summarily tried, and shot. Both generals had done good service against the Germans.

According to later dispatches a reign of terror has begun in Paris. The mob on Sunday, March 19, held complete possession of the city. Only wine-shops were open, and even women were armed. The red flag floated over the Hôtel de Ville, and barricades were erected in many of the streets and boulevards. The ministry and all the members of the government were at Versailles, guarded by 40,000 troops under General Vinoy. Several proclamations have been issued by the insurgents, one calling upon the people to prepare for the communal elections.

The French government has negotiated a loan of two thousand millions of francs from the Rothschilds.

The Chinese government has paid $200,000 indemnity for the French property destroyed at Tien-tsin, and has appointed a Frenchman to the post of Imperial Interpreter, at a salary of $15,000.

Civil war is superseded in Japan, and the business of that country is greatly deranged.

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STREET ACROBATS.

THEY used to be called "tumblers;" but now they are "contortionists," "gymnasts," and "acrobats." Just in proportion as they have lost in power and skill, these street performers have assumed more grandly sounding titles. But have they not warrant for it? Has not the juggler, who cooks omelets in silk hats, and keeps a haberdasher's shop in his inside, become a "prestidigitateur," the circus-rider an "equestrian," the gentleman who cuts your hair a "professor," and the clerk an "employé?"

In this country street performers, of the sort depicted in the illustration on this page, are rarely seen, and even in European cities their number is diminishing. They go about in twos and threes, instead of large bands as of old, and find it a hard task to attract an audience. The race of acrobats is evidently fast dying out, and in a few years will be numbered among the things that were.

SMALL AGGRAVATIONS.

IT is a nice question whether a man whose leg has just been amputated can feel the prick of a pin. If he can, it may be feared that the Emperor Napoleon is not insensible to the small aggravations of his great misfortune which are perpetually cropping up. The publication of the secret papers of the empire must be one of the worst of these, so bitter is the commentary they form on the past glories of the empire, and the hollow foundation of corruption and flattery on which these rested. The complimentary letters addressed to the ex-Emperor on the subject of his "Life of Cæsar" now read like the most cutting irony. Octave Feuillet, having received a copy of the book, thanks the Emperor not only for having thought of him, but for having thought him worthy of being one of the first to understand and admire this work, which will not only be the honor of history and letters, but, as he explains in a very long sentence, ennoble humanity. Jules Sandeau remarks that the idea of Napoleon III. will henceforward be sought in the "Life of Cæsar," and that this grand figure, to which it seemed as though nothing could be added, will thus receive fresh lustre and an unexpected accession of greatness. "The world of letters," he adds, "will be eternally proud and grateful. The Emperor Charles V. deserved well of the arts when he picked up Titian's pencil. You, Sire, have done better. You have taken up the pen of Montesquieu, and made it your own." But the highest flight of all is taken by the Cardinal Archbishop of Besançon, who, indeed, soars rather beyond the bounds of mental possibilities, as follows: "While reading this beautiful and surprising work I thought that Julius Cæsar was very fortunate in having conquered the Gauls and composed his commentaries, since otherwise the Emperor would have done both." It would have been interesting to see how Napoleon would have managed this.

STREET ACROBATS.

The ex-Emperor is about to join his wife and son in their English retreat, where he will have ample leisure to ponder these things, and reflect upon the subserviency and ingratitude of his sycophantic admirers. Should he venture into the field of authorship again he will doubtless discover that the world sees a vast difference between the imperial author, who can date his book from the Tuileries, and the exile at Chiselhurst.

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A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION.

BY CHARLES READE.

WITH MANY ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

"HE MET SIR CHARLES ON THE STAIRS, AND SCOWLED."

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

THE morning-room of a large house in Portman Square, London.

A gentleman in the prime of life stood with his elbow on the broad mantel-piece, and made himself agreeable to a young lady, seated a little way off, playing at work.

To the ear he was only conversing, but his eyes dwelt on her with loving admiration all the time. Her posture was favorable to this furtive inspection, for she leaned her fair head over her work with a pretty, modest, demure air, that seemed to say, "I suspect I am being admired; I will not look to see; I might have to check it."

The gentleman's features were ordinary, except his brow—that had power in it—but he had the beauty of color; his sunburnt features glowed with health, and his eye was bright. On the whole, rather good-looking when he smiled, but ugly when he frowned; for his frown was a scowl, and betrayed a remarkable power of hating.

Miss Arabella Bruce was a beauty. She had glorious masses of dark red hair, and a dazzling white neck to set it off; large, dove-like eyes, and a blooming oval face, which would have been classical if her lips had been thin and finely chiseled; but here came in her Anglo-Saxon breed, and spared society a Minerva by giving her two full and rosy lips. They made a smallish mouth at rest, but parted ever so wide when they smiled, and ravished the beholder with long, even rows of dazzling white teeth.

Her figure was tall and rather slim, but not at all commanding. There are people whose very bodies express character; and this tall, supple, graceful frame of Bella Bruce breathed womanly subservience; so did her gestures; she would take up or put down her own scissors half timidly, and look around before threading her needle, as if to see whether any soul objected. Her favorite word was "May I?" with a stress on the "May," and she used it where most girls would say "I will," or nothing, and do it.

Mr. Richard Bassett was in love with her, and also conscious that her fifteen thousand pounds would be a fine addition to his present income, which was small, though his distant expectations were great. As he had known her but one month, and she seemed rather amiable than inflammable, he had the prudence to proceed by degrees; and that is why, though his eyes gloated on her, he merely regaled her with the gossip of the day, not worth recording here. But when he had actually taken his hat to go, Bella Bruce put him a question that had been on her mind the whole time, for which reason she had reserved it to the very last moment.

"Is Sir Charles Bassett in town?" said she, mighty carelessly, but bending a little lower over her embroidery.

"Don't know," said Richard Bassett, with such a sudden brevity and asperity that Miss Bruce looked up and opened her lovely eyes. Mr. Richard Bassett replied, to this mute inquiry, "We don't speak." Then, after a pause, "He has robbed me of my inheritance."

"Oh, Mr. Bassett!"

"Yes, Miss Bruce, the Bassett and Huntercombe estates were mine by right of birth. My father was the eldest son, and they were entailed on him. But Sir Charles's father persuaded my old, doting grandfather to cut off the entail, and settle the estates on him and his heirs, and so they robbed me of every acre they could. Luckily my little estate of Highmore was settled on my mother and her issue too tight for the villains to undo."

These harsh expressions applied to his own kin, and the abruptness and heat they were uttered with, surprised and repelled his gentle listener. She shrank a little away from him. He observed it. She replied not to his words, but to her own thought:

"But, after all, it does seem hard." She added, with a little fervor, "But it wasn't poor Sir Charles's doing, after all."

"He is content to reap the benefit," said Richard Bassett, sternly.

Then, finding he was making a sorry impression, he tried to get away from the subject—I say tried, for till a man can double like a hare he will never get away from his hobby. "Excuse me," said he; "I ought never to speak about it. Let us talk of something else. You can not enter into my feelings; it makes my blood boil. Oh, Miss Bruce! you can't conceive what a disinherited man feels—and I live at the very door: his old trees, that ought to be mine, fling their shadows over my little flower beds; the sixty chimneys of Huntercombe Hall look down on my cottage; his acres of lawn run up to my little garden, and nothing but a ha-ha between us."

"It *is* hard," said Miss Bruce, composedly; not that she entered into a hardship of this vulgar sort, but it was her nature to soothe and please people.

"Hard!" cried Richard Bassett, encouraged by even this faint sympathy; "it would be unendurable but for one thing—I shall have my own some day."

"I am glad of that," said the lady; "but how?"

"By outliving the wrongful heir."

Miss Bruce turned pale. She had little experience of men's passions. "Oh, Mr. Bassett!" said she—and there was something pure and holy in the look of sorrow and alarm she cast on the presumptuous speaker—"pray do not cherish such thoughts. They will do you harm. And remember life and death are not in our hands. Besides—"

"Well?"

"Sir Charles might—"

"Well?"

"Might he not—marry—and have children?" This with more hesitation and a deeper blush than appeared absolutely necessary.

"Oh, there's no fear of that. Property ill-gotten never descends. Charles is a worn-out rake. He was fast at Eton—fast at Oxford—fast in London. Why, he looks ten years older than I, and he is three years younger. He had a fit two years ago. Besides, he is not a marrying man. Bassett and Huntercombe will be mine. And oh! Miss Bruce, if ever they are mine—"

"Sir Charles Bassett!" trumpeted a servant at the door; and then waited, prudently, to know whether his young lady, whom he had caught blushing so red with one gentleman, would be at home to another.

"Wait a moment," said Miss Bruce to him. Then, discreetly ignoring what Bassett had said last, and lowering her voice almost to a whisper, she said, hurriedly: "You should not blame him for the faults of others. There—I have not been long acquainted with either, and am little entitled to inter— But it is such a pity you are not friends. He is very good, I assure you, and very nice. Let me reconcile you two. *May* I?"

This well-meant petition was uttered very sweetly; and, indeed—if I may be permitted—in a way to dissolve a bear.

But this was not a bear, nor any thing else that is placable; it was a man with a hobby grievance; so he replied in character:

"That is impossible so long as he keeps me out of my own." He had the grace, however, to add, half sullenly, "Excuse me; I feel I have been too vehement."

Miss Bruce, thus repelled, answered, rather coldly, "Oh, never mind *that*; it was very natural.—I am at home, then," said she to the servant.

Mr. Bassett took the hint, but turned at the door, and said, with no little agitation, "I was not aware he visits you. One word—don't let his ill-gotten acres make you quite forget the disinherited one." And so he left her, with an imploring look.

She felt red with all this, so she slipped out at another door, to cool her cheeks and imprison a stray curl for Sir Charles.

He strolled into the empty room, with the easy, languid air of fashion. His features were well cut, and had some nobility; but his sickly complexion and the lines under his eyes told a tale of dissipation. He appeared ten years older than he was, and thoroughly *blasé*.

Yet when Miss Bruce entered the room with a smile and a little blush he brightened up and looked handsome, and greeted her with momentary warmth.

After the usual inquiries she asked him if he had met any body.

"Where?"

"Here; just now."

"No."

"What, nobody at all?"

"Only my sulky cousin; I don't call him any body," drawled Sir Charles, who was now relapsing into his normal condition of semi-apathy.

"Oh," said Miss Bruce, gayly, "you must expect him to be a little cross. It is not so very nice to be disinherited, let me tell you."

"And who has disinherited the fellow?"

"I forget; but you disinherited him among you. Never mind; it can't be helped now. When did you come back to town? I didn't see you at Lady D'Arcy's ball, did I?"

"You did not, unfortunately for me; but you would if I had known you were to be there. But about Richard: he may tell you what he likes, but he was not disinherited; he was bought out. The fact is, his father was uncommonly fast. My grandfather paid his debts again and again; but at last the old gentleman found he was dealing with the Jews for his reversion. Then there was an awful row. It ended in my grandfather outbidding the Jews. He bought the reversion of his estate from his own son for a large sum of money (he had to raise it by mortgages); then they cut off the entail between them, and he entailed the mortgaged estate on his other son, and his grandson (that was me), and on my heir-at-law. Richard's father squandered his thirty thousand pounds before he died; my father husbanded the estates, got into Parliament, and they put a tail to his name."

Sir Charles delivered this version of the facts with a languid composure that contrasted deliciously with Richard's heat in telling the story his way (to be sure, Sir Charles had got Huntercombe and Bassett, and it is easier to be philosophical on the right side of the boundary hedge), and wound up with a sort of corollary: "Dick Bassett suffers by his father's vices, and I profit by mine's virtues. Where's the injustice?"

"Nowhere, and the sooner you are reconciled the better."

Sir Charles demurred. "Oh, I don't want to quarrel with the fellow; but he is a regular thorn in my side, with his little trumpery estate, all in broken patches. He shoots my pheasants in the unfairest way." Here the landed proprietor showed real irritation, but only for a moment. He concluded, calmly, "The fact is, he is not quite a gentleman. Fancy his coming and whining to you about our family affairs, and then telling you a falsehood!"

"AND OH! MISS BRUCE, IF EVER THEY ARE MINE—"

"No, no; he did not mean. It was his way of looking at things. You can afford to forgive him."

"Yes, but not if he sets you against me."

"But he can not do that. The more any one was to speak against you, the more I—of course."

This admission fired Sir Charles; he drew nearer, and, thanks to his cousin's interference, spoke the language of love more warmly and directly than he had ever done before.

The lady blushed, and defended herself feebly. Sir Charles grew warmer, and at last elicited from her a timid but tender avowal that made him supremely happy.

When he left her this brief ecstasy was succeeded by regrets on account of the years he had wasted in follies and intrigues.

He smoked five cigars, and pondered the difference between the pure creature who now honored him with her virgin affections, and beauties of a different character who had played their parts in his luxurious life.

After profound deliberation he sent for his solicitor. They lighted the inevitable cigars, and the following observations struggled feebly out along with the smoke:

"Mr. Oldfield, I'm going to be married."

"Glad to hear it, Sir Charles." (Vision of settlements.) "It is high time you were." (Puff—puff.)

"Want your advice and assistance first."

"Certainly."

"Must put down my pony-carriage now, you know."

"A very proper retrenchment; but you can do that without my assistance."

"There would be sure to be a row if I did. I dare say there will be as it is. At any rate, I want to do the thing like a gentleman."

"Send 'em to Tattersall's." (Puff.)

"And the girl that drives them in the park, and draws all the duchesses and countesses at her tail—am I to send her to Tattersall's?" (Puff.)

"Oh, it is *her* you want to put down, then?"

"Why, of course."

"HE SHALL NOT MARRY HER. I'LL KILL HIM FIRST!"

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

SIR CHARLES and Mr. Oldfield settled that lady's retiring pension, and Mr. Oldfield took the memoranda home, with instructions to prepare a draft deed for Miss Somerset's approval.

Meantime Sir Charles visited Miss Bruce every day. Her affections for him grew visibly, for being engaged gave her the courage to love.

Mr. Bassett called pretty often; but one day he met Sir Charles on the stairs, and scowled.

That scowl cost him dear, for Sir Charles thereupon represented to Bella that a man with a grievance is a bore to the very eye, and asked her to receive no more visits from his scowling cousin. The lady smiled, and said, with soft complacency, "I obey."

Sir Charles's gallantry was shocked. "No, don't say 'obey.' It is a little favor I ventured to ask."

"It is like you to ask what you have a right to command. I shall be out to him in future, and to every one who is disagreeable to you. What! does 'obey' frighten you from my lips? To me it is the sweetest in the language. Oh, please let me 'obey' you! *May* I?"

Upon this, as vanity is seldom out of

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call, Sir Charles swelled like a turkey-cock, and loftily consented to indulge Bella Bruce's strange propensity.

From that hour she was never at home to Mr. Bassett.

He began to suspect; and one day, after he had been kept out with the loud, stolid "Not at home" of practiced mendacity, he watched, and saw Sir Charles admitted.

He divined it all in a moment, and turned to wormwood. What! was he to be robbed of the lady he loved—and her fifteen thousand pounds—by the very man who had robbed him of his ancestral fields? He dwelt on the double grievance till it nearly frenzied him. But he could do nothing: it was his fate. His only hope was that Sir Charles, the arrant flirt, would desert this beauty after a time, as he had the others.

But one afternoon, in the smoking-room of his club, a gentleman said to him, "So your cousin Charles is engaged to the Yorkshire beauty, Bell Bruce?"

"He is flirting with her, I believe," said Richard.

"No, no," said the other; "they are engaged. I know it for a fact. They are to be married next month."

Mr. Richard Bassett digested this fresh pill in moody silence, while the gentlemen of the club discussed the engagement with easy levity. They soon passed to a topic of wider interest, viz., who was to succeed Sir Charles with La Somerset. Bassett began to listen attentively, and learned for the first time Sir Charles Bassett's connection with that lady, and also that she was a woman of a daring nature and furious temper. At first he was merely surprised; but soon hatred and jealousy whispered in his ear that with these materials it must be possible to wound those who had wounded him.

Mr. Marsh, a young gentleman with a receding chin, and a mustache between hay and straw, had taken great care to let them all know he was acquainted with Miss Somerset. So Richard got Marsh alone, and sounded him. Could he call upon the lady without ceremony?

"You won't get in. Her street-door is jolly well guarded, I can tell you."

"I am very curious to see her in her own house."

"So are a good many fellows."

"Could you not give me an introduction?"

Marsh shook his head sapiently for a considerable time, and with all this shaking, as it appeared, out fell words of wisdom. "Don't see it. I'm awfully spooney on her myself; and, you know, when a fellow introduces another fellow, that fellow always cuts the other fellow out." Then, descending from the words of the wise and their dark sayings to a petty but pertinent fact, he added, "*Besides*, I'm only let in myself about once in five times."

"She gives herself wonderful airs, it seems," said Bassett, rather bitterly.

Marsh fired up. "So would any woman that was as beautiful, and as witty, and as much run after as she is. Why, she is a leader of fashion. Look at all the ladies following her round the park. They used to drive on the north side of the Serpentine. She just held up her finger, and now they have cut the Serpentine, and followed her to the south drive."

"Oh, indeed!" said Bassett. "Ah! then this is a great lady; a poor country squire must not venture into her august presence." He turned savagely on his heel, and Marsh went and made sickly mirth at his expense.

By this means the matter soon came to the ears of old Mr. Woodgate, the father of that club, and a genial gossip. He got hold of Bassett in the dinner-room, and examined him. "So you want an introduction to La Somerset, and Marsh refuses—Marsh, hitherto celebrated for his weak head rather than his hard heart?"

Richard Bassett nodded rather sullenly. He had not bargained for this rapid publicity.

The venerable chief resumed: "We all consider Marsh's conduct unclubbable, and a thing to be combined against. Wanted—an Anti-dog-in-the-manger League. I'll introduce you to the Somerset."

"What! do *you* visit her?" asked Bassett, in some astonishment.

The old gentleman held up his hands in droll disclaimer, and chuckled merrily. "No, no; I enjoy from the shore the disasters of my youthful friends—that sacred pleasure is left me. Do you see that elegant creature with the little auburn beard and mustache, waiting sweetly for his dinner? He launched the Somerset."

"Launched her?"

"Yes; but for him she might have wasted her time breaking hearts and slapping faces in some country village. He it was set her devastating society; and with his aid she shall devastate you. —Vandeleur, will you join Bassett and me?"

Mr. Vandeleur, with ready grace, said he should be delighted, and they dined together accordingly.

Mr. Vandeleur, six feet high, lank, but graceful as a panther, and the pink of politeness, was, beneath his varnish, one of the wildest young men in London—gambler, horse-racer, libertine, what not?—but in society charming, and his manners singularly elegant and winning. He never obtruded his vices in good company; in fact, you might dine with him all your life and not detect him. The young serpent was torpid in wine; but he came out, a bit at a time, in the sunshine of Cigar.

After a brisk conversation on current topics, the venerable chief told him plainly they were both curious to know the history of Miss Somerset, and he must tell it them.

"Oh, with pleasure," said the obliging youth. "Let us go into the smoking-room."

"Let—me—see. I picked her up by the seaside. She promised well at first. We put her on my chestnut mare, and she showed lots of courage, so she soon learned to ride; but she kicked, even down there."

"Kicked!—whom?"

"Kicked all round; I mean showed temper. And when she got to London, and had ridden a few times in the park, and swallowed flattery, there was no holding her. I stood her cheek for a good while, but at last I told the servants they must not turn her out, but they could keep her out. They sided with me for once: she had ridden over them, as well. The first time she went out they bolted the doors, and handed her boxes up the area steps."

"How did she take that?"

"Easier than we expected. She said, 'Lucky for you beggars that I'm a lady, or I'd break every d—d window in the house.'"

This caused a laugh. It subsided. The historian resumed.

"Next day she cooled, and wrote a letter."

"To you?"

"No, to my groom. Would you like to see it? It is a curiosity."

He sent one of the club waiters for his servant, and his servant for his desk, and produced the letter.

"There!" said Vandeleur. "She looks like a queen, and steps like an empress, and this is how she writes:

"DEAR JORGE,—*i have got the sak, an' praps your turn nex. dear jorge he alwaies promise me the grey oss, which now an oss is life an death to me. If you was to ast him to lend me the grey he wouldn't refuse you. Yours respecfully,*

"RHODA SOMERSET."

When the letter and the handwriting, which, unfortunately, I can not reproduce, had been duly studied and approved, Vandeleur continued:

"Now, you know, she had her good points, after all. If any creature was ill, she'd sit up all night and nurse them; and she used to go to church on Sundays, and come back with the sting out of her; only then she would preach to a fellow, and bore him. She is awfully fond of preaching. Her dream is to jump on a first-rate hunter, and ride across country, and preach to the villages. So, when George came grinning to me with the letter, I told him to buy a new side-saddle for the gray, and take her the lot, with my compliments. I had noticed a slight spavin in his near fore-leg. She rode him that very day in the park, all alone, and made such a sensation that next day my gray was standing in Lord Hailey's stables. But she rode Hailey, like my gray, with a long spur, and he couldn't stand it. None of 'em could except Sir Charles Bassett, and he doesn't play fair—never goes near her."

"And that gives him an unfair advantage over his fascinating predecessors?" inquired the senior, slyly.

"Of course it does," said Vandeleur, stoutly. "You ask a girl to dine at Richmond once a month, and keep out of her way all the rest of the time, and give her lots of money—she will never quarrel with you."

"Profit by this information, young man," said old Woodgate, severely; "it comes too late for me. In my day there existed no sure method of pleasing the fair. But now that is invented, along with every thing else. Richmond and—absence, equivalent to 'Richmond and victory!' Now, Bassett, we have heard the truth from the fountain-head, and it is rather serious. She swears, she kicks, she preaches. Do you still desire an introduction? As for me, my manly spirit is beginning to quake at Vandeleur's revelations, and some lines of Scott recur to my Gothic memory:

"'From the chafed tiger rend his prey,
Bar the fell dragon's blighting way,
But shun that lovely snare.'"

Bassett replied, gravely, that he had no such motive as Mr. Woodgate gave him credit for, but still desired the introduction.

"With pleasure," said Vandeleur; "but it will be no use to you. She hates me like poison; says I have no heart. That is what all ill-tempered women say."

Notwithstanding his misgivings, the obliging youth called for writing materials, and produced the following epistle:

"DEAR MISS SOMERSET,—*Mr. Richard Bassett, a cousin of Sir Charles, wishes very much to be introduced to you, and has begged me to assist in an object so laudable. I should hardly venture to present myself, and, therefore, shall feel surprised as well as flattered if you will receive Mr. Bassett on my introduction, and my assurance that he is a respectable country gentleman, and bears no resemblance in character to*

"*Yours faithfully,*

"ARTHUR VANDELEUR."

Next day Bassett called at Miss Somerset's house in May Fair, and delivered his introduction.

He was admitted after a short delay, and entered the lady's boudoir. It was LUXURY'S nest. The walls were rose-colored satin, padded and puckered; the voluminous curtains were pale satin, with floods and billows of real lace; the chairs embroidered, the tables all buhl and ormolu, and the sofas felt like little seas. The lady herself, in a delightful peignoir, sat nestled cozily in a sort of ottoman with arms. Her finely formed hand, clogged with brilliants, was just conveying brandy and soda-water to a very handsome mouth when Richard Bassett entered.

She raised herself superbly, but without leaving her seat, and just looked at a chair in a way that seemed to say, "I permit you to sit down;" and that done, she carried the glass to her lips with the same admirable firmness of hand she showed in driving. Her lofty manner, coupled with her beautiful but rather haughty features, smacked of imperial origin. Yet she was the writer to "jorge," and four years ago a shrimp-girl, running into the sea with legs as brown as a berry.

So swiftly does merit rise in this world, which, nevertheless, some morose folk pretend is a wicked one.

I ought to explain, however, that this haughty reception was partly caused by a breach of propriety. Vandeleur ought first to have written to her and asked permission to present Richard Bassett. He had no business to send the man and the introduction together. This law a Parliament of Sirens had passed, and the slightest breach of it was a bitter offense. Equilibrium governs the world. These ladies were bound to be overstrict in something or other, being just a little lax in certain things where other ladies are strict.

Now Bassett had pondered well what he should say, but he was disconcerted by her superb presence and demeanor, and her large gray eyes, that rested steadily upon his face.

However, he began to murmur mellifluously. Said he had often seen her in public, and admired her, and desired to make her acquaintance, etc., etc.

"Then why did you not ask Sir Charles to bring you here?" said Miss Somerset, abruptly, and searching him with her eyes, that were not to say bold, but singularly brave, and examiners point-blank.

"I am not on good terms with Sir Charles. He holds the estates that ought to be mine; and now he has robbed me of my love. He is the last man in the world I would ask a favor of."

"You came here to abuse him behind his back, eh?" asked the lady, with undisguised contempt.

Bassett winced, but kept his temper. "No, Miss Somerset; but you seem to think I ought to have come to you through Sir Charles. I would not enter your house if I did not feel sure I shall not meet him here."

Miss Somerset looked rather puzzled. "Sir Charles does not come here every day, but he comes now and then, and he is always welcome."

"You surprise me."

"Thank you. Now some of my gentlemen friends think it is a wonder he does not come every minute."

"You mistake me. What surprises me is that you are such good friends under the circumstances."

"Circumstances! what circumstances?"

"Oh, you know. You are in his confidence, I presume?"—this rather satirically. So the lady answered, defiantly:

"Yes, I am; he knows I can hold my tongue, so he tells me things he tells nobody else."

"Then, if you are in his confidence, you know he is about to be married."

"Married! Sir Charles married!"

"In three weeks."

"It's a lie! You get out of my house this moment!"

Mr. Bassett colored at this insult. He rose from his seat with some little dignity, made her a low bow, and retired. But her blood was up; she made a wonderful rush, sweeping down a chair with her dress as she went, and caught him at the door, clutched him by the shoulder and half dragged him back, and made him sit down again, while she stood opposite him, with her knuckles of one hand resting on the table.

"Now," said she, panting, "you look me in the face and say that again."

"Excuse me; you punish me too severely for telling the truth."

"Well, I beg your pardon—there. Now tell me—this instant. Can't you speak, man?" And her knuckles drummed the table.

"He is to be married in three weeks."

"Oh! Who to?"

"A young lady I love."

"Her name?"

"Miss Arabella Bruce."

"Where does she live?"

"Portman Square."

"I'll stop that marriage."

"How?" asked Richard, eagerly.

"I don't know; that I'll think over. But he shall not marry her—never!"

Bassett sat and looked up with almost as much awe as complacency at the fury he had evoked; for this woman was really at times a poetic impersonation of that fiery passion she was so apt to indulge. She stood before him, her cheek pale, her eyes glittering and roving savagely, and her nostrils literally expanding, while her tall body quivered with wrath, and her clinched knuckles pattered on the table.

"He shall not marry her. I'll kill him first!"

THE HIGH COMMISSION.

WE give this week, on pages 292 and 293, the portraits of the gentlemen who compose the Joint High Commission now in session at Washington for the consideration of the fishery question and the *Alabama* claims. At the head of the English Commissioners stands the Earl De Grey and Ripon, who was born in London in 1827. He has served in both Houses of Parliament; became Under-Secretary of War in June, 1859; was Under-Secretary of State for India from January to August, 1861; Secretary of War from 1863 to 1866; and was appointed Lord President of the Council in December, 1868. He is liberal in politics, and is regarded as a man of considerable ability. He is Grand Master of the Masonic order in England.

Sir EDWARD THORNTON, British minister to this country since the death of Sir EDWARD BRUCE, is well known to the American public. He has had a large diplomatic career, having represented his government in Italy, Brazil, Mexico, and several of the South American republics. Since his appointment to the post he now occupies Sir EDWARD THORNTON has evinced a commendable desire to effect an amicable settlement of all the questions that divide England and America, and the appointment of the present Commission is probably owing chiefly to his efforts in this direction.

Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD, the present Premier of Canada, is a Scotchman by birth, but has passed nearly the whole of his life in the country of his adoption. He is now about fifty-six years old. No man, probably, in either country, is more conversant with all the aspects of the fishery question than Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD, and he will therefore be regarded as an authority on these subjects by the other members of the British Commission.

Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE is about fifty-three years of age, a Londoner by birth, and a graduate of Baliol College, Oxford. He was one of the secretaries of the great International Exhibition of 1851, was elected to Parliament in 1855, was made President of the Board of Trade in 1866, whence, on the retirement of the Earl of Derby, he was transferred to the India Office, and became Secretary of State for India.

Mr. MONTAGUE BERNARD is Professor of International Law at Oxford, and is known in connection with American questions as the author of a defense of the neutrality of England during our civil war. Mr. BERNARD took the extreme British view of the case, and labored to prove that the United States have no just ground of complaint against England.

The Secretary to the English Commission, Lord Tenterden, is better known as Mr. ABBOTT, of the Foreign Office, having but recently come to his title. He is the author of the famous "Notes and Observations" presented by Lord Clarendon in answer to Mr. FISH'S dispatch of the 26th of September, 1869, upon the *Alabama* question.

The American Commissioners are Hon. HAMILTON FISH, Secretary of State, Hon. ROBERT C. SCHENCK, Justice SAMUEL NELSON, Hon. E. R. HOAR, and Hon. GEORGE H. WILLIAMS. Mr. FISH was born in New York city in 1809, and was educated at Columbia College. He studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1830. Seven years later he was elected to the State Legislature, and in 1843 was chosen a Representative in Congress. From 1848 to 1850 he held the position of Governor of this State, and was a Senator in Congress from 1851 to 1857. Mr. FISH subsequently spent many years traveling in Europe. After the retirement of Mr. WASHBURNE from President GRANT'S cabinet he was appointed Secretary of State, which position he still holds.

General ROBERT C. SCHENCK was born in Ohio in 1809, and is by profession a lawyer. After serving several terms in the State Legislature, he was elected to Congress in 1843, and remained in the House for eight years, when he was appointed minister to Brazil. In 1862 he was re-elected to Congress, and served four additional terms. Last October he was defeated for re-election. General SCHENCK served with distinction in the Union army during the rebellion. He was recently appointed and confirmed minister to Great Britain.

Justice NELSON is a native of New York. He was born in 1792, was admitted to the bar in 1817, and became eminent in his profession. In 1820 he was a Presidential elector, and during the following year was a delegate to the State Constitutional Convention. From 1823 to 1831 he was a judge of the Circuit Court, from 1831 to 1837 a judge of the Supreme Court of the State, and during the last-named year became Chief Justice. This position he held till 1845, when President TYLER appointed him a justice of the United States Supreme Court, an office he still holds.

Mr. HOAR was born in Massachusetts in 1816, graduated with distinction at Harvard, and in 1840 was admitted to the bar. In 1859 he became a justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts—a position he resigned in 1869 to accept the office of Attorney-General of the United States, from which latter, however, he soon retired. Mr. HOAR is a gentleman of profound legal knowledge. He was a strong antislavery man during the agitation of the slavery question.

Mr. WILLIAMS is a native of New York and a lawyer by profession. In 1844 he settled in Iowa, where he became a judge in 1847, and a Presidential elector in 1852. In the following year he was appointed Chief Justice of Oregon Territory, and held that position under PIERCE'S administration and during a part of BUCHANAN'S, when he resigned. In 1864 he was elected a Senator in Congress for the term ending March, 1871, when he retired from the Senate, a Democratic successor having been chosen by the Legislature.

"A MAD GAME, MY MASTERS!"

THERE were some idle words spoken on the cricket ground, with just a grain of intentional incivility in them. I had lost Gostywick the match by two runs, when Mary Arnald said, in passing, "Thank you, Captain Woodd, very much for losing the match to our side; I did so want that we should win it!" and when I answered, "Thank *you*, Miss Arnald, for perceiving the extent of my devotion to you; wouldn't I put my head into the lion's mouth any day to serve you?" there were some there who did not care to have me carry off my unlucky awkwardness even so well as that, and were rather vicious with their chaff.

But the rash challenge that ensued, and the consequent rendezvous at Dunborough given for the morrow week, had no serious place in the thoughts of any there except myself.

My course was simple enough. I went up to

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my brother-in-law Howe's carriage, told my sister Edith not to look for me at Gostywick for a good week, and betook myself by train to Lipswich, where was at this time stationed the Grand National American Indo-Egyptian Hippodrome; where was also stationed the —th regiment, on a visit to some of the officers of which Edith and Howe at once assumed me to be going.

But no such reputable company as the officers of the —th saw me for the two days I was in Lipswich. Instead, I was comfortably domesticated with the members of the Grand National American Indo-Egyptian; and it was not so at Lipswich only; I went on with them to Wilford, Borley—the whole week's round.

No, I can speak to nothing very admirable in these people: there were three or four the very scum of the earth, and the rest made small objection to the presence of these among them. The man of all of them, for instance, whose acquaintance I most sedulously cultivated—a greater, more thorough vagabond you could not find in a day's march. And yet he had, when he needed, a certain sharpness, a certain precision of manner, which went for respectability with the persons for whom he needed it. It imposed on Mr. Arnald and John Howe, when they came to speak with him after the affair at Dunborough: they thought his title of Lion King not out of unison with his air and character, and were very greatly interested in him.

This, my close acquaintance of one whole week, was a long, lean man, with a white, puffy face, that was yet as lean as the rest of him, crafty, vulturish eyes, a long, mobile mouth, and a patent flexibility of limb, that told at once of the practiced gymnast.

I can speak with considerable knowledge of the man; since, for that one week, his every word and action had value for me. Nothing, either, of his special aids, the performing lions, did I wittingly let escape me. We had elephants with us as well as lions, and two camels. A big old lion who, under the name of Sultan, had been the round these dozen years past, they had lately rechristened Theodore, in view of a then present subject of popular interest. Of right, his was the principal share in the blue flame, pistol, and leaping performance, which was one of our chief draws; but for some days he had taken to lying, glowering and sullen, in one corner of the cage; and only by vigorous, most determined application of the whip—what a lion-tamer's whip is you may know—could he be compelled, and then but partially, into the required exhibition.

"He'll do the mad trick next, you'll see, Howsomever, we'll try and be ready for 'im," said Vaggass, unconcernedly, to me; for that was the unpretending name the Lion King bore in private society.

The other occupants of the cage were a second lion of large size, although inferior in that respect to Theodore; two much younger and smaller lions; and a puma—or Maneless Lion, as we preferred to call it, as giving so much the finer impression. We spoke of every thing that we could in capitals.

At a week's end we were come to Dunborough. Now the Dunborough evening performance was to be especially well patronized. A large party from Mapletoft and Gostywick had, I knew, been formed to attend.

Vaggass and I were coming round by the inclosed space made by the back pit seat and the front tier seat as the first of the company were dropping in. Two young fellows of the town, having seated themselves a row or two up, were, as we passed, discussing the Lion King's rumored feats.

"He'll do it once too often. Get killed some day, as safe as brandy. For what reason else should you and I be sitting here?" and the speaker seemed rather proud of what had been evil words, were they true.

"Comes in like sauce to one's dinner, don't it?" said Vaggass, grinning almost ferociously. "I say, mister, how many hundred 'ave you on this?"

"You know, Vaggass, you wouldn't believe me if I did tell you that it won't be the difference of a shilling to me, except the payment to you."

"Believe you? No, hang me, Sir, if I would. Howsomever, I ain't so sure, I'll say that, though. It is your regular right-down sane chaps like you, mister, who do the cranky thing, once and again. But time's come; what's your mind upon it? Which way will you 'ave your shine at 'em? slow or sudden—which 's the word?"

I took my time to answer. "Sudden. That is what I feel myself most equal to. And none of your war paint. Whip and pistol—and just as I stand at this moment I'll try it; and another ten for you on the five-and-twenty if I come safe out of it."

"And a ten for Henderson" (the proprietor), "remember, mister, if he makes a bobbery about it—which he's booked to do—'risking his valuable property,' and all that. May as well have the money ready."

"Should not wonder, Mr. Vaggass, that if he be not sharp enough to do it of himself, you will be considerate enough to give him a hint."

Mr. Vaggass took my sarcasm most kindly; it rather agreed with him than not.

Once that we knew each his *rôle*, both Vaggass and I understood that we were better apart. I went and seated myself at the opening in the side of the tent by which the performers came into the ring. Vaggass went and, I should imagine, imbibed certain artificial aids to courage. From my place among waiting performers, grooms, carpenters, assistants of all kinds and grades, myself unseen, I could see the whole Mapletoft and Gostywick party; the benches to which they had been conducted were at a comfortable distance from the orchestra, and so not very near the passage up into the ring by which stood the lions' van.

The performance commenced. Horses were ridden, while all sorts of fantastic tricks were played on their backs; elephants and camels came on and did their part; tiny fairy children circled from out a bespangled flower-pot; the unrivaled Signor Mazeppa Tantifico rode single-handed his sixteen bare-backed steeds round the ring, and did his wonderful somersault trick afterward—and through most of this a noble gentleman in evening costume stood in the centre of the ring, whip in hand; took the irreverent clown's rude-mouthed jests scornfully, as it were; flung them lightly from him, so to speak; was infinitely, delightfully polite to the performing ladies of the troupe, showing us plainly in his bearing what princesses incognita these were, condescending to our amusement. After which a little Abyssinian war business, and then all settled themselves expectant in their seats to see the spectacle of the lions.

Vaggass as he came by gave me a swift glance, not free from doubt. He himself said nothing to me then, but he sent Mainstrong, his assistant, back to whisper me a last caution—Mainstrong had to be in the affair; Vaggass, Mainstrong, and I—that was the sum of the initiated ones. Vaggass was in full fig in character of Lion King. I simply took the precaution to wear a thicker woolen suit than I should otherwise have worn, recalling certain experience to that end narrated of himself by Dr. Livingstone.

Next Vaggass was within the very cage; they put on the blue fire and red, until all looked fitly ghastly and demoniacal; the whole cage was in terrible motion; the lions' roar became heavy and frequent; their quick, strong, continuous, silent movements took us strangely—and the one man so cool and wary in the midst of them. From pit to roof arose one general eager murmur, that said far more than the most vehement cheering. But all the while up in one corner lay that big brute of all—sullen, watchful. And to-night for the first time, whether wisely or not, Vaggass did not compel him to his work—I suppose did not dare.

Some minutes had thus gone on: the time given me was come. I walked quickly up to the back of the van, the flame and glare shielding me from notice. Mainstrong was ready, gave me whip and pistol—and then if the fellow did not shake hands, as though I had been going to execution!

Well, whatever I had supposed it would be, the moment I was face to face with, in the midst of, the lions, it was quite a new sensation that I had. The fierce-breathing, leaping creatures came newly on me: I forgot all about the spectators: almost too strongly the animal rage within me, too, seemed springing up to meet the animal rage within these; with difficulty I restrained myself. I suppose Vaggass knew from experience what it was that possessed me; by almost passionate gesture he recovered me to my part. They said afterward how marvelously cool I was through it all; but there was this moment, nevertheless. With a short laugh I answered Vaggass's appeal. He had fallen back as I entered, in order that I should come the more sharply on the lions: it was effectual so far; each one ceased from his frightful noiseless play, and they were all crouched in an instant on either hand of me—*wild* beasts again at once, if I only let it be. My one chance to hold them to the bonds of their habitual obedience. I fired my pistol, I swung up my whip with all my might and brought it down heavily on them, I urged them with the strong voice of authority—I was their master; round they flew again in restless chase, bounding over me from bar to bar, raging around me in wild commotion—the great, agile, cat-like creatures: it was the frightful exaggeration in them of an every-day form that made them ten thousand times more monstrous in my eyes—I thought what it was afterward, although not then. Once, twice, thrice, they took their flying way; then the biggest lion of them all, except the big ugly brute lying in the corner, separated himself from them, came with a rush and terrific roar in front of me, and seemed to spring at me with open jaws.

What I did upon that is such a thing as one does not try twice in one's life, take my word for it—not if one is in one's sound senses. You demur to it, but I utterly deny to such men as Alfred Vaggass that they are in their sound senses. Never enrage yourself over it at this time of day, you say; but what will you say if I tell you that I did not wait to get out of the way of the lions before I began telling Vaggass as much as I but now said to you?

Yet so it was. I had accomplished what I had set myself to do. What, on certain words lightly spoken, I, with a kind of sense of the wild humor of it, had said in my heart I would do, I had done—in literal fact I had put my head in the jaws of the lion; and now it was no elation that I felt, but a degree of horrible anger and distaste of my act. Vaggass's urgent direction had been, "Once free of the lion's mouth, make for the other side of the door." Vaggass came on the instant with one of his stage bounds, from where he had stood at the further part of the cage, into the mêlée again. I did not give way to him; I took him roughly by the arm—I said, as though in a fury of anger, "You must be a beast yourself to do this every night of your life as you do!" I have only one explanation of it—I was possessed by fear. My first exaltation of spirit did part of it probably in reacting on my imagination, but there is one thing certain out of it—I had got a thorough scare, and that was what my fury meant.

I suspect, from the very little show of resentment made by Vaggass, considering the form it took of personal attack on him, it was not so much unlike what he knew, from experience, might be included in his bargain. For that matter, only the danger of the situation forbade it play, it was, I believe, gratification rather than resentment that it produced in him—gratification that at last he should see an overthrow to that exasperating equanimity of mine.

But he was not such a fool as to be ensnared for one single moment by my strange contentious mood, or to have a thought now for any thing but how to get through with what was before him. He did not waste a word on me; he forbade himself the luxury of more than a muttered oath; he threw me from him and toward the door with the one hand; with the other he plied his whip. People by this time had come to the comprehension of the astounding fact that there were two persons in the cage; they began to exclaim it on all sides—that it was not the Lion King, but some unknown, who to-night had done the crowning feat of all. There was a rush toward the van of the other performers; the hubbub momentarily increased. One thing the excitement outside helped to do—to send home to me the madness of my own. But another also it helped to do, that was not so well.

The big old lion, Theodore, still crouched in the corner—the further corner on the same side as the door. I had thought quite enough about him in the course of the evening. The fact, too, that Vaggass was leaving him to himself had taken quite sufficient place in my thoughts; but once, in the thick of it, he—apart and inactive, and all these fierce leaping creatures about me—he went quite out of my mind. But Vaggass told me afterward that he saw what was threatening, and all along that corner had more of his attention than even the half dozen at their perilous antics with me. He had lost none of the signs of the old lion's gathering rage—his kindling eyes, his bristling mane, the lips drawn back until the cruel teeth blazed white. He knew it then to be a question of moments. He said his whip would have solved it, one way or the other, in a second. It might have, although he did not think it, kept him the mastery over the brute, as on former nights; only there was another solution, and to gain every possible moment on that was what he sought, and not to precipitate it. But then there were the vociferations, half of fear, half of amazement, of the audience, and the impetuous movement toward the van; and the lion's rage rose to frenzy, and we had it full on us at last.

I followed the impulse Vaggass had given me toward the door; Mainstrong opened it quickly. That was my salvation; for even then, before I could be quite through, and just as I heard my name called amidst the din, the monster drew himself together, and giving a short, snapping, snarling, blood-thirsty bark rather than roar, hurled himself on me, struck me sideways with one paw, ripping open my arm from shoulder to elbow, and carrying away the whole flap of my coat. My good fortune, again, that I fell outward instead of inward, for the brute was mad for blood now. I out of his reach, without any appreciable interval he turned and sprang full at Vaggass, rending the air a second time with his awful voice. Vaggass just contrived to elude him, gave a sort of gasp, they said, drew a pistol from his belt—kept in reserve for such an event as this—shot the monster through the brain, dead, and was standing at last, shaken, on the safe side of the door with us.

Godfrey Woodd's tale came to an end there. With a curious smile, with something of that frightful moment in his face still, he said,

"A mad game, my masters!
* * * * *
Well, life has some games
That are never played twice!"

QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE PRINCESS LOUISE.

IT is stated that before the royal cortége entered the House of Lords on the day of the opening of the British Parliament the throne presented a very inartistic appearance. The robes of state were thrown over it in such a manner as to hide the crimson velvet and display only the ermine, so that the effect was exactly as if a huge white cloth had been wrapped about a high-backed empty chair, with an imitation gilt crown on the top of it. In fact, it suggested reminiscences of a hair-dresser's saloon. But when her Majesty entered and seated herself, the Princess Louise, with genuine artistic instinct, stooped and lifted a corner of the robes so as to display the warmer tints of the crimson velvet. This pretty incident forms the subject of the double-page illustration in this paper. Probably the act was almost involuntary on the part of the fair daughter of royalty. While her hands were thus busily occupied her thoughts were devoted to more important matters. Of what was she thinking? May we venture to guess? To some extent we may suppose that her meditations were of a somewhat solemn and chastened character. There is always something saddening in the reflection that we are doing a thing for the last time, and the Princess may have felt that in all probability she was for the last time performing her part as a maiden daughter of the Queen in one of the most impressive ceremonials of English court life. Mingled with these feelings, other ideas of a livelier character may have presented themselves. The grand state ceremonial then being enacted may have suggested visions of another ceremonial shortly to take place at Windsor, in which the Princess, instead of playing a subordinate part, would assume the chief *rôle*. A glance, too, at some of the high and mighty personages present would aid in the comparison. What betrothed princess could look upon the bench of bishops, with their red cloaks and white tippets, without remembering that upon one of these men would devolve the solemn duty of binding her to her lover till death shall part them asunder? Nor could she gaze at the horse-hair wigs of the men of law without being reminded of the important part which lawyers play in all weddings where the bride and bridegroom are possessed of property. As for the gay parterre of lady spectators, flashing with diamonds and resplendent in gorgeous coloring, of course it brought to mind the bride-maids, the attendant sylphs of the royal bride.

And then the rush of the oncoming Commons, and the serious, earnest face of the Premier—of what does that remind the Princess? Naturally of that which succeeds, or ought to succeed, Courtship—namely, Matrimony. Courtship is all glitter and sparkle and bravery, like the assemblage inside the House of Lords. Matrimony is sober-hued, somewhat severe and prosaic of aspect, like the faithful burgesses before the bar.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

WHEN once a clergyman, son of a missionary, born in India, said that he had seen in that country a cannon so large that he had, when a boy, climbed into it, but so long disused that a hen had built her nest in it, a friend, who is very quick in making puns, and heard this description, immediately exclaimed, "Well, at any rate, it answered for a fowling-piece!"

Women as telegraph operators have proved a great success. They send the electric spark right through a fellow.

"Mr. Jones," said Mrs. Jones, with an air of triumph, "don't you think marriage is a means of grace?" "Well, yes," growled Jones; "I suppose any thing is a means of grace that breaks down pride and leads to repentance."

SPRING GOODS—Skeleton skirts.

There is a gentleman up town who, at the end of a dance with a young lady, always says, condescendingly: "Really, Miss ——, you do very well. You'll be a good dancer yet." The ladies are always charmed with him.

The other day a little shaver was expatiating on the injurious effects of tobacco. Said he, "The oil of tobacco is so poisonous that a single drop of it on the end of a dog's tail will kill a man in a minute." The boy had got things slightly mixed.

A Leavenworth editor, in quest of special attractions for his paper, says: "What we want for this column is personalities as mean as possible. Expense of lawsuits to be defrayed by the writer—funeral expenses by us."

A punctilious student once pompously inquired, "Can virchu, fortichude, gratichude, or quiechude dwell within a man who is a stranger to rectichude?" We should think not. So many *cheers* would have a tendency to nauseate a novice.

A Missouri paper offers this for the requiem of a departed contemporary:

"Leaf by leaf the roses fall,
Dime by dime the purse runs dry;
One by one, beyond recall,
Mushroom papers droop and die."

In one of the courts a few days since a man was testifying regarding his connection with a case where offers had been made to him to club a man, but he declined the job. With great solemnity the counsel asked, as it anticipating a high moral reason for his refusal, why the witness did not commit the assault. "Well, Sir," was the candid reply, "I am a little lame, and I was afraid the police would catch me."

A traveler asked an emaciated Georgian if the climate of the rice swamps was unhealthy. "Wa'al, no," replied the loyal native, "tain't unhealthy; we have the fever and ague all the time in these parts, but then we enjoy a powerful under-tow of health."

A sign in Red Bank, New Jersey, reads thus, "New maid and old maid clothing always on hand."

The following little nursery rhyme deserves to be incorporated into Mother Goose's melodies:

There was a little girl,
And she had a little curl
That hung right down on her forehead;
And when she was good
She was very good indeed,
But when she was bad she was horrid.

One of the "school-marms" who recently went to Oregon to engage in the duties of her vocation thus writes to her friends at home: "A panther was killed last week near my school-room, measuring seven feet from the tip of the ears to the extremity of the tail, and seven back again, making fourteen in all." Smart "school-marm" that!

There is something exquisite in our countryman's reply to the European traveler, when he asked him if he had just crossed the Alps: "Wa'al, now you call my attention to the fact, I guess I did pass risin' ground a spell ago."

"A mute, inglorious Milton," in a Michigan jail has written a poem entitled, "An Idle in fore cantoes."

A smart boy in one of the public schools, having been required to write a composition on some part of the human body, expanded as follows: "The Throat: A throat is convenient to have, especially to roosters and ministers. The former eats corn and crows with it; the latter preaches through his'n, and then ties it up."

A little boy had a great liking for the water. His mother told him not to go on the wharves or near the water. "For, Freddy, if you should get drowned, we should never know what had become of you." "Oh yes, you would, 'cause it would be in the papers."

A Jerseyman lost an axe over twenty years ago, which he has just found under his bed. His life hasn't been made unhappy by house-cleaning.

AN OLD BACHELOR'S IDEA—When taken to be well shaken—the baby.

Why are hogs like trees?—Because they root for a living.

"You haven't got such a thing as a pair of old trowsers, have you?" "No, my man," said the merchant; "I don't keep my wardrobe in my counting-house." "Where do you live?" rejoined Pat, "and I'll call in the morning for the ould pair you've got on."

A minister once gave a commentary to an old Scotch lady who was well versed in the Scripture. He thought she would enjoy the explanations of her favorite passages. Calling on her a few days afterward, he said: "Did you like the book I gave you?" "Ay, mon, it's a gude book, and the Bible explains it amazingly."

A beggar asking alms under the name of a poor scholar, a gentleman to whom he applied himself asked him a question in Latin. The fellow, shaking his head, said he did not understand him. "Why," said the gentleman, "did you not say you were a poor scholar?" "Yes," replied the other, "a *poor one* indeed, Sir, for I do not understand one word of Latin."

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QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE PRINCESS LOUISE—A SKETCH IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS AT THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.—[See Page 287.]

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MARCH SONG.

'TWAS in the month of March;
There were tassels on the larch,
And all the pretty birds were fain
To pair, pair, pair.

The lowly violet root,
As we trod it under foot,
Protested by a sweetness which
Was rare, rare, rare.

The leaves were croodled up
All about the buttercup,
But the little daisy winkèd with
One eye, eye, eye.

The creatures all deferred,
Every flower and every bird,
To what the sun was doing in
The sky, sky, sky.

Come out, come out, O Sun!
For the spring-time is begun,
And we're all of us of one mind with
The mouse, mouse, mouse.

If we can but get good weather,
We'll be jolly altogether,
For we're very tired of living in
The house, house, house.

WON—NOT WOOED.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Bred in the Bone," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXV.

A COUPLE OF VISITORS.

MR. SIMCOE was not the only early visitor at No. 5 Bellevue Crescent that morning. Hardly had its mistress disappeared on her errand when ring after ring at the front-door, which was used by all classes—the back-door (being up a yard which opened into a *cul-de-sac*) was kept a dead secret, for fear of thieves—announced a succession of callers. The excellent Rachel could scarcely return from the lobby to her sanctuary below stairs when she was again summoned to the front. Her voice returned to all inquiries the same stereotyped reply, "No, she ain't; so just be off with you!" but the tone in which it was uttered grew sharper and sharper till it attained a very fine edge indeed.

"How can people stand it?" thought Mabel, to whom in the little parlor every word came almost as distinctly through the lath-and-plaster wall as though no such obstacle intervened.

At last there was a plaintive remonstrance, evidently from a visitor of the same sex. "Well, if she ain't, there's no occasion to bite my nose off, neither."

"You impudent old baggage," cried the excellent Rachel, and then the door was banged with a violence that gave a shock to the whole system of No. 5.

Mabel cautiously put aside the blind of the bow-window, and peered out upon this baffled visitor. There was no such person to be seen. Was it possible that in her fury the excellent Rachel had dragged some respectable old lady within doors by her silver hair, and finished her off with the kitchen chopper! There was a noise of chopping in the room beneath, and also a certain wild and savage melody, such as might accompany the execution of some hated victim. The "Marseillaise," Mabel remembered, used to be sung in Paris while the guillotine was making sure of the *suspect*.

Presently there was another ring at the bell, which was answered by this verbal response from the kitchen, "Ay, you may ring and ring, but you won't get me up stairs again this side of dinner-time—you may take your oath of that."

Mabel regretted that she had not retired to her own room, as she had wished to do, but that she feared to interfere with Rachel's proceedings above stairs. It was exceedingly embarrassing to remain so close to the bell-wire, that kept clanging and tinging so importunately; she felt almost like an accomplice in Rachel's rudeness. At last she ventured to call down the back stairs, "I think the front-door bell is ringing, Rachel."

"I *knows* it is," was the scornful response; "and I means to let it ring. It's only them beggars. No sooner do they hear that missus is come back than here they flock, as though this house was a soup-kitchen. If I *do* come up, I'll be down that old dame's throat, she may rely on it."

Then Mabel remembered that when she had looked out of the window she had seen a poor old crone in a red cloak, whom she had not suspected of having rung the bell, but who had doubtless done so, as one of her cousin's pensioners; and now here was another, whose importunity would have moved the Unjust Judge. Mabel would have opened the door herself but for fear of Rachel; as it was, she remained at her post, awaiting the execution of Rachel's direful menace: the song beneath was growing fiercer and fiercer in its note; the fuse of her patience was evidently getting very short, and the explosion near at hand.

At this juncture there was a tap at the window. Mabel looked forth and beheld an elderly female in a worn black silk dress, and with a beaver bonnet into which it seemed the moth had made inroads. She was of giant form, and clasped a stout umbrella by the middle, as Jove is represented with his thunder-bolts. It was with this instrument that she had drawn Mabel's attention to her pitiful position. She did not courtesy, but smiled entreatingly, though without adulation, and nodded toward the door. It was evidently a case of genteel poverty.

Mabel shook her head, and waved her hand. "My good woman, I have nothing for you. You had better go away; you had, indeed."

"I am Mrs. Bannacre; you are Miss Denham: this is my card; I am come to leave it on you."

There was evidently some frightful mistake. Mabel ran into the lobby, and let the old lady in.

"Your cousin's servant is out again, of course," observed the visitor, as she wiped her shoes carefully upon the mat. "I believe she does it to aggravate people. How are you, my dear? I know all about you, and you needn't introduce yourself. Miss Barr is out shopping, is she? Well, no matter, because my visit is to *you*. I took the very earliest opportunity, you see. Since I've found you at home, I may just as well put back my card again, mayn't I? Never waste. Some people say, 'What's a bit of card-board?' If you come to that, what's a bank-note? Well, what do you think of Brackmere?"

"From the little I have seen of it, it seems a very pretty place."

"It's a very wicked place," said Mrs. Bannacre, darkly. "Martha Barr says it's no worse than other places in the world. I reply, But the world is very wicked, and therefore Brackmere is a very wicked place." Here Mrs. Bannacre folded her arms, and nodded her head with the triumphant air of a logician who has invented a new syllogism. "How do you like Mr. Simcoe?"

"Really, madam," remonstrated Mabel, "I have only seen Mr. Simcoe for five minutes."

"I know it," said Mrs. Bannacre, coolly. "I live in the opposite terrace; and I watched him in and watched him out. What did you think of him?"

"I am afraid I haven't thought of him at all," said Mabel, smiling.

"Nor prayed for him?" inquired Mrs. Bannacre, sternly.

"Certainly not," answered Mabel, without hesitation.

"I am sorry to hear it. It seems to me impossible that he could be in any house five minutes without moving one to Christian pity. Where did he sit?"

Mabel was just on the point of indicating the chair Mr. Simcoe had occupied, when Mrs. Bannacre held up her umbrella. "Did he not sit, I ask, in the seat of the scornful? What did he say? Were not his words as winged arrows barbed with bitterness?"

"I did not observe it," said Mabel, quietly. "My cousin did not seem to have a bad opinion of him."

"Then she ought to be ashamed of herself," observed Mrs. Bannacre, sharply, "for she's had the best opportunities for forming one. As for you, my dear young lady, let us hope you will have your eyes opened in time. *You* will not be one of those who attend the tawdry church, I hope—the church that Sam built."

"Do you mean the church that Mr. Simcoe has built?"

"Of course I do—St. Etheldreda's, as they call it; but St. Etheldreda is St. Awdry, and St. Awdry is tawdry, and a truer thing was never printed in the 'Protestant Encyclopedia.'" Here Mrs. Bannacre grounded her umbrella, nodded her head, and repeated, monotonously, "Tawdry, St. Awdry—St. Awdry, tawdry," like a clock on the stairs.

"But Mr. Simcoe did not express himself in favor of St. Ethel—I mean St. Awdry—at all. He seemed, as I understood him, to have no sympathy—"

"Of course he hasn't," broke in Mrs. Bannacre, with great severity. "He's a Gallio; that's what he is. He cares for none of these things. Religion or the mockery of it, Sabbath or weekday, they're all one to him. He's a heartless, unbelieving, lost scoffer. I ought to know him, I suppose, since he's my own brother."

Before Mabel could recover from the moral shock of this communication Mrs. Bannacre had dismissed the subject. "You'll join *the Dorcas*, of course, my dear. We meet on Tuesdays and Fridays at eight, punctual. A short but sound discourse, tea and shrimps, and then a couple of hours' good work in the vineyard with needle and thread. No embroidering of altar-cloths, no stitching of stoles, no— But here's Miss Jennings: I know that artful woman's ring. If ever there was an emissary of Satan in blue spectacles— But there—I will say nothing to her prejudice; you will judge for yourself. Good-by, my dear. I should like to kiss you. Thank you. With your permission I'll stand in the kitchen stairs till that woman has come in."

By this time it would have taken something very pronounced indeed, in the way of visitors—a deputation from the town-council of Brackmere in their robes, and bearing dishes of periwinkles, for instance—to have astonished Mabel: an insignificant and faded female in blue spectacles, saying, "Miss Denham, I believe; *I* am Miss Jennings," only raised her eyebrows a little.

"My cousin, Miss Barr, is not at home—"

"I know it, I know it," interrupted the little lady, vivaciously. "I live in Mollusk Terrace, and saw her going off to market. My call is to you, my dear; I say 'my dear,' because I have heard so much about you from poor dear Martha. I should have come earlier, but I could not miss my church. It is the seventeenth, you know, and the festival of the blessed St. Etheldreda. You should have seen Mr. Claude in his new vestments. We were seven this morning, exclusive of Mr. Simcoe."

Mabel bowed, not knowing whether this was a subject of congratulation, and doubtful in her mind as to whether Mr. Simcoe was counted as a unit.

"The service was very nicely performed—very," continued Miss Jennings; "but I can't help thinking—if I may say so without irreverence—that they purchase the incense at the wrong shop; it gets up once's nose so. Mr. Simcoe said he thought he should have sneezed his head off, poor dear. My dear Miss Denham, what do you think of Mr. Simcoe?"

"Well, really," said Mabel, laughing, "that is the third time I have been asked that question this morning; and, since I have only set eyes on Mr. Simcoe for five minutes—"

"Twenty-five, my dear," interrupted Miss Jennings, gently. "I timed him from Mollusk Terrace. He staid twenty-five minutes; but I dare say it seemed like ten. He has such a fund of humor. It carries him away with it a little too far sometimes; but it is impossible to be angry with Mr. Simcoe. Dear me, how that front-door slams!"

Mabel's late visitor had slammed it, and was now slamming the garden gate with an equal good-will.

"Why, good gracious, that *must* be Mrs. Bannacre!" exclaimed the little woman, nervously. "Now that's what comes of having one's bedroom at the back of the house. I was putting on my bonnet, and never saw her enter your door. I dare say she has been saying all sorts of ill-natured things about Mr. Simcoe."

"Well, she certainly seemed to be rather prejudiced against him."

"I am glad to hear you say so; though 'prejudice' is not the word for it. She is angry with him because he is so natural and unaffected. You noticed that about him, I dare say, my dear?"

Mabel nodded; Mr. Simcoe had doubtless been unaffected—except with a difficulty of breathing.

"There are so many people at Brackmere who ride the high horse; you can see that by the names they give to their houses—'The Palazzo,' 'Belvidere,' 'St. Angelo,' and so on. Mrs. Bannacre's is *Belvidere;* and she takes it as a personal insult that Mr. Simcoe has named his mansion *Tiddliwinks*. Now I call *Tiddliwinks* a very pretty name. Don't you?"

"It is, at all events, an unpresuming one," said Mabel, smiling.

"Just so. I have called my house *Periwinkle Cottage*. Periwinkle Cottage, Mollusk Terrace; I hope I shall see you there, my dear, on Monday evening. Our society—the Sisterhood of Etheldreda—is held on Mondays and Thursdays. Mr. Claude will say a few seasonable words; there will be a slight refection—tea and shrimps; and then we shall set to work upon the scrolls and banners for the processions. I am so sorry, for your sake, that we have finished the vestments. Mr. Claude made a great, and, I hope, a lasting impression this morning with his *biretum*."

"What is a biretum?" inquired Mabel.

"Well, upon my life, my dear," observed Miss Jennings, mysteriously, "I don't quite know what it is. Dear Mr. Simcoe—I mean Mr. Samuel, of course—calls it (he is so funny, you know) a smoking-cap; and it really does look a little like it. But, as I said to Mr. Simcoe, we all know that your son *doesn't* smoke; so that is no objection—people require to be educated in religious matters as well as in other things; and to that he assented at once. He *is* so sensible. He'll be so pleased to hear that you've taken such a fancy to him."

"But, my dear madam," remonstrated Mabel, "I said nothing of the kind."

"No, my dear, but you looked it; I read it in your eye at once. And now I must say good-by. You won't forget Monday evening. But our sweet Martha will see to that. I won't kiss you, because I've got my big spectacles on, on account of the glare, and they're a little jagged at the ends. We shall meet very often, I hope."

Mabel hoped so too, or said she hoped so; and, not liking to ring for Rachel, opened the front-door with her own hands. At the garden gate the little woman stopped to kiss her glove in farewell; and as she did so "He will be so pleased to hear she likes him" was borne in upon the breeze.

CHAPTER XXVI.

TOO MANY MOUTHS TO FEED.

IN social warfare, as in political, the reward of an honest neutral is commonly to be detested or despised by both parties; and perhaps no more convincing evidence of Martha Barr's genuine goodness can be afforded than the fact that, though she belonged to neither of the two factions whose feud deluged Brackmere with ever-welling streams of scandal, she was respected and even beloved by both of them. The great question which agitated that semi-marine resort was the Simcoe question. Instead of the "*Wa'al, Sir*, and how do you like our country?" addressed to strangers by every enlightened citizen of the United States, the inquiry, "Well, and what do you think of our Mr. Simcoe?" was put by the inhabitants of Brackmere to every visitor. It was necessary to say Yes or No; black or white was the only wear; piebald was indamissible. Mr. Samuel Simcoe was either a cherub of prodigious proportions (speaking spiritually) or he was the Flesh *and* the Devil. It was most important to the advocates of each of these antagonistic views to secure the adhesion of Martha Barr; her moral and religious weight was justly estimated as sufficient to turn the at present evenly balanced scale, and no arts were left untried to obtain it. The advent of Mabel had been looked forward to by more than one female partisan with an interest of which, of course, she was wholly unconscious. They hoped to use her as a lever by which to work upon Martha herself; and it was with this object that Mrs. Bannacre and Miss Jennings had honored her so early with their personal attentions. Without being quite aware of her own exact position with respect to the two factions, Martha could not but be well acquainted with all the grounds of quarrel, the case of each side had been stated to her with such remarkable perspicuity by the other. Self-justification was the object of neither, for there was nothing particular to justify; denunciation, of both. Not only were the machinations of Simcoe exposed, but the motives that actuated his unprincipled partisans. The bias of Miss Jennings, for instance, was accounted for on the ground that she had systematically set her cap at the great man for years, and would "jump at an offer from him to-morrow." The bitter hostility of Mrs. Bannacre was, on the other hand, set down to the account of her dissatisfaction at his pecuniary expenditure. Instead of his surplus guineas passing into their natural channel—namely, the pockets of his nephews, the little Bannacres—they went to build churches, wherein services were held in close imitation of benighted papists. Poor Martha, who always endeavored to believe the best of every body, had absolutely nothing of good to go upon; she heard only *nil*. The utmost allowance that a Simcoeite would make for an anti-Simcoeite, or *vice versa*, was a "Well, my dear, we can only *hope* that the poor woman is out of her mind"—for the troops on both sides were chiefly Amazons. Except from the Saturday to the Monday, when the business men came down from town to their families, there were no males to speak of in all Brackmere, except Mr. Simcoe and his son Claude. No wonder, then, that the question, "What do you think of Mr. Simcoe?" should have some importance even for Martha, though a non-combatant, and that she had addressed it, as we have seen, to Mabel. But she had the good sense to perceive that her young guest must be kept aloof from the quarrel; and when the latter timidly inquired whether it was necessary for her to accept the invitations to be a member of the Dorcas, or the Sisterhood of the Blessed Etheldreda, had answered, decisively, "Certainly not, my dear, unless you wish it."

And Mabel did not wish it.

Of course she suffered in public opinion for this lukewarmness, since the same liberty of conscience was not likely to be accorded to her as to her cousin; but the result was, on the whole, satisfactory, since, after a while, both parties ceased their attempts to make a proselyte of her, and left her to herself. With few exceptions it was only under Martha's roof that she met these people; but that happened pretty often. Her hostess was dreadfully partial to "seeing her friends about her," and having "a little sacred music," which poor Mabel had to extract from a very profane piano; and these evenings with society struck melancholy into her whole system, just as a material "wet blanket"—a damp bed—affects the lungs. The guests were for the most part contributed by the Simcoe faction, more perhaps from the fact that the Rev. Claude Simcoe played the flute than from any better reason. With feeble toots he used to accompany Mabel through many dismal dirges, varied by an occasional shriek of uncontrollable hilarity from the piano. This instrument had been purchased (appropriately enough, "for a mere song") by Martha years ago, when the old *George Hotel* had been pulled down to make way for its more ambitious successor; and it was old Simcoe's theory that it had been only accustomed to play music-hall tunes, and resented solemn melodies. Whenever a key became recalcitrant, instead of passing over the incident in discreet silence, the old gentleman would shake with laughter, in spite of Martha's "I am quite surprised at you, Mr. Simcoe," and Miss Jennings's pathetic remonstrances. Mabel always laughed too, which delighted him immensely. "She is an excellent sort, is Miss Mabel," he confided to her cousin, "and worth a dozen of that chap;" by which term he was accustomed to indicate his son and heir.

Mr. Claude was a dandy in his way, and so far as the canons of the church allowed him scope; and wore a handsome ring with a dragon on it, which was very conspicuous during the flute-playing.

"Is that your arms?" inquired Mabel of him, innocently, on one occasion.

"No; no more than it's his legs," answered the old gentleman for him. "If we've got any arms, they should be *fire*-arms—a pestle and mortar." The humor of which conception would have brought him to an untimely grave had not Miss Jennings, assisted by the whole strength of the company, proceeded to slap him on the back.

"Thank ye, ma'am, thank ye. If we had only met each other a little earlier," he gasped out, and then had a frightful relapse. He was well aware that Miss Jennings wanted him to marry her, and it gave a zest to life. She knew he laughed at her, and yet did not despair. She was always endeavoring to give him pleasure, and, in fulfilling her threat of telling him that Mabel thought very highly of him, had really succeeded. It laid the foundation of a good-will toward Mabel which improved daily. His carriage was sent to give the ladies what he called "an airing," every fine afternoon. For Mabel's sake, although in truth Mabel would have declined it but for Martha's, the kindness was accepted; and the little donation which the latter always gave the coachman on such occasions was an expenditure she could ill afford.

Poor Martha's pecuniary affairs were indeed getting in a sad state. For the first time in her life she had begun "to owe a little money;" and the sense of debt—so heavy to the unaccustomed shoulders, so light to those which use has bowed and shaped for it—oppressed her sorely. It is easy to say that the carriage, for instance, and therefore the coachman's fee, might have been dispensed with. But she hoped that it might save a doctor's bill; for Mabel, though as beautiful as ever, was growing pale and thin. Her little parties, too, might have been relinquished, but their cost was almost infinitesimal; and then again she argued (though with less reason) that a little gayety did her guest good, and counteracted her tendency to—no, not to "mope," for she was always active and helpful—to muse. There was scarcely a word that could quite describe Mabel's condition—always cheerful and

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pleasant when spoken to, always ready to chime in with any suggestion, and yet so abstracted and thoughtful that she would sometimes require to be addressed a second time, and then would start as from a dream. More than once, too, of a morning the watchful Martha had detected in her darling's face the trace of tears. It was for *her* sake that the cup of poverty tasted so bitter. "If I could but die and leave her what I have," thought Martha, simply; "then she would get on pretty well alone." But she never breathed this idea to Mabel (as some folk equally kind, and who imagine themselves equally unselfish, would have done), nor permitted her to perceive to what straits she was being driven. She had not only censured, but positively forbidden, her guest's little scheme of making money by lace-work. "It was not necessary," she said; and, somewhat to Mabel's surprise, had clinched the matter by adding, "and would be unbecoming." Her natural good sense, in fact, was blinded by her love for this young girl, whom she strove to keep, as in her palmy days, exempt from toil—a flower to charm with hue and perfume, not a plant for rough and homely uses. This was very "weak" of Martha, of course. "She should have had the moral courage to look matters in the face; nothing is more reprehensible than false pride, etc.;" it is so easy to give good advice to poor people. Well, Martha Barr (who was not proud upon her own account, however, as we shall see) did certainly make this mistake—that she suffered Mabel to remain in happy ignorance of the true state of affairs. When the expected letter came from Ju across the seas, with cordial offers of pecuniary assistance—though *not*, to Martha's great surprise, of a home—for Mabel, her hostess warmly urged her not to take it. If a check had been inclosed in the letter, she would not have advised her to return it; but it was not inclosed. "Expenses were heavier at Hong-Kong than had been expected. Fred was not one to save, and, of course, the failure of her own dowry was a great disappointment to him—indeed, he had calculated upon it; still they were by no means so poor, thank Heaven! that there was not something to spare for a beloved sister." An arrangement had even been made with a London banker for paying Mabel *fifty pounds per annum*. The Pennants were by no means rich, and the offer was not, on the whole, illiberal. Perhaps Mabel would have accepted it but for Martha. The fact was, the latter was extremely indignant at Mrs. Pennant's not offering the shelter of her own roof to her only sister, though she did not give this reason for her opposition; had she done so Mabel could scarcely have combated it, though she possessed a very sufficient answer to it in her own bosom.

That source of supply, therefore, had been cut off, and the knowledge that this had been done by her own hand by no means lessened Martha's disquietude. Matters, as we have said, had come to a crisis, and after much counsel with herself, and balancing of small accounts, and calculations adapted to the exchequer of Lilliput, Martha Barr arrived at a supreme conclusion. She determined upon a measure so grave, and, indeed, appalling, that the very idea of it put her into a perspiration; suspense, under such circumstances, she felt to be even more intolerable than the doing of the deed itself; and, accordingly, she did it at once. "My good Rachel," observed she, one morning, as that acid damsel was removing the breakfast things, while Mabel was "setting to rights" her own room above stairs, "I want to have a few serious words with you when you can conveniently spare the time."

The excellent Rachel did not relish this preamble. She wished matters to remain as they were without words; if her mistress once began to scold—which she had never yet ventured to do—there was no knowing where it would stop, for she was not unconscious that there were many chinks—not to say fissures—in her armor, with respect to dutiful service, into which a shaft of reproof might very reasonably enter. It would be very dangerous to allow a precedent to be established for letting fly such shafts at all.

"As to time, mem"—Rachel always addressed her mistress as though she were a memorandum—she replied, "my time is yours, of course; but as to *spare* time, that is a thing with which—ever since the young lady above stairs has come into this house—I have been altogether unacquainted. It's ring, ring, ring, run, run, run, from morning to night; not as I blames her, for young people is naturally thoughtless, and only thinks of their own selves."

"Nay, Rachel; it appears to me that Miss Mabel has been always most careful to save your—"

"I *beg* your pardon, mem," interrupted the waiting-maid, with elaborate humility, "but I didn't catch the word; careful to do what?"

"Careful to save your legs," said Martha, boldly, her own legs trembling under her very much.

"Oh, indeed, mem," answered Rachel, rattling the knives and forks together viciously; "I am sure I wasn't aweer of that, or I would have felt very grateful. If my skin is not worked off my bones it's a mercy, that's all I've got to say. Things used to be very different once; but now a poor body has no time to sit down, far less to meditate and commune, as it might be, with the heart within her. Then, again, I'm not one to complain upon my own account, Heaven knows, but my mind is always in a ferment about the bills; it's threepence here, and threepence there, and threepence here again, for shrimps; and the milk account is rose to double; and as to tea, why, Mr. Simcoe hisself could have swum in the tea he's drunk since Miss Mabel came into this house."

"Never mind about Mr. Simcoe, Rachel, if you please; but it is quite true that our expenses have increased, and largely," said Martha, gravely, "since Miss Mabel has been with us. It was with respect to that very thing that I wished to speak with you. The fact is, it will be a most delicate and unpleasant matter to break to her"—here Martha sighed deeply—"but I find there are too many mouths to feed in this house."

"That's just like your softness of heart, mem—if I may be so bold as to say so—and does you infinite credit; but sooner than you should be worried I would break it to the poor young lady myself—that I would." As she said these words, Rachel folded up the table-cloth, and hugged it to her bosom pathetically, as though it had been a helpless infant, and she a baby-farmer.

"That is quite unnecessary, Rachel, besides being wholly out of the question," observed her mistress, firmly. "Of course I should myself acquaint Miss Mabel of any change that is unfortunately necessitated in my own household."

"That's just as you please, mem; I know my own place too well, I hope, to put myself forward, or meddle with what, after all, is no concern of mine. When do you think it's likely—not, I'm sure, as I want to hurry her—as the young lady will be going, mem?"

With the knives and forks clutched in her fingers, and the table-cloth tight under her arm, her head on one side, and her single eye sparkling with the malice of a raven laden with plunder, the excellent Rachel stood at the parlor door, all ears for the reply.

"The young lady going, Rachel? Why, you don't suppose I'm going to turn Miss Mabel out-of-doors, surely?" rejoined Martha, indignantly.

"I don't know as to that, mem," replied Rachel, scratching her head (so great and genuine was her perplexity) with a bunch of knives and forks; "but I don't see how three mouths is to be made two, unless—"

"Surely, my good Rachel," remonstrated Martha, "you can not expect, much as I esteem and value you, that I can sacrifice to your interests my own flesh and blood?"

The excellent Rachel dropped every thing upon the floor (including every vestige of respect for her mistress), folded her arms, and ejaculated, with amazement, "What! Am *I* to go, then?"

"Not to go, my good Rachel—certainly not to *go*," explained Martha, in conciliatory tones. "I have made arrangements so that you will not altogether leave us. My plan is this: that you should be here in the morning as usual, just to get things straight above stairs, and set us going, as it were, below; and then, for the rest of the day, that your services should be given elsewhere. I've been talking to Miss Jennings about it, and she will be very glad of them. You will have your meals at Mollusk Terrace. As to wages, I will take care that you do not lose in that respect."

The celebrated plank that intervenes between the sailor and eternity is as ten-inch iron backed with teak in comparison with the partition that sometimes separates the most diverse of human passions in a single breast. On one side is frantic rage, and on the other meek humility—butter that scarcely melts in the mouth. The excellent Rachel was within a hair-breadth of springing on her mistress like a tigress, and tearing her cap to ribbons, her ribbons to rags. It was a mere toss up whether she should "go in" and annihilate Martha on the spot, or express her thanks for past favors, and a hope for the continuance of them, like a tradesman's card. Her honest indignation yearned to evince itself at the tips of her finger-nails, but prudence and self-interest won the day. She shook her head, snuffled, and burst into tears.

"You have been always good to me, mem, far better than I deserve; and, though service is no inheritance, I am sure you will not desert me in the time to come."

"Indeed I will not, Rachel," exclaimed Martha, with energy. "I shall never forget, I hope, what an excellent creature you have always proved yourself. I only hope Miss Jennings will appreciate you as I do."

Rachel still shook her head. She had her misgivings (as well she might) about that matter; but, on the other hand, Miss Jennings was not a strong-minded lady, and there would be little pickings to be got now in *both* houses.

"I trust the wind will be tempered to the shorn lamb," sighed she. "Heaven bless you, mem!" With that she picked up the table-cloth, wiped her eye with the corner of it, and fled to the regions below.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

CONGRESS has recently considered the suggestion that the valuable food fishes of the coasts and lakes of the United States are diminishing in number, to the public injury. And they have authorized the President to appoint from among the civil officers or employés of the government one person of scientific and practical acquaintance with the subject to be Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, to serve without additional salary. His duties are to prosecute investigations and inquiries on this subject, with the view of ascertaining whether any diminution in the number of the food fishes of the coasts and lakes of the United States has taken place; and if so, to what causes this is due; and also whether any protective, prohibitory, or precautionary measures should be taken. The results of his investigations are to be reported to Congress. The heads of the executive departments are directed to aid the commissioner in the prosecution of his duties. And he is at liberty at all times to take, or cause to be taken, in the waters of the sea-coast and in the lakes, such fish as may, in his judgment, be needful or desirable for the conduct of his duties, notwithstanding the existence of any law or usage of any State to the contrary.

The principal ailments in San Domingo City are bilious and intermittent fever. The record of births and deaths in the district which embraces that city, during 1870, is as follows: total population, 12,000; births, 1007; deaths, 163.

An escape so narrow that it makes one shudder to think of it lately occurred at Nicholas Station, Iowa. The proprietor of the only shop in the place upset a kerosene lamp one night, and the flames spread with great rapidity. Instantly the man thought of a keg of gunpowder, which the fire was approaching, and his wife and children sleeping in the room above. Retaining his presence of mind, he rushed up stairs and hurried his family from the building. They had scarcely reached the opposite side of the street when the gunpowder exploded, tearing the house into fragments.

The latest "fish story" comes from New Orleans, and relates to a thoroughly domesticated oyster, belonging to an Irishman, which rambles pleasantly and cheerfully about the house, though it refuses the exertion of going up stairs. The creature seems entirely contented and happy.

During the last Congress there were 3542 bills and joint resolutions presented to the House, and 1659 to the Senate, making in all 5201. Some of these bills received whole days and even whole weeks of consideration, while others were crushed in committee-rooms, and others never came up at all.

The public library of Cincinnati is now opened on Sunday, and is well patronized by young men.

A proposal is made to change the general design of the Post-office building in Washington, in order to give greater accommodations to that department. A full story will be added, with a Mansard-roof.

Perhaps there never was a greater epicure in private life than one Mr. Rolgtone, of London, who in ten years literally ate up a fortune of one hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling. He not only traversed all Europe himself for the sole purpose of gratifying his appetite, but he had agents in China, Mexico, and Canada to supply him with the rarest delicacies. A single dish sometimes cost him fifty pounds sterling. Finally his fortune was reduced to a single guinea. With this he bought a woodcock, which he had served up in the highest style of culinary art. After resting two hours he jumped into the Thames from Westminster Bridge.

In Oswego a family of five persons having been taken suddenly ill, with symptoms of poison, the physician who was called learned that they had eaten salmon-trout during the day. Immediately he pronounced their illness to be caused by poison from *moonstruck fish;* and explained that he had known of many instances of illness, with similar symptoms, having been produced by eating fish which had been dried in the light of the full moon. This novel and curious sickness is severe, though rarely fatal.

Some of the decorations and attractions of the Cathedral of San Domingo are bell chimes outside, and five-and-twenty altars within; a crucifix and tabernacle of silver and precious wood; a cross, which fable says Columbus erected; the niche where Columbus's remains, from distant Valladolid, were deposited, but afterward removed; picture of the Virgin, with Ferdinand and Isabella in devout and humble posture; swinging lamps; painted columns and panels; images of saints and apostles attired in gorgeous dresses of silk and velvet; copy of Murillo's "Madonna;" and a marble monument to the first bishop and first governor.

At the Nilsson concert in Washington the audience were amused by the novel method in which one enthusiastic admirer of Miss Cary testified his appreciation of her rendition of the "Flower Song" from Faust. At the conclusion of it he sprang up the steps leading to the stage, and rushing after the retreating form of the fair singer, dashed toward her a mass of loose flowers which he carried in a paper. Some of the flowers fell on the lady's train, and the remainder were scattered in delightful confusion over the stage. The young man did not wait to note the effect of his comical demonstration, but hastily retreated to his seat in the corner, amidst the laughter of the audience.

At a wedding ceremony in Newport, Kentucky, which took place at mid-day, the church had been darkened to render the scene more impressive. The organ began to roll forth the wedding march just as the happy couple started for the altar. At that moment the sexton attempted to turn on the gas more fully, but in his excitement he turned it the wrong way, and in an instant the church was in total darkness. Happily a gentleman who stood near a window pulled down a blind from the top, and the bright sunlight streamed in upon the bridal party, producing a beautiful and almost magical effect, and changing what might have been deemed an ill omen into a happy one.

The work of revising the Bible proves to be one of great magnitude. From private though authentic sources it is ascertained that, although the Committee on the Revision and Retranslation is very active, the revised New Testament will not be prepared until four years hence, and the Old Testament will require at least ten years. There will scarcely be a text in the whole Bible unaltered. The changes forced upon these ecclesiastics by the unanimous conclusions of scholars are startling and peremptory.

The model-room of the Patent-Office at Washington is a most curious and entertaining place wherein to while away some leisure hours. The seemingly endless halls are very quiet, for the numerous visitors are lost in the long stretch of countless cases. One may wander about for hours undisturbed, examining the contents of one case after another, until the conviction is forced upon the mind that there can be nothing new under the sun—that somebody has already invented every conceivable thing. The granting of something like one hundred and ten thousand patents since the organization of the Patent-Office gives some ground for such apprehension. Yet still applications come in rapidly. True, many are doomed to bitter disappointment. The labor of months and years is often wholly lost when the applicant finds that the pet idea he had thought solely his own has already been worked out by another. Moreover, the invention must clearly appear to be useful to the community in order to be patentable. Glancing into the cases, one is instantly convinced that by no means have all the inventors here represented made their fortunes; for hundreds of these curious specimens have certainly never been of extensive practical utility, however worthy they may be in themselves. For example, here are two immense cases filled entirely with models of *churns*. Remember all the models are very small, and compactly arranged, and you can gain some idea of the number, and the value of the exclusive right to sell any one kind. The fortunate man who has really discovered a wonderfully expeditious method of making butter, and has the faculty of pushing the thing into the market, receives his reward, and all the other poor little churns suffer. The extraordinary number of improved kerosene burners ought to secure immunity from all accidents; but probably the *perfect* one is not yet to be found among the four hundred which have been patented. The case containing models for fruit baskets and boxes is full of interest, showing how much thought has been expended in securing good means of conveying berries and other fruits to market. But any attempt at specification is impossible in a single paragraph. It is noticeable that the names of women appear as patentees in many classes of inventions, particularly in articles of wearing apparel.

There is a man in the Massachusetts State prison, just entering upon his imprisonment for life, who belongs to a respectable family, was brought up under good home influences, and is possessed of property to the amount of $10,000; but he had a monomania for arson, and so great was his love of the crime that wherever he went to spend a few days a fire was pretty sure to occur. He once paid a visit to the Isles of Shoals, and during his stay the first fire that ever was known on the islands occurred; during a visit he paid to West Amesbury several buildings were burned; three large churches were burned in Newburyport, and stables and barns almost without number. During his career as an incendiary, which covered a period of upward of ten years, nothing inflammable seemed to escape him. Churches, workshops, dwellings, barns, and smaller out-buildings were alike his prey. He was arraigned under fifteen indictments, tried on two, and found guilty on both.

Statistics recently made out at the Internal Revenue Department show that there are 285 grain distilleries in the United States, and six molasses distilleries. The combined capacity of these is 213,884 gallons.

A characteristic advertisement appears in an Irish newspaper, as follows.

"Whereas Patrick Malony has fraudulently taken away several articles of wearing apparel without my knowledge, this is therefore to inform him that if he does not forthwith return the same, his name shall be made public."

A certain Massachusetts farmer, noted for his rather noisy disputes in favor of strict temperance, was much disturbed not long since by some marked indications of illness in one of his best milkers, of a rare imported breed. Fancying that the creature was stricken with cattle-disease, he sent in haste for the village farrier, whom, as it chanced, he had often lectured for his tippling propensities. Dick came, examined the animal, looked grave, and asked:

"Have you any whisky or brandy handy?"

"No," said the farmer.

"Pat, run to the druggist as soon as possible, and tell him I want a quart of brandy for medical purposes."

When the liquor arrived, Dick took the bottle, uncorked it, smelled of it, and, taking a good drink, put the bottle in his pocket, saying, "Your cow will be all right presently; I have pulled a thorn out of her foot," and walked off.

Herewith we give a list of a few unquestioned rights of men, merely as a variation upon the "rights of women," which have been more fully discussed. The list, it may be mentioned, is not exhaustive: To fight; to work at the plow, the sledge-hammer, the bellows, the anvil; to cut down trees; to build houses; to dig canals, construct railroads, make steam-vessels, cast cannon, create cities, climb to the top of the mast when the seas roll and the wind blows; to furl a sail that will save the lives of forty female passengers; to chuck coal into the furnace; to feed the fire that heats the water that makes the steam that urges the ship that bears the husband that loves the wife to the house that love built in the city that men built; to stand in the pitiless storm at night, and guard the slumbers of a town; or, in the front of battle, brave the assault that would overwhelm ballot and bonnet, and life and liberty; or, when the fierce flames lick the chamber, to mount through its terrors to save a woman who has fainted with a child clinging to her bosom; and not to get the nicest parts of a turkey or a chicken, or any thing else, if a woman is by and wants them.

Official statements show that there are about one hundred thousand Chinamen in this country. It is the testimony of those who have had opportunity for observation that they are more sober, industrious, and faithful than like classes from European countries. Their general intelligence, also, can not be questioned. Of the Chinese in North Adams all can read and write their own language. On the Pacific Railroad every Chinese laborer, so far as known, is also able to read and write. Of the Chinese in San Francisco, by the recent census, it appears that all can read and write their own language, while there are 7658 foreigners who can neither read nor write. Of these 6882 are from Ireland; 248 from Italy; 283 from Mexico; 40, colored, from the Southern States; 29 from England. Of native Americans nine are returned as unable to read and write. From the last census it appears that there are about twelve thousand Chinese in San Francisco alone.

Visitors to Florence make one of their pleasantest excursions in the suburbs to the Villa Salviati, the late residence of Grisi and Mario. The death of Grisi a year or two ago, and the artistic career of Mario in foreign cities, have caused the château to pass into other hands. A great number of curious and artistic articles are now offered for sale to visitors. The villa was built four or five hundred years ago.

At a recent meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, in London, letters were read from Mr. Churchill, the English political agent at Zanzibar, stating that he had succeeded in sending to Dr. Livingstone a reinforcement of seven men, who engaged to place themselves at the disposal of the doctor as porters, boatmen, etc., and a quantity of beads, clothes, and provisions for his use. It is hoped that these will reach Ujiji in the month of February. News was received a short time ago of the arrival at Unyanyembe, in June last, of men and supplies sent up in October, 1869, by Dr. Kirk. Seven of the men had died of cholera, and the remainder, having consumed the provisions forwarded for them, had, with the advice of the Governor of Unyanyembe, drawn upon the supplies of which they were the bearers for their subsistence. The latest accounts from the interior state that Dr. Livingstone, after visiting a place called Manine, had not returned to Ujiji. Sir Henry Rawlinson was of the opinion that if Dr. Livingstone was enabled to reach Zanzibar in February, he would be in England before the end of the present session, and he hoped they would all have the opportunity of welcoming him before the end of June.

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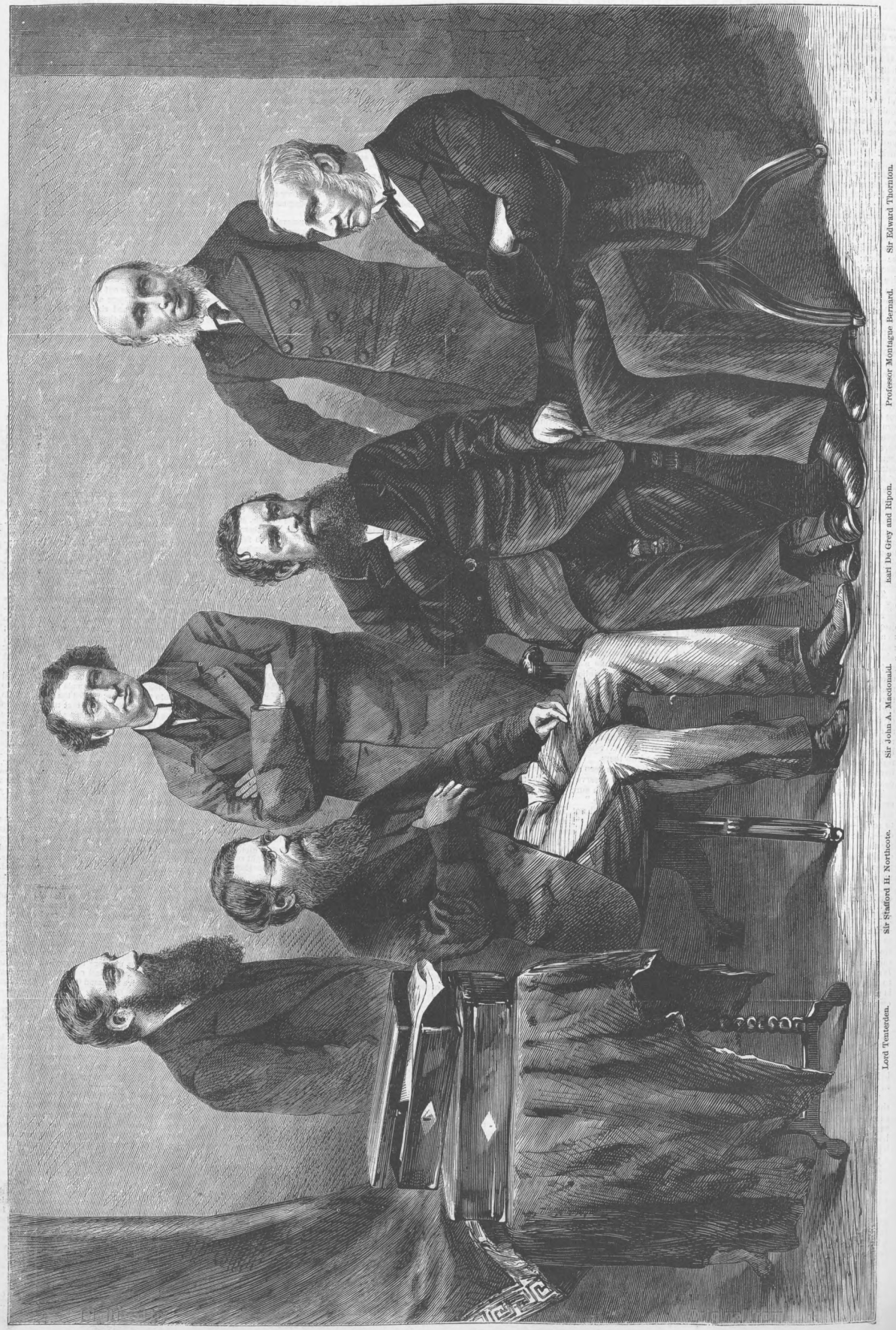

Lord Tenterden. Sir Stafford H. Northcote. Sir John A. Macdonald. Earl De Grey and Ripon. Professor Montague Bernard. Sir Edward Thornton.

THE ENGLISH MEMBERS OF THE JOINT HIGH COMMISSION.—[See Page 286.]

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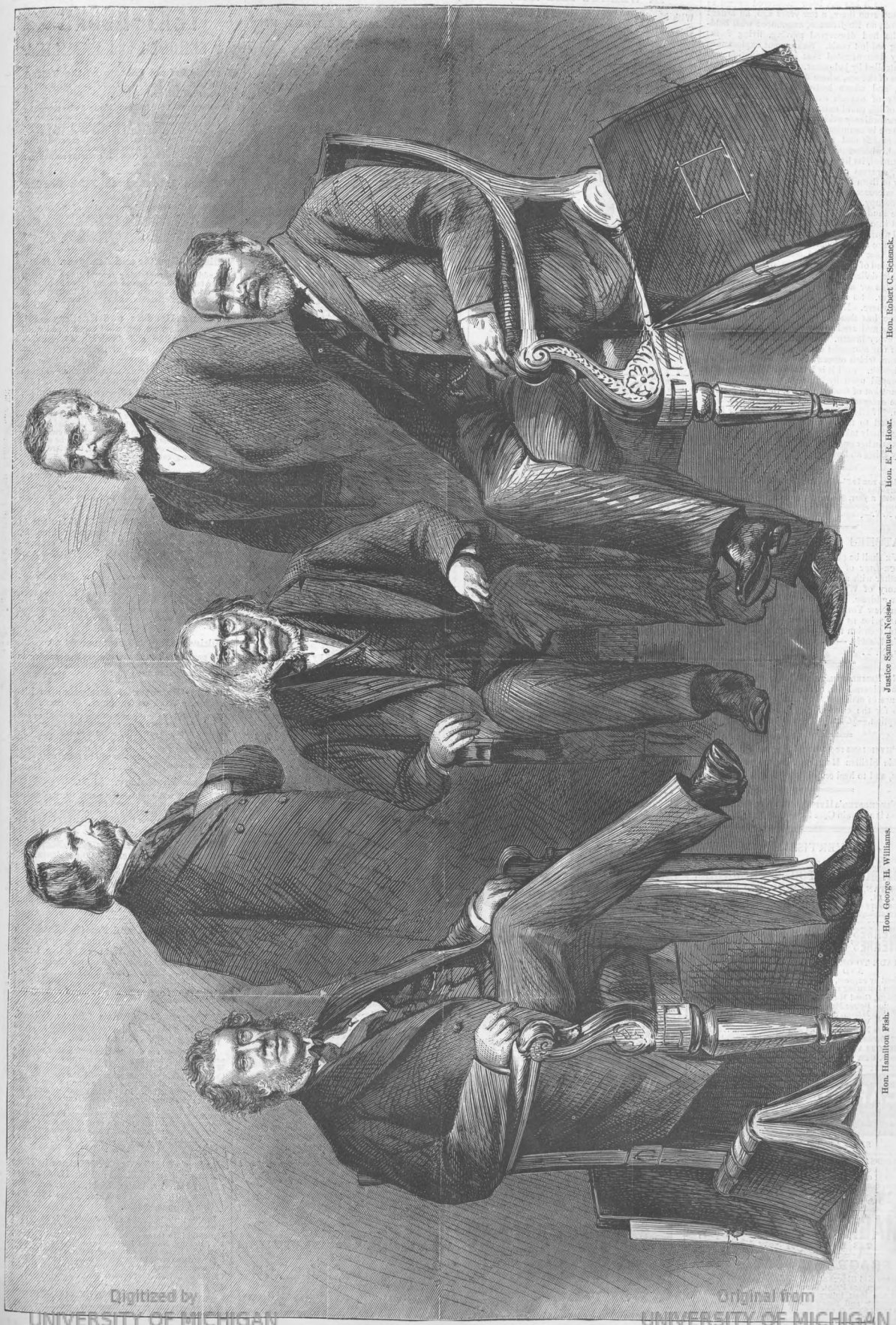

THE AMERICAN MEMBERS OF THE JOINT HIGH COMMISSION.—[See Page 286.]

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INVISIBLE ANIMALS.

LIFE gushes out every where. There is no place were it has not been discovered except in fire; and even there, a few years ago, an ardent Mr. Cox, an Englishman, announced with boldness he had discovered moving, living forms among red-hot coals. Subsequent explorations plainly demonstrated that his imagination was uncontrolled by judgment. But from the lowest depths of the sea, where darkness dwells perpetually, and where hydrostatic pressure and a paucity of oxygen convinced philosophers no form of life could exist, dredgings have brought up extraordinary evidences that organized beings are there in countless millions, in the full enjoyment of life and unrestrained liberty. Every animal, whether on land or aquatic, is bearing in its muscles, its liver, kidneys, heart, and perhaps brain, swarms of independent living parasites many of them too minute to be recognized without a microscope—which are feasting on the parts they occupy.

We shudder at the possibility of having introduced into our bodies the dreaded trichina—the spiral worm of pork notoriety. There are creatures quite as bad-looking, if we could see them, in the best of beef, and certainly numerous in every kind of edible fish, clams, oysters, and other table delicacies. In short, all food, whether vegetable or animal, is infinitely infested with parasites. So is the water we drink. Life is every where. Even the clear atmospheric air we breathe has floating in it eggs of microscopic animals and seeds of plants, which are inhaled with every breath. Fortunately the gastric fluids of our stomachs destroy the vitality of most of them, which otherwise would essentially affect our health. Still it is impossible to live and not be preyed upon by invisible parasites. In the preparation of food, therefore, thorough cooking is the safeguard. Baking and boiling destroys them. If allowed to remain too long after being subjected to that process, a new set of animals immediately take possession, so that nature never relaxes in her unceasing labor of developing life in every thing and every where.

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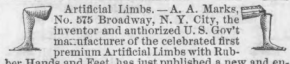

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CHAPTER XI. False and Forgetful.
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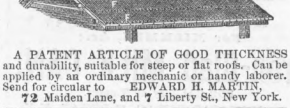

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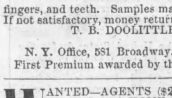

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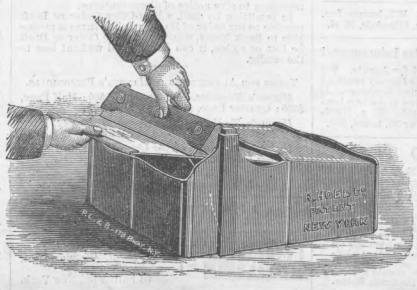

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"How salt the savor is of others' bread."

In 1822 he wrote to Bernard Barton, a banker's clerk, "I am, like you, a prisoner to the desk; I have been chained to that galley thirty years; I have almost grown to the wood." And again, "What a weight of wearisome prison hours have I to look back and forward to, as quite cut out of life!" Yet he tenders this counsel to the Quaker poet, who had contemplated resigning his post, "trusting to the booksellers" for bread: "Throw yourself from the steep Tarpeian rock, slap-dash, headlong upon iron spikes, rather than become the slave of the booksellers;" and he blesses his star "that Providence, not seeing good to make him independent, had seen it next good to settle him down upon the stable foundation of Leadenhall Street;" while he sympathized with, and mourned over, the "corroding, torturing, tormenting thoughts that disturb the brain of the unlucky wight who must draw upon it for daily sustenance." "There is corn in Egypt," he wrote, "while there is cash in Leadenhall." He was therefore content with his lot, although "every half hour's absence from office duties was set down in a book;" yet when ultimately released from the oar, he "could scarcely comprehend the magnitude of his deliverance;" and was grateful for it.

But, in truth, it was no punishment to Charles Lamb to be "in populous city pent." In the streets and alleys of the metropolis he found themes as fertile as his contemporaries had sought and obtained among the hills and valleys of Westmoreland; where great men had trodden was to him "hallowed ground;" and many a dingy building of unseemly brick was to him holy, as the birth-place, the death-place, or the intellectual laboratory of some mighty luminary of the past. He once paid a visit to Coleridge at Keswick, and though he conceded the grandeur and the glory of old Skiddaw, and admitted that he might live a year or so among such scenes, he should "mope and pine away if he had no prospect of again seeing Fleet Street." Writing to the high-priest of Nature, Wordsworth, he says, "I do not now care if I never see a mountain in my life; I have passed all my days in London, until I have formed as many and intense local attachments as any of you mountaineers can have done with dead nature." And Talfourd heard him declare that his "love for natural scenery would be abundantly satisfied by the patches of long waving grass and the stunted trees that blacken in the old church-yard nooks which you may yet find bordering on Thames Street." The Strand and Fleet Street were to him "better places to live in, for good and all, than underneath old Skiddaw;" and Covent Garden was "dearer to him than any garden of Alcinous." So late as 1829, when he had been some years free to wander at his own sweet will, he writes to Wordsworth: "Oh, let no Londoner imagine that health, and rest, and innocent occupation, interchange of converse sweet, and recreative study, can make the country any thing better than altogether odious and detestable." But thus on the same subject wrote Robert Southey: "To dwell in that foul city—to endure the common, hollow, cold, lip-intercourse of life—to walk abroad and never see green field, or running brook, or setting sun—will it not wither up my faculties like some poor myrtle that in the

"Town air
Pines in the parlor window?"

Lamb is not the only Londoner to whom the huge city has been, or is, a refreshing luxury. James Smith used to say that "London was the best place in summer, and the only place in winter." It was Jekyll who proposed to make country lanes tolerable by having them paved. Dr. Johnson grew angry when people abused London, saying, "Sir, the man who is tired of London is tired of existence." While I had a residence among the healthful commons and thick woods of West Surrey, a distinguished author of this class was my guest, and was located in a pretty little lodge sheltered among tall trees, where nightingales were singing. In the morning he complained they had kept him awake all night. "Well," I said, "surely it is not much of a misery to be kept awake by 'the bird most musical.'" "Nay," he replied, "if I am kept from sleep, I do not see much difference between nightingales and cats!" The love of Lamb for London was, in fact, an absolute passion. Hazlitt says of him, "The streets of London are his fairy-land, teeming with wonder, with life and interest, to his retrospective glance, as it did to the eager eye of childhood. He has contrived to weave its tritest traditions into a bright and endless romance."

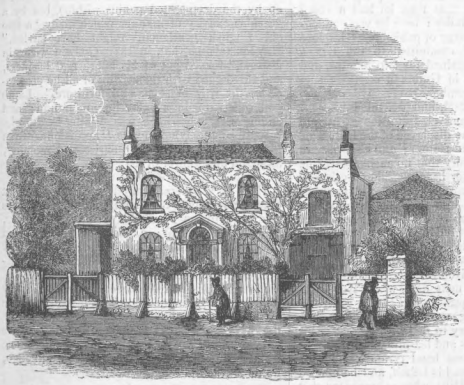
Although Lamb had thus ample scope for continual enjoyment, and was saved from the necessities that so often beset the paths of men of genius, there was a skeleton in his house, and pleasure was ever associated with a terror more appalling than death. His beloved sister—his dear companion and cherished friend—was subject to periodical fits of insanity, during one of which, with her own hand, she killed her beloved mother. There is nothing in human history more entirely sad than the records of the walks these two made together, when, thereafter, as the cloud came over her mind, and she saw the evil hour approaching, they paced along the road and across fields, weeping bitterly both—she to be left at the lunatic asylum until time and regimen restored reason, and he to return to his mournful and lonely home.

CHARLES LAMB.

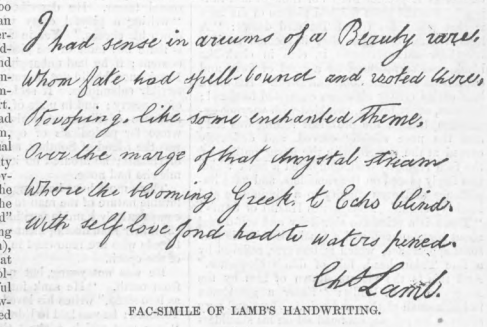
What a sad picture it is—harrowing, appalling! Lamb carried with him on such journeys the "strait-waistcoat" that was ever near at hand, and brought it back with him when, sufficiently recovered, she returned with him to gladden his roof-tree; for she brought with her the sunshine as well as the shadow.

The fatal death of the mother took place on the 22d September, 1796. There was, of course, a coroner's inquest, and a verdict—"Lunacy."

The daughter was confined in Bedlam. After a time she was given up to "her friends," and her brother thenceforward became her "guardian." The word is far too weak to convey an idea of the never-ceasing, never-ending care and thought for her consolation and comparative comfort. It is indeed a sad task to picture him, with a perpetual dread of insanity haunting him,* loving one, whom he addresses as "the fair-haired maid" (of whom nothing farther is known), but sacrificing that and all else to solemn and mournful duty. It was, however, duty lightened by love; for intense affection linked these two together from the earliest to the latest hours of their lives. "The two lived as one in double singleness together:" on her side affectionate and earnest watching; on his a charming deference, "pleasant evasions," little touches of gratitude, perpetual care—anxious and troubled care.



LAMB'S RESIDENCE AT ENFIELD.



FAC-SIMILE OF LAMB'S HANDWRITING.

In one of her letters to her brother during her temporary confinement she writes: "The spirit of my mother seems to descend and smile upon me, and bid me live to enjoy the life and reason the Almighty has given me." And she did live to enjoy both, in calm and sorrowful content, to a very old age, surviving her brother many years—dying on the 20th of May, 1847. She was placed in the grave by his side:

"In death they were not divided."

His life is truly described as a "life of uncongenial toil, diversified with frequent sorrow." Talfourd gently refers to his only blot—his "one single frailty"—"the eagerness with which he would quaff exciting liquors;" that he attributes to "a physical peculiarity of constitution."† It was "a kind of corporeal need," augmented, if not induced, by the heavy, irksome labors of his dull office, and still more by "the sorrows that environed him, and which tempted him to snatch a fearful joy." Lamb himself refers to his excessive love of tobacco, and his vain attempts to subdue or to control it, and describes "how from illuminating it came to darken, from a quick solace it turned to a negative relief, thence to a restlessness and dissatisfaction, thence to a positive misery."

Yet, although with many drawbacks, the life of Charles Lamb was by no means without enjoyment. He had many attached friends, the earliest and the latest being his school-mate Coleridge. This tribute is from his pen:

"My gentle-hearted Charles! for thou hast pined
And hungered after nature many a year,
In the great city pent; winning thy way
With sad yet patient soul, through evil and pain
And strange calamity!"

And this is the tribute of Robert Southey:

"Charles Lamb, to those who knew thee justly dear
For rarest genius and for sterling worth,
Unchanging friendship, warmth of heart sincere,
And wit that never gave an ill thought birth,
Nor even in its sport infixed a sting."

It was said of him that "he had the faculty of turning even casual acquaintances into friends," and he thus touchingly records their departure:

"All, all are gone, the old familiar faces;
Some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me, all are departed,
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces."

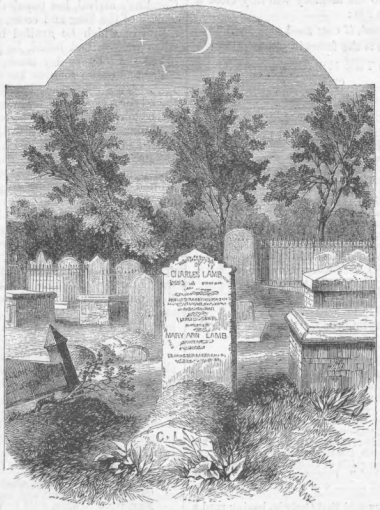
He was a most delightful companion, and a firm and true and never-changing friend. Of the latter there is evidence in his memorable letter to Southey, whom he considered to have wrongfully assailed Leigh Hunt;* of the former we have the testimony of so many that it is needless to quote them. Among his more frequent companions and intimate friends were Hazlitt, Godwin, Thelwall, Basil Montagu and his estimable lady, Procter, Barnes, Haydon, Carey, Knowles, Moxon, Hood, and Hone; while, later in life, he was often cheered by the light that emanated from good and tender Talfourd. His loving and eloquent biographer describes, with singular felicity, Lamb's "suppers" in the Middle Temple. In 1800 he was living at No. 16 Mitre Court Buildings; in 1817 he had removed to lodgings in Russell Street, Covent Garden, the corner house, "delightfully situated between the two great theatres." Afterward he was again a resident in the Temple. Later in life, his residence was at Enfield, in an "odd-looking, gambogish-colored house," from which, in 1833, he removed to Church Street, Edmonton. In 1834, in the sixtieth year of his age, he died.

"Bay Cottage," as it is now called—and I believe was called when Lamb inhabited it—is a poor dwelling: mournful-looking enough; it could never have been calculated to dissipate the gloom that must have perpetually saddened the heart and mind of the poet.

Lamb and his sister were but lodgers; the house was kept by a woman named Redford, who—I learned from a person still residing there, and who well remembers both the afflicted inmates—lived by taking charge of insane patients, and was by no means worthy of such a trust, for she had habits that probably did not receive any check from the interesting patients of whom she had the care. The person I refer to recollects Miss Lamb cutting up her feather-bed, and scattering the feathers to the winds out of her window; and told me, what I am loth to believe, that whenever Lamb or his sister "misbehaved" themselves Redford was in the habit of thrusting them into a miserable closet of the room, where they were confined sometimes for hours together until it pleased the harpy to give them freedom.†

Lamb did not die in that humiliating house: his friends—according to the authority I have quoted—having discovered the manner in which he was treated, removed him from the woman's custody, a few weeks before his death, to Edmonton, and it was at Edmonton he died.

Lamb has recently received ample justice at the hands of an estimable gentleman and delightful author—a kindred spirit, who was the friend of nearly all the great men and women of his age, and who could in no way better have closed



THE GRAVE OF CHARLES LAMB.

* There was a tendency to insanity in the family; and Charles himself was for a time "under restraint." In one of his letters to Coleridge he refers to the "six months he was in a mad-house at Hoxton."

† Procter is by no means willing to admit that the charge of inebriety can be sustained: indeed, he denies that it can be substantiated by proof, intimating that a very small portion of alcohol "upset his head."

* Lamb's bitter letter to Southey—whose only offense was, that in an article in the *Quarterly Review* he had spoken of Hunt as the author of a "book that wants only a sounder religious feeling to be as delightful as it is original"—he repented of, and atoned for. His guardian angel, he said (meaning his sister), was absent when he wrote it. They met, and were again friends; and in a letter to Southey, written long afterward, he thus wrote: "Look on me as a dog who went once temporarily insane and bit you."

† My valued and venerable friend, Mr. Procter, not only questions this statement, but protests against it. Notwithstanding, I believe it to be correct; that it is the melancholy record of a sad fact.

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a long career of honorable intellectual labor than by a biography of one he knew so well and loved so much.* He is the last of that glorious galaxy of genius that early in the present century glorified the intellectual world:

"All, all are gone, the old familiar faces!"

Lamb had many peculiarities; all of them were, to say the least, harmless. He playfully alludes to some of them: "I never could seal a letter without dropping the wax on one side, besides scalding my fingers." "My letters are generally charged double at the post-office, from their clumsiness of foldure."

The first time I saw and spoke with Charles Lamb was where he was most at home—in Fleet Street. He was of diminutive and even ungraceful appearance, thin and wiry, clumsily clad, and with a shuffling gait, more than awkward; though covered, it was easy to perceive that the head was of no common order, for the hat fell back as if it fitted better there than over a large intellectual forehead, which overhung a countenance somewhat expressive of anxiety and even pain; yet, as it was afterward described to me by one of his nearest friends—Leigh Hunt—"deeply marked, and full of noble lines, with traces of sensibility, imagination, and much thought." His wit was in his eye—luminous, quick, and restless; and the smile that played about his mouth was cordial and good-humored. His person and his mind were happily characterized by his contemporary: "As his frame, so his genius; as fit for thought as can be, and equally as unfit for action." In one of his playful moods he thus describes himself: "Below the middle stature, cast of face slightly Jewish, stammers abominably." Leigh Hunt recollected him, when young, coming to see the boys at Christ's Hospital, "with a pensive, brown, handsome, and kindly face, and a gait advancing with a motion from side to side, between involuntary consciousness and attempted ease;" and he says of him in after life, "He had a head worthy of Aristotle, with as pure a heart as ever beat in human bosom, and limbs very fragile to sustain it. His features are strongly yet delicately cut; he has a fine eye as well as forehead, and no face carries in it greater marks of thought and feeling." But the most finished picture of the man is that which his friend Talfourd draws: "A light frame, so fragile that it seemed as if a breath would overthrow it, clad in clerk-like black, was surmounted by a head of form and expression the most noble and sweet. His black hair curled crisply about an expanded forehead; his eyes, softly brown, twinkled with varying expression, though the prevalent feeling was sad; and the nose slightly curved, and delicately carved at the nostril, with the lower outline of the face regularly oval, completed a head which was finely placed on the shoulders, and gave importance and even dignity to a diminutive and shadowy stem." Thus writes Hazlitt of Lamb: "There is a primitive simplicity and self-denial about his manners, and a Quakerism in his personal appearance, which is, however, relieved by a fine Titian head, full of dumb eloquence." And this is the picture drawn of him by the American, N. P. Willis: "Enter a gentleman in black small-clothes and gaiters, short and very slight in his person, his head set on his shoulders with a thoughtful forward bend, his hair just sprinkled with gray, a beautiful deep-set eye, aquiline nose, and a very indescribable mouth." John Forster, writing of him in the *New Monthly Magazine* (1835), says: "His face was deeply marked, and full of noble lines — traces of sensibility, imagination, suffering, and much thought." Recently, Procter has thus described Lamb: "A small spare man — somewhat stiff in his manner, and almost clerical in his dress, which indicated much wear; he had a long, melancholy face, with keen, penetrating eyes; he had a dark complexion, dark curling hair, almost black; and a grave look, lighting up occasionally, and capable of sudden merriment; his lip tremulous with expression; his brown eyes were quick, restless, and glittering."

Some time in 1827 or 1828 I met Lamb twice or thrice at the house of Coleridge, and one evening in particular I recall with peculiar pleasure. There were not many present, none I can remember, except Mr. and Mrs. Gillman. The poet-philosopher engaged in a contest of words with his friend upon that topic concerning which Coleridge was ever eloquent—the power to reconcile Fate with Free-will. Alas! I am unable to recall to memory a single sentence that was said. I only know the impression left upon me was that of envy of the one and pity for the other; envy of the philosopher who reasoned so cheerfully and hopefully, and pity for the essayist whose despondency seemed rather of the heart than of the mind. Unhappily I did not turn to account the opportunities I had of seeing and knowing more of Lamb. I might surely have done so; but little thought had I then, or for a long time afterward, that it would ever be my task to write a memory of the man.

"His poems were admirable, and often contained as deep things as the wisdom of some who have greater names:" that is the statement of one who knew him intimately. "No one," writes Hazlitt, "ever stammered out such fine, piquant, deep, eloquent things in half a dozen half sentences."†

His more enthusiastic admirers give him high rank as a poet: I confess I can not see much in his poetry that justifies the world in so placing him, although there are two or three of his poems that justify the high praise he received. As a gentle and genial critic he claims a foremost station.* But it is as an essayist that he has been, and ever will be, most valued. The "Essays of Elia" have a prominent position among the "classics" of England. They are full of wisdom, pregnant of genuine wit, abound in true pathos, and have a rich vein of humor running through them all. The kindliness of his heart and the playfulness of his fancy are spread over every page. If his maturer taste and extensive reading compelled him to try all modern writers by a severe standard, he reproved with the mildly persuasive bearing of a sympathizing judge:

Of right and wrong he taught
Truths as refined as ever Athens heard."

No writer more fully entered into the spirit of the older dramatists; and few have so largely aided to render them popular in our age.† If his style reminds us forcibly of the "old inventive poets," he never appears an imitator of them. His mind was akin to theirs: he lived his days and nights in their company.

I copy these lines from Mrs. Hall's Album; I believe they have not been heretofore in print:

"I had sense in dreams of a Beauty rare,
Whom fate had spell-bound and rooted there,
Stooping, like some enchanted theme,
Over the marge of that crystal stream
Where the blooming Greek, to echo blind,
With self-love fond, had to waters pined.
Ages had waked, and ages slept,
And that bending posture still she kept;
For her eyes she may not turn away
Till a fairer object shall pass that way;
Till an image more beauteous this world can show
Than her own which she sees in the mirror below.
Fore on, fair creature, forever pore,
Nor dream to be disenchanted more;
For vain is expectance, and wish is vain,
Till a new Narcissus can come again."—C. LAMB.

It is said of Lamb that, being applied to for a memoir of himself, he made answer that "it would go into an epigram." His life was indeed of "mingled yarn," good and ill together, but the latter was in the larger proportion. "He had strange phases of calamity," living in continual terror. He described himself as once "writing a playful essay with tears trickling down his cheeks." Yet in none of his writings is there any taint of the gloom that brings discontent; if he had unhappily too little trust in Providence, he did not murmur at a dispensation terribly calamitous. If seldom cheerful, he was often merry; and in none of his writings is there evidence of ill-nature, jealousy, or envy. He wrote for periodicals of opposite opinions; he was the friend of Southey, and he was the friend of Hazlitt; he aroused no animosities, and enemies he had none.

There must have been much in the genial and lovable nature of the man to attract to him—in a comparatively humble position, and with restricted, rather than liberal, means—so many attached friends who are renowned in the literary history of the epoch.

He was not young, but not old, when called from earth. "He sank into death as placidly as into sleep," writes his loved and loving friend, Talfourd; he was laid in Edmonton Church-yard, "in a spot which, a short time before, he had pointed out to the sexton as the place of his choice for a final home." A venerable yew-tree still lives beside a tomb of remote date; and several almshouses for aged men and women skirt one of the sides of the cemetery—pleasant objects for the poet to have thought over when selecting his last resting-place. A line from Wordsworth's Monody to his memory will fitly close a brief record of his life:

"Oh, he was good, if ever good man lived."

On the tombstone is the following inscription:

TO THE MEMORY
OF
CHARLES LAMB,
DIED 27TH DECEMBER, 1834, AGED 59.

"Farewell, dear friend: that smile, that harmless mirth,
No more shall gladden domestic hearth;
That rising tear, with pain forbid to flow,
Better than words no more assuage our woe;
That hand outstretched from small but well-earned store,
Yields succor to the destitute no more.
Yet art thou not all lost; through many an age,
With sterling sense and humor, shall thy page
Win many an English bosom, pleased to see
That old and happier vein revived in thee.
This for our earth; and if with friends we share
Our joys in heaven, we hope to meet thee there."

ALSO MARY ANNE LAMB,
SISTER OF THE ABOVE,
BORN 3D DECEMBER, 1767. DIED 20TH MAY, 1847.

The lines were written at the suggestion of the publisher, Moxon, by the Rev. F. H. Cary,‡ the translator of Dante. He was one of the essayist's dearest friends. Many will remember that estimable man and most accomplished scholar, when discharging his daily duty at the British Museum. I recall him to memory as very kindly, with a most gracious and sympathizing expression; slow in his movements, as if he were always in thought living among the books of which he was the custodian, and sought only the companionship of the lofty spirits who had gone from earth—those who, though dead, yet speak. I remember Ugo Foscolo (and there could have been no better authority) telling me he considered Cary's translation of Dante not only the best translation in the English language, but the best translation in any language. There have since been several translations of the mighty Florentine, but they can be tolerated only by those who have not read that of the Rev. F. H. Cary.

There were few men for whom Lamb entertained a warmer affection than he did for the publisher, MOXON; but Moxon was a poet also, and produced sonnets of much beauty. He was essentially aided by Mr. Rogers in his business, and that business is now carried on in Dover Street by Mr. Moxon's son. Moxon died early in life; his constitution was delicate always, and the somewhat sad and painful expression of his gentle countenance was indicative of the disease to which he succumbed. He was the executor of Charles Lamb, and maintained a close correspondence and an intimate relationship with many other poets of his time, keeping their friendship to the last, and sustaining the high character that made them his friends.*

Another remarkable person is somewhat mixed up with the history of Charles Lamb. WILLIAM HONE was a short, stout, active man, with a keen eye, a well-developed forehead, having a tendency to baldness, a slightly upturned nose, and a general look of cleverness. He had been an unsuccessful man of projects, and an unlucky bookseller, when he published in a cheap form some political parodies that had considerable sale. This led to his famous prosecutions, as the government had determined to stop the issue of all such works. At that time he had a small shop at No. 67 Old Bailey: here he was suddenly arrested on the charge of publishing "impious and profane libels," committed to the King's Bench, where he remained for two months, and was ultimately tried in Guildhall on three successive days of December, 1817. He was too poor to engage counsel, and defended himself. His defense was a marvel, from the great and peculiar knowledge he displayed of the history of parody from the day of Luther; and he proved to the satisfaction of a jury that no such work as he was tried for had ever been considered criminal in the sense the Attorney-general put upon it. Justice Abbott tried him the first day; but on the second Lord Chief-justice Ellenborough came expressly to—convict. He began by endeavoring to arrest his style of defense, but Hone outmastered him, and was again acquitted. With unparalleled vindictiveness the third trial was proceeded with the next day, when Hone was almost too weak to speak. But the harshness of Ellenborough strung up his energies, and he again induced the jury to deliver a verdict in his favor. His boldness and learning, and the stout stand he made against legal tyranny, led to a public subscription on his behalf, and he opened a shop (45 Ludgate Hill), whence emanated that famous series of political pamphlets illustrated by George Cruikshank—the severest stings the government had to endure. They sold enormously: twenty-five or thirty editions of more than a thousand each, spread them far and wide. Queen Caroline's arrival, her popularity, and the unpopularity of the king and court, gave full scope for satire, of which he availed himself. In 1825, when politics had lulled, he projected and published the "Every-day Book," in which his peculiar and out-of-the-way knowledge found useful vent. That was succeeded by other works, continued for a series of years, when the public interest began to fail, and ultimately Hone established a dining-establishment in Gracechurch Street. After some time that failed also, and he died in obscure and needy circumstances.

Although so many of Hone's parodies were printed, it is difficult now to procure a copy of any one of them. That they were "atrocities" there can be no doubt; and it is certain that their issue ought to have been stopped and their author punished. But the government assumed the attitude of a bully and the character of an oppressor, and public sympathy was with the wrong-doer. I frequently talked with him in his shop on Ludgate Hill, and found him gentle in manners, obliging, and full of information, which he was ever ready to communicate.

WILLIAM GODWIN, the close associate, if not the friend, of Lamb, I met in the company of Elia more than once. But I remember him when he kept a bookseller's shop on Snow Hill. I was a school-boy then, and purchased a book there—handed to me by himself. It was a poor shop, poorly furnished—its contents consisting chiefly of children's books, with the old colored prints that would strangely contrast with the art-illustrations of to-day.*

He was the husband of Mary Wollstonecraft. They had lived together in loose bonds, believing, or at least arguing, that wedlock was an unbecoming tie. They changed their minds, however, in course of time, yielding probably to the persuasions of friends, and married. Their daughter was the wife of Percy Bysshe Shelley. She wrote several works of fiction, the only one of which that is not quite forgotten is "Frankenstein."† Although he continued to adore Reason all his life, his conduct was not so offensive as to forbid occasional association with good men like Coleridge, and genial men like Lamb. In person he was remarkably sedate and solemn, resembling in dress and manner a Dissenting minister rather than the advocate of "free thought" in all things—religious, moral, social, and intellectual. He was short and stout; his clothes loosely and carelessly put on, and usually old and worn; his hands were generally in his pockets; he had a remarkably large, bald head, and a weak voice—seeming generally half asleep when he walked, and even when he talked. Few who saw this man of calm exterior, quiet manners, and inexpressive features could have believed him to have originated three romances —"Falkland," "Caleb Williams," and "St. Leon"—not yet forgotten because of their terrible excitements—and the work, "Political Justice," which for a time created a sensation that was a fear in every state of Europe.‡

Eventually he obtained a sinecure in the Exchequer; and on a comforting stipend of £200 a year he passed the later years of his life. He died in 1836, in the eighty-first year of his age, and was buried in Cripplegate Church-yard.

Lamb called him "a good-natured heathen," Southey said of him, in 1797, "He has large noble eyes, and a nose—oh! most abominable nose;" and he is thus pictured by Talfourd: "The disproportion of a frame which, low of stature, was surmounted by a massive head which might befit a presentable giant, was rendered almost imperceptible, not by any vivacity of expression (for his countenance was rarely lighted up by the deep-seated genius within), but by a gracious suavity of manner which many 'a fine old English gentleman' might have envied." Haydon tells us that, in 1822, Godwin was "in distress," turned out of his house and business, and threatened with the seizure of all he possessed in the way of stock and furniture." Lamb and others made a subscription for him; and among the subscribers was Walter Scott, who subscribed anonymously, as "he dissented from Mr. Godwin's theories of politics and morality, although an admirer of his genius."

How very different in all respects was that other companion—the friend, indeed—of Charles Lamb—THOMAS NOON TALFOURD!§ Tender, suave, and eloquent; a liberal and enlightened lawyer; a graceful yet lofty poet; with charity for all, sympathy for all, and help for all—wherever help was needed.

He made his way by force of genius, aided by high integrity, to the Bench, and died a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas. He was one of the few examples of a lawyer in full practice pursuing a successful career as an author; one from whom no penalty was exacted, although, no doubt, he did often

"Pen a sonnet when he should engross."

His manners were peculiarly bland and gentle; he had a calm but expressive countenance; and he was obviously a man whom those who knew must love. As a poet, his reputation rests on his tragedy of "Ion." He was the friend of many literary persons, and often their counselor. For some years he represented Reading in Parliament, and died universally esteemed and respected.

Miss Mitford, who knew him when a youth, prophesied his after fame. Writing to one of her friends, she said of him, "You should know that he has the very great advantage of having nothing to depend upon but his own talents and industry; and those talents are, I assure you, of the very highest order. I know nothing so eloquent as his conversation—so powerful, so full; passing with equal ease from the plainest detail to the loftiest and most sustained flights of imagination; heaping, with unrivaled fluency of words and ideas, image upon image, and illustration upon illustration. Never was conversation so dazzling, so glittering."

Among the friends of Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Lamb at the close of the last century was JOHN THELWALL, who had been tried for high treason, in 1794, with Hardy and Horne Tooke. I knew him in 1816, in Bristol, while I was spending my school holidays there. He was delivering lectures on elocution in that city. I recall him as a man of small and delicate form, but of remarkable energy, though aged then: in person small, compact, muscular, with a head denoting indomitable resolution, and features deeply furrowed by ardent workings of the mind. He had lost his teeth, which dental surgery at that day could not replace; yet he spoke with much point and fervor, and was singularly graceful in movement—having the aspect and manner of a per-

* Bryan Waller Procter, who made a renown under the *nom de plume* of Barry Cornwall: he lives in a green old age, honored and beloved.

† Of his ready wit many anecdotes are told. That is well known which describes him as at a rubber of whist (a game of which he was excessively fond) saying to his partner, "Oh, if dirt were trumps, what a hand you would have!" Mrs. Mathews (the widow of the famous Charles), who describes him as tall, and lean, and little beholden to his tailor—"his face the gravest I have ever seen"—tells the somewhat well-known story of Lamb taking sea-baths, giving directions to the man who was to dip him, stuttering them out—"I-I-I'm to be dip-p-ped." "Yes, Sir;" and down he went. Rising and regaining his breath, he repeated, "I-I'm to be dip-dip-ped." "Yes, Sir;" and down he went again. A third time the dose was repeated, and then, when nearly suffocated, Lamb managed to stutter out, "O-only once."

* Swinburne, in his critical essay on William Blake, says: "Charles Lamb, the most supremely competent judge and exquisite critic of lyrical and dramatic art that we have ever had." Procter styles him "one of the rarest and most delicate of the humorists of England."

† There is a story told that Godwin, having read a passage which he believed to be out of one of the old dramatic poets, sought eagerly for it, in vain, through the pages of the early dramatists, and, in his perplexity, applied to Lamb to guide him. It was a passage from John Woodvill!

‡ His son, who gives me this information, transcribed for me "some other lines by the same pen, written on receiving back, through Mr. Moxon, Phillips's 'Theatorem Poetæ Anglicanorum,' which Lamb had borrowed of my father. They give a beautiful picture of Lamb's character, alluding in happy vein even to his well-known weakness. The book had a leaf turned down at the account of Sir Philip Sidney. Its receipt was acknowledged to Moxon as follows:

"'So should it be, my gentle friend,
Thy leaf last closed at Sidney's end.

Thou too, like Sidney, wouldst have given
The water, thirsting, and near heaven;
Nay, were it wine, fill'd to the brim,
Thou hadst look'd hard, but given, like him.
And art thou mingled then among
Those famous sons of ancient song?
And do they gather round and praise
Thy relish of their nobler lays,
Waxing in mirth to hear thee tell
With what strange mortals thou didst dwell,
At thy quaint sallies more delighted
Than any long among them lighted?
'Tis done; and thou hast joined a crew
To whom thy soul was justly due;
And yet I think, where'er those be,
They'll scarcely love thee more than we.'"

* Moxon married Miss Emma Isola, a "very dear friend" of the Lambs, who was regarded, indeed, as their adopted daughter.

* He kept his shop under the name of Edward Baldwin; assuredly, if it had been kept in his own, he would have had few customers, for his published opinions had excited general hostility, to say the least.

† "Godwin had Mary Wollstonecraft for his wife, Mrs. Shelley for his daughter, and the immortal Shelley as his son-in-law."—TALFOURD.

‡ His "Political Justice" is now forgotten; but "it carried one single shock into the bosom of English society like that from the electric blow of the gymnotus."—DE QUINCEY.

§ Talfourd was one of the executors of Lamb. He first published "Letters and a Sketch of his Life," and twelve years afterward, "Final Memorials of Charles Lamb." The former he dedicated to Anne Lamb, the latter to William Wordsworth.

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fect gentleman, although brought up at "a tailor's board"—as he stood and addressed the audience, habited in pantaloons the fashion of the period, and a short coat of a make then novel. Wordsworth, who knew and respected him, described him as "a man of extraordinary talent, an affectionate husband, and a good father;" and adds, "Though brought up in the city at a tailor's board, he was truly sensible of the beauty of natural objects."

There was another man of mark whom I met occasionally when it was my privilege to sit among the great, whom it is now my higher privilege to portray—WILLIAM HAZLITT. His grandson, one of the Registrars in the Court of Bankruptcy, has recently published two large volumes of his biography and correspondence. He was of Irish descent—his father was a Unitarian minister—and he was born at Maidstone in 1778. He was designed for the ministry, but "took" early to art, and painted some portraits—learning enough, at least, to give value to his art-criticisms. His profession was purely that of a man of letters, "depending on his literary earnings for subsistence to the last." He died in London in 1830, at the comparatively young age of fifty-two.

He was a reformer of the old school; more than that, indeed—he was a democrat, a hater of authorities, and any thing but a lover of his native land, the very opposite of some of the friends who cheered and helped him on his way through life. His admiration of the first Napoleon amounted almost to insanity: even generous Talfourd describes him as "staggering under the blow of Waterloo, and hardly able to forgive the valor of the conquerors." He styles him, however, "the great critic and thinker." His "Lectures on the Poets" and his "Essays on Art" are full of valuable knowledge, and may be studied to-day with profit and pleasure; while his dramatic criticisms may still be read with delight, although the actors, with scarcely an exception, are all gone.

I remember him as a little, mean-looking, unprepossessing man; but I am very unwilling to accept Haydon's estimate of him—"A singular compound of malice, candor, cowardice, genius, purity, vice, democracy, and conceit." Such a man could not have obtained this testimony from Charles Lamb; and no man knew him better than did the gentle and genial essayist: "I should belie my own conscience if I said less than that I think W. H. to be, in his natural and healthy state, one of the wisest and finest spirits breathing. So far from being ashamed of that intimacy which was betwixt us, it is my boast that I was able for so many years to have preserved it entire; and I think I shall go to my grave without finding, or expecting to find, such another companion." Yet De Quincey says of him, "He was splenetic, and more than peevish;" but "the soil in his brain was of a volcanic fertility;" "he smiled upon no man;" "his misanthropy was constitutional;" "there was a dark sinister gloom forever upon his countenance;" "it seemed to me that he hated, even more than enemies, those whom hollow custom obliged him to call his friends."*

He was of slight make—thin, indeed; but his frame was "wiry and compact." He is thus described by Gilfillan: "His face was pale and earnest, almost to haggardness, yet finely formed; his eye eager, like that of one seeking to see, rather than seeing into the strange mystery of being around him; his brow elevated; his hair dark and abundant." He had a lonely life: few to sustain, and none to cheer him; none of the sweet amenities of home.† As a professed critic he had the common lot—few friends, many foes. He had "restless and stormy passions"—so, at least, say those who knew him best—and these were neither subdued nor controlled by any Faith that nourishes and strengthens Hope and Charity.

Only once I saw DE QUINCEY—another of the band who occasionally made glorious the evenings of Charles Lamb in Mitre Court. That remarkable man, whose story has been often and fully told, is thus described by Gilfillan: "A little, pale-faced, woe-begone, and attenuated man, with a small head, a peculiar but not large brow, and lustreless eyes; yet one who would pour into your ear a stream of learning, and talk like one inspired—or mad." His death was somewhat sudden. He had a fall that induced dangerous symptoms, and on the 27th of December, 1834, he died at Edmonton, in the fifty-ninth year of his age.

I knew also in the year 1824–25, and more than once visited him in his Library in Queen Square, Westminster, that very venerable gentleman—JEREMY BENTHAM. He died in 1832, at the age of eighty, having been called to the bar in 1772. His head was singularly fine—grand, indeed, with white flowing locks that hung gracefully over his shoulders, with a pleasant yet strongly intellectual countenance, that conveyed the idea of habitual cheerfulness, and a smile that seemed perpetual, and indicated perfect benevolence—of mind and heart. His bust has been often mistaken for that of Franklin, whom, no doubt, he much resembled. Hazlitt has said of him, "He lived like an anchorite in his cell, reducing law to a system, and the mind of man to a machine"—"overlaying his natural humor, sense, spirit, and style with the dust and cobwebs of an obscure solitude." It is a far higher estimate—that which his intimate friend Sir John Bowring (now himself an octogenarian) gives of the powerful intellect and generous sympathies of one of the most remarkable men of the century—of the eighteenth rather than of the nineteenth century.

These are but slight sketches of some of the friends or associates of Charles Lamb, but they may not be regarded as out of place when "companioning" a portrait of gentle, genial "Elia."

* MR. HAZLITT tells us of his grandfather: "Leigh Hunt used to say that shaking my grandfather's hand was like shaking the fin of a fish."

† Talfourd relates this anecdote to the honor of Jeffrey: "When Hazlitt was on his death-bed, and 'apprehensive of the future,' he dictated a brief and peremptory letter to the Editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, requiring a considerable remittance to which he had no claim but that of former remunerated services, which the friend who obeyed his bidding feared might excite displeasure. But he mistook Francis Jeffrey. The sum demanded was received by return of post, with anxious wishes for Hazlitt's recovery, just too late for him to understand his error."

BEING DROWNED.

SOME extraordinary mental phenomena occur in drowning. As soon as respiration is suspended by the indrawing of water into the lungs, consciousness is immediately extinguished. From all that can be gathered in regard to the action of the heart, that organ probably acts, but feebly, a considerable time after the function of respiration is suspended. By its muscular force arterial blood is driven onwardly to the head faster than the veins bring it back, and consequently the mind is plunged, as it were, into profound sleep; for the loss of consciousness results from a sudden apoplexy induced by an extra accumulation of blood in the delicate texture of the brain.

When the pulsations of the heart stop, then the tension of the muscles relax; and if no efforts at resuscitation are made, vital heat diminishes gradually, and the next change is an expansion of compressed gases in cavities of the body, due to the first processes of chemical decomposition. If the body, however, is recovered immediately, even though respiration and the circulation are quiescent, it is possible to re-establish the movement of the blood by artificial warmth, friction, and artificial inflation of the lungs, vigilantly continued for a long while. The trial is not always successful, but so encouraging that the prospect demands the utmost perseverance.

With the revived action of the heart, the moment the lungs begin to take in oxygen from the air forced into them, life begins to return. So it is admitted by physiological philosophers that the soul is won back, if it had gone, in the act of restoration; or else it is morally certain its departure at death is a gradual process, which may be interrupted, and it reimprisoned in the brain again by human effort and skill.

ELIZABETH AT OXFORD.

ONE seems to breathe a purer atmosphere on escaping from the Oxonians who covered the Prince Regent with fulsome adulation, and returning to the scholars of the sixteenth century, who rendered to Elizabeth the homage of enthusiastic loyalty on the occasion of her first visit to Oxford after her assumption of the crown. From Antony Wood, the historian of her reception by the children of Alma Mater, the reader gets no revelations of ludicrous obsequiousness and revolting sycophancy. The gownsmen, it is true, testified their reverence for the supreme governor of the land by remaining on their knees while her coach passed them on her way from the North Gate, called Bocardo, after the adjacent prison—an attitude by no means declaratory in feudal England of the personal abasement which it implies in modern England; but, though they observed this requirement of formal etiquette, they appear in all other particulars to have conducted themselves toward their sovereign like intelligent and self-respecting men. Wood speaks heartily of "her sweet, affable, and noble carriage," but not a word of her "condescension" in deigning to eat meat and drink good wine. And the contrast between the tone of the Caroline antiquary and the Georgian committee of academic toadies is all the more remarkable and significant, because the former was no person to underrate the sacred qualities of loyalty, and lived in times when general usage sanctioned an extreme respectfulness to rank, that had fallen into total desuetude before the opening of the nineteenth century, and when the fashion of addressing princes in what Professor Huber calls "flummery" still prevailed among courtiers.

Like her father's appearances in Oxford, Elizabeth's visits to the national seats of learning were made with political design and for the furtherance of public ends. In deciding to pay Oxford the same compliment which she had rendered Cambridge two years earlier, she was actuated by a desire to strengthen her party in the ecclesiastical order, and to give the rigid Puritans, on the one hand, and the Church Papists (as Wood, himself a Church Papist, designates them), on the other, an opportunity of learning from the lines of her resolute, though feminine, face, that the imperious temper of the Tudors was one of the characteristics which she had inherited through a despotic father from an overbearing ancestry, and that Henry the Eighth's daughter was no less strongly qualified to conquer opponents and assert the principles of personal government than the monarch who, after driving the Pope's emissaries from his dominions, had answered the papal menaces with derision.

It is credible that, on announcing her pleasure to pass a few days at Oxford to the Earl of Leicester (Chancellor of the University), to Secretary Cecil, and to the ladies of her court, she observed in homely terms, with a saucy, wicked, significant smile playing over her thin lips as she spake, "I mean to let the scholars see that I am not in the humor to stand any nonsense;" for certain it is that her demeanor in the schools was calculated to produce that impression. President Humphrey of Magdalen received a lesson which he did not speedily forget, when, on allowing that Puritan divine to kiss her hand, she observed dryly concerning his canonical vestments and the notorious reluctance with which he had assumed them, "Dr. Humphrey, methinks that gown and habit becomes you very well; and I marvel that you are so strait-laced in this point—but I come not now to chide." Thus Puritanism received a frown from the haughty lady, who did not fail to seize appropriate opportunities for frowning with equal effect on the scholars who were known to abhor the Reformation, although they had prudently conformed to the new ordering of ecclesiastical affairs. A strangely threatening light passed from her eyes to every one of the group of doctors who pointed out the place where St. Frideswide's relics and the remains of Peter Martyr's wife had been interred together.

But though she gave her enemies stern looks that troubled their sleep during many subsequent nights, she overflowed with graciousness to the scholars whose homage had, or appeared to have, the recommendation of sincerity. To the boys, who from their knees hailed her with cries of "Vivat Regina," as she entered the town, she showed a right joyful countenance, and exclaimed repeatedly, "Gratias ago, gratias ago." Of the Latin and Greek verses, which the Oxonians had composed in laud of her beauty and queenly excellence, and had stuck upon the gates and walls of the colleges, there was scarce a single set which did not elicit from her lips a few words of special commendation. With not a little of courtly hypocrisy she professed herself inordinately delighted with the series of wearisome Latin orations to which she was compelled to listen, and with the several disputations in St. Mary's Church and the schools, of which she was the attentive auditor. At one of these tedious exercises in the University Church, Dr. Kennall, the Vice-Chancellor, exercising his moderator's privilege, would fain "have cut off Dr. Thomas Whyte, of New College, one of the opponents, because his disputations were too large;" whereupon her Highness—saving the prosy speaker from the sting of an affront which, but for her kindly intervention, would have rendered him ever afterward contemptible in the university—proclaimed herself so abundantly gratified by the disputant's good sense and admirably delivered arguments that she could not permit him to be deprived of liberty to finish his speech in his own way. In which matter, most of my readers will concur with me in thinking that Elizabeth showed herself a considerate gentlewoman.

While thus overflowing with affability to those of the dons whom she had no political reasons for regarding with disfavor, she exhibited to the under-graduates the hearty kindliness of an elder sister bent on making a riotous bevy of younger brothers enjoy a period of festivity. Arresting the lads, as they marched before her with their caps in their hands, she gossiped with them about their homes, proved their quickness in capping verses, and, tickled into merriment by their frank answers to her reassuring speeches, laughingly told them that they were saucy boys, who needed much more whipping than they got from their tutors. More than one blue-eyed, chubby-cheeked little fellow she patted with motherly fondness on the shoulder, and dismissed with a kiss and a "tip" of money, equal in value to the "half a suffran" which George Coriat, Bachelor of Arts of New College, received for his "pains" in welcoming the Queen and her retinue to that learned house with a Latin oration.

One of the many pleasant scenes that arose out of her genial and frolicsome intercourse with the younger students occurred in her lodgings, whither, for her diversion during a few hours of indisposition, was brought little Peter Carew (a child of old Dean Carew's family), who addressed her Majesty in a Latin speech, that concluded grandly with two Greek verses. Nothing which she heard from the magnates of the schools, in the presence of the Chancellor the Earl of Leicester, the Spanish embassador, Secretary Cecil, and all the great lords and ladies in her train, delighted her more than the classic eloquence of this minute toy-doctor, who spoke out before the courtiers in all the confidence of ingenuous and well-disciplined boyhood. She was so pleased that she declared that the child should not be sent away until Mr. Secretary Cecil had heard him repeat the oration; and when the minister, in answer to the Queen's summons, had entered the royal presence to hear the speech, she put the little fellow in good nerve and heart by saying, "I pray God, my fine boy, thou mayst say it so well as thou didst to me just before." It is agreeable to know that the orator did not break down in the repetition of his performance, and that on being dismissed from the sovereign's presence he ran back to his tutor, elated almost to a frenzy of joy by the gracious words of the Queen and her counselor.

This pretty incident of the royal visit occurred on the afternoon of Sunday (the day after her Majesty's arrival in Oxford); and on the evening of the same holy day Elizabeth was entertained, as she had been two years before on a Sunday's evening at Cambridge, with a Latin play; but, instead of imitating the Cantabrigians, who put a profane drama on a stage erected in a consecrated building, the Oxonians gave their performance in Christchurch Hall, which was appropriately fitted up for the occasion with a magnificently adorned scaffold, and a profusion of "stately lights of wax variously wrought."

On the evening of the following day Elizabeth was present at another dramatic performance in Christchurch Hall, when she witnessed the presentation of the first part of "Palamon and Arcyte," the English play which Mr. Richard Edwards, a gentleman of the royal chapel, had written for the occasion. But the success of the evening's amusement was grievously diminished by the sudden falling of a part of the stage—an accident which killed a scholar and two collegiate servants, and inflicted serious injuries on five other persons. Had the mishap occurred on the previous evening the Sabbatarians would have regarded it as the result of Divine displeasure at the profane misuse of the holy day. But happening on the evening of Monday, the unlucky incident elicited no fanatical animadversions; and though the disaster must have materially lessened the enjoyment of the spectators, the actors continued their performance amid much applause, when the dead and wounded had been removed from the scene of the catastrophe.

The evening of the following Wednesday saw the performance of the second part of Mr. Edwards's play, when, to heighten the effect of a point in the theatrical representations, a highly successful imitation of the clamorous music of hounds running on the trail of a fox was made in the Great Quadrangle of Christchurch, so that it was distinctly audible to the spectators of "Palamon and Arcyte;" whereupon the under-graduates, who were provided with seats in the windows of their Hall, assisted the representation by leaping from their benches and exclaiming, "Now, now!—there, there!—he's caught, he's caught!"—the imaginations of the boys being so worked upon by the feigned music that they believed it to proceed from a veritable fox-hunt. "Oh, excellent!" exclaimed the Queen; "those boys in very truth are ready to leap out of the windows to follow the hounds." The part of Lady Emilia in the play—acted, it is believed, by Peter Carew, whose delicate shape and beauty qualified him peculiarly to represent a feminine character—occasioned the house scarcely less satisfaction than the crying of the hounds. When Lady Emilia, after gathering flowers in her garden, sang the song which Mr. Edwards had composed for her, she drew down thunders of applause from the theatre, and won from the Queen the reward of enthusiastic praise and a bounty of eight angels.

What need is there to commemorate all the speeches that were made and all the feasts that were eaten during the six gala-days which Elizabeth spent in the university? All such things are to be found in the chronicles of Wood, who has preserved for us the very words of the Latin oration with which the Queen herself concluded the act in St. Mary's Church, and the valedictory words that she addressed to the Chancellor and subordinate dignitaries of the schools, when they had conducted her to the outskirts of the forest of Shotover, about two miles from Oxford.

More than a quarter of a century had elapsed since her first visit to Oxford when Elizabeth made her second stay of six days in the university—coming over from Woodstock to Christchurch, with a splendid company of nobles, among whom were conspicuous the French embassador, and her faithful counselor, William Cecil—no longer Mr. Secretary Cecil, but the aged Lord High-Treasurer Burleigh, whose descendant, the Marquis of Salisbury, is the supreme chief of the university to which his illustrious ancestor came, in the vigor of middle age and the weariness of declining years, in attendance on the sovereign whom he served with glorious efficiency from the commencement almost to the close of her memorable reign.

In almost every particular the ceremonies of the first were repeated at the second visit. Again the Queen—no longer a woman in the possession of unimpaired health, spirits, and personal beauty, but an over-dressed and battered lady, with wrinkles and paint grotesquely visible on her sunken cheeks, a sense of growing weakness in her limbs, and a weight of gnawing sorrow at her heart—was received by the authorities of the schools and the town with gifts and speeches. Again, as on the occasion of her earlier appearance before Alma Mater, she walked in state from her lodgings to divine service in Christchurch Cathedral, under a canopy upheld by four doctors of divinity, and between two lines of surpliced students, who exclaimed "Vivat Regina" to the sovereign who, at her second coming to Oxford, was on the eve of the last decade of her existence. Again she frowned on Puritanism, administering to Dr. John Reynolds a rebuke scarcely less severe, though something more mannerly, than the angry scolding which Elizabeth's successor gave him at the Hampton Court Conference. Again she displayed her erudition in speeches of Latin and Greek. Again she was the auditor of scholastic disputations in which learned men ingeniously, but unintentionally, demonstrated the difference between learning and wisdom.

But the second visit was a poor and spiritless affair in comparison with the first. The royal lady had made considerable advances in the art of frowning, but she had fallen off so wofully in the art of smiling that her smiles caused nervous men to look at their shoes; and when she strove to win the hearts of little under-graduates by patting their shoulders and kissing their smooth cheeks, the boys were rather scared than pleased, and wished that the old lady would leave them alone and keep her bony fingers to herself. But still she retained the faculty of performing graceful acts. While she was delivering a Latin oration in St. Mary's Church, seeing that her old Lord Treasurer was standing on his gouty feet, "she called in all haste for a stool for him; nor would she proceed in her speech till she saw him provided of one."

The drollest affair at this second entertainment of Elizabeth was a disputation, in which the physicians debated, "Whether that the air, or meat, or drink, did most change a man?" in which wordy contest, says Wood, "a merry doctor of that faculty, named Richard Ratcliff, lately fellow of Merton College, but now principal of St. Alban's Hall, going about to prove the negative, showed forth a big, large body, a great fat belly, a side waist—all, as he said, so changed by meat and drink, desiring to see any there so metamorphosed by the air. But it was concluded (by the moderator) in the affirmative, that the air had the greater power of change." Dr. Ratcliff was the Banting of his period; but, appearing before the times were ripe for his doctrines, he failed to make converts.

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ENGLISH MASTIFF.

DOGS AND THEIR DOINGS.

BY THE REV. F. O. MORRIS, B.A.

Rector of Nunburnholme, and Chaplain to his Grace the Duke of Cleveland. Author of a "History of British Birds," "Natural History of the Bible," etc., etc.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S BULL-DOG TERRIER, "CAMP."

"THE wisest dog I ever had," said Sir Walter Scott, "was what is called the bull-dog terrier. I taught him to understand a great many words, insomuch that I am positive that the communication betwixt the canine species and ourselves might be greatly enlarged. 'Camp' once bit the baker, who was bringing bread to the family. I beat him, and explained the enormity of his offense; after which, to the last moment of his life, he never heard the least allusion to the story, in whatever voice or tone it was mentioned, without getting up and retiring into the darkest corner of the room with great appearance of distress. Then, if you said the baker was well paid, or the baker was not hurt, after all, 'Camp' came forth from his hiding-place, capered and barked, and rejoiced. When he was unable, toward the end of his life, to attend me when on horseback, he used to watch for my return, and the servant would tell him his master was coming down the hill, or through the moor, and, although he did not use any gesture to explain his meaning, 'Camp' was never known to mistake him, but either went out at the front to go up the hill, or at the back to get down to the moor-side."

SAGACIOUS "CHARLIE."

A CORRESPONDENT, Mr. Wheeler, furnishes me with the following:

"Our postmaster has a strangely sagacious dog. A great deal of business is done at the post-office, and a great many messages dispatched from it to the various villages. The dog, 'Charlie,' sits at the front-door of a morning, and signals, by a short bark, as each individual messenger rounds the corner into the street. The short bark is sufficient to tell the clerk in the office that his attention will be required. So soon as the milkman appears 'Charlie' runs in-doors with a loud, continuous bow-wow, as it is uncertain in what part of the house the person may be who should attend the 'milky-way.' 'Charlie' knows me well, and shows marked fondness for me, but he always barks at my approach on Sunday mornings."

"CARLO," THE GALLANT PROTECTOR.

YOUATT, in his "Humanity to Brutes," says:

"My own experience furnishes me with a remarkable instance of bravery in the dog. I had, many years ago, a Newfoundland dog, as thoroughly attached to me as these faithful creatures generally are to those who use them well. It became inconvenient for me to keep him, and I gave him to one who I knew would be kind to him. Four years passed, and I had not seen him, although I had often inquired about him; but one day I was walking toward Kingston, and had arrived at the brow of the hill, where Jerry Abershaw's gibbet then stood, when I met 'Carlo' and the master to whom I had consigned him. He recollected me in a moment, and we made much of each other. His master, after a little chat, proceeded toward Wandsworth. 'Carlo,' as in duty bound, followed him. I had not, however, got more than halfway down the hill when he was by my side, lowly but deeply growling, and every hair bristling. I looked to the right, and there were two ill-looking fellows making their way through the bushes, which then occupied the angular space between the Roehampton and Wandsworth roads. Their intention was scarcely questionable; and, indeed, a week or two before I had narrowly escaped from two miscreants like them. I can scarcely tell what I felt, for presently one of the scoundrels emerged from the bushes not twenty yards from me; but he no sooner saw my companion, and heard his growling, the loudness and depth of which were fearfully increasing, than he retreated, and I saw no more of him or of his associate. My gallant defender accompanied me to the direction-post at the bottom of the hill, and there, with a mutual and honest greeting, we parted, and he bounded away to overtake his rightful owner."

SOCIABILITY.—(AFTER SIR EDWIN LANDSEER.)

"CARLO."—(AFTER SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, R.A.)

A SPANIEL'S APPARENT CAPRICIOUSNESS.

To Mr. Cornwall Simeon I am indebted for the following:

"Domestic animals not unfrequently contract sudden fancies for, and occasionally as sudden aversions to, particular individuals, in a strange manner; the latter being apparently more difficult to understand than the former. Doubtless something or other has passed through the animal's mind, which, could we know what it was, would fully account for this conduct on their part, while to those unacquainted with the cause they appear to be actuated solely by caprice. The following instance has occurred within my own knowledge: A brother of mine, when in the army, had a very favorite little spaniel, which was devotedly attached to him, and his constant companion. During a visit of a few days, however, which I paid him when quartered at Cork, and on the eve of embarkation for foreign service, the dog took such an extraordinary fancy for me that he decidedly preferred my company to that of my brother, and, indeed, quite deserted him for me. On my leaving to return to England, my brother kindly gave him to me, and he, as a matter of course, followed me on board the steamer, leaving my brother standing on the quay. The steamer sheered off, and proceeded on her course; but no sooner did the dog perceive that he was really to be separated from his old master than all his former affection for him appeared to return in its full force. In every way in which a dog can express contrition he seemed to do so for his error in having forsaken him for me; and I was actually obliged to hold him, in order to prevent him from jumping overboard to rejoin him."

THE HOUSE-DOG AND THE DUCK.

HERE is an example of generosity:

"A favorite house-dog, left to the care of its master's servants at Edinburgh while he was himself in the country, would have been starved by them had it not had recourse to the kitchen of a friend of its master's, which it occasionally visited. Not content with indulging himself simply in this freak of good fortune, this liberal-minded animal, a few days subsequently, falling in with a poor solitary duck, and possibly deeming it to be in destitute circumstances, caught it up in his teeth, and carried it to the well-stored larder that had so amply supplied his own necessities. He laid the duck at the cook's feet, with many polite movements of his tail—the most expressive of canine features—then scampered off, with much seeming complacency at having given his hostess this substantial proof of his grateful sense of favors received."

A NEWFOUNDLAND DOG'S PUNISHMENT.

DR. ABELL, says Mr. Youatt, in one of his lectures on phrenology, related a very striking anecdote of a Newfoundland dog in Cork:

"This dog was of a noble and generous disposition, and when he left his master's house was often assailed by several little noisy curs in the street. He usually passed them with apparent unconcern, as if they were beneath his notice; but one little creature was particularly troublesome, and at length carried his petulance so far as to bite the Newfoundland dog in the back of his leg. This was a degree of wanton insult which could not be patiently endured, and he instantly turned round, ran after the offender, and seized him by the poll. In this manner he carried him to the quay, and, holding him for some time over the water, at length dropped him into it. He did not, however, design that the culprit should be capitally punished; he waited a little while, until the offender was not only well ducked, but nearly sinking, and then he plunged in and brought him out safe to land. It would be difficult," says the doctor, "to conceive of any punishment more aptly contrived or more complete in character. A variety of comparisons and motives and generous feelings entered into the composition of this act."

THE TRAVELING DOG.

THE following is from the Ayr *Observer*:

"A cattle dealer in Irvine is frequently in the habit, when visiting Ayr market on Tuesdays, of leaving his dog behind him. On these occasions, upon missing his master, the animal has been frequently known to take the next train to Ayr, visit the cattle market, and, not finding the object of his search, return again to Irvine. His conduct has often attracted the notice of the guards on

NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.—(AFTER SIR EDWIN LANDSEER.)

ENGLISH "BLACK AND TAN."—(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

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the line, and his movements have been watched; but we have not heard by what class he is accustomed to travel, and at what rate he is charged."

THE NEWFOUNDLAND ICE-BREAKER.

THE anecdote I am now about to give is from the pen of the Rev. J. C. Atkinson, a good and scientific naturalist:

"Walking with a favorite Newfoundland dog of great size, one frosty day, I observed the animal's repeated disappointment on putting his head down, with the intention to drink, at sundry ice-covered pools. After one of these disappointments I broke the ice with my foot for my thirsty companion's behoof. The next time it seemed good to the dog to try and drink, instead of waiting for me to break the ice as before, he set his own huge paw forcibly on the ice, and, with a little effort, obtained water for himself."

THE POODLE AND KITTEN.

"I HAVE a poodle whom I would make tutor to my son, if I had one. I sometimes use him toward my own education. Will not the following trait of his character amuse you? He conceived a strange fondness—an absolute passion—for a young kitten, which he carried about in his mouth for hours when he went out to walk; and whenever he came to a resting-place, he set her down with the greatest care and tenderness, and began to play with her. When he was fed she always took the nicest pieces away from him, without his ever making the slightest opposition. The kitten died, and was buried in the garden. My poor poodle showed the deepest grief, would not touch food, and howled mournfully the whole night long. What was my astonishment when, the next morning, he appeared carrying the kitten in his mouth! He had scratched her out of the ground, and it was only by force that we could take her from him."—"*Tutti Frutti.*"

"GREYFRIARS' BOBBY."

"A VERY singular and interesting occurrence was lately brought to light in the Burgh Court, by the hearing of a summons in regard to a dog tax. Eight and a half years ago it seems that a man named Gray, of whom nothing more is known, except that he was poor, and lived in a quiet way in some obscure part of the town, was buried in Old Greyfriars' Church-yard. His grave, leveled by the hand of time, and unmarked by any stone, is now scarcely discernible; but though no human interest would seem to attach to it, the sacred spot has not been wholly disregarded and forgotten. During all these years the dead man's faithful dog has kept constant watch and guard over the grave, and it was this animal for which the collectors sought to recover the tax. James Brown, the old curator of the burial-ground, remembers Gray's funeral; and the dog, a Scotch terrier, was, he says, one of the most conspicuous of the mourners. The grave was closed in as usual, and next morning 'Bobby,' as the dog is called, was found lying on the newly made mound. This was an innovation which old James could not permit, for there was an order at the gate stating, in the most intelligible characters, that dogs were not admitted. 'Bobby' was accordingly driven out; but next morning he was there again, and for the second time was discharged. The third morning was cold and wet, and when the man saw the faithful animal, in spite of all chastisement, still lying shivering on the grave, he took pity on him, and gave him some food. This recognition of devotion gave 'Bobby' the right to make the church-yard his home; and from that time to the present he has never spent a night away from his master's grave. Often, in bad weather, attempts have been made to keep him within-doors, but by dismal howls he has succeeded in making it known that this interference is not agreeable to him, and latterly he has always been allowed to have his way. At almost any time during the day he may be seen in or about the church-yard; and no matter how rough the night may be, nothing can induce him to forsake the hallowed spot, whose identity, despite the irresistible obliteration it has undergone, he has so faithfully preserved. 'Bobby' has many friends, and the tax gatherers have by no means proved his enemies. A weekly treat of steaks was long allowed by Sergeant Scott, of the Engineers; but for more than six years he has been regularly fed by Mr. John Trail, of the restaurant, 6 Greyfriars' Place. He is constant and punctual in his calls, being guided in his mid-day visits by the sound of the time gun. On the ground of 'harboring' the dog in this way, proceedings were taken against Mr. Trail for payment of the tax. The defendant expressed his willingness, could he claim the dog, to be responsible for the tax; but so long as the animal refused to attach himself to any one, it was impossible, he argued, to fix the ownership—and the court, seeing the peculiar circumstances of the case, dismissed the summons. 'Bobby' has long been an object of curiosity to all who have become acquainted with his interesting history. His constant appearance in the grave-yard has caused many inquiries to be made regarding him, and efforts out of number have been made from time to time to get possession of him. The old curator, of course, stands up as the next claimant to Mr. Trail, and the other day offered to pay the tax himself rather than have 'Bobby'—'Greyfriars' Bobby,' to allow him his full name—put out of the way.

"It appears that 'Bobby' is a Sabbath observer—at least to this extent, that he knows that the place of refreshment at which he gets his dinner on week-days is closed on Sunday; and he is sagacious enough to provide for this contingency by saving during the week odd scraps of food, which he hides beneath a tombstone adjoining the grave over which he keeps watch and ward. While sitting for this portrait in Mr. Steele's studio, 'Bobby,' on hearing the report of the time gun—his usual call to

DOG BREAKING THE ICE.

POODLE AND KITTEN.

"GREYFRIARS' BOBBY."—(ENGRAVED FROM THE PICTURE BY MR. GOURLEY STEELE, R.S.A.)

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dinner—got quite excited, and refused to be pacified until supplied with his mid-day meal."—*Scotsman, April* 18, 1867.

"JUNO" OVERCOMES THE KITTEN'S DISLIKE.

THE following fact will show that instances of gratitude are not wanting in dogs:

"The very expression of poor 'Juno's' countenance," says Professor Bell, in his "History of British Quadrupeds," "was full of sensibility and affection. She appeared to be always on the watch to evince her love and gratitude to those who were kind to her, and the instinct of attachment was in her so powerful that it showed itself in her conduct to other animals as well as to her human friends. A kitten, which had been lately taken from its mother, was sent to us, and on 'Juno's' approach showed the usual horror of the cat toward dogs. But 'Juno' seemed determined to conquer the antipathy; and, by the most winning and persevering kindness and forbearance, advancing or receding as she found the waywardness of her new friend's temper required, she completely attached the kitten to her; and I have often seen them lying together before the fire, the kitten sucking her kind foster-mother, who was licking and caressing her as her own offspring. She would also play with great gentleness with some tame rabbits of mine, and would entice them to familiarity by the kindness of her manner; and so fond was she of caressing the young of her own species, that when a spaniel of my father's had puppies, of which all excepting one were destroyed, 'Juno' would take every opportunity to steal the remaining one from its mother's nest, and carry it to her own, where she would lick and fondle it with the greatest kindness."

THE WONDERFUL TRAVELER.

THE remarkable anecdote that follows, of a dog finding its way home from a very long distance, is written by F. M. Burton, Esq.:

"A gentleman, who is very fond of farming, and a large breeder of sheep, was much struck with the sagacity of the Highland collies, and on leaving the country he took home a very fine one for the purpose of introducing some of the right sort of blood into our own mongrel breed of sheep dogs. The dog was carried by his new master from Inverness by coach to Glasgow shut up in a sort of cage so constructed that he could not possibly see any thing but the sky, the cage being open at the top only. After passing a night at Glasgow he was conveyed next morning, in the same cage, down the Clyde, and with his master proceeded by steamer to Liverpool, landed there, and in due course of time was taken on, still shut up in the cage, to his destination in this country. Here, of course, he was much admired, and did his work well, until about three weeks after his arrival, when he was suddenly missed. Every means were taken, by advertising and offering rewards, to recover him, but without success, until, after the lapse of a little time, it was heard that a dog answering the description of the advertisement had been seen wandering about the docks at Liverpool for several days, but no one knew what had become of him. Nothing after this was made out further, until a short time afterward, when a letter arrived from the old shepherd in Scotland, informing the gentleman who had purchased the dog that he had actually found his way back, unaided and alone, to his old master's shealing."

THE MASTIFF FIRE-DISCOVERER.

MR. CROUCH, in his "Illustrations of Instinct," writes:

"In the spring of the year 1845 a mastiff dog in Cornwall, having discovered that the roof of his master's house was in flames, ran in-doors, howling dismally, and, pulling at the garments of the inmates, urged their retreat from the building; and hurrying out of the house, howled again, and directed their attention by his looks to the flaming roof."

"LADDIE," THE MEDICAL ASSISTANT.

"IN the course of last summer it chanced that the sheep on the farm of a friend of ours on the water of Stinchar were, like those of his neighbors, partially affected with a common disease in the skin, to cure which distemper it is necessary to cut off the wool over the part affected and apply a small quantity of balsam. For this purpose the shepherd set off to the hill one morning, accompanied by his faithful canine assistant, 'Laddie.' Arrived among the flock, the shepherd pointed out a diseased animal, and making the accustomed signal for the dog to capture it, 'poor Mailie' was speedily sprawling on her back, and gently held down by the dog till the arrival of her keeper, who proceeded to clip off a portion of her wool, and apply the healing balsam. During the operation 'Laddie' continued to gaze on the operator with close attention, and the sheep having been released, he was directed to capture in succession two or three more of the flock, which underwent similar treatment. The sagacious animal had now become initiated into the mysteries of his master's vocation, for off he set unbidden through the flock, and picked out with unerring precision those sheep which were affected, and held them down until the arrival of his master, who was thus, by the extraordinary instinct of 'Laddie,' saved a world of trouble, while the operation of clipping and smearing was also greatly facilitated."—*Greenock Newspaper.*

JEALOUS "ROVER."

MR. ST. JOHN, in his "Tour in Sutherlandshire," writes:

"Dogs have a great deal of jealousy in their disposition, and even this may be made to assist in their education, as it makes them strive to outdo each other. Every clever dog is especially unwilling that any of his companions should possess a greater share of his master's favor than himself. One of my dogs could not be induced to hunt in company with another, of whose advances in my good graces he was peculiarly jealous. There was no other ground of quarrel between them. When 'Rover' saw that a young dog was to accompany me he invariably refused to go out. He also showed his jealousy by flying at him and biting him on every occasion when he could do so unobserved. At last, however, when the young dog had grown older, and discovered that his own strength was superior to that of his tyrant, he flew upon poor 'Rover,' and amply revenged all the ill treatment which he had received at his hands. From that day he was constantly on the look-out to renew his attacks; but having soon established his superiority, he thenceforth contented himself with striking down the old dog; and, after standing over him a minute or two, with teeth bared ready for action, he suffered him to sneak quietly away; for 'Rover' was too old a soldier to resist when he found himself overmatched. At last the poor old fellow got so bullied by this dog, and by two or three others, whom I am afraid he had tyrannized over when they were puppies, that he never left the front-door steps, or went round the corner of the house, before he had well reconnoitred the ground, and was sure that none of his enemies were near him. In his battles with strange dogs he was one of the most courageous animals I ever had."

"DASH," THE BUTCHER'S DOG.

MR. WILCOX, of Liverpool Road, Islington, London, has a clever little dog named "Dash." On week-day mornings he may be seen at the shop door waiting for the newsboy, from whom he receives a copy of the newspaper. Instantly "Dash" carries the paper to his master in the parlor. He, however, declines to give up possession of the paper until a piece of bread-and-butter is presented in payment for his services.

THE FLOWER-PLUCKER PUNISHED.

THE Rev. R. Dick Duncan in a letter says:

"In the front of Mr. S——'s house there was a parterre in which were reared some beautiful flowers. The little children from some cottages in the neighborhood were accustomed to steal in at the gate and pluck the flowers, to the great grief of Mr. and Mrs. S——. One day a little fellow was busy at the work. 'Blucher' espied him, and with a bound was at his side. Gently tossing him down, and turning him on his face, the hero seized the astonished depredator by the clothes which covered his back. Then trotting off with him, he went out at the gate, and passed along the highway till he came to a shallow pool of muddy water, into which he suddenly dropped the delinquent. Making sure that the little fellow was neither hurt nor likely to be drowned, 'Blucher' forthwith went quietly home. The tidings spread among the children, and after that memorable day not a flower was ever touched."

A BULL-TERRIER'S TENACITY OF LIFE.

THE following remarkable fact is copied from the Warrington *Guardian:*

"On the 27th December a bull-terrier dog was accidentally buried and lost in a rabbit-hole near Aston Hall. It was in a good condition at the time. It was only discovered and dug out on the 18th of January by the keeper, who heard the poor creature howling underneath. When restored to its master at the Hall it was a mere skeleton, having been entombed twenty-three days without meat or drink. The dog is now quite recovered, and again in good condition."

MY LODGER'S WIFE.

THE alarm from Fenian outbreaks is too recent to require any description here, even if I were capable of writing one; but as a plain widow woman—which I am—I have no pretension to write history. I only know that down at Weymouth, as well as every where else, we were always being startled by some fresh report of what the Fenians had done, or were going to do—generally the latter. This was common to all places; but we had special interest in them at Weymouth, because most of the men, when convicted, were sent to Portland, and we sometimes caught a sight of them on the platform of our station when they were changed to the little branch line. I suppose almost every body who reads these words knows that Portland Island is only two or three miles from our town, and that there are nearly two thousand convicts there. They have built the breakwater, and made a regular castle on the island; and so have done a great deal of work there, if they never did any before they came.

Now and then one escapes; but he is nearly always retaken directly, or gets drowned in trying to swim off to some boat. My husband, who was a master-fisherman, saw one drowned. Although he was a convict, my husband tried to save him; but he went down like a stone, not twenty yards from his skiff. My husband was very much upset by it; for, instead of being a forbidding-looking ruffian, like Bill Sikes, in "Oliver Twist," he was a mild-looking, fair-haired young fellow, who didn't seem above one or two and twenty. However, my poor husband was drowned himself not very long after this, and I have lived ever since on a very little income he left me, and by letting furnished apartments in the season.

In the winter Weymouth is very dull, and I, living alone, would almost have been glad to accommodate any one for nothing, in order to have company in the house; so I was very pleased to have a chance of letting my first-floor rooms to a very respectable young man, who wanted them at a reduced rate. I had been, with many others, to the station to see a batch of Fenians change for Portland; but we were obliged to come back unsatisfied, because the railway companies would not allow any strangers in. This was the more annoying as we all wanted to see a Colonel La Troulle, a Fenian from New Orleans, who had fought desperately when taken, and he had been terribly hurt about the head, and rendered senseless, before he would surrender. As it happened, we were not able to see him; so we all went back as we came.

I had been at home about ten minutes, and was warming my cocoa for my supper, when I heard a knock at the street door, and on opening it I saw a very good-looking young fellow—very slight, very dark, with a black mustache, and altogether a foreign air. He spoke English, however, and said he had been advised to apply to me for cheap apartments; that he was not very rich. He had come to Weymouth believing he should have an appointment in one of the hotels—he looked as if he would have made a capital waiter—but was disappointed for the present. He wished to remain in the town to be in readiness, and so had applied to me. I was glad he had done so, and offered him my rooms cheap. He agreed to take them, and sent for his boxes from the station at once. He had a great deal of luggage; more than most young men possess.

I never had a quieter, gentler lodger in my life than he was; no trouble, no noise, never out of an evening by any chance; and his manner was always so soft and quiet that, as I used to tell him, it was more like having a girl in the house than a man. He would laugh at this, and say the same thing had often been remarked before. At first he seemed to make no inquiries after any situation, or to visit his friends at all; but after he had been with me about a fortnight he went out nearly every day, and all day long. I was glad to see that he did so, for really he mewed himself up in his room so constantly that I began to fear he would injure his health.

What puzzled me not a little was the finding that he spent a great part of his time on the island—not that Portland is really an island, only every body calls it so. In the winter time there can not be a more dreary place in the world than Portland. The storms seem to rage there oftener and fiercer than they do any where else, the roads are bad, the houses are small and mean, and except for the wild, romantic sea view which lies all around you, and the awful Race of Portland, which no vessel can cross, there is nothing to be seen. My niece paid me a visit about this time, and nothing would do but that I must go with her over the island. I did so, and to my surprise I saw Mr. Lewis—for such was my lodger's name—leaning against one of the huge blocks of stone which lie about the quarries, and gazing so thoughtfully out to sea that he never noticed us driving by. Then my niece's husband came to fetch her home; and as he had never been to Weymouth before, he, too, must see the island, and I must go with him and his wife. So a second time I went, and a second time, to my great surprise, I saw Mr. Lewis. To-day he was talking to a tall man in plain clothes, who had just the look of a warder out of his uniform. They were in the middle of the road, so Mr. Lewis might have been asking his way; but I was confident, from their eager, hurried manner, that he was not. Yet when he recognized me he raised his cap, and the warder—I'm sure it was a warder—pointed along a path as though he was giving some direction, and then we lost sight of them. But I did not forget the incident.

A few nights after this I was surprised, on answering a knock at the door, to find some one inquiring for Mr. Lewis, for he had never had a visitor before. The stranger gave the name of Brown, and was at once invited up stairs. After a visit of about half an hour he left; and then my lodger, who had seemed, I fancied, to avoid me of late, came into my little kitchen, and began, in the chatty manner which had made him so pleasant, to talk about the gentleman who had just left. He said he was connected with one of the chief hotels, and had called to speak about an appointment. Now I had lived in Weymouth, maid, wife, and widow, for thirty-two years, and knew by sight every gentleman connected with every hotel there, and this was none of them. And if my judgment was worth any thing, this man was a warder from Portland, and, what was more, was the very warder I had seen Mr. Lewis speaking with on the island. I was quite sure of this, and knew, therefore, that for some purpose my lodger was deceiving me; but I reflected that every family has its secrets, so supposed he had his reasons for trying to mislead me.

Just now a complete change took place in my lodger's habits, for whereas he had previously been the most retiring of creatures, keeping himself so totally within-doors that scarcely a soul in the street knew him, he now seemed to be never tired of hanging about the front-door. He cleaned my windows twice as often as I had ever cleaned them; he painted my shutters; he painted my flower-boxes, and was frequently trimming the flowers in them; while he actually went two or three times to the *White Lion,* the public-house at the corner of our street, and drank his ale at the bar, instead of allowing the pot-man to bring it for him, as had hitherto been the case. I took the liberty of saying—for I was quite old enough to be his mother—that I hoped this last would not grow into a habit which might lead to harm, when, to my surprise, he burst out crying, and cried so bitterly that I thought he would go into hysterics. I tried to soothe him, and took his hand in mine—he had a soft and delicate hand, too; but he rose, and mastering himself by a great effort, went up to his room. In the morning he apologized for disturbing me by his absurd ways: he had had bad news from home, he said. Of course I told him not to think any more of such a trifle; but in my own mind I wondered where he got the letters from which had so upset him, as I was quite certain the postman had not been near my house all day. All this time I had heard no more of the situation he expected; but, soon after, the same stranger called again—Mr. Brown, I mean. He called very late one night, and went straight up to Lewis's room, came down in a very short time, and left without a word, as before. As I had admitted him, I had a fair chance of confirming my opinion: he was a warder, I was sure. He was a tall, big-bearded, big-whiskered, and mustached man, who stood very square when he spoke to you, as a soldier does; weather-browned, as all the Portland warders are; and with a certain quick, watchful look of the eye, which they all acquire very soon.

The next morning brought a heavy fall of rain, with gusts of wind from the sea; and on taking up Mr. Lewis's breakfast, I noticed that he looked excited, if not wild, and I feared he had taken cold. I told him so, but he said, "No. The fact is, Mrs. Gerran, I must now tell you a little secret: I am married, and I expect my wife from town to-day."

"Indeed!" I exclaimed, for I had never dreamed of such a thing.

"Yes," he went on, "she is coming this evening, and I am a little worried to think what an unpleasant ride she will have."

"She certainly will, poor thing," I said; "but I will do my best to make her comfortable, Mr. Lewis."

"I know you will," he replied. "I thank you heartily, Mrs. Gerran. We rely on you very much."

I left him his breakfast, and went down stairs, considerably astonished by what I had heard. The weather grew worse during the day, and by night it was little short of a tempest. I often thought of the poor young woman who was coming all the way from London on such a night; and what made it worse was that I could not offer to go and meet her, for, strange to say, Mr. Lewis did not know by what train she would come, or whether she would travel by the Great Western or the Southwestern line. It blew harder and harder; the furious blasts of wind swept through our little street, and drove the rain before it, so as almost to blind you, if you tried to face it. There was not a gas-light which was not blown out, and I need not say the sky was pitch-dark. On such nights I always sit and think of my poor husband, and of the many others who earn their living on the dreadful sea; and I can hear nothing, attend to nothing, but the howling of the storm. So it was no wonder that the pot-man knocked two or three times when he brought Mr. Lewis's beer before I heard him; and when I opened the door, it was almost blown out of my hand by the force of the wind.

"It is a very terrible night, Robert," I said, for he was a very civil young man, and had been at the *White Lion* for years.

"It is indeed, ma'am," he said. "There's a sea on to-night that's a-flying over the Chesil Bank like yeast. They've been firing artillery on the island; but, except now and then in a lull, you couldn't hear the guns."

"Firing!" I said; "firing! What is that for, Robert?"

"More convicts is off, ma'am," was his answer; "and I hear there is some fellow of consequence among 'em. Poor chap! He's sure to be caught such a night as this, if he hasn't tumbled over the face of a cliff already."

I bade him good-night, and closed the door, still sadder in my mind than I had previously been. It always made me sorrowful when I heard of the poor convicts trying to escape. Whatever their faults may have been, liberty is sweet to all of us, and very few of them ever succeeded in getting away—hardly any, although many a one had lost his life in trying. I took the beer up to Mr. Lewis's room, and tapping at his door, said, as I generally did, "Here is your beer, Mr. Lewis;" and, as usual, the door was opened, and he took it from me. Instead of having his lamp burning, as was his custom, his room was in complete darkness, so that I could hardly see him to give him the jug, and in the gloom he seemed to look stouter and taller than usual. He did not speak, whereas he generally had a little joke; but now he took the jug in silence. I lingered for a moment, but finding that he did not speak, I was going down stairs, when I thought of his wife. Mr. Lewis had almost closed the door, when I said how anxious I felt about her getting safely in through the storm, when, to my amazement, he replied, without opening the door more than a few inches, "I am much obliged for your kindness, Mrs. Gerran, but my wife has been in for this hour past." I never was so astonished in my life. I had made two or three little preparations to comfort her, and felt hurt that I should not have been informed of her arrival. "Yes," he continued, "she came when the wind was roaring so loudly that you did not hear her knock. I let her in; and as she was tired and wet I thought the best thing she could do was to lie down at once." Well, perhaps it was; but I could not help fancying that, for all that, they might have treated me with a little more consideration. However, I could say nothing; and so I went to bed, and, as soon as the storm would allow, to sleep.

The first thing I heard in the morning, from my milkman, was that only one of the convicts had tried to escape, and that for the present he was still at large. It was rumored in the town that it was Colonel La Troulle who had got away, but the government people would not say much about it. The whole place was astir, he said. All day long I heard the same kind of tidings repeated; and, in fact, I saw enough to convince me that extraordinary exertions were being made to capture the runaway. The *White Lion* was searched by a party of officers, and so was a house in the same street as my own, where a number of

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young-men lodgers were taken. I heard, too, that the railways were watched, not only at our station, but that the trains were examined at places twenty or thirty miles out, in case the convict should have got in at some little station. It was supposed, however, that, although these precautions were taken, he was still in the island, as, from his wearing the prison dress, it would be so difficult for him to escape notice.

I did not see Mr. Lewis all day, nor his wife; but just at twilight I was startled by the latter coming quietly into my little kitchen, and asking me for the milk. She was a pretty-looking young woman, wearing her hair in short curls. It was fair hair, and she was fair too, quiet and shy in her manner, speaking in a voice so low that I could scarcely hear her. She explained that her husband had, unfortunately, taken a severe cold, and would be obliged to keep his bed for a day or so. Of course I offered any assistance in my power. She thanked me, and went up stairs. When she had gone I could do nothing for the life of me, for many minutes, but sit and think of her. There was an unaccountable feeling, quite a certainty, it seemed, of having known her before, although when or where I could not say. So strong and strange was this impression that it was almost terrible to me, and, as I said, I could think of nothing else for a long time. However, I shook the feeling off at last, and went about my work, seeing no more of my lodger or his wife that night.

Robert at the *White Lion* told me, when he brought the supper beer, that, although it was hushed up as much as possible, yet it certainly was the Fenian who had escaped, and that it was one of the most desperate and ingenious escapes ever heard of. "Not, ma'am," he said, "as I believe in any of your ingenious escapes. I don't believe in a man doing with a rusty nail, or two prongs of a dinner-fork, or some such thing, in four or five hours, what it would take a couple of smiths all day to do with a basket of tools. It's the warders, ma'am, and they make these excuses; that's what it is, ma'am." This was the opinion of Robert at the *White Lion*, and I must own that I had, on similar occasions, heard many people in Weymouth express themselves to the same effect.

Once or twice the next day I saw Mrs. Lewis, and each time the impression that I had previously met her grew stronger. I fancied, however, that my looking straight at her, to try and remember when it could have been, disturbed her; so I avoided doing so as much as possible, but for the life of me I could not help doing it sometimes. On the following morning I had to go out for an hour or two, and when I came back I found my windows cleaned, the mould in the flower-boxes turned over, and various little things done, which told me that Lewis had been at work again, as, indeed, I found was the case. He had, unfortunately, been taken very unwell just before I came home, but previously he had been busy as usual in the front of the house.

As all attempts to recapture the convict had failed, and so there was no longer, I suppose, a hope of keeping it quiet, that night great bills were stuck up about the town, offering five hundred pounds reward for the apprehension of the Fenian colonel—for it was he, after all—and one of these bills was stuck up on an empty house just opposite to my own door. I naturally got talking about this with Mrs. Lewis; at least I talked, and she listened, for she said hardly a word. And at last, when I struck a light to find something she wanted, I found she was crying. I told her I was afraid she was weak and low, that her long journey and her husband's illness had upset her, and asked her to let me make her some port-wine negus the last thing that night. She thanked me, but declined; and when she went away the remembrance of her face, with the tears on her cheeks, seemed ten times more familiar to me than ever. I determined to ask Mr. Lewis, when I saw him, if his wife had ever lived in Weymouth, but it seemed as though I never should see him again. However, I did see him that evening.

I had been up stairs for some time, and as I was looking over the contents of an old drawer I was very quiet, and my lodgers thought I was out; but presently I came down, and met Lewis ascending, carrying a light. I was in the dark.

"Good-evening, Mr. Lewis," I said; "I hope you are better."

He looked up, and said, "Yes; much better, thank you." He passed on, and left me almost petrified. *It was not the same man.* There was the same dark skin, mustache, hair, and whiskers; the same clothes; but this man, although short, was taller than my lodger, decidedly stouter, and had altogether a harder, sterner expression. There was no possible mistake. His voice, too, was wholly different; and I staggered, rather than walked, into my kitchen, feeling as though I had seen a ghost. I had not strength to procure a light; but in a few minutes Mrs. Lewis—sent down, as I found, by her husband—came in with one. Seeing me sitting, so pale and scared, in my chair, she said, "Are you ill, Mrs. Gerran? My husband fears you are." As if a flash of lightning had suddenly penetrated all the dark places of my mind, I saw, as she spoke, the meaning of all that had been mysterious, and by her face I saw she knew her secret was revealed. She was my lodger; she was the Mr. Lewis I had known. Altered and changed in every respect as she was, I knew her now. She locked her hands together, and twisted her fingers with a nervous, frightened air, and looked anxiously at me.

"Who—who are you?" I asked. "Why are you dressed like this? Who is the man—"

"Oh, Mrs. Gerran," she cried, throwing herself down at my knees, before I could move to stay her, "forgive my deceiving you, and still be my friend—be my husband's friend. If you are not kind and true to us, we are lost. We have no home but this—no friend but you. It will soon, I trust, be different; but at this moment my poor husband is a fugitive, an outlaw, a convict, and a price is set upon his head."

"A price upon his head!" I echoed. "Is he, then—"

"Yes," she said, interrupting me, although she was sobbing as if her heart would break—"yes, my husband is Colonel La Troulle, the Fenian. We are Americans, and we are only waiting for the pursuit to cool, when we shall cross to France, and can then easily regain our home—never more, I trust, to leave it."

"Rise up, my poor dear girl," I said, lifting her on to a chair; "and believe me that no money would tempt me to betray your husband; for your sake, at any rate, I will be true to you both. I hope for your sake, too, that he will leave his dreadful and desperate schemes."

"Oh, Mrs. Gerran," she answered, "do not think him a blood-thirsty man; there never breathed a gentler or kinder being. He was sadly deceived in the business which brought him here; but pray come and see him, that he may know he is safe under your roof."

I went with her; and found this desperate Fenian quite a mild, gentlemanly person. He was full of gratitude to me; and although his close-cut hair, now he sat without his wig, and his dark face, made him look stern enough, yet his eyes swam with genuine tears over and over again, when he spoke of his wife and her devotion to him.

Of course every one can now see how it was managed. When he was sent to Portland, his wife came down, dressed as a man, and, while lodging with me, took care to familiarize the neighbors with the fact that I had a young-man lodger. One of the warders had already been gained over—so Robert at the *White Lion* was not so far wrong in his guess—and he it was with whom I had seen the supposed Mr. Lewis talking, and who came to my house twice. On his second visit he came to say that all was arranged, and that her husband would get away soon after dark the next night. It was, fortunately for the scheme, a very stormy one; so La Troulle got past the station, and followed the Chesil Bank until he thought it safe to strike the line, and then got over the railway bridge without being recognized. He had a large railway rug over his shoulders, which hid his convict dress; and the only really dangerous part of his journey was through the streets to reach my house; but the dreadful storm cleared away all passengers, and he entered our street without having met half a dozen people. His wife was watching from her window, and seeing him, slipped down and opened the street door without my knowing any thing about it. Then they removed the stains from her face, hands, and neck with washes which she had brought with her, and he wore a wig, made to resemble her short curls. Poor young thing! she showed me such beautiful locks which she had cut off, to enable her to look more like a man: they must have been nearly a yard long, I am sure. They thought no place was so safe as Weymouth, and they were right, for the officers were hunting all over London and Ireland and Liverpool, and goodness knows where besides. La Troulle showed himself a little, but not too much, and no one ever suspected the change in my lodgers. In about a fortnight he got quietly on board a fruit sloop which was going back to France; and both he and his wife wrote to me when they got there, and also when they arrived at New Orleans. I don't know who the warder was, nor what he received for his services; but I heard, shortly after, from Robert at the *White Lion*, that one of them had left Portland to go and take a very handsome public-house in London; so I had my suspicions. I know that if I wanted money, which I am happy to say, thanks to my poor dear husband, I do not, I should only have to tell Mrs. La Troulle, or go to the great house in Liverpool, of which they gave me the card, and I could have all I wanted.

She would make me accept her gold watch and chain; and I have worn it, and shall continue to do so, in memory of her.

UNCOMMON FOOD.

THERE can be no doubt that horseflesh has been eaten by different nations from remote periods. This practice among the Germans excited the indignation of Pope Gregory the Third in the first half of the eighth century. "You say," he writes to Boniface, "that some eat wild horses, and very many tame ones. By no means allow this to be done in future, but, as far as you can, restrain the people, and bring them to a becoming repentance, for it is an unclean and execrable thing." The successor of this pontiff, Zachary, issued similar protests. At the siege of Antioch in the first crusade, toward the close of the eleventh century, the horses of the besiegers were either starved or killed for food in such great numbers that, of the seventy thousand with which the siege was commenced, before the third month not more than two thousand remained.

A superior distinction in taste seems to be accorded to the flesh of the donkey, great numbers of which animal have been and are still slaughtered for food by the French. A letter from M. Darcel, at Paris, dated November 3, 1870, addressed to the *Journal du Havre*, after expatiating on the delicious flavor of the meat, declares it is to the horse that which veal is to the ox.

Monkeys' flesh is by no means to be despised, though this may seem to some persons a near approach to cannibalism. Mr. Bates, in his "Naturalist on the Amazon," describes the meat of the spider monkey as the best flavored he had ever tasted. It resembled beef, but had a richer and sweeter taste.

The predilection for dog-eating is by no means confined to the Chinese, the Esquimaux, among others, vastly enjoying this food when the animals are young. A Danish captain, who had acquired the dog taste, provided some of this food for a select party of guests, most of whom highly praised his *mutton*. After dinner he sent for the skin of the animal, which was no other than a large red dog. Captain Sir J. M'Clintock, who relates this story, adds that baked puppy is a real delicacy all over Polynesia. "At the Sandwich Islands I was once invited to a feast, and had to feign disappointment as well as I could when told that puppies were so extremely scarce that one could not be procured in time, and a sucking-pig had to be substituted." The same writer bears unqualified testimony to the excellency of seal steaks when cut thin and deprived of all fat.

The Malabar coolies are very fond of the "coffee rats," which they fry in oil or convert into curry. The pig rat is in similar favor. It attains a weight of two or three pounds, and grows to nearly the length of two feet. Rat-pies are eaten in various parts of England; rat suppers used to be given periodically at an inn near Nottingham. The porcupine is esteemed a delicacy in Ceylon, and in flavor much resembles a young pig. In Siam the flesh of the crocodile is exposed for sale in the markets. Alligators are sometimes eaten by the natives of South America, Africa, and South Australia. The taste of musk is, however, so strong that few strangers can eat them without being sick afterward.

In Peter Martyn's account of the voyages of Columbus, he mentions the disgust experienced by the Spaniards when at San Domingo, on being invited by the Indians to taste their favorite delicacy, the guana, considering it a species of serpent. This dislike was, however, soon overcome. "These serpentes are lyke unto crocodiles, save in bygness. They call them guanas. Unto that daye none of owre men durst adventure to taste of them by reason of theyre horrible deformitie and lothsomness. Yet the Adelantado being entysed by the pleasantnes of the king's sister Anacaona, determined to taste the serpentes. But when he felt the flesh thereof to be so delycate to his tongue, he fel to amain without al feare. The which thyng his companions seeing, were not behynd hym in greedynesse, insomuche that they had now none other talke than of the sweetnesse of these serpentes, which they affirme to be of more pleasant taste than eyther our phesantes or partriches."

Even dragons have yielded their share to the general provisioning of the human race, if we may credit Roger Bacon, who, in his "Opus Majus" (art of prolonging life), mentions as one of the ingredients of a preparation the flesh of a dragon, which it appears was used as food by the Ethiopians. The mode of preparing this food can not fail to amuse the reader: "Where there are good flying dragons, by the art which they possess, they draw them out of their dens, and have bridles and saddles in readiness, and they ride upon them, and make them bound about in the air in a violent manner, that the hardness and toughness of the flesh may be reduced, as boars are hunted and bulls are baited before they are killed for eating."

The partiality for raw food seems to prevail in many countries. Raw fish, thinly sliced, formed one of the delicacies placed before Lord Elgin at a Chinese banquet. Baldwin tells us that the Caffres eat alternately a lump of roasted bull's flesh, and an equal quantity of the inside raw. A species of salmon, unknown in Europe, called in Siberia the *nelma*, is esteemed by the Russians more delicious in its raw state than when cooked, and is eaten to provoke an appetite. "Later experience," remarks Ernan, in his "Travels in Siberia," "taught us how much the influence of the cold tends to favor the adoption of raw animal food, so much so that it hardly requires the addition of salt; in fact, during the intense frost the raw flesh loses its repulsive qualities."

Wrangell adds his testimony to the superior flavor of raw frozen fish, seasoned with salt and pepper. Captain Hall, in his "Life with the Esquimaux," says: "My opinion is that the Esquimaux practice of eating their food raw is a good one; at least for the better preservation of their health. To one educated otherwise, as we whites are, the Esquimaux practice of eating uncooked meats is highly repulsive, but eating meats raw or cooked is quite a matter of education. 'As the twig is bent, the tree's inclined,' is an old saw as applicable to the common mind of the people in regard to the food they eat as to any thing else. When I saw the natives actually feasting on the raw flesh of the whale, I thought to myself, Why can not I do the same? and the response to my question came rushing through my brain, independent of prejudice—because of my *education*, because of the customs of my people from time immemorial. As I stood upon the rocky shore observing the busy natives at work carving the monster before me, my eye caught a group around one of the vertebræ, from which they were slicing and eating thin pieces of ligament that looked white and delicious as the breast of a 'Thanksgiving turkey.' At once I made up my mind to join in partaking of the inviting viands actually smoking in my sight. Taking from the hands of Ugarng his seal-knife, I peeled off a delicate slice of the spinal ligament, closed my eyes, and cried out 'turkey,' but it would not go down so easy; not because the stomach had posted up its sentinel to say 'No whale can come down here,' but because it was tougher than any bull-beef in Christendom. For half an hour I tried to masticate it, and then found it was even tougher than when I began. At length I discovered that I had made a mistake in the way of eating it. The Esquimaux method is to get as vast a piece into their distended mouths as they can cram, and then, boa-constrictor-like, first lubricate it over, and so swallow it quite whole! An old woman kindly came to me and offered a generous slice of the *whale gum* she was feasting on. Reaching out my hand, with one stroke of her *ood-loo*, an instrument like a mincing-knife, she severed the white fibrous strip as quick as thought. It cut as old cheese; its taste was like unripe chestnuts, and its appearance like cocoa-nut; but I can not say that this experiment left me a very great admirer of whale's gum."

The natives of the Sandwich Islands eat turtles, dolphins, flying-fishes, etc., raw, considering that the flavor is lost in cooking, and the richest possible treat they can enjoy is to haul a fish from the water and literally eat it to death.

The Rev. Mr. Stewart mentions: "At Siho Siho the queen, Pauhai, was seated *à la Turc* on the ground, with a large wooden tray in her lap. On this a monstrous cuttle-fish had been placed, fresh from the sea, and in all its life and vigor. The queen had taken it up in both hands, and brought its body to her mouth, and by a single application of her teeth, the black juices and blood with which it was filled gushed over her face and neck, while the long sucking arms of the fish in the convulsive paroxysm of the operation were writhing about her head like the snaky hairs of a Medusa."

Let us turn to another description of food, uncommon to us, but affording luxurious repasts to other nations. Locusts have been eaten from remote antiquity; the Arabs mix them with dough, and make excellent cakes of them. The Hottentots get fat upon them, and prepare from their eggs a brown or coffee-colored soup. In the Mahratta country they are salted, and in Barbary they are preferred by the Moors to pigeons. The latter usually boil them in water for half an hour, throwing away the head, wings, and legs; sprinkling them with salt and pepper, and frying them, adding a little vinegar. At Natal the locusts are collected in the evening in sacks by millions, and afterward steamed in closed vessels over a fire, then dried in the sunshine, and, after being freed from their legs and wings by a kind of winnowing, are stored in baskets in the granaries like corn. The dried locust is ground to powder between stones, and converted into a kind of porridge with water. It appears that the Caffres grow quite fat in the locust season. Dr. Livingstone tells us in his South African travels that, for want of other food, he was compelled to eat locusts; and, strange to say, when roasted, he preferred them to shrimps!

Some entomologists tell us that caterpillars have a taste of almonds, and spiders of nuts. However this may be as regards the former, we are told that large quantities of spiders nearly an inch long were eaten by the Caffres, and by the French colony of New Caledonia. In Europe there are instances of spiders exciting a kind of gourmand taste. Reaumur gives an instance of a young lady who never saw a spider without catching and eating it. A clever woman—Anna Maria Schurman—used to eat spiders like nuts, as regards the cracking process, and excused her propensity by saying that she was born under the sign Scorpio. Lalande, the famous astronomer, was particularly fond of spider food; and a German is mentioned by Rozel who used to spread spiders upon bread-and-butter, observing, in his imperfect knowledge of English, "that he found them very useful."

Humboldt tells us that he has seen Indian children drag out of the earth centipedes eighteen inches long, and more than half an inch broad, which they ate with eagerness. Insects' eggs are eaten by the Arabs and Mexicans; grubs of insects in the West Indies by both white and black men, who empty, wash, and roast them. The Mexican Indians prepare a liquor from a beetle, which has stimulating properties.

Humboldt mentions ants as being eaten by the Marivitunos and Marguaratares, qualified with resin as a sauce. Bees are eaten in Ceylon. It is probably bad taste to allude to the mites in myriads that we consume in our cheese. The grub of the palm-weevil, which is the size of a thumb, is a favorite dish in some parts of India. Ælian relates of an Indian king who, for a dessert, instead of fruit, set before his guests a roasted worm taken from a plant (probably the larva of this insect), which was thought very delicious.

SONGS OF INSECTS.

CONTRARY to the general law respecting vocal sounds, which are produced by forcing air from the lungs through the larynx, or vocal box—that protuberance about the middle of the throat—all the sounds made by insects are elaborated by a distinct organ entirely different from the vibration of elastic cords. Usually their music is made by rubbing one hind-leg across the other in a kind of fiddle-bow action. An intensely shrill note is thus produced that is heard at a great distance. Some have an elementary drum-barrel between the shoulders, on the back, where levers act on the principle of drumsticks on a tense membrane. In short, the variety of mechanical methods made use of by nature for enabling the male to announce his presence in the neighborhood at the proper season for insuring the next-year generation of the family are extremely diversified and extraordinary. As none of them breathe by a tube passing down the neck, but by small orifices in the sides of their bodies, there are no lungs, and consequently no bellows to blow out air for creating sound.

A few insects chafe one wing against the other, which vibrates into a clear sound the females recognize. We know just enough of entomological science to make it certain there is much more to learn. Their habits, instincts, paternal solicitude for the young, their metamorphoses, and the economy they pursue for the perpetuity of a race, unimportant as they may appear in the great scheme of Creative Wisdom, open a broad field for future exploration.

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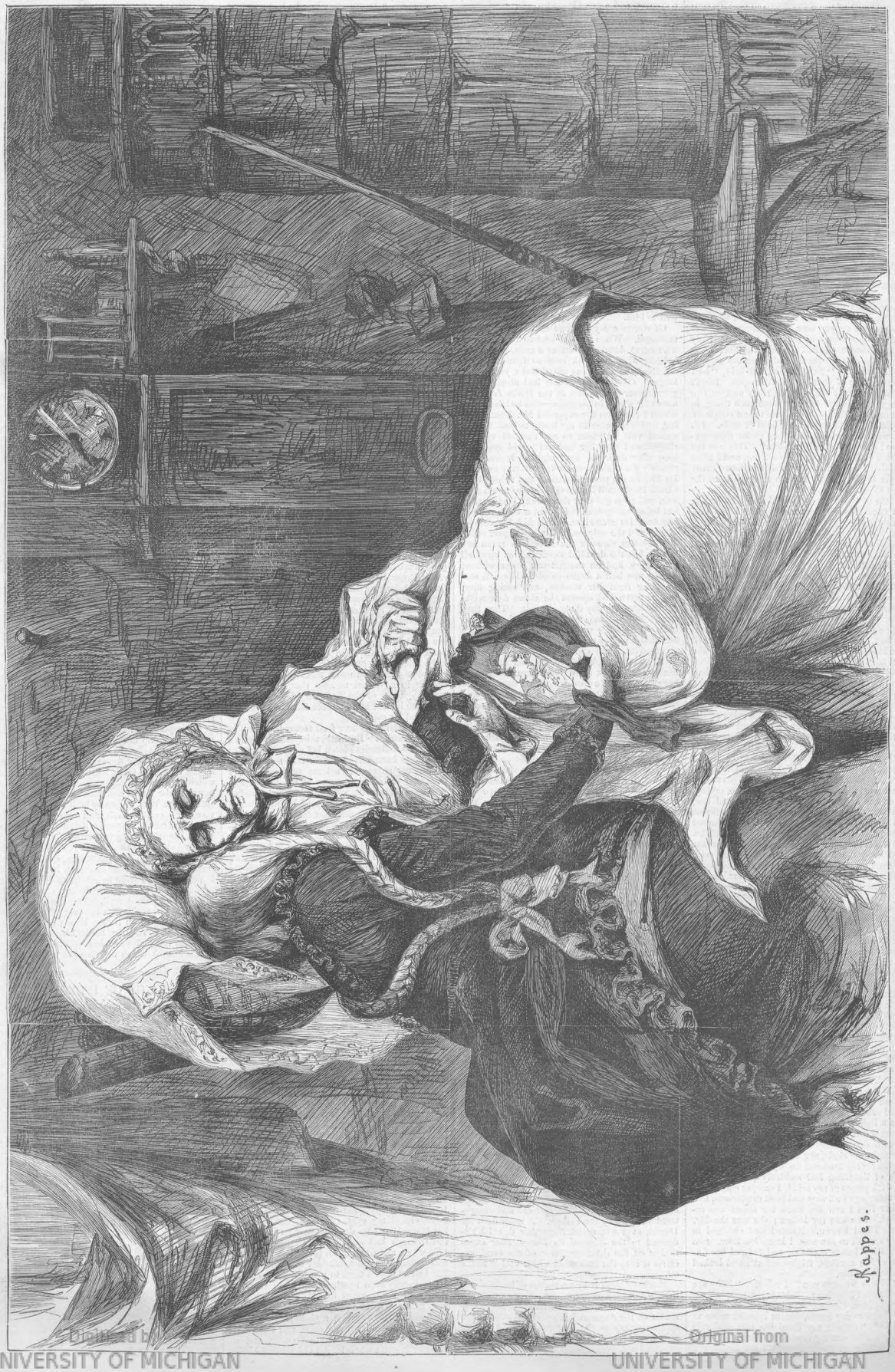

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

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UNDER FIRE.—[SEE PAGE 315.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1871.

☞ *In this Number of the* WEEKLY *will be found the continuation of* CHARLES READE'S *powerful and absorbing story,*

A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION,

commenced last week.

☞ *The* SUPPLEMENT *to this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains a very interesting sketch of* "HANNAH MORE," *with several illustrations, by* S. C. HALL; *another installment of* "DOGS AND THEIR DOINGS," *with striking illustrations; two picturesque sketches from* SAN DOMINGO; *and a great variety of interesting literary matter.*

THE PARTIES.

CERTAIN prominent Republicans in Cincinnati have made a declaration in which all honest Republicans will heartily agree, that "the continuance, usefulness, and success of the party depend upon properly meeting the questions of the present and immediate future." It is a timely suggestion, but it is by no means necessarily a declaration of secession and the formation of a new party, as has been claimed. A new party can not be enlisted and organized like a military company. Indeed, it is not made at all, in the arbitrary sense of that word: it grows, it develops. And when, as now in this country, two great parties exist, a new party is a hopeless enterprise unless, in the first place, the condition out of which the present parties arose has disappeared, or unless there are enough members of both parties who agree upon certain cardinal measures, and who will leave the old organizations to form a new. If that is the present situation in this country, a new party is possible. If it is not, a new party is impracticable, and the attempt to form it would be merely a renunciation of the contest in favor of the existing party which gave the least support to the effort.

The history of the origin of the political organizations of to-day illustrates what we say. Twenty years ago the two national parties were the Whig and Democratic. The question of the extension of slavery had become the paramount political issue. All important legislation and administrative policy had immediate reference to that. The Democratic party adopted the extension of slavery as its policy. The Whig party hesitated and trimmed. There was, consequently, a secession of "Free-soilers" from the Democratic party, while the great bulk of the Whigs left their old organization, and the two movements united in the organization of the Republican party. If we are now in a similar political situation, we may properly anticipate a similar movement. But what is the fact? The Republican party elected General GRANT upon the issues of keeping the national financial faith, and of reconstruction upon certain defined principles. If those objects are secured beyond reasonable doubt, many Republicans will naturally inquire whether certain other measures will not be more probably secured by union with sympathetic Democrats in a new party. But this latter point is vital; because if there are not Democrats enough for the alliance, the withdrawal of such Republicans from their party would be merely a surrender of victory to the present Democratic party in 1872.

Upon the first point it can hardly be doubtful to every thoughtful citizen that the peace of the country, and its consequent prosperity, will be much more certainly assured by Republican than by Democratic control of the national government. And the reason is that the anarchy at the South would be favored by a Democratic administration, the consequence of which would very easily be a virtual civil war. On the other hand, a Republican administration would be sternly hostile to anarchy, while every close observer sees that the better and ruling sentiment of the party tends to a rapid correction of all the proved errors of its policy. Thus it is very sure, by a speedy amnesty, to remove the remaining political disabilities in the Southern States, while the Ku-Klux legislation will be very carefully and constitutionally considered. With a Democratic administration the motive would be to permit terrorism over loyal citizens, and the tacit encouragement of disaffected sentiment and action as favorable to the party. With a Republican administration the motive would be sympathy with the Union element, and justice and protection to all. Under the circumstances can it even be a question which administration good citizens should prefer? They will not, of course, require ideal excellence, but they will be governed in their votes by the evident probabilities of the situation.

But even if the Democratic party had acquiesced in reconstruction, and had declared—as it has not declared—that it would not attempt practically to annul what has been done, is there any chance that upon such questions as the reform of the civil service and of the revenue system there would be any considerable number of Democrats ready to leave their party and unite in a new organization? There is no chance whatever. The New York *World*, one of the most strenuous "Revenue Reformers," invites Republicans who sympathize in that movement to join the Democratic party. It tells them that it is the only practicable course. It certainly does not propose to leave its party and help form a new one. In Missouri the Revenue Reformers carried the State, and General BLAIR was elected to the Senate. Is that the kind of feast to which Republican Revenue Reformers propose to sit down? Are they so intent upon revenue reform that they would feel justified in voting for a Democratic Revenue Reformer against a Republican who is not? They can not form a new party upon that issue under existing circumstances. If they leave the Republican party upon that issue, they must encamp alone or join the Democrats.

Again, what hope is there that Civil Service Reform Democrats will "come out" into a new party to work for it? The present wretched abuse of the system is of Democratic origin, and the most elaborate speech against the reform was that of Mr. WOODWARD, a Democratic representative from Pennsylvania. The author of the first bill of reform was a Republican, Mr. JENCKES, of Rhode Island, who also prepared the section which was finally adopted. The Republican President urged action, and he was seconded by a Republican Congress. Indeed, all the reform propositions have proceeded from Republicans, such as Senators SCHURZ, TRUMBULL, and WILSON. As for general amnesty, as we said, it is a foregone conclusion. But it is infinitely better that such a measure should proceed from the Republicans, and take effect under a Republican administration, for it would then be a measure of proved sound national policy, not of sympathy with the disaffected and lawless.

We are, therefore, unable to see any good reason whatever for the suggestion of a new party. Amnesty, civil service reform, and adjustment of the tariff, may justly be urged by Republicans within the party as desirable Republican measures; while no folly would be more criminal than to abandon the country to Democratic supremacy for the vague chance of securing them, but with the absolute certainty of bringing into the administration of the government the bitterest enemies of its fundamental principles, and the skillful corruption which now controls the State of New York. During the last ten years what sane man does not thank God that the national administration was in Republican hands, honestly admitting every mistake that the Republicans have made? And we ask for any evidence whatever of such radical changes in the spirit and purposes and methods of the Democratic party as would justify intelligent men in preferring the chances of its supremacy, even while they regret Republican misconceptions and errors.

The remedy of those errors lies not in bringing into power the Democratic party, but in constantly adapting the policy of the Republican party to the actual situation and wishes of the country. This has been done, for instance, in the steady reduction of taxation and the diminution of the debt; in the attitude wisely held toward affairs in Cuba; in the reopening of the British negotiations under the most favorable auspices; in the greater honesty and economy of the collection of the revenue; and in the provision for a reform of the whole civil service. General amnesty, indeed, and reform in the revenue system have not yet been carried. But the reasons are obvious and satisfactory, while the sentiment of the party rapidly ripens. Upon some points we must agree to differ, for the formation of a third party is impracticable. Meanwhile the main fact is evident. Those who wish the Democratic party to succeed in 1872 will vote for its candidates. Those who are willing that it should succeed will criticise Republican action in a sneering and hostile tone. Those who believe that the necessary perils of Democratic success are greater and more evident than any possible advantage will aim as friends to correct any errors of the Republican policy, while they heartily sustain Republican ascendency as indispensable to national peace and prosperity.

PARIS AND FRANCE.

M. THIERS passed a large part of his life in writing the history of the first French revolution, and he has himself seen two—that of 1830 and that of 1848. When, therefore, he was placed at the head of the present Provisional Government he did not recommend that its seat should be Paris. He preferred Versailles, because he undoubtedly expected the late insurrection at the capital. He knows that it is the misfortune of France to be perpetually thwarting its own hopes. The despotism from which for a moment it sometimes emerges is self-perpetuating. For, by keeping the people ignorant and unaccustomed to responsible political action, it teaches them to prefer order at any cost—order even at the price of liberty.

Indeed, the political history of a century in France is disheartening. The old BOURBON despotism became simply intolerable. But the people who were strong enough to destroy it had not the capacity to establish a better government; and, falling into the anarchy of the terror, naturally yielded to the despotism of NAPOLEON. That fell before the European coalition, which restored the BOURBONS, virtually unchanged, as the conduct of CHARLES the Tenth showed. Paris rose and expelled him; but, mindful of the terror, it accepted the constitutional monarchy of LOUIS PHILIPPE. That, in turn, was faithless, and the Parisian revolution of 1848 established the republic. The social revolt of the "June days" again threw the shadow of the terror over the country, and it acquiesced in the empire, which for eighteen years kept the peace of France at the expense of the political capacity of the nation. Its folly destroyed the empire; and the people of France—ignorant, angry, and without the habit of political patience and methods, torn by furious rivalries and inflamed by crude theories—must again attempt to establish a government.

This is the situation in France, and nothing is, therefore, more useless than vague denunciations of the mob. As in 1793, both in France and in Hayti, the anarchy may be bloody, and in the interest of civilization it must be repressed. But we need not forget that the responsibility lies with the previous tyranny. Bearing that fact steadily in mind, we may see more clearly what should be done. The present difficulty—at least such is the probability as we write—will be subdued. But the events of the last two or three weeks only confirm the lesson of the last century—that there can be no republic in France so long as Paris is the capital. The mob of that city can and will overawe the Government, and an army strong enough for security against the mob would be too strong for the safety of a republic. The mob rushes to the Assembly, drives it out, takes provisional possession of the offices, telegraphs the removal of the provincial prefects, and appoints its own agents. Under the system of absolute centralization which exists in France a riot in Paris leaves France only the alternative of civil war or acquiescence in the revolution.

The question of the capital is therefore the capital question for the country. If the present insurrection is quelled by the THIERS Government, and that Government removes from Versailles to Paris, its only defense will be the army which will accompany it. Should that army be withdrawn, Montmartre and Belleville would descend at any moment, and either capture the Government or put it to flight. Political stability and the sense of security, which are essential to the regeneration of France, are hopeless so long as Paris remains the capital, unless the next Government is to rest directly upon the bayonet. And, of course, as despotism is self-perpetuating, the present confusion postpones the hope of the republic. The rural population—and it is to be remarked that the official journal of the insurrection describes the Assembly as narrow-minded and "rural"—have for eighteen years been at peace. A strong Government has satisfied the small desires of the small proprietors, who are estimated at four or five millions, with their families. They ask only order, and they have had it. They therefore gladly sustained the empire, which gave them that and nothing else. Probably they would sustain it now. If France were honestly polled it would probably recall LOUIS NAPOLEON. The Assembly, indeed, calls the existing régime in France a republic. But it has no more right to do so than the Committee of Defense had. The elections showed a preponderance of monarchical sentiment, and LOUIS BLANC and GAMBETTA were afraid to appeal to the country during the war.

The probability seems now to be that the THIERS Government will hold until a Constituent Assembly decides for a constitutional monarchy, which will seat itself in Paris with an army. Such a government, wisely administered for a dozen years, would be of inestimable advantage to France.

A WORD TO CONGRESS.

THE President, at the request of the Governor of South Carolina, who is unable to keep order in the State, has summoned the illegal combinations—known as the Ku-Klux—to disperse within twenty days; and he has also sent a message to Congress asking for such legislation as may effectually secure life, liberty, and property in all parts of the United States. We gather from the context that this request is designed not to supersede the local authorities, but to provide for those cases of which the United States has constitutional cognizance, such as offenses against mail-carriers and revenue collectors. The report of the committee which was appointed to consider the recommendations of the message will, of course, open debate upon the whole subject. We beg the Republicans in the House of Representatives to remember that this debate will make an issue of the most vital importance for the Presidential campaign. Any error would be disastrous; and as opinion in the party upon the subject is not unanimous, there must be the greatest care that the policy recommended can be justified at every point before the people.

If the Constitution empowers the United States to keep the internal peace of a State without the requisition of the State authorities, let it be done at all hazards. But let the constitutional provision which authorizes it be made plain. To the question whether the United States may not rightfully defend the lives of its citizens the reply is conclusive: "Yes, in the way its fundamental law provides." But if the reader of these lines in the State of Iowa is injured in his person or property when not officially acting for the United States, does he appeal to the State or to the national courts? Is he willing that the United States should decide just when the local authorities are unable to protect him? Indeed, does not the Constitution expressly forbid the national government to decide that question by providing that the State authorities shall call for assistance if they wish it? If those authorities are themselves lawless, and refuse to ask assistance of the nation, the United States have still the right and the power of protecting their own agents and functions, and defending them at all costs.

Meanwhile, also, the Government of the United States has the indisputable constitutional right of enforcing the Fifteenth Amendment. It has made large numbers of persons in the Southern States voters, and it is bound to protect their political rights to the last. But in doing this with the amplest force, let Congress consider the essential disadvantage of continuing any kind of proscription, and by a general amnesty remove forever the feeling of injustice which is the fruitful source of so much evil. By a declaration of amnesty, and by a vigorous and ample provision for the defense of rights which nobody questions the duty of the Government to defend, Congress will do what the best and most earnest Republicans desire—Republicans who can not but feel that there must yet be great disorder in parts of the Southern States, disorder which only time and moral influences can restrain, and who believe that the policy which we suggest would be conclusive evidence that the party does not repose upon its victories, but carries its old spirit of constitutional liberty into the new issues of the hour.

A LESSON OF THE DAY.

IF the condition of France to-day seems to show that people prefer to be governed rather than to govern themselves, is the same truth not illustrated in this country? What else explains the indifference of so many intelligent men to politics? The New York capitalist, for instance, is not wholly unlike the peasant proprietor in France. He prefers to pay high taxes, and to submit to the rule of ignorant and corrupt politicians, rather than to take the trouble to keep taxes low, and secure the election of intelligent and honest men. The annoyance of ascertaining how to remedy an abuse leads to submission, until the abuse becomes intolerable; and if the abuser is wary he can readily avoid that. So the empire in New York rests upon the same supineness which sustained the late empire in France; and its power is confirmed not only by the sophistry of its paid advocates, but by the praise of honest men, who are willing to accept certain good details as a sufficient palliation, if not justification, of a bad system.

The argument for the French empire always was that it preserved order, it cleaned the streets, it beautified the cities; the taxes were high, but the results, upon the whole, were cheap at the price. The fatal reply was that which any system of corruption and demoralization always encounters, that the moral law is supreme, and that the prosperity is an illusion. It was so with slavery in this country, for which the same argument was urged. It was certainly so with the late empire in France. And it is no less so with the system by which the city and State of New York are now governed. An important bill has been lately pending in the Legislature. It gives absolute power over the taxes of the city of New York to four men, one only of whom is elected by the people. It was a law over which an honest and thoughtful legislator might well pause before he voted. Yet when one such was found his hesitation was openly and jestingly declared to be a mere holding out for a higher bribe; and when it was announced that he had yielded it was universally supposed that he had been bought. It is but an illustration of a condition which is well understood.

Now with a political system of corruption it is merely a question of time. The principle of the government will be strong enough to throw it off, or the government will be subverted. It is as with a disease in the human body. It is not stationary. There is a struggle, and the disease is expelled, or the patient dies. The criticism, therefore, which is to be made upon those who defend the system which is now supreme in the city is that they strengthen a system which must be fatal if it can not be overthrown. A government which proceeds by skillful and ruthless corruption, even if it should lower taxes and build stone piers and keep its books methodically, unless the laws of morality and human nature are changed, will inevitably cost more than any free community can pay, for it is cheaper to pay money than manhood.

Those, therefore, who, selecting certain apparent improvements in municipal administration, simplify them and challenge denial of them, are doing all that they can do to debauch pub-

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lic opinion and to postpone all hope of reform, by commending to general favor a system of corruption and total political immorality. The inevitable logic of such commendation is that the present system is a good system; that the legislators who establish it are fit legislators; that results justify methods; and that a government of ignorant, unscrupulous, shrewd men is a good government. The imperative duty of a free press, under such a government, is to remind the people constantly that, however agreeable in some of its details, the system is fatal. If the enemies of the principle of intelligent popular government always appeared as unmitigated rascals—if they did nothing to deceive the unwary, and to conceal their spirit and purpose—they would have no success whatever. It is because of the sagacity with which they conceal their system that the sure evils and perils of the system should be steadily exposed.

MORALITY AND LAW.

MR. FIELD having delayed to make the further reply which he announced, General BARLOW, in another letter to the *Tribune*, has shown the evasions and misrepresentations of Mr. FIELD'S first letter so plainly that an answer is apparently impossible. At the close of his letter General BARLOW states that he shall take care that the conduct of Mr. FIELD is investigated by a competent tribunal, by which we understand him to mean the Bar Association. And we repeat what we said at first—that no society of honorable lawyers can permit such charges to be made with the widest publicity by one of their members against another without the strictest investigation. If General BARLOW has made such scathing charges against a fellow-member without sufficient justification, his professional brethren should peremptorily deal with him. If his charges are morally established, it is very clear what those brethren should do with Mr. FIELD. In response to this rejoinder Mr. FIELD also demands the investigation before the Bar Association, reserving to himself the right of such further action as he may choose.

In his rejoinder General BARLOW follows into detail the explanations of Mr. FIELD in his first letter, and with the most terrible scrutiny, showing meanwhile that to the great mass and weight of the charges Mr. FIELD attempts no reply whatever. For instance, General BARLOW in one of his letters quoted Mr. FIELD'S publicly expressed opinion of Judge BARNARD—an opinion which was the worst that could be expressed of a Judge—and then charged that Mr. FIELD had contrived that the Erie suits should be brought before this Judge, and even forced a case to trial before him in which Mr. FIELD knew him to be prejudiced against one of the parties. To this most damaging and, if true, conclusive charge the only satisfactory reply, of course, would be a denial by Mr. FIELD that he had expressed such an opinion of the Judge, or that he knew him to be prejudiced, or that he had, with such opinions and knowledge, forced an adversary to trial before him. No casuistry would avail: a simple and peremptory denial of every part of the charge is imperative to Mr. FIELD'S position. But he is utterly silent. He offers no explanation whatever.

So in regard to the voting by the receiver upon the GROESBECK stock, Mr. FIELD in defending the action quotes the injunction. But General BARLOW shows that in quoting Mr. FIELD changes a word in the document, so as to make it appear that, in order to comply with the injunction, it was necessary to do the very thing that the injunction was designed to prevent! And General BARLOW also shows that when Mr. FIELD in his argument urged the same explanation that he urges in his letter, Judge SMITH disposed of the plea by stating that, by the voting of the receiver, which Mr. FIELD claims to have been required by the injunction, the injunction "was immediately disregarded and disobeyed in letter and spirit." Indeed the unfavorable impression produced by the reply of Mr. FIELD is so confirmed by this rejoinder of General BARLOW that we do not see how Mr. FIELD can escape but by denying the accuracy of official records and by impeaching the veracity of the most honorable men.

Nor will any reader forget the essential point of the charge. It is that an eminent lawyer has sought to protect with the forms of law purposes which were not those of honesty and justice—purposes which, with the rest of the world, he fully understood; and that in doing this he has been guilty of the highest professional misconduct. If the question is asked why General BARLOW should expose it, the reply is that it was one of the chief incidents in a series of events which is rapidly ruining the reputation of the bench and bar of New York, and is already making it the scorn and derision of the country.

It is, therefore, the duty of every honorable lawyer to do what he can to retrieve the fame of his profession. For that purpose, indeed, the Bar Association was formed. But what is every body's business is nobody's; and it will, therefore, never be done unless some public-spirited and courageous man undertakes it. That is what General BARLOW has now done, and how conclusively we presume there are not two opinions. And if any body should further ask to what good end, again the answer is evident. It shows the young lawyer who sees all around him ill-gotten fortunes, and who is constantly exposed to the temptation of selling for money his knowledge and his talent to promote mean and dishonest purposes, that if the suspicion of misconduct falls upon the ablest, most eminent, and most prosperous lawyer, he is not safe from the most conspicuous and the most relentless exposure so long as a lofty sense of public duty and of professional honor survives in a single heart.

Such an exposure has now been made in the case of Mr. FIELD. He has denied the truth of some parts of the charges; but the substance even of what he denies has been apparently established. The appeal is now taken to the Bar Association, and it will be our duty to let our readers know the result.

NOTES.

THE statement which we denied upon adequate authority when it appeared in a letter from Washington to the *Independent*, that Russian influence alone prevented the British recognition of the Southern Confederacy during the war, has been denied by Lord Granville in the House of Lords. He declared that "as a member of the Palmerston and the Russell cabinets he could say that a proposition to recognize the South was never even entertained." This prompt and conclusive disposition of the story will suggest to every sensible American the wisdom of disregarding such reports. They are intended only to alienate the feeling of the two countries, and to perplex the Commissioners in their great work. Nothing is easier than to invent every kind of injurious tale, and the only reason for taking the trouble to deny this one was that it was apparently told by Vice-President COLFAX, upon the authority of the Russian minister, and that it is ascribed in the dispatch from London to the Prussian minister in Washington.

SENATOR THURMAN, of Ohio, said in the recent debate in the Senate that the proposed Ku-Klux inquiry was for the mere purposes of the Radical party, and nothing else. So the orators of his party used to say that all the talk about slavery was merely for Black Republican party purposes. Senator THURMAN is called a statesman by some of the Democratic papers. But this kind of twaddle is only worthy the poorest politicians. Or is it really impossible for a man who calls himself a Democrat to understand that there may be humanity and honor in politics? Thousands and thousands of the most loyal citizens of the United States are harried, hunted, and murdered by the late rebels and their partisans in certain States, and the Democratic leaders and press can find no better business than opposing every proposition for relief, and denying that the crimes are so general as reported. If the Republican urgency for the protection of the lives and property of innocent citizens is political, does Senator THURMAN suppose that his opposition to it is believed to be any less political?

EARL DE GREY AND RIPON, the head of the English Commission, who has been always a most faithful friend of this country, is a direct descendant, through the female line, of OLIVER CROMWELL. FRANCES CROMWELL, the Protector's daughter, married for a second husband Sir JOHN RUSSELL, of Chequers. Their daughter, ELIZABETH RUSSELL, married Sir THOMAS FRANKLAND. Their daughter, MARY FRANKLAND, married THOMAS WORTLEY, of Hovingham. Their daughter married the first Lord Grantham. His son, the second Lord, was father of THOMAS PHILIP, Earl De Grey; and of FREDERICK JOHN, first Earl of Ripon. Earl De Grey dying without male issue, his nephew, the son of the Earl of Ripon, unites, as Earl De Grey and Ripon, both titles, and is in the seventh line of direct descent from OLIVER CROMWELL.

THE first number of the New York *Republican*, edited by Colonel A. J. H. DUGANNE, has been published. It is a broad-columned, handsome paper, and declares itself to be devoted to "Literature, Politics, and Facts." It will be a faithful and, we have no doubt, honorable and reasonable supporter of the Administration.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

M. DE FONVIELLE, an eminent meteorologist, endeavors to show the reason why an increased atmospheric pressure generally accompanies fair weather, and a diminished pressure wet. According to his theory, the dry winds come from the north or northwest, and hence, traveling from a cold region, the air has a tendency to descend, and, therefore, to increase the pressure of the atmosphere, as shown by the rising of the barometer. On the other hand, the winds laden with moisture usually come from the south or southwest, consequently causing a diminished pressure, and a fall of the barometer.

The *Academy*, in summing up the result of the observations during the recent eclipse, remarks that, with a good deal of contradictory testimony, there seems to be a general agreement as to the existence of a shell around the sun, having an angular depth of from five to seven minutes, including what has hitherto been known as the chromosphere; and that the spectroscope observations indicated that this shell consisted not only of incandescent vapors of several elements, especially of incandescent hydrogen, but also that in the part remote from the sun the hydrogen had a much lower temperature. Also that there is some gas or vapor, which must be inferred to be of small density, perhaps even less than that of hydrogen, and which shows itself by the projection of one or more green lines in the spectrum. The agreement between one of these green lines and a line which has been observed in the light of the aurora, suggests the existence of this gas in the higher regions of our own atmosphere. The observations of the polariscope are stated to have failed to give any definite information; and the question as to the objective existence of the corona, and whether it be self-luminous or merely shining by light reflected from the main body of the sun, is practically where it stood before the observation of the eclipse.

The British authorities are at present on the alert to seize in the fish markets all the salmon which are technically known as unclean and unseasonable; and Mr. BUCKLAND, with his usual foresight, is making use of the opportunity to prosecute investigations upon the character of these fish. He reports that from one fish, weighing 20 pounds, 3½ pounds of eggs were taken, numbering about 19,000; and that, in addition to the mature eggs referred to, there was distinctly visible the crop of eggs destined for a future spawning season, these being about the size of millet seeds. He found that in none of the fish having ripe spawn, or milt, was there any fat in the pyloric appendages, which confirmed the conclusion to which he had previously arrived that the object of the fat upon these appendages was to aid in making the milt and the roe. The total number of fish seized as coming under the official ban amounted, at the date of Mr. BUCKLAND'S last communication, February 16, to 302, weighing 3856 pounds, and containing 200,000 eggs.

However disastrous may have been the effect of the bombardment of Strasburg upon the magnificent library of that city, we are happy to learn that the Natural History Museum escaped almost entirely uninjured, the amount of damage being simply the destruction of a small collection of fossils and a few birds. The glass in nearly all the cases was, however, broken by the concussion.

A tigress lately killed in India is said to have destroyed 140 people in seven years. In consequence of her ravages many families had left the region traversed by the beast, and a wide extent of country had been abandoned.

The question of the use of fish pounds is becoming one of great moment on the lakes as well as the sea-coast, and bids fair to involve much acrimonious controversy. A convention of fishermen, interested in this subject, was held not long since at Monroe, Michigan, where the matter was discussed in all its bearings. It was there stated that a capital of $250,000 was invested at present in the fisheries at the western end of Lake Erie, and that certain anticipated legislation looking toward the prohibition of pounds would be impolitic and unjust, and that all proper measures should be taken to prevent the passage of the acts in question. It is said that Wisconsin has passed a law prohibiting the use of pounds on her shores, and that Illinois is about following suit. These measures, it is suggested, will be contested by parties, on the ground that the States have no right to pass enactments having reference to the waters properly controlled by the United States, and that the authorities at Washington alone are competent to take action in the matter.

The subscribers to the lively and interesting scientific Paris weekly, *Les Mondes*, will be glad to learn that its publication was to be resumed on the 1st of March, after the interruption caused by the war. The learned editor, the Abbé MOIGNO, for a time conducted the rival journal, *Cosmos*, subsequently taken charge of by the Messrs. MEUNIER, but left it to found the journal just referred to.

According to M. BUCKLAND, the English salmon fishery of 1870 is to be considered as highly satisfactory, notwithstanding the unfavorable circumstance of a dry summer, which hindered the passage of the fish up the rivers during a large part of the open season. The precise statistics of the year have not been published in sufficient detail to give a general summary; but it is stated by the Severn Board of Commissioners that the total number of salmon taken from the waters under their charge in 1870 was 22,500, weighing 116 tons, which, at the average of one shilling a pound, would represent a commercial value of £13,000. The salmon fishery for the year previous yielded only 11,200 fish, which was, however, an increase on the take of the year before. Thus the produce of the Severn salmon fishery appears to be steadily increasing, and is a gratifying expression of the sound principles upon which the methods adopted for the protection and preservation of these fish are based.

Much interest was excited in Bogota by the arrival there of a delegation of certain chiefs of the Tulé tribes of Indians of the Isthmus of Darien, for the purpose of presenting complaints to the Federal authorities respecting impositions exercised to their prejudice by various foreign vessels touching at their ports, as obliging them, under threats of violence, to sell their productions at prices fixed by the buyers, collecting the vegetable growths of their forests without the consent of the owners, maltreating their families, etc. Among the parties referred to by the Indians were various members of the United States surveying expeditions. These people, it is said, are well advanced in the arts of civilization, possessing very comfortable residences, and raising a considerable variety of vegetable productions. Their capital is called Titua, and their country is situated between the river Arquia on the east, and the Gulf of San Blas on the west, extending over about 172 miles on the coast. The total population is estimated at 7200, occupying about 1200 houses, arranged in 36 villages.

For some years Dr. BURMEISTER, an eminent German naturalist and physicist, from Halle, has resided in Buenos Ayres, in charge of the National Museum in that city, and by his investigations and publications concerning specimens belonging to the museum has given to it a great reputation. Quite recently, we understand, a murderous attack was made upon him by one of his servants, which was happily frustrated, but the newspaper comments upon the transaction developed the existence of so much animosity or jealousy toward foreigners on the part of the people that the doctor has finally determined to resign his position, and return to Germany. Dr. SARMIENTO, the President of the Republic, it is said, has endeavored to change this determination, but apparently without effect. In parting with Dr. BURMEISTER Buenos Ayres will lose one who has given to the country that position in science through his writings that Dr. SARMIENTO has in literature, and his loss will not be easily made good. It is an interesting fact that the national museums of both Chili and the Argentine Republic are presided over by German naturalists, the former being Dr. R. L. PHILIPPI, well known in the scientific community.

The States of Maryland and Virginia are at present at loggerheads as to which of them shall control the fishing of the Potomac River, which separates them, each having enacted laws on this subject, and being now engaged in an endeavor to enforce them. Several petitions have lately been presented to Congress requesting its interference by assuming the jurisdiction, which the petitioners consider properly the right of the United States to exercise, and to establish such regulations as may result in a final settlement of the whole question. In connection with this subject we may remark that a bill is now pending in the Legislature of Virginia providing for the appointment of two persons as Commissioners of Fish and Fisheries, to investigate the methods adopted in other States and abroad for the artificial naturalization of fish, and of replenishing the streams of the State with the best varieties adapted to the purpose. Maryland, we believe, has already made a similar provision; so that now all the New England and Middle States (with, perhaps, the exception of Delaware), together with Maryland and Virginia, have appointed commissioners to take charge of this important branch of domestic economy. We have already referred to the appointment by the United States of a Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries; so that by the co-operation of these gentlemen we trust that some definite system of action may be determined upon and presented to their respective constituencies for adoption.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

March 20.—In the Senate, much time was consumed in debating the resolution to limit the business of the present session to legislation on Southern outrages. No action was taken. Mr. Hamilton, of Texas, took the oath and his seat.—The House passed a substitute for the Senate resolution for a joint committee of investigation, authorizing a committee of seven Senators and fourteen Representatives, with full powers, and the privilege of reporting any time during the next or subsequent sessions of Congress.

March 21.—The session of the Senate was mainly occupied with a discussion of the measures to repress Southern outrages. Mr. Ames said that 800 Republicans had been murdered in Louisiana within the last sixty days, and Mr. Nye produced a carefully prepared statement which showed that 50,000 murders had been committed in the South since the war.—In the House nothing was done.

March 22.—The resolution to appoint a joint committee of investigation into Southern disorders was adopted by the Senate after a very warm debate.—The three new members of the House from New Hampshire (Democratic) were sworn in.

March 23.—A message was received by the Senate from the President in relation to the Ku-Klux outrages in the South. Mr. Sumner attempted to introduce resolutions condemning the course of the administration in regard to San Domingo.—The House adopted a resolution to adjourn on the 27th of March, the Senate consenting.

March 24.—House not in session.—In the Senate, Mr. Sumner attempted to offer an additional San Domingo resolution, censuring Baez for his action. The resolutions were all finally placed on the calendar for March 27, at which time Mr. Sumner announced his intention of speaking on the subject.

March 25.—House not in session.—In the Senate, Mr. Sumner offered a resolution asking for all the particulars of the expense of supporting naval vessels near San Domingo. Objected to, and laid over. The Deficiency Appropriation bill was further amended, and passed.

GENERAL DOMESTIC ITEMS.

The steamship *Tennessee*, with the San Domingo Commissioners on board, arrived at Charleston, South Carolina, March 26. The Commissioners set out for Washington at once.

The trial of Governor Holden, of North Carolina, closed March 22. The Senate voted him "guilty" on six of the eight articles of impeachment, and adopted an order removing him from office, and disqualifying him from holding any office of honor or profit in the State, by 36 to 15. There were just 36 Democratic and 13 Republican Senators present.

President Grant has issued a proclamation warning the organized bands in South Carolina who are disturbing the peace and endangering the lives of citizens to disperse within twenty days. This was done in compliance with the request of Governor Scott.

A "Vigilance Committee" in Nevada is clearing infested neighborhoods of thieves and murderers.

FOREIGN NEWS.

AFTER holding possession of a large portion of Paris for about a week, the insurgents have resigned their power into the hands of the new municipal authorities elected on Sunday, March 26, disbanded, and dispersed to their homes, leaving the city in possession of the lawful government. This happy and unexpected event will probably secure M. Thiers a long lease of power, which, if peaceful and wise, may result in the permanent establishment of the republic.

Many scenes of disorder and bloodshed occurred in Paris during the ascendency of the insurgents; and at one time it was feared the movement might spread to other cities, and involve the whole country in civil war. The surrender of the Paris insurgents puts an end to this apprehension. Order has been restored at Lyons and Marseilles, and the Versailles government have issued a proclamation assuring the prefects that order will be restored and the republic preserved.

The German Parliament was opened March 21 by the Emperor in person, whose speech was delivered from the marble throne of Charlemagne, brought from Aix-la-Chapelle for that purpose. The Emperor was seventy-four years old on the 22d of March.

Count von Bismarck has been made a prince of the German Empire, and Moltke has received the decoration of the Order of the Iron Cross.

The representatives of Spain, Italy, and Hungary have presented the congratulations of their sovereigns to the Emperor William on the restoration of the German Empire.

The marriage of the Princess Louise of England with the Marquis of Lorne took place March 21.

The Pope has declined to accept the guarantees offered him by the Italian government. The Italian Deputies have voted that the Papal guarantees are not subject to international negotiation.

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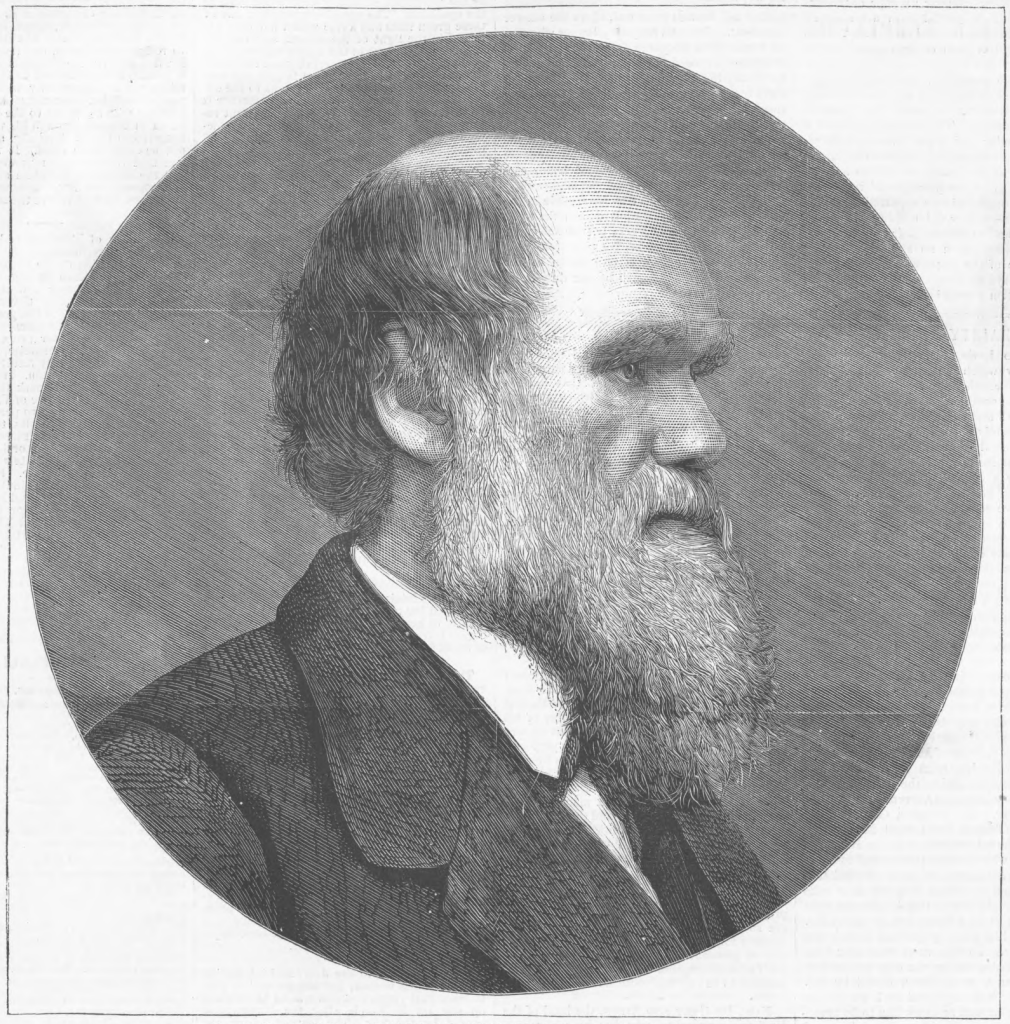

MR. C. R. DARWIN, AUTHOR OF "THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES."—[SEE PAGE 310.]

UHLAN AT THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE.—[SEE PAGE 315.]

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A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION.

By CHARLES READE.

WITH MANY ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

"GIVE HER ME, SIR."

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

RICHARD BASSETT eagerly offered his services to break off the obnoxious match. But Miss Somerset was beginning to be mortified at having shown so much passion before a stranger.

"What have you to do with it?" said she, sharply.

"Every thing. I love Miss Bruce."

"Oh yes; I forgot that. Any thing else? There is, now. I see it in your eye. What is it?"

"Sir Charles's estates are mine by right, and they will return to my line if he does not marry and have issue."

"Oh, I see. That is so like a man. It's always love, and something more important, with you. Well, give me your address. I'll write if I want you."

"Highly flattered," said Bassett, ironically—wrote his address, and left her.

Miss Somerset then sat down and wrote:

"DEAR SIR CHARLES,—*please call here, I want to speak to you.* *yours respectfully,*

"RHODA SOMERSET."

Sir Charles obeyed this missive, and the lady received him with a gracious and smiling manner, all put on and cat-like. She talked with him of indifferent things for more than an hour, still watching to see if he would tell her of his own accord.

When she was quite sure he would not, she said,

"Do you know there's a ridiculous report about that you are going to be married?"

"Indeed!"

"They even tell her name—Miss Bruce. Do you know the girl?"

"Yes."

"Is she pretty?"

"Very."

"Modest?"

"As an angel."

"And are you going to marry her?"

"Yes."

"Then you are a villain."

"The deuce I am!"

"You are, to abandon a woman who has sacrificed all for you."

Sir Charles looked puzzled, and then smiled; but was too polite to give his thoughts vent. Nor was it necessary; Miss Somerset, whose brave eyes never left the person she was speaking to, fired up at the smile alone, and she burst into a torrent of remonstrance, not to say vituperation. Sir Charles endeavored once or twice to stop it, but it was not to be stopped; so at last he quietly took up his hat to go.

He was arrested at the door by a rustle and a fall. He turned round, and there was Miss Somerset lying on her back, grinding her white teeth and clutching the air.

He ran to the bell, and rang it violently, then knelt down and did his best to keep her from hurting herself; but, as generally happens in these cases, his interference made her more violent. He had hard work to keep her from battering her head against the floor, and her arms worked like windmills.

Hearing the bell tugged so violently, a pretty page ran headlong into the room—saw—and, without an instant's diminution of speed, described a curve, and ran headlong out, screaming, "Polly! Polly!"

The next moment the housekeeper, an elderly woman, trotted in at the door, saw her mistress's condition, and stood stock-still, calling, "Polly," but with the most perfect tranquillity the mind can conceive.

In ran a strapping house-maid, with black eyes and brown arms, went down on her knees, and said, firmly though respectfully, "Give her me, Sir."

She got behind her struggling mistress, pulled her up into her own lap, and pinned her by the wrists with a vigorous grasp.

The lady struggled, and ground her teeth audibly, and flung her arms abroad. The maid applied all her rustic strength and harder muscle to hold her within bounds. The four arms went to and fro in a magnificent struggle, and neither could the maid hold the mistress still, nor the mistress shake off the maid's grasp, nor strike any thing to hurt herself.

Sir Charles, thrust out of the play, looked on with pity and anxiety, and the little page at the door—combining art and nature—stuck stock-still in a military attitude, and blubbered aloud.

As for the housekeeper, she remained in the middle of the room with folded arms, and looked down on the struggle with a singular expression of countenance. There was no agitation whatever, but a sort of thoughtful examination, half cynical, half admiring.

However, as soon as the boy's sobs reached her ear she wakened up, and said, tenderly, "What is the child crying for? Run and get a basin of water, and fling it all over her; that will bring her to in a minute."

The page departed swiftly on this benevolent errand.

Then the lady gave a deep sigh, and ceased to struggle.

Next she stared in all their faces, and seemed to return to consciousness.

Next she spoke, but very feebly. "Help me up," she sighed.

Sir Charles and Polly raised her, and now there was a marvelous change. The vigorous vixen was utterly weak, and limp as a wet towel—a woman of jelly. As such they handled her, and deposited her gingerly on the sofa.

Now the page ran in hastily with the water. Up jumps the poor lax sufferer, with flashing eyes: "You dare to come near me with it!" Then to the female servants: "Call yourselves women, and water my lilac silk, not two hours old?" Then to the housekeeper: "You old monster, you wanted it for your Polly. Get out of my sight, *the lot!*"

Then, suddenly remembering how feeble she was, she sank instantly down, and turned piteously and languidly to Sir Charles. "They eat my bread, and rob me, and hate me," said she, faintly. "I have but one friend on earth." She leaned tenderly toward Sir Charles as that friend; but before she quite reached him she started back, her eyes filled with sudden horror. "And he forsakes me!" she cried; and so turned away from him despairingly, and began to cry bitterly, with head averted over the sofa, and one hand hanging by her side for Sir Charles to take and comfort her. He tried to take it. It resisted; and, under cover of that little disturbance, the other hand dextrously whipped two pins out of her hair. The long brown tresses—all her own—fell over her eyes and down to her waist, and the picture of distressed beauty was complete.

Even so did the women of antiquity conquer male pity—"*solutis crinibus.*"

The females interchanged a meaning glance, and retired; the boy followed them with his basin, sore perplexed, but learning life in this admirable school.

Sir Charles then, with the utmost kindness, endeavored to reconcile the weeping and disheveled fair to that separation which circumstances rendered necessary. But she was inconsolable, and he left the house, perplexed and grieved; not but what it gratified his vanity a little to find himself beloved all in a moment, and the Somerset unvixened. He could not help thinking how wide must be the circle of his charms, which had won the affections of two beautiful women so opposite in character as Bella Bruce and La Somerset.

"SHE WAS INCONSOLABLE."

The passion of this latter seemed to grow. She wrote to him every day, and begged him to call on her.

She called on him—she who had never called on a man before.

She raged with jealousy; she melted with grief. She played on him with all a woman's artillery; and at last actually wrung from him what she called a reprieve.

Richard Bassett called on her, but she would not receive him; so then he wrote to her, urging co-operation, and she replied, frankly, that she took no interest in his affairs; but that she was devoted to Sir Charles, and should keep him for herself. Vanity tempted her to add that he (Sir Charles) was with her every day, and the wedding postponed.

This last seemed too good to be true, so Richard Bassett set his servant to talk to the servants in Portman Square. He learned that the wedding was now to be on the 15th of June, instead of the 31st of May.

Convinced that this postponement was only a blind, and that the marriage would never be, he breathed more freely at the news.

But the fact is, although Sir Charles had yielded so far to dread of scandal, he was ashamed of himself, and his shame became remorse when he detected a furtive tear in the dove-like eyes of her he really loved and esteemed.

He went and told his trouble to Mr. Oldfield. "I am afraid she will do something desperate," he said.

Mr. Oldfield heard him out, and then asked him had he told Miss Somerset what he was going to settle on her.

"Not I. She is not in a condition to be influenced by that, at present."

"Let me try her. The draft is ready. I'll call on her to-morrow."

He did call, and was told she did not know him.

"You tell her I'm a lawyer, and it is very much to her interest to see me," said Mr. Oldfield to the page.

He was admitted, but not to a *tête-à-tête*. Polly was kept in the room. The Somerset had peeped, and Oldfield was an old fellow, with white hair; if he had been a young fellow, with black hair, she might have thought that precaution less necessary.

"First, madam," said Oldfield, "I must beg you to accept my apologies for not coming sooner. Press of business, etc."

"Why have you come at all? That is the question," inquired the lady, bluntly.

"I bring the draft of a deed for your approval. Shall I read it to you?"

"Yes; if it's not very long."

He began to read it.

The lady interrupted him characteristically.

"It's a beastly rigmarole. What does it mean—in three words?"

"Sir Charles Bassett secures to Rhoda Somerset four hundred pounds a year, while single; this is reduced to two hundred if you marry. The deed further assigns to you, without reserve, the beneficial lease of this house, and all the furniture and effects, plate, linen, wine, etc."

"I see—a bribe."

"Nothing of the kind, madam. When Sir Charles instructed me to prepare this deed he expected no opposition on your part to his marriage; but he thought it due to him and to yourself to mark his esteem for you, and his recollection of the pleasant hours he has spent in your company."

Miss Somerset's eyes searched the lawyer's face. He stood the battery unflinchingly. She altered her tone, and asked, politely and almost respectfully, whether she might see that paper.

Mr. Oldfield gave it her. She took it, and ran her eye over it; in doing which, she raised it so that she could think behind it unobserved. She handed it back at last, with the remark that Sir Charles was a gentleman, and had done the right thing.

"He has; and you will do the right thing too, will you not?"

"I don't know. I am just beginning to fall in love with him myself."

"Jealousy, madam, not love," said the old lawyer. "Come, now! I see you are a young lady of rare good sense; look the thing in the face: Sir Charles is a landed gentleman; he must marry, and have heirs. He is over thirty, and his time has come. He has shown himself your friend; why not be his? He has given you the means to marry a gentleman of moderate income, or to marry beneath you, if you prefer it—"

"And most of us do—"

"Then why not make his path smooth? Why distress him with your tears and remonstrances?"

He continued in this strain for some time, appealing to her good sense and her better feelings.

When he had done she said, very quietly, "How about the ponies and my brown mare? Are they down in the deed?"

"I think not; but if you will do your part handsomely I'll guarantee you shall have them."

"You are a good soul." Then, after a pause, "Now just you tell me exactly what you want me to do for all this."

Oldfield was pleased with this question. He said, "I wish you to abstain from writing to Sir Charles, and him to visit you only once more before his marriage, just to shake hands and part, with mutual friendship and good wishes."

"You are right," said she, softly; "best for us both, and only fair to the girl." Then, with sudden and eager curiosity, "Is she very pretty?"

"I don't know."

"What, hasn't he told you?"

"He says she is lovely, and every way adorable; but then he is in love. The chances are she is not half so handsome as yourself."

"And yet he is in love with her?"

"Over head and ears."

"I don't believe it. If he was really in love with one woman he couldn't

"SHE OPENED IT; IT WAS A THING NEW TO HER IN HER YOUNG LIFE."

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be just to another. *I* couldn't. He'll be coming back to me in a few months."

"God forbid!"

"Thank you, old gentleman."

Mr. Oldfield began to stammer excuses. She interrupted him: "Oh, bother all that; I like you none the worse for speaking your mind." Then, after a pause, "Now excuse me; but suppose Sir Charles should change his mind, and never sign this paper?"

"I pledge my professional credit."

"That is enough, Sir; I see I can trust you. Well, then, I consent to break off with Sir Charles, and only see him once more—as a friend. Poor Sir Charles! I hope he will be happy" (she squeezed out a tear for him)—"happier than I am. And when he does come he can sign the deed, you know."

Mr. Oldfield left her, and joined Sir Charles at Long's, as had been previously agreed.

"It is all right, Sir Charles; she is a sensible girl, and will give you no farther trouble."

"How did you get over the hysterics?"

"We dispensed with them. She saw at once it was to be business, not sentiment. You are to pay her one more visit, to sign, and part friends. If you please, I'll make that appointment with both parties, as soon as the deed is engrossed. Oh, by-the-bye, she did shed a tear or two, but she dried them to ask me for the ponies and the brown mare."

Sir Charles's vanity was mortified. But he laughed it off, and said she should have them, of course.

So now his mind was at ease, his conscience was at rest, and he could give his whole time where he had given his heart.

Richard Bassett learned, through his servant, that the wedding-dresses were ordered. He called on Miss Somerset. She was out.

Polly opened the door, and gave him a look of admiration—due to his fresh color—that encouraged him to try and enlist her in his service.

He questioned her, and she told him in a general way how matters were going. "But," said she, "why not come and talk to her yourself? Ten to one but she tells you. She is pretty outspoken."

"My pretty dear," said Richard, "she never will receive me."

"Oh, but I'll make her!" said Polly.

And she did exert her influence as follows:

"Lookee here, the cousin's a-coming to-morrow, and I've been and promised he should see you."

"What did you do that for?"

"Why, he's a well-looking chap, and a beautiful color, fresh from the country, like me. And he's a gentleman, and got an estate belike; and why not put yourn to hisn, and so marry him and be a lady? You might have me about ye all the same, till my turn comes."

"No, no," said Rhoda; "that's not the man for me. If ever I marry, it must be one of my own sort, or else a fool, like Marsh, that I can make a slave of."

"Well, any way, you must see him, not to make a fool of *me*, for I did promise him; which, now I think on't, 'twas very good of me, for I could find in my heart to ast him down into the kitchen, instead of bringing him up stairs to you."

All this ended, somehow, in Mr. Bassett's being admitted.

To his anxious inquiry how matters stood, she replied coolly that Sir Charles and herself were parted by mutual consent.

"What! after all your protestations?" said Bassett, bitterly.

But Miss Somerset was not in an irascible humor just then. She shrugged her shoulders, and said:

"Yes, I remember I put myself in a passion, and said some ridiculous things. But one can't be always a fool. I have come to my senses. This sort of thing always does end, you know. Most of them part enemies, but he and I part friends and well-wishers."

"And you throw *me* over as if I was nobody," said Richard, white with anger.

"Why, what are you to me?" said the Somerset. "Oh, I see. You thought to make a cat's-paw of me. Well, you won't, then."

"In other words, you have been bought off."

"No, I have not. I am not to be bought by any body—and I am not to be insulted by you, you ruffian! How dare you come here and affront a lady in her own house—a lady whose shoe-strings your betters are ready to tie, you brute? If you want to be a landed proprietor, go and marry some ugly old hag that's got it, and no eye-sight left to see you're no gentleman. Sir Charles's land you'll never have; a better man has got it, and means to keep it for him and his. Here, Polly! Polly! Polly! take this man down to the kitchen, and teach him manners if you can: he is not fit for my drawing-room, by a long chalk."

Polly arrived in time to see the flashing eyes, the swelling veins, and to hear the fair orator's peroration.

"What, you are in your tantrums again!" said she. "Come along, Sir. Needs must when the devil drives. You'll break a blood-vessel some day, my lady, like your father afore ye."

And with this homely suggestion, which always sobered Miss Somerset, and, indeed, frightened her out of her wits, she withdrew the offender.

She did not take him into the kitchen, but into the dining-room, and there he had a long talk with her, and gave her a sovereign.

She promised to inform him if any thing important should occur.

He went away, pondering and scowling deeply.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

SIR CHARLES BASSETT was now living in Elysium. Never was rake more thoroughly transformed. Every day he sat for hours at the feet of Bella Bruce, admiring her soft, feminine ways and virgin modesty even more than her beauty. And her visible blush whenever he appeared suddenly, and the soft commotion and yielding in her lovely frame whenever he drew near, betrayed his magnetic influence, and told all but the blind she adored him.

She would decline all invitations to dine with him and her father—a strong-minded old admiral, whose authority was unbounded, only, to Bella's regret, very rarely exerted. Nothing would have pleased her more than to be forbidden this and commanded that; but no! the admiral was a lion with an enormous paw, only he could not be got to put it into every pie.

In this charming society the hours glided, and the wedding-day drew close. So deeply and sincerely was Sir Charles in love that when Mr. Oldfield's letter came, appointing the day and hour to sign Miss Somerset's deed, he was unwilling to go, and wrote back to ask if the deed could not be sent to his house.

Mr. Oldfield replied that the parties to the deed and the witnesses must meet, and it would be unadvisable, for several reasons, to irritate the lady's susceptibility previous to signature: the appointment having been made at her house, it had better remain so

That day soon came.

Sir Charles, being due in Mayfair at 2 P.M., compensated himself for the less agreeable business to come by going earlier than usual to Portman Square. By this means he caught Miss Bruce and two other young ladies inspecting bridal dresses. Bella blushed and looked ashamed, and, to the surprise of her friends, sent the dresses away, and set herself to talk rationally with Sir Charles—as rationally as lovers can.

The ladies took the cue, and retired in disgust.

Sir Charles apologized.

"This is too bad of me. I come at an unheard-of hour, and frighten away your fair friends; but the fact is, I have an appointment at two, and I don't know how long they will keep me, so I thought I would make sure of two happy hours at the least."

And delightful hours they were. Bella Bruce, excited by this little surprise, leaned softly on his shoulder, and prattled her maiden love like some warbling fountain.

Sir Charles, transfigured by love, answered her in kind—three months ago he could not—and they compared pretty little plans of wedded life, and had small differences, and ended by agreeing.

Complete and prompt accord upon two points: first, they would not have a single quarrel, like other people; their love should never lose its delicate bloom; second, they would grow old together, and die the same day—the same minute if possible; if not, they must be content with the same day, but, on that, inexorable.

But soon after this came a skirmish. Each wanted to obey t'other.

Sir Charles argued that Bella was better than he, and therefore more fit to conduct the pair.

Bella, who thought him divinely good, pounced on this reason furiously. He defended it. He admitted, with exemplary candor, that he was good now—"awfully good." But he assured her that he had been any thing but good until he knew her; now she had been always good; therefore, he argued, as his goodness came originally from her, for her to obey him would be a little too much like the moon commanding the sun.

"That is too ingenious for me, Charles," said Bella. "And, for shame! Nobody was ever so good as you are. I look up to you and—Now I could stop your mouth in a minute. I have only to remind you that I shall swear at the altar to obey you, and you will not swear to obey me. But I will not crush you under the Prayer-book—no, dearest; but, indeed, to obey is a want of my nature, and I marry you to supply that want: and that's a story, for I marry you because I love and honor and worship and adore you to distraction, my own—own—own!" With this she flung herself passionately, yet modestly, on his shoulder, and, being there, murmured, coaxingly, "You *will* let me obey you, Charles?"

Thereupon Sir Charles felt highly gelatinous, and lost, for the moment, all power of resistance or argument.

"Ah, you will; and then you will remind me of my dear mother. She knew how to command; but as for poor dear papa, he is very disappointing. In selecting an admiral for my parent, I made sure of being ordered about. Instead of that—now I'll show you—there he is in the next room, inventing a new system of signals, poor dear—"

She threw the folding-doors open.

"Papa dear, shall I ask Charles to dinner today?"

"As you please, my dear."

"Do you think I had better walk or ride this afternoon?"

"Whichever you prefer."

"There," said Bella, "I told you so. That is always the way. Papa dear, you used always to be firing guns at sea. Do, please, fire one in this house—just one—before I leave it, and make the very windows rattle."

"I beg your pardon, Bella; I never wasted powder at sea. If the convoy sailed well and steered right I never barked at them. You are a modest, sensible girl, and have always steered a good course. Why should I hoist a petticoat and play the small tyrant? Wait till I see you going to do something wrong or silly."

"Ah! then you *would* fire a gun, papa?"

"Ay, a broadside."

"Well, that is something," said Bella, as she closed the door softly.

"No, no; it amounts to just nothing," said Sir Charles; "for you never will do any thing wrong or silly. I'll accommodate you. I have thought of a way. I shall give you some blank cards; you shall write on them, 'I think I should like to do so and so.' You shall be careless, and leave them about; I'll find them, and bluster, and say, 'I command you to do so and so, Bella Bassett'—the very thing on the card, you know."

Bella colored to the brow with pleasure and modesty. After a pause she said: "How sweet! The worst of it is I should get my own way. Now what I want is to submit my will to yours. A gentle tyrant—that is what you must be to Bella Bassett. Oh, you sweet, sweet, for calling me that!"

These projects were interrupted by a servant announcing luncheon.

This made Sir Charles look hastily at his watch, and he found it was past two o'clock.

"How time flies in this house!" said he. "I must go, dearest; I am behind my appointment already. What do you do this afternoon?"

"Whatever you please, my own."

"I could get away by four."

"Then I will stay at home for you."

He left her reluctantly, and she followed him to the head of the stairs, and hung over the balusters as if she would try to fly after him.

He turned at the street-door, saw that radiant and gentle face beaming after him, and they kissed hands to each other by one impulse, as if they were parting for ever so long.

He had gone scarcely half an hour when a letter, addressed to her, was left at the door by a private messenger.

"Any answer?" inquired the servant.

"No."

The letter was sent up, and delivered to her on a silver salver.

She opened it; it was a thing new to her in her young life—an anonymous letter.

"MISS BRUCE,—*I am almost a stranger to you, but I know your character from others, and can not bear to see you abused. You are said to be about to marry Sir Charles Bassett. I think you can hardly be aware that he is connected with a lady of doubtful repute, called Somerset, and neither your beauty nor your virtue has prevailed to detach him from that connection.*

"*If, on engaging himself to you, he had abandoned her, I should not have said a word. But the truth is, he visits her constantly, and I blush to say that when he leaves you this day it will be to spend the afternoon at her house.*

"*I inclose you her address, and you can learn in ten minutes whether I am a slanderer or, what I wish to be,*

"A FRIEND OF INJURED INNOCENCE."

CHARLES ROBERT DARWIN, F.R.S.

THIS celebrated naturalist, whose portrait is given on page 308, was born at Shrewsbury, England, on February 12, 1809, being a son of Dr. ROBERT WARING DARWIN, F.R.S., physician of that town; his mother was a daughter of JOSIAH WEDGWOOD, the modern founder of the English pottery manufacture. Mr. DARWIN was educated first at Shrewsbury School under Dr. BUTLER, afterward Bishop of Lichfield; he went to the University of Edinburgh in 1825, remained there two years, and was next entered of Christ's College, Cambridge, where he took his B.A. degree in 1831. His hereditary aptitude for the study of natural science must have been early perceived by his instructors. The Rev. Mr. HENSLOW, Professor of Botany at Cambridge, recommended him, therefore, to Captain FITZROY and the Lords of the Admiralty in 1831, when a naturalist was to be chosen to accompany the second surveying expedition of H.M.S. *Beagle* in the Southern Seas. The first expedition, that of the *Adventure* and *Beagle*, 1826 to 1830, had explored the coasts of Patagonia; the *Beagle*, which sailed again December 27, 1831, and returned to England October 22, 1836, made a scientific circumnavigation of the globe. Its main object was, by a continuous series of chronometrical measurements, to procure a complete chain of meridian distances; there were also magnetic observations of some importance; but the zoology, botany, and geology of the different countries visited were examined by Mr. DARWIN. He served without salary, and partly paid his own expenses, on condition that he should have the entire disposal of his collections. These were received in England by Professor HENSLOW. Their value to the advancement of science was shown by the special reports upon these collections of the highest authorities in each case—of Professor OWEN upon the fossil mammalia, of Mr. WATERHOUSE upon the living beasts, of Mr. GOULD upon the birds, of Dr. HOOKER, Professor HENSLOW, and others upon the plants, and of the most learned men in fishes, reptiles, and insects. Mr. DARWIN discovered in South America three new genera of extinct animals. The president of the Geological Society declared that his voyage was one of the most important events for that science that had occurred for many years. To the general reader few books of travel can be more attractive than Mr. DARWIN'S "Journal" of this expedition, which he first published in 1839, and which has since gone through many editions. The agreeable freshness of its clear and lively style, the quickly touched yet distinctly visible pictures of scenery, the anecdotes of life and manners among the savage and other foreign nations with whom he conversed, the suggestiveness as well as the curiousness of the various incidents he has related, make this always a popular work. The countries upon which it chiefly dwells are the eastern, southern, and western shores of South America, with Terra del Fuego, and many inlets and islands of the coast, and some of the remotest island groups in the Pacific and Indian oceans. The natural history and geology of these regions are minutely described, opening scientific discussions of the highest interest.

Since the voyage of the *Beagle*, we believe, Mr. DARWIN has not personally engaged in any distant explorations. He has resided during many years past near Farnborough, in Kent, having married his cousin, Miss EMMA WEDGWOOD, by whom he has a large family. The honors of several British and foreign scientific societies have been conferred upon him—the Royal medal and Copley medal by the Royal Society, the Wollaston medal by the Geological Society—and he has been created by the King of Prussia Knight of the Order of Merit. He has frequently contributed to the transactions of the Geological, the Zoological, the Linnæan, and other botanical societies; and his treatise on the Cirripedia, published by the Ray Society, is one of his works held in much esteem. Botanists have appreciated his observations of the habits of climbing plants, and his very interesting book, published in 1862, upon the methods by which the fertilization of orchids is effected through the agency of certain insects. Mr. DARWIN'S reputation is thus independent of the philosophical theory which he propounds in his essay "On the Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection." That bold and ingenious essay, which first appeared in 1859, has been printed by tens of thousands of copies, and translated into French, German, Italian, Spanish, and other European languages. It has excited more needless alarm and undeserved scandal than even the "Vestiges of Creation." It has been vehemently abused, and not less extravagantly commended, by illogical and intemperate partisans on both sides, who supposed it could affect the truths of the Christian religion. Its main proposition is that all the various forms of vegetable and animal life, past or present, have been produced by a series of gradual changes in natural descent from parents to offspring. All the animals—beasts, birds, reptiles, insects, fishes, and zoophytes—have descended from, at most, four or five progenitors—all the plants from no greater number; but analogy would lead to the belief that all animals and plants have together descended from some one prototype.

This is not the place to enter upon the discussion of a subject which has excited the most bitter controversy in scientific circles; but we may state that the great objection to the Darwinian theory is the want of that direct evidence of facts in its support which would surely be forthcoming if it were true. Geology bears record, in its fossils, of the existence during thousands of past centuries of many species now extinct; but we do not learn from the geologists that they have detected any one species in the act of transforming itself into any other. Within the range even of human observation of some living creatures, it might have been expected that, seeing the rapidity of their generations succeeding each other, short-lived as they are, we should find some recorded instances of such mutation. But the animals that old Egypt worshiped and those of which we read in old ÆSOP'S fables were such as we now meet. Allowing, however, the lapse of hundreds of millions of years, antecedent to all geological dates, for the change from the simplest to the most complete living form, it is scarcely credible that the modification of a vegetating structure has produced in animals such an organ as the eye, much less the brain.

Mr. DARWIN'S hypothesis, indeed, does not extend so far. Analogy may be a deceitful guide, he says; and there is no positive evidence that animals and plants come from one low form of organism, such as the spores of certain algæ, intermediate between vegetable and animal existence. But that all vertebrate animals, including man, are the offspring of a common parent he thinks is proved by the arguments he has adduced in the "Origin of Species." He lays much stress on the close resemblance of different species to each other in the embryonic stage; on correspondences of structure, as between the hand or fore-arm of a man and the leg of a horse; and on the existence of abortive rudimentary organs, such as teeth which are never cut, or stumps of wings, of tails, and of horns, which serve no useful purpose. These seem tokens of a real kindred between the mammals; but Mr. DARWIN'S new book, "The Descent of Man, and Selection in Relation to Sex," asserts the kindred of us mammals to amphibious reptiles and fishes, going back to "a group of marine animals, resembling the larvæ of existing Ascidians." Somehow one feels less repugnance to this amazing long pedigree than to the presumed immediate ancestor of mankind. The Ascidian larva is not so bad as the too familiar ape. Mr. DARWIN, however, insists on presenting Jocko as almost one of ourselves. If we object that the monkey has no mind like ours, he replies that the monkey *has* a mind, which is superior to the mind of a fish—the lamprey, for instance—in a greater degree than the lowest human intelligence is superior to the cleverest monkey's. As for the moral sense, he ascribes its development to social instincts and habits. In conclusion Mr. DARWIN says:

"The main conclusion arrived at in this work—namely, that man is descended from some lowly organized form—will, I regret to think, be highly distasteful to many persons. But there can hardly be a doubt that we are descended from barbarians. The astonishment which I felt on first seeing a party of Fuegians on a wild and broken shore will never be forgotten by me, for the reflection at once rushed into my mind—such were our ancestors. These men were absolutely naked, and bedaubed with paint; their long hair was tangled, their mouths frothed with excitement, and their expression was wild, startled, and distrustful. They possessed hardly any arts, and, like wild animals, lived upon what they could catch; they had no government, and were merciless to every one not of their own small

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tribe. He who has seen a savage in his native land will not feel much shame if forced to acknowledge that the blood of some more humble creature flows in his veins. For my own part, I would as soon be descended from that heroic little monkey who braved his dreaded enemy in order to save the life of his keeper, or from that old baboon who, descending from the mountains, carried away in triumph his young comrade from a crowd of astonished dogs, as from a savage who delights to torture his enemies, offers up bloody sacrifices, practices infanticide without remorse, treats his wives like slaves, knows no decency, and is haunted by the grossest superstitions. Man may be excused for feeling some pride at having risen, though not through his own exertions, to the very summit of the organic scale; and the fact of his having thus risen, instead of having been aboriginally placed there, may give him hopes for a still higher destiny in the distant future."

We must leave the subject to thoughtful readers. Species is a mystery; life is a great mystery; the conscious rational soul is a greater mystery still. There are such problems in the universe as physical science will never be able to solve.

KITTEN.

ELLEN VANDECKEN and her sister Bessie were waiting for dinner in a magnificent dwelling in one of the most aristocratic streets in New York.

Ellen, the elder, was rocking herself in front of the glass between the windows, and Bessie was standing tiptoe before the mirror on the mantel-piece, "fixing" herself, as ladies call it—that is, rearranging her dress generally without rhyme or reason, taking off the bow at her throat, shaking out her false curls, puffing up her panier, and belting in her waist.

These two sisters, the only children of a rich widowed stock-broker, were, in every particular of dress and thought, girls of the period.

They never quarreled exactly, but were always at variance in their opinions, and permitted themselves to use that unpleasant frankness which is the bane of too great intimacy, and the downright contradiction which prevails with relatives who are not obliged to be polite in the home circle.

"I wish," said Ellen, "that that Kitten wouldn't come here any more."

"*I* wish," replied Bessie, "that you would stop calling him Kitten. I don't see any fun in it. He's not a bit like a kitten."

"He is, then," laughed Ellen: "his hair is light, what I call kitten gray, or drab; his eyes are gray, so is his complexion; he wears a gray hat, gray pants, gray gloves; his sparse mustache sticks out just like a cat's, and he speaks in a purring voice. Externally he *is* very like a kitten, but morally I think he is more of the mouse order, without a grain of spirit. Whenever I see him sidling up to you, without the courage to pay you open attention, I think of such is the kingdom of henpecked husbands."

"I hope," retorted her sister, "that when *you* enter the kingdom of henpecked husbands, yours may have a purse as long as your tongue, El."

"I tell you, Bessie, if what pa said yesterday comes to pass, and old Mr. Farringdon's bank breaks, your mild-mannered man will have to take a nurse-maid's situation."

And Ellen laughed, and rocked back far enough to reflect the heels of her tiny boots; but Bessie sighed, and said, thoughtfully:

"I suppose it *would* go very hard with poor Kitten to work for his living. There's a great deal said nowadays about the young folks of the period; but no blame is ever attached to the way in which the old people bring them up—particularly girls—in idleness, ignorance, and extravagance. Rich parents take it for granted that their wealth is going to last forever, and poor ones that, by hook or by crook, their children will get rich; and so they never teach them any thing that will be of service in adversity; then, when they are thrown out into the world to shift for themselves, they do it badly enough—the men often by their wits, and the women by worse. Now there's poor Donald Farringdon: what earthly thing could he do to earn his salt, to say nothing of bread?—or you? or I? It's a hard, hollow world!"

"There you are mistaken; it's not hard nor hollow, being an incandescent mass of—"

"Bother your science! There's pa; let's go down to dinner."

It was true, he told them during dinner, that Farringdon & Brother had suspended payment; their liabilities were large, and the merchant princes of yesterday were the beggars of to-day.

How did the meek and purring "Kitten" bear the blow?

An only son, he had been reared in luxury, and in the belief that a great fortune would be his; that, therefore, labor—mental or physical—would never be necessary.

He knew positively nothing of practical use, although he could swim like a duck, sing like the tenor of an opera, and dance like a Polish prince. He could drive a pair of fast horses without splitting his tight violet kid gloves, was a celebrated amateur "catch" at base-ball, the pride of the rowing club, a Nimrod with the gun, and a Hollander on the skating rink; but he had never studied a profession, nor learned any honest, hard-handed trade. He wouldn't become a music-teacher nor salesman, so he tried to keep a set of books. He found that he could not make in one year by that as much as he had formerly spent in neck-ties and gloves; so he resigned his situation in three months, and stood alone in the world, without a penny or the means of earning one, and with all his luxurious habits to be overcome. But there remained to him still the good gifts of his pride and youthful manhood. The first prompted him to withdraw immediately from his "set," thereby avoiding the humiliation of "cuts;" the second enabled him to face the worst without a murmur.

He wrote to Bessie Vandecken, releasing her from her engagement, giving his reverses as the reason. For a little while he hoped she would cling to him; but when a brief note came, expressing polite but cold regret for his altered fortune, he made up his mind that he must resign love as well as friends and position; then, in the language of the bold outlaw, Rob Roy, "he pulled his bonnet o'er his brow, took to the woods and hills, and became a broken man."

The firm of Farringdon & Brother soon passed out of the remembrance of all but the sufferers by it. Kitten's father slunk away to the poverty-stricken retreats of broken-down gentlemen; for his had been no fictitious failure, leaving the bankrupts rich. Thus Kitten faded so completely out of Bessie's "set" that she could learn nothing of him or his whereabouts. On the receipt of his letter she felt that she loved him, and told her father so. She was young, and stood in awe of her father, who forbade her to hold out any encouragement to young Farringdon, giving these reasons: that she, by virtue of her bringing up, was unfitted to be the wife of a poor man; that he, her father, would never support a son-in-law; that every man should take care of his own wife, no matter what the circumstances of her parents might be. If the young fellow really loved her, he would pluck up a spirit—which he didn't seem to have, by-the-way—strike a vein of gold, or find Kidd's treasure, and come back and claim her in good time. Then it would be well enough to talk of accepting him, always supposing that she kept of the same mind, which, in so young a girl, was hardly to be expected. And so on in the same strain.

Bessie did not die of disappointed love—it is not customary with the girl of the period. Still she felt that in her "heart of hearts" (why should Hamlet only have a plurality of them?) she loved poor Kitten, as her sister had mockingly nicknamed him in a happier hour.

She loved him with redoubled tenderness since he had uttered that touching, tragic word, "good-by;" for,

> "How oft, if at the court of Love
> Concealment be the fashion,
> When How-d'ye-do? has failed to move,
> Good-by reveals the passion!"
>
> * * * * * *

The sisters passed four years in gayety and fashion, skimming from one watering-place to another, and then Ellen married.

Mr. Vandecken came home one evening, saying that he was going out West on business; that if Bessie could be ready by seven o'clock the next morning she might go with him.

A large Saratoga trunk stood in the passage at six. They traveled in safety till the last evening of their journey.

"Only one night more," said Bessie to herself, as she loosened her dress and unbuttoned her boots, "that I shall have to crawl into this musty, draughty berth in a sleeping-car."

Tired out, she soon fell into an uneasy slumber. She was suddenly awakened by a terrible crash, as if two trains had rushed together, followed by shouts, cries, groans, and confusion. She was instantly thrown forward, it seemed to her, out of the car; then she lost consciousness. When she partly recovered her senses she heard the same agonizing moaning and cries, and thought she had been killed and sent to perdition; for above her head there glared a great, blinding red light; she seemed to be lying on a hard, iron hay rack; then a demoniac face bent over her, and two brawny bare arms grasped her and bore her swiftly away. Was it the arch-fiend himself bearing her down, down to still more terrible punishment?

Two trains had collided—one dashing into and shutting up in the other like a telescope. By some miracle Bessie was flung uninjured on the cow-catcher of the engine, which burst in the end of her sleeping-car. Just as she fell the engineer managed to jump out, seize her, and drag her off the perilous place. He carried her to the nearest hotel, where soon the dead and wounded were brought in heart-rending numbers. Among the former was Mr. Vandecken.

In the agony of her grief word was brought that the engineer wished to see her.

"Let him come in," she said, tearfully. "Though, now my father is gone, I can not thank the man for saving my life."

The engineer was a tall, muscular man, with a heavy beard. This time his face was not begrimed with coal dust. Bessie saw at once that he was not the arch-fiend, as she had thought on the cow-catcher; but there was something familiar about his features. Still she felt sure she never had met him before, as she had no acquaintances among men who worked *like that* for a living!

"Don't you know me, Bessie?" he said, falteringly, but with no touch of shame.

She uttered a cry, and straightway fell sobbing into the outspread arms of the dirty engineer, who wore a red flannel shirt, shabby, coarse pants turned up at the ankles, clod-hopping boots, and worked *like that* for a living!

"It's Kitten! it's Kitten! it's my dear old darling Kitten!"

And so it *was* Kitten; though no wonder she did not recognize him till he spoke. The slight, smooth-faced youth of twenty had changed into a bearded man of powerful build. The dainty hands which once wore ladies-sized kid gloves were now large and strong enough to drive an engine and guide a flying train; and the Kitten of fast horses and swell clubs was now content, even proud, he said, to earn his living by the sweat of his brow. It was a humble calling, but "a man's a man for a' that."

To be true to nature, almost every story ends with a marriage, and so does this; for in eighteen months after her father's decease Bessie, the heiress, but true-hearted little girl of the period, became the wife of the stalwart engineer, the once meek, purring little Kitten.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

DURING the last session of Congress a law was passed which causes an important change in the mode of making public the patents which are issued for inventions. Hitherto a brief account of all patents has been given in connection with the annual Patent-office report. Instead of this, the Commissioner of Patents is now authorized to have printed a certain number of copies of the specifications and drawings of each patent hereafter issued. One copy is to be placed in the Capitol of each State and Territory for free inspection, one for the same purpose in the clerk's office of each District Court of the United States, and one in the Library of Congress. These copies must not to be taken from the depositories named for any other purpose than to be used as evidence in the courts. The Commissioner is also directed to have printed for sale such additional copies of specifications and drawings as may be warranted by the actual demand. He is, moreover, authorized to furnish a complete set of them to any public library which will pay for binding them into volumes to correspond with those in the Patent-office, and for their transportation, it being understood that they will be made conveniently accessible to the public. By this arrangement all persons throughout the country who are desirous of learning the details of inventions which have been made can do so with great facility.

American smokers are not treated with so much leniency in England as at home; in proof of which may be cited the case of a certain Mr. Page, an American barrister, residing at Nottinghill. He was arrested for smoking upon the platform of the Nottinghill Gate railway station. The accused pleaded his cause to the best of his ability, averring that he knew the rules of the company, and, like a prudent man, did not smoke, but only carried a "dead" cigar in his mouth. His prudence, however, was not sufficient. Somebody had seen fire and smoke in the vicinity of his mouth, and he was fined forty shillings and costs.

"The Silver Handwriting" is a curious old manuscript in the University of Upsala, in Sweden. It is a translation of the Bible into the original Gothic, said to be written about the close of the fifth century. It was discovered in the sixteenth century, at Verden, on the Ruhr, and was taken to Prague, and afterward carried to Stockholm; thence it was taken into Holland, and was bought back again for Sweden, by the Chancellor De la Gardie, for $400. He had it magnificently bound in a solid silver cover, and in 1869 presented it to the University of Upsala. It is written in silver on crimson parchment. The headings and a few principal passages are in gold. It is rich in Byzantine tracery of symbolic devices. It numbers 330 leaves, with twenty lines to each page. Only two punctuation marks are used throughout—the period and the colon.

Kansas newspapers tell of a wonderful family of giants recently discovered in Jackson County. The mother is nothing remarkable, but the father is eight feet six inches; and his daughter, not more than twelve years old, is seven feet high, and proportionately large otherwise. The name of this unfortunate child is Rose Plummer; and her father says his fortune is made if "Rose don't quit growing."

A correspondent of the New York *Times*, writing from San Domingo City, says he believes there are more bells in that city than in the whole United States. "The first thing I hear in the morning," he says, "is the chiming of bells, and on Sunday hardly another sound is heard but the rhyming and the chiming of the bells. Every church here—and they are more numerous than I can count—has at least a dozen bells, and it appears to be the grand order to ring them all at the same time. There is the solemn bell chime of the cathedral, the more musical chime of San Domingo, and so on, and so on. Now, if the San Domingo bells would only cease their silvery sounds while the chimes of the cathedral delight us, it would be a great comfort and satisfaction, but away they ali go at the same time, a-ringing and a-dinging. These bells would seem to have been made for the especial delight of the colored boys, who lug away at the ropes with excruciating vigor."

The present season proves to have been the earliest ever known in Newfoundland for seal fishery. More than a week ago the steamship *Walrus* arrived at St. Johns with a cargo of 15,000 young seals, taken off the Funks Islands. The captain reported thirty sail of vessels as having been in the same ice in company with the *Walrus*—all of which were loaded and had borne up for home. He also stated that he had been for days surrounded by seals as far as the eye could see.

Washington is likely to have before long a mammoth hotel. A project has been started of building a hotel on Capitol Hill capable of containing nine hundred persons, and costing in the neighborhood of $1,000,000. The matter is under consideration, though how soon Congressmen can so conveniently step from legislative halls to their private parlors is uncertain.

There has not been snow enough during the past winter to suit and satisfy all people. It is estimated that there are now about thirty-five hundred sleighs in the hands of New England manufacturers which must lie over till another year—a large amount of capital thus remaining idle for nine months. Nevertheless, more sleighs were made in 1870 than for many previous years.

It might naturally be inferred that if one had managed to live in this miserable world for eighty years it would be possible to endure unto the natural end of life. One Mrs. Smith, of Connecticut, however, did not think so. At eighty years of age, being apparently in her usual good health and spirits, she retired to her room one night, and committed suicide by cutting her throat. No cause was known for the commission of this deed.

Who eats all the pea-nuts? Ask any body who sells them, and you will be informed that *every body* eats them, from the wealthy banker to the homeless newsboy. Nearly three thousand bushels of pea-nuts were received at the port of New York in one week last January, and 250,000 bushels are annually sold in this city. Pea-nuts vary with the soil upon which they are raised. The Virginia nut has the thickest hull, and is the largest and finest-looking, but it is not as rich as the Georgia and African varieties. In France pea-nuts are used for making salad-oil, but in this country they are too expensive to be available for that purpose. Prices usually range from two to two and a half dollars a bushel.

A physician writing a series of "Letters to a School-Girl," devotes one to the "Nice Keeping of the Hair." Among other directions, he remarks that much is said against wearing switches, or jutes, or chignons, because they breed pestiferous vermin, whose life is fed by their drain on the small blood-vessels of the scalp; but all such objections to these monstrosities become as nothing compared with the objection which arises from the congested condition of the blood-vessels of the back brain by reason of their use. A switch or chignon is a substance which in itself is a great non-conductor of animal heat. As the back head has a great deal of blood, and a great deal of blood has a great deal of heat in it, the surplusage of this heat should be permitted to pass off outwardly. To wear one of these appliances is to keep the heat in, and as the part thus dressed is made hotter than it ought to be, disease takes place in a little while, and the whole bodily structure becomes affected. In woman there is such an intimate connection between the back brain and the reproductive structure, that when the former becomes enfeebled the latter inevitably takes on morbid conditions.

More than a century ago a certain Miss Wragg died in England. She had done nothing remarkable to render her memory lasting, but she is not yet forgotten. Curiously enough, she bequeathed a small amount to a certain parish for charity, on condition that the vault should be opened every year, and her coffin dusted. If this was not scrupulously done, the sum was to be given to another parish. The fidelity of the clergymen and wardens to their sacred trust was secured by leaving one guinea to the former for preaching a sermon, and a certain sum to the latter for a dinner to celebrate the cheerful anniversary on which the vault is opened.

A Massachusetts youth got the credit of an intention to rob an express car on the Union Pacific Railroad by gaining admission into it in a box, to be sent as freight from Denver to Boston. The young man himself explains the matter by saying that he had but little money, and wanted a cheap passage home. The interior of the box was fitted up comfortably. In one end was a frame-work of twine for the head to rest upon. The other end contained bread, cakes, butter, apples, and many little dainties, as well as books and papers and other comforts. The only suspicious thing in it was a pistol. The affair is generally regarded merely as a strange freak of a strange youth.

The latest English device is a mustache supporter, and consists essentially of a comb curved into the form of the upper lip, and a narrow plate connected to the back or unperforated part of the comb, and situated at right angles to the comb. The comb is placed under the mustache, the narrow plate being situated in a horizontal plane, and constituting a small screen or guard, on which the mustache is supported in the required position. Young gentlemen should be duly grateful to England for this valuable invention.

The marriage of the Marquis of Lorne with the Princess Louise was appropriately celebrated in this city by a dinner given by Lord Walter Campbell, brother of the Marquis. It seems that the Duke of Argyle has always been of the opinion that the sons of noblemen ought to learn some useful occupation; and with this view he caused his eldest son to study law before he entered Parliament, and sent another son, Lord Walter Campbell, to this city to be a clerk in the office of Messrs. Busk & Jevons, merchants. The dinner referred to was given at the Travelers' Club, many distinguished guests being present. Every delicacy, in season and out of season, covered the tables, which were elegantly laid out. The objects that attracted most attention were a colossal bridal cake, elaborately decorated, a boar's head surmounted by a coronet, the emblem of the house of Campbell, which was made of chocolate, and the central *épergne*, which was filled with blush roses and sprigs of heather. The British consul proposed the toast of the evening—the health of the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne.

Some curious American has discovered that Queen Victoria is not so polite to the masses as she has had the credit of being. In he. drives through the city she has always been noted for bowing affably and continuously to her passing subjects. Now it has come out that there is a curious contrivance attached to the seat of the royal carriage by means of which the royal body is gently swayed as in the act of bowing, while in reality the said body lolls comfortably, and makes no exertion whatever.

New Hampshire voters have established a novel fashion, which will brighten up election days, and, perhaps, prevent some of the disorders generally incident to attendance at the ballot-box. In Peterboro, on a recent town-meeting day, the cornet band regaled the voters with some excellent music as they marched up to the polls. Are they trying to pave the way for women to go gayly and pleasantly to deposit their votes?

The Five Points House of Industry is full of children. More than three hundred are at the tables daily; over two hundred are living in the House; and during the month of February twenty-five thousand meals were furnished to hungry children.

"Pupmatic" is suggested as a new word admirably adapted to describe those individuals to whom the application of "dogmatic" would be too dignified.

A pretty good story is told of an Irishman named Billy, who had long been employed as a teamster by the occupant of a coal wharf in Philadelphia. He was a fixture, and the owner thought he could not get along without Billy. But as both employer and man were the possessors of more or less irascibility, frequent were their explosions, and Billy was discharged at least once a day; but though frequently discharged, he never went off. One day the employer, during one of these passages, burst out:

"It's no sort of use, Billy; I can't learn you any thing at all, and have been trying for years."

"Shure and yez have, then, lairnt me wan thing," said Billy.

"What is that?" was asked; "I shall be glad to hear of any thing you have learned."

"Shure, Sir, yez have lairnt me that fifteen hundred lashes is not enough."

Billy knew too much to be spared.

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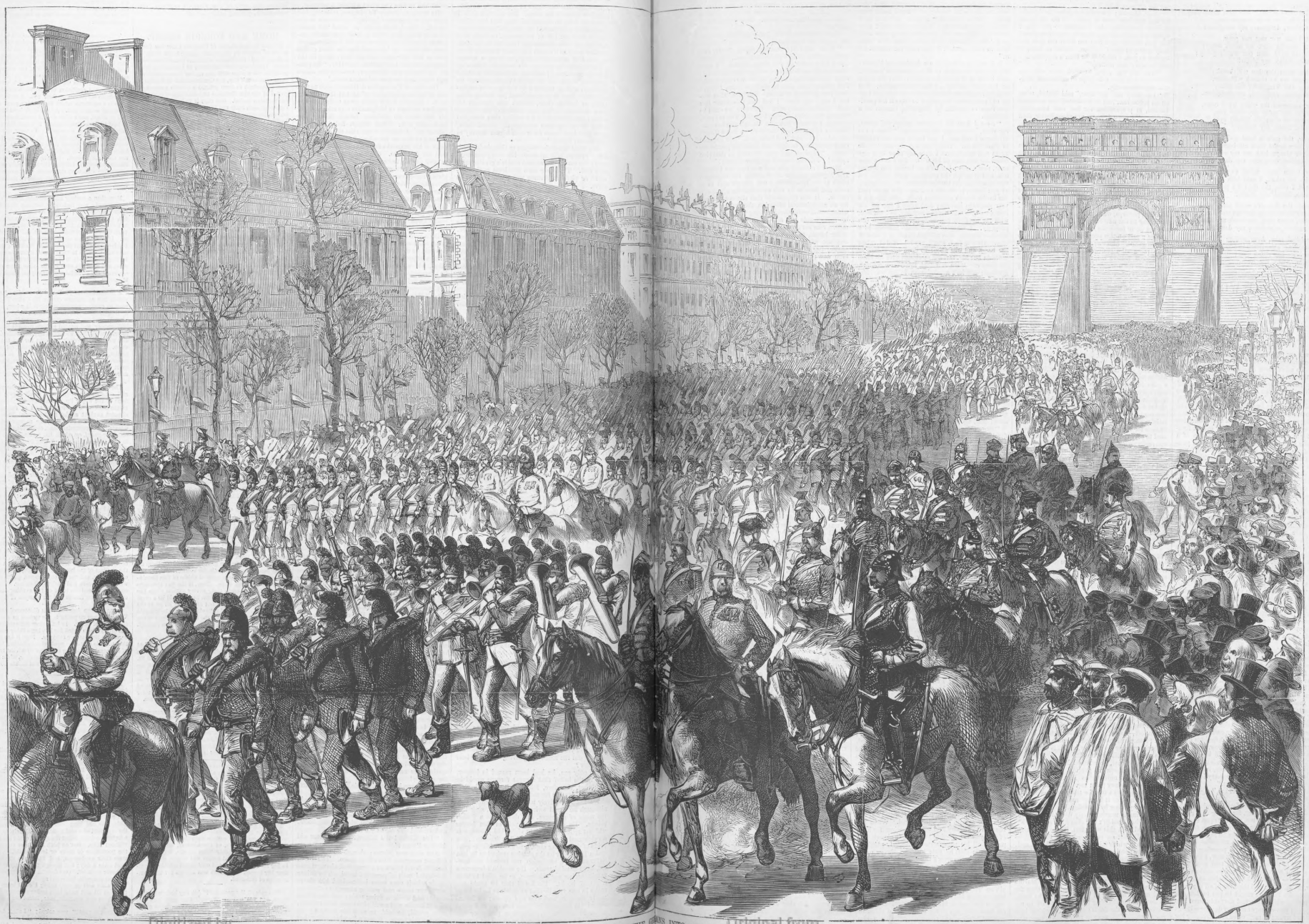

TRIUMPHAL ENTRY OF THE [illegible] INTO PARIS.—[SEE PAGE 317.]

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AN ITALIAN BALLAD.

DAUGHTER, the night was made for sleep:
Why dost thou watch? why dost thou weep?
Who soweth love must sorrow reap;
Daughter, daughter, my daughter!

Mother, I can nor rest nor pray,
Six long months since he sailed away;
This should have been our wedding-day;
Nello, Nello, my Nello!

Daughter, anon the day will break;
Six candles we to church will take,
And pray the Virgin for his sake;
Daughter, daughter, my daughter.

Mother, meseems the night wind cries,
"Lone on the sands thy lover lies,
With none to close his glazed eyes:"
Nello, Nello, my Nello!

Daughter, the gale is loud and wild,
By thy own heart thou art beguiled;
Mother of Grace, look on my child;
Daughter, daughter, my daughter!

Mother, when Nello sailed away
One kiss he asked, I said him nay;
The debt I owe, the debt I'll pay;
Nello, Nello, my Nello!

Daughter, the demon's cruel art
Wreaketh worst wrong through true love's smart;
Daughter, come back, or break my heart!
Daughter, daughter, my daughter!

On sand-bed take, from willing bride,
This wedding kiss, death-sanctified;
Our coverlet the rising tide;
Nello, Nello, my Nello!

WON—NOT WOOED.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Bred in the Bone," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXVII.

AN OFFER BY PROXY.

IT was out of the season at Brackmere, which was accordingly deserted, save by the aborigines. To all of these Martha Barr was as well known as the town clock (and considered equally correct), and the report that she had put herself on half rations in the matter of domestic service convulsed society. The news, on the other hand, that Miss Jennings had made a fractional addition to her establishment fell comparatively flat. Nothing was more common than the substitution of a page-boy for a parlor-maid, or even a footman for a page-boy; but any diminution of a domestic staff was rare, and resented upon public grounds. Brackmere was a "growing favorite" as a place of resort, and it was important that it should hold its head up.

On the esplanade, then, where the good folk of the town were wont to congregate, even in the early spring—out on the pier-head, to which the hardiest denizens of the place, linked two by two, would struggle against the wind—in the Palazzos, Belvideres, and St. Angelos, this topic was exhaustively discussed, nor was it long in reaching the ears of the great Simcoe of Tiddliwinks.

"I dare say Mr. Simcoe will not like it, my dear," had been Martha's reflection, when the news of Rachel's semi-departure had been broken to Mabel, and received with a philosophy which was only affected, inasmuch as she had some difficulty in repressing an extravagant joy.

"It is most kind and sensible of you, I am sure, to say you will not mind," pursued Martha; "and doing a little work for ourselves is better far, of course, than getting into debt. But then, you see, it certainly does look like crying poverty; and Mr. Simcoe is *so* particular about the prosperity of the place, and especially of that of his own tenants. Mrs. Bannacre says she shouldn't be a bit surprised if he gave me notice to quit."

"I am perfectly certain, Martha, that Mr. Simcoe will do nothing of the kind," said Mabel, indignantly; "but, indeed, as long as the rent is paid, I don't see what it matters to him whether we have half a servant or half a dozen."

"That is because you don't understand the natural distaste for poverty, my dear, which belongs more or less to all men, but especially to landlords. They may mean very well to you; but if you are 'going down hill,' as they call it, they will recommend you to take a house more adapted to your reduced circumstances. When a servant is taken ill with some infectious disorder, even a kind mistress, you know, packs her off to the hospital, 'where she will be so much better looked after;' and will even let her run a little risk in being removed thither, rather than keep her in the house. Now poverty is like the scarlet fever itself in that respect."

"And you have caught it of me," sighed Mabel, sadly.

"No, no, no," said Martha, vehemently. "Pardon me, my darling, for giving way to bitterness, which, believe me, was not upon my own account at all. Heaven knows that, so far as *I* am concerned, I would as soon be my own servant—so long as I am my own mistress—as possess Mr. Simcoe's chariot and prancing steeds. But I do wish for a little money now, I own, not on account of those little bills I told you about, for we shall soon save enough to settle them, but because—" She looked at Mabel, so tender, so fair, so delicate; and thinking of all the shifts and struggles that she might be put to, her soft heart melted within her, and she fairly burst into tears. "It was wrong of me, my darling—it was selfish and wrong of me," cried she, wringing her hands, "to bring you here and mate you thus with sordid toil. I advised you ill in urging you to refuse the offers of others. I did it for the best, as I flattered myself; but I was too venturesome; and now, alas! it is you who have to pay for my own folly."

"Nay, Martha; it is your too generous thought for me that has been in error. I do not speak of your hospitality; let it suffice to say that I would not exchange this roof for that of a palace; but you should have told me from the first exactly how you stood. Then, instead of being a burden to you, I might have been a support, as I will be now, God willing."

"You are not going to work your eyes out over that fine lace, I do hope?" exclaimed Martha, apprehensively.

"Certainly not, my dear," said Mabel, tying on an apron that had once adorned the excellent Rachel, in preparation for her new household duties. "I hope I know my place better than that. And now," cried she, with a gay laugh, "I'm off to work, so please to give me a kiss before my cheek gets smudged."

It seemed as though Mabel's spirits had risen in inverse proportion to her fortunes, for she went about the house all that afternoon with a song on her lips as joyous as any lark's.

The dinner, which the hostess had cooked with her own hands, was pronounced to be a great success; and after it Martha had gone out for "a blow" on the esplanade. The two ladies could no more go out in the afternoon together; and this, perhaps, was the greatest inconvenience attaching to the new state of affairs—because it did not do to leave the house without any one in charge; and on this occasion it was Mabel who was on guard. She was engaged in dusting Martha's room—the prettiest little household fairy she looked, believe me, that ever used a bunch of feathers for a wand—when there came a ring at the front-door.

Mabel ran into her own room and peered cautiously out of window—a measure of prudence which Martha had recommended to her on the score of tramps. She forgot at the moment that this particular window was, as a post of observation, valueless, because the front-door had a little porch which would generally conceal the visitor. On the present occasion, however, it did not conceal him, because the visitor was too large for the porch. He bulged out on all sides of it, and, without disclosing the features, revealed the proportions of Mr. Samuel Simcoe, without the possibility of a doubt. Mabel's heart beat high within her when she saw who it was. She had a plan in her head—the secret of her present high spirits—for succoring honest Martha, which depended upon this gentleman's assistance, and Mabel felt assured that it would be given. The new organist of St. Etheldreda had failed to give satisfaction. She had resolved to apply to Mr. Simcoe for the vacant situation. She had been used to play the organ in her father's church, and was really no mean performer on that instrument; but even if she had been less skillful, she flattered herself that she would still have got the place, and the stipend, which was sixty pounds per annum. The relations between herself and the great Simcoe were so very cordial that she was sure he would not refuse her a favor, and particularly one which would not only cost him nothing, but be a convenience to himself. How lucky it was that she had persuaded Martha to go out for a walk, and could have a few words with this opportune visitor alone! She tripped down stairs and opened the door to him, with a courtesy of profound humility.

"Lor, then, it's true!" said Mr. Simcoe, looking at her blue apron, which she had designedly retained. "So many people have told me about it that I thought it must be a lie. So you wait upon yourself, do you, Miss Mabel? Well, it must be one good thing to have got rid of that cursed Rachel."

"I am glad you take that view of the matter, Mr. Simcoe," said Mabel, smiling, and ushering him into the parlor; "for somebody did say that because we were growing poor you would probably, as a prudent landlord, proceed to turn us out of house and home."

"That must have been Sister Bannacre," observed Mr. Simcoe, decisively. "That woman has made a religion for herself, as it were, out of the worst parts of Christianity. Or if that shocks you, my dear," for Mabel looked very serious, "let us say she has suffered the good wine of religion, of which she has such an immense stock in hand, to turn to vinegar. But never mind *her*, my dear, just now; I want to talk to *you*."

He had called Mabel twice "my dear," which she thought rather strange; but the little excess was in the right direction—as looked at from the organ-loft—and she let it pass without notice. Mr. Simcoe had manifested for some time a very fatherly manner toward her, and this was doubtless only a development of it.

"No, my dear," continued Mr. Simcoe, after an interval of gasps and panting, "I am not quite such a sordid monster as Mrs. Bannacre and folks of her kidney paint me. I like my money, and other people's too, for the matter of that, if I can get hold of it by fair means; but I don't weigh every thing by avoirdupois. It ain't true that a thing is worth exactly what it will fetch, or else what wouldn't one give for a retriever?"

Tickled with this witticism, it was some time before Mr. Simcoe recovered from the perilous condition in which mirth always placed him, and, purple and panting, once more resumed the thread of his discourse.

"Brains, my dear Miss Mabel, are better than money, and goodness than both; and I am free to confess that I respect your cousin, Martha Barr, with her half-servant, a deal more than the lord of this manor. I hate him like the devil, to be sure, for shutting up that foot-path to my church across the fields; but that's neither here nor there. Well, next to your cousin, now, who do you think I am going to mention who has brains and goodness (or I am much mistaken) and beauty, about which there can be no mistake whatever, and a kind word for every body, and who stands up for a fat old fellow like me behind his back—eh? Well, it's you, Miss Mabel, and that's the truth; so I won't make your pretty cheeks burn any longer. It's you as I respect, and more, and hope to find that I may have the right to call you something else than just 'Miss Mabel,' and that's what I've come here to talk about, if I had only the breath for it."

It is said that women are destitute of humor; but it must be stated, to Mabel Denham's credit, that it was with no slight difficulty that she could at this point restrain a burst of merriment. The idea had suddenly flashed upon her that this funny old gentleman was about to cap all his previous feats of facetiæ by proposing himself as a husband.

"Now I dare say you can pretty well guess, my dear," continued Mr. Simcoe, "what I am driving at; but still I had better put the matter in plain words. You have met my son Claude again and again, and I dare say have long ago taken the measure of his wits. He's not a wise man, that's true; but he's an honest and a kind one, and it is not the cleverest men, let me tell you, that make the best husbands. Well, Claude, as you know, is the rat that eats the malt that lies in the church that Sam built. He has got a very tolerable income; and when I pop off the hooks—which may happen any day, as I am told, with my habit of body—he'll come into a fine property. I want to see Claude married to a sensible woman, who will take care of it and of him. He's a fool, you'll say?" Mabel raised her hand, and was about to open her mouth in protest; but Mr. Simcoe motioned with his hand for silence. "He *is* a fool, my dear—granted, granted; but he's a good man in his way, and I'll settle five thousand pounds upon you on the day you marry him."

Mabel looked at the old man with grave respect, all inclination to mirth quite dead within her. His earnestness and honest solicitude had something attractive in them. He was by far the most vulgar man—in the ordinary sense—that she had ever met with; but of the sterling worth with which she had been always inclined to credit him she felt now assured.

"My dear Mr. Simcoe," said she, softly, "pray believe me when I say that your generous offer evidences a good opinion of me for which, however undeserved, I feel most sincerely and keenly grateful. I am not so ignorant of the world as not to know that to a penniless orphan like myself—"

"Not a word about that," ejaculated the old gentleman, with energy. "I don't care a damn about that, my dear—I don't, indeed."

"But, unhappily, Mr. Simcoe," said Mabel, firmly, "I have nothing to give you in return for your generosity, *except* my thanks. I can not marry your son Claude."

"I see," replied the old gentleman, mournfully; "you won't take him at the price, nor perhaps at any price, eh? Or else, when I've set my heart upon a thing, mind you, I'm not balked for a few thousands. I said five; but you're worth more than five. I'll—"

"Mr. Simcoe," said Mabel, with dignity, "I have spoken once for all. I am sure you will not forget yourself so far as to bargain for a wife for your own son."

"Lor! it's often done," replied the old gentleman, simply. "If you happened to have a mother, she and I would be auctioneering here for half an hour; but, of course, in this case—treating with a principal only, as the money-lenders say—it would be indelicate. Well, I'm sorry; I'm most uncommon sorry; and it will be a deuce of a blow, mind you, to my boy. However, I am sure I can trust you to keep silence in the matter, so that he need never know."

"But surely Mr. Claude is aware?" began Mabel, with kindling eyes.

"Tut, tut; not a bit of it!" answered the old gentleman. "Lor bless you, don't put yourself in a pucker about that, my good young lady. Why, he'd no more have had the pluck to say, 'Go and ask her for me, father,' than to climb the steeple of his own church to gild the weather-cock. He has never even so much as said he loved you within my hearing."

"So it seems if I had accepted this offer by proxy that it might have been repudiated by Mr. Claude himself," observed Mabel, coldly.

"Nay, nay, Miss Denham; you don't think so ill of me as that, I hope," remonstrated the old gentleman. "If I had failed to make a match of it between you, you may depend upon it that I would have paid forfeit handsomely; but it was impossible that I should have failed. Though I suffer Master Claude to do much as he likes with the blessed St. Etheldreda, he knows I'm not one to be trifled with on a matter of serious importance; for where I've once set down my foot, as you may imagine," added the old gentleman, with a rueful glance at his portly form, "I'm not to be easily stirred. If Claude had never set eyes on you in his life, I say he would have taken you to wife from his father's hand; but, indeed, my poor lad is over head and ears in love with you, Miss Mabel. When I've been in the vestry and told him—just for a bit of fun, you know—that you were in church, he'd put on all his paraphernalia higgledy-piggledy. That little shift he puts his head through over his clothes—whatever's the name of it—"

"The alb, I suppose you mean?" suggested Mabel, delicately.

"Ah! the alb. Well, I've seen him with that alb on wrong side before. When *you* are near him the poor lad don't know whether he is standing on his head or his heels. Whenever he turns his face upon you in the pulpit, you'd think the painted window was throwing gules upon him. I've watched him often and often from my pew, my dear, as gules as he was, and like to burst with laughter. You can't deceive a father's eyes, observed Mr. Simcoe, with sudden gravity. "If you don't believe me, Miss Mabel, just look up at him, quite straight, when he gives out the text next Sunday, and see whether he don't at once begin to stammer and blush. Now just do that, and see."

Mabel courteously but firmly declined to venture upon this experiment.

"Well," said Mr. Simcoe, rising slowly, and speaking with quite a plaintive accent, "it seems that I have come on a fruitless errand. I have been indifferent honest—for a business man—and when men have said to me, 'Well, we can't trade,' I've mostly been able to reply to them, 'That's your loss as much as mine.' But here, Miss Mabel, I can't say that; I feel that this is my loss and Claude's—not yours. However, we shall be as good neighbors as ever, I hope. For my part, at least, I promise you that, though you have declined a father-in-law, you have not lost a friend. Good-by, lass, and God bless you." He lingered on the door-step to sigh, and shake his ponderous head. "How deuced well you look in that blue apron! I'm main sorry for poor Claude!"

Mabel was sorry too, and not only for Claude. Her hopeful scheme of obtaining the organist's place at St. Etheldreda's was put an end to at once and forever by this unlooked-for communication. It was impossible that she could apply for an ecclesiastical situation, the acceptance of which would cause the officiating minister to wear his robes inside out, and break down in his sermon. She sat down at the table, with her head in her hands, to think out some new plan. She was not without devices—humble projects for adding her mite to Martha's scanty income—even now; but it is not necessary to describe them. An event was about to happen which, in its consequences, was fated soon to place them in the limbo of purposes unfulfilled.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

FOREBODINGS.

IT was the third morning after Mr. Simcoe's visit, and not more than a week since Martha had undertaken the culinary department, and Mabel had donned the blue apron and accepted the port-folio of (above stairs) domestic affairs, when an incident occurred which was destined to be a turning-point in their existence. There is at least one of these in most of our lives. We come to a cross-road with a finger-post that points both up and down hill. If we have been hitherto pursuing the latter course, the indication to *Prosperity* is in most cases very attractive, for it seems that *Happiness* must also lie in the same direction. But let us not anticipate, and especially do not let us attempt to guess at which of these two virgins will be wise, and which—well, over-sanguine; for if we do, we shall probably be wrong.

They were seated at breakfast, where they held great state, which was maintained so long as the excellent Rachel's services were in requisition. Not till noon, when the front-door banged behind her—she always banged it—did they suddenly descend from their high station and, as Cinderella did at 12 P.M., after the ball, commence their menial toil. Rachel brought in a letter on a japanned salver, and Martha, to whom it was addressed, having eyed it with suspicion, laid it down beside her plate. She did not recognize the handwriting, and experience had already taught her that one should complete one's breakfast before opening an envelope that may contain a bill.

"It's registered," remarked Rachel, sententiously; "and the man's a-waiting in the rain."

"Registered?" cried Martha Barr. "Oh dear! Give me the pen and ink. There, take him the receipt. The idea of its being registered, my dear Mabel; think of that!"

"But why don't you open it?" inquired Mabel, calmly.

"Ah, my darling," sighed Martha, "it's clear you have not long been accustomed to be poor. To be sure, there are such things as love-letters, though I know nothing about *them*, the mere outsides of which are said to make the heart beat, and the color come and go; but those are only for young people. Now a registered letter is adapted for all stages of life, my dear. I've had one at school, from my poor mother, with half a sovereign done up in the seal, if the postman hadn't stole it; and once I had ten pounds sent me at a very sad time (it was to bury her) from a friend, who never revealed himself, but who, I know, must have been your own dear father, and no one else; and this is the third."

Here she broke the seal, and uttered a great cry of joy.

"What is it, Martha?"

"I don't know, my child, except that it's bank-notes. I'm all of a tremble, and haven't a dry thread upon me. Open it yourself, my darling; do."

Mabel obeyed, though not without some trembling too.

"There are two notes," she said.

"*Two* notes? Now think of that!"

"For a hundred pounds apiece."

"A *what?*"

Mabel repeated her statement. "There is no letter; but inside the envelope is written—From a Friend."

"For these and all His mercies the Lord's name be praised!" exclaimed Martha, fervently; then she burst into tears. "He has not chastened me long for my venturesomeness and obstinacy," sobbed she; "my darling has not been put to shifts and toil for very long. All that is over now. I'll ring at once, and tell our good Rachel the glad news; and then I'll just run over to Miss Jennings, for I know she takes her as much for my sake as her own, and—"

"But, my dear Martha," interposed Mabel, gravely, "do you think it will be right to

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keep the money, not knowing from whom it comes?"

"But I do know, my darling. Who on earth *should* it come from but Cousin Job? I would never have asked him for a shilling—not even *now*" (and she put her hand in Mabel's, lovingly); "but since he has sent it of his own free-will, I accept it gratefully. Why, fifty pounds will pay all we owe in the world, and the rest is quite a little fortune! When people like Cousin Job do make a present, it is almost always a handsome one like this. See, the envelope has the London post-mark; I am quite persuaded that it's Cousin Job."

"You had better write and ask, I think," said Mabel, doubtfully.

"Of course; I'll write and *thank* him for it," answered Martha, "which will make certain. But who else *could* have sent it? If it had come to *you* instead of me, I should have said it was Mr. Duncombe; but then, from what I know of him, I am sure he would have written to—to apologize, as it were."

Mabel nodded acquiescence. She did not think it was Mr. Duncombe, but still less did she believe that the money came from Cousin Job. There were two persons much more likely to have sent it, and the idea that either should have done so filled her with unutterable shame. It was impossible, however, to communicate her suspicions to Martha at present; it would be time enough to do so when Cousin Job had repudiated all share in so uncharacteristic a transaction. In the mean time the notes were kept in Martha's desk. If she could not spend them, she already, in imagination, enjoyed the fruition of them. She was in such tiptop spirits that Mr. Samuel Simcoe, whom she met that evening, inquired whether she was going to be married.

"You are a very impudent man," she said; and then, unable to withstand the old gentleman's cordiality of manner, and burning to communicate her good fortune, she told him what had happened.

"I'm delighted to hear it," exclaimed he, gravely. "I wish I had sent it you myself."

"*You* send it? Why should *you* have sent it?" inquired Martha, simply.

"Why, indeed?" replied the old gentleman, not without some confusion. "But, at all events, I did not; I never did any thing so smart as that in my life. Cousin Job must be a good fellow—if it *was* Cousin Job."

"Why, that's what Mabel says," cried Martha; "as if it could possibly be any body else."

"Well, if she asks, you may say, at all events, that it was not me," growled Mr. Simcoe; and with that he trotted away.

"His manner was most extraordinary, my dear," said Martha, when relating this interview to Mabel. "He really seemed to think that you might have attributed the thing to himself, so anxious he was to disclaim it. He is such a funny man."

One of the two persons who had fallen under Mabel's suspicion being thus exonerated, the probability in favor of the other's guilt—for such she deemed it—became very great. This money could have come, in short, but through one channel. Who was rich enough to have sent it? Who could have had any object in sending it, except Mr. Miles Winthrop? She did not believe that he had forgotten her—he was not a man likely to forget any thing upon which he had once set his mind; and she had hitherto given him credit, since he had been informed by Mrs. Marshall of her fallen fortune, for delicacy of feeling in not persecuting her with offers of assistance—those proofs of disinterested friendship which he had once threatened to exhibit in case she should need them; but he had only bided his time, it seemed, and selected it most opportunely for his purpose. It was skillful of him, too—and very, very cruel—to have sent this money to Martha, and not to herself. It would be a very bitter cup to have to explain the matter to her hostess, when Cousin Job's denial should arrive; but she made up her mind that it should be explained at all costs. Nothing should then induce her to touch that money, or to let Martha touch it; whatever happened she would put herself under no obligation to Mr. Winthrop. And yet how was she to decline his proffered gift, while a particle of a doubt existed as to who was the giver? To express her conviction by letter that Mr. Winthrop had sent her two hundred pounds, when, as a matter of fact, he had sent nothing, would be terrible indeed, and worse than all. Her cheeks turned crimson at the thought of it.

In the mean time not a syllable of reply came from Cousin Job.

"That is so like him, my dear," explained Martha. "He is just the man to be obstinate about confessing to a good action, particularly in a case like this, where it would seem like owning himself to have been in the wrong for years. I am not in the least surprised. Now if he had not sent this money, he would have written a most discourteous letter in reply to mine, to ask upon what grounds I took him for such a fool."

"You mean to make use of these two hundred pounds, then?"

"Surely, my dear child; it would be flying in the face of Providence not to do so. Here are all our little bills paid; our good Rachel restored to us; and quite a fortune to go on upon. Better than all—as your dear father would have said—'an opportunity for benevolence has been afforded to a fellow-creature;' that was a favorite expression of his when he had screwed any thing for his poor people out of a rich man."

Mabel had no sufficient answer to this reasoning; and her chagrin was the greater inasmuch as she well knew that, even if this help did come from the quarter thus indicated, it was solely upon [illegible] her hostess had accepted it. Martha's independence of character, in matters that concerned herself only, was as great as ever; but it had broken down—as, to human nature's credit, it often will do—when the pressure was applied indirectly through one she loved.

The little bills were paid, the excellent Rachel was reinstated in her former high command, and all things went on as before, even to the teaparties, with their shrimps and sacred music. Mr. Simcoe was not so merry as of yore; Mr. Claude was a shade more desponding; and the object of his hopeless attentions naturally relished these entertainments less than ever; but still it was evident that a weight had been removed from Martha's mind, and this was, at any rate, a source of satisfaction to Mabel. Moreover, as time went on, she began to hope that Cousin Job might, after all—like Sir John Plumpudding of the Grange, who hanged himself one morning for a change—have undertaken for once (as in a miracle play) the part of the good Samaritan.

It seemed as though her lot was cast for life in the little harbor where it now lay, never more to be agitated, save by the miniature storms that raged between Simcoeite and anti-Simcoeite. The pleasures of such an existence, such as they were, were denied to her; she was unable to appreciate the triumph of the Sisterhood of St. Etheldreda, when it oozed out, in spite of the most strenuous efforts to hush it up, that the secretary of the Dorcas Society was given to liquor, and carried brandy in her smelling-bottle; nor, on the other hand, could she share the wild joy of "the Dorcas," when one of the sisters, devoted to celibacy and sacred vestments, eloped on a saint's day with the church beadle! Since scandal failed to interest her, the ordinary gossip of Brackmere was, of course, flat and insipid enough. Its continual dropping might have worn a heart of stone away; but she had wisely shut her ears against it from the first. Miss Jennings paid a daily visit, whether it was wet or dry; if the former, she wore pattens, and in them afforded a living illustration of the cynic's representation of her sex:

"Hear the pretty ladies talk
Tittle-tattle, tittle-tattle;
Like their pattens when they walk
Pittle-pattle, pittle-pattle."

The numerical state of the congregation at the new church; the price of periwinkles; the increasing size of dear Mr. Simcoe, "which was *such* a pity"—such were her topics. An arrival or departure in Brackmere was a godsend to her, for in winter-time such incidents were very rare.

One morning she came open-mouthed with the news that a gentleman had put up at *The George*—apparently with the intention of a prolonged stay—with a body-servant, and no less than three horses. His name was Widdrop or Wildrop; his fortune immense; his air and appearance most distinguished. One of the horses would—or at least could—carry a lady; of that she was personally cognizant, because she had seen the groom riding out upon it sideways. How he stuck on she could not imagine.

"But how do ladies stick on when *they* ride on horseback?" asked Martha, smiling. She really did take some interest in this sort of talk, and had to affect more to make up for Mabel's rather marked indifference.

"I am sure I don't know," said good Miss Jennings; "I could never understand that, either."

Miss Jennings upon horseback would, indeed, have been a portent. Mr. Simcoe called in the afternoon, and discoursed on the same topic; not that gossip had much charm for *him*, but he was moved by all that related to the well-being of Brackmere, of which the arrival of a distinguished visitor in early spring was a most satisfactory proof.

"We are getting on," said he, clapping his huge hands. "It would be worth a pretty penny in my pocket if the fellow had but a handle to his name. I have sometimes thought of investing a hundred or so in a needy baronet for March and April. I'll have a paragraph in the local paper about this Mr. Winthrop; see if I don't.—Hollo! Dropped your work, Miss Mabel. I'm sorry I can't stoop to pick it up. Never can stoop now; not even to folly. It's 'lovely woman' that does that, though, ain't it? Talking of lovely women, old Mrs. Jobblin has just called on me, and let me in for one pound five for her father's benefit. He was an actor about half a century ago, and they're going to give him a performance at the Assembly Rooms, to put a little money in his pocket—or to bury him with, as I should think. He's the oldest man in the world, and might have been exhibited on that account (as I told her) without any play at all. However, he's going to act in the 'Honest Farmer' on Thursday night, and you two ladies—why, Miss Mabel has run away!—must patronize him. I've brought you a couple of tickets in the best places."

"I'm sure you're very kind," said Martha. "Theatres are not much in my way, though I confess I see no harm in them; but I think it will do Mabel good. She wants a little shaking up, poor girl, for she has but a dull life of it with me. We'll be there, my good friend, for certain."

Mabel had flown up to her room, and locked the door behind her. The blow for which she had been looking so long that she had almost hoped might never fall had fallen, then, at last! If Mr. Miles Winthrop had indeed arrived at Brackmere, she could guess—too easily—the errand on which he had come. He had dispatched his anonymous gift, waited a reasonable time, until the money had been spent beyond redemption, and was now come in person—for repayment. It was a base and cowardly part to play, and not the behavior of a gentleman; and at one time in Mabel's life that consideration might have caused her to have acquitted Mr. Winthrop of Wapshot from suspicion of such a course of conduct. To a young lady of competent means, attractive and beautiful, whose father, too, is a beneficed clergyman of some force of character, society presents another aspect than that it shows to a penniless orphan. In her halcyon days every man whom Mabel met on equal terms had seemed to be a *gentleman*. She could never understand the rector's grim remark that the breed was dying out. The observation, indeed, was fallacious, inasmuch as at no time have specimens of that race been otherwise than very rare; but of that Mabel knew nothing. The ordinary acceptance of the term is catholic enough, since it includes all our beloved aristocracy, and all our county families, by right of birth; but the word has also another sense, which is not so comprehensive. In the school of adversity, where the definitions are very sharply defined, Mabel had learned this fact, and she felt that if she should count up all the true gentlemen with whom she had ever been acquainted upon her fingers—and one hand would have sufficed for the experiment—Mr. Winthrop of Wapshot would not have been included in the calculation. Self-conceit had no part in her apprehension that he had come down to Brackmere upon her account. She was much too alarmed and distressed to be influenced by vanity, even if it had been her nature to be so; which it was not. Was it likely that a man like Mr. Winthrop should have come down to Brackmere without some definite object? She thought over that last meeting between them on the cliff at Shingleton, and remembering his eager words, his trembling voice, and, above all, that patient reply he had given to her denial, "I can not make up my mind that Providence is really against me in this matter," her heart sank within her. "I shall never, never forget *you*," he had said; "and if at any time there should come a chance of proving my devotion to your interests, I shall demand no guerdon beyond the gratification of assisting you." He would not demand it, perhaps, but would he not, very reasonably, expect it? In the court of honor, if not of law, had he not, in fact, advanced her two hundred pounds upon her personal security—to be redeemed only by her becoming his wife? As to repaying him the money, much of it was already spent; and to whom could she apply for help to make it good? A month ago her heart would have answered, "To Mr. Simcoe;" but to ask such assistance from that quarter *now* was impossible, since it would have placed her in precisely the same situation with respect to the Rev. Claude Simcoe as she felt herself to be in with respect to Mr. Miles Winthrop.

There was just one chance: if Mr. Winthrop should perceive that she studiously avoided him, if she took pains to prevent meeting with him, and succeeded, he might abstain from any direct persecution, such as coming to the house; his perseverance might wear out, and he retire, convinced that her answer to his suit was the same as that which she had already given him. With that slender hope she was obliged to be content, and from that moment she did her best to obtain the fruition of it. For days she remained within doors as resolutely as any princess in her tower forewarned by fairy godmother of some open-air misfortune. The simulation of a headache was her defense against all Martha's entreaties that she should venture forth, but it does not need an expert in domestic maladies (such as Martha was) to know that fresh air is not inimical to the headache. Her hostess was not, therefore, deceived by this simple device. She deemed that Mabel's disinclination for exercise was another symptom of that "moping," from indulgence in which she was so anxious to win her darling.

"I do hope, my dear, *at all events*," said she, in her gravest manner, "that you will not disappoint poor Mr. Simcoe by declining to make use of his ticket on Thursday; he quite *depends* upon seeing us."

Mabel had it upon her tongue to say, "Give my ticket to Miss Jennings," but she had not the heart to do it. Martha really "looked forward" to this altogether unaccustomed piece of gayety; and Mabel knew that it would be robbed of all its pleasure if Martha went without her: she would be thinking throughout the performance of the guest she had left unwell, or, what was worse, unhappy, at home. Moreover, little as Mabel knew of theatres, she reflected that no poor show, such as could be afforded by the *dramatis personæ* of the Brackmere Assembly Rooms, would be likely to attract Mr. Miles Winthrop.

"I dare say Mr. Simcoe would survive it, even if I were *not* to go to the play," answered she; then smiling roguishly, "but I will not disappoint somebody else, you dissipated old darling!"

Martha was delighted with this reply, and spent half an hour that evening in cleaning up a pair of ancient white kid gloves with bread crumbs, in preparation for her dramatic treat.

"I hope I shan't look fast and fashionable," said she, apologetically; "but since Mr. Simcoe has been so kind as to give us such good seats, one can't do less than do him credit, so far as appearance goes."

UNDER FIRE.

ONE of the pleasantest haunts in Versailles during the war was the Hôtel du Comte de Toulouse, where the charming little sketch on our first page this week was taken. There is a picturesqueness about it which alone would attract visitors. "I have often," writes an artist correspondent, "during the dreary siege, sat beside the mimic frog fountain in the window, with its big gold-fish embowered in a little grove of evergreens, and wished, for want of something to do, that I had a fishing-rod. Then there's the queer little counter where Sidonie sits darning the *serviettes*. I have seen that sacred counter invaded by a ruthless German, who found the position a very hot one to hold, he was under such a fire from Sidonie's eyes! Then there's the funny spiral staircase, up and down which the garçon goes. I dislike that garçon in spite of his spotless, highly decorated shirt and absence of waistcoat. Yet I believe him to be an honest garçon, and I know he loves Sidonie to distraction. Look at him crouching like a jaguar on the spiral staircase over the head of the couple behind the counter, 'war to the knife' blazing in his fiery eyes. Ah! they trifle with an honest heart. His sole wish is the sudden death of the patron, his sole ambition to lead Sidonie to the altar, and install her mistress of the Comte de Toulouse. Till then he is content patiently to wait."

UHLAN AT THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE.

THE Germans when they entered Paris had evidently made up their minds that the Arc de Triomphe, that record of German defeats, should serve as an Arc de Triomphe to grace their victory. They found it, however, swaddled in sand-bags, penned round with boardings for the protection of its sculpture; and, worse than all, the roadway beneath, along which they had proposed to march with hurrahs and tossing of helmets, was blocked up. As the first Uhlan rode round the pile, peering here and there to see if a thoroughfare of some sort were not discoverable, the people jeered at him. They had heard of people who couldn't find the key-hole, but here was one who had actually lost the doorway, and was looking exceedingly puzzled at his loss. At one time the jeers broke into fiercer noises. That was when a body of pioneers marched up. The people thought they were going to remove the obstructions, and cried out angrily; but the Germans had no such intention just then. Later on they did clear the arch, and there was a clear road for them when they marched out of Paris. The Uhlan no longer stood and wondered, but rode triumphantly under the arch of victories, shaking the blue and white pennant on his lance—they were Bavarian, not Prussian Uhlans—and shouting his "Hoch!"

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A SON of the Emerald Isle wished to present a parrot to an intimate friend. He accordingly called on a dealer, who, having just sold his last parrot, persuaded Mike to buy an owl, which he claimed as belonging to a rare and valuable species of parrots. Mike paid three dollars for the bird, and immediately marched off with it to the house of his friend, who was highly pleased with it. About four weeks after, Mike again called to see the progress the polly had made. "And how does she spaik?" asked Mike. "She don't spaik at all—niver a word since the day you brought her." Mike was off in a jiffy to ask the dealer why the bird didn't speak. "She hasn't spalked one word as yit," said Mike, as soon as he could get breath. "Oh," replied the man of business, with cool assurance, "she's not a great speaker, but a very great thinker." Mike left, nonplused.

ACQUIRED TASTES—Olives and babies.

The difference between a watch-key and a captain on the look-out for squalls is that one winds the watch, and the other watches the wind.

DEAD LANGUAGE—Ghosts' gossip.

Why should authors write lengthy books?—Because their ideas, scattered in short tales, would appear *in-diferent* stories.

TO PROTECT THE CHEST—Put a lock on it.

If you called on your sweetheart at dinner-time, and staid till gas was "on," why should you be like Jupiter?—Because you would have *sat-till-lights*.

A CO-OPERATIVE MOVEMENT—The tread-mill.

"Charley," said a fond mother to her son, "you are into that jam again." "No," replied the little pet, "you are wrong, ma; the jam is into me."

ADVICE TO ANGLERS—Don't fish for compliments.

A BUT ABOUT BUTTS.—A man may be made the butt of a jovial party without any injury to himself or reputation; but if he is weak enough to permit himself to become the butt for rifle practice, he stands a fair chance of becoming a butt for the *bier*.

"LONG AND SUCCESSFUL REIGN"—The deluge.

"Tom, where's that counterfeit ten-dollar bill you had a while ago?" "Well, I never was quite clear in my mind about dat are bill. Some days I thought it was a bad bill, and oder days I thought it was a good bill; and one o' dem days when I thought it was a good bill I jes' passed it away."

ADVICE TO CHILDREN—Mind your mothers.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS—Mind your children.

An old Dublin beggar-woman asked a lady the other day for a half-penny. "I've nothing for you," said the lady; "but if you go to the soup-kitchen you'll get a pint of excellent soup." "Soup is it, ye mane?" bawled the indignant mendicant; "do you call that stuff soup? Sure and I'll jist tell ye how they make it: they get a quart of water, and then boil it down to a pint to make it strong."

Bachelors, attention!—"Sally Grubbins," of "filadelfi," wishes to get married. Her "card" speaks for itself; here it is:

"A Husband Wanted, by a young laideye of inconsiderabul pursenal detractions, and edikation. She is under fifty years of age, and of taul and delikate figger. She has one very fine i, having lossed the other by an orful bit of the small pocks; Her ackompanyishments consists of Whistlin with grate pour and sweatness, and plantin pertaters. She has bin takin' lessins in boxin', and she is willin' to give ampill proffs to booose-ever marrees her. Apli at 147 more street, filadelfi."

THE ORGAN OF DRUNKENNESS—The barrel-organ.

A hungry man went to dine at a chop-house, and after waiting some few minutes, gruffly asked the waiter, "How long will my chop be?" "About five inches, Sir!" was the reply.

There's many a cloven hoof wears patent-leather.

An Irishwoman, a few days ago, went to a dentist to have a tooth extracted. She inquired the price, and he told her fifty cents. "It is too much," she said; but, with ready wit, she asked, "Would you pull two for seventy-five cents?" to which the obliging dentist consented.

Why is St. Valentine's Day like the autumn?—Because it is the time for pairs (pears).

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A LITTLE SOUVENIR OF THE WAR FOR MY WIFE.

TRIFLES AND TRUFFLES.

WHEN the gas is once more alight on the boulevards, and the glasses chink on the marble-topped tables before the cafés—when the theatres are filled with merry audiences, and the shop windows are glittering with pretty trinkets—when, in fact, the tourist has once more made Paris his paradise, shattered walls and felled trees will not be the only material evidences of what the city has gone through. Paris has been a battle-field, and all battle-fields leave a plenteous harvest after the fighting has ceased, in the shape of what we call relics. Broken blades, flattened bullets, epaulets, buttons, helmets, bits of shell, are gathered by the gleaners after the reapers have been reaping human harvests, and many a curious foreigner will carry away a memento of the great struggle—some waif and stray of the battle-field which an enterprising Parisian has been only too happy to sell him, having first been only too happy to make it. It is notorious that not one-half of the so-called relics are real relics. The walking-sticks made out of the *Royal George* would have built quite a respectable North German navy, and the relics from Waterloo would have equipped their army. As we can not believe them all to be genuine, the best plan is to have the firmest faith in your own particular relic, and disbelieve in all the rest. The trade is not, perhaps, strictly honest, but what would you have? The trader will say they are made to sell. This is true. But tourists are made to be sold. It is Providence.

One gentleman, however, has determined to have a *bona fide* souvenir of the war—the gentleman whom the artist has depicted in the first sketch on this page. He has gone out for himself, and picked up a thumping memento in the shape of a shell—a little trifle which he can show proudly in days to come. It is to be hoped that, if many of these mementoes are preserved in Parisian households, there may not be treasured up with them a sentiment of deadly hatred toward Germany. The present distress of the French may excuse for the time the bitterness which finds expression in bursts of muttered threats of future vengeance. We may be sure, however, that many such relics will be carefully kept as mementoes of this sad epoch of disastrous defeat—an epoch surpassing in sadness and misfortune that memorable occasion when storm-beaten Æneas cheered his despondent companions with the well-known sentence, "*Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit.*"

The other sketch shows us a less ambitious collector. She has been out foraging for the good man who is doing his duty on the ramparts, and has found a treasure in some truffles, which will make his ration of horse-flesh palatable; but to be in keeping with the times a helmet serves her for a market-basket. That is all over now. She may hang her helmet on the wall, and go about her marketing in an orthodox manner, for Paris is once more open to the world; her markets are filled with provisions, and the market-women sit in their accustomed places, all the livelier for their enforced abstention from business; unless, indeed, the mad spirit of the revolution should triumph against law and order, and again bring upon the sorely tried people of Paris the horrors of that time when the guillotine counted its victims by the thousand, and the streets were red with blood. May Heaven avert the return of these horrors!

A LITTLE RELISH FOR MY GOOD MAN.

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WAITING FOR PROVISIONS.

A CORRESPONDENT who visited Paris soon after the capitulation thus describes the scene depicted in the sketch on this page:

"The sight that interested me most on my last visit to Paris was a *queue*. They have been described often and often, and one *queue* is very like another *queue*, differing only perhaps in length. The one I saw was a very long one, because it was a very thin one. The pavement of the little street was narrow, admitting only two abreast, and so the *queue* went on and on till the street turned, and I believe that round the corner the *queue* still went on almost *ad infinitum*. Two National Guards kept the entrance to the little shop, and saw that the people filed in in order. The shutters of the shop were up, and on them was scratched in chalk the hours of the distribution. I stood a few steps up a street leading into this, and jotted down the people as they passed me two by two. They all had to go under the inscription on a café, '*Eau de vie, Liqueurs, Cotelettes, Bifteeks.*' It was hard to be reminded of cutlets and beefsteaks as they went to get their miserable pittance of thin soup made of horse-flesh. I noticed a girl trying to take a place high up in the *queue*, but she was made to go down to the very end. *Chacun à son tour.* The *égalité* of the new republic must be vindicated even at the expense of the *fraternité* of the same. There was a drizzling rain all the time, and the road was being scraped and swept, making quantities of pea-soup, slush, and splendid mud-pies." Paris has several times been put upon rations. The practice was first introduced in the reign of LOUIS XVI., when bread riots were of frequent occurrence.

THE GERMAN ENTRY INTO PARIS.

THE double-page illustration given in this Number shows the triumphal entry of the Germans into Paris, which took place on the 1st of March. The first who entered the city early in the morning were a party of six troopers led by a young officer, Lieutenant BERSHARDY, who rode through the Place de l'Étoile, going round the Arc de Triomphe, the obstructions beneath it not having been removed. Soon afterward he was joined by a squadron, and other small detachments followed. The main body, however, entered in the afternoon, after a grand review held by the German Emperor in the Bois de Boulogne. They were the Sixth and Eleventh Prussian corps—HARTMANN'S Bavarians, the Prussian Guards, including the infantry, Jägers, Schützen or Rifles, Leib Regiment or King's Own, detachments of cavalry, cuirassiers, Uhlans, dragoons, and hussars, field artillery and Engineers of the Guard, and some of the siege artillery and engineers. The entire number was about 30,000.

The correspondent of the London *Times* thus describes the scene: "The Duke of Coburg, General BLUMENTHAL, and their respective staffs rode in at the head of the troops, followed by a squadron of Bavarian hussars, whose bright pennons of blue and white silk, evidently brand-new for the occasion, fluttered gayly in the breeze. Then came two batteries of Bavarian artillery, and then rifles and infantry. It was evident that the Bavarians were to be allowed the honors of the day. There was the 'Leib Regiment,' with its shattered companies only a quarter of their original strength, and their flag hanging in ribbons from the stump of a broken staff—the regi-

PARIS AFTER THE SIEGE—WAITING FOR FOOD.

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ment which has seen as hard fighting as any regiment in the war, and which I have seen go into battle eight times in eleven days. There was their weather-beaten general and the officers—few of them familiar to me now, for they had lost more than the entire number with which they had originally left Bavaria. As they marched past the Arc de Triomphe the band struck up the 'Wacht am Rhein,' and the mob began to hiss and whistle. At the same time an officer's horse slipped and fell, and a crowd pressed round the dismounted rider. Instantly a comrade rode to his assistance; the crowd continued to hiss, and one man was ridden over, while two or three horsemen charged along the pavement. This had the effect of scattering the mob like chaff, and from that moment they looked on in profound and respectful silence. For an hour and a half, or until half past three, did this incessant stream of Bavarians continue, with here and there an interval occupied by some general and his staff. Then came the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg, with men at his side who had been with him in the hard-fought fields of Orleans, Beaugency, and Mans. There were many familiar faces. Here was Prince LUITPOLD and VON DER TANN. Wearing the cocked-hat of an admiral rides Prince ADALBERT, of Prussia, and with him Prince ALBRECHT, of cavalry renown. But in all this brilliant array we look in vain for King or Crown Prince. There is, indeed, a curious mixture of simplicity and dignity in the whole proceeding.

"For a long time the whole of the space round the Arch was filled with soldiers waiting for their turn to march down the avenue, which was becoming pretty well packed by this time from the top to the bottom. Suddenly up rode BISMARCK himself, smoking a cigar, gazed at the scene for a few moments, and turned round and rode slowly away, without going beyond the crest of the hill. At last all the Bavarians had passed, and a Prussian regiment marched down the walk on the other side of the drive; then more Prussians came, but instead of going straight down the Champs Elysées they turned down side avenues in search of quarters.

"I mixed with the crowd to try and gather their general impression, but their remarks were generally of a most trivial character, pointing attention rather to the size and dress of the men than to any thing else. One small *gamin* remarked ostentatiously to a youthful companion, 'One of these brigands left the ranks; I at once ranged myself by his side; he instantly returned to the ranks;' and at this moment it is more than probable that a great part of the population of Paris delude themselves with the belief that the Germans are only on the Place de la Concorde now through their forbearance."

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A Lion and a Bear seized upon a Kid at the same moment, and fought fiercely for its possession. When they had fearfully lacerated each other, and were faint from the long combat, they lay down exhausted with fatigue. A Fox, who had gone round them at a distance several times, saw them both stretched on the ground, and the Kid lying untouched in the middle, ran in between them, and, seizing the Kid, scampered off as fast as he could. The Lion and the Bear saw him, but not being able to get up, said, "Woe betide us, that we should have fought and belabored ourselves only to serve the turn of a Fox!"

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The following letter from a Post Chaplain in New Mexico will serve to assure the public that orders from a distance can be sent for instruments with a certainty of being conscientiously executed, and that secure packing is not one of the "lost arts."

To the Smith American Organ Company of Boston. } *Fort Union, New Mexico,*
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MEMORIES OF DISTINGUISHED AUTHORS.

HANNAH MORE.

By S. C. HALL.

HANNAH MORE.

IN the year 1763 a lecturer on rhetoric visited the city of Bristol during a professional tour. He was accompanied by a youth, his son: that youth was Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Among his frequent auditors was a young girl—HANNAH MORE. I feel as if I were writing a far-off history, for she conversed with me concerning the circumstance to which I am referring, and which occurred upward of a century ago. Her name is, indeed, so linked with the past as to seem to belong to a remote generation; for when I knew her, in 1825, she had reached the patriarchal age of four-score, and her talk was of the historic men and women who had been her associates: Samuel Johnson, Edmund Burke, David Garrick; Bishops Porteus, Percy, Newton, and Watson; Mackenzie, Boswell, Sir William Jones, Southey, Chalmers, Wilberforce, Gibbon, De Lolme, John Locke, Magee, Mrs. Montague, and many others, famous men and women of her time, who honored and loved her as "a pure and humble yet zealous philanthropist." Her writings were admired by them all—by the religious and the skeptic, by the philosopher and the frivolous worldling; all found in them something to admire, and nothing to condemn; for her charity was universal. They were comprehended alike by the sagacious and the simple; were read and respected equally by the greatly learned and the comparatively ignorant. Prodigious, therefore, was the influence they exercised on her age. She is emphatically foremost among those to whom the poet refers, who,

"Departing, leave behind them
Footprints on the sands of Time."

Yes! I seem indeed to be writing a far-off history when I recall to memory one who is of the eighteenth and not of the nineteenth century. She had sat for her portrait to Sir Joshua Reynolds when the artist was in his zenith, and she placed in my hands a play-bill of her tragedy of "Percy," in which David Garrick sustained the leading part. The painter and the actor were her dear friends.

I can but faintly picture now that venerable lady, who more than forty-five years ago received and greeted us with cordial warmth in her graceful drawing-room at Barley Wood, directed our attention to the records she had kept of glorious friendships with the truly great, spoke with humble and holy pride of her labors through a very long life, impressed upon our then fresh minds the wisdom of virtue, the inconceivable blessing of Christian training and Christian teaching, and hailed us with encouraging hope and affectionate sympathy just as we were entering the path she had trodden to its close—she who had been a burning and a shining light before we were born.

Her form was small and slight, her features wrinkled with age; but the burden of eighty years had not impaired her gracious smile, nor lessened the fire of her eyes, the clearest, the brightest, and the most searching I have ever seen. They were singularly dark—positively black they seemed as they looked forth among carefully trained tresses of her own white hair, and absolutely sparkled while she spoke of those of whom she was the venerated link between the present and the long past. Her manner on entering the room, while conversing, and at our departure was positively sprightly; she tripped about from console to console, from window to window, to show us some gift that bore a name immortal, some cherished reminder of other days—almost of another world, certainly of another age; for they were memories of those whose deaths were registered before the present century had birth.

This is Mrs. Hall's portrait of her:

"Her brow was full and well sustained, rather than what would be called *fine:* from the manner in which her hair was dressed its formation was distinctly visible; and though her eyes were half closed, her countenance was more tranquil, more sweet, more holy—for it *had* a holy expression—than when those deep intense eyes were looking you through and through. Small and shrunk and aged as she was, she conveyed to us no idea of feebleness. She looked, even then, a woman whose character, combining sufficient thought and wisdom, as well as dignity and spirit, could analyze and exhibit, in language suited to the intellect of the people of England, the evils and dangers of revolutionary principles. Her voice had a pleasant tone, and her manner was quite devoid of affectation or dictation: she spoke as one expecting a reply, and by no means like an oracle. And those bright, immortal eyes of hers—not wearied by looking at the world for more than eighty years, but clear and far-seeing then; laughing, too, when she spoke cheerfully, not as authors are believed to speak—

'In measured pompous tones—'

but like a dear matronly dame, who had especial care and tenderness toward young women. It is impossible to remember how it occurred, but in reference to some observation I had made, she turned briskly round and exclaimed, 'Controversy hardens the heart and sours the temper: never dispute with your husband, young lady: tell him what you think, and leave it to time to fructify.'"*

She was clad, I well remember, in a dress of rich pea-green silk. It was an odd whim, and contrasted somewhat oddly with her patriarchal age and venerable countenance, yet was in harmony with the youth of her step and her unceasing vivacity, as she laughed and chatted, chatted and laughed; her voice strong and clear as that of a girl, and her animation as full of life and vigor as it might have been in her springtime.

BARLEY WOOD.

She flourished at a period when religion was little more than a sound in England; when the clergy of the English Church were virtuous only in exceptional cases, and the flocks committed by the State to their charge were left in as utter ignorance of social and religious duties as if they had been really but sheep gone astray; when France was rendering impiety sacred, and raising altars for the worship of Reason; and when in England there were vile copyists—professional propagators of sedition and blasphemy under the names of Liberty and Fraternity.

At that terrible time Hannah More came out in her strength. Her tracts, pamphlets, poems, and books aided largely to stem the torrent which for a while threatened to overwhelm all of good and just in these kingdoms. They inculcated as an imperative duty the education of the people, stimulated Gospel teaching by persuasions and threats addressed to those who had been appointed, at least by man, to the office of the ministry, and stirred up to be her helpers men and women of every class, from the humblest to the highest, from the cottage to the throne. She did her work so wisely as seldom to excite either prejudice or hostility. Those who might have been the bitter opponents of men so occupied were tolerant of zeal in a woman, and it can not be questioned that her sex sheltered her from assailants, while it empowered her to make her way where men would have failed of entrance.

She was not bigoted. There was in her nothing of coarse sectarianism opposing skepticism in phraseology harsh and uncompromising. Her mind had ever a leaning, and her language always a tendency, to the Charity that suffereth long and is kind. What was meant for mankind she never gave up to party; though a thorough member of the Church of England, she saw no evil motive in those who counseled withdrawal from it; though with her Faith was the paramount blessing of life, and the first and great commandment Duty to God, she inculcated all the duties of that which is next to it, "Love thy neighbor as thyself"—that which has been well termed "the eleventh commandment;" nor had she any value for the religion that consisted mainly of idle or listless observance—cold adherence to outward formalities—nor any trust in that dependence on Providence which is but a mere admission of belief. There was no taint of asceticism in her piety—no abnegation of enjoyment under the idea that to be cheerful and happy is to displease God. Her religion was practical; she relished many of the pleasures which the worldly consider chief, and the "rigidly righteous" ignore as sinful. She might, indeed—and it is probable often did—apply to herself that line in the epigram of Dr. Young,

"I live in pleasure while I live to Thee."

In all her thoughts, words, and works she was in the service of One who

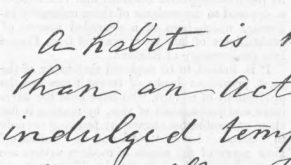
"Must delight in virtue,
And that which He delights in must be happy."

She especially labored to give religion to the young as a source of enjoyment that in no degree diminished happiness, and was constant in imploring youth not to postpone the blessing until age had rendered pleasure distasteful. "It is," she wrote, "a wretched sacrifice to the God of heaven to present Him with the remnants of decayed appetites, and the leavings of extinguished passions."

While she never sought to lead woman out of her sphere, and is at once an example and a warning to the "strong-minded," she sought by all right means to elevate, and succeeded in elevating, her sex. In a word, her mission was to augment the sum of human happiness by wholesome stimulants to virtue, order, industry, as their own rewards, but of infinitely higher value as the preliminaries to a state for which life is but a preparation.

Her lessons were more especially impressive to those who learn that in widening the sphere of their duties they do not abridge those that essentially appertain to home. In her case there was comparative release from household cares, but she perpetually taught that there can be no excuse for their neglect by any labor of mind or pen, by any occupation that is suggested by philanthropy or religion.

It was from this cause chiefly that she excited no suspicion. If men often grudgingly and ungraciously admit female talent, it is seldom from any principle of jealousy; it is rather a dread that it will abstract from the power of the domestic virtues, rendering woman less the deity of home, and dwarfing her as a mother, a daughter, a sister, or a wife. In the far-off time when Hannah More flourished, and to which our memory takes us back, that dread was very generally felt. There are now so many examples of genius in woman, with its ample exercise and full employment—which in no way imply exemption from her leading business in life—that alarm on this head

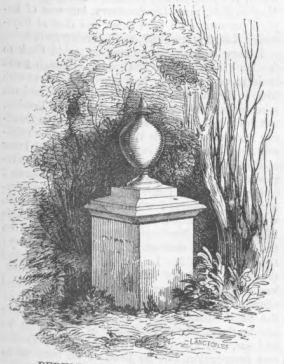


A habit is more powerful than an act, and a previously indulged temper during the day, will not, it is to be feared be fully counteracted by the exercise of a few minutes devotion at night

Hannah More

June 20 1829

FAC-SIMILE OF HANNAH MORE'S HANDWRITING.



PEDESTAL TO BISHOP PORTEUS.

PEDESTAL TO JOHN LOCKE.

THE GRAVE OF HANNAH MORE.

* "Pilgrimages to English Shrines," by Mrs. S. C. HALL. London: Virtue. 1853.

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has much if not entirely subsided. To teach that lesson was one of the many good works of Hannah More.* She was, therefore, one of those to whom England owes much of its greatness; and though she has been forty years in her grave, to utter a prayer of gratitude over it is a duty that any writer may covet.

My readers will permit me to dwell somewhat on the privilege we have enjoyed in having personally known this good woman. It is indeed a happy memory—that which recalls the day we passed with her at Barley Wood.

Hannah More was born in the hamlet of Fishponds, in the parish of Stapleton, about four miles from Bristol, on the 2d of February, 1745, more than one hundred and twenty-five years ago! Her father—a man, as she tells us, of "piety and learning"—inherited "great expectations," but, reduced to a comparatively humble position, he became master of the Free School at Fishponds, married, and had five daughters, all good and gifted women, of whom Hannah was the fourth. In 1757 they opened a boarding-school at Trinity Square, Bristol, where Hannah, though but twelve years old, assisted. Their school flourished. Hannah, at seventeen, produced a poem, "The Search after Happiness," and continued to write—fugitive verse principally—until her fame was established by the production of that which is considered the loftiest efforts of genius, a tragedy.

In 1777 her tragedy of "Percy" was performed at Covent Garden Theatre, Garrick writing both the prologue and the epilogue, and sustaining the principal part in the play. Afterward she wrote other plays, but their success was, by comparison, limited. A friendship with the great actor then commenced, which endured till his death, and was continued to his widow until, in 1822, she also died, at the patriarchal age of ninety-one.

In this age, when female talent is so rife—when, indeed, it is not too much to say of women that they are, in many ways, maintaining their right to equality with men in reference to the productions of mind—it is difficult to comprehend the popularity, almost amounting to adoration, with which a woman writer was regarded little more than half a century ago. Mediocrity was magnified into genius, and to have printed a book, or to have written even a tolerable poem, was a passport into the very highest society. Nearly all the contemporaries of Hannah More are forgotten; their reputation was for a day; hers has stood the test of time.† She receives honor and homage from the existing generation, and will "live for aye in Fame's eternal volume."

But her renown has by no means arisen from her poems, lyrical or dramatic; from her tales, social or moral; from her tracts, abundant as they are in sound practical teachings; from her collected writings in eight thick volumes: it is founded on a more solid basis. Many of her books were produced "for occasions," and are in oblivion with the causes that gave them birth. "Cœlebs in Search of a Wife," her only novel, yet survives. It appeared in 1808, and enjoyed a popularity that would seem prodigious even now; for within one year it passed through twelve editions, and her share of the profit exceeded two thousand pounds. It was written during a period of intense bodily suffering. "Never," she says, "was more pain bound up in two volumes." Although she lived to be so very aged, she had ever "a peculiarly delicate constitution," "rarely experienced immunity from actual disease," having, as she states in one of her letters, "suffered under more than twenty mortal disorders." She might have been pardoned if her life had been passed in listless ease and profitless inaction; but her active industry was absolutely wonderful; her literary labor was done in retirement, apart from the trouble and turmoil of the busy world—retirement that was but the "bracing of herself" for work—such work as was true pleasure.

The district in which Providence had placed her in her youth was as "benighted" as could have been a jungle in Caffre-land: the people not only knew not God—they were utterly ignorant of moral and social duties, and ignored all responsibility in thought, word, and deed. In that moral desert Hannah More and her sisters set to work. The inevitable opposition was encountered. Neighboring farmers had no idea of encouraging education, or of tolerating religion among the outcasts who did their daily work. The one, they argued, made them discontented; the other, idle; while the clergy considered such teachers as mere poachers on the barren tract they called theirs. Not only thus did opposition come: even the parents, in many cases, refused to send their children to school unless they were paid for doing so;‡ and hard indeed seemed the toil to which these good sisters were devoted; but they persevered, God helping them. Very soon schools were established, and not schools only: the sick and needy found ministering angels in these women, and for all their physical wants they had comforters. It is only when religion goes hand in hand with charity that its teaching can be effectual and its efforts successful. The philanthropists who give *only* tracts to feed the hungry, and printed books to clothe the naked, work as idly as those who would reap the whirlwind. They have not the example of Hannah More. Under her system prejudices broke down; her experiments led to undertakings; large institutions followed her small establishments for the ailing, the ignorant, or the wicked. The rich were taught to care for the poor, and in that little corner of England that lies under the shadow of the Cheddar hills a beacon was lit that at once warned and stimulated the prosperous. The piety of Hannah More was "practical piety," and to her must be assigned much of the distinction this kingdom derives from that all-glorious sentence now so often read in so many parts of it—a sentence that, beyond all others in our language, makes, as it ought to make, an Englishman proud—

"SUPPORTED BY VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS."

I have been tempted to wander somewhat from the theme more immediately in hand. The sisters kept their school in Bristol for thirty-two years; but Hannah, though nominally one of them, had other vocations, not the least of which was the society she loved, and in which she was received with honor, homage, and affection. After residing some years at Cowslip Green, she built (in 1800) her cottage at Barley Wood, near the village of Wrington, eight miles from Bristol. The site was happily chosen, commanding extensive views, in a healthy locality overlooking a luxuriant vale; many cottages and hamlets within ken. During the thirty years of her occupancy the place attained high rank in rural beauty; walks, terraces, lawns, and flower beds soon were graces of the domain. She lived to see the saplings she had planted become trees in which the thrush and blackbird built, and where nightingales sung. In the grounds was an urn, on a pedestal, inscribed, "In grateful memory of long and faithful friendship," to Beilby Porteus, Bishop of London. There was another to John Locke, and there were others that I have forgotten. These mementoes were skillfully placed under the shadows of umbrageous trees, and beside them were openings through which were obtained charming views of adjacent scenery. Of these two monuments I give engravings.

Time, however, at length did its work with her, as with all. Though Barley Wood was her own, it was also the home of her sisters. In 1802 they went to reside with her, and remained there till death divided them, one having previously "gone hence." Mary was the first to go, dying in 1813; in 1817 Sarah followed; and in 1819 Martha left earth. Hannah writes, "I must finish my journey alone." As Bowles wrote of her, there she

"Waits meekly at the gate of Paradise,
Smiling at Time."

Her last work was on a congenial theme, "The Spirit of Prayer." With that book her literary labors closed. She was then four-score years old. Thenceforward she put aside the pen; but her doors were opened to friends, and sometimes to strangers who desired to accord her homage and honor, or to offer tributes of affection.

When she was left "alone"—the last of all her family—at Barley Wood, she had eight servants, some of whom had long lived with her and her sisters, and, naturally, had her confidence. That confidence they betrayed, not only wasting her substance, but degrading her peaceful and hallowed home by orgies that brought shame to the rural neighborhood. The venerable lady was necessarily informed of these "goings on" in her household, and very reluctantly removed to Clifton, to be near loving and watchful friends. It was a mournful day, that on which she quitted the cottage endeared to her by time and association. "I am driven like Eve out of Paradise, but not by angels," she murmured, as she left the threshold.

She removed to 4 Windsor Terrace, Clifton, and there, on the 7th September, 1833, she died—if we are to call that Death which was simply a removal to a far better and more beautiful home than any she had had on earth—"where angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven."

She left a large fortune behind her. There were few friends who needed, and she had no relatives; her wealth, therefore, went to augment the funds of public charities—principally those of Bristol, and there are thousands who today enjoy the blessings thus bequeathed to them.

In Wrington church-yard repose the mortal remains of the five sisters. A large stone slab, inclosed by an iron railing, covers the grave, and contains their names, the dates of their births and of their deaths.

I copy one of a series of very beautiful sonnets commemorating many phases and incidents connected with the career of Hannah More, written by her esteemed friend and biographer, the Rev. Henry Thompson:

"When every vernal hope and joy decays,
When Love is cold, and Life is little worth,
Age yields to Heaven the thankless lees of Earth,
Offering their Lord the refuse of his days:
Oh, wiser she, who from the voice of Praise,
Friendship, Intelligence, and guiltless Mirth,
Fled timely hither, and this sylvan hearth
Reared for an altar! not with sterile blaze
Of Vestal fire one mystic's cell to light—
Selfish devotion; but its warmth to pour
Creative through the cold chaotic night
Of rustic ignorance; thence, bold, to soar
Through hall and regal tower with radiant flight,
Till peer and peasant bless the toils of More."

Her friend, Sir Joshua Reynolds, painted her portrait (it would be interesting to know where it now is). "It represents her small and slender figure gracefully attired; the hands and arms delicately fine, the eyes large, dark, and lustrous; the eyebrows well marked and softly arched; the countenance beaming with benevolence and intelligence."* The portrait represented her in her prime. That of which I give an engraving at the head of this chapter was painted by Pickersgill somewhere about the year 1822, when she had reached her eightieth year. She sat, however, to other artists—among them Opie, whose portrait is that of a plain woman of middle age, the features illumined by the deep and sparkling black eyes, that had lost none of their brilliancy when I knew her. The autograph is copied from a passage she wrote in Mrs. Hall's Album.

The whole career of Mrs. Hannah More is a striking example of what can be effected by *one* woman—a woman neither high-born, nor wealthy, nor beautiful, nor, in what is understood to constitute genius, as highly gifted as many others whose names are histories. Her dramas have had no sustaining power to keep the stage, and her poems, as poems, are little more than pleasing trifles; but her "Cheap Repository," her book on "Female Education," her "Thoughts on the Manners of the Great," her "Christian Morals," her "Spirit of Prayer," "Hints on the Education of a Princess," "Character of St. Paul," and her "Practical Piety," despite some occasional "conventionalities," are the temples in which her memory is enshrined; and when we recall the formation of those Poor Schools—when we remember that neither the time bestowed upon them nor upon her literary pursuits prevented her fulfilling her duty to the

"Great Father of all,"

in whom "she lived and moved and had her being"—when we learn how faithfully her domestic duties were discharged, while she was the benefactor of the poor, the instructor of the ignorant—when we remember what she was to society, and recall the kind, playful, unostentatious womanliness of her nature, we do greatly rejoice in the triumph of *usefulness*. We gaze with reverence upon the clear beacon-fire she kindled, so different from the phantom lights that dazzle to betray; and we recommend most earnestly to our countrywomen the study of such a life and its results—happiness obtained and conferred—as opposed to the *malaria* of those unhealthy influences which, born of a degraded woman of genius, have of late years crawled from France into the literature of England.

It is, indeed, to be deplored that many of the most pernicious books of recent times are the productions of women, who have been the advocates and propagators of vice, by making it not alone excusable, but attractive; teaching not only to "endure," but to "pity" and to "embrace." How many of the novels of modern writers are utterly shameless and shameful! They may and do charm by exciting incident and story; but in striving to render fascinating bad examples of the sex, they corrupt the very fountain-head of society, and taint the natures of those who are to be the wives and mothers of the future.

Unhappily, such books are greedily read, and do not fail to find their way into the hands of the young. It is impossible to overrate the mischief they do: "just as the twig is bent," the subtle poison taints the constitution; and though it may be suspended in the system, it is sure in time to show its effect in diseased morals and distempered brain.

Every printed word is a planted seed that *must* spring up a weed or flower; and the author who either ignores responsibility or is indifferent to it is like the child who

"Flings about fire,
And tells you 'tis all but in sport."

We have, it is true, the antidote as well as the bane; and, thank God, there are women not a few who work with the pen, in fervent, earnest, and hopeful advocacy of the cause of God and man. Those who seek the good and pure in literature find an ample supply by which the best affections and the holiest aspirations are nurtured, strengthened, and augmented; but it is none the less a duty to protest against the many evil publications—novels more especially—that have general and wide popularity, such as are calculated, if they be not intended, to spread moral and social pestilence, and destroy the foundations on which health, happiness, and faith can only be safely built.

It was during a subsequent visit to Bristol that I made the acquaintance of the Rev. ROBERT HALL, the famous Baptist minister, who for many years "graced and glorified" a Non-conformist pulpit, and not only as an eloquent preacher, but as a powerful writer, aided the cause to which his life was devoted. He was born at Arnsby on the 2d of May, 1764—a village about eight miles from Leicester, where his father was the pastor of a Baptist congregation—and he died at Bristol in February, 1831.

He was the youngest of fourteen children. His infancy was more than commonly feeble and unpromising: "until he was two years old he could neither walk nor talk;" and, it is said, learned his letters from the tombstones of an adjacent burial-ground. He made rapid progress, however, when his mind had accepted light. In 1780, having been set apart to the sacred work by his father's congregation at Arnsby—"lifting up their right hands and joining in solemn prayer"—he entered upon it, and labored in God's service to the close of a suffering life, worshiping in his chapel in the Broadmead, Bristol, until within a few days of his departure from earth.

He was not only a learned man and an eloquent divine, but a man of much literary taste. He is said to have been constitutionally indolent; but nearly all his life he suffered from a spinal disease that often incapacitated him for labor of any kind, and sometimes interrupted his discourses in the pulpit; generally, indeed, compelling him to keep to his easy-chair all day, and smoke tobacco, which he did to excess; but it was his only remedy to alleviate pain.*

When young he surpassed Dr. Johnson at drinking tea. "He has confessed to me," writes one of his friends, "to taking thirty cups of tea in an afternoon—his method being to visit four families, and drink seven or eight cups with each."

No doubt to his bodily suffering must be attributed the occasional bitterness that found vent in words: often, however, when they rubbed a sore they gave the plaster. He cured one man of his propensity to brandy-and-water by bidding him call for a glass of liquid fire and distilled damnation, and reproved a vain preacher who desired to know his opinion of a sermon, "I found one good passage, Sir—the passage from the pulpit to the vestry."

It is known, however, that he labored to repress his tendency to satire and severity as out of harmony with the character of a Christian teacher. His wit was not buoyant, boisterous, and exhilarating, like that of Sydney Smith, whom in person, and perhaps in mind, he somewhat resembled. But in no sense could he be described as morose, although suffering may have prevented his being often cheerful. He was essentially benevolent, and had the loving and active faith that never fails to keep away despondency from heart and mind. I have before me an impressive sentence:—"Keep away all gloom; for gloom insults God." That sentence was given to me under very peculiar circumstances—circumstances for which I am thankful. Yet he suffered under the combined influence of a disordered body and a mind overstrained—"jaded brains," as a modern physician calls the ailment†—and was, though for a brief time, the inmate of a private insane asylum.

I recall, with exceeding pleasure, a morning I passed with him at his residence in the Broadmead, Bristol, and the sermon I heard him preach on the subsequent Sabbath. I was about to write my remembrance of him; but his portrait is drawn by his friend, Olinthus Gregory, LL.D., so much better than I can draw it, that I adopt it:

"When I first saw Mr. Hall, I was struck with his well-proportioned, athletic figure, the unassuming dignity of his deportment, the winning frankness which marked all that he uttered, and the peculiarities of the most speaking countenance I ever contemplated, animated by eyes radiating with the brilliancy imparted to them by benevolence, wit, and intellectual energy."

In the pulpit there was usually evidence of physical weakness; his voice was never strong; he usually commenced slowly, and almost inaudibly, but as he proceeded he rose with his theme; became fervid, eloquent, and powerful; and the deep attention and rapt enthusiasm of his always large audience were ever amply recompensed. The Christian and the scholar were alike content; for every sentence he uttered seemed rounded and pointed so as to defy criticism, while his earnestness carried conviction to "the saving of many souls:" it was the outpouring of his own.

In 1799 he preached and published his famous sermon on "Modern Infidelity," concerning which Bishop Porteus recorded "his applause, veneration, and gratitude, due to the acute detector, perspicuous impugner, and victorious antagonist of the skeptical, infidel, and anti-Christian sophist." He believed, and therefore taught, that "of all fanaticism the fanaticism of infidelity was at once the most preposterous and the most destructive," and he no doubt aided largely in arresting the progress of the many detestable advocates of the Reign of Terror in France, who were then actively propagating "democracy and atheism conjointly."

It will not be considered "out of place" if I introduce here a memory of another remarkable man—the Rev. ADAM CLARKE. He also was a Dissenting minister—if the Methodists, of whom he was a distinguished member, are to be considered Dissenters from the Church of England, which is by no means certain. He was born at Magherafelt, near Londonderry, but was of English parentage on both sides, and died at Bayswater, London, in 1832, aged seventy-two.

I knew the learned commentator in Cork so far back as the year 1819, and, although I was little more than a boy, had much intercourse with him. He was but a visitor to that city, and not a resident there. I knew him also in London, not long before his death. He was then dwelling for a time with his two sons, who were printers near St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell. I knew also his daughter, a very estimable and accomplished lady. All now have passed from earth.‡

He had been a fellow-laborer with John Wesley in the vineyard when it was choked with weeds, and yielded little fruit. The venerable founder of the Methodists had laid his hand on the youth, and dedicated him to the ministry: that was in 1782. In after life the doctor loved much to speak of his early, though limited, knowledge of the great man; and his mortal remains were interred in the burial-ground of the Methodists in the City Road Chapel, close beside those of the Gamaliel at whose feet he had sat. It was his lot to encounter prejudice and persecution, but he lived to be honored as a scholar and beloved as a Christian teacher.

Adam Clarke was devotedly attached to the

* There have been, and are, many literary women who have illustrated this position—that genius is in no degree incompatible with the ordinary duties of life: foremost among them was Maria Edgeworth, of whom we shall have to write. Indeed, we believe the female authors who neglect the home occupations, out of which only can arise the happiness of home, are but exceptions to a general rule.

† Her works have been translated into every European language, and into some of the languages of Asia.

‡ In Ireland, very recently, much the same feeling existed. We were present once when a lady refused some favor her tenant asked of her. The woman made this comment: "I'm surprised at ye, my lady, that ye wouldn't give me a small thing like that—after me letting the children weed praties, and sending them to school to please ye."

* I quote this passage from a book—"The Literary Women of England," by Jane Williams (published in 1861)—a book far too little known, for it is full of wisdom and knowledge, keenly yet generously critical, abounding in sound sense, thorough appreciation of excellence, and unmisesting earnest advocacy of goodness and virtue.

* Some pages of his sermon, "Modern Infidelity," were written while he was lying in agony on the floor.

† Andrew Scott Myrtle, M.D., of Harrogate. His essay on this subject, which accompanies a small volume on the mineral waters of Harrogate, might be read with great advantage by all who, engaged in mental pursuits, are often attacked by the insidious but very perilous disease—OVERWORK.

‡ Another daughter was married to Mr. Hook, who had a colonial appointment at one of the South African settlements, and was the mother of James Clarke Hook, R.A., the distinguished artist.

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society of which he was so distinguished a member. "I belong to them," he once said, "body and soul, blood and sinews: this coat" (touching his sleeve, "is theirs." He was scarcely a youth when he commenced the work, and was known, indeed, as the boy preacher. Eloquent he never was, but impressive he was always; his learning was profound; his knowledge of ancient and modern languages very extensive; and no man had more deeply, or with better results, studied Scripture. It was a marvel how, living as he did a life of continual and active labor, he found time to acquire the mass of knowledge he gave to the world in his grand and famous commentaries on the Old and New Testaments.

Yet the profound scholar was a man in manners, and seemingly in thought, as simple as a child. He was deemed eccentric, and probably was so; but he was mild, gentle, and conciliating — more especially to the young. "I had a prejudice against him," writes Montgomery, "because he was represented in a portrait in the *Methodist Magazine* as wearing a cocked hat; but he outlived that fashion, and I outlived my prejudice. I met, understood, and loved him."

When I knew him first his cheeks were rosy with health; they resembled those of a stout husbandman rather than a scholar who lived laborious days. He had a ponderous forehead that seemed to weigh down the eyebrows and protrude the eyes, which were light and "dreamy," and the eyebrows were thick and bushy, but white; the upper organs, those of benevolence and veneration, were very large; he had high cheek-bones, and his form was thick and sturdy — capable, one would have thought, of enduring much fatigue. I think I never saw a countenance (I am speaking of a later period) that indicated more a living out of this world; that was of the earth only as a duty; perpetually communing with spirits—the spirits of just men made perfect. To be of that company was the study of his life here. He was a good as well as a great man; did the work of his Master thoroughly; and there can be no doubt that he is of the hierarchy of heaven.

MY OLD COAT.

By MORTIMER COLLINS.

THIS old velvet coat has grown queer, I admit,
And changed is the color, and loose is the fit;
Though to beauty it certainly can not aspire,
'Tis a cozy old coat for a seat by the fire.

When I first put it on it was awfully swell:
I went to a picnic, met Lucy Lepel,
Made a hole in the heart of that sweet little girl,
And disjointed the nose of her lover, the Earl.

We rambled away o'er the moorland together:
My coat was bright purple, and so was the heather;
And so was the sunset that blazed in the west,
As Lucy's fair tresses were laid on my breast.

We plighted our troth 'neath that sunset aflame,
But Lucy returned to her Earl all the same;
She's a grandmamma now, and is going down hill,
But my old velvet coat is a friend to me still.

It was built by a tailor of mighty renown,
Whose art is no longer the talk of the town;
A magical picture my memory weaves
When I thrust my tired arms through its easy old sleeves.

I see in my fire, through the smoke of my pipe,
Sweet maidens of old that are long overripe,
And a troop of old cronies, right gay cavaliers,
Whose guineas paid well for Champagne at Watier's.

A strong generation, who drank, fought, and kissed,
Whose hands never trembled, whose shots never missed;
Who lived a quick life, for their pulses beat high —
We remember them well, Sir, my old coat and I.

Ah, gone is the age of wild doings at court,
Rotten boroughs, knee-breeches, hair-triggers, and port;
Still I've got a magnum to moisten my throat,
And I'll drink to the Past in my tattered old coat.

"ME AND MY PAL."

A Tale of the Cuban Rebellion.

I.

MY associates through life have been many and various. I have hobnobbed with "noblemen, gentlemen of property, heirs to entailed estates, officers on full pay, and other responsible parties;" and I have fraternized with grooms, gamekeepers, jockeys, trainers, and touts. Nay, on one occasion, being belated in a heavy snow-storm at the Bald-faced Stag at Finchley, I so won the heart of an inebriated hearse-driver returning from Finchley Cemetery that with a blind confidence, born of our host's good rum, he thrust whip and reins into my astonished hands, and climbing into the receptacle but recently vacated by his ("fare"), prayed me to pilot his sombre chariot home. Which, first stipulating for a temporary exchange of hats and cloaks, I did, to the admiration of all Camden Town—the mutes attendant on the sad cortége following, appropriately speechlessly drunk, in a four-wheeler. But of all the strange companions into whose society I have ever been thrown by a perverse fate, or whose companionship I have sought from what my friends are pleased to denominate "a taste for low life" (no idea could be more erroneous; I only thirst for knowledge), the person whom I am going to tell you about was, *par excellence*, the strangest and the most inscrutable. I am going to tell you a tale without a hero. Its "leading gentleman" (if such a term be applicable) is alluded to in my title under "the first person singular, nominative case—*me*" (Mr. Squeers is my authority for this grammar); and the identity of *myself—moi qui vous parle*—is merged in the endearing epithet of "my pal." This is rather perplexing; but as the whole title forms an expression which constantly fell from the revered lips of "*me*" when, in the intervals of professional discipline, he had occasion to allude to the unworthy narrator, I have chosen to preserve it in its entirety, in memory of the most extraordinary man I ever met.

His name was Jonas Baxter, and he was the most intrepid, desperate, and skillful burglar that ever laughed at Scotland Yard, or goaded the New York police to anger by his sublime indifference to the terrors of the Tombs.

At the time of which I write (very recently) he had long been an absentee from England, having "quitted his country for his country's good," and arrived in New York *via* Australia, after holding a temporary position under her Majesty's government in that colony. When my story opens, Mr. Baxter appears before the public as a fillibuster, having (with a view to insular depredations) volunteered to aid the oppressed Cubans in redeeming the "ever-faithful isle" from the stigma of slavery; and the writer, tired of doing nothing, had also taken service under the "Lone Star" flag, and was appointed second in command of the expedition which had the honor of numbering that true patriot, Mr. Baxter, in its ranks.

I was ignorant, however, of the greatness thrust upon me by his enrollment in my command until the day after we had left New York, when I had reason very heartily to be thankful for his enlistment.

The rank and file of the expedition were, as may be supposed, a "highly mixed up" lot—Cubans, Swedes, Germans, Irish, Danes, Irish-Americans, Yankees, a *very* few English, and *no* Scotch.

Of these the most unruly and the most thoroughly brutal were the Irish-Americans — the sweepings of New York, the very scum of the Bowery. One of these fellows was standing, half drunk, under the break of the poop, indulging in a string of such meaningless and awfully blasphemous oaths as can only be heard in the "down town" spirit stores of New York or Chicago. I could notice the intense annoyance, almost terror, of the commandant's wife (a Cuban lady), who was on the poop, unable to escape beyond ear-shot, and I accordingly ordered the ruffian to go forward. Excited by whisky, he turned on me, and strewed such flowers of speech, in Bowery *argot*, on my head, that, lax as our discipline with the men was, I was bound to punish him, and I accordingly ordered him to be confined. Immediately drawing his formidable knife, the rascal (as the Yankees say) "went for me." I was standing on the after-hatch quite unarmed, having left my sword and pistols in the cuddy; and, providentially, as he hurled himself on to me, his foot tripped on the combings of the hatchway, and he fell almost at my feet, the murderous weapon aimed at my breast just grazing my thigh. He was up again in an instant, with arm uplifted for a second and more fatal stab, when a crack like the smash of a carriage panel was heard, and Private Felix O'Gorman dropped with a fractured skull on the deck before a blow from a handspike, wielded by Mr. Jonas Baxter, burglar and Cuban patriot. There was no mistaking the man's nationality for a moment, even before he spoke. Such corduroys (may I adopt the vernacular, and say "kicksees?") were never made out of Whitechapel; and when he said, in the drawling, quiet tone so common to his kind, that he'd be blessed if he'd see the captain bested by a —— Fenian, my memory flew back over the Atlantic; I was again in Regent Street at 4 P.M. on a sunny afternoon in May, and the persuasive chant of "Buy a leetle dawg, captain?" once more rang in my ears. Scoundrel though the man might be, he was an Englishman, and he had saved my life; and my heart positively warmed to him as I gave his hand a grip that made the big knuckles crack, and swore that I'd stand by him to the end of the war.

At my request, Colonel D'Olivarez made the expatriated "cracksman" a sergeant—an accession of rank with which he was hugely pleased, entering on his duties with all the glee of a child who acquires a toy drum, and rendering mine much less irksome by the wholesome awe he inspired among his luckless subordinates, who feared as much as they hated him. Do not think, however, that Mr. Baxter had any intention of following soldiering as a profession. He held the calling of arms in the most unqualified contempt, and did not scruple to enlighten me as to his real intentions. (In explanation of the apparently undue familiarity with which my "dashing white sergeant" treated me, I should here mention that we had been advised to use no more authority than was necessary for the suppression of mutiny while on board ship over men who were used to no sort of control, and who valued human life at its lowest possible cost. There they were, probable food for Yellow Jack or Spanish bullets, and they knew it; and while prepared, ruffians as some of them were, to fulfill their part of the contract, and "fight till hell froze, and then fight on the ice," would have mutinied to a man had we worried them too much on the voyage.)

Mr. Jonas Baxter, therefore, was good enough to express his approval of my being an Englishman, and to favor me with several episodes of his extremely checkered career, some of which may possibly prove amusing to my readers. In justice to this child of fortune, or ill fortune, I should, however, mention that with his garb and cockney accent his likeness to the stereotyped burglar ceased. His face was not that which has been rendered familiar to us in the pages of *Punch* as that of the gentleman who performs the office of "the nasty man" in garroting circles. On the contrary, had Mr. Baxter been introduced into society clad in garments built in Savile Row, and been bidden to hold his tongue, no superficial observer could have distinguished him from the most *blasé* frequenter of the Burlington Arcade save by the massive squareness of his lower jaw, and the coarseness of his firm, sinewy hands.

But let him speak for himself.

"I saved your life, cap," quoth he; "and glad I am to have done it. I only wish I had had a pal like you in my business."

Feeling that a compliment was implied, but being uncertain as to the branch of commerce hitherto pursued by my preserver, I made bold to ask him to what he had hitherto devoted his apparently indomitable energies.

"Well," he replied, with a reluctance for which I could not at once account, "I open safes and— and *houses*. Come with me," he added, with *real* zeal, "and I'll show you as I'm no duffer." So saying, he dived 'tween-decks, myself following, where he opened a small brass-bound box, and disclosed to my astonished gaze a "jimmy," a small saw of exquisite workmanship, a centre-bit, and a quantity of other tools, the names of which it would puzzle me to recollect. "These," he said, "were the traps of poor Jim D——, who was hanged eighteen year ago at the Old Bailey. His widow, she were in Short's Gardens, and I give her £200 for the lot. D—— the Cubans!" he added. "In the bank at P—— are 6,000,000 dollars in gold. Let's fight till we get there, and then let's turn up patriotism, and *go straight for the bank*."

"But," I said, "the cause—sacred cause of Cuba, Sergeant Baxter."

"Oh," said he, "that's all played out."

II.

No assurances on my part that my feelings were opposed to the unlawful annexation of the Spaniards' gold could persuade Mr. Baxter to forego the pleasure of mapping out a programme for our mutual aggrandizement. To my surprise I found that he was much better posted in the geography of the island than myself; and he was also informed—whether accurately or not I never had the opportunity of determining—as to the strength of the garrison at P——, and the exact number of sentries who guarded his El Dorado, the bank; so that I found myself, under protest, pledged to join in one of the most gigantic gold robberies ever contemplated out of Wall Street.

With artless candor Mr. Baxter informed me that his project had not originated in his own brain, but had been conceived by one of the largest speculators in New York, and confided to the joint execution of some four or five gentlemen of burglarious habits—among them my model sergeant—but he, with true nobility of soul, had resolved to prevent the dissensions that would probably arise from the division of the spoil by anticipating their arrival in the land of promise, and, as he expressed it, "taking the whole pile."

"And that," said he, glancing with disgust at the tunic he was altering to fit his burly figure, "is the reason you see me faked out in these here togs."

On the same principle, I suppose, that the old Indian braves used to stimulate their children to future deeds of heroism and "hair-raising" by narrating to them the exploits of former warriors of their tribe, Mr. Baxter sought to increase the ardor for house-breaking with which it had pleased his fancy to invest me by telling me of his past achievements.

"Do you remember," said he, "when the D—— mail was robbed of £60,000 in specie?" 'Twas I that did it. Seventy-four times did I travel down first-class by that very train from Victoria Station before I got the chance I wanted. There were four of us in it; and a very few more journeys would have broke us; for what with railway fares, cigars from Pontet's, and brandy, such as Baron Rothschild drinks, at seven-and-twenty shillings a bottle, for the guard, it cost us a tidy lot before we landed. My pal he got seven years, he did," he added, reflectively; but suddenly remembering that the sinister fate of his former associate might have a depressing influence on my budding enthusiasm, he hastily added, "But he was a fool—he was."

With Machiavelian subtlety the worthy non-commissioned officer allowed me no time to reflect whether the folly of the gentleman on whom misfortune had fallen did not primarily consist in becoming the comrade of so desperate and skillful a villain as himself, but plunged anew into anecdote.

"'Twas I," he said proudly, "who discovered how to split the Bank of England notes by placing them between steel plates covered with a strong cement, to which each surface of the note adhered; so that each half formed a perfect note, almost imperceptibly thinner than the entire one. I should have made a fortune then," he sighed, "only, while I was passing the notes at the rate of £100 a day, and often more, at Tattersall's, my partner he went to the Bank and rounded on me, he did."

"Did you ever commit mur— That is, did you ever take human life?" I asked him one day.

"Never but once," said he; "and that was in self-defense. I had cracked a crib, alone, up on Sixth Avenue, near the Central Park, and I was making my way down toward the river, with a basket with the swag in it on my arm, when I came full-butt on to a policeman. His revolver was out in a moment, but I was as quick as himself; and as *his* bullet whistled through my hat, *mine* went right through his brain. I heard afterward that he was the best shot in the force; but on that night, his own revolver being out of order, he had borrowed that of a brother officer, which threw a little high, and he was not aware of it, or I shouldn't be here now telling you my adventures."

III.

Thus the voyage passed away, each day leaving me more astonished at the extraordinary mixture of good and evil in this man's character. But for the *auri sacra fames* I really think he might have been a respectable member of society. He never gambled, or quarreled, or drank, and seldom ever swore; but for gold he hungered and thirsted. He used to dream of it all night, he told me, and by day certainly his only theme was gold and its acquisition. On this point I am sure he was a monomaniac. For the paper currency of the United States he had the greatest contempt. The yellow metal itself was his darling; and even while conversing he would keep nervously twisting in his strong, sinewy fingers a great twenty-dollar gold piece, which I am sure no privations would have induced him to change. But to the very last moment of his life—for I regret to say that poor Mr. Baxter, as you will hear, "died in his shoes"—my property was sacred in his eyes. When my watch was appropriated by one of the enlightened patriots under my command, they had a very rough time of it between-decks until my indignant sergeant recovered the missing property, and gave the unlucky thief such a practical homily on the tenth commandment as I am sure he never forgot; and when subsequently our privations rendered the men so desperate that they stole and fought for each other's food, my ration always remained intact in the watchful care of poor Jonas Baxter.

I am not writing a history of the Cuban Revolution, so I will pass over all the details of my campaigning in the island, merely remarking that the men proved amenable to no discipline, and that they fought independently, as only reckless, desperate men, inured to bloodshed and the sight of death in every form, could fight. As for Jonas Baxter, he was a host in himself. Every day's march brought him nearer the goal for which he panted. His precious tools, I was well aware, were concealed in his knapsack; and when he pillowed his head upon it at night, woe betide the man who should attempt to deprive him of one of those aids to boundless wealth. But, alas,

"The best-laid schemes of mice and men
Gang aft agley."

Mr. Baxter *did* reach P——, and so did I; but it was as prisoners of war, taken in arms against the Spanish government, and with a pretty acute perception that scant courtesy from our captors would be afforded us.

We were lodged with other prisoners in a large cell in the town jail, which occupied one side of the principal place, and from the closely barred window we could see the very bank that had lured my poor, covetous comrade to his doom. He was almost grand in the sublimity of his despair. "Six million dollars in gold!" he would repeat, gazing fixedly at the fatal building—"*six million dollars in gold!*" I thought of Napoleon at St. Helena. But though his dearest hopes were frustrated, and all chance of escape was denied him, he behaved with a gameness and pluck I have rarely seen equaled, never surpassed. I had been wounded, and was in a very weak and languid state—not improved by the thought that I had been rather a fool to get into such a mess for no reason at all—and to procure me some little comforts (of which he persistently refused to partake) this hardened thief parted with his beloved twenty-dollar piece. Neither of us supposed for a moment that our lives would be spared, and though I escaped (how and why need not be detailed here), not many days had elapsed after our arrival in P—— when they took poor Jonas Baxter out to be hanged. The gallows was erected in the large place on which our window looked, and, led by a horrible fascination, I drew near to it, and watched the awful proceedings.

"Good-by, captain," said he, as they led him out; "though I'm to swing, I'm right glad to think that *you'll* swing *clear*. I played for a big stake, and I've lost; but if I could, I'd do it again. Just think, six million dollars in gold!" And away he went, his irons clanking heavily, but his demeanor as unconcerned as if he were merely going to smoke a pipe with his friend Mr. Sykes, of Tiger's Bay.

He died as he had lived, defiantly. His last breath was used to chaff his executioners and beg them to make haste, as he "had an appointment, for which he did not wish to be late;" and as the drop fell, and his body swung slowly round, now facing his beloved bank, and now turning the swollen, blackened face toward the jail, I am not ashamed to confess that bitter tears rolled down my cheeks for the sad fate of the poor reprobate who was what crime and criminal laws had made him, but who, under different circumstances, *might* have been worthy of a better end.

AGGRAVATED PLAINNESS.

PLAINNESS is a misfortune so much to be aggravated by mismanagement, and to be redeemed and rendered tolerable by judicious treatment, that the consciousness of it should make no one unhappy. The ugliest of men boasted that he was only five minutes behind the handsomest in the favor of the ladies. This may be true where wit is thrown into the scale. But the plain man is also more bound to the proprieties and scruples of the toilet than his well-favored brother. Old clothes and the suspicion of a soil tell on him with a damning effect; and if yet this care must never merge into foppery. If he hits the golden mean, his reward will come, late but surely. At sixty or sixty-five he will be better worth looking at, be a pleasanter object for the eye to rest on, be welcomed with sweeter smiles, than the sloven of the same years, whatever his natural advantages. No one can pretend that plainness is no trial to a woman; therefore we ought the more to honor the plain woman who, hopeless of admiration, yet applies all the innocent arts of nicety, taste, and feminine tact to set off homely features to the best advantage, and to procure a *tout ensemble* not conspicuously unlovely. Fortunately it is a point on which an unlimited amount of self-deception is possible, for there is a charm independent of regularity and color, and no woman can be sure that she has no shadowy touch of such fascination.

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DOGS AND THEIR DOINGS.

BY THE REV. F. O. MORRIS, B.A.

Rector of Nunburnholme, and Chaplain to his Grace the Duke of Cleveland. Author of a "History of British Birds," "Natural History of the Bible," etc., etc.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND'S RESCUE OF AN ENEMY.

"THERE is a well-authenticated anecdote of two fine dogs at Donaghadee," say the Messrs. Chambers in their "Anecdotes of Dogs," "in which the instinctive daring of the one in behalf of the other caused a friendship, and, as it should seem, a kind of lamentation for the dead after one of them had paid the debt of nature. This happened while the government harbor or pier for the packets at Donaghadee was in the course of building, and it took place in the sight of several witnesses. The one dog was a Newfoundland, and the other was a mastiff. They were both powerful dogs; and though each was good-natured when alone, they were very much in the habit of fighting when they met. One day they had a fierce and prolonged battle on the pier, from the point of which they both fell into the sea; and, as the pier was long and steep, they had no means of escape but by swimming a considerable distance. Throwing water upon fighting dogs is an approved means of putting an end to their hostilities; and it is natural to suppose that two combatants of the same species tumbling themselves into the sea would have the same effect. It had, and each began to make for the land as he best could. The Newfoundland, being an excellent swimmer, very speedily gained the pier, on which he stood shaking himself, but at the same time watching the motions of his late antagonist, who, being no swimmer, was struggling, exhausted, in the water, and just about to sink. In dashed the Newfoundland dog, took the other gently by the collar, kept his head above water, and brought him safely on shore. There was a peculiar kind of recognition between the two animals: they never fought again; they were always together; and when the Newfoundland dog had been accidentally killed by the passage of a stone wagon on the railway over him, the other languished and evidently lamented for a long time."

THE COMBATANTS MADE FRIENDS.

"LION" ARRESTS A THIEF.

MR. M. WESTCOTT wrote, a few years ago, as follows in *The Naturalist:*

"Joseph Parsons, Esq., has a fine dog of the Newfoundland species, who is a very docile and affectionate fellow to all with whom he is acquainted, but he is very sparing of his friendship to strangers, nor will he hold familiar acquaintance with any one until he has seen them about the premises some time. He is by no means a savage animal, however, for he was never known to attack any person excepting on one occasion, and then he doubtless felt himself in duty bound to do so in order to protect his master's property. On this occasion the subject of his displeasure was a stranger who came into the yard, and 'Lion,' not liking his appearance, followed him about. The man, unconscious of the dog's sagacity, and therefore careless of his presence, secreted a chamois skin and water-brush, which the groom had been using, and was about leaving the place, when he was pounced upon by the dog, thrown down, and kept there until some of the men came to his rescue. Before he left they elicited from him a confession of the theft he had committed, which, of course, they assigned as the sole cause of his having been so summarily dealt with by his detector, for strangers are almost every day seen in the yard by 'Lion,' passing to and fro, without the least attempt at interference."

A DEER-STEALER DISCOVERED BY A BLOOD-HOUND.

BLOOD-HOUNDS were formerly used in certain districts lying between England and Scotland that were much infested by robbers and murderers, and a tax was laid on the inhabitants for keeping and maintaining a certain number of these animals. But as the arm of justice is now extended over every part of the country, and as there are now no secret recesses where villainy can be concealed, their services in this respect are become no longer necessary. Some few of these dogs, however, are yet kept in the northern parts of the kingdom, and in the lodges of the royal forests, where they are used in pursuit of deer that have been previously wounded. They are also sometimes employed in discovering deer-stealers, whom they infallibly trace by the blood that issues from the wounds of their victims.

A very extraordinary instance of this occurred in the New Forest, in the year 1810, and was related to me by the Right Hon. G. H. Rose. A person in getting over a stile into a field near the forest, remarked that there was blood upon it. Immediately afterward he recollected hearing that some deer had been killed in the preceding night. The man went to the nearest lodge to give information, but, the keeper being from home, he was under the necessity of going to Rhinefield Lodge, which was at a considerable distance: Toomer, the under-keeper, went with him to the place, accompanied by a blood-hound. The dog, when brought to the spot, was laid on the scent, and after following for about a mile the track which the depredator had taken, he came at last to a heap of furze fagots belonging to the family of a cottager. The woman of the house attempted to drive the dog away but was prevented; and on the fagots being removed a hole was discovered in the ground, which contained the body of a sheep that had recently been killed, and also a considerable quantity of salted meat. The circumstance which renders this account the more remarkable is that the dog was not brought to the scent until more than sixteen hours had elapsed after the man had carried away the sheep.

THE DOG WHO DETECTED MURDER.

WE are told by Plutarch of a certain Roman slave in the civil wars, whose head nobody durst cut off, for fear of the dog that guarded his body, and fought in his defense. It happened that King Pyrrhus, traveling that way, observed the animal watching over the body of the deceased, and hearing that he had been there three days without meat or drink, yet would not forsake his master, ordered the body to be buried, and the dog preserved and brought to him. A few days afterward there was a muster of the soldiers, so that every man was forced to march in order before the king. The dog lay quietly by him for some time; but when he saw the murderers of his late owner pass by he flew upon them with extraordinary fury, barking, and tearing their garments, and frequently turning about to the king, which both excited the king's suspicion and the jealousy of all who stood about him. The men were in consequence apprehended, and though the circumstances which appeared in evidence against them were very slight, they confessed the crime, and were accordingly punished. —CHAMBERS'S "*Anecdotes of Dogs.*"

"HECTOR," THE FAITHFUL WATCHER.

MR. HOGG, the Ettrick Shepherd, writing to *Blackwood's Magazine*, says:

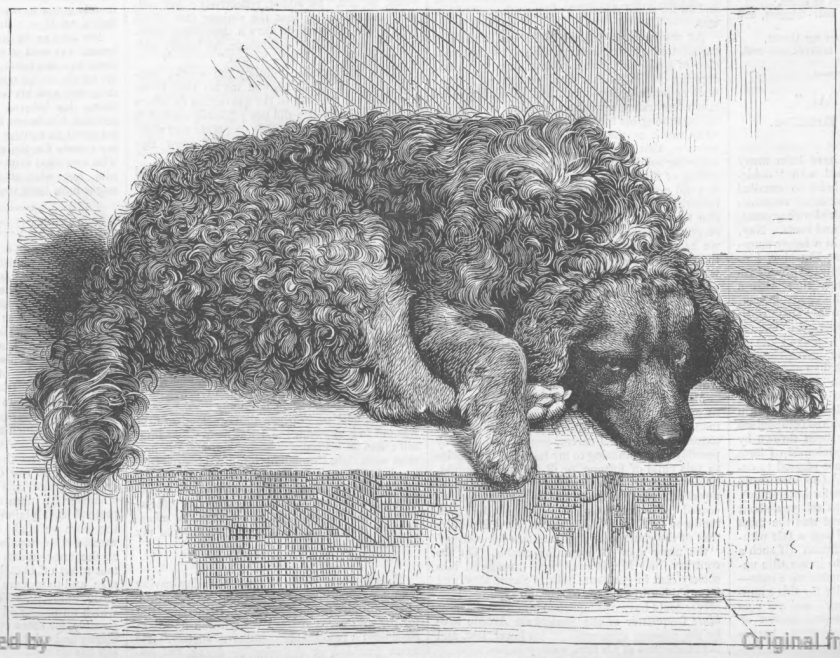
"I must give you some account of my renowned 'Hector,' which I promised long ago. I was once at the farm Shorthope, on Ettrick Head, receiving some lambs that I had bought and was going to take to market, with some more, the next day. Owing to some accidental delay, I did not get final delivery of the lambs till it was growing late, and, being obliged to be at my own house that night, I was not a little dismayed lest I should scatter and lose my lambs if darkness overtook me. Darkness did overtake me by the time I got half-way, and no ordinary darkness for an August evening. The lambs having been weaned that day, and of the wild, black-faced breed, became exceedingly unruly, and for a good while I lost hopes of mastering them. 'Hector' managed the point, and we got them safe home, but both he and his master were alike sore foreboughten. It had become so dark that we were obliged to fold them with candles, and, after closing them safely up, I went home, with my father and the rest, to supper. When 'Hector's' supper was set down, behold he was a-wanting! and, as I knew we had him at the fold, which was within call of the house, I went out and called and whistled on him for a good while, but he did not make his appearance. I was distressed about this; for, having to take away the lambs next morning, I knew I could not drive them a mile without my dog, if it had been to save the whole drove.

"The next morning, as soon as it was day, I arose and inquired if 'Hector' had come home. No, he had not been seen. I knew not what to do, but my father proposed that he would take out the lambs and herd them, and let them get some food to fit them for the road, and that I should ride with all speed to Shorthope to see if my dog had gone back there. Accordingly, we went together to the fold to turn out the lambs, and there was poor 'Hector,' sitting trembling in the very middle of the fold door, on the inside of the flake that closed it, with his eyes still steadfastly fixed on the lambs. He had been so hardly set with them after it grew dark that he durst not for his life leave them, although hungry, fatigued, and cold—for the night had turned out a deluge of rain. He had never so much as lain down, for only the small spot that he sat on was dry, and there had he kept watch the whole night. Almost any other colly would have discerned that the lambs were safe enough in the fold, but honest 'Hector' had not been able to see through this. He even refused to take my word for it, for he would not quit his watch, though he heard me calling both at night and morning."

THE SAGACIOUS DOG "ROCK."

A REMARKABLE instance of the sagacity of the dog occurred a few months ago in London. Captain Talbot's man-servant and dog were having their usual daily stroll along the Regent's Park Ornamental Water, when the feet of a man were seen just above the water. The servant called the dog's attention to them, when instantly "Rock" dashed into the water. In a few moments he seized hold of one of the legs of the trowsers, and struggled hard to draw the body out, but without avail. Then was witnessed one of the most remarkable instances of dog sagacity ever recorded. The noble creature suddenly dived down, seized the man by the coat collar, and in a few moments reappeared on the surface, dragging the body to the shore! All honor to "Rock," to John Adams, and also to the police, by whose persevering efforts the man was restored to consciousness. We regret that the rules of the Royal Humane Society have not allowed them to respond to our appeal for "a collar of honor" for "Rock," but we are glad to state that a number of our friends have cheerfully contributed the needful sum for one with silver mountings, which Captain Talbot has courteously accepted. It bears the following inscription:

"PRESENTATION COLLAR, *in honor of* 'ROCK'S' *sagacity in saving a man from drowning in the Regent's Park Ornamental Water, April 6th,* 1869. *Presented by some of the readers of the 'British Workman.'*"



"ROCK," A DISTINGUISHED MEMBER OF THE ROYAL HUMANE SOCIETY.

THE DOG WHO COULDN'T BE JEERED AT.

"I WAS walking, some weeks ago," says the Rev. R. Grant, "in a neighboring town with a friend, who

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was accompanied by a small half-bred Italian greyhound. As we approached a large factory the dog all at once started off at a tangent, running through a gentleman's grounds, and meeting us again at some distant point. I remarked upon the conduct of his dog to my friend: he told me that the dog generally did so if he were walking with it at the time the factory hands were coming out, as was the case in this instance. He said the 'hands' had jeered and laughed at the little dog sometimes, and since then it always made a bend out of the main street in order to avoid meeting them. Surely here was an instinct approaching to *reason*. We were not near the mill at the time, but a street from it; but the dog evidently remembered the circumstance of the mill hands laughing at him, and therefore, to avoid the like occurrence, acted in the manner I have described."

THE DOG WHO PREPARED FOR FAMINE.

MR. WHEELER supplies me with the following fact:

"A mansion in Gloucestershire had been let to a new family who undertook not only to keep the house in order, but to maintain a large dog which had been left there by the owner of the house. When the new-comers went away for the season, the dog was placed on board-wages with the dairy-maid, who is supposed not to have overfed her boarder, and therefore, at all future breakings up of the establishment, he knew by preparatory packing and other signs that the day of dearth was approaching, and very wisely used to prepare for famine by hoarding up unpicked bones and all scraps, which he would at other times and in palmy days have turned up his nose at."

A MURDER PREVENTED.

"VERY extraordinary stories have been told of dogs discovering and circumventing plans to injure the persons of their masters, in which it is difficult to place implicit credit. We give one of the most marvelous of these anecdotes, as it is usually related. Sir Henry Lee, of Ditchley, in Oxfordshire, ancestor of the Earls of Lichfield, had a mastiff which guarded the house and yard, but had never met with any particular attention from his master. In short, he was not a favorite dog, and was retained for his utility only, and not from any partial regard. One night, as Sir Harry was retiring to his chamber, attended by his favorite valet, an Italian, the mastiff silently followed them up stairs, which he had never been known to do before, and, to his master's astonishment, presented himself in the bedroom. Being deemed an intruder, he was instantly ordered to be turned out, which being complied with, the poor animal began scratching violently at the door, and howling loudly for admission. The servant was sent to drive him away. Discouragement, however, could not check his intended labor of love; he returned again, and was more importunate to be let in than before. Sir Harry, weary of opposition, though surprised beyond measure at the dog's apparent fondness for the society of his master, who had never shown him the least kindness, and wishing to retire to rest, bade the servant open the door, that they might see what he wanted to do. This done, the mastiff, with a wag of the tail, and a look of affection at his lord, deliberately walked up, and crawling under the bed, laid himself down, as if desirous to take up his night's lodgings there. To save farther trouble, and not from any partiality for his company, this indulgence was allowed. The valet withdrew, and all was still. About the solemn hour of midnight the chamber door opened, and a person was heard stepping across the room. Sir Harry started from sleep; the dog sprang from his covert, and, seizing the unwelcome disturber, fixed him to the spot. All was dark: Sir Harry rang his bell, in great trepidation, in order to procure a light. The person who was pinned to the floor by the courageous mastiff roared for assistance. It was found to be the favorite valet, who little expected such a reception. He endeavored to apologize for his intrusion, and to make the reasons which induced him to take this step appear plausible; but the importunity of the dog, the time, the place, the manner of the valet, raised suspicions in Sir Harry's mind, and he determined to refer the investigation of the business to a magistrate. The perfidious Italian, alternately terrified by the dread of punishment and soothed by the hope of pardon, at length confessed that it was his intention to murder his master and then rob the house. This diabolical design was frustrated solely by the unaccountable sagacity of the dog, and devoted attachment to his master. A full-length picture of Sir Harry, with the mastiff by his side, and the words 'More faithful than favored,' is still preserved among the family pictures."—CHAMBERS'S "*Anecdotes of Dogs.*"

MURDER PREVENTED BY A DOG.

THE PROVIDENT DOG.

A WATER-SPANIEL'S KNOWLEDGE OF TIME.

THE following fact illustrates in a remarkable manner the sagacity which some dogs possess in being able to distinguish days of the week:

"The Rev. F. H. Hele, of Little-Hempston, near Totnes, had, a few years since, a water-spaniel which was much attached to the family, and never seemed happy when alone, even if left merely for a few minutes. Whenever any of the family were about to go to the village, about a mile off, the dog always followed, and, if driven back, was sure to gain his point at last; but, strange to say, on a Sunday morning he quietly escorted his friends to the end of the garden gate, and returned to his usual station outside the house door until their return from church."

"TYKE," THE FIREMEN'S DOG.

A FEW years ago the public were amused with an account given in the newspapers of a dog which possessed the strange fancy of attending the various fires that occurred in the metropolis. The discovery of this predilection was made by a gentleman residing a few miles from town, who was called up in the middle of the night by the intelligence that the premises adjoining his place of business were on fire.

"The removal of my books and papers," said he, in telling the story, "of course claimed my attention; yet, notwithstanding this, and the bustle which prevailed, my eye every now and then rested on a dog, whom, during the hottest progress of the conflagration, I could not help noticing running about, and apparently taking a deep interest in what was going on, contriving to keep out of every body's way, and yet always present amidst the thickest of the stir. When the fire was got under, and I had leisure to look about me, I again observed the dog, which, with the firemen, appeared to be resting from the fatigues of duty, and was led to make some inquiries respecting him.

"'Is this your dog, my friend?' said I to a fireman.

"'No, Sir,' answered he; 'he does not belong to me, or to any one in particular. We call him the firemen's dog.'

"'The firemen's dog!' I replied. 'Why so? Has he no master?'

"'No, Sir,' rejoined the fireman; 'he calls none of us master, though we are all of us willing enough to give him a night's lodging and a pennyworth of meat. But he won't stay long with any of us. His delight is to be at all the fires in London; and, far or near, we generally find him on the road as we are going along, and sometimes, if it is out of town, we give him a lift. I don't think there has been a fire for these two or three years past which he has not been at.'

"The communication was so extraordinary that I found it difficult to believe the story until it was confirmed by the concurrent testimony of several other firemen. None of them, however, were able to give any account of the early habits of the dog, or to offer any explanation of the circumstances which led to this singular propensity. Some time afterward I was again called up in the night to a fire in the village in which I resided (Camberwell, in Surrey), and, to my surprise, here I again met with 'the firemen's dog,' still alive and well, pursuing, with the same apparent interest and satisfaction, the exhibition of that which seldom fails to bring with it disaster and misfortune, oftentimes loss of life and ruin. Still, he called no man master, disdained to receive bed or board from the same hand more than a night or two at a time, nor could the firemen trace out his resting-place."

Such was the account of this interesting animal as it appeared in the newspapers, to which were shortly afterward appended several circumstances communicated by a fireman

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at one of the police offices. A magistrate having asked him whether it was a fact that the dog was present at most of the fires that occurred in the metropolis, the fireman replied that he never knew "Tyke," as he was called, to be absent from a fire upon any occasion that he (the fireman) attended himself. The magistrate said the dog must have an extraordinary predilection for fires. He then asked what length of time he had been known to possess that propensity. The fireman replied that he knew "Tyke" for the last nine years, and although he was getting old, yet the moment the engines were about "Tyke" was to be seen, as active as ever, running off in the direction of the fire. The magistrate inquired whether the dog lived with any particular fireman. The fireman replied that "Tyke" liked one fireman as well as another; he had no particular favorites, but passed his time among them, sometimes going to the house of one, and then to another, and off to a third when he was tired. Day or night, it was all the same to him; if a fire broke out, there he was in the midst of the bustle, running from one engine to another, anxiously looking after the firemen; and although pressed upon by crowds, yet, from his dexterity, he always escaped accidents, only now and then getting a ducking from the engines, which he rather liked than otherwise. The magistrate said that "Tyke" was a most extraordinary animal, and having expressed a wish to see him, he was shortly after exhibited at the office, and some other peculiarities respecting him were related. There was nothing at all particular in his appearance. He was a rough-looking, small animal of the terrier breed, and seemed to be in excellent condition, no doubt from the care taken of him by the firemen belonging to the different companies. There was some difficulty experienced in bringing him to the office, as he did not much relish going any distance from where the firemen are usually to be found, except in cases of attending them at a conflagration, and then distance was of no consequence. It was found necessary to use stratagem for the purpose. A fireman commenced running; "Tyke," accustomed to follow upon such occasions, set out after him; but this person having slackened his pace on the way, the sagacious animal, knowing there was no fire, turned back, and it was necessary to carry him to the police office.—CHAMBERS'S "*Anecdotes of Dogs.*"

THE FRIENDS, "PHŒBE" AND "CHLOE."

J. GWYNNE, Esq., in "The School for Fathers," narrates the following interesting fact:

"Two individuals," he says, "appeared in the shrubbery, stepping soberly along, one a little in advance of the other, and both wearing a meek air of virtue and duty and goodness, which strangely became them. One gently nodded its head up and down as it advanced; the other, on the contrary, held it stiff and straight, merely fixing a pair of soft dark eyes on the vicar the moment it saw him. He looked fondly toward them, and said, 'Those are "Phœbe" and "Chloe"—my mare and Newfoundland; and huge friends they are, I assure you. "Chloe" knows when the groom goes to saddle "Phœbe," and then she lies down with her nose between her paws, watching him. The minute he has done, up she jumps, the rein is put into her mouth, and she leads "Phœbe" up to the door as you now see; and not only that, but she follows me in my ride, and when we get home again I give her the rein, and she leads her friend back to her stable. If the lad happens not to be in the way, "Chloe" barks till he comes. Now just watch them.'"

THE DOG WHO KNEW "CHURCH-TIME."

Very curious are those many instances on record of dogs seeming to take note of the lapse of time, and distinguishing between a Sunday and a work-day. Thus writes the Rev. Leonard Jenyns:

"A lady (Mrs. Grosvenor, afterward of Richmond, Surrey), living in the neighborhood of my own village, had some years back a favorite Scotch terrier, which always accompanied her in her rides, and was also in the habit of following the carriage to church every Sunday morning. One summer the lady and her family were from home several weeks, the dog being left behind. The latter, however, continued to come to church by itself for several Sundays in succession, galloping off from the house at the accustomed hour, so as to arrive at the time of service commencing. After waiting in the church-yard a short time, it was seen to return home, quiet and dispirited. The distance from the house to the church is three miles, and beyond that at which the ringing of the bells could be ordinarily heard. This was probably an instance of the force of habit, assisted by some association of recollections connected with the movements of the household on that particular day of the week."

"GRASPER," THE SUNDAY VISITOR.

The following, sent to me by E. D. Conyers, Esq., of Elmswell, near Driffield, is another instance of a dog's discernment of the Sabbath:

"Fifteen or sixteen, or it may be seventeen, years ago, when I resided in Driffield, a terrier dog, named 'Grasper,' was given to me by Mrs. Wilkinson, the widow of Mr. Matthew Wilkinson, the well-known Master of the Hurworth hounds. After the dog had been about two years in my possession, he declined (from some cause for which I could never account) following me either on foot or on horseback more than a few yards from the house, and consequently, becoming useless as a companion, I sent him to a farm which I then occupied at Sunderlandwick, about a mile and a half from Driffield.

"Here he was never fastened up, but allowed to range about as he pleased. He never attached himself to any particular individual, nor could he be persuaded to follow any one off the premises; but from the second or third Sunday after he had been sent away, he regularly visited my house at Driffield every Sunday (so long as he was able to walk) during the remainder of his life. The first intimation I had of a visit was a continued scratching at the front-door about ten o'clock on Sunday morning. I at length went to the door myself, and there found him crouched on the step. I spoke kindly to him, and, wagging his tail, he followed me meekly into the dining-room, and lay down under the sideboard, where he remained, seldom changing his position, until the following day, when he suddenly left the house and returned to Sunderlandwick; and from that time, so long as he was able to travel so far, he never missed a Sunday, and as soon as he could get into the dining-room invariably took his old place under the sideboard, where a plate of meat was always placed for him at dinner-time. Sometimes he remained until Tuesday morning, but generally left on Monday. He lived to a great age, as it was only when his teeth and eyes had entirely failed that I gave orders to have him destroyed. His nose was perfect to the last; and when he was scarcely able to move about he would sit perfectly quiet, at any place where he had marked a rat, for hours, until some one came to assist in dislodging it. I have had many good terriers, but 'Grasper' was the best at vermin I ever saw. His portrait, by Fernly, Jun., hangs in the entrance hall at Elmswell."

LOCKS AND KEYS.

As thieving is the first recorded sin in human story, it is but reasonable to suppose that devices for the protection of movable treasure employed at a very early age the ingenuity of the craftsman. In all probability, Tubal Cain, the inspired artificer in brass and iron, was the first lock-smith who excited the proverbial hilarity of Cupid; but it is pretty clear that, at a very remote age, the lock-smith's craft had become renowned for its ingenuity and skill. In the Book of Nehemiah, Solomon's Song, and other parts of Holy Writ, are allusions to locks and keys; but they afford little indication of the character of the articles then in use. The most ancient lock of which we have any descriptive evidence is one sculptured in detail on a marble slab found among the ruins of the great temple of Karnac. This lock represented those in use more than forty centuries ago, and its construction was thus described by the discoverer of the relic: A staple was fixed to the side of the door, a bolt at a right angle with it, three loose pins in the upper part of the staple dropping into three consecutive holes, so as to fasten the door when the bolt was pushed to its fullest extent. The key (a straight piece of wood), having at one end three pegs, corresponding in position with the movable pins or tumblers in the lock, was inserted lengthwise through the hole formed in the bolt; and then the pegs in the key, corresponding with the vertical holes in the bolt into which the movable pins of the lock had dropped, raised the pins level with the top side of the bolt, thus disengaging the movable pins, and allowing it to move backward and forward, fastening or unfastening the lock. None but the right key could open the lock, owing to the variation of the movable pins. In its leading principles, this lock has proved to be the foundation of most of the inventions in recent times. The earliest keys were curved in shape, and of prodigious size. The poet Aratus, in his description of the constellation Cassiopeia, states that in shape it resembles a key, the stars to the north composing the curved part, and those to the south the handle.

In the earliest missals of the Christian Church reference is made to "warded" locks, so called to distinguish them from the more ancient Egyptian lock just referred to. The Benedictine friars of the Middle Ages were well skilled in the lock-smith's art, and their productions have never been surpassed in ingenious design or artistic execution. I have lately seen a specimen of the "apostle lock," probably five hundred years old, and the work of a Franciscan monk, which displays an ingenuity of construction perfectly marvelous. It is made entirely of wrought iron, and the ornamentation—forged and chiseled—includes a most elaborated wreath of flowers, concealed among which is a secret spring of microscopic dimensions, serving the same purpose as the "open sesame" of Eastern lore. Over the escutcheon is the figure of an apostle with outstretched hand, and the lever of the ordinary slide-bolt is in the form of a dog, looking as savage with one head as Cerberus did with three. I have before me a sketch of a *serrure de tabernacle*, of the same period, which is even more exquisitely elaborate. The escutcheon surrounding the key-hole is surmounted by a representation of our Saviour, and on either side are the figures of two angels. The other parts of the lock are most elaborately engraved, the edges being lined with beads and scrolls. The key is almost a miracle of industrial art, the bow containing a complete galaxy of seraphic beauties, and the stem being formed of shapely beads. Another ancient lock, in which the security is obtained by levers or tumblers, is of Chinese invention. Mr. Chubb has in his possession a lock of this description, made entirely of wood, and although many centuries old, it is founded on exactly the same principle as the modern Bramah lock, having "sliders or tumblers of different lengths," which can not be opened unless raised simultaneously to a particular height. Some authorities consider the age of this lock as remote as the time of Confucius. Some idea of the ingenuity of this invention is afforded by the fact that "a lock of five sliders or tumblers admits of 3000 variations, while one of eight will have no less than 1,935,360 changes," or, in other words, that number of attempts at making a key or picking it may be made before the lock can be opened.

The "letter lock" is another relic of industrial antiquity. This lock is so constructed that the letters of the alphabet, which are engraved on four revolving rings, may by pre-arrangement be required to spell a certain word or number of words before it can be opened. Although apparently complex, the security of this lock is in reality very small, and the invention has long been regarded as more curious than useful. It is supposed to be of Dutch origin, and is some centuries old, although the period of its introduction is a subject of dispute. Vanhagen von Ense disclaims the credit of the invention for his own countrymen, and attributes it to M. Reignier, a well-known French lock-smith of the seventeenth century. Proofs of its earlier origin are afforded in the pages of classical English literature. In Beaumont and Fletcher's "Noble Gentleman," brought out in the year 1615, occurs the passage:

"A cap-case for your linen and your plate,
With a strange lock that opens with A.M.E.N;"

and the poet Carew, writing five years later, has this still more explicit reference:

"As doth a lock
That goes with letters, for till every one be known,
The lock's as fast as though you had found none."

Reignier's claim to the invention of the letter lock is doubtful, although his locks were held in great repute, and were used to secure the couriers' dispatch-boxes employed in the secret service of the government.

It is traditionally supposed that locks were originally introduced into England by the Phœnicians, who bartered them for Cornish ores. It is known that, in Alfred's time, locks of a rude description were manufactured in England, and from the twelfth to the fourteenth centuries some attention was paid to the ornamentation of these articles. In the parish church of Snodland, in Kent, as also in Winchester Cathedral, are still to be found English locks of that period, wrought of massive metal. In the reign of Richard I, the price of locks was as follows: "Stocklokkes *xd.*; and hang-lokkes *viiid.* apiece," which was a considerable sum, considering the value of money at that time, and must have restricted the use of these articles pretty much to the upper classes. Latch-keys—the terror of Mrs. Candle—were made as early as the sixteenth century, and the oldest specimens had a cross inserted in the centre of the bow. This was a very common ornament in the ancient keys, and was doubtless due to the superstitious belief in the power of these articles to influence the inhabitants of the spirit world. Keys in the seventeenth century were in many cases as elaborately decorated as the articles for which the locks were intended, including even the most magnificent cabinets of the Middle Ages.

The history of locks and keys supplies an interesting chapter in the curiosities of invention. Mark Scaliot, a smith of Elizabeth's time, is reported to have made a lock consisting of eleven pieces of iron, steel, and brass, all of which, with a pipe key, weighed only two grains of gold. The ingenious Marquis of Worcester included in his "Centurie of Inventions" several wonders in the shape of locks and keys. "A little triangle-screw'd key, not weighing a shilling, yet capable and strong enough to bolt and unbolt round about a great chest an hundred bolts through fifty staples, two in each, with a direct contrary motion, and as many more from both sides and ends, and at the self-same time shall fasten it to a place beyond a man's natural strength to take it away; and in one and the same turn both locketh and openeth it." Such was one invention of this prolific mechanical genius. Here is another, equally remarkable in its way. "An escocheon for a lock, with these properties: The owner (though a woman) may, with her delicate hand, vary the ways of coming to open the lock ten millions of times beyond the knowledge of the smith that made it, or of me who invented it. If a stranger open it, it setteth an alarm agoing, which the stranger can not stop from running out, and besides, though none should be within hearing, yet it catcheth his hand as a trap doth a fox, and though far from maiming him, yet it leaveth such a mark behind it as will discover him if suspected; the escocheon or lock plainly showing what monies he hath taken out of the box to a farthing, and how many times opened since the owner has been in it." Padlocks were almost from time immemorial made for securing iron "bridles," formerly fastened on the mouths of scolds. Many of these locks were curious enough, but his lordship of Worcester eclipsed all previous efforts in this direction by an instrument which in his quaint way he termed *the untoothsome pear*. He thus describes it: "A little ball in the shape of a plum or pear being dexterously convey'd or forced into a body's mouth, shall presently shoot forth such and so many bolts of each side and at both ends, as without the owner's key can neither be opened or filed off, being made of tempered steel, and as effectually locked as an iron chest." Dr. Plot, the historian of Staffordshire, refers to locks made in complicated suits in that country two centuries ago. He also says that locks were made with chimes in them, playing divers quaint and wonderful tunes whenever opened. What effect this music would have upon the burglar it is not easy to imagine.

An ingenious lock-smith who has large faith in Dr. Cumming is troubled at the prospect of his craft at the dawn of the Millennium. The lock trade is one of those numerous industries that thrive upon the frailties of civilized mankind, and it must decay in the Golden Age, when the world resembles Longfellow's village of Acadie, for there

"Neither locks had they to their doors nor bars to their windows,
But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of their owners."

To the end of the craft, however, come when it may, Cupid will doubtless remain the greatest picklock in creation, for Shakspeare has no truer couplet than that which occurs in his passionate love-story of "Venus and Adonis:"

"Were Beauty under twenty locks kept fast,
Yet Love breaks through and picks them all at last."

THE KRAKEN.

In the whole range of fabulous monsters there is not one that has met with greater incredulity, and yet maintained its hold on the wonder of man with more constant tenacity, than the kraken. From time immemorial it has appeared again and again on the pages of travelers, and from the oldest philosopher to the days of Lacépède and Buckstone these faint traces of its true character and gigantic proportions have been carefully examined, and, when stripped of the usual exaggerations, been found to agree with the actual dimensions of a genuine and formidable monster.

Aristotle, whose history has so often been the laughing-stock of the half informed, and whom the skeptics of all ages have been delighted to use as a type of unreliable naturalists, has of late recovered, step by step, the veneration which he enjoyed in the Middle Ages. It would be an interesting task to gather the great facts constantly represented, in scientific works even, as new discoveries, of which a correct sketch is already contained in the work of the ancient savant. Thus he seems to have known, better than any naturalist down to our own day, the nature of the polypus, who, in all probability, has filled the imagination of men for so many centuries under the name of the kraken.

Trebius tells us a story, on the other hand, in which undoubted facts are already half hidden under a mass of exaggerations, of which Aristotle never became guilty, however common they were in the writings of the ancients. A polypus, he says, came every night from the great deep on shore at Carteja, in order to feed upon salt meat. These robberies incensed the people, who in vain tried to discover the intruder, although they surrounded their drying-places with high palisades. The polypus took advantage of a large tree which stood near them, and, by means of an overhanging branch that could support his weight, he slipped in night after night. At last, however, his hour came; the dogs discovered him one morning, as he tried to make his way back to the sea, and soon hosts of men surrounded the monster—at a distance only, for the novelty of the sight, the hideousness of the monster all covered with brine, his enormous size, and the horrible odor which he diffused on all sides nearly petrified the poor fishermen. In the mean time he was fighting the dogs bravely, now striking them to the ground with his two larger arms, and now beating them painfully with his whip-like tentacles. At last the men gained courage, and with their tridents they overcame and dispatched the monster. We must add, for the honor of Pliny, who quotes the account of Trebius, that he looks upon it as a prodigy, and in his quiet, quaint way gives the reader to understand his reluctance to vouch for the statement.

The head and the arms of the giant were, however, brought to Lucullus and carefully measured. The former was of the size of a cask, capable of holding fifteen amphoræ, with a beak in proportion; the arms were thirty feet long, and so large that a man could hardly span them; what remained of the flesh weighed still over seven hundred pounds. Whether Lucullus had it dressed for his table is not stated; we know, however, that the Romans were as fond of the flesh of these hideous creatures as the fishermen of the coasts of Normandy are in our day; it is firm, but savory, and assumes, when cooked, a white and pink color, which looks most appetizing.

Fulgosus has a similar story, with such slight variations only that it appears essentially the same account. Aslian, however, furnishes new evidence; for he states, upon good authority, that a huge monster of the kind, as large as the biggest of whales, was killed with axes by Spanish merchants, whose magazines it was in the habit of robbing. Pliny adds the crowning piece of wonder: A polypus, he says, exists in the great ocean, called Arbas, whose feet are of such enormous size that they prevent it from coming into the Mediterranean, as the Straits of Gibraltar are too shallow for such a giant!

Very different are the accounts which take up the thread where antiquity left it suddenly at the time when Rome fell, heathen gods were dethroned, and the darkness of the Dark Ages fell like a pall upon all mankind. The Scandinavian seamen, bold like no other sailors on earth, regular vikings, dwellers on the great deep, colored all their relations with the dark and dismal tinges of their grim Northern climate. The Greeks and the Romans, even, admired only what was beautiful and graceful in nature, and thus, although they knew the kraken, they loved not to dwell on his monstrous proportions and hideous appearance. Their poetry never alludes to them, and their art disdained to stoop to such repulsive forms. Not so the sombre children of Northern twilight; they also know the kraken, and describe it with remarkable correctness in their soberer moments; but they love to dwell upon its repulsive features; they exaggerate its dimensions and its ugliness; they change it into a terrible being, full of dread power and malign purposes; and then they believe in their own dreams, and enjoy, like children, the strange delight with which they are filled by their very fears. They go on increasing its size, till it becomes to their excited imagination the Mountain Fish, and they see it soon every where, in their land-locked bays and out on the stormy sea: when the thick storm-clouds lower till they touch the crest of the waves, it is the kraken; and when their anchor suddenly strikes upon an unknown shallow, it is again the kraken.

The Norwegians, especially, loved to tell wondrous tales; how their bold seamen landed on a deserted island which showed no trace of life, not a shrub nor a blade of grass; and while they still wandered about, marveling at the utter desolation, the island began to heave and to move, and behold! they found themselves on the back of the monster! Great authorities came to confirm the stories; saints and bishops lent the weight of their

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sacred character to the accounts given by laymen and heretics. Erick Falkendorf, a bishop of Nidros, wrote, in 1520, a long letter on the subject to Pope Leo X. He was sailing, on a Sunday, in a Norwegian vessel along the distant coast, and bewailed his inability to celebrate holy mass on firm land. As he mourned and prayed, suddenly an unknown islet arose, not far from the vessel; the crew land, the sacred vessels are carried on shore, and the holy office is celebrated with due solemnity. After mass they return on board ship, and immediately the island begins to tremble, and gradually to sink back into the sea, from which it had risen. The island had been a kraken!

Olaus Wormius, also, who is generally truthful enough, relates having seen, about the year 1643, one of these enormous monsters, and states that they resemble an island far more than an animal. He expresses his belief that there are but few krakens in existence, and curiously enough adds, that while they are themselves immortal, the medusæ are nothing more than the eggs and the spawn of these monsters.

Other writers of the same century confirm his statement, and believe in the immortality of the kraken—a faith which was not even shaken when in 1680 the carcass of one of these monsters was for the first time discovered in the Gulf of Newangen, in the parish of Astabough. His arms had become entangled in the countless cliffs and rocks which characterize the dangerous coast of that neighborhood, and the animal had died there, unable to extricate itself. When putrefaction commenced in the enormous mass, the odor became so offensive for miles and miles that serious fears of a pestilence were entertained. Fortunately, the waves came to the aid of the frightened people, tearing off piece after piece, and carrying it into the ocean; and when the last remnant had been washed away, an official report of the whole event was drawn up by a clerical dignitary, and is still to be found in the government archives at Drontheim.

A similar case occurred on the Newfoundland Banks, where polypi abound in such numbers that the fishermen of all nations, who congregate there in the season, use every summer nearly two millions as bait, with which to catch codfish. Toward the end of the last century a monstrous specimen of this class died on these banks beyond Pine Light, and here, also, the mass of putrefying matter was so enormous, and the odor so intolerable for a great distance, that the grave apprehension of an epidemic drove the fishermen from the neighborhood till the currents had carried off every trace of the terrible animal.

Of all the authors, however, who have given us more or less detailed accounts of their experience with the soetrolden, or sea-scourge, as the Swedes call it, Pontoppidan is by far the most precise in his statements.

The Northern people, he tells us, assert, and without the slightest contradiction in all their accounts, that when they go out into the open sea during the great heat of the summer they find the water suddenly less deep, and upon sounding the lead frequently marks only thirty fathoms. The fishermen know then that a kraken floats between the lead and the bottom of the sea, and they immediately get ready their lines, for they know that where the monster is, fish always abound. If, on the other hand, the depth diminishes, if this accidental bottom moves and rises, then it is time for them to make their escape; for the kraken is waking up and about to rise, in order to breathe and to stretch out its huge arms toward the sun.

The fishermen hasten away with all their might, and when they can at last rest on their oars at a safe distance, they can see the enormous creature, whose back covers a mile and a half of sea. The fish, taken by surprise by his sudden rising, leap frantically about in the small pools formed in the rugged irregularities found in his back, and then a number of points or shining horns appear gradually, rising till they look like masts with their yards; these are the arms of the kraken, which are so powerful that they can seize the ropes of a large ship and sink it in a few moments. After having remained a short time above water, the kraken sinks down again, and this is scarcely less dangerous to vessels near by, as he displaces, in sinking, such an enormous volume of water that whirlpools and currents are formed scarcely inferior to those of the great maelstrom.

Such is the account found in the Natural History of the learned bishop, who, no doubt, wrote what he conscientiously believed to be true, although he can not quite disguise his own skepticism in regard to some of the facts mentioned. It is very different with Augustus of Bergen, a man of critical mind, who, not having seen a kraken himself, collected all the Scandinavian accounts of which he heard, and, after examining them carefully, came to the conclusion that there does exist a gigantic polypus—though far from boasting of the dimensions usually attributed to the monster—that it is provided with arms, that it emits a strong odor, that it shows at times long tentacles, and only appears in summer-time and during calm weather. It is remarkable how fully the conclusions of this learned naturalist have been confirmed by modern discoveries.

The great Linné, a Swede in heart as in race, seems to have been troubled with strange doubt concerning this pet monster of his countrymen; for, after having solemnly introduced the kraken into his Swedish fauna, and after speaking of it even more fully in his great work, "The System of Nature," he suddenly drops him in the seventh edition, and never more says a word of the gigantic polypus. This did not have much effect, however, on the sailors of his and of other lands, as they were not much given to reading Latin works; and in Sweden, as well as in France, the faith in the kraken remained as general and as firm as before. Countless votive offerings adorn to this day the little chapels that rise high above the iron-bound coast, with their tiny turrets and tinkling bells; but none more weighty in precious metals, none more faithfully offered to the Lord of the Sea, than those which speak of the delivery from the dread kraken. One of these—in the Church of "Our Lady of the Watch at Marseilles"—is accompanied by a touching recital of a fearful combat with the monster on the coast of South Carolina; and another, hung up in the chapel of St. Thomas, at St. Malo, testifies to the escape of a slave-ship from the arms of a gigantic polypus at the very moment when it was leaving the port of Angola.

In 1783 a whaler assured Dr. Swediaur that he had found in the mouth of a whale a tentacle of twenty-seven feet length. The report was inserted in a scientific journal of the day, and there read by Deny Montfort, who at once determined to obtain more ample information on the subject. It so happened that just then the French government had sent for a number of American whalers, in order to consult with them as to the best means by which the French fisheries could be revived. These men were staying at Dunkirk; and here Montfort questioned them, and, upon inquiry, it appeared that two of them had found feelers, or horns, of such monstrous animals. Ben Jonson saw one in the mouth of a whale, from which it hung to the length of thirty-five feet; and Reynolds another, floating on the surface of the sea, forty-five feet long, and of reddish slate-color. But of all the reports which he heard, the following was the most minute, and yet also the most extraordinary:

Captain John Magnus Dens, a Danish sailor of high character and established uprightness, deposed that, after having made several voyages to China in the service of the Gottenburg Company, he had once found himself becalmed in the fifteenth degree of south latitude, at some distance from the coast of Africa, abreast of St. Helena and Cape Nigra. Taking advantage of his forced inactivity, he had determined to have his ship cleaned and scrubbed thoroughly, and for that purpose a few planks were suspended on the side of the vessel, on which the sailors could stand while scraping and calking the ship. They were busy with their work, when suddenly an anchertroll—so the Danes call the animal—rose from the sea, threw one of its arms round two of the men, tore them with a jerk from the scaffolding, and sank out of sight in a moment. Another feeler appeared, however, and tried to grasp a sailor who was in the act of ascending the mast; fortunately the man could hold on to the rigging, and as the long feeler became entangled in the ropes, he was enabled to escape, though not without uttering most fearful cries. These brought the whole crew to his assistance; they quickly snatched up harpoons, cutlasses, and whatever they could lay hands on, and threw them at the body of the animal, while others set to work cutting the gigantic feeler to pieces and carrying the poor man to his berth, who had swooned from intense fright. The monster, with five harpoons thrust deep into its quivering flesh, and holding the two men still in its huge arms, endeavored to sink; but the crew, encouraged by their captain, did their utmost to hold on to the lines to which the harpoons were fastened. Their strength was, however, not sufficient to struggle with the marine giant, and all they could do was to make fast the lines to the ship, and to wait till the forces of the enemy should be exhausted. Four of the ropes snapped, one after the other, like mere threads, and the harpoon of the fifth tore out of the body of the monster with such violence that the ship was shaken from end to end; thus the animal escaped, with its two victims. The whole crew remained overcome with amazement; they had heard of these monsters, but never believed in their existence; and here, before their eyes, two of their comrades had been torn from their side, and the third, overcome with fright, died the same night in delirium. The feeler which had been separated from the body remained on board as an evidence that the whole had not been a frightful dream; it measured at the base as many inches as their mizzen-mast, was still twenty-five feet long, and at the pointed end provided with a number of suckers, each as large as a spoon. Its full size must have been far greater, however, as only part of it had been cut off, the animal never even raising its head above the surface. The captain, who had witnessed the whole scene, and himself thrown one of the harpoons, ever afterward considered this encounter the most remarkable event of his checkered life, and calmly asserted the existence of the kraken.

All these ancient accounts, the Norwegian legends, the reports of sailors of many nations, and the minute descriptions of Sicilian divers, who spoke of polypi as large as themselves, and with feelers at least ten feet long, could not fail to make an impression upon men of science, and the most discreet among them came to the conclusion that there must be some truth amid all those fables.

It was, however, reserved to our century to strip the facts of all exaggeration, and to establish the existence of such monsters beyond all controversy. A kind of mollusk, called cephalopodes, was found in various seas, whose peculiar formation and strange appearance sufficiently explained the marvels told of the kraken. An elongated sack in the form of an egg, or a cylinder, from which protrudes at one end a thick, round head, with a pair of enormous flat eyes; on this head, at the summit, a kind of hard, brown beak, after the manner of a parrot's bill, and round the beak a crown of eight or ten powerful, long arms—this is the polypus, which passed of old for a kraken.

On the inner side, each one of these gigantic arms or feelers is covered with a double row of suckers, which resemble a small cup with a movable bottom. By means of these cups, which the animal can exhaust of the air they contain, it can affix itself to any surface; and as it possesses several hundred of them, its power is naturally enormous. Nevertheless, they use these feelers only for the purpose of seizing their prey and handing it up to the beak, which then goes to work and tears it to pieces. Nor is their manner of swimming less curious. Their gills require a large quantity of water to furnish them with a few globules of air; to provide this supply they are covered with an elastic mantle, which the animal contracts when it is full, so as to drive the water it contains through a tube placed between the eyes. Every time that the mantle is thus contracted and the water expelled the latter forms a kind of jet, which, striking upon the inert matter around, gives to the animal an impetus in the opposite direction. At each pulsation, therefore, it advances, and thus it travels quite rapidly through the water.

The cephalopodes on European and American coasts are generally only of small size, although in the Mediterranean and the Adriatic seas some have been found of larger dimensions, and others still greater are kept in museums. In the open sea, however, vessels have encountered genuine giants of the kind, and these are, no doubt, the true representatives of the kraken. Rang met one of the size of a ton, and of reddish color; while Pennant saw in the Indian seas an eight-armed cuttle-fish, with arms of fifty-four feet in length and a body of twelve feet in breadth; thus making it extend, from point to point, one hundred and twenty feet. A naturalist of Copenhagen, who has made the study of these animals his specialty—Steenstrup—had occasion to examine one of these monsters in 1855 on the coast of Gothland, where it had been caught by fishermen. It required several carts to carry the body off; and the hind part of the mouth, which he saved from destruction, still had the size of an infant's head. The museum at Utrecht contains a specimen of a colossal cephalopode; and the American Barnum was, of course, not without at least one of the feelers of such a giant, as thick as a man's body, and over ten feet long. William Buckland, the great naturalist's son, and an excellent observer himself, took pains to examine the varieties known to the British coast, and allowed one small specimen to grasp his hand and arm. He describes the feeling to be such as if a hundred tiny air-pumps had been applied at once, and little red marks were left on the skin where the suckers had been at work. "The sensation," he says, "of being held fast by a (literally) cold-blooded, soulless, pitiless, and voracious sea-monster almost makes one's blood run cold. I can now easily understand why they are called man-suckers; only the natives of the Chinese and Indian seas have such a horror of them—for in those climates they are seen large and formidable enough to be dangerous to any human being who may be so unfortunate as to be clutched by them." Victor Hugo's description of his monster in the "Travailleurs de la Mer" is, of course, far more graphic and poetical, though hardly less to the point. On the logs of many a vessel encounters with colossal mollusks of this kind have since been entered; and although the largest ever accurately measured—by a French man-of-war's man—was only twelve feet long in body, with feelers of fifty feet in length, enough has been seen and recorded in our days to justify the conviction that the wonders of the deep are not yet all known, and that animals like the kraken may be still in existence.

SOUTH AFRICAN DIAMONDS.

THE state or province of Orange River is north of the seat of the old Caffre war. Twenty years ago this state was occupied by emigrant Boers, descendants of the Dutch colonists; for in 1853 England formally abandoned the whole tract—about as large as Great Britain—lying between the Orange and Vaal rivers. Some of these Boers migrated farther across the Vaal, forming the "Transvaal" Republic. Britain never had dominion here. A writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette* says these so-called republics consist each of a few thousand Boer families. He does not consider them descendants of the Dutch, but of the warlike North Germans, whom the United Pioneers hired to guard their distant settlements, giving them lavish grants of lands. Nearly all the supplies drawn by the Transvaal and Free State republics come across the Drakensburg range—that is, by the Natal route, a distance of four hundred and fifty miles. Persons who know the district well state that the real wish of the republicans is to be incorporated with the Cape Colony and Natal; and perhaps some such arrangement is not far distant. According to Mr. Mann, the diamond region commences at the junction of the Vaal with the Orange, and extends for an unexplored distance up both rivers. We must not think that the district is in the midst of the Boer families; on the contrary, it is described as "a desert region of bare rock and sand, far from the upland pastoral districts" where they reside. It is easily reached. There is the journey from Cape Town of eight hundred miles, and though this will be greatly used, its great distance renders it undesirable. Mr. James Gill, in a recently published pamphlet, advocates the route from Port Elizabeth to Graaf Reinet (one hundred and sixty miles), and from that place by Hanover and Hope Town to the diggings, three hundred and thirty-six miles; making four hundred and ninety-six altogether. Mr. Gill advises the emigrant to land at Port Elizabeth, bringing with him a small filter, rifle, and revolver, as they are not easily procurable. Long-toms, cradles, and other appliances can be readily bought in the colony. A passenger cart plies between Port Elizabeth and Somerset (fare $15), and he can go by post-cart to Graaf Reinet for $7 50. Mr. Gill says: "This is a pleasant and expeditious route, and the journey over the Zumberg Mountains, the scenery of which is magnificent, will at once put him in love with the country."

The first South African diamond is said to have been discovered in March, 1867. Professor Tennant, in a lecture delivered November 23 before the Society of Arts, stated the fortunate person was a Dutch farmer named Schalk van Niekerk, who was struck with the appearance of a stone with which some children were playing. He showed it to Mr. O'Reilly, and, through the clerk of the peace for the district of Colesberg, it came into the hands of Dr. Atherstone, of Graham's Town. After taking the specific gravity and hardness, and testing it by polarized light, he decided that it was a genuine diamond. It was exhibited at the Paris Exhibition, and purchased by Sir Philip Wodehouse, then governor of the colony, for $2500. Professor Tennant, in June, 1868, directed attention to the Cape diamonds at a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society. He alluded to two specimens which had been purchased by Sir. P. Wodehouse of Messrs. Garrard. The first is in the shape of an octahedron (three-fourths of an inch by three-eighths of an inch), of a yellowish tinge, weighing 21 $\frac{11}{32}$ carats. It was found near Hope Town, on the Orange River. The second is an octahedron, more symmetrical, weighing 8 $\frac{13}{16}$ carats, specific gravity 3.54. The professor stated that one stone was taken to a blacksmith to see if it would resist a blow of the hammer, it being a mistaken notion that a diamond would resist such a blow. He pointed out that there are few more brittle substances in nature than the diamond, and that a valuable stone may be seriously injured by merely falling on the floor.

In May, 1869, the magnificent diamond of 83 $\frac{1}{2}$ carats was discovered, which has been named the "Star of South Africa." It was found by a man named Swatbooy, near Sandfontein, on the Orange River. He sold it to Schalk Niekerk for 500 sheep, 10 head of cattle, and a horse, and Messrs. Lilienfeld Brothers are said to have given $56,500 for it. This stone was last year taken to England, and being cut, produced a fine stone of 46 $\frac{1}{2}$ carats. It is valued at $100,000, and Messrs. Hunt & Roskell, in whose possession it now is, have promised to show it to any one desirous of seeing it. In a single year the new field has yielded more than five stones above forty carats, whereas the other localities altogether have not yielded more than one stone of that weight per annum. Professor Tennant thinks we shall have diamonds from South Africa exceeding the Koh-i-noor in size, and equaling it in beauty when cut and polished.

Instances of wonderful luck in the field are reported. One man in his first day's work found a diamond worth $12,500; another, in the course of a week, sold one for $1750; while, on the other hand, we hear of persons laboring for months without finding a good stone. And it must be labor with a vengeance, toiling harder than a convict, under a burning sun, with many hardships in the shape of food and lodging to put up with. The general opinion seems to be that if a man has $1000 a year he had better keep away.

Diamond merchants are in the field in force, and one firm asserts that the fields are, without doubt, the richest ever discovered. In the *Cape and Natal News* of August 8 one party of associates is said to have sent to the coast stones to the value of $100,000. Mr. Silverfield, of Hope Town, is said to have purchased 370 diamonds, valued at only $15,000. Mr. Mann tells us of one persevering man who worked for six months without getting a single stone, and when about to give up found a gem that paid him for all his labor. Another account states that Mr. Hond is known to have purchased upward of 400 stones in six days, and one man saw 63 diamonds unearthed in a day at Kallenberg. In one week 75 diamonds were registered by the committee. Many, of course, are never reported; but the rule is that each finder shall take his stones to the committee to be entered in a book. Diamonds to the assumed value of $250,000 are reported to have been discovered in one week—namely, that ending August 27. Messrs. Goodliffe & Co., of Cape Town, say they are understating the amount when they put the total value of those discovered to September at $1,000,000. These gentlemen are convinced that the real riches of the fields have yet to be yielded to the scientific application of capital. Mr. Unger, of Hamburg, states that the general quality of Cape diamonds, the result of surface scratchings, is superior to the stones of Brazil found at a depth of twenty feet. The general characteristics of the Cape field more resemble the Indian than the Brazilian diamond regions. Most of the stones are found on the surface; but one man sunk a hole ten feet down, and discovered diamonds at that depth. The Pniel diggings are said to be far richer than the original ones on the opposite side of the river. An extract from the diary of Mr. G. S. Higston gives the *modus operandi* in use at the fields: "After loosening the red ferruginous gravel by means of a pick, and removing the large boulders, those who are not possessed of washing apparatus and the means of transporting the diamondiferous soil to the river, merely pass it through a fine sieve, and then examine the remainder to detect the precious gems. In this way many have been obtained; but as a diamond or a ruby, when covered with moist ferruginous dirt, is not easily detected, no doubt some have been passed over and thrown away among the débris. Washing, although requiring more hands and appliances, is, no doubt, a much more certain process. The ground is first puddled in a shallow trough about five feet long, two broad, and six inches in depth, one man pouring water upon it, while another

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works it well about with a shovel. As the trough is slightly inclined, almost the whole of the sand, etc., is thus got rid of; a couple of spadefuls of the gravel is then thrown into the top sieve of the cradle (which is simply a box on rockers, with three metal sieves of different-sized perforations), and while one man rocks, his assistant pours two or three buckets of water on it. By this means the smaller stones are carried down to the undermost sieves. The rocker and his mate then examine the top sieve, which has retained all the large pebbles; and lucky indeed are they if a gem should be discovered in this, as it is sure to be one of the largest size. The second sieve is emptied out on to a sheet of iron, or other sort of table, at which the searcher or searchers sit; and when all the ground is worked out of the puddling-box the last sieve is examined for the smaller gems. At the bottom of the cradle is a small ledge, against which a little fine gravel collects; and it was from washing this débris in a wash-hand basin that I was enabled to procure a minute diamond, a small nugget, and several specks of gold. I have no doubt that, on further exploration, paying deposits of the precious metal will be brought to light. Rubies are plentiful, but small; the largest I saw was between four and five carats. When a native finds a surface diamond he fires a shot; and hardly a day passed during my stay that one or more of these reports were not heard."

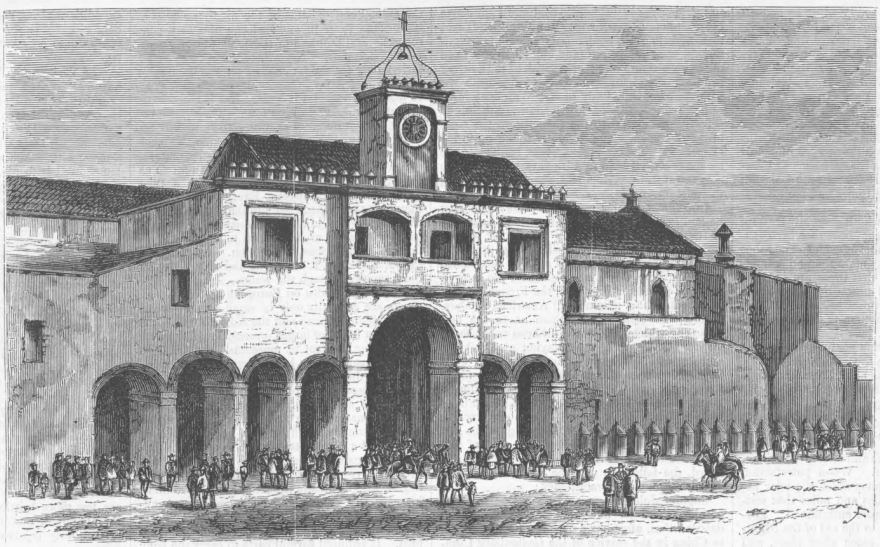
A Cape Town correspondent of the London *Times*, under date October 3, 1870, mentions a gem of pure water, octahedral in form, weighing before cutting 107 carats. Captain Rolleston ridicules the complaints of those who, after a few weeks' unsuccessful search at the fields, turn away, vowing there is nothing in them. He was unsuccessful for six months himself, but persevered, and ultimately secured a good reward. He thinks it useless for men to work single-handed. The captain sent a fortune home by the *Saxon*, and returned by the *Norseman*, in order to organize a company on a large scale to prospect the diamond fields, and avoid the short hot season. Messrs. Leverson & Goldschmidt, of Argyll Street, Regent Street, say the mines at the Cape have not produced, nor are likely to produce, any fall in the value of diamonds. These merchants state that the amount received has been much exaggerated. The value of the gems in the *Norseman* was said to have been $400,000; but, when examined, $90,000 was found to be nearer the mark. The amount of diamonds from existing mines and from private sources coming into the market, Messrs. Leverson state, is so immensely superior to any that can come from the Cape that the latter will be lost in the aggregate. It is estimated that the value of diamonds arriving from the Brazilian and East Indian mines is about $400,000 a month, and about the same amount is brought into the market by private holders; so that we have a total of $800,000 worth per month, or $10,000,000 a year. Messrs. Leverson state that at the Cape the smaller sizes, used chiefly in ornaments, have not been found in sufficiently large quantities. Professor Tennant says that only ten per cent. of the Cape diamonds are of the first water.

On the 30th of July last Commandant Parker was elected president of the new Miners' Republic. The president gave a ball the same evening. We are told that in August the president of the Transvaal Republic arrived at the diggings, signed the rules, and took out a claim for working.

We close the present paper with a few notes on the composition of the diamond.

Diamonds may be described as the final product of the chemical decomposition of vegetable substances. Impressions of grains of sand and crystals have been observed on the surface of some specimens, and even germinating fungi. A specimen in Mr. Ruskin's collection shows the association of diamonds with gold found in the bed of a river in Brazil. It is a conglomerated mass of quartz pebbles, with crystals of diamond and grains of gold, the whole cemented with oxide of iron. It is curious that the primary crystal of gold is, like the diamond, an octahedron. M. Rossi, of Toulon, produced diamonds by placing certain quantities of water, phosphorus, and bisulphide of carbon in a vessel, which he left undisturbed for several months, and crystals of carbon were produced of minute size. The diamond is the only gem which after long exposure to the sun's rays becomes phosphorescent in the dark.

The diamond, garnet, and spinel are distinguished by their power of single refraction. Other stones give a double image of any thing seen through them—that is, possess a double refracting power, like the well-known Iceland spar. An artificial precious stone loses its lustre if immersed in water, and will feel warmer when touched by the tongue than a real gem. The latter ordeal is a common method of distinguishing precious stones. The white sapphire and topaz are often mistaken for the diamond; but if the stone be the former, it can be scratched by a splinter of ruby; if the latter, difference in hardness, fracture, and optical qualities will betray it. It is a curious fact that diamonds can be burned into a little carbonic acid gas. Averami, in 1694, did this with the burning-glass of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. Lavoisier experimented on the combustion of the diamond in 1773; but Sir Humphrey Davy settled the question. He introduced a stone into a glass globe supplied with oxygen, and kindled it with the solar rays. It burned brilliantly with a scarlet light; and carbonic acid gas, without any sign of the formation of water, was the result of the experiment.

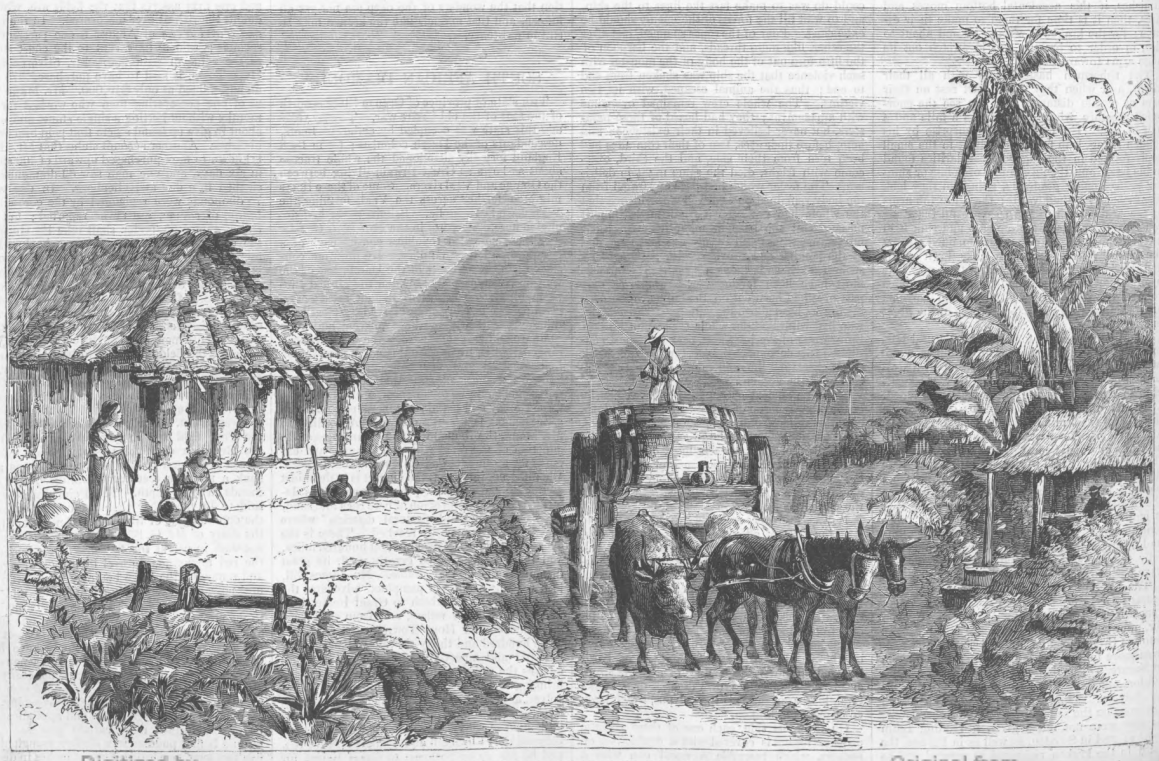


CATHEDRAL, SAN DOMINGO CITY.

VIEWS IN SAN DOMINGO.

THE Cathedral of San Domingo City, of which we give a picture on this page, is a good specimen of the broad and simple style of ecclesiastical architecture so characteristic of Spanish American countries. Almost every city in Mexico, Central America, and South America contains churches, convents, or cathedrals showing the same broad masses, the same simplicity of detail. The air of solidity and repose in these structures presents a marked contrast to the lightness and apparent fragility of most of the church edifices we are accustomed to build in the United States. They look as if they were built to stand forever, in spite of the earthquakes that frequently threaten to overthrow them. A structure like our Trinity Church would hardly stand overnight in a country where the uneasy ground is constantly giving little shrugs and quavers, as if to remind folks what it could do if it only made up its mind to shake in dead earnest; but one of these low, broad, substantial buildings, like the Cathedral in our sketch, sometimes survives the fiercest shocks.

Our second illustration on this page shows a mountain pass in the interior of the island. Here the scenery is picturesque and sometimes grand. The prevailing style of architecture, as seen by our sketch, is simple and primitive, but well adapted to the climate, and in its main features bearing a close resemblance to that of the towns. The poorest huts have some kind of piazza or porch, under which the inhabitants find shelter from the oppressive heat. The huge lumbering cart, to which the oxen are attached by yokes tied to the horns, is a necessity of the wretched mountain roads; the immense wheels, high and broad, pass easily over ruts and obstructions where a smaller-wheeled vehicle would stick or break down.



MOUNTAIN PASS IN SAN DOMINGO.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XV.—No. 746.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1871. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

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AN OBJECT OF CURIOSITY IN THE CHAMPS ÉLYSEES.—[SEE PAGE 339.]

THE PENALTY OF SPEAKING TO A GERMAN SOLDIER.—[SEE PAGE 339.]

THE GERMANS AT THE TUILERIES.—[SEE PAGE 339.]

SCENES IN PARIS DURING THE GERMAN OCCUPATION.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1871.

☞ *In this Number of the* WEEKLY *will be found the continuation of* CHARLES READE'S *powerful and absorbing story,*

A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION,

commenced March 1.

☞ *The* SUPPLEMENT *to this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains a magnificent double-page Cartoon, by* NAST, *showing, on one side,* "THE EVACUATION OF PARIS BY THE GERMAN TROOPS," *and on the other,* "THEIR RECEPTION IN BERLIN;" *interesting reminiscences of* JAMES MONTGOMERY, *with illustrations; an engraving of the* INSIGNIA OF THE GERMAN EMPIRE; *a fine sketch called* "HUNTING EASTER-EGGS;" *and many other attractive features.*

AMNESTY THE REPUBLICAN POLICY.

THE Republican party, upon coming to power in 1861, was forced to deal with the rebellion. How formidable the emergency was will never be forgotten by this generation, nor with what patience, valor, unbending resolution, and complete triumph the danger was confronted and overcome. The party maintained the government, emancipated the slaves, amended the Constitution in the interest of equal liberty, and restored the rebellious States to their relations within the Union. We say the Republican party did this; because, if the Democratic party had controlled the government, the power of the slaveholding aristocracy would have been so confirmed as to make national regeneration almost hopeless. Had the Democratic party been in power during the last ten years, slavery would still have existed in half the country; the national flag would have protected it in the Territories; free speech would have been annihilated; all the great guarantees of progressive liberty and civilization would necessarily, under the dominance of slavery, have been destroyed, and the spirit and purpose of the Union would have been utterly defeated.

This appalling catastrophe, not only to this country but to constitutional liberty every where in the world, was avoided by the national success of the Republican party in the election of 1860, and by its continued success to the present time. Meanwhile every measure for securing the logical results of the war, and for confirming the equal rights which it had established, has been obstinately resisted by the Democratic party. As its theory of State rights—vaguely and loosely expounded and asserted in the Virginia and Kentucky Resolutions—supplied the pretense of the rebellion, and its protection of the oppression of slavery fostered the inspiring cause, so it has strenuously opposed all legislation that tended to remove the roots of the difficulty from our politics, and has sedulously encouraged hatred and contempt of the race which we have so cruelly wronged, but whose equal rights have been legally and formally acknowledged.

Despite this malignant hostility, strengthened, as the movements of incipient rebellion were, by want of reflection upon the exact nature of the government, the Republican party has carried all its great measures of reconstruction. But the whole policy known by that name was necessarily experimental, and certain of its measures were, in their nature, temporary. Disfranchisement was especially one of these. It was thought necessary, in the actual situation, to except very considerable numbers of persons from any active part in politics. Of course these persons were among the most intelligent of the citizens of certain States, whose ability had secured them the confidence and given them the leadership of their fellow-citizens. What the result might have been had the policy been different it is not necessary to inquire. The most conspicuous Republican who had friendly doubts was Governor ANDREW, of Massachusetts. But the loyal country which had maintained the Union unquestionably demanded that policy, and it was adopted.

The time has now come for a change. It is evidently most desirable that the control of the States which have been fully restored to their relations in the Union should be intrusted to all their citizens, and that the most intelligent class should not be excluded. It is also desirable that no system which, by disfranchisement, encourages hostility of classes or races, should even seem to be favored by the national government. Such a system is sometimes imperative as a choice of evils. But in a free State a disfranchised class, especially when it is that of the most enlightenment, is a perpetual menace. There can be no proper peace while it exists. As it used to be said, and to be truly said, of slavery, that it was suppressed civil war, so it may be as truly said of a political community, in which a leading part is arbitrarily disfranchised, that it is smouldering strife; from time to time the fire will leap out in angry flame.

A general amnesty, the removal of all disqualifications resulting from the rebellion, should be heartily declared as the policy of the Republican party. It was long since demanded by some of its most eminent leaders. The New York *Tribune*, for instance, has steadily insisted upon its wisdom; and there are many who thought its demand to be premature when it was made, who are fully persuaded that the time is now ripe. The emphatic declaration of the Republicans of Ohio shows how profound and how general the conviction of the wisdom of this measure has become in the party. And it is of great importance that it should be the work of the Republicans, that it may be seen not to be a concession to the spirit of the Ku-Klux by the party which the Ku-Klux supports, and of which it is an agency. As the disabilities were imposed because it was thought that the public welfare required them, so they may now be removed for the same reason. For the public welfare imperatively demands Republican ascendency, and that is in some degree imperiled by a policy of continued disfranchisement. The conditions of national pacification can not be complete until amnesty is universal, and for every reason that final measure should be the work of the party of liberty.

THE FIRST DEMOCRATIC PLANK FOR 1872.

THE Democratic party in New York, under the immediate management of those who propose to nominate the party candidate for President, has decided, after ample opportunity for reconsideration, after a year's exposure and debate in the press and by public opinion of the iniquity of the measure, to maintain the Erie bill. And the party which has deliberately done this, which identifies itself with this destruction of the most sacred private rights, asks the country to confide to it the national government because the Republican administration is dishonest and reckless of individual right!

We remind our readers, especially in other States, of the facts so familiar here. At the annual Erie Railway election in October, 1868, the notorious persons who control the road, by methods which are equally notorious, such as closing the transfer-books a month before the usual time, and voting on stock which had been already sold and delivered, caused themselves to be elected directors. In May, 1869, the "Erie bill" was pushed through the Legislature. It provided that the directors of four roads named in the bill might classify themselves, so that instead of going out annually, only one-fifth of their number should retire every year. The directors in whose favor the bill was passed, and of whom Mr. TWEED was one, sure of securing their re-election in 1869 by the means used in 1868—namely, by voting upon shares already sold and delivered to foreign holders—waited until October before they classified, and then the body known as the Erie Ring took, of course, the longest term.

The protest, when the details of the bill were known, was universal. Governor HOFFMAN, the mere agent of Mr. TWEED, retained the bill, hesitating to sign it. But Mr. TWEED was peremptory, and Mr. TWEED is Tammany, and Tammany is Governor HOFFMAN'S reliance for the future; and so, with a paper of explanations, he signed the bill. He said that there was no serious opposition in the Legislature, as if the veto were not given to him to use in that very case when there ought to be serious opposition in the Legislature, and none appeared. The tone of his paper showed his perception that he was doing an act which needed excuse, but for which no excuse was valid. He was authorizing those who had not been honestly selected by the owners of a property to manage that property for five years! Some of his own party papers cried out against the iniquity. A man, said the *World*, who owns Erie stock could now no more get control of it before it was ruined than if it ran among the mountains of the moon. It denounced the bill as "that monstrous injustice," as "simply indefensible," and declared that its Governor ought to covet "an opportunity to rectify the mistake he made in approving that piece of knavery." In saying these things the *World* spoke for all honest and intelligent men.

As it was always said by the lackeys of the Ring that the Legislature which passed this infamous law was a Republican Legislature, and that Republicans must bear the responsibility, Mr. GOODRICH, of Kings County, a Republican in the present Legislature, promptly moved the repeal of the law. The subject was referred to the Railroad Committee. There was a majority report from the Democratic members of the committee presented by the chairman, Mr. JOHN L. FLAGG, of Troy; and one from the minority, in which Mr. SMITH M. WEED, a Democrat from Clinton, joined the Republican members. The minority report was in every way conclusive. But when the Assembly was called to decide, fifty-eight Democrats and two Republicans voted to retain the Erie bill, and fifty-two Republicans and five Democrats to repeal it. The Republicans who originally voted for the bill are entitled to the excuse of not fully comprehending it, but the Democrats who voted not to repeal it vote in the full light of the most blasting exposure. The Republicans of New York, thanks to Mr. GOODRICH, have cleared themselves and their party of all complicity in this most wanton and startling attack upon private rights, and the first and chief plank in the HOFFMAN Presidential platform is the Erie bill.

It is for Democrats elsewhere to choose whether this is the kind of policy which they wish to transfer to Washington, and for good citizens every where to decide whether they shall.

THE KU-KLUX BILL.

No one who was familiar with the unspeakable horrors of slavery, or who knew its degrading, demoralizing, dehumanizing effect upon the master class, will doubt that the stories of the Ku-Klux atrocities are substantially true. They may be exaggerated in number. They may be misrepresented in certain cases. But the political and social hate from which they spring will not be denied. Citizens of the United States, because they are black, or because, being white, they sympathize with the black citizens, and both black and white because they are loyal to the Union and of the Republican party, are exposed to violence of every kind and degree; so that in one State—South Carolina—the Governor has appealed to the President for aid. From other States the cries of individual sufferers have reached Congress, imploring protection, and a committee has reported a bill designed to relieve the lawlessness of the States in question.

We are very sure that nobody who is conversant with the course of this paper during the war and the epoch of reconstruction has any doubt of our sympathy with the victims of the Ku-Klux, nor of our desire to do whatever can be done to succor them, short of doing greater evil. But the first fact that we encounter is this—that the Constitution of the United States guarantees every State, "on application of the Legislature, or of the Executive (when the Legislature can not be convened), against domestic violence." The second fact is that the Governors of many of the States which the Ku-Klux ravage are in political sympathy with the President, and with the Republican majority in Congress. If the domestic violence in those States is beyond the control of the Governors, why do they not, with the Governor of South Carolina, require the President's aid, as the Constitution authorizes? So long as they refrain from the demand—they whose information is immediate and ample—is there any good reason for extraordinary legislation?

The proposed bill, in its fourth section, provides that whenever in any State the unlawful organizations violently set at defiance the constituted authorities, the President may interfere. But that is precisely what the Constitution already provides, upon the sole condition that the Legislature, or the Executive, testifies the inability of the local authority to deal with the disorder. But the bill, omitting this condition, leaves to the President to determine when the State authority is insufficient. Is that, upon reflection, a wise change in the system; and if it be, can it be made by an act of Congress? And again, if it be wise, and if it can be made by Congress, why should it be a provision which is to expire on the first day of June, 1872, as the same section provides? The peril is always possible; ought not the law, therefore, if unquestionably constitutional, to be permanent? These are grave questions, as our fellow-Republicans will see.

The bill proceeds, in the same section, to declare that if the constituted authorities themselves, instead of asking aid of the national government, become accomplices in the disorder, the situation shall be deemed a rebellion, and the President may suspend the privilege of the writ of habeas corpus, and suppress the difficulty by arms. This, again, makes the President the sole and final judge of the complicity of the State authorities in a conspiracy, and empowers him practically to supersede them. There is a riot in Boston, for instance. The President, with or without reason—for no system of evidence is mentioned—decides that it is the work of an armed and numerous combination, with which the State authorities are unable to deal, or with which they are in league, and thereupon marches troops to restore order. This is the scope of the bill. This is the grant of power until the 1st of June, 1872. Is it wise? Is it desirable that the Republican party should make it? Is it safe for liberty that it should be made? If it be, ought the power to expire next year?

That there are emergencies in which even the fundamental law must be disregarded to save both itself and the country is true. That there was no folly so criminal as that of the assertion that armed and summary resistance to secession was unconstitutional, is unquestionable. But with Republican Governors in many disordered States, and a constitutional provision empowering them to ask aid against insuperable domestic violence, is there any necessity for suspending the fundamental law? It will not be forgotten that in 1866, while the legislation of reconstruction was proceeding, and before the lately rebel States were restored, the project of an amendment to the Constitution, expressly providing that Congress should have power to secure "to all persons in the several States equal protection in the rights of life, liberty, and property," was, upon motion of Mr. CONKLING, postponed, and not called up for consideration. If at that time, and under those circumstances, it was thought necessary—if such an object were desirable—to provide for the purposes of the present bill by an amendment of the Constitution, upon which it was not deemed wise to take action, can it be desirable now to aim at that object by a mere act of Congress? Or will it be alleged that the proposed amendment of 1866 was not called up because the power conferred by it was believed to be included in the Fourteenth Amendment? Mr. BINGHAM, indeed, says that he drew the amendment, and that the power was meant to be conferred. It is certainly most unfortunate, then, that the first form was not retained.

The deplorable and menacing condition of some of the Southern States can, perhaps, hardly be exaggerated. If we were to heed feelings only, all loyal and orderly citizens would resort to the most summary measures. Indeed, when great crimes are committed any where, the instinct is to demand instant vengeance. Reason and experience, however, insist that "the due process of law" shall be observed for the common safety, knowing that "order" is always the plea of despotism. In the same way regard for the general liberty, for all those guarantees which defend us from tyranny and ruthless ambition, requires that the plain conditions of the fundamental law shall be rigidly respected, and changed only as itself provides. We are not now saying that so essential and vital a change in the system of the Union as this bill contemplates is unwise; but surely it should be the result not of an act of Congress, under a challenged and doubtful interpretation, but of an express and explicit constitutional amendment.

THE CINCINNATI DECLARATION.

THE declaration of the Cincinnati Republicans, of which we spoke last week, is not, as we then said, the platform of a new party, in the sense of contemplating secession from the Republican organization. Those who signed it neither intend nor expect the rupture of the party, but its progress and purification. The Union being now restored, and every State in full Congressional representation, the party which has accomplished that great result must now guard its work by grappling with the evils of administration. First of all, as we have remarked elsewhere upon this page, there must be the courage of universal amnesty. Then there must be a crushing blow at the infamous civil service system, the hot-bed of corruption, extravagance, and disaster; entirely changing its principle, and thereby healing some of the exasperation of politics. And there must be a very careful revision of the principle and details of the tariff, bearing always in mind the necessity of a great revenue raised by indirect taxation, and the cardinal fact that the nation, as the guardian of our liberty, must guard every resource and industry indispensable to self-protection. The details of a tariff must, of course, be difficult to settle, but the general principle of equity that should govern it is apparent. The return to specie payments is a result of which every man sees the value; and the other point of the Cincinnati Declaration, if less generally considered, is not less worthy consideration, and that is the separation of wholly local and municipal elections from national party divisions.

The reason and the advantage of this suggestion are equally obvious. The details of local administration—the care of highways, drainage, material improvements, and conveniences of every kind—are not political matters. Every community wants for such purposes its most intelligent, honest, and economical men, whatever their views of the general policy of the national government may be. Gutters and gas-pipes, water supplies and paving, in which every tax-payer is interested, will all be more efficiently and cheaply cared for if we choose the overseers not because they are strict constructionists or protectionists, but because they are men who will have the work done cheaply and well. And this habit of co-operation among men of different political views will inevitably temper the acerbity of party spirit, which is both expensive and dangerous. It will, perhaps, by bringing Jones, the Free-trader, in friendly personal contact with Smith, the Protectionist, show him that a man may be honestly mistaken about the principle of a tariff, and a really intelligent and humane man, instead of being a bloated monopolist, extortionist, aristocrat, and robber; and, on the other hand, the same association may reveal to Smith the unsuspected fact that Jones advocates liberty of trade upon the highest and most reasonable principles, and not because of a monthly remittance of British gold from perfidious Albion.

An overwhelming majority of Republicans in the Central, Western, and Southern part of the country unquestionably approve the principles of the Cincinnati Declaration; and, as they are of paramount importance, they must be constantly urged, in order that the next National Convention may plant the party—where it belongs by the character of its members and the

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history of its policy—upon the largest liberty, with inflexible hostility to every kind of corruption.

THE RING AND THE PRESS.

THERE were a great many persons before the rebellion who smiled at the thought that there could ever be civil war in this country, and the outbreak was probably a surprise to seven-tenths of the people. But the passions and the methods which have stained the history of other countries and times are not obsolete; and where there is a power like that which now controls the government of this State and city, we must expect that it will hesitate at nothing to accomplish its purpose. What an imperial despotism chiefly desires is silence. Therefore it always strikes first at the tongue. Therefore, again, the great security of a free government is a free and incorruptible press. And JEFFERSON long ago said that no legislation was to be feared so long as freedom of speech was secured. The old slave-Democracy knew it, and the Democratic ascendency was long maintained in the country and absolutely imposed upon the Southern States by the annihilation of free speech. Under the Democratic rule the most vital public question was not allowed to be discussed; and wherever, in the other half of the country, there was a mob and riot to interrupt a political meeting, it was almost uniformly instigated and led by Democrats.

The deadliest enemy of the Tammany Ring is free discussion. The Ring seeks, therefore, to stifle it at all costs. If it can not bribe, it will bully. It will spare no effort to silence those who steadily expose its purpose and methods. The New York *Times* has consequently become the object of the relentless hatred of the Ring. That paper has constantly and pointedly revealed the plans and criticised the measures by which the Ring proposes to strengthen and perpetuate its rule in this State and city, and to extend it to the control of the national government. It will not, therefore, surprise any one familiar with the condition into which we have fallen under the Tammany empire to know that the utmost efforts have been and are making by those who are notoriously the tools of Tammany to buy a share or two of the stock of the New York *Times*, that an order may be asked of one of the Tammany judges for the appointment of a receiver for the paper upon the plea of a large amount of the property involved in unsettled estates. The result sought is the temporary suspension of the publication of the paper, which would be virtually its destruction or fatal injury.

Fortunately, the intention is well understood, and every stockholder of the paper, not only satisfied with its prosperity, but naturally scorning the attempt of the Tammany Ring to break what it can not bend, declines the most extravagant offer for any share of his property. But it is not the concern of the *Times* only, it is that of the whole press, and of the country, the bulwark of whose safety is that press perfectly free. It should be a spur to every honorable paper to denounce still more widely the character of the despotism which aims at nothing less than national dominion. It is the most withering criticism of the Democratic party in New York, that the system of the Tammany managers who rule it absolutely, and of which every Democratic vote is a deliberate approval, is a system so detestable that it can not bear exposure and discussion, and seeks to tear out the tongue that describes it.

MR. SUMNER AND THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

THOSE who remember an article printed in these columns a few weeks ago, called "The Ships," will, of course, anticipate our opinion of the chief charge of Mr. SUMNER'S speech. Indeed, it has not been seriously denied in the Senate. The precedents of Texas and of Florida, which were quoted, are wholly inapplicable. There has, unquestionably, been a misconception of the limits of executive power, and a consequent action which is constitutionally indefensible. But Mr. SUMNER does not charge, nor does any man believe, that there was ill intention. He states solemnly and strongly the undoubted facts; and the action asked by his resolutions the Senate should have approved. Those Republicans who are angry with him for what he has done should ask themselves how he could help doing it. Those who fear that his speech may harm the party should rather reflect whether the facts would not harm it more. Nobody accuses, nobody suspects, the President of evil purpose; but is it not a thousandfold better that the misconception of power should be exposed by a Republican than by a Democrat? The best men in the country are bound fast to the Republican party because they know that it has the courage to criticise its chiefs, and to adjust its policy to the actual situation. In these columns to-day we question the wisdom of the Ku-Klux bill pending in Congress as we write. Should we be better Republicans if we forbore criticism?

With all Republicans we deplore the difference between Mr. SUMNER on the one side, and the President and many of our party friends upon the other. No one will regret more than we shall any disaster that it may cause to the party whose ascendency in the present circumstances of the country seems to us indispensable to national peace and prosperity. But we are unable to see that Mr. SUMNER has provoked a difficulty or is responsible for it. Those who know him know the simple truthfulness of his nature. What he says in his speech of his personal relations to the San Domingo project can not be doubted, and no Republican ought to be angry with him unless he knows that Mr. SUMNER failed to remonstrate privately before publicly exposing what he felt to be a perilous misconception of power for a doubtful purpose. We have the right to assume that as a loyal Republican Senator Mr. SUMNER acquainted the State Department with his views, and that they were unheeded. Was his duty then done? As a Republican, as an American, or as a man, was he bound silently to acquiesce in what seemed to him a course full of danger? Surely his own words are enough: "Controversy, especially at my time of life, has no attractions for me; but I have been reared in the school of duty, and now, as of old, I can not see wrong without trying to arrest it."

A hundred years ago, when JOSIAH QUINCY, Jr., undertook, with JOHN ADAMS, the defense of the British soldiers who had made the "Boston massacre," he was bitterly reproached by his friends, and even by his father, for giving comfort to the common enemy; but he answered: "To inquire my duty, and to do it, is my aim;" and he added that one day they would all rejoice at what he had done. He was right. JOSIAH QUINCY did not injure the cause of the "Sons of Liberty" then, and we may be very sure that CHARLES SUMNER has not harmed the Republican cause now.

NOTES.

As the session of the New York Democratic Legislature draws to an end it will be found that the great measures of that body have been the project to allow Mr. TWEED and three others to spend the money to be raised by taxation in the city of New York, at a rate of not more than two per cent. upon a valuation not yet determined, and to limit Mr. TWEED to $5,000,000 of the public money, a year, for supplying the city with additional water. He is at liberty to buy his own ponds and pass the water through "pipes of his own making into reservoirs of his own construction." The Legislature also repeals the registry law, and has refused to repeal the Erie bill. This is the winter's work of a party which, by the mouth of Mr. FERNANDO WOOD, declares that the career of the party which has saved the government, emancipated the slaves, and restored the Union has been "brief and vile!"

THE new town of Greeley, in Colorado, has a newspaper naturally called the *Greeley Tribune*, the head of which is an enlarged electrotype copy of Mr. GREELEY'S handwriting. That chirography is not renowned for legibility, but in this instance the writing is as distinct as the idea is novel. It is the excellent work of Mr. EDWARD SEARS, of New York.

A LARGE number of Baptist pastors of Brooklyn, unwilling that their denomination shall bear the reproach of what they hold to be the very serious error of accepting State aid for sectarian purposes, have united in a protest against the late action of the Baptist Home Society in New York. Our readers will remember that the question is not of helping the poor, nor of historical precedents, but of what conduct, in the present circumstances and prospects of the country, is most commendable and least perilous. The Brooklyn pastors seem to us to understand the subject more truly than the trustees of the Home.

IT was recently asserted that the Treasury Department withheld certain information from Congress because it would be obliged to confess that there were large unsettled balances due from several collectors of internal revenue. The intention of the statement was to persuade the public that the collections of the public money are carelessly and fraudulently managed. Mr. MAUNSELL B. FIELD, one of the collectors mentioned, has written a letter, stating that these apparent balances are not real, but fictitious, and result from the complicated method of keeping accounts. Mr. FIELD'S accounts were finally and absolutely settled last October, showing a balance in his favor, which has been paid. This is a fair illustration of the misrepresentation with which the Administration is constantly assailed.

ONE of the recent remarkable contributions to American scholarship, and, like LONGFELLOW'S "Dante," BRYANT'S "Homer," and BAYARD TAYLOR'S "Faust," gratifying to every lover of good letters, and of American renown in them, is the first issue of the variorum edition of "Shakespeare" by HORACE HOWARD FURNESS, of Philadelphia, son of the Rev. Dr. FURNESS, himself an accomplished scholar. A variorum edition is one which collates and compares the readings of the various editions, and in this case introduces us to the ablest and most striking Shakespearean criticisms in many languages. The play now published is "Romeo and Juliet," and it is an admirable illustration of the research, skill, and conscience with which the work is to be performed. "Shakespeare" has been a life study with Mr. FURNESS, and to what good result is here shown. The work is very handsomely published by LIPPINCOTT.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE fourth volume of the "Report of the Geological Survey of Illinois," which has been in progress for several years past under the direction of Professor A. H. WORTHEN, has just been published. Like its predecessors, it is a handsome book, well illustrated, and containing much important matter relating to the geology and physical features of the State. This volume is occupied by a detailed account from assistants in the survey in regard to particular counties in the State, followed by systematic papers—one upon the fossil fishes by Professor J. S. NEWBERRY and Professor WORTHEN, and the other upon fossil plants, by Professor LESQUEREAUX, illustrated by a number of well-engraved steel plates. The economical value of such a survey to the State, conducted with the spirit and efficiency which have marked Professor WORTHEN'S administration from the beginning, is exceedingly great, and can not be estimated in dollars and cents. Not merely does it furnish a fund of information to the residents of Illinois, but it supplies an official guarantee to others in regard to the resources of the State which could not be obtained in any other way.

The memoirs upon the general geology and paleontology of Illinois are equally important with the more purely economical portion, and the names of their authors are a warranty of the thoroughness of the entire research. It is understood that several additional volumes will be required to complete the entire exposition of the subject, one of which is already finished, and only awaits the order of the State authorities to be printed. This, we trust, will not long be withheld, as the information contained in it will doubtless equal in value that of its predecessors, and the credit which the Legislature has already received from the scientific community at home and abroad, for its liberality in authorizing so complete and handsome a series, will be enhanced by such action.

Chicago is distinguished, among the Western cities, for possessing a high degree of scientific activity, its Academy of Sciences being by far the most flourishing and energetic of all that have been established west of the Alleghanies. It has also a society devoted especially to microscopical studies, and the number of specialists connected with it, most of them possessing fine instruments, is quite large. The third annual reunion of this Microscopical Society was held on the evening of the 12th of March, and was a scene of great interest to the visitors. About fifteen hundred people were present, including a large number of invited guests; and the chief feature of the entertainment consisted in the exhibition of microscopes, twenty-two tables being provided, each containing from two to half a dozen or more instruments, many of them of the first class. These were all attended to by their owners, provided with slides and test objects, and prepared to exhibit the wonders of science to all who cared to examine them. The growth of the society in the three years is shown by the fact that whereas, at the meeting at which the society was organized, there were represented thirty instruments valued at $7000, at the gathering just now referred to there were one hundred, with an aggregate value of $30,000.

We welcome to the ranks of scientific journals *The Archives of Science, and Transactions of the Orleans Society of Natural Science*, the second number of which, for January, 1871, a well-printed octavo of thirty-two pages, is now before us. Several original papers are embraced in this number; among them one on the General Botany of Vermont, one on the Geology and Mineralogy of Orleans County, one upon the Dust Storms in Vermont, of February 12, 1870, and one upon the flowerless plants of Vermont. This last paper is by CHARLES C. FROST, of Brattleboro, whose life furnishes a remarkable instance of the "pursuit of knowledge under difficulties." The writer well remembers, many years ago, stopping in a shoe-maker's shop in Brattleboro, Vermont, for the purpose of having a pair of boots mended, and finding the owner busily engaged on his bench. A counter near by was littered with books, which he had the curiosity to examine, and which were found to be works in the Latin, German, Swedish, and other languages, all constituting a collection of the best treatises upon cryptogamic botany. On making inquiry, he ascertained that the shoemaker was employing his leisure moments, when customers were few or work was completed, in the critical study of the fungi and other cryptogamous plants of the State, and that he was able to consult all the works referred to in their various languages. For the use of the books he was indebted to Mr. SPRAGUE, of Boston, himself an eminent botanist, and interested in the scientific advancement of his Brattleboro friend. Since then Mr. FROST has continued his researches, and is now well known as among the best specialists in this department in the country, and as one of the leading naturalists of the State.

We have, in a previous article, referred to some interesting speculations by Professor SHALER, of Cambridge, upon the formation of the New England coast; and we find in the proceedings of the Boston Society of Natural History for February last some additional remarks by him on the same subject. He considers that the Chesapeake and Delaware bays, like many of the deep gorges in Switzerland and elsewhere, were formed by the action of ice, and that the existence of Cape Hatteras is due to the uplifting of the rocks on which Richmond is situated. The sand-bars on the coast he believes to have been formed by the material dug out of the Delaware and Chesapeake bays by this ice action, and worked southward by the united forces of the floods and currents. He finds that, after we pass these bars, south of Weldon the sea-bottom is totally distinct in character, being purely submarine, and formed by the action of the sea. He points out the existence of a rise and fall of the coast at different portions of its extent; this, in the most recent geological period, amounting at Charleston, South Carolina, to from 50 to 60 feet; in Maine to 200 feet; and to a still greater degree on the coast of Labrador. As a general rule, he thought there was evidence to prove that, taking a line from the centre of the continent to the centre of the sea, the sea-floor was coming up and the high elevations were coming down.

Mr. HYATT said that observations made by the Coast Survey showed that the coast of Long Island Sound, and southward in New Jersey, has been sinking, while the Florida Keys are rising; and Mr. NILES remarked that, from the earliest times, in the Adirondacks and different points southerly, there had been peninsulas corresponding in position to Florida, and that this is simply the most southern and latest of a succession from north to south.

At a meeting of the New York Lyceum of Natural History, held during last autumn, Professor NEWBERRY, the President, exhibited the anterior portion of the cranium of a walrus which had been found during the summer at Long Branch, by a gentleman whose foot struck against it while bathing. It was strongly silicified, but exhibited no appreciable difference from modern specimens. The precise age of this fossil could not, of course, be ascertained, although it is well known that its range was formerly much south of its present habitat. It is not unfrequently brought down on floating ice off the coast of Newfoundland; and although Labrador is at present the southern limit of its residence, it was once very abundant in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and its remains have been found in the shell heaps of the Bay of Fundy. It is probable that the specimen exhibited by Professor NEWBERRY is a relic of the glacial period, although it was suggested that it might have been of the tertiary age, which probably can not be verified. Other specimens of similar character are recorded as having been found on Martha's Vineyard; in Monmouth County, New Jersey; and in Accomac County, Virginia.

Mr. M'CORMICK, member of Congress from Arizona, has just introduced a bill restricting the killing of the buffalo, which provides that, excepting for the purpose of using the meat for food or preserving the skin, it shall be unlawful to kill any bison or buffalo found any where on the public lands of the United States, the offender, upon conviction, being subject to a fine of one hundred dollars for each animal killed, one-half of the sum to be paid, on its collection, to the informer. Whether this measure will receive the approval of Congress and become a law is uncertain, although of the importance of some such provision there can be no question. The difficulty will be to secure its enforcement, as the extermination of these animals, which is now impending, is brought about by parties who, at a distance from any control, are a law unto themselves, and who are not likely to be influenced by any enactments that do not involve the means of execution.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

March 27.—The time of the Senate was chiefly occupied by the speech of Mr. Sumner on the resolutions recently submitted by him regarding the use of naval forces in the waters near San Domingo. It was a fierce attack upon the Administration and the negotiations for the acquisition of the island. Mr. Morton made a brief reply sustaining the policy of the President.—In the House, a number of new bills were introduced, but no action was taken upon any.

March 28.—The time of the Senate was again taken up with the San Domingo debate, Mr. Howe and Mr. Frelinghuysen defending the President, and Mr. Schurz attacking his policy.—In the House, Mr. Shellabarger submitted a bill for the enforcement of the Fourteenth Amendment.

March 29.—The debate on the San Domingo matter was continued in the Senate. Mr. Harlan, who spoke against Mr. Sumner's resolutions, concluded by moving to lay them on the table, which was carried.—The time of the House was occupied with a debate on Mr. Shellabarger's resolutions.

March 30.—In the Senate, the alleged disorders at the South formed the subject of a long debate.—In the House, the bill for the enforcement of the Fourteenth Amendment was debated, without action.

March 31.—The Senate continued the debate on Southern disorders, without taking any action.—In the House, the bill for the enforcement of the Fourteenth Amendment was continued. A resolution was adopted calling on the Secretary of State for copies of the correspondence had with the American minister at Florence relative to the occupation of Rome by the King of Italy.

April 1.—Senate not in session.—The day and evening were occupied in the House with the debate on the bill for the enforcement of the Fourteenth Amendment. Several speeches were made for and against the measure, but no action was taken.

GENERAL DOMESTIC ITEMS.

During the month of March there was a reduction of $11,011,260 55 in the public debt. The total decrease from March 1, 1869, to March 1, 1871, was $204,754,413 09.

Ex-Senator J. M. Howard died on the 2d instant, at Detroit.

The Canadian Legislature is considering the propriety of more stringent action in relation to American vessels fishing in Canadian waters.

The inauguration of the statue to Professor Morse, which was to take place on his eightieth birthday, April 27, has been postponed to June 8, as the statue can not be completed before that time.

Governor Hoffman has vetoed the New York Pneumatic Tube Underground Railroad bill, on the ground that the construction of the tunnel would endanger buildings, and seriously disturb and injure the sewerage system of the city.

The Grand Jury of Virginia City, Nevada, are taking action against the Vigilant Committees who have recently been hanging people without legal trial.

Governor Alcorn, of Mississippi, announces that rewards for detection of the Ku-Klux outrages will be raised by a special tax upon the county in which they occur. By this means the sympathizers with the organizations will be made to bear the expense.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE situation in France is still critical. The Communists hold possession of Paris, where they have inaugurated a new reign of terror. It is estimated that nearly two hundred thousand people have left the city, and many streets present a deserted and sad appearance. Outrages against property have been frequent, and worse excesses are to be feared should the Versailles government much longer delay forcible intervention. A large force has been gathering at Versailles, under command of Marshal M'Mahon, and an attack on the Communists will be made as soon as he can complete his preparations.

In other parts of France the Communists have signally failed to obtain control of affairs.

In the German Reichstag, recently, Prince Bismarck explained the government policy toward France, and said it was the interest of Germany to facilitate the task of republican France. The Emperor had decided not to interfere unless German interests were endangered, when effectual action would be taken.

It is reported that Cardinal Antonelli has resigned from the Papal Cabinet, on account of his advanced age and increasing infirmities.

The annual Cambridge and Oxford boat race took place April 1, Cambridge boat by about three lengths.

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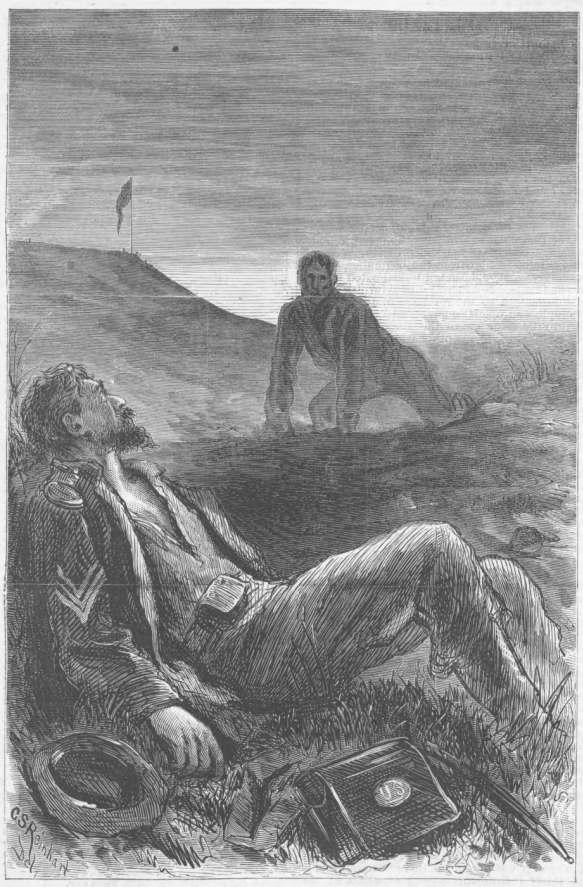


BANTY TIM.—"That Nigger—that Tim—was a-crawlin' to Me."

[WRITTEN FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.]

BANTY TIM. By JOHN HAY.

[REMARKS OF SERGEANT TILMON JOY TO THE WHITE MAN'S COMMITTEE OF SPUNKY POINT, ILLINOIS.]

I RECKON I git your drift, gents—
You 'low the boy sha'n't stay;
This is a white man's country;
You're Dimocrats, you say;
And whereas, and seein', and wherefore,
The times bein' all out o' j'int,
The nigger has got to mosey
From the limits o' Spunky P'int!

Le's reason the thing a minute:
I'm an old-fashioned Dimocrat too,
Though I laid my politics out o' the way
For to keep till the war was through.
But I come back here, allowin'
To vote as I used to do,
Though it gravels me like the devil to train
Along o' sich fools as you.

Now dog my cats ef I kin see,
In all the light of the day,
What you've got to do with the question
Ef Tim shill go or stay.
And furder than that I give notice,
Ef one of you tetches the boy,
He kin check his trunks to a warmer clime
Than he'll find in Illanoy.

Why, blame your hearts, jest hear me!
You know that ungodly day
When our left struck Vicksburg Heights, how ripped
And torn and tattered we lay.
When the rest retreated I staid behind,
Fur reasons sufficient to me—
With a rib caved in, and a leg on a strike,
I sprawled on that cursed glacee.

Lord! how the hot sun went for us,
And br'iled and blistered and burned
How the rebel bullets whizzed round us
When a cuss in his death-grip turned!
Till along toward dusk I seen a thing
I couldn't believe for a spell:
That nigger—that Tim—was a-crawlin' to me
Through that fire-proof, gilt-edged hell!

The rebels seen him as quick as me,
And the bullets buzzed like bees;
But he jumped for me, and shouldered me,
Though a shot brought him once to his knees
But he staggered up, and packed me off,
With a dozen stumbles and falls,
Till safe in our lines he drapped us both,
His black hide riddled with balls.

So, my gentle gazelles, thar's my answer,
And here stays Banty Tim:
He trumped Death's ace for me that day,
And I'm not goin' back on him!
You may rezoloot till the cows come home,
But ef one of you tetches the boy,
He'll wrastle his hash to-night in hell,
Or my name's not Tilmon Joy!

[WRITTEN FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.]

IN THE MISSION GARDEN. By BRET HARTE.

(1865.)

FATHER FELIPE.

I SPEAK not the English well, but Pachita
She speak for me; is it not so, my Pancha?
Eh, little rogue? Come, salute me the stranger
Americano.

Sir, in my country we say, "Where the heart is
There live the speech." Ah! you not understand? So!
Pardon an old man—what you call "ol fogy"—
Padre Felipe!

Old, Señor, old! just so old as the Mission.
You see that pear-tree? How old you think, Señor?
Fifteen year? Twenty? Ah, Señor, just *Fifty*
Gone since I plant him!

You like the wine? It is some at the Mission,
Made from the grape of the year Eighteen Hundred,
All the same time when the earthquake he come to
San Juan Bautista.

But Pancha is twelve, and she is the rose-tree;
And I am the olive, and this is the garden.
And Pancha we say; but her name is Francisca,
Same like her mother.

Eh, you knew *her?* No? Ah! it is a story—
But I speak not, like Pachita, the English.
So? If I try, you will sit here beside me,
And shall not laugh, eh?

When the American come to the Mission
Many arrive to the house of Francisca.
One—he was fine man—he buy the cattle
Of José Castro.

So! he came much, and Francisca she saw him;
And it was Love—and a very dry season—
And the pears bake on the tree—and the rain come,
But not Francisca;

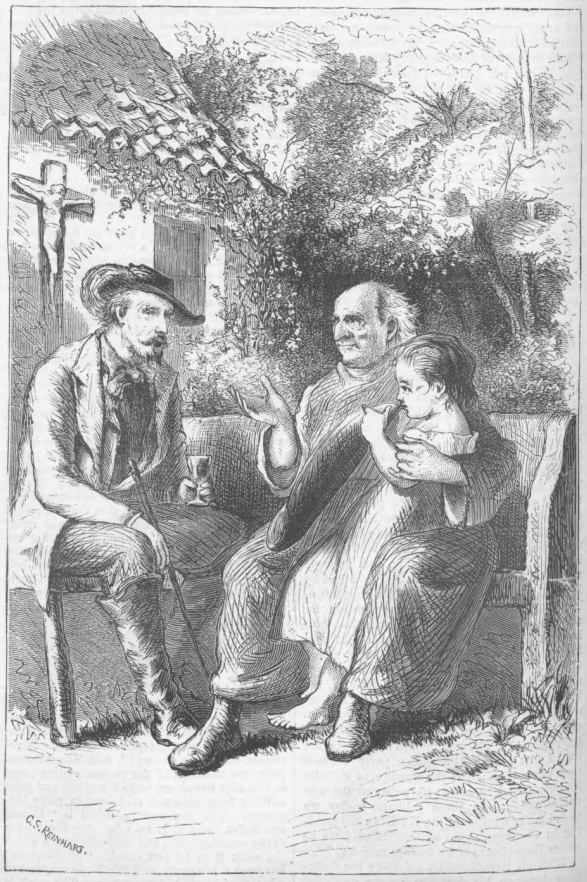
Not for one year; and one night I have walk much
Under the olive-tree, when comes Francisca—
Comes to me here, with her child, this Francisca—
Under the olive-tree.

Sir, it was sad.....but I speak not the English—
So!.....she stay here, and she wait for her husband.
He come no more, and she sleep on the hill-side:
There stands Pachita.

Ah! there's the Angelus. Will you enter?
Or shall you walk in the garden with Pancha?
Go, little rogue—stt—attend to the stranger.
Adios, Señor.

PACHITA (*briskly*).

So, he's been telling that yarn about mother!
Bless you, he tells it to every stranger.
Folks about yer say the old man's my father.
What's your opinion?



IN THE MISSION GARDEN.—"Eh, you knew *her?* No? Ah! it is a Story."

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A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION.

By CHARLES READE.

WITH MANY ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

"SHE NO LONGER THOUGHT IT NECESSARY TO SIT OUT OF THE PATIENT'S SIGHT."

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

SIR CHARLES was behind his time in Mayfair; but the lawyer and his clerk had not arrived, and Miss Somerset was not visible.

She appeared, however, at last, in a superb silk dress, the broad lustre of which would have been beautiful, only the effect was broken and frittered away by six rows of gimp and fringe. But why blame her? This is a blunder in art as universal as it is amazing, when one considers the amount of apparent thought her sex devotes to dress. They might just as well score a fair plot of velvet turf with rows of box, or tattoo a blooming and downy cheek.

She held out her hand, like a man, and talked to Sir Charles on indifferent topics, till Mr. Oldfield arrived. She then retired into the background, and left the gentlemen to discuss the deed. When appealed to, she evaded direct replies, and put on languid and imperial indifference. When she signed, it was with the air of some princess bestowing a favor upon solicitation.

But the business concluded, she thawed all in a moment, and invited the gentlemen to luncheon with charming cordiality. Indeed, her genuine *bonhomie* after her affected indifference was rather comic. Every body was content. Champagne flowed. The lady, with her good mother-wit, kept conversation going till the lawyer was nearly missing his next appointment. He hurried away; and Sir Charles only lingered, out of good-breeding, to bid Miss Somerset good-by. In the course of leave-taking he said he was sorry he left her with people about her of whom he had a bad opinion. "Those women have no more feeling for you than stones. When you lay in convulsions, your housekeeper looked on as philosophically as if you had been two kittens at play—you and Polly."

"I saw her."

"Indeed! You appeared hardly in a condition to see any thing."

"I did, though, and heard the old wretch tell the young monkey to water my lilac dress. That was to get it for her Polly. She knew I'd never wear it afterward."

"Then why don't you turn her off?"

"Who'd take such a useless old hag, if I turned her off?"

"You carry a charity a long way."

"I carry every thing. What's the use doing things by halves, good or bad?"

"Well, but that Polly! She is young enough to get her living elsewhere; and she is extremely disrespectful to you."

"That she is. If I wasn't a lady, I'd have given her a good hiding this very day for her cheek?"

"Then why not turn her off this very day for her cheek?"

"Well, I'll tell you, since you and I are parted forever. No, I don't like."

"Oh, come! No secrets between friends."

"Well, then, the old hag is—my mother."

"What?"

"And the young jade—is my sister."

"Good Heavens!"

"And the page—is my little brother."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What, you are not angry?"

"Angry? no. Ha, ha, ha!"

"See what a hornets' nest you have escaped from. My dear friend, those two women rob me through thick and thin. They steal my handkerchiefs, and my gloves, and my very linen. They drink my wine like fishes. They'd take the hair off my head, if it wasn't fast by the roots—for a wonder."

"Why not give them a ten-pound note, and send them home?"

"They'd pocket the note, and blacken me in our village. That was why I had them up here. First time I went home, after running about with that little scamp, Vandeleur—do you know him?"

"I have not the honor."

"Then your luck beats mine. One thing, he is going to the dogs as fast as he can. Some day he'll come begging to me for a fiver. You mark my words now."

"Well, but you were saying—"

"Yes, I went off about Van. Polly *says* I've a mind like running water. Well, then, when I went home the first time—after Van, mother and Polly raised a virtuous howl. 'All right,' said I—for, of course, I know how much virtue there is under *their* skins. Virtue of the lower orders! Tell that to gentlefolks that don't know them. I do. I've been one of 'em—'I know all about that,' says I. 'You want to share the plunder, that is the sense of your virtuous cry.' So I had 'em up here; and then there was no more virtuous howling, but a deal of virtuous thieving, and modest drinking, and pure-minded selling of my street-door to the highest male bidder. And they will corrupt the boy; and if they do, I'll cut their black hearts out with my riding-whip. But I suppose I must keep them on; they are my own flesh and blood; and if I was to be ill and dying, they'd do all they knew to keep me alive—for their own sakes. I am their milch cow—these country innocents."

Sir Charles groaned aloud, and said, "My poor girl, you deserve a better fate than this. Marry some honest fellow, and cut the whole thing."

"I'll see about it. You try it first, and let us see how you like it."

And so they parted gayly.

In the hall Polly intercepted him, all smiles. He looked at her, smiled in his sleeve, and gave her a handsome present.

"If you please, Sir," said she, "an old gentleman called for you."

"When?"

"About an hour ago. Leastways he asked if Sir Charles Bassett was there. I said yes, but you wouldn't see no one."

"Who could it be? Why, surely you never told any body I was to be here to-day?"

"La, no, Sir! how could I?" said Polly, with a face of brass.

Sir Charles thought this very odd, and felt even a little uneasy about it. All the way to Portman Square he puzzled over it; and at last he was driven to the conclusion that Miss Somerset had been weak enough to tell some person, male or female, of the coming interview, and so somebody had called there—doubtless to ask him a favor.

At five o'clock he reached Portman Square, and was about to enter, as a matter of course; but the footman stopped him. "I beg pardon, Sir Charles," said the man, looking pale and agitated; "but I have strict orders. My young lady is very ill."

"Ill! Let me go to her this instant."

"I daren't, Sir Charles, I daren't. I know you are a gentleman; pray don't lose me my place. You would never get to see her. We none of us know the rights, but there's something up. Sorry to say it, Sir Charles, but we have strict orders not to admit you. Haven't you got the Admiral's letter, Sir?"

"No; what letter?"

"He has been after you, Sir; and when he came back he sent Roger off to your house with a letter."

A cold chill began to run down Sir Charles Bassett. He hailed a passing Hansom, and drove to his own house to get the Admiral's letter; and as he went he asked himself, with chill misgivings, what on earth had happened.

What had happened shall be told the reader precisely but briefly.

In the first place, Bella had opened the anonymous letter and read its contents, to which the reader is referred.

There are people who pretend to despise anonymous letters. Pure delusion! They know they ought to, and so fancy they do; but they don't. The absence of a signature gives weight, if the letter is ably written and seems true.

As for poor Bella Bruce, a dove's bosom is no more fit to rebuff a poisoned arrow than she was to combat that foulest and direst of all a miscreant's weapons, an anonymous letter. She, in her goodness and innocence, never dreamed that any person she did not know could possibly tell a lie to wound her. The letter fell on her like a cruel revelation from heaven.

The blow was so savage that, at first, it stunned her.

She sat pale and stupefied; but beneath the stupor were the rising throbs of coming agonies.

After that horrible stupor her anguish grew and grew, till it found vent in a miserable cry, rising, and rising, and rising, in agony.

"Mamma! mamma! mamma!"

Yes; her mother had been dead these three years, and her father sat in the next room; yet, in her anguish, she cried to her mother—a cry the which, if your mother had heard, she would have expected Bella's to come to her even from the grave.

Admiral Bruce heard this fearful cry—the living calling on the dead—and burst through the folding-doors in a moment, white as a ghost.

He found his daughter writhing on the sofa, ghastly, and grinding in her hand the cursed paper that had poisoned her young life.

"My child! my child!"

"Oh, papa! see! see!" And she tried to open the letter for him, but her hands trembled so she could not.

He kneeled down by her side, the stout old warrior, and read the letter, while she clung to him, moaning now, and quivering all over from head to foot.

"Why, there's no signature! The writer is a coward and, perhaps, a liar. Stop! he offers a test. I'll put him to it this minute."

He laid the moaning girl on the sofa, ordered his servants to admit nobody into the house, and drove at once to Mayfair.

He called at Miss Somerset's house, saw Polly, and questioned her.

He drove home again, and came into the drawing-room looking as he had been seen to look when fighting his ship; but his daughter had never seen him so. "My girl," said he, solemnly, "there's nothing for you to do but to be brave, and hide your grief as well as you can, for the man is unworthy of your love. That coward spoke the truth. He is there at this moment."

"Oh, papa! papa! let me die! The world is too wicked for me. Let me die!"

"Die for an unworthy object? For shame! Go to your own room, my girl, and pray to your God to help you, since your mother has left us. Oh, how I miss her now! Go and pray, and let no one else know what we suffer. Be your father's daughter. Fight and pray."

Poor Bella had no longer to complain that she was not commanded. She kissed him, and burst into a great passion of weeping; but he led her to the door, and she tottered to her own room, a blighted girl.

"THEIR NIMBLE FINGERS WHIPPED OFF HIS NECK-TIE IN A MOMENT."

"HE SAT DOWN BY HER SIDE."

The sight of her was harrowing. Under its influence the Admiral dashed off a letter to Sir Charles, calling him a villain, and inviting him to go to France and let an indignant father write scoundrel on his carcass.

But when he had written this his good sense and dignity prevailed over his fury; he burned the letter, and wrote another. This he sent by hand to Sir Charles's house, and ordered his servants—but that the reader knows.

Sir Charles found the Admiral's letter in his letter-rack. It ran thus:

"SIR,—*We have learned your connection with a lady named Somerset, and I have ascertained that you went from my daughter to her house this very day.*

"*Miss Bruce and myself withdraw from all connection with you, and I must request you to attempt no communication with her of any kind. Such an attempt would be an additional insult.*

"*I am, Sir, your obedient servant,*

"JOHN URQUHART BRUCE."

At first Sir Charles Bassett was stunned by this blow. Then his mind resisted the Admiral's severity, and he was indignant at being dismissed for so common an offense. This gave way to deep grief and shame at the thought of Bella and her lost esteem. But soon all other feelings merged for a time in fury at the heartless traitor who had destroyed his happiness, and had dashed the cup of innocent love from his very lips. Boiling over with mortification and rage, he drove at once to that traitor's house. Polly opened the door. He rushed past her, and burst into the dining-room, breathless, and white with passion.

He found Miss Somerset studying the deed by which he had made her independent for life. She started at his strange appearance, and instinctively put both hands flat upon the deed.

"You vile wretch!" cried Sir Charles. "You heartless monster! Enjoy your work." And he flung her the Admiral's letter. But he did not wait while she read it: he heaped reproaches on her; and, for the first time in her life, she did not reply in kind.

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"Are you mad?" she faltered. "What have I done?"

"You have told Admiral Bruce."

"That's false."

"You told him I was to be here to-day."

"Charles, I never did. Believe me."

"You did. Nobody knew it but you. He was here to-day, at the very hour."

"May I never get up alive off this chair if I told a soul. Yes, our Polly. I'll ring for her."

"No, you will not. She is your sister. Do you think I'll take the word of such reptiles against the plain fact? You have parted my love and me—parted us on the very day I had made you independent for life. An innocent love was waiting to bless me, and an honest love was in your power, thanks to me, your kind, forgiving friend and benefactor. I have heaped kindness on you from the first moment I had the misfortune to know you. I connived at your infidelities—"

"Charles! Don't say that. I never *was*."

"I indulged your most expensive whims, and, instead of leaving you with a curse, as all the rest did that ever knew you, and as you deserve, I bought your consent to lead a respectable life, and be blessed with a virtuous love. You took the bribe, but robbed me of the blessing—viper! You have destroyed me, body and soul—monster! perhaps blighted her happiness as well; you she-devils hate an angel worse than Heaven hates you. But you shall suffer with us; not your heart, for you have none, but your pocket. You have broken faith with me, and sent all my happiness to hell; I'll send your deed to hell after it!" With this, he flung himself upon the deed, and was going to throw it into the fire. Now up to that moment she had been overpowered by this man's fury, whom she had never seen the least angry before; but when he laid hands on her property it acted like an electric shock. "No! no!" she screamed, and sprang at him like a wild cat.

Then ensued a violent and unseemly struggle all about the room; chairs were upset, and vases broken to pieces; and the man and woman dragged each other to and fro, one fighting for her property, as if it was her life, and the other for revenge.

Sir Charles, excited by fury, was stronger than himself, and at last shook off one of her hands for a moment, and threw the deed into the fire. She tried to break from him and save it, but he held her like iron.

Yet not for long. While he was holding her back, and she straining every nerve to get to the fire, he began to show sudden symptoms of distress. He gasped loudly, and cried, "Oh! oh! I'm choking!" and then his clutch relaxed. She tore herself from it, and, plunging forward, rescued the smoking parchment.

At that moment she heard a great stagger behind her, and a pitiful moan, and Sir Charles fell heavily, striking his head against the edge of the sofa. She looked round as she knelt, and saw him, black in the face, rolling his eyeballs fearfully, while his teeth gnashed awfully, and a little jet of foam flew through his lips.

Then she shrieked with terror, and the blackened deed fell from her hands. At this moment Polly rushed into the room. She saw the fearful sight, and echoed her sister's scream. But they were neither of them women to lose their heads and beat the air with their hands. They got to him, and both of them fought hard with the unconscious sufferer, whose body, in a fresh convulsion, now bounded away from the sofa, and bade fair to batter itself against the ground.

They did all they could to hold him with one arm apiece, and to release his swelling throat with the other. Their nimble fingers whipped off his neck-tie in a moment; but the distended windpipe pressed so against the shirt-button they could not undo it. Then they seized the collar, and, pulling against each other, wrenched the shirt open so powerfully that the button flew into the air, and tinkled against a mirror a long way off.

A few more struggles, somewhat less violent, and then the face, from purple, began to whiten, the eyeballs fixed; the pulse went down; the man lay still.

"Oh, my God!" cried Rhoda Somerset. "He is dying! To the nearest doctor! There's one three doors off. No bonnet! It's life and death this moment. Fly!"

Polly obeyed, and Doctor Andrews was actually in the room within five minutes.

He looked grave, and kneeled down by the patient, and felt his pulse anxiously.

Miss Somerset sat down, and, being from the country, though she did not look it, began to weep bitterly, and rock herself in rustic fashion.

The doctor questioned her kindly, and she told him, between her sobs, how Sir Charles had been taken.

The doctor, however, instead of being alarmed by those frightful symptoms she related, took a more cheerful view directly. "Then do not alarm yourself unnecessarily," he said. "It was only an epileptic fit."

"Only!" sobbed Miss Somerset. "Oh, if you had seen him! And he lies like death."

"Yes," said Dr. Andrews: "a severe epileptic fit is really a terrible thing to look at; but it is not dangerous in proportion. Is he used to have them?"

"Oh no, doctor—never had one before."

Here she was mistaken, I think.

"You must keep him quiet; and give him a moderate stimulant as soon as he can swallow comfortably; the quietest room in the house; and don't let him be hungry, night or day. Have food by his bedside, and watch him for a day or two. I'll come again this evening."

The doctor went to his dinner—tranquil.

Not so those he left. Miss Somerset resigned her own luxurious bedroom, and had the patient all undressed as he was, upon her bed. She sent the page out to her groom, and ordered two loads of straw to be laid before the door; and she watched by the sufferer, with brandy and water by her side.

Sir Charles now might have seemed to be in a peaceful slumber, but for his eyes. They were open, and showed more white, and less pupil, than usual.

However, in time he began to sigh and move, and even mutter; and, gradually, some little color came back to his pale cheeks.

Then Miss Somerset had the good sense to draw back out of his sight, and order Polly to take her place by his side. Polly did so, and, some time afterward, at a fresh order, put a teaspoonful of brandy to his lips, which were still pale and even bluish.

The doctor returned, and brought his assistant. They put the patient to bed.

"His life is in no danger," said he. "I wish I was as sure about his reason."

At one o'clock in the morning, as Polly was snoring by the patient's bedside, a hand was laid on her shoulder. It was Rhoda.

"Go to bed, Polly: you are no use here."

"You'd be sleepy if you worked as hard as I do."

"Very likely," said Rhoda, with a gentleness that struck Polly as very singular. "Good-night."

Rhoda spent the night watching, and thinking harder than she had ever thought before.

Next morning, early, Polly came into the sick-room. There sat her sister watching the patient, out of sight.

"La, Rhoda! Have you sat there all night?"

"Yes. Don't speak so loud. Come here. You've set your heart on this lilac silk. I'll give it you for your black merino."

"Not you, my lady; you are not so fond of mereeny, nor of me neither."

"I'm not a liar like you," said the other, becoming herself for a moment, "and what I say I'll do. You put out your merino for me in the dressing-room."

"All right," said Polly, joyfully.

"And bring me two buckets of water instead of one. I have never closed my eyes."

"Poor soul! and now you be going to sluice yourself all the same. Whatever you can see in cold water, to run after it so, I can't think. If I was to flood myself like you, it would soon float me to my long home."

"How do you know? *You never gave it a trial.* Come, no more chat. Give me my bath: and then you may wash yourself in a tea-cup if you like—only don't wash my spoons in the same water, for *mercy's sake!*"

Thus affectionately stimulated in her duties, Polly brought cold water galore, and laid out her new merino dress. In this sober suit, with plain linen collar and cuffs, the Somerset dressed herself, and resumed her watching by the bedside. She kept more than ever out of sight, for the patient was now beginning to mutter incoherently, yet in a way that showed his clouded faculties were dwelling on the calamity which had befallen him.

About noon the bell was rung sharply, and, on Polly entering, Rhoda called her to the window and showed her two female figures plodding down the street. "Look," said she. "Those are the only women I envy. Sisters of Charity. Run you after them, and take a good look at those beastly ugly caps: then come and tell me how to make one."

"Here's a go!" said Polly; but executed the commission promptly.

It needed no fashionable milliner to turn a yard of linen into one of those ugly caps, which are beautiful banners of Christian charity and womanly tenderness to the sick and suffering. The monster cap was made in an hour, and Miss Somerset put it on, and a thick veil, and then she no longer thought it necessary to sit out of the patient's sight.

The consequence was that, in the middle of his ramblings, he broke off and looked at her. The sister puzzled him. At last he called to her in French.

She made no reply.

"Je suis à l'hôpital, n'est ce pas bonne sœur?"

"I am English," said she, softly.

AN ITALIAN MOTHER.

THE Madonna of RAPHAEL was only an idealization of the Italian mother. In that age when the old faith was already on the decline, and art was becoming daily more and more leavened by classical influences, the painter of Urbino arose. He found in the legends of the Virgin a sentiment full of the purest and most tender associations, and he devoted his life to their realization. How earnestly his angelic and thoughtful eyes must have rested on those Italian mothers and their children whom he reproduced upon his canvas, sometimes radiant with the glory and brightness of Paradise, and sometimes beatified only by the self-denying and unselfish love of the earthly mother! No form of babyhood and childhood but he has portrayed it. RAPHAEL alone of painters has succeeded in investing the mere infant with an aspect of divinity. In that most glorious of all his realistic Madonnas—the Madonna della Seggiola (according to tradition, a peasant mother drawn by him on the top of a tub, as he saw her sitting at a cottage door)—the child is godlike, yet we know not how the sense of divinity is conveyed. About all young children there is a sense of an angel lying hid—a latent intelligence that seems able to display itself if it would. In the Seggiola, without any loss of the innocence and unconsciousness of human childhood, the painter has given the infant's eyes a serene dignity that strikes us with awe, while the mother's countenance is radiant with a loving pride and ineffable happiness. In the Madonna of the Candelabra RAPHAEL has attempted a higher ideal, but the Seggiola still seems to us the perfection of all art. The painter might try to convey a sense of the moment of beatification, as he has done in the Transfiguration—his last and greatest ideal work—but he could never surpass the Seggiola as expressing the most beautiful aspect of human love. In the Goldfinch and other Madonnas, RAPHAEL has varied the subject by introducing JOHN the Baptist addressing or playing with the infant Saviour. He painted it in endless ways, still pursuing his ideal through all the labyrinths of art. From those great pictures, "The Expulsion of Heliodorus," "The Fire in the Borgo," and "The School of Athens"—pictures that exhausted all the subtleties of art and all the high impulses of the imagination—RAPHAEL returned to his changeless ideal; and truly there is not a more beautiful object in the whole world, or one more calculated to touch the human heart, than a young mother looking down on the infant nestling at her breast. There you see love in its most angelic form, tenderly watchful, supremely happy. This ideal still haunts the artist, as the drawing on page 337 shows. It has a never-ceasing fascination, and never can be exhausted. Ages hence artists will still be trying to convey their sense of the divine beauty of the maternal instinct. These problems of art are inexhaustible; and every painter benefits the world who carries the ideal further by any change of treatment or modification of subject, or any fresh infusion of loving and truthful observation.

IN APRIL.

"LITTLE TOM TUCKER sang for his supper." He had sung for breakfast and dinner with like importunity, and received for answer only a shove and order to "get out" from the wretched woman who owned and beat him. Where he was to get to she did not say. There seemed no place in all the wide world where small Tom and such as he were wanted or made welcome.

Still the day had not been altogether uncheered or foodless. Jim, a youthful companion in misery and mischief, had appeared upon the scene early in the morning, engaged, like "Violante in the pantry," with "gnawing of a mutton bone," gift of somebody's kindly cook. Of this certain delicious morsels had fallen to Tommy's share, and taken the keen edge off his appetite. Later, a passer-by, attracted by the comic whine of the two friends, and the roguish eyes which enforced it, had dropped into each dirty palm a penny. There was richness! A moiety of the sum went at once in purchase of two apples. The rest was reserved for an even more delightful use, to the perfection of which a long black thread was needful.

Attached thereto the penny became a bewitched coin. Laid artlessly in mid-pavement, to catch the eye of passing traveler, it vanished swiftly from beneath his fingers as he stooped to clutch it, while sniggers and jeering cries proceeded from round the corner, where our young friends lay *perdu;* for this was April 1, that anniversary dear to the street *gamin*, and Jim and Tommy, philosophically estimating the value of the passing moment, were resolved to make the most of opportunity while yet it was theirs.

Which "most" was a good deal, as several citizens could testify, namely: two old ladies, frightened out of their wits by shouts of "Mad bull!" a worthy and corpulent baker, compelled to execute demon dances on the pavement by artful trains of orange peel laid before his door; three luckless foreigners, sent on wild-goose chases in wrong directions. Item: five kite-tails pinned to as many coat-tails. Item: various fashionable suits decorated with panier attachments of newspaper; several dozen small children deluded into vain pursuit of that thimble-rigging penny, an Irishman's pipe knocked out of his mouth, and other divertisements of similar character. But even in the enthusiasm of art the stomach will assert its claim. As the day wore on hunger spoke up, and under its promptings the invaluable penny fell a sacrifice. The bun it purchased was consumed in alternate mouthfuls by the joint proprietors, who with the last crumb began to look for further worlds to conquer. Already the light waned. To-morrow law and society would assert those rights abrogated for a single day. Newspaper flappers would then become distinctly visible to that fearful eidolon the p'liceman. It behooved all concerned to make hay while the sun shone.

"I say, Tommy," remarked Jim, "let's go up town a little way. Papers is getting scerce."

So said so done. Unhappily the route chosen lay near the quarter they called home, and Jim was espied and captured by his mother.

"You spalpeen," was her greeting, with a shower of slaps, "and is it being aff all day you are, and me minding the child for you? Come beyand wid ye at once. And as for you, Tom Tucker, I'd let Mrs. Flannigan know—"

But Tom, evincing that better part of valor known as discretion, was already far up the street. Looking back from a distance, he saw luckless Jim dragged off, a knuckle thrust into each eye, and slowly and sadly he pursued his way.

It wasn't half so much fun now; but the dear child made the best of his situation. Door-bells in plenty met his eye; he rang a dozen or so as he passed. Next he saw two perambulators standing in the sun, each holding a sleeping baby. The nursery-maids in charge had retired to the shadow of an area door, and were gossiping with a friend. A bright thought illumined Tommy's mind.

"Cricky!" he said to himself; "here's fun!" With wonderful quickness and dexterity he and shifted the slumbering cherubs without waking either. The Browns' baby was installed in the Smiths' wagon, the Smiths' in the Browns', the afghans neatly tucked in, the veils adjusted, before Ann and Bridget emerged from their shelter. Tom watched them slowly trundling their loads down the street, and his bosom swelled with such a mighty chuckle that he had to sit down on a door-step to recover composure.

"Changed at nus," he muttered, splitting with laughter. The idea of following to witness the domestic earthquake impending occurred to him, but he forbore. There are some things better left to the imagination.

Tom was a prudent boy.

Next he began to search for a scrap of paper as material for further operations.

The street, for a wonder, was cleanly swept. Ash heaps there were none. For a long time nothing rewarded search. At last, above the ground, between an old post and a tree, a white object caught his eye. A bit of paper hardly visible had stuck and lodged there.

In the early days of the street said post had formed the foundation for a letter-box, one of primitive construction, long since discarded for a newer pattern. It had recently been taken away. The more ambitious structure which replaced it stood not far off. But still, between post and tree clung a last vestige of former use. The paper our Tommy was intent upon was a letter.

More than two years it had lain there. The slender fingers which held it quivered ever so little, and missing the awkward, ill-arranged slit, dropped it in a narrow crevice beyond. The tree became its guardian. Snow drifted in and yellowed the edges of the envelope; minute live creatures—ants, wood-lice, brown efts—"tickled and tousled and browsed it all over;" the wind pulled and frayed its folds; but still the tree held firm, and the delicate pen lines are dimly visible through the crusting dust and dirt. See; you can make out the address:

LIEUTENANT EDWARD MERITON,
U. S. STEAMSHIP SASSACUS,
Navy-Yard,
Brooklyn.

But little recked Tommy of addresses, as, after careful poking, he possessed himself of the treasure. He stood considering what to do. An old lady drew near. He made up his mind quickly.

"Please, 'm, did you drop this here?"

The old lady fumbled in her pocket with agitated haste.

"My spectacle case? Did you say my spectacle case, little boy?"

"No, 'm; this yer note."

"Note! No, I hadn't any note about me. It's not mine, sonny; but here's a cent for being an honest boy."

"April-fool!" called Master Tucker after her as she passed on; but he had decency enough to do it in a whisper.

Somebody else was coming, a tall figure, walking rapidly up the street, which now was fast growing dusk. "It's a hofficer or something," thought Tommy, as he spied a gold band round his cap.

"I say, general, is this 'ere yours?" he inquired, benignly.

The young man glanced at the unsavory-looking scrap, and laughed.

"No, you don't, my boy," he said, good-humoredly; "I recollect what day it is too well for that."

But Tommy, though baffled for a moment, was not to be entirely balked of his intent. With rapid barefoot steps he ran after the young man, and, choosing his moment, dropped the letter into a pocket of the overcoat swung lightly over his arm, sang "April-fool!" with a triumphant screech, and ran away with all his might. His victim never turned his head.

And now Tommy Tucker vanishes from our story. Elected unconsciously a messenger of Cupid, no sooner did the soiled envelope part from his fingers than his connection with the tale ceases, and we follow his fortunes no farther.

The young "hofficer" has a nice face of his own—boyish still, but sweet and firm. It is a bright face too, but clouded over a little just now. He is reading the numbers on the doors as he passes—25, 27. "It used to be 33," he thought. "I wonder if they live there still?"

He slackened his pace. Then, for convenience of seeing, crossed the street, and, standing in shadow, looked earnestly at the house. Carefully tended plants fill the wide panes; higher up a bird sings through an open window. Long and earnestly does the hero of the gold band look. A servant came and pulled down the blind. He turned to go, but a carriage was rattling up to the door. A moment, and it opened. A lady came down the steps, fat and majestic, in rustling violet silk—a dinner dress; then a younger lady, in pale blue, followed lightly; a gas-lamp was lighted just then; the unseen watcher caught a glimpse of the sweet, pale face, and a thrill passed over his whole frame.

"By Jove!" he muttered, as the wheels rolled away; "I thought I was over it, but I'm as bad as ever. What a fool, coming up here to prove to myself that I didn't care a button, and turning cold like that! How thin she has become!" with a groan. "Oh, what a deuce of a world it is!"

That sweet face haunted him the evening long. It rose between his eyes and the fire; it curled from the bowl of his pipe, and vanished and reformed in cloudy intervals. "If she had only written—only sent one word," was the bitter under-tone of his thoughts. "I can face what *must* be like a man; but to cut off suddenly like that—no word, no sign! Oh, Daisy, Daisy!

"I've tried all I know," he mused on. "worked, read, flirted with other girls, sought to care for some one else. It's no use! Coming back gives all the old stings the old famine. And

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that little pale face—sweet face— Why should *she* be pale?"

A sudden film arose before the bold blue eyes, and dimmed the glow of the fire. Impatiently he dashed the drops away.

"This won't do!" half aloud. Flinging aside the empty pipe, he pulled forward a desk loaded with papers, and set to work. I will not vouch that the face did not blur the long rows of figures for a few moments; but soon the practiced pen ran steadily. There is nothing like a tough job of numerals to save "a fellow" from turning "spooney."

By-and-by our young man began searching in his pockets.

"That memorandum of Brooks & Tilford, where did I put it?" he muttered, turning over the contents of various receptacles. Finally the overcoat was seized and shaken. "Hallo!" cried he, as something tumbled out and fell to the floor. But his wonderment increased as he picked it up.

"For me!" he exclaimed. "Why what on earth—?" And then the brown face grew suddenly pale. Surely through dust and grime he knew the writing. The envelope was torn open and cast aside. Yes, there was the familiar hand—feminine, delicate—Daisy's hand. And this was what it said:

"Your letter has only this moment reached me. I don't know what has delayed it so long; but you will get this to-morrow. You were not at the Stewarts' to-night. Stanley Powys said the frigate kept you away. Dear, dearest Ned, how foolish I am, playing with my happiness, delaying to utter the word which has been singing in my soul ever since I read your dear lines! Do you not guess what it is? That I love you—have loved you—that I only played with Stanley to hide from myself, if possible, the secret I dared not confess to myself—that I am yours, and blessed in being so as never before? DAISY."

Lieutenant Meriton sat up all night kissing the dirty note.

We sit and smile at the theatre over the romantic *dénouement* of the play, and watch the hero and heroine make up their quarrel, explain away all the carefully prepared misunderstandings, and, to the sound of soft music, sink sweetly into each other's arms. But, after all, romance is not quite unknown in real life. Situations to the full as pretty occur every day; perhaps we ourselves may have played a part in one or more in the course of our lives. Be that as it may, I defy Wallack to get up a more effective tableau than that presented at No. 33 on the morning when this modern Bobby Shafto, come from sea, appeared at the door, bearing in his hand, for apology and credential, the long-delayed letter. The tall, bronzed fellow, who would have faced a battery without flinching, was pale and tremulous as a girl as he pleaded his cause to the fair, delicate creature who received him with such quiet dignity. But Daisy was too happy to be long cruel or incredulous. In half an hour all was explained, and believed. In an hour and a half the shell pink had dawned afresh in the cheek so pale only yesterday; the past was become a dream—a dark bridge between two radiant days. And now the topic for bewildered wonderment was, how, when, whence did the luckless letter fall at last into custody of the right person?

"Can't you guess? Haven't you the least idea, Ned?" was Daisy's cry, then and for weeks after. But Ned cudgeled his brains in vain. Cupid's little emissary in ragged jacket had vanished utterly from his memory, eclipsed by the greater things that followed in his train.

It is thus that we often overlook our obscure benefactors.

"Bless him, whoever he is!" was Daisy's conclusion. "And may somebody some day make him as happy as he has made me!"

Let us hope that the benediction thus sweetly breathed may somehow, in its widening circles, find out and rest upon that "forgotten worthy," Thomas Tucker.

NAVAL DUELS.

THE grandest naval duel ever fought occurred on the 19th of June, 1863, in the British Channel, between the United States steam-frigate *Kearsarge* and the "Confederate *Alabama*." There was not an element of poetical interest wanting in the preliminaries; the fight itself was spirited and picturesque, and the ending was a consummation of more dramatic effect than was ever conceived for the mimic stage. This magnificent history of patriotism, of American genius, and the triumph of a righteous cause, is brought to mind, so far as the result was obtained through the duello, by the recently reported fight off the mouth of the harbor of Havana between the French war vessel the *Bouvet* and the Prussian *Meteor*. In the month of November, 1870, these two gun-boats of nearly equal strength had been cruising in the Caribbean Sea, and almost simultaneously entered the harbor of Havana. The officers and crews of the two vessels, under the protection of a neutral power, thronged the streets, met in the coffee-houses, and, joining with the citizens, eventually created an excitement which resulted in a formal challenge between the two belligerents to meet outside the harbor, and test their claims of superiority by the wage of battle. The Spanish authorities had interested themselves "as friends of the parties," and the Spanish citizens had stirred up the excitement; so the Captain-General and staff, and innumerable other officials and "invited guests," on board of the man-of-war *Hernando Cortés*, accompanied the duelists to the "fighting ground," while the excited populace covered the flat roofs of the houses and the heights about Moro Castle to cheer the duelists on to the bloody conflict. The moment the *Bouvet* and *Meteor* reached "neutral waters," nine miles from shore, they commenced firing 24-pound shots, and trying to break each other's sides by coming in collision. In one hour they made semi-wrecks of themselves; and the Frenchman signified that satisfaction was obtained by suddenly leaving for the protection of the Havana harbor, the Prussian sending a parting salute; then repairing damages, and "following after." The "Spanish authorities" on the *Hernando Cortés* expressed themselves highly satisfied, and friends and foes finally united under the shadow of Moro Castle, and were received by the active population of Havana, the individual members of which again crowded the rocky heights and flat roofs commanding a view of the harbor, to give each alike the welcome and enthusiastic approval.

An interesting incident, which may be said to have closed the warlike demonstrations of our Revolutionary war, is recalled by the above, which not only shows how thoroughly "history repeats itself," but also that the duels of the sea are not uncommon or dissimilar in general association, if not in result.

The French frigate *Ambuscade* arrived in the port of New York July 14, 1792. Political feeling was still very bitter against England, and especially so among the "Republicans;" and owing to the fact that the *Ambuscade* had made many prizes of British merchantmen, the reception of Captain Bunford and the officers of the *Ambuscade* was most enthusiastic. All this was very offensive to the officers of the British frigate *Boston*, at that time lying off the harbor, who previously, when on a visit to New York, were scarcely treated with civility. Captain Courtney, of the *Boston*, displayed his irritability by sending a false report to the city of the arrival off soundings of the consort of the *Ambuscade*, thereby entrapping a boat's crew of Frenchmen into becoming prisoners of war on board of the *Boston*. This ungenerous act was denounced by the Republicans, and Captain Courtney, the English commander, showed his contempt of their denunciations by sending a challenge to the French ship to meet him at sea.

The population of the city opposed to British influence backed up the valor of the Frenchmen, while those who believed in the invincibility of the tars of old England were willing to give large odds that the *Ambuscade* would be taken. The "French party" finally became so vociferous that the challenge was accepted, and many citizens went on the French ship as volunteers, while others crowded the pilot-boats and other fast craft, and went down to the "Hook" to witness the combat.

The naval duel was fought so near the coast that the cannonade was heard on the contiguous shores of Staten Island and New Jersey. The spectators in the "sight-seeing boats" climbed into the rigging, and cheered on the combat by encouraging plaudits.

The action that followed was spirited and well contested. The captain of the English frigate was killed, the mainmast of the vessel was shot away, and the hull was so damaged "that much water was in her hold." In this condition the British frigate abandoned the fight, and bore away for Halifax. The Frenchman attempted pursuit, but owing to the damage "done the rigging" the *Boston* escaped.

On the return of the victorious ship her officers and crew were received with an absolute ovation. The French tricolor and the United States flag were entwined in the public houses, and in some parts of New York city it was dangerous to express sympathy for the defeated party. French manners and modes of address from this time were imitated by the Republicans. Political partisans addressed the President as Citizen George Washington, the tricolored cockade was worn in the streets, and some enthusiasts even went so far as to propose that the French flag be adopted as the symbol of nationality of the United States. Thus the recently fought engagement near the harbor of Havana, between the *Bouvet* and the *Meteor*, almost literally, in every particular, repeated one fought at the mouth of the harbor of New York seventy-nine years ago.

HOT SPRINGS.

THEY are found on all the continents. Here in America they are numerous, varying in temperature and the character of the water. Nearly all of them hold minerals or salts of some kind in solution, for which they have a medicinal reputation. Those containing sulphur are mostly sought by invalids on account of a prevailing notion, no way sustained by facts, however, that sick people are in need of brimstone.

Those geologists who refuse to sanction the theory of internal fire—contending that the central portion of the earth is solid matter—can not make any body believe cold water can be made hot without fire. No argument is required to sustain the Plutonic opinion that the centre of this globe is an immense molten mass, forever burning without consuming—kept in that condition by the motion of the world on its axis while speeding its endless circuit in a prescribed orbit of the heavens. Water falling from the skies on mountains and plains by its gravity percolates down through seams and dislocations of the rocks, till, reaching the regions of perpetual fire, it is instantly converted into steam and forced back to the surface. It is condensed as it rises, till it appears at the opening absolutely hot water. One of the most celebrated of all is the great geyser of Iceland, which throws up a column of water at a temperature of 180°. It moves by regular pulsations. Once in about one hour and a half the mighty power below raises a stream nine feet in diameter to the height of one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet perpendicularly. At the mouth of the funnel in the basin from whence it comes the water is at a temperature of 242°, cooling to 180° in its open air exposure when it falls.

The hot springs of Virginia, Arkansas, all over South America, in Asia, and wherever found, confirm the position assumed in this article, that no stronger demonstration is required by the demands of science to sustain the doctrine of a vast central fire in the bowels of the earth beneath our feet.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THERE comes a rumor—whether true or untrue we do not pretend to say—that the time is not far distant when ladies will return to the simplicity of the Grecian style in dressing the hair; that plain bands in front, and a coil behind, big or little, according to the actual amount of hair possessed, will be the "mode." Wonderful transformation! Gentlemen will need to be introduced to their nearest friends when this transpires; for even a husband would scarce recognize his own wife, if, leaving her at morning crimped, puffed, frizzled, and curled after the fashion of the day, he should return at night to find her arrayed in her own tresses, arranged *à la* Grecian.

Notwithstanding the extraordinary head-dressing which ladies have submitted to during the past few years, they have not gone to the length and height and breadth in the matter which fashion-followers did in olden times. The huge square head-dresses which prevailed during the reign of Henry IV., and the horned ones which followed, and the steeples which, still later, crowned the heads of ladies, were monstrosities from which we have been delivered. Isabella of Bavaria, queen of Charles VI. of France, carried this latter fashion to such an extent that the doors of the palace at Vincennes were obliged to be enlarged to admit her and the ladies of her train. May good spirits defend the ladies of our time from the approach of such hideous would-be appendages! The happy medium between excess and defect in dressing the hair may yet be attained.

A bill which was lately introduced into Congress to prohibit the wanton destruction of buffalo on the public lands is said to be based upon the fact that, in passing over the Kansas Pacific Railroad, last winter, the train was snowed in, and for ten days the only food of about one hundred passengers was buffalo-meat.

Soon the old arsenal building in the Central Park will be re-opened to the public, with various renovations and improvements, and an extensive and valuable natural-history collection. This collection has been largely increased during the past year, and has been arranged with much care and scientific skill. The thousands who visit the Park during the coming season, especially the children, will be amused and instructed by the interesting objects to be seen.

The mildness of March has led the weather-wise to predict that we shall have a cold April. But dispatches from Mount Washington give indications of an early spring. During the month of March the snow usually accumulates to the depth of five or six feet at the base of Mount Washington, and throughout the northern part of the State. It is the season for killing moose, as they can be quickly run down in the deep snow, the hunters walking upon snow-shoes. But now the snow is not over a foot deep at the base of the mountain, and it is very thin elsewhere in the north. As there are no large areas of snow in the north to chill the atmosphere and freeze the moisture into snow, it may reasonably be supposed that winter is really as well as nominally over.

A smart old gentleman is Baron Liebig, to resume, at sixty-eight years old, his lectures on chemistry in the university at Munich. He has, however, already realized a comfortable fortune.

The New York correspondent of a Rochester paper, in writing about A. T. Stewart's up-town store, says: "Mr. Stewart makes a daily tour through his concern, which requires from one to two hours, after which he goes to the down-town warehouse. His entrance is in an unobtrusive manner, and the clerks take no more notice of him than of any wayfarer. Of the crowds that are shopping not one out of a hundred knows who that quiet man may be. He walks silently through the departments, and it is understood that nobody is to speak to him except the managers. He notices every change that may have occurred since yesterday. At one glance he takes in the character of the stock and the chances of sale. He speaks a few words to the manager of one department, and passes to the next. The condition of the vast concern, with its twenty cashiers, its five hundred clerks, its stock of two millions, and its demands and dangers, is at once understood and provided for. If you were to ask him why he thus increased in business as he increased in years, and why at the age when men lay aside their burdens he is enlarging his, he would, I think, reply: 'God gave me this disposition, and I have gratified it. Business has been to me a pleasure. These conceptions came upon me, and I have wrought them out.'"

The exhaustive demand which Emperor William has made for men will enlarge woman's opportunities in Prussia. By a recent order of the Minister of Education, women who prove themselves qualified are to be accepted as teachers of modern languages in public schools—a profession hitherto filled only by men.

During the marriage ceremony which united Miss Nettie Chase and Mr. William Sprague Hoyt, when the ring was about to be placed upon the bride's finger, she herself removed her glove, her first bride-maid holding her bouquet. Henceforth all brides may consider themselves authorized to perform this little service for themselves.

Three million five hundred thousand is the number of skeletons which a late census states to be packed up in the catacombs of Paris.

How many mothers' hearts would quiver at the mere thought of their little petted boy being a pickpocket! A few days ago a man on Broadway felt a hand thrust into the small pocket of his overcoat. The hand belonged to a ragged little urchin only nine years old, who darted off with a five-dollar bill in his hand. Having been arrested, the child told this story:

"My name's Steve Brodie, an' my mudder lives up in Madison Street. I tuk five dollers out uv a man's pocket; but I only done it three times afore, mister. Baldey Cudney—he made me do it. Baldey is a boy bigger than me. I never tuk nothin' out o' fellers' pockets till he made me do it. The man was on the corner o' Broadway and Barclay Street, an' Baldey Cudney pulled the bill up so it showed in the little pocket uv his overcoat, an' he told me for to take it; an' when I tuk the bill out uv the man's pocket Baldey Cudney he pulled me behind an omnibus, an' tuk the five dollars off me, an' give me fifty cents for it. That's the way it all was. I only tuk money out o' fellers' pockets three times afore. If me mudder gives the judge five dollars, won't he let me go, cf the feller don't appear agin me? Baldey Cudney said he would."

Is there not work enough for the charitable when children in the street are thus educated to steal? And we know that this case is only one among thousands.

A Brooklyn physician considers Turkey figs, boiled in water, so as to make a sort of tea, and mixed with a little fresh brewer's yeast, a specific remedy for scarlet fever. He recommends that this simple preparation be used as food, drink, and medicine.

A Chicago clergyman who was afflicted with sleeplessness was induced to take hydrate of chloral for a few nights. Its effects were very pleasant at first. Then came a peculiar dimness of sight, the eyes became congested, and the lids swollen and partially paralyzed. He concluded the remedy was not suited to his case.

Not long ago there were rumors of the death of Madame Ratazzi, but it appears that they were false, and that she still lives. She is the granddaughter of Lucien Bonaparte, and when young married a wealthy resident of Hamburg of the name of Salms. Like many other marriages, this did not prove a happy one, and after a while she returned alone to Paris, where she caused herself to be known as the *Princess* of Salms, in spite of the expostulations of a noble family, who felt their rights thereby invaded. She was both extravagant and unscrupulous in her mode of living. After her marriage with Ratazzi, and she made her appearance in Florence, where he resides, many private houses were closed against her, though she was received at court. Several books have been published under her name, of which she is doubtless the author, notwithstanding what has been said to the contrary.

The equestrian statue of General Winfield Scott, which is to be placed in Franklin Square, Washington, will be cast in bronze at Wood's foundry, in Philadelphia. Brass cannon, captured by Scott's army in Mexico, will be used in the statue, the entire weight of which will be about three thousand pounds.

Mrs. Charles, the author of "The Schönberg-Cotta Family" and other well-known books, is described as a woman of great dignity of presence and uncommon culture, an excellent German scholar and a brilliant conversationlist. She also possesses energy, and a most kindly disposition, as is shown by the fact that, at a time when thousands were dying in London of cholera in a single day, she left her books and her delightful house in Hampstead, and plunged into the worst parts of the huge city, taking care of the sick, and distributing money, clothing, and good words.

Two years ago the artist Healey received an order from Bishop Spalding, of Baltimore, for a portrait of the Pope. As it was impossible to obtain a private sitting, the artist did the best he could, from photographs and from studies made from memory of his Holiness in public and private audiences. At last Cardinal Antonelli, seeing this portrait, took it to the Vatican for the Holy Father's inspection, who was much pleased and highly complimentary. "But," added the Holy Father, "Mr. Healey ought to have sittings to complete this portrait. Moreover," said Pius IX., with a sad smile, "I am not as stout as I was. Mr. Healey must change the face a little, and have a study from nature." This sitting was given, and the result is the best picture ever made of the pontiff.

In the cabinet of curiosities in possession of the warden of the Massachusetts State Prison is a leather strap taken from one of the prisoners a short time ago. It is about an inch and a half wide, with strings at each end so as to tie it around the body. In the strap, at intervals of about an inch, and numbering some twenty altogether, holes had been punched, and in these holes were inserted sharp-pointed nails, such as shoe-makers use in lasting shoes, and this instrument of torture the prisoner wore around his body as a mortification of the flesh.

A few days before her marriage a deputation of young ladies from Great Britain and Ireland was received at Windsor Castle by the Princess Louise, and presented her with a Bible. The total number of subscribers to the gift was 4755. Her royal highness acknowledged the present with a pretty little speech.

A good story is told concerning Max Strakosch, the manager of Mlle. Nilsson's concert engagements. The inhabitants of Richmond, Indiana, having heard of the fame of the Swedish songstress, a club was organized to make arrangements to obtain a musical treat. A deputation of four hastened to Cincinnati, where Strakosch was, to confer with him on the subject. They pledged themselves to pay $500, all extra receipts to be divided between the club and the troup, an offer the magnitude of which seemed to overcome the musical director. After expressing his emotions at this signal recognition of Nilsson's abilities, he examined his book for a day. Page after page was scrutinized, and the leaves turned backward and forward fitfully. He was about to close the book with a hopeless expression, when he suddenly re-opened it, and triumphantly announced that he had a day, and eagerly recorded an engagement for February 29. The contract was ratified in the usual way, and flaming announcements told the delighted people of the pleasure in store. Every arrangement was nearly completed, when some wise man, in attempting to discover what night the 29th fell on, saw the joke. It was promptly announced that, owing to a sudden illness, Nilsson would not sing in Richmond. How correct this newspaper version is we pretend not to say, but it is reported that since the disappointed people have learned that Nilsson receives something like three thousand dollars a night, they are of opinion that Strakosch was amusing himself, or consulting an almanac for 1868, in making the engagement.

When Audubon was young he was a most enthusiastic adventurer, and without any companion explored the Western woods and prairies in search of subjects for his pencil. One of these expeditions cost him much. On returning home he found the rats had made their way into the box which contained his drawings, and had totally ruined the work of years. Audubon was so much distressed at this calamity that a severe fit of illness followed. But he was not disheartened; and when he recovered he resumed his work, and spent three years in replacing what the rats had destroyed. His drawings were not at first appreciated in America; and having, tried in vain to find a publisher here, he went to England, where he was at once welcomed, and in 1828 the first volume of his "Birds of America" was brought out.

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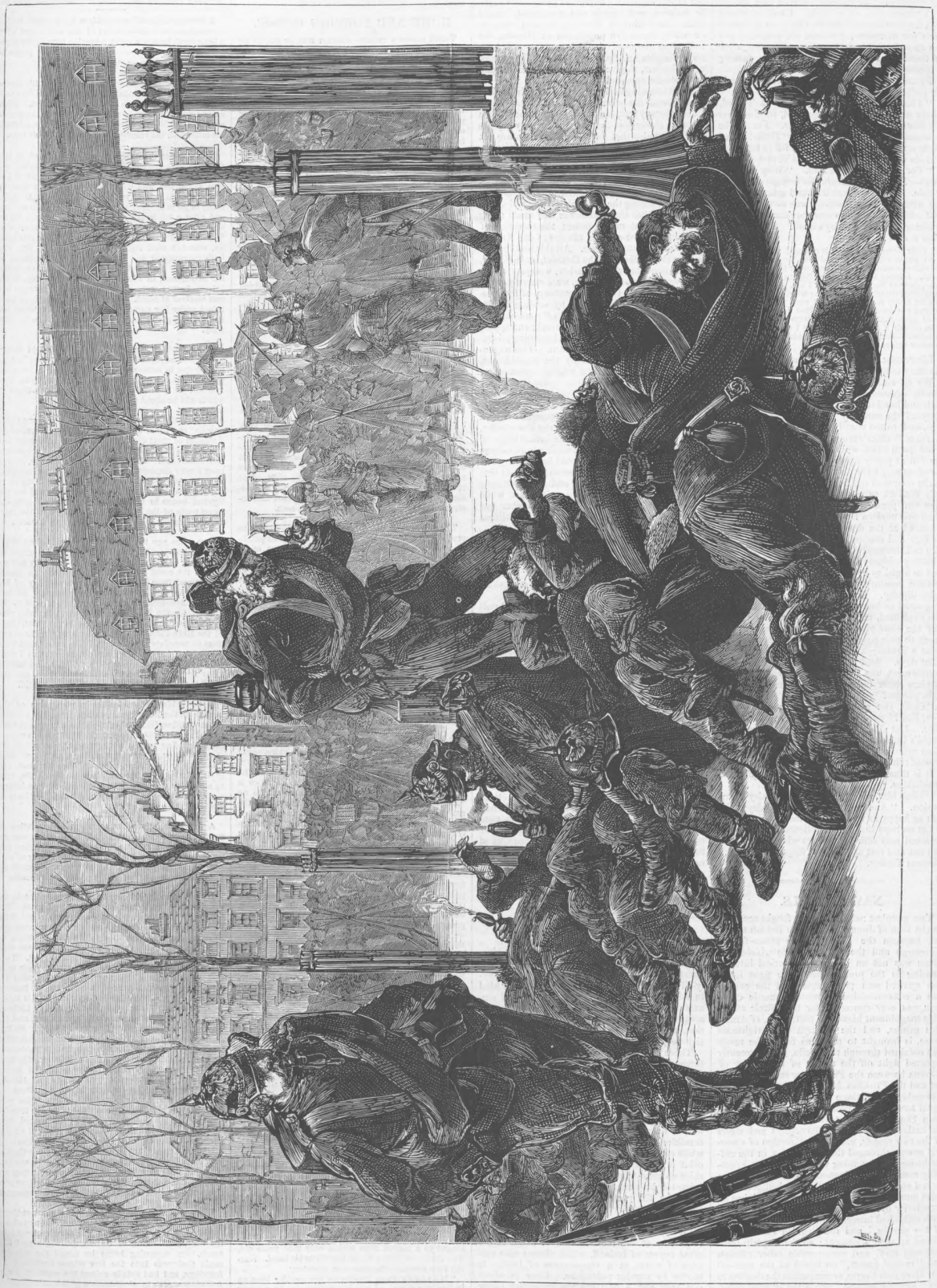

SCENES IN PARIS DURING THE GERMAN OCCUPATION—WAITING FOR A PASSAGE.—[See Page 339.]

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INFANTINE CARESSES—AN ITALIAN MOTHER.—From a Painting by W. Bouguereau.—[See Page 334.]

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THE MAN IN THE MOON.

BY ALICE ROBBINS.

ONLY the moon saw us,
Kitty, my darling;
Only the man in the moon:
Grandfather sleeping and grandmother knitting,
You and I in the old porch sitting,
Bats in the dim beyond aimlessly flitting.
I must be going soon:
Give me another, for nobody sees us,
Only the man in the moon.

Maybe there is a man,
Kitty, my darling,
Queer fellow, up in the moon.
If so, be sure he has stolen sweet kisses—
There must be matrons and there must be misses
Up in that silver-white country; but this is
Better than bliss in the moon.
One more, my beautiful; nobody sees us,
Only the man in the moon.

Kitty, sweet Kitty,
My darling, my darling,
Don't mind the man in the moon.
Now that you've listened, and now that I've told you,
Dearest, my love, my soul's love, I shall hold you;
Close to my beating breast some day shall fold you,
Kitty, my darling.
Only one more, love—I *will* snatch another,
Spite of the man in the moon.

Grandfather's stirring, sweet;
Hurry, my darling;
He will be coming here soon.
I've only taken two; three's an odd number:
There! now the old man may wake from his slumber,
Talk about stock, and the flour-mill, and lumber.
I'm just as happy,
Kitty, my darling:
Only I'll have *four*, the next time, remember.
How are *you*, man in the moon?

WON—NOT WOOED.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Bred in the Bone," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE "HONEST FARMER" AND AN AFTERPIECE.

THE Assembly Rooms at Brackmere had been built in honor of Terpsichore, an unexacting muse, who only requires a level floor for her devotees, and a gallery for the musicians. Had the architect possessed an eye for the accommodation of Thespis, he would at least have given this place a couple of doors. As it was, so far from each player having his exits and his entrances, there was only one exit, which was also the entrance for every body; so that where, in sensational melodramas such as the "Honest Farmer," virtuous Indignation left the stage, pitchfork in hand, in pursuit of the Oppressor, it was a puzzle to the audience how she could ever be so unfortunate as to miss him. The gallery, indeed, had an exterior door, as well as a spiral staircase communicating with the body of the hall, but, as Miss Jennings (who sat next to Martha Barr) remarked, disconsolately, "What would be the good of *that* in case of fire!"

The idea of what newspapers call "the devouring element" was the first that presented itself to this lady when visiting any covered place of entertainment, and since she retained it (like a stall) throughout the evening, it rather damped her pleasure, otherwise she would have been supremely happy on the present occasion; for, in the first place, Mr. Simcoe had munificently presented her with her ticket, a fact which of itself would have recommended any position; and secondly, her place was among the very best in the house, being a rush-bottomed chair with a back to it—not a form, such sufficed the majority of the audience—and placed in the front row, and immediately opposite the bassoon. That instrument itself, or rather the man who played it, was also a source of triumph to her as a sister of St. Etheldreda, for she recognized in him a member of the choir of Dorcas Chapel, whom money had tempted to undertake the secular if not profane task of assisting a stage play.

"Lor, my dear," said she to Martha, "if poor Mrs. Bannacre (who had such hopes of him) could only see him!"

This crowning joy was not likely to happen, however, since Mrs. Bannacre would as soon have ridden through Brackmere in the costume of Lady Godiva, to redeem the tax on playing-cards, as have been present at any theatrical performance whatsoever.

The "Honest Farmer" was a most excellent play, too, wherein the gulf between good people and bad was marked with true evangelical distinctness, and the former were rewarded, and (better still) the latter punished with exemplary rigor. The *dramatis personæ* were almost entirely composed of the Jobblin family. The Patriarch, for whose benefit the play was played, acted the principal character, and, out of consideration for his years (and legs), was accommodated throughout the performance with a chair. His memory being also slightly inaccurate, his daughter, a septuagenarian (whose presence, since her part was not in the play-bill, gave the audience some embarrassment), read what he had to say from behind his chair, and from time to time administered to him some liquid stimulant. His granddaughter, who was forty-five or so, was the object of the machinations of the Lothario of the piece, who was also his cruel landlord. When this villain, who would have turned the honest old fellow out of house and homestead, was about to seize him by the collar, there was a unanimous alarm among the members of his family lest he should come to pieces! "Be very careful with him, Bob!" cried the damsel to her would-be ravisher; so that, though he did not stir him, it was really a most moving scene.

The curtain finally came down, or would have done so if there had not been a hitch in the machinery, amidst a tempest of applause. There was an afterpiece, in which the Patriarch was advertised to sing a song; and in the mean time the audience, no longer spell-bound by the unthralling interest of the drama, was at liberty to interchange their criticisms, or to partake of refreshments, supplied by the hotel under whose roof they were. Some of the more audacious spirits, whose social position gave them the privilege to do so, even moved about.

"Why, Lor bless me," cried Miss Jennings, "if the very thing which I have been thinking of all the evening hasn't come to pass!"

"You don't mean 'fire!'" exclaimed Martha, apprehensively.

"No, no; not that; but what I have been thinking of was that if there should have been fire, and every body had run to the spiral staircase, and found Mr. Simcoe stuck in the middle of it, what a terrible thing it would be; and there *is* Mr. Simcoe coming down the staircase, as large as life!"

"Well, my dear, but he has not stuck in it, has he?" said Martha, smiling.

"Well, it's a providence if he doesn't," answered Miss Jennings, who, with twisted neck, was watching her stout friend's descent with the utmost interest. "I thought it so odd, you know, that he shouldn't be in his place, after having paid so much for it; but what I fancy is that he has been dining at the hotel. Those late dinners never agree with him, dear soul! and there, you may depend upon it, is the gentleman he has been dining *with*. That's the great Mr. Widdrop, or Winthrop, my dear. How beautiful he is dressed, to be sure; and if they're not making straight for us! Oh dear, oh dear, how glad I am that their places are next Miss Mabel, and not me! He'll introduce him to a certainty. Just give a glance at my hair, will you, and tell me if it's all right."

But Martha's attention was fixed upon the advancing pair. Like a steam-tug with a fair ship in tow, Mr. Simcoe was panting toward them, closely followed by an elegant stranger, with a crush-hat under his arm, which divided with himself the admiration of the Brackmere audience.

"My dear Miss Barr, let me introduce to you my friend, Mr. Winthrop of Wapshot, whom the reputation of our baths and excellent sea-air—Ah, Miss Denham, you know, it seems—"

"I have had the pleasure of meeting Miss Denham," said Mr. Winthrop, with an illustrative glance at her mourning apparel, "in other—and happier days."

He shook hands with Mabel warmly, but with great respect, and seated himself by her side. The room seemed to spin round with her as the audience welcomed the appearance of the Patriarch, in comic costume, with encouraging plaudits. Her brain was dazed for the moment, but through her pained and confused senses a conviction smote her with all the force of a presentiment that with this moment, which she had dreaded so long and striven to avert so vainly, had arrived her fate. She gazed on Mr. Winthrop, with his mournful smile and sympathetic voice, like some frightened but submissive bird, who, caught in the crafty snare, perceives the fowler coming.

While the Patriarch quavered his foolish ditty, like a doomed man jesting at death, her neighbor addressed her in an under-tone, which, though so respectful and so full of earnest tenderness, made her shiver.

"It is not long since we met, Miss Denham, counting by mere time, and yet it must needs have seemed long to you, since sorrow has filled up the interval; nor has it seemed otherwise to me, believe me."

"Your son is well, I hope?" replied Mabel, making a feeble attempt to affect to misunderstand her persecutor.

"Yes, Horn is quite well," returned Mr. Winthrop. "He has never much the matter with him, I fancy, except that very common complaint, a deficiency of finances."

Mabel's cheeks became crimson.

"But you yourself, I fear, are not in good health," murmured she, "as I gather from what Mr. Simcoe was saying."

"Oh dear, yes, I am quite well—that is, in health." Here he sighed deeply. "The air of Brackmere is no doubt very efficacious, but it may scarcely minister, I will not say to a mind diseased—but to one engrossed and saddened by the pursuit of a single object. I did not come hither for the air, dear Miss Denham. Can you guess—excuse the precipitation and inopportuneness of such an inquiry; the heart is instant, and lacks ceremony—can you guess why I have come?"

Except by a sudden paleness and a quickened breathing, Mabel did not reply. She was gazing intently on the Patriarch, who had, apparently, exhausted his feeble lungs.

"It makes you quite nervous, does it not, my dear," observed Martha, "for fear the poor old man should utterly break down?"

"He'll give us one verse too much if he don't take care," panted Mr. Simcoe, warningly. "*I* know what it is to catch at your breath and miss it."

"I hope he won't be like the swans," said Mr. Winthrop, in a voice which, contrasted with that of his stout acquaintance, sounded like the soft notes of a musical snuff-box, "who are said to die in the act of singing."

"He ain't much like a swan to look at," said Mr. Simcoe.

Then the under-tone began again. "How was your charming sister, my dear Miss Denham, when last you heard from her, and her very amiable husband? That's well. But to what a distance they have removed themselves! You must seem to yourself to be scarcely in the same world."

This was very true; but he need not, she thought, have laid such stress just then upon her loneliness.

"It was but the other day that I saw our good friend the Professor, at Oxford," continued he. "He is a very constant admirer of yours, and was as full of your praises in the common room as he used to be over his cigar at *The Grand*. You may imagine, therefore, how we foregathered together. To meet you, dear Miss Denham, has been a pleasure long denied me; but it was something to meet one who knew and valued you at your true worth, believe me. This wretched affair, it seems, is over, and the people are beginning to move. May I ask permission to call in Bellevue Terrace to-morrow?"

She motioned assent with her head, not trusting herself to speak.

"Thanks," he said. "And in the mean time would you introduce me to Miss Martha Barr, of whom I have heard so much from our common friend, Mr. Simcoe?"

Mabel obeyed mechanically; and the two gentlemen offering to see the ladies home, it being a fine night, and they on foot, she took Mr. Simcoe's arm, and Martha that of Mr. Winthrop; these latter soon outstripped the other pair, since, though Mr. Simcoe's pace was good while it lasted, it was intermittent.

"It was at Shingleton, I believe, that you became acquainted with my dear young friend," said Martha; "was it not, Mr. Winthrop?"

"It was, madam. Did Miss Denham tell you so?" inquired he, with eagerness. "I mean, I should feel honored to think that she had remembered my name after such an interval."

"It was some time ago that I heard it," returned Martha, simply; "it was in an extract of a letter from a Mrs. Marshall. You were a friend of hers, were you not?"

"I was acquainted with that lady," said Mr. Winthrop, rather stiffly. "She was a kind-hearted, good creature; and an original, too, like our friend Mr. Simcoe."

"Ah! now what do you think of Mr. Simcoe?" inquired Martha, delighted at this opportunity of introducing the great Brackmere question.

"I think him an excellent fellow," said Mr. Winthrop, promptly. "He was so kind as to call upon me, although I came here as a total stranger. By-the-bye, can you tell me what is the meaning of that funny word that is printed on his card?"

"Oh, Tiddliwinks?" said Martha, laughing. "That is the house where he lives. Some of our Brackmere folks are a little pretentious, and call their mansions by grand names; and Mr. Simcoe wishes to reprove them, I fancy, by giving his own dwelling so absurd a title, though it is really one of the best in the town."

"Dear me!" said Mr. Winthrop. "I am all the better pleased that he has been so good as to invite me to it. I dislike pretension exceedingly. One of the things that so delighted me, and, indeed, all who met your charming relative at Shingleton, was her perfect naturalness. So many young ladies of the present day are disfigured by affectation, while Miss Denham (we all remarked) had not a particle of it."

"Now that's very true," said Martha, emphatically. She was pleased to hear a theory of her own (not uncommon, however, among ladies of her time of life) corroborated by a gentleman of Mr. Winthrop's experience, and she was more than pleased to hear her darling so judiciously praised. They were now drawing near the little terrace, the view from which—and under that star-lit sky it was really most beautiful—excited Mr. Winthrop's admiration; whereby he made another advance in his companion's good opinion, for she was exceedingly proud of what she called her "look-out."

"I often wish that one of those painters, who immortalize so many places that are in no need of their patronage, would come down and paint poor Brackmere," said Martha.

"I can not promise it immortality," replied Mr. Winthrop, smiling; "but I paint in a small way myself, and have endeavored to do justice to your beautiful town. If you will allow me, I will send over my port-folio for your inspection to-morrow morning."

"Oh, but won't you bring it yourself?" said Martha, good-naturedly.—"Mabel, dear"—for the other two had come up by this time—"Mr. Winthrop here is a great artist, though he pretends to be very humble about it, and has been putting Brackmere upon canvas."

"Only paper, I assure you," remonstrated Mr. Winthrop.

"Well, at all events, you would like to see them, Mabel, would you not?"

Mabel bowed and murmured an assent.

"Then we shall see you to-morrow morning, with your port-folio?"

"My dear madam, I shall be most delighted," replied Mr. Winthrop, shaking hands with Martha cordially. Then he took Mabel's unresisting fingers in his own, and murmured, "*Au revoir.*" It sounded like an echo six months old.

"And I *say*," said Mr. Simcoe, as he was turning away with his companion, "if you ladies give a good report of Mr. Winthrop's drawings, I'll have them lithographed, and stuck on notepaper; just like they do with views at Brighton and Ramsgate. It'll do Brackmere a deal of good. Good-night."

"Well, I am not often enthusiastic about new people," said Martha, as she and Mabel lit their "flat" candles, "but I do think your friend Mr. Winthrop a very charming man."

"He is said to be very agreeable," returned Mabel, quietly.

"*Said* to be, my dear! Nay, he certainly *is*; and it's very creditable to a man with twenty thousand a year—well, or even less—to give himself the trouble to be agreeable. But you are fagged and tired, I see; and it's no wonder, with the clock just striking twelve. Good-night, my precious pet, and pleasant dreams."

But there were no pleasant dreams, nor even sleep, for Mabel that night. Hour after hour went by, and she still sat at the window, with her cheek resting on her hand, gazing thoughtfully on sky and sea. Her fate was fixed, she knew; she could have almost said her "doom."

If she had been less unhappy at Brackmere than she really was; if word or sign had come to her from Richard Thornton through all those weary months; if— But why vex herself with idle might-have-beens? She had accepted money from this man's hand, which she could not repay except in one way. She did not love him; but that he knew full well. She would tell him so in plain words when the time came; and yet (she knew) he would take her for his bride. Well, she would be very rich, and able to do good. But no; she would not deceive herself with the idea of being good and happy. She would be a faithful and dutiful wife, and do her best to please him, no matter what should come of it. He was certainly fond of *her*, and, on the whole, had behaved—well, if not honorably, at least honestly enough, like an honest trader who has advanced money to a needy neighbor, and naturally looks for repayment. Nay, better than that, for, after all, the money could not be exacted; it was a debt of honor. It was honor's voice that bade her take this man. Her friends, who, all but one, had manifested such cold indifference to her, would now be pleased enough. It would be a "great match" for her, doubtless (where it was she had heard that expression paraphrased by "splendid misery" she could not remember; but it haunted her). Even Martha would be pleased, for she had evidently taken a fancy to Mr. Winthrop. What did these things matter, after all? There are only a few years at farthest for the most wretched of us; then Fate relents, and dispatches Death to open gates and set us free. Up in heaven yonder, beyond the stars somewhere, her dead father was awaiting her with stretched-out hands. Did he see her now? At that thought she mechanically covered her face with her hands. Presently the stars began to disappear before the cold gray dawn; then the sun arose, and with it the sounds of life from the busy shore: the dip of the oar, the flap of the sail, the scraps of song, and the whistle that is the music of the careless heart.

"O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!
And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!"

As this poem came into her mind the tears filled her heated eyes at last, for which they had yearned so long. Then for the first time she felt cold and numb, and with one long, weary sigh, she undressed and crept into bed.

CHAPTER XXX.

A LOG-HUT AND ITS TENANT.

SMALL as is the tenement inhabited by Miss Martha Barr at Brackmere, we are about to be introduced to a still smaller. It is a log-hut situated in a vast plain in the far west—of Surrey. It is a very rough specimen of house-building, and consists but of two duodecimo apartments, that would open directly into one another save for the intervention of a little lobby four feet square. Small as these rooms are, however, they are furnished with a certain savage splendor; not elegantly, by any means, but every object is good, or at least expensive of its kind, and so unnecessarily costly that even a *young* woman would exclaim, "How extravagant!" at the sight of them, and a young man, "How jolly!" Every article in the dressing-case on the bedroom table, for example, is of silver-gilt; the huge brushes are of ivory, with a coat of arms engraved upon their backs; a cigar-case of solid silver, but dinted with much rough usage, lies beside them; and upon it a match-box of even a more costly metal, set with precious stones. The unpapered walls are hung with pictures, the subjects of which are French, but the frames are chaste enough and massive. On the mantel-piece is a carved meerschaum, such as a dainty trader in such articles would keep in his shop window to attract the curious rather than with any hope of sale; it was once a wonder of fair sculpture, too tender almost for touch, but it has so suffered from careless handling that its flowers are blossomless, its figures torsos. On the floor, which is carpeted by a tiger-skin, is a heap of gay clothing, an officer's full-dress uniform—evidently cast off with violence—a sword half out of its sheath, and a broken brandy-bottle.

Let us hope it is to drown the fumes of the escaped liquor that the owner of all these splendors is indulging in the bad habit of smoking in bed. The morning is far advanced, yet there he lies, a swarthy, handsome young fellow enough, with an immense *intimidad* in his mouth, and his eyes roving slowly about the room, with a dissatisfied, morose expression in them, as of one who seeks a quarrel, which, with furniture, especially if it is one's own, it is so difficult to get up.

"Fang! Fang!" cries he, presently, in an impatient voice; at which, from beneath the bed, there creeps out slowly an enormous bull-dog. As he stands upon the tiger-skin—brute upon brute—with his bow-legs and prize-fighting head, his likeness to his master is most remarkable. *He* has also a dissatisfied and morose expression, as of one who seeks a quarrel; *his* eyes are red and swollen; *his* mouth has a twitch in it.

"Fang!" and the reiterated name is accompanied by an execration; "come here." These last two words are spoken in a low tone, which is, however, by no means a conciliatory one, and are accompanied by a pat on the counterpane. Fang growls dissatisfaction; but, under pressure of another invitation even more urgent than the last, springs on the bed, and stands there, oppo-

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site his master; his frightful face one frown, his bow-legs quivering with rage and fear.

"Now, then, prepare to receive cavalry." Fang falls on his great chest (for he has no knees to speak of), and gazes at his master with dumb horror. He knows by experience what is coming.

"Stand fire, Sir; if you move, I'll kill you." The lighted cigar is brought slowly nearer and nearer to the brute's cold nose; a low snarl breaks from him, a quiver passes through his limbs; at last the hot point touches him, causing the most exquisite anguish. In an instant the brute's body, which has by this time become a ball, hurls itself at its human torturer. So sudden is its onslaught that one would hope it could not fail to catch him by the throat, and pin him to the pillow. But his master is quite prepared, and interposes a giant arm, swathed thickly with a rough towel; with the other hand he catches the animal by the neck, and compresses it until his teeth lose their hold; then he replaces his cigar, which has fallen on the pillow, and burned a hole in it, and regards his victim with grim malevolence.

"You're a bad dog, Sir, and must fly." With that he whirls the brute about his head, and discharges him—like a boomerang, except that he doesn't come back again—at a beautiful ballet-dancer, who is executing a *pas seul* on the opposite wall. Down comes bull-dog and picture and all, like Baby Bunting and her bassinet in the ballad; at which conclusion to the performance Mr. Horn Winthrop nods, and, perhaps under the impression that Toro is Spanish for bull-dog, murmurs, "Bravo, Toro!"

Presently enters Murk, his man, with the letters; one of them from "the governor," which Horn throws aside with a disrespectful ejaculation, and two others, the contents of which being "bills delivered," make him swear.

"How's the dog?" growls he; for Murk has been endeavoring to resuscitate that animal.

"Pretty much as he usually is this time in the morning," answers that worthy. "You'll kill him some day with your little attentions."

"No, I won't," replies Mr. Horn, not at all disturbed by the man's familiarity of speech. "I'll teach him to stand fire, and win a thousand pounds by backing him to do it."

"You'll want it all, Sir," was the quiet reply.

Having doctored Fang, and picked up the broken fragments of the picture-glass and bottle, this perfect treasure of a servant proceeded to administer to his master some brandy and iced Seltzer water, and to get ready his bath.

Mr. Horn Winthrop was a dainty dresser, and perhaps expended more thought in the operations of the toilet than he was accustomed to use in any other transaction of life; his hair was anointed with unguents till it shone again, and his mustache waxed to a point so stiff that it would have put your eye out. It was quite curious "to see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet," knowing what we did of him, and what a rough and rotten kernel lay beneath that shining shell. The gallant lad was off duty, but still it was necessary, since he was "in camp," to wear his undress uniform, which limited his sphere of choice as to cut and color. If it had not been for the trouble of it—for Horn hated trouble—he would always have liked to be on guard, to wear his full-dress clothes: even in mufti he was a splendid spectacle.

An *intimidad* before breakfast would have marred the appetite of most men; but Horn performed prodigies in the mess-room, first partaking of all the hot dishes on the carte, and then devastating the meats upon the side-board. His demands were like a Prussian requisition, only not so civilly expressed. His servant, Murk, had his own reasons for putting up with his young master's behavior; but Lieutenant Winthrop was not a general favorite with the mess waiters, nor with the soldiers over whom he ruled, nor with the officers with whom he associated. His manners, indeed, were odious; moreover, he shirked his work, which the veterans did not approve of; and played too well at pool to please the youngsters. Perhaps he would scarcely have been tolerated, even in the "Fast 400th," had it not been for his money. He never denied himself any thing upon the score of expense, and, happily, one can not spend vast sums upon one's self without indirectly benefiting one's fellow-creatures. At the same time, Mr. Horn Winthrop was by no means averse to make money, and he did make a good deal of it sometimes at cards and billiards; at others he lost, to his immense disgust. He had no other pursuits, to speak of, save those two amusements, at which he never lost an opportunity of perfecting his skill. The sports affected by most English gentlemen he cared little about; but he was an Englishman in one respect—he had a grievance; he was never tired of inveighing against the monstrous injustice of closing the regimental billiard-room upon a Sunday.

After breakfast, by which time it was afternoon, there was, as the semi-conscientious apologetically said, really nothing to be done in that Sahara of a camp but play billiards and drink beer. Mr. Horn Winthrop played and drank without troubling himself to invent excuses; when the tables chanced to be engaged he devoted himself to literature, in the shape of the *Sporting Times*, and cursed the sister to *Catamaran*, or the own brother of *Beelzebub*, according to circumstances. They all deceived him when any great "event" came off, and flew in the face of their public running. He had a marvelous knowledge of the "previous performances" of these creatures, and, indeed, possessed quite a mine of worthless information upon similar topics. He knew the year when *Cerito* first appeared (though it was a whole generation before he followed her example), and how much the dog Billy weighed at the date of his celebrated performance. He would also scheme to get "half a point" in the odds out of a friend, with the skill and patience of a Macchiavelli. At pool he manifested an intelligence which, when contrasted with the shallowness of his ideas, was almost miraculous. He knew the strength of the table to a hair-breadth; could calculate an angle (without knowing what an angle was) to the greatest nicety; and could make his finest strokes appear (if necessary) to be flukes. Unhappily, however, it sometimes happened that Mr. Horn Winthrop lost his temper and his money; and then it was great sport to the calmer spirits to see this young gentleman storm and rave and break his cue across his knee. On one occasion, when he chanced to miss his favorite red hazard, he drew out his penknife, and would undoubtedly have cut the spot out of the cloth, but for the remonstrances of his companions; they took him by the nape of the neck, and ejected him from the room.

Upon the day on which we have been introduced to him fortune had not been favorable to Lieutenant Winthrop, and his temper had been deteriorated accordingly. It was a great night at mess; the presence of the colonel necessitated exceptionally good behavior, and such restraints are galling to a youth of spirit. After dinner, too, it was *de rigueur* to put in an appearance in the drawing-room; and even, if a vacancy required it, to stoop to shilling whist. Such was the unwritten code, and it had to be obeyed. Even in the pool-room, which opened into this apartment, a certain calmness of manner had to be maintained, by reason of the lookers-on. The whole affair was simply intolerable and preposterous; so Lieutenant Winthrop dropped a hint here, and a whisper there, to those who could be relied upon, and organized "a little loo" in his own hut. This had to be done with caution, because the regimental authorities were "full against" loo—especially when played in a private room. It was the conviction of these "old buffers" that four out of five of those officers who are compelled to leave the army in disgrace have loo, or some similar game, to thank for it—so full of crotchets is senility; and, unfortunately, one has to respect them—so far, at least, as to keep these little matters dark.

There are divers kinds of loos by which you may ruin yourself, but that which is called "unlimited" is the most dangerous, and therefore popular. Lieutenant Forbes, Lieutenant Fordyce, Captain Stonethwaite (a good soldier, and almost the oldest officer in the regiment, but a gambler to the backbone), and Ensign Colt were the select four invited by Lieutenant Winthrop to his quarters. There was scarcely room for all five of them in the little parlor, and the table was so limited that they had to put their brandy and Seltzers on the carpet; the loo, on the other hand, was so much the reverse that there was sometimes fifty pounds, or its equivalent—for we have not all got ready money in such plenty—on the table. It is not our intention to debauch the young by describing this attractive game; let it suffice to say that he who has a long purse is commonly successful at it; but even with this advantage one must have reasonably good luck to help one.

"The devil has got the cards," cried Horn Winthrop in the present instance, which was a euphemistical mode of stating that Ensign Colt had got them. That plucky little fellow, incited (let us hope) by the remembrance that his father, who was a clergyman of small income, could with difficulty provide for his expenses in the army, never hesitated to play, no matter what the stakes, and his consequent responsibilities: he backed his luck (as the captain confessed, though he suffered by his courage) "like a good one." But Horn (who made no such admission) suffered much more heavily. In fact, though his prudence always suggested his keeping considerable funds in hand, he had to set down little memoranda upon paper.

At twelve o'clock the ensign rose. "I play no more," said he; "I am on guard to-morrow."

"Oh yes, I like that," said Horn, offensively, and meaning that he abhorred the idea: "to cut away after you have won! That is very fine!"

The ensign, usually pink and white, became quite pink. "I will play one round more, and that's all; that's flat."

The round was played, and largely increased Lieutenant Winthrop's obligations. The ensign put on his cap, and Horn his ugliest look.

"I'm hanged if you leave this," said the host, with his back against the door.

"You'll be hanged, at all events, if you get your deserts," said the little ensign: he would have stood in front of a loaded cannon without winking, but he was weak and small of stature. "Come, you let me go."

The captain, who had been ruefully casting up his own little account, here intervened. "What! you won't let a fellow go home because he has won your money? Let the boy pass."

He began to swear, as his forefathers (for the Stonethwaites had all worn the scarlet) swore in Flanders. It was like a mitrailleuse whose ammunition is inexhaustible. "Northumberland! Cumberland! Westmoreland! and Durham!" cried he (or words of similar sound); "perhaps you won't let *me* go."

Horn was not so mad as that, but drew aside; and they all trooped out into the moonlight. He yearned to take his sword and fall upon the lot of them, and (though they little guessed it) was not very far from doing it, too. He contented himself, however, with slamming the door upon them.

"Nice, gentlemanly, agreeable young man—a most abominable cub, I call him," he heard the captain say as he passed by the window.

"I've bled him for once," responded the ensign, cheerfully.

He *had* bled him. Horn was gnashing his teeth over the list of his losses, when another document attracted his attention. It was the letter from his father which he had stuck on the mantel-piece that morning, unread. Now he tore it open savagely, as though he did not care what was in it: what were scoldings and peevish remonstrances about past expenditure compared with such ill luck as had befallen him that evening! The note, however, contained neither scolding nor remonstrance, and yet what it did say affected him far worse than his *I O U's*. His surprise and disgust for the moment overwhelmed him; his lips became pale and pinched, and he breathed hard through his set teeth. Then, with a violent execration, he seized his cap, and hurried out to the mess-room.

"Is the colonel here?" asked he of one who was smoking in the porch.

"Yes; though he would have been off long ago had not old Pottinger fallen asleep three times over the cards."

The colonel, a hale, fresh-colored veteran, with good gray eyes, was just shaking hands with old Pottinger—the guest of the evening. The party was evidently breaking up.

Horn stood outside, biting his mustache impatiently, and waiting for his chief. At last he came, struggling into his cloak, and evidently in a great hurry to get home.

"Hollo! what do *you* want?" It was plain Lieutenant Winthrop was not one of the colonel's pets. "Not leave, I trust, at this time of night?"

"Yes, if you please, Sir, leave."

The veteran laughed contemptuously, and walked hastily on, followed by Horn, as a political economist of the street is haunted by a beggar.

"It is most urgent private affairs, Sir."

"You be hanged" (and worse), said the colonel. He also had had his losses, amounting to nineteen shillings and sixpence, and had been kept up beyond his time by a foolish old fogy. "I don't want to hear any more of your dead aunts."

This was a reference, in rather plain terms, to a habit which Lieutenant Winthrop had of evolving dead aunts out of his moral consciousness—or want of conscientiousness—whenever he wanted leave.

"It's worse than that, Sir, this time; and, upon my soul, it's true," pleaded the young gentleman, earnestly.

"What *is* it, then?" asked the colonel, stopping short, but speaking with great irritation. "But I can't believe your word, Sir; and that's a fact."

Horn drew his father's letter from his pocket, and put it into the colonel's hand. The moon was bright, and the old man's eyes were clear and sharp enough to decipher the contents. When he had done so, "By Jove!" said he; "that *is* the deuce and all. So your father's going to marry again, is he?"

"So he says, Sir, and wishes me to be present."

"She's quite a young girl, of course. How can he be such a fool? How old is he?"

"He is barely five-and-forty, Sir."

"O Lord! I don't wonder you look down in the mouth. Very good; you may have your week's leave." And off he strode to his quarters.

In half an hour Lieutenant Horn Winthrop, accompanied by Murk, his man, and Fang, his dog, was driving through the dark lines of the camp, upon his road to Brackmere.

THE GERMANS IN PARIS.

WE give several illustrations this week which will give our readers some idea of the state of affairs in Paris during the short time it was occupied by the Germans, and the temper exhibited by the citizens toward the invaders. The Bavarians were quartered in the Palais de l'Industrie, and the Prussians in the Impériale. The spacious avenue of the Champs Elysées was filled with commissariat wagons laden with provisions for the army of occupation, and with provender for its cavalry. German troopers had picketed their horses in long lines between the trees; battalions of infantry had taken off their knapsacks, piled arms, exchanged their pointed helmets for caps, and were cooking their dinners among the withered remains of exotic shrubs. Here one stumbled up against a battery of frowning artillery, there against an officer going his rounds. Strange vehicles, with wretched horses and harness, were conveying hither and thither strange-looking men, with fair beards and porcelain pipes. Now and then one came across a group of officers sitting basking in the sun. At many of the doors of the houses were small, anxious crowds, and up the side streets might be seen soldiers, on foot and on horseback, looking for their lodgings with the deliberation peculiar to the German. Others were preparing, when night came, to bivouac in the open air. On the benches by the side of the road were seated some of the invaders, in groups of twos and threes, chatting and smoking their pipes, and ready to chaff any French man or woman who might be willing to converse. Soon they became centres of animated crowds; and whenever one saw forty or fifty crammed together in a circle, one might be sure that Hans or Fritz was the centre of it. Meantime cavalry were scampering to and fro; the main body of the infantry had stacked their arms opposite the Palace of Industry, and were told off in small squads. The windows of the houses on each side of the road were closed. All the cafés were closed, and no person of the upper classes was to be seen. There were several quarrels between the Germans and the Parisians; more than one of the former were hustled and assaulted. Englishmen, too, and even French persons, were ill-treated for speaking to the Germans. One of the illustrations on our first page shows such a disgraceful incident. Some German soldiers asked their way from a young gentleman, who naturally replied with courtesy, and gave the required information. A few blouses were watching, and when the soldiers were at a safe distance they sprang on the unfortunate individual who had been so good-humored as to answer the German inquiries. He was assailed with blows and knocked down. When he was on the ground a ruffian in a blue blouse deliberately leaped upon his body and trampled on him. It was a wonder that the poor fellow escaped with his life.

The sketch on page 336, entitled "Waiting for a Passage," illustrates an incident which occurred during the entry of the Germans. At the Arc de Triomphe some confusion was caused by the junction of two lines of infantry, and a halt was ordered. Some of the troops diverged down the by-streets, and sat down upon the pavement to rest themselves, while the citizens gathered and curiously watched them. Two artists, who were sketching the scene, were mistaken for Germans, and narrowly escaped rough treatment by the excited and thoughtless crowd.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A QUAKER lately popped the question to a fair Quakeress as follows: "Hum! Yea and verily, Penelope, the spirit urgeth and moveth me wonderfully to beseech thee to cleave unto me, flesh of my flesh, and bone of my bone." "Hum! Truly, Obadiah, thou hast wisely said. Inasmuch as it is written that it is not good for man to be alone, lo! I will sojourn with thee."

Sleighing all day is said to be killing time.

One Meek, in Oregon, an old hunter, conversing with an English traveler, the John Bull finally asked, "Why, Sir, you must have lived here a long time?" To this Meek replied, "I have, Sir; you may well say that." Pointing to Mount Hood, said he to the Englishman: "Do you see that mountain? Well, Sir, when I first came to this country that mountain was a hole in the ground."

A VESSEL OF WRATH—A man-of-war.

A young lady said a pretty good thing the other evening. She has many admirers among the limbs of the law, and, on being asked how she escaped heart-whole, supposed it was owing to the fact that "in a multitude of *counselors* there is safety."

"GOING OUT WITH THE TIED"—Accompanying the bridal party out of church.

The "Little Church around the Corner" is so popular in Chicago that a man has written a waltz on the subject, and a patent medicine man has invented a "Little Church around the Corner Cathartic Pill."

KEEPING LENT—The newest umbrella.

A young man wants to know what business he had better go into that will enable him to occupy a high position in society. Let him try the roofing business. In that trade a smart man will soon get to the top of the ladder.

FORGERS TO BE ENCOURAGED—Blacksmiths.

A young miss, in a Seekonk school, in a recitation in geography, informed her astonished teacher that "the mammoth caravan in Kentucky is the greatest living curiosity, and has been exploded ten miles from its mouth."

A HINT TO THE BENEVOLENT—To alms!

An Irish editor congratulates himself that "half the lies told about him ain't true."

"Mother," said little Johnny, running into the house one afternoon, when the thunder was sounding heavily, "it's going to rain, for don't you hear the pumps going?"

Here, under the title of "The Pump," is an old story with a modern application:

Like rifts of sunshine her tresses
Waved over her shoulders bare,
And she flitted as light o'er the meadows
As an angel in the air.

"Oh, maid of the country, rest thee
This village pump beside;
And here thou shalt fill thy pitcher,
Like Rebecca, the well beside!"

But a voice by yonder window
Through my shuddering senses ran,
And these were its words: "Maria-r!
Ma-ria-r! don't mind that man!"

We hear people spoken of as "sponges," "tremendous sponges!" Ha! ha! it isn't water they absorb though: any thing but it!

A contented mind is a continual feast; yes, perhaps; but there are men—gastrophilistic parties—who read it, that a continual feast is the best way of getting a contented mind.

A SLOW SET—A hen's set.

Rochester is distracted through the columns of its papers over arithmetical problems. Here is the latest: If one hundred yards of cord be wound in single coil upon an upright post an inch in diameter, what time will it take a man to unwind it, he holding one end in his hand and traveling in a circle whose radius is the unwound cord, supposing he walks four miles an hour, and what is the length of ground walked over?

A RUSH LIGHT—The Comet.

AN UNPLEASANT SORT OF ARITHMETIC—Divisions among families.

"Fellow-trabelers," said a "cullud" preacher, "ef I had been etin' dried apples for a week, an' den took to drinkin' for a monf, I coodn't feel more swell'd up dan I am dis minnit wid pride and vanity at seein' sich full 'tendance har dis evenin'."

A LIGHT HEART—The deuce.

An old lady, who was sharply questioned the other day in court by an angry lawyer, remarked, on leaving the witness stand, that she now understood what is meant by a cross-examination.

THE WORST THING IN HAIR—Rats.

An absent-minded Indianian who started out after his cow found the cow-bell in the middle of the road, and, pocketing it, followed its tinkling for twenty miles before he remembered that it was not on the cow's neck.

A bachelor friend compares a shirt-button to life, because it so often hangs by a thread.

A profane fellow in Maine has invented a darning machine.

That woman was a philosopher who, when she lost her husband, said she had one great consolation—she knew where he was o' nights!

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HON. ROBERT C. HUTCHINGS.

THE HON. ROBERT C. HUTCHINGS, Surrogate of the City and County of New York, is the youngest man who has held that office in the city or State, being now only thirty-three years of age. He is a native of this city, and comes of good Knickerbocker stock. His collegiate education was pursued at Princeton, where he graduated in the class of 1858. After leaving college he passed some eighteen months in the study of the civil law, in Paris, and at the same time acted as correspondent of one of the leading journals of this city during the Italian war. Returning to the United States in the autumn of 1859, he entered an advanced class in Columbia College Law School, graduating in 1860, and taking the valedictory. In 1861 he was elected to the Legislature, and re-elected in 1863. During the session of 1861 came news of the firing on Fort Sumter, and Mr. HUTCHINGS was the first Democrat in the Assembly who made a speech in favor of crushing the rebellion. At the close of the session of 1863 he was appointed first assistant in the District-Attorney's office, and continued in that position until January, 1870. During his official career of seven years several of the principal capital causes that occurred during that time were tried by him. The ability displayed in the Legislature, and as a prosecuting officer, together with his high personal character, led to his nomination for Surrogate, to which he was elected in 1869, by a majority larger than was cast for any candidate at that election. During the brief period of his incumbency several wills have been contested before him where the property involved has been very large—notably among them the ALEXANDER case, the HERTZEL case, the KENNEDY case, and, more important—indeed, one of the most important ever contested in the United States—the JAMES B. TAYLOR case. In each his rulings and decisions have met the public expectation and approval.

The office of Surrogate of the City of New York is one of the first magnitude and importance. It has ultimately to adjudicate upon the property of every person who deceases within its jurisdiction. Satisfactorily to meet its high requirements demands probity, sound judgment, and legal acumen of the first order. It is to the credit of the present incumbent that thus far his course has merited and received the public approbation, and that he gives promise of a reputation equal to that of the most distinguished of those who have preceded him in that office.

HON. ROBERT C. HUTCHINGS.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

THE UNICORN.

AMONG the near kindred of the whale is the unicorn—not the companion of the lion on the English royal coat of arms, but its counterpart among the wonders of the deep. Inferior in size to the whale itself, it has the advantage of a most formidable weapon, with which Nature has provided it for as yet unknown purposes. This is the monstrous tooth which projects from the upper jaw of the animal; it is as large as a man's thigh at the base, turned in a spiral, and sharply pointed at the end; hollow within, it shows externally the finest and whitest ivory known to the trade. The narwhal, or nose-whale, was so called because the Dutch, who seem to have had the christening of most quaint things in northern regions, at first took this horn, projecting straight ahead, ten or even fifteen feet, for a grotesque long nose. Some say the animal uses this odd appendage to pierce holes through the ice when he comes up to blow or breathe; others, that he mows off sea-weed with it, on which he grazes. There is no doubt that at times he transfixes fish with his gigantic stiletto, so that he may be able to devour them at leisure.

The legend has it, that a king of Denmark, wishing to make somebody a present of a piece of the horn of the unicorn—for such it was long considered—ordered one of his high officials to cut off a piece at the thicker end of a fine specimen which he possessed. The officer did so, and, to his astonishment, found that what he had looked upon as a solid horn was hollow, and in the concavity he discovered a smaller horn of the same shape and the same substance. The latter was about a foot long, and this resemblance to the teeth of men first led, it is thought, to the idea that the unicorn might, after all, be nothing more than a gigantic tooth. In those days, however, the superstitious people attached marvelous powers to the wonderful horn, and a brisk trade was carried on in fine specimens, and even in broken fragments.

The male alone possesses this formidable weapon, the female having, instead, two small teeth, of little use for purposes of attack or defense. In the male, however, one of those two is disproportionately developed, while the other remains either of diminutive size, or disappears gradually altogether; very much as is the case with the claws of certain crustacea. At first sight, it would appear as if this giant of the seas, with his terrible sword, would be the terror of the seas, killing and devouring all that came near him. In reality, however, the narwhal is a very harmless animal, and generally his own enemy more than that of others. His mouth has no teeth, and immovable lips, and is so small that he can swallow little else but mollusks and little fish; and Scoresby, who found in the stomach of one of these strange beings a ray of two feet in length, came to the conclusion that the fish must have been first transfixed by the tooth, and killed before it was devoured. Otherwise it would have been difficult to understand how an active fish should have allowed itself to be caught by an animal unable to seize it with the lips or retain it with the tongue, and in a mouth which had not even teeth to tear it to pieces.

Their swiftness, when they are alone, is marvelous; and their capture would be almost impossible, if it were not for the curious habit they have of traveling in immense troops, and of taking refuge in little bays, from which they can not easily escape. Small boats approach them, in such cases, with precaution; the poor animals begin to crowd upon each other, they press their ranks so closely that soon their movements are impeded, and their enormous weapons become interlaced, as each one tries to raise the head high into the air. They can neither escape nor defend themselves, and thus fall an easy prey to the lances of the whalemen.

Scoresby thus once encountered, on his voyage to Greenland, a troop of narwhals, divided into smaller bands of fifteen or twenty. The males were far more numerous than the females. They seemed to be full of sportive gayety, raising their huge weapons high above the water, crossing them with each other, and uttering a sound as if they were gurgling water in their throats, while they seemed to amuse themselves with the play of the rudder in the water. At other times, however, they are known to be in a very different humor, and then they attack and sometimes pierce large whales. It is doubtful whether their efforts against vessels arise from ill humor and pugnacity only, or from an idea that the ships are large whales. Like the bees, the poor narwhals also generally seal their own doom when they make such attacks; for the enormous tooth, driven with prodigious force into the timber, remains fast there, and, breaking off, causes the death of the ferocious animal. At times, when he has driven it in right at the stern, the poor creature itself is fastened to the ship and towed along, until it dies and decomposes, to the great disgust of the sailors, who see their course impeded and their senses insulted without any profit.

In the Paris museum there is a complete skeleton of a magnificent narwhal, with a tooth of amazing size. The marine monster here shows how exquisitely it is adapted to the element for which the hand of the Creator had fashioned it, and no one, on seeing the slender, flexible form, can doubt its far-famed agility and terrible strength.

The Greenlanders eat the flesh, and obtain from the fat an oil second only to the best sperm-oil. But it is the tooth, after all, which has made the narwhal at all times one of the wonders of the deep. Long before the animal itself was known, the tooth was familiar to traders as the horn of the unicorn. The monastery of St. Denis possessed a pair of these remarkable weapons, famous for their size and the beauty of the ivory; they are now in the Medical Museum of Paris. A larger one, nearly nine feet long, exists in the treasury of the Danish monarch, at Fredericksborg.

When they were not kept thus, as most rare curiosities—the unicorn itself having, of course, never been seen—they were manufactured into weapons of every kind, swords and daggers. But they were also endowed, in popular belief, with a wondrous power of counteracting all poisons; and their mere presence, it was thought, sufficed to defeat any attempt at poisoning the owner. Down to the days of the French king, Charles IX., a piece of the precious substance was regularly dipped into the cup of the monarch before he drank; and when the great founder of modern surgery, Ambroise Paré, was requested to raise his voice against the superstition, he replied that the belief was universal; and if he ventured to contradict it he would be treated like an owl appearing in bright daylight, which the other birds fall upon and kill, and then think no more of the murdered victim. Nevertheless, he subsequently wrote openly against the custom, and with so much skill and power that after that time no one dared avow his secret faith in the virtue of the unicorn's horn as an antidote.

Wormius, a celebrated Danish physician, was the first to establish the true character of the strange curiosity. "Finding myself," he writes, "a few years ago, at the house of Mr. Friis, Grand Chancellor of Denmark, I complained of the want of curiosity in our Greenland merchants, that they should never have inquired after the animal from whom these horns were obtained, or brought home a part of their skin, at least. 'They are more curious than you think,' replied the Chancellor, and let me see a skull of immense size, to which a portion of a so-called horn was attached. I was delighted to see so rare and so precious a thing. I saw at a glance that the skull resembled that of a whale, and had, like the latter, two blow-holes on top, which opened into the mouth. I also noticed that what was called a horn was inserted in the left side of the upper jaw-bone. Having learned that a similar animal had been captured and carried to Iceland, I wrote at once to the Bishop of Holl, who had been my pupil, and requested him to send me a drawing of the same. He did this promptly, adding that the Icelanders called it narwhal, which means a whale that feeds on corpses, since whal means a whale, and nar a corpse."

It was, however, a fact that the Greenland Company purposely defeated all efforts to obtain an animal of this kind, as the fictitious value of a horn of the unicorn was far more profitable to their treasury than the tooth of a narwhal. In 1636 two of their vessels had brought some fine horns from the natives in Davis Straits, where they had been compelled to winter. Some time afterward one of their agents went to Russia, and offered to sell the Czar Alexis, the father of Peter the Great, two of these precious curiosities, as veritable horns of that unicorn which is mentioned in Holy Writ, and spoken of by Aristotle and Pliny. Alexis admired them very much, and actually offered the enormous sum of six thousand dollars for the finest; but before concluding the bargain he proposed to consult his physician. This man was learned and experienced enough to examine them properly, and he soon discovered, from their structure, that they were teeth, and not horns. The czar dismissed the agent, who returned crest-fallen to Copenhagen, and received for his consolation the sneering question, why he had not first offered two or three hundred ducats to the physician, who would then have seen as many horns of the unicorn as he could have wished?

Thus, as in the case of the whale, the ignorance of people in early times gave rise to amazing exaggerations in respect to the narwhal, which later science has dispelled, though the old superstition still lingers among certain classes.

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"LES ÉTRANGERS."

OF late years there has been a gradual migration of Scottish artists to London, and the result has been a gain, so far as London is concerned. It would not, perhaps, be correct to say that all these gentlemen belong to a definite school, although there are certain peculiarities of manipulation in some of their works which entitle them to this distinction. Others have independent methods of their own, following no man's devices, and Mr. MACBETH is one of those who seem disposed to resist the fascination of the free, vigorous, and apparently easy style which has enthralled so many. One property he, as well, we are happy to say, as most of the rising artists of the day, has in common with the Scottish school—he paints firmly and solidly, which does not necessarily mean thickly and heavily. Much modern water-color art is enough to make the old advocates of transparent color turn in their graves, and we have more than once seen the free use of body color imputed to those who never use it, simply because artists have now learned the art of adding strength to the other beauties of water-color painting, while yet retaining the delicacy and brilliancy of the older style.

"Les Etrangers," which we publish this week, was exhibited by Mr. MACBETH in England last year. The expression of hesitation and awkward timidity in the two little girls is happily caught, as well as the ease of the more aristocratic young lady, who eyes the villagers with well-bred indifference. The quaint dresses of the German children and the nurse form a picturesque contrast to the more every-day garments of the other children.

LES ÉTRANGERS.—[FROM A PAINTING BY R. W. MACBETH.]

DIFFUSION OF GOLD.

FROM immemorial time gold has generally been found in small particles, with occasional nuggets, varying from the size of a pea to masses weighing many pounds. The largest on record was brought to light in Australia recently, by a pickaxe, lying in loose earth, which was worth over £9000 sterling, and shared between two laborers. Every grain of gold has the appearance of having been rasped off from somewhere, or rather rubbed off, as though a heavy stone had been drawn over it. If the particles are smooth, they have been made so by rolling in sand by the action of running water.

It seems, from the appearance of the large nuggets and irregular-shaped pieces of such great value as sometimes are found, that somewhere there must be a great body of solid gold, from which these wandering fragments were torn off by violence, and swept away by nature's strongest transporting agent, rushing torrents. Whether the great bodies, or boulders, of solid gold are very low down in the earth, or lie in the concealed centres of auriferous mountain ranges, is the question. By being generally associated with quartz rock, it is quite probable some lucky miner may incidentally pounce upon some one of the nuclei from whence the precious dust has been slowly creeping off for an unmeasured duration of ages, to delude explorers, as it were, to prevent them from finding the world's wealth in an instant.

Wise as gold-seekers assume to be—and they are deserving of credit for extraordinary tact and indefatigable industry in the pursuit of gold

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deposits—there is something more to learn, and astounding discoveries to be made, which will make it plain that our present knowledge in regard to this matter is both limited and elementary. There is in this idea of the probable existence somewhere, and in some get-at-able place, of mountains of gold, something to stimulate American miners to bolder enterprises to discover its hidden localities.

MRS. PARTINGTON.

THE names of certain great characters are so well known to fame that often little or nothing else is known about them. Homer is in danger of having been born in seven different places at once. Shakspeare's early history is equally unauthoritative. Nobody really knows who old Parr was—some skeptical people believing that, after all, he was only some old humbug, who pretended to be a great deal older than he really was. And who was Mrs. Partington? The old lady's maltreatment of the English language is proverbial. It may not be uninteresting, then, to know something of the old lady herself. The original Mrs. Partington was a respectable old lady, living in Sidmouth, in Devonshire. Her cottage was on the beach; and the incident on which her fame is based is best told in a passage from the speech of Sydney Smith at Taunton, in the year 1831, on the Lords' rejection of the Reform bill: "The attempt of the Lords to stop the progress of reform reminds me very forcibly of the great storm at Sidmouth, and of the conduct of the excellent Mrs. Partington on that occasion. In the winter of 1824 there set in a great flood upon that town—the tide rose to an incredible height, the waves rushed in upon the houses, and every thing was threatened with destruction. In the midst of this sublime and terrible storm Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house, with mop and pattens, trundling her mop, squeezing out the sea-water, and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic was roused. Mrs. Partington's spirit was up. But I need not tell you that the contest was unequal. The Atlantic Ocean beat Mrs. Partington. She was excellent at a slop or a puddle, but she should not have meddled with a tempest." This speech is reprinted in the collected edition of Sydney Smith's works; and as this is, we believe, the first time of Mrs. Partington's name being mentioned, the immortality she has earned must be set down as due to Sydney Smith.

HOPE for the Drunkard! Hopeless cases of Intemperance positively cured, by a *harmless remedy*, by Dr. BEERS, 12 E. Twelfth St., New York. Call or send stamp for *Evidence*.—[*Com.*]

AMERICAN WATCHES.

EVERY man who has any thing to do requires a reliable time-keeper. A feeling of national pride leads all to prefer an American watch. But local dealers have for several years discouraged their customers from buying them—and for this reason only: *A larger profit could be made on foreign watches, and the frequent repairs such watches required was a steady source of income to the watch-maker.* Waltham watches have year by year grown into favor with all who have worn them; they have proved not only reliable, but economical, as repairs are seldom needed. They, like other standard articles, are sold at moderate prices, which afford the retailer but a small profit compared with that which can be made on other watches. But they require no urging. They sell themselves. Hence, wide-awake dealers make this up by keeping a full stock and selling a larger number. Many dealers now divert their customers from the Waltham to other inferior watches, and by disparaging the Waltham and recommending these comparatively unknown watches they sell them for a higher price, and thus secure a larger profit. We understand that Waltham watches are furnished to the retailer at prices which will enable him to sell them cheap and yet make a fair profit. Therefore, all intending to purchase, and who prefer an American watch, should insist on having their preferences respected.—[*Com.*]

THE most popular curiosities of the day are the little "carrier-pigeon" copies of *Harper's Weekly* and the London *Times*, issued by L. H. ROGERS & Co., New York. Send for them. (See advertisement on outside page.)—[*Com.*]

A VALUABLE INDORSEMENT. — HALL'S rubber nipples, tubing, and teething rings are strongly indorsed by the State Assayer, and mothers need have no apprehensions of harm resulting to their children from a use of these articles. See advertisement on the last page.—[*Com.*]

IF your hair is coming out or turning gray, do not murmur over a misfortune you can so easily avert. AYER'S HAIR VIGOR will remove the cause of your grief by restoring your hair to its natural color, and therewith your good looks and good nature.—[*Com.*]

PREMATURE grayness of the hair should be prevented, and the best and surest preventive is Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.—[*Com.*]

ZOELAION, or Oxygenated Cod-Liver Oil, *positively* cures Consumption, Scrofula, Cancer, and blood diseases, *where all other remedies have failed*. BENJ. ROTTON & Co., Cloverine Chemical Works, P.O. Box 120, Brooklyn, N. Y.—[*Com.*]

WINCHESTER'S HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME AND SODA is a certain Cure for CONSUMPTION.—[*Com.*]

DR. E. F. GARVIN'S TAR RESOLVENT cure Torpidity of the Liver. Sold by Druggists.—[*Com.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

A CLERGYMAN
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Dr. SHERMAN.

DR. J. A. SHERMAN:
Dear Sir,—It is nearly one year since you placed one of your Hernial Appliances upon me for a bad Rupture on my right side. Besides the ease and comfort I have had since that time, I am most happy to say that I am CURED. I am so much exposed to continual labor, and journeying from place to place, that I still wear the Appliance, but I have no inconvenience from it, and should not *need it* but from exposure. I can not express in words my appreciation of your skill or gratitude for my cure.
JOSHUA V. HIMES,
Editor of "Advent Christian Times."
BUCHANAN, MICH., *March 14th*, 1871.

RUPTURE

Cured by Dr. Sherman's Patent Appliance and Rupture Curative, without the injury experienced from the use of trusses. Pamphlets illustrating bad cases of Rupture, before and after cure, with other information of interest to the ruptured, mailed on receipt of ten cents. *Address*
Dr. J. A. SHERMAN, 697 Broadway, N. Y.

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And TAN, use PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION. It is reliable and harmless. Sold by Druggists every where. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond St., New York.

No more suffering from corns, bunions, grown-in toe nails, sore heels, or pinched feet. Let the motto be "Sound feet on sound bodies." Read
THE HUMAN FEET, THEIR DRESS AND CARE: showing their natural shape, their present deformed condition, and how distorted toes and other defects are to be prevented or corrected; with directions for dressing them elegantly and comfortably. Illustrated. Price, prepaid first post, $1 25. Address S. R. WELLS, 389 Broadway, N. Y.

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MADE TO ORDER FROM BEST MATERIALS, AND WARRANTED TO FIT.
Sent by express, C. O. D., to any part of the country, at the following rates:

6 Shirts,	Good Muslin and Linen Fronts	$9 00
6 "	Better Muslin and Good Linen	10 50
6 "	Masonville Muslin and Fine Linen	12 00
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RICHARD MEARES, Gents' Furnishing Goods, 6th Avenue & 19th St., N. Y.

DANGER AHEAD.

A single spark may kindle a flame that will consume a city, and small ailments neglected may end in fatal disorders. Bearing this fact in mind, let the first symptoms of debility or nervous prostration be met promptly with invigorating treatment. Foremost among the vegetable tonics of the age stands

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters,

and whenever the vital powers seem to languish, or there is any reason to suspect that the animal functions essential to the sustentation and purification of the body are imperfectly performed, this invaluable invigorant and antiseptic should at once be resorted to. Indigestion always produces weakness of the bodily powers. Sometimes it happens that the appetite demands more food than the stomach can digest; though not more, perhaps, than is required to keep up the full strength of the frame. The object, under such circumstances, is to increase the digestive capacity of the assimilating organ, so as to make it equal to the duty imposed upon it by the appetite, and capable of supplying the *building material of the system* as fast as it is required. This object is fully accomplished by the use of the Bitters. They tone and gently stimulate the cellular membrane which secretes the gastric juice, and the result is that the solvent is mingled with the food in sufficient quantity to convert all its nourishing particles into pure and wholesome element. If, on the other hand, there is a deficiency of appetite, without any corresponding deficiency of digestive power, the effect of the tonic is to stimulate a desire for food. In nineteen cases out of twenty, headache, nausea, nervousness, fainting-fits, spasms, and, indeed, most of the casual aches and pains to which humanity is subject, proceed primarily from indigestion complicated with billousness; and for both these complaints Hostetter's Stomach Bitters are recommended as a speedy and certain remedy.

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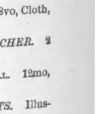

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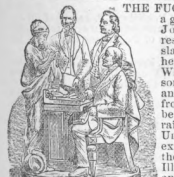

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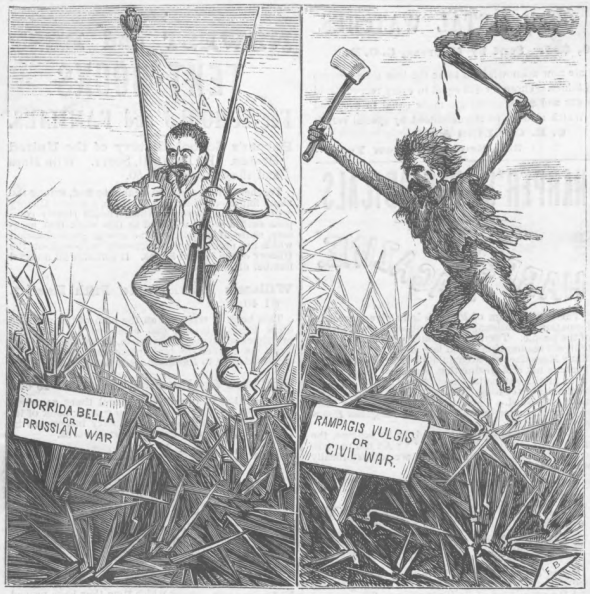

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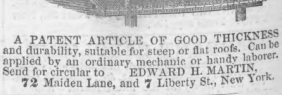

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MEMORIES OF DISTINGUISHED AUTHORS.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

BY S. C. HALL.

GENTLE, suave, and tender in look and manner, with very little outward development of power, but with an aspect that indicated a sensitive and generous soul, was the poet, JAMES MONTGOMERY, when I knew him in 1830. His early associateship with the sect called the "Moravian Brethren" had probably given a tinge of melancholy to his mind, for so he always seemed to me, and so, I believe, he seemed to others.

It matters little whether he was or was not a descendant of that ancient family whose name is renowned in three kingdoms, and who "came in with the Conqueror:" he had a higher boast, that he was

"The son of parents passed into the skies."

His father was the Rev. John Montgomery, who had been appointed to the pastoral charge of a small congregation of the "United (Moravian) Brethren," at Irvine, a sea-port in Ayrshire; and on the 4th of November, 1771, the poet was there born. His father and mother were both Irish, and of Irish descent. He was himself, therefore, more than half Irish—as he said to his friend, John Holland, having "barely escaped being born in Ireland"—entering the world a few weeks after the arrival of his mother at Irvine, and returning with her to Ireland four years and a half after his birth. He received his earliest lessons at Grace Hill, in the county of Antrim, from a genuine Irish school-master—"one Neddy McKaffery"—and was educated at the Moravian Settlement, Fulneck, about six miles from Leeds, his parents having removed to the island of Barbadoes, as "missionaries among the negro slaves." His mother died at Tobago in 1790, and his father at Barbadoes in 1791. The mission was very unfortunate. The good man, in his hopelessness, exclaimed, "Oh that I knew one soul in Tobago truly concerned for his salvation, how should I rejoice!" They pursued their vocation, none the less; doing, as far as they could, the work of their Master, amid privations and sufferings, literally unto death. Thus wrote their poet-son:

"Beneath the lion star they sleep,
Beyond the western deep;
And when the sun's noon glory crests the waves,
He shines without a shadow on their graves."

During his long life, James Montgomery paid but one visit to the land in which he was born. It is, therefore, absurd to describe him as a Scotchman; to all intents and purposes he was, as he himself said he had nearly been, an Irishman; for it is certain that the native country of a man is not determined by the accident of birth, otherwise some of the most renowned Englishmen must be treated as Frenchmen or Spaniards. A man loses no civil rights, as a British subject, by being born in a foreign state, nor does he, by such "mischance," acquire any of the privileges to which, as a native of such state, he would be entitled.

In 1830, when Mr. Everett, one of Montgomery's biographers, visited Grace Hill, a nephew and two aunts of the poet were "residents" there. Probably some of the family live there still. Montgomery himself visited Grace Hill in 1842. He had retained a vivid recollection of the place, and the several objects and incidents associated with it.

When Montgomery visited Irvine, where he was formally welcomed by the authorities with the respect due to one whose genius and virtues had done honor to the burgh, the little chapel in which his father had preached was no longer used as a sanctuary. It then contained four or five looms; yet he had a strong memory of the place, and was deeply touched by the visit—"its bridge, its river, its street-aspect, and its rural landscape, with sea-glimpses between." His memory of Grace Hill was necessarily more clear and strong, but he had evidently no special attachment to either. He was in effect, though not in fact, a native of Sheffield.

Fulneck, a few miles from Leeds, was, and is, not only a settlement, but may be called a college, of the Moravians. Montgomery became a scholar there in 1777, the design of his parents being to educate him for the ministry. It must have been a dolorous place, according to the vivid description of William Howitt, though others have spoken of it differently. No doubt in 1777 it was far less dismal than it is in 1870, when huge chimneys stretch up to the sky, clouds are intercepted by smoke, and a perpetual din of the hammer drowns the song of birds—if any remain to sing.

But in its best time little of the more striking aspects of beautiful nature could have been without the walls; while within, the Fathers and "Brethren" sought by precept and example to close the outer world to the eyes and hearts of the neophytes. Such a locality, and such a system, would have dried up the living fountain that issued from the heart even of great Wordsworth. True, something must be conceded to systematic education, but a worse home in which to educate a poet can hardly be conceived.* Neither was Montgomery much better off when in after-life his Parnassus was the close street called "Hartshead," or even "The Mount," at Sheffield—the world's factory of steel and iron.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

No doubt, in his poetry, his narrow sectarianism was a serious trammel. He could never give full vent to fancy; imagination was not permitted to body forth the forms of things unknown; inventions were stigmatized as falsehoods; and fiction was a convicted crime. The fine frenzy of the poet was, therefore, a sin against the brotherhood; and themes in which happier "makers" revelled were excluded from entries in his book of life. Montgomery was not heard in protest against this untoward fate, although he does complain that he had been often compelled to sacrifice brilliant forms of expression, which, whatever admiration they may have won from many readers, were "incompatible with Christian verity."

Montgomery's promise of the future was not such as to justify the hopes of the Directors at Fulneck: the ministry was not to be his lot. Little did the good Fathers foresee that the rejected was to become a mightier teacher—more powerful to influence the hearts and minds of mankind—than the whole of the students put together whom Fulneck was rearing to become missionaries throughout the world; that the silent, unsocial, and seemingly indolent lad whom, hopeless of better things, they consigned to the counter of a small shopkeeper at Wath, was destined to make their gentle faith reverenced to the uttermost parts of earth, among the millions upon millions who speak the Anglo-Saxon tongue.

Neither was shop-thralldom for him; he threw off the shackles they had placed on his soul. Considering himself free (as he was not under indentures) to act for himself, he set forth "to seek his fortune," but almost penniless, and without a guide; nay, not without a guide, for the Master he was to serve as the "Christian poet" of a future was at his side. After a brief sojourn with the shopkeeper at Wath and a bookseller in London, he was conducted to the proverbially unpoetic and intellectually unfruitful town of Sheffield, where the whole of his after-life was passed from the age of twenty-one to that of eighty-three. To the "hard-handed" men in that capital of "toil and traffic" he brought a shining light. Assuredly he was led where he was most needed; and who shall say how far the gentle teachings and glad tidings of the Gospel, preached by him during so many years from the printing-press, and in so many "speeches," influenced a people, many of them then and always conspicuous for passionate, not to say reckless ardor? and who shall gauge the influence of the Christian poet in counterbalancing the dangerous efforts of a fierce democratic power that soon obtained ascendency in that stirring and energetic town?—the one poet uttering curses loud and deep against a taxed aristocracy;* the other breathing gently in his prose and verse, and illustrating, by his example, the merciful teachings of the suffering yet ever-considerate Saviour.

Yes, the pulpit of James Montgomery was the wide, wide world, and his congregation the whole of humankind.

Moreover, he was unfitted for the ministry by "constitutional indolence"—he might have said, excessive sensibility. Of himself he writes, so early as 1794, "I was distinguished for nothing but indolence and melancholy." "I who am always asleep when I ought to be working."

But Montgomery had, in reality, "no vocation for the pulpit," and it is not unlikely that the austerity of Fulneck School rendered a prospect of the ministry distasteful to him; at any rate, the rebound of his spirit, when breaking away from his religious teachers, took a different direction. His destiny was to be, not a man of peace, but a man of war—with the pen, that is to say. Very early in life he launched his fragile, if not "frail" bark on the stormy sea of Politics. His youth and his earlier manhood were expended in the party contests of a provincial town, although his large mind and high soul dealt occasionally with the loftier topics that concern humanity. No doubt, in the main and for a time, he

"To party gave up what was meant for mankind."

In 1794 Montgomery commenced to publish in Sheffield the *Iris* newspaper, passing in a few short months from "a seclusion almost equal to that of the cloister," to what was then one of the most responsible and perilous stations in active life—that of "a newspaper publisher, politician, and patriot"—exhibiting, as if in proof of Dr. Johnson's notable averment, "something of that indistinct and headstrong ardor for liberty which a man of genius always catches when he enters the world, and always suffers to cool as he passes forward."

On the 4th of July the first number appeared. He had soon to endure the pains and penalties consequent on his position. In October, 1794, he was prosecuted for printing "a patriotic song by a clergyman of Belfast." The passage that was pronounced "libelous" by the sapient justices who tried the case was this:

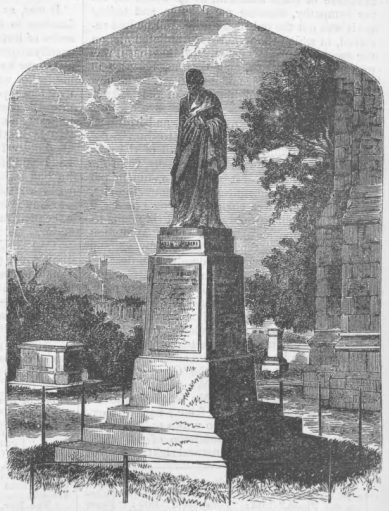
"Europe's fate on the contest's decision depends;
Most important its issue will be;
For should France be subdued, Europe's liberty ends;
If she triumphs, the world will be free."

The verses were written by a Mr. Scott, of Dromore, and were sung at a festival in Belfast, to commemorate the destruction of the Bastile; and they had been printed in various newspapers (among others, the *Morning Chronicle*) a year before Montgomery was prosecuted for reprinting them for a ballad-hawker; for which he received, as a printer, the sum of eighteen-pence. It bore internal evidence that he was not the writer—indeed that was not charged against him; yet he was convicted and sentenced to three months' imprisonment in York Castle, and to pay a fine of £20.

Not long afterward (in 1796) he was a second time tried, convicted, and imprisoned for libel. It was for printing in his newspaper what he considered a true statement of facts concerning a riot that had taken place at Sheffield, in which several lives were lost.* He was sentenced to six months' imprisonment, and a fine of £60.

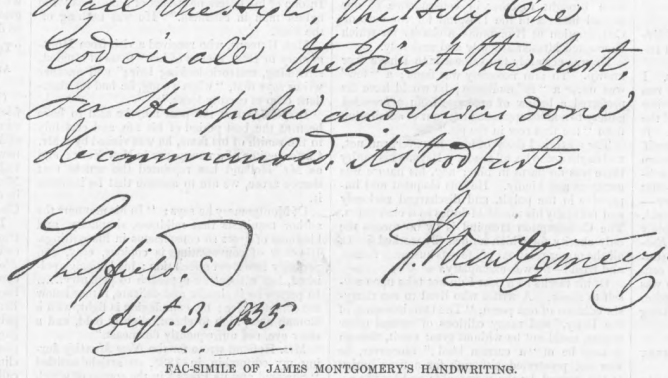
Again, therefore, to quote his own words, "he kept house in York Castle."

In a letter I received from him in 1837 he thus alludes to himself: "The disappointment of my premature poetical hopes brought a blight with it which my mind has never recovered. For many years I was as mute as a moulting bird, and when the power of song returned, it was



THE TOMB OF JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THE MOUNT, AT SHEFFIELD—MONTGOMERY'S HOUSE.



FAC-SIMILE OF JAMES MONTGOMERY'S HANDWRITING.

* One of the Moravian pastors asks Montgomery, in a letter from Fulneck, "Do you yourself ascribe your tendency to depression of spirits to your mode of education here?" There appears to have been no answer to the question.

* Ebenezer Elliott.

* When, in 1796, Coleridge was canvassing for subscribers to the *Watchman*, he declined to make any efforts in Sheffield, "lest he should injure the sale of the *Iris*," "the Editor of which is a very amiable and ingenious young man of the name of James Montgomery."

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without the energy, self-confidence, and freedom which happier minstrels among my contemporaries have manifested, and have owed much of their success to such inspiration from their own conscious talents."*

No doubt much of this state of mind resulted from the severity of criticism dealt out to him; it acted on a naturally sensitive nature and a delicate constitution, and had the effect it was probably designed to produce. Take, for example, the following passages from the *Edinburgh Review*—January, 1807—where Montgomery was cried down (!) as "intoxicated with weak tea, and the praises of sentimental ensigns, and other provincial literati;" "a writer of middling verses," whose readers were "half-educated women, sickly tradesmen, and enamored apprentices;" a "most musical and melancholy gentleman," "very weakly, very finical, and very affected;" the review ending with a prophecy that "in less than three years no one will know the name of the 'Wanderer of Switzerland,' or any of the other poems" of James Montgomery! Such was the judgment of Francis Jeffrey. How righteously true, how glorious in its fulfillment, was the prophecy put forth in 1807—the fulfillment which Jeffrey, the writer, lived to witness so long afterward as 1856!

In 1825 he retired from the *Iris*. On the 27th of September of that year appeared the last number of that journal with the imprint of James Montgomery.† His fellow-townsmen received him at a public dinner, at which Earl Fitzwilliam presided; persons of all political opinions attended to do him honor, acknowledging his services to humanity, the gentleness with which he had done his "spiriting," the blameless tenor of his life, the suavity of his manners, and the firmness of his character—that as a public journalist he had honored and dignified the Press of his country.

And throughout the kingdom that opinion there was none to gainsay. Thenceforward he entirely abstained from political writing; and his biographer says that, in 1837, "his opinions had become, in the main, very similar to those now indicated by the term conservative."

On retiring from business Montgomery left the premises in the Hartshead, where he had so long resided, and went to live at The Mount, a pleasant situation about a mile outside the town, and overlooking the valley of the Sheaf. The house occupied by the poet was one of eight, which together form a handsome and imposing pile of building.

In 1830 Montgomery was in London to deliver lectures on English Literature at the Royal Institution.

It was then he visited us—in Sloane Street. I had seen him once before, during a rapid run through Sheffield, when I had a brief interview with him, seated, *ex cathedrâ*, in the office of the *Iris*, in the dingy locality before mentioned. It was in that year, while he was contenting himself with the production of occasional verses—often commemorating the worth of the departed, soothing sorrow, and arousing hope in survivors—that another Montgomery—Robert Montgomery—claimed and obtained the suffrages of the world. The "Omnipresence of the Deity" rapidly passed through seven or eight editions, and *Robert* gave, in a year, more employment to the printers than *James* had found for them in half a century of work. Yet surely, while the one was pure gold—thrice tried in the furnace—the other was, by comparison, "sounding brass and tinkling cymbal."

Some notes concerning ROBERT MONTGOMERY may not be unacceptable to my readers.

I remember *James* Montgomery calling upon me soon after the work of his namesake appeared, and became at once "famous." His mind seemed much unsettled, and he spoke as if under the influence of some affliction, as he asked me for my sympathy, showing me a letter, and telling me it was not the only one of the kind he had received, in which the writer congratulated *him* on the success of his new poem, "adding that it was undoubtedly his best, and that as he grew in years he grew in vigor and in beauty." The new poem was "The Omnipresence of the Deity!" by his namesake.

No doubt the sudden, extreme, and irrational popularity of Robert gave pain to James, not from envy certainly, but on account of the mistakes arising, not always undesignedly, from the similarity of names. It was not in human nature to bear such mortifications without umbrage. Whether Robert was *particeps criminis* or not, I can not say, but certainly the advertisements issued by his publisher—Maunder—of "Montgomery's new poem," repeated perpetually without any prefix, if not intended to deceive, did deceive, not the public alone, but the booksellers, and in some instances critics and reviewers. One speaker at a public meeting, James being present, alluded in terms highly complimentary to Robert's poem of "Women," as "rendering tardy honors to the sex," and in their name tendered thanks to James, whom he took to be its author.

A note to an article in the *Quarterly* which contained this passage, "We mean the poet Montgomery, and not the Mr. Gomery who assumed the affix of 'Mont,'" etc., naturally excited the ire of Robert, who wrote to James, indignantly denying the assumption of the name, which he affirmed was his natural right. To that letter James wrote a lengthened reply, in which he stated, "The worst that I wish to Mr. Robert Montgomery is, that some rich man would die and leave him a handsome estate, on condition that he should take the name of his benefactor;" but he did not conceal his vexation at the annoyances to which he had been subjected.*

I would not, however, seem to cast a slur upon the memory of the lesser, while lauding the greater, *Montgomery;* the suffrages of thousands have given to him a niche in the Temple of Fame, and if rated above his value as a *poet*, he was, at all events, a kindly man, a zealous clergyman, and a fervent Christian, to whose rare powers as a preacher some of our best charities are indebted for much of their means to lessen and relieve human suffering.

I think the exact particulars of his parentage have never been given: it is, however, believed his father's name was Montgomery,† but that he had dropped the aristocratic quarter of it, calling himself Gomery, and that Robert, in assuming it, did no more than he was entitled to do.

It was in 1825 or 1826 that Robert Montgomery brought me an introduction; I can not now say from whom. There came to spend an evening with me a somewhat handsome and rather "foppish" young man, tall and slight and gentlemanly, though assuming and exacting in manners. His object was to read to me a poem he had written, which he called "The Age Reviewed." It was full of sparkling "cleverness," but was a satire on the leading reviewers, poets, and authors of the day. The half-fledged sparrow was about to peck at the eagle's plumes. Names the most honored and reverenced in letters—some who were even then almost of the future—were treated with contumely and scorn; heroes in a hundred fights were to go down "before the gray goose-quill" of the boy-Goliath! His great prototype, Byron, was bitterly lamenting a wicked folly of the kind, but the intellectual giant had strength for the encounter, which this thoughtless youth had not. I listened as he read, and when he had finished I gave him serious and earnest counsel at once to put his poem into the fire beside which we were sitting. My advice was angrily rejected. Robert Montgomery published "The Age Reviewed,"‡ and lamented the wanton act of aggression all the days of his life. Many years passed before I again saw him; he had then been ordained, and was a favorite preacher—especially fond of preaching charity sermons. We were brought together in consequence of our mutual interest in the Hospital for the cure of Consumption at Brompton—a charity for which he exerted himself ardently and zealously.

He was certainly the vainest man I have ever known. To him notoriety was fame; a "few" was never a "fit" audience; he would have far preferred a bellow of applause from a crowded gallery to a half-suppressed murmur of admiration from "the first row in the pit."

The portrait I draw of him, however, can not, and ought not to be, all shade. Beyond his vanity there was no harm in him; nay, his nature was generous and kindly. He was eloquent and impressive in the pulpit, and discharged zealously and faithfully his manifold duties as a clergyman. The Consumption Hospital is by no means the only charity for which he heartily worked.§ In all the minor relations of life—as husband, father, and friend—he was exemplary.

Of his merits as a poet I do not take upon myself to speak. A writer who lived to see thirty-six editions of one poem, "The Omnipresence of the Deity," and many editions of several other poems, could not be without great merit, though it may be of "a certain kind;" moreover, he was not prostrated, although for a time hurled to the ground, by the memorable and terrific assault of Macaulay; and though he died comparatively young,‖ he had a position and achieved a triumph for which thousands labor in vain.

It was, as I have said, in 1830, when he visited London to deliver, at the Royal Institution, a series of lectures on poetry, that we became personally acquainted with James Montgomery. As a lecturer he can not be described as successful; his matter was of course good, but his manner, as may be supposed, lacked the power, the earnestness, the *conviction*, in a word, that rarely fail to impress an audience, and which often stand serviceable in the stead of aids more important.¶ Previously I had barely seen Montgomery, yet I had been in frequent correspondence with him, for he had written year after year for the *Amulet*, which contained some of his best compositions in prose and verse. I was, however, prepared to see a gentleman of calm, sedate, and impressive exterior.

In 1835 James Montgomery received one of the Crown pensions—a grant of £150 a year—the donor being Sir Robert Peel. It was one of the latest acts of the great statesman's government, for the day after the grant was made he ceased to be minister—for a time.

Montgomery was never married. His love verses have been variously interpreted. In a letter written when he was aged, he somewhat mysteriously alludes to his celibacy: "The secret is within myself, and it is on the way to the grave, from which no secret will be betrayed till the day of judgment."

The last time I saw Montgomery was during his one visit to the Exhibition in 1851; the venerable man was moving slowly about from stall to stall, examining, apparently with a dull and listless look, the beauties of manufactured art by which he was surrounded. His form was shrunk, he stooped somewhat, his once bright eye seemed glazed; he was, indeed, but the shadow of his former self; yet I was told he had brightened up into his old nature when, just before, he had been looking over the books in one hundred and sixty-five languages of parts of the Holy Scripture that England had printed as a benefaction to varied mankind. I had to recall myself to his memory, but when I did so I obtained a cordial greeting, that even to-day I remember, and record with gratitude and pleasure. As I left him I could not help repeating his lines—

"There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found."

I have said the personal appearance of Montgomery was not striking. The eye was the redeeming feature in an otherwise plain face. It was (or seemed to be) a clear, bright blue, outlooking and uplooking.*

In 1805 the sculptor Chantrey, "a young artist whose modesty and zeal for improvement are equal to his talents," *painted* a portrait of Montgomery. He was often painted: in 1827 by Jackson, R.A., whose portrait is perhaps the best. That by Illidge is good. Mr. Barber painted a full-length for the Sheffield Literary and Philosophical Institution, where it now is, and where I have gladly seen it. But Montgomery said that of all his portraits there was not one he should like to see engraved. A faithful profile likeness of the "Christian Poet" appears on the bronze medal which is annually presented by the Sheffield School of Art for the most successful drawing, by any pupil, of English wild flowers; it was from a portrait carefully modeled from the life at fourscore. He considered, however, that his face was "rather improved than deteriorated by age." In one of his letters he speaks of himself as "the ugliest man in Sheffield." He was nothing of the kind.

Mrs. Hemans, who received a visit from Montgomery in 1828, speaks of his "mass of tangled, streaming, meteoric-looking hair;" and another writer says that, "when young, he had an abundant crop of carroty locks."

In 1825, when the poet may be said to have been at the best period of his life, and certainly in the zenith of his fame, he was visited by a Mr. Carter, editor of a newspaper in New York; and as Mr. Holland has reprinted the article that thence arose, we are to assume that he indorses it.

Of Montgomery he says: "In his manners the author manifests that mildness, simplicity, and kindness of heart so conspicuous in his writings. His flow of conversation is copious, easy, and perfectly free from affectation; his language polished, but without an approach to pedantry..... In person he is slender and delicate, rather below the common size; his complexion is light, with a Roman nose, high forehead, slightly bald, and a clear eye, not unfrequently downcast."

Mrs. Hofland wrote for the *New Monthly* during my editorship, in 1835, an article entitled "Sheffield and its Poets," in the course of which she thus describes Montgomery:

"He is the youngest man of his years I ever beheld, and at sixty years old might pass for thirty—such is the slightness of his figure, the elasticity of his step, the smoothness of his fair brow, the mobility and playfulness of his features when in conversation." She adds, "The lighting up of his eye when he is warmed by his subject is absolutely electrical."

In 1841, when he visited Scotland, he was thus described, in his sixty-fifth year: "His appearance speaks of antiquity, but not of decay; his locks have assumed a snowy whiteness, and the lofty and full-arched coronal region exhibits what a brother poet has well termed the 'clear, bald polish of the honored head;' the features are high, the complexion fresh, though not ruddy; the forehead rather compact than large, with amply-developed organs of ideality and veneration." Another authority says that the organ of "firmness" was deficient.

Searle, in his "Life of Elliott," describes Montgomery as "polished in his manners, exquisitely neat in his personal appearance, while his bland conversation rarely rose above a calm level." And Southey, in "The Doctor," thus refers to him—sending to the Christian poet the greeting of "one who admires thee as a poet, honors and respects thee as a man, and reaches out in spirit, at this moment, a long arm to shake hands with thee in cordial good-will." The two poets never met, the want of opportunity being often regretted by both. It is impossible to think of two men who would have enjoyed each other's company more heartily, frankly, and completely—frank, trustful, and conscientious as they both were.

Excellent William Howitt, who knew him and loved him well, likens him to the poet Cowper—"the same benevolence of heart, the same modesty of deportment, the same purity of life, the same attachment to literary pursuits, the same fondness for solitude and retirement from the public haunts of men; and, to complete the picture, the same ardent feeling in the cause of religion, and the same disposition to gloom and melancholy." And thus his brother poet pictures the man: "His person, which is rather below the middle stature, is neatly formed; his features have the general expression of simplicity and benevolence, rendered more interesting by a hue of melancholy that pervades them: when animated by conversation his eye is enormously brilliant, and his whole countenance is full of intelligence."

Montgomery had many acquaintances, and a few devoted friends. Foremost among them was John Holland, whom he more than once calls a "good man and true." He was the poet's loved and loving friend from a very early period, and to him (in conjunction with Mr. Everett) was assigned the duty of compiling the life of the poet. The task was discharged with sound judgment and nice discrimination, although with deep affection and abundant zeal.*

In 1854 the time of James Montgomery had come; warnings that the hour of his removal was near at hand had been mercifully sent to him some time previously; "the labor of composition made him ill;" yet his faculties were all sound, and though feeble, he was not bedridden. On the last evening of life he was out, and returned home "apparently as usual," but surprised his aged companion by handing her the Bible, and saying, "Sarah, *you* must read." She did so; he knelt down and prayed, retired to his room, and in the morning it was found that his spirit had gone home; the tabernacle of his body was without inhabitant; the soul was with the Master whose faithful servant he had been, and whose work he had so long and so well done. He entered into the joy of his Lord on the 30th of April, 1854, in the eighty-third year of his age.

Those who knew him loved him, and by all he was respected and esteemed. By the tenor of his life, as well as ever by his writings, he advanced the cause of religion; in example, as well as in precept, he was a true Christian gentleman.

A fitting monument was proposed for him at Sheffield, and John Bell made a worthy design. The estimated cost, however, was beyond the reach even of zealous friends, and after some time fruitlessly spent, the same artist made a new design, comprising a life-size statue of the poet in bronze, upon a granite pedestal, containing a prolix inscription. This monument, placed over Montgomery's grave in the Sheffield Cemetery, was inaugurated by a public demonstration, rarely equaled for the number and respectability of those who took part in it, except at the funeral of the great and good man whose name and virtues are so deservedly commemorated.

"Your monument shall be your gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er read,
And tongues to be your being shall rehearse,
When all the breathers of this world are dead."

One of the most esteemed and valued of the friends of James Montgomery was JOSIAH CONDER, some time editor of the *Eclectic Review*, and in his latter years editor of the *Patriot* newspaper. Both were organs of the Evangelical (Independent) Dissenters. To the *Eclectic* Montgomery was a large contributor; and among its other contributors were Robert Hall, Dr. Adam Clarke, John Foster (the essayist), etc.

I can not write the name of Conder without tendering grateful homage to his memory, for I owe him much. In 1824, when he edited the *Modern Traveler* (a series of popular volumes, compilations from heavy, inaccessible, and costly books), he engaged me to write the "History of Brazil;" and it was he who introduced me to the publishers Baynes and Son, by whom I was engaged to edit an "Annual," which they had applied to Mr. Conder to do—a task he had declined, recommending me to the work. This I called "the *Amulet*, a Christian and Literary Remembrancer," and that publication I edited during eleven years, until it was discontinued.

The reader may not consider out of place in this Memory a brief notice of these works, so long known and popular as "the Annuals."

Early in 1825 I undertook the editorship of the *Amulet*. The first volume was published in the autumn of that year "for the year 1826." It was in age the third of "the Annuals," having been preceded by the *Literary Souvenir* (in 1824), edited by Alaric A. Watts; and the *Forget-me-not* (in 1823), which introduced the class of works into England; then followed *Friendship's Offering*, edited by Thomas Pringle; the *Gem*, edited by Thomas Hood; the *Iris*, edited by the late Rev. Thomas Dale (Canon Dale); the *Bijou*, published by Pickering. Mr. Charles Heath, the eminent engraver, not long afterward issued the *Keepsake*, edited by Mansel Reynolds; and the *Book of Beauty*, edited by Lady Blessington; and in 1831 appeared the *Anniversary*, edited by Allen Cunningham. There were also three annuals for the young, edited by Mrs. S. C. Hall, Mrs. Alaric Watts, and Mr. Shoberl. The elder annuals were published at 12*s.*, the juvenile annuals at 8*s.*, and the *Keepsake*, the *Book of Beauty*, and the *Anniversary*, at the price of £1 1*s.* each, being greater in size, containing more and larger engravings, but in all other respects agreeing in character with the senior publications.

The idea was taken from Germany, where such Christmas gift-books had long been popular, and the publisher, Ackerman, was the first to introduce them into England. The *Forget-me-not*, with its happy title, was the parent of those books in this country.

The publications were costly, but they were all more or less profitable; the engravings were of great merit, productions of the best British engravers, for which very large sums were paid, varying from 100 to 150 guineas; in one case I paid 180 guineas to Le Keux for an engraving

* "The Wanderer of Switzerland" was published in 1806; "The West Indies," 1810; "The World before the Flood," 1813; "Greenland," 1819; "Prose by a Poet," 1824; "The Pelican Island," 1827; "Lectures on Poetry," 1833.

† The *Iris* was, at one time, "the only newspaper published at Sheffield;" and in allusion to this fact, on Montgomery's relinquishing it, Wilson says, in the "Noctes," "A hundred firesides sent their representatives to bless the man whose genius had cheered their homes for thirty winters." He adds, "His poetry will live, for he has heart and imagination: the religious spirit of his poetry is affecting and profound."

‡ "The Age Reviewed," by Robert Montgomery. Professor Wilson, in the "Noctes," speaks of the book thus: "I gave the thing a glance—wretched stuff."

§ For the Consumption Hospital alone he preached thirty times, at thirty different churches, extending over a period from January, 1843, to December, 1853, adding thus to its funds no less a sum than £1194 17*s.* 4*d.*

‖ The Rev. Robert Montgomery died in December, 1855, leaving a widow and one child. During the later years of his life he was the preacher in Percy Chapel, Charlotte Street, Pitlaroy Square.

¶ These lectures, received not unfavorably at the Royal Institution as the opinions of a poet concerning the brethren and mysteries of the craft, were delivered in several towns, and afterward published in a volume, the reception of which would by no means be a fair or favorable criterion of the public appreciation of his merits as a poet.

* Robert had the cure of a church in Glasgow when James visited that city, but he did not call upon his venerable namesake; yet the poet went to hear him preach. On his return to Sheffield, James, being questioned on the subject, merely said, "I can not be one of his eulogists, and I will *not* say any thing to his disparagement."

* One of the artists who painted his portrait said that his eyes were "in reality a bright hazel, within a narrow circle of clear blue, and so lustrous that in some lights the latter seemed the prevailing tint."

* Mr. Holland, the author of numerous works in prose and verse, was for many years editor of the *Sheffield Mercury*. He still lives in a green and vigorous old age, and is at present the honored manager of the Sheffield Literary and Philosophic Institution.

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(five inches by four) of the Crucifixion, from a drawing by John Martin. The pictures engraved were by the best and most renowned English painters.

The discovery of engraving on steel, not long before the period of the annuals, completely revolutionized Art; an engraving on copper yielded but a few hundred impressions, but the engraving on steel often produced a hundred thousand without material change.* Hence the birth of the annuals. The literary contents consisted chiefly of trifles, but they were the trifles of great minds; there was hardly an author of celebrity of that age whose name did not appear as a contributor to one of them. Glancing over the *Amulet*, I find as contributors Coleridge, Montgomery, Hemans, Mitford, Landon, Opie, etc., while Scott and Wordsworth aided the *Keepsake*, tempted thereto by the irresistible bribes of Mr. Charles Heath.

The annuals undoubtedly had a salutary influence on Art; it was the first successful attempt to bring Art within reach of all classes. It is not too much to say that many of the engravings produced for these graceful gift-books have never been surpassed.

The *Amulet* had a distinctive feature; it was "a *Christian* and Literary Remembrancer," that is to say, a serious and semi-religious tone pervaded it: undoubtedly, however, it vied in literary merit with the best of its competitors, while, to say the least, it was not behind any of them in its merit as a work of art.

I conducted it for eleven years, producing eleven volumes; but I was not fortunate in my publishers. The first two were issued by Messrs. Baynes and Co., who fell into difficulties; the next three by Wightman and Cramp; and the remainder by Westley and Davis, who became bankrupts in 1837; and as I was a partner with them in so far as the *Amulet* was concerned, my payment as editor being a share of the profits (which, by-the-way, during the six years amounted to somewhat less than a hundred pounds), I was involved in a ruinous loss. But that is one of a few of my "Memories" I pray to forget.

I return to a Memory of JOSIAH CONDER. His father was an engraver, and he was born in London on the 17th September, 1789.

He was a Nonconformist by hereditary right: his ancestors had been Dissenters time out of mind, and had suffered persecutions for going their own way to God. He had the "prayers, example, and instruction" of several generations in the faith, of which he was an uncompromising, but gentle and charitable, advocate.† One of his best friends—Isaac Taylor—bears testimony to "the graceful vivacity and attractiveness of his manners, his intellectual tastes, his literary proficiency and acquaintedness with books, the beauty and feeling of his poetical compositions, and the acknowledged correctness of his judgment." Many of his hymns have taken a prominent place in our devotional literature.‡ He obtained high reputation as a critic, editing the *Eclectic Review*, and was for a long time "the champion of Dissenting interests and principles" as editor of the *Patriot* newspaper.

His wife also was an accomplished lady—the daughter of the renowned sculptor, Roubillac; and the sons have inherited much of the intelligence and integrity of the father.

He had lost an eye by an attack of small-pox in childhood, and used a glass substitute. He drew consolation from that apparent affliction, and considered it the fountain of after-blessing; probably it determined his course of life, by disposing him to sedentary employment, and a love of learning and books.

Isaac Taylor (a high authority) testifies to "the graceful vivacity and attractiveness of his manners, his intellectual tastes, his literary proficiency and acquaintedness with books, the beauty and feeling of his poetical compositions, and the acknowledged correctness of his judgment in matters of taste."

I recall to memory, with much pleasure, a few days spent with him and his then young family at his pretty cottage near Watford. It must have been so far back as 1826 or 1827. I found him—and so report him—as so many of his friends said he was—a genial and kindly critic, a wise counselor, sound of judgment, generous in his religious views, sympathetic with all who had anxieties and cares, with a mind holy, and a nature thoroughly upright, thoroughly Christian; and I may well regret that it was not my destiny to see much of him in after-life.

He died on the 27th December, 1856. I quote the concluding passage of a sermon delivered by Dr. Morison of Knightsbridge: "We are thankful for every remembrance of him, as of one who had in him much of the mind of Christ—who not only trod the paths of literature with a dignified and intelligent step, but also walked humbly with his God; adorned every relation of human life, as a son, a husband, a father, and a friend; and whose last hours were sweetly irradiated by the bright shining of the Sun of Righteousness."

The following verse from one of his poems I am tempted to quote:

"Let Mother Rome the banns forbid,
When priests in wedlock join:
Sure Paul might do as Peter did,
And Luther's right is thine:
And we will keep, in spite of Rome,
Our wives, our Bibles, and our home."

* A late discovery makes it possible to obtain impressions of an engraving—any number without limit. The original plate is not used at all; it is stereotyped on copper, the copper being coated with steel, which, when it begins to wear, is easily renewed.

† "He counted it a great honor to be sprung from a family in which piety, as well as Nonconformity, was hereditary."—(Memoir by EUSTACE R. CONDER, M.A.)

‡ I find his hymns in many of the collections; but it is the culpable practice of those who arrange such collections for service in our churches to ignore altogether the names of the writers of them. For example, I have now before me a volume of 510 hymns, edited by the Rev. William Mercer, M.A.; to not one of them is attached the name of the author. That is neither creditable nor wise—but it is ungrateful.

THREE SEASONS.

BY CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

"A cup for hope!" she said,
In spring-time ere the bloom was old:
The crimson wine was poor and cold
By her mouth's richer red.

"A cup for love!" how low,
How soft the words; and all the while
Her blush was rippling with a smile,
Like summer after snow.

"A cup for memory!"
Cold cup that one must drain alone;
While autumn winds are up and moan
Across the barren sea.

Hope, memory, love:
Hope for fair morn, and love for day,
And memory for the evening gray
And solitary dove.

TWO SCENES IN FRANCE.

ON the 7th of March, 1845, eighteen or nineteen journalists and actresses met at a gay dinner in the restaurant of the Frères Provençaux, in Paris. The nominal hostess was Mademoiselle Athenais Pauline Lievenne, an actress at the Vaudeville, chiefly remarkable for her fine Moorish eyes and luxuriant black hair. Her only real guest was M. Dujarrier, one of the kings of Parisian journalism and part proprietor of the *Presse*. The other persons paid for themselves. Among the gentlemen was M. Roger de Beauvoir, a romance writer, better known in Paris for his flowing hair and eccentric waistcoats. There was also present, besides several young men of fashion, M. Rosemond de Beauvallon, a creole from Guadaloupe, and the theatrical critic for the *Globe*.

The dinner had been noisy, and a good deal of personal satire had been exchanged; Dujarrier proposing as toasts "Roger's hair" and "Roger's waistcoats," Roger retorting by reverting to Dujarrier's bald head, and to the famous "Memoirs of M. De Montholon," which the *Presse* was always announcing, but never published. The only cloud over the scene was when Dujarrier, with his usual unbridled spirits and aggressive manner, made some rude observations to the so-called hostess, for which, however, he instantly apologized, and was at once graciously pardoned.

Not long after another cloud arose. M. De Beauvoir came up to Dujarrier, and questioned him about a novel which he had sent to the *Presse*, for which he had been paid, but the publication of which Dujarrier kept delaying. A man of business quite as much as a man of pleasure, Dujarrier replied frankly that Dumas's romances were more popular and more useful to the paper than what Roger wrote, and Roger must wait. De Beauvoir, irritated, made use of some sharp words.

"Do you seek a quarrel with me?" said Dujarrier.

"I don't seek quarrels," replied the romancer, majestically, "but I sometimes meet with them."

The party then divided itself into two parts—one began to dance, and the other to play at lansquenet. Presently, more guests arriving, the play increased. The owner of the bank was willing to risk a large sum, so Beauvallon and Dujarrier associated themselves with him. Dujarrier risked twenty-five louis, and Beauvallon four and a half. The bank gained, which gave Dujarrier one hundred louis, and Beauvallon eighteen. But the banker, when he came to pay his partners, found that he was still some louis short, having by mistake called a larger sum than what he really had before him. He was preparing to make it up from his own purse, when Beauvallon proposed to Dujarrier to bear the loss, but Dujarrier refused. Dujarrier's refusal was recognized as legitimate, and nothing more was thought of the matter.

At the close of the evening Beauvallon spoke again to Dujarrier about the settlement. Dujarrier replied, brusquely, "How can I be expected to remember a game that took place four hours ago? I have played more than twenty-five thousand francs this evening. This is contrary to the rules of right play—it is inconvenient. I owe nothing, and shall pay nothing." Beauvallon pleaded, at least, for the twenty-five louis he had contributed to the bank. Dujarrier then, as Beauvallon was leaving, insisted on paying him eighty-four louis he owed him on another transaction, and in a way that implied Beauvallon entertained mean and unworthy suspicions. "Permit me to pay you," he said, "it will save me the trouble of sending it you." Dujarrier, then, in spite of Beauvallon's assurances, went to borrow the money, not having enough about him, M. Collor, the landlord of the Frères Provençaux, supplying the last ten louis.

Beauvallon, who had been watching for an opportunity to call out the rival editor, went home, considering his honor hurt in being suspected of claiming what was not due to him. He instantly sent for two friends, M. D'Escquevillez and M. Roger de Beauvoir. They agreed with him that an explanation was necessary. On going to Dujarrier that gentleman merely said, in an offensive way, "Beauvallon—Grandvillon! don't know him. My friends are M. De Boignes and Arthur Bertrand." This answer Beauvallon thought a new offense, and on his second then threatening a manual outrage to Dujarrier unless some apology was made, Dujarrier accepted the challenge. Beauvallon proposed swords to give his adversary more chance, offering his word that he would only disarm or wound Dujarrier. An officious friend, however, informing Dujarrier of this, he at once felt bound in honor not to accept the advantage.

About three o'clock the day before the duel Dujarrier called on Dumas, the novelist, and took up a sword he found in a corner of the room. Dumas saw at once that he did not even know how to hold it. He asked Dujarrier if he could use any other weapon better. Dujarrier then said that he was going to fight M. De Beauvallon the next day. Dumas, knowing Beauvallon's reputation as a swordsman, said, "Your adversary is a first-class swordsman; you had better use the sword: as soon as M. De Beauvallon sees the way in which you hold the sword the duel will be over." Dujarrier then replied that pistols were chosen; that the sword was a dangerous weapon; that he had more chance with the pistol, but was sure to be killed with the sword. "It is my first duel," he added; "it is an astonishing thing I never had one before. It is a baptism I must undergo. M. Beauvallon is brave, and has made his reputation. When I have fought with him I shall have no more quarrels; it will stop all these miserable yelpings." The cause of the duel, he said, was really a newspaper quarrel—it was a war between the *Globe* and the *Presse*, not between M. Dujarrier and M. Beauvallon. He seemed preoccupied with the resolve not to show himself a coward in the eyes of Beauvallon, and appeared imbued that night with the belief that he should be killed. In vain Dumas hinted that a pistol, however fired, might hit, but that a sword could spare. He refused to listen—telling his friend that one of Beauvallon's seconds had said, "If you don't accept this challenge, you will have to fight for some other reason. They will force you—you are displeasing to them." Dujarrier remained, dined with Dumas, and left at nine o'clock. Dumas then went to the Variétés, but, feeling uneasy about Dujarrier, left the theatre and went to call on him. *Dujarrier was writing his will.* Dumas saw that he ought to avoid all conversation on the subject that preoccupied him. He, however, pressed him to fight with swords, and said, "Take care, my dear friend; you have been lucky too long for it to last." At midnight Dumas left.

The will the doomed man that night wrote commenced thus:

"On the eve of fighting for a cause the most absurd, on a pretext the most frivolous, and my friends, Arthur Bertrand and Charles de Boignes, being unable to avoid a rencounter which it becomes my honor to accept after the provocations that have been addressed to me, I leave here my last wishes."

The letter to his mother ran thus:

"MY GOOD MOTHER,—If this letter reaches you, it will be because I am either dead or dangerously wounded. I shall fight to-morrow with pistols. It is a necessity of my position, and I accept it as a man of courage. If any thing could make me recoil, it is the fear of the pain the blow that struck me would give you; but honor is imperious, and if you must shed tears, my good mother, you had better shed tears over a son worthy of you than over a coward. One idea will, at least, soften your sorrow, and that is that my last thought will be for you. I shall go to fight calm and sure of myself. I have right on my side. I embrace you, my good mother, with all the outpourings of my heart.

"DUJARRIER."

Eleven o'clock in the morning was the hour fixed for the duel. The seconds agreed that the combatants should be placed at thirty paces, then step five forward and fire, each of them stopping when he had received his adversary's fire. The shots were to be exchanged without waiting. They were to toss who should furnish the arms. Beauvallon winning, his second, M. D'Escquevillez, produced a pair of pistols which he professed to be his own personal property. Dumas offered his pistols, but they were rejected. The duel took place in the Bois de Boulogne. Dujarrier brought in his cab his two seconds, and M. De Guise, a doctor. They arrived on the ground at ten o'clock. It was a cold day, a good deal of snow had fallen, and soft, white flakes still floated in the air. Beauvallon kept them waiting an hour and a half. Dujarrier, suffering from cold and nervous excitement, was so unfit to fight that the doctor insisted he should leave the ground, as was his right; but he refused. At length Beauvallon arrived with his seconds. Dujarrier's friend, M. De Boignes, then made a last appeal, begging him not to carry further a duel without a motive. Beauvallon replied, coldly, that he had been insulted, and that offenses like that were never arranged on the ground.

D'Escquevillez then drew a pair of hair-triggers from his pocket. M. De Bertrand, before loading them, thrust his finger into one of the barrels, and found it black. He at once felt a suspicion that the pistols had been used, but D'Escquevillez assured him on his honor that they had only been snapped, and that Beauvallon had never tried them. These preliminaries over, the two adversaries took their places. Dujarrier was such a novice that, accidentally touching the trigger, he all but shot M. De Boignes. At the third clap of hands he fired, but did not touch Beauvallon; he then dropped the pistol, which he should have held up to guard his head, and instead of remaining edgeways, stood square and presented his chest. M. Beauvallon then took slow and deliberate aim (forty seconds), and as M. Boignes cried, anxiously, "Fire! fire!" the pistol was fired. Dujarrier remained stationary—it was hoped that he had not been touched—when all at once he fell like a sack. The doctor ran to his man. The ball had struck him above the right nostril. His anxious look showed that his senses were still preserved. M. De Guise sought to reassure him with a few words of comfort, but a moment's examination proved to him that Dujarrier was lost. The upper maxillary bone was shattered, and the spinal marrow touched. When the party reached Dujarrier's house, and the servant opened the door, a lady rushed to the carriage. It was Lola Montez, a mistress of Dujarrier's. His body fell into her arms.

The death of Dujarrier caused great emotion in Paris: the motives for fighting were so puerile, the inequality of the combatants was so flagrant. There had been treachery, too. It was soon ascertained that the pistols used had belonged to M. Ganier de Cassagnac, Beauvallon's brother-in-law. The gun-maker, with whom M. Cassagnac pretended the pistols were on the morning of the duel, proved that it was not till after the duel that he had had them to clean. Moreover, Beauvallon and his two zealous seconds fled to Spain, and did not for some months give themselves up.

It was decided to prosecute Beauvallon, who had surrendered himself, and on the 26th of March, 1846, he was brought up for trial at the Cour Royale, Rouen. Beauvallon in his defense asserted that he had been driven to use pistols much against his inclination. He had chosen the most unfavorable place when on the ground, and he had resolved not to fire till after his adversary. He had taken no longer aim than was necessary. It was then attempted to be proved that Beauvallon, when a lad, had once gone into the house of a cousin and stolen a watch, to raise money to go to a bal masqué; but this unworthy slander broke down.

M. Berryer, Beauvallon's advocate, defended his client with great eloquence, and quoted Guizot's words to prove from the lips of an eminently religious man that the duel was not forbidden by civilization or religion. "French manners," Guizot had said, "were chivalrous, and they had substituted the duel for the assassination. When the honor of a man or a woman was assailed, reparation was needed. The savage revenges himself by the ambuscade, the Frenchman by the duel. In vain you legislate; men of courage deride you."

The result of this speech was a verdict for the acquittal, Beauvallon being only fined 20,000 francs.

But the case did not end here. In August, 1847, D'Escquevillez was tried at the Court of Assizes for the Seine, for having given false evidence in the Beauvallon trial. The chief witness, M. Meynard, deposed that the evening before the duel Beauvallon asked him to come and practice with him with pistols at half past six the next morning. They went the next morning to D'Escquevillez's garden at Chaillot, and Beauvallon fired with great precision a dozen times, with his brother-in-law's pistols, at a mark on the garden wall. This over, D'Escquevillez went off to meet Dujarrier's second, and the witness walked with Beauvallon. De Guise also deposed that the pistols were flashed on the ground, but only with caps. At the Rouen trial D'Escquevillez had tried to make him give false evidence, and had threatened him. The Viscount d'Alban deposed that D'Escquevillez had so bad a reputation that he had been refused admission to the Madrid Casino. Beauvallon had also been found cheating in cards. An expert proved that two discharges of powder might stain, but would not blacken a pistol barrel. The result was a verdict against D'Escquevillez, with extenuating circumstances, and he was condemned to ten years' "seclusion sans exposition."

In the same month Beauvallon was also tried for perjury. M. Meynard's evidence was again criminating. On the morning of the duel he saw on D'Escquevillez's table two pairs of pistols, one of which pairs he was told was M. Ganier de Cassagnac's. Beauvallon fired with both pairs, and Meynard complimented him on his address. Beauvallon replied, "I have often broken eggs with these at my brother-in-law's." M. Devismes, a gunsmith, deposed that on the 18th of March M. Cassagnac had ordered his pistols to be sent to his brother-in-law in the Rue Notre Dame de Lorette. He also proved that during a short absence in the country Cassagnac and Beauvallon had sent for four hundred pistol-bullets. M. Belmont, a witness called by Beauvallon, deposed that at a duel fought by Beauvallon the prisoner had fired in the air the first time, upon which his adversary fired and wounded him.

M. Capo de Feuillade's speech for the defense was eminently French. It ended thus:

"And now I intrust this child to you. See what he is, when he hears in Madrid these murmurs, these reports; he says, 'I will pass the frontier; I will go to Paris; I will go there and perform one of the most beautiful actions that can honor human life. I will go to bear my testimony to friendship.' And now, dear child of my affections, thou for whom I have alone lived for two months, let me undertake in thy name the solemn engagement that henceforward thou wilt neither propose nor accept a duel."

PRISONER. "Never."

CAPO DE FEUILLADE. "Thou art poor. Thou hast to suffer two years in prison already, and to pay for thy costs. Work and pray. Work and prayer, what consolations! And on leaving prison you will still have a right to the esteem of honest men."

Beauvallon here wiped his eyes with his handkerchief. He was pale and haggard, but affected complete tranquillity. He was sentenced to eight years' imprisonment. The two prisoners were still in the Conciergerie when the revolution of 1848 broke out. The prisons were forced open, and they escaped.

D'Escquevillez appeared no more on the scene. M. Beauvallon returned to Guadaloupe, and tried to obtain a legal pardon for his escape; but the court refused all his applications.

This Dujarrier duel showed how terribly near assassination these encounters often are. There was no doubt left in the minds of impartial men that Beauvallon had taken a cruel and murderous advantage in using a weapon to which he was accustomed. It also appeared that the duel had originated in an old press quarrel, Cassagnac having been dismissed from Dujarrier's paper for some imprudence. It was equally certain that Cassagnac, wishing to remove his rival, had set on the young creole duelist to fight and kill him.

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FRANCE, 1871.

WHAT is this that she says of thee, willful and wounded,
But beautiful France?
This selfish-wise world, as she looks on thy writhings
From afar and askance?

Lo! she says that the sackcloth of sorrow that clothes thee
Thou shalt keep for thy shroud;
She says that thy head shall be never more lifted,
Because it is bowed!

She says that this red rain that drips from thy bosom
Is the costliest—last!
And her hand is uplifted to write thee and seal thee
With the things that are past!

And wilt thou lie down, then, so straitly and starkly,
And let the dark cover thee?
Shall she say, "This was France!"—for a sign, at thy head,
Plant thine own lilies over thee?

I have seen a red rose thriving well in the mould of a Crumbling coffin;
And the dead have stood up, while the living around them
Were doubting and scoffing.

At thy throat is the grip of the tall, surly Northman—
But thou art too fair!
He never will strike through the quivering flesh
Of thy white beauty, bare.

From the trail of thy tresses he carefully lifteth
His iron-shod heel.
Ere he leaves thee he stanches the wounds that were made by
His conquering steel.

Albeit, he knows that the life that he nurses
Would strike at his own;
Though he knows that thy hate will beleaguer his path when
Thy strength is new-grown!

Oh, proud, breaking heart! Oh, presumptuous, despairing,
But undismayed France!
Fair, fickle, and furious, thine old lovers knew thee
In the days of romance!

HOWARD GLYNDON.

ONE ROOM TOO MANY.

A COLLEGE REMINISCENCE.

IT was late on a gloomy October evening when I piloted my way up the crazy and ill-lighted stair which led to Harry Markham's rooms in the principal quadrangle (or, in college parlance, the "front quad") of St. Michael's College, Oxford. The clamor of boisterous merriment that struck upon my ear as I ascended showed that the revel was already at its height; for this evening Markham's "set" (a somewhat roistering set withal, as sundry gate-fines* and summonses before the college authorities continually testified) were celebrating the arrival of a new Freshman from the North—known by reputation to not a few of them—who was expected to prove a valuable acquisition to the college boat, and, by strength of muscle, if not of mind, to enhance the renown of St. Michael's in no small degree. As I entered, the host, with flushed face, and eyes sparkling with mirth and mischief, was just calling upon the company to "fill their glasses to the health of his esteemed friend, Mr. Joseph Talboys, whose thews and sinews were a sufficient guarantee of good service to be done by him when the time should again come round for St. Michael's to display her prowess on the river." Amidst a general shouting and stamping of feet, and the crash of several glasses (it being a special characteristic of a certain class of under-graduate, when slightly heated with liquor, to smash every thing, animate or inanimate, that may come in his way), the toast was drunk; and the newcomer—a brawny, yellow-haired giant from Cumberland, whose broad, jovial, unmeaning face promised less of the scholar than his vast shoulders and herculean limbs did of the athlete—having lumbered out a few incoherent words in reply, the buzz of conversation again became general.

"Well, old fellow," cried Markham, turning to the Cumbrian, "how do you like the idea of sleeping in the haunted room, eh?"

"It's all one to me," answered Talboys, in his deep, heavy, gong-like tones; "it 'll be a clever ghost that can wake *me* when I'm once fairly asleep."

"What about a haunted room?" interrupted I. "I didn't know we had one in college."

"Oh, you know that queer old corner room in the back quad," struck in my right-hand neighbor; "it hasn't been used for ever so long, and, of course, that's a sufficient reason why it should be set down as haunted."

"But what's the story connected with it, then?" asked I.

"Oh, just that something happened there, somehow, a long time ago," rejoined my informant; "and so, you see, it came to be haunted. If you want to know further particulars, your own scout,† old Sam Thorpe, is your man. He's lived in the college till he's just like a part of it himself, and there's not a thing happened this last thirty years but what he has it all at his fingers' ends. Ask *him* about Talboys's room if you want to know all about it."

"And meanwhile," shouted Harry, draining his tumbler, "here's a good night's rest to Mr. Talboys, and may the ghost be as civil to him as he deserves!"

"I say, Talboys," cried a rakish-looking man at the farther end of the board, "if the ghost *does* come, just ask him whether I shall win the Aylesbury steeple-chase next time, there's a good fellow."

"And whether I shall get a first in Greats,"‡ added a languid, foppishly dressed fellow beside him, whose ambitious remark called forth a general roar of laughter.

"Ah, Carrington, my boy," cried Markham, "I'm afraid *your* first in Greats is beyond the power of even a ghost to secure. But come, let's have another bowl of punch, and bother take the ghost and all connected with him!"

Louder and wilder waxed the uproar under the influence of the "second brew," and the evening's merry-making ended, as Oxford wine-parties occasionally do, in the disappearance of more than half the party under the table, the clamorous dispersion of the rest in every direction except that of their own rooms, an unmerciful smashing of glasses, windows, and even furniture, and a number of bad headaches and official rebukes next morning. The only two who escaped unscathed were Talboys and myself—the Cumbrian from his iron strength of head, and I from my natural indisposition to drink deeply. We parted at the foot of the stair; but as the stalwart Northerner strode across the silent quadrangle, his huge figure looking shadowy and spectral under the fitful glimmer of the moonlight, an undefinable impulse prompted me to follow him to the entrance of the back quadrangle, in which lay the room that he was to occupy.

The so-called "back quadrangle" of St. Michael's is in reality a long straggling court, flanked on one side by the palisade of an adjoining wood-yard, and on the other by the wall of the college itself, the farther end being formed by a projecting wing of the building, containing, perhaps, fifteen or twenty sets of rooms. As I halted at the end of the dark passage which unites the two quadrangles a cloud suddenly obscured the moonlight, casting a dim and cheerless gloom over the whole space, which appeared to my excited fancy like the shadow of the grave advancing to swallow up my reckless companion. So strongly did this idea take hold of my mind for the moment that I was on the point of shouting to him to stop. But such childish fantasies had little hold upon the sturdy Northman, who, caroling in a lusty voice a fragment of some song which had taken his fancy during the evening, marched steadily across the open space, and vanished into the deeper shadows beyond. As he disappeared an overpowering terror, such as I had never before experienced, and of which I can only convey an idea by calling it the terror of *expectation*—the foreboding of a horror yet to come—seized upon me, and, like a child suddenly left alone in the dark, I fairly turned round and *ran* back to my own rooms, as if fleeing from some deadly peril.

After such a transgression of my usual habits as the midnight symposium of the evening before it is not surprising that I slept long and heavily. The first thing that disturbed me was an unusual tumult in the back quadrangle—a shouting, trampling, running to and fro, and banging of doors and windows, such as might have aroused any one whose bedroom, like mine, abutted upon the scene of the disturbance. I sprang to the window and looked out just as one of the men with whom I had supped the night before came running past.

"Hallo, Sargent!" cried I. "What's all this row about?"

"Haven't you heard?" he answered, halting for a moment. "Talboys, the new Freshman, has been found in a fit on the floor of his room."

"In a fit! How's that?"

"Nobody knows; we can't get a word out of him that any one can understand. I'm off to fetch a doctor." And away he ran.

As may be imagined, I was not long in dressing after such a *reveille*, and had just entered my sitting-room when my scout—old Sam Thorpe, already introduced to my readers by the conversation quoted above—made his appearance with the breakfast-tray. Sam was a lean, undersized, hatchet-faced old fellow, with small, deep-set, cunning gray eyes, and a dried-up, leathery face, trenched with countless wrinkles, giving it the look, as one of his masters quaintly observed, "of a ruined head haunted with ghost-stories." His age was an impenetrable mystery, college traditions unanimously agreeing in representing him as going about in the same snuff-colored coat, and with the same antiquated appearance, as far back as the memory of man could extend. He possessed a considerable fund of out-of-the-way knowledge, and was a perfect mine of quaint old stories respecting the college and all connected with it, which he narrated with a homely and untaught eloquence that made him well worth listening to. As a rule, Sam was always ready for a chat, but on this occasion he seemed in no hurry to begin. At length, having laid the table as solemnly as if he were making preparations for my immediate execution, he hazarded a remark: "Sad business, Sir, this of Muster Talboys!"

"Have you heard how it happened?" asked I.

"I don't know nothing about it, Sir, barring that Joe Leggitt, the scout on that staircase, found Muster Talboys a-lying all along on the floor, with a face just like one o' them stone statteys above the hall door yonder;* and he can't even tell one 'ow it 'appened, poor young gen'leman—only he keeps sayin' that the devil's in his room, and that he won't stay in it at no price; so the doctor's had him shifted into Muster Archer's rooms, on the next staircase."

"Is the doctor with him now, then?"

"Yes, Sir, he's there; but I don't know what he thinks of it all—he won't say nothin'." And old Sam glided away like a ghost.

I made a hasty pretense of breakfast—to eat heartily was altogether beyond my power—and, rushing down stairs, came face to face with the departing doctor, an old acquaintance of mine, who had pulled me very cleverly through a dangerous illness caught during a long vacation trip to Algeria.

"Good-morning, doctor; what do you think of our patient now?"

"Well, my dear Sir, it's rather premature to give any decided opinion yet. The nervous system has received a great shock, unquestionably—a very great shock; but we shall remove him to lodgings in the town this afternoon, and I hope he may mend by degrees."

(As I shall not have occasion to mention Talboys again in the course of my narrative, I may as well notice here that he returned home as soon as his health permitted him to travel, not reappearing till the following term—to the huge indignation of the authorities, who were ineffably scandalized at the occurrence of such an unaccountable catastrophe within the walls of St. Michael's, an occurrence—as the head of the college aptly defined it—"altogether unprovided for by the university statutes."*)

"But what do you think was the cause of it, then? And what makes him talk about the devil, and all that?"

"It's impossible to account for the vagaries of nature, my dear Sir," replied the oracular doctor, who never, by any chance, gave a plain answer if he could possibly avoid it. "It's a very curious case, and I intend making a careful study of it, I assure you; but in the mean time it may be just as well to set down the whole thing as the effect of stomachic derangement, brought on, no doubt, by the heavy supper of last night. Good-morning to you; I have several other visits to pay."

And so saying the doctor vanished, leaving me plunged in reflections of a very harassing nature. All the efforts which I made to fathom this mysterious catastrophe only sank me into deeper bewilderment. Here was a man, healthy, fearless, unimaginative as man could be, with the nerves of a soldier and the strength of a giant, struck down all in one moment by an agency of which ninety-nine men in a hundred would deny the very existence. What was I to think? Had the supernatural, then, any real basis of fact? And was it now, after eluding my grasp on the moonlit rocks of Brittany and beside the grim ruins of the Rhine, in the pathless forests of Finland and amidst the revolting superstitions of the Lower Danube, starting up to confront me in sober England, and, of all places, in the heart of a skeptical university? In this unpleasant frame of mind I turned my steps almost unconsciously in the direction of the back quadrangle, and found old Sam Thorpe flitting around the fatal spot like a raven on a battle-field.

"Sam," said I, "show me Mr. Talboys's room."

"Why, Sir, Mr. Talboys ain't there now; he's on the next staircase."

"Never mind that; it's the *room* that I want to see."

"But, bless you, Sir, what's the good (if you'll excuse my freedom) of lookin' at a room where there's nothin' to see?"

"That's *my* business, not yours. You just take me there at once."

Sam, with manifest reluctance, led the way up the more distant of the three stairs, and halted before a small door, on opening which I found myself in a rather dingy-looking sitting-room, furnished in the usual simple style, opening into a bedroom of smaller size but similar furniture. Except the comfortless aspect characteristic of every room which is suddenly reoccupied after a long term of neglect, there was, as Sam had forewarned me, nothing remarkable about either apartment; but I had barely had time to look round me, when my eyes were attracted by an object which riveted them (*why*, I could not tell), to the exclusion of every other. This was a large rusty iron hook, driven into the ceiling of the sitting-room, apparently for the purpose of suspending a hanging lamp. It is no exaggeration to say that this hook drew my eyes to it as the magnet draws the needle; and so thoroughly was I engrossed with this seemingly insignificant object, that I failed to notice the exit of my guide, who no sooner saw my attention diverted from him, than he slipped noiselessly out and closed the door behind him. But the moment I found myself alone a feeling rushed upon me which I despair of expressing. To call it the instinctive consciousness of an invisible presence of evil, or the mixture of terror, disgust, and enthrallment with which we look for the first time upon a loathsome reptile or an executed criminal, gives but a faint idea of its overwhelming intensity. I must borrow from the words of an old legend† what my own are powerless to convey:

"The young man was left alone; and hardly did he find himself so, when, like a swarm of demons, the recollection of all his sins rushed on his mind, and, like furies armed with fiery scourges, seemed determined to drive him to despair. As he combated these horrible recollections, with distracted feelings but with a resolved mind, he became aware that his arguments were answered by the sophistry of another, and that the dispute was no longer confined to his own thoughts. The Author of Evil was present in the room with him in bodily shape, impressing upon him the desperation of his state, and urging suicide as the readiest mode of putting an end to his sinful career."

This is, as it were, the shadow of what I felt; but the terrific reality is beyond the power of description. With an effort like that with which one breaks from the oppression of a nightmare, I flung open the door and rushed out, meeting on the staircase the spectral figure and shriveled, corpse-like visage of old Sam, who surveyed my convulsed features with a grin of ghastly curiosity.

"Well, Sir, how do you like the room, now you *have* seen it?"

"Sam," answered I, looking him full in the face, "you know more of this than you pretend. Just tell me all about it."

"Lawk, Sir, how should *I* know any thing?" faltered Sam, his cadaverous face turning a shade paler than usual. "Doctor says it's summut wrong wi' the gen'leman's stomach; and *he* ought to know, surely."

"This won't do, my man," answered I, catching him by the arm. "Men are not to be frightened to death like this, and no one be able to tell how. Either you tell me all you know about this room, before you stir, or I'll go straight to the warden and report you."

Sam turned perfectly livid, and shook from head to foot. For a moment he seemed to hold counsel with himself, and then stammered out: "I'll tell you all you want to know, Sir, but, for 'Eaven's sake, don't make me tell it now. If you'll allow me I'll come to you at eight this evenin' and give you the whole story."

"See that you do, then," said I, turning away; "for if not—you know what I've promised you."

All the rest of the day I was in a perfect fever of conflicting emotions. The unusual excitement of the evening before, the extraordinary events of the morning, my own unaccountable sensations in the haunted room, and the equally unaccountable terror of my old servant, all combined to throw me into a condition little better than that of Talboys himself; and I was in the humor to believe any tale of horror, however improbable, when, just on the stroke of eight, the door opened, and old Sam's weazened face and lean, corpse-like figure came gliding in. He seemed, however, in no haste to commence his dismal confidence, and it needed the repetition of my threat of the morning and the stimulus of a large glass of brandy to make him at length proceed as follows:

"You must know, then, Sir, that about forty years ago, not long a'ter I fust cum to be a scout, them rooms o' Muster Talboys's belonged to a gen'leman commoner (Muster 'Ammersley his name was), what had just come up from somewheres in the West. A small, slight-built man he was to look at, with a smooth white face, just like a woman's, and never a hair upon it barrin' a little black mustache, as if somebody had done it with a pencil; and altogether he looked such a dainty Jemmy Jessamy sort o' chap that some o' our big, strappin' fellows in the college boat turned up their noses at him a bit just at fust, and thought he warn't good for nothin'. But he showed 'em different afore long, for he was just one o' them chaps as seems to be able to do every thin' just as easy as eat their breakfast. He won the 'igh jump, and the long jump too, at the college hathletic sports; and he walked to Woodstock* in an hour and a 'arf, for a bet o' five pound; and when he went out ridin' (he was 'mazin' fond o' ridin', and kep' a oss o' his own at Tollitt's†) it looked just as if him and his oss was j'ined together like them Simonese Twins the papers makes sitch a work about. And the fust November a'ter he cum up, when there was sitch a Town and Gown on the Fifth as never was (I remember it well, for I was out myself, as any young chap might, to see the fun), he went out and fought as if all the prize-fighters in Lunnon had been in his skin; and he picked out the best man o' the town (Bill Dawson the butcher 'twas, him they used to call 'Mutton-fist'—he's dead now), and giv' him sitch a hidin' that Bill warn't his own man agin for a week. I tell you, Sir, it was hawful to see that fight. Muster 'Ammersley minded the licks he got (and he got some 'orrid uns) no more'n if they was mere fleabites; and his eyes glared, and his lips worked, and his teeth gnashed, as if he was goin' to fly at Butcher Bill's throat and drink his blood. And when I met Bill a while a'ter, and says to him, 'Bill, my boy, you've met your match at last!' says he, 'Noa, I hain't; 'cos why, that feller ain't a man at all—he's got *the devil's strength and his own too!*' And somehow that sayin' o' hisn stuck in my head, and wouldn't never go out agin.

"Of course, when all them things got abroad, our gen'lemen changed their tune wonderfully about Muster 'Ammersley; and, little by little, he got to be quite the champion o' the college. But our dons didn't like him so well at all, for he was a real wild un, if ever there was one. I don't say but what young gen'lemen *will* be a little wild now and then—that's only human natur'; but this Muster 'Ammersley was out and out the wildest we ever had—there warn't nothin' on earth he wouldn't do if once he got it in his 'ead. And what with drinkin' and fightin' and card-playin' and breakin' of windows, and doin' other things besides, he got so into the black list with the warden and the fellows that at last they fairly began to think o' makin' him take his name off the books" (that is, leave the college). "The worst thing about him was that he did all them wicked things not in a heat and a hurry, like most of our young gen'lemen, but as cool and quiet as if he was a-drawin' of a map; and you could always tell when he was at his wickedest by his speakin' in a low, soft, sleepy kind o' voice, and strokin' his little black mustache wi' his long white fingers; and when he did that you might be sure there was some worse devilry than usual comin'.

"It was just about this time that summut 'appened which I never forgot, and never shall. There cum a letter one mornin' for Muster 'Ammersley, addressed in a lady's 'and, in one o' them narrow pink envelopes as young ladies are so fond of. And when I brought it him he looked at me with the wickedest look I ever see, as if wonderin' how I dared touch it; but all at once he seem-

* The fines officially levied upon those who come in after the hour appointed for shutting the college gates.
† The Oxford name for a college servant. The Cambridge term is "gyp."
‡ A first-class in the third or final examination for the degree of B.A.

* The effigies of the founder of the college and his wife.

* I have since heard that the question of pulling down the ill-omened room altogether has been seriously discussed by the college authorities—with what result I am not informed.
† M'Kinlay's "Legend of the Astrologer."

* Rather over eight miles.
† A noted Oxford stable-keeper.

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ed to recollect hisself, and waved his 'and to me to go out, and sat down to read. In about 'arf an hour I cum in agin to do up the room a bit, and there I seen the letter lyin' open on the table, and him starin' straight afore him like a man in a dream; but the minute he saw me his eyes glared like a dog just goin' to spring, and he called out, in a voice that made me shake all over, 'Be off!' And off I went double-quick, for when his blood was up I'd sooner have angered anythink than him. But a while a'ter that one o' his grooms cum to Hoxford (for the young gen'leman's father was powerful rich, and kep a whole drove o' servants), and I met him at Tollitt's, and we went and 'ad some beer together, and I drew him about Muster 'Ammersley all he knew. And he told me as how the young gen'leman 'ad bin sweet on some young lady as lived near him (as good and as pretty a one as ever stepped), and how they'd bin engaged to be married; but when he got into these bad ways o' his she took back her word, and giv him up, though it was like pullin' out a bit o' her own heart to do it (them was Tom's very words, and he had it all from her own maid, what was a sweetheart o' his). Mayhap it 'ud ha' bin better if she *'adn't* gin him up, poor young gen'leman! considerin' how it all ended; but God knows what's best.

"Well, Sir, it was about a year a'ter Muster 'Ammersley fust cum up that an ugly story got abroad about some poor girl in the town (the daughter o' one o' the college tradesmen) what he'd made love to, and then played her false, so that she never held up her head agin. A very bad business it was, if 'arf was true as was said about it; and our dons they held a Common-room on the job, and settled as how either Muster 'Ammersley must clear hisself o' havin' any 'and in it, or he must leave the college. Now it 'appened that the very mornin' o' the Common-room another letter cum for the young gen'leman, and this time it was in a man's 'and; but as soon as he'd read it he tore it up, and chucked it into the grate. There warn't no fire lit ('cos o' its bein' summer); and so when he'd gone out I fell to to pick up the pieces, and see if I could make any thin' out of 'em. (Mayhap it warn't a very nice thing to do, but cur'osity's Varsity strong sometimes.) However, it was so torn that there was only one bit I could make head or tail of, and that seemed to be just the fag-end o' the letter. This is what was written on it: 'You have disgraced yourself and me, and must abide the consequences. I will give you no help, and only regret being still compelled to sign myself—your father, F. C. HAMMERSLEY.' Then I remembered what Tom the groom had said about there being no love lost 'twixt father and son; and I guessed as how the young gen'leman had got into some hawful scrape, and his guv'nor wouldn't 'elp him out.

"Muster 'Ammersley cum in agin toward a'ternoon, and sat like a stone stattey for two or three hours, takin' no heed o' me as I went in and out, and not utterin' a sound, only that once I heerd him mutter, 'I said, May the devil take me if I wrong her; and now I *have* wronged her, and he *will!*' About night-fall he went out agin, and there were some as said a'terward (for nobody never got at the rights o' the story) that he went to some gen'leman he knew and lost a lot o' money at cards. Anyhow, 'twixt one and two in the mornin', as I was a-comin' across the back quad (I'd bin sittin' up with old Higgins, the college messenger, what was raythor bad that night), somebody comes through the passage from the front quad, and goes by me like a shadow; but a glimmer o' moonlight fell on his face, and I knowed it in a minute. 'Twas Muster 'Ammersley's face, and yet agin 'twasn't his—but somehow as if he was dead, and the devil had entered into his body. Up the stair he went as if he had wings; and I, just as if somebody 'd told me to do it, follered quietly a'ter him; but afore I could get up, he'd shut and locked his door. I heerd him fidgetin' about inside for a bit, as if lookin' for summut; and then he seemed to come out into the middle o' the room, and said, in a voice like nothin' I ever heerd before nor since, 'I curse with my last breath this room, and all that is in it, and all who shall come to it a'ter me; and I give it over to the power of the devil, unto whom I go; and may *his* presence, and *mine*, and that of all things evil, possess it henceforth for ever and ever!'

"You wouldn't believe me, Sir, if I was to tell you what a turn them words giv' me. I tried to call for help, but my tongue seemed to stiffen in my mouth, and every thin' went round with me as if I'd been drunk; and the next thing I remember is findin' myself lyin' at the foot o' the stair, with the mornin' light just comin' in the sky, and Jem Banks (him as was scout on the next staircase then) stoopin' over me.

"'Why, Thorpe,' says he, 'ave you bin on the spree, that you lie rollin' here this way?'

"'Jem,' says I, 'for 'Eaven's sake come up quick to Muster 'Ammersley's rooms; I'm afeard there's summut wrong!' Well, Sir, up we went together; but it was too late: he'd hung hisself to that 'ere big hook in the middle o' the ceilin', and them words I heerd was his last. What's more, Sir, it's 'appened somehow that them rooms have never bin lived in since then, till Muster Talboys took 'em yesterday, and you see what *he's* got by it!"

The old man ceased, and looked inquiringly at me, but it was in vain that I attempted to answer him. Strong as my nerves are (and I may say, without boasting, that they have seldom failed me in time of need), I could not repress a shudder—fresh as I was from the dismal atmosphere of the fatal chamber—at the thought of the scene it had once witnessed. There rose up before me, like a nightmare, the image of that desperate self-destroyer in his lonely room. A cold sickness came over me, and I bowed my head upon the table at which I sat. When I looked up again, my companion had stolen silently away.

OLD ITALIAN STORIES.

THE stories of the Italian peasantry are for the most part legendary, the names of their authors and the dates of their composition being, in many cases, unknown, even to collectors of ballads. They are printed and sewed together in a form somewhat similar to that of the "Priest's Calendar" and the "Book of Mary," works which the peasantry, and other persons who profess to be well-informed, look upon as parts of the New Testament. They are sold at various prices, averaging from two soldi (a penny) to a franc, and a franc and a half, the dearest books being bound in fancy covers, made of parchment or coarse paper, and ornamented with wood-cuts of an ambiguous character. Thus, a saint's portrait is often to be found attached to a story of brigands, and a standard-bearer, who appears to belong to the Austrian army, figures as a monk of the olden time, carrying the sacred flag or emblem of his convent.

The most popular of the stories of the peasantry is the novel or saga of the "Reali di Francia," a work which is intimately connected with the "Orlando Innamorato of Boyardo," and the still more famous "Orlando Furioso of Ariosto," throwing much light on early manners and the practice of knight-errantry. Its real title, in English, is the "Royalties of France," but it might with equal propriety have been styled the "Royalties of Spain," or the "Kings and Queens of Fairyland."

The "Royalties of France" begins with an account of the conversion of Constantine, and the installment of the first pope in the Eternal City. The name of this prelate is Sylvester, not Peter, which would seem to clash with the generally-received account of the first wearer of the papal crown. But it is to be presumed that this book was written at a time when people knew or cared little about chronology or the bonâ fide annals of the Church, or it is possible that the writer was a bit of a skeptic in these matters, and thought that one name was as good as another in cases where both were open to doubt. But the story must speak for itself.

There lived in the neighborhood of Rome, in the days of Constantine, a certain pastor of the Church named Sylvester. He had been persecuted for his religion, and took refuge on a hill called Mount Sirach, where there was a wood with a cavern in it. But he was driven away from thence, and fled to Aspromonte, accompanied by two of his followers. He lived here for several months in quiet and seclusion, during which time Constantine, who had been suffering from leprosy for twelve years, fell dangerously ill, and exhausted all the arts of his physicians. At last one of them, who had no children of his own, and was looked upon as a kind of genius, prescribed a bath of children's blood. Seven little girls, three years of age, who were born on the same day and at the same hour, were to be bled to death on the morning of their birthday in the emperor's palace. Their clothes were to be burned at a sacred fire, and their bodies thrown into the Tiber, so that nothing should remain of their identity while the emperor was taking his bath. But the mothers of the little babes, though devoted to the emperor, and belonging for the most part to the lower classes of society (so that a bribe or blood-money might have been deemed acceptable), objected to the doctor's prescription, and began shrieking and tearing their hair in the antechamber. Hearing all this noise, the emperor came out of his bath-room, and inquired the cause of the disturbance.

"What!" he exclaimed, "are the mothers sorry? They are ungrateful wretches! Give them some more money and let them be gone." And so saying, he disappeared into an inner room.

Soon afterward a second disturbance was heard, louder than the first, and a second time the emperor came out of his bath-room.

"What is the matter now?" exclaimed Constantine, who, though very ill (as has been stated), was able to walk about. "Are these women not contented yet? Do they want more money?"

"If you please, your majesty," said one of the servants, trembling in every limb, "they won't take the money. They want their children!"

"This is very extraordinary!" said Constantine, with a kind of start; "well, I suppose I must yield to them, for I do not like to make people uncomfortable. Take the children away!" So the babes were restored to their parents, and Constantine went without his bath; but not for long. Strange stories were flying about concerning the cures effected by another doctor, greater than any that had yet appeared. Sylvester, the persecuted Christian, had been going about bathing people in what he called a bath of righteousness, and sprinkling them with holy water; and the fame of these things, after being reported in various parts of Christendom, reached the emperor's palace. Constantine sent for one of his barons, called Lucius Alboyne, and bade him ride to Aspromonte at the head of a thousand knights, and bring the hermit to Rome. The baron, setting out immediately, arrived at his journey's end early on the fourth day. When he and his troops arrived at the foot of the hill, Sylvester was at prayers, and thinking his time was come (for he looked forward to a martyr's death), he went out to meet Alboyne, who, leaving his troops in the valley, advanced with one attendant toward the sacred grove. He immediately made himself known to Sylvester, telling him that Constantine had sent for him.

Sylvester smiled. "I was prepared for this," said he, "for I have seen angels in my dreams, and I know by this sign that my time has come."

"I have a thousand of these angels down yonder," said the sturdy Alboyne, with a loud laugh. "They are waiting for us with drawn swords. Hasten, I pray, for our lord expects us."

"My Lord expects me, indeed," said the hermit, piously; "but I am glad of this!" He then asked Alboyne two favors: first, whether his followers, or fellow-Christians, might be allowed to stay on the hill and practice their religion as heretofore; and secondly, whether he might be allowed to say mass before he went away. Both these favors were granted, and the two entering the garden, the holy man took a few turnip seeds out of a sack, planted them in the earth, and made the sign of the cross above them with his right hand. He then performed mass—greatly to the astonishment of Alboyne, who had never seen any thing of the kind before—and, lo! as he spoke, the turnips rose out of the ground and covered all the strips of earth over which the cross had been signed; so that the heathen Roman soldier saw and believed at once, and asked to be baptized. When he had confessed his sins, and had received absolution for the same, the two set out together, and arrived in Rome on the fourth day, accompanied by the thousand knights. The travelers were at once admitted to a private audience.

"I hear you are a great doctor," said the emperor, very kindly, when he had dismissed Alboyne. "Where is this water that you recommend? How much does it cost? How many baths must I take a day?"

"The water that I recommend is the Water of Eternal Life," said the hermit, with a smile. "It costs nothing. One bath, if taken in a spirit of truth, is sufficient."

"But what is this water called?" asked the emperor, whose curiosity was now fairly roused; "my doctors have never said any thing about it. I suppose it is some new invention?"

"It is older than the kingdoms of the earth," said the saint, lifting his eyes to heaven, "and it is called acqua santa, or the water of baptism."

"But will it cure me of my illness?" asked the emperor, still undecided.

"It will cure you and all mankind of all your illnesses, and prepare all of us for the life to come."

"Then give me some of this water in the name of charity, for I like your face, my father, and I am sure you are a good man."

The emperor bowed his head, and Sylvester sprinkled him with holy-water, so that the sufferer was instantly cured of his leprosy, and became a Christian and a notable pillar of the Church, nay, its principal supporter. In a few years the whole of the Roman Empire was converted to Christianity, and Sylvester was made Pope of Rome.

Another very popular story in the "Reali di Francia" is the story of Rizzio or Rizzieri, the first of the Palladins, and Fegra-Albana, daughter of the King of Tunis.

Two versions of the story exist: one short and sweet, like a nursery tale, or the song the fishers sing in the Bay of Naples; the other long-winded, and spun out into a kind of prose ballad, like the legends of the saints, with fifty episodes or sequels, each of which is, properly speaking, a separate story, though the names of the heroes and heroines are always the same. In the long version Rizzio is taken prisoner when he goes to Tunis, and is liberated by his jailer's daughter on condition that he marries her, which he is loath to do, as she has one eye larger than the other. He then enters the lists as the champion of Fegra-Albana, the king's daughter, and conquers all his foes; but the evil-eyed lady appears when least expected, and he is unable to obtain the hand of the beautiful princess, but is seized by treachery and shipped off to sea, where, after many strange adventures, he is sold to pirates. He escapes by an act of prowess and skill worthy of Sindbad the Sailor and Monte Christo combined, and fights his way back to Africa, across Turkey and the Holy Land, making his appearance once more at the court of the King of Tunis, where, on being recognized by the faithful page Arcail, he is led to his mistress's bower, and there lodged and fed till he is able to take part in another tournament. He gains a second victory, but Fegra-Albana, thinking he is killed, poisons herself, and the poor Palladin takes ship for Sicily, with Arcail for his man-at-arms, and gains more victories in field and bower, winning the love of another lady called Albana, but not Fegra, whom he marries and makes his queen; for he becomes a king of men. We have chosen the shorter and prettier of the two stories, that which brings the adventures of Rizzio and Albana to a happy climax, without putting them to unnecessary torture.

King Dannebrunne, sometimes called the Sultan of Babylon, after fighting several battles in Italy in unison with other kings and princes of the border lands of Africa and Asia, pitched his tents before the city of Rome and laid siege to it with an immense army, but without success. During the armistice which followed the first attack, he sent messengers to different parts of the world—to Spain, to Egypt, to Arabia, to Persia, and to Turkey—announcing that several kings and other potentates had been killed in the various engagements, and, among others, Prince Arcaro, cousin of the King of Tunis. To Tunis were sent three embassadors to report the prince's death, and to contract for a fresh supply of men and money in the event of war breaking out again. The king promised assistance, and the queen invited the embassadors to her private room to obtain a detailed account of the battles, and to satisfy the curiosity of her maids of honor, which was at least as great as her own. When every thing of a public nature had been described, the queen, bursting into tears, asked who killed Arcaro, saying she was sure he was some miserable assassin.

"No assassin, your majesty," said the principal embassador, "but a brave young soldier, as beautiful as a girl, and with no beard on his chin. His name is Rizzio, the Palladin, and he is twenty years of age."

"So young, and yet so famous!" said the queen. "But who is he? I could kill him with my own hand. I hate him, for he slew Arcaro."

One of the maids of honor blushed deeply at these words, and yearned to hear more about the beautiful knight. This was Fegra-Albana, daughter of the queen, a girl between fifteen and sixteen years of age, who served at her mother's court. The embassador proceeded with his story:

"Rizzio met Arcaro in single combat. Both were brave and true, and both were strong; but Rizzio was the stronger. He clove the prince's helm at one blow, and pierced him through the heart; but he refused the spoils of war, and left the corpse of that brave man to be honored by his friends. Would to Heaven that this Rizzio were a Saracen, for I have seen him in the field, both before and after victory, and never have I seen a man to be compared with him!"

The queen frowned at these eulogies, but dismissed the embassadors without giving vent to her displeasure, for she knew that the laws of chivalry required that men should speak well of their enemies. But she determined to avenge the death of Arcaro, and slew Rizzio many times in her dreams that night. Not so Fegra-Albana, whose youthful heart had become enamored of this prodigy, and could not sleep for thinking of him. Next morning at an early hour she called her page Arcail, a little man with rosy cheeks, a year older than herself, and thus addressed him:

"Arcail, I have always loved you and been kind to you, so I am sure you will do every thing I wish. I want you to go to Rome, where the armies of King Dannebrunne are encamped, and find out Rizzio, who will be easily discovered, for he is the most beautiful man in that part of the world, and give him this letter, which I have written with my heart's blood, and tell him, good Arcail, that where the letter is blotted (and it is blotted in many places) tears of love and tenderness have fallen from the eyes of a king's daughter. And if you praise my eyes, it will be well, and still better will it be if you tell the whole truth, which is, that I am beautiful, though not worthy to be his bride; but of my love you can not speak too much, for it is as deep as the sea, and reaches as far as Rome, where my hero lives, to which city, if you love me, Arcail, draw a passionate love-chain, and draw my lover here, that I may be saved from early death."

The page swore to obey the lady's commands, and knelt down while she administered the oath, which was that he would never reveal what he had that day heard, and that he would deliver the letter into no hands but those of Rizzio. After he had received money and passports from an officer of the palace, Fegra-Albana made him a present of a fine steed, and gave him one still finer for Rizzio, together with a shield and a garland of pearls, to be worn in the tilts and tournaments before the court. The page departed and took ship for Sicily, where he arrived in three weeks, after a stormy passage, and thence crossed the straits to the main-land, where he arrived in safety with the two horses, the shield, and the garland of pearls, reaching the camp of King Dannebrunne at the time of the full moon. When he found Rizzio, he gave him the letter and the costly presents, and asked for food and a night's lodging, as he was tired out.

Rizzio read the letter by the light of the moon, and was filled with wonder and delight at its contents, and, turning to Arcail, asked him, as he valued his own soul, to tell him all he knew about the Princess Albana: whether she was beautiful, how old she was, what were the principal characteristics of her beauty.

"There is only one sun in the sky," said Arcail, "and only one Albana on the earth. She is fairer than a flower and brighter than a star; she is straight as a palm-tree, and just tall enough to reach up to your heart if you stand side by side (as two such lovers ought), while she makes a bower for herself with her golden hair."

This reply satisfied Rizzio; that is to say, it made him very discontented, for he was glad to hear how beautiful his mistress was, but sorry that she lived so far away. He dismissed the page, and went into a lonely part of the camp and read her letter over again; and when he came to the words, "I, Fegra-Albana, love my hero Rizzio. I have never seen him, but I will be true to him. I shall die if I see him not," he resolved to go to her. He dressed himself in his best armor, put on the shield and the garland of pearls which the king's daughter had sent to him, and bade Arcail saddle his horse. The page, who had refreshed himself with a few hours' sleep and a hearty supper, was glad to return to Africa to his dear mistress; so they set out immediately. The good Arab steeds ran fast, and the brave ship flew before the wind, and landed them in safety on the coast of Tunis. In a few hours they were at the king's palace, and in a few minutes more they were in the boudoir of the princess, who clapped her hands for joy (for she was a girl still) when she saw her lover. Then she remembered that she was a king's daughter, and drew herself up to her full height and smiled upon the knight. This last, who had never seen any thing so beautiful in all his life, unless it were his own gracious self reflected on his shield and in the brooks by the way-side, threw himself at her feet, and, kneeling on one knee, exclaimed, "Oh, noble lady, deign to speak to me, for I am stricken down and conquered by your beauty, which is more potent than the swords of fifty enemies!" The lady then smiled again, and bade him rise, and the two lovers, heedless of the presence of the page, heedless of the lateness of the hour, heedless of every thing except their own happiness, began questioning each other about their former lives; and the end of it all was that Fegra-Albana became the affianced bride of Rizzio. In three days they were married, unbeknown to any one but the page and a Christian monk, who converted Arcail and Fegra-Albana to the true faith, and escaped with them to Italy, where the page, who had been secretly in love with the king's daughter, died of a broken heart. The others lived for many a year in peace and happiness, for Rizzio gave up fighting and became a troubadour, and the father of a large family of soldiers and poets.

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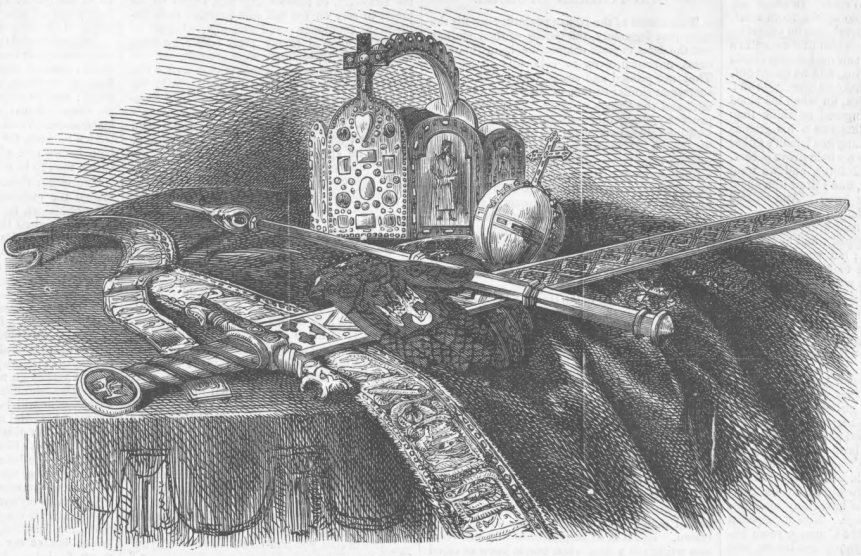
THE GERMAN EMPIRE.

AFTER a sleep of more than sixty years the German empire has awakened to new and more glorious life, under the victorious sceptre of the HOHENZOLLERNS, who now, for the first time in the long history of the Germans, assume, in the person of the Emperor WILLIAM I., the imperial purple. At the recent opening of the German Parliament the Emperor spoke from the marble throne of CHARLEMAGNE, which had been brought from Aix-la-Chapelle for this express purpose. Whether he will be able to obtain from the Emperor of Austria the imperial insignia, now preserved in the treasure-chamber at Vienna, is questionable, though the Germans now included in his dominions appear to covet the possession of them for their new Emperor, and to think that the imperial dignity will scarcely be sustained without the aid of these exterior symbols.



THE INSIGNIA OF THE GERMAN EMPIRE.

These jewels, of which we present an engraving on this page, have had a singular and eventful history. Originally in the possession of the reigning emperor, and by him transmitted to his successor, they were carried from city to city, and from palace to palace, and at length, in 1424, were taken to Nuremberg, where they found a prolonged resting-place. The high authorities of that ancient city were accustomed to bear them, in solemn state, to every coronation—at first to Aix-la-Chapelle, and afterward to Frankfort; for from the time of LUDWIG the Pious (813) till that of FERDINAND I. (1558) the German emperors were crowned at the former city, and from that time forward at the latter.

The principal jewel is the golden Imperial Crown, which is popularly believed to have been worn by CHARLEMAGNE, though it probably dates back no further than the eleventh century. It is composed of solid, beaten gold, weighs seven and a half pounds, is richly adorned with pearls and magnificent diamonds, and surmounted by a cross and globe. Only a massive head can wear this crown with dignity. FRANCIS I., says GOETHE, appeared beneath it "like the veritable ghost of CHARLEMAGNE, while his son, JOSEPH II., had to have it lined. It was so large for him that it projected like the eaves of a roof beyond the brows of the puny head." The long Imperial Sceptre is of gilded silver, adorned with oak leaves; the golden Apple, or Globe, is a hollow ball, large enough to fill a man's hand. The Imperial Sword, which, according to the legend, was delivered to CHARLEMAGNE by an angel from heaven, is two-edged, broad, the handle richly chased; the scabbard is of leather, covered with gold and diamonds. The Coronation Gloves are of purple silk, ornamented with pearls, diamonds, and the figure of the Imperial Eagle. Besides these jewels, there are mantles, sandals, etc., all made of the most costly material, and richly ornamented. At the later coronations these were laid aside for new robes, made in exact imitation of them.

MILITARY SYSTEM.

ONE of the most marked features of the late war was the exact manner in which the orders of General Von Moltke were obeyed by the separate detachments. Each corps d'armée executed without mistake its part in the great programme. There was, so to speak, a similarity in their successes; and while no one general has attained high pre-eminence, none have failed in any of the operations which they were intrusted to perform. Such facts are evidence of a practical system of education and organization carefully matured in peace time, and thoroughly inculcated into the minds of officers of every grade. The exigencies of modern warfare, necessitating the employment of armies of a magnitude far beyond the supervision of a single general, forbid the possibility of one great genius impressing his mark on his subordinates, and overcoming faults of system by individual character. As armies grow in size, so must it be more than ever requisite that each component part should be perfect in itself, and its general and staff, while imbued with the spirit of subordination, capable of acting on their own responsibility when removed from the supervision of the commander-in-chief. Even under the greatest of military commanders defeats and failure have been traced to a neglect of system, and to the tendency of genius to confide in itself rather than in the machinery at its disposal. What can be more striking than the conduct of the first Napoleon's earlier campaigns, as compared with those fought during the zenith of his power? In the campaigns of Italy he was in command of a manageable army, receiving impressions from his own military genius. In his later campaigns, when his troops had been diminished by defeat, and when he endeavored with comparatively small forces to drive back the invaders from French territory, he also had under him an army subject to his individual control; but when he undertook the gigantic expedition to Russia, when he marched at the head of armies of many nationalities, and of a numerical strength unknown in European history previous to that campaign, his power crumbled from its very weight; the component parts of his vast force were not perfect in themselves; his marshals were not to be trusted beyond the supervision of his own eye; his numerous orders were neglected; and the disorder of the advance on Moscow brought forth its bitter fruits during the retreat. Contrast De Fezensac's and Ségur's accounts of the march to, not from, Moscow with the narratives of the recent advance of the Germans from the Rhine to Paris, and it will be apparent that while one army depended on a man, the other rested on a system—the system organized by a man of genius. In our own recent war the smaller armies of the South were more immediately affected by their leaders than those of the North; and until Grant imposed order and system for chaos, victory inclined to the weaker side.

HUNTING EASTER-EGGS.—[FROM A SKETCH BY LLOYD MIFFLIN, JUN.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XV.—No. 747.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1871. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

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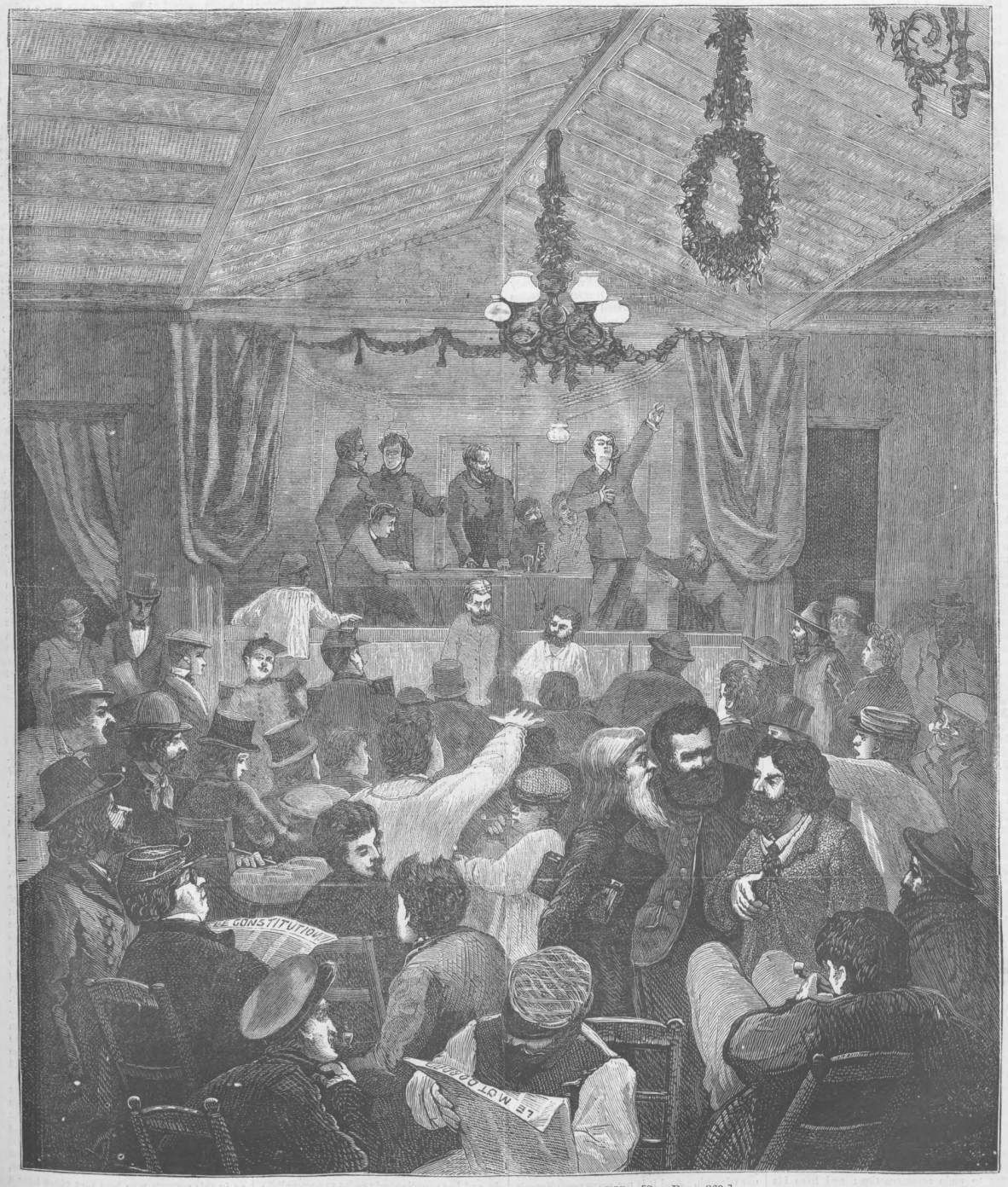

MEETING OF A RED REPUBLICAN CLUB IN PARIS.—[SEE PAGE 363.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1871.

☞ HARPER'S BAZAR *for April 29 (No. 17) contains a full and very interesting account of the* MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCESS LOUISE TO THE MARQUIS OF LORNE, *illustrated with fine* PORTRAITS, *and pictures of the* BRIDAL PARTY, *the* WEDDING-CAKE, *and the splendid* BRIDAL PRESENTS.

☞ *The continuation of* CHARLES READE'S *powerful Story,* "A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION," *commenced in* HARPER'S WEEKLY *for March 1, will be found in our present Number.*

☞ *The* SUPPLEMENT *to this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains a very interesting sketch of the late* MRS. NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, *with Portrait; an illustrated account of* ENGLISH SCHOOLS FOR THE PEOPLE; *portraits of the* PRINCESS LOUISE *and the* MARQUIS OF LORNE; *and a large and varied amount of interesting reading matter.*

THE POLITICAL PROSPECT.

IF the election in New Hampshire showed some apathy upon the part of those who usually support the Republican party, the election in Connecticut shows as distinctly that the indifference is checked. And the reason is evident. The people of this country, who maintained the government during the war, have not forgotten their work, and do not mean to relinquish its results. They cherish no vindictive feeling, but they are not fools. While their own party leaders sometimes displease them, so that they show their disapproval by letting an election go by default, the moment the enemy reveals his spirit and purpose, they spring to their feet. In 1865–66 ANDREW JOHNSON was apparently seriously demoralizing the Republican party. But the massacres in New Orleans and Memphis distinctly revealed the character of the opposition, and the consequences of Democratic success; and from that moment the Republican dominance was substantially assured.

There has been a corresponding situation within the last few months. There is, indeed, fortunately, no ANDREW JOHNSON; but there have been difficulties and divergences of many kinds, and jealousies and imbittered feelings, until there seemed to be serious disorder among Republicans. There were doubts and questions and gloomy anticipations, and the New Hampshire election occurring in the midst of them all was hailed by the Democratic party as the sign of a fatal breach, or the rising of "a tidal wave." We ventured to say of it, however, that it might prove to be an advantage, by leading Republicans to a better mutual understanding. And that this will be its result we have now no doubt. For the same general restlessness and uncertainty which lost that election to the friends of the Union and good government, quickened the spirit of the Southern Democracy, which has naturally always been the controlling element of the Democratic party, and within a month the country has had a prophetic vision of the inevitable results of renewed Democratic ascendency.

It has seen in the Southern States men and women, whose offense is their color, or their fidelity to the Union and to the government, harried and murdered. This disorder, occasioned by Democrats and leveled at Republicans, has swelled to the proportions of insurrection, so that Congress and the country could not be deaf to the cries of citizens outraged and slain that others might be kept from the polls, and Democratic majorities assured by a reign of terror. In the midst of these events the country has also seen JEFFERSON DAVIS suddenly conspicuous, and in a public speech declaring that the lost cause might yet be won. Mr. LINTON STEPHENS, brother of ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, and a respected Democratic leader in his section, demands at Augusta the overthrow of all the reconstruction acts, and "a readjustment of our institutions upon renewed constitutions." Leading Democratic newspapers in the Southern States loudly echo and applaud the demand, and accept the New Hampshire election as a sign that the work of the war may be undone. The most representative of these papers remind their readers that the last National Democratic Convention declared the reconstruction acts "unconstitutional, revolutionary, and void," and claim that they are not less so now; and that they must, of course, be the issue in 1872.

While thus the country sees that the declaration of the Democratic party in the Southern States is for overthrowing the great settlements of the war, it perceives also that the Tammany Ring, supreme in the Democratic party of New York, and aiming to grasp the National Government, confirms the monstrous fraud of the Erie bill, which strikes at the most vital right of the control of property; repeals the Registry law, to make cheating at the polls more practicable; and in the city of New York assumes powers so imperially absolute that the better men even of its own party protest. Gaining power in Missouri, the Democratic party sends General BLAIR to the Senate upon his BRODHEAD letter as a platform—the letter which appeals to civil war, advising the use of the army to undo reconstruction; and from his seat in the Senate he writes to a Southern Democratic editor that the issue in 1872 should be the reversal of all the settlements; and that by a Democratic success "all the contrivances by which the Radicals have sought to trammel the people, and fortify themselves in power, can thus be effectually swept away."

Meanwhile the Democratic declaration that the reconstruction acts are unconstitutional, revolutionary, and void remains. No State convention has withdrawn assent to such a statement; no authoritative leader of the Democratic party has yet announced his entire acquiescence in reconstruction. The *World*, indeed, quotes Mr. FERNANDO WOOD! But Mr. WOOD'S declarations carry no weight, and inspire no respect. It quotes Mr. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS. But Mr. ADAMS sneeringly says of the party which he has lately joined, that it must begin by being Democratic—that is to say, it must discard all its policy and all its leaders. The Mobile *Register* is a much sounder and more generally accepted authority in the Democratic party than Mr. ADAMS, and the *Register* insists that reconstruction is the issue. Nor can the *World* be accepted as an authority in its party. It opposed repudiation in 1868, but repudiation was put into the Democratic platform. It favored Mr. CHASE, but Mr. SEYMOUR was nominated. It advised the abandonment of General BLAIR, and it was heartily cursed by its party. It opposed the Erie bill, and its Governor signed it, and its party has adopted it. It declared war against the Ring, and the Ring silenced it. The *World* has advocated the policy which its party has steadily rejected; and the deprecatory tone of its article upon General BLAIR'S position, and its confession that "the Southern Democracy" is seriously divided upon the substantial issue for 1872, reveal its consciousness that the issue is a foregone conclusion.

Nor will any one who observes closely doubt it. If the Democratic party had carried Connecticut, as it did New Hampshire, it could not long have concealed that its national policy is reaction. Its convention would have been more absolutely mastered by the Southern Democracy than it was in 1868. The Democratic success would have been interpreted as a repudiation of the Republican settlement of the war. The facts, therefore, upon which good citizens must decide their action in 1872 are already evident. The Democratic party is the organization of all the elements of reaction, disorder, discontent, and revolution. The same spirit which compelled even its first convention after the war to denounce reconstruction, and to declare stealthily for repudiation, and which now ravages loyal sections with the Ku-Klux, and demands an entire reconsideration of all that has been accomplished, would certainly refuse to pay the pensions of loyal soldiers, or would demand an equal payment of rebel claims. The prospect of Democratic success is one of endless confusion, alarm, and anarchy. The passions of slavery and of the war are smouldering, not extinguished fires. Whatever criticisms may be made of certain details of Republican administration, its general success, the profound confidence that it is both honest and economical, and that the government of the Union is safer in the hands of its proved friends than it possibly can be in those of all its enemies of every kind, are more than enough to commend that administration to the heartiest support of all good citizens.

The vague talk of certain Democrats about "dead issues" need deceive no one. The very issues that are described as dead by the feeble Northern wing of that party are vehemently declared to be the most vital of all by the controlling Southern element. Indeed, the force of the Democratic party has always been with its Southern wing, not only because of the greater general ability of its Southern leaders, but because the great policy of the party was a Southern interest. The Northern leaders have no policy to replace that of slavery, while the only positive movement in the party at this moment is that which is pressed by General BLAIR and the Southern leaders, the effort to overthrow reconstruction. Let the Democratic party begin by being Democratic, sneers Mr. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, who clearly sees that the party he has joined is the party of privilege, of a class, of a section, and not the party of liberty, Union, and the people.

It is because we believe the situation is suddenly clear to the honest and loyal people of the United States that we also believe they will now fall into line and move unitedly forward to victory. They have perfect faith in the honesty of the Administration, and they know that dissenters have now expressed their differences and dissatisfactions. They will not, indeed, hesitate yet to do so; but every man who comprehends the disasters sure to follow Democratic control of the government will insist that Republican criticisms of our own party shall be friendly, and not helpful to the common enemy; for it is only by friendly criticism that the party policy is made truly wise. To all that we have done and are doing let us add a general amnesty, that the intelligent classes who are disfranchised may have an interest in the preservation of order. A little sagacity assures our triumph. And it is not party prejudice—it is the perception of an obvious situation and a simple calculation of probabilities which assure every thoughtful man that the continued ascendency of the Republican party is indispensable to the peace and consequent prosperity of the country.

CITY REFORM.

WE hope that all good citizens in the country will observe that if the city of New York is subject to the most despotic rule, there are plenty of its best citizens who vehemently and eloquently protest. The great meeting of voters and tax-payers of both parties at the Cooper Institute was a most imposing and significant demonstration. On the very day of the meeting, although the Ring pushed two of the most offensive of its measures through the Senate of the State, it had felt the rising blast of honest public indignation, and somewhat modified its action to conform. The annual expense under the Water bill—the law which gives Mr. TWEED unlimited discretion to buy water supplies for the city—was limited to one million of dollars, instead of the five millions which he proposed; and the Tax Levy bill—the law which gives four men, of whom Mr. TWEED is one, supreme power over the distribution of the money raised by taxes in the city—was amended by a provision that no money should be paid to sectarian schools.

Does any body suppose that these modifications would have been made except for the vigorous criticism and exposure of the scope of these bills? Or does any body imagine that the hand of the Ring would ever be stayed unless that constant exposure continued? It was to the profoundest feeling that the power of the Ring, both in bribing and bullying to silence and in sophisticating honest minds, is becoming not only formidable, but threatening to the public peace, that the great meeting of protest is due. Mr. EVARTS showed that we were now brought face to face with the fact that the poor were taxed to make the rich richer, and with the corruption which, tainting the ballot, leads straight to civil war. If, for instance, a Presidential election were decided by the vote of New York, and the country knew that vote to be fraudulent, as it was in 1868, the country would not submit. And he very truly and forcibly added that this was a subject which had already a vital interest for the country. There is no doubt of it. The superstition that we are a nation beyond the reach of the causes which have convulsed other nations has been forever disproved by the war. Human nature is here what it is every where, and American human nature is of the intelligent kind that will not patiently submit to have its lawfully expressed will baffled by vulgar fraud. Unless, therefore, the corruption which infects the very sources of government in this State can be corrected, the result is inevitable.

Mr. BEECHER pleaded for the perfect religious freedom of the common schools, to be maintained by forbidding sectarianism of every kind; and Dr. BELLOWS urged the duty of the intelligent classes to take trouble and responsibilities, and make sacrifices for the benefit of the whole. The meeting was most earnest and spirited. It represented the men whose judgment really directs public opinion, and if they can not direct it to a reform of the system which is now supreme in this city, the future is very threatening. "It is no longer a matter of pride," Mr. EVARTS said, "to be a New Yorker; it is a matter of deep disgrace to be a New Yorker, if New Yorkers can not save themselves from the infamy in which they are now submerged." The meeting was remarkable, also, for the co-operation of men of both parties. For indeed, as Judge BARRETT said, it was a matter of common concern, and the rising of intelligent public sentiment against the imperial Ring would be like that of the people after Sumter.

The most absurd comment upon such a meeting is that it is too late. The orators, it is said, were silent a year or two ago, when something might have been done. But with whom? With a State Senator who, on the very evening of the meeting, was defending the Ring's tax levy at Albany, and with a newspaper which could only gibe feebly at the meeting the next morning! It really seems to be pardonable not to have trusted that kind of society and leadership. But it is never too late to move for reform. The despair which surrenders, and thanks Heaven things are no worse; the timidity which tries to think that it isn't much of a shower; the cynicism which sneers at all high hope and generous effort; the folly which thinks all is well if there are only a few signs of improvement in details; the blindness which can not see a fatal peril because the system is smooth; the corrupt will that means to have its way—these are the foes of liberty and progress and civilization every where, and it is over these that every reform always marches.

Of course the speaking must be followed by acting. There must now be a vigorous organization, and the leaders of the meeting must submit to a great deal that is distasteful, and take a great deal of trouble. They propose to do precisely what the Citizens' Association proposed to do, and has conspicuously failed to accomplish; for the absolute triumph of the Ring in New York is signalized by the approval of the Citizens' Association, and by employing its most active member. If nothing follows the meeting, the moral to the country, of which we began by speaking, will be that good citizens are content with merely protesting—a conclusion which will only strengthen the Ring.

THE SAN DOMINGO MESSAGE.

THE message of the President, accompanying the Report of the San Domingo Commission, has made the most favorable impression upon the country. It is the simple statement of a man in whose honesty there is entire confidence, and with whose judgment the report offers the strongest evidence of sympathy. The President briefly recounts the circumstances under which his attention was drawn to the subject of annexation. His function is that of initiation, and he believed that his evident duty was to negotiate a treaty, and to leave its ratification to the proper authority. But as a cloud of personal aspersion obscured the whole subject as soon as it was made public, and, as he thought, seriously affected the action of the Senate, it seemed to him most desirable, as well as just to those who had been accused, that a Commission of the highest character should investigate the whole subject, and report through him to the country. Congress agreed with him, and the Commission has now laid its conclusions before the final tribunal.

And with this result, the President adds, all his personal solicitude upon the subject ends, although his opinion of the advantages of annexation remain unchanged. The final paragraph of the message will, perhaps, be regretted by many persons, and we wish that the President had spared the remark about "disappointed men." But the charges of corruption against him have been so malignant, that it is certainly not surprising that he should have wished to complete the final appeal to the country by a warm declaration of his consciousness of honest purpose. It was not, indeed, necessary, but it was certainly natural; and it will not harm him with the popular heart.

The subject of the annexation of San Domingo is now, as we hoped it would be, left to the country. With this disposition of the matter we hope and we believe that occasion of vehement dissent from the executive action will also disappear, and that Senators, without renouncing any conviction whatever, will remember the paramount necessity to the country of Republican dominance, and the impracticability of that dominance if a friendly spirit does not prevail. We hope that it will not be forgotten that no party in this country can succeed which alienates its best members from hearty co-operation. The tendency has, perhaps, been to be unmindful of this truth, and to forget that what the Republican party needs is the union which comes alone from a comprehensive and progressive policy. Senator MORTON speaks truly in saying that the great issue of 1872 will evidently be the maintenance of the Union upon the Republican settlement; but he is less wise in belittling civil service reform and in not seeing what an element of strength to the party a positive policy upon that subject would be. For while we maintain the great loyal Republican line against the last sullen assault of baffled slavery, it would be madness to despise the opening and alarming fire of corruption which succeeds it as the national foe. The Republican host should move upon this enemy's works immediately.

VERSAILLES AND PARIS.

IF the THIERS Government succeeds in suppressing the present insurrection it will be of the utmost service to the country, for it will be evidence that a Provisional Government representing France can withstand Paris. The movement of which FLOURENS and CLUSERET are leaders is of the kind which has been always most fatal to France, and the only fault of the THIERS authority is that it apparently hesitated so long before striking. There was no hope, there was nothing but anarchy, in the success of the Commune; and if the representatives of order and law could rely upon their force, it should have been used at once. There can be no proper appeal against the Versailles Government as oppressive, because not only is it in its nature merely temporary, but it has shown no intention whatever of absorbing or perpetuating power. It was elected by the whole country, to determine whether peace should be negotiated, and to maintain order while the country was consulted upon the constitution and form of government which it would adopt. The Paris movement is merely an attempt to seize the government of the country against the will of the people.

The question is ostensibly of the government of the city of Paris. But that is a question which can not yet be decided by any competent authority. Paris will be interiorly governed as France shall decide; but France has not yet been consulted upon the subject. There seems to be a school of political philosophers in France, as in this country, who hold that cities have a certain natural right to self-government. The

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fatal error of this school is its forgetfulness of the fact that the people who live near each other in a city are only a few of the whole political community, in which the ultimate power properly resides. The city is governed under a charter. But it does not determine its own charter; that is determined by the whole people. It will, indeed, if wisely made, be made in obedience to the great principle of local government in details. But if it be so, it is not because of any "right" inherent in the city, but solely because the political community thinks that such a course is wisest for all.

Thus the riot in Paris is wantonly criminal. Political intelligence, indeed, and political habits, ought not to be expected from Frenchmen; but it might be supposed that even Parisians would understand that a temporary government, just elected by the whole country to open the way for Paris and the rest of France to pronounce upon a permanent system, was not an authority to be overthrown by force. That it is not likely to be is a blessing for France. If the Versailles authority can maintain itself decisively without compromise, and restore order, the confidence which is the indispensable element of peace will return to the country. It may then be fairly assumed that the "Red" element, which is the perpetual terror of France, is not so powerful as has been supposed, and intelligent citizens will be encouraged to devote themselves with hope to the regeneration of their country.

THE SWORD AND THE OLIVE-BRANCH.

THE KU-KLUX bill, which has passed the House of Representatives by a strictly party vote, is very little changed from that upon which we commented last week, and for the reasons which we then gave we consider it a profound mistake. The President is authorized at his discretion to decide when the State authority is unable, or refuses, to keep the peace, and when the situation may be deemed a rebellion. Has Congress really measured the scope of such a bill? It is a power which every one knows, indeed, that General GRANT will not abuse, but which might be used to subvert all liberty. It would have been very easy to qualify it; to require, for instance, the certificate of a District Judge of the United States that unlawful combinations obstructed the courts; but the bill provides no restraint whatever upon the executive discretion. There is no excuse for not having made the language of the Fourteenth Amendment so plain as to render misconception impossible.

And now more than ever is amnesty imperative. Mr. DE LONG, a colored representative from South Carolina, cogently declared in the House that while intelligent and influential men are disfranchised they have no interest in maintaining order, and they can not reasonably be expected to support vigorously a system which politically outlaws them. He demanded general amnesty. We observe also that at a recent meeting of Ohio Republicans interested in the Cincinnati declaration both General COX and Mr. CLARK, a prominent colored Republican, urged, amidst great applause, the necessity and good policy of amnesty. And if the Ku-Klux bill is passed by the Senate the President can do no more signal and sagacious service to the country and to his party than to sign a message strongly recommending general amnesty at the same time that he signs the bill.

THE METHODIST BOOK CONCERN.

WE call attention to the very important and suggestive letter of Judge REYNOLDS, which we copy, in another part of this paper, from the New York *Times*. It sets forth very clearly the extraordinary conduct of the opponents of Dr. LANAHAN in the matter of the alleged irregularities in the Methodist Book Concern. Since the trial of Dr. LANAHAN was suddenly interrupted he has been the object of a series of most offensive articles, and the attempt to prejudice public opinion against him is manifest. Such a course is as impolitic as it is scandalous. From the first moment that Dr. LANAHAN presented his charges the conduct of the managers of the Book Concern has certainly been suspicious. His statements were simple and direct. He was right, or he was wrong. He took the full responsibility of the disclosure, and if he were shown to have been wrong, the consequences would have fallen heavily, and only upon himself.

What, then, was the obvious and honorable course? What would any honest man, conscious of unjust accusation, have done? He would have challenged the most prompt, peremptory, and thorough investigation. He would have said, "Here are my books; scrutinize them." And he would, above all things, have protested against evasion and equivocation of every kind. Dr. LANAHAN has been always ready to substantiate his charges; and if today nothing has been definitely ascertained—if now, toward the close of the second year since his statement was made, the inquiry has been postponed, and the whole subject confused in the public mind, it is not his fault; nor is he to blame for the general impression in the country that the subject will not bear honest investigation.

As we said when the first publication was made, the honor and interest of the denomination imperatively require the most public and conclusive action—and if the confidence of many of the most faithful Methodists has been shaken, if many of them to-day reflect sadly upon all the circumstances of this affair, it is not because Dr. LANAHAN has made charges, but because those charges have not been disproved, and because there is evidently more disposition to abuse him than to show that his charges are unfounded.

The present difficulty is the choice of accountants to examine the books, and Judge REYNOLDS truly says in his letter: "If there is nothing wrong in the Book Concern, any number of men of our selection can not find it, especially when under the control of a chief in whom the other party has such confidence. It is much easier to conceal than to create. Truly Dr. CURRY was right when he said that to outsiders 'it looks very much like a game how not to do it.'" That is, unquestionably, the general verdict. The simple way is the shortest and best; and the Book Concern has made a fatal mistake in the method it has chosen to pursue.

NOTES.

WE find in a Democratic paper an allusion to "the honest frankness which characterizes political discussion among the Southern Democrats." This honest frankness of discussion was formerly illustrated by the hunting, mobbing, riding on rails, tarring and feathering, whipping and hanging, of those who differed from the Democratic view of slavery as the true foundation of free government; and the same honest frankness is manifested now by the Ku-Klux. "It was in this spirit," continues the paper, "that the Democratic party won its great victories in the glorious days of its ascendency, and we are glad to observe that there is nothing inconsistent with this spirit in the recent discussions of the Southern Democratic press." Nothing whatever.

A DEMOCRATIC paper calls General BLAIR, whom it advised its party to throw overboard in 1868, "that stanch defender of the Constitution." His comments upon the Constitution are contained in the BRODHEAD letter, and there are supplementary comments in his letter to the editor of the Montgomery *Mail*, a paper which insists that the Southern Democracy shall force upon the Northern, as the cardinal issue of the Presidential campaign, the question of a white man's government. To this stanch Democratic editor the stanch defender of the Constitution writes, in regard to reopening the question of the validity of the amendments: "The question of whether they went through the forms that entitle them to be put on the statute-books is really an immaterial one." This is precisely the principle which the Democratic friends of this stanch defender of the Constitution apply to elections in the State of New York. The question whether the candidates whom they do not like go through the forms of an election is really an immaterial one. And this kind of defense of the Constitution is called "Conservatism," and its author is a Democratic leader.

How much longer is Paris to be called the "centre of civilization?" In no other city in the world have there been more outrages upon civilization, from the massacre of St. Bartholomew to the shooting of General THOMAS. It is long since students of literature and science have turned elsewhere. The demoralization which made LOUIS NAPOLEON'S empire possible, and of which OFFENBACH'S music is the just expression, does not authorize its chief seat to be called the centre of civilization; nor is that title vindicated by the school of elaborate and unmeaning detail in painting which is the present characteristic of Parisian art. Even Berlin disputes with it the supremacy of dictating fashion, for the *Bazar* of Berlin is the final authority in that department, and the *cuisine* of Vienna is certainly not inferior to that of Paris. It would not be difficult to show that the influence of France upon the thought which is truly civilizing is not so powerful as is often supposed, and that Paris can not justly be called the centre of civilization.

IF the citizens of New York are really unwilling to be represented in the Legislature by such members as the Tammany Ring now selects, and whose character is illustrated by the brutal assault upon Mr. SMITH WEED of Clinton, the substantial tax-payers and men of character must not decline to take an active share in politics. All of them can not always properly consent to be candidates themselves, but they must consent to work early and late, and under very disagreeable circumstances, to secure the nomination of good men who will. The Ring will relieve good citizens of all the trouble of governing themselves, if they choose. But if the intelligent people of all parties wish to have a voice in their own government they must control the primary meetings, and if they can not do that they must vote against the regular nominations. If primary meetings are sure to be mastered by roughs, nominations in the newspapers can be made practicable. Meanwhile what the better rural Democrats have to expect from the Ring may be seen in the treatment of Mr. WEED, who is one of the most intelligent and honorable Democrats in the State. The disgraceful incident in the Legislature comes just in time to emphasize all that was said at the recent meeting of the character and methods of the Tammany Ring.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

A COMMUNICATION to the German Society of Anthropology during the past winter invokes the attention of all persons interested in science to the importance of making use of the opportunities for ethnological research furnished by the war between France and Germany; and the author, while acknowledging the difficulty of attending to such matters during the military operations, expresses his earnest hope that every possible effort may be made to secure a good series of the skulls and brains of the African tribes brought by France into the conflict, and especially those of the Turcos. We have not yet heard to what extent this suggestion was heeded by those who had the opportunity.

The government of Costa Rica, convinced that the French project of a ship-canal through her territory and that of Nicaragua is impracticable, has declared null and void the treaty made with Nicaragua for that purpose. In view of this declaration of Costa Rica, the Nicaraguan government has received new propositions from the United States for a canal contract, on which the President congratulates the country in his message to Congress. For the purpose of more thoroughly cementing the good understanding now subsisting between these two Central American countries, the Nicaraguan government has accredited Señor CHAMORO as agent in Costa Rica to consummate a treaty of amity and commerce between the two republics.

Late advices from South America narrate the occurrence of certain curious disturbances in the Pacific Ocean around the guano islands of Guañape. The prevailing winds and currents along the coast of Peru are from the southeast, but on the 6th of February they changed and came from the west, at the rate of six miles an hour. During the day the currents seemed to flow in from all directions, forming multitudes of whirlpools, while the west wind increased so steadily that fear was entertained for the safety of the ships at anchor. This state of things continued throughout the nights of the 6th and 7th, and numerous disasters, fortunately of no great moment, occurred to the vessels in port engaged in loading guano. The precise causes of this phenomenon had not been ascertained at the latest reports from South America, although they undoubtedly are connected with volcanic and earthquake agencies, having their centre either beneath the sea or at some point in the chain of the Andes.

In the course of a critical examination by Professor COPE of certain fossil fishes found on the Green River, in Wyoming, he discovered specimens of a species of *Osteoglossum* of large size, and previously undescribed. A specially interesting feature connected with this discovery lies in the fact that the genus is at present represented by living species in New Zealand, Borneo, and Brazil; but it has not hitherto been found in North America, nor is it any where known as a fossil.

We have already referred to the detection of an ancient bone cave near Phœnixville, Pennsylvania, and about twenty-five miles northwest of Philadelphia, and to the interest which has attached to this discovery. Since our last account Professor COPE has been actively engaged in the investigation of the collection, and already reports the existence of about thirty species of vertebrates, together with numerous plants and insects. All of these, so far as known, are probably of extinct species, although their precise relationships have not yet been fully worked out. Among the reptiles were tortoises and serpents, and of birds there was a turkey and a snipe. The mammals, as Professor COPE anticipated, were most numerous, these including two carnivorous animals of large size, one of them a cat, and the other a bear, previously described by Dr. LEIDY, of a remarkable type, and totally distinct from the cave bear, or any living species of either Europe or America. At least three species of sloths were discovered, mostly of gigantic size, one of them a species of *Megalonyx*, and two of the *Mylodon*. Besides these there were some ruminating animals, tapirs, and a small horse. With the other remains were the teeth and tusks of the mastodon. The fissure in which the bones were found was forty feet deep and fifteen feet wide; the length as yet has not been determined. Above the deposit of bones the cave was filled with washings of the triassic age from the neighboring hills.

The San Francisco papers are calling attention to specimens of fossil ivory brought from Alaska; and parties are said to be about entering upon the business of collecting it on a large scale. This ivory consists of the tusks of the mammoth or fossil elephant (*Elephas primigenius*), the remains of which are extremely abundant in Alaska, but much more so in Siberia, from which latter country, as is well known, an appreciable percentage of all the ivory now used in the arts is obtained.

The College of the City of New York, in Twenty-third Street, shows a commendable desire to increase its means of instruction in general history, and particularly in the department of osteology, the president having succeeded by unremitting effort in obtaining means to secure quite a large number of specimens, among which may be especially mentioned a large slab of stone containing a well-preserved skeleton of the *Ichthyosaurus*, or fish-like fossil lizard from the Lias of Germany. This specimen is about ten feet long, and, from its perfection and excellence of preservation, is justly entitled to consideration.

We some weeks ago called attention to the high scientific value of the collection of objects made by the late Dr. KLEMM, of Dresden, for use in his "History of the Progress of Human Civilization;" and suggested that in its great extent, and in the harmonious exhibition of illustrations of human art and handicraft in every department, it would constitute an important addition to the means of instruction in the city of New York. At the time we wrote the collection was supposed to be still in the market, as it had been offered for some time at a low price without finding a purchaser. An association of parties in Leipsic, however, has finally accomplished its purchase, at a cost of over ten thousand dollars; and has determined to make it the basis of an international anthropological museum, which, it is expected, will be one of the most complete in the world. Contributions from all parts of the globe, and especially from America, are invited by the committee having the matter in charge, and we trust that the appeal will not be in vain.

We are informed by Massachusetts papers that a number of new fish pounds are to be put down in Vineyard Sound during the present season, seven at least being added to those already established. About seventy-five men will be employed, and it is the intention to have a vessel running regularly to New York for the purpose of carrying the fish.

The first fresh shad of the season were said to have been taken in New York Harbor on Wednesday, the 15th of March.

The Observing Astronomical Society of London is desirous of securing systematic observations of the planet Venus during one complete revolution, for the purpose of obtaining results that may enable us to become acquainted with her character. A committee of the society recommends the formation of a sub-committee for making continuous observations of the planet during one complete synodical revolution. They also contemplate the collection of all ancient observations and drawings of the planet, and the gathering of as many modern data as possible from existing observations, and public and private records.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

April 3.—The Senate was occupied in discussing the resolution directing the Judiciary Committee to report measures for the suppression of disorders in the South. A long speech was made thereon by Mr. Blair, of Missouri, who reiterated the charge that the outrages were greatly exaggerated for political effect, and that the Republicans were making a desperate struggle to retain power, and much more of the same sort.—In the House, the debate on the bill reported by Mr. Shellabarger for the enforcement of the Fourteenth Amendment was continued.

April 4.—In the Senate, the resolution directing the preparation of measures for the suppression of disorders in the South was further discussed. Mr. Blair finished his speech, and a vigorous reply was made by Mr. Morton, of Indiana.—In the House, the debate was continued on the bill for the suppression of Ku-Klux outrages. The principal speeches in favor of the bill were made by Mr. Butler, of Massachusetts, and Mr. Coburn, of Indiana.

April 5.—In the Senate, the resolution in regard to disorders at the South was amended, so as to direct the Committee to report as early as practicable, and adopted by a vote of 38 to 12. Subsequently the report of the San Domingo Commissioners, and a message of the President on the same subject, were submitted. After some discussion it was decided that the message and report be printed.—In the House, the bill for the enforcement of the Fourteenth Amendment of the Constitution was taken up, and the debate continued; but no new arguments or facts were brought forward.

April 6.—In the Senate, the resolution for an investigation of the condition of affairs at the South was taken up. Mr. Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey, made a speech in favor of legislation for the protection of life and property. Remarks were also made by Mr. Pratt, of Indiana, after which the Senate adjourned without action.—In the House, the debate on the bill to enforce the Fourteenth Amendment was resumed. After a number of short speeches on each side the previous question was ordered, and Mr. Shellabarger closed the debate with a speech of an hour in length, urging the passage of the bill. A vote was then taken on an amendment striking out the passage giving the President authority to suspend the habeas corpus, which was rejected—yeas 101, nays 105. A motion to reconsider was laid on the table, 113 to 94. After several amendments the bill was passed, under the operation of the previous question, by a vote of 118 to 91.

April 7.—In the Senate, the Ku-Klux bill was received from the House, and referred to the Judiciary Committee. Mr. Morrill made a long speech against the San Domingo scheme. The Senate then took up the concurrent resolution from the House for a joint special investigating committee on the South, and it was passed by a vote of 37 to 12.—The House was not in session.

GENERAL DOMESTIC ITEMS.

The Scranton, Pennsylvania, mining region was the scene of serious disorders on the 6th of April. Hundreds of disaffected miners assembled, and proceeded to attack certain mines where men had gone to work in defiance of the strikers' regulations. Considerable damage was done to the work, but the prompt action of Governor Geary in calling out the militia to protect the threatened property and the working-men prevented bloodshed. The railroads that illegally raised their freight rates on coal from $2 to $6 per ton have been summoned to show cause why their charters should not be forfeited.

Edward H. Rulloff, the Binghamton burglar and murderer, has been resentenced, in accordance with the decision of the Court of Appeals, to be hanged on the 18th of May.

Father Taylor, the venerable minister of the Seamen's Bethel, died at Boston on the 6th of April, at the age of seventy-seven.

The Ohio Legislature has passed a resolution, by a party vote, declaring that in regard to the extension of our borders and the acquisition of territory, as well as every other measure of public concern, they indorsed as sound political wisdom the principles embodied in the declaration of President Grant, that no policy should be enforced against the will of the people.

On the 8th of April Senator Sprague, in behalf of the State of Rhode Island, formally turned over to the Congressional Committee on Public Buildings the statue of Roger Williams, which, some days ago, was placed in the old Hall of Representatives at the Capitol.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THERE has been severe fighting in and around Paris. On the 3d of April the insurgent National Guards marched in great force toward Versailles, but were caught between Fort Valérien and the regular troops, and defeated with severe loss. On the 4th an insurgent redoubt at Chatillon was captured by the government forces, with 2000 prisoners, including General Henry. Flourens is reported to have been killed. On Friday, the 7th, there was another severe struggle, in which the government troops were again victorious. A breach has been made in the ramparts, and at last advices an assault was imminent. The guns of the forts in the hands of the government forces command the principal avenues and streets, and shells have been thrown into the city, for the purpose of overawing the inhabitants. On Sunday, the 9th, there was a conflict among the insurgents themselves, and the attempt of the Commune to make the citizens in general take up arms has thus far failed. A flotilla of gun-boats has been sent up the Seine from Havre to aid the troops. Bismarck is said to be in favor of the restoration of Napoleon.

Baron Tegethoff, the distinguished Austrian Admiral, died at Vienna on the 7th of April.

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THE COLUMN OF JULY.

THE Place de la Bastille, where in 1789 stood the famous prison fortress, which surrendered to the Paris mob, has since the war been the favorite rendezvous of the Paris radicals and malcontents. Here, indeed, the insurgent National Guards may be said to have held their headquarters, and woe betide the adventuresome foreigner who wandered into their precincts. A Parisian mob is always a disagreeable and prejudiced element to deal with; but when excited by the watch-word "Liberty," it knows no bounds for its follies and cruelties. Every stranger was in its eyes a Prussian or a spy, and therefore deserved to be instantaneously executed. Riding in a carriage was also a punishable offense, for who but an aristocrat or a traitor would indulge in such a luxury while his country was in such a state of defeat and distress?

Having nothing particular to do beyond mounting guard over unthreatened guns, and walking about in popular democratic processions, the Reds amused themselves by decorating the Column of July, which in 1840 was erected in the Place de la Bastille to commemorate the combatants in the affair of July, 1830, and where the ashes of those killed in the revolution of February, 1848, were also deposited. The monument is surmounted by a large gilt-bronze figure of the Genius of Liberty, holding broken chains in one hand, and the torch of civilization in the other. This statue was the object of especial attention. A red flag was hoisted on the torch, his head was crowned with *immortelles*, and a number of others served as bracelets, armlets, and anklets for the honored genius. The top of the column was also profusely and tastefully decorated with tricolored flags, *immortelles*, and one black banner, to remind the spectator that the decorations were funereal and not festive.

Proud of their work, the radicals wished that due homage should be paid to it, and ordered an officer of Zouaves, who happened to be passing, to salute it. He refused, and was only saved from certain death by the courageous intervention of a brother officer. Some sailors, however, determined to take away the red flag, which highly offended their ideas of loyalty, and accordingly they mounted the column, tore down the obnoxious bunting, and wrapped the national tricolor round the figure. This action created an immense sensation among the crowd below. "*Nous sommes trahis!*" was shouted in every direction, the sailors were immediately arrested and imprisoned in the cells beneath the column, and the *drapeau rouge* was again hoisted, amidst patriotic cheers. The mob afterward decorated the column with *immortelles*, as shown in the sketch on this page.

THE RED FLAG ON THE COLUMN OF JULY.

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A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION.

BY CHARLES READE.

WITH MANY ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

"THEN HE ACTUALLY THRUST THE LETTER INTO THE FIRE."

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

"ENGLISH!" said Sir Charles. "Then tell me, how did I come here? Where am I?"

"You had a fit, and the doctor ordered you to be kept quiet; and I am here to nurse you."

"A fit! Ay, I remember. That vile woman!"

"Don't think of her: give your mind to getting well: remember, there is somebody who would break her heart if you—"

"Oh, my poor Bella! my sweet, timid, modest, loving Bella!" He was so weakened that he cried like a child.

Miss Somerset rose, and laid her forehead sadly upon the window-sill.

"Why do I cry for her, like a great baby?" muttered Sir Charles. "She wouldn't cry for me. She has cast me off in a moment."

"Not she. It is her father's doing. Have a little patience. The whole thing shall be explained to them; and then she will soon soften the old man. It is not as if you were really to blame."

"No more I was. It is all that vile woman."

"Oh, don't! She is so sorry; she has taken it all to heart. She had once shammed a fit, on the very place; and when you had a real fit there—on the very spot—oh, it was so fearful—and lay like one dead, she saw God's finger, and it touched her hard heart. Don't say any thing more against her just now. She is trying so hard to be good. And, besides, it is all a mistake: she never told that old Admiral; she never breathed a word out of her own house. Her own people have betrayed her and you. She has made me promise two things: to find out who told the Admiral, and—"

"Well?"

"The second thing I have to do— Well, that is a secret between me and that unhappy woman. She is bad enough, but not so heartless as you think."

Sir Charles shook his head incredulously, but said no more; and soon after fell asleep.

In the evening he woke, and found the Sister watching.

She now turned her head away from him, and asked him quietly to describe Miss Bella Bruce to her.

He described her in minute and glowing terms. "But oh, Sister," said he, "it is not her beauty only, but the beauty of her mind. So gentle, so modest, so timid, so docile. She would never have had the heart to turn me off. But she will obey her father. She looked forward to obeying me, sweet dove."

"Did she say so?"

"Yes, that is her dream of happiness, to obey."

The Sister still questioned him with averted head, and he told her what had passed between Bella and him the last time he saw her, and all their innocent plans of married happiness. He told her, with the tear in his eye, and she listened, with the tear in hers.

"And then," said he, laying his hand on her shoulder, "is it not hard? I just went to Mayfair, not to please myself, but to do an act of justice—of more than justice; and then, for that, to have her door shut in my face. Only two hours between the height of happiness and the depth of misery."

The Sister said nothing, but she hid her face in her hands, and thought.

The next morning, by her order, Polly came into the room, and said, "You are to go home. The carriage is at the door." With this she retired, and Sir Charles's valet entered the room soon after to help him dress.

"Where am I, James?"

"Miss Somerset's house, Sir Charles."

"Then get me out of it directly."

"Yes, Sir Charles. The carriage is at the door."

"Who told you to come, James?"

"Miss Somerset, Sir Charles."

"That is odd."

"Yes, Sir Charles."

When he got home he found a sofa placed by a fire, with wraps and pillows; his cigar-case laid out, and a bottle of salts, and also a small glass of old cognac, in case of faintness.

"Which of you had the gumption to do all this?"

"Miss Somerset, Sir Charles."

"What, has she been *here*?"

"Yes, Sir Charles."

"Curse her!"

"Yes, Sir Charles."

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

"LOVE LIES BLEEDING."

BELLA BRUCE was drinking the bitterest cup a young virgin soul can taste. Illusion gone—the wicked world revealed as it is, how unlike what she thought it was—love crushed in her, and not crushed out of her, as it might if she had been either proud or vain.

Frail men and women should see what a passionate but virtuous woman can suffer, when a revelation, of which they think but little, comes and blasts her young heart, and bids her dry up in a moment the deep well of her affection, since it flows for an unworthy object, and flows in vain. I tell you that the fair head severed from the chaste body is nothing to her compared with this. The fair body, pierced with heathen arrows, was nothing to her in the days of old compared with this.

In a word—for nowadays we can but amplify, and so enfeeble, what some old dead master of language, immortal though obscure, has said in words of granite—here

"Love lay bleeding."

No fainting—no vehement weeping; but oh, such deep desolation; such weariness of life; such a pitiable restlessness. Appetite gone; the taste of food almost lost; sleep unwilling to come; and oh, the torture of waking—for at that horrible moment all rushed back at once, the joy that had been, the misery that was, the blank that was to come.

She never stirred out, except when ordered, and then went like an automaton. Pale, sorrow-stricken, and patient, she moved about the ghost of herself; and lay down a little, and then tried to work a little, and then to read a little; and could settle to nothing but sorrow and deep despondency.

Not that she nursed her grief. She had been told to be brave, and she tried. But her grief was her master. It came welling through her eyes in a moment, of its own accord.

She was deeply mortified too. But, in her gentle nature, anger could play but a secondary part. Her indignation was weak beside her grief, and did little to bear her up.

Yet her sense of shame was vivid; and she tried hard not to let her father see how deeply she loved the man who had gone from her to Miss Somerset. Besides, he had ordered her to fight against a love that now could only degrade her; he had ordered, and it was for her to obey.

As soon as Sir Charles was better, he wrote her a long, humble letter, owning that, before he knew her, he had led a free life; but assuring her that, ever since that happy time, his heart and his time had been solely hers; as to his visit to Miss Somerset, it had been one of business merely, and this he could prove, if she would receive him. The Admiral could be present at that interview, and Sir Charles hoped to convince him he had been somewhat hasty and harsh in his decision.

"'YOU MUST LEND ME THIS FOR A DAY OR TWO.'"

Now the Admiral had foreseen Sir Charles would write to her; so he had ordered his man to bring all letters to him first.

He recognized Sir Charles's hand, and brought the letter in to Bella. "Now, my child," said he, "be brave. Here is a letter from that man."

"Oh, papa! I thought he would. I knew he would." And the pale face was flushed with joy and hope all in a moment.

"Do what?"

"Write and explain."

"Explain? A thing that is clear as sunshine. He has written to throw dust in your eyes again. You are evidently in no state to judge. *I* shall read this letter first."

"Yes, papa," said Bella, faintly.

He did read it, and she devoured his countenance all the time.

"There is nothing in it. He offers no real explanation, but only says he can explain, and asks for an interview—to play upon your weakness. If I give you this letter, it will only make you cry, and render your task more difficult. I must be strong for your good, and set you an example. I loved this young man too; but, now I know him"—then he actually thrust the letter into the fire.

But this was too much. Bella shrieked at the act, and put her hand to her heart, and shrieked again. "Ah! you'll kill us, you'll kill us both!" she cried. "Poor Charles! Poor Bella! You don't love your child—you have no pity." And, for the first time, her misery was violent. She writhed and wept, and at last went into violent hysterics, and frightened that stout old warrior more than cannon had ever frightened him; and presently she became quiet, and wept at his knees, and begged his forgiveness, and said he was wiser than she was, and she would obey him in every thing, only he must not be angry with her if she could not live.

Then the stout Admiral mingled his tears with hers, and began to realize what deep waters of affliction his girl was wading in.

Yet he saw no way out but firmness. He wrote to Sir Charles to say that his daughter was too ill to write; but that no explanation was possible, and no interview could be allowed.

Sir Charles, who, after writing, had conceived the most sanguine hopes, was now as wretched as Bella. Only, now that he was refused a hearing, he had wounded pride to support him a little under wounded love.

Admiral Bruce, fearing for his daughter's health, and even for her life—she pined so visibly—now ordered her to divide her day into several occupations, and exact divisions of time—an hour for this, an hour for that; an hour by the clock—and here he showed practical wisdom. Try it, ye that are very unhappy, and tell me the result.

As a part of this excellent system, she had to walk round the square from eleven to twelve A.M., but never alone; he was not going to have Sir Charles surprising her into an interview. He always went with her, and, as he was too stiff to walk briskly, he sat down, and she had to walk in sight. He took a stout stick with him—for Sir Charles. But Sir Charles was proud, and staid at home with his deep wound.

One day, walking round the square with a step of Mercury and heart of lead, Bella Bruce met a Sister of Charity pacing slow and thoughtful; their eyes met and drank, in a moment, every feature of each other.

The Sister, apparently, had seen the settled grief on that fair face; for, the next time they met, she eyed her with a certain sympathy, which did not escape Bella.

This subtle interchange took place several times, and Bella could not help feeling a little grateful. "Ah!" she thought to herself, "how kind religious people are! I should like to speak to her." And the next time they met she looked wistfully in the Sister's face.

She did not meet her again, for she went and rested on a bench, in sight of her father, but at some distance from him. Unconsciously to herself, his refusal even to hear Sir Charles repelled her. That was so hard on him and her. It looked like throwing away the last chance, the last little chance of happiness.

By-and-by the Sister came and sat on the same bench.

Bella was hardly surprised, but blushed high, for she felt that her own eyes had invited the sympathy of a stranger; and now it seemed to be coming. The timid girl felt uneasy. The Sister saw that, and approached her with tact.

"You look unwell," said she, gently, but with no appearance of extravagant interest or curiosity.

"I am—a little," said Bella, very reservedly.

"Excuse my remarking it. We are professional nurses, and apt to be a little officious, I fear."

No reply.

"I saw you were unwell. But I hope it is not serious. I can generally tell when the sick are in danger." A peculiar look. "I am glad not to see it in so young and—good a face."

"You are young, too; very young, and—" she was going to say "beautiful," but she was too shy—"to be a Sister of Charity. But I am sure you never regret leaving such a world as this is."

"Never. I have lost the only thing I ever valued in it."

"I have no right to ask you what that was."

"You shall know without asking. One I loved proved unworthy."

The Sister sighed deeply, and then, hiding her face with her hands for a moment, rose abruptly, and left the square, ashamed, apparently, of having been betrayed into such a confession.

Bella, when she was twenty yards off, put out a timid hand, as if to detain her; but she had not the courage to say any thing of the kind.

She never told her father a word.

"HE BOWED CEREMONIOUSLY, AND BEGGED HIS VISITORS TO BE SEATED."

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She had got somebody now who could sympathize with her better than he could.

Next day the Sister was there, and Bella bowed to her when she met her.

This time it was the Sister who went and sat on the bench.

Bella continued her walk for some time, but at last could not resist the temptation. She came and sat down on the bench, and blushed; as much as to say, "I have the courage to come, but not to speak upon a certain subject, which shall be nameless."

The Sister, as may be imagined, was not so shy. She opened a conversation. "I committed a fault yesterday. I spoke to you of myself, and of the past: it is discouraged by our rules. We are bound to inquire the griefs of others; not to tell our own."

This was a fair opening, but Bella was too delicate to show her wounds to a fresh acquaintance.

The Sister, having failed at that, tried something very different.

"But I could tell you a pitiful case about another. Some time ago I nursed a gentleman whom love had laid on a sick-bed."

"A gentleman! What! can they love as we do?" said Bella, bitterly.

"Not many of them; but this was an exception. But I don't know whether I ought to tell these secrets to so young a lady."

"Oh yes—please—what else is there in this world worth talking about? Tell me about the poor man who could love as we can."

The Sister seemed to hesitate, but at last decided to go on.

"Well, he was a man of the world, and he had not always been a good man; but he was trying to be. He had fallen in love with a young lady, and seen the beauty of virtue, and was going to marry her and lead a good life. But he was a man of honor, and there was a lady for whom he thought it was his duty to provide. He set his lawyer to draw a deed, and his lawyer appointed a day for signing it at her house. The poor man came because his lawyer told him. Do you think there was any great harm in that?"

"No; of course not."

"Well, then, he lost his love for that."

Miss Bruce's color began to come and go, and her supple figure to crouch a little. She said nothing.

The Sister continued: "Some malicious person went and told the young lady's father the gentleman was in the habit of visiting that lady, and would be with her at a certain hour. And so he was; but it was the lawyer's appointment, you know. You seem agitated."

"No, no; not agitated," said Bella, "but astonished; it is so like a story I know. A young lady, a friend of mine, had an anonymous letter, telling her that one she loved and esteemed was unworthy. But what you have told me shows me how deceitful appearances may be. What was your patient's name?"

"It is against our rules to tell that. But you said an 'anonymous letter.' Was your friend so weak as to believe an anonymous letter? The writer of such a letter is a coward, and a coward is always a liar. Show me your friend's anonymous letter. I may, perhaps, be able to throw a light on it."

The conversation was interrupted by Admiral Bruce, who had approached them unobserved. "Excuse me," said he, "but you ladies seem to have hit upon a very interesting theme."

"Yes, papa," said Bella. "I took the liberty to question this lady as to her experiences of sick-beds, and she was good enough to give me some of them."

Having uttered this with a sudden appearance of calmness that first amazed the Sister, then made her smile, she took her father's arm, bowed politely, and a little stiffly, to her new friend, and drew the Admiral away.

"Oh!" thought the Sister. "I am not to speak to the old gentleman. He is not in her confidence. Yet she is very fond of him. How she hangs on his arm! Simplicity! Candor! We are all tarred with the same stick—we women."

That night Bella was a changed girl—exalted and depressed by turns, and with no visible reason.

Her father was pleased. Any thing better than that deadly languor.

The next day Bella sat by her father's side in the square, longing to go to the sister, yet patiently waiting to be ordered.

At last the Admiral, finding her dull and listless, said, "Why don't you go and talk to the Sister? She amuses you. I'll join you when I have smoked this cigar."

The obedient Bella rose, and went toward the Sister as if compelled. But when she got to her her whole manner changed. She took her warmly by the hand, and said, trembling and blushing, and all on fire, "I have brought you the anonymous letter."

The elder actress took it and ran her eye over it—an eye that now sparkled like a diamond. "Humph!" said she, and flung off all the dulcet tones of her assumed character with mighty little ceremony. "This hand is disguised a little, but I think I know it. I am sure I do! The dirty little rascal!"

"Madam!" cried Bella, aghast with surprise at this language.

"I tell you I know the writer and his rascally motive. You must lend me this for a day or two."

"Must I?" said Bella. "Excuse me! Papa would be so angry."

"Very likely; but you will lend it to me for all that; for with this I can clear Miss Bruce's lover and defeat his enemies."

Bella uttered a faint cry, and trembled, and her bosom heaved violently. She looked this way and that, like a frightened deer. "But papa? His eye is on us."

"Never deceive your father!" said the Sister, almost sternly; "but," darting her gray eyes right into those dove-like orbs, "give me five minutes' start—IF YOU REALLY LOVE SIR CHARLES BASSETT."

With these words she carried off the letter; and Bella ran, blushing, panting, trembling, to her father, and clung to him.

He questioned her, but could get nothing from her very intelligible until the Sister was out of sight, and then she told him all without reserve.

"I was unworthy of him to doubt him. An anonymous slander. I'll never trust appearances again. Poor Charles! Oh, my darling! what he must have suffered if he loves like me." Then came a shower of happy tears; then a shower of happy kisses.

The Admiral groaned, but for a long time he could not get a word in. When he did it was chilling. "My poor girl," said he, "this unhappy love blinds you. What, don't you see the woman is no nun, but some sly hussy that man has sent to throw dust in your eyes?"

Nothing she could say prevailed to turn him from this view, and he acted upon it with resolution: he confined her excursions to a little garden at the back of the house, and forbade her, on any pretense, to cross the threshold.

Miss Somerset came to the square in another disguise, armed with important information.

But no Bella Bruce appeared to meet her.

All this time Richard Bassett was happy as a prince.

So besotted was he with egotism, and so blinded by imaginary wrongs, that he rejoiced in the lovers' separation, rejoiced in his cousin's attack.

Polly, who now regarded him almost as a lover, told him all about it; and already in anticipation he saw himself and his line once more lords of the two manors—Bassett and Huntercombe—on the demise of Sir Charles Bassett, Bart., deceased without issue.

And, in fact, Sir Charles was utterly defeated. He lay torpid.

But there was a tough opponent in the way—all the more dangerous that she was not feared.

One fine day Miss Somerset electrified her groom by ordering her pony carriage to the door at ten A.M.

She took the reins on the pavement, like a man, jumped in light as a feather, and away rattled the carriage into the City. The ponies were all alive, the driver's eye keen as a bird's; her courage and her judgment equal. She wound in and out among the huge vehicles with perfect composure; and on those occasions when, the traffic being interrupted, the oratorical powers were useful to fill up the time, she shone with singular brilliance. The West End is too often in debt to the City, but, in the matter of chaff, it was not so this day; for whenever she took a peck she returned a bushel; and so she rattled to the door of Solomon Oldfield, solicitor, Old Jewry.

She penetrated into the inner office of that worthy, and told him he must come with her that minute to Portman Square.

"Impossible, madam!" And, as they say in the law reports, gave his reasons.

"Certain, Sir!" And gave no reasons.

He still resisted.

Thereupon she told him she should sit there all day and chaff his clients one after another, and that his connection with the Bassett and Huntercombe estates should end.

Then he saw he had to do with a termagant, and consented, with a sigh.

She drove him westward, wincing every now and then at her close driving, and told him all, and showed him what she was pleased to call her little game. He told her it was too romantic. Said he, "You ladies read nothing but novels; but the real world is quite different from the world of novels." Having delivered this remonstrance—which was tolerably just, for she never read any thing but novels and sermons—he submitted like a lamb, and received her instructions.

She drove as fast as she talked, so that by this time they were at Admiral Bruce's door.

Now Mr. Oldfield took the lead, as per instructions. "Mr. Oldfield, solicitor, and a lady—on business."

The porter delivered this to the footman with the accuracy which all who send verbal messages deserve and may count on. "Mr. Oldfield and lady."

The footman, who represented the next step in oral tradition, without which form of history the Heathen world would never have known that Hannibal softened the rocks with vinegar, nor the Christian world that eleven thousand virgins dwelt in a German town the size of Putney, announced the pair as "Mr. and Mrs. Hautville!"

"I don't know them, I think. Well, I will see them."

They entered, and the Admiral stared a little, and wondered how this couple came together—the keen but plain old man, with clothes hanging on him, and the dashing beauty, with her dress in the height of the fashion, and her gauntleted hands. However, he bowed ceremoniously, and begged his visitors to be seated.

Now the folding-doors were ajar, and the *soi-disant* Mrs. Oldfield peeped. She saw Bella Bruce at some distance, seated by the fire, in a reverie.

Judge that young lady's astonishment when she looked up and observed a large, white, well-shaped hand, sparkling with diamonds and rubies, beckoning her furtively.

The owner of that sparkling hand soon heard a soft rustle of silk come toward the door; the very rustle, somehow, was eloquent, and betrayed love and timidity, and something innocent yet subtle. The jeweled hand went in again directly.

SPRING'S ENTRÉE.

THE beautiful picture on page 360, for which our readers are indebted to the graceful pencil of PAUL FRENZENY, representing Spring, under the guise of a lovely young woman, shutting up old Winter into the gloomy cavern to which the old fairy tales used to banish him, reminds us of a sweet German poem by WILHELM MÜLLER, which was several years ago translated by the late Mrs. H. C. CONANT. Though the poem does not follow out the imagery suggested by the artist, there is such a harmony of sentiment in these creations of the fancy that our readers will be glad to find them together. The poem is called

SPRING'S ENTRÉE.

Haste! open window, open heart;
Quickly, oh quickly!
Old Winter seeks a passage out;
He fidgets anxiously about,
Goes round the house with bustling air,
And picks his duds up here and there:
Quickly, oh quickly!

Haste! open window, open heart;
Quickly, oh quickly!
He's spied young Spring before the door;
He knows his madcap pranks of yore:
To pull his ear were sport, I trow,
Or pluck his reverend beard of snow!
Quickly, oh quickly!

Haste! open window, open heart!
Quickly, oh quickly!
Spring knocks already at the door;
Hark! 'tis his cheering voice once more—
He knocks with all the force he may,
With his little meadow-flower bouquet:
Quickly, oh quickly!

Haste! open window, open heart!
Quickly, oh quickly!
And if you are not prompt to hear,
He has his train of servants near:
He'll summon them to help his will,
And knock and beat more loudly still
Quickly, oh quickly!

Haste! open window, open heart;
Quickly, oh quickly!
Lo! Morningbreeze, his herald, view—
A puffed-cheeked boy, of rosy hue—
He blows till all things stir and ring,
For entrance to his master, Spring!
Quickly, oh quickly!

Haste! open window, open heart;
Quickly, oh quickly!
The brave knight, Sunshine, now appears,
And breaks his way with golden spears;
While the soft flatterer, Flowerbreath, slinks
Through narrowest crevices and chinks:
Quickly, oh quickly!

Haste! open window, open heart
Quickly, oh quickly!
Now sounds the onset, Philomel;
And hark, and hark! an echo's swell—
An echo from my inmost breast—
In sweet Spring joy, a welcome guest:
Quickly, oh quickly!

A NEW FORTUNIO

By JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

FIFTY years ago there lived on the German side of the Lake of Constance a broken-down, drunken musician, who had a pretty little daughter eight years old, and a second wife, younger than himself—the mother of the pretty daughter having been long laid in earth. In the same village there was a shrewish, crusty, sour-featured widow, whose husband, happily released from her rule after years of considerable suffering, had bequeathed her, as his sole legacy and memorial, a fine bright-eyed boy of twelve, his son by a former wife. The broken-down musician was named Ernest Falk; his daughter was Frederika. The shrewish widow was named Retzler; her step-son was called Albert. The ordinary routine of life threw this boy and girl, Albert Retzler and Frederika Falk, very much together. The conditions of their existence made them sympathetic from the beginning. Both were made precocious by domestic discomfort; both had step-mothers; both were often sent out by day and night on disagreeable messages; both had early experience of what debt meant, and the evasion of creditors, and the talking over of baker and butcher; both were fond of reading story-books, and of music and the fields. When they met on their way to or from school, or on any of the numberless errands of daily drudgery to which each was dispatched, they often stole a few minutes to tell each other of the contents of a new story-book, or to rest by the brook-side; or, if it was still day, to make a mad rush into the woods, reckless alike of the wolves and wild-cats which were supposed to prowl among the trees, and of the scolding tongues sure to punish delay when they returned home. They talked to each other very freely of their domestic circumstances; and it might have touched even a dull, cold heart to have heard this little maid of eight years old, and this little man of twelve, compare notes sadly on the ways of their step-mothers, and indulge in grave philosophic reflections on the general discomforts represented by the word "home." Both agreed that home was dreadful. Both agreed that the desirable thing would be to run away together. But while Albert was for straightway making the desire a deed, Frederika always drew back at that point, shook gravely her fair little curly head, and excused herself for not at once consenting to run away on the ground that father would miss her, and would be so sorry. For the drunken, broken-down, maudlin poor father really was fond of the little girl, and would caress her and blubber over her by the hour together when he happened to come home early enough to find her still out of bed, and sober enough to distinguish her from the cat or the three-legged stool.

There was another thing, however, on which this sympathetic little pair were—may I say even more unanimous (let me say "more unanimous" just this once, it is so very expressive) than on the discomfort of the institution home, or the desirability of early running away. That was the propriety of their being married. "Of course, whenever I run away I mean to come back and marry you, Frederika," said Albert one day, as he looked proudly and protectingly down on her. "*Versteht sich*," replied the little maid, fondly but placidly, looking up into his face with fearless, frank blue eyes, and without blush or tremor.

Things went on in this way until the boy was fourteen years old, the girl ten. One night, very late—as late as nine o'clock, a dreadful hour in those parts for even grown people to be out of bed—Frederika was sent by her step-mother to the fountain in the little square to fetch some water, and just as she was leaving her own door up comes Albert, all breathless, and tells her he can stand it no longer, and that he is running away at last, and was just going to her house in the hope of seeing her once more. Poor Frederika turns pale, and begins to cry, and is on the point of dropping her pitcher and declaring she will go with him, when she remembers the old broken-down father, and thinks how miserable he would be without her, and how, if she were gone, all the scolding must necessarily fall on him; and so she decides firmly that she can not run away just yet, but that Albert must go before, and, if he can not come back for her, then she must follow him. So she cries more than ever, and asks him where he is going; and he does not very clearly know, but thinks it must be to Munich, or Vienna, or Berlin, or Rome, or all these places in succession. He talks quite proudly and heroically, as one resolved to make his way somewhere; but he will write to her the moment he finds even a resting-place, and then, if he can not come back to her, she will come to him, and they will be ever so happy. So they agreed to part, and they cried a good deal—even brave, resolute Albert cried—and they kissed; and then, as Jean Paul says, "Fate seized their bleeding hearts and flung them different ways." Albert ran out of the village, along the darkling road, and Frederika drew the water and went home, and was scolded dreadfully for the delay, and was rather glad to be scolded, because of the excuse it gave her for crying half the night through.

It is not easy for a little lad of fourteen years old to find a new home when he has had to run away from his own; and poor Albert Retzler had a good deal of wandering and hiding and asking his way, and seeking for the means of life, and, perhaps, some secret, bitter crying too, before he found a shelter for his head. Months and months passed over before the poor boy had a chance to write to Frederika. He did write to her at last, a scrawled and blotted letter, full of love, which was real and strong, and of hope, which was not quite so real and strong as he made it out to be.

Now it is very doubtful whether this letter could in any case have reached poor Frederika, even had she been in the old home; for assuredly it would not have come directly into the hands of the little child, but into those of her step-mother—and Frederika could hardly have spelled it out herself. So, under ordinary circumstances, it would only have got into the clutches of sharp and sour Mrs. Falk, and perhaps have been transferred by her to Albert's own step-mother, and employed as a means of finding out the culprit and bringing him back—if his step-mother wanted to have him. But when it reached the village the Falks had migrated across the lake into Switzerland. Mrs. Falk was glad, for many reasons, to get her ne'er-do-well husband out of the way of his old associates. And when a chance opened up of his getting employment in Switzerland, she made him go there. So they all went away, and the old place knew them no more, and Albert's letter never reached its destination. He wrote again and again—of course at long and lengthening intervals; and at last he gave up all hope, and wrote no more. He had a good deal of wandering before he settled down at last, and pretty, fair-haired Frederika had become only a bright melancholy dream or memory when the worst of the struggle for life had been put safely over by him, and he began to see his way.

Meanwhile, Frederika's poor drunken father grew worse and worse in his habits—more and more maudlin in his love and lamentations over her—and at last, when the child was twelve years old, he died. Then her life became really a hard and bitter one, for her step-mother detested her, and always made it a source of sharp complaint to her that she was a girl and not a boy.

"Girls are good for nothing," Mrs. Falk was always saying. "If you were a boy, you could earn your living. What do I want with you? Girls are good for nothing."

This was the refrain dinned into poor Frederika's ears from morning to night. At last she began to believe in what she heard so often; and said to herself, "Ah, yes, girls are no good. If I were only a boy!"

But although not a boy, she had spirit enough not to stand any more of her step-mother's ways, now that she had no longer her father to look after and to think about. So she resolved to run away. "I will go out into the world," she said, "and find Albert—somewhere. Ah, if I were only a boy!"

So she ran away. She endeavored to make her hegira begin at just the same hour as that at which poor Albert took his departure. One night, then, after her step-mother had sent her to bed, she stole softly down from the poor little

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hay-loft where she slept, and crept out into the road and ran. Instinctively she called to Albert while she ran—as if he ought to hear her and to know that she was on her way to seek him.

So Frederika Falk disappeared. She, too, had much wandering and struggling and suffering before she began to see her way; and on that way she had met no Albert. Meanwhile a good many years passed away, and, were Albert and she now to be brought face to face, one can hardly suppose either could have known the other.

Some twelve years, let us say, since Frederika's flight, there was a break-up in the establishment of a famous old music-teacher, a renowned violinist, in Berlin. The old musician was getting tired of his occupation, and was giving up his calling, in order that he might go back and spend the closing days of his life in the town of Prussian Poland where he was born. One night before his departure he sat with his daughter (a pretty girl) and a youth, who had been for some time his principal assistant and right-hand man, in one of the pleasant little summer gardens which fringe the stately Thier Garten, and where the Berliners sip their Rhine wine and their beer and smoke their pipes of peace.

The old man and the young were drinking fragrant Rüdesheimer. It was a soft summer evening, and the scene was bright and delightful. The eyes of the young man were fixed on the elder; those of the girl turned often to the face of the youth.

"Push your fortune, Ernst Bach—push your fortune," said the old man, cheerily. "Come back to Berlin, if you will, when you have made a name and a fame, and have plenty of thalers, or francs, or guineas. Vienna is better than Berlin for you, and Paris better than Vienna, and London better than all. Go to Paris by all means, but remember that, after all, London is the gold mine. Your fingering wants something yet if you are to perform on a great public stage, and I know the man in Paris who can give you some precious hints in that way. *There*, now, would be a performer, if he would only come out."

"Who is he, Herr Waldeck?"

"His name is Otto Weiss, and he is a music-teacher like yourself. I knew him in Italy some years ago. He ought to have come out. I think in time he would not have been far behind Paganini. But he doesn't care; he is eccentric."

"Is he rich?"

"No, not to say rich. I suppose he can get enough to live on, and he lives a downright idle life in Paris, I am told. I will give you a letter to him, and he will be friendly to you, I know. I liked him much, and I do think he likes me."

"Is he old, Herr Waldeck?"

"Old, my lad? Not he; indeed, he seems quite a boy—a child—to me. But he must be many years older than you; and he, I fancy, looks much older than he is, while you seem somewhat younger than your years. Be sure you find him out; you will like him; and whatever counsel he gives you in musical matters, that follow; and you can do no better, for he is a born musician. Only don't become careless and eccentric, as he has done, but make your way."

After some further talk about the future they walked home together, all growing sadder as the hours went on. For they had lived in happy companionship during some years, and Herr Waldeck was much attached to young Ernst Bach; and as for the maiden, Ida, she felt, at the parting, a good deal more than she would ever be likely to express. Had the youth but pressed her, she would doubtless have said or conveyed what she felt clearly enough; but he parted from her only as one leaves a friend or a sister.

When young Ernst Bach arrived in Paris, he had no trouble in finding where Otto Weiss, the violinist, lived. In fact, the musician was quite a sort of celebrity among artists and artistic people. He lived in a pleasant, bright apartment, which looked into the gardens of the Luxembourg. When our young wanderer from Berlin came to present his introductions the musician was stretched lazily on a sofa, which was drawn close to the open window; and he was languidly puffing at a cigar with an almost Neapolitan repose and indifference of manner. The room showed an odd mixture of artistic refinement and utter negligence, which quite corresponded with the appearance, the dress, and the manner of the inmate.

Our Berliner stood for a moment on the threshold, and with eager, wondering eyes gazed at the man on the sofa.

Otto Weiss was a handsome man, still evidently quite young; at least, his form and his gestures were young. His face looked hollow and wasted, and his hair was deeply dashed with gray. He used sometimes to quote and apply to himself Henri of Bearn's saying, that the wind of adversity, blowing always in his face, had turned his hair gray before his time.

Ernst presented his letter, which secured him a cordial welcome.

"I like you already," Otto Weiss exclaimed, with quite a dash of enthusiasm in his voice. "I see that we shall be friends."

Then he leaned his chin upon his hand, and looked long and fixedly upon his new acquaintance. Let us look at him too.

If Otto Weiss seemed prematurely old, Ernst Bach appeared singularly young. His face was a delicate oval shape, beardless and soft; his form was slender and supple, like that of a very young Antinous or Ganymede; his hands and feet were remarkably small. Only the eyes and the thoughtful lines around them had any hint of maturity in them; and there was sign enough of earnestness and thought and trouble there.

Otto sat silent for a while, and still looked into the face of his visitor. Then he sprang to his feet with a joyous exclamation, which served to stifle a sigh, again bade his visitor welcome, and offered him a cigar.

These two did, indeed, become close and warm friends. Otto took a deep interest in the fortunes and the future of the younger artist, and gave him many valuable—nay, rather invaluable—counsels and lessons. Otto was a master of the violin; Ernst, after all, was only a scholar. Their relationship soon came to be very much like that of master and scholar. *Maestro* was the title which the younger artist familiarly applied to the elder.

"*Maestro*," asked the scholar one evening as they lounged together through the alleys of the Luxembourg, "why don't you come out before the world as an artist, and try for fame?"

"I don't care about fame."

"Yet you urge me to seek for it."

"You are young and hopeful."

"Not many years younger than *you, maestro*."

"Not many years—in years—but a century or so in time and heart. I feel terribly old. You look like a school-boy. I grew old very soon; and I don't seem to have any thing in particular to live for. I have neither kith nor kin to care for."

"Nor I, *maestro*."

"No, boy; but you will before long. Some pretty girl's bright eyes will send a thrill through you one of these days, and then you will have something to live for."

"*Maestro*, why don't you fall in love, and get a wife and a home, and so a career?"

"Inquisitive youth! Well, if you must have an answer, I don't know. I feel as if I had been in love ever so long ago, some time before I was born, perhaps, and got spoiled, and never could be in love again."

"You have been in love?" The youth looked with wonderful eagerness into the face of his elder companion.

"Ought I to say that I have been so? In the ordinary sense I don't think I could say it; at least, it would give you quite a wrong idea. Did you ever hear the nightingale?"

"Truly—very often."

"Do you know what he sings?"

"No. What do you mean?"

"A young poet who is of my friends—and who will be heard of one day—says the nightingale sings the story of the love we have not had, but would have, if we could. Well, that is my story—at least I think so."

"Then you never loved any one?"

"The truth is, I was very much in love once—oh, so long a time ago that I should think you were not born then—with a very little girl whom I shall never see again. Now she has become transfigured in my memory into a seraphic, angelic, indescribable kind of being—I suppose there is no such creature on earth, and never could be—and so I can not be in love with any mortal woman. Do you know—well, I had better not tell you—"

"Go on, *maestro*."

"You will laugh, perhaps—"

"Ah, no! not I."

"Well, laugh if you will. It is only this: When first I saw you, my lad, I was drawn toward you in some mysterious and unspeakable sort of way, as if your face reminded me of that old time—and of her! I say, young one, you have not a sister?"

"No, *maestro;* I never had."

"I am sorry for it. I think if you had, I could somehow fall in love with her. Well, let us talk no more nonsense now."

So the conversation changed.

The habits of the *maestro* were not always regular. He loved midnight and smoke and semi-Bohemian society, and sometimes he indulged rather freely in wine. His intercourse with his young pupil had tended a good deal to improve and refine him. The two became so fond of each other's society that they would not remain apart, and Otto Weiss was not fond of bringing the younger man into indiscriminate company. *Maxima debetur pueris reverentia* was a favorite phrase of his. So he grew gradually less and less irregular, and the breath of the dawn less frequently blew on him from the river as he crossed the bridges southward on his way home.

One night, however, he and his companion supped in a *café*, after the theatre, with some acquaintances. They were in a private room, and talk was free and noisy. One of the company seemed to make a sort of set at Ernst Bach, who was not very slow to retort; and so a smart war of epigram and satire sprang up. Interchange of epigram and satire, when combined with the free flow of wine, makes dangerous pastime, and poor Ernst was far in the way to be entangled in a quarrel before Otto, the *maestro*, perceived the "difficulty" that had arisen. Suddenly his attention was aroused by hearing sharp words and seeing flushed faces, and he became aware that Ernst was one of the principals in the dispute.

"This affair must be settled to-morrow morning!" screamed Jules Peltier, a fierce young painter. "This German has insulted me—he called me Gascon! He declared that what I said was gasconade."

Ernst looked, it must be owned, very pale, and even tremulous.

"Come, come, Jules!" said Otto, interfering; "we must not have a quarrel. Ernst never meant to offend you. Did you, Ernst?"

"But he is so insolent!" pouted angry Ernst.

"Foolish lads, both! Come; neither meant any offense. *Embrassez-vous donc.*"

Both, however, held off. Jules was eying his antagonist with evident contempt.

"Come, Jules," said Otto, making a last attempt; "remember, he is only a boy."

"More like a girl, to judge by his tremor," said Jules, contemptuously; whereupon Ernst, springing to his feet, flung his handkerchief into Jules's face; and there remained nothing for it, then, but to settle the preliminaries of the morning's meeting—time, five o'clock A.M.; place, a certain secluded spot at Vincennes; *témoins*, M. Otto Weiss for Ernst Bach, and M. Charles Leroche, a literary man, for Jules Peltier.

The *maestro* and his pupil went home together. There were not many hours to spare, and as Ernst knew nothing of the sword, which was to be the weapon, they arranged that the *maestro* should give him a few lessons which would, at least, enable him to make a decent figure. So they were not to go to bed.

"Now, boy, take that sword, and plant yourself so. I am afraid Jules is an old hand at the weapon. You are not trembling?"

"It is the cold, *maestro*."

"Why, it is very warm, boy!"

"I mean the heat, *maestro*—or that I am tired and sleepy."

A dreadful thought passed through the *maestro's* brain. Good Heaven! could the boy—a German youth, too—be a coward?

"Ernst!" he said, in a low, deep, thrilling tone.

"*Maestro!*" replied Ernst, in a voice that unmistakably quivered.

"You are not—good Heaven!—you are not afraid of this meeting?"

"What a question! Afraid! You would not offend me, *maestro?*"

"No, boy; forgive me. I ought not to have asked such a question. Forget it, and let us go on with our little lesson."

Yet there was still a strange expression of doubt and wonder and pity on the face of the *maestro*, and, even while he tried to teach his pupil some rudiments of the swordsman's art, he could not help saying: "Dear lad, how I wish I might take your place, and you be my second! I wish I had observed that Jules and you were likely to quarrel. I would have struck in, right or wrong, and anticipated the business by forcing him to quarrel with me."

"Are you a good swordsman, dear *maestro?*"

"Not so good as he, I think."

"Then it is much better as it is, *maestro*."

The morning broke raw and shuddering, and the two friends found their way in good time to Vincennes. Their opponents soon came on the ground. Otto planted his principal, and watched him with a kind of feverish anxiety. Two passes, and Ernst's sword fell from his nerveless hand. He was trembling all over.

"He is wounded!" cried Otto. "Enough, enough."

He was not wounded, however.

A dead silence fell upon all.

"The affair is over," said Jules, contemptuously tossing away his weapon. "There are enemies with whom one can not fight. Thank Heaven, this gentleman is not a Frenchman!"

"An insult to me!" shouted Otto, maddened by the whole course of events, and delighted to have a chance of relieving his mind by a quarrel. "This youth, who is wearied from want of sleep, and who has never fought before, is no coward. He is a German—so am I! To thank Heaven that he is not a Frenchman is an insult to me, too, who am not a Frenchman. Ernst, be my *témoin*. You, M. Jules Peltier, take up your sword again. You have no boy to deal with this time."

"But I have no quarrel with you," remonstrated Jules.

"*Poltron*, will you wait for yet further cause?"

"Not so," said Jules, calmly, and he resumed his weapon and his place. A sharp, fierce combat set in. Ernst leaned against a tree, and seemed indeed hardly able to stand up. Certainly he performed no particular duties as a second, but watched the duelists, with quivering lips and clasped hands. The other second had drawn away from him, and only now and then threw at him a glance of wonder and contempt.

Jules was a master of the weapon he held; and Otto Weiss was too hot and angry to be a master of any thing. A few vivid flashes of sword-blades and a jet of blood sprang from the *maestro's* shoulder. A wild scream broke from Ernst's lips—so wild and shrill that the three men turned at once to the spot from which the cry had come—and then Ernst fell flat upon the ground in a faint.

Otto flung his sword away, and, wounded as he was, ran to the youth, lifted him in his arms, and supported his pale face.

"*Mais, c'est une fille sans doute!*" exclaimed Jules. "*Vraiment, une mascarade!*"

The shrill, womanish cry, and the womanish faint, had betrayed a secret kept in more than one country, and during many years. Ernst, the coward, was agirl. The girl was Frederika Falk.

"I might have known it," said Albert Retzler (otherwise Otto Weiss, the *maestro*) to his betrothed wife, some little time after this—"I might have known it by the strange sensation that passed through me when first you stood on my threshold. All my youth came back on me the moment I looked on you. It was as if some sweet familiar air of my boyhood were sounding in my ears. I might have known, too, that there was something mysterious in it when I suspected that you were afraid to fight, and yet was not angry with you or ashamed of you. My own dear, only Frederika, my love from a little child!"

"I knew *you*, *maestro*, the moment I saw you that first day."

"Then why not reveal yourself? Why carry on the masquerade?"

"How did I know, *maestro*, whether you were indeed still my own Albert of long, long ago? We parted as little children. How could I feel sure that I still held any place in your heart? So I restrained my feelings and watched."

"Ah, masquerader, if you could have restrained your feelings as well when the sword-point touched my shoulder, your secret would have been kept still longer. But why did you ever go out into the world in such disguise?"

"Because my step-mother always told me girls were good for nothing, and could do nothing; and I believed it must be true, and that, if I would make my way in life, I must appear as a boy. So I followed the example of Fortunio in the fairy story; and (when I could scrape together the money) I got boy's clothes, and became a boy, and then a young man, and the world accepted me as such, and did not reject me, as it would, I suppose, if I had been known for a woman. That is all."

"Ah! and Fortunio in the story is discovered, I think, when about to be put to death, and her womanhood betrays itself. Well, you are better than Fortunio. It was *fear* for me, not for yourself, which at last betrayed you."

"But, *maestro*, I am no Fortunio, for I was terribly afraid on my own account, and I could not hold up my sword."

"I will fight your battles henceforth, or, rather, we will fight side by side, and conquer the world and fame with fiddle-sticks for our weapons, and the concert-room for our arena."

So Frederika and Albert, who had lost each other during so many years, were thus brought together again, and were married; and the artist pair won fame side by side, and always kept up the love which had so sweetened life to the little step-children in the old village by the Lake of Constance.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

QUILP and his wife had a bit of contention the other day. "I own that you have more brilliancy than I," said the woman, "but I have the better judgment." "Yes," said Quilp, "your choice in marrying shows that!" Quilp was informed that he was a brute.

THE BEST PERSON TO BORE YOUR EARS—A bore.

An apothecary sent in a bill to a widow lady, which ran thus: "To curing your husband till he died!"

An exchange says: In this city is a sign that reads,
up
holsterin
caining
alliso
split bodams.

Miss Wade, of Cincinnati, has made nineteen ineffectual attempts at suicide. She holds stomach-pump matinées quite often.

How about this, which appears in the advertising columns of one of the city papers:
"WANTED.—Two sisters at No. — Grand Street want washing."

INSTRUCTIONS TO TRAVELERS ON THE STREET CARS.

If you can get a corner seat, take it by all means; but if it is an open car, get an "outside" seat. If the sun shines hotly, take the shady side of the car. If you have to sacrifice a corner seat thereby, the choice is difficult. On the city lines of cars it is not prudent to remonstrate with a conductor for carrying you two blocks beyond where you politely requested him to let you off. One of them lately said to a passenger: "Now get off, or I'll punch you in the ear."

Those conductors who ask you not to smoke on the front platform of the close cars are new and green. No matter if all the windows are down and the door open, and the air takes the smoke right into the faces of ladies, you should maintain your independence, even though you cease to be a gentleman. Yield your seat in a crowded car to a pretty young lady; but old and homely women are tough, and can stand up as well as not. Of equal endurance are poorly dressed women with babies and bundles. Read your paper and don't see 'em. Never interrupt a conductor to let you off a car when he is having a good time with a friend. It is certain to wound his feelings, and produce an angry retort.

DRAWING-ROOM—Apartment of a dentist.

"Doctor," said a nephew, on settling the fee question for his uncle's illness, and from whose death he entertained great expectations, "I beg for the future you will not interfere in family matters."

The Paris *Journal* reports the following conversation between two young girls: "If you only knew how badly papa treats mamma and me!" "Indeed!" "Yes, indeed! You can judge for yourself. When I was ready to be 'brought out' in society, he might have gone with me, might he not? Well, instead of that, when mamma and I went to his room to find him, we discovered he had been absent from the house a whole year."

Recently a thief, of the Mawworm type, said to a judge on circuit, quite confidingly, "My lord, I really assure you I committed the theft in a weak moment; quite, indeed, against my own will, my lord, quite." "Oh! very well," said his lordship; "it is only right that you should have no cause for complaint. The offense will be met in a proper spirit. As you committed the act against your own will, you will be punished against your own will."

A FANNING PUN.

Amelia waved her fan with glee,
And, being in a playful mood,
She gave the airy toy to me,
And bade me flirt it if I could.

The pleasing toil I quick began,
But jealous pangs my bosom hurt;
"Madam, I can not flirt a fan,
But, with your leave, I'll fan a flirt."

"Oh, mother," said a little boy, as he stood looking at a lake by moonlight, "see how the moon sprinkles down on the water!"

The father of Mrs. Siddons had always forbidden her to marry an actor, and of course she chose a member of the old gentleman's company, whom she secretly wedded. When Roger Kemble heard of it he was furious. "Have I not," he exclaimed, "forbade you to marry a player?" The lady replied, with downcast eyes, that she had not disobeyed. "What, madam! have you not allowed yourself to marry about the worst performer in my company?" "Exactly so," murmured the timid bride, "nobody can call him an actor."

A hint to afflicted parents is afforded by the following advertisement, published in an English Church paper: "Home wanted for an unmanageable boy, aged ten, with a clergyman. Strict disciplinarian, accustomed and willing to birch. Liberal terms; sings in choir."

The other day a Montreal tailor sent his bill to a magazine editor. He was startled a few hours afterward by its being returned with the note appended, "Your manuscript is respectfully declined."

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THE BANISHMENT OF WINTER.—[SEE POEM ON PAGE 358.]

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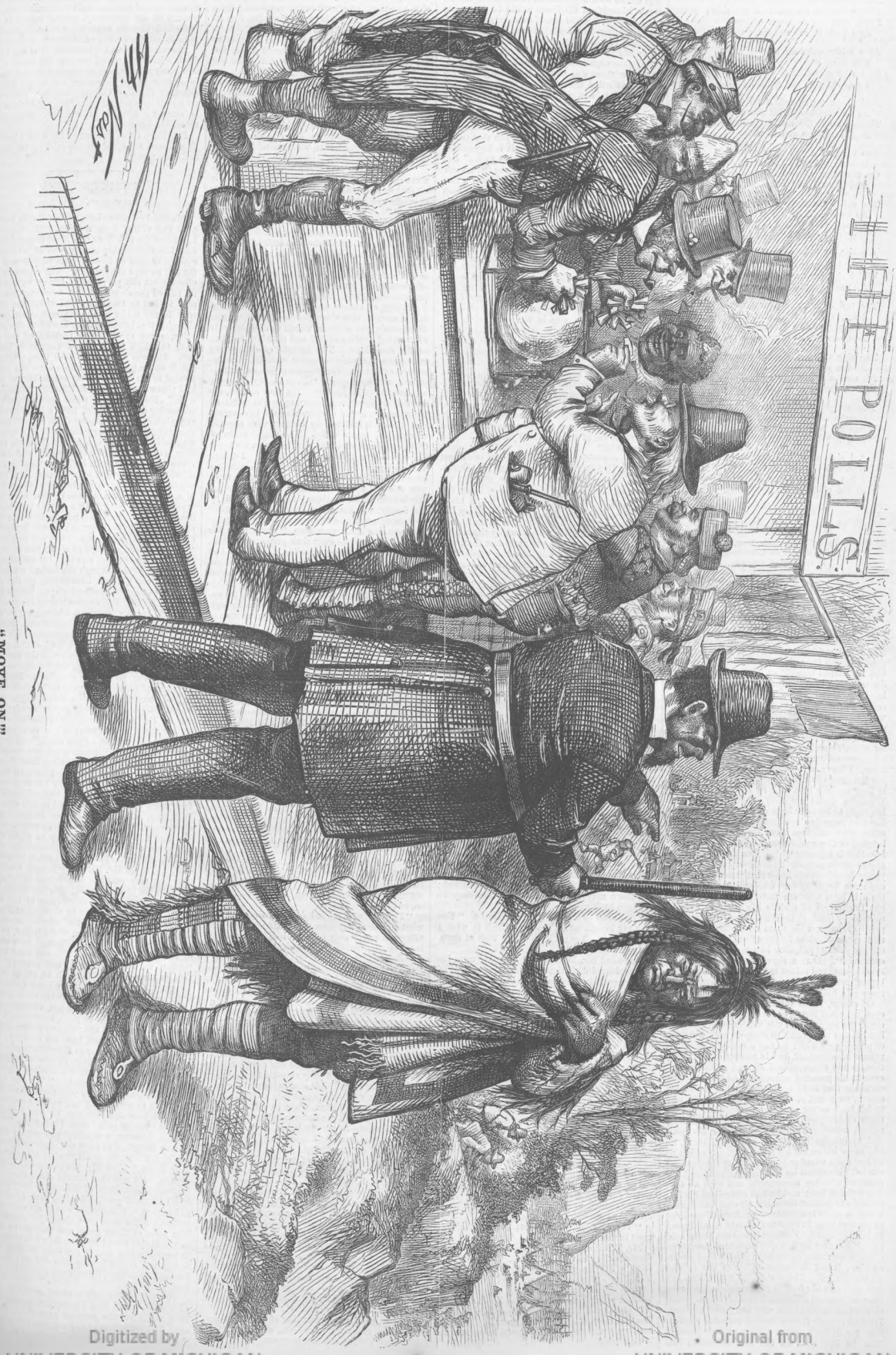

"MOVE ON!"

HAS THE NATIVE AMERICAN NO RIGHTS THAT THE NATURALIZED AMERICAN IS BOUND TO RESPECT?—[SEE PAGE 363.]

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MY TREASURES.

THE evening is dark and gloomy,
And chill is my heart as the rain;
I will open my darling's casket,
And look at my treasures again.

As a miser quits all to ponder
The chest where his coin is cast,
So I tear myself back from the present
To brood o'er the golden past.

And I count o'er each fond recollection,
As he counts o'er his glittering heap;
Though he is too merry for laughter,
And I am too sad to weep.

The page of a well-worn journal,
Written after the ball at Dene,
On the night when I lost my freedom,
And knew I had found my queen.

The soft little glove she was wearing
As we walk'd by the starlit sea—
She confided to Clare in the morning
It was pleasant to walk with me.

A bunch of blue withered flowers—
They had graced the trysting spot—
Which she gathered at parting and gave me,
And said, smiling, "Forget me not."

The coil of a warm brown ringlet—
I remember I stole that tress
On the night when I asked her to love me,
And she timidly whispered "Yes."

The ring which I placed on her finger,
And a shred of her bridal veil—
Ah me! she was fair to look at
As we knelt at the altar rail.

The last gentle words which she wrote me
On the eve of the fatal day,
When she left me alone with my sorrow,
And was borne with her babe away.

So! I sigh as I shut my casket,
And wait—I am not afraid—
For the day when they come to lay me
In the place where my darling is laid.

WON—NOT WOOED.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Bred in the Bone," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXI.

ACCEPTED.

IF the saying is a true one, that the wooing is of good augury which is not long a-doing, Mabel Denham might have accepted the congratulations of her friends with a light heart. In less than a month from the time that Mr. Winthrop had intrenched himself at *The George*, and sat down before the fortress of her affections—in less than three weeks since that unfortunate *sortie* in which she had met him face to face—he was her accepted suitor. She had not abated one jot of her resolution to tell him that she had no love to give him; but he had ventured to flatter himself that love would come in time. The experience of mankind was, upon the whole, in his favor. When a sensible woman is tied to a man for life she generally makes the best of it—and what is love but the best of it? But, indeed, Miles Winthrop would not have given Mabel up had her reply to his offer been even less encouraging. Love at forty-five is a persevering, importunate affair, very different from the mere passionate longing of four-and-twenty; and if the object of affection is a young girl, it has a very powerful ally in *amour propre*. It is all very well for your young Lochinvars to boast that there are "maidens more lovely by far" who will gladly espouse them if Miss Graham turns the cold shoulder; but Lochinvars of middle life are not so easily solaced by such reflections. It is not only a point of honor with them to succeed, for that motive often derives its force from the opinion of others; if they fail, they lose confidence in their own selves. It is a sign that they have fallen into the sear and yellow leaf, that the autumn has begun, every succeeding day of which is more and more of a bathos.

Of course, Miles Winthrop of Wapshot Hall, even ten years hence, could have secured by purchase the very pick of the matrimonial market; but he was too proud to stoop to such a means of procuring a wife; he had a confidence, by no means unwarranted, in his powers of conversation, in his distinguished air and manners, and even in his personal attractions, which, notwithstanding that little bald spot on the top of his crown, were still considerable, that forbade him to fall back as yet upon the adventitious advantages of his position in the world. Moreover, though accustomed to take fancies into his head, and to indulge himself by gratifying them, he had never before set his heart upon any object as he had upon winning Mabel. From the day that she left Shingleton he had kept himself well acquainted with her movements, and with all that had befallen her; and he had restrained his impatience to present himself until that bitter grief, which is more insensible to proffers of material advantage than Pride itself, should be mitigated by healing Time. Perhaps it was not out of cold calculation that he had also permitted poverty to do its work; but, as we have seen, it had assisted him; it had disenchanted her of life, rubbed all the gilt off. There were no aspirations left her, such as will often in youth give battle to the most substantial offers, and repulse them. Even to the last he had been very wary and prudent. He had shrunk from a second personal application for Mabel's hand. He was not younger than he had been on the last occasion; and though the eloquence and passionate pleading of a young man are the best arguments he can use, it is not so with a gentleman of middle age. To throw himself on his knees would be to expose his baldness; he had therefore conveyed his offer in writing, and the letter was a model of refinement (of manner) and delicacy (of touch). Even Mabel was moved by it. He made very light of the superiority of his social position, and, of course, there was not the least allusion to his having afforded her pecuniary assistance. In replying to it, however, Mabel did not blink this fact.

"You have not reminded me," she said, "of the obligation under which I am well aware you have placed me; you are silent upon that point, because you are a gentleman. It is impossible, however, for me to forbear allusion to it;" and then she went on to tell him that she felt herself to be his debtor—a bondwoman, and not a free agent. If he chose to accept a wife upon such terms, she was willing to become his wife; but if so, she must come to him without even the dowry which the poorest girl can bring to her husband—that of love.

Miles Winthrop pondered over these plain-spoken words for hours. He bit his lips; he paced the room like a wild beast; he even ran his fingers through his hair, as though he would have assisted the ravages of time, and torn it out by the handful. It was not a nice letter for a man to get in answer to an offer of marriage; but still, the reply *was* in the affirmative, and with that one would have thought (at forty-five) he might have been content. Yet his ejaculations were not only violent, but unintelligible. "I am a rogue," he cried, "an infernal villain; but I will have her!" It seemed that he had quite lost his senses. At last, however, he appeared to think better of it; or, at all events, of himself, and sat down to write his answer. "Do not speak of obligation," ran one sentence of it, "for whatever I have to offer you—or ever had—seems to me of no value until you have deigned to accept it."

The composition of this high-flown sentiment—not to be found in the most Complete Letter-writer—gave him a deal of trouble, and did not please him after all. Mabel glanced her eye over it, when received, without paying it much attention. She could not, alas! weigh every line and every letter, as a maiden should do in such cases, and kiss the very paper twenty times; her mind was occupied with the main fact that, notwithstanding she had told him the whole truth (or almost the whole), this man was content to make her his wife.

Martha Barr, though loath enough to lose her darling, was almost out of her mind with joy at the good news. The intelligence that the marriage was to take place immediately quite took her breath away.

"But, my dear, there will be scarcely time for settlements or any thing."

"I don't want settlements, Martha; indeed, I won't have them."

Martha had never seen Mabel so resolute, and, to say truth, so irritable; and she partly guessed the cause. The idea of the disproportion of fortune was evidently weighing upon the poor girl's mind—wisely, then, Martha did not attempt to reason with her, but went straight to Mr. Simcoe.

"You like my Mabel," she said, "I know, and will gladly do her a service."

"Yes, indeed," replied the old gentleman, earnestly.

"Well, she is going to be married to Mr. Winthrop."

He nodded—he had heard the news, of course; nothing else was talked of, for the present, in Brackmere.

"You are a friend of his, and also a man of business. My innocent darling, because she has nothing of her own, insists upon being married without any settlements. This is foolish and quixotic, even so far as she herself is concerned; but there may be others unborn who may be wronged by it most grievously."

"She must be mad!" cried Mr. Simcoe. "You take my breath away, madam, which is what I can ill spare. Yes; I'll go to the man at once, and get this righted."

He called Mr. Winthrop "the man" now, being displeased with him as the successful rival of his son, and also because he began to see that he had been made a tool of; this visitor had in reality cared nothing for the saline particles on the Brackmere air, but only for an introduction to Miss Denham, which had been effected by his (Mr. Simcoe's) means. It was sorely against the grain, therefore, that he found himself calling at *The George* upon this gentleman, though it was upon no amiable errand.

As a very old friend of Miss Martha Barr's, and specially commissioned by her, he made bold to bring this unprecedented case of lack of settlements under Mr. Winthrop's notice.

"Miss Denham knows nothing of business matters, and I come to speak for her, though without her knowledge, and perhaps even contrary to her wish."

Mr. Winthrop waived that point, and quite admitted Mr. Simcoe's credentials.

Unhappily, however, he could make no provision such as was suggested. The Wapshot estate, though very large, was strictly entailed upon the heir—Horn Winthrop.

"Then," said Mr. Simcoe, decisively, "you must insure your life."

Mr. Winthrop went to his desk, and placed a document in the visitor's hands. It was a reply from a life-insurance company, declining Mr. Winthrop's proposal for a policy of five thousand pounds upon the ground that the examining doctor had pronounced him to have heart-disease.

"Stuff and nonsense!" cried Mr. Simcoe. For the moment, and in his great irritation, he credited "the man" with forgery, impersonation—any thing.

"Very likely," said Mr. Winthrop, quietly. "I am sure I hope it *is* nonsense; still, that is what the doctor says. I can't insure any where else, you know, after such testimony, since 'Have you ever made proposals to another office?' is always one of the questions."

"What do you mean to do, then, in order to insure this young lady a competence when you are dead? You are thirty years older than she is."

"Twenty-six," said Mr. Winthrop, blandly.

"Well, at all events, the great probability is that you will die first, even if you have not got this heart-disease."

Mr. Winthrop bowed, and laid his hand on the organ in question. Even Mr. Simcoe himself subsequently owned that "the man" had been most "politeful."

"Well, we can save something out of an income of eleven thousand a year, I hope; that is all that can be done, Mr. Simcoe. But, pray, assure our excellent friend, Miss Barr, that it shall be done."

There was nothing else to be said. Mr. Simcoe, although far from satisfied, could not deny that so large an income should admit of annually "putting by" a considerable sum; and, with a word of exhortation to that effect, which the other did not resent—its didactic tone, as being that of a senior to a junior, rather flattered him—the proprietor of Tiddliwinks withdrew.

He was, of course, unable to picture to himself a certain vision which rose up before Mr. Winthrop's eyes when he talked so complacently of "saving"—the swarthy and scowling features of his son Horn. The inroads of this young man upon the parental purse were like the demands of a highwayman—extortionate, importunate, and menacing. "Your money or—your reputation," was his cry. He was always, according to his own account, upon the point of being arrested, and of smirching the fair scutcheon of the Winthrops by contact with sheriff's officers and prison walls. The family pride of "the governor" was excessive, and gave his hopeful offspring a tremendous leverage. Perhaps the chief point of interest which Mr. Winthrop's paternal eye discerned in the existence of Horn was the fact that that young gentleman barred the Winthrops of Durham—a distant branch of the family, who had soiled their hands with trade—from succession to the entail.

There are some men who, "worse than the infidel," do not love even their only sons. It is, unhappily, not always possible. This lad had been a thorn in his father's side from his birth—or at least from the date of his arrival from Patagonia; and of late years, except when Mr. Winthrop was particularly enraged with him (for anger is a short courage), he had grown to be positively afraid of him. He had not yet written to him of his approaching marriage. "It was no business of Horn's," he argued; "he might surely marry whom he pleased without consulting his son." His mind misgave him upon that point, nevertheless; and, in the end, not twenty-four hours before the ceremony was actually to take place, he did write to inform Horn of the fact. "If you can get leave of absence, my dear boy, your presence on such an occasion will, of course, afford myself, and I may add Miss Denham also, the highest satisfaction." We know how promptly this invitation was accepted.

In the mean time almost every body else had heard the news. Mabel's little house could scarcely contain the costly presents that poured into it from all quarters; mainly, indeed, from Mr. Winthrop's friends, who were personally unknown to her, but also from her own. Lady Morecombe, for example, sent her an exquisite set of jewelry, with "one of the sweetest letters you can imagine," as Miss Jennings termed it, to whom it was shown in confidence by Martha.

"There is certainly an—I don't know what—in the way which people of quality have of doing things," observed the former lady, "that, as it were, enhances every thing. Don't you think so, eh?"

"Perhaps so," replied Martha, dryly; "but what strikes *me* is rather their extraordinary munificence, which only exhibits itself where there is no vulgar necessity for its display."

"Just so," assented Miss Jennings, eagerly; "there is no vulgarity about them. Would you mind my looking at her ladyship's note over again, and cutting off the crest? I do so dote on crests and mottoes."

Mrs. Marshall sent a "eosey," or tea-pot warmer, the nature and use of which puzzled the bridegroom to excess, which she had knitted with her own hands. The construction of these articles of luxury was, in fact, her principal "resource" when times were dull, and she had always a large stock of them, "especially suitable for marriage and birthday gifts." *She* also expressed her congratulations upon the auspicious occasion, and solemnly promised that, when in the North (as she hoped to be in the autumn), she would never pass Wapshot—as though it had been a public-house on the Great York Road—without looking in upon her dearest Mabel.

From China, but not, of course, till long after the marriage, came a shawl of dazzling splendor, manufactured, apparently, from the wings of dragon-flies, which must have cost the Pennants a year's income.

Mr. Simcoe's gift was of so costly a nature that Mrs. Bannacre excused herself to her friends from giving any thing—"Miss Denham having got quite enough out of my family already, I think."

Miss Jennings, who was short of ready money, offered her own private poll-parrot; but, since it lived on a bar, and had no cage, there were difficulties in the way of its transit, and the noble bird was civilly but firmly declined.

Lastly, on the very morning of the marriage, arrived a magnificent *cadeau*, with Mr. Horn Winthrop's "regards and congratulations."

It was afterward whispered that the young gentleman and his father had had rather a stormy interview at *The George;* but, nevertheless, the former, waxed and scented to the uttermost, was present at the ceremony, during which it was remarked that he regarded the bride much as Mephistopheles looked at Margaret in church.

The marriage was "performed" at St. Ethelbreda's with full choral service, the place of the officiating minister being supplied by a stranger, in consequence of the sudden and severe indisposition of the Rev. Claude Simcoe. There was no wedding-breakfast; the happy pair departing at once for London, where they proposed to spend the honey-moon.

Mr. Horn spent the rest of his week's leave at Brackmere, no doubt for the sake of the sea-air and the scenery.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A VOLUNTEER'S WELCOME.

MABEL had never been to London in her life until she visited it as a bride. Mr. Winthrop had taken the first-floor of a hotel in one of those dull but fashionable streets, out of which you emerge at once as from a quiet side-stream into the full current of town-life. The ceaseless roar of the great city pervaded it, but no vulgar traffic passed the threshold. A dwelling thus situated invites to retrospect and reflection, like a rock in the midst of the sea, and to escape the thoughts that intruded upon her when alone Mabel was not unwilling to partake of the gayeties to which her husband constantly invited her. He was *blasé* with such things himself; but it was a pleasure to him to see the glasses leveled at Mabel, as she sat beside him at opera and theatre, and to say to himself, "This is my wife." He was one of those men who, without possessing a single friend, have a large circle of acquaintances; and among them Mrs. Winthrop was voted "a great acquisition." She was undoubtedly a brilliant ornament. Though, at one time, a simple dress of white muslin, with a single white rose in her hair, had been considered by all who beheld her in it to be the garb most appropriate to her, it was now universally observed that Mrs. Winthrop's beauty was of that kind which "pays" for splendor. One of those wicked old dowagers who retain their popularity in the world of fashion down to the grave's mouth by the flicker of a cruel tongue, once observed of her that "Mrs. Winthrop looked as if she had stolen her clothes;" but the fact was that her simplicity of air was preserved, though she looked a princess.

The great Colonel Chatterton, on the other hand, an undoubted authority upon female beauty, since he had had three wives of his own, and had run away with several belonging to other people, pronounced her to be the most beautiful bride of the season, and congratulated his friend Winthrop upon his "good taste," as though Mabel had been the diamond gift that she was wearing. This colonel, though he "made up" surprisingly, was no longer a terror to husbands, since he had ceased to "make up" to their wives; he had recently taken to a raven wig, a set of magnificent teeth, and was grown stouter in his calves. He had a trembling in all his limbs which invited the commiseration of the stranger; but "It is not drink, Sir, *as you think*," was the gallant officer's curt explanation on such occasions, "but the effects of a ball in my head received at Badajos;" and then he would snatch his wig off and show you the lump in his bald crown. The present Mrs. Chatterton was not much over fifty years of age, and affected to flirt with Mr. Winthrop, which afforded her husband much amusement. She was never tired of dissipation, and had a faculty of sitting up at night that a newspaper compositor might have envied. When "those husbands of ours" were not in attendance—which, to do Mr. Winthrop justice, was in his case but very seldom—she would carry Mabel out with her in a triumphal progress through the Park, or a morning concert (late in the afternoon) at Lady Solfa's, or to a bazar at Philanthropy House in aid of the mission among the Aztecs. She did not care where it was, so long as there was a crowd. "We shall have enough of being alone, my dear," she was wont to say, "when we come to lie in our graves;" and, though time was not so much an object in that respect with Mabel, she was willing enough, for other reasons, to be Mrs. Chatterton's companion. Gayety, like laughing-gas, renders one insensible for the time to pain, even though it be the heart-ache. As the summer progressed, expeditions were planned into the country; or at least so far out of town as Greenwich and Richmond. The insatiate Mrs. Chatterton suggested that they should all visit Wimbledon, where the Volunteers were encamped. "We can not go there alone, my dear, so you must persuade our husbands to accompany us; and the colonel will need all your arts, because he has a prejudice against what he calls 'those toy soldiers.'" The colonel, however, was easily persuaded; indeed, he was delighted to have the opportunity of telling Mabel that she could "wind him round her little finger." But Mr. Winthrop was more obdurate. He was very careful about the state of his health, and declared himself to be "subject" to all kinds of small ailments, such as cold and palpitation. Wimbledon was in an exposed situation, and the tents were always full of draughts. The noise of those guns was enough to deafen one. Mabel would have made no further effort to persuade him, had it not been for Mrs. Chatterton, but, urged by her, she did so; and her husband gave way, though not with a very good grace.

The four drove down together on a certain afternoon, which Mrs. Chatterton protested had been made for the purpose, and which was indeed that perfection of fair weather of which English skies exhibit some half a dozen specimens

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per annum. The tents glistened in the sunshine; the only clouds in the blue air were the wreaths of smoke that issued from the rifles' mouths.

THE METHODIST BOOK CONCERN.

LETTER FROM JUDGE REYNOLDS IN DEFENSE OF DR. LANAHAN.

To the Editor of the New York Times:

On returning home, after an absence of several days, I find an editorial article in the *Christian Advocate* of this week, on that now hackneyed subject, "The Methodist Book Concern," which contains such an attack on Dr. LANAHAN and myself as to call for some measure of self-defense. And as it appears that the Sub-committee have adjourned *sine die*, this seems to be the proper time to correct some of the many misstatements which have, within a few weeks, appeared in that paper, or which bear internal evidence of having been inspired from that quarter. This is not the occasion to speak on the merits of the main question, except to remark, in passing, that when the trial of Dr. LANAHAN was so abruptly ended it was generally supposed that the Sub-committee then constituted, and the accountants to be selected, were to investigate complaints which had been made, and were still adhered to, as to alleged *fraudulent* "business arrangements and methods;" but now comes the editorial writer, with Dr. CURRY's indorsement, and says that no such thing was intended by the Book Committee. On the question of their intention I believe him, for this writer, though not one of the Committee, is in a position to know of their purposes; but it leaves the Committee in the sorry plight of having torn out the very vitals of the whole investigation, and then called one of the Bishops of the Church, and three of their own number, to convene in New York from distant points, and canvass days and nights over the selection of accountants, all for the purpose, not of satisfying the Church as to the truth of Dr. LANAHAN's charges, but simply to inspect the *forms* of business under an administration now so near its end. The public will not justify all this expenditure of time and money for any such puerile object as this.

But my present business is mainly with the dealings between this Sub-committee and Mr. FANCHER and myself. When they first met, they had before them the names of quite a number of accountants, highly recommended, and in every way uncommitted; and, although they proposed to have three, they reported only one for approval, naming for the position of chief accountant a gentleman whose integrity and general capacity I did not question, but who, some years since, had, in a report made by him, pronounced the books correct. *He was also to select his assistants.* On inquiry, I was informed by disinterested persons that his relations were such as to raise still stronger objections to his being placed in a position to control the investigation. This must not be understood as implying any imputation upon his personal character, but it compelled me to refuse concurrence in his appointment. I shortly after sent a note to the Sub-committee, suggesting that each side in the controversy should name an equal number of accountants, say three or four, leaving the Committee to select one from each list, and also to appoint some well-known gentleman of high standing as chief accountant.

The Committee adjourned, and "made no sign" in response, except to propound as a law question, to Mr. FANCHER and myself, whether, in the investigation, the Book Committee had a right to go back of 1868, the time of their appointment. This was answered in the affirmative by myself—I have never heard how by Mr. FANCHER; but the raising of the question by those representing the majority of the Book Committee was quite significant.

The editorial in the next *Advocate*, after the adjournment of the Sub-committee, contained a pointed attack on Dr. LANAHAN and myself, in reply to which I sent a brief note, explaining the grounds of my action, with as little particularity as possible, and giving no names; but this Dr. CURRY refused to publish, though it is due to him to say that his refusal was on the ground o *his hating such personal matters.* The article last alluded to throws great light upon the inability of the Committee to fix on other names. The Doctor (CURRY) says: "Respecting the other names considered by the Committee, we only know that none of them received the approval of all parties concerned." Neither Dr. LANAHAN nor his friends were consulted, so it is easy to see who were the parties concerned, who could not be suited with any body, but the only one named.

Now, to come directly to the article in the *Advocate* of this date. It is stated that the Sub-committee selected a Western gentleman (one formerly connected with the Western Book Concern, it should have stated) as chief accountant, "that Bishop SCOTT was ready to approve him, and so was Mr. FANCHER," and that *two* of the Committee voted to nominate two others as assistant accountants. The writer must have known that the committee, *as such*, and as a whole (by what vote I am not informed), nominated *all three, and that the same paper contained the three names*, without distinction, except that one was chief, and the others assistants. Bishop SCOTT was "ready to approve" all three. I did give such approval on condition that the selection should be taken as so made up; but Mr. FANCHER refused, objecting, as he says, to "approving of them by the bulk, and insisted on the propriety of judging each by his separate merits." He states no other reason in his card. Why, then, did he not pass upon the separate merits of each? What is the point of this objection, except that if I had unconditionally approved of all three "by the bulk," as I was asked to do by the Committee, Mr. FANCHER could have selected one to suit his clients, as he did? and that would have been one step gained to their side, after which the other two would be easy in the same direction. The article goes on to say that the next day the Committee again made unanimous choice of the gentleman from the West. I am told on good authority that his name was not again acted upon. How it helps the matter, if it did, it is difficult to see. I was telegraphed to know if I approved of Mr. K——, and responded again, as I had before, in writing. The writer, from these facts, says that both adjournments of the Committee were occasioned by the refusal of Dr. LANAHAN's counsel, and that "he will not permit his proofs to see the light unless he can select two out of three of the examiners," and this, too, although he has not yet named one.

To call this pettifogging is a mere euphemism.

Learning for the first time, from the article in question, that Mr. FANCHER had proposed to *members* of the Committee, that either of the two gentlemen whom he had approved be appointed chief accountant, and that, joined with him, should be one accountant chosen by the Agent (Dr. CARLTON), and another by the Assistant Agent, Dr. LANAHAN immediately notified Dr. CARLTON, in writing, that he would accept Mr. FANCHER's proposition, or that Dr. CARLTON might name both the chief and one assistant, Dr. LANAHAN to name the other. At the latest advices no answer has been made.

Why has it been impossible, after all this labor, to find only two men this side of the Rocky Mountains who could be accepted by Mr. FANCHER? Did not Bishop SCOTT urge the Committee to remain and nominate others? The cheap threat at the end of the article is certainly ill-advised. If there is nothing wrong in the Book Concern, any number of men of our selection can not find it, especially when under the control of a chief in whom the other party has such confidence. It is much easier to conceal than to create. Truly Dr. CURRY was right when he said that to outsiders "it looks very much like a game how not to do it."

It should be known that since the adjournment of the Book Committee in January Dr. CARLTON has kept an extra accountant employed upon the books, under his private instructions, which certainly seems contrary to all ideas of propriety. Dr. LANAHAN, it is true, was permitted to examine the books, and take abstracts therefrom, preparatory to his trial; but now, if the books are on trial, they are to be tested—not by the employés of the Agent. During all this controversy Dr. LANAHAN has been compelled, week after week, to read violent attacks upon his conduct and motives, in the very paper which bears his name as one of the publishers, and he can not speak in defense through its columns, though even the book-keeper under him is permitted to add his voice to the general din. His zeal, however, is according to knowledge; for, although Dr. CARLTON had repeatedly refused to raise his salary, saying they could not afford to pay more than he was receiving, the books show that on the 30th day of November, 1870—after the suspension of Dr. LANAHAN, and when *his trial was approaching*—this book-keeper—GRANT by name—received an addition of $2000 to his personal property by an increase of salary, $1000 of which was conveniently spread back over the year 1869. This sudden appreciation of his services is very suggestive to the reflecting mind.

G. G. REYNOLDS.

BROOKLYN, *Thursday, April* 6, 1871.

A CLUB OF PARIS REDS.

THE Paris clubs, which, since 1789, have always had a revolutionary tendency, have been the cause of much of the ill feeling and discontent with which the Paris populace seem to be so thoroughly imbued. During the siege the most bitter invectives were launched against the government by the various radical orators who would hold forth at these meetings, until things rose to such a pitch that all such gatherings were temporarily prohibited. After the capitulation, however, the prohibition was removed, and then great were the debates on the various deeds and misdeeds of the authorities. Indeed, the immense radical majority which was obtained in the Parisian elections to the National Assembly was mainly owing to the great influence which the Red orators obtained at these meetings. During the armistice, also, the entry of the Prussians was energetically discussed and vehemently objected to, and the various measures for defending Montmartre, Belleville, and the other ultra quarters were originated at these *réunions* by the leaders of the radical party, who saw in the then disturbed state of the popular mind a good opportunity for inveighing against the treachery of the government, advocating the cause of radicalism, and, perhaps, by overturning the existing *régime*, fairly establishing their own faction in power. Since the evacuation the vehemence of these assemblies has increased instead of diminishing, the theories there promulgated have been carried into practical effect, and at the moment we write the Jacobin clubs rule Paris.

The number of small places of amusement in Paris greatly assists the formation of these clubs. A *café chantant*, or some such *salle*, is usually selected for the place of meeting. Here the members assemble, paying a mere nominal sum for admission, and applaud or hiss the various orators who proclaim their own views on the state of affairs, and propose remedies which, if taken in time, would prove to be infallible. The most extraordinary stories are related of the evil doings of the authorities—the radicals are lauded to the skies, while their more conservative opponents are declared to be traitors to their country, and only fit for the guillotine. The indiscriminate use of this instrument is especially advocated, and innumerable plans for reviving the good old times of 1793 are invented, proposed, discussed, and usually carried by acclamation. In some select clubs, however, the language and opinions are more moderate; but these, unfortunately, are few, and the generality of the meetings advocate ultra doctrines, and maintain that Paris has been betrayed. One orator went so far in a recent meeting as to settle the exact sum each member of the government had received for the capitulation. The sketch on our first page was taken in a *café chantant*, which was used as the club-house of the neighborhood. "The principal features of the scene," writes the artist, "were pipes, shaggy beards, red belts, and excessively dirty hands."

LO! THE POOR INDIAN.

IN dealing with the aboriginal inhabitants of this country, we have practically acted on the idea that Indians have no rights which white men are bound to respect. We steal their land. We make treaties only to break them. With the government subsidies we send agents to plunder them. We drive them away from their ancient hunting-grounds, and won't suffer them to live in peace on the new ones. In short, the history of our dealings with the Indians is one of uninterrupted injustice and wrong-doing. Mr. NAST, who is a universal philanthropist, appears as the champion of this long-suffering race, and in the spirited cartoon to be found on page 361 makes a manly plea for justice toward them. While we welcome to the polls the representatives of every clime and nationality, from the Caucasian to the Hottentot, why, he asks, should we exclude the original owners of the soil? Is not RED CLOUD also a man and a brother?

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

IN China there exists a custom of holding in every provincial capital a triennial examination of candidates who have already received a scholastic degree, and are known as literary graduates. These examinations are conducted in halls, all of which are constructed on the same general plan. The great hall at Canton is 1330 feet long, and 583½ feet wide. It is surrounded by a high wall, the entrance being by two gates. The hall consists essentially of ranges of cells for the candidates, and apartments for the examining officers. Each cell is a minute private room, containing a plank for a bed at night, and a seat and table for day. The hall at Canton contains 8653 cells. The candidates are allowed nothing but pen, ink, and paper. The examination season is divided into three sessions of three days each. At the beginning of each session texts are given, upon which a certain number of essays are demanded. These essays, on being delivered to the proper officers, are sealed up, the name, age, and residence of each candidate being written upon each, and they are then copied in red ink by a staff of a thousand clerks. After these are compared with the originals, and pass through various circumlocutions, they at length reach the examiners, who select the best and submit them to the inspection of the Imperial Commissioners. These Commissioners give the final verdict as to which possess superior merit. The names of the successful candidates are publicly announced, a feast is given them, and they are received every where with honor. Such is the nature of a public examination in China.

The Library of Congress has during the past year received an addition of 12,441 volumes. It now has 197,668 volumes, and about 30,000 pamphlets. Two copies of every copyrighted book must be deposited by the publisher in the Library of Congress. In England a copy is sent to the British Museum.

England has no less than fourteen establishments for the construction of iron ships. How many has America?

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals will have no occasion to look after the six equine pets of one Mr. Marsh, who recently died at Passaic, New Jersey. A large share of an estate of $400,000 he has left by will for the use and benefit of his horses. One might infer that these are valuable horses. But no; some of them are old and almost worthless. But they were the old bachelor's best friends, and so he bought a farm for their use, which is set aside as the terrestrial paradise for the six horses during the next ten years. A generous sum is to be expended each year in extra provender of a superior kind; twelve hundred dollars per annum is to remunerate a man for rubbing down the equines, and two gentlemen receive a bequest of ten thousand dollars each in case they see that all the conditions of the will are properly carried out.

Great excitement has been produced by the recent discovery of a quantity of human bones on Dustin Island, near Concord, New Hampshire. This island is notable as the scene of the heroic exploit of Mrs. Dustin, in 1697, when, after being taken prisoner by the Indians, she killed ten of her captors. No one has been buried on the island for fifty years. The bones are pronounced of the Indian type, and the query is, are they those of the Indians Mrs. Dustin killed?

A large part of the work of the Howard Mission is to receive, wash, feed, clothe, and educate homeless, vagrant, and needy children. There are three classes of these under the care of the Mission—those whom the Mission is authorized to send to proper homes or situations, those who need a shelter only till friends can provide for them, and those who receive care and instruction during the day but sleep elsewhere. Connected with the Mission is a "Day Nursery," where mothers who go out to work during the day can leave their little children until their return.

It seems incredible that a man could be capable of calling his son "Eli Lama Sabachthani," or "Maher-shalalhashbaz;" but that such is the fact is asserted by an English writer, who, having evidently had a plenty of time, and free access to the records of the Registrar-General's office, has prepared a very amusing paper concerning English Christian names. Among other curiosities contained in these records are a "Green Leaf," "Shooting Gallery," "Lucky Day," "Sing Song," "Tempestuous Stinger," "Giddy Edwards," "Talitha Cumi," "Holy Davies," "Choice Pickerel"—names which seemed to have been fastened on helpless children as a mere joke, and for which infliction a child might reasonably be authorized to claim damages of a parent when he becomes of age. Turning from the record of these outrageous appellations, it is an interesting fact that two-thirds of English children are called by one of twenty-five names, which, for the benefit of parents who desire not to bestow upon their children a name *too* common, we give in the order of their popularity: Mary, William, John, Elizabeth, Thomas, George, Sarah, James, Charles, Henry, Alice, Joseph, Ann, Jane, Ellen, Emily, Frederick, Annie, Margaret, Emma, Eliza, Robert, Arthur, Alfred, Edward.

The English are slow, according to American ideas. An account of the German entry into Paris was conveyed by special messenger to London, involving the cost of two special railroad trains for a distance of 255 miles, and the use of a steamboat for a trip of twenty-two miles across the Channel. This occupied ten hours and a half, and the news only reached London at the same time as it was conveyed by telegraph all over the United States.

When the Boston jail was built, at an expense of $450,000, it was remarked that it cost the city more to provide for her prisoners in jail than it would to board them at the Revere House.

The managers of the Edinburgh Infirmary have again voted that women shall have no educational advantages in that institution; their argument being that admitting them would interfere with the objects of the institution, which are, besides relieving the sick, supplying "young gentlemen" with opportunities of medical studies.

There are no medicines left in Paris. Drugs of the rarer sort have almost entirely disappeared, and the supply of even the commoner articles is wholly inadequate to the demand.

It is well to remember that in cases of kerosene fires an attempt to extinguish the flames with water will only spread the fire. Instead, smother the flames with blankets, woolen cloths, quilts, shawls, or whatever may be at hand.

The mother of the Rothschilds attained the age of ninety-eight; her wit, which was remarkable, and her intellectual faculties, which were of no common order, being preserved to the end. In her last illness, when surrounded by her family, her physician being present, she said, in a suppliant tone, to the latter: "Dear doctor, try to do something for me." "Madame, what can I do? I can't make you young again." "No, doctor, I don't want to be young again, but I want to continue to grow old."

A resident of Taunton, Massachusetts, has obtained ice for his own summer use in a novel manner, for several winters past. He should have given the recipe to the public earlier in the season, and then people might have been quite independent of ice companies. The process is as follows: He procures about fifty empty flour barrels, at a cost of twenty cents each, and gradually pours in water until each contains a solid mass of ice. The barrels are then put away in his cellar and entirely covered with sawdust. As ice is required a barrel is tapped.

Church's "Jerusalem," which has for a little time been on exhibition at Goupil's Gallery, was painted to order for Hon. Thomas Alleyn, of Hartford, Connecticut, and will be the first canvas placed in his new gallery. This painting is about the size of the "Heart of the Andes," which will be vividly remembered by many of our readers, and represents a spring view, taken from the Mount of Olives. The point of view chosen by the artist is one which allows nearly all the objects of interest in and around Jerusalem to be comprehended in a single glance. The picture is executed with the artist's usual skill and care, and the subject is of peculiar interest at the present time, when recent researches indicate that many valuable disclosures concerning the Holy City are to be revealed.

Readers, according to Coleridge, are divided into four classes: those who allow their reading, like the sand in the hour-glass, to run in and out without leaving a vestige behind; those who, like the sponge, imbibe every thing, and return it a little dirtier than before; those who, like a jelly-bag, allow all that is pure to pass away, and retain only the refuse; and those who, like slaves in the Golconda diamond mines, cast away all that is worthless, and preserve only the pure gem.

The wonder is that spontaneous combustion does not occur every day, when the human body is said to contain phosphorus enough for four hundred ordinary two-cent packages of matches! Fortunately, there is not quite enough sulphur for the matches.

The Young Men's Christian Association of San Francisco has had a benevolent plan of helping the ignorant and careless out of difficulty, by paying the postage on letters dropped into the office where it was evident the stamp was unintentionally omitted. Over two thousand letters have been thus forwarded by the Association during the past three months. During the same time, however, more than a thousand were left to their fate, there being indications that the writers of them expected the Association to take care of them.

Some small satisfaction is it to know that English railway companies do not mutilate and kill their passengers with entire impunity. During the past year a total sum of £333,715 was expended by railway companies in the United Kingdom as compensation for personal injury. How many hurts this sum covers it would be impossible to say.

A letter from the South African diamond fields states that most of the diamonds found are flawed, very few, indeed, being perfect gems.

Johnny, a little fellow who went to church one day, with an injunction from his mother to remember the text, did better than many grown-up persons do. His version, on coming home, was: "Why d'ye stand round here doing nuffin for? Go into my barn-yard and work; I'll make it all right with you." It was not far out of the way in its meaning.

The town of Amherst, in Massachusetts, has followed the example of New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and other places, in introducing English sparrows, in the hope of establishing a colony of these birds.

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REV. JOHN HALL, D.D.

REV. JOHN HALL, D.D.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD & CO.]

THE REV. JOHN HALL, D.D., the eloquent and popular pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York, is of Scotch descent. His ancestors removed from Scotland to the north of Ireland in one of those extensive emigrations which gave character to the province of Ulster, distinguishing it, as Protestant, from the south of Ireland, which is almost wholly Roman Catholic. He was born in the County Armagh, on the 31st of July, 1829, in the home occupied by his family for six successive generations. His father was an elder in the Presbyterian Church, and a man of influence in the ecclesiastical courts as well as in the circle of his own parish. The son, of course, was well indoctrinated in the Westminster Confession of Faith, but he also received a thorough classical and literary training, and was prepared to enter Belfast College at the early age of thirteen. Though not distinguished either for close application or eminent attainments during his college course, he carried off the prize in Hebrew, which perhaps was an indication of the field of study and of effort in which his talents were to be most conspicuously employed.

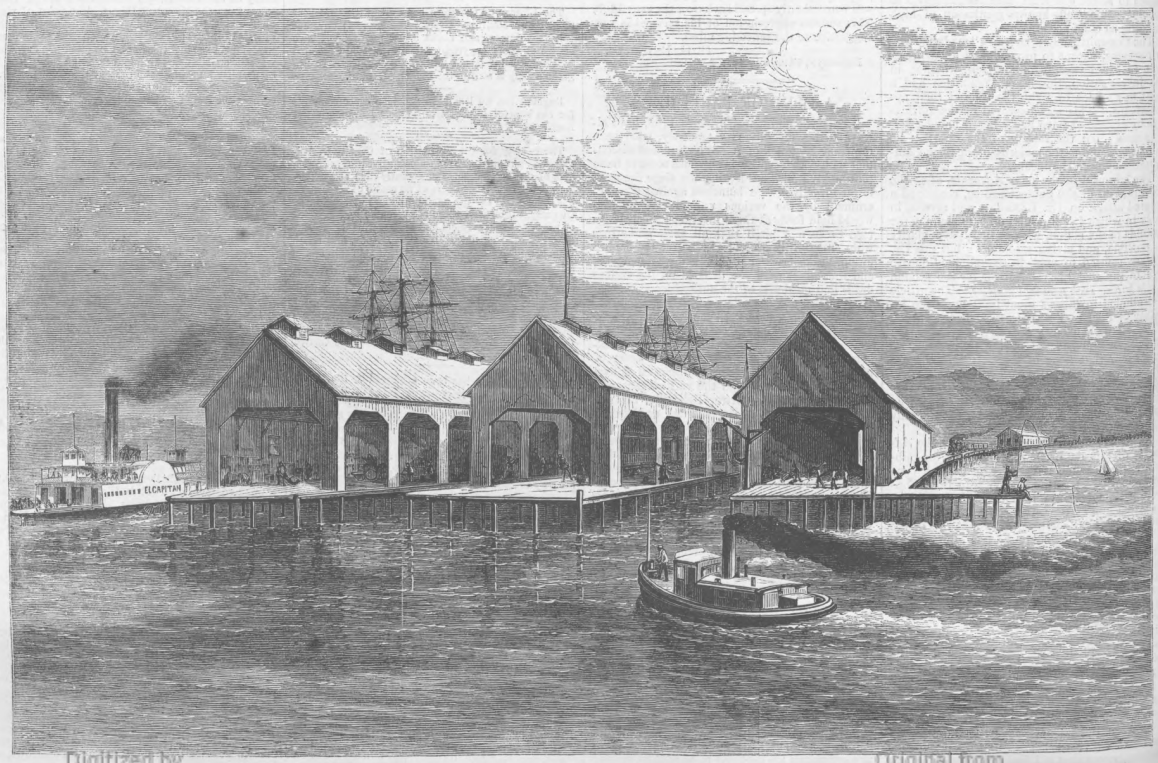
After his graduation he began to take a more serious view of human life and of its grand purposes. He became a communicant in the Church of his fathers, and entered upon a course of study preparatory to the Christian ministry. In his theological curriculum he was the foremost student of his class, uniformly taking the prize in the voluntary examinations. He was licensed to preach the Gospel by the Presbytery of Belfast, in June, 1849, and at once accepted a call, not from a congregation, but from his own class, to become their missionary to a station among a Roman Catholic population in the west of Ireland. It was a trying service to a youth of twenty years, fresh from the academic halls, but he was equal to the position, and while his ministrations were telling upon the people to whom he was sent, he was gathering strength in this school of discipline and study. He was under the necessity of becoming thoroughly acquainted with the system of Romanism, and in such a practical manner as few Protestant clergymen have learned it. This training was of great service to him when he was afterward called to occupy a more distinguished position in his native land, and it is one of his many qualifications for the advanced post which he now holds in his adopted country.

On the 30th of January, 1852, he was installed pastor of the church at Armagh, the capital of the county of the same name, and the seat of the archiepiscopal see of the Primate of all Ireland. Of his residence here his successor, in a published historical discourse, says: "Youthful, healthful, and vigorous, he devoted himself most earnestly to all departments of pastoral work. Laboring unceasingly all day, and studying frequently all night, his influence soon began to tell upon the community." From this charge he was called, in 1858, to the pastoral of the church of Mary's Abbey, now Rutland Square, in the city of Dublin, where he took his stand among the first preachers of the Irish capital, and among its foremost men in the world of letters and in public influence. He continued to be a close student, not confined to the branches of learning most obviously connected with his professional life, but giving careful attention to those matters of science which some of the brilliant intellects of the Old World, as well as the New, have attempted to turn against the Bible. His power and influence were soon acknowledged, and not long after his removal to Dublin he received from the Queen the honorary office of Commissioner of Education for Ireland, performing its responsible duties, without fee or reward, until his removal to his present field of labor, and exerting himself, with distinguished success, to secure to his countrymen an undenominational education and literature. While occupying this position his name was proposed for the Moderatorship of the Irish General Assembly. Although personally popular, and receiving a warm support from those who agreed with him in sentiment, he was defeated on the ground of his opposition to religious establishments, having already taken the American ground on this subject. But he enjoyed in after years what to a noble mind is a prouder satisfaction, that of seeing the complete triumph of the principles he advocated and represented in his nomination.

In the spring of 1867 he was appointed a delegate, by the Irish General Assembly, to the Presbyterian churches of this country. Arriving in this city, he went immediately to Cincinnati, where the Old School General Assembly was in session. His eloquent speech on the occasion of his reception, which was one of the striking incidents of that Assembly, will never be forgotten by any who heard it. He was welcomed by the New School Assembly at Rochester with the same warm-hearted cordiality, and also by other Presbyterian bodies. The congregation over which he now ministers had no opportunity to see his face or hear his voice during his stay in this country, but such was the impression he made every where that, on coming together in the fall of the year, they made out a unanimous call, which was sent to him by the ocean cable. It was at once accepted, so deeply had he become interested in our country during his visit. The arrangements for his removal were speedily made, and on the 3d of November, 1867, he commenced his ministrations in the church of which he is now the honored pastor. He was installed on the evening of the same day.

From the first DR. HALL has secured the warmest affections of his people, and the deeply interested attention of all who have come within the range of his voice or influence. His church is crowded in all weather and on all occasions. His week-day lectures and his Bible class instructions have been attended not only by the members of his own pastoral charge, but by representatives of all denominations. He has greatly promoted the cause of Christian unity simply by bringing together, to listen to his earnest words, the members of other churches when it did not interfere with attendance on their own church services.

DR. HALL is not an eloquent preacher in a common acceptation of the term. He indulges in no flights of fancy or of rhetoric; but from



CALIFORNIA TERMINUS OF THE CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD.—[SEE PAGE 366.]

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the moment that he rises to speak he rivets the attention of his hearers by his clear commonsense, his solid words of instruction tersely stated, his weighty arguments drawn from the magazine of Divine truth, and his pungent appeals, uttered with a pathos peculiarly his own, and with an intense earnestness, which at times breaks out almost in a cry of distress, that pierces the hearts of his hearers. His preaching is perfectly simple. With all the wealth of learning and power of language that he has at command, he speaks only in the language of the people. His discourses abound in the most happy illustrations, drawn from the wide range of his reading, but they are introduced to illustrate the subject, and not the speaker.

Dr. HALL is in constant request as a public speaker—on the platform as well as in the pulpit—and none is more sure to draw a crowded house; but he never speaks without having something to say, or without saying it well and to the point. Consequently he always attracts the full attention of his audience, and always makes a strong impression.

We close this sketch with an extract from an article written by one of the ablest of the *Quarterly Reviewers*, on the occasion of Dr. HALL's leaving Dublin to come to this country: "For nine years he was occupied in raising Dublin Presbyterianism to that proud and commanding position it held in the days when JOSEPH BOYSE preached to a thousand hearers in Wood Street, including the DAMERS and LANGFORDS and LOFTUSES of high descent; and for eighteen years he has been conspicuous, in the ranks of his brethren, not merely for great eloquence and great force of character, but as a man of unblemished integrity, of tried courage, of large benevolence, of unaffected piety—a man whose views were always tolerant and liberal, his convictions deep and hearty, with few antipathies and many sympathies, yet his career, in all its stages, marked by decision. We can think of his life proudly and thankfully, as of the course of a river filling its channel from bank to bank, moving onward by the force of its own ample stream, and, with effortless ministry, watering the fields and the flowers on either side."

BERLIN EXULTANT.

ON July 16, 1870, Berlin was profusely illuminated in honor of the declaration of war. On March 3, 1871, the town was still more resplendent with flaming devices and myriads of little lamps, this time, however, in honor of the brilliant victories of the past eight months, and of the conclusion of an advantageous peace. Still, widely as these two occasions differed, the features of both scenes were the same, and on neither evening was there any great sign of excitement, further than a large crowd quietly parading the streets, phlegmatically gazing at the various illuminations, and stopping at an occasional *bier-halle* or *gasthaus* for the relished *seidel* of

PEACE CELEBRATION IN BERLIN.

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beer, which, with the Berliner, replaces the inevitable *petit verre* of the Parisian. No noisy demonstrations of defiance or elation took place on either evening; the demeanor of the crowd was always calm, and the only bursts of feeling they permitted themselves were a few patriotic choruses, and a hearty cheer for their rulers as the royal palace was passed. Here, however, on the latter evening, their cry was significantly changed. In July the shout was "Long live WILHELM, *König von Preussen*;" but in March the cry was for *der Kaiser*, the Emperor of Germany.

Although calm and placid, the joy of the Berliners on the latter occasion was intense, and the poorest persons testified their patriotism, not as in Paris, by unmeaning shouts and turbulent processions, but in improvising some species of illumination to show their exultation at their country's success. Not that the illumination was official, nor had it even been proposed by the police—the movement was entirely spontaneous; but, had it been announced a month beforehand, it could not have been more general. The more wealthy mansions sparkled with gorgeous devices of bi-headed eagles, sturdy Germanias, enormous laurel wreaths, and innumerable stars and crowns; while the more modest inhabitants ornamented their balconies and windows with variegated oil-lamps, or the familiar candle hidden in a Chinese lantern. The public buildings were tastefully decorated with a careful eye to architectural effect, and here the Rathhaus or Town Hall was specially notable. As may be seen in the sketch, every window and cornice were traced out with a brilliant line of light; and powerful red lamps, which were visible for many miles round, were placed on the tower. To add to the liveliness of the scene, the Crown Princess and the other princesses rode about inspecting the illuminations, and were greeted with hearty cheers as they were recognized by the crowd.

The weather was most favorable, and rarely, if indeed ever, had Berlin assumed such an air of universal rejoicing. Every inhabitant did his best toward the demonstration; and if the illumination be taken as a sample of their feeling, the termination of the war was, in spite of the meaningless grumbles of a few journals, highly satisfactory.

CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD TERMINUS.

WE give on page 364 an illustration of the Overland Railroad wharf at Oakland, California, extending across the San Francisco Bay toward Goat Island. It has a total length of 10,500 feet, or nearly two miles from the water-line at Oakland. The extension is 3600 feet long, 2600 feet of which is wide enough for three tracks. The last 1200 feet of the wharf is wide enough for twelve tracks, and has at least two mammoth freight sheds upon it, 600 to 800 feet in length. There is a slip at the end of the wharf, having ample accommodations for four of the largest vessels afloat, the *Great Eastern* alone excepted. There are two slips for the passenger and freight steamers, with a depth of twenty-four feet of water at low tide.

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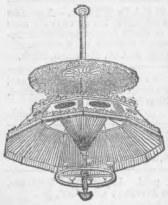

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NEW LOAN OF THE UNITED STATES.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR: The subscription to the new 5 per cent. Loan of the United States reported at the Treasury amounts to $53,000,000. The Schedule of the Public Debt of April 1 shows a reduction since March 1, in the principal of $11,011,251, and in the interest charge upon the Debt of $515,537 per annum. The following table exhibits the progress of reduction in the Public Debt and in the annual interest charge thereon since the Debt reached its maximum at the close of the War of the Rebellion:

PROGRESS OF REDUCTION OF PUBLIC DEBT OF UNITED STATES.

	Maximum War Debt, July 31, 1865.	Debt at close of last Adm'n, March 1, 1869.	Present Outstanding Debt, April 1, 1871.
Five-twenty six per cent. stock	$606,569,500	$1,602,587,350	$1,416,088,850
Other six per cent. stocks	302,301,042	283,677,400	283,678,100
Ten-forty five per cent. stock	172,770,100	194,567,300	194,567,300
Other five per cent. stock	27,022,000	27,022,000	20,000,000
Three-year 7.30 per cent. notes	830,000,000	.....	.....
Three-year six per cent. notes	212,121,470	.....	.....
Total funded	$2,150,784,112	$2,107,854,050	$1,914,344,250
Greenback notes	$473,114,799	$356,021,073	$356,098,621
Greenback certificates	205,822,845	71,140,000	53,493,000
Gold certificates	.....	28,775,560	25,261,460
Fractional currency	25,750,032	36,781,547	40,340,445
Past-due notes and bonds	17,263,120	6,422,464	3,162,502
Total Treasury circulation	$721,950,796	$499,140,644	$478,356,028
Less gold in Treasury	35,337,858	98,741,261	105,697,800
	$686,612,938	$400,399,383	$372,658,228
Less currency balance	81,401,775	16,853,529	18,686,247
Net Treasury circulation	$605,211,163	$383,545,854	$353,971,981
Total principal of debt	$2,755,995,275	$2,491,399,904	$2,268,316,231
Yearly interest, in gold	$64,419,628	$124,255,350	$112,714,982
Yearly interest, in currency	87,412,423	2,134,200	1,621,570
Total amount of interest charge	$151,832,051	$126,389,550	$114,336,552

The results of the above exhibit are as follows:

Principal of debt, 1865	$2,755,995,275
Paid under Johnson	264,595,371
Principal, March 4, 1869	$2,491,399,904
Paid under Grant	223,083,673
Present public debt	$2,268,316,231
Interest charge, 1865	151,832,051
Reduced in four years by payment and funding	25,442,501
Interest charge, 1869	$126,389,550
Reduced in two years by payment	12,052,998
Present interest charge	$114,336,552

The proposed further reduction of the annual interest charge upon the public debt by the funding is as follows:

By exchange of $500,000,000 U. S. 6 per cents for new five per cents of 1881	$5,000,000
By exchange of $300,000,000 U. S. 6 per cents for 4½ per cents of 1886	4,500,000
By exchange of $700,000,000 U. S. 6 per cents for 4 per cents of 1901	14,000,000
Total saving per annum by refunding	$23,500,000

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A FRESH GRAVE IN KENSAL GREEN.

By M. D. CONWAY.

ALTHOUGH Nathaniel Hawthorne, in his book about England, wrote some severe and unwelcome things, yet he really loved the country, and it was not without a genuine feeling that he named the work "Our Old Home." He sought, fruitlessly I believe, to search out the residence of his ancestors, and wrote to a friend, "Of all things, I should like to find a grave-stone in one of these old church-yards with my own name upon it; although, for myself, I should wish to be buried in America." He little dreamed when he wrote these words that his children would one day see the cherished name of Hawthorne on an English grave-stone, and that it would represent to them not the past dignity of the family, but its latest grief. On March 4, while the birds were singing their joy as Nature renewed her life under the genial sunshine, a small company of American and English people gathered in Kensal Green Cemetery, near London, where was consigned to the earth a coffin, with its sad freight, on which was inscribed:

MRS. NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.
Died February 26, aged 60.

As I stood by this new grave my memory wandered away to another in that little cemetery at Concord, consecrated, like this, by the dust of noble spirits; and the two, so sundered, seemed to represent a happy tale, suddenly broken off, and ending with heaviness and pain. Some few outlines of the romance that Hawthorne lived, as sweet as any he wrote, I knew and remembered at his widow's grave.

From being one of the happiest, handsomest, and even the most athletic youths at Bowdoin College, Nathaniel Hawthorne came into the possession of his only estate, genius, to find it a melancholy heritage. The light and airy stem of his nature had put forth a sombre flower at best, and it had to be nurtured under the added shadow of poverty. The real heart and life of the man in those sad years of transition, when the ruddy collegian was disappearing in the thinker, with mystical eye turned inward, make the under-tone of the "Twice-told Tales," and are more strangely fascinating than the legends themselves. Especially "The Great Stone Face," in its spiritually tragical, yet not unsunned depths, reflects

"those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things;
Fallings from us, vanishings,
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized;
High instincts, before which our mortal nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised,"

which Wordsworth has most nearly approached putting into words—though these can scarcely express them—but which Beethoven has uttered in the one adequate form. And along with this ever-appealing intellect there is revealed a profoundly sensitive and loving nature, thirsting for personal affection, faint with growing despair of finding a nature perfectly responsive to his deep heart.

"Homeless near a thousand homes he stood,
And near a thousand tables pined and wanted food."

Meantime by his side, though long unknown, even in dear old Salem—town of graceful elms and gracefuler women—there was a bright and cultivated home, which was destined to send the sunbeam at whose touch the happier life and genius of Hawthorne were to unfold. A gentle and intelligent physician lived there, with his three lovely daughters, destined to be dowered only with that wealth which enriches heart and mind, and that energy which is often the beautiful other side of humble resources. Of these three sisters all have lived to do honor to the womanhood of New England. The fairest of them, Mary, was able, as Mrs. Horace Mann, to lavish upon the youth of her country, in the East and the West, the natural affluence of her earnest and refined nature. Elizabeth, by an unwearied zeal in the pursuit of every high ideal, became a kind of saintly abbess, even in that conventicle of sacred women, Concord. And Sophia, beginning life as an artist, aided in the realization of an ideal as noble as any she ever dreamed as she sat at the feet of Washington Allston, of whom she was the favorite pupil.

It must have been with a kind of despair that Hawthorne made his first pilgrimage through the snow to the Brook Farm Community—the wild plunge of a starved heart. Sitting in his lonely office in the Boston Custom-house, poring outwardly over dry invoices, inwardly over weird, half-shaped visions, he was eating his heart in loneliness, when that sweet symphony of fraternity, and the simple life of pure and united spirits amidst nature, wove its spell around him. In a moment he let fall the pen and fled the office, burning, as it were, his ships behind him. But, alas! never was man more unfitted for that experiment of practical association, intensely individual as he was in all his instincts, and unable to the end of his days to comprehend things abstractedly, or to be interested in great principles unless insphered in small duties and personal relationships. Wordsworth saw the firmament in flowers; Hawthorne saw millenniums in hearts. This man, with a genius for studying characters, found much of the highest value at Brook Farm, as we know from the "Blithedale Romance"—the most original of his works, as I think—but he found no spiritual satisfaction there. He confessed himself a stranger and a sojourner in the very land of promise, but found his true ideal community presently. The community consisted of two, and its model halls were such as could be afforded by the most ancient and solitary mansion that Concord village could furnish. Married to Sophia Peabody, by James Freeman Clarke, these two artists repaired to the Old Manse, both unknown to fame, there to pass obscure years with no other constant inmate or guest but Poverty.

No other! yes, Happiness. To read Hawthorne's account of these years in his "Note-Books" starts to the eyes tears that do not burn, but flash prismatic hues. He is, according to his own description, "the most unknown man of letters in America;" he is poor, and without prospect of temporal advantages; but all the forms that ever haunted the Old Manse gather to converse with him, and confide all their secrets; and in his perfect relation to one other aspiring soul he is supremely blessed. He continually compares himself to Adam, with Eve (his wife) at his side, and can not think Eden could have been very different from the garden around the Old Manse, with its long row of balm of Gilead trees in front, and its unforbidden apple-trees behind. All the four rivers of Paradise were for him merged in the Musketaquid, gently streaming past, adorned with pond-lilies, whose unfolding disclosed the gold that made his Havilah. Here he meditated on a strange incident that befell Dr. Harris, while a Junior at college. "Being in great want of money to buy shirts or other necessaries, and not knowing how to obtain it, he set out on a walk from Cambridge to Boston. On the way he cut a stick, and, after walking a short distance, perceived that something had become attached to the end of it. It proved to be a gold ring, with the motto, 'God speed thee, friend.'" Did this legend signify to this young pilgrim the wedding-ring that had brought such a true

MRS. HAWTHORNE.

God-speed to him? But let Hawthorne's pen, as it alone can, picture his life in the Old Manse:

"*Saturday, August* 13, 1842.—My life, at this time, is more like that of a boy externally than it has been since I was really a boy. It is usually supposed that the cares of life come with matrimony; but I seem to have cast off all care, and live on with as much easy trust in Providence as Adam could possibly have felt before he had learned that there was a world beyond Paradise. My chief anxiety consists in watching the prosperity of my vegetables, in observing how they are affected by the rain or sunshine, in lamenting the blight of one squash, and rejoicing at the luxurious growth of another. It is as if the original relation between Man and Nature had been restored in my case, and as if I were to look exclusively to her for the support of my Eve and myself—to trust to her for food and clothing, and all things needful, with the full assurance that she would not fail me. The fight with the world, the struggle of a man among men, the agony of the universal effort to wrench the means of living from a host of greedy competitors—all this seems like a dream to me. My business is merely to live and to enjoy; and whatever is essential to life and enjoyment will come as naturally as the dew from heaven. This is, practically at least, my faith. And so I awake in the morning with a boyish thoughtlessness as to how the outgoings of the day are to be provided for, as its comings rendered certain. After breakfast I go forth into my garden, and gather whatever the bountiful Mother has made fit for our present sustenance; and of late days she generally promises me green corn and shell-beans very soon. Then I pass down through our orchard to the river-side, and ramble along its margin in search of flowers. Usually I discern a fragrant white lily here and there along the shore, growing, with sweet prudishness, beyond the grasp of mortal arm. But it does not escape me so. I know what is its fitting destiny better than the silly flower knows itself; so I wade in, heedless of wet trowsers, and seize the shy lily by its slender stem. Thus I make prize of five or six, which are as many as usually blossom within my reach in a single morning; some of them partially worm-eaten or blighted, like virgins with an eating sorrow at the heart; others as fair and perfect as Nature's own idea was when she first imagined this lovely flower. A perfect pond-lily is the most satisfactory of flowers. Besides these, I gather whatever else of beautiful chances to be growing in the moist soil by the river-side—an amphibious tribe, yet with more richness and grace than the wild flowers of the deep and dry woodlands and hedge-rows—sometimes the white arrowhead, always the blue spires and broad green leaves of the pickerel flower, which contrast and harmonize so well with the white lilies. For the last two or three days I have found scattered stalks of the cardinal-flower, the gorgeous scarlet of which it is a joy even to remember. The world is made brighter by flowers of such a hue. Even perfume, which otherwise is the soul and spirit of a flower, may be spared when it arrays itself in this scarlet glory. It is a flower of thought and feeling, too; it seems to have its roots deep down in the hearts of those who gaze at it. Other bright flowers impress me as wanting sentiment; but it is not so with this."

How many of us can remember the silly, vulgar criticisms which were made on "The Scarlet Letter," when it first appeared: that it was the confession of some morbid soul; that it was the production of some guilty and haunted being of the "sunless sea;" that it was poured out of a laudanum phial, and so forth! Such critics little knew that they were confessing their own ignorance of real art, and disclosing their own length of ear. Landor's Aspasia writes to Pericles that she does not believe the poets ever loved, "else how could they write about it?" With more reason we may say that Hawthorne's pen, portraying the dark possibilities of his own nature, and of every nature, can see them through the perspective necessary for art only because he is not merged and whelmed in them. He walks with his genius, as Dante with Virgil amidst the fearful whorls of hell, unscathed, as only he could be whose spirit fed among the lilies, and knew a pure and happy love, whose brightness the true criticism would measure by the intensity of the shadows with which misery and sin are invested.

How fortunate Nathaniel Hawthorne was in those domestic relations in which the best men are too often unfortunate the world may gather from his "Note-Books." But they tell very little of that profound friendship which existed between these two. It is, I believe, George Sand who says that all can know love, but few have capacity for friendship. Probably she would refuse to believe that love and friendship could coexist in a wedded life. Yet I believe she would believe even that to be possible had she, with me, heard from a venerable and most intimate friend of the Hawthornes the following story. It was when Mr. Hawthorne and his wife were very poor that Mr. Polk became President, and Mr. Bancroft Secretary of the Navy; and it was probably through the latter that the friends of the author succeeded in securing for him an appointment as surveyor in the custom-house at Salem. In the course of his experiences in this custom-house, or that at Boston, Hawthorne had met with a strange old document showing that in early days a woman had been compelled to wear in public the letter A, in scarlet. Every thing of this kind that came near Hawthorne fell into his mind as a seed into a soil where it must needs germinate; and this letter A had long been striving to flower into a romance through the hard pressure of official work. After Hawthorne had been in the Salem custom-house a year he one day received a notification that his services were no longer required.

With heaviness of heart he repairs to his humble home. His young wife recognizes the change, and stands waiting for the gloomy silence to be broken. At length he falters out, "I am removed from office." Then the wife leaves the room; returns soon with fuel, and kindles a bright fire with her own hands; next brings paper, pen, and ink, and deposits them beside Hawthorne on the table. Then she touches the sad man on the shoulder, and as he turns it is to meet the beaming face of a little woman, who says to him, "Now you can write your book!"

From that moment the cloud cleared away, never to return. The custom-house seemed to him now, as to her, an iron cage from which a winged genius had escaped. The wondrous book was written; other books were written—books that might never have been written, and certainly never would have been so luminous with spiritual beauty, so tinted with every most delicate trait of human feeling, but for the constant influence of this fine soul at his side, artful as the subtile light searching beneath sod and snow for violets and May-flowers.

The years came on, and brought them to Europe. Along with the fossil wrongs of a dead political stratum the sins of Franklin Pierce are buried, and when they are forgotten, it will be remembered that when he came into the Executive Mansion, his first thought was for the old friend of his college days, whose genius he was able to recognize, and whose love he had retained until the hour when that friend dropped the first tear beside his lifeless form.

In Europe, Hawthorne and his wife journeyed together, passed beautiful days amidst lakes and hills, and amidst the galleries of art, in England, France, and Italy—enjoying each scene as, perhaps, fair scenes can be alone fully enjoyed, by looking on them with four eyes.

And now the frame of their life is changed again; it is set once more in dear old Concord. The Old Manse has made way for the most beautiful villa in the place; the obscure author of the olden time is famed in every cultivated circle of the world. Publishers eagerly clutch at the lightest page written by the hand which used to write happy fancies only in the end to look upon them as leaves sure to be blighted by neglect, and to cast them into the fire ere they should perish in the frost of popular indifference.

He had lived to see a transformation as blissful as that which gave Cinderella beauty and joy for ashes; he saw his lovely children growing around him like fulfillments of what the flowers around the Old Manse had prophesied to his first days of wedded happiness; and perhaps it seemed to him, as to the Love that watches over us, that it was well enough to pass away in that fullness of his life. So it was. Amidst hearts that loved him he was carried to that long repose which he hoped would intervene this life and any other; and the glowing autumn leaves that fell upon his grave symbolized the love and the beauty which, so unsuspected beforehand, had been lavished upon a heart and mind worthy of all they could bestow.

And now it was shown how fine were the gifts of her who had been so much to Nathaniel Hawthorne. Mrs. Hawthorne's intimate friends had, indeed, always recognized her literary ability. Her letters to them from Europe had charmed a large circle of critical and cultivated friends, and they were extremely desirous of publishing them; but she had some reason to suspect that her husband dreaded the appearance of his wife's name in public, and with that constant aim to comply with even his unspoken wishes, she would not consent. It is probable that few more valuable sketches of interesting characters—most of all that one who was ever at her side—and few more appreciative notes upon the art treasures of Europe, exist than those which are contained in the letters of Mrs. Hawthorne. But the world now knows that only a mind of rare intelligence could have made out of the piles of scraps, jottings, and scrawled sentences left by Nathaniel Hawthorne, those "Note-Books" which have so charmed it. She alone could decipher the characters on these odds and ends; and if, as I have reason to hope, she has left the MSS. of his French and Italian notes in a completed form for publication, she will have been the means of leaving the world the truest autobiography of one of the most singularly interesting men it has ever known. Such work as Mrs. Hawthorne has put upon these admirable volumes can not, however, be done by literary ability alone, but requires heart and devotion. And these animated every step of her life after she had parted from her husband, only, perhaps, to feel him more intimately near than ever before.

That her children might be educated as both had desired, and especially that her son Julian's special studies might be more fully pursued, Mrs. Hawthorne left America for Dresden. When her son had finished his studies and returned to America she came with her daughters to London, where she could better prepare and publish the remaining posthumous papers of her late husband. In a pleasant suburb of London—Kensington—she had chosen her home; but it could not be the home she required until she had sent to America for those books, pictures, and various objects which had been looked upon and treasured by the companion of her life. When they were brought over she worked too arduously to put them in their places. The very workmen who handled things once dear to *him*, and those who put up *his* portrait, seemed to her to have done so with reverence, and she surprised them by a generosity far beyond the pot of beer which was probably the sole extent of their ambition and the motive of their care. One characteristic incident occurred. An edition of the Waverley Novels, which had been prized by Mr. Hawthorne, were, when brought with other things to Liverpool, seized by the customs officers, their introduction being an infraction of copyright. In great affliction at this she applied to the head office in London, but was told by the obdurate official that the return of the volumes was out of the question. Such a thing had never occurred, and, being unconstitutional, could

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not occur. Not yet daunted, but in much distress, she wrote to the Inspector of Customs at Liverpool a letter such as probably that individual never received before, and will never receive again. Orpheus never poured into the ear of Cerberus a more inthralling strain than this simple, plaintive plea with which the widow proved that even an English inspector has a heart by reaching it. Perhaps her long intimacy with one customs officer led her to trust the fraternity;* at any rate, the unprecedented fact is that the precious volumes were restored, even though the usually required "author's request" could not be obtained.

But, alas! the house was no sooner set in order than the call from earth came. The English climate, which her husband had often thought the best in Europe, had been during her first winter in London cruel beyond parallel. Bitter winds, and cold, clammy fogs, and damp exhalations had come, and remained longer than ever before; and, like many another delicate constitution, that of Mrs. Hawthorne gave way, and—this was her only sorrow as death drew near—her two young daughters must be left to learn in a foreign land the pricelessness of the inheritance transmitted to them with the name they bear.

I wish that I could make the end of my story as sweet and clear as the sunshine of that warm day—almost the first sign of the departure of that wintriness under which the gentle lady had suffered—which shone upon the little group gathered, with uncovered heads, around the grave in Kensal Green. But, alas! that sunshine only rendered more dismal the cold formalities by which this true-hearted woman was consigned to her rest. Very few invitations to the funeral were given, which was in keeping with the quiet, unostentatious ways of the widow and of him whose name she bore. Among the few present were Robert Browning, S. C. Hall, Mr. Bennoch, Mr. Sturgis, and the Rev. W. H. Channing—all real mourners for a loved and lost friend. But what seemed almost dreadful were the conventional services of the occasion. Some of us had come with the confident expectation that these would be intrusted not to the mere surpliced automaton of the cemetery, but to the one man in London fitted for it not only by eloquence and piety, but by a life-long intimacy with Mr. and Mrs. Hawthorne—a close friendship extending beyond the period of their marriage, and ripened by intellectual and religious sympathy. But those who controlled the arrangements had been otherwise advised, and the body was laid in consecrated ground, where none but the Church clergymen can officiate. Thus it was that the man to whom nearly every American present, as I believe, had looked to speak the right word on this sad occasion—the Rev. William Henry Channing—stood by, with pained brow, dumb.

The grave was but a few steps from that of Leigh Hunt, and his beautiful face—one of the most expressive renderings of a soul in marble I have ever seen—seemed to beam its sympathy upon the lonely daughters of one he had known and honored. I saw Robert Browning gazing upon this memorial—with its vase and wreath beneath the bust, and its inscription, "Write me as one that loves his fellow-men"—as if in these he would find fit words and symbols for the grave of his old comrade in Italy.

Before the coffin was lowered into the grave the two girls—Una and Rose—stepped forward and stood by themselves upon the verge of the grave; they laid upon the coffin the one a wreath of white camellias, the other a cross made of the same flowers, and then it was lowered into the grave. The undertaker took up his handful of clay, and prepared, as is usual, to cast it into the grave; but the elder daughter, with a touching simplicity, held out her hand, and received into it the bit of earth, and at the words "dust to dust, ashes to ashes," she let the crumbled pieces fall sadly there where lay the form of her beloved mother.

This was the end. As I turned away the birds were more gayly singing, the trees almost visibly budding, the air was full of benediction. I remembered the old scenes amidst which these bereaved children first drew breath, and where, more than a quarter of a century ago, their father wrote: "There is a pervading blessing diffused over all the world. I look out of the window and think, 'O perfect day! O beautiful world! O good God!' And such a day is the promise of a blissful eternity. It opens the gates of heaven, and gives us glimpses far inward."

* I think Hawthorne himself must have had a tender side for customs officials. I have just read in the *Atlantic Monthly* a very earnest letter written by him to Mr. Fields concerning a poet in England who had sent him his works to be transmitted to America, the unusual warmth of the recommendation being, perhaps, explained in its final words: "The poor fellow has left a good post in the customs to cultivate literature in London!" The name is left blank in the magazine; but I am quite sure it was William Allingham, who has often told me of Hawthorne's cordiality to him. Hawthorne never, perhaps, knew the extent to which Allingham's career resembled his own. At two different times the neglect of the world for their literary efforts compelled the friends of each to procure offices for them, and these offices were similar—and this while the genius of each was recognized by the greatest thinkers. Of all the friends of Tennyson Allingham is probably the most intimate, and he is esteemed by Carlyle and Froude, the latter of whom has lately induced him to leave the customs at Lymington, and help him on *Fraser*. Allingham is still, as Hawthorne once was, the most unrecognized man of equal gifts (as I think) in the world; and those who know him best can only hope that, in the coming years (for he is yet under forty), the poet may carry the parallel with Hawthorne farther by receiving the fame that he merits.

THE DEFENSE OF SARAGOSSA.

SOON after Murat's cruel street slaughters in Madrid, in May, 1808, half the cities of Spain sprang to arms. Foremost among these was Saragossa, the capital of Aragon.

When the patriots rose against their cruel invaders, the populace deposed Gullielmi, the governor, and Tio Jorge Ibort and his adherents chose as their nominal leader José Palafox, a handsome Aragonese nobleman, "a son of Saragossa," and an officer in the Spanish royal bodyguard. Palafox had good advisers. His tutor, Basilio Boggiero, wrote his Spartan proclamations; Santiago Sas, a priest, managed convenient miracles to rouse and sustain the populace; while Tio Jorge and his two peasant lieutenants kept up the fighting, though the defense of the place began, as Southey says, with only two hundred and twenty men, one hundred dollars, sixteen cannon, and a few old muskets. Lefebvre and his nine thousand French arrived on June the 15th, 1808. Had he pushed on at once the place must have fallen; but he paused, and Tio Jorge and his peasants had time to make the town tenable. The inhabitants were brave and superstitious. The houses were little fortresses of solid stone, the streets tortuous and narrow, and adapted for defense. In the skirmishes outside the town Palafox was victorious, and this success roused the courage of Saragossa to the highest point. A small party of daring French cavalry penetrating into the place were cut off to a man. The Spaniards had time to plant some cannon before their gates, and also on the Torero, a hill outside the walls. A French detachment which tried to storm the Portillo gate was repulsed with loss, the Spaniards not staying to load their muskets after the first volley, but closing on the French with their knives and bayonets. Half the detachment being cut to pieces, Lefebvre fell back, losing in the retreat four hundred cavalry and twenty-seven baggage wagons.

But the storm only lulled for a moment. At the end of June the French returned with reinforcements, and reoccupied the key of Saragossa, the Torero, at once, the officer in command—basely flying, leaving behind him the tools of the canal company, which were exactly what the French engineers most needed. But the Spaniards were not easily daunted; they remembered their previous successes, and they believed that the Virgin would drive away the hated Frenchmen from the city she had always cherished. They tore down all their window-curtains, turned them into sandbags for the batteries, and placed guns, defended by ramparts and trenches, before each of their nine gates. The mud-walls of the suburban gardens and the remains of an old Moorish rampart furnished points of defense for the stubborn Aragonese, who there found cover from French bullets. Loop-holes for muskets and openings for cannon were pierced every where. Houses that would protect the enemy were pulled down, and olive-gardens that would shelter the French tirailleurs were remorselessly rooted up. The women, as brave as the men, formed themselves into parties to relieve the wounded, and to carry water and food to the defenders of the batteries, while the children brought the soldiers the cartridges made by the monks. Foremost among the women was the beautiful Condesa de Burita, who brought wine and provisions to the soldiers, and tended the wounded and dying amidst the tremendous fire of shot and shell. Every day sorties were made, and the enemy assailed in the olive woods that surrounded the city. About the last day of June a powder-magazine blew up in the centre of the city, and reduced a whole street to ruins. At this moment of confusion the French opened a destructive fire. A sand-bag battery before the Portillo gate received the brunt of the attack. The French, on the Torero side, entered and destroyed the beautiful convent of Santa Engracia. The sand-bag battery at the Portillo gate was several times destroyed by the French guns, and bravely reconstructed under fire. It was at this spot and at this crisis that a heroine appeared. Augustina, the celebrated Maid of Saragossa, was a handsome itinerant lemonade seller, twenty-two years of age. She had arrived with food for the soldiers at the moment when the battery had been swept clear of every defender. The people, daunted by the sight, hung back. The brave woman instantly rushed forward over the dead and dying, and snatching a lighted match from the hand of the dead artillery-man, fired off a twenty-six pounder. Then jumping on the gun, as Wilkie represents her, with disheveled hair and stormy eyes, she swore to the Virgin never to quit the gun alive while the siege lasted. The people, encouraged by this woman's almost supernatural daring, rushed back in the deserted battery, opened a tremendous fire, and repulsed the French attack. But the enemy closed in nearer and nearer, as a murderer's hand closes on a victim's throat. Above the city the Ebro was fordable, and below the city the French constructed a bridge. Transporting their cavalry by these means to the opposite bank of the river, they destroyed the flour-mills of the town, and cut off all supplies of food and ammunition. But Palafox and his advisers were energetic and untiring. They ground their corn in horse-mills, and set the monks to work at making gunpowder. All the sulphur in the place was carefully collected, the earth in the streets washed to obtain from it saltpetre, and charcoal was made from hemp stalks. Toward the end of July food began to run short, and the hopes of succor began to die away. A defense of forty-six days had exhausted the strength of the defenders. A desperate rush to recover the Torero failed. The French bombardment continued cruel, remorseless, and unintermitting. On the 2d and 3d of August, the Grand Hospital, dedicated to the Virgin, and one of the largest in Spain, was burned, with all its sick and wounded. A white flag was hoisted, as it were to implore mercy, but it was made a special mark for the bombs. The soldiers all hastened to the rescue of the sick and of the foundlings, and even women were indefatigable, in spite of shot, shell, and flame. On the 4th of August the French opened a battery on the Santa Engracia quarter, swept away all the mud-walls, took the batteries at the gates, turned the guns on the Spaniards, and penetrated to the Corso in the very centre of the town; yet here the resistance was more obstinate than ever. Every house became a fortress, every door-way a barricade, and a scorching fire toward evening drove back the French to Santa Engracia, with a loss of fifteen hundred men and several generals. From the convent that night Lefebvre wrote his stern summons to surrender:

"Head-quarters—Santa Engracia. Capitulation!"

The instant reply of Palafox was equally laconic:

"Head-quarters—Saragossa. War to the knife.—PALAFOX."

The French now occupied all one side of the Corso; General Verdier watching the fighting and giving orders from the Franciscan convent in the centre. On the other side were the Saragossans, who had thrown up batteries at the openings of all the side streets. The intervening space was soon so heaped up with dead that Palafox, afraid of contagion, pushed forward French prisoners, fastened by ropes, to remove the bodies. At night the most savage sorties were made against the batteries on either side, and there was a great deal of hand-to-hand fighting inside the houses.

At last the end seemed coming. On the 5th of August the ammunition of the Spaniards began to run short, and the people called out to be allowed to attack the enemy with only their knives, when at the very crisis there arrived a providential convoy of provisions and ammunition, escorted by three thousand Swiss guards and Aragonese volunteers, led by Don Francisco Palafox, a brother of the general. The people took fresh heart. At a general council it was now agreed, amidst shouts from the people, to fight till all Saragossa was consumed, and then to retire over the Ebro to the suburbs, and defend them till every man had perished.

For eleven days longer the Spaniards fought from street to street, house to house, room to room, wall to wall, roof to roof, till their knives broke, their cartridges were spent, and hundreds died on the point of the French bayonets. During the night of the 12th of August the French batteries were particularly destructive, and when they ceased firing flames were seen to break out in many buildings that they held. On the morning of the 14th, however, to the astonishment and joy of the people of the tormented city, the enemy's columns were beheld at a distance retreating in dark masses over the plain of the Ebro on the road to Pampeluna. The defeat of Dupont at Baylen had compelled Lefebvre to retire from the all but exhausted city, which, he boasted with truth, he had left "un amas de décombres." According to Ford, who is always severe on Spanish failings, Palafox after this went almost mad with vanity, claimed all the glory to himself, wrote bombastic dispatches, and neglected every proper preparation for future defense.

Three months after came Napoleon's revenge. The Spanish heroes routed at Tudela, the French again invested Saragossa, this time attacking both sides, and especially the Jesuit convent on the opposite bank of the Ebro, which the tardy Spaniards, after their way, had neglected to secure. Four marshals—Lannes, Mortier, Moncey, and Junot—conducted the siege. In spite of the proclamations of Palafox, the old men, women, and children refused to leave the city; but all the French residents were sent out of the place for fear of treachery, and the nuns were permitted to go to distant convents. The walls had been mounted with one hundred and fifty pieces of cannon. Old and young worked unceasingly at an outer line of defensive works. Large stores of provisions were collected, as well as arms and ammunition. Twenty thousand regular troops and fifteen thousand armed peasants were enrolled to form the garrison. Moreover, every house was barricaded, and provided with several weeks' food. The brave Countess de Burita came forward, and this time with three hundred women of all ranks, to tend the wounded, and to carry provisions to the gunners in the batteries. The Maid of Saragossa, too, again came to the front, and took her station beside the old gun at the Portillo gate. A boy of fourteen presented himself as a soldier, and being rejected as too young, mixed with the troops, captured with his own hand a stand of French colors, and, in the sight of the army, carried them into the Church of the Pillar, and laid them as an offering on the altar of the Virgin.

The French army consisted of thirty-five thousand men, and a battering-train from Pampeluna of sixty pieces, while a corps of cavalry, stationed at Fuentes, scoured the country round the besieged town. Suchet's division took the Torero at the first assault, capturing three guns and one hundred prisoners. A brigade of Merle's division also gained a work commanding the sluices of the canal. To Moncey's demand for the capitulation of the place, Palafox replied: "Talk of capitulation when I am dead. If Madrid has surrendered, Madrid has been sold. We know how to die. We in Saragossa are not to be frightened by the horrors of a siege. We have shown that before." The French reply was seven columns of infantry, who bore down on the suburbs like so many battering-rams, winged by a large body of horse. They were met by Brigadier Don Josef Manso, captain of the Royal Guards, and pushed back after a hot fight of five hours. The attack of the reserve was even more tremendous; and the Spaniards wavered, till Palafox and Generals O'Neil and Saint Marc rode up, sword in hand, rallied them, and broke the French, who left four thousand men dead in the streets and fields, and under the garden walls. Two days after, General Gazan attacked the suburb on the left side of the river; but four thousand Spaniards in the woods and gardens, although at first dislodged, eventually repulsed him, with a loss of nearly one thousand men. The French then began a regular investment of the stubborn place, and Moncey fixed his head-quarters on the Torero.

Palafox addressed a proclamation to the people of Madrid, in which he promised, when free himself, to hasten to their deliverance. "The dogs by whom I am beset," he said, in the true Spanish manner, "scarcely give me time to wash their blood from my sword; but they will find graves ready for them at Saragossa." In a sally on the last day of the year, the French suffered so much that Palafox, who knew the value of such plaything, ordered every Spaniard who signalized himself in this affair to wear a red ribbon on his breast. The priests and friars behaved as well as the fighting-men. Honor, enthusiasm, and duty animated every heart; but, alas! a more terrible enemy than the French had appeared. Pestilence had broken out.

Junot, released from his duties in Portugal by the disgraceful convention of Cintra, now took the command. The new broom swept clean, and the bombardment immediately began. Its chief fire, directed on Palafox's quarters, destroyed the Court of Audience, and the French carried the monastery of San Josef and the bridge of La Huerba. The shells fell so fast that the priests could not even carry the sacrament to the dying. About this time Don Francisco Palafox, brother of the governor, and a member of the Supreme Junta, slipped down the Ebro in a boat, and, in concert with the Marquis de Lazan, organized bands of guerrillas to harass the enemy's communications and cut off his supplies; but Mortier eventually attacked and dispersed these zealous partisans. Lannes, Duke of Montebello, sent by Napoleon to reproach and quicken Junot, as Junot had been sent to quicken Moncey, broke at once through the new wall of the town, and resolved to destroy house by house.

Three companies of miners and eight of sappers prosecuted this work night and day, the Spaniards vainly attempting to countermine them. Meanwhile the bombardment was unnecessarily and cruelly kept up. In forty-eight hours six thousand shells were thrown into the town, two-thirds of which were soon in ruins. During the whole siege the French expended seventeen thousand bombs. The powder used by the Spaniards had to be made day by day, and, their shot being expended, they had at last to depend on the French cannon-balls, which they collected and returned. On the 27th of January the French effected their first lodgment, and on the 30th they blew up sixty houses; but every inch of ground was stubbornly contested, and Lascosse, the French commander of artillery, was shot. After forty-two days' bombardment, the fighting continued as hard as ever. The inhabitants of the ruined houses took refuge in the cellars of their friends, and, owing to the overcrowding, typhus fever broke out. The soldiers, exposed to deep snow, with scanty food and too little sleep, perished by hundreds. Famine, also, began to appear; for much of the food had been destroyed by the French miners. Thirty fever hospitals were erected in the city, and as one by one they were removed to fresh places to escape the inhuman bombardment, the fever was spread in every quarter. Horrors on horrors accumulated. From the fever alone about three hundred and fifty half-starved wretches died daily. The hospitals were too small, and the medicines were exhausted. The burying-grounds were choked, and grave-pits had to be dug in the streets, into which the dead were tossed without care or respect. Heaps of putrescent bodies, piled before the churches and waiting interment, were often struck and scattered by shells. But the people did not quail. Still the French gained ground. They carried the monasteries of the Augustines and the Las Monicas, two of the last strongholds. Driven from the breaches, the French sprang mines, and so broke in. The Spaniards fought from pillar to pillar, from chapel to altar. While they fought the roofs fell in, but the people still fought madly among the smoking ruins. On the 1st of February things looked so desperate that the leading patriots proposed a capitulation, but Palafox would not yield. Seventeen days more they fought, but the convents of St. Francisco and Jesus were wrested from them by the French. The suburb on the left of the Ebro was also taken. A tremendous fire from fifty guns cleared the way for the assailing columns. The convent of St. Lazarus was breached, the bridge carried, and one thousand five hundred Spaniards captured as they were retreating into the town. The brave Baron de Versage, who commanded, was killed, but many Spaniards escaped in boats, or by running the gauntlet of the bridge. In the mean time all went ill with the unhappy town, and Palafox, struck by fever, lay insensible in a vault, Don Pedro Maria Ric presiding over the Junta in his stead. Only sixty-two horses were now left for the cavalry; the rest had died of hunger. Of the infantry only two thousand eight hundred remained fit for service. The ammunition was all but exhausted; and if a shell pierced the roof of the Inquisition, the last manufactory of powder would be destroyed. The fortifications were almost utterly demolished, and there was no cloth or sacking left from which sand-bags could be made. The Junta in vain sent the Duke de Villahermosa to Palafox to try and glean from him if there were any hope of succor from without; but the fever had seized his brain. He could only mutter incoherently. His papers gave no hope. Of the Junta, twenty-six were for capitulation; eight, including Ric, the president, against it; but the minority was allowed to prevail. Marshal Lannes, asked to grant an armistice of three days, refused, and the cruel bombardment continued. On the 20th a desperate sortie was made, but made in vain, to recapture two guns which the enemy had the day before taken. It was dark, indeed, now over Saragossa. The fifty French guns in the suburbs opened fire on the city, and destroyed all the streets near the quays.

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The Junta was compelled to test the feelings of the brave people. Two-thirds of the city were in ruins. Thirty thousand (half) of the inhabitants, and five hundred officers, had perished, and from three hundred to four hundred people were daily dying of fever. Saragossa was, in fact, destroyed, and the Spaniards' oath was fulfilled. A flag of truce was sent up to the French head-quarters to arrange the terms of a capitulation. Marshal Lannes, always rough and brutal, was at first disposed to insist on unconditional surrender, but Ric declared that rather than consent to that the last Saragossan would die beneath the ruins of the last house.

It was accordingly conceded that the Spanish troops should march out with the honors of war; that the heroic Palafox should be suffered to retire to any place where he might choose to reside; and that all persons not included in the garrison should be permitted to at once quit the city to avoid the contagion. On the 21st the forts were delivered up to the French, who began immediately to pillage, "according to their custom," says the historian. In this siege the French had expended, with their seventeen thousand shells, one hundred and sixty thousand pounds of powder. The terms of capitulation were shamefully violated by Lannes. The French committed all sorts of crimes in Saragossa, stripped Palafox even to his shirt, and sent him a prisoner to Vincennes; while two hundred and seventy of the prisoners, who were compelled by famine and disease to follow them into France, they butchered on the road. During this gallant and memorable defense no less than six hundred women and children perished by French bayonet or shot.

The Maid of Saragossa fought as bravely as before. "See, general," she said to Palafox, when she took her former station, "I am here again with my old friend." When her husband fell wounded at her feet, she discharged his cannon at the enemy to avenge his fall. She also frequently led the sorties, and, sword in hand, with her cloak wrapped round her, fought daily in the streets. When the city surrendered, Augustina was taken prisoner, but, catching the fever, was removed to the hospital, and thence escaped. Manuella Sanchez, another heroine, less fortunate, was shot through the heart. The poor Countess Burita, after escaping innumerable dangers, died of grief on hearing that her daughter had been killed.

A CATALOGUE OF TRIUMPHS.

THE following interesting statistics of the war, published by the Berlin *Staats-Anzeiger*, will give an idea of the magnitude of the campaign, and the extensive scale on which it has been conducted:

"War was declared on July 15, 1870. It terminated on February 16, 1871, after lasting 210 days. In the first week after the declaration of war the German troops were mobilized, their dispatch to the west and disposition along the Trèves-Landau line requiring nearly a fortnight. The troops sent to the frontier amounted to nearly 600,000 men, and to bring the whole mass up in a fortnight about 42,000 had to be conveyed by rail per day. The transport was effected on five lines, two of which were, however, but little used. Besides the men, there were horses, guns, carriages, ammunition, and provisions to be sent. To estimate correctly the activity of the railway department in these momentous days, it ought to be remembered that until a year ago a train was thought incapable of carrying more than one battalion, or one squadron, or one battery. Four Prussian Corps d'Armée, to get to the French frontier, had to perform a distance of from 400 to 600 miles, and had to be fed on the way. The first few days of the campaign, as well as the last period, being free from engagements, the war was practically reduced to 180 days only. In these 180 days there were 156 engagements and 17 great battles; 26 fortresses were taken, 11,650 officers and 363,000 rank and file made prisoners, and 6700 guns and 120 eagles or standards captured. In each of the six months that active hostilities were going on the Germans had, on an average, 26 engagements and 3 battles, taking 1950 officers, 60,500 men, 1110 guns, 20 eagles or standards, and 4 fortresses. Nearly every day of the war witnessed an engagement; every sixth day a fortress was conquered; every ninth day a battle was fought and gained. Comparing the number of prisoners with the duration of the war, we find that, on an average, 65 officers and 2070 men were captured per day. On the same calculation, every day 38 cannon changed hands; while an eagle or a standard was carried off in triumph on two days out of every three. Looking at the chronological order of the actions, we have, up to Sedan, 13 engagements and 8 battles—Wissembourg, Woerth, Spicheren, Courcelles, Thiopville, Gravelotte, Noiseul, and Beaumont; the four fortresses of Lutzelstein, Lichtenberg, Marsal, and Vitry being taken in the same period. The month of September was marked by 13 engagements, and the capture of Sedan, Laon, Toul, and Strasburg. October had 37 engagements, with the capture of Soissons, Schelestadt, and Metz. November numbers 15 engagements and 2 battles—Amiens and Beaune-la-Rolande, with the fall of Verdun, Montbéliard, Neuf Breisach, Ham, Didenhofen, Lafère, and the citadel of Amiens. December brought us 30 engagements, and the battles near Orleans and on the Hallue, with the surrender of Phalsbourg and Montmédy. January, being even more prolific, had to register 48 engagements, together with the battles of Le Mans, Montbéliard, and St. Quentin, and the capitulation of Mézières, Rocroy, Peronne, Longwy, and Paris. In February the war terminated with the surrender of Belfort. In this list the various actions near Paris, 32 of which were fought in the 130 days of the investment, are classified as mere engagements, although some of them might be well ranked as battles. Of these 22 engagements 3 occurred in September, 8 in October, 2 in November, 4 in December, and 5 in January; in other words, between five and six per month. Of naval engagements we have 3 to chronicle—respectively on September 19 and 21, and October 12—at Hiddensoe, in the Putzig Bay, and off Havana."

Was there ever such a long run of victory without a single reverse?

THE MONT CENIS RAILWAY.

IT is an agreeable variation to the tale of slaughter coupled with the name of kings, and the political chicanery and corruption which have formed the staple topics for public reading of late, to contemplate the successful achievement of an engineering project that will rank among the wonders of the nineteenth century.

The snow-capped ridges of the Alps no longer present an impenetrable barrier to the traveler, compelling him to wade amidst snow and ice to an elevation of nearly 7000 feet above the sea level. Art has defeated nature by boring a hole through the base of the mountain range 7 miles and 1020 yards in length.

Till the beginning of the present century the passage of the Alps was a feat confined to pedestrians, who, if we except the celebrated march of Hannibal in ancient, and that of the first Napoleon in modern times, were not particularly numerous. Mont Cenis lies between "St. Jean de Maurienne" in Savoy, and "Susa" in Piedmont, consisting of a table-land 7000 feet high, rising abruptly to a peak nearly 12,000 feet high. In 1803 a road suitable for vehicle traffic was commenced, which was completed in 1810, at a cost of nearly £300,000, and has further cost a considerable sum yearly to keep it in due repair.

This normal route by diligence, from St. Michel on the French side, up the series of zigzags on which the road is formed, to the hamlet of Lans-le-bourg, and thence over the summit to Susa, on the Italian side, is well known to Continental tourists.

In 1867 this was supplemented by a mountain railroad, the design of Mr. Fell, an English engineer, which, although a wonderful specimen of mechanical ingenuity, is both expensive, uncertain, and, during some part of the journey, not altogether agreeable. A good deal of the traffic, therefore, is still carried on by the old diligences. It is against the creed of modern locomotion to traverse fifty miles if the distance between two points can be got over in five; hence, as far back as the year 1841, the idea of a tunnel suggested itself to Signor Medail, a native of Bardonnêche, on the Italian side, and was duly set forth in a pamphlet published by him.

Charles Albert, then King of Sardinia, favored the project, and the scientific opinions of M. Maus, the chief engineer of the Turin Railway, and of Professor Sismonda, the eminent geologist, were also given in its favor. Financial and commercial considerations held the scheme in abeyance for some years, and not the least hindrance to the undertaking was the length of time such a gigantic work would involve by the ordinary means of operation.

Mechanical science, however, was equal to the occasion, and M. Maus contrived a machine which, actuated by compressed air instead of steam, has perforated the hard rock of Mont Cenis with a strength and speed twelve times greater than manual labor.

On either side of the mountain there is a water-fall of considerable power, which has been utilized to condense air in enormous reservoirs; the expansive power thus stored up has been conveyed by iron pipes along the tunnel to the cylinders of the boring-machines, to the pistons of which the hard steel chisels were affixed, and, with a pressure of about 100 pounds on the square inch, has battered deep holes in the hardest rock. These holes have been charged with explosive material in the usual way, and by working from the two sides of the mountain range toward the centre, at the average rate latterly of 500 feet per month, the total distance of 40,020 feet has been excavated in something over thirteen years.

The perfecting of the machinery, with its preparation and erection, was necessarily a matter of some time, and it was not till the year 1857 that the first chip was made at Bardonnêche, on the Italian side of Mont Cenis. Since then the work has steadily progressed, without intermission or accident, and on Christmas-day, 1870, the agreeable intelligence was telegraphed to all the capitals of Europe that the working parties burrowing at the base of the mountain, 9000 feet below its summit, had met, and had broken down the thin partition of rock which separated their workings, leaving an uninterrupted communication between France and Italy. The French terminus is named "Fourneaux," and is 3946 feet above the level of the sea, the Italian end being 4380 feet. The tunnel is 25 feet wide, and 24 feet high. About four and a half miles was done from the Italian end, and the rest from the French. During the work many lives have necessarily been lost, but far less than might be supposed—in all, probably 800. The total cost can not be far short of six millions and a half pounds sterling.

The Italian engineers — for the design, the machinery, and the execution have been exclusively Italian—may well be proud of their work. To have tunneled seven miles through clay or loam would have been no slight undertaking; but it appears stupendous when the material to work in is hard quartz, schist, and limestone, and no doubt the early projectors were looked upon by many as lunatics.

But nothing is sacred from machinery nowadays, and the rock, which would have taken over thirty years to have picked through by hand, has been tunneled in almost one-third of the time by its aid. This is, indeed, a triumph of science, and, we repeat, balances in some measure the sad reflections which result from a consideration of how similar genius, similar contrivance, similar energy are devoted to the less praiseworthy tasks of murdering and mutilating mankind in another part of the Continent.

A stream of human life from France, England, and America can not be constantly pouring itself, by way of the Mont Cenis Tunnel, into Italy, and flowing backward and forward from its northwesternmost to southeasternmost limits, without wonderfully stirring and invigorating any stagnant habits or heavy social atmosphere through which it passes. We can conceive of the most striking moral changes as ultimately resulting to Italy from this piercing of the Alps, and can imagine the Italian people hereafter drawing through this narrow tube not merely the materials of prosperity, but also the regenerative elements of intellectual and moral well-being.

ABOUT THE PREMIERS OF ENGLAND.

IT may, perhaps, interest our public men to know something of the duration of English ministries; the age at which premiers took office (as premiers); how long they remained in power; and at what age they died. We have, therefore, compiled the following table from a work recently published in England, entitled "English Premiers, from Sir Robert Walpole (1715) to Sir Robert Peel (1846)—a period of one hundred and thirty-one years:"

Premiers.	Age on taking Premiership.	Duration of Premiership.		Age at Death.
	Years.	Yrs.	Mths.	Years.
Sir Robert Walpole	39	22	6	69
Earl Stanhope	44	1	0	48
Earl Sunderland	43	3	0	47
Earl Granville	53	1	6	73
Henry Pelham	47	2	6	58
Earl of Bath	64	8	0	82
Duke of Newcastle	60	2	6	74
Duke of Devonshire	36	0	7	44
Earl of Chatham	51	5	0	70
Earl of Bute	49	3	0	79
George Grenville	51	2	2	58
Marquis of Rockingham	35	1	0	52
Duke of Grafton	31	2	6	76
Lord North	38	12	0	60
Earl Shelburne	45	0	9	68
Duke of Portland	45	0	8	71
William Pitt	24	17	9	47
Henry Addington	44	3	2	48
Lord Grenville	37	1	1	65
Spencer Perceval	47	2	5	50
Earl of Liverpool	42	14	10	58
George Canning	56	0	4	57
Viscount Goderich	45	0	5	77
Duke of Wellington	59	2	10	86
Earl Grey	56	3	8	81
Viscount Melbourne	55	0	5	69
Sir Robert Peel	53	5	0	62

The average age of these premiers, on the formation of their cabinets, was forty-four and a half years. The average duration of their administrations just four years. The average length of life of the premiers within a fraction of sixty-two years.

During nearly one-third of these one hundred and thirty-one years the premiership was held by Walpole and William Pitt. Add to their terms those of Lord North and the Earl of Liverpool, and we have a period of sixty-seven years and one month, or over one-half of the whole period occupied by the twenty-seven ministers.

These facts show that the average age of men on entering high station, the tenure of office, and the duration of life, are about the same in the United States as in England.

WAR AND CIVILIZATION.

IT is generally said that our powers of sympathy depend a good deal upon the geographical position of its objects. Our imagination refuses to realize sorrows from which we are separated by the distance of the earth's diameter, and inversely we ought to feel strongly for the inhabitants of a city which we have so often reached in a short day's journey. Yet, in one sense, the very closeness of the neighborhood tends to increase our difficulty. We can bring up the Paris of last summer so distinctly before our mind's eye that it is hard to believe in the reality of the change. It is scarcely credible that shells should be bursting and human beings falling dead in the streets with which we are so familiar. The breach of continuity between the past and the present is too abrupt and too profound. We can not bring the Paris of to-day and the Paris, as it almost seems, of yesterday together in our imaginations, and a vague sense of unreality perplexes our sympathies. Those who have personal relations with the sufferers may succeed in overcoming the difficulty; and to others the accounts of the great siege may supply the means of filling up the details of the picture. We are half ashamed of eating and drinking and going about our daily business so comfortably while we are in the very presence, and almost within sight and sound, of this terrible drama; but if we repent our own indifference, we have an easy means for shaking it off. No man not enwrapped in sevenfold stolidity can give his mind to the study for a few days without feeling a satisfactory amount of unhappiness. We do not mean to say that his sleep will be haunted by appalling phantoms, or, still less, that he will lose his appetite. That is a tribute which we pay only to the memory of those who form almost part of ourselves. But he will acquire a stock of mournful meditations which, if it is painful enough at the time, may yet have its salutary uses. There are indeed one or two persons who can perambulate the streets, not only of London, but of Paris, in a jaunty and facetious state of mind; we envy their buoyancy of spirit, and are perhaps grateful for the amusement they afford us. Our national taste admits buffoonery into the deepest tragedies, and we can not do without our jester to point out the grotesque side of the most heart-moving scenes of history. But the average human being will do better, we think, to keep his sense of humor within bounds just at the present moment, and may find a healthy discipline in the cultivation of an appropriate melancholy. According to an ancient proverb, which we remember studying in our childhood in one of Bewick's quaint vignettes, "good times and bad times and all times pass over," and in another year or two we may be laughing and talking nonsense among the remaining symptoms of the great historic siege. Till then, we would not, if it were possible, shake off a sense of painful humiliation.

It may be asked, indeed, with only too much force, what is the use of lamenting over the horrors of war? It is a very old story; war is, and always will be, a very ugly thing when stripped of its covering of romance; and to insist upon one more proof of its ugliness is not a very profitable expenditure of human energy. The Quaker doctrine can not yet be applied to international relations. Every body, with some few exceptions, will admit that under many circumstances it would be our duty to go to war in order to preserve the respect for treaties or the independence of an oppressed nation. We admit, that is, that there are greater evils than those which we are lamenting, and diseases which require this tremendous surgery. To denounce war purely and simply means nothing but that we are to allow brute force to have its own way in the world. Weeping and wringing of hands over bloodshed and outrage is indeed futile enough, unless it is a preface to some practical substitute for our present mode of settling disputes. The process now taking place, revolting as it appears to by-standers, is, on the whole, the only plan hitherto devised by which certain problems, which must be solved in one way or another, can get themselves thoroughly worked out. Yet it is perhaps worth while to insist occasionally on the extremely unsatisfactory nature of the system, in order to stimulate our anxiety to discover some efficient substitute; and still more to throw discredit upon those erroneous theories and evil passions which must inevitably lead to war. For it is a most disagreeable reflection that, until that change has been effected, the tendency of improved civilization is obviously to make wars more horrible than of old. The nearer men are brought together, the more intimately they are dependent upon each other's services; and the greater the power given by improved methods of organization for bringing the whole strength of a nation to bear upon a given point, the more serious will be the injuries inflicted, and the more bitter the animosities generated. It is frequently remarked that the extension of military service from a purely military class to a whole people is a retrograde step. In one sense it may be so; but it is only a natural consequence of all those complex changes which have made the union between different parts of a country far closer than was the case in former times. Telegraphs and railways are the instruments and material symbols of the social and intellectual forces which are steadily binding us more closely together, and iron-clads and cannon of the occasional dangers produced by the approximation. The imbittered character of the present contest is a proof that the development of our social machinery has proceeded much more rapidly than the development of the feelings which should correspond to it. We have come incomparably nearer to each other without learning to like each other much better than before, and the natural consequence is a terrible explosion, which does more mischief in a month than a steady, respectable old war used to do in a year. It is the more necessary to insist in due season upon the dangers thus fearfully illustrated, and likely to become more serious as time goes on. War will not be put down by simply denouncing it, for it is a symptom of a profound want of adaptation of our present society to the conditions in which it is placed; but such denunciations may not be quite worthless if they call attention to the importance of removing the causes of so horrible a symptom.

"CABAL."

THE word "cabal" is commonly supposed to be formed from the initial letters of the names of Charles II.'s ministers—Clifford, Ashley, Burlington, Arlington, and Lauderdale. This, however, is an error. "Hudibras" was written ten years before the famous "cabal" of 1672; and we find the word used by Butler in two different senses. In Part I., Canto I., it occurs as follows:

> "For mystic learning wondrous able
> In magic talisman and cabal."

And in Part IV., in its common acceptation:

> "Set up committees of cabals,
> To pack designs without the walls."

The word "cabal," or "cabala," may be said to be originally derived from the Hebrew, meaning a hidden science of divine mysteries, which the rabbis affirmed was revealed and delivered—together with the law—unto Moses; and from him handed down, through successive generations, to posterity. The Gentile skeptics, however, treated this assumption on the part of the Jewish priests as a mere pretense. Thence the word came to be used in a different and less reverential sense. The word is used in an epigram by Sir John Harrington, whose knighting on the field of battle by the Earl of Essex gave such offense to Queen Elizabeth, who preferred to keep the conferring of honors to herself:

> "I am no cabalist, to judge by number;
> Yet that this church is so with pillcers filled,
> It seems to me to be the lesser wonder,
> That Saruin's church is every house filled."

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A LONDON DAME SCHOOL IN 1870.

ENGLISH SCHOOLS FOR THE PEOPLE.

ALFRED THE GREAT has been styled "the father of English education." He enacted that all freeholders who possessed two "hides" (about 160 acres) of land, or upward, "should send their sons to school, and give them a liberal education." This was considered as embracing every one who could possibly derive any benefit from attending school. Nobody then imagined the possibility that the common people should be taught to read. From the twelfth to the fifteenth century the multiplication of religious houses, to most of which schools were attached, did something for popular education. But in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries schools of every kind fell into decay. Most of the gentry and many of the clergy were unable to read; and in 1563 it is recorded that there were at Oxford only three divines capable of preaching before the University. Schools for the people fairly date from the period of the Reformation; but even now, after the lapse of three centuries and a half, the proportion of the children of the lower classes who receive instruction is very small. Mr. George Bartley, in his recent exhaustive work on "Schools for the People," furnishes the following statistics:

Estimated population of England and Wales for whom schools for the people are required	18,745,000
Proportion of these within the ages of three to twelve	3,936,000
Estimated number of these under instruction in existing schools	1,384,000
Estimated number (after deducting ten per cent. for absences of all kinds) for whom schools are required	2,158,000

The population of England and Wales is about twenty-one millions. According to the foregoing estimate, the children of eighteen and three-quarter millions of these must receive what education they get from these people's schools. For the children of the remaining two and a quarter millions, constituting the upper classes, it may be assumed that public and private schools afford ample facilities; but for those of the remaining portion the existing schools of all grades are capable of instructing only about two out of five; and, allowing 85 pupils to each school, there are required at this moment 25,500 schools to enable each child to have a chance of instruction. Or, massing the entire population of all classes in England and Wales, there is no possibility that more than one-half of the children can, under existing arrangements, be taught even to read and write. In Ireland, and perhaps in Scotland, we presume that the deficiency is still greater.

It may be assumed that the "Schools for the People" in London are, upon the whole, superior to those throughout the country. We propose—using Mr. Bartley's work as our main guide and authority—to describe some of the London "Schools for the People," having special reference to those designed for the very poor, the outcasts, and those afflicted with physical or mental disability.

Foremost, and occupying the lowest position in the scale, is that peculiar English institution known as "Dame Schools." They had their origin in the urgent necessity for a large number of the mothers of the poorer classes finding some means of safely depositing their children while they themselves were at work. These schools are usually conducted by an elderly woman, who finds no other way of earning a livelihood. A government Commissioner, in an official report, thus describes these schools: "None are too old, too poor, too ignorant, too feeble, too sickly, too unqualified in every way, to regard themselves, or to be regarded by others, as unfit for school-teaching. There are domestic servants out of place, discharged bar-maids, vendors of toys or lollipops, keepers of small eating-houses, of mangles, or of small lodging-houses, needle-women, milliners, cripples almost bed-ridden, out-door paupers, men and women of seventy or eighty years old, persons who spell badly, who can scarcely write, and who can not cipher at all, and so ôn. The following is a copy of a letter addressed to me by one of these teachers:

"'Sir I regret that I am not able to attend to all the rules lade down in the in closed as my school is of to numbel a cast to meat eyes of thee publick gaze at the same time sir I shal be moust appay to refur you to my childrens parents as kindly favord me with thir children for some years any further information that you require sir I shall bee moust appey to give pardone defects I remain your most numbel servant.'"

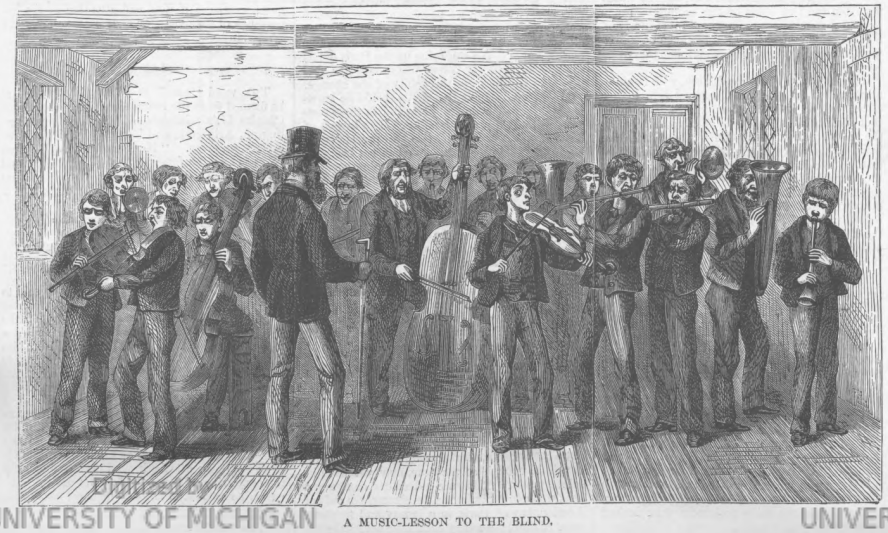
One worthy mistress of a Dame School, on being asked the number of her children, replied: "It's unlucky to count them; it would be flat flying in the face of Providence. No, no; you sha'n't catch me counting. See what a pretty mess David made of it when he counted the children of Israel." The dames usually live in one room, which serves every purpose. Scholars may be often seen sitting around a four-post bed, the sides of which form a back to the seats, and sometimes on the bed itself. The children are often so densely packed as to resemble birds in a nest, or tumble over each other like puppies in a kennel. There is scarcely an alley or court in the crowded streets of London or the larger towns in which a dame may not be found with her infant school.

INFANT SCHOOL—KINDER GARTEN EXERCISES.

The illustration which we give is furnished by Mr. Bartley as presenting the appearance of a school rather better than the average. "The dame appeared to be a worthy old lady, who had kept her school in the same cellar in the heart of London for thirty-six years. Twenty or thirty children have been constantly in attendance, paying threepence a week. Their ages vary from two to eight, the majority leaving at six. The school-room contains about seventy superficial feet, and in height is six feet one inch. It is rather above the average, since it is used only for kitchen, wash-house, parlor, and school-room, the dame having a separate sleeping apartment up stairs. Writing and arithmetic are not attempted, the dame owning that she was not much of a scholar, as she was 65 years old, and had been brought up in the country, where schools were scarce in her time."

There is another class of private schools hardly superior to the Dame Schools, kept usually by men who have failed in other pursuits. The teaching in these is usually limited to reading, writing, and arithmetic, and very little of these. It is estimated that of the 1,384,000 children in the Schools for the People fully 200,000 are in private schools of this class. There is a very general prejudice among the lower classes against the government schools; they consider these private schools more "select."

Within a few years Parliament has made considerable effort toward aiding Infant Schools worthy of the name. Others, maintained by private benevolence, especially by the "Home and Colonial Society," appear to be admirably conducted. One of these in Gray's Inn Road, London, intended as a model school, is described by Mr. Bartley. It is conducted by one mistress and four pupil teachers. There are 160 children, from two to seven years of age, who pay two-pence a week. There are two rooms—one for the very young children, the other for



A MUSIC-LESSON TO THE BLIND.

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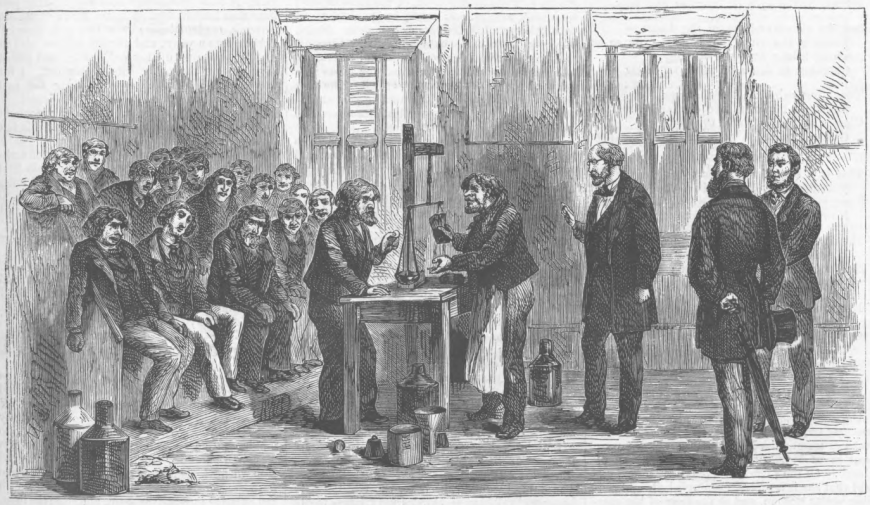
those older. The teaching for the younger ones includes religious and moral instruction, lessons on form, color, size, and weight, the names of common objects, the letters of the alphabet, and numbers, advancing as the pupils grow older, so that children of six or seven are usually able to read any simple book, and write from dictation, besides having some knowledge of Scripture history, the elements of natural history, based on pictures of familiar animals, and the uses of common articles of manufacture. Every week the older children go through a course of "Kinder Garten exercises." Mr. Bartley gives a picture of the school assembled for this purpose. To the younger children are given cubical blocks of wood, which they build up into various forms. Those a little older copy various geometrical forms with slips of wood. Others make little baskets by means of short sticks fastened together by sticking them into soft pease. This is especially popular with the boys, as it involves the use of a knife. Some of the girls make ornamental mats, and the like, by interlacing slips of colored paper. This work is not given to the boys, "owing to their fingers usually not being found sufficiently clean for the purpose." Modeling in clay is a favorite with these dirty-fingered lads. Their imitations of tea-pots, cups, and saucers are often quite clever.

Provision for the instruction of the deaf and dumb, blind, cripples, and those partially imbecile is in England far behind similar establishments among us. Of course there are ample facilities for the training of those whose friends are able to defray the expense; but our "asylums" for this class, maintained by the public, are unknown there. Of schools for the indigent blind Mr. Bartley enumerates twenty of the principal ones, having in all only 1300 scholars. The largest of these is the "School for the Indigent Blind" at Southwark, London. It has 160 scholars, all of whom live on the premises. It is maintained by private subscriptions, the inmates being elected by vote of the subscribers. The conditions are that the candidates shall be between the ages of ten and twenty, unmarried, in good health, not deficient in intellect, and not having a greater amount of sight than is sufficient to enable them to distinguish light from darkness. In all cases some respectable householder must engage to be responsible for the removal of the pupil when the period of instruction is over, or before that if he is discharged for any reason by the committee. The course of instruction is very like that in our asylums. Reading from raised letters by touch is taught, as with us. For writing they use types, the shape of the letters being indicated by dots. These letters are pressed upon a sheet of paper, forming a bur on the other side, which can be read by the fingers. This writing by the blind for the blind is of little practical use, being mainly used for brief memoranda respecting their work, and such things as it may be necessary for them to remember. They are also taught various kinds of manufacture, basket-making being the most important. There is a shop kept up mainly for the use of those who have been educated in the school. This is entirely self-supporting, the society merely providing shop-room. Special attention is given to instructing in music all who have—as most blind persons have to a fair degree—a faculty for music. Nearly all sing, and many learn to perform upon some instrument. The labor of teaching the elements of music is great; but these once mastered the advance is rapid. The concerts occasionally given by the pupils are excellent. Every separate piece must, of course, be learned by heart.

Institutions for the deaf and dumb are in much the same condition as those for the blind. In all there are only twelve, having 1170 inmates. The total number of deaf and dumb is 12,236; so that provision is made for the instruction of less than one in ten. Besides the ordinary sign-language, they are taught to write. Great pains are taken to teach them to speak. Thus, in teaching the pupil to articulate the letter *a* his hand is placed on the instructor's throat, and he feels the movements of the muscles engaged in sounding it, watching at the same time the motions of the lips, all of which he is taught to imitate. And so with every vocal sound. It requires weeks to master the first letter. That the results are hardly—save in exceptional cases—commensurate with the labor will be readily conceived by those who have listened to the conversation of even those who, having once learned to speak, have subsequently become wholly deaf.

AN INDUSTRIAL LESSON TO CRIPPLES.

The number of cripples in England alone is estimated at 100,000. For them there are but three schools, all in London, and having in all but 180 pupils. The principal design of these schools is to teach some occupation by which the pupils may gain a livelihood. Bonnet-making—of a cheap class, for the articles are mainly sold to work-houses and charity schools for a shilling apiece—is the principal work. Occasionally orders are received from these sources for 1500 at a time. These institutions appear to be conducted upon a very defective system. Pupils are received—at an annual charge of £8—for three years. They are not allowed to leave for a single day during the whole period. Once in every three months they are allowed to receive visitors, and they may write to their friends once a month. These regulations prevent even the poorest parents—except those who wish wholly to abandon their crippled offspring—from availing themselves of these schools.



A SHOP LESSON TO IMBECILES.

For the instruction of the most unfortunate class of all—those afflicted with various degrees of mental imbecility, ranging from absolute idiocy upward—there is slight provision in England for those belonging to the poorer classes. Paupers of this class are placed in the county lunatic asylums. The only educational institution is at Earlswood, which has 490 pupils. Of these 291 are children, the remainder being youths and adults. Out of 164 male pupils without any special physical infirmity 16 can not speak at all, 30 can utter a few sounds, 36 speak indistinctly, 64 speak fairly; 24 know all the usual coins and weights, 46 know a part of them, 47 know none at all; 20 can read fairly, 20 by spelling the words, 55 know a part of the letters, 51 know none at all. Out of 146 there are 8 who can tell the time accurately by the clock, 99 can not tell it at all, the remainder can tell some of the hours. Arithmetic presents the greatest difficulties; there are many grown-up pupils who have been under instruction for some time who can not add two or three figures together. Out of 145 girls 6 can do fancy-work, 11 can sew and hem, 52 can hem only, 76 can not work at all; 66 can use knife and fork, 24 can use spoon and fork, 48 can use a spoon only, 7 must be fed. A favorite lesson for the comparatively few who have sufficient intellect for the purpose is "keeping shop." A room is fitted up with a counter, scales, shelves, and drawers, containing tea, sugar, rice, and other articles of common use; small coins are placed in a box. One of the pupils acts as shop-keeper, and the others as customers. The shop-keeper weighs out the articles, takes the money, and makes change. Of course these transactions are merely nominal, the money and goods being returned to their places. But even these advanced pupils have only vague

A PRACTICAL CHEMISTRY CLASS FOR ARTISANS.

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ideas of the most common transactions of business.

Another class of schools for the people has, within a few years, been put in operation. They are intended to instruct workmen and artisans in such branches of science as are called into requisition in their several trades. Early in the present century efforts were made in this direction by private persons, and "Mechanics' Institutes" were established in most of the principal towns. Most of these proved of little real use, and were practically abandoned for their original purposes. The great London Exhibition of 1851 showed, among other things, that in all that related to art the British manufactures were far inferior to those of the Continent. A Science and Art Department was formed, and teachers of schools were encouraged to give instruction in the sciences by receiving a certain sum for each pupil who passed an examination; but as late as 1860 there were only 500 such pupils. The great difficulty was to find artisans willing to be taught. Even in Manchester, in that year, any workman who attended a science class was exposed to the jeers and taunts of his comrades. But from that time the numbers in attendance steadily increased from year to year. In 1861 there were 1330 pupils; in 1864, 4666; in 1866, 6835. The Paris Exhibition of 1867 showed still more clearly the inferiority of English manufactured goods, and that it was to be attributed to the inferior education of the British artisan. The matter was earnestly pressed upon public attention. Government took some wise measures, the principal of which was paying a certain sum to each teacher for every artisan whom he should educate up to a certain point. Certain rewards and prizes were also offered to the best pupils. The consequence of all was that in 1868 the number of pupils rose to 15,010, and in 1870 to 34,283, of whom about half passed their examinations. The sum paid to teachers amounted to 24 shillings for each pupil examined. These schools are not included in the statistics which follow.

There are also schools under the direct control of various departments of government:

	Pupils.
War Department—Soldiers' children	20,000
Home Office—Industrial and Reformatory Schools	8,500
Poor Law Board—Work-house and District Schools	41,000

Summing up all the foregoing statistics, the general results are, in round numbers, as follows:

	Pupils.
Dame and other private schools of a low grade	200,000
Government schools	70,000
Blind, Deaf, Cripples, Imbeciles, etc.	5,000
Total	275,000

The whole number of children attending the various people's schools being 1,384,000, there remain something more than 1,100,000 taught in what may be called national schools, answering very nearly to our common schools, though evidently, as a whole, far inferior to our own. These are maintained partly by government aid, partly by private subscription, partly by "school pence," paid by the pupils. Of these there were, in 1869, 9468 schools, having 13,977 certified teachers, and 15,016 pupil teachers. The entire sum devoted to their maintenance was £1,881,000, of which about £774,000 was derived from Parliamentary grants, £458,000 from voluntary subscriptions, £549,000 from children's pence, £100,000 from endowments and miscellaneous sources. Thus about nine and a half millions of dollars a year represents the present annual cost of what we should style the common schools of England.

In these national schools religious instruction is a requisite; but aid is granted upon similar terms to schools under the control of all Christian denominations. The schools are thus classified:

Pupils connected with Church of England schools	820,000
Pupils connected with Wesleyan and Dissenting schools	220,000
Pupils connected with Roman Catholic schools	68,000
Total	1,108,000

As we have already seen, the number of children in England and Wales belonging to the class who must be taught in people's schools, or not at all, is about 3,936,000, and the existing schools, of all grades, suffice for only 1,384,000, leaving (after deducting ten per cent. for absentees of all sorts) 2,158,000 for whom no schools are provided. Government has just fairly woke up to the necessity of making education compulsory upon all, and an act for this purpose was passed by Parliament last year. But years must elapse before this can be practically carried into effect. The difficulties are such as we can hardly appreciate. In the first place, the children not in school belong to the very lowest classes, whom it would be difficult to gather into schools, even if they were provided. Then, again, it will be impossible for a long time to find teachers. These must be educated and trained for their work. Not less than 25,500 would be required to meet the present deficiency; and, allowing the work of each teacher to average twenty years, 1275 new ones would be required every year to keep up the staff, making no allowance for increase of population.

The educational statistics of the British army give some idea of the lack of culture among that class of the people occupying a grade quite above the lowest stratum; for the army is not to any great extent recruited from the very lowest class; and, moreover, every regiment has a school for the instruction of the soldiers, so that many learn to read after enlisting in the army. In 1868 the Council on Military Education presented a report embracing returns of 169,214 men. The general results were:

	Number.	Percentage.
Unable to read or write	16,010	9.46
Able to read but not write	17,924	10.59
Able to read and write	124,893	73.80
Having a superior education	10,387	6.15
Total	169,214	

The actual amount of education among the soldiers may be inferred from the studies pursued by those in the military schools. Of these 15 per cent. were learning to read, 30 per cent. could read easy narratives, 32 per cent. were learning to write, 35 per cent. were learning to cipher, and 6 per cent. had got as far as fractions. Low as is the present state of education in the army, it has been greatly improved within the eleven years from 1857 to 1868. Thus, in 1857, of the cavalry 25 per cent. were set down as "uneducated," that is, unable to read and write; in 1868, 11 per cent. Of the infantry of the line, in 1857, 45 per cent. were uneducated; in 1868, 24 per cent. Of the artillery, in 1857, 40 per cent.; in 1868, 18 per cent.

Leaving out of view that tenth of the population of England which includes the wealthy class and those in comfortable circumstances, it may be taken as certain that, at this day, of the adult males constituting the remaining nine-tenths, not more than two out of five are able to read and write at all. The proportion of utterly uneducated females is, doubtless, considerably larger. This estimate is confirmed by the marriage statistics. In 1866, taking the whole population together, rich and poor, 23 per cent. of the male minors who were married signed the registers with their mark. Excepting Russia, and perhaps some of the French departments, there is no country calling itself civilized in which the mass of the population are so grossly ignorant as in Great Britain. To diminish this mass of ignorance is one of the great problems with which government must grapple. It is cheering to know that much has within a few years been accomplished in this direction.

TWO SONGS FOR A LOVER.

I.

This is a song for a lover to sing
(Fair blue skies smile over the day):
Love is a sparkling, fluttering thing,
Seen in the eyes of laughter and play.

See the vision and dream the dream—
There is the witch that beguiles you so,
Arching lithely over the stream,
Catching at drops of water to throw

Twinkling palmfuls, lover, at you,
Splashing her own face o'er and o'er;
Cheeks as peaches, and eyes of blue,
Glisten or dimple more and more.

II.

This is a song for a lover to sing
(Stormily blow the winds o' the night).
Love, thou art vain, too fond of the wing;
Now I know that I see aright.

Break the vision and close the dream—
There is the waking shadow at last,
Bending over a darker stream;
Drops of sorrow are flowing fast,

Drops of sorrow bemist your eyes,
Tears of penitence rain from hers:
O my lovers! so grow you wise,
Once a life, for better and worse.

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.

On the last page of this Supplement we present our readers with the portraits of the Princess LOUISE and the Marquis of Lorne, who were married at Windsor, England, on the 21st of March. Of the Princess there is little to say, except that she is a pretty, accomplished, and sensible young woman, and at the time of her marriage had just passed her twenty-third birthday. Her Royal Highness, from childhood upward, has lived the quiet domestic life now happily characteristic of the royal family of England, and is known only for her sweetness of temper, kindly disposition, and amiability of manner. She carries to her new home the love and good wishes of all who know her. Her husband, the heir of the ancient house of Argyll and of all its honors, though not of so illustrious, is perhaps of equally long descent as herself, reaching back in authentic history, as it does, and setting aside traditions of still older date, to the thirteenth century, in the time of ALEXANDER III., King of Scotland. The real founder of the family greatness, however, was Sir COLIN CAMPBELL of Lochow, called "the Big," or Great, from which name arose the title of Macallum More (Mac-Colin-More), "son of the great COLIN," by which the chief of the CAMPBELLS is known to the clan. Leaving matters of remote descent, however, and dealing with the personal history of the Queen's youngest son-in-law, we may state that the Right Hon. JOHN GEORGE EDWARD HENRY DOUGLAS SUTHERLAND CAMPBELL, styled by courtesy Marquis of Lorne, was born at Stafford House, close to St. James's Palace, August 6, 1845. He is the eldest son and heir of the present Duke of Argyll, the Right Hon. GEORGE JOHN DOUGLAS CAMPBELL, eighth Duke, tenth or eleventh Marquis, and eighteenth Earl of Argyll (since 1457), Marquis of Lorne and Kintyre, Earl of Campbell and Cowall, Viscount of Lochow and Glenila, Baron Campbell by writ in 1445; Baron of Lorne, 1470; Baron of Inverary, Morven, Mull, and Tyree, all in the Peerage of Scotland; Baron Sundridge, of Coomb Bank, Kent, and Baron Hamilton, of Hambledon, Leicestershire, in the Peerage of England; hereditary Master of the Queen's Household; Keeper of the Great Seal of Scotland; Admiral of the Western Isles; Keeper of Dunoon, Dunstaffnage, and Carrick Castles; heritable Lord Lieutenant and Sheriff of Argyleshire; thirty-second Knight of Lochow. The Marquis of Lorne, now in the twenty-sixth year of his age, has four younger brothers—ARCHIBALD, born in 1846, WALTER (now a resident of this city), GEORGE, and COLIN, the last born in 1853. He has seven sisters, the eldest of whom is wife to Earl PERCY, M.P., son and heir to the Duke of Northumberland. His mother, the Duchess of Argyll, was Lady ELIZABETH GEORGIANA SUTHERLAND LEVESON-GOWER, eldest daughter of the second Duke of Sutherland, and late Mistress of the Robes.

The Marquis was educated at Eton, and at Trinity College, Cambridge. He was elected Member of Parliament for the shire of Argyle in 1868, and has since acted as private secretary to the Duke, his father, in his office of Secretary of State for India. He has traveled extensively, and his book on the West Indies and the United States and Canada gives a very pleasant narrative of his journey, and shows him to be a liberal and intelligent observer.

FAIRS.

FAIRS were once very useful. When roads were bad and unsafe, when war was chronic and robbery perennial, when the plague hung out its black banner in most cities every score of years or so, it was no light motive that could tempt a trader to plod, with his strings of pack-horses, along tracks that a few days of wet weather would convert into quagmires. There were bridgeless rivers to be forded; there were tolls to be paid, here to a robber baron, there to my lord the abbot, and here again to the jealous corporation of a township. There was risk of dangerous floods, risk of pestilence, risk of drought and dearth, risk from the broken soldiers and banditti, whom every campaign left prowling like wolves about the country. To travel was at once most costly, laborious, and full of peril. A roving merchant had to feed a whole caravan of men, horses, and mules. And, even then, so slow a process was that of journeying that the Venetian or the Flemish trafficker might set off toward a distant market, and when he got to the end of his weary route might find the city in which he meant to trade beleaguered, or the road blocked by hostile armies, and would be thankful to escape, with much loss to goods and gear. Fairs, however, were in a manner sacred. Charters and patents and the good-will of all rulers, lay and clerical, smoothed the road for those who attended them, whether to buy or sell. The very outlaw, beyond the state's protecting pale at other times, had his safe-conduct at fair time, and could walk the streets unharmed.

A fair of the old sort rose in the Middle Ages to the dignity of a national benefit. Then, and only then, could the petty dealers of the burghs and the wealthier merchants of the cities replenish their stores with foreign goods—the very words, foreign and foreigner, by-the-way, being derived from those occasions, when the "forain" folk came with their wares to the foire or fair. Then, and only then, could the rustics of Yorkshire, or Westphalia, or Provence see spread before their eyes the glossy cloths of Flanders, the glistening silks brought from the Levant in Genoese galleys, furs of Muscovy, and spices from the far East, the dainty carpets of Ypres, and the unrivaled mirrors of Venice. Every large fair was incomparably more interesting to our forefathers than a great exhibition could possibly be to us. It was there that the cavalier bought his sword of Toledo steel, his plumed hat, and scarlet cloak of Spanish or of Lombard make. There, too, the boor could cheapen his Sheffield whittle or his Ghent wood-axe; and there careful housewives laid in their stock of napery and laces, and the wool and flax that were to keep the spinning-wheel busy through many a long winter's eve. The damsel waited eagerly for the fair, not only because gay ribbons and kirtles and trinkets would glitter in fifty booths, but because that was the annual opportunity of learning the fashions of the new apparel worn by grand ladies at the far-off royal court. Even the sufferer from toothache, or the invalid whom simples could not cure, longed for the fair, when traveling dentists and blood-letters and grave doctors of medicine, in furred robes, would come to minister in public to the ills that flesh is heir to.

What a fair was, the great gatherings of Nishni-Novgorod and Leipsic, and even the South of France fair of Beaucaire, though shorn of their glories, and paling fast before the competition of shops, survive to show us. There the crush, the clamor, the excitement, recall the occasional outbursts of energy that broke the dull, slow-thinking monotony of medieval existence. Under their acres of canvas and wooden booths are yet exchanged, wholesale and retail, the shawls and scarfs and gold and silver filigrees of Tangiers and Teheran, of Bokhara and Bagdad, for the cutlery of Sheffield, the fire-arms of Liege, the sables of Russia, and the frippery that Paris claims as essentially her own. There the bearded trader of Kiew or Archangel meets the turbaned merchant, whose camels have made the long journey from Khiva or from Kashgar. There the Seville cigar seller, in his silver-buttoned jacket and striped Moorish mantle, sets up his stall beside that at which a venerable Turk offers the amber beads and mouth-pieces, the embossed yataghans and gorgeous slippers, of Stamboul or of Broussa. An English commercial traveler, clean-shaven, and pert as a London sparrow, is selling Birmingham penknives and Leeds broadcloth in close proximity to a Polish Jew, whose gabardine is deeply incrusted with ancestral grease and dirt, and whose wares are sheep-skins and corn-brandy.

No doubt, at best, a fair, sanctioned by the charters of kings, and encouraged by the presence and the smiles of my lord the count and my lady the countess, to say nothing of the approval of bishop and prior, mayor and aldermen, was not an unmixed blessing to any town. Along with commerce and the arts came ill examples and evil teachings. It was not only the limner, ready to take children's portraits, or to paint a fair altar-piece for the village church; it was not only the mender of crockery, the leech, the smith, the traveling tailor, and the barber surgeon, who flocked to the fair. With these came the charlatan, the cut-purse, the gambler with his loaded dice and marked cards, the crop-eared passer-off of base coin, and the scowling bully, with a shirt of mail beneath his doublet. Along with the juggler, whose simple feats in sword-swallowing and ball-tossing made the villagers gape in rustic wonder; on the heels of the strolling players, whose performance in a barn made the link between the times of Thespis and those of Shakspeare—came much worse speculators on the credulity and passions of their audience. All the cunning and fraud of middle-aged Christendom came to a fair as to a spoil; and rely on it, that it went hard sometimes with a "young man from the country," among the accomplished practitioners, who had learned their wickedness in London, and Milan, and rich Rome, and brawling Paris. Presently the glaring faults of these worn-out institutions came to outweigh their merits; and so we gradually get round to the time when fairs are presented as nuisances at Quarter Sessions, and are put down piecemeal as scandalous anachronisms no longer to be tolerated.

TWO NIGHTS IN VENICE.

ONCE upon a time I was startled from a deep sleep by the shrill whistle of a locomotive; it was some moments before I could gather my wandering senses, and remember that we were on the way from Milan to Venice.

How cramped I was, how wretchedly I felt! I had been sleeping four or five hours on the floor of the cars, with my head resting on the seat; my bonnet was all out of shape, my dress crushed and dusty, my bones aching; we had been traveling very fast, and I had undressed but twice in seven nights and days.

In a few moments after, the passengers were all astir. A little Frenchman near me, thinking perhaps that I might doze off again, said: "We are arriving, mademoiselle; it is just one o'clock." Suppressing a yawn, and gaining my feet with an effort, I gathered up my belongings, and joined my party on the other side of the car. I sat down by the open window, enjoying the cool breeze from the sea, and waited for—Venice.

It was midsummer and a lovely moonlight night; nothing could be seen on either side but water.

We glided along, just above the surface, on arches which support the railroad from the main-land to the "City of Islands," a distance of two miles and a half.

Slower and slower we went; chains rattled overhead, and the long train stopped suddenly.

"Omnibus! Omnibus!" was the next thing we heard. I looked up wonderingly into my companion's face; "Omnibus in Venice?" said I. He smiled and shook his head with a puzzled air, which said, "I suppose it must be so, but I do not understand it."

"This way," said our guide, and we stepped on to a long narrow platform surrounded by water; "this way, ladies; just step into Omnibus No. 2, please."

The mystery was solved; omnibuses glide on water as well as run on wheels. We pressed through the crowd, took our seats, and pushed off from the station. As we were rowed along by two stalwart Italians to the hotel, I had time to look about me and observe the arrangement of a Venetian omnibus. It was a low, flat-bottomed boat, in form somewhat resembling our Western flatboats. Three tiny windows on each side, with red curtains looped over them, admitted the light. Two cushioned seats ran the length of the boat, true omnibus fashion, and numerous small brass lamps swung from the ceiling. The motion of the boat was delightful; I felt very comfortable, and, leaning back, enjoyed the soft cushions, gazing out upon the moonlit waters.

It seemed almost as though we were pushing out to sea, as we rowed on and on over the broad, calm bosom of the Adriatic, our prow parting her silvery waters, leaving hundreds of little shining ripples in our wake. Presently a few lights gleamed forth, throwing long, quivering rays across the bay, our omnibus took a sudden turn, and we shot rapidly into a narrow lagoon, or canal, with high stone-fronted houses on either side. We were in Venice. A few moments more brought us to our resting-place. The gondolier sprang out on a stone step, ran a rope through an iron ring fastened into a post, and lifted us, one by one, into the hotel door. Regaining the boat, the handsome fellow was soon lost to sight.

On entering the Hôtel d'Amérique, we were informed, to our dismay, that there was not a single room to be had.

"I am very sorry indeed, ladies," said the pompous little landlord, in French, "*very* sorry; but my house is crowded. There are forty thousand strangers in the city, who have come to witness the fête to-morrow. We can not possibly accommodate you to-night. I am myself sleeping upon a table."

Alas! all our hopes of one good night's rest at an end. The landlord, fairly bowing us out of the house, called to a gondolier who was asleep in the bottom of his boat at the foot of the hotel steps, and bade him take us to the Hôtel d'Europe, where he thought we might possibly find room. We pushed off again, and this time in a still more delightful conveyance—an open gondola. As I sank down exhausted, I found myself half buried in cushions of softest down, the shape of the seats being such that one was almost compelled to assume a half-reclining position.

"After all," said I, gathering my cloak about me, "this is better than rattling away over horrid rough streets in a hack. I think I shall like Venice."

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Soon the Hôtel d'Europe came in view—a noble edifice, fronting on the "Grand Canal."

"No room," was the answer.

I could not feel sorry, for I had never in my life enjoyed any thing more than I was enjoying that moonlight tour in Venice. We swept on through the "Grand Canal;" many of the palaces were illuminated in honor of the coming fête; loops of transparent colored balls were suspended from house to house over the lagoons; one large palace was a blaze of light, revealing distinctly the surrounding magnificence.

A gondola passed us with a single occupant, a gentleman of slender and graceful form, with a dark, curling mustache, humming to a guitar accompaniment a low, sweet melody, meditating, no doubt, a serenade to some fair daughter of Italia. Next a large gondola, finely carved, swept by us. It held a gay party of ladies and gentlemen in full ball costume, no doubt returning from the dance. A bright awning was stretched above their heads; in the centre of the boat stood a small table, with cakes and wine.

F—— and I looked at each other, to see, I suppose, whether we were really awake or only dreaming.

"Where are we?" she asked.

"In fairy-land, I think."

"But where shall we sleep?"

I shrugged my shoulders.

So we skimmed on, turning first into dark, narrow lagoons, then coming out into broader ones, brilliantly lighted; stopping at every hotel in the city, and also at several private houses.

Gaining nowhere admittance, we returned to the Hôtel d'Amérique. Here we insisted upon staying, telling the little landlord, whom we roused once more, that we were quite willing to lie on the floor or sit up for the rest of the night, if he would only allow us to come in.

This time the little man looked distressed; he felt sorry for us. We presented, no doubt, a very forlorn appearance. He bustled about, up stairs and down, some fifteen minutes, and finally informed us, with a graceful bow, that a young gentleman had given up his room, and that the young ladies would please follow him up to it. The young gentleman would be obliged to remain in the travelers' room until the next day, when he would find room for us all.

F—— and I followed the landlord up five flights of steps, and were ushered into a very small chamber. "This," he remarked, "is a blind room; it has no windows. To-morrow I promise you a better one;" and then, handing us some clean bed-linen, he left us. We arranged our bed and lay down, very thankful and very weary.

We slept long next morning, forgetting the fact that we occupied a "blind room." We waited for light. We had both of us awakened several times; but, hearing no sounds, had fallen asleep again. Venice is, night and day, the same—silent as the grave.

At last F——, feeling herself perfectly rested, sprang up and opened the side door of our little room. The bright Italian sun streamed in across the checkered marble floor. It was just midday!

We stared at each other, rather amazed. "Oh! if we have missed the fête!" I exclaimed; and we began hastily to make our toilets. This being quickly accomplished, we ventured timidly forth. Passing through spacious halls and down dingy white marble steps, we found ourselves in an elegantly furnished reception-room, surrounded by chattering groups of Italians, evidently awaiting dinner.

In a few moments the gong sounded, long and loud, and our gentlemen joined us, laughing not a little at our long nap. They had not rested so well, poor fellows, with a bare floor for a bed and a carpet sack for a pillow.

The dinner was served in usual European style, using twice the time and four times the number of plates necessary. Soon after taking my seat my eye was caught by two gentlemen, an Austrian officer and his newly arrived friend, both fine-looking men of middle age. Apparently unconscious of the attention they attracted, they continued throughout dinner conversing in such loud tones that all who understood German had the benefit of the *tête-à-tête* they seemed so heartily to enjoy. The frequent grimaces, patting of shoulders, and the look of infinite love often exchanged (such looks as only Germans bestow upon each other), entertained us not a little during the tedious two hours and a half we sat at dinner.

"Now comes the fête," said the officer to his friend, as we all arose from the table; "it begins I believe, at four; *allons donc.*" He put his arm through that of his companion, and rapidly bore him away.

The noisy dining-saloon of the Hôtel d'Amérique was in a few moments hushed and empty. F—— and I retired to our room to equip ourselves for the fête, while our gentlemen hastened to engage a gondola.

In the course of half an hour we were winding slowly through innumerable small canals, silent and cool, the dark green waters as smooth as a mirror. When we passed near the walls I noticed the sea-moss waving gracefully beneath the surface.

Our venerable, patient-looking gondolier wore a thoughtful expression, and I too became reflective. Tales of fearful midnight assassinations flitted through my memory. We might perchance be gliding above the bleached and crumbling remains of some treacherously murdered victim lying mouldering since the early days of Venice.

I felt as if no one, after committing so heinous a crime, could have endured to remain in Venice—such holy peace and quiet ever reigning around, the gentle murmurings of the sea, the rippling waves breaking slowly against the moss-grown granite walls. Most soothing and delicious sounds to a peaceful mind; what sickening, agonizing thoughts, what feelings of bitter remorse, must these awaken in the breast of a murderer!

I was startled out of my reverie by hearing strains of delicious music, the sounds of splashing water, and the busy hum of many voices. In a few moments we glided into a large open space resembling a lake, swarming with gondolas. I turned from Venice past to Venice present. Hundreds of boats, laden with the beauty of the city, were shooting hither and thither through the clear blue waters. In the centre rose up against the sky, like a man-of-war among sloops, a large, brightly painted gondola, which held the Austrian band. Beautiful German airs rang out over the bay, enlivening the merry throng, and richly carved barges floated by us, rowed by boatmen in the most picturesque and fantastic costumes, the prettiest of which was the sailor's dress—loose white trowsers, bright red jacket, and a straw hat set jauntily on one side, ornamented with a broad blue ribbon.

All nations seemed to be here represented; French, German, Italian, Spanish, and English successively struck my ear; friend nodded gayly to friend; all wore smiling faces.

Oh, balmy Italian breezes! oh, rapturous, soul-stirring German melodies! how often since has the memory of your enchantments floated through my imagination!

As the sun was setting, gorgeously lighting up the shore, the gilded dome and high-shooting spires of the cathedral "Santa Maria," we formed a gay procession, headed by the Austrian band, the huge gondola being drawn by six small ones, each boat containing six oarsmen.

Round and round we swept, passing often, in our course, near the shore, which was one mass of human heads.

Finally we landed at the grand square in front of St. Mark's Church, with the superb old "Palace of the Doges" to the right, then proceeded toward the promenade, at the entrance of which stands that curious monument, the Winged Lion.

Gaining St. Mark's Place, the living tide moved to and fro, enjoying the moonlight and the sweet music until a late hour.

The crowd dispersed gradually, one by one. We, seeing that the fête was over, regained our gondola, partaking first of some refreshing ices in one of the many saloons which surround St. Mark's Place, then, with a sigh of regret that such a day was over, we too sought the quiet of our hotel.

POISONOUS FISHES.

AMONG the various dangers to which the crews of exploring and surveying expeditions are exposed, there are few against which it is more difficult to guard than against the risks to which sailors, who are always morbidly desirous of a change of diet, are exposed from eating fishes whose dietetic value is unknown. There is unfortunately no external characteristic by which an edible species can be distinguished from a poisonous one; and the difficulty of the subject is further increased by the fact that the same kind of fish often affords wholesome food at one period of the year, while at another season it is in the highest degree venomous.

The noxious properties of some fishes are supposed to be dependent on the nature of their food. Munier, in a letter to the well-known naturalist, Sonnerat, written nearly a century ago, states that in Bourbon and in Mauritius none of the genus scarus, or parrot-fishes, which in those islands are called by the popular names of vieille, or old wife, perroquet, etc., are eaten between December and the beginning of April, being regarded as unwholesome during that period, because they then eat large quantities of coral-polyps. This statement is in part confirmed by Commerson, who, regarding the cataubleue (*Scarus capitaneus*), says that it gnaws the coral, and is consequently looked upon as a suspicious article of diet, both in the Ile de France and in Bourbon. The natives of Bombay are said to reject another species of scarus (*S. harid*) for the same reason. Other forms of animal life, as the beautiful medusa or jelly-fish, known as the stephanomia, and the well-known Portuguese men-of-war, or physalia, when eaten by fishes, seem also to render the latter unfit for human food, probably on account of their acrid and irritating properties. Risso describes a Mediterranean fish, called courpata by the Nice fishermen, which can not safely be eaten at the periods during which it feeds on this medusa; and the sardine of the Antilles (*Harengula humoralis*) is so poisonous, after feeding on the physalia, as to occasion death in a few minutes. The common herring is sometimes very unwholesome, although perhaps scarcely poisonous, in consequence of its living on certain minute worms, which are occasionally so abundant in the North Sea as to give a red tint to the water. Notwithstanding the abominations greedily devoured by eels, these fishes may generally be eaten with impunity. There are, however, occasional instances in which they prove deleterious; and M. Virey, in describing a case in which a whole family were attacked with violent pains and diarrhea, a few hours after eating eels taken from a stagnant castle-ditch, near Orleans, refers to several similar accidents.

In many cases the poisonous properties of fish may be due to the food of which they partake, but this can not be the sole cause; for, while poisonous fishes are found in localities in which polyps, etc., do not abound, in certain islands surrounded by these zoophytes the fishes are safely edible. For the knowledge of a very important fact bearing on this subject we are indebted to Mr. Caird, a gentleman of high natural-history acquirements, long resident in Trinidad. In a private communication with which he has favored us, he tells us that the barracuda is, as a general rule, eaten with perfect immunity in Trinidad, while in the neighboring island of Grenada, and in most of the other parts of the West Indies, death, or lingering sickness for many years, has frequently occurred after eating this fish in its fresh state. Mr. Caird agrees with Dr. Hill, of Jamaica (who has published two essays, one on poisonous fishes, and one on fish poisons, in the Proceedings of the Scientific Association of Trinidad, for 1868), in the view that the barracuda is fit for food in Trinidad, in consequence of the absence of coral reefs in that island, while for the opposite reason it is poisonous in Grenada and elsewhere in the West Indies. Midway between Cuba, Hayti, and Jamaica lie extensive reefs and shoals of the Formigas (or Ants' Nests). They are several miles in extent, and are so shallow that they can only be navigated by moderate-sized vessels in a smooth sea. They closely resemble the fringing shore-reefs that have been so often described; presenting to the eye of the naturalist arborescent corals and huge brain-stones, among which are a profusion of sea-cucumbers, star-fish, sea-urchins, and sponges. "The Formigas constitute," says Dr. Hill, "a very warren or vivarium of all kinds of fishes." Those who have waded on these coral reefs are well aware of the pungent scent given out by the polyps which build there, and often experience their stinging influence when they come in contact with the exposed skin. It has been invariably found that all the fishes taken on the Formigas, and the barracudas especially, are always poisonous. "In this way," says Dr. Hill, "we may account for the general belief that the fishes are poisonous at one end of St. Christopher's, while they are harmless at the other."

In some countries it is a common habit to poison the water of a river with a stupefying drug, in order to catch the fish. Independently of the wasteful character of this procedure (for many more fish are destroyed than can be used for food), it becomes a question of much importance to ascertain whether the poison may be transmitted to man. The evidence on this point is conflicting, the result probably varying according to the nature of the drug employed. There is, however, no doubt that fishes that have been thus taken become dangerous, if not cooked and eaten at once. As an example of the occasional innocuousness of fishes thus captured, it may be mentioned that in M. de Castelman's "Voyage dans les parties centrales de l'Amér. du Sud" it is recorded that "a plentiful supply of fishes having been obtained on the great lake near the Rio Sarayacu in the missions of the Ucayale, by means of the poison residing in the stems of the barbasco or necklace-wood, these, after rapidly undergoing the destructive influences of the plant, were eaten without ill effect, and the natives even drank the waters of the lake with impunity."

The age and consequently the size of the fish are supposed in some species to influence their unwholesomeness, certain kinds of fishes being regarded as edible in their youth and poisonous in advanced life. In Havana there is a fish known to naturalists as the *Carana fallax* (or the bastard carangue), which is not allowed to be exposed for sale if it weighs more than a kilogram (which is equal to about two pounds three ounces). In the island of Trinidad it is believed that the becuna (*Sphyræna becuna*) may be eaten with safety when small, but becomes poisonous when it attains its full size; and Dr. Court, who practiced medicine there for some time, states that the same rule applies to all the fishes said to be poisonous. The natives of Hayti hold a similar opinion regarding a species of serranus, commonly called the grande gueule, and known by English sailors as the rock-fish. It may attain a length of nearly a yard, but when it approximates to this size it often proves poisonous.

The season of the year is supposed by some writers to have an effect in rendering certain fishes dangerous as food. In the Loyalty Islands, M. Jouan, the captain of a French frigate, has found that many species are dangerous, and even deadly, at some periods of the year, while at others they may be eaten with impunity. It is possible that "the season of the year" may only be another expression for "the food of fishes at certain times." In the Antilles many fishes, including the little nigger (*Serranus nigriculus*), are avoided during certain months of the year. While the process of spawning is going on it has been observed that certain fishes (probably including those just mentioned) become dangerous articles of food, the eggs and milt being especially virulent. The conger-eel, common on our shores, is said to occasion dysentery if it be eaten at this period. The spawn of the barbel, and to a less degree that of the pike and burbot, will occasionally, if eaten, induce great irritation; and if it be necessary to eat these fishes during the spawning period, the milt and roe should be carefully removed.

In those countries in which poisonous fishes abound, certain tests have long been in general use with the view of deciding whether any particular specimen may be safely brought to table. M. Poey, who is the author of a magnificent work on the "Natural History of Cuba," states that "the means of recognizing barracuda that are in a condition to produce mischief, is that the root of their teeth will be found of a blackened color; and that, wanting this mark, the fish may be eaten without fear; or," he adds, "if a silver spoon or coin, placed in the vessel in which the cooking is going on, is not blackened, the fish is equally safe." Dr. Hill, to a certain degree, confirms the efficacy of the tooth test. Seeing a fine-looking barracuda (strictly speaking, it is the becuna that both M. Poey and Dr. Hill mean) nearly three feet long, and apparently in fine condition, he examined the teeth, and, finding them faintly purple at the root, he remarked that the fine look of the fish would doubtless lead to its sale, but that injurious consequences would most probably result to those who partook of it. His prediction proved correct; "and it happened next morning that complaint was common in Spanish Town that many had suffered the well-known sickness from eating poisonous barracuda."

Dr. Guyon, formerly sanitary inspector of troops at Martinique, refers the poisonous properties of this and other suspected fishes to an incipient decay in the flesh, not amounting to actual putrefaction; and M. Duméril, who has written one of the most elaborate essays on this subject, agrees with him. They support their opinion by the following facts:

1. The mackerel taken at St. Helena is poisonous if kept for a single night; while, if prepared on the same day on which it is caught, it is perfectly fit for food.

2. The inhabitants of the Antilles assert that the bonito should be dressed for the table as soon as it is taken from the water; and several cases are on record illustrating the danger of neglecting this precaution.

3. The Chinese will only eat the *Tetrodon ocellatus*, one of their best fishes, as soon as it is captured.

4. The instances of fish-poisoning occur almost solely where the temperature is high, and especially in the hottest period of the year, when decomposition is most rapid.

The blackening of a piece of silver placed in the vessel in which a poisonous fish is cooked supports this view, the change of color being due to the liberation of sulphureted hydrogen which accompanies decay of tissue.

There seems no conclusive evidence to prove that copper-bottomed ships, or metals in any form, have any connection with the dangerous properties of fishes, although mollusks (as oysters or mussels) may become poisonous in this way. Nor does there seem any better foundation for the belief that any fishes derive their baleful properties from feeding on the fruits of the manchineel, etc. Dr. Hill has, however, pointed out that fishes have sometimes become unwholesome from being covered over, in the baskets in which they are carried, with the leaves of poisonous shrubs.

LOSS OF LIFE IN WAR.

THE fearful losses of human life, incurred on both sides, in the conflict which has just been concluded in Europe, calls to reflection the number of men who have been sacrificed to the demon of destruction in the wars which have been waged from 1815 to 1864. In these wars 2,762,000 men have fallen; of whom 2,148,000 were Europeans, and 614,000 from other quarters of the globe; which gives an average of 43,800 per annum. These figures do not include those who have died from disease during the different campaigns. The Crimean war cost 508,600 men, thus divided: Russians, 256,000; Turks, 98,800; French, 107,000; English, 45,000; and Italians, 2,600. In the Caucasus, between 1829 and 1860, 330,000 men lost their lives. The Indian revolt reckons its 196,000 lives. The Russo-Turkish war, from 1820 to 1829, 193,000. The Polish insurrection in 1831, 190,000 men. The French campaigns in Africa, 146,000. The Hungarian insurrection, 142,000. The Italian war, 129,870; of whom 96,874 died in the field or from their wounds, and 33,000 from various diseases. The total number of lives lost in Europe, during the wars from 1792 to 1815, amounted to 5,530,000; which gives, for the twenty-three years, an average of 240,434 deaths per year. Our own recent struggle has left equally appalling results. From the last census of this State we get a slight idea of what the whole Union—North and South—must have lost in men. In 1860 the population of New York was 3,880,727; in 1865 it was 3,831,777. This great and prosperous State had lost during the war 48,950 persons.

ORIGIN OF THE ROSE.

THE rose has many fabulous origins. Some state it to have sprung from the blood of Venus. The Mohammedans say that the sweat of their prophet was the source from which it grew; while "the Ghebers believe that when Abraham, their great prophet, was thrown into the fire by order of Nimrod, the flame turned instantly into a bed of roses, upon which the child sweetly reposed." The Christian legend on the same subject is given by Sir John Mandeville. It is to the effect that a fair maiden of Bethlehem was slaudered, and condemned to be burned; but when the fire began to burn around her she prayed to our Lord that, as she was not guilty of that sin, He would help her, and make her innocence manifest to men. Then was the fire quenched, and the burning brands became red rose-trees full of roses, while those that were not kindled became white rose-trees full of roses. "And theise weren the first roseres and roses, bothe white and red, that ever any man sanghe." Roses have always figured largely in Christian tradition from the time when they were found in the tomb of the Blessed Virgin until the institution of the rosary by St. Dominic, in the thirteenth century—the beads on the rosaries now in use having been symbolized by red and white roses. Of their connection with the "Wars of the Roses" it is unnecessary to speak; but it may be mentioned that at Towton, in Yorkshire, where one of the most disastrous battles of that time was fought, there are groups of rose-bushes in the "bloody meadow," which are said to mark the graves of the slain; and local tradition states that these roses will only grow in that field, and that it is impossible to make them grow if removed thence. It is stated, however, that a gardener at Tadcaster has had one growing in his garden for four or five years; so that the latter part of this tradition is scarcely "founded on fact."

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THE PRINCESS LOUISE.

THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.—[SEE PAGE 374.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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WILLIAM, EMPEROR OF GERMANY.—[SEE PAGE 386.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1871.

☞ CHARLES READE'S *new Story*, "A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION," *is one of the most thrilling and powerful productions of this eminent master of fiction. It was commenced in* HARPER'S WEEKLY *for March* 1, *and is continued in the present Number.*

☞ *The* SUPPLEMENT *to this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *is one of great variety and interest. It contains a new Poem, by* ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE, *called* "THE END OF A MONTH;" *an illustrated sketch of* EBENEZER ELLIOTT, *the famous* CORN-LAW RHYMER; *another richly illustrated chapter of* "DOGS AND THEIR DOINGS;" *a picturesque* VIEW OF DULUTH, *on Lake Superior; an account of* FAMOUS SEA-SERPENTS, *etc.*

THE APOLOGISTS OF THE KU-KLUX.

HOWEVER exaggerated the reports of the Ku-Klux crimes may be, there can be no question whatever of the serious disturbance of many parts of the Southern States. In Mississippi, for instance, Governor ALCORN declines to call upon the National Government, but he asks special authority of the State Legislature to raise a force of cavalry to keep the peace. The ample mass of testimony in regard to the situation in North Carolina accompanying the report of Senator SCOTT is conclusive upon the point of the Ku-Klux terror in that State. And the story of the Ku-Klux revenge of the STEVENS murder in South Carolina, as told in the Cincinnati *Commercial*, is illustrative of the condition of much of the Southern part of the country.

Governor SCOTT appointed colored County Commissioners at Unionville, a little town of a thousand inhabitants, and a company of colored militia was stationed there. A man named STEVENS, who had been rich, but who had lost every thing during the war, was one day bringing a barrel of whisky into the town. He was met by some twenty militia-men, to whom he refused to give all the whisky that they wanted, and they murdered him. Several colored men were thereupon arrested and imprisoned, and it was rumored that some of the militia would attempt their rescue. In the evening, as it was reported that a body of colored men were assembled at a certain house, the sheriff sent a posse to disperse them. The posse was fired upon from the house, and returning the fire, two of the militia were killed. The next night a barn was burned, and a captain of militia being arrested, was about to be released by his men, who, however, desisted at his request. Two nights afterward the Ku-Klux came to the town, arrested the sheriff, broke into the jail, took out five of the prisoners, murdered two of them, desperately wounding the others. The citizens then begged the Governor to send some United States troops. It is not stated what the Governor replied. But after two or three weeks the sheriff was ordered, under a writ of habeas corpus, to remove the three wounded men to Columbia. The night before they were to go three hundred Ku-Klux came to the town, masked, bound the officers of the jail, broke it open, took out ten prisoners who had not been tried, against whom no evidence had been offered, and murdered them by hanging and shooting.

Some weeks passed during these transactions. The Ku-Klux had apparently absolute control. There is no allusion in the report in the *Commercial* of any effort upon the part of the proper authorities to enforce the law and keep the peace. It was a complete system of terror; and the dullest fool can see whether, under such a system, the colored men or their friends would be allowed by the Ku-Klux to vote against its will. It is a situation very much graver and more deplorable than that of the whisky insurrection in Pennsylvania during WASHINGTON'S administration, or SHAY'S rebellion in Massachusetts at an earlier period. It is a disorder so threatening that it should command the most serious reflection of every good citizen of every party. Any tendency to justify such a situation is a disposition to tolerate anarchy. Any attempt to belittle or to ridicule such crimes against civil society itself reveals a disastrous indifference to all the safeguards of liberty and order. Yet this is the spirit and the tendency of the Democratic party. The control of the national government is seriously contested by those who virtually justify these murders. The pretense is that justice was not likely to be done through the regular forms, although the report in the Cincinnati *Commercial* states that two of the STEVENS murderers who were not in the jail when the Ku-Klux came were subsequently tried and convicted by a jury of six white and six colored men, and sentenced to be hung.

Even the New York *World*, which is as good a specimen as there is of the Democratic papers which advocate "acquiescence" in the settlements of the war, calls this occurrence a foul murder "irregularly avenged." It says: "A part of the twenty black ruffians and cutthroats who murdered Mr. STEVENS have got what they richly deserved, although justice came across lots in consequence of a blocking up of the regular road. Thirteen out of the twenty were punished without judge or jury, and *if there were no mistakes of identity*, the only crime of the citizens was in cheating the gallows of its rightful victims." This is the same old spirit which used to say, when a Northern man was mobbed, or shot, or hung, or burned in a Southern State, under suspicion of being an Abolitionist, that it served him right. It shows how instinctive is excuse for the most threatening lawlessness upon the part of those whose party necessities have trained them to defend slavery, the most wanton crime against the divine law.

And it shows to every thoughtful man in the country how wholly the sympathy of the most advanced Democratic partisans is with those who ravage and murder in the Southern States, if only their victims are of the colored race. That colored soldiers, maddened by the whisky given them by STEVENS, and irritated by his refusal of more, murdered him on the spot, is, in such Democratic judgment, a "foul murder." That, weeks afterward, in the dead of night, three hundred masked men take ten men from prison, and murder them in cold blood, is "irregular" vengeance. It must not be forgotten that the success of the Democratic party is the success of the Ku-Klux—of the spirit which malignantly cherishes the social prejudices and the political theories from which the war and all our sorrow sprang. Its success would be not only a change of administration, but the control of the government of the Union by the party which is supremely jealous of the Union, and which declares that its reconstruction and its present condition are unconstitutional and void. What would the country gain by such a result?

GERMANY IN NEW YORK.

THE German Peace Festival in New York was one of the most significant days in the history of the city. During four hours the great procession passed through the chief streets, under a summer sky, and amidst the applause of thousands of persons crowding balcony and window and roof. Flags were every where flying, and there was never a more conscious sense of general public enjoyment than on that day. Hitherto our great celebrations have been American or Irish. But Americans are always ashamed to enjoy themselves, and the Irish don't know how. The English Sunday, which we in this country inherited, and which ought to be the happiest and brightest of holidays, is the gloomiest of days; and an Irish fair or feast is famous for the shillelah and broken heads. But the Germans have the genius of enjoyment. There is many a citizen of Dresden, or Munich, or Hanover, or Berlin, or Leipsic, or of the smaller towns, who gets more enjoyment out of an income of five hundred dollars than most Americans from twenty or forty times as much. In the national character, at large, this appears, perhaps, as self-sufficiency. But it is just that quality, well trained, which brought King WILLIAM of Prussia to be crowned Emperor of Germany at Versailles.

Every part of the pageant on Easter-Monday showed the spirit of the whole. Crossing the city in the morning, we met a little rill flowing along a side street to join the main stream. A band of music, merrily playing, marched before, and a banner borne by a stout arm announced that the little procession was the workmen of a certain cigar factory. They walked in ranks, neat, smiling, sturdy, every one smoking. Then came a huge wagon canopied with flags, and festooned with flowers, in which a group of workmen, with all their material and tools, were busily making cigars, which were scattered among the crowd upon the sidewalks. Another wagon followed, in which other men were making cigar-boxes as tranquilly as if they were sitting in the factory. It was a small procession, a mere handful, but it symbolized the whole. Its impression was unavoidable. It was that of steady, intelligent industry. It was a glimpse of that quality which has made Germany the greatest of Continental powers.

Indeed, in looking for the explanation of the immense superiority which the Germans have shown in the late war with the French, we must consider not only the civil system and the military system, but the educative and industrial system. It is not enough that the bayonets are sharpened and symmetrical; they must also think. There was a great deal of fun made of the German soldier in spectacles solacing himself with a little Hebrew when he was relieved on guard; but the foundation of the jest is as significant a fact as any in the explanation of the German spectacle. The best military system in the world will not make the best soldiers out of worthless men. It is as impossible to get the finest results from human shoddy as the finest cloth from woolen shoddy. The observation of the French officer, Colonel STOFFEL, after a long and profound study of the Prussian military system, that the quality which especially characterizes and strengthens the Prussian army and people is "a sense of duty," is a remarkable recognition of the value of moral forces from a military critic. And it is a striking coincidence that a thoughtful article in the January number of the *Edinburgh Review*, written perhaps by the Marquis of Salisbury, attributes the decline and fall of France to the spirit of the revolution of '89, which, by insisting solely upon equality, has destroyed in the French mind the sense of duty, and consequently of responsibility.

The *Nation* wisely asks why this great German element of industry and intelligence should not be politically combined with American industry and intelligence in the city of New York under Republican auspices. Wherever the German element is powerful, as in the Northwest, and in certain parts of Texas, even, the Republican faith is in the ascendant. The Democratic leaders could never do much with the Germans, who naturally rejected slavery, and they therefore turned to more promising proselytes. But the intelligence, the respect for order, the love of liberty, which underlie the Republican faith, and make it, therefore, in the truest and most comprehensive sense, the national party, are naturally agreeable to the Germans; and at this moment one of the most philosophical and powerful defenders of that faith is a German, Senator SCHURZ.

THE KU-KLUX AND AMNESTY.

IT is comparatively unimportant whether the Ku-Klux is a purely political organization or not. It is enough that it has necessarily a direct political bearing. It springs confessedly from hostility to the colored citizens. Out of one hundred and thirty cases specifically and by name reported in North Carolina, eighty-nine were colored, and forty-one white; and the white were victims because of their sympathy with the colored citizens. Now, as the colored citizens are almost exclusively of one party, and all the Ku-Klux, without exception, of the other, and as one of the alleged excuses of the crimes is the political rights conferred upon the colored citizens, the necessary political influence of the whole conspiracy is evident, even if it were not very fully established.

Obviously, therefore, the duty of the dominant party in the government is plain. It is, first of all, to ascertain what actual cause of dissatisfaction there is. An honest effort of this kind would undoubtedly show that there is a great deal of ignorance and incapacity and rascality in the Southern State governments, as we all know there is in the State of New York; that a large class of the most intelligent and influential citizens are disfranchised, and therefore apathetic, or venomously hostile, constantly chagrined and indignant with the consciousness of their inability to remedy misgovernment. Is it wise to continue this source of discontent? Can it be extinguished by force? If the number of the disabled be large, the discontent is natural. If it be insignificant, nothing can be gained by excluding them. The advantage of the punishment is lost in the disadvantage of bitter hostility to a policy which, since it can effect no actual result, inevitably seems to be wanton. Mr. HALE'S amnesty excepts a thousand or two, perhaps, in the Southern States. But such a number is merely a thorn which pricks a million. The bill gives to each one of the proscribed the power of a martyr. The discontent is not according to the number. It is the sense of wrong, not its extent, which tells. A century ago Lord North said that he would not tax America heavily, but he would declare the right of taxing. And so, said Mr. WEBSTER, the Revolution was fought upon a preamble. The argument for any amnesty is conclusive for a complete amnesty.

Meanwhile we have no sentimental expectations from an amnesty. The old slave-holding class that led the rebellion—men like DAVIS, HAMPTON, and TOOMBS—will hate the Union, and the party and principles that maintained it, as heartily as the old English Cavaliers hated CROMWELL, or as the Jacobites hated the house of Hanover. They will work and vote against Republican ascendency. But so they work against it now, and the exclusion of a thousand or two does us no good, and only gives them a plausible cry—that is to say, it helps them, and hurts us. Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS declares that the demand for amnesty is a "coward and blundering anxiety for party success," and that it will dig the grave of the Republican party. Now we confess that it is a desire for party success, based upon the profound conviction that the success of the party is indispensable to the national welfare, which leads us to urge an amnesty. It certainly is not to propitiate the Ku-Klux Democracy, but it is to baffle them. Amnesty is not cowardly, but heroic, and it is the soundest policy for the Republican party. Should we have been really stronger, and the country more peaceful, if the States had been restored with the entire ex-rebel population disfranchised? Is it not wise, or is it cowardly, to do what is practicable to soften, since we can not extinguish, the necessary ill feeling between the old and the new citizens in the Southern States?

One of Mr. PHILLIPS'S finest passages is a denunciation of the English policy in Ireland a hundred years ago. Remembering that, we see three things that ought to be done in the disturbed part of the Union. First, the pretense of what is called "negro ascendency"—a pretense which rests upon the fact that all the disfranchised are white, and which disappears the moment that all are made politically equal—should be removed by a general amnesty. Then the people of the Union should require the government to secure the widest education in every State. And the government, simultaneously with amnesty, should take ample care that those whom it has made citizens are perfectly protected in voting. What the Ku-Klux can do in preventing voting was shown in the State of Louisiana at the last Presidential election. In certain parishes or counties where the aggregate registered colored vote was hundreds, and even thousands, only one or two Republican votes—in some no Republican vote at all—was cast. In Caddo parish there were 777 registered white votes, and 2987 colored; and 2895 votes were polled for SEYMOUR, and 1 for GRANT. In De Soto there were 620 registered white votes, and 1700 colored; and there were 1260 for SEYMOUR, and none for GRANT. In sixteen parishes the aggregate registered colored vote was more than 33,000; and there were 1188 Republican votes polled against nearly 50,000 for SEYMOUR. Had the election been decided by the vote of Louisiana the result would have been as evidently fraudulent as the election of HOFFMAN in this State in 1868. And if the next Presidential election should be very close, and decided by the vote of a State in which the Ku-Klux terror prevailed, it could not be accepted as valid. On the other hand, what the government can do was shown in the city of New York last autumn; and not a single honest voter was hindered from voting or forced to vote against his will.

The alternative is very simple. It is whether, in the light of experience and common sense, a national election in this country is likely to be fairer with national supervisors and bayonets to support them, or with the Ku-Klux terror and ballot-box stuffers. And it is not for the masked Ku-Klux, murdering indiscriminately at midnight, nor for Tammany repeaters, nor for their apologists and accomplices, to appeal to the old English law removing soldiers two miles from the polls. That law is now changed, and merely retains the soldiers in their barracks, as ours were retained last autumn. Meanwhile the rule of common sense is to guard against the most obvious danger. Let every good citizen ask himself this question: Is an honest election more threatened by the Ku-Klux and repeaters, or by the military force that may be summoned to hold them in check?

EASTER REJOICINGS.

IT is agreed that Easter-Sunday was never so generally observed as it was this year. The day was soft and warm. The streets were full of holiday crowds. The churches were profusely decorated with flowers, and merry and solemn chimes rang sweetly from the towers. If the reverend Dutch dominies of the older days, or the Reverend COTTON MATHER of the old Puritan commonwealth, had seen the smiling and perfumed splendors of the day, they would have sighed over the failing faith of the people. And certainly the first impression which the universal celebration of Easter produces is that the old puritanic view of Christianity is disappearing. The Christianity of the "Scarlet Letter," of the bare, cold barn of a meeting-house, of the Blue Laws, of the stern old dispensation, is evidently yielding to a gentler and more graceful spirit. For the celebration was not confined to the more ecclesiastical sects. The Congregational and Unitarian churches rejoiced no less than the Roman, the English, and the ritualist. The altar and the communion-table were equally covered with flowers, and the sermon every where had an Easter significance.

In itself this is a pleasant sign. Whatever redeems religion from gloom and asceticism, whatever brings it home to the heart and universal sympathy, whatever wreathes it with beauty and grace, lifts it out of the tomb and clothes it with radiant life. The old theory that religion is austere and forbidding, something separate from common life—the theory that transforms a sick woman, morbidly nervous, into a saint, and opposes this world to another—is like the political theory that divides the government from the people. A better political wisdom makes the people the government, and a finer religious perception makes religion joyful and beautiful, not sick and sad, and unites this world with the next, and time with eternity, by the fact of immortality. Contempt of this world, in which divine love places us, is as foolish as contempt of any other in which we may be placed. Dr. WATTS has a great many gloomy and horrible verses to answer for, but he sings truly when he says,

> "Religion never was designed
> To make our pleasures less."

Easter is the jubilee of religious faith. It falls in the spring, when the world is newly budding and blooming, when the seed quickens in the ground, when the green returns to the hills, when the full streams sparkle along the

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valleys, when the long silence and seeming death of winter dissolve in life and light and music. The feeling of spring is a renewed sense of the Divine love and goodness, and it is gladly symbolized in the Easter tradition. The beauty of flowers, the purity of lilies, the sweetness of roses, the ringing of bells, the joyous peals of organs and of choirs, all sympathize with the wonderful and familiar story of the resurrection. Winter, like a rock, is rolled from the mouth of the tomb in which nature lay, and spring, like the shining angel, whispers, "He is not here; he is risen." The general and increasing celebration of the festival might be regretted if it showed merely a growing ecclesiasticism. If it were only a splendid idolatry, it would be deplorable. But it is not that. It is the natural association of beauty and joy with the Christian history and the religious instinct; and the more natural religion becomes—that is, the more clearly it is seen that "the kingdom of heaven is within you"—the more truly religious will human life become.

A PATRIOTIC LOVE-FEAST.

THERE was recently an extraordinary love-feast in the city. Mr. GREELEY was one of the party, and the ex-rebel General IMBODEN another. Mr. CHARLES W. GODARD, lately one of the most active Republican leaders, took sweet counsel with Mr. JOHN MITCHEL, recently a rebel editor in Richmond, previously an aspirant for an Alabama plantation, and earlier an Irish patriot and exile. There were other gentlemen present, and all were gathered for an admirable purpose. Indeed, it is pleasant to read the record of the meeting, and to feel that those who differ so warmly in politics can harmoniously meet and discuss as friends a policy which is truly that of patriotism and peace. For the object of the meeting was the establishment of a national emigration bureau to assist those who wish to settle in colonies already formed, or to found new settlements.

Immediately after the war the most sagacious men in the country saw that emigration from the Northern States to the Southern would be one of the firmest bonds of peace, and that nothing would tend to heal the wounds of war so rapidly and effectually. Ignorance of the people, of the opinions, of the actual condition of the Northern States, was one of the chief dependencies of the rebel leaders in exciting their followers to exasperation. Homogeneity of feeling and intelligence had been utterly destroyed. Governor ANDREW, of Massachusetts, was one of the earliest and most earnest friends of emigration as a political and patriotic policy. But the unhappy performances of ANDREW JOHNSON confused and complicated the situation. The reviving rebel element displayed its spirit so plainly that there was no general movement Southward except of political adventurers; and there has been very evident danger of a return of the old want of common intelligence and feeling. Indeed, at this moment there is no more truly patriotic effort than that of promoting the movement of skilled and intelligent industry toward the Western and Southern States; and it is in that view that the meeting of which we speak is of general interest and significance.

There are thousands of persons, young and old, who would certainly seek a home away from the crowded centres of population if they only knew how to begin, where to apply, and what and whom to trust. Many of the States have colonizing agencies in the city of New York, but they are not known, and they are not concentrated into a system. General IMBODEN, for instance, is the Virginia State agent of emigration, and he spoke very sensibly at the meeting, warmly approving colonies or settlement in some numbers, as promising cheaper prices of land to the buyers. Mr. GREELEY spoke of the Union Colony at Greeley, Colorado. Mr. C. W. GODARD stated the advantages of settlement in Florida. Mr. G. H. SWEET thought Texas was the place to go to to make money. Colonel J. H. LOOMIS represented the attractions of the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad, and Mr. C. R. MARSHALL celebrated the charms of Mississippi. If the result of the comparison of views should be the establishment of a national emigration agency, it would be one of the most sensible and practical steps yet taken toward the final restoration of the Union.

MRS. GRUNDY IN COURT.

THE gross abuse of personal gossip in newspapers has been often pointed out by the indignant moralist, but the Lord Chief Justice of England has just denounced it in the strongest terms from the bench, and a jury has awarded exemplary damages. But, of course, the damage of such gossip is not to be estimated nor remedied. Exposure to the public comments of Mrs. Grundy is one of the risks which belong to a free press. The only real safeguard is the honor of the editor. Every American friend of JENNY LIND—that is to say, every body who heard her when she was in this country—has been deeply pained by the rumors which have floated through the press that she was unfortunately married, and that her husband had squandered her fortune, so that she was compelled to support her family by teaching. There have, indeed, been the most ingenious and sad elaborations of the story. It was a morsel exquisitely appetizing to Mrs. Grundy, and she has told the melancholy tale and bemoaned the hapless fate of the Swedish Nightingale with variations *ad libitum*.

The story was copied from a New York paper into certain London journals; and as it had been long current, Mr. and Mrs. GOLDSCHMIDT decided, as the only way of silencing it, to submit to the disagreeable publicity of a suit. It was brought before the Lord Chief Justice, and the Solicitor-General spoke in prosecution. Mr. and Mrs. GOLDSCHMIDT were both compelled, of course, to appear as witnesses. She testified to their entire happiness, and to his care of her property, and his personal economy, and said that they had suffered silent persecution ever since her marriage in consequence of these calumnies. Mr. GOLDSCHMIDT was obliged to say that he had never been addicted to gambling, that he did not frequent billiard-tables, and did not even play whist. When asked if he had extravagant tastes, he said that he should like to have the terms of the question defined; that he had not habitually kept a saddle-horse, and did not even smoke; that his wife's fortune was settled on her at her marriage; that their joint earnings were invested at interest, and that Mrs. GOLDSCHMIDT's property was now double what it was when she was married.

The Lord Chief Justice said that the libel was most scandalous and abominable, and without the shadow of foundation; and the defendant, Mr. WYMAN, the publisher of one of the papers in which the story was republished in England, said that he would not have inserted it had he seen it, and that it had been contradicted with an expression of the utmost regret. In returning the verdict for the prosecution the foreman added emphatically that they knew no amount of damages could compensate Mr. GOLDSCHMIDT for the injury inflicted by so iniquitous a libel. The moral of this trial is that Mrs. Grundy is a liar. There is no more foundation for half the stories which she tells in the newspapers than for this wanton falsehood about JENNY LIND and her husband. The only safe rule for the reader is to disbelieve every injurious tale that she tattles, and the only honorable rule for an editor is to refuse to print her twaddle.

NOTES.

WE learn that T. BUCHANAN READ'S picture of "Sheridan's Ride" will be exhibited here immediately. The poem by Mr. READ upon this subject, which has been printed and recited all over the country until it has become entirely familiar, was suggested, we believe, by a very striking picture of the incident which was published in *Harper's Weekly* at the time. The scene so strongly possessed the imagination of the poet that he afterward embodied it in the picture, which has also traveled far. It represents one of those picturesque and poetic little episodes in the war which, like WASHINGTON'S prayer at Valley Forge and his oath at Monmouth, will live with the great story itself.

WE hope that New York Republicans have now learned the folly of making bargains with the Ring. They made one last year about the charter, and this year, of course, the Ring takes back the consideration. It is not safe to play with the most child-like looking gentlemen until you have counted both the Jacks and the packs in their innocent sleeves. If a Republican, indeed, goes to the Legislature to be bribed, let him take his money. But there are many who do not; and they should not be deceived, nor try to deceive others, by talking about the gain to the public by ingenious collusion. Gain there undoubtedly will be, but not to the public. It seems to be clear that certain Republicans intimated that if Mr. IRVING was expelled the Democratic plans should still be completed. If this be so, those Republicans not only betrayed the public welfare, but they made the most stupid party blunder. Meanwhile we invite the attention of intelligent men every where to the fact that the New York Democrats, under the thumb of Mr. TWEED, gravely proposed to dissolve the Legislature, because the Republicans, in a party caucus, decided that they could not support certain bills which they not only believed to be injurious to the public interest, but intended merely to help the Democratic party.

THE *World*—a Democratic paper—says: "Blink it and shirk it as you may, confuse it as you will by cloudy irrelevance, the real point is whether the Democratic party will attempt to abolish negro suffrage in the Presidential campaign of 1872." There is no doubt of it; and it is for intelligent people to determine whether a party which has not decided that question in 1871 can safely be trusted with the government in 1872.

THE business patrons of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, who lately obliged Mr. CHILDS to enlarge it by four columns, appear to entertain designs against the whole paper. Not long since a number came to us containing over seventeen hundred separate advertisements. The only way by which Mr. CHILDS can put a stop to this continual encroachment on the columns of the *Ledger* is not to make so good a paper, and keep its circulation down to less extravagant figures. As long as the *Ledger* circulates upward of a hundred thousand copies every day, and is read by half a million of people, these insatiable advertisers will keep up their raids upon its columns.

A NEW volume by ROBERT COLLYER, of Chicago, is announced for May by HORACE B. FULLER, of Boston. That it will be a treasury of wisdom and wit, of the most delicate insight, the most humane sympathy, the most poetic imagination, all who have heard the eloquent preacher, or read his delightful "Nature and Life," will be sure.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE year 1871 bids fair to be marked in the history of American science for the great number of exploring expeditions under the auspices of the United States government. Some of these have already been mentioned in our columns; but we may briefly enumerate the whole, by noticing, first, that of Captain C. F. HALL, the well-known arctic traveler, for whose proposed polar exploration the United States steamer *Periwinkle* is now being prepared at the Washington Navy-yard. This vessel, of nearly four hundred tons burden, is said to be very stanch and reliable, and her equipment will be of the best order. It is understood that the expedition will start about the end of May, and that Captain HALL's scientific assistants will be Dr. DAVID WALKER, formerly known as the surgeon and physicist of Sir LEOPOLD M'CLINTOCK's expedition in the *Fox;* and Dr. EMIL BESSELS, who has seen arctic service in a Spitzbergen expedition.

Dr. F. V. HAYDEN, long known to the public as a geologist and explorer, continues his labors of the past season, with the aid of an appropriation by Congress of $40,000. His party is now being fitted out, and will be provided with the necessary assistants in all branches of research. His work will be to the northward of the scene of his last year's explorations.

A third expedition is that of Lieutenant G. M. WHEELER, which, under the direction of the War Department, proceeds to explore certain little-known regions of Arizona and Southern Nevada, including the country about the Lower Colorado and Bill Williams Fork. This work will require several years for its completion.

Major POWELL, of whose expedition, of 1870, we have already given some account, continues his labors during the present season, and expects to make a careful examination of the cañons of Green River as well as of the Colorado.

The death has just been announced, at the age of sixty-eight, of Mr. HENRY DENNY, the well-known curator of the Leed's Philosophical Society, an office which he had held for nearly fifty years. As an author, Mr. DENNY is best known by his work upon the lice of the different species of animals—a study peculiarly his own.

Dr. PETERMANN, in a late article on the opening up of a portion of the northern Polar Sea by the voyages and observations of sundry Norwegian navigators in 1870, states that the most important result of these expeditions consists in their showing a complete melting of the ice in the whole of the sea of Kara, and that the few floating cakes of winter ice remaining in midsummer do not at all affect its navigability, nor the successful pursuit of hunting and fishing. Several maps accompanying the memoirs show the precise condition of the temperature, and other physical features of the Kara Sea during the different months throughout the year.

Stimulated by the success of the experiment made by the Philadelphians in stocking the Delaware River with black bass, some public-spirited gentlemen of Reading, Pennsylvania, have undertaken to try the same experiment in the Schuylkill, and $350 have already been subscribed for the purpose.

We have already referred to the expedition of some students from Williams College to Central America, and given, from time to time, some notice of their movements. We now learn that they reached New York, on their return, on the 20th of March, after an absence of several months. Although exposed to various dangers and perils, they succeeded in accomplishing their mission without any mischance, and brought home quite a valuable collection of specimens, especially of birds and insects.

Mr. GEORGE CLARKE has lately memorialized the Legislature of Michigan in regard to the destruction of the white fish in the lakes, and thinks that whatever be the influence of pounds and nets on the abundance of these fish, the total abolition of such engines of capture will not, at the present time, materially affect the supply. He thinks the proper remedy is to take measures for the artificial multiplication of the species by establishing hatching-beds, and protecting the eggs and young fish from the different predacious animals and other means of destruction that now lie in wait for them. Among the most important enemies, he mentions "water lizards," probably the *Menobranchus lateralis*—a large salamandroid, abounding in the lake waters. The lizards, according to Mr. CLARKE, are so abundant that he has caught two thousand in a few nights.

The editorship of the *Ausland*, the well-known Augsburg journal of geology, geography, and anthropology, has lately changed hands, Dr. PESCHEL, the late editor, having been called to the University of Leipsic as Professor of Geography, and being succeeded by Mr. R. ANDREE.

The attention of astronomers throughout the world is directed toward the approaching transit of Venus, to occur on the 18th of December, 1874, and it is hoped that the United States Congress, with the same liberality that induced it to make an appropriation for the observation of the solar eclipse of December last, and for the polar exploration under Captain HALL, will also, at the proper time, advance the funds necessary for the research in this case. The British, German, and other foreign governments have already initiated measures looking toward concerted action on the part of European astronomers in reference to the observation of this phenomenon; and Professor HALL, of the Washington Observatory, in a late communication to the *Journal of Science*, expresses the hope that a similar concert of action will be settled upon by American astronomers, in order that they may not be behind their European confrères in the attempt to secure satisfactory results. A committee has been appointed by the National Academy of Sciences to take into consideration a general plan of operations, and it is expected that a report will be made on the subject at the approaching meeting in Washington city.

In the forthcoming number of the *American Journal of Science* will be found an article, by Professor MARSH, upon some new serpents of the tertiary deposits of Wyoming. It will be remembered that in a previous notice of Professor MARSH's discoveries in the Rocky Mountains we called attention to the difference observed by him between the contents of the tertiary beds in the vicinity of Fort Bridger and those of the Mauvaises Terres of the Upper Missouri, the former being especially characterized, as compared with the latter, by the presence of reptiles in great variety. Among these are many terrestrial species, including several kinds of land lizards; and among the forms generally serpents appear to be quite predominant. Of the latter, Professor MARSH has already determined the existence of five new species, belonging to three new genera; and others will probably be yet brought to light.

The opening up of communication with Paris brings intelligence of the decease, on the 12th of November last, at the age of fifty-eight, of Professor A. H. A. DUMERIL, an eminent naturalist, well known from his connection with the Paris Society of Acclimatation, and for the many important works published by him upon different departments of special and applied natural history. It is as a writer upon reptiles and fishes that Professor DUMERIL is, perhaps, best known, and his monographs on these subjects are of standard authority. As a leading member of the Institute of France, and of the Natural History Museum of Paris, his loss will be much felt.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

April 10.—In the Senate, an unsuccessful attempt was made to get the Ku-Klux bill under consideration.—In the House, a resolution was adopted, by a vote of 130 to 21, affirming that the true principle of revenue reform was to abolish the internal revenue system. Mr. Hale, of Maine, introduced a bill removing political disabilities, except in certain cases, which was passed, under a suspension of the rules, by a vote of 134 to 46.

April 11.—In the Senate, the Amnesty bill was received from the House, and notice given that a motion would be made for its consideration before the end of the session. The Ku-Klux bill occupied the rest of the day, but no vote was reached.—The Deficiency bill was debated in the House, but no action was taken.

April 12.—The Senate adopted a resolution in favor of a reduction of taxes. The debate on the Ku-Klux bill was then proceeded with, but no vote was reached.—A bill was introduced in the House laying restrictions on the importation of laborers from China and other Oriental countries. The consideration of the Deficiency bill was continued, and various amendments were disposed of, but the bill itself was not acted on.

April 13.—The Ku-Klux bill was still further debated in the Senate.—The House adopted the Senate amendment to the Deficiency bill repealing the act fixing the 4th of March as the day for the opening of each new Congress.

April 14.—The Senate passed the Ku-Klux bill by a vote of 45 to 19.—In the House, the Deficiency bill was further discussed, without final action. An amendment requiring the national banks to pay for printing their own notes was adopted.

April 15.—The Senate debated the Amnesty bill, but took no action thereon.—The House took up the Senate amendments to the Ku-Klux bill, and refused to concur in them.

GENERAL DOMESTIC ITEMS.

Mr. Irving, the member of the State Legislature from New York who made an assault upon a fellow Democratic member, anticipated the verdict of the committee of investigation by resigning his seat. This occasioned a dead-lock in Democratic plans of legislation, as without him they lacked just one vote of a majority. For a time it looked as if the Tammany game was blocked; but at length a Republican member, Mr. Winans, of Chautauqua County, was induced to vote with the Democrats, and enabled them to carry out their schemes.

The agents of a German colonization society, who purchased 2000 acres of land for a German settlement in Tennessee some months ago, have made another purchase of 1000 acres within ten miles from Nashville. Two hundred families are at once to commence founding a city.

General Sherman has gone to New Orleans, whence he will start on a grand tour of inspection of the military on the Plains as far north as the Union Pacific Railroad.

Several vessels of the fishing fleet from Gloucester, Massachusetts, are missing, and much anxiety is felt there. Forty-five lives and six vessels have been lost on George's Banks since January 1, 1871.

While sinking a shaft on King Bee Mine, near Ogden, Utah Territory, lately, some miners discovered a cave of unknown dimensions. Though they have been exploring it, they have as yet discovered nothing of importance.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE position of affairs at Paris remains essentially unchanged. The Versailles troops occupy the towns of Boulogne, Asnieres, and Sablonville, and have erected several new batteries. On the 12th of April a delegation of insurgents proceeded to Versailles, and were courteously received by M. Thiers. His reply to them was that they must lay down their arms unconditionally, and then municipal franchises will be granted to the city. The lives of insurgents will be spared, but the laboring people must return to their work. On the 15th a brisk cannonade occurred near Neuilly, and General Cluseret claimed to have repulsed the Versailles troops. An alarm had been given at Vanves, on a rumor that the government troops were advancing, though no engagement ensued. There is no reliance to be placed in the telegraphic reports. The Communists claim that on the 14th and 15th successive attacks made by the Versailles troops on Fort d'Issy were repulsed, and that 400 government soldiers were captured in an attack on Neuilly by General Dombrowski. The Versailles dispatches deny the capture, and that any important military event had occurred.

The Communists have indirectly demanded that the foreign embassadors assume the task of arranging the quarrel existing between the two governments, but the embassadors are reluctant to accept the responsibility.

The insurgent authorities in Paris have seized the plate in the Foreign Office, and made a demand upon the Church for 1,000,000 francs, threatening to kill the archbishop if it is not forthcoming.

A religious riot has occurred at Odessa, in which the Jews were the sufferers.

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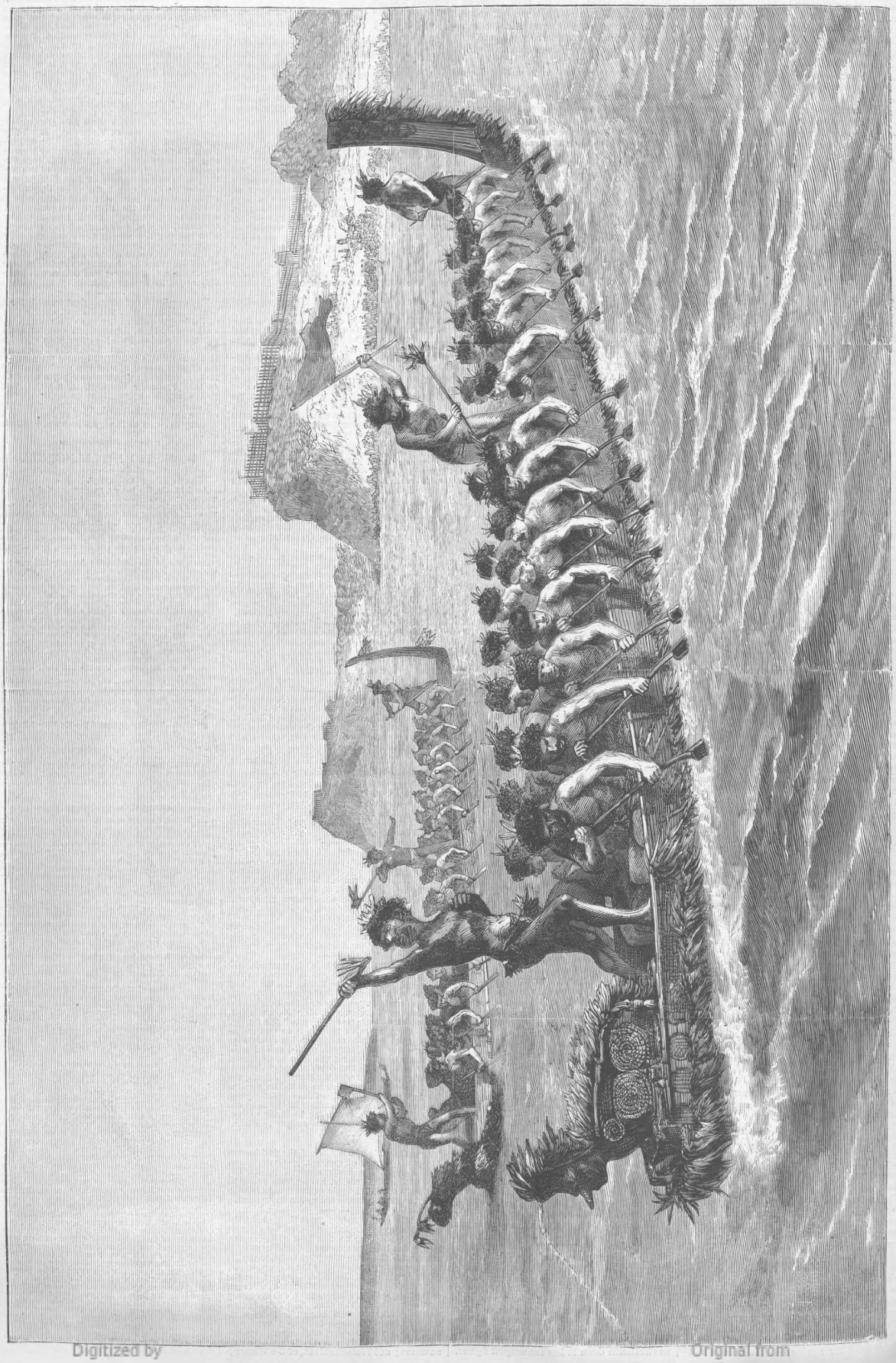

A NEW ZEALAND WAR CANOE RACE.—[SEE PAGE 387.]

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A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION.

By CHARLES READE.

WITH MANY ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

"THE CLATTER OF HORSES' FEET. THE ROLL OF WHEELS."

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

MEANTIME Mr. Oldfield began to tell the Admiral who he was, and that he was come to remove a false impression about a client of his, Sir Charles Bassett.

"That, Sir," said the Admiral, sternly, "is a name we never mention here."

He rose and went to the folding-doors, and deliberately closed them.

The Somerset, thus defeated, bit her lip, and sat all of a heap, like a cat about to spring, looking sulky and vicious.

Mr. Oldfield persisted, and, as he took the Admiral's hint and lowered his voice, he was interrupted no more, but made a simple statement of those facts which are known to the reader.

Admiral Bruce heard them, and admitted that the case was not quite so bad as he had thought.

Then Mr. Oldfield proposed that Sir Charles should be re-admitted.

"No," said the old Admiral, firmly; "turn it how you will, it is too ugly; the bloom of the thing is gone. Why should my daughter take that woman's leavings? Why should I give her pure heart to a man about town?"

"Because you will break it else," said Miss Somerset, with affected politeness.

"Give her credit for more dignity, madam, if you please," replied Admiral Bruce, with equal politeness.

"Oh, bother dignity!" cried the Somerset.

At this free phrase from so well-dressed a lady Admiral Bruce opened his eyes, and inquired of Oldfield, rather satirically, who was this lady that did him the honor to interfere in his family affairs.

Oldfield looked confused; but Somerset, full of mother-wit, was not to be caught napping. "I'm a by-stander; and they always see clearer than the folk themselves. You are a man of honor, Sir, and you are very clever at sea, no doubt, and a fighter, and all that; but you are no match for land-sharks. You are being made a dupe and a tool of. Who do you think wrote that anonymous letter to your daughter? A friend of truth? a friend of injured innocence? Nothing of the sort. One Richard Bassett—Sir Charles's cousin. Here, Mr. Oldfield, please compare those two handwritings closely, and you will see I am right." She put down the anonymous letter and Richard Bassett's letter to herself; but she could not wait for Mr. Oldfield to compare the documents, now her tongue was set going. "Yes, gentlemen, this is new to you; but you'll find that little scheming rascal wrote them both, and with as base a motive and as black a heart as any other anonymous coward's. His game is to make Sir Charles Bassett die childless, and so then this dirty fellow would inherit the estate; and owing to you being so green, and swallowing an anonymous letter like pure water from the spring, he very nearly got his way. Sir Charles has been at death's door along of all this."

"Hush, madam! not so loud, please," whispered Admiral Bruce, looking uneasily toward the folding-doors.

"Why not?" bawled the Somerset. "THE TRUTH MAY BE BLAMED, BUT IT CAN'T BE SHAMED. I tell you that your precious letter brought Sir Charles Bassett to the brink of the grave. Soon as ever he got it he came tearing in his cab to Miss Somerset's house, and accused her of telling the lie to keep him—and he might have known better, for the jade never did a sneaking thing in her life. But, any way, he thought it must be her doing, miscalled her like a dog, and raged at her dreadful, and at last—what with love and fury and despair—he had the terriblest fit you ever saw. He fell down as black as your hat, and his eyes rolled, and his teeth gnashed, and he foamed at the mouth, and took four to hold him; and presently was white as a ghost, and given up for dead. No pulse for hours; and when his life came back his reason was gone."

"Good Heavens, madam!"

"For a time it was. How he did rave! and 'Bella' the only name on his lips. And now he lies in his own house as weak as water. Come, old gentleman, don't you be too hard; you are not a child, like your daughter; take the world as it is. Do you think you will ever find a man of fortune who has not had a lady friend? Why, every single gentleman in London that can afford to keep a saddle-horse has an article of that sort in some corner or other; and if he parts with her as soon as his banns are cried, that is all you can expect. Do you think any mother in Belgravia would make a row about that? They are downier than you are; they would shrug their aristocratic shoulders, and decline to listen to the *past* lives of their sons-in-law—unless it was all in the newspapers, mind you."

"If Belgravian mothers have mercenary minds, that is no reason why I should, whose cheeks have bronzed in the service of a virtuous queen, and whose hairs have whitened in honor."

On receiving this broadside the Somerset altered her tone directly, and said, obsequiously: "That is true, Sir, and I beg your pardon for comparing you to the trash. But brave men are pitiful, you know. Then show your pity here. Pity a gentleman that repented his faults as soon as your daughter showed him there was a better love within reach, and now lies stung by an anonymous viper, and almost dying of love and mortification; and pity your own girl, that will soon lose her health, and perhaps her life, if you don't give in."

"She is not so weak, madam. She is in better spirits already."

"Ay, but then she didn't know what he had suffered for *her*. She does now, for I heard her moan; and she will die for him now, or else she will give you twice as many kisses as usual some day, and cry a bucketful over you, and then run away with her lover. I know women better than you do; I am one of the precious lot."

The Admiral replied only with a look of superlative scorn. This incensed the Somerset; and that daring woman, whose ear was nearer to the door, and had caught sounds that escaped the men, actually turned the handle, and while her eye flashed defiance, her vigorous foot spurned the folding-doors wide open in half a moment.

Bella Bruce lay with her head sideways on the table, and her hands extended, moaning and sobbing piteously for poor Sir Charles.

"For shame, madam, to expose my child," cried the Admiral, bursting with indignation and grief. He rushed to her and took her in his arms.

She scarcely noticed him, for the moment he turned her she caught sight of Miss Somerset, and recognized her face in a moment. "Ah! the Sister of Charity!" she cried, and stretched out her hands to her, with a look and a gesture so innocent, confiding, and imploring, that the Somerset, already much excited by her own eloquence, took a turn not uncommon with termagants, and began to cry herself.

But she soon stopped that, for she saw her time was come to go, and avoid unpleasant explanations. She made a dart and secured the two letters. "Settle it among yourselves," said she, wheeling round and bestowing this advice on the whole party; then shot a sharp arrow at the Admiral as she fled: "If you must be a tool of Richard Bassett, don't be a tool and a dupe by halves. *He* is in love with her too. Marry her to the blackguard, and then you will be *sure* to kill Sir Charles."

Having delivered this with such volubility that the words pattered out like a roll of musketry, she flounced out, with red cheeks and wet eyes, rushed down the stairs, and sprang into her carriage, whipped the ponies, and away at a pace that made the spectators stare.

Mr. Oldfield muttered some excuses, and retired more sedately.

All this set Bella Bruce trembling and weeping, and her father was some time before he could bring her to any thing like composure. Her first words, when she could find breath, were, "He is innocent; he is unhappy. Oh, that I could fly to him!"

"Innocent! What proof?"

"That brave lady said so."

"Brave lady! A bold hussy. Most likely a friend of the woman Somerset, and a bird of the same feather. Sir Charles has done himself no good with me by sending such an emissary."

"No, papa; it was the lawyer brought her, and then her own good heart *made her burst out*. Ah! she is not like me: she has courage. What a noble thing courage is, especially in a woman!"

"Pray did you hear the language of this noble lady?"

"Every word nearly; and I shall never forget them. They were diamonds and pearls."

"Of the sort you can pick up at Billingsgate."

"Ah, papa, she pleaded for *him* as I can not plead, and yet I love him. It was true eloquence. Oh! how she made me shudder. Only think, he had a fit, and lost his reason, and all for me. What shall I do? What shall I do?"

This brought on a fit of weeping.

Her father pitied her, and gave her a crumb of sympathy: said he was sorry for Sir Charles.

"But," said he, recovering his resolution, "it can not be helped. He must expiate his vices, like other men. Do pray pluck up a little spirit and sense. Now try and keep to the point. This woman came from him; and you say you heard her language and admire it. Quote me some of it."

"She said he fell down as black as his hat, and his eyes rolled, and his poor teeth gnashed, and—oh, my darling! my darling! oh! oh! oh!"

"There—there—I mean about other things."

Bella complied, but with a running accompaniment of the sweetest little sobs.

"She said I must be very green, to swallow an anonymous letter like spring water. Oh! oh!"

"Green? There was a word!"

"Oh! oh! But it is the right word. You can't mend it. Try, and you will see you can't. Of course I was green. Oh! And she said every gentleman who can afford to keep a saddle-horse has a female friend, till his banns are called in church. Oh! oh!"

"A pretty statement to come to your ears!"

"But if it is the truth! 'THE TRUTH MAY BE BLAMED, BUT IT CAN'T BE SHAMED.' Ah! I'll not forget that: I'll pray every night I may remember those words of the brave lady. Oh!"

"CAN I DO NOTHING FOR YOU?"

"Yes, take her for your oracle."

"I mean to. I always try to profit by my superiors. She has courage; [illegible]-milk: she beat about the bush, and talk ski[illegible] the uses the very word. She said we have been the dupe and the tool of a little scheming rascal, an anonymous coward, with motives as base as his heart is black—oh! oh! Ay, that is the way to speak of such a man: I can't do it myself, but I reverence the brave lady who can. And she wasn't afraid even of you, dear papa. 'Come, old gentleman'—ha! ha! ha!—'take the world as it is; Belgravian mothers would not break *both* their hearts for what is past and gone.' What hard good sense! a thing I always *did* admire: because I've got none. But her *heart* is not hard; after all her words of fire, that went so straight instead of beating the bush, she ended by crying for me. Oh! oh! oh! Bless her! Bless her! If ever there was a good woman in the world, that is one. She was not born a lady, I am afraid; but that is nothing: she was born a woman, and I mean to make her acquaintance, and take her for my example in all things. No, dear papa, women are not so pitiful to women without cause. She is almost a stranger, yet she cried for me. Can you be harder to me than she is? No; pity your poor girl, who will lose her health, and perhaps her life. Pity poor Charles, stung by an anonymous viper, and laid on a bed of sickness for me. Oh! oh! oh!"

"I do pity you, Bella. When you cry like this, my heart bleeds."

"I'll try not to cry, papa. Oh! oh!"

"But, most of all, I pity your infatuation, your blindness. Poor, innocent dove, that looks at others by the light of her own goodness, and so sees all manner of virtues in a brazen hussy. Now answer me one plain question. You called her 'the Sister!' Is she not the same woman that played the Sister of Charity?"

Bella blushed to the temples, and said, hesitatingly, she was not quite sure.

"Come, Bella. I thought you were going to imitate the jade, and not beat about the bush. Yes or no?"

"The features are very like."

"Bella, you know it is the same woman. You recognized her in a moment. That speaks volumes. But she shall find I am not to be made 'a dupe and a tool of' quite so easily as she thinks. I'll tell you what—this is some professional actress Sir Charles has hired to waylay you. Little simpleton!"

He said no more at that time; but after dinner he ruminated, and took a very serious, indeed almost a maritime, view of the crisis. "I'm overmatched now," thought he. "They will cut my sloop out under the very guns of the flag-ship if we stay much longer in this port—a lawyer against me and a woman too; there's nothing to be done but heave anchor, hoist sail, and run for it."

He sent off a foreign telegram, and then went up stairs. "Bella, my dear," said he, "pack up your clothes for a journey. We start to-morrow."

"A journey, papa! A long one?"

"WITH RED CHEEKS AND WET EYES."

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"No. We sha'n't double the Horn this time."

"Brighton? Paris?"

"Oh, farther than that."

"The grave: that is the journey I should like to take."

"So you shall, some day; but just now it is a *foreign* port you are bound for. Go and pack."

"I obey." And she was creeping off, but he called her back and kissed her, and said, "Now I'll tell you where you are going; but you must promise me solemnly not to write one line to Sir Charles."

She promised, but cried as soon as she had promised; whereat the Admiral inferred he had done wisely to exact the promise.

"Well, my dear," said he, "we are going to Baden. Your aunt Molineux is there. She is a woman of great delicacy and prudence, and has daughters of her own all well married, thanks to her motherly care. She will bring you to your senses better than I can."

Next evening they left England by the mail; and the day after Richard Bassett learned this through his servant, and went home triumphant, and, indeed, wondering at his success. He ascribed it, however, to the Nemesis which dogs the heels of those who inherit the estate of another.

Such was the only moral reflection he made, though the business in general, and particularly his share in it, admitted of several.

Miss Somerset also heard of it, and told Mr. Oldfield; he told Sir Charles Bassett.

That gentleman sighed deeply, and said nothing. He had lost all hope.

The whole matter appeared stagnant for about ten days; and then a delicate hand stirred the dead waters cautiously. Mr. Oldfield, of all people in the world, received a short letter from Bella Bruce.

"*Konigsberg Hotel, Baden.*

"*Miss Bruce presents her compliments to Mr. Oldfield, and will feel much obliged if he will send her the name and address of that brave lady who accompanied him to her father's house.*

"*Miss Bruce desires to thank that lady, personally, for her noble defense of one with whom it would be improper for her to communicate; but she can never be indifferent to his welfare, nor hear of his sufferings without deep sorrow.*"

"Confound it!" said Solomon Oldfield. "What am I to do? I mustn't tell her it is Miss Somerset." So the wary lawyer had a copy of the letter made, and sent to Miss Somerset for instructions.

Miss Somerset sent for Mr. Marsh, who was now more at her beck and call than ever, and told him she had a ticklish letter to write. "I can talk with the best," said she, "but the moment I sit down and take up a pen something cold runs up my shoulder, and then down my backbone, and I'm palsied; now you are always writing, and can't say 'Bo' to a goose in company. Let us mix ourselves; I'll walk about and speak my mind, and then you put down the cream, and send it."

From this ingenious process resulted the following composition:

"*She whom Miss Bruce is good enough to call 'the brave lady' happened to know the truth, and that tempted her to try and baffle an anonymous slanderer, who was ruining the happiness of a lady and gentleman. Being a person of warm impulses, she went great lengths; but she now wishes to retire into the shade. She is flattered by Miss Bruce's desire to know her, and some day, perhaps, may remind her of it; but at present she must deny herself that honor. If her reasons were known, Miss Bruce would not be offended nor hurt; she would entirely approve them.*"

Soon after this, as Sir Charles Bassett sat by the fire, disconsolate, his servant told him a lady wanted to see him.

"Who is it?"

"Don't know, Sir Charles; but it is a kind of a sort of a nun, Sir Charles."

"Oh, a Sister of Charity! Perhaps the one that nursed me. Admit her, by all means."

The Sister came in. She had a large veil on. Sir Charles received her with profound respect, and thanked her, with some little hesitation, for her kind attention to him. She stopped him by saying that was merely her duty. "But," said she, softly, "words fell from you, on the bed of sickness, that touched my heart; and, besides, I happen to know the lady."

"You know my Bella!" cried Sir Charles. "Ah, then no wonder you speak so kindly; you can feel what I have lost. She has left England to avoid me."

"All the better. Where she is, the door can not be closed in your face. She is at Baden. Follow her there. She has heard the truth from Mr. Oldfield, and she knows who wrote the anonymous letter."

"And who did?"

"Mr. Richard Bassett."

This amazed Sir Charles.

"The scoundrel!" said he, after a long silence.

"Well, then, why let that fellow defeat you, for his own ends? I would go at once to Baden. Your leaving England would be one more proof to her that she has no rival. Stick to her like a man, Sir, and you will win her, I tell you."

These words from a nun amazed and fired him. He rose from his chair, flushed with sudden hope and ardor. "I'll leave for Baden to-morrow morning."

The Sister rose to retire.

"No, no," cried Sir Charles. "I have not thanked you. I ought to go down on my knees and bless you for all this. To whom am I so indebted?"

"No matter, Sir."

"But it does matter. You nursed me, and perhaps saved my life, and now you give me back the hopes that make life sweet. You will not trust me with your name?"

"We have no name."

"Your voice at times sounds very like—no, I will not affront you by such a comparison."

"I'm her sister," said she, like lightning.

This announcement staggered Sir Charles, and he was silent and uncomfortable. It gave him a chill.

The Sister watched him keenly, but said nothing.

Sir Charles did not know what to say, so he asked to see her face. "It must be as beautiful as your heart."

The Sister shook her head. "My face has been disfigured by a frightful disorder."

Sir Charles uttered an ejaculation of regret and pity.

"I could not bear to show it to one who esteems me as you seem to do. But perhaps it will not always be so."

"I hope not. You are young, and Heaven is good. Can I do nothing for you, who have done so much for me?"

"Nothing—unless—" said she, feigning vast timidity, "you could spare me that ring of yours, as a remembrance of the part I have played in this affair."

Sir Charles colored. It was a ruby of the purest water, and had been two centuries in his family. He colored, but was too fine a gentleman to hesitate. He said, "By all means. But it is a poor thing to offer *you*."

"I shall value it very much."

"Say no more. I am fortunate in having any thing you deign to accept."

And so the ring changed hands.

The Sister now put it on her middle finger, and held up her hand, and her bright eyes glanced at it, through her veil, with that delight which her sex in general feel at the possession of a new bauble. She recovered herself, however, and told him, soberly, the ring should return to his family at her death, if not before.

"I will give you a piece of advice for it," said she. "Miss Bruce has fiery hair; and she is very timid. Don't you take her advice about commanding her. She would like to be your slave! Don't let her. Coax her to speak her mind. Make a friend of her. Don't you put her to this—that she must displease you, or else deceive you. She might choose wrong, especially with that colored hair."

"It is not in her nature to deceive."

"It is not in her nature to displease. Excuse me; I am no fanciful, and look at women too close. But I know your happiness depends on her. All your eggs are in that one basket. Well, I have told you how to carry the basket. Good-by."

Sir Charles saw her out, and bowed respectfully to her in the hall, while his servant opened the street door. He did her this homage as his benefactress.

When Admiral and Miss Bruce reached Baden Mrs. Molineux was away on a visit; and this disappointed Admiral Bruce, who had counted on her assistance to manage and comfort Bella. Bella needed the latter very much. A glance at her pale, pensive, lovely face was enough to show that sorrow was rooted at her heart. She was subjected to no restraint, but kept the house of her own accord, thinking, as persons of her age are apt to do, that her whole history must be written in her face. Still, of course, she did go out sometimes; and one cold but bright afternoon she was strolling languidly on the parade, when all in a moment she met Sir Charles Bassett face to face.

She gave an eloquent scream, and turned pale a moment, and then the hot blood came rushing, and then it retired, and she stood at bay, with heaving bosom and great eyes.

Sir Charles held out both hands pathetically. "Don't you be afraid of me."

When she found he was so afraid of offending her she became more courageous. "How dare you come here?" said she, but with more curiosity than violence, for it had been her dream of hope he would come.

"How could I keep away, when I heard you were here?"

"You must not speak to me, Sir; I am forbidden."

"Pray do not condemn me unheard."

"If I listen to you I shall believe you. I won't hear a word. Gentlemen can do things that ladies can not even speak about. Talk to my aunt Molineux; our fate depends on her. This will teach you not to be so wicked. What business have gentlemen to be so wicked? Ladies are not. No, it is no use; I will not hear a syllable. I am ashamed to be seen speaking to you. You are a bad character. Oh, Charles, is it true you had a fit?"

"Yes."

"And have you been very ill? You look ill."

"I am better now, dearest."

"'Dearest!' Don't call me names. How dare you keep speaking to me when I request you not?"

"But I can't excuse myself, and obtain my pardon, and recover your love, unless I am allowed to speak."

"Oh, you can speak to my aunt Molineux, and she will read you a fine lesson."

"Where is she?"

"Nobody knows. But there is her house, the one with the iron gate. Get her ear first, if you really love me; and don't you ever waylay me again. If you do, I shall say something rude to you, Sir. Oh, I'm so happy!"

Having let this out, she hid her face with her hands, and fled like the very wind.

At dinner-time she was in high spirits.

The Admiral congratulated her. "Brava, Bell! Youth and health and a foreign air will soon cure you of that folly."

Bella blushed deeply, and said nothing. The truth struggled within her, too, but she shrank from giving pain, and receiving expostulation.

She kept the house, though, for two days, partly out of modesty, partly out of an honest and pious desire to obey her father as much as she could.

The third day Mrs. Molineux arrived, and sent over to the Admiral.

He invited Bella to come with him. She consented eagerly, but was so long in dressing that he threatened to go without her. She implored him not to do that; and after a monstrous delay, the motive of which the reader may perhaps divine, father and daughter called on Mrs. Molineux. She received them very affectionately. But when the Admiral, with some hesitation, began to enter on the great subject, she said, quietly, "Bella, my dear, go for a walk, and come back to me in half an hour."

"Aunt Molineux!" said Bella, extending both her hands imploringly to that lady.

Mrs. Molineux was proof against this blandishment, and Bella had to go.

When she was gone, this lady, who both as wife and mother was literally a model, rather astonished her brother the Admiral. She said: "I am sorry to tell you that you have conducted this matter with perfect impropriety, both you and Bella. She had no business to show you that anonymous letter; and when she did show it you, you should have taken it from her, and told her not to believe a word of it."

"And married my daughter to a libertine! Why, Charlotte, I am ashamed of you."

Mrs. Molineux colored high; but she kept her temper, and ignored the interruption. "Then, if you decided to go into so indelicate a question at all (and really you were not bound to do so on anonymous information), why, then, you should have sent for Sir Charles, and given him the letter, and put him on his honor to tell you the truth. He would have told you the fact, instead of a garbled version; and the fact is that before he knew Bella he had a connection, which he prepared to dissolve, on terms very honorable to himself, as soon as he engaged himself to your daughter. What is there in that? Why, it is common, universal, among men of fashion. I am so vexed it ever came to Bella's knowledge: really it is dreadful to me, as a mother, that such a thing should have been discussed before that child. Complete innocence means complete ignorance; and that is how all my girls went to their husbands. However, what we must do now is to tell her Sir Charles has satisfied me he was not to blame; and after that the subject must never be recurred to. Sir Charles has promised me never to mention it, and no more shall Bella. And now, my dear John, let me congratulate you. Your daughter has a high-minded lover, who adores her, with a fine estate: he has been crying to me, poor fellow, as men will to a woman of my age; and if you have any respect for my judgment—ask him to dinner."

She added that it might be as well if, after dinner, he were to take a little nap.

Admiral Bruce did not fall into these views without discussion. I spare the reader the dialogue, since he yielded at last; only he stipulated that his sister should do the dinner, and the subsequent siesta.

Bella returned, looking very wistful and anxious.

"Come here, niece," said Mrs. Molineux. "Kneel you at my knee. Now look me in the face. Sir Charles has loved you, and you only, from the day he first saw you. He loves you now as much as ever. Do you love him?"

"Oh, aunt! aunt!" A shower of kisses, and a tear or two.

"That is enough. Then dry your eyes, and dress your beautiful hair a little better than *that*; for he dines with me to-day."

Who so bright and happy now as Bella Bruce?

The dreaded aunt did not stop there. She held that after the peep into real life Bella Bruce had obtained, for want of a mother's vigilance, she ought to be a wife as soon as possible. So she gave Sir Charles a hint that Baden was a very good place to be married in; and from that moment Sir Charles gave Bella and her father no rest till they consented.

Little did Richard Bassett, in England, dream what was going on at Baden. He now surveyed the chimneys of Huntercombe Hall with resignation, and even with growing complacency, as chimneys that would one day be his, since their owner would not be in a hurry to love again. He shot Sir Charles's pheasants whenever they strayed into his hedge-rows, and he lived moderately, and studied health. In a word, content with the result of his anonymous letter, he confined himself now to cannily outliving the wrongful heir—his cousin.

One fine frosty day the chimneys of Huntercombe began to show signs of life; vertical columns of blue smoke rose in the air, one after another, till at last there were about forty going.

Old servants flowed down from London. New ones trickled in, with their boxes, from the country. Carriages were drawn out into the stable-yard, horses exercised, and a whisper ran that Sir Charles was coming to live on his estates, and not alone.

Richard Bassett went about inquiring cautiously.

The rumor spread, and was confirmed by some little facts.

At last, one fine day, when the chimneys were all smoking, the church-bells began to peal.

Richard Bassett heard, and went out, scowling deeply. He found the village all agog with expectation.

Presently there was a loud cheer from the steeple, and a flag floated from the top of Huntercombe House. Murmurs. Distant cheers. Approaching cheers. The clatter of horses' feet. The roll of wheels. Huntercombe gates flung wide open by a cluster of grooms and keepers.

Then on came two outriders, ushered by loud hurrahs, and followed by a carriage and four that dashed through the village amidst peals of delight from the villagers. The carriage was open, and in it sat Sir Charles and Bella Bassett. She was lovelier than ever; she dazzled the very air with her beauty and her glorious hair. The hurrahs of the villagers made her heart beat; she pressed Sir Charles's hand tenderly, and literally shone with joy and pride; and so she swept past Richard Bassett; she saw him directly, shuddered a moment, and half clung to her husband; then on again, and passed through the open gates amidst loud cheers. She alighted in her own hall, and walked, nodding and smiling sunnily, through two files of domestics and retainers; and thought no more of Richard Bassett than some bright bird that has flown over a rattlesnake and glanced down at him.

But a gorgeous bird can not always be flying. A snake can sometimes creep under her perch, and glare, and keep hissing, till she shudders and droops and lays her plumage in the dust.

A PAGE FROM THE BOOK OF FOLLY.

"That owned the virtuous ring and glass."
Il Penseroso.

I.

"AURELIA!"

"Otto!"

"Must we then part?"

They were folded in each other's arms. There never was such kissing.

"How shall we henceforth exchange the sweet tokens of our undying affection, my Otto?"

"Alas, my Aurelia, I know not! Thy Otto blushes to acquaint thee that he can not write."

"Blush not, my Otto; thou needest not reproach thyself. Even couldst thou write, thy Aurelia could not read. Oh, these dark ages!"

They remained some minutes gazing on each other with an expression of fond perplexity. Suddenly the damsel's features assumed the aspect of one who experiences the visitation of a happy thought. Gently yet decidedly she pronounced:

"We will exchange rings."

They drew off their rings simultaneously.

"This, Aurelia, was my grandfather's."

"This, Otto, was my grandmother's, which she charged me with her dying breath never to part with save to him whom alone I loved."

"Mine is a brilliant, more radiant than aught save the eyes of my Aurelia."

And, in fact, Aurelia's eyes hardly sustained the comparison. A finer stone could not easily be found.

"Mine is a sapphire, azure as the everlasting heavens, and type of a constancy enduring as they."

In truth, it was of a tint seldom to be met with in sapphires.

The exchange made, the lady seemed less anxious to detain her lover.

"Beware, Otto," she cried, as he slid down the cord, which yielded him an oscillatory transit from her casement to the moat, where he alighted knee-deep in mud—"beware! If my brother should be gazing from his chamber on the resplendent moon!"

But that ferocious young baron was accustomed to spend his time in a less romantic manner; and so it came to pass that Otto encountered him not.

II.

Days, weeks, months had passed by, and Otto, a wanderer in a foreign land, had heard no tidings of his Aurelia. Ye who have loved may well conceive how her ring was all in all to him. He divided his time pretty equally between gazing into its cerulean depths, as though her lovely image were mirrored therein, and pressing its chilly surface to his lips, little as it recalled the warmth and balminess of hers.

The burnished glow of gold, the chaste sheen of silver, the dance and sparkle of light in multitudinous gems, arrested his attention as he one evening perambulated the streets of a great city. He beheld a jeweler's shop. The gray-headed, spectacled lapidary sat at a bench within sedulously polishing a streaked pebble by the light of a small lamp. A sudden thought struck Otto; he entered the shop, and, presenting the ring to the jeweler, inquired, in a tone of suppressed exultation,

"What hold you for the worth of this inestimable ring?"

The jeweler, with no expression of surprise or curiosity, received the ring from Otto, held it to the light, glanced slightly at the stone, somewhat more carefully at the setting, laid the ring for a moment in a pair of light scales, and, handing it back to Otto, remarked, with a tone and manner of the most entire indifference,

"The worth of this inestimable ring is one shilling and sixpence."

"Caitiff of a huckster!" exclaimed Otto, bringing down his fist on the bench with such vigor that the pebbles leaped up and fell rattling down. "Sayest thou this of a gem framed by genii in the bowels of the earth?"

"Nay, friend," returned the jeweler, with the same imperturbable air; "that thy gem was framed of earth I in no wise question, seeing that it doth principally consist of sand. But when thou speakest of genii and the bowels of the earth, thou wilt not, I hope, take it amiss if I crave better proof than the word that the devil

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has taken to glass-making. For glass, and nothing else, credit me, thy jewel is."

"And the gold?" gasped Otto.

"There is just as much gold in thy ring as sufficeth to handsomely gild a like superficies of brass, which is not saying much."

And applying a sponge dipped in some liquid to a small part of the hoop, the jeweler disclosed the dull hue of the baser metal so evidently that Otto could hardly doubt longer. He doubted no more when the lapidary laid his ring in the scales against another of the same size and make, and pointed to the inequality of the balance.

"Thou seest," he continued, "that in our craft a very little gold goes a very great way. It is far otherwise in the world, as thou, albeit in no sort eminent for sapience, hast doubtless ere this ascertained for thyself. Thou art evidently a prodigious fool!"

This latter disparaging observation could be safely ventured upon, as Otto had rushed from the shop, speechless with rage.

Was Aurelia deceiver or deceived? Should he execrate her, or her venerable grandmother, or some unknown person? The point was too knotty to be solved in the agitated state of his feelings. He decided it provisionally by execrating the entire human race, not forgetting himself.

In a mood like Otto's a trifling circumstance is sufficient to determine the quality of action. The ancient city of which he was at the time an inhabitant was traversed by a large river spanned by a quaint and many-arched bridge, to which his frantic and aimless wanderings had conducted him. Spires and gables and lengthy façades were reflected in the water, blended with the shadows of boats, and interspersed with the mirrored flames of innumerable windows on land, or of lanterns suspended from the masts or sterns of the vessels. The dancing ripples bickered and flickered, and seemed to say, "Come hither to us," while the dark reaches of still water in the shadow of the piers promised that whatever might be intrusted to them should be faithfully retained. Swayed by a sudden impulse Otto drew his ring from his finger. It gleamed an instant aloft in air; in another the relaxation of his grasp would have consigned it to the stream.

"Forbear!"

Otto turned and perceived a singular figure by his side. The stranger was tall and thin, and attired in a dusky cloak which only partially concealed a flame-colored jerkin. A cock's feather peaked up in his cap; his eyes were piercingly brilliant; his nose was aquiline; the expression of his features sinister and sardonic. Had Otto been more observant or less preoccupied he might have noticed that the stranger's left shoe was of a peculiar form, and that he limped some little with the corresponding foot.

"Forbear, I say; thou knowest not what thou doest."

"And what skills what I do with a piece of common glass?"

"Thou errest, friend; thy ring is not common glass. Had thy mistress surmised its mystic virtues she would have thought oftener than twice ere exchanging it for thy diamond."

"What may these virtues be?" eagerly demanded Otto.

"In the first place, it will show thee when thy mistress may chance to think of thee, as it will then prick thy finger."

"Now I know thee for a lying knave!" exclaimed the youth, indignantly. "Learn, to thy confusion, that it hath not pricked me once since I parted from Aurelia."

"Which proves that she has never once thought of thee."

"Villain!" shouted Otto, "say that again and I will transfix thee."

"Thou mayest if thou canst," rejoined the stranger, with an expression of such cutting scorn that Otto's spirit quailed, and he felt a secret but overpowering conviction of his interlocutor's veracity. Rallying, however, in some measure, he exclaimed:

"Aurelia is true. I will wager my soul upon it."

"Done!" screamed the stranger in a strident voice of triumph, while a burst of diabolical laughter seemed to proceed from every cranny of the caves and piers of the old bridge, and to be taken up by goblin echoes from the summits of the adjacent towers and steeples.

Otto's blood ran chill, but he mustered sufficient courage to inquire hoarsely,

"What of its further virtues?"

"When it shall have pricked thee," returned the mysterious personage, "on turning it once completely round thy finger thou wilt see thy mistress wherever she may be. If thou turnest it the second time, thou wilt know what her thought of thee is; and if the third time, thou wilt find thyself in her presence. But I give thee fair warning that by doing this thou wilt place thyself in a more disastrous plight than any thou hast experienced hitherto. And now farewell."

The speaker disappeared. Otto stood alone upon the bridge. He saw nothing around him but the stream, with its shadows and lights, as he slowly and thoughtfully turned round to walk to his lodgings.

III.

Ye who have loved, et cetera, as aforesaid, will comprehend the anxiety with which Otto henceforth consulted his ring. He was continually adjusting it to his finger in a manner, as he fancied, to render the anticipated puncture more perceptible when it should come at last. He would have worn it on all his fingers in succession had the conformation of his robust hand admitted of its being placed on any but the slenderest. Thousands of times he could have sworn that he felt the admonitory sting; thousands of times he turned the trinket round and round with desperate impatience; but Aurelia's form remained as invisible, her thoughts as inscrutable, as before. His great dread was that he might be pricked in his sleep, on which account he would sit up watching far into the morn. For, as he reasoned, not without plausibility, when could he more rationally hope for a place in Aurelia's thoughts than at that witching and suggestive period? She might surely think of him when she had nothing else to do! Had she really nothing else to do? And Otto grew sick and livid with jealousy. It, of course, frequently occurred to him to doubt and deride the virtues of the ring, and he was several times upon the point of flinging it away. But the more he pondered upon the appearance and manner of the stranger, the less able he felt to resist the conviction of his truthfulness.

At last a most unmistakable puncture! the distinct though slight pang of a miniature wound. A crimson bead of blood rose on Otto's finger, swelled to its due proportion, and became a trickling blot.

"She is thinking of me!" cried he, rapturously, as if this were an instance of the most signal and unforeseen condescension. All the weary expectancy of the last six months was forgotten. He would have railed at himself had the bliss of the moment allowed him to remember that he had ever railed at her.

Otto turned his ring once, and Aurelia became visible in an instant. She was standing before the mercer's booth in the chief street of the little town which adjoined her father's castle. Her gaze was riveted on a silk mantle, trimmed with costly furs, which depended from a hook inside the doorway. Her lovely features wore an expression of extreme dissatisfaction. She was replacing a purse, apparently by no means weighty, in her embroidered girdle.

Otto turned the ring the second time, and Aurelia's silvery accents immediately became audible to the following effect:

"If that fool Otto were here, he would buy it for me."

She turned away, and walked down the street. Otto uttered a cry like the shriek of an uprooted mandrake. His hand was upon the ring to turn it for the third time; but the stranger's warning occurred to him, and for a moment he forbore. In that moment the entire vision vanished from before his eyes.

What boots it to describe Otto's feelings upon this revelation of Aurelia's sentiments? For lovers, description would be needless; to wiser people, incomprehensible. Suffice it to say that as his lady deemed him a fool, he appeared bent on proving that she did not deem amiss.

A long space of time elapsed without any further admonition from the ring. Perhaps Aurelia had no further occasion for his purse; perhaps she had found another purse-bearer. The latter view of the case appeared the more plausible to Otto, and it hugely aggravated his torments.

At last the moment came. It was the hour of midnight. Again Otto felt the sharp puncture, again the ruby drop started from his finger, again he turned the ring, and again beheld Aurelia. She was in her chamber, but not alone. Her companion was a youth of Otto's age. She was in the act of placing Otto's brilliant upon his finger. Otto turned his own ring, and heard her utter, with singular distinctness:

"This ring was given me by the greatest fool I ever knew. Little did he imagine that it would one day be the means of procuring me liberty, and bliss in the arms of my Arnold. My venerable grandmother—"

The voice expired upon her lips, for Otto stood before her.

Arnold precipitated himself from the window, carrying the ring with him. Otto, glaring at his faithless mistress, stood in the middle of the apartment with his sword unsheathed. Was he about to use it? None can say; for at this moment the young baron burst into the room, and, without the slightest apology for the liberty he was taking, passed his sword through Otto's body.

Otto groaned, and fell upon his face. He was dead. The young baron ungently reversed the position of the corpse, and scanned its features with evident surprise and dissatisfaction.

"It is not Arnold after all!" he muttered. "Who would have thought it?"

"Thou seest, brother, how unjust were thy suspicions," observed Aurelia, with an air of injured but not implacable virtue. "As for this abominable ravisher—" Her feelings forbade her to proceed.

The brother looked mystified. There was something beyond his comprehension in the affair; yet he could not but acknowledge that Otto was the person who had rushed by him as he lay in wait upon the stairs. He finally determined that it was best to say nothing about the matter: a resolution the easier of performance as he was not wont to be lavish of his words at any time. He wiped his sword on his sister's curtains, and was about to withdraw, when Aurelia again spoke:

"Ere thou departest, brother, have the goodness to ring the bell, and desire the menials to remove this carrion from my apartment."

The young baron sulkily complied, and retreated, growling, to his chamber.

The attendants carried Otto's body forth. To the honor of her sex be it recorded that before this was done Aurelia vouchsafed one glance to the corpse of her old lover. Her eye fell on the brazen ring. "And he has actually worn it all this time!" thought she.

"Would have outraged my daughter, would he?" said the old baron, when the transaction was reported to him. "Let him be buried in a concatenation accordingly."

"What the guy dickens be a concatenation, Geoffrey?" interrogated Giles.

"Methinks it is Latin for a ditch," responded Geoffrey.

This interpretation commending itself to the general judgment of the retainers, Otto was interred in the shelving bank of the old moat, just under Aurelia's window. A rough stone was laid upon the grave. The magic ring, which no one thought worth appropriating, remained upon the corpse's finger. Thou mayest probably find it there, reader, if thou searchest long enough.

The first visitor to Otto's humble sepulchre was, after all, Aurelia herself, who alighted thereon the following night, after letting herself down from her casement to fly with Arnold. Their escape was successfully achieved upon a pair of excellent horses, the proceeds of Otto's diamond, which had become the property of a Jew.

On the third night an aged monk stood by Otto's grave, and wept plentifully. He carried a lantern, a mallet, and a chisel. "He was my pupil," sobbed the good old man. "It were meet to contribute what in me lies to the befitting perpetuation of his memory."

Setting down the lantern, he commenced work, and with pious toil engraved on the stone in the Latin of the period:

"HAC MAGNUS STULTUS JACET IN FOSSA SEPULTUS.
MULIER CUI CREDIDIT MORTUUM ILLUM REDDIDIT."

Here he paused, at the end of his strength and of his Latin.

"Beshrew my old arms and brains!" he sighed.

"Hem!" coughed a deep voice in his vicinity.

The monk looked up. The personage in the dusky cloak and flame-colored jerkin was standing over him.

"Good monk," said the fiend, "what dost thou here?"

"Good fiend," said the monk, "I am inscribing an epitaph to the memory of a departed friend. Thou mightest kindly aid me to complete it."

"Truly," rejoined the demon, "it would become me to do so, seeing that I have his soul here in my pocket. Thou wilt not expect me to employ the language of the Church. Nathless, I see not wherefore the vernacular may not serve as well."

And, taking the mallet and chisel, he completed the monk's inscription with the supplementary legend,

"SERVED HIM RIGHT."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

IT is a singular fact that almost every day letters are deposited in the post-office, not merely without a stamp, or with only an illegible address, in which, perhaps, the name of town or State is omitted, but letters with no address whatsoever upon the envelope. It is somewhat puzzling to understand how these should ever be deposited in box or post-office without the omission being discovered. A little systematic care in directing letters would save the writers much trouble, and the Dead-letter Office much expense. We have heard a gentleman of extensive correspondence remark that he never knew of a letter which he had sent by mail to have been lost or miscarried. But then he was careful. He directed his envelope before he began to write his letter; most people leave this to be done at the end, when, very likely, the messenger is waiting to take it to the office. He wrote the name of person, town, and State in a plain, bold hand, using no abbreviations for towns or States. As the envelope lay before him while he wrote his letter, if, by chance, it was not correctly addressed, he was likely to notice it. Finally, it was his custom to deposit his letters himself in the nearest station. All persons can not easily follow his example in this last particular; but systematic care and plain handwriting would free the Post-office Department from much unjust censure.

When the Emperor William returned from France to Berlin, on entering the hall leading to his private apartments an enormous Newfoundland dog, a pet of his, recognizing his voice, rushed upon the Emperor, and in his impetuous joy actually threw him upon the floor. William took his defeat with great calmness, rose smilingly, and caressed the dog.

Artificial ice has the reputation of being far more durable than the natural article, the crystals being more solid, and exhibiting less tendency to split into flakes. The estimate has been made that thirty per cent. less of artificial than of natural ice will secure the same preservative effect. One objection to some forms of artificial ice is said to be the opacity of its color; but an inventor announces his discovery of a method by which perfectly transparent ice can be obtained, and for its publication to the world he asks the modest sum of £500 sterling.

The Detroit *Advertiser* gives to Mrs. Nannette B. Gardner, of that city, the honor of having cast "the first vote for a State officer deposited in an American ballot-box by a woman for the last half century." Election day was a rainy one, but that did not deter the lady, who went to the polls in her carriage, accompanied by her son and two lady friends. Her name had been previously registered, and the inspectors, having asked the usual questions, received and deposited her ballot. This being done, Mrs. Gardner presented the inspectors with a vase of flowers and a large picture, symbolizing woman's freedom. Probably this latter ceremony will be dispensed with by the majority of women who hereafter go to the polls as being unnecessary and inappropriate.

An incident both comic and interesting occurred on the arrival of Count Bismarck at Frankfort, after the Germans had vacated Paris. A wine-merchant of the city stepped up to the carriage door, and in pure Frankfort dialect addressed the man of iron in the following terms, the force of which is greatly lost in the process of translation:

MERCHANT. "Right glad we are, Excellency, that you have helped us to such an honorable peace. We have great respect for you, and you have stood well in our memory from the time that you were first among us. I wish that you could live fifty years longer, and would always take care of us."

BISMARCK. "I thank you for your friendly wish, but fifty years is something too long. I should be quite contented with fifteen."

MERCHANT. "And then I hope, Excellency, that we sha'n't have any more wars."

BISMARCK. "As long as we live we shall certainly have none."

MERCHANT. "Excellency, you have a mighty long ride to Berlin, and I know that when I have such a journey to make I always get hungry on the way, and so I brought something." (Draws from under his arm an object an ell in length, and carefully wrapped up in paper, which was found to be a long sausage.)

BISMARCK. "Ha! that's capital. Thanks. Is this a Frankfort sausage?" (Hands it over to his adjutant.)

MERCHANT. "No, not a Frankforter, but a good one. It is a Göttinger."

Unfortunately this interesting conversation was cut short by the approach of two old acquaintances of the Count. The locomotive whistled shrill. The train was again in motion. The merchant exclaimed, "Excellency, a happy journey to Berlin!" Bismarck waved his hand in reply to the many and enthusiastic cheers, and in a few moments was out of sight, leaving a very pleasant impression behind him.

An agricultural exchange mentions the use of strips of India rubber by English gardeners in the place of grafting-wax. Sheets are purchased in market for six cents per square foot. They are about as thick as brown paper. They are obtained of the manufacturers of this article before it is applied to muslin and other surfaces. The strips cut from it are about an inch wide for small grafting, the pieces stretching two or three times their first length. The ends adhere when pressed firmly with the thumb nail, the sheet having been previously washed and wiped dry.

Every good, hearty laugh has a tendency to lengthen the life of the person who indulges in it. This being the case, when medical science arrives at a greater degree of perfection, physicians will doubtless prescribe for certain torpid and melancholy diseases a hearty laugh taken "once in three hours," or, in mild cases, "after each meal." The only thing necessary to discover is the exciting cause; for when people don't want to laugh it is sometimes hard even to win a smile from them.

The Zoological Museum of Leyden is unequaled by any in Europe. It is located in a handsome building, and occupies five large floors, all the specimens being systematically and elegantly arranged. The visitor is amazed at the immense number of specimens, including almost every thing that has ever had life.

A large number of enterprising and substantial business men in Washington have organized a Union Club similar to that of the Union League Club of New York, and have taken a fine house in a central part of the city, to which a first-class restaurant is attached.

They do things on a large and generous scale out West. The wooden wedding of a saw-mill owner in Indiana was celebrated the other day, and his workmen presented him with 10,000 feet of lumber. One neighbor contributed thirteen huge poplar logs, and others remembered him in similar fashion.

We learn that Mrs. George Vandenhoff is soon to give her lecture on "The Rights and Wrongs of Children" in New York, under the patronage of a committee of ladies, in aid of a deserving charitable association. The lecture attracted much attention in Boston.

The London *Chemist and Druggist* asserts that babies are being poisoned in a wholesale manner by being fed through tubes composed of "India rubber dissolved in ten per cent. of bisulphide of carbon, and thickened with white lead, resin, and sometimes oxysulphuret of antimony, from which, when it comes into contact with the milk, sulphureted hydrogen is evolved, and lactate of lead formed in the stomach."

Dumas, *père*, and Monsieur V——, a celebrated Parisian wit, were sworn enemies. The Marquis de X——, an intimate friend of both, invited the rivals to dinner; but V—— refused to come unless Dumas would promise to speak only once during the dinner. The Marquis informed Dumas of this ridiculous proposal, but, to his surprise, the great novelist accepted it. During the meal V—— distinguished himself particularly by a rolling fire of wit. Every one remarked Dumas's silence. At dessert V—— helped himself several times to cakes, every time the plate was passed taking two or three. A lady seated next to him passed the cakes once more, when V—— excused himself, saying, "No, madame, I have eaten almost as many as Samson killed Philistines." "Yes," said Dumas, "and with the same weapon." That was enough. V—— left the table.

The Hoosac Tunnel was advanced 405½ feet during March. The water is so deep at present in the shaft and tunnel that a vast amount must be pumped out before work can be resumed.

The surgeons connected with the Manhattan Eye and Ear Hospital report that from October 15, 1869, to December 31, 1870, 1717 cases of diseases of the eye and ear have been treated by them. Of these cases 1224 were diseases of the eye. This institution is a charitable one, being supported by the gifts of the benevolent, and by such in-door patients as are able to pay something toward the expense of their maintenance. A site for a permanent building has been secured on the corner of Park Avenue and Forty-first Street.

A French physician, Dr. Poillon, says that a cold can be cured by inhaling hartshorn. The inhalation should be through the nose, and should be repeated several times in the space of five minutes, and continued till some relief is experienced. Probably this remedy refers to a "cold in the head."

Strawberries are coming—abundantly we hope, from the fact that the basket and box makers are already busy, and soon no less than 1500 gross will be ready for the Boston market alone. Winchendon makes more boxes than any other town in Massachusetts, while baskets are made extensively in Connecticut. About 20,000 baskets of a new style will be put into the market this season, especially designed to preserve the fruit by giving a free circulation of air.

We often repent of having spoken, rarely of having been silent. While social conversation, moderate in quantity and clear and pure in quality, is one of the most delightful pleasures of life, when immoderate it becomes mischievous and detestable. It was once remarked of a lady that when once she opened her conversational sluice-gates every body else was inundated—it would be as easy to stop the rising tide as her flow of words. The great mischief is that if we allow ourselves to talk immoderately, we say a thousand things which are foolish, unkind, slanderous, and even malicious. Love of talking makes us forget our better nature. Moreover, a "long-winded" talker is a great bore. Who does not remember the effort it has sometimes been to appear to give civil attention to a pitiless talker?

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THE MARRIAGE OF PRINCESS LOUISE AND THE MARQUIS OF LORNE IN SAINT GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR.—[SEE PAGE 387.]

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GERMANIA.

ON page 389 our artist has given, in a series of sketches, a view of the great German gathering of April 10, in celebration of the successful issue of the war with France. The various features in the long procession, which winds around the border of the illustration, scarcely need to be explained. The jolly-looking fellow in the centre of the lower border will be recognized by every one who has ever heard of King GAMBRINUS. Not far from him the representatives of Kaiser WILLIAM and Prince BISMARCK affably greet their admirers from an open carriage; and on the other side we see the representatives of the famous Uhlans, and other branches of the great army that fought its way from the Rhine to Paris without sustaining a single defeat, and scarcely a check.

The view in the centre was sketched in Tompkins Square, where a grand mass-meeting closed the parade and pageantry of the day.

In the middle of the square an immense platform had been built in the form of a fort with octagonals. In the centre of a raised dais was an immense staff, from which floated the German flag, surmounted by an eagle. Fifty smaller staffs rose from the sides, supporting flags, Chinese lanterns, and society emblems. The poles were wreathed with evergreen, and festoons of the same material hung from the centre to the smaller staffs. Four staircases led to the platform, which was capable of holding several thousand persons. The sides were draped with Prussian flags, and the whole structure presented a brilliant appearance. Here, about half past four, the exercises were opened with the impressive anthem, "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott." This was followed, after a time, with "Die Wacht am Rhein;" and just before the great gathering dispersed all joined in the grand melody of "Nun danket alle Gott."

One pleasant feature of the celebration was the artistic character of the decorations. From the lowest point on the east side of the city flags and bunting were displayed, and many business houses that had closed in honor of the day had taken pains to have their colors arranged the evening before. Division Street was completely festooned with transparencies and Chinese lanterns suspended across the way in the wildest profusion. Myriads of small American and German flags hung from the windows, and were frequently relieved by others of greater dimensions. At the corner of East Broadway and Catharine Street one house was decorated by the Prussian tricolor from the roof to the cellar, so that but little of the stone was to be seen. All the German beer saloons and gardens had decorations of some kind.

In connection with our sketches of this grand celebration we present our readers with the portraits of the three most conspicuous men of the war—the Emperor of Germany, Count VON MOLTKE, and Prince BISMARCK.

WON—NOT WOOED.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Bred in the Bone," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXII.—(*Continued.*)

MABEL upon the colonel's arm, Mrs. Chatterton upon Mr. Winthrop's, visited the different firing-points, applauded the bulls'-eyes made (but not devoured) by the Public School boys, and sympathized with the running deer. As they lounged through the long white streets, each placarded with its facetious title, such as Love Lane or Lazy Alley, they came upon an open space around which the tents were grouped with some eye to effect. In the centre was a garden-plot, and before each furled back-door there were enough of flowers, at all events, to furnish forth a bouquet for a lady visitor. As they stood in front of this military paradise, a handsome young fellow, who was employed in cleaning his rifle, caught sight of them, dropped it hastily, ran to his metal basin, still keeping his eyes toward them, and, having washed his hands, came forward with an eager air.

"Miss Denham, surely?" said he. Mabel had turned deadly pale, and for the moment was speechless.

"I am not Miss Denham," said she, with a faint smile, "though you once knew me as such."

She dropped the colonel's arm, and held out a hand that felt cold even through its glove. "Miles, here is Mr. Thornton, whom you remember so well at Shingleton."

"Miles?" murmured Thornton, involuntarily; but the next moment the whole state of the case was clear to him.

Mr. Winthrop was charmed to meet with his young friend, or seemed to be so; and the invitation that the latter offered to the little party was promptly accepted. He asked them into the dinner-tent, and ordered claret cup, which Mrs. Chatterton pronounced "perfectly exquisite," and the colonel "deuced good." The former, who was as full of talk as Mrs. Marshall herself, and much more exacting as respected answers, kept their host's tongue fully employed with explanation and description of camp life; while the latter commented in an under-tone to Mr. Winthrop upon the effeminate prettinesses of the toy-soldiers. "Flower-pots in a parade-ground, Sir! Why, damn me, if I wouldn't rather see a cesspool!"

Mabel, happily for herself, was not called upon to join in either conversation. She felt spell-bound, or rather like one in a dream, who imagines himself upon the brink of a precipice, and scarcely dares to breathe. Not a glance did she bestow on Richard; but that was quite unnecessary, since his presence pervaded her. How much older, and yet grander, he looked, with that great brown beard! With what earnest joy had he run to meet her, and what a change had come over his face when she said, "I am not Miss Denham now." She had flattered herself that gayety and dissipation had so hardened her heart that whenever this meeting should have taken place she might have played her part quite calmly. Fate had been very cruel to bring it about so soon. Somebody was speaking to her, she knew not whom; she only hoped it was not he.

"My dear Mrs. Winthrop, I am quite monopolizing Mr. Thornton; but he has so much to say that is interesting, and he offers to take us round the camp. Won't that be delightful?"

"Yes, another day," answered Mabel. "But we dine out this evening, do we not, Miles?"

"Yes, my dear"—at that "my dear" she fancied, though she was not looking at it, that she saw the brown beard quiver—"we must be going very soon. But as Mr. Thornton is good enough to wish us to repeat our visit, we will certainly do so."

How very civil her husband was! How dreadful it would be if he should ask Richard to come and see them in town! She need not have disturbed herself with this apprehension. Mr. Winthrop had no more intention of revisiting Wimbledon—far less of inviting their host to London—than of starting for Timbuctoo. He did not dislike Richard, as his son Horn did, but the young man was no favorite of his. He was one of those men whose nature resents being laid under an obligation, however slight, and Richard had once saved his life.

"It must be charming to be in such pleasant quarters," said Mr. Winthrop, smiling affably. "How snug your tents look! The whole affair must be like a fortnight's picnic."

"Especially when ladies are so good as to visit us," said Richard, gallantly. His glance rested on Mrs. Chatterton only.

"Deuced little discipline, I'm afraid, young gentleman," said the colonel. "However, your claret's excellent; and I'm sorry we must be off."

"Be quiet, colonel," exclaimed his wife, reprovingly. "Every body is not to be shot by court-martial to please you. There is no such hurry that we need go without seeing the prizes in the Exhibition tent, which this obliging gentleman has promised to show us.—Come, Mr. Winthrop, I am not going to discard *you*."

As the colonel had already toddled out of the tent in a huff at the proposed delay, there was no choice for Mabel but to accept Richard's arm.

He spoke of the weather, of the shooting, of the life in camp, in cheery tones, while Mabel answered him in monosyllables. She felt grateful to him for inventing these sentences, which had not a ray of interest for her. When he did but inquire after her sister, she felt a shiver, because it was an allusion to the past; she knew by his manner that he had heard of her father's death, and also that he was endeavoring to conceal from her that he had been ignorant, till within the last half hour, of her marriage. With a delicacy beyond all art, he treated that as a matter of course. A dropping of his voice, a pressure of his hand, would have wrung her heart. But he was loyal and honest, and she loved him for it; not as some would have done, but as a grateful woman worships the man who spares her. At parting—though both felt that they should never meet again—his air and words were cordial, but far from tender, and yet she understood that he had something to forgive, and had forgiven her. To Mrs. Chatterton he was much more gallant, and so delighted her that she confided to Mabel that, if Mr. Thornton was an ordinary specimen of the Volunteers, she, for her part (*pace* the colonel), preferred them to the regulars.

"A remarkably nice-looking fellow, that Mr. Thornton," said she, approvingly, to the gentlemen. "Don't you think so?"

Mr. Winthrop smiled and raised his eyebrows.

"We shouldn't care about his good looks," answered the colonel for himself and friend, "if the rascal were not so offensively young."

It was rather cool of this ancient gentleman thus to include Mr. Winthrop and himself in the same bracket, since he was old enough to be his father, and Mrs. Chatterton (who had fifteen hundred a year in her own right, and could "say things" even to the irascible colonel) rebuked him for his audacity. But the mischief had been done, and Mr. Winthrop remained silent and glum during the whole drive. He was unusually cynical at dinner that night, and when they came home he showed for the first time displeasure with Mabel. "I wish," said he, testily, "you had not been so importunate about going to that confounded camp. I believe it has given me neuralgia."

"I am very sorry," said Mabel, penitently. "But Mrs. Chatterton was so very anxious to visit it."

"Mrs. Chatterton is an old fool," replied Mr. Winthrop, sharply. "But it seemed to me that it was *you* who were so desirous to go."

"No, indeed, it was not," answered Mabel, in a tone perhaps somewhat more earnest than the occasion demanded.

"I say you *seemed* so," observed her husband, abruptly. There was a long pause, and then Mr. Winthrop resumed: "We are not going to Wimbledon again, mind. One is obliged to say civil things on such occasions; but I don't intend, because that Mr. Thornton—or whatever his name is—chanced to come with his boat, at the nick of time, to take us off a rock, to lie under an everlasting obligation to him. He is very well in his place, I have no doubt; but he is not quite the sort of man I am accustomed to be intimate with."

"I see no reason why you should ever see him again, unless you please," said Mabel, quietly.

"Just so," said Mr. Winthrop, in a mollified tone. "I was afraid that you might have asked him—I mean, told him where we were staying in town."

"I never said one word to him on the subject, Miles."

"I am glad to hear it, Mrs. Winthrop, because I think it would have been injudicious."

He had never before addressed his wife by a less familiar name than "Mabel."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE TERMS OF PEACE.

IT was Mr. Winthrop's habit to rise late, and, besides, he took his leisure at his toilet. Mabel was often in the sitting-room an hour or more by herself before her husband made his appearance, and thus it happened on the morning subsequent to their visit to Wimbledon.

She was sitting with a book in her hand, on which she in vain endeavored to fix her attention; her gaze strayed to the flame of the coffee-lamp—the eyes of the thoughtful turn to such objects when there are no embers on the hearth—and her heart was heavy within her. As the door opened she started and summoned up a smile to greet her husband; but it was not he. The waiter had come to say that a gentleman was below who wished to see her.

"To see *me*?" cried Mabel. "Are you sure?"

"The gentleman said either you or Mr. Winthrop, ma'am."

Could it possibly be Richard Thornton? He of all men would surely not have pained her by such an intrusion; and yet, since he was filling her thoughts—not wrongfully, but as the unwitting cause of her husband's displeasure—her heart misgave her that it was he.

"Say Mr. Winthrop has not yet risen, but that in half an hour at furthest—"

Here there was a hoarse laugh from without, and, rudely pushing aside the waiter, Horn Winthrop strode into the room. "How are you, step-mother?" said he, in mocking tones.

Mabel flushed up to the temples, and glanced involuntarily at the waiter, for an insult is doubly felt that is given in the presence of an inferior; but the man's attention was wholly concentrated upon the new-comer's companion—a huge bull-dog, which, with legs a-kimbo, and head aside, was contemplating the poor fellow with a critical expression that seemed to say, "Which calf shall I take?"

"Look to your dog," said Mabel, firmly, "lest he do the man a mischief."

"Fang, come here," cried Horn. The dog obeyed, and the waiter fled precipitately. "Why, the man is as much afraid of you, Fang, as the mistress is of me."

"I am not afraid of you, Mr. Horn Winthrop," observed Mabel, calmly. "Why should I be?"

"Ah, that's the point," replied the young man, with an insolent chuckle. "To be sure, I have not shown my teeth yet, have I?"

"Your manner is sufficiently rude and offensive, if that is what you call showing your teeth," said Mabel, raising her voice, and glancing mechanically toward the folding-doors which communicated with their other apartments.

"Oh, I see," said Horn, dropping his voice. "The governor is there, is he? Well, if he does hear me, it is more your affair than mine. Look here, madam; we might have been good friends at one time; but you chose to be my enemy."

"How so?" inquired Mabel, scornfully.

"By choosing *him*," said Horn, nodding toward the closed doors.

Mabel was meditating within herself as to whether she should summon her husband, and boldly demand of him protection from his son's insolence, when the door opened, and Mr. Winthrop entered.

"How are you, Sir?" said Horn, without much change in his gruff manner.

"Ill, boy, ill," returned his father, testily. "I have not been well for some days, and I caught a fresh cold at Wimbledon yesterday." And here he threw a glance at his wife, which she well understood to imply that that misfortune was *her* fault.

It was, she felt, a most unseasonable time to appeal to him for succor; perhaps it would be better to fight her own battle with this foe, whom she despised at least as much as she disliked. When worsted, it would be time enough to call in an ally.

Horn was not likely to vex her with his presence often, according to his father's account, and, besides, they were about to go abroad.

"I wouldn't go to Wimbledon again, if I were you, Sir," said Horn; "I mean"—for Mr. Winthrop had looked up at him sharply—"if you find it disagrees with you. The common is very bleak."

"Well, you will have some breakfast, Horn? To what good fortune, may I ask, are we indebted for this unexpected visit?"

"I was up in town for twenty-four hours," returned the young man, carelessly, "to visit my tailor; he expects it when one doesn't pay him; and I thought it was only dutiful to come and see papa and—Mrs. Winthrop. I met Colonel Chatterton at the club last night, and he told me, among other things, that I should still find you here."

"Where on earth did this hideous dog come from?" exclaimed Mr. Winthrop, suddenly.

"I say, don't you jump up like that—not all in a hurry—or else he'll fly at you," said Horn. And indeed the animal growled menacingly as Mr. Winthrop laid his hand upon the bell. "It's no use your ringing, unless you want to turn *me* out. He won't go with any body else, I promise you. Fang is the most faithful creature—ain't you Fang?—and faithfulness is a great virtue."

"It couldn't look uglier than it does in your dog, Sir, if it was a vice," said Mr. Winthrop, resuming his seat, with a frowning brow. "The next time you pay a visit to a lady, I would recommend you to leave such a pet as that at home."

"Mrs. Winthrop, however, is not easily frightened," said Horn, coolly. "How courageously, I remember, she behaved on that occasion at Anemone Bay, when we were all brought off from the rock by— What the deuce was the name of that young fellow with the boat? Now what *was* his name?"

"Thornton," said Mr. Winthrop, sullenly, after a long silence.

"Ay, to be sure; Thornton. I could have sworn I saw him this morning in St. James's Street. But if I did, he has got a beard, and that alters a man so.—You are not eating any thing, Mrs. Winthrop. You used to have a better appetite at Shingleton, if I remember right."

"Yes, that is true. London does not agree with either of us," observed Mr. Winthrop; "and I begin to think that we have staid here too long. We shall probably go down to Wapshot for a few weeks, and then abroad; or perhaps abroad at once."

"I think abroad would be better," remarked Horn, dryly. "It's a more complete change, and takes you out of the way of all disagreeable acquaintances. But there—I forgot, Sir, you have none. It is only a poor devil like myself who fears in every face to see a dun; and when a friend slaps him on the shoulder, 'By Jove!' he thinks, 'I'm nabbed and booked for Queer Street.'"

"I hope you are in no danger of that sort, Horn," observed his father, with irritation. "You know what I told you down at Brackmere: matters can not now," and he glanced toward Mabel, "go on as they have done. I won't have it."

"I quite understand, Sir," said Horn, demurely. "We are very economical now, Fang, are we not? We did not even hire a Hansom this morning, but came on Shanks his mare. By-the-bye, speaking of mares, Colonel Chatterton bade me tell you that the very thing you were inquiring about—a second horse to carry a lady—is to be sold at Tattersall's to-day at noon precisely."

"I hope, Miles," said Mabel, nervously, "that you are not going to commit any extravagance upon my account. I am sure that that beautiful bay you were so kind as to give me—"

"Permit me, Mrs. Winthrop," interposed her husband, stiffly, "to be the best judge of what I can afford.—At noon, did you say, Horn?" He glanced at the clock on the mantel-piece. "Then I have very little time to lose." He turned on his heel and left the room without a word, and soon after his footsteps were heard going down the stairs on his way out.

In the mean time Horn went leisurely on with his breakfast, from time to time throwing to his dog great lumps of meat, which that animal caught resentfully, without so much as wagging his stump of a tail, and bolted with a spasm.

Mabel watched the beast, in order to avoid looking at its master, who, on his part, was perfectly unembarrassed and at his ease.

"The governor is easily ruled," observed he, presently. "I know him better than you do, and can give you a wrinkle or two. Don't move!" cried he, with vehemence, for Mabel was about to rise and leave the room, "or I won't answer for the dog; he hates to be disturbed in his eating by people moving about."

"Am I to understand, Sir," inquired Mabel, with flashing eyes, "that if I refuse to remain here to listen to your insults, you will set your dog at me?"

"There, now, that is just what he dislikes," remonstrated Horn; and indeed the dog growled hideously. "Fang is all for peace and quietness, and so am I. I could not help cutting up a little rough just now, when I saw you as my mamma for the first time; but I am still willing to be your friend."

"My *friend!*" replied Mabel. There was contempt in her tone sufficient to have filled a folio.

"Well, if you object to the word, let us say 'confederate,' as *Bell* calls it. Don't fire up so, madam; *Bell* is a newspaper, and not a 'young person,' as you think. It is much better, when people are in the same boat, that they should pull together. Mr. Thornton could tell you that."

Mabel uttered not a word, but she could not prevent the blood from rushing to her face, though she would have given ten years of life to do so.

"I did not mean to make you blush, mamma," said Horn, apologetically; "I merely quoted the gentleman as an authority upon boating matters. I hope it may not be necessary to make any more painful allusion to him. I am here on business, madam, and, as you may well imagine, not for pleasure. The dog still rivets your attention, I perceive." Here he rose, and, with one blow of his foot, threw his panting myrmidon into a distant corner of the room. "Let us discuss matters with calmness. We each of us have it in our power to do one another an ill turn—but also a good one. You have wronged me, to begin with, by hooking the governor; but that I waive, on condition that you do all in your power to remedy my hurt. What is enough for two is not enough for three, you understand, especially when the third is a woman. 'Now that I have a wife,' says the governor (not to mention other eventualities, madam), 'it is necessary that I should be economical.' To this I assented very willingly; but there was something behind which affected me much more. 'Of course, therefore,' said he, 'I can no longer support *you* in your extravagance.' He calls my ill luck extravagance, forsooth, but that's neither here nor there. 'For the future, Horn, it will be absolutely necessary that you keep within your allowance.' 'Then,' said I, naturally enough, 'Sir, you must increase it.' He demurred, and I insisted, and altogether we made it very hot for one another that evening. Still, having the purse, he would have

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remained master of the situation but for a certain piece of good luck which befell me a few days afterward."

"All this may be very interesting to yourself," Mr. Horn Winthrop," observed Mabel, coldly; "but I don't see why you should give yourself the trouble to narrate it to me."

"Wait a bit, and you *will* see, madam," said the young man, grimly. "In the first place, it is through you that I intend to recoup myself. Instead of your being a hateful step-mother, whose arrival has cut off my supplies, you are going to be my horn of abundance. When I want money, which is, to say truth, a chronic complaint with me, I shall no longer have to fight for it; a soft word or two from you—or even perhaps a caress, if the sum be large—will procure it for me from the governor; or you may ask it for yourself, if you please, and then hand it over to me. It is nothing to us—is it, Fang?—how we get it, so long as we *do* get it. Do you begin to understand our little plan, madam?"

"I understand," said Mabel, scornfully, "that you wish me to assist your schemes for robbing your father."

"Pardon me, madam; a man can not rob his own father any more than a wife can rob her husband. On the other hand, it is quite possible for a woman to rob her step-son. However, we will not dispute about words; you comprehend the main fact, and that is every thing. Well, you will not find this money-getting so easy as, perhaps, with your youth and beauty, you fondly imagine. The governor, without being precisely stingy, resents any interference in his affairs. You saw what a passion he put himself into a few minutes ago when you (very properly) begged him not to commit any extravagance upon your account. You may imagine, therefore, what a fuss he will make if you ask him to spend money instead of saving it. I know the governor well, and can really make myself very useful to you if you will permit me."

"I am waiting your pleasure here, Sir, perforce," said Mabel, firmly; "but be assured of this, that no consideration on earth shall prevent my repeating to your father, so soon as I see him, every word that you are now speaking."

Horn laughed aloud. "Do you hear *that*, Fang? The enemy is showing fight, so it is necessary that we bring up our reserves.—I will detain you, madam, but a few minutes longer; but what I have to say is important, and what may be called the cream of the matter. There is one thing I have not mentioned"—here he spoke very gravely and deliberately—"about which you will find my father very troublesome: you must bear with it; because, as I once told you, he is growing bald, and finds himself not so young as he would persuade folks to believe—while you, madam, are very beautiful and very young; it is Jealousy. My father is as jealous as any dowager who has married her footman."

"He shall hear that too, Mr. Horn Winthrop, —be sure of that," said Mabel, with white lips.

"Upon consideration, you will perceive that he had better not hear it, madam. In the first place, he knows it, and one dislikes to be told of the weaknesses one is conscious of possessing, even more than to have them imputed to us unjustly. In the second place, he may have some cause for being jealous. You place your hand upon your heart, madam; that is not always in these cases a sign of innocence. Moreover, you have turned quite white. Is it necessary for me to proceed? You are silent. Do not imagine that I am judging you harshly; my ideas upon love-matters are most liberal; and, besides, nothing—absolutely *nothing*—would give me greater pleasure than to hear that you had run away from the governor to-morrow. That he already apprehends such a contingency I am quite convinced. Perhaps you did not notice the change which came over his face when I happened to mention that I had met Mr. Richard Thornton in the street this morning. You were probably too much engaged in your own reflections, for I saw *your* face change too. I am a close observer in my small way, Mrs. Winthrop."

"As sure as you are a living man, I will tell your father every word you speak."

"Do you hear *that*, Fang?" laughed Horn, once more.—"Well, madam, to prove to you how very unlikely it seems to me that you will do any thing so foolish, I will give you a point in this little match between us, and confess at once that I did not see Mr. Thornton; that part of my story was a pious fraud. For the information that he now wears a beard I am indebted to Colonel Chatterton. It struck even that amiable veteran, do you know, as rather queer that you should happen to meet your old flame at Wimbledon so very opportunely, after having plagued the governor to take you down to camp. The colonel, you may retort, is a most scandalous old scoundrel; but I am much mistaken if his view, in this particular case, is not shared by others. Do not be irate with *me*, madam, for, for my part, I do not think it queer at all, but only extremely natural. I say there is one in particular who, undoubtedly, shares the colonel's opinion, and, in consequence, has suddenly determined to leave town. You acknowledge this, and yet you are still determined to tell your husband all?"

"Most certainly I am!" cried Mabel, clinching her little hand. "I scorn and defy your lies and calumnies, and *you!*"

"Then mind you *do* tell him *all*," said Horn, leaning across the table, so as to place his scowling face quite close to that of his companion, which did not shrink from it one jot. "Tell him the whole truth while you are about it. Tell him that you always loved this man—this Thornton—from the first moment you ever saw him. Tell him (you know it's true) that you love him *still*. And, above all, tell him that within two months, or less, of your own marriage you received from this man's hand—in recompense I do not know for what, *you* doubtless *do*—two hundred pounds."

Mabel drew back from that hot, malignant breath like one who is blighted by sirocco.

"Ha!" cried Horn, triumphantly, "I knew the good blade would strike home. Don't let it rankle, madam; there is no need for that; but never forget its presence. I do not dare you to tell my father now; I *know* you dare not. You have obliged me to let you see I wear this weapon; do not provoke me to use it. It rests with you to keep it in its sheath forever."

"Your father himself gave me the money," gasped Mabel.

"Do you hear *that*, Fang? Come, dog, come; for she will never beat that if we stay here the whole day." He rose and, followed by his brute companion, strode quickly to the door; then stopped and turned as though a sudden thought had struck him. "If you really believe my father sent those notes, madam—though it matters not one fraction whether you did or not—you had better ask him; I would advise you, however, not to do so point-blank. If I do not hear from him or from yourself within twelve hours, I shall know that there is peace between us, the conditions of which have been explained to you. —My father himself gave her the money! Gad, she's a bold one, Fang, and deserves better luck!"

Mabel stood frozen with horror, listening to his brutal laughter ringing down the stairs, and bursting out once again as he passed beneath the window in the street.

WAR CANOES RACING.

THE spirited illustration on page 380, engraved from a sketch taken on the spot, represents a race between two New Zealand war canoes, at Tauranga, in the Bay of Plenty. The canoes usually employed in racing are from sixty to ninety feet long, made out of a single totara or pine, painted red, and decorated with a grotesque figure-head. The number of the crew varies with the size of the boat, the smaller holding about thirty men, while the larger will have as many as fifty paddlers. These sit with their faces to the prow, and the coxswain steers the boat with a long paddle. The stroke, we fear, would utterly disgust true oarsmen, who talk of "grip," and "finish," and "drag." There is nothing of this kind in the New Zealander's style, as might be supposed from the mode in which he holds his paddle. Stripped to the work, they bend forward to deliver their quick, powerful strokes, fixing their eyes meanwhile upon their leaders, who, standing in the bow and centre of the boat, give the time to the men with their weapons, like a conductor with his baton, and harangue them in impassioned terms, working them up to the utmost pitch of excitement, until, with a final spurt, the winning canoe drives with its sharp prow into the beach, and the race is over.

THE METHODIST BOOK CONCERN.

THE Book Concern in New York is provoking the highest kind of merriment among business men. The committee appointed to investigate the charges against DR. LANAHAN seem resolved upon one thing alone—concealment of the truth. A more remarkable instance of how not to do it has never been brought to public notice. In the beginning there was an attempt to make a Star Chamber of it. They sat with closed doors, even excluding the representatives of the official journals of the Church; but the next day the New York press criticised this action so energetically that it was subsequently abandoned. Then DR. LANAHAN was refused counsel for his defense; and then, to crown the whole matter with merited contempt, the committee began, not by bringing DR. LANAHAN'S accusers face to face with him, but by compelling him to disprove charges which had not the support of a single name.

The large majority of church members are naturally indignant at the course of persecution the committee pursued when the trial began, and finally, as a last resort, and to save themselves from utter disgrace, the accusers of DR. LANAHAN dropped the entire subject until the meeting of the General Conference in 1872. They are willing to settle upon almost any terms which the Doctor may suggest; but he feels that he owes it to his reputation, as well as to the Methodist Church, to submit to no compromise. Either there has been no fraud, peculation, or waste in the management of the Book Concern, or DR. LANAHAN is guilty of disseminating slander, and, as is alleged, bringing scandal upon the Church. If there has been fraud or waste, the members of the Church have a right to know it, and they separately desire to know why the Book Concern has never paid more than three or five per cent. on its capital, while smaller and less favored publishing houses have paid from twenty to forty per cent. I think DR. LANAHAN has clearly answered this question in the evidence he brought against certain agents of the Concern, and, as in no particular has that evidence been contradicted, he should not listen to a question of compromise. The bishops evidently place implicit faith in the damaging disclosures made concerning the bad management of the Concern, and advised the Doctor's accusers to close the investigation. This course has set on edge the teeth of all the editors denominational in the Western States, and there is amusement in general. The bishops consider the Doctor sustained by the facts adduced in the first trial, and for the good of the Church they desire that the subject may no longer be exposed to public criticism. Through every agony of trial Brother LANAHAN has triumphantly vindicated himself, and has beaten the entire committee.

There will yet be a vast amount of trouble over this case, and yet the case will never fully be given to the public, unless it be done by the secular press. The reason is obvious. Nearly every official paper of the Northern Methodist Church has an editor fishing for a bishopric. LORE expects it, so does CURRY, and NESBIT, and WILEY, and some say CROOKS (I am not so certain about him); they must in this crisis be perfectly conservative, or stake their chances. This simple fact of these editors running pell-mell after this position is the cause of the Methodist world having a blinker put over the eyes of the Book Concern. All that is really known about it comes through that bravest of all brave papers—*Harper's Weekly*. Its fearless editor has rushed in where factional editors have feared to tread, and it deals with wrongs in the Methodist Church just as it does with the dangers which threaten the Republic from the mass-houses of the Roman Catholics.—*Richmond Christian Advocate.*

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.

WE give in this number of the *Weekly* an interesting double-page engraving of the marriage-ceremony which united the Princess LOUISE to the Marquis of Lorne, of which some account was given in the last number of this paper. It took place in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. There can be no doubt that it was a popular marriage. The people seem to feel that it brings royalty nearer and closer. The Marquis of Lorne did not wear his kilt, as was expected; but to make up for it, his father, the Duke of Argyll, and brothers, turned out in the true Highland style—kilt, plaid, and philibeg. The Queen wore a black satin dress trimmed with crape and jet, and a diadem of diamonds over a long white tulle veil. Her Majesty also wore a ruby and diamond brooch and necklace, with a diamond cross, the ribbon and star of the Order of the Garter, the orders of VICTORIA and ALBERT and LOUISE of Prussia, and the Saxe-Coburg and Gotha family Order.

The wedding-dress of Princess LOUISE was a rich white satin, covered with a deep flounce of Honiton point lace, trimmed with cordons of orange blossoms, white heather, and myrtle, and a train of white satin, trimmed to correspond with the dress. Her Royal Highness wore a wreath of orange blossoms and myrtle, with a veil of Honiton lace, held by two diamond pins in the form of daisies, the gift of Prince ARTHUR, Prince LEOPOLD, and Princess BEATRICE. The dress was made by Miss UNITT, and the flowers were supplied by Mr. NESTOR SIRARD. The Princess had on a diamond necklace, to which was attached a large ornament of pearls and diamonds, with a sapphire in the centre, the gift of the Marquis of Lorne. She wore a diamond and emerald bracelet, given by the Prince and Princess of Wales; also a diamond bracelet which had belonged to her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, and the one given her by the people of Windsor.

The train of her Royal Highness was borne by her bride-maids, the following eight unmarried daughters of dukes, marquises, and earls: Lady ELIZABETH CAMPBELL, Lady MARY CECIL, Lady MARY BUTLER, Lady FLORENCE MONTAGU, Lady FLORENCE GORDON LENNOX, Lady GRACE GORDON, Lady CONSTANCE SEYMOUR, and Lady ALICE FITZGERALD.

The Queen remained standing beside the bride during the marriage-service, as did also the Prince of Wales and the others. The following was the position of the chief persons while the ceremony was proceeding:

In front of the altar the bride stood on the left and the bridegroom on the right. Behind these, on the left, were her Majesty, the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of Saxe-Coburg; and on the right, Lord RONALD LEVESON-GOWER and Earl PERCY, the best men of Lord Lorne. The bride-maids were stationed between these groups, supporting the train. The Lord Chamberlain and Vice-Chamberlain, and the rest of the distinguished company, formed two semi-circles behind. To the left were the Princess of Wales, the Count of Flanders, Princess CHRISTIAN, Princess BEATRICE, the Duchess of Cambridge, Prince ARTHUR, Prince LEOPOLD, the Duke of Cambridge, Prince CHRISTIAN, Princess TECK, and Prince TECK. On the right stood the Duchess of Argyll, the Duke of Argyll, the Dowager Duchess, Lord A. CAMPBELL, Lady A. CAMPBELL, Lord C. CAMPBELL, Countess PERCY, the Maharajah and Maharanee DHULEEP SINGH, and Prince EDWARD of Saxe-Weimar.

After the ceremony the happy couple posted to Claremont, their future residence, about twenty miles from Windsor.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A WAG, seeing a door nearly off its hinges, in which condition it had been for some time, observed that when it had fallen and killed some one, it would probably be hung.

A good story is told of a young man who applied to one of our hotels for a situation. The landlord informed him that there was but one place vacant, that of lamp-cleaner. The questioner accepted the situation, observing that he would like something as remunerative as possible, as he was once a clerk, spoke four different languages fluently, etc. "Oh, that's of no consequence," said the unappreciative landlord; "this business won't require you to speak but one language, and mighty little of that."

Why is the world like a piano?—Because it is full of flats and sharps.

"Well, Tom," said a grocer to his apprentice, "you have been here now three months, and have seen the several departments of your trade. I wish to give you a choice of occupation." "Thank'ee, Sir." "Well, now, what part of the business do you like best?" "Shutting up, Sir!"

"What are you doing?" said a father to his son, who was tinkering an old watch. "Improving my time," was the witty rejoinder.

A Californian whose wedding-day was fixed did not appear at the appointed time and place, but sent a note to the clergyman, saying that he had just received a letter from his wife in the East, and thereby had his mind recalled to the fact that he was married several years before, a circumstance which had entirely escaped his memory.

Paris is poor enough, but she would be better off if she had "nary a Red."

A clever repartee is attributed to the member from Mormondom in the new Congress. A brother member asked him how many wives he had. "Enough to keep me from running after other people's," he promptly replied.

HOW TO ELEVATE THE HUMAN RACE—Send them up in balloons.

"Lewis," said a father the other day to his delinquent son, "I'm busy now, but as soon as I can get time I mean to give you a flogging." "Don't hurry yourself, pa," replied the son, "I can wait."

If a man gets up when the day breaks, can he be said to have the whole day before him?

He who has plenty of brass can generally get it off for gold.

A MAN FULL OF SPIRITS—A distiller.

The editor of a newspaper near Lake Champlain has discovered a way of keeping eggs from spoiling. His method is to eat them when they are fresh!

A young doctor in a new settlement, on being asked to contribute toward inclosing and ornamenting the village cemetery, very coolly remarked that if he filled it he thought he should do his part.

CAWS AND EFFECT—Crows and scarecrows.

GENERAL GRANT.—"Who has been Mutilating this Tree?"
KU-KLUX.—"Mr. President, I can not tell a lie—that Nigger done it."

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PRINCE BISMARCK.—[SEE PAGE 386.]

COUNT VON MOLTKE.—[SEE PAGE 386.]

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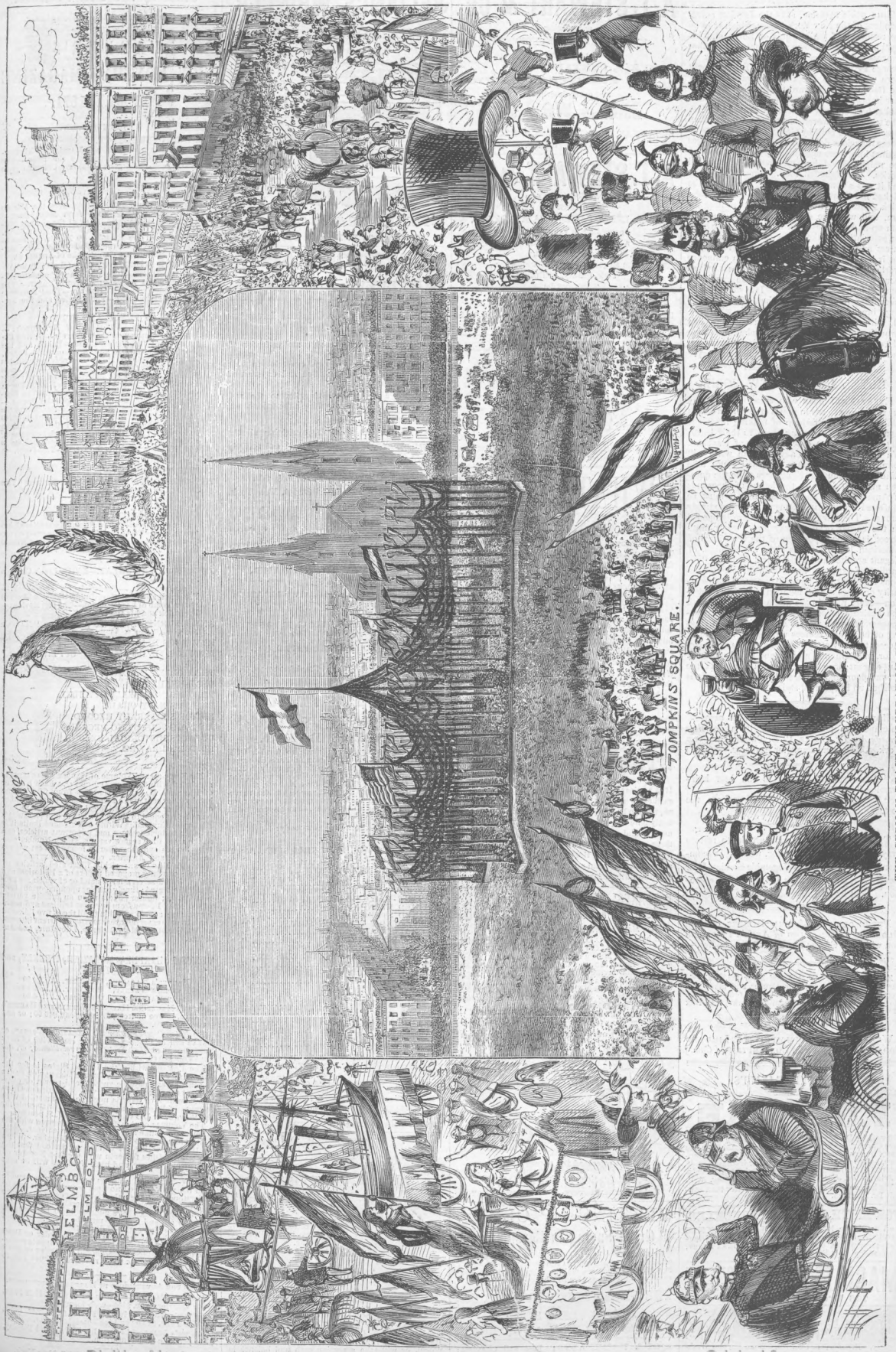

THE GERMAN PEACE CELEBRATION IN NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 386.]

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CLAREMONT.

THIS noble mansion, says the London correspondent of the New York *Times*, which is to be the residence of the Marquis of Lorne and his royal bride, is best known as the home of another princess—the Princess Charlotte (daughter of George IV.), whose brief wedded life was spent there with Prince Leopold, afterward King of the Belgians. Afterward Leopold's second father-in-law, Louis Philippe, and his family, found shelter here on their flight from France in 1848. The mansion, however, has older memories than these. It was built by General Clive, reports of whose rapacious doings in India, and the charges against him, were magnified by the peasantry of the neighborhood into all manner of dreadful stories. At night-fall they shunned the place, and it was a common tale among them how the wicked old General had made the walls double-thick to keep out the devil, who was waiting for him, and who one day would certainly snatch him up and fly away with him. On the whole, the associations of the house are not of the pleasantest augury in the eye of superstitious folk, but it has a charming situation on an eminence overlooking a wide sweep of the richest sylvan scenery in the greenest part of England, and surrounded by a delightful park. It is some twenty miles from Windsor, and thither, after the marriage breakfast, the Marquis and his wife posted, with their suit, in open carriages, passing through numerous triumphal arches, receiving addresses and bouquets at the principal villages, and cheered heartily by the people all the way.

HOTEL LIFE IN NEW YORK.

EVERY Englishman who writes on America has something to say in praise of our hotels, even while abusing the fashion of making them our homes, instead of leaving them to their legitimate purpose—the entertainment of travelers. We fear nothing that any one can write will counteract this tendency. "Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?" appears to be the question and its answer in the hearts of thousands of American men and women, and it must be confessed that the inducements are exceedingly strong. The new Gilsey House, recently opened on the corner of Broadway and Twenty-ninth Street, is a good specimen of the beau ideal of American hotels. It is eight stories high, of elegant architectural appearance, fitted up "regardless of expense," and will afford accommodations for about four hundred guests. One peculiarity deserves special mention, as well as imitation—every room in the house is connected with the business office by a speaking-tube, an arrangement which will do away with much ringing of bells, and tedious waiting for an answer. Access to every story is had by means of an elevator, in addition to an easy and broad staircase. An elegant drug store occupies a part of the ground-floor, and is leased by Helmbold. It is finished up in splendid style.

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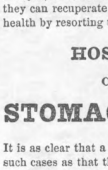

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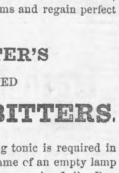

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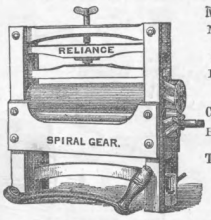

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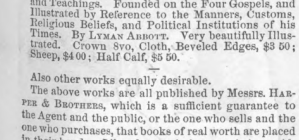

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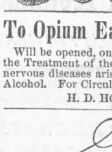

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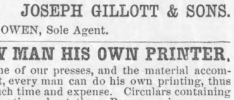
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THOUGH fellow-townsmen, there was little or no personal intercourse between James Montgomery and EBENEZER ELLIOTT. It would be difficult to imagine any two persons more dissimilar: the one soft and pliable as virgin wax, the other hard and unbending as a slab of cast-iron; the one ever laden with milk and honey for his kind, the other fierce as a fierce northwester, that spares none—raging sometimes with indiscriminate wrath.

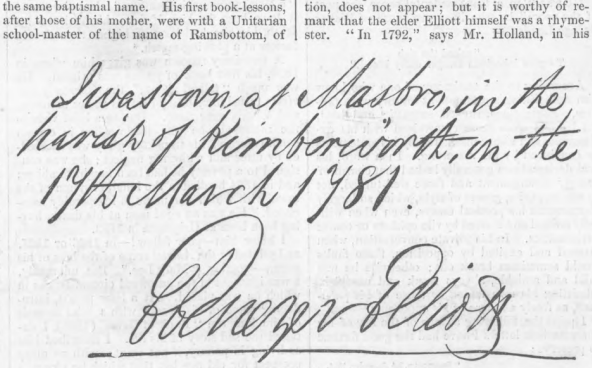
In 1837 I received this letter from Ebenezer Elliott: "I was born at Masbrough, in the parish of Kimberworth, a village about five miles from this place (Sheffield), on the 17th March, 1781; but my birth was never registered except in a Bible, my father being a Dissenter and thorough hater of the Church as by law established;" and not long afterward he gave me some further particulars of his life. There can be no reason why I should not print them, although they were supplied to me as notes, out of which I was to write a memoir to accompany some selections of his poems in the "Book of Gems."

"Ebenezer Elliott—not ill-treated, but neglected in his boyhood, on account of his supposed inability to learn any thing useful—suffered to go to school, or to stay away, just as he pleased, and employ, at his own sweet will, those years which often leave an impression on the future man that lasts till the grave covers him—listening to the plain or coarse, and sometimes brutal, but more often instructive and pathetic, conversation of workmen, or wandering in the woods and fields till he was thirteen years old—is altogether the poet of circumstances. The superiority, mental and bodily, of his elder brother—though Ebenezer never envied it—cast him into insignificance and comparative idiocy, and could hardly fail to throw a shade of sadness over a nature dull and slow, but thoughtful and affectionate. Sowerby's 'English Botany' made him a collector of plants, and Thomson's 'Seasons' a versifier, in the crisis of his fate, when it was doubtful whether he would become a man or a maltworm; shortly afterward, or about which time, the curate of Middlesmoor—a lonely hamlet in Craven—died, and left his father a library of many hundred valuable books, among which were Father Hennepin's 'Travels of M. De la Salle in America,' the *Royal Magazine*, with colored plates in natural history, Ray's 'Wisdom of God in the Creation,' Derham's 'Physico-Theology,' Hervey's 'Meditations,' and Barrow's 'Sermons,' which latter author was a great favorite with the future rhymer, he being then deeply shadowed over with a religion of horrors, and finding relief in Barrow's *reasoning* from the dreadful declamation which it was his misfortune hourly to hear. To these books, and to the conversation and amateur preaching of his father, an old Cameronian and born rebel, who preached by the hour that God could not damn him, and that hell was hung round with span-long children—to these circumstances, and to the pictures of Israel Putnam, George Washington, Oliver Cromwell, etc., with which the walls of the parlor were covered, followed by the events of the French Revolution and awful Reign of Terror, may be clearly traced the poet's character, literary and political, as it exists at this moment. Blessed or cursed with a hatred of wasted labor, he was never known to read a bad book through, but he has read again and again, and deeply studied, *all* the masterpieces of the mind, original and translated, and the *masterpieces only*—a circumstance to which, more than to any other, he attributes his success, such as it is. He does not now know, for he never could learn, grammar, but corrects errors in composition by reflection, and often tells the learned 'that the mouth is older than the alphabet.' There is not, he says, a good thought in his works that has not been suggested by some object actually before his eyes, or by some real occurrence, or by the thoughts of other men; but he adds, 'I can make other men's thoughts breed.' He can not, he says, like Byron, pour out thoughts from within, for his mind is exterior, 'the mind of his own eyes.' That he is a very ordinary person (who, by the earnest study of the best models, has learned to write a good style in prose and verse) is proved by phrenology, his head being shaped like a turnip, and a boy's hat fitting it. 'My genius,' he says, 'if I have any, is a compound of earnest perseverance, restless observation, and instinctive or habitual hatred of oppression.' He is thought by many to be a coarse and careless writer; but that is a mistake. He never printed a careless line. 'Moore himself, with his instinct of elegant versification, could not,' he says, 'improve my roughest Corn-Law Rhymes.' Of his political poems, 'They met in Heaven,' is the best. The 'Recording Angel,' written on the final departure of Sultan George from the Harem, is his best lyric. Of his long poems 'The Exile' is the most pathetic. 'Withered Wild Flowers' is his favorite; it is a perfect epic in three books, and the idea of telling a story in a funeral sermon is new. But his masterpiece, both as a poem and as a character, is the 'Village Patriarch,' the incarnation of a century of changes and misrule, on which he has stamped his individuality. The critics say he succeeds best in lyric poetry; he thinks he ought to have written a national epic, and if he had time he would yet make the attempt. He thinks also there is merit in his dramatic sketch of 'Kehonah,' particularly in the character of Naarah, and the dramatic introduction of the supposed executioner of King Charles."

So far his personal history is given in his letter to me.

The ancestors of Ebenezer Elliott were "canny Elliotts" of the Border, whose "derring deeds" were warning proverbs in the debatable land: border thieves they were, who "lived on the cattle they stole." His father—who, from his eccentricities and ultra "religious" views, was named "Devil Elliott"—had been apprenticed to an ironmonger at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, after which he became a clerk in the celebrated cannon-foundry of Messrs. Walker, at Masbrough, near Rotherham. He soon left that situation, and went as a servant to the "New Foundry," in the same town; and there the poet was born, and baptized either by his father or by "one Tommy Wright," a Barnsley tinker and brother Berean. Ebenezer was one of seven children, three sons and four daughters, of a father bearing the same baptismal name. His first book-lessons, after those of his mother, were with a Unitarian school-master of the name of Ramsbottom, of whom he has made grateful mention in one of his poems. But he had the anxiety of a curious and ingenious child to see something of the world beyond the foundry and his teacher's garden.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.



FAC-SIMILE OF ELLIOTT'S HANDWRITING.

"My ninth year," says he, in a letter I copy, "was an era in my life. My father had cast a great pan, weighing some tons, for my uncle at Thurlstone, and I determined to go thither in it, without acquainting my parents with my intention. A truck with assistants having been sent for it, I got into it, about sunset, unperceived, hiding myself beneath some hay which it contained, and we proceeded on our journey. I have not forgotten how much I was excited by the solemnity of the night and its shooting-stars, until I arrived at Thurlstone about four in the morning. I had not been there many days before I wished myself at home again, for my heart was with my mother. If I could have found my way back I should certainly have returned, and my inability to do so shows, I think, that I really must have been a dull child. My uncle sent me to Penistone school,* where I made some little progress. When I got home from school I spent my evenings in looking from the back of my uncle's house to Hayland Swaine, for I had discovered that Masbrough lay beyond that village; and ever when the sun went down I felt as if some great wrong had been done me. At length, in about a year and a half, my father came for me; and so ended my first irruption into the great world. Is it not strange that a man who from his childhood has dreamed of visiting foreign countries, and yet, at the age of sixty, believes that he shall see the Falls of Niagara, has never been twenty miles out of England, and has yet to see for the first time the beautiful scenery of Cumberland, Wales, and Scotland?"

His dream of visiting America was never realized.

But school-days with Elliott, as with his more or less hopeful companions, came to an end; the iron-casting shop awaited him, and from his sixteenth to his twenty-third year he worked for his father, "hard as any day-laborer, and without wages."

According to his own account, he had been a dull and idle boy, but poetry, instead of nourishing his faults, stimulated him to industry as well as thought. Thus, while his earlier days were spent amidst the disheartening influences of an ascetic home and defective education, nature not only spoke to his senses, but worked within him—

"His books were rivers, woods, and skies,
The meadow and the moor."

In all his sentiments and sympathies, from first to last, he was emphatically one of the people, illustrating his whole life long, by precept and example,

"The nobility of labor, the long pedigree of toil."

How far, or whether at all, the tastes of the son were influenced in any way favorably by those of the father, who was spoken of under the above ugly appellation, does not appear; but it is worthy of remark that the elder Elliott himself was a rhymester. "In 1792," says Mr. Holland, in his "Poets of Yorkshire," "he published a 'Poetical Paraphrase of the Book of Job.'"

Long afterward, Ebenezer, in writing of his father, says, "Under the room where I was born, in a little parlor like the cabin of a ship, which was yearly painted green, and blessed with a beautiful thoroughfare of light—for there was no window-tax in those days—my father used to preach, every fourth Sunday, to persons who came from distances of twelve to fourteen miles to hear his tremendous doctrines of ultra-Calvinism. On other days, pointing to the aqua-tint pictures on the walls, he delighted to declaim on the virtues of slandered Cromwell and of Washington the rebel."

It is not material, in this brief notice of the "Corn-Law Rhymer," to trace him from his father's foundry, at Masbrough, to his own shop, as a steel-seller, in Sheffield, nor to describe his earliest efforts in verse. His poem of "Love" attracted no attention from readers of any class; while his "Night"—the scene of which is the picturesque spot identified with the legend of "The Dragon of Wantley"—was declared by one reviewer to be "in the very worst style of ultra-German bombast and horror!" But his taste rapidly improved, and that—strange as it may appear—under the stimulus of the intensest Radical politics. There was, in fact, a touch for the morbid in his temperament—a dramatic taste of the horrible in fiction—as witness his own "Bothwell"—with a special dislike of hereditary pride or grandeur. But though almost insane in his denunciation of the aristocracy, and absolutely rabid at times, both in his conversation and his writings, there was in his *heart* an innate love for the graceful and the beautiful in nature; the fiercer passions evaporated in a green lane, and wrath was effectually subdued by the gentle breezes of the hill-side. His strongly marked countenance bespoke deep and stern thought; his pale gray eyes, restless activity; his every look and motion indicated an enthusiastic temperament; his overhanging brow was stern, perhaps forbidding; but the lower portions of his face betokened mildness and benevolence; and his smile, when not sarcastic, was a most sweet and redeeming grace.

"The meanest thing, earth's feeblest worm,
He feared to scorn or hate,
But honoring in a peasant's form
The equal of the great."

William Howitt describes him as "one of the gentlest and most tender-hearted of men;" yet his mind seemed incapable of reasoning when the higher orders of society were praised: he could not tolerate even the delicate hint of Mr. Howitt, that "among them were some amiable men." He at once "blazed up," exclaiming furiously, "Amiable men!—amiable robbers, thieves, murderers!"

Yes, on that subject he was absolutely insane. The stern, bitter, irrational, and unnatural hatred was the staple of his poetry—the greater part of it, that is to say; for many of his poems are as tender, loving, and pure as are those of his fellow-townsman, gracious James Montgomery.

I have quoted four lines from one of his poems; this passage is from another. He is describing some mountain scenery conspicuous for desolate sterility:

"I thank ye, billows of a granite sea,
That the bribed plow, defeated, halts below;
And thanks, majestic barrenness, to thee
For one grim region, in a land of woe,
Where tax-sown wheat and paupers will not grow."

Comparatively little was known of the vast poetical power of Ebenezer Elliott until 1831, when an article in the *New Monthly Magazine* (then under my editorship), from the pen of Lord Lytton, directed public attention to his genius.

It was Dr. Bowring who showed to Lord Lytton a mean-looking and badly printed pamphlet called "The Ranter." He was struck with it, and sent to me a review of the work in a letter addressed to the Poet Laureate, directing his attention to the "mechanic" as one of the "uneducated poets" whom Southey had so often folded under his wings. Its publication gave the Sheffield poet a wider renown than he had previously obtained, but it did no more. Lord Lytton wrongly described him, as others had done, as "a mechanic;" he was not then aware that many years previously Elliott had been in correspondence with Southey, who fully appreciated the rough genius of the poet. Neither did Lord Lytton then know that Elliott had published several beautiful poems in certain periodical works, the *Amulet* among others, in which one of the most perfect of his compositions, "The Dying Boy to the Sloe-blossom," appeared in 1830.

Afterward Elliott became a regular contributor to the *New Monthly Magazine*, and for that work he wrote many of his best poems.

His friend, Mr. Searle, describes him personally: "Instead of being a true son of the forge*—broad-set, strong, and muscular as a Cyclops—he was the reverse. In stature he was not more than five feet six inches high, of a slender make, and a bilious, nervous temperament; his hair was quite gray, and his eyes, which were of a grayish-blue, were surmounted by thick bushy brows. His forehead was not broad, but rather narrow; and his head was small. There

ELLIOTT'S MONUMENT IN THE CORN MARKET.

THE BURIAL-PLACE OF EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

* The house is still standing at Thurlstone in which was born, in 1682, the celebrated blind mathematician, Dr. Nicholas Sanderson, who learned to read by feeling the letters on the grave-stones in the church-yard of the adjacent town of Penistone.

* This mistake was common, and did the poet no harm. That he knew how to use a hammer was true enough; but his towns-people were not a little amused to be told in print that the house of the "Corn-Law Rhymer" was "surrounded by iron palisades which had been forged on the anvil by his own brawny arm."

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was great pugnacity in the mouth, especially when he was excited; but in repose it seemed to smile, more in consciousness of strength, however, than in sunny unconscious beauty. His nostrils were full of scorn, and his eyes—which were the true indices of his soul—literally smote you with fire, or beamed with kindness and affection, according to the mood he was in. In earnest debate his whole face was lighted up, and became terrible and tragic."

He describes himself, however, as five feet seven inches in height; slimly rather than strongly made; eyes dim and pale, mostly kind in their expression, but sometimes wild; his features harsh, but not unpleasing: "on the whole," he says, "he is just the man who, if unknown, would pass unnoticed any where."

He is thus graphically sketched by Southey: "It was a remarkable face, with pale gray eyes, full of fire and meaning, and well suited to a frankness of manner and an apparent simplicity of character such as is rarely found in middle age, and more especially rare in persons engaged in what may be called the warfare of the world."

The one great blemish of Elliott's poetry, in the estimation of general readers, is the frequent introduction of that subject which, with him, was more than a sentiment—an absorbing and overmastering passion—the direct theme of some of his most spirited lyrics, the topic of his common conversation no less than the spell of his genius, and in pursuance of which he adopted the significant appellation of the "Corn-Law Rhymer." This subject, it need scarcely be added, while it was the mainspring of his popularity with one party of political economists, including all the working-men of his day, was, at the same time, still more powerful in exciting the dislike of other classes of the community, and especially all those connected with the agricultural interest. This position of personal as well as poetical hostility toward a large, wealthy, influential, and respectable section of his countrymen was rendered less enviable by the general bitterness of style and harshness of epithet by which his "rhymes" were but too commonly characterized. But "gentle arguments are not suited for stern work:" while, therefore, it is impossible to read many of his most powerful pieces without a mixture of admiration for the skill of the poet, and of regret for the violence of the partisan, it should not be forgotten that much of the interest of these compositions has passed away, by the signal triumphs of the doctrine which they originally illustrated and enforced. For, whatever may be the opinions entertained at this moment by any person or party in this country relative to the abolition of the Corn Laws, there can be no doubt that the popular and energetic struggle which issued in that event was effectually aided by the genius of Ebenezer Elliott.

On the other hand, let it not be imagined that Ebenezer Elliott was made a victim, or made himself a martyr, of the "bread tax," otherwise than in his "rhymes:" he was, in fact, a shrewd, active, and successful man of business; and, notwithstanding he tells us, in terms which formed so long and so loudly the burden of his song, that

> "Dear sugar, dear tea, and dear corn
> Conspired with dear representation
> To laugh worth and honor to scorn,
> And beggar the whole British nation,"

he was fortunate enough to outmatch the "four dears," as he calls them—to give up business—to leave Sheffield for the enjoyment of a country retreat, in a good house of his own at Hargot Hill, in the vicinity of Barnsley. But an insidious complaint was slowly, yet surely, arresting his vital powers. He "departed this life" on the 1st of December, 1849, and is buried in the church-yard of the beautiful little village of Darfield.* The church may be seen from the house in which he died.

It was not by his own desire he was laid in consecrated ground. Not long before his death he pointed out to a friend a tree in one of the pleasant dells that environ black and busy Sheffield, and said, "Under this tree I mean to be buried. I shall sleep well enough here; and who knows but I may feel the daisies growing over my grave, and hear the birds sing to me in my winding-sheet?" He was dying, when his faculties were suddenly roused by a robin singing in the garden underneath his chamber window. He had strength enough to write these lines—they were his last:

> "Thy notes, sweet robin, soft as dew,
> Heard soon or late, are dear to me;
> To music I could bid adieu,
> But not to thee.
> When from my eyes this lifeful throng
> Has pass'd away, no more to be,
> Then, autumn's primrose, robin's song,
> Return to me."

His character is thus summed up by his friend, Mr. Searle: "He was a far-seeing, much-enduring, hard-working, practical man; he had a stern love of truth, and a high and holy comprehension of justice; he appreciated the sufferings of the poor, and if he exaggerated, he thoroughly sympathized with, their wrongs." His life, indeed, seems to have been governed in conformity with one of his own lines:

"So live that thou mayst smile and no one weep."

He was a good citizen, and a good member of society; "there was not a blot or flaw upon his character;" he was regular at his business; careful of all home duties; a dutiful son and attached husband, a fond but considerate father;* and it is gratifying to record this his own testimony to his faith—"Having studied the evidence on both sides of the question, *I am a Christian from conviction.*" It will hardly be expected that the religious character of any person which is merely announced in terms similar to those just quoted would find its practical expression in conformity with the creed of any sect or section of the Christian Church. The truth is, the best friends or worst enemies of the poet were never able to reckon among his ostensible virtues or prejudices a regular Sunday attendance at any place of public worship, nor even to report him as a casual hearer of his own exemplary "Ranter" preacher, with his favorite text—

> "Woe be unto you, Scribes and Pharisees!
> Who eat the widows' and the orphans' bread,
> And make long prayers to hide your villainies!"

The religious as well as the political opinions of the poet are fully and fairly presented in his two principal works, "The Village Patriarch" and "The Ranter;" the former a witness and victim of a progressive and culminating "monopoly," the latter an out-door "preacher of the plundered poor." Whatever may be thought of the special and direct sentiments and design of these compositions, they both contain incidental descriptions of local scenery which may be said to be unsurpassed in truth and beauty of expression.

Thus writes Montgomery of his "brother poet:" "I am willing to hazard my critical credit by avowing my persuasion that in originality, power, and even beauty—when he chose to be beautiful—he might have measured heads beside Byron in tremendous energy, Crabbe in graphic description, and Coleridge in effusion of domestic tenderness; while in intense sympathy with the poor, in whatever he deemed their wrongs or their sufferings, he excelled them all, and perhaps every body else among his contemporaries in prose or verse."

He was, "in a transcendental sense, the poet of the poor;" he (the lines are those of Walter Savage Landor)—

> "asked the rich
> To give laborious hunger daily bread."

According to the testimony of one who knew him well, Elliott's attempts at oratory were failures. Sententious, rugged, sarcastic, and loud, his hearers were more entertained with his excitement than either instructed by his statements or convinced by his reasoning. In a word, his oral declamations generally lacked that charm of orderly arrangement and those well-turned, not to say exquisite, graces of style, which so largely characterize his poetical essays, even when willfully dashed and marred by vile epithets or coarse personalities. In his private conversation, when crossed and excited by opposition, these faults would sometimes break out; otherwise he was mild and amiable, always frank and unselfish, admitting his own faults, or those of his partisans, as freely as those of his opponents.

I print the following as one of the few of his characteristic letters I have had the good fortune to preserve:

"SHEFFIELD, 9th *December*, 1836.

"I have a great favor to ask of you, a favor which, on my knees, I implore you to grant. If you do not grant it you will miss an opportunity of honoring the *New Monthly*, by taking an entirely new view of the most important subject that ever agitated the public mind. My request is, that you will publish in your forthcoming number the inclosed article, written and extracted by a friend of the author from the proof-sheets of his unpublished book, entitled 'Agricultural Distress, its Causes and Remedy,' dedicated to the laboring people of England, and published by Effingham Wilson, London. The author is William Ibbotson, of Sheffield,† merchant, farmer, and Methodist—one of a sect which, he says, numbers or powerfully influences four millions of human beings in Great Britain. It is seldom that men of business like 'the Manchester manufacturer' can be induced to write books on any subject. When they do so, it is important that they be encouraged, because their experience and knowledge almost always enable them to write well. Mr. Ibbotson has demonstrated by facts that the Corn Laws are the cause of agricultural distress, and that free trade would raise rents, and permanently keep up agricultural prices, and that nothing else can do so. It is desirable that the article appear in the forthcoming number, to give the well-timed hook a shove, and prevent the discouraging of an author from whom great things may be expected. You will soon perceive that Mr. Ibbotson is not used to composition; but his book, in my opinion, is the most important ever published on the subject, although the view he takes of it is opposed to mine. I shall be in most painful suspense until you inform me that you will publish the article, or write one from the documents inclosed. Unless you are false to yourself, and deficient for once in good strategy, you can not, as a friend of the agricultural interest, refuse the favor I request.

"I am, dear Sir, yours very truly,
"EBENEZER ELLIOTT."

John Holland, the friend of James Montgomery, who knew Elliott intimately, writes, "Than whom a truer poet did not breathe the air or enjoy the sunshine among the masses of fermenting intellect in England at this period; but a tone of political bitterness, in the occasional use of the coarsest terms of party vituperation, too often tended to mar the beauty of compositions otherwise rarely surpassed for their truth, for their power, or their tenderness by the strains of his most richly gifted contemporaries."

His Corn-Law Rhymes are now probably forgotten, but they did much of the work which the reformers of 1830–35 achieved; they prepared the ground for the harvest; nay, they did more—they planted the seed.

These poems were, indeed, what the trumpets were by the walls of Jericho.

So far back as 1809, Southey (to whom Elliott had submitted a MS. poem) wrote to him thus: "There are in this poem unquestionable marks both of genius and the power of expressing it." "I have no doubt you will succeed in attaining the fame after which you aspire;" adding, "Go on, and you will prosper."

Notwithstanding their many faults—and they are many—we must class the poems of Ebenezer Elliott with those of the highest and most enduring of British poets. Among them there are many glorious and true transcripts of nature, full of pathos and beauty, vigorous and original in thought, and clear, eloquent, and impassionate in language. If his feelings, though at times kindly and gentle, are more often dark, menacing, and stern, they are never groveling or low. He had keen and burning sympathies. Unhappily he forgot that the high-born and wealthy claim them and deserve them as well as the poor, and those who are more directly "bread-taxed"—that suffering is common to humanity.

Although it was my lot to differ from him upon nearly every subject on which we corresponded or conversed, I honor the name of Ebenezer Elliott as that of an earnest and honest man, and I have greeted with fervid homage the statue of the poet they have erected to his memory—on the site of the old Corn Market—in the town of Sheffield.

JOHN CLARE was that which, I have shown, Ebenezer Elliott was not—an "uneducated" poet. I was not acquainted with Robert Bloomfield, who, somewhat before my time, "made a name" and attracted "patronage." He is now almost forgotten; "The Farmer's Boy" is covered with dust on the book-shelves.

Poor John Clare! His posthumous fame is not greater than that of Bloomfield, but his destiny in life was less auspicious. He was born "a Northamptonshire peasant." Happier would it have been for him if, from his birth to his death, his aim had been no higher than to win honors at a plowing-match.*

A transitory renown was given him when, in 1820, his first book of poems was printed. He was much "talked about;" the *Quarterly Review* praised him, Rossini set his verses to music, and Vestris sung them. During a brief visit to the metropolis he was made a lion in certain small coteries; his transitory glory was succeeded by utter and withering neglect; he was consigned to a poverty he had been taught to abhor; and in 1864 he died in the lunatic asylum of the town with which his name is inseparably associated. He was an aged man at his death, having been born at Helpstone in 1793.

I knew him—poor fellow!—in 1826 or 1827, and printed in the *Amulet* some of the best of his poems—notably, "Mary Lee." But, unhappily, I was ignorant of the untoward circumstances in which he was placed. At a later period, introducing some of his poems, with a brief memoir of him, into the "Book of Gems" (1838), I detailed the sad story of his life. I described him as living in penury, if not want; with no other prospect for old age but that which he gloomily foreboded in one of his early poems,

> "To claim the early pittance once a week
> Which justice forces from disdainful pride;"

and I appealed for some help that might diminish his desolation—writing, "It is not yet too late; although he has given indications of a brain breaking up, a very envied celebrity may be obtained by some wealthy and good Samaritan who would rescue him from the Cave of Despair;" adding, "Strawberry Hill might be gladly sacrificed for the fame of having saved Chatterton!"

That appeal brought to me a letter from the Marquis of Northampton. His lordship intimated that though he did not think very highly of Clare, he considered it would be a disgrace to the county of Northampton "to leave him in the state in which I had represented him to be," and suggested the publication of a volume of his poems, of which he himself would take ten or twenty copies! The plan was not carried out; and if the Marquis gave any aid of any kind to the peasant poet, the world, and I verily believe the poet himself, remained in ignorance of the amount.

At the time of my acquaintance with him he was in the prime of life—short, thick, and stubbed of person, with a singularly large head, much out of proportion to his body. His manners were not coarse, but certainly rough; he had not been raised by the Muse he worshiped out of the position to which he was born; indeed, he never left it, for although he changed from that of a day-laborer for bread to that of the holder of a small farm, his own, he was during the whole of his career hardly a grade removed from the rude companions with whom he associated. He seemed, however, essentially amiable, and naturally good; and none of the habits of low society were at any time his. He was a good husband and father; for he wedded early a young girl of his own rank, and the theme of his earlier loves and aspirations.

There was nothing at all assuming in his manners; he did not appear expectant or desirous that his writings should raise him above the humble calling of a bread-winner of the soil. In short, he was a rustic, neither less nor more, to whom had been given a gift that seemed to excite his own wonder.

Poor fellow! his was a sad life—

> "Despondency and madness."

He was not buried in a pauper's grave, although he died a pauper in a public hospital. A small subscription obtained for him a fitter resting-place.* His last words were, "I want to go home." They carried his body home—to the grave-yard of his native village; and his soul was conveyed to that home where Lazarus has his good things, and likewise Dives his evil things.

AN ARTIST'S MODEL.

"WHAT I want, my boy, is war, war—'war to the knife!' plenty of French three-deckers to rake, and lots of prize-money to be paid for raking 'em!"

That is what Bertie Gray, Lieutenant of H.M.S. *Thunderbolt*, said to Reginald Ashe, a rising specimen of the genus British artist.

"And what *I* want, my boy, is a successful summer tour, a generous 'hanging committee' next season, and a good position 'on the line.'"

"The thanks of a grateful public, and the G.C.B. of an appreciating sovereign," said Bertie, raising his wine-glass, as if to "propoge a toast," as Mrs. Gamp has it.

"The recognition of genius by discerning critics, and R.A. tacked on to my name," cried Reginald.

"Artists don't rise to be R.A. in a single season!"

"Lieutenants in the navy don't become G.C.B. without fighting, and we are at peace with all the world."

Both the young men laughed heartily.

"Oh for the days when George III. was king!" sighed Bertie.

"Oh for the days of kind-hearted, generous Sir Joshua!" said Reginald.

"Joshua—what?"

"Reynolds, of course."

Albert Gray and Reginald Ashe were fast and dear friends, and were sitting on a beautiful June evening in the chambers of the latter in the Adelphi, sipping some very fair claret, and interchanging notes on their future prospects. The first-named, as has been said, was a lieutenant in the navy, and his age might be about thirty. He was rather strongly built, tawny-haired, blue-eyed, and brown-complexioned. Reginald Ashe was perhaps three years his junior, of a lighter build than his friend, tall, elegant, with clear-cut features, dark, liquid, hazel eyes with long black lashes, and ink-black, silky mustache and hair.

"Fill your glass, dear old boy, and we'll drink to our mutual good luck. Here's to you, my Damon!"

"And to you, my Pythias!" returned the sailor. And the young men glanced at each other without saying more, after the fashion of us phlegmatic Englishmen. But there was a world of sincere affection in the glance, brief as it was; and the heart of each beat a little more rapidly as they grasped hands.

"Heigho!" sighed Bertie; "it's almost time to be afloat again. Leave's up on Tuesday."

"I shall be off for my summer tour when you're gone, Bertie—there'll be nothing to keep me in town then."

"But your other friends—"

"Other friends? Oh, bah! I don't care about the world's ordinary friendship. A man asks you to dinner with him at his club twice in the season if you are prosperous, and cuts you in the street if you wear a shabby coat. That's the friendship (it is a libel on the name) of nine fellows out of ten. No, no, Bertie; I hold the doctrine that, in friendship as in love, *one* should suffice. I'll own no divided allegiance."

Bertie looked gratified, but said nothing.

"And so," continued Reginald, "when the *Thunderbolt* weighs anchor, I'm off to Wales, or some other picturesque locality.—Down, Brutus, down!" he said to a large white cat who had jumped on his knee, and was endeavoring to make a plaything of his meerschaum.

Bertie laughed.

"How you spoil that cat, Reggie!"

"Got a passion for cats—shall put him in a picture some day, 'with a hey diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle,' etc. I wonder Landseer never took the nursery rhyme for a subject—there's the little dog, and the cow—"

"Landseer is not great at cows."

"He's great at *every thing*, Sir."

"Well, as you please. What's to be your own subject for next season?"

"The meeting of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn."

"Oh, oh! we aim at being historical in style; we are ambitious, it seems!"

"Yes, we are."

"Go on."

"I mean to swell out your figure, and make *you* Henry."

"Much obliged, I'm sure."

"Oh, he wasn't so *very* bloated when he met Anne first," laughed Reginald. "History often lies."

"Does it indeed?"

"And he had a noble presence, and by some was thought a model of manly beauty."

"Shows their taste, then, if I am to sit for him."

"I shall make a Sir Thomas Wyatt of myself."

* The village of Darfield is nearly a mile from its railway station, on the North Midland line. The church, equally plain in its design and architecture, looks pretty at a distance, from its elevated situation, and the group of fine trees with which it is flanked. The tower contains a peal of very musical bells, the ringing of which is duly appreciated by the inhabitants of the valley of the Deane. The grave of the "Corn-Law Rhymer" is unmarked, except by a plain stone, nearly level with the grass, and thus inscribed lengthwise:—"Ebenezer Elliott, died December 1, 1849, aged 68 years." On the other half of the stone, "Fanny Elliott, his wife, died December 4, 1856, aged 75 years." A plain grave-stone adjoining bears "Sacred to the memory of John Watkins, late of London, Son of Francis and Christiana Watkins, of Whitby, and Son-in-law of Ebenezer Elliott, who died Sept. 29, 1850, aged 40 years." It may be mentioned that in this secluded church-yard there is a conspicuous obelisk, which, as we learn from an inscription on the pedestal, was "Erected to commemorate the Sundhill (Colliery) Explosion of Feb. 9, 1852, in which 192 men and boys lost their lives, of whose bodies 146 are buried near this place."

* He had six sons and two daughters: the younger of them married John Watkins, who published a very interesting volume comprising "The Life, Poetry, and Letters of Elliott." Two of his sons became clergymen of the Established Church: two conducted for a time the old business at Sheffield.

† Mr. Ibbotson, "the thirteen-childed patriot," as Elliott once called him at a public meeting, was an active politician and a worthy man. He was a firm and zealous friend of James Silk Buckingham, whose return to Parliament, as one of the first representatives of the borough of Sheffield after the passing of the Reform Bill in 1832, was largely due to the personal energy and popular influence of the worthy merchant, farmer, and Methodist.

* The story of his sad life has been lately told by Mr. Frederick Martin, in a very interesting and ably written volume, published by Macmillan. Mr. Martin has done ample justice to his theme, writing in a tender, loving, and thoroughly appreciative spirit. Perhaps, as an example of biography, I might quote this as the very best book of its class I know.

* Mr. Martin says (I would fain hope he is in error) that "when the poet's spirit had fled, the superintendent of the Northampton asylum wrote to the Earl Fitzwilliam, asking for a grant of the small sum necessary to carry the wish of the deceased into effect (*i. e.*, not to lie in a pauper's grave). The noble patron replied by a refusal, advising the burial of the poet as a pauper at Northampton!"

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"Ah, you do look sweet and sentimental with those lustrous dark eyes."

"Get out!"

"Not a bit of it."

"But now comes the dilemma. I can't find a model that at all comes up to my notion of the fair Anne."

"*Misericorde!* 'Hamlet,' with the Prince of Denmark omitted!"

"Just so. I fear I shall have to abandon the subject and choose another."

"Wouldn't Leila Davenant do?" asked Bertie, with just the suspicion of a blush coloring his bronzed cheek.

"Leila Davenant! Anne Boleyn didn't squint."

"Neither does Miss Davenant!" cried Bertie, indignantly.

Reginald Ashe looked at him curiously.

"Oh, the land lies in *that* direction, does it?"

"Nonsense, Reggie! as if I shouldn't have told you if it did! What secrets have I from you, dear old fellow?"

Reginald was touched.

"Well, you'll tell me when you lose your heart, then?"

"Of course I will—and you?"

"To be sure I will."

"Is it a mutual bargain?"

"It is."

"Shake hands on it, then."

Bertie rose.

"I shall see you once more before I sail, Reggie; I shall look in on Saturday. I go to Portsmouth on Monday. You'll give me a farewell supper, won't you?"

"Yes, yes, of course," said the other, in a voice not quite steady, and with something very like dew in his eyes.

"Good-by, then, dear old fellow!" And with a cordial grasp of both hands that was next door to a positive embrace, these two young men, who did not consider it at all effeminate to feel and show affection for each other, parted.

"Ah," sighed Reginald, when the door had closed behind his friend, "how I shall miss him! Well, he'll be back next year. Meanwhile I must work. And now to find a model for my Anne."

Early in July Reginald Ashe was comfortably established in very pretty apartments in the cottage of a highly respectable widow in one of the most picturesque localities of North Wales. Here he set to work in earnest on his "great picture," as, with all the fondness of a young artist, he termed the work which he hoped would make him famous the ensuing spring. He had so far advanced with the painting that it was impossible to put off any longer the sketching-in of the principal figure; and he resolved, since he could find no model to his taste, to trust to his creative fancy alone for the portraiture of the lovely and ill-fated Anne. Reginald had greatly flattered his landlady's vanity by introducing her to his canvas in the quality of one of the attendants on Catherine of Aragon; and the consequence was, that the worthy soul took intense interest in the painting, and believed she was destined to be immortalized on the walls of the Royal Academy. But Mrs. Crupe, good woman, had no notion of a poet's or painter's idea of Anne Boleyn, and could only say that "Miss Lilian Wrasse, the parson's daughter, was reckoned the finest girl in these parts, and very kind to every body, and no doubt would be willing to sit to Mr. Ashe."

Reginald, who was just setting out on his usual morning's excursion, and had all his sketching paraphernalia slung across his shoulder, smiled at this, and said,

"No, no, Mrs. Crupe; perhaps some good fairy may send me a real flesh-and-blood Anne during my mountain rambles; and if not, I must trust to my ideal."

The day was splendid, although as intensely hot as it usually is in the month of July. A blue heat-mist overhung the purple hill-tops, and seemed, like the veil of beauty, to wish to hide their glories from the heather-land below. A wide expanse of moor, growing crimson with the heath blooms, which were already beginning to burst into blossom, was dotted here and there with flocks of the diminutive mountain sheep and herds of shaggy black and dun cattle, at once sullen, picturesque, and intractable. The wide-spread panorama was intersected in all directions by winding mountain streams, which, although running very low on account of the extreme heat of the weather, yet retained sufficient water in their channels to supply the browsing flocks and herds, and to add greatly to the beauty of the wild and exquisite picture. The sun, not yet fully risen, hung a great globe of gold over the few scattered firs which crowned some of the hill-tops, and, dispersing the mists as he ascended, gave promise of a magnificent day.

The young artist, dashing the hair from his brow, stood gazing on the lovely scene with a rapt intensity of gaze and thought only known to those hard brain-and-hand toilers of the great Babylon to whom it is rarely given to snatch a few hours from the turmoil of city existence and commune with Nature in her own solitudes. He looked back at the little rose-bowered cottage which he had left a mile behind him, and almost felt that he could be content to resign forever the golden dream of ambition, and, with the friend of his heart and the wife of his bosom for companions, pass in this sweet and solitary spot a tranquil, if an unambitious existence.

But a moment's reflection awoke him from the dream, and recalled his wandering imagination to the realities of life.

"I must not lose the fine effects of those early mountain mists," he murmured to himself. "To work, O Utopian Alnaschar! Dreams of the Unattainable balance no banker's book. Ah, well!" Then choosing a favorable situation, he began the outline of a sketch of sunrise on the Welsh mountains.

The artist's heart was in the work, and it grew under his loving fingers. It was already half colored, when a soft yet unmistakable expression of surprise caused him to drop his brush and look hastily around.

A few yards behind him stood a young lady. She was of a dazzlingly fair complexion, just in the slightest degree tinged by sun-brown, and was rather tall of figure than otherwise. Her eyes were large, liquid, and of a melting tenderness, their color blue. Her small queenly head, covered with sunny chestnut braids, was gracefully set on a slender white neck. Her smile was of surpassing beauty—it lit up her whole face—and her hands and feet were exceedingly small and beautifully proportioned. This fair girl, who was apparently about twenty years of age, wore a plain white dress, with a tartan scarf and sash, and a white straw hat simply trimmed with purple and white heath blossoms. She might have passed for Ellen in the "Lady of the Lake."

"Oh dear, I am sure I beg your pardon!" said the lady.

"Anne Boleyn, by Jove!" thought the gentleman; but he said, as he glanced at the sketch-book she held in her hand, "Nay, I beg *yours*, if, as I guess, I have occupied the place from which you intended to sketch!"

"Yes—no—that is—oh, pray do not move," as she saw Reginald Ashe begin putting together his palette and brushes. "Mine is no sketch, it is merely a scratch. I was never taught. In fact, this is my first attempt."

But Reginald had risen.

"Oh, *do* pray finish your painting," said the young girl. "I shall be so distressed!" And she really looked so. "May I glance at it?" she asked, timidly.

"Oh yes, I shall be most happy," said the young man, looking at her with an artist's eye.

"Beautiful!" cried she.

"Beautiful indeed!" echoed he. But the lady meant the sketch, and the artist meant the lady.

It is perfectly wonderful, when people have a taste in common, how quickly they manage to make friends over it. Bring two enthusiastic musicians, painters, or politicians together for the first time, and in halt an hour they will be as intimate as if they had known each other all their lives. It is no wonder, then, that the acquaintanceship progresses rapidly, when on the one side there is an intelligent and beautiful girl, and on the other a handsome and clever young man of fascinating manners.

Reginald found himself explaining and suggesting to the young girl as if he had been engaged to teach her at half a guinea a lesson. He ran through the gamut of "outline," "tone," "light," "coloring," and "chiaro-oscuro" with glib proficiency. Nor did his fair pupil appear by any means loath to learn. It must be said in her excuse (if any of our bewitching town-bred ladies who read this pronounce her a "bold thing"), that Belgravian etiquette has not as yet been introduced into the Welsh mountains—and long may it be ere it is so! Lilian Wrasse (for it was the rector's daughter) was speaking to a stranger without an introduction, it is true; but then a mutual love for art drew them together, and the young lady spoke and acted in every way as only a true gentlewoman can do.

Meanwhile, having finished his own sketch, the artist was examining that of Miss Wrasse, and pointing out to her in what respects it was deficient. It was a crude affair, as might have been expected from an untaught hand; but rude as it was, it nevertheless bore evidences within it of true artistic instincts. Lilian was pleased with the artist's approbation of what was good in her sketch, tempered as it was by honest censure of that which was bad.

"I like to be told my faults," she said. "Papa says my drawing is perfection; but I know, I feel it is *not*. Oh, thank you for telling me."

Reginald was amused, yet pleased. How different was this unsophisticated girl from his fair London acquaintances, with whom, to question the perfection of any thing they did, was to put one's self under the ban of perpetual exile from circles polite!

"Nobody ever taught me, you see," said Lilian; "oh, I *should* like to have a master!"

"And I should like to be he," thought Reginald. But he did not say so. He knew the proprieties. Yet he was more than half in love with this charming Welsh maid already. A pang shot through his heart as he reflected that this chance meeting would probably be the last, since he knew not who the young lady was. Did a similar reflection possibly cross Lilian's mind? It is not improbable.

The sun had by this time risen high in the heavens, and Miss Wrasse hastily prepared to turn her footsteps homeward.

"I am so much obliged to you for your hints," she said, adjusting her red plaid scarf; "I shall be sure to profit by them."

"Oh, do not thank me," he said, with a glow on his handsome face. "It has been such a pleasure." Then, unable to resist the temptation, he added, "May I not hope we shall meet—"

But, with a graceful bow, she turned away her blushing face and was gone.

The artist stood a few moments watching the tall, slight figure as, with white dress fluttering, it slowly descended from the hill-slope to the moor-lands below. He sighed unconsciously as he thought how often it happens thus in life. We meet (in some railway carriage, perhaps) a man whom instinct tells us we could love as a friend, or a woman who realizes our day-dream. The station is reached, the train stops, and into the seething crowd of life vanish both man and woman, leaving us with a vague, indefinable feeling of "something missing" which we never experienced before.

But as Reginald Ashe stood watching the young girl (who had certainly not left him "fancy-free") he observed her suddenly stop, with a gesture that betokened somewhat of alarm, and look undecidedly round her. Before the artist—though he strained his gaze to the utmost—could discern the reason of this, he beheld the young girl turn round and retrace her steps toward the spot where he stood, looking up to him as she did so, and augmenting her pace till it reached a positive run.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Reginald, "what can be the matter?" and he advanced rapidly to the young lady's assistance. He had not run twenty yards down the hill-side, with his painting-tressels in his hand, when an agonized shriek from Lilian made him redouble his pace, and at the same moment he perceived the cause of her alarm.

A few yards behind the young girl, and following her at a brisk trot, was one of the largest of the shaggy black-cattle of which we have spoken. Although this species are of no size as compared with the ordinary kinds of cattle, they are often obstinate and vicious to a degree, and sufficiently powerful to give any body whom they may attack a poor chance of getting away from them without either loss of life or damage to limb. The spiteful little brute was probably attracted by the red portion of Lilian's scarf, for she wore a "Rob Roy" tartan; and as he followed her, he stopped a few moments to bellow wrathfully and to toss his shaggy black head, in which his evil little eyes twinkled from out a forest of hair like those of a demon. Fortunately this deliberate gloating over a prospect of the immolation of a victim gave Lilian time to gain considerably on her pursuer, and to Reginald to take in the whole situation and determine upon his course of action. He had observed as he descended the hill a small clump of stunted thorn-bushes, the shelter of which it was his object to gain. And accordingly, having reached Lilian and taken her hand, he half urged, half dragged the terrified girl till they were both safely ensconced behind this friendly shelter. It was not too soon, for they had barely reached the bushes when their vicious little enemy was upon them. Now the bushes, seven in number, formed a clump, round which it was impossible, so long as Reginald and Lilian kept moving, for the bull to catch them. Accordingly they dodged round and round the clump, until the young girl, sick, terrified, and giddy, was on the point of fainting. The bull, nothing daunted, in spite of several severe blows on his muzzle from the artist's tressels, continued to walk round and round the trees with all the spiteful malignity of a cat who has a mouse in view which she knows can not escape her; when it suddenly occurred to Reginald that, were the cause of his anger removed, the bull might become more manageable. Accordingly Lilian, with the help of the young man, removed the obnoxious scarf, which Reginald rolled up and concealed in his pocket. No sooner was the object of his hatred removed than the savage little animal stared stupidly at the pair as if desirous of some fresh provocation, and then, balked of his intended assault on the detested color, gave a snort of indignation and trotted back to rejoin the herd.

But directly all immediate danger was removed the highly wrought nerves of the young girl gave way, and she fainted. The artist laid her gently and tenderly down on the heather, and proceeded to fill his cap with water at one of the many rivulets which meandered over the moor. This done, he mixed with it a small portion of brandy from his luncheon-flask, and bathed the temples and hands of the insensible girl. While he was so doing he caught sight of two peasants burning turf at no great distance, and by loud and continued shouts attracted their attention, when they left their peat-heaps and came toward him.

"Lord have mercy on us!" said one of them, in Welsh (of which the artist fortunately understood a little), "if it isn't parson's daughter!"

"Parson's daughter!" exclaimed Reginald, as he remembered Mrs. Crupe's observations that morning.

Meanwhile Lilian had slowly come to herself, to the great satisfaction of the stolid, gaping peasants.

"She ben't dead, after all!" said they, in chorus.

"Oh!" exclaimed the young girl, holding out her hand to Reginald, "how much I owe you, Sir! I should have lost my life but for you."

She could say no more; and the artist, not at all desirous of being thanked, inquired if she thought she was strong enough, with his assistance, to reach the rectory.

"Oh yes," said she; "I feel quite strong now."

She was nevertheless compelled to lean pretty heavily on the young man's arm; and perhaps that slow walk and silent *tête-à-tête* did a good deal to precipitate matters. Who knows?

After this seasonable service to his daughter, and consequent claim upon the rector's gratitude, was it not a matter of course that an invitation to the rectory should follow? A footing in the house once obtained, what could things do but progress in the usual groove? An old philosopher tells us that, as fire and tow, so are a young man and woman in the constant neighborhood of each other, especially when of similar tastes and dispositions.

Lilian Wrasse did not need much entreaty before she consented to sit as the model for Anne Boleyn; and such good use did the painter make of his time, that, when the finishing-touch had been given to the great picture, the finishing-touch had also been given to the destiny of two lives.

The "Meeting of Henry VIII. with Anne Boleyn" created a "sensation" at the Royal Academy next season, and Reginald Ashe always remembered with pleasure that his search of a model for that unfortunate queen had been the cause of his finding a wife.

Early in the spring the *Thunderbolt* arrived at Plymouth, from her West Indian cruise. Before she had been anchored in the Sound twenty-four hours, Reginald Ashe received the following letter:

"DEAR REGGIE,—You know my bargain with my Damon. Well! Leila Davenant and I have come to an *understanding*. Be my 'best man.'

"Your affectionate BERTIE.

"P.S.—Hope the picture is good."

To which the lieutenant received the following answer:

"DEAR BERTIE,—*Can't.* Going to be a bridegroom myself. Let's be married same place and day. Who do you think I'm going to marry? Why, *Anne Boleyn!*

"Your affectionate REGINALD.

"P.S.—The picture is *superb!*"

And married at the same place, and on the same day, they were; for Lilian and her father, fully sympathizing with the affection of the two friends, came up to London on purpose. And two happier alliances were never formed than on the day when the artist married his model.

NEARLY A CAUSE CÉLÈBRE.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS relates that when he was doing the duty of a scrivener in an office of the Palais Royal, he copied, under the eyes of the Duke of Orleans (afterward King Louis Philippe), the statements pro and con connected with the claim of the Lady Maria Stella Petronilla Chiappini to all the privileges then enjoyed by the same duke. Her story ran thus:

The Duchess of Orleans, Louis Philippe's mother, married in 1768, had presented to her husband, Louis Philippe Joseph (the *Philippe Egalité* of the Revolution), up to the beginning of 1772, only one daughter, who died immediately after birth. So as the possessions of the duke would naturally revert to the Crown, in case of his dying without heir male, he and his lady determined on a tour in Italy in the beginning of the above-named year, with the faint hope that the journey might tend to the fulfilling of their wishes. They traveled as the Count and Countess of Joinville; and by the time of their arrival at Modigliana, in the Apennines, they began to hope that their hearts' desires might be fulfilled.

In this town was a prison, and the wife of its keeper, Chiappini, was, at the period of the visit, in the same condition as the duchess. The duke, according to his usual custom, was accessible to the ordinary inhabitants of the place; the jailer was soon reckoned among his acquaintance, and an agreement was made between them, that if the child of the countess happened to be a girl, and that of the jailer's wife a boy, an exchange should be made, and a round sum of money handed over to Chiappini, on his swearing inviolable secrecy on the subject.

Matters fell out just as the duke feared and the jailer hoped; the exchange was made, and the noble pair returned to Paris. The birth of the future king occurred on the 17th of April, 1773, but it was not announced in the capital till the October of the same year.

The girl, Maria Stella, spent a rather dismal youth-time, as her quasi-mother never ceased to regret what had been done, and continually reproached her husband for his share in it. She always treated her supposed daughter with coldness and harshness. She was very beautiful, and at the age of seventeen, Lord Newborough, then on a tour through Italy, did not find it very difficult to persuade her to become Lady Newborough, and go with him to England. After the births of some children she was left a widow, but did not long endure her loneliness. She became the wife of the Baron de Sternberg, a Russian nobleman, went with him to St. Petersburg, bore him a son, but afterward lived apart.

At that period of her life she received a letter written by Chiappini, and directed to be sent to her after his death. From it she learned all that has been related, except the identity of her parents. She immediately set out for Italy, and, by dint of diligence, learned that the Count and Countess de Joinville had been residents in her native town at the time of her birth, that a child had been born to them about that same period, and that they had shortly after proceeded to France. To France she now repaired, found out the Joinville estate, learned that it was an appanage of the house of Orleans, that the exduke had been in Italy in 1773, had died on the scaffold in 1793, and that his son, Louis Philippe, at present enjoyed the dukedom and the Palais Royal, and was living in state in Paris.

She then repaired to Paris, and proved a godsend to sundry greedy agents, who promised her an interview with the duke, and their exertions to carry out her wishes. But the interview was found unattainable, and, in consequence, she informed, through the papers, all whom it might concern, that the Baroness de Sternberg had arrived in Paris charged with an important communication to be made to the heirs of the Count of Joinville, and requested an opportunity to impart it to the personage chiefly concerned.

No opportunity appears to have been allowed, and Maria Stella returned to her native town and procured strong documents in support of her claims. But when she presented herself again in Paris, in 1824, she could not interest Louis XVIII. (no great lover of his cousin of Orleans) in her favor, and her suit fell into abeyance. It was worse when the duke became king, for he did not even honor her with persecution. She remained in the city till her death. Her house was at the end of the Rue de Rivoli, toward Rue Saint-Florentin, and any of her neighbors who happened to be of excitable temperament were sure to be awakened at an early hour by the chirping of innumerable sparrows and other small birds, for whom breakfast had been laid out over-night in the three front windows opening on a balcony.

She expired in 1845, the day after the opening of the Chambers. Her last words were, "Hand me the paper till I read the speech of that brigand."

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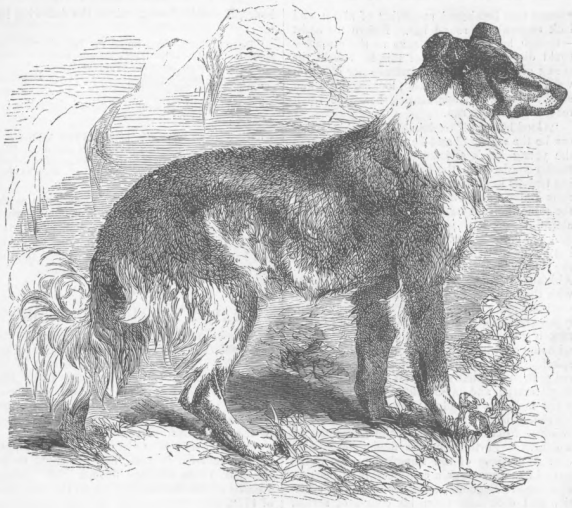

"SIRRAH."

THE ST. BERNARD DOG.

DOGS AND THEIR DOINGS.

BY THE REV. F. O. MORRIS, B.A.

Rector of Nunburnholme, and Chaplain to his Grace the Duke of Cleveland. Author of a "History of British Birds," "Natural History of the Bible," etc., etc.

"SIRRAH'S" MANAGEMENT OF A FLOCK.

JAMES HOGG, the "Ettrick Shepherd," who possessed the best opportunities of studying the character of the shepherd's dog, mentions that he at one time had a dog called "Sirrah," an animal of sullen disposition, and by no means favorable appearance, which was an extraordinary adept in managing a flock. One of his exploits was as follows:

"About seven hundred lambs, which were once under his care at weaning-time, broke up at midnight, and scampered off in three divisions across the hills, in spite of all that the shepherd and an assistant lad could do to keep them together. 'Sirrah,' cried the shepherd, in great affliction, 'my man, they're a' awa.' The night was so dark that he did not see 'Sirrah;' but the faithful animal had heard his master's words—words such as, of all others, were sure to set him most on the alert; and, without more ado, he silently set off in quest of the recreant flock.

"Meanwhile the shepherd and his companion did not fail to do all that was in their power to recover their lost charge; they spent the whole night in scouring the hills for miles around; but of neither the lambs nor 'Sirrah' could they obtain the slightest trace. It was the most extraordinary circumstance, says the shepherd, that had ever occurred in the annals of the pastoral life. We had nothing for it (day having dawned) but to return to our master, and inform him that we had lost his whole flock of lambs, and knew not what was become of one of them.

"On our way home, however, we discovered a body of lambs at the bottom of a deep ravine called the Flech Cleuch, and the indefatigable 'Sirrah' standing in front of them, looking all around for some relief, but still standing true to his charge. The sun was then up, and when we first came in view of them we concluded that it was one of the divisions of the lambs which 'Sirrah' had been unable to manage, until he came to that commanding situation. But what was our astonishment when we discovered, by degrees, that not one lamb of the whole flock was wanting! How he had got all the divisions collected in the dark is beyond my comprehension. The charge was left entirely to himself from midnight until the rising of the sun, and if all the shepherds in the forest had been there to have assisted him, they could not have effected it with greater propriety. All that I can farther say is, that I never felt so grateful to any creature below the sun as I did to my honest 'Sirrah' that morning."

A PRACTICAL HINT.

THE following, from Mure's "Journal of a Tour in Greece and the Ionian Islands," though not, strictly speaking, an anecdote, gives a very useful hint how best to ward off a canine attack:

"At Argos one evening, at the table of General Gordon, then commander-in-chief in the Morea, the conversation happened to turn on the number and fierceness of the Greek dogs, when one of the company remarked that he knew a very simple expedient for appeasing their fury. Happening on a journey to miss his road, and being overtaken by darkness, he sought refuge for the night at a pastoral settlement by the way-side. As he approached, the dogs rushed out upon him, and the consequence might have been serious had he not been rescued by an old shepherd, the Eumæus of the fold, who sallied forth, and finding that the intruder was but a benighted traveler, after pelting off his assailants, gave him a hospitable reception in his hut. His guest made some remarks on the watchfulness and zeal of his dogs, and on the danger to which he had been exposed in their attack. The old man replied that it was his own fault for not taking the customary precaution in such an emergency—that he ought to have stopped, *and sat down*, until some person whom the animals knew came to protect him. As this expedient was new to the traveler, he made some farther inquiries, and was assured that if any person in such a predicament will simply seat himself on the ground, laying aside his weapons of defense, the dogs will also squat in a circle round him; that as long as he remains quiet they will follow his example, but as soon as he rises and moves forward they will renew the assault."

THE SHOE-BLACK'S DOG.

THE following is from Chambers's "Anecdotes of Dogs:"

"An English officer, who was in Paris in 1815, mentions the case of a dog belonging to a shoe-black, which brought customers to its master. This it did in a very ingenious and scarcely honest manner. The officer, having occasion to cross one of the bridges over the Seine, had his boots, which had been previously polished, dirtied by a poodle-dog rubbing against them. He, in consequence, went to a man who was stationed on the bridge and had them cleaned. The same circumstance having occurred more than once, his curiosity was excited, and he watched the dog. He saw him roll himself into the mud of the river, and then watch for a person with well-polished boots, against which he contrived to rub himself. Finding that the shoe-black was the owner of the dog, he taxed him with the artifice; and, after a little hesitation, he confessed that he had taught the dog the trick in order to procure customers for himself. The officer, being much struck with the dog's sagacity, purchased him at a high price, and brought him to England. He kept him tied up in London some time, and then released him. The dog remained with him a day or two, and then made his escape. A fortnight afterward he was found with his former master, pursuing his old trade of dirtying gentlemen's boots on the bridge."

THE ST. BERNARD DOG.

THE dogs attached to the Hospice of St. Bernard are employed to search for those unfortunate persons who may have been overtaken by a sudden storm on the mountains, and who would perish without their aid. By their sagacity, many a belated traveler has been rescued from a fearful death. Benumbed with cold, wearied out with searching for the track from which he has strayed, the traveler sinks upon the mountain-side, and is soon covered by the drifting snow. Though the perishing man lie ten or even twenty feet beneath the snow, the dogs can discover his whereabouts by their keen scent. They scratch away the snow with their feet, and then set up a hoarse and continued bark, which brings the Brothers of the Hospice to their assistance.

One of this breed of dogs, which had been decorated with a medal in commemoration of his having saved the lives of twenty-two persons, perished, in the year 1816, while attempting to convey a Piedmontese courier to his anxious family. The courier arrived at the Hospice at a very stormy period of the year, striving to reach the little village of St. Pierre, in the valley beneath, where his wife and children dwelt. The Brothers vainly attempted to check his resolution. They at last gave him two guides, each of whom was accompanied by a dog, of which one was the wearer of the medal. As the party descended from the Hospice they were suddenly overwhelmed by two avalanches, and the same destruction awaited the family of the courier, who were making their way up to the Hospice to obtain some news of him who was so dear to them. They all perished.

Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, who for many years resided at Grange House, Edinburgh, had a fine dog of the St. Bernard breed presented to him. His bark was so loud that it could be distinguished at the distance of a mile. His bark once led to his recovery, when stolen by some carters. "Bass," as the dog was named, had been missing for some time, when he was brought back to Grange House by a letter-carrier, who said that in going along a certain street he heard a barking inside a yard, and at once recognized the voice of "Bass." "He knocked at the gate," writes Sir Thomas, "and immediately said to the owner of the premises, 'You have got Sir Thomas Lauder's big dog.' The man denied it. 'But I know you have,' continued the letter-carrier. 'I can swear that I heard the bark of Sir Thomas's big dog, for there is no other dog in or about all Edinburgh that has such a bark.' The man then admitted that he had a large dog, which he had bought for a trifle from a couple of coal-carters; and at last, with great reluctance, he gave up the dog to the letter-carrier, who brought him home here." Sir Thomas, after describing many of "Bass's" characteristics, then proceeds: "He took a particular fancy for one of the postmen who deliver letters here, though he was not the man whom I have already had occasion to mention. It was the duty of the postman I now allude to, besides delivering letters, to carry a letter-bag from one receiving-house to another, and this big bag he used to give to 'Bass' to carry. 'Bass' always followed that man through all the villas in the neighborhood where he had deliveries to make, and he invariably parted with him opposite to the gate of the Convent of St. Margaret's, and returned home. When our gate was shut to prevent his following the postman, the dog always leaped a high wall to get after him. One day, when the postman was ill, or detained by some accidental circumstance, he sent a man in his place. 'Bass' went up to the man, curiously scanning his face, while the man retired from the dog, by no means liking his appearance, and very anxious to decline all acquaintance with him. But as the man left the place, 'Bass' followed him, showing strong symptoms that he was determined to have the post-bag. The man did all he could to keep possession of it. But at length 'Bass,' seeing that he had no chance of getting possession of the bag by civil entreaty, raised himself on his hind-legs, and

"BE IT EVER SO HUMBLE, THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME."—(AFTER SIR EDWIN LANDSEER.)

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putting a great fore-paw on each of the man's shoulders, he laid him flat on his back in the road, and, quietly picking up the bag, proceeded peaceably on his wonted way. The man, much dismayed, arose and followed the dog, making every now and then an ineffectual attempt to coax him to give up the bag. At the first house he came to, he told his fears and the dilemma he was in, but the people comforted him by telling him that the dog always carried the bag. 'Bass' walked with the man to all the houses at which he delivered letters, and along the road till he came to the gate of St. Margaret's, where he dropped the bag, and, making his bow to the man, he returned home."

THE CLEVER STAFFORDSHIRE DOG.

THE *Times*, of June 1, 1867, contained the following interesting paragraph:

"On Thursday morning last a boy named Hargreaves, eleven years of age, was playing on the bank of the Cauldon Canal, near Hanley, when he accidentally fell into the water. According to his own intelligent account of what happened, he was sinking the second time, when a retriever dog, belonging to Mr. Elijah Boulton, grocer, of Hanley, seeing him in the water, sprang in to the rescue, seized the back of his waistcoat, and dragged him to land. The poor little fellow soon recovered himself, and walked home. The dog walked by his side until he had reached his father's door, and then, with a self-congratulatory wag of his tail, trotted off to Mr. Boulton's house."

Through the courtesy of Mr. Boulton, who has kindly sent us a photograph of the boy and the dog, we are enabled to present our readers with the annexed engraving.

THE STAFFORDSHIRE BOY AND HIS BRAVE DELIVERER.

THE DOG WHO HOLLOWED THE SAND FOR MOISTURE.

MONSIEUR ALPHONSE DE CANDOLLE has communicated to the "Bibliothèque Universelle de Genève" the following observations on the instinct of animals:

"Being last October in the neighborhood of Aiguesmortes, I had occasion to observe a remarkable instance of intelligence in a dog. The day was hot, and the season unfavorable, by reason of the trade-winds, so troublesome on the shores of the Mediterranean. After walking several hours in the desert which separates the town of Aiguesmortes from Carmagne, we arrived at a plain, where we found, in the midst of a whirlwind, some remains of a shipwreck. Out of three dogs which had followed our guide, only two had accompanied us to this spot. Their black hair attracted the rays of the sun, and the poor creatures, like ourselves, seemed to find the sand somewhat too warm to be pleasant. I sat down on a mat half buried in the sand. One of the dogs quickly conceived the idea of establishing itself near me. It nestled close to a horizontal plank by way of procuring a little shade, but, finding this insufficient, it hollowed the sand until it came to the part moistened by the sea. It then stretched itself with delight in this fresh and shady bed. There, said I, is an undoubted instance of reason. Had it been instinct, every animal of the same species, placed in similar circumstances, would have acted alike. But the other dog, though of the same race, and also weary, knew not what to do; *it writhed in the hot sand.* One of these dogs evidently remembered that by hollowing the sand-hillocks a cool and moist part is arrived at, and it applied the reminiscence to this particular case."

THE RESCUE OF A CHILD.

"THE Newfoundland is known to be superior to most others in the power of swimming, for which it is peculiarly fitted, by having the foot partly webbed. Some years ago a nurse was playing with a child on the parapet of a bridge over the Liffey. With a sudden spring, the child fell into the river. The agonized spectators saw the waters close over the child, and imagined that it had sunk to rise no more, when a noble dog, seeing the catastrophe, gazed wistfully at the ripples on the surface made by the child's descent, and rushed in to its rescue. At the same instant the poor little thing reappeared on the surface: the dog seized it, and, with a firm but gentle pressure, bore it to the shore without injury. Among the spectators attracted to the spot was a gentleman who appeared strongly impressed with admiration for the sagacity and promptness of the dog. On hastening to get near him, he saw, with terror, joy, and surprise, that the child was his own! Such was his sense of gratitude, that, it is said, he offered five hundred guineas for the noble animal."—*Salad for the Social.*

A DOG SUPPLYING CAKE TO A LOST CHILD.

"ONE of the most striking instances which we have heard," say the Messrs. Chambers, in their "Anecdotes of Dogs," "of sagacity and personal attachment in the shepherd's dog, occurred about half a century ago among the Grampian Mountains. In one of his excursions to his distant flocks, a shepherd took with him one of his children. After traversing the hills for some time, attended by his dog, the shepherd found himself under the necessity of ascending a summit at some distance, to have a more extensive view of his range. As the ascent was too fatiguing for the child, he left him on a small plain at the bottom, with strict injunctions not to stir from it till his return. Scarcely, however, had he gained the summit, when the horizon was suddenly darkened by one of those impenetrable mists which frequently descend so rapidly amid these mountains, as, in the space of a few minutes, almost to turn day into night. The anxious father instantly hastened back to find his child; but, owing to the unusual darkness, and his own trepidation, he unfortunately missed his way in the descent. After a fruitless search of many hours among the dangerous morasses and cataracts

DOG FEEDING THE LOST CHILD.

DOG SAVING A CHILD FROM DROWNING.

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with which these mountains abound, he was at length overtaken by night. Still wandering on without knowing whither, he at length came to the verge of the mist, and, by the light of the moon, discovered that he had reached the bottom of the valley, and was within a short distance of his cottage. To renew the search that night was equally fruitless and dangerous. He was therefore obliged to return to his cottage, having lost both his child and his dog, which had attended him faithfully for years. Next morning by daybreak the shepherd, accompanied by a band of his neighbors, set out in search of his child; but, after a day spent in fruitless fatigue, he was at last compelled, by the approach of night, to descend from the mountain. On returning to his cottage, he found that the dog, which he had lost the day before, had been home, and, on receiving a piece of cake, had instantly gone off again. For several successive days the shepherd renewed the search for his child, and still, on returning at evening, disappointed, to his cottage, he found that the dog had been home, and, on receiving his usual allowance of cake, had instantly disappeared. Struck with this singular circumstance, he remained at home one day, and when the dog, as usual, departed with his piece of cake, he resolved to follow him, and find out the cause of his strange procedure. The dog led the way to a cataract, at some distance from the spot where the shepherd had left his child. The banks of the cataract almost joined at the top, yet, separated by an abyss of immense depth, presented that appearance which so often astonishes and appalls the travelers who frequent the Grampian Mountains, and indicates that these stupendous chasms were not the silent work of time, but the sudden effect of some violent convulsion of the earth. Down one of these rugged and almost perpendicular descents the dog began, without hesitation, to make his way, and at last disappeared into a cave, the mouth of which was almost upon a level with the torrent. The shepherd with difficulty followed; but, on entering the cave, what were his emotions when he beheld his child eating, with much satisfaction, the cake which the dog had just brought him, while the faithful animal stood by eying his young charge with the utmost complacence! From the situation in which the child was found, it appears that he had wandered to the brink of the precipice, and then had either fallen or scrambled down, till he reached the cave, which the dread of the torrent had afterward prevented him from quitting. The dog, by means of his scent, had traced him to the spot; and afterward prevented him from starving by giving up to him his own daily allowance. He appears never to have quitted the child by night or day, except when it was necessary to go for his food, and then he was always seen running at full speed to and from the cottage."

THE FRENCH ROSIÈRE.

CAN any thing be prettier than a rosière, as she trips, crowned with white blossoms—herself a human rosebud—along the flower-strewn pathway that leads from the gray old church to her cottage home? Behind her, two and two, walk her young companions, all in pure white, and flinging from their full baskets flowers to right and left, as they go smiling onward. There are the village elders, the silver-haired patriarchs, the good old dames in lace coif and antique earrings, beaming approval on the chosen representative of the parochial youth and innocence. There is Monsieur le Curé, in shovel-hat and buckled shoes, the very type of a rustic priest. There are the rural authorities—a corpulent maire in an impossible waistcoat and a brown wig, a good-natured brigadier, resplendent in his jack-boots, his gendarme's belt burnished till it glows yellow as a harvest-moon, and the captain of the Pompiers in his grotesque helmet. The music plays—bassoon, serpent, cymbals, first and second fiddles, do their melodious best. Boum! boum! goes the big drum, and the children cry huzza! Then there are sugar-plums and sour wine, and dancing in the open air, while Church and State combine to shed their benignant approbation upon the festival of the happy villagers.

Happiest of all is the rosière, the crowned Queen of the May, the Flora of the feast. Besides her unsubstantial honors, she is to receive a very substantial dowry of real, ringing five-franc pieces — the genuine silver five-franc pieces, heaviest and hardest of cash, minted in the piping peace times of King Louis Philippe, and of the value of which, in securing a suitable husband in cautious France, not even rosières are ignorant. She is a lucky girl, for this public celebration is to her a perpetual certificate of good character. Through life she will be well esteemed, as witness the mute testimony of the old rosières of by-gone years, buxom matrons now, who walk behind her in the pageant, as so many old moons might follow the triumphant march of the young new moon of to-day. Is it not a pretty sight, and did not some old seigneur or lady do well in founding and endowing such an institution for the reward and settlement of the fairest and the best?

Alas, what a falling off there is! The rosière of nowadays may be, and very likely is, in every respect equal to the rosière of one or two hundred years ago, and the curé and the maire as excellent and single-minded. But the spirit of the show has fled, and the fault doubtless is with the spectators. Those staring tourists with red Murrays in their hands, those sneering dandies of the Paris boulevards, those reporters for the penny newspapers, are not the right kind of audience before whose unsympathetic eyes rosières should parade. They believe in nothing, they jeer at every thing, they hustle and crowd and titter until they put the procession out of countenance. The peasants themselves grow almost ashamed of a ceremony which is received as if it were a theatrical burlesque, and in a few years, no doubt, even at Nanterre itself, the dowry will be given without the exhibition of the village maiden—"Hamlet" will be performed without the Prince of Denmark.

THREE MODERN SIEGES.

OF all the events of the cruel and devastating Thirty Years' War, the siege of Magdeburg was one of the most interesting. Christian William, the deposed Administrator of Brandenburg, had roused this flourishing city by warnings of Catholic cruelties and premature promises of assistance from Gustavus Adolphus. The Protestant city, in the pride of its almost republican freedom, had already defied the anger of the redoubtable Wallenstein, and Tilly, the scourge of Flanders, now determined to wreak his rage upon these defiers of the Emperor. Count Pappenheim at once cut off the rash Administrator from his Saxon communications, and in March, 1631, closely invested the town, to destroy it before the cautious Gustavus could advance to its relief. The outworks were soon carried, while Dietrich Falkenberg, the Swedish governor, destroyed the bridge over the Elbe, and, having insufficient troops, abandoned the suburbs of Sudenberg and Neustadt to Tilly, who instantly reduced them to ashes. The garrison scarcely exceeded two thousand infantry and a few hundred horse—far too small a number for a large and straggling fortress. The citizens were all armed, but the poor had grown mutinous, complaining that they bore the brunt of every thing, and that the rich hired substitutes. Nevertheless, religious zeal, a love of liberty, a hatred of the Austrians, and a belief in the speedy arrival of Gustavus, kept the city firm for resistance. Tilly's trumpeters each time brought more favorable terms. The defenders grew hopeful and careless. The enemy's batteries were close to the ditch, and one tower had already fallen, but the walls were still sound. Gustavus was only three days' march distant. All looked well for Magdeburg. Tilly had, indeed, lost all hope of taking the place, but still, with his usual tenacity, resolved on one final, desperate effort. On the 5th the Imperialists' fire suddenly ceased, and the cannons were withdrawn from several of the batteries. These symptoms lulled the garrison into a fatal security. The tired guards on the ramparts snatched an hour for the sleep they so much needed. Tilly had already arranged an assault at gun-fire on the 10th of May, but the ruthless general, to the last moment doubtful of success, held another council, and arranged to make the attempt two hours later. Pappenheim was to try and storm the new town, where the dry ditch was shallow and the rampart sloped favorably outward. The town guard was asleep. Pappenheim's fierce Walloons clambered up about 7 A.M. with little trouble. Falkenberg, who was at the Stadt Haus, just sending back Tilly's second trumpeter, roused by the fire of musketry, hurried with all the force he could get together to the gate of the new town. Beaten back at this point, the brave Swede flew to another quarter, where a second escalade had begun, and there he fell. The citizens, hurrying to arms, and astonished at the sudden rattle of muskets and the clash of alarm-bells, became confused. In the mean time two other gates, being deserted by the guards, who hurried to help their friends, were forced in, but the resistance was still vigorous, furious, and hopeful, till four Imperial regiments, winning the ramparts, fell, with wild cries, upon the rear of the garrison. Amidst all the tumult, a brave captain of Magdeburg, named Schmidt, drove the enemy back toward the gates; but he soon fell, and with him the last hope. Before noon all the works were carried, and the town lay at Tilly's feet. Two gates were then thrown open, and the main army admitted. The soldiers instantly occupied the principal streets, and pointing loaded cannon, forced the citizens into their houses, there to await their fate. Tilly casting his soldiers loose, rapine, lust, and murder reveled for several days. In a single church fifty-three women were found beheaded. The Croats, then half savages, amused themselves by throwing children into the burning houses, while Pappenheim's brutal Walloons stabbed babes and their mothers with the same thrust. When some officer, horror-struck, reminded Tilly that he had still the power to stop the carnage, he said: "Return in an hour; I will see what I can do. The soldier must have some reward for his danger and his toils." The fires, first kindled by the Imperialists to divert the resistance of the citizens, soon raged so fiercely that the soldiers were driven back to their camps. In less than twelve hours the populous and flourishing German city was almost literally reduced to ashes. The Administrator and four hundred of the richer burgomasters were saved, to extort from them ransom. When Tilly's thin, long, Mephistophelian face, crowned by the small, high-peaked hat and streaming red feather, appeared in the streets of Magdeburg, thirty thousand citizens had been already butchered, and six thousand bodies thrown into the Elbe to clear the roadways. On the fourth day the plunder of the half-consumed houses ceased. About one thousand people, huddled in the cathedral, and who had been three days without food and in fear of death, were dragged before Tilly. The next day a solemn mass was sung, and cannons roared the responses. "Since Jerusalem," says Niemand, "Satan had never held such a holiday as he had done for those three days in unhappy Magdeburg." Not long after, at Leipsic, Gustavus revenged the unhappy city by routing Tilly, who lost seven thousand men and five thousand prisoners, all his cannon, and one hundred standards. In a later battle the savage general fell, from a Swedish bullet.

The siege and storming of Ciudad Rodrigo, in 1812, was one of the most dashing and gallant exploits of the English in the Peninsular War. This old fortress, on the northwest frontier of Spain, had originally been built by the Visigoths, as a bulwark against Portugal. The town was specially strong, since there was no bridge over the Agueda but that in the town; and at certain seasons the river was so swollen by the mountain torrents that it was impossible to throw any pontoons or flying bridges over it. Wellington, having fortified Almeida as a dépôt, began the investment of the town of Rodrigo on the 8th of January, 1812. His army, including cavalry, numbered about thirty-five thousand, the siege materials were piled at Gallegos, Villa del Coervo, and Espeja, and the ammunition was ready at Almeida. Seventy pieces of ordnance had been collected at Villa de Ponte, but, from the scantiness of transports, thirty-eight guns only could be brought to the trenches, and, but for eight thousand shot found amidst the ruins of Almeida, the ammunition would have run short. The native drivers taking two days to bring their carts over the flat and excellent roads, created a delay in the operations. In the mean time the French strengthened the old works and fortified two convents, which protected the suburbs. They also raised an inclosed and palisaded redoubt on the Greater Teson, and this redoubt was strengthened by two guns in a Franciscan convent, and by a howitzer on the convent's flat roof. When the investment began, the French officers, treating it at first as a sham, came out under the convent wall, and at half musket-shot saluted and bowed to the English. Wellington the same evening ordered the redoubt to be stormed; he was quite in earnest. The light division, and Pack's Portuguese brigade, having forded the Agueda about three miles above the fortress, made a circuit, and took post till dusk behind the Great Teson. In the evening the troops stood to their arms, and a detachment of one hundred volunteers from each regiment, led by Lieutenant-Colonel Colborne of the Fifty-second, stormed the Francisco Hill fort after a short, sharp action. The French officer in command proved to have been one of the mockers of the morning. This storming was done at a dash. An eye-witness describes the redcoats as appearing to be at the same moment in the ditch, near the parapet, on the ramparts, and forcing the gorge of the redoubt, at a gate which a bursting French shell blew open by a lucky accident.

The French calculated this outwork would keep the English at bay for three weeks, and its capture enabled them to break ground at once within breaching distance of the walls, with a loss of only twenty-four men and officers. Working-parties were instantly set to work to dig themselves under cover, as the fort was swept by the fire of the town. Sir Thomas Graham now took direction of the siege, and the next night the first parallel was established; the batteries, eighteen feet thick at the top, were traced out under incessant storms of shells, but the riflemen dug pits in front of the trenches, and picked off the enemy's gunners. On the night of the 13th, a fortified convent near the captured redoubt was carried by a detachment of light infantry companies, supported by Lord Blantyre's brigade. A lodgment was effected here, and the sap run on to the line of the second parallel. Wellington, now beginning to fear that Marmont might relieve the place, resolved on a rush at Ciudad. On the 14th, twenty-five of his heavy guns battered at the San Francisco convent, which enfiladed the approaches, and the Fortieth Regiment, carrying them at a run, established a hold on the suburbs. On the 17th the wall began to crumble in large pieces, and the turret was shaken at the small breach, which the French re-intrenched. Still the heavy French fire ruined the sap, drove the riflemen out of their pits, and killed General Borthwick, the commandant of artillery. On the 19th the battering guns were turned against the rampart cannon, and a storm was agreed upon. The main breach was to be assailed by General Picton's division, consisting of the brigades of Major-General Mackinnon and Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell. This column was to be preceded by a storming-party of the light companies of the division, under Major Manners of the Seventy-fourth, while, on the right, Lieutenant-Colonel O'Toole, with five companies of the Ninety-fifth Rifle Corps, and the light companies of the Eighty-third and Ninety-fourth, was to make a diversion. The storming-party of three hundred men for the small breach was to be led by Major Napier of the Fifty-second, followed by the brigades of Major-General Vandeleur and Colonel Barnard, while General Pack was to make a false attack against the southern face of the fort.

At dusk, at the given signal, the different columns marched calmly to the assault over the glacis, which was swept by grape and musketry, and lit by thousands of fire-balls. Most of the Portuguese sack-bearers, who had to fill up the ditch, here lay down behind their bags, and waited for better times. Colonel Campbell, with the Ninety-fourth and the second battalion of the Fifth, to assist Mackinnon's storming-party, descended the counterscarp by means of ropes, and reached the breach silently and undiscovered. Finding the storming-party not yet come, Colonel Campbell at once pushed forward to the breach. The colonel, hearing the French giving orders to the artillerymen to fire, shouted to his men to throw themselves on their faces; the next instant a fury of shot and shell swept over them, and they sprang to their feet, poured onward, and cleared the breach. A wide ditch having been cut by the French between the breach and the rampart, all might have been lost at this crisis, had not the French pioneers left a single plank, by which the English passed up to the ramparts, driving away the gunners, and carrying all before them. But victory was not yet certain, and Mackinnon's party had not yet arrived. The French recovered from their panic, and were overwhelming the English. Men and officers fell in heaps, and choked the way, which was raked from minute to minute by two guns, which, only a few yards off, flanked the top of the breach. Colonel Campbell was equal to the emergency; he gave the word for a volley, and then charged. The French threw down their arms and fled. The moment after Mackinnon's columns swept upward to the breach through a destructive fire, but, unfortunately, a powder-magazine exploding upon the rampart, Mackinnon and many of his followers were killed.

Nor could a Napier be backward on such a day. The light division storming-party, with three hundred yards to clear, to get at the smaller breach, would not wait for the hay-bags to pad the ditch, but with extraordinary swiftness, eager for the battle, flew to the crest of the glacis, jumped headlong down the scarp, a fall of eleven feet, and rushed up the fausse-braye under a smashing fire of grape and musketry. The bottom of the ditch being dark and intricate, the forlorn hope took too much to the left; but the storming-party went straight to the breach, which was so small that a gun placed lengthways at the top nearly blocked it up. Here the forlorn hope joined the stormers; but the enemy's fire was so hot, and the passage so narrow, that the leaders wavered for a moment, and in the instinct of self-defense every man snapped his musket. Major Napier had his arm shattered by a grape-shot, but he still called out, "Men, trust to your bayonets!" and all the officers simultaneously springing to the front, their men gave a furious shout, charged, and won the entrance. General Vandeleur's brigade, forming behind the convent, came down after them to the assault, but General Crawford was shot dead on the glacis, and Colonel Colborne was wounded. Pack and the Portuguese had also turned their false attack into a real escalade, and the town was now carried at all points. The garrison fought for a moment in the streets, but soon threw away their arms and flew to the castle, where Lieutenant Gurwood received the sword of the governor. And all this took place in half an hour; but then had not Wellington, in the night order for the assault, said, "Ciudad Rodrigo *must* be stormed this evening?" The excesses were as disgraceful as those subsequently at Badajoz. Disarmed men were brutally shot, houses were fired, cellars sacked, and women dishonored, till some of the officers stopped the insane and reckless firing by beating the men about the head with broken musket-barrels, the only kind of logic they could understand, in their drunken and savage fury. Six deserters were shot. The English total loss amounted to thirteen hundred killed and wounded. The garrison lost three hundred men, and Wellington took fifteen hundred prisoners, and one hundred and fifty pieces of artillery. For this brilliant achievement he was made Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo and Earl of Wellington, with an annuity of two thousand pounds a year.

After this success, Wellington for the third time flew at Badajoz. This town stands between the Rivillas, a small stream, and the Guadiana, a feeble river, and spreads out like a fan its eight strong bastions. Phillippon, with a garrison of French, Hessians, and Spaniards, nearly five thousand strong, had made great preparations for resistance, and food had been stored for three months. The battering-train was of fifty-two pieces, but Wellington would not bombard the place, or inflict cruel and useless destruction. The engineers broke ground on the 17th of March. It was at last resolved to storm the Picurina, a fort on an isolated hill some eight hundred yards from the walls. The storming-party took this strong work in an hour, with a loss of fifty-four men killed, twenty-five officers and two hundred and fifty men wounded. A few weeks later, Wellington, dreading Soult's advance from Cordova and Marmont's attack on Ciudad Rodrigo, resolved on storming Badajoz. Picton's fighting and desperate division was to scale the castle, Leith, the bastion of San Vincente. In the centre, the fourth and light divisions, under Colville and Andrew Barnard, were to march on the Santa Maria and the Trinidad breaches. The assault began at ten o'clock. The attack on the castle was at first repulsed by showers of heavy stones, trunks of trees, and bursting shells. The second assault was successful, but Colonel Ridge, the brave leader, fell in the castle gate-way. The garrison fled down into Badajoz. "No man," says fiery Napier, "died that night with more glory than Ridge, yet many died, and there was much glory." At the great breach ponderous firm-set beams were chained together, and spiked with sword-blades. Powder-barrels were rolled on the English soldiers, and an incessant and withering fire maintained. Two thousand of them had fallen, when Wellington gave the order to retire and reform for a second assault. At this crisis some of Walker's men discovered a weak point in the bastion of San Vincente, and broke in. The town then fell, and the atrocities of an ungovernable army began. Five thousand men and officers fell during this siege, and in the assault three thousand five hundred men were wounded, and sixty officers and more than seven hundred men were slain. Five generals were wounded, and two thousand men were killed in the breaches—the Forty-third and Fifty-second regiments of the light division losing more men than all the seven regiments of the third division engaged at the castle. "Let it be remembered," says Napier, "that this frightful carnage took place in a space of less than a hundred yards square; that the slain died, not all suddenly, or by one manner of death; that some perished by steel, some by shot, some by water; that some were crushed and mangled by heavy weights, some trampled upon, some dashed to atoms by the fiery explosions; that for hours this destruction was endured without shrinking; and that the town was won at last. These things considered, it must be admitted that a British army bears with it an awfull power."

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THE END OF A MONTH.

By ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

THE night last night was strange and shaken:
More strange the change of you and me.
Once more, the old love's love forsaken,
We went out once more toward the sea.

For the old love's love-sake dead and buried,
One last time, one more and no more,
We watched the waves set in, the serried
Spears of the tide storming the shore.

Hardly we saw the high moon hanging,
Heard hardly through the windy night
Far waters ringing, low reefs clanging,
Under wan skies and waste white light.

With chafe and change of surges chiming,
The clashing channels rocked and rang
Large music, wave to wild wave timing,
And all the choral water sang.

Faint lights fell this way, that way floated,
Quick sparks of sea-fire keen like eyes
From the rolled surf that flashed and noted
Shores and faint cliffs and bays and skies.

The ghost of sea that shrank up sighing
At the sand's edge, a short sad breath
Trembling to touch the goal, and dying
With weak heart heaved up once in death—

The rustling sand and shingle shaken
With light sweet touches and small sound—
These could not move us, could not waken
Hearts to look forth, eyes to look round.

Silent we went an hour together,
Under gray skies by waters white.
Our hearts were full of windy weather,
Clouds and blown stars and broken light.

Full of cold clouds and moonbeams drifted
And streaming storms and straying fires,
Our souls in us were stirred and shifted
By doubts and dreams and foiled desires.

Across, aslant, a scudding sea-mew
Swam, dipped, and dropped, and grazed the sea;
And one with me I could not dream you:
And one with you I could not be.

As the white wing the white wave's fringes
Touched and slid over and flashed past—
As a pale cloud a pale flame tinges
From the moon's lowest light and last—

As a star feels the sun and falters,
Touched to death by diviner eyes—
As on the old gods' untended altars
The old fire of withered worship dies—

(Once only, once the shrine relighted
Sees the last fiery shadow shine,
Last shadow of flame and faith benighted,
Sees falter and flutter and fail the shrine.)

So once with fiery breath and flying
Your winged heart touched mine and went,
And the swift spirits kissed, and sighing,
Sundered and smiled and were content.

That only touch, that feeling only,
Enough we found, we found too much;
For the unlit shrine is hardly lonely
As one the old fire forgets to touch.

Slight as the sea's sight of the sea-mew,
Slight as the sun's sight of the star:
Enough to show one must not deem you
For love's sake other than you are.

Who snares and tames with fear and danger
A bright beast of a fiery kin,
Only to mar, only to change her
Sleek supple soul and splendid skin?

Easy with blows to mar and maim her,
Easy with bonds to bind and bruise;
What profit, if she yield her tamer
The limbs to mar, the soul to lose?

Best leave or take the perfect creature,
Take all she is or leave complete;
Transmute you will not form or feature,
Change feet for wings or wings for feet.

Strange eyes, new limbs, can no man give her;
Sweet is the sweet thing as it is.
No soul she hath, we see, to outlive her;
Hath she for that no lips to kiss?

So may one read his weird, and reason,
And with vain drugs assuage no pain;
For each man in his loving season
Fools and is fooled of these in vain.

Charms that allay not any longing,
Spells that appease not any grief,
Time brings us all by handfuls, wronging
All hurts with nothing of relief.

Ah, too soon shot, the fool's bolt misses!
What help? the world is full of loves;
Night after night of running kisses,
Chirp after chirp of changing doves.

Should Love disown or disesteem you
For loving one man more or less?
You could not tame your light white sea-mew,
Nor I my sleek black pantheress.

For a new soul let whoso please pray,
We are what life made us, and shall be.
For you the jungle and me the sea-spray,
And south for you and north for me.

But this one broken foam-white feather
I throw you off the hither wing,
Splashed stiff with sea-scurf and salt weather,
This song for sleep to learn and sing—

Sing in your ear when, day-time over,
You, couched at long length on hot sand
With some sleek sun-discolored lover,
Wince from his breath as from a brand:

Till dreams of sharp gray north-sea weather
Fall faint upon your fiery sleep,
As on strange sands a strayed bird's feather
The wind may choose to lose or keep.

But I, who leave my queen of panthers,
As a tired honey-heavy bee
Gilt with sweet dust from gold-grained anthers
Leaves the rose-chalice, what for me?

From the ardors of the chaliced centre,
From the amorous anther's golden grime,
That scorch and smutch all wings that enter,
I fly forth hot from honey-time.

But as to a bee's gilt thighs and winglets
The flower-dust and the flower-smell clings—
As a snake's mobile rampant ringlets
Leave the sand marked with print of rings—

So to my soul in surer fashion
Your savage stamp and savor hangs;
The print and perfume of old passion,
The wild-beast mark of panther's fangs.

THE SEA-SERPENT.

THE twin-brother of the kraken, recently described in this paper, both in its marvelous size and in the incredulity which all descriptions have excited, is the famous sea-serpent. Its history is as old as the oldest record. No age and no seafaring nation has been without some account concerning its appearance, and yet to this day serious doubts are entertained as to its existence. It is clearly referred to in the Old Testament, where the prophet Isaiah sings:

In that day the Lord with his sore and great and strong sword
Shall punish leviathan, the piercing serpent,
Even leviathan, that crooked serpent,
And he shall slay the dragon that is in the sea.

Again, when Job pleads his uprightness, and the Lord answered unto Job out of the whirlwind, he mentions behemoth and leviathan, and says concerning that monster:

Canst thou draw out leviathan with a hook?
Or his tongue with a cord which thou lettest down?
Canst thou put a hook into his nose, or bore his jaw through with a thorn?
* * * * * * *
Shall thy companions make a banquet of him? shall they part him among the merchants?
Canst thou fill his skin with barbed irons? or his head with fish-spears?
* * * * * * *
Who can open the doors of his face? His teeth are terrible round about.
His scales are his pride, shut up together as with a close seal.
One is so near to another, that no air can come between them.
By his neesings a light doth shine, and his eyes are like the eyelids of the morning.
Out of his mouth go burning lamps, and sparks of fire leap out.
Out of his nostrils goeth smoke, as out of a seething pot.
His breath kindleth coals, and a flame goeth out of his mouth.
* * * * * * *
When he raiseth up himself, the mighty are afraid:
The sword of him that layeth at him can not hold: the spear, the dart, nor the habergeon.
He maketh the deep to boil like a pot; he maketh the sea like a pot of ointment.
He maketh a path to shine after him; one would think the deep to be hoary.
Upon earth there is not his like.

It is well known that the monster so graphically described by the voice that spoke to Job in the whirlwind has been sometimes believed to be the elephant, and then again the crocodile. But in the Psalms leviathan is distinctly mentioned as living in the great and wide sea, and God is said to have formed him to play therein. The Jews, therefore, evidently looked upon him as a sea-serpent of colossal size and most formidable appearance, identical with the instrument of the Lord, of which He says: "And though they be hid from my sight in the bottom of the sea, thence will I command the serpent, and he shall bite them."

These imposing descriptions are, moreover, by no means limited to the excited imagination of Hebrew writers; other nations also record in their annals the existence of such a gigantic wonder of the deep. Palladius, for instance, speaks of a serpent of the Ganges, which he calls grandly an odontotyrannus, who could swallow an elephant without straining. Solin has heard of him frequently, and knows that he lives in India and Ethiopia, crosses the Indian Ocean by swimming, and travels from island to island; while Pliny quotes Solam, who found these colossal serpents in the Ganges. "They were blue," he says, "and so large that they could with the greatest ease seize and drag under water an elephant."

It is, however, in the Middle Ages that we find the fullest accounts of the monster. Pontoppidan, one of the most learned Scandinavians, who was long Bishop of Bergen, in Norway, and died as Chancellor of Denmark, in Copenhagen, in 1764, states, in his interesting contributions to natural history, that in his country every body believed firmly in the great sea-serpent; and if he or any of his guests ventured to speak doubtingly of the huge monster, all smiled, as if he had been uncertain whether eels or herrings really existed. The good people of those northern regions were so familiar with these wonderful creatures that they spoke of two distinct kinds of sea-serpents—one living in the sea only, the other amphibious, which preferred the land generally, but retired periodically to the great deep. Nicolaus Gramius, minister of the Gospel at London, tells us that, during a destructive inundation, an immense serpent was seen to make its way toward the ocean, overthrowing every thing in its path—animals, trees, and houses—and uttering fearful roarings. The fishermen of Odal were so frightened by the terrible sight that they did not dare to go out in their boats for several days.

The famous Archbishop of Upsala, Olaus Magnus, who bears testimony to the kraken, also speaks more than once of the amphibious serpents. He states that they leave the shelter of the cliffs near Bergen at night. They have a mane, their bodies are covered with scales, and their eyes send forth a bright light. Out at sea they rear themselves against the ship they encounter, and seize whatever they can obtain on deck. An animal of this kind, he continues, was actually seen, in 1522, near the island of Moos, which measured over fifty feet in length, and was continually turning round. Several works on natural history down to the celebrated compilation of H. Ruysch, published in 1718, contained pictures of the Norwegian serpents. Paul Egede, finally, a most trustworthy man, and well known by his connection with Greenland missions, which he helped his father to establish, and fostered as bishop, not only bears witness to the frequent appearance of such sea-serpents on the Scandinavian coasts, but describes minutely one which he met himself, on his second voyage to Greenland.

If we believe, therefore, the testimony of the Hebrews and of the northern nations, there exists a serpent, living in the sea, of gigantic proportions, swimming by vertical movements, in which it is aided by fins which hang down from behind its neck, as was the case in fossil reptiles like the plesiosaurus, and covered with a thick skin, which was frequently found cast off on desert islands. On the back it has a shaggy mane, its eyes are large and brilliant, and the head is shaped somewhat like that of a horse. It is only seen in midsummer and during fine weather; for the want of stability in its long, flexible body disables it from resisting the effect of high winds.

Like all rare animals of gigantic proportions, the sea-serpent naturally excited terror in the few persons who ever encountered it; and this led, as a matter of course, to marvelous stories about its size and ferocity. Sailors love to tell how the great monster would throw itself bodily over their vessel to make it sink, and then feed at leisure on the bodies of drowned seamen. Others told frightful tales of beloved comrades, who were suddenly snatched from their side by such animals, which appeared unexpectedly at the ship's side, raised their colossal head and neck, and instantly disappeared again with their victims. Fortunately, a very simple means of defense is at hand, according to the belief of Norwegian sailors. These monsters have, it seems, a most delicate sense of smell, and can not endure the odor of musk. Nothing is needed, therefore, but to scatter some musk on deck, and the terrible animal no sooner smells it from afar than it makes off, and dives to the very bottom of the sea.

It was, however, by no means in remote times only that the sea-serpent has been seen by travelers and sailors. Reports, on the contrary, abound in our day also of encounters, and scarcely a season passes but sailors declare that the monster has been seen by them. Officers of the navy, ministers of the Gospel, American whalers, and English navigators, all agree, without essential differences in their statements, on the existence and general forms of such monsters.

The first reliable account of this great enigma of modern days came from a ship-captain, Laurent de Ferry, of Bergen, in the form of a letter, from which we extract the following facts: Toward the end of the month of May, in 1746, he was returning from a voyage to Trundhin, when, the weather being calm and warm, he suddenly heard the eight men who formed the crew of his boat whisper to each other. He laid aside the book he was reading, and then noticed that the man at the helm was keeping off the land. Upon questioning the latter, he was told that there was a sea-serpent right before them. He ordered the man immediately to turn, and to steer straight upon the strange animal, of which he had heard much during all his life. The sailors at first showed great reluctance to obey; but as the monster was right before them, and moving in the same direction, they became excited, and after a while engaged heartily in the novel stern-chase. The captain, fearful that the monster might escape, fired his gun at it, and immediately it plunged, evidently wounded, for the water all round was stained red, and remained so for two or three minutes. The head, which rose over two feet above the surface, resembled a horse's head; it was gray, with a dark brown mouth, black eyes, and apparently a long mane floating over his neck. Beyond the head they could see seven or eight coils of the huge serpent, each of enormous size, and at considerable distance from the next. The animal did not reappear, but the time during which it was clearly in sight was ample to enable the captain and his crew to examine it closely.

The only other report which is perfectly clear and precise has a Rev. Mr. M'Lean for its author, who wrote from the Hebrides, and very naïvely exhibited his terror. His statement amounts to this: He saw the sea-serpent in June, 1808, on the coast of Coll. He was sailing about in a boat, when he noticed, at the distance of half a mile, an object which excited his surprise more and more. At first he took it for a small rock among the breakers; but knowing the sea very well, and being sure that there was no rock there, he examined it carefully. He then saw that it rose considerably above the surface, and after a slow, undulating movement, he discovered one of the eyes. Alarmed at the extraordinary appearance and the enormous size of the animal, he cautiously coasted along near the land, when he suddenly saw the creature plunge in his direction. He, as well as his men, were thoroughly frightened, and pulled with all their might to escape. At the very moment at which they reached the shore, and when they had barely had time to climb up to the top of a large rock, they saw the monster glide slowly up to their boat. Finding the water quite shallow there, it raised its horrible head, and, turning again and again, seemed to be troubled how to get out of the creek. It was seen for half a mile, slowly making its way out to the open sea. The head was large, of oval shape, and rested on a rather slender neck. The shoulders, as the good pastor calls them, were without gills, and the body tapered off toward the tail, which was never distinctly seen, as it was generally under water. The animal seemed to move by progressive undulations up and down. Its length they estimated at from seventy to eighty feet. It moved more slowly when the head was out of water, and yet it raised it frequently for the evident purpose of discerning distant objects. At the same time when Mr. M'Lean saw the serpent it was also seen in the waters near the island of Carma. The crews of thirteen fishing boats were so frightened by its terrible appearance that they sought refuge in the nearest creek.

Nor were they only seen out at sea, when mistakes would be natural, and fright or intense curiosity might lead to unconscious exaggeration; but the body itself has been found, and examined by competent persons. Thus, to mention but one instance, in 1808, the body of a gigantic serpent was washed on shore at Stronsay, one of the Orkneys. A Dr. Barclay was summoned at once, and in the presence of several justices of the peace and some men of learning an affidavit was drawn up, which stated that the monster measured over fifty feet in length and nine feet in circumference; that it had a kind of mane running from behind the head nearly to the tail, which was brilliantly phosphorescent at night; and that its gills, nearly five feet long, were not unlike the plucked wings of a goose. Sir Everard Home, it is true, believed it to be a basking-shark of uncommon size. But American fishermen repeatedly saw similar animals, and the Linnæan Society of the United States examined carefully a number of witnesses. The same has been done in Holland and in the Dutch colonies of Java, and every where evidence has been obtained which showed remarkable unanimity, and precluded the idea of such a mistake.

Does the sea-serpent belong only to the realm of fancy, or is it really one of the great wonders of the deep? The question has never yet been finally decided. That there must be in existence animals of serpent-like form and of gigantic proportions seems to be well established by the concurrent testimony of English, American, and Norwegian eye-witnesses; and the mere fact that no specimen exists in the museums, and that no such monster has been encountered of late years, does not by any means disprove the experience of so many ages. On the other hand, great allowance must no doubt be made for the effect of fear, which enlarges all objects; the desire to excite wonder, which leads men to embellish their accounts; and the natural tendency to add to original accounts, which results often unconsciously in exaggeration, and has in all probability furnished us with such wonderful creatures as the kraken, the roc, and the phenix.

Nothing in these descriptions is, besides, actually incompatible with the laws of nature; and the study of fossil remains establishes beyond doubt the fact, that in former ages gigantic reptiles have peopled the sea which were far more surprising in size and shape than the much-doubted sea-serpent. There is no necessity, therefore, to ascribe all such encounters to simple mistakes. Now and then, perhaps, a long string of algæ, moving slowly under the impulse received by gentle winds or unknown currents, or masses of phosphorescent infusoria, floating for miles and miles on the calm surface of the sea, may have led superstitious sailors to fancy they saw giant serpents. But it is, on the other hand, by no means improbable that the vast deep, of which so little is as yet known to man, may still hold some of the giants of olden days, and that of the many well-trained, intelligent people who nowadays "go down to the sea in ships, and do business in great waters," some may yet see these "works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep." Fortunately, there is no doubt any longer surrounding the true king of the seas—the whale—and yet he is of truly monstrous proportions. It is a perplexed chapter, to be sure, in natural history, to say how many species of whales there are; for Jack Tar comes home with confused accounts of Sulphur-bottoms, Broad-noses, Razor-backs, and Tall-spouts, and a host of other names by which he learns to distinguish unprofitable whales, not worth the toils and perils of capture. But, after all, this only shows that the family is very fully known; and well might this be so, if we remember that already in the ninth century a Norwegian Ohthere, whose wonderful adventures were taken down by no less a man than King Alfred himself, speaks of having slain sixty such monsters in two days. This is, of course, impossible; but we must bear in mind that there is nothing in nature so wonderful that the human mind does not love to add a finishing touch of its own, and make it yet a little more monstrous. Thus the size of the largest of moving things, by whose side even elephants are but dwarfs, has been exaggerated; and great authorities, of recent times even, have gravely described it as two or three hundred feet long. Nor must we forget that since the Biscayans and Basques first dared attack the whale on the high seas, in 1575, all sea-faring nations have joined in the pursuit, and naturally tried to outstrip their rivals in startling accounts of the prey which they hunt on the hungry waves, with toppling icebergs around them.

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DULUTH.

BUT little more than a year ago the point of land on the head waters of Lake Superior, now occupied by the flourishing town of Duluth, could boast of only a few straggling huts and shanties, which afforded shelter to less than a hundred people. Nowadays, however, towns and cities spring up like mushrooms in America; and at the present time Duluth contains about five thousand inhabitants and nearly a thousand buildings. It is chiefly important as being the terminus of the Lake Superior and Mississippi and the Northern Pacific railroads, and to this circumstance it owes its rapid growth. Our sketch shows it to be situated in a picturesque and interesting country.

Duluth has another claim on our attention, as having furnished the text of a very humorous speech delivered in Congress by Mr. KNOTT, representative from Kentucky. The occasion was the introduction of a joint resolution relating to the St. Croix and Bayfield Railroad, which, when constructed, is to terminate at Duluth. In order to defeat the measure, Mr. KNOTT indulged in the most extravagant praises of that town and the surrounding region. Years ago, he declared, when he first heard that in the vast *terra incognita*, somewhere in the bleak regions of the great Northwest, there was a stream known to the nomadic inhabitants of the neighborhood as the River St. Croix, he became satisfied that the construction of a railroad from that raging torrent to some point in the civilized world was essential to the happiness and prosperity of the American people, if not absolutely indispensable to the perpetuity of republican institutions on this continent. He then proceeded to describe Duluth as a place flowing with milk and honey, rich in abundant vegetation, delicious in climate, a fountain, so to speak, of perennial joy, a place of untold delights, a terrestrial paradise fanned by the balmy zephyrs of an eternal spring, and vocal with the silvery melody of nature's rarest songsters. Those who are familiar with the length and severity of Lake Superior winters will appreciate the delicate irony of Mr. KNOTT's remarks. Nevertheless, Duluth is bound to flourish, and even the Kentucky representative may some day sound its praises in genuine earnest.

THE RIVER.

THE RIVER.

A LITTLE child, as the morning fair,
Whose glittering waves of golden hair
Gleamed in the sunshine's quiver,
Gathering wreaths of the woodbine spray,
Gathering cowslip and colt's-foot gay,
Flinging them out to float away,
Down the river.

A girl, who lingered as if to see
The May-flies dancing merrily
By the banks where the willows shiver;
Yet saw but the love light in pleading eyes,
And heard but the music of low replies,
As she sat, in the glow of the noonday skies,
By the river.

A woman, pausing as if to note
The great white lilies serenely float
In the sunset's crimson quiver;
O'er whose face flashed a sudden sober gleam,
As she heard the changeless voice of the stream,
And thought how she dreamed her first love dream
By the river.

A lonely mourner, who lingered late,
Though the grave was closed, the turf lay straight,
And earth was earth's forever:
Out from the church-yard path he passed,
And stood where the dead had loitered last,
While the crescent moon her radiance cast
On the river.

And ever and aye, with the self-same song,
The mighty waters rolled along
'Twixt the banks where the willows shiver:
Through childhood's laugh and girlhood's sigh,
While life drags on and old men die,
To the ocean, whose name is Eternity,
Rolls the river.

THE IRON HOOP ABOUT PARIS.

PARIS was for four months and more bound by an iron hoop which France could not break. There were 500,000 inside it, and 250,000 men outside. So 500,000 men were kept in by a band of 250,000 men. Iron will yield. It can be broken or bulged, melted or snapped. It can be filed asunder, or rusted, or cut. But the "iron circle" round Paris, tried by heat and by cold, by fire and by frost, by file and by point, never gave way. The minor contained the major to the end. Where is this iron circle? A circle is a well-defined idea. There ought to be no rift in its circumference. Thick or thin, it should be continuous. You may set out, however, from Versailles, and journey round Paris, and you will be hard set to find any traces of a circle at all. There is not a wall of iron now, nor a fence of wood, nor lines of forts, nor continuous intrenchments, nor parapets; in fact, nothing one can call "lines" at all. No; the "iron circle" which was around Paris was made of "MEN." For four months the Prussians stood on the defensive. Every sortie against them failed. The reasons of the failure were that, in getting over the natural difficulties of the ground, the assailants were exposed to the fire of fixed batteries from the intrenched front, which swept the troops before they could debouch and form their columns of attack. Often the heavy French field artillery, delayed by bad roads, by thaws and slippery ice, could not get into line, and they had to regret the infatuation for large calibres which had led to the abandonment of the pieces of 4, which could strike well at 3000 metres, and which had the enormous advantage of being able to go any where.

"The Prussians neglect *nothing*." When the war broke out there were two traction engines, by Fowler, of Leeds, in use at some Prussian port, under the charge of Mr. Toeppfer, a Prussian engineer. He was liable to serve as a soldier, and, wishing to do better service with his engines than he could with his arms, he went to Count Moltke and explained the use of them. That eminent personage, whose mind grasps things great and small, had the engines tried, and was satisfied they could be made of use. Each is provided with a rope 500 yards long, and a drum to wind it; and in case of the gradient being too steep for the engine to drag the load up, the rope is used from the stationary engine made fast at the summit. If these engines can be made to work on road and on rail, there is no limit to the immense value the system may possess in war time in civilized countries.

VIEW OF DULUTH, AT THE HEAD OF LAKE SUPERIOR.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XV.—No. 749.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1871. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

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FATHER TAYLOR, THE SAILORS' PREACHER.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. W. BLACK, BOSTON.—[SEE PAGE 406.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1871.

☞ *A striking feature in the* SUPPLEMENT *to this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *is a carefully drawn two-page*

PICTORIAL MAP OF NEW YORK AND VICINITY,

*which will be of great interest and value to those who are moving into the Country, and to Excursionists, as it gives all the Towns and Villages within a radius of Eighteen Miles around New York, and all the Railroad and Water Communications with them. A short serial story, entitled "*TODHUNTERS' AT LOANIN' HEAD,*" is commenced; and a powerful story entitled "*THE CHILD-STEALER,*" a chapter of the "*MEMORIES OF DISTINGUISHED AUTHORS,*" a humorous illustration called "*THE MODERN ARK,*" and a number of Sketches and Poems combine to make a* SUPPLEMENT *of unsurpassed variety and interest.*

☞ CHARLES READE'S *new Story, "*A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION,*" is one of the most thrilling and powerful productions of this eminent master of fiction. It was commenced in* HARPER'S WEEKLY *for March* 1, *and is continued in the present Number.*

DEMOCRATIC DISTRUST OF THE PEOPLE.

ONE of the most suggestive facts in our political history is that the Democratic party has been for many years the organization of all the aristocratic and anti-American elements of our society. Twenty years ago the sole great policy of that party was the extension and confirmation of slavery. The slave-holding class was as haughty, although not as refined and educated, an aristocracy as any in the world. In circles where the "Southern" influence was supreme the political and social sentiment was purely medieval. Under the dominance of this sentiment in the Southern States all the guarantees of liberty were despised, and its express constitutional stipulations were disregarded. Yet this aristocratic class and this sentiment called themselves Democratic, and absolutely controlled the Democratic party. At the same time every young man becoming interested in politics observed that if any body had a cynical contempt for the people, or disdained their capacity to govern themselves wisely, and extolled a "strong," paternal government, like that of Austria, he was sure to be a Democrat. And at length, when the aristocratic interest, fearing to lose control of the government, attempted its destruction in order to found a new system upon the worst form of human slavery, the conspiracy was perfected in a Democratic cabinet and Congress, was maintained in the field by Democrats, and was morally sustained by the Democratic party.

The attempt to destroy a free popular government by those who called themselves Democrats having failed, the restoration of the Union followed. Against the protestations of the Democratic party emancipation had been effected, and the disturbed States were full of two classes—the freedmen and the late rebels. True to its aristocratic instinct, the Democratic party struggled to retain all that could be saved of slavery, and established black codes, introducing among freemen a system of caste. The mischiefs were evident, and the scheme was defeated. Equal civil rights were secured by the equal ballot, and this also against the most strenuous hostility of the party called Democratic. Throughout the epoch of reconstruction the policy of equal rights among American citizens, which is the distinction of the American system, was doggedly resisted by the anti-American and aristocratic spirit which inspired the Democrats; and the party which had attempted the overthrow of the government because its lawful tendency seemed to be adverse to the extension of slavery, and which sullenly demanded that those whom it could not keep slaves should not be made equal citizens, denounced the party of liberty and union as despotic, because it would not immediately deliver the freedmen to the mercies of those whose hands were yet dripping with the blood of loyal citizens.

It is not less observable that the tone of the Democratic press, as it is called, is in harmony with this tendency to distrust the people. Through the war it alluded gently to the British Tories who favored the rebellion, and sneered at the English liberals. When GOLDWIN SMITH, one of our best friends, came to this country in 1864, this press steadily depreciated him and his work in influencing English opinion. Meanwhile, true to the same instinct, the most servile lackeys of the French Emperor were to be found in the American Democratic press. Abroad it toadied LOUIS NAPOLEON and patronized JOHN BRIGHT, while at home it steadily ridiculed the unfortunate colored citizens, sneered at the Southern leaders who honorably accepted the results of the war, and heaped the most fulsome adulation upon those who did not. The first Democratic National Convention after the war was controlled by the same old spirit of hatred of equal popular rights. Even the earthquake had not shaken off the dominance of the slave-holding aristocracy. So abject had been the submission of the party to a spirit utterly antagonistic to American principles that it was helpless in the grasp of WADE HAMPTON and his Southern friends, and the Democratic party, therefore, went into the last Presidential election, as it had entered upon the elections of a generation, as the party of hostility to equal rights and aristocratic distrust of the people.

The latest illustrations of this spirit are not less significant. Among the most striking is the alliance of the Democratic party with the most despotic and reactionary school of the Roman Catholic Church. That Church has a clearly defined political policy in this country, which is fatal to the permanence of a free popular system, and of that policy the Democratic party is the supple servant. So fearful is it of offending that Church that the Democratic press is either silent upon the political regeneration of Italy or sneers at it, while it is forced by the same fear to fawn upon the Church by depreciating the importance of Dr. DÖLLINGER'S excommunication. So also in the Democratic Congressional caucus to prepare an address to the people, Senator SAULSBURY, of Delaware, is reported to have said that the Democratic party of his State would not consent to acquiescence in the equal rights of citizens; and the representative man of the party from the West has taken the same ground, and is sustained by the most influential Southern Democratic presses and politicians.

But in the State of New York, where the party is thoroughly organized under the Tammany leadership, the contempt for the people is most manifest. Without permitting even the reading of their edicts in the Legislature, and, of course, without tolerating debate, the Democratic leaders have applied the usurpation of the Erie bill to municipal government. Officers whom the people had elected for a year or for two years are retained in office for two and three years more than their elected term! The leaders have also decreed that four officers in the city, two of whom only were elected by the people, and one of whom has had his term extended after election for two years more, shall levy and disburse all the city taxes!

The details of this imperial system we have heretofore exposed. It is so ingeniously constructed that while, as in LOUIS NAPOLEON'S in France, there is the form of a popular election, the authority and terms of subsequent appointment are such that the whole power resides in officers who are not elected by the people, and whose terms are more than double that of the appointing officer, who, by the enormous concentration of patronage in their hands, is necessarily their puppet and tool. Executive responsibility is thus annihilated; and such is the total disregard of the ordinary safeguards of a free popular system in a party which has for more than a generation despised equal rights, and defended slavery as the foundation of free institutions, that if the Democratic leaders had decided that the terms of the appointed—which are the real—offices in the system should be twenty years instead of five, the decision would have been ratified with the same swiftness and with the same utter disregard of the ordinary forms of legislation.

In presence of such facts party heat is impertinent. The question is of the practicability and permanence of American institutions. Here is a party which has always opposed equal liberty, which instinctively affiliates abroad with the most absolute and reactionary policy, which at home is the ally of the Roman Church in its assault upon the public school system, which includes the Ku-Klux and every enemy of the Union, and which now, in the State of New York, strikes with the Erie bill at the right of property holders to elect their agents, and by its amended charter abolishes popular government in the city. This party is strong, rich, organized, unscrupulous. It is the servant of the combined capital of enormous corporations, and its corrupt methods are so notorious that of themselves they justly excite anxiety for the future of the country. It is supported by ignorance, by class jealousy, by hatred of race, by disaffection to the government. Is this a party which can safely obtain control of the national administration?

It is a patriotic, not a party question. It appeals to every intelligent Democrat, and it appeals especially to those Republicans who, in presence of such a peril, ardently engage in the quarrel of their party in New York. It appeals no less to the Republicans of Ohio and of Missouri who seek to raise the party standard—an effort in which we cordially sympathize—that they do it in a manner that will strengthen our own party, and not the enemy. It appeals to the American faith in the people and in free popular institutions, that it shall defeat those who distrust and despise both, and who are leagued fast with the foes of intelligence and liberty. Indeed, the only doubt of the issue in 1872 springs from indifference or blindness to the fact that the paramount question is whether—whatever the faults of Republican measures and men—the party that we have described, whatever its professions may be, can safely be intrusted with the government.

THE POLICY OF AMNESTY.

THE argument for amnesty seems to be misunderstood by some of the best Republicans. Thus we see it said that it would be regarded as a confession of wrong-doing, and the concession of a right we could no longer refuse. But do those who say this mean to make disability perpetual? If they do, they mean to perpetuate a situation which will forever excite the utmost ill feeling among neighbors and fellow-citizens—a state of society which history and knowledge of human nature alike condemn. If they do not mean to make it perpetual, then an amnesty would be called a confession and a concession whenever it was granted. It is undoubtedly a concession, because it is giving something which is withheld; but the question is only whether it is a wise concession; and that can be determined only by consideration of the circumstances.

Then it is alleged that no rebel has been hung or exiled, and that confiscation ceased with the war; that the vast majority of the late rebels can hold office, and that all of them can vote; and that one slight mark of disapproval should be suffered to remain. For what purpose? What possible effect can it have but to intensify hatred by encouraging a feeling of injustice? What is the sole excuse of political disability? That it is necessary to the general welfare. It is not imposed as a punishment. The Republican party properly renounced the policy of punishment. There were those who wanted DAVIS and a few hundred of the leaders hung or exiled. But the Republican party rightly declared that after such a war punishment of such a kind was vindictive folly. It said that if the result and the circumstances of the war would not prevent a rebellion, it was useless to expect to prevent it by a row of gibbets, and that to hang JEFFERSON DAVIS would be to exalt him from a baffled and impotent conspirator to a powerful martyr.

When, therefore, the great multitude of the late rebels were enfranchised, it was conceded that disfranchisement was not essential to the public welfare. But if not, is disgrace essential?—for that is all that can be meant by a "slight mark of disapproval." The answer is that it is not a disgrace. To the Democrat the political disability of JEFFERSON DAVIS, for instance, is an honor and a credential, while he is disgraced with every faithful citizen of the Union not by his disability, but by his crime. It is said that his presence in the Senate would be poor encouragement to good citizens hereafter to march to put down a rebellion. But why is not his living at all under a constitution and laws which define and punish treason as a capital offense just as poor encouragement? If there is force in the argument, it is equally stringent against the very lenity which is commended as noble. JEFFERSON DAVIS is as powerful to-day in his home, wherever it may be, as he would be in the Senate. He influences as many votes, and his policy is just as likely to be sustained.

The same earnest objectors to amnesty declare that if the Tammany Democracy came into power with a President and Congress, the "lost cause" would become very hopeful. So we believe. But how is withholding an amnesty to obviate such a result, if, as the same objectors assert, every rebel can vote, and the vast majority can hold office? Certainly it would then give them no more votes; and as for influence, the disabled are more powerful than they would be if amnestied. Moreover, if the result of Tammany ascendency would be so deplorable—as we also believe—and if amnesty would not only tend to conciliation, which is not criminal, but to the greater unity and enthusiasm of our own party, as it plainly would, why despise it as a party measure? If amnesty would probably help the Republicans, does any Republican oppose it upon that ground? And is it not evident that it is much more desirable for the country that it should be the work of Republicans than of Democrats?

But when the same objectors declare that to demand amnesty is to imitate the dough-faces of an older day, who were always asking concessions and compromises to "gain the good-will of the South," they seem strangely to forget. Those concessions were a surrender to the slave power. They surrendered liberty and national honor and morality and humanity. But what is surrendered by amnesty? Is it the power to harm liberty or humanity? Not at all. That discretion was given when we gave the vote. Is it the power to injure the Union? Not at all, and for the same reason. What, then, does amnesty say? It says merely that we have no wish to retain the shadow when we have yielded the substance. It says that, as we did not think it necessary to the national welfare to punish all who had been rebels, we will not attempt to discriminate a guilt which we can by no possibility determine. It says that we Republicans, whose wise clemency is without parallel in history, who have done nothing in settlement of the war but upon considerations of the highest national advantage, now think that that advantage will be promoted by removing even the appearance of grievance. Those who see in the conferring of equal rights upon the people of the late rebel States a similarity to the old policy of conniving at the deprivation of those rights, are statesmen whom it would be hardly wise to follow.

THE FIRST DEMOCRATIC GUN FOR 1872.

THE address of the Democrats in Congress to their party is a singularly feeble and pointless performance. It denounces the Administration, of course. It denounces the Republicans, of course. It declares that radicalism is ruining the country, of course. But upon the one important point in which the country is interested it is silent. Does the Democratic party accept the amendments with their consequences? If it does not, it can have no hope of electing a President. If it does, let it say so. And that is precisely what it does not say. That is precisely what this address avoids. It arraigns the Republicans. It begs its Southern wing to be quiet. But the representatives of the party which connived at the rebellion, and whose last National Convention declared the amendments and reconstruction to be revolutionary, unconstitutional, and void, decline to say whether they are of the same opinion still, and whether they acquiesce in the settlements of the war.

Indeed, they can not say so, for they know that that is the very question which internally rends their party. Some of their Northern organs declare that, of course, they must acquiesce; that they would be tomfools not to acquiesce. But the Southern leaders retort that they do not acquiesce; while Major-General FRANCIS P. BLAIR, author of the BRODHEAD letter, and late Democratic candidate for the Vice-Presidency, rubs his hands and shouts, "St', boy!" The Major-General is from Missouri, and he does not object to what is there sometimes called a scrimmage. Meanwhile the jesting Mr. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS looks on from Massachusetts and remarks, pleasantly, that the Democratic party had better begin by trying to be democratic. Indeed, what this Democratic address does not say is very much more forcible than what it does. Its silence shows conclusively that the Democratic representatives from every part of the country feel that the party does not acquiesce in the settlements of the war, and that the maintenance of those settlements will be, as the lively General BLAIR says it ought to be, the issue of the Presidential campaign. If these gentlemen thought that the sentiment of their party would justify it, they would have asserted without reservation that there was no intention to reopen the question of reconstruction. To say that they leave the subject to their National Convention is folly. They understand very well the political situation. They would not hesitate to speak if they were sure of support, and their silence betrays their conviction that the Convention will at most avoid a frank declaration.

The address, indeed, begs fellow-citizens in all parts of the Union not to violate any right secured by the Constitution or by any of its amendments. But it very carefully refrains from saying whether the Fifteenth really is a valid amendment. And why should a Democratic body appeal to its friends not to violate rights, if it were not conscious that its friends were somewhere violating rights? Then the gentlemen say—and Mr. FERNANDO WOOD heads the list of representatives—that no indignation can be stern enough and no scorn too severe for the assertion that the Democratic party sympathizes with the deprivation of any body's rights under the Constitution. But whether voting is a right of colored citizens under the Constitution, which is the main question, they carefully omit to state. The Democratic party, as such, has not indeed declared for the Ku-Klux; but the Ku-Klux is composed of Democrats, and its crimes are pooh-poohed and denied by Democrats; and whenever there is a prospect of Democratic success the Ku-Klux outrages are doubled.

Indeed, it is not easy to fancy a more contemptibly feeble manifesto than that with which the Democratic campaign is opened.

THE NEWSPAPER.

AT a late meeting of the Radical Club in Boston Mr. SANBORN, of the Springfield *Republican*, read an essay upon newspapers. Mr. SANBORN is a man of such shrewdness, cultivation, and experience that his words are worthy of very close attention. He is also one of the editors of a paper which, although published in a rural city, is an acknowledged power in the American press. The Springfield *Republican* is very independent and very able, and well illustrates Mr. SANBORN'S remark that a successful newspaper is rich enough to live without bribery. He observes that within a few years the greater courage and greater resources of the newspaper are alike remarkable. It is not satisfied to follow, but aims to lead; although, upon the whole, he is inclined to think that high moral courage is still the quality most wanting in the journalist. That, indeed, is the want of the national character, and, without doubt, is greatly due to the national respect for a majority, which was a tendency and influence remarked by DE TOCQUEVILLE.

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Mr. SANBORN remarks also the besetting sin of conceit in journalism: and this is certainly its most comical foible. When the loiterer in the street observes upon a sign, "The cheapest dinner in the city," or "Coats positively given away," or "A ten-dollar hat for two shillings," he is not persuaded that they are the best of their kind, although the excellent merchants who wish to sell the dinners, coats, and hats vociferously assert it. The reader of the newspaper is no less amused and no more convinced when he reads in every journal that it is the most interesting, enterprising, trustworthy, and valuable paper in the world. The man who proclaims his own superiority is not believed any more because he is an editor, and shouts his own praises in his own paper. And the newspaper of the largest circulation in the country owes nothing of its prosperity to its asseverations of its excellence, but to the excellence itself. Of course it must advertise itself every where; but the constant assertion that it is better is not advertising, while incessant advertising in every form would never make a dull, newsless paper successful.

If the newspaper of to-day is very much superior to that of forty years ago, so is the reader. The influence is reciprocal. There is a rapidly growing class of independent thinkers in this country. The commanding interests of the time, the character of the political questions that present themselves, the intellectual leaven of the great German immigration, promote an unprecedented intellectual activity; and as time is very precious, this activity must find scope rapidly and concisely. Consequently, with the marvelous increase of the facilities of collecting news, so that the morning paper is an epitome of a day's history of the world, the best and most trained capacity is required to deal with it, and so journalism becomes a learned profession. Then science, travel, moral, social, and political speculation, all irresistibly turn to the newspaper to communicate themselves to the world. But with all the necessary rapidity in the production of a newspaper, its omniscience is not quite perfect, and therefore another of its amusing foibles, which does not escape Mr. SANBORN, is its customary refusal honorably to retract a misstatement. The same newspaper which laughs through a column at the assertion of Papal infallibility will decline to confess itself in error lest the reader should suspect it not to be infallible.

In the discussion that followed the essay of Mr. SANBORN another "newspaper man," Mr. ROBINSON, or "Warrington," said that he thought the press of to-day followed the people more than it did thirty years ago, instead of leading them; and he supposed that it must have less influence than formerly, because the city of New York persistently grows worse, while most of its newspapers are upon the right side. But the explanation of that fact is the disproportionate increase of the population of New York from the worst elements of foreign immigration. The increase is of that class which is not reached by the newspaper, and is the precise material which the imperialism that now governs the city requires. The better portion of the population of New York is constantly retreating for residence into the neighborhood, and its place is supplied by those who do not read newspapers. It is the consciousness of this fact, and consequently of the hopelessness of appeals to reason, which plunges so many good citizens into despair of any reform—a feeling which is not relieved by seeing how many of what are called good newspapers yield to the blandishments, the bribes, the threats, or the sophisms of the empire. Yet it is undeniably true that great public questions were never discussed in the New York press with such courage and ability as at the present time.

Meanwhile a little more independence in the party press would be of the greatest national service. Every editor of decided convictions sympathizes with one of the great parties, and believes that its ascendency is essential to the public welfare. We venture to think that his view is generally broader and more impersonal, consequently more sagacious, than that of a member of Congress. Moreover, the editor is the spokesman of the people among the people. But the natural desire for party harmony leads him to follow meekly and approve the action of his party in Congress. Let him rather seek to guide it. Let him make himself heard and heeded. Let him honorably dispute with Congress the leadership of the country.

"SEX IN POLITICS."

THE *Nation*, in discussing the question of sex in politics, says that the influence of the difference of sex upon every field of human activity seems to have been forgotten by those who would admit women to political equality; and it asserts that to admit them upon any argument which has yet been made public would be stupendous folly. The difficulty of knowing the future is, it must be admitted, very evident. It is certainly not easy to say precisely what the effect of the admission of women to political power would be. But it is perfectly easy to see that the particular effect suggested by the *Nation*, and which it deprecates, is due to their exclusion from politics. It says, very truly, that the passion arising from difference of sex is one of the most tremendous of all the social forces. But it is curious that so acute an observer does not remark that its influence is much more menacing under the present system than it would be under the reform. The *Nation* quotes the case of Miss VINNIE REAM, whom Congress commissioned to make a statue of President LINCOLN; and it says, doubtless truly, that the work was given to her because of her curling hair and soft voice and bright eyes. Now suppose, it says, that this kind of influence is organized and brought to bear upon general legislation, where shall we be?

But take the very case of Miss VINNIE REAM. If Congress had been composed of both sexes equally, that young woman would not have obtained the commission merely because of a pretty face and curling hair. If these were the influences which decided the question, it was because there were men only in Congress. Miss VINNIE REAM's charms and the subtile influence of sex would have been powerless upon other women. Indeed, the way to put an end to this kind of influence in legislation is to admit women to the Legislature. If, as the *Nation* says, in the case of Miss REAM, "legislators did what legislators have done a thousand times before—made asses of themselves under the influence of what are called 'female charms,'" it may be very sure that women would not have done so.

The *Nation* conducts the argument upon probabilities. It supposes every State capital to be a stage for female TWEEDS and IRVINGS to push their fortunes, and again asks, where should we be? It would doubtless be a sad state of things, as it is now; but the probability is just the other way. The probability is that politics would be purified, just as the presence of women at public dinners diminishes drunkenness and foul conversation. The *Nation* said, in another article, that in discussions upon this subject we must consider women as we know them, not as a vague, elusive ideal called woman, but as human beings, often weak, vain, impulsive, ill educated. That is true; but, again, it is no less true that women, like men, have a certain collective character and distinctive influence. Thus, since women began to be educated very much like men, and have become an equal part of the "reading public," literature has lost much of its grossness. Unquestionably one of the chief reasons of the coarseness of much of our earlier and best literature is that books were written for men. They were the talk of men with men. And if with the mending of morals and manners literature is purer, it is coincident with the growing recognition of the equal rights of women.

Plainly, if we wish to avoid the illegitimate influence of the "most tremendous of all the social forces," as the *Nation* calls it, we must recognize its present and constant activity, and legitimate it as well as we can. And there seems to be no method of doing this with such probable success as by lifting women out of the position of absolute dependence into that of equal responsibility. The world is certainly safer; morality, civilization, human progress, are certainly more secure in the degree that women cease to be the dolls of the harem, and become such companions as MILL apostrophizes in the dedication to his wife. It is easy enough to see possible dangers and disadvantages in the political equalization of all the members of the state; but not so easy as to perceive the sure misfortune of an endless disfranchisement of one sex by the other.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

WE have heretofore referred to an expedition under Lieutenant G. M. WHEELER, U.S.A., as among those now fitting out for service in the field; and we now learn that the work is to be prosecuted with the thoroughness that characterizes all the undertakings of the Engineer Department. As already stated, the field in question embraces a large area, and that of a comparatively little known country, south of the Central Pacific Railroad, including portions of southern and southwestern Nevada, southeastern California, southwestern Utah, some of the lower cañons of the Colorado, and extending into eastern and northeastern Arizona, with perhaps some points in New Mexico, and covering an aggregate of about sixty thousand square miles. The primary object of the expedition is, of course, the acquisition of a correct topographical knowledge of the country, and the means of preparing accurate maps, by which military movements can be arranged, and the best positions for settlement determined. The proper sites for military posts will be looked after, and a careful inquiry prosecuted into the character, disposition, and statistics of the Indians inhabiting the country. Of the more purely scientific work of the survey the practical geological and mining resources of the region will receive special attention. The expedition will be accompanied by gentlemen competent to settle these points, and much care will be directed also toward procuring a complete series of the animals and plants; so that, by a combination with the results of the expeditions of Mr. CLARENCE KING, of Captain STEGREAVES, of Lieutenant IVES, of General PARKE, and of the Geological Survey of California, together with the more private explorations of Dr. COUES, U.S.A., Dr. PALMER, and others, a satisfactory knowledge of the whole country can be established. Great attention will be given to the astronomical determinations, and a competent photographer will accompany the expedition. This will probably be divided into two parties—one under the direction of Lieutenant WHEELER himself, and the other under that of Lieutenant D. W. LOCKWOOD. We shall await with great interest the result of the operations of this exploration, which, it is thought, may occupy several years for its completion, but which can not fail, year by year, to bring to light much information concerning this interesting but little known portion of our country.

The last number of the "Monograph of the Kingfishers," by Mr. R. B. SHARPE, has lately been published, consisting of a general introduction to the whole subject, and giving an enumeration of all the works referring to this class of birds. This gentleman and Mr. H. E. DRESSER are the authors of the new work on the birds of Europe, of which we have already made mention.

At the last session of Congress a resolution was introduced for an appropriation to meet the expense of a joint commission, on the part of the United States and of Great Britain, for marking the northern boundary line from the Lake of the Woods to the Rocky Mountains. The necessity for such action is based upon the uncertainty as to the exact limits of the two countries in regions now becoming densely populated. Many years ago the town of Pembina, originally supposed to belong to Great Britain, was found to be actually within the limits of the United States; and another point, at no great distance northward, was fixed upon as the site for a settlement within the British Territory. During the year 1870, however, a commission appointed to determine the line of the 49th parallel of latitude, by a series of solar and lunar observations, ascertained that the actual boundary is 4600 feet north of that hitherto recognized, and that the Hudson Bay Company's post near Pembina has a second time been found to be within the limits of the United States.

Professor WINCHELL, in a late magazine article upon the climate of Michigan, adduces figures to show that while the July climate of Michigan is cooler than that of Wisconsin and Minnesota, the growing season begins on the western side of the State thirteen days earlier in the spring than it does at Milwaukee, nearly opposite, and continues from five to eight days later in the autumn; a still greater contrast being appreciable if localities in the interior of Wisconsin be selected. The lowest temperature of Grand Haven, Michigan, is 14° higher than that of Milwaukee, the difference, according to Professor WINCHELL, being all that distinguishes between a fruit-bearing region and one in which fruits fail.

The seventh part of the illustrated work on the butterflies of North America, by Mr. WM. H. EDWARDS, has just been published, containing numerous well-engraved and colored plates of butterflies. We are not advised as to the anticipated size of the work, although we presume that as additional species are being continually brought to light, it will require many more parts before the whole is finished.

The April number of PETERMANN'S *Mittheilungen* contains a detailed account of Lieutenant PAYER'S report upon the recent German polar expedition, of which we have already given abstracts. In these articles he renews the expression of his belief in the insular character of Greenland, thinking it to be a congeries of islands rather than a continent having a wide expansion across the region of the pole. In a supplementary number of the same journal is given the official report of the first German polar expedition of 1868, as described by Captain KOLDEWAY, with a preface by Dr. PETERMANN, a gentleman to whom the recent German movements in the way of polar exploration has been so largely due.

The annual report of Professor COOKE, State Geologist of New Jersey, for 1870, has just been published; and although less in bulk than some of its predecessors, it contains some important information in regard to fertilizers used in the State, the marshes and tracts of land subject to protracted freshets, the soils, the iron and zinc ores, and other miscellaneous topics. The subject of drainage has attracted Professor COOKE'S especial attention, on account of the vast tracts of land in the eastern portion of the State now either regularly overflowed at certain periods of the tide, or liable to freshets or inundations. In order more properly to qualify himself for this inquiry, Professor COOKE paid an extended visit to the drained lands of Holland and England, the results of which he presents in his report.

We regret to learn that at the great fire which destroyed the printing-office of WEED, PARSONS, & Co. in Albany, a few weeks ago, the edition printed of the Twenty-fourth Report of the New York State Cabinet of Natural History was entirely destroyed. Fortunately a nearly complete copy of the revised proof was saved; so that no serious difficulty will be experienced beyond considerable delay, although the loss to the State in the destruction of fifteen thousand impressions of plates, etc., will be considerable.

Among the most interesting reports published by the late Congress is that by Lieutenant G. C. DOANE, of the Yellowstone expedition of 1870. We have heretofore alluded to this exploration, based upon the account of Governor N. P. LANGFORD, of Montana, and we find that the statements of that gentleman are more than substantiated by the account before us. The geysers, mud springs, basins of solid sulphur, the deep cañons, and other wonders of that almost fabulous region, are detailed with much precision; and we presume that the result will be to send a crowd of inquirers into that country.

We have already referred in a previous number of the *Weekly* to the enterprise initiated by some public-spirited gentlemen of Philadelphia for stocking the Delaware River with black bass; and we have since learned that the balance of the fund raised for that purpose is being devoted to the trial as to whether salmon can be raised in the same river, the principal direction of the labor having been given to Mr. THADDEUS NORRIS, the well-known authority in regard to the fishes of the United States, and an experienced fish culturist. Mr. P. H. CHRISTIE, of Dutchess County, New York, was dispatched to the salmon-breeding establishment of Mr. WILMOT, of Newcastle, Ontario County, Canada, where he obtained ten thousand eggs, at a cost of $40 per thousand in gold, transporting them in safety to his hatching and trout-breeding establishment at Clove, and placing them in his troughs, with a loss of only fifty-five eggs while on the journey, which occupied three days.

It is supposed that these eggs will be hatched by the middle of April; and at the proper time it is proposed to transfer the young fish to the Bushkill, a well-known trout stream tributary to the Delaware at Easton, where they will be properly cared for and protected by some public-spirited gentlemen who live in the vicinity. This experiment is one of the utmost interest and importance; as, if successful, it will pave the way for the cultivation of salmon in many rivers in which, perhaps, they never were known before. We shall watch its progress with great interest, and endeavor to keep our readers advised of its successive stages.

The continuation of the exhaustive work of BRONN on the classes and orders of the animal kingdom contains an elaborate memoir upon the anatomy of birds, and several numbers are devoted to the peculiarities of the muscular structure alone.

At the meeting of the Boston Society of Natural History for March 1, the principal communication was one by Mr. GEORGE SCEVA, in which attention was called to the fact of the shortness of the upper jaws in the skulls of the Hindoos, and the frequent absence of the third molar. This generalization was based upon the examination of a number of crania; and it was found that about fifteen per cent. of the whole exhibit this peculiarity, while in an extensive series of skulls of European races only about one per cent. showed the same feature.

At the annual meeting of the Chicago Academy of Sciences, held on the 11th ult., various communications upon a variety of subjects of interest were presented. The most important paper read was one by Colonel FOSTER upon the subject of artesian wells, in which an account was given of the principal borings that have been attempted in the West, with a statement of their geological relationships, and the depth to which they were carried.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

April 17.—The Senate appointed a committee of conference on the Ku-Klux bill.—In the House, General Butler introduced a joint resolution to submit to the Joint High Commission the claims of American citizens imprisoned in England for supposed complicity in the Fenian disturbances in Ireland.

April 18.—The conference report on the Ku-Klux bill was adopted by the Senate by a vote of 32 to 16.—The House discussed, without action, the question of reducing taxation.

April 19.—The Senate, in consequence of the action of the House, appointed a new conference committee on the Ku-Klux bill.—The House rejected the report of the conference committee (adopted by the Senate on the 18th), and asked for the appointment of a new committee.

April 20.—The Senate agreed to the report of the conference committee on the Ku-Klux bill, and adjourned *sine die*.—The report was also adopted by the House by a vote of 93 to 74. Mr. Butler obtained permission, under a suspension of the rules, to make a personal explanation; and an angry dispute between himself, Mr. Farnsworth, and Mr. Beck ensued, in which the elasticity of parliamentary rules was severely strained. The Speaker's gavel put an end to the scene at two P.M., and the House was declared adjourned *sine die*.

GENERAL DOMESTIC ITEMS.

The President, on the 20th of April, signed the Southern Outrages bill, otherwise known as the Ku-Klux bill, and the Deficiency Appropriation bill, with a number of other measures passed during the session of Congress just closed.

The Republicans of Jamestown, Chautauqua County, New York, held a meeting on the 22d of April, at which resolutions were adopted denouncing Hon. O. S. Winans as a traitor to the Republican party, and demanding his immediate resignation.

All the New York city bills introduced in the Legislature by the Ring were passed, including the Two Per Cent. bill, the amended charter, the Registry law, the Election law, and the act for the better government of the city, which provides for legalizing the increase of salaries. All these bills were passed by a strict party vote, Mr. Winans voting with the majority on every bill.

On the 13th of April a settlement near Camp Grant, Arizona, was attacked by Indians, and four men killed and one wounded. The savages stole stock, ammunition, and arms. The settlement, although six years old, will probably be abandoned. Ration tickets have been found on the bodies of Indians killed in recent raids.

The track of the Northern Pacific Railroad is laid at the rate of one mile per day. Over 3000 men are employed in the construction of the work.

The coal-mining troubles are not yet at an end. The owners have offered a regular system of weekly wages in place of the old method of paying by the amount mined, but the laborers declined to accede to these terms. They declare in favor of local arbitration, without changing from the old basis of payment.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE situation at Paris continues unchanged. The progress of the government forces being very slow, President Thiers explains that he is "temporizing" in order to gather together an overwhelming force, and at the same time allow the Parisians leisure "to reflect." The Parisians, at least the Communists, appear to think they can turn their time to better account in fortifying the streets with barricades for the purpose of resisting to the last. A reign of terror prevails in the city. Houses are daily pillaged, churches sacked, and persons obnoxious to the Communist authorities placed under arrest.

The Arch of Triumph has been greatly injured by the fire of the Versailles troops.

On the 17th of April the Versailles forces attacked the Communists at Asnières, and drove them out, but did not occupy the town. Later in the day it was reentered by the Communists, and another severe contest took place, in the course of which many houses were destroyed, together with the women and children who had taken refuge in them. The Communists maintained their ground with difficulty.

General Cluseret, who has made himself very busy on the Communist side in Paris, is accused of maladministration in the war office and of aspiring to dictatorial powers.

The Czar has peremptorily ordered the Lutheran inhabitants of Livonia to leave, or suffer confiscation of their effects, for the crime of petitioning for annexation of the province to Prussia.

The Sultan of Turkey is building an iron-clad fleet to cruise in the Black Sea.

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VACCINATION.

BOTH in England and this country there exists a general panic in regard to small-pox, and thousands of people are rushing to their doctors to be revaccinated—happy if "it takes," because they may have escaped great danger; and still happier if it doesn't, because it shows them to be safe, and at the same time relieves them from a very irritating trial to the temper. In England the panic is even greater than it has been here, and we read in the English papers accounts of vaccination by wholesale; of crowds of men, women, and children waiting for hours at the doctor's door; of school-boys getting a half-holiday, and going *en masse* "to be done;" of surgeons taking the round of the great factories, and "polishing off" so many hundreds of workmen in the dinner-hour; of policemen being vaccinated by divisions, and of the extension of the "provisions of the act" to the very inmates of the jails. There has certainly not been within living memory, say the English journals, any thing so nearly approaching a national movement in vaccination as that which has been witnessed there during the past few weeks.

The picture on this page exhibits some of the humorous aspects of the panic. Vaccination, like seasickness, is one of those essentially serious things which it seems impossible to regard seriously. A whole nation solemnly baring its left arm and waiting to be scratched—it is a ludicrous image. The very earnestness with which people go about it tends to make it laughable. Look at the calm satisfaction of those who have been submitted to the operation; the gloomy resignation of those who are preparing for it; the shrinking terror of those who are actually under the lancet. What a storm of emotion in a tea-cup of incident! The fear inspired by the operation in perhaps the majority of cases is really disheartening to those who are accustomed to take comfort in certain theories as to the national pluck. In one case, in which a number of men and boys were vaccinated at the same time, two of the boys went off in a dead faint the moment the lancet touched them; and a man turned as white as his shirt sleeve while the operation was being performed, and had to be fortified with brandy as soon as it was over.

As if there could be no serious side to the vaccination question, the opponents of the remedy, in England, contrive to make themselves ridiculous. They have formed an anti-vaccination league, which imposes a small fine on every member who submits to the operation! The pleas against the process are often quite curious. A will not be vaccinated because he believes it is not good for the body, and B declines because he thinks it is bad for the soul

If people would only consider what small-pox used to be, in ages preceding DR. JENNER'S great discovery—how whole cities and provinces were sometimes half depopulated by the ravages of this fearful plague—they would more easily understand the value of vaccination as a safeguard, and not consider it such a terrible bore when they have to bare their arm to the doctor's lancet.

THE DISTRICT VACCINATOR.

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A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION.

BY CHARLES READE.

WITH MANY ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

"THEY WILL COME TO ME ONE DAY, YOU KNOW."

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

GENERALLY deliberate crimes are followed by some great punishment; but they are also often attended in their course by briefer chastisements—single strokes from the whip that holds the round dozen in reserve. These precursors of the grand expiation are sharp but kindly lashes, for they tend to whip the man out of the wrong road.

Such a stroke fell on Richard Bassett: he saw Bella Bruce sweep past him, clinging to her husband, and shuddering at himself. For this, then, he had plotted and intrigued and written an anonymous letter. The only woman he had ever loved at all went past him with a look of aversion, and was his enemy's wife, and would soon be the mother of that enemy's children, and blot him forever out of the coveted inheritance.

The man crept home, and sat by his little fireside, crushed. Indeed, from that hour he disappeared, and drank his bitter cup alone.

After a while it transpired in the village that he was very ill. The clergyman went to visit him, but was not admitted. The only person who got to see him was his friend Wheeler, a small but sharp attorney, by whose advice he acted in country matters. This Wheeler was very fond of shooting, and could not get a crack at a pheasant except on Highmore; and that was a bond between him and its proprietor. It was Wheeler who had first told Bassett not to despair of possessing the estates, since they had inserted Sir Charles's heir-at-law in the entail.

This Wheeler found him now so shrunk in body, so pale and haggard in face, and dejected in mind, that he was really shocked, and asked leave to send a doctor from the neighboring town.

"What to do?" said Richard, moodily. "It's my mind; it's not my body. Ah, Wheeler, it is all over. I and mine shall never have Huntercombe now."

"I'll tell you what it is," said Wheeler, almost angrily, "you will have six feet by two of it before long if you go on this way. Was ever such folly! to fret yourself out of this jolly world because you can't get one particular slice of its upper crust. Why, one bit of land is as good as another; and I'll show you how to get land—in this neighborhood, too. Ay, right under Sir Charles's nose."

"Show me that," said Bassett, gloomily and incredulously.

"Leave off moping, then, and I will. I advise the bank, you know, and 'Splatchett's' farm is mortgaged up to the eyes. It is not the only one. I go to the village inns, and pick up all the gossip I hear there."

"How am I to find money to buy land?"

"I'll put you up to that too; but you must leave off moping. Hang it, man, never say die. There are plenty of chances on the cards. Get your color back, and marry a girl with money, and turn that into land. The first thing is to leave off grizzling. Why, you are playing the enemy's game. That can't be right, can it?"

This remark was the first that really roused the sick man.

Wheeler had too few clients to lose one. He now visited Bassett almost daily, and, being himself full of schemes and inventions, he got Bassett, by degrees, out of his lethargy, and he emerged into daylight again; but he looked thin, and yellow as a guinea, and he had turned miser. He kept but one servant, and fed her and himself at Sir Charles Bassett's expense. He wired that gentleman's hares and rabbits in his own hedges. He went out with his gun every sunny afternoon, and shot a brace or two of pheasants, without disturbing the rest; for he took no dog with him to run and yelp, but a little boy, who quietly tapped the hedge-rows and walked the sunny banks and shaws. They never came home empty-handed.

But on those rarer occasions when Sir Charles and his friends beat the Bassett woods Richard was sure to make a large bag; for he was a cool, unerring shot, and flushed the birds in hedgerows, slips of under-wood, etc., to which the fairer sportsmen had driven them.

These birds and the surplus hares he always sold in the market-town, and put the money into a box. The rabbits he ate, and also squirrels, and, above all, young hedgehogs: a gypsy taught him how to cook them, viz., by inclosing them in clay, and baking them in wood embers; then the bristles adhere to the burned clay, and the meat is juicy. He was his own gardener, and vegetables cost him next to nothing.

So he went on through all the winter months, and by the spring his health and strength were restored. Then he turned woodman, cut down every stick of timber in a little wood near his house, and sold it; and then set to work to grub up the roots for fires, and cleared it for tillage. The sum he received for the wood was much more than he expected, and this he made a note of.

He had a strong body, that could work hard all day, a big hate, and a mania for the possession of land. And so he led a truly Spartan life, and every body in the village said he was mad.

While he led this hard life Sir Charles and Lady Bassett were the gayest of the gay. She was the beauty and the bride. Visits and invitations poured in from every part of the country. Sir Charles, flattered by the homage paid to his beloved, made himself younger and less fastidious to indulge her; and the happy pair often drove twelve miles to dinner, and twenty to dine and sleep—an excellent custom in that county, one of whose favorite toasts is worth recording: "MAY YOU DINE WHERE YOU PLEASE, AND SLEEP WHERE YOU DINE."

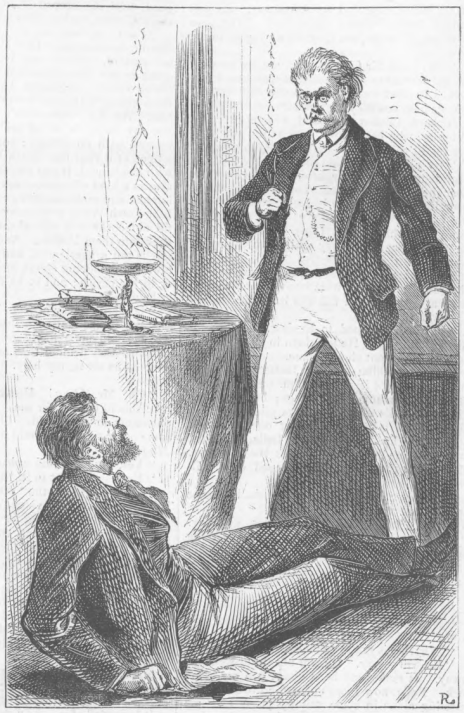
They were at every ball, and gave one or two themselves.

Above all, they enjoyed society in that delightful form which is confined to large houses. They would have numerous and well-assorted visitors staying at the house for a week or so, and all dining at a huge round table. But two o'clock P.M. was the time to see how hosts and guests enjoyed themselves. The hall door of Huntercombe was approached by a flight of stone steps, easy of ascent, and about twenty-four feet wide. At the riding hour the county ladies used to come, one after another, holding up their riding-habits with one hand, and perch about this gigantic flight of steps like peacocks, and chatter like jays, while the servants walked their horses about the gravel esplanade, and the four-in-hand waited a little in the rear. A fine champing of bits and fidgeting of thorough-breds there was, till all were ready; then the ladies would each put out her little foot, with charming nonchalance, to the nearest gentleman or groom, with a slight preference for the grooms, who were more practiced. The man lifted, the lady sprang at the same time, and into her saddle like a bird—Lady Bassett on a very quiet pony, or in the carriage to please some dowager—and away they clattered in high spirits, a regular cavalcade. It was a hunting county, and the ladies rode well; square seat, light hand on the snaffle, the curb reserved for cases of necessity; and, when they had patted the horse on the neck at starting, as all these coaxing creatures must, they rode him with that well-bred ease and unconsciousness of being on a horse which distinguishes ladies who have ridden all their lives from the gawky snobbesses in Hyde Park, who ride, if riding it can be called, with their elbows uncouthly fastened to their sides as if by a rope, their hands at the pit of their stomachs, and both those hands, as heavy as a house-maid's, sawing the poor horse with curb and snaffle at once, while the whole body breathes pretension and affectation, and seems to say, "Look at me; I am on horseback! Be startled at that—as I am! and I have had lessons from a riding-master. He has taught me how a lady should ride"—in his opinion, poor devil.

The champing, the pawing, the mounting, and the clattering of these bright cavalcades, with the music of the women excited by motion, furnished a picture of wealth and gayety and happy country life that cheered the whole neighborhood, and contrasted strangely with the stern Spartan life of him who had persuaded himself he was the rightful owner of Huntercombe Hall.

Sir Charles Bassett was a magistrate, and soon found himself a bad one. One day he made a little mistake, which, owing to his popularity, was very gently handled by the Bench at their weekly meeting; but still Sir Charles was ashamed and mortified. He wrote directly to Oldfield for law books, and that gentleman sent him an excellent selection bound in smooth calf.

Sir Charles now studied three hours every day, except hunting days, when no squire can work; and as his study was his justice-room, he took care to find an authority before he acted. He was naturally humane, and rustic offenders, especially poachers and runaway farm servants, used to think themselves fortunate if they were taken before him, and not before Squire Powys, who was sure to give them the sharp edge of the law. So now Sir Charles was useful as well as ornamental.



"SIR CHARLES KNOCKED WHEELER DOWN IN A MOMENT."

Thus passed fourteen months of happiness, with only one little cloud—there was no sign yet of a son and heir. But let a man be ever so powerful, it is an awkward thing to have a bitter, inveterate enemy at his door watching for a chance. Sir Charles began to realize this in the sixteenth month of his wedded bliss. A small estate called "Splatchett's" lay on his north side, and a marginal strip of this property ran right into a wood of his. This strip was wretched land, and the owner, unable to raise any wheat crop on it, had planted it with larches.

Sir Charles had made him a liberal offer for "Splatchett's" about six years ago; but he had refused point-blank, being then in good circumstances.

Sir Charles now received a hint from one of his own gamekeepers that the old farmer was in a bad way, and talked of selling. So Sir Charles called on him, and asked him if he would sell "Splatchett's" now. "Why, I can't sell it twice," said the old man, testily. "You ha' got it, han't ye?" It turned out that Richard Bassett had been beforehand. The bank had pressed for their money, and threatened foreclosure; then Bassett had stepped in with a good price; and although the conveyance was not signed, a stamped agreement was, and neither vendor nor purchaser could go back. What made it more galling, the proprietor was not aware of the feud between the Bassetts, and had thought to please Sir Charles by selling to one of his name.

Sir Charles Bassett went home seriously vexed. He did not mean to tell his wife; but love's eye read his face, love's arm went round his neck, and love's soft voice and wistful eyes soon coaxed it out of him. "Dear Charles," said she, "never mind. It *is* mortifying; but think how much you have, and how little that wicked man has. Let him have that farm; he has lost his self-respect, and that is worth a great many farms. For my part, I pity the poor wretch. Let him try to annoy you; your wife will try, against him, to make you happy, my own beloved; and I think I may prove as strong as Mr. Bassett," said she, with a look of inspiration.

Her sweet and tender sympathy soon healed so slight a scratch.

But they had not done with "Splatchett's" yet. Just after Christmas Sir Charles invited three gentlemen to beat his more distant preserves. Their guns bellowed in quick succession through the woods, and at last they reached North Wood. Here they expected splendid shooting, as a great many cock pheasants had already been seen running ahead.

But when they got to the end of the wood they found Lawyer Wheeler standing against a tree just within "Splatchett's" boundary, and one of their own beaters reported that two boys were stationed in the road, each tapping two sticks together to confine the pheasants to that strip of land, on which the low larches and high grass afforded a strong covert.

Sir Charles halted on his side of the boundary.

Then Wheeler told his man to beat, and up got the cock pheasants, one after another. Whenever a pheasant whirred up the man left off beating.

The lawyer knocked down four brace in no time, and those that escaped him and turned back for the wood were brought down by Bassett, firing from the hard road. Only those were spared that flew northward into "Splatchett's." It was a veritable slaughter, planned with judgment, and carried out in a most ungentlemanlike and unsportsmanlike manner.

It goaded Sir Charles beyond his patience. After several vain efforts to restrain himself, he shouldered his gun, and, followed by his friends, went bursting through the larches to Richard Bassett.

"Mr. Bassett," said he, "this is most ungentlemanly conduct."

"What is the matter, Sir? Am I on your ground?"

"No, but you are taking a mean advantage of our being out. Who ever heard of a gentleman beating his boundaries the very day a neighbor was out shooting, and filling them with his game?"

"Oh, that is it, is it? When justice is against you you can talk of law, and when law is against you you appeal to justice. Let us be in one story or the other, please. The Huntercombe estates belong to me by birth. You have got them by legal trickery. Keep them while you live. *They will come to me one day, you know.* Meantime, leave me my little estate of 'Splatch-

"HER SUPPLE WRIST WAS ROUND HIS NECK."

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ett's. For shame, Sir; you have robbed me of my inheritance and my sweetheart; do you grudge me a few cock pheasants? Why, you have made me so poor they are an object to me now."

"Oh!" said Sir Charles, "if you are stealing my game to keep body and soul together, I pity you. In that case, perhaps you will let my friends help you fill your larder."

Richard Bassett hesitated a moment; but Wheeler, who had drawn near at the sound of the raised voices, made him a signal to assent.

"By all means," said he, adroitly. "Mr. Markham, your father often shot with mine over the Bassett estates. You are welcome to poor little 'Splatchett's.' Keep your men off, Sir Charles; they are noisy bunglers, and do more harm than good. Here, Tom! Bill! beat for the gentlemen. They shall have the sport. I only want the birds."

Sir Charles drew back, and saw pheasant after pheasant thunder and whiz into the air, then collapse at a report, and fall like lead, followed by a shower of feathers.

His friends seemed to be deserting him for Richard Bassett. He left them in charge of his keepers, and went slowly home.

He said nothing to Lady Bassett till night, and then she got it all from him. She was very indignant at many of the things; but as for Sir Charles, all his cousin's arrows glided off that high-minded gentleman, except one, and that quivered in his heart. "Yes, Bella," said he, "he told me he should inherit these estates. That is because we are not blessed with children."

Lady Bassett sighed. "But we shall be some day. Shall we not?"

"God knows," said Sir Charles, gloomily. "I wonder whether there was really any thing unfair done on our side when the entail was cut off?"

"Is that likely, dearest? Why?"

"Heaven seems to be on his side."

"On the side of a wicked man?"

"But he may be the father of innocent children."

"Why, he is not even married."

"He will marry. He will not throw a chance away. It makes my head dizzy, and my heart sick. Bella, now I can understand two enemies meeting alone in some solitary place, and one killing the other in a moment of rage; for when this scoundrel insulted me I remembered his anonymous letter, and all his relentless malice. Bella, I could have raised my gun and shot him like a weasel."

Lady Bassett screamed faintly, and flung her arms round his neck. "Oh, Charles, pray to God against such thoughts. You shall never go near that man again. Don't think of our one disappointment: think of all the blessings we enjoy. Never mind that wretched man's hate. Think of your wife's love. Have I not more power to make you happy than he has to afflict you, my adored?" These sweet words were accompanied by a wife's divine caresses, with the honey of her voice, and the liquid sunshine of her loving eyes. Sir Charles slept peacefully that night, and forgot his one grief and his one enemy for a time.

Not so Lady Bassett. She lay awake all night and thought deeply of Richard Bassett and "his unrelenting, impenitent malice." Women of her fine fibre, when they think long and earnestly on one thing, have often divinations. The dark Future seems to be lit a moment at a time by flashes of lightning, and they discern the indistinct forms of events to come. And so it was with Lady Bassett: in the stilly night a terror of the future and of Richard Bassett crept over her—a terror disproportioned to his past acts and apparent power. Perhaps she was oppressed by having an enemy—she, who was born to be loved. At all events, she was full of feminine divinations and forebodings, and saw, by flashes, many a poisoned arrow fly from that quiver and strike the beloved breast. It had already discharged one that had parted them for a time, and nearly killed Sir Charles.

Daylight cleared away much of this dark terror, but left a sober dread and a strange resolution. This timid creature, stimulated by love, determined to watch the foe, and defend her husband with all her little power. All manner of devices passed through her head, but were rejected, because, if Love said "Do wonders," Timidity said "Do nothing that you have not seen other wives do." So she remained, scheming, and longing, and fearing, and passive, all day. But the next day she conceived a vague idea, and, all in a heat, rang for her maid. While the maid was coming she fell to blushing at her own boldness, and, just as the maid opened the door, her thermometer fell so low that—she sent her up stairs for a piece of work. Oh, lame and impotent conclusion!

Just before luncheon she chanced to look through a window, and to see the head gamekeeper crossing the park, and coming to the house. Now this was the very man she wanted to speak to. The sudden temptation surprised her out of her timidity. She rang the bell again, and sent for the man.

That Colossus wondered in his mind, and felt uneasy at an invitation so novel. However, he clattered into the morning-room, in his velveteen coat, and leathern gaiters up to his thigh, pulled his front hair, bobbed his head, and then stood firm in body as was he of Rhodes, but in mind much abashed at finding himself in her ladyship's presence.

The lady, however, did not prove so very terrible. "May I inquire your name, Sir?" said she, very respectfully.

"Moses Moss, my lady."

'Mr. Moss, I wish to ask you a question or two. *May* I?"

"That you may, my lady."

"I want you to explain, if you will be so good, how the proprietor of 'Splatchett's' can shoot all Sir Charles's pheasants."

"Lord! my lady, we ain't come down to that. But he do shoot more than his share, that's sure an' sartain. Well, my lady, if you please, game is just like Christians: it will make for sunny spots. Highmore has got a many of them there, with good cover; so we breeds for him. As for 'Splatchett's,' that don't hurt we, my lady; it is all arable land and dead hedges, with no bottom; only there's one little tongue of it runs into North Wood, and planted with larch; and, if you please, my lady, there is always a kind of coarse grass grows under young larches, and makes a strong cover for game. So, beat North Wood which way you will, them artful old cocks will run ahead of ye, or double back into them larches. And you see Mr. Bassett is not a gentleman, like Sir Charles; he is always a-mouching about, and the biggest poacher in the parish; and so he drops on to 'em out of bounds."

"Is there no way of stopping all this, Sir?"

"We might station a dozen beaters ahead. They would most likely get shot; but I don't think as they'd mind that much if you had set your heart on it, my lady. Dall'd if I would, for one."

"Oh, Mr. Moss! Heaven forbid that any man should be shot for me. No, not for all the pheasants in the world. I'll try and think of some other way. I should like to see the place. *May* I?"

"Yes, my lady, and welcome."

"How shall I get to it, Sir?"

"You can ride to the 'Woodman's Rest,' my lady, and it is scarce a stone's-throw from there; but 'tis baddish traveling for the likes of you."

She appointed an hour, rode with her groom to the public-house, and thence was conducted through bush, through brier, to the place where her husband had been so annoyed.

Moss's comments became very intelligible to her the moment she saw the place. She said very little, however, and rode home.

Next day she blushed high, and asked Sir Charles for a hundred pounds to spend upon herself.

Sir Charles smiled, well pleased, and gave it her, and a kiss into the bargain.

"Ah! but," said she, "that is not all."

"I am glad of it. You spend too little money on yourself—a great deal too little."

"That is a complaint you won't have long to make. I want to cut down a few trees. *May* I?"

"Going to build?"

"Don't ask me. It is for myself."

"That is enough. Cut down every stick on the estate if you like. The barer it leaves us the better."

"Ah, Charles, you promised me not. I shall cut with great discretion, I assure you."

"As you please," said Sir Charles. "If you want to make me happy, deny yourself nothing. Mind, I shall be angry if you do."

Soon after this a gaping quidnunc came to Sir Charles and told him Lady Bassett was felling trees in North Wood.

"And pray who has a better right to fell trees in any wood of mine?"

"But she is building a wall."

"And who has a better right to build a wall?"

With the delicacy of a gentleman he would not go near the place after this till she asked him; and that was not long. She came into his study, all beaming, and invited him to a ride. She took him into North Wood, and showed him her work. Richard Bassett's plantation, hitherto divided from North Wood only by a boundary scarcely visible, was now shut off by a brick wall: on Sir Charles's side of that wall every stick of timber was felled and removed for a distance of fifty yards, and about twenty yards from the wall a belt of larches was planted, a little higher than cabbages.

Sir Charles looked amazed at first, but soon observed how thoroughly his enemy was defeated. "My poor Bella," said he, "to think of your taking all this trouble about such a thing!" He stopped to kiss her very tenderly, and she shone with joy and innocent pride. "And I never thought of this! You astonish me, Bella."

"Ay," said she, in high spirits now; "and, what is more, I have astonished Mr. Moss. He said, 'I wish I had your head-piece, my lady.' I could have told him Love sharpens a woman's wits: but I reserved that little adage for you."

"It is all mighty fine, fair lady, but you have told me a fib. You said it was to be all for yourself, and got a hundred pounds out of me."

"And so it was for myself, you silly thing. Are you not myself? and the part of myself I love the best?" And her supple wrist was round his neck in a moment.

They rode home together, like lovers, and comforted each other.

Richard Bassett, with Wheeler's assistance, had borrowed money on Highmore to buy "Splatchett's;" he now borrowed money on "Splatchett's," and bought Dean's Wood—a wood, with patches of grass, that lay on the east of Sir Charles's boundary. He gave seventeen hundred pounds for it, and sold two thousand pounds' worth of timber off it the first year. This sounds incredible; but, owing to the custom of felling only ripe trees, landed proprietors had no sure clew to the value of all the timber on an acre. Richard Bassett had found this out, and bought Dean's Wood upon the above terms—*i. e.*, the vendor gave him the soil and three hundred pounds gratis. He grubbed the roots and sold them for fuel, and planted larches to catch the overflow of Sir Charles's game. The grass grew beautifully, now the trees were down, and he let it for pasture.

He then, still under Wheeler's advice, came out into the world again, improved his dress, and called on several county families, with a view to marrying money.

Now in the country they do not despise a poor gentleman of good lineage, and Bassett was one of the oldest names in the county; so every door was open to him; and, indeed, his late hermit life had stimulated some curiosity. This he soon turned to sympathy, by telling them that he was proud but poor. Robbed of the vast estates that belonged to him by birth, he had been unwilling to take a lower position. However, Heaven had prospered him; the wrongful heir was childless; he was the heir-at-law, and felt he owed it to the estate, which must return to his line, to assume a little more public importance than he had done.

Wherever he was received he was sure to enlarge upon his wrongs; and he was believed; for he was notoriously the direct heir to Bassett and Huntercombe, but the family arrangement by which his father had been bought out was known only to a few. He readily obtained sympathy, and many persons were disgusted at Sir Charles illiberality in not making him some compensation. To use the homely expression of Govett, a small proprietor, the baronet might as well have given him back one pig out of his own farrow—*i. e.*, one of the many farms comprised in that large estate.

Sir Charles learned that Richard was undermining him in the county, but was too proud to interfere; he told Lady Bassett he should say nothing until some *gentleman* should indorse Mr. Bassett's falsehoods.

One day Sir Charles and Lady Bassett were invited to dine and sleep at Mr. Hardwicke's, distant fifteen miles: they went, and found Richard Bassett dining there, by Mrs. Hardwicke's invitation, who was one of those ninnies that fling guests together with no discrimination.

Richard had expected this to happen sooner or later, so he was comparatively prepared, and bowed stiffly to Sir Charles. Sir Charles stared at him in return. This was observed. People were uncomfortable, especially Mrs. Hardwicke, whose thoughtlessness was to blame for it all.

At a very early hour Sir Charles ordered his carriage, and drove home, instead of staying all night.

Mrs. Hardwicke, being a fool, must make a little more mischief. She blubbered to her husband, and he wrote Sir Charles a remonstrance.

Sir Charles replied that he was the only person aggrieved; Mr. Hardwicke ought not to have invited a blackguard to meet *him*.

Mr. Hardwicke replied that he had never heard a Bassett called a blackguard before, and had seen nothing in Mr. Bassett to justify an epithet so unusual among gentlemen. "And, to be frank with you, Sir Charles," said he, "I think this bitterness against a poor gentleman, whose estates you are so fortunate as to possess, is not consistent with your general character, and is, indeed, unworthy of you."

To this Sir Charles Bassett replied:

"DEAR MR. HARDWICKE,—*You have applied some remarks to me which I will endeavor to forget, as they were written in entire ignorance of the truth. But if we are to remain friends, I expect you to believe me when I tell you that Mr. Richard Bassett has never been wronged by me or mine, but has wronged me and Lady Bassett deeply. He is a dishonorable scoundrel, not entitled to be received in society; and if, after this assurance, you receive him, I shall never darken your doors again. So please let me know your decision.*

"*I remain*

"*Yours truly,*

"CHARLES DYKE BASSETT."

Mr. Hardwicke chafed under this; but Prudence stepped in. He was one of the county members, and Sir Charles could command three hundred votes.

He wrote back to say he had received Sir Charles's letter with pain, but, of course, he could not disbelieve him, and therefore he should invite Mr. Bassett no more till the matter was cleared.

But Mr. Hardwicke, thus brought to book, was nettled at his own meanness; so he sent Sir Charles's letter to Mr. Richard Bassett.

Bassett foamed with rage, and wrote a long letter, raving with insults, to Sir Charles.

He was in the act of directing it when Wheeler called on him. Bassett showed him Sir Charles's letter. Wheeler read it.

"Now read what I say to him in reply."

Wheeler read Bassett's letter, threw it into the fire, and kept it there with the poker.

"Lucky I called," said he, dryly. "Saved you a thousand pounds or so. You must not write a letter without me."

"What, am I to sit still and be insulted? You're a pretty friend."

"I am a wise friend. This is a more serious matter than you seem to think."

"Libel?"

"Of course. Why, if Sir Charles had consulted *me*, I could not have dictated a better letter. It closes every chink a defendant in libel can creep out by. Now take your pen and write to Mr. Hardwicke."

"DEAR SIR,—*I have received your letter, containing a libel written by Sir Charles Bassett. My reply will be public.*

"*Yours very truly,*

"RICHARD BASSETT."

"Is that all?"

"Every syllable. Now mind; you never go to Hardwicke House again; Sir Charles has got you banished from that house; special damage! There never was a prettier case for a jury—the rightful heir foully slandered by the possessor of his hereditary estates."

This picture excited Bassett, and he walked about raving with malice, and longing for the time when he should stand in the witness-box and denounce his enemy.

"No, no," said Wheeler, "leave that to counsel; you must play the mild victim in the witness-box. Who is the defendant's solicitor? We ought to serve the writ on him at once."

"No, no; serve it on himself."

"What for? Much better proceed like gentlemen."

Bassett got in a passion at being contradicted in every thing. "I tell you," said he, "the more I can irritate and exasperate this villain the better. Besides, he slandered me behind my back; and I'll have the writ served upon himself. I'll do every thing I can to take him down. If a man wants to be my lawyer he must enter into my feelings a little."

Wheeler, to whom he was more valuable than ever now, consented somewhat reluctantly, and called at Huntercombe Hall next day with the writ, and sent in his card.

Lady Bassett heard of this, and asked if it was Mr. Bassett's friend.

The butler said he thought it was.

Lady Bassett went to Sir Charles in his study. "Oh, my dear," said she, "here is Mr. Bassett's lawyer."

"Well?"

"Why does he come here?"

"I don't know."

"Don't see him."

"Why not?"

"I am so afraid of Mr. Bassett. He is our evil genius. Let me see this person instead of you. *May* I?"

"Certainly not."

"Might I see him *first*, love?"

"You will not see him at all."

"Charles!"

"No, Bella; I can not have these animals talking to my wife."

"But, dear love, I am so full of forebodings. You know, Charles, I don't often presume to meddle; but I am in torture about this man. If you receive him, may I be with you? Then we shall be two to one."

"No, no," said Sir Charles, testily. Then, seeing her beautiful eyes fill at the refusal and the unusual tone, he relented. "You may be in hearing if you like. Open that door, and sit in the little room."

"Oh, thank you!"

She stepped into the room—a very small sitting-room. She had never been in it before, and while she was examining it, and thinking how she could improve its appearance, Mr. Wheeler was shown into the study. Sir Charles received him standing, to intimate that the interview must be brief. This, and the time he had been kept waiting in the hall, roused Wheeler's bile, and he entered on his subject more brusquely than he had intended.

"Sir Charles Bassett, you wrote a letter to Mr. Hardwicke, reflecting on my client, Mr. Bassett—a most unjustifiable letter."

"Keep your opinion to yourself, Sir. I wrote a letter, calling him what he is."

"No, Sir; that letter is a libel."

"It is the truth."

"It is a malicious libel, Sir; and we shall punish you for it. I hereby serve you with this copy of a writ. Damages, five thousand pounds."

A sigh from the next room passed unnoticed by the men, for their voices were now raised in anger.

"And so that is what you came here for. Why did you not go to my solicitor? You must be as great a blackguard as your client, to serve your paltry writs on me in my own house."

"Not blackguard enough to insult a gentleman in my own house. If you had been civil I might have accommodated matters; but now I'll make you smart—ugh!"

Nothing provokes a high-spirited man more than a menace. Sir Charles, threatened in his wife's hearing, shot out his right arm with surprising force and rapidity, and knocked Wheeler down in a moment.

In came Lady Bassett, with a scream, and saw the attorney lying doubled up, and Sir Charles standing over him, blowing like a grampus with rage and excitement.

But the next moment he staggered and gasped, and she had to support him to a seat. She rang the bell for aid, then kneeled, and took his throbbing temples to her wifely bosom.

Wheeler picked himself up, and, seated on his hams, eyed the pair with concentrated fury.

"Aha! You have hurt yourself more than me. Two suits against you now instead of one."

"Conduct this person from the house," said Lady Bassett to a servant who entered at that moment.

"All right, my lady," said Wheeler: "I'll remind you of that word when this house belongs to us."

FATHER TAYLOR, THE SAILORS' PREACHER.

FATHER TAYLOR, as he was familiarly called, was born in the city of Richmond, Virginia, in the year 1793. In early childhood he was left an orphan, and when quite a youth entered upon a sea-faring life, first as a surgeon's boy in the American navy, and afterward in the navy of Spain, which was then operating in Mexican waters against the French. In our war of 1812 with Great Britain he shipped on board the privateer *Curley*, and was captured by the English and carried a prisoner into Halifax. Here he was found by a poor but Christian widow who had known him in Boston. The pious lady ministered to his wants and gave him a Bible. Returning to Boston, he was converted under the ministry of the Rev. ELIJAH HEDDING, afterward one of the bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Through the kind offices of AMOS BINNEY, a benevolent Boston merchant, he

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was sent to Newmarket Seminary, New Hampshire. Here he received the only school training of his life. His available talents becoming quickly known, he was pressed into the service of the Church, and joined the New England Conference in 1819. Very judiciously he was sent to labor in the sea-coast towns, where the success of his ministrations was marvelous. Every where the people flocked to hear the sailor-preacher, and hung rapturously upon his impassioned presentations of truth. In 1829 he was placed in charge of the Methodist Seamen's Bethel, of Boston; he had been here but a few years when a commodious place of worship was erected for him by the contributions of Christians of all creeds. In this chapel he prayed and preached and labored for the good of seamen to the end of his days.

The congregations of Father TAYLOR were, without doubt, the most extraordinary that ever assembled to hear preaching. In the centre, furnished with seats reserved expressly for them, were sailors from every clime, and of every tongue spoken by civilized men. Around them were grouped families of sea-faring people, most of them poor and lowly, but constant attendants upon Father TAYLOR's ministrations. But in the congregation would always be found representatives of the highest culture—authors, poets, orators, wits, the *élite* of the intellectual world—attracted and fascinated by the imagery, humor, and resistless sympathy of Father TAYLOR's preaching. One of the finest passages in DICKENS's "American Notes" is his description of one of TAYLOR's sermons. Cool and philosophic Miss MARTINEAU felt and acknowledged his power to stir the feelings. The wealth of his illustrations was without limit; his hearers were surprised, melted, and taken captive. JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE says that Father TAYLOR always reminded him, in the richness of his fancy, of JEREMY TAYLOR, the CHRYSOSTOM of the old English divines.

Very few of the brilliant passages of Father TAYLOR's sermons have been recorded; one, however, in which he gives his estimate of creeds, shows, though very imperfectly, his peculiar style:

"Creeds, like JOSEPH's coat of many colors, are made of patches, no two of them alike, or one of them to-day what it was when first made. Even our new friends, the Millerites, since they broke their crank in trying to wind the world up, have been compelled to add a new patch to their creed to explain the blunders in their figuring. No man shall make a creed for me; and I'm sure I do not wish to make a creed for any one. My sea-faring friends know as well as myself that a common danger gives men a common creed. A few days since one of the brethren just returned from sea told me a story that will explain what I mean by a common danger giving men a common creed, or, if you like the phrase better, a common religion. He was one of the crew of a large ship bound from Liverpool for New York, with over four hundred souls on board, mostly steerage passengers. Half-passage out she was beset by a hurricane, which blew all her sails from the bolt-ropes. The sea swept away her boats, bulwarks, and every thing movable from her decks, and, to add to the horror of those on board, when the storm moderated she caught fire below. New sails were immediately bent, and she was headed for the Western Islands, while the passengers were employed pouring water below, in the hope of drowning the fire. It was all in vain. The fire increased instead of diminishing; the pitch began to melt from the seams of the planking; the lower parts of the hold pumps were burned, so that there were no means left to pump the water out. In short, after doing all that men could do to save the ship, they found themselves at their wit's end. Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and He delivered them out of their distresses. All work ceased; the captain called the crew and passengers together, and told them that it was hardly possible for the ship to continue afloat another day, for she was leaky as well as on fire. He therefore thought it right that they should all unite in prayer, and he advised every one to pray for himself in his own way. As if moved by a common impulse, they prostrated themselves on the deck without uttering a word. Now what do you think they prayed for? A little more Methodism, a little more Catholicism, a little more Presbyterianism, a little more Unitarianism, Universalism, or any other *ism*? No, no, brethren. A common danger had given them a common religion. Every soul communed with the same God. When they rose from the deck a young sailor bounded aloft, and when he reached the royal-mast-head shouted with all his might, 'Sail ho! steering in our wake.' In a moment the ship was hove to, after which the sailors swarmed up the rigging to see for themselves.

"Now wait a minute, shipmates, and I will show you how these poor souls, who but a few minutes before were all praying to a common Father, began to differ, to make *creeds* according to their range of vision. Only one small square sail could be seen above the horizon, for the vessel was end on; and from this the sailors began to reason whether the craft to which it belonged was a ship, a bark, or a brig. And this controversy continued until she was hull out with studding-sails set on both sides. The signal of distress had been seen, and, as if by magic, she was clothed with all drawing sail. Now what mattered it whether she was a ship, a bark, or a brig? She was a savior. Was not that enough? She rounded to and saved every soul. Were they grateful? I think they were. But suppose it had been night—for God works at all times and in all weathers—and the poor souls could have seen only her lights rising and falling with every roll of the waves, they would have been just as much given to speculation. Even in the darkness somebody would have thought that he saw something better than his shipmates, and so on probably through the whole ship's company. Sailors as well as landsmen are not willing to take God at His word, and wait patiently for the working out of His ways, but they want to know all about Him right off; and because they can't, then they go to work and make what they think He ought to do, and call it a creed."

In common discourse Father TAYLOR was graphic, witty, and sometimes very sarcastic. At a Unitarian meeting some one had made a lugubrious address about sin. Father TAYLOR remarked that it reminded him of a "beetle-bug rolling his ball of dirt." Being annoyed at a prayer-meeting by persons getting up and going out, he said, "Tide's rising; the bye stuff is floating off." Being asked when leaving a house to make a prayer, he replied, "If there is any thing you wish me to pray for, I will do so; but I can't *make* a prayer." One of his most characteristic sayings was that about EMERSON, whom he declared to be a Christian without knowing it. "He is a Christian, no matter what he says about it, and will have to go to heaven; for if the devil got him he would never know what to do with him. There seems to me to be a screw loose somewhere, though I never could tell where; for, listen as close as I might, I could never hear any jar in the machinery. He's certainly a Christian, though he knows no more of the principles of Christian doctrine than Balaam's ass knew of the principles of Hebrew grammar." He had a great contempt for metaphysics, and once, referring to a metaphysical disputation, said "it reminded him of being down South in a dark cedar swamp in the night, and the lightning-bugs would snap, snap, snap; and when they were up, you would think you had some light; but when they went down, it was darker than ever." To a minister whom he wished to encourage to labor and to wait he gave the advice "not to carry the seed-basket and the sickle into the field at the same time." Speaking of the worn-out ministers of the Methodist Church, he said "they deserved to be fed on preserved diamonds." His quaintness was very perceptible in his prayers. Many well remember his petition for President LINCOLN, that the Lord would "protect him from the creatures who were trying to bore their way through the sheathing of his integrity."

The good, saintly old preacher was feeble for some years before his death, yet tenacious of life to the last. Only a few days before the end he said, "I sha'n't die while there is any thing left of me." The Boston papers tell us that he passed away in the first quarter of the ebb-tide, the proper time, according to the sailors, for a natural death. Boston will not soon forget his rugged face, furrowed all through and through, yet beaming with the light of genius; but his memory will be tenderly cherished by sailors all over the world. To them he was, in the strongest sense, *Father* TAYLOR.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE experiment of admitting women to the University at Ann Harbor, Michigan, has been tested in a manner satisfactory to the friends of this measure. At the recent Commencements of the Law and Medical schools, both sexes were recognized in the distribution of degrees. Among the seventy-eight candidates for the degree of "Doctor of Medicine" was Miss Sanford, a lady from Aurora, New York, who ranked as one of the first among the graduates. Miss Killgore, an Indiana lady, who received her diploma as "Bachelor of Laws," has held an honorable place among the students of her class. It was a matter of great regret that the first lady student of the University to whom a part has been assigned was prevented by sickness from appearing on the stage. There are this year 1110 students on the catalogue. The number has not been lessened, nor the standard lowered, by the admission of women to the privileges of the University. And the thirty-four who have availed themselves of these privileges have been uniformly treated with courtesy, and no opposition been made to their progress.

The forty-sixth annual exhibition of the National Academy of Design seems to be more satisfactory to the criticising public than any previous one in some time. There are about 384 pictures on the walls, the majority of which are really excellent.

An uncompromising slave-holder of Tennessee could not bring his mind to live in the United States after the abolition of slavery. He migrated to Brazil, and became a South American citizen; but, unfortunately for him, became bankrupt, and, in accordance with the laws of that country, his two daughters have been sold into slavery to pay his debts. Such strange recompense is sometimes meted out to men. Steps have been taken to place the amount of the debt—$1200 in gold—in the hands of the father.

Robert Chambers, the celebrated publisher, who recently died in Edinburgh worth about £600,000, began life as a poor boy, entirely dependent upon his own exertions. He laid the foundations of his fortune by opening a small circulating library with a little borrowed money.

One of the most prolific of novel-writers is Louise Mühlbach, who has just laid before the reading public of Germany the one hundred and first volume of her novels.

The New York City Mission, the oldest organization of the kind in the city, makes the following monthly exhibit of its beneficent operations: There are thirty-eight city missionaries constantly employed, who last month reported 8500 missionary visits. There are seven mission chapels in daily—almost constant—use, in which were held 450 meetings of various kinds for the same period; and there are four mission Sabbath-schools, having under instruction and care 1250 children, mostly of the poorest class. There are eight temperance societies, meeting weekly or monthly, and now having 4000 pledged members enrolled. A Helping-Hand Association, conducted by an auxiliary committee of ladies, gives employment and aid to 300 poor women; and sewing schools and mothers' meetings are attended by several hundreds of women and children. There are three mission churches, with an aggregate membership of 300, and two lodging-houses and reading-rooms for men, giving 2000 lodgings and meals, and having 500 readers monthly. The missionaries during the month aided 200 families and 1000 persons, and distributed money, clothing, fuel, food, medicine, etc., with means especially furnished for that purpose by the benevolent.

Among the most singular accidents on record is one which recently occurred in a Massachusetts town. A child, while playing with a spool two or three inches long, holding it in her mouth, fell from the door-way, the fall forcing the spool down her throat far enough to bring the head below the tonsils and roots of the tongue, and so completely wedged it into the mouth as to render it impossible to withdraw it direct without danger of taking the tongue with it. Fortunately the hole in the spool was large enough for the child to breathe through until the arrival of the doctor, who, by splitting the spool, was able to take it out in pieces, thus saving the little one's life.

There is in Washington an establishment for the manufacture of electric bells and clocks—a comparatively new business in this country. Arrangements have been made to secure perfect workmanship, and a patent has been received by the company, so that these convenient appliances will doubtless come into somewhat general use. It is proposed to erect an electric clock tower in a prominent position in Washington.

A boosier critic compares Nilsson to the "Venice de Medicis!" This is really cruel. How much public characters have to endure at the hands and mouths of the ignorant!

Two seasons of Italian opera are promised to the music lovers of New York. The first, this spring, will be of short duration, Miss Kellogg being the *prima-donna*, with the excellent Havana Opera Troupe to support her. The second season will be in the fall, Miss Nilsson being *prima-donna*, supported by the best talent which can be procured from across the waters.

Newfoundland fishermen have this year taken an extraordinary number of seals. A single steamship bore 28,000 seals into the harbor of St. Johns a few days since, and a second ship followed her to the wharf, when excited inhabitants unloaded from the new-comer 21,500 seals, and saw both vessels trim their rigging for a second voyage to the ice-fields. Eleven smaller vessels from the seal-fisheries arrived still later, bearing an average catch of 21,000, making the first aggregate of the season 231,000; and more than a hundred vessels, each certainly carrying 20,000, are still expected in the harbor.

The Marquis of Lorne has laid himself open to sympathy, not because his young wife is not lovely and lovable, but because, as a commoner, though a duke's son, he is debarred from a certain social equality with his lady bride. At the recent opening of the Albert Hall the poor man was forced to content himself with looking from a distance upon the royal family in the royal box—the Princess Louise being with them—nor could he even join her in the carriage which took her to and from the Hall. It has been suggested, since royal blood is of such paramount importance, that a few drops of the blue blood of the Hanoverian stock be introduced by transfusion into the veins of this fortunate and yet unfortunate Marquis of Lorne.

A Boston paper, after giving a brief sketch of the "champion old woman" of New York State, aged ninety-nine, who has knit eighty pairs of stockings within the past year, besides doing considerable housework, remarks that the only blemish in her character is that she was not the childhood's companion of the father of his country.

Marriage in San Domingo is a somewhat costly business—but where is it not? The banns are published twice on successive Sundays or other *fête* days, and the parties are expected to confess twice, although once will answer. The wedding fees are variously stated at from $8 to $16, which probably does not include the confessions. It is said that much of the immorality of the lower classes springs from the fact that they can not afford to pay the fees, and so dispense with all ceremony. The matrimonial noose is by no means a figure of speech in many sections of San Domingo. The contracting parties are literally joined together by the neck with a stout rope, which the officiating priest ties, as an important part of the ceremony.

The ancestral residence of Bismarck is situated in Schönhausen, in the province of Pomerania, and is a plain three-story building, erected toward the close of the seventeenth century. The front entrance bears the inscription of the Bismarck arms—a clover leaf encircled by three nettle leaves. The tradition is that long ago a great lord, attended by a hundred horsemen, came from the German Ocean to Pomerania to gain the hand of Gertrude, a beautiful princess of the house of Bismarck. She, being already betrothed, refused him. The noble was so enraged that he took the castle by storm, and slew Gertrude's father. Then, exultant, he entered her room, and said: "I come to break you, you golden clover of my heart. You are no nettle, and do not sting; the clover leaf causes no pain;" and boldly embraced the lovely Gertrude, when suddenly he sank to the floor, weltering in his own blood; for the fair princess had stabbed him to the heart with a dagger she had concealed about her person. "Sadly mistaken," said she; "I am a nettle when I will, and can sting. And so do nettles ever sting the one who would break a clover leaf of the Bismarcks."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A MICHIGAN doctor, who was arrested because his patient died, has been acquitted on the ground that he did the best he could, giving all the medicines he knew the names of. He put in a plea that he never insured a case when he took it.

"Mother, it is no use: I can never *love* Mr. Sprowler." "Well," said the mother, looking at her with surprise, "that is no reason why you should not marry him."

HOW TO FIND STEADY EMPLOYMENT.—Get inside the State prison.

One of Darwin's strongest arguments in favor of his theory that man is a descendant of the monkey is that monkeys always part their hair in the middle. It is a noticeable fact, however, that monkeys have quit it since it has become fashionable among certain men.

"I'll give you the slip," as the gardener said when he promised a friend a cutting.

The following is an epitaph on the death of a young lady engaged to be married:

"The wedding-day appointed was,
And wedding-dress provided;
But ere the wedding-day arrived
She sickened and she die did."

Can a man eating dates be said to consume time?

An Indiana paper notices the death of an old subscriber, and touchingly adds, "We are sorry to hear of the death of any of our subscribers who are prompt about paying up."

Women's-rights women may yet aspire to positions in the navy; Lot's wife was an old salt, you know.

Among the "wants" in one of the papers is this: "Partial board for a single gentleman; house kept by a widow and daughter; *busses* and cars convenient."

An old negress who was on exhibition in New England as "the oldest living person" rather overdid her part the other day, when asked if she had ever seen George Washington, by saying, "Oh yes; he used to come to where I lived in New Hampshire every year to the Fourth of July celebration, and we always made a heap of him, which was the reason he liked to come."

As illustrating the humorous, Professor Lowell mentions an advertisement that caught his eye some time since: "Wanted, by a boy, a situation in an eating-house. He is used to the business."

A showman in the State of Maine wanted to exhibit an Egyptian mummy, and attended at the court-house to obtain permission. "What is it you want to show?" inquired the judge. "An Egyptian mummy more than three thousand years old," said the showman. "Three thousand years old!" exclaimed the judge, jumping to his feet; "and is the critter alive?"

THE KU-KLUX DOWN SOUTH.
"WE CORDIALLY INVITE IMMIGRATION."

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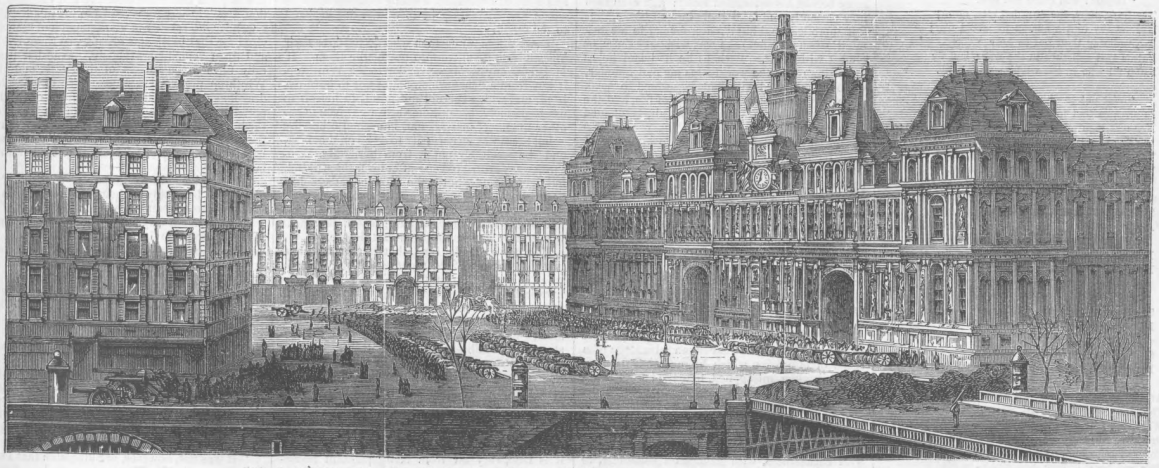
BIVOUAC OF NATIONAL GUARDS IN THE PLACE VENDÔME.



THE HÔTEL DE VILLE, WITH THE BARRICADES ERECTED BY THE INSURGENTS.

NATIONAL GUARDS PREPARING TO FIRE ON THE PEOPLE IN THE RUE DE RIVOLI.

STREET VIEWS IN PARIS—INCIDENTS OF THE COMMUNIST REVOLT.—[See Page 412.]

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THE LEPER.

BY NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

"Room for the leper! Room!" And as he came
The cry passed on—"Room for the leper! Room!"

* * * * * * *

And aside they stood,
Matron, and child, and pitiless manhood—all
Who met him on his way—and let him pass.
And onward through the open gate he came,
A leper with the ashes on his brow,
Sackcloth about his loins, and on his lip
A covering, stepping painfully and slow,
And with a difficult utterance, like one
Whose heart is with an iron nerve put down,
Crying—"Unclean! unclean!"

* * * * * * *

Day was breaking
When at the altar of the temple stood
The holy priest of God. The incense-lamp
Burned with a struggling light, and a low chant
Swelled through the hollow arches of the roof,
Like an articulate wail, and there, alone,
Wasted to ghastly thinness, Helon knelt.
The echoes of the melancholy strain
Died in the distant aisles, and he rose up,
Struggling with weakness, and bowed down his head
Unto the sprinkled ashes, and put off
His costly raiment for the leper's garb,
And with the sackcloth round him, and his lip
Hid in a loathsome covering, stood still,
Waiting to hear his doom:

"Depart! depart, O child
Of Israel, from the temple of thy God,
For he has smote thee with his chastening rod,
And to the desert wild
From all thou lov'st away thy feet must flee,
That from thy plague his people may be free.

"Depart! and come not near
The busy mart, the crowded city, more;
Nor set thy foot a human threshold o'er;
And stay thou not to hear
Voices that call thee in the way; and fly
From all who in the wilderness pass by.

"Wet not thy burning lip
In streams that to a human dwelling glide;
Nor rest thee where the covert fountains hide;
Nor kneel thee down to dip
The water where the pilgrim bends to drink,
By desert well, or river's grassy brink.

"And pass not thou between
The weary traveler and the cooling breeze;
And lie not down to sleep beneath the trees
Where human tracks are seen;
Nor milk the goat that browseth on the plain,
Nor pluck the standing corn or yellow grain.

"And now depart! and when
Thy heart is heavy, and thine eyes are dim,
Lift up thy prayer beseechingly to Him
Who, from the tribes of men,
Selected thee to feel his chastening rod.
Depart, O leper! and forget not God!"

And he went forth—alone! not one of all
The many whom he loved, nor she whose name
Was woven in the fibres of the heart
Breaking within him now, to come and speak
Comfort unto him. Yea, he went his way,
Sick and heart-broken, and alone—to die!
For God had cursed the leper!

It was noon,
And Helon knelt beside a stagnant pool
In the lone wilderness, and bathed his brow,
Hot with the burning leprosy, and touched
The loathsome water to his fevered lips,
Praying that he might be so blest—to die!
Footsteps approached, and with no strength to flee,
He drew the covering closer on his lip,
Crying, "Unclean! unclean!" and in the folds
Of the coarse sackcloth shrouding up his face,
He fell upon the earth till they should pass.
Nearer the stranger came, and bending o'er
The leper's prostrate form, pronounced his name.
—"Helon!"—the voice was like the master-tone
Of a rich instrument—most strangely sweet;
And the dull pulses of disease awoke,
And for a moment beat beneath the hot
And leprous scales with a restoring thrill.
"Helon! arise!" and he forgot his curse,
And rose and stood before him.

Love and awe
Mingled in the regard of Helon's eye
As he beheld the stranger. He was not
In costly raiment clad, nor on his brow
The symbol of a princely lineage wore;
No followers at his back, nor in his hand
Buckler, or sword, or spear—yet in his mien
Command sat throned serene; and if he smiled,
A kingly condescension graced his lips
The lion would have crouched to in his lair.
His garb was simple, and his sandals worn;
His stature modeled with a perfect grace;
His countenance, the impress of a God,
Touched with the open innocence of a child;
His eye was blue and calm, as is the sky
In the serenest noon; his hair unshorn
Fell to his shoulders; and his curling beard
The fullness of perfected manhood bore.
He looked on Helon earnestly a while,
As if his heart was moved, and, stooping down,
He took a little water in his hand
And laid it on his brow, and said, "Be clean!"
And lo! the scales fell from him, and his blood
Coursed with delicious coolness through his veins,
And his dry palms grew moist, and on his brow
The dewy softness of an infant's stole.
His leprosy was cleansed, and he fell down
Prostrate at Jesus' feet, and worshiped him.

WON—NOT WOOED.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Bred in the Bone," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A LEAF FROM A SKETCH-BOOK.

THE effect of the wound inflicted by Horn Winthrop was more serious than he had himself calculated upon. He had bidden Mabel not to let it rankle, but he little knew with what poison his weapon had been dipped. She stood for some minutes after his departure, pale as marble, and as motionless, with her hand still pressed to her heart, as though to mitigate the pain of some material blow. She never doubted for a moment that Horn had told her the truth. The contradiction to his statement, if false, could be obtained too easily, and, besides, he had with his own lips advised her to satisfy herself upon that point by inquiry. Mr. Winthrop had not been her anonymous benefactor at all; and, what was most terrible to think of, she had sacrificed herself to him, when the obligation was really owed to him who had already won her love. The first savings, the first earnings of Richard Thornton—for without Horn's cruel taunt she would now have recognized the gift as Richard's—sent to her to purchase her freedom from poverty, had been the means of selling her into slavery! Nay, what was more likely, Richard had not even earned the money, but for her sake had abased himself to his former patron, and obtained from him, at the cost of self-respect, the sum that had insured her own abasement. True, he had never spoken to her of love at all; but how clearly she saw now from what a chivalric and unselfish cause he had kept silence! No wonder that the news of her marriage had fallen upon him yesterday like a thunder-clap (how plainly she once more beheld his astounded look); and even then how patiently and forgivingly he had borne himself, doubtless making excuses for her in his own mind, when (she felt) she was without excuse, or almost without it. Perhaps he had had hopes of getting on in the world—his air and manner, when disconnected with herself, seemed to speak of better fortunes; even his mode of life, and the fact of his being a Volunteer at all, betokened improvement in this respect. "A year or two hence" (mayhap he had thought to himself) "I shall be able openly to offer my hand where I have, long ago, given my heart. I have not asked her to wait for me, but she will not be in haste to wed so soon after her father's death." And it was not eight months since she had been orphaned!

The bitter tears rolled fast down her white cheeks as she conjured up these thoughts; and then a deep flush suffused them, for she reflected that it was wickedness—and worse, that she herself had made it so—even to think of Richard at all. Love in her was henceforth a deadly sin, except where it was owed by duty, and she felt now more than ever that it was impossible to pay it *there*. Nay, how could even respect be paid to the man who had taken advantage of a sense of obligation which he must have known to be mistaken, misapplied, to make her his wife? It was as infamous as though, to procure his end, he had impersonated another man.

But was it perfectly certain that Mr. Winthrop had done this? With her burning forehead leaned on one cold hand, Mabel applied herself with earnestness, with passionate eagerness, to this question. For her own sake, as well as for his, she was most desirous to find, not excuses, but a justification for the man to whom she was doomed to be yoked for life. Her heart could never recommend him to mercy if he were guilty; it was essential, therefore, that her reason should acquit him. It was just possible that Mr. Winthrop had misunderstood the letter which she had sent him in reply to his offer of marriage: she had alluded therein to the anonymous present of two hundred pounds, as she had then thought, with sufficient explicitness, but still she had not mentioned it in plain terms. Word by word, with painful persistence, she now endeavored to recall exactly what she had written.

"You have not reminded me of the obligation *under which I am well aware you have placed me*; you are silent upon that point, because you are a gentleman. It is impossible, however, for me to forbear allusion to it. Nay, I must honestly tell you that it makes me feel your debtor; a bond-woman, and not a free agent."

Mabel pondered over those words exactly as Mr. Winthrop had pondered over them for hours that night at *The George* at Brackmere, striving her best, just as he had done, to deprive them of their particular significance.

"I am a rogue," he had cried out at one time, "an infernal villain; but I *will* have her." But this had been only an impulsive ejaculation. A reckless fellow whom the criminal law has pounced upon will sometimes exclaim: "It was I who did it—I am guilty." But being "duly cautioned" by the proper authorities, and having been interviewed by a sagacious attorney, this first too hasty view is generally abandoned. The accused person begins to think—or, at all events, to say—"I did *not* do it—I am *not* guilty;" and similarly Mr. Miles Winthrop, upon due reflection, had retracted those violent expressions against himself, or, at all events, had modified them very considerably. Upon reconsideration of Mabel's words, he had contrived to give them a general instead of particular signification. It was just possible, by the help of the devil, to accept them in what the theologians term a non-natural sense. It was fortunate (for this view of the case) that Mr. Winthrop had so good an opinion of his own high estate, for he managed to paraphrase Mabel's expression of her sense of obligation by "sense of the difference in our social rank, and of the enormous advantages on your side, concerning which, with your accustomed delicacy, you have been silent. So great is the disproportion between our positions that I tell you honestly I shall scarcely feel myself otherwise than your bond-woman."

This was precisely the view of the matter which Mabel was now endeavoring to present to herself; and in this she was not a little aided by the terms of Mr. Winthrop's reply. She took this from her desk, and spreading it out before her, sought in it for this new meaning with all the fervor of a partisan commentator seeking for a gloss.

"Do not speak of obligation," he had written, "for whatever I have to offer you—*or ever had*" (and it is fair to Mr. Winthrop to say that the italics were Mabel's own)—"seems to me of no value until you have deigned to accept it."

Of course that might be taken, as she had at first taken it, for a delicate allusion to the anonymous gift, but it might also be a graceful reference in general terms to the inequality of their positions, upon which he had misunderstood her to lay stress.

If the accused had had to defend himself in his own case before this merciful judge, he would without doubt have lost it, but eminent counsel had volunteered their service upon his behalf; Charity was pleading for him in Mabel's breast, and Pity, though it was not that Pity which is akin to Love. And, upon the whole, the verdict was an acquittal. Again and again she accused herself of having, through false delicacy, used vague and unmeaning terms respecting that gift of two hundred pounds, when it was her duty to have spoken out about it; it was her own fault that Mr. Winthrop had misunderstood her; it was all her own fault—this miserable, helpless business—and into what an abyss of wretchedness had it drawn her! Her mind had been resolutely fixed on repeating to his father every incident of Horn's insulting behavior; but in her deep humility and self-reproach it struck her now that it would be only a just punishment to herself to bear in secret, and without complaint, a wrong to disclose which would unquestionably be to wound her husband to the quick.

There are many women who do not love their husbands, and yet who do not loathe them. If Mabel felt any absolute aversion to Mr. Winthrop, it was from a cause which ought not to have existed, and which she did not admit to herself to exist—namely, because her love was given to another man. If matters had happened otherwise—but there was no necessity to dwell on that idea, and she resolutely put it from her. Mr. Winthrop was devoted to her—after his fashion; kind, indulgent, and—until the previous day—had never shown any symptom of ill humor, so far as she was concerned; and this last negative virtue was of the more account since his temperament was naturally irritable to the last degree.

There is a popular idea, that when a man and his wife are misjoined together—if the union is what is called "incompatible"—they pass their lives in fighting like cat and dog, which would be really too exhausting—or in maintaining a certain stately indifference to one another, which is almost as difficult to keep up as it would be to stand at the military position of "attention" for four-and-twenty hours. Such a condition of affairs would, in fact, be intolerable; and would be soon put a stop to, if by no nobler force, by that vulgar and commonplace instrument, Indigestion. Men like Mr. Winthrop, who have "seen so much of the world," and are (when they please) "so charming in society," are often, it is true, very far from being pleasant housemates; but they are not ruffians; they will endeavor to make themselves agreeable at home also, at all events occasionally, even for their own sake; it is only a fool, or one of considerably higher rank than a country gentleman, who fancies he can be brutal with impunity; and Mr. Winthrop had no inclination to be brutal. He was imperious and despotic in temper, but he was not a vulgar bully like his son. Horn had described his father accurately enough as resenting interference in his own affairs; the young man's wits, such they were, were concentrated upon such matters as affected himself; they were not diffused, nor directed to any other object; and therefore they had done him good service. (It is astonishing how well a man can live, even upon a small income, who religiously spends every sixpence upon himself.) He had even judged rightly when, reasoning from analogy, he had called his father jealous. But no occasion of jealousy had, heretofore at least, arisen to Mr. Winthrop the elder; and, except in that one instance of the proposed purchase of the second riding-horse, Mabel had never interfered with him. He was certainly rather fretful; but that she attributed to the state of his health, about which he was very solicitous; he was, in fact, a valetudinarian.

Mabel did not, of course, criticise her husband's character, point by point, in this fashion; it would have been ungenerous and undutiful to have done so; but in a general way she did review her own position as he affected it, and endeavored, by thinking the best she could of him, to fortify her own dutiful resolves.

When Mr. Winthrop returned that afternoon, he was in excellent spirits; he had bought the mare at Tattersall's, and was certain that it was the very thing to suit his wife; and Mabel thanked him, with only the gentle protest that he was too good to her. She was not a bad horsewoman; she had learned as a child to ride in a rough way at Swallowdip, on ponies and similar small deer, and had found the trained steed her husband had brought to Brackmere very manageable; she looked superbly on horseback, and he liked to see her look superb.

"I have had the mare sent down at once to Wapshot, my dear: to see you ride in these crowded streets before we can reach the Park, always makes me nervous; and as we have made up our minds to go home, it was just as well. Don't you think so?"

He spoke with careless frankness, but the glance which he directed toward his wife was furtive, and exhibited anxiety. She hesitated in her reply, because his remark took her so wholly by surprise. She had never been consulted on the matter in question; and when Mr. Winthrop had spoken last about leaving town, he had seemed in favor of going abroad.

"You have no objection to go to Wapshot, I hope?" added he, sharply.

"Certainly not, Miles. I am ready to start to-morrow, if you please. The park and grounds, to judge by all that I have heard, must be looking most beautiful; and it is far pleasanter to be in the country, this summer weather, than in London."

"I wish you had told me so before, my dear Mabel," replied Mr. Winthrop. "Your happiness makes mine, you know; but then you are so humble-minded; you never say, 'I want this, or that,' as a wife—or at least a bride—has surely a right to do. Well, you will have all you desire at Wapshot, I hope. Yes, the park will be looking well this July weather. I will write to Mrs. Merthyr by to-night's post, to get every thing ready for us, and especially to prevent certain things being got ready. I don't mind their ringing the church-bells, but I can't stand deputations of the tenantry, and long speeches, and, above all, the having one's horses taken out of the carriage, and being dragged home by men. Can you?"

"I have not had much experience in such welcomes," said Mabel, smiling; "but I think such adulation is a mistake. It does not seem right for men to take the place of horses."

"I don't care so much about that," said Mr. Winthrop; "if men like to make beasts of themselves, they may; but there's a nasty turn in the road up to the Hall, and if any of these demonstrative gentry should be inclined to jib—yes, I'll certainly put a spoke in that wheel beforehand."

When he had written his letter to the housekeeper, Mr. Winthrop's spirits rose even higher. It was plain that some difficulty had vanished, or that a weight was removed from his mind. For a wonder, no scheme of amusement had been devised for that particular evening, so these Darby and Joan remained at home. Wapshot naturally formed the subject of their talk, and Mr. Winthrop produced a number of well-executed drawings of the Hall and park, from one of his port-folios. He went about with a number of them, some full of home scenes, and some of the records of his foreign travel. When they had exhausted the former, Mabel asked to be shown the latter.

"I have looked over them all," said she, "or almost all, but many of them have no names, and you were not at hand to explain them to me."

This could not very easily have happened, since Mr. Winthrop rarely missed an opportunity of personally exhibiting the contents of his sketch-book; but it might have been so; and, at all events, the pretty speech was very grateful to him. The drawings were good and vigorously executed; the subjects well chosen with a view to effect, and very various. Here was a bit of jungle teeming with the most luxuriant vegetation of the tropics; and here a barren plain, "lit by a low, large moon," and without a tree.

"Why, this looks like a piece of British soil," said Mabel, as she gazed upon a crescent bay, fringed with fair woods; one horn a sandy slope, the other a fine headland, beyond which a ship was standing out to sea. "It is just such a scene as I remember at Shingleton."

"It was not, however, at Shingleton that I saw it," answered Mr. Winthrop, gravely; "it is many thousand miles from home—in Patagonia."

"Ah, yes," said Mabel, almost with tenderness: she remembered what Mrs. Marshall had told her concerning the first Mrs. Winthrop, and would have passed the picture by had not her companion stayed her hand.

"You have heard the story, then?" said he.

"No, Miles; at least I have been told only this much, that in Patagonia"— She hesitated; it is rather disconcerting for a bride to have to speak to her husband of her predecessor. To pretend sympathy for that dear departed to whose death our present enviable position is solely owing seems ridiculous; while any attempt at a compliment must needs be of the nature of self-praise. If No. 1 was a great treasure to her husband, how much more priceless must be No. 2, whose attractions have caused him to forget her! The whole subject is difficult of approach for a young lady in her honey-moon.

"Yes," said Mr. Winthrop, thoughtfully, "there is no spot on the earth's surface that has been so constantly in my mind's eye as yonder bay. It was there I lost my first wife for four long years, and, as I then thought, forever."

"Would it be too painful to you, Miles, to tell me how it happened?"

"It was a calm day, and we were coasting along the shore—about two miles from it. I had not been well, and was trying to get some sleep in my cabin, having sent Margaret on deck to enjoy the sunshine. Presently a curious spectacle presented itself: a quantity of beautiful flowers were seen floating on the waves. There is a river somewhere to the north here"—he indicated the spot on the picture—"the stream of which has sufficient strength and volume to make itself apparent out to sea for a mile or more; and this without doubt had brought down the objects in question, thrown overboard, perhaps, from some canoe; but it looked for the moment like a piece of magic. The people of the coast are savages, and we had given it, therefore, a wide berth; indeed, we had not touched land for weeks, and it was only natural that, to a lady's eye, this charming present from the land should seem acceptable. At all events, not only did Margaret greatly desire to secure it, but, seeing the sea so calm, expressed a wish to go herself in pursuit of it, as it slowly drifted toward the land. It was an imprudence which, had I been on deck, I should cer-

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tainly have opposed, but there seemed no sort of peril in it. An old and trusty sailor volunteered to take her in the smallest boat we had—a mere cockle-shell—and she unhappily consented to accompany him. The ship was almost becalmed, and the crew watched their progress without dreaming that any harm could happen to them. However, just as it seemed that the objects they pursued were within their reach, both flowers and boat began to hurry away as though in a mill-race. An under-current, of which, of course, we knew nothing, ran southward about a mile from land, and carried them past yonder sandy spit, and out of sight. The captain did what he could, and stood in-shore at once; but, though taking the self-same course as they had done, we could find no trace of them. For days and weeks we remained on that inhospitable coast until the weather changed, and it became dangerous to delay longer. Then, almost heart-broken, I came home without my wife."

"But she came back at last, Miles!" said Mabel, pitifully.

"Yes, yes," replied Mr. Winthrop, slowly. "She came back after four years, and our son, born in the mean time, with her. He is called Horn after the cape in the neighborhood of which this disaster happened."

"But how did they return?"

"An English trader, passing by the cape, and falling short of water, landed a boat's crew, which fell in with Margaret and her child. She had had strange adventures; but a native woman had been very kind to her; nor, indeed, notwithstanding the bad name which the people of that district bore, did any one molest her. Still, the experience was a terrible shock to her, poor woman, and she was never quite herself again."

"It is no wonder," answered Mabel, with dewy eyes. "But how doubly dear she must have been to you."

"Yes," said Mr. Winthrop; "naturally. But for her return, every acre of the estate would have passed into the hands of a distant branch of the family. You see it was quite impossible for me to contract a second marriage while the first Mrs. Winthrop's fate was still a matter of conjecture. As it was, her return seemed like the coming back of one from the dead."

"It must, indeed, have seemed so," answered Mabel. "Was the poor sailor never heard of?"

"Michael? No, never. It is my belief they ate him," observed Mr. Winthrop, coldly; "for the natives were cannibals."

"Cannibals!" echoed Mabel, with a shudder.

"They were, indeed. The notion shocks you, very naturally. Imagine, therefore, how exceedingly distasteful the whole subject must be to me. Still I thought it right to put you in possession of the facts, since you will probably hear some vulgar version of them from those not likely to be so well informed. We need not speak of the matter again." He turned the leaf. "Now there's a charming place—an island of the West Indies, not a mile across, but which, for richness and beauty, might be the very bride of islands. We passed three days there, snatched in advance, as it seemed, from life in heaven."

So passed the evening. It was not till the clock struck midnight that the recollection of Horn Winthrop's conduct that morning recurred to Mabel. The twelve hours were now passed, during which, if he should hear nothing to the contrary, he had said, he should conclude that peace was made between them. Peace? Her lip curled scornfully as she recalled the word. But though she might reject all alliance with this brutal foe, could she dare to declare war against him? No; she dared not. For years, perhaps for life, she was doomed, then, to be exposed to all the force of his ill will, unless she could ransom herself by aiding his schemes upon his father's purse. She acknowledged the full value of the secret of which, she knew not how, he had contrived to possess himself. He was right in judging that she had not the courage to confess to her husband that she had received help from another's hand, and that other Richard Thornton, and had married *him* because she had misunderstood it to come from his own. She must bear her cross as she could. What mattered it? Life did not last forever; and, at all events, she who had been alone to blame in the matter—for so she had persuaded herself—alone would have to suffer. How much more terrible it would have been, if one she loved, and who was innocent of her offense, had had to suffer also!

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE TWO PORTRAITS.

SITUATED in a glorious park, affording almost every description of scenery, and surrounded by a chain of mountains, Wapshot Hall had great picturesque attractions outside its walls, while within it was acknowledged to be one of the "show-places" of the north. Fortunately for the peace of mind of its present proprietor, tourists did not, however, throng to it very numerously even in the tourist months. It did not border upon any of the great arteries of travel, nor was there any rival object of interest in its neighborhood. No rounded earth ramparts stood near it to mark where Dane or Roman had intrenched themselves; no tumulus, with its possibilities of hero's bones or weapons; nor did any hoary legends in particular cling to the ancient Hall itself. It was too far north to have suffered from border ravage; or perhaps too solitary, and therefore unremunerative, to have tempted it. It was in too good repair to admit of a "haunted wing." Like the family which possessed it, Wapshot Hall had never, in fact, been remarkable for any thing, and yet was interesting, if not instructive, from its very antiquity.

The general style of the house was Elizabethan, but its architecture was various and irregular. Though backed and overshadowed by very lofty hills, it stood on high ground, was built, indeed, on a fine natural plateau, part of which in front of the edifice had been so contrived as to resemble a magnificent artificial terrace. From it and, of course, from the windows that commanded it there was a "home view" almost unrivaled. The well-wooded and undulating park sloped down to a great lake, on whose summer brightness, or winter's steely blue, the eye was never tired of gazing. Hills of a less stately height than those behind the Hall encompassed this landscape. The whole estate was as complete and self-contained as though it had been created apart from the rest of the world, and contained as various elements of beauty—in hill and vale, in wood and water—as a picture of Claude's. Extensive as it was, and fair as was the income it yielded, the house was large for its acres. Though the mere materials for its erection lay near at hand, it was a marvel how men in so retired and unpopulous a spot could have been procured in sufficient numbers to build it. The original designer must have had the passion for vastness of a Pharaoh. The great hall—which, it is true, the family and their retainers, as well, probably, as a whole pack of divers kinds of dogs, used in old times as a common dining-room—could have accommodated a horse regiment. All attempts to light it by artificial means, except by gas, which it would have been blasphemous to suggest, were vain; and even in the day-time the painted shields that studded the long windows turned half the sunshine into gules and azure before it poured upon the black and shining floor. To Mabel, with the remembrance of the little Brackmere lobby in her mind, the proportions of this place, as well as those of the vast oak staircase that led from it to the upper floors, seemed colossal. She had been inside that world-famous castle which was the object of her father's loyalty, but even there she had not seen so large an apartment, or, if she had, had never conceived of it as being a "living-room"—a place to dine in. Yet here, in the summer months, it was Mr. Winthrop's habit to take his principal meal, with three or four servants standing about the board, whose presence rather increased than diminished the sense of a solitary space. It would have required half a hundred retainers, with as many flambeaux, to have duly peopled such a scene, and lit up those great breadths of shadow.

It was in this stately room, after a long railway journey, and (in time) almost as long a carriage drive through a wild but picturesque district, that Mabel found herself. Her awe, which was not less than that of the bride of the lord of Burleigh upon her first introduction to *his* greatness, showed itself in her features, and by no means displeased her husband. It was a fitting tribute to that social position he had conferred upon her, and which was evidently so much superior to the highest expectations she had entertained of it. With a self-satisfied smile he touched her hand, and pointed to the housekeeper, who stood courtesying by the door-way.

"Mrs. Merthyr is accustomed to see people astonished at the size of my dining-room, Mabel, and she will excuse your remissness."

With a flush and a smile, Mabel held out her hand, and warmly acknowledged the old lady's greeting. She was a stately dame, in silk as stiff as tarpaulin; and such silk was her only wear. She had "shown" Wapshot to visitors for a quarter of a century, and if she had taken some of their compliments upon it, as well as the gold pieces (for silver she never took) to herself, it was but natural, for she identified herself with the house as completely as though she were stone and mortar instead of flesh and blood; hence her magnificent deportment, now slightly mitigated and toned down in the presence of her master and his bride.

"We have to thank you, Mrs. Merthyr," said Mr. Winthrop, "for having arranged for us so quiet a reception. Mrs. Winthrop is naturally fatigued after so long a journey; and it was better, I thought, to dispense with all welcomes except from the tongues of your church-bells." The peals from the belfry of the hidden village church were filling the evening air with their complaining mirth; else no voice had wished them joy. The tenantry and villagers had been given to understand it was their lord's wish that they should abstain from all demonstration, but they were to come up to the Hall on the morrow, when there were to be great doings.

"It was not, Sir, for want of the wish to honor you and your lady that our people have kept at home to-night," replied Mrs. Merthyr, respectfully. Then, turning to her new mistress, "Dinner will be served as soon as it is your pleasure to order it. May I have the honor of showing you, madam, to your room?"

This apartment was the state sleeping-room of Wapshot, and might have been used, so far as size was concerned, by all the generations of the Winthrops from the Heptarchy till then at the same time. Rushes had once strewn the floor, and tapestry hung from the walls; and though thick-piled carpets and elegant paper-hangings had been substituted for these, the vastness and the gloom affected Mabel. The daylight had fled, but the curtains of the great bay-window had not been drawn, and she walked quickly to it, as though to seek cheerfulness from without. The scene was fair and placid enough, but scarcely cheerful; it was, on the contrary, solemn and lonely. The whole of Martha Barr's establishment, including the front garden and its mysterious back yard, might have been placed in that bay-window.

"I hope you will like your room and its view," said the housekeeper, rather stiffly.

"Both are most beautiful," replied poor Mabel, anxious to please this formidable person, who called her—so incongruously—mistress. "But I have been accustomed to much smaller rooms, and I feel"—she was about to say, a little frightened, but she restrained herself, and added—"quite lost in this one."

Mrs. Merthyr smiled graciously at this, as though it had been a personal compliment. "It takes some time to get accustomed to Wapshot, madam," said she; "but you can not fail to like it in the end. If you have no other commands, I will leave you for the present, and summon your own maid."

And off the old dame stalked with a stately rustle, such as Autumn makes among her fallen leaves.

The evening was mild, and, for that northern climate, even warm, but Mabel shivered; a chilling sense of loneliness, almost of desolation, was creeping upon her. Ah, if only she could have had her faithful Susan from the Rectory to tend her now, and keep her company in this alien place, amidst these unhomelike splendors! If her husband, who was always willing to give her pleasure, had but thought of *that*, or if she had had the courage to suggest it to him! But she had not. She had feared—and not without reason—that he might have taken such a request as being a proof that his love, his protection, his companionship, were not sufficient for her; that though his wife, she still felt strange and ill at ease with him. What would she not have given for the sight of a familiar face, however humble, for the sound of a voice that had affection in its tone, in place of the measured accents of respect that met her ear at Wapshot! Mabel had had no attendant of her own in London, preferring to use the services of one of the maids of the hotel; but Mrs. Merthyr had been enjoined to furnish her with this "requisite for the toilet," and she had done so.

Caroline Vance had emanated originally from that great emporium for maid-servants in the rough, the village school; but she had "taken a place" early, and having "given great satisfaction," had been promoted from the nursery, where she had been "Carry," to my lady's chamber, where she was "Vance." Circumstances over which she had certainly no control (namely, the bankruptcy of my lady's husband) had necessitated a breaking up of his establishment; and so Caroline had returned to Wapshot, just in time, as it so happened, to become "Vance" again in Mrs. Winthrop's service. She could not, of course, at all events at present, be what Susan would have been to Mabel; but she brought with her a smiling face and kindly ways, which were very welcome. She was pretty, too; and Mabel did not entertain that jealousy of good looks in her own sex which many women—even young and pretty ones themselves—both experience and exhibit. Vance was used to the great house, having in her early days helped to scrub and tidy it under the distant supervision of Mrs. Merthyr; and her familiarity with the place and its vastness gave her young mistress courage. For to say truth, and notwithstanding its magnificence as a mansion, Wapshot Hall was a dismal place to which to bring a newly married wife. With half a dozen children to wake the echoes of its long galleries with their blithe laughter, and to patter over the smooth oak floors with their lively feet—with plenty of cheerful guests to exorcise its melancholy, and a few couples of young people to utilize the bay-windows when the moon streamed through them, and change their ghostly atmosphere to one of love—it would have been charming; but as it was, the Hall was not only dull, but depressing.

Visitors came, of course—magnates of the land, who brought their congratulations for their neighbor the lord of Wapshot, eyed Mabel with considerable interest, not unmixed, she sometimes thought, with pity, and asked—always with effort and a certain awkwardness—after Mr. Horn. It was evident that the young gentleman was not a favorite. Mabel returned these calls in company with her husband; and dinner-parties, given and returned, took place in due course. These were dull and heavy in themselves, and yet, when they were over, and the guests had departed, a deeper melancholy seemed to settle down upon the rooms they had partially filled if not enlivened. So far as her husband was concerned, she had no reason to complain of solitariness. He liked her to be with him at all times. He took long rides with her over the country round; he would have her sit by him in the park for hours while he sketched a view, or made a "study" of some noble tree; in the evening he would read aloud to her a play or poem, for he possessed considerable elocutionary powers, and was very proud of them. He sometimes read her poems of his own, to which it was necessary to pay extreme attention, that she might applaud judiciously, since indiscriminate praise offended him even more than silence. Well, it was no great hardship. Respectable persons who read this history will aver that if Mrs. Winthrop was not satisfied with her position (considering what it was and what it had been), ay, and thankful for it, she deserved to be whipped. There is no need, however, for so sharp a judgment. Mabel never expressed dissatisfaction, and a time was coming when she was destined to show herself not unmindful of her husband's consideration and regard. Moreover, it must be remembered that she only enjoyed these last at the pleasure of another, who permitted her to do so, through no good-will. Notwithstanding the prevailing fair weather, it was always within Horn Winthrop's power to overcast her sky, perhaps forever. That he had made no attempt to do so at present was no evidence of safeguard for the time to come. It only proved that Horn had had good luck at cards and billiards.

Matters were in this state, when an incident took place at Wapshot, slight in itself, but which was destined to eventually affect the whole future fortunes of its mistress. It was late autumn now, and a wet and windy day—so windy that the vast window-frames of the Hall, made in old times, when massiveness was held of more account that a neat fit, shivered and shook, as though human hands were impatiently beating for admission, and yet so wet that the wind could not drive off the rain, that fell in sheets, and hid the mountains with its living wall. Mr. Winthrop was in his study writing letters, and Mabel had taken the opportunity to ask Mrs. Merthyr to show her the picture-gallery: she knew such a request would please the old lady; and since her husband had not volunteered his own services as cicerone, she already knew him well enough to be sure that, for some reason or other, he was disinclined to do so. Imagine, then, the old housekeeper, stiff as her silk, fingering with one hand the heavy gold watch-chain, the only ornament she wore, and with the other pointing out to her young mistress, here a cavalier with slouched hat and plume and gayly ribboned sword-hilt, and here a Jacobite with wily smile, drinking "Across the water" to the king. Their progress down the long gallery was far slower, of course, than when Mrs. Merthyr told the story of the house to casual visitors; this chance of informing her young mistress of the ancestral greatness with which she had allied herself being not one to be thrown away. The day grew darker and more tempestuous, but still she swept slowly on, dilating garrulously upon this picture and that, as though she were the Muse of History. "So ends our Tudor line," she would say, or, "So our Stuart," as though the family of Winthrop had been a sovereign house.

The great chimney-piece in the centre of the gallery, with its glorious wealth of carven flowers, was generally a great topic with her, but on this occasion she passed it by with a mere, "Grinling Gibbons;" and began again—for the pictures were arranged in chronological order—with the less remote ancestry.

Here was a knight of the shire, girt with his javelin-men; and here a quaintly appareled gentleman who had raised a troop of yeomanry at his own expense, and only reserved to himself the right of inventing the uniform. From this latter worthy had forked the Denham branch of the family. "They had great hopes, those people, fifteen years ago, of coming to Wapshot," remarked Mrs. Merthyr, triumphantly; "but my last lady's return with Master Horn secured the succession to the right line. That is my last lady, painted in Paris by a French artist, and said to be very like."

"*Said* to be!" echoed Mabel, gazing upon the portrait in question, which represented a very beautiful and young brunette. "Why, could you not judge for yourself? You must have seen her often."

Mrs. Merthyr dropped her voice, and looked cautiously about her. "Yes; but not like that. Directly after the marriage Mr. Winthrop, without even visiting Wapshot for a day, took her abroad—all round the world, as they say. But there! if my master has not told you, it does not become me to speak of such matters."

"Mr. Winthrop has told me all," said Mabel, simply, "except that he has never spoken of his wife's beauty. What a glorious creature she must have been!"

And, indeed, if to the physiognomist there was weakness in those parting lips and laughing eyes, to the ordinary observer they did but add gayety to the sum of her charms.

"And was she always bright and blithe like that?"

Mrs. Merthyr held up her hands. "Like *that!*"—then, as if suddenly recollecting herself, she added, quietly—"No, madam; her picture, as *I* knew her, hangs in my room."

"Might I see it?"

"He has not laid his commands upon me not to show it," muttered the old housekeeper, as if arguing with herself.—"Yes, madam, if you will please to honor my poor chamber."

Mrs. Merthyr always spoke as though she were acting in a blank-verse play of the Elizabethan epoch; for, in plain prose, her room was not only a handsome one, but, what very few others in the house were, exceedingly snug. During the long absences of the head of the house it had more than once received as guests the curate of the parish, the attorney, and the junior member of the firm of London wine-merchants who supplied the Wapshot cellars. There was nothing remarkable about it, however, beyond its gentility and comfort, save the picture which Mabel had been brought to see. This hung beside the book-case, almost out of sight, and had a little curtain drawn across it.

"There is no secret about it," explained Mrs. Merthyr, still in a self-justifying tone, "since every one on the estate has seen the original; but it is apt to catch a stranger's eye, and excite idle curiosity; so I keep it covered. The poor dear lady had a fancy to have it taken, and my master humored her; but he bade me never let him see it. A sad change, is it not, from her you saw just now in the gallery?" Mabel had uttered an exclamation of astonishment and horror. It would have been quite impossible to identify the two portraits—one of which represented youth and the other a premature old age—but for Mrs. Merthyr's remark; but what struck the present spectator much more forcibly than the substitution of white hair for black, and wrinkled paleness for plumpness and color, was the scared look of the mouth and eyes.

"Was she frightened out of her wits?" asked Mabel, with an involuntary shudder.

"No, madam. If any one has told you *that*—I don't care who it is," exclaimed the old lady, with sudden indignation—"they have spoken falsely. She knew what she did, ay, and said, to the very last. If it should cost me my place, I would never wrong the dead by denying that."

"It is a sad sight," said Mabel, pityingly.

"Yes, madam; and perhaps I have been wrong to show it you." She had replaced the curtain over the picture, and once more spoke in her customary measured tones.

"It was imprudent of me, my dear." The pity in her young mistress's face seemed to touch

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her heart and smooth her stateliness away. But Mabel scarcely heard her, the picture so engrossed her thoughts.

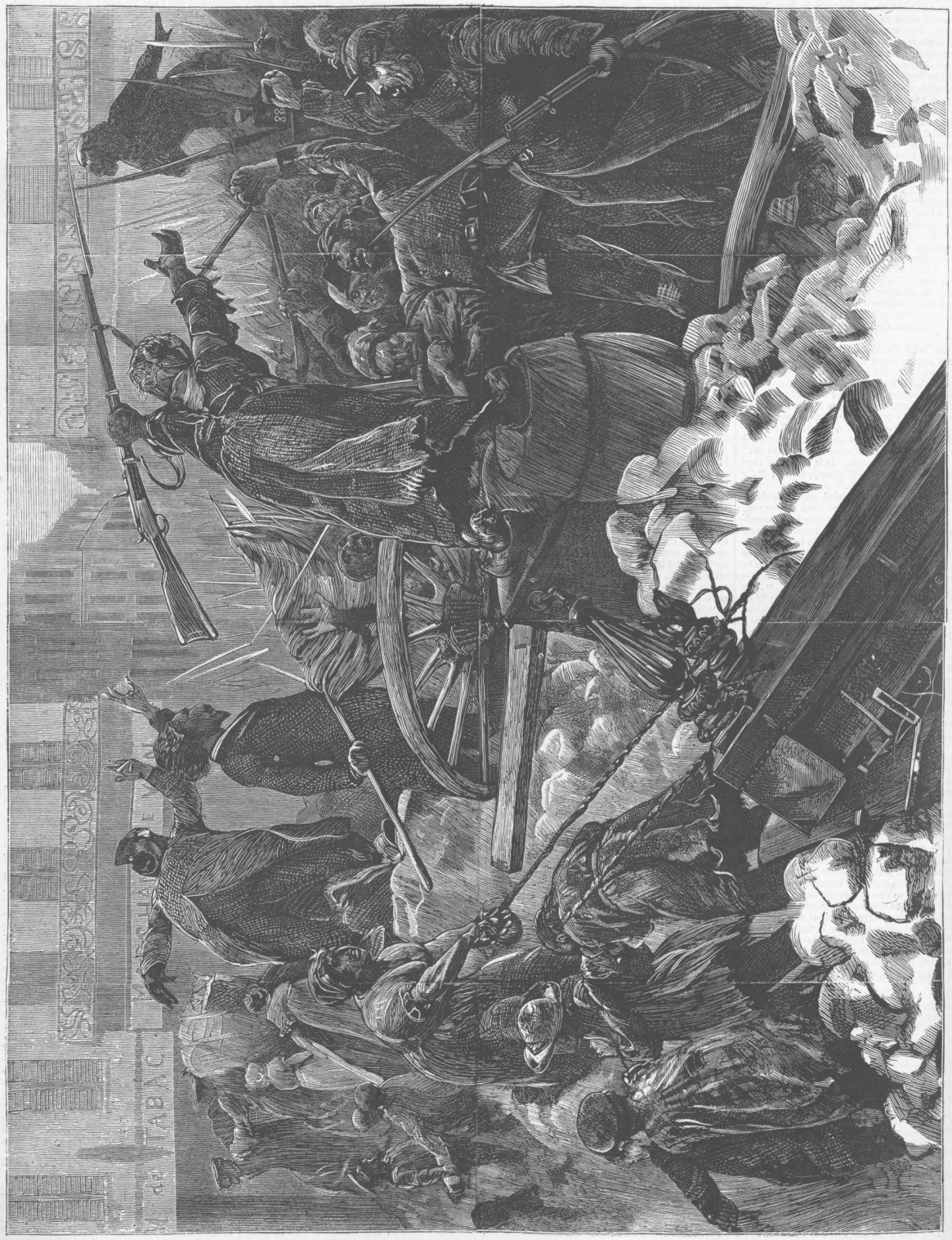
"And was Mrs. Winthrop always as she is painted there since you remember her?" inquired she.

"No, madam. When she first came home with her child she was very different, though not more unlike to this portrait than to the other. She was still young, but neither blithe nor bright. Let us not talk of it, madam, if you please. This is a pretty sketch of the Lower Fall, my master was so good as to present me with, and to write his own name beneath it. And this a silhouette of Master Horn when he was a child. A pretty state he used to get in at the sight of it, because it made him black; and so, you see, it was hung high, out of his reach."

THE COMMUNISTS IN PARIS.

WE give on page 409 a series of sketches from which our readers may form an idea of the present condition of the unhappy capital of France under the rule of the Reds. The view of the Hôtel de Ville shows how thoroughly the important streets are barricaded. This building is the civil head-centre of the Reds. There is a certain superstition among the Paris populace that whatever party holds this building rules France, and thus the leaders of all popular insurrections have always attempted to occupy it. On the 4th of September last the downfall of the empire and the advent of the republic were declared from the Hôtel de Ville, and twice during the siege the Reds tried to gain possession of it, but failed; this time they have succeeded, and on the 28th of March they proclaimed the Commune from the door-step with great ceremony. The Place de l'Hôtel de Ville is strongly barricaded and guarded, and an enormous number of cannon are parked there. A motley crowd of soldiers are inside the place, and Nationaux, Moblots, Line, and Garibaldians wander about, staring at the crowds outside, and are apt to make not overpleasant remarks on any stranger whom they suspect to be an aristocrat or spy, if they do not make him the recipient of more practical marks of their disfavor.

Another sketch on the same page represents a scene often witnessed in some of the more frequented streets of Paris during the height of the disturbances. This was especially the case on the Rue de Rivoli, which was a favorite resort of the curious, who wanted to get as near the head-quarters of the insurgents as possible, so as to obtain an inkling of what was going on. Women of every class, though particularly those of the lower order of Parisiennes, who are famous for their readiness to take a hand in political rows, formed a conspicuous feature of the scene. Both in olden and modern revolutions, the Paris women have shown themselves most energetic and active in the cause of radicalism. In the reign of terror the women took the lead, and in many cases showed themselves even more bitter and cruel toward the hated aristocrats than their *sans-culottes* brethren. In the present revolution the women have shown themselves almost worthy of their sisters of 1792–93; and when, during the siege, an English gentleman was arrested in Paris as a spy, one of these gentle Parisiennes proposed to stretch him to petroleum and set him on fire,



A BARRICADE IN PARIS.

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a suggestion which was happily negatived by the male portion of the crowd.

The crowd in the Rue de Rivoli had by no means a quiet time of it. Continual panics arose, rumors were periodically circulated that the National Guards, who had been posted in the Rue Castiglione, and the various other approaches to the Place Vendôme, were about to fire, and the people would fly down the street as if for their lives. Sometimes, also, the *rappel* would be beaten, the cry of "*Aux armes*" would be raised, and the sentries would make a gallant charge, and scatter the terrified crowd to the winds, while the inmates of the houses looking on the street would carefully close, bar, and bolt all their doors and windows. Such a scene is represented in the sketch of the Rue de Rivoli.

The sketch on page 412 shows the mob engaged in building a barricade. These street fortifications have always been a great feature in a Parisian revolution, or, indeed, a French disturbance of any kind. The first idea of a Parisian rioter is to construct one; and with this view he seizes a passing omnibus or a couple of cabs, turns them over, sets half a dozen *gamins* to work to tear up the neighboring paving-stones, and in a few moments he has erected a fortification which, if defended by a few resolute men, would require at least a detachment of artillery to demolish. The windows of the houses behind the barricade are usually occupied by sharp-shooters, who effectually prevent any cavalry or infantry from approaching it, while a well-aimed fire from the erection itself greatly hinders the operations of an attacking force. Some of the barricades are very artistically and ingeniously constructed, and the Parisian *gamins* are extremely clever at making them. Thus, as the sketch represents, quite in his element, *Gavroche* laughs and jokes while working away with a rapidity inconceivable to those who have never witnessed such an operation. Indeed, the speed with which these dangerous obstructions are raised is wonderful, and the success of the Reds in obtaining control of the city is not a little attributable to the timely and methodical manner in which the barricades were almost simultaneously erected in all the disaffected quarters. Many also were armed with new cannon, while others were defended by Montigny mitrailleuses originally intended for use against the Prussians. The barricade in the sketch was raised at the junction of the Rue and Boulevard Rochechouart.

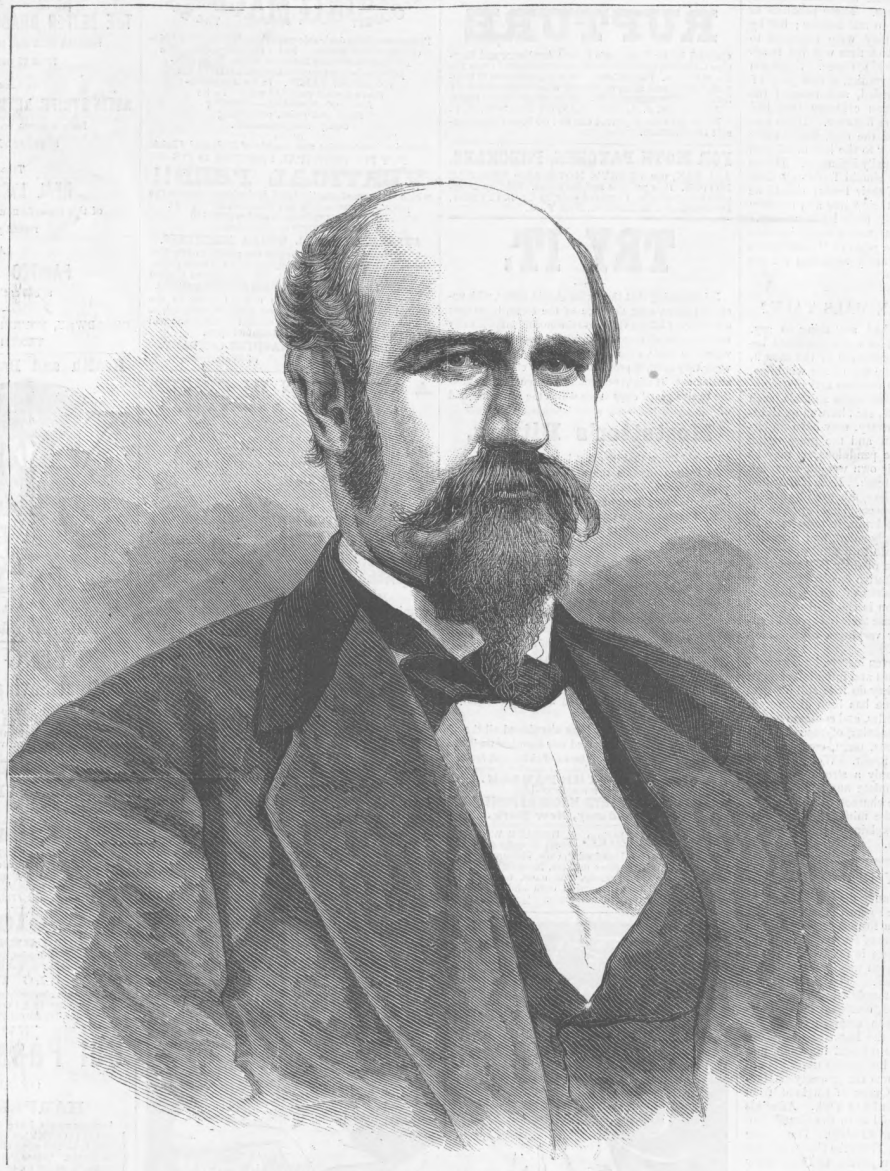
A FRAGMENT FROM A BATTLE.

IT is the evening of the 12th August, 1759; the setting sun is looming blood-red through the rolling smoke which covers the battle-field of Kunersdorf;* the Prussian army, after nine hours' hard fighting against overwhelming numbers, is reeling back in one great whirl of confusion from the three batteries which it captured this morning; while, mingling with the dark blue masses, appear the glittering ranks of Loudon's Austrian dragoons, slaughtering without mercy; and over the crest of the ridge above, in all their dim and shadowy immensity, come the endless gray lines of the Russian grenadiers, rallied after two successive defeats, and coming on once more to victory and to vengeance. Frederick the Great, broken-hearted and despairing, is galloping away, feeling in the inner pocket of his shot-torn coat for the vial of poison which he never lays aside; and Marshal Soltikoff, amidst the congratulations of his staff, is writing to the Empress Elizabeth of Russia, "Your Majesty's enemies have met the fate which they merit: Prussia is annihilated." Had any one at that moment whispered in the ear of the triumphant marshal, or of the despondent king, "A century hence this 'annihilated' Prussia of yours shall be the first power in central Europe, shaking the councils of Russia, and hewing her way into the heart of France," how both would have started! And yet stranger things than that have come to pass since then.

Last in the field, as the charging hosts came rolling on, remained two battalions of the Prussian life-guard, which, formed in close order on the plateau fronting the Judenberg, made a last stand to cover the retreat of their comrades. And for a time, by sheer force of discipline and resolution, the few made good their ground against the many. Loudon's dragoons, Batthyani's hussars, the flower of the imperial army, reeled back in mid-charge before the crushing fire of the veteran grenadiers; and for a moment the whirling tide of ruin halted around this handful of daring men, like an island in the midst of a roaring sea. Again the cavalry rallied and came on; and following them came surging, like foaming waves, the white masses of the Austrian infantry; while in the centre of all this torrent of attack (a tiny speck of dark blue amidst the endless sea of white) stood, with the firmness of men who know that they are to die, the indomitable column. Could a painter have snatched the scene at that moment, it would have made a marvelous picture. The wreck and confusion of the battle-field beneath its rolling smoke, upon which the sinking sun cast a lurid glare—the wild shout and headlong rush of the splendid horsemen—the granite firmness of the blue-coated ranks behind their hedge of steel, from which burst ever and anon the flash and crack of the fatal musketry—the sudden scattering of the glittering squadrons, and their spectral disappearance into the billowy smoke—were all perfect in their weird and terrible picturesqueness. And now came the foot to back the assault of the horse; blasting volleys of musketry rained upon the Prussian column, and on swept the enemy with leveled bayonets, hot from their nine hours' fighting, and mad with rage and vengeance. But the Prussians, though falling fast, closed sternly up at the word of command, and poured in a fire that nothing could endure. All around that unconquerable handful Austrian grenadier and Hungarian hussar lay strewn upon the earth like leaves, their splendid uniforms all smeared and defiled with blood. Whenever the smoke rolled away, the thin line of steel stood out firm and even as ever, while above it loomed a range of stern faces, all alike wearing that set, grim, dangerous look wherein the tiger part of man proclaims itself when he is fairly brought to bay; and in the pause of the fearful din were heard the clear, manly voices of the Prussian officers: "Hold to it, lads! a little longer, and our king is safe!"

But such a fight is too unequal to last long. For now the Russians come up in overpowering strength, and fall like an avalanche upon the devoted column. Its front is broken by the sheer weight of the charge; and now begins such a tug of hand-to-hand slaughtering, such stabbing with fixed bayonets, and beating with clubbed muskets, as has rarely been seen on a modern battle-field. Prussians beat out the brains of Russians, Russians fix their teeth in the throats of Prussians; it is a mere welter of blind animal ferocity, a fight not of men, but of wolves and wolf-hounds. The Prussian flag drops to the ground, stained with the blood of its bearer; a young Prussian grenadier sets his foot upon it, and, wielding his heavy musket like a flail, smashes down the Russians who eagerly grasp at the fallen ensign. His gun-stock flies in shivers—he clutches the sabre of a slain dragoon, and lays open the face of his nearest enemy—a bayonet pierces his arm, a musket-butt falls upon his head from behind—flashes dance before his eyes, and every thing seems to swim round him—then all is blank!

* A village near Frankfort-on-the-Oder, where Frederick the Great was beaten by the combined armies of Austria and Russia.



ORANGE S. WINANS.

ORANGE S. WINANS, of Chautauqua County, was elected by the Republicans a representative to the New York Assembly in 1870. He voted with his party until toward the end of the session, when Mr. IRVING, a Democratic Assemblyman from New York, assaulted Mr. SMITH M. WEED, a Democrat from Clinton, and resigned, leaving the Democrats without a majority. Thereupon Mr. WINANS, with the other Republicans, signed an agreement not to support certain measures which had been introduced by the Democrats for their own advantage. After he had done so, Mr. WINANS states, in a card, that he "concluded to watch developments;" and developments persuaded him to vote with the Democrats. Thus, by the aid of the representative of one of the most thoroughly Republican districts in the State, elected as a Republican, the Tammany Ring accomplished its purposes.

TRIAL BY JURY.

THE institution of trial by jury is by no means so ancient as some of its admirers may suppose. The earliest known statutory notice of juries at all resembling those known to us occurs in the famous constitutions of Clarendon, A.D. 1164. Down to that period—and, indeed, after it—juries seem to have frequently been, not judges of fact, but mere witnesses, whose testimony was designed to influence the Court by its unanimity. In either capacity they were not much employed. There is one instance—probably the only one that occurred during the eleventh century—in which juries performed their modern duty of deciding as to facts—when Odo of Buzent called upon a number of persons to choose twelve from among them to testify their decision by oath. It may be presumed that the results of the experiment were unsatisfactory, as many years were allowed to elapse before any thing of the same kind was again attempted. In the earlier part of the reign of Henry II., trial by duel was decisive in all actions relating to freeholds, writs of right, validity of charters, suretyship, and some other suits. The function exercised by jurors, as a body of official witnesses in a trial, was, doubtless, one of the main reasons why they were chosen from the district where the cause of action arose, or the crime was committed, at the trial of which they were required to attend. The practice of selecting jurors from particular districts has thus, like many other ancient usages, survived the circumstances that gave it birth. Our ancestors had many ways of gaining their objects, which in these gentler—must it be said, these more degenerate—days appear to savor much of brutality. The modes by which the good conduct of juries was at one time provided for are cases in point. In the reign of Henry III. of England, when juries could not agree, the verdict of the majority was taken, and the minority were fined for obstinately maintaining a difference of opinion. Indeed, the late Lord Campbell, when chief justice, once, in a moment of impatience, told a

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jury who were unable to agree to a verdict on which he himself had made up his mind, that, according to the English law as it even now stands, he could order them to be conveyed in a cart to the nearest ditch where the counties joined, and there "shot" in. The mode of revising a verdict was still worse. Motion for a new trial is a comparatively modern expedient, which was first resorted to in the case of "Wood *vs.* Gunston" in 1645. Before that our English ancestors were accustomed to resort to the simpler plan of keeping juries honest by penalties, it being taken for granted that juries could only give a wrong verdict under the promptings of guilty and corrupt motives. These penalties at one time extended only to real actions; but by 34 Edward III., c. 7, they were extended to juries in all actions. And thus was the recalcitrant jury brought within range. Suspicion being thrown on their verdict, a new jury of twenty-four was impaneled, and reheard the case on precisely the same evidence that had been submitted in the first instance. If the second verdict contradicted the first, the unlucky twelve were condemned "to the loss of all civil rights, and to be perpetually infamous. It was also ordained that they should forfeit all their goods and the profits of their lands; should be themselves imprisoned, their wives and children driven out of doors, and their lands wasted." This horrible punishment was actually inflicted in instances as late as the reign of "good Queen Bess," and was not formally abolished till the reign of George IV.

WHY DO NOT ANIMALS TALK?

THEY would, if they had any thing to say. There must be a very nice correspondence between the muscular construction of the mouth, the vocal apparatus at the top of the windpipe, and the brain in order to produce articulate language. None of the carnivorous animals, such as dogs, lions, tigers, cats, etc., have snug, tight-fitting lips. On the contrary, they have no circular muscle, as in man and the grass-eating animals. Their lips are pendulous, as may be noticed, sagging by their own weight, exposing some of their under-jaw teeth. Even if they had thoughts, they could not be symbolized by articulate sounds, because labials could not be produced. In the social animals the brain, in proportion to their bodies, is exceedingly small, and therefore supposed to be inadequate to mental operations beyond the manifestation of their instincts. A few birds possess an imitative faculty of copying and reproducing the voices of others, but the range of their articulation is confined to lingual sounds exclusively, because their horny beaks admit of no flexibility for varying a tone. Man alone is a talking being.

Still all animals, and even insects, have a method of making their wishes and intentions known to each other. How they do it is still a secret for which no open-sesame has been discovered. Bees, wasps, spiders, beetles, and common house-flies comprehend the meaning of their kindred associates. So do horses, oxen, cows, and all the wild animals of the forest. Wolves concert attacks requiring not only a strong force, but stratagem; and to complete any proposed expedition of a formidable character implies exact acquaintance with all the minutiæ of an expedition. How is a plan explained without words? That is a grave question.

THE SANCY DIAMOND.

THE history of the Sancy diamond, like that of most other celebrated gems, is curious. It derives its name from a former possessor—one Nicholas Harlai, Seigneur of Sancy. Being anxious to raise money upon it for the aid of his prince, Henry IV., the gem was intrusted to the care of a faithful servant. The man was attacked by robbers and murdered. His master recovered the body, and, confident in his servant's fidelity, opened the stomach, where he found, as he expected, the lost treasure. He then proceeded with his original intention, and pawned it to the Jews; but he was never able to reclaim it. In 1649 it was the property of Henrietta Maria, Dowager Queen of England, from whom it passed to the Duke of York. After his abdication James II. sold it to the Grand Monarque, Louis XIV., for £25,000. During the fatal days of September, 1792, the Garde Meuble was robbed of the crown jewels, and the Sancy diamond disappeared with the rest. It turned up again in 1838, when the Princess Paul Demidoff bought it from an agent of the Bourbons for £75,000. In 1866 it was for sale in London. Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy, the well-known Parsee, bought it for £20,000. And now, curiously enough, the Sancy diamond has returned to its native country.

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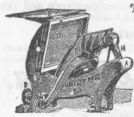
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Principal of debt, 1865	$2,755,995,275
Paid under Johnson	264,595,371
Principal, March 4, 1869	$2,491,399,904
Paid under Grant	223,083,673
Present public debt	$2,268,316,231
Interest charge, 1865	151,832,051
Reduced in four years by redemptions and funding 7.30 Notes	25,442,594
Interest charge, 1869	$126,389,550
Reduced in two years by redemptions	12,052,998
Present interest charge	$114,336,552

The proposed further reduction of the annual interest charge upon the public debt by refunding is as follows:

By exchange of $500,000,000 United States six per cents for new five per cents of 1881	$5,000,000
By exchange of $300,000,000 United States six per cents for four and a half per cents of 1886	4,500,000
By exchange of $700,000,000 United States six per cents for four per cents of 1901	14,000,000
Total saving per annum by refunding	$23,500,000

The whole proceeds of the new loans will be applied to the payment or redemption and cancellation of the 5-20 years six per cent. bonds, and in addition to these proceeds, the 5-20's are now being reduced by purchase at the rate of $10,000,000 per month.

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MEMORIES OF DISTINGUISHED AUTHORS.

MARIA EDGEWORTH.

BY S. C. HALL.

THE eldest daughter and the second child of Richard Lovell Edgeworth was MARIA EDGEWORTH. Before I proceed to the few and brief details I can give concerning the subject of this "Memory," the reader will not be displeased to receive some particulars relative to her father, to whom she, and consequently the world, owed so much; for he directed her education and formed her mind; and to him, therefore, must undoubtedly be attributed much of the value of her works.

The Edgeworth family "came into Ireland" during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, migrating "from Edgeware, in Middlesex." In 1732 the then representative of the family married Jane Lovell, the daughter of a Welsh judge, and their son, Richard Lovell, was born in Pierrepoint Street, Bath, in 1744. In early boyhood he was taken to Ireland, and entered Trinity College, Dublin, in 1761, being removed to Oxford the same year, and entered at Corpus Christi as gentleman commoner. "While yet a youth at college"—in 1763—he married "Miss Elers," the daughter of "his father's friend," a family that resided at Black-Bourton, not far from Oxford. She was a lady well descended, and of high connections: that is nearly all we know of her. It would appear that he respected more than he loved her: having engaged her affections, he conceived it a point of honor to become her husband. Being under age, they were "married in Scotland;" but his father, although disapproving the match, had them subsequently remarried by license. She was the mother of Maria, and many circumstances lead to the conclusion that if she lacked some of the attractions the young and gay Irishman looked for, she was thoroughly amiable, prudent, and good. A son, he tells us, was born at Black-Bourton, in 1764, and there also Maria was born, in 1767. In 1768 Mr. Edgeworth records that he visited Ireland, taking his son with him, leaving his wife and infant daughter in England.

At Black-Bourton, then, Maria Edgeworth was born, in 1767; she was the daughter of an English lady, and the granddaughter of an English lady; moreover, her father was of English birth and English descent, and she was English born. Nevertheless she was, to all intents and purposes, Irish; so she must be considered, and so she considered herself.

She was born on the 1st of January (as she tells Mrs. Hall in one of her letters), a God-given "New-year's gift" to her almost boy-father, and to the world for all time.

Mr. Edgeworth has not recorded the date of his first wife's death; but on the 17th of July, 1773, he was again wedded, at Lichfield, to Miss Honora Sneyd. Soon afterward they settled in Ireland, and Edgeworthstown became, with few brief intervals, thenceforward his permanent home. His second wife did not live long, but her husband bears testimony to her many virtues. Some time after her death he married her sister Elizabeth, who thus became his third wife, on Christmas-day, 1780, at St. Andrew's Church, Holborn. In 1798, being again a widower, he again married—Miss Frances Anne Beaufort, the daughter of Dr. Beaufort, "an excellent clergyman, and a man of taste and of literature." That admirable woman survived him many years. She was, Mr. Edgeworth writes, "a young lady of small fortune and large accomplishments;" and of "his marriage with her," Maria, writing twenty years afterward, says, "Of all the blessings we owe to him, that has proved the greatest."

In 1814 time was telling on the vigorous frame of Mr. Edgeworth. In one of his conversations with his daughter he spoke of the later years of his life as by far the happiest, and pleasantly said that, "if he were permitted to return to earth in whatever form he might choose, he should perhaps make the whimsical choice of re-entering the world as an old man." His latest letter—to Lady Romilly, in 1817, when he knew he was dying, in the midst of physical suffering, resigned and cheerful—contains this passage: "I enjoy the charms of literature, the sympathy of friendship, and the unbounded gratitude of my children." His prayer had been that as long as he lived he might retain his intellectual faculties, and that blessing was mercifully granted to him. He thanked God that his mind did not die before his body. On the 13th of June, 1817, he died, and his remains were deposited in the family vault in the church-yard of Edgeworthstown, to which, in accordance with his written directions, he was borne on the shoulders of his own laborers, his coffin being "without velvet, plate, or gilding." And the stone that covers his remains contains no inscription beyond his name and the dates of his birth and death.

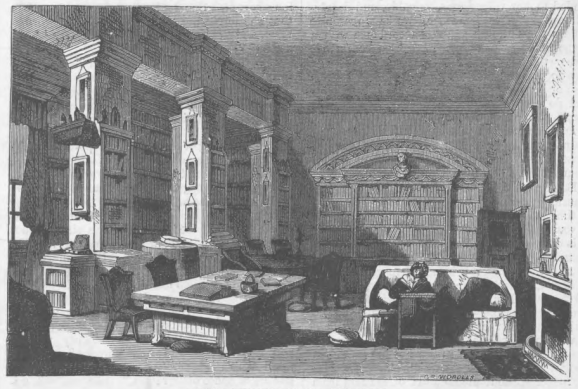
EDGEWORTHSTOWN.

That his was "a useful and a well-spent life" there is abundant evidence. As a member of Parliament, as a county magistrate, as a landed proprietor (acknowledging the duties as well as the rights of property), he was entirely worthy; in all that appertained to his family and to society, he was considerate, generous, just; while of the influence he exercised over his own family we have the proofs not only in his own writings, but in those of his daughter. It was justly said of him,

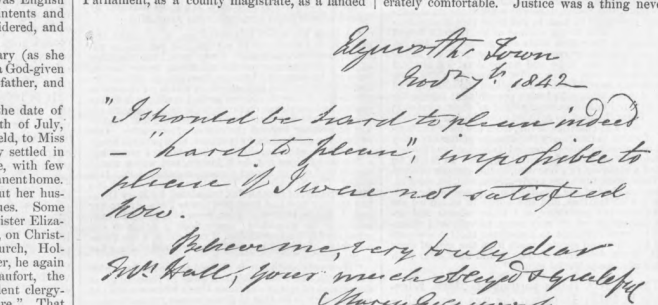
"With words succinct, yet full, without a fault,
He said no more than just the thing he ought."

To estimate rightly both father and daughter, some notes on the state of Ireland nearly a century ago are needful. When, in 1782, Maria may be said to have first visited Ireland, and her father became "a resident Irish landlord," the country was in a condition very different indeed from that which it now presents, and presented at the period of her removal from earth.

"If ever any country was governed by an oligarchy, Ireland was in that position before the Union:" thus Mr. Edgeworth wrote in 1817. Society was in a deeply degraded state; recklessness and extravagance were almost universal. "As landlord and magistrate, the proprietor of an estate had to listen to perpetual complaints, petty wranglings and equivocations, in which no human sagacity could discover truth or award justice." A large proportion of the gentry dwelt in "superb mansions," so far as regarded size, but "lived in debt, danger, and subterfuge, nominally possessors of a palace, but really in dread of a jail." The dominant party regarded themselves as the masters of slaves; "drivers" were the satellites of every landlord; and middlemen farmed nearly all the land, taking it at a reasonable rent (paying usually in advance), and reletting it immediately to poor tenants at the highest price possible to be pressed out of their necessities. It was generally a hopeless task that which strove to make the tenant even moderately comfortable. Justice was a thing never looked for; it was always the landlord against the tenant, and the tenant against the landlord.



MISS EDGEWORTH'S LIBRARY.



Edgeworth's Town
Nov^r 7^th 1842

"I should be hard to please indeed
— "hard to please", impossible to
please if I were not satisfied
now.

Believe me, very truly dear
Mr^s Hall, Your much obliged & grateful
Maria Edgeworth

FAC-SIMILE OF MISS EDGEWORTH'S HANDWRITING.

It is certain that Mr. Edgeworth was far in advance of his time. The poorer classes did not understand him; they were not prepared for the advent of a magistrate who required evidence only with a view to ascertain truth, nor for a gentleman who preferred rather to pay than to give, and whose established rule was to do right for right's sake; while neighboring gentry were utterly incapable of comprehending a man who was indifferent to field sports, and never drank to excess; who was faithful to his home, and happiest when his children were his playmates; who was a politician, yet of no party; whose religion was based on universal charity; and who was the protector of the poor and the advocate of the oppressed. The records of Ireland toward the close of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century are now happily gone-by histories; but something should be known of them to comprehend the character of Richard Lovell Edgeworth. In the end he triumphed over prejudice, disarmed hostility, and set an example the salutary influence of which can scarcely be exaggerated by any historian of the perilous time in which he lived.

His life was especially valuable as forming the mind of his daughter Maria—the minds of all his children, indeed. She writes: "Few, I believe, have ever enjoyed such happiness or such advantages as I have had in the instruction, society, and unbounded confidence and affection of such a father and such a friend."

At that period it absolutely required some such intelligence to usher such an intellect into the world of letters. Authorship was considered out of the province of woman; and although Mr. Edgeworth records as an astonishing fact (on the authority of Burke) that there were then actually 80,000 (!) readers in Great Britain, very few of them were of the gentler sex. He tells us that his own grandmother "was singularly averse to all learning in a lady, beyond reading the Bible and being able to cast up a week's household account," and did her best to prevent her daughter from "wasting her time upon books;" in vain, however, for she became a thoroughly educated woman, and to "her instructions and authority" her son acknowledges himself indebted for the happiness of his life.

The critic Jeffrey writes: "A greater mass of trash and rubbish never disgraced the press of any country than the ordinary novels that filled and supported our circulating libraries down nearly to the time of Miss Edgeworth's first appearance." There were some exceptions, no doubt, and some works that have kept their places in the hearts of millions; but "the staple of the novel market was, beyond imagination, despicable, and had consequently sunk and degraded the whole department of literature, of which it had usurped the name." The "rabble rout" of the Minerva Press was scattered as by the wand of an enchanter when this admirable woman appeared; and to her we are perhaps indebted for the "Waverley Novels," for it is avowed by Scott that he was prompted by the example of Miss Edgeworth to a desire to do for Scotland what she had done for Ireland.

The growth of Maria's mind she traces wholly to her father, and very often she humbly and gratefully acknowledges how much her writings were improved by his critical taste and matured judgment. "In consequence of his earnest exhortations," she writes, "I began, in 1791 or 1792, to note down anecdotes of the children he was then educating;" writing also, for her own amusement and instruction, some of his conversation-lessons. In their system of educating these children "all the general ideas originated with him; the illustrating and manufacturing them, if I may use the expression, was mine." The "Practical Education" was thus a joint work of father and daughter; it was published in 1798, "and so commenced that literary partnership which, for so many years, was the pride and joy of my life." The next book they published "in partnership" was the "Essay on Irish Bulls." The illustrative anecdotes there retailed owed little to invention, and nearly all of them were facts; sometimes he told them, with racy humor and point, while she wrote them down. He was always at hand to advise, not often to write. In "Patronage" he did not pen a single passage, but the "plan" was his suggestion: it originated in a story invented by him, and the leading characters were sketched as he imagined them. "All his literary ambition was for me." His skill was exercised in "cutting." "'It is mine to cut and correct,' he once said, 'yours to write on;' and such, happily for me, was his power over my mind, that no one thing I ever began to write was ever left unfinished." In the few letters he addressed to her—for they were rarely apart even for a day—he signs himself "Your critic, partner, father, friend."

To write for children was then considered below the dignity of authorship. Dr. Watts and Mrs. Barbauld had, indeed, thus "condescended;" but, with these exceptions, there were few or none able or willing to make their way into the minds and hearts of "the little ones."

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There is abundant evidence that much of the true greatness of Maria Edgeworth's mind, and the inestimable value of her writings, resulted from the duty which nature imposed upon her when she was placed at the head of a family consisting of children of varied ages, from infancy to youthhood. In 1814 she writes: "His eldest was above five-and-forty, the youngest being only one year old." It therefore became the duty of the eldest to train the younger branches—children who were learning to speak when she was sedate and aged. Hence that educated power by which she brought the elevated sensibilities and sound moralities of life to a level with the comprehension of childhood; rendering knowledge and virtue and consideration and order the companions—almost the playthings as well as the teachers—of the nursery.

Mr. Edgeworth had sons and daughters by each of his four wives: he was their parent, their preceptor, their friend, their companion, their playmate; they lived with him on "terms of equality that diminished nothing from respect," giving to him gratitude and affection. "Those who knew him longest loved him best." "I have heard him say," writes Maria, "that he never in his whole life lost a friend but by death." And that which he wrote to Darwin, in 1796, of Edgeworthstown—"I do not think one tear per month is shed in this house, nor the voice of reproof heard, nor the hand of restraint felt"—continued to be as true in 1844, when we visited Edgeworthstown, as it had been half a century earlier; so it was, through all changes, anxieties, and responsibilities, during fifty years.

In 1842, not long after we had enjoyed the society of Miss Edgeworth at Edgeworthstown, and had described her and her happy home in our work—"Ireland, its Scenery and Character"—we received a letter from that honored lady, in which, to our great gratification, she wrote: "You are, I think, the only persons who have visited me, and have written concerning me, who have not printed a line I desire to erase." The feeling that prompted us then will, in a degree, guide us now. It was her wish that no Life of her should be published: as she once said to us—"My only *remains* shall be in the church at Edgeworthstown;" and, as the result of a subsequent correspondence with Mrs. Edgeworth, in which we pressed to know if the injunction extended to her voluminous, valuable, and deeply-interesting "correspondence," we have reason to believe the family desire (in accordance with a suggestion they deem as sacred as a command) rather the suppression than the publication of any documents that may illustrate either her private or her literary career. We may regret this, and do; for if ever there was a life, from the commencement to the close, that would bear the strictest scrutiny, it was hers. It was not only blameless, but faultless; ruled by the sternest sense of rectitude; emphatically *useful* almost from the cradle to the grave.

Edgeworthstown was, and is, a large country mansion, to which additions have been from time to time made, but made judiciously. An avenue of venerable trees leads to it from the public road. It is distant about seven miles from the town of Longford. The only room I need specially refer to is the library; it belonged more peculiarly to Maria, although the general sitting-room of the family. It was the room in which she did nearly all her work—not only that which was to gratify and instruct the world, but that which, in a measure, regulated the household—the domestic duties that were subjects of her continual thought; for the desk at which she usually sat was never without memoranda of matters from which she might have pleaded a right to be held exempt. Mrs. Hall described it in our work, "Ireland, its Scenery and Character," and I may borrow in substance that description here. It is by no means a stately, solitary room, but large, spacious, and lofty, well stored with books, and "furnished" with suggestive engravings. Seen through the window is the lawn, embellished by groups of trees. If you look at the oblong table in the centre, you will see the rallying-point of the family, who are usually around it, reading, writing, or working; while Miss Edgeworth—only anxious that the inmates of the house shall each do exactly as he or she pleases—sits in her own peculiar corner on the sofa: a pen, given her by Sir Walter Scott while a guest at Edgeworthstown in 1825, is placed before her on a little, quaint, unassuming table, constructed, and added to, for convenience. She had a singular power of abstraction, apparently hearing all that was said, and occasionally taking part in the conversation, while pursuing her own occupation, and seemingly attending only to it.

In that corner, and on that table, she had written nearly all the works which have delighted and enlightened the world. Now and then she would rise and leave the room, perhaps to secure a toy for one of the children, to mount the ladder and bring down a book that could explain or illustrate some topic on which some one was conversing: immediately she would resume her pen, and continue to write as if the thought had been unbroken for an instant. I expressed to Mrs. Edgeworth surprise at this faculty, so opposed to my own habit. "Maria," she said, "was always the same; her mind was so rightly balanced, every thing so honestly weighed, that she suffered no inconvenience from what would disturb and distract an ordinary writer."

She was an early riser, and had much work done before breakfast. Every morning during our stay at Edgeworthstown she had gathered a bouquet of roses, which she placed beside my plate at the table, while she was always careful to refresh the vase that stood in our chamber; and she invariably examined my feet after a walk, to see that damp had not induced danger; "popping" in and out of our room with some kind inquiry, some thoughtful suggestion, or to show some object that she knew would give pleasure. It is to such small courtesies as these that we owe much of the happiness of life. Maria Edgeworth seemed never weary of thought that could make those about her happy. The impression thus produced upon us is as vivid today as it was thirty years ago.

A wet day was a "godsend" to us. She would enter our sitting-room and converse freely of persons whose names are histories; and once she brought us a large box full of letters—her correspondence with many great men and women, extending over more than fifty years—authors, artists, men of science, social reformers, statesmen of all the countries of Europe, and especially America—a country of which she spoke and wrote in terms of the highest respect and affection.

Although we had known Miss Edgeworth in London—and, indeed, had often the honor of receiving her as a guest at our house—it will be readily understood how much more to advantage she was seen in her own home. She was the very gentlest of lions, the most unexacting—apparently the least conscious of her right to prominence. In London she did not reject, yet she seemed averse to, the homage accorded her; at home she was emphatically at home.

The last time we saw her was at the house of her sister, Mrs. Wilson, in North Audley Street. She was, of course, a centre of attraction; the heated room and many "presentations" seemed to weary her. *We*, of course, were seldom near her in the crowd, and as we were bidding her good-by she made us amends by whispering, "We will make up for this at Edgeworthstown." Alas! that was not to be; not long afterward she returned to Edgeworthstown, and was suddenly called from earth.

She had complained somewhat, felt languid and oppressed, and consented that her friend and physician, Sir Henry Marsh, should be sent for. Half an hour after the letter was written Mrs. Edgeworth entered her bedroom. Passing her hand under the patient's head, she gently raised it, and as it reclined on her breast the soul passed away. She died, without either physical or mental suffering, on the 22d May, 1849, in the eighty-third year of her useful and happy life, "full of years and honors" indeed.* Thus far her death was almost sudden; in her case a boon of mercy from the God she had so long served. She had often expressed a hope that she might die "at home," at Edgeworthstown, and that her illness might not be long, tedious, and troublesome.

It is to be regretted that there exists no portrait of this admirable woman. A hint I gave, that to obtain one would be a vast boon, was not well received, and there was some hesitation in permitting Mr. Fairholt, who was our companion during our visit to Edgeworthstown, to introduce into his drawing of the library her portrait as she sat at her desk examining papers: that sketch I have engraved. Mr. Sneyd Edgeworth gave me, however, a photograph of a family picture, of which also I give an engraving.

Her contemporaries have not said much concerning her; indeed, of late years she was but little seen out of Edgeworthstown, her visits to London being rare and brief. It is known that Sir Walter Scott much loved and honored her; yet there is little concerning her in his journal, although he spent some days with her at Edgeworthstown.† "She writes," he says, "all the while she laughs, talks, eats, and drinks;" and, in another place, "I am particularly pleased with the *naïveté* and good-humored ardor of mind which she unites with such formidable powers of acute observation." She was well appreciated by Sydney Smith, who thus wrote of her: "She does not say witty things, but there is such a perfume of wit runs through all her conversation as makes it very brilliant." This passage, however, I find in "Lockhart's Life of Scott:"

"It may be well imagined with what lively interest Sir Walter surveyed the scenery with which so many of the proudest recollections of Ireland must ever be associated, and how curiously he studied the rural manners it presented to him, in the hope (not disappointed) of being able to trace some of his friend's bright creations to their first hints and germs. On the delight with which he contemplated her position in the midst of her own large and happy domestic circle, I need say still less. The reader is aware by this time how deeply he condemned and pitied the conduct and fate of those who, gifted with pre-eminent talents for the instruction and entertainment of their species at large, fancy themselves entitled to neglect those every-day duties and charities of life, from the mere shadowing of which in imaginary pictures the genius of poetry and romance has always reaped its highest and purest, perhaps its only true immortal honors. In Maria he hailed a sister-spirit; one who, at the summit of literary fame, took the same modest, just, and, let me add, *Christian* view of the relative importance of the feelings, the obligations, and the hopes in which we are all equally the partakers, and those talents and accomplishments which may seem to vain and short-sighted eyes sufficient to constitute their possessors into an order and species apart from the rest of their kind. Such fantastic conceits found no shelter with either of these powerful minds."

This is Mrs. Hall's portrait of Maria Edgeworth in 1842: In person she was very small—she was "lost in a crowd;" her face was pale and thin, her features irregular—they may have been considered plain, even in youth; but her expression was so benevolent, her manners were so perfectly well-bred—partaking of English dignity and Irish frankness—that one never thought of her with reference either to beauty or plainness; she ever occupied, without claiming, attention, charming continually by her singularly pleasant voice, while the earnestness and truth that beamed from her bright blue—very blue—eyes increased the value of every word she uttered; she knew how to *listen* as well as to *talk*, and gathered information in a manner highly complimentary to those from whom she sought it; her attention seemed far more the effect of respect than of curiosity; her sentences were frequently epigrammatic; she more than once suggested to me the story of the good fairy from whose lips dropped diamonds and pearls whenever they were opened; she was ever neat and particular in her dress, a duty to society which literary women sometimes culpably neglect; her feet and hands were so delicate and small as to be almost child-like; in a word, Maria Edgeworth was one of those women who do not seem to require beauty.

Miss Edgeworth has been called "cold;" but those who have so deemed her have never seen, as I have (Mrs. Hall writes), the tears gather in her eyes at a tale of suffering or sorrow, nor heard the genuine hearty laugh that followed the relation of a pleasant story. Never, so long as I live, can I forget the evenings spent in her library in the midst of a family highly educated and self-thinking, in conversation unrestrained, yet pregnant with instructive thought.

Of the *twenty-two* children born to Richard Lovell Edgeworth there are but two now left; there is, however, happily, another generation to reap the harvest of the seed that was planted at Edgeworthstown nearly a century ago.

The long career of Maria Edgeworth illustrated her own and her father's system of education—practical education. She was, by her own example, that which she labored to make others—active, energetic, cheerful, ever at hand, every where when needed.

It was—and possibly still is—made a charge against the Edgeworths, that they put aside "religion" from their plans of education. The subject is certainly not prominent in their writings, but Mr. Edgeworth emphatically affirms his conviction that "religious obligation is indispensably necessary in the education of all descriptions of people in every part of the world," and considered "religion, in the large sense of the word, to be the only certain bond of society." His daughter also strongly protests against the idea that he designed to lay down a system of education founded upon morality, exclusive of religion.*

It may be worth noting that during our residence at Edgeworthstown the family assembled at prayers every morning, that they were regular attendants at the parish church, and that other evidence was supplied of the strength of their religious faith.

I may be permitted to make some extracts from the few of her letters we have preserved. The first is a passage from one dated January 2, 1848; it concerns her little book for the young, "Orlandino:"

"Chambers, as you always told me, acts very liberally. As this was to earn a little money for our parish poor in the last year's distress, he most considerately gave prompt payment. Even before publication, when the proof-sheets were under correction, came the ready order on the Bank of Ireland. Blessings on him! and I hope he will not be the worse for me: I am surely the better for him, and so are numbers now starking and eating; for Mrs. E.'s principle and mine is to excite the people to work for good wages, and not by gratis feeding to make beggars of them, and ungrateful beggars, as the case might be."

* * * * * * *

"I do not deserve the very kind, warm-hearted letter I have just received from you, dear Mrs. Hall; but I prize and like it all the better—so little standing upon ceremony, and so cordially off-hand and from the heart. Thank you for it with all *my* heart, and be assured it gave me heartfelt pleasure, and this I know will please you."

I copy a passage from one of the criticisms on her contemporaries, in which she sometimes indulged in her letters to Mrs. Hall, all marked by sound observation and generous sympathy:

"A book has much interested me: it is unlike any other book I ever read in my life, and yet true to nature in new circumstances. To be sure, I can not judge of the circumstances or the narrative, never having been in the country; but the descriptions full of life, and marked by that seal of genius which we recognize the instant we see it, obtains perfect credence from the reader, and hurries us on through the most romantic adventures, still domestic, and confined to a few persons not in number beyond the power of sympathy. One or two, the most powerfully drawn, may perhaps touch the bounds of impossibility. The book I mean has a title which does not do it justice, and which would rather lead one to expect a gossiping chronicle. It is called 'The Neighbors.' Its author, I understand, is a Miss Bremer, of Stockholm, translated by Mary Howitt; and the best and most just praise I can give to her translation is, that one never, from beginning to end, recollects her existence; never does it occur to our mind that it is a translation. Pray tell me if you know any thing of this author, and how I should address her at Stockholm."

"How very much one is obliged to the genius which can snatch one from one's self away in times of great depression of spirits—at those times when we are not wise enough to be able to give *a reason for particularly liking;* but the involuntary feeling is perhaps the most gratifying to a writer of benevolent heart, as well as superior genius."

She was with Sir Walter Scott when he visited Killarney. There had been a rumor that the great author had been treated with slight during his visit to the Irish Lakes, and that he had spoken of them with contumely; I thought it right to set that question at rest. The following letter is now before me. She writes:

"EDGEWORTHSTOWN, *June* 18, 1843.

"My sister, Harriet Butler, and I were in the boat with Sir Walter Scott the day, and the only day, when he was on the Killarney Lakes. We heard him declare that he thought the Upper Lake the most beautiful he had ever seen, excepting Loch Lomond; more could not by mortal tongue be expressed by a Scotsman. I did not hear him find fault, or say that he was disappointed, during the whole row. He appeared pleased and pleasing; and why any people should have imagined he was not, I can not imagine. 'Rude,' I am sure, he was not; he could not be. We were sorry that we could not stay another day; but all experienced travelers know full well that they must give up their wishes to previous arrangements and engagements, and that they must cut their plans and pleasures according to their time and promises. As to the affair of the stag-hunt, I can only say that *I* received no invitation to see one; that we did not receive any; that I heard at the time that a stag-hunt would not be offered to us, because the stag-hounds belonged to some near relation of a gentleman much respected in the country, who had just died suddenly, and was not buried. I recollect passing by the gates of his place, and seeing two men in deep mourning, with weepers, sitting on each side of the gate. As I had never before seen this custom, I made inquiry, and was told why they mourned, and who for; and this confirmed and fixed in my memory what I have above mentioned."*

I have quoted from the last letter Mrs. Hall received from Miss Edgeworth; it may be permitted me to make an extract from the first, dated July 30, 1829, in reference to Mrs. Hall's earliest literary production, "Sketches of Irish Character:"

"It has been sometimes my fate to have gratitude and sincerity struggling within me when I have begun a letter of thanks to authors; I have no such struggle now, but with pleasure unmixed, and perfect freedom of mind and ease of conscience, I write to *you*. The 'Sketches of Irish Character' are, in my opinion, admirable for truth, pathos, and humor; *all* the sketches show complete knowledge of the persons and things represented, and some of the portraits are drawn with uncommon strength, and with more decided and *fine* touches, which mark a masterly hand."

I may quote this generous tribute to a writer concerning Ireland who was then entering a career from which Miss Edgeworth was about to retire. There are other parts of the letter I abstain from quoting; but the reader of this Memory will readily appreciate the effect on the then young author of "Sketches of Irish Character."

Although it forms no part of our plan in this series of "Memories" to bring under review the works of the authors we commemorate, it is impossible to treat of Maria Edgeworth without some observations on the influence of her writings. She had one great advantage over almost all others—*she never wrote for bread;* she was never *compelled* to furnish a publisher with so much matter at so much per sheet. In her home there was always independence—entire freedom from debt, and with few responsibilities beyond those that appertain to a household. At Edgeworthstown there was emphatically that of which the poet tells us—

"Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words—health, peace, and competence."

It is to their honor that women were the first to use the pen in the service of Ireland. At the beginning of the century, a buffoon, a knave, and an Irishman were synonymous terms in the novel or on the stage; they were deemed exceptions who did honor to their country; and although a *gentleman* from Ireland, in contradistinction to an *Irish* gentleman, was considered every where the perfection of grace, refinement, and chivalric courtesy, there were, unhappily, too many "specimens" who gave force to prejudice and confounded the all with the many. Churchill wrote, more than a century ago—

"Long from a country ever hardly used,
At random censured, wantonly abused,
Have Britons drawn the shaft, with no kind view,
And judged the many by the rascal few."

When prejudice was at its height—about the time of "the Union"—two women with opposite views, and very opposite training, but moved by the same ennobling patriotism, "rose to the rescue"—Miss Owenson, afterward Lady Morgan, by the vivid *romance*, and Miss Edgeworth by the stern reality of actual portraiture, forcing justice from an unwilling jury, spreading abroad the knowledge of Irish character, and portraying, as till then they had never been portrayed, the chivalry, generosity, and devotedness of Irish nature. They succeeded largely in evaporating suspicion, in overcoming prejudice, by obtaining ready hearers of appeals. Neither of these eminent and greatly endowed ladies did by any means ignore the faults, serious or trivial, of their countrymen and countrywomen; but they made conspicuous their virtues, maintained their right to respect and their claim to consideration, and succeeded in obtaining verdicts in their favor from adverse judges and reluctant juries.

It is indeed a privilege to render homage to the memory of this admirable woman. Her works are "not for an age, but for all time." They were marvels in her day, two-thirds of a century ago, when either coarseness or frivolity was too generally the staple of the author. Her affection for Ireland was fervent and earnest, yet she was of no party, even in that age and country. She had enlarged sympathies and views for its advancement; neither prejudice nor bigotry touched her mind or heart. Her religious and political faith was *Christian*, in the most extended sense of that holy word; a literary woman, without vanity, affectation, or jealousy; a perfect woman—

"Not too pure nor good
For human nature's daily food."

Studious of all home duties, careful for all home requirements, ever actively thoughtful of all the offices of love and kindness which sanctify domestic life, genius gave to her the rare power to be useful during seventy of her eighty-three years. Her life was, indeed, a practical illustration of Milton's lines—

"To know
That which about us lies in daily life
Is the prime wisdom."

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* In one of her letters to Mrs. Hall (who wrote to her on her birthday every year during several years) she says, "Your cordial, warm-hearted note was the very pleasantest I received on my birthday, except those from my own family." That was the last birthday she passed on earth. She adds: "You must not delay long in finding your way to Edgeworthstown if you mean to see me again. Remember, you have just congratulated me on my eighty-second birthday."

† During Miss Edgeworth's visit to Abbotsford, in 1832, previous to the return visit to Edgeworthstown, an incident occurred that has been stated of others, I believe. Miss Edgeworth herself told us that one moonlight night she proposed to Scott to visit Melrose, quoting his famous lines—

"If you would see Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight."

Scott at once assented, adding, "By all means let us go, for I myself have never seen Melrose by moonlight."

* Robert Hall, after greatly praising her writings, laments that they are without even allusion to Christianity: "She does not attack religion, or inveigh against it, but makes it appear unnecessary, by exhibiting perfect virtue without it."

* The matter-of-fact mind of Maria Edgeworth receives illustration from the following letter which she required her sister to write:

"DEAR MRS. HALL,—My recollection of the circumstances mentioned by my sister at Killarney, in 1825, exactly coincides with hers. I remember our being told, as we drove into Killarney, that we should have no stag-hunt, as the master of the hounds had died that morning. Yours truly,

"HARRIET BUTLER.

"TRIM, 19th *June*, '43."

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THE NIGHT BEFORE.

I SNEEZED when I heard the old priest complain
That the doomed seemed voiceless and dull of brain;
For why should the felon be other than dumb
As he stands at the gate of the world to come?
Let them lock up his Reverence here in the cell,
Waiting the sound of the morning bell
That heralds his dying and tolls his knell,
And the tick-tock
Of the great jail clock
Will attract him more than the holiest prayer
That ever was mingled with dungeon air.

Will it never be morning—never arise
The great red sun in the cold gray skies,
Thrusting its rays in my iron-barred cell,
And lighting the city I know so well?
Is this horrible night forever to be—
The phantom I feel, though I can not see—
Is that to be ever alone with me?
Will the tick-tock
Of the ceaseless clock
Beat forever through brain and heart
Till the tortured soul from the body part?

And now in the darkness surrounding me
A hundred figures I plainly see;
And there are my mother's pitying eyes—
Why does *she* from her grave arise?
And there, on the crowd's extremest rim—
Gashed of throat, and supple of limb—
Why, what do I want to-day with *him*?
To the tick-tock
Of the pitiless clock
His body is swaying, slowly and free,
While his shadowy finger points at me.

Will it never be here—the dawn of the day,
When the law is to carry my life away;
And the gaping crowd, with their pitiless eyes,
Stand eager to see how the doomed one dies?
Nothing to scatter the terrible gloom
That fills up the arched and the grated room;
Nothing to herald the hour of doom
But the tick-tock
Of the weariless clock,
And the tread of the tired policeman's feet
As he steadily paces the echoing street?

At last the deep darkness is melting away
At the corpse-like light on the face of the day;
I hear the prisoners move in their cells,
I hear the chiming of morning bells,
The rattle of carts in the streets once more,
The careful tread on the stony floor
Of the sheriff, who comes to the grated door,
And the tick-tock
Of the great jail clock,
And the whispered words of the keepers around,
And every whisper a thunder-sound.

What mocking is this in the formal demand,
In the mighty name of the law of the land,
For the body of him who is doomed to die
In the face of men, and beneath the sky?
I am safe in your thrall, but pinion me well;
I might be desperate—who can tell?—
As I march to the sound of the clanging bell,
The tick-tock
Of the great jail clock,
And the voice of the priest as he mumbles a prayer,
And the voices that murmur around me there.

TODHUNTERS' AT LOANIN' HEAD.

By ELIZA LYNN LINTON.

IN SIX CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

OUR COUSIN.

THERE were few people more respected in the neighborhood than Mattie Todhunter, of Loanin' Head. Left a widow while still almost a young woman, with a large family of boys and girls to bring up and but a poor hungry farm of many acres and small produce to do it on, she had proved both her prudence and her skill in that she had settled up things quite as well, if not better, than her master would have done had he lived—while the management of her children, if rough and something more, had been at least so far successful that those who had lived were as fine a set of lads and lasses as could be found in the whole country side. As for those who had died—well, poor things, they were better off as they were; and if they might have been kept alive by milder measures and greater care, what would have been the use of it?—a wantle feckless set they would have been, in all probability, and there was no doing at Loanin' Head with such like. Life there was too hard and bleak for livy children; and so, out of the eleven which Mattie had borne to Isaac—she always regretted not making up the round dozen—but five remained in life at this present time, and six were under the sod in Whelpo church-yard.

And of all the five remaining, Mark, the eldest son, and Isabella, the youngest daughter, were the only ones at home. Grace was practicing the millinery in Carlisle; Josep was prentice to a draper in Liverpool; and the youngest of all, "lile Cuddy," as he was called, was learning how to saw and plane and make joists and rabbets at old Greystoke's, the joiner's, at Whelpo. But Mark was his mother's man, who would take the farm after her, and live there as his father and forbears had lived before him. And Mark was his mother's favorite; and perhaps the more so because he was far-away more of a Postlethwaite than a Todhunter, and favored her family in mind as well as in body; and Mattie was a true Postlethwaite, and was proud of her blood, as a woman should be. Not that she was aught but proud of her dead husband. Still, the Todhunters had not quite such a steady name nor such a long back-look as the Postlethwaites. It was only fifty years ago that they had been forced to sell Holme Croft, the best bit of land they had; and the Postlethwaites had bought it at public roup. So that the Postlethwaite folk had always a certain feeling that they stood higher than the Todhunters; and Mattie had never quite lost her sense of family in her wifehood, or concealed it from herself that she might, an she would, have done better than Isaac.

Accordingly she loved Mark more, because he was most of a Postlewait, as she called him, and favored his grandfather, old Jacob, more than any of the bairns.

But though her husband Isaac had been in a certain sense a failure, in that he had been a short-lived man—dying when scarcely well into his forties of consumption, for all his six foot one and three-quarters in his stocking feet, his breadth of square-set shoulder, and fist like a shoulder of mutton, as they used to say—yet Mattie had never thought of mending her broken life by taking any one else as his successor. She put on her deep-bordered widow's cap when her master died, and she had never taken it off since, and never would. It was sixteen years ago now, but she wore her crape, and her weeds, and bombazine for best, as faithfully as if it had been only yesterday; and he would have been a bold man who should have asked her to have doffed them to meet him at the church door.

But there was one thing in Mattie's life, honorable as it was, that she never aired in public. We all have our skeletons, and she had hers. This was a sister, pretty lile Ruth, or "Postlewait Ruth," as she was generally called, who years ago had gone off when she was only a slip of a lass of sixteen, with a young collegian who had come down to read, as they do in parties, at the Long Vacation. No one had ever seen her again, or had tried to find her. She had gone, and she had written to say that she had gone; and that was all. Had she been foolish with any one at home, keeping company over close and getting into trouble in consequence, why then her father would have kept her and the bairn without an angry word. He might not have liked it, perhaps; but young folks will be young folks, and may be he would have gotten them wedded by time; when it would have been all dead and done with as if it had never happened. But to go right clean away from home with a stranger, a gentleman, a mealy-mouthed, false-faced Southerner, was more than Jacob Postlethwaite's pride could bear. On the day when the letter came, he called his household together and bade them never mention lile Ruth again—to think of her as one dead, and to "ask nowt about her from this day for'ard, for they'd never hear nowt, whatever they asked." So poor lile Ruth's name was blotted out from the family book, and no one ever knew more about her.

It was thought, however, that Jacob had had word of her, for a letter certainly did come to him from London in her handwriting. But whatever it was, he never let on to any body: and by degrees the girl's name and story ceased to interest folk, and she passed out of existence altogether—so much so, indeed, that none of Mattie's children knew they had an aunt at all; for our Northern folk are rare hands at keeping a secret when they have one, and don't show its skirt-corners out of brag, and to let on they have something their neighbors would like to know of.

Perhaps though, Mattie, who had a good stout heart of her own, and was, as we have seen, proud of her blood, never quite forgot the little sister she had loved so well in those old days—how far and yet how near they seemed to be!—and though she had no romantic ideas of finding her out, she had many a hard wrestle in prayer that God would send her back to her old home at Fellneuk once more before she died, and let the mystery about her be cleared up, and her fair fame with it. Ah! one's longings are never satisfied in the way in which one would have them; if at all, only crosswise, as it were, and by implication, not directly.

One day Mattie was busy skimming the milk. Mark had been over to Carlisle with beasts to sell; it was market-day, and he went over on market-days whether he had aught to sell or not. And he brought back a letter. Now, letters were scarce things at Todhunters'. Sometimes, to be sure, Joseph would write from Liverpool, and sometimes Mattie would get a word from a brother of hers over at Arran, but not often; so that when Mark brought out, with the tea and coffee and rice he had got at "Carel," a letter addressed to "Mrs. Todhunter" in a fine, pointed, female hand, with a deep black border, they both sat looking at it all round, guessing all sorts of things, before they thought of opening it.

When Mattie did open it, she thought she should have fallen off her chair at the first words—"Dear Aunt." The letter was signed Laura Matilda Calhoun, and was from lile Ruth's daughter—Mattie's own sister's child—to tell her that her mother was dead, and that she was left alone in the world, an orphan. "Belike then t' father's deed," muttered Mattie, sagaciously. And that, as it was her mother's last wish that she should go down to Cumberland to see her relations, she was preparing to fulfill her desire: so the next day would find her at Carlisle; and would they send a fly or their carriage to meet her?

"Mother, is t' lass daft?" said Mark, raising his blue eyes to his mother's face uneasily.

"I doubt not, lad," she answered.

"But mother, thou isn't nae t'ant!" said the young man again; "thou hastn't niver a sister that I'se heerd tell on."

"Yes, yes," sighed Mattie, wiping her eyes.

And then she made a clean breast of it, and told Mark the whole sad story, and how Jacob had sworn them all, and how they never knew what had become of Ruth till now—and now she was dead! And then she wept and rocked herself backward and forward in her chair for sorrow at the past which could never come back again.

"But t' lass wha talks of our carridge?" said Mark, interrogatively.

"She maun coom, Mark—my ain sister's child, and nae father nor mither to care for her—she maun coom; though I misdoubt me badly she'll find our ways nobbut rough after her Lunnon fashions. But she maun larn; and if she divn't like it, puir lass, she maun just lump it."

"Dang it all, but it's a boddersome job!" said Mark, very quietly. And then he went to look after his beasts, and Mattie saw him no more till supper.

The next day it was agreed that Mark should go over to Carlisle and take the spring-cart with him for his cousin, Laura Calhoun. He was shy, was Mark; a big, square-shouldered, blue-eyed, fair-haired young fellow, rough and awkward as a tyke, but as handsome as a Greek god: by no means of an aristocratic type on the outside of him, with his large red hands innocent of gloves, his feet coarsely shod in clumsy country clogs, his "bettermer" clothes for courtesy—but the rustic, emphatically the rustic, raw, unkempt, and unpolished throughout—and yet he was good, brave, pure, and handsome. Such as he was, however, he drove over to Carlisle in the spring-cart, and went straight to the railway station to meet his cousin Laura.

"But hoo's I to ken her?" he thought to himself; and he puzzled over the problem all the way he went. Mattie could give him no sign by which to recognize her niece; and, with the thoughtlessness of youth, she had not described herself. So he had to trust to chance and good luck, which no genuine Cumbrian holds worth a pinch of salt.

At the station there was a crowd, as usual, and many people got out. Some were claimed by their friends and taken into loving custody forthwith; some were evidently at home, and walked away by themselves; and thus, after the gradual winnowing had been gone through, it came to pass that one young lady alone was left keeping guard over a dressing-case, a loose railway-rug, a bundle of wraps, countless parasols and umbrellas, and a traveling-bag. She was a young, slight girl, dressed in deep mourning, and she stood by the door of a first-class carriage, looking about her with a wistful, desolate air, as if she had come from the clouds and did not know what to do on solid earth.

Mark came bashfully up to where she stood. He glanced at the labels on her packages, and read "Miss Calhoun, passenger," written in a bold male hand. Yes, it was herself, sure enough; a grand young lady, all covered with crape and beads, and a cockelty little hat set on the top of her nose, and a great cascade of light brown hair half down her back, and two big blue eyes, the color of wood-violets—Mark's were the color of turquoise—and a dainty little mouth as red as a damask rose, the only bits of color about her. Yes, it was Miss Calhoun, his cousin Laura, sure enough; and gude sakes, but she was fine!

Mark involuntarily touched his hat.

"Are ye Miss Calhoun?" he asked.

"Oh, thanks, yes," said that young lady. "Have you come from Mrs. Todhunter's for me?"

"Yes," said Mark.

"Will you please see to my luggage?" said Laura. "I have three boxes and a carpet-bag, and these things here. Will you take these wraps, please, and this dressing-case. Be careful of the dressing-case, and do not let it swing too much."

Mark did as he was bid, and didn't wonder very much. It seemed quite natural that the young lady should treat him as a servant, cousins though they were, and he dreaded the moment when she would have to be told their relationship.

"Maybe ye'd better come yoursel and see til yer boxes wid me," he said, awkwardly. "I divn't ken them, ye know."

The young lady thought her aunt's man the slowest and stupidest she had seen for many a day; but she went with him all the same, and pointed out her luggage. And then, by way of a covert expression of surprise at his stupidity, she asked, a little sharply, "Are you Mrs. Todhunter's servant?"

"Nae, I'se her son," said Mark, blushing to his ears.

"Her son! what, my cousin!" cried Laura, with a kind of scream.

"Yes," said Mark, and looked as if he wished he could have said no.

Laura had turned even whiter than she was before, and for a moment she felt as if she should faint. But she recovered herself enough to stammer out, "I am very sorry; I did not know."

"Hoo suld ye?" said Mark, stolidly. "Ye'd niver seed me afore; and if ye took me for t' man when I'se t' master, what's a body the warse?"

And with that he shouldered one of the boxes, and shouted out to a lounging porter hard by, "Here, Joe, bring yon til t' cart, and look sharp, will te!—I doubt, miss," he added, turning to Laura, "that t' cart wiln't tak them a', an' we mun leave t' rest for Bobby."

"Oh, I can't leave any!" cried Laura, in great tribulation. "Leave them to Bobby?" she then said. "What do you mean?"

"T' carrier wha cooms Wednesdays, Whelpo way"—it was now Friday—said Mark. "Ye see for yersel', miss, we canna tak them a'; and which 'll ye be pleased to have?"

He spoke to her as a lady, not as his cousin, and he did not look at her while he spoke; for which Laura was grateful, if—knowing the face he refrained from—surprised. After a great deal of feminine hesitation and anguish of soul concerning her toilet generally, and what she could best do without—but it seemed to her as if she could do but badly without any thing—Laura designated the boxes which might be left, and then went outside the station to the carriage that was to convey her to Loanin' Head.

At first she could not believe that she had to get up into a cart with a board across it—a thing such as the laundress used to come in for the clothes—such as butchers drive—such as she had seen filled with low men and women, shouting along the road on race-days. But there was no help for it; she was beginning to realize that the whole thing was a gigantic mistake, but she was in the midst of it now, and must go on with it to the end.

She did not make any objection, then, after her first wonder-struck "that thing?" but got into the cart—with difficulty truly, but with as good a grace as she could command—and they jolted off in silence.

The way seemed interminable to Laura. There were fifteen good miles between Carlisle and Loanin' Head, but to the weary, frightened, disappointed London girl they seemed to lengthen out to twice twenty. The rough motion of the cart was almost intolerable to her, tired as she was already with the long railway journey; the heavy hills they had to climb terrified her for the sake of the horse; the steep pitches they forged down with a loose rein and a shambling trot terrified her still more for her own neck; and when they came to a wide, bleak, desolate moor, where the evening wind blew sharp and keen, and where not a human habitation was to be seen, she actually wept behind her veil, shivering with cold and dread together.

But Mark was obtuse; and though he shook up an old piece of sacking that was at the bottom of the cart and wanted to wrap it round her shoulders, he did not see the tears, and he never dreamed of her state of mind as possible in any human being. The moor was his friend, his home. Backed by blue fells golden with gorse and purple with heather, alive with birds and beasts, and yielding a rich supply of bracken for litter and the like, he had learned to love the wide bleak plain; and he thought it as bonny, ay, and bonnier than the tastiest spot Keswick way or out by Penrith yonder. So Laura wept unregarded; and Mark broke the silence by short remarks, such as "Yon's Falcon Crag," or "Here's t' heed o' Skiddaw," or "Yon trees is Jackson's Place; Knocker Hoose, they call it," and the like. To all of which she gave a lady-like show of attention, too cold, however, to quite satisfy the Cumberland lad, enthusiastic over nothing but his home.

At last they saw a patch of green fields, with a gray, low, stone house set close under the fell. Stone fences surrounded and divided the land, but not a tree grew near the place. A few cows and a horse or two were grazing in the fields. Some sheep were dotted over the fells. As they drove nearer, an array of collies rushed out, barking loudly; and then they jolted on to a bit of rough, cobble-paved lane, and into a rough, cobble-paved inclosure: and Mark said, "There's t' hame, Miss Laura," which he pronounced Lowra, and said for the first time.

An elderly, weather-beaten woman, clad in rusty black, and wearing a large widow's cap, came to the door: behind her peeped a giggling, untidy girl of seventeen or thereabouts.

"Ye're welcome, my lass," said Mattie, kindly, as she took the girl in her arms and lifted her bodily out of the cart, pressing her against her broad bosom so vigorously that she hurt the lithe, soft creature with her wooden busk.

"Are you my aunt?" said Laura, opening her eyes very wide.

"Ay, that is I!" was Mattie's answer, with another hug; and Laura, at this, gave way in real earnest, and for cold, weariness, disgust, and disappointment, burst into a wild and stormy hysterical flood of tears which seemed as if they would never end.

"Let her loze!" said Mattie to the rest, who stood by and gaped. "Let her loze, puir lass! I'se like to greet mysel! Puir lile Ruth—bonny lile lass! and she's the very marras of her mother! Eh, my lass, but thou's come to thy hame here. T' Almighty mak' it blessed till thee!"

THE GEORGES.

THE four English Georges have had their fair share of abuse in one way or another, though probably never in a more concentrated form than in this epigram:

"George the First was reckoned
Vile, and viler George the Second;
And what mortal ever heard
Any good of George the Third?
When from earth the Fourth *descended*,
God be praised, the Georges ended!"

THE BAGPIPE.

THERE is a difference of opinion as to the melody of the time-honored bagpipe; but the claim of the bagpipe to be the national instrument of the Scotch is never disputed. An honor willingly to be spared, says some English Midas, who has no ear for its bewitching strains. But, after all, the bagpipe was not so long ago an English institution. The English were the original bagpipers. During the sixteenth century the bagpiper was a regular functionary on the establishments of the English sovereigns and nobles, while no such musician was found at the Scottish court. James I. used to play the bagpipe; but he learned it, among his other accomplishments, in England. The harp, till within very recent times, has been the national instrument of Scotland. In fact, the bagpipe, save in the Highlands, has never been very popular in that country. In 1630 the magistrates of Aberdeen issued the following suggestive order: "The magistrates discharge the common piper of all going through the town, at night or in the morning, in time coming, with his pipe; it brings an uncivill forme to be suit within sic a famous burghe, and being often found fault with, as well by sundry neighbours of the town as by strangers." The truth, however, seems to be that this much-praised and much-abused instrument belongs to no one in particular. It is found all over Europe at the present day, and its antiquity is undeniable. Representations of it have been found in ancient Greek sculpture; and one learned Italian has written a long treatise on the bagpipe to prove that it was used in Greece at the Nemean games, and in Palestine in the Jewish synagogues. Whether the individual who first invented it conferred a lasting blessing on posterity is another question.

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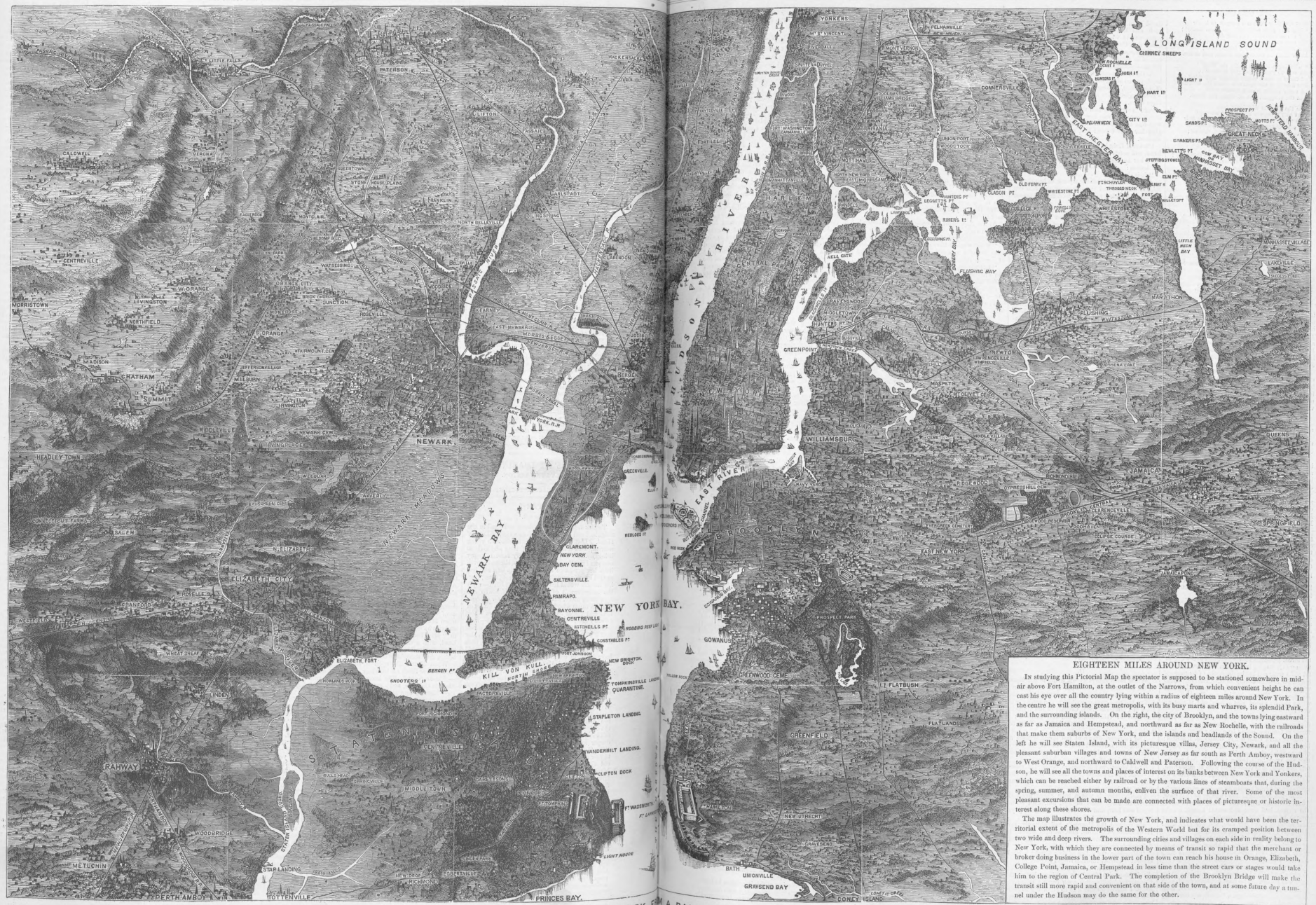

NEW YORK, FROM A BALLOON.

PICTORIAL MAP OF NEW YORK AND VICINITY, SHOWING THE SUBURBAN TOWNS, AND RAILROAD AND WATER COMMUNICATIONS.

EIGHTEEN MILES AROUND NEW YORK.

In studying this Pictorial Map the spectator is supposed to be stationed somewhere in mid-air above Fort Hamilton, at the outlet of the Narrows, from which convenient height he can cast his eye over all the country lying within a radius of eighteen miles around New York. In the centre he will see the great metropolis, with its busy marts and wharves, its splendid Park, and the surrounding islands. On the right, the city of Brooklyn, and the towns lying eastward as far as Jamaica and Hempstead, and northward as far as New Rochelle, with the railroads that make them suburbs of New York, and the islands and headlands of the Sound. On the left he will see Staten Island, with its picturesque villas, Jersey City, Newark, and all the pleasant suburban villages and towns of New Jersey as far south as Perth Amboy, westward to West Orange, and northward to Caldwell and Paterson. Following the course of the Hudson, he will see all the towns and places of interest on its banks between New York and Yonkers, which can be reached either by railroad or by the various lines of steamboats that, during the spring, summer, and autumn months, enliven the surface of that river. Some of the most pleasant excursions that can be made are connected with places of picturesque or historic interest along these shores.

The map illustrates the growth of New York, and indicates what would have been the territorial extent of the metropolis of the Western World but for its cramped position between two wide and deep rivers. The surrounding cities and villages on each side in reality belong to New York, with which they are connected by means of transit so rapid that the merchant or broker doing business in the lower part of the town can reach his house in Orange, Elizabeth, College Point, Jamaica, or Hempstead in less time than the street cars or stages would take him to the region of Central Park. The completion of the Brooklyn Bridge will make the transit still more rapid and convenient on that side of the town, and at some future day a tunnel under the Hudson may do the same for the other.

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MY GRACES.

THREE sprightly friends I happen to know
(They love your poet, he loves them dearly);
They are as sisters to me, and so
My eyes can see and judge of them clearly.
Their names—my head's a pitiful care;
I know them as Grace, and Grace, and Grace.

As witching a siren is Grace the First
As ever to lonely wanderer beckoned;
Full many a swain might hunger and thirst
For a flash of the eye from Grace the Second;
And many might prize a tender word
From the eloquent lips of Grace the Third.

Grace the First is winningly fair,
And half a hoyden and half a woman;
You'd think the wild gold wealth of her hair
An elfin charm, and nothing of human.
She can laugh and cry and coquet, this elf;
And altogether she loves—Herself.

Grace the Second is dark and grand,
With her tempest eyes she'll scan you throughly;
She can love or hate with a touch of her hand,
And speaks with a candor you'd call unruly.
And many a heart-wound gives and takes,
But weeps at last for the hurt she makes.

Grace the Third has a face that shows
How sweet expression can sum for beauty;
No wildness hers, nor a dim repose,
But a simple doing of love and duty.
The charm of the lily, the breath of the rose,
And the frailness of both from her soul outflows.

Give me Grace the First for a day;
Grace the Second to-day and to-morrow;
Grace the Third for ever and aye:
Thus choose I in a world of sorrow.
Yet, why choose, O privileged Me,
While I may count for my friends all three?

THE CHILD-STEALER.

I.

IN 1815 there was daily to be seen, wandering in the Hesse-Darmstadt quarter of Mayence, a tall, emaciated woman, with hollow cheeks and haggard eyes—a frightful picture of madness. This unfortunate woman, named Christine Evig, a mattress-maker living in the narrow street called Petit Volet, at the back of the cathedral, had lost her reason through the occurrence of a terrible event.

Passing one evening along the winding street of the Trois Bateaux, leading her little daughter by the hand, and suddenly observing that she had for a moment let go of the child, and that she no longer heard the sound of its steps, the poor woman turned and called:

"Deubche! Deubche! where are you?"

Nobody answered, and the street, as far as she could see, was deserted.

Then running, crying, calling, she returned to the port, and peered into the dark water lying beneath the vessels.

Her cries and moans drew the neighbors about her; the poor mother explained to them her agonies. They joined her in making fresh search, but nothing, not a trace, not an indication, was discovered to throw light on this frightful mystery.

From that time Christine Evig had never again set foot in her home; night and day she wandered through the town, crying, in a voice growing feebler and more plaintive: "Deubche! Deubche!"

She was pitied; good people supported her, gave her food, sometimes one, sometimes another, and dressed her in their cast-off clothes. And the police, in presence of a sympathy so general, did not think it their duty to interfere and shut Christine up in a mad-house, as was usual at that period.

She was left, therefore, to go about as she liked, without any one troubling himself concerning her ways.

But what gave to the misfortune of Christine a truly sinister character was that the disappearance of her little daughter had been, as it were, the signal for several events of the same kind; a dozen children disappeared in an astonishing and inexplicable manner, and several of these children belonged to the upper rank of towns-people.

These events usually occurred at nightfall, when the street passengers were few, and every one of them was hastening home from business. A willful child went out to the door-step of its parents' house, its mother calling to it, "Karl!" "Ludwig!" "Lotelé!"—absolutely like poor Christine. No answer. They rushed in every direction; the whole neighborhood was ransacked; it was all over!

To describe to you the inquiries of the police, the arrests that were made, the perquisitions, the terror of families, would be a thing impossible.

Seeing one's child die is, doubtless, frightful; but to lose it without knowing what has become of it, to think that one will never know it again, that the poor little being, so feeble and tender, one has pressed to one's heart with so much love, is ill perhaps—it may be, calling for us, and we unable to help it—this passes all imagination—exceeds the power of human expression to convey it.

Now one evening in the October of that year, 1815, Christine Evig, after having strayed about the streets, had gone and seated herself on the trough of the Bishop's Fountain, her long gray hair hanging about her face, and her eyes wandering as in the midst of a dream.

The servant-girls of the neighborhood, instead of stopping to chat as usual about the fountain, made haste to fill their pitchers and regain their masters' houses.

The poor mad-woman alone staid there, motionless, under the icy shower in which the Rhine mist was falling. The high houses around, with their sharp gables, their latticed windows, their innumerable dormer-lights, were slowly becoming enveloped in darkness.

The Bishop's Chapel clock struck seven, but Christine did not move, but still sat shivering and murmuring, "Deubche! Deubche!"

But at that moment, while the pale hue of twilight yet lingered on the points of the roofs before finally disappearing, she suddenly shuddered from head to foot, stretched forward her neck, and her face, impassible for nearly two years, was lit with such an expression of intelligence that Counselor Trumf's servant, who was at the moment holding her pitcher to the spout, turned in astonishment at seeing this gesture of the mad-woman's.

At the same moment, a woman, with downbent head, passed along the pavement at the other side of the square, holding in her arms something that was struggling with her, enveloped in a piece of linen cloth.

Seen through the rain this woman was of striking aspect; she was hurrying away like a thief who has succeeded in effecting a robbery, dragging her rags behind her, and slinking in the shadow.

Christine Evig had extended her shrunken left hand, and a few inarticulate words fell from her lips; but suddenly a piercing cry escaped from her bosom:

"It is she!"

And bounding across the square, in less than a minute she reached the corner of the Rue des Vieilles Ferrailles, where the woman had passed out of her sight.

But there Christine stopped, breathless; the stranger was lost in the darkness of that filthy place, and nothing was to be heard but the monotonous sound of the water falling from the house-gutters.

What had passed through the mad-woman's mind? What had she remembered? Had she had some vision—one of those flashes of soul that for a moment unshroud to us the dark depths of the past? I do not know.

By whatever means, she had recovered her reason.

Without losing a moment in pursuing the vanished apparition, the unfortunate woman hurried up the Rue des Trois Bateaux as if carried along by vertigo, turning at the corner of the Place Gutenberg, rushed into the hall of the Provost, Kasper Schwartz, crying in a hissing voice:

"Monsieur le Provost, the child-stealers are discovered! Ah, quick! Listen! listen!"

The Provost was just finishing his evening meal. He was a grave, methodical man, liking to take his ease after supper. Thus the sight of this phantom greatly disturbed him, and, setting down the cup of tea he was in the act of raising to his lips, he cried:

"Good God! am I not to have a single moment's quiet during the day? Can there possibly be a more unfortunate man than I am? What does this mad-woman want with me now? Why was she allowed to come in?"

Recovering her calmness at these words, Christine replied, in a suppliant manner:

"Ah, monsieur! you ask if there is a being more unfortunate than yourself; look at me—look at me!"

Her voice was broken with tears; her clinched hands put aside the long gray hair from her pale face. She was terrible to see.

"Mad! yes, my God! I have been mad; the Lord, in his mercy, hid from me my misfortune; but I am mad no longer. Oh, what I have seen! That woman was carrying off a child—for it was a child; I am sure of it."

"Go to the devil, with your woman and child! go to the devil!" cried the Provost. Seeing the unfortunate woman throw herself upon her knees, "Hans! Hans!" he cried, "will you come and turn this woman out-of-doors? To the devil with the office of provost! It brings me nothing but annoyance."

The servant appeared, and Monsieur Kasper Schwartz pointed to Christine:

"Show her out," he said. "To-morrow I shall certainly draw up a warrant in due form, to rid the town of this unfortunate creature. Thank Heaven, we have mad-houses."

The mad-woman laughed drearily, while the servant, full of pity for her, took her by the arm and said gently to her:

"Come, Christine—come."

She had relapsed into madness, and murmured:

"Deubche!—Deubche!"

II.

While these things were passing in the house of the Provost, Kasper Schwartz, a carriage came down the Rue d'Arsenal; the sentinel on guard before the shot-park, recognizing the equipage as that of Count Diderich, Colonel of the imperial regiment of Hilbourighausen, carried arms; a salute answered him from the interior of the vehicle.

The carriage, drawn at full speed, seemed as if going toward the Porte d'Allemagne, but it took the Rue de l'Homme de Fer, and stopped before the door of the Provost's house.

The Colonel, in full uniform, descended, raised his eyes, and appeared stupefied, for the shocking laughter of the mad-woman made itself heard outside of the house.

Count Diderich was a man about five-and-thirty or forty years of age, tall, with brown beard and hair, and a severe and energetic physiognomy.

He entered the Provost's hall abruptly, saw Hans leading Christine, and, without waiting to have himself announced, walked into Monsieur Schwartz's dining-room, exclaiming:

"Monsieur, the police of your district is intolerable! Twenty minutes since I stopped in front of the cathedral, at the moment of the Angelus. As I descended from my carriage, seeing the Countess of Hilbourighausen coming down the steps, I moved on one side to allow her to pass, and I then found that my son—a child of three years old, who had been seated by my side—had disappeared. The carriage-door on the side toward the bishop's house was open: advantage was taken of the moment I was engaged in lowering the steps to carry off the child! All the search and inquiries of my people have been fruitless. I am in despair, monsieur!—in despair!"

The Colonel's agitation was extreme; his dark eyes flashed like lightning through the tears he tried to repress; his hand clasped the hilt of his sword.

The Provost appeared to be dumfounded; his apathetic nature was distressed at the idea of having to rise and pass the night in giving orders, and himself to go about from place to place—in short, to recommence, for the hundredth time, the always unsuccessful search.

He would rather have put off the business till the next day.

"Monsieur," replied the Colonel, "understand that I will not be trifled with. You shall answer for my son with your head. It is your place to watch over the public security—you fail in your duty—it's scandalous! Oh, that I at least knew who has struck the blow!"

While pronouncing these incoherent words, he paced up and down the room, with clinched teeth and sombre looks.

Perspiration stood on the purple brow of Master Schwartz, who murmured, as he looked at the plate before him:

"I'm very sorry, monsieur—very sorry; but this is the tenth!—the thieves are much more clever than my detectives. What would you have me do?"

At this imprudent response the Colonel bounded with rage, and seizing the fat Provost by the shoulders, dragged him out of his arm-chair.

"What would I have you do? Is that the answer you give to a father who comes to demand of you his child?"

"Let me go, monsieur!—let me go!" roared the Provost, stifling with alarm. "In Heaven's name, calm yourself! A woman—a mad-woman—Christine Evig, has just been here—she told me—yes, I remember—Hans! Hans!"

The servant, who had overheard all at the key-hole, entered the room instantly.

"Monsieur?"

"Fetch back the mad-woman."

"She's still outside, monsieur."

"Well, bring her in. Pray sit down, Colonel."

Count Diderich remained standing in the middle of the room, and a moment afterward Christine Evig returned, haggard, and laughing insanely, as she had gone out.

Hans and a servant-girl, curious as to what was passing, stood in the open door-way open-mouthed. The Colonel, with a commanding gesture, made a sign to them to go away, then, crossing his arms in front of Master Schwartz, he cried:

"Well, monsieur, what kind of intelligence do you expect to obtain from this unfortunate creature?"

The Provost moved, as if he were going to speak; his fat cheeks shook.

The mad-woman uttered a sort of sobbing laughter.

"Monsieur," said the Provost at length, "this woman's case is the same as your own; two years ago she lost her child, and that drove her mad."

The Colonel's eyes overflowed with tears.

"Go on," he said.

"When she came here a little while ago she appeared to have recovered a spark of reason, and told me—"

Master Schwartz paused.

"What did she tell you, monsieur?"

"That she had seen a woman carrying a child."

"Ah!"

"Thinking that she was only raving, I sent her away."

The Colonel smiled bitterly.

"You sent her away?" he cried.

"Yes; she seemed to me to have relapsed into her state of madness."

"*Parbleu!*" cried the Count, in a tone of thunder, "you refuse assistance to this unfortunate woman? You drive away from her her last gleam of hope, instead of sustaining and defending her, as it is your duty to do? And you dare to retain your office!—you dare to receive the emoluments!"

He went up close to the Provost, whose wig trembled, and added, in a low, concentrated tone:

"You are a scoundrel! If I do not recover my child, I'll kill you like a dog!"

Master Schwartz, his staring eyes nearly starting from his head, his hands helplessly open, his mouth clammy, said not a word; terror held him by the throat; and besides, he knew not what to answer.

Suddenly the Colonel turned his back on him, and going to Christine, looked at her for a few seconds, then, raising his voice,

"My good woman," he said, "try and answer me. In the name of God—in the name of your child—where did you see that woman?"

He paused, and the poor woman murmured in a plaintive voice:

"Deubche! — Deubche! — they have killed her!"

The Count turned pale, and, carried away by terror, seized the mad-woman's hand.

"Answer me, unfortunate creature! answer me!" he cried.

He shook her; Christine's head fell back; she uttered a peal of frightful laughter, and said:

"Yes—yes—it is done! the wicked woman has killed it!"

The Count felt his knees giving way, and sank rather than sat down upon a chair, his elbows upon the table, his pale face between his hands, his eyes fixed, as if gazing upon some fearful scene.

The minutes passed slowly in silence.

The clock struck ten; the sound made the Colonel start. He rose, opened the door, and Christine went out.

"Monsieur—" said Master Schwartz.

"Hold your tongue!" interrupted the Colonel, with a withering look.

And he followed the mad-woman down the dark street.

A singular idea had come into his mind.

"All is lost," he said to himself; "this unhappy woman can not reason, can not comprehend questions put to her; but she has seen something—her instinct may lead her."

It is almost needless to add that the Provost was amazed. The worthy magistrate lost not a moment in double-locking his door; that done, he was carried away by a noble indignation.

"A man like me threatened!—seized by the collar! Aha, Colonel! we'll see whether there are any laws in this country! To-morrow morning I shall address a complaint to the Grand Duke, and expose to him the conduct of his officers," etc., etc.

II

Meanwhile the Colonel followed the mad-woman, and by a strange effect of the superexcitation of his senses, saw her in the darkness, through the mist, as plainly as in broad daylight; he heard her sighs, her confused words, in spite of the continual hiss of the autumn winds pouring through the deserted streets.

A few late towns-people, the collars of their coats raised to the level of their ears, their hands in their pockets, and their hats pressed down over their eyes, passed, at infrequent intervals, along the pavements; doors were heard to shut with a crash, an ill-fastened shutter banged against a wall, a tile torn from a house-top by the wind fell into the street; then, again, the immense torrent of air whirled on its course, drowning with its lugubrious voice all other sounds of the night.

It was one of those cold nights at the end of October, when the weather-cocks, shaken by the north wind, turn giddily on the high roofs, and cry with shrilly voices, "Winter! winter! winter is come!"

On reaching the wooden bridge Christine leaned over the pier and looked down into the dark muddy water that dragged itself along in the canal; then, rising with an uncertain air, she went on her way, shivering and murmuring:

"Oh! oh! it's cold!"

The Colonel, clutching the folds of his cloak with one hand, pressed the other against his heart, which felt almost ready to burst.

Eleven o'clock was struck by the Church of St. Ignatius; then midnight.

Christine Evig still went on; she had gone through the narrow streets of L'Imprimerie, of the Maillet, of the Halle aux Vins, of the Vieilles Boucheries, and of the Fosses de l'Évêché.

A hundred times, in despair, the Count had said to himself that this nocturnal pursuit would lead to nothing; but, remembering that it was his last resource, he followed her as she went from place to place, stopping, now by a corner-stone, now in the recess of a wall, then continuing her uncertain course—absolutely like a homeless brute wandering at hazard in the darkness.

At length, toward one o'clock in the morning, Christine came once more into the Place de l'Évêché. The weather appeared to have cleared up somewhat; the rain no longer fell, a fresh wind swept the streets, and the moon, now and then surrounded by dark clouds, now and then shining in full brilliancy, shed its rays, smooth and cold as blades of steel, upon the thousand pools of water lying in the hollows of the paving-stones.

The mad-woman tranquilly seated herself on the edge of the fountain, in the place she had occupied some hours before. For a long time she remained in the same attitude, with dull eyes, and her rags clinging to her withered form.

All the Count's hopes had vanished.

But at one of those moments when the moon, breaking through the clouds, threw its pale light upon the silent edifices, she rose suddenly, stretched forward her neck, and the Colonel, following the direction of her gaze, observed that it was plunged into the narrow lane of the Vieilles Ferrailles, about two hundred paces distant from the fountain.

At the same moment she darted forward like an arrow.

The Count followed instantly upon her steps, plunging into the block of tall old buildings that overlook the church of St. Ignatius.

The mad-woman seemed to have wings; ten times he was on the point of losing her, so rapid was her pace through these winding lanes, encumbered with carts, dung-heaps, and fagots piled before the doors on the approach of winter.

Suddenly she disappeared into a sort of blind alley, pitch-dark, and the Colonel was obliged to stop, not knowing how to proceed farther.

Fortunately, after a few seconds, the sickly yellow rays of a lamp pierced the darkness of the depths of this filthy hole, through a small cracked window-pane; this light was stationary, but now and then it was momentarily obscured by some intervening figure.

Some one was evidently awake in the lane.

What was being done?

Without hesitation the Colonel went straight toward the light.

In the midst of the obstructions he found the mad-woman, standing in the mire, her eyes staring, her mouth open, looking at the solitary light.

The appearance of the Count did not seem at all to surprise her; only, pointing to the window on the first-floor in which the light was seen, she said: "It's there!" in an accent so impressive that the Count started.

Under the influence of this impulsion he sprang toward the door of the house, and with one pressure of his shoulder burst it open. Impenetrable darkness filled the place.

The mad-woman was close behind him.

"Hush!" she cried.

And, once more giving way to the unfortunate

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woman's instinct, the Count remained motionless and listened.

The profoundest silence reigned in the house; it might have been supposed that every body in it was either sleeping or dead.

The clock of St. Ignatius struck two.

A faint whispering was then heard on the first-floor, then a vague light appeared on a crumbling wall at the back; boards creaked above the Colonel, and the light came nearer and nearer, falling first upon a ladder staircase, a heap of old iron in a corner, a pile of wood; farther on, upon a sash-window looking out into a yard, bottles right and left, a basket of rags—a dark, ruinous, and hideous interior.

At last a tin lamp with a smoky wick, held by a small hand, as dry and sinewy as the claw of a bird of prey, was slowly projected over the stair-rail, and above the light appeared the head of an anxious-looking woman, with hair the color of tow, bony cheeks, tall ears standing almost straight out from the head, light gray eyes glittering under deep brows; in short, a sinister being, dressed in a filthy petticoat, her feet in old shoes, her fleshless arms bare to the elbows, holding a lamp in one hand and in the other a sharp slater's hatchet.

Scarcely has this abominable being plunged her eyes into the darkness than she rushed back up the stairs with astonishing agility.

But it was too late: the Colonel had bounded after her, sword in hand, and seized the old witch by the petticoat.

"My child, wretch!" he cried; "my child!"

At this roar of the lion the hyena turned and struck at random with her hatchet.

A frightful struggle ensued; the woman, thrown down upon the stairs, tried to bite; the lamp, which had fallen on the ground, burned there, its wick sputtering in the damp and throwing changing shadows on the dusky wall.

"My child!" repeated the Colonel; "my child, or I'll kill you!"

"You—yes, you shall have your child," replied the breathless woman in an ironical tone. "Oh! it's not finished—not—I've good teeth—the coward, to—to strangle me! Ho! above there! are you deaf? Let me go—I'll—I'll tell you all!"

She was nearly exhausted, when another witch, older and more haggard, tottered down the stairs, crying: "I'm here!"

The wretch was armed with a large butcher's knife, and the Count, as he raised his eyes, saw that she was selecting a place in which to strike him between the shoulders.

He thought himself lost; a providential accident alone could save him.

The mad-woman, until then a motionless spectator, sprang upon the old woman, crying:

"It is she!—there she is! Oh, I recognize her!—she shall not escape me!"

The only answer was a gush of blood, which inundated the landing-place; the old woman had cut the unfortunate Christine's throat.

It was the work of a second.

The Colonel had time to spring to his feet and put himself on guard; seeing which, the two frightful old women fled rapidly up the stairs and disappeared in the darkness.

The flame of the smoky lamp flickered in the oil, and the Count took advantage of its last rays to follow the murderers. But on reaching the top of the stairs prudence counseled him not to abandon this point of egress.

He heard Christine breathing below, and drops of blood fell from stair to stair in the midst of the silence. It was horrible!

On the other hand, a strange sound of disturbance at the back of the den made the Count fear that the two women were attempting to escape by the windows.

Ignorance of the place had for a moment prevented his moving from the spot on which he was standing, when a ray of light shining through a glass door allowed him to see the two windows of a room looking into the alley lit by a light from without. At the same time he heard, in the alley, a loud voice call out:

"Halloo! what's going on here? A door open!"

"Come this way! come this way!" cried the Colonel.

At the same moment the light gleamed inside of the house.

"Ah!" cried the voice, "blood! The devil! I can't be mistaken—it's Christine!"

"Come here!" repeated the Colonel.

A heavy step sounded on the stairs, and the hairy face of the watchman, Sélig, with his big otter-skin cap, and his goat-skin over his shoulders, appeared at the head of the stairs, directing the light of his lantern toward the Count.

The sight of the uniform astonished the good fellow.

"Who's there?" he inquired.

"Come up, my good fellow, come up!"

"Pardon, Colonel—but, down below, there's—"

"Yes—a woman has been killed; her murderers are in this house."

The watchman ascended the few remaining stairs, and, holding up his lantern, lit the place; it was a landing about six feet square, on to which opened the door of the room in which the two women had taken refuge. A ladder on the left hand, leading up to the garret-story, still farther contracted the space.

The Count's paleness astonished Sélig. However, he dared not question the Colonel, who asked:

"Who lives here?"

"Two women—a mother and daughter; they are called about the market the Jösels. The mother sells butcher's meat in the market, the daughter makes sausage-meat."

The Count, recalling the words uttered by Christine in her delirium—"Poor child! they have killed it!"—was seized with giddiness, and a cold perspiration burst from his forehead.

By the most frightful chance he discovered, at the same instant, behind the stairs, a little Scotch tunic with blue and red checks, a pair of small shoes, and a black cap, thrown there out of the light. He shuddered, but an invincible power urged him on to look—to contemplate with his own eyes; he approached, therefore, trembling from head to foot, and with a faltering hand raised these articles of dress.

They had belonged to his child!

Some drops of blood stained his fingers.

Heaven knows what passed in the Count's heart. For a long while, leaning for support against the wall, with fixed eyes, arms hanging helplessly by his side, and open mouth, he remained as if stunned. But suddenly he sprang against the door with a yell of fury that terrified the watchman. Nothing could have resisted such a shock. Within the room was heard the crashing of the furniture which the two women had piled up to barricade the entrance; the building shook to its foundation. The Count disappeared into the obscurity; then came shrieks, wild cries, imprecations, hoarse clamors, from the midst of the darkness.

There was nothing human in it; it was as if wild beasts were tearing each other to pieces in the recesses of their den!

The alley filled with people. The neighbors from all sides waded into the mire, inquiring:

"What's the matter? Are they murdering one another here?"

Suddenly all became silent, and the Count, covered with wounds from a knife, his uniform in tatters, came down the stairs, his sword red to the hilt; even his mustaches were blood-stained, and those who saw him might have thought that he had been fighting in the manner of tigers.

* * * * * *

What more is there for me to tell you?

Colonel Diderich was cured of his wounds, and disappeared from Mayence.

The authorities of the town considered it judicious to keep these abominable details from the parents of the victims; I learned them from the watchman Sélig himself, after he had become old, and retired to his village near Saarbrück. He alone knew these details, having acted as witness at the secret inquiry which was instituted before the criminal tribunal of Mayence.

THE MODERN ARK.

UNCLE SAM'S hospitality is proverbial—and just a trifle indiscriminate. He has built a magnificent ark, and named it *the Great Republic*, and, in the generosity of his heart, invites every body in creation to come and take possession of a corner. The result is a trifling inconvenience in the matter of crowding, some of his own family having been jostled quite out of their proper quarters by the new-comers. But the Uncle beams benignantly upon all, and trusts to the future to settle all difficulties and remove every cause of jealousy.

EQUATORIAL FORESTS.

THE immense uniformity of the tropical forest, and its undulating surface of green, give it a certain resemblance to the ocean, and at first its effect upon the mind is similar. All travelers speak of the sense of awe and depression that overwhelms them on plunging into a boundless sea of vegetation, most bewildering where it is most luxuriant. Every thing is strangely formed—even the leaves and flowers are gigantic, as well as the trees that bear them. Gorgeous lianas, or bushropes, climb and curl among the towering walls of verdure, rendering it often impenetrable to all but snakes and birds. The solitude is extreme. During the heat of the day the only sounds are those of inanimate nature—of streams that abound in the drenching equatorial climate, and of the trade-wind rushing through the tops of the giant trees. At other times these are joined by the voice of general creation, or, as Auguste St. Hilaire says: "Cette voix du désert, qui n'est autre chose que l'accent de la crainte, de la douleur et du plaisir, exprimé de différentes manières, partant d'êtres divers." There is a universal richness, an overflowing, an exuberance, by which each tree seems to expand into a pure enjoyment of life, to all seeming, as intense as that of its animal brethren. Nothing strikes the traveler more than the enormous energy of vegetation. In the forest all things are at war with each other, and not the animal world only. As every tree drinks full draughts of moisture from the cold leaf-stained brooks that flow among its roots, so it desires light and air for its development, and struggles upward, striving to raise its head into the sunshine, and force its vast limbs through the dense surrounding mass. Undoubtedly, a like contest exists in every climate; but here, where vegetation is so crowded and nourished by this superabundance of heat and moisture, it becomes remarkably apparent. European scenery is full of repose. Countless ages have passed and left no trace upon the most wildly tossed peaks of the Alps; they and their pine-covered slopes seem ever the same, quiet and almost lifeless. *There* the fierce, feverish existence of the tropics is unknown. Budding, flowering, fruiting, which, in colder climates, is the work of twelve months, is *here* accomplished in a few days, and the various stages are progressing in the same clump of trees. Every season may be observed in a single day; and throughout the year the temperature only varies within a few degrees. After a hurricane, or the continual squalls of the rainy season, two or three fine days will suffice to revive the forest in all its joyous strength, regardless of uprooted trees and dead foliage, and it is then that the rapidity of its growth is most wonderful.

There are three great forests lying under the equator—those of Brazil, of Central Africa, and of the Asiatic Islands. Each is a thick, wide-spreading mass of vegetation, subject to constant rains, and containing a world of life within itself. But as they essentially differ in their characteristics, we shall discuss them separately.

The broad rounded outline of the Brazilian forest is not so unlike that of a European wood as might be imagined; but it is the immense size of the trees, the deep green color of the leaves, and the strangeness of each individual form, that distinguish it. Palms of a hundred species are mingled with the swollen-stemmed ceiba; while the gigantic mora, the bertholletia, or Brazil-nut, and the cow-tree, tower, with several palms, above their fellows, two hundred feet from the ground. In some places there is a thick growth of under-wood and ferns; in others the ground is a bare swamp, rank and steaming, where no plant grows among the tall trunks but gloom-loving fungi. Few trees bear flowers; indeed, it seems to be a law of nature, the great mother, that trees constantly bearing leaves should seldom produce flowers; and there would be little color in the variously shaded mass of green but for the lianas, which form its distinguishing feature. To call them creepers is to describe them feebly, they are rather climbing trees, and sometimes of large size. Twining their lithe, ribbon-like arms round the nearest trunk, they obtain a firm support, and spread from tree to tree in labyrinthine festoons, displaying a wealth of brilliant flowers that irradiates the dimness of the forest. Often the tree dies in the murderous hug of its beautiful parasite, and hangs suspended, in the act of falling, by the liana, now scarcely smaller than itself. Nothing is at rest; but every living thing is fighting its own hard battle for existence. Heat and moisture are two great agents who are ceaselessly at work nourishing them all; no slight labor, when it is remembered that the equatorial rains, constant though they be, have to feed the Great River and its tributaries, as well as the forest that clothes their shores. To this excess of sunlight and rain does nature owe its marvelous freshness, life perpetually springing forth, hiding and sweeping away decay.

At every hour of the day and night some living creatures awaken to activity. Sunrise is announced by a general chorus, especially of loud-voiced animals, as monkeys and parrots, whose varied cries continue in bursts, until the forest rings with the uproar. This gradually ceases as the sun rises higher in the sky; till, at noon, a death-like stillness prevails. The snake and cayman lie basking in open places, drinking in the fierce heat that drives all other animals to seek shade. Only a solitary cry is heard until sunset, when the chorus is renewed; but this time by different voices—those of the hungry jaguar and panther, the tapir, peccari, and others, besides noisy frogs, and those creatures that always accompany night, the owl and bat—the latter being often, in the tropics, the formidable blood-sucking vampire. It is at this time that fruit and flowers send forth their most delicious fragrance, and swarms of goat-suckers appear chasing night-insects. That much maligned but innocent bird sleeps on the ground, or on a low branch, and lays its eggs on the bare soil.

The sounds of the night are nearly the same, but even fewer than those of the day; the crash of a fallen tree; the mournful wail of the sloth, that seems to implore pity as it crawls slowly along the under side of a branch; the cayman's cry, hideous and terrible, for it means that the monster is seeking for prey. Sometimes, too, there is the roaring of the jaguar on the same quest, or perhaps lost in the wilderness, a thing which not unfrequently happens, and the perplexed animal lives for weeks in the trees, the terror of monkeys and birds. That peculiar species of monkey called the howler makes a terrific noise, it is said, most depressing to the spirits—this is generally just before sunrise. Some of the birds sing well—as the realejo, or organ-bird, the campanero, with its bell-like note, and one or two others. As a rule, Brazilian song-birds are dull-plumaged. The glories of the winged kingdom are its humming-birds and butterflies. Birds lay throughout the year, and find plentiful food in the insects that abound. Every species of ant exists here, and in myriads. The formigo or fire-ant actually depopulates whole districts, man and beast fleeing from its fearful sting; while, on the other hand, termites or white ants perform a useful office in the system of nature, eating away the decayed parts of vegetation.

Beyond the ordinary sights and sounds of the forest, there are those for which no hunter, either Indian or white, can account—a ring as of an axe striking a tree, or a sudden sharp cry unlike that of any animal, and followed by profound silence. They are described as producing a strange effect upon the mind in these vast solitudes. The Indians ascribe all such unexplained noises to the spirit of the woods. In them, and the voices of nature around them, they believe a deity speaks. Very few in number, and shrinking from contact with the white man's civilization, these Indians lead a wild, solitary life. A wretched, palm-thatched hut, containing a few earthen pots, and the universal hammock slung within, is their dwelling, which is generally surrounded by a small clearing, growing manioc and plantains. The women cultivate this ground, while the men hunt and fish. Boiled ant-eater and red monkey are their common food. One or two tribes are nomad, remaining but a short time in the same spot, and living entirely upon fruit and fish—a harmless, degraded people. Their history is as obscure as that of most savages—even tradition is silent among them. Whence they came, it would be hard to say, but certain it is that they do not seem fitted by nature for the climate, as the negro is. They suffer from the heat like the white, yet their race appears to have existed and grown old with the forest itself. Its pathless wilds are familiar to them. With the lore of the hunter, and the sun for their guide, they can read a meaning in every broken twig, in the bend of a tree, in a freshly stirred pool, or a bird's cry.

Still journeying under the equator, we pass eastward across the Atlantic, and come to the forests of the Old World. Massive and thickly grown like the others, these of Central Africa seem to bear upon their face the traces of a greater antiquity. Here is none of the youthful exuberance of the Brazilian forest; all is silence and gloom. Huge trunks rise out of the barren swampy ground, and their dense foliage screens it from every ray of sunshine. Animal life partakes of these gigantic proportions. Large carnivora, however, such as tigers, panthers, and hyenas, are rare; and indeed the same may be said of the large monkeys, who are exclusively fruit-eating. The elephant retires farther and farther into the interior. Both it and the hippopotamus are slaughtered in numbers—by the traders for ivory, and the negroes for food—and the result, at least for the latter, must finally be extinction. It can not, like the elephant, recede far from the coast; its home must ever be in rivers. The American tapir is the small and partially developed representative of the Old World elephant; the American alligator or cayman, a near but inferior relation of the crocodile. The chimpanzee, gorilla, and other large monkeys have progressed far beyond the stage in which we at present see the long-tailed climbing species, who are exactly suited for an existence among the trees of the new continent.

Words can scarcely express the deep melancholy and solitude of an African forest. Explorers, whom the "fatal fascination of Africa" has drawn again and again to her bosom, describe the beauty of its scenery, its glorious sunsets, and the merry, childish savage, and at the same time this mysterious sadness, that overpowers every European. The Indian of South America, and he alone, is listless and melancholy amidst the youth and brightness of his native forests. He *may* be fallen; his ancestors may have fought for the Incas in the golden days of Peru; they may have built the monuments that lie in ruins scattered over Tehuantepec: but what past has the negro? If Amazonian America ever did lie where the sea now washes the festering mangrove swamps of the Guinea coast, it is so long ago that he has forgotten all about it. The tribes are very few in number, and widely scattered. A traveler may journey for days, and find but few signs of life; scarcely hear the song of a bird, or see a single flower. Rainbow-tinted dragon-flies hover round the pools, and a stray deer now and then comes to drink; but one may listen in vain for that faint murmur or under-current of voice and motion, which is generally to be distinguished beneath the deepest stillness of tropical noon.

Lastly come the immense forests of the East India Islands, Borneo, Sumatra, and Java, upon which the sun pours down an everlasting flood of light, and the "cloud-ring" of the equator its tribute of rain. Lying midway between Africa and America, this group of vegetation shares the characteristics of both, though parts of it are rather jungle than forest. Immense groves of magnolias vary the never-ending palms of different kinds, among which the sago and betel-nut palms are especially common. The screw-pine and the tallest bamboo grow side by side, and, sheltering under the thick foliage, is the sole representative of an almost extinct class, the tree-fern, sixteen or eighteen feet high—relic of past geological ages, when its kind waved every where above a primeval sea. Splendid creepers twine among the trees; and in some places the jungle is a mass of rhododendrons, pink, crimson, yellow, and purple. Orchids are found in great variety; but the peculiarity of these islands are the nepenthes, or pitcher-plants, holding in their leafy cups an inexhaustible draught of water, always pure and cold in the hottest weather. Among fruit-bearing trees, the famous durian and mangosteen abound on every hand. In the dry monsoon trees lose their leaves, but nature quickly revives under the drenching rains that follow. Rain at the equator has generally an exhilarating effect upon both tree and animal. It arouses new life within the white man, and almost produces vivacity in the listless, silent Indian. The negro alone is miserable under it. Here, in the Asiatic Islands, the afternoon showers of the wet monsoon rejoice all hearts. The animal concert is louder and more joyous than before. It is easy to distinguish the cries of the peacock and argus pheasant, and of the Jelatuk bird, which resembles the stroke of an axe. Night brings with it the loud pipe of tree-frogs, added to the cooing of doves, as they collect in flocks round the fruit trees. Gaudy macaws and red lories settle to sleep among the branches, and leave the dark hours to enormous bats, whose expanded wings measure four feet across. Gradually these sounds drop off. The silence is perhaps broken for a moment by one of those unaccountable noises heard in dense, untrodden forest, then all is quiet again. Suddenly a shriek arises from some defenseless creature, frightened by the approach of a stealthy cobra or night-wandering tiger, and the general uproar is renewed with tenfold vigor. Alarm spreads even to the huge orang-outang, who springs, terrified, from tree to tree. When this happens, there is an end to quietness for that night.

In these regions, where life is so abundant and so full of vitality, all is at the same time changing. Nature can not stand still. Every where she is working, but it is under the equator that her grandest forces are visibly seen, rolling on through a majestic and never-ending cycle. There she puts forth all her Titanic strength. Many believe that the cradle of the human kind was in this sunny belt of the earth's surface, others that "the perfect race of the future" will see its day arise there. It may be so; but what more can we say? How, being ignorant of the past, can we guess otherwise than blindly at the future?

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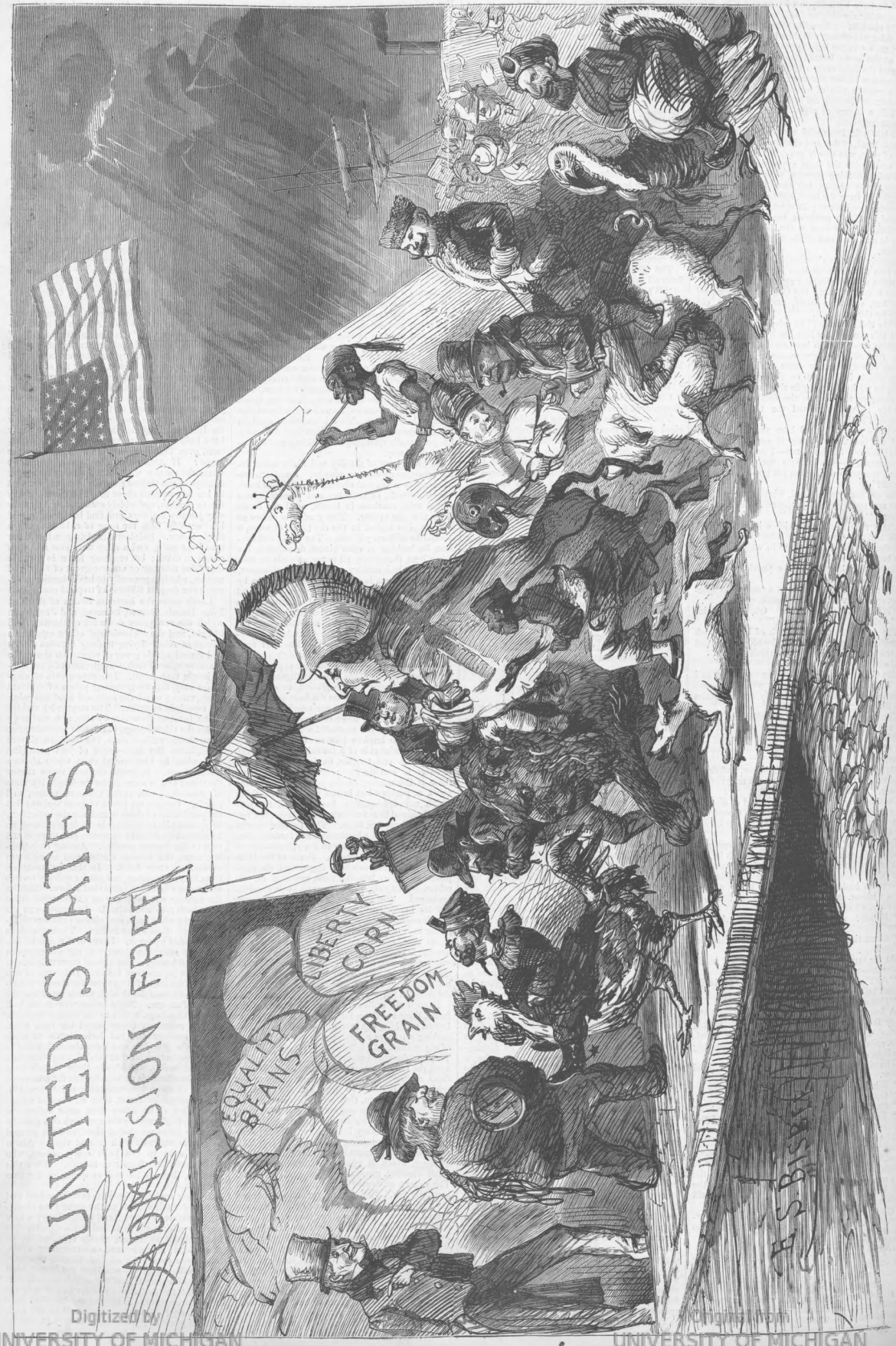

THE MODERN ARK.—DRAWN BY SOL EYTINGE, FROM A SKETCH BY E. S. BISBEE.—[SEE PAGE 423.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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THE WAR AT PARIS.

WE give in this number of the *Weekly* several illustrations of the civil war now raging in and around Paris. One on this page represents the barricades erected by the Red Republican insurgents in the Place de Clichy, with some cannon and a tree of liberty planted near the statue.

The illustration on page 436 shows the defeat of the insurgents at the bridge of Neuilly on the 2d of April. They had occupied Puteaux (a pleasant village on the slope of Mont Valérien), Courbevoie, with the large barracks there, and the bridge of Neuilly. The outposts of the Versailles army, under command of General VINOY, occupied ground immediately contiguous. The Reds had strongly barricaded the bridge of Neuilly and loop-holed the barracks at Courbevoie, situated at the end of a long avenue forming an angle with the Avenue de Neuilly, and leading to the Rond-point de Courbevoie, whither the statue of the first NAPOLEON was removed some years ago from the Place Vendôme. The body of troops from Versailles sent by General VINOY to act against the insurgents, not above 3000 strong, marched at daylight; but a second body, in support of the first, numbering 10,000 men of different arms, started from Satory about an hour later, and remained in reserve a short distance in rear of the attack. The attack was made about ten o'clock in the morning, and after a severe engagement the Red Republicans fled back across the bridge, and took shelter behind the ramparts on each side of the Porte Maillot. On page 432 will be found

THE WAR AT PARIS—BARRICADE IN THE PLACE DE CLICHY.

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an illustration representing the announcement of a decree by the Red Republican government, or Commune, at the Hôtel de Ville.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1871.

☞ *In the* SUPPLEMENT *to this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *our readers will find a very striking Poem, entitled*

"ICE AND COAL,"

with five illustrations by THOMAS NAST *and* SOL EYTINGE; *another installment of* "MEMORIES," *giving delightful reminiscences of* THOMAS HOOD, *with five illustrations; a second chapter of* MRS. LINTON'S *interesting story,* "TODHUNTERS' AT LOANIN' HEAD;" *a beautiful Spring Picture; an illustration of* CAMP LIFE ON THE PLAINS; *and other attractive features.*

☞ CHARLES READE'S *new Story,* "A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION," *is one of the most thrilling and powerful productions of this eminent master of fiction. It was commenced in* HARPER'S WEEKLY *for March* 1, *and is continued in the present Number.*

ROME AT HOME AND ABROAD.

CARDINAL BELLARMINE said that the Pope "hath a full power over the whole world, both in ecclesiastical and civil affairs, and that to question it was a detestable heresy." Pope PAUL the Second told the embassador of Queen ELIZABETH that "England was held in fee of the apostolic see," and Pope PIUS the Fifth assumed to excommunicate and depose her. This was the Gregorian theory of the scope of ecclesiastical power. From the premises of the Roman Church it is strictly logical. And although within the last century the claim has been relaxed by certain Romish universities, and was even proscribed by Pope PIUS the Sixth, the order to which BELLARMINE belonged, the Jesuits, has never relinquished the hope and the purpose of declaring it again: and when its ascendency in the Church was secured it called the Œcumenical Council and proclaimed the Papal Infallibility.

The essential absurdity of the declaration in view of the history of the Church is shown, indeed, in this, that if the Pope as Pope be infallible, he has always been so, as the infallibility does not begin with PIUS the Ninth. But if he has always been so, the Church must have believed it and taught it. Yet, as Archbishop PURCELL said in the Council, "Every one knows that the Council of Lyons, after the Council of Florence, examined the question of the Pope's infallibility, but they did not see their way through: they could not find sufficient evidence in Scripture or tradition to define the personal, independent, separate, absolute infallibility of the Pope; therefore they laid the question aside." And in 1788 the great Romish universities of the Sorbonne, Louvain, Douay, Alcala, and Salamanca expressly declared that it was no matter of faith to believe the Pope infallible. But the Jesuits carried their point. It might be absurd, but it was logical, and it was desirable. Moreover, when it was promulgated, absurdity would be no impeachment of it, for a true ecclesiastical faith absorbs the incredible. The Papal Infallibility was proclaimed, and the Roman Pontiff was restored to the position which BELLARMINE had claimed for him.

But the position of the Roman Church is extraordinary. Within the year in which the civil power of the Pope was declared he was removed from that power by members of his own communion. In his own political capital —in Rome itself—the Government, composed of his fellow-churchmen, proposes the separation of church and state. In Austria the Government, also of his own Church, has forbidden the priests to meddle with the schools, and it rebuked the Pope when he protested. The greatest theologian and divine of the Church, Dr. DÖLLINGER, and its greatest orator, Father HYACINTHE, have each protested against the decree of infallibility. The King of Bavaria, a Roman Catholic, has signified his sympathy with Dr. DÖLLINGER; and Baron VON STAUFFENBERG, a delegate from Bavaria in the German Parliament, also a Roman Catholic, states that the Bavarian Constitution distinguishes between purely religious and purely secular concerns, and says that before long the question may be asked which is the true Catholic Church?

But the most striking fact of all is that, while the most vigorous protest against the action of the Vatican Council, virtually claiming for the Pope the civil allegiance of every member of his Church in the world, proceeds from Roman Catholics in the European monarchies, the most unanimous and servile acquiescence in it is found among the Romanists of the American republic. This acquiescence is so complete that they have, with one exception in the priesthood, and he was peremptorily silenced, bitterly denounced the peaceful revolution in Rome which has placed the Government in the hands of the Romans. And still more significant and important is the fact that the political party in this country which claims by its name, Democratic, to be peculiarly the party of the people, allies itself with this Roman Catholic element, and it is because of this alliance that Father HECKER and the priests whom Mr. FARTON mentions cherish the warmest hopes of the supremacy of their Church in this country—a supremacy which would necessarily be the overthrow of free popular government. In 1800 the Roman Catholics were about one-seventeenth of the whole population. In 1870 they were one-sixth. In 1900 they hope to be one-third.

This population is mainly of foreign birth, or of one or two removes. It has necessarily no strong American feeling. It is, with signal and admirable exceptions, an ignorant and superstitious population. It is compact and obedient to ecclesiastical leaders. Those leaders truly say with BYRON, although in another sense, "O Rome, my country!" They live for one object—the supremacy of their Church. They understand the methods of acquiring and maintaining it. Their purpose is relentless; their vigilance unsleeping. A political party, therefore, which, like the Democratic, has sustained itself upon ignorance, class hatred, and prejudice, steadily disregarding the moral law and the American doctrine of liberty, finds this rapidly increasing multitude exactly suited to its purposes. It has, as a class, no American instincts, little intelligence, and all the passions of ignorance; and by pandering to its desires the party can secure its vote. Hitherto the political policy of this Church in this country has been the assault upon the public school system. Wherever that has been made, it has been made by the Democratic party, and, as the consideration of that and other favors, that party has had the Roman Catholic vote.

This is a fact too conspicuous and significant to be disregarded. The success of the Democratic party would be that of the Roman Catholic policy in this country; for the party could not safely alienate the Roman vote, while it could be retained only by the strictest obedience to ecclesiastical dictation. So true is this that there can be no question if the Roman interest demanded that, pending the overthrow of the school system in this State by Democratic aid, the schools in this city, now wholly under Democratic control, should be supplied with histories satisfactory to that interest, they would be furnished. The dependence of the Democratic party at this moment is upon the Ku-Klux feeling both in the Northern and Southern States, and upon the Roman Catholic vote. Let every American citizen consider what that implies.

LEGAL TENDER.

THE resumption of specie payments at the earliest period compatible with prudence can be effected only through the instrumentality of Congress, accompanied with the cordial concurrence of the whole people, and not by virtue of what has very properly been called "court-made law." And it is very apparent that the failure of Congress to be prompt in this duty, and the fear that still longer delays may occur, have had much to do with the approval expressed in some quarters with the decision by the Supreme Court of the United States against the constitutionality of the Legal Tender act, although many of those who approve the decision claimed in all the stages of the mighty conflict through which we lately passed that the benefits of the measure during that struggle were second in importance only to the action of our forces in the field. It may be very convenient, under some aspects of the case, to enjoy the advantages of the act in war, and then, after it has performed essential service, and when all danger is over, have it declared illegal; but a solemn decision, acquiesced in by the country, that there is no power to pass such an act, however necessary it may be for the purposes of the conflict, strips the government of one of the most important means of warfare and defense used by modern nations.

Such a decision produces other and serious disadvantages. The legal tender currency has been employed now for over nine years. The vast indebtedness of the people has been adjusted in it, so far as it has been adjusted, and it will be perilous to have the foundations of all that has been done disturbed by a harsh decision. Judgment has already been rendered in a State court to recover the difference between gold and currency, on the ground that the payment was accepted in currency, when, had the decision in the legal tender case been announced, it might have been demanded in gold. To what extent the decision will produce damage of this character, if not reversed, it is difficult to say. It opens the door to endless litigation and uncertainty. The judgment that there was no constitutional power to make the act applicable to contracts existing at the time of its passage strikes at the whole principle of the act. There were no other debts at the time except existing debts, and if they were not included in the description, "all debts" used in the act, how easy is it to go a step further, and say that the language could not have been intended to apply to those which had no existence—that is to say, to subsequent debts. Thus the act would be utterly void, and the whole business and industry of the country would have its present foundations broken up and destroyed. This peril justified the rehearing that has been had; but the greater peril of being obliged hereafter to conduct war on the basis of the precious metals, of which there is no adequate supply, or any thing like an adequate supply, constitutes the most imposing ground for satisfaction with the recent attitude of the Court. If there is no power, in the emergency of war, when the precious metals are hoarded and expelled, to make the money of the government a legal tender, the life of the nation will always be exposed. A government without the power of self-preservation ought scarcely to be called a government.

When the example of France and England —great, opulent, proud, and experienced nations—is referred to in support of the legal tender policy, the answer is that they are not governed by a written constitution. To this we say that the exercise of this power is nowhere, in terms or in effect, prohibited in our Constitution. On the contrary, by the constant and repeated practice of modern nations, it has become a recognized and an essential power in war; and it therefore follows that in granting to Congress unlimited war powers, this particular power is granted. The specific grant of power to declare war, and to raise and support armies, and to provide and maintain a navy, is followed by the authority to pass all laws which may be "necessary and proper" for the purpose; and what can be more necessary and proper than to provide this description of money when no other can be reached, and to meet foreign nations with measures like those to which they resort? War is the collection together of all the men and means at the command of a country, and directing them with skill and effect against those of the enemy. It would be folly to place limitations upon Congress in war which foreign nations do not impose upon their legislatures; and it is not the Constitution, but only the Court, peculiarly constituted for the moment and not full, which undertook to cripple the government in this manner.

If the old apothegm, that in war the laws are silent, had been changed to express the true situation in war, its language would have been that at such a time the laws of war supplant those of peace. The Constitution contains numerous proofs of this condition. It restricts Congress from suspending the writ of *habeas corpus* unless when, in times of rebellion or invasion, the public safety requires it; declares that soldiers shall not be quartered in any house in time of peace without the consent of the owner, nor in a time of war but in a manner to be prescribed by law; and that no person shall be held to answer for a capital or otherwise infamous crime unless on a presentment or indictment of the grand jury, except in cases arising in the land and naval forces or in the militia when in actual service in time of war or public danger —one rule for war and another and different one for peace.

These limitations upon the previous broad grant of war powers imply that the particular powers might be exercised if not forbidden. The framers of the Constitution, while on this subject of restriction, omitted to restrict as to legal tender, although the colonial governments in the war with England had frequently exercised that authority. The omission, with this recent example before them, shows that they did not intend that the war power should be shorn of a feature so necessary to success.

The omission to embrace the general government in the restrictions put upon the States is equally significant. The Constitution prohibits them from making any thing but gold and silver coin a tender in payment of debts, or from passing any law impairing the obligation of contracts. The point frequently made that this, in effect, restricts the general government, is easily answered, for in the same clause they are also restricted from exercising other powers which are universally admitted to belong to the general government; and if the argument were good in the former case, it would be good in the latter; besides, it was competent for the convention to have embraced Congress in the restriction in specific terms, and it forbore to do so.

The harmony of the Constitution is complete in these respects, and it may therefore be fairly claimed that the Republican party during the war, instead of acting in violation of the Constitution under the theory that in war the laws are silent, acted within its scope in pursuance of the true theory, that the laws of war supplant many of those of peace.

VERSAILLES AND PARIS.

IN a letter to the London *Times* M. GUIZOT speaks a word for his country, from which he has been an exile for twenty-three years. He asks every body to remember that Paris had just ceased to be the citadel of the honor of all France when the present insurrection began, and that no other part of the country has seriously sympathized with the Parisian movement, but that France has remained faithful to the government which it had just established in the National Assembly. Then he says that it was only natural that the Versailles authorities should pause before attacking the capital, that Paris itself, with all France, might see the consequences of anarchy. But, having once begun the attack, he hopes and believes that the national authority will push vigorously and swiftly to a complete victory. M. GUIZOT'S object evidently is to palliate, or even to justify, the delay of the Versailles Government. The policy that he supposes, however, could hardly have been the reason of the delay in resisting the insurrection. Delay under such circumstances has but one effect. It encourages the enemies and depresses the friends of the rightful authority. M. THIERS is not a sentimentalist, and his attack was delayed, undoubtedly, because of the want of troops and of leaders, and of confidence in those that he had.

But the main fact mentioned by M. GUIZOT, that the trouble is virtually confined to Paris, is certainly significant. The contest is between Paris and France. The country is undoubtedly weary of the overshadowing centralization which has been so unquestioned that the inhabitants of Paris really suppose that they are the rightful rulers of France. In "The Besieged Resident in Paris," by Mr. H. LABOUCHERE, just published, there is as vivid a revelation of Parisian character as was ever made. It is a work of the shrewdest observation and the most penetrating humor, and is a wonderful picture of the utter folly and want of veracity which characterize the "centre of civilization." A decisive triumph of the Versailles Government, which is that of all France, will, therefore, be of the utmost importance in two ways: it will show that Paris is not France, and that the "red republic," which is but another name for the terror, is not so invincible as has been supposed. When that nightmare is laid there will be hope for France. Nor could any well-wisher to the country ask more than that, in such contest, anarchy should be represented by "General" CLUSERET.

The victory of the Versailles Government will have this further good result, that it will enable the people of France to determine their own government, instead of having it imposed upon them by Paris. The Count of Paris recently said that if he were called to the head of France, he should go over with the British Constitution in his pocket. "Then he'll soon join me here!" grimly remarked LOUIS NAPOLEON when he was told of it. M. GUIZOT tried the British Constitution in France as much as circumstances permitted; and it was M. THIERS who said—what has become the formula of the British monarchy—the king reigns, but he doesn't govern. But the essential fact in that Constitution, that the Parliament represents the really governing class, was not the fact in France, so that M. GUIZOT and his king were obliged to leave very hastily. Thus far there are no signs of any considerable number of persons in France who comprehend the republican principle, so that a republic is extremely doubtful. Those who call themselves republicans are the most despotic and intolerant of Frenchmen. Indeed, the present deplorable situation is due to their inability to understand that the first condition of a republican government is implicit respect for the national will legally declared by the majority.

"A GLAD WELCOME."

EX-GOVERNOR VANCE, of North Carolina, who was a very active rebel, and who, not having professed acquiescence in the result of the war, was therefore elected by the Democrats Senator in Congress, wrote a letter to the *Tribune* some time since, in which he said that immigrants into his State would be welcomed gladly, and would be as safe as they would be "any where on earth." In that faith, but before the letter of the ex-Governor was written, Mr. H. C. LUCE, in the winter of 1869, went with some friends and settled in Western North Carolina, near Charlotte. They established iron-works, spending, of course, a great deal of money, employed hundreds of poor whites and poorer blacks, opening up markets, and doing precisely what North Carolina needs to have done. They took no part in politics, and asked for no office, but being seven miles from any town or regular church or school, at the request of some of their colored laborers they opened a Sunday-school for both blacks and whites. Admiral WILKES'S rich plantation was near by, and he and his family were also educating the people, and built a little church, to which they invited a clergyman, who had been a rebel soldier. The colored workmen of the Admiral were attacked and whipped, their school-books and Bibles were burned, and the clergyman was warned to leave or he would be murdered.

Those who know Admiral WILKES can judge whether he was likely to permit any thing that could be considered unfairly exciting, and Mr. LUCE'S veracity is amply attested. The result of the attempt at civilization was the appearance of the Ku-Klux, and the consequent terror, scourgings, and burnings. Mr. LUCE himself was menaced with mobbing, as inciting the colored men to retaliation; and most of the Democrats in the neighborhood excused the crimes as only punishing those deserving of punishment. At last, of course, Mr. LUCE and his friends were driven away, and one of the most reasonable and promising efforts at settlement and industrial development in one of the late rebel States was violently ended, upon no plea whatever but that the laborers were peacefully instructed in schools where two things were required—that the races should not

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be taught together, and that politics should be excluded.

This barbarism, which is the work of Southern Democrats, and which indefinitely delays real reconstruction, is sustained by the Northern Democratic press, which sneers at the Ku-Klux as a mere hobgoblin, and denies the truth of such tales as this of Mr. LUCE. And whether the Southern Democracy intends to acquiesce in equal rights every body will judge for himself.

INTERNATIONAL INTOLERANCE.

A FEW years since an intelligent and sagacious Parsee merchant traveling in this country said, with a smile, that nothing seemed to him more outrageously impertinent than our missionary enterprises. "If I should remain among you," he said, "and denounce Christianity as a vile and hideous fable, declaring that I would teach you the only true and divine religion, you would not harm me, perhaps, but you would think me very impudent." And, indeed, nothing could be more courteous than the Parsee condescension to the Christian religion, which seemed to him a growth of yesterday. The question of the real value of missionary enterprises to those whom they are intended to affect is, indeed, always open. Sixty years ago SYDNEY SMITH, writing of British Hindoo missions, stingingly said: "Let us ask, too, if the Bible is universally diffused in Hindostan, what must be the astonishment of the natives to find that we are forbidden to rob, murder, and steal —we who, in a few years, have extended our empire from a few acres about Madras over the whole peninsula and sixty millions of people, and exemplified in our public conduct every crime of which human nature is capable!"

This sense of the impertinence of foreign protests against native convictions and customs has become so intense in China that the Government now demands of the European embassadors that schools for the education of Chinese women shall be closed, that teaching to Chinese male subjects any religion but that of CONFUCIUS shall be forbidden, that missionaries shall be considered Chinese subjects, and that no women shall enter the country as missionaries. Of course, as our missionaries teach in China by the express permission of treaties, the present conduct of the Government is a direct violation of an agreement, and a very serious question immediately arises. Our missionaries have the right to persist in their work, and it will be the duty of the Government to protect them if they are attacked. But it would be a very ungracious business to fight other people because they have decided that they would rather not listen to our preaching. For we do not claim to preach in China upon the general ground that we have a right to teach any body and every body who wishes to be taught, but only because of the permission of the Government.

But if this action of the Chinese Government seems to us barbarous, we must, nevertheless, be tolerant, because in the very papers which announced the fact we read on the same day that the American General Council of Crispins resolved to resist the immigration into this country of Chinese laborers, not preachers, with every legal weapon, in order "to procure its final destruction, if possible." If there be such warmth of feeling in Christian America against mere industrial rivalry, we certainly need not go into heroics over the hostility of Confucian China to religious rivalry; for the religious sentiment is the most precious and vital of all. However, riots in America against the Chinese and massacres in China of Americans are not to be tolerated; and if the Chinese Government did not wish foreigners to settle, trade, and teach in China, it should have refused its permission. Having granted it, the permission can not be summarily revoked at will. But a survey of the facts may remind us that intolerance is not all upon one side.

THE ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

BY JOHN JONES, A.M.

As I reach the top of the stately staircase and, stopping to look around, see pictures in every direction, my first feeling is of the industry and hope and generous aim which they all represent. In fancy I see scores of men and women who have patiently consecrated their youth, their prime, and all their faculties to the service of art. I see the small studio, the frugal living, the constant sacrifice, the unwearied fidelity, the noble endeavor, which make the life of the artist certainly as honorable as that of any man. And the pictures which I am about to see are not the works of a year, therefore, but the fruit of whole lives; and how many of us who are about to criticise them really understand the conditions and limitations of art, or have any other standard than our own impressions of the appearance of objects? Here, for instance, I meet my friend Slasher just sharpening his tomahawk—that is to say, his pencil—and I say to him, "You were among the White Mountains last summer?" "Yes." "And you saw the Notch?" "Of course." "Will you describe it?" After he has spoken ten words, I see that he has not really observed the landscape, and I know therefore perfectly well that he can not tell whether my picture of it is good or not. Yet I remark that Slasher writes in all the papers.

If his friendly eye happens to fall upon these lines, I know what he will say. He will ask, "If you are going to be spooney and mealy-mouthed about the pictures, how can we ever expect to have art in America? If you are afraid to tell the truth, if you are afraid to say boldly that Boggs's daubs are worse than ever, that Coggs's show that his darkness of ignorance is, if possible, more Cimmerian, and that Doggs's devotion to the namby-pamby is an insult to all sensible spectators, how shall we ever hope to encourage the development of genius and of true art? Look at all this timid conventionality upon the walls, this poverty of invention, this shallow sentimentality. How nice, and how pretty! Yes, but, great Heavens! Mr. Jones, was RAPHAEL nice, was TITIAN pretty? Go to the Vatican, thou honey-pot! Learn of the Stanze, and be wise."

Well, but, Slasher, I take pleasure in many verses which are not Miltonic nor Shakespearean, but which are, nevertheless, as genuine as their mightiest line. Here, for instance, is BOUGHTON'S "Last Rose of Summer," that little picture near PAGE'S head of Christ. That seems to me an honest, solid, tender, lovely little work. The sentiment is simple and sincere: pensive, not tragical, but of a very wholesome melancholy. I confess it is a little sermon. "We all do fade as a leaf." I think that I shall remember it as I remember TENNYSON'S "Break! break! break!" I believe that I shall perhaps be the better for it. I praise it, and I heartily commend it to the thoughtful attention of every visitor. There are evidently a great many things which it is not. There are many excellences in painting which are not here. But if there were nothing else in the gallery, this justifies the Exhibition. To tell you the truth, there is, it seems to me, less felicity of manipulation than in many of the costly pictures of the Frenchmen which are now so sought —so fashionable, I may say—but it says more than most of the MEISSONIERS and FICHELS and GÉROMES with which I am acquainted. Now the first fair demand upon a picture is that it shall say something, as the highest demand is that it shall say some great thing well. I hope, therefore, that as this says something, I am not fostering the namby-pamby nor endangering the development of American art by praising it.

And near by is the remarkable head of Christ by Mr. PAGE. There was never a picture more generally and even vehemently condemned. But I confess that when some good friend asks me if I have seen this or that intolerable rubbish of BROWNING'S which he calls a poem, I reflect that the same question has been asked about some of his finest works; and as nobody doubts that BROWNING is a poet of the most masculine genius, if I read a poem of his which I do not understand, I refrain from calling it rubbish. Perhaps the poet understands it if I do not. While, as I just said, we fairly demand of a picture that it shall say something, we must also concede that it is possible to be conscious that something is really said, although not understood. If there is the unmeaningness of nonsense, there is also obscurity of thought. Read, for instance, EMERSON'S song of Nature,

> "Twice have I moulded an image,
> Thrice outstretched my hand,
> Made one of the day, and one of the night,
> And one of the salt-sea sand."

The meaning is far from clear. It will seem to some, perhaps, nonsense. But does EMERSON write nonsense?

And when I look at this picture, and think of the painter—his genius, his skill, his clear conception, the masterly works of his that I know—I say instinctively I do not understand it; but does PAGE paint nonsense? Talent, like character, stays summary judgment. If a combination of circumstances should seem to convict Mr. PETER COOPER of picking Mr. STEWART'S pocket, I should not think Mr. COOPER a thief. His character would forbid the supposition. There would be some explanation. And so with this picture: I decline to think it absurd until I understand more about it. Slasher declares that it is monstrous, meaningless, and ridiculous. I remember what used to be said about TURNER; but he was neither unmeaning nor ridiculous for all that. Very possibly, indeed, it would appear, upon consideration and investigation, that this picture fails to express the painter's thought. But in the case of a man like Mr. PAGE I am more desirous of ascertaining what he meant than eager to declare that he has not adequately expressed his meaning. As I look at the picture I find in it much more of Antinous than of Christ, and of Antinous without his beauty.

In Mr. PAGE'S portrait of WENDELL PHILLIPS there are a striking likeness, masterly modeling, the most elaborate finish, without sacrifice of breadth and force and firmness, and yet I was obliged to go close to the canvas to assure myself that the head was not less than life-size; and I still can not escape the feeling that it is Mr. PHILLIPS looking out of a hole—an effect produced, I suppose, by the mere mechanical accessories. Besides, it is not an imaginative portrait; and to a truly great portrait imagination is as essential as to a great poem. And here—

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE annual meeting of the National Academy of Sciences was held on the 18th of April last in the rooms of the Smithsonian Institution, in Washington, and continued in session four days. A number of interesting communications were presented by eminent savans, abstracts of some of which we hope, in time, to lay before our readers. A report was presented by the treasurer of the Academy in regard to the BACHE bequest, in which it was stated that its present value was about $41,000, invested at six per cent., and bringing an income of about $2400 a year. It may be remembered by some of our readers that Professor A. D. BACHE, the late head of the Coast Survey, left his property in trust to the National Academy of Sciences, after the death of Mrs. BACHE, for purposes connected with the advance of science, appointing as special trustees Professor AGASSIZ, Professor PEIRCE, and Professor HENRY. The precise disposition of this fund has not yet been determined upon, the bequest having fallen too recently into the hands of the society to make it necessary to come at once to a conclusion.

We learn that Messrs. HUTCHINSON, KOHL, & Co., of San Francisco, have purchased all the trading posts and goods stations for vessels of the Russian American Company in Alaska and on the Russian Asiatic coast and islands. According to the New York *Tribune* they have contracted with the Russian government to supply the inhabitants of the Kurile Islands, and some others, with provisions and medicines from January next—all of which have hitherto been furnished by shipping from St. Petersburg. They have also leased the Commander Islands, constituting that portion of the Aleutian chain retained by Russia under the late treaty, securing them for a period of ten years. This gives them the entire control of the fur-seal trade of the North Pacific, as the fur-seal has, it is said, shown some symptoms of leaving the Pribylov Islands (St. Paul and St. George), in which event they will probably betake themselves to Behring and Copper islands, forming the Commander group.

Reference was made some time ago, under the head of "Explorations in Florida," to the presence in that State during the past winter of Dr. WILLIAM STIMPSON, the well-known naturalist, and Secretary of the Chicago Academy of Sciences. This enterprise deserves more than a passing notice, in consequence of its magnitude, and the thorough nature of the examination made of the marine fauna of the Southern coast. The work was instituted in the interest of the Academy of Sciences of Chicago, and the funds supplied by the liberality of Mr. BLATCHFORD, of that city, who accompanied the expedition and did all in his power to make it a success. A fast-sailing schooner, with three boats and seven men, was engaged at Key West, and the work began about the middle of February. The entire length of the Florida Reef, and the keys from Cape Florida to the Tortugas, a distance of two hundred miles, were thoroughly examined, and dredging was prosecuted both in the reef channel and in the Gulf Stream outside. A large collection of fishes was made, including some new species, and over fifty species of shells were found not hitherto reported from the Florida coast, although known in the adjacent West Indian seas. Large numbers, however, of entirely new species, both of mollusks and other invertebrates, were collected, which will be worked out and published at an early day. The total amount of collections made filled sixty-two barrels and boxes, weighing about three tons. The alcoholic series would have been much larger but for the high price of alcohol at Key West. The collections thus made by Mr. BLATCHFORD and Dr. STIMPSON will add greatly to the already rich cabinet of the Chicago Academy of Sciences —an institution which has assumed a high rank among sister establishments. The Academy is the fortunate possessor of several nearly complete skeletons of the mastodon, and has just obtained one of an Indian elephant that died not long since in the vicinity of Chicago.

The Governor of Virginia has recently appointed Dr. W. B. BALL, of Midlothian, and Dr. A. WALL, of Winchester, Commissioners of Fisheries for the State under the act of the Legislature authorizing the commission.

Professor THEODORE MEYNERT, in a late number of the Memoirs of the Anthropological Society of Vienna, presents an elaborate discussion of the differences in the structure of the brain of man from that of the other mammalia. His remarks are too technical for our columns, but the general conclusion arrived at is that differences exist which are of a fundamental character, and by which even the most closely allied anthropoid apes can be distinguished from man.

The death of Professor AUGUSTUS DE MORGAN, one of the most eminent mathematicians of the day, is announced as having taken place in London a few weeks ago.

The ship *Onward* arrived at New Bedford a few days ago, and her captain—PULVER—reports passing Sunday Island on the passage from Honolulu, and states that the volcano near by, referred to in a previous number of Scientific Intelligence, was at that time three miles long, and from three to four hundred feet high. The sulphurous vapors extended around to a distance of three or four miles. He thinks that when the volcano becomes quiet there will be a good harbor between it and the main-land, where before there has been only an open roadstead. The island is in latitude 29° south, and in longitude 178° west. The statement of Captain PULVER, according to the New Bedford *Standard*, is corroborated by other witnesses.

An interesting article appeared lately in the Chicago *Times* in regard to the game trade of that city. This contained an elaborate account of the different kinds of game, both flesh and fowl, brought into Chicago, with the names of the dealers, and the statement of the receipts and sales. According to this article, there have been two new features of the market of that city in the past season. First, the shipment of a great many grouse and quail direct to England, where they arrive in about eighteen or twenty days, and where they brought good prices; second, the canning of prairie-chickens, which has been done to the extent of three hundred dozen on one single Baltimore order. The cans are made large enough to hold a single bird and the gravy; and the experiment was so successful that it is thought probable it will be continued on a large scale in the coming season. The names of about seventy firms are mentioned as the larger dealers in game, while those of the smaller ones are not enumerated. The following recapitulation of the principal varieties of game, and the aggregate number, weight, and average cost, and the sum total of the proceeds, will be scanned with interest by our readers:

Articles.	Number.	Average Cost.	Amount.
Buffalo, lbs.	160,000	$ 07	$11,200
Antelope, lbs.	94,300	10	9,430
Venison, lbs.	169,250	10	16,925
Bear, lbs.	7,700	08	616
Grouse, doz.	42,800	3 50	149,800
Quail, doz.	88,595	2 00	117,190
Ducks, doz.	63,840	3 00	191,520
Geese	4,650	80	3,720
Brant	1,990	40	793
Partridges, doz.	104	4 00	416
Snipe, doz.	1,120	2 00	2,240
Woodcock, doz.	100	2 00	200
Pigeons, doz.	33,333	1 25	41,666
Turkeys	1,532	2 00	3,064
Rabbits, doz.	15,562	1 00	13,560
Squirrels, doz.	300	60	180
Total	.....	.....	$566,330

The cattle disease continues to spread throughout South America, all efforts to resist its progress having been unavailing. At the present time it is very prevalent in the Southern provinces of Chili, and in the adjacent country.

Late advices from Vienna announce the death, at an advanced age, of the Chevalier HAIDINGER, so well known for his connection with various scientific establishments in that city, and especially with the *Geologische Reichsanstalt*, of which he was for many years the head. Among objects of special interest to him were meteorites, of which he succeeded in amassing a large collection for the National Mineralogical Museum.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

IT is reported that the Joint High Commission have agreed upon the general principles of a settlement, though the plan has not yet acquired definite form. The fisheries, the navigation of the ship-canals, and the River St. Lawrence are said to have been considered as separate questions, but all will be embraced in one treaty, including the *Alabama* claims, to be submitted to the Senate at the extra session.

The city of New Orleans has been threatened by a dangerous crevasse in the Mississippi at Bonnet Carre, a few miles above. At one time it was feared the city would be submerged by the waters, which had forced a breach in the levee 700 feet wide, and poured over the surrounding country with frightful velocity. Fortunately it found an outlet into Lake Pontchartrain, and the danger to the city was averted. The crevasse can not be repaired until the river falls.

MRS. Fair has been convicted at San Francisco of the murder of Colonel Crittenden. Her counsel obtained a month's time to prepare an application for a new trial, they having reserved about forty exceptions to the rulings of the court.

Mr. Coleman, whose suit against the New Haven Railroad for a brutal assault in ejecting him from the train is somewhat familiar to the public, is about entering upon the fourth suit—a new trial having been granted to the road, which had been held to damages. In this case, as we understand, there is no personal animosity, but Mr. Coleman represents the public, and the railroad can not agree to surrender the right to enforce its regulations at any cost. Mr. Coleman has obtained damages upon the ground of unreasonable violence. The conductor called three or four brakemen to his assistance, and they put Mr. Coleman out, attempting to break his head upon the way. The case will be immediately tried.

On the 27th of April a train on the New Jersey Central Railroad struck one of Barnum's circus wagons, near Cranford, killing three men outright and dangerously injuring two others, while a sixth was slightly injured. All belonged to the circus. The wagon was totally demolished. Two mules were carried over two hundred feet and left dead in a heap. The driver's body was found seventy-five yards from the crossing.

The entire community of New York has been greatly excited and shocked by the murder of an estimable citizen, Mr. Avery D. Putnam, by a desperado named William Foster. It appears that Mr. Putnam interfered with the scoundrel while insulting two ladies riding in one of the Broadway cars in company with Mr. Putnam. Foster waited until the unfortunate gentleman's back was turned in assisting the ladies to alight, when he struck his victim a terrific blow on the side of the head with the driver's iron hook, which crushed in the skull, causing his death in a few hours. It is satisfactory to know that both Foster and the car-driver were arrested the same night, and will probably be dealt with as summarily and condignly as the outraged feelings of the people loudly demand.

The Hon. James M. Mason, formerly United States Senator from Virginia, and subsequently rebel Commissioner in Europe, died on 28th April at his residence near Alexandria, Virginia.

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT excitement was occasioned throughout England by an attempt by the government to lay a tax on friction matches. A popular demonstration against the impost was prevented by the police; but the government, in view of the opposition, consented to withdraw the item. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, on the 25th of April, telegraphed to General Pleasonton for information relating to the working of the tax on friction matches, and received the intelligence that the tax works well here, and realizes to the Treasury $2,000,000 annually.

The English ministry had a majority of 101 against them on a motion to take a portion of the royal forest of Epping, near London, for a public park—Mr. Gladstone opposing any such interference with the royal domains.

The situation in Paris remains unchanged. Several sharp encounters have taken place, but without any decided result. The Communists complain that their opponents employ Prussian guns and mitrailleuses. The railway companies have paid up the assessments demanded, excepting the Western Company, which, it is stated, will be sequestrated. General Cluseret has issued a decree dividing the army of the Commune into two corps—one for the external defense of Paris, commanded by Dombrowski, the other, for internal defense, by General La Cecilia.

The Italian Minister of Justice has announced in the Chamber of Deputies a bill for the separation of church and state.

The King of Bavaria has written a letter to Dr. Döllinger deploring his excommunication.

Sigismund Thalberg, the eminent pianist, is dead. He was fifty-nine years of age.

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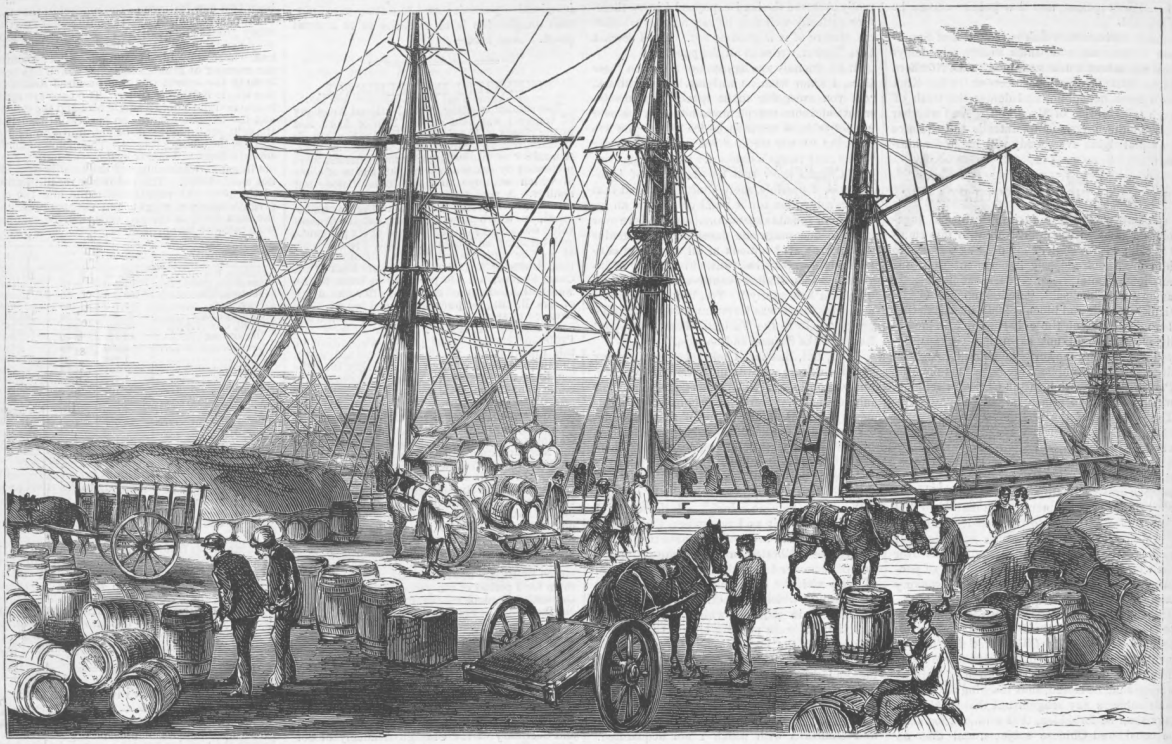
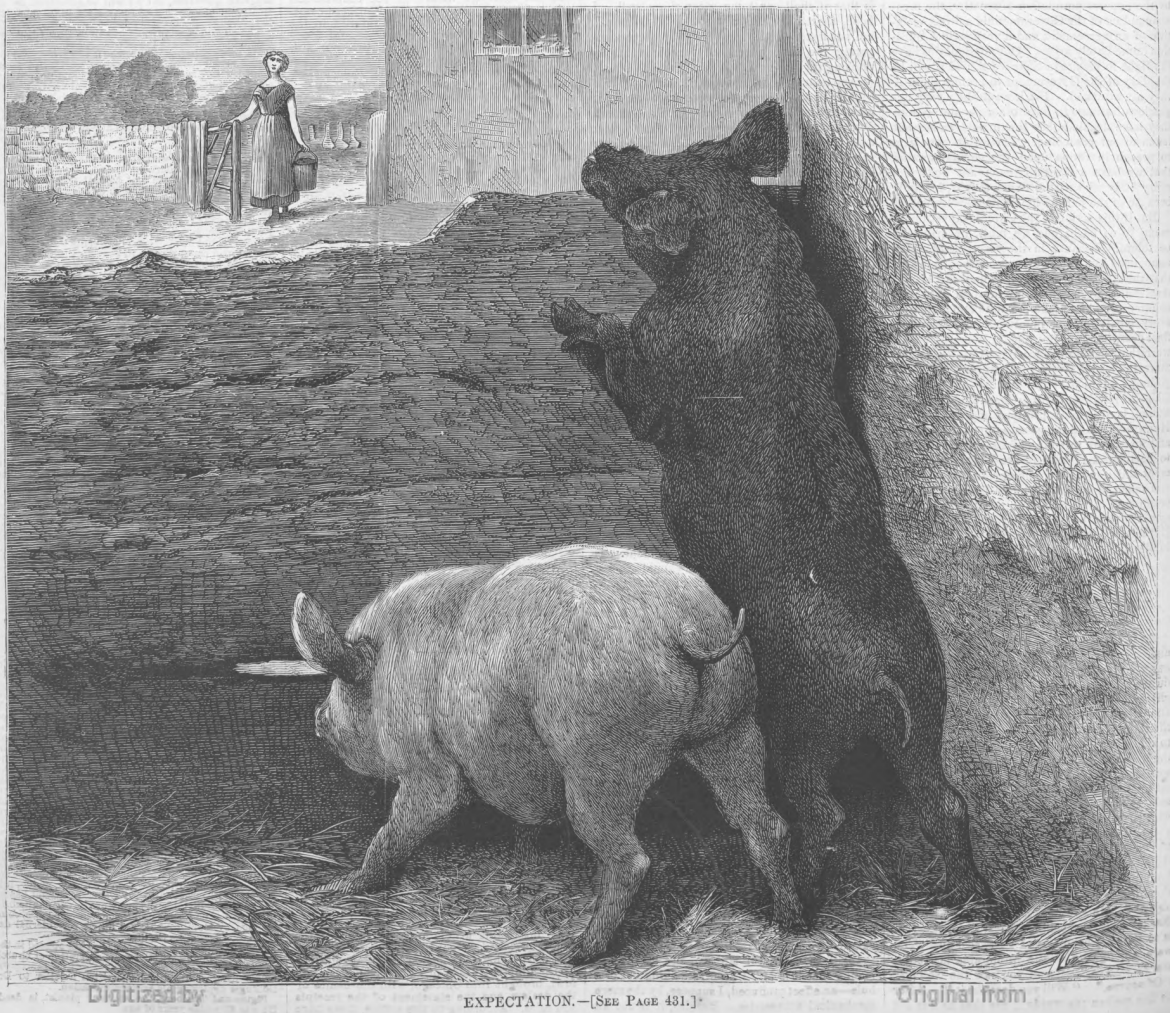


RELIEF FOR FRANCE—MR. A. T. STEWART'S BARK AT HAVRE.—[SEE PAGE 431.]



EXPECTATION.—[SEE PAGE 431.]

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A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION.

By CHARLES READE.

WITH MANY ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

"THERE SHE FOUND MR. OLDFIELD, AND SHOWED HIM THE ANONYMOUS LETTER."

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

WITH this bitter reply Wheeler retired precipitately; the shaft pierced but one bosom; for the devoted wife, with the swift ingenuity of woman's love, had put both her hands right over her husband's ears that he might hear no more insults.

Sir Charles very nearly had a fit; but his wife loosened his neckcloth, caressed his throbbing head, and applied eau-de-Cologne to his nostrils. He got better, but felt dizzy for about an hour. She made him come into her room and lie down; she hung over him, curling as a vine and light as a bird, and her kisses lit softly as down upon his eyes, and her words of love and pity murmured music in his ears till he slept, and that danger passed.

For a day or two after this both Sir Charles and Lady Bassett avoided the unpleasant subject. But it had to be faced; so Mr. Oldfield was summoned to Huntercombe, and all engagements given up for the day, that he might dine alone with them and talk the matter over.

Sir Charles thought he could justify; but when it came to the point he could only prove that Richard had done several ungentlemanlike things of a nature a stout jury would consider trifles.

Mr. Oldfield said of course they must enter an appearance; and, this done, the wisest course would be to let him see Wheeler, and try to compromise the suit. "It will cost you a thousand pounds, Sir Charles, I dare say; but if it teaches you never to write of an enemy or to an enemy without showing your lawyer the letter first, the lesson will be cheap. Somebody in the Bible says, 'Oh that mine enemy would write a book!' I say, 'Oh that he would write a letter—without consulting his solicitor.'"

It was Lady Bassett's cue now to make light of troubles. "What does it matter, Mr. Oldfield? All they want is money. Yes, offer them a thousand pounds to leave him in peace."

So next day Mr. Oldfield called on Wheeler, all smiles and civility, and asked him if he did not think it a pity cousins should quarrel before the whole county.

"A great pity," said Wheeler. "But my client has no alternative. No gentleman in the county would speak to him if he sat quiet under such contumely."

After beating about the bush the usual time, Oldfield said that Sir Charles was hungry for litigation, but that Lady Bassett was averse to it. "In short, Mr. Wheeler, I will try and get Mr. Bassett a thousand pounds to forego this scandal."

"I will consult him, and let you know," said Wheeler. "He happens to be in the town."

Oldfield called again in an hour. Wheeler told him a thousand pounds would be accepted, with a written apology.

Oldfield shook his head. "Sir Charles will never write an apology: right or wrong, he is too sincere in his conviction."

"He will never get a jury to share it."

"You must not be too sure of that. You don't know the defense."

Oldfield said this with a gravity which did him credit.

"Do you know it yourself?" said the other keen hand.

Mr. Oldfield smiled haughtily, but said nothing. Wheeler had hit the mark.

"By-the-bye," said the latter, "there is another little matter. Sir Charles assaulted me for doing my duty to my client. I mean to sue him. Here is the writ; will you accept service?"

"Oh, certainly, Mr. Wheeler: and I am glad to find you do not make a habit of serving writs on gentlemen in person."

"Of course not. I did it on a single occasion, contrary to my own wish, and went in person—to soften the blow—instead of sending my clerk."

After this little spar, the two artists in law bade each other farewell with every demonstration of civility.

Sir Charles would not apologize.

The plaintiff filed his declaration.

The defendant pleaded not guilty, but did not disclose a defense. The law allows a defendant in libel this advantage.

Plaintiff joined issue, and the trial was set down for the next assizes.

Sir Charles was irritated, but nothing more. Lady Bassett, with a woman's natural shrinking from publicity, felt it more deeply. She would have given thousands of her own money to keep the matter out of court. But her very terror of Richard Bassett restrained her. She was always thinking about him, and had convinced herself he was the ablest villain in the wide world; and she thought to herself, "If, with his small means, he annoys Charles so, what would he do if I were to enrich him? He would crush us."

As the trial drew near she began to hover about Sir Charles in his study, like an anxious hen. The maternal yearnings were awakened in her by marriage, and she had no child; so her Charles in trouble was husband and child.

Sometimes she would come in and just kiss his forehead, and run out again, casting back a celestial look of love at the door, and, though it was her husband she had kissed, she blushed divinely. At last one day she crept in and said, very timidly, "Charles dear, the anonymous letter—is not that an excuse for libeling him—as they call telling the truth?"

"Why, of course it is. Have you got it?"

"Dearest, the brave lady took it away."

"The brave lady! Who is that?"

"Why, the lady that came with Mr. Oldfield and plended your cause with papa—oh, so eloquently! Sometimes when I think of it now I feel almost jealous. Who is she?"

"From what you have always told me, I think it was the Sister of Charity who nursed me."

"You silly thing, she was no Sister of Charity; that was only put on. Charles, tell me the truth. What does it matter *now?* It was some lady who loved you."

"Loved me, and set her wits to work to marry me to you?"

"Women's love is so disinterested—sometimes."

"No, no; she told me she was a sister of ——, and no doubt that is the truth."

"A sister of whom?"

"No matter: don't remind me of the past; it is odious to me; and, on second thoughts, rather than stir up all that mud, it would be better not to use the anonymous letter, even if you could get it again."

Lady Bassett begged him to take advice on that; meantime she would try to get the letter, and also the evidence that Richard Bassett wrote it.

"I see no harm in that," said Sir Charles; "only confine your communication to Mr. Oldfield. I will not have you speaking or writing to a woman I don't know; and the more I think of her conduct the less I understand it."

"There are people who do good by stealth," suggested Bella, timidly.

"Fiddledeedee!" replied Sir Charles; "you are a goose—I mean an angel."

Lady Bassett complied with the letter, but, goose or not, evaded the spirit of Sir Charles's command with considerable dexterity.

"DEAR MR. OLDFIELD,—*You may guess what trouble I am in. Sir Charles will soon have to appear in open court, and be talked against by some great orator. That anonymous letter Mr. Bassett wrote me was very base, and is surely some justification of the violent epithets my dear husband, in an unhappy moment of irritation, has applied to him. The brave lady has it. I am sure she will not refuse to send it me. I wish I dare ask her to give it me with her own hand; but I must not, I suppose. Pray tell her how unhappy I am, and perhaps she will favor us with a word of advice as well as the letter.*

"*I remain, yours faithfully,*

"BELLA BASSETT."

This letter was written *at* the brave lady; and Mr. Oldfield did what was expected, he sent Miss Somerset a copy of Lady Bassett's letter, and some lines in his own hand, describing Sir Charles's difficulty in a more business-like way.

In due course Miss Somerset wrote him back that she was in the country, hunting, at no very great distance from Huntercombe Hall; she would send up to town for her desk; the letter would be there, if she had kept it at all.

Oldfield groaned at this cool conjecture, and wrote back directly, urging expedition.

This produced an effect that he had not anticipated.

One morning Lord Harrowdale's fox-hounds met at a large covert, about five miles from Huntercombe, and Sir Charles told Lady Bassett she must ride to cover.

"Yes, dear. Charles love, I have no spirit to appear in public. We shall soon have publicity enough."

"That is my reason. I have not done nor said any thing I am ashamed of, and you will meet the county on this and on every public occasion."

"I obey," said Bella.

"And look your best."

"I will, dearest."

"And be in good spirits."

"Must I?"

"Yes."

"I will try. Oh!—oh!—oh!"

"Why, you poor-spirited little goose! Dry your eyes this moment."

"There. Oh!"

"And kiss me."

"There. Ah! kissing you is a great comfort."

"It is one you are particularly welcome to. Now run away, and put on your habit. I'll have two grooms out; one with a fresh horse for me, and one to look after you."

"Oh, Charles! Pray don't make me hunt."

"No, no. Not so tyrannical as that; hang it all!"

"Do you know what I do while you are hunting? I pray all the time that you may not get a fall and be hurt; and I pray God to forgive you and all the gentlemen for your cruelty in galloping with all those dogs after one poor little inoffensive thing, to hunt it and kill it—kill it twice, indeed; once with terror, and then over again with mangling its poor little body."

"This is cheerful," said Sir Charles, rather ruefully. "We can not all be angels, like you. It is a glorious excitement. There! you are too good for this world; I'll let you off going."

"Oh no, dear. I won't be let off, now I know your wish. Only I beg to ride home as soon as the poor thing runs away. You wouldn't get me out of the thick covers if I were a fox. I'd run round and round, and call on all my acquaintances to set them running."

As she said this her eyes turned toward each other in a peculiar way, and she looked extremely foxy; but the look melted away directly.

The hounds met, and Lady Bassett, who was still the beauty of the county, was surrounded by riders at first; but as the hounds began to work, and every now and then a young hound uttered a note, they cantered about, and took up different posts, as experience suggested.

At last a fox was found at the other end of the cover, and away galloped the hunters in that direction, all but four persons, Lady Bassett, and her groom, who kept respectfully aloof, and a lady and gentleman who had reined their horses up on a rising ground about a furlong distant.

Lady Bassett, thus left alone, happened to look round, and saw the lady level an opera-glass toward her and look through it.

As a result of this inspection the lady cantered toward her. She was on a chestnut gelding of great height and bone, and rode him as if they were one, so smoothly did she move in concert with his easy, magnificent strides.

When she came near Lady Bassett she made a little sweep and drew up beside her on the grass.

There was no mistaking that tall figure and commanding face. It was the brave lady. Her eyes sparkled; her cheek was slightly colored with excitement; she looked healthier and handsomer than ever, and also more feminine, for a reason the sagacious reader may perhaps discern if he attends to the dialogue.

"*So,*" said she, without bowing or any other ceremony, "that little rascal is troubling you again."

Lady Bassett colored and panted, and looked lovingly at her, before she could speak. At last she said, "Yes; and you have come to help us again."

"Well, the lawyer said there was no time to lose; so I have brought you the anonymous letter."

"Oh, thank you, madam, thank you."

"But I'm afraid it will be of no use unless you can prove Mr. Bassett wrote it. It is in a disguised hand."

"But you found him out by means of another letter."

"Yes; but I can't give you that other letter to have it read in a court of law, because— Do you see that gentleman there?"

"Yes."

"That is Marsh."

"Oh, is it?"

"He is a fool; but I am going to marry him. I have been very ill since I saw you, and poor Marsh nursed me. Talk of women nurses! If ever you are ill in earnest, as I was, write to me, and I'll send you Marsh. Oh, I have no words to tell you his patience, his forbearance, his watchfulness, his tenderness to a sick woman. It is no use—I must marry him; and I could have no letter published that would give him pain."

"Of course not. Oh, madam, do you think I am capable of doing any thing that would give you pain, or dear Mr. Marsh either?"

"No, no; you are a good woman."

"Not half so good as you are."

"You don't know what you are saying."

"Oh yes, I do."

"Then I say no more; it is rude to contradict. Good-by, Lady Bassett."

"Must you leave me so soon? Will you not visit us? May I not know the name of so good a friend?"

"Next week I shall be *Mrs. Marsh.*"

"And you will give me the great pleasure of having you at my house—you and your husband?"

The lady showed some agitation at this—an unusual thing for her. She faltered: "Some day, perhaps, if I make him as good a wife as I hope to. What a lady you are! Vulgar people are ashamed to be grateful; but you are a born lady. Good-by, before I make a fool of myself; and they are all coming this way, by the dogs' music."

"Won't you kiss me, after bringing me this?"

"Kiss you?" and she opened her eyes.

"If you please," said Lady Bassett, bending toward her, with eyes full of gratitude and tenderness.

Then the other woman took her by the shoulders, and plunged her great gray orbs into Bella's.

They kissed each other.

At that contact the stranger seemed to change her character all in a moment. She strained Bella to her bosom and kissed her passionately, and sobbed out wildly, "O God! you are good to sinners. This is the happiest hour of my life—it is a forerunner. Bless you, sweet dove of innocence! You will be none the worse, and I am all the better— Ah! Sir Charles. Not one word about me to him."

And with these words, uttered with sudden energy, she spurred her great horse, leaped the ditch, and burst through the dead hedge into the wood, and winded out of sight among the trees.

Sir Charles came up astonished. "Why, who was that?"

Bella's eyes began to rove, as I have before described; but she replied pretty promptly, "The brave lady herself; she brought me the anonymous letter for your defense."

"Why, how came she to know about it?"

"She did not tell me that. She was in a great hurry. Her fiancé was waiting for her."

"Was it necessary to kiss her in the huntingfield?" said Sir Charles, with something very like a frown.

"I'd kiss the whole field, grooms and all, if they did you a great service, as that dear lady has," said Bella. The words were brave, but the accent piteous.

"You are excited, Bella. You had better ride home," said Sir Charles, gently enough, but moodily.

"Thank you, Charles," said Bella, glad to escape further examination about this mysterious lady. She rode home accordingly. There she found Mr. Oldfield, and showed him the anonymous letter.

He read it, and said it was a defense, but a disagreeable one. "Suppose he says he wrote it, and the facts were true?"

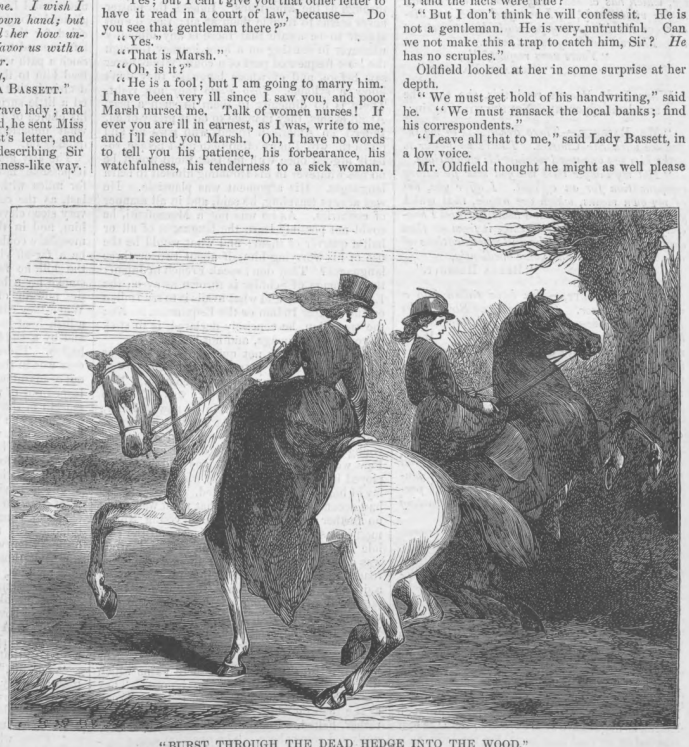
"But I don't think he will confess it. He is not a gentleman. He is very untruthful. Can we not make this a trap to catch him, Sir? *He* has no scruples."

Oldfield looked at her in some surprise at her depth.

"We must get hold of his handwriting," said he. "We must ransack the local banks; find his correspondents."

"Leave all that to me," said Lady Bassett, in a low voice.

Mr. Oldfield thought he might as well please



"BURST THROUGH THE DEAD HEDGE INTO THE WOOD."

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a beautiful and loving woman, if he could; so he gave her something to do for her husband.

"Very well; collect all the materials of comparison you can—letters, receipts, etc. Meantime I will retain the two principal experts in London, and we will submit your materials to them the night before the trial."

Lady Bassett, thus instructed, drove to all the banks, but found no clerk acquainted with Mr. Bassett's handwriting. He did not bank with any body in the county.

She called on several persons she thought likely to possess letters or other writings of Richard Bassett. Not a scrap.

Then she began to fear. The case looked desperate.

Then she began to think. And she thought very hard indeed, especially at night.

In the dead of night she had an idea. She got up, and stole from her husband's side, and studied the anonymous letter.

Next day, she sat down, with the anonymous letter on her desk, and blushed, and trembled, and looked about like some wild animal scared. She selected from the anonymous letter several words —"character, abused, Sir, Charles, Bassett, lady, abandoned, friend, whether, ten, slanderer," etc. —and wrote them on a slip of paper. Then she locked up the anonymous letter. Then she locked the door. Then she sat down to a sheet of paper, and, after some more wild and furtive glances all around, she gave her whole mind to writing a letter.

And to whom did she write, think you?

To Richard Bassett.

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

"MR. BASSETT,—*I am sure both yourself and my husband will suffer in public estimation, unless some friend comes between you, and this unhappy lawsuit is given up.*

"*Do not think me blind nor presumptuous; Sir Charles, when he wrote that letter, had reason to believe you had done him a deep injury by unfair means. Many will share that opinion if this cause is tried. You are his cousin, and his heir at law. I dread to see an unhappy feud inflamed by a public trial. Is there no personal sacrifice by which I can compensate the affront you have received, without compromising Sir Charles Bassett's veracity, who is the soul of honor?*

"*I am, yours obediently,*

"BELLA BASSETT."

She posted this letter, and Richard Bassett had no sooner received it than he mounted his horse and rode to Wheeler's with it.

That worthy's eyes sparkled. "Capital!" said he. "We must draw her on, and write an answer that will read well in court."

He concocted an epistle just the opposite of what Richard Bassett, left to himself, would have written. Bassett copied, and sent it as his own.

"LADY BASSETT,—*I thank you for writing to me at this moment, when I am weighed down by slander. Your own character stands so high that you would not deign to write to me if you believed the abuse that has been lavished on me. With you I deplore this family feud. It is not of my seeking; and as for this lawsuit, it is one in which the Plaintiff is really the Defendant. Sir Charles has written a defamatory letter, which has closed every house in this county to his victim. If, as I now feel sure, you disapprove the libel, pray persuade him to retract it. The rest our lawyers can settle.*

"*Yours very respectfully,*

"RICHARD BASSETT."

When Lady Bassett read this, she saw she had an adroit opponent. Yet she wrote again:

"MR. BASSETT,—*There are limits to my influence with Sir Charles. I have no power to make him say one word against his convictions.*

"*But my lawyer tells me you seek pecuniary compensation for an affront. I offer you, out of my own means, which are ample, that which you seek—offer it freely and heartily; and I honestly think you had better receive it from me than expose yourself to the risks and mortifications of a public trial. I am, yours obediently,*

"BELLA BASSETT."

"LADY BASSETT,—*You have fallen into a very natural error. It is true I sue Sir Charles Bassett for money; but that is only because the law allows me my remedy in no other form. What really brings me into court is the defense of my injured honor. How do you meet me? You say, virtually, 'Never mind your character: here is money.' Permit me to decline it on such terms.*

"*A public insult can not be cured in private.*

"*Strong in my innocence, and my wrongs, I court what you call the risks of a public trial.*

"*Whatever the result,* you *have played the honorable and womanly part of peace-maker; and it is unfortunate for your husband that your gentle influence is limited by his vanity, which perseveres in a cruel slander, instead of retracting it while there is yet time.*

"*I am, madam, yours obediently,*

"RICHARD BASSETT."

"MR. BASSETT,—*I retire from a correspondence which appears to be useless, and might, if prolonged, draw some bitter remark from me, as it has from you.*

"*After the trial, which you court and I deprecate, you will perhaps review my letters with a more friendly eye.*

"*I am, yours obediently,*

"BELLA BASSETT."

In this fencing-match between a lawyer and a lady, each gained an advantage. The lawyer's letters, as might have been expected, were the best adapted to be read to a jury; but the lady, subtler in her way, obtained, at a small sacrifice, what she wanted, and that without raising the slightest suspicion of her true motive in the correspondence.

She announced her success to Mr. Oldfield; but, in the midst of it, she quaked with terror at the thought of what Sir Charles would say to her for writing to Mr. Bassett at all.

She now, with the changeableness of her sex, hoped and prayed Mr. Bassett would admit the anonymous letter, and so all her subtlety and pains prove superfluous.

Quaking secretly, but with a lovely face and serene front, she took her place at the assizes, before the judge, and got as near him as she could.

The court was crowded, and many ladies present.

Bassett v. *Bassett* was called in a loud voice; there was a hum of excitement, then a silence of expectation, and the plaintiff's counsel rose to address the jury.

THE LADY OF THE NORWAY LAKE.

BY JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

TRAVELING in Norway is even still not much like traveling in any other country supposed to be civilized; and at the time young Adrian Fyfe was making his way into the interior of the country, now several years ago, it was still more *outré* than at present, when the current of fashionable holiday-making begins to set that way, and threatens to make the wildest gorge of the Norse mountains as familiar to the cockney, the Frenchwoman, and the American as Chamouni or Zermatt. Adrian Fyfe was a young New Englander, of late residing in New York, skilled in mines and their engineering; and he had come all the way to "Noroway o'er the faem" for the purpose of "prospecting," if one may use that word, in the interest of a company of enterprising speculators anxious to risk their money on Norse minerals. Through the interior of Norway the traveler journeys along in a light, small carriage called a cariole, which is only adapted practically to carry one person, although your guide, a servant, or driver does actually have a sort of place to cling on to, and, holding by his eyelids, may thus accompany you on your way. It is a pleasant mode of traveling enough for the tourist who is hardy, can rough it a little, and can enjoy bright, bracing air, magnificent scenery, and for hours together almost unbroken solitude. At certain distances along every highway are what may be called stations—that is to say, houses, very often farm-houses—where relays of horses are supplied to the passing traveler. Adrian Fyfe was spinning along very briskly this day we speak of. The weather was fine; the air was delicious; the road ran by roaring streams and cascades, under the shadows of mountains, less huge indeed than the Alps, but hardly less picturesque. He smoked his meerschaum; kept his eyes and his mind open for observation and enjoyment, and was, indeed, very happy. Adrian Fyfe was one of those fortunate people to whom the mere sense of existence, and rapid motion in a clear air, are all-sufficient for happiness.

Needless to say that he did not speak two words of Norwegian. No race of persons on earth contrive to travel so much and know so little of the languages of the countries they pass through as the Americans. Indeed, the matter never seems to trouble them at all: they do not appear to be aware that there is any difficulty whatever in starting on a long journey through the least frequented part of a country they never saw before, and of whose language they don't know a syllable. *Ipso facto* they are right. There is no difficulty to them in such a feat. At all events, they manage to do it pretty often. Indeed, an American friend, who goes up and down the world more often than most people, soberly argued once with me that there would be no use whatever in his troubling himself to learn languages. His argument was plausible. He was always traveling, he said, and in all manner of countries. As he was not a Mezzofanti, he could not possibly learn the languages of all or half a quarter of them; and what would be the use of his worrying himself about two or three languages? They don't speak French in Japan; the language of Schiller is thrown away on the Egyptian fellah; and what avails it to try Italian on the Digger Indian or the Esquimaux? No; the true plan, he concisely declared, is to stick to your own language, and not bother.

Adrian Fyfe was not quite so self-reliant as all this, and he did actually speak French well enough, and German not well enough. Neither accomplishment, however, was of much avail in the quandary wherein he now suddenly found himself plunged. At the last station he had got a new companion—a solid and stolid young Norseman—to act as driver and guide. Few words and not many signs had been employed by Adrian at the house while the new relay of horses was being supplied. The man who had accompanied him up to that point was going no further; the solid and stolid young Norseman just spoken of took his place, and the cariole soon bowled along again. The journey was delightful; and so long as there was but one road to be seen, and that lay in a valley between a double range of mountains, there was no more possibility of losing one's way than on the pass of the *Tête Noire*, in Switzerland. But after a while the road forked away into two, nay, into three distinct branches—one leading right, one left, and the third going straight onward. Nor were the two diverging ways mere paths which the traveler might confidently ignore. They were genuine roads, not paths, quite as broad as the road on which the cariole now rolled, or, rather, halted. Each of the three ways obviously led somewhere. The question was, which way was Adrian's? That was just the question Adrian could not answer.

The young Norseman looked at Adrian inquiringly. His countenance was not remarkably expressive, but still it conveyed clearly enough the simple and natural interrogative, "Which way?"

The Norseman had no difficulty in understanding the answer given by Adrian's look of surprise and impatient shake of the head. These testimonies said plainly enough, "*I* don't know any thing about it—isn't it your business to know?"

Then the hardy Norseman talked a great deal of Norse, and Fyfe talked a great deal of German, and still more of the language of New England. The eloquence on both sides did not seem to advance matters; and the cariole stood still.

Then the Norseman pointed along one road, and uttered, slowly and with interrogative expression, a single word; pointed along the second road, and spoke a different word; along the third road, and intoned a third word—evidently the names of places to which the roads led; and he wanted to know which of the three the American wished to go to. His difficulty was not that he was ignorant of the way to any particular place, but that he did not know to what place he was expected to conduct his foreign charge.

And now came the most original and perplexing part of the business. None of the sounds pronounced by the Norseman resembled the name of the place to which Adrian was bound, and that name he had utterly forgotten! The Norseman previously in charge of our puzzled youth knew where the latter wanted to go, but he had not said any thing about it to the Norseman now in possession, assuming, of course, that Adrian would tell him. So the present Norseman was ready to drive whithersoever he was bidden, but the difficulty was that Adrian was utterly unable to say where it was his business or pleasure to go.

The pair looked at each other, talked to or at each other, sometimes smiled perplexedly upon each other; but they could not mend matters thus. The hard and naked fact remained that Adrian could not remember the name of the place he was anxious to go to. Ingenious travelers, in such a dilemma—at least such travelers as one reads of in books—usually make a drawing or hieroglyph of some kind on the sand, or the snow, or the rock, as the case may be; and by the other party at once understands the meaning of this—sees it at a glance, in fact—and so all is right. I doubt whether any craft in picture-drawing could have helped Adrian out of his fix. He wanted to find a certain village—name forgotten—where lived an Englishman—name unknown—whom he was recommended to seek out as a person who was believed to have temporarily settled in that village for the purpose of studying the mineral resources of the place. Make me a picture of that!

Adrian did not attempt any such impromptu work of art. He soon made up his mind to the clear fact that it was necessary to do something promptly. He might have gone back to the station they had left; but men of his race don't readily think of retreating; and he had no notion of sneaking back and exhibiting himself as a ridiculous blunderer. Onward, somewhere, he would go. Any road must lead to a village, and any village must contain somebody who could understand Latin or French or German. So he glanced along the three roads, and promptly decided for that one which, striking away to the left, seemed to go deepest among the mountains. Such a path would be most likely, he thought, to lead him to the person he sought. He pointed decisively that way. The hardy Norseman seemed a little surprised, but Adrian again indicated his choice of roads, and this time with a somewhat impatient gesture, and the cariole went quickly on.

The way grew more and more beautiful, and, if possible, more lonely. The traveler went on for miles without seeing a human figure. At last, as the cariole crawled up to the top of a very steep elevation, Adrian saw a valley beneath him, and in the wonderfully clear, rarefied atmosphere could discern the smoke of what must be a far-off village. As the cariole descended the hill he found that between him and the smoke lay a broad, bright lake, or tarn, around the margin of which the road had to wind. When they came nearer to the lake Adrian saw a little boat just putting off from the near shore, and by a sudden impulse he broke into a loud halloo. There was, at least, a chance that whoever was in the boat might be able to assist him out of his difficulty. The boat stopped. Adrian leaped out of the carriage, and ran down to the margin of the pool; and then he saw that there was only one person in the boat, and that that person was a woman. I doubt whether Adrian had read "The Lady of the Lake." If he had, the scene before him might have reminded him of Loch Katrine, and Ellen Douglas in her skiff.

The girl, who now rested on her oars to hear what our hero had to say, was fair-haired, bright-cheeked, blue-eyed. She was dressed in costume hardly more pretentious than that of an ordinary Norwegian peasant lass; but her hands were not those of a peasant, nor did her look and manner, even now as she waited silently, seem to belong to the peasant class.

Adrian took off his hat, and she bowed quite a civilized bow. It might have been a greeting in Madison Avenue, New York.

"Do you speak German, madam?" our hero began, in that language.

"Yes, Sir," was the reply; "I can speak German tolerably well, *ziemlich gut*; but surely you are not a German?"

"No, madam" (still in the same language), "I am an American."

"Then why don't you speak English?" This was said in the purest English, and with a bright, gladsome, welcoming smile.

It was all Adrian could do to keep himself from leaping into the boat and embracing her. Certainly, as she now looked up at him, with her sweet smile, her white teeth, her beaming eyes, her sunny hair, she was pretty enough to have tempted any one to such a demonstration. But it was not her youth or her beauty which aroused in Adrian Fyfe the pardonable impulse. His delight, his gratitude, sprang from the fact that she could speak English. Had she been the homeliest old crone in the region, his affectionate emotions would have been as ardent—well, almost as ardent.

Adrian began the story of his difficulty. The girl listened with great interest, and occasionally a somewhat amused expression, until he came to mention the fact that he was looking for an Englishman who had been residing somewhere in that region, and who was supposed to be projecting some mining speculation. Then a deep shadow came over her clear brow, and she almost started, and presently her cheeks flushed.

"You don't know his name?" she said, in a tone that was sharp and somewhat suspicious.

"I don't know his name."

"Where did you hear of this person?"

Adrian mentioned the nearest considerable town.

"Only there? Never before?"

"Never, indeed." He was quite surprised by the change in her manner.

"Was it an Englishman who spoke of him?"

"Oh no—a Norwegian."

"And you only wish to see him because you suppose him to have some knowledge of the minerals of this place?"

"For that only. I know nothing whatever about him; and, on the whole, I wish I had never heard of him." Adrian was a little displeased by her words and manner.

The girl looked for a moment fixedly into Adrian's face. The gaze embarrassed him a little, but he met it quietly and frankly, only wondering in his own mind what on earth it meant. Then she said:

"You seem a man of truth and honor, Sir, and you are an American. You have no sinister motive in trying to find out my father?"

"Your father? I never knew—"

"Yes, it must be my father; there is no one else in all this part of the country who could have been meant by the description given to you. But it surprised me to find any one seeking him here. My father has come here for solitude. *You* have no motive—no unfriendly motive—in seeking him?" These last words were spoken in a pleading, pathetic tone, quite different from that in which the girl had previously spoken.

"None whatever—I give you my honor. I don't ask his name; and as he wishes for solitude, I shall, of course, not intrude upon him."

"Oh, I didn't mean that he wished for absolute and perpetual solitude; only he does not wish to be found out and visited by his own countrymen. You, an American, I know he will be delighted to see; and any thing he knows of the minerals of these regions it will give him pleasure to tell you. As you have come so far, you shall not return without seeing him. Come into the boat; send the cariole round. Oh, you must come; I will not be refused. You sha'n't go back to America and tell stories of the savage inhospitality of Norway."

Our American was only too delighted. The girl gave some directions to the hardy Norseman in his own tongue, and he drove away. Then Adrian got into the boat and took the oars, ready to row whither she directed him.

A pleasant row across the lake brought them to a creek that looked dark in the shadow of the huge overhanging rocks. While crossing, Adrian and the girl had been chatting pleasantly, almost as if they were old acquaintances. They talked chiefly of America, about which she seemed to know a good deal, although she had never been there, and of which she was anxious to know yet more.

They ran ashore, and safely beached the light boat. Then they mounted a steep and craggy path, and plunged into a pine wood. Deep in the wood, and approached by a tolerably broad and well-marked path, there was a large opening, looking wonderfully bright and sunny by contrast with the darkness of the wood; and in the opening was a pretty cottage, with a garden round it.

"This is our home," said the girl; "and here is my father."

A tall, stately, noble-looking man, with white hair, and a large beard, which was still dark, came out to meet them. The girl ran toward him, and the two talked together for a few moments; then the father came over and welcomed Adrian in a manner that was at once friendly and courtly.

Adrian told his story over again, and the elder man listened and smiled. Then they had luncheon in the cottage—cold meat and bread and honey, and corn-brandy for the two men; and after luncheon the father took Adrian for a ramble in the woods; and Adrian found that his host was a man of wide and varied knowledge, and that he was *au courant* even of the latest political and social events in America. The host insisted that Adrian should stay that night at the cottage, and Adrian was only too glad to stay; and the daughter sang to him and talked with him, and the evening passed away delightfully. Next day Adrian rowed her on the lake before breakfast; and, later on, her father began to give him some information about the mines of the place; and it seemed that the information would hardly be of much use unless it was supplemented by inspections of this or that neighboring spot. And so our American remained another day, and another; and said to himself that

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he never before had met so delightful a companion as the father, so charming a girl as the daughter, and that he had never been so happy in all his life. He was in Arcadia. The exquisite simplicity of the existence this father and daughter seemed to make for themselves reminded him touchingly of some dear New England household associated with the memories of his boyhood. He did not know, he did not ask, the name of his host and hostess, except that the father called his daughter "Adela." He could easily see that there was some sort of painful mystery about their self-exclusion from English life; but he wanted to know nothing more than he saw. No true heart could fail to appreciate this father and daughter. If ever truth and honor and purity were stamped on human faces and expressed in human tones, the faces and the voices of this pair made them manifest.

Adrian's desire for information about the mines of the place seemed to grow by what it fed on. He always saw some practical need for complying with the invitation of his host to stay yet a day longer. So delightful, so poetic, so idyllic did the whole kind of life appear that Adrian sometimes almost expected to wake up one morning and find himself lying alone in the forest, the cottage and its inmates having faded back into that fairy-land to which they belonged.

But the cottage remained, and the inmates; and it was Adrian Fyfe who had at last to go. He could not stay any longer. The *summa dies* had come.

He expressed to his host a wish that they might soon meet again. The host shook his head and smiled rather sadly.

"In winter," he said, "we remove into some town; I do not yet know where. Perhaps we may go into Denmark. Our movements are very uncertain. I much wish that my daughter would return to society—to London; but she will not leave me. This year will, perhaps, decide whether I shall ever see London again. If I am not to see it, I will go into yet deeper exile; but if I can prevail upon her, she shall not bury herself with me."

"Come to the States," exclaimed Adrian. "With your knowledge and your talents, you would make a name and a fortune there." For Adrian assumed that loss of money was in some way at the bottom of his friend's difficulties.

The elder man only shook his head again, and said nothing.

A few moments after, our hero found himself walking alone with Adela. They descended the craggy path which led to the lake; they stood silently and looked at the water; then their eyes met for a moment, and Adela looked down.

"Am I never to see you again?" Adrian whispered. They had been speaking of their speedy separation as they came down to the lake.

She did not look up or answer the question. She only said, "A month ago we had never met." And then she stopped.

"That time," he said, "has changed my whole life. Adela—I must call you Adela, for I know you by no other name—I love you. Do you love me?"

She looked up at him with eyes that swam in tears, and in a low, sad tone replied, "I do."

He was about to clasp her to his heart, but she repelled him firmly; and she said:

"You have asked me, and I have answered you. I would not conceal the truth from you, I so trust you. But that is all. We must be separated. A cloud is hanging over my father, which in God's good time will, I hope, be one day scattered; but while he is in exile and disgrace I share that exile and disgrace with him, and I will to the end."

"Let me share it too, Adela. I care for nothing on earth now but you."

"You know nothing of our story—nothing of what the cloud over us may be."

"And I ask nothing. I see you, I know you, and I love you."

"But if it were disgrace?"

"No deserved disgrace ever could belong to you or to your father. Disgrace undeserved is none. Adela, I care nothing about any cloud that may hang over you. Give me your love, and let it hang over me too."

She turned to him with a sad, sweet, confident smile, and put her hand in his.

"Let us part now," she said, "and speak no more of this. Trust me, and don't ask of me what I can not now give. My love is always yours. Let us have faith in God; the rest will yet come. Farewell."

Adrian Fyfe prepared his reports upon the prospects of the mining speculations on behalf of which he had come to Norway, and he returned to the continent of Europe. Although a very young man, he had already won such consideration and distinction in his profession that his engagements just now took him into almost every part of Europe where mineral resources abounded. In the spring of the year following that during which he visited Norway he reached London, where he was to stay for some months. One day, as he glanced along the columns of the *Times*, he read the following, which was printed in large type, and followed the leading articles:

"Among the presentations made to her Majesty yesterday was one to which a special significance attached. It was that of General Sir David Ennismore, formerly Governor of the —— Islands. It will be remembered that Sir David, who had served with great distinction as an officer of engineers in some of our Indian wars, was several years ago appointed Governor of these islands; and some time after was accused of having misused his power for political objects, and even of having misappropriated for personal purposes the revenues of the islands. The evidence seemed clear, and after a long investigation Sir David was deprived of all his military rank and honors, his official position, etc., and branded with deep disgrace. A criminal prosecution was even instituted; but Sir David suddenly disappeared. Recently it has been discovered that the whole charge was a base and malignant conspiracy, got up with wonderful and wicked ingenuity by some of the officials of the island government, whose long-continued malpractices Sir David had begun to discover, and would be certain to expose and punish. The principal offender has at last made full confession, and enabled the colonial government to unravel and expose the whole conspiracy. Sir David, it seems, confident, with justice, of the ultimate discovery of the truth, had withdrawn to Norway or Denmark, with which we have no extradition treaty, and there, laboring patiently and cautiously toward the object himself, awaited the day which must restore him to his rank and his fame. We, who were among those who always believed in Sir David Ennismore's honor and integrity, rejoice to be able to welcome him back to his country and his rightful place among that country's most honored servants. We understand that her Majesty yesterday welcomed Sir David in the warmest manner, and has intimated her intention of conferring on him some special distinction. His daughter, Miss Adela Ennismore, was also presented yesterday to the Queen."

Adrian put down the paper and leaned his forehead on his hand. The mystery of the Norwegian Arcadia was revealed. His own faith and confidence were vindicated. But Adela, his one only love, would she remember him? had she forgotten him?

Well, I think not. I do not know where or how the lovers met for the first time after Adrian had read this announcement; but it is certain that before many months had passed away the London papers contained a notice of the marriage of Adrian Fyfe, Esq., of New York, to Adela, only daughter of General Sir David Ennismore, K.C.B. The happy pair had chosen, of all places in the world, a spot in the interior of Norway wherein to pass their honey-moon.

FRENCH RELIEF.

IT is very gratifying to perceive the tone with which the French newspapers greet the efforts made in the United States to alleviate the suffering in France. We have the Havre papers up to the 13th of April, which for several consecutive days had published the doings on this side of the water down to the minutest subscriptions. One of them, *Le Havre*, referring to the active and generous competition in European communities to this end, says that "the great republic of the United States has the honor to imitate, if not to surpass, the benevolence of the Europeans."

It will be recollected that four vessels were sent from the United States with food—the bark *Hunter*, the United States store-ships *Supply* and *Relief*, and the frigate *Worcester*. The *Hunter* and *Supply* sailed from New York, the *Relief* from Philadelphia, and the *Worcester* from Boston.

The *Hunter*, which was the first to start, was the first to arrive. She reached Havre on the 25th March last, after a passage of only twenty-eight days, and the flour with which she was loaded having been promptly discharged, its distribution over the manufacturing districts of France was immediately commenced. Her cargo of 3812 barrels of superior flour was the gift of Messrs. A. T. STEWART & CO., of New York.

Our engraving of the bark at Havre, on page 428, is from a photograph taken during the process of unloading.

The store-ship *Supply* was sent out by the French Committee, and, on touching at an English port of call early in April, was ordered not to proceed to Havre, but to London, where her stores of flour, grain, and provisions, intended for distribution in France, were sold, with the intention to send the proceeds to France. It is stated that the deviation of the vessel from Havre to London arose from the apprehension that the disturbances in Paris would prevent the intended distribution; but, as the power of the Communists is limited to Paris, where they are "bottled up," it would seem that the distribution might have gone on with the facility which attended that of the *Hunter's* cargo. The deviation is particularly unfortunate, because the cargo was not at the time as well adapted to the English market as to the French, and it is probable that a considerable loss was suffered. Our advices up to the 13th of April, which was several days after the *Supply* had been ordered from the port of call to London, show that there was perfect quiet at Havre; that the people with anxiety awaited her arrival; that the *Hunter* had been received with the most cordial enthusiasm, and that her cargo was then in process of distribution. The cargo of the *Supply*, if it could not all have been distributed with advantage, might have been sold to the extent of any residue, in Havre with better results to the French than in London. We exceedingly regret this great disappointment, and particularly as provision was made for the means of planting spring crops, which would have made the contribution one of inestimable advantage to such farmers as it reached.

The frigate *Worcester*, containing the contributions of the city of Boston, sailed on the 24th of March last, and stopped at Plymouth for orders about the 5th of April.

The *Relief*, containing the contributions of citizens of Philadelphia, sailed from the latter port on the 7th of April, and had not arrived at the latest advices received. We sincerely hope that she may reach France directly.

So far as concerns the cargo of the *Hunter*, the mode of its distribution over the manufacturing districts we ascertain from the *Industrial* of Elbeuf, and the *Liberal* of Cambrai. It appears that each of these manufacturing points received 700 barrels of flour, which the firm of A. T. STEWART & Co. sent by railroad from Havre, consigned to the mayor of each locality, who was associated with a few of the manufacturing houses, with directions to make distribution over the whole district to which the mayoralty extends. This was undoubtedly the general plan adopted for the whole cargo. The mayor of Cambrai states: "The 700 barrels have arrived, and I am occupied with the distribution. I have distributed 30 barrels in a village where, out of 2500 inhabitants, 1500 are necessitous, who gave their thanks and benedictions." The *Liberal*, remarking upon this gift, closes its article relating to Mr. STEWART as follows: "It is from a republic that comes to us such examples of generosity and true grandeur. Can we show ourselves worthy of the sympathy of a people represented by such men?"

The THIERS and the local governments without hesitation remitted all duties, storage, and other expenses on the cargo of the *Hunter*, and will expect to do so with the other cargoes if they arrive. The proceeds of the recent fair in Boston, which are large, may now be forwarded in accordance with the method contemplated in the comprehensive and careful arrangements of Mr. STEWART.

EXPECTATION.

NOW that we are taught that men and beasts are descended from one common stock, it behooves us to renovate the characters of those of our poor relations who have been uncharitably used in this respect, and, for the sake of the relationship, to discover those virtues and redeeming traits which have hitherto escaped observation.

The pig has hitherto been held as gross, brutal, and stupid; but Mr. BRITON RIVIÈRE appears to have caught a glimpse of the brighter side of his character in his picture, and to have portrayed it with happy fidelity. The prospective feast has enlivened him, and he cocks his great flap ears, and sniffs and grunts with satisfaction. He is sprightly, and by no means of that sluggish and stupid disposition which we are in the habit of calling "pig-headedness;" but if it be objected that this sprightliness is only born of his gluttony, it should be remembered that his gluttony is not such a bad thing in its way. He, like ourselves, has a mission in this world, and his mission is to make pork. He does his work heartily, giving his whole mind to it; and when we see the result in brawn, or bacon, or lordly ham, we have no right to scorn that gluttony which was only a means to an end—and such an end. There is many a man among us who will rub his hands and chuckle with anticipatory glee as the waft of some choice stew greets his nostrils, and who, the meal finished, will put his legs up on the sofa, and undo the lower button of his waistcoat, much as the pig, its craving satisfied, will wallow contentedly in the mud. They are only different ways of doing the same thing.

The pig when dead has always had his admirers, and the praises of roast pork have been sung with almost idyllic tenderness; but it is with the living pig we have now to deal. Nature has not made him lovely, but he has aspirations after the beautiful—there is a charming little sketch upon this point in one of ANDERSEN'S works—endeavoring to cultivate such graces as have been allowed him by curling the only curlable part of his body. He has an independence of thought not to be found in many animals. They follow where man leads them; the pig resists, and, knowing the hostility of man, tries to go the other way. There must be a certain dry humor in his fat head, to judge from the twinkle of his eye; and we have a tradition of his cleverness in that old nursery tale—made perhaps when man and pig were on a more intimate footing—wherein he outwits the fox by means of a tin kettle. He makes no fuss about his eating and drinking, but takes what comes; he is not dainty about his sleeping accommodation; like a hermit, he will be content with roots and husks, and the bare ground to lie upon, if he can get no better, but he does not scorn the luxury of a sty nor the tub of food; and it is only when man, working upon his weak point, pampers him with overfeeding, that his intellect runs to fat, and he is a sight for gormands to chuckle over, and for reasoning people to grieve at. In agricultural shows we see what monsters scientific feeding can produce; in the picture on page 428 we see the work of nature—two healthy, sturdy, active, yet plump porkers, with capital appetites for the meal which is coming to them.

RETURN OF THE LANDWEHR.

THE Landwehr Guards, who are the picked men of the Prussian army, and who performed many gallant deeds during the late war, were the first of the German troops to return to Berlin. Their transit through Germany was a triumphal march. The railroad cars, which, a little more than seven months ago, decorated with laurels and inscribed *nach Paris*, served to carry them to the seat of war, were now more profusely ornamented than ever, while the inmates wore garlands of flowers, and flourished large nosegays on the top of their needle-guns and the points of their bayonets. At the various stations through which they passed they were vociferously cheered by the large crowds assembled to welcome them, and wherever they stopped hundreds of hands were stretched out for them to shake, and innumerable were the *seidels* of beer and the sausage sandwiches which were proffered for their refreshment. Should also one of the troops belong to that particular town, he was instantly transformed into a hero, and was proudly recognized and greeted by his fellow-citizens. His wife was sure to be there to claim him, and his children would be handed over to his fellow-soldiers, who, for the most part family men themselves, would duly praise and admire the quiverful of their comrade.

At Berlin, however, where most of the Guards belonged, the excitement on the arrival of the train, of which we give an illustration on page 432, was most intense. Phlegmatic as the Germans usually are, they lost all command over themselves at the sight of these men who had done so much for Germany, who had been victorious in so many hard-fought battles, who had repelled the dreaded French invasion with an almost unparalleled celerity, and had turned the tables on their invaders by overthrowing and almost eradicating an army once thought to be the most powerful in the world. Still, in spite of the tremendous welcome which greeted them at the station, the troops did not forget that discipline which has been one of the chief causes of their success; and, after one warm embrace and a hearty shake of the hands, fell into the ranks for one more march past the palace of their beloved Kaiser and of their almost worshiped commander, the Crown Prince. They marched down that famous avenue, the Linden, attended by thousands of cheering Berliners, and halting at the Imperial Palace, shouted "Long live the Emperor!" and were kindly bowed to in return by WILLIAM I. himself, who came out on the balcony to thank his troops for their greeting. The Guards then proceeded up the Friedrich Strasse to the place appointed for disbanding. Here the strict discipline which they had hitherto so rigidly kept up was relaxed. The women broke through the ranks, and hung round their husbands, brothers, or fathers with a tenacity which the half-ashamed, half-pleased soldiers were unable to shake off. The children followed their mothers' example; and soon men, women, and children were welded into one heterogeneous crowd—all marching to the Jäger Strasse. There the welcome word "halt" was heard, the colonel waved a hearty adieu, the captain took leave of his men in a few touching words, one tremendous cheer for the Landwehr was given, and soldiers were dismissed to their homes, and were free to embrace and hug their family belongings to their hearts' content, and to return to their peaceful avocations of seven months ago. The return of these troops, however, made a sad impression upon many of the gazers; for not all of those who had so gallantly marched out of the town last year had returned, and the ranks seemed terribly thin to those whose relations or friends were lying under the cold sod of a battlefield. But *à la guerre comme à la guerre*—they had died for their father-land; and is it not the duty of a good citizen to sacrifice every thing, even to his life, for the good of his country?

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

IT is said of a late physician that he was waited upon one day by a neighbor to come and see a child sick with the croup. "Oh, certainly," replied the doctor; "if there is any thing I pride myself on in my profession, it is my treatment of that disease." As the doctor stepped out a moment to make ready, his waiting visitor was surprised to hear him say to his wife, "Sarah, what do you do for the croup?"

A San Francisco surgeon was called to a house to amputate a leg for a woman who had more than she wanted, for some reason or other. The surgeon was near-sighted, and being told to go up stairs into the back-room, he went up and performed the operation, and was astonished afterward to find that he had cut off a leg for the German servant-girl. The girl said she was scared some, but thought it was one of our customs.

A WESTERN SETTLER—The sun at evening.

A nice young man at Portland kept looking into the window of a married lady until he saw her shake a handkerchief, when he called at her room. After being picked up at the bottom of the stairs, and having his bones set, it was explained that she was only shaking some apple-peelings from a napkin. Her husband says she did perfectly right in hitting the visitor with the wash-bowl.

There is a story going the rounds that a boarding-house keeper died and left all her property to a young man just because he never complained about the hash and things. It is evident that the item is published at the instigation of boarding-house keepers, who think young men will take warning, and quit complaining in hopes of being remembered.

NEW NAME FOR TIGHT BOOTS—Corn cribs.

A new-fangled system of singing the hymns has crept into some of our churches of late years, which frequently leads to positions which, but for the sacredness of the occasion, would go very far toward the ludicrous. The favorite repetition of the first syllable has not unfrequently been known to result in such doubtful harmonies as these:

"My poor pol-,
My poor pol-,
My poor polluted heart."

And—

"Our great sal-,
Our great sal-,
Our great salvation comes."

In the following strain sings a sighing swain:

"I light my cigar, and
When the smoke rises
Up to my eyeses,
I think of my true-love,
And then I sighses."

Rev. J. H. K—— was, several years since, pastor of a Methodist Episcopal church in Western New York. During his sermon on a hot summer Sunday morning Brother Austin, one of the official members of the church, fell fast asleep. Mr. K—— suddenly paused and called out, "Brother Austin, will you please open the window there a little? Physicians say it is very unhealthy to sleep in a close room."

At a recent circuit of the Supreme Court of Illinois a question arose on the construction of the pleadings. The counsel read their respective pleadings through to the judge, and argued. Then the judge took the pleadings and read them through to himself. At the conclusion he handed the papers over to the counsel, and, with an expression of utter perplexity, said, "I think, under the present system of pleading, there is no safety unless counsel come into court with the code under their arm." One of the counsel quickly jumped up and replied, "Don't you think, your Honor, it would be better to bring it in their head?"

Whisky is your greatest enemy. "But," said Mr. Jones, "don't the Bible say, Mr. Preacher, that we are to love our enemies?" "Oh yes, Jones, but it don't say we are to swallow them."

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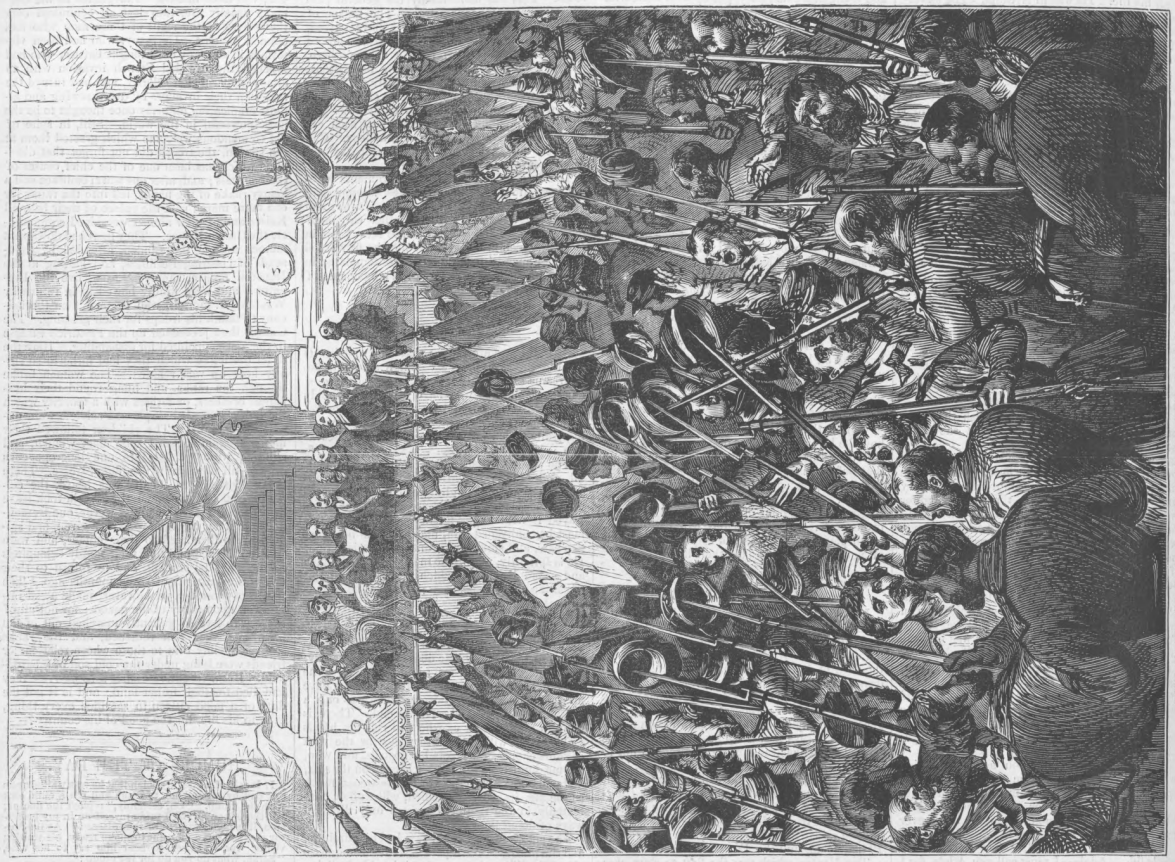

THE WAR AT PARIS—MEETING OF THE COMMUNE.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

THE RETURN OF THE LANDWEHR.—[SEE PAGE 431.]

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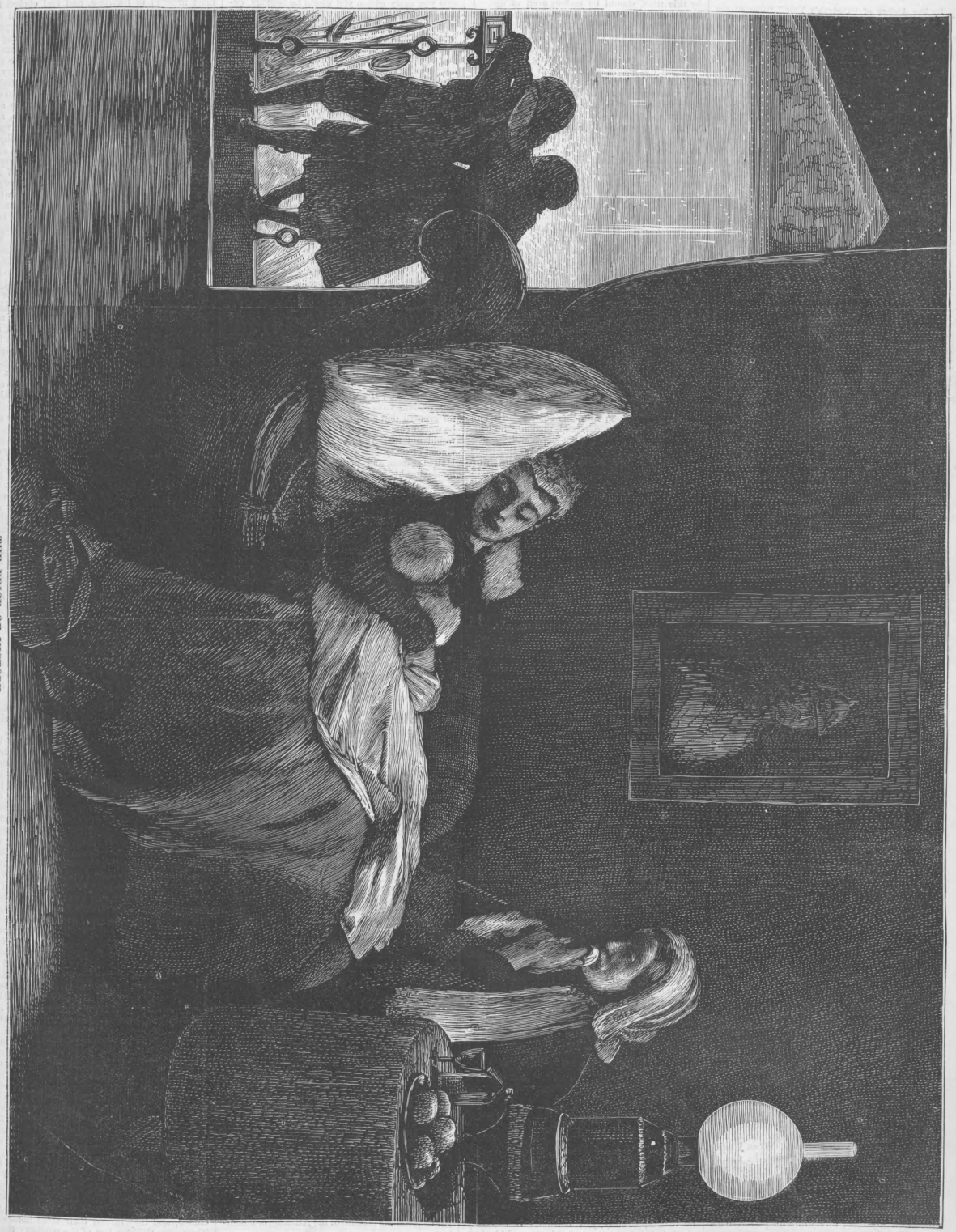
THE PRICE OF VICTORY.

THE time has come for hanging up the weapons on the wall—although not for beating them into plowshares, as they may be wanted again shortly—and resting after the fatigues of war. The men are marching home with laurel wreaths about their shakos and on the muzzles of their rifles; the cities are bursting out in flame from basement to parapet; flags wave out of the windows; crowds throng the road below; there are triumphal arches for the returning victors to march through; there are addresses to be read, and cheers to be given, and all the paraphernalia of rejoicing to be gone through, before we settle down once more to the old ways, and each man, his soldiering done, returns to his work, his plowing or hammering, his lecturing or writing.

We rejoice, avowedly, because we have peace once more; but there is something more than that in the matter. The vanquished, who stands the most in need of peace, makes no rejoicing; but the victor, because he is the victor, and his heart is glad with his victory, lights up his cities for the reception of the welcome stranger, sticks flaming emblems of peace upon his buildings, and shouts lusty greetings till he is hoarse. He puts his sorrow on one side for the occasion, and, glancing over yonder where his late enemy lies, thinks how sombre and sad every thing appears there, and determines that there shall be nothing to mar his own festival. He locks up the skeleton in its cupboard, puts the key in his pocket, and goes out to look at the illuminations, and drink toasts with his neighbor, who has doubtless a key of the same pattern in *his* pocket.

Behind the gas-lights the sorrow is kept well out of sight; but it is there, nevertheless, and those who have paid most heavily for the good things are not those who rejoice over them.



THE PRICE OF VICTORY.

DE QUINCEY, in that paper on "Mail Coaches," wherein he speaks of carrying the news of victory down into the country, tells us how they traveled, decked out with laurels, heralded by the blasts of the guard's trumpet. On one of these journeys, when they bore news of Talavera, they came suddenly within view of a carriage containing an old and a young lady in mourning. The young one drew the other's attention to the laurel deckings, which meant victory; but she shrank back, weeping, at the sight, because to her they meant the price we pay for victory; and so, amidst all rejoicings, there are those who mourn in secret. Those who, fighting and dying on the field of battle, have bought the victory with their life's blood, leave a heritage of thankfulness to the many, but a heritage of sorrow to the few who are most dear to them. The city is bright with light, and alive with busy throngs, and men are grasping each other by the hand because a great battle has been won, and brought peace in its wake; and the mothers and widows of those who did this good thing, in their sad, black dresses, and in the company of sad and solemn

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thoughts, try to be deaf to the sound of rejoicing which is such a mockery to them. The men have worked, and the women must weep, but humanity is not broad enough in its sympathies for one man to feel all others' griefs. If it were, this would be a very sad world.

WON—NOT WOOED.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Bred in the Bone," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A HURRIED DEPARTURE.

THE interest which the two portraits had awakened in Mabel's mind was extreme, and yet she found it impossible to get another word from Mrs. Merthyr respecting their original. It was evident that the housekeeper repented having been even so communicative on the point as she had been. Mabel had, as the fact of her being Mrs. Winthrop proved, a very keen sense of honor, and was certainly not the sort of woman who likes to gossip with her serving-maid; but she *was* a woman, and curiosity so far got the better of her that when Vance was brushing her long brown hair that night she put this question to her: "Were you here much in the late Mrs. Winthrop's time?"

"Now and then, ma'am, for odd jobs; but I saw a deal of her for a certain reason;" and Carry sighed deeply.

"Not a painful one, I hope?" returned her mistress.

"Yes, ma'am; it was by reason of a very sad and bad affair. I had a sister—dead now, poor soul—to whom Mr. Horn behaved very ill."

"Dear, dear! I had no idea of that," said Mabel, flushing to her forehead. "Pray forgive me for having alluded to it. I am so sorry."

"To do her justice, poor Mrs. Winthrop was sorry too," was the girl's quiet rejoinder. "I shall never forget her coming to our cottage when my sister died, and bearing the hard words my mother gave her, just as the patient cattle bear their blows. She only gave one answer: 'It is better, Mrs. Vance, to lose your child than to have one grow up as mine has done.'"

"Hush, hush, Carry; you must not tell me such tales as these," said Mabel, softly, "even if they are true ones."

"True, ma'am?" echoed the girl, in a tone of self-contempt. "Every one at Wapshot knows it true, and has taken care that I should know that they know it."

"I am so sorry," repeated Mabel, softly.

"You have a kind heart, ma'am, as the other Mrs. Winthrop had," sobbed Carry; "and I pray that it may not be broken, as hers was. People said as she was mad; but if that was so, he as broke her heart doubtless stole her brains—and that was her own son."

"This is most shocking," said Mabel. "Pray tell me no more. Remember that Mr. Horn is my husband's son."

"He is, ma'am, more's the pity," continued Carry, in a state of incontrollable excitement; "though how he can be so passes belief. Master and he are no more like one another than race-horse and wild bull. Nor, so far as I could ever see, was Mr. Horn like his mother neither, though I have heard tell that it was not always so."

"He is like her picture in the gallery," said Mabel—"in feature, though not in expression."

"Ay, but have you seen her picture in Mrs. Merthyr's room, ma'am—the one with the silk curtain before it? He is not a bit like that; and that's how I knew the poor lady—thin and gray and pale, and looking like one as has got a heavy burden at her heart, as without doubt she had. Some called her 'fanciful;' but her troubles were real enough, Heaven knows."

"Thank you, Carry; that will do," said Mabel, referring to the brushing of her hair, but with an indirect reference to the topic under discussion, which the waiting-maid could not but understand.

"You are not angry with me, ma'am, I hope?" said the girl, as she took her leave; "but I scarcely know what I say when any body speaks of Mr. Horn."

It was certainly not to be expected of Mabel that she should feel any resentment on behalf of her step-son, so that she confined herself to saying that the subject had better not be resumed between them.

Curiously enough, the same unpleasant topic was forced upon Mabel the next morning, in quite another fashion. A letter was brought to her, as she was dressing, from Martha, and in it an inclosure addressed in an unknown hand. She read Martha's letter first—a tender and loving one, which brought the tears into her eyes, and filled her heart with a warmth it had not known for months; but it had this postscript:

"Just as I had finished my epistle, who should look in but Mr. Horn Winthrop! He tells me you and your husband are such gadabouts that he does not know your address. When I said, 'Why, they are at home at Wapshot,' he was, or affected to be, quite surprised. 'Well, as you are writing,' said he, 'perhaps you will be so good as to inclose these few lines to your cousin.' Why he did not post them himself I can not imagine. Between ourselves, I don't greatly like Mr. Horn, my dear; a very inferior person to his father, I feel sure, and not *quite* a gentleman. He staid a week at Brackmere after your marriage, during which time he amused himself, it seems, by endeavoring to pump out of our excellent Rachel every thing she knew about *you*. Of course he got no information; but the attempt to obtain it in such a fashion was most shameful."

When Mabel read this she knew at once by what means Horn Winthrop had become informed of her having received Richard's anonymous gift. What webs of fraud and meanness was not this creature capable of spinning to obtain his cruel ends! It was with a shudder of fear almost as much as of loathing that she took up his note.

"DEAR STEP-MOTHER,—I take this means of writing to you under safe cover, lest my father, whose little foibles you have doubtless discovered by this time, should be jealous even of me. I have written to him by the same post to ask for a little more money than usual, and rely upon your good offices to get it. If *I* had any anonymous friend to send me bank-notes, I would not trouble you. In case of there being any difficulty about the matter—which, from what I know of your good sense, I am far from anticipating—you will soon see me at Wapshot in person. I hope this will not be necessary, since, when it is not the shooting-season, I am conscious of being rather a nuisance in a country house. *Verbum sap.*

H. W."

It was with small appetite, as may be well imagined, that poor Mabel went down to breakfast. She had lingered lovingly over the contents of Martha's letter, and consequently found Mr. Winthrop already at table. His face was so troubled, and his manner so distant, that she was perforce compelled to ask him what was the matter, although she knew but too well.

"It is this letter from Horn," he said, pushing the thing in question peevishly away from his plate. "He is a leech, a blood-sucker; but he shall find me resolute this time. He talks of his heirship, forsooth; but if he had his own way, there would soon be nothing for him to inherit."

"I suppose your son's expenses are great?" said Mabel, quietly.

"His extravagances are, madam," returned Mr. Winthrop, with irritation. "He has an allowance amply sufficient to keep him in luxury, and— Expenses great! why, those are the very words he uses, madam. May I ask to what my son is indebted for this most unexpected, and to me inexplicable, pleading on his behalf?" Mr. Winthrop had risen from his seat, excited and angry. "I don't understand, madam," he continued, "this sympathy for a step-son."

The words that she had just been reading came into Mabel's mind, "lest he be jealous even of *me*," and with them the recollection of a certain interview at Shingleton, when Mr. Winthrop had accused her of pique at the sudden departure of his son. She also rose, and returned to her husband's fiery looks a glance of scorn.

"I don't know what you mean, Miles, and I don't seek to know. If you ask me if I have any sympathy with your son, I tell you I have none. Far from it. He may be the heir of all the Winthrops, but he is not, in my opinion, even a gentleman."

"We will not say that, if you please, Mrs. Winthrop," said her husband, but not vehemently, and at the same time reseating himself in his chair.

"I have a right to say any thing, Miles, when you impute to me such things. Why I plead for him, however—if you choose so to turn my words—is because I do not wish to form the subject of contention between son and father. I mean"—she added, for the fire had leaped again from her husband's eyes—"in respect of this wretched money. It seems that I have cost you something since our marriage, which has somehow come from this young man's pocket. For Heaven's sake, let him have it, and spare me such scenes as these."

Mabel spoke with a noble scorn, far beyond mere wounded dignity. She had not felt so outraged even by Horn's insults as now by his father's wild and wandering words. It was impossible even for him to misjudge her, to mistake her manner for aught but what it was—a just resentment at a mad and wicked imputation.

"Forgive me," said he, humbly—"forgive me, Mabel; I was not master of myself. This boy—But there! you shall read his letter for yourself;" and he passed it to her quite gently across the table.

"By no means, Miles," answered she, firmly. "I do not wish to be privy to this matter at all, though your confidence in all others is what I wish to win."

"And you shall have it, Mabel," replied Mr. Winthrop, gratefully. "I am proud and ill-humored, I know, and you have borne with me very dutifully. I"—he placed his hand upon his heart, as though in pain—"I am much to blame in this matter, so far as you are concerned; I—" He grew deadly pale, and stopped.

"You are ill, Miles," said Mabel, anxiously, for she was both touched and frightened. "Let me call for help."

"No, no; I shall be better soon," gasped Mr. Winthrop. "I am better now. It was only a passing faintness. The doctors say I must not excite myself." Notwithstanding that he essayed to smile, he looked nervous and alarmed, and she saw that he was feeling his pulse beneath his wristband.

"I will talk to you again, Mabel, about this, but not just now. There will not need to be any argument. I will give him his answer once for all. Be so good as to come to my study in an hour."

Mabel was there at the time appointed. Her husband had an open letter in his hand, which he had, apparently, just written. It was very short, but the torn paper that bestrewed his desk showed that it was not the first that he had penned. He motioned her to a chair, and spoke as follows, very calmly, though it plainly cost him no little effort to be calm: "You have said, Mabel, that Horn is not a gentleman; and I am bound to say that his conduct does not belie your words; still he is my son—at present my only son, and, at all events, will inherit, at no distant date, this vast estate. Well, for your sake, I have broken with him." Mabel held up her head, and strove to speak, but Mr. Winthrop exclaimed, "Silence!" in so sharp a tone that she dared not disobey him. "I am wrong in saying that it is for your sake only," he resumed, "since I hope—since we both hope—there will be another concerned in the matter in time, whose interests should be very dear to you. If I died to-morrow, Mabel, yourself and the child that you carry within you would be beggars, dependent on this man's mercy for a crust of bread." Mabel could not repress a shudder. "This ought not to be, and shall not. When I saw my son at Brackmere I gave him—and it was a wrong to you and yours—a great sum, sufficient for his needs for years, and he writes me that it is all gone. He can get money if he pleases by speculating on my death, he says. Well, let him. He shall have no more, beyond his allowance, from me. I mean it. For the rest of my life what I have to spare will be laid by for you and yours. I have written—here—to say that that is my unalterable resolution. He can not credit *you* with this ill turn, for I have let him know that you endeavored to excuse him, and even to subordinate your interests to his own."

Mabel bowed her head in genuine gratitude. It really seemed as though her husband had undesignedly hit upon the very plan that promised her protection. But would Horn believe him? Or, if he did so, would he not at once come down in fury to Wapshot and tell his father what he knew? From what she had seen of her husband that morning she feared such a disclosure more than ever; in his state of health, and with his morbid feelings, it might even kill him on the spot. If she had only had the courage to tell it to him herself—and, indeed, she would have done so if he had encouraged her by any show of confidence, such as he was now, too late, exhibiting—all might now have been well; she might have defied Horn's utmost malignity; but, as it was, her long concealment of the fact of Richard's gift would, she felt, only too surely attach, in her husband's eyes, the worst significance to it. It was evident from Horn's letter that he took it for granted that she had not revealed it, and now he would come and tell it with his own lips. He would not trust it to paper (she was well convinced of that), but would present himself at the Hall in person, and, perhaps, gain his end at once by slaying his father with the news.

If Mabel did not love her husband, she was a loyal wife, and his late unexpected tenderness to her, and foresight for her interests, had touched her heart. Moreover, should any thing happen to him, he had said with truth that there would shortly be another life to bear the burden of poverty, and share the bitter cup of dependence with her. Beholden for the means of subsistence to Horn Winthrop she never, indeed, could be; but to whom else could she and her helpless infant turn? The divine instinct of the mother filled her breast, though her child was yet unborn; and she felt grateful to the man who was about to make provision for it, and would not listen to her self-abnegation.

"I have thought it best, Mabel, to put you in possession of what I have written," resumed Mr. Winthrop, "because it is a matter which so nearly concerns your interests. Horn has nothing to complain of—nothing. It would be utterly inexcusable in him to take this matter in dudgeon. I can not have him down here now, with his arguments and reproaches." ("He has reiterated his menace of visiting Wapshot in person, then," thought Mabel, with a cold shiver; "and come he will.") "I will not permit it," went on Mr. Winthrop, peevishly. "My state of health is far from what it should be; and the doctor tells me to avoid all worries and excitements. I wonder whether change of air would do me good?" Here he looked up with quite a cheerful air, as though a happy thought had struck him. "We talked about going abroad, Mabel, at one time, didn't we? What do you say to spending a month or two in France before the winter sets in? It wouldn't hurt you, would it. But I'll consult Mrs. Merthyr about that."

"It would please me very much, Miles," said Mabel, eagerly. "Let us go abroad, by all means. I can start at a day's notice, so far as I am concerned."

"That is excellent," said Mr. Winthrop, approvingly. "It is rather late for a foreign trip, and, therefore, we can not be away too soon. Shall we say the day after to-morrow, then?"

To this Mabel gladly assented. She was well aware that her husband was fleeing from Wapshot because his son had threatened to visit it; and the chief desire of her own heart at that moment was as much in unison with his as though they had been a pair of lovers waiting for the leaden hours to pass that intervened 'twixt now and wedding-day. The apprehension which Mr. Winthrop so unmistakably exhibited intensified, however, her own fears. It did not escape her attention that his letter was not dispatched until the succeeding day, so that by the time Horn received it, they must needs already be on their way. How formidable must the anger of this young man be, of which even his own father stood in fear!

A foreboding of evil, such as she had known but once before, took possession of her, and with it a vague terror, such as she had never known, which made her wish that instead of the narrow sea, she was about to place between herself and her step-son the breadth of the Atlantic, or a hemisphere.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A LOCK OF HAIR.

FROM the moment that Mr. Winthrop left home his old peevishness and dissatisfaction with all about him returned with tenfold force. No relic of his late frankness or tenderness remained to show that they had ever existed; and, indeed, his manner was so tart and fretful that it seemed as though he were angry with himself for having had the weakness to exhibit them. It must be conceded, however, that he was very far from well. Though still comparatively young, his constitution had, apparently, given way, his nerves were shattered, and in his impatience of discomforts, and alarm at obstacles, he offered, indeed, a sad contrast to the man who had once been the most intrepid of travelers, and had chosen for his first matrimonial trip a voyage round the world. The sole benefit that his former experience seemed to have bequeathed to him was an immunity from seasickness; and fortunate it was for Mabel that in her case too nature was kind, and did not add that ineffable misery to the peevish complaints and ceaseless fidgeting about rugs and wraps which her ears had to endure. The unhappy Vance was prostrate and useless. "Whatever it may cost, ma'am, and though I pay it out of my own wages," she murmured, contemptuous of geographical difficulties, "I shall return home by land."

In common with the rest of the Wapshot household, she ordinarily stood in much awe of her master; but not on board the packet. The wave is as great a leveler as the grave; and when Mr. Winthrop, annoyed by the spray, demanded of her imperiously what had become of the umbrellas, she only turned a half-glazed eye upon him and murmured a reckless, "Lost." Mr. Winthrop, in fact, was no longer a valetudinarian, but a hypochondriac. Depressed himself, he resented liveliness in others, and hence—to begin with—the whole French nation incurred his severe disapproval. The clatter and chatter of the *tables d'hôte* he pronounced to be intolerable, and yet not so *triste* and suicide-suggestive as a dinner alone in their own apartment. On the whole, it was a sad time for Mabel, this first foreign trip of hers, which is commonly the brightest and most memorable feature of a young girl's life. What annoyed her most, perhaps, was the pity that the good-natured French servants showed her. "All will be well, and monsieur very kind," whispered one sharp-eyed *soubrette*, who had come upon her suddenly as she wept, "when the little master comes."

The hotel where this happened was in a sea-port where they staid some days, and among other excursions explored the fishermen's quarter. The tawdry church, with its wretched daubs of pictures and poor thank-offerings of toy-craft, excited Mr. Winthrop's contempt, while the odor of herrings that pervaded the whole quarter disgusted him; even his artistic taste seemed to have deserted him, for he saw no picturesqueness in the bulging houses and narrow, net-crossed streets. In one of these, seated on the stone step of a door-way, was a woman with a sick child in her arms. Always tender-hearted, Mabel was just now more than ever moved to pity by such sights, and she stopped to say a few kind words; while she did so her husband grew impatient, and bade her, in no very gentle tones, to come away, lest she should catch a fever from the little brat. The woman, who understood his meaning from his manner, looked up with a significant smile. "Never mind, my pretty lady," said she; "to judge by his looks, the gentleman will not live long, and then Heaven send you a husband more worthy of you!"

It would have been better for Mabel, as well as for himself, if her husband had not understood French; for though he answered nothing, nor ever alluded to the subject afterward, the iron of this unhappy remark seemed to have entered into his soul. He grew more moody and morose than ever, and on some occasions (though never impolite) even unkind. Instead of travel benefiting his health, it had manifestly the very contrary effect; while, as for Mabel, the foreign scenes failed altogether to distract her mind, or lighten the dark presentiments that still oppressed her. Straight highways between poplars, with level wastes of treeless fields on either side, were henceforth to be her memories of the country; the spacious gloom of half-filled churches, or the melancholy of some damp museum, those of the town. What she saw that was bright and buoyant jarred by contrast with her own feelings—the gayety of young people whom they met at table, and, most of all, the mutual happiness of bride and bridegroom on their wedding-tour. It was not, Heaven knows, that she grudged others the joys that were not for her, but the contemplation of them—the involuntary comparison, perhaps, of the what *was* and the what *might have been*, in her own case—made her sick at heart. Only the children pleased her, the little children, who, at sight of her sweet smile, would come and link their trustful hands in hers, and lift their cherry lips to win her kiss. Even in the convent schools, where life from the very first is emptied of all impulse, the slate-clad, stony children warmed toward her as she passed through their clean, colorless rooms and cheerless corridors. If, despite the iron discipline to which their little hearts had been subjected, not a few envied the handsome young English lady who lived a life of pleasure out in the sunny world, certainly none guessed how Mabel, in her turn, envied *them* their monotonous, uneventful, loveless days, and still more those of them who, their pure lives over, lay in the little God's-acre without, at rest forever.

Little, however, as Mabel enjoyed her foreign tour, her spirits sank even lower when it was concluded, and they turned their faces homeward. They were the very last of the tourists; the autumn had long been over, and winter had set in in earnest, even in France. At Wapshot snow was on the fells and ice upon the lake. The leafless park looked inexpressibly dreary as its iron gates closed behind them with sharp clang; and, though lights and fires did all they could in the way of welcome, the Hall itself, with its vast chambers, seemed less like home to its young

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mistress than ever. Even her husband, though nervous and fidgety about his own health to the last degree, noticed her wan, pale looks. There was a reason for them, however, he argued; then felt his pulse, and measured his wine, and began another novel of Balzac's. It was essential, the physician said, to keep his mind agreeably occupied.

No letter or communication of any kind had come from Horn since his last demand for money had been refused. This silence, in one so uncontrollable and fierce, caused, it was plain, Mr. Winthrop great uneasiness, though he was too proud to speak of it. It filled Mabel also with vague alarm, but not with the terror that the sight of his handwriting—much more of his evil face—would have caused her. Nevertheless, for her husband's sake, she made an effort at reconciliation.

She was on the sofa in her boudoir, which opened from the bedroom, and Mr. Winthrop had been reading to her from a volume of her own choice, Dickens's "Christmas Carol." It was not a book after his own taste, and he had laid it down, after a little, with a cynical criticism.

"It is most artificial and ridiculous to make this fuss about Christmas," continued he, peevishly. "One is no better at that season, that I know of, than any other. Rather worse, indeed, on account of the rheumatism."

"Still it is not artificial and ridiculous to forgive and forget, Miles; especially in the case of one's own flesh and blood."

"If you allude to Horn," said Mr. Winthrop, quickly—"a subject, by-the-bye, which we agreed was to be avoided—I have nothing to forgive him, more than usual, that is; and I would very gladly forget him if I could."

Curt as was his reply, Mabel could perceive in it that her husband was not altogether displeased by her appeal; and the phrase, "If I could," corroborated her suspicions respecting the effect of Horn's silence on his father's mind.

"It is past Christmas-time, but not too late"—she was going to propose that Horn should be invited to Wapshot, but her heart failed her—"to send him some kind message."

"For which he would be most grateful, I have no doubt," returned Mr. Winthrop, coldly. "You don't know my son, madam, if you imagine that all the paternal affection in the world would give him as much pleasure as a five-pound note. Now I have not got a five-pound note, or, at least, any sum that he would think worth his acceptance, to give him."

"I thought I heard you say that you had saved money abroad, Miles," said Mabel, diffidently. She half expected an outbreak of irritation, but in place of that he smiled as he replied:

"That is for *you*, Mabel—the beginnings of your future fortune and that of the little one whom we expect. I keep it in the house, so that you always know where to find it. It is in banknotes, because, if any thing were to happen to me upon a sudden, as is quite likely— But there! you are not to be frightened, Mrs. Merthyr says, or shocked, or 'put about;' so we won't talk of such things."

Mabel had indeed turned very pale at her husband's reference to the probability of his own decease. It was the idea of all others, the doctor had told her, which was to be studiously kept out of his mind. Her anxiety to avoid it gave her courage to return to a topic scarcely less embarrassing.

"Do you mean to say with respect to this money, Miles, that it is absolutely mine—to do what I like with?"

"Most certainly it is. From henceforth you are your own banker."

"And it would not anger you, Miles, if—if—to prevent ill blood—I was to send some of it to Horn?"

"It would not anger me, Mabel; but you must recollect that, though I have given up to you the control of this money, it is not wholly yours. It would be most Quixotic to send Horn any considerable portion of it; and I must insist upon your explaining to him that my own resolve is as firm as ever not to encourage his extravagances; nor is it, mind you, to be given to him as a bribe to secure us from annoyance. I, for my part, am not to be bullied by my own son; and he is not to come here—that is, not just now, because my health won't stand it—under any pretense whatever."

It was evident, notwithstanding his affected remonstrances, that Mabel's self-denying proposition was most welcome to her husband; and, indeed, though he was so averse to see his son, he was also almost as much disinclined to break with him openly. There had been scandals enough at the Hall already respecting this young man, and Mr. Winthrop did not wish them capped by a family quarrel. Perhaps, too, some sense of the uncertainty of his life might have moved him, thus far, toward reconciliation. At all events, his manner toward Mabel had not been so kind for months as it was now, or his peevish brow so smooth. "I will bring you an escritoire," said he, "to form at once your desk and bank in future;" and, accordingly, he presently returned with Mrs. Merthyr, the two pushing in that article of furniture between them. It seemed quite a pleasure to him to wait on Mabel.

"The money is in that drawer," said he; "and here is the key, if you really wish to play fairy godmother to this scape-grace; though I do believe, Mabel," added he, with a smile, as he left the room, "you are the first step-mother that ever acted that part."

Mabel opened the drawer and found herself the possessor of quite a little fortune—two hundred five-pound notes, or a thousand pounds.

Without quite appreciating the immense importance that this sum might possibly be to her, she felt very grateful to her husband for his thought and care in the matter. It by no means struck her that, situated as Mr. Winthrop was with respect to herself, to "put something by" was a mere act of duty, and far less that a thousand pounds was not so very much to save out of ten times that income. It seemed to her a treasure almost inexhaustible. Her husband had told her that it would be Quixotic to send her step-son any considerable share of it; but she felt that she was inclined to be Quixotic She had no intention of bribing him to secure herself from annoyance, but it was the chief part of her plan to prevent Horn from harassing his father. She had no hopes of awakening any good feeling in him toward either her husband or herself; but if she could only secure peace and quietness —above all, freedom from his presence, and from the apprehension of it—she was prepared to make any sacrifice. With this view she framed her letter. There was no pretense of cordiality in her tone—that was out of the question—it was, in fact, where she referred to herself, one of armed neutrality, though she carefully sought to avoid giving the shadow of offense. Thus, when writing of his father, she abstained from all reference to herself, and spoke of his increasing infirmities like a doctor writing of his patient to his patient's son rather than a wife of her husband: she warned him that any moment might deprive him of his parent, and urged him to make some sign of reconciliation or amity while there should yet be time. The whole was as much removed from a "lecture" as it is possible to imagine. It was not even so much a remonstrance as an appeal. She touched with the utmost delicacy upon the money she was about to inclose. She would have much preferred to have described it as having been sent by Mr. Winthrop himself, but this she did not dare to do. She set forth, therefore, in plain words, the fact that, since no provision had been made for her by settlement, his father had placed a certain sum of money in her own hands; "of which, lest I should seem to have turned his bounty from its natural channel, I beg your acceptance of the inclosed."

There was not, of course, the slightest reference to that subject on the ground of which Horn had treated her so insolently; but, unfortunately, as it turned out, the amount she inclosed happened to be precisely the same with that of the anonymous gift she had received at Brackmere. The coincidence, however, did not strike her. She thought that one-fifth of her husband's present would not be so "considerable a portion" of it as to excite his disapproval if he should happen to make inquiry in the matter; while, considering that the remaining eight hundred pounds might be all that she (and hers) might have in the world (in which case Horn would be immensely rich), it seemed a sufficient proportion.

The letter was finished only a few minutes before post-time, and she sharply rang the bell, lest it should not be placed in the bag in time. Mrs. Merthyr, who was just now in a state of great though decorous anxiety about her young mistress, answered the summons in person.

"Dear heart! you put me quite in a flutter, madam," said she; "and to see you sitting up and writing there, after all, as brisk as a bee! You know, I suppose, by-the-bye, what you have been writing *upon*? That's my late lady's escritoire, as has stood in the master's room ever since her death. When he asked me to help him push it across into the boudoir, I never was so astonished in my life. There was no piece of furniture in all the house as she set such store by. It stands in its old place now: she never liked to have it out of her sight." The flourish of the post-horn without put a stop to the old lady's garrulity, and off she hurried with the letter; but she had already excited something of interest in Mabel's mind with respect to her late acquisition. That Mr. Winthrop should have made over to her this cherished relic was in itself curious. He had scarcely ever mentioned his late wife since the day when he had shown Mabel his sketch-book, and, indeed, it was understood at Wapshot that she was a topic to be avoided.

It was a handsome piece of furniture enough; but what struck Mabel most about it, now that she gave it her attention, was that it was precisely of the same description as one that had been given to her sister "Ju" as a marriage present. The donor, as often happens on such occasions, had not paid much consideration to the exigencies of the case, or he would scarcely have purchased such an "impediment" for a lady bound for Hong-Kong; and in the end it was left at Swallowdip, and sold with the other goods and chattels at the Rectory. But Mabel remembered it very well, and now went over every shelf and drawer in the somewhat complex arrangement of its duplicate with the same certainty as she would have used in the case of the original.

"I wonder, now," thought she, "whether I shall find the same little secret drawer, the existence of which poor papa predicted, and which frightened me so when it shot out?"

She sighed as she recalled the picture of her father, with his measuring-tape, and his boyish delight at the discovery, which put to shame and silence Fred's incredulous banter, and covered the science of mechanics with glory. She touched the hidden spring, and out flew the drawer like a miniature wagon from a pneumatic tube, and quite as swiftly. Such was the force with which the spring acted that a small square-folded piece of paper, which formed the contents of the drawer, was thrown into Mabel's lap, as though delivered by some impulsive postman, or (as she afterward half thought) by a spirit-hand. Without reflecting that the packet, being in so private a repository, might be of a private nature, she opened it. Within it was another inclosure containing a little tuft of hair—or, rather, a mere silver fluff of thistle-down, bound by a silken thread. "*My poor darling's hair*" was written within, and a date of about twenty years back. The handwriting she knew at once to be that of the late Mrs. Winthrop (Mrs. Merthyr had shown her some letters of that lady, which she highly treasured, although they were merely notes upon domestic matters, sent to the housekeeper when her mistress was from home); but the expression puzzled Mabel—"*My poor darling's hair?*" That was how a mother would speak of such a relic of her dead child's; but not only had she never heard of Mrs. Winthrop having lost an infant, but the date—if such consideration had been needed—made it evident that the words referred to Horn. This simple memento of a dead mother's love went to Mabel's heart. How sad it was to think that the child which, on its arrival, had doubtless seemed so great a blessing, should have grown up to wound the very heart it should have comforted! Heaven grant such misery might never fall to her own lot! Not without reverence did Mabel regard this little symbol of innocence and helplessness, though it had once belonged to one whom she had such cause to dislike and dread. For twenty years it had doubtless been a sacred treasure, the existence of which was known to his mother only; and not less dear, perhaps, had it become as further and further her son had wandered from guilelessness and love. Perhaps *that* was the explanation of those plaintive words, "*My poor darling's hair.*" Hopeless Pity and fruitless Care had dictated them.

With reverent fingers Mabel replaced this shining treasure, and was about to infold it as before, when she perceived for the first time that there was writing on the inside of the outer sheet also. There were only a few lines in dim and faded ink, tear-spotted, too, as the inner paper was; but they could not have rapt her attention more had they appeared in letters of fire upon her chamber wall.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Not long since a generous lady of this city, thoughtful of the tedious hours spent by the helpless invalids in hospitals, presented a number of beautiful pictures to be hung on the walls of the wards in Bellevue Hospital. More recently—perhaps inspired by this example—the Commissioners of Charities and Correction have sent to Mr. Brennan, warden of Bellevue, two hundred lithographs and chromos to relieve the dullness of the hospital wards. The building, however, is large, and the wards many; but it is hoped that the public will soon furnish a sufficient supply. A single picture will be gladly received, and will help vary that dreary monotony which, in some cases, is harder to endure than acute pain. Making pleasant the home of the sick is a genuine charity.

When the present civil war is over Paris will scarcely be recognized by those who knew it years ago. The rioters madly destroy whatever they please. The Arc de Triomphe, that regal and picturesque structure, which was the wonder and delight of every traveler, has not escaped their fury. Alas! those who have seen the Paris of the past may congratulate themselves; those who have not must content themselves—it is too late now.

One hundred acres of land in Hanover were recently given to the New Hampshire Agricultural College for a farm. The giver, Mr. John Conant, now proposes to give $5000 for the purpose of erecting a hall upon it.

The work of widening the door-ways between the two wings of the Capitol at Washington will soon commence. The door-way leading from the old Hall of Representatives to the Rotunda can be enlarged but little, on account of the nearness of the columns to each other, but other passages will be greatly improved. The Rogers bronze doors are to be removed to the entrance from the eastern portico. During the recess the Hall is to have a new black-walnut floor and a new carpet, and is to be provided with similar mechanical ventilating apparatus to that provided for the Senate last fall, which has proved so effective.

Want of sufficient sleep is one great cause of sundry mental and bodily diseases. But if every one could learn to improve all odd moments in "cat-naps" as well as the late Colonel J. H. Tooker, proprietor of transportation lines on lakes and canals, it might be the saving of many busy brains who get only four or five hours' sleep out of the twenty-four. The Colonel was early and late at his work, always busy; but if disengaged for a moment would instantly drop to sleep: standing at his desk, waiting to be served at table—no matter where—he would take a little nap. Yet all the time he appeared to know what was going on, and any interesting conversation would at once attract his attention.

Nomenclature in journalism in the United States exhibits some curiosities. Among the oddities are: The *Shuttle*, the *Touchstone*, the *Outline*, the *Air-Line*, the *West Side*, the *New Creation*, the *Indian's Arcana*, the *Artery*, the *Industrial Plain*, the *How to make the Farm Pay*, the *Life-Boat*, the *Apollo*, the *Democratic Cable*, the *Evrekit*, the *Safeguard*, the *Wolvering Citizen*, and the *Bill-Poster*.

A quiet Massachusetts village was lately excited by the elopement of the wife of a sea-captain with her brother-in-law. The husband on learning of the elopement left his vessel, provided a home for his two children, and philosophically remarked that his errant wife need give herself no uneasiness, as he should not look her up.

The effects of the coal strike are observable in the great number of laborers on coal docks, canal-boats, steamers, and sail vessels who are thrown out of employment, to say nothing of thousands of boats, etc., lying absolutely idle. The suffering consequent must be great.

Elaborate preparations are being made in this city by a committee of citizens for a suitable reception of our august visitor, the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia.

One of the largest receptions which ever took place in Washington was recently given by Earl De Grey at the quarters of the English High Commission. All the members of the Joint High Commission, the Judges of the Supreme Court, Senators, Representatives, eminent officers, and numerous prominent citizens were present. The yard attached to the house was for this occasion converted into a conservatory, rare plants being tastefully arranged, and the walls hung with evergreens, and intertwined with American and British flags. National airs of both countries were played by the band, and there was much sociability among the guests. The entertainment was elegant.

A singular accident occurred at the Hoosic Tunnel a short time ago, by which four men were instantly killed and one seriously injured. The usual blast was about to take place in the enlargement of the tunnel, all necessary arrangements having been made, when suddenly the electricity from the thunder-shower which at the time was in progress exploded the charges, with the result above stated.

The funeral of the infant Prince Alexander John Charles Albert, third son and sixth child of the Prince and Princess of Wales, was of the simplest character, being conducted with comparative privacy. Only those persons connected with the royal estate were admitted into the park at Sandringham, where the funeral took place. The coffin of the infant Prince bore the following inscription:

ALEXANDER JOHN CHARLES ALBERT,
third son of
ALBERT EDWARD AND ALEXANDRA,
Prince and Princess of Wales,
Born April 6, 1871,
Died April 7, 1871.

The pathway from the garden gate to the church-yard was lined on each side by the laborers, workmen, and cottagers on the estate, and near the church-yard were a score or two of children belonging to the Princess's schools, who were dressed in scarlet capes, etc., the presents of the Princess of Wales. The demeanor of all present was devout in the highest degree. The procession moved on from the house to the church with no accompanying tolling of bells, the only public intimation of what was going on being that the flags were half-mast high on the towers of the Sandringham and King's Lynn churches, the Grey Friars' Tower, and some other places. This account—given in the London *Daily News*—conveys a different impression from an announcement of the death of the infant prince given in a favorite journal of the poor of England, *Reynolds's Newspaper*, as follows: "We have much satisfaction in announcing that the newly born child of the Prince and Princess of Wales died shortly after its birth, thus relieving the working-classes of England from having to support hereafter another addition to the long roll of state beggars they at present maintain."

When Alexandre Dumas died he was in debt to his publishers over 100,000 francs. His son offered to pay the indebtedness, but the firm declined, saying they had made enough from the great novelist's works without any claim upon his estate.

The students of Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine, issue every fortnight the *Orient*—a lively little sheet, which is commended to the alumni for partial support.

In Searsport, Maine, there used to be a good old deacon, who deemed it his duty always to encourage his pastor by his presence at church. Out of 2600 consecutive Sundays he was in his pew 2598 of them, and his excuse for failing to be in his place on those two Sabbaths was absence from town. The good man's seat is vacant now, and not many like him remain to fill it.

Among queer advertisements is that of a lady who desires a laundress who is willing to take her pay in lessons on the guitar. What a scene for an artist! The lady with her guitar keeping time to the music of the wash-board and wringing-machine!

No more graceful compliments were ever exchanged in public than once passed between Judge Story and Edward Everett at a public dinner in Boston. The Judge, as a voluntary toast, gave the following: "Fame follows merit where Everett goes!" The gentleman thus delicately complimented at once arose and replied with this equally felicitous impromptu: "To whatever height judicial learning may attain in this country, there will always be one Story higher."

From the recent Land Office report it appears that the total area of the United States is 2,290,000,000 acres. Of these, 485,000,000 acres had passed into the ownership of States, corporations, or individuals before the establishment of the Land Office, leaving 1,835,000,000 acres at the disposal of the nation at large. Of these latter, 439,000,000 acres have been disposed of at various times up to November 1, 1869, and 1,396,000,000 remained then to be disposed of.

In the firm belief that none of our readers will abuse the information, we venture to mention that an exchange says that it is now impossible to construct a burglar-proof safe; for the thief, with his cylinders of compressed hydrogen and oxygen, can in a few seconds burn holes of any size in the hardest metal, his fire drill enabling him in a few minutes to work his way into the strongest safe that was ever constructed. This is one of the disadvantages of the advance of science.

"His Grace of Fifty-five Umbrellas" is one of the high dignitaries of Yeddo, Japan. We are not informed whether the "Lord of a Hundred Fans" is of still higher rank, or whether the "Supreme Controller of the Golden Poodles" does not have authority over both of them. Strange titles those Japanese indulge in!

The Boston *Times* is rather hard on Boston lawyers in the following story: The other day an old lady entered the office of a distinguished man of law, leading a vicious-looking youth. She said,

"Squire, I called to see if you would like to take this boy and make a lawyer of him."

"The boy appears rather young, madam," said the lawyer. "How old is he?"

"Seven years, Sir."

"He is too young—decidedly too young. Have you no older boys?"

"Oh yes, Sir, I have several; but we have concluded to make farmers of the others. I told my old man I thought this little fellow would make a first-rate lawyer, and so I called to see if you would take him."

"No, madam; he is too young yet to commence the study of the profession. But why do you think this boy any better calculated for a lawyer than your other sons?"

"Why, you see, Sir, he is just seven years old today; when he was five he'd lie like all natur; when six he was sassy and impudent as any critter could be; and now he'll steal every thing he can lay his hands on."

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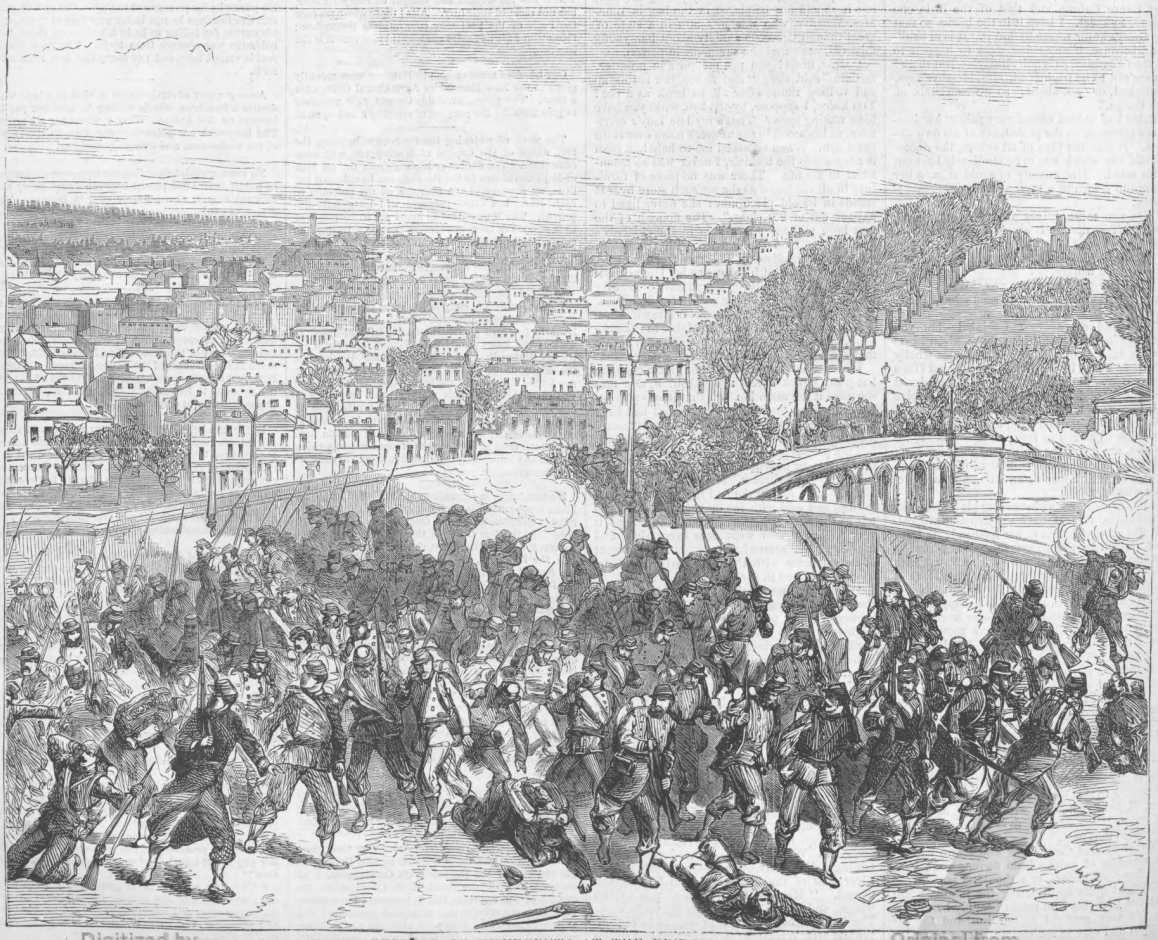
SALMON-FISHING.—[SEE PAGE 438.]



THE WAR AT PARIS—REPULSE OF INSURGENTS AT THE BRIDGE OF NEUILLY.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

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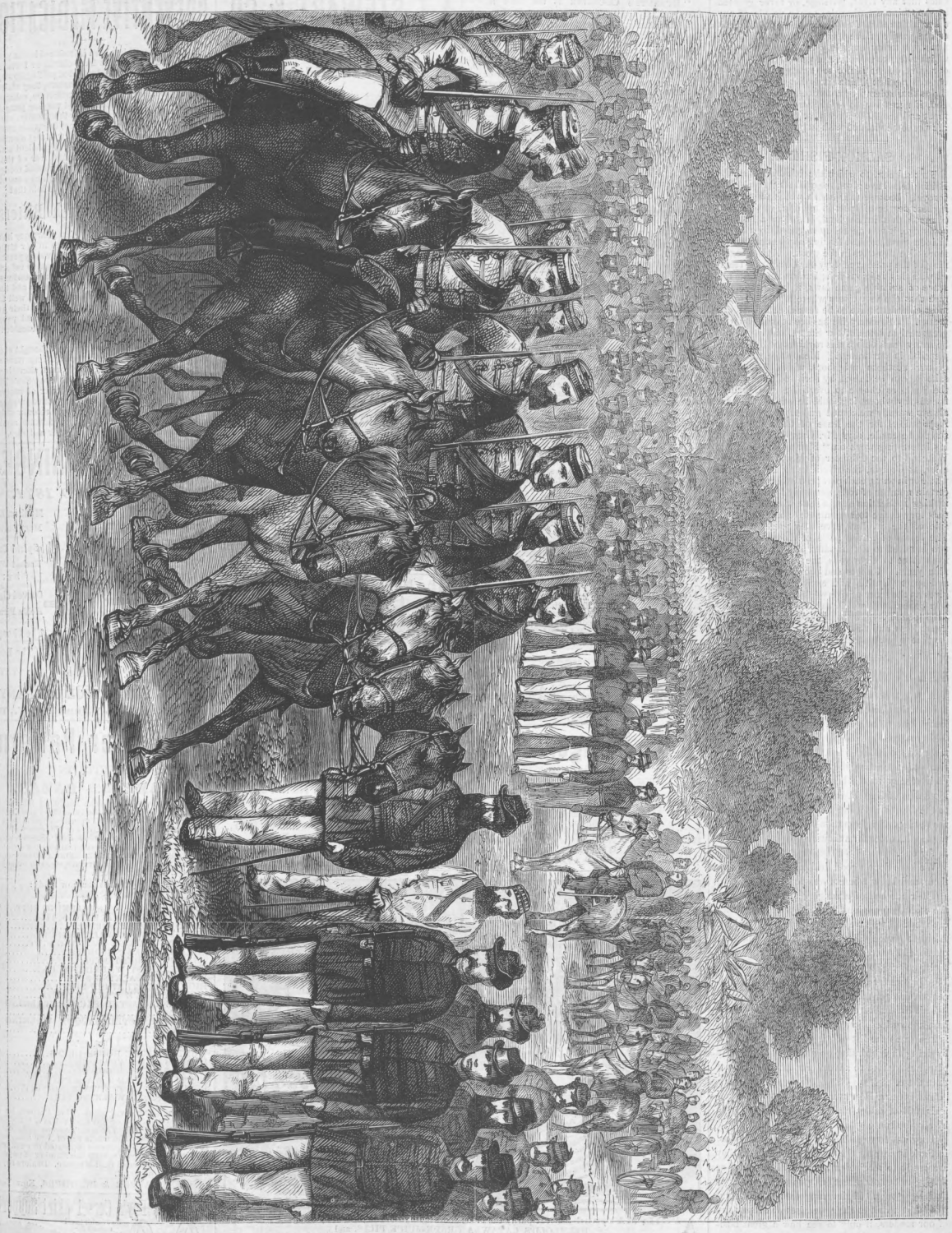

MUSTER OF ENGLISH VOLUNTEERS AT SHANGHAI.

A CRISIS IN CHINA.

WE give on this page a sketch of a body of volunteers organized for self-defense by the British residents of Shanghai. Horse, foot, and artillery are all represented, and, taken all in all, there is not a finer or more business-like body of men to be found in the world. The effective strength of the corps is about five hundred, of all nationalities, but chiefly, of course, English, many of them old volunteers at home. The corps, though nominally formed out of the nucleus of an old volunteer corps, is of quite recent formation, but the efficiency of organization and general military bearing of the men is said to be excellent.

The necessity for such an organization as this becomes apparent when we reflect that the European residents of China are a mere drop in the ocean of humanity, and that a sudden panic or superstitious terror might at any moment, as at Tien-tsin, turn the seething multitudes around them into bands of raging wolves. Even now, if the news from Shanghai may be trusted, the situation is precarious. The light punishment inflicted upon the perpetrators of the Tien-tsin massacre seems to have emboldened the ignorant and fanatical masses of the empire to insist upon a return to the old system of exclusiveness maintained for so many centuries. The popular rage is principally directed against the missionaries, and especially against some of their most benevolent works. To counteract, in a measure, the common crimes of the abandonment and murder of children, the Sisters of Charity established foundling asylums; and the belief went abroad among the superstitious people that these quiet though zealous women were engaged in a wholesale slaughter of the innocents, enticing the little ones from their homes, snatching them up in the streets, digging out their eyes for purposes of witchcraft, and converting their hearts and livers into medicines of mysterious power.

The imperial government at Pekin has, it seems, been driven by the popular clamor to reverse its recent policy, and bid defiance to all the foreign powers. It has made a demand upon the foreign embassadors that schools for the education of females be abolished, that the teaching to male subjects of the empire of all doctrines opposed to those of CONFUCIUS be forbidden, that missionaries shall be considered Chinese subjects, and that women shall not be permitted access to the empire in that capacity. It is also notified to the embassadors that the attendance of women upon religious service was one of the occasions for the recent massacres of foreigners, and that though those events can not but be deplored by the imperial government, compensation for their commission is absolutely refused.

This is nothing less than the repudiation of all treaty obligations, and the proclamation of a crusade against Christianity. The missionaries, deprived of the protection of their own flags, can be punished with the utmost severity and cruelty for a violation of the decree forbidding them to instruct male subjects of the empire in the Christian religion. The consequences of this action can not fail to be very serious, and may even involve our own government in a war with China. Our treaty of 1858 with China recognizes the right of "any person, whether citizen of the United States or Chinese convert," peaceably to "*teach* and practice the principles of Christianity" within the dominions of the emperor without interference or molestation. It exempts American citizens from the jurisdiction of Chinese courts. It guarantees to Americans the protection of the Chinese authorities against "all insult or injury of every sort." And, finally, it pro-

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vides that any right, privilege, or favor granted by the Chinese authorities to the people of any other nation shall freely inure also to the benefit of the people of the United States. The BURLINGAME treaty expressly reaffirms the article which refers to religion and persecution. While our government is not to engage in a religious crusade against China, it is bound to see that rights thus solemnly guaranteed are maintained, and, if necessary, to teach the Chinese government and people by force that treaty obligations are not to be violated with impunity.

SALMON-FISHING.

THE salmon, to which the inhabitants of the British Isles have given the epithets "noble" and "royal," because it is a fish which affords the highest degree of sport in angling, was once so common that in England, less than a hundred years ago, it was necessary to guard, by a clause in indentures, against feeding apprentices with it more than two days in the week. At the beginning of the present century our own rivers teemed with this delicious fish; but, owing to the absence of suitable game laws, it has become so rare that the very rivers where it was formerly most abundant have to be restocked by artificial means. This enterprise has been carried on with great zeal in some of our States, and it will not be many years before this royal fish will be again plentiful in our waters. Meanwhile the rivers of our northern neighbors, which teem with salmon, can be leased by such sportsmen from the States as choose to overbid their Canadian friends, by whom, it should be added, they are always warmly welcomed and liberally treated. Applications for the lease of Canadian rivers should be made, says Mr. GENIO C. SCOTT, in his interesting work on "Fishing in American Waters," to the Minister of Marine and Fisheries, at Ottawa, the rivers being let either in whole or in parts, each part permitting the use of a certain number of rods, generally four. Parties making application should state what number of rods they desire to accommodate, and on which side of the St. Lawrence they prefer a river. The leases of fluvial parts of rivers vary from two hundred to six hundred dollars a year for from three to eight rods, the leases to run for nine years. Canoes and provisions are cheap, and sport plentiful and exciting. Mr. SCOTT gives as the score of five weeks' fishing in a certain Canadian river, 279 salmon, weighing nearly 3116 pounds. The only annoyances are the mosquitoes and flies; but with proper care the genuine sportsman can afford to laugh at such trifles.

THE SCIENCE OF ADVERTISING.

A SUCCESSFUL newspaper publisher remarked a short time since that very few of his patrons know how to advertise to the best advantage. They rush pell-mell into print, paying high prices for poor positions, when, by consulting advertisers of experience, they could learn how to use their money to the best advantage. The eminent firm of GEO. P. ROWELL & Co. are entitled to the thanks of business men for placing within the reach of all information which will enable one to place an order for a thousand papers as readily as for one.

We have done a good deal of business through them, and know whereof we speak.

Their method of arranging all the papers of the country in sections, with the price per line for each section, we have found especially convenient. A single glance will show that the rates on these published lists are exceedingly low. For instance, a charge of $70 per line is made for a list of 1500 papers for a month. This is less than five cents a line per month for each paper.

This list embraces many daily papers and the best-known local journals. There is also what is known as the list of "inside" papers, which, by doing their printing on a sort of community plan, are enabled to advertise at rates even lower than these.

The Messrs. ROWELL publish several periodicals, full of tables and figures, worth studying by all who contemplate advertising.

They are now established in their new rooms, in Park Row, over the *Times* office, where they are ready to receive calls, and will be found as willing to bestow attention upon small orders as upon large ones. Their arrangements are so complete that a visit to their premises will repay any of our readers, if only to see how a great business can be quietly, yet at the same time thoroughly performed.—*N. Y. Methodist*, April 29.

WE send single Waltham Watches by express to any part of the United States, and allow the purchaser to open the package and examine the watch before paying the bill. Send for our "*Price-List*," which gives full particulars, and please state that you saw this advertisement in *Harper's Weekly*.—HOWARD & CO., No. 865 Broadway, New York. All prices reduced since February 1.—[*Com.*]

HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer—the best preparation extant for restoring gray hair to its original color, and to keep it so.—[*Com.*]

"BURNETT'S COCOAINE is the best hair-dressing."

"BURNETT'S COOKING EXTRACTS are the best."—[*Com.*]

CLOVERINE, for cleaning Silks, Satins, Laces, Gloves, Sewing Machines, etc. It is an agreeable substitute for Benzine, possessing none of its offensive properties, but all its useful ones in a superior degree. BENJ. B. ROTTON & Co., Brooklyn P. O. (Box 120). Price, 15 and 25 cents per Bottle.—[*Com.*]

A SURE remedy for CHILLS AND FEVER. AYER'S AGUE CURE never fails.—[*Com.*]

WINCHESTER'S HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME AND SODA will cure CONSUMPTION. Try it!—[*Com.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

HENRY WARD

BEECHER.

HIS CASE HOPEFUL.

All Henry Ward Beecher's sufferings from spasmodic rupture since he was taken in February of last year have been continued and exaggerated by his irritable temper and violent freaks. About the time he was first taken he wrote to Dr. Sherman, suggesting the application of a truss, but not understanding the anatomy of the parts, mistook the place where the truss should be applied.

Dr. Sherman, seeing Mr. Beecher's error, at once took his case in hand, and, notwithstanding his repeated applications, Mr. Beecher, from recent developments, is still quite bad.

Dr. S. is most sanguine in eventually curing Mr. Beecher's breach, though his rupture is of that spasmodic character that affects the heart and mental organization to an alarming extent. Strangulated rupture is equaled only by hydrophobia, but Mr. Beecher's case will hardly result in that. Avoiding what he has indulged in, with a composed mind, will do much toward preventing it. Mr. Beecher's tenacity in sticking to Dr. Sherman is the best proof of his interest in the Doctor's abilities.—*Daily Press.*

RUPTURE

Cured by Dr. Sherman's Patent Appliance and Rupture Curative, without the injury experienced from the use of trusses. Pamphlets illustrating bad cases of Rupture, before and after cure, with other information of interest to the ruptured, mailed on receipt of ten cents.

Address *Dr. J. A. SHERMAN, 697 Broadway, N. Y.*

We believe the ruptured can not do better than consult Dr. Sherman.

FOR MOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES,

And TAN, use PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION. It is reliable and harmless. Sold by Druggists every where. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond St., New York.

MEARES' MEARES' Paragon Shirts.

Made to Order and Warranted to Fit.

Sent by express, C. O. D., to any part of the country, at the following rates:

6 Shirts,	Good Muslin and Linen Fronts	$9 00
6 "	Better Muslin and Good Linen	10 50
6 "	Masonville Muslin and Fine Linen	12 00
6 "	Wamsutta Muslin and Very Fine Linen	13 50
6 "	New York Mills and Better Linen	15 00

☞ *Directions for Measurement sent on application.*

RICHARD MEARES, Gents' Furnishing Goods, 6th Avenue & 19th St., N. Y.

A. T. STEWART & CO.

ARE OFFERING

A Large and Beautiful Assortment

OF

PLAIN CENTRE

Camel's-Hair Shawls,

With very Fine Borders,

Suitable for Present Season.

Prices, $50 each and upward.

ALSO,

Elegant Novelties

IN

Higher-Cost Goods.

BROADWAY, FOURTH AVENUE, NINTH AND TENTH STREETS.

A REDUCTION IN PRICES.

G. L. KELTY & COMPANY,

722 & 724 Broadway.

New Importations of SWISS LACE CURTAINS, FRENCH GUIPURE CURTAINS, NOTTINGHAM CURTAINS, FURNITURE COVERINGS, and CURTAIN MATERIALS. BEST SCOTCH HOLLAND SHADES, with Patent Self-Acting Fixtures.

The New Wilson Under-Feed.

THE BEST & CHEAPEST FIRST CLASS SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE IN THE WORLD.

Warranted for five years, and the warranty indemnified by a capital of half a million of dollars.

AGENTS WANTED in unoccupied territory. For particulars address Wilson Sewing Machine Co. Cleveland, O.; St. Louis, Mo.; Providence, R. I.; Philadelphia, Pa.; Boston, Mass.; Pittsburg, Pa. Louisville, Ky.; Cincinnati, O.; Indianapolis, Ind.; Memphis, Tenn.; Chicago, Ill.; Milwaukee, Wis.; Toledo, O.; Albany, N. Y.; St. Paul, Minn.; Richmond, Va.; Montgomery, Ala.; New Orleans, La.; Galveston & Houston, Tex.; San Francisco, Cal.; or No. 707 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

MAGIC FOR THE PARLOR. Send Stamp for a Price-List. HARTZ MAGIC REPOSITORY, 748 Broadway, New York.

SODA FOUNTAINS; Best and Cheapest; $40 to $100. J. CHAPMAN & Co., Madison, Ind.

APRIL, MAY, and JUNE purify the blood and beautify the complexion by using HELMBOLD'S CATAWBA GRAPE-JUICE PILLS, and HELMBOLD'S HIGHLY CONCENTRATED FLUID EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA.

In the Spring and Summer months the system undergoes a change. This is the time to use good blood-renewing, purifying, and invigorating medicines. "Helmbold's Fluid Extract Sarsaparilla," and "Helmbold's Fluid Extract Grape-Juice Pills," are the best and most reliable.

One bottle of "Helmbold's Fluid Extract Sarsaparilla" equals in strength one gallon of the syrup or decoction as made by druggists; and a wine-glass added to a pint of water equals the celebrated Lisbon Diet Drink—a delightful and healthful beverage.

The "Grape-Juice Pill" is composed of Fluid Extract of Catawba Grape-Juice and Fluid Extract Rhubarb. Useful in all diseases requiring a cathartic remedy, and far superior to all other purgatives, such as salts, magnesia, &c. "Helmbold's Grape-Juice Pill" is not a patented pill, put up as those ordinarily vended, but the result of ten years' experimenting and great care in preparation. Safe for and taken by children. No nausea; no griping pains; but mild, pleasant, and safe in operation. Two bottles of the "Fluid Extract of Sarsaparilla" and one bottle of the "Grape-Juice Pills" are worth their weight in gold to those suffering from bad blood, poor complexion, headache, nervousness, wakefulness at night, costiveness, and irregularities; and to those suffering from broken and delicate constitutions it will give new blood, new vigor, and new life. The "Catawba Grape Pills" are done up with great care and in handsome bottles, and will surpass all those vended in wooden boxes, and carelessly prepared by inexperienced men, comparing with the English and French style of manufacturing. All of H. T. Helmbold's preparations are Pharmaceutical, not a single one being patented, but all on their own merits. Prepared by

H. T. HELMBOLD, Practical and Analytical Chemist,

CRYSTAL PALACE PHARMACY, 594 Broadway, New York;
PALACE PHARMACY, Gilsey House, Broadway and 29th St., New York;
TEMPLE OF PHARMACY, Continental Hotel, Philadelphia; and
104 South Tenth St., Philadelphia.

P. S.—HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU has gained a world-wide fame.

PREVENTIVE MEDICATION.

A radical change has been introduced in the practice of medicine. Physicians have ceased to torture and prostrate their patients. Instead of pulling down, they build up; instead of assaulting nature, they assist her. Cupping, leeching, blistering, venesection, calomel, antimony, stupifying narcotics, and rasping purgatives, once the favorite resources of the faculty, are now rarely resorted to even by the most dogmatic members of the profession. The old creed was that disease was something which must be expelled by violent artificial means, irrespective of the wear and tear of the vital organization in the process. The new creed recognizes the improvement of the general health as essential to the cure of all local ailments. Hence it is that

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters,

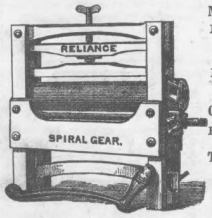
the most potent vegetable tonic that pharmacy has ever brought to the assistance of nature in her struggles with disease, has been cordially approved by practitioners of the modern school. It is pleasant to reflect that reason and philosophy have at last been victorious over the errors of the past, and that thousands and tens of thousands of human beings are alive and well to-day who would indubitably be mouldering in their graves had they been subjected to the pains and penalties which were deemed orthodox and indispensable thirty or forty years ago.

Preventive medication was scarcely thought of then; but now it is considered of paramount importance, and the celebrity of the standard invigorant, alterative, and restorative of the age (a title which Hostetter's Bitters have fairly earned by their long career of success) is mainly due to its efficiency as a protective preparation.

A course of the Bitters is urgently recommended as a safe and certain antidote to intermittent and remittent fevers, diarrhœa, dysentery, and other maladies.

RELIANCE WRINGER,

PERFECTED 1871.



Moulton Rolls, Most Durable;

Spiral Cogs, Easiest Working;

Curved Clamp, Holds Firmest;

The Cheapest,

The Best,

TRY IT.

PROVIDENCE TOOL COMPANY,

11 Warren St., N. Y., and PROV., R. I.

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OF SUITS IN

HARPER'S BAZAR.

Arrangements have been made to furnish CUT PAPER PATTERNS of the beautiful Paris Costumes which it is intended shall appear frequently in Harper's Bazar. These Patterns are GRADED TO FIT ANY FIGURE, from 30 to 46 inches *Bust Measure*, and are *fitted with the greatest accuracy*, THE NAMES AND DIRECTIONS FOR PUTTING TOGETHER BEING PRINTED ON EACH SEPARATE PIECE OF THE PATTERN, SO as to be adjusted by the most inexperienced.

The following patterns are now ready:

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POMPADOUR-BASQUE WALKING SUIT	No. 26
SHORT-BASQUE WALKING SUIT	" 28
TRAINED HOUSE DRESS	" 30
POINTED-WAIST WALKING SUIT	" 32
PEASANT-BASQUE WALKING SUIT	" 34
TRAINED EVENING DRESS	" 38
TRAINED STREET SUIT	" 40
BLOUSE-WAIST WALKING SUIT	" 42
POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 44
HIGH-WAIST TRAINED SUIT	" 46
VEST-CASAQUE WALKING SUIT	" 48
DOUBLE-BREASTED SACQUE WALKING SUIT	" 49
SINGLE-BREASTED SACQUE WALKING SUIT	" 50

Vol. IV.

WORTH-BASQUE HOUSE DRESS	No. 1
LADY'S GORED WRAPPER	" 5
LADY'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK	" 11
APRON-POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 13
POSTILION-BASQUE WALKING SUIT	" 15
SHORT-SACQUE WALKING SUIT	" 17

The Publishers will send either Pattern by mail, prepaid, on receipt of TWENTY-FIVE CENTS and BUST MEASURE. *The same Patterns cost sixty cents in gold in Paris.* The whole set of Nine Sizes will be sent for $2 00. No patterns separated or exchanged.

In ordering, please specify the Number of paper containing Suit and send Bust Measure. Dealers supplied at the usual discount.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

Madame Foy's Corset Skirt Supporter

Is superior to all Corsets for Health, Comfort and Style.

Lady Agents wanted in all Northern and Western States.

THE PANAMA SKELETON CORSET

Is not excelled for Summer wear.

ARNOLD & BANNING, 56 Lispenard St., New York; D. B. FISK & Co., Chicago; Agents for the Supporters.

HARMON, BALDWIN & BOY, Sole Manufacturers, New Haven, Conn.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN PRINTER.

With one of our presses, and the material accompanying it, every man can do his own printing, thus saving much time and expense. Circulars containing full information about these Presses, prices, recommendations, &c., mailed free on application. Specimens of types, cards, borders, &c., &c., 10 cents. ADAMS PRESS CO., 58 Murray Street, New York.

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A VALUABLE INVENTION!
LIQUID
COMPOSITION BRONZE.
For Bronzing and Gilding
Heaters, Chandeliers, Pipes, Safes, &c.,
IN LARGE OR SMALL QUANTITIES.
Is easily and quickly applied on new or old articles, in all shades and colors, at a moderate expense.
COUNTY RIGHTS FOR SALE.
B. F. KEMP,
INVENTOR'S EXCHANGE,
245 Broadway, N. Y.

Use none but THE BEST!!!
TRADE MARK.
SOUPS AND BEEF TEA FOR THE MILLION.
Strengthening Nourishment! Economy in housekeeping!! LIEBIG'S COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT, recommended by the faculty, received the highest prizes at Paris, Havre, and Amsterdam; is supplied to the British, French, Russian, Prussian, and U. S. Governments. None genuine without the signature of BARON LIEBIG, the inventor, on every jar.
Agents in San Francisco, CHURCH & CLARK; New Orleans, E. J. HART & CO. General Agents, J. MILHAU'S SONS, 183 Broadway, New York.

BUILDING PAPER
OF FOUR GRADES.
Water-Proof CLAP-BOARDS,
A perfect substitute for pine, at about half its cost, and entirely water proof.
SHEATHING BOARD,
For outside of Studding, under Clap-boards. A non-conductor of cold, heat, and dampness.
Prepared Plastering BOARD,
A cheap and perfect substitute for lath and plaster; makes a smooth, substantial wall, at less than half the usual cost.
DOUBLE THICK ROOFING,
made entirely of Wool Felt, a cheap and perfect article.
Samples and circulars sent free by
ROCK RIVER PAPER CO.,
B. E. HALE, Chicago; or
22 & 24 Frankfort Street, N. Y.

GETTING UP CLUBS.
Great Saving to Consumers.
Parties inquire how to get up clubs. Our answer is, send for Price-List, and a Club form will accompany it, with full directions, making a large saving to consumers and remunerative to Club organizers.
THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,
31 & 33 VESEY STREET,
P. O. Box 5643. NEW YORK.

BLEES
NOISELESS,
LOCK-STITCH
SEWING MACHINE
Challenges the world in perfection of work, strength and beauty of stitch, durability of construction, and rapidity of motion. Call and examine. Send for circular. Agents wanted.
MANUFACTURED BY
BLEES
Sewing Machine Co.,
623 Broadway, N. Y.

JAPANESE PAPER WARE.—Invaluable to every housekeeper. Dealers are invited to test these goods, now successfully introduced, *to wit.*: Water, Milk, and Commode Pails, Slop Jars, Milk Pans, Wash Bowls and Basins, Spittoons, Trays, &c. They are water-proof and durable, will not shrink or break, are enameled in colors. Send for Descriptive and Price Lists to the manufacturers, JENNINGS BROTHERS, 352 Pearl St., New York City. *Trade supplied.*

DO YOUR OWN PRINTING.
Cheapest and Best Portable Presses.
MEN AND BOYS MAKING MONEY.
Price of Presses, $8, $12, $16; Offices, $15, $20, $30. Send for a circular to LOWE PRESS CO., 15 Spring Lane, Boston, Mass.

TEXAN TRADE MARK LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF MEAT
The only genuine domestic Extract. Better and cheaper than all others. A. GLANZ, Sole Ag't, 194 William St., New York.

RIP VAN WINKLE AT HOME,

a group of statuary by John Rogers. Price $12. The figure of Rip was modeled from Mr. Joseph Jefferson, who sat for his likeness. Two other designs from the same story will be published early in the fall. This and other groups will be delivered at any railroad station in the United States, free of expense, on receipt of the price. Send for Illustrated Catalogue and Price-List to JOHN ROGERS, 212 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

CHEAP ADVERTISING.—We will insert one advertisement in Eight Hundred Newspapers for Six Dollars per line. One line one week will cost Six Dollars, two lines two weeks Twelve Dollars, and Ten lines will cost Sixty Dollars. Send for a Printed List. Address GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., Advertising Agents, No. 41 Park Row, New York.

VINEGAR, how made in 10 hours, without drugs. Address 10 cents. Sarg. Cromwell, Conn.

THE COLLINS GOLD METAL WATCHES.—These celebrated Watches have now been manufactured for over five years, and for accuracy of time, fineness of finish, and durability, are unequaled. The metal retains all the polish and brilliancy of gold till worn out. Prices $15, $20, and $25, equaling in time and appearance gold watches costing ten times these sums; all are Full-Jeweled Hunting Levers. When six Watches are ordered at one time, the seventh one will be sent free. Chains, $2 to $10. Our genuine Watches can only be had by ordering from us direct, as we have no Agents. Goods sent by express, C.O.D. C. E. COLLINS & CO., 335 Broadway, New York.

L. A. Gillott
STEEL PENS.
American Branch of House,
91 JOHN ST., New York.
JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS.
HENRY OWEN, Sole Agent.

THEA-NECTAR
IS A PURE
BLACK TEA
WITH THE
Green Tea Flavor.
WARRANTED
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HOOD'S RESIDENCE AT WINCHMORE HILL.

HOOD'S RESIDENCE AT WANSTEAD.

WHEN I first knew THOMAS HOOD, his star was but rising; when I saw him last, he was on his death-bed; his forty-six years of life from the cradle to the grave having been passed in so weak a state of health that day by day there was perpetual dread that at any moment might "the silver cord be loosed, and the golden bowl be broken." Continual bodily suffering was not the only trial to which this fine spirit was subjected. The world heard no wail from his lips; no appeal for sympathy ever came from his pen; his high heart endured in silence; and without a murmur of complaint he died. Yet it is no secret now that for many years he had a fierce struggle with poverty; enjoying no luxuries, and few comforts; his "means" derived from "daily toil for daily bread." A skeleton stood ever beside his bed, mocking his "infinite jest and most excellent fancy;" converting into a succession of sobs those "flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table in a roar." At the time when nearly every drawing-room, attic, and kitchen—when every class and order of society—was made merry and happy by the brilliant fancies and genuine humor of Thomas Hood, he was enduring pain of body and anguish of mind. Nearly all his quaint conceits, his playful sallies, and his sparks from words were given to the printer from the bed on which he wrote, propped up by pillows: continually, continually, it was the same, up to the day that gave him freedom from the flesh.

Yet it was a genial and kindly spirit that dwelt in so frail a tenement of clay. Although his existence was a long disease rather than a life, he was singularly free from all cumbrance of bitterness and harshness. Feeling strongly for the sufferings of others, he was entirely unselfish, ever gracious, considerate, and kind. Though perpetually dealing with the burlesque, he never indulged in personal satire. We find no passage that could have injured a single living person. Never did his wit verge upon indelicacy; never did his facetious muse treat a solemn or sacred theme with levity or indifference.

In old Brandenburgh House there was once a bust of Comus; the pedestal, according to Lysons, bore this inscription: it comes in so aptly when writing of Hood that I quote it:

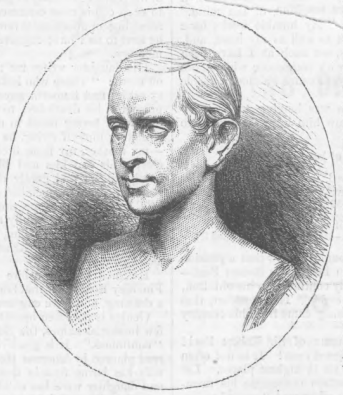
"Come, every muse,
without restraint;
Let genius prompt
and fancy paint;
Let wit and mirth,
and friendly strife,
Chase the dull gloom
that saddens life;
True wit, that, firm
to virtue's cause,
Respects religion
and the laws;
True mirth, that
cheerfulness supplies
To modest ears and
decent eyes."

The world has, however, done justice to Thomas Hood; and it is *not* "deaf to the voice of the charmer." Reason, no less than Holy Writ, will tell us we plant that we may reap; that the knowledge of good or evil done is retained in a state after life; that death can not destroy consciousness. We learn from the Divine Word that our works do follow us. Humanity is—and will be as long as men and women can read or hear—the debtor of Thomas Hood.

"Why come not spirits from the realms
of glory
To visit earth as in the days of old—
The times of ancient writ and sacred
story?
Is heaven more distant? or has earth
grown cold?

"To Bethlehem's air was their last an-
them given,
When other stars before the One
grew dim?
Was their last presence known in Pe-
ter's prison?
Or where exalting martyrs raised the
hymn?"

Hood was born "a cockney," on the 23d of May, 1799, in the Poultry, close to Bow Bells. His father dwelt there as one of the partners in a firm of publishers—Verner, Hood, and Sharpe. He was articled to his uncle, Mr. Robert Sands, an engraver, and seems to have worked a while with the burin; but the specimens he has given us, however redolent of humor and rich in fancy, do not supply evidence that he would have excelled as an artist. It is obvious, indeed, that he did not "take" to the profession, for he deserted it early, and became a man of letters, finding his first employment in 1821, as a sort of sub-editor of the *London Magazine*.



Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty hunger, & dirt
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the Song of the Shirt.

1st June 1844

Thos. Hood

PORTRAIT OF HOOD, AND FAC-SIMILE OF HIS HANDWRITING.

One who knew him in his childhood described him to me as a singular child—silent and retired—with much quiet humor, and apparently delicate health. I knew another friend of his youth, a Mr. Mason, a wood-engraver, who told me much of the "earlier ways" of the boy-poet; that when a mere boy, he was continually making shrewd and pointed remarks upon topics on which he was presumed to know nothing; that while he seemed a heedless listener, out would come some observation which showed he had taken in all that had been said; and that, when a very child, he would often make some pertinent remark which excited either a smile or a laugh.

He married, on the 5th of May, 1824, the sister of his "friend" Reynolds. It was a happy marriage, although both were poor; and it was "Love" who was "to light a fire in their kitchen." She was his companion, counselor, and friend during the remainder of his troubled life—the comforter in whom he trusted; in mutual love and in mutual faith realizing, all through their weary pilgrimage, the picture drawn by another poet:

"As unto the bow the cord is—
So unto the man is woman.
Though she bends him, she obeys
him;
Though she draws him, yet she fol-
lows;
Useless one without the other."

When first I knew them they resided in chambers, No. 2 Robert Street, Adelphi. While writing for the *London Magazine* his labors must have been remunerative, for he removed from his "lodgings" in the Adelphi (where a child was born to him, who died in infancy), first to a pleasant cottage (then called "Rose Cottage") at Winchmore Hill (where his daughter Fanny—Mrs. Broderip—was born), and not long afterward to a really large house at Wanstead—"Lake House"—with ample "grounds." He lost a considerable sum in some publishing speculation; and that loss early in his career was the cause of his subsequent embarrassment. At Lake House the younger "Tom" was born. It was originally the Banquet Hall of Wanstead House (Wellesley Pole's mansion), and there was a lake between the two—now dwindled to a ditch. Both these dwelling-houses of the poet I have engraved.

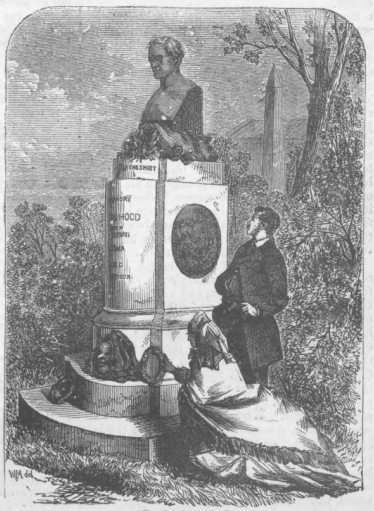
His connection with the *London Magazine* led to intimacy with many of the finer spirits of his time, who appreciated the genius and loved the genial nature of the man. Foremost of those who exchanged warm friendship with him was Charles Lamb.

Owing mainly to his ill health, he and his wife went but little into society; so, indeed, it was at all periods of their lives. Comparative solitude was, therefore, the lot of the poet. But the sacrifice implied little of self-denial. With wife, children, and friends, he could easily be made content; and although no doubt fully appreciating praise, he never had much appetite for applause.

His long residence abroad—at Coblentz and Ostend—was, in a degree, compulsory. His publisher was a craving creditor—if, indeed, he ever was really a "creditor" at all, which I have reason to doubt. It was not without difficulty his return to England was effected in the year 1839. My intercourse with him was renewed in the small dwelling he occupied at Camberwell. He was there to be near his kind friend, Dr. Robert Elliot (brother of Dr. William Elliot, both of whom dearly loved the poet), "a friend in need and a friend in deed."

It is in no degree necessary to my purpose to pass under review the works of Thomas Hood. They were very varied—novels, poems (serious as well as comic)—filling seven volumes (exclusive of the two volumes of "Hood's Own"), collected by his daughter and his son. Nearly the whole of these were written not only while haunted by pecuniary troubles, but while under the depressing influence of great bodily suffering. So it was with the merriest of his poems, "Miss Kilmansegg," composed during brief intermissions of bodily pain which would have been accepted by almost any other person as sufficient excuse for entire cessation from work; and, perhaps, might have been by him, but that it was absolutely necessary the day's toil should bring the day's food. Yet at this very time a sum of £50 was transmitted to him,

THE HOUSE IN WHICH HOOD DIED.



THE TOMB OF THOMAS HOOD.

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without application, by the Literary Fund. Hood returned it, "hoping to get through his troubles as he had done heretofore." There was then a gleam of brightness in the long-darkened sky. In 1841 Theodore Hook died, and Hood became editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*. "Just then," as Mrs. Hood writes, "poverty had come very near." He removed from Camberwell to 17 Elm-Tree Road, St. John's Wood. He did not long keep his editorship, however: differences having arisen between him and Mr. Colburn, he was induced to start a magazine of his own.

Meanwhile, an accident, totally unanticipated, did that which years of labor had not done—made him famous. In the Christmas number of *Punch*, in 1843, appeared the "Song of a Shirt." It ran through the land like wildfire; was reprinted in every newspaper in the kingdom, although anonymous; and there was intense desire to know who was the author. He had been so long absent from the active exercise of his "calling," that when the poem burst upon the world, there were many to whom the writer's name was "new."

In January, 1844, *Hood's Magazine* was issued. He labored like a slave to give success to that speculation. It was in a melancholy sense "Hood's Own:" there was a "proprietor," but he was without "means;" there was an effort to do without a publisher; printer after printer was changed; the magazine was rarely "up to time;" vexation brought on illness; he "fretted dreadfully;" there was alarm as to the solvency of his co-proprietor, a man who had "lived too long in the world to be the slave of his conscience." Unhappy authors who are their own publishers—lords of land in Utopia—will take warning by the fate of Thomas Hood and his "speculation" for his own behoof. It was a failure, and therefore his; had it been a success, no doubt it would have become the property of a publisher.

The number for June—the sixth number of *Hood's Magazine*—contained an announcement that on the 23d of May he had been striving to continue a novel he had commenced; that on the 25th, "sitting up in bed, he tried to invent and sketch a few comic designs, but the effort exceeded his strength, and was followed by the wandering delirium of utter nervous exhaustion." Two of the "sick-room fancies" were published with the June number: the one is "*Hood's Mag.*"—a magpie with a hawk's hood on; the other, "The Editor's Apologies," is a drawing of a plate of leeches, a blister, a cup of water-gruel, and three labeled vials; suggesting, according to some writing underneath, the sad thought by what harassing efforts the food of mirth is furnished, and how often the pleasures of the many are obtained by the bitter suffering and mournful endurance of the ONE.

Yet three of the pleasantest letters he ever penned were written soon afterward to the three children of his dear and constant friend, Dr. Elliot.

He rallied, however, sufficiently to resume work for his magazine, and many valued friends were willing and ready to help him—authors who were amply recompensed by the knowledge that they could thus serve the author of "The Song of a Shirt." "I must die in harness, like a hero or a horse," he writes to Bulwer Lytton on October 30, 1844. Death was drawing nearer and nearer, but before its close approach there came a ray of sunshine to his death-bed—Sir Robert Peel granted to him a pension of £100 a year, or rather to his widow, for she was almost so. It was a small sum—a poor gift from his country in compensation for the work he had done; but it was very welcome, for it was the only boon he had ever received that was not payment for immediate toil—"toil hard and incessant" to the last. He was dying when the "glad tidings" came; yet in the middle of November, 1844, he "pumped out a sheet of Christmas fun," and "drew some cuts" for his magazine. He was, as he said, "so near death's door that he could almost fancy he heard the creaking of the hinges!" His friends were about him with small gifts of love: they came to give him "farewells;" and for all of them he had kind words and thoughts.

On the 3d of May, 1845, he died, and on the 10th he was buried in the grave-yard at Kensal Green.

Some seven years afterward, subscriptions were raised, chiefly owing to the exertions of a kindred spirit, Eliza Cook (with whom the thought originated), and a monument was erected to his memory, designed and executed by the sculptor, Matthew Noble. On the 18th of July, 1854, it was unveiled in the presence of many of the poet's friends, Monckton Milnes (now Lord Houghton) "delivering an oration" over the grave that covered his remains. To raise that monument, peers and many men of mark contributed; but surely even higher honor was rendered to him—a yet purer and better homage to his memory—by the "poor needle-women," whose offerings were a few pence, laid in reverence and affection upon the grave of their great advocate—a fellow-worker, whose toil had been as hard, as continuous, and as ill rewarded as their own.

In person Hood was of middle height, slender and sickly-looking, of sallow complexion and plain features, quiet in expression, and very rarely excited so as to give indication of either the pathos or the humor that must ever have been working in his soul. His was, indeed, a countenance rather of melancholy than of mirth: there was something calm, even to solemnity, in the upper portion of the face, seldom relieved, in society, by the eloquent play of the mouth, or the sparkle of an observant eye. In conversation he was by no means brilliant. When inclined to pun, which was not often, it seemed as if his wit was the issue of thought, and not an instinctive produce, such as I have noticed in other men who have thus become famous; who are admirable in crowds; whose animation is like that of the sounding-board, which makes a great noise at a small touch when listeners are many and applause is sure.

We have been so much in the habit of treating Tom Hood as a "joker" that we lose sight of the deep and touching pathos of his more serious poems. All are, indeed, acquainted with "The Song of a Shirt" and "The Bridge of Sighs," but throughout his many volumes there are poems of surpassing worth, full of the highest refinement—of sentiment the purest and the most chaste.

In writing a memoir of him in the "Book of Gems," for which, in consequence of his absence from England, I received no suggestions from himself, I took that view; and some time afterward I received from him a letter strongly expressive of the gratification I had thus afforded him. His nature was, I believe, not to be a punster, perhaps not to be a wit.* The best things I have ever heard Hood say are those which he said when I was with him alone. I have never known him laugh heartily, either in society or in rhyme. The themes he selected for "talk" were usually of a grave and sombre cast; yet his playful fancy dealt with frivolities sometimes, and sometimes his imagination frolicked with nature in a way peculiarly his own. He was, however, generally cheerful, and often merry when in "the bosom of his family," and could, I am told, laugh heartily then; that, when in reasonably good health, he was "as full of fun as a schoolboy." He loved children with all his heart; loved to gambol with them as if he were a child himself; to chat with them in a way they understood; and to tell them stories, drawn either from old sources, or invented for the occasion, such as they could comprehend and remember.† There was more than mere poetry in his verse—

> "A blessing on their merry hearts,
> Such readers I would choose,
> Because they seldom criticise,
> And never write reviews!"

Literature was, as he expresses it, his "solace and comfort through the extremes of worldly trouble and sickness," "maintaining him in a cheerfulness, a perfect sunshine, *of* the mind." Well might he add, "*My* humble works have flowed from *my* heart as well as my head, and, whatever their errors, are such as I have been able to contemplate with composure when more than once the Destroyer assumed almost a visible presence."

Poor fellow! He was longing to be away from earth when I saw him last; struggling to set free the

> "Vital spark of heavenly flame;"

lying on his death-bed, watched and tended by his good and loving wife, who survived him only a few brief months:

> "She for a little tried
> To live without him—liked it not—and died!"‡

But he lived long enough to know that a pension had been settled upon her by Sir Robert Peel—a pension subsequently continued to his children, and *which they still enjoy*. That comfort, that consolation, that blessing, came from his country to his bed of death!

Honored be the name of Sir Robert Peel! great statesman and good man! It is not often that men such as he sit in highest places. Let Science, Art, and Letters consecrate his memory! It was he who whispered "peace" to Felicia Hemans, dying; bidding her have no care for those she loved and left on earth. It was he who enabled great Wordsworth to woo Nature undisturbed; he who lightened the drudgery of the desk to the Quaker poet, Bernard Barton; he who upheld the tottering steps, and made tranquillity take the place of terror in the overtaxed brain of Robert Southey. From him came the sunshine in the shady place that was the home of James Montgomery. It was his hand that opened the sick-room shutters, and let in the light of hope and heaven to the death-bed of Thomas Hood.§

Whether it be or be not true that Addison sent for his step-son, Lord Warwick, to his death-bed, "that he might see how a Christian could die," certain it is that the anecdote is often quoted as an encouragement and an example. We have, in the instance of Thomas Hood, such a case occurring under our immediate view, closing a life, not of glory and triumph, not of prosperity and reward, but of long-suffering in body and mind, of patient endurance, of humble confidence, of sure and certain hope, in the perfectness of holy faith. Ay, he was tried in the furnace of tribulation; and his battle of life ended in according, while receiving, "Peace."

These are the last lines he wrote:

> "Farewell, Life! my senses swim,
> And the world is growing dim:
> Thronging shadows cloud the light,
> Like the advent of the night—
> Colder, colder, colder still,
> Upward steals a vapor chill;
> Strong the earthly odor grows—
> I smell the mould above the Rose!
>
> "Welcome, Life! the spirit strives,
> Strength returns and hope revives;
> Cloudy fears and shapes forlorn
> Fly like shadows of the morn—
> O'er the earth there comes a bloom—
> Sunny light for sullen gloom,
> Warm perfume for vapors cold—
> I smell the Rose above the mould!"

In one of the letters I received about this time from his true and faithful and constant friend, Ward,* he writes to me: "He saw the on-coming of death with great cheerfulness, though without any thing approaching to levity; and last night, when his friends, Harvey and another, came, he bade them come up, had wine brought, and made us all drink a glass with him, 'that he might know us for friends, as of old, and not undertakers.' He conversed for about an hour in his old playful way, with now and then a word or two full of deep and tender feeling. When I left he bade me good-by, and kissed me, shedding tears, and saying that perhaps we never should meet again."

I have his own copy of the last letter he ever wrote: it is to Sir Robert Peel:†

"DEAR SIR,—We are not to meet in the flesh. Given over by physicians and by myself, in this extremity I feel a comfort for which I can not refrain from again thanking you with all the sincerity of a dying man, at the same time bidding you a respectful farewell.

"Thank God, my mind is composed, and my reason undisturbed; but my race as an author is run. My physical debility finds no tonic virtue in a steel pen, otherwise I would have written one more paper—a forewarning against an evil, or the danger of it, arising from a literary movement in which I have had some share; a one-sided humanity, opposite to that catholic, Shakspearean sympathy which felt with king as well as peasant, duly estimating the mortal temptations of both stations. Certain classes at the poles of society are already too far asunder. It should be the duty of our writers to draw them together by kindly attraction—not to aggravate the existing repulsion, and place a wider moral gulf between rich and poor—hate on the one side, and fear on the other. But I am too weak for this task—the last I had set myself. It is death that stops my pen, you see, and not my pension. God bless you, Sir, and prosper all your measures for the benefit of my beloved country!"

Almost his latest act was to obtain some proofs of his portrait, recently engraved, and to send one to each of his most esteemed friends, marked by some line of affectionate reminiscence. The one he sent to us I have engraved at the head of this memory.

His daughter writes me thus of his last hour on earth: "Those who lectured him on his merry sallies and innocent gayety should have been present at his death-bed, to see how the gentlest and most loving heart in the world could die! Thinking himself dying, he called us round him—my mother, my little brother, and myself—to receive his last kiss and blessing, tenderly and fondly given; and gently clasping my mother's hand, he said, 'Remember, Jane, I forgive all—*all!*' He lay for some time calmly and quietly, but breathing painfully and slowly; and my mother, bending over him, heard him murmur faintly, 'O Lord, say, Arise, take up thy cross, and follow me!'"

He died at Devonshire Lodge, in the New Finchley Road. Of that house we have procured a drawing, and have engraved it.

Genius is not often hereditary. There are but few immortal names, the glory of which has been "continued." It is gratifying to know that the seed planted by Thomas Hood and his estimable wife has borne fruit in due season. Their son and daughter were but children when both their parents were called away from guardianship on earth; but surely, as I firmly believe, to a more powerful and effectual guardianship over those they loved, and who remained "in the flesh." The daughter (Fanny) wedded a good clergyman in Somersetshire, and though now a widow, is the happy mother of children: she is the author of many valuable works, the greater number of them being specially designed for the young. The name of "Fanny Broderip" is honored in letters. To the son—another "Tom"—it is needless to refer. He has added renown to the venerated name he bears, and has written much that his great father himself might have owned with pride. They have had a sacred trust committed to them, and so far have nobly redeemed it.

In this Memory of Thomas Hood I have printed his last letter, and quoted his latest words. They are such as must, in the estimation of all readers, raise him even higher than he yet stands. The world owes him much; Humanity is his debtor; and who will not exclaim, borrowing from another poet,

> "The thoughts of gratitude shall fall like dew
> Upon thy grave, good creature?"

BUILDING A LIGHT-HOUSE.

THE building of a light-house is almost always a perilous undertaking. We all know the sad yet romantic story of the first Eddystone Light-house—how, on one November night, in the year 1703, just as it had been completed, a terrible hurricane blew it away, leaving not a wreck behind, and how Mr. Winstanley, the noble-hearted Essex gentleman who had built it, perished, with his workmen, on that awful night. The later resources of engineering science have made the task of building light-houses less dangerous than formerly; but even now it is slow and arduous work. The last light-house built is that upon the Wolf Rock, which is situated about nine miles southwest of the Land's End. The surface of this rock is very rugged; consequently, to land upon it is at all times a very difficult matter. As it is, moreover, in deep water (about twenty fathoms on all sides), and exposed to the full force of the Atlantic Ocean, a terrific sea falls upon it, as may readily be supposed. The name Wolf, as applied to this rock, seems to be of recent date; for in the old maps of the time of Queen Elizabeth and Charles II. it is marked the "Gulph" Rock. Cornish people explain the new name on the strength of a tradition that an attempt was once made to plant on its summit the figure of an enormous wolf, made of copper, and hollow within; and so constructed that the mouth, receiving the blasts of the gale, should give out a loud hoarse sound, to warn mariners of their danger. But, owing to the fury of the elements, the ingenious notion could never be carried out. Be this as it may, the building of the new light-house has been no child's-play. The light was first exhibited on the 1st of January, 1870, and has since burned regularly every night, from sunset to sunrise. But the structure has taken nearly eight years to erect. On the 17th March, 1862, the workmen first got upon the rock, to cut out the foundation; but owing to the insecurity of the foot-hold, and the constant breaking of the surf over the rock, stanchions were obliged to be fixed in the rock where the workmen were digging, and each man worked with a safety-rope lying near him, one end of which was attached to the nearest stanchion. An experienced man was always stationed on the summit as "crow," to look out for the sea, and give warning when a wave was likely to sweep over the rock; when the men would hold on, head to the sea, while it washed over them. Then, when the wave had passed over, and there was a temporary lull, picks, hammers, and jumpers, some over twenty pounds in weight, were frequently found to have been washed away. An additional danger to the men was in the necessary blasting of the rock with gunpowder—their only protection from the showers of shattered fragments of rock being a temporary pent-house, formed each time they landed. In building light-houses, *the progress of* the work must always depend upon the humor of the weather. Very often it is impossible to land on the rock at all; and when you do, you may often find a large portion of the last day's work washed away; and this has to be done all over again. In the eight working seasons occupied over the Wolf Rock Light-house, there were two hundred and sixty-six landings; and of time spent in labor, eight hundred and nine and a half hours—being about eighty-nine working days of ten hours each for the erection of the tower. In this light-house, a fog-bell, weighing five hundred-weight, is fixed on the lantern-gallery. It is struck by two hammers worked by machinery. For the purpose of giving the signal a distinctive character for the station, the machinery is arranged for striking the bell three blows in quick succession at intervals of fifteen seconds.

TODHUNTERS' AT LOANIN' HEAD.

BY ELIZA LYNN LINTON.

IN SIX CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.

KEEPING HER HAND IN.

"IF mamma had only known!" sobbed Laura to herself, as she hid her face in her strong-smelling goose-feather pillow, and gave way to a fresh burst of tears.

But mamma had not known. She had left home when so young, and it was so long ago now—full thirty-five years—that she had forgotten all about things. Besides, she was too raw and inexperienced then to understand the true state of matters; and the large imagination of youth, with the transforming powers of love and length of time, had made all the past great and beautiful. Then, again, Mattie had married but poorly, at the best; and Isaac's untimely death, and the large family to bury or bring up, with which she had been left, had kept her ever straitened. And anxious like a true Cumbrian to lay by for a rainy day, as well as to pay her way now, she had cut every thing as close as might be, and had not been ashamed of any means whereby she could turn an honest penny or save one; so that she had insensibly drifted more and more into the mere peasant-wife, instead of to the other side—rising, as she may be might have done, into the half-genteel farmer.

As for Ruth, taken while still plastic into such a different line of life altogether, she had dropped by degrees the insignia of her original condition, save a certain racy accent which never leaves the Northern tongue. And as Mr. Calhoun had got on pretty well in his profession as an attorney, and had made a sufficient income to enable them to live in style while he was alive, though not to leave his only child more than a very modest sum when he died, Laura had never known any thing but a frivolous, superficial, fine-lady kind of life, and had not the faintest idea that her mother's family was different from her father's.

Indeed, she knew nothing of that mother's family at all, save that she was a "Cumberland lass," and that Grandpapa Postlethwaite had owned lands and a carriage (the green spring-cart, which to Ruth's youthful imagination had been as good a carriage as the best), horses, men-servants (the farm laborers), dogs (the sheep-dogs), cows, and, in short, an abundance of every thing. This was all that mamma would tell her, or that papa would allow her to know. If Jacob had disowned his daughter and misdoubted her honesty to the last, Mr. Calhoun disowned Jacob, and forbade his wife's keeping up any intercourse whatever with the old home. She obeyed him in so far that she never wrote directly to Fellneuk, but she wrote once every two or three years to the clergyman, old Priest Dayman; and he kept her secret and told her how things went on at her old home. So this was how she knew of Mattie and her marriage, and how it came about that, when Mr. Calhoun

---

We have received from Talfourd thus pictures him: "Hood, so grave, and sad, and silent, that you were astonished to recognize in him the outpourer of a thousand wild fancies, the detector of the inmost springs of pathos, and the powerful vindicator of poverty and toil before the hearts of the prosperous."

† The son and daughter have preserved and printed some of these "impromptu" stories.

‡ In one of his letters to his wife he thus writes: "I never was any thing, dearest, till I knew you; and I have been a better, happier, and more prosperous man ever since. Lay by that truth in lavender, sweetest, and remind me of it when I fail."

§ I refer in this passage only to those who are the subjects of my "Memories;" but to this list may be added the names of Tytler, Forbes, Owen, Sir William Hamilton, M'Culloch, the widow and daughters of the artist Shee, the widow of the painter Haydon, the poet laureate Tennyson, the widow of Sir Charles Bell, the "destitute" daughters of Principal Robertson, the botanist Curtis, the widow of Loudon, and probably others, of whom I have no knowledge. These were, or are, all participants of that state bounty which the country enables a minister to dole out to its worthies.

* F. O. Ward, who, at the age of sixteen, distinguished himself by a work on Osteology; who has invented many useful processes, especially in connection with paper-making; and who, in the *Times*, drew great and active attention to the state of the London sewers, and the state of intramural church-yards. He edited Hood's magazine "for love" during Hood's illness.

† This leiter has been printed since Mrs. Broderip gave me the copy. It is so pregnant a sermon that it can not be too often in print.

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died, Laura was told the truth—at least what was meant to be the truth—of her mother's family, and made to consider Fellneuk, and by implication, Loanin' Head, gentlemen's estates, with all the luxuries and comforts of her own condition.

Had Ruth not died only a fortnight after her husband and before she had had time to get things straight, she would have brought the girl down to Loanin' Head herself, when she would have seen how far the reality was from the ideal, and how Sister Mattie had toiled and moiled herself into a rough and homely "scrat." But she died, poor soul, of bronchitis, and had only time to make her will, appointing Sister Mattie as the girl's guardian until she was of age, and bid her "go home," as the best she could devise for her. And, as we have seen, Laura obeyed her, and came to Loanin' Head in a spring-cart, driven by Cousin Mark in corduroys.

Sobbing now on her home-cleaned goose-feathers, wherein it would seem that all the pinions and drumsticks had been left, her dainty London possessions strewed about the shabby low-pitched room, with its uncleaned casement window, its rickety tent-bed hung with scanty dimity, its distorting swing-glass kept straight in its frame by pieces of paper, and perched on the top of an old-fashioned bureau—in the dark; its one slip of faded drugget across the black-oak floor—all bare, and miserable, and wretched—Laura seemed to have touched the very acme of her troubles. The wild moor was before her; beside her rose the rugged fell, made beautiful by summer and the moonlight; but she saw nothing of all this; her only cry was, "If poor mamma had but known!" and then came another; "If Captain Dormer ever finds it out!"

So the first evening and a long part of the night passed in tears, which made her feel sick and ill, poor child, and did no good to any one. With the morning came a fresh outpour of bewailing and disgust; but after a time she forced herself to reflect that she could do no good by all this weeping; on the contrary, it would only make her eyes red, and her face pale and ugly and haggard; that in her deep mourning she could not go out in London, even if she was there—and how could she be there at her age alone?—and that she had better set herself to bear as cheerfully as possible what she could not prevent—at least for the present. It was all very dreadful, certainly, and she was unfeignedly miserable; but somehow she made up her mind to get what amusement she could out of her queer position, and to turn it to the best account of which it was capable. It was an experience that was not pleasant, but it was an experience all the same; and she would write to Captain Dormer and make it all look as smooth as she could, never mind whether she kept to truth or not.

That they had been kind to her in their rough way did not touch her in the least, but the personal wisdom of cheerfulness, mainly for the sake of her good looks, did.

It was in a charming frame of mind, then, that she came down stairs at about half past nine; which she thought quite early, but which to Loanin' Head was something out of all bounds, and only to be justified on the score of ignorance or illness.

"Well, my bairn, and how's thee the morn?" was Mattie's motherly greeting, as the pretty London girl, in her fashionable London mourning, came, in her graceful, creeping way, through the door that shut off the steep stairs from the kitchen, looking as little like the place and its surroundings as a Venus among the field hands. "We'se letten ye lig, ye see. Sleep's a fine thing for t' young, and I'se glad ye've hed seccan a lang spell on't. An' now, what are ye for for yer breckfast? Can ye soop podish? Yer mither was aye a heavy han' at them! But I'se engage ye've not hed them oft in Lunnon? Are ye for tea, maybe?"

"Yes; tea, please, aunt," said Laura, who did not understand half that Mattie said, but who had made out that one word, at all events, and caught at it eagerly.

"Ye'll hev what ye've a mind to, my lass," was Mattie's hospitable answer; and then she bustled about and called Isabella, who had taken refuge in the dairy, and made her bustle about too, in her awkward fashion, till they had got Laura's breakfast ready, which they laid on the long oak table by the window, and set her the high chair—the master's chair. And what a chair! Good enough so far as the carving went, thought Laura, who was a critic in carving; but the cushion—or rather the bundle of snippets and ends of carpets and cloth tacked rudely together which went by that name! The poor girl shuddered, and wondered if a Cumberland farm kitchen was like to a London one, in certain respects; for if so— However, she sat down, and even ate a piece of oat-cake without visible disgust, as a propitiation to the lares of the establishment; and Mattie, telling her repeatedly to "tak' hauld," looked on approvingly, and thought again how much she favored bonny lile Ruth; and "nay, but she was reet pleased to hev her at Loanin' Heed!" she said at least half a dozen times, wiping her eyes at each repetition.

At noon Mark and t' lads came in for their meat; and this was more than Laura's philosophy could bear. So long as she had to do with Aunt Mattie, and even gawky, giggling Isabella, she could manage pretty well; but when it came to mixing up with coarse farm servants fresh from their work—no, that was beyond her! Under pretense of a headache, then, she left the house, and strolled away on to the moor in front of the kitchen windows.

"I doot, mother!" was all that Mark said, with a long look at the girl's slight figure as it stood in the sunlight and the breeze on the brown moor, in the most becoming attitude imaginable.

And Mattie looked after her too, and answered briskly, "She'll fettle oop in time, lad! Room wasn't built in a day!"

By-and-by Aunt Mattie found out what her fine London niece specially liked, and humored her; and Laura furbished up the mean and meagre parlor, and with the help of muslin and ribbon and bits of bright damask, and a new paper, and a new carpet, and a "sight of new-fangled farlies," as Isabella said, made it really quite smart and pretty, and fit for the summer retreat of even a London lady used to Bayswater and an occasional opera-box. And when she had finished all this she let it be understood that she considered the room as her own, where not even Aunt Mattie was to intrude without invitation; but where she did often graciously invite both Mattie and Mark, and even shock-headed Isabella, who never went unless she was obliged, and when she did go, giggled and stammered all the time, till she became fairly unintelligible. The rough Cumberland girl had not got used yet to her cousin, but was "downreet skeared" of her, and scuffled out of her sight whenever she had the chance. Mark too was never very forward or familiar, though Laura, born flirt as she was, "kept her hand in" by a thousand pretty little enticements, a thousand soft, seductive ways, and tender flatteries, and gentle sweet suggestions, till Mark's honest heart was all aflame, and his slow wits bewildered; for what did it all mean? and was he clean daft and mazled? and how could he, a mere Cumberland farmer lad, think such thoughts of a lady like Miss Lowra? The immediate result of Laura's queenship of the parlor, where she so often invited Cousin Mark, under pretense of wanting this little job done, or of knowing that little bit of natural history, was, that the honest lad, shy-like as he was, shrank from the pleasant danger with the timidity of a girl; and while longing to be forever at her side, bided less and less at home, till Mattie was like to mourn over the frequent absence of her favorite. To be sure, he went all the more to old Greystoke's at Whelpo, where lile Cuddy was 'prenticed to the joinering, and where Phœbe—Greystoke Phœbe—made him tea and girdle-cakes, or pressed on him snaps and gin, or maybe rum and milk instead, as the time of day or kind of weather suggested. And Mattie thought forever of Phœbe, and knew no one in all the country-side whom she would rather Mark would bring home to be her daughter than the rosy-faced, strong-armed, and capable young Whelpo lass.

That something was stirring in him was evident, else why did he take to cleaning himself so often as he did? And gude sakes! but he wore his bettermer clothes pretty nigh every day now; and my word! but he had grown parlous fond of flowers all of a sudden! Why, one market-day he brought from Carlisle in the cart as many as two dozen fine things, far too fine for Loanin' Head—geraniums and roses, and queer things with outlandish names, and planted them in a sheltered spot just before the parlor window. He had wrought early and late at that bit of garden. Mattie noticed Laura leaning out of the window talking to him; and she was perplexed thereat. Whatever was Mark thinking of, and which lass was he for? He humored Laura, and he went to see Phœbe; surely the lad was demented to be carrying on with both at once; and he'd have to be taken in hand by-and-by if he didn't learn himself, thought Mattie, a little sternly, as well as troubled.

Nutting-time had come. From Mattie Postlethwaite's first wedded year, it had been the practice for all the Loanin' Head folk to go over to Fellneuk for a day's nutting in Lady Coppice. While old Jacob had lived, and since his death, when young Jacob ruled in his stead, the custom had been kept up. And though Mattie was sorely fashed this year to know what to do about Laura, she would as soon have thought of breaking her baptismal vow as of breaking the old time-honored custom.

"Wil't come, bairn?" she said to her niece, as they discussed the weather and the chances of a fine day to-morrow—she, Isabella, who giggled as her share in the discussion, and bashful, blushing Mark—the trio having marched with some degree of solemnity into the girl's bower-like room. "Thou's gitten to see Fellneuk and thee Uncle Jacob, thou know'st, and mappen it's best dune at once."

Laura did not say nay, but still felt strongly enough that she would rather not see any other uncle or aunt on her mother's side; and that if Fellneuk was a second Loanin' Head, she had no desire to redouble her experience.

"Miss Lowra maybe willn't like t' woods," put in Mark, who would have given all the world that she should go, but who would not buy his pleasure by her pain. "They'se rough for them as isn't used."

"Oh, I sha'n't mind. If Aunt Mattie wants me to go, I am quite willing," said Laura, with the most enchanting complaisance, smiling at Mattie with that bewitching little face of hers which nothing but a heart of stone could resist.

"Ah! ye're a douce bit bairnie!" sighed Mattie, lovingly; "and yer cousin yonder'll loup ye ower t' bogs and slattery spots."

On which Isabella chuckled audibly, and put her fingers in her mouth as she looked at her brother, who blushed.

"I am sure you are very kind, and that Mark will do all he can to help me," said Laura, turning her dark blue eyes with a sudden flash full upon Mark's light blue ones, according to a way she had; and at her look Mark suddenly became quite pale, and turning face-about left the room abruptly.

"Weel! them's manners, or my name's Jack Robinson!" was Mattie's angry comment as her son walked away, while Laura smiled in sweet forgiveness, and Isabella started after her brother.

The next day was fine—one of those delicious days of early autumn or late summer which we have in the north to greater perfection than elsewhere throughout England. The sky was cloudless, save for a few light snowy curls that seemed to have been set against the heavens as an enhancement of the tender blue; the sky-larks were singing, as they soared by dozens over the moor; while the plaintive little pewit uttered its melancholy cry, running, with drooping wing, upon the grass. Every one was in happy humor. Even Laura forgot for the moment to speculate on her future, or to weave plans of how she could escape before her age of legal enfranchisement from the custody which was at once so loving and so distasteful. The spring-cart too did not seem quite so harsh and jolting as when she came over from Carlisle that miserable evening; and she had a greater sense of security, seated as she was closely pressed between Aunt Mattie and Mark, with Isabella on a "copy-stool" on the floor at the back. So that, altogether, it was really almost a pleasant drive—the London girl feeling, as she often did, as if she was acting a part in a charade, and that nothing of all about her was real. As for Mark, he remembered that day to the end of his life. He had not much poetry of nature or imaginative faculty, but what he had was called out to the full; and forever after that drive in the sweet sunshine by the fell-side road from Loanin' Head to Fellneuk, with Laura Calhoun by his side, her pretty eyes looking up into his as she asked him now this, now that, her bonny mouth smiling, and her soft voice falling like a shower of silver sound, was the first suggestion of heaven that he had, and made him feel capable of another life than the mere herding of beasts and shearing of corn at Loanin' Head.

Laura found her uncle Jacob—how she winced at the words!—a tall, grave, silent man, who looked at her steadily for a moment, said only, "And ye're Ruth's bairn?" as he gave her his huge hand, and shook hers sideways, but otherwise did not molest her, while his wife seemed rather abashed at the presence of so fine a lady; and beyond setting her a chair out in the very middle of the kitchen floor, and offering her first a glass of gin cordial, then some home-made ginger-bread snaps, with much pressing hospitality not to be "afeerd of them, but to tak hauld and mak hersel' welcome," left her pretty much alone. And as Mattie was occupied with "Jacob's Jane," this same sister-in-law, in comparing certain housekeeping notes, and Isabella and t' lasses were off on a special spree of their own, there was no one left but Mark to take care of his cousin. And presently he, feeling the weight of the honor and the responsibility, went up to where she was sitting in this odd stuck-up manner, and asked her if "she would coom out in t' coppy, and see what they'se like to git?"

"Yes," said Laura, rising with alacrity.

"Keeping her hand in" with handsome Cousin Mark—handsome undoubtedly, if also undoubtedly boorish—was better than sitting in the middle of the kitchen floor, under the slow but searching gaze of Uncle Jacob smoking his long clay pipe in the ingle neuk, while Aunts Mattie and Jane talked both at once in their native Doric about their pigs and their selves, and how they had "fettled oop t'ane, an' tewed ower t'ither a' that iver they had tewed." So she went out with Cousin Mark, and they strolled into Lady Coppice—Leddy-Coppy, he called it—to look at the nut trees and get the start of the rest in the day's work. And Laura thought she had never seen such a beautiful picture—of its kind—as Cousin Mark made when he swung down the tall strong branches for her to strip, his fair face flushed, his bright brown sunny hair shining as if of gold, and his blue eyes dark and tender with the new soul that had come into them through her.

And looking at him as a painter would have done, the devil entered into the soul of the woman and tempted her.

"Cousin Mark," she said, suddenly, with a half-plaintive smile, "I am afraid I am a great nuisance to you at Loanin' Head."

"You, Miss Lowra!" said Mark, who had not failed to notice the "cousin," and the tenderness of voice and face, "howiver in all t' world has that fancy gitten into your head?"

"Why, yourself, Cousin Mark."

"I, Miss Lowra! What hev I dune to mak ye feel owt but welcome—better nor welcome, at Loanin' Head?"

"Because you stay away so much. I hear Aunt Mattie notice it, and complain of it. And I think you stay away because I am there."

"Niver siccan a thing! niver! niver!" said Mark, with passionate energy. "A' I want is that ye suld feel yersel at hame like and comfortable at t' place, and that t' women folk sarra ye as they ought."

"Oh yes, nothing can be kinder!" said Laura. "It is only about you that I am troubled."

"Nay what! niver fash yersel aboot me, Miss Lowra! I'se due weel enough, I'll engage," Mark answered, huskily.

"You are so good!" said Laura, laying her small, white, ungloved hand on his.

What would not Mark have given to have clasped it, and kept it as his own! But it was as if a mortal should have asked a goddess to be his; and he let the pretty fingers lie there passively, with a heart that throbbed almost as if it would burst.

"What a fool he is!" thought Laura, smiling up into his face more sweetly than ever, and letting her hand slide caressingly over his.

Then they went on till they came to one of Mattie's "slattery spots," where a mountain torrent, crossing the wood path, had broadened out into a muddy pool, too wide for even Laura's light feet to jump across. Mark looked unutterable distress. He tried backward and forward, and this side and that side, like a faithful hound trying for a scent, but he was "fairlie bet" at the last, and had to own that he saw no way by which Miss Lowra could cross; and should they turn back?

"Oh no; don't let us turn back!" said Laura. Then holding out her arms a little raised, she said, half laughing, "Carry me across, Cousin Mark! I am not heavy, and you are such a nice strong fellow."

Giddy, half blinded, but with a feeling of sudden glory that made him something different from the Mark of ordinary days, the young man lifted her in his arms and carried her across the bog. And as he went Laura, looking down into his face, above which she was raised, bent her own till her lips touched his forehead, and her hair brushed his cheeks; he did not know whether it was an accident or by design. He would never have known had she not blushed in her turn—she had just so much grace—and said, in a light voice, "That was for toll, Cousin Mark!"

IMPERIAL PIETY.

THE somewhat obtrusive piety of the new German Emperor-King is not so peculiarly an idea of his own as may be generally imagined. It may be remembered that, on the eve of the Crimean war, the late Emperor Nicholas concluded his manifesto with the well-known Latin words from the Psalms: "In te Domine speravi, non confundar in æternum"—"O Lord, in thee have I trusted, may I never be confounded." The self-complacent assumption of piety had, however, strangely different results. The ill luck of Nicholas broke his heart, and hurried him to the grave, while William marches back to Berlin a triumphant conqueror. So that, after all, it may be doubted whether the piety of either of these sanctimonious kaisers had much influence on their respective campaigns.

WONDERFUL WHALES.

IN olden times strange stories were current about the peculiarities of whales, and among them the accounts of men swallowed by them hold a prominent place; but, unfortunately, the animal is so made that the mouth will easily hold a boat and its crew in its vast space, but the throat is too narrow to allow even a mackerel to pass. Nevertheless a great author, Fournier, recites gravely, in his "Hydrography," the following story:

"During the reign of Philip II., King of Spain, there appeared in the great ocean a whale very different from all others in this, that he floated partly above the surface, and had large wings, by means of which he could move like a vessel. A ship encountered him, and broke one of these wings by a cannon-shot, whereupon the whale entered very stiffly through the Straits of Gibraltar, and, uttering horrible bellowings, went ashore near Valencia, where he was found dead. The skull was so enormous that seven men could stand in it, while the palate would hold a man on horseback: two dead men were found in the stomach, and the jaw-bone, seventeen feet long, is still to be seen in the Escurial."

Pliny already gravely informs us that there were in his times whales found in the Indian Ocean which measured nine hundred feet; they would, therefore, have easily filled a whole village. Not only romance-writers, but even naturalists of renown, like Gesner, in his work on Fishes (1551), have taken pleasure in representing whales as animals resembling islands, and in speaking of sailors who had landed unawares on their back, covered, as it was, with a mass of green algæ. St. Ambrosius and other saints came near being lost by such an error, if we believe the legends of the Church. The same amusing idea occurs in that delightful book, the "Arabian Nights," which, it is well known, was compiled from very ancient Arabic legends and manuscripts. "One day," says Sindbad the sailor, "as we were sailing along, a calm befell us near a little island. The captain ordered the sails to be furled, and allowed all who chose to go on land. I was among those who landed. But while we were amusing ourselves, eating and drinking, the island suddenly trembled, and gave us all a violent shock. It was a whale."

The fable spread rapidly, especially among nations who lived far from the sea, and had no means to verify the truth of such accounts by their own experience. They were all the more readily believed as, for generations, no other books were accessible to the masses but the Bible and Pliny; and both of these authorities spoke confidently of these monsters; the latter by name, the former, as was then universally believed, under the thin disguise of the leviathan. In the Orient, of course, greater exaggerations still were added, age after age, such as the utter ignorance of the seas prevailing among Eastern nations, and their high-wrought imagination, loved to invent and to hear. An ancient Jewish work, the Bara-Bathra, already speaks of a vessel which sailed three days over a whale, before it accomplished the distance between head and tail; and Arab authors loved to assert that the earth was actually resting upon a gigantic whale, whose occasional tremors were the cause of earthquakes. One day, they add, the Evil One approached the animal, and, laughing at the patience with which it had so long borne a useless burden, persuaded it to shake its backbone, and thus to rid itself of the load. The globe was just about to be shaken off, when, fortunately, some one informed Allah of the impending calamity, who hastened to the spot, and, after a long discussion, succeeded in exacting a promise that the whale would continue to uphold the earth a few thousand years longer. The Chinese are, as usual, not behind other nations in early and magnificent accounts of their own giants. In an ancient work of authority, called Tsi-hiai, they speak of a whale Pheg, which beats four hundred miles of ocean into foam whenever it moves. At a very advanced age this monster of the deep is changed; it becomes then the famous monster of the air, the bird roc.

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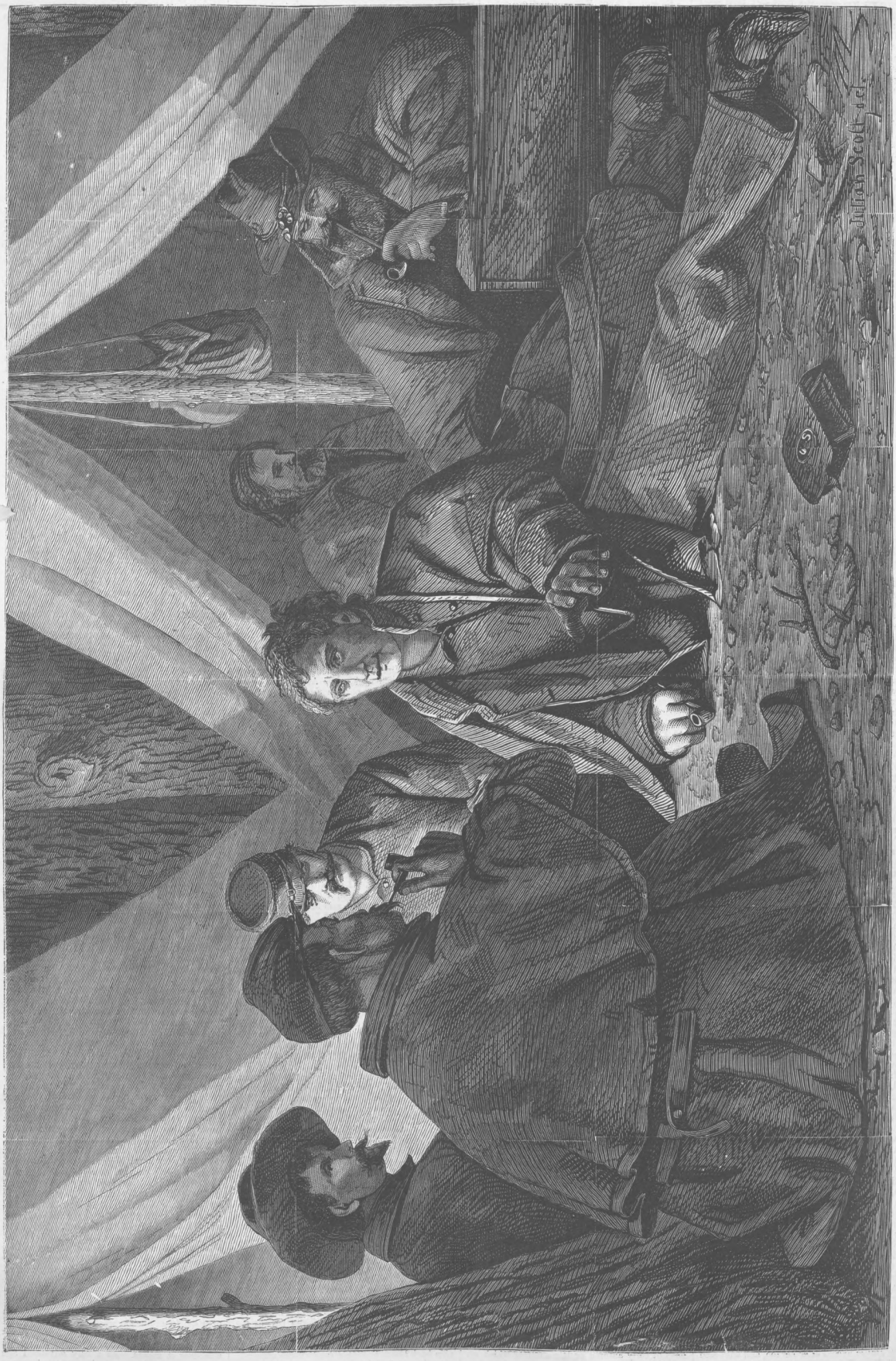

UNITED STATES SOLDIERS IN CAMP ON THE PLAINS, NARRATING STORIES OF ADVENTURE.

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REBUILDING.

REBUILDING.

THE attractive sketch on this page represents a colony of rooks eagerly engaged in rebuilding their nests in a grove that overlooks the ruin of a French château. It was burned by the Prussians during the recent campaign. We can imagine a member of the rookery, gifted with a turn for reflection, sitting apart from his companions for a moment's rest, soliloquizing in a strain somewhat like this:

"Caw! caw! How delightful it is, getting over the ground as the crow flies! And one can see so well all that is going on on the earth below. DARWIN, like a sensible biped, gives us birds the credit of having some little reasoning power; so do not be surprised if I plume myself upon having some opinions of my own upon passing events. At least you men must admit that you are below me in position, and that I can form my judgment from a high stand-point. I think that men are quarrelsome, destructive creatures. For the past half year or more, for some unaccountable cause, they have been slaying each other. In my flights abroad I have seen heaps of dead, mutilated by every sort of infernal weapon that man, with his vaunted intelligence, has been able to invent.

"You could not guess, now, that that blackened ruin was last year the prettiest château in the neighborhood, and had the most lovely grounds. Those Prussian Uhlans, with their horses and lances, have paid us a visit.

'What wanton horrors marked their wreckful path!'

And just because the noble owner of the house refused to accede to their avaricious demands they set fire to his home, destroyed his gardens, and sent the family, who were always kind and peaceable, wandering like beggars into the world. I am sure we birds were never guilty of such barbarities.

"We rooks have our troubles also. Every year, after the winter storms, we have to renew our nests. At the very time when we are carrying sticks to our lofty home we are disturbed by the busy masons on the scaffolding. Both men and birds are at the same work, that of *rebuilding*. But, I say, why can not men live in happy and peaceful communities like us rooks? Ah! there goes a rascally compatriot with one of my twigs. May he be rook-pied! Alas! I am afraid there are villains in all societies. I'll just after him! Caw! caw!"

GESTURE LANGUAGE

IN South Italy there is current a venerable story, which is here given with all reserve, as the diplomates say: in other words, it is totally unworthy of belief. The story is this. A stranger present at a cabinet council in Naples, after some silent pantomime had taken place, asked when business was going to begin, and was told that it was over. "But," objected the astonished stranger, "nobody has said a word." "True," was the answer; "but surely you observed what was going on?" "I saw nothing going on," said the stranger, "except a few shrugs and grimaces, and the king signing his name. You don't mean to say you call that business?" "Of course," was the answer. "What's the use of a long talk, when we can express our meaning as well,

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and more quickly, by signs?" The story, though an exaggeration, is, nevertheless, not so utterly absurd as it seems to the English reader. Southern Italians use a great deal of gesture while speaking; not because they are deaf or dumb, for they are quick of hearing, everlasting talkers, and remarkably intelligent, but because they have picturesque instincts, and are not satisfied with expressing their ideas by feeble words; while they satisfy their natural impatience by using gestures in lieu of whole sentences, and can, and do, occasionally carry on conversations without any speech at all. For example, I have seen a man in a balcony near the top of a house narrate entirely by gestures his day's adventures to a friend on the ground-floor of a house on the opposite side of a street.

The gesture-language is believed to be, in the main, the same all the world over; still, in places widely apart, in which the habits of life are very different, it is natural to expect a corresponding difference in a language which is plainly imitative, and nothing else. In Mr. Tylor's work upon the "Early History of Mankind," which contains a very interesting account of this language, it is stated that, according to the general practice of mankind, shaking the head is the sign for the negative "No." In South Italy, however, shaking the head never means "No," but always, "I don't understand you; what do you mean?" while "No" is expressed by elevating the chin and protruding the under lip a little; and a still stronger negative by the same movements, to which is added scraping the under side of the chin with the tips of the right-hand fingers, holding the knuckles outward, and the fingers slightly bent. In the curious affidavit in support of the will of a deaf-and-dumb man, unable to read and write, quoted by Mr. Tylor, which explains the signs used by the testator to express his testamentary wishes, it is to be observed that the testator expressed his death by laying the side of his head in the palm of his right hand, and then lowering the right hand, palm upward, to the ground. In South Italy, a Catholic country, death is expressed by making the sign of the cross with the first two fingers of the right hand held together, upright, before the face, that being the final action of the priest when administering the sacrament to a dying person. The gesture by which the English deaf-and-dumb man expressed his death would, omitting the lowering of the hand, mean, in South Italy, sleep. In this country we beckon a person toward us by holding a hand or finger with tips upward. In South Italy, however, the tips are held downward, and the English manner of beckoning is used for salutation. The verb "go" is expressed in South Italy by holding the open hand, the palm perpendicular to the ground, and pointed in the intended direction, and shaking the hand up and down from the wrist; while in this country we simply point with the index finger. In South Italy "hunger" is expressed by extending the thumb and first finger, keeping the others closed, over the mouth, and giving a rotary motion from the wrist. The reader is at liberty to try this upon any organ-grinder he meets, and mark the result. "To-day" is expressed by closing all the fingers of the right hand except the index, then pointing downward, making a rapid slight movement of the hand up and down; "to-morrow" is the same, except that the movement is greater, and from the elbow. Numbers, of course, are shown by holding up the fingers. So much for the language itself, and now for the method of using it.

After the revolution of 1860, the police affairs of South Italy were carried on by the Italian carabineers, a remarkably fine body of men, of great intelligence, and mostly from the north, in place of the native *sbirri*. The consequence was that the malefactors did as they pleased, the carabineers being powerless. They complained that it was of no use their attempting to cope with a people who, by a gesture, a look, and a word in an unknown tongue (for the dialects of South Italy are unintelligible to people from the north), hatched plots under their very noses. Riding once in a carriage in Sicily past a string of country carts, each of which had a driver, armed, lying prone on top of the load, I heard one of these men call out: "Ah ca!" very loud, as if to his donkey; but he meant to attract the attention of the carter in front, who understood perfectly well, and looked back, whereupon the first man held up his hand, and rubbed together the tips of his thumb and first finger (the sign for money), giving a glance at the same time toward the carriage. In answer, the friend nodded. The following remarks had been exchanged: "Rich folks there, eh?" "Uncommon." I thought at the time, if these gentry had been brigands, and my coachman an accomplice, *he* would probably have nodded, and straightway the armed carters would have jumped down, surrounded the carriage, dragged me off to the mountains; and I should have been the subject of numerous letters in foolscap paper, quarter margin, exchanged between polite diplomatists, who would apparently be only too glad of the opportunity of assuring one another of their "distinguished consideration."

But to return to our story-teller in the balcony. The narrator began by straddling the first and second fingers of his right hand across the first finger of his left, to express a ride; then he pointed to his own stomach, to show that he was himself the rider; next he pointed with his hand in the direction of a neighboring village; which, together, meant, "As I was riding to ——." Then he put up his hands, and bent his head, as one does in taking aim with a gun; next held up his hands, palms outward, and started back, to express surprise; then he moved one hand quickly round over the other, as we do when imitating a drummer for children, and bent his body sideways, to express a fall; which meant, "Suddenly a man with a gun appeared, and aimed at me, whereupon the donkey started back with fright, and I fell off." At this the friend down below held up his right hand with the knuckles toward the balcony, and fingers slightly bent, and rapidly moved it from the wrist backward and forward (the way of inquiring in general), which meant in this instance, "Well, were you hurt?" In answer to this, the man above lifted his eyebrows, put his hand to his hip, and limped a little way, to express, "Nothing to speak of—a little lame, that's all;" and thus the conversation proceeded.

The chief prison of Palermo, the capital of Sicily, consists of a number of detached houses in a large court-yard surrounded by a high broad wall. The prisoners are kept in the houses, and sentries march up and down the wall, keeping a look-out within and without.

Every day men and women may be seen standing outside the wall, communicating by gestures with the prisoners at the top windows of the houses within. The parties to the conversation can see one another's faces and their expression, but can scarcely hear one another speak. They converse thus by the half-hour together. One may see a woman, for example, moving her mouth in saying "Cicco," and putting her hand to her forehead, meaning, "Cicco is ill." Whereupon a prisoner inside, possibly the father, throws out his hands, making the general sign of inquiry: he wants to know "How did it happen?" and the woman answers, "Hunger did it," by making the sign for hunger, already explained. Then the man throws his hands up, and it can be seen that he says "Dio mio!" and is expressing his affliction.

Of course the gesture-language is largely used in rows, and naturally some of the expressions are more forcible than refined. One which invariably winds up every row among the women of the lowest class is this: a belligerent who is getting the worst of it, but desires to retire with some *éclat*, suddenly turns her back on the enemy, throws all her clothes over her head, and retreats. Contempt can not be more strongly expressed.

Love-making by signs is very general. The method has many recommendations; for as the lovers are not seen together and don't write, they are not easily found out. Every window opens to the floor, and has a balcony, so that neighbors have great facilities for the pastime. The language of love is very simple; it is always the same, and always interesting and new. The gentleman begins by taking out his handkerchief, which he passes over his face, looking all the time at the lady, and throwing into his face and eyes expressions of admiration for her; at the same time he compliments her on her beauty by passing his hand over his mouth and chin. The lady's answer is a blush, hiding her face, except the eyes, behind her fan, and pointing to the rear, to indicate that mamma is coming, and retreats. Next time, the same play on the gentleman's side, followed by possibly a glance, not of discouragement, from the lady; whereupon he hugs his left side, to express that he loves her to distraction; and the lady flees, to return the next day, and observe the gentleman, of course to her great astonishment and displeasure, repeat the previous gestures, ending by showing her the palms of his hands, and looking entreaty, which any young lady even unacquainted with the particular language in question would understand to mean: I vow by, etc., that I love you more than—and so forth. Do you love me? The answer to which, of course, depends upon circumstances; and thus the ancient comedy proceeds. It is understood to be extremely interesting to the *dramatis personæ*. Love-making, short of the "ask-papa" part, is frequently carried on in South Italy in this way; and it not seldom happens that when papa is inexorable, or the lady in a convent, the whole affair, including agreement and preparations to run away, is transacted solely by gestures—apropos of which it is on record, that on an occasion of the sort, all being prepared, and the gentleman in the street waiting at the lady's door with the carriage intended to carry off the happy couple, an awfully gruff voice was heard asking, "Are you there?" The lover looked toward the voice, saw that it came from the object of his balcony affections, and, utterly disenchanted, fled. This story, although nearly as incredible as the first narrated, is given without any reserve: it is quite true.

IN DANGER IN THE DESERT.

In the spring of 18—, I was intrusted by government with some dispatches of the greatest importance, to be carried from Damascus to the English political agent at Bagdad. The journey from Syria to Chaldea was, I knew from experience, a perilous one, whether performed on camel or horse, and with whatever escort; and, even if uninterrupted, would take me six full days. I was an old hand, and had not lived for months among Arab tribes without knowing that Russian spies, French agents, and Turkish robbers (in which comprehensive word I include all Turkish officials of whatever rank) would certainly brew me some trouble by the way, if they caught even the faintest inkling of the object of my journey. So I prepared accordingly.

The more poor, wretched, and forlorn a Desert traveler looks, the more likely he is to reach the end of his journey in safety. The Bedouin sees showy dresses, fine horses, and well-filled purses as far off as the vulture can see a dead gazelle. Thoroughly impressed with this fact, the day before my departure I ferreted out the most dingy rag-shop in the narrowest and dirtiest street of the most filthy quarter of all Damascus. Seated there, cross-legged, beside the one-eyed, hunch-backed proprietor, I wrangled with him for two good hours over a ragged robe, patched with as many colors as Joseph's garment. For this thing of shreds and patches I paid the enormous sum of twenty piasters, or about half a crown English, and took care to get a formal receipt, flourished in goodly Arabic, the blessing of the pilgrim who kept the stall being thrown into the bargain. In addition I bought an enormous dirty red turban as big as a prize pumpkin, beneath which my long black hair fell down twelve inches long. I took care also to provide myself secretly with two little Derringer revolvers, and I further laid in two pounds of fine snuff, several cases of powder, some quinine, and a large bottle of castor-oil for the use of some Arab workmen employed in the town near Bagdad, to which I was ultimately destined. I next hired three strong camels, and two camel-drivers, trusty Arabs, outlaws from some Desert tribe. My last step was one that may seem a singular one to my readers; but it was well intended, and it proved my salvation. After dusk I went to a Turkish officer whom I had known for years, and, to his infinite astonishment, borrowed a pair of handcuffs. All these arrangements completed, I presented myself before her Majesty's representative, and from him I received every possible assistance in carrying out the minor arrangements for my dangerous undertaking.

At 6 A.M., while the city was still only half awake, I, with my two camel-drivers, started for the house of an English lady in the suburbs, who had kindly undertaken to store all my heavier luggage till I returned. This extraordinary woman, the modern Lady Hester Stanhope of Arabia, has been married no fewer than seven times. Her first husband was a well-known English nobleman; the present is an Arab sheik, the chief of a powerful Bedouin tribe between Bagdad and Damascus. Shaking hands with Lady ——, I remounted my camel, and pushed on straight for Tadmor, once Palmyra, the magnificent city of palaces, but now a ruined heap of broken pillars, the abode only of the jackal and the snake. We had scarcely ridden a mile through the palm groves and corn fields before a clatter of quick hoofs made me look round, and a sight fitted for a land of romance, mystery, and enchantment met my eyes. The lady I had just left, escorted by a gentleman, who proved to be a Knight of Malta, came galloping after me to guard me half-way to Tadmor. It was one of the sudden, generous, and chivalrous caprices of this strange person, whose heart misfortunes and faults had still left warm, kindly, and full of womanly tenderness. Her body-guard was as strange a one as if she had been an enchantress of the times of Al Raschid. It consisted of half a dozen thorough-bred Bedouin colts of the royal race. They were without saddles or bridles, and were playing and skimming round her like butterflies round a flower. Beautiful creatures, light-footed as deer, playful as monkeys, they chased each other round their mistress, and the moment she called them by name, stood stock-still in a wondering but obedient circle, or came thrusting their noses into her hand for the customary cakes. To some of those pets she had given Arab names, but others were christened, playfully or sarcastically, after English celebrities. Two of the finest of her equine attendants were Palmerston and Pitt; the most ill-tempered and kicking was Ellenborough.

We arrived at night at a village, outside which my servants pitched our tents, which were easily built up with a sheet or two, and a few palm sticks; and there, like gypsies or Irishmen at a fair, we had our meal and our coffee. Before long the beauty of the lady's escort began to attract attention.

The village being on the outskirts of the Desert, the men were nearly all excellent judges of horseflesh, and they at once set us down as horse-stealers, on our way to sell our spoil to the Bedouins. In vain we assured them that the colts were not to be sold. Still they kept asking the price of this and that one, and patting and pinching them with a true horse-dealer's unction, believing my strenuous denials to be nothing but the coquetry generally practiced by all dealers on would-be purchasers. At last I quieted my somewhat troublesome friends by getting them in crowds round me and telling them the latest news from Europe, and assuring them, to their infinite delight, that the Turkish government would not last long.

I need scarcely say that, for the lamb we ate, the dates we needed, the milk, honey, and the corn for the camels and horses, we paid as liberally and as scrupulously as if we had been in Europe. This seems a foolish fact to mention, but in that Syrian village such a proceeding was by no means a matter of course. So little, indeed, a matter of course, that the whole village was roused by the news of such justice and generosity. A great surprise awaited us, which impressed this astonishment sufficiently upon us. After supper, in the cool of the evening, I was sitting at my door, when I heard in the distance drums and dervish flutes approaching; presently, behind a crowd of excited Arabs, waving sticks and swords, came a litter borne by six people, and on the litter, like a prisoner on a stretcher, lay a very old white-bearded man, the sheik of the village. He was fourscore-and-ten, he told me, and he had never before known any traveler who came there to pay for any thing he took. He had, therefore, ordered his servants to carry him, before he died, to see the wonderful man who paid his way, so that he (the sheik) might give him his blessing, and then return home and depart in peace.

The old man spoke well, and wisely. He had reflected much, though all his life confined to so narrow a sphere. He said to me, with much pathos: "I have seen nothing in this world but wickedness. The Turks seize all we have in the name of Allah and the sultan. I am very old, fourscore-and-ten, nearly blind, and dying fast; yet I would make them bring me here to see the man who paid for what he and his horses and camels wanted, for I never saw a man before who really feared Allah and showed justice to his fellow-man." He was certain I could not be a Turk, he knew I was not an Arab—of what nation was I?

I replied, smiling, that I found it difficult to tell him, for I was born in Ireland, educated in Rome, and brought up in England.

He replied that England must be a glorious country, where, though a woman governed, every one could obtain justice. "Here we," said he, with a sigh, "poor wretches, on the frontier of the Desert, in a land of barbarism, although living between two of the most ancient cities of the East, are slaves from our birth to our grave. We are governed in the name of the sultan, and we are robbed in his name. The Turks reduce us to beggary, and our children to shame. There is no redress. Old and respected as I am," added the old sheik, "if I were to dare to petition at Damascus or Bagdad against any acts of injustice, in three days the village would be razed to the ground, and I should, perhaps, be beaten to death, in spite of all the men I could arm. Yes," said the old man, his eyes lighting up with almost youthful fire, "it will be a happy day for Syria when the Russian legions cross the frontier and summon us all to rise, for the Turks are only fit to be slaves, and the day of their fall must come."

The next morning at daybreak I fired a pistol as a signal for starting. Lady —— was asleep, surrounded by her horses, her tent door guarded by the gallant Maltese chevalier, who carried a drawn sword in his hand. My first proceeding was to wash my face with water in which a lemon had been squeezed—the best of all precautions, next to the dry Desert air, against ophthalmia. After breakfast I supplied myself and my two camel-drivers with sufficient bread, water, grain, cheese, and dates for six days. We were soon ready to leave the village for all the dangers of the lonely, melancholy waste that has known no change since the creation. But already my enemies were on my track. Two Turks, French and Russian spies, accompanied by a renegade Arab, had made their appearance in the village, and, changing their horses for camels, pushed on for the Desert, to give notice, as I afterward found to my cost, of my approach. I suspected them, but I merely exchanged the ordinary Oriental salutations as they passed, and said nothing. Off they strode, and disappeared in the burning sunshine.

At eight o'clock I parted from Lady —— and proceeded on my way, my faithful compass my only guide. We soon left behind us the village, our camels starting at the rate of about three miles an hour, which they quickened, as they acquired confidence and a knowledge of the ground, to about four miles an hour. At the third hour we turned off the right track, about five miles to the right, in order, if possible, to overtake the spies, or at least to elude the vigilance of others who might be behind us. About five o'clock all habitations of man, all green or golden patches of sesame, millet, or oats began to disappear, and half an hour before sundown we reached the outskirts of the actual Desert, by no means a mere plain of sand, but a gray ocean, with moss and thorny shrubs that seemed to float upon its surface.

That I may not appear to exaggerate in the smallest degree the dangers into which I really fell, I must here explain to my readers that the trusty servants whom Lady —— had recommended to me were not outlaws in a bad sense. The Bedouins expel men from their tribes for the violation of their most trifling laws. They would expel an Arab, for instance, for contracting himself to a daughter of the tribe without her father's consent, or a youth who, discontented with a promised dowry, contracted himself to another maiden. His life being in danger for these not very tremendous sins, a man so compromised generally takes refuge in flight. It is this reason why there are so many Arabs now living in stone houses on the shores of the Persian Gulf, who have abandoned the customs of the race of Ishmael.

Of this class of more or less harmless Bedouin outlaws Damascus contains some thousands. But the worst robbers and murderers in the Desert are the outlaws of the outlaws—rascals expelled from the stationary Arabs—who then turn wild, and ride forth into the Desert to live by bloodshed and murder. The real Bedouin, born and bred in the Desert, is seldom cruel except to the Turk, and then only in retaliation for old cruelties, or to satisfy old grudges.

After pushing three miles in the straight course to Tadmor, I turned about a mile from my course and settled for the night, making holes about three feet deep, according to the Desert custom, for the fires, so that our pursuers, if there were any, should not see the flame by night. We set up our tents with spears, as the night air in the Desert, even in summer, is cold, especially when the wind is blowing from the Persian Gulf. The night dews also are very heavy. We then "hobbled" our camels, took some food, and went to sleep. After four hours' rest we started again, and continued without interruption till noon the next day; we then again alighted, prepared our fires to enjoy our usual coffee, having first fed our camels, and given them a bottle of English beer each, from a small stock I had brought with me from Beyrout. After two hours' rest, we proceeded about three miles, till we reached a broad tract of damp sand, stretching for a space of about twenty miles long and twenty broad. Certain that I should find running water, I got off my camel and dug my spear down a depth of about nine feet, but no water would come, though the moisture clearly enough proved that it was to be found at no great distance.

At first, to my surprise, I saw no animals here, where I should have expected gazelles to be numerous, but after a few minutes a large hawk flashed between my camel and that of one of my Arabs. At the same moment I heard a hare

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screaming like a child. The female hawk was up in the air, about fifty yards overhead, watching the prey, ready to swoop down if it cowered, or to turn it back to its pursuing mate. The poor frightened hare, seeing death near, scuttled into a hole in the sand for protection; but, poor thing, she was out of the frying-pan into the fire, for she reappeared in a moment, and fell dead close by me. She had been bitten by a snake. In an instant I was off my camel digging up the hole with my spear, and soon secured the snake in a bag, thinking it might be of some use to me hereafter. I firmly believe my poor Arabs thought me mad for troubling myself at all about either hare or snake. Very soon after this things began to look black, for we came on fresh camel tracks, both in front of us and to the right of us. The spies had been too quick for me. The tracks were fresh, although the wind was blowing—a sure proof that they were not far before us—probably on their way to the wells at a Slebi station—so I pushed on, as, once at the wells, no one dare molest us.

These Slebis are a mysterious people, and no one has yet discovered from whom they are descended. In fact, they are neither Bedouins, Turks, nor Jews. There are none of the lost tribes among them. They are neither Mohammedans nor devil-worshipers, but worship the one God. They neither rob nor plunder, but dwell in stationary tents, possess vast flocks of white and black sheep, and seldom fight, except occasionally among themselves. These good people are most hospitable, and devote their lives to maintaining the wells for the use of travelers. The only wants of these simple-hearted people are grass and water. They have no chiefs. They are the missionaries of the Desert—a brotherhood self-organized to relieve distressed travelers, especially Europeans.

We spent the night with these worthy people, whom even robbers will not molest, and, after filling our bags with water and grain for the camels, at three o'clock in the morning we steered straight for Bagdad. We rode on unmolested, and neither saw nor heard any thing of the spies or of our pursuers. We were not, however, to escape, and we had not gone far before we came upon fresh tracks in the sand. Our enemies were just ahead. Another moment, and they would be upon us. There was great need of caution. I at once ordered my men to strike off a mile to the right. We then halted, threw down our camels, gagged them with blankets, tied their legs, and raised a circular heap of sand round them to hide them from any watchful enemy. We took some food, and gave our camels corn, and a half-ration of water: having slept a couple of hours, we now turned back to the wells where we had been the night before, and from there steered straight for Koubisseh, the frontier town.

We had not been half an hour on the new road before we heard a savage cry, more like the howl of a flock of pursuing wolves than the shout of men, and horsemen appeared bearing down on all sides of us. It was the war-cry of Bedouin robbers, who had been hired to intercept us. There were twelve of them, as savage and diabolical cutthroats as ever hemp was grown for. My men seized their double-barrel guns, and were eager for resistance. Three or four of the rascals shot, the rest might fly; and besides, our first bullets expended, we had still our spears. But this was not in the plan of my campaign. I was on a mission, as I well knew, of peace, and I was resolved not to shed blood except at the last extremity. Now was the time for the handcuffs. I had my strategy ready to overcome the difficulty. Quickly I told my men to lock the handcuffs on me, and represent to the robbers that I was a mad soldier whom they were ordered to take home to his friends at Bombay *viâ* Bagdad. My men were faithful and prompt. They did as I told them. In a moment the thieves dashed up, brandishing their spears. They instantly noticed me, naturally enough, for I was dancing an insane hornpipe, and asked eagerly why I was manacled. My men said, "Don't be afraid, it is a madman we are taking to Bassorah, and he would kill himself if he was not in handcuffs." They then gathered round me as if I were a new sort of animal, and asked me if I spoke Arabic. My men, with pardonable mendacity, replied they did not know, on which I began jabbering nonsense in Arabic, and begged the robbers, as good fellows, to take my irons off and keep me from those camel-drivers, who had deprived me of liberty for no reason at all. The robbers at once took me for a madman. "Ragh el Allah!" (God's own holy man), they call an insane person, and they fear and reverence such unfortunate men as specially inspired by Heaven, though not always with intelligible prophecies. The chief, a murderer from his boyhood, I was sure, called for the key of the handcuffs. "Quick!" he said; "you rascals, take off the irons from the Lord's own man." Then threatening my men, who pretended to be reluctant, the thieves all dismounted, and sat down to examine my saddle-bags to see what they could find there worth carrying off. The robber-sheik, a hideous rascal, more like an ogre than a man, with a flat nose, huge mouth, and staring, bloodshot eyes, was the first to rummage. The first thing he pulled out was a frieze coat of mine. They had no tents, and it was often cold camping in the Desert. The sheik at once fell in love with this old friend of mine. He had no patience to study how it should be worn, and at once drove his legs through the sleeves, in which they wedged fast. The tails he flung over his shoulder, with a puzzled look at his admiring and envious followers. I could not help roaring with laughter, his gestures of discomfort were so irresistible. Knowing that no one would touch the madman, I got behind the entangled sheik and pushed him over; then, with a yell, I ran at one or two others, thin slight fellows I could almost have thrown over my head, and pushed them down. The rest only laughed at my gambols, and at the discomfiture of their angry comrades. The sheik tried harder than ever to adapt himself to his new costume, and floundered about like a man in a sack race.

"What do you call this robe?" he cried out angrily to me. "I can't get my legs in it or out of it. I never could ride about the Desert here, Hadji, in this; it is only fit for a priest, and you see I can't walk in it either. Here, Achmet, bring your knife and cut me out."

Achmet, a great hairy giant of a Kurd, produced a most blood-thirsty huge knife, ripped open the sleeves of my poor frieze coat, and liberated the bewildered sheik.

"You don't mean to tell me," he said, "people in England ride about in such things as that?"

I assured them they did, and then rolled on the ground, laughing at his mistake.

"What it is to be a fool!" said the spearmen to each other, pitying me. "Thank God we are not the favored of Heaven! Allah he praised! Let's see, sheik, what else is in the bags."

I then implored them to give me the handcuffs, for fear the men who were with me should get hold of them again, and I promised them my blessing, which was worth two camels, adding, in Irish, just to relieve my feelings, "Success to all honest men, and the nearest gallows for all rogues." When I had got hold of my handcuffs, and had hidden them safely away, the thieves made me sit down with them in a circle, and explain to them the contents of my saddle-bags.

"Mille diaoul," thought I, "if you trust to me, you shall learn all about them, bad cess to ye!"

The first thing they pulled out was my big bottle of castor-oil, which the sheik held admiringly up till the fat liquid gurgled inside.

"What's this, Hadji?" he said, with eyes gloating upon the oily liquid.

I kept my face, and replied humbly, "Beled Franghi" (white honey from Europe).

The wretches' cruel eyes glistened. Every lean brown hand was at once stretched toward the transparent bottle. They held a council as to which was to have the first draught. By a sublime effort of self-denial, the sheik at last divined that it was only respectful that I should begin. Yes, I had the rascals now. I declined, saying I had been drinking rather too much of it lately, but I drew the cork for the chief, and passed him the bottle. He was bent on a good gulp, and his mouth opened in anticipation like a young shark's. After a deep draught, he passed the bottle on to the one next him in the circle round the fire. It was getting dark, and the thieves were too eager for their turns to look at their companions or to utter a word. There was no remark till the last man had drained the bottle; then the sheik began to curse and spit, and the others then spit and cursed worse than he did.

"Do you call that honey from Europe?" said one.

"It is not even sweet," said a second.

"It is accursed—most accursed," groaned the deeply compromised sheik. He would not forget that honey for six months.

"What bees those must be!" moaned Achmet; "if I had them I'd thrash them to death. Come, let's try the other things," and he began to experimentally munch one of my candles, which he hardly appreciated, though at first he shouted:

"By Allah, here is mutton fat!"

But the others ate away with more approval. Then the chief shouted for coffee, and honored my sanctity by giving me the first basinful. They now prepared for sleep, but my revenge was not yet complete.

I had still something in store for them as they lay rolled up in front of the camels. I remembered I had powder stowed away, which the robbers had not yet found. I went to my servants and told them to get sticks, and run and beat the nearest bushes, declaring they had seen a snake six feet long. They at once raised a shout. The robbers instantly leaped up, and took their spears to help in the search. I took advantage of the moment. I dug a hole, and buried under the sand six tins, with several pounds of powder in each. In a few minutes the men came back declaring they could not find the snake, and began to relight their fire. They then laid themselves down in the Bedouin way in their goat-skins, with their feet to the flame and their faces to Mecca. I called my servants away, and removing to a respectful distance from the fire, watched patiently for the effect of my small gunpowder plot. My servants knew nothing of what I had done. For twenty minutes the fire burned cheerfully in the centre of the ring of sleepers. Then came an explosion such as the Bedouins had never before heard or seen. It came like a volcano and earthquake combined, with a roar and rush of fire, a storm of embers tearing up the sand for six feet round where it burst, driving the sleepers here and there, as if a shell had broken to pieces in the midst. The robbers flew in all directions, shouting and screaming, or falling on their faces before the supposed fire from heaven, praying Allah to avert the deserved punishment that had fallen on their heads for plundering a poor holy madman. I ran after them laughing, asking what was the matter, as I had heard nothing. "Not heard it!" said the men, who were plastered all over with clay; "why there was a noise ten thousand times louder than the loudest thunder, and the flame sprang out at us like fiery snakes ten feet long." They then knelt all round me, struck their foreheads to the ground, and prayed my forgiveness, promising, in the name of the Holy Prophet, never again to molest God's most holy man. To end all this, I had to give the infernal rogues my blessing a second time all round.

They now agreed to take me to the nearest Slebi well on the road between Medina and Bagdad. On our way we crossed the bed of a brook. Now every tribe in the Desert has its own cipher, secret mark, or emblem, and its own flag. Lagging behind at this point, I got off my camel. I wrote my name in full in Arabic, with words indicating that I was in the hands of robbers, and had gone on a certain route. I had once lived among the El Defir, a powerful tribe in this neighborhood, and I knew well that if any of their horsemen or scouts passed that ford within the twenty-four hours, they would instantly set their spearmen on my track.

When my worthy captors arrived at the Slebi station, they never said a word to those good people about having robbed me. They merely said that I was a poor forsaken madman whom they had found wandering in the Desert, and they suggested that any food and protection afforded me would as certainly bring a speedy blessing on the heads of the hospitable Slebis as it had done on their own. The Slebis, who show toleration to all, and do not merely talk of it, and who are Christians in actions, though not in words, at once prepared a meal for the ill-favored rascals, whom they no doubt more than half guessed to be lying robbers and murderers. They made a huge bowl of porridge for us, and I was placed at the head of the circle on a bag of meal, the seat of honor. The tent in which we were seated was one of a row of black camel's-hair tents which opened one into the other, and would hold at least two hundred persons. Before our meal was half over, a Slebi rushed into the tent screaming:

"We are lost! the El Defir are coming down on us like locusts. Their army is close at hand; they are going to attack us." It was my tribe; they had seen what I had written. I looked at the robbers, their gibbet faces were perfectly livid. They felt already the camel's-hair rope pressing their weasands. The chief dropped his spoon. Between Achmet's blubber lips the porridge smoked unswallowed. Five minutes after, nearly a thousand mounted spearmen had surrounded our tent, and were calling out for the robbers, and for Hadji el Hur, whom the thieves had made prisoner. Another moment the black curtain of the tent door was lifted, and the chieftainess strode in. It was the daughter of the sheik, who, in the absence of her father, was governing the tribe, and gloried in this opportunity of doing me a service. I shall never forget the bewilderment and horror painted on the faces of the robbers as they stared from her to me. I recovered my senses with extraordinary rapidity.

"Behold!" she cried to the swarthy men who surrounded her—"behold a member of your own tribe. This is Hadji el Hur, who is a prince of Europe"—prince, indeed!—"and Allah has sent me here to save him. Hang those robbers at once. Bind them hand and foot. We have long wanted these men, for they are of the race of Satan."

The frightened wretches threw themselves groveling down and kissed my feet. "Save our lives, Hadji," they cried; "we did you no harm."

"No," I said, "Leila, there shall be no blood shed. I am here on a mission of mercy and peace. Forgive these wretches. Remember that your tribe also plunder and prey. In future let these accursed rogues be merciful to poor travelers, as I have been to them. Perhaps before they die they may repent of their misdeeds, and show charity to those more miserable than themselves. Take away their camels, get them two asses to carry water, and let them tramp over the Desert on foot till they can find some refuge, and pray for the day to come when no Desert tribe shall rob or hinder the inoffensive traveler."

Off on their somewhat hopeless pilgrimage trudged the robbers, and in half an hour my tribe had pitched their tents. Lambs were killed; we ate, sang, and danced. "So, merrily, three days of Thalaba went by." At the end of that holiday we mounted our camels, the friendly tribe escorting me two hundred miles toward Bagdad, which city I eventually reached in perfect health and safety.

THE PYRAMIDS OF EGYPT.

THE pyramids of Egypt have always had an interest even for the non-scientific. Many seriously believe that the pyramids are built of brick, and still more that their original use was as tombs for the Egyptian kings. Mr. Piazzi Smyth, in a recent paper "On the Great Pyramid of Egypt," combats some of the favorite ideas of even professed Egyptologists on the subject. The history of architecture dates from the epoch of the pyramid-builders; and Mr. Smyth regards the Great Pyramid as the oldest monument in Egypt. The other pyramids were built afterward, were all smaller, less perfect in mechanical construction, without science in design, and meretricious in taste. The Great Pyramid of Cheops, the first and the largest, is alone a perfect example of architecture both in design and execution. After 4000 years of schooling we are unable at the present day to rival this stupendous work. The height of a building is good evidence of its stability; but the finest edifices we can boast, even in the matter of height alone, can not reach the grand old relics of the Nile. St. Paul's, in London, has a height of 4322 inches; St. Peter's, at Rome, 5184 inches; Strasburg Cathedral, 5616 inches; but the Great Pyramid is variously computed at between 5819 and 5835 inches. Another idea in connection with the Great Pyramid is that it was the work of successive generations. This theory may explain the pyramids in general, each layer of masonry being supposed to answer to the reign of a king. But with the chief one more exact researches have shown it to be different. There is but one style, both of building and quality of material, from top to bottom and from side to side. The structure was commenced at the first from carefully prepared plans. The enormous subterranean works, which occupied the workmen ten years, may still be seen, descending into the rock far deeper and farther than those of any other pyramid; and the whole structure, occupying twenty years of hard work, was finished by its founder, and completed according to the original design. The question of the Great Pyramid having been built for the purpose of a tomb is disposed of by Mr. Smyth in a very ingenious manner. The burial chambers of the old Egpptian kings were nothing but whole suites of apartments, gorgeously carved, and inscribed with emblems of self-glorification. But it just happens that the one pyramid of all, in which, as the grandest and most expensive, we should have expected to have found the most elaborate of these inscriptions, we find nothing of the sort—nothing but plane geometrical surfaces of exquisite workmanship; the stones worked by grinding processes to true mathematical figures, and with their joints cemented, but almost inconceivably fine and close, or no thicker than the vanishing thickness of a sheet of silver paper. Another theory among the *savans* has long been that the Great Pyramid, as included among the oldest pyramids of Memphis, is founded on alluvial mud, or on the surface of the great valley of the Nile. Mr. Smyth ridicules the idea altogether. What sinkings and tiltings of the Great Pyramid's floors would have taken place through long ages! Would they not, like the famous walls of Babylon, on similar soil, have gone down altogether out of sight, and never even remained to be measured at all? "The Great Pyramid," he says, "is in reality (and I declare it on the strength of nearly four months' residence at its foot) founded on a hill of compact limestone, at a level of about one hundred feet above the alluvial soil of Egypt, and to one side of it."

MENTAL POWERS OF ANIMALS.

THE lower animals, like man, manifestly feel pleasure and pain, happiness and misery. Happiness is never better exhibited than by young animals, such as puppies, kittens, and lambs, when playing together like our own children. Even insects play together, as has been described by P. Huber, who saw ants chasing and pretending to bite each other, like so many puppies.

It is a well-established fact that the lower animals are excited by the same emotions as ourselves. Terror acts in the same manner on them as on us, causing the muscles to tremble, the heart to palpitate, and the hair to stand on end. Suspicion, the offspring of fear, is eminently characteristic of most wild animals. Courage and timidity are extremely variable qualities in the individuals of the same species, as is plainly seen in dogs.

We see maternal affection exhibited in the most trifling details. Thus Rengger observed an American monkey carefully driving away the flies which plagued her infant, and Duvancel saw a hylobate washing the faces of her young ones in a stream. So intense is the grief of female monkeys for the loss of their young that it invariably caused the death of certain kinds kept under confinement by Brehm in North Africa. Orphan monkeys were always adopted and carefully guarded by the other monkeys, both male and female. One female baboon had so capacious a heart that she not only adopted young monkeys of other species, but stole young dogs and cats, which she continually carried about. An adopted kitten scratched this affectionate baboon, who certainly had a sharp intellect; for she was much astonished at being scratched, and immediately examined the kitten's feet, and without more ado bit off the claws. As Whewell has remarked, "Who that reads the touching instances of maternal affection related so often of the women of all nations, and of the females of all animals, can doubt that the principle of action is the same in the two cases?"

Most of the more complex emotions are common to the higher animals and ourselves. Every one has seen how jealous a dog is of his master's affection, if lavished on any other creature; the same fact is observed with monkeys. This shows that animals not only love, but have the desire to be loved. Animals manifestly feel emulation. They love approbation or praise; and a dog carrying a basket for his master exhibits in a high degree self-complacency or pride. A great dog scorns the snarling of a little dog, and this may be called magnanimity. Several observers have stated that monkeys certainly dislike being laughed at; and they sometimes invent imaginary offenses. In the Zoological Gardens there was a baboon who always got into a furious rage when his keeper took out a letter or book and read it aloud to him.

Hardly any faculty is more important for the intellectual progress of man than the power of attention. Animals clearly manifest this power, as when a cat watches by a hole and prepares to spring on its prey. Wild animals sometimes become so absorbed when thus engaged that they may be easily approached. Mr. Bartlett has furnished a curious proof how variable this faculty is in monkeys. A man who trains monkeys to act used to purchase common kinds from the Zoological Society at the price of five pounds for each; but he offered to give double the price if he might keep three or four of them for a few days in order to select from. When asked how he could possibly so soon learn whether a particular monkey would turn out a good actor, he answered that it all depended on their power of attention. If, when he was talking and explaining any thing to a monkey, its attention was easily distracted, as by a fly on the wall or other trifling object, the case was hopeless. If he tried by punishment to make an inattentive monkey act, it turned sulky. On the other hand, a monkey which carefully attended to him could always be trained.

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"HERE'S TO ICE IN SEPTEMBER A SHILLING THE POUND!"

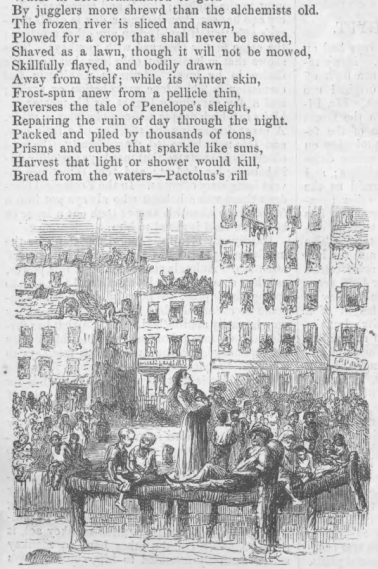
ICE AND COAL.

A YELLOW sunset of fierce July,
Deepening to glare in the cloudless sky;
The bare rocks burn with a hotter white,
The green of the forest is brown with blight;
Parched fields stretch past the powdery lane,
Down to the sunburnt patches that stain
The meadow-grass, wilted for lack of rain.
Thin shimmering streaks of warm air quiver
Where gleams like a mirror the steel-blue river.
It comes as a vision, that half a year past
Only the glint of ice-blue shone,
When, with clasping frost locked hard and fast,
It lay sheeted and buried, and dead as stone.

Hot on the water, hot in the air;
But under the vines and out of the glare
It is merry and cool on the old Dutch stoop,
Where, lounging and laughing, a careless group,
Puffing the air full of fragrant rings,
Loll round the table, with fruit and wine,
And lazily watch the sun decline—
Watch the shadow crossing the motionless sloop,
Like a sea-bird asleep, with folded wings,
And the fading radiance trailing down
Past the Palisades to the far off town.
Could the old Dutch settler, who, years ago,
Lived his life here, virtuous, steady, and slow,
Come back from the shades to the spot, he would know
The river and rocks and sky as the same,
But would turn from the men with scorn and shame:
Cunning and cool and fancy and fast,
They would strike both his conscience and senses aghast.

Silver glitters and crystal shines
Among delicate cates and rarest wines;
Ice in the goblets, ice on the grapes,
Ice in vases of classic shapes;
Ice tinted and flavored in pudding glacé,
Ice crusting the coolers with flasks of frappé:
As plentiful, sparkling, and flashing, in short,
As the aldermen's diamonds the party all sport.
The Monopolists' Ring, if none else can, are able—
Each as cruel and cold as the Ice-King of fable—
To enjoy their own plunder around their own table:
And, gloating over the market report,
Cry, "Come, hand up the Moët, and pass the toast round,
Here's to ice in September a shilling the pound!"

Down in yon hollow, close on the bank,
Straggles a huddled whitewashed rank
Of sheds, each huge as a stranded hulk,
A racked and toppling and bulging bulk,
Like overgrown chalets from Righi's side,
With an Alpine winter crammed inside.
Heaped full of crystal, pure and cold,
Water at zero transmuted to gold
By jugglers more shrewd than the alchemists old.
The frozen river is sliced and sawn,
Plowed for a crop that shall never be sowed,
Shaved as a lawn, though it will not be mowed,
Skillfully flayed, and bodily drawn
Away from itself; while its winter skin,
Frost-spun anew from a pellicle thin,
Reverses the tale of Penelope's sleight,
Repairing the ruin of day through the night.
Packed and piled by thousands of tons,
Prisms and cubes that sparkle like suns,
Harvest that light or shower would kill,
Bread from the waters—Pactolus's rill



"LAPPING THE ROTTEN PILES, THEY SWARM."

Fixed solid and gelid, translucent and pure,
Slipperiest shape for wealth most sure.
These sheds are their mine and their bank and their mint;
They pray at each solstice for frost and for fire,
That the crop may be ampler, the craving rise higher;
The holy-tide Christmas, with snow-drift's sting,
To them brings no blessing like coin to the Ring;
And the Fourth of July's heated, patriot thrill
Means nothing for them but more cash to the till.

Meanwhile on the far-off city the hand
Of an angel smites with a flaming brand,
Where the languor of thousands wearily drags
Past the blistering bricks, o'er the scorching flags.
Out of noisome dens in alley and slum,
Stricken and faint, the multitudes come;
From the ten-storied tenement's simmering hive
Crawl a myriad children, half alive;
Round the filthy docks, where the scum seethes warm,
Lapping the rotten piles, they swarm;
On the broiling roofs, in the dusty square,
They gasp for a breath of the dewless air:
Putrid and stagnant it hangs, where decay
Foul fever breeds, and day by day
A hundred sudden sun-strokes slay.

Will ye ransom these dead with the guilty price
Ye have wrung for your hoards of the blessed ice?
Will ye answer the little ones' perishing wail
With the miser's chuckle o'er cent. per cent.?
Whose are the treasures of snow and hail?
Who poured the waters and shed the frost
Which ye usurp at His children's cost?
Ye have stolen the blessings their Father lent;
Ye have peddled His elements' lavish mercies;
Ye have ground the poor by too pinched a dole
To keep together body and soul;
And you reap your gains in their dying curses.
They are heard above, and a day draws near
When your cowering spirits shall freeze with fear
At the still, small whisper, "Could ye not give
A cup of cold water that these might live?"

Our modern Mammon's a composite god,
Kneaded anew from a gilded clod,
With Moloch's cruelty, Belial's guile;
A brazen calf, with vulpine lip,
Dressed in a charter, crowned with scrip,
Baptized with a specious Corporate style,

"DROVE FOR DUTY FULL INTO DEATH'S FLAMING FACE."

And shrined in Directors' parlors snug;
With Pyrenee marble and Persian rug,
Sheets of mirrors in carved bronze doors,
Ormolu desks, and inlaid floors.
For elegant labor and sumptuous rest
He has splendidly feathered his business nest;
Where hidden tubes diffuse a vernal
Mild souvenir of his home infernal;
While, for ornament merely, his friends the Boards
Their picturesque fire-place can well afford
With costly cannel; for is he not lord
Of the vast under-ground bituminous hoards?
If into their conclave, busied with arts
To peel the people, a telegram darts
With its speech of lightning, that should be thunder,
To tell of some hideous, murderous blunder,
Do their faces blanch, though the cipher ran
Plain as God's message, "Thou art the man?"
Do they toss it away with an airy scoff,
"Next dividend-day that's something off?"

He could not so lightly laugh fate aside
Whom ye sent on that ghastly moonlight ride,
When, spectral and swift, the snow-sheeted land
Fled back from his engine on either hand,
Till he leaped the hell of that crater chasm,
And, wrenching from life with one glorious spasm,
Drove for duty full into death's flaming face—
Do ye stand as true to your work in your place?

What answer comes from the grimy caves
Delved by your swart, half-naked slaves,
Sweltering in gloom of the stifling drifts,
Pawning their lives for the meagre measure
Ye dole them back from the heaped-up treasure
They have wrung for you out of those perilous rifts?
Plunged in the depths of sunless chasms,
Among poisonous deaths and pale phantasms;
Wedging their frame-work of flimsy cribs
Far under the mountain's mighty ribs;
Lured by the anthracite's dusky gleams
Through yawning arches and crumbling seams;
Crouched under the bosses of crags appalling,
Forever clinging, forever falling;
Debarred from movement and sunlight and air—
Do ye guard the little of life ye spare
To these moles of the mine, with human care?
Let the chain of the worn-out windlass tell,
And the rotten cage of the creaking lift,
As it drops in the fathomless dark so swift
It smothers the cry of their dying yell!

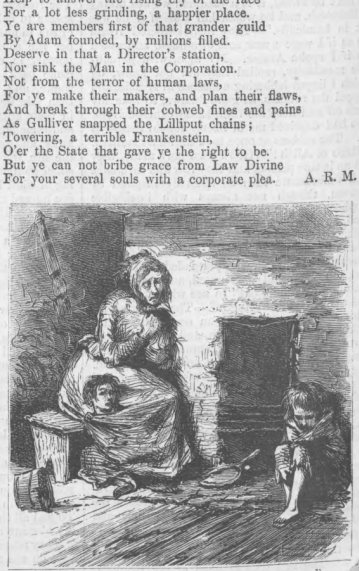
"TILL THE STARTLED WRETCHES LET FALL THE PICK."

Or mark that curling smoke that glides
Along the galleries' winding sides;
Slowly it eddies, coiling thick,
Till the startled wretches let fall the pick,
And, staggering, blinded, panting, grope
For the far-off outlet, their desperate hope.
'Tis a roaring tunnel of reek and flame!
Up through the vent of the single shaft,
Driven and sucked with a whirlwind draught,
'Mid the tumbling timbers and crashing frame
Of the brattice wreck, it howls and sweeps.
A hundred feet from the mouth it leaps,
Flashing an awful beacon glare
On the hurrying crowds. Had ye been there,
Those wives' and children's dumb despair
Might have deepened the mark of Cain
Set on your brow for your brothers slain.
On with the work, though the workers die—
But the pit, like a black and blinded eye,
Still looks for vengeance up to the sky.

So our Mammon shows, for his Moloch part;
But plies more safely sly Belial's art—
Proving with eloquent plausible tongue
Unions immoral, and strikes all wrong;
And how rules of justice applied to barter
Make every director out a martyr,
And the common traders and workmen mere traitors
To the public-spirited corporators.
Therefore—the logic halts a trifle,
But the system's perfect—his friends may rifle
The people's pockets on any pretense;
Call it cost of transport, or coal-yard rents,
Or royalty heavy—who cares for the rule
For packing the cards when you've clutched the pool?
Little they heed your tables of rates,
The poor, who cower over empty grates,
Pinching in bread to save for fuel—
Your last straw laid on their burdens cruel.
Will your sham statistics clothe and feed
The haggard thousands turned adrift
From the furnaces quenched by selfish thrift,
Ready to sink to crime from need?
The shivering mother, gaunt, forlorn,
Wishing her babes had ne'er been born,
Can she warm their limbs with your "net amounts,"
Or fill their stomachs with "cooked accounts?"
Ah! temper the wind to the lambs that are shorn!

Grant ye have done a work sublime,
Lent genius, energy, capital, time;
Ye have dug out wealth from the earth else dead,
And leveled the paths for its swifter spread;
Ye are stewards also for toil that earns—
Then reckon fairly the joint returns.
Bid science and skill and thought contrive
A key to the problem, how all may thrive.
Help to answer the rising cry of the race
For a lot less grinding, a happier place.
Ye are members first of that grander guild
By Adam founded, by millions filled.
Deserve in that a Director's station,
Nor sink the Man in the Corporation.
Not from the terror of human laws,
For ye make their makers, and plan their flaws,
And break through their cobweb fines and pains
As Gulliver snapped the Lilliput chains;
Towering, a terrible Frankenstein,
O'er the State that gave ye the right to be.
But ye can not bribe grace from Law Divine
For your several souls with a corporate plea.

A. R. M.



"THE SHIVERING MOTHER, GAUNT, FORLORN."

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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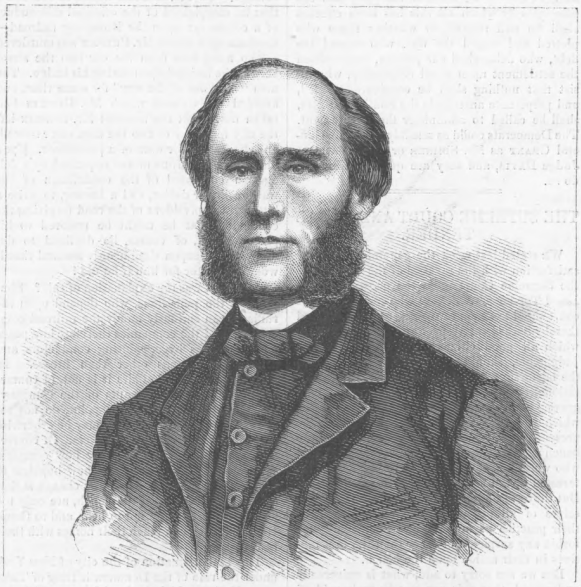
THE STREET-CAR MURDER.

A FEW days ago the city was shocked by the unprovoked murder of a gentleman on a street car, under circumstances of great atrocity. The victim, Mr. AVERY D. PUTNAM, was a merchant of deserved repute; his assailant was WILLIAM FOSTER, a conductor of the Broadway line of street cars. The circumstances of the tragedy, briefly detailed, were as follows:

On Wednesday evening, April 26, Mr. PUTNAM, in company with two ladies, Madame DUVAL and daughter, was proceeding up town in a Broadway car. Opposite the Gilsey House he asked the daughter if she had seen the clock in one of the towers of that building, and playfully remarked that it was so high as to require a spy-glass to see it in cloudy weather. The curiosity of the young lady being excited, she stepped to the front-door, near which she was sitting, to obtain a better view, when she was insulted by the driver and by FOSTER, who was standing just outside the door. Finding she had attracted their attention, she stepped back into the car and resumed her seat by her mother. The latter immediately closed the door. It was instantly thrown open by FOSTER, who leered insultingly at the ladies. Madame DUVAL shut the door in his face. It was immediately pushed open again and the insult repeated. It was not until this instant that Mr. PUTNAM became aware of these actions. He promptly interfered, stepping to the front-door and saying something to FOSTER which was inaudible to the occupants of the car. As he stepped back FOSTER followed, growling that he had paid his five cents, and would have the door open if he liked. Mr. PUTNAM answered that the lady was ill and could not have the door open, and then added, when FOSTER said he had a right to a seat, that he must not annoy the ladies, as they were with him. Mr. PUTNAM then sat down again, and FOSTER flung himself down into a seat beside Miss DUVAL, whom her mother immediately removed to the other side, whereupon the brute said, "What is it your business?" to which Madame DUVAL replied, "She is my daughter, Sir." FOSTER then asked Mr. PUTNAM, "How far up are you going?" but receiving no reply, repeated his question twice, with the same result, and then, in the tone of a savage infuriated beyond control, exclaimed, "Well, I'm going as far as you do, and I'll give you h—ll when you get off."



MR. AVERY D. PUTNAM, THE VICTIM OF THE STREET-CAR OUTRAGE.

On arriving at Forty-sixth Street Mr. PUTNAM and the ladies under his protection got out by the rear door. FOSTER had again taken his station on the front platform. The moment Mr. PUTNAM stepped from the car FOSTER seized the driver's iron hook, ran to the rear of the car, and struck his victim a terrible blow on the head with this heavy implement. Mr. PUTNAM fell to the ground in full sight of the conductor. FOSTER made his escape, the conductor rang the bell, and the driver whipped his horses into a run, leaving Mr. PUTNAM lying directly on the down track. No one interfered. None of the passers-by stopped to assist the ladies in dragging the body of their unfortunate friend to the sidewalk, out of the way of a down car, which was rapidly approaching. He was at length taken to a drug store, and thence removed, after a long delay, to a station-house, where he remained for some time awaiting the arrival of the police surgeon. After still further delay he was taken to St. Luke's Hospital, where he died on the morning of the 29th of April.

FOSTER was promptly arrested, and has been indicted for murder by the Grand Jury. The case has caused great excitement in the city, and the daily papers are filled with letters containing accounts of outrages committed in the street cars. The sketch we give of a car crowded with rowdies and thieves is a sight to be witnessed every day on almost every line in New York. Many of the conductors and drivers are either in league with these ruffians, or so cowed by them as to be incapable of protecting their passengers from frequent insult and outrage.

BEAUTIES OF STREET-CAR TRAVEL IN NEW YORK.—[DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART, FROM A SKETCH BY M. WOOD.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1871.

☞ *The* SUPPLEMENT *to this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains*

TWO POEMS BY JOHN HAY,

"THE MYSTERY OF GILGAL," *written expressly for the* WEEKLY, *and* "LITTLE BREECHES," *with Original Illustrations by* S. EYTINGE, JR. *The chapter of* "MEMORIES" *is devoted this week to* THEODORE HOOK, *and is replete with interesting anecdotes and reminiscences. The other main features of attraction are the continuation of the* "TODHUNTERS' AT LOANIN' HEAD," *a very interesting paper on* "PROTECTIVE RESEMBLANCES," *a Poem by* CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI, *a timely full-page Cartoon by* NAST, *a picture of a* GRAIN ELEVATOR AT THE ATLANTIC DOCKS, *and a sketch of the* BOWERY ON SATURDAY NIGHT.

☞ CHARLES READE'S *new Story,* "A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION," *is one of the most thrilling and powerful productions of this eminent master of fiction. It was commenced in* HARPER'S WEEKLY *for March* 1, *and is continued in the present Number.*

SQUARING THE CIRCLE.

THOSE who gravely speak of the nomination of Mr. SUMNER, or of Mr. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, or of Judge DAVIS, of Illinois, by the Democrats — and there are such serious suggestions—might, it seems to us, as wisely talk of squaring the circle. The Democratic managers could not propose such action without renouncing what they are pleased to call their principles, their entire policy, and the great multitude of their supporters. If the word "Democratic" were a name merely, which could be applied to a wise and humane policy as well as to the ignoble and reactionary tendency which it now describes, the plan suggested might be feasible. But that tendency is the substance and the strength of the Democratic party at this moment. The Southern element is now, as it has been for a generation, its vital element. Even the Democratic paper at the North which contests the wisdom of the Southern policy frankly concedes that "the real point is whether the Democratic party will attempt to abolish negro suffrage in the Presidential campaign of 1872."

What the Springfield *Republican* calls "the bold acceptance by the Democratic party of negro suffrage, the equality of citizenship, and the supremacy of the national power," would be simply the bold determination of that party to dissolve. It would be precisely the same thing as the bold acceptance by the Republicans of absolute State sovereignty, caste, and the invalidity of the settlement of the war. The final cause of parties is entirely forgotten in such a view. For a political party in this country is not merely an association of citizens for the pursuit of a certain purpose; it is an association which advocates a certain policy because the members hold certain principles which it is the object of the policy to establish in practice. Now the mass of the Democratic party do not believe in equal citizenship. They are, as they always have been, extremely ignorant, prejudiced, and narrow. That party has always been strongest in the section of the country where medieval traditions prevailed. It is strongest to-day in those parts where there is the most ignorance, and where the old slave-holding spirit tenaciously survives. Kentucky, Maryland, and the Southern States in which the late rebel feeling is strongest, are the chief Democratic States. The Democracy of those States hate equal citizenship. What would they gain in the object most precious to them by nominating Mr. SUMNER or Mr. ADAMS?

If the Democratic Convention, controlled by them, should profess acquiescence in all that they notoriously hate, the country would deserve disaster if it supposed they meant any thing but to obtain power, to be used for their own purposes, not for those of their opponents. Or if the Northern element of the party should impose a declaration of acquiescence upon the Southern wing, what man in his senses would willingly confide the honorable maintenance of the national settlements to a party so divided upon the question of their validity that it must be left to the chance of a majority in the convention to decide? The actual condition of the Democratic party may be seen in the discussion between the New York *World* and the Southern Democratic papers. The *World* says that the Southern Democrats will never believe that the Northern understand the sentiment of their section, and so perpetually insist upon platforms and candidates whose defeat is a foregone conclusion. The Southern Democratic press replies that it wants something, and not nothing; that it can not see what the Democratic policy gains by the election of a President of Republican principles; that the *World* has no faith in the great objects of the party, and would buy the chance of success by surrendering all that makes success desirable. The Mobile *Register* declares that the *World* is an impracticable, which shuts its eyes "to this great power of race instinct." It stigmatizes it as an unbeliever—a trimmer. "It is afraid of its own cause." And the *World*, which made the same struggle in 1868, and was defeated at every point, foresees the conflict in its party convention, and so confesses that the issue is whether the party will seek to abolish equal suffrage.

It is mere folly, therefore, to suggest that the Democratic party should try a short-cut to power by the nomination of a Republican. If the gentlemen named by the Springfield *Republican* have renounced their principles, their nomination could hardly strengthen the opposition. If they have not, their election would merely result in their dependence upon Republicans to carry out their policy. And to suppose that the two great parties can be dissolved at this crisis is to suppose national fatuity. The Union has been restored; the Constitution has been wisely amended; the civil administration is more efficient than for many years; the debt is steadily diminishing; taxation is constantly reduced; industry and confidence are revived except where the Democratic Ku-Klux prevails; the great foreign difference is on the eve of harmonious settlement; the name of the United States was never so honorable, its power never so respected, as now; and the practical question which the country is beginning to answer is, whether the party and the principles by which all this has been effected shall be still trusted, or whether those who plotted and waged the war, who caused the debt, who debauched our politics, who resisted the settlement upon equal citizenship, who insist that nothing shall be considered settled, and perpetuate anarchy in the Southern States, shall be called to administer the government. The Democrats could as sensibly nominate General GRANT as Mr. SUMNER or Mr. ADAMS or Judge DAVIS, and they are quite as likely to do so.

THE SUPREME COURT AND LEGAL TENDER.

WE stated last week the general grounds of satisfaction with the reversal of the decision of the Supreme Court upon the question of the Legal Tender act. Those who regret that the court should so soon reverse its own action, and thereby hazard the respect and confidence with which all good citizens desire to regard its judgments, should remember, however, that the misfortune of a decision against the constitutionality of a necessary war power is much graver than that of a reversal of judgment, which is by no means unprecedented. The presence of two judges who were not upon the bench when the first opinion was delivered, and who were then supposed to be professionally interested in the subject, is also to be regretted. But they are understood to have relieved themselves of all private connection arising from their practice as lawyers, and their characters forbid any suspicion of other than the best motives in their action upon the bench.

But we are sorry to add, what is universally understood, that this can not be truly said of the first opinion. The circumstances of the case unmistakably indicate that except for certain political hopes and expectations that opinion would probably not have been rendered. Even the Supreme Bench is not free from the soliciting whispers of political ambition. If, therefore, any one feels that the reversal of the judgment is to be deplored because of the former private interest of the two new judges in the subject, how much more deplorable would be the maintenance of a judgment politically inspired which strips the government of an essential power in a vital emergency! As for the resumption of specie payments, that is a question, as we said last week, which will not be determined by the Supreme Court.

There is one class of persons who will regard the reversal of the decision with profound disgust, and that is all those who wish to see the powers of the national government against its enemies weakened, and who are anxious to prove that the government was unconstitutionally saved. It is singular and suggestive that the chief comfort to this class should have been furnished by the gentleman at whose instance, as Secretary of the Treasury during the war, the Legal Tender act was passed.

THE PUTNAM MURDER.

MANY persons who observe the transformation of the Battery and of Washington Square and of the other public grounds of the city of New York into neat and pretty *plazas*, and who behold with pleasure the bright beds of hyacinths in the City Hall Park, are very apt to think that the government of the Ring is a very good government, and that they have never seen the city in such good order. The evidences which they observe, however, are precisely those which are always seen in an intelligent despotism. They are of the kind which used to fool Americans in Paris into the belief that LOUIS NAPOLEON'S government was a very good one. But what that government really was appeared when half of the Chassepôts would not fire, and more than half of the cartridges proved to be sand. It is very easy to plant hyacinths in the Park, but it is not easy nor possible to have a good government from bad men and methods. While the foolish tax-payer and citizen is congratulating himself upon the neatness of the public promenades, Mr. PUTNAM'S family is insulted, and Mr. PUTNAM is murdered in the street car, upon the chief thoroughfare of the city. And all decent men and women know that they enter those cars at their peril.

The reason of this condition of things is evident. The Tammany Ring, which has absolute control of the city, depends for its supremacy upon the favor of the worst class of the population; consequently, it must propitiate the ruffians. It requires bullies and repeaters on election day, and it must, therefore, wink at their offenses on other days. Thus, a man named WILLIAM SMITH was recently tried, and upon his arraignment pleaded guilty of grand larceny. The day before he was tried Mr. ALEXANDER FREAR, a member of the Legislature from the city of New York, and by the appointment of the Mayor one of the Commissioners of Charities and Corrections, telegraphed from Albany: "WILLIAM SMITH, to be tried to-morrow, is a friend of mine." There could be but one interpretation of such a message. Mr. FREAR holds his places by permission of the Ring, and it would be injurious to the Ring to alienate the class to which WILLIAM SMITH belongs. So Mr. GODKIN writes to the *Times* that he complained of the criminal misconduct of a conductor upon the Broadway railroad—the same upon which Mr. PUTNAM was murdered—who flung him from the car into the street because he insisted upon seeing his badge. The man "kept out of the way" for some time, and avoided the warrant which Mr. GODKIN had taken out. But the moment Mr. GODKIN left the city for a day or two the man was arrested, and discharged for want of a prosecutor. Upon his return, Mr. GODKIN was requested by a delegation composed of the councilman of the ward, a liquor dealer, and a brewer, to write a letter to the president of the road forgiving the conductor, that he might be restored to his place; which, of course, he declined to do, and was thereupon significantly assured that it would be better for him if he did!

And what was the explanation of this? Simply that the politicians, who depend upon the ruffians, can seriously annoy the railroad companies; and the companies therefore buy peace for themselves by appointing conductors and drivers for reasons other than fitness. In such a condition of affairs it is not, of course, surprising that the servants of the company, whom the bullies virtually appoint, do not resist them, nor that those who may be otherwise appointed are afraid to resist them. Of course, also, the passengers, who know how complete the system of the Ring is, and how hopeless to seek redress in courts where the chance is that a Ring judge sits upon the bench, are only too willing not to see and not to hear, and to thank Heaven if they can reach their homes with their heads whole.

This is the situation of the city of New York under the rule of the Democratic Ring of Tammany Hall, to which the Legislature, which was its tool, has just granted virtually absolute power. Public attention is more pointedly called to it just now, because of the cruel murder of Mr. PUTNAM in the Broadway cars for protesting against brutal insults to the ladies whom he was attending. The circumstances have occasioned scores of communications to the newspapers, showing how universal and incessant is this personal peril in the city. It is the immediate and necessary result of a political ascendency dependent upon the favor of the criminal classes. And as long as intelligent citizens of New York, because the parks are prettily adorned with hyacinths, vote with a party which is in league with ruffians, so long they do what they can to make such murders as that of Mr. PUTNAM probable. Meanwhile it is for good citizens every where to reflect that this lawless and menacing spirit, contemptuous of all personal rights, which is seen in this city and in the Ku-Klux of the Southern States, is observable mainly within the Democratic party. Servility to ignorance and ruffianism is more surely fatal to a free government than any other tendency; and that servility is to-day the vital condition of the existence of the Democratic party.

THE REAL ISSUE.

THE Mobile *Register*, which, after fiercely upholding human slavery as the corner-stone of free institutions, and struggling to the last to overthrow a mild and equable government which promised to curtail in the Territories of the United States the precious right of the Southern gentleman of selling at the auction-block the mother of his colored children, with her offspring—which cherished a system that was the degradation of slave and slave-holder together, and the foul stench and disgrace of the American name—which was utterly foiled in its hope of destroying the Constitution and government of the republic of the United States, to rear upon its ruins an empire of slavery—now begs its Democratic friends and allies not to oppose the "wonderful institution" known as Tammany, but to turn all their guns "on the Jacobin tyrant who sits enthroned at Washington to the terror of all patriots, and to the peril of free government." This is its description of the modest and honest soldier who finally frustrated the plans of the Mobile *Register* and its fellow-rebels, and who, by the will of the loyal and intelligent friends of the Union and of equal liberty—who are a great majority of the American people—is to-day in very truth, and to the joy of every honest believer in equal rights, "the terror" of such patriots as the Mobile *Register*, and "the peril" of the freedom of the Ku-Klux, the Mobile *Register's* friends.

The precise feeling of the Southern element of their party, upon which the Democratic leaders rely for success, is shown in the ardent appeals of the *Register* for harmony. Its one fond remembrance is the rebellion. Its one passionate hope is the destruction of the results of the Union victory. All its illustrations spring instinctively from its most familiar associations. Be friends! be friends! it cries to its allies. Don't underrate the power of Tammany. "Tammany is the right bower of the Democratic strength.....We fire no shots into Tammany while it stands a bulwark of strength, an adamantine wall, betwixt the Empire State and the Jacobin traitor to the Constitution of his country. *What would have been thought of* LEE'S *men firing into Stonewall* JACKSON'S BLÜCHER *corps when it came up to sweep the gray-coats on to victory on the Chickahominy?*.....The Democratic press and politicians would do far better to imitate Tammany.....than in making war upon *this Stonewall wing of the grand Democratic party.*"

This is no insignificant newspaper, nor uncertain sound. It is the voice of what Democratic authority calls "the most influential journal now published in the State." Americans! Republicans! it is with the same old rebel cries and aims, it is by gladly and proudly identifying itself with the lost cause, that the Democratic party enters upon the Presidential campaign. We appeal to every intelligent man of every party in the land, what advantage to the peace and prosperity of the country can be hoped from its success? The policy of disturbing the settlements is the only policy it proposes. Those who demand it are those who have always dominated the party, who will contemptuously leave to Tammany and its lackeys the plunder which they desire, and to whom Tammany and its lackeys will be absolutely subservient. "Its voice," says the *World*, speaking of the Mobile *Register*, "will be heard and heeded in the councils of the conservative men....." Certainly it will. It was precisely the same voice that was heard and heeded in the Democratic National Convention of 1868, and which then, as now, declared the settlements of the war to be "revolutionary, unconstitutional, and void."

MORE DESPOTISM.

IT is startling to remark how instinctively the Democratic party strikes at the great guarantees of liberty. And it is therefore not an unmixed misfortune that it now controls the State of New York, because this State is a lofty theatre, and what is done here is seen and pondered every where in the country. Those who remember the astounding proposition of Mr. DOUGLAS in the Senate, after the JOHN BROWN raid, which was, as he expressly declared, to make examples of the leaders of the Republican party as guilty of conspiring to invade other States because of their denunciations of slavery, will not be surprised by any similar attempt upon the part of the late allies of slavery. One of the most vital blows which the Democratic leaders have lately aimed at the heart of free government is the law passed by the Democratic Legislature of New York to repeal the regulations of the revised statutes in regard to contempt of court, and to restore the old common law rule. By the revised statutes of New York the extreme punishment for contempt was a fine of $250, or imprisonment in the county jail for not more than thirty days, or both, as the court should decide. But the common law permits the court to decide what is a contempt, and to punish it at its own discretion.

And this is what the Democratic Legislature proposes to restore, and as we write the bill awaits the signature of a Governor who is a Democratic candidate for nomination to the Presidency! The object of the bill is plain. The name of "New York judge" has become a by-word; not because there are not many of the ablest and purest magistrates upon the bench in the State, but because there are certain notorious and venal judges, who, as the New York *World* declares, "sell injustice at a price." The national disgrace that rests upon these judges, and which makes their names both odious and contemptible, is due to the fearless comments of the press. While a free press exists their offenses and those of their accomplices will be made conspicuous and notorious. Such hedges, however, are precious and indispensable to the imperial Ring; and just at the close of the session the Ring passed through the Legislature a bill which, if signed, will authorize every one of these judges to commit to jail any editor who may severely criticise his judicial conduct, and to despoil him of his property!

Has the public no interest in this matter? Because newspapers often publish false and often scurrilous articles, shall they be placed at the mercy of notoriously corrupt judges? The

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last resort left to us is the court of law. But when even that is defiled by the presence of bad men, shall we give them unlimited power to hide their offenses from the public eye? This is what the Democratic party in this State is trying to do. Is the object of the bill to protect Chief Justice CHURCH and his associates of the Court of Appeals, or the Supreme judges of the interior, or Judge DALY of the city Common Pleas, or any conspicuously upright magistrate in the State from criticism or censure? Would any such magistrate need or ask such power? Every body knows that they would not. Whom, then, this law means to invest with this authority is evident. It is the corrupt judges. Its true title would be, An Act to Destroy the Freedom of the Press, in Order to Promote and Conceal the Corruption of Certain Judges. And this is a Democratic proposition. And, as we write, a Democratic Governor is deliberating whether to sign it. *N.B.* It is the same Governor who signed the Erie bill.

"AN OUTRAGE ON WOMANHOOD."

THERE are a great many excellent American politicians who can not bring themselves to regard the extension of political rights to women as any thing but a rather weak jest. They will, of course, therefore, be confounded by the imposing array of familiar and honored names in England which favor the movement, and by the attention which the question receives in Parliament. Besides, although the proposition is defeated every time it is presented, it is always with an increasing minority. Mr. JACOB BRIGHT recently introduced a bill to enfranchise women, and Mr. GLADSTONE made a speech of some length upon the question. He was not inclined to drag women into the mire of politics, as the common phrase is, but he did not object to female suffrage, founded, as in Italy, upon property, and said that he would sustain a careful measure for that object.

Mr. BERESFORD HOPE gallantly opposed the bill as "an outrage upon womanhood." This is, in another form, the fine old Tory argument of the "bulwarks of the Constitution," which has done such untiring duty in the debates upon every reform ever proposed in Parliament. Moreover, it is the great and familiar argument of all the opponents of this measure. That women should own property and be taxed, that they should vote as stockholders, that they should be directors of charitable institutions, and sit upon school committees, that they should have political opinions and express them, and influence politics without responsibility as much as possible—all this is permitted; all this may be done without damage to the finer instincts of our common nature, and without desecrating the ideal of womanhood. But that they should express opinions in the form of a ballot, and sit upon committees for other purposes than charities and schools, this is an assault upon the foundations of things, and offers no prospect but that of chaos itself. It is a cataclysm like that of which HOLMES sings:

> "And when I left, Society
> Had burst its ancient guards,
> And Brattle Street and Temple Place
> Were interchanging cards."

Mr. BRIGHT's proposed "outrage on womanhood" was defeated by a majority of sixty-nine only—a defeat full of promise.

A BUREAU OF CHARITIES.

MR. BRACE, whose life has been consecrated to successful charitable effort in the city of New York, writes a letter to the *Times* showing the need of a bureau of information. Every body who has had experience of the effort at relief of suffering and poverty will at once see the wisdom of the suggestion. It appears that charitable movements are constantly duplicating each other, to the general loss of the community in many ways. Moreover, from the want of general information as to the scope and method of various societies, they are constantly encroaching upon each other's proper field, while none of them touch vast masses of evil and suffering. One curious result of this situation is that shrewd idlers who make it a business to master the different requirements and conditions of various benevolent agencies in the city become comfortable paupers, who live "by a sort of science of alms." Like every Christian philanthropist who has carefully studied the subject, Mr. BRACE is confident that this trade in alms paralyzes and ruins efficient charity.

He proposes a bureau of charities, at which every body could ascertain about every existing charity, which would serve also as a kind of clearing-house between the organizations themselves. It could not fail to help the poor and the honest; and if it were managed by the State Board of Charities, whose duty it is to expose bogus institutions, a great proportion of the swindling in charities would disappear, and charitable will and effort would be stimulated by knowing that they were efficient. For the nonce we make ourselves a bureau of charities to remind all who have flowers, and would cheer the weary and suffering souls in the hospitals, who can not behold the beauty of the season, that if they will leave or send flowers, few or many, to 237 Fourth Avenue, between Nineteenth and Twentieth streets, on Mondays and Thursdays, between ten and one o'clock, they will receive the blessings of the sick and dying. It is a charity in which many ladies known to us are interested. If there were a general bureau, this opportunity, which can now only be known to a few, would be known to all whose hearts incline them to benevolence.

THE PEOPLE AND THE KU-KLUX.

THE President's proclamation under the Ku-Klux law is a simple, earnest appeal to the people of the disturbed section to keep the peace and secure the rights of all citizens through the agency of local laws. It is the sincere expression of a wish not to be compelled to exercise the great powers confided to him, but also of a fixed resolution not to hesitate to use them if his warning does not suffice. The proclamation is both firm and modest; and in the assertion of the authority confided to him by the representatives of the people it contrasts agreeably with the dictatorial tone which is apt to characterize such documents.

We have heretofore plainly expressed our unfavorable view of the law itself. Whether the method devised by Congress for restoring order and protecting rights is the best method remains to be proved. But there is no question in the mind of any honorable and intelligent citizen that the President speaks like the proved patriot and honest man that he is when he says: "It is my earnest wish that peace and cheerful obedience to the law may prevail throughout the land, and that all traces of our late unhappy civil strife may be speedily removed. These ends can be easily reached by acquiescence in the results of the conflict, now written in our Constitution, and by the due and proper enforcement of equal, just, and impartial laws in every part of our country." That is the platform of every hearty Republican; and that is what the Democrat resists.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

WE learn that the Massachusetts Commissioners of Fish and Fisheries have leased a fish pound on Vineyard Sound, and propose to carry it on in the interest of the State, with the special object of determining various questions connected with the influence which this kind of apparatus has upon our coast fisheries.

The report of the keeper of the celebrated Stormontfield salmon-breeding ponds, in Scotland, for 1870, shows that during the breeding season over 600,000 eggs were procured. The success of this establishment in rearing young fish is well known, the number of eggs hatched usually amounting to over 90 per cent., and most of the young are raised to the age of smolts with very little loss.

We learn from *Nature* that Dr. HOOKER has just started on a botanical expedition of some eight or ten weeks into the little-known interior of Morocco. He is to be accompanied by Mr. J. BALE and Mr. G. MAW, while one of the gardeners of Kew will assist him in collecting plants.

The death of Professor LARTET, of Paris, makes a sad gap in the history of workers in the department of archæology and paleontology. This gentleman is well known for his scientific discoveries, and especially by his labors in connection with the prehistoric remains found in various parts of France, particularly those belonging to the so-called reindeer period. In the work undertaken by him in connection with Mr. HENRY CHRISTY, of London, entitled "Reliquiæ Aquitanicæ," and still in course of publication, are found the main results of the investigation in question. The fossil mammalia of France also received much attention from Professor LARTET. A special characteristic of Professor LARTET was his extreme generosity in sharing his collections, valuable series having been presented by him to many of the principal museums in Europe and America, with the special object of advancing science.

According to *Nature*, the leaders of the insurrection in Paris have suspended the publication of the "Comptes Rendus," the record of the proceedings of the Academy of Sciences in Paris. The Academy itself, however, continues its sessions uninterruptedly. It is stated that the public libraries and scientific establishments in Paris appear to be mostly closed, and that the museums have not as yet apparently been disturbed.

A company has lately been formed in the city of New York, with the title of "The Blooming Grove Park Association," which bids fair to furnish an important addition to the many sources of recreation and amusement at the command of New Yorkers. For this object a large tract of land has been purchased in Pike County, Pennsylvania, to the extent of twelve thousand acres, while other adjacent tracts have been rented for a given period. The company is authorized to own 30,000 acres, and to rent 20,000 more. It is proposed to inclose this property in a substantial fence, and to put up the buildings necessary to make the place one of wholesome and agreeable resort during the proper season of the year.

The prospectus of the Association states that a large amount of game is already to be found on this estate, and that measures have been initiated looking toward its increase, as well as to furnishing a full supply of trout and other fish in its lakes and streams. The Legislature of Pennsylvania has given a liberal charter securing to the company its rights and privileges, and its projectors are sanguine as to their ability to carry out to the utmost their anticipations, and to make the locality one of great attractiveness. The nearest station on the Erie Railroad is said to be only four hours' ride from New York, the head-quarters of the Park being ten miles distant. The president and officers of the Association are all well-known citizens of New York, Mr. FAYETTE S. GILES being the President; Colonel BRUCE, Vice-President; Mr. GENIO C. SCOTT, Treasurer; CHARLES HALLOCK, Corresponding Secretary; and Mr. JOHN M. TAYLOR, Recording Secretary.

The capital stock is fixed at $225,000, in $450 shares, each share giving full membership, with its privileges, and a pro rata ownership in the property and all its improvements. The annual dues are not to exceed $75.

We are informed that 350 deer were killed on the estate last fall.

A trader who has just returned to New Mexico from the region of the Little Colorado announces the discovery, near that stream, of a remarkable series of walled forts, built of solid masonry, united with cement, and each provided with bastions, ditch, etc., and containing in the centre a reservoir for water. These, he says, occupy the extreme edges of high points of land jutting into the valley, and extending for a mile and a half along its course. In the bottom he found ruins of towers built of adobe, and traces of large irrigating ditches. Whether such remains actually have any existence, and, if so, whether they belong to the period of Spanish occupation of the country or not, or whether this account is to be ranked among the numerous archæological hoaxes so common at the present time, further inquiry is needed to determine.

The latest news from Sir SAMUEL BAKER's important command is to the effect that he is endeavoring to make a passage around a part of the river Nile that is filled up for two or three miles with dead trees and mud, at a point situated about 6° north latitude. We learn that Dr. GEDGE, the surgeon and naturalist of the expedition, died ashore a short distance above Caitoon.

From the inquiries prosecuted on the part of the British survey ship *Porcupine*, during the past year, good evidence was found, in the opinion of Dr. CARPENTER, to prove that while there is a constant surface stream flowing from the Atlantic into the Mediterranean, there is also a constant return current in mid-channel from the Mediterranean toward the Atlantic. This fact has long been suspected by physicists, but now seems to have been well established by experiments made during the investigations referred to.

Researches in South Africa by Mr. BAYNE, prosecuted for the last two or three years, are considered as adding an important chapter to the geography of the interior of that continent. The survey was extended over the gold-yielding country lying between the Limpopo and Zambezi rivers, the farthest point north reached being 70° 30′ south latitude, the distance from the Zambezi at one time being only one hundred and twenty miles. On this line Mr. BAYNE met with the upper part of a number of streams, flowing on the one side into the Zambezi, and on the other into the Indian Ocean, the high lands forming the water-shed of this part of Africa.

According to late advices from South America, an unusually brilliant electric phenomenon was visible from Tacna, on the coast of Peru, early in March of the present year, around the snowy peak of Tacora, lasting for over two hours. The lightnings were of extraordinary shapes, and the thunders were of such intensity, and were heard over so wide an extent of country, as to completely terrify the population, unused to such exhibitions. This unwonted display was preceded by a slight shock of earthquake on the previous night.

According to the *Comercio*, of Lima, on the 12th of February, at Pitchican, an extraordinary meteor, of an oblong shape, and of a red color, was seen to descend suddenly from the sky toward the earth; and, as soon as it touched, an explosion occurred, leaving a dense cloud over the place, and knocking down a fence for about five hundred yards. Among the stones heaped around by this meteoric body were found recently deceased fishes of different species, which were supposed to have been lifted out of the river and dashed against the stones.

The details of later advices from the Isthmus of Panama indicate the discovery of a rather low water-shed between the Atlantic and Pacific, on the Isthmus of Darien, although the feasibility of constructing a canal is, after all, by no means well established. As far as the engineering possibilities are concerned, the chance seems to be much more favorable by way of Nicaragua, the result of a late investigation by Mr. SONNENSTERN in behalf of the Nicaraguan government serving to show that a route of 220 miles can be found connecting the two oceans, 196 of which is already constituted by the rivers and lakes of the country, leaving only twenty-four miles of land to be excavated, with a maximum elevation of not more than twenty-six feet. A slight drawback, however, to the value of this line is to be found in the fact, stated in the same paper, that the harbor of San Juan del Norte has been nearly filled up by a sand-bar, entirely preventing the entrance of vessels!

We gave an account, some months ago, of the geological explorations prosecuted during the past summer by Professor F. V. HAYDEN, under the authority of the Department of the Interior, and pointed out his route and the general result of his labors. The official report of this exploration has just been published by government in a well-printed volume of over five hundred pages, containing a full account of the geology and natural history of the region traversed. It embraces an article by Professor HAYDEN upon the physical character and local geology of the different sections of his route, which extended from Cheyenne, by way of Fort Fetterman, South Pass, Fort Bridger, the Uinta Mountains, to Green River, and back again, via Bridger's Pass, to Cheyenne. This is followed by an account of the geology of the Missouri Valley from Omaha to Salt Lake Valley, with observations on the mines, ores, coals, and salts.

An appendix contains an article by Professor CYRUS THOMAS upon the agricultural possibilities of the country, with a list of the orthopterous insects, including a number of new species, followed by a number of special reports—one by Professor MEEK, on the invertebrate fossils; on the tertiary coals of the West, by Professor HODGE; on the ancient lakes of Western America, by Professor NEWBERRY; on the vertebrate fossils of the tertiary formation, by Professor LEIDY; on the fossil plants of the cretaceous and tertiary formations of Kansas and Nebraska, by Mr. LESQUEREUX; on the fossil reptiles and fishes of the cretaceous rocks of Kansas, the fossil fishes of the Green River group, and the recent reptiles and fishes, by Professor COPE; and on the industrial resources of Western Kansas and Eastern Colorado, by Mr. ELLIOTT. Lists of the mammals, mollusks, and birds, of the coleoptera, hemiptera, and plants, are also included, together with an account of the general meteorology of the expedition. A large number of new species of different kinds are described, and the whole work forms a very important addition to our information relative to the geology, geography, and natural history of the West.

At the meeting of the California Academy of Sciences, held on the 17th of April, attention was called by the President, Dr. BLAKE, to the state of the atmosphere during the preceding few days, the barometer having been lower than at any time during the past winter. A southerly wind had prevailed also for an unusual length of time. This adds to the list of uncommon disturbances of the atmosphere on the western coast, reference to which, as occurring on the coast of Chili and Peru, is made in another column.

The first steamer of the new line of the North German Lloyds Company, running between Bremen and the Isthmus of Panama, arrived at Aspinwall on the 27th of March.

The second and third annual reports of the Peabody Academy of Science of Salem (for 1869 and 1870) have just been published, giving a gratifying account of the activity of that young and energetic society, which, although only in the third year of its existence, already ranks among the best establishments of the kind in the country, and which, in the number of excellent working naturalists associated with it, is rapidly making its mark. The donations to the museum of the academy during 1870 alone amounted to 195, received from 148 different persons. The identification of the specimens presented has been accomplished by the officers of the academy, aided by specialists in other parts of the country. The reports embrace references to several exploring expeditions instituted in the interest of the academy in different parts of the United States as well as in Central America.

The second number of the first volume of the Memoirs of the academy has also just appeared, and closely resembles typographically, as well as in size and other features, the well-known Memoirs of the Boston Society of Natural History, and of the Museum of Comparative Zoology. This part is occupied entirely by a paper upon the embryology of certain neuropterous and other insects, by Dr. A. S. PACKARD, Jun., the Secretary of the Council.

The first annual report of the Commissioners of Fisheries of the State of New Jersey (Drs. SLACK and HOWELL) has just been published, and contains much important information in regard to the fisheries of the Delaware River. The future reports of these gentlemen as to their success in carrying out the programme detailed in the introductory paper will be looked for with much interest by persons who are occupied with the subject of fish and fisheries.

The use of iron tanks of large dimensions for transporting petroleum from the oil wells to great distances was justly looked upon as one of the greatest improvements in the business, on account of the saving of expense in the way of casks, and the avoidance of danger in consequence of leakage. An ingenious firm in Cincinnati, Messrs. A. GUNNISON & Co., have introduced this same feature into the transportation of lard-oil, and especially of whale-oil; and it is more than probable that in a very short time the cargoes of the whalers in the Pacific will be shipped at San Francisco in such tanks, and brought across the country to the East.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

PRESIDENT GRANT has taken steps to protect the citizens of South Carolina from further outrages by the Ku-Klux by sending a strong body of cavalry, a detachment of infantry, and several pieces of artillery to Charleston and Columbia, for use in any counties where the civil authorities are powerless to give protection.

Decisions have just been rendered in the Supreme Court of the United States in the legal tender cases of Knox *vs.* Lee, and Parker *vs.* Davis, affirming that the act of Congress known as the "Legal Tender act," as to contracts before and since the war, is constitutional. The Chief Justice, and Justices Nelson, Clifford, and Field, dissented.

The investigation into the alleged election frauds in Connecticut has brought gross irregularities to light, and shows that the ballot-boxes were in several instances tampered with after the polls had closed.

The mining troubles seem to be approaching an end. The miners have lost confidence in the leaders, who have deceived them with false representations, and after losing half a year's wages, they are gradually returning to work.

The Russian consul in this city has received official intelligence that the visit of the Russian prince to this country has been postponed till fall.

The returns show that nearly every town in Massachusetts which recently voted on the question of licensing the sale of beer and ale, voted "no" by a large majority.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ON the 8th instant affairs in and around Paris remained essentially unchanged. Several minor engagements had taken place before the walls, in which the Versailles troops generally had the advantage. General Cluseret has been dismissed from the position of Minister of War, by order of the Commune, for failing to have Fort Issy properly defended.

The Thiers government has decreed the banishment of the Orleans princes.

The Commune has abolished all political and professional oaths, and suppressed no less than six journals.

Official intelligence of the safety of Dr. Livingstone has been received in London.

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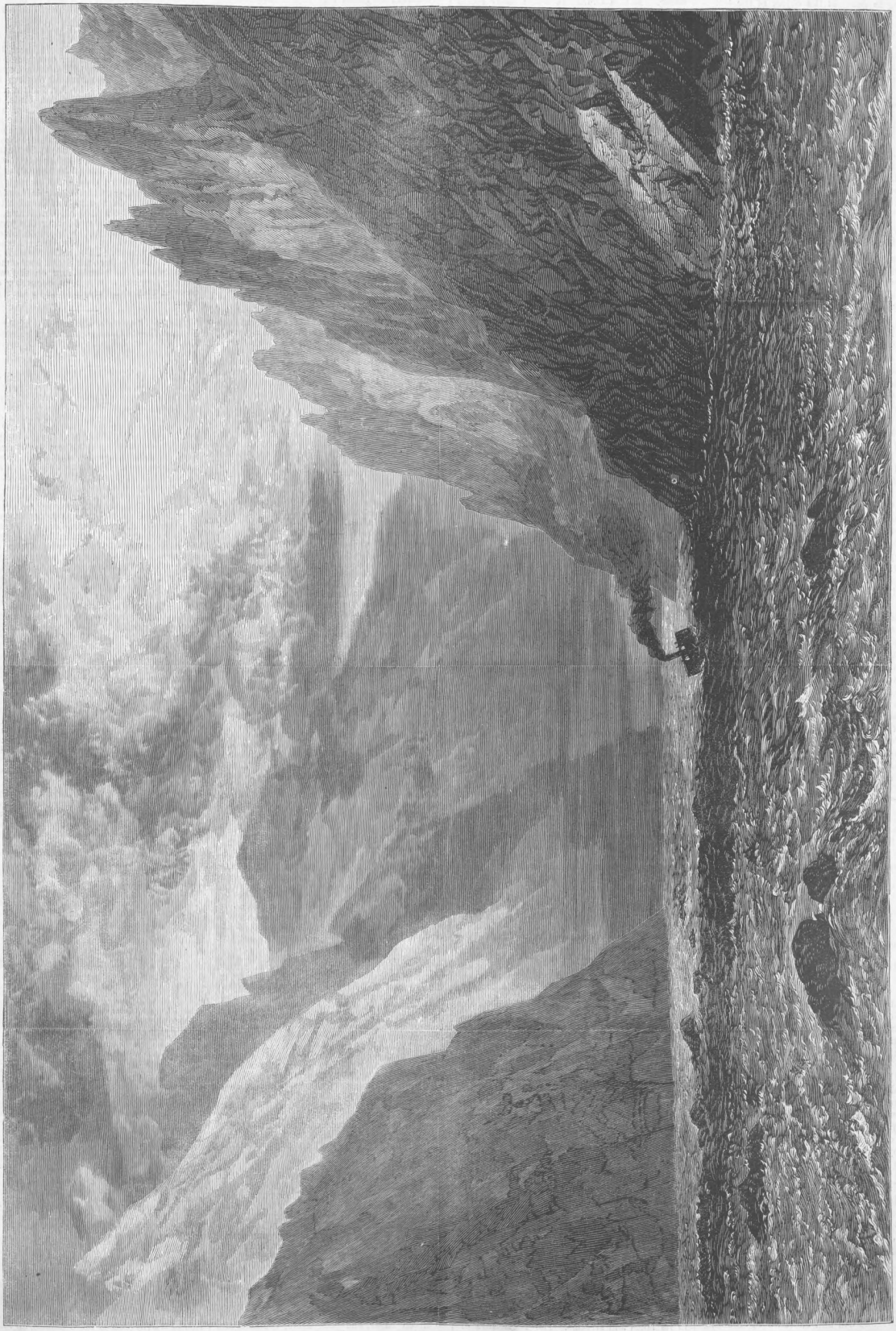

THE IRON GATE OF THE DANUBE, NEAR ORSOVA, IN WALLACHIA.—[See Page 462.]

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A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION.

BY CHARLES READE.

WITH MANY ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

"MAY it please your Lordship: Gentlemen of the Jury—The plaintiff in this case is Richard Bassett, Esquire, the direct and lineal representative of that old and honorable family, whose monuments are to be seen in several churches in this county, and whose estates are the largest, I believe, in the county. He would have succeeded, as a matter of course, to those estates, but for an arrangement made only a year before he was born, by which, contrary to nature and justice, he was denuded of those estates, and they passed to the defendant. The defendant is no-wise to blame for that piece of injustice; but he profits by it, and it might be expected that his good fortune would soften his heart toward his unfortunate relative. I say that if uncommon tenderness might be expected to be shown by any body to this deserving and unfortunate gentleman, it would be by Sir Charles Bassett, who enjoys his cousin's ancestral estates, and can so well appreciate what that cousin has lost by no fault of his own."

"Hear! hear!"

"Silence in the court!"

The Judge.—I must request that there may be no manifestation of feeling.

Counsel.—I will endeavor to provoke none, my lord. It is a very simple case, and I shall not occupy you long. Well, gentlemen, Mr. Bassett is a poor man, by no fault of his; but if he is poor, he is proud and honorable. He has met the frowns of fortune like a gentleman—like a man. He has not solicited government for a place. He has not whined nor lamented. He has dignified unmerited poverty by prudence and self-denial; and, unable to forget that he is a Bassett, he has put by a little money every year, and bought a small estate or two, and had even applied to the Lord-Lieutenant to make him a justice of the peace, when a most severe and unexpected blow fell upon him. Among those large proprietors who respected him in spite of his humbler circumstances was Mr. Hardwicke, one of the county members. Well, gentlemen, on the 21st of last May Mr. Bassett received a letter from Mr. Hardwicke inclosing one purporting to be from Sir Charles Bassett—

The Judge.—Does Sir Charles Bassett admit the letter?

Defendant's Counsel (after a word with Oldfield).—Yes, my lord.

Plaintiff's Counsel.—A letter admitted to be written by Sir Charles Bassett. That letter shall be read to you.

The letter was then read.

The counsel resumed: "Conceive, if you can, the effect of this blow, just as my unhappy and most deserving client was rising a little in the world. I shall prove that it excluded him from Mr. Hardwicke's house, and other houses too. He is a man of too much importance to risk affronts. He has never entered the door of any gentleman in this county since his powerful relative published this cruel libel. He has drawn his Spartan cloak around him, and he awaits your verdict to resume that place among you which is due to him in every way—due to him as the heir in direct line to the wealth, and, above all, to the honor of the Bassetts; due to him as Sir Charles Bassett's heir at law; and due to him on account of the decency and fortitude with which he has borne adversity, and with which he now repels foul-mouthed slander."

"Hear! hear!"

"Silence in the court!"

"I have done, gentlemen, for the present. Indeed, eloquence, even if I possessed it, would be superfluous; the facts speak for themselves.—Call James Hardwicke, Esq."

Mr. Hardwicke proved the receipt of the letter from Sir Charles, and that he had sent it to Mr. Bassett; and that Mr. Bassett had not entered his house since then, nor had he invited him.

Mr. Bassett was then called, and, being duly trained by Wheeler, abstained from all heat, and wore an air of dignified dejection. His counsel examined him, and his replies bore out the opening statement. Every body thought him sure of a verdict.

He was then cross-examined. Defendant's counsel pressed him about his unfair way of shooting. The judge interfered, and said that was trifling. If there was no substantial defense, why not settle the matter?

"There is a defense, my lord."

"Then it is time you disclosed it."

"Very well, my lord. Mr. Bassett, did you ever write an anonymous letter?"

"Not that I remember."

"Oh, that appears to you a trifle. It is not so considered."

The Judge.—Be more particular in your question.

"I will, my lord.—Did you ever write an anonymous letter, to make mischief between Sir Charles and Lady Bassett?"

"Never," said the witness; but he turned pale.

"Do you mean to say you did not write this letter to Miss Bruce? Look at the letter, Mr. Bassett, before you reply."

Bassett cast one swift glance of agony at Wheeler; then braced himself like iron. He examined the letter attentively, turned it over, lived an age, and said it was not his writing.

"Do you swear that?"

"Certainly."

Defendant's Counsel.—I shall ask your lordship to take down that reply. If persisted in, my client will indict the witness for perjury.

Plaintiff's Counsel.—Don't threaten the witness as well as insult him, please.

The Judge.—He is an educated man, and knows the duty he owes to God and the defendant.—Take time, Mr. Bassett, and recollect. Did you write that letter?

"No, my lord."

Counsel waited for the judge to note the reply, then proceeded.

"You have lately corresponded with Lady Bassett, I think?"

"Yes. Her ladyship opened a correspondence with me."

"It is a lie!" roared Sir Charles Bassett from the door of the grand jury room.

"Silence in the court!"

The Judge.—Who made that unseemly remark?

Sir Charles.—I did, my lord. My wife never corresponded with the cur.

The Plaintiff.—It is only one insult more, gentlemen, and as false as the rest. Permit me, my lord. My own counsel would never have put the question. I would not, for the world, give Lady Bassett pain; but Sir Charles and his counsel have extorted the truth from me. Her ladyship did open a correspondence with me, and a friendly one.

The Plaintiff's Counsel.—Will your lordship ask whether that was after the defendant had written the libel?

The question was put, and answered in the affirmative.

Lady Bassett hid her face in her hands. Sir Charles saw the movement, and groaned aloud.

"MARY," SAID SHE, "WHAT IS THE MATTER?"

The Judge.—I beg the case may not be encumbered with irrelevant matter.

Counsel replied that the correspondence would be made evidence in the case. (*To the witness.*)—"You wrote this letter to Lady Bassett?"

"Yes."

"And every word in it?"

"And every word in it," faltered Bassett, now ashy pale, for he began to see the trap.

"Then you wrote this word 'character,' and this word 'injured,' and this word—"

The Judge (peevishly).—He tells you he wrote every word in those letters to Lady Bassett. What more would you have?

Counsel.—If your lordship will be good enough to examine the correspondence, and compare those words in it I have underlined with the same words in the anonymous letter, you will perhaps find I know my business better than you seem to think. (The counsel who ventured on this remonstrance was a sergeant.)

"Brother Eitherside," said the judge, with a charming manner, "you satisfied me of that, to my cost, long ago, whenever I had you against me in a case. Please hand me the letters."

While the judge was making a keen comparison, counsel continued the cross-examination.

"You are aware that this letter caused a separation between Sir Charles Bassett and the lady he was engaged to?"

"I know nothing about it?"

"Indeed! Well, were you acquainted with the Miss Somerset mentioned in this letter?"

"Slightly."

"You have been at her house?"

"Once or twice."

"Which? Twice is double as often as once, you know."

"Twice."

"No more?"

"Not that I recollect."

"You wrote to her?"

"I may have."

"Did you, or did you not?"

"I did."

"What was the purport of that letter?"

"I can't recollect at this distance of time."

"On your oath, Sir, did you not write urging her to co-operate with you to keep Sir Charles Bassett from marrying his affianced, Miss Bella Bruce, to whom that anonymous letter was written with the same object?"

The perspiration now rolled in visible drops down the tortured liar's face. Yet still, by a gigantic effort, he stood firm, and even planted a blow.

"I did not write the anonymous letter. But I believe I told Miss Somerset I loved Miss Bruce, and that *her* lover was robbing me of mine, as he had robbed me of every thing else."

"And that was all you said—on your oath?"

"All I can recollect." With this the strong man, cowed, terrified, expecting his letter to Somerset to be produced, and so the iron chain of evidence completed, gasped out, "Man, you tear open all my wounds at once!" and with this burst out sobbing, and lamenting aloud that he had ever been born.

Counsel waited calmly till he should be in a condition to receive another dose.

"Oh, will nobody stop this cruel trial?" said Lady Bassett, with the tears trickling down her face.

The judge heard this remark without seeming to do so.

He said to defendant's counsel, "Whatever the truth may be, you have proved enough to show Sir Charles Bassett might well have an honest conviction that Mr. Bassett had done a dastardly act. Whether a jury would ever agree on a question of handwriting must always be doubtful. Looking at the relationship of the parties, is it advisable to carry this matter farther? If I might advise the gentlemen, they would each consent to withdraw a juror."

Upon this suggestion the counsel for both parties put their heads together in animated whispers; and during this the judge made a remark to the jury, intended for the public: "Since Lady Bassett's name has been drawn into this, I must say that I have read her letters to Mr. Bassett, and they are such as she could write without in the least compromising her husband. Indeed, now the defense is disclosed, they appear to me to be wise and kindly letters, such as only a good wife, a high-bred lady, and a true Christian could write in so delicate a matter."

Plaintiff's Counsel.—My lord, we are agreed to withdraw a juror.

Defendant's Counsel.—Out of respect for your lordship's advice, and not from any doubt of the result on *our* part.

The Crier.—WACE *v.* HALIBURTON!

And so the car of justice rolled on till it came to Wheeler *v.* Bassett.

This case was soon disposed of.

Sir Charles Bassett was dignified and calm in the witness-box, and treated the whole matter with high-bred nonchalance, as one unworthy of the attention the Court was good enough to bestow on it. The judge disapproved the assault, but said the plaintiff had drawn it on himself by unprofessional conduct, and by threatening a gentleman in his own house. Verdict for the plaintiff—40*s*. The judge refused to certify for costs.

Lady Bassett, her throat parched with excitement, drove home, and awaited her husband's return with no little anxiety. As soon as she heard him in his dressing-room she glided in, and went down on her knees to him. "Pray, pray don't scold me; I couldn't bear you to be defeated, Charles."

Sir Charles raised her, but did not kiss her.

"You think only of me," said he, rather sadly. "It is a sorry victory, too dearly bought."

Then she began to cry.

Sir Charles begged her not to cry; but still he did not kiss her, nor conceal his mortification: he hardly spoke to her for several days.

She accepted her disgrace pensively and patiently. She thought it all over, and felt her husband was right, and loved her like a man. But she thought, also, that she was not very wrong to love him in her way. Wrong or not, she felt she could not sit idle and see his enemy defeat him.

The coolness died away by degrees, with so much humility on one side and so much love on both: but the subject was interdicted forever.

A week after the trial Lady Bassett wrote to Mrs. Marsh, under cover to Mr. Oldfield, and told her how the trial had gone, and, with many expressions of gratitude, invited her and her husband to Huntercombe Hall. She told Sir Charles what she had done, and he wore a very strange look. "Might I suggest that we have them alone?" said he, dryly.

"By all means," said Lady Bassett. "I don't want to share my paragon with any body."

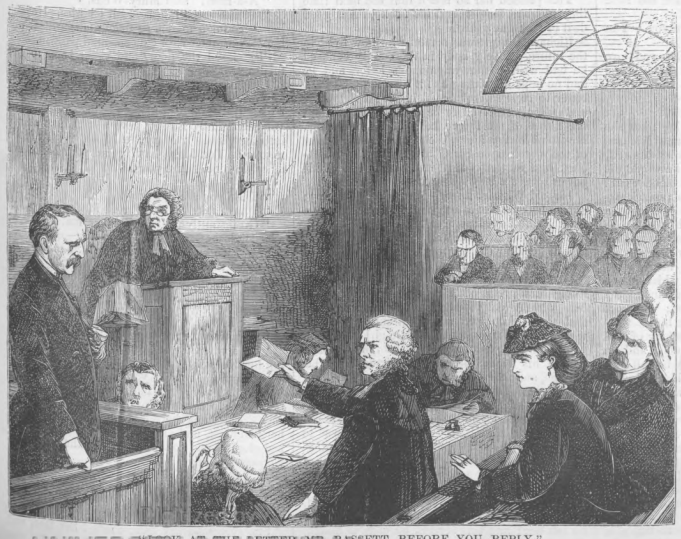
In due course a reply came; Mr. and Mrs. Marsh would avail themselves some day of Lady Bassett's kindness: at present they were going abroad. The letter was written by a man's hand.

About this time Oldfield sent Sir Charles Miss Somerset's deed, canceled, and told him she had married a man of fortune, who was devoted to her, and preferred to take her without any dowry.

Bassett and Wheeler went home, crest-fallen, and dined together. They discussed the two trials, and each blamed the other. They quarreled and parted: and Wheeler sent in an enormous bill, extending over five years. Eighty-five items began thus: "Attending you at your house for several hours, on which occasion you asked my advice as to whether—" etc.

Now as a great many of these attendances had been really to shoot game and dine on rabbits at Bassett's expense, he thought it hard the conversations should be charged and the rabbits not.

Disgusted with his defeat, and resolved to evade this bill, he discharged his servant, and put a retired soldier into his house, armed him with a thunderbass, and ordered him to keep all doors



"LOOK AT THE LETTER, MR. BASSETT, BEFORE YOU REPLY."

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closed, and present the weapon aforesaid at all rate collectors, tax collectors, debt collectors, and applicants for money to build churches or convert the heathen; but not to *fire* at any body except his friend Wheeler, nor at him unless he should try to shove a writ in at some chink of the building.

This done, he went on his travels, third-class, with his eyes always open, and his heart full of bitterness.

Nothing happened to Richard Bassett on his travels that I need relate until one evening when he alighted at a small commercial inn in the city of York, and there met a person whose influence on the events I am about to relate seems at this moment incredible to me, though it is simple fact.

He found the commercial room empty, and rang the bell. In came the waiter, a strapping girl, with coal-black eyes and brows to match, and a brown skin, but glowing cheeks.

They both started at sight of each other. It was Polly Somerset.

"Why, Polly! How d'ye do? How do you come here?"

"It's along of you I'm here, young man," said Polly, and began to whimper. She told him her sister had found out from the page she had been colloguing with him, and had never treated her like a sister after that. "And when she married a gentleman she wouldn't have me aside her for all I could say, but she did pack me off into service, and here I be."

The girl was handsome, and had a liking for him. Bassett was idle, and time hung heavy on his hands: he staid at the inn a fortnight, more for Polly's company than any thing: and at last offered to put her into a vacant cottage on his own little estate of Highmore. But the girl was shrewd, and had seen a great deal of life this last three years; she liked Richard in her way, but she saw he was all self, and she would not trust him. "Nay," said she, "I'll not break with Rhoda for any young man in Britain. If I leave service she will never own me at all: she is as hard as iron."

"Well, but you might come and take service near me, and then we could often get a word together."

"Oh, I'm agreeable to that: you find me a good place. I like an inn best; one sees fresh faces."

Bassett promised to manage that for her. On reaching home he found a conciliatory letter from Wheeler, coupled with his permission to tax the bill according to his own notion of justice. This and other letters were in an out-house; the old soldier had not permitted them to penetrate the fortress. He had entered into the spirit of his instructions, and to him a letter was a probable hand-grenade.

Bassett sent for Wheeler; the bill was reduced, and a small payment made; the rest postponed till better times. Wheeler was then consulted about Polly, and he told his client the landlady of the "Lamb" wanted a good active waitress; he thought he could arrange that little affair.

In due course, thanks to this artist, Mary Wells, hitherto known as Polly Somerset, landed with her boxes at the "Lamb;" and with her quick foot, her black eyes, and ready tongue soon added to the popularity of the inn. Richard Bassett, Esq., for one, used to sup there now and then with his friend Wheeler, and even sleep there after supper.

By-and-by the vicar of Huntercombe wanted a servant, and offered to engage Mary Wells.

She thought twice about that. She could neither write nor read, and therefore was dreadfully dull without company; the bustle of an inn, and people coming and going, amused her. However, it was a temptation to be near Richard Bassett; so she accepted at last. Unable to write, she could not consult him; and she made sure he would be delighted.

But when she got into the village the prudent Mr. Bassett drew in his horns, and avoided her. She was mortified and very angry. She revenged herself on her employer; broke double her wages. The vicar had never been able to convert a smasher; so he parted with her very readily to Lady Bassett, with a hint that she was rather unfortunate in glass and china.

In that large house her spirits rose and, having a hearty manner and a clapper tongue, she became a general favorite.

One day she met Mr. Bassett in the village, and he seemed delighted at the sight of her, and begged her to meet him that night at a certain place where Sir Charles's garden was divided from his own by a ha-ha. It was a very secluded spot, shut out from view, even in daylight, by the trees and shrubs and the winding nature of the walk that led to it; yet it was scarcely a hundred yards from Huntercombe Hall.

Mary Wells came to the tryst, but in no amorous mood. She came merely to tell Mr. Bassett her mind, viz., that he was a shabby fellow, and she had had her cry, and didn't care a straw for him now. And she did tell him so, in a loud voice, and with a flushed cheek.

But he set to work, humbly and patiently, to pacify her; he represented that, in a small house like the vicarage, every thing is known; he should have ruined her character if he had not held aloof. "But it is different now," said he. "You can run out of Huntercombe House, and meet me here, and nobody be any the wiser."

"Not I," said Mary Wells, with a toss. "The worst thing a girl can do is to keep company with a gentleman. She must meet him in holes and corners, and be flung off, like an old glove, when she has served his turn."

"That will never happen to you, Polly dear. We must be prudent for the present; but I shall be more my own master some day, and then you will see how I love you."

"Seeing is believing," said the girl, sullenly. "You be too fond of yourself to love the likes o' me."

Such was the warning her natural shrewdness gave her. But perseverance undermined it. Bassett so often threw out hints of what he would do some day, mixed with warm protestations of love, that she began almost to hope he would marry her. She really liked him; his fine figure and his color pleased her eye, and he had a plausible tongue to boot.

As for him, her rustic beauty and health pleased his senses; but, for his heart, she had little place in that. What he courted her for just now was to keep him informed of all that passed in Huntercombe Hall. His morbid soul hung about that place, and he listened greedily to Mary Wells's gossip. He had counted on her volubility; it did not disappoint him. She never met him without a budget, one-half of it lies or exaggerations. She was a born liar. One night she came in high spirits, and greeted him thus: "What d'ye think? I'm riz! Mrs. Eden, that dresses my lady's hair, she took ill yesterday, and I told the housekeeper I was used to dress hair, and she told my lady. If you didn't please our Rhoda at that, 'twas as much as your life was worth. You mustn't be thinking of your young man with her hair in your hand, or she'd rouse you with a good crack on the crown with a hair-brush. So I dressed my lady's hair, and handled it like old chaney; by the same token, she is so pleased with me you can't think. She is a real lady; not like our Rhoda. Speaks as civil to me as if I was one of her own sort; and, says she, 'I should like to have you about me, if I might.' I had it on my tongue to tell her she was mistress; but I was a little skeared at her at first, you know. But she will have me about her; I see it in her eye."

Bassett was delighted at this news, but he did not speak his mind all at once; the time was not come. He let the gypsy rattle on, and bided his time. He flattered her, and said he envied Lady Bassett to have such a beautiful girl about her. "I'll let *my* hair grow," said he.

"*Ay*, do," said she, "and then I'll pull it for you."

This challenge ended in a little struggle for a kiss, the sincerity of which was doubtful. Polly resisted vigorously, to be sure, but briefly, and, having given in, returned it.

One day she told him Sir Charles had met her plump, and had given a great start.

This made Bassett very uneasy. "Confound it, he will turn you away. He will say, 'This girl knows too much.'"

"How simple you be!" said the girl. "D'ye think I let him know? Says he, 'I think I have seen you before.' 'Yes, Sir,' says I, 'I was house-maid here before my lady had me to dress her.' 'No,' says he, 'I mean in London—in Mayfair, you know.' I declare you might ha' knocked me down wi' a feather. So I looks in his face, as cool as marble, and I said, 'No, Sir; I never had the luck to see London, Sir,' says I. 'All the better for you,' says he; and he swallowed it like spring water, as sister Rhoda used to say when *she* told one and they believed it."

"You are a clever girl," said Bassett. "He would have turned you out of the house if he had known who you were."

She disappointed him in one thing; she was bad at answering questions. Morally she was not quite so great an egotist as himself, but intellectually a greater. Her volubility was all egotism. She could scarcely say ten words, except about herself. So, when Bassett questioned her about Sir Charles and Lady Bassett, she said "Yes," or "No," or "I don't know," and was off at a tangent to her own sayings and doings.

Bassett, however, by great patience and tact, extracted from her at last that Sir Charles and Lady Bassett were both sore at not having children, and that Lady Bassett bore the blame.

"That is a good joke," said he. "The smoke-dried rake! Polly, you might do me a good turn. You have got her ear; open her eyes for me. What might not happen?" His eyes shone fiendishly.

The young woman shook her head. "Me meddle between man and wife! I'm too fond of my place."

"Ah, you don't love me as I love you. You think only of yourself."

"And what do you think of? Do you love me well enough to find me a better place, if you get me turned out of Huntercombe Hall?"

"Yes, I will; a much better."

"That is a bargain."

Mary Wells was silly in some things, but she was very cunning too; and she knew Richard Bassett's hobby. She told him to mind himself, as well as Sir Charles, or perhaps he would die a bachelor, and so his flesh and blood would never inherit Huntercombe. This remark entered his mind. The trial, though apparently a drawn battle, had been fatal to him—he was cut; he dared not pay his addresses to any lady in the county, and he often felt very lonely now. So every thing combined to draw him toward Mary Wells—her swarthy beauty, which shone out at church like a black diamond among the other women; his own loneliness; and the pleasure these stolen meetings gave him. Custom itself is pleasant, and the company of this handsome chatterbox became a habit, and an agreeable one. The young woman herself employed a woman's arts; she was cold and loving by turns, till at last he gave her what she was working for, a downright promise of marriage. She pretended not to believe him, and so led him further; he swore he would marry her.

He made one stipulation, however. She really must learn to read and write first.

When he had sworn this Mary became more uniformly affectionate; and as women who have been in service learn great self-government, and can generally please so long as it serves their turn, she made herself so agreeable to him that he began really to have a downright liking for her—a liking bounded, of course, by his incurable selfishness; but as for his hobby, that was on her side.

Now learning to read and write was wormwood to Mary Wells; but the prize was so great; she knew all about the Huntercombe estates, partly from her sister, partly from Bassett himself. (He must tell his wrongs even to this girl.) So she resolved to pursue matrimony, even on the severe condition of becoming a scholar. She set about it as follows: One day that she was doing Lady Bassett's hair she sighed several times. This was to attract the lady's attention, and it succeeded.

"Is there any thing the matter, Mary?"

"No, my lady."

"I think there is."

"Well, my lady, I am in a little trouble; but it is my own people's fault for not sending of me to school. I might be married to-morrow if I could only read and write."

"And can you not?"

"No, my lady."

"Dear me! I thought every body could read and write nowadays."

"La, no, my lady! not half of them in our village."

"Your parents are much to blame, my poor girl. Well, but it is not too late. Now I think of it, there is an adult school in the village. Shall I arrange for you to go to it?"

"Thank you, my lady. But then—"

"Well?"

"All my fellow-servants would have a laugh against me."

"The person you are engaged to, will he not instruct you?"

"Oh, he have no time to teach me. Besides I don't want him to know, either. But I won't be his wife to shame him." (Another sigh.)

"Mary," said Lady Bassett, in the innocence of her heart, "you shall not be mortified, and you shall not lose a good marriage. I will try and teach you myself."

Mary was profuse in thanks. Lady Bassett received them rather coldly. She gave her a few minutes' instruction in her dressing-room every day; and Mary, who could not have done any thing intellectual for half an hour at a stretch, gave her whole mind for those few minutes. She was quick, and learned very fast. In two months she could read a great deal more than she could understand, and could write slowly but very clearly.

Now by this time Lady Bassett had become so interested in her pupil that she made her read letters and newspapers to her at those parts of the toilet when her services were not required.

Mary Wells, though a great chatterbox, was the closest girl in England. Limpet never stuck to a rock as she could stick to a lie. She never said one word to Bassett about Lady Bassett's lessons. She kept strict silence till she could write a letter, and then she sent him a line to say she had learned to write for love of him, and she hoped he would keep his promise.

Bassett's vanity was flattered by this. But, on reflection, he suspected it was a falsehood. He asked her suddenly, at their next meeting, who had written that note for her.

"You shall see me write the fellow to it when you like," was the reply.

Bassett resolved to submit the matter to that test some day. At present, however, he took her word for it, and asked her who had taught her.

"I had to teach myself. Nobody cares enough for me to teach me. Well, I'll forgive you if you will write me a nice letter for mine."

"What! when we can meet here and say every thing?"

"No matter; I have written to you, and you might write to me. They all get letters, except me; and the jades hold 'em up to me: they see I never get one. When you are out, post me a letter now and then. It will only cost you a penny. I'm sure I don't ask you for much."

Bassett humored her in this, and in one of his letters called her his wife that was to be.

This pleased her so much that the next time they met she hung round his neck with a good deal of feminine grace.

Richard Bassett was a man who now lived in the future. Every body in the county believed he had written that anonymous letter, and he had no hope of shining by his own light. It was bitter to resign his personal hopes; but he did, and sullenly resolved to be obscure himself, but the father of the future heirs of Huntercombe. He would marry Mary Wells, and lay the blame of the match upon Sir Charles, who had blackened him in the county, and put it out of his power to win a lady's hand.

He told Wheeler he was determined to marry; but he had not the courage to tell him all at once what a wife he had selected.

The consequence of this half confession was that Wheeler went to work to find him a girl with money, and not under county influence.

One of Wheeler's clients was a retired citizen, living in a pretty villa near the market town. Mr. Wright employed him in little matters, and found him active and attentive. There was a Miss Wright, a meek little girl, palish, on whom her father doted. Wheeler talked to this girl of his friend Bassett, his virtues and his wrongs, and interested the young lady in him. This done, he brought him to the house, and the girl, being slight and delicate, gazed with gentle but undisguised admiration on Bassett's *torso*. Wheeler had told Richard Miss Wright was to have seven thousand pounds on her wedding-day, and that excited a corresponding admiration in the athletic gentleman.

After that Bassett often called by himself, and the father encouraged the intimacy. He was old, and wished to see his daughter married before he left her; and this seemed an eligible match, though not a brilliant one; a bit of land and a good name on one side, a smart bit of money on the other. The thing went on wheels. Richard Bassett was engaged to Jane Wright almost before he was aware.

Now he felt uneasy about Mary Wells, very uneasy; but it was only the uneasiness of selfishness.

He began to try and prepare; he affected business visits to distant places, etc., in order to break off by degrees. By this means their meetings were comparatively few. When they did meet (which was now generally by written appointment), he tried to prepare by telling her he had encountered losses, and feared that to marry her would be a bad job for her as well as for him, especially if she should have children.

Mary replied she had been used to work, and would rather work for a husband than any other master.

On another occasion she asked him quietly whether a gentleman ever broke his oath.

"Never," said Richard.

In short, she gave him no opening. She would not quarrel. She adhered to him as she had never adhered to any thing but a lie before.

Then he gave up all hope of smoothing the matter. He coolly cut her; never came to the trysting-place; did not answer her letters; and, being a reckless egotist, married Jane Wright all in a hurry, by special license.

He sent forward to the clerk of Huntercombe church, and engaged the ringers to ring the church-bells from six o'clock till sundown. This was for Sir Charles's ears.

It was a balmy evening in May. Lady Bassett was commencing her toilet in an indolent way, with Mary Wells in attendance, when the church-bells of Huntercombe struck up a merry peal.

"Ah!" said Lady Bassett; "what is that for? Do you know, Mary?"

"No, my lady. Shall I ask?"

"No; I dare say it is a village wedding."

"No, my lady, there's nobody been married here this six weeks. Our kitchen-maid and the baker was the last, you know. I'll send and know what it is for."

Mary went out, and dispatched the first house-maid she caught for intelligence. The girl ran into the stable to her sweetheart, and he told her directly.

Meantime Lady Bassett moralized upon church-bells.

"They are always sad—saddest when they seem to be merriest. Poor things! they are trying hard to be merry now; but they sound very sad to me—sadder than usual, somehow."

The girl knocked at the door. Mary half opened it, and the news shot in—"'Tis for Squire Bassett; he is bringing of his bride home to Highmore to-day."

"Mr. Bassett—married—that is sudden. Who could he find to marry him?"

There was no reply. The house-maid had flown off to circulate the news, and Mary Wells was supporting herself by clutching the door, sick with the sudden blow.

Close as she was, her distress could not have escaped another woman's eye, but Lady Bassett never looked at her. After the first surprise she had gone into a reverie, and was conjuring up the future to the sound of those church-bells. She requested Mary to go and tell Sir Charles; but she did not lift her head, even to give this order.

Mary crept away, and knocked at Sir Charles's dressing-room.

"Come in," said Sir Charles, thinking, of course, it was his valet.

Mary Wells just opened the door, and held it ajar. "My lady bids me tell you, Sir, the bells are ringing for Mr. Bassett; he's married, and brings her home to-night."

A dead silence marked the effect of this announcement on Sir Charles. Mary Wells waited.

"May Heaven's curse light on that marriage, and no child of theirs ever take my place in this house!"

"A-a-men!" said Mary Wells.

"Thank you, Sir!" said Sir Charles. He took her voice for a man's, so deep and guttural was her "A-a-men" with concentrated passion.

She closed the door, and crept back to her mistress.

Lady Bassett was seated at her glass, with her hair down, and her shoulders bare. Mary clinched her teeth, and set about her usual work; but very soon Lady Bassett gave a start, and stared into the glass. "Mary!" said she, "what *is* the matter? You look ghastly, and your hands are as cold as ice. Are you faint?"

"No."

"Then you are ill; very ill."

"I have taken a chill," said Mary, doggedly.

"Go instantly to the still-room maid, and get a large glass of spirits and hot water—quite hot."

Mary, who wanted to be out of the room, fastened her mistress's back hair with dogged patience, and then moved toward the door.

"Mary," said Lady Bassett, in a half-apologetic tone.

"My lady."

"I should like to hear what the bride is like."

"I'll know that to-night," said Mary, grinding her teeth.

"I shall not require you again till bed-time."

Mary left the room, and went, not to the still-room, but to her own garret, and there she gave way. She flung herself, with a wild cry, upon her little bed, and clutched her own hair and the bed-clothes, and writhed all about the bed like a wild-cat wounded.

In this anguish she passed an hour she never forgot nor forgave. She got up at last, and started at her own image in the glass. Hair like a savage's, cheek pale, eyes blood-shot.

She smoothed her hair, washed her face, and prepared to go down stairs; but now she was

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seized with a faintness, and had to sit down and moan. She got the better of that, and went to the still-room, and got some spirits; but she drank them neat, gulped them down like water. They sent the devil into her black eye, but no color into her pale cheek. She had a little scarlet shawl; she put it over her head, and went into the village. She found it astir with expectation.

Mr. Bassett's house stood near the highway, but the entrance to the premises was private, and through a long white gate.

By this gate was a heap of stones, and Mary Wells got on that heap and waited.

When she had been there about half an hour, Richard Bassett drove up in a hired carriage, with his pale little wife beside him. At his own gate his eye encountered Mary Wells, and he started. She stood above him, with her arms folded grandly; her cheek, so swarthy and ruddy, was now pale, and her black eyes glittered like basilisks at him and his bride. The whole woman seemed lifted out of her low condition, and dignified by wrong.

He had to sustain her look for a few seconds, while the gate was being opened, and it seemed an age. He felt his first pang of remorse when he saw that swarthy, ruddy cheek so pale. Then came admiration of her beauty, and disgust at the woman for whom he had jilted her; and that gave way to fear: the hater looked into those glittering eyes, and saw he had roused a hate as unrelenting as his own.

AN OLD GAME.

"BUTTON! button! who's got the button?"

These words fell in hurried accents of vexation from the cherry-ripe lips of Miss Lucy Ware, and were accompanied by a fairy-like avalanche of fascinating screams. She was just about to step aboard the cars when she discovered her loss.

"Oh dear! It was on when I started. What can have become of it? I can never match it in this world!"

And she cast a look of consternation at the vacant place on her sacque, where there should have been a large agate button.

"Why don't you look around for it?" she demanded of her handsome cousin, Gerald Wentworth, who was to see her safely started on her journey.

He elevated his eyebrows at her imperious tone, and scanned the ground at their feet.

"What are *you* looking at, Tom Shelly? You'd better go back to your greasy machine-shop, unless you can find my button!"

Tom Shelly lifted his hat, bowed low to conceal a shade of pain that passed across his face, and walked away. He had come to take a last look at the despotic little beauty before she passed from his vision, perhaps forever. She was the incarnation to him of all that was bright, winning, sprightly, and lovable; and after she was gone he would muse and dream about her, when she, perhaps, would bestow only an occasional, transient thought on him as an atom among her home reminiscences.

Just then the warning whistle sounded, and Miss Ware was compelled, sorely against her will, to submit to her loss, and proceed on her journey.

She waved her handkerchief, Gerald Wentworth waved his hat, and then the latter overtook Tom Shelly.

"She's a high-toned little piece, Shelly," he said.

"Who? Oh yes! Miss Ware. She is to be gone for a long time, I believe?"

"All winter."

Tom sighed. He looked at his rusty clothes, and contrasted them with the elegant suit of his companion.

"She's pretty proud, isn't she?"

"Proud as Lucifer's sister—if he had one," laughed Wentworth. "Though I don't know as I ought to say that. I think a good deal of her myself."

"You do?"

"Yes—she's my cousin, you know."

"She is very beautiful."

"And she knows it too."

Tom was silent. He did not feel capable of maintaining his careless tone; so he looked straight ahead, and planted his heels on the pavement with vigor as he stepped.

"They say you're the best man in Dunning's machine-shop, Shelly. How's that?"

"Curse the machine-shop and its grease and dirt!" exclaimed Shelly. "I wish I'd chosen some more genteel business."

"Well, it isn't as neat as it might be, to be sure. But still, when you get up to the top, it's all right. Look at Dunning—how he stands in the community. He began by kindling the fires, you know."

Here the two turned off in different directions. Their brief conversation passed from Wentworth's mind immediately; but Tom remembered it, dwelling and lingering on each word, and turning it over and over in his mind. There was no torture so delightful to him as to hear Lucy Ware talked about, and to meditate on whatever concerned her in near or remote degree. He watched by stealth her smiles, and was angry with all the world because he could not resist the infatuation. For he ought to have dismissed her from his thoughts with contempt after she refused one night to go to a concert with him because he did not dress well enough. He was wounded and cut; but the circumstance did not bring commonsense to his head. He sulked, and toiled, and hoped with a miserable, doubting hope, and pocketed his fifteen dollars a week, and was still an abject slave.

Miss Ware was going to New York to spend the winter with a wealthy aunt, and now he had her last words to think of—a command to go back to his greasy machine-shop!

When he left the shop that night it was to walk home with slow steps and a thoughtful face. Ruminations in which there were gleams of sense, energy, and purpose ran through his head.

He found supper waiting, and sat down opposite his mother with an absent, preoccupied look.

"Are you tired, Tom?"

"No, not particularly."

"I thought you looked so."

"Dunning began at the bottom, didn't he, mother? And why can't I work up to where he stands now? Yes, Wentworth was right. I'll do it!"

"Do what, Tom?"

"Oh, nothing—only I'm not going to stand at the lathe all my life—I can tell you that."

"Why, what's the matter, Tom? Aren't you doing very well now?"

"No. I'm nothing but a greasy, begrimed laborer. But I'll make my mark yet, or give up the ghost."

"Mercy! don't talk so. I thought you were very well satisfied."

"Satisfied!" contemptuously.

"It is wrong to murmur against one's lot. We ought to be thankful—"

"Don't mention the word 'thankful' to me! Pardon me, mother, I don't mean to speak unkindly; but—well, there's going to be a change; that's all."

"You don't mean that you are going to leave Mr. Dunning?"

"No, no."

"What was it about Mr. Wentworth?"

"Oh, I met him to-day"—Tom blushed—"and he reminded me of how Dunning began as a chore-boy, and of the way he stands now. And I thought, why can't one do it as well as another? Why can't I do it?"

Tom looked at his mother in a defiant, argumentative way.

"I'm sure I don't know," she replied, slightly nonplused. "But you shouldn't deceive yourself by building air-castles."

"I'll take care of that. But I've got an idea that I mean to work out. It may amount to nothing."

"What is it, Tom?"

"I can't tell you now. You know that brains sometimes make more money than hands. If I could only invent something."

Mrs. Shelly shook her head doubtfully. "Inventors are generally hair-brained creatures."

"Not by a good deal! You ought to be ashamed to slander them. Think of what they have done for the world."

Tom left the table with his meal but half finished, and threw himself down on the couch. Putting his hand in his pocket it came in contact with something that sent a crimson flood to his face. He rose hastily and went up to his room. He lit a lamp, and smiled in exultation as he laid a small object on the table. It was Miss Lucy Ware's missing button. Yes, Tom had seen it when it dropped, picked it up, and resolved to keep it as a remembrancer of the tantalizing siren who had so bewitched him. Some time, perhaps, he would return it. He chuckled as he thought of her discomfiture, and her blissful ignorance of who was the possessor of the lost trinket. Then the foolish fellow gazed at it long and earnestly, finally placing it in an inside pocket of his vest.

He went to a shelf on which was ranged a choice collection of scientific works, took one down, and commenced reading. But his thoughts refusing to concentrate themselves on the subject of the book, he finally flung it aside and went down stairs. He astonished his mother for the rest of the evening by being unusually gay and vivacious. He perpetrated fearful jokes, and both laughed until the tears ran down their cheeks, thus insuring a good night's rest.

But a change was coming. The next day Tom bought pencils, compasses, and drafting paper, and in the evening shut himself up in his room. This was repeated the next evening, and the next, and at the end of a week his mother learned to look no more for the pleasant hours they had been wont to spend together after tea. Tom grew pale, and his face assumed a thoughtful, resolute look. And soon he drew half of his two hundred dollars from the bank and fitted up a little workshop in a back chamber. Here the sound of filing and hammering was heard late into the hours of almost every evening. Tom was working out his idea, whatever it was; and it was plainly no child's play with him, but a game in which he had staked his all—a battle for life or death. His earnest face told this, always soberly meditative now, and scarcely ever relaxing into a smile. His mother noticed this; Mr. Dunning noticed it; his friends noticed it; but he discharged all his daily duties with rigid fidelity, and gave short answers to expressions of concern. And thus the winter passed.

One August day Mr. Dunning said:

"Shelly, you are entitled to a vacation, and you look as though you needed it. Go off for a couple of weeks. Your pay shall go on the same."

"I don't want it now, Sir. I'm all right."

"Ah, but I'm afraid you are not all right. You are pale and thin."

"I would prefer to work on for the present," persisted Tom. "I may want a vacation before long. I'll ask for it when I do."

"All right. Don't be afraid to mention it. Only don't wait till the busy season."

For the next three weeks Tom stuck later than ever to his little workshop evenings, and often toiled there until the wee, small hours were tolled out by the lonely, solemn town clock.

At the end of that time he went to Mr. Dunning with bright, almost happy-looking eyes. Yet he had a jaded, exhausted air.

"Now, Sir, I want my vacation."

"Whew!" said Mr. Dunning. "We've just got in some big orders, you know."

"I can't help it, Sir. I must have a week."

"You *must*?"

"I'm sorry, Sir; but rather than not have it I'd throw up my place."

"Why, what's the row, Shelly? Any thing going wrong?"

"No, Sir. I hope you will pardon my persistence, but can I go for a week?"

"Well, yes," said Mr. Dunning, reflectively, "I suppose so. You ought to have taken it in the summer, though. But since you ask for only a week, you shall have it."

That night Tom packed something very carefully in a small box, bade his mother good-by, and started for Washington.

"Upon my word, Shelly, I did not know there was so much in you!"

Tom Shelly and Mr. Dunning were closeted together in the latter's private office, with some papers spread out before them, and a small brass model of a machine standing on the desk.

"Well, Sir, since you approve of it, and think it likely to answer its purpose, suppose we talk business."

"Business?"

"Yes. You have capital, and I have the patent. There's money in the machine, but it will take money to bring it out."

"Very true."

"Well, your capital invested in these works is one hundred thousand dollars. I'll put in my invention at fifty thousand, and own one-third of the establishment."

"Ha! I should think you might!"

"Or, if you like, I will travel two months, and see how the thing is likely to take before we make any agreement."

"Don't you think you've got your ideas up rather high on the matter?"

"Perhaps I have," answered Tom, coolly; "but I don't propose to go begging, and let others grow rich out of what I ought to have."

"Such things are all experiments—great risks."

"I know, Sir; but you see what it is, and the need it supplies, and it is for you to say whether you will run the risk of taking hold of it."

Mr. Dunning paused and reflected. "I will look the matter over," he said at length, "and you may come here to-morrow evening."

This was as satisfactory as Tom could have expected, and so he withdrew.

When he went home he asked his mother (to whom he had confided naught of his plans) how she would like to live in Judge Graham's house on Main Street.

"The judge is going to Europe, and wants to sell."

"What is that to us, Tom? We can't buy his house."

"Well, we may be able to some time."

"Some time! What a way you have of looking ahead, Tom!"

"It's better to look ahead than behind, I think."

Tom went up stairs, threw himself back in a chair, and took Lucy Ware's button out. He fingered the memento over and over, gazed on it, and finally pressed it to his lips stealthily, as if he feared some one might be looking. Then he wondered what Mr. Dunning's decision would be, and revolved in his mind all the contingencies of success or failure. He slept but little that night, for his whole future hung on the interview of twenty-four hours hence.

New-Year's night! A silver wedding!

Mr. Dunning's mansion was thrown open and thronged with his friends. It was no stately affair. The children were there as well as the old folks, and the house was aglow with merriment and good cheer.

There were beautiful presents, smiling congratulations, and shaking of hands; bright-eyed girls, with dazzling dresses and shining white shoulders; dignified matrons in stately silks and diamonds; benignant fathers in glossy broadcloths and sober kids; elegant young men in swallow-tails and white vests; screaming children, with wild, delighted countenances; and the buzz and rustle and din and clatter of a crowd that had dismissed dull care for the nonce, and was bent on making a night of it.

Tom Shelly was there, and so was Lucy Ware. The former was surrounded by friends and new acquaintances eager to congratulate him on a recent important event—namely, his admission as partner with Mr. Dunning.

"Dunning & Shelly has a very respectable sound," said one.

"Accept my congratulations on your good fortune," said another.

"Well, Tom, your luck has come at last."

"You deserve your luck—every bit of it," were the words of an old friend.

Tom received all this with due grace and modesty. A few ventured to sound him, to test his intelligence, but were speedily satisfied on that score. He was a thoughtful reader, and possessed a little stock of books that many of those around him would have done well to substitute for the unwholesome sweatmeats with which they were wont to regale their minds.

In the mean time Tom is soliloquizing mentally. He is growing restive, and longs to speak to Lucy Ware. But he wonders how she will receive him—whether his good fortune will make him more attractive to her. And if it does, and if certain hopes he has cherished are fulfilled, will it be *he* that wins her, or something else? Will it be a cash match or a love match? Or won't it be any match at all, and is such speculation idle? These were perplexing questions, and Tom found himself unable to consider them with that coolness of judgment he had resolved with himself to bring to bear on the matter.

At last Tom approached her, and as he drew near felt a choking thrill. She was just as beautiful as ever, and gave him a glance out of her liquid black eyes that rippled up from under the long lashes like a flood of sunlight.

But in spite of the wild canter into which his blood was fired, he bade her good-evening, touched her gloved palm, and uttered some commonplace remark with very praiseworthy nonchalance.

Just then a set was forming to dance, and one couple was wanting. Of course Tom asked Miss Ware for the honor, etc., and the two marched on the floor.

"You will allow me to express my pleasure at your new advancement, will you not?" she asked, in a tone in which there was just a shade of tremulousness.

"Oh, certainly, if you take enough interest in me to feel any pleasure at it."

"Why, of course I do. I always feel interested in those deserving of success." Her tone was charmingly frank now.

"Oh, that's it, is it?" said Tom, a little disappointed. The sparkle in Miss Ware's eyes dilated a little.

"Well, I got it by hard work," he said. "I went back to my greasy machine-shop that time, as you bid me."

"What do you mean?"

"Have you forgotten about it? It was when you went to New York to visit your aunt. You lost your button at the dépôt, you know, and told me to go back to my greasy machine-shop if I couldn't find it."

Miss Ware blushed scarlet. "Oh, do not speak of that. It was very rude in me. I supposed you had forgotten it. I was only in fun."

"But I wasn't." Tom's tone was rather stern, and Lucy looked up quickly. "I made a vow then."

"Oh dear! I hope I wasn't the means of your making a vow."

"Do you? And suppose you were—what then? Is there any thing so very alarming about making vows?"

"I don't know. They're so very seldom kept."

"Ah, but this one is partially fulfilled already, and will be entirely some time. That is, only one thing can prevent it."

Miss Lucy did not ask what that one thing was, but grew reserved, and during the rest of the quadrille did not look into Tom's face with her previous unembarrassed freedom. The conversation had been carried on disjointedly during the pauses in the dancing. When the last figure was finished Miss Ware said:

"Oh dear, I am so tired of dancing! Let us walk in the other room, and see what the children are doing."

Her hand still rested on Tom's arm, and they made their way into another apartment, where a merry throng of boys and girls were partaking of the pleasures of that old and exciting game, "Button! button! who's got the button?"

"That's a good old game," said Lucy, glancing at the children.

"Button! button! who's got the button?" came in ringing tones from one of the players.

"I've got it!" exclaimed Tom.

"No, Sir; I've got it myself!" shouted a merry, blue-eyed girl, betrayed into letting out her secret.

A little scene of confusion followed, and then the game went on.

Lucy Ware had looked up at Tom in surprise. "What made you say that?" she asked.

"Because it is true," he answered, looking at her with a mischievous twitch of the eye.

Miss Lucy looked puzzled.

"Do you want to see it?"

"Yes," she answered, with a doubtful look.

He reached in his pocket and held something out in his hand.

"Why," she exclaimed, in amazement, "that's mine! Where did you get it? It's the one I lost."

"I know it."

She blushed vividly, and was utterly mystified.

"Please explain," she said.

"Oh, there's not much to explain. I picked it up when you lost it that time."

"And why did you not give it to me?"

"I preferred to keep it. I took it to my greasy machine-shop."

"Please don't!"

Tom laughed, and grew immediately serious again. He had to screw his courage up to the sticking point to utter the next words.

"I kept it because I loved you!" he whispered.

"Oh!" And Miss Lucy hid her face in her hands, while her heart beat violently.

"And I haven't got over it yet!" he said, boldly.

This was a very audacious remark, and Tom had to take breath after it. Miss Ware also breathed audibly. But she did not spurn him with indignation—no, far from it. Tom finally said, in a voice a trifle unsteady:

"I made a vow that morning, part of which was to work my way out of that greasy machine-shop. I've done that. The next part was to keep the button until its owner cared enough for it to—to—repay—to—that is, to give herself to me as a condition of its restoration."

Miss Ware looked into his face with swimming eyes, yet out of the depths of which still welled up a fountain of irrepressible roguery.

"But my sacque has gone out of fashion now, and the button will be of no use to me," she said.

Tom looked at her earnestly.

"And, besides, I think you ought to be willing to give more than a button for what you ask."

Tom flushed a little at this, but suddenly seized her hand and exclaimed with energy:

"I can give the whole love of an undivided heart—a life-long devotion—a love as unchanging and untiring as the sun that shines! Will that do?"

"I don't know but it will," came in a faint murmur.

And so the old, old game was played, and who shall say that hearts did not win?

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PARIS UNDER THE RED FLAG—SCENE IN FRONT OF THE HÔTEL DE VILLE.—[See Page 458.]

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PARIS UNDER THE RED FLAG.

THE striking and impressive picture which covers two pages of this number of the *Weekly* illustrates the popular madness that rules the hour in Paris, and recalls to the imagination the turbulent scenes so graphically depicted in CARLYLE'S history of the old French Revolution, and in the pages of DICKENS'S "Tale of Two Cities." Once more the revolution is supreme in the capital of France, and though the guillotine has not resumed its fearful work, the armed mob holds possession of the streets, and no one can guess how soon the thirst for blood may be aroused. The peaceful classes, defenseless against the mob, fear to set foot in the streets. Churches have been desecrated and robbed, ministers of religion thrown into prison and subjected to worse outrages, the houses of private persons obnoxious to the Commune pillaged, and newspapers that dared to tell the truth suppressed, in the name of liberty and equality.

The situation is the natural result of the breaking up of the iron despotism that for twenty years kept under the discordant elements of the empire. They suddenly find themselves free without being prepared for freedom, and the result is anarchy. If all this should show France the value of free thought, free speech, and the general education of her people, the blood-taught experience will not be too dearly earned.

WON—NOT WOOED.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Bred in the Bone," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A SUBJECT FOR REFLECTION.

"*My Pitiful Story.*" Such were the words that headed the paper, as though what was to come had been an autobiography of sorrow, in place of some half a dozen lines. And yet, indeed, there was sorrow enough in them to last a life-time. "When Michael and I were carried away in the boat," it began, "it was by so fierce a current that no effort of our own could withstand it. It is true, I could have thrown myself into the sea and perished; perhaps I might have done so had I known what a fate was reserved for me; but it is hard to die when one is young and strong, though death becomes so welcome afterward.

"Think of that fierce current hurrying me along when you read what circumstances compelled me to do, and, though you condemn me, pity me. Some women have the courage of men, and even greater. 'Death is a dreadful thing,' says the brother in the play; 'And shamed life a hateful,' returns the sister. How often has that reply recurred to me, and filled my soul with shame! Alas! I was a weak and timid wretch; and yet I was but blameworthy—not guilty. I am afraid even to write down, you see, what I must needs tell before I die, and spend the time in vain excuses that should be given to confession only.

"This current bore our boat round the sandy point, and then, with a sharp turn, drove it in to shore. No sooner had it touched ground than we were seized upon by the natives and carried into the woods. They beat poor Michael. He never reproached me for the folly which had brought this misery on us both, and was kind and fearless to the end; he pitied me, because he saw my strait, the cruelty of which it is not in the power of words to paint. Alas! I was used civilly enough, and even tenderly. The mother of the chieftain tended me in her own cottage, where my child was born—and died—before its time—the child that should be— Listen, husband! I got well and strong, for the air of the place was bright and clear, and I was fed on the best that the people had; and after—I know not how long, it seemed years, and yet, at the same time, but a day—the chieftain's mother wished me joy, for that my beauty had taken her son's heart, and he designed to wed me. Rather than this I would have died; and yet I dared not; and, short of death, no chance of escape ever offered. Consider, Sir: I was cut off from the world, as it then seemed, forever; thousands of miles away from home, nay, from any of my own race or color; an outcast among a savage tribe. Even honest Michael was no longer near me, having been carried elsewhere, and (as I afterward learned) slain. If I did you wrong, then reproach the Power that permitted it, not me. I became the chieftain's wife. Horn is *his* child, not yours.

"One gets numb to shame in time, it is said, and perhaps it is so; yet though, when I saw the English boat's crew land, I ran toward them with my babe, and bade them save me, the next moment I could have fled into the woods again; for how could I go back home with this burden of disgrace, and bring dishonor on my husband! It was too late, however, to think of that. Only one thing remained for me—to deceive him. I might have left the child, it is true, and said: 'Alas, our child is dead;' but, ill-born as he was, I loved my boy, and could not part from him. So great and strong he was, I well may pass him off for a year older—for my lost infant's self, thought I; and so I did. What did it matter? was what I said to myself; he will grow up like other English boys, and be a blessing to us both, perchance. Forgive me, Sir, and God forgive us all."

Mabel read this over half a dozen times, and even then could scarce believe her eyes. "*What I must needs tell before I die,*" were this poor lady's words; but had she written them in sound mind? Her story was painful, indeed, but was it *true?* Mr. Winthrop had spoken to Mabel herself of her predecessor as "my poor wife," in certainly another sense than that with which we are wont to speak pitifully of the dead; and if he had not deemed her actually insane, it was evident that others had done so, from the very fact of Mrs. Merthyr's having combated that view. Was this extraordinary statement, then, an evidence of her aberration or of her sanity?

For the moment, so intensely interested was Mabel in this unhappy woman, that she did not perceive the enormous importance that the matter had in reference to her own position; since, if Horn was not his father's son, he was not his heir, and that her own expected child would be so. Even when this struck her, it found her thoughts absorbed by even a more weighty consideration. Could her husband, with his shattered nerves and failing health—to whom all mental excitement was absolutely forbidden—survive such a disclosure, and all the ridicule and disgrace that must perforce accompany it? The single element of moral strength that sustained him, as it was, was one which discovery must needs destroy—namely, ancestral pride. To have brought up the son of a savage for twenty years as his own son; to have borne with his brutal nature, and compelled others to bear with it; to have built the hopes of his ancient line so long on so sorry a foundation; and then, when this bubble burst, to have to listen to the public scoff, and feel that even his best friends were laughing at him in their sleeves! In the heyday of his life and strength Miles Winthrop could scarcely have endured such shame; and how much less now! and yet, if he was not to be told, how was justice ever to be obtained for her and hers? Who but himself was fitted to decide on the truth or falsehood of Mrs. Winthrop's confession? Who else could take action upon it? The value of this piece of paper was in her hands less than one of the bank-notes her husband had given her, but in his own it might be priceless. He might use his wealth to make the dark places plain in this strange document, since he could even dispatch messengers to this savage place, with orders to search out the truth of the matter at all hazards. These ideas, however, did but pass through her brain, just as the wildest, wickedest thoughts will sometimes flash unforbidden on the purest of us: she did not entertain them seriously for a single moment. Rather than risk her husband's life, let herself be portionless, and let this great inheritance be Horn's forever. Her resolution was fixed, that no matter how positively she should become convinced that this strange tale was true, she would never vex Miles with the disclosure of it. If she could not give him her love, she would be as loyal to him as the most loving wife, and he should never guess how loyal.

Moreover, notwithstanding much close pondering upon the whole matter, conviction was still far from her. At one time she felt inclined to discredit this marvelous revelation altogether—it seemed so incredible, so exceeding all the limits of probability as to become sheer delusion. And yet, on the other hand, Horn was brutal enough for any savage; and as she thought of this the echo of a sentence suddenly rang in her ears from the *table d'hôte* at Shingleton: "Look at his skull—look at his jowl: that youth is a Carib." It was the expression Professor Flint had used on first setting eyes upon Horn Winthrop, and one which struck her forcibly at the time, not from its truth, of course, but from its extravagance. It was a very curious coincidence, to say the least of it; for every speech and action of the young man's life, so far as she was acquainted with it, had borne out the Professor's theory. Above all, there was one palpable fact—the lock of hair, which, if it was not that which Mrs. Winthrop asserted it to be, was, at all events, from the head of an infant. Mabel knew nothing of the vagaries of the insane; but it certainly did seem incongruous, and inconsistent with the theory of her aberration, that Mrs. Winthrop should have procured such an object as a lock of hair in order to invest it with sham sentiment. It was too realistic a proceeding, and rather suggested fraudulent imposition than any freak of a diseased imagination; and imposition was absolutely out of the question, since this document had been hidden in a receptacle, which she herself would never have suspected, but from the accident of the similarity of the two escritoires.

But, supposing the story true, and taking it for granted that no living eyes but her own had ever perused it, one very important consideration still remained: Had Mrs. Winthrop ever revealed it by word of mouth? From what Mabel had learned of her predecessor she understood her to have been by nature impulsive and even headstrong, although in her latter days she had been much given to melancholy (broken down with sorrow on account of Horn, said every one; as, indeed, if this strange tale were true, it was but too likely she would have been). Had she ever, then, in a moment of uncontrollable excitement, disclosed this secret, though to ears which only heard in it a proof of "flightiness" and hallucination? There were only two persons to whom it was at all probable she had ever actually confessed the matter—namely, to her husband or her son. That she had not done so to the former Mabel felt convinced. If Mr. Winthrop had entertained any suspicion of Horn's real parentage, and wished to conceal it, he would certainly not have behaved toward him as he did: not only had he made it patent to every body that there was no love lost between them—that there was no affection, such as is supposed to exist between father and son of the most "incompatible" natures—but it was his constant habit to express wonder whence Horn could have got this and that, his temper and his manners, his ignorance, his violence, and his love of finery. Mabel had even heard him exclaim with bitterness, "Can that boy be son of mine!"

One person only remained, then, to whom it seemed possible that Mrs. Winthrop might have disclosed her secret—namely, to Horn himself. True, even this was highly improbable; but still, despairing of his amendment, and without any other means of compelling her reprobate offspring, she might, perhaps, in some moment of uncontrollable distress, have told him all, and threatened him with exposure. Certainly, except on such a supposition, it did seem unnatural, even if he *were* a savage, that he should have behaved so ill (as he notoriously had done) to the only being that really loved him. And, moreover, this might also explain his intense hatred of the Winthrops of Durham—the only sign of ancestral feeling that he ever exhibited. If he knew he was about to defraud them of Wapshot, that fact, to a nature such as his, was reason enough for hate; but, otherwise, his dislike was difficult to explain. Not without a shudder, Mabel now recalled a certain triumphant malignity which was at all times characteristic of her step-son, and which might possibly have its explanation in his secret knowledge that he was cheating all the world.

After all, however, she was obliged to admit that these notions were but fanciful. It was far more likely that this pitiful story of her predecessor had never been told to human ears, and that her own eyes were the only ones which had ever perused it. No wonder that the poor lady had broken down in mind and body, bearing alone the burden of so terrible a secret. Mabel herself already felt aged and worn with the mere inheritance of it. She sat with the little packet in her hand, gazing upon it as upon some enchanted disk, perplexed in a maze of thought, without a plan.

Suddenly some violent noise without aroused her; the house was full of such: the accidental slamming of a door or the overthrow of a piece of furniture would awaken a score of echoes; and for the first time a sense of *danger* flashed upon her. There was certainly one person in the world who would not have scrupled to take her life rather than suffer that paper to be in her hands, or to exist at all. She started up and thrust it hastily into her bosom. The noise died away, as usual, but the apprehension it had conjured up remained. Where should she hide this terrible and yet most precious thing? The most natural place was doubtless the very receptacle from which she had taken it, and where it had already lain, in all probability, for years without discovery; yet she herself had found it in five minutes; and might not another, armed with the same knowledge, and incited by the same curiosity, do the like? When you are seeking, every place seems difficult; but when you wish to hide, no place appears secure. She thought of a score of secret spots, of which such a mansion as Wapshot afforded hundreds, and rejected them all. She called to mind an essay she had read, in which the openest places are recommended for such a purpose; but in that case it was intentional search that was to be guarded against, but in this it was chance discovery of which she stood most in fear. Finally, she decided upon carrying the packet about her person, and sewed it carefully within her gown. When she had done so—so strangely does panic spread—she did the like with the bank-notes her husband had given to her—a most unnecessary precaution, as she confessed to herself, but neither in mind nor body was she just then in a condition to take a reasonable view of affairs. When her husband's well-known step was presently heard approaching she even snatched a glance at the mirror, not without apprehension that some change might have taken place in her physical appearance corresponding to the tremor of her mind; but her bright brown hair had not grown gray, nor had Care as yet plowed a single furrow on her fair face.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

A FAMILY CRISIS.

IT was but two days since Mabel's discovery of the little packet in the escritoire, but it seemed to her to have happened long ago. She thought, she dreamed, of nothing else, as though, instead of carrying it about with her, stitched in her attire, every syllable of its contents had been engraven on her heart. The faded lines of that strange confession were always before her eyes; and it seemed to her that every one who looked at her must perceive that she was reading them. When her husband was present she made such efforts to appear cheerful and at her ease as she feared must surely have aroused his suspicions, for the fact was that his presence evoked the very ideas she would have avoided; but he set down her forced gayety to the struggle which she made, for his sake, to bear up against the depression consequent on her physical condition; and out of consideration for this he left her to herself more than usual.

On the second night, then, after the event narrated in the last chapter she was sitting in her boudoir alone. She had dismissed her maid, not needing her assistance, and was musing on the old subject over the thought-inspiring embers of the wood fire, which she had neglected to replenish. Mr. Winthrop was engaged in his study, at the back of the house, and would probably not retire (as his custom was) until very late. Mabel herself was in no frame of mind for rest, but the stillness showed that the household were otherwise inclined. Wrapped as she was in her own meditations, the nervous sense of alarm that had taken possession of her kept her ears incessantly upon the watch; and suddenly a noise struck on them which she knew to be the closing of the great hall door. This had been effected with unusual caution, but the tell-tale wind had entered with the incomer, whoever it was, and rushed up the great stairs, and shaken the boudoir door. She looked up at the clock, which pointed to past the midnight hour. Who on earth could have sought admittance at such a time at a house where visitors were few, and friends privileged to use such unseasonable times for calling did not exist? If the great bell had pealed forth its usual imperious summons, she would have concluded at once that Mrs. Marshall had at last fulfilled her promise of "looking in" at Wapshot; but whoever it was had been evidently cognizant of Mr. Winthrop's extreme dislike of shocks and noises, and must have handled the wire very delicately. Moreover, there had been no sound of wheel or hoof upon the terrace beneath her window.

The notion of burglars never entered into Mabel's mind; and, indeed, the front-door was scarcely the method of ingress such would use. It struck her, rather, that some member of the household had let himself *out*. A great breach of domestic law, no doubt, but still not one to rouse the house about, still less to disturb her husband. The silence that succeeded seemed to corroborate this view of the case; and she had once more resumed her reflections, when the door of her chamber was softly opened, and in strode Horn Winthrop. Her hand mechanically sought her side where the packet lay hid, for she had not yet put off her clothes, and her face doubtless showed signs of extreme terror.

"I trust," said he, in mocking, insolent tones, "that I have not been indiscreet in coming upon you so suddenly; but you quite forgot to tell me in your letter that there was any reason for extraordinary precaution in that respect. You think to put my nose out of joint, do you, madam?"

"If you stay in this room another moment," said Mabel, firmly, "I will ring the bell, and summon your father at all hazards. If it kills him, as it well may do, his blood be on your own head."

"You may pull the rope, madam, till you pull it down, if the exercise amuses you," replied Horn, with a cold sneer; "but as for the bell—being informed where I should have the pleasure of finding you—I took the precaution to remove it before I came up stairs. I have got something to say to you, madam, which it is better to communicate in private, and this is too good an opportunity to be let slip. It is true, my father may find me here, and be very jealous; but one must risk something; and, besides, I have got my excuse quite pat and specious. I was desirous to spare his feelings by inducing you, if possible, to leave Wapshot of your own free-will; for I take it for granted that he would not wish you to remain as its mistress after what I had to tell him; and I am come here on purpose to tell him, madam, be sure of that. You dare to pen such a letter as this to *me*, do you?" He held in his hand the note she had written him two days ago, all torn and twisted by his passionate fingers. "You affect surprise, do you, as though you had not defied me? What! was it no defiance to offer, as a dole, the very sum which your lover sent you in your beggary! to give me such affable and patronizing words as these, and advice too, begad! —quite a moral lecture—upon how I should behave myself to my own father! *You*, who sold yourself for money, and yet would not hold to your bargain, but must needs seek your gallant out at Wimbledon in your very honey-moon! Perhaps it was only to thank him for his disinterested gift! Well, if the governor swallows *that*, his digestion must be better than is generally reported. I have heard—here he sunk his voice to a hoarse whisper, and nodded his head with great significance—"that he is very ill."

"Mr. Winthrop *is* very ill," said Mabel, endeavoring to speak calmly, but conscious that her strength both of mind and body was failing fast under this terrible trial. "It is not, indeed, too much to say, Sir, that any sudden shock, such as you contemplate, may kill him on the spot. As to the vile charge at which you hint, I scorn to speak of it; that it is a coarse and infamous calumny you yourself, I believe, are as well aware as I am. But I solemnly warn you once again that if you come here to work upon your father's feelings by any such cruel device you will do it at the peril of his life."

"If this be really true," replied Horn, coolly, "it seems that I arrive at Wapshot not a day too soon. The governor is down, is he, and perhaps he may not pull through! Ah! you wanted to make friends of *me*, did you, by throwing me a shilling or two, in case any thing should happen here upon a sudden, and you be left in the lurch! But my friendship is not bought so cheaply, madam, as you may chance to find."

"I do not want your friendship; I hate and loathe you," cried Mabel, with irrepressible scorn.

"I thought as much myself, good step-mother," answered Horn, coolly; "and since you have been so candid, I will just speak a plain word or two upon my own account. You have hated me from the first, I know; but that is nothing in the way of hate. You must love first, and be despised; you must see the woman whom your arms would have infolded shrink from you with horror, and turn with eagerness toward your rival—then you will know, indeed, what it is to hate. I am not used to be wronged with impunity, and my debt to you at Shingleton, if matters had ended there, would not have been easily paid off; but you thought proper to cross my path a second time. The temptation was great, no doubt, but it was an ill-advised proceeding. Having made me your enemy, to begin with, it was even a little dangerous, madam, believe me. I have a dog, with whom, by-the-bye, you are acquainted, who, when he has seized his adversary, even though it be a harmless cat—as some call cats, a delicate, soft creature, all grace and beauty, but wily and treacherous in its nature too—he never loses his hold till she is dead. His master is like him in that respect, as you will find. You think, perhaps, that should things be at the worst with you—this husband of yours turfed over, and your pockets full of such mere

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unconsidered trifles as you have been able to snatch up at the finish, or to collect during your short reign—you will, at all events, be so far bettered, and the more welcome to your beloved Richard; but there you are much mistaken. I will follow you to your life's end, as a bloodhound tracks a runaway nigger. I will set such tales afloat about you that not even your own Richard will think you a delicate morsel. As for your child that is to be, you shall wish it had never been born to such an inheritance of infamy as I will cause to cling to it. No matter where you hide yourself, sleeping or waking, you shall not feel for one moment safe from the vengeance that shall eternally pursue you! You believe already that I am not easily conciliated, but you do not yet understand of what I am capable when rejected, wronged, despised, as I have been by you! You do not know Horn Winthrop, madam—"

"Ah, but I do!" interrupted Mabel, stung by these insolent threats beyond endurance, and losing all fear of them and thought of consequences in her scorn and detestation. "I know you well; far better than you think: I know both who you are and whence you came, you bastard savage!"

A terrible change came over Horn Winthrop's countenance. His mocking lips closed tightly, his cruel face grew white and rigid, and the hand that had been pointing at her in brutal menace sought the back of a chair, and clinched it as though he was about to hurl it at his audacious foe. "You know *that*, do you, woman?" gasped he, slowly. "Then you know too much."

They stood confronting one another for near a minute, each sensible only of the other's hated presence, and dead to all things else. The door had opened, and a face was looking in upon them full of speechless wonder, but they had heard no sound.

"And how, madam, may I ask," inquired Horn, forcing a scornful smile, "have you become possessed of this rare piece of information?" His eyes were riveted upon her, as though they would have read her soul, and she mechanically placed her hand upon the hidden packet, as though to secure it from that searching gaze. Already she repented of the passion that had hurried her so far, notwithstanding that it had evoked a corroboration of her suspicion such as no art that this man could use would ever efface from her mind.

"Perhaps I guessed it," said she, calmly.

"If you did so," hissed Horn through his clinched teeth, "it was by the devil's help, since none but the devil could have told you."

"Nay, the devil is a liar, Sir; whereas it is no lie that you are no Winthrop, but a born savage."

"Well, as you have guessed it, madam, and since we are quite alone together, I may as well confess to you that you have guessed right. I am no more this Winthrop's son than you are the wife of him you would have chosen for your husband had you had the choice."

A sharp cry here broke the silence of the night and waked the slumbering echoes, and Mabel turned in terror just in time to see Mr. Winthrop's ghastly face as he tottered toward her and fell heavily upon the floor.

CHAPTER XL.

THE ESCAPE.

WHAT had happened, or rather what had not happened, all these days, or months, or years? Why was the room so dark while all without seemed day? Why did Vance sit in the chair by the fire yonder, looking at her so pitifully and never speaking a word? These questions of poor Mabel, wild and pointless as they were, were lucid compared with the thoughts that filled her brain as she lay in her bed through long sunless days and sleepless nights, hovering between life and death.

Her most frequent dream, and it was a quiet and peaceful one, was that she was a child once more in the dear old home, too ill to recognize Martha and her father, who came and went as usual, nevertheless, and ministered to her tenderly. Ju had been sent away from home, probably because her own malady was contagious, and the only plaything which she was allowed was a beautiful pink doll. This lay in the bed with her, and opened and shut its eyes, and even cried. It was always snug and warm, and yet it did not melt. If she were to die—and she knew she was very ill, and likely to do so—she would beg of Ju, with her last breath, if she could only see her—but she was, somehow, far away—to clothe and keep this doll when she was gone! The idea of death had no terrors for her except upon this account, lest the doll should suffer; but she was in extreme fear of a certain drunken tramp whom Martha and she had met on the road one day, and who had threatened to be revenged on them for not giving him money. He had a begging petition in his hand, done up in a square packet, and at his heels slouched a bow-legged dog. She was, above all things, solicitous that the man and dog should never get her doll. She was almost always in pain, and very weak, but what troubled her most was that, whatever she said, no one seemed to mind; all her questions remained unanswered. At last she caught Carry's eye one day, or night (she scarce knew which), and said, "Do speak to me, Carry. No one speaks to me."

But there was no answer.

"Why are you dressed in black?" asked she, appealingly.

At this Carry burst into tears, and the doll stirred beside her, and clasped her with its tiny fingers, and gave a pitiful cry too. Then, somehow, she knew that this was her own child, and her heart leaped for joy.

"I have been very ill, Carry, have I not?"

"Oh yes, ma'am—at death's door," sobbed Carry; "but you are better now, much better. You will soon be well and strong; but you must keep quite quiet."

"Where is my husband?" inquired Mabel.

"Hush! hush! you mustn't talk. The doctor said that the least excitement was to be avoided."

"Yes, I remember," said Mabel, thoughtfully. "He was to have nothing to trouble him, and he had so much, I know. What was it?"

"I don't know, ma'am, indeed," said Carry, earnestly. "Nobody knows."

"You know something, Carry: tell me what you know. I had rather hear it from your lips than from another's."

There was a long pause, during which Vance approached the bed, and, stooping down, kissed first her mistress and then the child. "It is an orphan, madam," whispered she, tenderly, and pointed to her black dress.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

AN interesting fact it would be to ascertain how many young couples have commenced housekeeping since the 1st of May; also how many older couples have recommenced living "under their own vine and fig-tree." The general reduction of house rents, and the large number of houses in the market early in the season, have induced many who have been content to board during the period of high prices to resume more home-like arrangements.

No sooner is the home settled than the perplexing question is daily presented to every lady who is her own housekeeper, "What shall we have for dinner?" Every condition of life has its peculiar difficulties; and however enjoyable the comforts of home may be, this constantly recurring question is often hard to answer. Cook-books generally contain long bills of fare suitable only for long purses and dinner-parties, impossible recipes, and directions how to order an immense establishment. The young wife diligently studies these manuals, but obtains little help in planning an economical yet appetizing and tasteful *tête-à-tête* dinner. To order dinner every day for two people so that each little feast presents a harmonious contrast in all its details, and to avoid sameness and repetitions, and to do this without spending more money than one can afford, is an art not easily acquired. In fact, it is quite likely that after several weeks of experiments the business of the husband, if he is a man of taste, gradually assumes such proportions that he is detained very late thereby, and has to dine at his club or at a restaurant several times a week in consequence. But if the wife is a woman of ingenuity and intelligence, and desires to be a successful housekeeper, the husband's business will, in ordinary cases, become less pressing after the season is over—the *season of experiments*, we mean. The mistress of the house will find that by going to market herself, instead of sending her servant, she will be better served; she will see novelties, and thus gain variety on her table; she will interest her cook by showing her own interest; she will see that the range and kitchen utensils are convenient; and will personally supervise the making of some delicacy, and give such little artistic touches to the dinner-table as only the hand of affection and skill combined can give. Her efforts will be recognized and appreciated—if her husband is worthy of her—and experience will soon enable her to answer without difficulty the question, "What shall we have for dinner?"

The United States Military Post Library Association is a well-managed organization which is endeavoring to supply the two hundred and eighty-three military posts of this government with reading matter. It has already received many generous gifts of books.

New Granada produces a plant known as the ink plant, which would make the fortunes of ink manufacturers if they could only grow it in sufficient quantities in this country. The juice is used without any preparation, is of a reddish color when freshly used, but soon becomes perfectly black, and does not corrode a steel pen so readily as ordinary ink.

"Shad," remarks a humorous writer, "are Nature's pincushions for bones. The interior of a shad looks like a fine-tooth comb or a wool card, and the best way to get the meat out is to use a tooth-pick."

During the war more than three thousand caricatures appeared in Paris. Among the wittiest was a series entitled "The Imperial Menagerie." The portraits in this "menagerie" are of striking resemblance. The title-page represents France, in republican costume, opening the entrance. Napoleon is represented as a hare running away; Pierre Bonaparte as a wild boar raising his bristles; Emile Ollivier as a snake coiling around a ministerial port-folio; General De Failly, the manager of the balls at the Tuileries, is dancing around as a rat-terrier; Frossard, the tutor of the Prince Imperial (who sits as a canary-bird in a cage), is represented as a learned donkey putting the letters A, B, C together with his foot. Other caricatures are of a similar kind.

A New Orleans gentleman has patented a device to hold the mouth shut during sleep, and thus prevent snoring. It is generally understood that snoring is caused by breathing with the mouth open; and the natural inquiry is, How can one keep the mouth shut when he is asleep and is unconscious? Perseverance will accomplish a good deal. It will also aid the matter to avoid sleeping on the back—a position which often causes the lower jaw to drop—and to lie on the side.

The biography of the late Alexandre Dumas is to be written jointly by seven friends of the novelist.

The late European war gave a certain kind of impulse to literature. Over four hundred manuscripts on the war were offered for publication to a leading book firm in Leipsic during the last eight months. Six only were accepted.

A visitor to the Emperor William's private apartments in the Imperial palace states that his Majesty has a very fine private library, the books in which have evidently been read, and many of them contain marginal notes written by his own hand.

Some curious marriage statistics are given in the Registration Report of the State of Massachusetts for 1869. Seven maidens were married at the age of 14, and forty-one at 15, but the youngest husband was 16 years old. One man of 32 chose for his sixth wife a woman of 30—a risky thing for her. But a widower of 80 ventured to join himself to a young widow of 20, it being her *fourth* marriage. One marriage is reported where each party had previously been married three times, but they were willing to try it again. A widower of 56 was united to a widow of 52, it being her fifth marriage. The fourth marriage of a man of 73 was to a widow of 57, it being her third venture.

In the preparation of the "Dictionary of Authors" Mrs. Allibone acted as her husband's amanuensis, and copied 30,000 large foolscap pages for the press, besides verifying dates and facts.

There are on the Cheyenne Reservation, Dakota, over four thousand Indians. Many of these have been hostile, but are daily becoming more friendly toward the government of the United States, and seem in some measure to appreciate the efforts being made by the church and the general government to educate and civilize their people. These Indians are greatly in need of tent cloth, blankets, and other materials for clothing and lodges. The United States Indian Agent, Mr. Englebert, is of the opinion that by a judicious selection and distribution of such articles to those friendly disposed Indians much good can be accomplished toward effecting a treaty of peace and friendship, at the same time *practically* demonstrating our interest in their welfare, and encouraging them at this particular time. He makes an appeal for aid to various missionary societies and to the Christian public.

Dr. Waldau, who was associated with the celebrated oculist, the late Dr. Von Graefe, has recently performed a new and difficult operation upon Prince Albrecht, brother of the emperor, which has created quite a sensation all over Berlin. The prince took a prominent part in the war, and returned from France with a very painful affection of the eye. The operation necessary to restore the sight of the diseased eye and preserve the healthy one has been made feasible only recently, and chiefly through Dr. Waldau's researches. This operation was signally successful in the case of Prince Albrecht, and the imperial family feel under deep obligations to the skillful surgeon.

The monument which is being made in Philadelphia to the memory of the late Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, by order of his executors, will be about eighteen feet high, and comparatively plain. The base will be five feet square, with a sub-base, on which will rest the die, with this inscription in raised letters:

EDWIN M. STANTON.
Born Dec. 19, 1814.
Died Dec. 24, 1869.

On the top of the die there will be a Gothic cap, receiving a plain and massive square. The whole affair will be extremely plain, no ornamentation being attached to it.

The hospitals of Paris now contain a great number suffering from the scurvy. Indeed, the disease has spread so extensively that most of the soldiers sent home convalescent show traces of it, and it has been very prevalent in departments which have suffered from the war, and in towns which have been besieged. Some French physicians do not believe that the use of salt meat has so much to do with scurvy as is generally supposed. The defenders of Metz, who were deprived of salt for about six weeks, yet suffered severely from this disease. Cold and dampness, the want of fresh vegetables, insufficient food, and general hardships, are regarded by many as the exciting causes. A varied and nourishing diet is recommended as the best remedy.

Arrow-root, sago, and taploca are articles of a somewhat similar nature, which are of common use in every household, but exactly what they are may not be so generally known. The word arrow-root is applied to the starch extracted from a variety of roots and cereal products—that from the maranta of the East and West Indies being the genuine arrow-root, while much of that sold is from other substances. Sago is prepared from the pith of a species of palm growing on the islands and main-land of the Indian Archipelago. The pith is macerated with water, and beaten to separate the woody fibre from the grain, or flour. The latter is dried, sifted, and generally bleached. Pearl-sago is prepared from the ordinary kind by being heated on an iron surface. Taploca is prepared from the root of the mandioco, which grows in tropical regions. With the starch the root contains is a large proportion of poisonous milky juice, which in South America is used to poison the tips of arrows. The root is washed, peeled, and grated. After the grated pulp is partially dried it is subjected to pressure, which separates the milky juice from the pulp. This pulp is used as bread, and the poisonous liquid deposits the starch known as taploca. This deposit is dried in the sun, or in kilns, and granulated. It is singular that this nutritious and palatable article should be derived from one of the most fatal poisons known in the vegetable kingdom.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THOSE who are compelled to "hurry up their cakes" may find the following variety, prepared for various callings, convenient to select from: The best cake for prize-fighters, pound cake; the most suitable for carpenters, plane cake; the most relished by loafers, sponge cake; the most palatable to boatmen, current cake; the most acceptable to hangmen, drop cake; the best for farmers, seed cake; the kind indulged in by surgeons, cup cake; the kind most used by topers, corn cake; the most healthy for plumbers, plumb cake; the debtor's cake, short cake; the gardener's cake, the hoe cake; the one for summer use, the cake of ice; the one for discount, an oat cake; a cake not enjoyed by any one, stomach-ache.

A little four-year-old remarked to her mamma, on going to bed, "I am not afraid of the dark." "No, of course you are not," replied her mamma, "for it can't hurt you." "But, mamma, I was a *little* afraid once when I went into the pantry in the dark to get a cooky." "What were you afraid of?" asked her mamma. "I was afraid I couldn't find the cookies."

A good parody was that involved in the story of a young English nobleman, with a large number of titles and a very small amount of brains—Lord this, Viscount that, and so on *ad infinitum*. "My fair friends," said the witty N——, "one of his titles you appear to have forgotten." "Oh!" was the universal exclamation, "what is that?" "He is 'Barren' of intellect," was the rejoinder.

SONG OF THE OYSTER—Keep me in my little bed.

During the past winter a friend of ours employed a hard-working woman to do jobs of scrubbing, etc., about the house. He was accustomed, when he saw her, to ask kindly questions as to her family and general welfare. Her answer invariably comprised a complaint that her husband's business was very dull. Noticing the fact, our friend asked her, one of the coldest days in January, what her husband's business was. "He's a strawberry picker," the woman replied. Our friend had no difficulty afterward in understanding why her husband's business was dull.

A fond father recently wrote: "It generally takes twenty years of training to eradicate that word nice from a woman's vocabulary. The Falls of Niagara, the Psalms of David, and the progress of the human race were all nice to my eldest till she got married."

A JOINT AFFAIR WITH BUT A SINGLE PARTY TO IT—Rheumatism.

TECHNICAL KISSING.

"Charley, what is osculation?"
"Osculation, Jenny dear,
Is a learned expression, queer,
For a nice sensation:
I put my arm, thus, round your waist;
Your head sinks into its resting-place;
This is approximation;
You need not fear—
There's no one near;
I then—"
"Oh dear!"
"Jenny, that's osculation."

"Martha, my dear," said a loving husband to his spouse, who was several years his junior, "what do you say to moving to the far West?" "Oh, I am delighted with the idea. You recollect when Mr. Morgan moved out there he was as poor as we are, and in three years he died, leaving his widow worth a hundred thousand dollars."

"You seem to walk more erect than usual, my friend." "Yes, I have been straightened by circumstances."

The emblem of Ireland is a shamrock. A pink would be more appropriate for a car-nation.

Our doctor's front-door has not been properly painted, and ought, as his friends and patients tell him, to be done over again; but he declines to let it be touched, assigning as his reason that it looks professional, being "blistered."

THE SITUATION AT PARIS.
GENERAL CARNAGE ON HIS HIGH HORSE.

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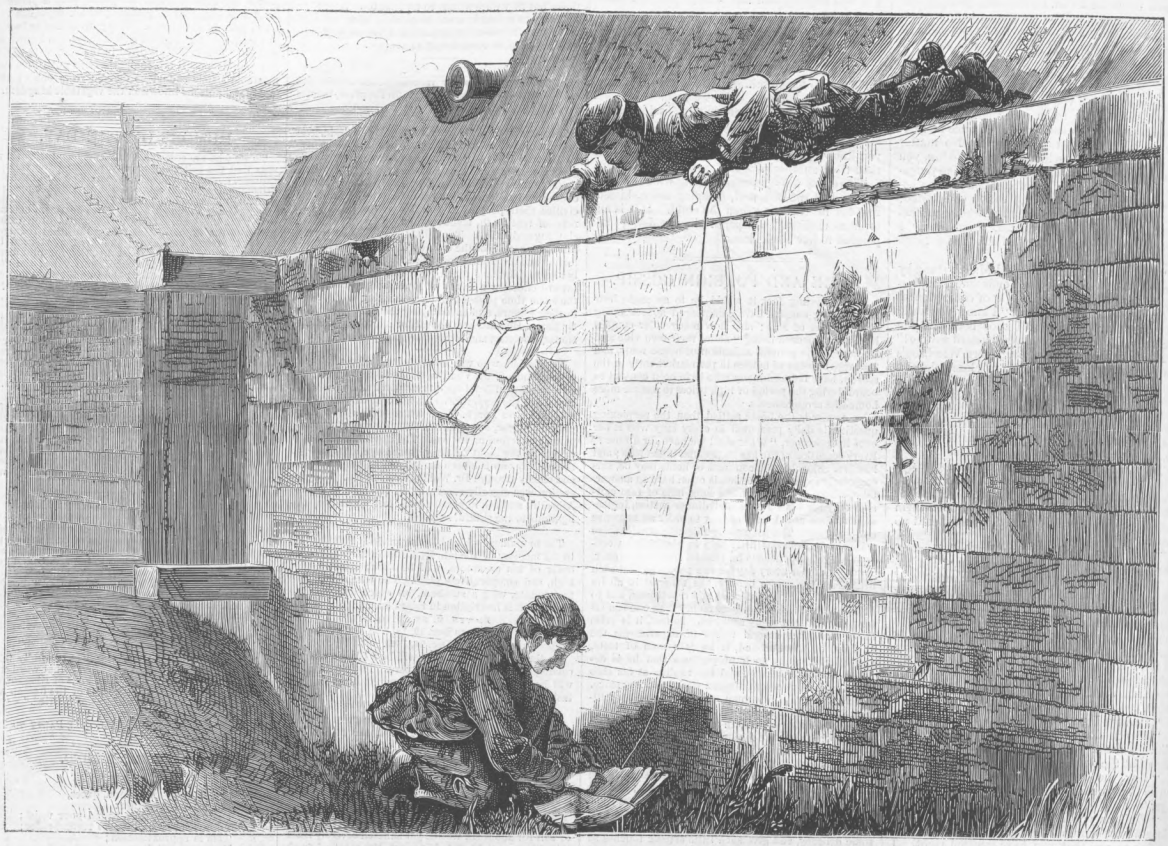

ENTERPRISE OF PARIS NEWSBOYS—SMUGGLING PAPERS OVER THE RAMPARTS.—[SEE PAGE 462.]

THE BELATED TRAVELER.—FROM THE PICTURE BY KEYWOOD HARDY.—[SEE PAGE 461.]

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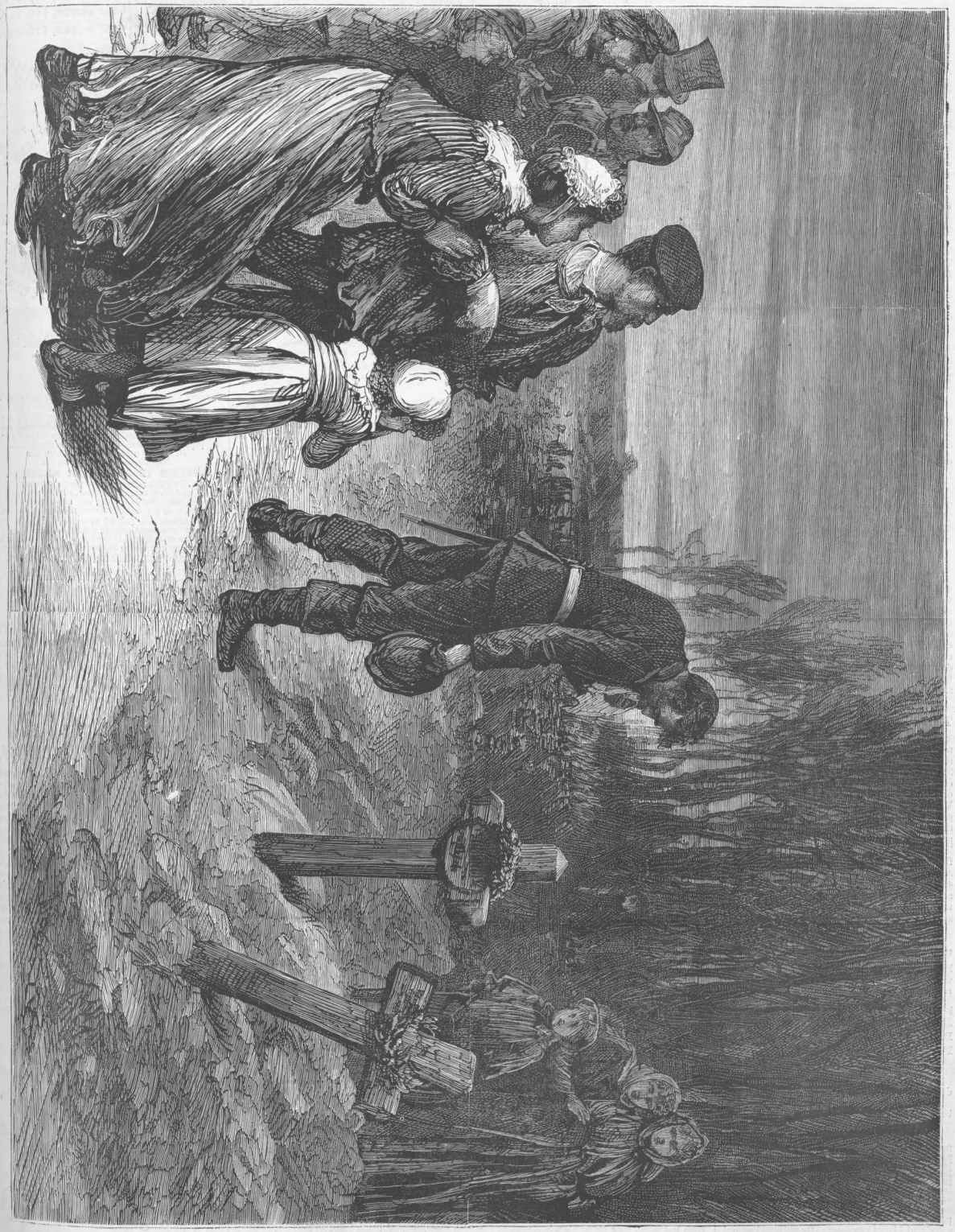
"ONE TOUCH OF NATURE MAKES THE WHOLE WORLD KIN."

So wrote SHAKSPEARE three hundred years ago, and so, in other and more simple words, think the French crowd in the illustration on this page, as they watch that sturdy Landwehrman who a few weeks ago was thought to be the most cruel and unfeeling ogre in existence, but who now, while dropping a silent tear on the grave of two of his companions in arms, proves to be only human after all. The mourner, a Bavarian artilleryman, about to return home to his country, has come to pay a farewell visit to the last resting-place of his two comrades, his brother and his cousin. They had fallen while serving at that famous Chatillon battery which during the siege did so much execution in the Pantheon and the neighboring quarters. Here, where they fell, they were buried, and two simple wooden crosses record their names and rank, with a brief annotation that they died while bravely fighting for King and Fatherland, one on the 12th, the other on the 22d January, 1871.

While the soldier sadly gazes on these terse inscriptions, doubtlessly recalling some of the pleasant hours the three comrades had spent together, and the battles where they had fought side by side, the crowd stand quietly by and watch him half curiously, half sympathizingly. They, true creatures of impulse, who a few minutes before only regarded the invader with an intense hatred, now feel a kind of pity for him, and his sigh, as he takes a last look at the graves, is echoed by more than one of the spectators. Although in many cases, as in the sketch, soldiers have been buried singly, and honored with a cross and an inscription to themselves, by far the greater number are buried in batches of twenties, fifties, and even hundreds, the only record being a piece of wood chalked with the numbers of the bodies buried beneath.



A TOUCH OF NATURE—A SKETCH FROM LIFE AT CHATILLON.

THE BELATED TRAVELER.

THE vigorous drawing thus entitled, an engraving of which may be found on page 460, is the production of Mr. KEYWOOD HARDY, an English artist of some reputation. The draughtsmanship is admirable. The powerful horse dashes along at a pace which, for his bulk, is tremendous. Doubtless he has his own private reasons for putting on the steam; and the man is made to sit him perfectly—a thing more easy to do in nature than in a picture. The night promises to be bitterly cold, for it is winter; the trees are leafless; the sky is clear. And to find one's self straying from the road, perhaps stumbling about over a moor, on a frosty night, with only starlight to direct, would be awkward as well as romantic. But supposing there is no danger of losing the way, one might guess at various other reasons why the traveler should quicken his pace without supposing him liable to a rencontre with DICK TURPIN or to be pursued by the imaginary terrors of Tam O'Shanter. The jolly farmer may have a very important engagement to keep; or, more serious still, he may be expecting a warm reception from a scolding wife.

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The artist himself, who may be presumed to know the incident he intended to illustrate, has inscribed on the frame of his picture the following lines from "Macbeth:"

"The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day.
Now spurs the lated traveler apace,
To gain the *timely inn*."

But every one is at liberty to interpret the picture to suit his own fancy.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.]

WOMAN'S LOVE.

BY JOHN HAY.

A SENTINEL angel, sitting high in glory,
Heard this shrill wail ring out from purgatory:
"Have mercy, mighty angel! hear my story.

"I loved, and, blind with passionate love, I fell:
Love brought me down to death, and death to hell;
For God is just, and death for sin is well.

"I do not rage against his high decree,
Nor for myself do ask that grace shall be,
But for my love on earth, who mourns for me.

"Great spirit, let me see my love again,
And comfort him one hour, and I were fain
To pay a thousand years of fire and pain."

Then said the pitying angel: "Nay, repent
That wild vow. Look! the dial-finger's bent
Down to the last hour of thy punishment."

But still she wailed: "I pray thee, let me go;
I can not rise to peace and leave him so!
Oh, let me soothe him in his bitter woe!"

The brazen gates ground sullenly ajar,
And upward, joyous, like a rising star
She rose, and vanished in the ether far.

But soon adown the dying sunset sailing,
And like a wounded bird her pinions trailing,
She fluttered back with broken-hearted wailing.

She sobbed: "I found him by the summer sea
Reclined, his head upon a maiden's knee;
She curled his hair and kissed him. Woe is me!"

She wept: "Now let my punishment begin;
I have been fond and foolish. Let me in
To expiate my sorrow and my sin."

The angel answered: "Nay, sad soul, go higher!
To be deceived in your true heart's desire
Was bitterer than a thousand years of fire!"

PARIS NEWSBOYS.

NEWSBOYS, the world over, are noted for their smartness and enterprise. The upper illustration on page 461 shows how they smuggle newspapers into and out of Paris. One of them will bring a bundle of papers, and clamber with it upon the top of the rampart, whence he may either toss the bundle down to an outside boy creeping at the bottom of the moat, or may let it down by a string, which also serves him to pull up a bundle of foreign or provincial journals for sale in Paris.

THE IRON GATE OF THE DANUBE.

THOUGH less celebrated than that other German river, the glorious Rhine, the Danube possesses many attractions for the tourist. It rises in the Black Forest, and the upper part of its course, through South Germany, shows a great deal of picturesque scenery; but eastward, from Vienna down to the Black Sea, its banks are generally flat. There is a striking exception to this dull, monotonous level in the defile between precipitous rocks called the Iron Gate, in Wallachia, four or five miles below Orsova, near the frontier of Hungary. An illustration of the scenery here is shown in the engraving on page 452. The whole length of this noble river, with all its windings, is 1725 miles, or nearly 1000 miles from west to east.

WE send single Waltham Watches by express to any part of the United States, and allow the purchaser to open the package and examine the watch before paying the bill. Send for our "*Price-List*," which gives full particulars, and please state that you saw this advertisement in *Harper's Weekly*.—HOWARD & Co., No. 865 Broadway, New York. All prices reduced since February 1.—[*Com.*]

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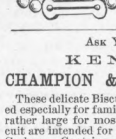

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The SIX PER CENT. GOLD BONDS of the CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO RAILROAD COMPANY are secured upon a property which, when the extension to the Ohio River, now in process of rapid construction, is completed and fully equipped, will represent a cost of nearly $30,000,000, and an actual value in road, franchises, rights of way, &c., of not less than $50,000,000.

The total amount of the Loan is $15,000,000, of which nearly one-half, or over $7,000,000, have already been sold.

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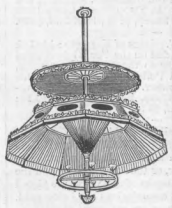

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☞ NEW LOAN OF THE UNITED STATES.

The subscriptions to the New Five Per Cent. Stock of the United States now amount to about $62,000,000. They are confidently expected to reach $200,000,000 by the time the New Bonds are ready for delivery in May. The proposals of the Secretary of the Treasury will then be changed to the following programme:

First—Bonds to the amount of three hundred millions of dollars, payable in coin, at the pleasure of the United States, after ten years from the date of their issue, and bearing interest, payable quarterly in coin, at the rate of five per cent. per annum.

Second—Bonds to the amount of three hundred millions of dollars, payable in coin, at the pleasure of the United States, after fifteen years from the date of their issue, and bearing interest, payable quarterly in coin, at the rate of four and a half per cent. per annum.

Third—Bonds to the amount of seven hundred millions of dollars, payable in coin, at the pleasure of the United States, after thirty years from the date of their issue, and bearing interest, payable quarterly in coin, at the rate of four per cent. per annum.

Subscriptions to the loan will have preference, after the above-mentioned two hundred millions are taken up, in the following order, namely:

First—Subscriptions for equal amounts of each class of bonds.

Second—Subscriptions for equal amounts of bonds bearing interest at the rate of four and a half per cent., and of bonds bearing interest at the rate of five per cent.

Third—Subscriptions for any five per cent. bonds that may not be subscribed for in the preceding classes.

Subscriptions to the remainder of the $200,000,000 of five per cents, which are unconditional, are now going on, and the bonds will soon be issued to the subscribers, who can receive a scrip certificate in advance, if they desire to pay their gold or exchange United States 5-20's at once, in the registered or coupon form. Registered bonds will be issued of the denominations of $50, $100, $500, $1,000, $5,000, and $10,000, and coupon bonds of each denomination except the last two. The interest will be payable in the United States at the office of the Treasurer, any Assistant Treasurer, or designated depositary of the Government, quarterly, on the first days of February, May, August, and November, in each year.

The bonds of the several classes aforesaid, and the interest thereon, are exempt from the payment of all taxes or dues of the United States, as well as from taxation in any form by or under State, municipal, or local authority.

After maturity, the bonds last issued will be first redeemed, by classes and numbers, as may be designated by the Secretary of the Treasury.

The reduction of the public debt since the close of the war of the rebellion, and the relief, at the same time, to the annual burden of interest, are as follows:

Principal of debt, 1865	$2,755,995,275
Paid under Johnson	264,595,371
Principal, March 4, 1869	$2,491,399,904
Paid under Grant	223,083,673
Present public debt	$2,268,316,231
Interest charge, 1865	151,832,051
Reduced in four years by redemptions and funding 7.30 Notes	25,442,501
Interest charge, 1869	$126,389,550
Reduced in two years by redemptions	12,052,998
Present interest charge	$114,336,552

The proposed further reduction of the annual interest charge upon the public debt by refunding is as follows:

By exchange of $500,000,000 United States six per cents for new five per cents of 1881	$5,000,000
By exchange of $300,000,000 United States six per cents for four and a half per cents of 1886	4,500,000
By exchange of $700,000,000 United States six per cents for four per cents of 1901	14,000,000
Total saving per annum by refunding	$23,500,000

The whole proceeds of the new loans will be applied to the payment or redemption and cancellation of the 5-20 years six per cent. bonds, and in addition to these proceeds, the 5-20's are now being reduced by purchase at the rate of $10,000,000 per month.

C. C. NORVELL,
In charge of advertising United States loans.

TREASURY OFFICE, NEW YORK, April 15.

AGENTS WANTED FOR **THE YEAR OF BATTLES.** A History of the Franco-German War. By Brockett. Accurate, reliable, and complete. The only one published. Send $1.50 for outfit, and secure the best territory at once. Address J. W. GOODSPEED & CO., New York or Chicago.

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MEMORIES OF DISTINGUISHED AUTHORS.

THEODORE HOOK.

By S. C. HALL.

THEODORE EDWARD HOOK was born in Charlotte Street, Bedford Square, on the 22d September, 1788. His father was a musical composer, who "enjoyed in his time success and celebrity." His elder brother, James, was Dean of Worcester, whose son is the present learned and eloquent Dean of Chichester. The mother was an accomplished lady, and also an author.

The natural talent of Theodore was, therefore, early nursed: unfortunately, the Greenroom was the too frequent "study" of the youth; for his father's fame and income were chiefly derived from the composition of operetta songs, for which Theodore usually wrote the libretto. When little more than a boy he had produced, perhaps, thirty farces, and in 1808 gave birth to a novel. Those who remember the two great actors of a long period, Mathews and Liston, will be at no loss to comprehend the popularity of Hook's farces; for these eminent men were his "props."

In 1812, when his finances were low, and the chances of increasing them limited, and when, perhaps, also his constitution had been tried by "excesses," he received the appointment of Accountant-General and Treasurer at the Mauritius—a post with an income of £2000 a year. Hook seems to have derived his qualification for that office from his antipathy to arithmetic, and his utter unfitness for business. The result might have been easily foreseen: in 1819 he returned to England, the cause being indicated by his famous pun. When the Governor of the Cape expressed to him a hope that he was not returning because of ill health, Hook "regretted" to say "they think there is something wrong in the *chest*." He was found guilty of owing £12,000 to the Government, yet he was "without a shilling in his pocket." If public funds had been abstracted, he was none the richer, and there was certainly no suspicion that the money had been dishonestly advantageous to him. Although kept for years in hot water, battling with the Treasury, it was not until 1823 that the penalty was exacted—some time after the *John Bull* had made him a host of enemies. Of course, as he could not pay in purse, he was doomed to "pay in person." After spending some months "pleasantly" at a dreary sponging-house in Shoe Lane, where there was ever "an agreeable prospect, *barring* the windows," he was removed to the Rules of the Bench, residing there a year, being "discharged from custody" in 1825. While in the "Rules" he was under very little restraint, being almost as much in society as ever, taking special care not to be seen by any of his creditors, who might have "pounced" upon him, and made the marshal responsible for the debt. The danger was less in Hook's case than in that of others, for his principal "detaining creditor" was the King.

I remember his telling me that during his "confinement" in the "Rules" he made the acquaintance of a gentleman who, while a prisoner there, paid a visit to India. The story is this: The gentleman called one morning on the marshal, who said, "Mr. So-and-so, I have not had the pleasure to see you for a long time." "No wonder," was the answer, "for since you saw me last I have been to India." In reply to a look of astonished inquiry he explained, "I knew my affairs there were so intricate and involved that no one but myself could unravel them; so I ran the risk and took my chance. I am back with ample funds to pay all my debts, and to live comfortably for the rest of my days." Mr. Hook did not say if the gentleman had obtained from his securities a license for what he had done; but the anecdote illustrates the extreme laxity enjoyed by prisoners in "the Rules," which extended to several streets, as compared with the doleful incarceration to which poor debtors were subjected, who, in those days, often had their miserable homes in a jail for debts that might have been paid by shillings.

He then took up his residence at Putney, from which he removed to a "mansion" in Cleveland Row, but subsequently to Fulham, where the remainder of his life was passed, and where he died. The house at Fulham was a small detached cottage. It is of this cottage that Lockhart says, "We doubt if its interior was ever seen by half a dozen people besides the old confidential worshipers of Bull's Mouth." It was "removed" by the railroad.

THEODORE HOOK.

Hook resided here in comparative obscurity. It gave him a pleasant prospect of Putney Bridge, and of Putney on the opposite side of the river. As the Thames flowed past the bottom of his small and narrow garden, he had a perpetually cheerful and changing view of the many gay passers-by in boats, and yachts, and steamboats. The only room of the cottage I ever saw was somewhat coarsely furnished: a few prints hung on the walls, but there was no evidence of those suggestive refinements which substitute intellectual for animal gratifications in the internal arrangements of a domicile that becomes necessarily a workshop.

Hook's love of practical joking seems to have commenced early. Almost of that character was his well-known answer to the Vice-Chancellor at Oxford, when asked whether he was prepared to subscribe to the Thirty-nine Articles—"Oh, certainly, to forty of them if you please;" and his once meeting the proctor dressed in his robes, who, having questioned him, "Pray, Sir, are you a member of this University?" received a reply, "No, Sir; pray are you?"

In the Memoirs of Chas. Mathews, by his widow, abundant anecdotes are recorded of these practical jokes; but in fact "Gilbert Gurney," which may be regarded as an autobiography, is full of them. Mr. Barham, his biographer, also relates several, and states that when a young man he had a "museum" containing a large and varied collection of knockers, sign-paintings, barbers' poles, and cocked hats, gathered together during his "predatory adventures;" but its most attractive object was "a gigantic Highlander," looted from the shop door of a tobacconist on a dark, foggy night. These "enterprises of great pith and moment" are detailed by himself in full. The most "glorious" of them has been often told—how he sent through the post some "four thousand" letters, inviting on a given day a huge assemblage of visitors to the house of a lady of fortune, living at 54 Berners Street, beginning with a dozen sweeps at daybreak—including lawyers, doctors, upholsterers, jewelers, coal-merchants, linen-drapers, artists, even the Lord Mayor, for whose behoof a special temptation was invented. In a word, there was no conceivable trade, profession, or calling that was not summoned to augment the crowd of foot passengers and carriages by which the street was thronged from dawn till midnight, while Hook and a friend enjoyed the confusion from a room opposite. Lockhart, in the *Quarterly*, says that the hoax was merely the result of a wager that Hook would in one week make the quiet dwelling the most famous house in all London. Mr. Barham affirms that the lady, Mrs. Tottenham, had, in some way or other, fallen under the displeasure of "the formidable trio"—Mr. Hook and two unnamed friends. His conversation was an unceasing stream of wit, of which he was profuse, as if he knew the source to be inexhaustible. He never kept it for display, or for company, or for those who knew its value—wit was, indeed, as natural to him as commonplace to commonplace characters. It was not only in puns, in repartees, in lively retorts, in sparkling sentences, in brilliant illustrations, or in apt or exciting anecdote, this faculty was developed. I have known him string together a number of graceful verses—every one of which was fine in composition and admirable in point—at a moment's notice, on a subject the most inauspicious, and apparently impossible either to wit or rhyme, yet with an effect that delighted a party, and might have borne the test of criticism the most severe. These verses he usually sung in a sort of recitative to some tune with which all were familiar; and if a piano were at hand, he accompanied himself with a gentle strain of music.

Mrs. Mathews relates that she was present once when Hook dined with the Drury Lane company at a dinner given to Sheridan in honor of his return for Westminster. The guests were numerous, yet he made a verse upon every person in the room: "Every action was turned to account; every circumstance, the look, the gesture, or any other accidental effects, served as occasion for wit." Sheridan was astonished at his extraordinary faculty, and declared that he could not have imagined such power possible had he not witnessed it.

People used to give him subjects the most unpromising, to test his powers. Thus Campbell records that he once supplied him with a theme, "Pepper and Salt," and that he amply seasoned the song with both.

I was present when this rare faculty was put to even a more severe test at a party at Mr. Jerdan's, at Grove House, Brompton—a house long since removed to make room for Ovington Square. It was a large supper-party, and many men and women of mark were present; for the *Literary Gazette* was then in the zenith of its power, worshiped by all aspirants for fame, and courted even by those whose laurels had been won; while its editor, be his shortcomings what they may, was then, as he ever was, ready with a helping hand to those who needed help—a lenient critic, a generous sympathizer, who preferred pushing a dozen forward to thrusting one back.

Hook, having been asked for his song, and, as usual, demanding a theme, one of the guests, either facetious or malicious, called out, "Take Yates's big nose" (Yates, the actor, was of the party). To any one else such a subject would have been appalling. Not so to Hook; he rose, glanced once or twice round the table, and chanted (so to speak) a series of verses perfect in rhythm and rhyme, the incapable theme being dealt with in a marvelous spirit of fun, humor, serious comment, and absolute philosophy, utterly inconceivable to those who had never heard the marvelous improvisatore; each verse describing something which the world considered great, but which became small when placed in comparison with

"Yates's big nose!"

It was the first time I had met Hook, and my astonishment was unbounded. I found it impossible to believe the song was improvised; but I had afterward ample reason to know that so thorough a triumph over difficulties was with him by no means rare.

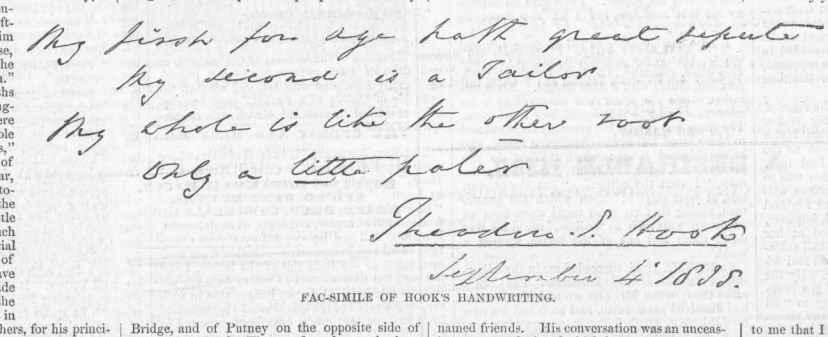
I had once a glorious day with him on the Thames, fishing in a punt on the river opposite the Swan, at Thames Ditton. Hook was in good health and good spirits, and brimful of mirth. He loved the angler's craft, though he seldom enjoyed it; he spoke with something like affection of a long ago time, when bobbing for roach at the foot of Fulham Bridge, the fisherman perpetually raising or lowering his float, according to the ebb and flow of the tide.

Yes, it was a glorious day! A record of his "sayings and doings" from early morn to set of sun would fill a goodly volume. It was a fine summer day. Fishing on the Thames is lazy fishing; the gudgeons bite freely, but there is little labor in "landing" them: it is the perfection of the *dolce far niente*, giving leisure for talk, and frequent desire for refreshment. In a punt, at all events, though not by the riverside, idle time *is* idly spent; but the wit and fun of Mr. Hook that day might have delighted a hundred by-sitters, and it was a grief to me that I was the only listener—Hook and I—to borrow a pun that is said to have been made by another upon another occasion. Hook then conceived—probably then made—the verses he afterward gave me for the *New Monthly*, entitled "The Swan at Ditton."

The last time I saw Hook was at Priors Bank, Fulham, where his neighbors, Mr. Baylis and

THE BURIAL-PLACE OF THEODORE HOOK.

THE RESIDENCE OF THEODORE HOOK.



My first for age hath great repute
My second is a Tailor
My whole is like the other root
Only a little paler

Theodore E. Hook

September 4th 1835.

FAC-SIMILE OF HOOK'S HANDWRITING.

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Mr. Whitmore, had given an "entertainment," the leading feature being an amateur play, for which, by-the-way, I wrote the prologue. Hook was then in his decadence, in broken health, his animal spirits gone, the cup of life drained to the dregs. It was morning before the guests departed, yet Hook remained to the last, and a light of other days brightened his features as he opened the piano and began a recitative. The theme was, of course, the occasion that had brought the party together; and perhaps he never, in his best time, was more original, powerful, and pointed. I can recall two of the lines—

"They may boast of their Fulham omnibus,
But *this* is the Fulham stage."

There was a fair young boy standing by his side while he was singing: one of the servants suddenly opened the drawing-room shutters, and a flood of light fell upon the lad's head. The effect was very touching, but it became a thousand times more so as Hook, availing himself of the incident, placed his hand upon the youth's brow, and in tremulous tones uttered a verse of which I remember only the concluding lines—

"For *you* is the dawn of the morning,
For *me* is the solemn good-night."

He rose from the piano, burst into tears, and left the room. Few of those who were present saw him afterward.*

All the evening Hook had been low in spirits; it seemed impossible to stir him into animation until the cause was guessed at by Mr. Blood, a surgeon, who, under the name of Davis, was at that time an actor at the Haymarket. He prescribed a glass of sherry, and retired to procure it, returning presently with a bottle of pale brandy. Having administered two or three doses, the machinery was wound up, and the result was as I have described it.

I give one more instance of his ready wit and rapid power of rhyme. He had been idle for a fortnight, and had written nothing for the *John Bull;* the clerk, however, took him his salary as usual, and on entering his room said, "Have you heard the news?—the King and Queen of the Sandwich Islands are dead" (they had just died in England of the small-pox); "and," added the clerk, "we want something about them." "You shall have it," said Hook; "it's done!

'Walter, two sandwiches!' cried Death;
And their wild majesties resigned their breath.'"

I remember once breakfasting with him, mulled claret being on the table, in jugs that were unmistakably sacramental, and his telling me that when Mrs. Wilson Croker was shocked at so great an outrage on propriety, he succeeded in persuading her they were not what she supposed, the cherubim being neither more nor less than little models of Bacchus.

The *John Bull* was established at the close of the year 1820, and it is said that Sir Walter Scott having been consulted by some leader among "high Tories," suggested Hook as the person precisely suited for the required task. The avowed purpose of the publication was to extinguish the party of the Queen Caroline, wife of George IV.; and in a reckless and frightful spirit the work was done. She died, however, in 1821, and persecution was arrested at her grave. Its projectors and proprietors had calculated on a weekly sale of seven hundred and fifty copies, and prepared accordingly. By the sixth week it had reached a sale of ten thousand, and become a valuable property to "all concerned." Of course there were many prosecutions for libels—damages and costs, and incarceration for breaches of privilege; but all search for actual delinquents was vain. Suspicions were rife enough, but positive proofs there were none. Hook was, of course, in no way implicated in so scandalous and slanderous a publication. On one occasion there appeared among the answers to correspondents a paragraph purporting to be a reply to a letter from Mr. Hook, "disavowing all connection with the paper." The gist of the paragraph was this: "Two things surprise us in this business: the first, that any thing we have thought worthy of giving to the public should have been mistaken for Mr. Hook's; and secondly, that *such a person as Mr. Hook* should think himself disgraced by a connection with *John Bull*."

Even now, at this distance of time, few of the contributors are actually known. Among them were undoubtedly John Wilson Croker, and avowedly Haynes Bayly, Barham, and Dr. Maginn.

In 1836, when I had resigned the *New Monthly* into the hands of Mr. Hook, he proposed to me to take the sub-editorship and general literary management of the *John Bull*. That post I undertook, retaining it for a year. Our "business" was carried on, not at the *John Bull* office, but at "Easty's Hotel," in Southampton Street, Strand, in two rooms on the first-floor of that tavern. Mr. Hook was never seen at the office—his existence, indeed, was not recognized there: if any one had asked for him there by name, the answer would have been that no such person was known. Although, at the period of which I write, there was no danger to be apprehended from his walking in and out of the small office in Fleet Street, a time had been when it could not have been done without personal peril. Editorial work was therefore conducted with much secrecy, a confidential person communicating between the editor and the printer, who never knew, or rather, was assumed not to know, by whom the articles were written. In 1836—some years before, and during the years afterward—no paragraph was inserted that in the remotest degree assailed private character: political hatreds and personal hostilities had grown less in vogue; and Hook had lived long enough to be tired of assailing those whom he rather liked and respected. The bitterness of his nature (if it ever existed, which I much doubt) had worn out with years; but, undoubtedly, much of the brilliant wit of the *John Bull* had evaporated; in losing its distinctive feature it had lost its power, and, as a "property," it dwindled to comparative insignificance.

Mr. Hook derived but a small income from his editorship during the later years of his life. I will believe that higher and more honorable motives than those by which he had been guided during the fierce and turbulent party times when the *John Bull* was established, had led him to relinquish scandal, slander, and vituperation as dishonorable weapons; but I know that in my time he did not use them. His advice to me, on more than one occasion, while acting under him, was, to remember that "abuse" seldom effectually answered a purpose; and that it was wiser, as well as safer, to act on the principle that "praise undeserved is satire in disguise." All that was evil in the *John Bull* had been absorbed by two infamous weekly newspapers, the *Age* and the *Satirist:* they were prosperous and profitable. Happily, no such newspapers now exist; the public not only would not buy, they would not tolerate, the personalities, the indecencies, the gross outrages on public men, the scandalous assaults on private character, that made these publications "good speculations" at the period of which I write, and undoubtedly disgraced the *John Bull* during the early part of its career.

No wonder, therefore, that no such person as Mr. Theodore Hook was connected with the *John Bull*. He invariably denied all such connection, and perseveringly protested against the charge that he had ever written a line in it. I have heard it said that during the troublous period of the Queen's trial, Sir Robert Wilson met Hook in the street, and said, in a sort of confidential whisper, "Hook, I am to be traduced and slandered in the *John Bull* next Sunday." Hook, of course, expressed astonishment and abhorrence. "Yes," continued Wilson, "and if I am, I mean to horsewhip you the first time you come in my way. Now stop; I know you have nothing to do with that newspaper; you have told me so a score of times; nevertheless, if the article, which is purely of a private nature—if that article appears, let the consequences be what they may, I will horsewhip you!" The article never did appear. I can give no authority for this anecdote, but I do not doubt its truth.

I have another story to tell of these editorial times. One day a gentleman entered the *John Bull* office, evidently in a state of extreme exasperation, armed with a stout cudgel. His application to see the editor was answered by a request to walk up to the second-floor front-room. The room was empty, but presently there entered to him a huge, tall, broad-shouldered fellow, who in unmitigated brogue asked, "What do you plase to want, Sur?" "Want!" said the gentleman, "I want the editor." "I'm the idditur, Sur, at your sarvice;" upon which the gentleman, seeing that no good could arise from an encounter with such an "editor," made his way down stairs and out of the house without a word.

In 1836 Mr. Hook succeeded me in the editorship of the *New Monthly Magazine*. The change arose thus: when Mr. Colburn and Mr. Bentley had dissolved partnership, and each had his own establishment, much jealousy, approaching hostility, existed between them. Mr. Bentley had announced a comic miscellany, or rather, a magazine, of which humor was to be the leading feature. Mr. Colburn immediately conceived the idea of a rival in that line, and applied to Hook to be its editor. Hook readily complied, the terms of £400 per annum having been settled: as usual, he required payment in advance, and "then and there" received bills for his first year's salary. Not long afterward Mr. Colburn saw the impolicy of his scheme; I had strongly reasoned against it, representing to him that the *New Monthly* would lose its most valuable contributor, Mr. Hook, and other useful allies with him; that the ruin of the *New Monthly* must be looked upon as certain; while the success of his *Joker's Magazine* was problematical at best. Such arguments prevailed: he called upon Mr. Hook with a view to relinquish the design. Mr. Hook was exactly of Mr. Colburn's new opinion. He had received the money, and was not disposed, even if he had been able, to give it back; but suggested his becoming editor of the *New Monthly*, and in that way "working it out." The project met the views of Mr. Colburn, and so it was arranged.

But when the plan was communicated to me, I declined to be placed in the position of sub-editor. I knew that however valuable Mr. Hook might be as a large contributor, he was utterly unfitted to discharge editorial duties; and that, as sub-editor, I could have no power to do aught but obey the orders of my superior; while, as co-editor, I could both suggest and object, as regarded articles and contributors. This was also the view of Mr. Colburn, but not that of Mr. Hook: the consequence was that I retired. As to the conduct of the *New Monthly* in the hands of Mr. Hook, until it came into those of Mr. Hood, and not long afterward was sold by Mr. Colburn to Mr. Harrison Ainsworth, it is not requisite to speak.

A word here of Mr. Colburn. I cherish the kindliest memory of that eminent bibliopole. He has been charged with many mean acts as regards authors; but I know that he was often liberal and always considerate toward them: he could be implacable, but also forgiving, and it was ever easy to move his heart by a tale of sorrow or a case of distress. For more than a quarter of a century he "led" the general literature of the kingdom, and I believe his sins of omission and commission were very few. Such is my impression, resulting from six years' continual intercourse with him.

He was a little man, of mild and kindly countenance, and of much bodily activity. His peculiarity was that he rarely or never finished a sentence, appearing as if he considered it hazardous to express fully what he thought; consequently, one could seldom understand what was his real opinion upon any subject he "debated or discussed." His debate was always a "possibly" or a "perhaps;" his discussion invariably led to no conclusion for or against the matter in hand.*

It was during my editorship of the *New Monthly* that the best of all Hook's works, "Gilbert Gurney," was published in that magazine. The part for the ensuing number was rarely ready until the last moment; and more than once at so late a moment of the month, that unless in the printer's hands the next morning, its publication would have been impossible. I have driven to Fulham, to find not a line of the article written; and I have waited, sometimes nearly all night, until the MS. was produced. Now and then he would relate to me one of the raciest of the anecdotes before he penned it down; sometimes as the raw statement of a fact before it had received its habiliments of fiction, but often as even a more brilliant story than the reader found it on the first of the month.†

Hook was in the habit of sending pen-and-ink sketches of himself in his letters. I had one of especial interest, in which he represented himself down upon his knees, with handkerchief to eyes. The meaning was to indicate his grief at being late with his promised article for the *New Monthly*, and his begging pardon thereupon. He had great facility for taking off likenesses.

Here is Hook's contribution to Mrs. Hall's Album:

"Having been requested to do that which I never did in my life before—write two charades upon two given and by no means sublime words—here they are. It is right to say that they are to be taken with reference to each other.

"My first is in triumphs most usually found;
Old houses and trees show my second;
My whole is long, spiral, red, tufted, and round,
And with beef is most excellent reckoned.

"My first for age hath great repute;
My second is a tailor:
My whole is like the other root,
Only a *little* paler.

"THEODORE E. HOOK,
"*Sept.* 4, 1835.

"Do you give them up? Car-rot.
"Par-snip."

The reader may permit me here to introduce some Memories of the immediate contemporaries and allies of Hook, whose names are, indeed, continually associated with his, and who, on the principle of "birds of a feather," may be properly considered in association with this master-spirit of them all.

The Rev. RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM, whose notes supplied material for the "Memoirs of Hook," edited by his son, and whose "Ingoldsby Legends" are famous, was a stout, squat, and "hearty-looking parson" of the old school. His face was full of humor, although, when quiescent, it seemed dull and heavy; his eyes were singularly small and inexpressive—whether from their own color, or the light tint of the lashes, I can not say, but they seemed to me to be what are called white eyes. I do not believe that in society he had much of the sparkle that characterized his friend, or that might have been expected in so formidable a wit of the pen. SAM BEAZLEY, on the contrary, was a light, airy, graceful person, who had much refinement, without that peculiar manner which bespeaks the well-bred gentleman. He was the "Daly" of "Gilbert Gurney," whose epitaph was written by Hook long before his death:

"Here lies Sam Beazley,
Who lived hard, and died easily."‡

When I knew him he was practicing as an architect in Soho Square. He was one of Hook's early friends, but I believe they were not in close intimacy for some years previous to the death of Hook.

TOM HILL was another of Hook's frequent and familiar associates: he is the "Hull" of "Gilbert Gurney," and is said to have been the original of "Paul Pry" (which Poole, however, strenuously denied), a belief easily entertained by those who knew the man—a little, round man he was, with straight and well-made-up figure, and rosy cheeks that might have graced a milk-maid, when his years numbered certainly four-score.§ Tom Hill was a dry-salter in Queenhithe, a man of narrow education, of no literary attainment, while his manners were by no means those of a gentleman. He managed, however, to draw the wits about him, giving *recherché* dinners at Sydenham, never costly. He was in reality their "butt;" some liked but none respected him. One of his friends pictures him as "a little, fat, florid man—an elderly Cupid." Another says "he had a face like a peony." He had a rare collection of books, of which he knew only the titles and their marketable value: dry-salting and literary tastes did not harmonize. In his later days he was poor: he lived and died in third-floor chambers in the Adelphi. But his age no one ever knew. The story is well known of James Smith asserting that it never could be ascertained, for that the register of his birth was lost in the fire of London; and Hook's comment, "Oh, he's much older than that; he's one of the little Hills that skipped in the Bible." He was a merry man, *toujours gai*, who seemed as if neither trouble nor anxiety had ever crossed his threshold, or broken the sleep of a single night. His peculiar faculty was to find out what every body did, from a minister of state to a stable-boy; and there are tales enough told of his chats with child-maids in the park to ascertain the amounts of their wages, and with lounging footmen in Grosvenor Square to learn how many guests had dined at a house the day before. His curiosity seemed bent upon prying into small things; for secrets that involved serious matters he appeared to care nothing. "Pooh, pooh, Sir, don't tell me! I happen to know!"—that phrase was continually coming from his lips. It is said that when he gave a penny to a crossing-sweeper, he used to ask his name and address.

Of a far higher and better order was Hook's friend Mr. BRODRICK, so long one of the police magistrates, a gentleman of large acquirements and sterling rectitude. Nearly as much may be said of DUBOIS, more than half a century ago the editor of a then popular magazine, the *Monthly Mirror*. Dubois, in his latter days, enjoyed "the sweets of office" as a magistrate in the Court of Requests. He was a pleasant man in face and in manners, and retained to the last much of the humor that characterized the productions of his earlier years. To the admirable actor and estimable gentleman, CHARLES MATHEWS, I can merely allude. His memory has received full honor and homage from his wife, but there are few who knew him who will hesitate to indorse her testimony to his many excellences of head and heart.

I knew WILLIAM MAGINN, LL.D., when he was a school-master in Cork, where he was born in 1794. He died in London in 1842. When very young he established a reputation for scholastic knowledge, and attained some eminence as a wit; and about the year 1820 astounded "the beautiful city" by poetical contributions to *Blackwood's Magazine*, in which certain literary citizens of Cork were somewhat scurrilously assailed. The doctor, it is said, was invited to London in order to share with Hook the labors of the *John Bull*.* I believe, however, he was but a very limited "help;" perhaps the old adage, "two of a trade," applied in this case. Certain it is that he subsequently found a more appreciative paymaster in Westmacott, who conducted the *Age*, a newspaper then greatly patronized, but, as I have said, one that now would be universally branded with the term "infamous."

It is known, also, that he became a leading contributor to *Fraser's Magazine*, a magazine that took its name less from its publisher, Fraser, than from its first editor, Fraser, a barrister, whose fate I have understood was mournful, as his career had been discreditable. The particulars of Maginn's duel with the Hon. Grantley Berkeley are well known. It arose out of an article in *Fraser* reviewing Berkeley's novel, in the course of which he spoke in utterly unjustifiable terms of Berkeley's mother. Mr. Berkeley was not satisfied with inflicting on the publisher so severe a beating that it was the proximate cause of his death, but called out the doctor, who manfully avowed the authorship. Each, it is understood, fired three shots without effect, and when Fraser, who was Maginn's second, asked if there should be another shot, Maginn is reported to have said, "Blaze away, by ——! a barrel of powder!"†

The career of Maginn in London was, to say the least, mournful. Few men ever started with better prospects; there was hardly any position in the state to which he might not have aspired. His learning was profound; his wit of the tongue and of the pen ready, pointed, caustic, and brilliant; his essays, tales, poems, scholastic disquisitions—in short, his writings upon all conceivable topics, were of the very highest order. "O'Dogherty" is one of the names that made *Blackwood* famous. His acquaintances, who would willingly have been his friends, were not only the men of genius of his time; among them were several noblemen and statesmen of power as well as rank. In a word, he might have climbed to the highest rung of the ladder, with helping hands all the way up: he stumbled and fell at its base.

It is notorious that Maginn wrote at the same time for the *Age*, outrageously Tory, and for the *True Sun*, a violently Radical paper. For many years he was editor of the *Standard*. It was, however, less to his thorough want of principle than to his habits of intoxication that his position was low when it ought to have been high; that he was indigent when he might have been rich; that he lost self-respect and the respect of all with whom he came in contact, except the few "kindred spirits" who relished the flow of wit, and little regarded the impure source whence it issued.

Maginn's reckless habits soon told upon his character, and almost as soon on his constitu-

* Mr. Barham has a confused account of this incident. He was not present on the occasion, as I was—standing close by the piano when it occurred.

* Of Colburn, Lady Morgan said, "He could not take his tea without a stratagem. He was a strange *mélange* of meanness and munificence in his dealings."

† Hook's biographer does not seem to have been aware that for several months before he became editor of the *New Monthly*, he wrote the "Monthly Commentary" for that magazine—a pleasant, piquant, and sometimes severe series of comments on the leading topics or events of the month.

‡ Mr. Peake, the dramatist, who wrote most of Mathews's "At Homes," attributes this epitaph to John Hardwick. Lockhart gives it to Hook. Hook pictures Beazley in "Gilbert Gurney," "His conversation was full of droll conceits, mixed with a considerable degree of superior talent, and the strongest evidence of general acquirements and accomplishments."

§ "He was plump, short, with an intelligent countenance, and near-sighted; with a constitution and complexion fresh enough to look forty, when *I* believed him to be at least four times that age."—*Gilbert Gurney.*

* Lockhart, in one of his letters to Wilson in 1824, expresses a belief that Maginn had come over (from Ireland) to assist Theodore Hook in the *John Bull*, and "to do all sorts of by-jobs." That was after he had become somewhat renowned as a leading contributor to *Blackwood*. His first article in *Blackwood* was, I believe, a translation into Latin of the ballad of "Chevy Chase."

† Since this was written, Mr. Grantley Berkeley has published, in a volume of his "Recollections," full details of this duel. It is, of course, an *ex parte* statement—very *ex parte* indeed.

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tion. They may be illustrated by an anecdote related of him in Barham's Life of Hook. A friend, when dining with him and praising his wine, asked where he got it. "At the tavern close by," said the doctor. "A very good cellar," said the guest; "but do you not pay rather an extravagant price for it?" "I don't know, I don't know," returned the doctor; "I believe they do put down something in a book." And I have heard of Maginn a story similar to that told of Sheridan, that once when he accepted a bill, he exclaimed to the astonished debtor, "Well, thank Heaven, *that* debt is off my mind!"

The evil seemed incurable; it was not only indulged in at noon and night, but at morning. He was one of the eight editors engaged by Mr. Murray to edit the *Representative* during the eight months of its existence. I was a reporter on that paper of great promise and large hopes. One evening Maginn himself undertook to write a notice of a fancy ball at the Opera House in aid of the distressed weavers of Spitalfields. It was a grand affair, patronized by the royal family and a vast proportion of the aristocracy of England. Maginn went, of course inebriated, and returned worse. He contemplated the affair as if it had taken place among the thieves and demireps of Whitechapel, and so described it in the paper of the next morning. Well I remember the indignation of John Murray, and the universal disgust the article excited.

I may relate another anecdote to illustrate this sad characteristic. It was told to me by one of the doctor's old pupils and most intimate and steady friends, Mr. Quinten Kennedy, of Cork. A gentleman was anxious to secure Maginn's services for a contemplated literary undertaking of magnitude, and the doctor was to dine with him to arrange the affair. Kennedy was resolved that at all events he should go to the dinner sober, and so called upon him before he was up, never leaving him for a moment all day, and resolutely resisting every imploring appeal for a dram. The hour of six drew near, and they sallied out. On the way Kennedy found it almost impossible, even by main force, to prevent the doctor's entering a public-house. On their road they passed an undertaker's shop; the doctor suddenly stopped, recollected he had a message there, and begged Kennedy to wait for a moment outside. The request was complied with, as there could be no possible danger in such a place. Maginn entered, with his handkerchief to his eyes, sobbing bitterly; the undertaker, recognizing a prospective customer, sought to subdue his grief with the usual words of consolation, Maginn blubbering out, "Every thing must be done in the best style—no expense must be spared; she was worthy, and I can afford it." The undertaker, seeing such intense grief, presented a seat, and prescribed a little brandy. After sufficient resistance both were accepted. A bottle was produced, and emptied, glass after glass, with suggested instructions between whiles. At length the doctor rose to join his wondering and impatient friend, who soon saw what had happened. He was, even before dinner, in such a state as to preclude all business talk; and it is needless to add that the contemplated arrangement was never made.

He lived in wretchedness and died in misery—wantonly worn out at the age of forty-two. His death took place at Walton-on-Thames, and in the church-yard of that village he is buried. Not long ago I visited the place, but no one could point out to me the precise spot of his interment. It is without a stone, without a mark, lost among the clay sepulchres of the throng who had no friends to inscribe a name or ask a memory.*

Maginn was rather under than above the middle size; his countenance was "swarthy," and by no means genial in expression. He had a peculiar thickness of speech, not quite a stutter. Latterly excesses told upon him, producing their usual effects. The quick intelligence of his face was lost; his features were sullied by unmistakable signs of an ever-degrading habit; he was old before his time. He is another sad example to "warn and scare." A life that might have produced so much yielded comparatively nothing; and although there have been suggestions, from Lockhart and others, to collect his writings, they have never been gathered together from the periodical tombs in which they lie buried, and now, probably, they can not be all recognized.†

Among the leading contributors to the *New Monthly*, before and after the advent of Mr. Hook, was JOHN POOLE, the author of "Little Pedlington," "Paul Pry," and many other pleasant works—not witty, but full of true humor. He was, when in his prime, a pleasant companion, though nervously sensitive; and, like most professional "jokers," irritable exceedingly whenever a joke was made to tell against himself.

It is among my "Memories" that during the first month of my editorship of the *New Monthly* I took from a mass of submitted MS. one written in a small, neat hand, entitled "A New Guide-Book." I had read it nearly half through, and was about to fling it with contempt among "the rejected," before I discovered its point. I had perused it, so far, as an attempt to describe an actual watering-place, and to bring it into notoriety. When, however, I did discover the real purpose of the writer, my delight was large in proportion. The MS. was the first part of "Little Pedlington." I believe he had then no intention of continuing it; "it was complete in itself," but the popularity it acquired induced him to make of it a book. It was "drawn out" until it became a mere thread.

It was, as I have said, generally believed that Tom Hill suggested the character of Paul Pry. Poole never would admit this. In 1831 he wrote a sort of "funny" autobiography for the *New Monthly* (to accompany a portrait of him published there), in which he declined to tell his age, where he was born, what he had written, what he was inclined to do, or, indeed, any thing about himself, except that "Hamlet Travestie" was published in 1810. But that was "when he was a child," and the piece of "Tomfoolery" led to his being a writer for the stage, his first farce being "Who's Who." In that article he thus gave the origin of Paul Pry:

> "The idea of the character of Paul Pry was suggested to me by the following anecdote related to me several years ago by a beloved friend: An idle old lady, living in a narrow street, had passed so much of her time in watching the affairs of her neighbors, that she at length acquired the power of distinguishing the sound of every knocker within hearing. It happened that she fell ill, and was, for several days, confined to her bed. Unable to observe, in person, what was going on without, she stationed her maid at the window, as a substitute for the performance of that duty. But Betty soon grew weary of the occupation. She became careless in her reports, impatient and tetchy when reprimanded for her negligence. 'Betty, what *are* are you thinking about? Don't you hear a double knock at No. 92? Who was it?' 'The first-floor lodger, ma'am.' 'Betty, Betty, I declare I must give you warning: why don't you tell me what that knock is at No. 54?' 'Why, lor, it's only the baker with pies.' 'Pies, Betty! What o.w they want with pies at 54? They had pies yesterday!'"

Poole had the happy knack of turning every trifling incident to valuable account. I remember his telling me an anecdote in illustration of this faculty. I believe he never printed it. Being at Brighton one day, he strolled into a hotel to get an early dinner, took his seat at a table, and was discussing his chop and ale, when another guest entered, took his stand by the fire, and began whistling. After a minute or two, "Fine day, Sir," said he. "Very fine," answered Poole. "Business pretty brisk?" "I believe so." "Do any thing with Jones on the Parade?" "Now," said Poole, "it so happened that Jones was the grocer from whom I occasionally bought a quarter of a pound of tea, so I answered, 'A little.'" "Good man, Sir," quoth the stranger. "Glad to hear it, Sir." "Do any thing with Thompson in North Street?" "No, Sir." "Shaky, Sir." "Sorry to hear it, Sir; recommend Mohammed's baths!" "Any thing with Smith in James Street?" "Nothing. I have heard the name of Smith before certainly, but of this particular Smith I know nothing." The stranger looked at Poole earnestly, advanced to the table, and, with his arms a-kimbo, said, "By Jove, Sir, I begin to think you are a gentleman!" "I hope so, Sir," answered Poole, "and I hope you are much the same." "Nothing of the kind, Sir," said the stranger; "and if you are a gentleman, what business have you here?" upon which he rang the bell, and as the waiter entered, indignantly exclaimed, "That's a gentleman; turn him out!" Poole had unluckily entered, and taken his seat in, the commercial room of the hotel.

All who knew Poole know that he was ever full of himself, believing his renown to be the common talk of the world. A whimsical illustration of this weakness was lately told me by a mutual friend. When at Paris recently, he chanced to say to Poole, "Of course you are free at all the theatres?" "No, Sir, I am not," he answered, solemnly and indignantly. "Will you believe *this?* I went to the Opéra Comique, and told the director I wished for a free admission. He asked me who I was. I said, 'John Poole!' Sir, I ask *you*, will you believe *this?* He said—he *didn't know me!*"

The Queen gave him a nomination to the Charter-house, where his age might have been passed in ease, respectability, comfort, and competence; but it was impossible for one so restless to bear the wholesome and necessary restraint of that institution. He came to me one day, boiling over with indignation, having resolved to quit its quiet cloisters—his principal ground for complaint being that he must dine at two o'clock, and be within walls by ten. He resigned the appointment, but subsequently obtained one of the Crown pensions, and took up his final abode in Paris, where during the last ten years of his life he lived—if that can be called "life" which consisted of one scarcely ever interrupted course of self-sacrifice to *eau-de-vie*. His mind was, of late, entirely gone. I met him in 1861, in the Rue St. Honoré, and he did not recognize me.

I am not aware of any details concerning his death. When I last inquired concerning him, all I could learn was that he had gone to live at Boulogne; that two quarters had passed without any application from him for his pension; and that therefore of course he was dead.

He was a tall, handsome man, by no means "jolly" like some of his contemporary wits—rather, I should say, inclined to be taciturn; and I do not think his habits of drinking were excited by the stimulants of society.* Little, I believe, is known of his life—even to the actors and playwrights with whom he chiefly associated—from the time when his burlesque of "Hamlet Travestie" (printed in 1810) commenced his career of celebrity, if not of fame, to his death, in the year 1862, I believe, being then probably about seventy years old. He is perhaps entitled to a more enlarged Memory than I can give him.

One of the earlier contributors to the *John Bull*, and a frequent contributor to the *New Monthly*, was the "song-writer"—THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY. He was of a good family, born in Bath. Although his songs, of which he wrote many hundreds, are now seldom heard, there was a time when every street chorister had them perpetually on his tongue; and a barrel-organ would have been very imperfect if it did not contain at least, "I'd be a butterfly," and "Oh no! we never mention her." In fact, the ear was cloyed by their perpetual repetition at the corner of every lane and alley of the metropolis; yet not there only: for a long time they were the "pets" of the drawing-room, and favorites at all the theatres, being generally wedded to simple music that suited the tastes of the masses.

Haynes Bayly was a gentleman of refined habits, tall, slight, and of handsome person and agreeable manners. His father was an eminent solicitor of Bath, and at one period of his life he was rich. He lost his inheritance, however, it was understood, by the rascality of a trustee.

There was another Bayley—his very opposite in all ways—F. W. N. BAYLEY, who was usually distinguished as "Initial Bayley." He, too, wrote songs, and they were popular; but his productions were often mistaken for those of his namesake, which they resembled much as does the pinchbeck of Birmingham the pure gold of twenty carats. He prided himself on copying Maginn, whom he was rather like in person, and certainly in acquired "ways," even to the slight stutter—a peculiarity of his prototype. He died young, the victim, no doubt, of perilous habits, which could not stand the wear and tear of life as "a bookseller's hack." He had, however, much natural wit, and a singular facility in writing rhymes, some of which were certainly above mediocrity. There is one of his books that yet lives; it describes the adventures of two tourists in India who made their escape in a very odd way from a tiger. Few can remember and recall him now; and there are not many who have read a line of his multifarious "scribblings" in prose and verse.

Other "aids" of the *John Bull* I might summon from the "vasty deep;" but there are not many of them whose names are worthy the record of even a line.

From what I have written, the reader will gather that I only knew Hook in his decline—the relic of a manly form, the decadence of a strong mind, and the comparative exhaustion of a brilliant wit. Leigh Hunt, speaking of him at a much earlier period, thus writes: "He was tall, dark, and of a good person, with small eyes, and features more round than weak; a face that had character and humor, but no refinement." And Mrs. Mathews describes him as with sparkling eyes and expressive features, of manly form, and somewhat of a dandy in dress. When in the prime of manhood and the zenith of fame, Mr. Barham says, "he was not the tuft-hunter, but the tuft-hunted;" and it is easy to believe that one so full of wit, so redolent of fun, so rich in animal spirits, must have been a marvelously coveted acquaintance in the society where he was so eminently calculated to shine; from that of royalty to the major and minor clubs; from the "Athenæum" to the "Garrick," of which he was a cherished member.

In 1828, when I first saw him, he was above the middle height, robust of frame, and broad of chest; well-proportioned, with evidence of great physical capacity; his complexion dark, as were his eyes. There was nothing fine or elevated in his expression; indeed, his features when in repose were heavy; it was otherwise when animated; yet his manners were those of a gentleman, less, perhaps, from inherent faculty than from the polish which refined society ever gives.*

He is described as a man of "iron energies," and certainly must have had an iron constitution, for his was a life of perpetual stimulants, intellectual as well as physical.

When I saw him last—it was not long before his death—he was aged, more by care than time; his face bore evidence of what is falsely termed "a gay life;" his voice had lost its roundness and force, his form its buoyancy, his intellect its strength.

> "Alas! how changed from him,
> That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim!"

Yet his wit was ready still; he continued to sparkle humor even when exhausted nature failed, and his last words are said to have been a brilliant jest.

At length the iron frame wore down; he was haunted by pecuniary difficulties, yet compelled to daily work, not only for himself, but for a family of children by a lady to whom he was not married. He then lived almost entirely on brandy, and became incapable of digesting animal food. Well might his friend Lockhart say, "He came forth, *at best*, from a long day of labor at his writing-desk, after his faculties had been at the stretch; feeling, passion, thought, fancy, excitable nerves, suicidal brain, all overworked, perhaps well-nigh exhausted."

And thus, "at best," while "seated among the revelers of a princely saloon," sometimes losing at cards among his great "friends" more money than he could earn in a month, his thoughts were laboring to devise some mode of postponing a debt only from one week to another. Well might he have compared, as he did, his position to that of an alderman, who was required to relish his turtle soup while forced to eat it sitting on a tight rope.

The last time he went out to dinner was with Colonel Shadwell Clarke, at Brompton Grove. While in the drawing-room he suddenly turned to the mirror and said, "Ay, I see I look as I am—done up in purse, in mind, and in body too, at last!"

Colonel Clarke was the editor of the *United Service Journal*, a magazine published by Mr. Colburn, to represent and advocate the interests of the army and navy. At his house I used to meet many of the officers of both services who had distinguished themselves as authors, Captain Marryat more especially—a short, stout, thick-set man, who walked, and looked, and spoke as if he were at home only on the quarter-deck. He seemed "every inch a sailor," with energy, promptness, and courage. He may be said to have commenced the class of naval novels, in which he had many followers and imitators; but none of them have retained the public favor that is still given to "The King's Own" and "Peter Simple."

Hook died on the 24th of August, 1841, at the comparatively early age of fifty-three, and was buried in the church-yard at Fulham, which adjoined his residence. His grave is in a nook under the west window, where a score of Bishops of London are interred. Close beside the upright stone that bears the name of Theodore Edward Hook is the tomb of Bishop Sherlock.

Yes; when I knew most of him he was approaching the close, not of a long, but of a "fast" life. He had ill-used Time, and Time was not in his debt.

He was tall and stout, but not healthfully stout, with a round face, which told too much of jovial nights and wasted days; of toil when the head aches and the hand shakes; of the absence of self-respect; of mornings in ignoble rest to gather strength for evenings of useless energy; of, in short, a mind and constitution naturally vigorous and powerful, but sadly and grievously misapplied and misused.

No writer concerning Hook can claim for him an atom of respect. His history is but a record of written, or spoken, or practical jokes, that made no one wiser or better. His career "points a moral" indeed, but it is by showing the wisdom of virtue. In the end, his "friends," so called, were ashamed openly to give him help; and although bailiffs did not—as in the case of Sheridan—

> "Seize his last blanket,"

his death-bed was haunted by apprehensions of arrest, and it was a relief rather than a loss to society when a few comparatively humble mourners laid him in a corner of Fulham Church-yard.

Alas! let not those who read the records of many distinguished, nay, some illustrious, lives imagine that because men of genius have too often cherished the perilous habit of seeking consolation or inspiration from what it is a libel on nature to call "the *social* glass," it is therefore reasonable or excusable, or can ever be innocuous. Talfourd may gloss it over in Lamb as averting a vision terrible; Beattie may deplore it in Campbell as having become a dismal necessity; the biographer of Hook may lightly look upon the curse as the spring-head of his perpetual wit. I will not continue the list; it is frightfully long. Hook is but one of many men of rare intellect, large mental powers, with faculties designed and calculated to benefit mankind, who have sacrificed character, life—I had almost said soul—to habits which are wrongly and wickedly called pleasures—the pleasures of the table! Many indeed are they who have thus made for themselves miserable destinies, useless or pernicious lives, and unhonored or dishonorable graves. I will add the warning of great Wordsworth when addressing the sons of Burns:

> "But ne'er to a seductive lay
> Let faith be given;
> Nor deem the light that leads astray
> Is light from heaven."

Take also the impressive warning of Earl Russell, that "vice in men of wit and intellect is of tenfold peril: it is not 'light from heaven,' but flashes from a volcano that has its source in hell!"

A GRAIN ELEVATOR.

ONE of the most interesting sights along our New York docks is that of the loading or unloading of ships by means of the splendid steam-elevators, of one of which our artist gives a sketch on page 469. These immense structures greatly facilitate the business of commerce. It was once feared that the cargo of a ship loaded by this process would be more liable to shift in a storm than if stowed by hand, and thus increase the perils of the voyage. This apprehension has proved to be unfounded, and in every shipping port in the country these effective machines monopolize the work of transferring grain cargoes. In New York Harbor alone there are nineteen floating elevators belonging to the different grain-elevating boards with an average capacity of 3000 bushels per hour, including all delays. These go about the harbor transferring grain from boats to steamers and sailing vessels at their anchorage. There are also eight floating elevators belonging to private parties. As an illustration of the immense facilities afforded by these machines, we know of one instance where 40,000 bushels of grain were put, after six o'clock in the evening, into a steamer that was ready to sail the next day at noon.

There are sixteen stationary elevators, or warehouses, in New York Harbor, with a working capacity of 40,000 bushels per hour, including all ordinary delays in discharging. Our engraving gives a view of one of these warehouse elevators in the Atlantic Docks.

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* While on his death-bed Sir Robert Peel sent him a sum of money, probably not the first. It arrived in time to pay his funeral expenses.

† In September, 1842, a subscription was made for the widow and children of Dr. Maginn, Dr. Gifford (then editor of the *Standard*) and Lockhart being trustees in England; the Bishop of Cork and the Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, in Ireland; and Professor Wilson, in Scotland. The "card" that was issued stated truly that "no one ever listened to Maginn's conversation, or perused even the hastiest of his minor writings, without feeling the influence of very extraordinary talent. His classical learning was profound and accurate, his mastery of modern languages almost unrivaled, his knowledge of mankind and their affairs great and multifarious:" but it did not state that which was true when it stated that, "in all his essays, verse or prose, serious or comic, he never trespassed against decorum or sound morals," or that "the keenness of his wit was combined with such playfulness of fancy, good humor, and kindness of natural sentiment, that his merits were ungrudgingly acknowledged even by those of politics most different from his own." On the contrary, such statement was habitually and notoriously untrue.

* He played a practical joke upon the actors of the Brighton Theatre, who were defective of a letter in their dialogue, by sending them a packet, containing, of various sizes, the letter H.

* The portrait that heads this Memory is from a drawing made by Mr. Eddis for the collection of Mr. Magrath, long the respected secretary of the Athenæum Club.

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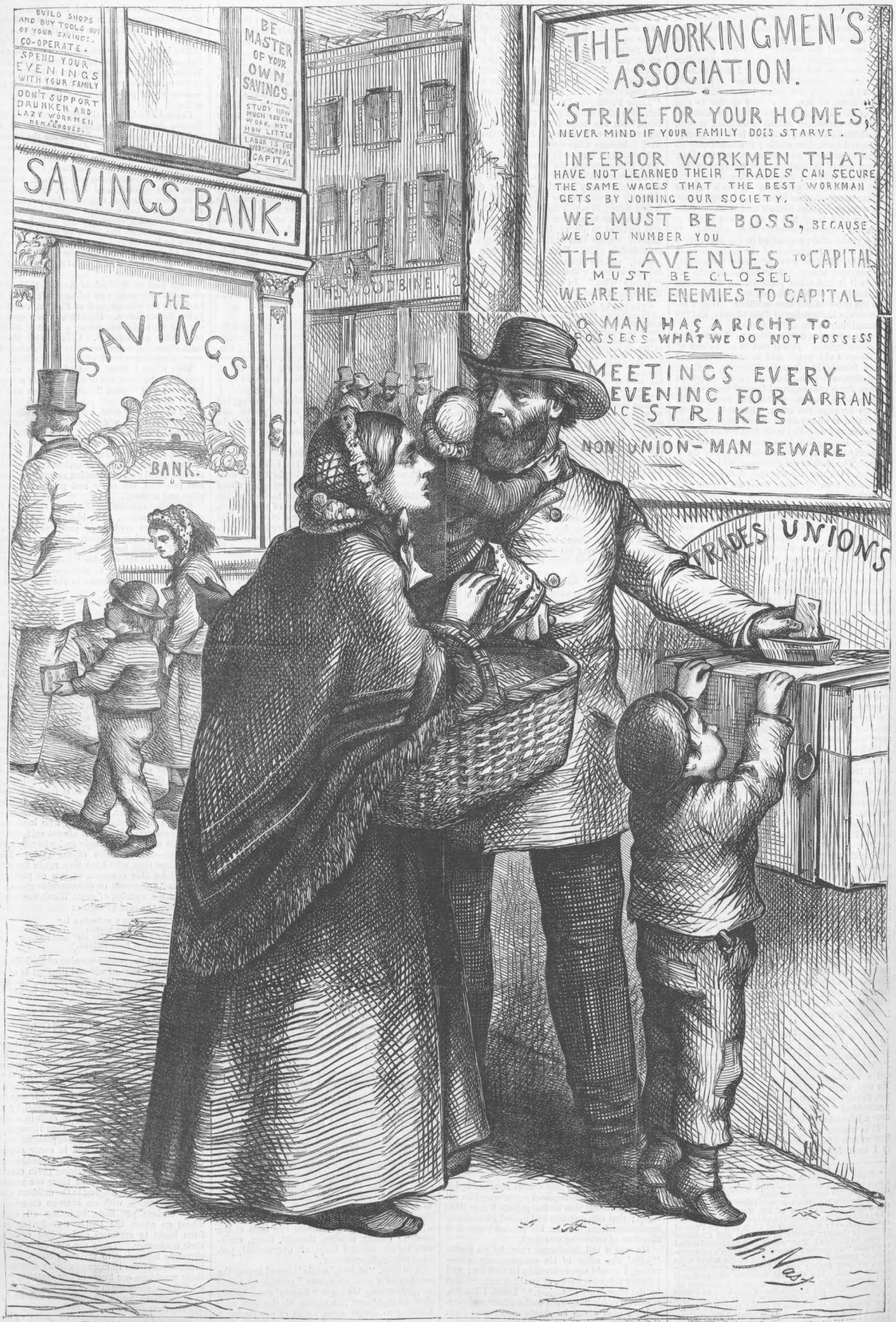

THE WORKINGMAN'S MITE.

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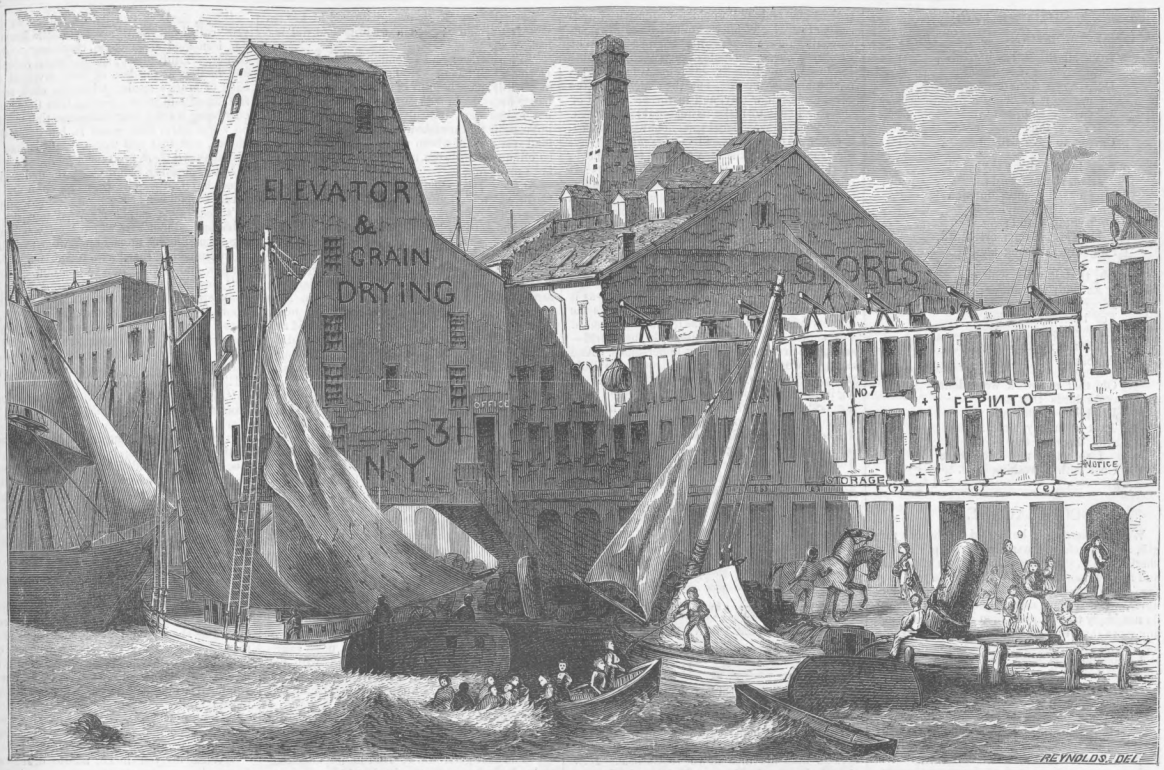

GRAIN ELEVATOR, ATLANTIC DOCK, BROOKLYN.—[SEE PAGE 467.]

SATURDAY NIGHT IN THE BOWERY.

NEW YORK is picturesque only at night. The city is still too new to possess those features which travelers find so charming in the cities of the old world; yet, after nightfall, one who walks through certain quarters, such as the Bowery, Chatham Street, or where the market stalls are kept open for the benefit of those whose avocations keep them out after the rest of mankind have gone home, may find many scenes similar to the one depicted by our artist on this page, which is a sketch taken late Saturday evening in the Bowery. At this time the street is always crowded with people, buying, selling, or sauntering up and down enjoying the sights. The glaring lights of the fruit and market stands have a decidedly picturesque effect, and the spectacle is often one of great animation and interest.

SATURDAY NIGHT SCENE IN THE BOWERY, NEW YORK.

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A SUMMER WISH.

By CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

LIVE all thy sweet life thro',
Sweet Rose, dew-sprent,
Drop down thine evening dew
To gather it anew
When day is bright:
I fancy thou wast meant
Chiefly to give delight.

Sing in the silent sky,
Glad, soaring bird;
Sing out thy notes on high
To sunbeam straying by
Or passing cloud;
Heedless if thou art heard,
Sing thy full song aloud.

Oh, that it were with me
As with the flower;
Blooming on its own tree
For butterfly and bee
Its summer morns:
That I might bloom mine hour
A rose in spite of thorns.

Oh, that my work were done
As birds' that soar
Rejoicing in the sun:
That when my time is run
And daylight too,
I so might rest once more
Cool with refreshing dew.

GOOD LAUGHERS.

WHAT a blessing to be a good laugher! a rare gift, and therefore the more to be prized and cherished. A *good* laugher must be a good man and a *wise* man; for to laugh well, he must appreciate, he must have quick and responsive faculties, with various and sound knowledge. I do not imply that all good men are good laughers any more than that all fools are knaves, because all knaves *are* overcunning fools. Some good and estimable men were born under a weeping planet—their melancholy may frequently be traced to physical causes before they saw the light; but the man who knew most of this matter about laughter, good Master William Shaksperare, always makes his best laughers to be good characters. "Laugh if you are wise," is his motto. There is no emotion, however, that is perhaps more various, and at the same time indicative of the *real* character, than laughter. "Speech," said Goldsmith, "was given to man to conceal his thoughts." If laughter do not reveal them, it will constantly indicate his sincerity or insincerity of the moment. Some men laugh periodically, as the tide ebbs and flows; some cynically, like snapping of a stick. Some laugh as Cassius smiled, as though they scorned themselves that can be brought to laugh at any thing. Those are generally pragmatists. One laugh I knew was said to be like vinegar on a death's head. It was like Quilp's—malicious; and its owner contrived to swindle every one with whom he became acquainted. One man (your pompous one) will laugh like an old ram—solemn, guttural, and profound. Another will laugh like a parrot; there is the "outward and 'audible' sign," but look in his face, and all the while it is like the head of a ship. Some men laugh as though they were being unbearably tickled, and others scream like macaws. These are not the worst specimens of Democritists, for at all events they are no hypocrites. But the most intolerable fellows (after your pompous cynic) are they who laugh *without* as well as *with* cause. "As the crackling of thorns under a pot, so is the laughter of a fool," says the wisest of kings. To one of these, who had been going on for a whole evening, Dr. Johnson turned round like a stung bear: "I hope, Sir, I have said nothing to-night that *you* comprehend"—savage, but venial. It is said of Dean Swift that no one ever saw him laugh. It is difficult to believe that; for though his own wit and humor were both splenetic, there are circumstances and combinations in his own writings the ludicrous force of which he must have felt to have originated. Can he have been the only man unmoved upon reading the vagaries of Brother Peter in the open street, when his head begins to turn with vanity and conceit? One can fancy his laugh to have been short, abrupt, and austere; but possessing, as he did, so vivid an appreciation of the ludicrous, his innermost recesses must at times have been convulsed. On the other hand, Burton, the celebrated author of the "Anatomy of Melancholy," and who himself fell a martyr to hypochondria, would sit on the wharf at Cambridge, for the purpose of hearing the bargemen's abuse and coarse language to each other till he nearly laughed himself into fits. Thomas Carlyle says, "No man who has once heartily and wholly laughed can be altogether irreclaimably bad. How much lies in laughter, the cipher-key wherewith we decipher the whole man! Some men wear an everlasting barren simper; in the smile of others lies a cold glitter, as of ice. The fewest are able to laugh, what can be called laughing, but only sniff, and titter, and snigger from the throat outward, or at best produce some whiffling, husky cachinnation, as if they were laughing through wool; of none such comes good. The man who can not laugh is not only fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils, but his whole life is already a treason and a stratagem."

"O glorious laughter!" (says the keen and cordial wit of our own day, honored Douglas Jerrold), "thou man-loving spirit, that for a time dost take the burden from the weary back; that dost lay salve to the feet bruised and cut by flints and shards; that takest blood-baking melancholy by the nose, and makest it grin despite itself; that all the sorrows of the past, the doubts of the future, confoundest in the joy of the present; that makest man truly philosophic—conqueror of himself and care! What was talked of as the golden chain of Jove was nothing but a succession of *laughs*—a chromatic scale of merriment, reaching from earth to Olympus. It is not true that Prometheus stole the fire, but the *laughter* of the gods, to deify our clay, and in the abundance of our merriment to make us reasonable creatures. Have you ever considered what man would be destitute of the ennobling faculty of *laughter?* Why, Sir, laughter is to the face of man what sinovia (I think anatomists call it) is to the joints; it oils, and lubricates, and makes the human countenance divine. Without it our faces would have been rigid, hyena-like; the iniquities of our heart, with no sweet antidote to work upon them, would have made the face of the best among us a horrid, husky thing, with two sullen, hungry, cruel lights at the top (for foreheads would have gone out of fashion), and a cavernous hole below the nose. Think of a babe without laughter!—as it is, its first intelligence. The creature shows the divinity of its origin and end by smiling upon us. Yes, smiles are its first talk with the world—smiles the first answers that it understands. And then, as worldly wisdom comes upon the little thing, it crows, it chuckles, it grins; and, shaking in its nurse's arms, or in waggish humor playing bo-peep with the breast, it reveals its high destiny—declares, to him with ears to hear it, the heir-loom of its immortality. Let materialists blaspheme as gingerly and as acutely as they will, they must find confusion in laughter. Man may take a triumphant stand upon his *broad grins;* for he looks around the world, and his soul, sweetly tickled with the knowledge, tells him that he alone of all creatures laughs. Imagine, if you can, a laughing fish! Let man, then, send a loud 'ha! ha!' through the universe, and be reverently grateful for the privilege."

TODHUNTERS' AT LOANIN' HEAD.

By ELIZA LYNN LINTON.

IN SIX CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER III.

ANDROMEDA.

On the day when Laura Calhoun paid toll in Lady Coppice, Captain Dormer received his orders to take his men down to Carlisle. Now Captain Dormer had been a difficulty with Laura. There had been sundry love passages between them before she left London, and quite a tender leave-taking at the station, but no offer. He had danced attendance on her for about six months altogether; that was during her father's life-time, and when they lived in style; and he had befriended them both—her mother and herself—when the father died, and had done what he could for her when she was left quite alone. And, as the last that he *could* do, he had written her directions, marshaled her luggage, seen to her straps and wraps and carriage comforts, and accompanied her to the station. But still he had not spoken. And since her sojourn at Loanin' Head Laura had been ashamed to write to him, as she had promised, fearful lest he should find out the true status of her mother's family, and see Aunt Mattie and Cousin Mark.

And he, for his own part, wanted to know exactly what was left her by her father, before he committed himself. Report alternated between ten and fifty thousand pounds, but he did not care to trust to any thing so vague as report; and as it was too early after the death of her parents to take any decided steps in the matter, he was forced to let her go without the final word, though with a certain elastic understanding between them that might mean every thing or nothing, as expediency determined. When, therefore, he received his marching orders for Carlisle, among his first thoughts came the remembrance of Laura Calhoun; and his second was, that as he should be now in her neighborhood, he would find her out; and if she had what he hoped, and what his wife must have to enable him to marry at all, why then he would propose, and he supposed the thing would be done. He never contemplated the possibility of a refusal among other contingencies. But why had she not written all this time? This was what puzzled him. However, he would soon learn all about her now, and make up his mind. She was a pretty little thing, and, he supposed, no worse than other girls. And if he had to marry, as he must some time, she would do as well as any one else, provided she had the requisite amount to make it worth his while.

Meantime, while he calculated so coolly, poor honest Mark's whole soul had gone out to the fascinating little gypsy, who was not worth an honest man's love of any degree. Not that Mark dared to speak out, or make his love openly manifest. All that he did was to clean himself more vigorously than ever; to spend more time and more money over "Miss Lowra's gardin" before her parlor windows; to leave off going to old Greystoke's; and to find excuses for incessant conference with the girl, who, idle and heartless, found it more amusing to watch her rustic cousin's growing passion than to sit in her own room, doing nothing more exciting than embroidering or novel-reading.

The one, however, who did not like the turn things were taking was Aunt Mattie, who nowise favored Laura for her son's choice. She was too fine for a Cumberland farmer's wife, and too feckless all ways. She was well enough to look at, and to make of; but as Mark's wife—"Gude sakes! he had better put his hand intil t' fire right out, or cry Loanin' Head at public roup, for that's what it wad coom til! Nay! Greystoke Phœbe as soon as he wad! But Lowra—Lord luv ye, niver siccan a thing! And Mark wad surely niver be sae daft and soft as think twice on her!"

Nevertheless, Mattie was disturbed in her secret heart, and feigned a security she did not feel.

"I'll ride over and reconnoitre," said Captain Dormer, half aloud. He had been about a week at Carlisle, and, by dint of inquiries and the Ordnance maps, had made out Loanin' Head at last; but it had been difficult; which gave him the impression that somehow Laura's grand Cumberland relations, of whom she said her mother had so often spoken, were not quite as grand as had been made out.

At the very moment when he was riding over Carlisle Bridge, Laura, leaning out of her small casemented window, was saying to Mark, working in the garden, "I don't know what I should do without you, Cousin Mark; you are so good and kind, and you do so much for me."

Now Mark would not have thought much of it if Phœbe Greystoke had said substantially the same thing in her vernacular; but when Miss Laura took to paying compliments, he never knew how to look. It was not that she said any thing very remarkable. To call him kind, to acknowledge that he tried to please her, though it made poor Mark's foolish heart throb, still was not of so much warmth as apparently warranted his excitement. But her manner—it was this which "dinged him ower," as he said to himself. Still he was too stolid and too real to trust even to such a manner as hers—to the soft upraising of her deep blue eyes, with her head bent shyly as if in sweet and tender modesty—to the loving smile that came and flitted like a sunny ray about her face—to the surprising music of her voice—to all the fascination, the allurement, the charm which a pretty crafty woman can throw into her very attitude and accent, to give point to her words and a meaning beyond that which the dictionary ever gave them. And then he held Miss Lowra in such high esteem, he would not have dared to translate for his own advantage mere signs such as these. He only blushed, and looked magnificently handsome in the sunlight—so handsome that Laura felt really quite to love him in a way, for all that he was a mere rough Cumberland farmer, as he answered, with unwonted tenderness of voice, "I'se glad ye're suited, Miss Lowra. If I knawed as hoo I culd suit ye better, I wad. There's nowt in t' warld I wadn't du for ye, Miss Lowra; an' ye bad me I'd lig in t' mid ov t' road yonder an' ye might walk ower me, ye might, an it wad please ye!"

"You dear good Mark!" said Laura, affectionately, but she very nearly laughed outright. "But why do you always call me Miss, Cousin Mark? are we not cousins—and something more?" she added, after a pause.

Now this was more than flesh and blood could stand. Respect and modesty were all very well; but when a girl makes such a "long arm" to a young man, what can he do but take advantage of the offer? Mark laid down his spade and came to the window. "What mair?" he asked, in tones rich and mellow with emotion, for all the country accent: "how like Walker's picture at the Academy last year!" thought Laura, looking coquettishly into his straight, frank, honest face. "What more?" she answered, lightly drawing her finger-tips over his curling hair. "Why, friends, you stupid old Cousin Mark! what more should we be?"

"Ay, indeed! what mair suld we be, Miss Lowra—what mair could we be!" echoed Mark, sighing.

"Now," said Laura, playfully, "what are you sighing for, you foolish fellow?"

"Maybe because ye're owre good or owre bonny, Miss Lowra!" was Mark's answer, made very sadly.

This time the two small white hands took the young man's face between them. "Oh, you silly old Mark!" she said, and bent her face near her cousin's.

She was leaning out of the window; her slender waist was just above the sill, and her arms were raised so that Mark could see the jimp, trimly-belted little figure; and Mark liked jimp, trim waists. Suddenly—he never knew how it was done, where he got the courage from, how he ever came to be so audacious—his strong arms clasped themselves round the slight figure leaning out as if to offer itself, and Laura found herself imprisoned against his breast, while, low and husky with love and its great fear, he whispered to her tenderly, "Hinny! but I love ye! ah! but I love ye! Oh, Lowra! Miss Lowra! do ye love me, nay, but haulf o' what I love ye?"

"Of course I love you, Cousin Mark!" said Laura, in deadly terror. She had had no idea of lighting the tow to this extent. She had played with fire, truly, but she had had no wish to set herself in a blaze thereby.

"Nay, nay, but div ye love me mair nor that?" said Mark, who, now that the ice was broken, went rapidly down the stream, as is the manner of the shy and cautious when once they have let themselves go. "Will ye marry me, Miss Lowra? Ah, but ye'll niver repent it, my darling! I'se love ye weel, an' ye'll niver hev cause to wish ye hedn't!"

"Marry you! oh, Cousin Mark!" said Laura, in genuine dismay.

The strong arms dropped as if they had been paralyzed.

"Ye'll carry on as ye hev been, and not wed?" he said, with as much sorrow as amazement. "Nay! I'se not think it o' ye, Miss Lowra!" And he took her again to his breast as if he had done her a wrong, and would atone for it. "Ye'se be my wife, Miss Lowra?"

"Oh, Mark, don't ask me!" said Laura; and she began to cry. And Mark, not knowing what better to do, kissed her for sympathy, and she let him.

"Now, then, I know that ye love me!" said honest Mark, triumphantly; "an' nowt in heaven or airth sall part us. Ye're mine, an' I'se defy t' best man amang them a' to part us!"

"Noo, then, ye twa bairns, what's to do wid ye?" called out Mattie's voice a little harshly, as her iron-shod clogs came clattering round the corner. Truth to say, she had been listening to and fuming at the loss of time involved in the click of Mark's spade: when the click stopped, she fumed still more; fearing that time was not only being wasted over daftnesses that maybe did no worse harm than waste it, but likely ill employed, and that was worse. Mattie had eyes, and she used them pretty sharply.

Mark, blushing like a peony, heated and confused, but Laura quite pale and calm and composed, though her eyes were a little red, met Mattie's keen gaze, as she clattered into the small cobble-paved inclosure which Mark was beautifying—spending his money on flowers, and his time in tending them, that Laura might lean out of the window and bewitch him to his ruin.

"Hey, Mark, lad! what's to do, that ye're daundering here in t' varra mid ov t' day, an thee woork ligging boddom upmost for thee? Lauvin days! did a body iver see siccan a gowk! Maundering here an' daundering there, an' a' to set a lile lock posies naebody wants but Miss yonder! I'se cry shame on ye, Mark, an ye weren't yersel!"

"Shame theesel, mither, to coom routing an' grouting at what's nae call of yours at a'," said Mark, angrily.

It was the first time he had ever given his mother a back word; but with Miss Laura's fair face looking on, and the touch of her lips still on his, and what he took to be her promise in his ear, it hurt him to be rated like a hind and schooled like a lad.

Mattie stopped dead in her wrath. She looked from one to the other, anxiously questioning them by her eyes.

"Hey? what! is't gitten as far as this?" she said, slowly. "Then Mark, and Lowra too, it's time for *me* to speak!"

"Houd thee noise, mither, an divn't mak theesel a fule doonright," was Mark's rough rejoinder, as he shouldered his spade and stalked away man-like, with the air of one who is master of the field, but in reality beating a retreat. He could face most things, could the stalwart Cumberland lad, but his mother's tongue when set loose was more than he could brave.

"Here, my lass," said Mattie, coming close up to the window and taking Laura's hands in hers—"tell us what's up 'twixt ye an' Mark."

"What do you mean, auntie dear?" asked Laura, innocently, stroking the gray hair that came just below the huge flapping border of her widow's cap.

"Ye divn't git my meaning?" Mattie said, interrogatively. She had knitted her heavy brows till they nearly blotted out her eyes altogether, but Laura could see them flame behind the forest of hairs, and somehow she felt like a prisoner brought to the question, and afraid of those keen and angry eyes.

"Not the least in the world, dear," she answered, lightly; but a slight color stole into her face, and she found it difficult to keep her own eyes straight and her voice quite steady. She was awfully frightened, it must be confessed.

"Ye divn't see that our Mark is clean daft and bemaffled about ye?" speared Mattie.

"Auntie!" coquettishly.

"An' ye divn't mean to be owt to him yersel?"

"*I* any thing to him?" she hesitated, not knowing what to say. Then she laughed lightly, and, patting her aunt's face, said, merrily, "Why! what can I be to him but his cousin, auntie? What a dear, funny old thing you are!"

"Nay, nay, my lass, ye divn't slither sae far!" said Mattie, sternly. "Ye might be his wife as weel as his cousin, Lowra. Not but that it 'ud be t' warst day for Mark as ever he seed, but there's nae law of man or God agin it. An' *ye* might du warse, if Mark 'ud scarce mannish a bigger bit o' daftness."

"Poor Mark! I'd make but a useless kind of wife for him," said Laura, lightly.

"Yes, ye wad, mair nor useless," was Mattie's grim reply. "But I'd larn ye your duties, lass, an' in time ye'd maybe be worth summot! Say it cot, an' let's 'a done wi' a' this hiding away o' neuks an' corners, an' whispering an' havering—say it oot, Lowra, as ye'd tell it to yer ain dead mither—dost thou really loov oor Mark, an' wad ye tak t' loff of him if ye hed it?"

She spoke with dignity, with solemnity, and Laura was sobered, brought face to face with human truth and emotion, thrust into a cleft stick which she herself had spent her time in cleaving, and feeling the bonds into which she had thrust her limbs, for a joke, tightening round her.

"I don't know what you mean, auntie," she said again, beginning to whimper.

"Then I'se tell ye, lass. I mean this—that ye're setting yer caps at oor Mark, an' that ye're doing for him!"

"Doing for him, what nonsense!" cried Laura, through her tears. "He doesn't care for me, aunt!"

"Yis but he does, Lowra, worse luck for him! an' ye ken it weel enough, an' I ken that he knaws it. An' I'se tell thee this, lass, own niece as ye are, that if I see thee play Mark yonder fause, I'se shutten thee oot o' t' hoose, an' ye'll niver darken t' door-flagging again! Mind noo, an' I tell ye! an' I niver gae back from my word!"

She took the girl's wrist and griped it hard, till Laura screamed with pain.

"Auntie, you hurt me!" she cried.

"An' I will hurt ye mair if ye play my lad fause!" said Mattie.

"Are ye doited, mither?" cried Mark, suddenly dashing into the inclosure. "Leave things as belangs to me to me mysel, an' divn't ye mell on what's not thine. Hands off, mither—eh! must I loze them!" And he tore the strong grip passionately asunder. "Never ye mind what naebody says," he said to the girl, laying his hand in a protecting, reverential way on her shoulder.

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"Ye'se gotten me, Miss Lowra, an' whiles ye've gotten me, not t' haill woorld sall touch ye!"

"Ye'll rue, lad! ye'll rue!" said Mattie, her voice flung up to a scream. "She'll cheat thee as sure as t' mither on her cheated her father! Thou'se leaving t' true, lad, for t' fause, and God ha' mercy on thee!"

Just then Isabella's shrill voice was heard, "Mark! mither! come! Hornie's fit to dee!"

Love could wait, and Laura with love; but Hornie, the best beast in the byre, must be looked to at once. Whereupon the young farmer and his mother went off to the cow-house, and Laura was left to ponder.

And all this time Captain Dormer was putting his horse toward Loanin' Head, and by now had come to the edge of the moor.

PROTECTIVE RESEMBLANCES.

THE conformity of tints which commonly exists between animals and the medium by which they are surrounded has long been noticed by writers on natural history, but, until lately, has never been satisfactorily explained. It was generally imputed to the direct action of climate, soil, or food; but this explanation is contradicted by many well-known facts. Wild rabbits, for example, are of a grayish-brown color, resembling the fern and other vegetation among which they live when not enjoying their underground protection; but these same rabbits, when domesticated, without any change of climate or food, rapidly vary into black and white races; and similar phenomena occur in pigeons, mice, etc.

Again, it is well known that the wings of several insects (as the walking-stick insect, the leaf insect, etc.) assume not only the tint of the bark or leaf on which they rest, but the exact rugosity of the former, or the outline and veining of the latter; and these similarities can not be referred to climate or to food, since in many cases the insect does not feed on the substance which it resembles, and the genus may have a widely extended habitat. Two distinguished travelers and naturalists, Mr. Bates and Mr. Wallace (especially the latter), have recently attempted to show, with considerable success, that these problems may be solved by Darwin's "Theory of Natural Selection." In order to make the solution of these questions intelligible to the general reader, we must give a sketch of the leading phenomena that may be classed under the head of useful or protective resemblances. Our facts on this subject have been drawn mainly from Mr. Wallace's essay "On Mimicry and other Protective Resemblances among Animals," originally published in the *Westminster Review* for July, 1867, and reprinted in his "Contributions to the Theory of Natural Selection," 1870, but in part also from Mr. Bates's "Contributions to the Insect Fauna of the Amazon," in the "Linnæan Transactions" for 1862, and from a paper by Mr. Andrew Murray, "On the Disguises of Nature," in the *Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal for January*, 1860.

Nature provides for the concealment that is useful to many animals, and essential to some, by coloring them with such tints as may best serve them to escape from their enemies, or to entrap their prey. That desert animals are almost always desert-colored is illustrated by the lion, which, when crouched upon the sand or among rocks and stones, must be almost invisible; by the camel, and by almost all species of antelopes. The desert birds are still more protected by the closer resemblance of their tints to the ground on which they live. The stone-chats, the larks, the quails, the goat-suckers, and the grouse, which abound in the North African and Asiatic deserts, are all tinted and mottled so as closely to resemble the soil of the district they inhabit. The Rev. Dr. Tristram, in describing the ornithology of North Africa, observes that in the Sahara a modification of color which shall be assimilated to that of the surrounding country is absolutely necessary for the preservation of the animals of that region; and that, without exception, the upper plumage of every bird, the fur of all the smaller mammals, and the skin of every snake and lizard, are of one uniform isabelline or sand color.

Turning to the arctic regions, we see the white color, for a similar reason, preponderating in the animal kingdom, as affording the best concealment amidst snow-fields and ice-hummocks. The polar bear and the American polar hare, which never voluntarily leave the regions of ice and snow, are permanently white, while the arctic fox, the Alpine hare, and the ermine become white in the winter only, because in the regions to which they migrate in the summer that color would be a source of danger rather than a means of protection. Among arctic birds, the snow-bunting, the jer-falcon, and the snowy owl are doubtless, in a great measure, protected by their white color. Perhaps the best example of protective coloring in birds is afforded by the ptarmigan, whose summer plumage exactly harmonizes with the lichen-colored stones among which it sits, while in winter its white plumage renders its detection on the snow almost impossible. No sportsman can have failed to notice how closely the color of the common hare, while resting in its form, resembles that of its surroundings, and how that of the grouse and of the partridge respectively resemble the tints of the heather and stubble in which they are sought after.

Nocturnal animals, as a rule, possess the least conspicuous colors, and must be quite invisible at times, when white or very black forms would be readily perceived.

It is only in tropical forests, which never lose their foliage, that parrots and other birds of a green color are to be found. A tint that would be elsewhere singularly conspicuous thus serves to conceal them among the dense leaves.

We have hitherto noticed merely the general conformity of color between animals and their surroundings; cases, however, not very unfrequently occur in which there is a special adaptation. To this latter category belong the beautiful markings of the tiger, jaguar, and most other large cats. The vertical stripes, which are so conspicuous on the body of the tiger, closely assimilate with the vertical stems of the bamboo jungles in which that animal hides himself, and thus actually assist in concealing him from his victims. Excepting the lion, tiger, and puma (which has an ashy-brown uniform fur, nearly resembling the bark of the branches to which it is in the habit of closely adhering when waiting for its prey to pass underneath), all the other large cats have spotted skins, which tend to blend them with the background of the thick foliage among which they dwell. Among birds we have numerous cases of a similar nature. The Duke of Argyll (in the "Reign of Law") points out that in the woodcock "one very peculiar color is introduced into the plumage, which exactly corresponds with a particular stage in the decay of fallen leaves—namely, that in which the browns and yellows of the autumn rot away into the pale, ashy skeletons which lie in thousands under every wood in winter." In snipes, as the same writer observes, there is a remarkable series of straw-colored feathers running along the back and shoulders, which perfectly imitates the general effect of the bleached vegetable stalks common on the ground which these birds frequent.

Reptiles present us with many similar illustrations of the same nature. The little green tree-frogs (which may be seen in a glass case in the Zoological Gardens), almost all the tropical tree-snakes, and the iguanas and other arboreal lizards, closely resemble the foliage by which they are surrounded; and there is a North American frog that so closely resembles, in tint, the lichen-covered walls and rocks on which it is found, that until it moves it is almost perfectly safe from detection. The crocodile and alligator, in floating passively down the muddy streams, are so like the trunks of trees that the unwary animal drinking at the water's edge only recognizes the deception when it is too late to avoid the danger.

Passing from reptiles to fishes, we may note how complete is the resemblance between the sandy bottom of the sea and the upper surface of the flounder or the skate. In our own temperate seas, the fishes, although beautifully, are seldom gorgeously colored, while the fishes swarming among the tropical coral reefs resemble in brilliancy of coloring the magnificent polyps amidst which they swim. Mr. Wallace directs attention to a very curious case of this kind of adaptation as occurring in the sea-horses (Hippocampus) of Australia, "some of which bear long foliaceous appendages resembling sea-weed, and are of a brilliant red color. They live among sea-weed of the same hue, so that when at rest they must be quite invisible." There are some slender green pipe-fish in the aquarium of the Zoological Society, which, when they have attached themselves by their prehensile tails to some fixed object, float about, looking exactly like certain well-known water-plants.

The Mollusca do not furnish any striking resemblances to particular objects; but if we turn to the Annulata we find the hue of the green, purple, and red sea-weeds exactly reproduced in the Nemertians and other marine worms, while among the Hydrozoa or Polyps some of the Actiniæ afford good examples of special protective coloring. "I can hardly suggest," says Mr. Andrew Murray, "a more perfect one than the *Actinia troglodytes* in a sandy pool, its tentacles being so exactly marbled like a sandy bottom that the pool may be paved with them all expanded, and yet the casual observer—ay, more, the attentive but uninstructed eye—never see one!" Mr. Brady (in "Nature," vol. ii.) relates that while dredging in the Clyde he found numerous small star-fishes (*Ophicoma bellis*) which were embedded in masses of Laminaria roots, and the deep purpled color of the two was so similar that, although he held in his hand a root containing half a dozen star-fishes, he could not detect a single one until they revealed themselves by their movements. It is in the sub-kingdom Articulata and the class Insecta that this principle is most fully and singularly developed.

We shall limit the selection of our illustrations to the three great orders of Coleoptera or beetles, Orthoptera, including soothsayers, walking-sticks, leaf insects, locusts, etc., and Lepidoptera, which include butterflies and moths. In the tropics there are, says Mr. Wallace, thousands of species of Coleoptera, which during the day rest upon the bark of dead or fallen trees, and which are delicately mottled with gray and brown tints, blending so completely with the usual color of the bark that, at two or three feet distant, they are quite undistinguishable. Sometimes a species frequents only a single kind of tree; and in such cases there is usually an identity of coloring between the insect and the bark. Thus Mr. Bates found two species of long-horned beetles (Onycocherus) limited in this way to special kinds of trees growing on the banks of the Amazon, and so exactly resembling the bark in color and rugosity that until they moved they were absolutely invisible! Many species of Cicindelidæ, or tiger-beetles, are similarly protected by their special colorings.

Cicindela campestris, the common tiger-beetle, lives on grassy banks, and is of a beautiful deadened green color; while *C. maritima*, which is found only on sandy sea-shores, is of a pale bronze yellow, almost identical in tint with the sand. In the Malay Islands Mr. Wallace found a very pale tiger-beetle where the sand was coralline and nearly white; while, wherever it was volcanic and black, a dark species of the same genus was sure to be found. "A large brown species was found only on dead leaves in forest paths; and one which was never seen except on the wet mud of salt marshes was of a glossy olive, so exactly the color of the mud as only to be distinguished when the sun shone by its shadow."

Mr. Bates found some beetles on the Amazon which, from their hemispherical forms and pearly gold color, resembled glittering dew-drops upon the leaves; and there are again the pill-beetles (*Byrrhus pilula*), and many weevils, that, on the approach of danger, fold up their antennæ and legs so as completely to conceal them, counterfeit death, and take the form of a pellet of earth or stone, or sometimes even (as in Chlamydæ) of a bit of silver or copper ore, and roll off the leaf or other base on which they were resting.

Turning to the Lepidoptera, we find that the butterflies have all their bright coloring on the upper surfaces of all four wings, while the under surfaces are of a sombre, obscure tint; and this arrangement is obviously protective, because these insects always rest with the wings raised, so as to conceal their dangerous beauty; while the moths, on the other hand, have their most marked coloring on the hind wings only, which, when they are at rest, are concealed by the dull tints of the upper wings. The most wonderful and undoubted case of protective resemblance in butterflies occurs in certain allied species of the genus Kallima, occurring on the Indian continent and the Malay Archipelago. As this remarkable discovery was made by Mr. Wallace, we shall give the history of these insects nearly in his own words, although in an abbreviated form.

These butterflies are of a large size, and on their upper surface are adorned with a broad band of rich orange on a deep bluish ground. The under side is very variable in color, but is always of some shade of ash, or brown, or ochre, resembling dead, dry, or decayed leaves. Between the apex of the upper wing on either side, which is prolonged into an acute point, and the end of the lower wing, which terminates in a short narrow tail, there runs a dark curved line, exactly representing the midrib of a leaf, and from this radiate on either side a few oblique lines resembling the lateral veins of a leaf. Not only have we here the exact imitation of the venation of a leaf, but we even find representations of leaves in every stage of decay, variously blotched, and mildewed, and pierced with holes, and, in many cases, sprinkled with powdery black dots arranged in patches and spots, so like some of the minute fungi that grow on dead leaves that it is impossible to avoid thinking at first sight that the butterflies themselves have been attacked by real fungi. As might have been assumed from the analogy of many other cases, the habits of these butterflies are such as still further to aid their deceptive garb. Mr. Wallace, who has captured many of them in Sumatra, describes them as frequenting dry forests, and flying very swiftly. They were never seen to settle on a flower or a green leaf, but were often lost sight of in a mass of dead leaves. On such occasions they were generally searched for in vain, and were not perceived till they suddenly darted out from under the very eye of the observer, and again vanished some twenty yards or so farther on. On a very few occasions the insect was detected *in situ*, and it was then noticed how completely it assimilates itself to the surrounding leaves. It sits on a nearly upright twig, the wings fitting closely back to back, and concealing the head and antennæ, which are retracted. The little tails, in which the hind wings terminate, represent the stalk of the leaf, which is kept in its place by the claws of the middle pair of feet, which are slender and inconspicuous. The irregular outline of the wings gives exactly the perspective effect of a shriveled leaf. We have thus size, color, form, markings, and habits all combining to produce a disguise which may be regarded as absolutely perfect.

Turning from tropical butterflies to British moths, we may notice the striking harmony that exists between the colors of those that are on the wing in autumn and winter, and the prevailing tints of nature at these seasons. The Rev. J. Greene has shown that out of fifty-two species that fly in the autumn, when shades of yellow and brown prevail, no less than forty-two are of corresponding colors; while in the winter, when gray and silvery tints predominate, the moths, for the most part, are of corresponding hues. The well-known lappet moth and buff-tip moth, when at rest, respectively resemble in shape and color a brown dry leaf, and the broken end of a lichen-covered branch; and the caterpillars of the Lepidoptera are also in many cases similarly protected. It is estimated that fully one-half of these caterpillars are green, and closely resemble the hue of the leaf on which they feed, and, as Mr. Andrew Murray has pointed out, when only a part of the body is exposed to view, the resemblance is often restricted to that part, as in the case of the larva of our commonest tiger-beetle, which lives in a hole, from which its head and thorax alone protrude. These are of the same green color as the perfect insect, while the rest of the body is of the ordinary whitish-yellow grub tint. Other caterpillars are like little brown, dead twigs, and, to complete the deception, are embossed at intervals with lumps resembling buds. The same distinguished naturalist has also directed attention to the close resemblance of the ground color of the larva of the peacock moth with that of the young buds of the heather on which it feeds, while the pink spots with which it is decorated correspond with the flowers and flower-buds.

It is, however, in the order Orthoptera that we find the most remarkable examples of special resemblance. "Many species of the genus Mantis," says the Duke of Argyll, "are wholly modeled in the form of vegetable growths. The legs are made to imitate leaf-stalks, the body is elongated and notched so as to simulate a twig; the segment of the shoulders is spread out and flattened in the likeness of a seed-vessel, and the large wings are exact imitations of a full-blown leaf, with all its veins and skeleton complete, and all its color and apparent texture." In this case the purpose of the resemblance is more that of capturing other insects than of direct self-preservation from insectivorous birds; the Mantis* being of a predaceous nature, and armed with the most terrible hidden weapons. The insect sits apparently motionless on the leaf which it so closely resembles; but in reality it advances on its victim with a slow and insidious approach.

In that remarkable genus Phyllium (the leaf insect, or the walking-leaf), not only are "the wings perfect imitations of leaves in every detail, but the thorax and legs are flat, dilated, and leaf-like, so that when the living insect is resting among the foliage on which it feeds the closest observation is often unable to distinguish between the animal and the vegetable." The genus Phasma (which includes the various species of "walking-stick" insects) is extremely imitative. Some species attain the length of a foot and the thickness of a man's finger, and in their coloring, form, rugosity, and the arrangement of the more projecting organs, are absolutely identical in appearance with the dead sticks which are found in abundance in the forests which these insects frequent. The Duke of Argyll refers to a specimen in the British Museum, in which the wings are covered with spots which exactly imitate the appearance of a larva-eaten leaf; and Mr. Wallace obtained one in Borneo which "was covered over with foliaceous excrescences of a clear olive-green color, so as exactly to resemble a stick grown over by a creeping moss."

We have thus adduced sufficient examples of the importance of coloring, and, in many cases, of form, as a protection to animals of almost every class. The protective agency varies, as we have seen, in degree, from the mere absence of conspicuous color, as in arctic and tropical animals, to such perfect resemblances to inorganic or vegetable structures as to give its possessor the power of rendering itself invisible, as in the case of the Mantis, Phyllium, and Phasma.

We have now to consider how these wonderful resemblances have been accomplished, and here we prefer adopting the views of Mr. Wallace to those of any of the other naturalists who have taken part in this discussion. The first point that strikes us is the extreme rarity of white coloring in the mammals and birds of the temperate and tropical zones in a state of nature. Except in the arctic and Alpine regions, where white is a protective color, there is not a white land bird or quadruped in Europe or America; yet, as was mentioned in an early part of this article, many animals and birds (notably cats, rabbits, mice, fowls, and pigeons) when domesticated, and therefore removed from "the struggle for existence," almost immediately give origin to white varieties. In a state of nature white varieties occasionally present themselves; white blackbirds, starlings, and crows, for example, are not very rare, but their conspicuous color soon renders them a prey to other animals, and the variety is not perpetuated. There is, indeed, no reason for supposing that white offspring are not as common in a state of nature as under domestication; but those whose color is the fittest for their position in life will alone survive. On the other hand, if an animal spreads from a temperate into an arctic district, the conditions are reversed, and the white varieties will have the advantage, while their brown companions will speedily succumb.

That slight amount of variation in every species which, if we observe at all, we are apt to regard as accidental and unworthy of notice, is (to use the words of Mr. Wallace) "the foundation of all those wonderful and harmonious resemblances which play such an important part in the economy of nature." Rapid multiplication, incessant slight variation, continued for an almost unlimited period of time, and "survival of the fittest," are the laws which have produced all the cases of protective resemblances that have heretofore been noticed.

HOW BURNS WROTE.

"I COMPOSE hastily," said Burns, chatting about his poems with Cromek, "but correct laboriously;" and that sentence condenses all that we know of the poet's habits of thought. A trifle set him off, as it did Byron and Wordsworth—a broken daisy lying in the furrow of his plow, a mouse turned out of its "wee bit housie, all in ruin," the picture of a man asking for work, the recollection of an old ballad, a line in Ramsay or Ferguson, or the contemplation of a scene of family worship in the cottage of a peasant. And when the idea had once sunk in his mind he brooded over it till it took form and shape in a poetic creation. This generally is the history of his poems. His "Address to the Deil," for instance, was suggested, Gilbert tells us, "by running over in his mind the many ludicrous accounts and representations we have from various quarters of this august personage." Reading Ferguson's "Farmer's Ingle," and contemplating the scenes of domestic worship which constitute one of the most characteristic inci-

* From their habit of sitting with their fore-legs held up together as in an attitude of prayer, these insects are held in reverence among the Hottentots, who actually worship them, and canonize as a special favorite of Heaven any one on whom they happen to alight. There is a monkish legend which tells us that St. Francis Xavier, seeing a Mantis moving along in its solemn and devotional way, desired it to sing the praises of God: whereupon the insect caroled forth a fine canticle. Mouffet informs us that, "So divine a creature is this esteemed, that if a childe aske the way to such a place, she will stretch out one of her feet and show him the right way, and seldom or never misse." Rösel, a practical entomologist, takes a very different view of their character. When several were confined together they fought desperately, their manœuvres very much resembling those of hussars fighting with sabres, the weapons being the fore-legs. The females were generally victorious, and the battle usually terminated with a cannibal repast. The Chinese keep them in little bamboo cages, and match them against each other.

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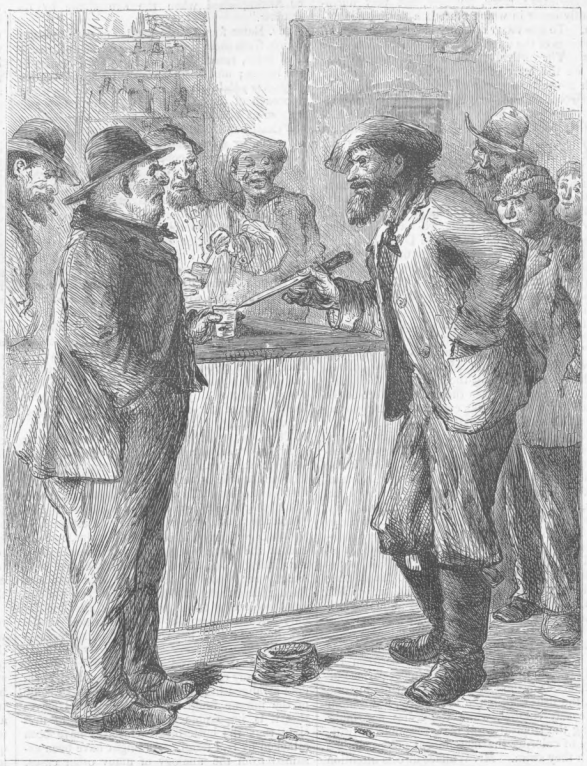
dents of the cottage life of Scotland, suggested the "Cotter's Saturday Night." Robert had frequently remarked to him, says Gilbert, "that he thought there was something peculiarly venerable in the phrase 'Let us worship God,' used by a decent, sober head of a family, introducing family worship." And one Sunday afternoon, when they happened to be walking together, Robert electrified his brother by his recitation of the "Cotter's Saturday Night." Those exquisitely beautiful idyls upon the mountain daisy and the field-mouse are the inspiration of the moment. The dew is still upon them. His gaudsman had, sixty years afterward, a distinct recollection of the poet turning up the mouse. The plow-boy ran after the creature to kill it, but was checked and recalled by his master, who, he observed, thereafter became thoughtful and abstracted. Burns, like the poet of Rydal Mount, held that no poet ever found the muse

"Till by himsel he learned to wander
Adown some trotting burn's meander,
And no think lang—"

Burns rarely committed his verses to paper till they had been thoroughly conned over in his own mind. "Holding the plow," Gilbert says, "was a favorite situation with Robert for poetic composition, and some of his best verses were produced while he was at that exercise." But we know, too, from his own confession, how sweet he thought it in the gloaming

"To stray and pensive ponder
A heart-felt song."

He composed generally, like Wordsworth, without any regular plan. A thought struck him, and if in turning over this thought he hit on two or three stanzas to please him, he then cast about for proper introductory, connecting, and concluding stanzas; hence the middle of a poem was often the part to be first produced. But knowing what we do of his conversational powers, and of the terseness, fluency, and felicity of his poetic diction, we should assume for ourselves, without the authority of his "Epistle to Davie," that Burns was rarely at a loss for apt and picturesque expressions to clothe his thoughts when his muse was "once fairly het." He frequently had half a dozen or more pieces of one sort and another on hand: a satire, a song, or a pastoral poem, which he took up in turn according to the momentary impulse of his mind, dismissing the work when it bordered on fatigue.



THE MYSTERY OF GILGAL.—"Jest Drap that Whisky-skin."

[WRITTEN FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.]

THE MYSTERY OF GILGAL.

BY JOHN HAY.

ILLUSTRATED BY S. EYTINGE, JR.

THE darkest, strangest mystery
I ever read, or heern, or see,
Is 'long of a drink at Taggart's Hall—
Tom Taggart's, of Gilgal.

I've heern the tale a thousand ways,
But never could git through the maze
That hangs around that queer day's doin's:
But I'll tell the yarn to youuns.

Tom Taggart stood behind his bar,
The time was fall, the skies was far,
The neighbors round the counter drawed,
And ca'mly drinked and jawed.

At last come Colonel Blood, of Pike,
And old Jedge Phinn, permiscus-like,
And each, as he meandered in,
Remarked, "A whisky-skin."

Tom mixed the beverage full and far,
And slammed it, smoking, on the bar.
Some says three fingers, some says two—
I'll leave the choice to you.

Phinn to the drink put forth his hand;
Blood drawed his knife, with accent bland,
"I ax yer parding, Mister Phinn—
Jest drap that whisky-skin."

No man high-toneder could be found
Than old Jedge Phinn the country round.
Says he, "Young man, the tribe of Phinns
Knows their own whisky-skins!"

He went for his 'leven-inch bowie-knife—
"I tries to foller a Christian life;
But I'll drap a slice of liver or two,
My bloomin' shrub, with you."

They carved in a way that all admired,
Tell Blood drawed iron at last, and fired.
It took Seth Bludso 'twixt the eyes,
Which caused him great surprise.

Then coats went off, and all went in;
Shots and bad language swelled the din;
The short, sharp bark of Derringers,
Like bull-pups, cheered the furse.

They piled the stiffs outside the door;
They made, I reckon, a cord or more.
Girls went that winter, as a rule,
Alone to spellin' school.

I've searched in vain, from Dan to Beer-Sheba, to make this mystery clear;
But I end with *hit* as I did begin—
WHO GOT THE WHISKY-SKIN?

LITTLE BREECHES.

BY JOHN HAY.

(A PIKE COUNTY VIEW OF SPECIAL PROVIDENCE.)

ILLUSTRATED BY S. EYTINGE, JR.

I DON'T go much on religion,
I never ain't had no show;
But I've got a middlin' tight grip, Sir,
On the handful o' things I know.
I don't pan out on the prophets,
And free-will, and that sort of thing;
But I b'lieve in God and the angels,
Ever sence one night last spring.

I come into town with some turnips,
And my little Gabe come along—
No four-year-old in the county
Could beat him for pretty and strong.
Peart and chipper and sassy,
Always ready to swear and fight;
And I'd larnt him to chaw terbacker,
Jest to keep his milk-teeth white.

The snow come down like a blanket
As I passed by Taggart's store;
I went in for a jug of molasses,
And left the team at the door.
They skeered at something and started—
I heerd one little squall,
And hell-to-split over the prairie
Went team, Little Breeches, and all.

Hell-to-split over the prairie!
I was almost froze with skeer;
But we rousted up some torches,
And sarched for 'em far and near.
At last we struck hosses and wagon,
Snowed under a soft white mound,
Upsot, dead beat—but of little Gabe
No hide nor hair was found.

And here all hope soured on me,
Of my fellow-critters' aid—
I jest flopped down on my marrow-bones,
Crotch-deep in the snow, and prayed.

* * * * *

By this the torches was played out,
And me and Isrul Parr
Went off for some wood to a sheep-fold
That he said was somewhar thar.

We found it at last, and a little shed
Whar they shut up the lambs at night;
We looked in, and seen them huddled thar,
So warm and sleepy and white.
And *thar* sot Little Breeches, and chirped,
As peart as ever you see,
"I want a chaw of terbacker,
And that's what's the matter of me."

How did he git thar? Angels.
He could never have walked in that storm.
They jest scooped down and toted him
To whar it was safe and warm.
And I think that saving a little child,
And bringing him to his own,
Is a derned sight better business
Than loafing around The Throne.

From the New York Tribune.

LITTLE BREECHES.—"Hell-to-split over the Prairie."

LITTLE BREECHES.—"I want a Chaw of Terbacker."

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XV.—No. 752.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1871. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

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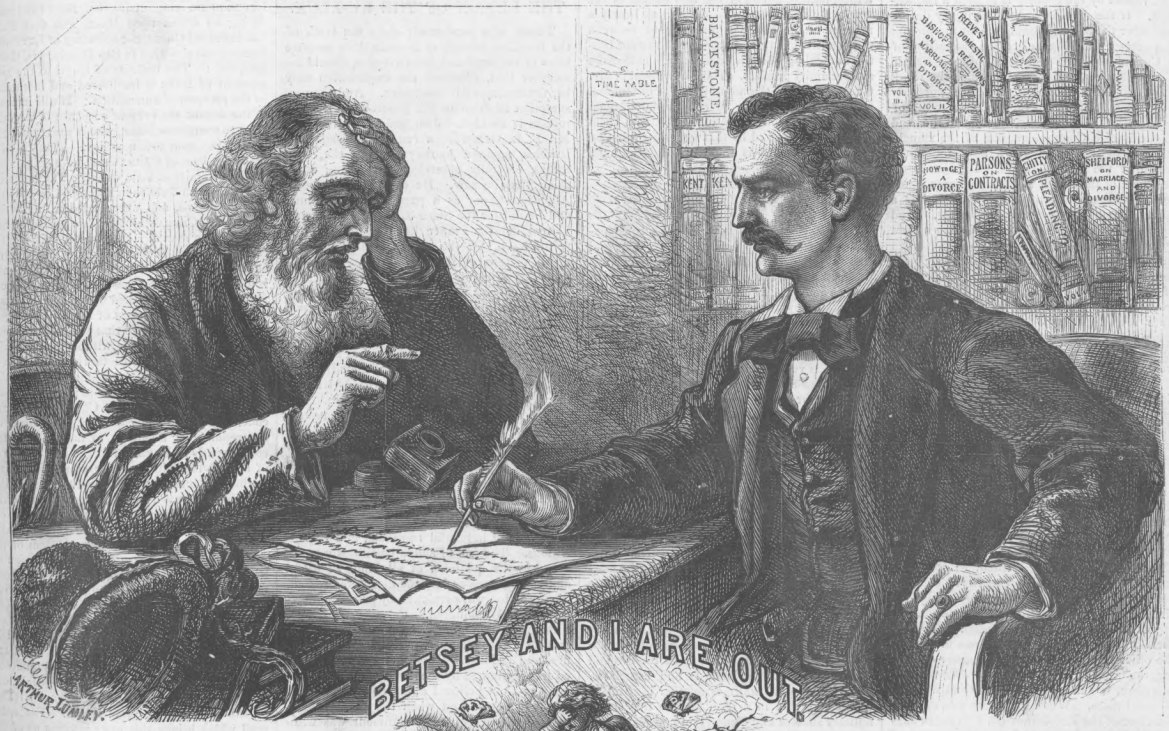
FARM BALLADS.

By WILL M. CARLETON.



Draw up the papers, lawyer, and make 'em good and stout;
For things at home are crossways, and Betsey and I are out.
We, who have worked together so long as man and wife,
Must pull in single harness for the rest of our nat'ral life.

"What is the matter?" say you. I swan, it's hard to tell!
Most of the years behind us we've passed by very well;
I have no other woman, she has no other man—
Only we've lived together as long as we ever can.

So I have talked with Betsey, and Betsey has talked with me,
And so we've agreed together that we can't never agree;
Not that we've catched each other in any terrible crime;
We've been a-gathering this for years, a little at a time.

There was a stock of temper we both had for a start,
Although we never suspected t'would take us two apart;
I had my various failings, bred in the flesh and bone;
And Betsey, like all good women, had a temper of her own.

The first thing I remember whereon we disagreed
Was something concerning heaven—a difference in our creed;
We arg'ed the thing at breakfast, we arg'ed the thing at tea,
And the more we arg'ed the question the more we didn't agree.

And the next that I remember was when we lost a cow;
She had kicked the bucket for certain, the question was only—How?
I held my own opinion, and Betsey another had;
And when we were done a-talkin', we both of us was mad.

And the next that I remember, it started in a joke;
But full for a week it lasted, and neither of us spoke.
And the next was when I scolded because she broke a bowl;
And she said I was mean and stingy, and hadn't any soul.

And so that bowl kept pourin' dissensions in our cup;
And so that blamed cow-critter was always a-comin' up;
And so that heaven we arg'ed no nearer to us got,
But it gave us a taste of something a thousand times as hot.

And so the thing kept workin', and all the self-same way:
Always somethin' to arg'e, and somethin' sharp to say;
And down on us came the neighbors, a couple dozen strong,
And lent their kindest sarvice for to help the thing along.

And there has been days together—and many a weary week—
We was both of us cross and spunky, and both too proud to speak;
And I have been thinkin' and thinkin', the whole of the winter and fall,
If I can't live kind with a woman, why, then, I won't at all.

And so I have talked with Betsey, and Betsey has talked with me,
And we have agreed together that we can't never agree;
And what is hers shall be hers, and what is mine shall be mine;
And I'll put it in the agreement, and take it to her to sign.

Write on the paper, lawyer—the very first paragraph—
Of all the farm and live-stock that she shall have her half;
For she has helped to earn it, through many a weary day,
And it's nothin' more than justice that Betsey has her pay.

Give her the house and homestead—a man can thrive and roam;
But women are skeery critters, unless they have a home;
And I have always determined, and never failed to say,
That Betsey never should want a home if I was taken away.

There is a little hard money that's drawin' tol'rable pay:
A couple of hundred dollars laid by for a rainy day;
Safe in the hands of good men, and easy to get at;
Put in another clause there, and give her half of that.

Yes, I see you smile, Sir, at my givin' her so much;
Yes, divorce is cheap, Sir, but I take no stock in such!
True and fair I married her, when she was blithe and young;
And Betsey was al'ays good to me, exceptin' with her tongue.

Once, when I was young as you, and not so smart, perhaps,
For me she mittened a lawyer, and several other chaps;
And all of them was flustered, and fairly taken down,
And I for a time was counted the luckiest man in town.

Once when I had a fever—I won't forget it soon—
I was hot as a basted turkey and crazy as a loon;
Never an hour went by me when she was out of sight—
She nursed me true and tender, and stuck to me day and night.

And if ever a house was tidy, and ever a kitchen clean,
Her house and kitchen was tidy as any I ever seen;
And I don't complain of Betsey, or any of her acts,
Exceptin' when we've quarreled, and told each other facts.

So draw up the paper, lawyer, and I'll go home to-night,
And read the agreement to her, and see if it's all right;
And then, in the mornin', I'll sell to a tradin' man I know,
And kiss the child that was left to us, and out in the world I'll go.

And one thing put in the paper, that first to me didn't occur:
That when I am dead at last she'll bring me back to her;
And lay me under the maples I planted years ago,
When she and I was happy before we quarreled so.

And when she dies I wish that she would be laid by me,
And, lyin' together in silence, perhaps we will agree;
And, if ever we meet in heaven, I wouldn't think it queer
If we loved each other the better because we have quarreled here.

From the Toledo Blade.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1871.

☞ *The* SUPPLEMENT *to this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *gives the first American contribution to the* "MEMORIES OF DISTINGUISHED AUTHORS," *in the form of a very interesting sketch of*

WASHINGTON IRVING,

from personal recollections by MR. GEORGE P. PUTNAM. *It is replete with pleasant anecdote and talk respecting* IRVING *and the people with whom he was associated. Among the other attractions of this* SUPERB SUPPLEMENT *there is a fine engraving from a picture by* D. R. KNIGHT, "OTHELLO AT THE HOUSE OF BRABANTIO;" *a sketch drawn by* GILBERT BRULING, "PICKING WILD STRAWBERRIES ON AN OLD BATTLE-FIELD NEAR RICHMOND," *with an exquisite descriptive poem; another installment of the* "TODHUNTERS' AT LOANIN' HEAD;" *together with the usual rich variety of entertaining reading matter.*

☞ CHARLES READE'S *new Story,* "A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION," *is one of the most thrilling and powerful productions of this eminent master of fiction. It was commenced in* HARPER'S WEEKLY *for March 1, and is continued in the present Number.*

THE TREATY OF WASHINGTON.

THE cordial reception of the Treaty of Washington by the country is in itself a ratification. If the American sense of injury during and after the war was profound, yet the prompt acquiescence of England in the suggestion of a Commission, the character of the British Commissioners, and the spirit which the result shows to have animated them, are not only honorable, but they are themselves a treaty of good-will. Earl De Gray, who was at the head of the British Commission, one of the stanchest of Englishmen, is yet a most intelligent friend of the United States. He is a representative of that spirit in both countries which recognizes that international friendship is a surer defense than armies and navies. And upon our own side the Commissioners named by the President were men who commanded the confidence of all interests and feelings, except those of malignant jealousy of England or of sullen hostility to our own Union. The work of the Commission was our best-kept state secret. Poor Jenkins was baffled at every point. The public only smiled at his solemn guesses, knowing that the whole truth would be authoritatively told at once, as it was.

The chief interest in the treaty to the national feeling of this country is the proposed settlement of the *Alabama* claims. And upon this subject one point which was pressed by us with warmth during the war has been virtually relinquished by common consent, and by the declarations of the Government. Recognition of belligerency may be an indication of sympathy suggesting collusion, or, at least, negligence in the observation of neutral duties, but it is so essentially an act of sovereignty that in itself it can not justify demand for explanations. This is now generally conceded. But in this country we have steadily contended that the negligence which was made probable by the circumstances of the British recognition did appear in the case of the *Alabama*. We had, therefore, really two grievances, one moral and the other material: one was a matter of feeling, the other of material injury. We wanted, therefore, two kinds of damages, and we have received them. When the treaty was made at the close of the Revolution Dr. FRANKLIN suggested that there should be an expression of regret from Great Britain for certain events. He said that there was wonderful balm in such an expression. It was an illustration of his sagacity. For the only moral damages possible are an honorable expression of regret.

FRANKLIN did not prevail then, but his spirit has happily animated the present Commission. The British Government frankly expresses its regret for the occurrences of which the United States complain. Then the treaty lays down certain rules of neutral duty in addition to those now existing, and the British Government, although not admitting that they were operative at the time of the *Alabama* escape, agrees that they shall be retroactive, and govern the decisions under the treaty. And lastly, a tribunal of arbitration of five members—one appointed by Great Britain, one by the United States, and three, each by a sovereign state mutually agreed upon—is to adjust the claims of injury arising from the escape and career of the Confederate privateers. The tribunal may award damages either in detail or in gross, or it may refer this duty to a board of assessors, sitting in the United States, who shall report from time to time, and payment to be made accordingly.

Counter British claims, arising during the war, are to be referred to an ordinary mixed commission, sitting in Washington, with an umpire, if necessary, named by a friendly power. No claim for slave property can be presented, and the recent action of the British Government in France excludes all claims for damage from the necessary operations of war. The cotton seizures were generally subsequent to the time named in the treaty, and therefore such claims take the usual course. These are the questions arising from the war, and the settlement provided is mutually honorable. The differences upon the fisheries are adjusted in a manner not less favorable to the United States. Our fishermen are to have the freedom of the Canadian coasts, with those of the islands, and the British fishermen similar rights upon our coast north of the thirty-ninth parallel of latitude, excluding upon both sides the taking of shell-fish, salmon, and shad, with the river fisheries and those at the mouths of rivers; and fish, with some exceptions, are to be admitted into each country free. This is so favorable to the United States that a commission, with an umpire, as before, is to determine whether there is an excess of privilege for which the United States ought to pay, and if so, how much. The questions of navigation and transit are settled by freeing the St. Lawrence and other rivers, with the equal use of the Welland and other canals, and of Lake Michigan, and the St. Clair flats and canals. Finally, the question of the northwestern boundary line is to be settled by the Emperor of Germany.

This is the substance of the Treaty of Washington, and a treaty more significant was never made. It is a pact of cordial peace between England and America. The two countries appear not as jealous rivals, but as friends. Neither concedes any thing which ought not to be yielded; neither demands of the other what ought not to be honorably granted. Such a treaty, indeed, is one of the best results of the war. By disposing in so simple and hearty a manner of the subjects of difference between the countries, it tends to remove the latent hostility of feeling which is undeniable, and to make sincere amity possible. The government of Mr. GLADSTONE and the administration of General GRANT are equally to be congratulated upon this fortunate consummation. It shows them both to be animated by that generous spirit of conciliation which is the truest international glory.

SOLDIERS AND PRESIDENTS.

IT is amusing to observe that every conspicuous man who is supposed to be popular, and who says or does something opposed to the Republican policy, is instantly exalted as a Democratic candidate for the Presidency. A man who yesterday was not thought of in that view, to-day criticises some action or word of the dominant party, and for that reason, without the slightest regard to his character or antecedents, is vociferously saluted as the coming man. The first impression is one of profound contempt for those who shout, and the second one of shame that it should be considered possible to select a chief magistrate for such a reason.

The present President of the United States is a soldier whose incomparable services in the field were enhanced by his simplicity, integrity, and modesty. Elected to the Presidency totally inexperienced in the conduct of political affairs, and at a time of the most bitter agitation, the consequence of civil war, he has shown no disposition whatever to forget his duty as a loyal citizen and civil magistrate; and the American people to-day trust the honorable, patriotic fidelity of General GRANT as much as they trusted that of General WASHINGTON or of Mr. LINCOLN. No more than they has he shown any impatience of the peaceful processes of law, nor in his cabinet has he thought fit to surround himself with military friends and associates. Indeed, General GRANT is another illustration of the fact that in a republic like this signal military success and consequent political elevation do not destroy the loyalty of an honest citizen to the sacred conditions of free popular government.

Yet he has been denounced as a possible usurper—as a chief designing to retain power by force. The Democratic candidate for the Vice-Presidency in 1868 bade the country beware of seating an emperor in the White House, and insinuated that General GRANT might use the army to subvert the government. Unfortunately for the force of his warning, this Democratic candidate was the very gentleman who had obtained his nomination upon the ground of a letter in which he declared that certain constitutional amendments and laws ought to be annulled by the army! His denunciations and warnings were, therefore, exquisitely ludicrous. And recently a Democratic paper rejoices in the probable ratification of the English treaty, because if the breach is not healed now there may be war; and if there is war this ferocious butcher, GRANT, will command the army, and, if he commands the army, a long good-by to American liberty! the fact being that because he commanded the army the world bade a last good-night to American slavery.

And now a very different person, a soldier whose brilliant service and imperious willfulness are equally known—General SHERMAN—has apparently made a speech—certainly might have made a speech—in which he says that it was generally conceded by the soldiers of both armies, at the close of the war, that if all questions had been referred to the armies they would have been peaceably settled. That is his sincere faith. General SHERMAN is an ardent soldier. He is impatient of all civil methods. He thinks that his agreement with General JOE JOHNSTON ought to have been the basis of reconstruction. Congress is a very distasteful body to him. Law is a delay. His genius, his temperament, his methods, his traditions, are exclusively military. And this is the gentleman who, having expressed dissatisfaction with the Ku-Klux bill, is now strenuously urged as an admirable President by those who have rancorously denounced General GRANT as a dangerous President because of his military habits and feelings.

The fact is interesting, as illustrative of the condition of those who in their general jealousy of Republican ascendency strike at it wildly and blindly. It is very plain that if General GRANT is to be set aside by a Democrat, it must be upon some other policy than any which the Democrats have yet announced; and if by a Republican, only by some one who can more closely unite the party. But of all the charges made against the President none is more absurd than that he inclines unduly to military methods. The lackeys of slavery during the war, and since the war, find a great deal of comfort in calling him a dogged military butcher, as they do in describing the late traders in human flesh and blood as Christian soldiers and gentlemen. But they beat the air. Whatever the people of the United States may think of General GRANT, they do not fear him as a possible dictator.

THE LESSON OF THE KU-KLUX.

THOSE who persistently deny the truth of the Ku-Klux stories, or ridicule them as mere tales of rawhead and bloody-bones, should remember that, whatever the explanation may be, the testimony is conclusive. And the presumption in favor of the general truth of the reports is decided. Just before the rebellion Mr. F. L. OLMSTED, a remarkably sagacious traveler, made a journey through the Slave States, carefully observing and noting every thing that he saw. He did not write as an Abolitionist, nor as a partisan of any kind; and he did for the Slave States what ARTHUR YOUNG did for France just before the great revolution of '89—he gave a faithful and detailed picture of their condition. It represented a kind of medieval state of society. There was great wealth in a few hands; luxury of a certain kind; enormous estates; and upon the other side immense ignorance, squalor, and barbarism. Mrs. STOWE'S story of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," like SMOLLETT'S novels in England in the last century, also depicted the aspects of society in that region with a vividness for which the historian will be grateful.

The probable truth of the Ku-Klux reports rests upon two considerations. The great proprietors, who had poisoned the minds of their dependents with every kind of false theory and passionate appeal, at last dragged them into a war, in which they were utterly defeated, amidst the desolation of the country, the paralysis of industry, and the uprooting of all local social, political, and industrial traditions and organizations. The end of active hostilities was followed by the incursion of all kinds of useful and useless persons into the disordered region. The situation was perplexed by political uncertainties at Washington. False hopes rose for a moment in minds brooding upon revenge, and their extinction did not extinguish bitterness and jealousy. This ill feeling was fostered and sustained by the hope of ultimate advantage from political alliances in other parts of the Union. And when the military presence of the successful government was withdrawn, nothing under the circumstances was so probable as constant ebullitions of anger and lawlessness. Had there been no emancipation and no equal suffrage, the condition of a population, ignorant, impoverished, and baffled in the frantic effort to reverse the course of civilization, would have been one of agitation and insecurity.

But to all this there was added in the Southern States a peculiar presumption that there would be such disturbance as we see. The war had freed the slaves, to confirm whose bondage the Southern chiefs had provoked it; and those slaves had become, from the necessity of the case, the political equals of the master class, and in many places they were the majority. To understand the probable feeling of an ignorant population, whose color alone was the sign of absolute social and political superiority, when they suddenly found those whom they had despised as pariahs their equals, and often their official superiors, it is only necessary to read Mr. OLMSTED'S book. Just as this population, when it thought it was to have all the power after the war, endeavored by black codes to retain all that was possible of slavery, so, when it finds that the power has passed from its hands, vents its rage in outrages, which it hopes may inspire so deep and general a terror that the power may be recovered even under the new conditions.

Therefore, both for this general and this particular reason, a disordered and almost barbarous situation was to be expected in many parts of the Southern States. And that impatience and indignation have been often justified in those States we do not doubt. That the new voters were, as a rule, ignorant, and that the new governments have often been as extravagant and corrupt as the old governments often are in other States, is not to be denied. We offer no excuse for political knavery anywhere. But we are speaking of public order; and we repeat that those who deny the disorder in many parts of the Southern States, or affect to laugh it away, are sneering at all experience. In his interview with the delegates from the Tax-payers' Convention in South Carolina, Governor SCOTT said that the embarrassment of the State was mainly due to the disturbed condition of the public mind, and to the sense of insecurity to life and property. So Governor ALCORN, of Mississippi, asked from the Legislature a mounted patrol to assist in keeping the peace. Certainly experience and common-sense teach that the surest method of permanently restoring order in that region is not to encourage every element of disorder, but to show that the general policy of equality, against which all the disturbance is a protest, is the fixed and final policy of the American people.

LATEST FROM SAN DOMINGO.

IT has been constantly said by those who were best informed upon the subject that the suspension of the question of annexation of San Domingo would probably prove fatal to BAEZ, and such seems to be the prospect. The recent news from the island is that CABRAL and LUPERON are reorganizing their forces and meditating an attack upon BAEZ, and that BAEZ had executed OBJIO, the secretary of LUPERON. The present situation in San Domingo is, therefore, this: The hostility of Hayti to the government of BAEZ is imbittered and intensified by the prospect of annexation. It will improve to the utmost the present suspense of negotiations to overthrow BAEZ, who is the representative of the annexation policy. That Hayti is really the base of CABRAL'S and LUPERON'S operations admits of little doubt. The prisoners recently taken from their forces spoke only the Haytian patois, and were armed with Haytian weapons. CABRAL himself is a native of San Domingo; a man of fair character, but, like the rest of the conspicuous leaders in his country, as in Hayti, a revolutionist by trade. LUPERON is a negro bandit who has been criminally convicted, and he has worked with a ball and chain at his ankle in the streets of Puerto Plata.

There is no evidence that these chiefs could take the field effectively without Haytian aid. They confine themselves to the northwestern part of the San Domingo republic, the debatable land between the two countries; and the report of the late San Domingo Commission shows conclusively that the controlling sentiment of the republic is favorable to annexation, and consequently to BAEZ. But the people are not of a kind to maintain their opinions by force against the incursions of LUPERON; and at Puerto Plata there is a mercantile sentiment hostile to BAEZ, and which, passively at least, favors the revolutionary movement. BAEZ probably counted also upon the prompt payment of the money under the treaty for the occupation of the Bay of Samana. That has failed him, and he is embarrassed. The execution of OBJIO is, unfortunately, one of the events which must be expected in that revolutionary country. These leaders play for each other's heads. And if the situation be as we have supposed, and BAEZ feels his power oozing away, it certainly is not surprising that he should shoot, when he could, one of the chief adherents of his enemy, and a leader of the insurrection against him. The same mail which brings this news informs us of the similar but bloodier event in Hayti. The telegraph sententiously says, "The ringleaders in the February revolt were condemned and executed."

This is the unhappy method in that country. From time to time detachments of political prisoners are taken from the prisons in Port-au-Prince and shot. It is a reminiscence of the old French Revolution and of the spirit of DESSALINES. In the republic of San Domingo there is, probably, less ferocity, but the normal state of the country is political disturbance and revolution. Indeed, it is the intolerable weariness of this condition, the consciousness that it is unavoidable while Hayti hovers hostile upon the frontier in numbers three to one, and constantly fomenting intestine trouble in the neighboring republic, which is the explanation of the strong desire for annexation in San Domingo. Unfortunately for the inhabitants, it is not a situation which makes annexation desirable for us.

THE ANNIVERSARIES.

THE chief interest of the MAY anniversaries is undoubtedly in those of the various societies of reform. A few years since it was the annual meeting of the Antislavery Society which was the most conspicuous, and apparently not the least efficient. The meetings were a constant and overwhelming appeal to the moral sentiment; and although the strict Abolitionists who rejected the Constitution as tainted with slavery did not vote, they furnished conclusive reasons for the voting of others. One lesson may be drawn from the history of those old anniversaries for the readers of to-day who were then too young to be interested, and it is this: that the almost frantic and falsification in the newspaper reports of those meetings were as effective in resistance to the movement as a dried leaf

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in damming Niagara. And a similar improvement may be made for the older brethren who used to sneer and swear at the fanatics and tomfools, as they were called, of those old meetings, and it is this: that movements which now seem to them as crude and impracticable as the anti-slavery reform may have the same reason and vitality, and may be tending to as great a result.

The "Reform League" anniversary meeting was devoted to a discursive debate upon the state of the nation. Mr. PHILLIPS reviewed the situation as one in which the growing contest between labor and capital is the most significant fact, and asserted that the Ku-Klux terror is naked war, and requires to be dealt with as General BUTLER dealt with MUMFORD. Mr. PHILLIPS thinks that a little hanging of the conspicuous leaders would be a wholesome severity. A few summary executions would show the Ku-Klux assassins that the people of the country are in earnest in requiring peace. Is it, however, the lesson of history that discontent and disorder are best repressed by drumhead court-martials? It may be war in the Southern States, but neither President GRANT nor General BUTLER, if he were President, as Mr. PHILLIPS perhaps wishes he might be, could do acts of war without authority of Congress. Does Mr. PHILLIPS really wish that the President of the United States would or could summarily hang murderers at his pleasure? Or is it the fact that under an absolute dictatorship only bad men are punished, and that liberty flourishes?

Mr. PHILLIPS in another speech eloquently vindicated agitation as the saving power in modern society, declaring it to be instinctive in the Saxon heart. But if the chief magistrate were to take "lives of the topmost line" at his discretion, he would make short work of agitators. This was precisely the object of the legislation proposed by Mr. DOUGLAS at the time of the JOHN BROWN raid. But those who were the heads and hearts of what Mr. DOUGLAS's bill defined as conspiracy were, at that time, not the Ku-Klux assassins—they were the anti-slavery orators. Good citizens might consent to the dictatorship of General GRANT, but how about a joint dictatorship of Mr. TWEED and the Mobile *Register*?

The anniversary of the American Woman Suffrage Association was interesting not only in itself, but because of the definitive declaration that the question of the extension of political power to women has nothing whatever in common with what is called free love or any other project. The assertion which is sometimes made that the political power of women would destroy the marriage relation is as wise as that made fifty years ago, that the higher education of women would inevitably produce domestic unhappiness. The Association unwisely, as it seems to us, approved the attempt to obtain the suffrage for women under the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments to the Constitution. We object to it upon the same ground that we should object to the attempt to cover the voting of minors by the same amendments, and that is, that it was clearly not the intention of the amendment to confer any such power. It is never desirable to attempt a great and radical political change by a merely ingenious construction of law. Such changes, to be really valuable, must be intrenched in general conviction. It is a hard truth for all who wish reforms, but it is none the less a truth, that there is no short-cut to great social and political results. Artificial heat may bake green fruit, but it will not ripen it.

Mr. GERRIT SMITH used to hold that the Constitution was really an antislavery instrument; and if the general sentiment had agreed with him, it would practically have become so. But, as it was, it would have been difficult for him to refuse to return a fugitive upon the ground that under the Constitution he was a free man. So with the amendments in question, if the general opposition to the voting of women had disappeared, they might vote under a construction of those amendments, or of any other. But if that were the situation, there would be no difficulty in obtaining the Sixteenth Amendment. Meanwhile, that there is no pretense that the present amendments meant to convey the power claimed is reason enough for seeking that power only by moulding public opinion to favor the Sixteenth Amendment. The interest in the question must not be measured by the greater or less throng at the anniversary meetings. That is a point usually decided by the expectation of entertainment from the speakers. It is a cause which, from its nature, moves silently and privately, but very surely.

THE ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

BY JOHN JONES, A.M.

"AND here," I was saying when I was interrupted—and here I will remark that an English writer, recently speaking of Goethe as a critic, says—with what seems a biting sarcasm upon those of us who write in the papers—that he was not a professional but only an amateur critic, "in whom a certain degree of modesty is perhaps not altogether unbecoming." He then proceeds: "May we not also concede to criticisms of this inferior kind a merit, perhaps, incompatible with the superior quality of those which are so abundantly supplied to us by the day and week? Not, of course, the surpassing merit of perceiving and understanding things at a glance, but yet a praiseworthy patience and genial good-will employed in the reverent endeavor to perceive and understand things rightly." These last words seem to me a very fair description of the true spirit of criticism: a candor of mind which understands that every new work may be a revelation of new power and meaning. There is nothing so difficult as criticism, and nothing more common than praise and blame according to fancy. I confess, for my part, that I find nothing harder to determine than the fidelity of a picture to nature.

Thus I have looked at Mr. GIFFORD'S "Fisher-Boats of the Adriatic," and Mr. HART'S "Sunset Hour," and they are both very careful and pleasing works. But while I stand before them and enjoy them I find myself wondering whether they do not lack the essential simplicity and unconsciousness of nature. I mean that Mr. GIFFORD'S really brilliant and beautiful picture, for instance, seems somehow painted to satisfy a certain idea or theory of Venetian waters rather than to represent the facts, without regard to the imagination, of Venice. The fact, as I remember it, is a little homelier than the painter gives it. In the imagination, indeed, which is a romancer, the fisher-boats are as gorgeous as Mr. GIFFORD'S, but I am afraid that the passengers by the last steamer who are going to the Adriatic will not see what the artist has painted. Very likely this is only a refinement, a hypercriticism, which rises naturally out of the dreamy mood in which the picture steeps the mind. And perhaps it is the highest praise that the pictures of Mr. GIFFORD always suggest WORDSWORTH'S line,

"The light that never was on land or sea."

In Mr. KENSETT'S "Beverly Coast" there is all the modesty of nature. It is a quiet, unobtrusive picture: a hot, calm day of summer, with the peculiar character of the New England atmosphere and shore. His "Windsor Castle" is to me the most interesting landscape in the gallery. The charm, of course, is partly historical, and it fascinates you with the suggestion of BURKE'S magnificent metaphor likening the British monarchy to this noble pile. It seems as if BURKE must have been impressed while walking in these very meadows with the stateliness and grandeur which he reproduces in his gorgeous phrase. What a triumph of the imagination that the British system, at its meanest moment, should have suggested itself so loftily to BURKE as his allusions and descriptions constantly show! I have not forgotten Mr. HART'S "Sunset," but I hardly know how it impresses me. It is very pleasant to stand before it, and make it out point after point, and drop into a kind of pensive meditation. But the canvas is too large for the subject. There may be diffuseness in pictures, I suppose, as in other poems.

Mr. EASTMAN JOHNSON'S "Stage-Coach" is delightful. It is full of daylight and jollity, and the only wonder is that we don't hear the shouts of the boys. It is a Saturday saturnalia, and I should like to know how bank directors feel when they look at it. Surely nothing suggests more strongly the richness and protean genius of nature than the reflection that in a score of years or so these boys will be staid and respectable citizens. If we could look ahead a little, who would be sure that the rather surly-faced fellow who is a vicious horse in the picture will not be arraigned before the judgment seat of the blooming boy who is opening the coach-door and hurrying up the belated travelers? Perhaps by that time the bench will be swept clean enough in every part for an honest boy to sit upon. And how would these youngsters, who are evidently so efficient with this coach, answer as railroad managers? I suppose the difficulty would be suggested by this very scene: they can't make the thing go! But it is not easy to believe it. It is simply preposterous that with these champing and impatient steeds, the steady and shrewd hold of the driver, and the enjoyment of rapid motion, which is every where visible, the coach really does not move. No matter: boys, if your coach does not go, neither does this happy Saturday! Your life shall be one long holiday. Let the old coach stick, for you shall never grow old. Lucky fellows! You are like the population of the city which KEATS saw upon the Grecian urn, and you too shall be seen, when our eyes of to-day see no longer, "Forever piping songs, forever new."

There are a great many pictures in the Exhibition which I look at sadly, for they seem to be no better than mine; and I never study my own carefully without feeling that nature did not mean me for a painter. I wonder if she meant those men for painters, and if not, as I strongly suspect, why they have never found it out. Perhaps, indeed, they have, but too late. Possibly they know, with every body else, when they stand as spectators before their own pictures, that they are very bad, and will never be better. But a man can not take up and lay down a pursuit at pleasure: he must live. And what if every lawyer, or printer, or clergyman, or carpenter should relinquish his business after he had prepared himself for it, merely because he was not fit for it! What a ferment society would be in! Why should we expect the artistic round pegs to get out of the square holes, when all the literary and mechanical and professional stay in and make the best of it? This poor fellow, for instance, who painted Number ——, knows undoubtedly how bad it is, and why should any body deepen his mortification by laughing at it in the papers? Nothing which is bad enough to ridicule is worth criticising or mentioning.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

WE are much gratified in being able to announce that preparations are now being made, under the direction of the Superintendent of the Coast Survey, for a very complete and thorough investigation of the deep-sea bottom, and especially of the channel of the Gulf Stream, off the eastern coast of America, with an examination also of the Straits of Magellan and of a part of the Pacific Ocean. A steamer is now being built, which will shortly be launched, with the special object of continuing the deep-sea dredgings which, under the direction of Count POURTALÈS, have given the survey so much reputation.

It is expected that the arrangements will be completed by the end of August, and that the whole matter will be especially in charge of Professor AGASSIZ, assisted by Count POURTALÈS, whose experience eminently qualifies him for the post.

The plan of operations is, first, to run a line of dredging across the Gulf Stream between New York and Bermuda, and, if necessary, far enough eastward to completely cross the Gulf Stream current. The course will be thence to Trinidad, where a careful examination will be entered into to ascertain whether there is any difference in the deep-sea fauna of the adjacent waters and that of the coast of Florida. The expedition will then probably proceed to San Paulo for the purpose of examining the deepest known portion of the Atlantic, reaching to at least five thousand fathoms. From San Paulo it will again cut across the Brazilian current, and after possibly spending some time on the coast between Buenos Ayres and the Straits of Magellan, will proceed by a zigzag course to the Falkland Islands, in the neighborhood of which the expedition will remain for some time for the purpose of solving certain important problems relating to both the deep-sea fauna and to that of the coast. It is next proposed to spend at least a month in the Straits of Magellan during the summer season of that portion of the globe. The work at the Straits being completed, the party expect to pass up along the western coast of Chili, next to the island of Juan Fernandez, and thence across to Callao. From this point the course will be to the Galapagos, and thence across the Chilian current to some point on the west coast of Mexico—possibly to Mazatlan. The Revillagigedo Islands will next be visited, whence the party will proceed to San Francisco.

The entire exploration will probably occupy ten months, and bids fair to be the most important attempt ever made at determining the character of the fauna of the deep seas. The experience gained in all the former American and foreign expeditions of this kind will be freely used on this occasion; and no pains will be spared in the way of outfit to render the whole undertaking an entire success.

The fact that this expedition is under the direction of the Coast Survey is sufficient guarantee that nothing will be neglected to secure satisfactory results in the way of investigations upon the physics of the ocean, as well as its natural history, as it is intended to make use of the most approved apparatus for the determination of depths, temperatures, specific gravity, and chemical composition of the waters, etc.

A scientific society has been formed at Middletown, Connecticut, and Dr. JOHN JOHNSON, of the university, elected president, Professor RICE, corresponding secretary, and Professor JOHN M. VAN VLECK, treasurer.

According to the Virginia papers, the fisheries of the lower Rappahannock are considered a failure during the present year, the largest single haul of the season amounting to only ninety-six shad.

The experiment of stocking the Delaware with salmon, by means of eggs brought from Mr. WILMOT'S fish-farm on Lake Ontario, promises to be a success. We learn that the greater number of the eggs have hatched out, and that they will probably be fit to transport from Mr. CHRISTIE'S hatching-beds at Clove, New York, to the Delaware River by about the last of May or first of June, at which time it is expected that the umbilical sac will be absorbed.

Attention is called by the Panama papers to the extraordinary meteorological conditions that have lately prevailed throughout Central and South America, especially in the falling of large quantities of rain where previously such an occurrence was almost unknown. This unusual amount of precipitation is understood to have first occurred on the Isthmus of Panama, and to have resulted in disastrous floods at Aspinwall and elsewhere, of which an account has already been given. The climatic change seems to have traveled southwardly from that region, and to have involved successively a large portion of the chain of the Andes in its operations. The latest advices from Peru show that in localities hitherto perfectly rainless torrents have fallen to such an extent as to produce very great disasters. These have occurred at Payta, San José, Lambayeque, etc. The villages on the western slope of the Andes in Chili and Peru are not prepared for such an occurrence (of which many of the inhabitants had never had any practical experience), the sites and material of the buildings being alike unsuited to resist storms. The town of Lambayeque, with seven or eight thousand inhabitants, is reported to have been entirely destroyed by the rain. The most southerly point reached by the rain at last dates seems to be the valley of Canete, which was inundated, to the great damage of the sugar and other plantations. Much land has been totally ruined by the washing out of its soil, leaving behind a mere collection of gravel and stones. Vessels passing along the western coast at a distance of a hundred miles and more experienced heavy rains where previously nothing but fog had been met with. The electric phenomenon visible around Mount Tacora, to which we referred in another article, seems to have been a part of this same system of atmospheric disturbance, and connected with it was a widely extended derangement of the telegraph lines in Chili, an event of extreme rarity.

An examination has recently been made by an officer of the United States army of an old pueblo situated about twenty-five miles from the town of Socorro, on the Rio Grande. The walls of the buildings of this pueblo are composed of thin sandstone, heaped one layer upon another without mortar, and without any traces of beams or timber of any kind. The edifices seem to have been but one story high, and to have consisted of four separate buildings, arranged so as to form a hollow square, with a fifth a little outside of these. The longest range was over two hundred feet in length, and the whole five contained about two hundred rooms. Near the pueblo extensive silver mines have recently been discovered, and a town is to be laid out during the present year, the material for the houses to be derived from the ruins. There are evidences of ancient workings of these mines in the form of shafts now entirely filled up with earth, although it is probable that these do not antedate the period of the occupation of the country by the Spaniards.

We have already referred to the supposed discovery of a practicable route for a canal across the Isthmus of Darien; and we now learn, through a meagre telegraphic dispatch, that the exploring parties on the Isthmus of Tehuantepec have been equally successful. Further particulars, however, are necessary to enable us to judge how far this latter statement has any real foundation.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

ON Monday, May 8, the Joint High Commissioners signed a treaty for the settlement of the questions at issue between the United States and Great Britain, and afterward exchanged congratulations on the result of their labors, expressing the belief that they had done the most they possibly could for the peace and honor of the two countries.

The United States Senate met Wednesday, May 10, in conformity with the President's proclamation convoking an extraordinary session. A message was received from the President transmitting the treaty agreed to by the Joint High Commissioners. After a brief executive session the Senate adjourned to Friday. On reassembling attention was called to the premature publication of the treaty, and there was a spirited debate on that subject. An investigation was ordered to be made by a committee consisting of Messrs. Carpenter, Conkling, Trumbull, Davis (of Kentucky), and Sumner. Mr. Cameron stated that the Committee on Foreign Relations would not be ready to report the treaty until Monday, May 15. The Senate then adjourned to that day.

The troubles at the Pennsylvania coal mines are assuming a more threatening aspect. The Lackawanna Iron and Coal Company have engaged and armed one hundred non-union miners to commence work in one of the mines, and this action has roused the indignation of the strikers to such a degree that further riot and bloodshed are apprehended. The miners and laborers of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company have refused the conditions of arbitration proposed by the president of the company, and adhere to their original terms.

A very lively Indian war is in progress in Arizona. On the 30th of April a number of citizens of that Territory, aided by a hundred Papago Indians, surprised a camp of Apaches, who are supposed to have committed recent outrages and murders, killed eighty-five and took twenty-eight children prisoners. On the 5th of May a detachment of twenty of the Third Cavalry, under the command of Lieutenant H. B. Cushing, was defeated by one hundred and fifty Apaches at the Whitestone Mountains. Lieutenant Cushing and one man were killed, and the troops retreated. Pursuit was subsequently made by eighty cavalrymen. In consequence of these occurrences General Stoneman has issued a general field order, directing the Apaches to remove at once to the White Mountain Reservation, set apart for them, or be pursued and punished wherever found.

The President has nominated Mr. John M. Francis, of Troy, New York, to be United States minister to Greece, in place of Mr. Tuckerman, who has resigned.

The Connecticut Legislature has declared Marshal Jewell, and the other Republican candidates for State offices, elected. The evidence of Democratic frauds on the ballot is said to have been conclusive.

FOREIGN NEWS.

A TREATY of peace between France and Germany was signed at Frankfort on the 11th of May, and was to be immediately submitted to the governments of the two nations for ratification. It abrogates the commercial treaty between the two countries, and gives Germany the control of the railways in the ceded territory in consideration of a reduction of the war indemnity of 326,000,000 francs. The Paris forts are to be evacuated by the Germans immediately. Nancy, Belfort, and Longwy will be held by the Germans until the conditions are fulfilled.

Fort Vanvres was evacuated by the Communist garrison May 13, and on the following day was occupied by the troops of Versailles. Fifty guns and a few prisoners were captured. Most of the garrison made their escape to Fort Montrouge through a subterranean passage. In other operations the Versailles troops were also successful, and at last accounts were preparing for a general assault upon the fortifications of Paris at several points where breaches had been effected by the bombardment.

Inside Paris the condition of affairs becomes more deplorable. The residences of Favre and Thiers have been destroyed, and the furniture of the palaces of the Tuileries and Elysée has been sold. The *Socials* newspaper proposes the execution of all members of the Central Committee who retire from office. An unsuccessful attempt has been made to assassinate General Dombrowski. The clerks of the Bank of France have been armed, and the building strongly barricaded and provisioned, to withstand a threatened attack by the Communists. The Commune has suppressed several more newspapers, and prohibited religious instruction in the schools.

Sir John Herschel, the celebrated English astronomer, died May 12, at the age of seventy-nine.

Auber, the great musical composer, died May 14, in Paris, at the age of eighty-nine.

A terrible pestilence, the vomito, is raging in Buenos Ayres. At latest accounts the daily average of deaths was two hundred and fifty. Five thousand had died in five weeks, and six thousand had fled from the city. The vomito was also ravaging Valparaiso.

A formidable insurrection is in progress in Panama. The insurgents threaten the city of Panama, and commissioners have been sent out to treat with them.

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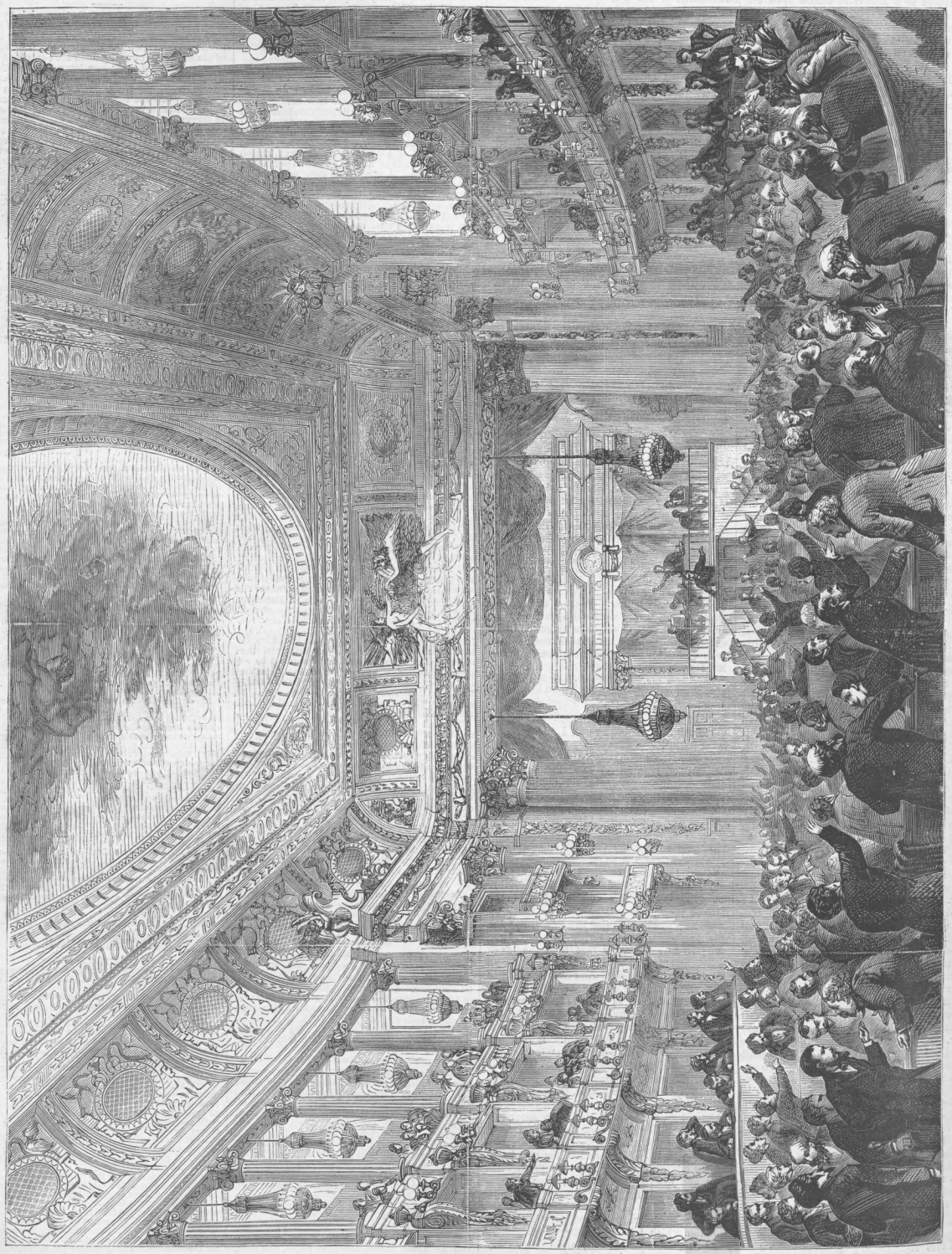
THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY AT VERSAILLES.

THE removal of the Assembly from Bordeaux to Versailles was decided on immediately on the ratification of the treaty of peace, and on the 20th of March the first sitting was held there. As there was no hall in Versailles large enough to contain all the deputies and the staff of the Assembly, it was decided to fit up the well-known Salle d'Opéra of the palace for their deliberations. We give on this page a sketch of the hall during a sitting of the Assembly.

It is now just one hundred and one years since the theatre in the palace at Versailles was inaugurated in honor of the marriage between the grandson of LOUIS XV. and MARIE ANTOINETTE. Louis XV. had, curiously enough, not considered such a structure necessary to his favorite palace, but Madame DE POMPADOUR thought otherwise, and at her instigation LOUIS XV. commissioned the well-known architect, GABRIEL, to build the present Salle d'Opéra. It was accordingly commenced in 1753, but was not completed until long after the death of the royal favorite for whom it was built.

The inside of the House is magnificently decorated, and abounds with gilding and mirrors. The balustrade of the first balcony is ornamented with gilded bass-reliefs of mythological subjects, while above the second gallery is a semi-circle of mirrors, which is supported by fourteen Ionic columns, and reflects the light of the chandelier in a most brilliant and almost dazzling manner. Although befitting a gala representation, this profuse ornamentation was hardly in character with the grave deliberations of the National Assembly, and M. JOLLY, the architect charged with transforming the theatre into a temporary Palais Bourbon, accordingly had them covered up with sober-colored panels. Otherwise the House has been but little altered; the *parterre* has, of course, been boarded up on a level with the stage, and forms covered with simple red cloth have been placed there for the deputies. The stage is shut off from the House by a large screen of planks tastefully draped with cloth, while under the handsomely carved gilded proscenium stands the veritable old *fauteuil du Président* of the Corps Législatif, which, together with the debating rostrum, was transported from Paris. Thirty rooms in the palace have been set aside for the various *bureaux* of the Assembly, twelve of which, situated in the famous picture-gallery used so lately as a Prussian hospital, and where alone no less than three hundred wounded were domiciled, are exclusively used for committee-rooms. Since the Prussian occupation the palace has undergone a thorough cleansing; but it has been impossible to get rid of the deathly odor which pervades the building.

One more item: The printing establishment of the Assembly is comfortably installed in the palace kitchen. There the gigantic spits have been replaced by printing-rollers, and the white-aproned cooks by paper-capped compositors, while, instead of the delicate déjeuners or sumptuous dinners of yore, innumerable decrees, proclamations, and official reports of the deliberations of the Assembly above are now prepared and sent forth.



THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY AT VERSAILLES.

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A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION.

BY CHARLES READE.

WITH MANY ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH.

FOR the first few days Richard Bassett expected some annoyance from Mary Wells; but none came, and he began to flatter himself she was too fond of him to give him pain.

This impression was shaken about ten days after the little scene I have described. He received a short note from her, as follows:

"SIR,—*You must meet me to-night, at the same place, eight o'clock. If you do not come, it will be the worse for you.* M. W."

Richard Bassett's inclination was to treat this summons with contempt; but he thought it would be wiser to go and see whether the girl had any hostile intentions. Accordingly he went to the tryst. He waited for some time, and at last he heard a quick, firm foot, and Mary Wells appeared. She was hooded with her scarlet shawl, that contrasted admirably with her coal-black hair; and out of this scarlet frame her dark eyes glittered. She stood before him in silence.

He said nothing.

She was silent too for some time. But she spoke first.

"Well, Sir, you promised one, and you have married another. Now what are you going to do for me?"

"What *can* I do, Mary? I'm not the first that wanted to marry for love, but money came in his way and tempted him."

"No, you are not the first. But that's neither here nor there, Sir. That chalk-faced girl has bought you away from me with her money, and now I mean to have my share on't."

"Oh, if that is all," said Richard, "we can soon settle it. I was afraid you were going to talk about a broken heart, and all that stuff. You are a good, sensible girl; and too beautiful to want a husband long. I'll give you fifty pounds to forgive me."

"Fifty pounds!" said Mary Wells, contemptuously. "What! when you promised me I should be your wife to-day, and lady of Huntercombe Hall by-and-by? Fifty pounds! No; not five fifties."

"Well, I'll give you seventy-five; and if that won't do, you must go to law, and see what you can get."

"What, han't you had your bellyful of law? Mind, it is an unked thing to forswear yourself, and that is what you done at the 'sizes. I have seen what you did swear about your letter to my sister; Sir Charles have got it all wrote down in his study; and you swore a lie to the judge, as you swore a lie to me here under heaven, you villain!" She raised her voice very loud. "Don't you gainsay me, or I'll soon have you by the heels in jail for your lies. You'll do as I bids you, and very lucky to be let off so cheap. You was to be my master, but you chose her instead: well, then, you shall be my servant. You shall come here every Saturday at eight o'clock, and bring me a sovereign, which I never could keep a lump o' money, and I have had one or two from Rhoda; so I'll take it a sovereign a week till I get a husband of my own sort, and then you'll have to come down handsome once for all."

Bassett knitted his brows and thought hard. His natural impulse was to defy her; but it struck him that a great many things might happen in a few months; so at last he said, humbly, "I consent. I have been to blame. Only I'd rather pay you this money in some other way."

"My way, or none."

"Very well, then, I will bring it you as you say."

"Mind you do, then," said Mary Wells, and turned haughtily on her heel.

Bassett never ventured to absent himself at the hour; and, at first, the black-mail was delivered and received with scarcely a word; but by-and-by old habits so far revived that some little conversation took place.

Then, after a while, Bassett used to tell her he was unhappy, and she used to reply she was glad of it.

Then he began to speak slightingly of his wife, and say what a fool he had been to marry a poor, silly nonentity, when he might have wedded a beauty.

Mary Wells, being intensely vain, listened with complacency to this, although she replied coldly and harshly.

By-and-by her natural volubility overpowered her, and she talked to Bassett about herself and Huntercombe House, but always with a secret reserve.

Later—such is the force of habit—each used to look forward with satisfaction to the Saturday meeting, although each distrusted and feared the other at bottom.

Later still that came to pass which Mary Wells had planned from the first with deep malice, and that shrewd insight into human nature which many a low woman has—the cooler she was the warmer did Richard Bassett grow, till at last, contrasting his pale, meek little wife with this glowing Hebe, he conceived an unholy liking for the latter. She met it sometimes with coldness and reproaches, sometimes with affected alarm, sometimes with a half-yielding manner, and so tormented him to her heart's content, and undermined his affection for his wife. Thus she revenged herself on them both to her heart's content.

But malice so perverse is apt to recoil on itself; and women, in particular, should not undertake a long and subtle revenge of this sort; since the strongest have their hours of weakness, and are surprised into things they never intended. The subsequent history of Mary Wells will exemplify this. Meantime, however, meek little Mrs. Bassett was no match for the beauty and low cunning of her rival.

Yet a time came when she defended herself unconsciously. She did something that made her husband most solicitous for her welfare and happiness. He began to watch her health with maternal care, to shield her from draughts, to take care of her diet, to indulge her in all her whims instead of snubbing her, and to pet her, till she was the happiest wife in England for a time. She deserved this at his hands, for she assisted him there where his heart was fixed; she aided his hobby; did more for it than any other creature in England could.

To return to Huntercombe Hall: the loving couple that owned it were no longer happy. The hope of offspring was now deserting them, and the disappointment was cruel. They suffered deeply, with this difference—that Lady Bassett pined and Sir Charles Bassett fretted.

The woman's grief was more pure and profound than the man's. If there had been no Richard Bassett in the world, still her bosom would have yearned and pined, and the great cry of Nature, "Give me children or I die," would have been in her heart, though it would never have risen to her lips.

Sir Charles had, of course, less of this profound instinct than his wife, but he had it too; only in him the feeling was adulterated and at the same time imbittered by one less simple and noble. An enemy sat at his gate. That enemy, whose enduring malice had at last begotten equal hostility in the childless baronet, was now married, and would probably have heirs; and, if so, that hateful brood—the spawn of an anonymous letter-writer—would surely inherit Bassett and Huntercombe, succeeding to Sir Charles Bassett, deceased without issue. This chafed the childless man, and gradually undermined a temper habitually sweet, though subject, as we have seen, to violent ebullitions where the provocation was intolerable. Sir Charles, then, smarting under his wound, spoke now and then rather unkindly to the wife he loved so devotedly; that is to say, his manner sometimes implied that he blamed her for their joint calamity.

Lady Bassett submitted to these stings in silence. They were rare, and speedily followed by touching regrets; and even had it not been so she would have borne them with resignation; for this motherless wife loved her husband with all a wife's devotion and a mother's unselfish patience. Let this be remembered to her credit. It is the truth, and she may need it.

Her own yearning was too deep and sad for fretfulness; yet though, unlike her husband's, it never broke out in anger, the day was gone by when she could keep it always silent. It welled out of her at times in ways that were truly womanly and touching.

When she called on a wife the lady was sure to parade her children. The boasted tact of women—a quality the narrow compass of which has escaped their undiscriminating eulogists—was sure to be swept away by maternal egotism; and then poor Lady Bassett would admire the children loudly, and kiss them, to please the cruel egotist, and hide the tears that rose to her own eyes: but she would shorten her visit.

When a child died in the village Mary Wells was sure to be sent with words of comfort and substantial marks of sympathy.

Scarcely a day passed that something or other did not happen to make the wound bleed; but I will confine myself to two occasions, on each of which her heart's agony spoke out, and so revealed how much it must have endured in silence.

Since the day when Sir Charles allowed her to sit in a little room close to his study while he received Mr. Wheeler's visit she had fitted up that room, and often sat there to be near Sir Charles; and he would sometimes call her in and tell her his justice cases. One day she was there when the constable brought in a prisoner and several witnesses. The accused was a stout, florid girl, with plump cheeks and pale gray eyes. She seemed all health, stupidity, and simplicity. She carried a child on her left arm. No dweller in cities could suspect this face of crime. As well indict a calf.

Yet the witnesses proved beyond a doubt that she had been seen with her baby in the neighborhood of a certain old well on a certain day at noon; that soon after noon she had been seen on the road without her baby, and being asked what had become of it, had said she had left it with her aunt, ten miles off; and that about an hour after that a faint cry had been heard at the bottom of the old well—it was ninety feet deep; people had assembled, and a brave farmer's boy had been lowered in the bight of a cart-rope, and had brought up a dead hen, and a live child, bleeding at the cheek, having fallen on a heap of fagots at the bottom of the well; which child was the prisoner's.

Sir Charles had the evidence written down, and then told the accused she might make a counter-statement if she chose, but it would be wiser to say nothing at all.

Thereupon the accused dropped him a little short courtesy, looked him steadily in the face with her pale gray eyes, and delivered herself as follows:

"If you please, Sir, I was a-sitting by th' old well, with baby in my arms: and I was mortal tired, I was, wi' carring of him; he be uncommon heavy for his age; and, if you please, Sir, he is uncommon resolute; and while I was so he give a leap right out of my arms, and fell down th' old well. I screams, and runs away to tell my brother's wife, as lives at top of the hill; but she was gone into North Wood for dry sticks to light her oven; and when I comes back they had got him out of the well, and I claims him directly; and the constable said we must come before you, Sir: so here we be."

This she delivered very glibly, without tremulousness, hesitation, or the shadow of a blush, and dropped another little courtesy at the end to Sir Charles.

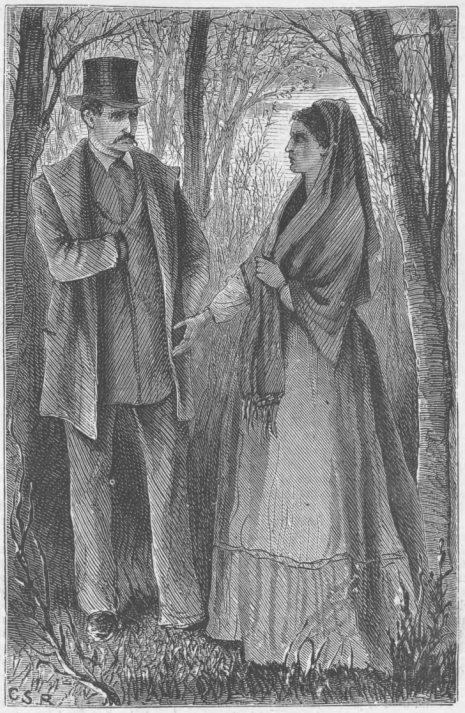
Thereupon he said not one word to her, but committed her for trial, and gave the farmer's boy a sovereign.

The people were no sooner gone than Lady Bassett came in, with the tears streaming, and threw herself at her husband's knees. "Oh, Charles! can such things be? Does God give a child to a woman that has the heart to kill it, and refuse one to me, who would give my heart's blood to save a hair of its little head? Oh, what have we done that he singles us out to be so cruel to us?"

Then Sir Charles tried to comfort her, but could not, and the childless ones wept together.

It began to be whispered that Mrs. Bassett was in the family way. Neither Sir Charles nor Lady Bassett mentioned this rumor. It would have been like rubbing vitriol into their own wounds. But this reserve was broken through one day. It was a sunny afternoon in June, just thirteen months after Mr. Bassett's wedding—Lady Bassett was with her husband in his study, settling invitations for a ball, and writing them—when the church-bells struck up a merry peal. They both left off, and looked at each other eloquently. Lady Bassett went out, but soon returned, looking pale and wild.

"*Yes!*" said she, with forced calmness. Then, suddenly losing her self-command, she broke out, pointing through the window at Highmore, "*He* has got a fine boy—to take our place here. Kill me, Charles! Send me to heaven to pray for you, and take another wife that will love you less but be like other wives. That villain has married a fruitful vine, and" (lifting both arms to heaven, with a gesture unspeakably piteous, poetic, and touching) "I am a barren stock."



"MY WAY, OR NONE."

"SUPPORTED BY A CHILDLESS, DESPAIRING WOMAN."

CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH.

OF all the fools nature produces with the help of Society, fathers of first-borns are about the most offensive.

The mothers of ditto are bores too, flinging their human dumplings at every head; but, considering the tortures they have suffered, and the anguish the little egotistical viper they have just hatched will most likely give them, and considering further that their love of their first-born is greater than their pride, and their pride unstained by vanity, one must make allowances for them.

But the male parent is not so excusable. His fussy vanity is an inferior article to the mother's silly but amiable pride. His obtrusive affection is two-thirds of it egotism, and blindish egotism, too; for if, at the very commencement of the wife's pregnancy the husband is sent to India, or hanged, the little angel, as they call it—Lord forgive them!—is nurtured from a speck to a mature infant by the other parent, and finally brought into the world by her just as effectually as if her male confederate had been tied to her apron-string all the time, instead of expatriated or hanged.

Therefore the Law—for want, I suppose, of studying Medicine—is a little inconsiderate in giving children to fathers, and taking them by force from such mothers *as can support them*; and therefore let Galling go on clucking over her

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first-born, but Gallus be quiet, or sing a little smaller.

With these preliminary remarks, let me introduce to you a character new in fiction, but terribly old in history—

THE CLUCKING COCK.

Upon the birth of a son and heir Mr. Richard Bassett was inflated almost to bursting. He became suddenly hospitable, collected all his few friends about him, and showed them all the Boy at great length, and talked Boy and little else. He went out into the world and made calls on people merely to remind them he had a son and heir.

His self-gratulation took a dozen forms; perhaps the most amusing, and the richest food for satire, was the mock-querulous style, of which he showed himself a master.

"Don't you ever marry," said he to Wheeler and others. "Look at me; do you think I am the master of my own house? Not I; I am a regular slave. First, there is a monthly nurse, who orders me out of my wife's presence, or graciously lets me in, just as she please; that is Queen 1. Then there's a wet-nurse, Queen 2, whom I must humor in every thing, or she will quarrel with me, and avenge herself by souring her milk. But these are mild tyrants compared with the young King himself. If he does but squall we must all skip, and find out what he ails, or what he wants. As for me, I am looked upon as a necessary evil; the women seem to admit that a father is an encumbrance without which these little angels could not exist, but that is all."

He had a christening feast, and it was pretty well attended, for he reminded all he asked that the young Christian was the heir to the Bassett estates. They feasted, and the church-bells rang merrily.

He had his pew in the church new lined with cloth, and took his wife to be churched. The nurse was in the pew too, with his son and heir. It squalled, and spoiled the Liturgy. Thereat Gallus chuckled.

He made a gravel-walk all along the ha-ha that separated his garden from Sir Charles's, and called it "The Heir's Walk." Here the nurse and child used to parade on sunny afternoons.

He got an army of workmen, and built a nursery fit for a duke's nine children. It occupied two entire stories, and rose in the form of a square tower high above the rest of his house, which, indeed, was as humble as "The Heir's Tower" was pretentious. "The Heir's Tower" had a flat lead roof easy of access, and from it you could inspect Huntercombe Hall, and see what was done on the lawn or at some of the windows.

Here, in the August afternoons, Mr. and Mrs. Bassett used to sit drinking their tea, with nurse and child; and Bassett would talk to his unconscious boy, and tell him that the great house and all that belonged to it should be his in spite of the arts that had been used to rob him of it.

Now, of course, the greater part of all this gratulation was merely amusing, and did no harm except stirring up the bile of a few old bachelors, and imbittering them worse than ever against clucking cocks, crowing hens, inflated parents, and matrimony in general.

But the overflow of it reached Huntercombe Hall, and gave cruel pain to the childless ones, over whom this inflated father was, in fact, exulting.

As for the christening, and the bells that pealed for it, and the subsequent churching, they bore these things with sore hearts, but bravely, being things of course. But when it came to their ears that Bassett and his family called his new gravel-walk "The Heir's Walk," and his ridiculous nursery "The Heir's Tower," this roused a bitter animosity, and, indeed, led to reprisals. Sir Charles built a long wall at the edge of his garden, shutting out "The Heir's Walk" and intercepting the view of his own premises from that walk.

Then Mr. Bassett made a little hill at the end of his walk, so that the heir might get one peep over the wall at his rich inheritance.

Then Sir Charles began to fell timber on a gigantic scale. He went to work with several gangs of woodmen, and all his woods, which were very extensive, rang with the axe, and the trees fell like corn. He made no secret that he was going to sell timber to the tune of several thousand pounds and settle it on his wife.

Then Richard Bassett, through Wheeler, his attorney, remonstrated in his own name, and that of his son, against this excessive fall of timber on an entailed estate.

Sir Charles chafed like a lion stung by a gadfly, but vouchsafed no reply: the answer came from Mr. Oldfield; he said Sir Charles had a right under the entail to fell every stick of timber, and turn his woods into arable ground, if he chose; and even if he had not, looking at his age and his wife's, it was extremely improbable that Richard Bassett would inherit the estates: the said Richard Bassett was not personally named in the entail, and his rights were all in supposition: if Mr. Wheeler thought he could dispute both these positions, the Court of Chancery was open to his client.

Then Wheeler advised Bassett to avoid the Court of Chancery in a matter so debatable; and Sir Charles felled all the more for the protest. The dead bodies of the trees fell across each other, and daylight peeped through the thick woods. It was like the clearing of a primeval forest.

Richard Bassett went about with a witness and counted the fallen.

The poor were allowed the lop-wood: they thronged in for miles round, and each built himself a great wood-pile for the winter; the poor blessed Sir Charles: he gave the proceeds, thirteen thousand pounds, to his wife for her separate use. He did not tie it up. He restricted her no further than this: she undertook never to draw above £100 at a time without consulting Mr. Oldfield as to the application. Sir Charles said he should add to this fund every year; his beloved wife should not be poor, even if the hated cousin should outlive him and turn her out of Huntercombe.

And so passed the summer of that year; then the autumn; and then came a singularly mild winter. There was more hunting than usual, and Richard Bassett, whom his wife's fortune enabled to cut a better figure than before, was often in the field, mounted on a great bony horse that was not so fast as some, being half-bred, but a wonderful jumper.

Even in this pastime the cousins were rivals. Sir Charles's favorite horse was a magnificent thorough-bred, who was seldom far off at the finish: over good ground Richard's cocktail had no chance with him; but sometimes, if toward the close of the run they came to stiff fallows and strong fences, the great strength of the inferior animal, and that prudent reserve of his powers which distinguishes the canny cocktail from the higher-blooded animal, would give him the advantage.

Of this there occurred, on a certain 18th of November, an example fraught with very serious consequences.

That day the hounds met on Sir Charles's estate. Sir Charles and Lady Bassett breakfasted in Pink; he had on his scarlet coat, white tie, irreproachable buckskins, and top-boots. (It seemed a pity a speck of dirt should fall on them.) Lady Bassett was in her riding-habit; and when she mounted her pony, and went to cover by his side, with her blue velvet cap and her red-brown hair, she looked more like a brilliant flower than a mere woman.

A veteran fox was soon found, and went away with unusual courage and speed, and Lady Bassett paced homeward to wait her lord's return, with an anxiety men laugh at, but women can appreciate. It was a form of quiet suffering she had constantly endured, and never complained, nor even mentioned the subject to Sir Charles but once, and then he pooh-poohed her fancies.

The hunt had a burst of about forty minutes that left Richard Bassett's cocktail in the rear; and the fox got into a large beech wood with plenty of briers, and kept dodging about it for two hours, and puzzled the scent repeatedly.

Richard Bassett elected not to go winding in and out among trees, risk his horse's legs in rabbit-holes, and tire him for nothing. He had kept for years a little note-book he called "Statistics of Foxes," and that told him an old dog-fox of uncommon strength, if dislodged from that particular wood, would slip into Bell-man's Coppice, and if driven out of that would face the music again, would take the open country for Higham Gorse, and probably be killed before he got there; but once there a regiment of scythes might cut him out, but bleeding, sneezing foxhounds would never work him out at the tail of a long run.

So Richard Bassett kept out of the wood, and went gently on to Bell-man's Coppice and waited outside.

His book proved an oracle. After two hours' dodging and manœuvring the fox came out at the very end of Bell-man's Coppice, with nothing near him but Richard Bassett. Pug gave him the white of his eye in an ugly leer, and headed straight as a crow for Higham Gorse.

Richard Bassett blew his horn, collected the hunt, and laid the dogs on. Away they went, close together, thunder-mouthed, on the hot scent.

After a three miles' gallop they sighted the fox for a moment just going over the crest of a rising ground two furlongs off. Then the hullabaloo and excitement grew furious, and one electric fury animated dogs, men, and horses. Another mile, and the fox ran in sight scarcely a furlong off; but many of the horses were distressed: the Bassetts, however, kept up, one by his horse being fresh, the other by his animal's native courage and speed.

Then came some meadows, bounded by a thick hedge, and succeeded by a plowed field of unusual size—eighty acres.

When the fox darted into this hedge the hounds were yelling at his heels; the hunt burst through the thin fence, expecting to see them kill close to it.

But the wily fox had other resources at his command than speed. Appreciating his peril, he doubled and ran sixty yards down the ditch, and the impetuous hounds rushed forward and overran the scent. They raved about to and fro, till at last one of the gentlemen descried the fox running down a double furrow in the middle of the field. He had got into this, and so made his way more smoothly than his four-footed pursuers could. The dogs were laid on, and away they went helter-skelter.

At the end of this stiff ground a stiffish leap awaited them; an old quickset had been cut down, and all the elm-trees that grew in it, and a new quickset hedge set on a high bank with double ditches.

The huntsman had an Irish horse that laughed at this fence; he jumped on to the bank, and then jumped off it into the next field.

Richard Bassett's cocktail came up slowly, rose high, and landed his forefeet in the field, and so scrambled on.

Sir Charles went at it rather rashly; his horse, tried hard by the fallow, caught his heels against the edge of the bank, and went headlong into the other ditch, throwing Sir Charles over his head into the field. Unluckily some of the trees were lying about, and Sir Charles's head struck one of these in falling; the horse blundered out again, and galloped after the hounds, but the rider lay there motionless.

Nobody stopped at first; the pace was too good to inquire; but presently Richard Bassett, who had greeted the accident with a laugh, turned round in his saddle, and saw his cousin motionless, and two or three gentlemen dismounting at the place. These were new-comers. Then he resigned the hunt, and rode back.

Sir Charles's cap was crushed in, and there was blood on his white waistcoat; he was very pale, and quite insensible.

The gentlemen raised him, with expressions of alarm and kindly concern, and inquired of each other what was best to be done.

Richard Bassett saw an opportunity to conciliate opinion, and seized it. "He must be taken home directly," said he. "We must carry him to that farm-house, and get a cart for him."

He helped carry him accordingly.

The farmer lent them a cart, with straw, and they laid the insensible baronet gently on it, Richard Bassett supporting his head. "Gentlemen," said he, rather pompously, "at such a moment every thing but the tie of kindred is forgotten." Which resounding sentiment was warmly applauded by the honest squires.

They took him slowly and carefully toward Huntercombe, distant about two miles from the scene of he accident.

This 18th November Lady Bassett passed much as usual with her on hunting days. She was quietly patient till the afternoon, and then restless, and could not settle down in any part of the house till she got to a little room on the first-floor, with a bay-window commanding the country over which Sir Charles was hunting. In this she sat, with her head against one of the mullions, and eyed the country-side as far as she could see.

Presently she heard a rustle, and there was Mary Wells standing and looking at her with evident emotion.

"What is the matter, Mary?" said Lady Bassett.

"Oh, my lady!" said Mary. And she trembled, and her hands worked.

Lady Bassett started up with alarm painted in her countenance.

"My lady, there's something wrong in the hunting field."

"Sir Charles!"

"An accident, they say."

Lady Bassett put her hand to her heart with a faint cry. Mary Wells ran to her.

"Come with me directly!" cried Lady Bassett. She snatched up her bonnet, and in another minute she and Mary Wells were on their road to the village, questioning every body they met.

But nobody they questioned could tell them any thing. The stable-boy, who had told the report in the kitchen of Huntercombe, said he had it from a gentleman's groom, riding by as he stood at the gates.

The ill news thus flung in at the gate by one passing rapidly by was not confirmed by any further report, and Lady Bassett began to hope it was false.

But a terrible confirmation came at last.

In the outskirts of the village mistress and servant encountered a sorrowful procession: the cart itself, followed by five gentlemen on horseback, pacing slowly, and downcast as at a funeral.

In the cart Sir Charles Bassett, splashed all over with mud, and his white waistcoat bloody, lay with his head upon Richard Bassett's knee. His hair was wet with blood, some of which had trickled down his cheek and dried. Even Richard's buckskins were slightly stained with it.

At that sight Lady Bassett uttered a scream, which those who heard it never forgot, and flung herself, Heaven knows how, into the cart; but she got there, and soon had that bleeding head on her bosom. She took no notice of Richard Bassett, but she got Sir Charles away from him, and the cart took her, embracing him tenderly, and kissing his hurt head, and moaning over him, all through the village to Huntercombe Hall.

Four years ago they passed through the same village in a carriage-and-four—bells pealing, rustics shouting—to take possession of Huntercombe, and fill it with pledges of their great and happy love; and as they flashed past the heir at law shrank hopeless into his little cottage. Now, how changed the pageant!—a farmer's cart, a splashed and bleeding and senseless form in it, supported by a childless, despairing woman, one weeping attendant walking at the side, and, among the gentlemen pacing slowly behind, the heir at law, with his head lowered in that decent affectation of regret which all heirs can put on to hide the indecent complacency within.

LITTLE SUNBEAM.

"WINTER-GREENS! nice, fresh winter-greens!" cried a sweet, childish voice, as the western-bound train swept into a little station on the New York Central. It is amusing to see the manner in which the various occupants of a railroad train receive these little merchants, who swarm through the cars in the winter-green season. Here a gruff old bachelor, with spectacles on his nose, holds up his paper persistently to shut out the young vendor from his view; there a scented exquisite waves them away with a jeweled hand, and goes on staring at the ladies who are getting out at the station. These are not the men to regard the necessities of the poor; and it is only those who have felt the grinding hand of poverty who can feel for those who are yet walking the valley of the shadow. But somehow the liquid sweetness of the voice charmed more than one, and curious looks were cast down the passage between the seats; and this is what they saw: A girl about twelve years of age, of marvelous beauty, with a noble face, speaking blue eyes, and a profusion of nut-brown curls, which the wind, blowing through the open windows, lifted and toyed with merrily. There was an anxious, patient look in her young face, which was almost womanish, as she looked from side to side for purchasers.

"Winter-greens, Sir; winter-greens—a penny a bunch, Sir, nice and fresh."

The bachelor, with an audible sniff of disapprobation, only lifted his paper higher, in order that he might not see that patient little face.

"Go away, go away," said the exquisite, impatiently; "I don't eat grass."

The blue eyes began to fill a little, just as a hand was laid upon her arm. A handsome boy, with a manly face and form, and a bold, sprightly air, had half risen from his seat and touched her arm to draw her attention.

"Never mind them, little girl; they don't want to buy, but I do. How many bunches have you in the basket?"

"Thirty," replied the girl, opening her blue eyes wider in astonishment.

"All right. Empty them out on the seat here. Three cents a bunch, you said?"

"No; one."

"I think you said *three*," replied the boy, with a jolly laugh; "and when I have made up my mind to pay a certain price for a thing, I always like to do it. There is a dollar; and now you'd better scatter out of this, for the train is going to start."

"I have no change. Oh, dear me!"

"Never mind the change. What is your name?"

"Milly Floyd."

"Mine is Tom Granger, and I'm going to Rochester; but when I come back I shall stop here for a month at least. You can pay me then if you like. There goes the bell!"

She thanked him heartily, caught up her basket, and ran out of the car, and stood on the platform as the train moved away. "Good-by, Milly," cried the boy through the window. "I'll see you again when I come back."

He kissed his hand to her, and was gone; and Milly stood upon the platform, holding her empty basket, and looking with a delighted face at the bill she held in her hand. A dollar! It is a small sum, but to the poor there is bread and light and warmth in that little word. Dickens, who is gone, uttered a stinging sarcasm upon our people when he said that all our aspirations were centred in that one word, "dollars." It was not all deserved; and though it might be true of a class, and perhaps a large class of those with whom he came in contact—the buy-cheap-and-sell-dear portion of our people—it was a hard thing to say of a great nation, and Dickens himself, in his riper years, when he knew us better, retracted the saying. Money is useful for the good it will do, for the happiness it will bring to the sick and poor, for the countless blessings it will purchase. And if all men looked at money as Milly Floyd looked at the crumpled paper in her hand, this would be a happy world. She ran down the main street of the village, threw open the door of a small house in the suburbs, and came into a room poorly furnished enough, but neat as willing hands could make it. A man, sitting in an easy-chair near the window, turned his head as she entered, and greeted her with a smile: a gray-haired man, but with something of the child's features in the firm old face. Close beside his chair lay a crutch and cane, and it was easy to see from his manner that he was a cripple.

"What, Little Sunbeam! back so soon? Where are your winter-greens, child?"

"Sold, grandpa, every one. And see, a dollar, a whole dollar for them! A— Why, what is this?"

She stood with the bill unfolded in her hand, looking at it closely. In her haste, she had not done so before, and she now saw that, instead of one dollar, it was two!

"Oh, grandpa, he has made a mistake, and has given me two dollars instead of one! What shall I do?"

"Tell me about it, Sunbeam," the old man said, drawing her close to his side, and pressing his lips to her white forehead. She told him how the boy had bought all her winter-greens, and crumpled up the bill so that she should not look at it. The old man smiled, for no one feels a kind act sooner than the aged.

"The boy meant to give it to you, and did not want you to see how much it was. It was the act of a boy, and a good boy too, I think. What did he say his name was?"

"Granger—Tom Granger."

"Granger! I know the name; and if he is any kin to the man I loved, and has the same heart, he will make a noble man. You've heard me tell of the time when I was a sojer, and before I got this hurt, which made me a cripple for life."

"Yes, in Mexico."

"And there's another thing I never told you of, because it might seem almost like boasting. At Buena Vista I saved a captain's life, who was fighting to protect his colors, with half a dozen lances at him, and he with nothing but his sword. I was young and sprightly then, and I shouted to Ned Stacey—brave old Ned—and we went at them greasers together, with bayonets fixed. They are not a stout-hearted race, them Mexicans, and we came in time to save the captain and colors; but I got a poke from a lance through the thigh before it was over. That captain's name was Granger, and I've bin thinking whether he was any kin to this boy who was so kind to you. I never had a better or a truer friend than he was, and he had me made a sarjent in his company. But he was taken prisoner at the Belan Gate, and was hurt so bad they sent him home, and I never saw him again."

"Oh, grandpa, I think this boy must be his son, then. I'll believe it until I see him, and then

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I'll ask. But why did the captain never look for you?"

"Who can say? Perhaps he never got well, and I've been such a hermit since, it was hard to track me. I'd give a year from my short life to know that he lived, and to hold his hand in mine again."

"Poor grandpa," she said; "how your eyes flash when you talk over those times!"

"And after that I feel what a helpless, useless wreck I am, sitting here all day while you work for me. Little Sunbeam, if I had the power, you'd never soil them pretty fingers with hard work, and sometimes I almost doubt God's justice; but not for long, little girl. His justice is sure."

"Don't talk about my work, dear grandpa. When my father and mother died, you brought me here and sent me to school, when you had nothing but your little pension to live on. Work! I'll work my fingers to the bone for you. And now I'm going out to buy a little tea, and make you a nice strong cup, and you'll like it."

She flitted out like the sunbeam after which he called her, and he was left alone. The old man bowed his head, and the tears trickled through his wrinkled fingers. Jared Wentworth had been a soldier of the republic, and he fought behind Scott to the gates of Mexico, where, in the last battle, he was crippled for life. He came home, and shortly after his only daughter dying left little Milly to his care. Since then she had earned the name he had given her, Little Sunbeam, for she was indeed the sunshine of his home. The old man idolized her, and she deserved nothing less at his hands, for she made the little dingy brown house bright by her presence. Labor for him was a pleasure, and her cheerful voice singing some sweet song was his morning music. She loved him tenderly, and it was a pleasure and not a toil to do his work. They were very poor, but mutual content made their poor fare equal to the costly viands of the rich. The girl was of a domestic nature, and her ready hands found work to do which he had never dreamed of. When the young winter-greens were coming up, she took her basket and went to the places where they grew, and made the little bunches which she sold on the cars. This did not last long, but by means of it she picked up here and there a few pennies, which were a great help to them, straitened as they often were for money. Nothing gave her greater pleasure than to see the brave old face brighten when she returned successful from the train; and when she had bad luck, and no one would buy, as sometimes happened, he would say, "All the luck can't come to us, Little Sunbeam; if not to-day, why, then to-morrow. It is all the same; so cheer up."

And when the winter-greens were gone, she had other means to get money. She picked berries and sold them in the village, or else sent them by Jim Matthews, who was brakeman on the Central, to sell for her in the great city a few miles away. Every one knew and respected Little Sunbeam, and her good friends were continually making her presents of some little delicacy for her grandfather which she was not able to buy.

They burned coal in winter because there was no one to chop wood for them, and I am afraid the firemen along the line dropped more coal from the engine than was really necessary, but it was always when they saw Milly with her little wagon gleaning coal by the side of the track. And old Joe Platner, the good-hearted negro, who was wood-sawyer in general to the village, sawed the little wood they used for little or nothing, under the shallow pretense that he was in such affluent circumstances that he could not think of charging more than twenty-five cents a cord. Black as thy face was, honest Joe, when the message comes which calls you to the happy land, this good deed shall be written in living characters beneath thy name, and make the soul within its dark tenement shine whiter than many another of far greater pretension than thine!

Tom Granger came back to the village, as he had promised, and Milly was the first to meet him at the train, and he would have bought her wares again at a fabulous price, if she would have allowed it. And when she refused, and said he had paid too much already, he took her basket on the train himself, and made every body buy, and pay round prices too. And when the last bunch was gone, he slyly slipped a silver half dollar among the change he had received, and put it into her hand uncounted.

"I owe you some," she said. "You gave me two dollars when you were here before."

"What if I did? Don't be a little humbug, Milly. I meant to give it to you."

"But I want to pay you back."

"Never take back any thing I give. No Indian in Tom Granger, little girl. Now take me to see your grandfather."

The old man was pleased to see them. "I can't rise, young gentleman, for I haven't the use of my limbs now," he said.

"Don't trouble yourself to apologize, Sir," said Tom, quietly. "It's enough for me to know that you are a soldier, and a wounded one. My father is a soldier, and he taught me to respect every man who had fought in the service of the country."

"Your father a soldier, boy?" said the veteran, with a brightening eye.

"This is Tom Granger, grandpa; the one I told you about. He wanted to see you, and I brought him."

"And you are right welcome to my poor house for the name you bear. Your father was not in the Mexican war, was he?"

"Yes, Sir; all through it."

"At Buena Vista?"

"Yes. He was nearly killed at Buena Vista by a lot of lancers, and was saved by two private soldiers."

"Two men sneaking about to rob the dead, perhaps," said Grandfather Wentworth.

Tom Granger was silent, but a sullen look came into his face.

"Do you know any better of them?" said the old man, with a sly twinkle in his eye.

"I know this," shouted Tom, starting up angrily, "that they saved my father's life, and that he said he would give ten thousand dollars to find one of them."

"Which one?"

"He was called Wentworth, and after the battle of the Belan Gate he was lost. My father has searched far and near for him, advertised in the newspapers, and kept men on the watch for him for years. He says he was a true-hearted, simple man, a hero and a soldier every inch. And you, who have been a soldier, ought to—"

Tom stopped, and choked a little.

"Say the rest, my boy," cried the old man, with a glowing face. "Don't be afeared to speak."

"Ought to have a better heart than to speak ill of a man you never saw, and who saved my father's life."

"Boy," cried the old soldier, seizing his hand, "I am that sojer Wentworth who fout beside your brave father through Mexico, to the very gates!"

"You!" shouted Tom. "Hip, hip, hip, hurrah! Won't my father be glad. Give me your hand, Sir; I want to shake it—the hand of a man who turned away death from my father. I'll write to him to-morrow; I'll write to mother, and she'll come. I shall go crazy, I'm so glad."

"There, grandfather, didn't I tell you?" said Milly, proud of her protégé, Tom Granger. "I knew he was good."

"And the captin didn't forgit the old sarjent, arter all," muttered the old man. "Go out into the garden and talk, my children; I want to think—to think of the old times."

They went out reverently, leaving him alone. The coming of this boy, bringing him news from his loved officer, and showing him that the man he had saved had not forgotten him, warmed his brave old heart. There was something in Tom Granger's face, young as he was, which touched the old soldier deeply—it was so like his father's, as he remembered it.

The next day Tom wrote two letters—one to his father in the far West, and one to his mother. Two days after Mrs. Granger came, and greeted the old man as a dear friend, who had saved her husband's life.

"I am going to ask for your brightest jewel. Give me this child, and I will love her as the child I lost so long ago. I know it will be hard to part, but is it not better for the child?"

The brave old face fell at the thought. "Take her! take Little Sunbeam!" He tried to think of the house as it would seem without her smile to make it bright. "Take Milly!" He only lived in her presence, and in the thought that she would soon come back to him. To miss her light step on the floor, her merry song at morning, her farewell kiss at night! A sort of tremor came over him, and Milly broke away from Mrs. Granger, and threw herself into his arms.

"No, no, no! I am here, grandfather. I am your Little Sunbeam, and I will not leave you. The lady is very good and kind, but she does not know that without me you would die."

"I won't be so selfish, Little Sunbeam," moaned the old man. "Think of what you must give up—gay dresses, balls, and fashion, good schools, and the sight of countries of which you have only dreamed. It makes no difference when the maimed old veteran dies, but it is hard to dig up old roots. I must die here, here where I was born, and I can die alone. Milly darling, go with the lady, and don't forget—"

"I won't," cried Milly, almost angrily. "Leave you? I could not do it. I am glad to know that the lady loves us, and would do so much for us, but I must stay with my grandfather."

"Is this a woman or a child?" was Mrs. Granger's thought. A woman in thought and purpose, madam; for the hard life she had led, the striving with poverty, the thousand and one shifts to stretch their little means to the utmost, had developed her early. Mrs. Granger was a woman of tact, and though she had set her heart upon having this beautiful child to love and pet, she knew how to yield gracefully, and she did it now.

"I was wrong, my child," she said. "In my wish to have you for my own I forgot one who has a stronger claim upon you. At the same time, my husband would never forgive me if I let you remain in poverty, and I must do something for you. Not in the way of charity, Mr. Wentworth; it is a debt—a holy debt, which ought to have been paid long ago."

She found it hard to persuade the old man; but when she told him how it would grieve her husband if she did not give him help, he complied. Then the mouse worked for the lion. She went to Washington and laid the case before her acquaintance there in Congress, and the result was a largely increased pension to the old soldier, who would not have taken help from any other source. The pension was not great; but it was enough, with strict economy, to enable them to live with less toil on Milly's part. She went no more to the cars with winter-greens, and had more time for school. She studied hard at home, too, and showed a great aptitude for certain branches, which surprised her teachers. Tom Granger came often to Port Dalton, and as often as he came, and saw Milly working about her grandfather in her plain dress, ready of heart and hand, he went away thinking of her as a saint.

So years went on. The boy of eighteen was a tall young man of twenty-four, and Milly was the same age as Tom on the day when she sold him winter-greens on the cars. Time had developed her into a beautiful woman, with a strong, clear brain, and a heart as tender and true as in her childhood. And so, when those seven years have passed, we find her walking by the side of the beautiful lake, in the yellow haze of the Indian summer, and a young man, tall and strong, but with the same bold face which beamed on her when she first saw him in the cars so long ago. She was a teacher now, and liked her vocation, though Tom declaimed loudly against it.

Nota Bene.—Tom had been a school-boy, and understood the species.

She was standing before him with downcast eyes, while he was telling her in passionate words how he loved her. He had borne down her first objections, as to lack of wealth and station, family hopes and ties, and then she said:

"Listen to me, Tom. You ask me if I love you, and I tell you yes. Stop; do not touch me. I can not be your wife. I have a mission which I can not divide with another. That mission is to make the declining years of my dear old grandfather happy, to lead him tenderly to his last home, and keep the grass green and the flowers bright above his grave."

"I never had a thought of separating you," said Tom.

"He could not leave his native place, Tom. Here he was born, and here he will die. He could not bear to see me married, even to you, whom he loves so well. It breaks my heart to say this, Tom; but—"

"There!" cried generous Tom; "I was a brute to make you cry; but I love you dearly, little one, and don't mean to give you up. You have said the word, 'I love you,' and if we never meet again that thought will give me strength. I will wait your time."

And she gave him her hand, and they walked on beside the shining lake. Our Tom was not one of the puling sort of lovers. He saw that the time was not ripe, and waited.

It was getting dusk when they came up the path which led to the cottage, and as they opened the door the sound of the distant whistle announced the coming of the express train. The old man half started from his chair as Tom's manly figure appeared in the door-way, but sank again with a sigh. "I thought *he* had come," he murmured. "Will he come in time?"

"He means your father," whispered Milly. "He talks of him a great deal now."

They sat in the deepening twilight talking in low tones, and did not hear the step coming up the path, until a tall figure blocked the door, and a voice said,

"I am looking for an old soldier called Jared Wentworth—"

"Present!" cried the veteran; and in spite of wounds and age he stood erect before his chair, his hand raised in the old military salute. Then his strength gave way, and Tom Granger caught him in his arms.

"Father," he cried, "you here?"

"At last, old comrade," said the colonel, as he stood beside the chair. "Look up; do you know me?"

"Know *you!* I think if you was to call my name when I was in my grave I'd say 'present.' It's the captin—my dear young captin—come to see the old sojer die."

"Not for that, old friend. Bear up; you and I shall sit in the chimney-corner many years to come, and talk of the old times."

"No," said the feeble voice; "I've got my orders, and I only waited for you to come. You are here, and I have answered to my name, and now I'm ready to go. Little Sunbeam, I want your arms about me when I die."

Milly had gently removed the arms of Tom Granger, and was supporting the old man's head upon her bosom. These two had loved each other well in all their troubles, and their simple lives had been lived out so far that the other might be happy.

"I've done a great wrong, little girl," said the sergeant, faintly. "I loved you so much that when the lady talked of taking you away it wrung my poor old heart to its depths. Yes, I loved you, but I ought to have let you go. What right had I, a useless old hulk, to tie your young life down to mine?"

"Hush, hush, grandfather," she said. "You *know* I would not have left you."

"It's a true heart this, my captin," said the old man. "I reckon she's got the good old blood in her veins, the blood of the Wentworth who died at old Bunker Hill. I'm going, captin; let me take your hand. Promise me, by the field of Buena Vista, by Palo Alto, and the Belan Gate, that you will make the path these little feet must tread happy to its close, if you can."

"I will!" replied the colonel, promptly. "She is my daughter from this hour."

"Thank you, captin. A soldier keeps his word; you promised to come in time to see your old sarjent die, and you came. You will keep your word to me, and Little Sunbeam will be happy. Now lay me down, my darling; let me rest, for I am tired."

They laid him down, and the old man seemed to sleep. He was asleep, but the slumber which can only be broken by the summons upon the resurrection morning.

Two years passed, and the grass was green on Sergeant Wentworth's grave, under the apple-trees on a sunny slope. Two came down the hill-side hand in hand, and scattered flowers upon the grave. Who were they? Tom Granger and Little Sunbeam, man and wife; and as they stood looking down upon the grave, his arm about her, the bright head resting on his shoulder, she whispered,

"Do you think *he* sees us, and is glad, dear Tom?"

"I hope so," said Granger, and stooped his proud head to kiss her; and they went on in the fading afternoon, and so into the great world which lay beyond, happy and beloved. The blessing of that old man dead had followed, and will cling to them even to the end.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A CITY exquisite having become agriculturally ambitious, went in search of a farm, and finding one for sale, began to bargain for it. The seller mentioned, as one of its recommendations, that it had a very cold spring on it. "Ah—aw?" said the fop; "I won't take it, then, for I've heard that cold springs ruined the crops last year, and I don't want a place with such a drawback upon it."

BADLY BEATEN—Carpets, just now.

A lad in Hartford whose fifth birthday occurred last week asked his parents if the schools would keep open that day, adding, "They didn't on Washington's birthday."

"Woman is a delusion, madam!" exclaimed a crusty old bachelor to a witty young lady. "And man is always hugging some delusion or other," was the quick retort.

PRIVATE-EARING—Listening at a key-hole.

"I say, Pat," said a Yankee to an Irishman who was digging in his garden, "are you digging out a hole in that onion bed?" "No," said Pat; "I'm digging out the earth and leaving the hole."

"My dear boy," said a lady to a precocious youth of sixteen, "does your father design you to tread the intricate and thorny paths of a profession, the straight and narrow paths of the ministry, or revel in the flowery fields of literature?" "No, marm; dad says he's going to set me to work in the tater field."

A California man requested his wife in a ball-room to hold the baby of another man's wife while he danced with the baby's mother—but she didn't hold it. Some wives are too disobedient to put up with.

The Michigan State-prison convicts are tortured by a hand-organ which the warden hires a man to grind. They are petitioning for the restoration of capital punishment.

The fellow who called tight boots comfortable defended his position by saying they made a man forget all his other miseries.

A DISTINCTION WITH A DIFFERENCE.

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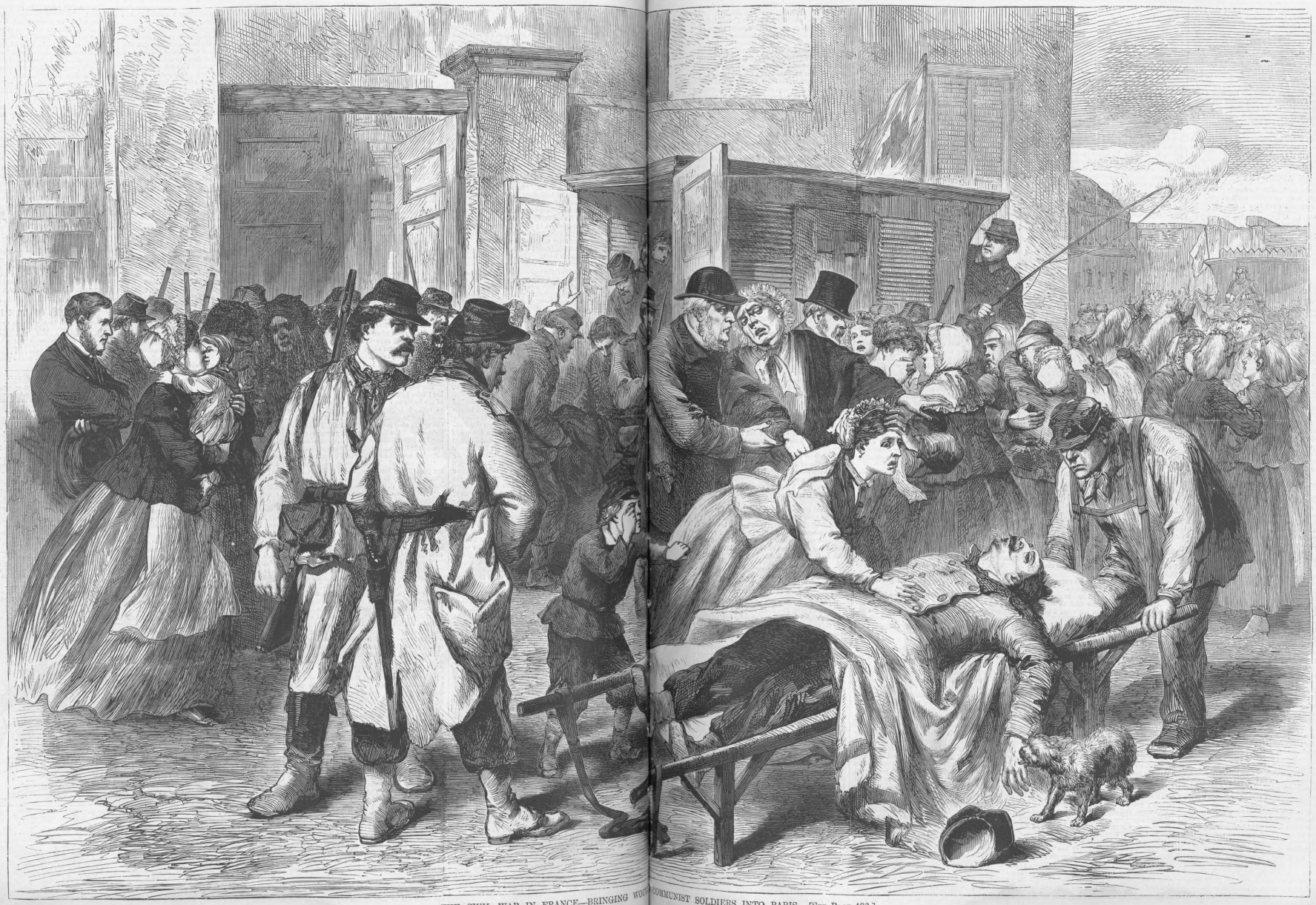

THE CIVIL WAR IN FRANCE—BRINGING WOU[N]DED COMMUNIST SOLDIERS INTO PARIS.—[See Page 482.]

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BRINGING IN THE WOUNDED.

THE double-page illustration we give this week shows one of the many sad phases of the terrible civil war now raging about the walls of Paris. Sanguinary conflicts take place every day before the fortifications between the troops of the Versailles government and those of the Commune. The wounded Communists taken prisoners are sent into Versailles on pannier seats—one suspended on each side of a horse—and they usually present a wretched appearance. Their uniform, as National Guards, is torn from their backs, and they are permitted to retain no article of military costume. The Communist wounded who escape capture are sent into Paris by the ambulance wagons, but are not so well cared for as those who suffered during the German siege, because the Commune has suppressed the charitable establishment of the International Society for the Relief of the Wounded, confiscated its stores, and sent away the Sisters of Mercy. A distressing scene, where the wife and children of a man badly wounded gather about him in the street as he is taken out of the ambulance wagon, is shown in the illustration.

AN APRIL VIOLET.

UNDER the larch, with its tassels wet,
While the early sunbeams lingered yet,
In the rosy dawn my love I met.

Under the larch, when the sun was set,
He came with an April violet:
Forty years—and I have it yet.

Out of life, with its fond regret,
What have love and memory yet?
Only an April violet.

WON—NOT WOOED.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Bred in the Bone," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XL.—(*Continued.*)

MORE days and nights of weakness and of pain, or was it but a few hours or minutes? Her eyes were sore with weeping, but the tears had cleared her brain when she woke next to find faithful Carry still leaning over her pillow.

"Was it long ago, Carry?" asked she.

"Since master died? Three weeks to-day, madam."

"Tell me all."

"I know nothing, save that he is dead; that is all that any body knows. It was very sudden. The doctor said it was his heart: a very little would have done it; and Mr. Horn—"

Mabel clasped her child tight to her breast, and such a look of terror came into her face that Carry stopped in alarm.

"Is he here—at Wapshot?" whispered her mistress.

"No, madam. He left immediately after the funeral."

"But he is coming back again. I know he is."

"Not at present, madam, let us hope. Nobody wants Mr. Horn here. If God would only take him, and make your bonny boy the heir, that would please every body!"

"Do you really mean that? Would you take my darling's part against him? I mean, will you help me to save its life?"

"Oh dear, dear! pray don't go on like that, madam," cried Carry, wringing her hands. "I have done you harm, I see; and Mrs. Merthyr and the doctor warned me to tell you nothing. Pray calm yourself."

"I am quite calm and sane, Carry; do not fear for me, but only for this little one. If you love him or me, I beseech you help us now. If you have ever had cause to fear or hate this man, believe me that we too have cause to fear and hate him: he is a murderer in his heart already. I am quite friendless here, Carry; my little babe and I have none to look to but yourself; oh! *will* you help us?"

"Indeed, indeed, I will, dear mistress. What shall I do?"

"Get me my clothes—the dress I wore that dreadful night. Quick, quick!"

"But, madam, even if you were fit to put it on—which you are not—the dress is not a black one, you forget."

Nevertheless Carry brought it from the wardrobe, and watched with wonder her mistress smooth the garment out upon the counterpane. As she did so, in tones that, by comparison with the feverish anxiety she had just evinced, were quiet and composed—"Have I been mad as well as ill?" inquired Mabel.

"You have not been yourself, and that's the truth, madam," said Carry, apologetically. "You called the doctor father, and Mrs. Merthyr Martha; and your talk has been on tramps and dogs and dolls."

"Never on shipwrecks or savage lands, Carry? Are you quite sure?"

"Never while I was with you, madam, and I have been with you most days and nights. Has your mind been running on such things, that you think you talked of them?"

"Yes," said Mabel, thoughtfully. If her maid spoke truth, she had not been raving, then, about the secret; that was so far well. A sudden thought caused her to ask Carry to fetch something from the escritoire in the next room.

"It is not there, madam," was the reply. "It got knocked down and broken, I don't know how; and Mrs. Merthyr, finding it was empty, sent it to be repaired."

"Knocked down and broken!" True, she had seen her husband fall; and for all she knew, when sense went from her at that ghastly sight, she might herself have fallen and thrown down the desk. But was it not more likely that Horn himself, raging to find some clew to her knowledge of that with which she had so audaciously charged him, had pulled the escritoire to pieces? How thankful she felt now that she had removed the packet to that safe spot where, but a moment since, she had felt it smooth and safe! Of the authenticity of its contents she felt as positively certain as of her own existence, though the proof was as far off as ever—nay, even farther. For who, her husband being dead, would have the power to prosecute the necessary researches? She had no scruples as to doing so *now*; not only because he was no more, but for another reason. It seemed to her, in that lightning flash of vision when she had seen Mr. Winthrop totter toward her, that on his livid face there was a look of trust and faith, and that his outstretched hands had appealed to her for aid against this brutal wretch, who had boasted of his own duplicity, and striven to blacken her fair fame within his hearing. "If he had but lived," she thought, "he would have seen justice done to me and mine." But now, if justice was to come, it must be by other means. True, she could see none. This written confession was all she had of proof; insufficient, she was well aware, to obtain credence from the most willing mind, though so convincing to herself. But one man in the world would credit it, and he the one whose interest lay in its destruction, and who had sworn to compass hers. He knew not what it was that she was possessed of, but it was more than probable that he suspected what it was. None but the devil, said he, could have told her—that is, by word of month; he must needs conclude, then, that the secret was in writing. Yet here she was beneath this man's own roof, helpless and weak and ill—a slender guard on a great treasure, set in a perilous place; above all, there was her child in peril too!

"Carry," said Mabel, firmly, "at what times does Mrs. Merthyr come to see me?"

"She comes three times a day, madam, after each of her meals, remaining here an hour at mid-day, when I have my dinner; but in case there should be any change in you, especially if you should come to yourself, as you *have* done—Heaven be thanked!—she charged me I was to be sure and let her know. I ought to have summoned her at once, but—"

"Hush! listen!" interrupted Mabel, decisively. "I am your mistress now, and you will obey *me*. When Mrs. Merthyr comes I shall be asleep, and you must let her believe matters have remained just as they were in the mean time. Promise me this."

"Of course, madam, I shall obey you rather than Mrs. Merthyr."

"Good. At what time does the doctor come?"

"In the morning at ten o'clock, and about the same hour at night."

"Then, by eleven or so the house is quite quiet, I suppose?"

"Oh yes, madam; there is nothing to keep any one up now—no junketings in the servants' hall, nor such like, as you may well believe. To be sure, there's Murk, Mr. Horn's man, who seemingly cares nothing for what has happened, and drinks and runs on as usual."

"Murk here?" cried Mabel, with a shiver. "Then things are even worse for us than I feared they were. If you have any love for me, or pity for my little babe, Carry," pleaded she, with vehemence, "I once again entreat you to help us!"

"If I can I will, madam," answered the girl, simply.

"And yet," said Mabel, "I must tell you frankly that in helping me you will make Mr. Horn your enemy."

"Mr. Horn has made me *his* enemy for life," answered the girl, with vehemence. "His worst can be no worse than the ill he has already done us. When I said, 'Please God to take him,' you may be sure that was not what I meant at all."

At any other time Mabel would have reproved her attendant for entertaining such uncharitable ideas; but the occasion was scarcely one for a homily.

"Have you any friend in the village that you can thoroughly depend upon, Carry?"

"I—I think I have, madam," replied the girl, with a blush and a stammer that told their own tale. "There's Philip Dod, the miller's son, as would do, I believe, any thing I asked him to do."

"And yet keep his own counsel?" continued Mabel, thoughtfully.

"Oh yes, madam," naïvely replied Carry. "Philip is not one to kiss and tell, nor is he one of those that goes to the *Dragon*, like Mr. Murk, to boast and bawl o' nights. His head is as good a one, it is said, as any in Wapshot; and as for his heart, if it be not leal and true, there's no such a thing in man. You may trust Philip, madam, believe me."

"Carry," said Mabel, suddenly, "if I thought that a true heart such as you describe was to be bribed, I would say here is fifty pounds for one hour's work, and my promise (if I ever have the means) to give his bride a dower. But what I am about to ask you for pity's sake, do you ask him for love's. What time is it now?"

"Near mid-day, madam."

"Then, when Mrs. Merthyr has taken your place here, you must find some excuse for going down to the village and seeing Philip."

"I'll endeavor to think of one, madam," replied Carry, demurely, and as though such an idea had never entered into her head before.

"When you have found him, you must first bind him to secrecy, and then persuade him to have a post-chaise in waiting at eleven to-night, at the cross-roads by Fellfoot. Here is a five-pound note, in case he may not have the money by him to hire it—"

"But, madam," interrupted the girl, aghast, "you are not fit to move. The cold will kill you, and your poor baby too."

"I would rather trust him to the bitterest east wind that ever blew on the white fells," said Mabel, vehemently, "than to the mercy of Horn Winthrop. Another night beneath this roof would kill me of itself. In every sound I hear his footfall. Hush! what is that?"

Dumb and stiff, Mabel sat up and listened, with damp brow and stony stare. Her look of terror had more persuasion for tender-hearted Carry than all her arguments had had. "All shall be as you desire," she whispered, soothingly. "Lie down again, dear madam; it is only Mrs. Merthyr."

As Mabel closed her eyes, the stealthy opening of the door and rustle of stiff silk by her bedside announced the presence of the housekeeper.

"How does your mistress seem, Vance? Has there been any change since the morning?"

"She seems more inclined for sleep, I think, ma'am," replied the waiting-maid, not without some trepidation, for her early awe of the stately housekeeper had by no means worn away with years. "But it's a great responsibility the not having any regular nurse."

"Hush! hush!" interposed the old lady, loftily; "that is not your affair. We must obey our betters in this world without questioning. The doctor said that, under the circumstances, it was best that his patient should have no strange faces about her; though, no doubt, that gives us more work to do. Take a good hour to your dinner, my girl; and if you think a little fresh air will do you good, you may try a turn afterward upon the terrace."

Mrs. Merthyr was a good woman after her fashion, though, if you had deprived her of the externals of dignity, she would not have stood up so well by herself as her stiff silk. In this respect she was no weaker than many persons in much more eminent situations; and she had a kind heart. Not a whisper of impatience escaped her as she kept watch in the sick-room, notwithstanding that the interpretation Carry gave to her "good hour" was excessively liberal. Now she would stalk up to the bed, and bestow a pitying glance upon Mabel and the child, and now she would stand by the fire, and muse—no doubt on the future that was awaiting her at Wapshot. Would the young master retain her in her situation, or would his conduct and "goings on" be such under that roof that she could not with propriety remain there? Mr. Horn was no favorite of hers, but he was now her master, and she was one of those persons whose allegiance is very heritable. She would have believed, had she ever chanced to hear of it, in the doctrine of the right divine of kings; and though she would certainly not have abetted a Winthrop in any wrong, it would have been difficult to persuade her to act antagonistically to one of that race. As Mabel watched her through half-shut eyes she could not help reflecting it was well for her scheme of safety that it did not rest with this respectable dame to put it into effect.

When the waiting-maid returned it was easy to see in her bright face that it had lately looked upon her lover. But had she persuaded him to do her mistress's bidding? With feverish anxiety poor Mabel had to wait for this fateful "yes" or "no" till Mrs. Merthyr had indulged in a diatribe against dawdling: "When I was your age, girl, I could have had my dinner, and run to the village and back, in half the time you have thought proper to take," etc.

At last, having delivered her broadside, this stately three-decker sailed out of the room.

Then "Philip will be at Fellfoot at eleven, madam," were Carry's assuring words.

"But the post-chaise—the carriage?" asked Mabel, eagerly.

"Oh, of course, he will bring the carriage," answered Carry (as though wheels had been an ordinary supplement of the wings of Love). "But, oh, madam, the cold will be something terrible."

"Does it snow?" inquired her mistress, with apprehension.

"No, madam."

"Thank Heaven for that!—there will be, at least, no wheel-tracks to show the road that we have taken."

If Carry had contemplated any further remonstrance, the resolute determination expressed in Mabel's tone repressed it. For the rest of the day she busied herself in selecting the warmest clothes and "wraps" from her mistress's wardrobe; and when the doctor and Mrs. Merthyr had paid their last visit for the night she proceeded to attire her two charges—the one, though so indomitable of spirit, almost as helpless as the other—for their perilous journey. Mabel, in her furs and wool, might have been mistaken for an arctic voyager but for the pale, transparent face that looked forth as anxiously from its warm hood as any bird whose young are threatened peers from its mossy nest. Her babe, swathed like an infant Esquimaux, lay in her arms: she would not part with him even to her faithful maid, nor did Carry press her to do so, since the child was less likely to be unquiet with its mother, and silence was essential for their safety. Imagine them moving, ghost-like, through the long gallery, the maid leading the way, with one hand shading the candle, and ever and anon stopping to listen to some suspicious sound—Yorkist and Lancastrian, Cavalier and Roundhead, gazing in wonder from their canvas at this mysterious flitting of the last-born of their line. On her part, too, Mabel could not forbear a glance at the picture of her predecessor, smiling so gayly on the escape of the rival of her son, as though she saw it would preserve him from a greater crime than any he had yet committed; at which idea Horn Winthrop's menacing face came into Mabel's mind, and froze the very marrow in her bones, for all her furs. How the back stairs creaked beneath their weight as they stole down them! and how the wind in the crannies, as they neared the outer door, strove to rouse the household with its treacherous whispers of alarm! They were already in the stone passage called the Servants' Corridor, when suddenly a light appeared at the other end of it. "Back, back," whispered Carry, and her mistress shrunk at once under the shadow of the stairs. "We are lost. It is Mr. Murk!"

"Ah, I see you, Miss Caroline!" cried this gentleman, in thick and yet triumphant tones, as though it was not so easy to recognize one's acquaintances as sober people imagine. "You keep late hours for this respectable establishment. How for—for—for—" Here he abandoned the proposed expression as unsuitable. "How lucky it happens that I chance to be late too!" Mr. Murk was a short, squat man, though very strongly built; and in his present condition, which was one of extreme intoxication, he resembled one of those Dutch tumblers which sway from side to side, and are the delight of children. His egotism caused him to imagine that he was the delight of the waiting-maid.

"May I hope that this meeting is not altogether an accident, Miss Caroline?" hiccoughed this below-stairs Silenus, with a leer, his head turned admiringly aside, and his candle sloped to that degree that the grease dropped on the floor. He stretched out his disengaged arm to welcome the object of affection thus suddenly presented to him, and effectually barred the way. A guttural noise, indicative of ardent passion, a parody on the pur of a pleased cat, issued from his thick lips.

"I am a deal better man than Philip," murmured he, assuringly; "and your master's own man."

As for this first position, it might have been open to doubt, but the second was indisputable. He looked Mr. Horn's own man every inch of him.

"You'll give me a kiss; I *know* you will," pleaded he. An irresistible glance from his ferret eyes accompanied this request, and yet the maiden hesitated.

"You must catch me first, Mr. Murk," cried she, with a light laugh, and stepped aside into the housekeeper's parlor, the door of which stood ajar.

A look of ineffable complacency stole over Mr. Murk's features. He did not trouble himself to pursue his Daphne with the speed of an Apollo, but remained a moment in the corridor to confess a weakness. "And I had almost begun to believe," said he, with a wag of his head, "that this kind little wench was a modest girl!" The delay was fatal to his expectations. The housekeeper's parlor had two doors. He found it empty, and the inner door locked; and when he returned to that which opened into the corridor, a click of the key informed him that he was a prisoner.

"My beautiful Carry," cried he, through the key-hole, "a joke is a joke, but you break my heart."

"Will you put your candle out?" replied the dulcet voice of Thisbe.

"I have done it," cried Pyramus, suiting the action to the word.

"Then, now, I'll leave you, you drunken pig, since there is no fear of your setting the house on fire."

The next moment he heard the back-door open, and felt the rush of the cold night air; and that was all that Mr. Murk—who had been left at home expressly to look after them—had to communicate to his master in the way of information concerning the escape of Mrs. Winthrop and her babe from Wapshot Hall.

CHAPTER XLI.

A RIFT IN THE CLOUDS.

IT is near three years since Mabel and her babe, with Carry, fled from Wapshot Hall in that winter's night, and left no footsteps behind them. Her secret and sudden flight was a wonder to the country round—not of nine days, but of ninety. In the feudal districts editors are fortunately rare, and less "enterprising" than in the towns, or it would certainly have got into the newspapers; as it was, it formed the staple of conversation in country houses, and was a boon to every dinner-table. A great many persons claimed to possess exclusive information upon the matter, but their accounts were widely different. Of course, none approached the truth; but those which came nearest to it averred that Mrs. Winthrop had left her home to avoid the presence of her step-son, who, happily for this theory, had chanced to arrive the very morning after her departure. His temper was violent, his manners were odious; and his absence from Wapshot during the brief period of her wedded life proved that his step-mother and himself were far from being on good terms. She was a young woman of spirit, and had fled to avoid his rudeness, and, perhaps, to anticipate being turned out of the house. It was allowed that Horn Winthrop was capable of any thing.

The explanation of the affair that found most general credence, however, was that, overwhelmed by the calamity of her husband's sudden death at a time when she was so ill fitted to bear it, Mabel's mind had given way, and that she had been placed by her friends in a private asylum for the insane. The village doctor who had attended her in her confinement confirmed this view so far as to admit that, since the birth of her child, Mrs. Winthrop had "never been herself;" while Horn, on his part, for reasons of his own, took no pains to contradict this view of the question. That foul play had taken place never entered into any body's head; and, indeed, there was Philip Dod, the miller's son, to vouch for the fact that Mrs. Winthrop had left the Hall of her own free-will, though beyond that nothing could be extracted from him by the most skilful brain-sucker. Philip was pump-proof for the

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best of reasons—he had nothing to tell. When he had occasion to write to his Beloved Object he addressed her under cover to Miss Martha Barr, at Brackmere. All communications (and they were few enough) intended for Mabel first passed through her cousin's hands, and were forwarded none knew whither. It was not likely that she should have fled to Brackmere. To trespass a second time, with her child and maid too, upon Martha's slender means of hospitality was, of course, not to be thought of; and as for taking lodgings for herself in the little town—if its gossip had been odious to her of old, how could she have endured it *now?* Above all, it was her chief solicitude to keep the place of her retreat a secret from Horn Winthrop, and Brackmere was the very spot to which his fierce eyes would turn for her; and did turn.

Smarting from his recent discomfiture at the fair hands of Carry, as well as from the savage displeasure of his baffled master, Mr. Murk had been dispatched in hot haste to Brackmere, and awakened once more the admiration of that rising watering-place as a visitor out of the season. He avoided *The George*, however, putting up at a much less ambitious house of entertainment, and maintained as discreet an incognito as his native frankness (when in his cups) permitted. He had hung about Bellevue Terrace, and cast sheep's-eyes upon Miss Barr's abigail—not without results. The excellent Rachel, indeed, was no longer there; she was "not dead," but "gone before" his arrival—let us hope to a better place. She had not been able satisfactorily to explain her right to certain properties abstracted from Miss Jennings's jewel drawer during her short residence with that lady, and traced, through the medium of a pawnbroker, to her own possession. When Mr. Simcoe, who (at Martha's request) had undertaken to conduct a private inquiry into the matter in person, took occasion to cross-examine her, it unfortunately happened that this good woman was in liquor, and would vouchsafe nothing in the way of information except a monotonous chant, the burden of which was that she asked his pardon, but knew her place, and hoped the cat would spit in his face. Untouched by the simplicity of this ballad, Mr. Simcoe would have summoned a policeman but for Martha's urgent supplication. "Only upon one condition, my dear madam," said he, "shall I forbear to do so—you must get rid of this drunken thief within the hour." Which was accordingly done, though her departure almost broke her mistress's heart.

Her successor had two eyes, which reciprocated Mr. Murk's soft glances. As a gentleman supporting himself on his own means at a hotel, it was only natural that his honorable addresses should be welcome to her. But when he came to put the all-important question: "Jemima Jane, my own dear love, to what address does your missis write to her cousin?" she was unable to gratify his curiosity. Though her education had not been utterly neglected, she could only read "print;" a running hand was as undecipherable to her as ancient Cornish (now only known to choughs). As for letting dear Mr. Murk glance his eye over an envelope, it had, unfortunately, become her mistress's invariable custom to pocket her letters as soon as she had addressed them, and to post them herself.

The retreat that Mabel had chosen was not, indeed, likely to be discovered, so far as faithful Martha Barr was concerned. She could not understand the reasons which made her cousin so solicitous to live retired. To her sturdy common-sense the terror in which the young widow stood of her step-son seemed, perhaps, ridiculous and chimerical; but she had no doubt of its genuineness. Mabel had appealed to her, on behalf of her helpless babe, to maintain the secret of her hiding-place inviolate, and henceforth the trust was sacred to her. She desired greatly to consult the astute Mr. Simcoe, and to demand from him that assistance and protection which she well knew he would be eager to afford; but she held her peace. She yearned to clasp Mabel to her own bosom, and to behold the child whom the young mother described with such ecstatic fondness; but she made no attempt to do so, lest, as Mabel warned her would be the case, she should be watched and followed. That Horn Winthrop was, for some cause or other, exceedingly desirous to ascertain where his step-mother resided, was clear to Martha. Not only had she discovered, though not till some time after the fact, Mr. Murk's attempt to acquire the address, but she had seen Horn, with her own eyes, at Brackmere—a place which, Simcoite though she was at heart, she did not believe was likely to have had any native attraction for him. He had made no attempt to intrude upon her, and after a while had left the place; but she never felt safe from his machinations. Not long ago, indeed, as though despairing of gaining his end by craft, he had dispatched an emissary to ask the question, "Where is Mr. Winthrop's widow now residing?" point-blank. A handsome, frank young fellow, very well fitted in appearance to win confidence, and who seemed thoroughly ashamed of the part he had been commissioned to play, had called upon her in person, but declined to give his name.

"It is my cousin's wish to live privately," she had replied, with great indignation; "and if it were otherwise, what right have you, may I ask, to make any such inquiry?"

At this he stammered, colored, looked exceedingly disconcerted, and left the house, as the triumphant Martha vigorously expressed it, "with his tail between his legs, and a flea in his ear."

Though thus mysteriously debarred from Mabel's society, she heard from her very regularly, and was almost as well acquainted with her occupation and mode of life as though she had shared them. Upon one occasion she had even received a photograph, with "Burn this at once" upon it, of the residence her cousin had chosen. In a break of a line of high chalk cliffs was a small wooded chine through which a stream ran down, and was lost in the yellow sands. Across the stream was a wooden bridge, and beside the bridge a cottage, at whose door stood a fair lady with a child in her arms. These two figures Martha had cut out before committing the rest of the picture to the flames, and they formed the joy of her life. Thanks to the blessed sun—under which, it is said, nothing is new, and yet that has done such new and good things for the absent and the surviving in these latter days—she had thus both Mabel and her Georgey; and whenever tidings came from the former, these portraits were produced, to illustrate, as it were, the letter-press.

Mabel had not many striking incidents to describe, as may be well imagined; and, to say truth, her letters might have been termed the Annals of Master Georgey. In them were chronicled with minuteness such events as the cutting of his teeth, and even of his hair (a lock of which was inclosed to his unknown "Marty"); his favorable rashes; his wicked (and delightful) escapades; his latest acquisitions of vocabulary. When he had the measles there were almost daily bulletins. "A most excellent doctor fortunately resides in the village—else Heaven only knows what we should have done. Very like our own dear old Dr. Bowen, at Swallowdip. He is the only person I can speak to hereabouts, except my landlady; but my sweet Georgey has his own circle of acquaintance—his chief friend is the old fisherman who is so good as to supply us with lobsters. You will laugh at this; but they are our sole luxury, and Carry and I prize them exceedingly. Carry is most kind, and is devoted to the child. My heart smites me for so selfishly debarring her from the company of her lover; but she is content, for my sake, to wait a little longer yet, and the risk of it would be so terrible. When Georgey gets a few months older we shall be better able to dispense with her services.....I think of you, dear Martha, a hundred times a day. How I wish you could be our companion in our walks along the cliff path (at this you look alarmed, but never fear; you may be sure that Master G. is always carried), and on these beautiful sands! But why do I vex myself (and, as I flatter myself, you also) with such thoughts! Alas! the sight of you would fill me with only too well founded fears. I do not know even whether the day will ever arrive when I may tell you *what* fears. In the mean time be assured, my dear cousin, that but for them, and for our enforced separation, I should now be happy. My boy is all in all to me..... You used to admire my poor husband, I know; well, Georgey is a very handsome likeness of his father, and *so* loving and tender-hearted! Oh, if you could but see him!....."

Mabel's letters were all of this homely type, and would have portrayed a life of wholesome sunshine, but for the shadow of one morbid fear.

At last came a communication of a very different sort. No linked home-news long drawn out, but a few rapid lines that breathed expectancy and hoped-for action; above all, in the greatness of its tidings, the apprehension that hovered over all her sky seemed almost to be scared away. "A miracle has happened, Martha dearest, or a something that seems a miracle! I may not now tell you what it is, for the same reason that I have so long kept silence; but I have good hope that, at no distant date, I may tell you *all*, and that by word of mouth. In the mean time send me the address of some honest lawyer—a man to whom one can trust a secret of the last importance. Mr. Simcoe will help you so far, I am well convinced, for the sake of old times. I scarcely know what I write. Conceive that it has become possible that the man we fear may have good cause to disquiet us no longer—that the way of life that looked so rough may be smoothed for my tender boy—and you will make allowance for any thing I may write. Do not, at all events, doubt my sanity. Let me have your reply by return of post. I shall not sleep till I have got it—till I have seen this lawyer. He must be told nothing at present. Mr. Simcoe will make an appointment for me with him at the earliest date; but he must not, of course, mention my name. I am still cautious, you see, although in such a transport. For years, dear Martha, I have known nothing but Fear, and now that Hope has come I scarce know how to entertain him."

Martha Barr endeavored to commit this letter to memory, but failing in that feat, and having burned the envelope, and cut off the address, she took it straight to Maison Tiddliwinks, and placed it in Mr. Simcoe's own hands.

"The poor young lady must be mad," said that gentleman when he had read it.

"No, no," said Martha; "something has greatly excited her, that is all."

"Excited her! When a woman writes to say, 'I want to see an honest lawyer,' I say she must be mad, ma'am. There is, in my opinion, no such anomaly in existence. I should just as soon go down to the sea-shore yonder with the expectation of catching a dry fish. There are clever lawyers, no doubt—too clever by half—and there is a still larger assortment of stupid ones; but as for their honesty— I have had a good deal to do with the law in the way of house-property, and I really can not lend myself, madam, to any such gross deception as you propose."

"But if you don't know of one personally, Mr. Simcoe," argued Martha, "you must surely have heard several highly spoken of?"

"Only when I have heard them speak of themselves," was the resolute reply. The fact was that, during his earlier building speculations, Mr. Simcoe had been very sorely bitten by an attorney, and the wound had never healed. All that Martha could get out of him was the mitigated approval of one Mr. Oakleigh, a City solicitor whom Mr. Simcoe had of late employed in connection with St. Etheldreda's.

"I have never seen the man in my life," said he, "which is, perhaps, so far fortunate for him; but he did not cheat me in the only transaction I have yet had with him; and, what is an undeniable recommendation, he has been but a few years at his trade."

So with Mr. Oakleigh the appointment was made.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

IT was somewhat strange, even to city ears, to hear in the streets, before April showers had passed away, the familiar June cry of "*Straw-ber-rees! Straw-ber-rees!*" It was scarcely possible to believe that the luscious fruit was in the market so early in the season. But it was true; the strawberry season had commenced, and a long one it will be; for the delicious berries we first enjoy are brought to our city from Virginia. When the supply from Virginia wanes, Maryland will send us some; then comes the Delaware crop. New Jersey steps in after Delaware, with an abundance which essentially cheapens the price of the berries, and brings the genuine "height of the season." There is a still later supply from Northern New York and Connecticut; and as the crop this year promises to be unusually abundant, every body will be likely to luxuriate in this wholesome and fragrant berry. So many improvements have been recently made in the methods of packing and transporting fruit that it is offered in our markets almost as fresh as when first plucked. From Virginia strawberries are brought in vessels built expressly for the trade.

Darwin's "Descent of Man" is popular in Europe. Already five German translations of it have appeared in Germany and Austria.

"Diamondia" is the suggestive name given to a farm on the Vaal River, in South Africa, which seems to be one of the richest fields yet discovered. There are now not far from 1500 diggers working at Diamondia, and paying for a license so to do. The recent discovery of the "Star of Diamondia," a diamond of 107½ carats weight, and the largest yet found in South Africa, has given a fresh impulse to the work. Nevertheless, the rush of immigrants from England is so great that there is much suffering. Many of these people land at Cape Town with not money enough to pay a week's board, and there is no work for them, as native labor is so cheap.

The grasshoppers which have ravaged Utah for four summers are likely to continue their devastations a fifth. Farmers fear utter ruin.

The orderly portion of the community will be glad to notice that a placard has been posted in the Fourth Avenue cars announcing that drunken and disorderly persons will not be allowed in those cars, and that the conductors *must* enforce this rule.

It is now confidently expected that the Atlantic cables so long disabled will be in working order before the 1st of June. The work of repairing has been undertaken by Captain Halpin, of the *Great Eastern*. A new length of "intermediate cable," of much greater weight than the present deep-sea cable, will have to be joined to the present shore end, so as to cross the rocky ledge sixty-five miles from Heart's Content, where all the mischief has happened by chafing on the rocks in comparatively shoal water.

A Massachusetts paper states that Mrs. Lucretia Mott, who is now drawing near her eightieth year, has lately undertaken to make with her own hands, and present to each of her children, a rag-carpet. As a protest against the too prevailing gray of the Quaker style of ornamentation, Mrs. Mott is making these carpets of bright rags. She entertains a good deal of company, to whom she talks with her accustomed wisdom and vivacity, all the while sewing her rags into the weaver's balls, her busy fingers keeping pace with her fluent tongue. In addition to the innovation of bright colors into Quaker houses, she wants to introduce sweet sounds into Quaker schools, for which purpose she lately made an attempt to carry music into Swathmore Cottage, of which institution she is one of the trustees.

Explorations of an interesting character have been going on for several years in Palestine, under the auspices of an English society established for this purpose. These investigations have been mostly in Jerusalem, and in the vicinity of the site of Solomon's Temple. Amidst many difficulties and dangers have these researches been prosecuted, and they are yet far from completed; but already many doubtful points have been settled, and information of deep interest to scholars and to Christians has been obtained. The old aqueducts, constructed by Solomon and Pontius Pilate, indicate a grand system of water-works, which might yet be turned to the benefit of the inhabitants of Jerusalem if the local authorities were willing. Years ago Miss Burdett Coutts, whose wealth and generosity are well known, desired to carry out a design she had entertained of supplying Jerusalem with pure water, as the people endured great wretchedness from the want of water, or the use of that which was bad. Her plan was to repair the aqueducts. The authorities of Jerusalem, however, would not accept her offer. They were unwilling to favor an arrangement which would benefit Jews and Christians alike, and by which they would lose the opportunity of selling water in times of special scarcity.

Fourteen hundred yards of carpet will be required to cover the floor of the House of Representatives; but the carpet will not be purchased until next fall, as the new floor will not be completed until that time.

The statue of Professor Morse has been made at an expense of $11,000, this amount having been subscribed by the numerous admirers of the great inventor in sums from ten cents upward. The statue will be unveiled on the 24th of this month, that day being the anniversary of the sending of the first message by telegraph in America, twenty-seven years ago.

The New York Eye and Ear Infirmary has just issued its Fiftieth Annual Report. There have been treated during the year 9290 patients; the average attendance was about 120 daily, making the number of visits paid during the year over 36,000. The number of in-door patients has been 415, of whom 203 were at the charge of the infirmary. There have been 655 operations performed to restore sight and relieve deformities and pain. The medical officers give their time and labor to the infirmary without pecuniary recompense. Formerly the institution was open three days in the week for one or two hours. Now it is open daily, and from three to five hours. Diseases of the eye and of the ear were formerly taken promiscuously. The latter class of cases has increased so much as to be organized into a separate department, provided with a distinct staff of surgeons. The whole number actively engaged in the ophthalmic and aural departments is twenty-three, besides a house-surgeon, who lives in the building. In addition there are two consulting surgeons.

An educated convict in the Massachusetts State-prison has suggested that a newspaper be made up by the prisoners, and published in the prison. The outside world would thereby know what they think and feel. The idea is not bad, and such a paper might prove a great reforming power.

Two deaths have recently occurred in this city from the use of hydrate of chloral. However useful this drug may be in certain cases as a medicine, it is too powerful and dangerous an article to be used except by the special prescription of competent physicians.

Some very remarkable cures of paralysis have been effected by the waters of the magnetic springs near Lansing, Michigan. These waters are so powerful, it is said, that a piece of iron or steel put into them at once becomes a strong magnet.

The Bank of France took the precaution to send most of its bullion to its maritime branches, such as Brest, Bordeaux and Toulon, whence it could be sent by sea at any moment to England or any other place where the Germans could not come. In consequence of this precaution the Bank of France still retains as much as £24,000,000 of actual coin and bullion—a larger amount than that of the Bank of England.

In London a bazar was recently held in aid of the funds of the "Temporary Home for Starving Dogs." The Home is spoken of as really an institution worthy of patronage by all who have a heart of sympathy for the lost and hungry Toby or Dash. During the last year 975 dogs had homes provided for them, or were restored to their owners.

Strawberry Plains, Tennessee, has just been the scene of a remarkable wedding. The bride and bridegroom, respectively aged seventy-two and eighty-one, had both been married—the former twice, the latter four times. Their united families had numbered seventeen children, of whom eleven survived, and seven of these, themselves married and the heads of families, were present at the nuptials.

The Turks have always been in the habit of construing literally a command in the Koran equivalent to that which issued from Mount Sinai—"Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing," etc.; but the Sultan seems to be taking a more liberal view of that command, and has actually given sittings for a statue of himself to Mr. Fuller, an accomplished sculptor now resident in Florence.

Among the painful incidents of the French civil war was the death of General Besson. He was riding along the high street leading to the Ternes Gate, when he saw an insurgent, who wore the uniform of a marine, taking aim at him from a window. He snatched a Chassepôt from one of the soldiers nearest to him, and said, "I will bring down that scoundrel." But the words were scarcely out of his mouth when the insurgent's shot brought down the general, who fell dead, with a bullet, which went through his lungs. He had returned from captivity in Germany only a few days before.

Three deaths have occurred lately under singular circumstances, induced by sudden shocks to the nervous system. A week or two ago three or four burglars forcibly entered the chamber of a lady in Williamsburg who was sick and alone with her aged mother. They had intended to secrete themselves there, and rob the house at a later hour of the night. The screams of the women caused the invaders to retreat hastily; but in their feeble state of health the excitement and fright completely prostrated both mother and daughter, and they died a few days afterward.

In Auburn, New York, three children were burned to death in consequence of the explosion of a barrel of fire-works in the out-house where they were playing. A lady who visited the scene of disaster was so shocked by the horrible sight that she died that same evening.

Columbia Market, in London, upon which Miss Burdett Coutts has expended about £250,000, has been offered by that lady to the city corporation upon such conditions as will realize her intentions in regard to the poor people of the metropolis.

Lottery prizes would not always be so objectionable if every winner followed the example of a California youth, who recently won $11,000 in a lottery, and straightway hunted up his most intimate friend and divided his new-gained wealth with him.

An Englishman of genius, foreseeing that at the present rate of consumption the supply of human hair will soon fail, has secured a patent for manufacturing "human hair from the hair of the goat."

A German engineer has invented a curious machine, by which the velocity of a railroad train may be ascertained at any moment.

When Dr. Rice was at the head of the Theological Seminary in Prince Edward, a parish in Virginia sent to him for a minister. Of course they wanted all the gifts and graces—a scholar, orator, pastor, fine writer, and a perfect gentleman—and all for four hundred dollars a year. Dr. Rice answered by advising them to send to heaven for Dr. Dwight. He was the only such man he knew; and as he had been living a good while on spiritual food, he *might possibly live on four hundred dollars!*

A curious naturalist undertook to watch a spider one day, in order to see how much he could accomplish in the way of eating. About daybreak he went to supply the spider with a fine fly for breakfast, but found the creature already feasting on an earwig. The spider left the earwig, rolled up the fly in his web, and then returned to his "first course," which occupied him a couple of hours. After taking a nap he demolished the fly. Later in the forenoon a daddy-long-legs was supplied, which lasted till noon. Then followed a blow-fly for relish. Scores of small green flies termed midges were caught in the web, which the spider finally rolled up together and ate, web and all, with good appetite.

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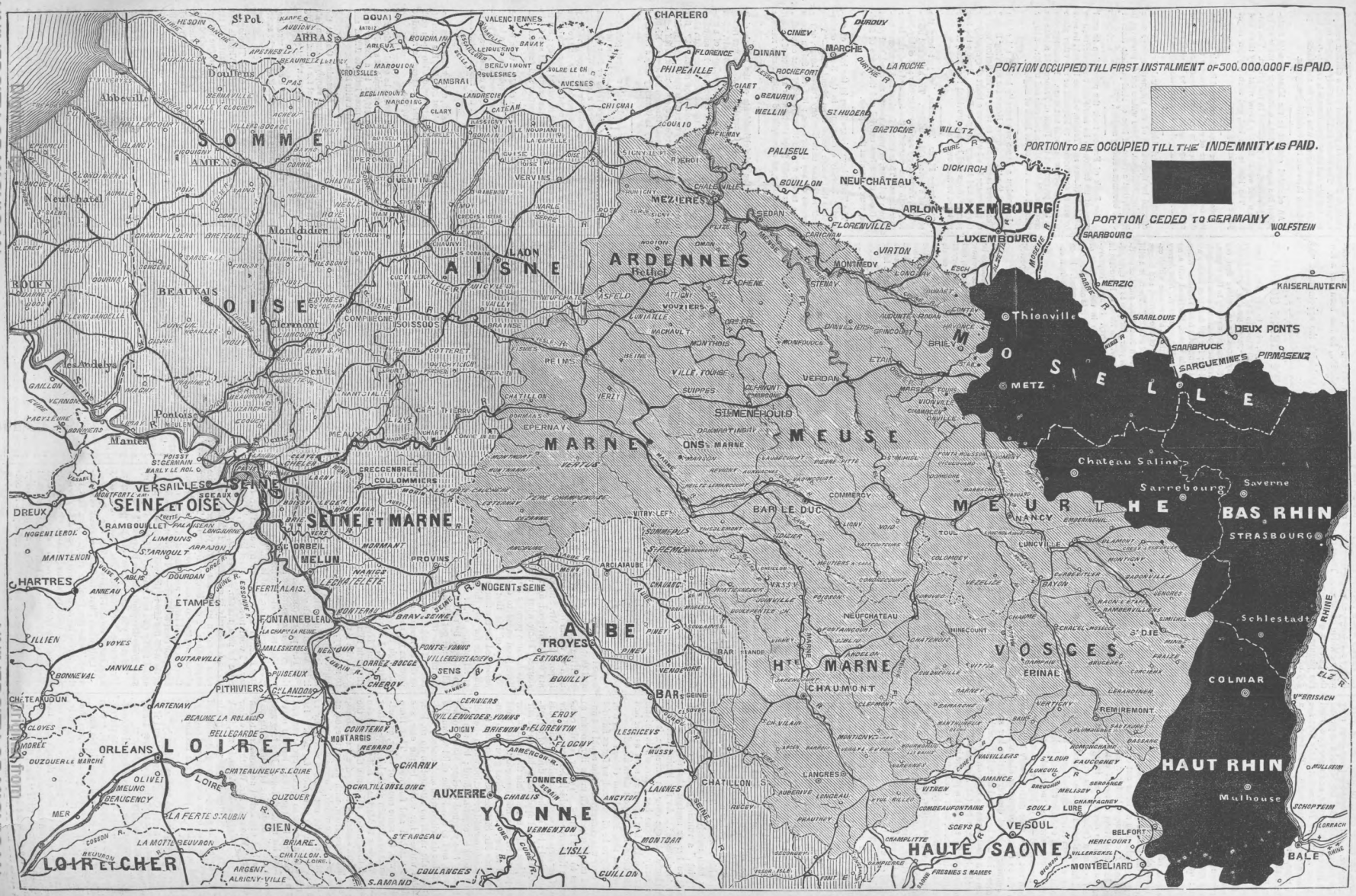
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Clermont
Senlis
Montdidier
Neufchatel
Les Andelys
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BRIENON
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LUNEVILLE
NANCY
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LA MOTTE BEUVRON
ST AIGNAN
S AMAND
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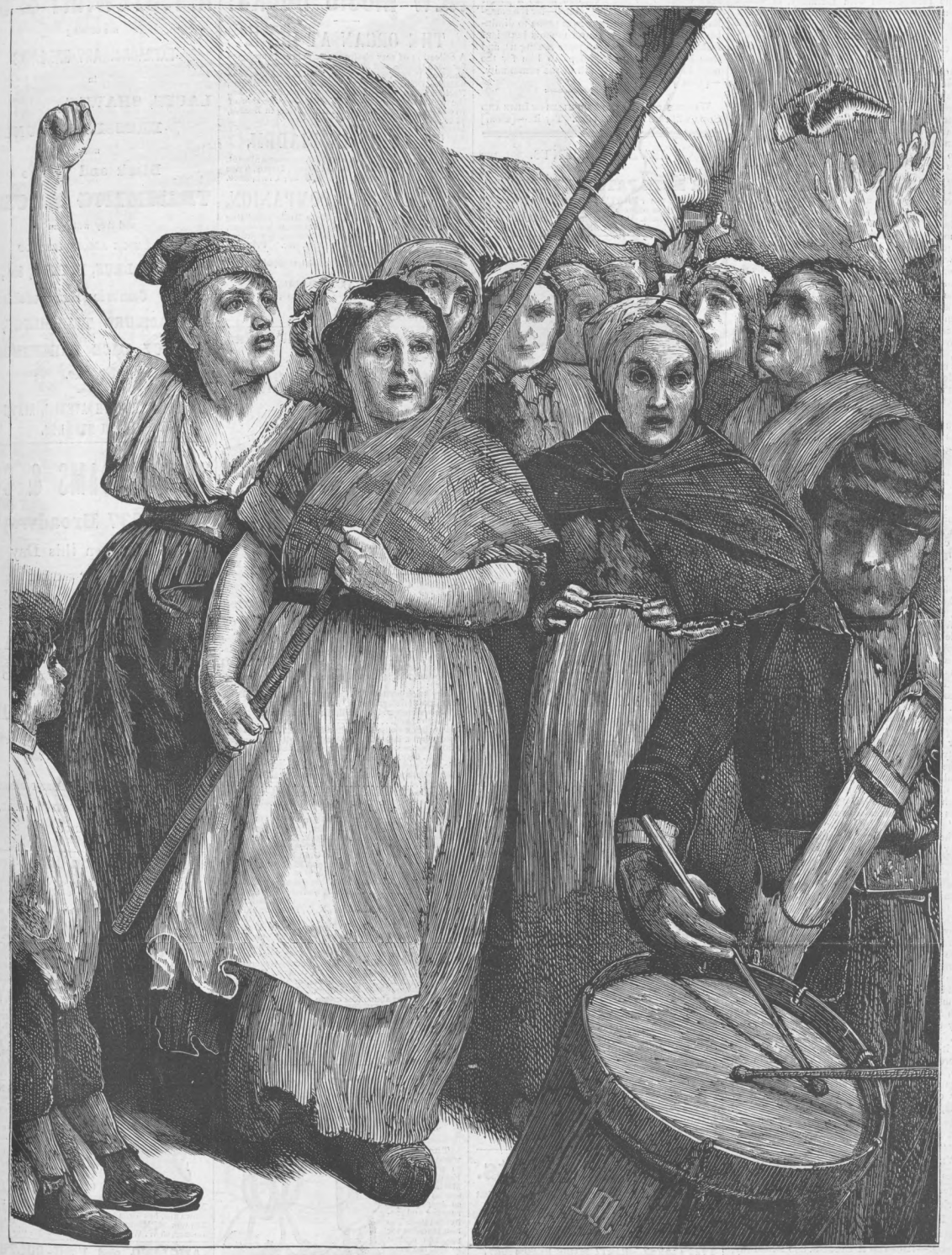

WOMEN OF PARIS.

WOMEN OF PARIS.

"PATRIOT women, let us prepare to defend and avenge our brothers," runs a recent proclamation from a meeting of "citizenesses" to the feminine population of Paris. The appeal has not passed unheeded, for numbers of women have shouldered the Chassepôt and gone out to battle—ay, and have fought well too. It is now a frequent thing on the battle-fields round Paris to find the bodies of women, dressed in a semi-masculine attire, who have come out with the Communists, and have been killed by the bullets and shells of the Versaillists. Every Paris revolution has produced its particular class of female patriots, who, ten times more cruel and unreasonable than the men, spur their masculine compatriots on to those unnecessary acts of vengeful cruelty for which the Parisian revolutionists are so notorious. Thus 1792 had its Tricoteuses, 1848 its Vésuviennes, 1870 its Amazones de la Seine, and now 1871 has its Vengereuses, for such is the last name by which these martial women are called. Among them is Madame, or rather Citizeness, EUDES, whose husband, General EUDES, is one of the principal commanders of the Commune, and has recently been named Inspector-General of the insurgent forts. The wife is well worthy of the husband; she is stated to be an excellent markswoman, very brave, and may well be termed the Théroigne de Méricourt of the present time.

Although the ostensible object of these Amazons is to fight, and to pique hesitating and cowardly men into taking up arms, it is whispered that these *patriotes*, like some of their National brethren, have no objection to pillage, and frequently enter and despoil a house under pretext of "patriotism." In truth there is nothing more terrible, either in peace or war, than one of these unsexed women.

The illustration on this page represents a band of these Vengereuses, or female avengers, who, with a high priestess in the middle crowned with the orthodox red cap of Liberty, and bearing the standard of the Commune, are marching along the Boulevards, shrieking the watch-cry, To arms! and intoning the "Marseillaise." Woe to any antagonistic National or unwary non-sympathizer who may incur their displeasure by too openly expressing his disapprobation. The malcontent would be almost safer in the hands of a tribe of red Indians than in the power of these infuriated Paris women.

THE NEW MAP OF FRANCE.

WE this week publish a map of the Northeast of France, which we are sure will be studied with great interest, as it shows the serious loss of territory, and the severe pressure upon her resources by the occupation of still more, which France has incurred by the imprudent challenge she threw out to Germany last July. Using the ancient geographical nomenclature, the ceded districts embrace the whole of Alsace—except Belfort—and a considerable portion of Lorraine, including the ancient free city of Metz. It may perhaps be more convenient, however, to employ the modern designations, and to say that two entire departments (those of the Upper and Lower Rhine, except Belfort in the former), and portions of two others (those of the Meurthe and the Moselle),

cease to belong to France, and have once more become incorporated with Germany, of which they anciently formed a part. Considerable, however, as is the territory ceded, it is but small as compared with that still occupied by the German troops. Beginning on the north, the districts to be held till the whole war indemnity is paid include the Ardennes, the Meuse, the Marne, the Meurthe, and the Vosges; while the departments wholly or partially occupied till the first installment is delivered include the Somme, the Lower Seine, the Aisne, the Oise, and the Seine-et-Marne, thus stretching from the English Channel on the northwest up to the walls of Paris, and on to the new frontier on the northeast. The limits of the cession to Germany are thus defined by Art. 1 of the Preliminaries of Peace:

"France renounces, in favor of the German empire, all her rights and titles over the territories situated to the east of the frontier hereafter designated. The line of demarcation commences at the northwest frontier of the canton of Cattenom, toward the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg; thence follows toward the southwestern frontiers of the canton of Cattenom and Thionville, passes by the canton of Briey, going along the western frontiers of the communes of Montois-la-Montagne and Roncourt, as well as the eastern frontiers of the communes of Marie-aux-Chénes and Habonville; strikes the frontier of the canton of Gorze, which it traverses along the communal frontiers of Vionville, Bussières, and Waville; follows the southwest and southern frontier of the arrondissement of Metz, the western frontier of the arrondissement of Château Salins, as far as the commune of Pettoncourt, until it embraces the western and southern frontiers—to follow the crest of the mountains between the Seille and the Moncel as far as the frontier of the arrondissement of Sarrebourg to the south of La Garde. The demarcation afterward coincides with the frontier of that arrondissement as far as the commune of Tanconville, the front of which it strikes to the north. Thence it follows the crest of the mountains between the sources of the Seille, Blanche, and the Vezouze as far as the frontiers of the canton Schermeck; runs along the western frontier of that canton; embraces the communes of Saales, Bourg, Bruche, Colroy-la-Roche, Plaine, Ranrupt, Saulxures, and St. Blaise-la-Roche, in the canton of Saales, and coincides with the western frontier of the department of the Bas Rhin and of the Haut Rhin as far as the canton of Belfort, the southern frontier of which it quits not far from Vourvenans, to traverse the canton of Delle at the southern bounds of the communes of Burogne and Froide Fontaine, and to strike the Swiss frontier by passing along the southern borders of the communes of Joncherry and Delle.

"The German empire will possess these territories in perpetuity, in all sovereignty and property. An international commission, composed of representatives of the high contracting parties in equal number, will be charged, immediately after the exchange of the ratifications of the treaty, to carry out upon the territory the tracing of the new frontier conformably to the preceding stipulations. This commission will preside over the division of properties, funds, and capitals which hitherto have belonged in common to districts and communes separated by the new frontier."

The chief towns and fortresses added to Germany by this cession are Metz, Thionville, Strasburg, Schlestadt, Neuf Brisach, Phalsbourg, Sarrebourg, Sarrewerden, Lützelstein, Forbach, Bitsche, Haguenau, Weissenburg, and Sarreguemines. The population of Alsace, exceeding one million, consists in the rural districts mostly of German-speaking peasantry, and there are many of German race in the hilly parts of East Lorraine; but the towns-folk are French, nor are there wanting colonies of French settlers in the hamlets of the Vosges Mountains, with Germans close beside them. Alsace, which in German is called Elsass, was formerly part of the ancient German empire, being the principality of the Bishop of Strasburg, from whom it was wrongfully taken by LOUIS XIV. two hundred years ago. Lorraine—or Lothringen, as the Germans call it—was also the territory of an ecclesiastical sovereign, who was a vassal of the German empire, till it was conquered by the French in the reign of CHARLES V. The portion of Lorraine now ceded to Germany, including the city of Metz, has about 360,000 inhabitants.

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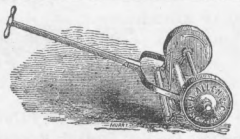

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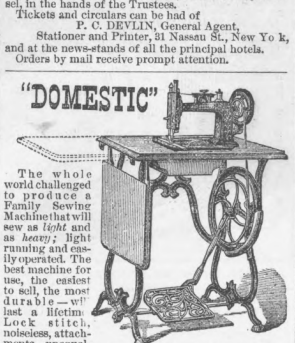

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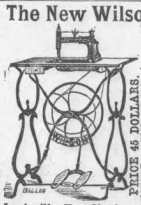

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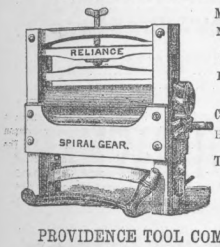

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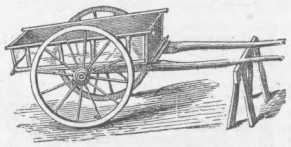

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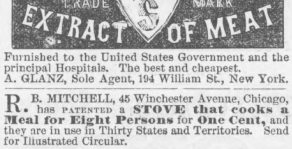

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WITH THE
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WARRANTED
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Will produce new hair on any head where the roots are not entirely dead, and BARRY'S SAFE HAIR DYE will color hair and whiskers any shade from reddish brown to jet black.

DUTCHER'S Lightning FLY KILLER.
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TRY THEM, AND SLEEP IN PEACE.

W. D. WILSON & CO., 327 Pearl St., N. Y., furnish Printing Ink for *Harper's Weekly* and *Bazar*.

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$75 to $250 per month, every where, male and female, to introduce the GENUINE IMPROVED COMMON-SENSE FAMILY SEWING MACHINE. This Machine will stitch, hem, fell, tuck, quilt, cord, bind, braid, and embroider in a most superior manner. Price only $15. Fully licensed and warranted for five years. We will pay $1000 for any machine that will sew a stronger, more beautiful, or more elastic seam than ours. It makes the "Elastic Lock Stitch." Every second stitch can be cut, and still the cloth can not be pulled apart without tearing it. We pay Agents from $75 to $250 per month and expenses, or a commission from which twice that amount can be made. Address SECOMB & CO., *Boston, Mass.; Pittsburgh, Pa.; St. Louis, Mo.;* or *Chicago, Ill.*

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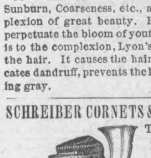

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Ready-made SHIRTS, six for $12 50. Fine quality, well made, and warranted to fit. The cash can be paid to Express company, on receipt of goods.

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A new book of thrilling interest and great popularity. But *recently issued*, and the *10th Thousand* already in press. In no sense a *Novel*, but a record of an *actual experience* on the part of an intelligent, educated Ohioan, during a *voluntary* residence of over 12 *years* among the Indians, and who is still in the Indian country. Send for circulars, with 20 sample illustrations, extracts, terms, and full particulars, or remit at once 80 cents for outfit. Address C. F. VENT, 5 College Place, N.Y., or 38 W. 4th St., Cincinnati, O.; or A. H. HUBBARD, 400 Chestnut St., Philadelphia; or J. S. GOODMAN & Co., Chicago.

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Also, Hosiery and Men's Furnishing Goods. Six superior Dress Shirts made to measure, of Wamsutta XX muslin, for $15 and upward, according to the linen.

☞ Six fine Dress Shirts of Masonville Muslin for $12.
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Filled by atmospheric pressure. Writes 2000 words at a dip. Used with any pen. Sent prepaid for 50 cts.; Ex. Plated, 75 cts.; Nickel Plated, $1. Clubs of Six for $2. Address W. A. COOK, No. 6 State St., N. Y.

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Unequaled for catching Pike, Pickerel, Bass, Trout, &c. Price, by mail, $1 00. JOHN H. MANN, Syracuse, N.Y.

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It is convenient and economical. NO WASTE OF FOOD PREPARED WITH IT. Sold everywhere by GROCERS, SHIP-CHANDLERS and DEALERS.

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DYSPEPSIA. A *permanent cure* guaranteed in every case. Address, inclosing 50 cents, DR. SILAS HAMMOND, Boston, Mass.

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WANTED—AGENTS ($20 per day), to sell the celebrated HOME SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE. Has the *under-feed*, makes the "*lock stitch*" (alike on both sides), and is *fully licensed*. The best and cheapest family Sewing Machine in the market. Address JOHNSON, CLARK, & CO., Boston, Mass.; Pittsburgh, Pa.; Chicago, Ill.; or St. Louis, Mo.

Telegraph Knife and Scissors Sharpener—Will sharpen a dull knife or shears instantly, can be used by any person at once. Great inducements to agents. Sample, with terms to agents sent by mail for 50 cents. Address Combination Tool Co., 95 Mercer St., New York.

Great National Loan.

☞ NEW FIVE PER CENT. BONDS OF THE UNITED STATES.

The Treasury Department is now able to promise that the registered Certificates of Stock, and a good part of the Coupon Bonds of the New Loan of the United States, bearing Five per cent. Interest, payable quarterly in Gold, will be ready for delivery early in the present month. The Subscriptions to the Loan now amount to $62,000,000, and it is expected that the Subscriptions and Sales will progress more rapidly when the Certificates and Bonds are ready for market abroad as well as at home. The whole sum of Five per Cents offered to the public generally, and to the holders of United States 5-20 Bonds, without qualification, is $200,000,000. When this amount, to which preference is thus given, is taken up, the remainder of the Five per Cents, $300,000,000, embraced in the New Loan of July 14, 1870, for refunding the Public Debt, will be offered in connection with $300,000,000 Four and one-half per Cents, and any part of $700,000,000 of Four per Cents, the one running fifteen years and the other thirty years.

The following is a copy of the New Five per Cent. Bond, under and pursuant to the New Loan Act of Congress:

FORM OF 5 PER CENT. BOND.

INTEREST | FUNDED LOAN OF 1881 | 5 PER CENT.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

ARE INDEBTED TO THE BEARER IN THE SUM OF .....DOLLARS.

THIS BOND is issued in accordance with the provisions of an Act of Congress entitled "An Act to authorize the refunding of the National Debt," approved July 14, 1870, amended by an Act approved January 20, 1871, and is redeemable at the pleasure of the United States, after the first day of May, A. D. 1881, in Coin of the standard value of the United States on said July 14, 1870, with interest in such Coin, from the day of the date hereof, at the rate of FIVE PER CENTUM per annum, payable quarterly, on the first day of February, May, August, and November, in each year. The principal and interest are exempt from the payment of all Taxes or Duties of the United States, as well as from taxation in any form, by or under State, municipal, or local authority.

WASHINGTON, ..., 18....

Entered ..... Recorded .....

.....

Register of the Treasury.

Registered Bonds will be issued of the denominations of $50, $100, $500, $1,000, $5,000, and $10,000, and coupon bonds of each denomination except the last two. The interest will be payable in the United States at the office of the Treasurer, any Assistant Treasurer, or designated depository of the Government, quarterly, on the first days of February, May, August, and November, in each year.

The Interest on the Registered Stock of this Loan, it is determined by the Treasury Department, will be paid as conveniently to the holder as on the Coupon Stock, and personal attendance, or attendance by proxy, at the Treasury, to draw and receipt for the interest will be dispensed with, *whenever the check of the United States Treasurer, mailed punctually to the address and order of each holder, on or before every quarter-day, is preferred to such attendance.* This check, payable in Gold Coin at the Treasury in New York (or such other office as the Stock is registered at), will be negotiable or collectable on the indorsement of the owner or owners of the Stock. In pursuance of this arrangement, the subscribers to, or purchasers of, the Stock in its registered form (which is a complete protection against theft or other losses incident to Coupon Bonds payable to Bearer) are advised to give their Post-office address in full, and to notify of any change in the address between quarter-days.

The whole proceeds of the New Loan will be applied to the payment or redemption and cancellation of the 5-20 years six per cent. bonds, and, in addition to these proceeds, the 5-20's are now being reduced by purchase at the rate of $10,000,000 per month.

The entire effect, therefore, of the New Loan, in connection with the existing Sinking Fund process of the Treasury, is to reduce both Principal and Interest of the Public Debt of the United States. *The Loan creates no additional supply of Government Stocks*, while the application of the surplus revenues derived in Gold from Customs is constantly lessening, as it has been doing for two years past, the Funded Stocks bearing six per cent. Gold Interest.

The 1st of May schedule of the Public Debt, which has just been published by the Secretary of the Treasury, shows a reduction in these Stocks since the April schedule of $12,215,700, and a further lessening of the yearly interest charge thereon of $732,942. This leaves the total yearly interest charge in Gold $111,982,034. In the same month the Treasury paid and canceled $2,470,000 of the Three per Cent. Currency Debt, reducing the whole of this debt bearing interest to $51,023,000, and the yearly interest charge thereon to $1,537,470.

The proposed further reduction of the annual interest charge upon the Public Debt by refunding is as follows:

By exchange of $500,000,000 United States six per cents for new five per cents of 1881.....	$5,000,000
By exchange of $300,000,000 United States six per cents for four and a half per cents of 1886.....	4,500,000
By exchange of $700,000,000 United States six per cents for four per cents of 1901..	14,000,000
Total saving per annum by refunding.	$23,500,000

The large and rapid accumulation in the last few years of private capital now retired from active business, and of the cash Savings and Life Insurance premiums deposited with or intrusted to the provident institutions of the country—all seeking the most undoubted security, pledged to be kept free of all taxes, under national or local authority, and content, provided this object be assured, with moderate rates of interest—will, no doubt, ultimately absorb so much of these New Stocks as may not be taken in voluntary conversion of United States 5-20's, or marketed abroad.

C. C. NORVELL,
In charge of United States Loan advertising.

TREASURY OFFICE,
NEW YORK, *May 3, 1871.*

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OTHELLO NARRATING HIS ADVENTURES AT THE HOUSE OF BRABANTIO.—[FROM A PICTURE BY D. R. KNIGHT.]

OTHELLO.

THE engraving on this page, from a painting by MR. DANIEL R. KNIGHT, which is attracting much attention at the spring exhibition of the National Academy of Design in this city, represents a scene indicated, though not dramatically presented, by SHAKSPEARE. It is the episode of Othello's "nine moons wasted," when he reposed from war and sat as an honored guest in the house of the senator; it forms a part of what he tells, with inimitable directness and manliness, to the doge and council of Venice, as his love story. We see part of a Venetian building, covered with Byzantine carving, and opening into a court through one of those many-arched windows which often distinguish the house architecture of PALLADIO and SANSOVINO. In such a window, open to the air, are grouped the persons of the drama, Othello, Brabantio, and Desdemona—the first in the act of narration. The three are collected in one division of the arcaded casement, while in another, more in shadow, are the attendants so familiar in Venetian pictures—musicians and refreshments. Othello, in the midst of the first triad, faces the observer. The brave *condottiere*, a type of manly Morocco comeliness, lays out the plan of some battle or disastrous siege; he points with his forefinger, maps out the action, and looks his interlocutor directly in the eye, with the frank, wide gaze of a simple spirit. On his left, in toque and senator's robes, sits Brabantio, lifting his hands with an old man's astonishment; he sits as at a play, and lets the current of wonder and emotion course through his feeble frame, as the stout hero, who has been the original in the story, rehearses it once more as an actor. At his right, like one of the doves of Saint Mark's at refection-time, the young Desdemona has fluttered in and settled—her delicate form involuntarily swaying toward the hero, her eye fixed and dreamy, her head inclined, her fingers absently plucking at a flower. This group sits upon silken carpets, amidst rich curtains, and among the surroundings of opulence and luxury. Flagons, cups, and fruits lie near; while, at hand, a silk-haired page and an olive-skinned musician send the notes of old-time instruments across Othello's tones, and a maid, that might be TITIAN'S "Bella," carries in a corbeille of flowers.

The painter of this interesting composition ex-

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hibited last year another Italian subject, entitled "The Duenna Asleep." The present picture exhibits a decided advance upon that work. Mr. KNIGHT, though still a young man, has spent several years abroad in close study, chiefly at Venice and Paris. At the latter city he was the pupil of GLEYRE, painter of the well-known "Illusions Perdues" and "The Separation of the Apostles." He is now preparing for another protracted sojourn among the art galleries of the Old World.

OVER.

'Twas Spring that danced along the hills,
And sung her old songs over;
'Twas Spring that touched the sleeping rills,
And spread the fields with clover.

Across earth's bosom, brown and bare,
Her robe of beauty flinging,
She hung her jewels every where,
And set her choirs to singing.

But in my heart 'tis winter still,
Though fields are thick with clover,
And merry birds their music trill—
My sweetest songs are over!

Oh, leave me not alone in gloom!
Shine through this mist of sorrow,
And let the fields of Memory bloom
With flowers of Hope to-morrow!

TODHUNTERS' AT LOANIN' HEAD.

BY ELIZA LYNN LINTON.

IN SIX CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER IV.

PERSEUS.

TERRIFIED lest Aunt Mattie should return and push her for a second time into a corner—terrified even of poor Mark for all his reverend love and unselfish devotion—Laura profited by the diversion of Hornie's being like to die, and, putting on her hat, went out to the moor to try and think out her position, and see how she could best escape the pitfall she had dug for herself. She felt like one of the pictures of Andromeda she had seen a little while before leaving London: a beautiful maiden bound to a rock, with an awful sea monster approaching to devour. Only that the monster was a handsome, noble-hearted landsman, whose crime was in wearing fustian and speaking in a provincial dialect—whose folly was in letting himself be seduced by fascinating manners and a pretty little face. So she wandered, full of thought and fear, across the long brown moor, taking instinctively the direction of the city—where, if she could only be! she thought, almost crying. If only she could escape this horrible life at Loanin' Head, where she could not even talk a little pleasantly to a boor like Mark, but she must be taken to task and asked what she meant, and made to feel that she was very wrong and very wicked if she did not marry him. Marry him, indeed! she would die first! And yet how handsome he was—and how good! What a life! what people! what a dreadful position altogether! And to be in their hands as she was, legally under their control, without money, or power, or any thing else, and all to go on for another two years—interminable years—before she should be of age and her own mistress! Well, she knew that she should die under it—she was sure of that—and then they would be sorry they had treated her so badly. And overcome by self-pity, the girl sat down on a stone by the side of the rough cart-way and burst into a hysterical flood of tears. As Mattie used to say of her, "she was a rare hand at greetin;" and had an ample supply of tears for all occasions.

Presently the wind brought her the sound of a horse's hoofs cantering briskly along the hard road. There was something in the sound that spoke of hope—and a gentleman. The lumbering thud of the ordinary cart-horse she knew too well; for how many times had she not listened to those deceptive hoofs, and thought, perhaps, a deliverer in the person of a lover—or, more concretely, Captain Dormer—was coming over the wild waste to free her from her bonds and carry her off into security and the world? Yes, Laura confessed it honestly to herself at least, she longed to see a "gentleman" again; and she would not have made many objections had one of the right pattern asked her then and there to elope with him, and leave Mark and Loanin' Head, and the pit she had digged for herself, and the bonds into which she had thrust her own limbs, and the tow to which she had set fire, all in the background, once and forever. But no one came; and yet she was sure that this was not to be one of the disappointments she had learned so sorrowfully by heart! Crisp, light, well-trained, the sound came to her like the most harmonious music; and hastily drying her eyes, she posed herself in a sweet, modest, graceful attitude, thinking of herself as Faust's Gretchen, and hoping she might be looking the character to perfection, as she plucked the petals from a daisy one by one, and made believe to pluck them for a purpose, and to say "he loves me; he loves me not"—according to orthodox tradition. She said nothing of the kind, but looks go a long way.

So intent was she on her pretty little pastime, she did not notice that a sleek brown horse, with a smart, dapper rider on its back, was coming nearer and nearer—no, not until the creature was close upon her; and then she started up with a shy and startled glance, and an attitude as of a fawn at gaze, before flying like the wind from the face of danger.

"Captain Dormer!" "Miss Calhoun!" they both cried together; and the captain, reining up so suddenly that his horse was nearly thrown backward, sprang from the saddle, holding her by both hands as fervently as if she had been his acknowledged lover.

He was taken by surprise; so was she. She had not thought of him to-day when she heard the well-trained beat of the hoofs along the road, and her delight at his sudden appearance was in proportion to her surprise.

"Oh, Captain Dormer! is it really you? Oh, how glad I am!" she said, almost clinging to his hand. And then she began to cry again.

"Miss Calhoun! Laura!" said the captain, really distressed at the sight of *her* distress. He was a good-natured little man, if shallow, and he hated tears. "Now sit down, and tell me all about it," he then said, very kindly. "Where are you living? I mean, where is this place of yours, Loanin' Head? And what kind of people are your relations, and how do they treat you?"

"Oh, they are dreadful!" sobbed Laura.

"Dreadful? How? Are they cross to you?"

"Yes, very," she said, piteously. "They keep me quite a prisoner, and I am miserable. You must not come near the place, Captain Dormer."

"Why not?" he laughed. "Would they kill me?"

"I don't know what they would not do to you—and me," she added; thinking that perhaps the prospect of a little danger might not deter him, if he was very much in love with her—but if it got *her* into a scrape! Would not his gallantry find that a sufficient barrier? Whatever the means, she must keep him away from Loanin' Head; and Laura Calhoun was by no means a young lady scrupulous about means.

"Poor little thing!" he said, with a great deal of misplaced compassion. "We must get her out of this, anyhow. But what a set of brutes! I can not understand any one treating *you* ill."

"Oh, you should have heard my aunt scold me to-day," said Laura. "She has a great horrid son that she wants me to marry. He has been making love to me ever since I went there; and of course it would be a very nice thing for them if I would marry him, you know, because then they would get all my money."

"What wretches!" ejaculated the gallant captain. "I hope, though, you have too much sense and spirit to be made to do that, Laura?" The "Laura" came in very naturally this time. "I have always been afraid that your money would be a bait to mercenary hounds like that, who could not appreciate your dear little self, but who would want your fortune for their own purposes."

"Yes," said Laura, with the sweetest, simplest manner in the world; "and I shall have a very good income, indeed, when I am of age."

"I am exceedingly glad to hear it," was the reply, made with fervor.

"About a thousand a year, I believe," she said.

If she had said a few pounds under that sum was her sole capital, she would have about hit the mark.

"What a good thing for you!" said Captain Dormer; and on the strength of its being a congratulatory proceeding, he again took her hand and pressed it; and Laura thought how nice it was to have her hand taken by one in a well-fitting, clean glove—not like Cousin Mark's, hard and rough, and with signs of toil never wholly effaced. How delightful, too, to hear an educated voice, with a well-bred accent, and to be in the company of a gentleman!

She never knew that she loved Captain Dormer so much as she felt she loved him to-day. And oh, if he would only run away with her and marry her! If he would just take her behind him on his horse now and ride with her into Carlisle, she would not mind what the people thought, or how they stared. To think that she must go back to that horrid place and Cousin Mark, after having been with him! What could she do to make him see it as his duty to take her away?

All these thoughts passed through her mind as she sat on the stone for a good hour longer, and gave him a fancy sketch of her position—really quite a pathetic sketch, and very well done, from an artistic point of view. Looked at morally, it would have perhaps been more commendable if it had been true. Such as it was, however—with the thousand a year as a make-weight—it inspired Captain Dormer with the most ardent desire to be the Perseus to her Andromeda, and to rescue her and her fortune from the devouring jaws of Cousin Mark and the machinations of that artful, scheming, and dreadful old Aunt Mattie. Rashly, perhaps, considering he had only her word for it, yet carried out of himself by the sight of her beauty—she was looking so lovely!—and her distress, and determined by the chance of losing her, Captain Dormer went much farther than he had the slightest intention of doing when he set out from Carlisle in the morning, and, before Laura had turned her light steps homeward, had made and received the most ardent confession and protestations of love—of an attachment dating as far back, on both sides, as to first acquaintance, of thoughts that had never wandered in either, of love that would never grow old or cold, or cross or stupid, of constancy that would last through life, of sublimated passion at high-pressure forever. And so they parted—engaged; but at Laura's vehement, almost agonized entreaty, engaged in secret, to be married in secret—a runaway match, next week; before those dreadful relations of hers should even suspect that she had a lover to see that she was not ill-treated and forced into a union so hateful, so impossible as this with Cousin Mark; which old Aunt Mattie was urging for her own part, and Cousin Mark insisting on with almost brutal fervor for his.

"For my cousin Mark is the most dreadful creature you can imagine, Captain Dormer; and as for Aunt Mattie, she is too awful! Such a temper! So miserably mean and stingy! She is very rich indeed—very; and she looks like an old char-woman—I declare she does! Oh, if I could but get away from them!"

"So you shall, dear! You little trembling doubter! Trust yourself to me, and I will defend you with my life!"

"You dear!" said Laura, nestling against his arm, and putting up her face.

But it was now time for her to go back to the house—she would not call it home, she said, with a scornful little toss of her head. So they parted, with a promise to meet again this day next week, when they would part no more; for then the law would give him the right to protect her, and put it out of the power of Mark the monster to devour her and her thousand per annum.

And while she had been making love to Captain Dormer on the moor, Mark and his mother, having tended Hornie in her bad time and brought her through, had their first loud, serious quarrel, all about Cousin Lowra; wherein Mark had so far forgotten himself that, exasperated by something more than usually severe which Mattie said, he raised his hand; but bethought himself just in time, and did not strike her.

Poor Mattie! she gave in at once and forever when she saw that uplifted hand. Her heart was broken—she said—let it break! Her favorite, her darling, had all but struck her, for her very love for him, and because she could see that the young jade was playing him false, and that naught but sorrow would come of it! Let it go. She washed her hands of it altogether; she had done her duty, and now he must manage for himself. So, broken, bowed, dispirited, poor Mattie went sadly forward to her work; and Mark, feeling as he never felt before, as if possessed by a devil, yet haunted by an angel—strode out of the house, and away to the moor, where he had an instinct Miss Lowra had gone. And where he met her, not an instant too late for her safety; for Captain Dormer had not long left her, and she had only just come to that part of the road which turned back upon itself, as it were, while the broad expanse of moor was lost behind a furze-covered mound.

But when Laura saw her monster striding toward her in his working-dress, strong, rustic, beautiful, and uncouth, her heart died within her, and she thought if the earth would but open and swallow her up, how grateful for the shelter she would be. As it was, she put on a sweet, smiling face, and made believe to look glad, with the blind instinct only that she must keep them in good-humor at Loanin' Head, and not refuse the most preposterous thing that might be asked of her to do till this day week, when Jock of Hazeldean was to be enacted for their benefit.

"I'se glad I'se met ye," said Mark, anxiously. "Divn't ye care what mither says till ye, my dear. She's as gude a woman as iver stepped in shoe-leather, is mither; but she divn't ken a' things, and she carries on a' times as she suldn't. But divn't ye mind; ye's do as ye will, an ye'll do reet."

"You spoil me, Cousin Mark," said Laura.

"Nay! nay! But ye do love me, Miss Lowra?" he cried, suddenly. "I could bide a' things o' this warld an t' neest, if ye can say wid yer haill heart, Mark, lad, I love thee!"

"Mark, lad, I love you!" said Laura, laughing. "Will that satisfy you, you foolish boy?"

"An' ye'll be my wife—ye'll be my ain lile wife?" Mark continued.

"You had better not ask me that, Mark! I should make but a bad wife for you, as auntie knows," said Laura, with a horrible fear lest Captain Dormer should be listening.

Big tears of love, of gratitude, of overwrought feeling, stood in Mark's eyes. "It's me as isn't fit for ye, Miss Lowra!" he said, in his simple, honest way, poor fellow. "But if love, an'—nay, worship—'ll mak up for a' else that's wantin', ye'll hev that, my darling!—mair nor iver woman hed. Eh, but ye've made me a glad man to-day! It's maist as if I was some one else nor mysel. I feel as it I couldna dee, nor let owt hurt me. Nay, Lowra! divn't turn thee face away! Thou's nae call to be shamed, my lass—my bonny leddy lass! Thou's said thou loves me, an' that thou'lt marry me, an' why shouldn't thee look at me, my darling? Eh! but gie me ane sweet kiss—ane, of thine ain free will, as thou gav'st me in Leddy Coppy sae long ago!"

"You are too good for me, Mark!" said Laura, with a sudden spasm of conscience. But she kissed his yearning face nevertheless, and let him hold her in his arms as his engaged wife, with Jock of Hazeldean looming in the near future, only one short week distant!

Thus they went to the house; Mark holding the small, white, dainty hand in his—how that roughened tan of his contrasted with her white and dainty flesh!—and, so walking, they came to Mattie, feeding her geese by the back-door; and Mark, as it were, giving her to his mother, said, huskily, "Tak her, mither, she's yer ain noo, and bless her an' me!"

"The Lord bless ye, my bairns!" was the old woman's solemn reply, as she wiped the tears from her face. "An' Mark, lad, let a' that's gone afore to-day be forgot as if 't had niver been."

"I'se sorry, mither," said Mark; "but I knowed, an' ye didn't."

"Amen!" said Mattie. "An' noo, lass, ye'se my ain, an' I'se tak ye for my daughter with a reet gude heart; an' may ye baith be happy, and niver rue this day's wark! Truth an' love mak t' warld a bonny place; an sae lang as ye hev baith o' these, ye hev a blessing in yersels. Ye mind me, Lowra! ye'll find afore ye dee that yer aunt has said truth in this, if she's leed a' her life beside!"

"What a funny thing!" thought Laura. "Engaged to two men at once, and both so much in love with me! What a row there will be here when they find I have gone!"

But she said nothing of all this. She only kissed her aunt tenderly, and included Isabella as well, and smiled coyly at Mark as she did so; while he was just clean daft over her, as Isabella said to Phœbe Greystoke—carrying sorrow there, at all events, if only joy reigned at Loanin' Head.

CROSS PURPOSES.

THERE never was a prettier homestead in all New England than that in which my story opens. The view from our parlor window was worth coming many a mile to see. There are on either side gently sloping mountains covered with verdure, save where gray patches of lichen-covered granite show. A little water-fall leaps headlong to the plain, and the stream wanders on, a thread of glancing silver, until seen no more in the green distance. Nearer is a garden full of color and fragrance, where are winding walks all overhung with roses. A bordered lawn, whose grass was left to grow, spangled with daisies. Within that cozy parlor, just five years ago, we all of us were sitting at the evening-time: my mother, the shadow of a once stately girl, my father, old and feeble too, and Margaret, besides myself. Fair and tall she was, with the pure and delicate tints upon her face that none but American girls possess; hair like spun gold; blue eyes full of merriment and love. But there is little use in describing her, for some ideal form that existed in the reader's mind before will rise before him or her, use what words I will. She was an orphan, and had lived with us these many years—the "daughter of the house"—and she and I had been as sister and brother long as I could remember. Of late the even current of our lives had been disturbed, however, by growing anxiety arising from the increasing infirmities of my parents. The future of us two young people was fair enough in many respects, so far as we could see; but while I could battle with the world, and meant to do it bravely, she would be alone when those who had been all the world to her should have passed away. And thus upon this evening when my story opens thoughts, only half revealed as yet by any of us, took shape, and were uttered at last. What those thoughts were may easily be guessed. With many tender words father and mother both, saying that they knew Margaret and I already loved each other well, fervently hoped that she and I should make life's journey hand in hand—that as a husband mine would be the right to shield and guide her always. But there was no pledge asked. There was time enough. At least we were both young, and a few years—it might be very few—but still there was time enough. Only let them, said they, be happy in the knowledge that we two would never part, and when those years were over there would be peace in the hearts of two old people. I took Margaret's hand, as she sat on a low stool at my mother's knee, hiding her face and softly weeping, and told her that so long as I had life and strength they would be for her; and if she loved me well enough to be my wife, some day I should ask her; "for," said I, "it is my dearest hope to call you mine." Margaret did not speak a word, but pressed my hand a little, while my mother bent down to her shining hair and kissed it gently. We were soon calm again, except that when lights came Margaret fled away, and I saw her no more that night.

Next day I went back to college, and for two years was little at home. The current of my life and of the others' flowed on evenly. Nothing was said of the tacit engagement between my cousin and myself, except some faint allusions to it now and then, but not from her. Once or twice during visits I was going to speak of it, but she seemed instinctively to guess my purpose and avoided me for the time. Certainly we did not seem like lovers, though I loved her more and more; and yet we were no longer on the footing of earlier years. Not that there was embarrassment between us, or, if there was, she did not feel it. We belonged to each other—that much was settled. We had promised virtually (I definitely) that we would marry—so much was well understood. With her the subject seemed put aside as past discussion; and her aspect was that of one who, having learned her destiny, accepted it without question and without emotion. Whether she ever looked forward to our union or not I did not know. It was a strange courtship altogether.

At length there came a period in my life when, like other young Americans, I thought a little foreign travel would put the finishing touches to my education. I consulted my father about it first, and then my mother. Both were willing that I should go, though not for long. Their health had been more robust of late, or rather less feeble, and they were not selfish enough, so they said, to stand in the way of what might be of service to me.

"But," said they, "what does Margaret think about it?"

"I have not even hinted at my wish as yet."

"Then do so at once. Her feelings in the matter must—ought to—weigh with you as much as ours, or even more."

That same evening I asked her to walk with me a while: no strange request, but one which seemed to startle her. But she quietly put on her hat, and we went out together. How well I remember that walk! We passed out from our garden gate, and wandered on through the little valley, where autumn-strewed leaves lay, deep and rustling, at our feet, and the glorious sunset flashed back from a hundred different hues of still thickly covered trees. We talked indifferently at first of many things, and by degrees her mind seemed re-assured, while I was more and more puzzled to begin the task before me. Yet it was easy enough, as I soon found. She uttered no wish upon the subject, but, on the contrary, hoped that I would stay long enough to become accustomed to European life a little; and that was all. And when I began upon the topic nearest to my heart she stopped me at once, saying that there would be time enough for that upon my return.

I pass over the events of my journey, and merely note that, without unusual incidents, I

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found myself at Paris. I was to pitch my tent there for a time, and chance and my own inclination were to determine the future course of my travel. So far as Paris was concerned, my introductions gave me guides and company, and before three days I was an invited guest of Victor de Brissolles, whose family were absent from the city for a week or two. He was and is a young man of many charming and estimable qualities—brave, sincere, honorable, and withal very handsome. We soon became inseparable, and knew each other's secrets. My engagement to Margaret was talked of between us more than once. And thus the time passed, and I began to think of crossing into Italy, only waiting to become acquainted with Victor's family, now expected every day.

Victor's family! I ought to have said his sister Adele—his "Little Pearl," his "Little White Rose," as he called her. Oh, she was beautiful! How can I tell it! We were introduced, and all was changed from that time forth. There came a new existence for me. Yes, another life seemed to have rushed into mine; and as I was once, so was I not now, nor would be evermore. I suppose there is a destiny in all this. I felt it to be so. I had been "in love" before this moment of transmutation, which condition of being in love I now on the instant found to be delusion. I did love Margaret very dearly, no doubt, and not now less than when I bade her good-by in the old house at home. But here was something different. Of course I soon became upon intimate terms with M. De Brissolles and his wife—a noble pair, and handsome still, with a little hauteur of manner, but kind as kind could be; and when, a day or two after my introduction to them, they begged me to postpone my further journey, I had no word but thanks. I staid with them for weeks, and day by day the image of Adele was always with me, while she had learned to blush when our eyes met, or tremble when her hand at times rested a moment in mine. Did others know this of us? I wondered. Yes; it appeared so. One day Victor and I were walking alone along one of the quays of the Seine, and, contrary to his usual habit, had been for some time silent. Presently we turned to retrace our steps, and wheeling simultaneously, were for the moment face to face. I knew that he was about to speak of her, and for an instant my heart stood still.

"My friend," said he, with great gentleness, but very gravely, "when shall you depart for Italy? Soon the season will be over for that Alpine travel which thou desiredst so much."

"I have not thought of it lately."

"Nevertheless, think of it now. I will be your companion. By-the-way, thou shalt once more tell me of thy American home, of monsieur thy good father, and madame the mother who is dear to thee, and yet another—shall I pronounce her name?"

"I have not forgotten it, Victor—alas! that it is too much absent from my thoughts already."

"Yet she is thy betrothed—thy fiancée? Yet thou art an honorable man?"

"Even so. The first is true; of the second I know not."

"But I know. Thou hast letters from her, doubtless?"

"Sometimes, but very seldom. A few cold words are all that they contain."

"But still she is beloved of thee?"

His words troubled me exceedingly, and he saw it. He placed his arm fondly on my shoulder: "Abner, I have known it all. But it must never be. Thou art pledged to Margaret; thy honor is involved in faith to her. Look you: we, Adele and I, have honor too. No broken promise, no broken troth, must cast its shadow over her fame or mine. I would rather she were in her grave; and for me, dear as you are to me, my friend, I would renounce you even at the sword's point."

"Did she bid you say this? I have never spoken to her of love, Victor; but if I did, I would take dismissal from no lips but hers. But it will never be needed. I will fulfill my engagement to Margaret. She shall not know how false I have been to her memory, poor girl. I can not give her a free heart, an entire love, but I will do my duty both to her and to myself. Speak no more of this, Victor. We will be to-morrow *en route*. I thank you that you have recalled me to myself; and I will try, if I can not forget, at least not to occupy myself with vain regrets."

Victor wrung my hand. "I knew it well," he said, "for I know thee." And we went home somewhat sadly, though each had satisfied his honor.

Oh, weary night! when the brain refuses to rest, and for the senses there is no oblivion; when all the past seems to rise up out of the darkness, and there goes on an agony of thought, a miserable recollection of what might have been, and was not—of happiness missed, of opportunities lost forever. As I lay broad awake that night I was about as wretched a creature as is to be found from Maine to Texas, which is saying a good deal. I had, in good faith and with honest purpose, promised my parents that I would marry their ward, my cousin. I had loved her, too, and told her so. If there were to be any meaning in such pledges as I had given, I should be the meanest dastard upon earth if I withdrew from them. Behind all this was the misery—nay, the ruin—that I should bring on the dwellers in what we used to call the happy valley. If I were false, nothing but contempt from her, despair for them, could come of it. And I had been, was, false. Another had taken the place that Margaret alone had held. I had no love but for Adele. To marry any but Adele would be an acted lie.

And yet the lie must be acted; the treason must be wrought out; I must fulfill my promise. There was no escape save by dishonor, and that kind of escape I felt, mad even as I was, I could not, would not, use. No, rather death itself. But then there were two kinds of dishonor. If I married without love, was not that as deep an injury to my wife as could be inflicted?—a home without love, a bondage endured, a heart ever disloyal, were these the fulfillment of the pledge I had made? Should I not rather be an impostor, a cheat, who offered to a noble, trusting woman a forgery, a counterfeit? God help me, for it was hard to bear, hard to think of, even.

So rolled the watches of the night away. The pain that racked me, heart and brain, was never still. Adele! Adele! why did I ever see your face? Why did your glorious eyes have smiles for me? Oh, Margaret, would that I had never left your side! would that you looked upon my agony to-night and showed to me the righteous way! So thinking, I could bear it no longer. Any thing was better than this. I must go home—must fly a presence that was a delight, but a terror also. And I carried my resolve into execution. Feigning excuses, I bade them all farewell—how I parted with Adele without betraying myself I can not tell—and before three days had taken passage for home once more.

They were all much startled by my sudden and unexpected appearance. I explained by saying that my health had suffered, and indeed my looks verified the assertion. "But I am very glad to have you back," said my father. "Maggie, too, has missed you sadly, and has been less and less like her cheerful self. I think we were all getting into a bad way, were we not, birdie?" We were not overjoyous that first evening of my return. My mother seemed oppressed with some care of which I knew nothing, and my cousin sat very silently by her side, the fire-light glancing brightly upon her golden hair. It was a relief when the servant ushered in Mr. Hamlyn, the rector of our little church, and who had been installed just before I had set out upon my travels. He was a thoroughly genial man. With his prompting, I found myself able to tell some of my experiences abroad. He had also visited Paris, and was thus able, by references to particular localities and persons, to recall circumstances to my mind which otherwise I should have forgotten. But with all his versatile conversation the evening was dull, and we went to bed, all of us, as if we were to be executed on the morrow. As for Margaret, the meeting between us was very constrained and awkward. She had, on my first entrance, suffered me to kiss her, but if she returned the salute at all it was so distantly as to have no affection in it. The fault was mine, of course, however. I had a secret—a guilty secret; and she read enough of my face to know it. Very likely, too, my manner—though I strove that it should be otherwise—indicated some change which, though not understood, was yet inimical to her peace.

And time sped on gloomily enough. I knew with a grim despair that Margaret was to be mine. There was no sort of romance about it, no doubt about it, no joy about it. When I went away she had been passive, I eager and fond. Now she was passive still, only that her eyes often looked weary and her face pale, and her step was less elastic than of old, while I was changed from the eager lover into nothing more than a studiously polite bridegroom elect, without any apparent interest or thought or gladness concerning what to men usually is looked forward to as the consummation of their dearest, fondest hopes. Me a lover, and a lover without a spark of visible emotion. We were a strange couple in the opinion of our friends, no doubt—unless, indeed, we were not so closely watched by them as by each other. I had no thought of turning back; if she had, she did not show it. We had definitely arranged our future, and there was an end of it. I had written to Victor, with apologies to his sister and the rest—*he* knew why I had fled without my telling him, and no apology to him was needed. I told him, too, that in the spring there would be an end of my youth, and that the one disloyalty to her who was to call me husband was over. In reply he told me that Adele was gone to Baden with some friends. Her health was good; but in their mutual confidences she had owned to having suffered by my abrupt departure, but that she would pray that I and my wife would be happy in each other's love.

So on went the days, and the day of days—to most young men and women, but not to us—was at hand. A month, a week, and at length to-morrow would be the end of it. To-morrow I would be "Benedick the married man." A few words spoken, a signature, a little feast, and then farewell all dreams of joy, of bliss. I did not see Margaret that day. She was too ill and agitated. Poor girl! I pitied her even more than myself, though one circumstance, which I shall come to presently, was utterly unknown to me. John Hamlyn should perform the ceremony in due course of his parish duty, but had declined, preferring that another clergyman should officiate. He would be present, however. He said that he could not refuse so much to a young lady whom he esteemed above all others, and a friend—that was me—for whom he wished every happiness that this world could bestow.

I asked to see my mother before retiring that night, and she came to me. She had been weeping, I am sure. I asked her for her blessing, and she gave it me. "And how is Margaret?" said I. "Somewhat nervous and out of spirits," replied my mother, looking anxiously at me. The words were on my tongue that might have broken off the marriage even then; but I would not say them. I would not bring a sorrow, such as those words would bring, upon the dear old lady who stood before me. "Give my love to her," I said. "May her dreams be pleasant, and to-morrow make her happy!"

And now uprose the golden sun, flashing over hill and dale, brown rock and shining streamlet. How bright and beautiful were all things! And alas! how beautiful was she! Yes; but pale as any lily, and drooping as the lily droops beneath an angry cloud. What mattered that! it was her fate and mine that waited its accomplishment. There were friends there, many and warm, as the world goes. There were fair girls all wreathed in tearful smiles, and men with noisy congratulations, uttered with much awkwardness. There were father and mother, anxious, but trying to look glad. Did they, like me, see in it all a sacrifice? But soon a rustle of many feet and of silken robes told that the hour had come. The rector of the next parish—Dr. Holcomb—was ready. Our own rector was standing near him. And then came the moment for placing bride and bridegroom in ceremonial form. We stood up, side by side, and as we did so our eyes met. On the instant Margaret suddenly reeled, and would have fallen but that Mr. Hamlyn, quicker than I, caught her in his arms.

I need not describe the confusion that followed. A few privileged friends left the room with her, and the remaining guests waited silently, dreading they knew not what. At last the door opened, and my father, trembling with agitation, beckoned me, and I went to where she was. She lay within my mother's arms, weeping—oh! such dreary weeping! such passionate tears!—as if her heart were breaking.

There was no marriage that day, nor for many days. Nor was she now ever to be my wife; for she owed her heart's allegiance to another, and she paid the debt. Like me, she had intended to be a martyr, out of love for those to whom she owed so much. The only difference between us was that, while her strength failed her, mine stood firm. A few words more and I have done. Again the wedding-party assembled—with a difference. I was best man now, and our rector groom elect. No faintings now, no sorrow. As the words ended that made him a happy man and her a happy woman, I folded her to my heart with a peaceful joy I never felt before, and whispering "sister darling," blessed her from my soul. As the recollection of that day passes, another picture comes beaming into memory. It is of a Paris home interior, where a girl with dark, swimming eyes gazes upon the face of one who is kneeling at her feet. As he looks up with passionate love he can scarcely speak the words, "Can you forgive and love me still?" Lower and lower she bends her shining head, as with a rosy blush she whispers, "Both."

MATRIMONIAL SUPERSTITIONS.

IN olden days June was held the most propitious month in the twelve for marriage—a happy result being rendered doubly certain if the ceremony was timed so as to take place at the full moon, or when the sun and moon were in conjunction. That unimpeachable authority, the registrar-general, tells us that May is in these later days a favorite marrying month in England, so that one matrimonial superstition has gone the way all such fancies are doomed, sooner or later, to go; for May used to be as much avoided by persons about to marry as June was favored, that merry month being supposed to be specially under the influence of malignant spirits delighting in domestic discord. "The girls are all stark naught that wed in May," is the verdict of one old saw; another declares—

> From the marriages in May,
> All the bairns die and decay;

a third pronounces, "Who marries between the sickle and the scythe will never thrive;" while a poet, complimenting the month at the expense of what should be the ruling passion in marriage-minded folks, sings:

> May never was the month of Love,
> For May is full of flowers;
> But rather April, wet by kind,
> For Love is full of showers!

In times gone by, candidates for connubiality in England were obliged to study times and seasons. The Church would not allow them to marry just when they felt inclined. "Marriage," says the register of Norton, "comes in on the 13th of January, and at Septuagesima Sunday it is out again until Low Sunday, at which time it comes in again, and goes not out till Rogation Sunday; thence it is forbidden until Trinity Sunday; from thence it is unforbidden till Advent Sunday, and comes not in again until the 13th of January." That those concerned might better remember the rules, somebody put them into rhyme, running thus:

> Advent marriage doth deny,
> But Hilary gives thee liberty;
> Septuagesima says thee nay;
> Eight days from Easter says you may;
> Rogation bids thee to contain,
> But Trinity sets thee free again.

It was considered improper to marry upon Innocents' day, because it commemorated the slaughter of the children by Herod; and it was equally wrong to wed upon St. Joseph's day. In fact, the whole season of Lent was declared sacred from the intrusion of Hymen's devotees. "Marry in Lent, and you'll repent!" and there are good people still who, if they do not believe that bit of proverbial wisdom to be prophetic, undoubtedly think Lenten wedders deserve to find it so.

Young ladies should abstain from listening to any one whose surname begins with the same letter as their own:

> To change the name and not the letter,
> Is a change for the worse, and not for the better:

and they would do well to take the precaution of placing their initials in conjunction with those of any admirer they incline to favor, and ask, like Malvolio, "What should that alphabetical position portend?" for if, of the united initials, any word can be formed, they may be certain the owners of them will never be happy together.

It is an unhappy omen for a wedding to be put off when the day has once been fixed. In Sweden it is believed much harm will ensue if a bridegroom stands at the junction of cross-roads, or beside a closed gate, upon his wedding-morn. It is a bad sign if the bride fails to shed tears on the happy day, or if she indulges herself by taking a last admiring glance at the looking-glass after her toilet is completed; but she may gratify her vanity without danger if she leaves one hand ungloved until beyond temptation. To meet a priest, dog, cat, lizard, or serpent on the way to church—to look back, or to mount many steps before gaining the church door, are alike ominous of future unhappiness; and, according to north-country notions, it is courting misfortune to marry in green, or while there is an open grave in the church-yard, or to go in at one door and out at another. The weather, too, has a good or bad influence upon affairs; happy is the bride the sun shines on, and, of course, the converse is equally true. Chamberlain, writing to his friend Carleton in 1603, tells him how the wedding of their mutual acquaintance, Mr. Winwood, was celebrated to an accompaniment of thunder, lightning, and rain that was ominous enough to have startled a superstitious man, which, luckily, Winwood was not; so "he turned all to the best," like a loving groom and a wise man. Evil portents may scare the happy pair even after the knot has been tied. "When the bride-maids undress the bride," says Misson, describing the marriage merriments of England, "they must throw away and lose all the pins. Woe to the bride if a single one be left about her; nothing will go right! Woe, also, to the bride-maids if they keep one of them, for they will not be married before Whitsuntide, or till the Easter following, at soonest!" Where the Scottish custom is followed of the newly-wedded couple being welcomed home by the husband's mother meeting them at the door and breaking a currant bun over the head of the bride before her foot crosses the threshold, it is thought a very bad omen if the bun be by any mistake broken over any head but that to which the honor is due. If a bridal party ventures off dry land, they must go up stream; should they be fool-hardy enough to go down the water, either the bride, the bridegroom, or one of the bride-maids will infallibly feed the fishes.

The only omens we know of tending to encourage adventurers in the great lottery of life are the meeting of a wolf, spider, or toad on the way to church, and a cat sneezing within the bride's hearing the day before the wedding; but, fortunately, there are many ways of insuring happy fortune. In the Highlands of Scotland the malicious influence of warlocks and witches used to be kept at bay by preventing any unlucky dog passing between the couple on their road to church, and by taking care the bridegroom's left shoe bore no latchet and buckle. By using gray horses in the bridal carriage, the same good purpose is effected. Swedish bridegrooms sew garlic, chives, and rosemary in their wedding garments, to frustrate the evil designs of the trolls and sprites; and the attendants on the lady carry bouquets of the same herbs in their hands; while the bride herself fills her pockets with bread, which she dispenses to any poor wayfarers she espies as she goes to church, every piece she gets rid of averting a misfortune; the gift, however, is of no use to the receiver, since, if he eats it, he thereby brings the misfortune upon his own head. Manxmen find a pocketful of salt equally efficacious. The brides of Elba go bare-headed to church; and while the ceremony is proceeding, the happy man puts his knee upon the bride's dress, preventing evil spirits putting in their undesired presence, and whispering words in the bride's ear which would render the priest's prayer for fertility utterly inoperative. Women married at Jarrow need no prayers to make them joyful mothers of many children, that end being attained by sitting themselves down in the chair of the Venerable Bede as soon as the parson has done his part. In some parts of England good luck is supposed to be insured by a friend making a hen cackle in the house of the wedded pair. In China they have a curious ceremony, believed to be a never-failing means of making a marriage turn out well for the lady. When she has taken her place in the sedan in which she is to be carried to her future home, her father and mother, or other near relatives, hold a bed-quilt up by its four corners in front of the bridal chair. Into this one of the bride's female cronies tosses, one by one, four bread-cakes (the gift of the bridegroom's family), sending them up high in air; while the lady most concerned in the matter repeats without ceasing certain sentences invoking happiness upon herself and spouse, to which the company assembled respond with the Chinese equivalent for "Amen."

The lately revived custom of throwing shoes after a newly wedded couple for luck is a very old one. In the Isle of Man the shoe is thrown after bride and bridegroom as they leave their respective abodes; but the ceremony is generally performed, elsewhere, upon the departure of the hero and heroine of the day for the honey-moon trip. In some parts of Kent, the shoe-throwing does not take place until after they have gone; when the single ladies range themselves in one line, and the bachelors range themselves in another. An old shoe is then thrown as far as the thrower's strength permits, and the ladies race after it, the winner being rewarded by the assurance that she will be married before any of her rivals. She then throws the shoe at the gentlemen, the one she hits laying the same pleasing unction to his heart. Something like this is practiced, too, in Yorkshire and Scotland. In Germany it used to be the rule for the bride, as she was being conducted to her chamber, to take off her shoe and throw it among the guests, who battled for its possession, the successful he or she being held destined to be speedily married and settled.

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MEMORIES OF DISTINGUISHED AUTHORS.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

By GEORGE P. PUTNAM.

THE name of WASHINGTON IRVING has been so permanently embalmed in the affections of English-reading people on both sides of the Atlantic that it is, perhaps, superfluous, in a paper of off-hand recollections of him, to do more than refer very briefly to the chief landmarks of his life. The picturesque incidents of his long and varied career are almost as well known as are his books in every household; and few other names in the entire annals of literature are so pleasantly and satisfactorily associated in intelligent minds with honorable personal character, pure genius, and spotless fame.

For convenient reference I place in tabular form the leading

DATES IN IRVING'S LIFE.

Born in New York city, 131 William Street,* April 3	1783
Began to study law (æt. 16)	1798
Visited Europe (æt. 21)—France, Sicily, Italy, England	1804
Returned to New York	1806
"Salmagundi" (shared with Paulding and William Irving)	1807
At Richmond (as aid to counsel in Burr's trial)	1807
"Knickerbocker" published (revised edition 1812; final revision 1848)	1809
Death of Miss Hoffman (his betrothed)	1809
Analectic Magazine, Philadelphia—edited by Washington Irving (he wrote in this biographies and reviews)	1813–14
Aid to Governor Tompkins in war-time	1814

THE PORCH.

Second visit to Europe (intercourse with Campbell, Disraeli the elder, Scott, Jeffrey, Allston, Gifford, Lockhart, Hallam, etc.)	1815
Failure in business at Liverpool	1818
"The Sketch-Book," in numbers, published in New York	1819
First volume published by Miller, London	1820
Second volume by Murray, London	1820
Residence in Paris (intimacy with Moore, Talma, Talleyrand, etc.)	1821
"Bracebridge Hall," published in New York, and by Murray	1822
Visit to Germany (Heidelberg, Dresden, etc.)	1822
At Paris (Howard Payne, Byron, Galignani)	1823
At London (Rogers and other notabilities)	1824
"Tales of a Traveller," published in New York, and by Murray	1824

* The house was destroyed about 1854, and replaced by a "store."

Visit to Madrid ("Columbus" commenced)	1826
"Life of Columbus," published by Carvills, New York, and by Murray	1828
Journeys in Spain with Prince Dolgorouki, Sir David Wilkie, etc. (Malaga, Seville, Granada, Gibraltar, etc.)	1828
"Conquest of Granada," published by Carey & Lea, Philadelphia, and by Murray	1829
Residence in the Alhambra	1829
Appointed secretary at London with M'Lane	1829
"Companions of Columbus," published (Carvills, Murray)	1830

Washington Irving

Return to New York—public dinner to him there	1832
"The Alhambra," published by Carey & Lea, and by Colburn	1832
Journey to the Western prairies, September	1832
"Tour on the Prairies," published by Carey, and by Murray	1835
"Abbotsford and Newstead," and "Spanish Legends," published by Carey, and by Murray	1835
Sunnyside purchased and remodeled	1835
"Astoria," published by Carey, and by Colburn	1836
Offered nomination as Mayor of New York; also that of Secretary of the Navy (Van Buren)	1837
"Bonneville's Adventures," published by Carey, and by Bentley	1837
Commenced actual work on "Life of Washington"	1841
Appointed minister to Spain (Tyler, Webster)	1842
Presides at dinner to Charles Dickens	1842
In London, at "Literary Fund" (Moore, Campbell, etc.)	1842
At Madrid as minister, August, 1842, to August	1846
Revised edition of his works, commenced by Putnam, September	1848
"Life of Goldsmith," published by Putnam, and by Murray	1849
"Mahomet and His Successors," published by Putnam, and by Murray	1850
"Wolfert's Roost," published by Putnam, and by Murray	1855
"Life of Washington" (vols. i. and ii., 1855; vol. iii., 1856; vol. iv., 1857; vol. v., April 10, 1857)	1855
Death of Washington Irving (æt. 76), November 28	1859
Burial at Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, December 3	1859
Commemoration of him at Academy of Music, New York, April 3	1860

It is notable of Irving that, though he was a pale and slender invalid at twenty-one, he became vigorous and robust in maturer life; that his tastes and habits were exceptionally home-like, and his disposition affectionate and loving, yet he lived and died unmarried; that he was modest and retiring, yet as proudly high-toned and sensitive as if he had been heir to a line of kings; that he had a repugnance to all business details involving dollars and cents, yet was conscientious and careful to an extreme in all engagements and obligations; and, while he lived as a gentleman, and (like Scott) had to surmount and conquer early business disasters, yet he finally left a handsome property for his friends as the result of his literary labors; that he was morbidly averse to political conflicts and to public life, and yet he had honors thrust upon him against his will—the secretaryship at London, the Spanish mission, a seat in Congress, the Navy Department, and the mayoralty of New York (these last three declined), and a "D.C.L." at Oxford and "LL.D." elsewhere, though he had never studied in college at all. He was specially repugnant to regular and periodical tasks, yet he was thrice urged to become an editor—Scott offering him a salary of £500 when he was unknown, and Murray tendering £1000 a year and contingencies, to conduct a magazine. Literary composition was apt to be so irksome to him, unless "in the mood," that he sometimes fagged over a single sentence, or gave up the attempt altogether, yet his voluminous writings cover a wide range of themes, and his style became proverbial as a model of easy grace and off-hand, unstudied elegance.

The change referred to as to his physical constitution is indicated by the remark of the captain when he came, pale and fragile, on board the vessel for his first trip to Europe: "There's a chap who will go overboard before we get across;" and yet he lived after this full half a century and five years more, stout, hale, and hearty, and died in full possession of all his faculties.

These contrasts are perhaps in keeping with a peculiar fancy or whimsical mood, such as prompted the completion of one of his most humorous sketches ("The Stout Gentleman") while sitting on a grave-stone in a country church-yard, while one of his most tender and pathetic papers was written in the *early* hours after a ball.

The story of his long and honorable career is told chiefly in his correspondence with intimate friends, interspersed with letters to and from some of the most famous men of the century. These letters form the staple of the attractive and entertaining biography edited by his nephew and literary executor, Pierre M. Irving. They extend over sixty years of the political and literary history of both hemispheres.

As to his family history, I need only refer to an unpublished letter, written for a special purpose, viz.: In 1850 the present Mr. Murray and Mr. Bentley commenced a suit against Mr. H. G. Bohn, the London publisher, for infringement of their copyrights in the English editions of Irving's works, which Bohn had "piratically" reprinted in a cheap form, in defiance of both courtesy and justice. Mr. Irving, having received liberal sums from the elder Murray, and from Colburn & Bentley—no less than £12,212—for his earlier works, those gentlemen naturally resisted this unneighborly proceeding, and wrote to Mr. Irving, hoping in some way to claim him as an essentially *British* author, imagining that he was a Scotchman by birth, or by right of his father, and that he was thus *legally* entitled to copyright in England. In Mr. Irving's reply, of which I have a copy, he says:

"It will not be in my power to come to England to give testimony in this matter, as has been suggested by your lawyer, but I am ready to send you all the testimony I can command. I am not disposed to enter into litigation on my own account. . . . Above all, I have no idea of compromising my character as a native-born and thoroughly loyal American citizen in seeking to promote my pecuniary interests, though I am willing to take all proper steps to protect yours.

"MEMORANDA.

"My father embarked at Falmouth, to settle in America, 25th May, 1763, and arrived in New York 18th July following. He resided in New York until his death with the exception of two years' sojourn in a country town during the war of the Revolution. He was strongly devoted to the American cause throughout the war, and, of course, on the return of peace, took every step necessary to establish his character as an American citizen. He had been engaged in mercantile business. . . .

"I was brought up and educated at his expense, and not at that of my two elder brothers, as erroneously asserted in the statement of Mr. Bohn. I was destined for the bar, but before I had completed my studies I was sent to Europe for the benefit of my health. I embarked for Bordeaux May 19, 1804, remained nearly two years abroad, visiting Italy, Sicily, Switzerland, France, Belgium, Holland, and England, and returned home in March, 1806.

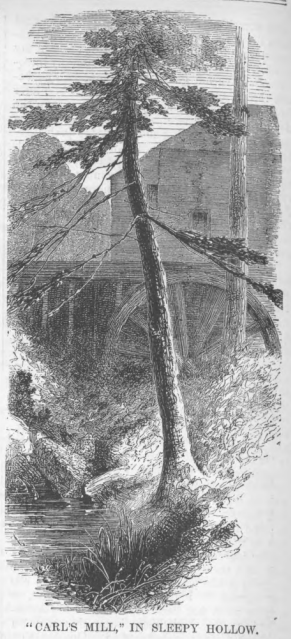
"Resuming the study of the law, I was admitted to the bar November 21, 1806, but never practiced, having imbibed a taste for literary pursuits. In the indulgence of this I wrote some of the papers in 'Salmagundi,' and produced 'Knickerbocker's New York,' which first appeared December 6, 1809.

"To enable me more completely to follow out my literary vein, two of my brothers, in 1810, gave me a share in a mercantile concern which they were establishing in New York and Liverpool, requiring no attention to business on my part. . . .

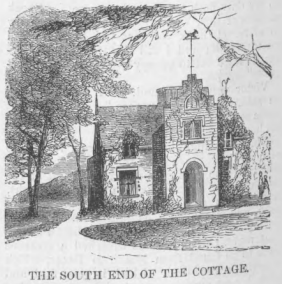
"The military service which Mr. Bohn mentions took place during our last war with Great Britain, when the destruction of the Capitol at Washington, in 1814, roused every one to take some active part in the war. I then joined the military staff of the Governor of New York as aid-de-camp, and continued as such until the return of peace.

"On the 25th May, 1815, I embarked for Liverpool, on a second visit to Europe. The sudden reverses in business which took place on the return of peace overwhelmed the house in which my brothers had kindly given me an interest, and involved me in its ruin.

"I then determined to try my pen as a means of support, and began the papers of the 'Sketch-Book.' While thus occupied I resided in London from July, 1818, to August, 1820. The MS. for the 'Sketch-Book' was transmitted piecemeal, to be published in numbers in New York. After several numbers had thus ap-



"CARL'S MILL," IN SLEEPY HOLLOW.



THE SOUTH END OF THE COTTAGE.

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BRIDGE OVER THE POCANTICO, THE SCENE OF ICHABOD CRANE'S ADVENTURE.

NORTH AND WEST SIDE OF SUNNYSIDE.

peared, I was induced to publish the work collectively in London."

The letter then narrates the subsequent story of his published works.

The suits were compromised without a trial, Bohn purchasing from Murray and Bentley all their right and interest in the works, whatever they might prove to be. Mr. Bohn had assumed that no copyright whatever could be sustained, and had printed the books for a nominal price; but as soon as he had secured the nominal control of them he challenged all comers, and forbade all interference with his "copyright" in them, warning all the custom-houses in the kingdom to stop and destroy any stray volumes of the American editions, as infringements of his vested interests. As a sequel to all this, a little incident may here be related, as it is connected with Irving's boyhood.

In 1860 I received a letter from "William Buchanan, M.D.," dated "Near Greenock, Scotland," saying that he had heard of the recent death of his quondam school-fellow, Washington Irving, and instructing me to send him the "handsomest set of Irving's works," in the best binding. He proceeded to fill his letter with gossiping reminiscences, saying that he was then eighty years old; that he was born in New Jersey in 1780, and was christened at Morristown, in the presence of Washington and Lafayette, who were "hutted" there with the army; that he had been sent to school in New York, and well remembered Washington Irving as one of his classmates; that he had watched Irving's career ever since, though he had not met him after the school-days; that he had been a surgeon in the American navy, but had now retired to the home of his ancestors, where his bones would be left, but meanwhile he wanted to read his schoolmate's books. A costly set of these was sent accordingly. In due time came an indignant letter from the old gentleman, reporting that he had been accused of trying to smuggle contraband goods, that his "Irving" had been seized by order of Mr. Bohn, and that it was about to be cut up literally into small pieces. It was a long story. Letters passed for months. Mr. B. was inexorable, remonstrance useless, and the veteran of fourscore actually made a journey of four hundred miles to London before he could persuade the stern defender of "right" to give up his "Irving."*

The school where young Buchanan was a classmate of Irving was doubtless that of Benjamin Romaine, at 198 Fulton Street, then 37 Partition Street. In 1833 a letter from this Mr. Romaine to his former pupil reminded him of their last previous meeting at Washington, "eighteen years ago"—it was in 1812—when Mr. Irving was there as a "lobbyist" (!), in company with John G. Coster, John Mason, and Abraham R. Lawrence, as "a committee of New York merchants" to get "relief" from Congress in the matter of certain "penalty bonds." This business achieved, as the pedagogue proceeds to say, chiefly by Washington Irving, the party made a trip to Mount Vernon, "in six carriages," Romaine being deputed to make an address to Judge Washington; and "they all wept" at the tomb of *Pater Patriæ*. They dined at Alexandria, on canvas-backs, and bought "about forty" of "that delicious water-fowl" for "a dinner treat to Henry Clay," at Washington. "On that occasion" (the Clay dinner), says Romaine's letter, "*you* were charged as the writer of 'Salmagundi,' 'Knickerbocker,' etc.....I left the room for a short space, and on my return unusual attention was paid to me, for which I could not account. Gallatin,* an old school-master, and one or two other great men who had served in that capacity, came to me, and spoke of certain ways and means of school-keeping.....I was told that in my absence you had 'blown me sky-high,' as John Randolph would say, for having first taught you to read and write. I care not if you did this to escape attention yourself, as the effect to me was four or five invitations to dinner-parties."

This worthy pedagogue, by-the-way, was a disciplinarian of the old school, and young Washington Irving used to be greatly disgusted with his antique mode of posterior punishment of the boys after the girls were dismissed.

RIVER VISTAS FROM THE LAWN AT SUNNYSIDE.

Reverting to Mr. Irving's ancestry, which Mr. Murray's letter had made a subject of inquiry, in the hope of claiming him as a "Britisher," it is curious that the tower of Drum, where his ancestors resided, still stands, sound and unimpaired, and claiming to be the oldest inhabited dwelling in Scotland. It had been given in 1324 by King Robert Bruce to William de Irwyn for faithful services, and the Irwyn, or Irvine, family still live there.* In 1660 Dr. C. Irvine mentioned in his annals that "some of the *foolish* wrote themselves *Irving*."

Peter Irving, writing from London in 1810 to his brother Washington, says he had found at the Herald's College a MS. account of the family, written by this Dr. C. Irvine, "historiographer to Charles II." In this account it appeared that among the early members of this family was that very King Duncan who was murdered by Macbeth! Thus, at least, wrote the historiographer of Charles II. If Diedrich Knickerbocker thus really inherited the blood of his Majesty, "the unguarded Duncan," it had doubtless been mixed at some time with that of some less royal stock, or the "history of the world" and of the three Dutch dynasties would never have been written.

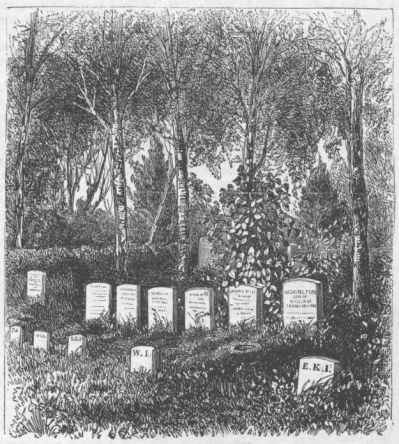
This paper is not intended to be even an outline of the biography of Irving as narrated in the entertaining volumes of his nephew. It aims to give only some desultory scraps here and there, supplementing those volumes with stray bits of personal recollection. The memoranda of dates at the beginning will serve to fix the leading incidents of his life in their proper order.

Some pleasant traits of his boyhood have been preserved in MS. memoranda of his biographer besides those mentioned in the book. His father was a Presbyterian of the old Covenanter stamp. Yet, oddly enough, Washington Irving was christened in the old St. George's Chapel in Beekman Street,† though the rite was performed by a Presbyterian, the dismantling of the churches during the war, then just closed, having made it needful for different sects to accommodate each other. The "blessing" obtained for Washington Irving by his Scotch nurse from Washington himself, which she claimed as for "his namesake," left, perhaps, a positive inspiration on the boy which may have unconsciously influenced his after-life, and his crowning literary work. The strict discipline of his conscientious father led the youth to think (as he said to his biographer) that "somehow or other every thing that was pleasant was wicked." Yet, as a boy, he was full of merry mischief of a venial sort; and he was a great reader, "devouring every thing—tales, travels, voyages, history, etc.—thus acquiring great familiarity with words and their uses." Romaine used to recognize this, and would question him: "General" (this was his style), "what is the meaning of this word, or that phrase," etc.

His trip up the Hudson in the year 1800—his journey through the wilderness to Ogdensburg,* Montreal, and Quebec, in 1803—must have fed his early longings to travel and see the world. That sloop voyage to the Highlands and the Kaatskills, which he described fifty years after in the "Landscape-Book," was a momentous and romantic affair compared to present modes of locomotion; and the journey to the North at that time must have been at least equal to a trip round the world to-day under modern appliances. Then the voyage to Europe in 1804, at the time when Napoleon I. was assuming the imperial purple; his rambles through France, Sicily, and Italy when those countries were most romantically attractive to a young American; his intimacy with Allston at Rome, and how he narrowly missed being an artist himself—all this is pleasantly told in his letters and journals. At home again we next have his "Oldstyle" and "Salmagundi,"† and other early pencilings, and then his famous "Knickerbocker;" his first and only "love" (Matilda Hoffman, whose early death, in 1809, tinged his whole life, for he was loyal to her memory to the last); his life as an editor (of the *Analectic*); his second visit to Europe, and long residence in England and Spain, extending from 1815 to 1832; the familiar associations with famous persons there; the pleasant and profitable fame resulting from the "Sketch-Book," and "Bracebridge," and "The Traveller," and "Columbus"—all this forms a chapter of literary biography scarcely excelled in interest by any in the language.

When Irving was writing "The Sketch-Book" in London, in 1818, he took lodgings at a Mrs. Holloway's, in Cockspur Lane, and one of his unpublished letters gave an amusing account of the scrutiny bestowed upon him, by the landlady's friends, as a referenceless and questionable stranger, who might prove as fainless in paying as some others of her patrons had been. But Mrs. H. had instinctive confidence in him, and her faith was subsequently rewarded by substantial

THE OLD DUTCH CHURCH IN SLEEPY HOLLOW.



IRVING'S GRAVE.

* Dr. Buchanan was a correspondent of the late venerable John Allan, the veteran virtuoso of Vandewater street.

* Albert Gallatin, Secretary of the Treasury under Jefferson.

* An engraving of it is given in "Irving's Life," vol. iii., Riverside edition.

† Destroyed in 1869.

* Then called Oswegatchie.

† The "summer-house" of Cockloft Hall still stands near Newark, New Jersey, and was represented in *facsimile* at the Metropolitan Fair in New York in 1864. Irving in later life spoke of these early writings as "juvenile indiscretions," and declined to include them in his revised works.

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services rendered by her lodger after he had become known as an author. Her suspicion of literary men had been fostered by the experience of her late husband, a wine-merchant, who had trustfully given credit to —— —— (the famous essayist). The delayed account had been sent to the delinquent's wife. "Ah!" said she, "Mr. —— is a literary man—a man of genius; he could not attend to these things." The case was mentioned to Mr. I. "Send your attorney to the man of genius," was his reply; "I know of no genius that lifts a man above his honest engagements."

When his friends Leslie and Stuart Newton were with him about this time, he suggested, as a subject for a painting, "The Dull Lecture." A playful competition ensued, Newton being the victor. The painting was engraved for an annual, and Irving wrote the motto:

"Frosty age, frosty age,
Vain all thy learning,
Drowsy page, drowsy page,
Evermore turning:
Young love no lore will heed;
Young heart's a restless rover;
Young beauty, while you read,
Sleeping, dreams of absent lover."

Some one looking at the painting with the motto, said, "Ah! but after all there is nothing like the *old* poetry!"

When Mr. Irving returned to his native city, in 1832, after an absence of seventeen years, he had won world-wide fame for himself and for American literature; and no other name, except Cooper's, had then become familiar in Europe as that of an American author. It was natural enough, then, that he should be received with enthusiasm, and honored with a special greeting from the magnates of the time at a public dinner. This was at the old City Hotel, near Trinity Church, and was a notable event and the town-talk. Chancellor Kent presided, and Irving, in his speech of thanks, which he managed to stumble through creditably, nervous and timid though he was in such attempts, said he should now remain in his native land "as long as he lived"—a statement that was greeted with "immense applause."

Five years later, in March, 1837, it was my fortune to see Mr. Irving for the first time as one of the chief guests at another entertainment, given by the booksellers, at this same City Hotel, in the "assembly-room," where even the "fashion" of the town used to have their balls and concerts. Some three hundred were present, including Bryant, Halleck, Paulding, Chancellor Kent, Philip Hone, Charles King, William L. Stone, Dr. Francis, and most of the authors and notabilities of the time. One of the officers was Fletcher Harper; the witty John Keese was engineer of "sentiments." The speeches were exceptionally interesting and animated—so at least they seemed to a novice—and the whole affair was a notable success. Mr. Irving, timid as he was, turned off a neat little speech, listened to with lively deference, in which he quoted a letter from Rogers, the poet, complimenting Halleck, and saying that his poems were "better than any thing [they] can do just now on [their] side of the Atlantic." The company rose and drank "the health of Samuel Rogers" with great enthusiasm; and Henry Russell, the noted vocalist, then made his *début* by singing "The Old English Gentleman," to the great delight of the guests, and especially of Geoffrey Crayon.*

Speaking of Rogers at a later day, he said Rogers was kind-hearted to the poor, but cynical to the rich; he would help a poor artist of merit until he was successful, and then would "give him a dig." Rogers lived to see Irving in England again more than once, for he reached the great age of fourscore-and-ten.

Just before this time Mr. Irving had taken possession of his new purchase, the Van Tassell cottage of the "Sleepy Hollow" legend, afterward known as Wolfert's Roost, and which, with the aid of Mr. George Harvey as a designer, he had translated into the snug and attractive retreat rechristened Sunnyside. We saw him occasionally at our place of business in Broadway, where he used to come as a contributor to the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, edited by L. Gaylord Clark. These contributions, with some others, were afterward collected in the volume named "Wolfert's Roost."

The magazine did not apparently gain much in circulation even with such a contributor, and Mr. Irving's own share of the gains could not have been large.

The bust of Mr. Irving by Ball Hughes, made about this time, used to ornament our desk, and was then considered a good likeness, as he was then in his prime, at fifty-four.†

Mr. Irving had actually commenced writing the history of the conquest of Mexico, and had become greatly interested in the magnificent theme, as a sequel to his "Columbus," when he learned from Dr. Cogswell that Prescott proposed the same subject. He at once dropped it, though with great reluctance—especially as it soon appeared that Prescott had not really begun his work. His correspondence about the matter with that eminent historian is characteristic of both parties; neither was to be outdone by the other in chivalrous courtesy.

One of Mr. Irving's visitors at "The Roost" in 1837 was a young foreigner named Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, afterward known as Emperor Napoleon III., and as the Man of Sedan. It don't appear that the horoscope of this youth was recast at the cottage, or that his future elevation and downfall were even guessed at there. Years after I heard Mr. Irving speak of having at Granada often had the little Eugénie Montijo on his knee as a pet child. In one of his letters (1853) he says:

"The last I saw of Eugénie Montijo she was one of the reigning belles of Madrid; and she and her giddy circle had swept away my charming young friend, the beautiful and accomplished ——, into the career of fashionable dissipation. Now Eugénie is upon a throne, and —— is a voluntary recluse in a convent of one of the most rigorous orders! Poor ——! *Perhaps, however, her fate may ultimately be the happiest of the two.* 'The storm' with her 'is o'er, and she's at rest;' *but the other is launched, from a returnless shore, upon a dangerous sea, infamous for its tremendous shipwrecks. Am I to live to see the catastrophe of her career, and the end of this suddenly conjured-up empire, which seems to be of 'such stuff as dreams are made of?'* I confess my personal acquaintance with the individuals in this historical romance gives me uncommon interest in it; but I consider it *stamped with danger and instability*, and as liable to extravagant vicissitudes as one of Dumas's novels."

We may not discover any profound sagacity, or special gift of prophecy in these surmises, but they are curiously in accordance with the *finale* of 1870, which the seer did *not* "live to see."

In February, 1842, Mr. Irving and his friends were equally surprised on his receiving from Mr. Webster, Secretary of State under President Tyler, the information that he had been appointed minister to Spain. This compliment was wholly unexpected, and seems to have been the spontaneous suggestion of Mr. Webster alone. "Washington Irving," said he to a visitor, "will be the most astonished man in New York." "It is hard," said the recipient of the honor, who was diligently doing "Washington" at the cottage where he was cozily settled for life—"it is hard; but God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.....I must try to bear it." Such was his humor; yet it was more than half in earnest that he thus received an honor that many would have pushed hard to secure.*

He had now published "The Crayon Miscellany," "Astoria," and "Bonneville," and the mission to Spain would have been declined had he not expected to proceed with the "Life of Washington" at Madrid.

It was just before he sailed for Europe again that Dickens came to New York, and Irving presided at the dinner given to the young novelist, whose fame was already secured. Mr. Irving's speech and his break-down on this occasion were pleasantly described by the late Professor Felton (who was also a guest), in his remarks before the Massachusetts Historical Society.†

On the 11th May, 1842, Mr. Irving, being in London, on the way to his post at Madrid, attended the anniversary of the "Literary Fund"—a society for the relief of disabled authors. The "Fund" (if not the authors) is fed annually, as is usual with British charities, at a public dinner, for which the participants pay usually a guinea a head, with the further privilege of leaving their autographs on the subscription books, which are produced when the cloth is removed and the guests have become amiable over their port. A lion or two of some sort is usually provided on these occasions in the guise of an orator, and a titled chairman is almost indispensable—if not a duke or an earl, then a baronet is made to answer. This seems to be the chronic mode of reaching Uncle John's pocket, and of feeding many good purposes, from an academy of fine arts to a small-pox hospital. On this special occasion, where I first met Mr. Irving in Europe, the attractions were more than ordinary. For a chairman we had no less a personage than Prince Albert, the Queen's handsome husband, then in the flower of his youth and popularity; and this was his first appearance as a presiding officer. He made two or three addresses in the course of the evening, and acquitted himself wonderfully—for a prince. He was well supported. Russia sent the stately Baron Brunow; Prussia was represented by Chevalier Bunsen, the genial and accomplished theologic diplomate; Edward Everett appeared as American minister, and Washington Irving as American author. British historians were represented by Hallam and Lord Mahon; novelists by G. P. R. James (Dickens at this time had a controversy with the "Fund"); the antiquarians by Gally Knight; the church by the Bishop of Gloucester; science by Sir Roderick Murchison; the drama by Sergeant Talfourd; and the poets by Tom Campbell and Tom Moore. *All these* made speeches more or less long, and very rarely have so many shining lights blazed forth together on the same evening. It was an affair to linger in memory. We listened with due deference to the Prince, and then to the embassadors, in all their dignity; the learned Hallam, and the other heavy guns; the sparkling little poet of "Lalla Rookh" and of the Melodies; the veteran author of the "Pleasures of Hope" and of "Hohenlinden;" and the classic and fluent barrister who wrote "Ion" and edited Lamb. Some professionals had deliciously sung "Ye Mariners of England," and

"Doth not a meeting like this make amends
For all the long years we've been wandering away?"

and the authors of these lyrics seemed to be well pleased, though poor Campbell, who was near where I sat, was not so clear-headed as he ought to have been when addressing "his Royal Highness," and Moxon looked distressed as he prompted him. We had heard all this, and a great deal more, when the fugleman of his Royal Highness gave "the next regular," viz., "Washington Irving and American literature," and the cheering was louder, longer, and heartier than any of the other famous men had received, not excepting the Prince himself. The whole interest of the evening seemed to culminate toward Geoffrey Crayon, and the curiosity to see and hear him was intense. He sat at the head table, between Everett and Tom Moore,* and when he rose and simply said, in his modest, beseeching manner, "I beg to return you my sincere thanks," his brevity probably seemed ungracious to those who had seen him thus greeted, and did not know how hard it was for him to "speak a piece." He whose periods read so smoothly in print could scarcely build a single sentence when he had to trust his memory and self-confidence. An Englishman near me muttered to his neighbor, "Brief, isn't he?" "Yes," was the answer; "but you can tell the *gentleman* in the very tone of his voice." It was vexatious that the polished oratory of Everett was not to be heard as a substitute, but this was "not in the bill."

In the crowded hat-room, as we came away, I was amused to see "little Tom Moore" (about the size of Wendell Holmes) appealing with mock pathos to Irving, as "the biggest man," to pass his ticket lest he should be demolished in the crush. They left the hall together to encounter a heavy shower; and Moore, in his "Diary," tells the following further incident:

"The best thing of the evening, as far as I was concerned, occurred after the whole grand show was over. Irving and I came away together, and we had hardly got into the street when a most pelting shower came on, and cabs and umbrellas were in requisition in all directions. As we were provided with neither, our plight was becoming serious, when a common cad ran up to me and said, 'Shall I get you a cab, Mr. Moore? Shure, ain't I the man that patronizes your Melodies?' He then ran off in search of a vehicle, while Irving and I stood close up, like a pair of male caryatides, under the very narrow protection of a hall-door ledge, and thought at last that we were quite forgotten by my patron. But he came faithfully back, and while putting me into the cab (without minding at all the trifle I gave him for his trouble), he said, confidentially, in my ear, 'Now mind, Misthur Moore, whenever you want a cab, just call for Tim Flaherty, and I'm your man.' Now this I call *fame*, and of somewhat more agreeable kind than that of Dante, when the women in the street found him out by the marks of hell-fire on his beard."

In 1842, during his first year at Madrid, there were on this side three or four petty attacks upon his literary fame—the only stings, or even discourtesies, which were ever aimed at him during his sixty years' life as an author. These were, severally, Griswold's charge in *Graham's Magazine* that he had written laudatory reviews of his own books in Murray's *Quarterly*; Leggett's attack, in the *Plain-Dealer*, about the change of a word in the London edition of Bryant's poems, which Washington Irving had been requested to introduce with a preface—a sort of sneaking *guess* that he had been too subservient to England and the English; and that he had not given sufficient credit to Navarrete for materials used in his "Columbus." All these, as is clearly shown in the biography, were as groundless as they were frivolous and ill-natured. They scarcely need any mention except as a Shakspearean truism: "Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny."

My friend, George Sumner, brother of the Senator, was at Madrid during the troubles and insurrection in 1843, and wrote me at London some graphic descriptions of the scenes there, which were, perhaps, as turbulent as the recent doings in Paris. Mr. Irving, in his letters, mentions that Sumner dined with him almost daily, and that he was "much cheered" by his society; and well he might have been, for Sumner had a wonderful fund of information on almost every topic that could be started, and as a table-talker he was every where sought for. He was a walking encyclopedia of facts, and as entertaining as a lively novelist.

The descriptions in Irving's letters to his nieces at this time of the pomps and ceremonies of the court, and the doings of "the little queen,"† and of the stormy drama in the streets, are very picturesque.

In 1845 Mr. Irving came to London on a short visit to Mr. M'Lane, the American minister there, who asked his counsel, as an old friend, on the Oregon question. (Irving had been his secretary of legation at the same post in 1829.) As I was then a householder in London, and had been honored with courtesies from Mr. M'Lane, I had the gratification of becoming better known to Mr. Irving, and to have him for my guest at "Knickerbocker Cottage." We had a quiet little dinner-party, the other guests being Samuel Carter Hall, editor of the *Art Journal*, William Howitt, and Dr. Beattie, the friend and biographer of Campbell. Dr. Beattie was a model English gentleman, the pink of courtesy, and his talk about Campbell greatly interested Irving, for the bard of Hope had been his friend thirty years before. Carter Hall's stories about Moore were also specially entertaining to Irving, for the two authors had been intimate in London and Paris during a past generation. Moore still lived, but was now a chronic invalid. The "patronage" of my Lord Lansdowne was discussed, and the better and weaker traits of Moore's character.‡ Probably no three persons in England could have been more familiar with men and things of interest to the author of "Bracebridge Hall," and could entertain him better with the changes which had occurred during the thirteen years since he had lived in England, than could these three—Hall, Howitt, and Beattie. It is needless to say that the evening was an agreeable one, and Geoffrey Crayon seemed pleased. I had hinted to one of my guests that Mr. Irving was sometimes "caught napping" even at the dinner-table, so that this possibility might be expected. The conversation proved so interesting that the drowsy enemy seemed to be baffled; but lo! a slight lull in the talk disclosed the fact that our respected guest was nodding. (I believe it was a habit with him for many years to take forty winks at the dinner-table.*) Still the evening was a rare one, and my English friends frequently thanked me afterward for the opportunity of meeting "the man of all others whom they desired to know."

The American publishers of Irving's works have been successively: 1. D. Longworth, "at the Shakspeare Gallery," who produced "Salmagundi" in little yellow-covered weekly numbers in 1807.† 2. Inskeep & Bradford, 128 Broadway, who issued "Knickerbocker" in 1809. 3. C. S. Van Winkle, who printed (for the author) "The Sketch-Book," in handsome octavo numbers, in 1820. ("Bracebridge" and "The Traveller" were first published in New York, in numbers, for the author.) 4. G. & C. Carvill, corner of Broadway and Wall Street, issued "Columbus," in two octavo volumes, in 1829. 5. Carey & Lea, Philadelphia, published the first editions of "Alhambra," "Granada," "Crayon," "Bonneville," and "Astoria," and reprints of the earlier works.‡ During five years ending in 1848 no new editions of any of these works had been issued, the contract with the Philadelphia publishers having expired in 1843, and neither they nor any other publisher appearing to have faith enough to propose a republication or encourage the author to write any thing more. The shrewdest men in the trade doubted whether these works had vitality sufficient to warrant any other than a one or two volume edition in small type. Thus, at least, it was reported; and the decision, if true, only illustrates how much like a lottery this business is, and how mistaken the wisest judgment and experience in it may be. Mr. Irving himself began to think that his writings had ceased to have a marketable value, and that he was obsolete and to be laid on the shelf. The writer of this claims no peculiar sagacity in acting upon the belief that this was a material error, and that these books had a long life in them yet.

Beginning at this time (1848) a separate business in New York, he proposed to Mr. Irving definitely, what had been a matter of general suggestion in Europe, viz., a uniform edition of his works. The offer was made in a brief, off-hand note, and it was accepted the next day, without the change of a figure, or a single condition. The edition was commenced at once, in a form generally acceptable, for it was an improvement at least on the incongruous shapes of the books as previously printed. Twelve volumes appeared in as many months; and the four volumes of new works, besides the "Life of Washington," and posthumous works, followed in succession.

As a sequel to the story of timid faith above referred to, it may here be mentioned that the number of volumes of the series issued since that date has been not less than nine hundred thousand; and the amount received by Mr. Irving and his representatives from this collected edition exceeds $150,000. The author was pleased and satisfied with this result, and the publishers were equally so. The advantage was mutual.

This sketch is already extended so far beyond limits that little space is left for reference to the later and more familiar acquaintance with Mr. Irving with which I was privileged as his publisher, and which was the chief theme suggested in this paper. I never claimed *intimacy* with him. He was a man who would unconsciously and quietly command genuine respect and deference; yet he was never forbidding or lofty in manner; and with all the native courtesy and refinement of a true gentleman he was often full of genial humor, and sometimes, as a pleasant thought would strike him, his eye would twinkle with exuberant fun.

An invitation to Sunnyside was always tempting, of course; yet those who knew how the bachelor-author and his brother's family there were apt to be besieged by visitors—including strangers drawn there by mere curiosity—would hesitate before adding a feather to the burden. Yet genuine hospitality, to real friends, was his delight.

In 1850, when Mr. Irving was in his best estate, when his mood was the sunniest, and Wolfert's Roost was in the spring-time of its charms, it was my fortune to pass a few days there with my wife. Mr. Irving himself drove a snug pair of ponies down to the steamboat to meet us, for even then Thackeray's "one old horse" was not the only resource in the Sunnyside stables. The drive of two miles from Tarrytown to that delicious lane which leads to the "Roost," who does not know all that, and how charming it is? Five hundred descriptions of Tappan Sea and the regions around have not exhausted the theme. The modest cottage, almost buried under the luxuriant Melrose ivy, was then just finished as it is now—a picturesque and cozy retreat for a man of tastes and habits like those of Geoffrey Crayon—snug and modest, but yet, with all its

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* The report of this affair filled two pages of the New York *American*.

† The last "sitting" which he gave for a likeness was in 1851, when Charles Martin, an English artist, made a portrait of him in crayon, which he was pleased. An ugly daguerreotype, to which he was enticed before this, was afterward worked up into a still uglier photograph, which looked more like Burton, the actor, than like Irving. Martin's portrait (in my possession) was engraved for his books, as also was that of Vanderlyn (the first), taken at Paris in 1804–5; Jarvis, taken 1809; Stuart Newton, 1820; Wilkie, 1843. Palmer's bust in Historical Society is more pleasing than faithful; that of Ames Van Wart (also posthumous) is a good likeness for about 1855; but the colossal bust by Macdonald, ordered by a liberal citizen for the Prospect Park, Brooklyn, bids fair to be a remarkable success, and to show Irving as he was in his mature age before his health failed. Is it not time that our Central Park possessed a sculptured memorial of Irving and of Cooper?

* Disraeli once spoke of this appointment as showing how literature was more creditably recognized by republics than by sovereigns. Others might think that it was the government that was honored, rather than the appointee.

† Dickens seemed to have had a genuine admiration for Irving, and the appreciation was mutual, in spite of Boz's somewhat *loud* costume and cockney ways. Irving's letter to Boz, before his American visit, was a hearty and graceful tribute to his genius, and was so received by the novelist.

* Moore had coaxed him to the dinner on the suggestion that he could distinguish himself by making the *shortest* speech.

† The same who was ignominiously expelled in 1869.

‡ "Did you bring your horses?" asked a nobleman of Moore, at a country-seat where they were both guests. "My horses!" said Moore to Washington Irving—"*my* horses! who never had any horse but poor Pegasus." (I copy this from a MS. memorandum hitherto unused.)

* He was once asked if he recollected "Mrs. ——," that lady who used to go to sleep in the evening. "Ah!" was the reply, "I am afraid I always got the start of her."

† A file of these original numbers is now a curiosity. The "Shakspeare Gallery" was in Park Row. Longworth was the publisher of the New York Directory.

‡ Mr. Irving had also written a sketch of Goldsmith for Harper & Brothers' edition of "Goldsmith's Select Works."

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surroundings, a fit residence for a gentleman who had means to make every thing suitable and "handsome" about him.

The home life at Sunnyside was all charmingly in keeping. I don't presume to trespass upon its privacy farther than to say that this delightful visit of three or four days gave us the impression that Mr. Irving's element seemed to be *at home* as head of the family. He took us through his grounds—some thirty acres of wood and dell, with babbling brooks—pointing out countless trees which he had planted with his own hand, stopping now and then to play with his pet "little dog," and telling us reminiscences of his early life: of his being taken in the Mediterranean by pirates; of his standing on the pier at Messina, in Sicily, and looking at Nelson's fleet sweeping by on its way to the battle of Trafalgar; of his failing to see the interior of Milan Cathedral, as it was being decorated for the coronation of the first Napoleon; of his adventures in Rome with Allston, and how near Geoffrey Crayon came to being an artist; of Talleyrand, Madame De Staël, Talma; and of incidents which seemed to transport us back to the last century. Then he took us to Sleepy Hollow, again driving the ponies himself, and playing cicerone besides; and with such a coachman and guide, in such a "debatable land," we could not well avoid a good deal of enjoyment, which was long remembered.

The re-issue of Irving's works in 1848 commenced with "Knickerbocker;" and in this he made copious revisions and additions, about one-third being new matter. The original edition was dedicated with mock gravity to the New York Historical Society; and some of the more literal-minded of the grandsons of Holland were not quite satisfied with the quaint and exhaustive researches of the learned Diedrich. Even the scholarly Verplanck—appreciative friend of the author as he was—probably never quite forgave him for the rollicking humor which embalmed the Dutch aristocracy in this famous work. The author's preface to the revised edition gracefully apologizes for the venial sins of the book against the ancestral pride of the Manhattanese, and probably this is no longer disturbed. Sir Walter Scott enjoyed this book immensely, and wrote Brevoort that his "sides were sore" with laughter when reading it to his wife.*

The "Sketch-Book" also received considerable new matter in the revised edition, and this work has always led all the others in popular favor. Mr. Bryant, in his commemorative address, attributed the change in the temperament of Mr. Irving (as shown in the "Sketch-Book," in contrast with "Knickerbocker") to the blight that came over him just after the latter work was published. His delicate reference to Mr. Irving's early engagement was corroborated by the biographer. It recalled to me an illustrative incident. Mr. Irving handed me one day a little miniature of a young lady, whose face was lighted up by intellect as well as beauty, requesting me to get an artist to repair a little injury, but to be careful not to touch the *face*. It was exquisitely painted on ivory. When I returned it to him in a new velvet case (the old one had been fairly worn out by much use), he took it to a quiet corner, and looked on the face intently for some minutes, apparently unobserved, but I could not help seeing that he was moved to tears by this mere glance at the face of the lady, who, as we all know now, was Miss Matilda Hoffman, daughter of Josiah Ogden Hoffman (in whose law-office Irving had studied), and sister of the late Ogden Hoffman and of Charles Fenno Hoffman, the poet and novelist.† An attachment, so fresh and so fragrant, more than forty years after death had snatched away the mortal part of the object of affection, is a rare instance of loyal constancy. This loyalty was never weakened to the last moment of Irving's life.‡

Mr. Irving, though usually cheerful, was much influenced by "moods and tenses," especially in literary composition. When in his usual good health, and the spirit was on him, he wrote very rapidly; but at other times he could do nothing whatever with his pen. It was said, I believe, of Pope, that he would have fits of inspiration in the night, and would jump out of bed to scribble off a happy couplet, lest he should lose it before morning; and Irving would sometimes rise from bed and write for hours together, because he felt "in the mood," and then he would not touch his pen for weeks. I presume that his most rapidly written book was the one often pronounced his most spirited work, and a model as a biography, the "Life of Goldsmith." Sitting at my desk one day, he was looking at Forster's biography of Goldsmith, which we proposed to reprint. He remarked that this was one of his favorite themes, and he had half a mind to pursue it, and extend into a volume a sketch he had once made for an edition of Goldsmith's works. I tried to encourage the intention, and within sixty days the first sheets of Irving's Goldsmith were in the printer's hands. "The press" (as he wrote to his nephew) was "dogging at his heels," for in two or three weeks the volume was published—a unique example of expedition, as far as his writings were concerned.

In one of his visits to the city at this time, he asked, late in the day, if I could give him a bed at my house at Staten Island. I could. We had a *Crayonesque* evening, and the next morning we took him on a charming drive over the hills of Staten Island. He seemed to enjoy it, for he had not been on the island since he was stationed there in a military capacity during the war of 1812 as aid of Governor Tompkins. He gave us a humorous account of his equestrian performances and the Governor's while on this duty; but neither his valor nor the Governor's was tested by any actual contact with the enemy.

During a visit to London in 1851 I arranged with Mr. Murray, on the author's behalf, for an English edition of the new works, "Mahomet" and "Goldsmith," to be issued from the American stereotypes. I took also a request from Mr. Irving to his old friend Leslie, the artist, that he would make a *true* sketch of the venerable Diedrich Knickerbocker. Mr. Irving insisted that the great historian of the Manhattoes was not the vulgar old fellow they would keep putting on the omnibuses and ice-carts, but that, though quaint and old-fashioned, he was still a gentleman. Leslie's sketches, however (he made two), did not hit the mark exactly; the author preferred Darley's.

One of my briefer visits to Sunnyside was with Mr. Allibone, the genial author of the "Dictionary of Authors," whose sketch of Irving's writings in that great work was so exhaustive as to make a volume of itself. The host of "the cottage" received us with his usual kindly hospitality, and he happened to be in his pleasantest conversational temperament. The talk was largely about Sir Walter Scott. "Glorious fellow," said he, his nature so fine, so frank, so hearty; his manner and appearance those of a rustic gentleman—not high polish, but manly; and full of anecdote. "The Antiquary" he had read for the hundredth time—character of Monkbarns alone enough to immortalize the author—contrast of Scott's genial humor with Cooper's *want* of it, etc., etc. Scott, in his turn, had a loving regard for Geoffrey Crayon, and his appreciation of the humor of "Knickerbocker" has been before referred to. The preface to the revised "Sketch-Book" shows how "that golden-hearted man" promptly took the young American by the hand with that practical encouragement which resulted in his European success. The anecdotes and reminiscences which Mr. Irving told us during these sunny visits would be pleasant reading, but there is no room here for them. I will recall merely this little bit:

The author of the "Pleasures of Hope" once told how he had been hospitably entertained by some good people under the supposition that he was the excellent missionary Campbell, just returned from South Africa; and the massive man of state, Daniel Webster, had repeated occasion, when in England, to disclaim honors meant for *Noah* Webster, the man of words. Mr. Irving told us with glee this little incident against himself, illustrating the uncertainties of personal fame. He was making a small purchase at a shop in London, soon after his second or third work had given currency to his name, and he gave his address as Mr. Irving, number so-and-so, for the parcel to be sent to his lodgings. The salesman's face brightened with satisfaction. "Is it possible," said he, "that I have the pleasure of serving Mr. Irving?" The question and the manner of it indicated profound respect and admiration. A modest and smiling acknowledgment was inevitable. Other remarks indicated still more deferential interest on the part of the man of tape; and then another question about Mr. Irving's latest work revealed the pleasant fact that he was taken to be the famous Edward Irving, of the Scotch Church, the preacher of divers tongues. The very existence of the "Sketch-Book" was probably unknown to his intelligent admirer. "All I could do," added Mr. Crayon, with that droll twinkle in his eye—"all I could do was to take my tail between my legs and slink away in the smallest possible compass."

The manner of life at "the cottage" is scarcely a fit topic for public remark—for a writer of books may claim the right of domestic privacy as well as ordinary mortals. Thackeray's genial reference to Mr. Irving, in the *Cornhill*, after his death, was calculated, innocently enough, no doubt, to give the impression that the subject of his sketch was an amiable and rather timid old gentleman, who kept "one old horse," stinted himself to "a single glass of wine," and lived generally in an economical fashion, for the sake of saving up his pennies for his eleven nieces! The simple fact was, that his elder brother Ebenezer, with his three daughters, composed the household, which was always managed in a style of simple, unostentatious elegance, fitting and appropriate for a cultivated *gentleman* of quiet tastes and habits. Perhaps this simplicity for an ex-embassador looked a little peculiar to a critic who was familiar with English notions of style in country life, surrounded by liveried flunkies. In the Sunnyside stables there were usually three or four horses and carriages, and every thing in the establishment was *suitable*, and in that good taste which a sensible person would expect to find there. As to the "single glass of wine" which Thackeray mentions, Mr. Irving, though not a professed "teetotaler," was always temperate on instinct both in eating and drinking; and in his last two years I believe he did not taste wine at all. In all financial matters his providence and preciseness might well be imitated by all literary men; but with exactness and punctuality he united a liberal disposition, and made sensible use of money to secure reasonable personal *comfort*, but not luxury and vain show. Knowing that he could leave behind him a suitable independence for his nearest friends, he had no occasion for any anxious care such as the novelist seemed to discover—or imagine.

The people of Yonkers, nine miles below Sunnyside, invited Thackeray to give there his lecture on "Charity and Humor." I lived there at the time (1854), and so I had the pleasure of joining our neighbor, Fred Cozzens, the essayist, in taking the famous satirist up to Sunnyside. In this call of an hour, by-the-way, the visitor had his only peep at the place which he described. The interview was characteristic and interesting. Mr. Irving was in good spirits, and was at once *en rapport* with his guest. He produced a pair of old spectacles which had belonged to Washington, and Major Pendennis tried them on with evident reverence. The hour was well filled with rapid, pleasant chat, but no searching analysis of the *principles* of wit and humor was elicited either from the Stout Gentleman or from Vanity Fair. Mr. Irving came down to Yonkers to dine with us at Mr. Sparrowgrass's, and to hear Thackeray's lecture in the evening. The lecturer was introduced by the worthy committee-man with such a *startling* eulogy that Mr. Irving was surprised into wakefulness for the whole evening, and sat there as the very embodiment of wit and humor, though the lecturer was too considerate to refer to him as an illustration of his subject.

Mr. Irving's Christianity was founded on charity, and in this Christian virtue he was sometimes severely tested. Nothing was more irksome to him than to endure calls of mere curiosity, or to answer letters of mere fulsome eulogy of himself, or asking for his "opinion" of the MS. or new book of the correspondent. Some letters of that kind he probably never did answer. Few had any idea of the fagging task they imposed on the victim. Yet it would be curious to know how many letters of suggestion and encouragement he actually did write in reply to appeals of young authors for his advice, his "recommendation," or his pecuniary aid. Always disposed to find merit even where any stray grains of the article lay buried in rubbish, he would amiably say the utmost that truth would permit in favor of struggling genius. Sometimes his readiness to aid meritorious young authors to profitable publicity was shamefully abused, as in the case of Maitland, an Englishman, who deliberately forged an absurdly distorted note of Mr. Irving's, besides other disreputable use of the signature which he had enticed from him in answer to urgent appeals. But these were among the needful penalties of influential fame.

Few authors, if any, ever enjoyed a career so conspicuous and prosperous as that of Irving without meeting the jealousy and ill-will of somebody. The exception in his case became proverbial. The most prominent of his American contemporaries in imaginative literature was Fenimore Cooper, whose genius had done so much to elevate the American name in Europe. Cooper had a right to claim respect and admiration from his countrymen for his brilliant creations, and his solid services to American literature; and he knew it. But, as we all know—for it was patent—when he returned from Europe, after sending his "Letter to his Countrymen," and gave us "Home as Found," his reception was much less marked with warmth and enthusiasm than Irving's was; and while he professed indifference to all such whims of popular regard, yet he evidently brooded a little over the relative amount of public attention extended to his brother author. At any rate, he persistently kept aloof from Mr. Irving for many years, and not unfrequently discoursed, in his rather authoritative manner, about the humbuggery of success in this country as exhibited in some shining instances of popular and official favor.

Mr. Irving more than once spoke to me in terms of strong admiration of the works and genius of Cooper, and regretted that the great novelist seemed to cherish some unpleasant feeling toward him. One day, some time after I had commenced a library edition of Cooper's best works, and while Irving's were in course of publication in companionship, Mr. Irving was sitting at my desk, with his back to the door, when Mr. Cooper came in (a little bustlingly, as usual) and stood at the office entrance, talking. Mr. Irving did not turn (for obvious reasons), and Cooper did not see him. Remembering his "Mr. Sharp, Mr. Blunt—Mr. Blunt, Mr. Sharp," I had acquired caution as to introductions without mutual consent; but with a brief thought of how matters stood (they had not met for several years), and a sort of instinct that reduced the real difference between the parties to the baseless fabric of misapprehension, I stoutly obeyed the impulse of the moment, and simply said, "Mr. Cooper, here is Mr. Irving." The latter turned, Cooper held out his hand cordially, dashed at once into an animated conversation, took a chair, and, to my surprise and delight, the two authors sat for an hour chatting in their best manner about almost every topic of the day, and some of former days. They parted with cordial good wishes, and Mr. Irving afterward frequently alluded to the incident as being a great gratification to him. He may have recalled it with new satisfaction when, not many months afterward, he sat on the platform at the "Cooper Commemoration," and joined in Bryant's tribute to the genius of the departed novelist.

Mr. Irving was never a systematic collector of books, and his little library at Sunnyside might have disappointed those who would expect to see there rich shelves of choice editions, and a full array of all the favorite authors, among whom such a writer would delight to revel. Some rather antiquated tomes in Spanish—indifferent sets of Calderon and Cervantes—and of some modern French and German authors; a presentation set of Cadell's "Waverley," as well as that more recent and elegant emanation from the classic press of Houghton; a moderate amount of home tools for the "Life of Washington (rarer materials were consulted in the town libraries and at Washington); and the remainder of his books were evidently a hap-hazard collection, many coming from the authors, with their respects, and thus sometimes costing the recipient their full (intrinsic) value in writing a letter of acknowledgment.

The little apartment had, nevertheless, become somewhat overcrowded, and a suggestion for a general renovation and pruning seemed to be gladly accepted; so I went up and passed the night there for that purpose. Mr. Irving, in his easy-chair in the sitting-room after dinner, was quite content to have me range at large in the library, and to let me discard all the "lumber" as I pleased; so I turned out some hundred volumes of *un*classical superfluity, and then called him in from his nap to approve or veto my proceedings. As he sat by, while I rapidly reported the candidates for exclusion, and he nodded assent, or as, here and there, he would interpose with "No, no; not *that*," and an anecdote or reminiscence would come in as a reason against the dismissal of the book in my hand, I could not help suggesting the scene in Don Quixote's library, when the priest and the barber entered upon their scrutiny of its contents. Mr. Irving seemed to be highly amused with this pruning process, and his running commentary on my "estimates of value" in weighing his literary collections was richly entertaining.

Observing that his library table was somewhat antiquated and inadequate, I persuaded him to let me make him a present of a new one, with the modern conveniences of drawers and snug corners for keeping his stray papers. When I sent him such a one, my stipulation for the return of the old one as a present to me was pleasantly granted. This relic was of no great intrinsic value; but as he had written on this table many of his later works, including "Mahomet," "Goldsmith," "Wolfert's Roost," and "Washington," I prize it, of course, as one of the most interesting mementos of Sunnyside.

As an illustration of habit, it may be added that some time after the new table had been installed I was sitting with him in the library, when he searched long and fruitlessly for some paper which had been "so *very* carefully stowed away in some *very* safe drawer" that it was not to be found, and the search ended in a sort of half-humorous, half-earnest denunciation of all "modern conveniences;" the simple old table, with its primitive facilities, was, after all, worth a dozen of these elegant contrivances for memory-saving and neatness.

One rather curious characteristic of Mr. Irving was excessive, unaffected modesty, and distrust of himself and of his own writings. Considering how many a *debutant* in letters, not yet out of his teens, is so demonstratively self-confident as to the prospective effect of his genius on an expecting and admiring world, it was always remarkable to hear a veteran, whose fame for half a century had been cosmopolitan, expressing the most timid doubts as to his latest compositions, and fearing they were unequal to their position, so unwilling, too, to occupy an inch of ground to which any other writer might properly lay claim. His surrender of "Mexico" to Mr. Prescott has been mentioned. His "Life of Washington," more than thirty years in progress, was repeatedly abandoned, as the successive works of Mr. Sparks, Mr. Paulding, and others appeared; and though he was subsequently induced to proceed with his long-considered plan of a more dramatic and picturesque narrative from a new point of view, yet he was more than once inclined to put his MS. into the fire, in the apprehension that the subject had been worn threadbare by the various compilations which were constantly coming out. When he ventured his first volume, the cordial and appreciative reception promptly accorded to it surprised as much as it cheered and pleased him; for though he despised hollow flattery, no young writer was more warmly sensitive than he to all discriminating, competent, and honest applause or criticism. When "Wolfert's Roost" was published (I had to entice the papers of that book from his drawers, for I doubt whether he would have collected them himself), I saw him affected actually to tears on reading some of the hearty and well-written personal tributes which that volume called forth. But though every work was received in this spirit by the press and the public, he was to the last apprehensive of failure, until a reliable verdict should again reassure him. The very last volume of his works (the fifth of "Washington") was thus timidly permitted to be launched; and I remember well his expression of relief and satisfaction when he said that Mr. Bancroft, Professor Felton, and Mr. Duyckinck had been the first to assure him the volume was all that it should be. His task on this volume had perhaps extended beyond the period of his robust health. It had *fagged* him; but he had been spared to write every line of it with his own hand, and my own copy is enriched by the autograph of his valedictory.

To refer, however briefly, to Mr. Irving's politics or religion, even if I had intimate knowledge of both—which assuredly I had not—would be, perhaps, to overstep decorous limits. It may, however, properly be mentioned that, in the face of all inherent probabilities as to his comfortable conservatism and his earnest instincts in favor of fraternal conciliation and *justice* (which was as marked a quality in him as in the great man whom he so faithfully portrayed), in spite of all the considerations urged by timid gentlemen of the old school in favor of Fillmore and the *status quo*, he voted in 1856, as he told me, for Fremont. In speaking of the candidates then in the field he said of Fremont that his comparative youth and inexperience in party politics were points in his favor; for he thought the condition of the country called for a man of nerve and energy—one in his prime and unfettered by party traditions and bargains for "the spoils." His characterization of a more experienced functionary,

* George Kennan, traveling recently in the Caucasian Mountains, was presented to a Circassian "princess," who told him she was studying English, and reading an American *history*. The author's name was hard to pronounce or remember; but Mr. Kennan finally elicited that the learned Knickerbocker had been accepted by the fair Asiatic as a veritable historian of classic authority in the annals of America!

† The poet still lives (1871), an inmate of the insane asylum in Pennsylvania, where he has been nearly twenty years.

‡ The intimation recorded so baldly in the journals of the ladies with whom Mr. Irving was intimate when at Dresden, in 1822, that Mr. Irving had ever proposed or intended marrying Miss Foster, is shown by the biographer to have been utterly groundless.

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who had once served in the State Department, was more severe than I ever heard from him of any other person; and severity from a man of his judicious and kindly impulses had a meaning in it.

Favored once with a quiet Sunday at "the cottage," of course there was a seat for us all in the family pew at Christ Church, in the village (Tarrytown). Mr. Irving's official station as church-warden was indicated by the ex-embassador's meek and decorous presentation of the plate for the silver and copper offerings of the parishioners. At subsequent successive meetings of the Diocesan Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church (to which I had been delegated from a little parish on Staten Island) the names of Washington Irving and Fenimore Cooper were both recorded—the latter representing Christ Church, Cooperstown. Mr. Irving for several years served in this capacity, and as one of the Missionary Committee of the Convention. His name was naturally sought as honoring any organization. He was the last person to be demonstrative or conspicuous either as to his faith or his works; but no disciple of Christ, perhaps, felt more devoutly than he did the reverential aspiration of "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men."

Passing a print window in Broadway, one day, his eye rested on the beautiful engraving of "Christus Consolator." He stopped, and looked at it intently for some minutes, evidently much affected by the genuine inspiration of the artist in this remarkable representation of the Saviour as the consoler of sorrow-stricken humanity. His tears fell freely. "Pray get me that print," said he. "I must have it framed for my sitting-room." When he examined it more closely, and found the artist's name, "It's by my old friend, Ary Scheffer," said he, remarking further that he had known Scheffer intimately, and knew him to be a true artist, but had not expected from him any thing so excellent as this. I afterward sent him the companion, "Christus Remunerator," and the pair remained his daily companions till the day of his death. To me the picture of Irving, amidst the noise and bustle of noon in Broadway, shedding tears as he studied that little print, so feelingly picturing human sorrow and the source of its alleviation, has always remained associated with the artist and his works. If Irving could enjoy wit and humor, and give that enjoyment to others, no other writer of books had a heart more tenderly sensitive than his to the sufferings and ills which flesh is heir to.

Of his later days; of the calmly received premonitions of that peaceful end of which only the precise moment was uncertain; of his final departure, so gentle and so fitting; of that "Washington-Irving-day," so dreamily, blandly still, and almost fragrant, December though it was, when, with those simple and appropriate obsequies, his mortal remains were placed by the side of his brothers and sisters in the burial-ground of Sleepy Hollow, while thousands from far and near silently looked for the last time on his genial face, and mourned his loss as that of a personal friend and a national benefactor, yet could hardly for *his* sake desire any more enviable translation from mortality; of the many beautiful and eloquent tributes of living genius to his memory—of all these there has been an ample record. The "Commemoration" by the Historical Society at the Academy of Music on the 3d of April, 1860, the seventy-seventh anniversary of his birth, was an occasion of unusual interest. An audience of thousands, filling that building to the dome, and representing the best intellect and culture of the country, was addressed for two hours by Bryant, whose temperate and judicious criticism gradually warmed into a most glowing delineation of the best traits of Irving's character and works. This was followed by one of the finest examples of the oratory of Edward Everett, whose polished periods were never more fitting or more worthy of his theme. Mr. Bryant's chaste and careful, yet genial and appreciative, analysis of Irving's characteristics was specially gratifying to the nearer friends of the veteran author. Referring to the contemporaries and predecessors of Geoffrey Crayon, he said:

"We had but one novelist before the era of the 'Sketch-Book;' their number is now beyond enumeration by any but a professed catalogue-maker, and many of them are read in every cultivated form of human speech. Those whom we acknowledge as our poets—one of whom is the special favorite of our brothers in language who dwell beyond the sea—appeared in the world of letters and won its attention after Irving had become famous. We have wits and humorists and amusing essayists, authors of some of the airiest and most graceful contributions of the present century—and we owe them to the new impulse given to our literature in 1819. I look abroad on these stars of our literary firmament—some crowded together with their minute points of light in a galaxy, some standing apart in glorious constellations; I recognize Arcturus and Orion and Perseus and the glittering jewels of the Southern Crown, and the Pleiades shedding sweet influences; but the Evening Star, the soft and serene light that glowed in their van, the precursor of them all, has sunk below the horizon. The spheres, meanwhile, perform their appointed courses; the same motion which lifted them up to the mid-sky bears them onward to their setting; and they, too, like their bright leader, must soon be carried by it below the earth."

It is interesting now to read Mr. Bryant's closing words in this address, keeping in mind what has happened since these words were spoken—our own fearful struggle of four years, and the two great dramas in Europe, the end of which is not even yet:

"Other hands will yet give the world a bolder, more vivid, and more exact portraiture. In the mean time, when I consider for how many years he stood before the world as an author, with still increasing fame—half a century in this most changeful of centuries—I can not hesitate to predict for him a deathless renown. Since he began to write, empires have arisen and passed away; mighty captains have appeared on the stage of the world, performed their part, and been called to their account; wars have been fought and ended which have changed the destinies of the human race. New arts have been invented and adopted, and have pushed the old out of use; the household economy of half mankind has undergone a revolution. Science has learned a new dialect and forgotten the old; the chemist of 1807 would be a vain babbler among his brethren of the present day, and would in turn become bewildered in the attempt to understand them. Nation utters speech to nation in words that pass from realm to realm with the speed of light. Distant countries have been made neighbors; the Atlantic Ocean has become a narrow frith, and the Old World and the New shake hands across it; the East and the West look in at each other's windows. The new inventions bring new calamities, and men perish in crowds by the recoil of their own devices. War has learned more frightful modes of havoc, and armed himself with deadlier weapons; armies are borne to the battle-field on the wings of the wind, and dashed against each other and destroyed. We grow giddy with this perpetual whirl of strange events, these rapid and ceaseless mutations; the earth seems to be reeling under our feet; and we turn to those who write like Irving for some assurance that we are still in the same world into which we were born; we read, and are quieted and consoled. In his pages we see that the language of the heart never becomes obsolete; that Truth and Good and Beauty, the offspring of God, are not subject to the changes which beset the inventions of men. We become satisfied that he whose works were the delight of our fathers, and are still ours, will be read with the same pleasure by those who come after us."

PICKING WILD STRAWBERRIES ON AN OLD BATTLE-FIELD, NEAR RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.—[DRAWN BY GILBERT BURLING.]

THIS fair, broad stretch of level grass,
Spangled with bee and bloom and bud,
A few short years ago, alas!
Was one wide waste of death and blood.

Here boomed the cannon's thunderous roar,
And strong arms strove and brave hearts bled
The sickened earth was dark with gore,
And heaped and cumbered with the dead.

But now, how different! Tender notes
Of life and gladness fill the air:
The mocking-birds' o'erflowing throats
Bubble with music every where.

The wild plants blossom as of old,
Before the world had ever sinned:
The pink azalea's buds unfold,
And sweeten every wandering wind.

The strawberry bloom's clear whiteness shows
No red remembrance of a stain,
Although the sod whereon it grows
Was deluged once with crimson rain.

And daily on the slope's green breast
The tribes of blossoming things increase;
But dearer far than all the rest
The fair white flower whose name is Peace;

Whose gracious leaves to heal the ills
Which sapped the nation's life are sent;
Whose fragrance blesses all the hills,
Whose fruits are plenty and content.

As some wise mother's tender thought
Forgives her children's angry strife,
Conceals the wrong their wrath has wrought,
And builds thereon a gentler life—

So Nature's grand, maternal soul
Forgives the petty wars of men,
Forgets the battle's awful roll,
And bids the bluebird sing again;

And from the trampled sod, restored
By summer rain and winter snow,
Blots out the track of fire and sword,
And makes the purple violets grow!

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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FARM BALLADS.

By WILL M. CARLETON.

OUT OF THE OLD HOUSE, NANCY.

Out of the old house, Nancy—moved up into the new;
All the hurry and worry is just as good as through.
Only a bounden duty remains for you and I—
And that's to stand on the door-step, here, and bid the old house good-by.

What a shell we've lived in, these nineteen or twenty years!
Wonder it hadn't smashed in, and tumbled about our ears;
Wonder it's stuck together, and answered till to-day;
But every individual log was put up here to stay.

Things looked rather new, though, when this old house was built;
And things that blossomed you would 've made some women wilt;
And every other day, then, as sure as day would break,
My neighbor Ager come this way, invitin' me to "shake."

And you, for want of neighbors, was sometimes blue and sad,
For wolves and bears and wild-cats was the nearest ones you had;
But lookin' ahead to the clearin', we worked with all our might,
Until we was fairly out of the woods, and things was goin' right.

Look up there at our new house!—ain't it a thing to see?
Tall and big and handsome, and new as new can be;
All in apple-pie order, especially the shelves,
And never a debt to say but what we own it all ourselves.

Look at our old log-house—how little it now appears!
But it's never gone back on us for nineteen or twenty years;
An' I won't go back on it now, or go to pokin' fun—
There's such a thing as praisin' a thing for the good that it has done.

"AND BID THE OLD HOUSE GOOD-BY."

Probably you remember how rich we was that night,
When we was fairly settled, an' had things snug and tight:
We feel as proud as you please, Nancy, over our house that's new,
But we felt as proud under this old roof, and a good deal prouder, too.

Never a handsomer house was seen beneath the sun:
Kitchen and parlor and bedroom—we had 'em all in one;
And the fat old wooden clock that we bought when we come West,
Was tickin' away in the corner there, and doin' its level best.

Trees was all around us, a-whisperin' cheering words;
Loud was the squirrel's chatter, and sweet the songs of birds;
And home grew sweeter and brighter—our courage began to mount—
And things looked hearty and happy then, and work appeared to count.

And here one night it happened, when things was goin' bad,
We fell in a deep old quarrel—the first we ever had;
And when you give out and cried, then I, like a fool, give in,
And then we agreed to rub all out, and start the thing ag'in.

Here it was, you remember, we sat when the day was done,
And you was a-makin' clothing *that wasn't for either one;*
And often a soft word of love I was soft enough to say,
And the wolves was howlin' in the woods not twenty rods away.

Then our first-born baby—a regular little joy,
Though I fretted a little because it wasn't a boy:
Wa'n't she a little flirt, though, with all her pouts and smiles?
Why, settlers come to see that show a half a dozen miles.

"SETTLERS COME TO SEE THAT SHOW A HALF A DOZEN MILES."

Yonder sat the cradle—a homely, home-made thing,
And many a night I rocked it, providin' you would sing;
And many a little squatter brought up with us to stay—
And so that cradle, for many a year, was never put away.

How they kept a-comin', so cunnin' and fat and small!
How they growed! 'twas a wonder how we found room for 'em all;
But though the house was crowded, it empty seemed that day
When Jennie lay by the fire-place, there, and moaned her life away.

And right in there the preacher, with Bible and hymn-book stood,
"Twixt the dead and the living," and "hoped 'twould do us good;"
And the little whitewood coffin on the table there was set,
And now as I rub my eyes it seems as if I could see it yet.

Then that fit of sickness it brought on you, you know;
Just by a thread you hung, and you e'en-a'most let go;
And here is the spot I tumbled, an' give the Lord his due,
When the doctor said the fever'd turned, an' he could fetch you through.

Yes, a deal has happened to make this old house dear:
Christenin's, funerals, weddin's—what haven't we had here?
Not a log in this buildin' but its memories has got,
And not a nail in this old floor but touches a tender spot.

Out of the old house, Nancy—moved up into the new;
All the hurry and worry is just as good as through;
But I tell you a thing right here, that I ain't ashamed to say,
There's precious things in this old house we never can take away.

Here the old house will stand, but not as it stood before:
Winds will whistle through it, and rains will flood the floor;
And over the hearth, once blazing, the snow-drifts oft will pile,
And the old thing will seem to be a-mournin' all the while.

Fare you well, old house! you're naught that can feel or see,
But you seem like a human being—a dear old friend to me;
And we never will have a better home, if *my* opinion stands,
Until we commence a-keepin' house in the house not made with hands.

—*From the Toledo Blade.*

"RIGHT IN THERE THE PREACHER, WITH BIBLE AND HYMN-BOOK STOOD."

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1871.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

HARPER'S WEEKLY contains ONE-THIRD more reading matter, a larger number of Illustrations, and is conspicuously better Edited and Printed than any other Illustrated Newspaper. Its circulation is more than DOUBLE that of any similar publication.

☞ *The* SUPPLEMENT *to this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains an article on*

The Darien Ship-Canal Expedition,

with eight splendid illustrations from original sketches, together with a MAP OF THE PROPOSED ROUTE; *another chapter of the* "MEMORIES OF DISTINGUISHED AUTHORS," *giving an interesting sketch of* AMELIA OPIE, *with illustrations; the concluding chapters of* MRS. LINTON'S *novelette, the* "TODHUNTERS' AT LOANIN' HEAD;" *a characteristic scene in a* GERMAN PICTURE-GALLERY; *and other features of popular interest.*

CANADA.

THE present political situation and prospects of Canada make the opinion of that country upon the Treaty of Washington a subject of peculiar interest. The Canadian member of the Commission, Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD, is a man of unquestionable ability, and he would not be likely to assent to any terms which would be injurious to his country or to the government party of which he is the leader. For the very reason, however, that Sir JOHN is a leader of that party, and has assented to the treaty, it is opposed by the opposition. But that the advantages of the arrangements proposed are not all upon one side is evident from a careful study of the document, and it is to be hoped that no serious opposition will be finally shown in Canada, for the sake of good feeling hereafter. If the concession of the mutual freedom of the fisheries, and of the free trade in fish and fish-oil, should appear to be onerous upon Canada, the United States will pay a difference, to be determined, and the money so paid will, of course, be left with Canada by the British Government. But there are general reasons why Canada should view the treaty as kindly as possible.

The policy of the British Government is colonial freedom. The troops have been wholly withdrawn from Canada, and the country is recommended to form an army for itself. The feeling of the British cabinet is unmistakable, and it has probably the sympathy of the country. The Marquis of Normanby, indeed, lately made a speech upon his departure for Queensland as Governor, in which he said that he hoped the links between the colony and the mother country would be more closely drawn than ever. The *Spectator* says that Lord Kimberley, the Secretary for the Colonies, who was present, must have been rather astonished, because, it adds, this has not lately been the wish of the Foreign Office. The *Spectator*, however, thinks that it is the sentiment of Great Britain, but it differs from authorities quite as competent to measure that sentiment. What the Tories might do, should they come into power, is not certain, but it is very evident that separation is the policy of Mr. GLADSTONE'S government. "The solitary link that now binds us to the mother-land," says the Hamilton *Times*, "is the appointment by England of our Governor-General." And it is rumored that Lord Lisgar, the present Governor-General, will be succeeded by a Canadian appointed by the home Government; if, indeed, the Canadians should not be authorized to elect a Governor.

The independence of Canada, therefore, must be considered imminent; and perhaps the only serious perplexity in conceding it at once arises from doubts as to its subsequent relations with the United States. There is no general desire in the country for annexation to us. The Canadian is an extreme Englishman in feeling. The traditions of the mother-land and race are very powerful with him. Besides, every thoughtful Canadian sees with apprehension the ferocity of our politics, and the corruption which threatens us. He may also very naturally imagine that as an independent and virtually republican country, Canada may avoid some of the defects which experience has disclosed in our system. Becoming independent, therefore, with no wish for annexation, the important question with Canada is the tone of public sentiment in this country. Is it hostile or friendly? Would Canada have any thing to fear from aggression upon our side? Would any party, for instance, to secure the Irish vote, advocate a policy of forcible annexation?

That there has been ill feeling upon our side toward Canada is true. It arose from the peculiarly bitter tone of the Canadian press during the war, and from the use of Canada as a base for rebel raids. But this feeling has very much passed away, and every sensible citizen of this country knows that the Fenian incursions from our side have balanced the account of forays. The Fenian fury, however, was not directed against Canada itself, but against Canada as an exposed flank of England. If Canada were separated from England, and quietly pursued her course as an independent neighboring nation, although the question of ultimate union would undoubtedly be entertained upon both sides, the result would be left wholly to time. Any threat, any hint of coercion, would not only properly alienate the united sentiment of Canada, but it would encounter the resolute opposition of the intelligence and honor of this country. If, therefore, apprehension of danger from the United States delays the accomplishment of Canadian independence, it may be peremptorily dismissed as chimerical.

But if this be the present situation, it would be unfortunate that the treaty should be endangered by Canadian opposition. Here is an opportunity which is seldom offered to great nations, and still more seldom improved, of restoring harmony to the English-speaking countries, and thereby securing the more satisfactory development of free institutions. Here is a treaty which is evidently the work of men honestly seeking a fair agreement. It is not the result of a contest of jealousy nor of any unworthy emotion. It is not the settlement of a war in which a victor treats with the vanquished, and it is therefore not liable to be disregarded at the first favorable moment. It is a treaty in which civilization itself is interested—in which all sides have made concessions, in which, consequently, no one has gained unfair advantages, and which, for that reason, each party should try to ratify, not so mindful of possible objections which each might urge as of the great benefits which all secure.

If such a treaty should be rejected, the consequences are not pleasant to contemplate. But just in the degree that they would be disturbing and disastrous would be the condemnation that would fall upon those who procured the rejection. And if the happy settlement of the grave and menacing difficulty between the United States and Great Britain, which was the ugliest legacy of the war, should be prevented by Canada, except upon the plainest proof of wrong done to her, the feeling of the friends of Canadian independence in the United States would obviously not be such as Canada herself would desire. For there is no doubt that those in this country who would most tenaciously oppose any hint of bullying Canada by the United States are those who most earnestly desire the ratification of the Treaty of Washington.

THE PEOPLE AND THE PRESIDENT.

IT is to be deeply regretted that at this time, and in the doubtful political condition of this State, the *Tribune* should pronounce so decidedly against the renomination of General GRANT. It says, indeed, editorially, that the whole subject should be left to the decision of the Convention, and apparently thinks that the matter should not be discussed until then. But no paper which knows the necessary importance to a party of good nominations should decline to help it by urging betimes the claims of those whom it believes not only fit but available, and equally of opposing those which it thinks undesirable. The real feeling of a paper in regard to any public man, even when its words are guarded, is unmistakable; and the *Tribune*, we presume, is at no pains to conceal that it does not favor the renomination of General GRANT, and that in the party dissensions in this State it is friendly to Senator FENTON and hostile to Senator CONKLING.

For those dissensions we hold no individual responsible. They are due to the wretched system of the civil service, which, while it exists, enslaves us all. While patronage is the principle of that service every party will be exposed to the mischief which has overtaken the Republicans in New York. So long as there is patronage the party murmurs at its chief if he does not use it; and if he does, it jealously complains. "I have been a Republican [or Democrat, as the case may be] ever since there was such a party," is a constant cry; "I have never asked for any thing before, and if the party won't give me such a miserably mean drop as this, I'll have nothing more to do with it." It is humiliating to reflect that if it is proposed to harmonize a party, as the phrase is, the only practical method suggested is an equal division of patronage. It is plunder, not principle, which makes intestine party trouble. If the system were swept away, and civil officers were appointed, as they ought to be, upon grounds of character and capacity, and official tenure were dependent upon honest efficiency, and not upon somebody's whim, parties would be very much more harmonious and compact.

The *Tribune*, speaking of a suggestion for party union made by the Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle*, says that it would be much more forcible if it did not insist that Senator CONKLING should be re-elected, and General GRANT renominated; and the *Tribune* thinks that a correspondent is mistaken in supposing that while the newspapers oppose GRANT the people support him. But the correspondent is undoubtedly correct. The newspapers—and this paper has done its share—have considered and criticised every act of the Administration, and its general policy. But the press has unquestionably taught the people a certain distrust of newspapers. Sharp censure, violent denunciation, mean insinuation, have so often proved to be either unfounded or interested that the wary reader reserves his opinion. He does not believe that the President is a fool because he reads it in one paper, nor a knave because he reads it in another.

The general opinion of the President—the people's opinion—is, we think, that he is a plain, honest man, who means to do his duty as faithfully and patriotically in the cabinet as he did it in the field; whose administration has been efficient, satisfactory, and creditable, diminishing the debt, reducing taxation, restoring the Union, and honorably and peacefully settling the most threatening foreign difficulty. The President's manly message upon the San Domingo question has removed any party irritation upon that point, and the Ku-Klux bill, which the *Tribune* approves, is undoubtedly generally approved also by the people, although severely criticised in many papers. Undoubtedly General GRANT is not considered to be a good "party" President. But that does not weaken him with the country so long as there is no doubt—and there certainly is none—of his fidelity to the principles of the party. This we believe to be the people's opinion of the President—the opinion, probably, of a vast majority of the readers of the *Tribune;* and therefore it is true that while the newspapers oppose, the people support him, and it is that general confidence which makes his renomination probable.

THE TREATY AND THE ENGLISH LIBERALS.

THE protest against the treaty by a certain party in each country interested shows that the concessions, like the advantages, are mutual, and is the strongest presumptive proof of the fairness of the proposed settlement. Objections are urged in New England against the fishery clauses; the organ of Mr. BROWN, the opposition leader in Canada, also objects; and Earl Russell objects to any settlement upon rules of law not recognized at the time. The Senate of the United States will probably ratify the treaty. It is, however, one of the infelicities of our system that the whole treaty-making power does not initiate treaties, and, consequently, if the ratifying authority is at political odds with the initiating, the best of treaties may fail from the worst kind of opposition. Other nations have seen the fate of the REVERDY JOHNSON treaty and the Denmark treaty; and, warned by experience, the Government of Great Britain regards the work of the Commission not as a binding act of its plenipotentiaries, but as a mere proposition to be laid before Parliament as well as before the Senate. The usual British practice is to confirm, of course, the act of the agent, who is governed by immediate instructions.

While it is probable that the Senate will ratify, there can be no doubt that Parliament will do so if the GLADSTONE Government remains in power. The continuance of that Government becomes, therefore, a question of peculiar moment to the United States. For it is, at least, doubtful whether a Tory cabinet would consent to express its regret for the escape of a ship whose departure it cheered, and to recognize as a basis of settlement rules which would make its Parliamentary conduct during the war odious. But the GLADSTONE cabinet is the Government of our friends in England—of those who accept with us the great principles of liberty and progress, and who see the indispensability to their development of a hearty union between the better sentiment of the two countries. The fall of that cabinet would be at any time a misfortune. But its fall now, and through the agency of part of its own friends, would be deplorable.

Yet that is the present apprehension. From various causes—partly of temperament, partly of policy—Mr. GLADSTONE, one of the purest of men and most accomplished of statesmen, who came into power by an immense majority at an election called by his rival, has lost command of the situation. His ascendency is threatened by a body of his own supporters of the most liberal opinions, who are impatient of some of his methods and projects and associations. What, for instance, in view of the political history of the last ten years in England, could be more preposterous than Mr. ROBERT LOWE as Chancellor of the Exchequer in Mr. GLADSTONE'S cabinet—Mr. LOWE, who was the chief ally of Mr. DISRAELI in his defeat of Mr. GLADSTONE'S suffrage bill, and who would very willingly take a seat in a DISRAELI cabinet to-morrow? The discontented liberals, uniting with the Tories, have already compelled the Government to surrender their budget; and if they humiliate the ministry much oftener Mr. GLADSTONE may proudly retire or dissolve Parliament.

Now, in consideration of the immense importance to both nations of the ratification of the treaty, we in this country have a right to ask of our liberal friends in Parliament that they do not permit the GLADSTONE cabinet to fall until the treaty is secured. The ministry does not see that its system must upon its represents the people of England who trusted and befriended us during our struggle, and whom the intelligent and loyal people of the United States gratefully remember. The suggestion of the President, honorably made in the interest of peace and good feeling, was as honorably received by that cabinet, and it sent Commissioners known for their regard for America, who met Commissioners upon our side as able and disinterested as could have been appointed. The result we see. It is what it should be. The treaty is made by those in England who are friendly to us. Let them take care that their work, in which—as we have said in speaking of Canada—humanity and liberty are concerned, is not endangered by their own action. It is a fraternal work, which should be consummated by those who believe in it and who have begun it. And while the treaty is pending, should a minority of liberals in the House of Commons unite with the Tories to overthrow the GLADSTONE cabinet, their friends in the United States—those who would confirm a real friendship between the countries—could not but feel that they had been betrayed, and that the desire of an effective amity in England was not such as we in this country now believe it to be.

THE COLUMN AND THE COMMUNE.

NOTHING could be more characteristic and absurd than the demolition of the Vendôme column in Paris. Only there, only in the "Capital of Civilization," was it possible that while the foe was thundering triumphant at the gates, and brave soldiers were falling upon the walls, the patriots safe within the city should be laboriously carting dung to spread in the street for the column to fall upon in double disgrace; and while ladies drove out in carriages to the spectacle, and balconies and windows were thronged, that the monument of Austerlitz and Marengo—names that thrilled the French heart of the last generation—should be ignominiously leveled. The incident needed only one last touch of ridicule, and that it received. For when the tackle used by the engineer to drag down the column broke, the crowd were indignant, and vehemently declared him to be a traitor! So much folly with so earnest a feeling were never united before.

Indeed, the fall of the column is symbolical. France has apparently fallen as prostrate. A foreign war, in which she was utterly conquered, impoverished, and dismembered, is followed by a ferocious civil war, and during all the dreary time not one true leader, civil or military, has appeared. The only new man who became really conspicuous was GAMBETTA—a harlequin of whom George Sand bitterly says that when he ended a proclamation with a rhetorical snapper he thought he had saved France. It is useless, however, to decry the Commune as a mob led by café waiters and adventurers, or to try to dispose of the whole matter by a laugh at the transcendent absurdity of Parisian conduct. The civil war which has been raging about Paris for many weeks is not a mere riot. It is not merely anarchy contending with civilization. There is a political significance under the confusion—a real wish in what CARLYLE would call the inarticulate chaos, and that should be remembered in justice to the Parisians.

When the empire fell at Sedan the Provisional Government should have consulted France, or, as a shrewd observer suggests, it should have declared the imperial usurpation at an end, and the republic of 1848 restored. But it was a weak and selfish Government, loving itself, not the country. When it disappeared, and the Assembly was elected, there were two radical political tendencies in the country—one central and monarchical, the other federal and republican. The former prevailed in the elections, and the final result was foreshadowed—a strong centralized Government seated in Paris. But this was not yet assured, for the THIERS Government is purely provisional. It was instituted for two purposes: to declare for continued war or peace with Germany, and to call an Assembly which should determine the permanent form of the French government. The elections, however, did indicate that that form would not be federal.

The party of the Commune holds that peace is impossible in France so long as there is a central Government in Paris, supported by the ignorant and priest-ridden rural population which sustained the empire, and opposed by all the town population; and it proposes, therefore, a kind of federal system, by which the country shall be divided into communes, leagued for certain general purposes, but independent in all details of government. Without such a system, it says, France has nothing before it but the incessant revolution of the last eighty years. The practicability of such a system may be doubted; the wrong of asserting it at this time, and by civil war, is apparent. But it is, nevertheless, the question for France; for a single supreme government, with Paris as its capital, is necessarily a centralized government resting upon the army.

The fault of the Commune party is that it

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own principles, depend upon common consent. If the people of France, by a vast majority, prefer the centralized to the communal system, it may be a mistake; but upon what republican ground are they to be forced to adopt another policy? The people of France who live in the city of Paris are not changed by that fact, and upon any popular theory Paris enjoys such peculiar rights as the whole people of France choose to bestow. The political attitude of the Commune is that of an attempt of the minority to coerce the majority by arms. Paris declares that she wishes to govern herself, or, as Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON says in the *Fortnightly Review*, she asks only not to issue decrees to France, nor to submit to plebiscites from France. But does she declare her independence of France? If yes, she is logical in her resistance to Versailles. If no, she is condemned upon her own principles. The fight of the Commune, therefore, is not a wanton riot, an intentional anarchy: it is a blind and bloody protest against centralization. But it is doubly wrong, because not only is the Versailles Government that of the people of France, but it is a provisional Government, and therefore the appointments, which were made the occasion of the war, are in their nature temporary. Indeed, upon every ground it is indefensible; but its significance lies in the conviction that federalization is essential to the peace and prosperity of France.

WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN?

PERHAPS the Senate of the United States did not see, in the late debate upon the publication of the Treaty of Washington, that, as Mr. THURMAN truly stated, it was really the State Department which was upon trial. The day before the text of the treaty was printed in the *Tribune* its substance had been published to the whole country. The *Tribune*, therefore, added nothing whatever to public knowledge upon the subject. That had been imparted by the Department, and very wisely; for it is, upon every ground, desirable that the country, as well as the Senate, should ratify the treaty; and the good influence of such a cordially unanimous approval as its publication evoked is incalculable. The English and the Americans now see the disposition of each other, and perceive that it is really friendly. Indeed, the rejection of the treaty by the Senate would be received with great indignation by the country; and, as there was no moral obligation to conceal its terms when it was signed, its publication was a stroke of sagacity for which the State Department is to be praised.

As for contempt and dignity, and the questions upon which the Senate spent so much precious time that should rather have been given to the treaty, we can only say, with Mr. SUMNER, *cui bono?* The Senate may certainly endeavor to ascertain whether any of its members has been dishonorable in his Senatorial position. But as it knows that, if it can not ascertain the fact by inquiry, it will not discover it by imprisonment, it should not proceed farther. In this case the presumption was wholly against the theory that the information came from a Senator. As Mr. WILSON remarked, the State Department was evidently desirous that the contents of the treaty should be known; and the Printing Department was, of course, aware of that disposition. It could hardly have seemed to somebody in that department a very heinous offense to offer to supply the text to a newspaper which would pay liberally for it. And in some such way, probably, the text of a treaty with whose provisions every body was already familiar was laid before the public.

"THE MOST SCRUPULOUS OF SIGNERS."

IT is shameful that the Governor of New York should not have refused to sign the bill amending the code the moment that he was made aware of its character. It is a bill which gives the judges of courts of record the common-law authority to punish for contempt of court. That is to say, it authorizes such judges to determine what is a contempt, and to punish the offender at discretion; so that a newspaper writer, for censuring the conduct of a judge, may be imprisoned by the judge for life, and deprived of his fortune. The bill further provides that actions brought against a corporation or any of its officers, by a stockholder, must be tried in the county where the principal office of the corporation is situated. The consequences of such a law to the rural stockholders in companies whose chief office is in the city of New York is evident enough. And this is Democratic regard for justice and liberty.

Readers out of the city and State may not understand the object of such an outrageous law. But it is very simple. The explanation is that of all recent New York legislation. It is the increase of the power and plunder of the Tammany Ring, which aims at the control of the county. There are certain notoriously corrupt judges upon the bench, whose services are essential to t' 'ing, an' so must be armed with pow pon those who expose them. Then the Tammany Ring is in alliance with the Erie Ring, whose operations are familiar to the public. The Erie Ring wishes to secure an immunity for all its acts, and this bill compels the trial of causes against it before the judges whom it owns. More unprincipled and perilous legislation was never known. Nobody had asked for such a law. Nobody knew that it had passed, and its purpose was so veiled that nobody perceived it. Only by chance was public attention directed to it, and in a moment its whole scope was understood. The Republican press forcibly exposed it. The Bar Association denounced it, and a deputation, with Mr. EVARTS, the President of the Association, at its head, waited upon the Governor to request him to withhold his signature to such a bill of abominations.

The *World* says that Governor HOFFMAN is "the most faithful of executive officers, the most scrupulous of signers, the most unhesitating of vetoers." But as the *World* also says that "if there is any thing he ought to covet, it is an opportunity to rectify the mistake he made in approving that piece of knavery [the Erie bill], and making it a law," its praise of this most "scrupulous of signers" is not very effective. As we write, it is still uncertain whether the Governor will sign the bill. If he does, this "most faithful of executive officers, the most scrupulous of signers," with the Erie bill in one hand, and the Amended Code bill in the other, will be the most dishonored figure in the long line of New York governors.

HUMOR IN POLITICS.

THE opinions of Mr. VALLANDIGHAM are only important as being those of the most malignant of Copperheads during the war, who would gladly have seen the government overthrown and the supremacy of slavery assured. Six years having elapsed since the surrender at Appomattox, Mr. VALLANDIGHAM has ascertained that the Union has been maintained and slavery abolished, and he suspects that the country has no present intention of undoing the work of the war as embodied in the settlements. He has, therefore, issued a manifesto, which his friends of the Mobile *Register* and others of the same sympathy will ruefully ponder. It is an exceedingly lively and discursive document, which might be summarized in this manner:

Whereas the Democratic party is composed of those who during the late war were active or passive supporters of the rebellion; and whereas it is reasonable to assume that the opinions of these persons are unchanged; and whereas a rational toleration does not require that any body should not continue to hold those opinions—therefore resolved, that being of opinion that the war was a wicked and unconstitutional assault upon constitutional rights, and the settlement a tyrannical usurpation, we cordially invite all Republicans to unite with us in accepting the amendments as valid, and in restoring us to power.

Mr. VALLANDIGHAM proceeds to resolve that the late amendments have enlarged the powers of the national government, and to pledge the Democratic party to "the enforcement of the Constitution as it now is, so as to secure equal rights to all persons without distinction of race, color, and condition," and then protests against the legislation of Congress to secure those rights—a protest which, from Mr. VALLANDIGHAM, is like the resolutions of his friends during the rebellion, which approved the war and denounced all measures for carrying it on. Finally, he resolves that the Republican party is no longer the Republican party nor the Union party, but merely an administration party. But he happily refrains from resolving that the Democratic is really the Republican party, leaving that great truth to the imagination of the reader.

This manifesto of Mr. VALLANDIGHAM is a "feeler." The utter absurdity and hopelessness of the Democratic position are apparent even to him, and he therefore proposes this humorous acknowledgment of the facts of the situation. But he does not save himself, nor can he save his party. For the case is very simple. The country will maintain the settlements. The Southern wing of the Democratic party denounces them. The Northern wing agrees that they are unlawful and abominable, but begs the Southern brothers to keep quiet to tide over the election. The Republican party, which made the settlements, is a unit in their maintenance. Why, then, should the country choose the party which contains all the elements of hostility to the amendments, and which either declares it or keeps silence merely to obtain power? The question of the campaign of 1872 will be, which is the greater risk for the country—the re-opening of the issues of reconstruction, or the continued ascendency of the Republican party? For, even if the Democratic Convention should declare its acquiescence, the country knows exactly the elements of the party, and that four years ago its Convention pronounced the settlements unconstitutional, revolutionary, and void.

LITERARY.

Harper's Magazine for June is in every respect a model number, varied and entertaining in its literary contents, rich in illustrations, and in typographical appearance superior to any similar publication in this country. The principal attractions are Mr. WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER'S humorous sketch in verse, with illustrations by S. C. REINHART; Colonel T. B. THORPE'S description of the New York Custom-house, also fully illustrated; and "An Excursion to Watkins Glen," with illustrations by our old friend "Porte Crayon;" but there is not a dull or indifferent page from beginning to end. The stories and general articles are all excellent, and the several editorial departments—the "Easy Chair," the "Literary Record," the "Scientific Record," the "Historical Record," and the "Editor's Drawer"—display all the characteristic qualities which, for so many years, have helped to make *Harper's* a favorite in the household and with travelers by sea and land. It is one of the peculiarities of this magazine that, while all the volumes have a certain family likeness, each separate number, like the different members of a household, has a distinct character of its own. The May number was entirely unlike the April, the June unlike the May, and that for July will be still another pleasant surprise to the reader. In short, no two successive numbers are alike, except in general features; and the only thing one is absolutely sure about, in buying *Harper's*, is that one will always find it entertaining and instructive, and worth more than double the money paid for it.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

ACCORDING to the San Francisco papers, a French gentleman, M. ALPHONSE PINART, has just left on the schooner *Amanda Ajer* for Alaska, where he proposes to examine the Aleutian Islands, and thence proceed to the more northern portion of the Territory. His object is understood to be connected with the study of natural history, although we are not informed in what particular direction his tastes lie.

Dr. HAYDEN is at present busily engaged in fitting out his expedition for geological work during the present summer, in continuation of his labors of the past year, and of which we have already given an account. He will start from Cheyenne, in all probability, in a week or two; and of his further movements we hope to give due notice to our readers.

Considerable attention has lately been excited in England by the fact that certain spots on the sun have been visible there to the naked eye. This was observed during a dense fog on the 3d of March last, which acted as a dark glass, and revealed the existence of two black spots of nearly equal size, and rather close together. In Sheffield the smoky condition of the atmosphere acted in a similar manner, and showed the same spots.

Lord Walsingham, a young English nobleman, has lately arrived in the United States, for the purpose of prosecuting some investigations into the natural history of the far West. He is especially interested in the micro-lepidoptera, certain diminutive forms of moths, of which the common clothes-moth is a familiar example, although most of the species belong to plants, their larvæ feeding mainly upon the leaves. This gentleman expects to spend a number of months in California, and to return thence in the autumn, and proceed southward along the Rocky Mountain chain into Mexico. Such tastes are quite common among the English nobility, among whom we may mention, in addition to Lord Walsingham, Lord Walden, one of the most eminent of British ornithologists, and Lord Lilford, and others. We are informed that Earl De Grey, of the Joint High Commission at Washington, is the possessor of an extensive collection of coleoptera, and has found leisure to devote some time to his favorite pursuit in the United States. We may also mention the late Earl of Derby, whose share in the establishment of the Liverpool Museum is well known. Physical science, too, has its votaries among the nobility, as is shown by the example of Lord Rosse, who has distinguished himself in the department of astronomy.

The Harrisburg papers report unusual success on the part of the shad fisheries at Columbia, in Pennsylvania, the estimate being that the number taken will reach 100,000 before the end of the season—of this number over 20,000 have been actually secured, when the fishing season has but just commenced in that locality: 2500 shad were recently taken at one time, being the largest haul for the last ten years. The fish sell readily at from thirty to thirty-five dollars per hundred. The reason for this increase in the supply of shad is ascribed to the removal of nearly all the fish-baskets in the river, which had for many years prevented the young fish from getting down to tide-water in the fall. There seems no good reason why, if the obstructions higher up the river were removed, with a reasonable amount of care and protection in the future, the Susquehanna may not in a few years be as well stocked with shad as it was in traditional times, when even the small tributaries along its entire course, up to its head, furnished an abundance of this capital fish. The present state of the fisheries seems to be in decided contrast with that which we have reported in regard to the Rappahannock, where the largest haul of the season amounted to only ninety-six shad.

The Atlantic cable brings us the notice of the death, on the 12th of May, at the age of seventy-nine, of Sir J. F. W. HERSCHEL, the eminent English astronomer. Of his high position among scientific men it is hardly necessary for us to remind our readers, as the sum of his discoveries and investigations in physical science has been thoroughly interwoven into the text-books of the last quarter of a century. For some years past he has been compelled by ill health to a forced inactivity, by which the world has been the loser, though the aggregate of his labors, as published in the volumes of the Royal Society of London, in the "Encyclopedia Britannica," and in numerous independent works, is one of prodigious amount.

Among the more recent movements of government involving the applications of science may be mentioned the appointment of the Hon. JAMES M. ASHLEY as commissioner on the part of the United States to act in connection with the commissioner of the confederate tribes of Indians, for running a line along the western boundary of Arkansas and Missouri and the southern boundary of Kansas. For this purpose he is expected to engage a corps of scientific assistants competent to do the necessary astronomical and other work connected with this labor.

The final report of the geology of Iowa has just been published in two handsome octavo volumes suitably illustrated, thus adding another to the series of standard works upon American geology. The author, Professor C. A. WHITE, has been occupied for several years in this labor, and we congratulate him and the State upon its satisfactory completion.

The report embraces a sketch of the general geology of Iowa, with its physical geography and surface character, followed by details of the local geology of the different counties. The different species of minerals and rocks are next treated of, with their chemical and physical characteristics; and the work concludes with tables of elevations of the principal points along the railroads and streams throughout the State, with an appendix in regard to its natural history. Numerous maps accompany the work and add to its value; and taking into consideration the fact that the printing, engraving, and binding have been the work of a publishing house situated farther West, perhaps, than any other establishment eastward of the Rocky Mountains, the whole must be regarded as a credit to the State of Iowa, which not only initiated the work, but also contained in its own borders all the scientific direction and the mechanical means for bringing it to so successful a conclusion.

The Royal Horticultural Society of London has lately offered a prize of fifty dollars for the best collection of British insects injurious to any one plant—as the oak, pine, cabbage, wheat, etc.—the choice of the plant to be left to the competitor. The insects are to be shown as much as possible in the various stages of development—as in the eggs, larva, chrysalis, and perfect insect.

A report has just been published in Bremen of the meteorological and physical conditions attendant upon the voyages of the North German steamers between New York and Bremen, during 374 passages. From this it appears that floating ice is met with principally between "" meridians of 46 and 51, and is more abundant east of that region than west of it. The general direction in which the storms blow is said to be between west and north-northwest, also that fifty per cent. of the entire number occurred during November, December, and January; twenty-six per cent. during February, April, and October; twelve per cent. during March and September; and the remainder distributed over the remaining four months, from May to August. They reach a maximum at 30 degrees west longitude, and maintain it to 45 degrees west, their direction being northwesterly. From these facts Vox FREEDEN, the author of the article, concludes that the storms begin in the neighborhood of the Banks of Newfoundland, where the cold arctic current meets the warmer waters of the Gulf Stream, and that they are not West Indian hurricanes crossing the Atlantic from shore to shore.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

DURING the week ending May 20 the Senate was engaged chiefly in attempting to discover how the *Alabama* treaty was obtained by the correspondents of the New York *Tribune* before the injunction of secrecy was removed. Nothing was elicited, and the correspondents, Messrs. White and Ramsdell, have been imprisoned in the Capitol. They testified that they did not receive the treaty from a Senator or any officer or employé of the Senate, but refused to give the name of the person from whom they received it.

The Canadian journals continue to express opinions hostile to the *Alabama* treaty, some going so far as to advise the rejection of all parts affecting Canada. A difference of opinion with Great Britain is deprecated.

Ex-Senator Hiram R. Revels has been elected President of Alcorn University, at Jackson, Mississippi. Mr. Revels was nominated by Governor Alcorn, and the election was a unanimous one.

Several Ku-Klux outrages are reported in Mississippi and other States, with threats of others if the officials do not cease to perform their duties. The Senate select committee have decided to form sub-committees to examine into this class of outrages.

The inauguration of Governor Jewell, of Connecticut, took place at Hartford May 16.

The Pennsylvania coal troubles culminated on the 17th of May in a tragedy. While a gang of working laborers and miners were being escorted from Briggs's shaft by a squad of soldiers, they were assaulted by 200 Welsh miners, who threw stones and other missiles. One of the soldiers leveled his piece at the mob and fired, the bullet killing two of the rioters. The laborers were peaceable under the assault. This seemed to bring matters to a crisis, and affairs are likely to be settled on the terms proposed by the umpire, Judge Elwell.

The friends of the late Fitz-Greene Halleck have set on foot a subscription for a full-length statue of him, a site for which has already been selected in the Central Park. The sum of $12,000 is required.

The murderer Rulloff was hanged at Binghampton May 18. He met his fate with a firmness which was almost bravado.

FOREIGN NEWS.

AT last the troops of the Versailles government have forced an entrance into Paris. On Saturday, May 20, the Communists abandoned several small places in the suburbs of Paris, returning to the city in a state of disorder. Breaching batteries on the slope of Fort de Mont Valérien had opened on the ramparts, and every thing was in readiness for the storming of the city. At four o'clock the next day, Sunday, the assault was made, and its success was officially announced by M. Thiers the same evening. The entrance of the troops was effected simultaneously at two points, the Gate of St. Cloud, near Point du Jour, and the Gate of Montrouge on the Boulevard Brune. The insurgents abandoned the ramparts, and at last accounts the Versailles troops held the positions they had captured. Several of the Communist leaders have sought safety in flight.

Just before the successful assault took place M. Pyat proposed in the Commune laws for the taxation of bachelors and the abolition of the confessional.

The inquiry in Spain regarding the assassination of Prim is said to implicate Señor Roque Barcia, a member of the Cortes.

The Duke of Edinburgh has arrived in England from his trip round the world.

Fifty thousand Turkish troops have been concentrated on the road from Constantinople to Wallachia, and serious trouble is apprehended.

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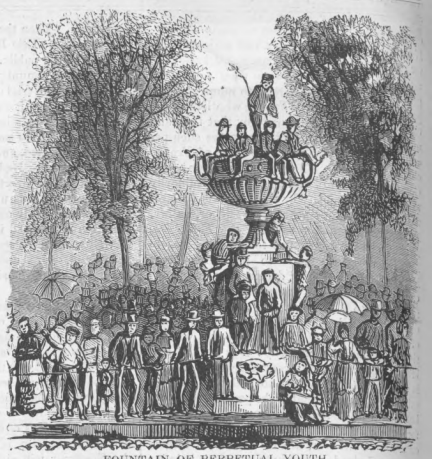
SPEAKERS' STAND IN PENN SQUARE.

A SHOW WINDOW IN CHESTNUT STREET DURING THE PARADE.



FOUNTAIN OF PERPETUAL YOUTH.

GERMAN PEACE JUBILEE.

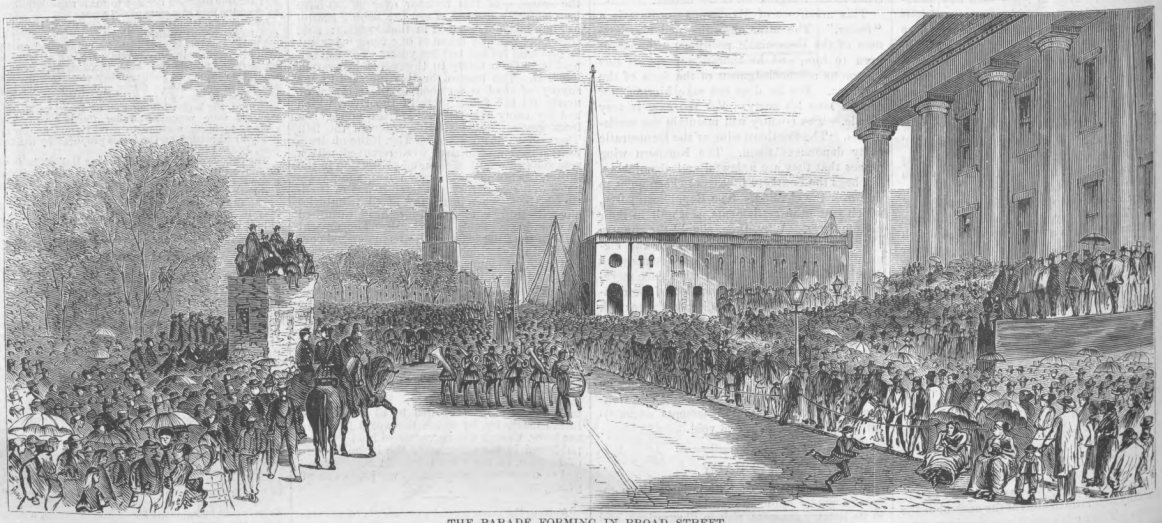
WE give on this page several illustrations of the grand German Peace Jubilee held in Philadelphia on the 15th and 16th of May. The city was crowded with visitors from the country and adjacent towns, and presented a very gay and lively appearance. Houses and stores in every quarter were decorated with the flags of all nations, the German and American colors, of course, predominating. Penn Square was converted into a sort of fair-ground, and was lined with booths for the sale of refreshments. At the base of the Washington Monument, in front of Independence Hall, a platform was erected, from which the procession was reviewed by the Mayor and Council. The procession occupied four hours in passing Third and Chestnut streets, and there were fully 20,000 men in line, mostly in vehicles or on horseback. The butchers had a sausage factory and smoke-house on wheels, and fresh sausages and slices of ham were distributed to the spectators. Bakers also made a distribution of bread. There were at least 100 wagons with artisans at work at their trades. The streets were crowded with spectators throughout the line of march, and the various objects greeted with cheers.

When the procession reached Penn Square a mass of people collected round the platform, several German patriotic songs were sung, and the meeting was addressed in German and English by several distinguished speakers. Before breaking up, the magnificent national war hymn, "Die Wacht am Rhein," was sung by the Sängerbund with all the hearty enthusiasm so peculiar to the Germans.

On the following day the Jubilee was continued by a grand picnic at Schützen Park, with addresses, singing, target-shooting, and other sports, and a linden-tree, emblematic of peace, was planted with great ceremony. Like all German celebrations, the Jubilee passed off without a single unpleasant incident, so far as the Germans were concerned, though some arrests were made of persons who attempted to create a disturbance by interfering with the procession. As was the case in the recent peace celebration in our own city, there was no interference with business or with travel. The Germans do not consider that they have the right, even when celebrating a national event, to make themselves a nuisance to the citizens of every other nationality. They go their own way, take their pleasure quietly, and are always ready to acknowledge that other folks as well as themselves have rights which even holiday-makers are bound to respect. The features of the procession were all in excellent taste, the decorations being especially noteworthy for appropriateness and artistic arrangement. The speaking was naturally very enthusiastic and intensely national; but this may surely be forgiven when we consider the grandeur and magnitude of the victories which the Germans met to celebrate, and the far-reaching effect of the events of the war.

Our illustrations show some of the most interesting scenes, features, and incidents of the Jubilee, and give a graphic idea of the character and spirit of the people who gathered to celebrate the grand achievements of the German armies.

DECORATING THE SPEAKERS' STAND, FRONT OF INDEPENDENCE HALL, CHESTNUT STREET.



THE PARADE FORMING IN BROAD STREET.

GERMAN PEACE JUBILEE IN PHILADELPHIA.

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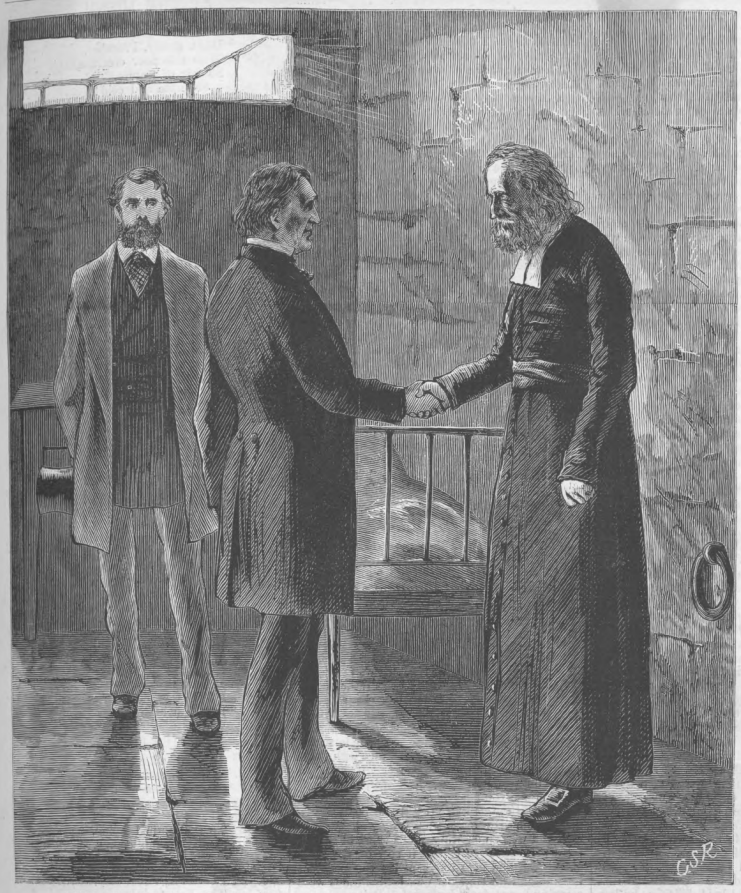

VISIT OF MINISTER WASHBURNE TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS, IN PRISON.—[SEE PAGE 507.]

A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION.

BY CHARLES READE.

WITH MANY ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.

AT the steps of Huntercombe Hall the servants streamed out, and relieved the strangers of the sorrowful load. Sir Charles was carried into the Hall, and Richard Bassett turned away, with one triumphant flash of his eye, quickly suppressed, and walked with impenetrable countenance and studied demeanor into Highmore House.

Even here he did not throw off the mask. It peeled off by degrees. He began by telling his wife, gravely enough, Sir Charles had met with a severe fall, and he had attended to him and taken him home.

"Ah, I am glad you did that, Richard," said Mrs. Bassett. "And is he very badly hurt?"

"I am afraid he will hardly get over it. He never spoke. He just groaned when they took him down from the cart at Huntercombe."

"Poor Lady Bassett!"

"Ay, it will be a bad job for her. Jane!"

"Yes, dear."

"There is a providence in it. The fall would never have killed him; but his head struck a tree upon the ground; and that tree was one of the very elms he had just cut down to rob our boy."

"Indeed?"

"Yes; he was felling the very hedge-row timber, and this was one of the old elms in a hedge. He must have done it out of spite, for elm-wood fetches no price; it is good for nothing I know of, except coffins. Well, he has cut down *his*."

"Poor man! Richard, death reconciles enemies. Surely you can forgive him now."

"I mean to try."

Richard Bassett seemed now to have imbibed the spirit of quicksilver. His occupations were not actually enlarged, yet, somehow or other, he seemed full of business. He was all complacent bustle about nothing. He left off inveighing against Sir Charles. And, indeed, if you are one of those weak spirits to whom censure is intolerable, there is a cheap and easy way to moderate the rancor of detraction—you have only to die. Let me comfort genius in particular with this little recipe.

Why, on one occasion, Bassett actually snubbed Wheeler for a mere allusion.—That worthy just happened to remark, "No more felling of timber on Bassett Manor for a while."

"For shame!" said Richard. "The man had his faults, but he had his good qualities too: a high-spirited gentleman, beloved by his friends and respected by all the country. His successor will find it hard to reconcile the county to his loss."

Wheeler stared, and then grinned satirically.

This eulogy was never repeated, for Sir Charles proved ungrateful—he omitted to die, after all.

Attended by first-rate physicians, tenderly nursed and watched by Lady Bassett and Mary Wells, he got better by degrees; and every stage of his slow but hopeful progress was communicated to the servants and the village, and to the ladies and gentlemen who rode up to the door every day and left their cards of inquiry.

The most attentive of all these was the new rector, a young clergyman, who had obtained the living by exchange. He was a man highly gifted both in body and mind—a swarthy Adonis, whose large dark eyes from the very first turned with glowing admiration on the blonde beauties of Lady Bassett.

He came every day to inquire after her husband; and she sometimes left the sufferer a minute or two to make her report to him in person. At other times Mary Wells was sent to him. That artful girl soon discovered what had escaped her mistress's observation.

The bulletins were favorable, and welcomed on all sides.

Richard Bassett alone was incredulous. "I want to see him about again," said he. "Sir Charles is not the man to lie in bed if he was really better. As for the doctors, they flatter a fellow till the last moment. Let me see him on his legs, and then I'll believe he is better."

Strange to say, obliging Fate granted Richard Bassett this moderate request. One frosty but sunny afternoon, as he was inspecting his coming domain from "The Heir's Tower," he saw the Hall door open, and a muffled figure come slowly down the steps between two women. It was Sir Charles, feeble but convalescent. He crept about on the sunny gravel for about ten minutes, and then his nurses conveyed him tenderly in again.

This sight, which might have touched with pity a more generous nature, startled Richard Bassett, and then moved his bile. "I was a fool," said he; "nothing will ever kill that man. He will see me out; see us all out. And that Mary Wells nurses him, and I dare say in love with him by this time; the fools can't nurse a man without. Curse the whole pack of ye!" he yelled, and turned away in rage and disgust.

That same night he met Mary Wells, and, in a strange fit of jealousy, began to make hot protestations of love to her. He knew it was no use reproaching her, so he went on the other tack.

She received his vows with cool complacency, but would only stay a minute, and would only talk of her master and mistress, toward whom her heart was really warming in their trouble. She spoke hopefully, and said: "'Tisn't as if he was one of your faint-hearted ones as meet death half-way. Why, the second day, when he could scarce speak, he sees me crying by the bed, and says he, almost in a whisper, 'What are *you* crying for?' 'Sir,' says I, 'tis for you—to see you lie like a ghost.' 'Then you be wasting of salt-water,' says he. 'I wish I may, Sir,' says I. So then he raised himself up a little bit. 'Look at me,' says he; 'I'm a Bassett. I am not the breed to die for a crack on the skull, and leave you all to the mercy of them that would have no mercy'—which he meant you, I suppose. So he ordered me to leave crying, which I behooved to obey; for he will be master, mind ye, while he have a finger to wag, poor dear gentleman, he will."

And, soon after this, she resisted all his attempts to detain her, and scudded back to the house, leaving Bassett to his reflections, which were exceedingly bitter.

Sir Charles got better, and at last used to walk daily with Lady Bassett. Their favorite stroll was up and down the lawn, close under the boundary wall he had built to shut out "The Heir's Walk."

The afternoon sun struck warm upon that wall and the walk by its side.

On the other side a nurse often carried little Dicky Bassett, the heir; but neither of the promenaders could see each other for the wall.

Richard Bassett, on the contrary, from "The Heir's Tower," could see both these little parties; and, as some men can not keep away from what causes their pain, he used to watch these loving walks, and see Sir Charles get stronger and stronger, till at last, instead of leaning on his beloved wife, he could march by her side, or even give her his arm.

Yet the picture was, in a great degree, delusive; for, except during these blissful walks, when the sun shone on him, and Love and Beauty soothed him, Sir Charles was not the man he had been. The shake he had received appeared

"POURED INTO HER EAR A PROPOSAL."

"IT WAS THE NEW VICAR, MR. ANGELO."

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to have damaged his temper strangely. He became so irritable that several of his servants left him; and to his wife he repined; and his childless condition, which had been hitherto only a deep disappointment, became in his eyes a calamity that outweighed his many blessings. He had now narrowly escaped dying without an heir, and this seemed to sink into his mind, and, co-operating with the concussion his brain had received, brought him into a morbid state. He brooded on it, and spoke of it, and got back to it from every other topic, in a way that distressed Lady Bassett unspeakably. She consoled him bravely; but often, when she was alone, her gentle courage gave way, and she cried bitterly to herself.

Her distress had one effect she little expected; it completed what her invariable kindness had begun, and actually won the heart of a servant. Those who really know that tribe will agree with me that this was a marvelous conquest. Yet so it was; Mary Wells conceived for her a real affection, and showed it by unremitting attention, and a soft and tender voice, that soothed Lady Bassett, and drew many a silent but grateful glance from her dove-like eyes.

Mary listened, and heard enough to blame Sir Charles for his peevishness, and she began to throw out little expressions of dissatisfaction at him; but these were so promptly discouraged by the faithful wife that she drew in again, and avoided that line. But one day, coming softly as a cat, she heard Sir Charles and Lady Bassett talking over their calamity. Sir Charles was saying that it was Heaven's curse; that all the poor people in the village had children; that Richard Bassett's weak, puny little wife had brought him an heir, and was about to make him a parent again; he alone was marked out, and doomed to be the last of his race. "And yet," said he, "if I had married any other woman, and you had married any other man, we should have had children by the dozen, I suppose."

Upon the whole, though he said nothing palpably unjust, he had the tone of a man blaming his wife as the real cause of their joint calamity, under which she suffered a deeper, nobler, and more silent anguish than himself. This was hard to bear; and when Sir Charles went away, Mary Wells ran in, with an angry expression on the tip of her tongue.

She found Lady Bassett in a pitiable condition, lying rather than leaning on the table, with her hair loose about her, sobbing as if her heart would break.

All that was good in Mary Wells tugged at her heart-strings. She flung herself on her knees beside her, and seizing her mistress's hand, and drawing it to her bosom, fell to crying and sobbing along with her.

This canine devotion took Lady Bassett by surprise. She turned her tearful eyes upon her sympathizing servant, and said, "Oh, Mary!" and her soft hand pressed the girl's harder palm gratefully.

Mary spoke first. "Oh, my lady," she sobbed, "it breaks my heart to see you so. And what a shame to blame you for what is no fault of yourn. If I was your husband the cradles would soon be full in this house; but these fine gentlemen, they be old before their time with smoking of tobacco; and then to come and lay the blame on we!"

"Mary, I value you very much—more than I ever did a servant in my life; but if you speak against your master we shall part."

"La, my lady, I wouldn't for the world. Sir Charles is a perfect gentleman. Why, he gave me a sovereign only the other day for nursing of him; but he didn't ought to blame you for no fault of yourn, and to make you cry. It tears me inside out to see you cry; you that is so good to rich and poor. I wouldn't vex myself so for that: dear heart, 'twas always so; God sends meat to one house, and mouths to another."

"I could be patient if poor Sir Charles was not so unhappy," sighed Lady Bassett; "but if ever you are a wife, Mary, you will know how wretched it makes us to see a beloved husband unhappy."

"Then I'd make him happy," said Mary.

"Ah, if I only could!"

"Oh, I could tell you a way; for I have known it done; and now he is as happy as a prince. You see, my lady, some men are like children: to make them happy you must give them their own way; and so, if I was in your place, I wouldn't make two bites of a cherry, for sometimes I think he will fret himself out of the world for want on't."

"Heaven forbid!"

"It is my belief you would not be long behind him."

"No, Mary. Why should I?"

"Then—whisper, my lady!"

And, although Lady Bassett drew slightly back at this freedom, Mary Wells poured into her ear a proposal that made her stare and shiver.

As for the girl's own face, it was as unmoved as if it had been bronze.

Lady Bassett drew back, and eyed her askant with amazement and terror.

"What is this you have dared to say?"

"Why, it is done every day."

"By people of your class, perhaps. No; I don't believe it. Mary, I have been mistaken in you. I am afraid you are a vicious girl. Leave me, please. I can't bear the sight of you."

Mary went away, very red, and the tear in her eye.

In the evening Lady Bassett gave Mary Wells a month's warning, and Mary accepted it doggedly, and thought herself very cruelly used.

After this mistress and maid did not exchange an unnecessary word for many days.

This notice to leave was very bitter to Mary Wells, for she was in the very act of making a conquest. Young Drake, a very small farmer and tenant of Sir Charles, had fallen in love with her, and she liked him and had resolved he should marry her, with which view she was playing the tender but coy maiden very prettily. But Drake, though young and very much in love, was advised by his mother, and evidently resolved to go the old-fashioned way—keep company a year, and know the girl before offering the ring.

Just before her month was out a more serious trouble threatened Mary Wells.

Her low, artful amour with Richard Bassett had led to its natural results. By degrees she had gone farther than she intended, and now the fatal consequences looked her in the face.

She found herself in an odious position; for her growing regard for young Drake, though not a violent attachment, was enough to set her more and more against Richard Bassett, and she was preparing an entire separation from the latter when the fatal truth dawned on her.

Then there was a temporary revulsion of feeling; she told her condition to Bassett, and implored him, with many tears, to aid her to disappear for a time and hide her misfortune, especially from her sister.

Mr. Bassett heard her, and then gave her an answer that made her blood run cold. "Why do you come to me?" said he. "Why don't you go to the right man—young Drake?"

He then told her he had had her watched, and she must not think to make a fool of him. She was as intimate with the young farmer as with him, and was in his company every day.

Mary Wells admitted that Drake was courting her, but said he was a civil, respectful young man, who desired to make her his wife. "You have lost me that," said she, bursting into tears; "and so, for God's sake, show yourself a man for once, and see me through my trouble."

The egotist disbelieved, or affected not to believe her, and said, "When there are two it is always the gentleman you girls deceive. But you can't make a fool of me, Mrs. Drake. Marry the farmer, and I'll give you a wedding present; that is all I can do for any other man's sweetheart. I have got my own family to provide for, and it is all I can contrive to make both ends meet."

He was cold and inflexible to her prayers. Then she tried threats. He laughed at them. Said he, "The time is gone by for that: if you wanted to sue me for breach of promise, you should have done it at once; not waited eighteen months and taken another sweetheart first. Come, come; you played your little game. You made me come here week after week and bleed a sovereign. A woman that loved a man would never have been so hard on him as you were on me. I grinned and bore it; but when you ask me to own another man's child, a man of your own sort that you are in love with—you hate me—that is a little too much: no, Mrs. Drake; if that is your game we will fight it out—before the public if you like." And, having delivered this with a tone of harsh and loud defiance, he left her—left her forever. She sat down upon the cold ground and rocked herself. Despair was cold at her heart.

She sat in that forlorn state for more than an hour. Then she got up and went to her mistress's room and sat by the fire, for her limbs were cold as well as her heart.

She sat there, gazing at the fire and sighing heavily, till Lady Bassett came up to bed. She then went through her work like an automaton, and every now and then a deep sigh came from her breast.

Lady Bassett heard her sigh, and looked at her. Her face was altered; a sort of sullen misery was written on it. Lady Bassett was quick at reading faces, and this look alarmed her. "Mary," said she, kindly, "is there any thing the matter?"

No reply.

"Are you unwell?"

"No."

"Are you in trouble?"

"Ay!" with a burst of tears.

Lady Bassett let her cry, thinking it would relieve her, and then spoke to her again with the languid pensiveness of a woman who has also her trouble. "You have been very attentive to Sir Charles, and a kind, good servant to me, Mary."

"You are mocking me, my lady," said Mary, bitterly. "You wouldn't have turned me off for a word if I had been a good servant."

Lady Bassett colored high, and was silenced for a moment. At last she said, "I feel it must seem harsh to you. You don't know how wicked it was to tempt me. But it is not as if you had *done* any thing wrong. I do not feel bound to mention mere words; I shall give you an excellent character, Mary—indeed I *have*. I think I have got a good place for you. I shall know to-morrow, and when it is settled we will look over my wardrobe together."

This proposal implied a boxful of presents, and would have made Mary's dark eyes flash with delight at another time; but she was past all that now. She interrupted Lady Bassett with this strange speech: "You are very kind, my lady; will you lend me the key of your medicine chest?"

Lady Bassett looked surprised, but said, "Certainly, Mary," and held out the keys.

But, before Mary could take them, she considered a moment, and asked her what medicine she required.

"Only a little laudanum."

"No, Mary; not while you look like that, and refuse to tell me your trouble. I am your mistress, and must exert my authority for your good. Tell me at once what is the matter."

"I'd bite my tongue off sooner."

"You are wrong, Mary. I am sure I should be your best friend. I feel much indebted to you for the attention and the affection you have shown me, and I am grieved to see you so despondent. Make a friend of me. There—think it over, and talk to me again to-morrow."

Mary Wells took the true servant's view of Lady Bassett's kindness. She looked at it as a trap; not, indeed, set with malice prepense, but still a trap. She saw that Lady Bassett meant kindly at present; but, for all that, she was sure that if she told the truth, her mistress would turn against her, and say, "Oh! I had no idea your trouble arose out of your own imprudence. I can do nothing for a vicious girl."

She resolved therefore to say nothing, or else to tell some lie or other quite wide of the mark.

Deplorable as this young woman's situation was, the duplicity and coarseness of mind which had brought her into it would have somewhat blunted the mental agony such a situation must inflict; but it was aggravated by a special terror; she knew that if she was found out she would lose the only sure friend she had in the world.

The fact is, Mary Wells had seen a great deal of life during the two years she was out of the reader's sight. Rhoda had been very good to her; had set her up in a lodging-house, at her earnest request. She misconducted it, and failed: threw it up in disgust, and begged Rhoda to put her in the public line. Rhoda complied. Mary made a mess of the public-house. Then Rhoda showed her she was not fit to govern any thing, and drove her into service again; and in that condition, having no more cares than a child, and plenty of work to do, and many a present from Rhoda, she had been happy.

But Rhoda, though she forgave blunders, incapacity for business, and waste of money, had always told her plainly there was one thing she never would forgive.

Rhoda Marsh had become a good Christian in every respect but one. The male rake reformed is rather tolerant; but the female rake reformed is, as a rule, bitterly intolerant of female frailty; and Rhoda carried this female characteristic to an extreme both in word and in deed. They were only half-sisters after all; and Mary knew that she would be cast off forever if she deviated from virtue so far as to be found out.

Besides the general warning, there had been a special one. When she read Mary's first letter from Huntercombe Hall Rhoda was rather taken aback at first; but, on reflection, she wrote to Mary, saying she could stay there on two conditions: she must be discreet, and never mention her sister Rhoda in the house, and she must not be tempted to renew her acquaintance with Richard Bassett. "Mind," said she, "if ever you speak to that villain I shall hear of it, and I shall never notice you again."

This was the galling present and the dark future which had made so young and unsentimental a woman as Mary Wells think of suicide for a moment or two; and it now deprived her of her rest, and next day kept her thinking and brooding all the time her now leaden limbs were carrying her through her menial duties.

The afternoon was sunny, and Sir Charles and Lady Bassett took their usual walk.

Mary Wells went a little way with them, looking very miserable. Lady Bassett observed, and said kindly, "Mary, you can give me that shawl; I will not keep you; go where you like till five o'clock."

Mary never said so much as "Thank you." She put the shawl round her mistress, and then went slowly back. She sat down on the stone steps, and glared stupidly at the scene, and felt very miserable and leaden. She seemed to be stuck in a sort of slough of despond, and could not move in any direction to get out of it.

While she sat in this sombre reverie a gentleman walked up to the door, and Mary Wells lifted her head and looked at him. Notwithstanding her misery, her eyes rested on him with some admiration, for he was a model of a man: six feet high, and built like an athlete. His face was oval, and his skin dark but glowing; his hair, eyebrows, and long eyelashes black as jet; his gray eyes large and tender. He was dressed in black, with a white tie, and his clothes were well cut, and seemed superlatively so, owing to the importance and symmetry of the figure they covered. It was the new vicar, Mr. Angelo.

He smiled on Mary graciously, and asked her how Sir Charles was.

She said he was better.

Then Mr. Angelo asked, more timidly, was Lady Bassett at home.

"She is just gone out, Sir."

A look of deep disappointment crossed Mr. Angelo's face. It did not escape Mary Wells. She looked at him full, and, lowering her voice a little, said, "She is only in the grounds with Sir Charles. She will be at home about five o'clock."

Mr. Angelo hesitated, and then said he would call again at five. He evidently preferred a duet to a trio. He then thanked Mary Wells with more warmth than the occasion seemed to call for, and retired very slowly: he had come very quickly.

Mary Wells looked after him, and asked herself wildly if she could not make some use of him and his manifest infatuation.

But before her mind could fix on any idea, and, indeed, before the young clergyman had taken twenty steps homeward, loud voices were heard down the shrubbery.

These were followed by an agonized scream.

Mary Wells started up, and the young parson turned: they looked at each other in amazement.

Then came wild and piercing cries for help—in a woman's voice.

The young clergyman cried out, "*Her* voice! *her* voice!" and dashed into the shrubbery with a speed Mary Wells had never seen equaled. He had won the 200-yard race at Oxford in his day.

The agonized screams were repeated, and Mary Wells screamed in response as she ran toward the place.

AT THE MORGUE.

K. E. H., OBIIT MAY 1.

DEAL gently, Preacher,
With this poor creature,
So fair of feature,
So mute and cold!
One lieth yonder,
The city's wonder,
Who scorned to proffer
Her charms for gold.

Come nigh and study
Her winsome body:
Those lips once ruddy,
Now dank and pale;
The hair, whose sable
Bestrews the table.
Would we were able
To guess her tale!

The Morgue hath paid her
Its last grim duty:
That sacred beauty
Lies all confessed.
What impress lingers
Of baby fingers
(Was there no ring hers?)
On yon white breast!

For this she yielded
Life's strong endearment.
Think what her fear meant,
What her despair!
Was there no morrow
From which to borrow
Other than sorrow
For one so fair?

Father above us.
Save those who love us!
Read what her hand wrote,
Just ere she died:
"No friend, no dear one,
Hath helped or hindered;
I have no kindred
In the world wide."

No stay was given
Of earth or heaven.
How she had striven
Unto this last!
Honor was left her:
Ere man bereft her
Of this one jewel
Her spirit passed.

Spotless and pure,
She doth endure
The slab, the sewer,
The body's shame;
Her all defending,
To the storm bending,
She made this ending,
Hiding her name.

Poor soul, and lonely,
Thy Father only
Saw thee in mortal
Anguish that night:
Saw, and forgave thee
(Men could not save thee),
When from its portal
Thy breath took flight.

With no derision
Of thy misprision,
Our pitying vision
On thee doth fall.
Would we might aid thee,
Or could have stayed thee,
Ere Want had laid thee
Here in Death's hall!

EDMUND C. STEDMAN.

THE TRIP OF THE "MARY ANN."

CAPTAIN JOHN JONES owned and sailed the *Mary Ann*. Captain Jones had commenced life with nothing but a strong frame, a stout heart, and immense determination; but these had borne fruit, and now, after many years of hard labor, he had his reward. He owned and commanded the two *Mary Anns*—one the best of wives, the other the finest boat on the line of the canal. For, like a sensible man, he had married a sensible woman, and as a mark of his appreciation of her sterling qualities, he had named his chief possession after her. And, besides wife and boat, he had as bright and pretty a daughter as ever gladdened the heart of a parent.

If he ever had an uneasy thought it was in regard to his daughter Dolly. Dolly was the light of his eye and the pride of his heart; and well she might be, for there were few pleasanter things to look upon than Dolly Jones. She had bright eyes, and a little roguish, rose-bud mouth, and great masses of brown, waving hair, and cheeks like peaches with dimples in them; her form was round and plump and perfect as a partridge's, and her voice as musical and her heart as light as any bird's; and she had, withal, a bright, impulsive, loving way about her that was quite impossible to resist. Though born and reared on the boat, she had been there but little for the last three years, but was away at school in the village where the *Mary Ann* "laid up" in the winter. For John and his wife, not having much "book-learning," as they called it, themselves, were resolved to make up for it in Dolly's education; and as she was quick and bright, she had long ago been able to astonish the good couple with her fund of erudition.

It was vacation now, and Dolly had come home on a visit, and was going to the city with her parents to get a supply of new dresses and hats and ribbons; for Dolly liked to look pretty and be in the fashion, and the old captain was so proud of her that, saving and economical as he was on his own account, he never dreamed of limiting her, or grumbled at any expense that she incurred.

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The only other persons attached to the *Mary Ann* were the boy who drove and Joe—the latter a youth, who, like his master, the captain, had risen in life from the very humblest beginnings.

Half a dozen years before a barefooted little fellow, in a torn straw hat and an immense pair of old trowsers that almost swallowed him up, they were so large and he so little, had applied to the captain for work, and, after a good deal of cross-questioning, had been taken on trial as the driver of the *Mary Ann's* mules. This was Joe; and Joe had driven so well, and shown himself so quick and bright, and good-natured withal, that at the end of the season, instead of turning him adrift to shift for himself, as is customary in such cases, the captain took him home to his own house, and sent him to school during the winter with Dolly. The next summer Joe proved himself still more useful, and in the winter again went to school with the captain's daughter. She had been longest in attendance, and was the most advanced, and often bent her brown curls over Joe's book or slate to help him out of some knotty problem in arithmetic or grammar; and in return he carried her sachel of books for her, helped her on with her overshoes, and over the snow-drifts, and was a devoted little cavalier in a hundred other ways. So it went on until Dolly was promoted from the public school to the "Young Ladies' Seminary;" and henceforth Joe had to do his ciphering alone, and Dolly had grown such a little beauty that she had many besides Joe to carry her books for her.

In the mean time each summer so advanced the latter in the art of canal navigation that he had become the captain's right-hand man, and was, in fact, almost indispensable to him and the *Mary Ann*. As his knowledge and efficiency became known he had many offers of other places, with larger wages and better prospects, but he refused them all. Whether his determination to stick by the *Mary Ann* was due alone to his regard for her sturdy old owner we may well doubt. Certain it is that the bright eyes and red, pouting lips of Dolly Jones often troubled poor Joe's dreams. We say troubled, for Joe looked upon his love as something altogether hopeless. Dolly was so bright and handsome that she had troops of admirers; and, more than this, she was his master's only daughter, and heiress not only to the *Mary Ann*, but to a little fortune besides laid away safely in the savings-bank, while he was a mere dependent. He only saw her at rare intervals now, and then usually accompanied by some smart young clerk, or other stricken youth from the village; and she had grown so tall and womanly, and wore such pretty dresses and bright scarfs and jaunty hats, and was altogether so bewitching and lovely, that Joe was sure the whole world did not contain such another beautiful being.

Dolly's going with them, therefore, was a great treat to Joe. And as soon as it was decided upon he set to work and tore down the old sail-cloth that had been good enough until then, and out of his little savings bought and put up a gay bright-colored awning over all the after-part of the boat, and re-arranged the cabin, and trimmed and festooned it with evergreens and flowers, and in a dozen other ways so beautified and adorned the *Mary Ann* that she looked more like a bridal bark than a sober craft laden with freight for the Albany market. Her little after-cabin was a wonderful example of the amount of comfort and convenience that can be crowded into the smallest space. It had two tiny state-rooms opening into it, and was surrounded with innumerable drawers and closets, and was in all respects as neat and bright and dainty as possible. All Joe's labor was expended here, for Dolly was to occupy it along with her father and mother, although the front cabin, where he slept, was as rude and cheerless as the other was cozy and home-like.

"Oh, how nice! I should never have known the old boat," exclaimed that young lady, when she came aboard. "Why, papa, it seems to me you have grown very gay of late."

"It ain't me—it's Joe," replied the captain. "He's bin to work ever since he knew you was comin'. I told him it was all waste and foolishness; but Joe thinks there ain't any thing quite good enough for you, Dolly."

Dolly blushed and tossed her pretty head, as much as to say that although the sentiment was correct enough, she didn't know what right he had to think about her at all. Still, she couldn't help feeling flattered and pleased by this attention; and when Joe came in to speak to her she put her little white hand in his big brown one, and thanked him for what he had done in such a charming way that the foolish fellow, who had spent all his spare time for a week and a large share of his summer earnings upon it, felt a hundred times repaid.

All the way to the city Dolly was perfectly bewitching, and, notwithstanding all his efforts, Joe kept getting deeper and deeper in love. But although she was so gracious, he was so modest that he did not dare to breathe a word of his passion. Poor fellow! his happiness was not destined to be of long duration. At Albany, where the boat was detained a week, taking off and on freight, they were joined by Mr. Augustus Stubbins, commonly called Gus Stubbs, one of Dolly's most devoted admirers, and who happened to be in the city then, as he always happened to be not far from where Dolly was staying. Old Stubbins was the richest man in the village; he had made a fortune in paper bags during the war, and young Stubbs, who was busy spending it, was most conceited; but as he had plenty of money, was tolerably good-looking, and talked and dressed loud, and had the reputation of being rather a dangerous fellow, all the girls were flattered by his attentions, and Dolly was especially envied when he joined the list of her suitors. Heretofore the reception his advances had met at her hands had not been very flattering to his pride, but on this occasion she seemed better pleased. He came every day, took her walking and driving, escorted her on her shopping excursions, and so monopolized her society that Joe got scarcely a chance to see or speak to her. Poor fellow! he watched all this with fierce, eager eyes and a heart inflamed with passion; for although he did not consider himself worthy of Dolly, and scarcely had a hope of ever winning her love, he could not help being devoured by jealousy, which Stubbs increased by being very insolent toward him, never noticing him except to treat him as an inferior. One evening he was lounging on the boat as usual, smoking and talking to Dolly, when his cigar went out. Joe was busy at some distance, but he called to him, "Joe, my good fellow, run and get me a match."

Joe looked up with flashing eyes, but did not speak or move.

Dolly saw the look, and apprehending trouble, she said, "I will bring you a light," and ran into the cabin; while Joe, enraged that Dolly should wait upon him, turned away, boiling over with anger and bitterness. But Stubbs, who was a bully wherever he dared to be, was not content.

"Didn't you hear me?" he continued; "I asked you to get me a match."

"Yes, I heard," said Joe, sullenly; "but I don't wait on such puppies as you."

"What do you say, you miserable beggar?" said Stubbs, springing to his feet, and rushing toward him with clinched fists.

"Be careful," said Joe, between his set teeth; "if you lay a finger on me, I'll pitch you overboard!" And as Stubbs raised his hand he seized him by the throat, and would have carried the threat into instant execution, so infuriated was he, had not Dolly at that moment sprung between them.

"Stop!" she cried, imperatively, looking at Joe. "Have you no respect for me, that you quarrel with my friends right before my eyes? I'm ashamed of you!"

Poor Joe! He was naturally the best-natured fellow in the world, but the continued insults of his rival, combined with his jealousy, had aroused the sleeping tiger that exists in every human bosom; and yet, before the rebuking voice of the woman he loved, it crouched at her feet, abashed.

"Come," she continued, taking Mr. Stubbs's arm, "let us go; you mustn't mind him." Dolly was indignant at Joe, for she didn't understand the many provocations he had received; but she was still more indignant at Stubbs, and she informed that young gentleman as she marched him off that if he ever spoke in that way to Mr. Joseph again, he could consider himself dismissed on the spot. But Joe did not know this; he thought she sided against him, and was cruel and unjust; and when, the next morning, feeling rather ashamed of his temper, and with the tiger in his bosom become a very lamb, he went up to her to apologize, and she, thinking him not yet sufficiently punished, turned away without speaking, he in turn became indignant; and all day long he brooded over his wrongs and unhappiness and hopeless love, until he became almost wild, and determined to end it by going away. He was a mere underling there; Stubbs had called him a beggar, and it was plain that Dolly despised him. He would go off to the West, and become rich and independent, and perhaps then she would feel sorry for treating him so. With this determination he went to the captain, and gave him notice that he should leave at the end of the present trip. The captain was astonished, and offered to increase his wages if he would stay; but Joe told him he didn't care for the money; he had made up his mind to go, and nothing could turn him from it.

That night the captain, Gus, and Dolly, all went to the theatre together, while Joe was left to take care of the boat. The play was one of love and adventure, full of hair-breadth escapes and thrilling incidents. Dolly had never been to a real theatre before, and she was entirely carried away by the brilliant scene.

"Oh," she cried, with a sigh of intense relief, as the curtain fell upon the happy *finale*, "I'm so glad it all came out right. I was so afraid she was going to marry that other man—the bad one. How happy a girl must be with such a good and brave lover!"

"I'm not so sure about the 'good,'" said Mr. Stubbs, who rather prided himself on being a trifle wicked; "but as for being 'brave,' I don't think you have any reason to complain about your lovers, Dolly. I know one, at least, who would go through more dangers than the fellow in the play for you."

"Do you?" said Dolly. "Who can it be—Jack Smith?"

"Jack Smith, indeed!" said Stubbs, contemptuously. "I mean, of course, your humble servant," and he flourished his cane fiercely around his head.

"Oh," said Dolly, "you!"

"Yes. One can't be a hero with nothing to fight; but just let me have an opportunity, and you will see!"

The opportunity for distinguishing himself in the cause of his lady-love which Mr. Stubbs so ardently desired came sooner than he expected. It was nearly midnight, and the streets were deserted; but, unmindful of the hour, they walked leisurely along, until the captain, impatient at the slowness of their pace, left them and went on, and when they turned into the narrow and dimly lighted street that led down to the dock he was out of sight. As they plunged into the darkness and gloom out of the light of Broadway, Dolly shuddered and clung to her companion's arm.

"Don't be afraid," he said, to re-assure her; "am I not here to protect you?" Strange to say, this fact did not seem to allay her fears. She only answered,

"Let us hurry and catch papa."

In the mean time that ancient mariner, unused to such late hours on shore, was hurrying home to his vessel, when a party of roughs sprang suddenly out from a dark alley-way, and throwing a shawl over his head, dragged him to the ground. He was taken all unawares, and was down before he knew it; but he struggled hard, and shouted lustily for aid.

"Oh, they are killing papa!" cried Dolly. "Quick! Let us run and help him!"

"No; don't go there," said Stubbs, seizing her arm. "You'll get hurt. Come with me; we can get to the boat by going down the next street;" and he dragged her back.

"Let go of me, Sir!" she cried, passionately. "If you are afraid to go and help my father, I am not!" and she tore herself free, and ran toward the spot where the captain was still struggling in the hands of his assailants. Stubbs looked after her a moment, half inclined to follow; but the thought of the daggers and slung-shots he might have to encounter was too much for his chivalry; for, bully and braggart as he was, he was an arrant coward at heart. So, muttering to himself, "She's too plucky for me! the best thing I can do is to get a policeman," he ran off in the opposite direction.

Dolly ran quickly toward her father, and, without stopping a moment to think, she threw her arms around one of the villains that was bending over him; and so strong and athletic was she, and so unexpected the attack, that she hurled him to the ground like a log. He sprang to his feet and gazed in astonishment at her. "A gal, as I'm a sinner!" he exclaimed. "And a devilish pretty one, too! Come, my beauty, since hugging is your game, you shall have plenty of it!" and he seized her around the waist. Poor Dolly! she had expended all her strength in her first effort, and now was almost powerless in this ruffian's arms. Her temporary courage and strength were gone, and though she struggled still, it was in a weak and womanly way, with big tears in her eyes, and her heart throbbing as though it would break. It was without much difficulty, therefore, that the fellow wrenched off her brooch and bracelets, and relieved her of her watch and chain; but when, having secured this booty, he attempted to kiss her, she shrieked so loud that Joe, who had been walking restlessly up and down the boat all the evening, heard, and, with the fond intuition of love, at once recognized the sound.

"Good Heavens!" he cried, "it's Dolly!" and seizing a boat-hook, he darted with the speed of an arrow toward the sound. As he reached the scene he saw the captain stretched out on the ground, with one ruffian holding him down and another rifling his pockets, while a third was dragging poor Dolly, now entirely helpless, into an alley-way.

Joe needed but this sight to infuriate him. He sprang on the villain, and with one blow stretched him senseless at his feet. Then, with the ferocity of a young tiger that has tasted blood, he turned upon the captain's assailants, and in less time than it takes to tell it the whole scene was changed. The captain was up and swearing like the jolly old tar that he was, and shaking his fist at every oath in the face of the two rascals who lay with broken heads at his feet; while Dolly, trembling and panting like a wounded bird, had thrown herself into Joe's arms, and was sobbing as if her heart would break.

In a few minutes a policeman, who probably had been lurking around the corner until all was over, came up and secured the thieves, and behind him came Mr. Stubbs, who, going up to Dolly, with refreshing coolness, hoped she was not hurt; and taking hold of her arm, he said,

"I will relieve you now, Joe. You had better look after the captain."

But Dolly looked up indignantly, and exclaimed, "Don't touch me! Don't come near me! Don't speak to me! I never want to see you again;" and clinging tightly to Joe, she whispered, "Don't leave me, Joe; you are so brave and good, and he is such a coward! Take me home yourself, please;" and she hid her burning face on his shoulder.

How Joe's heart thrilled then. It was the proudest moment of his life. Pretty, proud, scornful Dolly, lying sobbing in his arms, and clinging helplessly to him for assistance, while her rich and insolent lover was sent off in scorn and derision. As he supported her tenderly back to the boat he could hardly believe it was real, and yet he was happier than any prince. But the course of true love never yet did run smooth. When he met Dolly the next morning her face flushed rosy red, and, instead of the reception he hoped for, she hastily turned away, and he scarcely saw her again the whole day. So all his bright hopes sank to zero again. Whenever they met she seemed constrained and ill at ease, and oftentimes was quite cool to him. Poor fellow! he did not understand the mysteries of a young girl's heart. He thought she was displeased with him for having been so bold with her that night when she was so frightened, and that she was mourning for the rich lover she had lost. So convinced was he of this that he became more dejected and unhappy than ever, and fully confirmed in his determination to go West.

One night he was leaning against the rail of the boat feeling especially sad and gloomy. They would be at the village in the morning, and then Dolly would leave them, and he probably would never see her again. All the bright hopes and visions that, almost unacknowledged to himself, he had cherished so long, must be given up. As the thought of toiling on day after day without ever seeing that dear, bright face, or any hope of winning her love, surged in upon his heart, involuntarily a deep sigh escaped from his bosom, and he bowed his face into his hands. He was aroused by the touch of a little soft hand on his shoulder, and a sweet voice, thrilling him through and through, said:

"Dear Joe, what is the matter? You are going away, and yet you are unhappy. Tell me what it is, won't you? What has displeased you?"

"Nothing," said Joe.

"There must be something," continued Dolly, "or you wouldn't leave us and go off among strangers who don't know you or care for you."

"Do you care whether I go or not?" he asked, looking up eagerly.

"Of course I care," she answered, blushing. "Haven't we grown up together, and didn't you save me from those robbers?"

"Oh, is that all?" he said, disappointed.

"Why, what would you have?" she asked, gazing up into his face with an innocent expression. That dear, bright face was so near; her voice was so soft and sweet; her eyes so tender; her warm, fragrant breath was on his cheek; and Joe—was it any wonder?—Joe forgot himself.

"I would have you!" he cried, passionately. "Dolly, I love you better than life—better than any thing else in the world. I know that I am not worthy—that you do not care for me. And yet I could not bear to see you belong to any one else. And so I am going away where I shall never see you again."

There was a moment's pause, and then, with her sweet voice all in a tremble, Dolly asked:

"Is that the only reason for your going?"

"Yes!" he answered, sadly. "Isn't it enough?"

"No," she replied, hiding her blushing face in her hands; "for Dolly wants you to stay and—and love her."

The great gush of happiness that flowed in upon Joe's guileless heart with those words we will not attempt to describe. Suffice it to say that he staid.

When the frost came, and the *Mary Ann* was laid up for the winter, there was a joyous wedding at the village church; and amidst music and flowers, and the merry chime of bells, Joe and Dolly were made one; and as he proudly bore his blushing bride away, followed by the good wishes of all the town, and a perfect shower of old shoes, he thought himself the luckiest, happiest fellow in all the land, and, strange to say, although the honey-moon has long been over, he still continues in the same belief.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

AN UNLUCKY COINCIDENCE.—Dean Ramsay remembers in the parish church of Fettercairn, though it must be sixty years ago, a custom, still lingering in some parts of the country, of the precentor reading out each single line before it was sung by the congregation. This practice gave rise to a somewhat unlucky introduction of a line from the first Psalm. In most churches in Scotland the communion-tables are placed in the centre of the church. After sermon and prayer the seats round these tables are occupied by the communicants while the Psalm is being sung. One communion Sunday the precentor observed the noble family of Eglantine approaching the tables, and likely to be kept out by those pressed in before them. Being very zealous for their accommodation, he called out to an individual whom he considered to be the principal obstacle in clearing the passage, "Come back, Jock, and let in the noble family of Eglantine;" and then, turning to his Psalm-book, he took up his duty, and went on to read the line, "Nor stand in the sinners' way."

How do the busy little brats
Improve upon their toys,
And find new pleasure every day
In some unearthly noise!

What pains they take to find a box,
And rig it with a string,
That they may rack our quivering nerves
With the infernal thing!

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
Their discord we can bear;
Let turkey-gobblers, pigs, and hogs
Their sentiments declare;

But children you should ne'er be let
To torture those tin canes;
Our ear-drums were not made to split,
Or any other man's.

Bright yellow hair is the favorite hue. It is seldom, however, "the rightful hair."

"CAPITAL" SPORT—Money-hunting.

TO PREVENT A DOOR FROM CREAKING—Nail it up.

In court the other day a witness being asked how he knew that a man and woman were husband and wife, replied, "Because he had often heard the lady blow the gentleman up." The evidence was held to be conclusive.

GOING TO PROPOSE.

He went up to town to-day, girls,
With a very business air;
He'd oiled up his mustache, girls,
And parted well his hair:
Something's in the wind, girls,
Whichever way it blows;
And I'll tell you what it is, girls—
He's going to propose.

Sometimes he's confidential,
And says Maria's fair,
And praises Bessie's hazel eyes,
And Jennie's flowing hair;
Says Alice is angelic, too,
Admires Lucinda's nose:
I knew how it would end girls—
He's going to propose.

A MASKED BALL—A codfish-ball.

As old Van Shroomps was giving his youngest, who was inclined to be lazy, a good cowhiding, the boy cried out, "Oh, don't, fadder; it makes me smart!" "Dat's shoost vat I vant," said the old man, as he whacked away with renewed vigor.

A lady remarked on a very ignorant man, who was complimented on his good sense, "He ought to have a great *stock* of good sense, for he never *spends* any."

NAUTICAL MOURNING—Sea-weeds.

A shoddy woman, who returned from Europe with some paintings, was asked if they were landscapes. She said, "No, over one-half of them are water-scapes."

"How much did he leave?" inquired a gentleman of a wag on learning the death of a wealthy citizen. "Every thing," responded the wag; "he didn't take a dollar with him."

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THE EXILES AT CHISELHURST.

A GENTLEMAN sixty-three years of age, with a lady, and a boy of fifteen, resting in the pleasure-grounds of an English rural mansion—that is the subject of the engraving on this page. It does not seem much; but this gentleman is he who, a twelvemonth since, was Emperor of the French nation, and the most powerful monarch in Europe. CHARLES LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, lately reigning as NAPOLEON III., is a man whose career has been more varied than that of any contemporary sovereign, except King LOUIS PHILIPPE. His performances, if not in the military, yet in the political and diplomatic spheres of public effort, have been scarcely less important than those of his mighty uncle. His fortunes during twenty years were equally prosperous; his figure seemed almost as imposing to those who admire worldly success, however gained; and his influence was generally used for better purposes than that of NAPOLEON I. It is not denied that he sought to improve the material condition of France; but it is also true that he obtained power by the most wicked and cruel means, and retained it by a system of oppression which completely undermined the manhood of the French people. He is now an exile in England, a private gentleman, with his wife and child. It is reported that he is intriguing for a restoration to the throne of France; but we should not be surprised to learn that he prefers the tranquil retirement of his English home to the uneasy honors of an imperial throne.

The overthrowing of the column in the Place Vendôme, on the 16th of May, a column designed to commemorate the most glorious era of the military history of France, shows how completely the tide of popular feeling, even in Paris, has turned against Napoleonism, and the intensity of the hatred with which the living ex-Emperor is regarded. The column had long since lost all political significance. It was the monument of a nation, not of a dynasty; and the fact that the Parisians should have consented to its destruction must have shown the exile at Chiselhurst that the magic influence of his name has passed away, perhaps forever!

THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF FRANCE AT CAMDEN PLACE, CHISELHURST, ENGLAND, 1871.

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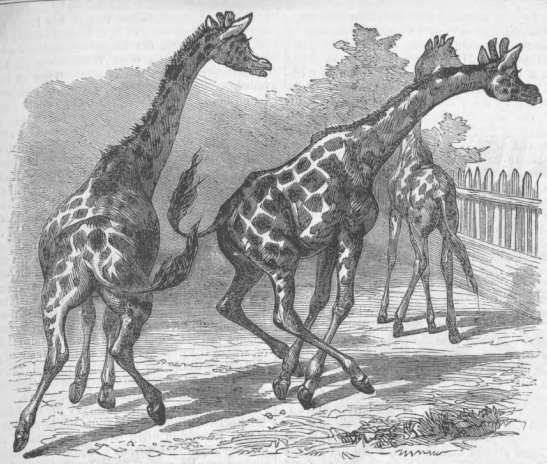


GIRAFFES TAKING EXERCISE.

BEAVER AND BLACK-TAILED WATER-HENS.

ZOOLOGICAL ECCENTRICITIES.

In the course of time New Yorkers will have a splendid zoological garden in their Central Park, equal, no doubt, to any thing of the kind in Europe. Meantime, we give on this page several sketches made in the famous Zoological Gardens of London. Here, for instance, we have the giraffe, as it appears when galloping—an exercise to which it is sometimes partial, and which no one can see without laughter.

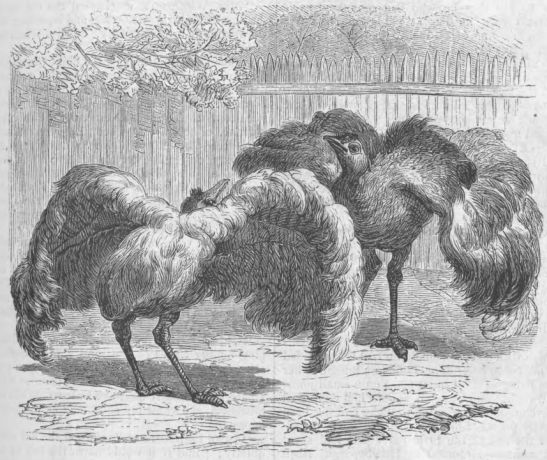
The gallop of the giraffe has well been described as a series of frog-like hops, not in the least like the splendid action of the horse, or the bounding grace of the greyhound. At every leap the hind-legs are flung wildly apart, and brought far in advance of the fore-legs, while the long neck causes the body to sway from side to side, like the rolling of a screw-steamer in a cross-sea; and the tail switches about over the back, the long stiff hairs with which it is terminated hissing as they are jerked through the air. The long legs and neck of the giraffe have another odd effect on the movements of the animal, preventing it from reaching an object on the ground unless it assumes a most singular attitude. Many draughtsmen represent the neck of the giraffe as capable of being bent in curves, like that of the swan. This, however, is not the case, the structure of the vertebræ causing the neck to be nearly stiff. In order, therefore, to enable the animal to take any object from the ground, it has to straddle its fore-legs so widely apart that the creature seems in danger of splitting in two, and then, with some trouble, lowers its head to the ground.

Another cut represents the beaver as it appears when eating a carrot. Its banquet is not a solitary one, for a couple of black-tailed water-hens have made their way to the animal, according to custom, and are on the alert to pick up the fragments which may fall to the ground.

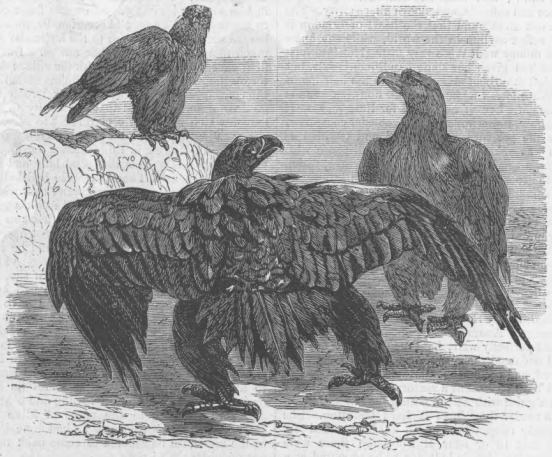
At the bottom of the page is a portrait of a brown bear waiting for a bun, the means seeming rather out of proportion to the object.

Another sketch shows us the salutation of the bird known to zoologists as Darwin's Rhea—popularly, though wrongly, called the ostrich by the colonists of South America. As the bird walks or runs at an ordinary pace the wings are pressed closely to the sides, but on occasions it is fond of performing some singular antics that make it look as if it were half mad. Sometimes it runs about its inclosure as if in the extremity of terror, holding its wings from the body in the mode that is shown; and sometimes it joins with a companion in a series of performances that look as if the birds were dancing a solemn minuet together. During these antics it utters its peculiar booming sounds; and if it be angered, or play at being angered, it assumes a menacing attitude, and hisses like a disturbed snake.

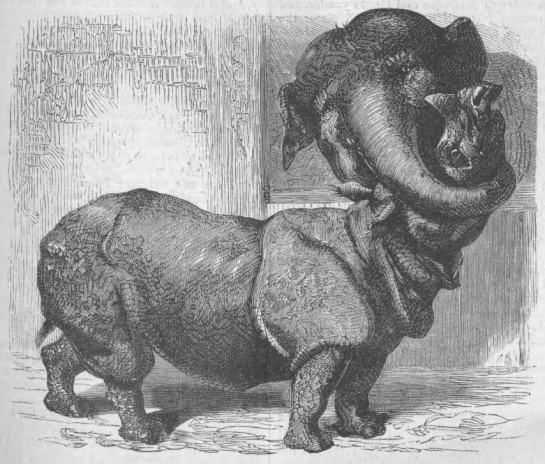
Next we have a sketch of the extremely ungraceful walk of the eagle, which in some things may be compared with that of the giraffe. Sailing through the air in vast spirals, with almost motionless wing, the eagle is one of the most graceful of birds; and when perched upon a pinnacle of rock it is a noble and splendid creature, even though the rock be an artificial one, and inclosed within a wire cage. But the eagle was never intended to walk on a level surface, and when it is forced to do so its movements are as ludicrously clumsy as those of the giraffe. The powerful feet and curved talons have no hold on the level ground, while the structure of the legs forces the feet to be planted so far apart that when the eagle walks it is obliged to sway itself from side to side, just as does a very awkward novice in skating when he finds himself on the ice. The walk of the eagle and the flight of the same bird are much like the movements of the Gaucho of the Pampas or the Comanche Indian. Spending the greater part of their lives on horse-



DARWIN'S RHEA—THE SALUTATION.



THE EAGLE'S GRACEFUL WALK.



RHINOCEROS AND ELEPHANT—THE GOOD NEIGHBORS.

BROWN BEAR WAITING FOR A BUN.

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back, and never walking twenty yards if they can find a horse, they waddle and hobble in their gait in the most absurdly clumsy manner; while if once on the back of the horse they are absolute models of grace.

The remaining figure is a good example of the strange friendships which are so common at the Zoological Gardens, and of the yearning for society which is implanted in the breast of all living creatures. Here we have the elephant and rhinoceros, deadly foes in nature, striking up a friendship with each other, and seeking mutual solace in society. So among domesticated animals, the dog and cat, proverbial foes, are often the fastest friends. Even the cat and canary will often be on amicable terms; and so far is this carried that we have had on our knee asleep a cat and a young chicken, the bird very composedly sitting on the back of the cat and nestling in her warm fur.

WON—NOT WOOED.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Bred in the Bone," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XLII.

A SLIP OF THE TONGUE.

WHEN Mabel woke on her sick-bed at Wapshot to set her mind on flight, a spot whereto to flee presented itself to her on the instant. Her very ignorance of localities assisted her in making her choice, since it narrowed it to within such scanty limits. She had scarcely moved from her village home until she went to stay with her sister at Shingleton, and since then, she had only been acquainted with London and Brackmere. The latter, as has been shown, was out of the question as a hiding-place; and from London she shrank appalled: the recollections which she entertained of the great city were those of gayety and fashion; of crowds of people talking reams of small-talk; of elaborate gallantries and heartless show; and what she craved for now was peace and solitude, and, above all, security. She did not understand that the heart of London is the safest asylum in the world, while she knew that money went there very fast. Her late husband had given her some handsome jewels, but she left those behind her to add to the heir-looms of Wapshot. She had only six hundred pounds to support herself and child for life; and, next to safety, it was imperative to consider cheapness. For the present—weak and ill and terrified as she was—she felt she could not dispense with Carry's services; and this little fortune, which had once seemed so inexhaustible to her, appeared small, indeed, for the sustenance of three persons. What spot was that of which she had heard it said that you could live for a mere song, if you did not mind how you lived? What out-of-the-way village near the sea-coast was that which she had once passed through and noticed it as a place where all were poor? It had had no attractions for her then, though now its very absence of all attraction attracted her, and it was with difficulty that she recalled its name—Hillsborough. Anemone Bay, of course, she remembered perfectly well; but the recollection of what had occurred there, and by whom she had been saved, had nothing to do with her choice. Death had been too recent a visitor, Peril was too present a guest with her, to permit the entertainment of a tender thought of Richard Thornton. She scarcely remembered that it was he who had told her that in or near Hillsborough there were modest but cleanly lodgings to be procured at a price to suit the most slender purse, though she had decided to act upon the information.

The post-chaise, which met the little party of fugitives at the cross-roads, conveyed them to a railway junction, where (as it happened) the train they took met, as it started eastward, the one which was bearing Horn Winthrop toward his home. Well for them that they made no pause nor stop, and, traveling crosswise along the iron web of railways, that their trace was broken half a dozen times, so that, while picking up the scent, the scent grew cold to their pursuer; for they were followed in hot haste. When Mabel and her babe arrived at the little station of Dilton (for Hillsborough), and put up at the railway inn, she was more dead than alive.

It was curious enough, considering the headlong panic which impelled her, that it was not without an inward struggle that she could bring herself to travel under an assumed name—she had no scruple on her own account, but for her infant. It seemed doing the boy a wrong, who was the last of his long line, and the rightful heir to Wapshot; for no doubt of that fact now lingered in her mind. So much of good, at all events, if her personal conviction were any "good" at all, had arisen from her rash audacity toward Horn. His "Then you know too much" had satisfied her that his mother's confession was authentic. How he knew it to be so she did not and might never know; though most probably, in some moment of insupportable wretchedness, caused by his ill conduct, the late Mrs. Winthrop had revealed the secret of his birth, and threatened him, as a last resource, with its disclosure. On the other hand, her boldness in thus bearding her foe had made, she was well aware, her very life unsafe; and, what was worse, the life of that little babe, which was even a greater source of danger to him. Even before she had been guilty of offense, he had menaced them both with his bitterest persecution; what vengeance, then, would he hesitate to wreak on them, now that she had stigmatized him to his face as Savage and Bastard! Henceforth she felt that while Horn Winthrop lived there was no safety for herself and child except in the most complete seclusion.

As soon as she was sufficiently recovered she hired a carriage and visited Hillsborough. It was not two years since she had seen it last, yet how stupendous was the change in her own fortunes! Here was the little inn—scarce more than beer-shop—where she and Mr. Flint had seen wolf-fish cooking, and where the angry widow had warned her against the very man who had indeed become her mortal foe. She leaned back in the vehicle as she passed the door, lest this woman should recognize her, whose face she herself could recall so plainly in its ire, and whose voice she once more seemed to hear again hissing out, "Beware of him, for he has a black heart—a black heart!" The other inn afforded no better accommodation than its rival; nor did any of the wretched houses in the place, small as her requirements were, give promise of a suitable lodging. In despair, therefore she inquired of the driver as to the existence of any farm-house in the neighborhood, or other dwelling, that might have rooms to spare. No, was the reply, there was nothing of the sort at Hillsborough. Nobody ever came there, except to see the light-house, and went back the same day. There was, however, by-the-bye, a cottage near the light-house in the north bay, where he had heard of lodgings being let for a week or two in the summer-time. They might drive on and look, if madam pleased; but it was but a poor place, and very inferior to his master's railway inn. They did drive on to that cottage by the brook, with a photograph of which Martha Barr had been favored; and Mabel found all she had hoped for. Widow Droop, the landlady, was a kind, motherly soul, who "took" to the little babe at once in a manner that won Mabel's heart, and only doubted her own means to make the wanderers comfortable. "Winter lodgers are not what one looks for, you see, madam; and hitherto I have only let my rooms to one young gentleman." But the house was dry and clean; and if the apartments were even smaller than those of Martha at Brackmere, they were all the more snug and warm.

In this secluded spot, then, Mabel took up her residence, and—but for that one shadow which we wot of—was happy; for her child grew and throve apace. He was her all in all. She lived in him and for him only. She wrote frequently to Martha, as we know, and occasionally, through her, to sister "Ju," though to the latter she was much more reticent as to her affairs. But at first, except with Carry, and with the village doctor on the subject of Georgey's infant maladies, she conversed with no one. Widow Droop was no gossip, and respected that taciturnity in her lodger which she rightly attributed to sorrow; but as time drew on Mabel found herself beginning to take interest in things about her and in the widow's talk. Now this good lady had but one topic—Richard Thornton. He had lodged with her for three successive years, and was a prime favorite. So handsome and frank a gentleman was never seen, nor, on the first two occasions of his staying with her, so light-hearted a one. But the last time he had come he had quite altered in the last respect: he was as kind as ever, but had become very quiet; if she, the widow, was not greatly mistaken, he had been disappointed in love. Who could ever have rejected him, she could not imagine. A princess might have been glad to have had him; but then girls were *such* fools! Whoever it was, it must have been the young lady's own loss. He had only staid a week, for the place seemed no longer to afford him pleasure. In old times he had been well contented with his rowing and fishing, and with listening to the yarns of Mike the Rover; but of late, whenever he had gone down to the sea-shore he seemed to come back more out of spirits than before.

It was always painful, though somehow not altogether disagreeable, to Mabel to listen to the widow's talk upon this subject; and in order to divert her from it in the present case, she had inquired with a smile who Mike the Rover was, and whether there were pirates at Hillsborough.

"Oh, Mike is no pirate," said the widow, simply, "but as honest an old sailor as ever breathed. Ask at the light-house, ask in the village, and, indeed, ask of any one hereabout, and you will hear nothing but what is good of Michael Baird. He is called the Rover because he has roved over half the world, and is as full of yarns as Anemone Bay of sea-weed."

Nor did Widow Droop exaggerate the virtues of old Michael. Born at Hillsborough, he had returned to that quiet hamlet, after many years' experience of foreign travel, to find his former friends all dead or estranged by his long absence. A new generation had sprung up, to whom he was as unknown as Rip Van Winkle, and yet he had made his home anew in the old place, and, as though to insure the permanence of his friendships for the future, had made them among children. Michael Baird was the idol of every child in the parish. When digging in his little garden-plot he was generally surrounded by a little flock, as the plowshare is followed by the crows; and when among his nets on the beach, his society was still more greedily sought by the young people. He knew where the wonders of the shore were to be found, the prettiest shells, the brightest pools, and, moreover, he was shipbuilder extraordinary to the whole people of Lilliput. To see him, with his long white beard and earnest face, elaborating a three-decker out of a piece of drift-wood, amid a circle of wide-eyed children, was a far prettier sight than Michael himself had any idea of. He had none of the self-consciousness which (with the greatest deference to the nautical calling) but too often characterizes the sailor, and makes him an egotist, and sometimes a bore. In simplicity he was a child himself, and in tenderness a woman. And yet it was well understood that Michael Baird had given his proofs of pluck and endurance, and had had a personal experience compared with which for roughness and peril a fisherman's life at stormy Hillsborough was but as a season in Mayfair. It was with this old fellow that Master Georgey, as soon as he grew old enough to be set down to toddle on the sand, struck up one of those unequal friendships which, between old age and extreme youth, seem to redeem poor human nature from those sweeping charges brought against it by the theologians. On one side, indeed, the sense of benefits received and the expectation of further favors may suggest the alliance; but on the other—that of the gray-beard—it is surely the result of naught but the divinest tenderness and human love. That grandsires who have been hardened by so many of the world's winters should melt, as they often do, toward their children's children, and, for their sake, become children again, is no light matter; but where the ties of blood are wanting, and childhood has still so marvelous a power of attraction, it is a sight that should give us something beyond pleasure—the assurance of the indestructibility of human love.

On the beach at Hillsborough, all the summer long, Georgey and old Michael had been inseparables. In their case the fable of Sindbad was reversed, for upon the shoulders of this Old Man of the Sea the child had careered over the sandy plain, and explored every creek and cove; and yet, strange to say, this had never happened in his mother's company. She seldom stirred abroad, though Carry and he never failed to do so when the weather permitted. When she did walk out her steps always turned toward the light-house (in the opposite direction from the scene of old Michael's occupation) and Anemone Bay. She would sit there for hours, now watching her child at play, now gazing upon that magnificent scene, the attractions of which had so nearly proved her destruction, not so very long since in years, but a whole existence ago if reckoned by vicissitude and loss. Mr. Winthrop and the good Professor were dead; she had read the announcement of the latter's decease in the newspaper (headed A Loss to Science) some months ago, not without tears, and yet not with the poignant sorrow she would have felt of old, or if, in the mean time, he had given some evidence of having remembered her. It had really been a blow to her that he who had expressed such earnest regard for her at Shingleton had not written one line of sympathy upon her father's death. But she had never ceased to wear the little amulet which he had given her with such words of deep good-will; and now that he was dead she forgot his forgetfulness of her, and only remembered his kindliness and courage. How unselfish he had shown himself, and how tender-hearted and careful for others—for her—on yonder rock! Well, he was dead. And Mrs. Marshall she had not so much as heard of since her own marriage. As for Ju and Fred, they were far away, and almost dead to her likewise, as it seemed; but here she rebuked herself, and confessed that it was not they, but circumstances, which had been to blame for their estrangement. But for that unfortunate misunderstanding at Shingleton her sister's causeless jealousy would never have been aroused, and she herself would have been welcomed with open arms to her distant home. Ju loved her still, it was certain, and had written her the most affectionate and sympathizing letter on her widowhood, besides several others since. It was impossible she could sympathize with her *now*, since she had not confided her affairs to her. The Pennants imagined her to be living in some quiet place on a small jointure from her late husband, and Ju had expressed their common indignation that she had not been "better provided for."

Of the rest of the little party that had spent that summer afternoon at Hillsborough, Horn Winthrop (at that time the least considered by her) had become the scourge of her life; and Richard Thornton, for a brief time the loadstar of it, a mere memory. Horn she thought of at all times, with a shudder; of Richard only occasionally, as now, when gazing on the place where he had rescued her from the jaws of death. Over that very promontory he had pushed the boat before him that had proved their ark of safety. What exertion must it have cost him, and with what a will must he have worked, to have overcome such difficulties! Could she ever forget that supreme moment when his boat stuck immovably in that ooze and tangle yonder, and all seemed lost, till he disappeared under the boat itself, and lifted it on his strong shoulder—"Like one of Homer's heroes," the Professor had said; like a hero, certainly. Once more she beheld the sunshine upon his noble head as he rowed out to save them; the play of his skillful arms; the look of thankfulness on his handsome face, as though it had been he who was rescued, and not they. Once more she felt the pressure of his hand as he held it out to help her in, heard the sound of his cheery voice; and then, again, those sharp words interchanged between himself and Horn. They were sweet to her now, though they had alarmed her then; he was one (she felt) who could have defended her, even from that terrible man.

From the incidents of that eventful day her memory strayed to Shingleton. How strangely Richard had behaved to her there, how reserved and cold had been his manner; and yet how inconsistent had his coldness been with that silent hand-clasp at the railway station with which he had bidden her adieu forever! When she thought of that a blush came into her pensive face, which deepened into crimson as the recollection of his anonymous gift recurred to her. It had been her ruin, for her misunderstanding of it had made her a loveless wife, while the discovery of it had been used by Horn as an instrument of torture and oppression. Moreover, it was wrong of Richard to have sent it, and most unjustifiable. That he had saved her life gave him no right to reach out his hand to help her poverty, even though the generosity which dictated the gift had been outdone by that which had kept it secret. But though her heart resented the acceptance of it, it melted toward the giver. She could not forget the delicacy with which, when they met at Wimbledon, he had avoided all allusion to the past. That he had loved her up to that moment, when he suddenly found her another's bride, she had no doubt; and knowing this, she felt that not without cause he might have reproached her. Well, all was over now. She would, if it was possible, return him that money some day as secretly as he had sent it; and in the mean time—and forever—Richard and she would be strangers to one another. She did not even know whether he was alive. Upon parting from Widow Droop he had made use, it seems, of a strange expression. "You will never hear of me again," he said; which had afflicted the good woman sorely. "He was too good a young gentleman to kill himself for any young hussy," she had said to Mabel, little dreaming to whom she spoke; "but it is my belief that he meant to go abroad somewhere, and live there for good and all; very like in one of those outlandish places beyond seas as Michael Baird talks of, where the women are black outside as well as in." The whole sex suffered in her opinion, so very indignant was Widow Droop at the supposed ill treatment of her lodger by his lady-love.

The affection of little Georgey for his friend Michael took on one occasion the form that a child's friendship often does take—namely, the casting off, in its favor, of allegiance to domestic authority. He refused to go home with his Carry at the time appointed, preferring Mike's society and castle-building to the tea and bread-and-butter that were awaiting him at home.

"But, my darling, it is getting late," reasoned Carry.

"No, no! plenty of time; 'tay with Mikey 'ittle 'onger." And he clung about "Mikey" accordingly with his little arms and legs, like a small python. The old man, who, it must be confessed, was not much of a stickler for discipline, was, as usual, loath to part with him.

"But you really must let him come, Michael," pleaded Carry, "for it is past his time, and Mrs. Winthrop will be getting so nervous."

"Mrs. Winthrop?" exclaimed the old man, setting the child down at once, and repeating the words with an intense gravity. "Mrs. Winthrop of Wapshot Hall?"

In her excitement about the child Carry had for the first time forgotten to use the assumed name by which her mistress was known at Hillsborough. In vain she now endeavored to rectify her mistake. The consciousness of the vast importance of their retreat being kept secret, and of the terrible results which might flow from its discovery, only made her more nervous and embarrassed. Repudiation of her previous statement, and the pretense of its being a slip of the tongue, were equally inefficacious. Michael had heard the word distinctly, and had his own reasons for sticking to the original text.

"I ought to have known it without your telling me," replied the old man, taking Georgey's face in his large weather-beaten palms, and regarding it with the utmost tenderness. "The dear child's face seemed familiar to me directly I set eyes on it; for he is the image of his father, that I knew so well."

"Oh, Sir! oh, Mr. Baird!" cried Carry, dropping on her knees on the sand, "for Heaven's sake, and for our darling's sake, whom you pretend to love, I adjure you never to mention what I have so unhappily disclosed! It would kill my mistress if she knew it; she would never have a happy hour!"

"I can keep a secret," returned the old man, quietly; "and if it would harm the boy to tell his name, you may be sure that it shall never pass my lips."

"It would be his death," cried Carry, earnestly: "his brother Horn would murder him. He has turned my mistress and her child out of house and home, as it is, to get bread how they can, though he himself is rolling in riches; and not content with that, he has sworn to be the death of them. Oh, Michael, I believe you are kind and true, and will never harm them; but if, through you, they are discovered by their enemy, then their blood will be upon your head."

"Blood is a serious word," said Michael, slowly, "and murder a thing that is not done every day, at least in these parts. I don't want to pry into your mistress's secrets, but you must answer me a question or two, the answers to which shall be used—believe me, lass—in the child's service, or not at all. How old, exactly, is this Mr. Horn?"

"Well, that is difficult to answer. He was born abroad—in Patagonia or some such outlandish place; but, according to Wapshot reckoning, he must be three-and-twenty."

"And why is he so angry with his little brother here?"

"I can not tell, Sir; I only know it *is* so. Perhaps he is afraid the child will get a little of his great estate; whereas I am sure my mistress does but desire to live in peace, and out of harm's way."

"I must see her," observed Michael, with resolute decision.—"Georgey, lad, will you ride pickapack on old Mike's shoulders home?" An offer accepted on the spot.

"Oh, Mr. Baird," pleaded Carry, "Mrs. Winthrop has seen nobody for more than two years!"

"She must see *me*, however," said Michael; and this time there was something more than determination in his tone. It was severe almost to harshness. His face, too, had a very different look from that which it was wont to wear when Georgey's arms were clinging about his neck, and his little fingers playing with his beard, as he trudged with his unconscious burden toward the cottage, and Carry followed in silence and in tears.

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CHAPTER XLIII.

THE LIVING WITNESS.

MABEL was already looking anxiously from her window, when the little procession threading the tiny copse came out upon the wooden bridge. What could the coming of this strange man portend? She guessed it was Michael; but her orders had been strict to Caroline that no one whatever should be brought to the cottage. A new face, however friendly, seemed to her fraught with peril. But danger from the quarter whence she always looked for it she did not at the moment fear, but that some accident had happened to Georgey. She flew down stairs, expecting to find him with bruise or cut, since Michael was carrying him upon his shoulders.

"Mamma, mamma, Mikey come to tea!" cried the little fellow, clapping his hands, and urging his human horse to greater speed.

Michael set down his burden, pulled his gray forelock, and looked from Mabel to her maid with wondering eyes. "This is not Mrs. Winthrop," said he, doubtfully.

Mabel turned deadly pale.

"Oh, madam, I could not help it," pleaded Carry. "It was a slip of the tongue. But he has promised never to say a word; and he loves the child so dearly!"

Mabel cast a look of reproach at the poor girl that went to her very heart; then, turning to Michael, she inquired in a tone that she strove in vain to render careless: "If I *am* Mrs. Winthrop, my good man, what then?"

"In that case, I must have a word alone with you, madam, if you please," answered he, respectfully.

With a firm front, but trembling limbs, Mabel led the way into the little parlor, and motioned the old sailor to a chair. Her arms first clasped her child, as though some danger threatened it.

"Oh, you need not fear, ma'am," said Michael re-assuringly; "and least of all upon your little lad's account. My story is not a short one; and if you keep him with you, he will maybe be hungering for his tea."

This simple forethought for the child went to his mother's heart more surely than could any professions of good-will. Georgey was handed to his nurse at once; and Mabel sat down to listen with wonder that was no longer mixed with fear.

"When I came here, madam," began the old man, in grave and quiet tones, "I thought to see a face very different from yours; though, when I saw it last, it was scarce less fair. The Mrs. Winthrop that *I* knew is dead and gone, it seems."

"The first wife of my late husband died about four years ago," said Mabel.

"Then yonder child is your own and Mr. Horn is his step-brother, *not* his brother?"

"God forbid!" cried Mabel, involuntarily. "Mr. Horn Winthrop is a violent and cruel man."

"I have just been told so," said Michael, slowly; "and there is a certain reason that makes me easily believe it. Do not suppose that I am curious or disrespectful, madam, when I ask you whom your step-son resembles: is he like his father, for example, as your own child is?"

"He is not the least like the late Mr. Winthrop," answered Mabel. "He is very dark and swarthy, and a much larger man. His manners, too, in place of being refined, are rude and brutal. When angry, his passion is incontrollable; and, indeed, at this very moment I go in peril of my life by reason of him. He has no more scruple nor mercy than a savage."

"But why does he seek to harm you, and especially your innocent child?"

"He hates us; and that is sufficient to move him to ill deeds."

"He has no reason to fear you, then?"

"None whatever."

"You are quite sure of that?"

The old man regarded Mabel with such earnest and searching eyes as he put this question that she hesitated to reply.

"And yet, if he did but know it," pursued Michael, "he has the best of reasons, since Horn Winthrop is a bastard, and your son is the heir."

"Do you know *that*?" cried Mabel, rising excitedly from her chair. "Oh, when and how did you gain that knowledge? Are you the Michael that was shipwrecked with Horn's mother?"

"I am, ma'am," said the old man, simply.

"God be thanked!" exclaimed Mabel, fervently. "Then read you this." She had snatched the scissors, and cut from her dress the threads that attached to it the precious document which she always wore about her. "Is that coiffession true, man?"

"It is quite true," said the old man, when he had perused it: "so far, that is, as the poor lady had the means of ascertaining the truth. She thought that I was dead, since the savages told her so, either to serve some purpose of their own, or for their mere love of lying. I was kept prisoner by a different band, but at no great distance; and I heard of all that happened to her, including her escape. Before we separated I had seen her married to the chief, sorely against her will, and but a few weeks after the death of her little babe, which I buried for her with my own hands. Mrs. Winthrop was in no way to blame in the matter, madam"—for Mabel could not repress a shudder: if her Georgey had thus died, she was thinking, was it possible that *she* could have wedded, and so soon; would she not have perished rather?—"When Death says, 'Come!'" pursued the old sailor, "we will do any thing to avoid accepting his invitation; and if the poor lady had declined the offer of this chief, she would without doubt have been put to death. He was a swarthy, fierce-looking savage, half a head taller than the rest, and a great warrior. From what you say, I reckon his son is like him."

"Was her life a very wretched one afterward, think you?" inquired Mabel, pitifully.

Michael shook his head significantly. "Don't let us talk of it, madam. I can't say what it was—for, as I have told you, the poor lady and I were separated—but my heart bled for her. I've heard some people, as have never lived among 'em, talk of noble savages. I never knew no noble ones. They're nasty creatures. They'll holler at you as though they wanted to drive the words into your ears; and they ain't particular as to what they eat. In times of famine they eat their second wives before they eat their dogs. But there, that's enough of *that*. When I heard as the poor lady had escaped I could have cried for joy, notwithstanding that I was still a prisoner, and remained so for many a year, till my own chance came. Even then I did not get home, but was took off by a vessel bound for China. One thing I was resolved on—that, wherever I went, I would say no word about the poor lady's marrying the savage. Those as live at home at ease are harsh judges of them as have been driven to do such things, and women the harshest of all; and my master's wife—God help her! I don't say God forgive her! for He had nothing to forgive in that matter, in my judgment—had always been a good friend to me. So it was, then, that I've always held my tongue about it. When I came home I made inquiries, and learned that Mrs. Winthrop and her child were at Wapshot; and I knew only too well who Master Horn was; but she always believed me to be dead, as she says here. If she had heard I was alive, maybe it would have shamed her, poor soul; and she had enough to bear, as it was, if what I heard then, and have heard since from you, is true. Perhaps some men would ha' made money of what they knew; but such fellows is only fit for Patagonia, and are savages except for their clothes."

"You have behaved nobly, and like a true gentleman," cried Mabel, holding out her little hand to the old man.

"Well, ma'am, I did what I thought was right," answered Michael, simply; "and yet at times I have had my doubts; for I knew something of my master's affairs; and if there should be another son born, says I to myself, what the deuce is to be done *then*? For in that case Master Horn would have all the money, and yet have no right to it. Well, that didn't happen, and time went on; so I held my tongue for good and all. But I had never heard that the poor lady was dead; and when I first set eyes on that little child of yours, so like its father, it gave me quite a turn. Even when I learned the name under which it went I had my doubts; and when to-day his nurse came out so pat with 'Winthrop,' I felt sure that she had told the truth. I thought, of course, that you were my master's late wife; and what I came up here for was to tell her this: Master Georgey must have his own, madam, or old Michael will let the cat out of the bag. That child shall never be crowed over nor ill-treated by this brother of his, who is no brother. As for his being frightened at his savage tricks and Patagonian ways, it is not to be endured, when, as I have said, Mr. Horn has so much more reason to be afraid of *him*."

"You will be our guardian angel!" ejaculated Mabel. "How can we ever prove our gratitude?"

"Well, madam, as to that," said Michael, gravely, "there is no such merit in telling the truth. Only, if I might put in a word of my own, I should wish my poor lady's son—for that he *is*, whoever was his father—to be as lightly dealt with as possible. I'll give my testimony on Master Georgey's side, and welcome; but if matters could be somehow quietly arranged, so as not to make a—a—"

"A public scandal," suggested Mabel. "Indeed, good Michael, that is what must be avoided upon all accounts. Respect for my husband's memory, and for this poor innocent lady's, demand that, quite apart from any wish of yours. So far as I am concerned, I only desire to live at peace with my child; but, at the same time, it is my duty to protect his rights."

"True," said the old man; then added, with a sort of plaintive doubt, "and as for my poor lady, if she knows in heaven what we are now about, she will desire to see justice done, won't she?"

"I think so, Michael," said Mabel, gravely; "and trust me, if I have any voice in this matter, it shall be justice tempered with mercy."

"Thank you, ma'am; thank you," said the old fellow, rising from his chair with the air of one who has had a weight removed from his mind. "Then that's all settled fairly; and when you want old Michael Baird you know where he is to be found."

As soon as he was gone Mabel sat down to her desk, and dashed off those hurried lines to Martha with which we are already acquainted. Her heart was full of hope, if not of happiness, but her brain was in a whirl. She experienced, for the first time, a consciousness of strength, and yet had never felt so helpless, or such urgent need of counsel.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS.

IN the latter part of April the HON. MR. WASHBURNE, our minister to France, paid a visit to the Archbishop of Paris, Monseigneur DARBOIS, who some time before had been arrested by the Commune and thrust into prison, to be held as a hostage. The visit was paid at the earnest solicitation of several high dignitaries of the Catholic Church. Mr. WASHBURNE readily obtained permission to see him, and in a letter to the State Department at Washington gives the following interesting account of the interview:

In company with my private secretary, Mr. M'KEAN, I went to the Mazas prison, where I was admitted without difficulty. Being ushered into one of the vacant cells, the Archbishop was very soon brought. I must say I was deeply touched at the appearance of this venerable man. With his slender person, his form somewhat bent, his long beard (for he had not been shaved apparently since his imprisonment), his face haggard with ill health—all could not have failed to have moved the most indifferent. I told him I had taken great pleasure, at the instance of his friends, in intervening on his behalf; and while I could not promise myself the satisfaction of seeing him released, I was very glad to be able to visit him, to ascertain his wants, and to assuage the cruel position in which he found himself. He thanked me most heartily and cordially for the disposition I had manifested toward him. I was charmed by his cheerful spirit and interesting conversation. He seemed to appreciate his critical situation, and to be prepared for the worst. He had no word of bitterness or reproach for his persecutors, but, on the other hand, remarked that the world judged them to be worse than they really were. He was patiently awaiting the logic of events, and praying that Providence might find a solution to these terrible troubles without the further shedding of human blood. He is confined in a cell about six feet by ten (possibly a little larger), which has the ordinary furniture of the Mazas prison—a wooden chair, a small wooden table, a prison bed. The cell is lighted by one small window. As a political prisoner, he is permitted to have his food brought to him from outside the prison; and in answer to my suggestion that I should be glad to send him any thing he might desire, or furnish him with any money he might want, he said he was not in need at present. I was the first man he had seen from the outside since his imprisonment, and he had not been permitted to see the newspapers, or to have any intelligence of passing events. I shall make application to the Prefect of Police to be allowed to send newspapers and other reading matter, and shall also avail myself of the permission granted me to visit him, to the end that I may afford him any proper assistance in my power. I can not conceal from myself, however, the great danger he is in, and I sincerely hope that I may be instrumental in saving him from the fate which seems to threaten him.

On page 501 we give an illustration of the scene so graphically described by our minister.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

WE are sorry to hear any evil reports concerning our little friends the English sparrows. They are so tame and confiding, and, withal, have done such a good work in our city, that we feel a grateful attachment to them which would pardon many faults. As a resident of the city, we believe no special complaint is made of the sparrow, excepting that he has driven away our own song birds. We miss many of our pleasant songsters, but far more, and in a very different way, we miss our inch-worms! We must be willing to accept some deprivations not desired with the loss of those spinning nuisances. In the rural districts, however, it is said, the sparrows not only destroy the larvæ of insects, but they rob the fields of grain, to the great damage of the farmer. We sympathize with the farmer, and trust his ingenuity will devise means for protecting his grain. Nevertheless, we continue to rejoice in our freedom from caterpillars. A few years ago the early summer was made exceedingly disagreeable to city people by the inroads of this insect. Not only were the shade trees devoured, but there was no comfort in going out-of-doors. Even if one walked in the middle of the street, protected by a spread umbrella, some of these crawling, spinning creatures were sure to fasten on the garments, and presently to display themselves, perchance at church, or at the dinner-table, erect upon shoulder or head. It came to be a common neighborly service to pick off the intruder, with the simple remark, "Only an inch-worm." Every body was expected to have inch-worms on them. This fashion, however, has gone by, thanks to the busy little sparrows, through whose instrumentality our shade trees flourish, and June walks are made delightful.

It is said to be a fact—and a very curious one it is—that some highly important reports were sent to Louis Napoleon during the time from 1866 to 1869 by his confidential military agent at Berlin, Colonel Stoffel. This keen-sighted observer predicted all the calamities which befell the imperial armies in the year 1870. These reports, however, were found in the private cabinet of the Emperor at the Tuileries with the seals unbroken.

About the 1st of July the National Lincoln Monument at Oak Ridge Cemetery, near Springfield, Illinois, will be completed. It is the intention of the Monument Association to make the occasion one of national interest. The remains of the murdered President will be transferred to the new vault in the base of the monument, and the bronze statue of Mr. Lincoln, just cast from the model by Mr. Meade, will be unveiled.

A diamond of nine carats weight—an uncut specimen from the South African fields—is now on exhibition in Boston, and is quite a curiosity from its remarkable crystal formation. It is an octahedron in form, and when cut it is expected that its value will be about $3000.

The marine aquarium at the Crystal Palace in London requires about 150,000 gallons of sea-water. Nearly one-third of this amount is now in the tanks.

When the day of woman's rights has fully come, will she sing bass and baritone, and leave the soprano and contralto parts in music to be executed by the masculine portion of the community? Probably. This seems to be the inference to be drawn from a little incident which occurred at the recent anniversary meeting of the Woman's Suffrage Convention. A worthy lady opened the meeting by reading some resolutions, but as the noise from the street almost drowned her strong voice, she requested that the windows at the rear of the room be closed. A gentleman in the audience kindly volunteered to read the resolutions for her. "No!" she replied. "I have got as strong a voice as you have! Excuse me," she added, "if I spoke roughly; but the assumption of man that he has a voice that can reach further than a woman's can is—is—well, it is one of his assumptions, that's all."

The Russo-Greek chapel in this city has lately received an elegant gift from Lady Aksakoff, of St. Petersburg, a Russian lady attached to the imperial household. This donation consists of three elaborate pieces of gold embroidery on heavy crimson velvet, which are intended, one for a covering for the chalice, another for the holy disk, and the third as a veil for all the sacred vessels. The Greek cross is the prominent emblem in the embroidery, and all the surrounding tracery is artistic and delicate. The altar service of the Greek church was the gift of the Empe or Alexander, and is exceedingly rich and elaborate.

A revision of law certainly seems desirable. Years ago, when newspapers were few and general education neglected by the masses, a man might be possessed of average intelligence and judgment, and yet not have read about, nor formed an opinion concerning, some affair of general public interest. But nowadays, when newspapers are freely scattered every where, and almost every working-man reads and thinks for himself, it seems like setting a premium upon ignorance and weak-mindedness to have a law which makes that juror most eligible in a criminal trial who has read no newspapers and formed no opinion upon a matter which has been notoriously spread abroad by press and tongue. In a trial where *life* is concerned—the life of one in particular, and the lives of the community in general—it would seem that men of the clearest minds, the most impartial judgment, and the most honest hearts should be chosen to weigh the evidence presented calmly and clearly. If a man's mind is so far unbiased that he can hear the facts on both sides of a case with candor and sincerity, and judge according to them, intelligent reading and honest thinking on all subjects would only the better fit him to give an impartial judgment. In 1871 the men who do not read and do not think stand far below the average in education and intelligence. This is a reading and thinking age, and our laws should correspond to it.

As apropos to this topic, we make a quotation from reports of the court in impaneling a jury for the trial of William Foster, who was charged with the murder of Avery D. Putnam. Viewed in all its aspects, however, the quotation might appropriately be placed under "Humors of the Day." A juror being called, the counsel inquired:

"Have you read any thing about this case?"
"Yes, Sir, I have."
"Did the reading of that leave any opinion on your mind at the time?"
"No, Sir."
"Did you believe what you read?".
"No, Sir."
"Did you disbelieve—regard as untrue, or false—all that you read about the matter?"
"No, Sir."
"Had you no notion as to whether the substance of what you read was true or false when you read the accounts?"
"No. Sir."
"What did you think?"
"I thought nothing."
"Do you know that the man who was killed was Putnam?"
"I don't know nothing."
"Do you suppose it was?"
"I don't know."
"Why don't you know?"
"Because I don't."
"Do you know that Putnam was killed by a man by the name of Foster?"
"No, Sir; I've heard so, but don't know it."
"Do you know this man here [pointing to prisoner] is Foster?"
"No, I don't know it."
"Do you suppose so?"
"I don't know."
The juror was accepted and sworn.

Another man, being questioned, stated that he had read an account of the murder in the newspapers, which had "left a slight impression on his mind." Thereupon the juror's fitness to serve was argued, and it was finally decided that he was not qualified to act impartially! What sort of a mind could that be upon which the record of a deed of violence made *no* impression? Would any amount of evidence make an impression upon it?

Mr. Spurgeon is seriously ill, and physicians have ordered entire rest.

The prestige of the French language is not yet decaying, whatever may be the condition of France. The Prussian minister at Dresden, M. D'Eichmann, having ordered the other day a dinner for sixty guests, when his cook, who is a German, handed him the bill of fare, his Excellency, while expressing his approbation of the *ménu*, was annoyed at the names of the dishes being written in German. The poor *chef* endeavored to excuse himself on the plea that, belonging to the Prussian embassy, and being in Germany, and— "Nonsense," interrupted the embassador; "I must have it all in French. It is the only language fit for good company in the drawing-room, and good cooking in the kitchen."

The streets of Paris, once so noted for their attractive neatness, are now said to be in a state of indescribable filthiness. The reason assigned to an Englishman who inquired the cause of this state of things was that the street-sweepers were now employed as members of the government, and there was no one left to clean the gutters.

A most unseemly and unsabbathlike collision recently took place between a Catholic priest and one of his parishioners at the St. Augustine Church in Bridgeport, Connecticut. The priest had stationed himself near the contribution-box in the vestibule of the church to see that the congregation as they entered contributed the requisite amount. This he had been in the habit of doing on previous occasions, and had somewhat excited the ill-will of certain pew-holders thereby. A prominent member of the church, and a pew-holder, came into the vestibule and tendered a few pennies as his contribution; but the offering was refused by the priest, who informed him that it was not sufficient, and that he could not enter the church until he had paid the required sum. The layman, however, attempted to enter the church, whereupon ensued a contest, resulting in blows. The priest was endeavoring to put the offender outside the iron fence inclosure, when the latter suddenly drew a pistol, leveled it at the head of the reverend father, and threatened his life if he advanced another inch. The priest prudently withdrew into the church. It is said that the matter has been satisfactorily adjusted without resorting to legal measures.

The newspapers are to be credited, of course; and a Western journal asserts that California strawberries are so large it is not uncommon for an ordinary family to subsist on one for a week, though there *are* smaller varieties.

Chicago attempts to get up a sensation concerning Captain John Williams, son of the Rev. Eleazer Williams, whose identity was such a confusing topic of discussion years ago, and whom many believed to be the banished Dauphin of France. It would be no special advantage, however, to be the lineal heir to the French throne in these days of riot and anarchy.

In 1869 a building was taken for three years in Hitchin, near London, for the purpose of establishing a woman's college. Miss Emily Davies, now a member of the London School Board, was one of the ladies with whom this idea originated. The plan of the college is not to give training for any specific profession, but to afford women a liberal education. Lectures are given by Cambridge men. Each student arranges her own time for study, none being admitted under eighteen years of age.

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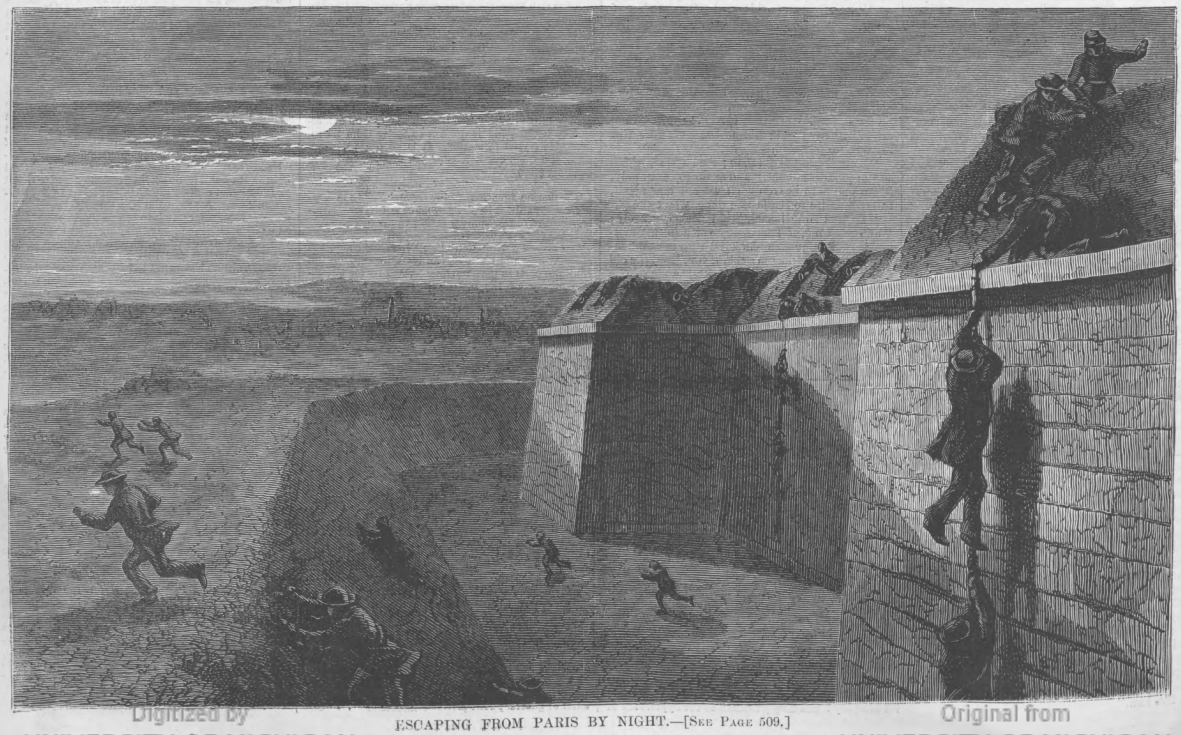
THE CIVIL WAR IN FRANCE—ADVANCED BATTERY AT NEUILLY.—[SEE PAGE 509.]



ESCAPING FROM PARIS BY NIGHT.—[SEE PAGE 509.]

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LAND, HO!—SCENE ON BOARD AN EMIGRANT SHIP.

LAND, HO!

EVERY one who has made a long voyage will appreciate the feelings of the crowded emigrants, who, after weeks of tedious confinement, come in sight of land. Most of them have never been to sea before, and perhaps never saw salt-water until their arrival at the port of embarkation. Intense, then, is the excitement when the news goes round that land is really in sight. Besides the novelty of the spectacle to persons who have gazed, day after day, on a weary waste of sea, the emigrants are naturally anxious to discover what the country is like which is destined to be their future abiding-place. With these few words of suggestion we may safely leave the sketch on this page to explain itself to the imagination of the reader.

ESCAPING FROM PARIS BY NIGHT.

MANY and varied have been the stratagems employed by the anti-Communist Parisians to get away from their once adored capital. Some, it is true, have succeeded, but by far the greater number were discovered in the attempt, and either arrested on the spot and conveyed to Mazas, or let off with a severe caution. Although thus baffled, the prospect of serving in the Commune army and fighting against their own friends and relations was too obnoxious for our anti-Communists not to make another effort for liberty; and accordingly, as the illustration on page 508 represents them, the more courageous determined to throw aside all *ruse*, and boldly escape from the ramparts. Furnished with a strong rope, and in parties of twos and threes, they cautiously sought for some secluded point where the watchful eyes of the rampart sentries would not espy them. This found, they would make their cord fast to the ground, or to a friendly post, and swarm down it with all the haste possible, as, should they be descried, a dozen Chassepôt bullets would be speedily sent after them and effectually prevent their escape. Once on the ground, they would speedily run out of range, and, carefully avoiding the Communist bivouacs, make the best of their way to the advanced posts of the Versaillists, or their whilom enemies the Prussians. So frequent have these desertions become of late that a band of Parisian Amazons has been formed for the purpose of disarming and disgracing those who are captured in the attempt to leave the city. Woe to the poor wretch who falls into their clutches.

ADVANCED BATTERY NEAR PARIS.

THE French siege of Paris has been prosecuted with far more bitterness than was that of the Prussians. The latter directed their efforts chiefly against the outlying fortifications, and refrained from doing material injury to the city itself. This forbearance has not been imitated by the troops of the Versailles government, who have not only bombarded the forts, but have shelled the city to such an extent that whole districts have been laid waste. It would seem as if they were bent on doing every thing which they would have condemned the Germans for doing. The illustration on page 508 shows an advanced battery of Versailles troops at the Pont de Neuilly, which has done great execution during the present siege.

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TRAINING.

BY training a man is able to do easily and with little effort what otherwise he might be unable to do even after a dangerous spasmodic effort. In training a man picks up his first general notions about his health, and the relations which his outward belongings bear to it. There is a great difference, however, between the way in which a university man trains and in which a "cad" trains. A university man has to knock off his feed, but a poor man has to feed up—to imbibe the port and porter which the other must not touch. The prohibitions used to be remorseless, and the rules frequently vexatious; but men are now more sensible, and base their dietary on the food to which a man has been accustomed. Condiments are forbidden, as they provoke thirst, and formerly a man was limited in his fluids, but the barbarous and distressing custom of "stinting the liquor" is pretty generally given up. Smoking is limited, but not altogether forbidden. The trainer shows a great deal of good sense, which society at large might profitably imitate. Take plenty of sleep, but not too much; don't get up too early; mind and tub; take tea in preference to coffee, and never touch spirits; don't take thick crusts, or cheese, or sugar, or butter. Sea-bathing is best, and next to that a weir or running stream, but avoid still water. The trainer judiciously pronounces that venison and Champagne are the best possible diet for the trainee. There is a superstition in favor of eggs, which are said to improve the wind. It must be remembered that in training a man has to unbuild his ordinary heart and lungs, and build up another set that shall be most adapted for the special object which he has in view. The simple object is to reduce the fat and get up the muscle. Severe training often knocks up a man severely, but still oftener the going out of training, the violent indulgence in every thing which has been forbidden, does much more harm. The training for athletic sports is quite as severe as for the boat race: if there is a distinguishable shade, it is more severe.

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WE sell Waltham Watches in Gold and Silver Cases only, but at prices so low that there is no longer any inducement to purchase the worthless watches with which the country has been flooded. For full particulars and prices, send for our Illustrated Price-List, and mention *Harper's Weekly*.—HOWARD & Co., No. 865 Broadway, New York. *The new "Boy's Watch" is now ready.*—[*Com.*]

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Made to Order and Warranted to Fit.
Sent by express, C. O. D., to any part of the country, at the following rates:

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Saleratus, and Cream Tartar.
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Designed for the Best Family Trade.

Good Soap is the desideratum of every economical housekeeper, yet the market is flooded with that which has the semblance, but not the qualities of real soap; and consumers thereof unconsciously incur an extravagant expenditure in the course of time. Pyle's "O. K." is a pure article, the economy of which has been thoroughly established. Pyle's Saleratus and Cream Tartar are also unadulterated articles that are well known to thousands of intelligent consumers in New York and New England. We can refer to the editors of this paper, or parade columns of testimonials, but knowing that our articles will speak for themselves, we solicit a trial. If your Grocer recommends some other, depend upon it he has his own interest in view, and not yours. JAMES PYLE, Manufacturer,
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THE DAVIS VERTICAL FEED SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE
THE CHEAPEST THE BEST

Possesses all the desirable qualities of the Standard Machines in the market. In its *Capacity*—being the LARGEST Family Machine made. In its *Simplicity*—being composed of but THIRTEEN WORKING PARTS. In its *Adaptability to a wide range of work.* In its *Ease of Operation*—running light and quiet, and being easily comprehended. In its *Superior Construction and Beauty of Style and Finish.*
BUT ITS PRINCIPAL FEATURE IS ITS
VERTICAL FEED!!
which is the most practical and desirable device for the purpose possessed by any Machine, giving THE DAVIS the preference, and which the Manufacturers claim makes it
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THE DAVIS has been before the public nearly Ten Years, and, unlike other Machines, has not been puffed into notoriety, but in a quiet way has earned a great reputation on account of its *many desirable qualities.*
☞ Agents are desired in every County in the United States and Canadas, not already occupied, to whom the most liberal terms known to the trade will be given, by addressing the Manufacturers,
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THE
HOUSEHOLD TONIC.

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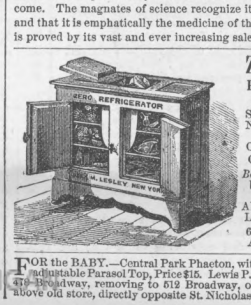
Hostetter's Bitters.

To use the language of a venerable physician of New York, "The Bitters are the purest stimulant and the safest tonic we have. But the uses of the great vegetable antidote are much more comprehensive than such praise would imply. As a preparatory antidote to epidemic disease, a genial stimulant, a promoter of constitutional vigor, an appetizer, a stomachic, and a remedy for nervous debility, no medicinal preparation has ever attained the reputation of Hostetter's Bitters. It is the household tonic of the American people, and in all human probability will be so for centuries to come. The magnates of science recognize its merits, and that it is emphatically the medicine of the masses is proved by its vast and ever increasing sales.



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New Story by Lucy Randall Comfort, entitled
Love at Long Branch;
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Inez Merivale's Fortune.

This story will be commenced next week in THE FIRESIDE COMPANION. The reading public are so well acquainted with Mrs. Comfort's excellence as a story writer that the mere announcement of a new story by her is sure to afford them pleasure.
This forthcoming serial is more than usually interesting, affording as it does an insight into fashionable life at the most fashionable of all the summer resorts. The story was written expressly for THE FIRESIDE COMPANION, and will be commenced next week. THE FIRESIDE COMPANION is the liveliest and best literary paper now published. It is for sale by all Newsdealers. Price $3 00 per year. GEORGE MUNRO,
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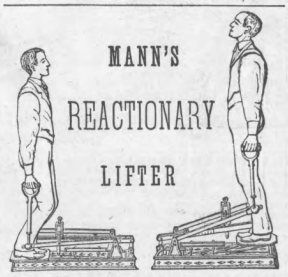

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It is at once more beautiful, compact, and durable, besides being much cheaper, than any other good Apparatus for similar purposes.
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A SEQUEL to "LITTLE WOMEN." By Louisa M. Alcott. Will be ready June 1st. With illustrations. Price $1 50. Sold every where. Sent by mail, by the publishers, ROBERTS BROTHERS, BOSTON.

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A. T. STEWART & CO.
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BLACK, PLAIN, AND FANCY
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WHITE AND COLORED CADRILLE SILKS, 87½ cents per yard.
HAIR-LINE STRIPE SILKS, in GOLDEN BROWN, FROU-FROU, MEXICAN BLUES, GREEN, AND PERVAUCHE, $1 per yard.
200 PIECES BEST GRADE NEW STRIPED CHINE AND SHADED SILKS, $1 25, $1 35, and $1 50.
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BLACK SILKS IN ALL THE HIGHER GRADES, warranted for durability, from $2 50 to $5 per yard.
A LARGE CHOICE OF CAREFULLY SELECTED PLAIN
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(NEW COLORS), $1 75, $2 50, and $3 per yard.
200 PIECES PLAIN GRISAILLE AND FROU-FROU JAPANESE SILKS, of extra quality, 90 cents per yard.
A CASE OF WHITE-GROUND MIKADO SILKS, WITH SOLID RAISED SATIN STRIPES, BEAUTIFULLY COLORED, $1 per yard.
A FRESH IMPORTATION OF PLAIN AND FANCY REAL GAZE DE CHAMBERY DRESS GOODS, $1 and $1 50 per yard.
3 CASES OF REAL LYONS POPLINS (26 INCHES), IN 30 COLORINGS, $1 25 per yard, worth $1 75.
50 PIECES "PIM'S" REAL IRISH POPLINS OF THE FASHIONABLE GOLDEN BROWN AND FROU-FROU SHADES, $2 25 per yard.
FORMING THE LARGEST AND CHOICEST STOCK OF SUMMER SILKS EVER OFFERED.
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Cut Paper Patterns
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These Patterns are GRADED TO FIT ANY FIGURE, and are *fitted with the greatest accuracy*, THE NAMES AND DIRECTIONS FOR PUTTING TOGETHER BEING PRINTED ON EACH SEPARATE PIECE OF THE PATTERN, so as to be adjusted by the most inexperienced.
Nine sizes are furnished for Ladies, in the even numbers from 30 to 46 inches; and nine sizes for Misses from seven to fifteen years old, from 25 to 33 inches bust measure. The size is taken for Ladies by passing a tape measure around the body under the arms, across the largest part of the shoulder blades, and two inches above the fullest part of the chest; and for Misses, straight around the body under the arms.
The following patterns are now ready:

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POMPADOUR-BASQUE WALKING SUIT	No.	26
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TRAINED HOUSE DRESS	"	30
POINTED-WAIST WALKING SUIT	"	32
PEASANT-BASQUE WALKING SUIT	"	34
TRAINED EVENING DRESS	"	38
TRAINED STREET SUIT	"	40
BLOUSE-WAIST WALKING SUIT	"	42
POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	"	44
HIGH-WAIST TRAINED SUIT	"	46
VEST-CASAQUE WALKING SUIT	"	48
DOUBLE-BREASTED SACQUE WALKING SUIT	"	49
SINGLE-BREASTED SACQUE WALKING SUIT	"	50

Vol. IV.

WORTH-BASQUE HOUSE DRESS	"	1
LADY'S GORED WRAPPER	"	5
LADY'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK	"	11
APRON-POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	"	13
POSTILION-BASQUE WALKING SUIT	"	15
SHORT-SACQUE WALKING SUIT	"	17
LADY'S TRAVELING SUIT	"	21
MISSES' POLONAISE SUIT (for girl from 7 to 15 years old)	"	23

The Publishers will send either Pattern by mail, prepaid, on receipt of TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. Nine Patterns will be sent for $2 00. No patterns separated or exchanged.
In ordering, please specify the Number of paper containing Suit and send Bust Measure. Dealers supplied at the usual discount.
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The New Wilson Under-Feed.
THE BEST & CHEAPEST FIRST CLASS SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE IN THE WORLD.
Warranted for five years, and the warranty indemnified by a capital of half a million of dollars.
AGENTS WANTED in unoccupied territory. For particulars address Wilson Sewing Machine Co. Cleveland, O.; St. Louis, Mo.; Providence, R. I.; Philadelphia, Pa.; Boston, Mass.; Pittsburg, Pa.; Louisville, Ky.; Cincinnati, O.; Indianapolis, Ind.; Memphis, Tenn.; Chicago, Ill.; Milwaukee, Wis.; Toledo, O.; Albany, N. Y.; St. Paul, Minn.; Richmond, Va.; Montgomery, Ala.; New Orleans, La.; Galveston & Houston, Tex.; San Francisco, Cal.; or No. 707 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE.
THE BEST
Depot, 6 Astor House; FACTORY, 68 Maiden Lane.

ANGLING and FISH-CULTURE.
Scott's book on "FISHING IN AMERICAN WATERS," with 174 Illustrations, teaches the *how* and *where* to fish and propagate fishes. Crown 8vo. Cloth, $4 00. Mailed, prepaid, on receipt of price, by
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Great National Loan.

☞ NEW FIVE PER CENT. BONDS OF THE UNITED STATES.

The Treasury Department is now able to promise that the registered Certificates of Stock, and a good part of the Coupon Bonds of the New Loan of the United States, bearing Five per cent. Interest, payable quarterly in Gold, will be ready for delivery early in the present month. The Subscriptions to the Loan now amount to $62,000,000, and it is expected that the Subscriptions and Sales will progress more rapidly when the Certificates and Bonds are ready for market abroad as well as at home. The whole sum of Five per Cents offered to the public generally, and to the holders of United States 5-20 Bonds, without qualification, is $300,000,000. When this amount, to which preference is thus given, is taken up, the remainder of the Five per Cents, $300,000,000, embraced in the New Loan of July 14, 1870, for refunding the Public Debt, will be offered in connection with $300,000,000 Four and one-half per Cents, and any part of $700,000,000 of Four per Cents, the one running fifteen years and the other thirty years.

The following is a copy of the New Five per Cent. Bond, under and pursuant to the New Loan Act of Congress:

FORM OF 5 PER CENT. BOND.

INTEREST | FUNDED LOAN OF 1881 | 5 PER CENT.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

ARE INDEBTED TO THE BEARER IN THE SUM OF

.....DOLLARS.

THIS BOND is issued in accordance with the provisions of an Act of Congress entitled "An Act to authorize the refunding of the National Debt," approved July 14, 1870, amended by an Act approved January 20, 1871, and is redeemable at the pleasure of the United States, after the first day of May, A. D. 1881, in Coin of the standard value of the United States on said July 14, 1870, with interest in such Coin, from the day of the date hereof, at the rate of FIVE PER CENTUM per annum, payable quarterly, on the first day of February, May, August, and November, in each year. The principal and interest are exempt from the payment of all Taxes or Duties of the United States, as well as from taxation in any form, by or under State, municipal, or local authority.

WASHINGTON, ...,18....

Entered ..... Recorded .....

.....

Register of the Treasury.

Registered Bonds will be issued of the denominations of $50, $100, $500, $1,000, $5,000, and $10,000, and coupon bonds of each denomination except the last two. The interest will be payable in the United States at the office of the Treasurer, any Assistant Treasurer, or designated depository of the Government, quarterly, on the first days of February, May, August, and November, in each year.

The Interest on the Registered Stock of this Loan, it is determined by the Treasury Department, will be paid as conveniently to the holder as on the Coupon Stock, and personal attendance, or attendance by proxy, at the Treasury, to draw and receipt for the Interest will be dispensed with, *whenever the check of the United States Treasurer, mailed punctually to the address and order of each holder, on or before every quarter-day, is preferred to such attendance.* This check, payable in Gold Coin at the Treasury in New York (or such other office as the Stock is registered at), will be negotiable or collectable on the indorsement of the owner or owners of the Stock. In pursuance of this arrangement, the subscribers to, or purchasers of, the Stock in its registered form (which is a complete protection against theft or other losses incident to Coupon Bonds payable to Bearer) are advised to give their Post-office address in full, and to notify of any change in the address between quarter-days.

The whole proceeds of the New Loan will be applied to the payment or redemption and cancellation of the 5-20 years six per cent. bonds, and, in addition to these proceeds, the 5-20's are now being reduced by purchase at the rate of $10,000,000 per month.

The entire effect, therefore, of the New Loan, in connection with the existing Sinking Fund process of the Treasury, is to reduce both Principal and Interest of the Public Debt of the United States. *The Loan creates no additional supply of Government Stocks*, while the application of the surplus revenues derived in Gold from Customs is constantly lessening, as it has been doing for two years past, the Funded Stocks bearing six per cent. Gold Interest.

The 1st of May schedule of the Public Debt, which has just been published by the Secretary of the Treasury, shows a reduction in these Stocks since the April schedule of $12,215,700, and a further lessening of the yearly interest charge thereon of $732,942. This leaves the total yearly interest charge in Gold $111,982,054. In the same month the Treasury paid and canceled $2,470,000 of the Three per Cent. Currency Debt, reducing the whole of this debt bearing interest to $91,023,000, and the yearly interest charge thereon to $1,557,470.

The proposed further reduction of the annual interest charge upon the Public Debt by refunding is as follows:

By exchange of $500,000,000 United States six per cents for new five per cents of 1881.....	$5,000,000
By exchange of $300,000,000 United States six per cents for four and a half per cents of 1898.....	4,500,000
By exchange of $100,000,000 United States six per cents for four per cents of 1901..	14,000,000
Total saving per annum by refunding.	$23,500,000

The large and rapid accumulation in the last few years of private capital now retired from active business, and of the cash Savings and Life Insurance premiums deposited with or intrusted to the provident institutions of the country—all seeking the most undoubted security, pledged to be kept free of all taxes, under national or local authority, and content, provided this object be assured, with moderate rates of interest—will, no doubt, ultimately absorb so much of these New Stocks as may not be taken in voluntary conversion of United States 5-20's, or marketed abroad.

C. C. NORVELL,
In charge of United States Loan advertising.

TREASURY OFFICE,
New York, *May 2*, 1871.

COLLINS METAL WATCHES

THE COLLINS WATCH FACTORY.—All our Watches are Full-Jeweled Levers, Gents' and Ladies' Sizes. Prices $15, $20, and $25, equaling in every respect Gold Watches costing $150, $200, and $250. Prices of Chains from $2 to $12, according to weight and style of finish. Jewelry in every way as good as gold at one-tenth the price. The *genuine* Collins Metal goods can only be had by sending to us direct. When six watches are ordered at one time the seventh one will be sent as a premium, free. Goods sent by express, C. O. D.

C. E. COLLINS & CO., 335 Broadway, New York.

1003 GIFTS.

GRAND GIFT CONCERT AND DISTRIBUTION
For the benefit of the
FOUNDLING ASYLUM OF THE SISTERS OF CHARITY in the City of New York, and Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphans' Home, Washington, D. C.,
To be held in WASHINGTON, D. C., under and by virtue of a permit from the Hon. Commissioner of Internal Revenue, on WEDNESDAY, JUNE 7, 1871.

The following gifts will be awarded by the Commissioners:

4-story brick house 66 N. Calvert St., Balt.....	$28,000
2240 acres of timber land in Wash. Co., Md., with 3 dwellings and saw-mill, lying on Ches. and Ohio Canal.....	20,000
3-story brick house 122 Bolton St., Balt.....	16,500
3-story brick house 210 Conway St., Balt.....	7,500
1 fine residence near Govanstown, 3 miles from Balt. City, on Passenger R. W.....	11,000
3 do. do., same location.....	25,000
7 lots adjoining above suburban property, $2500 each.....	17,500
Cash gifts.....	9,000
30,000 bonds Brownsville Precinct and Lincoln Co., Neb., 7 per cent. gold interest, $4000 U. S. bonds; $10,000 N. C. State bonds; 110 shares National Mec. Bank, Balt.; 100 shares Citizens' National Bank, Balt.; 100 shares Northern Cent. R. R.; 100 shares Erie R. R.; 20 shares Balt. and Ohio R. R.; 20 shares Phila., Wilmington, and Balt. R. R.	
52,000 tickets only will be sold, at $5 each.	

Hon. H. McCULLOUGH, of Elkton, Md., Major GEO. T. CASTLE, Baltimore, Md., Commissioners.

Hon. JAS. S. NEGLEY, M.C., Pittsburgh, Pa., Trustee.

References.—Maj.-Gen. D. Hunter, U. S. A., Washington, D.C.; the Hon. James S. Negley, Pittsburgh, Pa.; First National Bank, Hagerstown, Md.; Appleman & Co., bankers, Hagerstown; Undegraff & Sons, Hagerstown; the Hon. R. J. Brent, late Attorney-General, Baltimore; C. F. Abbot, Esq., 20 P. O. Ave., Baltimore; John Fowler, Esq.; W. H. Myers, of W. H. Myers & Bro., Exchange Place, Baltimore.

Deeds of the above real estate, certified to by counsel, in the hands of the Trustees.

Tickets and circulars can be had of
P. C. DEVLIN, General Agent,
Stationer and Printer, 31 Nassau St., New York,
and at the news-stands of all the principal hotels.
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A Group of Statuary by John Rogers. Price $15. This and other Groups will be delivered at any railroad station in the United States, free of expense, on receipt of the price.

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"THE LITERARY WORLD" begins its Second Year June 1, '71. Each number contains 20 pages of Book Reviews, Literary News and Gossip, Notes and Queries, and List of all the New Books. John G. Saxe, the poet, says of the *Literary World*: "We heartily second the *N. Y. Eve. Post* in its commendation of the honesty and discrimination which characterize its articles." ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR. Samples, 10 cents. Published monthly by S. R. CROCKER, 32 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass.

DUTCHER'S Lightning FLY KILLER. DUTCHER'S DEAD SHOT for Bed-Bugs. TRY THEM, AND SLEEP IN PEACE.

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The whole world challenged to produce a Family Sewing Machine that will sew as *light* and as *heavy*; light running and easily operated. The best machine for use, the easiest to sell, the most durable—will last a lifetime. Lock stitch, noiseless, attachments unequalled. A good business may be established in any city or town in the U. S. This machine has established its superiority in every instance where it has come in competition with any machine in the market. Men with capital are finding it to their advantage to make the sale of this machine their exclusive business. *Agents wanted in unoccupied territory.* Machines guaranteed as represented.

Address "Domestic" Sewing Machine Co., 96 Chambers St., New York, or Toledo, Ohio.

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IS A PURE
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WITH THE
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WARRANTED
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EVERY MAN HIS OWN PRINTER.

With one of our presses, and the material accompanying it, every man can do his own printing, thus saving much time and expense. Circulars containing full information about these Presses, prices, recommendations, &c., mailed free on application. Specimen-books of types, cuts, borders, &c., &c., 10 cents. ADAMS PRESS CO., 53 Murray Street, New York.

The Two Great
HAIR PREPARATIONS
Are BARRY'S SAFE HAIR DYE, the only coloring free from dangerous ingredients, and BARRY'S TRICOPHEROUS, the fragrant hair renewer and delightful dressing, established over 70 years.

JAPANESE PAPER WARE.—Invaluable to every housekeeper. Dealers are invited to test these goods, now successfully introduced, *to wit.*: Water, Milk, and Commode Pails, Slop Jars, Milk Pans, Wash Bowls and Basins, Spittoons, Trays, &c. They are water-proof and durable, will not shrink or break, are enameled in colors. Send for Descriptive and Price Lists to the manufacturers, JENNINGS BROTHERS, 352 Pearl St., New York City. *Trade supplied.*

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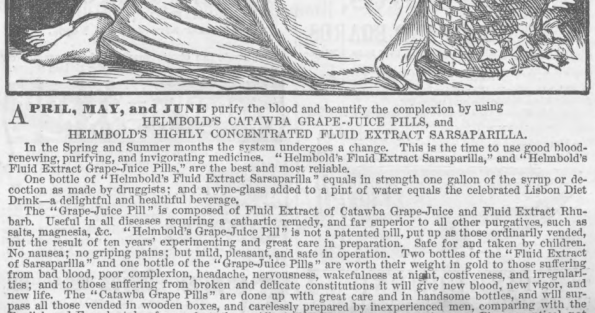

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MEMORIES OF DISTINGUISHED AUTHORS.

AMELIA OPIE.

BY S. C. HALL.

AMELIA OPIE lived to be eighty-four years old. I saw her but a short time before her death, sitting in an easy-chair, in her drawing-room at Norwich; and the ruling passion was still alive, for she was neatly and gracefully dressed, and moved as if she would rise from her seat to welcome me. She had preserved other of the attributes of her youth, and in her "the beauty of age" was a

AMELIA OPIE.

charming picture. She was the only child of James Alderson, M.D., and was born on the 12th of November, 1769, in the parish of St. George, Norwich; and in that city she died, on the 21 of December, 1853, having passed there nearly the whole of her life; for when she became a widow she returned to it, and, with few brief intermissions, it was ever afterward her home.

She did not become an author until after her marriage. That event took place in 1798. Late in the previous year she wrote to one of her friends, "Mr. Opie (but mum) is my declared lover." She hints, however, that her heart was pre-engaged, and that she "ingenuously" told him so. He persisted, nevertheless. At that time, she adds, "Mr. Holcroft also had a mind to me," but he "had no chance." She was "ambitious of being a wife and mother," and "willing to wed a man whose genius had raised him from obscurity into fame and comparative affluence." "Her future husband she first saw at an evening party, as she entered" (as her friend and biographer, Lucy Brightwell, states) "bright and smiling, dressed in a robe of blue, her neck and arms bare, and on her head a small bonnet, placed, in somewhat coquettish style, sideways, and surmounted by a plume of three white feathers." The painter, John Opie, was "smitten" at first sight. He was rugged and unpolished; she had the grace and lightness of a sylph. He (according to Allan Cunningham) looked like an inspired peasant; she, if her admirers are to be credited, had the form and mind of an angel. Yet they were married, in Marylebone Church, on the 8th of May, 1798; and the young bride preserved a record of her *trousseau*—"blue bonnet, eight blue feathers, twelve other feathers, two blue Scotch caps, four scolloped-edge caps à la Marie Stuart, a bead cap, a tiara, two spencers with lace frills, et cætera, et cætera."

Opie was not rich; "great economy and self-denial were necessary;" and so she became "a candidate for the pleasures, the pangs, the rewards, and the penalties of authorship."

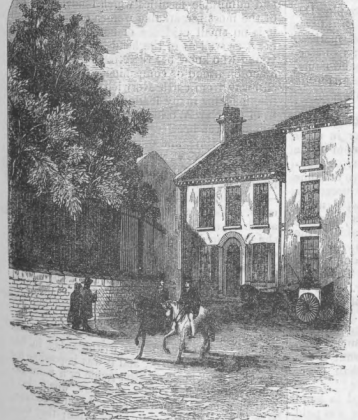
"Gayety" was her natural bent; not so that of Opie; yet she did her duty by him from first to last; and as, no doubt, she expected little of romance, giving her husband more respect than love, her married life passed in easy contentment until his death, on the 9th of April, 1807, and his burial in St. Paul's, in a grave beside that of Sir Joshua Reynolds. She bears testimony to his "general worth and natural kindness;" yet he was undoubtedly a coarse man, as one who knew him well writes, "rugged and unpolished, to say the least," although, as Haydon describes him, "of strong understanding, manly, and straightforward."*

She is described, at that period, as exceedingly beautiful, intellectual, refined, graceful, and altogether lovely. She sang sweetly,† painted skillfully, and was remarkably brilliant in conversation; and it must have astonished many to find the lovely, fascinating, and accomplished girl preferring Opie to the host of lovers that gathered in her wake.

From that far-away time she was a widow; as she mournfully writes in after years, "a lone woman through life, an only child, a childless widow," yet ever, as maid, wife, and widow, enjoying society, for some time the gayest of the gay, but always without spot or blemish, slander never having touched her fame. She was all her life long "true and lovely, and of good report."

She did not join the Society of "Friends" until the year 1825, although she attended their meetings much earlier. In 1814 she writes, "I left the Unitarians;" but it does not appear that she was ever in actual connection with that body, although she had frequent intercourse with them, and held "unsettled opinions" concerning the Christian faith.

In 1825 her father died. He, too, had "accepted Christianity," was "a believer in the atoning work of the Saviour," and, if not a Quaker, was, notwithstanding, interred in the Friends' burying-ground at Norwich, in a grave in which his daughter was laid more than a quarter of a century afterward.



THE DWELLING OF AMELIA OPIE AT NORWICH.

Probably it was her intimacy with the family of the Gurneys (honored be the name, for it has long been, and is, that of many good women and good men!) that led to her joining the Society of Friends. It is said, indeed, that she had an early attachment to one of them, Joseph John Gurney. He had known her when "a gay and lively girl," when she was a beautiful and young widow, and when she was sedate and aged; and perhaps, as far as we can think and see, it is to be lamented that she did not become his wife; for that they had devoted friendship each for the other there can be no doubt.

It was soon after she had become a Quaker we first knew her. As a trait of character, I may mention that about this time I had occasion to write and ask her to furnish a story for a work I was then conducting, the *Amulet*. In reply, she stated it was opposed to her principles to write a *story*, but she would send me an *anecdote*. She did so, and the distinction made no difference, for a very touching and pathetic story, called "An Anecdote," I received.‡

Not long afterward we made her acquaintance. She was verging upon fifty, but looked much younger. Her personal appearance then might be described by the single word "sonsie." Her full bust, upright form, and stately carriage were indicative of that rare privilege of age,

"Life to the last enjoyed."

Despite somewhat of severity in her quick blue eye, her manner and appearance were extremely prepossessing. There was a pleasant mixture of simplicity and coquetry in the folds of the pure white kerchief scrupulously arranged over a gray silk dress of the richest fabric, though plainly made and entirely without ornament. One of her Quaker friends describes her cap as "of beautiful lawn, and fastened beneath her chin with whimpers, which had small crimped frills."

AMELIA OPIE'S SITTING-ROOM AT NORWICH.

Her hair, of a singular color, between flaxen and gray, was worn in waving folds in front. It had a natural wave, but, of course, was never curled. Her carriage was erect, her step firm and rapid, her manner decided, her voice low and sweet in tone, her smile perfect sunshine. She "flirted" a fan with the ease and grace of a Spanish donna; and if her bright, inquiring, and restless eyes made one rather nervous at a first interview, the charm of her smile and the winning grace of her nature placed one at ease after a few minutes' conversation. Still, the incessant sparkling of those quick blue eyes told

"That e'en in the tranquilest climes
Light breezes might ruffle the flower sometimes."

When we met in after years, the restless manner was much calmed. As the face became less beautiful it grew more soft, less commanding, but more lovable.

Miss Brightwell thus pictures her: "She was about the standard height of woman, her hair was worn in waving folds in front, and behind it was seen, through the cap, gathered into a braid. Its color was peculiar—between flaxen and gray; it was unusually fine and delicate, and had a natural bend or wave..... Her eyes were especially charming: there was in them an ardor mingled with gentleness that bespoke her true nature." She was aged when Miss Brightwell wrote this, but she pictures her also in youth—no doubt from hearsay. "Her countenance was animated, bright, and beaming; her eyes soft and expressive, yet full of ardor; her hair abundant and beautiful, of auburn hue; her figure well formed, her carriage fine, her hands, arms, and feet well shaped; and all around and about her was the spirit of youth and joy and love."

Yet, although a member of the Society of Friends, and bound by duty to be sedate, the old leaven clung to her through life—innocently and harmlessly; and there was no sin in her occasional murmurs of self-reproof—"Shall I ever cease to enjoy the pleasures of the world? I fear not."

In truth, she never did. And so her Diary oddly mingles gayeties with gravities: May meetings with brilliant evenings, labors of love and works of charity with half-idolatrous hero-worship; and if there occur records of worldly sensations, at which an elder among the Friends might shake his head and sigh, there are many such passages as these: "Went to the jail—have hopes of one woman."—"Called to see that poor wretched girl at the work-house; mean to get the Prayer-book I gave her out of pawn."

Mrs. Opie was brought up as an "ultra-liberal." Her sympathies were with the people. They were often exercised, at the close of the past and the beginning of the present century, when advocacy of freedom was a crime, and there was peril even in free interchange of thought. But though a Liberal in politics, her heart had room enough for all human kind: her bounty was large, and her charities were incessant. Among other merciful projects, in conjunction with Mrs. Fry—another of the earth's excellents—she conceived the idea of reforming the internal management of hospitals and infirmaries. In 1829 a project had been actually "set on foot—an institution for the purpose of educating a better class of persons as nurses for the poor," a project much encouraged by Southey, who considered that "nothing in the system need be adopted at variance with the feelings of a Protestant country."

Dear friend,—Allow me to assure
thee in plain prose of my most
earnest wishes for thy happiness
5th Mo 16th 1832 Amelia Opie

FAC-SIMILE OF AMELIA OPIE'S HANDWRITING.

THE BURIAL-PLACE OF AMELIA OPIE.

Mrs. Fry did actually establish a society of "nursing sisters," and I believe it is in existence still.

It was in reference to his belief in the peculiar fitness of Amelia Opie to carry out this work of wisdom and mercy that Southey thus wrote of her in his "Colloquies:"

"One who has been the liveliest of the lively, the gayest of the gay; admired for her talents by those who knew her only in her writings, and esteemed for her worth by those who were acquainted with her in the relations of private life; one who, having grown up in the laxest sect of semi-Christians, felt the necessity of vital religion while attending upon her father in his last illness, and became a sincere and humble believer in the Redeemer."

* The biography she wrote of her husband she considered a failure, only because she had "not done justice to his talents or his virtues."

† She was perfect as a musician, according to the simple "perfecting" of those days, and sang with power and sweetness the music then in vogue—the "Sally in our Alley," the "Savourneen Deelish," the soprano songs in *Love in a Village*, in the *Beggars' Opera*, and *Artaxerxes*; and, added to this fascinating accomplishment, she had a knowledge of, and affection for, art.

‡ "Thou knowest—or thou ought to know"—she wrote to Mrs. Hall, at the commencement of our correspondence, in the year 1827, "that since I became a Friend I am not free to what is called 'make a story,' but I will write a *fact* for thy annual, or any little matters of history, or truth, or a poem, if thou wishest, but I must not write pure fiction; I must not *lye*, and say 'so and so occurred,' or 'such and such a thing took place,' when it did not: dost thou understand me?"

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ther during the long and painful infirmities of his old age, and who has now joined the lively faith for which her soul thirsted; not losing, in the change, her warmth of heart and cheerfulness of spirit, nor gaining by it any increase of sincerity and frankness; for with these Nature had endowed her, and society, even that of the great, had not corrupted them."*

So far back as the year 1818 Mrs. Hall was acquainted with Mrs. FRY, of whom it may be emphatically said, "her works do follow her;" and Mrs. Hall supplies me with this Memory of that estimable woman:

It was my privilege to accompany her more than once to Newgate—some years, however, after she had commenced her herculean and most merciful task of reforming that prison. I first met her at the house of William Wilberforce, to whom humanity still owes a large debt, although it has been, in part, paid by the abolition of negro slavery in all lands where the Anglo-Saxon tongue is spoken. The great philanthropist was then living at Brompton, and, after a lapse of so many years, I recall my sensations of intense happiness when, in my dawn of youth, conversing with that venerable man.

Newgate, when first visited by Elizabeth Fry, was a positive Aceldama. The women were all in rags, no care of any kind having been given to their clothing, and almost as little to their food. They slept without bedding on the floor of their prison, the boards raised in parts to furnish a sort of pillow. With the proceeds of their noisy beggary from occasional visitors they purchased spirits at a tap-room within the jail; and the ear was constantly outraged by frightfully revolting language. Though military sentinels were placed at intervals, even the governor entered their part of the prison with misgiving and reluctance.

Things had, however, changed for the better when I accompanied Mrs. Fry to Newgate. She had been at her work—and not in vain—during five years. My companion was the Rev. Robert Walsh, one of the most dear and valued friends of my girlhood—of my womanhood also. His children and his grandchildren are of my best and most-beloved friends to-day.†

But of Elizabeth Fry. I do not remember how it came about; yet I can see myself now clasping her hand between mine, and entreating to be taken with her once, only once; and I can recall the light and beauty that illumined her features—the gentle smile and look of kindness—as she moved back the hair from my moist eyes, and said, "Thy mother will trust thee with me and thy friend the doctor. Her heart is urged to this for good; do not check the natural impulse of thy child, friend," addressing my dear mother; "better for thy future in her to hear her pleading to visit those with whom the Lord is dealing in His mercy, than for thy sanction to visit scenes of pleasure, where there can be gathered no fruit for hereafter." I felt the words as a reproof; for only the night before I had seen the elder Kean play Macbeth. It was the first time I had been at a theatre, and the consequent excitement had kept me awake all night. Her words made me thoughtful. I remember removing the rosette from my bonnet, and putting on my gravest-colored dress, to accompany Elizabeth Fry to Newgate.

Hannah More, in speaking of this heroic "Friend," pictured her well: "I thought of her as of some grand woman out of the Old Testament—as Deborah judging Israel under the palm-tree."

When in repose, there was an almost unapproachable dignity in Mrs. Fry. Her tall figure, the lofty manner in which her head was placed on its womanly pedestal, her regal form, and the calmness of her firm yet sweet voice, without an effort on her part, commanded attention. You felt her power the moment you entered her presence; but when she read and expounded the Scripture, and, above all, when she prayed, the grandeur of the woman became the fervor of the saint. In person she was not unlike Amelia Opie, though obviously of a "stronger" nature, and, though by no means unfeminine, more masculine in form.

When I passed with her and Dr. Walsh, and a lady whose name I have forgotten, into the dreaded prison, and heard the loud gratings of the rattling keys in the locks, and the withdrawing and drawing of the bolts, and felt the gloom and damp of the walls, and heard my friends speak with bated breath, and then saw the door open, and a number of women—stained by "the *trail of the serpent*"—I should have been glad to have been any where but where I was. "Wilt thou go back, young friend?" whispered a kind voice. I looked up to her sweet face, and, laying my hand in hers, felt strengthened by her strength. A Bible was on the table, and a chair and hassock were beside it; but, before she read or prayed, Mrs. Fry went to each individually. Not one word of reproof fell from her to any, though several were loud in their complaints against one particular woman, who really looked a fiend. She took that woman apart, reasoned with her, soothed her, laid her hand on her shoulder, and the hard, stubborn, cruel (for I learned afterward how *cruel* she had been) nature relented, and tears coursed each other down her cheeks. "She promises to behave better," she said, "and thou wilt not taunt her, but help her to be good. And He will help her who bears with us all!" She had an almost miraculous gift of reading the *inner* nature of all with whom she came in contact. She seemed to show a peculiar interest in each, while each felt as if the mission was specially to her. I shall never forget the wild scream of delight of a young creature who fell at her feet, to whom she had said, "I have seen thy child." One of the women told the girl that if she was not quiet she could not remain for the prayer. I remember even now how she clenched her hands on her bosom, to still its heavings, and how she kept in her sobs, while her bright glittering eyes followed every movement of Mrs. Fry, when she added, "Thy child is well, and has cut two teeth, and thy mother seems so fond of her!"

This preparation for prayer and teaching occupied fifteen or twenty minutes; and eager and even noisy as some of those poor women had previously been, when Mrs. Fry sat down and opened THE BIBLE, the only sound that was heard was the suppressed sobs of the girl to whom Mrs. Fry had spoken of her child. There was something very appalling in the instantaneous silence of these dangerous women, subdued in a moment into the stillness which so frequently precedes a thunder-storm. The calm and silvery tones of the reader's earnest voice fell like oil on troubled waters. Gradually the expressions of the various faces changed into what may well be called *reverential* attention. Her prayer I remember thinking very short, but comprehensive; its entreaties were so earnest, so anxious, so fervent, that few were there whose moistened eyes did not bear testimony to its influence. She seemed to know and feel every individual case, to share every individual sorrow, and to have a ready balm for every separate wound. I can see the radiance of her face through the long lapse of years, and recall the "winningness" of her voice, so clear and penetrating, yet so tender. When she paused—remaining silent a while—and then rose to withdraw, the women did not crowd toward her, as on her first entrance, but continued hushed, and gathered together; indeed, several were too overpowered for words; but they gazed on her as if she were an angel—and was she not?

It was my privilege to repeat my visit. The second was but a repetition of the first—a few new faces, and some of the old ones gone; among them the girl whose child Mrs. Fry had taken under her own care. The mother had been sent over seas for a crime that would now be atoned for by a few weeks' incarceration.

Amidst the admirably performed duties of domestic life, followed, as years advanced, by trials that the world calls "bitter," that holy woman never wavered from her holy mission; removing with marvelous patience the chains, of mind as well as of body, that weighed so heavily upon the human race, and teaching the liberty that only the Christian appreciates, values, or enjoys.

Our most interesting intercourse with Amelia Opie occurred in Paris, in February, 1831, not long after the so-called "three glorious days." We had met and chatted with her at the receptions of the Baron Cuvier, where, among the philosophers, she was staid and stately.

And the Baron Cuvier is a rare Memory. His thick and somewhat stubbed form; his massive head, containing the largest quantity of brain ever allotted to a single human being; his broad and high forehead; his features, far more German than French; his manner, sedate almost to severity: such is the picture I recall of the marvelous man, the parent of many great men who have opened to us the portals of New Worlds.*

This is Mrs. Hall's Memory of Amelia Opie at the Baron Cuvier's: "In Paris, Mrs. Opie was one of the lights of the liberal and intellectual, as well as of the legitimate and aristocratic, *soirées*. One evening we met her in the circle at the Baron Cuvier's, where the Bourbonists were certain to congregate, and where the Baron's magnificent head 'stood out' like the head of imperial Jove. At one moment she was discussing some point of natural history with the great naturalist; the next, talking over the affairs of America with Fenimore Cooper, who, however much he disliked England, was always kindly and courteous to the English in Paris; the next, explaining in very good English-French to some sentimental girl, 'who craved her blessing, and called her *mère*,' that she never was and never would be a nun; and that she belonged to no such laborious, useful, or self-denying order as the Sœurs de Charité; and at the close of the evening, when, in compliment to the English present, a table was covered with a white cloth, and tea was made and kindly poured out by Madame Cuvier's daughter, Mrs. Opie was certainly one of the pillars of the tea-table, laughing and listening (she never could have been so universally popular had she not been a good listener), and being to perfection the elderly English lady, tinged with the softest *blue*, and vivified by the graceful influence of Parisian society."

But one memorable evening we had the honor of passing in the *salons* of General Lafayette—the venerable soldier whose singular career of glory was then drawing to a close. The occasion was eventful: there were present many young Poles. The fatal struggle was then commencing in Poland; they were on the eve of departure, and had come to bid the aged hero adieu and receive his blessing. It was touching in the extreme to see the old man kissing the cheek of each young soldier as he advanced, place a hand upon his head, and give the blessing that was asked for.

This is Mrs. Hall's recollection of the evening at Lafayette's: "The gathering at Lafayette's is never to be forgotten. The General was a most remarkable and most deeply interesting man; he was at that time (in 1831) worn down, with much of his fire quenched, resembling rather a patriarch than a soldier; yet he had a short time previously given a crown to Louis Philippe. The rooms were crowded, and in the crowd was Fenimore Cooper, more at home with the republicans, warmer and more genial, than he had been at Cuvier's on the previous evening, where the society was courtly and constrained. All the remarkable men of that party were there, and all seemed agitated about something going forward, which at first was incomprehensible to us. Lafayette stood in an inner room, conversing with a staff of old friends, who appeared privileged to crowd around him; but every five or six minutes the circle opened, a youth in a foreign uniform approached, the old man pressed his hands, looked earnestly and affectionately in his face, addressed to him a few words in a low tone, and then the youth bent and kissed his hand; some even knelt and craved his blessing, and he dismissed them with a sentence, 'Ah, le bon Dieu vous bénit, mon fils!' or, 'Allez à la gloire!' or, 'Vive la patrie!' One, a fine handsome fellow, more than six feet high, the General embraced and kissed; tears rushed to his eyes, and twice when the young man knelt he raised him and pressed him to his heart. Mrs. Opie wept, as indeed many did, who hardly comprehended the cause either of the reception or the parting, but we soon learned that the youth was the son of a distinguished Polish officer, who had fallen in defending his country, and that he was going to Poland with his countrymen to renew the struggle—that all those who so craved the blessing of Lafayette were Poles, all resolved to conquer or die, all destined to leave Paris at the dawn of the following day; and they did so; and in six weeks all those young hearts had ceased to beat—

'Their last fight fought—,
Their deeds of glory done.'

Indeed, the meeting was a singularly solemn one for Paris; even when the little ceremony was concluded, there was so much serious matter connected with Poland to think of and talk about, so much anxiety as to the result of the struggle, the young *braves* excited so much interest, and Lafayette appeared so overpowered, that we withdrew earlier than usual, leaving Mrs. Opie walking through the rooms in earnest and animated conversation.

"Suddenly we were somewhat startled by a buzz and an audible whisper; we could only make out the words *Sœur de Charité*, and walking with formal state up the room, we saw Amelia Opie, leaning on the arm of a somewhat celebrated Irishman (O'Gorman Mahon), six feet high, and large in proportion, with peculiarities of dress that enhanced the contrast between him and his companion. She was habited as usual in her plain gray silk, and Quaker cap 'fastened beneath her chin with whimpers, which had small crimped frills.' No wonder such a vision of simplicity and purity should have startled gay Parisian dames, few or none of whom had the least idea of the nature of the costume; but the good old General selected her from a host of worshipers, and seemed jealous lest a rival should steal the fascinating Quaker from his side."

To Lafayette and his family Mrs. Opie was greatly attached. She described him as "a delightful, lovable man," "a handsome, blooming man of seventy," "humble, simple, and blushing at his own praises;" and in allusion to her appearance at one of his "receptions," she writes: "I sighed when I looked at my simple Quaker dress, considered whether I had any business there, and slunk into a corner." But that was when the General "received" in state at the État-Major of the Garde National, and not when she was "at home" with him and his family at "The Grange."

It was at that time she sat to the sculptor David for the medal I have engraved. David was a small, undignified man, much pock-marked. He was to the last a fierce republican; as fierce, though not as ruthless, as his relative and namesake, the painter. I saw much of him during several after-visits to Paris.

Mrs. Opie occupied an *entresol* in the Hôtel de la Paix, and a servant, with something of the appearance of a sobered-down soldier in dress and deportment, waited in the anteroom of the Quaker dame to announce her visitors. Singularly enough, Mrs. Opie was never more at home than in Paris, where her dress in the streets, as well as at the various *réunions*, attracted much attention and curiosity, the Parisians believing she belonged to some religious order akin to the Sisters of Charity.

The last time Mrs. Opie visited London was to see the Great Exhibition in 1851. There she was wheeled about in a garden-chair. She retained much of her original freshness of form and mind, and was cheerful and "chatty." In the brief conversation I had with her, surrounded as she was by friends who loved and strangers who venerated her, she recalled our pleasant intercourse in Paris, murmuring more than once, "How many of them have gone before!"

In the autumn of that year I chanced to be in Norwich, and there my last visit to her was paid at her residence in the Castle Meadow. The house exists no longer, but a picture of it has been preserved by her friend, Lucy Brightwell, and I have engraved it. Plain house though it was, and fitly so, its memory is hallowed.

The room was hung with portraits, principally of her own drawing;* flowers she was never without. She was delighted with its cheerful outlook, and described it as a "pleasant cradle for reposing age." From her windows she saw "noble trees, the castle turrets," and "the woods and rising grounds of Thorpe." She was thankful that "the lines had fallen to her in pleasant places." There, venerated and loved, she dwelt from 1848 to her death.

She was at that time very lame, yet the courtesy of her nature was manifested in an effort to rise and give me a cordial welcome, and we passed an hour chatting pleasantly and cheerfully of gone-by people and times.

Her society was eagerly sought for by the most enlightened persons of the age: to name her friends would be but to catalogue the most remarkable of those who are interwoven with the history of our times. She was earnestly and sincerely philanthropic; her name was not frequently seen in the list of subscribers to public charities; but when a tale of want or sorrow was told to Mrs. Opie, tears rapidly twinkled in her blue eyes, and gradually those pretty hands, which were demurely folded Quaker fashion, would unclasp, and presently the right one found its way through the ample folds of her dress to her purse, from which she gave with frank liberality.

She described her dwelling in a letter written to Mrs. Hall, dated 8th Month, 4, 1851:

"I am glad Mr. Hall liked my residence. I had *long wished* for it. The view is a constant delight to me. My rooms are rather too small, but my sitting-rooms and chamber being *en suite*, they suit a lame body as I now am; and below I have three parlors, two kitchens, and a pretty little garden—for a town. I have a second-floor, and an attic which commands Norwich and the adjacent country; but this is thrown away on me. I have seen it, and that is enough. The noble trees, flowering shrubs, and fine acacias round the castle keep, into which I am daily looking, have to me an unfailing charm. The road runs under my window; and I have seen many groups of *le tiers état* hastening along, evidently to the Monday cheap train to London. It is a pleasant sight. The wind is rather high, and the trees I have told thee of are waving and bending their light branches so gracefully and invitingly before me that I could almost fancy they were bowing to me, and get up to return the compliment, however *gauchely*. After this extraordinary flight of fancy, it is necessary that I should pause a while to recover it; so farewell! Thy loving friend,
"AMELIA OPIE."

It was obvious, however, that the time of her removal was drawing on. The death of her dear friend, Joseph John Gurney, one of "the excellent of the earth," in 1847—of Dr. Chalmers soon afterward—and of other beloved friends and relatives, affected her much, though she bore her losses resignedly, if not cheerfully, bowing in submission to the Divine Will, remembering her favorite text, "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"

Age and infirmities had been creeping on; the comforting influence of the good Bishop Stanley was continually with her; numerous friends thronged around her; she still manifested interest in all they said and did. But in 1849 Bishop Stanley died. She loved that good man very dearly, and his death was accepted as a warning that her own was near at hand. Writing to Mrs. Hall in 1851, she says—speaking of the good man's grave—"It is covered by a large black marble slab, with a deep border round of variegated marble, the colors black and gray. He lies in the middle of the great aisle of the cathedral, and when the painted-glass window, as a memorial to his memory, is finished, and placed over the great western gates of entrance, it is thought that the rays of the setting sun, on which he loved to gaze, will shine upon the stone that covers his 'dear remains.'"*

She suffered much, yet was cheerful, buoyant, and happy to the last; and at midnight on the 2d of December, 1853, she breathed her last, murmuring, "All is peace!—all is mercy!" And so she joined the good and holy spirits—her friends in life and after life—who had been waiting to give her welcome.

The good works she did on earth she considered and has characterized thus: "They are good only as the evidence of faith."

She died in the full possession of those clear and admirable faculties which rendered her one of the most remarkable women of her time, and it is no small evidence of her qualities—of the heart as well as of the head—to say that all the young who knew her regretted her as they would a chosen friend or companion. When she passed away from earth Norwich lost one of its attractions, for many made pilgrimage (especially from the New World) to the shrine of this brilliant but true-hearted woman, whose enthusiasm overthrew time, and outlived the decay of life itself.

Mrs. Opie's nature was most essentially feminine. It was feminine in its gifts—in its graces—in its strength—in its weakness—in its generosity. She was without a particle of jealousy, and her color rose and her eyes sparkled while she bestowed warm and earnest, if not always critically judicious, praise on what she admired. She would have made a *heroine*, and died in a cause she believed right and righteous, but she never could have been guilty of the vulgarity of modern "Bloomerism;" she honored her sex and its peculiar virtues too much to wish it unsexed. The sensitive delicacy of her mind was evident, not only in her writings, but in her words and deportment, and it was impossible for the young to have a better guide or a more excellent example. Her manners would have graced a court, and not encumbered a cottage. Her lessons continue to be of value; they were not written merely for a time or for a passing purpose.

She was interred in the Friends' burying-ground at the Gildenscroft, in the same grave with her father, and in association with so many of her beloved friends. At the extreme left side of the ground, beneath an elm-tree that over-

* In another of his letters Southey says of Amelia Opie: "I like her in spite of her Quakerism, nay, perhaps the better for it; for it must be always remembered in what sect she was bred up, among what persons she had lived, and that religion was never presented to her in a serious form until she saw it in drab."

† Dr. Walsh was, during many years, chaplain to the embassies at Constantinople and at Rio, and his works on Turkey and Brazil retained places in all libraries. He died Rector of Finglas, near Dublin, honored and beloved: of him I shall have more to say before I close these "Memories," and something of his son, the late Right Hon. John Edward Walsh, Master of the Rolls, our very dear friend, who died in Paris in 1860.

* These lines, descriptive of Cuvier, were written by Mrs. Opie, after his death:

"'Twas sweet that voice of melody to hear,
Distinct, sonorous, stealing on the ear:
And watch, to mark some sudden gesture throw
The hair aside, that veiled that wondrous brow—
That brow, the throne of genius and of thought,
And mind, which all the depths of science sought."

* "It was her custom at a very early period to take profile likenesses, in pencil, of those who visited her: several hundreds of these sketches were preserved in books and folios."

* Another of her friends was Archdeacon Wrangham. I knew him well: he was a tall, slight man, of exceedingly gentle and attractive manners, with the ease and grace and persuasive eloquence of a Christian gentleman. He had a proneness to translate favorite poems into Latin verse, and usually had a copy or two in his pocket to present as a memorial, where he had reason to think the gift would be acceptable.

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shadows the wall, is a small slab bearing the names of James Alderson and Amelia Opie, with the dates of their births and deaths.

Dear Amelia Opie! her nature was essentially feminine in its gifts, its graces, its goodness, its weakness, and its vanities; truthful, generous, and considerate ever. Pure of heart, and upright in walk and conversation, her memory is without a blot; her precepts are those of Virtue; and her example was their illustration and their comment.

"Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN.

NEARLY three hundred and sixty years ago the Spanish adventurer, VASCO NUÑEZ BALBOA, climbed upon a peak in Darien, and "stared with eagle" eyes upon the grand expanse of the Pacific Ocean; and then, in full armor, ran down the mountain-side and took possession of the coast in the name of the King of Spain. He and his little band of followers were the first Europeans who crossed the narrow mountain range through which ever since, at intervals of time, commerce has sought to discover or construct a navigable passage. For many years early explorers hoped to find a natural channel of water communication; and when this dream was abandoned the scheme of an interoceanic canal was started.

The earliest project, we believe, was that of CORTÉZ, who, soon after his conquest of Mexico, conveyed arms and materials, for ships which he was building on the Pacific shore, across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, and thereupon wrote a series of letters to the Emperor CHARLES V., urging the construction of a "Roman road" and ship-canal at that point, in connection with the Coatzacoalcos River. This ancient enterprise was revived by the Spanish government early in the present century, only to be thwarted by the Mexican revolution.

Since CORTÉZ proposed his plan no less than twenty-six projects for canals have appeared, each of which was found, upon investigation, to be impracticable. But still there lingered in men's minds the impression that somewhere between the two American continents a pass would in time be discovered through which a canal could be constructed. The successful opening of the Suez Canal gave the scheme a fresh impetus, and early last year an expedition, under Commander SELFRIDGE, undertook a new exploration of a route which seemed to promise better results than any other. It is reported that his efforts have been rewarded with success, and that the dreams of the early adventurers are about to become a grand reality. Commander SELFRIDGE is about returning to this country, and his report will soon be spread before the public.

VARIOUS ROUTES EXPLORED.

Meantime it may be of interest to refer to some other of the many projects by which it has been proposed to abolish the Isthmus—that narrow but stubborn barrier that stood between Europe and the Indies. The chief routes to which public attention has been drawn are: 1. Tehuantepec; 2. Honduras; 3. Nicaragua; 4. Panama; 5. The Atrato; 6. The Atrato and San Miguel. With the aid of a good map the reader can very easily follow the routes described.

1. *Tehuantepec.*—This is the route recommended by CORTÉZ. It commences on the bay of Vera Cruz, in longitude 21° west from Washington, and crossing the dividing ranges of the water-sheds of the continent, extends to the Puebla of Tehuantepec, on the Pacific. The distance is 186 miles, and the summit level is 855 feet above the sea.

2. *Honduras.*—It lies eastward of the Balize, and runs in nearly a southerly direction across the Isthmus from Puerto Cabella to Fonseca. The length is 160 miles, and the summit level is 2681 feet above the sea. Notwithstanding the rivers Humuya and Goscoran interlock, and their head waters pass one another, still the supply of water is insufficient, and the height of the summit would require at least 160 locks.

3. *Nicaragua.*—This route, through Lakes Nicaragua and Managua, presents many advantages; but at least 34 locks would be required, and it has no good harbor on the Pacific side.

4. *Panama.*—The railroad over this route has superseded the trail of the natives and the rude pavement of Pizarro. The obstacles to a canal appear to be insuperable. It would have to be 42 miles in length, and in order to obtain a supply of water for the locks a cut of nearly 260 feet deep would be necessary, or a tunnel 3½ miles long. Thirty-six locks would be required, fed by a trench 61 miles long and 165 feet deep.

5. *The Atrato Route.*—This route lies in the republic of New Granada, in the province of Choco, and may be found between the seventh and eighth degrees of north latitude, and the seventy-seventh and seventy-eighth degrees of west longitude from Greenwich. It begins on the Atlantic side at a good harbor at the mouths of the Atrato River, in the bay of Candelaria, ascends the Atrato River to the Truando, one of its affluents, and thence to the base of the Cordilleras, and by a cut to the Pacific.

6. *The Atrato and San Miguel Route.*—Of this route, the one surveyed by Commander SELFRIDGE, we give an outline map. It is claimed to be more practicable than the one last mentioned.

PRETENDED EXPEDITIONS.

In 1849 an Irish adventurer, Dr. CULLEN, published a book, in which he declared that he had crossed and recrossed the Isthmus several times between Caledonia Bay and San Miguel, and that only three or four miles of deep cutting would be necessary for a ship-canal the entire distance. In a subsequent edition Dr. CULLEN stated that up to the time of his first expedition to Darien, in 1849, he was not aware of the existence of the River Savana, which he entered near the Boca Chica. He says: "Finding the water near the mouth so deep, I felt convinced that I had found the object of my search—namely, a practicable route to the Atlantic. I went up the river, passed from the Cannases to Port Escoces, returned, and in 1850 and 1851 I passed several times and by different ways from the Savana to Port Escoces and the Bay of Caledonia, notching the trees with my 'macheta,' always alone, without help, and always in the rainy season. I do not hesitate to say that here is the future route for an interoceanic communication."

Aroused by these flattering reports, which turned out to be mere fiction, a number of English capitalists sent out Mr. GISBORNE, a civil engineer, to survey the route. He pretended to do so, and published a book, with maps of the route, in which he declared that it was only "thirty miles between tidal effects," and that the summit level was only 150 feet above the sea. It was subsequently discovered that Mr. GISBORNE never crossed the Isthmus, and never, in fact, advanced more than a dozen miles from the coast into the interior. The summit level, so far from being only 150 feet, was found to be nearly 1000 feet in height.

LIEUTENANT STRAIN'S EXPEDITION.

In 1854 an exploring party, under command of Lieutenant STRAIN, was sent out from the United States to survey this route, the untrustworthiness of Dr. CULLEN'S book not having been ascertained at that time. Disembarking in Caledonia Bay, with a detachment of sailors, and guided by Indians, Lieutenant STRAIN searched for days for the passage across the mountains. Relying on the statements of Dr. CULLEN, he had taken only ten days' provisions. These were soon exhausted. Deserted by his guides, he lost his way in the forest, and, after dividing his party, finally came upon a large river, which he took for the Savana, but which in reality was the Amquanaque. By this time his party was in a most forlorn condition. They had nothing to eat but roots. There was no game in the forest but birds of carrion. For a long time they could not bring themselves to eat these loathsome creatures; but starvation at last drove them to it. No settlements were met with for many days. Some of the men, straying off in search of food, were lost in the woods, where they must have perished miserably of hunger and thirst. The commander, with a few survivors, at length arrived at the Gulf of San Miguel in a deplorable condition. A very interesting account of their adventures and sufferings appeared in *Harper's Magazine* for March, April, and May, 1855. This expedition, although the leader and all the men under his command exhibited a heroic fortitude, terminated without important results.

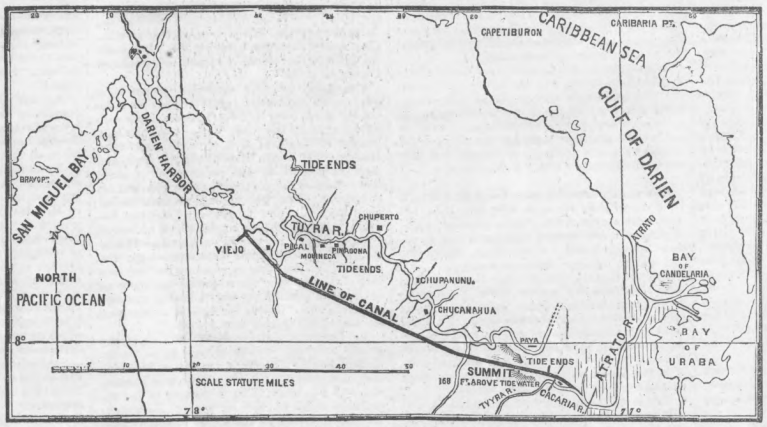
MR. KELLEY'S EXPEDITIONS.

This gentleman made two explorations across Darien—one in 1852 and the second in 1854—the results of which were communicated in a pamphlet, entitled "The Union of the Oceans by Ship-Canal without Locks," published in 1859 by HARPER & BROTHERS. Mr. KELLEY claims that by way of the Atrato and Truando rivers a safe and practicable route could be secured, without the use of locks, by means of engineering expedients of less magnitude than many works which have been undertaken in Europe. The route commences at the mouth of the Atrato, where at low tide there is about four feet of water at the deepest point on the bar. The water gradually deepens as the river is ascended, and at about two miles is 20 feet deep. From here to the junction of the Truando the Atrato is nowhere less in depth than 47 feet, and most of the way it is much deeper. It varies in width from a quarter of a mile to two miles. It would thus afford, when the bar at its mouth shall be removed, the most ample facilities for navigation by the largest class of steam sea-going vessels and sailing ships. The Truando forms an angle with the general direction of the valley of the Atrato of about seventy degrees. Its confluence is about 63 miles from the Atlantic by the meanderings of the Atrato. The Truando is here taken as the line of the proposed channel, and followed for 36 miles. At its confluence with the Atrato there is a small bar, and the water is only 18 feet deep. A few yards up, however, it deepens to 30 feet, and maintains this depth for a mile and a half or more. Above this for 38 miles it has an average depth of about 14 feet, and is 10 feet deep at the shallowest point. At 36 miles from its confluence with the Atrato the line diverges into the valley of the Nerqua, which is followed on solid ground. This part of the line, and all the remaining distance to the Pacific—26 miles—would be through solid rock cutting. The line from the valley of the Nerqua to the Pacific passes over a summit 506 feet above mean tide in the oceans, which summit is about 3¼ miles through at its base. This would require a tunnel 3¼ miles long and 120 by 100 feet. From here to the Pacific it follows the valley of a small stream, and debouches at the coast at Kelley's Inlet.

The length of this route would be about 125 miles from ocean to ocean; but nearly two-thirds of the distance is by nature ready for the passage of vessels of the largest class.

GOGORZA'S EXPEDITION.

In 1867 Mr. ANTHOINE DE GOGORZA, after studying industriously the old Spanish maps of the Isthmus, especially a survey executed in 1781 by the governor, Colonel D. ANDRES DE ARIZA, who indicates a short passage between the Panusa, one of the tributaries of the Tuyra, and the Cacarica, tributary of the Atrato, resolved to study the question on the ground. The general results of his survey may be summed up as follows: 1. Excellent ports on both termini—that of Candelaria or the Gulf of Uraba on the Atlantic, and the inner and outer bays of San Carlos (San Miguel) on the Pacific, whose entry remains free at all times. 2. A stretch of about 52 miles of artificial canal through alluvial soil, without obstacle of intervening mountains, from the deep waters of the Atrato to those of the Tuyra. 3. An extreme elevation of 186 feet above tide-water, and composed of slate and sandstone. 4. A superabundance of water even above the extremest elevation. 5. All this not in a pass or a depression of the chain of mountains, but in a spot of complete separation between the Cordilleras in the north and the Andes in the south. 6. The best and friendliest intercourse with the Indians, wrongly called savages. The route of a ship-canal built along this line would run as follows: Leaving the Atrato at about 7° 52′ north latitude, through or near the mouth of the Cacarica, and following a west-northwesterly direction to the highest point, at a distance of about 12 miles; continuing in a straight line, west 20° north, to the nearest navigable point of the Tuyra below the Isleta, at a distance of about 40 miles, of which 16 are below tide-water, 40 miles; total length of the canal, 52 miles. The map on this page will enable the reader to form a clear conception of this route. It was traversed about a year ago by General H. HEINE, who found the surveys of DE GOGORZA substantially correct.



THE PROPOSED SHIP-CANAL ROUTE *VIA* THE ATRATO AND TUYRA RIVERS.

THE SELFRIDGE EXPEDITION.

We now come to the expedition under Commander SELFRIDGE, which has passed over nearly the same route as the one last mentioned. SELFRIDGE left New York December 3, 1870, in the United States store-ship *Guard*. The first point of interest was Carthagena, about 200 miles from the mouth of the Atrato. At this fine old Spanish-American city, of which we give several views on page 517, native laborers were obtained to accompany the expedition. After a brief but pleasant visit Commander SELFRIDGE sailed for the Atrato, and in two days later cast anchor off one of the mouths of that river, of which there are eleven. Active operations were at once commenced, and pushed forward with all the celerity of which the nature of the country admitted. Few details of the exploration have as yet come to hand, but from the telegraphic reports it appears to be certain that Commander SELFRIDGE has discovered and surveyed a practicable route for the interoceanic ship-canal which has been the dream of so many years. He ascended the Atrato River to a point about 40 miles from its mouth; then followed up the Cacarica River until he reached the dividing ridge. Thence he proceeded to the Paya River, which empties into the Tuyra, which in turn empties into the Gulf of San Miguel. It is reported that the height of the dividing ridge does not exceed 300 feet, and that, on mere careful survey, it will probably be found to be much less.

Commander SELFRIDGE has also surveyed a route from Cupica Bay, on the Pacific side, *via* the Nappi River, to the Atrato. The distance along the bends of the Nappi from that bay to the Atrato is 69½ miles. The Nappi flows through a mountainous country for about 13 miles from the foot of the divide, and is supplied from the Doguado River as a tributary. It is proposed to make 13 locks from the Doguado, 18 miles from the Atrato, to the divide, then to tunnel through, and descend to the Pacific by nine locks. It is thought that by one of these two routes a ship-canal will certainly be constructed.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Our illustrations, on pages 516 and 517, represent some of the most striking points of interest near the scene and along the line of Commander SELFRIDGE'S survey. The full-page sketch gives a graphic idea of the difficulties and hardships to be encountered in making surveys through the tropical forests of the Isthmus, where every step of the route has to be hewn through a dense and tangled growth, where poisonous reptiles and insects lurk in every thicket, and fever-breeding morasses load the very air with death.

The view from the anchorage is thus described by a member of the expedition: "The long, low sand-bank in the distance is christened 'Observatory Island.' Here we have erected a hydrographic signal, an observatory, wherein is placed a transit instrument, a house for the tide-gauge party, and several chicken corrals. We have also laid out a vegetable garden on the island."

Muertas Island, nearer the ships, contains a house for the macheta men and shops for the carpenter and blacksmith. At this point a wharf, about 100 feet in length, has been constructed to facilitate the landing of boats. The mountains shown in the sketch are visible only in clear weather.

The Cathedral of Carthagena is a fine old building, erected about 1650. It is a very characteristic specimen of the ecclesiastical architecture of South America. Like all the other public buildings in Carthagena, it is in a state of semi-ruin. The interior decorations of the altars and choir, which were once grand and magnificent, have now a crumbling, mouldy, and decayed appearance.

The principal street in Carthagena is the Calle de Lozano. The houses are all old, and the street, as may be seen, is narrow and unpaved. There are about 9000 inhabitants, according to the last census. The streets are seldom graced by the appearance of the ladies of the city, but are chiefly peramb[illegible] by the negroes, who go lazily about in scanty attire. Trade is very little business done here now, but the city was once the most flourishing of the earlier cities in South America.

Our view of a picturesque gate-way gives a scene in the market-place just outside of the wall which surrounds the city of Carthagena. In the background is seen the entrance to the city through the "poc punto." In the foreground is seen the overladen ass, a characteristic feature of the place. The entrance to the city is built of a kind of concrete stone, and is, as can be plainly seen, greatly overgrown with shrubs, etc.

The entrance to the city, from the Plaza de la Independencia, is over the moat, by means of the "poc punto," or small bridge.

The village of Turbo, or Persisi, as it was formerly called, is located on the east shore of the Gulf of Darien. It is the only settlement in the gulf, and was built about thirty years ago as a dépôt for the reception and shipment of caoutchouc, which is collected along the valley of the Atrato in the months of February and March, and carried in canoes to Turbo, thence to Carthagena, from which place it is shipped to different parts of the world. This is the only business of the people of Turbo, and occupies their time for a very small period of the year, so that for the remaining portion of the year they have nothing to do, and seem to take considerable delight in doing it. There are about 300 people living in Turbo, a dozen or so of whom are whites.

A very good idea of Turbo is given by our sketch of a street in that village. The houses are built on piles to raise them from the dampness of the ground, caused by the almost perpetual rains they experience. By raising the houses they also secure themselves to a certain extent from the insects and reptiles that infest every locality in this region. The figure on the left gives an idea of the prevailing fashion.

The sailor's grave near Turbo is that of JAMES GREEN, seaman, who died on board the *Guard* Thursday, 29th December, 1870, and was buried in Turbo with appropriate services and honors. The background gives a good idea of the density of the forests.

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THE DARIEN EXPEDITION—CUTTING THROUGH THE FOREST.—DRAWN BY CHARLES PARSONS.—[SEE PAGE 515.]

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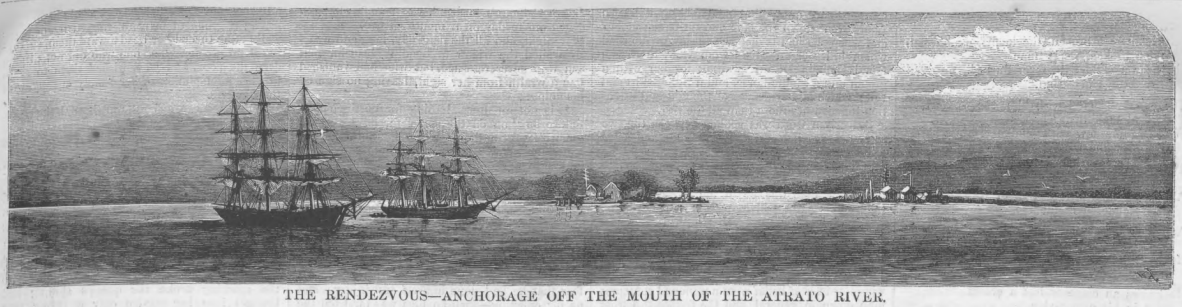
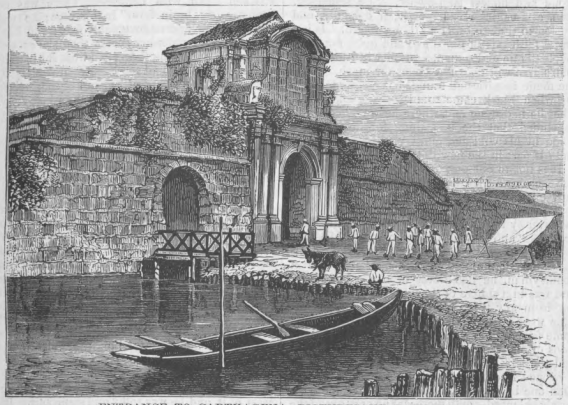
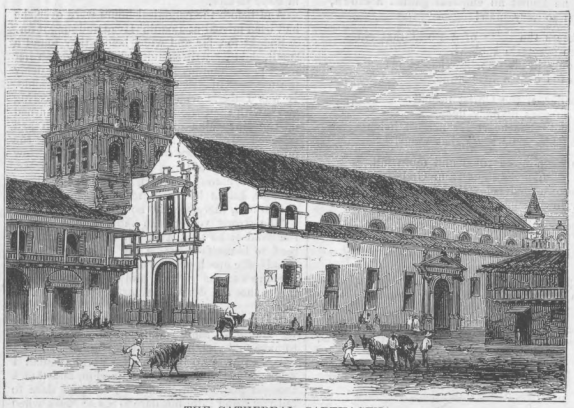


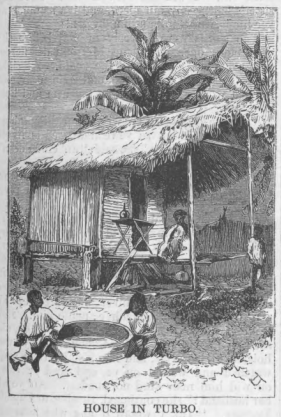
THE RENDEZVOUS—ANCHORAGE OFF THE MOUTH OF THE ATRATO RIVER.



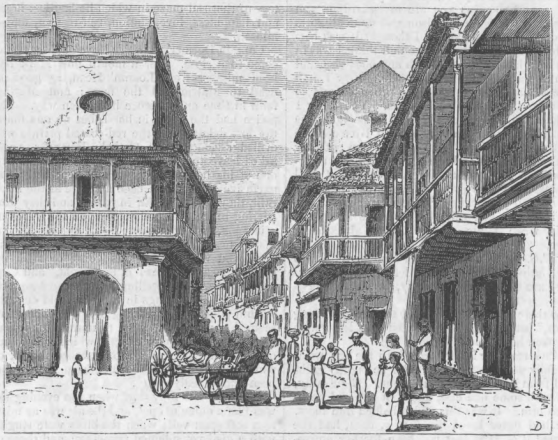
ENTRANCE TO CARTHAGENA—PICTURESQUE GATE-WAY.



THE CATHEDRAL, CARTHAGENA.



HOUSE IN TURBO.



PRINCIPAL STREET, CARTHAGENA.

SAILOR'S GRAVE NEAR TURBO.

THE VILLAGE OF TURBO.

THE DARIEN EXPEDITION.—[SEE PAGE 515.]

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SEDAN.

THE looms are broken, the looms are hushed,
And a broken, weary man
Sits near a child with fever flushed,
In a cottage of Sedan.

The mother starved with him, the weaver,
To feed their little child,
Who lies now low with famine fever,
That slew the mother mild.

The room is desolate; the store
Has dwindled very low:
All a poor housewife's pride of yore
Was plundered of the foe.

And a father cowers over gray
Wood-ashes barely warm;
He feels the child is going away
In the pitiless pale storm.

He knows an emperor lost a crown
Here in his own Sedan,
And he knows an emperor gained a crown,
The solitary man!

He hears the voice of a world that sings
The spectacle sublime,
Yet only heeds one life that clings
To his own a little time.

I wonder, if the Christ beholds
With eyes divinely deep,
Whom to His heart He nearest holds—
The kings, or these that weep!

Who seem more royal and more tall,
In calm, pure light from God—
These crowned colossal things that crawl,
Or lowly souls they trod?—

These purple laureled kings we hail
With banner and battle blare,
Or him who writhes beneath their trail,
A pauper in despair—
Conquered and conquerors of Sedan,
Or a dying child and a starving man?

TODHUNTERS' AT LOANIN' HEAD.

BY ELIZA LYNN LINTON.

IN SIX CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER V.

THE CUP AND THE LIP.

IF Phœbe Greystoke was miserable, and spent her days in gloomy industry and her nights in unavailing tears—if Laura was more than frightened at her quite unnecessary duplicity, and feeling as if she had been actuated by a demon all this while—a demon who had led her on from folly to sin, till now she was bewildered at her own iniquity—if Aunt Mattie was "dubersome," as she called it, about the whole affair, and by no means in her heart pleased for Mark nor satisfied at his choice, though she made the best of every thing to others—if Isabella was more skittish than ever, and sure she should niver get used to Miss Lowra as Mark's wife; and, loavin days! whativer made Mark siccan a fail ower her!—Mark himself was in a state only to be described as "in heaven." For all his life after he remembered that happy time as something almost too delicious for his poor humanity to bear.

He had a fund of natural poetry in him, poor lad, but it had never yet been stirred; and now when the crust was broken, and the secret treasures of his nature set free, he found his new experience too intense for perfect happiness. The sense of his own unworthiness which it roused up in him was a burden on his soul, already weighted with so much love, so much reverence, so much dumb, unspoken poetry. He could have cried like a great girl when he thought of his own shortcomings and of her unapproachable loveliness, her sweetness, her condescension. How he loved her! He spoke broad Cumberland, he wore fustian, and he did rough farm-work with his own hands; and yet the love he gave her might have satisfied even as great a craving for admiration as hers; and it ought to have troubled her conscience, but that she had none to touch. She had the capacity for fear, but not for conscience.

In externals she played her sorry part to perfection. Nothing could be more fascinating, nothing more daintily seductive, than her whole conduct. It was a comedy in which she had had a *rôle* assigned her, and she acted it to the life. She had no excuse for it all. She had simply tried her arts on Cousin Mark in the beginning as an experiment, and had struck fire where she had least expected. But she had had no end to gain in doing all the mischief she had done. Yet even now, when she saw the true state of matters, her shallower nature did not take in the sadder part of Mark's intensity, but assumed his "*affaire* to be one which he would get over as other men get over theirs," when the inevitable end has to come. Meanwhile, she counted the days and hours when her Perseus was to come and deliver her from the perils in which she had, of her own willful sin and folly, involved herself.

It came at last, and it was done. In the quietest and cleverest manner in the world, Laura gave the family the slip, and cheated them all round impartially; taking in both Mark and Captain Dormer—the one for vanity, and the other for selfishness. It was in the early morning that she went away. They were all busy in the fields or milking in the byre; and no one of the family saw her steal out through the empty kitchen and across the paved inclosure and down the narrow lane; only an old lame silly man, whom they kept for charity, and who was parcel blind and parcel deaf, wholly doited and practically dumb, saw t' young leddy go down the road. But he never let on, whatever he saw. It was no business of his, and it did not strike him as extraordinary or a thing he ought to tell. So Laura went down the lane and on to the moor; and when she had turned the corner of the road which hid Loanin' Head from view, there she found Captain Dormer waiting for her with a groom and a saddle-horse, and a riding-skirt and veil; which last evidences of thought and attention touched her more than all the rest.

Scarcely a word was spoken between the two as Laura was helped into her saddle, and away like an arrow loosened from its string. And before the canonical hours were over she was Captain Dormer's wife, and safe. Safer, so far as that went, than was he in the possession of a thousand a year, which he fondly believed he had gained as well as a pretty face, a slight figure, questionable breeding, no heart to speak of, an odd family connection, and an amount of duplicity which, when it came to be revealed, startled even him, man of the world as he was, among whose articles of belief were a profound contempt for women in general, and the frankest distrust in their virtues.

And before the canonical hours were over she had been missed at Loanin' Head and sought for.

Sought for, far and wide, before they found a small, daintily written note slipped beneath her toilet pincushion, as if she had wanted to delay the moment of discovery to the latest possible. It was Isabella who found the note. Peering about with the curiosity of a girl, she had turned up the pincushion to see how Miss Lowra had fastened on the lace and fringe, and, finding the note, carried it down stairs to her mother. Now Loanin' Head did not boast of much scholarship; and, among them all, Mark's was the best. Besides, Laura had been teaching him of late; and to him, therefore, the note was given.

The strong young man shook like a reed in the wind as he took it into his large hands and read to himself—what he had no voice to read aloud—the cruel words which dashed his cup of happiness to the ground, and broke it into fragments that could never be put together again.

"DEAR AUNT," it said,—"You will all be very angry with me, I know, and perhaps I ought to have told you, but I had not courage for it. I have run away to be married, to a gentleman I was engaged to before I left London, and that I thought had forgotten me. I did not dare to tell you; and I did not dare to refuse Mark when he offered to marry me, for fear you would find out. And then, as you are my guardian, you could have put me in prison and done all sorts of horrid things to me; so I thought it was better to accept Mark and let you all think I was in love with him, instead of with any body else, and then no one would get into trouble. Now I shall have a home of my own, and a protector, and so I shall not be afraid to see you. You know I could not have married Mark. The idea was ridiculous; but I am very sorry if I have made him unhappy, only I hope he will soon get over it, as I suppose he will in time. And then perhaps Phœbe Greystoke will console him. I shall be pleased to see you all when I have a house of my own, if you will ever care to come, which I don't suppose you will; and I will write to you again when I am settled. Your affectionate niece,

LAURA CALHOUN.

"P.S.—I wish you would send my boxes to the Carlisle Station, to be left till called for. They are all packed and ready, you see."

So there ended the play, and the curtain "rang down," leaving one of the audience, at least, with a broken heart and a blighted life.

Mark read the letter through to the end without fully understanding it. All he rightly gathered from it was, that she had gone. Gone away, and with some one else, and that she had never loved him. It was this which baffled him most. She had never loved him; why, then, had she feigned it? If it had not been for her enticements, would he ever have *dared?* He did not blame her; he loved her too well for that; he simply was bewildered at it all. He did not understand reasons or conditions, and he stood for a moment with the letter in his hand, gazing at it with a vacant stare, as if his mind had gone in the shock.

"What is't, Mark?" said Mattie, anxiously.

"Is she deid?" asked Isabella, in a low voice.

"She's gane," said Mark, in a wandering kind of manner. "Gane—to be wedded!"

"Mark, are ye mad?" shrieked Mattie. "What's that ye say? Wedded? Lowra? Wedded? and ye not the man?"

"An' I'se not the man," repeated Mark, quite quietly, but as if he did not understand his own words.

"Then may she be stricken deid this varra night!" said Mattie, lifting up her hands passionately. "She's been t' snake we've warmed iv our breasts; may she niver see t' day when she can be til ither as she's been til us!"

"Whisht, woman!" thundered Mark, starting to his feet. "Niver a word agin *her!* A' t' wrang lies wi' me, not wi' her. I suld ha' tellt she was ower-bonny, ower-gude for me, and thof she took t' warst way, she didn't mean it—she meant nobbut kindness!"

"Ye's maffled and bedoited, Mark," said Mattie, angrily. "I tell ye, lad, what's bred in t' bane 'll niver leave t' flesh. The mither was a bonny jane, but a bad un, and t' daughter's the marras of her mither!"

"Willt 'e haud thee noise, then?" shouted Mark. "I'd liefer ye put a pistol til me than speak as ye're doing of her. It's mair nor I can bide, mither! God help me! I'se ganging mad!"

He rushed from the kitchen with a sob that struck poor Mattie's heart like a death-knell, and in a few moments they saw him galloping wildly down the lane and across the moor to Carlisle.

That night Mark, half mad and more than half drunk, enlisted in the regiment stationed at Carlisle; the regiment in which Julius Dormer, Laura Calhoun's husband, was captain, but absent from to-day on a month's leave. And all that night, and all the next day, long and wearily waited the widow at Loanin' Head for that son who never returned, but who had vanished like a wraith from her sight, leaving no sign of his going.

It is not an unusual thing for north-country folk to be "off on the spree" for days, perhaps for weeks, at a time. Their families, though, generally know pretty well where they are; and, save the annoyance arising from their absence from work, and the useless expenditure of money, not much is thought or said about the escapade. The wife may resent it privately when the truant comes home; but the neighbors accept it as a quite natural occurrence, if less than commendable and even "a pity." When Mark, therefore, disappeared, Mattie, though she fretted sore, was not afraid. It never occurred to her to fear that he had done himself any injury; and as for enlisting—such an idea was far from the proud and honest land-owner. She remained, then, at Loanin' Head quietly, if dolefully, and trusted to time to bring all things round. It is a grand faith this of our brave and quiet northern folk! Time and patience do all with them, and man's free-will does not count for much. Still, she made inquiries all round, but heard nothing; for when Mark came to his senses, and found what he had done and where he was, he grimly concluded that the best thing for him was to abide by his wild act, and try to forget himself and his past in the new life of the barrack-yard.

It is not to our purpose to go into Mark's experiences as a private. Suffice it to say, he was duly examined, passed, set to drill, pronounced a fine fellow by the drill-sergeant, admirable raw material by the adjutant, "queer" by some of his comrades, and "stuck up" by others; while even the dullest saw that something more than ordinary affected him, and that, though he was only a countryman, he had never been a subordinate, and was in a sphere of thought and feeling different from any thing familiar to themselves. So time wore on, and the healthy hue of his handsome face gradually paled, and the grand proportions of his frame grew leaner and more angular, and the look of settled despondency in his eyes deepened into one of settled despair; and more than one indication showed a brain not quite securely balanced—only there was no one to read the signs, and no one who had any clew to the mystery of that sad maze in which he had lost home and happiness, love, station, self-respect, and—himself.

Captain Dormer's month's leave of absence had come to a close. For a month now Mark had been missing from Loanin' Head, as good as dead to Mattie and the farm; and Mattie's faith in time and patience had given way. The police had the affair in hand, but no one found the lost dalesman in the red-coated private who drilled assiduously in Carlisle Barracks, never asked leave to go out, never got drunk, told no one of his home or family, and kept himself as exclusive as if he had been a prince at the least. Still, they had the affair in hand; and they were stirring in it; and had come upon the traces of a bad job, as they suspected—a very ugly-looking mare's nest which they were diligently overhauling; and while Mark was going on with the goose-step, and "eyes left, eyes right," and Captain Dormer was installing himself and his pretty young wife in lodgings in the brave old city, the solemn police were puzzling over evidence which seemed to point to forgery, to murder, or to suicide, they didn't know exactly which, but to one or other if not all these offenses combined, of which they supposed the missing dalesman had been undoubtedly guilty.

It was a soft July day, when the evening sky was like a dome of opal, and the air was as misty as a soft spun veil; when the birds were singing with a glad yet subdued rejoicing; and those of the sons of men who were happy were doubly so for very harmony with all about them, and those who were unhappy were more miserable still, for the mockery which the universal peace seemed to bring their sorrow. It was evening band, and the officers and their wives were gathered round the stand. Among them was young Mrs. Dormer, the bride, about whose marriage strange stories had crept out, and how that it had been a runaway match, and a gallant rescue from certain grim oppressors who wished to marry her to a brute for the sake of her money—for she was an heiress—and how probably there would be a lawsuit, and a quite exciting social drama, all on account of her great fortune and her tyrannical legal oppressors; so that the little lady had entered the regimental world with the *prestige* of a romantic history, and the repute of wealth, as well as with the evidence of beauty, and a pretty if somewhat under-bred manner, which all could see for themselves.

She was in her glory. Surrounded by admiring faces—conscious that her toilet was what a Frenchman would call of the most ravishing description—really as yet sufficiently well pleased with her husband, with whom, however, she foresaw a squally future when some part of the truth should become known—she let the happy moments fill her with their own joy. Forgetting Cousin Mark and Aunt Mattie as entirely as though they had never existed—forgetting the heavy milliner's bill she had incurred, and her husband's confessed impecuniosity—forgetting the "awful row" there would be when Julius found out the truth, and that her whole fortune was one thousand pounds, and not one thousand per annum—she played her pretty part as the young bride to perfection, as she had played that of Mark's *fiancée* at Loanin' Head, and gathered up the hearts of the regiment in a very sheaf of adoration.

So they all sat and listened to the band, till the music came to an end and the listeners dispersed. Then Laura, leaning on her husband's arm, made a turn round the old square, and, in doing so, passed a group of privates ranged against the wall. She turned her head toward them, surveying them graciously, as one who did not disdain even the poor, and who wished them to share in the contemplation of her beauty equally with their betters.

Suddenly a cry, a shout, ran through the courtyard. One of the men rushed forward and seized her more frantically than roughly by the hand.

"Lowra! Lowra!" he said; "my ain love! my darling!"

What happened then no one was ever found who could exactly say. Blows were struck, a crowd gathered, the guard turned out, the young wife shrieked, the husband swore; and Mark, raving wild, and crying to her not to be afraid, he would come back to protect and claim her, was marched off to the prison cells; and before the morning broke the queen's shilling had brought into her service only a strong man stricken down with madness. There was no pretense of "brain fever" in his case; he was simply wildly and ungovernably mad; and Laura's trial came upon her sooner than she expected, and in a different form from what she had anticipated, as she found too late, when Aunt Mattie, who had got word at last of her son, walked into the barrack-yard and heard the whole story.

CHAPTER VI.

NEMESIS.

LAURA and her husband were sitting over their dessert. She had had great difficulty in persuading him that there was some mistake—that the mad private who had insulted her was not the cousin of whom she had spoken so bitterly, but a quite distant connection of her aunt's ("all these odd northern people are connected, you know—just like Scottish clans for that," she had said, disdainfully), and one whom she had seen only once or twice, and had never spoken to in her life. She was reckless, and beside herself with fear, the little lady, and ran her feet into a net that was to lame her for life, while thinking she was keeping clear of even gossamer threads.

Julius was more than doubtful, however, of the whole transaction. It looked odd, to say the least of it, and he was sulky and suspicious. But she had succeeded in bringing him round just a trifle to belief in her pleasant fictions, when a noise was heard on the stairs, and a woman's voice cried out, "I will see her! I will! She's my sister's bairn—my ain niece, and it's as much as yer life is worth to haud me back!"

The words were scarcely uttered before the door burst open, and Aunt Mattie, pale, fierce, and avenging, strode into the room. At sight of her Laura shrieked aloud, and tried to fly, but the old woman seized her by the arm and held her.

"An' ye are sittin' here wi' yer fine things aboot ye, an' my puir lad as ye've murdered is liggin doun in t' cells yonder," she said, "an' God doesn't strike ye dead?"

"Who is this woman?" asked Captain Dormer, loftily. "Laura, what *is* this strange mystery?"

"Mystery, ye ca' it? Mystery? Ay, ye're mebbe reet! T' mystery of iniquity, t' mystery of wickedness, that's what I ca' it! T' mystery of a bad heart as couldn't du better nor breck ane o' t' best as ever bet! What call hed ye to du it, lass? T' lad wanted nowt wi' ye till ye coorted him yersel. He wad niver hae lifted up his een til yer face gin ye hadn't amade him. Bella's tellt me mair nor I knew afore. Bella, she seed ye kiss him in Leddy Coppy, when ye was hoisted in his arms, and mony's the time she's watched and waited on ye, and seed ye carry on wid him mair kind nor modest. An' ye air her husband?" she continued, turning to Captain Dormer. "Tak t' woord o' ane wha kens her—she'll match ye! She'll play ye fause. She cooms o' fause bluid, tho' it's my ain father an' mither baith were her forbears; an' she's tied to gang t' same way as her ain minny. She's begun by deceiving me an' my lad, an' she'll end wi' ye!"

"Oh, Aunt Mattie, how can you be so cruel?" sobbed Laura, turning to her husband. "Hush! hush!"

But Captain Dormer put her aside. "Tell me," he said to Aunt Mattie, "is all this as you have said? Did my wife—your niece—did she, as you say, court your son?"

"As true as there's a God in heaven!" answered Mattie, raising her quivering hands with a passionate gesture. "They were promised, and were to wed. I niver liked it; but he—he was set on it, my bonny bairn! an' he was his ain master."

"You never liked it? Was not my wife's fortune sufficient temptation?"

"Her fortin! What fortin? Less nor a thusan' pund all told! We've gitten mair nor that in t' bank," she said, proudly.

"A thousand a year," repeated the captain.

"Havers! The lass hasn't a full thousand; an' sae I tell ye."

Then looking from each to each, the truth seemed to break upon her, for she cried out as if in sudden pain, and sat down in a chair trembling.

"An' it was for this my bonny bairn is in t' cells!" she wailed.

"Now, we will have this out," said Captain Dormer, sternly; and though Laura flung herself on her knees and sobbed aloud, and threatened to kill herself if it went on, her husband was immovable, and by degrees got from Mattie the whole of the bad and sorrowful story, and learned too clearly who and what it was that he had married with so much haste, such chivalrous determination to thwart the designing relative who held her captive.

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It was not a pleasant moment for the captain. His wife the one time *fiancée* of a private in his own regiment—the niece of a broad-speaking farmer's wife—next to penniless where he had looked for a handsome dower—unscrupulous, untruthful, untrustworthy!—What had he got?" A trim waist, a pretty face, a pleasant manner, and that was all. Poor material for a life's wear, with such coarse and ugly threads through the fabric, where the need of beauty and perfection was greatest. However, bad as things were, they had to be accepted now; and though Perseus would have been glad to have now his Andromeda safe back to her old rock and devouring monster, the thing was impossible; and the only wisdom was to make the best of what was bad enough at the best, but wherein one had been to blame as well as the other. Only there are degrees in guilt, thought the captain when his conscience reproached him; and Laura's was so great it blotted his out of sight altogether.

It was not a difficult matter to buy poor Mark's release. Mattie was "warm" enough for that, without leaving herself or her family cold by the process; and after the necessary preliminaries had been gone through, the queen's defaced shilling's worth was released from his military confinement, and handed over to his friends, ruined, wretched, and undone. By degrees, however, with good care and nursing, the fever of his madness passed, and he was able to take his place again among them as of old, no longer like Walker's young god in fustian, but a silent, moody, miserable man, from whose life had gone all its sweetness, all its hope, and who lived in but one prayer—"Let me see her again," and "O God, grant me that I may befriend her before I die!"

Ten years had come and gone since Laura Calhoun had crossed the moor with Captain Dormer. Things had not changed much at Loanin' Head, save that inevitable change which comes with time. Mattie had grown old and sharper tempered than of yore; Isabella had passed from the stage of giggling girlhood into that of a staid and capable womanliness—she was keeping company now with young Greystoke, Phœbe's brother; and if that doesn't sober a lass, she used to say, nay then, nowt will! Mark was looking gaunt and old—prematurely old. The furrows in his face were as deep as those in a man of fifty; his thick, brown, curling hair was thin, and growing rapidly gray; his very gait was changed to the heavy, slouching step of a much older man than he was by years; and those light blue eyes of his, which once were so vacantly innocent, were full now of dreams and sorrow and yearning thoughts that never left him. So he followed on the slow, sad track of time, and waited—he never knew for what; but he waited, in a kind of dumb and patient hope that some day his reward would come. And if not his reward, then his release.

Work was done, and Mark was busy in the little garden that bloomed before the parlor window. Perhaps it was a little touch of pitiful madness still remaining, that he insisted on keeping up that garden in all the trimness and prettiness created for Laura's pleasure. It was his one sole amusement, poor fellow; and even Mattie, to whom the girl's name and memory were accursed, could not find it in her heart to interfere, or try to prevent what she saw was such a solace, albeit perhaps a dangerous, and decidedly a morbid one. But, indeed, Mark was more difficult to do with in these later years than he had been in earlier times—more impatient, more headstrong, and less affectionate and reasonable. It was his mind, Mattie said in excuse, when he had been more difficult than ordinary; and so the trouble passed, and the end was ever the same—he had his own way.

Always at the same hour he used to go into the little garden and work among the flowers. If it was nothing more than tying up a heavy-headed carnation, or pulling out a downy "clock" or a rampant bit of bird-weed, it was sufficient to give him pleasure from the sense of keeping up Miss Lowra's garden, with which he associated all the sweetness of his past. And this calm, still July evening he was working in the little plot as usual, his thoughts traveling back over this long blank of ten years—ten? they were more than a hundred would be to some—those blessed ones who have never passed through the fire to have their youth burned out of them.

Slowly, painfully, crossing the moor while Mark worked in the garden, came a weary, shabbily dressed woman in widow's weeds, holding a child in each hand—a woman who might have been a beggar of the better sort, she was so shabbily attired, and bore so unmistakably the marks of want. The children, too, were wan and thin, with the keen eyes of constant hunger looking sharply about them for the chance of finding something to eat—it was so long since they had tasted food! They were too listless to be irritable, too well accustomed to their misery to be importunate; they knew that mamma was poor, and had not any thing for them, and so, with the terrible wisdom of experience, they accepted want and cold and hunger as their inevitable portion, though they sometimes wondered why they did not have as much bread as other children had, and if they would ever eat a good dinner by the grace of fairy fortune, as they read of in story-books. Perhaps nothing but the children's need would have sent that miserable woman across the moor and up the lane to Loanin' Head, to ask for bread at the door of those whom she had so terribly wronged.

The evening shades were lengthening, and the weary steps of the woman drew nearer. At the beginning of the narrow high-hedged lane she stopped and sat down on a stone by the way-side. How well she remembered the day she had sat there in the June sunshine, plucking the petals from a daisy one by one, and waiting for her Fate! It had come as she waited, and what had it brought her? From her own deception had sprung mistrust, angry words, and gradual indifference, soon reaching out to mutual hatred. Captain Dormer, disappointed and angry, had done as many men besides him have done—flown to gambling and drink, and all manner of coarse and fierce excitements, as the best means he could devise for forgetting his anxieties.

From bad to worse is but an easy step, and he had made it; and between vice and crime there is but the glance of an eye, the pause of a minute; and he had gone beyond both. When the warrant was made out which ordered his arrest on the charge of forgery, and when the constable came to take him, Julius knew then that the game was up, and that his misspent life had come to an end. It was a catastrophe he had foreseen and provided for—a catastrophe which a small bottle of prussic acid ended with less circumlocution than a legal process. And, all things considered, perhaps it was the best he could do. His death left Laura absolutely penniless; and misery having few friends, she too, poor soul, had sunk step by step, till now, as we have seen, she had come to absolute hunger, and a stage not far removed from beggary.

Then she bethought herself of her relations, and for her children's sake humbled her pride so far as to decide on crossing that well-known moor and asking help from those she had injured. It was a heavy trial, but she undertook it; and perhaps, in the self-suppression necessary for the effort, she gained something more of nobleness than she had yet known. But indeed her sorrows had infinitely purified her. She could not shut her eyes to the fact that she and she alone had wrought all this misery to every one. And this, not by the necessity of fate, but of her own freely willed wickedness, her own falsehood, selfishness, and treachery. And seeing all this, and the havoc she had wrought—her heart being opened, too, by reason of her motherhood—the "joy in heaven" which is there over one sinner that repenteth, had place for Laura; and the woman, sad, foot-sore, hungry, who sat on the way-side stone and prayed, was a far nobler being than the bright, bewitching girl who had played with an honest heart for very wantonness, and wrecked two lives for selfish vanity and greed.

The sun was sinking, the children were hungry, and she must up and to the bitter end. Faltering and faint she walked slowly down the lane, and so through the paved yard and to the kitchen door.

Mattie was sitting by the fireside, half dozing over her knitting; Isabella was away in the croft with young Greystoke; Mark was tying up the flowers in his "lady garden," when Laura and her two children stood on the threshold, and humbly knocked at the door.

"Who's yon!" said Mattie, rousing herself and speaking in a startled voice. The dog, too, was barking, and the frightened children began to cry, and clung to their mother.

"Dang ye, ye noisy brute, gie ower!" said Mattie to the dog: to the children—"Whisht, bairns! he'll not mell on ye! What's yer wanting?" she continued, getting up and coming to the door.

Laura laid her hand on her arm. "Aunt, do you not know me?" she said, very quietly, very sadly. "I am not worthy to come to you, but my children are starving!"

"Ye! is it ye, Lowra?" shrieked the old woman, starting back. "I cursed ye ance; I curse ye now again! Frae my hoos, Lowra! ye've broughten sorrow and ill enow here afore!"

Laura shrank back as her aunt came close upon her with uplifted hand and a kind of solemn wrath upon her face. Her first impulse was to turn and fly, but the maternal love which had brought her so far kept her to her task. She pointed to her children, and said, in a low voice, "Not for my sake, aunt, but for theirs—they have done no ill!"

Mattie turned away with a great sob. True woman as she was, the appeal for the little ones was more than she could bear. "They's dune nae ill, i' faith!" she muttered. "Puir weans! —starving—eh, lile Ruth! an' here's plenty!"

The slow stride of a man came round the house side. "What's a' the stour?" he said. "Mither, what's to do?"

He looked at the unknown widow standing with bent head and drooping figure by his door —at the pale, thin, frightened children. "Is it meat she wants, an' are ye denying?" he asked. "Shame on ye! gie it, mither, an' t'lile uns too. They look as if they needed it!"

At the sound of his well-known voice, Laura covered her face in her hands; then, with an effort, she lifted up her head, and their sad eyes met.

It was with scarcely so much surprise as sorrow that he saw her. Day by day, and night after night, he had thought of her, so intensely, so vividly, that it would never have been matter of surprise if his thought had taken shape and she had suddenly stood before him. But he had always thought of her as she was—as the bright, young, bewitching creature, whose loveliness and grace had been nigh angelic to his rougher humanity. He had never thought of her as he saw her now—shrunken, bowed, pale, and poor, a suppliant where she had been a queen. With no touch of the old art, but with a sudden outburst of passionate remorse, of pity for him too, old and changed as he was, of pity for herself, of anguish for her children, Laura flung herself at her cousin's feet.

"Mark! Mark! can you forgive me?" she sobbed, lifting up her tearful face to his in pitiful despair.

"Eh! not thier, my leddy lass! Lowra, not thier!" cried Mark, lifting her up and holding her to his heart. "Here in my arms—to my heart, my lass! Nae! what it's a' yer ain. Ye are mine, an' I love ye! An' ye've come back to thy ain, my lass! God! but I'se thank ye for this day!"

He said no more. With a heavy sigh he tottered backward and fell; and for many a long day yet to come poor Mark Todhunter was holden between life and death, and none knew which way the balance would turn.

It came right at last. Care and love got him through, and Laura won back her aunt's love by her devotion to the man whose life she had so nearly destroyed. The doctor himself said that Mrs. Dormer's nursing had been worth more than all his drugs; and Laura used to look something like her girlish self for joy when he said so. By the autumn-time Mark was fully re-established, and by autumn-time Isabella went to church with young Greystoke: and when she had flitted, then Mark spoke again, and Laura, with a flash of her old spirit—and yet, how changed!—stole softly up to him, and, putting her arm caressingly round his neck, said in a loving whisper, "If you love me, Mark, I love you, and will be your good and true little wife to the end of our days."

"The Lord bless thee, my leddy lass! Eh, but I knew thee was t' best as iver trod!" said Mark, with a fervor, a passionate tenderness that smote on her heart as only such forgiveness, such trust can do, when we have been unworthy, and are conscious now and sorry for our sin.

So the tender little flower of happiness, which had been so nearly cut down forever, blossomed up from its roots once more. The joy that the angels felt for the repentant sinner was repeated in this quiet Cumberland home; and Mark, married to Laura as she was—sinful, sorrowful, and with all the glory of her youthful beauty dimmed—was a far happier man, and with a nobler home-life than would have been, had not her sin led her through sorrow to repentance, and a truer knowledge of the real worth of human life. Fustian, farm-work, rude speech, and hands with the marks of toil never wholly washed away, were nothing compared to the love, the honesty, the noble truth, the infinite tenderness, the unselfish forgiveness of that loyal heart. And it was by Heaven's grace that she who once, shallow, vain, and worldly, had been unable to appraise any of these things at their true value, to whom life had been merely amusement, finery, and superficial gentility, was now brought to a knowledge of how far beyond the form is the spirit, how far greater than society is the MAN.

PAUPER LORDS.

IT is certainly no disgrace for lords to earn their living. It is honorable to them if thereby they maintain themselves independent of help from others. It is praiseworthy if they simply pursue "business" for the sake of the knowledge and experience to be derived from it. No one will think the worse of the son of the Duke of Argyll who is, or was, in a mercantile house in Liverpool. Sons of peers have gone to humbler vocations than that. In the *Annual Register* for the year 1802 there is the following singular paragraph: "The sons of a noble earl, one of whom was breeding for a bricklayer and the other a tanner, have been lately seduced from their employments by their sister, to the great mortification of their father, who is disappointed in his favorite scheme." The earl here alluded to was, we believe, the third Earl of Stanhope, who died in 1816. When he was a republican he felt the absurdity of bearing a hereditary title. He accordingly abandoned that of earl, took the arms from his carriage, and called himself plain Mr. Stanhope. In course of time he changed his views, and took to his earldom again. As a statesman he is chiefly known in connection with a money bill. In 1811 his motion was adopted, whereby passing guineas for more and banknotes for less than their real value was strictly prohibited!

The Earl of Stanhope lived in revolutionary times, when murder was patriotism, and thieves thought that a liberal distribution of property would save them the trouble of thieving. As every Hebrew in the olden time, however noble, learned a trade, so the earl seems to have concluded that, to meet an extreme contingency, his sons had better know how to lay bricks and prepare leather than how to shoot snipes. Lords so often become bankrupts that the idea of their sons turning to handicrafts is not an uncommon one among republicans. When the present Marquis of Westminster was Lord Grosvenor he was traveling through the United States. He happened to be one day at a station in the West waiting for a train. A Western farmer addressed him thus:

"Bin about these parts consid'able, stranger?"

"Yes; for some length of time."

"Like 'em pretty well, eh?"

"Yes; pretty well."

"How long have yer bin here?"

"A few weeks."

"What's yer business?"

"I have no business."

"What are yer travelin' for, then?"

"Only for my pleasure."

"Don't yer do any business? How d' yer get yer livin', then?"

"It isn't necessary for me to work for my support. My father is a man of property, and gives me an allowance sufficient for my wants."

"But s'pose the old man should die?"

"In that case I dare say he'd leave me enough to live upon."

Then came the supreme supposition made by the farmer: "But s'pose he should bust up?"

The idea of such a destructive explosion on the part of a peer whose income, according to popular legend, is £1000 a day, Sundays included, was nothing strange to the farmer, though it may have set Lord Grosvenor a-thinking.

Whether the above popular estimate be accurate or not is not much to the question. It is, probably, not far out. But observe what changes have come over incomes of great peers since the seventeenth century. At the close of that era, John Holles, Duke of Newcastle, was accounted by Burnet as being the richest peer that had been in England for ages. His revenue amounted to £40,000 a year. At that time the Grosvenors were not in the peerage at all. They were, indeed, of better blood than that made up of Holles, Cavendish, Pelham, and Clinton. They were knights in the old Norman period. The baronetcy dates only from 1622. The first step in the peerage was made little more than a hundred years ago. Since that time they have fairly risen to the state and condition of princes, while Clinton and the Newcastle dignity have come down to the dust. How sadly the old name has been dragged through the mire, the bankruptcy and police courts, and one court-martial! One can not see the fall of a historic house without pain, or, in this case, without something more than pain. One circumstance is worthy of note. When the duke was lately before the public in connection with the Bankruptcy Court, his debts were said to amount to £300,000. If Burnet were alive he would have to say that it is the largest sum for which an English peer ever failed. So far the failure was a distinction. Incidents, however, repeat themselves. It was said of the second Duke of Buckingham, "In squandering wealth was his peculiar art." He was "beggared by fools;" and, as Dryden adds, "He had his jest, and they had his estate." A later Duke of Buckingham impoverished himself in a less blamable fashion. We allude to the duke who entertained the fugitive Bourbon royal family with such profuse hospitality that they and their followers drained his exchequer and burdened him with debt. He had, moreover, lived with princely magnificence. His expenditure in the luxuries of art and literature was enormous. The munificent spirit with which he treated the Bourbons, however, was an addition that even his income could not bear. When he visited Paris neither Louis XVIII. nor Charles X. took the slightest notice of the obligation they had incurred. Those ungrateful Bourbons would not even condescend to confer

"on the noble old soul
A ribbon and cross for his best button-hole."

There is something pathetic in the way the duke tells in his diary of the last moments spent by the duchess and himself at Stowe. Through the evening, and till the midsummer moon was riding in the sky, they lingered about the portals of their paradise. "At last we came to the flower garden.....She burst out into a violent fit of tears, in which I participated without saying a word. In this manner she went through the two gardens, and left them in silent sorrow. I gave her a rose which I gathered out of the garden as we passed; and I know that she treasured up the last gift. I never thought that she loved this place so much, to make her grieve so much about leaving it."

A NOBLE SALAD-MIXER.

WHEN many of the French nobility were refugees in England during the first years of that revolution of '93, which has not yet come to an end, they found various ways of living. The most singular man (as well as the most singular way of life on the part of a refugee) was the noble Chevalier D'Aubigné. In the deepest of his distress he was asked by an English friend to dine at a tavern. At that time the English used to eat lettuce just as they now do water-cress, with a little salt, and nothing else. D'Aubigné took the lettuce that was placed on the table, and proceeded to make a salad after the fashion of his country. The other guests in the room curiously watched the work and the artist. They snuffed up the refreshing air of a *mayonnaise*, and when the Chevalier and his friend had consumed the delicious mixture with an air of intense satisfaction, a guest from another table approached the former, and said: "Sir, it is well known that salad is made properly only by your great nation. Would it be too much to ask of your courtesy to mix one for me and the three other gentlemen at yonder table?" The Chevalier accordingly assented. He went over, mixed the salad to their taste, made himself the while as agreeable as the salad, and just intimated, by the way, that he was a noble refugee without means of buying for himself what he mixed so well for others. The chief of the guests whom he had thus served pressed his hand at parting, and left a guinea in it. A golden idea was dropped at the same moment into the Chevalier's brain; he gave his address to the donor of the guinea. The meaning thereof was thoroughly understood. A few days later D'Aubigné received a letter, inviting him to repair to a ducal mansion for the purpose of preparing a salad for a large dinner-party, as it was understood it was his profession to do. D'Aubigné presented himself with alacrity, and when the task was completed he asked five pounds for the achievement. That completed the conviction of the party that he was an invaluable artist in salads. He could scarcely answer the calls made upon him. In a brief space of time he was to be seen in a little carriage, with an attendant, in whose care was a mahogany case containing separate ingredients for the concocting of various sorts of salads according to different tastes and requirements. Subsequently he sold similar cases as fast as he could supply them, with instructions, for the benefit of patrons at a distance. Fortune, in short, rolled in upon him. He was a saving and a prudent man. The Chevalier put away eighty thousand francs by salad-making! Sixty thousand of that sum he invested in the funds when he returned to his native country. With the other twenty thousand he bought a castle and an estate—that is to say, of course, a country cottage and a garden—and lived at least as happily as if he had made it all by bloodshed and pillage in war.

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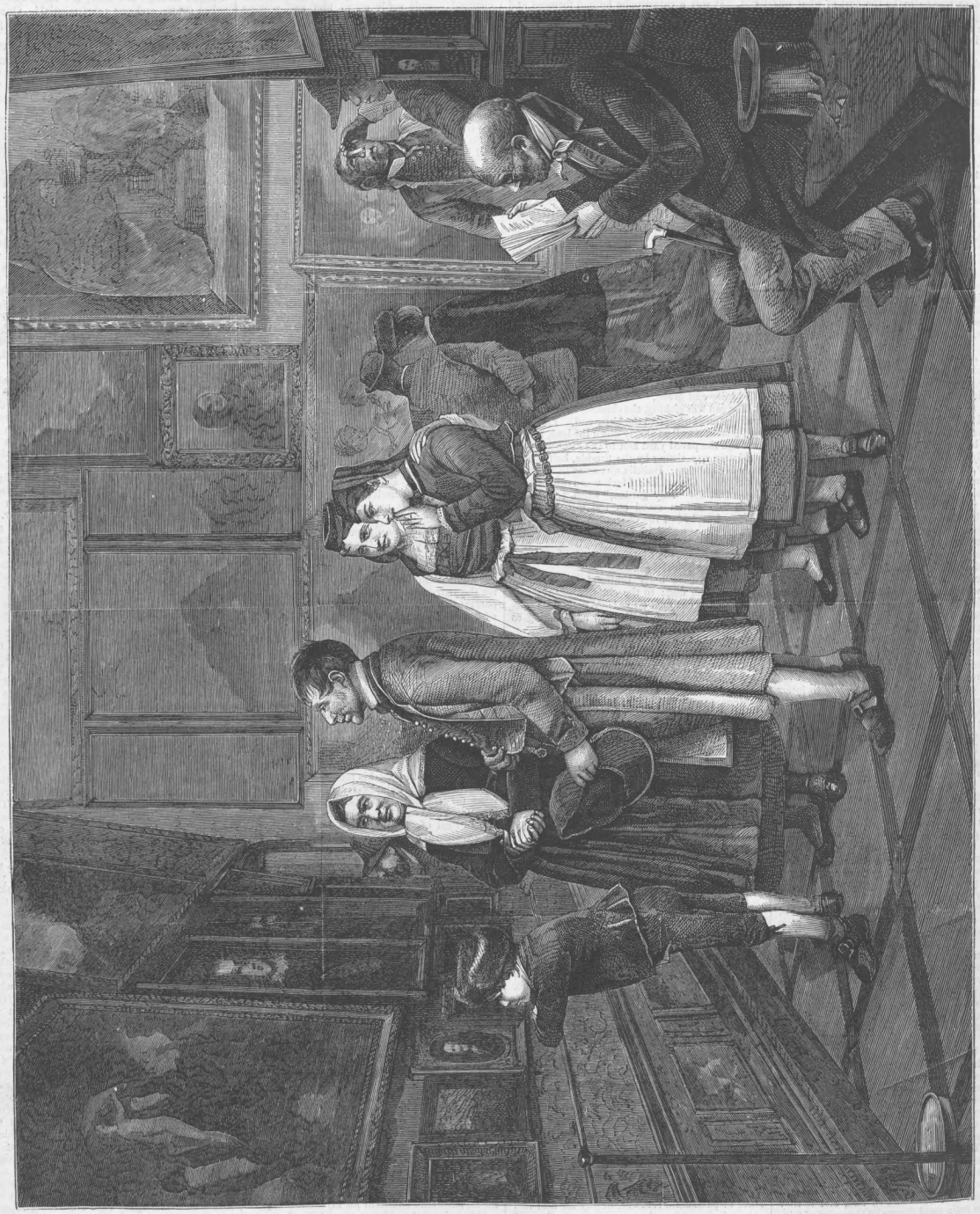
IN A PICTURE-GALLERY.

THE attractive picture which adorns this page illustrates a phase of common life abroad which ought to be domesticated in this country. A family of German peasants, intelligent and prosperous, like most of their class, have come into some city—probably Munich—for a day's recreation, and have strolled into one of the superb art galleries which, through the wise and liberal policy of old King LOUIS, have made that pleasant capital famous throughout the world. Their attitude and the expressions of their faces tell us that they have entered what seems to them like a world of enchantment. They step carefully on the smooth, inlaid floor, as if afraid of doing injury with their heavy country shoes, and are evidently awed by the splendors of art that surround them. In their blissful ignorance of schools and criticism, they give themselves up to the full enjoyment of the pictures; and when they go back to their homely though neat and comfortable farm-house in the country, they will carry many a pleasant and refining remembrance of their visit to the wonder-land of art.

The free picture-galleries and museums of art to be found in all large European cities have undoubtedly exercised a most refining and healthful influence upon the people at large. They are open to all who behave with decency. The poorest peasants, equally with people of rank, wealth, and culture, have access to them, and there is not an instance on record where the privilege has been in any way abused. It is a pleasant sight, on a holiday, when the galleries are thronged with laboring people, curious, interested, and often unexpectedly intelligent in their remarks on the pictures that strike their fancy.

It would be a good thing for our own city if, instead of one academy of art, open a few weeks every year at a price for admission which excludes those who have most need of innocent and refining sources of amusement, it had a large free picture-gallery, filled with the masterpieces of American art and copies of the best treasures of European galleries. The rich man who will endow such an institution, and make it absolutely free to all, will confer a greater benefit on the poor than if he had founded a college or a public library. Few of the laboring classes have much leisure for reading. When they take a holiday they want recreation and amusement, and if they can not have innocent and healthful amusements they will take such as are harmful. It is the experience of European communities that the more museums, picture-galleries, gardens, and music-halls are multiplied, the less becomes the attendance at low and debasing places of amusement, and doubtless this experience would be repeated here. Our own Central Park, and Prospect Park in Brooklyn, draw thousands of people away from concert saloons and whisky shops. But these are only available in the summer months. A public museum or art gallery, open when out-of-door recreation is out of season, would have the same good effect. Why should not our National Academy of Design once or twice a week throw open its doors for free admission, and allow poor people, to whom the price of admission represents a day's living, a chance to see what American artists are doing? The directors might, at least, make the entrance fee merely nominal for one day in the week. We believe the experiment worth a trial, and that it would be a success in the best sense of the word.



GERMAN PEASANTS IN A PICTURE-GALLERY.

SIR TOM THUMB.

THE legend of King Arthur and the Round Table is always an inviting subject for the poets; and we know not how many have tried their hands at it with more or less success. Mr. Tennyson has added to his laurels largely in his "Idyls of the King," and Lord Lytton has followed not ignobly in the wake of the Laureate. But we have a slight quarrel to pick with these Arthurian singers. We hear of the good Sir Lancelot and Galahad the pure; but where is Tom Thumb? From the sublime to the ridiculous is proverbially an easy descent; but the fact remains that the real, original Tom Thumb—for Mr. Stratton is not the real Simon Pure, after all, whatever Mr. Barnum may say to the contrary—the real, original Tom Thumb was an important character at King Arthur's Round Table. A work was printed in the year 1630, which bears the following title:—"Tom Thumb, his Life and Death: wherein is declared many marvailous Acts of Manhood, full of Wonder and strange Merriments. Which little Knight lived in King Arthur's time, and famous in the Court of Great Brittaine!" It begins thus:

"In Arthur's court, Tom Thumbe did live,
A man of mickle might;
The best of all the Table Round,
And eke a doughty knight.

"His stature, but an inch in height,
Or quarter of a span;
Then think you not this little knight
Was proved a valiant man?"

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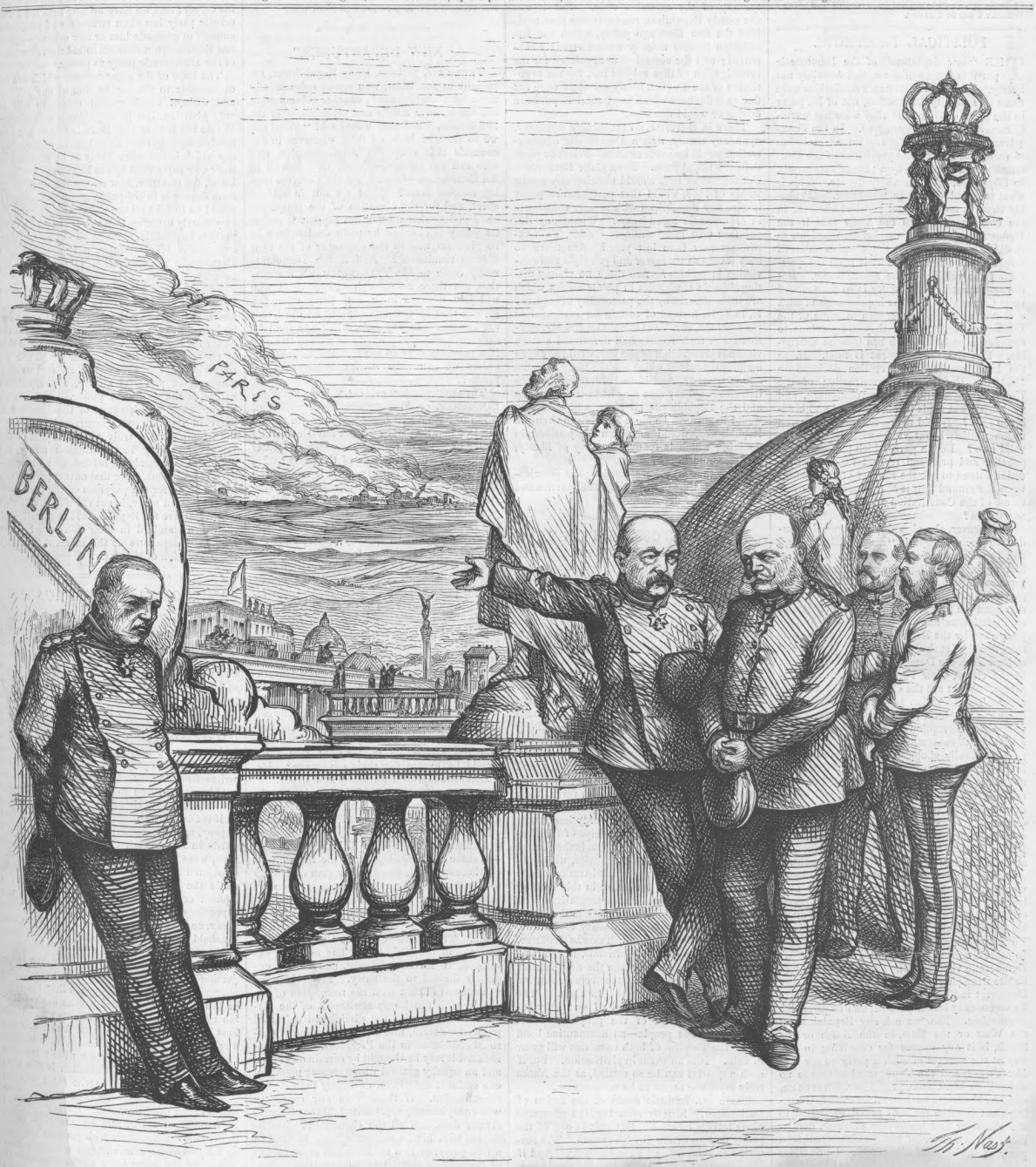

THEY ARE DOING UNTO THEMSELVES, WHAT THEY WOULD HAVE DONE UNTO US.

THE MADNESS OF PARIS.—[See Page 529.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1871.

HARPER'S WEEKLY contains ONE-THIRD more reading matter, a larger number of Illustrations, and is conspicuously better Edited and Printed than any other Illustrated Newspaper. Its circulation is more than DOUBLE that of any similar publication.

☞ *The distinguishing features of the* SUPPLEMENT *to this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *are an interesting paper on* ROBERT SOUTHEY, *by* Mr. S. C. HALL, *profusely illustrated; two fine* ART ILLUSTRATIONS, *entitled* "THE CHICKEN'S FIRST THOUGHT" *and* "READING THE BIBLE IN A BLACKSMITH'S SHOP;" *an excellent Story, and a fine Poem appropriate to the season, with other literary attractions.*

☞ CHARLES READE'S *story,* "A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION," *will hereafter appear in a* SUPPLEMENT, *which, as heretofore, will be supplied to the readers of* HARPER'S WEEKLY FREE OF CHARGE.

POLITICAL PROSPECTS.

THE "new departure" of the Democratic party is not unanimous, and certainly not hearty. Mr. VALLANDIGHAM's resolutions were those of a County Convention, not of his party in the State of Ohio, and they were not warmly received by the party organs. In the Pennsylvania Democratic Convention a resolution to recognize all existing provisions of the Constitution was adopted, by a vote of seventy-six to fifty-three, after an angry debate. This is what is called elsewhere "hedging." Probably there is no intelligent political observer in the country who does not know that if the Democratic party had carried Connecticut, as it did New Hampshire, the election of 1872 would have been disputed by it upon the question of the validity of the amendments. But the sentiment of the country is so pronounced upon that subject that the hopelessness of such a contest seems to be foreseen by some of the Democratic leaders, and they are anxious to abandon a position which has become untenable. But the abandonment is fatal. If, as the last Democratic Convention declared in 1868, the Republican reconstruction of the Union is unconstitutional, revolutionary, and void, what has made it constitutional and binding in 1872? If void then—not unwise nor even unconstitutional, but void—what has made it valid now? Does a party which professes such peculiar and profound respect for the Constitution intend to ask the support of the country upon the ground that it acquiesces in the overthrow of the Constitution and in revolutionary usurpation?

If, however, the absurdity be concealed under the plea of accepting "accomplished facts," and the Democratic party withdraws its protest against the Republican settlement, and promises a faithful enforcement of "the usurpation," its claim to popular confidence must rest upon the probability of a more honest and able administration of the government by that party than by the Republican. What, then, is the ground of such a probability? In the State of New York the Democratic party is in power. In the city of New York its dominance is supreme. What are the characteristics of its action? The elevation to office of men of no character whatever; the most universal and unblushing corruption; a Legislature which is a by-word of contempt; consequent legislation which virtually abolishes popular government in the city in favor of an oligarchy of four men, not one of whom enjoys the respect of the community; the infamies of Erie bills, and of the amended code, authorizing corrupt judges to crush the freedom of the press: in one word, a vast and skillful system of plunder, with profound contempt and disregard of the principles and the defenses of free popular government.

This is the aspect of Democratic ascendency where the party is best organized, most ably led, and of practically unchallenged supremacy. And against this régime there is no audible protest in the Democratic party. In New York the Tammany leadership is omnipotent. In other States there is no word of dissent. A Democratic victory in the election of 1872 will be the triumph of this spirit, not because every Democrat individually approves it, but because its ascendency is indisputable, and its discipline remorseless. Now we ask any Republican at the West or the East, in the North or the South, is it any excuse for conniving in any way at the success of such a party to say that Mr. TWEED and the Tammany leaders are no worse than Mr. CAMERON and Mr. CHANDLER, and Mr. MORTON and General BUTLER? Granting what is often felt and urged in regard to the character and leadership of these gentlemen, is it a matter of indifference whether a party of the general character and principles of the Republican, or of the general character and tendencies of the Democratic, controls the government? If certain leaders upon both sides are not to be respected nor trusted, it is only wise to look further into the party. Now every element of hatred of the government, of disbelief in its principles, the great mass of ignorance, the subservience to ecclesiastical dictation—the most doubtful and pernicious elements in a system like ours—are all combined in the Democratic party. The general intelligence, the true conservatism of industry, faith in liberty and education—in a word, the moral forces of the country, are with the Republicans. Is this a consideration of little weight?

Moreover, if there is irregularity in many of the details of administration, if the counsels which prevail in its general policy are not always such as honorable men approve, there are two points to consider—first, that to recall to power the party to which we owe the corruption of political methods will hardly remedy the difficulty; and second, that while in that party there is really no protest, there is in the Republican party a protest so stern that it constantly modifies what are regarded as baneful counsels. In the State of New York the Democratic voice that was raised against the despotism of Tammany was summarily silenced, and with very few exceptions there has been no resolute Democratic protest urged against the alarming tyranny of the amended code. But it was the steady Republican remonstrance that modified the San Domingo policy, which the Republican leaders already named strongly supported; and the commissions appointed for the investigation of that subject and for the negotiation of the English treaty certainly were not due to influences which any honest Republican doubts or would disclaim.

There is, therefore, no probability whatever, upon any theory, that a Democratic administration would be purer or more efficient or wiser than the Republican. Even if the Democratic Convention of 1872 should unanimously eat its words of 1868, would that performance really inspire any Republican with greater confidence in Democratic ascendency? Would any Republican vote more willingly for Mr. VALLANDIGHAM now than last year? Are there no such things as character and principle and conviction in politics? Are there no plainly distinguishable tendencies in public affairs which are little affected by the personality of leaders? If, in 1864, instead of calling for surrender to the rebellion, Mr. VALLANDIGHAM and Mr. SEYMOUR and their friends had demanded a more vigorous prosecution of the war, would any sane man have doubted which was the party of union and of liberty? And if, in 1872, the same gentlemen should say that they had been all wrong and the Republicans all right, and that they would henceforth be more Republican than the Republicans, would any man be justified in doubting which is really the party of liberty, progress, and safety?

In another article we consider the practicability at this time of discarding both parties and taking a "new departure."

THE VICTORY OF PEACE.

THE prompt ratification of the Treaty of Washington by the Senate follows that of the country. That of the British Government will not, we hope, be long delayed, and so one of the most hopeful events of the time will be accomplished. It is a new reason of pride in the race which has so long maintained and constantly enlarges the forms of constitutional freedom that so deep and sore a difference between two proud and powerful nations should be adjusted by a spirit of candor and of justice. The Treaty of Washington is like a settlement between two gentlemen. Neither demands what ought not to be granted, and each willingly yields what ought not to be withheld.

But the great significance of the treaty is its hearty support by the most intelligent and friendly spirit of the two countries, while the reactionary elements in both also reveal their true character. The party friends of the rebels in this country, who cheered only less loudly than the English Tories the escape of the *Alabama*, voted against the ratification in the Senate, and their allies, the English Tories, will probably oppose it. But the administration of the party of liberty and humanity in this country initiated the treaty, and its representatives, with virtual unanimity, support it; while the liberal government in England, the party of BRIGHT, COBDEN, GOLDWIN SMITH, THOMAS HUGHES, and all our most faithful friends, heartily accepted our invitation to renew the negotiations, and were doubtless in constant communication with their agents who acted for them. The treaty is thus another bond of sympathy between the England of the people and the America of the people—an adamantine bond which the Toryism of both countries will gnaw in vain. It is an event in civilization. For if such a quarrel can be so settled, as the *Nation* truly says, war seems to be unnecessary.

There can be little doubt of the action of Parliament. Strictly speaking, the sovereign alone ratifies treaties. But that is one of the pretty fictions of the British system. The sovereign is but a name for the minister. And if Mr. DISRAELI felt that Parliament would sustain him, he would, upon the announcement of the ratification, move a vote of censure upon the ministry for advising the crown to ratify; and, of course, if Parliament were likely to sustain such a motion, the Queen would not ratify the treaty, for the ministry would not press it. The liberal majority, however, is so great that the result is secure. Nor need Earl RUSSELL strenuously object. For the treaty does not accuse him by declaring that the rule of law at the time was different from that upon which he has insisted, but it states a future rule which it permits to be retroactive for this occasion. Sir ROUNDELL PALMER, one of the ablest of living lawyers, and not unfriendly to the United States, always held that technically the position of England was legal. But the treaty felicitously avoids the possible discussion of all such points, which could only be endless and fruitless; and with a kind of formal protest. In any case he Earl RUSSELL will probably content himself will not influence the Peers to any discordant action.

In this country every Republican will rejoice that the same great party which triumphantly sustained the Union and liberty against the rebellious assault of slavery and aristocracy has in this lofty and humane adjustment of an angry difference added so signal an illustration to MILTON's noble declaration, that Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war.

"NEW DEPARTURES."

THERE are, perhaps, many Republicans, especially at the West, who would substantially agree with what we say in another column upon the comparative merits and probabilities of the two parties. But they would ask, "What are we to do who have no faith whatever in the counsels that sway the Administration, and who can not consent—should they prevail in the Convention—to work for their success during another term? Must we not in self-respect, and for the elevation of the party, declare plainly that we will not support it unless its policy is changed by plain declarations in its platform, and by the character of the candidates nominated? And if the Democrats really come to Mr. VALLANDIGHAM's declaration, are there not enough among them who will join with us in a new party upon the ground that by common consent all old issues are settled? In any case, will there then be difference enough between the parties to make it a patriotic duty to support the Republican, unless we can have such candidates as we prefer?"

The answer is very evident. Does Mr. VALLANDIGHAM, or do those who agree with him, mean to form a new organization, or to extend the Democratic party? Does any Democratic orator or paper or convention which advocates acquiescence do so outside of the party? Do they not, on the contrary, urge it as the true Democratic policy? And in considering special questions upon which members of both parties are divided—such as free trade—do not the Democratic papers advocate it as distinctly a party policy, and expressly declare that the true place of Republican free-traders is in the Democratic ranks? Last autumn certain free-trade Republican papers at the West spoke of a third party. Did any Democratic paper respond in the least? They were all very willing to detach the Republicans from their own side, but their object was plain enough. In Missouri, the St. Louis *Democrat* and Senator SCHURZ helped the Democrats in the election of a Legislature and Governor. The Governor declared that old party lines were obliterated; but the Democratic Legislature elected the author of the BRODHEAD letter to be the colleague of Mr. SCHURZ. Does any body suppose that there is a third party in Missouri, or that the Democrats ever meant that there should be, except for their advantage? Mr. VALLANDIGHAM and all the "new departure" Democrats will be very glad to welcome the "new departure" Republicans to the Democratic fold, but they will not form any alliance outside of their party lines.

If that be so—and it will hardly be denied—is there any probability that the Republicans of whom we speak can do more than divide our own ranks if they resolve upon the course that we suppose? For the time and the circumstances do not permit the formation of a new party. In a year the nominations will be made. The movement at Cincinnati announced in the early spring has not been developed, so far as we know, and it was expressly limited to the party. Meanwhile the general satisfaction with the restoration of the Union, with the happy settlement of the English difficulty, with the diminished debt and reduced taxation, and a general feeling of personal confidence in the President, however ill-founded it may be thought by certain observers, and an equally general disagreement upon any one eminent substitute, decisively indicate his renomination. If there were any candidate who conspicuously represented all that General GRANT does, and all the elements of dissatisfaction with him, a serious schism, looking to a new party, or to a radically new organization of the present party, might be possible. But, in the absence of all the favorable conditions, the only question for the Republicans of whom we speak is this: Would the success of the Democratic party with any candidate whatever be more desirable than that of the Republicans with General GRANT? For we assume that should another nomination than that of General GRANT be made, there would be no question of the hearty concurrence of the doubters.

For reasons that we have stated elsewhere we should regard Democratic control of the government as the most serious misfortune that could befall the country; for it would be throwing out of power the party of sincere faith in popular principles, the party of intelligence, education, and conscience, and substituting for it the party of hereditary hostility to equal rights, intrenched in ignorance and all that ignorance implies. Nor can it be truthfully said that, admitting the Republican party to be what we claim, its intelligence and conscience are not represented in its leadership or in its policy. A party must be judged by its history. And while the Republican party has made mistakes, it has not committed crimes, like its adversary. While, therefore, the Democratic Convention in Pennsylvania quotes with approval the late speech of Senator SCHURZ, in Missouri, and while we know his strong condemnation of the Administration, we remember also his faith and his career; and we have no fear that the Democratic party has siren sweetness of profession enough to persuade him or any other conspicuous Republican statesman to aid the restoration of the Democratic party to power.

The hope of the great reforms which are indispensable to the purification of our politics, and without which special measures will be only abortive, lies in Republican ascendency. We do not believe that there is one object earnestly sought by the "new-departure" Republicans which is not more likely to be attained by their own party than by the Democracy. They know, for instance, how strong the revenue reform feeling is in the party, and how needless it would be to take all the risks of helping the enemy merely to secure that result; and as a third party is impossible, we must all decide whether, irrespective of candidates, a Republican or a Democratic administration is better for the country.

The Springfield *Republican* thinks that "we have come unmistakably to a new departure," and that the sooner the Democratic party can be brought to the VALLANDIGHAM platform the better for the country. That is true; but that is no reason for trusting that party, nor for conniving at the success of an organization whose most powerful motive, the *Republican* agrees, is the desire for power. And if with the professed acquiescence of the Democratic party in Republican reconstruction, and with the triumph of the truly humane spirit of the Republican party in the English treaty, the old issues be considered settled, and a new departure imminent, since that new departure can not be found for the purposes of the next election in a third party, is not the only practicable new departure for Republicans the elevation of their own standard in their own camp? Any other new departure at this moment is merely the dissolution of the party.

AMERICAN PROTESTS AGAINST LIBERTY.

ONE of the chief Roman Catholic organs in this country, the *Catholic World*, severely condemns the great meeting last winter in honor of Italian unity, and denounces the "apostacy" of Dr. DÖLLINGER. On the other hand, eighty parishes in Bavaria have expressed their sympathy with the Doctor, the king befriends him, a number of Neapolitan priests ardently hope that under the guidance of his spirit the Church and the people may be rescued from "degenerate political popery," and Father HYACINTHE writes from Rome to Dr. DÖLLINGER, "Jehovah has raised you in your old days for new combats and new victories." Indeed, it seems as if the immense discontent with the political papacy, and the infallible papal claims which exists in the Roman Catholic Church in Europe, were likely to find some organized expression in the movement of Dr. DÖLLINGER, while the emancipation of Austria from the Roman control, the attitude of Bavaria, the supremacy of the Protestant Empire of Germany, and the total decline of France, show that the hold of Roman ecclesiasticism upon civilization is visibly relaxing.

Undoubtedly, at a time when Europe is rejecting ecclesiastical assumption, it must seem strange to intelligent Europeans that the voice of the most unconditional protest against Italian union and popular government and religious liberty should come from America. But a religious faith or a political feeling is often strongest at the points most widely removed from the centre. The Canadian is the most British of Britons, and in the same way the American Roman Catholic is of narrower sympathies than the European. He is surrounded by a different spirit, and he therefore clings to his fellow-churchman with peculiar tenacity, as fellow-countrymen cling in a foreign land. Moreover, the great mass of the adherents of the Roman Church in this country are of the more ignorant class. They are for that reason more easily led. And the intelligent members of the Church are not brought in general and immediate contact, as they have so long been in Europe, with all the corruption,

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superstition, and degradation of political ecclesiasticism. Very many of the priests in this country, also—probably a large majority—are foreigners. They have little knowledge of our political principles and system, no faith in them; and, taught always to consider Rome as the seat of supreme sovereignty in human affairs, they are here merely as the scouts and outposts of the Roman hierarchy.

It is not, therefore, surprising that the voice of Roman America should be hostile to the accepted fundamental American principles. It protests against the political change which releases the Roman people from a virtually absolute political authority, a government in which they had no voice whatever; and it readily accepts an ecclesiastical declaration which is necessarily the destruction of religious liberty. Moreover, in protesting against the method of the peaceful revolution in the Roman States, and denouncing what it calls the "outrage" upon the Pope, it betrays no perception whatever of the outrage upon the people which has been redressed. It is an unspeakable crime, in its view, that the Roman people should be enabled to choose their own government, but it is the divine order that a man elected to an ecclesiastical primacy by a few dozen clergymen should be the despotic ruler of a people who have not been consulted, and to whom he may be an utter stranger.

At the present time, therefore, the Roman Church, controlled by the Jesuits, and declaring the papal infallibility, from which spring religious and political absolutism, is the great reactionary influence against the development of liberty. It is well parodied—and the parody interprets the tendency—in the letter of certain English Episcopalians, clergy and laity, to LOUIS NAPOLEON. They declare that their earnest hope is that he and the Empress may yet restore to France social order and religious liberty, and protect peaceable Frenchmen from the inroads of a barbarous socialism, and the curse and despotism of an antichristian republic. The tone of these Englishmen toward LOUIS NAPOLEON is precisely that of the *Catholic World* toward the Pope. It is the protest of absolute authority against liberty—of the will of one man against the consent of all men. It is a sigh for a return to that baleful spirit from whose control the human race, as it advances in intelligence, perpetually struggles to emancipate itself. Dr. DÖLLINGER echoes LUTHER; and his voice, like the old monk's, is a prophecy of larger liberty, and, therefore, of truer peace and progress.

THE VICTORY OF FRANCE.

WHEN the Germans were before Paris M. ERNEST FEYDEAU, a French author of the lowest tone of the low empire, wrote a letter to the *Tribune* full of rhetorical lamentation over the insults offered by the Goths and Vandals to the "Queen of Civilization"—meaning the city of Paris. But this "Queen of Civilization" has been the mother of the greatest barbarities of modern history; and at the end of a war in which the Germans showed no trace of a wanton spirit, Paris itself proves to be the very nest of Vandalism, and would have been utterly destroyed by certain Parisians could they have had their way. The Commune, which has been all the more effectually because gradually crushed, whatever its theory may have been, offered, by its spirit and conduct, no hope for humanity or liberty. It was a terrible dumb and blind protest against the existing order, without the least suggestion of an intelligent comprehension of it, or any hint of a reasonable method of reform. Undoubtedly at last, also, like the terror in '93, it was a mere name for the excesses of the most desperate and criminal classes. The idea of local independence, which was its redeeming thought, was lost in the wildest license and riot, and the expiring struggles of its present effort were marked by the attempted destruction of one of the greatest and most interesting cities in the world.

The effort of the Commune ends, therefore, without the least sympathy or respect. If there were men interested in it whose views were positive, humane, and reasonable, they were wholly powerless. They were in no sense leaders, and the movement will be judged, not by their hopes, but by its practical performance. The friends of local independence will, of course, justly refuse to be held responsible for the vagaries and crimes of those who prostituted the name, just as every friend of constitutional liberty repudiates the tragical travesty of the reign of terror. But they can not help feeling the great injury wrought to the cause—a kind of injury to which every good cause and reform are liable. A certain reaction is now inevitable, and its results are likely to endure for a long time.

The vital point of difference in the situation of France at the close of this conflict and at the end of the old revolution is that this victory is the work of the nation itself. It is Versailles supported by the rest of France which has conquered Paris. There is, therefore, no disturbing foreign element in the situation; and the confidence of the country will be re-assured by the fact that the element of order is stronger, even at great disadvantage, than that of disorder. The victory has been won, not in the name of empire, nor of monarchy, nor of republic, but in that of respect for order and law based upon the popular will. The government at Versailles, although purely provisional, is the deliberate choice of all the people of France, and the resistance at Paris was the rebellion of a small minority, who, by entering into the election, had acknowledged the validity of the authority it would create. That authority will now, we presume, establish order, and at the earliest practicable moment call an election for an Assembly to determine the future form of government for the country.

IGNORANCE AS A BULWARK OF JUSTICE.

THE recent effort to impanel a jury in the case of FOSTER, the murderer of Mr. PUTNAM in the street car, shows that the system of trial by jury is in sore need of amendment. There are, indeed, many sagacious men who condemn the whole system, without clearly seeing a substitute. Cases involving serious interests are now constantly left to referees, except where the very weakness of the jury system offers hope to an advocate who despairs of his case upon the facts that he may yet win by cajoling or confusing twelve men. Indeed, the conditions of society are so wholly changed since the jury trial was introduced that it is an accusation of our good sense that we do not make it conform to the present situation. At a time, for instance, when every intelligent person is necessarily familiar with every important event, and when, if it has occurred in his neighborhood, he has knowledge of the circumstances as reported, and consequently a kind of opinion, it is absurd to refuse him as a juror upon that ground, and for two very obvious reasons. In the first place, his opinion is merely an impression which is entirely amenable to change by evidence; and, in the second place, if such knowledge is to exclude him, a juryman becomes a synonym for blockhead or knave.

If a man were to be tried for his life, would he rather trust to the verdict of twelve men who read the newspapers, or to twelve who did not read them, or who said that they did not? Undoubtedly to the twelve who read, and upon the very comprehensible ground that intelligent men are now informed of the news; and he would rather be judged by intelligent than by ignorant men. In the present case a passenger was assaulted violently in a car, and soon after died at the hospital. Every newspaper was full of it. Even if a man were unable to read, he heard the story in detail. It was discussed every where, in every version, and with every kind of comment. While the circumstances were still fresh in the public memory, the accused was arraigned for trial; and instead of selecting a jury of the neighborhood, who were ready and competent to hear and weigh evidence, the city was dragged to discover twelve recluse or unobservant men who had not heard, or who were willing to say that they had not formed what is called an opinion upon the subject; that is to say, who had read nothing about it. That confession itself should have incapacitated them. It should have been felt that no man's life, and justice itself, were not secure with men who, under the circumstances, had heard nothing, or who had formed no opinion.

Indeed, there is now in every community only one class of persons who may be supposed to know really nothing of current events, or who, at least, may be very easily made to know nothing, and they are the convicts in the prisons. The *Tribune* proposes to add to these returning passengers in ships, who may be prohibited from communicating with the pilot, and removed instantly to the court-room. A system which has become so conspicuously foolish, which demands ignorance as a qualification for jury duty, ought certainly to be corrected in that point at least. And it will be curious to remark whether, after the universal expression of censure of the present custom which the trial of FOSTER has evoked, any attempt will be made to harmonize the jury system with the times and with common-sense.

PERSONAL.

COLONEL FORNEY, in his "Anecdotes of Public Men," expresses the opinion that "no man living, either at home or abroad, more keenly enjoys music, painting, and poetry, and talks better about them, than CHARLES SUMNER. His tastes are refined, his hospitalities generous, and his plate, pictures, and engravings rare; and he could pronounce as learned a discourse upon art as upon politics." We may add, that few people are aware of the large amount of hard, dry, legal work Mr. SUMNER did before he became a United States Senator. After his admission to the bar he edited for three years the *American Jurist;* published three volumes of Reports (bearing his name) of the United States Circuit Court; and in 1844, '45, and '46 produced an edition of "Vesey's Reports" in twenty volumes. Mr. SUMNER occasionally in a sentence throws abroad an idea that the people instantly understand and appreciate. Thus, while the Senate was attempting to punish one or two newspaper men who were "enterprising" enough to obtain and forward to the *Tribune* an advance copy of the treaty, he said the whole proceeding reminded him of a stone in the commercial metropolis on which is inscribed "Two miles to New York." Since that stone was placed the city has grown beyond it many miles, so that it is now near the centre of New York. The Senate should keep up with the times, and go beyond its old milestone of secret sessions.

—Should his Holiness PIUS the Ninth survive until Friday the 16th of June, he will have accomplished what the Roman Catholics of the world have long looked forward to as one of the most interesting events in the history of their Church. On that day the venerable Pope will have occupied the papal chair *twenty-five years*—a longer period than it has been filled by any pope since the establishment of Catholicism, with the single exception of its first occupant, St. PETER. It is not claimed that he held it over twenty-five years. If, therefore, Pope PIUS survives another week, his will be the signal honor of having occupied the papal chair longer than any one of the 259 prelates who have preceded him. Another noteworthy fact is that of these 259 only ten have enjoyed the pontifical honor over twenty years. They are:

		A.D.		Yrs.	Mths.	Dys.
Sylvester,	consecrated	314,	occupied	21	11	0
Leo the Great,	"	440,	"	21	1	4
Adrian I.,	"	772,	"	23	10	17
Leo III.,	"	795,	"	20	5	16
Alexander III.,	"	1159,	"	21	11	23
Urban VIII.,	"	1623,	"	20	11	23
Clement XI.,	"	1700,	"	20	3	25
Pius VI.,	"	1775,	"	24	6	14
Pius VII.,	"	1800,	"	23	5	6
Pius IX.						

PIUS Ninth is now 79 years old. In 1840, at the age of 48, he was created Cardinal Archbishop of Imola, in the Romagna. Pope GREGORY died on the 1st of June, 1846, and on the 16th of June Cardinal MASTAI FERRETTI was elected his successor. His chief ecclesiastical acts have been: the division of England into Roman Catholic dioceses, in 1850; the formal definition of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, in 1854; the famous Encyclical of 1864; and the proclamation of Papal Infallibility by the Œcumenical Council of 1870. The health of the Pope is so precarious as to cause much disquietude in his immediate household. His disease is described as a flying dropsy.

—Dr. WILLIAM M. GWIN is again a candidate for the United States Senate, in place of Senator COLE, whose term expires in 1873. Dr. G. has been many years in public life, having entered the House of Representatives thirty years ago from Mississippi. Subsequently he went to California, was a member of the Convention to frame its Constitution, and one of its first United States Senators, serving as such from 1850 to 1861. During the rebellion he was placed in quod for alleged disloyalty, but was released on parole by President JOHNSON in 1866. Mrs. GWIN was quite prominent in Washington society during the Doctor's public career.

—Mr. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, who inherits the talent and sagacity of a remarkable ancestry, has written a letter to a citizen of Missouri, in which, as a Democrat, he says sundry sharp things on the present position of that party, and the reluctance with which it accepts the situation. "I deplore," he says, "the halting, hesitating step with which the Democracy is *sneaking up* to its inevitable position, and for this cause I share your regret at the studious ambiguity which seems to search for a sally-port through which to dodge its destiny." Mr. ADAMS is a gentleman who has the pluck and position to say what he pleases. The party seeks him, not he the party.

—General SCHENCK, who will have entered upon the duties of his mission at about the time this number of the *Weekly* enters upon its duties, is no novice in the ways of courts and courtiers, having, on his retirement from Congress in 1851, been appointed by President FILLMORE minister to Brazil, where he remained two years. In 1861 and 1862 he served as a brigadier and major general, and since 1862 has been continuously in Congress. Besides being one of the readiest and ablest debaters in the House, he was a fine parliamentarian. Socially he is one of the most agreeable of men, full of anecdote, and an admirable *raconteur*.

—The Hon. CALEB CUSHING has expressed the opinion that the Joint High Commission, which has concluded the great treaty, "is not excelled in character by any in the history of the world. No such commission was employed to negotiate the treaty of independence. It overshadows our two successive commissions for the negotiations of peace with France, and while it does not underpass on the one side, it surpasses on the other the commission of Ghent." The treaty of the latter place is one of the most memorable in American history. It was signed on the 24th December, 1814, and terminated the war between Great Britain and the United States. The British Commissioners were Lord Gambier, HENRY GOULBURN, and WILLIAM ADAMS. The American Commissioners were JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, ALBERT GALLATIN, JAMES A. BAYARD, HENRY CLAY, and JONATHAN RUSSELL. The treaty provided for the mutual restoration of all conquered territory, and for the mutual appointment of commissioners to examine and report on disputed boundaries. The commission was originated through the mediation of the Emperor of Russia.

—Since Mr. HORACE GREELEY first began to give opinions to his countrymen through the columns of the *Northern Spectator*, at Poultney, Vermont, forty odd years ago (he is now just sixty), he has done nothing more characteristic (unless it be his going bail for Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS) than to tell the people of Texas, at Galveston, whither he has recently made a trip, that they must acquiesce in the political results of the war, and turn their attention to the restoration of peace, order, and prosperity. He gave them the plainest, boldest *Tribune* sort of talk, and they received it with perfect good-humor.

—The Hon. THOMAS H. NELSON, of Indiana, United States minister to Mexico, is reported to have from Terre Haute a "buckboard," and a good stock of Wabash chills, to make him feel comfortable, and as souvenirs of home.

—The Hon. HENRY WILSON, United States Senator from Massachusetts, will spend the next six months in European travel, which he can now safely do, having just been re-elected to the Senate for his third term. For a gentleman only 59 years of age Senator WILSON has enjoyed a fine run of official honor. Elected to the Legislature of Massachusetts when he was 29, and serving four years in the House and four in the Senate (two years as President), he was in 1855 elected to the United States Senate, and has from the outset been a conspicuous member of that body. He was the originator of the bill abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia, and is one of the most industrious men in Congress.

—It comes to us well authenticated that a Mr. SIMPSON, of Michigan, recently deemed it incumbent upon himself to switch the legs of one TAYLOR. Mr. TAYLOR could not supinely submit to that manœuvre, and therefore amputated one of the ears of SIMPSON with his little penknife.

—The Rev. Dr. HENRY C. POTTER, rector of Grace Church in this city, has announced a "new departure" in the way of preachers and preaching. In his recent sermon to the graduating class of Columbia College Law School, he said, "In the early days of the Church it was customary to have lay preachers, and I earnestly hope that the custom may be revived, and that before long we may have eminent lawyers, with large catholic ideas, coming into the pulpit to give practical views on religious subjects."

—Earl De Grey has for the past ten years taken special interest in, and had responsible charge of, the educational department of the English government. It is therefore a genuine compliment to our public school system, that his lordship, after visiting the Franklin School, the largest, best, and most costly of the public schools of Washington, and addressing the pupils, had the frankness to admit the superiority of the system and management of our public schools over those of England.

—Mr. WILLIAM C. BRYANT has been made the subject of many agreeable compliments from the public men and press of the country. The latest and most graceful is that of Mr. WILLIAM M. EVARTS, who introduced Mr. BRYANT to Baron GEROLT, at the recent dinner given to the latter, as "a great scholar and a great author, who never forgets any thing that he has ever learned, and is constantly teaching others what they never knew; one who translates poems written 3000 years ago; and one who has written poems that will be translated 3000 years hence into the tongue of a nation that holds as much relation to us as we do to Greece."

—Hon. JOHN J. CHAPPELL, who died recently in Montgomery, Alabama, at the age of ninety, was a man of some note when in his prime. He was, at the time of his death, probably the oldest member of a former Congress living, having been a representative from South Carolina from 1813 to 1817. He was as early as 1809 a trustee of the State College, and had considerable to do with the benevolent and financial institutions of the State.

—Whatever difference of opinion there may be as to the political opinions of Minister WASHBURNE, it is by all cheerfully conceded that during the Franco-German war, and during the present terrible struggle in Paris, his conduct has been worthy of his country. A leading London journal says: "Minister WASHBURNE, whatever his political merits or demerits, has done credit to the national reputation for courage in the face of danger. When all other diplomatic representatives thought discretion the better part of valor, and fled from Paris, WASHBURNE held on through the days of Prussian shot and shell, and, worse still, through dog-meat and horse-flesh. Now he 'sticks,' with the terrible uncertainties of popular *émeute*, the prompt action and the vain repentance of *sans-culottes* impulse, staring him in the face. Honor to Minister WASHBURNE!"

—General NYE has fallen under the eagle gaze of a Western writer, who thinks him one of the handsomest men, if not the handsomest, in the Senate—resembling somewhat BENJAMIN FRANKLIN in trowsers and a swallow-tail. General NYE has more intellect than the world gives him credit for, but is too indolent to achieve the highest honors of statesmanship. He is one of the wittiest men in the Senate, and one of the best-hearted. Being a member of the Committee on Claims, it is his peculiar trial to be pursued and button-holed by very, very old and tottering females, who have claims on the government; but being a good man and a philosopher, he endures it like the general that he is, and the old folk bless him.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE *Alabama* Claims Treaty was ratified by the United States Senate May 24. The vote was taken at eleven o'clock in the evening, and stood 50 to 12. All the votes in the negative were, with one exception, Democratic.

On the 27th, after warm discussion, the Senate adopted a resolution releasing the *Tribune* correspondents, Messrs. White and Ramsdell, from custody at the close of the session, by a vote of 23 to 13. The Senate subsequently adjourned *sine die*.

Vice-President Colfax was suddenly taken seriously ill in the Senate chamber May 22, and was removed to a room in the Capitol, where he still remains.

It is proposed to extend the system of weather reports and storm signals now in use in the United States to Canada, the maritime provinces, and British Columbia.

Throughout the Pennsylvania coal regions the miners are returning to work, and the long strike appears to be at an end.

A terrible disaster occurred May 27 at the Pittston, Pennsylvania, coal mine. The breaker at the mouth of the shaft took fire and was destroyed, and of forty men and boys in the mine twenty lost their lives.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE insurrection in Paris was completely suppressed on Sunday, May 28, after terrible fighting in those portions of the city to which the Communists had been driven. The slaughter was immense. From 50,000 to 60,000 dead bodies are said to be lying unburied in the streets, houses, and cellars. One-fourth of the city has been destroyed by fire and bombardment.

The Communists have shot the Archbishop of Paris and a large number of priests. On the other hand, the severity of the Versailles troops seems to be unbounded. They are said to shoot down men, women, and children when taken with arms in their hands. Three hundred insurgent women, captured in a body, were immediately executed.

The German Reichstag has approved the additional clause of the postal treaty between the United States and Germany, reducing the rate to five cents per half ounce.

Negotiations are said to be in progress for the ceding of Heligoland to Germany by Great Britain.

There is danger of trouble in Spain, where a movement in favor of a republic has been commenced. Recently a resolution was offered, but not considered, in the Cortes, declaring the election of Amadeus void, and Don Carlos the rightful king.

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DECORATION-DAY, MAY 30, 1871.

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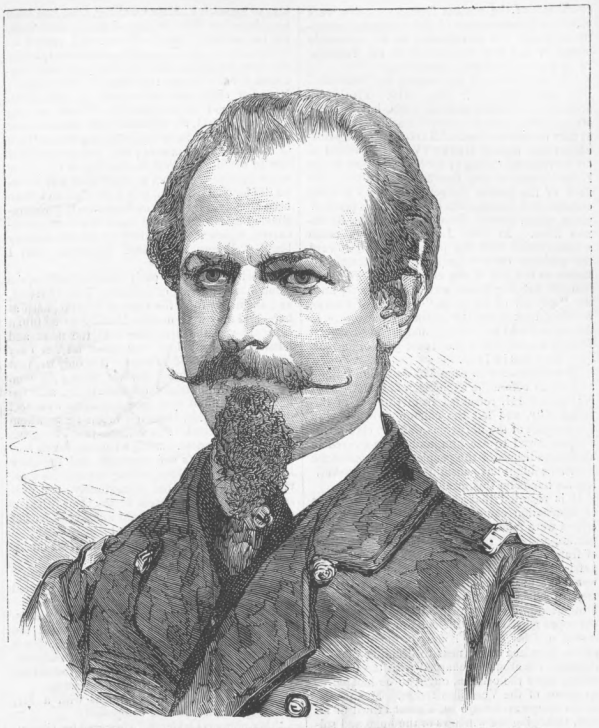
THE LATE BISHOP DAVIS W. CLARK.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HAGELSTEIN BROTHERS, NEW YORK.]



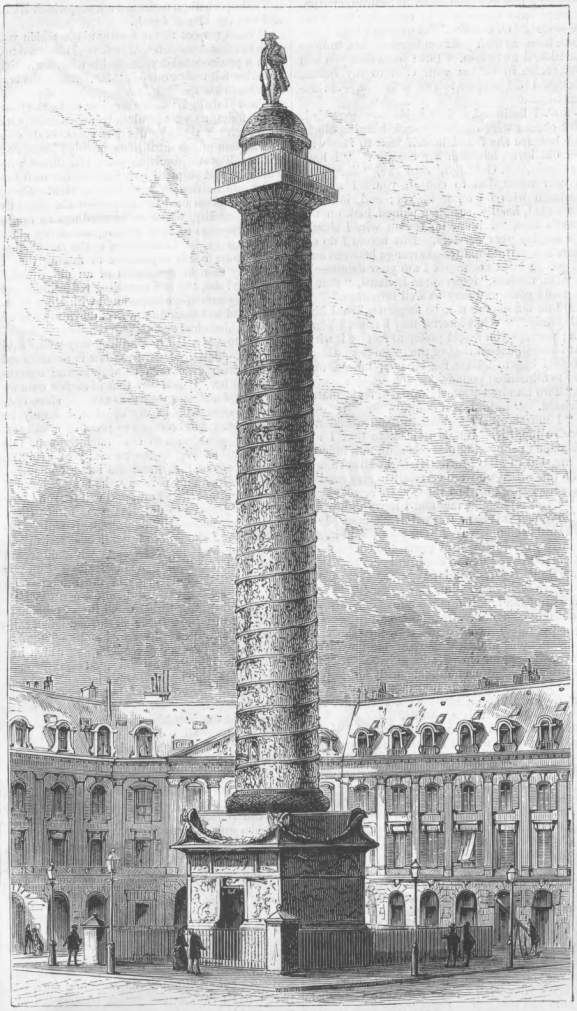
GENERAL DOMBROWSKI, LATE COMMANDANT OF THE COMMUNIST ARMY.

THE LATE BISHOP DAVIS W. CLARK.

THE Methodist Episcopal Church has been again called upon to mourn the loss of one of its bishops. It is remarkable that the three who have recently deceased—THOMSON, KINGSLEY, and CLARK—were all elected together at the General Conference of 1864; all have died within about a year of each other. DAVIS W. CLARK was born on the island of Mount Desert, Maine, February 25, 1812. He prepared for college at the Maine Wesleyan Seminary, entered an advanced class of the Wesleyan University, Connecticut, in 1834, and graduated in 1836; very soon after graduating he became principal of Amenia Seminary, one of the Methodist denominational schools in this State. In the year 1843 he entered the traveling ministry, and was appointed pastor of important churches in this city and Poughkeepsie. In the year 1852 he was made editor of the *Ladies' Repository*, a monthly periodical published by the Methodist Episcopal Church. This position he held until 1864, when he was elected bishop. He entered upon his episcopal duties with great zeal. Prior to the civil war the two great Methodist Churches, North and South, had kept apart, each occupying its own territory. At the close of the war the South was opened, for the first time in twenty years, to the Northern Church. The blacks and the loyal whites sought fellowship with Northern ecclesiastical organizations. Living in Cincinnati, Bishop CLARK gave close attention to this work of reorganization, received preachers, constituted conferences, founded schools and colleges, and crowded almost a lifetime of labor into a few years. A denominational authority states that between 1864 and 1868 he traveled nearly 66,000 miles, presided over forty-two annual conferences, visited the Pacific coast, organized five new conferences, ordained over seven hundred ministers, and stationed nearly five thousand.

Such unsparing labor is too much for any human frame, and Bishop CLARK paid the penalty of it in an utter breakdown of health last winter. But though greatly prostrated, he could not or would not give up. It is told of Bishop ASBURY, the founder of American Methodism, that after he had become helplessly weak he continued to make his long episcopal tours from North to South, and from South to North again. The now venerable HENRY BOEHM, in those days a robust young man, has often carried ASBURY in his arms from carriage to pulpit, and placed him on an elevated seat, from whence the patriarch addressed the waiting people. Bishop CLARK had much of the same impulse to work till the last remnant of his strength was gone. Though evidently dying, he reached the seat of the New York Conference at Peekskill in April last, rallied with painful effort what was left of bodily and mental vigor, opened the Conference with an address, and ordered the secretary to call the roll. It was a ghastly sight, and came near being death in the chair. He was carried to his lodgings, it was thought to die, but rallied sufficiently to be taken to his home in Cincinnati, where he breathed his last on Tuesday, May 23.

Bishop CLARK was a man of vigorous understanding, a solid rather than brilliant preacher, an editor of much tact, and a painstaking author. Besides an elementary treatise on algebra, he wrote several religious works, one of the best of which was a "Life of Bishop Hedding."



THE COLUMN IN THE PLACE VENDÔME, PARIS, DESTROYED MAY 16, 1871.

GENERAL DOMBROWSKI.

THE ablest leader of the forces of the Commune during the recent siege was General DOMBROWSKI, a portrait of whom is given on this page. There was a General DOMBROWSKI among the great chiefs of the great army of the first NAPOLEON—that army which suffered at Moscow, and sustained defeat after defeat at Leipsic and the places where the French were outnumbered and beaten before the abdication of the Emperor. The present general, however, is not, as far as we have heard, any immediate relative to the Polish general of that time. He is one of the leading foreigners to whom the Commune has been compelled to intrust the work they have been unable to find French officers to accomplish. He was formerly a distinguished officer in the Russian Army of the Caucasus, but fought for the Polish cause in 1863, when he threw his whole energy into the struggle for independence, and was at last seized by Russian police and imprisoned at Warsaw, whence he was afterward removed to Moscow. The governor of the prison, however, had in his service a man who had served with DOMBROWSKI in the Caucasus, and with the aid of this generous fellow, who procured for him a disguise, he contrived to escape, and eventually effected the liberation of his wife also, when they both sought refuge in France. There he was subject to the accusation of having circulated forged notes of the Russian Bank; but, after inquiry, he was acquitted by the jury.

In the field operations for the defense of Paris against the Versailles troops, General DOMBROWSKI displayed very great military talent and ability for command. Isolated as Paris was from the rest of France, the failure of the Communist revolution was only a question of time. In the terrible fighting that took place in the streets of Paris on May 23 General DOMBROWSKI was wounded, and endeavored to make his escape from the city. He was turned back by the Prussians, captured by the Versailles troops, and subsequently shot.

THE PLACE VENDÔME COLUMN.

FIFTY years and eleven days after the death of NAPOLEON at St. Helena a frantic Parisian mob tore down the magnificent monument in the Place Vendôme by which the conqueror of Austerlitz had hoped to immortalize the military glories of his reign. The column was built of bronze, and its proportions were nearly those of the celebrated column of TRAJAN at Rome, the height of the latter being 132 and that of the former 135 feet. It was completely covered with bass-reliefs in bronze representing the long series of splendid victories through which the genius of the great soldier had conducted the armies of revolutionary France up to that crowning "Battle of the Emperors," over which the sun of the NAPOLEONS has ever since till now been standing in story and in song. Austerlitz was fought and won in December, 1805. Twelve hundred Russian and Austrian cannon, captured in the unparalleled campaign which that day culminated in the final

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overthrow of the ancient German empire, were cast into the ornaments of this triumphal monument, which was surmounted by an admirable statue of the first NAPOLEON in his world-famous gray surtout and cocked hat.

The completion of the column was celebrated with great festivity in May, 1810. Five years afterward the allies entered Paris, but forebore laying hands upon the column itself, though, just as they caused the head of NAPOLEON to be painted out and that of HENRY IV. to be painted in on the frescoed ceiling of the Senate House in the LUXEMBOURG, so they fastened ropes around the neck of the bronze Emperor on the Vendôme column, and, hauling him down from his pride of place, raised thereon the white flag of the BOURBON lilies. In 1830 LOUIS PHILIPPE made a compromise with the popular feeling toward the memory of the EMPEROR by restoring his statue to the top of the column. There it remained, keeping silent watch over Paris, until the "nephew of his uncle," in a fit of CÆSAR worship, took down the characteristic figure in the surtout and cocked hat, and replaced it by a Roman NAPOLEON in the classic garb of antiquity. This was in 1866.

The illustration on page 525 shows the column as it stood before the exchange of statues. Had NAPOLEON III. refrained from this act of imperial folly, and left the column crowned with the original of the illustrious warrior, clad as his soldiers loved to see him, and as he figured in all the traditions of the people, it is possible the Parisians might have abstained from laying sacrilegious hands on this grand monument.

It is reported that the inspiration of the act of destruction came from ROCHEFORT. Great efforts were made to save the column by private parties, and it is said that a million and a half of francs had been offered to the Commune by patriotic citizens for its ransom. But its fall was decreed. The details of its destruction are meagre, but picturesque. The first attempt to bring it down failed, owing to the breaking of the ropes reeved about the column. This occasioned a delay of two hours, during which the gentle populace came near to deciding that M. ABADIE, the architect charged with the duty of taking down the column, ought to be hanged as an agent of the Versailles tyrant. Meanwhile, as the telegrams assure us, a great crowd of ladies, thronging the windows of the huge and solemn hotels which surround the Place Vendôme, watched and waited impatiently for the spectacle of their country's shame. At last the expected moment came. The grand column fell with a crash at half past five o'clock, lengthwise, in three vast blocks, into the Rue de la Paix, in which there had been prepared to receive it a deep bed of manure some twenty feet deep. The statue of the Emperor falling quite separately was set upon, smitten, and otherwise abused by the National Guards. Bits of bronze and stone flying here and there were fought for and carried away as relics or as trophies by the crowd.

There will be another gathering just as festive and enthusiastic when the column is restored, as it must be under any government that may govern France, be it republican, royal, or imperial.

WON—NOT WOOED.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Bred in the Bone," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XLIV.

MABEL'S SOLICITOR.

MR. SIMCOE was not one to let the grass grow under his feet when action (so long as it was not high action) was demanded of him; he made by telegraph the desired appointment with his London lawyer, and Mabel was informed of it by return of post. It had been arranged that she was to go to town that very day. Till the letter came she had been seriously impatient for its arrival; eager to utilize Michael's testimony in taking some step in defense of her little Georgey's rights. But now that matters had been set in train for that very end she began to have misgivings—not as to the justice nor even to the final success of his cause, but with respect to his personal safety. How would it be possible to give Horn Winthrop notice of hostilities—for such she well knew he would consider the most delicate suggestion for arranging their common differences to be—without according him some hint of the place of her retreat; and, transported with fury as he would be, was it likely that any consideration of future advantage, or of retribution, would restrain him from taking some violent revenge? Nay, if every obstacle was overcome, and the case settled to his apparent satisfaction, would he not work his savage will at all hazards, even then? He was not one to be bound by recognizances, however heavy. She felt it would be impossible to impress others who did not know him as she did with a due sense of this peril.

So intensified were her apprehensions that, notwithstanding no bird of the air could as yet have carried the matter to Horn's ears, she had persuaded Michael to remain on guard at the cottage in her absence. Even this did not console her, for once upon her journey, when passing through some long-drawn tunnel, the monstrous supposition occurred to her: Suppose this very man were in Horn Winthrop's pay, and his corroboration of the Patagonian story only a ruse to gain her confidence, and thereby possession of the child! The next moment she was ashamed of herself for entertaining such a nightmare thought, and of Michael Baird of all men. If he were false, there was no truth in man. How nobly had he kept the "poor lady's" secret; and how nobly, too, had been the impulse which had caused him to reveal it! How touching, also, had been his desire that Horn should be lightly dealt with, for his mother's sake! Were such virtues as these to be assumed? and if not assumed, would this man harm the innocent, who had even stipulated for the tender treatment of the wicked? No; her child was safe enough in *his* hands. How strange it seemed that this witness, so long unfound, should, nevertheless, have been so close at hand; should have been within a mile or two, at most, of his old master; nay, had perhaps met him in the village street on that day of the picnic at the light-house, when so much that was eventful did happen! Again, as it had often and often been already, that scene in Anemone Bay was re-enacted in her mind; and again that thought occurred, which always called up an involuntary blush, "Where is Richard Thornton now, I wonder?"

Mabel had started early, and arrived at the London terminus about mid-day. Thickly veiled, and shrinking from the view of all who gazed at her—and they were many—Mabel hurried into a cab. It was the first time that the noise and bustle of the city had ever fallen on her ear; but she paid no heed to them. Her only thought was that among that endless throng of men Horn Winthrop might be passing by, and see her! She did not even speculate upon what sort of person this Mr. Oakleigh might be to whom she was accredited. Her fear was much too great to admit of shyness. Still, when she found herself in the lawyer's waiting-room, and the clerk had left her there alone, telling her that his master would be with her immediately, her eyes turned with some interest to the door when it opened to admit—if she could indeed believe her own eyes—Richard Thornton!

The astonishment was at least as great on his side.

"Miss Denham!—I mean Mrs. Winthrop," stammered he; "I—this is a most unexpected pleasure!"

For an instant Mabel had imagined the interview designed, and was inclined to resent the imposition that had been practiced on her; but it was impossible to believe his surprise was feigned. She held out her hand, which he took respectfully, and murmured a few words of greeting.

"I came here by appointment with a Mr. Oakleigh," then said she, composedly.

"My name is Oakleigh," answered he, simply. "It always was so, although for many years I was known by that of my adopted father. Since—since I last saw you, Mrs. Winthrop, circumstances have caused me to reassume it. Pray be seated. Of course I was unaware that I was to be honored with your confidence. Mr. Simcoe mentioned no names. But I hope that you will not refuse to intrust your case to my hands, though I do happen to prove an—an—old acquaintance."

Mabel hesitated. Her pride was wounded. Her cheeks were covered with a burning blush, not because she found herself face to face with her old lover, but with her creditor. "I have no choice, Mr. Oakleigh," said she, "since such is your name, but to consult you. I am acquainted with no other lawyer; and, indeed," she added, hastily, seeing a pained look on the other's face, "I know no reason why I should not employ your services. But before I do so, there is a private matter to arrange between ourselves. I must not forget I am your debtor—"

"Oh, madam," interrupted Richard, "that is past and gone, and may be well forgotten."

"I do not choose it to be forgotten," said Mabel, firmly. "What interest may be due, I know not; perhaps you would prefer to receive it without interest, except that of the genuine gratitude which I beg to tender for its use; but—I owe you two hundred pounds."

"Two hundred pounds! owe *me*?" ejaculated Richard. "Indeed, you don't."

"I am sure, as a gentleman, you would not deceive me, Sir. But is it possible that I am mistaken in supposing that you sent, not, indeed, to me, but to Miss Martha Barr, at Brackmere, (at a time when we were certainly in sore strait), the sum I speak of, just three years ago?"

"Upon my honor, madam, I never did."

To Mabel this blow was a terrible one. It is awkward even to have credited your friend in the country with a hamper of game, the contents of which you have eaten in the firm belief that they came from his covers, and the enjoyment of which, you have written to him, was enhanced by the thought of the kindly donor; but such a mistake is nothing compared with thanking a gentleman for a pecuniary advance in error. In the case of the unhappy Mabel no fiasco could have been more complete, for she had not only credited him with the loan, but, as he could hardly fail to perceive, with the affection that dictated the loan. Her confusion and distress were such that she was unable to articulate a word.

"My dear madam," continued Richard, lightly, and yet with the utmost respect that tones could convey, "your mistake was a very simple one, and such as is every day brought under the notice of persons of my profession. A man, say—or a lady—who happens to meet with some reverse of fortune, has many friends, any one of whom may be easily credited with such pecuniary aid as you appear to have received. To avoid any sense of obligation (however mistaken) it is often sent anonymously, and, as in this case, is productive of misapprehension. To express a wish that I had been so fortunate as to be your creditor might be deemed impertinent; and yet I think I may say that the will was never wanting to her humble servant"—here he bowed with earnest gravity—"to help Miss Mabel Denham at all times—but only the power. At the time you speak of, indeed, dear madam, my whole worldly wealth would not much have exceeded the sum you speak of. I was living very poorly and humbly, for a certain purpose, now accomplished; but that is a matter of no interest. What I have alone to repeat is that I am unfortunately quite innocent of the good deed which you have imputed to me."

"And ignorant of it likewise?" inquired Mabel, struck with some inflection in the tone of his denial.

"I did not say that, madam. At the same time I am scarcely at liberty to—at least I have hitherto considered my knowledge of the matter as a sacred trust."

"I adjure you, Mr. Oakleigh," pleaded Mabel, "if you really know who sent me that unhappy gift, or loan, to name the quarter from which it came. It has caused me—little, doubtless, as the sender could have supposed—an infinity of wretchedness, pain, and humiliation. I pray you let all misunderstanding be at an end on that point, if you have power to end it."

"I have—I will do so," answered Richard, gravely. "Little, indeed, as you say, did the sender guess that what he designed as an assistance to you should prove a misfortune. It was Professor Flint, madam."

The tears came into Mabel's eyes, and a pang went to her tender heart, as she called to mind her recent thoughts of that old friend. "And he is dead," sighed she, "and beyond my thanks!"

"He is dead, madam; and when he died I lost the best friend I ever had on earth. It is thanks to the wealth he bequeathed me that you see me in this place. He left me all he had. Among his private papers, which it was my duty to peruse, I found (among other far more convincing proofs of the estimation—nay, the affection—in which he held you, madam) a memorandum of that two hundred pounds, and its destination."

"But why did he send it to my cousin, and not to me?"

"For the same reason that he sent it anonymously, madam: to conceal the sender."

"But why should he conceal himself?"

"I do not know, madam; though, perhaps," added Richard, softly, "I could guess."

Mabel asked no more. She understood him as well as if he had said, "The old man loved you as a father, and yet not always as a father. Perhaps he could not trust himself to hear you thank him." The amulet she wore about her neck, and about which Fred had rallied her, might really, then, have been not only a keepsake, but a love-token! She felt no impulse now to smile at it on that account; nay, it was dearer to her for that very reason.

There ensued an awkward silence, which Richard was the first to break.

"With respect to the matter about which you wish to consult me, Mrs. Winthrop," observed he, with a professional dryness in his tone, for which the other felt truly grateful, "Mr. Simcoe has told me absolutely nothing."

Then Mabel gave him a succinct account of her own affairs, as we are already acquainted with them, except that she did not speak of Horn's persecution of her during her married life. She did not, however, omit to paint the terror with which he had inspired her, both on her own account and on that of her child, in vivid colors; and to impress on her companion the absolute indispensability, whatever proceedings he might think proper to take, of keeping secret the place of her abode. "In addition to the satisfaction that I must needs experience in finding that I place my case in the hands of an old friend," concluded she, "it is a consoling reflection to me that you yourself are acquainted with Horn Winthrop, and will therefore not set down my fear of him as chimerical or exaggerated."

"I know Mr. Horn Winthrop very well," said Richard, quietly. "Still the law is accustomed to deal with even men as violent and unscrupulous as he. It is a pity that in such a case we can not take strong measures at once, since conciliatory ones will, in my opinion, not only be thrown away, but be taken as proof of weakness. However, your wish to deal tenderly with this gentleman, as well as the necessity of avoiding a public scandal, demand the latter course. I will consult with my partner, who is more learned in such matters than I am, and will let you know what we propose to do. At some future time, though not necessarily at present, it will be essential that I should see this Michael Baird."

Richard was about to say, "Should come down and see," but he restrained himself. Throughout the latter part of the interview he had weighed every word before he uttered it. He had not been less distressed than Mabel herself at the mistake into which she had fallen concerning that gift of the two hundred pounds; and, far from pressing the advantage which her misapprehension obviously afforded him (through its implication of his own affection), he had not only ignored her confusion, but had been studiously reserved, and even cold in manner, while he yearned to clasp his client in his arms. To some few men all is *not* fair in love and war, and Richard Oakleigh was incapable of taking advantage even of a woman. Moreover, it must be confessed, notwithstanding the particular circumstances of his bringing up, or perhaps because of them, he was of a stiff and independent spirit, and the reflection, that, if Mabel's story was true, she must shortly be placed in a social position much superior to his own, assisted him not a little in putting restraint upon himself.

Still, it cost him a great effort to talk face to face with his first love, looking, as she did, or seemed to him to look, more charmingly than ever, in such calm and frigid tones, conscious all the while that if even she had not loved him, she had at one time at least, by her own confession, been cognizant of his love for her. No one would have guessed the mutual relation that had once existed (and perhaps existed still) between those two, as the young lawyer—all arrangements having been settled between them—accompanied his fair client to the door, bade her respectful adieu, and ordered a clerk to mount the box-seat of her cab as an escort, when he would have given his ears to have played that part in person by her side.

CHAPTER XLV.

WAR IS DECLARED.

RICHARD OAKLEIGH was not himself a legal integer, but only a fraction of the firm of Ward, Lynes, and Oakleigh, the same house wherein he had been an articled clerk, and in which he had purchased a partnership by help of the fortune bequeathed to him by Professor Flint; Mr. Ward had long been translated to the regions reserved for deceased attorneys; but Mr. Lynes was still qualifying himself for that inheritance by the very sharpest attendance to business which it is possible for a septuagenarian to pay. He not only never *said* die, but never entertained such an idea at all. His mind was essentially secular, which was perhaps the reason that he had left the affairs of St. Etheldreda to be administered by his junior partner, and thereby introduced him to Mr. Simcoe's notice. He was rather attached to Richard than otherwise; he felt it as a compliment to his own administrative capacities—for Mr. Lynes looked into every thing, and sent his voice down every speaking-tube in the house—that the young man had become a principal in the firm where he had been a clerk; and yet he did not think him of quite sufficiently good material for the cutting out of an attorney; the wood (so to speak) was not hard enough, and had too many knots in it—scruples.

Richard, on his part, quite admitted Mr. Lynes's superior acumen as a lawyer; and, finding the old man at liberty, at once laid before him, stripped, of course, of all sentiment, the case that had just been submitted to himself.

"So that's your young widow's story, is it?" grunted this veteran, coolly, when it was concluded.

"That is *the case*," answered Richard, rather emphatically.

"Pooh, pooh!" said Mr. Lynes. "No woman ever stated a case yet—that could be called such. I don't believe one word about this man Michael, to begin with. He would have made money by what he knew long ago, if what he knew was really worth money. The whole matter must be thoroughly investigated before we move in it. It may be nothing but this woman's dream."

"Excuse me, Sir," said Richard; "but the facts which I have mentioned may, I am quite sure, be taken for granted. I know Mrs. Winthrop well, and can depend implicitly upon her statement—so far, of course, I mean," he added, hastily, "as her own good faith is concerned. She is altogether different—"

"Go on," said the old gentleman, quietly; "*pray* go on," for Richard had stopped suddenly, conscious that he was about to make himself ridiculous. He now felt angry, because he saw that he had already done so.

"All that I intended to trouble you about in this matter, Mr. Lynes," said he stiffly, "was to ask your valuable counsel with respect to the step—most probably the intermediate step—that should be taken with respect to Mr. Horn Winthrop. Is there no plan, think you, short of a writ of ejectment, by which this lady and her son can be put into part possession of their rights at once, and have the whole secured to them for the future? Can we not offer this man some compromise, and get him to execute a deed which may insure the reversion—"

"You can't make him promise not to marry, if you mean that," interrupted the old lawyer; "such undertakings have always been held contrary to public policy, and all the rest of it; and how are you to hold over this story of your ancient mariner until an opportune time arises for using it? There is no form of procedure for the perpetuation of testimony that can possibly apply to his case. In all probability his demise will take place years before that of the present tenant, and his mere affidavit would, of course, in that case be waste paper. Stuff and nonsense! We must establish a *lis*, and get his evidence taken without delay."

"But that would necessitate publicity, which is the very thing our client wishes to avoid," urged Richard.

"Well, there is certainly one way," said Mr. Lynes, gravely, "by which the estate can be secured to the lady during her life, and settled by agreement upon the boy afterward—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted Richard, eagerly—"that's what we want. I was certain your sagacity would find out some plan. Well, well?"

"Let the present possessor—this Mr. Horn Winthrop—marry the widow!"

Richard Oakleigh's countenance exhibited such exceeding disgust and chagrin at this suggestion that his partner fairly roared with laughter.

"Why shouldn't he?" exclaimed he. "If he ain't her step-son he's no relation. They're both young people, and—"

"That is quite out of the question—quite, Sir," exclaimed Richard, indignantly, "and may be dismissed once for all from our consideration. What I had thought of doing in the matter is all, it seems, then, that can be done. Let us give Mr. Horn Winthrop notice of action—menace him with a writ of ejectment, but at the same time express our willingness to come to terms. Offer him a fourth of the income of the estate, for example, on condition of his giving up all future claim to it. He knows that he is not the rightful heir—my client has discovered so much; and though nothing is to be hoped for from his honesty, his sense of danger may well induce him to accede to favorable terms."

"My dear young friend," said Mr. Lynes, quietly, "you tell me this gentleman is a knave, and I very readily believe you; but you have not told me he is a fool. Unless I have positive testimony to that effect, my opinion is, that this in-

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termediate step, as you have called it, is mere waste of time. A man is not to be frightened out of an estate of ten thousand a year by a mere threat, any more than a three-decker is to be brought to and made to haul down her flag by a blank shot. If you'll take my advice—and supposing your case to be as you state it to be—you'll give him ball."

When Mr. Lynes thus announced an opinion, his partner had known him long enough to be aware that nothing short of a decree of the Court of Chancery could annul or controvert it; so here the discussion ended.

Richard took his own line, and wrote by that evening's post to Horn, in the name of his firm, acting as solicitors for Mrs. Winthrop, in much the same terms as he had sketched out; and not without some misgivings, as well as impatience, awaited the reply.

His letter reached Wapshot Hall on the ensuing morning. It was mid-July, and intensely hot. Horn, whose potations had of late been deeper than ever, had passed a sleepless night, and had gone out, with his constant companion, Fang, for an early stroll in the park. When the master was out of temper it was always a bad time for the dog, and so it happened in the present case. If the lord of Wapshot removed for an instant from his mouth the short black pipe, the smoke from which was poisoning the pure morning air, it was that he might swear at his four-footed friend with greater vigor. If he troubled himself with any personal exertion, it was to pick up stones and pelt his bull-dog. Such conduct was calculated to try the best-regulated of canine tempers, and Fang's temper was not a good one. The sultriness of the weather had affected him for some time, and made him more than ever the terror of the village; he was out of sorts, too, as respected his general health—in consequence, it was supposed, of having recently killed a peacock, the ornament of the terrace, and Mrs. Merthyr's especial pet, and eaten him, feathers and all. Horn's curses were responded to by growls, his flying stones by a menacing exhibition of teeth. "Very good," said Horn, in his grim way, after one of these latter manifestations of rebellion; and he tore down a branch of a tree, and began to strip it. With blood-shot eyes, and his great red tongue lolling out of his mouth, Fang watched this operation with well-grounded suspicion.

"Come here," said Horn, in the mild tone that he sometimes affected when he was about to be particularly brutal. "I am going to beat you."

On such occasions, which were not unfrequent, Fang would come to his master crawling on his stomach, as a Siamese nobleman approaches his king, and uttering menacing but terrified yowls; but this time he gave one short, sharp bark, half despair, half defiance, depressed his apology for a tail to the lowest angle of which it was capable, and ran home as straight as a bee-line!

"I'll kill him," said Horn, confidentially. Perhaps the still, small voice of conscience was not so wholly stifled in the man's heart but that it made some mild remonstrance against this stern decree; perhaps the voice of universal nature, speaking in song of bird and babble of brook, under that windless sky, seemed to make some appeal for mercy; for he added, as though in answer, "I will, by George"—only he did not say "George." Then he turned, stick in hand, and strolled homeward. He cast a hasty glance round the great hall, where he always breakfasted with his dog, but the offending animal was not to be seen. He sat down to table, humming some music-hall ditty, and was about to help himself to meat, for his appetite was always excellent, when his eye lit on a letter lying by his plate, marked "private." The writing was unknown to him, and not at all of that description which he was accustomed to associate with confidential correspondence. What the deuce was up? He had had no lawyers' letters since he had come into his property, and yet this looked confoundedly like one! With an ejaculation of contempt he tore it open, and ran his eyes over the contents. Then he leaped to his feet with a great oath, and lifted the heavy chair with his hands as if it had been a feather. His impulse was to destroy something, if not somebody, on the instant. A living object unfortunately presented itself. The bull-dog, who had lain hidden under the table, now crawled into view, imagining, perhaps, that he had been already discovered, and that the lifting of the chair was the commencement of hostilities. Horn chopped at the dog savagely with this implement, which, missing his head, came down with crushing violence on one of his fore-paws. With a howl of anguish Fang flew at his master, made his teeth meet just above his left wrist, and hung there like a leech. Horn snatched a knife, and rained stabs upon him with his disengaged hand, any one of which would have let out a human life; but a bull-dog is not so easily killed. It seemed, indeed, as though, knowing he was to die, the creature had resolved to sell his life as dearly as possible. Even when he was slain he still hung on, a *dead* weight, to Horn's fore-arm; and he had to ring the bell and get help before those iron jaws could be unclosed and made to set him free. The wound was a very severe one, and the assistant village doctor (who had been summoned in his principal's absence) at once pronounced that it would take weeks to effect a cure, and in the mean time that complete rest was absolutely necessary for the patient.

"But I want to go to town at once," cried Horn, in a frenzy.

"To do so would be to risk your life," was the grave reply.

"I must not do that, then," said Horn, with sudden quietness, "because I have some work to do before I die."

The apothecary, who was a recent arrival at Wapshot, was astonished at the patience and philosophy of this raving gentleman, concerning whom he had heard such wild tales. The fact was that Horn Winthrop's heart was a volcano of pent-up rage. Not only were the contents of that morning's letter of a description to arouse his wildest ire, informing him, as they did, that his title to Wapshot was disputed, and that his step-mother's case had found a champion; but, what was more bitter than all—he at once recognized in that champion Richard Thornton himself! His endeavors to discover Mrs. Winthrop's hiding-place had been unceasing, and he had left no stone unturned to effect that object. As in all other directions likely to lead to it, so had he pushed his inquiries into the affairs of the man whom he knew to have been once Mabel's lover, if he was not so still, and had learned all concerning him—how he had been made comparatively rich by Professor Flint's demise, and had changed his name, and become a partner in a house of lawyers; that he was, in fact, the Oakleigh of this very firm, and doubtless the actual composer of their precious epistle.

Mabel was correct in her conviction that Horn was well aware of his own illegitimacy; but the same voice that had in its woful passion informed him of the fact had assured him that it was beyond all human proof. His wrath, then, was in no degree mitigated by fear; and, indeed, if the danger in which he stood had been fully revealed to him—which it had not, for Richard's letter had been most prudent—there would have been still no place in his fierce heart for thought of consequences. Such, indeed, was the heat of his passion that he could not even bring himself to dissemble, though by affecting to treat with his enemies he might probably have obtained an opportunity of discovering Mabel's dwelling-place. His fury was too great for cunning; in his present crippled state, however, he could do nothing save hurl defiance and insult; and this accordingly he did.

Instead of replying to the communication of the firm, he penned to Richard Oakleigh personally a letter full of the vilest insinuations with respect to Richard's partisanship in Mabel's affairs. It was couched in such infamous terms that the recipient did not even show it to his partner—a piece of reserve which afforded that gentleman immense satisfaction.

"I told you what would come of it beforehand," chuckled he. "You've robbed your client of six-and-eightpence, and got a sharpish rap over your own knuckles, *I* can see."

Richard wrote to Hillsborough to state that his attempt to come to terms with Horn had failed, and that further conciliation was out of the question; and received a reluctant consent from Mrs. Winthrop to resort to stronger measures. That ponderous stone-crusher, "the engine of the law," was accordingly put in motion at its usual very moderate rate of speed. In the course of a few weeks a dapper clerk arrived at Wapshot, and placed in Mr. Horn's own hand a document commencing, "VICTORIA, by the Grace of God," etc., and citing that gentleman, within sixteen days of service, to appear at our court—though not at St. James's—in default whereof judgment might be signed, and he put out of possession.

It was lucky for the dapper clerk that Fang was no longer in the flesh, for otherwise he would most assuredly have been set at him by his outraged master; and also that Horn was still so crippled by his wound that the office of kicking him down stairs was deputed to Murk—a man ever open to compromise and half a sovereign.

For days afterward the master of Wapshot Hall was dangerous to approach, and shirked by every servant in the house: he drank more deeply than ever; slept less; perambulated the park and village at untimely hours; and one fine night in August, after rambling forth as usual, did not return home at all. His bed had not been slept in; the brandy bottle by its side—a still more convincing proof of his absence—remained untouched. Horn Winthrop had disappeared. "He's been very queer for the last six weeks," said Murk next morning, "and I only hope he hasn't come to harm." Nobody else hoped that; not even Murk himself was so sanguine as to expect that he had come to any good.

THE DUKE'S MITTENS.

IN the winter of 1847, says the author of "Reminiscences of Fifty Years," the wife of an industrious blacksmith in Essex resolved to knit a pair of mittens for the Duke of Wellington, as she had to ask his Grace a favor, to which the gift was to be introductory.

The mittens were received at Apsley House, and the Duke wore them the same day at the Horse-Guards, showing them, with a smile, to his military colleagues there, and desiring that the honest dame's request might be immediately attended to. She stated that her husband had been one of his Grace's soldiers, and that he had had the misfortune of losing his Waterloo medal, which he had always worn on the anniversary of his marriage. She stated that this anniversary was again approaching, and that she would ever feel deeply grateful if the Duke would allow another medal to be issued, as the loss had seriously affected her husband's spirits. She would only further trespass on his Grace so far as to solicit that the medal should be sent to her privately, as she wrote without her husband's knowledge, and wished to give her partner an agreeable surprise on the arrival of the wedding-day.

This was speedily approaching. The Duke had ordered that her request should be attended to, but the poor wife had received no medal. She accordingly ventured to address a second letter to the Duke: this was soon known at the Horse-Guards. His Grace arrived there one morning in a towering passion, dashed the letter down on the table, and demanded to know why his orders had been neglected. The matter had been overlooked. An instant reference was made to a gentleman in Essex, who inquired if the claim was a correct one; this proving to be the case, the medal was dispatched without delay, but whether in time for the nuptial day is uncertain.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

A VALUABLE contribution to the science of animal culture, if we may use the term, is found in the report of a commission appointed in Ireland to inquire into the methods of oyster culture in the United Kingdom and France, with a view to the introduction of improved methods of cultivation. This appears to be by far the most complete and practical account of the subject that has yet been published, including, as it does, the investigations prosecuted under public and private auspices in the different countries of Europe. After a discussion of the oyster fisheries of England, and giving a description of the different methods and places of culture, it remarks, in conclusion, that while not concurring in the opinion put forward by some as to the extraordinary profits to be realized from oyster cultivation, the commissioners believe that, if judiciously undertaken and prudently and perseveringly carried out, it is profitable, and that there is much to encourage an enterprise of the kind. It also states that Ireland possesses external advantages for the culture, on account of the feeding process being attended with so little risk, and thinks that ten times the amount of oysters now actually gathered in Ireland could find a ready sale. A summary of the principal laws relating to oyster culture in different countries of Europe, with tables of temperatures and other information, concludes the report, which is well illustrated with drawings of the oyster in its different stages of growth, and plans of the localities where the business of oyster raising is prosecuted.

At the annual meeting of the New York Sportsmen's Club, held on the 11th of May last, the old officers were re-elected—namely, Mr. ROYAL PHELPS, president; Mr. ROBERT B. ROOSEVELT, vice-president; Mr. W. J. HAYS, secretary; and Messrs. A. W. CRAVEN, C. E. WHITEHEAD, and B. L. SWAN, members of the executive committee. Congratulations were exchanged by the members upon the recent passage of a new game law, which was stated to be most ingeniously devised in view of the interests of the community, as well as of the different kinds of fish and game found within the limits of the State of New York.

According to the *Athenæum*, Mr. DARWIN has presented to the University of Cambridge a remainder of the collections in invertebrate zoology made by him during the celebrated voyage of the *Beagle*. These will form a desirable addition to the treasures which the museum of the University is rapidly accumulating under the superintendence of Professor ALFRED NEWTON. The museum has for some time been in possession of the collections of Mr. WILLIAM SWAINSON, embracing a large number of types of his descriptions of new species of birds. The extensive collection of birds and eggs of Western North America of the late JAMES HEPBURN, a gentleman well known to naturalists of the United States, has also lately come into the possession of the same establishment.

An address was delivered during the past winter before the Legislature of Michigan upon the artificial propagation of fish, and the restocking of the public waters of the State, by the Hon. N. W. CLARK; and with a summary of what has been done in other regions he gives his own experience in the way of breeding trout and other fish. He is quite inclined to recommend very urgently the introduction of the white-fish of the lakes into waters not at present occupied by them, and thinks that, in consequence of the experiments of Mr. SETH GREEN, and Mr. WILMOT, of Ontario, all the practical difficulties that have hitherto presented themselves in rearing these animals can be made to disappear.

The demand for dried palmetto leaves, to which we have before had occasion to refer, seems to be kept up, as late advices from Liverpool renew the invitation of produce brokers for consignments in any amount, for which the sum of $120 in gold per ton is offered.

At the meeting of the New York Lyceum, held on the 15th of May, the president, Professor NEWBERRY, of Columbia College, gave a summary of what was being done in the line of geological exploration throughout America—a task he was well qualified to perform, from his intimate acquaintance with the subject, and from his own connection with one of the most important of these enterprises. He congratulated the Lyceum upon the prospect that what he called the Chinese puzzle of New England geology is in a fair way to be worked out during the present season, by means of the concurrent labors of several eminent geologists. Among these he mentioned Sir WILLIAM LOGAN, late director of the Geological Survey of Canada, Professor C. H. HITCHCOCK, the State Geologist of Vermont, and Professors SHALER and HYATT of Eastern Massachusetts. Professor DANA also proposes to carry a geological section from the valley of the Connecticut to that of the Hudson.

The following additional items were mentioned in the communication of Professor NEWBERRY: The geological survey of Canada will be continued under the direction of Mr. A. R. C. SELWYN, who succeeded Sir WILLIAM LOGAN in its chief direction.

The Ohio Legislature has appropriated $21,000 for continuing the survey of that State, and $18,000 for publication of the results; and the field work, it is hoped, will be substantially completed during the present season. This survey, as our readers are aware, is under the direction of Professor NEWBERRY himself; and his corps, which has been employed for some time, will be increased by Professor J. T. HODGE, Professor J. H. STEVENSON, and others, for the purpose of more speedily finishing the work.

Professor WINCHELL has resigned the directorship of the geological survey of Michigan; but the work will be carried on by the board of trustees, Major BROOKS devoting himself to the iron region. Professor PUMPELLY declines to continue the survey of the copper district, and asks that the small appropriation made be turned over to Major BROOKS. The current surveys of Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri are to be continued during the year, and a new survey has been authorized in Arkansas. No positive appointment of director for this work has yet been made, although the place has been offered to Professor ORTON, of the Ohio geological corps, and declined by him. Bills providing for surveys of Pennsylvania and West Virginia were introduced into the Legislatures of those States during the past winter, but failed to become laws.

Our zoological readers will be interested to know that the Zoological and Botanical Society of Vienna proposes to publish a continuation to the end of 1868 of the "Nomenclator Zoologicus" of Professor AGASSIZ. This work was intended to give the names of all the genera proposed in the animal kingdom, with an indication of their original dates and places of publication, their etymology, and any duplicate use which may have been made of them, and, although extending only to 1846, it is still an indispensable manual to the naturalist. The supplementary volume is to be prepared by Count MARSCHALL, who has also just completed an index to the last ten volumes of the publications of the Society just mentioned. Another memoir, announced under the same auspices, will treat of insects injurious to agriculture, and is prepared by Mr. G. KÜNSTLER.

The semi-annual meeting of the American Antiquarian Society was held in Boston on the 26th of April last, and the usual business of such meetings transacted. The report of the council was occupied, in great part, by a discussion on prehistoric archæology and sepulchral tumuli, and the different periods of the early transmigration of races, having special reference to the origin of the aboriginal inhabitants of America. The funds of the society were stated to amount to over $73,000; and, according to the librarian, about twelve hundred bound volumes and over three thousand pamphlets were added to the library during the last six months.

The Virginia State steamer *Tredegar* is now cruising in the Potomac for the purpose of enforcing the provisions of the fishing laws of the State, among which is the prohibition of any capture of fish by seines or gill-nets after the 1st of June.

The subject of the Gulf Stream is one of great interest both in a scientific and practical point of view, influencing, as it does, the climate of the North Atlantic over an immense extent in latitude as well as in longitude. By far the most thorough and reliable account of this current was published about a year ago by Dr. PETERMANN, the eminent geographer of Gotha; and we are glad to learn that a careful translation of this paper has been made by the United States Hydrographic Office, under the direction of Captain WYMAN, United States navy, with the consent of Dr. PETERMANN, and will be published in a handsome quarto volume of four or five hundred pages, well illustrated with maps and charts.

We have already referred to Dr. HOOKER's visit to Morocco in the interest of science. In the last number of *Nature* we find an interesting communication in regard to his movements. A few days before its date his party had ascended Beni Hosmar, a mountain which had been previously visited by but one botanist, Mr. WEBB, and that forty years ago. The summit was not reached, although an ascent of 3500 feet was accomplished. At this point a superb view was had across the Mediterranean to the Spanish coast, and southward to the snowy crests of Beni Hassan.

According to *Nature*, the meetings of the French Academy of Sciences still continue to be held, notwithstanding the disturbances in Paris, there having been eighteen members present at the session on the 21st of April last. Among these was Professor SIMON NEWCOMB, of the Washington Observatory, an astronomer of high rank, who, after taking part in the observation of the eclipse in December last, remained in Europe for the purpose of gathering information and securing copies of observations in reference to the perturbations of the planets, with a view, especially, of ascertaining whether there be not some planet of our system exterior to those already discovered, whose existence and orbit may be revealed by the study of the perturbations in question. Since that date Professor NEWCOMB has returned to Washington.

Among the United States government explorations to be prosecuted during the present year, we should not omit to mention that of the Lake Survey under the Engineer Bureau. This work has been in progress for a number of years, and in the reliability of the observations and the beauty of the maps published occupies the very first rank. The work is at present under the charge of General C. B. COMSTOCK, and will be carried on in several localities simultaneously. The survey of Lake St. Clair, which was nearly finished last year, will be completed the present season; and the party, on finishing it, will then proceed to the St. Lawrence River, in the neighborhood of Oggdensburg, and there carry on their labors. Both shores of Lake Michigan will be surveyed during the season, commencing at Sheboygan on the eastern shore, and at a point north of Grand Haven on the western. It is expected that the whole will be completed as far south as Kenosha before operations are interrupted for the winter. Triangulations will be conducted along Lake Michigan between Green Bay and Milwaukee. In addition to the hydrographical and surveying work prosecuted by these parties, great attention is paid to securing reliable data in regard to the meteorology of the country, with the special view of determining the average conditions of rain-fall and other phenomena. The data already collected have been of great value, and have done much toward supplying accurate information.

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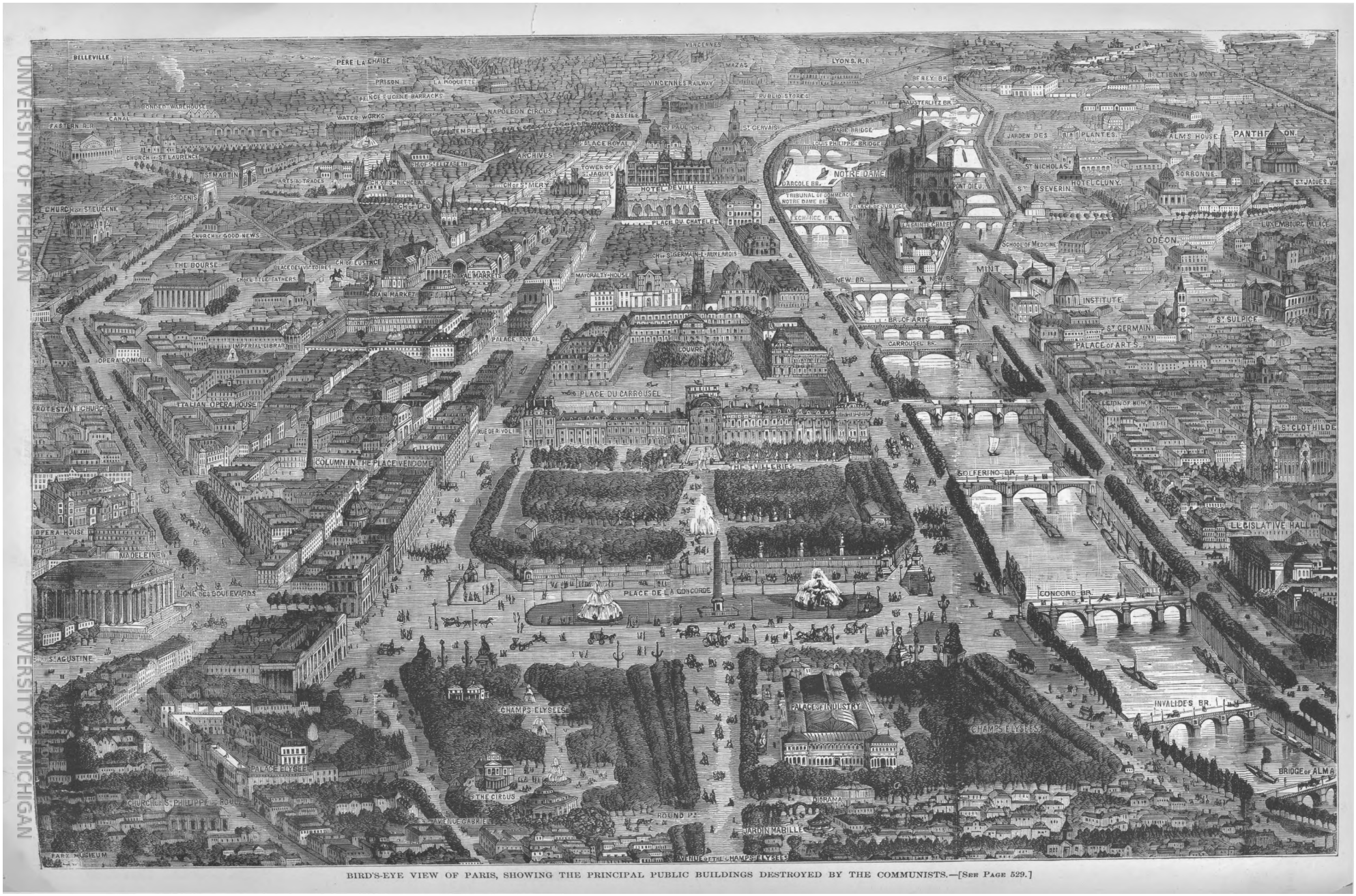

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF PARIS, SHOWING THE PRINCIPAL PUBLIC BUILDINGS DESTROYED BY THE COMMUNISTS.—[See Page 529.]

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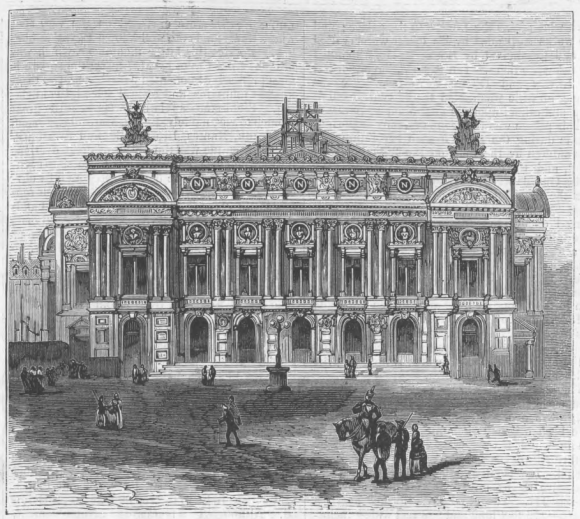
THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE.



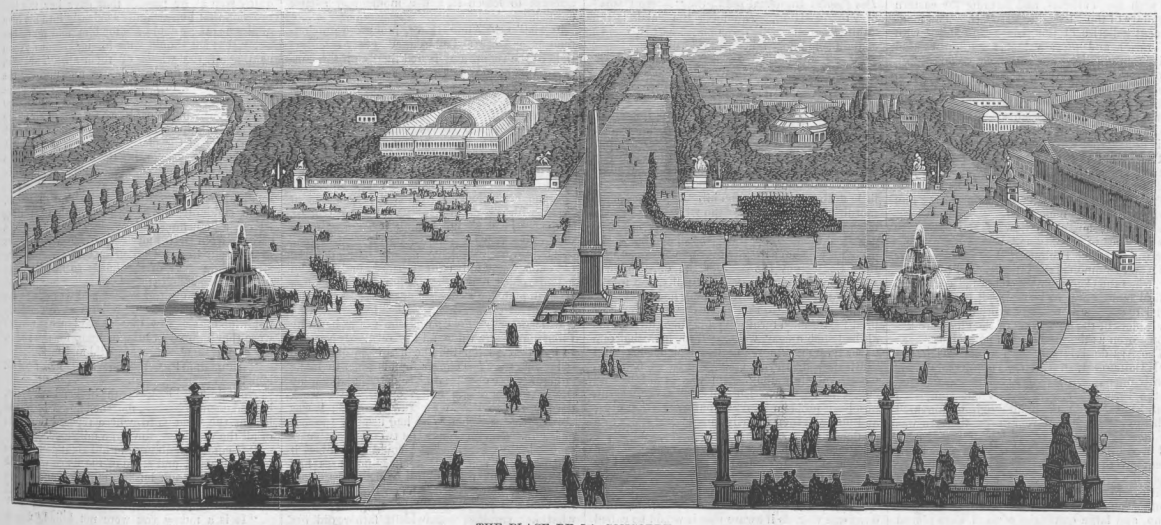
THE NEW GRAND OPERA-HOUSE.

PARIS IN FLAMES.

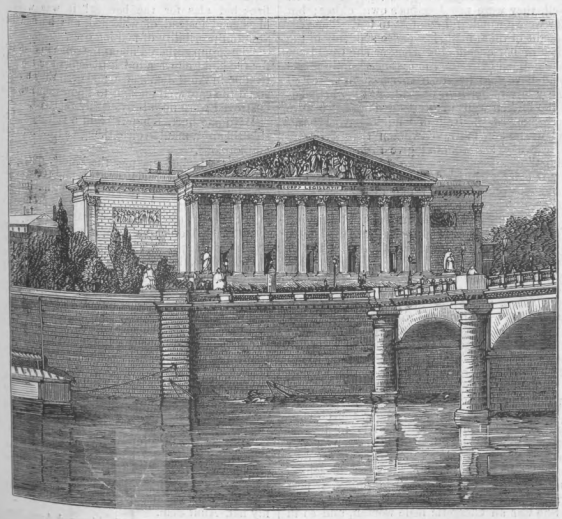
THE striking picture on our first page this week requires no comment or explanation at our hands. It tells its own story, and enforces its own moral.

Paris the beautiful is no more. What the conquerors of France have twice refrained from doing its own sons have done. In their madness they have set the torch to the most magnificent portions of the city, and reduced them to ashes. There might have been some excuse for them had this been done in the frenzy of defeat; but it is evident that preparations for the conflagration had been made on the most extensive scale. The Tuileries, the Louvre, the Hôtel de Ville, and the Palais Royal had been undermined and stored with inflammable materials, ready for firing should the attack of the Versailles troops be successful.

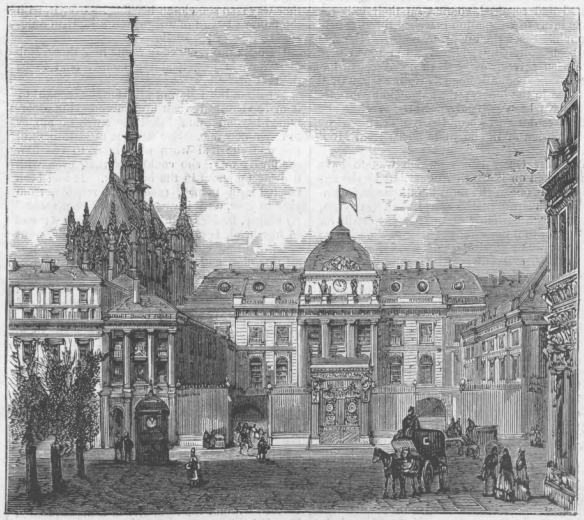
The bird's-eye view on the opposite page includes the most interesting portions of the city which have been given to the flames. The public buildings thus sacrificed to the madness of the mob were among the most splendid monuments of architecture in Europe. The palace of the Tuileries had a history extending over centuries. The foundation was laid in 1564, by CATHERINE DE MEDICIS. A prediction bidding her beware of St. Germain and the Tuileries caused her to abandon the work, and leave it for HENRY IV. to extend and embellish. He began the long



THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE.



THE CORPS LEGISLATIF.



THE PALAIS DE JUSTICE.

PARIS AS IT WAS BEFORE THE SECOND SIEGE.

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work which joins the Louvre to the palace; and the works suspended by his death were carried on and terminated by LOUIS XIII., who fixed his residence there. LOUIS XIV. having ordered LEVAN and D'ORBAY to harmonize the whole, an attic was added to the central buildings, and other important alterations were made.

This palace was the scene of many important events during the great French revolution. It was entered by the mob on the 20th of June, 1792, and there, in the following August, the Swiss Guards were attacked and massacred. It was the official residence of NAPOLEON when First Consul, and when he became Emperor it formed one of the imperial palaces. In 1808 NAPOLEON began the northern gallery, to serve as a communication with the Louvre. After the Restoration the Tuileries continued to be the chief residence of the king and royal family. There LOUIS PHILIPPE resided from his accession to the throne in 1830 until driven into exile in 1848. During the reign of NAPOLEON III. it was his official residence. The exterior of the palace was grand and imposing, although, owing to the different periods at which it was built, the architecture was not uniform.

The Louvre, which has been seriously damaged though not destroyed by the Commune, was also the growth of many centuries. It is thought to have been originally a hunting-lodge, upon the site of which a tower was erected in 1214 by PHILIP AUGUSTUS to serve as a state-prison and arsenal. It was enlarged and embellished under successive reigns, and finally completed by NAPOLEON III. The old Louvre formed nearly a square—576 feet long and 538 feet wide—inclosing a quadrangle of about 400 feet square, and containing a vast collection of sculptures, paintings, and other works of art. The new Louvre, the completion of which was celebrated on the 17th of August, 1857, consists of two lateral piles of buildings projecting at right angles from the two parallel galleries which join the old Louvre with the Tuileries, and forming the eastern boundary of the Place du Carrousel. The magnificent galleries of this palace were filled with the rarest and most valuable antiquities and artistic productions that France could secure through the reigns of successive sovereigns, who made additions to it a subject of pride and emulation. As the valuable paintings were removed during the Prussian siege of Paris, the world will not have to deplore the irreparable loss their destruction would entail.

The Palais Royal and the Palace of the Legion of Honor, both remarkable buildings, and both associated with much that is most interesting in the history of Paris, have shared the fate of the edifices just mentioned.

Facing the bird's-eye view of Paris we give five sketches of the city as it was—of Paris before the invading Teutons had come before her walls and summoned the proud capital to surrender, when the Commune was regarded as an ideal radical fancy never to be realized, when the imperial dynasty still reigned supreme, and when the leaders of the destroyers of the city were unknown even as the obscurest of politicians.

The Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile was begun by NAPOLEON I. in 1806 to commemorate his great campaigns. Its construction was delayed by the Restoration, and it was not completed until 1836. Even then, although ornamented with the most splendid sculptures, the Arc was not considered to be completely finished, as it had been originally proposed to place some monument on the top. When the Prussian siege began the utmost care was taken to protect this edifice from the effects of the expected bombardment. The most valuable sculptures were boarded up, and large quantities of sand were placed round it to deaden the explosion of the shells. The top was utilized as a look-out station, and a semaphore and an electric light were erected there to communicate with the forts. The German bombardment, however, never extended to this quarter. During the Prussian occupation of Paris the ground under the Arc was carefully leveled and repaired, so that on their exit the whole army of occupation marched through it in triumph. Since the civil war, however, the Arc has been sadly damaged, several of the figures have been severely injured—a horse's head has been knocked off, a Roman's arm broken, a Gaul wounded in the breast; the surrounding granite posts have been perfectly pulverized, while the whole western surface of the Arc is starred by the explosion of innumerable shells from Mont Valérien.

The new Opera-House, which was to have been opened on the 15th August last by the ex-Emperor, is one of the most handsome and commodious theatres in the world. M. GARNIER, the architect, certainly deserved great credit for the magnificent appearance of the new building; but there was a superfluity of *N's*, imperial laurel wreaths, and outspread Napoleonic eagles, which offended the Parisian taste even in the days before the *déchéance*. On the whole, however, the Parisians were highly delighted with their new edifice, and anxiously looked forward to the time when its acoustic qualities would be tested by the thrilling voice of a PATTI, NILSSON, or CARVALHO. When the siege began the building was used as a gigantic bakery, flour store, powder magazine, and telegraph station. It was strongly fortified by the Communists, and suffered greatly during the street fight before its capture by the Versailles troops.

The Place de la Concorde, situated between the Champs Elysées and the Tuileries, is the most beautiful square of Paris. Constructed by LOUIS XV., it has successively borne the names of its founder, De la Révolution, De la Concorde, and, for a short time, that of LOUIS XVI. Under NAPOLEON it was re-named the Place de la Concorde, by which name it has ever since been known. In the Reign of Terror the guillotine was established here, and LOUIS XVI. and PHILIPPE *Egalité* were executed on the very spot where now stands the well-known Egyptian obelisk. Besides this latter monument, which was brought from Egypt by M. LEBAS, the square is most profusely ornamented with statues, two magnificent fountains, and several splendid candelabra. Eight statues relatively represent the great French towns, namely, Lyons, Marseilles, Rouen, Bordeaux, Nantes, Brest, Lille, and Strasburg. This last statue was the object of great ovations during the siege, and during the Prussian occupation the faces of the figures were carefully covered with crape. The two fountains, which represent the "seas" and the "rivers," are handsomely decorated with Tritons, Nereids, and maritime genii, while at the entrance of the Champs Elysées stand the famous horses of Marly, so justly considered the *chef-d'œuvre* of COUSTON.

The Palais Bourbon, better known as the Chamber of Deputies, was built in 1722 by the Duchess of Bourbon, from whom it derived its name. It was not finished, however, until 1789. It was chosen in 1795 for the sittings of the Five Hundred, and has since served as the place of meeting for all the deliberative assemblies which have sat in Paris. Here, in 1830, LOUIS PHILIPPE was proclaimed; and here, in 1848, the Duchesse d'Orleans came to seek a refuge for herself and her children; but on the very same day the Chamber was invaded by the mob, and the republic proclaimed. Here also the Corps Législatif of the second empire held its stormy *séances;* while here, on the 4th of September last, the dethronement of the Napoleonic dynasty was declared and the republic again proclaimed. Although in a bombarded arrondissement, the building was not hit during the first siege.

The Palais de Justice is the oldest building in Paris excepting the Palais des Ternes. It was built in 1245 by St. LOUIS, and is a very fine specimen of Gothic architecture. The most notable feature of the exterior is a splendid clock tower, while inside is the well-known hall of the *Pas Perdus*, immortalized in the "Notre Dame" of VICTOR HUGO. Adjoining the Palais is the Sainte Chapelle, which was built by St. LOUIS to contain some holy relics from Jerusalem.

AUNT JEM'S BONNET.

DID you ever watch a canary flying about in its cage, and turning its head knowingly from side to side, as if it were in deep meditation upon some subject through all its restless hurry? Well, very much after that same fashion, Miss Jemima Veer went flitting about in the little drab house under the hill one bright spring morning. She shook out the white muslin curtains with a tender respect for their old age, and arranged them so that the darns should not show, placed a cushion carefully over damages wrought by little feet in the seat of the old-fashioned rocking-chair, and dusted the tall clock in the corner as faithfully as if its long hand were not missing. In truth, that room was a sort of hospital for disabled furniture; but then the invalids all had such a cozy, well-cared-for look that one never thought of noticing their deficiencies; and the little brown-eyed, brown-haired woman who bustled about among them was as bright and cheery as need be. But this day there was an unsolved problem looking out from the eyes, and now and then Miss Jemima would come to a momentary pause in her occupation, and strike an interrogation-point attitude at the end of some mental question. At last she stopped by one of the windows, and drew from her pocket a somewhat faded green-and-silver purse—a lean, dyspeptic-looking purse, that flopped about in a downcast way, as if aware that it would be called upon to deliver up what it had not got. Miss Veer's thorough fingers searched its utmost depth, then turned it wrong side up and shook it, that no shirking penny might be hidden away in its corners. The amount in her hand was small enough when all was done. She counted it forward and backward, but it didn't grow any either way; so she closed her fingers over it, with the faintest breath of a sigh, and said, with a decided shake of her head:

"I can't do it. Teddy wants new shoes, Rob *must* have a jacket, and a bonnet isn't to be thought of."

Which didn't follow at all; for she thought of it more vigorously than ever after having ascertained beyond a doubt that there was no money to buy a new one. She did not need to look at the one she had worn all winter to see how shabby it was; she could *feel* that, even with it away up stairs in the bandbox. It had been twisted and turned, made and remade, from year to year, until it was "poor but respectable" no longer, besides being all out of season; and so her head, bereft of its ancient shelter, went seeking a new covering. When the house was all in order, and Rob and Teddy laudably employed in trying to plow up the back yard with the flour scoop, she went up stairs, and from among the cast-off treasures of a certain old red chest in the attic fished up a straw bonnet—immense in size, yellow in color, and of shape indescribable. She laughed at the effect as she tried it on before her tiny mirror; but, after all, it was not a laughing matter; indeed, it seemed more like a crying one as she turned the antique affair on her hand and wondered soberly what it would be possible to make of it.

Upon her meditations there suddenly broke the slight rustle of a stiff dress, and the sound of a footstep that spoke of dignity and one hundred and fifty pounds, and announced the coming of Aunt Hester. It was the only announcement that lady thought it necessary to make; for she entered without the formality of a knock, seated herself in the rocking-chair, or attempted to do so, but immediately resumed her feet again.

"Hum! I advise you to put that chair out of the way, Jemima. One can't be always remembering that the bottom is broken out," she remarked, severely: "unless, indeed, you intend it as a trap to catch your friends in."

"If that was the object, I'd set it just outside the gate, and try to catch them before they got in," Miss Jemima whispered, rebelliously, to herself, as she arose to bring forward another chair—a sound, substantial wooden one.

Aunt Hester surveyed it doubtfully, as if she suspected some deception, but finally settled herself in it, shook her black alpaca into proper folds, and said,

"I thought I would call to see how you were getting on."

It did occur to Jemima that if she had known of her coming she would have got so far on as to be out of sight; but she only answered, quietly,

"About as usual we are, thank you, Aunt Hester."

"Aunt Jem! Aunt Jem!" cried Rob and Teddy, making a rush from the yard, getting terribly mixed up in the door-way, and each trying to explain the other's remarks before he had made any. "'Deed, Aunt Jem, we won't hurt it any—a rumbreller to build a barn with; 'cause we can't put our horses nowhere; and we want it top o' the chicken-coop. Say, may we?"

"Yes, dear, yes; but don't be so noisy, boys. Don't you see Aunt Hester is here?" answered Aunt Jem, indulgent but distressed.

"Yes; that's what we don't want to come in for," answered Teddy, with refreshing frankness. "Won't you please to hand the rumbreller out, Aunt Jem?"

Aunt Jem produced the umbrella, in full consciousness that her visitor was watching with grim disapproval, and was prepared for the speech that came next.

"You are spoiling those children, Jemima—completely spoiling them. I am really astonished at you."

It was a point upon which the lady's astonishment had become chronic, so Jemima did not attempt to lessen it, and a momentary silence ensued.

"Ah!" said Aunt Hester, in a more gracious tone, after her eyes had scanned every other article in the room, and rested finally on the bonnet. "What do you propose to do with that, my dear?"

"I don't know," answered Jemima, rather disconsolately.

"I recollect that bonnet. I thought it looked familiar, and I remember now. It was one my daughter Susan wore for a season or so, and then gave to your mother," pursued Aunt Hester, growing complacent over the memory of by-gone benevolence. "It is a very excellent braid, with a great deal of wear in it. Out of shape, to be sure, but I think it could be made over into a very suitable bonnet for you."

The "very excellent" article had appeared old enough and ugly enough before, but it looked a trifle older and uglier still to poor Jemima now, though she scarcely knew why. She turned it about on her hand, and fell to wondering a little drearily why it was she never had any thing new—any thing all her own. It seemed to her that all her life she had been obliged to build upon other people's foundations, to make straight where others had blundered, and take up things where others had stopped. Her work never came to her in the raw material; it was always what somebody else had used, or spoiled, or begun. Back through the twenty-eight years of her life, so nearly as she could remember, it had been the same. Housekeeping cares had fallen early upon her childish shoulders, when her invalid mother died. Then there had been the constant planning and working to procure what her careless, improvident father did not provide, to economize where he wasted; a pretty sister to be snubbed by and worked for, until she made a runaway marriage with a gentlemanly scamp; and the same sister to console and care for during what remained of her brief life, when she came back, deserted and broken-hearted. Rob and Teddy were the legacies she left. Well, they were not Jemima's own, either; but they were a wonderful comfort to her. The very thought of them made her pause suddenly in the midst of her questioning whether she would not have builded better and more successfully if she could have laid her own corner-stones—reared a structure of her own instead of filling breaches in the broken walls of others. Those two little faces stopped the train of "might have beens," and made her murmur, woman that she was, "Dear boys! I wouldn't give *them* up for any thing!"

"It can be whitened, pressed into shape, and made very presentable," broke in Aunt Hester's voice.

"True," answered Jemima, slowly, thinking of her life instead of her bonnet. "Yes, I hope it will be made presentable at last, though it does not look so now."

"Why, it's the best of braid," interposed Aunt Hester, with some severity. She fancied the remark was a slight disparagement of daughter Susan's taste—a thing not to be tolerated.

That tone aroused Jemima from her reverie at once. She discovered the good qualities of the braid immediately, and Aunt Hester, somewhat mollified, took her departure.

"Send it to a milliner's, and have it bleached and made over: advice very easy to give, but not quite so easy to take, under the circumstances," commented Jemima, left to herself again. "No, most excellent bonnet, you will have to submit to being sewed over by my own fingers, and no others, and take such bleaching as I can give you. Pity, considering your past grandeur, but it can't be helped."

She was an energetic little woman, and so in a very short space of time she had arranged in the back yard a closely covered barrel, with a pan of coals sprinkled with brimstone placed in the bottom of it, and the antiquated straw fastened near the top, and left to whiten in the smoke. Rob and Teddy were duly advised of the contents of the barrel, and warned not to molest it; and then Miss Jemima went cheerily back to the house and her work of darning small stockings and planning for diminutive jackets. The out-of-door world was very lovely that spring morning, and she stole glances at it now and then through the little window—delighting in the fresh green grass and blossom-laden trees of the tiny yard in front, and watching with kindly human interest the occasional passers-by on the road beyond. These last were not many, for it was only a quiet village road; but presently there passed a team with an unusual load—a large, heavy millstone. The driver walked beside it as it moved slowly along, and following it a short distance behind was another person, whom Jemima scanned more closely—a man some thirty three or four years of age, medium-sized, bronzed and bearded, and dressed in a plain suit of gray. There was nothing very remarkable in his appearance; nevertheless, he was a personage of some interest to the villagers as being the new owner of the mill over the hill. The former owner had failed to make it profitable, and for a year or two it had stood idle. When, therefore, it was known that it had been sold, and was to be repaired and put in running order, there was a variety of opinions and some shaking of heads among the sages of the little place. There were some who carried their disinterested kindness so far as to inform the newcomer that it "wouldn't pay," he would "sink money," etc. To all of which Cade Barclay listened good-naturedly, answering but little, except with his frank, sunny smile, and then went steadily on his way, apparently quite undisturbed by their predictions.

Of the merits of the question or the man Jemima knew nothing; but there was a quiet, resolute air about him, a certain self-reliance and determination betraying itself even in his firm, quick step as he passed, that gave her the impression that he saw quite as clearly into his own affairs as others could see for him, and made her fancy that she should trust his judgment as soon as that of the wisest of them all. The road wound around the little house, and up over the hill at the back of the garden, so that the great wheel and its owner disappeared from her view at the front window while she was still thinking of them. So little that was new came to disturb the serenity of the place that it was not marvelous that the people indulged in speculations concerning this enterprise, or that Jemima, in her nook, should feel some interest in it. Her meditations were still tending in that direction, when suddenly there came a rushing, rolling sound, a crashing as of breaking bushes, a scream from Rob and Teddy that would have done credit to two Indians, and then something struck the corner of the house so heavily as to make it all jar and tremble.

Jemima sprang to her feet, and was out at the door in an instant. The boys were certainly not killed; she saw that at a glance; neither were they injured in lung or limb, for the shouting and gesticulating were wild and furious.

"Aunt Jem! Oh, Aunt Jem, look! Just look!"

Aunt Jem did look—at the broken back fence, leveled currant-bushes, flattened flower-beds, and last at the front yard, where reposed the cause of all the mischief—the large millstone.

"It comed tumbling the hill right down on to our back yard, and some of the fence was there besides the currant-bushes, and Rob and me we yelled, you'd better believe!" lucidly explained the astonished Teddy.

"It is a mercy you were not killed," began Aunt Jem's trembling lips; but Rob interrupted her with another vociferous "Oh, look!" and pointed to a brisk bonfire that was springing up in front of them. Jemima's bleaching apparatus had been overturned, and the coals emptied out of the pan had set the barrel in a blaze. A bucket or two of water soon extinguished the fire; but alas for the bonnet! it was wofully blackened instead of whitened, and burned beyond all possibility of making over.

The group gathered about the ruins in dismay, for the children were quick to detect the look of trouble in Aunt Jem's face, and even they understood the case well enough to know that articles destroyed were not always easily replaced.

"No one hurt, I hope?" said a voice just beside them—a manly voice, though a trifle hurried and anxious.

Jemima looked up, met the kindly, questioning glance of a pair of blue eyes, and recognized Mr. Barclay. She started a little, not having noticed his approach, but she answered, promptly, "No, Sir; no one hurt in the least."

"Really, I don't know how such an accident could have happened," he remarked, as if even yet bewildered by the affair. "There must have been some carelessness in loading the stone, I suppose; for when we were part way up the hill the wagon tilted a little, and the stone slipped off and came crashing down. Its force was mostly spent before it reached your place, but I see it has done damage enough as it is;" and a swift, comprehensive glance swept flower-beds and broken bushes.

"Nothing very serious—nothing but what a little labor will make right again," courageously and politely responded Miss Jemima, noticing the direction his eyes had taken.

"No, it won't," interposed Master Teddy; "'cause Aunt Jem's bonnet what she had a-bleachin' in the barrel is all burned up. It was goin' to be her Sundayest one, too; an' now she can't go to meetin' nor nothin'; only I'll lend you my hat, Aunt Jem."

"Hush, hush, Teddy!" whispered Aunt Jem, pressing the little fat hand that slid into hers, in appreciation of the offered sympathy, though her face grew suddenly rosy, and it required some

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effort to betray no discomposure. "No, Sir; there's not much harm done. I am thankful it is no worse."

"So am I. Some one might have been killed by it," he answered, gravely, stealing a curious glance at the charred barrel, meanwhile, and pondering Teddy's remark. Not very well versed in millinery matters was Cade Barclay. A sister he had never had, and his mother had been dead now nearly a year. Where the neat, Quaker-like bonnets she had worn during her lifetime came from it never had occurred to him to inquire; but he felt tolerably certain that they had not been conjured out of a barrel in the back yard. He knew that there were places where such articles were sold, and fancied that most ladies bought them. Brewing them at home, in barrels, over a fire, struck him as rather an original plan, and he strongly suspected, Teddy's lament taken into account, that it indicated a shortness of funds. He was very sorry for the mischief his rolling stone had caused, and this particular part of it seemed the most difficult to remedy.

"You must let me compensate as far as possible for the trouble I have caused you," he began; but Miss Jemima so quickly and decidedly declared the injury of no consequence that there was nothing more to be said. His honest heart was still perplexing itself over the problem when a small specimen of the canine race presented itself to view, and Teddy caught it up.

"This is my dog; he come to live with us without nobody askin' him. Aunt Jem don't like him much 'cause he ain't a Newfoundter; he's a rat terror."

"Ah! is he?" said Mr. Barclay, becoming suddenly interested. "Such an animal is very useful about a mill sometimes, where there are a great many rats and mice. I wouldn't mind giving five dollars for him, if you were willing to let him go. Would you sell him for that?"

"Yes, *Sir*," answered Teddy, promptly; and a bill was pressed into the little palm, and the dog transferred to its new owner.

Miss Jemima viewed this proceeding rather doubtfully; still, as she was not consulted in the matter, and the gentleman appeared as much interested in the bargain as Teddy himself, she did not quite see how to interfere. The dog might be valuable; she really did not know. Mr. Barclay seemed wonderfully well satisfied himself, and held fast to his purchase as if it were a rare prize, while he discussed with Miss Jemima the removal of the ponderous ornament from the front yard.

"You will, at least, let me come and help put this garden into order again," he said, as he turned away—a proposition she could not readily have declined, even if he had given her a chance to do so, which he did not.

"Now, Aunt Jem, now you can have a bonnet; and not an old smoked one, either," said Teddy.

And Aunt Jem did have a new bonnet—a pretty white chip, with fresh, spring-like green ribbons, that it seemed a positive luxury to her to put on. You would think a respectable bonnet could scarcely be purchased for so small a sum. Mr. Barclay had entertained some fears on that subject too, though he had offered as high as he had dared for the dog; but he was perfectly satisfied when he saw her come into church the next Sunday, leading Rob and Teddy. Was she to blame for enjoying the whole service better because of those soft, becoming ribbons that framed her pretty brown hair and quiet face? No; she did not think about the bonnet; she only felt it; but when she was at home again, slowly untying the strings before her little mirror, she whispered softly to herself, "I do believe the Great Love that blesses all our lives cares for our happiness even in such little things as these, else all this wouldn't have happened so strangely."

It took a good many evenings to get those flower-beds into perfect order again, but Mr. Barclay persevered in his work with praiseworthy fidelity; and having bestowed so much labor upon them, it was natural that he should feel a more than ordinary interest in them, and visit them frequently all through the summer. There were many happy evenings spent in the tiny moonlit portico, with the conversation wandering to deeper than floral subjects; and he learned to look upon that spot as a little haven of peace, and gentle, thoughtful, unselfish Aunt Jem as the pleasantest of companions. So it happened that when the autumn came he had won her consent to his taking care of her flower-beds and buying her new bonnets always.

Aunt Hester, who, like many another worthy lady, was an unconscious worshiper of success, greatly approved of Mr. Barclay. She was very gracious in her commendation of the new arrangement, remarking, with an unwonted attempt at facetiousness, that she did not know that she could "ever believe again that rolling stones gather no moss."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

WE quote from an exchange the record of the examination of one of the jurors in the Foster case. If the report is not a verbatim one, doubtless the substance of it is correct:

COUNSEL. "Do you ever read the newspapers?"
JUROR. "No."
COUNSEL. "Can you write?"
JUROR. "No."
COUNSEL. "Can you read?"
JUROR. "No."
COUNSEL. "What do you know about any thing?"
JUROR. "Nothing."
JUDGE. "That 'll do, Sir; take your seat in the jury-box."

Paris might well exclaim—could its voice be heard amidst the shouts of its crazy populace, the bursting of shells in its streets, and the crash of falling palaces—"Save me from my friends!" The monuments, whose historical associations or artistic beauty made them almost as much the property of the civilized world as of Paris, were spared by the Prussians when they bombarded that fair city, only to have them wantonly destroyed by the ruthless hands of its own citizens. Even during the "reign of terror" no such immolation of architectural monuments was planned by the professed champions of liberty. The Tuileries, the Louvre, the Hôtel de Ville, the Palais Royal, the Palace of the Legion of Honor, and the Place Vendôme—names associated with ideas of beauty and artistic elegance and grandeur—will henceforth be linked with memories of the reckless civil war of 1871.

The stupendous undertaking of uniting the Tuileries and the Louvre was accomplished by Napoleon III. The two palaces covered sixty acres. The early history of the old Louvre is obscure, but the huge pile has gradually grown up from the time of the thirteenth century. The new Louvre, commenced in 1852, was completed in 1857, at a cost of about $6,000,000.

The Commune's officers, while investigating the interior of a Paris nunnery—the Convent of Picpus—found a communicating passage between the convent and a large Jesuit establishment near it. In the garden were found three conical huts six feet square and seven high, each of which contained an old woman. The lady superior admitted that they had been confined in these cages nine years. Her only explanation was, "They were idiots when they came." A key was found labeled, "Key of the Great Vault," and search was commenced to discover this subterranean apartment.

The Emperor Nicholas evidently took a different view of fool-hardy exposures of life from what many people do nowadays. One morning in spring, when a freshet of the Neva had rendered its crossing extremely perilous, Nicholas, on looking from the window of his winter-palace, saw a large crowd watching a man leaping from one piece of ice to another toward the opposite shore. He called his attendant aid-de-camp.

"Look at that fool," said he. "Run and see what motive he has for so exposing his life."

The aid-de-camp learned the particulars and returned.

"Sire, he is a peasant who has bet he would cross the Neva for twenty-five rubles, and is trying to gain the reward."

"Give him twenty-five lashes," replied Nicholas. "A man who risks his life in this miserable way would be capable of any thing for money."

It is good policy for every one to pay his board bills. A man was recently brought to trial in the Special Sessions Court for assault. He put in good character as his defense. His landlady testified as follows:

"I have known him for two years; he has boarded with me all that time, and has paid his board regularly every Saturday night."

"That establishes his character beyond question," said Justice Dowling; "no bad man could stand that test." And he was acquitted.

The miniature ship *City of Ragusa*, the smallest vessel that ever crossed the Atlantic, recently sailed from this port for Liverpool. She is named after Ragusa, the smallest city in Europe. Her weight is only one ton, length nineteen feet, and her beam six feet wide. Besides a good supply of provisions and coal, she carried on this voyage a cargo of five hundred bricks—the first cargo of this kind ever carried to Europe. She is commanded by Mr. Primoraz, who has chosen for his companions Edward R. Hayter, a native of New Zealand, and a fine gray bull terrier, who, the captain asserted, would act as boatswain.

It has been argued that life-insurance companies might well insure ministers at a lower average rate than others, because of their greater average duration of life. From certain tables of vital statistics which have been compiled it appears that, out of 2442 clergymen of different denominations, sixty attained ages *ranging from ninety to one hundred and three years*, while only *fifty-two* died *under* the age of forty! One out of every seven of the whole number was eighty-eight years old or upward at death. Between one-third and one-half of the whole were seventy years old or upward at death. Considerably more than one-half were over sixty years of age at death; three-fourths were over fifty years of age at death; and seven-eighths were over forty years of age at death.

The most learned woman in the world is said to be Princess Dora d'Istra. She reads and speaks fifteen languages, has written novels, historical and philosophical works, is an honorary member of ten learned societies—and is, notwithstanding, quite good-looking.

The American Museum of Natural History forms an additional attraction to the Central Park since the carefularrangement of new and valuable specimens has been completed. Eight large cages around the arsenal building are appropriated to various wild animals and birds. Some of the wild beasts do not seem to dwell in perfect harmony, or else, finding that they are to live in houses like men, it may be, they desire to imitate certain men. At any rate, two leopards recently indulged in a prize-fight—for which they were eminently qualified—and during the encounter one of them nearly bit off his adversary's caudal appendage—an appropriate ending to a prize-fight. In the arsenal building the stuffed specimens of birds and animals make a fine show. The art gallery also has been greatly improved.

The gardens on the Thames Embankment, London, are rapidly progressing. The grass is green, and shrubs and evergreens are being planted. Londoners are looking forward to the time when it will be possible to walk in the shade on a hot summer day between Blackfriars and Westminster bridges.

Children are kept still too long in school. They are expected to study, or be occupied with books, six hours a day, when grown people find it difficult to do as much. It is the opinion of many who have thoughtfully examined the subject that the ultimate education of children would be as efficient both to the individual and to society if they did not commence studying from books so young, nor study half as long each day.

Another royal visitor is coming to the United States—his Imperial Majesty Dom Pedro II., Emperor of Brazil. It is announced that Dom Pedro, accompanied by the Empress Theresa, will sail from Rio de Janeiro some time in May for Europe. He travels strictly incognito, and, after visiting his royal relatives of the house of Braganza, the reigning family of Portugal, will make a flying tour over continental Europe. Early in September he will visit Great Britain, and after a brief sojourn will sail for New York. Arriving here, he will only relinquish the incognito and resume the pomp and ceremony of royalty sufficiently long to pay a visit of respect to the President; but he purposes making an extended tour through the United States. The Emperor is devotedly attached to his wife and children; and with them and in scientific pursuits seeks that repose from anxiety and turmoil which the cares of a great empire impose upon him. The Empress Theresa is a princess of the late reigning family of Sicily.

A very trivial thing often leads to the discovery of crime. Science now comes in to aid the detective in ways which would never occur to a guilty party. Not long ago a registered letter was received at the Chicago post-office which should have contained $500. It had been opened, and re-sealed with great nicety. The re-sealed part was examined with a microscope, and a fragment of plug chewing tobacco was found in the mucilage. The detective traveled all along the post route to find who used "plug" tobacco in a corner where "fine-cut" was universally chewed. But no such man could be found. One day the detective reached the house of a country postmaster, who was his friend, and quite above suspicion. The detective, however, chewed tobacco himself, and so he happened to ask his friend for a chew. The friend replied he could give him no fine-cut, because he always used plug tobacco himself. Friendship and tobacco were alike forgotten. The friend was arrested, a search-warrant obtained, his house searched, and the money found.

It is proposed to extend the system of weather reports and storm signals now in use in the United States to Canada, the maritime provinces, and British Columbia. The light-houses in the Dominion are to be used as stations also.

A petition has been presented to the State Legislature of Ohio, signed by about three thousand persons—miners and others—requesting that a law be enacted for the better regulation and ventilation of coal mines, and for the appointment of an inspector to see that the law is faithfully executed.

A story is told of a pretty Washington girl who was questioned by one of the party attached to the English High Commission after the following style:

"Where are all your handsome men?" said he. "The ladies are very well, but 'pon my soul, you know, I haven't seen a handsome man since I've been here."

"Ah!" said the young lady, sweetly; "but you have handsome men in England, I presume?"

"Oh yes, of course, plenty of them."

"Then why," she asked, "did not the Queen send one here?"

The reply of the Englishman is not recorded.

The brain of the murderer Rulloff weighed fifty-nine ounces, which is nine or ten ounces more than the average weight of the brain, which is about fifty ounces. The heaviest brain ever weighed was that of Cuvier, the French naturalist, which is given by some authorities at sixty-five ounces, and by some at sixty-four ounces. The brain of Daniel Webster—partly estimated, on account of a portion being destroyed by disease—weighed sixty-four ounces. The brain of Dr. Abercrombie, of Scotland, weighed sixty-three ounces. The lower, brute portion of Rulloff's brain and the mechanical powers were unusually large. The upper portion of the brain, which directs the higher moral and religious sentiments, was very deficient in Rulloff.

The observations on Mount Washington during the past winter have established the fact that periods of cold and storms are indicated at that altitude several hours in advance of their arrival at a lower plane. Therefore these observations are regarded as of great importance by the Signal Service, and it is probable they will be continued by the government.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

AN old negro made application at one of the public buildings in Washington a short time since for something to eat, and claimed that he had a right to come there for victuals. The head of the department was called in, who asked the darky upon what right he based his claims. "Why," said the sable representative of the Fifteenth Amendment, "I understan' dar's *provisions* in de Constitution for de colored folks, and I haven't had de fust crumb."

"Well," said an old gentleman, the other day, "I have been forty-seven years in the business, and can say what very few can after such experience; in all that time, my friend, I never disappointed but one single creditor." "Bless me, what an example for our young mercantile community!" replied the person addressed. "What a pity that one time occurred: how was it?" "Why," responded the old gentleman, "I paid the debt when it became due, and I never, in all my life, saw a man so much astonished."

THE INCOME TAX.—The tax on immigrants at Castle Garden.

A tender-hearted humanitarian at Boston, whose feelings were touched on overhearing a prisoner at the station-house singing "Home, Sweet Home," tried to have him released. His sympathies suddenly cooled, however, when he read on the slate that the vocalist was charged with wife-beating.

"THE PACIFIC MAILS"—Quiet husbands.

SONG OF THE GARDEN SEEDS—"Put me in my little bed."

DANGEROUS FRENCH COLORS—Paris Green and Paris Reds.

"Modesty" asks us, "What is the best method of popping the question?" It is a good deal like Champagne—if it don't pop itself, there is something wrong about it.

"Why," said a wit, in passing the "Charitable Eye and Ear Infirmary" in Charles Street, "who would have supposed there was a charitable eye or ear in Boston?"

A Chicago hair-restorer agent went out into the suburbs, stuck his posters all over a church pulpit, and then asked the minister to call attention to them.

A man was arrested in Buffalo last week for stealing a barrel of salt. When arraigned in the court he pleaded destitution. "You couldn't eat salt," said the judge. "Oh yes, I could, with the meat I intended to steal." This reply cost him six months. The judge had no appreciation of delicate humor.

A man stopping his paper wrote to the editor: "I think folks ottent to spend ther munny for payper, mi dadda diddant, and every body sed he was the intelligents man in the county, and had the smartest family of bois that ever dugged taters."

An exchange mentions a case beyond the ordinary oculists. It is that of a young lady who, instead of a pupil, has a college student in her eye.

THE WAY TO WEDLOCK—A-dore.

A gentleman addressing a passionate love-letter to a lady in the same town added this curious postscript: "Please to send a speedy answer, as I have somebody else in my eye."

Alaska is well defended—there is a shiver de freeze all around it.

"Johnny," said one of the boys to a bereaved friend who had just lost his father, "yer behaved well at the funeral." "Oh, pshaw!" replied Johnny, with the air of one whose merits were only half recognized, "you should have seen me at the grave."

A TIME TO RUN—When you are in a hurry.

"Why don't you take your seat at the bar?" asked a lawyer of a client the other day. "My father always advised me to keep out of bad company," replied the other.

Why are Cashmere shawls like deaf people?—Because you can't make them here.

Some people have such a delicate way of hinting their meaning that it is not always readily taken; but others speak more plainly. We read of an old man the other day who was in the habit of going to bed promptly at nine o'clock, but, being kept up by company after that hour, he became sleepy. Finally, seeing the clock marked half past nine, he turned, yawningly, toward the partner of his joys and sorrows, and said, "Wife, hadn't we better go to bed? These folks want to go home." It is hardly necessary to add that the aged couple were not kept out of bed long after that announcement.

The following expressive notice is posted on the closed door of a Brooklyn cobbler's shop: "Thes beznles is klosd fur aa week tu elou thea bos A chanz ter bi sik."

GROUND RENTS—The effects of an earthquake.

The young lady singer who thought she could make her voice clearer by straining it made a great mistake.

SULLIED ERMINE.

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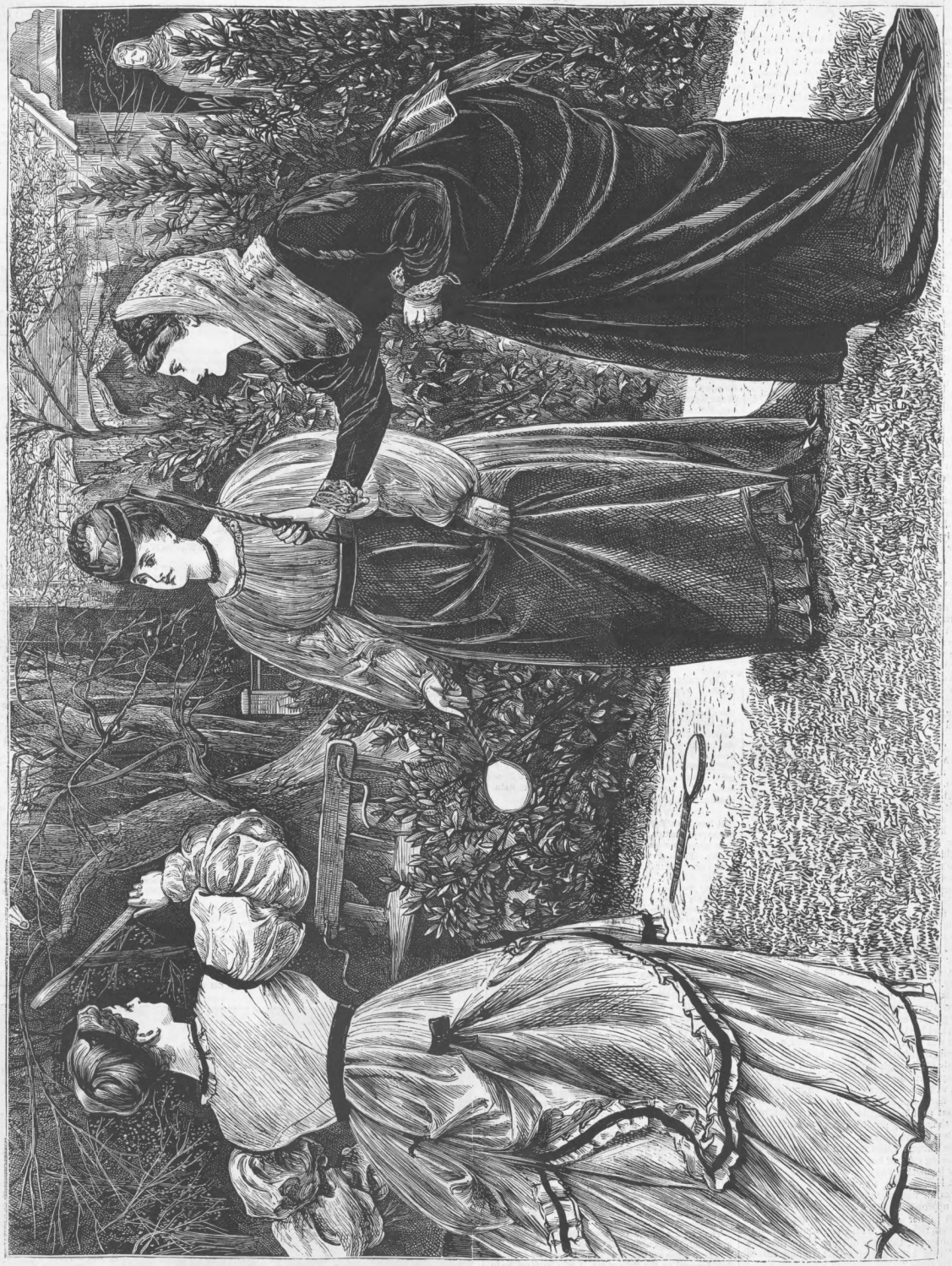

BATTLEDOOR AND SHUTTLECOCK.

BATTLEDOOR AND SHUTTLECOCK.

ONE balmy, blissful morn in May,
Concealed behind a cock of hay,
On Lady Charlotte's lawn we lay,
I calmly smoking,
Whilst Otho sketched—I heard them say,
"'Twas too provoking."

You'll own, though, when most lightly clad
In time-worn weeds of shepherd's plaid,
Fresh from the ocean—you'd be glad,
Friend of the Naiads,
Of any shelter to be had
From shy, coy Dryads.

"What early-rising girls!" said Vane,
Beneath his breath; "it's pretty plain,
Unless a friendly shower of rain
Disturbs them, Freddy,
They'll at their battledoor remain
Till breakfast's ready."

"I'll be revenged!" and out he drew
A pad and pencil, and fell to,
By stolen peeps, to sketch the view
With speed surprising;
Whilst I began, with head askew,
Philosophizing:

"O cork!" I cried, "that through the air
Fliest in turn from fair to fair,
Thus flies my heart with fluttering care
From Kate to Nancy—
We're puzzled by that pretty pair,
I rather fancy."

"Six—seven-and-twenty! late, too late—
In omen of my future fate,
I've fallen at the feet of Kate,
Who can't return me;
I wonder now, at twenty-eight,
Will Kitty spurn me."

"What makes sweet Ethel so *distrait*?
You don't appear to wish to play,
Or even count the game to-day,
My Otho's Clotho;
He loves you well. I think you may
Count upon Otho."

Then blew a breeze, and with a shock
I saw the truant shuttlecock
Fall at my feet; a fluttering frock—
A peal of laughter—
And off I flew like one o'clock,
With Otho after.

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GATHERING WILD FLOWERS IN MAY.

THIS beautiful picture can not fail to remind many of our readers of HERRICK'S exquisite invocation to "Corinna, to go a-Maying;" by contrast, of course, since the fair Corinna who smiles upon us from this page is evidently no "sweet slug-a-bed," like the poet's. She was out in the field long before the sun had dried the dew, and she has her reward not only in the May blossoms in her arms, but in the fresh bloom on her cheeks. Our city Corinnas, who go into the country only when the heats of summer have parched the fields, dimmed the lustre of the foliage, and taken all the sweetness from the air, little know how much they lose by the delay.

JAPANESE SCENERY.

WITHIN two miles or so from Yeddo, and yet well away from the toil and din of the great city, stands the village of Meguro. Once past the outskirts of the town, the road leading thither is bounded on either side by woodlands, rich in an endless variety of foliage, broken at intervals by the long low line of villages and hamlets. As we draw near to Meguro the scenery, becoming more and more rustic, increases in beauty. Deep, shady lanes, bordered by hedge-rows as luxurious as any in England, lead down to a valley of rice fields, bright with the emerald-green of the young crops. To the right and to the left rise knolls of fantastic shape, crowned with a profusion of cryptomerias, Scotch firs, and other cone-bearing trees, fringed with thickets of feathery bamboos, bending their stems gracefully to the light summer breeze. In the foreground, in front of a farm-house—snug-looking, with its roof of velvety brown thatch—a troop of sturdy urchins, suntanned and stark naked, are frisking in the wildest gambols, all heedless of the scolding voice of the withered old grandam, who sits spinning and minding the house, while her son and his wife are away toiling at some out-door labor. Not the least beauty of the scene consists in the wondrous clearness of an atmosphere so transparent that the most distant outlines are scarcely dimmed; while the details of the nearer ground stand out in sharp, bold relief—now lit by the rays of a vertical sun, now darkened under the flying shadows thrown by the fleecy clouds which sail across the sky. Not even in sunny Italy, famed for the loveliness of its skies, is the atmosphere so pure and transparent. Under such a heaven what painter could limn the lights and shades which flit over the woods, the pride of Japan, whether in late autumn, when the russets and yellows of our own trees are mixed with the deep crimson glow of the maples, or in spring-time, when plum and cherry trees and wild camellias—giants fifty feet high—are in full blossom?

All that we see is enchanting; but there is a strange stillness in the groves. Rarely does the song of a bird break the silence; indeed, I know but one warbler whose note has any music in it—the *uguisu*, by some enthusiasts called the Japanese nightingale—at best, a king in the kingdom of the blind. The scarcity of animal life of all descriptions, man and mosquitoes alone excepted, is a standing wonder to the traveler.

GATHERING WILD FLOWERS IN THE FIELDS ON A MAY MORNING.

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MRS. GRUNDY.

"WHAT will Mrs. Grundy say?" used to be constantly in people's mouths, as applied to the late editor, now dead, of a well-known Conservative daily. But the phrase was taken originally from Tom Morton's clever comedy, "Speed the Plough." The play opens with a view of a farmhouse, where Farmer Ashfield is discovered at a table, enjoying his ale and pipe, and holding the following colloquy with his wife, Dame Ashfield:

Ashfield. Well, dame, welcome whoam. What news does thee bring vrom market?
Dame. What news, husband? What I always told you—that Farmer Grundy's wheat brought five shillings a quarter more than ours did.
Ashfield. All the better vor he.
Dame. And I assure you, Dame Grundy's butter was quite the crack of the market.
Ashfield. Be quiet, woolye? Always ding, dinging Dame Grundy into my ears. *What will Mrs. Grundy zay?*

WHEN we reflect how large a portion of our lives is spent in sleep, it must be acknowledged that the gratitude of mankind is due to the inventors of any contrivance by which we are, when in or when courting that mysterious state, rendered more comfortable. The Woven Wire Mattress Co., of Hartford, Conn., who manufacture a mattress made by tempered wires being woven together and so supporting each other that it approaches to an impossibility to break them, are our benefactors. All other spring beds fail to accomplish their purpose; but this mattress, it is fully established, is capable of bearing a thousand pounds' weight for years without impairing its original elasticity. No person who can afford the money ought to be without one. In this hot weather, so cool, so refreshing, so health giving is this PERFECT BED OF ITSELF that, once used, it ceases to be a luxury, but is regarded as a necessity. See advertisement on the last page.—[*Com.*]

SOLID GOLD AND SOLID SILVER.

WE sell Waltham Watches in Gold and Silver Cases only, but at prices so low that there is no longer any inducement to purchase the worthless watches with which the country has been flooded. For full particulars and prices, send for our Illustrated Price-List, and mention *Harper's Weekly*.—HOWARD & Co., No. 865 Broadway, New York. *The new "Boy's Watch" is now ready.*—[*Com.*]

PYLE'S O. K. SOAP

CHEAPEST, because the best. Speaks for itself on trial. Sold by Grocers every where. JAMES PYLE, Manufacturer, 350 Washington Street, N. Y.—[*Com.*]

"BURNETT'S COCOAINE is the best hair-dressing."
"BURNETT'S COOKING EXTRACTS are the best."—[*Com.*]

"ZOELAION."—This palatable oxygenated Cod-Liver Oil cures Cancer and Diseases of the Lungs, Kidneys, Blood, and Skin, when all other remedies fail. BENJ. B. ROTTON & Co., Cloverine Chemical Works, Brooklyn, N. Y.—[*Com.*]

To tighten the hair in the scalp and keep it from falling off, use Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.—[*Com.*]

FEMALE COMPLAINTS should be cured, as they often can be, by a few doses of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA.—[*Com.*]

PICNIC BEVERAGE.

PYLE'S LEMONIZED SUGAR makes delicious Lemonade without Sugar or Lemons. No other has secured general confidence as to being wholesome. Sold by Grocers every where. JAMES PYLE, Manufacturer, 350 Washington Street, N. Y.—[*Com.*]

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FOR MOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES,

And TAN, use PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION. It is reliable and harmless. Sold by Druggists every where. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond St., New York.

MEARES' MEARES' Paragon Shirts.

Made to Order and Warranted to Fit.
Sent by express, C. O. D., to any part of the country, at the following rates:

6 Shirts,	Good Muslin and Linen Fronts	$9 00
6 "	Better Muslin and Good Linen	10 50
6 "	Masonville Muslin and Fine Linen	12 00
6 "	Wamsutta Muslin and Very Fine Linen.	13 50
6 "	New York Mills and Better Linen	15 00

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RICHARD MEARES, Gents' Furnishing Goods, 6th Avenue & 19th St., N. Y.

$10 from 50 cts.

12 Samples sent (postage free) for Fifty Cents that retail readily for Ten Dollars.
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WARREN WARD & CO., Manufacturers and wholesale and retail dealers in EVERY VARIETY of FURNITURE for City and Country Residences.
Nos. 75 and 77 Spring Street,
Corner of Crosby St., N. Y.

PYLE'S O. K. SOAP,

Saleratus, and Cream Tartar.

First-Class Household Articles:

Designed for the Best Family Trade.

Good Soap is the desideratum of every economical housekeeper, yet the market is flooded with that which has the semblance, but not the qualities of real soap; and consumers thereof unconsciously incur an extravagant expenditure in the course of time. Pyle's "O. K." is a pure article, the economy of which has been thoroughly established. Pyle's Saleratus and Cream Tartar are also unadulterated articles that are well known to thousands of intelligent consumers in New York and New England. We can refer to the editors of this paper, or parade columns of testimonials, but knowing that our articles will speak for themselves, we solicit a trial. If your Grocer recommends some other, depend upon it he has his own interest in view, and not yours. JAMES PYLE, Manufacturer,
350 Washington St., New York.

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No. 100.	I Love a Little Body	*Song.*
99.	Josie Galop	*Instrumental.*
97.	The Tyrolese and his Child	*Song.*
76.	Remembrance	*Song.*
75.	Ristori Waltz	*Instrumental.*
71.	Do you really Think he Did?	*Song.*
67.	Was there any Harm in That?	*Song.*
57.	Corinna Waltz	*Instrumental.*
54.	Maiden's Prayer	*Song.*
49.	Monastery Bells	*Instrumental.*
43.	Alpine Bells	*Instrumental.*
40.	The Bridge	*Song.*
38.	Reaper and the Flowers	*Song.*
21.	Carnival of Venice	*Instrumental.*
17.	Kiss Waltz	*Instrumental.*
16.	In Tears I Pine for Thee	*Song.*
15.	Grand Duchesse Waltz	*Instrumental.*
14.	Pulling Hard against the Stream	*Song.*
13.	Indian March	*Instrumental.*
12.	The Frost Flower	*Song.*
11.	Daughter of Eve	*Instrumental.*
10.	Nun's Prayer	*Song.*
9.	Faust March	*Instrumental.*
8.	Nelly Carey	*Song.*
7.	Delhi Galop	*Instrumental.*
6.	Sleep Well, Sweet Angel	*Song.*
5.	Orphee aux Enfers Galop	*Instrumental.*
4.	It is Better to Laugh than be Sighing	*Song.*
3.	Wedding March	*Instrumental.*
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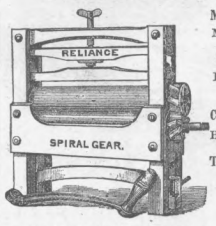

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The Treasury Department is now able to promise that the registered Certificates of Stock, and a good part of the Coupon Bonds of the New Loan of the United States, bearing Five per cent. Interest, payable quarterly in Gold, will be ready for delivery early in the present month. The Subscriptions to the Loan now amount to $62,000,000, and it is expected that the Subscriptions and Sales will progress more rapidly when the Certificates and Bonds are ready for market abroad as well as at home. The whole sum of Five per Cents offered to the public generally, and to the holders of United States 5-20 Bonds, without qualification, is $200,000,000. When this amount, to which preference is thus given, is taken up, the remainder of the Five per Cents, $300,000,000, embraced in the New Loan of July 14, 1870, for refunding the Public Debt, will be offered in connection with $300,000,000 Four and one-half per Cents, and any part of $700,000,000 of Four per Cents, the one running fifteen years and the other thirty years.

The following is a copy of the New Five per Cent. Bond, under and pursuant to the New Loan Act of Congress:

FORM OF 5 PER CENT. BOND.

INTEREST | FUNDED LOAN OF 1881 | 5 PER CENT.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

ARE INDEBTED TO THE BEARER IN THE SUM OF

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THIS BOND is issued in accordance with the provisions of an Act of Congress entitled "An Act to authorize the refunding of the National Debt," approved July 14, 1870, amended by an Act approved January 20, 1871, and is redeemable at the pleasure of the United States, after the first day of May, A. D. 1881, in Coin of the standard value of the United States on said July 14, 1870, with interest in such Coin, from the day of the date hereof, at the rate of FIVE PER CENTUM per annum, payable quarterly, on the first day of February, May, August, and November, in each year. The principal and interest are exempt from the payment of all Taxes or Duties of the United States, as well as from taxation in any form, by or under State, municipal, or local authority.

WASHINGTON, ...18....

Entered ..... Recorded .....

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Register of the Treasury.

Registered Bonds will be issued of the denominations of $50, $100, $500, $1,000, $5,000, and $10,000, and coupon bonds of each denomination except the last two. The interest will be payable in the United States at the office of the Treasurer, any Assistant Treasurer, or designated depository of the Government, quarterly, on the first days of February, May, August, and November, in each year.

The Interest on the Registered Stock of this Loan, it is determined by the Treasury Department, will be paid as conveniently to the holder as on the Coupon Stock, and personal attendance, or attendance by proxy, at the Treasury, to draw and receipt for the Interest will be dispensed with, *whenever the check of the United States Treasurer, mailed punctually to the address and order of each holder, on or before every quarter-day, is preferred to such attendance.* This check, payable in Gold Coin at the Treasury in New York (or such other office as the Stock is registered at), will be negotiable or collectable on the indorsement of the owner or owners of the Stock. In pursuance of this arrangement, the subscribers to, or purchasers of, the Stock in its registered form (which is a complete protection against theft or other losses incident to Coupon Bonds payable to Bearer) are advised to give their Post-office address in full, and to notify of any change in the address between quarter-days.

The whole proceeds of the New Loan will be applied to the payment or redemption and cancellation of the 5-20 years six per cent. bonds, and, in addition to these proceeds, the 5-20's are now being reduced by purchase at the rate of $10,000,000 per month.

The entire effect, therefore, of the New Loan, in connection with the existing Sinking Fund process of the Treasury, is to reduce both Principal and Interest of the Public Debt of the United States. *The Loan creates no additional supply of Government Stocks*, while the application of the surplus revenues derived in Gold from Customs is constantly lessening, as it has been doing for two years past, the Funded Stocks bearing six per cent. Gold Interest.

The 1st of May schedule of the Public Debt, which has just been published by the Secretary of the Treasury, shows a reduction in these Stocks since the April schedule of $13,215,700, and a further lessening of the yearly interest charge thereon of $793,942. This leaves the total yearly interest charge in Gold $111,982,034. In the same month the Treasury paid and canceled $2,470,000 of the Three per Cent. Currency Debt, reducing the whole of this debt bearing interest to $51,923,000, and the yearly interest charge thereon to $1,557,470.

The proposed further reduction of the annual interest charge upon the Public Debt by refunding is as follows:

By exchange of $500,000,000 United States six per cents for new five per cents of 1881.....	
By exchange of $300,000,000 United States six per cents for four and a half per cents of 1886.....	$5,000,000
By exchange of $700,000,000 United States six per cents for four per cents of 1901..	4,500,000
Total saving per annum by refunding..	14,000,000
	$23,500,000

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C. C. NORVELL,
In charge of United States Loan advertising.

TREASURY OFFICE,
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VEST-CASAQUE WALKING SUIT	" 48
DOUBLE-BREASTED SACQUE WALKING SUIT	" 49
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Vol. IV.

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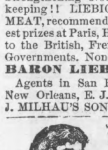

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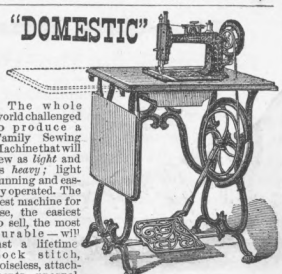

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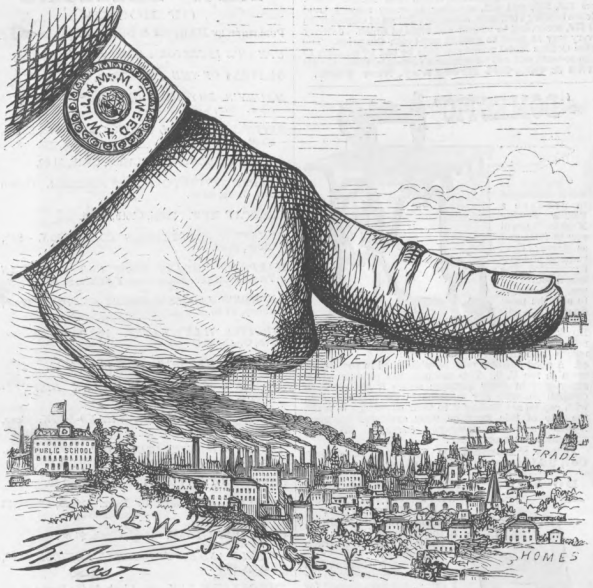

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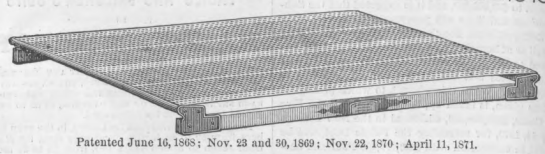

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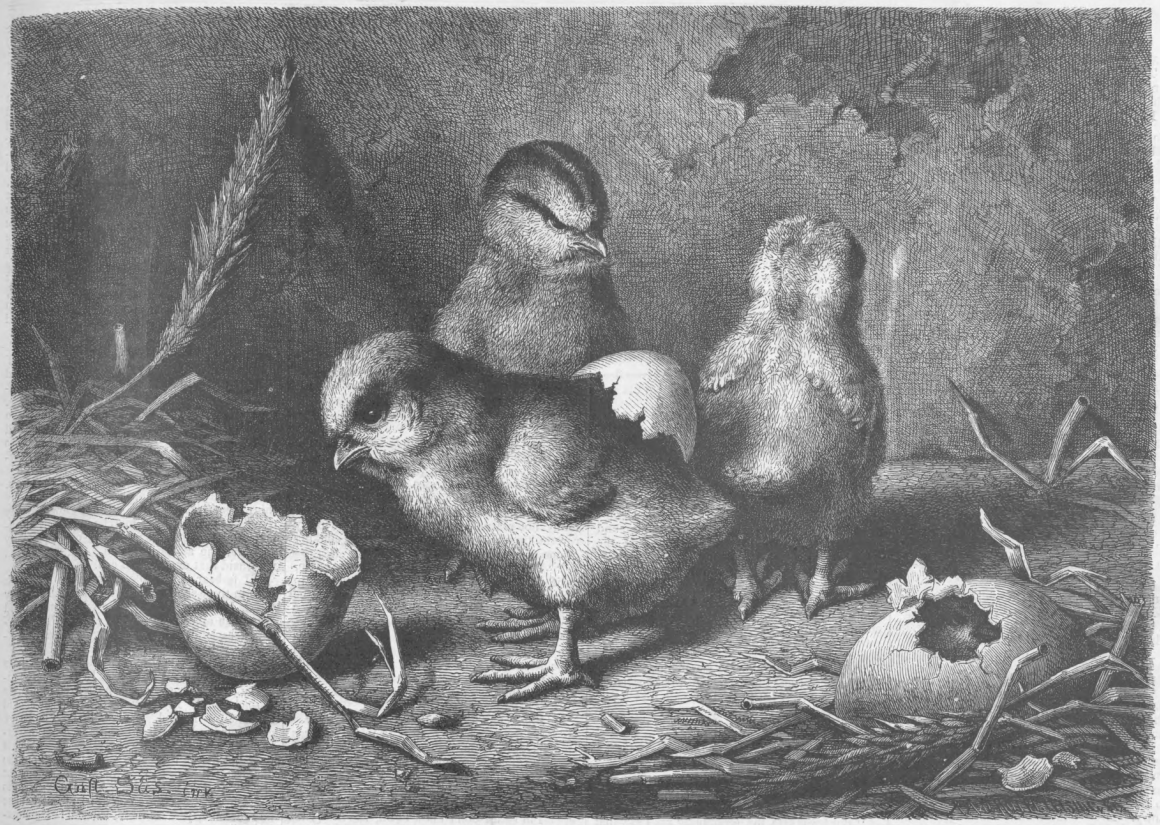

THE CHICKEN'S FIRST THOUGHT—"DID I COME OUT OF THAT?"—[SEE PAGE 538.]

READING THE BIBLE IN A BLACKSMITH'S SHOP.—[SEE PAGE 538.]

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THE OAK.

I WOULD I were like yonder oak,
That in grave gladness stands,
And stretches o'er the lowlier trees,
That cluster round his rugged knees,
His patriarchal hands.

To have the morn's first rosy kiss
Upon my dewy brow,
The latest smile of lingering day,
When all the fields are growing gray,
And she to night must bow.

To fall asleep when winter comes,
And dream of all things sweet,
Still full of leafy sap within,
And buds that newer life begin
With spring's impulsive heat.

To burst with joyous buds in spring,
Unfolding, green and bright,
Each opening leaf an upturned eye
To greet the cloud, the sun, the sky,
And revel in the light.

A leafy summer-house for birds;
An ever-welcome shade
Where toil may rest at noontide hour;
At even-tide a pleasant bower
For rustic swain and maid.

The storms would vainly on me beat,
Though roused in all their pride;
By thunder-peals not shook nor cowed,
The sudden bolt that rends the cloud
Would hardly scathe my side.

Nor would I live to cumber earth,
To feel the wintry blast
About my old and withered trunk,
In which my veins have dried and shrunk,
And fall a log at last;

But, hewn before my vigor fails,
Before my heart grows dry,
A happy-making life to live,
The pleasure sharing that I give,
And not in vain to die.

A CHICKEN'S FIRST THOUGHT.

THE attractive picture at the top of the preceding page is one of those quiet bits of country life in which every body takes pleasure. The treatment is peculiarly German, the original from which our engraving was made being from the hand of an artist of that nationality, who has achieved considerable fame in his own country. Every one who has had the good fortune to be in the country in the early summer must have seen just such pictures as this, when the old mother-hen proudly stepped from the nest followed by her toddling little brood; but very few besides a German would have thought of the quaint conceit expressed in the title. Young chickens, like little babies, sometimes look very grave and thoughtful, if not very wise; but it is doubtful if either chickens or babies trouble themselves much with abstruse theories of life. Only philosophers are foolish enough to do that.

READING THE BIBLE IN A SMITHY.

THIS interesting picture gives one an insight into one of the prime sources of that sturdy manhood and solidity of character which stood the Germans in such good stead during their recent conflict with the French. It represents the interior of a blacksmith's shop, and the time is probably Saturday afternoon. The labor of the week is over; to-morrow's bells will ring in the blessed day of rest—thrice welcome to those who have earned a right to its repose by a week of honest toil. The old blacksmith has laid aside his tools, and spread open upon the anvil the sacred volume from which he has learned how to live and how to die, his duty to his neighbor, his country, and his God. His grandson, a sturdy, honest-faced lad, has come in to listen to the reading and the old man's homely, practical explanations. Who can doubt that he will grow up a wiser and better man for these lessons in the book of books?

It is through such means that German manhood is nurtured. As a contrast to French frivolity and unbelief, the picture is a lesson and a warning, which we on this side of the ocean would do well to heed.

COPHETUA THE SECOND.

I.

"So—spliced at last, old fellow?" said I, shaking hands heartily with my friend Augustus Meadfoot, whom I met in Pall Mall.

"I am 'spliced,' as you say," replied Augustus, rather stiffly; "but Jack, dear boy, I wish you would be a little choicer in expression. Splicing—not to mention that it conveys the idea of some species of repair, of which, I do assure you, neither my wife nor myself stand in the slightest need—is too familiar. Marriage, Milford, independent of its exalted duties and soul-stirring responsibilities, is a solemn—a majestic—thing."

"I believe you—" I fear I was about to add "my boy." Luckily, I didn't, but added: "My dear Meadfoot, call it as we will, it is plain the process agrees with you. You look radiant."

"My lustre is not fictitious," replied Mr. Meadfoot. "There is nothing, as you know, Jack, artificial about me. I am the happiest man out. I will not say that my Alice is, like her namesake, all my fancy painted her, for fancy had nothing to do with the matter. I always felt that the mawkish booby jilted by Miss Grey was served perfectly right, for falling in what he called love with a girl he had never seen. No, no. I came, I saw, and—ahem!—was conquered," concluded Augustus, with a candid smile.

"You told me of your purpose, but never the young lady's name. Am I acquainted with her family?"

"I—I am inclined to think not," replied Augustus. "Do you know Spuddington-le-Street?"

"The Lestreets of Ruthyn Castle?"

"No, of North Lincolnshire. Spuddington-le-Street is the nearest village to Spuddington-the-Less, which has only three cottages and a beer-shop, and is as sweet and primitive a little settlement as any of which rural England can boast."

"There is a commendable absence of brag, in the fact that it does not appear even in Bradshaw."

"It does not. I discovered it in an ancient road-book," said Mr. Meadfoot, "which constituted the entire library of a little inn at which I happened to be storm-stayed. The directions for finding it were sufficiently complicated and obscure to awaken the highest interest. On the following morning, carrying with me three days' provisions, I set forth and found it. I was rewarded."

Augustus paused, as if lost in happy recollections. After a few moments, finding he did not speak, I recommenced the conversation.

"You encountered Miss—Miss—"

"Shortcake, there," replied Meadfoot. "I had taken a foot-path through some fields, principally attracted by the information that there was not only 'no thoroughfare,' but that spring-guns and man-traps were in profusion on the borders of a neighboring copse. Now, although not wholly unacquainted with man-traps, I knew nothing of the mechanism of a spring-gun, and instinctively accepted the challenge. At the corner of the copse, I came upon another obliging notification, 'Beware the brindled cow.' No such animal was at the moment in sight, but continuing to round the copse, I came suddenly upon a scene worthy of Watteau. A rustic maiden, seated on the three-legged stool of the period, was engaged in milking a particularly vicious and observant cow.

"Time was not allowed me to notice more. The brindled brute pinned me with its eyes, stood for a second as if petrified, then, with a kick that sent the milk-pail into the air in a cloud of white spray, and a wild stoop and flourish of the head, plunged furiously toward me. I saw the rustic maiden throw up her bare white arms, I heard a shriek, 'As you vally your life!' and, without pausing to make the calculation suggested, turned and leaped the deepest ditch and the prickliest hedge I ever met with in combination.

"But I was safe, for, scrambling up, I saw that the absurd animal had danced away to the other end of the meadow, where, in company with two quiet friends, and attended by an exceedingly small boy, she was grazing composedly as if nothing had happened.

"The demeanor of my maid-of-the-milking-pail was less satisfactory. She was standing, her hands pressed into her pretty sides, literally convulsed with laughter. 'I must stop this,' thought I, and, with what ease and dignity I could command, effected a sortie, and stood before her. Jack," continued Mr. Meadfoot, emphatically, "on my honor, that girl's beauty struck me like a sudden gush of light. Her fresh, flower-like face, her deep blue eyes, swimming with the tears of mirth, her milk-white teeth, of which a good many were visible, though the rather wide mouth, to do it justice, could contract itself at pleasure into the sweetest rose-bud you ever saw, her royal wealth of hair, about nine-tenths of which had escaped from the coarse kerchief supposed to bind it, then her lithe and yet (as you turf fellows phrase it) 'furnished' figure, these—ah, well," concluded Augustus, "the wisecare that announced man-traps beside that copse was not such a booby, after all."

"Here we are, opposite my club. Come in and taste our sherry," said I. "You must finish the story of the disguised princess before we part."

"The sequel is even of stronger interest," replied Mr. Meadfoot, "as the sultana remarked when not altogether certain that she would be allowed to live to finish it. Humph! This sherry is sound. Her health, bless her!"

"Amen. Whose?"

"Alice's. Patience; I wish to omit no particulars. I left my shepherdess speechless with laughter. My approach did not check her merriment.

"'Well, that were a queer start as ever I see,' she gasped, wiping her beautiful eyes with the corner of a very coarse apron. 'To see his boot-heels a-poppin' through the hedge. Oh my! oh my!' (Another peal of laughter.)

"'My dear girl,' I remonstrated.

"'I say, come, none o' that,' retorted the maiden, growing suddenly serious, with even a slight frown appearing on her smooth brow. 'Dear girl ain't my name.'

"'What is your name?'

"'Hen or Hem, as the case may be.' (A demure courtesy.)

"'May I, at least, be allowed to ask where you live?' I inquired, piqued, but interested.

"'Ho yes, sure,' replied my Perdita. 'I 'angs out, as Tom Turbary says, at Uncle Grumball's, down yeer.' And she pointed backward with her thumb toward a hovel in the distance.

"'Your excellent uncle resides in that—edifice?' I exclaimed.

"'No, he don't reside in the cow-h'us. Farm's ahind the copse. But, deary me, whatever shall we do about the milk?' (touching the prostrate pail with her bare white foot. Though not small, it might have served for a sculptor's model). 'Oh, Sir, 'twas all along of you coming so sudden upon Damson, which never see a gent in shiny boots afore.'

"'Do all the pretty feet in this neighborhood go bare?' I ventured to ask.

"'There ain't none but mine,' she said, simply; and pressing one of them down into the spongy green surface of the meadow, she brought it up white and pure as the milk that had just been shed there. 'Well, I must walk my chalks, as Tom Turbary says,' continued my sylvan goddess with a sigh.

"'Who the d——, I mean, who is this Turbary, whose choice expressions you seem to relish so highly?'

"The damsel drew up her lithe form.

"'Tom Turbary is him which keeps company with me—leastways, wants to' (blessed qualification!), 'and wouldn't never see me carrying all these things—pails, and stool, an' all—without saying, "Let me help 'ee,"' remarked Perdita, with a quick side-glance of her blue eye.

"'My darling child! I—I beg pardon.' I was shocked at my own remissness. I hastily added: 'In Mr. Turbary's, no doubt, unavoidable absence, and in his language, let *me* help 'ee.'

"'That's you,' said Perdita, briskly.

"I hardly thought it *was* me as I trudged along, carrying the pails, which the damsel imperiously confided to me, instead of the stool, which I should have preferred.

"'You have many a pleasant walk with Mr.—Turbary, I suppose—eh?' I inquired.

"'Hah! A many. Specially nuttin' time,' was the reply.

"'And he is very agreeable?'

"'Talks o' turmots, and such like.'

"'Clever, is he?'

"'Understands beastesses. Knows a good cow when he sis her,' replied the nymph, carelessly.

"The range of Mr. Turbary's abilities was certainly not alarming. I fell into a momentary reverie, from which I was aroused by the clinking of one of my cans against a gate-post.

"'Woa! Steady there!' said my lovely guide, as if addressing a horse. 'We can't afford to lose any more milk to-day. Farm's just round the next corner. Ha! ha! ha! If Tom could see me being helped by a swell, as he calls it!'

"'Swell as I am, I can collapse at pleasure, as you have seen,' said I, quietly lifting the wooden yoke from my shoulders, and placing the half-filled cans in safety on the ground. 'And now, before we part, won't you tell me your name?'

"'Alice Shortcake, sure.'

"'Shake hands, Alice, dear Alice.'

"She put her hand frankly in mine. It was singularly small and soft, and out of harmony, I felt, with the girl's condition in life.

"'What makes your hands so white?' I asked, half angrily.

"She snatched it quickly back.

"'I'm sure I don't know at all,' she said, ruefully rubbing it hard with the other. 'I s'pose it's the milk. But,' brightening up, 'they're better in winter. I has chilblains awful.'

"'Alice, dear, I am very much obliged to Damson. She has given me a very happy half hour. I am sorry it is over.'

"'So am I,' said Perdita, very softly, and without raising her eyes.

"'Good-by, dear.'

"'Good-by.'

"'But I must see your eyes.'

"'Well, there!'

"They flashed up bluely, and fell again, not, however, before I had detected a crystal drop on each lower lid, awaiting orders. A sudden impulse seized me.

"'Alice, darling, do you love—that is, intend to marry—this Tom Turbary?'

"'I hate 'm—in that way,' said the girl, with almost savage earnestness, which left no doubt of her sincerity.

"'And will you be his wife?'

"'Not if I knows it, as T—T—Tom—'

"But, in speaking, she burst into a passion of tears.

"'Now, Alice dear, one question more. Shall I go on my way?'

"No answer. Lids down, cheeks crimson, slight heave of the fair bosom.

"'Do you wish me to stay?'

"'Can't say—but what—I does,' was the half-whispered reply.

"'I almost wish you couldn't,' I thought. But if the grammar was loose, the sense was perfect. 'Alice, dear, do you know what I am thinking of?'

"'Damson,' coquettishly.

"'Do you know what I desire most in the world? To marry Alice Shortcake.'

"'Oh law!'

"'Even so, my darling. Marriage law. What say you?'

"Alice looked up with eyes laughing through tears.

"'To think that you should 'a been afeerd o' Damson. (Oh, them boot-heels!) Why, you're the boldest gentleman I ever did heer tell on. You doesn't know me from Haddam.'

"'That we are both descended from that stock is enough for me,' I said. 'Ignorance, Alice, is the misfortune I am seeking to remedy. Help me. Do you like me, Alice?'

"'Very much indeed,' said my candid shepherdess.

"'Is my being a gentle—that is, as Mr. Turbary would call it, a swell, very much against me?'

"'Likes 'n, rather'n not.'

"'Then you will be my wife?'

"'No I woan't,' was the reply. 'Leastways, not now.'

"'When, Alice?'

"'Listen,' said the girl, raising her blue eyes at last, and fixing them steadily on mine. 'Don't ye come aneer me, nor write to me, nor even think of me, if you can help it, for three months. Then, if you still remember Alice Shortcake, I won't say but you'll find her where you seen her first, in the meadow by the copse, a-milking Cowslip (which is quieter than Damson), about sunset. Go now, Sir, if you please. That's *your* road,' alongside the hedge, past the pound where the donkey is—and—(well—God bless 'ee, anyways)—here's *mine*.'

"The white feet went twinkling down the road. I was alone.

"Well, Jack, I have little more to add, but that's significant. As luck would have it, I found in the incumbent of the adjoining parish my old college friend, Hyndman. He introduced me to the curate of Spuddington, who was well acquainted with the respectable old Grumballs, and knew the bright creature who had, from a child, been the light of their house, as she was now the aid and the solace of their declining years. Alice had been sought in marriage by every celibate clod within a radius of ten miles; nay, even the remote market-town of Ditchingford had sent its suitor. All in vain. Mr. Thomas Turbary's chances had indeed been spoken of as fair, but the opinion was found to originate with himself, and to be devoid of any more foundation than that old Mr. Grumball had, for some time, owed him (Mr. Turbary) a 'little matter of money.'

"Jack, you know what I have always said. Simplicity and truth for me. I am wearied of the artificiality of what is ironically termed 'good society,' its polished hypocrisies, its gilded meanness, its immeasurable falsehood, its smiling hate. What if you sometimes lose in refinement? You are royally repaid in truth. Leave your educated sweets, your delicate human exotics, for those who prize such fribble. The hardy, honest wayside flower for me.

"Sir, I returned to Spuddington-the-Less. On that day three months, at set of sun, my shiny boots reflected his parting glow as they rounded the copse, and marched, without flinching, straight upon a group of cows, patiently awaiting the attentions of the whitest-fingered milkmaid that ever jingled can.

"I forbear to describe the meeting. Enough that, in three short weeks, which seemed as many years, I married Alice Shortcake, my friend Hyndman officiating, and my ex-rival, Tom Turbary (resplendent in a bottle-green coat) enacting the part of best man.

"What happened to my darling during those three months I can not say. In grace and propriety of manner she might have lived in a circle of duchesses! My only terror is that she should become too refined. Except in little faults of grammar, and occasional expressions of the Turbarian school—which I correct jocosely—Alice is perfect, Sir—perfect. As I said before, I am the happiest fellow extant. Come down to our cot at Hammersmith, and see. The honey-moon is is not over, but you are an old friend. Thanks; no more sherry. Hi there, hansom! Hammersmith."

II.

The next day but one, I visited the married turtles. Meadfoot was alone, in the front garden.

"She has run in for a moment," he said, "but will be down directly. A little nervous, you see, at first, in society that she— Do you know she asked me twice at breakfast how she should behave! I was a little impatient the second time, and answered: 'Exactly as is most natural to you, Alice. I wish my friend to see and know precisely whom I have married, without artifice or affectation of any kind.' Here she comes!"

Mrs. Meadfoot came tripping along the path, holding out both her pretty hands. She was in appearance all—and more than all—her husband had depicted her. But her first words startled me a little:

"Well, Jack, how's yourself?"

"My dear! my dear!" said Augustus, rather hastily, "Mr. Milford is only 'Jack' to his male friends! And, inasmuch as he can not be any body but himself, a little less stress, my darling, on the personal pronoun."

The pretty lips pouted for a moment, then parted, a sunny smile revealing the whitest teeth imaginable.

"How tired you must be!" Alice continued. "Especially if you stumped it all this way."

"Ahem!" said Meadfoot.

"My dear?" said Alice, opening her innocent blue eyes.

"Nature, darling, made man a walking, not a stumping, animal."

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" said the beautiful creature, corrected; "I done as I was bid."

"I trust, my love, that you will never 'don' any body. What you may *do* is another grammatical question altogether," replied her husband.

Alice looked a little puzzled; but a topic being started on which she conversed with perfect ease and propriety, both recovered their equanimity, and Meadfoot was evidently delighted at the impression his little wife was making on me.

"Well," he remarked, presently, "I must leave you two together for a few minutes, while I dispatch my letters." And with a glance at once tender and cautionary, he went into the house.

Mrs. Meadfoot continued the conversation, and, without the slightest effort or display, positively astonished me with her intelligence and mental culture. In a few minutes we were summoned in to lunch, and here again all went charmingly until Alice, as if suddenly recollecting her duties as hostess, asked me if I would not take some more "swizzle."

"My love!" ejaculated Augustus, much shocked. "'Swizzle!' You seem to have reserved some most extraordinary conversational gems for my friend. Bitter beer, if you please. Bit-ter beer."

"Oh, now, Augustus, dear, you told me," pleaded Alice's sweet full voice, her eyes brimful of tears.

"Told you, darling? Told you to be vulgar?"

"No, no, dear. Natural. 'Exactly as was most natural,' you said. So I tried to remember the words I used when I was natural, and hadn't

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learned a bit. And oh! I couldn't think of any more!" Another sob.

"Well, well, my love," said Meadfoot, laughing heartily; "Milford, having now learned your natural gifts, may prefer the acquired. But, oh —yes..... Good Heaven! it is that woman!" he continued, rising hastily, much disturbed, as a coroneted carriage, drawn by magnificent bays, drew up at the gate.

Alice, blushing like a very rose, seemed to partake of her husband's annoyance, and, either from a sign from him, or from an impulse of her own, vanished from the room.

"It is my aunt-godmother, the dowager Countess of Haughtington," Meadfoot explained; "the proudest woman on earth, and the only visitor I dread. She heard of my marriage, was furious, and now honors us with this early visit, impatient to wound my poor little rustic wife with her refined sarcasms, or crush her with her haughty condescension. Excuse me, Jack; I shall not be long. She shall have no lunch, if she stops a fortnight," added Augustus, spitefully, as he left the room.

The countess (he afterward told me) met him with the sweet but rather diabolical smile well known to her enemies—and these were not a few —as meaning mischief. She had, moreover, a cordial manner of extending her arms, which forcibly recalled that famous instrument of execution which, using the same gesture, folded the criminal to a bosom richly set with spikes five inches long.

"How shall I plead for pardon?" demanded the kind lady, sweetly. "Dearest Augustus! My jealousy lest any one should welcome my lovely niece before me compelled me to forestall permission. I am positively wretched till I hold her in my arms."

"Your misery, my dear aunt," said Meadfoot, quietly, "shall last no longer than your niece requires to take off her cooking-apron, smooth her hair, and practice the courtesy with which she, no doubt, intends to meet your ladyship's condescension."

"You are jesting, I suppose," said Lady Haughtington. "But, in any case, why this preparation? True elegance and refinement are independent of such aids."

"My wife was a dairy-maid and farm-servant," said Augustus, slowly, looking his aunt in the face. "And your ladyship knows it."

The countess colored slightly, and if, as asserted, people do sometimes "look daggers," the point of a very sharp one glistened for a second in her eye. But she sheathed it instantly. War was not her game.

"My boy, I do know it," she replied, in a tone of condolence that was not entirely hypocritical. "Well, I will not say that I rejoiced. The noblest blood of England can not see itself suddenly allied to the poorest without repugnance. But there! it is a fact accomplished. And now," she added, with a bewitching frankness that would have deceived any but the fore-armed, "I have a petition. Will you grant it?"

"I am too sensible of your friendship, my dear aunt, to refuse any thing you are likely to ask," replied that humbug Augustus.

"Accord me, then, the pleasant duty of introducing this wild rose of yours into those circles where her fresh, uncultivated loveliness, her natural grace and sweet simplicity, will place her at once among the most admired."

"In other words," said Meadfoot, calmly, "take possession of my wife while yet unaltered in her rustic thoughts and ways, and, in revenge for the connection I have given you, make her, through her supposed vulgarity, her ignorance, her awkward demeanor and dowdy attire, the laughing-stock of every acquaintance of your ladyship—and I fear they are many—whose selfish souls can batten on such food. Calm yourself, if you please, Lady Haughtington. I do but repeat your own incautious words, reported to me by one on whose word I can rely. Quickly as you have found us, my dear aunt, your kindly purpose has, you see, been beforehand with you."

Lady Haughtington rose up, white with rage.

"You are right, Sir," she hissed through her set teeth. "That was my purpose. Do you imagine that any thing less could have induced me to cross that threshold? That any thing but hate —unmitigated hate and biting revenge—could have tempted me to look upon the vacuous visage of this dairy-wench, this farm drudge, this barefooted beggar-girl, whom you — King Cophetua the Second—have plucked from the ditch to make your wife? You miserable fool, farewell! I have done with you."

"Will you not see my wife, Lady Haughtington?" asked Meadfoot. "In the society of which your ladyship is the most distinguished ornament courtesy, I think, suggests—"

"I will not see her. My carriage, Sir."

"But she is here," said her nephew, as Alice, simply but tastefully dressed, tripped into the room with the grace of a princess. Augustus thought he had never seen her look so fair.

The countess, watching at the window for her carriage, did not deign to move.

Stepping forward, Meadfoot took his wife's hand and drew her toward the window.

"My wife, Lady Haughtington, expects your greeting."

The countess turned like a tigress brought to bay. What passionate words the high-bred lady would have permitted herself to utter can only be surmised, for, as her flashing eyes fell upon Alice, their fury died away. Her whole aspect changed. The flush of anger gave way to a deadly pallor, and the whole stately figure quivered for an instant as if about to fall.

"Who—what—is this? Rosa!" she gasped out, faintly. The lips remained open, as if further utterance failed.

"My name is Alice."

"Voice, too; eyes, lips, hair! Child, your mother's name? Speak! What was she called?"

"I never knew her," said Alice; "but"—taking a locket miniature from her bosom—"here is her likeness, and here, at the back, two letters, R. V."

"Rosa Vavasour!" murmured the countess, with deep emotion. "It is the finger of Heaven. I need not ask you how they knew this to be your mother's face. Are you not her living image?"

"You knew her, aunt?" asked Meadfoot, eagerly.

"Knew her! She was my sister: that Aunt Rosa whose name and memory have been so banished from our tongues and hearts that it is little wonder you have forgotten such a being ever had existence. She was the very jewel of our hearts, but she made a mean and secret marriage, and we cast her off. They died in poverty, unnoticed, unforgiven, and their one child—we knew that one had been born to them—was adopted by some compassionate neighbor in the sequestered village in which they had resided under a borrowed name. We never sought the orphan, rejoicing, in our pride, that she should be thus, as it were, cut off from our line. But, Augustus, Providence has rebuked and overruled our selfish ends. You have been directed to the orphan's home. You have married your *cousin*. Forgive me, both of you," concluded the countess, shedding, for once in a way, genuine tears, as she folded Alice in her arms. "I lament my pride and passion. Henceforth, my children, give me what love you can, as I, in all sincerity, offer you mine."

Among the presentations at a drawing-room that occurred shortly after the interview above described I noticed, "The Honorable Mrs. Meadfoot, on her marriage, by her aunt, the Countess of Haughtington."

FRANCE UNDER THE INVADER.

A FRENCH member of the International Society for the Relief of the Wounded, who made the campaign of the Loire with the army of General Chanzy, gives the following sad and touching pictures of the desolations caused by the war:

The drain on all the resources of the country caused by the influx of such vast numbers of men, and the individual acts of brutality committed, formed a grievous addition to the sufferings of the people. The large requisitions soon exhausted every province visited by the armies, although the cantonments were carefully selected, and the number of men quartered in each place was always in approximate proportion to its size and resources. The wonderful organization of the German commissariat, and the regularity with which supplies were forwarded, averted the famine which would otherwise have been inevitable. Yet none but an eye-witness can understand what a scourge the presence of the immense armies of our day is to a country.

The people of Marchenoir, St. Léonard, and Oucques, and those living on the road between Beaugency and Vendôme, may be truly said not to have had a moment's repose from the 10th to the 31st of December. The whole night through they were on the *qui vive*, being not unfrequently obliged to turn out of their beds in order to make room for the enemy, and set out in the snow and rain in search of shelter in some shed or stable. Their houses were overrun day and night by soldiers, who passed their days in eating, drinking, and making a noise, and often ended by ransacking every hole and corner, and carrying off whatever they could lay hands on. I saw women and old men who during this time had been driven mad through sheer fright, and I know that others died from the hardships they had had to endure. At the commencement of the campaign plundering was comparatively a rare offense, and was even punished with some severity, but latterly it became quite habitual, and the officers did not venture to attempt to stop it. The men used to sell their spoils to the sutlers who followed the army, and the possibility of always realizing a little sum in this way accounts for the curious articles they occasionally took. A metronome, for instance, which had been stolen at Orleans, was left behind at Ouzouer by a soldier.

Peasants who attempted to protect their property from depredation generally met with ill usage, for the Germans are rough by nature, and even women and children did not always escape blows at their hands; but it would be false to say that violence and theft were the rule. A hundred thousand pillagers among a million of men are enough to account for the greatest outrages. The behavior of the Germans differed very widely according to the district they came from, and depended also a good deal on the example set them by their officers. For while the Third Army Corps imitated the savage violence of Prince Frederick Charles and his staff, and while the Mecklenburgers and the Pomeranians stole plate and even women's clothing from the houses of Oucques, and stopped men in the street to take the very shoes from their feet, the Ninth Army Corps imitated the gentleness, courtesy, and dignity of General Von Manstein's staff, and fifty thousand Rhinelanders, Hanoverians, and Saxons passed through Ouzouer-le-Marché without doing more devastation than our own army would have done. The Pomeranians, Poles, Silesians, East Prussians, and Bavarians were the most cruel, and any one falling into their hands, particularly those of the Bavarians, was almost certain to be roughly treated. I speak from experience, for I saw some of their doings at Raucourt, in the Ardennes. Many who were originally good and gentle became coarse and rapacious by the force of sheer ignorance. They seemed to take a sort of stupid pleasure in destroying and breaking, and were so undisciplined that their officers, who are more humane than the Prussians, possessed little authority over them. On the other hand, I willingly testify to the consideration with which the soldiers of Brandenburg, Saxony, Hanover, and the Rhenish provinces behaved to the people. The Saxons especially were remarkable for their humanity. I was told by some wounded Frenchmen, after the battle of Privat, that the Saxons, with whom they had just been fighting, on seeing them fall, ran up and raised them from the ground, and embraced them with tears in their eyes; and there were Saxons wounded at the battle of Sedan who said to me: "At last we are disabled, and shall be sent back to Germany without seeing more of these horrors. Thank God, we have not fired a single shot; yet we have not intentionally shunned danger, though we have not to reproach ourselves with any fellow-creature's death."

The most remarkable feature of the campaign was the respect paid by the Germans to women; and this is a national virtue, and one to which in a great measure the Germanic race owes its power. Individual outrages may have been perpetrated, but not one came under my notice in the long course of my seven months' experience, neither did I hear one testified to as a positive fact. Every where, on the contrary, I saw women treated with true respect, in a manner that astonished the French soldiers, who, on several occasions remarked to me, "We should have behaved rather differently if we had been in their place." As for the children, from the first day they were fast friends with the Germans. If there was nothing to eat in a house, and complaints were made "à cause des enfants," the whole family was sure to be supplied with food. The soldiers played with the children, went about with them, and got them to give them lessons in French; and more than once the presence of children in a house was sufficient to convert the enemies into friends. They would begin to talk of their own children, showing on their fingers how they had "one, two, three," and "so big," showing with their hand how tall each was. Religious feeling and patriotism often went hand in hand with this family-love. On the banks of the Loire they still fought in imagination "für Deutschland's Vertheidigung," and almost every man bore the motto "Mit Gott, für König und Vaterland" in his heart as well as on his helmet. On the other hand, there was a good deal of superstition mingled with their religion. A great many of them, for instance, carried about a strange, uncouth prayer, which they believed to have fallen from heaven in the seventeenth century, and which was considered a protection against both the enemies' balls and the bite of mad dogs. It must be owned that there were not a few who contrived to reconcile violence and pillage with their devotion; but I met numbers whose piety, *naïve* as it seemed, was nevertheless truly noble and sincere. On one occasion the Roman Catholic chaplain of the ambulance gave a consecrated medal to a wounded German. When he left, the man said to the surgeon, "Your chaplain is very kind, but the medal is not of much use to me; I had two already, and they did not prevent me from getting my leg broken. But," he added, holding up a New Testament I had given him the day before, "this has helped me to pass some happy hours." There was not one that entered our ambulance but asked for a Testament, and read it devoutly every morning. I was well aware of the high level to which instruction had reached in Germany, but I had no notion before this campaign to what an extraordinary extent the national intelligence had been developed by the universal spread of instruction. For instance, almost all the soldiers had pocket-books, in which they made notes on the campaign. They could not only read, but were fond of reading, and every one could write. The clearness and vigor of their understanding were a continual source of surprise, and made it a real pleasure to talk to them; while the fullness and accuracy which characterized any information that they gave me showed in the most convincing manner how deep down in the social strata the critical spirit, which is the glory of German science, has penetrated. In describing a battle they would always draw a clear distinction between what they knew from their own personal experience or on reliable authority, and what they had gathered from mere hearsay. They were just in their appreciation of the French, and always ready to recognize any real superiority either in their tactics or method of fighting, and in their courage. All which convinces me that in many respects it is not too much to say that, comparing the two sides, the Germans were like men fighting with children. In the ambulance their opposite qualities showed themselves in the strongest light. Vices which were developed on the battle-field disappeared on the bed of suffering, and the noble side of human nature came to view. Above all we were struck by the warm gratitude the Germans expressed for the care they received, and the unfailing patience with which they endured suffering. The only two Uhlans whom we nursed were the best fellows in the world. Whether previous depredations had left them no unsatisfied wants I do not know; but I do know that they would accept no money from us at parting, and even insisted on returning the slippers which I had lent them from the ambulance stores. Our wounded all ended by becoming our true friends, and hardly a man left us without shedding tears. The energy and resignation displayed by our patients, with very rare exceptions, were quite remarkable, and greatly facilitated the task of nursing them. An instance or two of this I can not forbear relating.

At Coulmiers I found a young lieutenant of the Bavarian artillery with his thigh-bone fractured by a ball. He was lying on the ground when I found him, quite still and motionless, with his head resting on his arm, and without uttering a sound. "Are you in pain?" I asked. "Yes, very great." "Would you like to be moved?" "Do as you will; I am in your power; it is for you to decide." I moved him with some difficulty, and placed him on a carriage. A French colonel, with the most perfect courtesy, handed him his sword, which he had forgotten; the lieutenant raised himself, and thanked him with a smile. Throughout the whole of that tedious and trying journey he endured terrible agony, but not a word escaped his lips; and during the three months he remained under my care I never heard him utter a single complaint. We had a Bavarian soldier who was even more seriously wounded, his right leg having been shattered, and the left thigh-bone completely fractured close to the hip—both injuries apparently mortal. After the bones had been set, and the wounds dressed for the first time, he shook us cordially by the hand, and said, "Try to save me, for I am an only son." This brave fellow passed a whole month without sleep, and bore inconceivable sufferings without ever complaining. Though originally a big, robust man, his sufferings reduced him to a mere skeleton; in the end, however, his brave spirit gained the victory, and he recovered.

And yet this man of iron constitution had within him an almost feminine sensibility and tenderness; he could never speak of his country or his family without tears, nor see one of us go away without similar emotion. On Christmas-eve he said to me, "What day of the month is it?" "The 24th." "How many there are who will not spend Christmas at home!" he replied, the great tears running down his cheeks. One of our surgeons witnessed another striking instance of the same power of resignation.

On the evening of the battle of Coulmiers he said to a young wounded officer whom he found lying in one of the rooms, "Where are you wounded?" "It's useless to ask; my wound is mortal; it is here," he added, pointing to his stomach. The surgeon examined and dressed it, trying at the same time to re-assure him, though his condition was quite hopeless. A priest who was present asked the young man if he were a Roman Catholic? "No." Our surgeon then found a Protestant chaplain, and brought him to his side. "I told you I was not a Roman Catholic," said the young officer, "but I am not a Protestant either; I have lived till now without religion, and so I shall die;" and he turned to the wall without betraying in a single muscle of his face the horrible moral and physical sufferings he must have been enduring. He said, if I remember right, that he was the son of a Bavarian embassador in Paris.

COUNT RUMFORD.

IT is sometimes sarcastically said that the world knows nothing of its greatest men; but the truth of the saying is not unfrequently illustrated in sober fact. Who, among the majority of ordinary folk, has ever heard of Benjamin Thompson, Count of Rumford? And it would be difficult—nay, impossible—to mention any philosopher, statesman, and philanthropist, all in one, of whom so little is known. The great characteristic of Rumford is that, while he was a philosopher, he was eminently a practical philosopher. Rumford did not write merely speculative essays, or simply propound abstruse theories. He was, above all others, the philosopher of common things. He made the feeding, clothing, warming, and sheltering of mankind sciences in themselves. The comprehensiveness of his grasp was amazing. In looking over the list of the subjects of his essays and researches we range from the "Force of fired Gunpowder," "Naval Signals," or the "Harmony of Colors," to the "Philosophy of Cooking" and the "Preparation of cheap Soups, Indian Puddings, Macaroni, Potato Salads," etc. At one time we find him discussing, as learnedly as the Astronomer Royal, the movements of the molecules of a heated fluid, and the chemical properties of light; at another, the pleasure of eating and drinking, and the means that may be employed for increasing it. Rumford was commissioned by the Elector of Bavaria to reorganize the Bavarian army. He studied the philosophy of cookery, and made experiments on the nourishing qualities of different kinds of food, with a view to feeding the men as well and as economically as possible. He determined the best material for the soldier's clothing; and, to this end, he first considered the function of clothing, and found that in winter it should resist the escape of the animal heat to the cooler atmosphere, and thus maintain the body at the temperature required. For this purpose a non-conductor—or, at least, a bad conductor—of heat is required. The relative conducting power of different clothing materials being in his time unknown, he constructed a theoretical soldier in the shape of a thermometer, which he could clothe with the materials he wished to test, and in this manner he obtained the results. Benjamin Thompson began life in extreme poverty—was a poor teacher in a colonial village school; yet, step by step, he rose to such honor and distinction that, when the Elector of Bavaria was forced to fly from Munich, the temporary sovereignty was handed over, with plenary powers, to Count Rumford, and he wielded his authority with complete success. He practically solved great social problems, which now, after a lapse of over seventy years, are puzzling the brains of modern wiseacres. He abolished mendicity from a country where beggars absolutely swarmed. He succeeded in making the rogues and vagabonds of Bavaria pay all the expenses of their food, clothing, and lodging, and leave a handsome balance over and above. He provided for the poor without poor-rates. He was, in short, a great statesman, a practical soldier, a skillful mechanic and engineer, a successful philanthropist, and a real philosopher.

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MEMORIES OF DISTINGUISHED AUTHORS.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

By S. C. HALL.

THE BIRTH-PLACE OF SOUTHEY.

IT was not my happy destiny to know much of ROBERT SOUTHEY—the man of all the men of letters of my time I most revere; yet it is something to have conversed and corresponded with that truly great man—a lofty poet, a sound teacher, a thorough Christian, who, if he never wrote a line that "dying he might wish to blot," certainly never penned a sentence that was not intended to do good. He was not a Christian in theory only; he practiced *all* the virtues inculcated by the precepts and example of his Divine Master; and the less assured believer may refer to him as one of the many great intellectual lights who had faith in the Divinity of the Saviour, and in the Gospel as a direct gift from God. Who shall say how much, in the perilous time of prevalent infidelity in which he lived, he dispelled doubts and destroyed skepticism, by exhibiting a man who had read and thought extensively and deeply, seeking for truth in every occult as well as open source—who was not a missionary by profession, nor a teacher of whom instruction was demanded as a duty—declaring implicit belief in Christianity, and thus confirming and strengthening thinkers and reasoners comparatively weak in faith?

I desire to do justice to the memory of this illustrious man, chiefly because he was a man of letters *by profession:* it was his pride so to proclaim himself. There is "a craft," of which he is the chief (I have the honor to be a humble member of it), which numbers many thousands, who derive honorable independence solely from literary labor; "whose *ways*," to borrow a sentence from Southey, "are as broad as the Queen's high-road, but whose *means* lie in an inkstand." It can not fail to cheer and encourage all such to consider the career of Robert Southey; so useful to every class that came under his influence; at once so high and so humble; so honorable, so independent, so pure; so brave, yet so conciliating; so prudent, yet so generous; so careful of all home duties; so truly the idol of a household; so just in all his dealings with fellow-men; so rational in the expenditure of time; so lavish in distributing good in thought, word, and deed; so true to man, and so faithful to God!

The family of Southey was originally—as far back as the poet could trace its history—settled at Wellington, in Somersetshire, where their "heads" appear to have been small farmers or substantial yeomen. His father was a linen-draper at Bristol, where the poet was born on the 12th August, 1774. The house is still standing in Wine Street: I have engraved it. It has not undergone much alteration, except that what was formerly one house is now divided into two.

Chiefly by the help of a maternal uncle, the Rev. Herbert Hill, Southey was sent, in 1788, to Westminster School; and in 1792 was entered at Balliol College, Oxford. His boy-teaching had been obtained at Corston, near Bristol. In 1793 he visited the school "when it had ceased to be one," and that visit induced a poem, entitled "The Retrospect," which shows, however much he may have wandered from the right road to happiness, the seed of goodness was fructifying in his soul. It is dated 1794, and addressed to "Edith," his after wife. These are the concluding lines:

"My path is plain and straight, that light is given,
Onward in faith, and leave the rest to Heaven."

In 1836, accompanied by his son Cuthbert, Southey visited his old haunts in Bristol, and was entertained by Joseph Cottle, who had published his "Joan of Arc" in 1793. He had forgotten nothing—not even a by-way!—in the city of his birth. Let us imagine his feelings, so long after the battle had been fought and the victory won, and when, by universal accord, he was recognized among the foremost men of his age and country. Sixty-two years had passed since his birth, and nearly fifty since he had gone out into the world to find the road to fame. He was a way-worn, though not a way-wearied, man, for life had been pleasant to him, and he had trodden mostly in the paths of peace; but he had a long career of struggles passed, obstacles encountered, and difficulties overcome, to look back upon, as he stood before that tradesman's house in Wine Street, and walked among his fellow-citizens, few of whom knew the glory he conferred upon their city, and the intellectual wealth he had acquired—to lavish it on mankind. Probably, in that great capital of commerce, he would have excited more homage if he had been a prosperous sugar-baker; but if that thought had come to him, which we venture to say it did not, it would not have kept away the God-given happiness with which he reviewed his past, or have lessened his gratitude for the mercy that had kept him active in His service for nearly half a century of life. He visited the school-house where he had been taught fifty-five years ago. Fifty-five years ago! His teachers, no doubt, had gone home long before, and we are not told that there were any to greet him, in the streets or in the houses of magnanimous Bristol! But we are free in fancy to picture the venerable white-headed man wearing his crown of glory, conscious of his triumphs, and going back, back—with the pride that God sanctions and approves—into the long past.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

He was, in a manner, compelled to leave Westminster, his "crime" being that he had written "a sarcastic attack upon corporal punishment," at which the self-accused head-master took mortal offense; and on that ground he was refused admission to Christ-church, which thus lost the glory that would have clung to it for all time—conferring it on Balliol.

In 1791, while at college, having made the acquaintance of Coleridge, they entered into the Utopian scheme of "Pantisocracy," agreeing to become emigrants to the New World; "to purchase land by common contributions, to be cultivated by their common labor"—and so forth. However much of thoughtless folly there was in the project, it certainly originated in benevolence; and that it met the earnest advocacy of Southey is only evidence of large and genuine love of his kind. Fortunately it was abandoned, mainly by the wise advice of good Joseph Cottle, the first publisher of Southey, Coleridge, and Wordsworth, to whose volume of "Recollections" I have referred in writing of Coleridge. By him "Joan of Arc" was published in 1793.

Southey was married to Edith Fricker on the 14th November, 1795, at Redcliff Church, Bristol; her sister having been wedded to the poet Coleridge. It was a marriage of pure affection, without a worldly thought, scarcely with a worldly hope; and it endured unbroken and undiminished through a varied and trying lifetime of forty-two years.

In 1801 Coleridge was residing at Greta Hall, close to Keswick, in Cumberland; he described to Southey the attractions of the locality: "A fairer scene you have not seen in all your wanderings" (Southey had but recently returned from Portugal); and to that house, in 1805, Southey removed. There he dwelt all the remainder of his days; and in the neighboring church-yard of Crosthwaite he is buried.

There were a few friends in the neighborhood—many far off, with whom to correspond—with beautiful scenery, the wonderful works of God in rich abundance all about him, and a library full of the books he loved—all his own!

In 1813, by the death of Pye, the Laureateship became vacant, and the appointment was conferred upon Southey, having been, however, previously offered to, and declined by, Walter Scott; and, for the first time, the office, instead of conferring dignity, received it from the holder. Southey's successors have been Wordsworth and Tennyson.

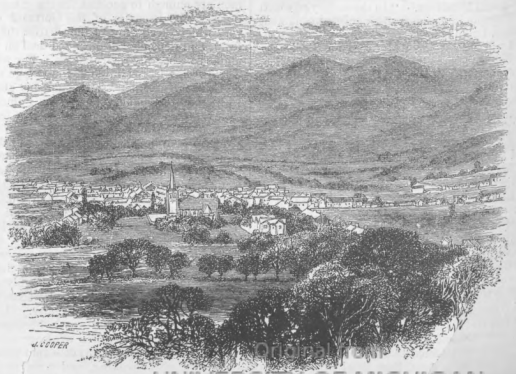
It is needless to give, even in outline, a history of the full life of Southey: its main facts are well known; yet some notes I may offer in prefacing my slight personal Memory of the great and good man. His first work, the drama of "Wat Tyler," written when he was a mere youth, haunted by visions of imaginary freedom, has been, for more than half a century, a subject of irrational censure; and because he repented him of the evil, he has been branded as a traitor and renegade by men who were utterly incapable of comprehending the change that time and reason—and surely it is not too much to say Providence—had wrought in the mind and heart of the poet. To call Southey a renegade is tantamount to calling the Apostle Paul an apostate.

THE FALL OF LODORE.

Byron had "a sort of insane and rabid hatred" of Southey; but the Laureate was an overmatch for the chief "of the Satanic school." He "sent a stone from his sling that smote the Goliath in the forehead." When in 1817, in the House of Commons, William Smith, of Norwich, branded "Wat Tyler" as "the most seditious book that ever was written," and its author as a "renegado," Southey addressed to him a letter, explaining that the obnoxious poem had been written twenty-three years previously to 1817; that a copy of it had been surreptitiously obtained, and made public by some skulking scoundrel, who had found a bookseller to issue it without the writer's knowledge, for the avowed purpose of insulting him, and with the hope of doing him injury; that it was "a boyish composition," "full of errors," and "mischievous," written under the influence of opinions long since outgrown and repeatedly disclaimed; that the writer had claimed the book only that it might be suppressed.

The "reply" to William Smith was scathing: it is, perhaps, as grand a "defense" as the English language can supply—stern, fierce, and desperately bitter, yet manly, dignified, and thoroughly TRUE. There was self-gratulation, but no self-glorification, in his reference to "Wat Tyler:" "Happy are they who have no worse sins of their youth to rise up in judgment against them"—and when he says of himself, "He has not ceased to love liberty with all his heart, with

GRETA BRIDGE.



VIEW OF KESWICK.

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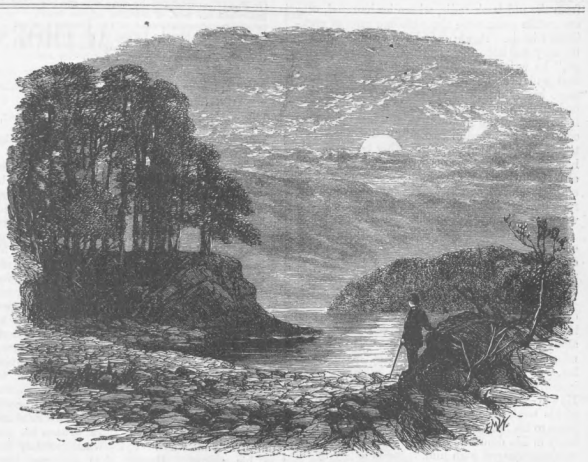
GRETA HALL, THE DWELLING OF ROBERT SOUTHEY.



THE FRIARS' WALK.

all his soul, and with all his strength." It was with a pride not only justifiable, but holy, that in this famous letter he said, in future biographies of him it will be recorded that "he lived in the bosom of his family, in absolute retirement; that in all his writings there breathed the same abhorrence of oppression and immorality, the same spirit of devotion, and the same ardent wishes for the amelioration of mankind;..... that in an age of personality he abstained from satire."*

His biographers may say much more than that. Although there is abundant evidence of his sacrifices to serve or comfort young aspirants for fame, to draw upward and onward struggling men of letters who needed help, there is not a tittle of proof—there could not be, for it does not exist—of his ever having written a line to discourage deserving. [In a letter to Bernard Barton, Southey, referring to his connection with the *Quarterly Review*, makes note of "the abuse and calumny he had to endure for opinions he did not hold and articles he had not written."] Now that every review he ever wrote is known, they may be read to obtain only conviction that he was generous as well as just, merciful as well as wise, whenever a work came under his hands as a reviewer. "As a writer" (I quote from Coleridge, who knew him so well) "he has uniformly made his talents subservient to the best interests of humanity, of public virtue, and domestic piety. His cause has ever been the cause of pure religion and of liberty, of national independence and national illumination."

These are, among others, the subjects on which he wrote—advocating religion, virtue, the cause of humanity, and the natural rights of man—at a time when envenomed slander was brawling to "cry him down" as a Tory, a government hack, and a hired enemy of freedom:

The diffusion of cheap literature of a healthy and harmless kind; the importance of a wholesome training for children in large towns; the wisdom of encouraging female emigration under a well-organized system; a better order of hospital nurses; the establishment of savings-banks throughout the country; the abolition of flogging in the army and navy; extensive alterations in the game laws; arguments for greatly diminishing the punishment of death; regulations for lessening the hours of labor of children in factories; the policy of discontinuing interments in crowded cities and towns; the employment of paupers in cultivating waste lands; proposals for increasing facilities for educating the people;* the wise humanity of Magdalen institutions; against a Puritanical observance of the Sabbath; advocating judicious alterations in the Liturgy.

In short, there is hardly a theme of rational reform of which he was not the zealous and eloquent advocate.

These lines were written by Southey, in the year 1813, long after he had become, by God's mercy, "a renegade:"

"Train up thy children, England, in the ways
Of righteousness, and feed them with the bread
Of wholesome doctrine. Where hast thou thy mines
But in their industry?
Thy bulwarks where, but in their breasts?
Thy might but in their arms?
Shall not their numbers, therefore, be thy wealth,
Thy strength, thy power, thy safety, and thy pride?
Oh, grief, then, grief and shame,
If in this flourishing land
There should be dwellings where the new-born babe
Doth bring into its parent's soul no joy,
Where squalid poverty
Receives it at its birth,
And on her withered knees
Gives it the scanty food of discontent."

It was Southey who edited the first collected edition of the poems of Chatterton (published 1802), by which the sister and niece of the unhappy boy obtained £300, that "rescued them from great poverty." It was he, too, who, when reviewers were hard upon Henry Kirke White, reached out a hand to him struggling amidst troubled waters, editing his poems, and consecrating his memory after his death. For Herbert Knowles, who had written a poem "brimful of power and of promise," he "wanted to raise (and did raise) £30 a year," of which "he would himself give £10," to send him as a sizar to Oxford. Like unhappy White, however, who died while "life was in its prime," Knowles enjoyed the aid but a short time: "the lamp was consumed by the fire that burned in it." So far back as 1809 he wrote encouragement to Ebenezer Elliott, saying, "Go on, and you will prosper." The footman, "honest John Jones," and the milkmaid, Mary Colling, were not too humble or insignificant for his helping praise. Both had that which Peers coveted at his hand in vain—laudatory reviews in the *Quarterly Review*; and of the poems of each he was the "editor," to the profit as well as honor of both. When he dipped his pen in gall—for, as he somewhere says, he was not in the habit of diluting his ink—it was to assail those he considered equally the foes of God and man. The impetus may be found in the following passage from one of his "Letters concerning Lord Byron:"

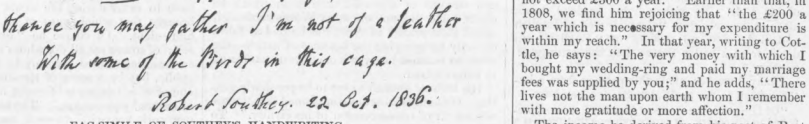
"The publication of a lascivious book is one of the worst offenses that can be committed against the well-being of society. It is a sin to the consequences of which no limits can be assigned; and those consequences no after-repentance in the writer can counteract. Whatever remorse of conscience he may feel when his hour comes (and come it must) will be of no avail. The poignancy of a death-bed repentance can not cancel one copy of the thousands that are sent abroad; and so long as it continues to be read, so long is he the pander of posterity, and so long is he heaping up guilt upon his soul in perpetual accumulation."

Yes, a very large portion of his busy, active, and hard-working life was devoted to the cause of benevolence—the whole of it to the advancement of his kind in knowledge, virtue, loyalty, and piety. It was indeed a hard-working life; yet so regular, so methodic, so "systematized," that when one reviews his habits, one ceases to wonder at the quantity of labor he "got through."*

It was to this regularity the world is mainly indebted for the rich and abundant legacy he bequeathed to posterity. "Every day, every hour, had its allotted employment," his son tells us; and he himself describes the even tenor of his way from early morn till night. He was "by profession a man of letters;" and though he found ample leisure for home duties, for the domestic charities that dignify and sweeten life, he had none for what is usually called pleasure. He dared not be idle; for continual and arduous labor only could bring to that home the comforts and small luxuries there were so many to share; not alone of his own immediate family, but of near and dear relatives, whose dependence was chiefly, in some cases solely, upon the fruits of his toil.

"My notions of competence," he writes, "do not exceed £300 a year." Earlier than that, in 1808, we find him rejoicing that "the £200 a year which is necessary for my expenditure is within my reach." In that year, writing to Cottle, he says: "The very money with which I bought my wedding-ring and paid my marriage fees was supplied by you;" and he adds, "There lives not the man upon earth whom I remember with more gratitude or more affection."

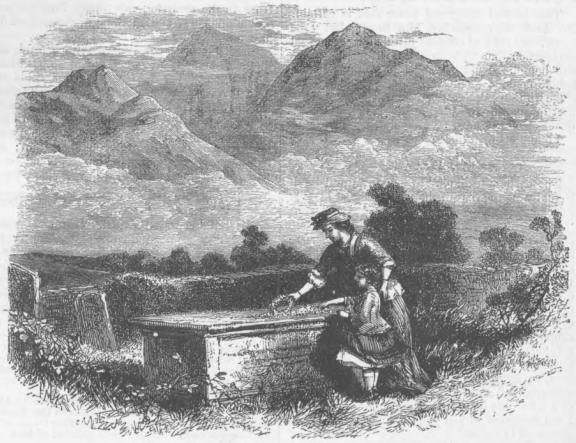
The income he derived from his post of Poet Laureate he devoted to effect an insurance on his life. Indeed, at no period of his career was his income so large as that of a first-class banker's clerk; yet he was often described as "rich," and once, at least, as "rolling in riches unworthily obtained."* He was a spendthrift only in books—the tools without which he could do no work: among them he lived. De Quincey calls his library "his wife;" it was, at all events, there his time was spent. "They are on actual service," he writes. They were books, not for show, but for use; acquired by degrees, as his means enabled him to procure them: gradually they multiplied until they numbered 14,000 volumes. "With them he dwelt, "living in the past," and "conversing with the dead." In one of his Colloquies he gives a few interesting notes as to the sources from which some of them came: from monasteries and colleges that had been ransacked, many;



Birds of a feather flock together;
But vide the opposite page,
And thence you may gather I'm not of a feather
With some of the Birds in this cage.
Robert Southey. 22 Oct. 1836.

FAC-SIMILE OF SOUTHEY'S HANDWRITING.

CROSTHWAITE CHURCH.



THE GRAVE OF SOUTHEY.

* He indulged, at times, in mild and gentle satire, such as left no festering wound. In Mrs. Hall's Album he wrote the following. I must premise that the autographs of Joseph Bonaparte and Daniel O'Connell occupied the "opposite page." On the same page are the autographs of Amelia Opie and Maria Edgeworth.

"Birds of a feather flock together,
But vide the opposite page,
And thence you may gather I'm not of a feather
With some of the birds in this cage.
"ROBERT SOUTHEY, 22d October, 1836."

Some years afterward Charles Dickens, good-humoredly referring to Southey's change of opinion, wrote in the Album, immediately under Southey's lines, the following:

"Now if I don't make
The completest mistake
That ever put man in a rage,
This bird of two weathers
Has not lost his feathers,
And left them in some other cage.
"BOZ."

* "I want to show how much moral and intellectual improvement is within the reach of those who are made more our inferiors than there is any necessity that they should be; to show that they have minds to be enlarged and feelings to be gratified, as well as souls to be saved."

* Some idea of his early industry in verse-making may be formed from the fact that, in 1793, he burned ten thousand verses, preserved about the same number, and put aside fifteen thousand as "worthless," excluding letters, many of which were written in rhyme. "Time has been when I have written fifty, eighty, one hundred lines before breakfast, and I remember to have composed twelve hundred (many of them the best I ever did produce) in a week."—*Southey, in a letter to Montgomery.*

* From a letter (inedited) to Miss Seward, I quote the following passage: "Your estimate of the value of my copyrights moved me to a doleful smile. I sold the copyright of 'Joan of Arc' for fifty guineas and fifty copies. I sold the edition of 'Thalaba' for £115, and the edition hangs on hand. The fate of 'Madoc' you know. No bookseller would give me £500, nor half the sum, for the best poem which it is in my power to produce. Constable would not even make me an offer for 'Kehama,' when, in return to his overture (which proved to relate to his Review), I asked him, through Scott, what he would give for it. It is only Scott who can get his thousands. His has got the goose. My swan's eggs are not golden ones. Now that looks like a sarcasm, and it belies me in looking so."

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from the old book-stalls, where he haunted, others; while some were the welcome gifts of cherished friends. Again they have been dispersed; but they had done their work. "Wherever they go," he writes, "there is not one among them that will ever be more comfortably lodged, or more highly prized by its possessor." Yes, they had done their work; the proof is this: he published nearly one hundred volumes, original and edited, and upward of two hundred articles contributed to the *Quarterly* and other reviews. He had, as one of his friends writes, "enjoyment in all books whatsoever that were not morally tainted or absolutely barren." He read with amazing rapidity, and saw at a glance over a page where was the grain and where the chaff.

"Here," he exclaims, "I possess those gathered treasures of time, the harvest of so many generations, laid up in my garners; and when I go to the windows, there is the lake, and there the circle of the mountains, and the illimitable sky!"

The pure and lofty—nay, the "holy" character of Southey may be judged from his works; but if other testimony be needed, there is ample—not alone from friends, but from foes. "In all the relations and charities of private life," writes Hazlitt, who was in many ways his adversary, "he is correct, exemplary, generous, just." William Howitt—who by no means takes a generous view of his works, their motives, and their uses—deposes to his "many virtues and the peculiar amiability of his domestic life." Lamb, after his unmeaning quarrel with him, is made happy by the tenderness with which the high-souled Laureate sought reconciliation; the essayist writing, "Think of me as of a dog that went mad and bit you." The political bias of Thackeray was the opposite to that of Southey; yet this is the testimony of the author of "The Four Georges" to the Poet Laureate of George IV.: "An English worthy; doing his duty for fifty noble years of labor; day by day storing up learning; day by day working for scant wages; most charitable out of his small means; bravely faithful to the calling he had chosen; refusing to turn from his path for popular praise or prince's favor. I hope his life will not be forgotten, for it is sublime in its simplicity, its energy, its honor, its affection."

I offer no comments on either the poetry or prose of Southey; I assume both to be sufficiently known to my readers. Indeed, generally in these "Memories" I adopt that plan. Others have shown, and others may yet show, the purity of his style. No author, living or dead, drank more exclusively from "the pure well of English undefiled," and no student of "English" can drink from a better source than the writings of Southey.*

I may, however, quote this passage from a letter written to me by Walter Savage Landor:

"Of late years the prose of Southey has been preferred to his poetry. It rarely happens that there is a preference without a disparagement. No poet in the present or the past century has written three such poems as 'Thalaba,' 'Kehama,' and 'Roderick.' Others have more excelled in DELINEATING what they find before them in life, but none have given such proofs of extraordinary power in CREATING. He has been called diffuse, because there is a spaciousness and amplitude about his poetry, as if concentration was the highest quality of a writer. He lays all his thoughts before us, but they never rush forth tumultuously. He excels in unity of design and congruity of character; and never did poet more adequately express heroic fortitude and generous affection. He has not, however, limited his pen to grand paintings of epic character. Among his shorter productions will be found some light and graceful sketches, full of beauty and feeling, and not the less valuable because they invariably aim at promoting virtue."

That he had many and bitter foes is certain. No doubt they disturbed him much; but "the conscience void of offense" justified his repeated declaration that they took little from his peace and happiness, and affected him no more than a pebble could a stone wall. It is, I think, Coleridge who says, "Future critics will have to record that quacks in education, quacks in politics, and quacks in criticism were his only enemies."

I quote his own lines:

"We soon live down
Evil or good report when undeserved."

The earliest testimony to his moral and intellectual worth is that of the publisher Cottle; yet this of Coleridge may have been even earlier: "It is Southey's almost unexampled felicity to possess the best gifts of talents and genius free from all their characteristic defects." He deposes also to the poet's matchless industry and perseverance in his pursuits, and the worthiness and dignity of those pursuits; to the methodical tenor of his daily labors, which might be envied even by the mere man of business; the dignified simplicity of his manners; the spring and healthful cheerfulness of his spirits. As "son, brother, husband, father, master, friend, he moves with firm, yet light steps, alike unostentatious and alike exemplary;" and in one of his letters to Southey of a later date he writes, "God knows my heart. I am *delighted* to feel you as superior to me in genius as in virtue."

I might quote such testimonies in abundance, but another will suffice. It is that of one who knew him as intimately, and had studied him as closely, as his friend Coleridge—the poet Wordsworth. These lines, written after Southey's death, are inscribed on his monument:

"Whether he traced historic truth, with zeal
For the State's guidance, or the Church's weal,
Or Fancy, disciplined by studious art,
Informed his pen, or wisdom of the heart,
Or judgment sanctioned in the Patriot's mind
By reverence for the rights of all mankind,
Wide were his aims, yet in no human breast
Could private feelings meet for holier rest."

I may add, perhaps, that of one other dear friend and true lover—the author of "Philip Van Artevelde:"

"That heart, the simplest, gentlest, kindliest, best,
Where truth and manly tenderness are met,
With faith and heavenward hope, the suns that never set."

The earliest description of his person is that of his friend, the Bristol publisher, Cottle. The youth, as he pictures him, was "tall, dignified; an eye piercing; a countenance full of genius, kindliness, and innocence; possessing great suavity of manners."* His height was five feet eleven inches. "His forehead was very broad; his complexion rather dark; the eyebrows large and arched; the eye well shaped and dark brown; the mouth somewhat prominent, muscular, and very variously expressive; the chin small in proportion to the upper features of the face." So writes his son, who adds that "many thought him a handsomer man in age than in youth," when his hair had become white, continuing abundant, and flowing in thick curls over his brow. Byron, who saw him but twice—once at Holland House and once at one of Rogers's breakfasts—said, "To have that man's head and shoulders, I would almost have written his sapphics." That was in 1813, when Southey was in his prime. Hazlitt thus pictures him: "Southey, as I remember him, had a hectic flush upon his cheek, a roving fire in his eye, a falcon glance, a look at once aspiring and dejected." Other authors write of him in similar terms—all describing him as of refined yet manly beauty of person.†

To his habits I have made some reference. Cottle says of him when a youth, "His regular habits scarcely rendered it a virtue in him never to fail in an engagement." Thus wrote De Quincey long afterward: "So prudently regular was Southey in all his habits, that all letters were answered in the evening of the day that brought them." "Study," Hazlitt says, "serves him for business, exercise, recreation." Not quite so, for he was a good walker, "walking twenty miles at a stretch." It was thus he made acquaintance not only with the mountains and lakes, but with the hills, and dales, and crags, and streams of the wild district in which he dwelt. He did not often, as Wordsworth did, sound their praises in verse, but he had as full a capacity for enjoying the beauties of nature—the more so because he ever looked from nature up to nature's God.

His manner seemed to me to be peculiarly gentle. William Hazlitt has complained that "there was an air of condescension in his civility." To him, perhaps, there was, for he neither respected the writer nor liked the man; but De Quincey also writes, "There was an air of reserve and distance about him—the reserve of a lofty, self-respecting mind—perhaps a little too freezing, in his treatment of all persons who were not among the *corps* of his ancient fireside friends." But he adds, "For honor the most delicate, for integrity the firmest, and for generosity within the limits of prudence, Southey can not well have a superior." He writes also "of his health so regular, and cheerfulness so uniformly serene;" and adds that "his golden equanimity was bound up in a threefold chain—in a conscience clear of offense, in the recurring enjoyments from his honorable industry, and in the gratification of his parental affections."

Southey was "constitutionally cheerful, and therefore hopeful." In a letter to James Montgomery he thus writes: "Oh that I could impart to you a portion of that animal cheerfulness which I would not exchange for the richest earthly inheritance! For me, when those whom I love cause me no sad anxiety, the sky-lark on a summer morning is not more joyous than I am; and if I had wings on my shoulders, I should be up with him in the sunshine caroling for pure joy."

"A cheerful life is what the Muses love,
A soaring spirit is their prime delight."

His religion was practical. In his calm solitude, amidst a quiet and contented peasantry, few cases of grief and misery came in his way, and he was ever too busy a man to seek them; but there were many pensioners on his small income; some who had rights, others who had none. This is one of his very few references to the subject: "It is my fate to have more claimants upon me than usually fall to the share of a man who has a family of his own." Only once in his life was he able to say he had a year's sufficient income "in advance." Yet he writes, "On the whole, few men have had more reason to be thankful for blessings enjoyed."

Although he said of himself,

"Thus, in the ages which are past I live,
And those which are to come my sure reward will give,"

anticipated honors were not the only ones he enjoyed, albeit he was so wise as uniformly to decline the political and social distinctions that were offered him. In 1826, during his absence in Holland, he was elected member for the borough of Downton by the influence of Lord Radnor; that honor he declined, as consistent neither with his circumstances, inclinations, habits, nor pursuits in life. Moreover, the return was *null*, inasmuch as he held a pension of £200 a year "during pleasure," and was without a "qualification." The latter objection would have been removed by a subscription of admirers and friends to purchase for him the requisite "estate;" but other objections retained their force. Robert Southey, therefore, continued to be "Robert Lackland," and a new writ was moved for.

In 1835 (the letter is dated February 1) Sir Robert Peel communicated to Southey thus: "I have advised the king to adorn the distinction of baronetage with a name the most eminent in literature, and which has claims to respect and honor that literature alone can never confer." And in a second letter Sir Robert alludes to the eminent services he had rendered not only to literature, but to the higher interests of virtue and religion.

That honor Southey also declined, having, however, first communicated with his son, and found the opinions and feelings of that son in entire harmony with his own. "I am writing," he said, "for a livelihood, and a livelihood is all I have gained." Incessant work "enabled him to live respectably, nothing more:" "without his pension," he says, "it would not have done even that."

Walter Scott, in a letter to Southey, entreats him to take warning and not *overwork* himself. How frequently is this counsel given, where only daily toil produces daily bread! Few worked harder than Scott, and none harder than Southey. To Southey, however, mental labor was an absolute necessity; a year of illness such as most men have to suffer during life would have inevitably brought that which most of all things terrified him—debt. Of course he "overworked" himself; of course we all do, whose incomes are precarious, determined not only by the fancy of the public, but by a score of circumstances, on any one of which depends life—the life of the "man of letters by profession." The caution, "Do not overwork yourself," to such men is something like the prescription of port-wine daily to an artisan whose wages are twenty shillings a week.

The prime minister, however, had the happiness to augment his pension to £500 a year. That independence came somewhat late; it was the sunshine when the day was closing in, but it dispelled the clouds that otherwise would have darkened its decline. He had passed his sixtieth year, having known but one great sorrow—the loss of his darling son, Herbert:

"In whose life I lived, in whom I saw
My better part transmitted and improved."

The "common lot" had been his, but troubles were now gathering with age. In 1834 his beloved wife was placed in a lunatic asylum, in the vain hope that her restoration might be surer there than at home. It had pleased God to visit him with the "severest of all domestic afflictions, those alone excepted into which guilt enters." He seldom afterward quitted the retirement in which he lived at Greta Hall.

In November, 1837, his wife, Edith Southey, died. It was, as he writes to his old friend Cottle, "a change from life to death, from death to life." "While she was with me I did not feel the weight of years; my heart continued young, and my spirits retained their youthful buoyancy." "We have been married two-and-forty years, and a more affectionate and devoted wife no man was ever blessed with." "After two-and-forty years of marriage, no infant was ever more void of offense toward God and man. I never knew her to do an unkind act, nor say an unkind word." His wife was his "note-taker;" her pen had been his ever-ready help before her daughters grew up to aid him. She made extracts for him; and therefore he writes, in a letter after her death, "She will continue to be my helpmate as long as I live, and retain my senses."*

Two years afterward, when his threshold rarely echoed familiar footsteps, when his children and friends had gradually departed for homes on earth or homes in heaven, he resolved on marrying his very dear friend, Caroline Anne Bowles. They were married on the 5th of June, 1839, at Boldre Church, and he returned to Greta Hall with her in the August following.†

She came to his home when it was all but desolate; when his vigor had declined; when he could no more take the long walks that gave him health and strength; when his mind was clouded, and when his days could be but few; when he was indeed "shaken at the root."

I knew Caroline Bowles before she became the wife of Southey. She had long passed the middle age, was not handsome, though with a very gentle manner and gracious countenance; a lovable, because a good, woman. Her books, though now seldom read, are not forgotten. She was worthy to be the companion, the friend, the wife, of Robert Southey. She has been silent as to his latter days; but it is certain, from the pious nature of her mind, that she led him onward toward the celestial city to which he was hastening.

"No sacrifice," writes one of the friends of Caroline Bowles (in a contribution to the *Athenæum*), "could have been greater than the one she was induced to make. It can be placed beyond all doubt that she was fully prepared for the distressing calamity which impended over both.....She consented to unite herself to him, with a sure prevision of the awful condition of mind to which he would shortly be reduced, from the purest motive that could actuate a woman in forming such a connection — namely, the faint hope that her devotedness might enable her, if not to avert the catastrophe, to acquire at least a legal title to minister to the sufferer's comforts, and watch over the few sad years of existence that might remain to him."

That was indeed true heroism. Her high and holy purpose was accomplished, and we may be very sure she had her reward.

I have preserved a letter from Caroline Bowles to Mrs. Hall, dated July 2, 1830, which contains passages that may illustrate her character:

"At present the little energy restored by partial restoration to health is all in requisition to answer claims of this 'work-a-day world' which may not be put off till a more convenient season; and then, I must confess, that when I can command my own time, and a gleam of sunshine is vouchsafed to us, I am more restless *within walls* than a squirrel in his cage, and grudge every moment not spent in the garden, or in a little open carriage, or on the back of a certain palfrey, Miniken yclept, whose diminutive proportions would just fit him for a charger to Queen Mab, and who seems to have as much taste for scrambling with me over hill, dale, and common, as if he was still roaming his native isle. Judge by this very *uncalled*-for history of my *un*-literary pursuits and rambling propensities whether I can not sympathize with your longing for green fields and babbling brooks.....I might well expect to be forgotten, except by the few who love me for myself, and expect no return but of affection."*

The "enemy"—so Death is wrongfully called—was creeping toward him. "His movements were slower; he was subject to frequent fits of absence; there was an indecision in his manner and an unsteadiness in his step wholly unusual to him." "He sometimes lost his way even in familiar places;" "in some of the last notes he wrote, the letters were formed like those of a child." "His mind," writes one of his friends, "was beautiful even in its debility;" the river was not turbulent as it joined the ocean. In 1840 Wordsworth describes a visit to his old friend of half a century: "He did not recognize me till he was told. Then his eyes flashed for a moment with their former brightness, but he sank into the state in which I found him, patting with both hands his books affectionately like a child."

In the malady of his departed wife he had learned what a woeful thing it is

"When the poor flesh surviving doth entomb
The reasonable soul;"

and not long afterward he was doomed himself to feel that terrible affliction.

It was a sad sight to see the aged and venerable man "shaken at the root," "irritable as he had never been before," "losing his way in well-known places," his form thin and shrunk, the fire gone from his eyes, or shining dimly as a light going out, and the bright intelligence fading from the still fine features; growing worse and worse, with brief intervals of consciousness, during which, with "placid languor," sometimes, apparently, torpor, he hopelessly and helplessly saw the shadow approach; still "mechanically" moving about his books, taking down one and then another, looking upon them with relics of old love, and mournfully murmuring as he put them by,

"Memory, memory, where art thou gone?"

So passed the last three or four years of his life, giving the clearest proof that he could do nothing, because nothing was done. There had been no sudden shock, no bodily ailment; the mind was simply worn out by the wear and tear of life—fifty years of labor, as "by profession a man of letters!"

On the 21st of March, 1843, he died, in the sixty-eighth year of his age, "in sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection."

On the 23d of March, 1843, he was buried in the church-yard of Crosthwaite, where his wife Edith, four of his children, and several of his dear household, relatives and friends, had been, or have since been, laid. The tombstone contains their names, the dates of their births and deaths—no more.† Here "the dead speak, and give admoni-

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* In a MS. note of Laetitia Landon concerning Southey I find this remark: "There is something in Southey's genius that always gives me an idea of the Alhambra. There is the grand proportion and the fantastic ornament. The setting of his verses is like a rich arabesque; it is fretted gold. The Oriental magnificence of his longer poems—such as 'Thalaba'—is singularly contrasted with the quaint simplicity of his minor poems. They give the idea of innocent yet intelligent children, yet almost startle you with the depth of knowledge that a simple truth may convey." Some one said of his "style," it was "proper words in proper places."

Thus Lamb writes to Southey: "The antiquarian spirit strong in you, and graceful, is blending even with the religious, may have been sown in you among those wrecks of splendid mortality"—the dim aisles and cloisters of the old abbey at Westminster.

* There is a portrait of Southey engraved in Cottle's "Reminiscences," picturing him with long hair, "curling beautifully"—the hair which he declined to submit to the shears and powder of the barber at Oxford, to the barber's intense disgust.

† In a pleasant rambling epistle, in rhyme, to Allan Cunningham, and published by Allan in the *Anniversary*, of which he was the editor, Southey treats of the various portraits that had been painted of him. Of most of them he complained—

"They
Who put one's name, for public sale, beneath
A set of features slanderously unlike,
Are our worst libelers."

He showed to Allan such an array of "villainous visages" as would suffice to make him, in "mere shame," take up an alias, and forswear himself. First was "a dainty gentleman," with sleepy eyes, half closed, "saucy and sentimental;" next, "a jovial landlord," whose cheeks had been engrained by many a pipe of Porto's vintage; next, a leaden-visaged specimen of one in the evangelical line; next, one sent from Germany by the Brothers Schumann; he wished them no worse misfortune for their recompense

"Than to fall in with such a cut-throat face
In the Black Forest of the Odenwald."

He owned "Sir Snug," and recognized the likeness when "at the looking-glass" he stood "with razor-weaponed hand;" but next saw himself so pictured as if on trial at the Old Bailey, when

"That he is guilty
No judge or jury could have half a doubt."

Notwithstanding, however, these "complaints," he was often "well and truly" painted. The best portrait of him, probably, is that by Lawrence, which has been often engraved, and of which my wood-cut is a copy.

* It was at that time of trial he quoted a passage from "some old author:" "Remember, under any affliction, that Time is short, and that although your cross may be heavy, you have not far to bear it."

† "We have been acquainted more than twenty years, and that acquaintance was matured into friendship at a time when no possibility that it might ever proceed farther could have been looked to on either part. I am in my sixty-fifth year, Caroline Bowles in her fifty-second year. I shall have for my constant companion one who will render my fireside cheerful, and save me from that forlorn feeling against which even my spirits, buoyant as they are by constitution, might not always have been able to bear me up." Southey, so long ago as the 21st February, 1829, prefaced his poem of "All for Love" with a tender address, that is now, perhaps, worth reprinting:

"TO CAROLINE BOWLES.

"Could I look forward to a distant day,
With hope of building some elaborate lay,
Then would I wait till worthier strains of mine
Might have inscribed thy name, O Caroline?
For I would, while my voice is heard on earth,
Bear witness to thy genius and thy worth.

But we have been both taught to feel with fear
How frail the tenure of existence here;
What unforeseen calamities prevent,
Alas! how oft, the best resolved intent;
And, therefore, this poor volume I address
To thee, dear friend and sister poetess!
"ROBERT SOUTHEY.

"KESWICK, *Feb. 21, 1839.*"

* In 1852 Caroline Southey received one of the Crown pensions—£200 a year—"in consideration of her late husband's eminent literary merits;" and in 1861 Miss Kate Southey received a pension—£100 a year—"on account of the important services rendered by her father to English literature." Mrs. Southey died in 1854.

† The family have all passed away from Keswick: and only memory and these church-yard graves remain to preserve, as they will do forever, the renowned name that once made beautiful district. Katherine Southey, who was born at Greta Hall, died at Lairthwaite Cottage, Keswick, on the 12th of August, 1864, and was laid by the side of her kindred. She was aged

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tion to the living." His funeral was private. Except the members of his family, there were but two strangers. A white-headed man, older by four years than the departed, walked over the mountains that gloomy and stormy day, to offer a last tribute of affection on his grave; it was the venerable poet, William Wordsworth, who leaned upon the arm of his son-in-law, Quillinan—a most estimable gentleman and true poet, who survived but a short time his illustrious father-in-law. It was told to me, by one who was present, that as the solemn words were uttered, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust," a ray of unlooked-for sunshine suddenly fell upon the grave; the rain ceased, the wind lulled, and at the instant two small birds sung from an adjacent tree. In a poem entitled "The Funeral of Southey," written by Mr. Quillinan, he notices this, which we may accept as a striking and most interesting fact:

> "Heedless of the driving rain,
> Fearless of the mourning train,
> Perched upon the trembling stem,
> They sung the Poet's requiem."

Posthumous honors were accorded to the poet. There is a bust in the Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey, and another in the cathedral of the city whose chiefest glory it is—or ought to be—that Bristol was his place of birth.

> "A simple slab marks where his ashes lie,
> Fast by the church; while, from the sculptor's art,
> Within the aisle his semblance meets the eye;
> The marble sleeper makes the stranger start."

The monument in Crosthwaite Church is a fine and very beautiful achievement of sculptured art: a recumbent figure, in pure white marble, without a spot; and the sculptor, Lough, by a happy inspiration, has preserved, with singular fidelity, the features and expression of the poet,* as he describes him in placid and tranquil sleep. On the base are inscribed the lines by Wordsworth I have elsewhere quoted. Two of his own might also be placed there: he

> "Teacheth in his songs
> The love of all things lovely, all things pure."

I have intimated that my personal memory of this great and good man, who was so "lovely in his life," is but limited. I knew him only in London, in 1830, when he was in the wane of life, yet not older than fifty-six; even then he had been forty years, or very nearly so, an author—living "laborious days" from his youth upward. I met him more than once at the house of Allan Cunningham, whom he cordially greets in one of his poems—

> "Allan, true child of Scotland, thou who art
> So oft in spirit on thy native hills."

Though I can add nothing of worth to the portrait I have given, I may recall him as he appeared to me. He was the very *beau idéal* of a poet—singularly impressive, tall, somewhat slight, slow in his movements, and very dignified in manner, with the eye of a hawk, and with sharp features and an aquiline nose, that carried the similitude somewhat farther. His forehead was broad and high, his eyebrows dark, his hair profuse and long, rapidly approaching white. I can see vividly, even now, his graceful and winning smile. To the commonest observer he was obviously a man who had lived more with books than men, whose converse had chiefly been with "the mighty minds of old," whose "days," whose "thoughts," whose "hopes," were, as he tells us they were, "with the dead."

In the few and brief conversations I had with him, he impressed me—as, indeed, he did every person who was even for an hour in his company—with the conviction that he elevated the profession of letters not only by knowledge acquired and distributed, not alone by the wisdom of his career and the integrity of his life, but by manners unassuming and unexacting, and by a condescending gentleness of demeanor that, if not humility in the common sense of the term, arose out of generous consideration and large charity.

Not long ago I made a pilgrimage to the house in which Southey lived, and to the grave in which he is buried. I had for my pleasant and profitable companion [to his graceful pencil I am chiefly indebted for the illustrations that accompany this Memory] the artist Jacob Thompson, who knew the poet, and knew also his neighbor, Wordsworth.

Greta Hall, for nearly half a century his residence—his "loophole of retreat"—stands on a slight elevation above the river Greta, and close to its confluence with the Derwent.† From a picturesque bridge—Greta Bridge—a view of the house is obtained. It was originally two houses, converted by the poet into one. It consists of many rooms, all small, except what was the poet's library—his library in chief, that is to say, for every apartment was lined with books. "Books," writes Wordsworth, "were his passion:" "*Books* were his passion, as *wandering* was mine;" and, he adds, circumstances might have made the one a Benedictine monk, in whose monastery was a library, and the other a peddler, such as he describes his "Wanderer" to have been. Adjoining it is the chamber in which he died, or rather, in which his spirit was released from its earthly tabernacle, to companion the angels and pure spirits who had gone before, and to be with the Master he had long served. He there, to borrow a line from his friend Coleridge,

> "Found life in death."

A garden surrounds the house; there is a sloping lawn in front; and immediately facing the entrance are two "narrow-leaved" maple-trees, planted by the poet. Let us hope that no thoughtless or heedless hand will ever remove them. Behind is a thick growth of shrubs and under-wood, leading down to an embrasure of the river; along the bank is the Poet's Walk, at the end of which was a seat beneath an elm-tree, where he often sat looking across the stream upon the ruins of an ancient friary (now a barn) and the mountains of old Skiddaw and Blencathra.

In front of the house, however, the grandest view is obtained. It commands Derwentwater (the loveliest of all the English lakes: "I would not," writes Southey, "exchange Derwentwater for the Lake of Geneva"), on which look down the loftiest and the most picturesque of the mountains of Cumberland. From every one of the windows there is a glorious prospect. Within ken is the "gorgeous confusion of Borrowdale, just revealing its sublime chaos through the narrow vista of its gorge." There is bleak Skiddaw, with "its fine black head," that extorted a compliment even from London-loving Charles Lamb. There is Souter Fell, where ghosts have been seen in troops in the broad light of day. There is the Druids' Temple, little more than a mile from Keswick, at the foot of Saddleback—old Blencathra—near the entrance to St. John's Vale, the stones of which "no person can count with a like result as to number." There is Derwentwater, seen from so many points, with its traditions of the young lord who was "out in the fifteen," and died on a scaffold on Tower Hill. You may ascend the "Lady's Rake," up which his lady fled for shelter; and if you listen calmly, you may hear the distant fall of Lodore. From his window he saw, as he wrote, not only Derwent, "that under the hills reposed," but other views that were to him "perpetual benedictions." Thus he describes some of them:

> "'Twas at that sober hour when the light of day is receding,
> And from surrounding things the hues wherewith day has adorn'd them
> Fade like the hopes of youth till the beauty of youth is departed:
> Pensive, though not in thought, I stood at the window beholding
> Mountain and lake and vale; the valley disrobed of its verdure;
> Derwent retaining yet from eve a glassy reflection,
> Where his expanded breast, then still and smooth as a mirror,
> Under the woods reposed; the hills that, calm and majestic,
> Lifted their heads into the silent sky, from far Glaramara,
> Bleacrag, and Maidenmawr, to Griesdale and westernmost Wythrop;
> Dark and distinct they rose. The clouds had gathered above them,
> High in the middle air huge purple pillowy masses,
> While in the west beyond was the last pale tint of the twilight,
> Green as the stream in the glen, whose pure and chrysolite waters
> Flow o'er a schistous bed, and serene as the age of the righteous.
> Earth was hush'd and still: all motion and sound were suspended;
> Neither man was heard, bird, beast, nor humming of insect—
> Only the voice of the Greta, heard only when all is in stillness."

I borrow a description of the adjacent scenery from my valued friend William Howitt's excellent and interesting volumes—"Homes and Haunts of the most Eminent British Poets:"

> "The situation of Southey's house, taking all into consideration, is exceeded by few in England. It is agreeably distant from the road and the little town, and stands in a fine open valley, surrounded by hills of the noblest and most diversified character. From your stand on the Greta Bridge, looking over the house, your eye falls on the group of mountains behind it. The lofty hill of Latrig lifts its steep green back, with its larch plantations clothing one edge, and scattered in groups over the other. Stretching away to the left, rise the still loftier range and gaunt masses of Skiddaw, with its intervening dells and ravines, and summits often lost in their canopy of shadowy clouds. Between the feet of Skiddaw and Greta Bridge lie pleasant knolls and fields, with scattered villas and cottages and Crosthwaite Church. On your right hand is the town, and behind it green, swelling fields again, and the more distant inclosing chain of hills. If you then turn your back on the house and view the scene which is presented from the house, you find yourself in the presence of the river, hurrying away toward the assemblage of beautifully varied mountains which encompass magnificently the Lake of Derwentwater."

Yes, Southey perhaps as fully as Wordsworth enjoyed the beautiful and glorious scenery of "the English lakes." The one wrote much concerning them; the other said little about them in verse; but who can doubt that they influenced the mind, heart, and soul of the one as fully as they did the mind, heart, and soul of the other?

The two poets, and others who were their associates in this locality, have added deep interest to the charms it derives from nature; and for all time the places they have commemorated will be "delights" to all visitors who dwell even for a day among the mountains and rivers, the hills and dells, of Westmoreland.

The walks that were familiar to the poet were in all directions; some at a distance from his home. He walked ever with his head raised, thrown back somewhat, looking upward, and was rarely seen without a book in his hand.* Of these walks, his favorite was to "The Friars' Crag," or Walk—a promontory that overhangs Derwentwater, a short way from Keswick. It was of this spot he said, "If I had Aladdin's lamp or Fortunatus's purse, I would here build myself a house." The crag—which I have pictured—is said to have derived its name from the monks of Lindisfarn coming to it once a year to receive the blessing of St. Herbert. The view hence is very lovely. Close to the foot of the crag the rocks are washed by the waters of the lake, the whole expanse of which is seen, with its picturesque islands. On the right the eye takes in the sunny slopes of "the Catbells"—scarcely to be called mountains when compared with mighty Scafell in the distance—while beneath them lies the fairest of all the islands, the island dedicated to St. Herbert.*

At the head of the lake, standing like a sentinel guarding the entrance to Borrowdale, is Castle Crag, and on its left lies the beautiful Fall of Lodore, immortalized by Southey in some quaint verses which are known to most readers:

> "And dashing and flashing, and splashing and crashing
> * * * With a mighty uproar,
> And this way the water comes down at Lodore."

Lodore Water-fall is about three miles from Keswick, on the road to Borrowdale, between two towering cliffs: one on the left, Gowdar Crag; on the right, Shepherd's Crag. The *perpendicular* height through which the water descends is said to be one hundred and fifty feet (the whole height of the fall is three hundred and sixty feet). The crags on either side are covered with trees overhanging the water; the oak, ash, birch, holly, and even the wild rose, flourish in wanton luxuriance. The foaming cataract, as it bounds over the huge rocks, is to be seen more than three miles off. The fall runs into the lake, and the noise which it makes can be heard *miles* away. There is a pretty rustic bridge over it, and at its foot stands a little hotel, once an ancient hostelry, but now much enlarged to accommodate the many thousands that annually visit the place.

But the grand and glorious scenery of the Lakes may be adverted to more fitly when I recall to memory the great High-priest of Nature, Wordsworth.

An illustrative anecdote was told me by the sexton of Crosthwaite Church, who, however, had little to say of the poet, except that he seldom saw him smile. He met him often in his walks, but he seemed pensive, full of thought, and looked as if his life was elsewhere than on earth. The anecdote is this: Southey had a great dislike to be "looked at;" and although very regular in his attendance at church, he would stay away when he knew there were many tourists in the neighborhood. One Sunday two strangers who had a great desire to see the poet besought the sexton to point him out to them. The sexton, knowing that this must be done secretly, said, "I will take you up the aisle, and, in passing, touch the pew in which he sits." He did so, and no doubt the strangers had "a good stare." A few days after, the sexton met Southey in the street of Keswick. The poet looked somewhat sternly at him, said, "*Don't do it again*," and passed on, leaving the conscience-stricken sexton to ponder over the "crime" in which he had been detected by the poet.

The grave-yard of Crosthwaite is a lonely grave-yard, in the midst of mountains, commanding an open view of Derwentwater, on which the mountains Blencathra and Skiddaw look down. There are few human dwellings near at hand, and even those are being hidden by intervening trees. The church is very ancient—more than seven centuries have passed since its foundations were laid: it was not long ago thoroughly restored by a liberal "neighbor."

In 1816, Southey, in describing the churchyard, which thirty years afterward was to be his resting-place, writes: "The church-yard is as open to the eye and to the breath of heaven as if it were a Druids' place of meeting." A wall has since been placed, but it is looked over—upon the lake and on the mountains, "the everlasting hills" of which he somewhere speaks.

And in that calm and isolated grave-yard lie the mortal remains of Robert Southey—

> "He who sung
> Of Thalaba the wild and wondrous song;"

he who, in so many ways, inculcated the wisdom of Virtue. If his prophecy of himself has not been as yet altogether fulfilled—

> "Thus, in the ages which are past I live,
> And those which are to come my sure reward will give,"

at least it is certain that he has received the justice he looked for, and knew to be his right.

A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION.

BY CHARLES READE.

WITH MANY ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE SIXTEENTH.

SIR CHARLES BASSETT was in high spirits this afternoon—indeed, a little too high.

"Bella, my love," said he, "now I'll tell you why I made you give me your signature this morning. The money has all come in for the wood, and this very day I sent Oldfield instructions to open an account for you with a London banker."

Lady Bassett looked at him with tears of tenderness in her eyes. "Dearest," said she, "I have plenty of money; but the love to which I owe this present, that is my treasure of treasures. Well, I accept it, Charles; but don't ask me to spend it on myself; I should feel I was robbing you."

"It is nothing to me how you spend it; I have saved it from the enemy."

Now that very enemy heard these words. He had looked from the "Heir's Tower," and seen Sir Charles and Lady Bassett walking on their side the wall, and the nurse carrying his heir on the other side.

He had come down to look at his child in the sun; but he walked softly, on the chance of overhearing Sir Charles and Lady Bassett say something or other about his health; his design went no farther than that, but the fate of listeners is proverbial.

Lady Bassett endeavored to divert her husband from the topic he seemed to be approaching; it always excited him now, and did him harm.

"Do not waste your thoughts on that enemy. He is powerless."

"At this moment, perhaps; but his turn is sure to come again; and I shall provide for it. I mean to live on half my income, and settle the other half on you. I shall act on the clause in the entail, and fell all the timber on the estate, except about the home park and my best covers. It will take me some years to do this; I must not glut the market, and spoil your profits; but every year I'll have a fall, till I have denuded Mr. Bassett's inheritance, as he calls it, and swelled your banker's account to a Plum. Bella, I have had a shake. Even now that I am better such a pain goes through my head, like a bullet crushing through it, whenever I get excited. I don't think I shall be a long-lived man. But never mind, I'll live as long as I can; and, while I do live, I'll work for you, and against that villain."

"Charles," cried Lady Bassett, "I implore you to turn your thoughts away from that man, and to give up these idle schemes. Were you to die I should soon follow you; so pray do not shorten your life by these angry passions, or you will shorten mine."

This appeal acted powerfully on Sir Charles, and he left off suddenly with flushed cheeks, and tried to compose himself.

But his words had now raised a corresponding fury on the other side of that boundary wall. Richard Bassett, stung with rage, and, unlike his high-bred cousin, accustomed to mix cunning even with his fury, gave him a terrible blow—a very *coup de Jarnac*. He spoke *at* him; he ran forward to the nurse, and said very loud: "Let me see the little darling. He does you credit. What fat cheeks!—what arms!—an infant Hercules! There, take him up the mound. Now lift him in your arms, and let him see his inheritance. Higher, nurse, higher. Ay, crow away, youngster; all that is yours—house and land and all. They may steal the trees; they can't make away with the broad acres. Ha! I believe he understands every word, nurse. See how he smiles and crows."

At the sound of Bassett's voice Sir Charles started, and, at the first taunt, he uttered something between a moan and a roar, as of a wounded lion.

"Come away," cried Lady Bassett. "He is doing it on purpose."

But the stabs came too fast. Sir Charles shook her off, and looked wildly round for a weapon to strike his insulter with.

"Curse him and his brat!" he cried. "They shall neither of them— I'll kill them both."

He sprang fiercely at the wall, and, notwithstanding his weakly condition, raised himself above it, and glared over with a face so full of fury that Richard Bassett recoiled in dismay for a moment, and said, "Run! run! He'll hurt the child!"

But, the next moment, Sir Charles's hands lost their power; he uttered a miserable moan, and fell gasping under the wall in an epileptic fit, with all the terrible symptoms I have described in a previous portion of this story. These were new to his poor wife, and, as she strove in vain to control his fearful convulsions, her shrieks rent the air. Indeed, her screams were so appalling that Bassett himself sprang at the wall, and, by a great effort of strength, drew himself up and peered down, with white face, at the glaring eyes, clinched teeth, purple face, and foaming lips of his enemy, and his body that bounded convulsively on the ground with incredible violence.

At that moment humanity prevailed over every thing, and he flung himself over the wall, and in his haste got rather a heavy fall himself. "It is a fit!" he cried, and, running to the brook close by, filled his hat with water, and was about to dash it over Sir Charles's face.

But Lady Bassett repelled him with horror. "Don't touch him, you villain! You have killed him." And then she shrieked again.

At this moment Mr. Angelo dashed up, and saw at a glance what it was, for he had studied medicine a little. He said, "It is epilepsy. Leave him to me." He managed, by his great strength, to keep the patient's head down till the face got pale and the limbs still; then, telling Lady Bassett not to alarm herself too much, he lifted Sir Charles, and actually proceeded to carry him toward the house. Lady Bassett, weeping, proffered her assistance, and so did Mary Wells; but this athlete said, a little brusquely, "No, no; I have practiced this sort of thing;" and, partly by his rare strength, partly by his familiarity with all athletic feats, carried the insensible baronet to his own house, as I have seen my accomplished friend Mr. Henry Neville carry a tall actress on the mimic stage; only, the distance being much longer, the perspiration rolled down Mr. Angelo's face with so sustained an effort.

He laid him gently on the floor of his study, while Lady Bassett sent two grooms galloping

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fifty-four. Her aunt, Mrs. Lovell (one of the three sisters, Mrs. Coleridge and Mrs. Southey being the others), died there but a few years previously, at the patriarchal age of ninety-one, having been a widow sixty-six years, and nearly all that time a cherished inmate in the dwelling of the Laureate, and, after his death, in that of his daughter Katherine.

* It ought to be recorded that the commission to the sculptor was for a work in Caen stone; but Mr. Lough (so writes the poet's son), "with characteristic liberality, executed it in white marble at a considerable sacrifice."

† The river Derwent connects the two lakes—Derwentwater and Bassenthwaite. The Greta joins the Derwent, and together they make their way into the lake (Bassenthwaite).

* James Hogg, writing of Southey, says: "Deep thought is strongly marked in his dark eye; but there is a defect in his eyelids, for these he has no power of raising; so that when he looks toward the top of one of his romantic mountains, one would think he was looking at the zenith." Although he adds: "This peculiarity is what will most strike every stranger in the appearance of the accomplished Laureate," I do not find the "defect" referred to by any other writer.

* Bede tells us that the saint went once a year to see St. Cuthbert, of Farn Island, and to hear from him the words of everlasting life. As they sat together one day, St. Cuthbert told his friend that he felt his time was coming when his spirit would depart hence. St. Herbert, in his agony of grief, prayed to God that he might not survive his teacher. Tradition has it that the friends both died on the same day, even at the same hour (A.D. 687).

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for medical advice, and half a dozen servants running for this and that stimulant, as one thing after another occurred to her agitated mind. The very rustling of dresses and scurry of feet overhead told all the house a great calamity had stricken it.

Lady Bassett hung over the sufferer, sighing piteously, and was for supporting his beloved head with her tender arm; but Mr. Angelo told her it was better to keep the head low, that the blood might flow back to the vessels of the brain.

She cast a look of melting gratitude on her adviser, and composed herself to apply stimulants under his direction and advice.

Thus judiciously treated, Sir Charles began to recover consciousness in part. He stared and muttered incoherently. Lady Bassett thanked God on her knees, and then turned to Mr. Angelo with streaming eyes, and stretched out both hands to him, with an indescribable eloquence of gratitude. He gave her his hands timidly, and she pressed them both with all her soul. Unconsciously she sent a rapturous thrill through the young man's body: he blushed, and then turned pale, and felt for a moment almost faint with rapture at that sweet and unexpected pressure of her soft hands.

But at this moment Sir Charles broke out in a sort of dry, business-like voice, "I'll kill the viper and his brood!" Then he stared at Mr. Angelo, and could not make him out at first. "Ah!" said he, complacently, "this is my private tutor: a man of learning. I read Homer with him; but I have forgotten it, all but one line—

'νήπιος ὃς πατέρα κτείνων παῖδας καταλείπει.'

That's a beautiful verse. Homer, old boy, I'll take your advice. I'll kill the heir at law, and his brat as well, and when they are dead and well seasoned I'll sell them to that old timber-merchant, the devil, to make hell hotter. Order my horse, somebody, this minute!"

During this tirade Lady Bassett's hands kept clutching, as if to stop it, and her eyes filled with horror.

Mr. Angelo came again to her rescue. He affected to take it all as a matter of course, and told the servants they need not wait, Sir Charles was coming to himself by degrees, and the danger was all over.

But when the servants were gone he said to Lady Bassett, seriously, "I would not let any servant be about Sir Charles, except this one. She is evidently attached to you. Suppose we take him to his own room."

He then made Mary Wells a signal, and they carried him up stairs.

Sir Charles talked all the while with pitiable vehemence. Indeed, it was a continuous babble, like a brook.

Mary Wells was taking him into his own room, but Lady Bassett said, "No: into my room. Oh, I will never let him out of my sight again."

Then they carried him into Lady Bassett's bedroom, and laid him gently down on a couch there.

He looked round, observed the locality, and uttered a little sigh of complacency. He left off talking for the present, and seemed to doze.

The place which exerted this soothing influence on Sir Charles had a contrary and strange effect on Mr. Angelo.

It was of palatial size, and lighted by two side windows, and an oriel window at the end. The delicate stone shafts and mullions were such as are oftener seen in cathedrals than in mansions. The deep embrasure was filled with beautiful flowers and luscious exotic leaf-plants from the hot-houses. The floor was of polished oak, and some feet of this were left bare on all sides of the great Aubusson carpet made expressly for the room. By this means cleanliness penetrated into every corner: the oak was not only cleaned, but polished like a mirror. The curtains were French chintzes, of substance, and exquisite patterns, and very voluminous. On the walls was a delicate rose-tinted satin paper, to which French art, unrivaled in these matters, had given the appearance of being stuffed, padded, and divided into a thousand cozy pillows by gold-headed nails.

The wardrobes were of satin-wood. The bedsteads, one small, one large, were plain white, and gold in moderation.

All this, however, was but the frame to the delightful picture of a wealthy young lady's nest.

The things that startled and thrilled Mr. Angelo were those his imagination could see the fair mistress using. The exquisite toilet-table; the Dresden mirror, with its delicate china frame muslined and ribboned; the great ivory-handled brushes, the array of cut-glass gold-mounted bottles, and all the artillery of beauty; the baths of various shapes and sizes, in which she laved her fair body; the bath sheets, and the profusion of linen, fine and coarse; the bed, with its frilled sheets, its hugē frilled pillows, and its eider-down quilt, covered with bright purple silk.

A delicate perfume came through the wardrobes, where strata of fine linen from Hamburg and Belfast lay on scented herbs; and this, permeating the room, seemed the very perfume of Beauty itself, and intoxicated the brain. Imagination conjured pictures proper to the scene: a goddess at her toilet; that glorious hair lying tumbled on the pillow, and burning in contrasted color with the snowy sheets and with the purple quilt.

From this reverie he was awakened by a soft voice that said, "How can I ever thank you enough, Sir?"

Mr. Angelo controlled himself, and said, "By sending for me whenever I can be of the slightest use." Then, comprehending his danger, he added, hastily, "And I fear I am none whatever now." Then he rose to go.

Lady Bassett gave him both her hands again, and this time he kissed one of them, all in a flurry; he could not resist the temptation. Then he hurried away, with his whole soul in a tumult. Lady Bassett blushed, and returned to her husband's side.

Doctor Willis came, heard the case, looked rather grave and puzzled, and wrote the inevitable prescription; for the established theory is that man is cured by drugs alone.

Sir Charles wandered a little while the doctor was there, and continued to wander after he was gone.

Then Mary Wells begged leave to sleep in the dressing-room.

Lady Bassett thanked her, but said she thought it unnecessary; a good night's rest, she hoped, would make a great change in the sufferer.

Mary Wells thought otherwise, and quietly brought her little bed into the dressing-room and laid it on the floor.

Her judgment proved right; Sir Charles was no better next day, nor the day after. He brooded for hours at a time, and, when he talked, there was an incoherence in his discourse: above all, he seemed incapable of talking long on any subject without coming back to the fatal one of his childlessness; and, when he did return to this, it was sure to make him either deeply dejected or else violent against Richard Bassett and his son; he swore at them, and said they were waiting for his shoes.

Lady Bassett's anxiety deepened; strange fears came over her. She put subtle questions to the doctor; he returned obscure answers, and went on prescribing medicines that had no effect.

She looked wistfully into Mary Wells's face, and there she saw her own thoughts reflected.

"Mary," said she, one day, in a low voice, "what do they say in the kitchen?"

"Some say one thing, some another. What *can* they say? They never see him, and never shall while I am here."

This reminded Lady Bassett that Mary's time was up. The idea of a stranger taking her place, and seeing Sir Charles in his present condition, was horrible to her. "Oh, Mary," said she, piteously, "surely you will not leave me just now?"

"Do you wish me to stay, my lady?"

"Can you ask it? How can I hope to find such devotion as yours, such fidelity, and, above all, such secrecy? Ah, Mary, I am the most unhappy lady in all England this day."

Then she began to cry bitterly, and Mary Wells cried with her, and said she would stay as long as she could; but, said she, "I gave you good advice, my lady, and so you will find."

Lady Bassett made no answer whatever, and that disappointed Mary, for she wanted a discussion.

The days rolled on, and brought no change for the better. Sir Charles continued to brood on his one misfortune. He refused to go out-of-doors, even into the garden, giving as his reason that he was not fit to be seen. "I don't mind a couple of women," said he, gravely, "but no man shall see Charles Bassett in his present state. No. Patience! Patience! I'll wait till Heaven takes pity on me. After all, it would be a shame that such a race as mine should die out, and these fine estates go to blackguards, and poachers, and anonymous-letter writers."

Lady Bassett used to coax him to walk in the corridor; but, even then, he ordered Mary Wells to keep watch and let none of the servants come that way. From words he let fall it seems he thought "Childlessness" was written on his face, and that it had somehow degraded his features.

Now a wealthy and popular Baronet could not thus immure himself for any length of time without exciting curiosity, and setting all manner of rumors afloat. Visitors poured into Huntercombe to inquire.

Lady Bassett excused herself to many, but some of her own sex she thought it best to encounter. This subjected her to the insidious attacks of curiosity admirably veiled with sympathy. The assailants were marvelously subtle; but so was the devoted wife. She gave kiss for kiss, and equivoque for equivoque. She seemed grateful for each visit; but they got nothing out of her except that Sir Charles's nerves were shaken by his fall, and that she was playing the tyrant for once, and insisting on absolute quiet for her patient.

One visitor she never refused—Mr. Angelo. He, from the first, had been her true friend; had carried Sir Charles away from the enemy, and then had dismissed the gaping servants. She saw that he had divined her calamity, and she knew from things he said to her that he would never breathe a word out-of-doors. She confided in him. She told him Mr. Bassett was the real cause of all this misery: he had insulted Sir Charles. The nature of this insult she suppressed. "And oh, Mr. Angelo," said she, "that man is my terror night and day! I don't know what he can do, but I feel he will do something if he ever learns my poor husband's condition."

"I trust, Lady Bassett, you are convinced he will learn nothing from me. Indeed, I will tell the ruffian any thing you like. He has been sounding me a little; called to inquire after his poor cousin—the hypocrite!"

"How good you are! Please tell him absolute repose is prescribed for a time, but there is no doubt of Sir Charles's ultimate recovery."

Mr. Angelo promised heartily.

Mary Wells was not enough; a woman must have a man to lean on in trouble, and Lady Bassett leaned on Mr. Angelo. She even obeyed him. One day he told her that her own health would fail if she sat always in the sick-room; she must walk an hour every day.

"*Must* I?" said she, sweetly.

"Yes, even if it is only in your own garden."

From that time she used to walk with him nearly every day.

Richard Bassett saw this from his tower of observation; saw it, and chuckled. "Aha!" said he. "Husband sick in bed. Wife walking in the garden with a young man—a parson, too. He is dark, she is fair. Something will come of this. Ha, ha!"

Lady Bassett now talked of sending to London for advice; but Mary Wells dissuaded her. "Physic can't cure him. There's only one can cure him, and that is yourself, my lady."

"Ah, would to Heaven I could!"

"Try *my* way, and you will see, my lady."

"What, *that* way! Oh no, no!"

"Well, then, if you won't, nobody else can."

Such speeches as these, often repeated, on the one hand, and Sir Charles's melancholy, on the other, drove Lady Bassett almost wild with distress and perplexity.

Meanwhile her vague fears of Richard Bassett were being gradually realized.

Bassett employed Wheeler to sound Dr. Willis as to his patient's condition.

Dr. Willis, true to the honorable traditions of his profession, would tell him nothing. But Dr. Willis had a wife. She pumped him: and Wheeler pumped her.

By this channel Wheeler got a somewhat exaggerated account of Sir Charles's state. He carried it to Bassett, and the pair put their heads together.

The consultation lasted all night, and finally a comprehensive plan of action was settled. Wheeler stipulated that the law should not be broken in the smallest particular, but only stretched.

Four days after this conference Mr. Bassett, Mr. Wheeler, and two spruce gentlemen dressed in black, sat upon the "Heir's Tower," watching Huntercombe Hall.

They watched, and watched, until they saw Mr. Angelo make his usual daily call.

Then they watched, and watched, until Lady Bassett and the young clergyman came out and strolled together into the shrubbery.

Then the two gentlemen went down the stairs, and were hastily conducted by Bassett to Huntercombe Hall.

They rang the bell, and the taller said, in a business-like voice, "Dr. Mosely, from Dr. Willis."

Mary Wells was sent for, and Dr. Mosely said, "Dr. Willis is unable to come to-day, and has sent me."

Mary Wells conducted him to the patient. The other gentleman followed.

"Who is this?" said Mary. "I can't let all the world in to see him."

"It is Mr. Donkyn, the surgeon. Dr. Willis wished the patient to be examined with the stethoscope. You can stay outside, Mr. Donkyn."

This new doctor announced himself to Sir Charles, felt his pulse, and entered, at once, into conversation with him.

Sir Charles was in a talking mood, and very soon said one or two inconsecutive things. Dr. Mosely looked at Mary Wells, and said he would write a prescription.

As soon as he had written it he said, very loud, "Mr. Donkyn!"

The door instantly opened, and that worthy appeared on the threshold.

"Oblige me," said the doctor to his confrère, "by seeing this prescription made up; and you can examine the patient yourself; but do not fatigue him."

With this he retired swiftly, and strolled down the corridor, to wait for his companion.

He had not to wait long. Mr. Donkyn adopted a free and easy style with Sir Charles, and that gentleman marked his sense of the indignity by turning him out of the room, and kicking him industriously half-way down the passage.

Messrs. Mosely and Donkyn retired to Highmore.

"AT THIS MOMENT MR. ANGELO DASHED UP."

Bassett was particularly pleased at the baronet having kicked Donkyn; so was Wheeler; so was Dr. Mosely. Donkyn alone did not share the general enthusiasm.

When Sir Charles had disposed of Mr. Donkyn he turned on Mary Wells, and rated her soundly for bringing strangers into his room to gratify their curiosity; and when Lady Bassett came in he made his formal complaint, concluding with a proposal that one of two persons should leave Huntercombe, forever, that afternoon—Mary Wells or Sir Charles Bassett.

Mary replied, not to him, but to her mistress, "He came from Dr. Willis, my lady. It was Dr. Mosely; and the other gent was a surgeon."

"Two medical men, sent by Dr. Willis?" said Lady Bassett, knitting her brow with wonder and a shade of doubt.

"A couple of her own sweethearts, sent by herself," suggested Sir Charles.

Lady Bassett sat down and wrote a hasty letter to Dr. Willis. "Send a groom with it, as fast as he can ride," said she; and she was much discomposed and nervous and impatient till the answer came back.

Dr. Willis came in person. "I sent no one to take my place," said he. "I esteem my patient too highly to let any stranger prescribe for him or even see him—for a few days to come."

Lady Bassett sank into a chair, and her eloquent face filled with an undefinable terror.

Mary Wells, being on her defense, put in her word. "I am sure he was a doctor; for he wrote a prescription, and here 'tis."

Dr. Willis examined the prescription, with no friendly eye.

"Acetate of morphia! The very worst thing that could be given him. This is the favorite of the specialists. This fatal drug has eaten away a thousand brains for one it has ever benefited."

"Ah!" said Lady Bassett. "'Specialists!' what are they?"

"Medical men, who confine their practice to one disease."

"Mad-doctors, he means," said the patient, very gravely.

Lady Bassett turned very pale. "Then those were mad-doctors."

"Never you mind, Bella," said Sir Charles. "I kicked the fellow handsomely."

"I am sorry to hear it, Sir Charles."

"Why?"

Dr. Willis looked at Lady Bassett, as much as to say, "I shall not give *him* my real reason;" and then said, "I think it very undesirable you should be excited and provoked until your health is thoroughly restored."

Dr. Willis wrote a prescription and retired.

Lady Bassett sank into a chair and trembled all over. Her divining fit was on her; she saw the hand of the enemy, and filled with vague fears.

Mary Wells tried to comfort her. "I'll take care no more strangers get in here," said she. "And, my lady, if you are afraid, why not have the keepers, and two or three more, to sleep in the house? for, as for them footmen, they be too soft to fight."

"I will," said Lady Bassett; "but I fear it will be no use. Our enemy has so many resources unknown to me. How can a poor woman fight with a shadow, that comes in a moment and strikes; and then is gone and leaves his victim trembling?"

Then she slipped into the dressing-room and became hysterical, out of her husband's sight and hearing.

Mary Wells nursed her, and, when she was better, whispered in her ear, "Lose no more time, then. Cure him. You know the way."

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

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FARM BALLADS.—By WILL M. CARLETON.

[WRITTEN FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.]

OVER THE HILL TO THE POOR-HOUSE.

OVER the hill to the poor-house I'm trudgin' my weary way—
I, a woman of seventy, and only a trifle gray—
I, who am smart an' chipper, for all the years I've told,
As many another woman that's only half as old.

Over the hill to the poor-house—I can't quite make it clear!
Over the hill to the poor-house—it seems so horrid queer!
Many a step I've taken a-toilin' to and fro,
But this is a sort of journey I never thought to go.

What is the use of heapin' on me a pauper's shame?
Am I lazy or crazy? am I blind or lame?
True, I am not so supple, nor yet so awful stout;
But charity ain't no favor, if one can live without.

I am willin' and anxious an' ready any day
To work for a decent livin', an' pay my honest way;
For I can earn my victuals, an' more too, I'll be bound,
If any body only is willin' to have me round.

Once I was young and han'some—I was, upon my soul—
Once my cheeks was roses, my eyes as black as coal;
And I can't remember, in them days, of hearin' people say,
For any kind of a reason, that I was in their way.

"OVER THE HILL TO THE POOR-HOUSE I'M TRUDGIN' MY WEARY WAY."

Taint no use of boastin', or talkin' over free,
But many a house an' home was open then to me;
Many a han'some offer I had from likely men,
And nobody ever hinted that I was a burden then.

And when to John I was married, sure he was good and smart,
But he and all the neighbors would own I done my part;
For life was all before me, an' I was young an' strong,
And I worked the best that I could in tryin' to get along.

And so we worked together: and life was hard, but gay,
With now and then a baby for to cheer us on our way;
Till we had half a dozen, an' all growed clean an' neat,
An' went to school like others, an' had enough to eat.

So we worked for the child'rn, and raised 'em every one;
Worked for 'em summer and winter, just as we ought to 've done;
Only perhaps we humored 'em, which some good folks condemn,
But every couple's child'rn's a heap the best to them.

Strange how much we think of our blessed little ones!—
I'd have died for my daughters, I'd have died for my sons;
And God he made that rule of love; but when we're old and gray,
I've noticed it sometimes somehow fails to work the other way.

Strange, another thing: when our boys an' girls was grown,
And when, exceptin' Charley, they'd left us there alone;
When John he nearer an' dearer come, an' dearer seemed to be,
The Lord of Hosts he come one day an' took him away from me.

"TILL AT LAST HE WENT A-COURTIN', AND BROUGHT A WIFE FROM TOWN."

Still I was bound to struggle, an' never to cringe or fall—
Still I worked for Charley, for Charley was now my all;
And Charley was pretty good to me, with scarce a word or frown,
Till at last he went a-courtin', and brought a wife from town.

She was somewhat dressy, an' hadn't a pleasant smile—
She was quite conceity, and carried a heap o' style;
But if ever I tried to be friends, I did with her, I know;
But she was hard and proud, an' I couldn't make it go.

She had an edication, an' that was good for her;
But when she twitted me on mine, 'twas carryin' things too fur;
An' I told her once, 'fore company (an' it almost made her sick),
That I never swallowed a grammar, or 'et a 'rithmetic.

So 'twas only a few days before the thing was done—
They was a family of themselves, and I another one;
And a very little cottage one family will do,
But I never have seen a house that was big enough for two.

An' I never could speak to suit her, never could please her eye,
An' it made me independent, an' then I didn't try;
But I was terribly staggered, an' felt it like a blow,
When Charley turned ag'in me, an' told me I could go.

I went to live with Susan, but Susan's house was small,
And she was always a-hintin' how snug it was for us all;
And what with her husband's sisters, and what with child'rn three,
'Twas easy to discover that there wasn't room for me.

An' then I went to Thomas, the oldest son I've got,
For Thomas's buildings 'd cover the half of an acre lot;
But all the child'rn was on me—I couldn't stand their sauce—
And Thomas said I needn't think I was comin' there to boss.

An' then I wrote to Rebecca, my girl who lives out West,
And to Isaac, not far from her—some twenty miles at best;
And one of 'em said 'twas too warm there for any one so old,
And t'other had an opinion the climate was too cold.

So they have shirked and slighted me, an' shifted me about—
So they have well-nigh soured me, an' wore my old heart out;
But still I've borne up pretty well, an' wasn't much put down,
Till Charley went to the poor-master, an' put me on the town.

Over the hill to the poor-house—my child'rn dear, good-by!
Many a night I've watched you when only God was nigh;
And God 'll judge between us; but I will al'ays pray
That you shall never suffer the half I do to-day.

"MANY A NIGHT I'VE WATCHED YOU WHEN ONLY GOD WAS NIGH."

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1871.

HARPER'S WEEKLY contains ONE-THIRD more reading matter, a larger number of Illustrations, and is conspicuously better Edited and Printed than any other Illustrated Newspaper. Its circulation is more than DOUBLE that of any similar publication.

☞ *The* SUPPLEMENT *to this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains the opening chapters of a new Story by* CHARLES LEVER, *author of* "THAT BOY OF NORCOTT'S," *entitled*

"LORD KILGOBBIN,"

with illustrations; another superbly illustrated installment of "DOGS AND THEIR DOINGS," *which has been so favorably received by the younger readers of the* WEEKLY; *an interesting article on* "LIGHT FOR LIGHT-HOUSES," *and other literary attractions.*

THE DEMOCRATIC SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS.

"MR. ORATOR PUFF had two tones in his voice," and consequently, as the affecting narrative informs us, he could not escape from the pit. The Democratic party, with the same vocal variety, is in imminent peril of a similar catastrophe. Its Northern voice and its Southern voice sing different tunes; and as its object is to lull the public into gentle slumber, it is naturally angry to find that the discord only more thoroughly arouses the country. Mr. VALLANDIGHAM had scarcely blandly alluded to the fact that the goose hung high when Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS savagely retorted that not only did he not "accept the situation," but that he "accepted nothing." So, also, while Tammany Hall complacently heard the praises lavished upon it by the fire-eating Mobile *Register*, it was confounded by the vigorous observation of the same journal that, of course, Tammany would not expect to nominate its candidate! Alas for the "great statesman" of New York, the executive agent of the Erie Ring!

Indeed, a more laughable tragi-comical spectacle has not been lately seen than the present situation of the Democratic party. It is engaged in the praiseworthy but not hopeful attempt to dissolve oil in water, and to mingle in sweet silence gunpowder and fire. It is divided into two factions, the Northern and the Southern. The cleverest of the Northern leaders are anxious to break the chain that binds them to the corpse of slavery and to the disastrous past of their party—a party false to the country, to liberty, and to human nature. But they have no platform to propose except acquiescence in Republican action and denunciation of Republicans. This, being a tacit confession of the total failure of their own party and a repudiation of all its traditions, does not warmly commend itself to the mass of the Democratic voters. It seems to them, and very naturally, an insincere course; and they declare, with animation, that such counsels are offered by those who have no faith in Democratic principles, and who are, therefore, no better than the enemy. "If holding the offices and sharing the public plunder is the only principle involved in the politics of to-day," says a Kentucky Democratic paper, "there is no necessity for keeping up two political organizations."

While thus some of the more sagacious Northern Democratic leaders advise acquiescence in the situation, the Southern chiefs, who have been both the brain and the heart of the party, with scornful and defiant brows insist upon what they call the principles for which the Democracy have always contended. Those principles are really the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions of nearly eighty years ago—resolutions which assert State sovereignty to a point which is incompatible with national supremacy—that is to say, the Southern Democratic chiefs insist upon the right of secession. They declare that the "lost cause" is traditional Democracy, and that, when you abandon the constitutional principle upon which that cause is justified, Democracy, as a party name, is meaningless. Indeed, there are a large number of those who were the sincerest rebels, who lost every thing in the war, and who now insist that, the Democratic principle having been overpowered, there should be no hesitation in abolishing the State Legislatures, and in establishing "one right, one government, one law." The ablest of the Southern leaders and papers insist upon the lost cause as the only rational Democratic platform. And JEFFERSON DAVIS, the best-beloved Democratic leader in the Southern States, declares in reply to the "new departure" that a little patient waiting only is necessary to secure the victory for which he and his friends contended.

This was the spirit and these were the chiefs who controlled the Democratic party at the last Presidential election. They propose to contest the mastery again next year. They deride and denounce the Northern acquiescers as men of no faith in principle, as mere temporizers and Laodiceans. And this position is so strongly taken, and the censure is so free, that the Northern leaders are already angry. The very warmth of their tones shows their alarm. For while they are profoundly persuaded that there is no other chance of Democratic success than express acceptance of the situation, they are as profoundly convinced of the tenacity of their late masters at the South. A few weeks ago the Southern views were described by the Northern managers as the eccentricities of "our gallant and chivalrous friends," who would, as good Democrats, gracefully yield when "we" knocked them on the head in the Convention. But all this is changed. The Albany *Argus* now disposes of our gallant and chivalrous friends in this manner: "The boisterous Montgomery *Mail* is dead. The senile Mobile *Register* has changed its coat and fallen into line, an humble and, we trust, repentant follower of those whom it tried to browbeat into its waved-up folly. The Memphis *Appeal* alone remains as a vociferator of nonsense and a gabbler of platitudes." And the New York *World*, the friend of the Erie agent, says of the other great statesman of its party: "The truth is that JEFFERSON DAVIS is not only a badly beaten general, a failure as an executive head of a resisting people, a thoroughly whipped rebel, but a politician who stupidly, criminally (to use the mildest phrase) *blundered*." And these be brethren!

From all this it is plain, first, that the Northern Democratic leaders are convinced that the Southern voice must be silenced or the party is already defeated; and second, that they feel much stronger than they did in 1868, and propose not to wheedle but to lash the recusants into submission. But the fact is none the less evident and significant that the support of the Southern wing is indispensable to Democratic success. Therefore if, in the National Convention of the party, Mr. VALLANDIGHAM, who in 1864 made the Chicago platform of surrender to the rebels, should in 1872 make another platform of surrender to the Republicans, it would certainly be an occasion of satisfaction to every patriot that the party did not take an openly revolutionary position, but it would as certainly be no ground for supporting a party which contains every revolutionary and disturbing element. The question, as we stated last week, would then be whether a purer administration or greater fidelity to the new order could be more reasonably expected from the Democratic than from the Republican party. There can be little doubt that the VALLANDIGHAM platform would help the Democratic party in the Northern States, but it would as surely exasperate the stanchest Southern Democrats. Meanwhile those who are disposed to think that the Democratic party is always handled with admirable sagacity, and that it can rely upon its stern discipline, may refresh their memories with the history of its last three National Conventions in 1860, 1864, and 1868, of which it may be said that each surpassed the other in political blundering.

THE FATE OF FRANCE.

IT is a curious fate that harries unhappy France. The Commune itself will be accepted as the vindication of the empire. LOUIS NAPOLEON made his *coup d'état* as the "savior of society" against what he called socialism. He denounced it as destructive of the very foundations of civilization, as sanguinary and remorseless. And now Paris, blazing and bloody, a wild fury raging against animate and inanimate objects alike, full of anarchy and despair, has seemed plainly to justify his words. Certainly, however, it does not justify his government, the purpose of which was to keep France ignorant, childish, and cowardly. But what was evident when the Assembly was elected is only plainer after the formidable struggle. The people of France are monarchical, not republican.

Indeed, a republic, in our sense, is not an intelligible word in France. The provisional government of the 4th of September, as sheer a usurpation as LOUIS NAPOLEON'S, and worse than his, because not even pretending to appeal to the nation, called itself a republic, and was actually regarded as such by many intelligent persons and papers in this country. With much better reason M. THIERS calls his government a republic, because it really emanates from the people. But it is purely provisional. It was created to make peace with Germany, and to enable France to determine what political system she would adopt. Yet its duration depends upon itself. It may indefinitely postpone calling an assembly under plea of the disturbed state of the country. And the immediate question is whether it will maintain itself as the supreme authority, or call a constituent assembly, or by a *coup d'état* turn over the administration to a king. A republic is hardly practicable, for there are apparently no republicans.

Our readers will remember that we last year published the substance of a letter from LABOULAYE written to an American friend to explain his vote for the empire. The alternative, he said, was neither a republic nor an empire, but merely order or anarchy. And the result has verified his words. He did not like the kind of order, but it seemed infinitely preferable to the kind of disorder that was sure to replace it. For LABOULAYE said—what the result has shown—that those who called themselves republicans in France, and who were really the Commune, had no conception of liberty whatever: and when he told them that the object of a constitution was to defend the individual and the minority against the majority, they could not possibly understand him. The Commune, therefore, was really a conspiracy against society itself. The friends of local independence, and such republicans as there may be, were, perhaps, classed with it; but, as we said last week, they did not control it.

The plea for the Commune, in some minds, is that it was a protest against oppression. But it was also an assertion of a more monstrous tyranny than it would displace. Even LOUIS BLANC, the social leader of 1848, recoiled before it; and the article of FREDERIC HARRISON, who defended it in the *Fortnightly Review*, was as preposterous as his article last winter denouncing the success of Germany as the ruin of civilization. Is civilization safe only with those who smear a great city with petroleum and fire it, and who outrage every instinct of religion and humanity? LOUIS NAPOLEON was a despot, but the chances of liberty were a thousandfold more promising with him than with a mob of ROCHEFORTS.

If the country returns to monarchy, there is no evident reason why it should not prefer the old BOURBONS to the new BONAPARTES. It is conceded that the most able and acceptable man among the royal candidates is the Duc d'Aumale, son of LOUIS PHILIPPE. But it is announced that his branch of the family has made terms with the older branch, represented by the Count of Chambord. The Count is the grandson of CHARLES the Tenth and grandnephew of LOUIS the Sixteenth. He is about fifty-two years old, and childless. If it be true that he and his cousins are reconciled, it is probably upon certain conditions—as that he, as HENRY the Fifth, shall not revive the traditions of his grandfather's government, and that the Count of Paris, grandson of LOUIS PHILIPPE, shall succeed him. The Count has recently written a letter, which is really his platform. He does not claim absolute power. He would submit to the careful control of representatives freely elected, and he would endeavor to obtain efficient guarantees for the independence of the Papacy. The Count says, in the simplest and most medieval manner, "To protect the Holy See was ever the honorable duty of our country and the most indisputable cause of its greatness among nations."

If this quaint gentleman, who might have been exhumed from a cloister of the fourteenth century, should be made the figure-head of a monarchical system, and consent to be only a permanent executive, as merely a form as the Queen of England, the experiment of constitutional government may perhaps be tried in France. But it would be under the most unpromising conditions. The new monarchy would last during the exhaustion of the nation; but nothing but a statesmanship and a national condition of which there have been no signs whatever during the recent cataclysm in France could make such a system permanent. That statesmanship presupposes the perception that, if the republican tendencies of the country are to be absorbed by Communism, all the friends of liberty and of constitutional order will choose as LABOULAYE chose last year.

MR. GREELEY AT THE SOUTH.

MR. GREELEY has been making speeches in Texas and elsewhere, and every American citizen must be glad that the time has at last come when a man may safely say what he thinks in every part of the country. A few years ago, in the good old Democratic days, this was not possible in the Southern States; nor, indeed, is it always possible now. But there has been a great change; and, under Republican ascendency in the country, the fundamental conditions of free popular government are beginning to be understood even in the Southern States. Mr. GREELEY, indeed, spoke very smoothly. He said that "the North" does not think ill of "the South;" and that the city of New York is worse than the State of Texas, in which property and life are safe. The general sentiment of the people of the North, he said, is to let by-gones be by-gones, and if there had been a general amnesty there would probably have been no Ku-Klux. He said that the better sense of the North justified him in offering bail for JEFFERSON DAVIS, and that all disabilities would soon be removed. All that is needed is a better mutual understanding.

While Mr. GREELEY was making these conciliatory speeches a correspondence was published between him and some citizens of Kansas, who remarked to him that "without any disrespect to General GRANT, we believe that no living American statesman has the claims of yourself for President," and who asked him if Barkis was willin'. Mr. GREELEY replied that he trusted never to be an aspirant for any office, but that he was in the hands of his friends, and that he thought the next Presidential candidate ought to be "a steadfast, consistent believer in the good old Whig doctrine of one Presidential term." This is a plain declaration that, in Mr. GREELEY'S judgment, General GRANT ought not to be the candidate. The *Tribune*, also, has shown that conviction for some time. And as there is no other candidate upon whom any considerable number of Republicans unite, if the Convention should prove to be unfavorable to the nomination of General GRANT, the friends of Mr. GREELEY, perhaps, suppose that no name could be presented with more force than his.

One of these friends, however, *The Golden Age*, in declaring its preference for Mr. GREELEY, says that the nomination of General GRANT would be injudicious, and that "the victorious North should not a second time impose upon the country the conqueror of one-half of it." In the Mobile *Register*, or from the mouth of JEFFERSON DAVIS, we should not be surprised by such a remark. But how was General GRANT "imposed upon the country?" He was unanimously nominated by representatives of the loyal Union party from every part of the Union. He was elected by votes freely cast every where, and his majority would have been greater but for the Democratic frauds in New York. And in what sense is General GRANT the conqueror of one-half the country? The war was the vindication of the right of this people to their own country and their own government. The result was not the conquest of half the country; it was the salvation of the whole country from fatal division. The right of the people of the United States in the insurgent section of the Union was not in the slightest degree impaired because for some time it could be asserted only by arms. In a certain technical sense, as the rebellion was intrenched in one part of the country, and was subdued by force, that section may be said to have been conquered. But we can imagine nothing more offensive to a loyal Union citizen than the representation of the modest soldier whom LINCOLN implicitly trusted, and who never by word or deed betrayed the confidence which every honest American reposed in him, whose victory was unsullied by so much as a word of violence, and whose report of the situation of the seat of the rebellion after the war was so gentle that Mr. SUMNER called it "whitewashing," as "the conqueror of one-half the country."

We do not depreciate Mr. GREELEY'S services to the country. But those of General GRANT are not inconsiderable. From the military point of view, which *The Golden Age* selects, he is not the conqueror of half the country; he is the savior of the whole country.

A LITTLE HISTORY.

THE action of the Ohio Democratic Convention ends, for that State, a chapter of political history in this country which every man who wishes to vote wisely should carefully study. In the year 1860 the Democratic party was dominant in the Union. Its great policy was the denial of the fundamental American doctrine of equal human rights, and, under the plea of State sovereignty, the confirmation and perpetuity of human slavery. The rise of the Republican party was the protest of the national conscience against this monstrous policy. The protest became so commanding that the most logical and resolute of the Democratic chiefs, foreseeing the ultimate catastrophe of their course, brought on the war of the rebellion. The mass of the Northern Democrats denounced the Republicans as morally responsible for the war by their unconstitutional hostility to the extension of slavery, while some individuals, like BUTLER, DICKINSON, and others, cordially supported coercion.

But during the whole war the steady opposition to every necessary measure of war proceeded from the Democratic party. It called the war wicked, fratricidal, and unnecessary. It derided the President with every epithet of contempt. It nominated notorious Copperheads for office in the various States. In Connecticut its candidate for Governor was the well-known Mr. SEYMOUR of that State. In Ohio it nominated Mr. VALLANDIGHAM, who had so openly espoused the cause of the rebellion that he was sent beyond the Union lines. In New York it elected HORATIO SEYMOUR, who incited the July riots of 1863. Every where and always it paralyzed action and demoralized opinion, until in 1864 it solemnly declared the war a failure, and demanded surrender to the rebellion. Meanwhile the faithful and patriotic citizens of the Union stood fast and united against the cannon of the rebels, and the moral support of those cannon offered by the Democratic party, and unconditionally subdued the rebellion.

Then came Mr. JOHNSON and his treachery. He denounced Republican legislation, and the Democrats supported him, declaring the whole Republican reconstruction, as they had declared the Republican conduct of the war, to be unconstitutional, revolutionary, and void. Emboldened by the possibility of their ascendency, the smothered feeling in the Southern States showed itself in the massacres at New Orleans and Memphis, and the loyal people of the coun-

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try, seeing these things, and hearing Democratic speeches and resolutions, closed their ranks and elected General GRANT.

At last, perceiving that the people of the United States have repudiated the traditions, the opinions, the policy, the candidates, the spirit, of the Democratic party, some of its leaders are trying to do the same, in the hope that when every thing distinctively Democratic has disappeared, the people may not be unwilling to trust a party which retains only the name. The Ohio Democratic Convention, therefore, under the presidency of a gentleman who was in favor of secession, has nominated for Governor a soldier of the fratricidal and unconstitutional war; and at the instance of another gentleman, who wished to surrender to the rebellion in 1864, and who declared Republican reconstruction revolutionary and void in 1868, resolves that Republican reconstruction is valid and must be enforced. Yet even this action was by no means unanimous. After a stormy struggle the vote was three hundred and sixty-five yeas against one hundred and twenty-nine nays.

This history shows that the Democratic leaders, despising the conscience and underrating the intelligence of the American people, fell from power. Their policy was inhuman, their appeals were odious, their methods were corrupt. The Democratic party became a national curse. It struggled to perpetuate slavery, and, in order to succeed, it debauched and degraded the public mind. Yet it constantly claimed to be peculiarly a constitutional party; and in the name of the Constitution connived at the rebellion to overthrow it. It now proposes, in Ohio, to ask for the popular confidence upon the ground that it has never deserved it. It accepts as much of the Republican policy as it can not hope to defeat, and now calls the rest of it, as it formerly called the whole, unconstitutional. And what today it brands as unconstitutional, revolutionary, and void, it will to-morrow commend as valid, if it is necessary to obtain power.

Meanwhile is the Union surer with those who have fought and suffered for it, or with those who practically connived at secession? Is freedom safer with those who have been its friends always, or with those who were yesterday its fiercest foes? Is honest administration more probable with intelligence and conscience, or with ignorance and contempt of "moral ideas?" Are popular institutions more stable with the unswerving friends of the public school system, or with those who are allied with its ecclesiastical enemies? Is respect for the Constitution more probable with those who amended it, as itself provides, to enlarge the securities of equal rights, or with those who are willing to acquiesce in "usurpation" under it, and to declare what they call its most flagrant violations valid? The action of the Democratic Ohio Convention is the most signal vindication of the Republican ascendency in the government, and the frankest confession that the general conduct of that party is approved by the good sense of the country.

THE ENGLISH UNIVERSITY TESTS.

WE recently spoke of the peril of Mr. GLADSTONE'S government in England. A man of perfect honor and of great ability, and of many liberal convictions, he is yet rather a reluctant liberal leader. He has a Tory temperament, and the English ecclesiastical traditions are very strong in his mind. Thus for some time he opposed the repeal of the university tests, or religious oaths which all teachers were obliged to take, and although the liberal party favored the repeal, Mr. GLADSTONE was constantly seen "going into the lobby," or voting with his great foe and rival, Mr. DISRAELI. At length he acquiesced in the policy of his party upon the question, and it was after his change of opinion was known that he was so triumphantly supported at the Parliamentary election. The repeal of the tests passed the House of Commons triumphantly, but in the House of Lords an amendment, proposed by the Marquis of Salisbury, virtually undoing the effect of the bill, has been adopted by a meagre majority of five, and now goes to the Commons for agreement. If Mr. GLADSTONE should falter in opposing the amendment, the irritation of his party would probably endanger his supremacy; and the more caution is needed, as it is understood that the Dissenters will support the amendment with the Tories, on the principle of making the position of a political adversary as odious as possible.

Lord Salisbury's amendment requires every teacher to swear that he will teach nothing incompatible with the divine authority of the Old and New Testaments. Of course any such test oath is totally inadequate for its purpose. But the Marquis said that Oxford was a fountain of German infidelity, as if the German were a peculiarly malignant form of skepticism. He urged this point with great ardor, and then Lord Westbury quietly replied that if the emphatic statement of the Marquis were correct, the German infidelity had developed under precisely such a system of tests as the Marquis now urged. This was fatal; but Toryism never knows when it is morally beaten, and the amendment was adopted, as we said, by a majority of five. But among those who opposed it were the Archbishop of York and the Bishops of Oxford, Manchester, and Carlisle. The small majority indicates either great indifference or a consciousness that the oath is of no real value against its professed object, as, indeed, the Marquis's speech proved.

The act of repeal simply abolishes the oaths and compulsory attendance upon religious exercises, but leaves untouched religious teaching and the religious service in the chapels according to the English form. The only effect of the repeal is to relieve a scholar from the necessity of saying that when a truth in science is demonstrated he will refuse to believe it, or to teach it as true, if it is apparently inconsistent with some passage of the Bible. The inevitable result of such a process is that the passage in the Bible is made to conform, or the scholar conceals his belief, or he is compelled to leave his chair because he can not deny what is demonstrated. It is probably to the odium of imposing such a system upon the great seats of learning that the Dissenters wish to drive the Tories by supporting the amendment. But it is not an honorable course. Upon so plain a question a man's vote should represent his convictions; and every man who believes that truth is one, that all truth is divine, and that it can not be inconsistent with itself, will wish to remove every kind of hinderance from the search for truth.

NOTES.

TWO European editions of BAYARD TAYLOR'S translation of GOETHE'S "Faust" have appeared, one in London and one in Leipsic. The German critics give it an enthusiastic welcome. One of them declares that he considers the work the most wonderful achievement in translation yet made, and predicts for it the greatest success in Germany. This high estimate is well deserved. Mr. TAYLOR has devoted many years to the study of GOETHE'S great work, and to the "Faust" literature of Germany, and has produced a version which may be said to reflect every feature of the original with a fidelity never before attained, and which it would be scarcely possible to exceed. The work is an honor to the translator, and will always hold a very high rank in English literature.

FEW American poems have taken a stronger hold on the mass of readers in this country than CARLETON'S homely "Farm Ballad" entitled "Betsey and I are Out," which was published, with a fine illustration, in *Harper's Weekly* for May 27. Simple in form and homely in expression, it contained the leaven of true poetry and sentiment, and no one could read it without feeling the pathos of the story. The impression it has made is shown by the large number of sequels which have been printed in various parts of the country. We have received nearly a dozen, some of them very fair, and curiously enough nearly all of them taking the same view of the situation, and bringing the parties to a happy reconciliation. Mr. CARLETON has himself written a continuation of the story, which has been in our hands for some time. It will in due season appear, when the public will learn the true sequel to the visit to the lawyer, a secret which could of course be known only to the author of "Betsey and I." All other sequels are spurious.

PERSONAL.

THE renomination of Mr. BANCROFT as minister to Germany will be received with general satisfaction. Mr. B. is the only representative we have had at that court familiar with all the phases of German life, speaking the language fluently, and deeply versed in German science and literature. The career of Mr. BANCROFT has been a remarkable one. Born in 1800, he entered Harvard at the early age of thirteen, and graduated in 1817 with the second honors of his class. In 1818 he visited Germany, and prosecuted his studies under the eminent scholars HEEREN and SCHLOSSER. After publishing the first volume of his "History of the United States" in 1834, and the second in 1837, he turned his attention to politics, and in 1838 was appointed by VAN BUREN collector of the port of Boston. In 1845 he entered the administration of POLK as Secretary of the Navy, and it is to Mr. B. that the country is indebted for the establishment of the naval school at Annapolis. During his term he acted for a month as Secretary of War, *pro tem.*, and gave the order to General TAYLOR to march into Texas, which was the first occupation of Texas by the United States. In 1846 he was sent as minister to Great Britain. Returning to this country in 1849, he made New York his residence, and up to the time of his acceptance of the mission to Berlin devoted himself mainly to the completion of his history, some twenty editions of which have been published, and a German version having passed through four editions. At the time of his appointment to Berlin he was president of the Century Club of New York. Although a philosopher and historian, Mr. B. is fond of society, a great frequenter and enjoyer of the opera, one of the wittiest and most agreeable of gentlemen at dinner, always ready to lend his influence and presence to objects of benevolence, and in the highest and best sense of the term, a man of progress.

—Not only for producing warriors, but United States Senators, will the First Nebraska regiment be remembered. Its colonel, THAYER, who was promoted to brigadier-general for meritorious services at Fort Donelson and Shiloh, and major-general for work done at Vicksburg, was the first United States Senator elected from Nebraska on its admission in 1867. Mr. TIPTON, chaplain, was elected at the same time, and is still in the Senate. Hon. GEORGE E. SPENCER, its sutler, went down to Alabama, and was soon afterward elected to the Senate from that State.

—M. LOUIS BLANC, influenced, doubtless, by the condition of affairs in France, is coming a-visiting to the United States. This distinguished gentleman is now fifty-eight years of age, and was born in Madrid, his mother being of the POZZODI BORGO family. At nineteen he went to Paris and began to write for the papers. An incident in his personal history was the origin of M. DUMAS'S famous "Corsican Brothers." In the stormy days of 1848 no man in France played a more important part than he. In the National Assembly he brought forward and carried the motion for a repeal of the law by which the family of the BONAPARTES was doomed to perpetual exile. This enabled LOUIS NAPOLEON to return to France. In the latter part of 1848, on account of his conduct in reference to Poland, he was compelled to leave France, and since then has resided in London, acting as correspondent of Parisian journals and devoting himself to literary pursuits.

—The Hon. JOHN W. HARRIS, of Tennessee, during our late little troubles, served a soldier from Western New York kindly as a prisoner of war. The soldier died recently, and bequeathed to Judge HARRIS $5000. Cast your kindness on the waters, and after many days it shall bring you back $5000.

—When JOHN C. CALHOUN was in the Senate of the United States he remarked that Yale College had furnished forty-five per cent. of the members of Congress. At the present time there are in Congress but six graduates of Yale, and three of Harvard. Of the 265 members 99 are college men. When Mr. CALHOUN graduated from Yale, in 1804, which he did with the highest distinction, Dr. DWIGHT, the distinguished theologian, then president of the college, remarked, after a discussion with him on the origin of political power, "That young man has talent enough to be President of the United States."

—Among the veterans of American journalism who go abroad during the present season is Colonel GREENE, of the Boston *Post*, who, whether in respect of length of service or ability, is well-nigh the top of the list. Colonel GREENE has been in Massachusetts what Mr. WEED and Mr. CROSWELL have been in New York—the WARWICK of his party. Never a candidate for popular suffrage, he has preferred rather to "engineer" the party, and put in nomination the men who were either the best or the most agreeable to himself. Personally no man in New England enjoys a larger degree of solid public esteem than Colonel CHARLES GORDON GREENE. *Bon voyage!*

—Apropos of the habits of English speakers: DISRAELI is said to be the only man who speaks best without preparation. Nevertheless, he writes out long passages of all his great speeches, his perorations always, and prepares himself for the criticisms of his opponents. All his philippics against PEEL were, it is said, written and memorized. GLADSTONE has a vast command of words, and is supposed to prepare very little, except when out of office. BRIGHT writes all his speeches. COBDEN never wrote a speech in his life. All LOWE'S speeches on reform were written. Lord Derby, Lord Caernarvon, and Lord Salisbury prepare a good deal. Lord Granville, like the late Earl of Derby, trusts to his instincts, he latter talking in a dazing, off-hand style, and Lord Granville in a slipshod, hesitating manner, which, but for his good-humor and racy anecdotes, would put one out of conceit of Parliamentary oratory.

—Mr. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS has lately erected on the patrimonial estate at Quincy a very secure building, in which has been placed the large library of his father, and the voluminous manuscripts of his father and grandfather. It is understood that Mr. A. is preparing for publication a selection from the writings of his illustrious father. It is 83 years since JOHN ADAMS bought the Quincy estate, which has now become historical, and which promises, in the sons of Mr. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, to worthily perpetuate the family fame.

—In these days, when the subject of Bible revision is attracting the deepest attention, especially in England, where the dignitaries of the Established Church have taken the subject in hand, and where it has been made the topic of discussion in Parliament, it may be proper to say that since the year 1850 the American Bible Union, whose head-quarters are in this city, has expended many thousands of dollars in the collection of a superb library, and doing other work connected with a new translation of the sacred volume. This great project is under the direction of Dr. THOMAS J. CONANT, one of the most profound scholars of the country, aided by men of the highest erudition abroad, who have been selected without reference to their particular religious associations, but solely with regard to competency and a sincere desire to present the truest and best version in the English tongue that is possible, and which the philological researches of the time have made practicable.

—Notwithstanding the statements circulated by the adherents of LOUIS NAPOLEON, immediately after his exit from the throne, that he was impecunious—positively broke—his way of life at Chiselhurst does not indicate actual beggary. His household consists of M. CONTI, chief of his cabinet; M. PIETRI, secretary; Colonel LEPIC and M. DUPERRE, aids; Count DAVILLIERS, equerry; M. CONNEAU, surgeon; and young CONNEAU, orderly. There are also eight or ten servants. The Emperor, Empress, and Prince Imperial uniformly dine alone. Strangers are rigidly excluded from the premises. It is now pretty well understood that bankers in Madrid, Frankfort, Brussels, and London have not less than 180,000,000 francs belonging to the ex-Empress, while several millions belonging to the Empress were realized and placed abroad only six weeks before she quitted Paris.

—The recent sudden illness of Mr. COLFAX recalls the fact that three of his predecessors have died in office: GEORGE CLINTON, in 1812; ELBRIDGE GERRY, in 1814; and WILLIAM R. KING, in 1853. Mr. KING was elected in November, 1852, and sworn into that office in Cuba, March 24, 1853, but was prevented from entering upon its duties by the disease of consumption, of which he died April 16, 1853.

—JEFFERSON DAVIS and JACOB THOMPSON were both members of the Episcopal Convention of Tennessee, that met at Chattanooga on the 20th ult. Bishop QUINTARD presided, and all his recommendations were unanimously concurred in. JACOB THOMPSON "made an eloquent speech on the report of the Canfield Colored Orphan Asylum, and on the duty of the Church toward the colored people." JACOB THOMPSON is one of the clever.t men of the South. He was sent to Congress from Mississippi in 1839, when only twenty-nine years old, and continued there until 1851. He declined an appointment to the United States Senate, but in 1857 accepted from Mr. BUCHANAN the Secretaryship of the Interior, which he held until January, 1861, when he shifted to the Southern side, and served as Governor of Miss'ssippi and in the Confederate army. His home is now at Memphis.

—Hon. CALEB CUSHING, who has reached the ripe age of seventy-one, has become the purchaser of the fine old place known as "The Globe," formerly the property of the late General VAN NESS, about three miles from Washington, beyond the Aqueduct Bridge. General CUSHING is a man of indefatigable industry—a great linguist, great lawyer, great statesman. It used to be said, while he was Attorney-General in PIERCE'S Cabinet, that he was the only man in the history of American cabinets who could converse with each foreign minister in his own language. After having served Massachusetts in her State Legislature, as Justice of her Supreme Court, and as a member of Congress, represented the United States as commissioner to China, served as a brigadier-general in the Mexican war, filled the position of Attorney-General during the Presidency of General PIERCE, he is now, although a septuagenarian, as hard at work as ever as one of the three commissioners appointed by President JOHNSON, in 1866, to revise and codify the laws of the United States. It is pretty well remembered by newspaper readers that General BUTLER was a member of the famous Democratic National Convention that met at Charleston in 1860; but it is not so generally remembered that CALEB CUSHING was president of that Convention.

—Mr. CLEMENT L. VALLANDIGHAM, although only forty-nine years of age, has been in active public life—as Congressman, lawyer, or editor—since he was first elected to the Ohio Legislature in 1845. In 1863 he was arrested by military authority for expressing opinions against the war, was banished to the Southern States, and by way of Bermuda went to Canada. During his banishment the Democratic party nominated him for Governor of Ohio. Mr. VALLANDIGHAM now comes to the front of that party as the sexton for interring dead issues, and announces "a new departure" as the only hope for its success. His programme is about the same as that of Mr. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

—THOMAS H. SEYMOUR, who was one of the most modest of men, and most popular governors Connecticut has ever had, has no stone to mark his burial-place in Hartford, yet there is always upon it a bouquet of fresh and beautiful flowers. During his mission to Russia he was an especial personal favorite of the Emperor, who made to him several rare and costly presents.

—Certainly a dozen prominent politicians of Massachusetts are aspirants for the governorship. Among those who would gratefully accept are Governor CLAFLIN, Hon. Mr. DAWES, Dr. GEORGE B. LORING, General BUTLER, Hon. HARVEY JEWELL, and Hon. ALEXANDER H. RICE. Mr. DAWES, who is now 55 years of age, has been school-master, editor (of the Greenfield *Gazette*), member of the Massachusetts Legislature in '48, '49, and '52, and has been in Congress since 1857. General BUTLER'S political record is too well known to need repetition. Mr. RICE is 53 years of age, an extensive paper-manufacturer, Mayor of Boston in '56 and '57, and member of Congress in the 36th, 37th, 38th, and 39th Congresses.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

SECRETARY BOUTWELL'S monthly debt statement for May shows a reduction during that month of about $3,000,000, which, owing to the semi-annual payment of dividends, is only about one-third of the average for the last two years.

The State Capitol Commissioners have designated the 24th of June as the day for laying the corner-stone of the new Capitol at Albany, it being the anniversary of St. John the Baptist. Hon. John H. Anthon, Grand Master of Masons in the State of New York, has been invited to lay the stone.

The Chinese troubles are reviving in California. Only a short time since a gang of San Francisco ruffians stoned to death an inoffensive Chinaman in the presence of dozens of people, who made no effort to save the victim. A mob at Mendocina has notified the Chinese inhabitants to leave within ten days. In San Francisco a police magistrate has decided to deny the right of Chinamen to offer testimony, and discharged a white man accused of robbery solely on that ground.

The trial at Washington of Hon. C. C. Bowen for bigamy resulted in a verdict of guilty. Motion was made for a new trial.

One of the Anglo-American telegraph cables has been recovered and repaired, and work will be immediately commenced on the other.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ORDER reigns in Paris. The police and gens-d'armes have control of the city. Arrests are numerous, trials expeditious, and executions speedy. Two thousand Communist prisoners are to be confined in hulks at Cherbourg. The French Assembly is discussing the form of a permanent government, and the presence of the Orleans princes is found to be embarrassing. M. De Girardin advocates a liberal republic, like that of the United States or the Swiss Confederation. A resolution will be offered in the Assembly to prolong the term of M. Thiers's power. Diplomatic relations with Germany will soon be resumed.

The *Monde* announces that the Prince de Joinville and the Duke d'Aumale have proclaimed their adherence to the manifesto of the Count de Chambord, and that the fusion of the Legitimists and Orleanists is complete.

The inhabitants of Belleville, Paris, have openly announced that they will make reprisals, and a secret system of arson and assassination is apprehended.

A French military commission to reorganize the army has decided in favor of all Frenchmen being compelled to serve.

Victor Hugo has been expelled from Belgium, and has taken refuge in London.

News arrives of a terrible disaster in China. On the 11th of last April the town of Bathang, province of Se-chuen, was utterly destroyed by an earthquake, the first shocks of which were so severe that dwellings, temples, store-houses, and fortifications crumbled to the ground, killing over 2000 people. Fires broke out in the ruins, which were driven furiously by the wind, and continued for five days. The disturbance extended over an area of 400 miles, and the shocks continued with more or less violence for ten days.

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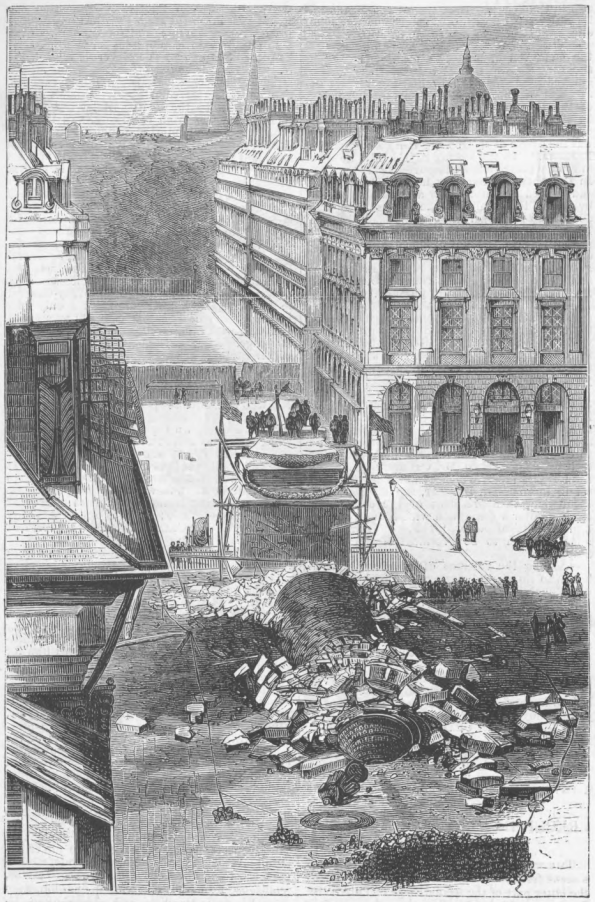
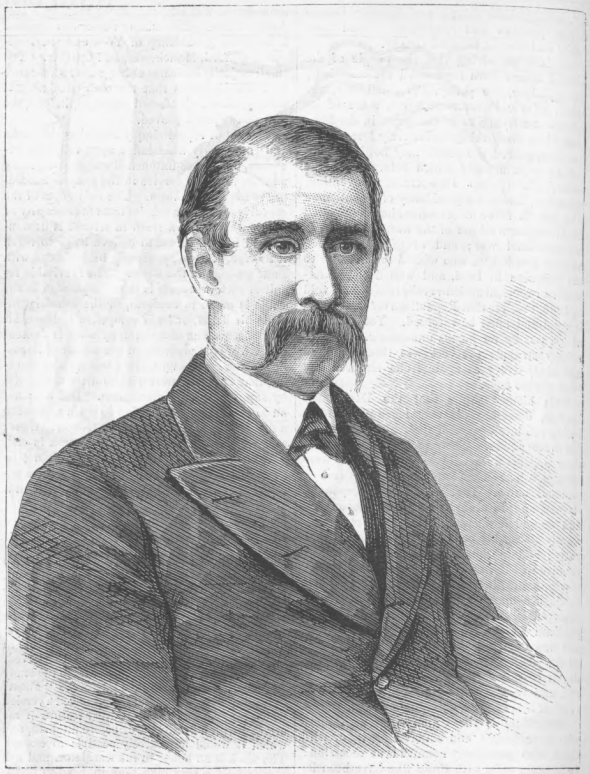


THE VENDÔME COLUMN OVERTHROWN.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH FORWARDED BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.—[SEE PAGE 557.]



THE HON. GUNNING S. BEDFORD, JUN.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY H. MEEZ, NEW YORK.]

JUDGE BEDFORD.

THE Hon. GUNNING S. BEDFORD, Jun., who presides with wholesome rigor and impartiality over the Court of General Sessions in this city, is one of the youngest men on the Bench, having reached his present official position, some three years ago, at the comparatively early age of thirty. He comes of a distinguished ancestry. His great-uncle, GUNNING BEDFORD, was Attorney-General and member of the Legislature of Delaware at the time of the formation of our national government, and a warm personal friend of General WASHINGTON. His father, the late Dr. GUNNING S. BEDFORD, was eminent as a physician and scientific writer.

The Judge, whose portrait is given on this page, is a gentleman of fine classical and legal attain-

THE PITTSTON DISASTER—THE PRAYER-MEETING BEHIND THE BARRICADE.—[SEE PAGE 553.]

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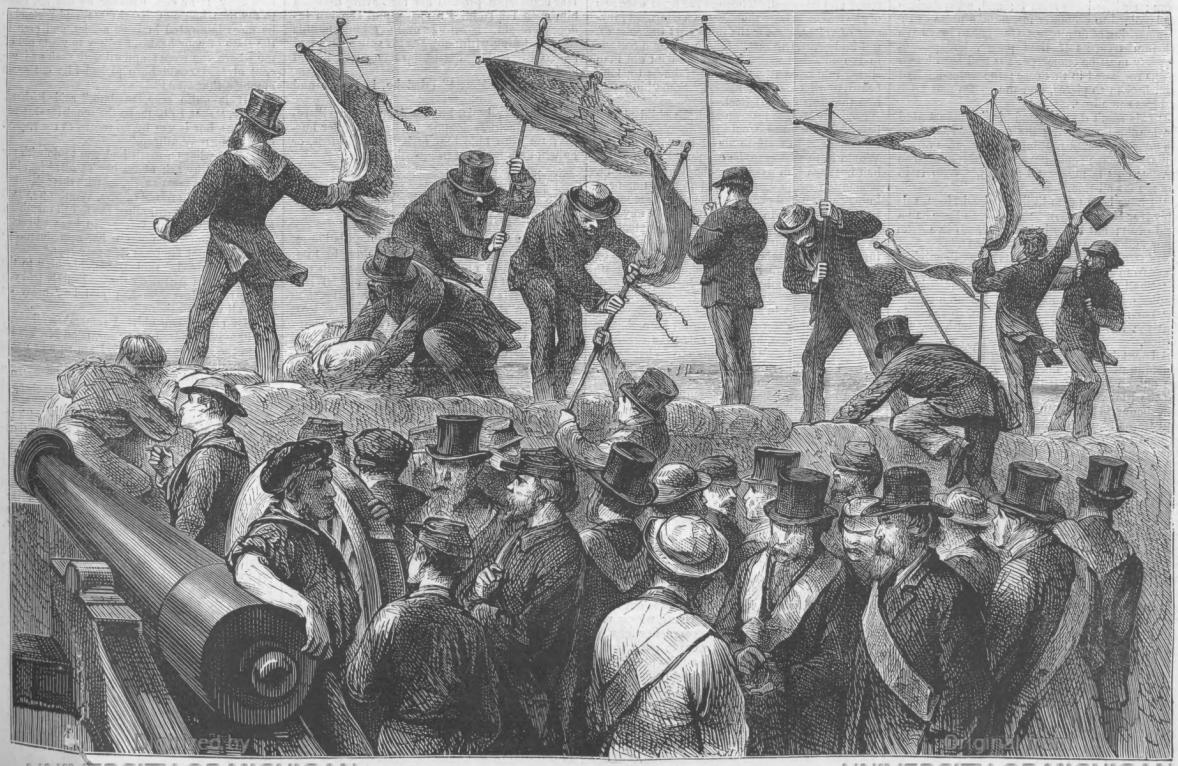
RECEIVING LETTERS OUTSIDE PARIS.

ments, having graduated at Columbia College, and afterward at the Harvard Law School. Though young he has had a varied and highly honorable career at the bar. As an advocate of ability and promise he attracted the attention of the Hon. A. OAKEY HALL when that gentleman was District-Attorney, and was by him appointed as his assistant. He held this position four years, during which time he secured the conviction of such felons as FRIERY, O'BRIEN, ZENO BURNHAM, and ROGER LAMB; and his popularity was so great that he was elected City Judge by a majority of over 70,000 votes.

Judge BEDFORD is an eloquent and fluent speaker, always pleasing in address, courteous in manner, and of a genial and social disposition. In stature he is slightly below the medium height, but well proportioned. His face is always lighted up with a pleasant smile, and the expression of his eye full of intellectuality. He dresses with punctilious neatness, usually in black. On the bench he is distinguished for the clearness of his decisions and the impartiality of his judgments. His position is no sinecure. Compelled to deal with every phase of crime and every grade of criminal furnished by a great and iniquitous city, he requires an intimate knowledge of character, as well as law, to mete out equal and exact justice. Thus far his career has been such as to elicit nothing but approbation from all good citizens, and to make the court over which he presides a terror to evil-doers.

RECEIVING LETTERS OUTSIDE OF PARIS.

THE upper illustration on this page represents a scene frequently witnessed at St. Denis during the latter part of the second siege of Paris. St. Denis was filled with Parisian refugees of all classes, who, having no fixed place of residence, had their letters addressed to the "Poste Restante." A correspondent writing from the spot says: "The building is crowded with eager applicants for letters, who, as soon as they have received their due, hasten outside, where there is a most singular scene. Some come out with half a dozen letters, seat themselves on the ground, and begin turning over the envelopes, apparently trying to discover the name of the writer, or else to divine whether the precious missive contains good or bad news. Others boldly break the seal and read while walking backward and forward. This occasions endless collisions, terminating in an 'Oh, pardon, monsieur!' a very low bow, and a continuance of the walk. Sometimes a countryman may be seen anxiously looking for some good-natured face in the crowd. Having discovered one to his satisfaction, he asks the owner to read him his letter, adding, sorrowfully, 'For, you see, Sir, I can't read.' Others come in family parties, and having elected one of their members to act as reader, form a circle round him. Often a tear may be seen trickling down the cheek of a



FREEMASONS PLANTING BANNERS ON THE RAMPARTS OF PARIS.—[SEE PAGE 547.]

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reader or listener, and little scenes of domestic sorrow are enacted here, which, in ordinary times, would pass unknown within the sacred precincts of a home.

"There is a decided majority of women here. Some come to fetch letters for their husbands who are detained in Paris, while there are others whose husbands have fled to the provinces, and have left their better halves to take care of their house and furniture in Paris. Many answer their letters on the spot, and have brought portable inkstands for the purpose, the holes made by the shells affording them a most convenient resting-place."

WON—NOT WOOED.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Bred in the Bone," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XLVI.

IMPASSABLE.

At the little station of Dilton for Hillsborough it was unusual, even in summer-time, for passengers by the first class to arrive except by the morning and mid-day trains. Those who did so came, as we have said, to the railway inn, ordered a carriage to take them to see the light-house, and, in rarer cases, Anemone Bay, and then went back again by the evening train to the more civilized places of resort from which they came. On this particular night, however, albeit it is a wet one, a first-class passenger does arrive; there is also a second-class one—a handsome fellow in the spring-time of life, and apparently in the highest spirits, but whom we may dismiss in a few words as beneath our notice; a gig, or some such vulgar conveyance, comes for him and bears him speedily away. The more aristocratic arrival is muffled in cloaks and wraps, as though it were winter; he is slow in his movements—so slow that the other has hurried from the station, bag in hand, before he has well got out of the train. From what little can be seen of his face he looks an invalid, and his left arm is supported by a sling. Though he has no luggage, there is no carriage awaiting him, nor does he seem to expect one, and he puts up at the railway inn. The landlord, who is also the waiter, and who attends on him at supper, observes with satisfaction that the meat is almost untasted (which will make no difference in the charge for it), and that the sherry is absolutely untouched. This latter circumstance is the more remarkable since the guest, to his experienced eye, has the appearance of one who is given to strong liquor. Perhaps, however, the latter has drunk enough already, since he is affected with the hiccough, and that so severely that he can scarce articulate. He does contrive, however, to ask a question or two, such as folks mostly do ask, and in this respect shows no signs of intoxication.

He inquires, for instance—At what distance is the light-house and the village? Do many gentlefolk come to Hillsborough? Do they reside there permanently? Are lodgings to be procured, and where? etc., etc. To all of which the landlord answers to the best of his ability.

In the night a strange thing happens. A terrible hubbub takes place in the stranger's bedroom; shrieks issue from it; and, what decides the landlord to promptly interfere, a noise as of the smashing of furniture. Gentlemen may have delirium tremens if they please, but private property must be respected. It had been by no means respected in this case; the water-jug had been broken to pieces, and the chairs and table had lost some legs.

"This won't do, my good Sir," remonstrated the landlord, surveying the scene of ruin from the door-way—and nothing but the sense of pecuniary damage could have tempted him even so far. "This is my best bedroom. Who is to pay me for all this?"

"I have been taken ill," explained Horn, sullenly (for Horn it was). "I believe I have had a kind of fit; but I'm all right now. If I've done damage, here's a couple of sovereigns."

He strode to the dressing-table and snatched them from a heap of shining coin.

"Shall I go for a doctor, Sir?" inquired the landlord, touched by this spectacle to the core.

"Go to the devil!" cried Horn, so savagely that the intruder fled to his wife with precipitation.

All next day Horn Winthrop remained in-doors, touching neither bit nor sup. In the evening he set out on foot for Hillsborough, alone, except for the Black Care that sat on his shoulders and overshadowed him wholly. The writ in ejectment had warned him that his enemies had found firm ground to go upon; and this apprehension had been confirmed last night by the landlord's talk. The witness Michael had evidently been discovered, and in a few days the great Wapshot estate would be wrenched from his usurping hand. He had taken no step to prevent it; the thought of its loss did not affect him, except so far as it might be a gain to those he hated—which would have been wormwood indeed. But there was no room for the thought of loss in his mind, which was monopolized by the idea of a vengeance that should render loss (or at least gain to his foes) impossible. The Black Care—which was almost Despair—that bestrode him arose from quite another cause: the sense of his own physical condition. He felt that he was on the brink of some dangerous, perhaps fatal, illness, and that only a few hours were left to him for the accomplishment of his fell purpose. The warning that he had had last night was unmistakable, and it was not the first by many that he had already experienced since his wound. His constitution was naturally one of iron; but it had suffered much from his excesses; the doctor had warned his patient that it would go hard with him, unless he could abstain from liquor and mental excitement; and now, for weeks, he had drunk spirits night and day, and been consumed with hate and rage. His irritation, mental and physical, had of late become excessive: sleep was unknown to him; and in one of his many night walks he had seen Philip Dod, the miller's son, about to start upon a journey. Knowing that this man was Caroline Vance's sweetheart, he at once concluded that she was the object of his travel, and that where she was her mistress would also be. Hence he had contrived to follow Philip to the railway junction, and even eventually to accompany him, unsuspected, to Dilton.

A fatal good-nature had induced Mabel to permit her maid to receive this visit from her lover. Of late she had herself, perhaps unconsciously, become more sensitive to the hardship of such separations; or, since war had been openly declared against Horn Winthrop, it may be that secrecy seemed no longer so essential to her. Carry had been "really very good" in absenting herself from Philip all these years; and it was not more dangerous for him to come to her than for her to return home; besides which, in the latter case, Mabel would have been deprived of the girl's services—just now, for a certain reason, more indispensable than ever. At all events, Philip had been invited. Enjoined to take every precaution, he had both started from Wapshot and arrived at Dilton by night, under cover of which the very pursuit, or rather the companionship, he would have avoided had been effected. The miller's son was of a frank, unsuspicious nature, to begin with; and his head throughout the journey was full of thoughts of her who was awaiting him at its close; while Horn was on his guard throughout, and had all the cunning of the savage. The strain upon the latter's mind, however, in watching and waiting and keeping himself concealed for so many hours, had exaggerated all his painful symptoms: his wound, which had quite healed, now gave him torture, when it was not so stiff and numb that his arm seemed to be frozen; and, worse than all, he could not conceal from himself that last night there had been something amiss with his brain. All the more need, then, that what he had to do should be done quickly, while hand and head remained to him.

What *was* he about to do?

He could not, perhaps, have answered that question himself. He had never put it to his own mind. When he found himself face to face with Mabel and her child it would be time enough for that. They were living in a cottage far removed from other dwellings, and unprotected by the presence of a man. So much he knew, and that was enough for his present purpose. Was he about to commit murder? He had never harbored such an idea; the very signification of the phrase was unintelligible to him, since it implies the consciousness of crime. He was about to right himself—it was not necessary, just now, to consider by what means; let it suffice that they should be effectual. Mabel's child should never inherit Wapshot, nor should its mother have cause to triumph over him. She had scorned him as a suitor, she had done him an ill turn by her marriage, she was now plotting his ruin. He would exact retribution for all that, and she should never vex him more.

He strode hastily through the village, the streets of which, though it was still early, were silent and deserted. Through the open windows of the two little beer-shops came a confused murmur of voices, but for the most part the sons of toil had retired to rest. There was one cottage in the outskirts where he observed an old man sitting in a rude arbor, smoking; he had a long beard, and looked half asleep. Something told him that this was Michael.

Suppose Mrs. Winthrop and the child should be—well—removed, would this man's testimony be sufficient to confute his claim to Wapshot? Would it, in that case, be even used at all? He had not seen him pass by; nobody had seen him. Nobody knew he was at Hillsborough, nor need know that he had ever been there. There would be risk, of course, in case he should take any very violent measures, but no certainty of detection. Where was it that he had lately read of all the inmates of a household having been destroyed by one determined man, who would have left no trace behind him but for a foolish act of inadvertence?

Here he came in sight of the sea.

Now if there were only a vessel here that he could call his own, he might carry the child off, and keep it, and defy this woman to do her worst. How she would cringe before him then, and supplicate, and offer to give up every thing if he would only spare her boy! But she should do that now—and he would not spare him. That must surely be her cottage in the copse yonder, beside the little bridge. A light was burning at the upper window, doubtless where the child was lying asleep.

Here the cottage door opened, and there came out of it two figures. One of these he recognized at once, and at the sight of *her* a dart went through his wound that almost made him shriek aloud. He threw himself upon the turf, for he was on a high and open down, and watched them intently. Mabel—for she it was—and her companion had fortunately taken the opposite direction—that toward Anemone Bay. The woman walking by her side he presently made out to be Martha Barr. Now that this young widow was about to become rich, at his expense, her friends, who had so long kept aloof, were rallying round her, then! Perhaps they were a little premature.

He waited till the two figures had rounded the cliff-top, and were out of sight, and was just about to rise, when once more the cottage door opened, and disclosed Philip and Caroline. It was lucky that he had not been too precipitate. They, too, tempted, doubtless, by the beauty of the summer evening, were about to take a stroll. They crossed the bridge beneath him, and took the path that led through the coppice to the shore. All the possible inmates of the cottage were now accounted for except the woman who resided there and the child—his enemy. With a wild beating at his heart, and that dull pain intensified which he had felt of late so often, but now disregarded, he arose and pursued his way; but even yet there was another obstacle. A head appeared above the bushes; some man was coming from the beach toward the village; and it was necessary that he should wait a few minutes longer, till this fellow had passed by. The worst of it was that it was impossible to avoid his observation. He was coming right toward him, and might even already have caught sight of him. There was nothing for it but to halt, and, turning his back upon the intruder, to affect to be admiring the prospect.

He could hear his footsteps and his labored breath as he came up the hill, and then a voice, in cheery accents, saying, "A fine evening, Sir! A fine view!"

Horn nodded without speaking, and the man went on his way. It was the village doctor, homeward-bound.

At last Horn felt himself alone. There was not a soul in sight. Before him, separated only by the little bridge and a few feet of coppice, was the cottage with its helpless inmates; for he had argued rightly as to its two only tenants. Unless the sky should hurl some thunder-bolt from out its tender gray, there was nothing to stay his avenging hand. Nothing; yet suddenly Horn stopped, as though in truth some bolt had struck him, and pale, and shrinking, and in mortal fear, stood listening—to the murmur of a stream. A spasm convulsed his frame, and forced from his white lips a shriek of agony. No step could he go farther; the little brook was as a bar of iron, and stopped the way. What devil had thus bewitched him?

"Hollo, hollo, Sir!" said the same voice that had so lately addressed him; for the doctor had heard his scream and hurried back. "Can I do any thing for you? Are you ill?"

"No," said Horn, speaking with great difficulty, but resolute as ever of purpose. "I had a spasm, that's all. I am subject to them."

"But you are ill, Sir, very ill," said the other, gazing at his distorted features. "I am a medical man; I beg you will let me see you home."

"I only want to be helped across that"—he could not now even name the thing he feared so—"that bridge. My way lies yonder."

The doctor did not heed him. "Your hand is hurt, I perceive," said he, with gravity. "May I ask how that occurred?"

"It was bitten, weeks ago, by a cursed dog!" cried Horn, forcing his words through his teeth.

"Is the dog dead?" continued the other.

"Yes; I killed the beast, you may be sure," was the fierce reply. "Help me across, I say. My limbs are stiff; I can not move them. I will give you fifty pounds."

"No, Sir; if you gave me fifty thousand I could not do so. Let me adjure you to come home—to my house, for the present.—Help, man, help!" shouted he to Philip, already seen returning through the wood in hottest haste, followed by Carry, on whose ear Horn's scream had fallen with a terrible significance. She feared some evil had happened to her precious charge. Her conscience pricked her for having deserted him even for so brief a space, and she ran in-doors straight. Horn was on the ground by this time, writhing with pain, yet his sullen face was not so altered but that Philip recognized him at a glance.

"It is Mr. Horn!" cried he, in amaze and horror.

"Whoever he is, he is a doomed man!" replied the doctor, solemnly. "Bring yonder hurdle; we must bind him to it hand and foot, or he will do a mischief to himself and us."

CHAPTER XLVII.

MARTHA FACILITATES MATTERS.

Horn was taken to the good doctor's house, where, in spite of all that could be done for him, he grew worse and worse. The strength and iron will that had been his attributes had left him wholly. His nerves were more sensitive than those of a sick girl. When sensible, the least noise, a change in the light of a candle, a shadow on the wall, gave him excruciating pain and fear. But for the most part he was in wild delirium, fighting with his dog Fang.

"His friends must be communicated with at once," was the doctor's stereotyped remark so soon as he had satisfied himself upon his condition—a sad phrase at all times, but how infinitely sadder when the answer must needs be, "He has no friends!"

When the news arrived at Wapshot, however, it at once brought Mrs. Merthyr to his bedside. She had by that time been privately informed that he was not the rightful master of Wapshot; but that he had been once considered so was a claim upon her that her leal heart was quick to acknowledge.

"He retained me at the Hall," said she, in her stiff-silk manner, "when he might well have dispensed with my poor services; nor can I forget that for twenty years I looked up to him as to my old master's son."

It may be well imagined that this loyalty to the dying king did her no harm, either then or afterward, with his successors.

In one of his lucid intervals Horn begged her to send for Mabel; and she promised to do so.

"Do you think she will come?" inquired he, eagerly.

"I am quite sure she will come, Master Horn," said she, soothingly; she had unconsciously got to call him by the same name that she had used when attending on him as a sick child. "Mrs. Winthrop bears no malice, and is very sorry for your terrible misfortune."

"Do you think she would bring her child as well?" continued he. "I should like to see the child before I die."

So singular a request surprised the old lady not a little; and while she hesitated the poor cunning of the frantic wretch deserted him.

"Fool! fool!" cried he, "be quick, be quick; I want them!" Then his eyes began to flame; and the men who always waited in the next chamber, in readiness for such changes, had to be summoned at once. His wild, triumphant laughter, his boasts how he would spoil fair Mabel's beauty for her, and squeeze the life out of the boy, disclosed his desperate purpose, and made Mrs. Merthyr's blood run cold with the sense of the danger to which she had almost exposed Mrs. Winthrop and her child.

And yet, though there seemed naught but evil in this man, his sufferings were such that in them every thing was forgotten by those about his pillow, whom he often besought to put an end to him, if they had a spark of pity left. And not by them alone. The very woman whose life he had imbittered, and whose destruction he had plotted with his last rays of intelligence, was the most deeply touched by his dismal fate; and though his death must needs remove the burden of her life, and bring safety to her child, she prayed for it not on that account, but on his own.

When, at last, he died, Martha Barr—who, most fortunately, as it had turned out, had been invited to Hillsborough directly the writ of ejectment was issued, and, of course, had remained there ever since—besought Mabel to send for Mr. Oakleigh.

"He seems, by your account, my dear, to be a decent sort of a gentleman, and, I am sure, would not mind superintending matters."

"Perhaps *you* would write," said Mabel, doubtfully. "There would be nothing strange in that, since it was through you—or, at least, Mr. Simcoe—that—"

"That you got to know him at all," interrupted Martha, wondering at her cousin's hesitation, which was, of course, quite inexplicable to her. "Certainly, it was, my dear, and I'd as soon write to him as look at him."

This conventional phrase, as it afterward proved, by no means, however, conveyed her genuine sentiments. On the evening after the invitation was dispatched, Richard arrived in person, and was shown into the cottage parlor. Then, for the first time in her life, perhaps, Martha Barr uttered a little shriek of terror.

"Oh, the double-faced wretch!" cried she. "Don't speak to him, Mabel; don't employ him; pay him his bill, and have done with him!"

She had placed herself between the visitor and her cousin, and was waving him off with both her hands, as drovers direct their sheep.

"This good lady has been also bitten by a mad dog," thought Richard; and Mabel was no less amazed.

"My dear," continued Martha, in great excitement, "I thought there was honor even among—lawyers: but this young man has been taking money from both sides. He was once, to my certain knowledge, an emissary of that unhappy Horn Winthrop."

"Impossible!" cried Mabel.

"But I *know* it!" insisted Martha. "Let him deny, if he can, whether he did not come to my own house at Brackmere, and pretend to be most interested in your affairs, and even in the state of your health, and try to worm out of me where you were; and all with such an innocent air! I could have picked him out again among a thousand!"

"It is quite true, madam," said Richard, gravely, "that I did make the inquiries that you describe; but it was by no means at the request of Mr. Horn Winthrop."

"Then what on earth had you to do with my cousin? Why ask about her at all!" inquired Martha, by no means satisfied with this rejoinder.

"I was an old friend of Mrs. Winthrop's," said Richard, "if she will allow me to call myself so, and naturally felt an interest in her well-being. I had the honor of making her acquaintance—years ago—not far from this very spot."

"Yes, indeed," said Mabel, blushing to the forehead, "in Anemone Bay.—I surely told you about that, dear Martha; and how nobly we were all rescued there."

"Of course you did. I remember all about it; how you praised that dear, good Mr. Thornton to the skies—as, indeed, I am sure he ought to be praised—and—"

"But, my dear Martha, this *is* Mr. Thornton," interposed Mabel, in confusion. "He has changed his name."

"Oh-h-h!" exclaimed Martha Barr, with intense significance. "I am sure I beg ten thousand pardons."

"Don't mention it," said Richard, gallantly; "your mistake was very natural."

"I don't mean *that* at all, Sir. I beg pardon for remaining in this room," answered Martha, hastily gathering up her needle-work, "where two must needs be company, and three be none. I know all about it, bless you, without your saying a syllable. It's wholly unnecessary, my dear, I do assure you. *Why?* I can answer you by fifty 'whys.' Why should you never have told me that your Mr. Oakleigh was an old acquaintance? Why should he have come to me to make such particular inquiries after yourself? Why should you have bored me to death with praises of Mr. Thornton? Do you suppose I can't put two and two together? Well, at least, then, let me succeed in linking one and one." The next moment this intrepid woman had seized a hand of each, and placed them in one another. It was impossible to resist her, and, indeed, neither had much desire to do so; but [illegible] their position was embarrassing. If the old lady had but taken herself off, as she had promised to do, the

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affair would have been arranged at once, and in the most satisfactory manner; but she remained, with a roguish smile upon her wholesome face, enjoying their confusion.

"There is no just cause or impediment, is there," inquired Martha, "to you young people being joined together in holy matrimony?"

"Heaven forbid!" said Richard, softly, his left arm stealing quietly round his beloved's waist. "I am sure I know of none; though, but for our excellent friend here, I should scarce have had the courage to say so—Mabel."

How lovingly he hung upon the word! Never before had Mabel known what tender music lay in her own name!

"I loved you, dearest," he went on, "from the first time I saw you leaning on the good Professor's arm. I was able to do you a service, and that made me love you more; but I was a poor man, and, worse than poor, dependent, and I could not in honor speak of that which filled my heart. Mr. Flint, indeed, offered to make such provision for me as would have enabled me to press my suit; but I had suffered bitter things from the patronage of others, and I was proud and bitter. I resolved to leave Shingleton, to avoid the temptation I could not withstand; and when I met you accidentally at the railway station it was the hardest trial I ever underwent to have to say good-by—and nothing more. I never forgot you, no, not for a day; but I never sought to hear of you. I knew that you had lost your father, and more than ever cursed my own poverty, since it put it out of my power to assist you in yours; but I knew nothing more. When I saw you at Wimbledon my heart leaped within me like a flame, and like a flame died out, when I found you were another's, leaving nothing but cold ashes. The legacy of my kind old friend, which fell to me a few months afterward, came all too late. Again I strove to shut you out of sight, for to forget you was as impossible as ever; and not until a year after your husband's death did I hear that you were a widow, and but ill provided for. Then I went down to Brackmere, as Miss Barr has told you, to find out where you were, and not without the hope that has this day—may I say so, Mabel?—blossomed."

"Of course you may, young man," said Martha, confidently—"that has blossomed into orange flowers. Go on.—He isn't half so eloquent as he was behind your back, in Bellevue Crescent."

"To all my eloquence, however, this incorruptible lady turned a deaf ear," continued Richard, smiling. "I could learn nothing of you, nor did I until you came to me yourself in London; and then—"

"Well, what then?" interrupted Martha, impatiently. "What on earth kept you silent then?"

"*Then*, you were rich, Mabel, or on the point of being so—you are rich now; the mother of the heir of Wapshot, and I would scarce have dared to woo you to-day, but for—"

"Oh, Richard, how could you be so proud and foolish!" sighed happy Mabel.

"She's Won without Wooing, it seems, then," observed Martha to herself, and quietly slipped out of the room.

Then the affair *was* arranged at once in the most satisfactory manner.

As they sat side by side, cheek touching cheek, Mabel on her part confessed the love she had always borne him, and explained how poverty had worked with that mistaken sense of obligation to make her another's wife.

We know much of what she had to say, and can guess the rest.

Later in the evening, however, when Richard had gone back to the inn, Martha took her roundly to task for her past conduct.

"It seems to me you have treated this young gentleman far from well; and I do think, Mabel—although all has turned out for the best," she added, naïvely—"you should never have left my roof to marry Mr. Winthrop. I hope it was not from any sense of being a burden on me?"

Mabel could not afford to lose the good opinion of so tried a friend, and so she told her all.

"Well, I *am* sorry about that money," sighed Martha, at the end of it, settling her cap strings with trembling fingers.

"There is no need for sorrow now," urged Mabel, gently.

"I don't mean upon your account, my dear, but upon the iron-monger's, as your poor father used to call him. I am so sorry that it was not poor Cousin Job, after all, who sent the two hundred pounds. That letter of thanks of mine must have given him great pain."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

CONCLUSION.

RICHARD and Mabel were wedded at Wapshot, and resided there. If any remarks were made (as without doubt there were) upon the impropriety of a London attorney marrying into a county family, they did not disturb their happiness; and they were very happy. The great house, which had in old days struck Mabel with its chilly vastness, wore now a very different air to her—the bright, blessed look of home. Georgey Winthrop, dear to both of them, and who, to Mrs. Merthyr's exceeding scandal, will insist upon calling Richard "papa," has many a little playfellow of his own kin, to whose laughter the long corridors echo, to the patter of whose merry feet the oak floors ring. Once a year Michael Baird takes a journey to see his old favorite, and to help to keep Christmas-tide in the holly-decked hall. There Philip kisses Carry under the mistletoe, just as though she was not his wife, and because (he explains) he had such a deal of lost time to make up, which might have been spent in that amusement years ago; and there, on one occasion, Mr. Samuel Simcoe contrived (by a great effort) to pay the same compliment to Martha Barr. (It is not without reason, we fear, that Miss Jennings has been heard to say that there are "shocking goings-on" at Wapshot at Christmas-time.) He was fatter than ever at that period, and would not Bant; and unless Providence saw fit to shut him up in besieged Paris (which is far from likely, for what was there in Paris to lure a man from Brackmere?), where butter and other such hurtful things are unprocurable, he must be by this time Enormous.

His son, the divine, on the other hand, becomes thinner and thinner daily from fasting and asceticism. Moreover, he has of late been persecuted by the privy council (on account of his biretum), and is an acknowledged martyr. The prosecution is said to be "promoted" by Mrs. Bannacre; but this is an error, for promotion of that sort (as in the British army) costs a great deal of money. We are rather inclined to identify the sum of "eighteen-pence from an enemy of the false Church of Rome" which we find in the list of subscriptions applied to this purpose by "the Brackmere Dorcas Society" with Mrs. Bannacre's own pecuniary subsidy; though her moral support is doubtless given without stint.

Mr. Murk is the only one of the old servants who is not retained at Wapshot. Disgusted with this ingratitude, he took more than ever to spirituous liquors, until all the fine feathers, with which he had not omitted to supply his nest, had gone that way, and he was left without resources. Still young (and brave), he had thereupon enlisted again, not once, but half a dozen times, in different regiments, so as to diffuse his good influence as widely as possible. The military authorities, however, refusing to give credit to him for this motive, while acknowledging his claims to their attention, pronounced him a deserter; on which charge, and on the frivolous ground of making away with his regimentals, he is now in Milbank prison. In another part of that building—wherein the consolation of the fair sex is denied to the male inmates—resides the excellent Rachel. Her reiterated assertion, that "she knew her place," was of no avail with the hard-hearted judge as an excuse for her procuring one by means of a forged "character," and for stealing spoons.

Let us hope that, by some romantic coincidence, their terms of punishment may expire on the same day, and that Mr. Murk and she may meet on the Thames Embankment and marry; for they are eminently fitted for one another.

Mr. Frederick Pennant and his wife are still abroad, the former prospering, as his talents, and indeed his virtues—for he is a capital fellow—entitle him to do. The affection of Julia, now that her sister has remarried, has redoubled; and she has even invited the Oakleighs to Hong-Kong. This offer was not accepted, but a most cordial one was dispatched in return, asking the Pennants to Wapshot. It will be the first place they will come to when they return to England; and then the dear old days will be revived, without that little shadow, which, to *our* eyes (but then we are a man), should never have darkened them. In the mean time the children were sent over, four in the first batch, and then—with the utmost regularity—one per annum, to swell the merry music that makes the great house up in the Fells so glad. Mabel and her husband do not often leave it; but Widow Droop's cottage at Hillsborough has been enlarged and beautified for their reception, and thither every summer they repair with such a band of children that it might well be supposed they kept an infant school. Unhappily, however, this idea is not seriously entertained by the public. The information that "Mr. and Mrs. Oakleigh have left Wapshot Hall for their marine residence at Hillsborough," duly chronicled in the *Morning Post*, has borne evil fruit in making the place fashionable; and there is a plan extant on paper of a projected Esplanade, with dotted lines far out to sea, suggestive, it is feared, of a pier. Mr. Simcoe, on behalf of Brackmere, denounces this as ridiculous; but there is more than a suspicion in Richard's mind that the old gentleman has himself a share in the speculation. It will not be forever that Mabel and her husband will be able to walk out to Anemone Bay together, uninterrupted and alone, to watch the untiring waves surround that rock which had once so nearly been her grave-stone.

Occasionally, in the spring, they visit London; and the first time they did so, who should they meet—it was on a Sunday, and the episcopal Melcombe was following her with her devotional implements—but the ubiquitous Mrs. Marshall! Her joy was great and genuine.

"So you've got young Red-shirt at last," cried she, with enthusiasm. "I was so glad when I heard it, you can't think. Of course Mr. Winthrop was a great catch, and nobody can ever blame you for that, my dear. But this one is more suitable, isn't he?"

It was impossible to be angry with Mrs. Marshall, and though her remarks were a little awkward, the young couple only laughed at them. She was a privileged person, and will remain so to her dying day, which seems as far off as ever.

"Yes, my dears, I keep my health, thank Heaven," said she, in answer to their inquiries; "and Margaret—and Melcombe here—are all that I can desire."

It is probable that they will continue to be so, unless the fact should ever dawn upon them that all her money has been invested in a life annuity, which is, perhaps, the explanation of her tenacious vitality.

"What a funny end," continued she, in her sprightly manner, "though, of course, a very sad one, that poor Mr. Horn Winthrop came to, my dear! Bitten by your lap-dog, was he not? I thanked my stars, when I heard of it, that I never kept such a thing. There was some shocking story, too, about his illegitimacy. Son of the Wapshot housekeeper, was he not? But there; perhaps I'm treading on delicate ground. You must come and dine with me to-day. I'm staying at the *Langham*. Very well, then, if you'd rather be at home, and alone—for I see you have not been married long enough to be what the French call disillusioned of one another—I'll come and dine with *you*. Seven is the hour, I suppose? I'll say good-by now, because I am going to hear Mr. Claude Simcoe, the great preacher. Preaches in a hair-shirt, I hear, though, of course, he has other things on. Very good of him, no doubt, but very uncomfortable, I should think. Heaven bless you both!"

She came to dinner accordingly, and brought with her a marriage present. "It is a cozy, my dear, for the tea-pot. I dare say the other one is worn out; though, dear, dear, it seems but yesterday since I sent you the last! I dare say you found it very useful during illness. Poor Mr. Winthrop's break-up was a very sudden one, I heard. I never dropped in upon you, by-the-bye, at Wapshot in his time. There was, somehow, such a reserve about him; but I certainly shall *now*.—Mr. Oakleigh, I know you will be glad to welcome an old friend; and then I do so long to see your boy! But there, it isn't *your* boy, is it? However, it's Mabel's, and what is hers is yours, as you lawyers say. The idea of your being an attorney, and marrying into a county family! What luck it is—and how well you have deserved it!"

In that first year the happy pair paid a visit to Brackmere also, and were entertained in Bellevue Crescent at a state dinner (of three), for which all the resources of the establishment were put into requisition. No awkward allusions to the past were made by Martha Barr, we may be sure, who know her for a genuine gentlewoman. Still, when Mabel and herself had withdrawn to the little room above stairs, which had been Mabel's chamber, but which was now once more the drawing-room, and Richard was solacing himself for a few minutes with his wine below, Martha whispered through her tears: "That's the old port he's got, Mabel—the last bottle of that your father sent me from Swallowdip. I put the best face on I could, you know; but I had not the heart to produce it upon the other occasion. But now, thank Heaven! all has come right at last. God bless you, Mabel, my own sweet pet, as you deserve!"

We trust that the gentle reader will say with us, *Amen!*

THE END.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE forthcoming number of the *American Journal of Science* will contain an extremely interesting announcement in regard to American paleontology, namely, the discovery, by Professor MARSH, in the cretaceous beds of the Rocky Mountain region, of a huge pterodactyl, or flying lizard. This form has long been known as characteristic of the deposits of Europe, and has always attracted much attention from its combination of the characters of the bird and reptile; but until this announcement by Professor MARSH the family was not supposed to be represented in the New World. In adding the pterodactyl, therefore, to our list of genera, we show a marked increase in our paleontological affluence, and give additional point to the statement made some time ago in our columns that America, instead of being greatly inferior to the Old World in the variety of its vertebrate fossil remains, now bids fair to greatly exceed it in this respect.

The name assigned to this new species is *Pterodactylus Oweni* (in honor of Professor RICHARD OWEN, of London), and it is believed to have had an expanse between the tips of the wings of at least twenty feet.

Those interested in the establishment of a zoological garden in the Central Park, whether to be kept up by the collection of a small entrance fee or to be free to all, may be interested to learn that, according to the report of the council of the Zoological Society of London, made on the 29th of April of the present year, the London gardens received 573,000 visitors in 1870, the total income from this source amounting to over $116,000. The whole number of animals in the menagerie during the year was 2118.

We regret to learn that during the recent revolution on the Isthmus of Tehuantepec a large number of valuable collections in natural history, made for the Smithsonian Institution by its correspondent in that region, Professor SUMICHRAST, were entirely destroyed in the course of the conflicts of the opposing parties.

The death of Dr. SCHULTZ-SCHULTZENSTEIN, a botanist of much eminence in vegetable morphology and physiology, is recorded in the foreign journals as having taken place at Berlin, on the 23d of March.

It is well known to naturalists that the black bass, now so common in the Potomac River, and furnishing so much sport to the angler, as well as constituting so valuable an article of food, is not indigenous, but has been transferred from other waters. The species of this genus (*grystes*) belong to the waters of the Mississippi Valley and of the great lakes, but on the Atlantic coast were originally restricted to the region south of the James River—the Potomac, Susquehanna, Delaware, Hudson, and other great streams of the Middle and Northern States being without them. They have been transferred to many localities, both streams and ponds, and it is likely that before a great while they will be well known throughout this country, as it is even proposed to carry them to California. Controversy has lately arisen as to the person to whom is due the credit of the first introduction of this fish into the Potomac, the honor being assigned by some to Dr. EOFF, of Wheeling, and by others to Mr. WILLIAM SCHRIVER. The question, however, can be readily determined by reference to the report of the Smithsonian Institution for 1854, where may be found a communication from Mr. EOFF himself on this subject, giving an account of the habits of the black bass, and stating that Mr. WILLIAM SCHRIVER, of Wheeling, thinking the Potomac River admirably adapted to the cultivation of the bass, had, the preceding season, carried some twenty or more alive in a box, in the water-tank of a locomotive, from Wheeling to Cumberland, his former residence, and placed them in a canal basin at that place, where he hoped they would do well, and be a nucleus from which the stock might soon spread. This, of course, effectually settles the controversy, in favor of Mr. SCHRIVER.

M. ELISÉE RECLUS, a well-known French writer, and author of a superb work upon the Physical History of the Earth, soon to be published by HARPER & BROTHERS, has been appointed director of the National Library of Paris.

The Tehuantepec surveying expedition has been completed, and Captain SCHUFELDT has returned with the materials for presenting a report. This has not yet been made public, but sanguine expectations are expressed by him of the feasibility of the route, especially in regard to water for the high levels, there being a supply of this from a source never before thought of for the purpose.

At the meeting of the Geographical Society of London, May 8, a communication was read from Dr. KIRK, of Zanzibar, in reference to Dr. LIVINGSTONE. In this it was stated that a letter had been received by an Arab who had been employed to carry relief to Dr. LIVINGSTONE, who informed Dr. KIRK that he had had a communication from the Doctor, dated October 18. He was then at the town of Manakaro, waiting for the caravans, in good health, although he had been slightly indisposed.

The daily papers report the discovery and killing of a seal, weighing five hundred pounds, on the flats of the Delaware River, below Burlington, New Jersey.

The annual report of the Smithsonian Institution for 1869 has, after an unusual delay, just made its appearance from the public printing-office, and contains the customary variety of interesting matter, which has made this report so much sought after by persons of scientific tastes in the United States.

Preceded by the secretary's usual report of the operations of the Institution for the year, it contains in an appendix numerous articles, partly original and partly translations from such foreign journals as are not readily accessible to the American student. Among these may be mentioned biographies of THOMAS YOUNG, AUGUSTUS BRAVAIS, VON MARTINS, and MARIANNI; an important original paper by Dr. STERRY HUNT on the chemistry of the earth; and one by MAREY on the phenomena of flight in the animal kingdom; an extended paper by General SIMPSON upon the march of CORONADO in search of the seven cities of Cibola; one by Sir JOHN LUBBOCK on the social and religious condition of the lower races of man, etc. Our space will not permit us to enumerate all the papers in this valuable report, which is in no way inferior in interest to its predecessors.

The December number of the *Canadian Entomologist*, completing the second volume, has just been published at Toronto, and contains the usual miscellany of communications on matters of interest to Canadian and American entomologists, with a continuation of the compilation by the editor, Rev. C. J. S. BETHUNE, from KIRBY'S "Fauna Boreali-Americana," upon Insects of the northern part of British America.

During the summer of 1869 Captain CHARLES W. RAYMOND, United States Engineers, was ordered by Major-General HALLECK to visit the Yukon River, with the special object of mapping out its course, and of determining the latitude and longitude of Fort Yukon, a post for many years in the occupation of the Hudson Bay Company, but which was believed to be within the new Territory of Alaska. In pursuance of this order he visited that region, accompanied by Mr. JOHN J. MAJOR, well known as a topographer and astronomer, and spent a number of months in the work. Owing to having been detailed to other duty shortly after his return, Captain RAYMOND was unable to complete the report of his exploration until quite lately. This has, however, been recently sent in to Congress, and has just appeared from the press of the public printer. It consists of a general introduction, summing up the progress of discovery in Northern Alaska, which is followed by an account of the expedition, the resources of the country traversed, and a detail of the physical observations. The longitude of the fort was determined to be 145° 17′ 47″, and its latitude 66° 33′ 47″, or just over the line of the arctic circle. Magnetic observations were made on a small scale, and in a table we find a statement of the absolute magnetic declination, the absolute inclination and horizontal intensity, and the total intensity at the fort.

Salt Lake City has lately been the scene of considerable activity, in connection with the arrival there of several government exploring parties, for the purpose of fitting out for their summer's campaign. Among these may be mentioned Mr. CLARENCE KING'S, who continues his geological and topographical exploration of the fortieth parallel eastward through Colorado; Major POWELL'S, who renews his examination of the cañons of Green River and the Colorado, and who is detained at Salt Lake City in consequence of the late melting of the mountain snows, the low stage of water preventing him from passing through the cañons; and a portion of Professor HAYDEN'S party is also at the same place collecting animals and supplies for a visit to the Yellow Stone region.

The State of Virginia appears to be waking up to the importance of doing something to restore its languishing shad fisheries, the commissioners lately appointed having engaged Mr. SETH GREEN to restock the Rappahannock River. We have already referred to the fact that the shad have become nearly extinct in this stream, the largest haul during the past season yielding only ninety-six fish. Mr. GREEN has already hatched out successfully about 400,000 eggs in the Rappahannock, from which we presume there will be a good account at the proper time.

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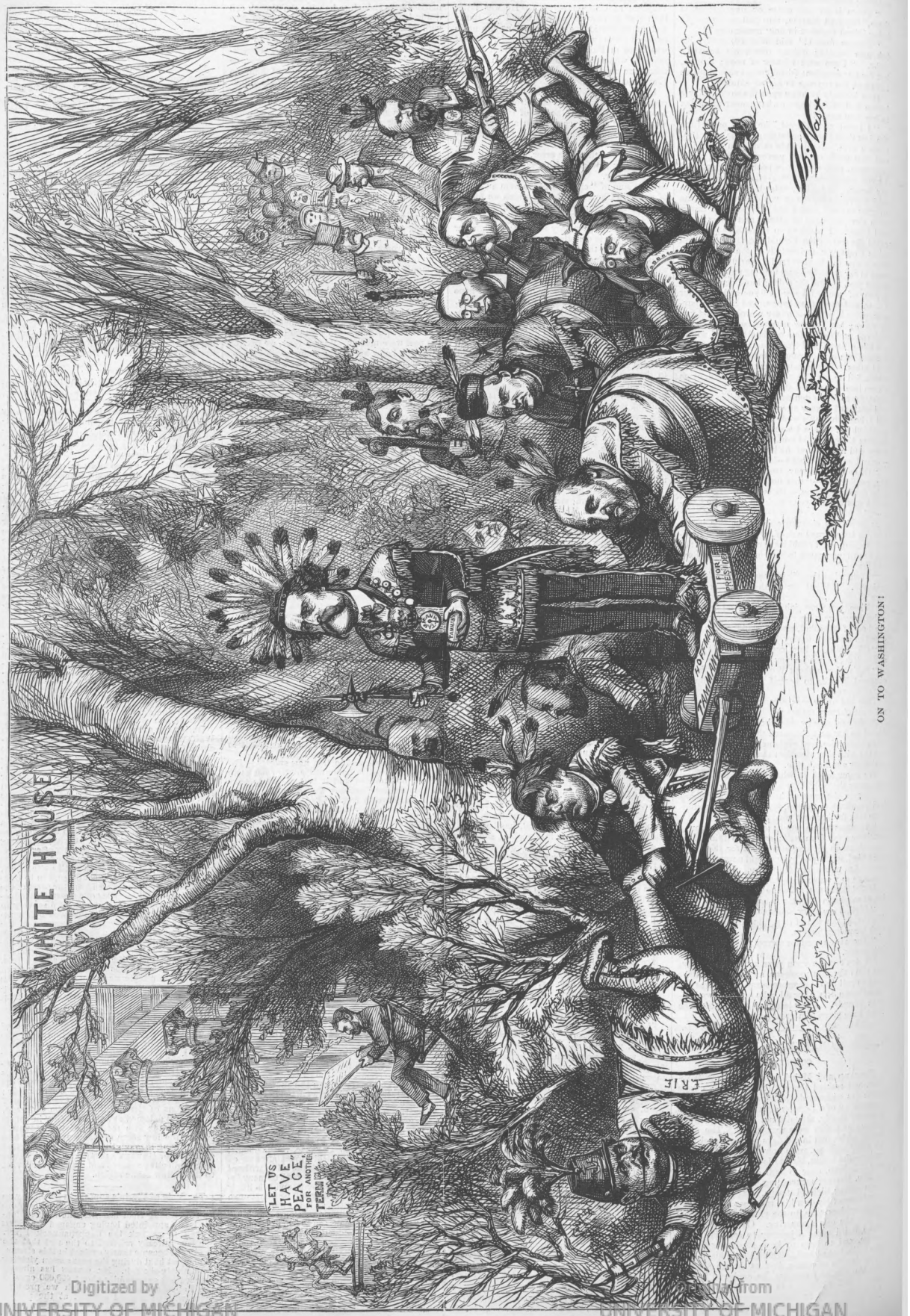

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DR. DÖLLINGER.

THIS distinguished Bavarian churchman, whose portrait is here given, was one of the two brave men who, though fervent Catholics, headed the German remonstrance against the dogma of the infallibility of the Pope. The dogma had been adopted against the advice and opposition of the German bishops; but the Council supposed that, once promulgated, the people would accept it with unquestioning obedience, although it was manifest that it not only abridged individual liberty of opinion, but would interfere with the administration of civil government. Serious opposition first appeared in Catholic Bavaria. The Archbishop of Munich, although he had been one of the most strenuous opponents of the dogma in the Council, caused it to be promulgated without waiting for the permission of the government, and demanded its recognition by the theological faculty of the university. Two men only had the moral courage to refuse, Professor FRIEDRICH and Dr. IGNATIUS VON DÖLLINGER.

In a masterly pamphlet, which attracted the attention of the civilized world, Dr. DÖLLINGER declared that the dogma of papal infallibility contradicted both Bible and tradition, and would create interminable conflicts between state and church. The protest of a man so able and so distinguished caused great excitement at Rome, but does not appear to have taught the counselors of the Pope either wisdom or moderation. Dr. DÖLLINGER was immediately excommunicated, together with all who had signed an address or memorial to the government in opposition to the promulgation of the dogma. This was proclaimed at Baireuth on the 31st of March last. On the following day a letter of thanks to Dr. DÖLLINGER for his opposition to the dogma, and a declaration approving of the Munich address, both of which were signed by numerous Catholics, were sent from that town. In Würzburg and Passau similar declarations are being signed. The Augsburg address has received nine hundred, and that of Kronach one hundred and fifty-two signatures. The first series of addresses to the King of Bavaria in favor of Dr. DÖLLINGER are said to have received more than ten thousand signatures. The king himself, though a zealous Catholic, sympathizes with the opposition, and has sent a letter of approval to Dr. DÖLLINGER.

On the other hand, a very large number of protests against the declaration of Dr. DÖLLINGER have appeared, and are still in the course of preparation. Those which are already published have for the most part proceeded from the clergy, who protest against the assertion that "thousands of priests" are opposed to the decision of the Council. The supporters of the doctrine of infallibility assert that more time is required to collect lay signatures, but some lay addresses have already been made public. The *Vaterland* gives a German translation of a Latin address presented to the Pope by the Catholic students of Würzburg, in which, after referring to the occupation of Rome by the Italians, they assure his Holiness of their unwavering devotion.

DR. DOLLINGER, EXCOMMUNICATED BY THE POPE.

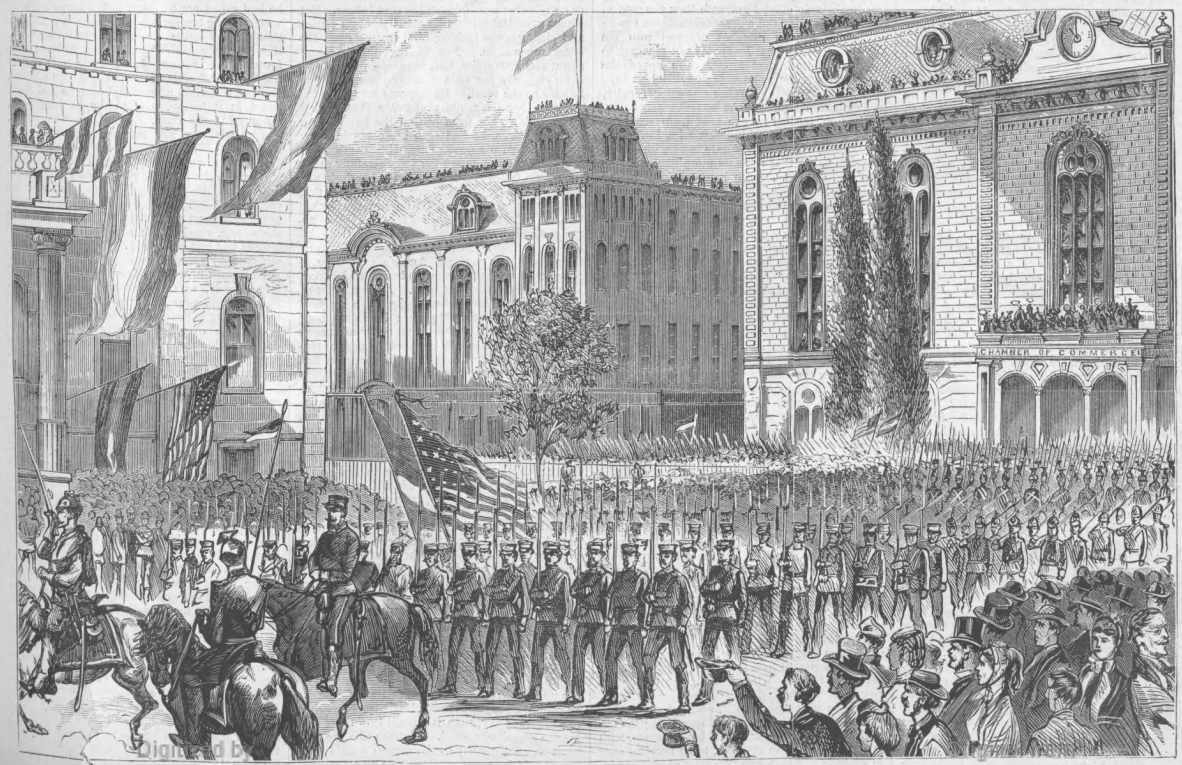
GERMAN JUBILEE IN CHICAGO.

A CELEBRATION of the German victories took place on the 30th ult. in Chicago, very similar to the jubilees in New York and Philadelphia, of which we have given sketches in the *Weekly*. It was a splendid affair. The procession, of which we give an illustration on this page, contained over 30,000 persons, and made an imposing appearance. Among the most striking features were companies of Uhlans, Blue and Red Hussars, infantry, grenadiers, band of Teuton warriors, the Emperor BARBAROSSA, with knights, heralds, and pages, GUTENBERG, FREDERICK WILLIAM, the great Elector, with ancient Brandenburg cavalry grenadiers, FREDERICK the Great with suit, HANDEL and HAYDN, BEETHOVEN and Muses, tableaux representing historical events, charioteers appropriately costumed—many being of a most gorgeous character—and trades represented at work. Over twenty bands of music were in the procession, and thousands of banners.

PRAYER-MEETING IN A MINE.

THERE is something very touching in this simple and straightforward statement of one of the survivors of the West Pittston mine disaster:

"I was down in the mine, and received the first intimation of the disorder by observing at a distance some sparks falling to the bottom of the shaft. I then went forward to see what was the matter, when a shower of pieces of burning timber came pouring down the shaft. I ran back at once and gave the alarm of fire to the men who were working in the west chambers, and we all made a rush for the bottom of the shaft, but we found the timber falling in such quantities we could not approach to look. We stood for a few moments and looked at each other in blank amazement. In a short time a volume of heavy smoke came rushing into the gangway. As soon as this was seen a cry of terror arose from the lips of each, and we saw at once the foe we had to contend with. We knew that we could live longer in bad air than we could in smoke, and that unless the gangway was closed it would rush along and fill all the chambers. Our only chance, then, was to stop up the passage and retreat into the chambers. We went back about three hundred feet from the bottom of the shaft, to the west head of the mine, and commenced building a barricade. This was about four o'clock. In about two hours we had the passage stopped, so that we thought nothing could get through. We soon found, however, that the smoke had gained an entrance,



THE PEACE JUBILEE IN CHICAGO—THE PROCESSION PASSING THE COURT-HOUSE.—[FROM A SKETCH BY H. T. SMITH.]

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and we commenced again carrying calm in our hats, and used all the handkerchiefs we had and stuffed them in wherever we could find the appearance of a hole. We then took up our position a few yards from the barricade, and listened to hear any sound, but could only hear the falling of timber at the shaft; at one time we thought we heard the working of a fan, but found afterward that it was the trains passing over the road, which was directly overhead; we extinguished all the lamps but two, in order to limit the consumption of oxygen as much as possible. After we had remained in this position some time we found the air getting foul, and moved back to where it was purer. A prayer-meeting was then proposed, and all joined in. There was no inquiry then as to what church any of us belonged. We prayed alternately, and sang a verse of the hymn which commences with 'Before Jehovah's awful throne.' We then sat down, some of us leaning against the walls of the gangway, and some lying with their heads in the others' laps, each one praying fervently, for we had given up all hope, and determined to spend the remainder of life in preparing as well as we could for the next. Soon the gas began to affect us severely, and many of our numbers commenced running from one place to another, moaning fearfully, and crying for air. There was but very little weeping; and one of our number, named John Burnouous, who was a carpenter, tried to give us life and hope by affecting a gayety which the poor fellow did not feel. He put down some of our names on a board with a little chalk, and strapped it on his back, so that if he was found it might be found also. At about nine o'clock the air began to get very bad, and some of our number got stupefied with the gas and rolled over. We did not attempt to do any thing with them, as we thought, since we had to die, it was better not to attempt to bring them back to life and suffering. They fell on the track, and were discovered in this position. The last thing I remember was seeing the lamps burning dimly. This must have been about ten o'clock. I was found about half past nine o'clock Sunday morning."

In the large illustration on page 548 our artist has endeavored to realize the touching incident of the prayer-meeting, where the rough and hardy miners, brought face to face with death, sought consolation and relief in prayer.

MRS. DANA'S SECRET.

"THE Lawrences are going abroad," said Robert Dana to his young wife one evening. "I met Tom to-day, and he said he and Carry would sail on the 26th, and the furniture be sold at auction."

"Oh, how we shall miss them! and what a pity to have that handsome old furniture scattered among strangers! We have had many happy times there, Robert."

"Yes, Annie; it was there I first saw you, do you remember? You were playing chess on that old Chinese chess-table, so absorbed that you did not see me come in; and I stood wondering who that little maid in blue could be. I don't like to have that table sold at auction, dear; I wish it would occur to Carry to send it to us as a farewell present."

"That would be very nice; but as she is not at all romantic, she has no idea how or why we value it."

"I suppose if I offered to buy it, Tom would not accept any pay; and then we should feel as if we had begged a present."

"Yes; and, besides, we can not afford it, Robert."

"How much is it worth?"

"It must have cost a hundred dollars when it was new; but I presume it will go for fifty, as it is somewhat defaced. We must not think of it, though, dear. You know the last of our 'luxury-fund' went for the Dickens reading, and we agreed to have no more treats till fall. I dare say we should not play very often if we had it—reading aloud is so much nicer. Did you bring home *Harper's Weekly?*"

Thus the brave, conscientious little woman turned away from the tempting theme, and it was not resumed between them. Annie Dana, however, had a great fund of that tough quality which is now blamed as "obstinacy," then praised as "firmness." The more she told herself the chess-table was unattainable, the more did a persistent inner voice reply, "I must have it?" But how? Dozens of schemes occurred to her, but none that seemed practicable. When she awoke in the night, the weary question flashed back, and with it, like an inspiration, its answer. She would write a story for the —— *Magazine*, and so earn the needful money. Had she not at school, several years before, sent two or three anonymous stories to a country weekly, just for the frolic of it, and had they not been printed? To be sure, they were not paid for. She would almost have scorned money then, so deliciously sufficing was it to see her own words in print. But there must be the sordid reality of payment now; and how delightful to surprise Robert with the table, show him her article, and enjoy his appreciating praise! But before this dizzy climax could be reached much must be done. What should she write about? When find time? How bid for the table? And all without Robert's knowledge? Absorbed in these questions, she appeared sadly absent during breakfast, greatly to her husband's surprise and mystification. After she had put two spoons in his saucer, asked for butter when already supplied, and poured maple sirup over her steak, he began to be alarmed, insisted on feeling her pulse, and inquired if she had slept well. Annie disclaimed sickness, but admitted that her night had been restless; and finally, to please him, promised to take a nap during the day. Never having concealed any thing from him before, the weight of a secret was far from pleasant; but she consoled herself by thinking how well it would all end. For the first time since she knew him she was glad to have Robert go, so eager was she to be free to plan, perhaps to write, her story. Her usual duties about the house were faithfully performed; but the outline of a romance was flitting through her head all the time, and she was glad when free at last to sit down at her desk.

For an hour her pencil flew busily: ideas thronged at her bidding; words came freely to express them. The first sentence only troubled her. Five or six beginnings were made only to be scored out; this seemed too formal, that too abrupt, another too sentimental. She feared she must resort to the charming old formula, "Once upon a time." But the right words came at last, and then all went on bravely, till a neighbor came in, and the already beloved heroine had to be exchanged for Robert's afghan and every-day chat. Then came other interruptions and duties: no more writing that day. The promised attempt at a nap occurred about half an hour before Robert's return, having been entirely forgotten till then; and though Annie lay on the sofa, with her eyes conscientiously closed, for fully fifteen minutes, her thoughts were on her heroine all the time, and once she sat up and made pencil memoranda on the back of a letter, hastily pocketed as her husband's step was heard. By the second night her plot was fully sketched in her mind, and it only remained to put it upon paper. Sometimes a whole day would pass, and not a moment of time could she find for writing, though exactly in the mood for it. Again, she would have leisure, but an almost unconquerable aversion to her pen; and if she tried to rally her powers by reading what was already written, it sounded like arrant nonsense: certainly no sane editor would accept it. The native persistency of her character, however, enabled her to finish her task, in defiance of many interruptions and discouragements, and the rough draft of her story was completed in two weeks. It was a funny-looking affair, on no less than twenty-three pieces of paper—half sheets and whole sheets, backs of envelopes and concert programmes; white, brown, and tinted paper; some in pencil, some in ink—a most disreputable medley; but she was a happy little woman as she scrawled the last line, straightened her cramped shoulders, pushed her hair back from her flushed cheeks, and whispered, "Done at last!" A timely term of bad weather gave her leisure to copy it promptly. She knew enough to be carefully legible, and to write on only one side of her paper, but was profoundly ignorant of the proper length of a magazine article. In order to make some estimate, she read first her own MS., then a monthly installment of "The Woman's Kingdom," and, finding the time occupied was about the same, began her copying hopefully. Three days more, and this tedious work was done. She was arranging her neat pages when Robert's step was heard on the piazza. She nervously crushed the MS. into her port-folio, and was just turning the key as her husband entered, but looking so guilty and confused that he exclaimed,

"How scared you look, Annie! Did you take me for a burglar?"

"Oh no; but aren't you early? There's no bad news, is there?"

"No, no, little woman, nothing of the kind. Been writing to mother? She'll be glad to hear from you. Are you going to let me read your letter?" Annie was in the closet getting his slippers, so he did not see her troubled face as she made some evasive answer, and changed the subject. Robert referred no more to her writing, and Annie believed his suspicions were not excited—that he would think of it no more. This was far from being the case, however.

The day before the Lawrences sailed Annie mailed her precious MS. It was too large to be put into a street box, nor would she have dreamed of intrusting so sacred a secret to any thing less imposingly official and safe than the central office itself. Had not a dreadful tradition reached her of lighted matches dropped into the boxes by fiendish boys? It was not pleasant to go down State Street alone. She hoped she should not meet any one she knew—Robert least of all. Fortunately his office was safely remote, in Pemberton Square. At last she gained her destination, pushed by the crowd, flushed from being stared at, breathing fast with hurry and excitement, but quite resolute, and with a sort of vague belief that she was more likely to succeed in her plan because it was painful in the execution. In her ignorance of postal law, and her fear lest some harm might befall her MS., she had wrapped, tied, and sealed it with comical security, thereby doubling its weight. She was somewhat surprised to be charged thirty-six cents postage; but had you told her to cut open the ends, label it "Author's MS.," and put on a couple of two-cent stamps, she would have been shocked by the insecurity and publicity of such a method. In her anxiety to make the address legible she had printed it so that "Editors of —— *Magazine*," etc., etc., might have been read across the street. Inclosed with the story was a note asking the editors to accept "Stella's Summer by the Sea," and address reply to "Mrs. Cynthia Sullivan, Brookline, Massachusetts." This elegant *nom de plume* had been adopted, after days of deliberation, for two sage reasons: "Cynthia" was so uncommon there would be small probability of its being borne by any one else, while the common Irish "Sullivan" might induce the postmaster to suppose, when she called for a letter, that she inquired in behalf of her cook. She could but laugh at the sagacity and ugliness of the combination. Her darling was now fairly committed to the rude world. She felt like a mother on the marriage of an only daughter, as she hurried away, frightened, proud, hopeful, fearful, and was soon safely homeward bound in a brown car. Ah! Annie, you little knew that your husband's eyes were on you as you flitted through that crowd; that his evil genius was whispering that Tom Lawrence's office was on State Street, whence you came with that agitated look! All the evening he expected to hear his wife mention her trip to the city; but having had but the one secret errand, she made no allusion to it, and, of course, her silence confirmed his fears of something to conceal, and was laid away in his memory, with many another little mystery, to be brooded over in solitude. Annie was naturally so entirely ingenuous and confiding that it was impossible she should have secret occupations without betraying the fact in a hundred little ways, and her husband having—unfortunately for both—a suspicious and jealous disposition, had been tormenting himself all this time in silence, and giving a dozen morbid interpretations of the preoccupation, the changes of color, the willingness to be alone, the reluctance to account for her time, and the locked desk—all of which he had noticed since the Lawrences decided to go abroad. Yes, he had been keen enough to date the change correctly, but his unhappy temper led him to argue thence in a sadly unjust manner. In his defense let it be known that his childhood had been a warped and unhappy one; that until he met Annie he had been a lonely, almost a misanthropical man, who, having contended long against poverty, injustice, and repeated loss, had acquired a certain cynicism, a want of faith in others' sincerity or his own success. Brighter days, truer friends, and Annie's love had done much to free him from these chains, but the tendency was still there. In an evil hour he remembered that Tom Lawrence had once been a suitor for Annie's hand, and fancied that perhaps she now regretted her choice. Was not Tom rich and successful, and a far more genial and lovable man than he? This demon of jealousy, once admitted, was not easily exorcised; and though Robert struggled against it, and sometimes banished it for days, it would return and torment him, till even Annie's caresses seemed but indications that she was acting a part—trying, from a sense of duty, to love him. With such a fire within, no wonder his moods were fitful—his manner now strangely harsh, now mournfully tender. Sweet-tempered Annie ascribed it all to the cares of business, dull weather, and east winds; feared he was dyspeptic, and strove with forty-sunbeam power to charm him into serenity. As days went on she had her own inward anxiety to bear, for no reply came from the editors. Every other day she inquired at the post-office for "Cynthia Sullivan," but without success, till, at last, during the third week of suspense, an envelope bearing that graceful name was actually handed out to her. Well was it that the postmaster was boxed in behind high wooden barriers, or he must have observed Mrs. Dana's strange agitation over her cook's letter. She lost all sense of the ground beneath her feet as she hurried through the village, and out on a by-road, where, seated in a gap of the wall, behind a tangle of clematis vines and barberry bushes, she read, through happy tears, these beautiful words:

"*Mrs. Cynthia Sullivan:*

"DEAR MADAM,—Your MS., 'Stella's Summer by the Sea,' is accepted for —— *Magazine*, and we herewith inclose for it our check for forty-seven dollars and fifty cents. Yours, etc."

There was the crisp, orange-lettered check, the more than realization of her wildest hopes! She felt that these editors were her dearest friends, and longed to do something to express her gratitude to them. It was almost too good to be true! and, as she walked happily home, one hand in her pocket clasping the wonderful letter, she feared she should wake and find it all a dream. Going in, she found on the table her husband's hat and an unopened letter, with a Liverpool post-mark, addressed to her in Tom Lawrence's well-known handwriting. Of course it was from Carry; she never *would* direct her own letters. But where was Robert? She went through parlor and sitting-room seeking him, tearing open the letter meanwhile. Not finding him, she was about going up stairs, but, remembering the precious check in her pocket, turned back, smiling happily as she recalled its contents, and locked it safely in her desk, quite unaware that Robert was watching her from behind the bay-window curtains. Yes, he had seen her come in, more joyously than for weeks past, with Tom's letter open in her hand; seen her look carefully about the rooms, hastily secrete a billet in her desk, and pocket the key. She never used to lock that desk, or have any secrets. To be sure, she showed him her letter afterward—but *that* was from Carry; the inclosure, so carefully hidden, was doubtless from Tom. And yet, while all his worst fears were thus revived, Annie's eyes were so pure and true, her manner so loving and happy, he could not doubt her long. After a night of reflection he resolved that if she had a secret it could not be an unworthy one: he would trust her and respect it. If her heart ever *did* regret its choice, he would win her back by patient tenderness; for he well knew that if ever man had a guardian angel, his little wife was his.

Now followed many happy weeks, during which Annie showed no absence of mind, made no mysterious journeys, received no private letters. Robert's resolutions were easily kept, and he almost forgot the perturbations of the summer. Coming home by an earlier train than usual one frosty evening in November, as he turned up the hill from the station he saw his wife, a few rods before him, coming from the post-office with a letter in her hand. She went slowly homeward, reading as she walked, too much absorbed to hear him behind her. "What can interest her so?" he wondered. Just then the envelope, a common yellow one, fell from her hand and fluttered down the icy path toward him. He picked it up, intending to laugh at her carelessness, but one glance at the address drove all color from his face, all jesting from his mind. "Mrs. Cynthia Sullivan," in a strange, masculine hand. For a moment Robert stood still; the November night seemed to close dark and cold around him with a chill that penetrated to his heart. Looking up at last, he saw his wife's light figure for an instant on top of the hill clearly traced against the lowering sky, then it turned into their own avenue and disappeared. Sintram-like the husband stood listening to the demon within him. Every half-forgotten mystery rose as an accusation against poor Annie, carrying all good resolutions away like a flood. "A secret correspondence! A feigned name! What could it all mean?" Crushing the hateful envelope in his hand, he strode fiercely on, determined to show it to her and demand to be told all. He reached his gate just as Annie entered the house. The light from within gleamed down the path a moment, then the door closed, and all was dark and cold.

"She does well," muttered Robert, bitterly: "she shut me out of her confidence long ago."

Suddenly the door re-opened. Annie came quickly out and down the avenue toward him. Does she see him? Oh no! She is searching for the lost envelope. Her husband drew back into the shadow of the hedge, watching unseen her flurried motions.

"What *shall* I do?" she exclaimed, in a low, troubled tone, close beside him.

His jealous mood swept over him like a wave; he stepped suddenly out before her, saying, in a cold, hard voice, as he thrust forward the envelope,

"Perhaps *this* is what you have lost!"

His unexpected appearance, passionate gesture and rude tone gave Annie a terrible shock. Starting backward, catching her breath with a gasp of fright and pain, she lost her footing on the icy slope, and fell down an embankment of several feet on to the carriage drive below. Terrified and remorseful, Robert was beside her instantly, only to find her lying, white and silent, on her side, her left arm broken under her. Neither of them ever knew very clearly what happened during the next half hour. Robert took his wife into the house. The doctor came, set her arm, prescribed for a disposition to fever, and ordered entire quiet. Annie scarcely spoke. The doctor was surprised to see one usually so bright and brave now apparently entirely subdued by pain. How could the good man know that the husband, whose loving concern was shown in every look and movement, had been the cause of the accident and of the mental distress, beside which the physical pain was as nothing? Annie had been perfectly aware of her husband's state of mind when he sprang out upon her. She knew that he suspected her of something wrong; that he was angry; had prejudged her cruelly. With all her sweetness of temper and warmth of heart, she had a good share of personal dignity and womanly pride; and to be condemned unheard, on a mere mystery of appearance, was more than she could well brook. She was too much hurt to offer any explanation. How could she when he had asked none? No; she lay perfectly still, submitting passively to all they did. Robert was more wretched than she, for he felt guilty. The white patience of his wife's face, her silence, and the bandaged arm across her breast reproached him horribly. He showed the doctor out, and returned to the chamber. Annie did not look up. Martha, the cook, who was very fond of her young mistress, was sitting beside her.

"If you please, Mr. Dana, I'll stay with her while you has your tea. It's all ready below, Sir."

Annie did not speak; so he went down and made a forlorn attempt at a meal. How empty the room was without its queen! how utterly desolate! He kept trying to think what he had said in that wild moment at the gate. He knew he had called her by every loving name while he was bringing her in, but he could not remember that she had returned one kiss, one loving word. She had only said, "Take care, Robert; it is broken;" and afterward, "Don't mind; it does not hurt much;" but her eyes had been averted, and her voice had a repressed tone he had never heard in it before. By-and-by he went back, sending Martha away. Annie's eyes were shut, but he felt sure she was not sleeping. Her cheeks were brightly flushed, her breathing rapid.

"She is as unhappy as I am," thought Robert. "How can she have the perfect repose the doctor ordered till we understand each other and are reconciled? This silence is killing us both. Somebody must speak first. It is she who is in the wrong, surely it is; and yet why can not I look at her and believe it? Why do I feel myself the guilty one?"

He leaned over his wife and studied her sweet face eagerly, as these thoughts agitated him. She felt him near, and yet how distant! Hot tears sprang to her closed eyes, hung on the thick lashes, ran over her burning cheeks, but she dared not look up. Pride was afraid of giving way. Robert saw her lip tremble, her tears fall, and he broke down.

"Oh, Annie, my wife, speak to me! look at me! I am afraid I have been harsh and cruel to you; but why, why do you have a secret from me?"

Wide open, honest, fearless were her eyes then.

"Robert! Robert! it was no harm. Could you not trust me? But I will tell you every thing. I never will have another secret. I have hated myself all the time. But it was only a story, for a surprise; and I am so glad that I need not be sly any more!" And then she burst into such wild sobbing and crying that Robert was fairly frightened.

He had never seen her beyond her self-control before, and, like all usually quiet and serene persons, her giving way was entire, and most distressing. It was a long time before she could tell her story coherently. In vain Robert begged her to wait till morning, assuring her that he was perfectly satisfied. She felt she could not sleep till every cloud was cleared away; so at last—interrupted by her own tears or laughter, by his tender caresses and self-reproaches—the whole history of the manuscript, the table, and letters was told. How the husband felt, as every link in the chain proved her so tender and true, can not be described. Suffice it to say that he, in his turn, laid bare all his heart before her, and that upon these hours of suffering and confes-

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sion, of humiliation and joy, their mutual confidence and love were rebuilt upon a tried and perfected foundation. The next morning a reply was mailed to the editor's letter, the innocent cause of the trouble. It had contained merely a request for "permission to alter the name of Mrs. Sullivan's story;" and, with Annie's acquiescence, the correspondence ceased, and "Mrs. Cynthia Sullivan" was known no more in the literary world.

A few weeks later, on the evening before Robert's birthday, his wife failed to meet him at the door on his return from the city, but in the parlor he found her, blushing and radiant, sitting at the dear old chess-table, trying in vain to keep up the traditional look of absorption in her game. The only drawback to the correctness of the picture was the sling in which she was still obliged to carry her arm. Perhaps it was this which sent the rare tears to her husband's eyes as he kneeled beside her and held her close to his heart.

Thus the quaint old Chinese table became one of the most cherished of their household gods, the companion of many a cozy winter evening, the silent preacher to Robert against all impatience and suspicion—to Annie against any concealment or disingenuousness. When February's magazine was published, Annie's arm was entirely strong again, and she enjoyed to the full the long-desired pleasure of hearing her story read and praised by the voice dearer to her than all the world beside.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

STRANGER than many a romance which is regarded as the mere production of an excited imagination is the extraordinary drama known as the "great Tichborne trial," which, pending in a London court, has excited a profound sensation. It is perhaps nothing new or strange that a young man, being prevented by opposing friends from marrying the lady of his love, should, in disappointment and anger, resolve to leave home and country, and try his fortune in a foreign land. This, at least, was what Sir Roger Tichborne did, about eighteen years ago, although he was son and heir of an ancient and noble English family. He embarked on board a vessel bound for Valparaiso, and thence took passage on the ship *Bella*, bound to New York. But the *Bella* foundered on the voyage, and it was supposed that every one, including Sir Roger, perished. But thirteen years afterward, when a nephew had long before succeeded to his title and estates, a man claiming to be the long-lost Sir Roger makes his appearance in London and claims his rights. He is recognized by his mother, and bears on his person some remembered marks; yet some circumstances weigh against his identity, and the guardians of the nephew refuse to believe he is the person he represents himself: they assert that, instead of being an English baronet, he is an Australian butcher. So, after five years spent in obtaining evidence, the case has come to trial, and affords material enough for a three-volume novel of the most sensational kind.

The massacre in cold blood, at the prison of Mazas, of the Archbishop of Paris and more than sixty other hostages, many of them priests, and all of them non-combatants, was a barbarity of the Commune of Paris which turns the mind to the savage deeds enacted in the "reign of terror." Indeed, no deed of that fearful period showed such cowardly atrocity as did this wanton butchery of peaceful citizens, whose only offense seemed to be possessing a religion in which they believed. The Mazas prison contained twelve hundred and fifty cells, and it is not impossible that time may reveal other deeds of darkness committed there by order of the Commune.

The following is the copy of a curious will recently filed at the New York surrogate's office:

"Unto my beloved wife, ——: All my worldly goods I have in store I give my beloved wife and hers for evermore; I give all truly; I no limit fix. This is my will, she my executrix."

The theatre of the Tuileries could accommodate 800 spectators, and was used as a supper-room when balls were given at court. The Salle de la Paix, used as a ball-room, was 140 feet long by 35 broad, and contained fine statuary. The Throne Hall, a splendid apartment, contained the imperial throne. The hangings were of dark velvet of Lyons manufacture, with palm leaves and wreaths wrought in gold. The throne, facing the windows, was surmounted by a canopy of the same, and the drapery depending from it was studded with bees embroidered in gold.

According to the first message from Governor Cooke there are 31,671 children in the Territory (late District) of Columbia who ought to go to school, while the existing schools can accommodate only 11,836. There is room for improvement in the capital.

In proof of the Darwinian theory, an infantile visitor to the Central Park Museum recently insisted that a fine monkey looked like his grandfather!

The first heated term of 1871 having made its advent so much earlier than usual—in fact before summer had nominally come—the attention of the Department of Public Charities has been promptly turned to the treatment of sun-struck patients. Last year a building northeast of the City Hall was fitted up for the treatment of all accidental cases, but particularly for the relief of this class of sufferers. An ambulance is kept constantly ready to repair to any scene of accident, and it is invariably accompanied by a surgeon, with proper restoratives and surgical instruments. Many cases of sun-stroke have been already treated this season—one, which proved to be fatal, having occurred as early as the 8th of April.

An amusing anecdote comes from Russia illustrative of the diverse feelings of the Emperor Alexander and the hereditary Grand Duke toward their German relatives. The former attaches great value to the friendship of his imperial uncle in Berlin, while the latter, being connected by marriage with Denmark, naturally sympathizes with that country. For some time past the Grand Duke has strictly forbidden the use of the German language in his saloons under the penalty of a fine of twenty-five rubles. At a recent soirée in the Grand Ducal Palace the emperor entered unexpectedly, greeted the guests with a "*Guten-abend!*" (Good-evening!), and continued the conversation for a couple of hours in German, the answers being, of course, in the same language. At last he rose, wished the company "*Gute-nacht,*" and was apparently going to leave the room. Before, however, he had reached the door, he turned round suddenly, and said, "By-the-bye, gentlemen, it has just occurred to me that it is forbidden to speak German here; I must, therefore, pay a fine of twenty-five rubles." Then, turning to one of the higher officers present, he paid the twenty-five rubles, and continued, "I pay this fine to you, and at the same time give you the commission to see that all the gentlemen present pay the same sum, for they have all spoken German." The amount is to be forwarded immediately to the Prussian general staff for the benefit of the German wounded.

It has been a most disastrous season for Buenos Ayres. At one time upward of seven hundred deaths a day were reported as resulting from yellow fever. Every one who could possibly do so has fled from the city. It has been calculated that not more than 30,000 remain in the city at night, and of these, at the latest accounts, from 7000 to 10,000 were ill with yellow fever. Upward of 12,000 have died from the epidemic since January.

A California lady thus relates how she gave offense to one of the party accompanying the English High Commissioners. She was praising the Golden State.

"Aw yes," said the gentleman, "fine place, no doubt, but shouldn't care to live there, you know. You have earthquakes there, and they are such shocking nuisances."

The lady laughed, and said to a by-stander, "What an excellent joke! He calls earthquakes 'shocking' nuisances."

"Madam," said the supposed wit, moving away with offended dignity, "I *never* pun."

Before the residence of M. Thiers was sacked and demolished by the Commune it was filled to overflowing with costly works of art, rarely bound books, and curious furniture. His study was surrounded, breast high, with shelves loaded with books. Above the shelves were well-executed copies of the great masterpieces of Italian art done in water-colors, also many fine bronzes, and a fair copy of the "Last Judgment" was placed in a conspicuous spot in front of his writing-desk. The contents of the house were valued at $400,000. After the order was given to tear down Thiers's house a discussion arose in the Commune concerning these antique bronzes. Certain *citoyens* speaking rather contemptuously of the "little bronzes," *Citoyen* Courbet said, "I would call attention to the fact that these little bronzes are worth some $300,000." In reply, another *citoyen* asserted that he was a friend of art, but he held that they should send to the mint all objects which represented the image of the Orleans. The contents of the house were to be removed to the Quai d'Orsay, and may have been destroyed when that palace was burned.

Cold water seems very refreshing on a hot summer's day, yet, in general, the longer one postpones drinking it the more comfortable will he be. Drinking abundantly in the early part of the day increases thirst and perspiration. When one is warm a few swallows of water, taken slowly, will quench the thirst better and more safely than a large quantity taken quickly.

The following dialogue between two newsboys, in New York, was overheard during the May anniversaries: "I say, Jim, what's the meaning of so many ministers being here all together?"

"Why," answered Jim, scornfully, "they always meets once a year to exchange sermons with each other."

President Grant has been accused of excessive taciturnity—of being silent because he could not talk. A recent writer declares that he is both taciturn and loquacious; that there are times when one can not get a word out of him, and times when one can not get a chance to put in a word. In short, it is asserted that under the following circumstances President Grant is very apt to be silent:

First, when he has nothing to say. (And this is a difficult and rare merit in man or woman.)

Second, when he is still in doubt as to the topic introduced.

Third, when he is not sure of his company.

Fourth, when he dislikes his company.

Under any of these conditions he is invincibly speechless; his face wears a discouraging expression; no amount of embarrassment on the part of those who are with him can betray him to take pity on them by any thing more than the eloquence of a monosyllable.

But reverse these conditions, and a miraculous transformation takes place. He talks well, uttering terse sentences in a pat and pithy way. He talks square sense in a square fashion. His conversation would not suggest his greatness; neither does it belie it. But it does suggest honesty, simplicity, and manliness.

A famine of pea-nuts is predicted because North Carolina and Virginia have not sent into our market any thing like their ordinary supply. It is feared that the next few months will witness a painful destitution of this favorite article. What will small boys and girls—not to mention children of a larger growth—now substitute, to litter up the floors of our street-cars with, in place of pea-nuts?

During the civil commotions in Paris the insurgents used the catacombs as a means of communication between the city and certain outside forts. But it is supposed that many persons, both men and women, have been lost in this under-ground labyrinth, and have perished from starvation and lack of pure air.

Baroness Burdett Coutts has, by her charity—and she has been a really benevolent woman, scattering with a free hand—reduced her fortune to the paltry sum of 10,000,000 pounds sterling.

Buffalo has made some useful discoveries in boring for gas. Not only was a flow of gas started 640 feet below the surface, which yields 40,000 feet a day of better illuminating gas than any now used in the city, but a mineral spring with superior mineral qualities was discovered, and evidences of a pure bed of salt.

The Parliament of Canada is composed of one hundred and eighty-one members from the four provinces of Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick. The members of Lower Canada were determined to have the Parliament at Quebec, and the members of Upper Canada were equally strong in their advocacy of Toronto. So, to make peace among them, Queen Victoria chose Ottawa as the town of the future capital; and when the projected railroads are completed, and time has done much to beautify the town, it will become a very attractive capital. The Parliament buildings, which have been erected at a cost of about $3,000,000, are beautifully situated upon the banks of the Ottawa. The style of architecture is Gothic, and the grounds need only culture to make them elegant. The library contains 65,000 volumes of choice selected books, and a recent appropriation of $200,000 has been made to erect a new building.

Two curious inventions have been recently patented by residents of Chicago, which may prove useful to the public and profitable to the patentees. One is a safety-lock to be fastened inside the pocket of a lady's or a gentleman's garments to prevent the abstraction of the pocket-book or other valuables contained therein; the other is a lock to prevent the stealing of watches from vest pockets. Hence it may be possible in the future to travel around and mingle in crowds without fear of being robbed by pickpockets.

Children usually prefer truth to politeness when left to choose for themselves. A clergyman was lately asked to conclude the exercises of a Sabbath-school anniversary by a few remarks. It was already after nine o'clock in the evening, and not a few of the little ones were sleepy and tired. The speaker did not think particularly of this, but began, as a matter of form, by asking the children whether they would rather go home or stay and hear his speech. "Those who wish to go home say 'aye,'" quoth he, when, to his astonishment, nearly all the two hundred and fifty children united in a chorus of "ayes" easily heard a block away. The speaker blushed, and covered his retreat with the benediction.

Curious epitaphs come to us from all quarters of the globe where civilized burial is practiced; but close by us are many curiosities in church-yard inscriptions quite as unique as those at a distance. For example, on a crumbling tombstone in Trinity church-yard, which is surmounted by a hideous death's-head, is the following inscription:

Here Lyes yᵉ Bodys of
John Moore, aged 84 years. Decᵈ Decᵉʳ yᵉ 14, 1738.
Charity, wife of Benᵐ Moore, aged 26 years. Decᵈ Febʳ yᵉ 5, 1738.

"bouth old and young, as well as me,
Must in due time all buried be.
Under this body of Cold Clay,
Just in my Prime, I'm Forst to lay."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"WHAT is your business?" said the judge at the Tombs the other morning to a prisoner. "I'm an observationist, your Honor." "An observationist! What is that?" "One who looks around in the daytime to see what he can steal at night, if it pleases your Honor." It did not please his Honor, and so he sent the observationist to the penitentiary for sixty days.

ACQUIRED TASTES—Olives and babies.

A gentleman whose love of order was largely developed had a clerk in his employ whose habits about the office were any thing but orderly. Nothing under his hand had a fixed locality, and every thing was at odds and ends. This carelessness brought out a reproof from the employer, who, after a general lecture on the subject of malarrangements, quoted the old precept, and said, "Sir, you should have a place for every thing." "I have, Sir," replied the junior, "a great many places for every thing."

HOW TO GET ALONG—Walk.

A man commenting upon the ruins of Pompeii said it was a very imposing city, but very much out of repair.

A young female Fifteenth Amendment was recently expelled from the village school at Oshkosh because she would not allow the pupils to use her face for a blackboard.

RACES THAT SHOULD BECOME EXTINCT—Steamboat races on the Mississippi.

Why is dough like the sun?—Because when it rises it is light.

"John Rouse, why wilt thou do so?" said Thomas Hazard, one of New Bedford's substantial Quaker merchants sixty years ago, to Johnny Rouse, a negro in his employ, whom he found before a magistrate, not for the first time, charged with stealing. "Why wilt thou do so, thou foolish man? thou always gets caught." "Why, Massa Hazard," says Johnny, "I don't get caught half the time."

THE LAWYER'S INVOCATION TO SPRING.

Whereas, on certain boughs and sprays
Now divers birds are heard to sing,
And sundry flowers their heads upraise
And hail the coming on of spring;

The songs of those said birds arouse
The memory of our youthful hours,
As green as those said sprays and boughs,
As fresh and sweet as those said flowers.

The birds aforesaid—happy pairs—
Love, 'mid the aforesaid boughs, enshrines
In freehold nests—themselves, their heirs,
Administrators, and assigns.

Oh, busiest term of Cupid's Court,
Where tender plaintiffs actions bring—
Seasons of frolic and of sport,
Hail, as aforesaid, coming spring!

"Old Trotter" is an eccentric genius who drives the first stage out of Fort Kearney westward, and whose deeds and sayings will, in future time, become historical. The following is related of him: One day he stopped a man on the road who drove a miserable team of sick and aged little mules, with the ejaculation, "Look a-here, pilgrim! I know a man that would give eight hundred dollars if he could see them mules!" "Why," exclaimed the man, startled by such an unexpected prospect of luck, "yeou daon't say so! Who is he?" "*He's a blind man!*" said Trotter; "g'lang!"

A MORNING (W)RAPPER—The milkman.

The Siamese twins are a hundred and twenty years old—sixty each.

VEGETABLE PHILOSOPHY—Sage advice.

A Chicago music store recently sold a piano, and the buyer soon after wrote to the dealers that he and his wife couldn't find the place to wind it up, and they wanted to be told at once how to make the thing go.

"Ain't it queer, Jo, that while the spring is more forward than any other since '48, the blossoms and foliage are behind those of last year?" "They ain't." "They are." "They ain't." "They are—a year behind!"

A link-boy asked Dr. Burgess, the preacher, if he would have a light. "No, child," says the doctor, "I am one of the lights of the world." "I wish, then," replied the boy, "you were hung up at the end of our alley, for it is a very dark one."

HOW TO GET A-LONG WELL—Have it dug deep.

THE TREATY ILLUSTRATED.

RATIFIED.

SATISFIED.

GRATIFIED.

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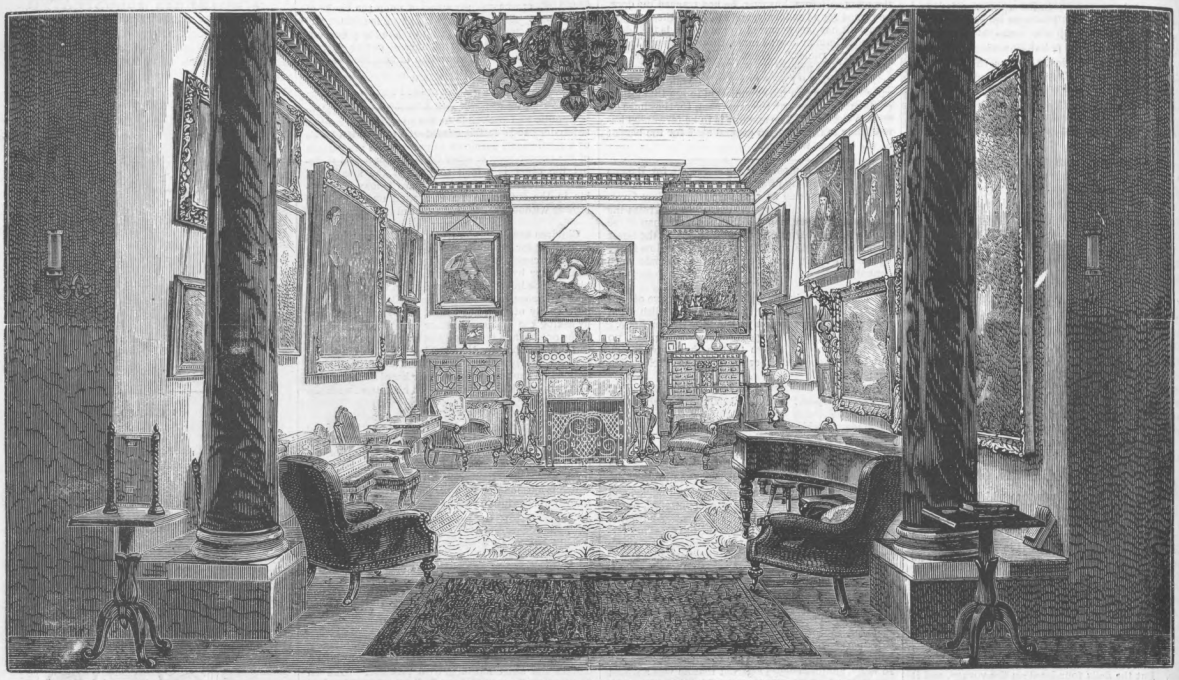

NAPOLEON'S DRAWING-ROOM AT CHISELHURST.

DRAWING-ROOM AT CHISELHURST.

ON this page we give a sketch of the drawing-room at Chiselhurst, where the imperial exiles of France are at present living in comfortable retirement. It is, as will be seen, a very elegant apartment, richly furnished, and adorned with paintings and other works of art. Chiselhurst is said to be one of the most pleasantly situated villas in the vicinity of London, occupying the crest of a lovely hill and commanding a fine view.

MATCH-MAKERS.

THE attempt made recently in London to lay a tax on lucifer matches, from which the ministry was compelled to recede, gives an interest to the illustration on this page, which shows the interior of a large match manufactory in London. Scores of men, women, and girls are employed in the various processes required to complete a match, from splitting the wood to putting up the manufactured article in neat boxes. The employés, it will be seen, are, as a rule, stout, hearty, and decently dressed. At the same time one can not help reflecting on the monotony of employment which seems to characterize all factory labor. This perpetual recurrence of the same operation can not be good for either body or mind. Fancy passing your whole earthly career in guillotining bundles of matches, and then cramming the contents into boxes! A farm laborer, poor though his wages may be, is far more of a man and less of a machine, because his employment is perpetually varying. Cheapness and perfection of workmanship are very fine things, but human nature is a still finer thing; and some day, perhaps, we shall discover that the manufacture of men and women perfect both in body and mind is an achievement deserving some of the energy which we now devote to the acquisition of wealth. This sentiment lies at the bottom of Mr. RUSKIN'S indignant and somewhat Quixotic protest against the use of machinery to the extent of superseding hand and brain work; and although it would be impossible to go back to ante-machinery times, there is a good deal of reason in his queerly expressed dislike.

MATCH-MAKERS.

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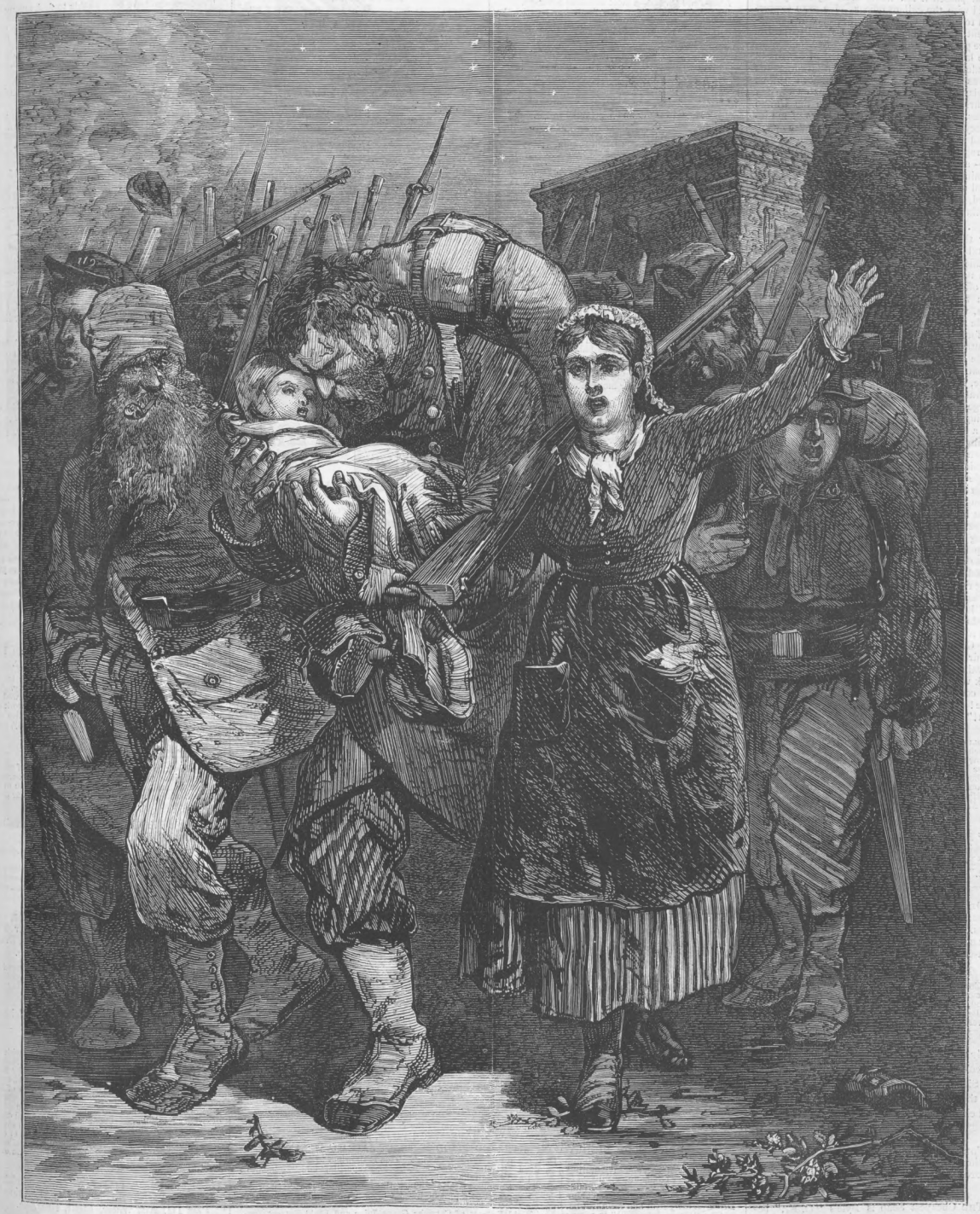
VIVE LA COMMUNE.

THE fate of the unhappy Communists, who, if the telegraphic reports are to be relied upon, have been executed by the hundred since the capture of Paris, lends a sad interest to this picture. "Vive la Commune!" meant only death to the unfortunate men and women who staked all on the chance of the cause of Paris being that of France, and blindly rushed to their own destruction. Horrible as their deeds have been, it must not be forgotten that they had genuine wrongs to redress, while their very excesses may be forgotten by the side of the bloody vengeance of the maddened Versaillists.



VIVE LA COMMUNE.

THE FREEMASONS IN PARIS.

ONE of the most striking incidents of the second siege of Paris was the fraternizing of the Freemasons of the city with the Commune, to which the lower illustration on page 549 refers. They marched through the streets, having the inscription, *Aimons tous les uns les autres*—Love one another—on their principal banner. They placed great faith in this banner, and declared that as soon as it should be hoisted on the ramparts the Versaillists would cease firing and come to terms. "Should this sacred standard not be respected," continued they, "and should it be struck by a shot, the whole of France will rise and revenge the sacrilege." Alas for their prognostications!—although these peace-makers went up ten thousand strong to the ramparts and planted their standard and fifty symbolic banners to boot, Mont Valérien did not seem the least impressed by the display, the Versaillist batteries peppered away as briskly as ever, and the rest of France has not deigned to take the slightest notice.

The procession was astir betimes, and paid its first visit to the Commune at the Hôtel de Ville. The Masons exhibited their banners to the government, and styled the Commune the new Temple of Solomon. Not to be outdone in civility, the Communists called for a red flag to give to their visitors, but none could be found for the moment, so an obliging citizen unwound the red sash which all patriotic Parisians now wear round their waists, attached it to a pole, and presented it with great ceremony to the Masons, who declared they would keep it as a precious relic. But "enough words—to work!" cries an energetic brother, and off the procession starts in an exactly opposite direction to their ultimate destination. This was in order to visit the Column of July, to which the Freemasons respectfully lowered their flags as they passed by. After this homage to the statue of Liberty they set off for Porte Maillot, but on arriving at the Champs Elysées were thrown into some confusion by the sudden advent of a shell. One Scotch brother was wounded, and a great many members very much frightened; but after some consultation the procession proceeded boldly to Porte Maillot, where the great standard was planted, and the other banners disposed of on either side.

The banners planted, three brethren were sent to Versailles to talk to M. THIERS. They made very little impression on him, however, and returned unsuccessful. Upon this the Masons determined to give up any further attempt at mediation, removed their banners, which, by-the-bye, had been watched day and night by volunteer sentinels, held an indignation meeting, declared war against the Versaillists, and subsided into every day life. The heads of the craft and several of the Parisian lodges greatly disapproved of the demonstration, and declared that the enthusiastic brethren had meddled with things entirely beyond the legitimate sphere of Freemasonry.

THE VENDÔME COLUMN.

LAST week we gave a picture of the column in the Place Vendôme, and a full account of its destruction by order of the Commune. Our illustration this week, on page 548, engraved from a photograph sent us by our special correspondent in Paris, shows the appearance of the column after its fall, when it lay shattered on the heap of manure which the Parisians had carted into the Place to weaken the concussion which they feared would attend its overthrow.

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"PUIR AULD GRANDMAMMA."

SOON after the conclusion of the late war between the Northern and Southern States, says the author of "Reminiscences of Fifty Years," I was introduced by my friend Mr. Ward—an American citizen, who had resided for many years in England—to General ——, since nominated to a seat in the cabinet at Washington as Minister of War. This distinguished soldier told me he had entered the war a captain of engineers, coming out of it a major-general. I never passed a few hours more agreeably than I did with the gallant officer. He gave expression to his own views without reserve or any apparent bias; whereas my friend Ward—who has since passed away from us, a very excellent man, who had spent the greater portion of his life in London, where he had acquired a large fortune—was politically as deeply prejudiced against England and English institutions as on the day he first landed on our shores from the United States. In fact, during the five years of my intimacy with him I never heard him praise or applaud any thing English. He was even reticent in regard to the fair sex. Opposite General —— and Mr. Ward at dinner sat a countryman of mine, whose affection and admiration for the Land o' Cakes remained unalloyed and undiminished, but who had never studied that line of Scotia's great poet,

"To see oursels as others see us."

For there was little or no difference between friend Ward and himself in respect to national predilections, inasmuch as with the one there was nothing perfect out of Scotland, and with the other nothing perfect out of the North American States. Still my countryman "thocht it vera, vera wrang that Maister Ward, who had made all his cash in the ceety o' London, should be forever rinning doun and depreciating this country. Die ye think," said he, "that if I had made ma money in London I would be forever disparaging it? It's a blote, and a vera serious blote, in Mr. Ward's character. It is vera, vera ungrateful toward that ceety which made him a laarge capitalist. Hoo vera different from his distinguished frien', the General, who, if he were not a strong-minded and discreet man, and only coming to this country for a few weeks, he might return to America wi' some of Ward's wrang impressions. As it is, he led the General to mak a single observation which I'm sure he did not mean offensively, but, nevertheless, it went recht through me as a Scotchman." I asked him to what he alluded. "Oh, donnt you recollect? it happened just after we had dined. Ward was going on as usual, telling us that if we didna keep a calm sough" (civil tongue)—the *Alabama* claims were under discussion—"America would teach our little island a lesson we should long remember; and by way of giving weight to his assertion, he added, 'I'll appeal to the General here.' All the General said was little; but it was deevilish severe, and it went through me like a dagger: 'We have no wish to hurt poor old Grandmamma.' Only fancy the words 'Puir auld Grandmamma' applied to Great Britain! It stung me to my vera vitals. It spok volumes. Just as if we were a puir worn-out country that could be subjugated at onny time! But it was all Ward's doing, confound him!"

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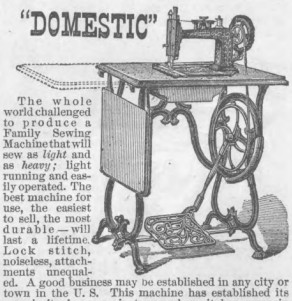

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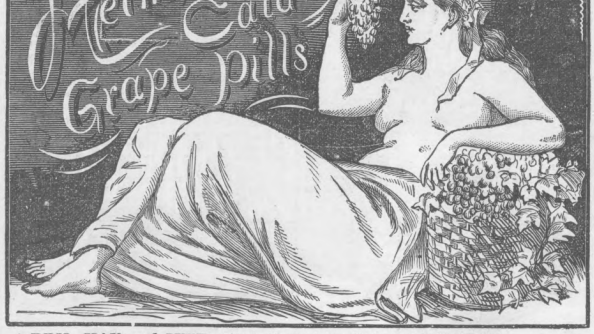

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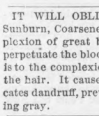
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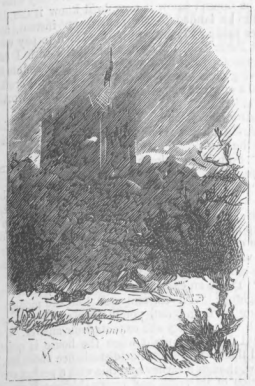
LORD KILGOBBIN.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

Author of "That Boy of Norcott's," "The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly," "Sir Brooke Fossbrooke," "A Day's Ride," "One of Them," "Gerald Fitzgerald," etc., etc.



CHAPTER I.

KILGOBBIN CASTLE.

SOME one has said that almost all that Ireland possesses of picturesque beauty is to be found on, or in the immediate neighborhood of, the seaboard; and if we except some brief patches of river scenery on the "Nore" and the "Blackwater," and a part of Lough Erne, the assertion is not devoid of truth. The dreary expanse called the Bog of Allen, which occupies a high tableland in the centre of the island, stretches away for miles flat, sad-colored, and monotonous, fissured in every direction by channels of dark-tinted water, in which the very fish take the same sad color. This tract is almost without trace of habitation, save where, at distant intervals, utter destitution has raised a mud-hovel undistinguishable from the hillocks of turf around it.

Fringing this broad waste, little patches of cultivation are to be seen—small potato-gardens, as they are called, or a few roods of oats, green even in the late autumn; but, strangely enough, with nothing to show where the humble tiller of the soil was living, nor, often, any visible road to these isolated spots of culture. Gradually, however—but very gradually—the prospect brightens. Fields with inclosures, and a cabin or two, are to be met with; a solitary tree, generally an ash, will be seen; some rude instrument of husbandry, or an ass-cart, will show that we are emerging from the region of complete destitution and approaching a land of at least struggling civilization. At last, and by a transition that is not always easy to mark, the scene glides into those rich pasture lands and well-tilled farms that form the wealth of the midland counties. Gentlemen's seats and waving plantations succeed, and we are in a country of comfort and abundance.

On this border land between fertility and destitution, and on a tract which had probably once been part of the bog itself, there stood—there stands still—a short, square tower, battlemented at top, and surmounted with a pointed roof, which seems to grow out of a cluster of farm-buildings, so surrounded is its base by roofs of thatch and slates. Incongruous, vulgar, and ugly in every way, the old keep appears to look down on them—time-worn and battered as it is—as might a reduced gentleman regard the unworthy associates with whom an altered fortune had linked him. This is all that remains of Kilgobbin Castle.

In the guide-books we read that it was once a place of strength and importance, and that Hugh de Lacy—the same bold knight "who had won all Ireland for the English from the Shannon to the sea"—had taken this castle from a native chieftain called Neal O'Caharney, whose family he had slain, all save one; and then it adds: "Sir Hugh came one day, with three Englishmen, that he might show them the castle, when there came to him a youth of the men of Meath—a certain Gilla Naher O'Mahey, foster-brother of O'Caharney himself—with his battle-axe concealed beneath his cloak, and while De Lacy was reading the petition he gave him, he dealt him such a blow that his head flew off many yards away, both head and body being afterward buried in the ditch of the castle."

The annals of Kilronan farther relate that the O'Caharneys became adherents of the English—dropping their Irish designation, and calling themselves Kearney; and in this way were restored to a part of the lands and the Castle of Kilgobbin—"by favor of which act of grace," says the chronicle, "they were bound to raise a becoming monument over the brave knight, Hugh de Lacy, whom their kinsman had so treacherously slain; but they did no more of this than one large stone of granite, and no inscription thereon; thus showing that at all times, and with all men, the O'Caharneys were false knaves, and untrue to their word."

In later times, again, the Kearneys returned to the old faith of their fathers and followed the fortunes of King James; one of them, Michael O'Kearney, having acted as aid-de-camp at the "Boyne," and conducted the king to Kilgobbin, where he passed the night after the defeat, and, as the tradition records, held a court the next morning, at which he thanked the owner of the castle for his hospitality, and created him on the spot a viscount by the style and title of Lord Kilgobbin.

It is needless to say that the newly created noble saw good reason to keep his elevation to himself. They were somewhat critical times just then for the adherents of the lost cause, and the followers of King William were keen at scenting out any disloyalty that might be turned to good account by a confiscation. The Kearneys, however, were prudent. They entertained a Dutch officer, Van Straaten, on King William's staff, and gave such valuable information besides, as to the condition of the country, that no suspicions of disloyalty attached to them.

To these succeeded more peaceful times, during which the Kearneys were more engaged in endeavoring to reconstruct the fallen condition of their fortunes than in political intrigue. Indeed a very small portion of the original estate now remained to them; and of what once had produced above four thousand a year, there was left a property barely worth eight hundred.

The present owner, with whose fortunes we are more immediately concerned, was a widower. Maurice Kearney's family consisted of a son and a daughter, the former about two-and-twenty, the latter four years younger, though, to all appearance, there did not seem a year between them.

Maurice Kearney himself was a man of about fifty-four or fifty-six—hale, handsome, and powerful; his snow-white hair and bright complexion, with his full gray eyes and regular teeth, giving him an air of genial cordiality at first sight which was fully confirmed by farther acquaintance. So long as the world went well with him, Maurice seemed to enjoy life thoroughly; and even its rubs he bore with an easy jocularity that showed what a stout heart he could oppose to fortune. A long minority had provided him with a considerable sum on his coming of age, but he spent it freely, and, when it was exhausted, continued to live on at the same rate as before, till at last, as creditors grew pressing, and mortgagees threatened foreclosure, he saw himself reduced to something less than one-fifth of his former outlay; and though he seemed to address himself to the task with a bold spirit and a resolute mind, the old habits were too deeply rooted to be eradicated, and the pleasant companionship of his equals, his life at the club in Dublin, his joyous conviviality, no longer possible, he suffered himself to descend to an inferior rank, and sought his associates among humbler men, whose flattering reception of him soon reconciled him to his fallen condition. His companions were now the small farmers of the neighborhood and the shop-keepers in the adjoining town of Moate, to whose habits and modes of thought and expression he gradually conformed, till it became positively irksome to himself to keep the company of his equals. Whether, however, it was that age had breached the stronghold of his good spirits, or that conscience rebuked him for having derogated from his station, certain it is that all his buoyancy failed him when away from society, and that in the quietness of his home he was depressed and dispirited to a degree; and to that genial temper, which once he could count on against every reverse that befell him, there now succeeded an irritable, peevish spirit that led him to attribute every annoyance he met with to some fault or short-coming of others.

By his neighbors in the town and by his tenantry he was always addressed as "my lord," and treated with all the deference that pertained to such difference of station. By the gentry, however, when at rare occasions he met them, he was known as Mr. Kearney, and in the village post-office the letters with the name Maurice Kearney, Esq., were perpetual reminders of what rank was accorded him by that wider section of the world that lived beyond the shadow of Kilgobbin Castle.

Perhaps the impossible task of serving two masters is never more palpably displayed than when the attempt attaches to a divided identity—when a man tries to be himself in two distinct parts in life, without the slightest misgiving of hypocrisy while doing so. Maurice Kearney not only did not assume any pretension to nobility among his equals, but he would have felt that any reference to his title from one of them would have been an impertinence, and an impertinence to be resented; while, at the same time, had a shop-keeper of Moate, or one of the tenants, addressed him as other than "my lord," he would not have deigned him a notice.

Strangely enough, this divided allegiance did not merely prevail with the outer world, it actually penetrated within his walls. By his son, Richard Kearney, he was always called "my lord;" while Kate as persistently addressed and spoke of him as papa. Nor was this difference without signification as to their separate natures and tempers.

Had Maurice Kearney contrived to divide the two parts of his nature, and bequeathed all his pride, his vanity, and his pretensions to his son, while he gave his light-heartedness, his buoyancy, and kindliness to his daughter, the partition could not have been more perfect. Richard Kearney was full of an insolent pride of birth. Contrasting the position of his father with that held by his grandfather, he resented the downfall as the act of a dominant faction, eager to outrage the old race, and the old religion of Ireland. Kate took a very different view of their condition. She clung, indeed, to the notion of their good blood, but as a thing that might assuage many of the pangs of adverse fortune, not increase nor imbitter them; and "if we are ever to emerge," thought she, "from this poor state, we shall meet our class without any of the shame of a mushroom origin. It will be a restoration, and not a new elevation." She was a fine, handsome, fearless girl, whom many said ought to have been a boy; but this was rather intended as a covert slight on the narrower nature and peevish temperament of her brother—another way, indeed, of saying that they should have exchanged conditions.

The listless indolence of her father's life, and the almost complete absence from home of her brother, who was pursuing his studies at the Dublin University, had given over to her charge not only the household, but no small share of the management of the estate—all, in fact, that an old land steward, a certain Peter Gill, would permit her to exercise; for Peter was a very absolute and despotic grand vizier; and if it had not been that he could neither read nor write, it would have been utterly impossible to have wrested from him a particle of power over the property. This happy defect in his education—happy so far as Kate's rule was concerned—gave her the one claim she could prefer to any superiority over him; and his obstinacy could never be effectually overcome, except by confronting him with a written document or a column of figures. Before these, indeed, he would stand crest-fallen and abashed. Some strange terror seemed to possess him as to the peril of opposing himself to such inscrutable testimony—a fear, be it said, he never felt in contesting an oral witness.

"WHAT LARK HAVE YOU BEEN ON, MASTER JOE?"

Peter had one resource, however; and I am not sure that a similar stronghold has not secured the power of greater men and in higher functions. Peter's sway was of so varied and complicated a kind; the duties he discharged were so various, manifold, and conflicting; the measures he took with the people whose destinies were committed to him were so thoroughly devised, by reference to the peculiar condition of each man—what he could do, or bear, or submit to—and not by any sense of justice—that a sort of government grew up over the property full of hitches, contingencies, and compensations, and of which none but he who had invented the machinery could possibly pretend to the direction. The estate being, to use his own words, "so like the old coach-harness, so full of knots, splices, and entanglements, there was not another man in Ireland could make it work; and if another were to try it, it would all come to pieces in his hands."

Kate was shrewd enough to see this; and in the same way that she had admiringly watched Peter as he knotted a trace here and supplemented a strap there, strengthening a weak point, and providing for casualties, even the least likely, she saw him dealing with the tenantry on the property; and in the same spirit that he made allowance for sickness here and misfortune there, he would be as prompt to screw up a lagging tenant to the last penny, and secure the landlord in the share of any season of prosperity.

Had the Government Commissioner, sent to report on the state of land tenure in Ireland, confined himself to a visit to the estate of Lord Kilgobbin—for so we like to call him—it is just possible that the Cabinet would have found the task of legislation even more difficult than they have already admitted it to be. First of all, not a tenant on the estate had any certain knowledge of how much land he held. There had been no survey of the property for years.

"It will be made up to you," was Gill's phrase about every thing. "What matters if you have an acre more or an acre less?" Neither had any one a lease, or, indeed, a writing of any kind. Gill settled that on the 25th March and 25th September a certain sum was to be forthcoming, and that was all. When the lord wanted them they were always to give him a hand, which often meant with their carts and horses, especially in harvest-time. Not that they were a hard-worked or hard-working population: they took life very easy, seeing that by no possible exertion could they materially better themselves; and even when they hunted a neighbor's cow out of their wheat, they would execute the eviction with a lazy indolence and sluggishness that took away from the act all semblance of ungenerousness.

They were very poor, their hovels were wretched, their clothes ragged, and their food scanty; but, with all that, they were not discontented, and very far from unhappy. There was no prosperity at hand to contrast with their poverty. The world was, on the whole, pretty much as they always remembered it. They would have liked to be "better off" if they knew how, but they did not know if there was a "better off"—much less how to come at it; and if there were, Peter Gill certainly did not tell them of it.

If a stray visitor to fair or market brought back the news that there was an agitation abroad for a new settlement of the land, that popular orators were proclaiming the poor man's rights and denouncing the cruelties of the landlord, if they heard that men were talking of repealing the laws which secured property to the owner and only admitted him to a sort of partnership with the tiller of the soil, old Gill speedily assured them that these were changes only to be adopted in Ulster, where the tenants were rack-rented and treated like slaves. "Which of you here," would he say, "can come forward and say he was ever evicted?" Now as the term was one of which none had the very vaguest conception—it might, for aught they knew, have been an operation in surgery—the appeal was an overwhelming success. "Sorra doubt of it, but ould Peter's right, and there's worse places to live in, and worse landlords to live under than the lord." Not but it taxed Gill's skill and cleverness to maintain this quarantine against the outer world; and he often felt like Prince Metternich in a like strait—that it would only be a question of time, and, in the long run, the newspaper fellows must win.

From what has been said, therefore, it may be imagined that Kilgobbin was not a model estate, nor Peter Gill exactly the sort of witness from which a select committee would have extracted any valuable suggestions for the construction of a land code.

Any thing short of Kate Kearney's fine temper and genial disposition would have broken down by daily dealing with this cross-grained, wrong-headed, and obstinate old fellow, whose ideas of management all centred in craft and subtlety—outwitting this man, forestalling that—doing every thing by halves, so that no boon came unassociated with some contingency or other by which he secured to himself unlimited power and uncontrolled tyranny.

As Gill was in perfect possession of her father's confidence, to oppose him in any thing was a task of no mean difficulty; and the mere thought that the old fellow should feel offended and throw up his charge—a threat he had more than once half hinted—was a terror Kilgobbin could not have faced. Nor was this her only care. There was Dick continually dunning her for remittances, and importuning her for means to supply his extravagances. "I suspected how it would be," wrote he once, "with a lady paymaster. And when my father told me I was to look to you for my allowance, I accepted the information as a heavy percentage taken off my beggarly income.

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What could you—what could any young girl—know of the requirements of a man going out into the best society of a capital? To derive any benefit from associating with these people, I must at least seem to live like them. I am received as the son of a man of condition and property, and you want to bound my habits by those of my chum, Joe Atlee, whose father is starving somewhere on the pay of a Presbyterian minister. Even Joe himself laughs at the notion of gauging my expenses by his.

"If this is to go on—I mean if you intend to persist in this plan—be frank enough to say so at once, and I will either take pupils, or seek a clerkship, or go off to Australia; and I care precious little which of the three.

"I know what a proud thing it is for whoever manages the revenue to come forward and show a surplus. Chancellors of the Exchequer make great reputations in that fashion; but there are certain economies that lie close to revolutions. Now don't risk this, nor don't be above taking a hint from one some years older than you, though he neither rules his father's house nor metes out his pocket-money."

Such, and such like, were the epistles she received from time to time; and though frequency blunted something of their sting, and their injustice gave her a support against their sarcasm, she read and thought over them in a spirit of bitter mortification. Of course she showed none of these letters to her father. He, indeed, only asked if Dick were well, or if he were soon going up for that scholarship or fellowship—he did not know which, nor was he to blame—"which, after all, it was hard on a Kearney to stoop to accept, only that times were changed with us, and we weren't what we used to be"—a reflection so overwhelming that he generally felt unable to dwell on it.

CHAPTER II.

THE PRINCE KOSTALERGI.

MAURICE KEARNEY had once a sister whom he dearly loved, and whose sad fate lay very heavily on his heart, for he was not without self-accusings on the score of it. Matilda Kearney had been a belle of the Irish court and a toast at the club when Maurice was a young fellow in town; and he had been very proud of her beauty, and tasted a full share of those attentions which often fall to the lot of brothers of handsome girls.

Then Matty was an heiress—that is, she had twelve thousand pounds in her own right; and Ireland was not such a California as to make a very pretty girl with twelve thousand pounds an every-day chance. She had numerous offers of marriage, and, with the usual luck in such cases, there were commonplace, unattractive men with good means, and there were clever and agreeable fellows without a sixpence, all alike ineligible. Matty had that infusion of romance in her nature that few, if any, Irish girls are free from, and which made her desire that the man of her choice should be something out of the common. She would have liked a soldier who had won distinction in the field. The idea of military fame was very dear to her Irish heart, and she fancied with what pride she would hang upon the arm of one whose gay trappings and gold embroidery emblematized the career he followed. If not a soldier, she would have liked a great orator, some leader in debate that men would rush down to hear, and whose glowing words would be gathered up and repeated as though inspirations: after that a poet, and perhaps—not a painter—a sculptor, she thought, might do.

With such aspirations as these, it is not surprising that she rejected the offers of those comfortable fellows in Meath, or Louth, whose military glories were militia drills, and whose eloquence was confined to the bench of magistrates.

At three-and-twenty she was in the full blaze of her beauty; at three-and-thirty she was still unmarried; her looks on the wane, but her romance stronger than ever, not untinged, perhaps, with a little bitterness toward that sex which had not afforded one man of merit enough to woo and win her. Partly out of pique with a land so barren of all that could minister to imagination, partly in anger with her brother who had been urging her to a match she disliked, she went abroad to travel, wandered about for a year or two, and at last found herself one winter at Naples.

There was at that time, as secretary to the Greek legation, a young fellow whom repute called the handsomest man in Europe. He was a certain Spiridion Kostalergi, whose title was Prince of Delos; though whether there was such a principality, or that he was its representative, society was not fully agreed upon. At all events, Miss Kearney met him at a court ball, when he wore his national costume, looking, it must be owned, so splendidly handsome that all thought of his princely rank was forgotten in presence of a face and figure that recalled the highest triumphs of ancient art. It was Antinous come to life in an embroidered cap and a gold-worked jacket, and it was Antinous with a voice like Mario, and who waltzed in perfection. This splendid creature, a modern Alcibiades in gifts of mind and graces, soon heard, among his other triumphs, how a rich and handsome Irish girl had fallen in love with him at first sight. He had himself been struck by her good looks and her stylish air; and learning that there could be no doubt about her fortune, he lost no time in making his advances. Before the end of the first week of their acquaintance he proposed. She referred him to her brother before she could consent; and though, when Kostalergi inquired among her English friends, none had ever heard of a Lord Kilgobbin, the fact of his being Irish explained their ignorance, not to say that Kearney's reply being a positive refusal of consent, so fully satisfied [the Greek that it was "a good thing," he pressed his suit with a most passionate ardor; threatened to kill himself if she persisted in rejecting him, and so worked upon her heart by his devotion, or on her pride by the thought of his position, that she yielded, and within three weeks from the day they first met she became the Princess of Delos.

When a Greek, holding any public employ, marries money, his government is usually prudent enough to promote him. It is a recognition of the merit that others have discovered, and a wise administration marches with the inventions of the age it lives in. Kostalergi's chief was consequently recalled, suffered to fall back upon his previous obscurity—he had been a commission agent for a house in the Greek trade—and the Prince of Delos gazetted as Minister Plenipotentiary of Greece, with the first class of St. Salvador, in recognition of his services to the state; no one being indiscreet enough to add that the aforesaid services were comprised in marrying an Irishwoman with a dowry of—to quote the *Athenian Hemera*—"three hundred and fifty thousand drachmas."

For a while—it was a very brief while—the romantic mind of the Irish girl was raised to a sort of transport of enjoyment. Here was every thing—more than every thing—her most glowing imagination had ever conceived. Love, ambition, station, all gratified, though, to be sure, she had quarreled with her brother, who had returned her last letters unopened. Maurice, she thought, was too good-hearted to bear a long grudge; he would see her happiness, he would hear what a devoted and good husband her dear Spiridion had proved himself, and he would forgive her at last.

Though, as was well known, the Greek envoy received but a very moderate salary from his government, and even that not paid with a strict punctuality, the legation was maintained with a splendor that rivaled, if not surpassed, those of France, England, or Russia. The Prince of Delos led the fashion in equipage, as did the Princess in toilet; their dinners, their balls, their fêtes attracted the curiosity of even the highest to witness them; and to such a degree of notoriety had the Greek hospitality attained, that Naples at last admitted that without the Palazzo Kostalergi there would be nothing to attract strangers to the capital.

Play, so invariably excluded from the habits of an embassy, was carried on at this legation to such an excess that the clubs were completely deserted, and all the young men of gambling tastes flocked here each night, sure to find lansquenet or faro, and for stakes which no public table could possibly supply. It was not alone that this life of a gambler estranged Kostalergi from his wife, but that the scandal of his infidelities had reached her also, just at the time when some vague glimmering suspicions of his utter worthlessness were breaking on her mind. The birth of a little girl did not seem in the slightest degree to renew the ties between them; on the contrary, the embarrassment of a baby and the cost it must entail were the only considerations he would entertain, and it was a constant question of his—uttered, too, with a tone of sarcasm that cut her to the heart—"Would not her brother—the Lord Irlandais—like to have that baby? Would she not write and ask him?" Unpleasant stories had long been rife about the play at the Greek legation, when a young Russian secretary, of high family and influence, lost an immense sum under circumstances which determined him to refuse payment. Kostalergi, who had been the chief winner, refused every thing like inquiry or examination—in fact, he made investigation impossible; for the cards, which the Russian had declared to be marked, the Greek gathered up slowly from the table and threw them into the fire, pressing his foot upon them in the flames, and then calmly returning to where the other stood, he struck him across the face with his open hand, saying, as he did it, "Here is another debt to repudiate, and before the same witnesses also!"

The outrage did not admit of delay, the arrangements were made in an instant, and within half an hour—merely time enough to send for a surgeon—they met at the end of the garden of the legation. The Russian fired first, and, though a consummate pistol-shot, agitation at the insult so unnerved him that he missed; his ball cut the knot of Kostalergi's cravat. The Greek took a calm and deliberate aim, and sent his bullet through the other's forehead. He fell without a word, stone dead.

Though the duel had been a fair one, and the *procès verbal* drawn up and agreed on both sides showed that all had been done loyally, the friends of the young Russian had influence to make the Greek government not only recall the envoy, but actually the mission itself.

For some years the Kostalergis lived in retirement at Palermo, not knowing, nor known to any one. Their means were now so reduced that they had barely sufficient for daily life, and, though the Greek prince—as he was called—constantly appeared on the public promenade well dressed, and in all the pride of his handsome figure, it was currently said that his wife was literally dying of want.

It was only after long and agonizing suffering that she ventured to write to her brother, and appeal to him for advice and assistance. But at last she did so, and a correspondence grew up which, in a measure, restored the affection between them. When Kostalergi discovered the source from which his wretched wife now drew her consolation and her courage, he forbade her to write more, and himself addressed a letter to Kearney so insulting and offensive—charging him even with causing the discord of his home, and showing the letter to his wife before sending it—that the poor woman, long failing in health and broken down, sank soon after, and died so destitute that the very funeral was paid for by a subscription among her countrymen. Kostalergi had left her some days before her death, carrying the girl along with him, nor was his whereabouts learned for a considerable time.

When next he emerged into the world it was at Rome, where he gave lessons in music and modern languages, in many of which he was a proficient. His splendid appearance, his captivating address, his thorough familiarity with the modes of society, gave him the *entrée* to many houses, where his talents amply requited the hospitality he received. He possessed, among his other gifts, an immense amount of plausibility, and people found it, besides, very difficult to believe ill of that well-bred, somewhat retiring, man, who, in circumstances of the very narrowest fortunes, not only looked and dressed like a gentleman, but actually brought up a daughter with a degree of care and an amount of regard to her education that made him appear a model parent.

Nina Kostalergi was then about seventeen, though she looked at least three years older. She was a tall, slight, pale girl, with perfectly regular features—so classic in the mould, and so devoid of any expression, that she recalled the face one sees on a cameo. Her hair was of wondrous beauty—that rich gold-color which has "reflets" through it, as the light falls full or faint, and of an abundance that taxed her ingenuity to dress it. They gave her the sobriquet of the Titian Girl at Rome whenever she appeared abroad.

In the only letter Kearney had received from his brother-in-law after his sister's death was an insolent demand for a sum of money, which he alleged that Kearney was unjustly withholding, and which he now threatened to enforce by law. "I am well aware," wrote he, "what measure of honor or honesty I am to expect from a man whose very name and designation are a deceit. But probably prudence will suggest how much better it would be on this occasion to simulate rectitude than risk the shame of an open exposure."

To this gross insult Kearney never deigned any reply; and now more than two years passed without any tidings of his disreputable relation, when there came one morning a letter with the Roman post-mark, and addressed, "à Monsieur le Vicomte de Kilgobbin, à son Château de Kilgobbin, en Irlande." To the honor of the officials in the Irish post-office, it was forwarded to Kilgobbin with the words, "Try Maurice Kearney, Esq.," in the corner.

A glance at the writing showed it was not in Kostalergi's hand, and, after a moment or two of hesitation, Kearney opened it. He turned at once for the writer's name, and read the words, "Nina Kostalergi"—his sister's child! "Poor Matty," was all he could say for some minutes. He remembered the letter in which she told him of her little girl's birth, and implored his forgiveness for herself and his love for her baby. "I want both, my dear brother," wrote she; "for though the bonds we make for ourselves by our passions—" And the rest of the sentence was erased—she evidently thinking she had delineated all that could give a clew to a despondent reflection.

The present letter was written in English, but in that quaint peculiar hand Italians often write in. It begun by asking forgiveness for daring to write to him, and recalling the details of the relationship between them, as though he could not have remembered it. "I am, then, in my right," wrote she, "when I address you as my dear, dear uncle, of whom I have heard so much, and whose name was in my prayers ere I knew why I knelt to pray."

Then followed a piteous appeal—it was actually a cry for protection. Her father, she said, had determined to devote her to the stage, and already had taken steps to sell her—she said she used the word advisedly—for so many years to the impresario of the Fenice at Venice, her voice and musical skill being such as to give hope of her becoming a prima donna. She had, she said, frequently sung at private parties at Rome, but only knew within the last few days that she had been, not a guest, but a paid performer. Overwhelmed with the shame and indignity of this false position, she implored her mother's brother to compassionate her. "If I could not become a governess, I could be your servant, dearest uncle," she wrote. "I only ask a roof to shelter me and a refuge. May I go to you? I would beg my way on foot, if I only knew that at the last your heart and your door would be open to me, and, as I fell at your feet, knew that I was saved."

Until a few days ago, she said, she had by her some little trinkets her mother had left her, and on which she counted as a means of escape; but her father had discovered them, and taken them from her.

"If you answer this—and oh, let me not doubt you will—write to me to the care of the Signori Cayani and Battistella, bankers, Rome. Do not delay, but remember that I am friendless, and, but for this chance, hopeless. Your niece,

"NINA KOSTALERGI."

While Kearney gave this letter to his daughter to read, he walked up and down the room with his head bent and his hands deep in his pockets.

"I think I know the answer you'll send to this, papa," said the girl, looking up at him with a glow of pride and affection in her face. "I do not need that you should say it."

"It will take fifty—no, not fifty, but five-and-thirty pounds to bring her over here, and how is she to come all alone?"

Kate made no reply; she knew the danger sometimes of interrupting his own solution of a difficulty.

"She's a big girl, I suppose, by this—fourteen or fifteen?"

"Over nineteen, papa."

"So she is—I was forgetting. That scoundrel, her father, might come after her; he'd have the right, if he wished to enforce it, and what a scandal he'd bring upon us all!"

"But would he care to do it? Is he not more likely to be glad to be disembarrassed of her charge?"

"Not if he was going to sell her—not if he could convert her into money."

"He has never been in England; he may not know how far the law would give him any power over her."

"Don't trust that, Kate; a blackguard always can find out how much is in his favor every where. If he doesn't know it now, he'd know it the day after he landed." He paused an instant, and then said: "There will be the devil to pay with old Peter Gill, for he'll want all the cash I can scrape together for Loughrea fair. He counts on having eighty sheep down there at the long crofts, and a cow or two besides. That's money's worth, girl!"

Another silence followed, after which he said, "And I think worse of the Greek scoundrel than all the cost."

"Somehow, I have no fear that he'll come here."

"You'll have to talk over Peter, Kitty"—he always said Kitty when he meant to coax her. "He'll mind you, and at all events you don't care about his grumbling. Tell him it's a sudden call on me for railroad shares, or"—and here he winked knowingly—"say, it's going to Rome the money is, and for the Pope!"

"That's an excellent thought, papa," said she, laughing; "I'll certainly tell him the money is going to Rome, and you'll write soon—you see with what anxiety she expects your answer."

"I'll write to-night when the house is quiet, and there's no racket nor disturbance about me." Now, though Kearney said this with a perfect conviction of its truth and reasonableness, it would have been very difficult for any one to say in what that racket he spoke of consisted, or wherein the quietude of even midnight was greater than that which prevailed there at noonday. Never, perhaps, were lives more completely still or monotonous than theirs. People who derive no interests from the outer world, who know nothing of what goes on in life, gradually subside into a condition in which reflection takes the place of conversation, and lose all zest and all necessity for that small-talk which serves, like the changes of a game, to while away time, and by the aid of which, if we do no more, we often delude the cares and worries of existence.

A kind good-morning when they met, and a few words during the day—some mention of this or that event of the farm or the laborers, and rare enough, too—some little incident that happened among the tenants, made all the materials of their intercourse, and filled up lives which either would very freely have owned were far from unhappy.

Dick, indeed, when he came home and was weather-bound for a day, did lament his sad destiny, and mutter half-intelligible nonsense of what he would not rather do than descend to such a melancholy existence; but in all his complainings he never made Kate discontented with her lot, or desire any thing beyond it.

"It's all very well," he would say, "till you know something better."

"But I want no better!"

"Do you mean you'd like to go through life in this fashion?"

"I can't pretend to say what I may feel as I grow older; but if I could be sure to be as I am now, I could ask nothing better."

"I must say, it's a very inglorious life," said he, with a sneer.

"So it is, but how many, may I ask, are there who lead glorious lives? Is there any glory in dining out, in dancing, visiting, and picnicking? Where is the great glory of the billiard-table or the croquet-lawn? No, no, my dear Dick, the only glory that falls to the share of such humble folks as we are, is to have something to do, and to do it."

Such were the sort of passages would now and then occur between them—little contests, be it said, in which she usually came off the conqueror.

If she were to have a wish gratified, it would have been a few more books—something besides those old volumes of Scott's novels, "Zeluco" by Doctor Moore, and "Florence M'Carthy," which comprised her whole library, and which she read over and over unceasingly. She was now in her usual place—a deep window-seat—intently occupied with Amy Robsart's sorrows, when her father came to read what he had written in answer to Nina. If it was very brief, it was very affectionate. It told her in a few words that she had no need to recall the ties of their relationship; that his heart never ceased to remind him of them; that his home was a very dull one, but that her cousin Kate would try and make it a happy one to her; entreated her to confer with the banker, to whom he remitted forty pounds, in what way she could make the journey, since he was too broken in health himself to go and fetch her. "It is a bold step I am counseling you to take. It is no light thing to quit a father's home, and I have my misgivings how far I am a wise adviser in recommending it. There is, however, a present peril, and I must try, if I can, to save you from it. Perhaps, in my Old-World notions, I attach to the thought of the stage ideas that you would only smile at; but none of our race, so far as I know, fell to that condition—nor must you, while I have a roof to shelter you.

"If you would write, and say about what time I might expect you, I would try to meet you on your landing in England at Dover.

"Kate sends you her warmest love, and longs to see you."

This was the whole of it. But a brief line to the bankers said that any expense they judged needful to her safe convoy across Europe would be gratefully repaid by him.

"Is it all right, dear? Have I forgotten any thing?" asked he, as Kate read it over.

"It is every thing, papa—every thing. And I *do* long to see her."

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"I hope she's like Mattie—if she's only like her poor mother, it will make my heart young again to look at her."

CHAPTER III.

"THE CHUMS."

In that old square of Trinity College, Dublin, one side of which fronts the Park, and in chambers on the ground-floor, an oak door bore the names of "Kearney and Atlee."

Kearney was the son of Lord Kilgobbin; Atlee, his chum, the son of a Presbyterian minister in the north of Ireland, had been four years in the university, but was still in his freshman period, not from any deficiency of scholar-like ability to push on, but that, as the poet of the "Seasons" lay in bed because he "had no motive for rising," Joe Atlee felt that there need be no urgency about taking a degree which, when he had got, he should be sorely puzzled to know what to do with. He was a clever, ready-witted, but capricious fellow, fond of pleasure, and self-indulgent to a degree that ill suited his very smallest of fortunes; for his father was a poor man, with a large family, and had already embarrassed himself heavily by the cost of sending his eldest son to the university. Joe's changes of purpose—for he had in succession abandoned law for medicine, medicine for theology, and theology for civil engineering, and, finally, gave them all up—had so outraged his father that he declared he would not continue any allowance to him beyond the present year; to which Joe replied by the same post, sending back the twenty pounds inclosed him, and saying: "The only amendment I would make to your motion is as to the date—let it begin from to-day. I suppose I shall have to swim without corks some time. I may as well try now as later on."

The first experience of his "swimming without corks" was to lie in bed two days and smoke; the next was to rise at daybreak and set out on a long walk into the country, from which he returned late at night, wearied and exhausted, having eaten but once during the day.

Kearney, dressed for an evening party, resplendent with jewelry, essenced and curled, was about to issue forth, when Atlee, dusty and wayworn, entered and threw himself into a chair.

"What lark have you been on, Master Joe?" he said. "I have not seen you for three days, if not four."

"No; I've begun to train," said he, gravely. "I want to see how long a fellow could hold on to life on three pipes of Cavendish per diem. I take it that the absorbents won't be more cruel than a man's creditors, and will not issue a distraint where there are no assets, so that probably by the time I shall have brought myself down to, let us say, seven stone weight, I shall have reached the goal."

This speech he delivered slowly and calmly, as though enunciating a very grave proposition.

"What new nonsense is this? Don't you think health worth something?"

"Next to life, unquestionably; but one condition of health is to be alive, and I don't see how to manage that. Look here, Dick, I have just had a quarrel with my father; he is an excellent man and an impressive preacher, but he fails in the imaginative qualities. Nature has been a niggard to him in inventiveness. He is the minister of a little parish called Aghadoe, in the North, where they give him two hundred and ten pounds per annum. They are eight in family, and he actually doesn't see his way to allow me one hundred and fifty out of it. That's the way they neglect arithmetic in our modern schools!"

"Has he reduced your allowance?"

"He has done more, he has extinguished it."

"Have you provoked him to this?"

"I have provoked him to it."

"But is it not possible to accommodate matters? It should not be very difficult, surely, to show him that once you are launched in life—"

"And when will that be, Dick?" broke in the other. "I have been on the stocks these four years, and that launching process you talk of looks just as remote as ever. No, no; let us be fair. He has all the right on his side; all the wrong is on mine. Indeed, so far as conscience goes, I have always felt it so; but one's conscience, like one's boots, gets so pliant from wear, that it ceases to give pain. Still, on my honor, I never hip-hurrahed to a toast, that I did not feel, there goes broken boots to one of the boys, or, worse again, the cost of a cotton dress for one of the sisters. Whenever I took a sherry-cobbler, I thought of suicide after it. Self-indulgence and self-reproach got linked in my nature so inseparably, it was hopeless to summon one without the other, till at last I grew to believe it was very heroic in me to deny myself nothing, seeing how sorry I should be for it afterward. But come, old fellow, don't lose your evening; we'll have time enough to talk over these things—where are you going?"

"To the Clancys'."

"To be sure; what a fellow I am to forget it was Letty's birthday, and I was to have brought her a bouquet! Dick, be a good fellow, and tell her some lie or other—that I was sick in bed, or away to see an aunt or a grandmother, and that I had a splendid bouquet for her, but wouldn't let it reach her through other hands than my own, but to-morrow—to-morrow she shall have it."

"You know well enough you don't mean any thing of the sort."

"On my honor, I'll keep my promise. I've an old silver watch yonder—I think it knows the way to the pawn-office by itself. There, now be off; for if I begin to think of all the fun you're going to, I shall just dress and join you."

"No, I'd not do that," said Dick, gravely; "nor shall I stay long myself. Don't go to bed, Joe, till I come back. Good-by."

"Say all good and sweet things to Letty for me. Tell her—" Kearney did not wait for his message, but hurried down the steps and drove off.

Joe sat down at the fire, filled his pipe, looked steadily at it, and then laid it on the mantelpiece. "No, no, Master Joe. You must be thrifty now. You have smoked twice since—I can afford to say—since dinner-time, for you haven't dined. It is strange, that now the sense of hunger has passed off, what a sense of excitement I feel. Two hours back I could have been a cannibal. I believe I could have eaten the vice-provost—though I should have liked him strongly deviled—and now I feel stimulated. Hence it is, perhaps, that so little wine is enough to affect the heads of starving people—almost maddening them. Perhaps Dick suspected something of this, for he did not care that I should go along with him. Who knows but he may have thought the sight of a supper might have overcome me? If he knew but all. I'm much more disposed to make love to Letty Clancy than to go in for galantine and Champagne. By-the-way, I wonder if the physiologists are aware of that? It is, perhaps, what constitutes the ethereal condition of love. I'll write an essay on that, or, better still, I'll write a review of an imaginary French essay. Frenchmen are permitted to say so much more than we are, and I'll be rebukeful on the score of his excesses. The bitter way in which a Frenchman always visits his various incapacities—whether it be to know something, or to do something, or to be something—on the species he belongs to; the way in which he suggests that, had he been consulted on the matter, humanity had been a much more perfect organization, and able to sustain a great deal more of wickedness without disturbance, is great fun. I'll certainly invent a Frenchman and make him an author, and then demolish him. What if I make him die of hunger, having tasted nothing for eight days but the proof-sheets of his great work—the work I am then reviewing. For four days—but stay;—if I starve him to death, I can not tear his work to pieces. No; he shall be alive, living in splendor and honor, a frequenter of the Tuileries, a favored guest at Compiègne."

Without perceiving it, he had now taken his pipe, lighted it, and was smoking away. "By-the-way, how those same Imperialists have played the game! the two or three middle-aged men, that Kinglake says 'Pat their heads together to plan for a livelihood,' I wish they had taken me into the partnership. It's the sort of thing I'd have liked well; ay, and I could have done it too! I wonder," said he, aloud—"I wonder, if I were an emperor, should I marry Letty Clancy? I suspect not. Letty would have been flippant as an empress, and her cousins would have made atrocious princes of the imperial family, though, for the matter of that—Halloo! Here have I been smoking without knowing it! Can any one tell us whether the sins we do inadvertently count as sins, or do we square them off by our inadvertent good actions? I trust I shall not be called on to catalogue mine. There, my courage is out!" As he said this, he emptied the ashes of his pipe, and gazed sorrowfully at the empty bowl.

"Now, if I were the son of some good house, with a high-sounding name and well-to-do relations, I'd soon bring them to terms it they dared to cast me off. I'd turn milk or muffin man, and serve the street they lived in. I'd sweep the crossing in front of their windows, or I'd commit a small theft, and call on my high connections for a character—but being who and what I am, I might do any or all of these, and shock nobody.

"Now, to take stock of my effects. Let me see what my assets will bring when reduced to cash, for this time it shall be a sale." And he turned to a table where paper and pens were lying, and proceeded to write. "Personal, sworn under, let us say, ten thousand pounds. Literature first. To divers worn copies of 'Virgil,' 'Tacitus,' 'Juvenal,' and 'Ovid,' 'Cæsar's Commentaries,' and 'Catullus;' to ditto ditto of 'Homer,' 'Lucian,' 'Aristophanes,' 'Balzac,' 'Anacreon,' Bacon's 'Essays,' and Moore's 'Melodies;' to Dwight's 'Theology'—uncut copy, Heine's 'Poems'—very much thumbed, 'Saint Simon'—very ragged, two volumes of 'Les Causes Célèbres,' Tone's 'Memoirs,' and Béranger's 'Songs;' to Cuvier's 'Comparative Anatomy,' 'Shrœder on Shakspeare,' Newman's 'Apology,' Archbold's 'Criminal Law,' and 'Songs of the Nation;' to Colenso, 'East's Cases for the Crown,' Carte's 'Ormonde,' and 'Pickwick.' But why go on? Let us call it the small but well-selected library of a distressed gentleman, whose cultivated mind is reflected in the marginal notes with which these volumes abound. Will any gentleman say, '£10 for the lot?' Why, the very criticisms are worth—I mean to a man of literary taste—five times the amount. No offer at £10? Who is that says 'five?' I trust my ears have deceived me. You repeat the insulting proposal? Well, Sir, on your own head be it! Mr. Atlee's library—or the Atlee collection is better—was yesterday disposed of to a well-known collector of rare books, and, if we are rightly informed, for a mere fraction of its value. Never mind, Sir, I bear you no ill-will! I was irritable; and to show you my honest animus in the matter, I beg to present you, in addition, with this, a handsomely-bound and gilt copy of a sermon by the Rev. Isaac Atlee, on the opening of the new meeting-house in Coleraine—a discourse that cost my father some sleepless nights, though I have heard the effect on the congregation was dissimilar.

"The pictures are few. Cardinal Cullen, I believe, is Kearney's; at all events, he is the worse for being made a target for pistol-firing, and the archiepiscopal nose has been sorely damaged. Two views of Killarney in the weather of the period—that means July—and raining in torrents, and consequently the scene, for aught discoverable, might be the Gaboon. Portrait of Joe Atlee, ætatis four years, with a villainous squint, and something that looks like a plug in the left jaw. A Skye terrier, painted, it is supposed, by himself; not to recite unframed prints of various celebrities of the ballet, in accustomed attitudes; with the Rev. Paul Bloxham blessing some children—though, from the gesture and the expression of the juveniles, it might seem cuffing them—on the inauguration of the Sunday-school at Kilmurry Macmacmahon.

"Lot three, interesting to anatomical lecturers and others, especially those engaged in paleontology. The articulated skeleton of an Irish giant, representing a man who must have stood in his no-stockings eight feet four inches. This, I may add, will be warranted as authentic, in so far that I made him myself out of at least eighteen or twenty big specimens, with a few slight 'divergencies,' I may call them, such as putting in eight more dorsal vertebræ than the regulation, and that the right femur is two inches longer than the left. The inferior maxillary too was stolen from a 'Pithacus Satyrus,' in the Cork museum, by an old friend, since transported for Fenianism. These blemishes apart, he is an admirable giant, and fully as ornamental and useful as the species generally.

"As to my wardrobe, it is less costly than curious. An alpaca paletot of a neutral tint, which I have much affected of late, having indisposed me to other wear. For dinner and evening duty I usually wear Kearney's, though too tight across the chest, and short in the sleeves. These, with a silver watch which no pawnbroker—and I have tried eight—will ever advance more on than seven-and-six. I once got the figure up to nine shillings by supplementing an umbrella which was Dick's, and which still remains, 'unclaimed and unredeemed.'

"Two o'clock, by all that is supperless! evidently Kearney is enjoying himself. Ah, youth, youth! I wish I could remember some of the spiteful things that are said of you—not but on the whole, I take it, you have the right end of the stick. Is it possible there is nothing to eat in this inhospitable mansion?" He arose and opened a sort of cupboard in the wall, scrutinizing it closely with the candle. "'Give me but the superfluities of life,' says Gavarni, 'and I'll not trouble you for its necessaries.' What would he say, however, to a fellow famishing with hunger in presence of nothing but pickled mushrooms and Worcester sauce! Oh, here is a crust! 'Bread is the staff of life.' On my oath, I believe so; for this eats devilish like a walking-stick."

"Halloo! back already?" cried he, as Kearney flung wide the door and entered. "I suppose you hurried away back to join me at supper."

"Thanks; but I have supped already, and at a more tempting banquet than this I see before you."

"Was it pleasant? Was it jolly? Were the girls looking lovely? Was the Champagne-cup well iced? Was every body charming? Tell me all about it. Let me have second-hand pleasure, since I can't afford the new article."

"It was pretty much like every other small ball here, where the garrison get all the prettiest girls for partners, and take the mammas down to supper after."

"Cunning dogs, who secure flirtation above stairs and food below! And what is stirring in the world? What are the gayeties in prospect? Are any of my old flames about to get married?"

"I didn't know you had any."

"Have I not! I believe half the parish of St. Peter's might proceed against me for breach of promise; and if the law allowed me as many wives as Brigham Young, I'd be still disappointing a large and interesting section of society in the suburbs."

"They have made a seizure on the office of the *Pike*, and carried off the press and the whole issue, and are in eager pursuit after Madden, the editor."

"What for? What is it all about?"

"A new ballad he has published; but which, for the matter of that, they were singing at every corner as I came along."

"Was it good? Did you buy a copy?"

"Buy a copy? I should think not."

"Couldn't your patriotism stand the test of a penny?"

"It might, if I wanted the production, which I certainly did not; besides, there is a run upon this, and they are selling it at sixpence."

"Hurrah! There's hope for Ireland, after all! Shall I sing it for you, old fellow? Not that you deserve it. English corruption has damped the little Irish ardor that old rebellion once kindled in your heart; and if you could get rid of your brogue, you're ready to be loyal. You shall hear it, however, all the same." And taking up a very damaged-looking guitar, he struck a few bold chords, and begun:

Is there any thing more we can fight or can hate for?
The "drop" and the famine have made our ranks thin.
In the name of endurance, then, what do we wait for?
Will nobody give us the word to begin?

Some brothers have left us in sadness and sorrow,
In despair of the cause they had sworn to win;
They owned they were sick of that cry of "to-morrow:"
Not a man would believe that we meant to begin.

We've been ready for months—is there one can deny it?
Is there any one here thinks rebellion a sin?
We counted the cost—and we did not decry it,
And we asked for no more than the word to begin.

At Vinegar Hill, when our fathers were fighters,
With numbers against them, they cared not a pin,
They needed no orders from newspaper writers,
To tell them the day it was time to begin.

To sit down here in sadness and silence to bear it,
Is harder to face than the battle's loud din,
'Tis the shame that will kill me—I vow it, I swear it!
Now or never's the time, if we mean to begin.

There was a wild rapture in the way he struck the last chords, that, if it did not evince ecstasy, seemed to counterfeit enthusiasm.

"Very poor doggerel, with all your bravura," said Kearney, sneeringly.

"What would you have? I only got three-and-six for it."

"You! Is that thing yours?"

"Yes, Sir; that thing is mine. And the Castle people think somewhat more gravely about it than you do."

"At which you are pleased, doubtless?"

"Not pleased, but proud, Master Dick, let me tell you. It's a very stimulating reflection to the man who dines on an onion, that he can spoil the digestion of another fellow who has been eating turtle."

"But you may have to go to prison for this."

"Not if you don't peach on me, for you are the only one knows the authorship. You see, Dick, these things are done cautiously. They are dropped into a letter-box with an initial letter, and a clerk hands the payment to some of those itinerant hags that sing the melody, and who can be trusted with the secret as implicitly as the briber at a borough election."

"I wish you had a better livelihood, Joe."

"So do I, or that my present one paid better. The fact is, Dick, patriotism never was worth much as a career till one got to the top of the profession. But if you mean to sleep at all, old fellow, 'it's time to begin,'" and he chanted out the last words in a clear and ringing tone as he banged the door behind him.

MODERN SPARTANS.

THE southern point of Greece terminates in a promontory which gradually narrows, and plunges into the sea like a sharp arrow. Surrounded by reefs, against which a furious sea is ever roaring, it claims the dark renown of devouring ships and sailors. The coast, only too famous in the history of piracy, presents an aspect of complete desolation. Sharp, arid rocks, burned by the fierce sun, disclose here and there a narrow valley, where lies a small village; and on the overhanging precipices are ancient fortresses, perched like eagles' nests, some dismantled, others still entire. Nor is the interior of the country less severe in its aspect. It would seem as if the hand of the Cyclops had overthrown and ravaged this part of the world. The bare rocks rise in most fanciful forms, here clothed with the brightest colors, there with dark hues, according as they are exposed to burning heat or plunge into deep valleys. The district is known by the name of Kakovouli, or "the land of evil counsel," which is fully justified by the fierce natures and love of brigandage developed among the wild tribes of these uncultivated regions. Farther north nature somewhat softens: the myrtle and oleander grow in the dry bed of torrents; woods of olive and oak relieve the eye, and the mulberry ripens in the plains up to the foot of Mount Taygetus. This grand mass of rocks divides the country of the Mainotes from the rest of the Peloponnesus.

It is impossible to pass through the country without remarking the number of defensive works with which the Mainotes have protected their much menaced independence. The highest rocks, the entrances to the defiles, the inaccessible precipices, are alike covered with fortifications. Thus they give their country the name of Polypyrgos, meaning the many towers. Some of these are simply a tower of two stories, while others are strong castles, where the impoverished remnants of old families still reside. The people themselves, who have lived for ages in a warlike attitude, can not accustom themselves to peace. They wander around these old fortresses like soldiers weighed down by inaction. Each man professes a religious worship for his arms, and his pride is to adorn them with the richest ornaments. The carving and setting of even a peasant's gun would rouse the envy of an amateur. In this warlike accoutrement, a mixture of richness and misery, the Mainote never laughs, and speaks little; it is one of the traits which distinguish him from the talkative denizen of Attica. His manly face is full of pride and vague sadness, and on his brow may be read his legitimate pride in the antiquity of his race, and the uninterrupted duration of his independence, as well as the suffering which he has endured to secure it.

When the country was desolated by the rival families of the Mavromichalis and Mourzinos a romantic episode occurred, which is often told in the country. The former family having gone to celebrate Easter at one of their more distant castles, the Mourzinos profited by the occasion to attack their usual residence, and carried off Giovanni Mavromichalis, a boy of twelve years old, giving him up to the Turks. He was taken to Constantinople, and thrown into the dungeons of the Seven Towers—the Turks hoping that this precious hostage would make his family more submissive. Some years after, Iatrakis, a captain of Bardounia, went to Zante with his daughter, a girl of remarkable beauty. A Maltese corsair attacked them on the sea; the father was killed, and the girl sold to the seraglio. Her family had from time immemorial possessed certain medical recipes, which were secretly transmitted from parent to child. It happened that when Iatrakis's daughter was brought to Constantinople the sultan was attacked by fever, which none of his physicians could conquer. The young girl offered to cure him on the condition that, if successful, a request she had to make should be granted. Her proposition was accepted. She prepared a medicine according to the family formulas, and succeeded in saving the royal invalid. As the price of this benefit she asked for her own liberty and that of one of the Greek captives whom she should choose for her husband. She was led into the dungeons where so many of her compatriots lay groaning. By his tall stature, the nobility and pride of his features, she soon recognized the son of the Mavromichalis. His chains were struck off; and both, by order of the Sultan, were restored to their country with due honor.

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DOGS AND THEIR DOINGS.

BY THE REV. F. O. MORRIS, B.A.

Rector of Nunburnholme, and Chaplain to his Grace the Duke of Cleveland. Author of a "History of British Birds," "Natural History of the Bible," etc., etc.

THE DOG OF MONTARGIS.

A GENTLEMAN named Macaire, an officer of the king's body-guard, entertained, for some reason, a bitter hatred against another gentleman, named Aubrey de Montdidier, his comrade in service. These two having met in the Forest of Bondy, near Paris, Macaire took an opportunity of treacherously murdering his brother officer, and buried him in a ditch. Montdidier was unaccompanied at the moment, excepting by a greyhound, with which he had probably gone out to hunt. It is not known whether the dog was muzzled, or from what other cause it permitted the deed to be accomplished without its interference. Be this as it might, the hound lay down on the grave of its master, and there remained till hunger compelled it to rise. It then went to the kitchen of one of Aubrey de Montdidier's dearest friends, where it was welcomed warmly and fed. As soon as its hunger was appeased the dog disappeared. For several days this coming and going was repeated, till at last the curiosity of those who saw its movements was excited, and it was resolved to follow the animal and see if any thing could be learned in explanation of Montdidier's sudden disappearance. The dog was accordingly followed, and was seen to come to a pause on some newly turned-up earth, where it set up the most mournful wailings and howlings. These cries were so touching that passengers were attracted, and finally, digging into the ground at the spot, they found there the body of Aubrey de Montdidier. It was raised and conveyed to Paris, where it was soon afterward interred in one of the city cemeteries. The dog attached itself from this time forth to the friend, already mentioned, of his late master. While attending on him, it chanced several times to get a sight of Macaire, and on every occasion it sprang upon him, and would have strangled him had it not been taken off by force. This intensity of hate on the part of the animal awakened a suspicion that Macaire had had some share in Montdidier's murder, for his body showed him to have met a violent death. Charles V., on being informed of the circumstances, wished to satisfy himself of their truth. He caused Macaire and the dog to be brought before him, and beheld the animal again spring upon the object of its hatred. The king interrogated Macaire closely, but the latter would not admit that he had been in any way connected with Montdidier's murder. Being strongly impressed by a conviction that the conduct of the dog was based on some guilty act of Macaire, the king ordered a combat to take place between the officer and his dumb accuser, according to the practice, in those days, between human plaintiffs and defendants. This remarkable combat took place on the Isle of Notre Dame, at Paris, in presence of the whole court. The king allowed Macaire to have a strong club as a defensive weapon, while, on the other hand, the only self-preservative means allowed to the dog consisted of an empty cask, into which it could retreat if hard pressed. The combatants appeared in the lists. The dog seemed perfectly aware of its situation and duty. For a short time it leaped actively around Macaire, and then, at one spring, it fastened itself upon his throat in so firm a manner that he could not disentangle himself. He would have been strangled had he not cried for mercy and avowed his crime. The dog was pulled from off him, but he was only liberated from its fangs to perish by the hands of the law. The fidelity of this dog has been celebrated in many a drama and poem, and it has been usually called the Dog of Montargis, from the combat having taken place at the château of Montargis.—CHAMBERS'S "*Anecdotes of Dogs.*"

HIGH LIFE.—[FROM THE PICTURE BY SIR E. LANDSEER.]

REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF FIDELITY.

THE following anecdote occurs in Washington Irving's writings:

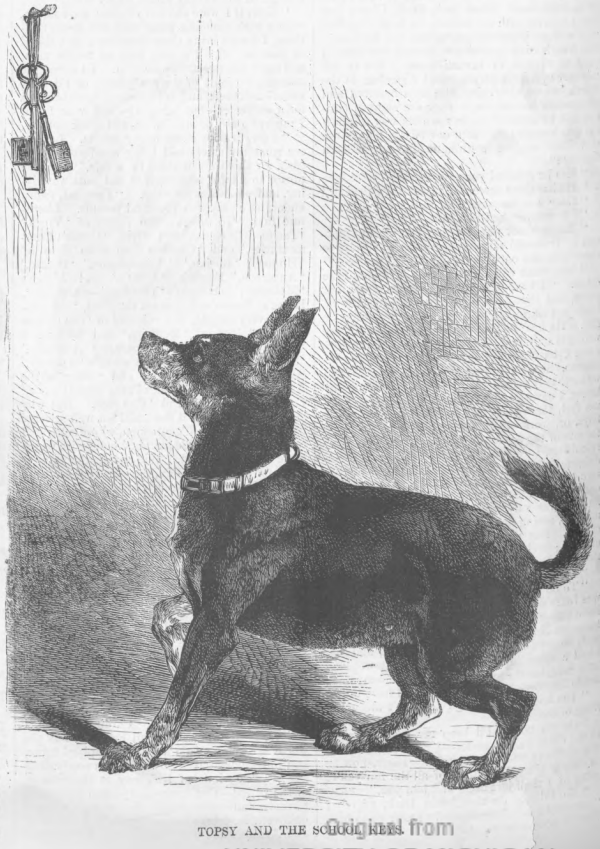
"In January, 1799, the cold was so intense that the Seine was frozen to the depth of fifteen or sixteen inches. Following the example of a number of thoughtless youths who were determined to continue the amusement of skating, in spite of a thaw having commenced, a young student, called Beaumanoir, wished also to partake of this dangerous pleasure, near the quay of the Hôtel des Monnaies, of Paris; but he had scarcely gone twenty steps when the ice broke under his weight, and he disappeared. The young skater had taken his dog with him, which, seeing his master sink under the ice, immediately gave the alarm by barking with all his might, near the spot where the accident had happened. It will easily be believed that it was impossible to give any assistance to the unfortunate youth, but the howlings of the animal warned others from approaching the fatal place. The poor dog sent forth the most frightful howls; he ran along the river as if he were mad; and at last, not seeing his master return, he went to establish himself at the hole where he had seen him disappear, and there he passed the rest of the day and all the following night. The day after, people saw with surprise the poor animal sorrowfully at the same post. Struck with admiration of such constancy, some of them made him a little bed of straw, and brought him some food; but, absorbed in the most profound grief, he would not even drink the milk which these kind-hearted people placed near him. Sometimes he would run about the ice or the borders of the river to seek his master, but he always returned to sleep in the same place. He bit a soldier who was attempting to make him leave his inhospitable retreat, who, fearing that he was mad, fired at and wounded him. This affecting example of grief and constancy was witnessed for many days, and people came in crowds to contemplate this beautiful trait of attachment, which was not without its reward. The dog, being only slightly wounded, was taken charge of by a woman, who, compassionating his suffering, and touched by the affection he showed for his late master, carried him to her house, where his wound was dressed, and every effort that kindness could devise was practiced to console the faithful animal for the loss of his young master."

"TOPSY" AND THE SCHOOL KEYS.

ONE of the most sagacious little dogs in London belongs to Mr. Nice, the keeper of Highbury Chapel.

"Topsy" is not an idle dog; she is busy from Monday morning until Saturday night; for what with keys to watch, doors to attend to, and many

THE FAITHFUL DOG MOURNING HIS LOST MASTER.



TOPSY AND THE SCHOOL KEYS.

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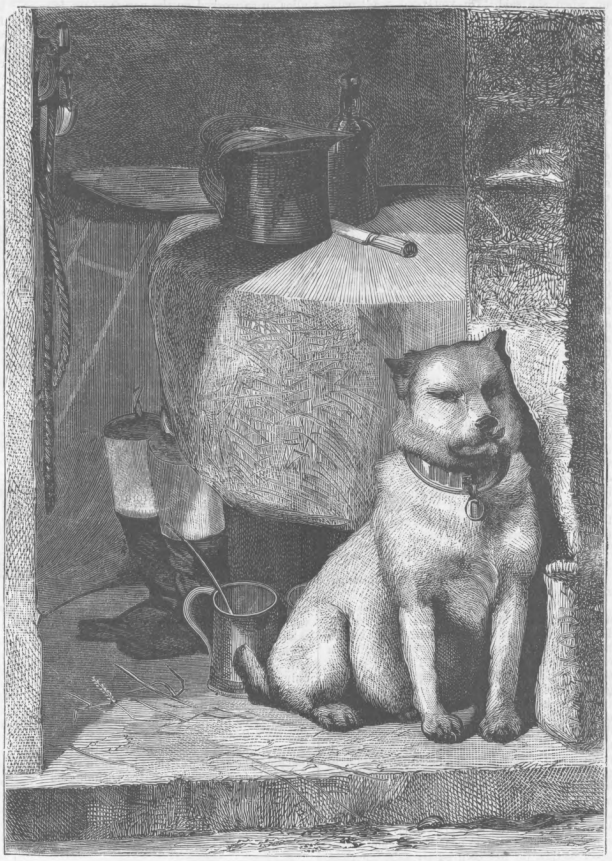
other things besides, her time is fully occupied. Sunday is "Topsy's" rest day, and right glad she seems not to be expected to bark, nor do any work on Sunday, for animals as well as men require, and are entitled to, one day of rest in the week. "Topsy's" master has trained her to distinguish the difference between Sunday and weekday, and if a stranger were to see her on Sunday, he would imagine that she was ill, for she lies down quietly in her bed, quite indifferent as to who comes in or who goes out. She knows that she must not make a noise, or bark at people who come to the chapel or the school on *that* day.

Mrs. Nice has a fine cat which lives in the same rooms with "Topsy," and she pays all due respect to Pussy. When the cat has her milk, "Topsy" sits quietly by to watch her drink it, and when Pussy has finished, "Topsy" expects the saucer refilled for herself. If she is kept waiting for her milk longer than she thinks right, she rings the bell—that is, she *taps* the saucer; and if the first tapping is not attended to, she taps again and again until she has due attention! "Topsy" is so polite that she can not be persuaded to touch her milk until the cat has had hers!

About 8 o'clock in the morning she may be seen sitting in the window watching for the boy who calls for the keys of the day-schools. These *keys are "Topsy's" particular charge.* She will not allow them to be taken from their place on the wall unless it be by her master, or by the person accustomed to give them up at night; and if brought in, and not hung up in their place at once, "Topsy" gets them, if they are left any where within reach, and hides them underneath the carpet. She then sits beside them, and cries very pitifully until Mr. or Mrs. Nice steps forward and hangs them up in their usual place. "Topsy," however, has no objection to the keys being taken from their place on the Lord's Day morning. On *that* morning she will allow *any* of the teachers to take them off the nail without the *slightest* hinderance, or without even looking after them.

"Topsy" is very affectionate and sympathizing: if at any time her master or mistress be unwell or in trouble, she tries her best to comfort them by licking their face and hands; and if at any time she has offended, and is spoken to crossly, she holds out her paw, and looks into their face so pitifully, as much as to say, "Please do shake hands with me and be friends." It is no wonder that "Topsy" has many friends who call in to see her and shake hands with her. The affectionate little creature never seems content to lie down in her bed at night without first putting out her paw and shaking hands with her master; it is her "good-night."

The high training of this beautiful dog reflects the greatest credit on her kind-hearted master.



LOW LIFE.—[FROM THE PICTURE BY SIR E. LANDSEER.]

"PICCO:" A MEMBER OF THE TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

PICCOLO, or "Picco," the beautiful dog belonging to the Rev. Henry De Bunsen, of Dorrington Rectory (formerly of Lilleshall, Shropshire), is of the Pomeranian breed, commonly known in England by the name of "Spitz." He was born in the year 1865, in the village of Edgmond, near Newport. His parents, both fine dogs with silky white hair, are still alive, and greatly valued by their owner, Miss Alcock. When "Picco" came to Lilleshall, he was a small, fluffy, white puppy of six weeks—snowy white, and very much like the toy lambs you can see in the shops. His first development of character showed itself in his being constantly on the alert, and always ready to bark his little shrill bark if he heard any footsteps outside the door. His education during the first six months of his life proceeded very rapidly. He learned to beg in a few lessons, and with little difficulty waited until *ten* was counted before he would eat the biscuit put before him. There was usually a pet cat or two in the room with him, so "Picco" easily got over the canine-aversion to cats. Miss Pussy, indeed, became very fond of rubbing her nose against him, and frequently followed him about the garden. From being constantly in attendance at the family meals, "Picco" soon got to know the sound of his favorite biscuit, and he has also learned never to come and *beg* for it till after his own dinner, which is given him after the family have dined. The only exception he makes to this rule is on his "tub-day," when he fancies that he has an additional appetite after his bath; and so on *that* day he comes regularly to be fed at luncheon!

When his own dinner of rice and scraps is prepared, and some one calls out "'Picco,' go and fetch your table-cloth," he gets up and walks to the sideboard cupboard, which he opens with his nose, and brings out a copy of *The Times* newspaper in his mouth, which is laid on the carpet. On this *paper* table-cloth his plate is placed. He then begs, looking slyly out of the corners of his eyes to see when the finger goes down as the word *ten* is pronounced. He then daintily smells all round the plate to see if his dinner pleases him; very often this is *not* the case, and only by dint of coaxing, or calling "puss, puss," can he be induced to eat his dinner. When that is accomplished he is told to fetch his biscuits, when he trots to the kitchen and picks up a covered basket, which he brings to Mrs. De Bunsen, and throws it down with a bang by her side. He will stand up by her side while she puts a piece of biscuit in front of him, saying "trust," and till he hears the words "eat it," he will not even dare to look at the tempting morsel. Then he will dance on his hind-legs and walk round the room for a piece of biscuit or bread, and hold it on his nose till his mistress counts ten, when he lifts it off with his two fore-paws. But the most remarkable trait in "Picco's" character is his great dislike of any kind of wine or beer. He knows the look of a wine-glass, and nothing will induce him even to smell it. In the kitchen he refuses to drink out of any tumbler offered him there, with but one exception; for, strange to say, he will walk straight up to, and drink out of the glass of the teetotal house-maid, for he knows that *she* only drinks water! Peter the butler always has him to sleep in his room at night, where he sleeps very soundly till awakened by the alarum at six o'clock. When Peter gets up, then "Picco" stirs himself, and goes into the next room where the groom sleeps, on whose bed he jumps and *pulls* off the clothes till the inmate rises! "Picco" knows Sunday quite well, and never offers to go to church with the family, though he flies after them if he sees any of them putting on their out-door things on any *other* day. He also never barks at the Sunday-school children

"PICCO," A MEMBER OF THE TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

"PLEASE GIVE ME A DRINK."

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who come into the house to their classes, though one footstep on a week-day makes him furious. When the family are away, "Picco" will never take a walk with strangers; he keeps company only with those who live in the house.

At the annual meeting of the Lilleshall Temperance Society in June last we had the pleasure of seeing "Picco." The dog was on the platform, much to the amusement of all present. One of the speakers, in referring to "Picco's" firmness in his water-drinking habits, asked, "Is not 'Picco' worthy of being enrolled as a member of the Lilleshall Temperance Society?" Amidst loud and hearty cheers, "Yes, yes," resounded from all parts of the large assembly. The next morning we had the pleasure of visiting the clean and tidy cottages of several of the Lilleshall miners, in company with their devoted friend, Miss Battersby, when one of the miners met us on the road, and, politely touching his hat, said, "*I hope, Sir, that I shall keep from the drink as true as that dog 'Picco.'*"

Ah! what a change would come over thousands of homes, that are now scenes of sorrow and desolation, if men and women were all as wise as "Picco."—*Band of Hope Review.*

"TRUSTY," THE DINNER CARRIER.

TAYLOR, in his "General Character of the Dog," writes:

"It was with pleasure that I watched the motions of a grateful animal belonging to one of the workmen employed at Portsmouth dock-yard. This man had a large cur dog, who regularly every day brought him his dinner upward of a mile. When his wife had prepared the repast, she tied it up in a cloth and put it in a handbasket. Then calling 'Trusty' (for so he was properly named), she desired him to be expeditious, and carry his master's dinner, and be sure not to stop by the way. The dog, who perfectly understood his orders, immediately obeyed by taking the handle of the basket in his mouth, and began his journey. It was laughable to observe that, when tired by the way, he would very cautiously set the basket on the ground, but by no means would suffer any person to come near it. When he had sufficiently rested himself, he again took up his load, and proceeded forward until he came to the dock gates. Here he was frequently obliged to stop, and wait with patience until the porter or some other person opened the door. His joy was then visible to every one. His pace increased, and with wagging tail, expressive of his pleasure, he ran to his master with the refreshment. The caresses were then mutual, and, after receiving his morsel as a recompense for his fidelity, he was ordered home with the empty basket and plates, which he carried back with the greatest precision, to the high diversion of all spectators."

"PLEASE, GIVE ME A DRINK!"

MR. JOHN KNIGHT, of Palmer's Green, states:

"During a pleasant tour in Scotland, in 1869, I witnessed, on the pier at Dunnoon, an interesting sight, which afforded great pleasure to not a few. A fine dog was on the pier, close by the side of the Glasgow steamer. He had, I believe, just before been taken from a small steamer, and was waiting for his further passage on board of another boat. On patting the pretty animal he held up his head, when I immediately noticed a label, on which I read the words, '*Please, give me a drink!*'

"No sooner had attention been called to this appeal, evidently attached to the dog's neck by a kind-hearted and thoughtful owner, than a group of ladies and children gathered around us, and willing hands and feet were in instant requisition to provide a supply of water. One of the porters, evidently with a tender heart under his fustian, promptly brought a tin filled with water, which was quickly drunk by the thirsty animal, whose face said, as plainly as dog can say, 'Thank you!' Several of the ladies, I found, were to be fellow-passengers with the dog, and many were the assurances from my fair friends that doggie should have every attention during the voyage, and should not suffer from the want of either food or water."

Who could behold the motto on his neck
To the chance stranger silently appealing,
Or look into his countenance, and check
The loving action and the tender feeling?

Furnished with such a passport kind and wise,
Friend after friend provides the noble creature
With water for his thirst, while from his eyes
Thanks overflow, and from each speaking feature.

Ah, if we saw that touching prayer for drink
Plainly round other thirsty throats suspended,
Would our much-suffering flocks and cattle sink
Along the public ways all unbefriended?

Hour after hour, in the hot dusty lane,
Would the dumb sheep or ox attract no pity?
And would their patient eyes appeal in vain
From iron railroad, or from stone-paved city?

Thirst! There is One above who knows that pang:
"*Give me to drink*," He said to Sychar's daughter;
And from his lips a sad "*I thirst*!" once rang
When *He* man's victim was, and had no water.

Touched with the feeling of His creatures' grief,
The mighty Maker listens to their groaning;
Shall *we* deny them water for relief,
And man alone be heedless of their moaning?

RICHARD WILTON, M.A.

Londesborough Rectory.

"BEAU'S" RESIGNATION.

CORNWALL SIMEON tells the anecdote which follows:

"A King Charles spaniel belonging to a lady, a relation of my own, was constantly in the habit of attending her when she went out driving, and, if it was wished that he should not accompany her, it was necessary to shut him up to prevent him from doing so. On Sundays she went to teach at the village school, where his presence was of course undesirable. To my surprise, one Sunday morning I saw her preparing for a start to the school, leaving 'Beau' at liberty in the dining-room, which was on the ground-floor, opening on the carriage-drive by which she would leave the house. I was proceeding to shut him up, when she said, 'Oh, you need not trouble yourself to do that; he knows quite well that it is Sunday, and won't attempt to go with me.' She was perfectly right. 'Beau' sat in a chair, watching her through the open window as she drove off, looking the picture of mortified resignation, but not offering to quit his place, though he had not been told to remain there."

GUARDING THE LEG OF MUTTON.

BLAINE narrates the following interesting anecdote:

"I was once called from dinner in a hurry to attend to something that had occurred. Unintentionally I left a favorite cat in the room, together with a no less favorite spaniel. When I returned, I found the latter, which was not a small figure, extending her whole length along the table, by the side of a leg of mutton which I had left. On my entrance she showed no signs of fear, nor did she immediately alter her position. I was sure, therefore, that none but a good motive had placed her in this extraordinary situation; nor had I long to conjecture. Puss was skulking in a corner, and, though the mutton was untouched, yet her conscious fears clearly evinced that she had been driven from the table in the act of attempting a robbery on the meat, to which she was too prone, and that her situation had been occupied by this faithful spaniel to prevent a repetition of the attempt. Here was fidelity united with great intellect, and wholly free from the aid of instinct. This property of guarding victuals from the cat, or from other dogs, was a daily practice with this animal; and while cooking was going forward, the floor might be strewed with eatables, which would have been all safe from her own touch, and as carefully guarded from that of others."

"BUSY'S" AFFECTION FOR SEVEN DUCKS.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Naturalist* magazine relates:

"In the early part of last spring I called on a cottager, a poor neighbor, who I heard was ill. I found him sitting by his fire with a spaniel and her puppy, six weeks or two months old, and a cat, and a half-grown kitten. The dog got up to greet me, for we are old acquaintances and good friends, when from under her ran seven young ducks a few days old. The woman of the house told me that they had been hatched under a hen which would not take care of them, and that she had brought them into the house to keep them warm. The spaniel immediately took to them, and whenever she came in and lay down by the fire, the ducks ran to her and nestled among her long hair. I asked her how the cat agreed with them, to which she replied that 'Busy' (such is the spaniel's name) would not suffer any thing to come near them; and I had proof of this, for her own puppy went up close to one of them as though to play with it, when she snapped at him and drove him away. One of the ducks soon died, having, apparently, something wrong in its head, but the other six throve under 'Busy's' care, and are now fine ducks fit for table. The woman added that she was remarkably fond of young little things, and would nestle a brood of young chickens like a hen."

BROACHING A MINE.

AMONG the many dangers the Cornish miners have to battle against, one of the greatest arises from accidentally carrying the excavations too close to some disused pit, that perhaps many years since has been boarded and earthed over, and in course of time forgotten.

When miners have reason to suspect that this is the case—a suspicion generally caused by a greater exudation of water than is usual—they at once proceed to what is technically termed "hole it;" and the following description of the holing or emptying a pit of water may best be given in the words of an old Cornish miner, one of the principal actors in the undertaking:

"Well, you see, Sir, we were working two hundred fathom down—running a level due north—and to our surprise the further we went the more moist the earth got, till, on going to work one morning, we found the whole end of the wall covered with drops of dew. Seeing this, it struck all of us at once that there must be a pit at no great distance, and (as they a'most allus are) full of water. Fancy this, Sir; a body o' water reaching many fathoms above you, and the narrow space in which you are working only separated from it by a thin crust of clay, putting you in the momentary fear of this giving way, and the water crashing in upon you!

"However, there it was, and must be got rid of, and this, too, by 'driving' or 'holing' right into it; for if left we should never be safe, or tell when we might come unaware across one of the many levels or shafts which run such numerous ways and depths.

"When the captain of the mine learned its existence an offer was soon made on tolerable generous terms to any who chose to empty it; which offer six of us accepting, we at once proceeded with our dangerous task.

"The first thing we did was to put up strong frame-work with doors attached, opening inward toward the old pit, so that the instant the mine was holed, by running and closing the doors in passing, the mass of water would be kept back for a time—long enough, at all events, as we hoped, for us to reach the ladders.

"After placing three of these safety-valves, as we called them, along the level at short distances apart, we proceeded slowly and cautiously with the more dangerous part of our work. Bit by bit we got nearer and nearer to the old mine, at every blow of the sledge on the borer expecting the rush of water to follow, often and often fearing to strike more than one blow before running for our lives, till the constant dread which we were allus in so worked on the nerves of the bravest that even a falling stone would be sufficient to put every one of us to flight.

"Never shall I forget the morning when at last we did get through; and I can a'most fancy seeing one o' my mates as he then stood with the borer held up ready for another to strike, the rest of us watching for the blow to fall, and prepared to run if necessary.

"At last, while every eye was fixed on 'em, the steel hammer rung on the borer, which in another second was sent whizzing far away down the level, as, with a horrible roar, the water came tearing and crashing through the earth.

"It was a run then *for life*, Sir; and in a far shorter time than I can tell it we were through the first door-way and in the act of swinging to the next, when the first was dashed against it; but, thank God, this for a time resisted the pressure of the water, or I should not be here telling of it.

"On we sped, our only hope of safety lying in gaining the ladders before the last door gave way; and what a distance they seemed, when even a few moments gained might rescue us from death! Breathless at last we reached them, and had but ascended a few rounds when, with a bang—whirl—crash—the water was upon us, and, fast as we climbed, like some horrid monster seeking our destruction, it glided up step for step with us.

"Even now a shuddering feeling creeps over me as I call to mind the fierce struggle it was to climb faster than the water rose. Faint and weary, we still tore upward, for rest only a few moments would to a certainty have been '*death*.' Up, up, with our dread enemy gaining on our flagging footsteps; now with the cold water gliding to our knees, yet still with renewed desperation struggling on. Thank Heaven, the adit was at last reached, and we were saved. Dragging our exhausted limbs a few feet higher, we watched the dread torrent rushing through this outlet. Then it was that, giving a glance toward my comrades, I find there are but *two* left. Yes, Sir: six of us went down; *three* only came up. Whether they were overtook in the level or washed from the ladders none could tell, for death was too closely following us at the time to allow of us bestowing a thought on our poor mates. However, we thought a deal more about them on reaching the mouth of the pit, where stood their pale-faced, anxious wives scanning us on coming to grass, and asking, with a frightened cry, 'Where are our husbands?'

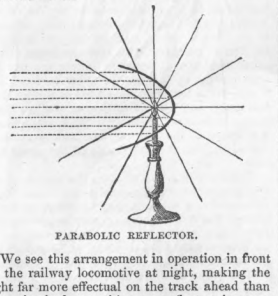
"We could only point down to the roaring gulf, for our hearts were too full to utter even the simple word—dead."

LIGHT FOR LIGHT-HOUSES.*

THE most important object to be sought, after determining the most satisfactory method of creating a bright light for light-house purposes, is to devise the best means of utilizing it when created by concentrating it in the direction where it is required.

In former times this was done by reflectors alone, the light being placed in the focus of what is called a *parabolic* reflector, which is a reflector of such a form that it reflects the light radiating from the focus within in a beam of *parallel rays* issuing through the opening in front.

This is shown clearly in the engraving, the black lines representing the natural course of the rays, and the dotted ones the lines into which they are turned by the reflector and formed into a parallel beam.

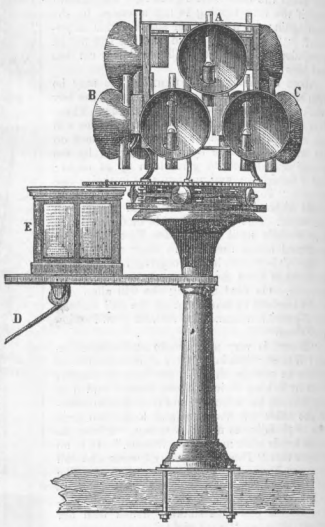


PARABOLIC REFLECTOR.

We see this arrangement in operation in front of the railway locomotive at night, making the light far more effectual on the track ahead than if a simple lamp without a reflector, however bright it may be, were used.

For we must remember that light, in radiating from the luminous point through the atmosphere, loses brilliancy as the distance increases, from two causes; first, from the spreading or diffusion of it, on account of the divergence of the rays from each other as they recede, which causes the intensity of it to diminish *as the squares of the distances*; and, secondly, on account of the interception of the light by solid or liquid particles always floating in the atmosphere, which, though individually invisible to us, absorb in the aggregate a great deal of light, especially when the distance through which the ray has come is great, so that it has had to encounter a great number of them.

Now there is no means of preventing the loss of light from this latter source, namely, the absorption of it by substances floating in the air, and thus diminishing the transparency of it. All that can be done is to increase the quantity of light sent forward, so that the distance may be greater that will be required to absorb it all. But the former—that is, the diminution by divergence—may be in a great measure controlled by means of lenses or reflectors so arranged as to collect the light from all sides, and send it forward over the sea in rays diverging but little laterally, and lying, horizontally, very nearly in the same plane. It is evident that they must not be in precisely the same plane, for the surface of the sea is not itself plane, but slightly convex, on account of the rotundity of the earth. The rays, of course, can not be made to *curve* in their course to accommodate themselves to this rotundity, and so it is necessary that they should diverge a little upward and downward in order that they may shine upon both near and distant vessels; and they must also diverge to a considerable extent from side to side, so that they may reach every ship, whatever may be the direction from which she approaches the land.



FLASHING LIGHT BY REFLECTORS.

Reflectors are necessary for all that portion of the radiance which would naturally proceed toward the land, for it is only by reflection that light can be turned back directly from its course.

For a long time reflectors alone were used for the management of the light in these cases. They only served the purpose, of course, of intercepting and turning forward that portion of the radiation which was emitted on the side opposite to that on which it was required. The light which naturally went forward was left to pursue its own course without modification. It could only be modified by the use of lenses, and the difficulty of constructing lenses of a sufficient size for the purpose was for a long time insurmountable.

Contrivances for reflecting the light were, however, very numerous, and some of them were very ingenious and very complicated.

The engraving represents a system of reflectors devised to produce what is called a flashing light; for in the case of beacon-lights that are not many miles apart, the luminous effects must be made to differ in some way, in order to prevent their being mistaken for each other. There are a great many ways of making these variations. The light may be colored by being caused to pass through red, green, or blue glass. It may be revolving or intermittent, or may be sent forth in flashes. In the engraving the several reflectors have each its own lamp, and they are arranged in sets of three (A, B, C) upon a vertical axis, which is made to revolve by approximate machinery, as indicated by the pulley on the left. The cord D, descending from the pulley, passes over another pulley not seen, and has a weight like a clock weight attached to it. The clock-work by which the descent of the weight is regulated and the force communicated to the system of reflectors is inclosed in the box E. The little truck wheels on which the system revolves are seen beneath, on the platform formed upon the top of the stand, where they roll in a groove formed for the purpose.

The machinery is arranged so that the lamps revolve very slowly, and all that is required to secure the steady continuance of motion is that the clock-work should be wound up every day when the lamps are trimmed, and set agoing when the lamps are lighted at night. Of course, as each set of three lamps comes to the front their combined light sends a flash far over the sea.

A mode of constructing *lenses* of a size sufficient to be used in light-houses was at last devised by a French philosophical engineer named Fresnel; and so great was the success of his system that it came soon to be almost universally introduced, and has connected his name indissolubly with the light-house system all over the world. Very great improvements have been made in his system by other inventors, but they do not displace his name as the originator of the idea out of which they have all proceeded.

It is only an idea of the general principle of Fresnel's invention that can be given in a chapter like this. It consists essentially in "building up," as it were, a lens for the concentration of

* *Light: Being Part II. of Science for the Young.* By JACOB ABBOTT. Copiously Illustrated. 12mo, cloth, $1 50. New York: Harper & Brothers.

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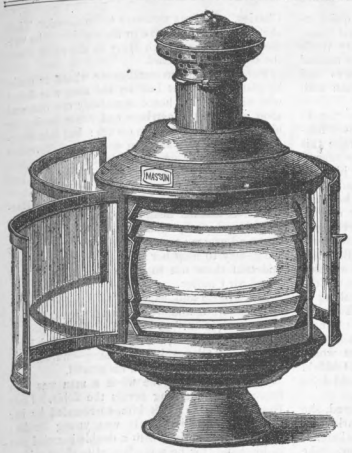
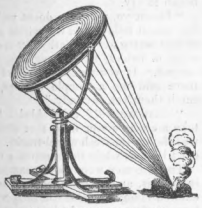


SIGNAL LANTERNS.

the rays, by forming it in separate portions, each portion except the central one, and sometimes even that, being in the form of a *ring*, the surfaces of all the portions being so arranged as to produce the same effect in refracting the rays as if the lens was made in one solid mass.

To understand this clearly, we must consider that the function which it is required of the lens to perform is to *draw in* the rays somewhat from their natural divergence, since in issuing from the source they would, if left to themselves, diverge too widely. Now it is the property of a convex lens to produce this effect, as we see exemplified in the case of the sun-glass, so called, which is often used as a toy to concentrate the light and heat of the sun.

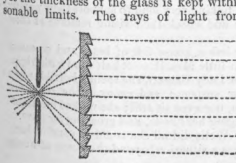
Now to make a lens of this form, and of the size which would be necessary for a light-house, would require a very great thickness of glass in the central parts, all of which thickness would be useless in itself, since the light, in passing



CONVERGENCE OF RAYS.

through, is changed in its direction only at the surfaces where it enters and where it emerges. It undergoes no change of direction while it is passing through the substance of the glass within. In other words, the whole effect of bending, or, as it is scientifically termed, of refracting the rays, depends upon the angle *of inclination in respect to the surface of the glass at which the ray enters and leaves it*. Fresnel's idea was, therefore, to dispense as far as possible with the interior substance of the glass by dividing the lens into portions, and making the several portions thin, while he still preserved in all the same *inclinations of the surfaces* in relation to the entering and departing ray.

You will see how this object is effected by the engraving, which shows pretty clearly the nature of Fresnel's contrivance, and the manner in which it operates to preserve all the refracting power of a convex lens by retaining the several portions of the surface in the right position in respect to the entering and departing ray, while yet the thickness of the glass is kept within reasonable limits. The rays of light from the



FRESNEL'S IDEA.

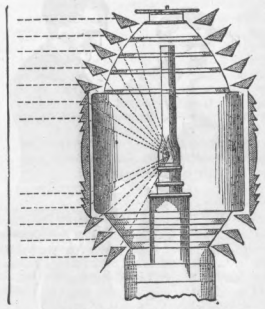
charcoal points to the left are brought into a parallel beam as they leave the lens on the right.

By this means the rays, diverging first from a point, become parallel, which is the reverse of the case of the sun-glass, in which parallel rays —that is, rays sensibly parallel on account of the sun's great distance—are made to converge *to* a point. All refraction is in this way reciprocal. Rays subjected to refraction will always follow the same track in this sense, namely, that if they enter the glass—on the right side, for example—coming in a certain direction, and go out on the other side in a certain different direction, then, if the motion is reversed, and the rays of another beam come in on the left as the former went out, they will, on refraction, in the same lens, go out on the right precisely as the former came in.

It is plain that a lens modified on Fresnel's system, as above described, might be made of a circular form, as usual, in which case several sets of them would be required, forming different faces, to be presented toward different quarters of the horizon. Or the lens might be made annular, with a broad convex surface in the center, and narrow ones in rings above and below. The last arrangement is shown in a simple form in the engraving, which represents a signal lantern such as is used on board ships.

These engravings are copies of those which Lawrence gave to John to put into his note-book, as illustrating in a simple form the fundamental principle of Fresnel's idea. John afterward found, when he came to visit light-houses on the coasts of France and England, that, in carrying the idea into practical effect, a great number and variety of most elaborate and complicated arrangements were made. When he went inside of some of the large lanterns and looked around at the vast number of angular rings of glass—that is, rings angular in section—and prisms, and groups of lenses and reflectors, he was sometimes utterly bewildered with the intricacy of the system, and almost dazzled by the brilliancy of the effect produced by so much polished glass, even in the daytime, when the lamps were not lighted.

He found that not only lenses, modified as above described, were used, but *prisms* of the same annular form, placed above and below the limits of the lenses, were employed to bring down into parallelism rays which would otherwise have passed out of range. How this is done will be shown by the engraving, where the rays forming the center portion of the diverging beam are brought to parallelism by the lens, and those that ascend and descend much are partly refracted, but mainly reflected, by the prisms placed in proper positions for this purpose, as shown in section in the engraving.



EFFECT OF THE PRISMS.

You will observe from the engraving that the light is reflected from the *under side of the upper surface of the prism*, where we should naturally think it would emerge. It is very remarkable that it should be thus reflected back through the interior of the glass again, instead of going out into the air; but such is the fact. We can see a striking example of reflection of this kind by means of a tumbler of water. Fill a tumbler nearly full, then hold it up carefully above your head, and look up at the *under surface* of the water; you will find that you can not see through it to what is above. If, while you hold the tumbler in one hand, you hold the finger of the other hand above the top of it, you can not see it by looking up through the upper surface; but if you bring the finger down below the level of the water, and on the farther side of it, then, with a little care in placing it right, you will see it reflected in the upper surface *seen from below* —that is, from the under side of the upper surface.

These explanations will give the reader a general idea of the fundamental principles of Fresnel's invention for managing the light in light-houses, and will enable any one when he visits a light-house constructed on these principles to understand what he sees, when, without this preliminary knowledge, the complicated combination of rings of glass and mirrors and prisms would form for him only an intricate and bewildering maze.

Indeed, the number and the variety of the modes in which these general principles are applied, and the vast extension which the system has received since Fresnel first introduced it, and which is necessary to produce the great variety of luminous effects required for distinguishing the different lights from each other, are such that it is the work of a lifetime to understand the whole subject in all its details.

Fresnel was a highly educated man and a profound mathematician, and he made his discoveries, not by any lucky accident, but by the most careful and thorough study of the philosophy of optics. He was educated as an engineer in the military schools of France, and was subsequently appointed to important posts under the French government—first in respect to bridges and roads, and afterward in relation to the establishment and management of light-houses on the coasts. It was from the profound investigations that he made in connection with his official duties that his discoveries and inventions resulted.

And yet, notwithstanding the great eminence as a mathematician and philosopher to which he attained, he was when a boy at school considered quite a dull scholar, on account of his apparent incapacity for learning and reciting lessons by rote, as was then, and still is, much practiced in schools. Yet he was, even at that early age, so much interested in the study of philosophical principles that he had the name and reputation of a genius among his playmates on account of his success in investigating the action and improving the forms of their toys and playthings, such as their tops, kites, and little cannon.

If I were writing a moral discourse in the form of a sermon instead of a scientific treatise, I might very properly close this chapter with two practical reflections.

First, that a boy, because he thinks himself smart in learning and reciting lessons at school, should not on that account become conceited and vain, and imagine that he is certainly going to become a great man when he grows up. Intellectual success and distinction in future life depend upon something very different from mere readiness in committing to memory, and fluency in repeating, mere words.

And, secondly, if any boy who is patient, faithful, and thoughtful in his endeavors to understand what he is taught, but finds that he is not so quick and ready in learning and reciting the lessons as others in his class, he has no occasion to be discouraged about himself. He may have within him all the essentials of eminent success in the acquisition of knowledge, which will develop themselves in due time.

A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION.

By CHARLES READE.

WITH MANY ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTEENTH.

In the present condition of her mind these words produced a strange effect on Lady Bassett. She quivered, and her eyes began to rove in that peculiar way I have already noticed; and then she started up and walked wildly to and fro; and then she kneeled down and prayed; and then, alarmed, perplexed, exhausted, she went and leaned her head on her patient's shoulder, and wept softly a long time.

Some days passed, and no more strangers attempted to see Sir Charles.

Lady Bassett was beginning to breathe again, when she was afflicted by an unwelcome discovery.

Mary Wells fainted away so suddenly that, but for Lady Bassett's quick eye and ready hand, she would have fallen heavily.

Lady Bassett laid her head down and loosened her stays, and discovered her condition. She said nothing till the young woman was well, and then she taxed her with it.

Mary denied it plump; but, seeing her mistress's disgust at the falsehood, she owned it with many tears.

Being asked how she could so far forget herself, she told Lady Bassett she had long been courted by a respectable young man; he had come to the village, bound on a three years' voyage, to bid her good-by, and, what with love and grief at parting, they had been betrayed into folly; and now he was on the salt seas, little dreaming in what condition he had left her: "and," said she, "before ever he can write to me, and I to him, I shall be a ruined girl; that is why I wanted to put an end to myself; I *will*, too, unless I can find some way to hide it from the world."

Lady Bassett begged her to give up those desperate thoughts; she would think what could be done for her. Lady Bassett could say no more to her just then, for she was disgusted with her.

But when she came to reflect that, after all, this was not a lady, and that she appeared by her own account to be the victim of affection and frailly rather than of vice, she made some excuses; and then the girl had laid aside her trouble, her despair, and given her sorrowful mind to nursing and comforting Sir Charles. This would have outweighed a crime, and it made the wife's bowels yearn over the unfortunate girl. "Mary," said she, "others must judge you; I am a wife, and can only see your fidelity to my poor husband. I don't know what I shall do without you, but I think it is my duty to send you to him if possible. You are sure he really loves you?"

"Me cross the seas after a young man?" said Mary Wells. "I'd as lieve hang myself on the nighest tree and make an end. No, my lady, if you are really my friend, let me stay here as long as I can—I will never go down stairs to be seen —and then give me money enough to get my trouble over unbeknown to my sister; she is all my fear. She is married to a gentleman, and got plenty of money, and I shall never want while she lives, and behave myself; but she would never forgive me if she knew. She is a hard woman; she is not like you, my lady. I'd liever cut my hand off than I'd trust her as I would you."

Lady Bassett was not quite insensible to this compliment; but she felt uneasy. "What, help you to deceive your sister?"

"For her good. Why, if any one was to go and tell her about me now, she'd hate them for telling her almost as much as she would hate me."

Lady Bassett was sore perplexed. Unable to see quite clear in the matter, she naturally reverted to her husband and his interest. That dictated her course. She said, "Well, stay with us, Mary, as long as you can; and then money shall not be wanting to hide your shame from all the world; but I hope when the time comes you will alter your mind and tell your sister. May I ask what her name is?"

Mary, after a moment's hesitation, said her name was Marsh.

"I know a Mrs. Marsh," said Lady Bassett; "but, of course, that is not your sister. My Mrs. Marsh is rather fair."

"So is my sister, for that matter."

"And tall?"

"Yes; but you never saw her. You'd never forget her if you had. She has got eyes like a lion."

"Ah! Does she ride?"

"Oh, she is famous for that; and driving, and all."

"Indeed! But no; I see no resemblance."

"Oh, she is only my half-sister."

"This is very strange."

Lady Bassett put her hand to her brow, and thought.

"Mary," said she, "all this is very mysterious. We are wading in deep waters."

Mary Wells had no idea what she meant.

The day was not over yet. Just before dinner-time a fly from the station drove to the door, and Mr. Oldfield got out.

He was detained in the hall by sentinel Moss.

Lady Bassett came down to him. At the very sight of him she trembled, and said, "Richard Bassett?"

"Yes," said Mr. Oldfield, "he is in the field again. He has been to the Court of Chancery *ex parte*, and obtained an injunction *ad interim* to stay waste. Not another tree must be cut down on this estate for the present."

"Thank Heaven it is no worse than that. Not another tree shall be felled on the grounds."

"Of course not. But they will not stop there. If we do not move to dissolve the injunction, I fear they will go on and ask the Court to administer the estate, with a view to all interests concerned, especially those of the heir at law and his son."

"What, while my husband lives?"

"If they can prove him dead in law."

"I don't understand you, Mr. Oldfield."

"They have got affidavits of two medical men that he is insane."

Lady Bassett uttered a faint scream, and put her hand to her heart.

"And, of course, they will use that extraordinary fall of timber as a further proof, and also as a reason why the Court should interfere to protect the heir at law. Their case is well got up and very strong," said Mr. Oldfield, regretfully.

"Well, but you are a lawyer, and you have always beaten them hitherto."

"I had law and fact on my side. It is not so now. To be frank, Lady Bassett, I don't see what I can do but watch the case, on the chance of some error or illegality. It is very hard to fight a case when you can not put your client forward—and I suppose that would not be safe. How unfortunate that you have no children!"

"Children! How could they help us?"

"What a question! How could Richard Bassett move the Court if he was not the heir at law?"

After a long conference Mr. Oldfield returned to town to see what he could do in the way of procrastination, and Lady Bassett promised to leave no stone unturned to cure Sir Charles in the mean time. Mr. Oldfield was to write immediately if any fresh step was taken.

When Mr. Oldfield was gone, Lady Bassett pondered every word he had said, and, mild as she was, her rage began to rise against her husband's relentless enemy. Her wits worked, her eyes roved in that peculiar half-savage way I have described. She became intolerably restless; and any one acquainted with her sex might see that some strange conflict was going on in her troubled mind.

Every now and then she would come and cling to her husband, and cry over him; and that seemed to still the tumult of her soul a little.

She never slept all that night; and next day, clinging in her helpless agony to the nearest branch, she told Mary Wells what Bassett was doing, and said, "What shall I do? He is not mad; but he is in so very precarious a state that, if they get at him to torment him, they will drive him mad indeed."

"My lady," said Mary Wells, "I can't go from my word. 'Tis no use in making two bites of a cherry. We must cure him: and if we don't, you'll never rue it but once, and that will be all your life."

"I should look on myself with horror afterward were I to deceive him now."

"No, my lady, you are too fond of him for that. Once you saw him happy you'd be happy too, no matter how it came about. That Richard Bassett will turn him out of this else. I am sure he will; he is a hard-hearted villain."

Lady Bassett's eyes flashed fire; then her eyes roved; then she sighed deeply.

Her powers of resistance were beginning to relax. As for Mary Wells, she gave her no peace; she kept instilling her mind into her mistress's with the pertinacity of a small but ever-dripping fount, and we know both by science and poetry that small, incessant drops of water will wear a hole in marble.

"Gutta cavat lapidem non vi sed sæpe cadendo."

And in the midst of all a letter came from Mr. Oldfield, to tell her that Mr. Bassett threatened to take out a commission *de lunatico*, and she must prepare Sir Charles for an examination; for, if reported insane, the Court would administer the estates; but the heir at law, Mr. Bassett, would have the ear of the Court and the right of application, and become virtually master of Huntercombe and Bassett; and, perhaps, considering the spirit by which he was animated, would contrive to occupy the very Hall itself. Lady Bassett was in the dressing-room when she received this blow, and it drove her almost frantic. She bemoaned her husband; she prayed God to take them both, and let their ene-

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my have his will. She wept and raved, and at the height of her distress came from the other room a feeble cry, "Childless! childless! childless!"

Lady Bassett heard that, and in one moment, from violent she became unnaturally and dangerously calm. She said firmly to Mary Wells, "This is more than I can bear. You pretend you can save him—do it."

Mary Wells now trembled a little in her turn; but she seized the opportunity.

"My lady, whatever I say you'll stand to?"

"Whatever you say I'll stand to."

CHAPTER THE EIGHTEENTH.

MARY WELLS, like other uneducated women, was not accustomed to think long and earnestly on any one subject; to use an expression she once applied with far less justice to her sister, her mind was like running water.

But gestation affects the brains of such women, and makes them think more steadily, and sometimes very acutely; added to which, the peculiar dangers and difficulties that beset this girl during that anxious period stimulated her wits to the very utmost. Often she sat quite still for hours at a time, brooding and brooding, and asking herself how she could turn each new and unexpected event to her own benefit. Now so much does mental force depend on that exercise of keen and long attention, in which her sex is generally deficient, that this young woman's powers were more than doubled since the day she first discovered her condition, and began to work her brains night and day for her defense.

Gradually, as events I have related unfolded themselves, she caught a glimpse of this idea, that if she could get her mistress to have a secret, her mistress would help her to keep her own. Hence her insidious whispers, and her constant praises of Mr. Angelo, who, she saw, was infatuated with Lady Bassett. Yet the designing creature was actually fond of her mistress; and so strangely compounded is a heart of this low kind that the extraordinary step she now took was half affectionate impulse, half egotistical design.

She made a motion with her hand inviting Lady Bassett to listen, and stepped into Sir Charles's room.

"Childless! childless! childless!"

"Hush, Sir," said Mary Wells. "Don't say so. We sha'n't be many months without one, please Heaven."

Sir Charles shook his head sadly.

"Don't you believe me?"

"No."

"What, did ever I tell you a lie?"

"No: but you are mistaken. *She* would have told me."

"Well, Sir, my lady is young and shy, and I think she is afraid of disappointing you after all; for you know, Sir, there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip. But 'tis as I tell you, Sir."

Sir Charles was much agitated, and said he would give her a hundred guineas if that was true. "Where is my darling wife? Why do I hear this through a servant?"

Mary Wells cast a look at the door, and said, for Lady Bassett to hear, "She is receiving company. Now, Sir, I have told you good news; will you do something to oblige me? You shouldn't speak of it direct to my lady just yet; and if you want all to go well, you mustn't vex my lady as you are doing now. What I mean, you mustn't be so down-hearted—there's no reason for't—and you mustn't coop yourself up on this floor: it sets the folks talking, and worries my lady. You should give her every chance, being the way she is."

Sir Charles said eagerly he would not vex her for the world. "I'll walk in the garden," said he; "but as for going abroad, you know I am not in a fit condition yet; my mind is clouded."

"Not as I see."

"Oh, not always. But sometimes a cloud seems to get into my head; and if I was in public I might do or say something discreditable. I would rather die."

"La, Sir!" said Mary Wells, in a broad, hearty way—"a cloud in your head! You've had a bad fall, and a fit at top on't, and no wonder your poor head do ache at times. You'll outgrow that—if you take the air and give over fretting about the t'other thing. I tell you you'll hear the music of a child's voice, and little feet a-pattering up and down this here corridor, before so very long—if so be you take my advice, and leave off fretting my lady with fretting of yourself. You should consider: she is too fond of you to be well when you be ill."

"I'll get well for her sake," said Sir Charles, firmly.

At this moment there was a knock at the door. Mary Wells opened it so that the servant could see nothing.

"Mr. Angelo has called."

"My lady will be down directly."

Mary Wells then slipped into the dressing-room, and found Lady Bassett looking pale and wild. She had heard every word.

"There, he is better already," said Mary Wells. "He shall walk in the garden with you this afternoon."

"What have you done? I can't look him in the face now. Suppose he speaks to me?"

"He will not. I'll manage that. You won't have to say a word. Only listen to what *I* say, and don't make a liar of me. He is better already."

"How will this end?" cried Lady Bassett, helplessly. "What shall I do?"

"You must go down stairs, and not come here for an hour at least, or you'll spoil my work. Mr. Angelo is in the drawing-room."

"I will go to him."

Lady Bassett slipped out by the other door, and it was three hours, instead of one, before she returned.

For the first time in her life she was afraid to face her husband.

CHAPTER THE NINETEENTH.

MEANTIME Mary Wells had a long conversation with her master; and after that she retired into the adjoining room, and sat down to sew baby-linen clandestinely.

After a considerable time Lady Bassett came in, and, sinking into a chair, covered her face with her hands. She had her bonnet on.

Mary Wells looked at her with black eyes that flashed triumph.

After so surveying her for some time she said: "I have been at him again, and there's a change for the better already. He is not the same man. You go and see else."

Lady Bassett now obeyed her servant: she rose and crept like a culprit into Sir Charles's room. She found him clean shaved, dressed to perfection, and looking more cheerful than she had seen him for many a long day. "Ah, Bella," said he, "you have your bonnet on; let us have a walk in the garden."

Lady Bassett opened her eyes, and consented eagerly, though she was very tired.

They walked together; and Sir Charles, being a man that never broke his word, put no direct question to Lady Bassett, but spoke cheerfully of the future, and told her she was his hope and his all; she would baffle his enemy, and cheer his desolate hearth.

She blushed, and looked confused and distressed; then he smiled, and talked of indifferent matters, until a pain in his head stopped him; then he became confused, and, putting his hand piteously to his head, proposed to retire at once to his own room.

Lady Bassett brought him in, and he reposed in silence on the sofa.

The next day, and, indeed, many days afterward, presented similar features.

Mary Wells talked to her master of the bright days to come, of the joy that would fill the house if all went well, and of the defeat in store for Richard Bassett. She spoke of this man with strange virulence; said "she would think no more of sticking a knife into him than of eating her dinner;" and in saying this she showed the white of her eye in a manner truly savage and vindictive.

To hate the same person is a surer bond than to love the same person; and this sentiment of Mary Wells, coupled with her uniform kindness to himself, gave her great influence with Sir Charles in his present weakened condition. Moreover, the young woman had an oily, persuasive tongue; and she who persuades us is stronger than he who convinces us.

Thus influenced, Sir Charles walked every day in the garden with his wife, and forbore all direct allusion to her condition, though his conversation was redolent of it.

He was still subject to sudden collapses of the intellect; but he became conscious when they were coming on; and at the first warning he would insist on burying himself in his room.

After some days he consented to take short drives with Lady Bassett in the open carriage. This made her very joyful. Sir Charles refused to enter a single house, so high was his pride, and so great his terror lest he should expose himself; but it was a great point gained that she could take him about the county, and show him in the character of a mere invalid.

Every thing now looked like a cure, slow, perhaps, but progressive; and Lady Bassett had her joyful hours, yet not without a bitter alloy: her divining mind asked itself what she should say and do when Sir Charles should be quite recovered. This thought tormented her, and sometimes so goaded her that she hated Mary Wells for her well-meant interference, and, by a natural recoil from the familiarity circumstances had forced on her, treated that young woman with great coldness and hauteur.

The artful girl met this with extreme meekness and servility; the only reply she ever hazarded was an adroit one; she would take this opportunity to say, "How much better master do get ever since I took in hand to cure him!"

This oblique retort seldom failed. Lady Bassett would look at her husband, and her face would clear; and she would generally end by giving Mary a collar, or a scarf, or something.

Thus did circumstances enable the lower nature to play with the higher. Lady Bassett's struggles were like those of a bird in a silken net; they led to nothing. When it came to the point she could neither do nor say any thing to retard his cure. Any day the Court of Chancery, set in motion by Richard Bassett, might issue a commission *de lunatico*, and, if Sir Charles was not cured by that time, Richard Bassett would virtually administer the estate—so Mr. Oldfield had told her—and that, she felt sure, would drive Sir Charles mad for life.

So there was no help for it. She feared, she writhed, she hated herself; but Sir Charles got better daily, and so she let herself drift along.

Mary Wells made it fatally easy to her. She was the agent. Lady Bassett was silent and passive.

After all she had a hope of extrication. Sir Charles once cured, she would make him travel Europe with her. Money would relieve her of Mary Wells, and distance cut all the other cords.

And indeed a time came when she looked back on her present situation with wonder at the distress it had caused her. "I was in shallow water then," said she—"but now!"

"A 'SYLUM, MY LADY."

CHAPTER THE TWENTIETH.

SIR CHARLES observed that he was never trusted alone. He remarked this, and inquired, with a peculiar eye, why that was.

Lady Bassett had the tact to put on an innocent look and smile, and say, "That is true, dearest. I *have* tied you to my apron-string without mercy. But it serves you right for having fits and frightening me. You get well, and my tyranny will cease at once."

However, after this she often left him alone in the garden, to remove from his mind the notion that he was under restraint from her.

Mr. Bassett observed this proceeding from his tower.

One day Mr. Angelo called, and Lady Bassett left Sir Charles in the garden, to go and speak to him.

She had not been gone many minutes when a boy ran to Sir Charles, and said, "Oh, Sir, please come to the gate; the lady has had a fall, and hurt herself."

Sir Charles, much alarmed, followed the boy, who took him to a side gate opening on the high-road. Sir Charles rushed through this, and was passing between two stout fellows that stood one on each side the gate, when they seized him, and lifted him in a moment into a close carriage that was waiting on the spot. He struggled, and cried loudly for assistance; but they bundled him in and sprang in after him; a third man closed the door, and got up by the side of the coachman. He drove off, avoiding the village, soon got upon a broad road, and bowled along at a great rate, the carriage being light, and drawn by two powerful horses.

So cleverly and rapidly was it done that, but for a woman's quick ear, the deed might not have been discovered for hours. But Mary Wells heard the cry for help through an open window, recognized Sir Charles's voice, and ran screaming down stairs to Lady Bassett: she ran wildly out, with Mr. Angelo, to look for Sir Charles. He was nowhere to be found. Then she ordered every horse in the stables to be saddled; and she ran with Mary to the place where the cry had been heard.

For some time no intelligence whatever could be gleaned; but at last an old man was found who said he had heard somebody cry out, and soon after that a carriage had come tearing by him, and gone round the corner: but this direction was of little value, on account of the many roads, any one of which it might have taken.

However, it left no doubt that Sir Charles had been taken away from the place by force.

Terror-stricken, and pale as death, Lady Bassett never lost her head for a moment. Indeed, she showed unexpected fire; she sent off coachmen and grooms to scour the country, and rouse the gentry to help her; she gave them money, and told them not to come back till they had found Sir Charles.

Mr. Angelo said, eagerly, "I'll go to the nearest magistrate, and we will arrest Richard Bassett on suspicion."

"God bless you, dear friend!" sobbed Lady Bassett. "Oh yes, it is his doing—murderer!"

Off went Mr. Angelo on his errand.

He had hardly gone when a man was seen running and shouting across the fields. Lady Bassett went to meet him, surrounded by her humble sympathizers. It was young Drake; he came up, panting, with a double-barreled gun in his hand (for he was allowed to shoot rabbits on his own little farm), and stammered out, "Oh, my lady—Sir Charles—they have carried him off against his will!"

"Who? Where? Did you see him?"

"Ay, and heerd him and all. I was ferreting rabbits by the side of the turnpike-road yonder, and a carriage came tearing along, and Sir Charles put out his head and cried to me, 'Drake, they are kidnapping me. Shoot!' But they pulled him back out of sight."

"Oh, my poor husband! And did you let them? Oh!"

"Couldn't catch 'em, my lady: so I did as I was bid; got to my gun as quick as ever I could, and gave the coachman both barrels hot."

"What, kill him?"

"Lord, no; 'twas sixty yards off; but made him holler and squeak a good un. Put thirty or forty shots into his back, I know."

"Give me your hand, Mr. Drake. I'll never forget that shot." Then she began to cry.

"Doant ye, my lady, doant ye," said the honest fellow, and was within an ace of blubbering for sympathy. "We ain't a lot o' babies, to see our squire kidnapped. If you would lend Abel Moss there and me a couple o' nags, we'll catch them yet, my lady."

"That we will," cried Abel. "You take me where you fired that shot, and we'll follow the fresh wheel-tracks. They can't beat us while they keep to a road."

The two men were soon mounted, and in pursuit, amidst the cheers of the now excited villagers. But still the perpetrators of the outrage had more than an hour's start; and an hour was twelve miles.

And now Lady Bassett, who had borne up so bravely, was seized with a deadly faintness, and supported into the house.

All this spread like wild-fire, and roused the villagers, and they must have a hand in it. Parson had said Mr. Bassett was to blame; and that passed from one to another, and so fermented that, in the evening, a crowd collected round Highmore House and demanded Mr. Bassett.

The servants were alarmed, and said he was not at home.

Then the men demanded boisterously what he had done with Sir Charles, and threatened to break the windows unless they were told; and, as nobody in the house could tell them, the women egged on the men, and they did break the windows; but they no sooner saw their own work than they were a little alarmed at it, and retired, talking very loud to support their waning courage and check their rising remorse at their deed.

They left a house full of holes and screams, and poor little Mrs. Bassett half dead with fright.

As for Lady Bassett, she spent a horrible night of terror, suspense, and agony. She could not lie down, nor even sit still; she walked incessantly, wringing her hands, and groaning for news.

Mary Wells did all she could to comfort her: but it was a situation beyond the power of words to alleviate.

Her intolerable suspense lasted till four o'clock in the morning; and then, in the still night, horses' feet came clattering up to the door.

Lady Bassett went into the hall. It was dimly lighted by a single lamp. The great door was opened, and in clattered Moss and Drake, splashed and weary and downcast.

"Well?" cried Lady Bassett, clasping her hands.

"My lady," said Moss, "we tracked the carriage into the next county, to a place thirty miles from here—to a lodge—and there they stopped us. The place is well guarded with men and great big dogs. We heerd 'em bark, didn't us, Will?"

"Ay," said Drake, dejectedly.

"The man as kept the lodge was short, but civil. Says he, 'This is a place nobody comes in but by law, and nobody goes out but by law. If the gentleman is here you may go home and sleep; he is safe enough.'"

"A prison?"

"No!"

"A 'sylum, my lady."

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

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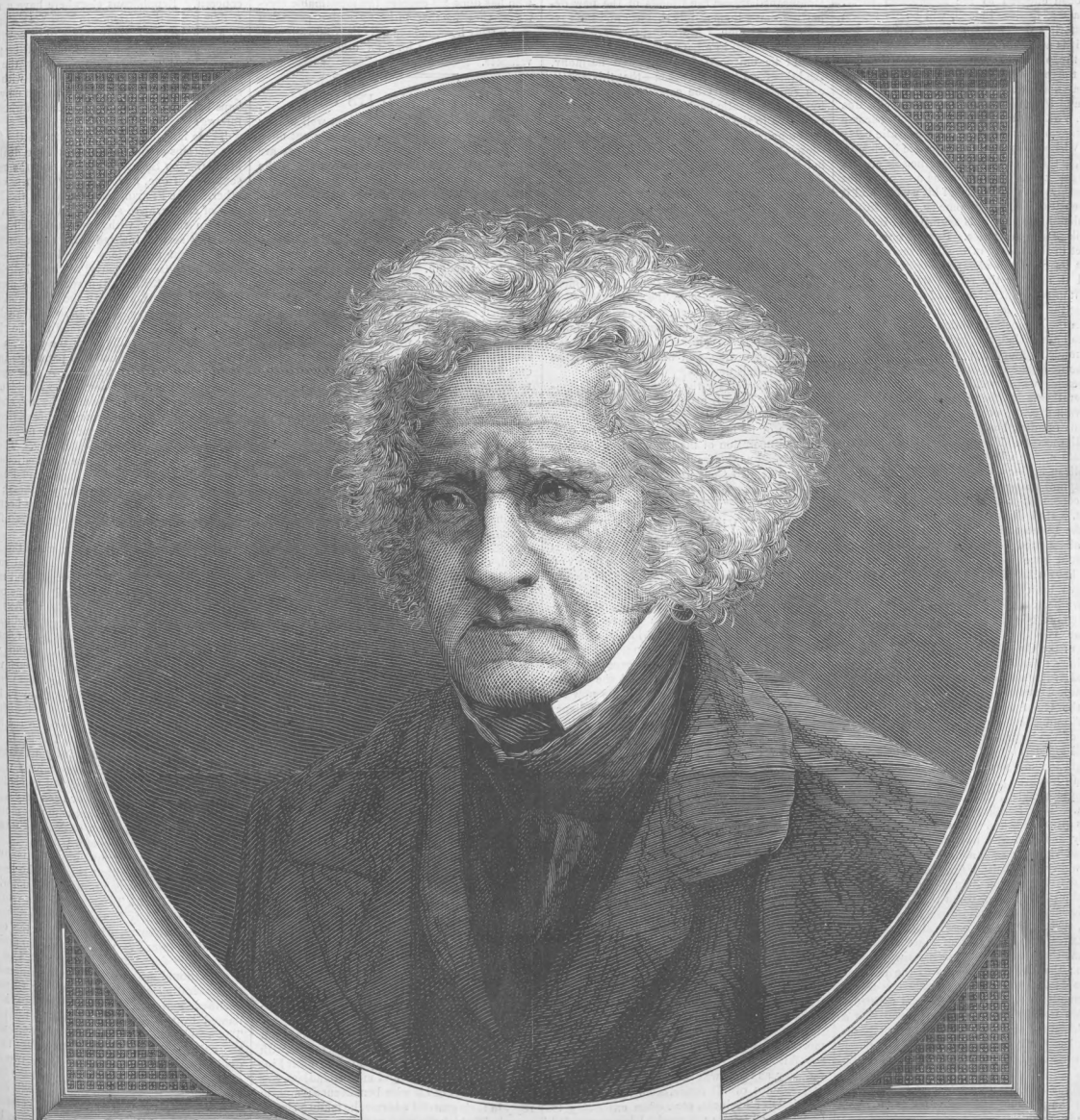
THE LATE SIR JOHN HERSCHEL.

SIR JOHN FREDERICK WILLIAM HERSCHEL, F.R.S., was the son of that eminent astronomer Sir WILLIAM HERSCHEL, who, just ninety years ago, discovered the Georgium Sidus, or Uranus, as it was called at first, but afterward appropriately renamed Herschel. The subject of this sketch was born in Slough, in Buckinghamshire, in 1792, was educated privately by a Scotch mathematician, and then proceeded to Cambridge, where he came out as Senior Wrangler and First Smith's Prizeman. He became a Fellow of his college, St. John's, and continued his mathematical career by writing on the differential calculus and other similar subjects. He next published papers on various points of physical science; but the real work of his life began when, in conjunction with Mr. SOUTH, afterward Sir JAMES SOUTH, he deliberately set to work to map out the whole of the known stars. Double stars, nebulæ, and finally the stars of the southern hemisphere, were alike catalogued and placed by him. These enormous labors carry us down to the year 1838, when Sir JOHN, who had been knighted by WILLIAM IV., and who was made a baronet at the coronation of the present Queen, returned from the Cape of Good Hope, where he had resided four years, at his own expense, for the purpose of completing his catalogue. Every honor that a scientific man can desire fell to his lot. He had awarded to him the Astronomical Society's gold medal; Oxford made him a D.C.L.; he was a Fellow of the Royal Society, and of all kinds of British and foreign societies and academies; and, had he chosen to accept the office, he might, no doubt, have been President of the Royal Society.

He still continued his work, but henceforward it was of a more varied character. His mind had imbibed from his father a metaphysical turn, and he had, earlier in life, published his "Preliminary Discourse on the Study of Natural Science," a work which contributed more than any thing else to the popular recognition of his acquirements. Like many others, he translated HOMER, and in the *Cornhill* he published a poetical version of part of DANTE'S "Inferno." His other works were numerous, but of late years his principal contributions to literature were either articles in the quarterlies or papers in *Good Words*, intended to explain in popular language such subjects as volcanoes, comets, the sun, light, and the outlines of mathematical problems in astronomy.

Few philosophers of an age which has produced a FARADAY and a BREWSTER have attained distinction equal to that of Sir JOHN HERSCHEL. His mathematical acquirements and his discoveries in astronomy, in optics, in chemistry,



THE LATE SIR JOHN HERSCHEL

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and in photography, were all of a very high order, and, being aided by an admirable style, secured for him the widest reputation among men of science both at home and abroad.

Sir JOHN HERSCHEL married in 1829 MARGARET BRODIE, daughter of the Rev. Dr. ALEXANDER STEWART, by whom he had a family of nine daughters and three sons. He is succeeded in the title by his son, Mr. WILLIAM J. HERSCHEL, of the Bengal Civil Service.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1871.

HARPER'S WEEKLY contains ONE-THIRD more reading matter, a larger number of Illustrations, and is conspicuously better Edited and Printed than any other Illustrated Newspaper. Its circulation is more than DOUBLE that of any similar publication.

☞ *In the* SUPPLEMENT *to this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *will be found a number of interesting sketches of*

Fountain Cave, in Virginia,

from the graceful pencil of W. L. SHEPPARD; *an illustrated* MEMOIR OF SYDNEY, LADY MORGAN; *the continuation of* LEVER'S *admirable novel,* "LORD KILGOBBIN;" *and other literary attractions.*

A NON-DEPARTING NEW DEPARTURE.

ALL good citizens will gladly see the Democratic party desert its revolutionary and threatening position, and declare its assent to the beneficent and fundamental changes which have been effected by the Republican party. Such a declaration, indeed, will be no reason for restoring the party to power, not only because it is not made from conviction, and merely for the purpose of attaining power, but because the party contains the chief moral and political elements of hostility to the government and its principles. The only credit due to Mr. VALLANDIGHAM, who has now become the leader of that part of the Democratic party which wishes to profess acquiescence in the situation, is that of perceiving that the sole chance for his party is at least to assume a virtue. But his platform is not yet that of his party; and it is not clear that it will become so. The Northern chiefs insist that it is senility and insanity to think of any thing else. But the commanding fact in the history of the Democratic party is that its Southern element has always controlled it, and for the reason that it was the element of real conviction; and we have yet to see that the situation is changed.

After the Democratic National Convention of 1868 had assembled, and before its nominations were made, a Southern Democrat remarked that the nomination of Judge CHASE would be a surrender which would dissolve the party. "General GRANT," he said, "would, in that case, walk over the course." There was a very different opinion, however, among many New York Democrats. Their reasoning was that to nominate a man who had been a conspicuous Republican leader would inevitably demoralize the Republican party. But if the reasoning were correct, it was applicable to their own friends. Had Judge CHASE been the candidate, the Democratic traditions would all have been abandoned; every Democratic rallying cry would have been silenced; not an orator would have alluded to the past; slavery could not have been justified; the "nigger" could not have been reviled; the war could not have been denounced; the "usurpations" of the Republicans could not have been condemned; the rescue of the Constitution could not have been proclaimed: for if the Constitution had been violated, if the war was unjust, and its conduct a tyrannical usurpation, nobody was more guilty than the Chief Justice. To sneer at "the gorilla" and cheer for his colleague, the Secretary of the Treasury, to spit upon unconstitutional legislation and vote for the father of the legal tenders, was something so preposterous that, however plausible as a party trick, it was impracticable if there were any party conviction. The Southern Democrat and his friends prevailed, and the Convention appropriately and logically nominated a candidate who had virtually said, as Mr. DICKINSON was never weary of repeating, that he would see the Union dissolved rather than slavery disturbed.

At the present time, when the Ohio leaders have declared their acquiescence in the amendments, three things are observable: that Mr. PENDLETON was president of the Convention, and that the resolutions favor a form of repudiation; that the party organs of the new departure declare that the acquiescence is not in the amendments, but in the judicial construction that may be put upon them; and that a vital element of the party in the Southern States emphatically rejects the movement. If a party were, what some of the New York Democratic leaders naturally suppose it to be, a mere team of draught animals, to be turned this way or that at the pleasure of the drivers, such tricks as the nomination of an old Republican or the sudden abandonment of the party position might be practicable. But the very hedging about the new departure, the bitterness of the attacks upon the Southern leaders, and the bungling about repudiation which betray the movement, show that the VALLANDIGHAM leaders do not feel themselves to be masters of the situation.

The Republicans have their troubles, but no such fatal gulf as this Democratic difference divides them. Kentucky, for instance, is a model Democratic State. The real principles and traditions of the party are there most vigorous and most cherished. The character and promise of Democratic ascendency can be satisfactorily studied in the State of Kentucky, as in the city of New York. Now Mr. JOHN G. CARLISLE, the Democratic candidate for Lieutenant-Governor in that State, says that the new departure platform, instead of laying the question of the amendments, merely raises it for the whole campaign; that the amendments are not dead issues, and that "the courts" have power to try their validity. Mr. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS announces that the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments are not valid. Father RYAN, in his discourse over the Confederate dead at Mobile, upon which occasion he was introduced by that active Democrat, "Admiral" SEMMES, remarked that the lost cause "is not a false cause, but a true and noble one, and ought to be cherished: it is a cause which remains to be vindicated by succeeding generations." JEFFERSON DAVIS'S speeches are already familiar; and HENRY S. FOOTE says that he has no doubt of DAVIS'S mischievous hopes. Some of the Southern papers assent to the new departure as the only chance for a Democratic restoration, but others resolutely denounce it as an utter betrayal of Democratic principle.

Such facts are significant. They are not less significant because the friends of the new departure decry them as idle rhetoric and the ravings of dead men. Moreover, they are not to be pooh-poohed in a patriotic desire that there should be universal fraternity and harmony. And this for a twofold reason—that this Southern sentiment must be conciliated or coerced by the Democratic leaders, and that the smooth reference to the decision of the courts by those whose acquiescence is in its nature suspicious shows how the union is to be sought. The hollowness of the professed acquiescence, therefore, immediately appears. If the Ohio Democrats accept the amendments as valid, they agree that they bind the Supreme Court as much as the President. If the Supreme Court can pass upon their validity, it can pass upon the validity of the whole Constitution. The Supreme Court has no more authority over a single clause of the Fourteenth Amendment than over every clause of the instrument. It may, of course, in an action properly brought, declare its view of the meaning of the amendment; but it is the validity which Mr. CARLISLE says it may decide, and which Mr. STEPHENS and his friends deny.

It will be well for the country if the Democratic party heartily acquiesces in the situation. But it must not expect the obscure declaration of some of its leaders, even when united with bitter vituperation of the leaders who differ, to be accepted as the frank adhesion of the party to the amended Constitution and the restored Union

THE VICE-PRESIDENT.

THE Vice-President of the United States is a man so universally respected for the purity of his active political career, and for his steady fidelity to the truest American principles, that there was a very general sympathy and apprehension felt for him when he was recently so suddenly, and apparently so seriously, attacked by illness at his post in the Senate Chamber. The papers and private reports were instantly full of statements which increased the apprehension. Mr. COLFAX, however, has now returned to his home at South Bend, in Indiana, and writes to Mr. REID, the managing editor of the *Tribune*, that the journey made him stronger, and that in the quiet of his home he is regaining the health which shall be more carefully guarded in the future than it has been in the past.

His letter is very interesting, not only for its correction of the personal misstatements about himself, but as dispelling the popular conviction that the Vice-Presidency is a wholly ornamental office. Theoretically, indeed, the Vice-President is merely the chairman of the Senate during its sessions; but actually, when, like Mr. COLFAX, he has personally high political eminence, and is honored and trusted by a great dominant party, his constituency is necessarily immense and his engagements are engrossing. Therefore it is easy to believe what he says, that "for the past ten years, certainly since first elected to preside in the House eight years ago, when my constituency became wider than a single district, I have never risen in the morning, here or at Washington, that I have not felt I had twice as much work to do that day as there was really time for. A correspondence of all conceivable inquiries, and all kinds of business, etc., often extending to hundreds of letters per week, I have attended to myself, in addition to official duties, always in hours stolen from rest, and frequently in hours stolen from sleep. The very day I was attacked, having felt the oppressive atmosphere of the executive session more unpleasantly than usual, I left it, and going to my room, wrote a large number of letters to catch up with arrears of correspondence. Returning to the chair at 4 P.M., the blow fell ten minutes thereafter."

The clumsy and cruel methods of parts of our political system are responsible for this attack, and for much of the ruined health of our public men. Doubtless part of the enormous correspondence with which the Vice-President has vainly struggled consisted of solicitations for office and political favor. It is patronage that poisons our politics and slays our statesmen; and it is easy to understand the mingled disgust and despair which produced Senator TRUMBULL'S bill making solicitation for office by a Representative or Senator a misdemeanor. In the departments at Washington it is estimated that one-third of the time which is essential for the prosecution of the public business is consumed by this dicker of patronage. Mr. COLFAX has resolved that, after so serious a warning, he must mend his ways. Let us hope that we shall not always compel our trusted and honored leaders to endure such warnings. And if any body thinks that it was tobacco, and not "mental strain without relaxation," which occasioned his illness, the Vice-President distinctly states that instead of having smoked five or six strong cigars that day on an empty stomach, as was alleged, he had smoked but one cigar just after breakfast and six hours before the attack.

But whatever the cause of his illness, every body will hear with the utmost pleasure that it is relieved, and gladly hope that a gentleman who has done his country the inestimable service of showing that to be an active politician and a truly honorable man is not to forfeit popular favor, may live long for other services as valuable.

WEALTH AND ITS USES.

THERE was recently an incident well worthy attention in a city and a country so intent upon money-getting, and in which great riches are sure of great homage. There are men in the city of New York with revenues larger than those of many princes. There are an ostentation and extravagance of expense which recall the painful spectacle of European inequality of welfare, and which suggest the inevitable effect of unbridled luxury upon national manners and national freedom. The newspapers now so plainly disclose the most private events that the public is compelled to observe the manner in which great riches are employed. We read of fêtes that recall royal traditions, of a luxury and splendor which would amaze sultans, of a reckless and vulgar profusion which suggests only barbaric magnificence. It is not peculiar to our society. It has been the mark of satirists, the text of moralists, in all times and countries. French duchesses smiled upon JOHN LAW; the British aristocracy bowed before King HUDSON.

Yet rich men, and those who it is believed can make other men rich, have an ascendency in this country certainly not less than they have in countries where society rests upon gradations of rank. We read of American entertainments at which, if the host were an emperor, with the revenues of an empire at his command, displaying a luxury which represented no labor of his own, but simply the resources of his subjects, the scene would scarcely be different; and like an emperor's court or HUDSON'S drawing-room, we may see—in the newspaper—his house thronged with those who come to pay a social homage which they hate to offer, but which, as essential to their pecuniary or political advantage, they do not dare to refuse. At such feasts—and they are too frequent in this country—every thing is present but taste, refinement, intelligence, and mutual respect. They are illustrations of the worst uses of great riches.

It was most delightful, therefore, to read in the same papers a description of the incident to which we have alluded as worthy attention. It shows that if our society does not lack the unhandsome aspects of an older country, it yet has those which distinguish Christian civilization. Upon a recent May evening the great Cooper Hall in the city of New York was crowded with a company of friends and students of the Union, who united with the past pupils to the number of several thousand in offering an address of honor and gratitude to a rich man; not because of his riches, but because of his humane and noble use of them. When the address was ended he arose cheerily, and, more than eighty years of age, and at the close of a life of steady and honest industry, he stood before those whom his charitable wisdom had enriched, a most venerable and honorable man. The building in which they were assembled, with all its opportunities of every kind of useful instruction to the poorest and most friendless, was the monument of his wise beneficence; and, in reply to their grateful address, he made a simple speech, in which the most sagacious counsel was blended with the modest and manly assertion that in his judgment great riches were but a trust given to men, not for personal ostentation, but for the benefit of mankind.

He said that during an active career of nearly sixty years he had never lost sight of the purpose, if God should prosper his work, of founding "an institution to which all young people of the working-classes who desired to be good citizens, and so rise in life, might resort without money and without price, in order to acquire that knowledge of their business and science which in these days is absolutely indispensable to a successful career." And when at the end of his reply the good old man, thanking his "young friends"—he had almost said "his children"—for their expressions of respect and gratitude, "so touching because so full of love," asked them to receive what he had said as "a kind of last will and testament of the garnered experience of an old friend whose days are almost numbered, and who asks only to be remembered as 'one who loves his fellow-men'"—no wonder that the eyes before him were full of tears, and that the hall rang with enthusiastic applause. In the midst of the tales of the selfish extravagance and gross luxury to which riches are so often prostituted, this little incident of the true use of riches, and the suggestion of the eternal monument of gratitude which it builds in human hearts, may be wisely pondered.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY IN NEW YORK.

THE electoral vote of New York is so important, and it is so evident that the utmost harmony in the Republican party of that State is essential to its success, that the present fierce difference in the party is a subject of national concern. Republicans elsewhere have a right to demand of their friends in New York a union, of which, however, there seems to be now little promise. The difficulty, like most of the party quarrels in our politics, originates in the system of patronage, and is complicated with personal ambitions. The exact situation may perhaps be described to our friends elsewhere as follows:

There have been for some time in the State two sections of the party. After the death of Mr. LINCOLN Senator MORGAN was the representative of one, and Governor FENTON of the other. The FENTON section accused the MORGAN of conservative sympathies and of an alliance in the city with Tammany Hall. The MORGAN section insisted that, under cover of loud radical professions, the FENTON section had demoralized the party, relying wholly upon trickery, and banning the really able men of the party in the State. In the Senatorial election, two years ago, Mr. FENTON defeated Mr. MORGAN, and it was understood that he claimed, as the latest candidate of the party, a controlling voice in the national patronage in the State under General GRANT. A year ago, as the anti-FENTON wing assert, the President totally lost confidence in Senator FENTON, and declined to be further governed by his advice, removing some of his friends and nominating those who were of the opposite wing. The debate in the Senate upon the nominations was very hot, and Senator CONKLING and Senator FENTON spoke with exceeding plainness; and from that time the two Senators have been the representatives of the opposing wings of the party.

When the appointments were made the FENTON section declared them to be fatal to the party harmony upon various grounds, but mainly because of the familiar fact that some of the new officers had been friendly to ANDREW JOHNSON'S Philadelphia movement, and to Mr. HOFFMAN in 1868, and had also held relations with Tammany Hall. The CONKLING wing replied that it would not do to press such views too far, inasmuch as some of the most positive FENTON men were friends of Tammany in 1868, and were now, in 1870, firmly allied with the enemy. In the autumn the party in the State was organized for the year. The State committee was found to be decidedly a CONKLING committee, while the city committee was as decidedly Fentonian, and elected as chairman Mr. GREELEY, who had never been very friendly to Senator CONKLING, and who was more favorable to the nomination of Judge CHASE in 1868 than to that of General GRANT.

In consequence of complaints from many Republicans in the city that some of the leading members of the city committee were notoriously in fellowship with Tammany Hall, a reorganization of the party in the city was ordered by the State committee, which invited the chairman, Mr. GREELEY—who, in his inaugural address, while deprecating such action, had said that he should not oppose it—to superintend the reorganization with Mr. ORTON. Mr. GREELEY declined, and Mr. JACKSON S. SCHULTZ was named by the State committee in his place. The result will be a new organization, which the existing city committee will refuse to recognize; and there will, therefore, be two delegations to the State Convention, and the representatives of the party in the State will decide which of the organizations shall be considered regular. Meanwhile the question of the Presidential candidacy has become involved in the

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difference. Mr. GREELEY is opposed to the renomination of General GRANT, and is himself proposed as a candidate; while Senator FENTON and his friends, without being committed to Mr. GREELEY, are opposed, with him, to General GRANT's renomination. The other wing favors General GRANT for another term.

If this is a fair statement of the general party situation in the State, of course without the infinite details that are familiar to both sides, the argument to the Convention upon the part of what may be called the Administration Republicans will probably be that an organization controlled in great measure by gentlemen known to be profitably allied with the most corrupt Democratic leaders ought not to be recognized by the party in the State, although it may point to Mr. GREELEY as one of its coadjutors. Nobody, they will say, doubts that Mr. GREELEY is a sound Republican, but nobody would assert that his judgment is equally sound. To this the reply of the anti-Administration Republicans will probably be that the new organization represents the interest that naturally desires the renomination of General GRANT, and that many of its chiefs were formerly as deeply tainted with Tammany alliances as any of their opponents are now. It will be a simple alternative for the Convention. It will be in vain to wish that there were no differences, and that the party in the city of New York would harmonize itself. The Convention must decide. And upon the Tammany point this consideration, at least, will be obviously urged with great force, that, admitting what is asserted upon both sides, the Republicans who have renounced all connection with Tammany are certainly more trustworthy than those who still maintain that connection and profit by it.

The party situation in New York is deplorable, but it is due not so much to persons as to a system which all sides have supported, and which is sure to imperil the ascendency of any party the moment that the most vital and overshadowing immediate issues cease to determine an election.

THE PROPER DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE.

IT is pleasant to record that General SHERMAN has very promptly expressed his opinion of the habit upon which we commented a few weeks since, of erecting every conspicuous man who expresses an opinion upon public affairs into a candidate for the Presidency. The General is an ardent man of positive opinions, which he emphatically expresses. He is, as we said, essentially a soldier. The method of deliberative bodies, and in general what is called statesmanship, is distasteful to him. Moreover, it is very well known that he is a warm personal friend of the President, and therefore the shouting of his name as a possible candidate for the Presidency was extremely disagreeable. His expression of dissent is very decided, and very characteristic. If any body misunderstands either his feeling, or his disgust at the misrepresentation of that feeling, it is not his fault. "I hereby state, and mean all that I say, that I never have been and never will be a candidate for President; that if nominated by either party I should peremptorily decline; and even if unanimously elected I should decline to serve. If you can find language stronger to convey this meaning you are at liberty to use it. I am your obedient servant."

This language will probably "do." Truthful James was not more explicit. The complete letter-writer does not furnish a model of a more unmistakable no. And the Democratic party having suddenly lost this string to their bow, must replace it, and it is very evident by whom. There is one gentleman whose bold policy is considered to be the true point of departure for the success of that party, and whose declaration is hailed as the means of party regeneration. It is a worthy gentleman, "which his name it begins with a Wee." It is true, indeed, that he and the ex-candidate, General SHERMAN, did not agree during the late unpleasantness. But, on the other hand, he and his party did agree; and if the General was a proper candidate, how much more proper is Mr. VALLANDIGHAM! With Mr. VALLANDIGHAM as the candidate, with acquiescence in the Republican policy as a platform, and with "glory to the LINCOLN hirelings" as a campaign cry, the Democratic party could be sure of all the success it deserves.

A FRENCHMAN UPON FRANCE.

THE obvious disadvantage of the few telegraphic lines from France which we read every morning is that they are as likely to convey mere rumor as fact. One day we learn that M. THIERS is anxious for absolute power, the next that he favors a republic; to-day that the BOURBONS have fused, to-morrow that they have not. It is very difficult, indeed, from any published accounts to understand the actual situation of the country; and all the more valuable, therefore, are the views of a most intelligent Frenchman, for many years resident in this country, and an officer in the army—General DE TROBRIAND—who has recently returned from a visit to his native country, whose condition he studied with painful interest. Before the war General DE TROBRIAND was well known in literary and social circles in New York. He married here, and when hostilities began at Fort Sumter he entered the service, and rose rapidly and deservedly to high rank. In France his social and political sympathies were with the Legitimist party, but he long since became truly an American citizen.

The General's view of the situation in France is almost hopeless. Unless parties can unite, the gradual dissolution of the nation seems to him inevitable, and he can see no probable basis of union. The Legitimist, or old BOURBON party, is strong in Brittany and the south and among the clergy. Of the strength of the new BOURBON, or Orleanist branch, he expressed no opinion; but thought that no monarchical party would succeed, because all the others would combine with the republicans against it. The empire was strong with the peasants, who are ignorant and selfish, and whose political preferences depend upon the price of their butter and eggs; and the imperialists are very busy hoping for a compromise upon LOUIS NAPOLEON'S ground—a strong government and a quasi-constitutional form. The republicans proper are intelligent but few. They are weakened by honest visionaries and by the Commune tendency. Yet the only chance for France is a republic; and THIERS is as sincere a republican now as he was monarchist formerly, because he sees that any effort for monarchical restoration would lead to civil war. General DE TROBRIAND says that the demoralization and degradation wrought by the empire are inconceivable. It was the worst government France ever had; but it is not likely to be restored, because it has lost its master.

It is a sad view of a nation which but a year ago seemed so imposing and powerful; but it confirms the impression of all who have carefully watched the year's history. So great a catastrophe must needs have a moral explanation. A nation does not suddenly fall into chaos because its guns are more or less excellent. It is the men behind the guns who at last decide the issue. If they are ignorant, degraded, venal—if integrity and purity and honor have all been lost in what is called order or glory—the nation will crumble like a mummy under the first powerful blow. And what is to restore the moral force which can alone reconstruct the nation? That is the question which General DE TROBRIAND can not answer; and it is the question of supreme importance for every French statesman.

PERSONAL.

MR. VALLANDIGHAM was in town a few days ago, and held high conclave with the great braves of Tammany about matters Presidential. He afterward took a "new departure" for his Ohio home. When the secrets of the last Democratic National Convention come to be written, it will be found that Mr. VALLANDIGHAM, who always had and always will have his own way of what DEAN RICHMOND used to call "sloshing around," played a not inconspicuous part in its plots. He was opposed to Mr. PENDLETON, and though not elected a delegate, nevertheless found a way to obtain the place of an amiable member, who retired in his favor. He was in close communion with the New York delegation, and present at several of their conferences. He was for CHASE. At a little meeting of the long-headed at the Manhattan Club the night before SEYMOUR'S nomination, it was arranged that VALLANDIGHAM should nominate SEYMOUR, who was to decline in favor of CHASE, when the latter was to be put through with a hurrah. M'COOK, of Ohio, undertook the job for SEYMOUR in earnest, and after the nomination Mr. VALLANDIGHAM is said to have patrolled the vicinage of Tammany making remarks of a most objurgatory character.

—It is stated that Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON frankly admits that the Treaty of Washington is on many accounts much better than the one which he negotiated when minister at the court of St. James. Mr. JOHNSON is a sensible man and man of the world. He has been in active public life over half a century, having in 1821 been elected to the State Senate of Maryland. From 1845 to 1849 he was United States Senator, which he resigned to become Attorney-General in the cabinet of President TAYLOR. In 1862 he was again elected United States Senator for six years. His English mission was not much of a success.

—The Hon. JOHN P. HALE, after a protracted illness and long disappearance from political life, is recovering, and may soon be expected again to mingle in New Hampshire politics, and give a world of worriting to the "ins," who will find trouble in keeping him out. He is an adroit manager, having seen more of public life than any New Hampshire man of his age. He was elected to the State Legislature in 1832, and from that time to the close of his mission to Spain, in 1869—a period of thirty-seven years—was constantly in the public service, excepting two years. He is now sixty-five.

—Ex-President JOHNSON was in attendance at the Industrial Exposition held at Knoxville, Tennessee, the latter part of May, and by invitation addressed the immense assemblage that had gathered to see the curious things to be seen, and hear the curious things to be said. The ex-President commenced his speech by saying "he was a mechanic, not in theory, but in practice, and was proud of it. The youth and vigor of his life had been spent at one of the trades. In 1809 he was a boy, and thrown upon his own resources, without money or friends. He had started out in life as a tailor, had held all the offices within the gift of the people, and now, in the evening of his life, it was appropriate that he should address mechanics. He was proud of his trade. Adam, the father of us all, was himself a tailor. He sewed fig leaves together to make aprons in his little shop in the garden."

—JOHN STUART MILL has a pleasant nod from the London *Times*, which says: "Mr. MILL was born to exite hope and disappoint expectation. He is always gay and always abortive. With never-failing freshness and inexhaustible good-nature, he resumes before each audience his old position at the beginning of all things, and marches us triumphantly up to a dead wall."

—HON. W. S. GROESBECK, one of the ablest lawyers of the West, and a pillar of the Democratic party in Ohio, furnishes, in one respect, an example that lawyers and public men may emulate with credit. At the request of the pastor and officers of the Vine Street Congregationalist church, of Cincinnati, he delivered on Sunday evening, May 28, an eloquent address on "The State, the Church, and the Family." The officers of this church are making efforts to introduce to the Sunday night audiences distinguished Christian laymen for addresses upon the great themes of life and religion.

—The Count de Chambord, whose name is now prominent as a candidate, indeed the only candidate, for the French throne, will be fifty-one years old in September. His father, the Duke de Berri, was assassinated six months before his son was born. He was baptized with great pomp, in water brought from the Jordan by CHÂTEAUBRIAND, and used, in consequence, to be called "the child of the miracle." In 1846 he married the Princess MARIA THERESA, eldest daughter of the Duke of Modena. They have no children.

—Minister WASHBURNE estimates at their value the honors and responsibilities of diplomatic position. Quite recently he wrote to a friend here: "It is a terrible thing to have to remain in a city of two millions of people where there is no shadow of law but the law of force and terror. I had rather be in Galena, living in the little house I bought in 1840, than to be here." This is from the man who was the author of the bill reviving the office of lieutenant-general, which was conferred upon GRANT, and who may be said to have engineered his nomination to the Presidency. Although Mr. WASHBURNE is only fifty-five, he was, on retiring from Congress, its oldest member, or "Father of the House," having served fourteen years continuously.

—JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, the historian, has availed himself of the "Clergy Disabilities Act," and retired from the ministry of the Church of England. The career of Mr. FROUDE has been somewhat notable. He is now 53 years of age. He graduated from Oxford high in classics, took the Chancellor's prize for the English essay (on political economy), and was elected Fellow of Exeter College in 1842. He was one of the early adherents of PUSEY and NEWMAN, very much in "The Lives of the English Saints," and took deacon's orders in 1844. He is the author of "The Shadow of the Clouds," published in 1847, and "The Nemesis of Faith," published in 1849. In 1850 he commenced a series of articles in the *Westminster Review*, and in *Fraser's Magazine*, chiefly on English history, and in 1856 published the first volume of his "History of England from the Fall of Wolsey." In 1867 he published "Short Studies on Great Subjects." His theological views have undergone such change that further continuance in the Church of England became out of the question.

—The bachelor member of President GRANT'S cabinet, Secretary of the Navy, Mr. ROBESON, has just escaped matrimony—in the papers. Although he has the reputation of giving dinners where choicest viands and choicest wines go hand in hand (or hand to mouth) with brightest wit, he is nevertheless known in Washington as one of the most industrious and methodical magnates of the government, and who is emphatically secretary of his own department. It is understood that he is especially regardful of the interests of the Republicans of Pennsylvania, as there have been few administrations since 1802 in which Pennsylvania has not had a cabinet minister, President, or a judge of the Supreme Court of the United States.

—On Tuesday last, June 20, Queen VICTORIA completed the thirty-fourth year of her reign. Should she live to double that, it would carry her to 1905, and her age would be eighty-six, or about four and a half years more than that of her grandfather, GEORGE III., when he died. LOUIS XIV. reigned more than seventy-two years; and FERDINAND I., of the Two Sicilies, sixty-six years. Should VICTORIA reign for sixty years, she would have worn the crown longer than any other English sovereign, as her grandfather, who now holds the first place on the list, died in the sixtieth year of his reign and the eighty-second year of his age.

—Ex-Governor and ex-Senator HENRY S. FOOTE has gone into print in a Tennessee paper to vindicate himself from certain aspersions, and to tell Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS and those who follow him that he points the finger of scorn at them. When Mr. FOOTE was in the Senate he was frequently in opposition to Senator THOMAS H. BENTON, author of "Thirty Years in the United States Senate." On one occasion he said to a friend, with a sly chuckle, "Give my respects to Colonel BENTON, and tell him I am writing a *little book*, in which his name will figure." Colonel BENTON, in reply, said, "You can make my compliments to Senator FOOTE, Sir, and tell him, Sir, that I am writing *a very large book*, in which his name will not figure at all."

—It is just five years since General CASS died at his home in Detroit, at the age of eighty-four; but it was not until last week that the monument over his grave was completed. It is a granite column twelve feet high. On one side is the name, LEWIS CASS, in simple Roman letters, and on the reverse is the Michigan coat of arms. Its cost was $10,000. The foundation is stone masonry, ten feet deep, in the centre of which are walled the remains of both the General and Mrs. CASS. The career of General CASS was a remarkable one. His early military record is one of the best of all the officers of the war of 1812. After he became Governor of the Territory of Michigan he negotiated twenty-two distinct treaties with the Indians, and secured to the government the immense territory of the Northwest. In 1831 he became Secretary of War under General JACKSON. In 1836 he went as minister to France, and became not only popular as minister, but was one of LOUIS PHILIPPE'S most intimate personal companions. His subsequent career in the United States Senate and as Secretary of State under BUCHANAN are familiar to the public. He was a very able man, a prudent man, a perfectly honest man, a habitually temperate man, and thoroughly American.

—Rumors are again rife of the contemplated retirement of Mr. FISH from the cabinet. A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, in noticing the report, says that the President is anxious to retain Mr. FISH for other reasons besides his public services. He undoubtedly esteems him very much. Mr. F. is a wholly different sort of person from nearly all the politicians with whom the President comes in contact. He is courtly, learned, and diplomatic. He is a high-minded man, perfectly sincere and honorable; always moderate in his temper, and always sensible in his views. His manners are those of a gentleman, and his society is genial and agreeable. He is not "on the make." The President has always been greatly attracted to him, and that not only because of the toothsome dinners he gives. Mr. FISH, in turn, has an influence, in some ways, over General GRANT much greater than that of any other member of the cabinet or of any member of either House of Congress. He does not "rush" to the support of every thing, and has certainly given a measure of ability and respectability to the cabinet which it would not possess if his place were filled by some of the "red-hot" politicians or party "war-horses."

—Sir RODERICK MURCHISON, who has just resigned the presidency of the Royal Geographical Society, after an incumbency of eighteen years, was one of the most popular of English scientific notabilities. In early life he was in the army, and served in Spain and Portugal from 1807 till 1816. After that he went into geology, and became president of the Geological Society. He has contributed upward of one hundred and twenty memoirs to the transactions of various scientific bodies. He was the first who publicly expressed the opinion that gold must exist in Australia, and urged some Cornish miners to emigrate thither to delve for it, which they did, and found it, in 1851. He was a member of the prominent scientific societies of Europe; a man of great tact; had much scientific curiosity and knowledge, and with a fine social position was really one of the most agreeable and popular old gentlemen in London.

—VON RAUMER, the German historian, was 90 years old on the 14th of May. He has been a professor of the University of Berlin for 53 years. Some of these old bookworms live to a fine old age. FONTENELLE died at the age of 100, after having been secretary of the French Academy of Sciences for 40 years. VOLTAIRE called him the most universal genius of his time. HIPPOCRATES died at 109; SWEDENBORG at 85; HARVEY at 81; HEBERDEN at 92; RUYSCH at 93; Sir CHRISTOPHER WREN retired from carpentering at 86, and died at 91; HUMBOLDT at 90; JOSIAH QUINCY, Jun., at 92; President NOTT at 93 years and 8 months. But beyond any of these stands Dr. THEOPHILUS CLARK, of Tinmouth, Vermont, who is probably the oldest practicing physician in the Old World or the New. He is 98 years of age, has been in constant practice for 66 years, is hale and hearty, and has no more thought of giving up the active duties of his profession than when he was a boy of 50.

—Dean STANLEY has preached, in Westminster Abbey, what the London journals speak of as a fine sermon on the death of Sir JOHN HERSCHEL. He took for his text the Hebrew account of the origin of the heavens, and applied it to Sir JOHN, both as astronomer and as one who had learned how to divide (intellectually and morally) light from darkness: "And God said, Let there be lights in the firmament of the heaven to divide the day from the night; and let them be for signs, and for seasons, and for days, and years. And let them be for lights in the firmament of the heaven to give light upon the earth: and it was so." The Dean paid an earnest tribute not only to what Sir JOHN HERSCHEL had done to develop "the grand curiosity of the age," but also to his humility—a humility, he said, equally needed by the students of theology and by those of natural science, and described it as the character of the true philosopher to hope all things not impossible, and to believe all things not unreasonable.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE city of New Orleans is partially submerged in consequence of the extensive breaks in the Mississippi levees above Lake Ponchartrain. The flood covers an area of five or six square miles, about three hundred blocks of the most densely populated part of the city being under water. The distress is very great, and every thing in the form of a boat is used to relieve the imprisoned inhabitants. The damage is something incalculable. The Bonnet Carré crevasse has restored the old channels of the Mississippi.

A singular phenomenon was witnessed a short time since near Mason City, Illinois. It consisted of a moving column of vapor extending from the earth to a passing cloud. In its path, which was quite narrow, but extended three miles in length, all vegetation was destroyed, and in some places the ground was furrowed a depth of six inches. Electric flashes were seen to ascend the column.

By a fusion with the Labor Reform members the Democrats have obtained control of the New Hampshire Legislature, electing all the officers of both houses. James A. Weston, Democrat, was afterward elected Governor for the ensuing term.

FOREIGN NEWS.

BUT little change has taken place in the political situation in France. The decree of exile against the Orleans princes has been repealed, and their election declared valid; they have, however, resigned their seats, at the same time disclaiming all intention of intriguing against the republic. The elections for filling vacancies in the Assembly are to be held on the 9th of July. It is rumored that Prince Napoleon will be a candidate for Corsica, and that the Prince Imperial will also be presented as an aspirant for a seat.

The Marquis of Gallifet, a distinguished French soldier, was assassinated in Paris on the 8th of June by the widow of a Communist who had been shot by his orders.

Jules Mires, the celebrated French banker, died early in June in comparative poverty. He had been very wealthy.

The Italian government is to be transferred to Rome on the 1st of July.

A severe conflagration broke out in Constantinople on the 7th of June at four distinct points, giving rise to suspicion of incendiarism. Two hundred houses were in flames at one time, but the wind being light, hopes were entertained that the extent of the fire would not be much greater.

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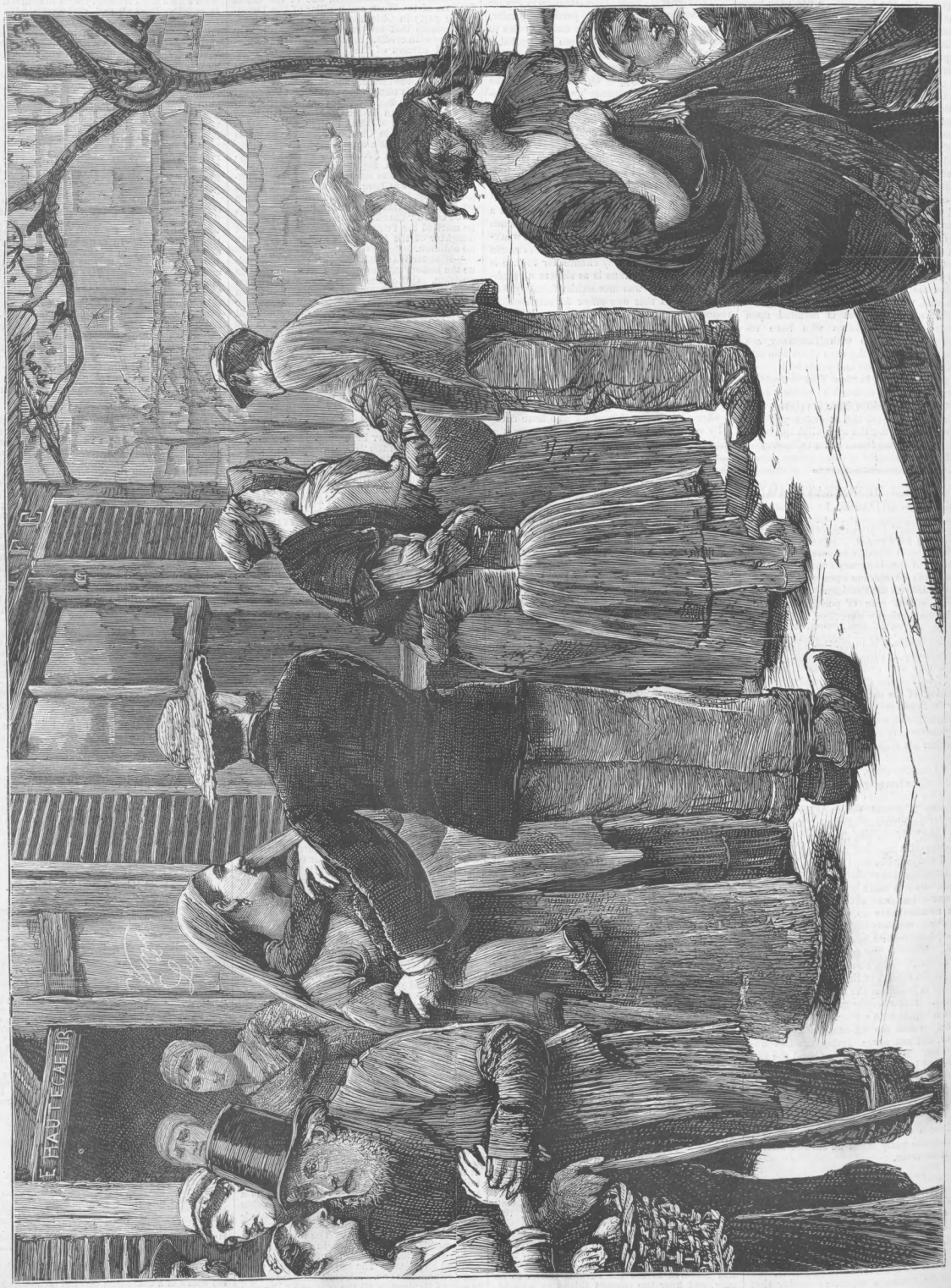
CROSSING THE STREET.

SOME six months ago a sort of wailing protest was raised against the threatened bombardment of Paris by the German armies; learned bodies sent expostulations to their learned brethren across the Rhine, declaring that the thing should not and must not be; the Paradise of good Americans, the capital of Europe, the Mecca of pleasure-seekers, with its palaces and picture-galleries, its columns and arches, and delightful, never-to-be-forgotten boulevards, was not as other cities, and they thought that it should be profaned by shells, and feel the stress of that war which it had welcomed so heartily, caused a thrill of sentimental pity and horror which was expressed in the denunciation of the King of Prussia as a "barbarian." That feeling was no doubt perfectly honest—sentimental feelings generally are; but what has become of it now? Who was there to cry "barbarian" while M. THIERS won his victory over the Commune by pounding Paris with shells? The general feeling seemed to be that he had done his pounding too gently, and shown a humane hesitation in bringing things to a crisis which was akin to weakness. We have nothing to say against this view of the case, but all we plead for is a little consistency; and if M. THIERS was justified in raining shot and shell upon the devoted city, so surely was the Emperor of Prussia. Perhaps they are both barbarians, but we see no reason for being more polite to the minister than to the Emperor by entering no protest against his method of pacification.

That first or German bombardment was but a trifling matter compared to the second storm of fire—what might be called a "one-horse affair;" but it was a novelty; people's nerves were not used to the screaming and crashing of shells, and the terror of the first was very likely greater than that of the second bombardment. The Parisians had become so accustomed to their hostile visitors that they would even take peeps at them through telescopes and dodge them round corners. On this page is a sketch showing what a nice matter of calculation it had become during the siege to get across the way. The dangers of crossing Broadway are not small, but when omnibuses are replaced by bursting shells it must be very nervous work. The sudden screech must have turned many a venturesome wayfarer back just as he had stepped into the road to make his rush across. As he shrinks behind the protecting corner the noise comes nearer and nearer, there is a crash, a bang, and a large hole is scooped out of the road-way. "Now run," says some one; and he runs, crosses between the shells as we see men thread their way among a ruck of carts and omnibuses. Sometimes people are run over in the streets of New York, but in the streets of Paris there was a worse danger than that, and, looking at the tales of people's temerity, the wonder is that that danger was not more fatal.



A SCENE IN PARIS—CROSSING A STREET UNDER FIRE.

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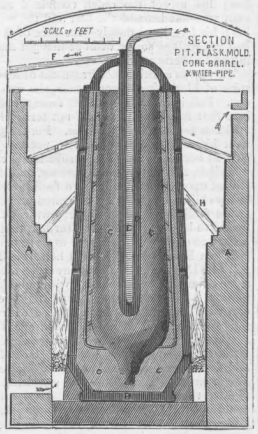
THE LATE BRIGADIER-GENERAL RODMAN.—[SEE PAGE 579.]

THE RODMAN GUN.

GENERAL RODMAN'S chief triumph was the invention of a peculiar method of casting the heavy ordnance with which the monitors were armed. These guns were subsequently adopted by the government, and mounted for sea-coast defense. By General RODMAN'S invention the gun comes from the casting-pit with a chamber, or bore, of about one-half the size proposed for the piece. During the operation of casting a fire is kept burning on the outside of the flask containing the mould, and a stream of water is kept flowing into the core barrel. By this means the gun is cooled from the inside (a reverse of all previous methods), and the iron next to the bore becomes solidified first. Experience proves this to give to the gun a strength not obtained in the ordinary mode of casting. In shape the heavy Rodman gun differs but slightly from the Dahlgren—the former, generally known as "the army gun," being flat at the breech, while the breech of the Dahlgren gun is formed by a graceful curve. The following references to the outline figure given here will explain the process of casting and cooling the gun:

A. Side of pit dug in the earth.
B. Flask holding in shape the earth mould.
C. Mould, a mixture of earth and sand.
D. Core barrel.
E. Water.
F. Escape flue.
G. Gun.
H. Braces for keeping flask upright.



STATUE OF S. F. B. MORSE.—[SEE PAGE 582.]

NEW CADETS.

FOR the encouragement of Young America, ambitious of military or naval honors — every school-boy fancies himself a GRANT or a FARRAGUT in embryo—we give on this page the portraits of two clever lads, pupils in the public schools of this city, who, in an exhaustive competitive examination, have won their appointments, the one to the Military Academy at West Point, the other to the Naval School at Annapolis. It is creditable to the public spirit of the Hon. S. S. Cox that, instead of bestowing these appointments upon the sons of political friends, or as "a lively appreciation of favors to come," he chose rather to announce to the teachers of the public schools in his Congressional district his purpose to give them to the two boys who should openly and fairly win them. And as the example thus set is one that deserves to be followed, and the only one that ought to be followed, in every Congressional district in the Union, it may be useful to publish, for guidance in other districts, the admirable plan devised to insure perfect impartiality and fairness in the selection of cadets for the Academy. Every year the process of weeding out the imbeciles and good-for-nothings leaves but a comparatively small residuum of each class, and the deficiency is made up by new appointments. A vast amount of time might be saved, and boys and parents spared disgrace and disappointment, by the general adoption of such a system of competitive examination; to say nothing of the happy results that would be sure to follow in the schools from which the cadets would be selected.

There are in the Sixth Congressional District, comprising the 9th, 15th, and 16th wards, six male grammar schools, containing, in round numbers, about 7500 pupils. From these schools seventeen candidates presented themselves. The examination was conducted by a committee of three principals, Messrs. SUTHERLAND, BAKER, and FORBES. The questions proposed were prepared by the city superintendent, and were placed in the hands of the examining committee on the morning of the examination, *being carefully kept private until that time.* The judges appointed to read the answers and decide as to the comparative merits of the candidates were BERNARD SMYTH, Esq., President of the Board of Education; HENRY KIDDLE, City Superintendent of Public Schools; and THOMAS HUNTER, President of the Normal College, neither of whom, as will be perceived, could have any interest in favoring either of the schools from which the candidates were sent. Moreover, the candidates were numbered previous to the examination; and the papers placed in the hands of the judges *contained simply the numbers of the respective candidates, without any names whatever.* By this arrangement, as is obvious, every cause or suspicion of unfair-

HEMAN DOWD.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD.]

STEPHEN JENKINS.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD.]

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ness was prevented, and each candidate had an equal opportunity of gaining the award.

HEMAN DOWD, who gained the West Point appointment, is the son of Mr. WILLIAM DOWD, a retired merchant. Master DOWD was born in this city in 1854, and has been educated entirely in the public schools. His teachers testify to his uniform good character and conduct, and to his devotion to his school work. He was seldom if ever reprimanded, and always stood high on the school rolls.

STEPHEN JENKINS, who goes to the Naval School, is the son of Mr. WILLIAM L. JENKINS, a jeweler, and was born in Mount Vernon, Westchester County, in 1857. His first schooling was in Grammar School No. 11, in West Seventeenth Street, where he has continued uninterruptedly for eight years, and from which he is now appointed. He also has uniformly maintained a high standing for character and scholarship, and now gets his reward.

WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE.

THE ordinary parlor of a city boarding-house. The usual array of showy furniture; the vases of wax-flowers; the gilt frames and gaudy canvas against the walls; the photograph albums; the fly-specked mirrors; the tarnished lace curtains —all were as usual.

Of the two girls who were alone together in the room the elder and more remarkable-looking had chosen the shadiest corner of the sofa; and there, with her hands clasping each other, her large eyes down-bent, her brow contracted, and an anxiously critical expression in her air and attitude, she sat perfectly silent, absorbed in listening.

The other was at the piano singing. She sang, "Consider the Lilies."

The song finished, she left the piano, and came and placed herself beside her new-found friend. As she moved across the room the smallest perceptible limp seemed to add something touching to her exceeding gracefulness, and to make her small, slight figure almost pathetically pretty. Her delicate, small face, robbed of its beauty by disease, had something attractive in its very defect; the left cheek and temple and the left side of her chin were beautifully moulded, round, and soft. But, on the right side, temple and cheek and chin were a little shrunken; even the corner of the small, sweet mouth, of the great, loving, innocent blue eye, a little drawn—the result of some misunderstood and mistreated nervous affection which had afflicted her when she was several years younger, and which seemed, in some sort, to have arrested her years just there; for though she was now twenty-two, seventeen or eighteen seemed to be the utmost limit which her face indicated; her childish manner, her confiding eyes, her sweet, grave simplicity, and a pretty, ignorant self-confidence, like that of childhood, aiding the illusion.

She lifted her large, soft eyes to the critic, who returned her gaze with one frank and tender.

"Well, tell me the exact truth," she said, by no means anxiously, but as if quite sure of the answer. "Do you think my voice really remarkable?"

The other hesitated a minute.

"I am not musical, you know," she said at last; "but I will tell you truthfully what I think. It seems to me that your voice has power, and an unusual range. And you sing with real feeling. But you lack cultivation, Miss Trouville; and you know—"

"Don't say Miss Trouville; say Florida."

"Very well, then—Florida," assented Felicia, smiling a little at the contrast of the full, large-blooming name with the quaint little creature who bore it. "And you must remember that you are entering into competition with voices as good as your own naturally, and improved by a thousand advantages of which you know nothing."

"I know that very well," Miss Trouville said, contentedly; "but I am not afraid."

Felicia looked at her, troubled and sympathetic.

"What will you do, dear, in case you fail? I see you don't like that word," she added, smiling; "but it is as well to be prepared for the unlikeliest contingencies."

"I shall not fail," said Florida, with an air of certainty that was not unpleasant, because it was so evidently truthful and so child-like. She went on, after a minute's consideration: "I want you to understand just how it is, Felicia. At home we are as poor as church mice. Indeed, I don't believe there ever *was* a church mouse as poor as we are. And there are thirteen of us—think of that! And my father— I don't see how it is I speak so frankly to you," ejaculated Miss Trouville, with sudden surprise. "I haven't known you but three days."

"It is because I am so much older than you; and because I am a girl, and have seen so much trouble that I can sympathize with you."

"How old are you?"

"I am twenty-three."

"It must have been a long year, then, the one before I was born," remarked Miss Trouville, with dry sententiousness. "I am twenty-two myself," she added, dignifiedly. Then she sat and considered the lovely, quiet face opposite her for a minute in silence, and ended by throwing her arms around Felicia's neck. "It is because you are an angel!" she cried, with conviction, and continued her story: "Well, you see, my father is the best-intentioned man in the world, but he never '*gets along*,' as people say. And mother is as good and dear as she can be, but she is disappointed and overworked and—just washed out! Poor, darling mother! And the children are sick half the time; and they wear out shoes so fast—and shoes do cost *so* much nowadays; and they tear their clothes and spoil their hats—and hats and clothes cost money too. And the boys are so dreadful about their trowsers! I don't think I ever saw our boys without a patch on their knees; unless," said Miss Trouville, with the air of one anxious to state a truth, and not to overstate it—"unless they happened to have holes in them." She shook her head in a melancholy way, and went on: "As for me, I was no especial use at home. There are France and May, older than I, to help mother with the sewing, and ever so many younger that can do the house-work. I was just good for nothing at all, but to potter along in every body's way, and watch how things went, and wring my hands—in my heart, I mean—and wonder why somebody didn't come and marry me, or whatever the Lord *had* made me for! I used to stand down by the water sometimes, and look at it, and listen to it, and long toward it, until it used almost to show me the way to take myself off out of the way, and be—clean gone forever!" This in a manner almost tragic.

Felicia stroked her cheek gently. "Well?" she said.

"Well, I knew I had a wonderful voice—don't smile so, Felicia! Every body has told me so ever since I was born. And if you could know how I have saved pennies to buy music-books with, and how I have blistered my fingers picking berries to get the pennies! I know it is nothing but the music in me that has kept me alive all these years. And so, one day, when I was walking in the woods by myself, thinking of the horrid struggle to live when you don't want to live, and to appear comfortably off when you are *not* comfortably off, and how Mrs. This would smile at our bleached bonnets, and what Mrs. That would say about the patches on the boys' trowsers, I just felt my heart breaking; and I held out my arms to the sweet, free, blue sky—oh, Felicia, heaven *does* seem so far off and quiet and deaf!—and I said, 'Please, my God, tell me what to do, or just let me die!' Then it came into my heart—I won't say I heard it, because I am afraid you might laugh—but I thought I heard with my very ears a voice like that that said to John in Patmos 'Write!' only it said to me 'Sing!' I fell down on my knees. I thought I was choking with—with—I don't know what. So I prayed to God to help me, and knelt there until I was quiet, and then I came home and told mother I was going to the city to sing."

"What did your mother say?" Felicia asked, still stroking the girl's cheek.

"Poor mother! She was mending Richard's trowsers. She looked so tired and thin! She looked at me a minute, and shook her head. She did not say any thing except, 'Florida, my dear, where are you going to get the money?'"

Felicia could not help laughing, at which Miss Trouville appeared surprised and a little hurt.

"Don't be displeased," said Felicia. "You are such a child. That is all. What did your father say?"

"Oh, *he* didn't care. He does not take much interest in any thing. He asked me too where I supposed I would be able to get the money."

"Well, where *did* you get it?"

"Uncle Eben gave it to me. Yes, I went and *asked* him for it. Uncle Eben is a hard-fisted, hard-hearted old man, with a face like cast iron. I said, 'Uncle Eben, we will all starve at home before long, and I am going away to make my own living. I haven't got any money to go with. Will you give it to me?'

"'What are you going to do, miss? Going to pick blue-berries with the blackbirds?'

"'I am going to sing,' I said."

"Well?" said Felicia again, as the young lady paused.

"I will admit I was astonished that day," said Miss Trouville, with the air of one who confesses an unusual weakness. "Uncle Eben held me by both shoulders and looked at me, and then he kissed me. 'Your father is a fool, and so is your mother, and you are a baby. You can waste this money if you want to; but never ask me for another penny, for you won't get it.' That was what he said."

"How much did he give you?"

"He gave me a hundred dollars," said Florida, in a tone of awe. "Then somebody that had been to the city told me about this place; and I wrote, and Mrs. Hackley said she had a room. And oh! I *never* can be thankful enough that I came here!" And the story ended with another impulsive embrace.

After a little silence Felicia asked if Miss Trouville had any acquaintances in the city—any immediate plans.

"Not a single acquaintance, but plenty of plans. I know the names of a good many musical people, and I shall look in a directory to find where they live, and call on them, and tell them about myself, and sing for them, and get some one then to engage me. Don't you think that is a good plan?"

It is not too much to say that Felicia heard this explanation with amazement. The faith seemed to her sublime; but Florida's absolute security as to the result was appalling.

When she recovered her breath Felicia said, quietly, "But suppose you don't succeed?"

Florida looked at her almost compassionately. "You ought to trust God more, Felicia. He sent me here to sing, and I *shall* sing. There is not any doubt about it."

"In the mean time let me tell you what I have done," said Felicia, presently. "The organist of the Holy Martyrs is a friend of mine, who will do much for me. He has a large acquaintance among '*musical people*,' as you call them, and I have written to him about you. He has promised to come this evening to hear you sing—if you will sing for him—and then to do what he can for you."

"I will sing for him with pleasure," said Florida, with a pretty, grave condescension.

"But I ought to warn you that he is a very severe critic, and that he will say nothing in your praise which he does not honestly believe."

"What is his name?" said Miss Trouville, quietly, entirely unterrified.

"Philip Durand. I am afraid you will not be pleased with him at first—*only* at first. When you know him you must like him. He is not young and not handsome. His manner is hard and a little cold. But don't mind that. Sing your very best, and don't tremble and be embarrassed. Trust me when I tell you that his heart is large enough to hold the world. He is the best, the kindest, the most princely-hearted man on earth!"

Miss Trouville looked curiously at Felicia. Her pale cheeks were flushed; the bright spark in her eyes shone tremulous through dew; her voice thrilled; she looked *quietly* excited, and very beautiful.

"To like a man so much as that!" ejaculated Miss Trouville, slowly and wonderingly.

Thus suddenly cooled, Felicia's lids dropped, and she looked a little abashed.

"He is so very good," she said, blushing.

"For my part," remarked Florida, with her quaint gravity, "I should like to know if he cares as much for you as you do for him?"

After a minute's consideration Felicia said, simply,

"We are engaged to be married, Florida; I have never told any one before, because it can not be for some time yet, and I do not, therefore, care to have it known."

And there was something in the speaker's quiet tone which stopped the questions hovering on the other's lips. She uttered only a half-interrogative, half-sympathetic "Oh!" and waited for Felicia to continue the conversation as she would.

When Mr. Durand was announced in the evening even Florida thought that Felicia's description had done him scanty justice. A grave, quiet-looking man of thirty-five or forty, but of impressive presence; his expression severe and cold superficially, but neither phlegmatic nor passionless; his aspect the quiet, contained air of a man who has learned the best and the worst of life; his face lined deeply—the face of one who had not walked so far without thought and feeling and suffering.

There was a little embarrassment at first. In spite of Florida's self-confidence, she was nervous. Felicia was fearful of her failing, and anxious that Mr. Durand should not terrify her by criticism too mercilessly honest. For the gentleman himself, he did his best to put the young lady at her ease; but it was sufficiently evident to Felicia that he expected nothing, and that he looked upon the cantatrice as a foolish and foolhardy child, to be tenderly entreated because she *was* a foolish child, but for her own sake by no means to be encouraged; and further, that being invited to criticise, he intended to do so honestly.

When Florida finally seated herself at the piano Mr. Durand moved quite away to the other side of the room, and listened with unbroken attention. Felicia sat alone, and regarded the two with anxiety not much dashed with hopefulness. She had feared to encourage Florida against the truth, but now she remembered that bitter time when despair took the place of hope, and drove her forward along her desolate path. She remembered it all—the sleepless, heavy nights, the tortured, hopeless days—and she could not think without a shudder that the same struggle might lie before the child-like little creature whose voice was sounding so sweetly in her ear. The pang in her heart grew so keen that she felt she must turn special pleader for her even against the truth. She went softly across the room, and slipped her hand in Mr. Durand's.

"I don't know whether she can sing or not," she whispered, "but, Philip, you *must* do something for her whether she can or not."

Mr. Durand released his hand from her clasp. He contracted his brows a little impatiently.

"For my sake, Philip."

He scarcely seemed to hear her, and took no notice of what she said.

Florida's last notes died lingeringly away—lingeringly, softly, with exquisite sweetness.

Mr. Durand rose and took her hand; he looked a little pale, and his eyes were excited, though his manner was perhaps even more quiet than usual. He said very little, but that little was high praise from him.

"I expected nothing, Miss Trouville," he said, frankly, "and I have been greatly disappointed. I am the more surprised since Felicia has explained that you have been your own instructress. It will give me great pleasure to assist you in any possible way. You shall try your voice in my choir; and if you sing there as well as you have done here—"

"I am very glad you like my singing, Sir," said Florida, with her quaint, small gravity, and without the slightest surprise. "I thought you would. And I am very grateful for the kind interest you take in me."

She withdrew her hand.

Some hardening change passed over Mr. Durand's face. Whether he was annoyed by her self-possession, by her calm acceptance of so rare a thing as praise from himself, or for some less obvious reason, it was evident he was displeased.

"I would not be understood to say that your singing needs no improvement," he said, coolly. "It will be at the expense of hard study that you will fit yourself for such a position as I presume your self-confidence leads you to aspire to."

Florida raised her great soft eyes with quiet simplicity.

"Is self-confidence so undesirable a quality, Sir?" she asked.

"It is the contrary, when it has a basis of real merit," said Mr. Durand.

"Thank you, Mr. Durand," Florida said, holding out her hand graciously.

He took it in sheer astonishment; and Felicia, smiling, yet ill at ease, felt it time to interfere. On their part, they had seemed to have forgotten her presence.

After Miss Trouville left the room, which she did almost immediately, Felicia seated herself coaxingly beside her lover.

"Philip, try to like her," she said, caressingly. "She is such a child! Her assurance is mere ignorance. She knows nothing of the world. I am sure her heart is as sweet and pure as her eyes. She has lovely eyes—now has she not?"

"I do not admire women who pretend to be children," said Mr. Durand; and even to Felicia, who thought him almost perfect, his displeasure seemed disproportionate and uncalled for.

"Well, do you not think her eyes are lovely and soft?" she said, persistently.

Mr. Durand's glance sought the floor; he looked both moved and troubled.

"Her eyes are eyes that I should never trust. They are like her voice—magnetic, touching, thrilling. But I should never trust them."

He rose suddenly, like a man who feels himself ill at ease, and walked across the room once or twice. Felicia felt hurt, she knew not why.

"Why not trust them, Philip?" she said, looking at him in great surprise.

"She reminds me of a woman whom I knew years ago," said Mr. Durand, speaking more to himself than to Felicia. "A false-hearted woman, but a woman for whom a man might have died; had he not known, as I did," added he, rapidly, "her bad, faithless heart, her scheming, shallow brain."

Mr. Durand paused in his walk, looking suddenly toward Felicia with an air of apprehension, which she understood as little as the rest. "He has taken a dislike to poor Florida," she said to herself; "I must do what I can to soften it."

"Philip dear," she said, rising and taking his arm, "I think you are a little unjust. But I am delighted that you like her singing, for I know you will find some employment for her. And after a while you will like her better, I am sure."

Mr. Durand looked at her tenderly and gravely. Then he said, quietly,

"Felicia, you are no less than an angel."

"I'll promise to convince you of the contrary some day," she answered, laughing happily; "though that is the second time to-day that I have heard the same thing."

As the time went on Mr. Durand proved himself, in spite of his unaccountable dislike, to be kind and persistent in his determined efforts to be of service to Miss Trouville. It is true that this had not caused him a great deal of trouble. Her singing had been highly approved by the musical committee of the Church of the Holy Martyrs, and, of course, as severely criticised by the members of the choir; in particular, the leading soprano had kindly sympathized with her upon her evident lack of cultivation, and her *very* "uneven register;" and had suggested—out of simple friendly consideration—that she should put herself under competent instruction for two or three years, at least, before attempting to sing. However, Mr. Durand had succeeded in obtaining an engagement for her at a salary that would not only enable her to live, but even to engage a master, looking forward, as she did, to the time when she would be able to make music her recognized profession.

And now, thus provided for, Florida was grateful to her friend's lover, but shy and reserved in his presence. Mr. Durand was kind, for Felicia's sake it seemed, but cold and distant; and Felicia herself felt no other cloud upon her late-coming happiness than the distrust between these two.

This she set herself perseveringly at work to overcome; and thinking that knowledge of the charming child-nature, in which she believed so steadfastly, was alone necessary, she made a thousand opportunities for their better acquaintance.

Florida must be present, in spite of her strangely persisting reluctance, for at least a little while whenever Mr. Durand called. Mr. Durand must show to her some of that attention which he would, apparently, never willingly have offered. "For my sake," was the powerful and successful plea which Felicia used in both cases. Sometimes would she deny her own heart; and dressing her friend prettily, arranging her hair, disguising her defect with every simple art, would send her down alone, and sit smiling to herself, and waiting patiently for the time when the two whom she loved so well would at last understand and appreciate each other. Florida was made to write Felicia's notes to Philip. She was instructed what to do and say and look in order to please him. She was sent to walk with him—he as little anxious as she; and Felicia never noticed the indescribable expression mingling with the girl's dislike of all this, and which looked strangely like the shrinking of fear.

Felicia could not fail to see that her plans prospered ill; and yet she noticed some changes in the manner of both. A strange, new shyness about Florida; her eyes, so reluctant to meet those of Philip Durand, were yet sometimes raised to his, to fall again quickly, with a frightened, half-imploring look, that seemed of itself to call up the deep, distressing flush that followed it. Philip, too—the commonest courtesy seemed to be all that he could prevail upon himself to use to Felicia's friend. He spoke to her as seldom as possible; but sometimes—sometimes she noticed his glance riveted on her while she sang, with so strange a look—a long, lingering, hungry look, that seemed to absorb

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every power—a bitter, weary look, yet full of a troubled, keen delight.

"Philip, why do you gaze at her so?" she asked one day, a strange new pang fastening on her heart. "Is it because you like her singing so much? I wish—"

"What, Felicia?"

"Nothing," she said, blushing a little, ashamed of the momentary pain; "only that I sang."

"Her singing disturbs me," said Mr. Durand, with abruptness that was almost harsh. He hesitated, and his voice and manner changed; his eyes softened. "It is true that her voice is sweet—is sweet. It is as sweet as the name of home in a strange land," he said, quickly, a tinge of red staining his forehead; and then he stopped, with a look almost of horror. "I would to Heaven that I had never seen her!" he cried out, like a man in pain.

"Philip, Philip!" said Felicia, reprovingly, and she could not have told why her heart was lighter. "You are so unlike yourself about Florida. Only give way to me in this, dear; only try to like her a little—for my sake."

Mr. Durand turned and fixed upon her a look which she never forgot. She never forgot the tone of the words in which he answered her.

"There is no pain that I will refuse to suffer for your sake!" he said.

He left her then with such abruptness that she for the moment repented her persistency. Yet it was weeks before suspicion entered Felicia's heart. Then it was at first no more than a vague restlessness—a faint, cold sickness at her heart, for which she could not or would not account, at which she smiled herself, but with such a smile that one to have seen her would have said, "Weep rather!" Her placid temper changed a little; she was causelessly fretful; she grew peevish now and then, and whimsical, and recovered from these moods with a disproportionate repentance—a startling accession of affectionateness; and to convince herself that her thoughts were folly, and that she knew them to be so, walked more than ever resolutely forward in the path she had chosen when she determined to make Philip "friend with her friend."

One day late in November—it had been spring when Florida came—Philip came to walk with Felicia; but he found her in one of her strangely changing moods: she declined to go. What was the reason? She had no reason. She had a headache, and did not care to go. No doubt Florida would go.

"I want you to go," said Mr. Durand, gravely. "Besides, the air will do you good."

"I will call Florida," said Felicia, with reckless disregard of her own pain. "For my part, I prefer to stay at home."

"I prefer to remain also, unless I have the companion whom I choose myself."

Mr. Durand had answered very coldly. But Felicia laid her hand on his arm with a sweet, insinuating air, which did not look insincere, in spite of the frightful pain tugging at her heart.

"You will oblige *me*, Philip, I know. Sick people ought to be humored, and I *am* sick. Now will you not?"

Mr. Durand struggled visibly with himself. His cheeks flushed a little, and then grew quite white.

"I will do whatever you say," he said at last.

And so the two were sent away to their fate. The moments seemed hours while they were gone, the time passed with such dreary slowness; and as the early twilight settled down Felicia laid aside her work and sought the window. She was waiting smilingly for them now, a sudden revulsion of feeling having quite changed her humor, prepared to confess her pettishness, and receive a loving absolution.

In some few sad lives there comes a moment when the shadow of death passes over the soul, and does not touch the body. After that we walk along our appointed path through the world, and laugh and talk, and buy and sell, and marry and are given in marriage maybe; and none of our friends, who hold our hands, and wish us Godspeed on our way, imagine, when they look into our eyes, that we are dead; that there is no more light in the evening sky, nor freshness in the morning dew; that in our hearts is neither hope nor fear, regret, remembrance, nor delight; only so much of the red heart-throb as keeps up the show of life for other needs than our own—only a cold, dull patience in place of a living soul.

Looking out of the window, Felicia saw at last Mr. Durand and Florida Trouville. At that moment soul-death came to her.

Florida leaned on his arm, and walked without her eyes: they were uplifted to his. They walked very slowly; and one need but have noted the air of the speaking figures to have guessed the miserable secret against which they had both so honestly and so vainly striven.

Felicia regarded them fixedly, her eyes gradually growing to be the only shadow of color in her face. They walked very slowly; but she could see their faces at last, even in that dimming light. Philip Durand looked pale—looked haggard and hunted. His eyes, down-bent, were hungry and passionately loving and full of agony. It was the aspect of a man who has suffered and longed and struggled against longing, and who, for one insane moment, forgets suffering and longing and struggling in the keen, delightful anguish of an instant when hope touches despair, and despair is dashed with delicious hope.

Felicia neither started nor exclaimed. She was intensely still, merely standing, gazing out into the darkening street until they passed out of her view as they turned the corner of the house. Then she heard the door open, and they came into the room where she was. The curtains were down before the window where she stood petrified, and thus she was not seen as they stood a moment just inside the door. Their words were very few and bitter, and came into her dull ears with the far-off, unreal effect of sounds in a dream.

"What I have said to you," said Philip Durand, in a voice stern with self-accusation, "I have prayed and struggled never to say. I don't excuse myself; but—I knew you loved me." Oh, if there was keen delight, there was agony too in the broken, low sentence. He said nothing more, for his voice failed. There was an intense silence for a minute, in which thought seemed audible.

Florida's strange, unusual, sweet voice broke it; but her voice had grown sharpened and thin. "Your hands are so cold!" she said. "Oh, let me hold them a minute. I won't touch them again as long as I live. But now—"

Again there was silence and darkness between them. Out of it rose suddenly a cry like that of one sucked beneath choking waves—Florida's voice again.

"Philip! Philip! Leave me, oh, leave me quickly! Go, and let me remember Felicia! My God! my God!"

The name seemed to have been a spell to part them. A minute after the door closed behind Philip Durand; and with her hands before her face, as if to shut out some sight of horror, Florida crept up the steps.

Felicia remained quite still for a long, long time. She had grown a little cold, but she was quite tearless and unmoved. Presently she said to herself, aloud, "If I don't move I shall be as stiff as a corpse directly." And then she looked down at her white hands, clasped hard over each other, and smiled, and wondered if she *could* unclasp them if she tried. "It is nothing new to me," she said again, still gazing intently at her hands; "that is why I do not suffer at all. If it had come upon me unawares, I might perhaps have died." A dreamy pause; then, "It must surely be very pleasant to be dead! When one is dead one is just quiet dust like the others; but when one is alive—" She sighed heavily, and by the mercy of God some tears came into her eyes. They were neither violent nor hysterical, however; and while they crept quietly down her face she went softly to her own room, and sat down beside the faintly glimmering window.

She did not know there was no light in the room; and she did not know how long she sat there, nor why, nor what she thought or felt. She shivered now and then. It was as if her soul were paralyzed with cold, for the shiver came from within outward. But she was not all unconscious. At intervals there broke over her an overflow of suffering. A shock of anger touched her, a flash which lit all around her, within and without, and showed her for one hideous minute the sombre perspectives of her fate. Then would that strange night fall again, in which she felt nothing.

But in the midst of this horrible dumb anguish her soul, which was of the light, was struggling upward. In the frightful immaterial darkness it was slowly and unconsciously withdrawing from the dark perdition of hatred and revenge to the very ultimate heaven where are forgiveness and self-abnegation. It was midnight when she sank on her knees at the bedside—without knowing it—and when morning came it found her still kneeling there. Her face, which was very pale, had become calm and peaceful and determined. In truth, it was almost radiant, for angels had come and ministered unto her.

She kept her room that day, sending a loving little note to Florida Trouville to say that she was not ill, but wanted to be alone, and that she would send for her if she needed any thing.

Toward evening, however, there came a timid little knock at her door, and Florida Trouville stood, faltering, near her.

"I came in without waiting for you to say so, Felicia, for I was afraid you would not let me come if you knew who it was. But I am going away, my darling. Oh, my darling, I am so wicked! And I must see you first and tell you something, or I must die. Speak to me—just one word, Felicia—and tell me you hate me, but you forgive me, and then I can go!" She looked so little, her voice was so pathetic, her face so white and horror-stricken.

"Come here, my darling," said Felicia, and held out her hands.

A low sob broke from Florida's lips. She came swiftly across the room and threw herself on the floor at Felicia's feet, cowering down *from herself*. Felicia touched her with the old, caressing, protecting gesture, and Florida seized her hand and kissed it passionately. "You ought to stab me instead of stroking my cheek," she sobbed. "Do you know what I am, Felicia?" she said, suddenly raising herself and speaking with a gesture of loathing. "I am a hypocrite. I am a traitor to *you*—to you who have saved me and succored me and done every thing for me! Oh, Felicia, don't touch me so! Ask me what it is I have come to tell you. I can not say it unless you do." Her head dropped on her hands.

"I do not ask you, darling," said Felicia, drawing her toward her, "because I know it all. Philip and you love each other. Hush! I knew how it was. Do not excuse yourself. I have nothing to forgive. I know how earnestly you both strove against what God had appointed, and how vainly. Don't sob so, my child; you will make yourself ill. Besides—"

"Felicia, never while I live will I see him again! Never will I—"

"Stop," said Felicia, smiling. "I will speak to Mr. Durand myself. Kiss me, my darling. It shall all be right."

You think, perhaps, that I am going to say she died soon. She did not. God does not make his saints so. And she lived to earn her separating cross in forgetting that she bore it. But do not think that she had conquered all in the sunshine of that May morning when she fastened the flowers in Florida's hair, and stood beside her while she pronounced the words that made her Philip's wife. That morning opened the gate-way leading up the path she had appointed herself; but its stones were still to be trodden, its thorns still often to pierce her faltering feet, its far height still to be attained. But at the end of the way her sweet, self-forgetting days brought her the perfectest happiness that God gives us in this world—the keen, sweet happiness that springs from self-sacrifice.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

WITH summer comes the palm-leaf hat, worn by thousands of town and country people. But probably not a quarter of these wearers have any idea of the magnitude of this branch of the hat business. The estimated number of hats sent into the market from a single manufacturing establishment in Amherst, Massachusetts, since July, 1870, is one hundred thousand dozen. The island of Cuba produces all the palm leaf used in this country and in Europe. The leaf, having arrived at the proper maturity, is carefully cut and shipped to New London, Connecticut; but as the braid is manufactured only in Massachusetts, the stock is sent to the various establishments in that State. It first undergoes a bleaching process, and then is split into fine strips. If desired, it is afterward colored. The straw is braided into hats by the wives and daughters of farmers, it being a sort of "knitting-work," with which they occupy all their spare moments. When the hats are brought back to the manufactory they are again bleached, pressed, bound, packed, and sent to market. The so-called "Shaker hoods" are made from the split palm leaf woven into "webs" on hand-looms. The crown and front of the hood are cut by steel dies. Then they are crimped into proper folds, stitched, pressed, bound, wired, labeled, and varnished—all the work, except the cutting and pressing, being done by girls. From the Massachusetts manufacturing towns the hats and hoods are largely sent to New York, and thence to all parts of the country.

It is difficult to obtain a jury in London sometimes, as well as in New York. In the trial of the celebrated Tichborne case a special jury was demanded. After two days' examinations only eleven jurors were sworn in, and then, rather than suffer the inconvenience of a postponement, both parties agreed to try the case with eleven jurors.

The summer attractions of Lake Mahopack are increasing. A boulevard sixty feet wide and eight miles long is under construction, extending around the lake, giving a fine view of this beautiful sheet of water, with its picturesque islands.

Complaints are frequently made to the officers of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals that valuable horses are injured in consequence of having their feet pierced by nails thrown into the street. A short time ago a carman carried into Mr. Bergh's office a large bag of nails, which he said he had picked up in ten minutes outside two large fancy dry-goods stores in Franklin Street. He stated that the packing cases were all opened on the sidewalk and the nails thrown into the roadway. His horse had been rendered useless for several weeks in consequence of having picked up nails in his feet. During the past three months twenty-one valuable truck horses have been killed, owing to their becoming unfit for further use from the same cause. The iron penetrating the frog causes the flesh to fester, and eventually the hoof rots off. It is evident that nails should not be thrown into the roadway; but if they are, somebody would do a pretty good business, and also serve the cause of humanity, by gathering them up.

There are a good many people like the boy whom a gentleman met on the highway of a country town. The boy was on horseback, crying with the cold. "Why don't you get down and lead him, my lad?" said the gentleman. "That is the way to keep warm."

"No," sobbed the boy; "it's a b-b-borrowed horse, and I'll ride him if I freeze!"

A "woman in white," who in her lifetime bound her husband by a promise not to marry any one else, is haunting the recreant widower, in Racine, Wisconsin. He got lonesome and forgot his vow.

Dogs in Illinois are likely to diminish in number. A bill introduced into the Legislature provides that every owner of a dog shall procure from the town-clerk a collar, which he shall cause the dog to wear. The clerk is to keep a record and description of all collared dogs, and the names of their owners, who must pay a fee of one dollar to the clerk. Collarless dogs are to be considered abandoned, and may be killed. The assessors also impose a tax of one or two dollars upon each dog, and owners are held responsible for all injuries they may inflict.

Criminals find no secure place wherein to hide themselves. Two or three months ago a German named Alfred Ziegmeyer was charged with the murder of a man in Chicago. He fled from the arm of the law to Germany, but was pursued, and finally arrested in the Hartz Mountains, and recently passed through New York in charge of officers on his way back to Chicago for trial.

An exchange remarks, sympathetically: "We don't care so much for the two men who have set out to re-cross the Atlantic in that cockle-shell of a boat, the *City of Ragusa*, but we are solicitous for the dog." It may be remembered that a fine-looking dog was announced to accompany the *City of Ragusa* "as boatswain."

Sheikh Nasif el Yazijy, one of the most notable characters in Syria, the author of fourteen different works in Arabic, and formerly the companion and assistant of Dr. Eli Smith in the translation of the Bible into Arabic, recently died at Beyrout. He was seventy-one years old, and had been partially paralyzed for two years. An immense crowd followed the sheikh to the grave, among whom were eight hundred pupils of the schools and seminaries of Beyrout.

A large endowment has already been secured for the new Methodist institution at Syracuse, which is to be called Syracuse University. The university is to include the colleges of law, medicine, industry, fine arts, and letters, and possibly others to be established hereafter. The faculty of the college proper is partially filled. It is stated that the students of Genesee College have decided to come in a body to Syracuse University, so that the institution will start well manned in all respects. Plans for the buildings are already under consideration by the trustees, and the first will be erected immediately.

The Royal Geographical Society of London numbers no less than 2400 members, which gives proof of the attention which is paid in England to geography and the allied sciences. Sir Roderick Murchison, who has been connected with the society for the last forty years, fifteen of which he has been its president, has recently resigned his office on account of ill health.

Thirty thousand Sunday-school children of Brooklyn joined in the procession on the occasion of the forty-second anniversary of the Sunday-School Union. It was a gala day in the City of Churches. Parents, teachers, ministers, and the many others who were interested in the young folks, joined in the celebration of this happy day. Brooklyn seldom has witnessed a prettier sight than those thirty thousand children in clean apparel and with happy faces.

Among the literary curiosities of the day may be reckoned a Boston lady who recently visited a well-known publishing firm, offering a manuscript for publication. She said she was the author of eighteen novels, all of which had been stolen from her and published, whereby she had suffered damage to the amount of one hundred million dollars. She also asserted that her grandfather wrote the plays of Shakspeare, and they were "conveyed" away from him by the supposed great poet.

We expect some entertaining novels from the pen of Mr. Anthony Trollope. He has announced his intention of coming to the United States to make new studies for characters.

During the bombardment of Paris no less than eighty-three shells fell within the area of the *Jardin des Plantes*. Four shells struck the glass-houses and shattered them to atoms, thus exposing the rare and delicate plants to the coldest nights of the year. Two shells fell into the zoological gallery, and one into the gallery of mineralogy, destroying many valuable specimens.

A medical journal estimates the annual cost to the people of the United States of medical services and medicines at $100,000,000, and adds $25,000,000 for the quack medicines swallowed. A large fraction of this sum would be saved if people could be induced to eat, drink, and work more moderately, and avoid deliberate violations of the laws of health.

A few years ago it was discovered that the fathers of one of the religious orders in Rome were getting rich by trading in the "bones of saints" and similar "relics"—any amount of which they were prepared to supply at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms. The matter was hushed up at the time, but the papers were not destroyed, and recently one of the liberal papers at Rome published the affidavits taken at the time.

The *Overland Monthly* contains a *fac-simile* of the manuscript of Bret Harte's "Heathen Chinee." Its erasures and interlineations give some information concerning changes which were made by the author after the poem was first written. The title at first was, "On the Sinfulness of Ah Sin, as reported by Truthful James," which in the proof is shortened and improved into "Plain Language from Truthful James." The much-quoted line,

"With the smile that was child-like and bland,"

was first written,

"With the smile of the angelic band;"

and the line,

"And my language is plain,"

was an improvement on

"In a language that's plain."

Many artists need to touch up their works to produce the best effects.

Prospect Park, Brooklyn, is to have a grand statue of Washington Irving.

Forty-two German authors dedicated their books to Queen Victoria last year. Ten of them received presents of more or less value in return; the other thirty-two were obliged to content themselves with letters of thanks.

"What is the use," pertinently inquires an exchange, "of women trying to assert their equality with men, when the court reports of every city establish the fact that a man can beat his wife?"

The cyclone which recently devastated a portion of an Illinois prairie made a pathway for itself of nearly three miles in length and from twenty to eighty feet wide. In that pathway not a spear of grass, not a stalk of corn or wheat, not a shrub, not a particle of vegetation, was left alive. For some distance the earth was literally plowed up to the depth of six inches. The column of whirling air must have been intensely hot, as every green thing in its path was dried to a crisp. The outlines of the pathway were so well defined that five feet from the outer line of total destruction of vegetation of every kind not a vestige of its effects could be seen. Fortunately no house stood in the tornado's line of march.

Illuminating gas is generally *indigenous*, so to speak. But the Clifton House, on the Canada side of Niagara Falls, has introduced, among its conveniences, gas from the United States by means of pipes across the Suspension Bridge.

When the Prussians sacked the villages around Paris the residences of many artists suffered. At Labarre, the studio of Clesinger, George Sand's son-in-law, was completely ransacked, and almost every work of art it contained utterly destroyed, as if in mere wantonness, being broken into minute fragments. One curious circumstance connected with the devastation is worthy of record. While the great statue of Charlemagne, on which Clesinger had bestowed whole years of labor and an immense amount of capital, had been scientifically hammered to bits, and carted away to help in the formation of the Prussian barricade at the Château de Cherestue, the splendid bust of George Sand, as she appears at this present date—calm, thoughtful, and melancholy—was saved by a miracle. It was found imbedded in the mud close to the fountain of Labarre, where it had been trampled down by the Prussians while loading the cart containing the other fragments. The bust had not received the slightest injury.

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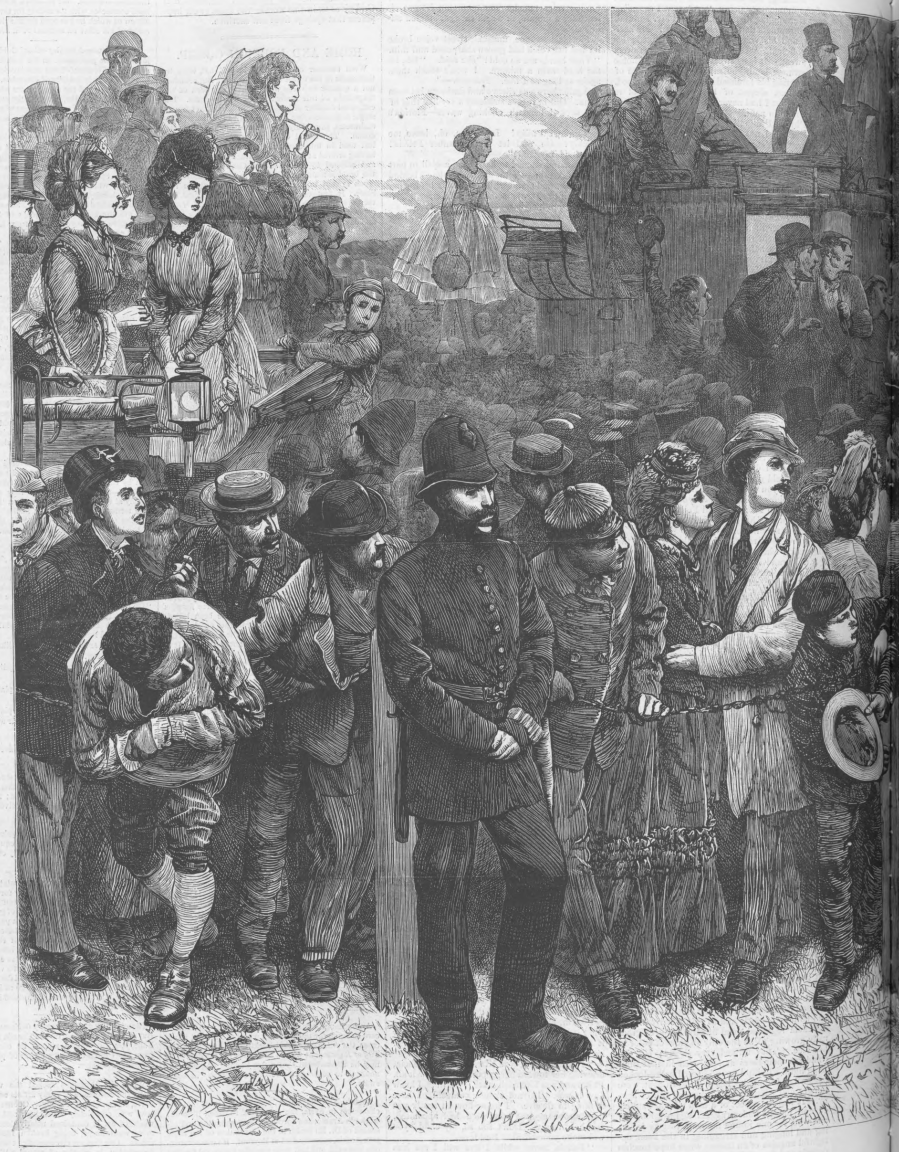

HERE THEY COME!—SCENE AT THE DERBY—WAITING FOR THE HORSE TO ROUND THE CORNER.—[See Page 578.]

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HERE THEY COME!

THE great Derby race in England was first run in 1780, at which time there were only thirty subscribers and half a dozen starters; and, instead of the thousands who now assemble from all parts of the kingdom, there was a quiet gathering of two or three hundred old-fashioned sportsmen, in tail-coats and high collars, to see the running horses. Now the Derby is a national holiday; and *Punch* was hardly guilty of exaggeration in making the intelligent Japanese say that Englishmen went to the great feast of the Dah-bee to worship the horses, and the Queen's ministry were obliged by law to honor it with their presence. Day by day, during the few weeks preceding the great race, the doings of the horses likely to run are watched by sporting men with increasing interest. Whether Bothwell pulled up fresh after his gallop, whether Albert Victor seemed to enjoy his morning oats, whether the Zephyr colt lay down last night on his left side or his right side, are questions of apparently consummate importance. But beyond the limits of the "Turf World" people look forward to the Derby Day only as a holiday. To them it is the day of hampers from Piccadilly, and of a long drive in the dust through the southern suburbs of London to the famous Downs. The business of the day is lunching, not racing; and they only turn their eyes to the course for a laugh at the exertions of the police to clear it, or when the bell proclaims the start, or when the hoarse shout, as the horses round Tattenham Corner, tells us "Here they come!"

The double-page illustration we give this week shows the crowd at this exciting moment. The flying horses are just coming into sight around the curve in the track, and a great shout bursts forth from the mighty crowd. Yes, here they come, and quickly too; make haste with your glasses, for this sight can be seen during one minute only out of the half million minutes which make up the year. All along the line of densely packed people who skirt the course, and over the string of carriages behind them, there is passing a fever-gust of excitement.

The young man, gorgeous in dust coat and blue veil, who has brought his sweetheart out for a holiday, has had some trouble in guarding her against the crush of that vast crowd, but he forgets her as he shouts with the rest "Here they come!" Near him a constable, in an attitude of repose, is neglecting his official duties in the turmoil of the struggle that is just begun. Even the typical cockney, already half muddled, with doll in hat and pipe in hand, wakes up to see the horses come streaming up the straight. It is true that the coachman on the right of the line has had his attention distracted by the burly rough in the fur cap, who is generously proposing to punch his head, but the cry of "Here they come!" will turn their as yet unblackened eyes to the horses now nearing the distance. The little girl on stilts is bending forward, eager for a good view; and all over the carriages the men with their field glasses are telling the ladies that "yellow is whipping," "green is done with," "the Baron wins," "No, he don't; Albert Victor walks in." "Albert Victor don't win for a monkey," shouts a member of the ring, and then amid one universal roar of excitement the horses rush by, the winning-post is passed, and another Derby victor is added to the time-honored roll of equine celebrities.

This year the Derby was won by a horse owned by Baron ROTHSCHILD.

"CONSTANT."

BY JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

I SUPPOSE the earth does hold at any given time some half dozen men, and perhaps half as many women, who do really set no value upon money except as a means of doing good and making people happy. I had and have the good fortune to number among my friends one of the half dozen men; and I would almost venture to say that his wife is one of the three women who are thus constituted. Antony Wynter is the friend of whom I speak. His large head, his broad forehead, his genial, benevolent eyes, his gray patriarchal beard, are present like a noble, memorable picture to my mind as I thus write of him. He used to be a merchant in one of the great American cities, no matter which; but he has long given up the making of money, and lives on a beautiful little estate by the shore of a bay, which even I, who have no local prejudice in its favor, but, indeed, on the contrary, have conflicting memories of other and distant bays, do pronounce to be of almost peerless beauty. There Antony Wynter enjoys the sky, the air, the woods, the water, the changes of the season; the love and society of his wife, his children, his many friends, and his exuberantly affectionate dogs; the delight of his books and his pictures; the supreme joy of making people happy. Is this a fancy picture? Not at all. I know the man; and I have only to say that I do not venture to describe half his goodness and sweetness here, for the sufficient reason that I should be supposed to exaggerate. In fact, you can not describe some people as you know them in real life, for good or evil. The romance-reading public seldom will believe the truth, and are in that respect like the famous old woman of the story, who swallowed with inexhaustible capacity of belief every extravagant yarn her sailor nephew chose to tell, but railed out against him as an audacious deceiver when he averred that he had seen a flying-fish. So, warned by this example, I don't mean to describe my flying-fish, my pure-hearted, noble American merchant, who only valued money because it enabled him to make others happy. But I know him all the same.

Into the life of my friend Antony Wynter there came, not long ago a touching and pretty bit of romance. It sprang, of course, out of his having done a kind and generous thing.

The first time I went to pay a visit to Wynter I found him waiting for me at the little railway station near his estate. As I was looking out of the carriage window I saw him for a few seconds before we stopped. The rays of a delicious autumnal evening's sun were on his manly, noble, patriarchal face, and on the beautiful face and slender figure of a girl who leaned with both her hands laid caressingly on his arm. I had never seen a sweeter face than that of the bright-haired girl. What a charming picture, I thought, of father and daughter. "Oh for the sweet child and happy father!" I could not help muttering to myself, in the words, slightly altered, which open a beautiful, somewhat irreverent, little poem of Goethe's.

But when I greeted Wynter, and he presented me to the young lady, I learned that she was not his daughter. She was Alexia Vanston, and no relative, only a dearly loved protégée of the Wynters. "In one sense—indeed, perhaps the truest sense," said Wynter to me, cheerily, as he spoke of Alexia afterward—"she is our daughter. We had a daughter, and we lost her years ago, and Heaven sent us this dear girl in her place. She has lived with us since she was a child, and always will live with us, we hope. We couldn't be any fonder of her even if she were our born daughter, nor she of us."

The whole story was this: In one of Wynter's benevolent projects he started a school in the neighboring village for the teaching of music on some new choral principle to the poor boys and girls, and he paid a handsome salary to Alexander Vanston—a clever, not very successful, musician or musical philosopher—to keep the thing going. Vanston was a widower, with one child, this Alexia. The Wynters had a little golden-haired daughter. One bad season diphtheria raged in the village, and it swept away the golden-haired daughter of my friends, and it dealt in like measure with Alexander Vanston. Then the Wynters, mourning for their own daughter, found comfort—as true hearts always do—in alleviating the sufferings of others. They took the little orphaned Alexia to their home, and she became as their daughter.

The Wynters had two sons, Herbert and Constant; the former the elder by a year. Both youths were fond of travel, and the Wynters had taken them to Europe more than once. Of late, however, they had felt longings for wider ranging; and Wynter, having great faith in travel as a means of education, and of forming the character to strength and independence, allowed them to go wandering over the East, whither they would, for a long stretch of months. Then, when they returned, Constant found that he had been seized with a longing to become a sculptor, and he wished to go to Rome and study there, and his brother could not leave him. So Mr. Wynter sent them both to Rome; and Constant studied, and Herbert idled, and both were very happy. Wynter and his wife sometimes sighed a little at the prolonged absence; but they loved the boys too well, were loved by the boys too well, to think of crossing them; and they knew that the birds would at last come back to the parent nest, and they waited for the time contentedly. The time was now coming, and affectionate letters from both the sons signified that henceforth they did not mean to do much wandering.

For some years back, therefore, the pretty, winsome Alexia had seen but little of the youths who at one time were playfellows and brothers with her. For considerably more than a year she had not seen them at all.

"Your sons are coming home soon," I said to Wynter, in the course of an evening's stroll through his woods.

"Both coming next week. We shall all be so happy. Their mother is in a state of wild longing to see them; and, indeed, I don't know that I am much calmer myself."

"One of them will be sure to fall in love with this pretty, sweet Alexia."

"I do hope so," he said, quite eagerly; "we should like it of all things. We know her now so well, and we know that neither of our sons could have a better wife, and we could not have a better daughter. But we shall be very careful not to hint at any thing of the kind; for, to begin with, a boy is hardly ever likely to fall in love with a girl if he finds that he is expected to do so; and, next, our lads are so affectionate that one of them might perhaps think he was bound to marry her if he fancied that we wished it. And we wish the boys to be free, and just to marry where they already love."

Mrs. Wynter and Alexia came up just then, and our conversation on this subject was broken off.

From time to time I saw the Wynters, and I heard of them and from them very often. The two sons, Constant and Herbert, came home; and Constant set up a studio forthwith, and began moulding clay and chipping at marble as suited his fancy. He felt or fancied that he had found a vocation. Herbert was still looking about him for one, perhaps to end in not finding any. Both the young men inherited the parental indifference to the making of money.

Constant was a youth of more robust frame and less perhaps of personal grace and attractiveness than his elder brother. He was of a nature less externally genial; he talked but little, except with those he knew well. One of the few he seemed to know well and to talk to with instinctive ease and pleasure was Alexia, and she gradually became his friend and counselor in all his artistic work. But Herbert had in general much more of her company, because he had more leisure; and being of a more demonstrative and vivacious nature than his brother, he claimed and engrossed her companionship more openly and freely. Antony Wynter and his wife often looked at each other significantly. They thought they could see how all this must end.

One evening, about a year after the return of the sons, Herbert stood with his mother in the broad porch of their home. He put his arm round her waist and drew her down the steps and a little away toward the fringe of the wood. For some reason or other it seemed that Herbert's confidence flowed most readily into the ear of his mother, Constant's into that of his father.

"Tell me, you dear old mother, would you be glad or sorry if you heard that one of your sons meant to ask Alexia Vanston to be his wife?"

"My dear Herbert, how can you doubt that I should be glad? Nothing could give your father and me more delight."

"Well, then—don't ask me any thing just now—I have resolved!"

She pressed his hand, and the confidence seemed to be complete. The mother returned to the house, and presently meeting Antony Wynter, whispered to him her conviction that their darling Herbert was in love with dear Alexia, and meant to ask her to marry him. And the father and mother looked joyously into each other's eyes.

"I am so glad it is Herbert!" the father murmured to himself. "Alexia will best suit his bright and gladsome nature. Indeed, I thought it must be so. Constant is too grave and silent; he will not be attracted until he meets some one more like himself. Dear lad, how glad he will be when he hears of this! He so loves his brother."

Mr. Wynter strayed across the lawn and quite to the edge of the wood. The moon was just rising, the fire-flies were flashing in the grass and among the leaves, the heavy beat of the waves on the shore was heard, and the soul of my old friend was full of gladness. As he stood a firm step came quickly behind him, an arm was thrust within his own, and Constant, in his stained and creased old velvet coat, stood beside him.

"I have something to tell you, father," said Constant, in a tone that was a little constrained and low.

"Can't I guess it, Constant, my boy?"

"Can you, father? I didn't think—"

"Does it not concern our Alexia?"

"It does; but how can you have known already?"

"Oh yes, I know! Your mother told me. Dear boy, we don't want to have any secrets among us. *He* told her."

"*He?* Who?"

"Why, Herbert, of course."

"What did he tell her?"

"That he loves our Alexia, and is about to ask her to marry him."

Constant drew his arm from that of his father, and it fell heavily by his side.

"Oh! Herbert told her this himself?" This was all he said.

"Why, certainly. Are you not glad of it, Constant?"

"Of what, Sir?"

"That Herbert loves Alexia—that he will marry her? Don't you think them made for each other?"

"I do—I suppose—I have no doubt they are."

"You don't suppose you are going to lose your brother, Constant, because he is getting a wife. Nothing is lost, dear boy; you only have a sister the more."

"Only a sister the more!" Constant murmured to himself; and then he thrust his hands doggedly into the depths of the pockets of his velvet coat, and remained silent. Then he whistled a few bars of "Che faro senza Eurydice;" then broke that off in the middle, and tried a comic air; and then looking round, he saw Herbert hastening toward them, and he stretched out a brotherly hand toward his brother.

"Father, and Constant," said Herbert, "congratulate me! I've been and done it! I have asked Alexia to marry me, and she has consented!"

He spoke volubly—apparently as if he were in almost boisterous spirits. His father congratulated him warmly. Constant pressed his hand earnestly and said nothing.

That sweet, soft summer night there were two hearts filled to the full with happiness under the roof of Antony Wynter's house. These were not young hearts; they beat under the bosoms of my old friend and his wife.

What of the other three members of the family?

Herbert, the accepted lover, sat alone in his room until a late hour, with his window open, and he smoked energetically, and thought and thought. "I have done the right thing," he said to his own soul. "I knew this long time that mother and father both wished that one or other of us should marry that sweet girl; and Constant's soul is in his sculpture. And I *do* love her quite—I dare say as much as people out of romances ever do love their wives; and she is as good and lovely a girl as ever lived. I ought to be very happy, and I am. Of course I am very happy—very!"

Constant's window opened on a balcony that crossed one side of the house. The young man came out on the balcony, flung himself down, and pressed his forehead on the railing. Then he sprang up, and mounting over the balcony, clung round a pillar and scrambled to the ground; and he wandered for long hours through the little grove, and tried to calm his bursting heart and to teach his misery patience. For the weight of a heavy disappointment was on the young man; and he knew that he must bear it alone. There were none on earth from whom he could ask for sympathy except those to whom a hint of his pain would be pain so intense that he would rather have died than inflict it on them.

"And she loves him!" murmured the unhappy youth—"she loves him; and I was almost beginning to think of late that perhaps she might care for me! But, good Heavens, even if she had, what would that do but make us all unhappy in another way, since Herbert loves her! One thing at least I may thank Heaven for—he does not dream of what I feel and suffer."

Meanwhile Alexia, alone in her room, having received all the congratulations and the blessings that love could give her, sat with her hands clasped and a pale face.

"It is my duty!" she thought. "I owe that much, at least, to those to whom I owe more than life itself. And I ought to be proud of the love of that generous, noble creature! My life shall be devoted to his happiness, since he finds happiness in me. Ah! if it had only been—" But she pressed her hands upon her heart, and tried to put the thought away; and there were many tears from her eyes before she slept that night.

Sunlight—at least successive sunlights—opened the eyes of one of the two parents to the reality of part of the situation. Antony Wynter soon found out poor Constant's secret, and quietly spoke of it to him. "My poor boy," he said, "I had never thought of this!" The young man and the elder gradually grew on to speak frankly of the ill hap that had befallen them. At first Antony would have had his son to go back to Rome forthwith. But they both feared that such a step taken thus suddenly would lead to the discovery of Constant's secret, and thus have thrown a gloomy shadow, and perhaps even an abiding sadness, over the path of the young pair, the happy lovers who were to be married. Therefore it was agreed between the father and son that the idea of Constant's return to Rome was to be gently and gradually brought forward until the family should become familiarized with it. Then the youth would go away again, and throw all his soul and his labor into his art, and conquer Giant Despair. Constant did not speak of conquering his love. Who that ever loved believed his love could be subdued, or, indeed, failed to cling to it, even though a hopeless memory, as the one only endurable thing in the world—the only ray shining faintly, sadly out of the darkness?

The winter drew on; the wedding was to be in the spring. A strange, inexplicable change seemed to have come over the house somehow, and Wynter and his wife were glad to remove for a few weeks to the great city near them, with Herbert and Alexia. Constant would not go; he promised to "run up" to town very often; but he declared, in as cheerful a tone as he could summon up, that he wanted the house to himself all in quiet, and was heartily glad to be rid of them. They went to town, and plunged into a season of receptions, matinées, and balls; Constant worked in his lonely studio, and tramped many a weary, stormy mile among the wet and snow and gloom of the winter woods, and strove to wrestle with his giant, and was not successful.

Meanwhile things went badly with our affianced pair. Herbert's mistaken self-sacrifice pressed on him cruelly. There are a hundred men and women who can make a sacrifice for one who can bear it when made. Alexia could have borne hers, for she had a much clearer and deeper sense of duty impelling her, and the thing seemed to be inevitable, and, in the words of Tennyson, "She was not all unhappy—her resolve upbore her." But Herbert, who had been so affectionate a brother, was a strangely disappointing lover. When she danced with any one else at a party he accused her of flirting, as if he had been the most passionate of lovers; and once they had almost had a quarrel about a handsome youth from West Point, in whose society Alexia did frankly take some pleasure. Finally there came across their path a dark-eyed, animated, brilliant girl from Baltimore, Miss Carrie Vyner, and Herbert—the truth must be spoken—fell into passionate love for her, and learned thus for the first time what love was. And then the wretched youth, torn by the wild horses of passion on the one side, and of what he still believed to be duty on the other, was, indeed, a creature to be pitied of all who have ever felt or dreamed of such an agony.

An éclaircissement came between Alexia and her betrothed. His countenance betrayed him one day, and Alexia saw it all. The first moment they were alone she laid her hand gently on his, and said, in a sad, sweet tone:

"Herbert, my dear, my brother, you have made a mistake; but, thank Heaven! it can be repaired. You do not love me, except as a sister. I will always be your sister; I never can be any more. I know now that I never ought to have promised to be any thing else. You are free, my brother. God bless you!"

Thus went to the winds the scheme of blended love and duty, and Herbert and Alexia were asunder; and it needed all that Alexia could urge and plead to prevent Antony Wynter and his wife from being ashamed of their eldest son. In their hearts they still believed that the poor girl loved him, and that her life was made dark forever.

The Wynters took their adopted daughter home. Constant came to town immediately on their return to the country, and for the first time since the death of their golden-haired infant the Wynters found their house an abode of gloom.

Constant came and went sometimes, and hastened his preparations for his return to Rome. The day came at last, and he was going. Since the breaking off of the engagement with his brother, Constant had always been very kind and tender to Alexia when they met, but they did not meet very often. He avoided her; he ordered his soul to be steadfast and to seek for strength, and he avoided *her*. But this last day he was peculiarly tender, for it had brought memorable news. It had brought the announcement that Herbert and Miss Vyner were married. The father, mother, and son believed that Alexia's heart must be pierced with new and keener pangs at the almost unexpected and bitter tidings.

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But the partings were made, and Constant was going. He was going away, and for a long time. Nothing had turned out well since his return from Rome, the young man sorrowfully thought; and, indeed, the same bitter feeling passed through other hearts at the same time.

The father, mother, and son stood at the porch; the two men were about to step into the carriage that was to convey them to the railway station. So far Mr. Wynter was to accompany his son.

Suddenly Constant drew his father a little aside, and whispered,

"I have forgotten my little Dante, father—*that* Dante, you know—in my studio somewhere. I can't go without it, and I don't want to go back into the house any more, or to send one of the servants for it. Will *you* find it for me?"

It was a little old copy of Dante which, as Antony well knew, Alexia had given, years ago, to her brother Constant.

So Antony hurried back to the studio. He pushed the door open gently. It was now late in the evening; no lamp burned in the room, but the moonlight shone in through the windows, and fell on a white form which was prostrate on the floor.

Antony Wynter stopped, amazed, on the threshold. Yes, there was Alexia, lying on the floor of the studio and sobbing, and he could not avoid hearing her say more than once during the brief moment while he stood there, "Oh, how I loved him! Oh God, how I *love* him!"

Antony forgot his own trouble and Constant's in the grief of the poor girl, whom he supposed to be lamenting with fresh agony over the lover who had once been betrothed to her. He knelt down and took the girl in his arms, soothing and caressing her as, startled and ashamed, she sobbed and trembled.

"My dear, dear daughter," he said, "we all grieve with you."

"Is he gone from me?" she asked.

"He has gone, indeed," he answered, not understanding her question. "But let us not blame him too heavily. Forgive him—oh, my dear daughter, forgive poor Herbert!"

"Oh, my father, I was not thinking of Herbert! I may tell you all now. I never loved Herbert, but I thought I ought not to refuse him when he asked me. Forgive *him!* I have nothing to forgive. I pray you to forgive my deceit; for all the time I loved Constant, and I love him now; and he cares nothing for me, and he is gone."

A sudden flush of surprise and joy flamed up in the heart of Antony Wynter. He rose from the ground almost abruptly, and left the room.

"He is angry with me," thought the poor girl. "He thinks me deceitful and worthless. Have I lost him too?"

She lay there in the moonlight and sobbed through some bitter moments. Then the door gently opened, and she sprang up, crying:

"Oh, my father, forgive me for my deceit, and do not be ashamed of me! I could not help loving Constant." And she flung herself into the arms of Constant himself, who clasped her to his breast, and kissed her with the warmth of true and passionate love long held down under the agonizing pressure of stern restraint.

The dark hour had passed away from that family, with the unexpected revelation to which the feet of Antony Wynter had been guided. No roads just then led Constant Wynter to Rome. He took in his portmanteaus again, and re-occupied the studio, now far dearer to him than any shrine of art across the ocean. And he and his love were married; and Herbert and his bride came home, and were welcome; and the house of my old friends was gladdened once more.

THE LATE GENERAL RODMAN.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL THOMAS J. RODMAN, the inventor of the famous gun which bears his name, died on Tuesday morning, June 6, at the age of fifty-five. He was a native of Indiana. In 1837 he entered West Point, and received four years later, by brevet commission, the rank of Second Lieutenant in the Ordnance Department of the United States army. In 1847 he was commissioned as First Lieutenant, and attained the rank of Captain in 1855. During the Southern rebellion he rendered important service to the country in promoting the efficiency of the Ordnance Department, and by introducing improvements in heavy guns. The Rodman gun, the casting process of which is elsewhere explained, is esteemed one of the most efficient guns in use. The 15-inch smooth bore, weighing 43,000 pounds, with a charge of 100 pounds of powder, gives to a shot weighing 440 pounds an initial velocity of 1538 feet per second, and throws it to a distance of 8000 yards. When tried in England it was admitted that it was capable of penetrating any of the British iron-clads afloat. General RODMAN was also the inventor of the "mammoth powder," in grains the size of grapes, which, by its comparatively slow combustion, distributes the strain of the discharge evenly over the whole bore, and permits the use of the enormous charges required by the 15-inch and 20-inch guns. His mind was fertile in inventions, and few improvements in ordnance have been made in this country during the past twenty years with which he has not been intimately connected. His comparatively early death is no doubt the result of his unremitting mental and physical labors. The whole of his life was one constant round of useful activity. In consideration of his important services he received the rank of Brevet Brigadier-General in the regular army, and also that of Major-General in the Volunteer service. At the time of his death he was in charge of the Rock Island arsenal. We give his portrait, and also a sketch of a 20-inch gun, on page 573.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE name of Sir JOHN F. W. HERSCHEL, who died on the 12th of May last, is one familiar to every student of science, and more especially to those interested in the subject of astronomy and general physics. In the eminence to which he attained in the ranks of astronomers he formed one exception, at least, to a frequent assumption that talent is rarely hereditary, the elder HERSCHEL, Sir WILLIAM, having himself left the impression of his genius upon the science of astronomy, in the pursuit of which he was engaged up to the period of his death, at the extreme age of eighty-four. In his early life the attention of Sir JOHN HERSCHEL was directed more especially to mathematical subjects, but in 1822 he devoted himself to astronomy, and in 1833 presented to the world a catalogue of nebulæ or double stars, which at once gave him a prominent position in the ranks of astronomical inquirers. In 1834 he visited South Africa, and there established an observatory at his own expense, making observations upon the celestial phenomena of the southern hemisphere, which lasted for four years; and nine years after his return to England he published the result of his labors, which even now represent very largely the sum of our knowledge of the celestial features of that region. After this work was completed he occupied himself largely with general physics, including astronomy, chemistry, light, heat, etc., his communications occupying a prominent place in the transactions and proceedings of the Royal Society of London. His text-book on astronomy, first published in 1836 in "Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopedia," and reproduced in 1849, was for a long period the standard work on the subject, while in an article upon sound, published in the "Encyclopedia Metropolitana," we have what is even yet admitted to be one of the most complete treatises on that subject in the English language. A treatise by him on the "Theory of Light" is also to be found in the same encyclopedia. The "Preliminary Discourse on the Study of Natural Philosophy," published in 1831, was one of the most charming books of science ever written, and has done much to develop and fix a taste for scientific pursuits. He was also the first to suggest the idea of hourly meteorological observations at definite periods of time, to be made simultaneously throughout the world, the results to be compared for the purpose of determining the laws of general climatology. The introduction of a self-registering apparatus, by which the various atmospheric phenomena can be recorded continuously, without any direct supervision, has tended to furnish the means for realizing the expectations which were but imperfectly fulfilled by personal observations at hourly intervals.

As might have been expected, Sir JOHN HERSCHEL received many honors, and many recognitions of his merit as a man of science, in the form of memberships of learned bodies, of gold medals, and of various titles; and in 1850 he was made Master of the Mint (an office at one time held by Sir ISAAC NEWTON), appointments to which have generally been conferred by the British government for the purpose of marking appreciation of scientific merit. This position he held for five years, since which time ill health has more or less interfered with his own labors, although his interest in the intellectual and scientific developments of the day was unabated to the end, as shown by letters received quite recently by friends in the United States.

The annual report of the Board of Supervisors of the Louisiana State University has just appeared, and deserves a special notice on account of the valuable scientific matter contained in the appendix. This university has been in charge of a scientific survey of the State, and in the report in question we find the second annual record of what has been done in three distinct departments: A topographical survey under Colonel SAMUEL H. LOCKETT, a geological survey under Professor F. B. HOPKINS, and a botanical under Professor FEATHERMAN. The three contain matter of much value in relation to the physical and natural features of the State, that of Professor FEATHERMAN being the most voluminous, and occupied by a detailed account of the forest trees, and a list of the plants generally, with descriptions of fourteen supposed new species.

In consequence of the death of Professor MIQUEL, Dr. N. W. P. RAUWENHOFF has been appointed Professor of Botany and Director of the Botanic Garden at Utrecht; and Dr. W. F. R. SURINGAR Professor of Botany and Director of the Botanic Garden at Leyden. We advise such of our readers as have entered into correspondence with the establishments mentioned to make a note of these changes.

By advices from South America we learn that on the 25th of April last Chili was visited by two of the severest earthquakes that have been experienced in the country since 1851. The first shock, in Valparaiso, was not preceded by any warning sound, and its suddenness and intensity created considerable alarm, the streets of the city being filled in a short time by people, who rushed out from their dwellings in a state of indescribable confusion.

We have already referred to the experiment of stocking the Delaware with salmon, and to the fact that many thousands of eggs had been obtained from Mr. WILMOT'S establishment at Ontario for this purpose. We learn that the total loss of eggs up to a late period amounted to only about twelve hundred, and that it is expected that seventy-five per cent. will produce fish.

According to a late paper by Mr. VICTOR FATIO, published in the Bulletin of the Swiss Ornithological Society, the total number of the skins of the (probably now extinct) Great Auk in Europe and in the United States amounts to seventy-one, or possibly seventy-two. Of these, four are in the United States, namely: one in the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences; one at Vassar College, Poughkeepsie; one at the Smithsonian Institution, Washington; and one in the possession of Mr. ROBERT L. STUART, intended for the New York Museum of Natural History. Seven skeletons are enumerated as existing in Europe, and two (one?) in the Museum of Comparative Zoology of Cambridge, Massachusetts. Of eggs, the author enumerates sixty-three specimens in Europe, and two in the United States, of which one belongs to the Academy of Natural Sciences, and the other is in the museum of the Smithsonian Institution, having been presented to it by the Philadelphia Academy. This enumeration of the remains of this bird is believed to be very nearly accurate, and although a few more specimens may yet be detected in local museums, it is not likely that the total can be much increased. The limited number extant will sufficiently explain the high price which specimens of both skins and eggs bring when offered for sale, the sums obtained for the former varying from $500 to $1500, and for the latter from $250 to $350. Detached bones of the skeleton of the Great Auk are not at all uncommon in American collections, the critical examination of the shell heaps of the New England coast and of the Bay of Fundy having brought to light quite a considerable number. The specimens collected are mainly in the museum of the Peabody Institute, Salem; the Peabody Museum, Cambridge; and of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington.

Dr. ADOLF B. MEYER, who left Europe last year for a journey through a part of the Malayan Archipelago and New Guinea, according to *Nature* reached Manado, in Celebes, in November last, just as the wet season commenced. He had chosen this place as his starting-point because he had been informed by a celebrated traveler in the East that the fine season commenced at Manado in the month of October. Nevertheless, he succeeded in making a large collection of birds, reptiles, and fishes, which are on their way home.

Many of our readers are familiar with the names of Mr. THOMAS SAY, of Philadelphia, and Mr. C. A. LESUEUR, as having been among the most prominent of our naturalists during the earlier part of the present century, and as having added many new species to the lists. The labors of Mr. SAY were directed largely toward the invertebrata, embracing more particularly the insects, shells, and crustaceans. Many of his explorations were in the vicinity of Beesley's Point, New Jersey, where species were obtained by him that have ever since remained almost unknown to science. Several examinations have been more recently made on the New Jersey coast for the express purpose of recovering these forms; and one of the most successful was prosecuted last spring, under the direction of Professor VERRILL, of Yale College, who, with several companions, spent a week at Somers Point and Beesley's Point. The results of their labors were much greater than they had anticipated, as they not only obtained a large proportion of all the missing forms, but secured quite a number of new species, and detected the occurrence, for the first time, of others previously known as belonging much further south, among them two echinoderms, of which Cape Hatteras was the limit previously ascertained. Their "catch" for the week summed up about 175 species of marine animals—namely, 25 of fishes, 50 of crustaceans, 25 of worms, 50 of mollusks, and 15 of radiates and sponges.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A FUNNY limb of the law had an office next door to a doctor's shop. One day an elderly gentleman of the fogy school blundered into the shop. "Is the doctor in?" "Don't live here," said the lawyer, who was in full scribble over some old legal documents. "Oh, I thought this was his office." "Next door." "Pray, Sir, can you tell me has the doctor many patients?" "Not living." The old gentleman told the story in the vicinity, and the doctor threatened the lawyer with a libel.

There is a youth in the legal department at the Indiana University who has been dubbed "Necessity"—because necessity knows no law.

"THE WIFE'S SECRET"—Her opinion of her husband.

A man painting the cornice of a house in Hartford fell from a ladder, and it was supposed that he was badly hurt. Immediately after the fall a young man ran to the store to inform the painter of the misfortune that had overtaken his workman. The "boss" listened to a thrilling description of the fall, and with the ruling passion still strong within him, asked, anxiously, "Did he spill his paint?"

A young candidate for the legal profession was asked what he should first do when employed to bring an action. "Ask for money on account." He passed.

"TALES FROM REAL LIFE"—Chinese "queues."

The question, Does getting drunk ever advance one's happiness? would seem to be put to rest by the Irishman who went courting when drunk, and was asked what pleasure he found in whisky: "Oh, Biddy, it's a trate intirely to see two of your purty faces instead of one!"

"WOVEN OF MANY THREADS"—A shirt.

The landlord of a tenement-house in Boston actually called on the person who rented it, the other day, and asked him what repairs he wanted made; and what makes the matter stranger, the landlord was perfectly sane.

DIVORCES—The turn of the tied.

A wag thinks that the latest Paris fashions are—killing.

A lady being asked what was the latest thing out, replied, "My husband."

Never have a wooden leg made of oak, because the oak is apt to produce a-corn.

Mary Cary says that if husbands generally knew what their wives thought of them, suicides would be a more common occurrence.

Deaf and dumb clerks are on trial in some of the departments in Washington. There is no reason why they shouldn't succeed. Dumb waiters were introduced in all the leading hotels long ago, and have satisfied every body.

A man from the country visited all the stores in Jasper, Indiana, recently, to buy a divorce. He was told they were "just out of divorces, but would have a full supply in a few days."

THE QUESTION OF THE DAY—The development of specie.

"STEPS UPWARD"—Going to bed.

A "limb," after hearing Miss Dickinson's lecture on "Joan of Arc," thus expressed himself to a friend: "I didn't think much of the lecture. I knew from the very first what would become of Joan. I knew the English would get her and she would be killed." The case of this young man is very hopeful. He has, undoubtedly, a knowledge of history, a desirable thing for a lawyer. He should not, however, exult in his attainments. It's not seemly.

A Portland man has sued his barber for cutting off his mustache. The barber says he didn't see it.

THE NEEDLE-WOMAN'S EXCLAMATION—Ahem!

The other day an accident happened to a train on the Atlantic and Great Western Railroad. The baggage-master sat in his car reading at the time, but seeing by the motion of the car that a great danger was threatened, he attempted to jump out, when he was unfortunately caught between two boxes, and badly jammed. He was taken out in an insensible condition, and being laid upon the ground, an attempt was made to revive him, which proved successful. A clergyman stepped out from the circle which surrounded him. He kneeled down by the side of the victim, but, before proceeding with his work of mercy, he earnestly inquired, "Are you a Christian?" "No, Sir," as emphatically as his weak condition would allow; "I am a baggage-master on the Atlantic and Great Western Railroad."

THE DEAR DEPARTED—Venison.

Here are two curious specimens of hymnology:

"O take the pil-
O take the pil-
* O take the pilgrim home!"

"O catch my flee-
O catch my flee-
O catch my fleeting breath!"

"Will you take this woman to be your wife?" "Well, Squire," was the reply, "you must be a green un to ax me such a question as that. Do you suppose I'd be such a plaguy fool as to give up the bar-hunt and take this gal to the quilting frolic if I warn't conscripturously sartin and determined to have her? Drive on with your business."

A "STORIED EARN"—The novelist's pay.

DIOGENES FINDS AN HONEST MAN AT LAST.

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THE DOCTOR.

THE BOOKWORM.

GERMAN CARICATURES.—[SEE PAGE 581.]

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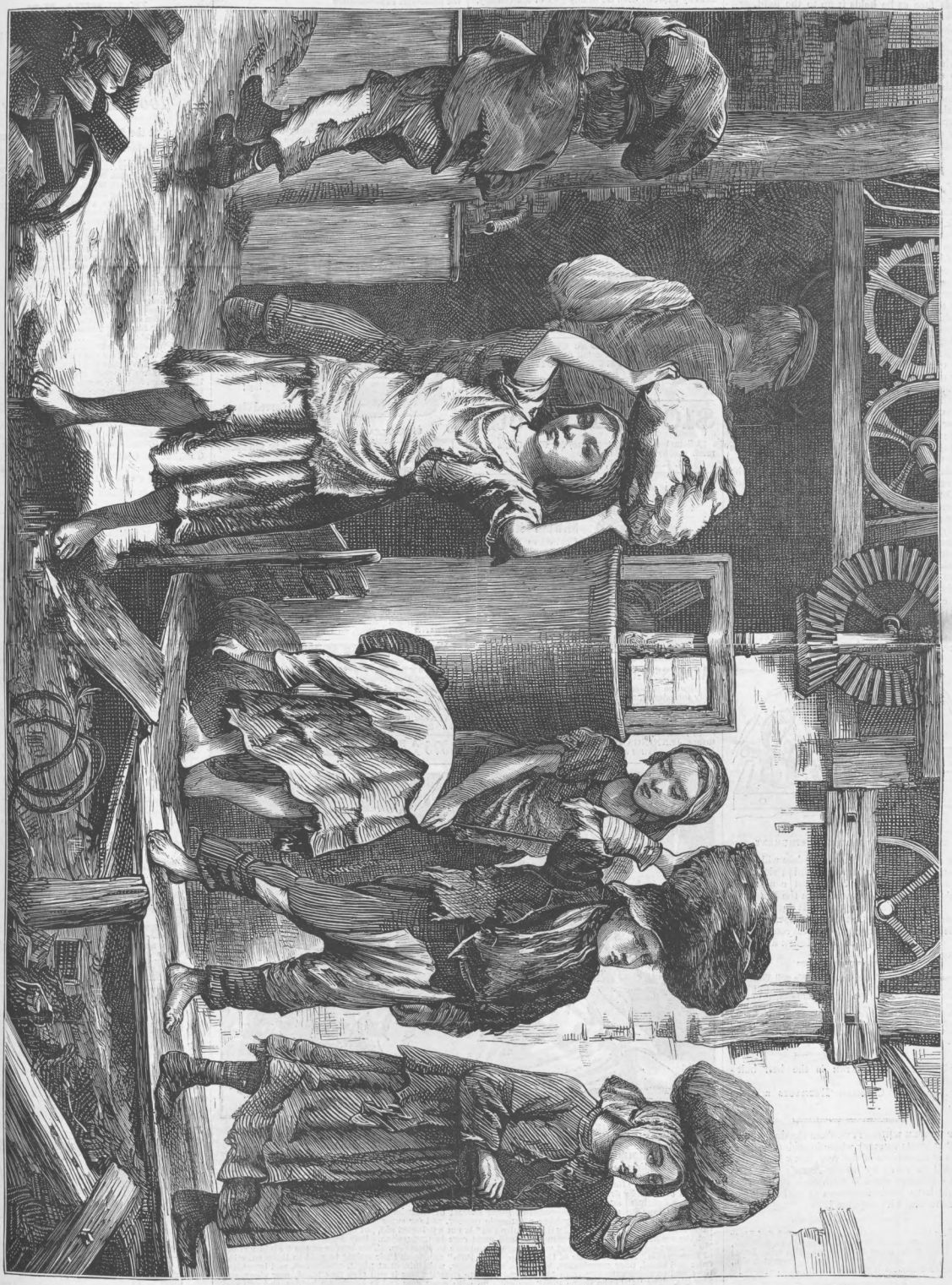
BRICK-YARD CHILDREN.

THE question of child-labor, and the extent to which it may be legitimately employed, have of late years engaged special attention in America and England, and many frightful abuses have been brought to light and corrected in both countries. In England the "Factory Acts," which passed Parliament in spite of great opposition from the manufacturing interests, put a stop to a great deal of cruelty and oppression; but recent investigations show that the necessity for legislative interference still exists. It has been discovered that in the various brick-fields and brick-yards of England there are at present employed between 20,000 and 30,000 children, from the ages of three and four up to sixteen, undergoing what has been expressively described as "a very bondage of toil and a horror of evil training that carries peril in it."

Some idea of the manner in which the brick-yard children in England are employed may be obtained from the illustration on this page, which represents children of both sexes engaged in carrying lumps of tempered or "pugged" clay, used in making bricks, to the brick-makers. The children are usually very thinly clad, sometimes almost naked, their hair being matted with wet clay, and at the end of their day's labor they appear completely exhausted. Children from five years old and upward were compelled to carry lumps of clay varying from ten to fifty pounds, from the clay-heap to the brick-maker's table, the distance traversed in the daily rounds, half of it while carrying their heavy burden, being from ten to twelve miles. The employment lasts about thirteen hours per day, and is of the most fatiguing kind. As a general rule the children are treated with great brutality by their task-masters, and grow up brutish and besotted men and women.



THE BRICK-YARDS OF ENGLAND—CHILDREN CARRYING THE CLAY.

GERMAN CARICATURES.

WE give this week, on page 580, two fine specimens of the humorous art of Germany—one representing a philosopher, the other a physician. Let us take a look at the philosopher. It is evident that he is studying some work of unusual importance. Observe his anxious eyes, his right hand clasped over his mouth, his left tightly clinched. What work is he studying? Is it some abstruse theological treatise, some key to the mysteries of alchemy, or the receipt of the elixir of life? So studied FAUST of old, and so learned he to conjure up Mephistopheles—that demon who so craftily led the worthy doctor to perdition.

With what truth is the bookworm represented here! And yet the artist has imbued the sketch with a humor which is irresistibly comic. The eye-shade, the cast of the features, the position of the pen, and even the disposition of the books behind and the ponderous volume before him, are all set forth with a careful regard to detail and an inimitable eye to humor. There is noth-

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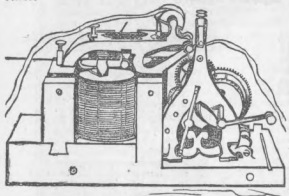
ing out of the way—it is only an old man reading a book, and yet the effect is as ludicrous as it is veracious.

Let us turn to the other one—"the physician." In the true Æsculapian pose, with his gold-headed cane to his chin, he is critically examining some mysterious pharmacic compound in a strange-looking bottle. Seemingly he has not yet quite determined whether the concoction is satisfactory or no. He is evidently studying it with the greatest attention, and the expression of his face as he holds it up to the light, and screws up his eyes preparatory to giving a final opinion on it, is most life-like and amusing. It is probably some chemical experiment which an assistant has been performing, or a prescription which he has not entirely made up to his master's satisfaction. The subject is most simple, but the jocosely critical expression on the learned doctor's face is strikingly humorous, and although the sketch is eminently a caricature, it is unexaggerated and true to the life—two qualities utterly disregarded by the greater part of caricaturists.

THE MORSE STATUE.

WE give on page 573 an engraving of the statue of Professor S. F. B. MORSE, the inventor of the electric telegraph, designed for Central Park. The statué is seven and a half feet high. It was moulded by BYRON M. PICKETT, and cast at the National Fine Art Foundry, in East Twenty-fifth Street, by MAURICE J. POWER. By reference to the engraving it will be seen that it represents the inventor in the act of receiving a telegraphic dispatch—probably the first one sent over the short experimental line erected between Washington and Baltimore.

Professor MORSE is a New Englander by birth, having been born in Charlestown, Massachusetts, April 27, 1791. He was in early life an artist, and was one of the founders of the National Academy of Design in New York. During a voyage to Europe, in 1832, he conceived the idea of an electric telegraph, his mind having been turned in that direction by the lectures of his friend Professor J. F. DANA. His first apparatus was made in 1835, when he was able to send signals through a circuit of half a mile. Two years later the invention was so far perfected as to be exhibited in full operation to hundreds at the University of New York. In 1838 he applied to Congress for an appropriation to build an experimental line between Washington and Baltimore; but his scheme was received with incredulity and even ridicule. A visit to Europe was no less discouraging, as he failed to obtain patents either in France or England. He went back to Washington, and, after many rebuffs and discouragements, obtained, on the last night of the session of 1843, an appropriation of $30,000 for the experimental line—the first thread in the vast net-work of electrical nerves that now spreads over the whole world, and brings all the nations of the earth within speaking distance of each other.



THE FIRST TELEGRAPHIC INSTRUMENT.

In connection with this our readers will be interested in the accompanying outline sketch of the earliest telegraphic instrument constructed for public use, and operated upon the Washington and Baltimore line in 1844. It was in charge of Mr. ALFRED VAIL, at the Baltimore station; while a similar instrument, its exact counterpart, was under the charge of Mr. MORSE at Washington.

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References.—Maj.-Gen. D. Hunter, U. S. A., Washington, D. C.; Hon. Jas. S. Negley, Pittsburgh, Pa.; First National Bank, Hagerstown, Md.; Appleman & Co., Bankers, Hagerstown; Updegraff & Sons, Hagerstown; Hon. R. J. Brent, late Attorney-General, Baltimore; C. F. Abbott, Esq., 20 P. O. Ave., Balt.; John H. Fowler, Esq.; W. H. Myers, of W. H. Myers & Bro., Exchange Place, Balt.
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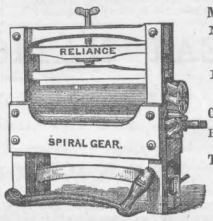

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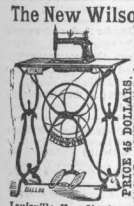

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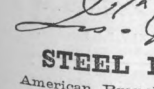

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WASHINGTON, ..., 18..

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.....

Register of the Treasury.

Registered Bonds will be issued of the denominations of $50, $100, $500, $1,000, $6,000, $10,000, and coupon bonds of each denomination except the last two. The interest will be payable in the United States, at the office of the Treasurer, any Assistant Treasurer, or designated depository of the Government, quarterly, on the first days of February, May, August, and November, in each year.

The interest on the Registered Stock of this Loan, It is determined by the Treasury Department, will be paid by Gold Check for the Quarterly Interest, to the Post-Office address of every holder, free of trouble or expense, dispensing with attendance, in person or by proxy, at the Treasury, for the purpose of receipting for and drawing such interest.

The whole proceeds of the New Loan will be applied to the payment or redemption and cancellation of the 5-20 years six per cent. bonds; and in addition to these proceeds, the 5-20's are being reduced by purchases, averaging, for two years past, about $10,000,000 per month.

The entire effect, therefore, of the New Loan, in connection with the existing Sinking Fund process of the Treasury, is to reduce both Principal and Interest of the Public Debt of the United States. *The Loan creates no additional supply of Government Stocks*, while the application of the surplus revenue is constantly lessening the Funded Stocks bearing six per cent. Gold Interest.

The policy of the Government since the close of the War in 1865, which left a debt upon the country of $2,755,000,000, and an annual taxation of $311,000,000, has been to reduce steadily both Debt and Taxes: to reduce the Principal of the Debt by actual payments, and to lessen the annual burden of Interest, and thereby the burden of Taxation, not only through such payments, but by funding the debt at the cheapest rates of interest practicable from time to time, until it is now felt that the very cheapest rates are due to the high Credit, unblemished Public Faith, and vast and growing resources of the country. From $2,755,000,000, the Principal of the Debt has been reduced to $2,260,000,000—both sums exclusive of accrued interest—and from the heavy burden of $151,832,000 per annum, the Interest charge has been reduced to $112,780,000 per annum; while the annual taxation, under the Internal Revenue system, which the necessities of the War, and the Debt thereby created, rendered necessary for at least a short series of years, has been reduced from $311,000,000 in 1865–66 to about $154,000,000 per year in 1870–71 (estimating for the highest probable collections in the current month, the last of the Fiscal year), or less than one-half the first-named sum. And in the year 1871–72 a further reduction of $28,000,000 will come in under the Act of July, 1870, so as to give only $126,000,000 for the year, or about two-fifths the maximum of 1865–66.

By the successful refunding of the Public Debt at moderate rates of Interest, and by continued economies in the expenditures of the Government—which in two years, from March 4, 1869, to March 4, 1871, amounted to $126,700,949, or an average saving per year of $63,350,474—it is believed that nearly the entire system of Internal Taxes can be dispensed with in a few years, or so much of it as requires the machinery of District Assessors and Collectors.

The Secretary of the Treasury has just published the Monthly Schedule of the Public Debt to June 1, from which it appears that he has further reduced the total of Funded Gold-bearing Debt since May 1 by the sum of $8,000,000, by purchase of United States 5-20's for the Sinking Fund, and reduced the 5-20's by the further sum of $8,817,400 by conversion into the New 5 per Cents. The whole Funded Debt now stands $1,894,128,750, as against $2,107,846,150 two years ago, when the present Administration came into office. Adding to these sums the net Circulation of the Treasury (that is, in Greenbacks and Greenback Certificates, after deducting Gold and Currency on hand), the following is the comparison of Debt of all kinds, at present, and at the close of the War, and in 1869:

	July, 1865.	March, 1869.	June, 1871.
U.S. Stocks,	$2,150,784,112	$2,107,846,150	$1,894,128,750
Circulation,	605,211,163	383,548,854	366,393,003
Total,	$2,755,995,275	$2,491,392,004	$2,260,461,753

The following table affords a classification of the Funded Stock (in Gold) of the United States, as at present outstanding:

Date.	Coupon.	Registered.	Total.
5-20's, 1862.....	$352,958,500	$103,973,500	$456,932,000
5-20's, 1864.....	44,752,650	57,224,100	100,676,750
5-20's, 1865.....	123,660,150	53,552,100	177,212,250
5-20's, 1865 (n.)	179,369,500	70,851,450	250,220,950
5-20's, 1867.....	241,086,550	91,525,100	333,611,650
5-20's, 1868.....	28,009,350	11,603,000	39,612,350
Total 5-20's..	$1,000,436,700	$387,229,250	$1,387,665,950
Sixes, 1881....	93,960,400	190,417,700	283,678,100
Fives, 10-40's..	57,379,650	137,287,450	194,667,100
Fives, 1874....	13,955,000	6,045,000	20,000,000
New fives, '81.	5,117,000	3,100,400	8,217,400
Total	$1,170,048,750	$724,080,000	$1,894,128,750
Total March 4, 1869			2,167,846,150
Reduction of Funded Debt......			$213,717,400
Yearly Gold Interest charge, 1869.....			$124,255,350
Present yearly charge			111,419,993
Reduction in Interest charge			$12,835,357

The proposed further reduction of the annual Interest charge upon the Public Debt by refunding is as follows:

By exchange of $500,000,000 United States six per cents for new five per cents of 1881.....	$5,000,000
By exchange of $300,000,000 United States six per cents for four and a half per cents of 1886.....	4,500,000
By exchange of $700,000,000 United States six per cents for four per cents of 1901..	14,000,000
Total saving per annum by refunding.	$23,500,000

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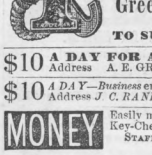

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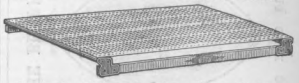

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CHAPTER IV.

AT "TRINITY."

It was while the two young men were seated at breakfast that the post arrived, bringing a number of country newspapers, for which, in one shape or other, Joe Atlee wrote something. Indeed, he was an "own correspondent," dating from London, or Paris, or occasionally from Rome, with an easy freshness and a local color that vouched for authenticity. These journals were of every political tint, from emerald-green to the deepest orange; and, indeed, between two of them—the *Tipperary Pike*, and the *Boyne Water*, hailing from Carrickfergus—there was a controversy of such violence and intemperance of language, that it was a curiosity to see the two papers on the same table: the fact being capable of explanation, that they were both written by Joe Atlee—a secret, however, that he had not confided even to his friend Kearney.

"Will that fellow that signs himself Terry O'Toole in the *Pike* stand this?" cried Kearney, reading aloud from the *Boyne Water:*

"'We know the man who corresponds with you under the signature of Terry O'Toole, and it is but one of the aliases under which he has lived since he came out of the Richmond Bridewell, filcher, forger, and false witness. There is yet one thing he has never tried, which is to behave with a little courage. If he should, however, be able to persuade himself, by the aid of his accustomed stimulants, to accept the responsibility of what he has written, we bind ourselves to pay his expenses to any part of France or Belgium, where he will meet us, and we shall also bind ourselves to give him what his life little entitles him to, a Christian burial afterward.

"'NO SURRENDER.'"

"I am just reading the answer," said Joe. "It is very brief: here it is:

"'If "No Surrender"—who has been a newsvendor in your establishment since you yourself rose from that employ to the editor's chair—will call at this office any morning after distributing his eight copies of your daily issue, we promise to give him such a kicking as he has never experienced during his literary career.

"'TERRY O'TOOLE.'"

"And these are the amenities of journalism!" cried Kearney.

"For the matter of that, you might exclaim at the quack doctor of a fair, and ask, Is this the dignity of medicine?" said Joe. "There's a head and a tail to every walk in life: even the law has a chief-justice at one end and Jack Ketch at the other."

"Well, I sincerely wish that those blackguards would first kick and then shoot each other."

"They'll do nothing of the kind! It's just as likely that they wrote the whole correspondence at the same table, and with the same jug of punch between them."

"If so, I don't envy you your career or your comrades."

"It's a lottery with big prizes in the wheel all the same! I could tell you the names of great swells, Master Dick, who have made very proud places for themselves in England by what you call 'journalism.' In France it is the one road to eminence. Can not you imagine, besides, what capital fun it is to be able to talk to scores of people you were never introduced to—to tell them an infinity of things on public matters, or now and then about themselves; and in so many moods as you have tempers, to warn them, scold, compassionate, correct, console, or abuse them—to tell them not to be overconfident, or bumptious, or purse-proud—"

"And who are *you*, may I ask, who presume to do all this?"

"That's as it may be. We are occasionally Guizot, Thiers, Prévot-Paradol, Lytton, Disraeli, or Joe Atlee."

"Modest, at all events."

"And why not say what I feel—not what I have done, but what is in me to do? Can't you understand this: it would never occur to me that I could vault over a five-bar gate if I had been born a cripple; but the conscious possession of a little pliant muscularity might well tempt me to try it."

"And get a cropper for your pains."

"Be it so. Better the cropper than pass one's life looking over the top rail and envying the fellow that had cleared it. But what's this? Here's a letter here: it got in among the newspapers. I say, Dick, do you stand this sort of thing?" said he, as he read the address.

"Stand what sort of thing?" asked the other, half angrily.

"Why, to be addressed in this fashion? The Honorable Richard Kearney, Trinity College, Dublin."

"It is from my sister," said Kearney, as he took the letter impatiently from his hand; "and I can only tell you, if she had addressed me otherwise, I'd not have opened her letter."

"But come now, old fellow, don't lose temper about it. You have a right to this designation, or you have not—"

"I'll spare all your eloquence by simply saying that I do not look on you as a Committee of Privilege, and I'm not going to plead before you. Besides," added he, "it's only a few minutes ago you asked me to credit you for something you had not yet shown yourself to be, but that you intended and felt that the world should see you were one of these days."

"So then you really mean to bring your claim before the Lords?"

Kearney, if he heard, did not heed this question, but went on to read his letter. "Here's a surprise!" cried he. "I was telling you the other day about a certain cousin of mine we were expecting from Italy."

"The daughter of that swindler, the mock prince?"

"The man's character I'll not stand up for, but his rank and title are alike indisputable," said Kearney, haughtily.

"With all my heart. We have soared into a high atmosphere all this day, and I hope my respiration will get used to it in time. Read away."

It was not till after a considerable interval that Kearney had recovered composure enough to read, and, when he did so, it was with a brow furrowed with irritation:

"KILGOBBIN.

"MY DEAR DICK,—We had just sat down to tea last night, and papa was fidgeting about the length of time his letter to Italy had remained unacknowledged, when a sharp ring at the house-door startled us. We had been hearing a good deal of searches for arms lately in the neighborhood, and we looked very blankly at each other for a moment. We neither of us said so, but I feel sure our thoughts were on the same track, and that we believed Captain Rock, or the head centre, or whatever be his latest title, had honored us with a call. Old Matthew seemed of the same mind too, for he appeared at the door with that venerable blunderbuss we have so often played with, and which, if it had any evil thoughts in its head, I must have been tried for a murder years ago, for I know it was loaded since I was a child, but that the lock has for the same space of time not been on speaking terms with the barrel. While, then, thus confirmed in our suspicions of mischief by Mat's warlike aspect, we both rose from the table, the door opened, and a young girl rushed in, and fell—actually threw herself—into papa's arms. It was Nina herself, who had come all the way from Rome alone, that is, without any one she knew, and made her way to us here, without any other guidance than her own good wits.

"I can not tell you how delighted we are with her. She is the loveliest girl I ever saw, so gentle, so nicely mannered, so soft-voiced, and so winning—I feel myself like a peasant beside her. The least thing she says—her laugh, her slightest gesture, the way she moves about the room, with a sort of swinging grace, which I thought affected at first, but now I see is quite natural—is only another of her many fascinations.

"I fancied for a while that her features were almost too beautifully regular for expression, and that even when she smiled and showed her lovely teeth, her eyes got no increase of brightness; but, as I talked more with her, and learned to know her better, I saw that those eyes have meanings of softness and depth in them of wonderful power, and, stranger than all, an archness that shows she has plenty of humor.

"Her English is charming, but slightly foreign: and when she is at a loss for a word, there is just that much of difficulty in finding it which gives a heightened expression to her beautifully calm face, and makes it lovely. You may see how she has fascinated me, for I could go on raving about her for hours.

"She is very anxious to see you, and asks me over and over again, Shall you like her? I was almost candid enough to say 'too well.' I mean that you could not help falling in love with her, my dear Dick; and she is so much above us in style, in habit, and doubtless in ambition, that such would be only madness. When she saw your photo she smiled, and said, 'Is he not superb?—I mean proud?' I owned you were, and then she added, 'I hope he will like me.' I am not, perhaps, discreet if I tell you she does not like the portrait of your chum, Atlee. She says 'he is very good-looking, very clever, very witty, but isn't he false?' and this she says over and over again. I told her I believed not; that I had never seen him myself, but that I knew you liked him greatly, and felt to him as a brother. She only shook her head, and said, '*Badate bene a quel che dico.* I mean,' said she, '*I'm* right, but he's very nice, for all that!' If I tell you this, Dick, it is just because I can not get it out of my head, and I will keep saying over and over to myself, 'If Joe Atlee be what she suspect, why does she call him very nice, for all that?' I said you intended to ask him down here next vacation, and she gave the drollest little laugh in the world, and does she not look lovely when she shows those small pearly teeth? Heaven help you, poor Dick, when you see her! but if I were you, I should leave Master Joe behind me, for she smiles, as she looks at his likeness, in a way that would certainly make me jealous, if I were only Joe's friend, and not himself.

"We sat up in Nina's room till nigh morning, and to-day I have scarcely seen her, for she wants to be let sleep, after that long and tiresome journey, and I take the opportunity to write you this very rambling epistle; for you may feel sure I shall be less of a correspondent now than when I was without companionship, and I counsel you to be very grateful if you hear from me soon again.

"Papa wants to take Duggan's farm from him, and Lanty Moore's meadows, and throw them into the lawn; but I hope he won't persist in the plan; not alone because it is a mere extravagance, but that the county is very unsettled just now about land-tenure, and the people are hoping all sorts of things from Parliament, and any interference with them at this time would be ill taken. Father Cody was here yesterday, and told me, confidentially, to prevent papa—not so easy a thing as he thinks, particularly if he should come to suspect that any intimidation was intended—and Miss O'Shea unfortunately said something the other day that papa can not get out of his head, and keeps on repeating, 'So then it's our turn now,' the fellows say; 'the landlords have had five hundred years of it; it's time we should come in.' And this he says over and over with a little laugh, and I wish to my heart Miss Betty had kept it to herself. By-the-way, her nephew is to come on leave, and pass two months with her; and she says she hopes you will be here at the same time, to keep him company; but I have a notion that another playfellow may prove a dangerous rival to the Hungarian hussar; perhaps, however, you would hand over Joe Atlee to him.

"Be sure you bring us some new books, and some music, when you come, or send them, if you don't come soon. I am terrified lest Nina should think the place dreary, and I don't know how she is to live here if she does not take to the vulgar drudgeries that fill my own life. When she abruptly asked me, 'What do you do here?' I was sorely puzzled to know what to answer; and then she added quickly, 'For my own part, it's no great matter, for I can always dream. I'm a great dreamer!' Is it not lucky for her, Dick? She'll have ample time for it here.

"I suppose I never wrote so long a letter as this in my life; indeed, I never had a subject that had such a fascination for myself. Do you know, Dick, that though I promised to let her sleep on till nigh dinner-time, I find myself every now and then creeping up gently to her door, and only bethink me of my pledge when my hand is on the lock; and sometimes I even doubt if she is here at all, and I am half crazy at fearing it may be all a dream.

"One word for yourself, and I have done. Why have you not told us of the examination? It was to have been on the tenth, and we are now at the eighteenth. Have you got—whatever it was—the prize, or the medal, or—the reward, in short, we were so anxiously hoping for? It would be such cheery tidings for poor papa, who is very low and depressed of late, and I see him always reading with such attention any notice of the college he can find in the newspaper. My dear, dear brother, how you would work hard if you only knew what a prize success in life might give you. Little as I have seen of her, I could guess that she will never bestow a thought on an undistinguished man. Come down for one day, and tell me if ever, in all your ambition, you had such a goal before you as this.

"The hoggets I sent in to Tullamore fair were not sold; but I believe Miss Betty's steward will take them; and, if so, I will send you ten pounds next week. I never knew the market so dull, and the English dealers now are only eager about horses, and I'm sure I couldn't part with any if I had them. With all my love, I am your ever affectionate sister, KATE KEARNEY.

"I have just stepped into Nina's room and stolen the photo I send you. I suppose the dress must have been for some fancy ball; but she is a hundred million times more beautiful. I don't know if I shall have courage to confess my theft to her."

"Is that your sister, Dick?" said Joe Atlee, as young Kearney withdrew the carte from the letter and placed it face downward on the breakfast-table.

"No," replied he, bluntly, and continued to read on; while the other, in the spirit of that freedom that prevailed between them, stretched out his hand and took up the portrait.

"Who is this?" cried he, after some seconds. "She's an actress. That's something like what the girl wears in 'Don Cæsar de Bazan.' To be sure, she is Maritana. She's stunningly beautiful. Do you mean to tell me, Dick, that there's a girl like that on your provincial boards?"

"I never said so, any more than I gave you leave to examine the contents of my letters," said the other, haughtily.

"Egad! I'd have smashed the seal any day to have caught a glimpse of such a face as that. I'll wager her eyes are blue-gray. Will you have a bet on it?"

"When you have done with your raptures, I'll thank you to hand the likeness to me."

"But who is she? what is she? where is she? Is she the Greek?"

"When a fellow can help himself so coolly to his information as you do, I scarcely think he deserves much aid from others; but, I may tell you, she is not Maritana, nor a provincial actress, nor any actress at all, but a young lady of good blood and birth, and my own first-cousin."

"On my oath, it's the best thing I ever knew of you."

Kearney laughed out at this moment at something in the letter, and did not hear the other's remark.

"It seems, Master Joe, that the young lady did not reciprocate the rapturous delight you feel, at sight of *your* picture. My sister says—I'll read you her very words—'she does not like the portrait of your friend Atlee; he may be clever and amusing, she says, but he is undeniably false.' Mind that—undeniably false."

"That's all the fault of the artist. The stupid dog would place me in so strong a light that I kept blinking."

"No, no. She reads you like a book," said the other.

"I wish to Heaven she would, if she would hold me like one."

"And the nice way she qualifies your cleverness, by calling you amusing."

"She could certainly spare that reproach to her cousin Dick," said he, laughing; "but no more of this sparring. When do you mean to take me

"ONE MORE SITTING I MUST HAVE, SIR, FOR THE HAIR."

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down to the country with you? The term will be up on Tuesday."

"That will demand a little consideration now. In the fall of the year, perhaps. When the sun is less powerful the light will be more favorable to your features."

"My poor Dick, I cram you with good advice every day; but one counsel I never cease repeating, 'Never try to be witty.' A dull fellow only cuts his finger with a joke, he never catches it by the handle. Hand me over that letter of your sister's: I like the way she writes. All that about the pigs and the poultry is as good as the *Farmers' Chronicle*."

The other made no other reply than by coolly folding up the letter and placing it in his pocket; and then, after a pause, he said:

"I shall tell Miss Kearney the favorable impression her epistolary powers have produced on my very clever and accomplished chum, Mr. Atlee."

"Do so; and say, if she'd take me for a correspondent instead of you, she'd be 'exchanging with a difference.' On my oath," said he, seriously, "I believe a most finished education might be effected in letter-writing. I'd engage to take a clever girl through a whole course of Latin and Greek, and a fair share of mathematics and logic, in a series of letters, and her replies would be the fairest test of her acquirement."

"Shall I propose this to my sister?"

"Do so, or to your cousin. I suspect Maritana would be an apter pupil."

"The bell has stopped. We shall be late in the hall," said Kearney, throwing on his gown hurriedly and hastening away; while Atlee, taking some proof-sheets from the chimney-piece, proceeded to correct them, a slight flicker of a smile still lingering over his dark but handsome face.

Though such little jarring passages as that we have recorded were nothing uncommon between these two young men, they were very good friends on the whole, the very dissimilarity that provoked their squabbles saving them from any more serious rivalry. In reality, no two people could be less alike: Kearney being a slow, plodding, self-satisfied, dull man, of very ordinary faculties; while the other was an indolent, discursive, sharp-witted fellow, mastering whatever he addressed himself to with ease, but so enamored of novelty that he rarely went beyond a smattering of any thing. He carried away college honors apparently at will, and might, many thought, have won a fellowship with little effort; but his passion was for change. Whatever bore upon the rogueries of letters, the frauds of literature, had an irresistible charm for him; and he once declared that he would almost rather have been Ireland than Shakspeare; and then it was his delight to write Greek versions of a poem that might attach the mark of plagiarism to Tennyson, or show, by a Scandinavian lyric, how the laureate had been poaching from the Northmen. Now it was a mock pastoral in most ecclesiastical Latin that set the whole Church in arms; now, a mock dispatch of Baron Beust's that actually deceived the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and caused quite a panic at the Tuileries. He had established such relations with foreign journals that he could at any moment command insertion for a paper, now in the *Mémorial Diplomatique*, now in the *Goloss* of St. Petersburg, or the *Allgemeine Zeitung*; while the comment, written also by himself, would appear in the *Kreutz Zeitung* or *The Times*; and the mystification became such that the shrewdest and keenest heads were constantly misled, to which side to incline in a controversy where all the wires were pulled by one hand. Many a discussion on the authenticity of a document, or the veracity of a conversation, would take place between the two young men: Kearney not having the vaguest suspicion that the author of the point in debate was then sitting opposite to him, sometimes seeming to share the very doubts and difficulties that were then puzzling himself.

While Atlee knew Kearney in every fold and fibre of his nature, Kearney had not the very vaguest conception of him with whom he sat every day at meals, and communed through almost every hour of life. He treated Joe, indeed, with a sort of proud protection, thinking him a sharp, clever, idle fellow, who would never come to any thing higher than a bookseller's hack or an "occasional correspondent." He liked his ready speech and his fun, but he would not consent to see in either evidences of any thing beyond the amusing qualities of a very light intelligence. On the whole, he looked down upon him, as very properly the slow and ponderous people in life do look down upon their more volatile brethren, and vote them triflers. Long may it be so! There would be more sun-strokes in the world, if it were not that the shadows of dull men made such nice cool places for the others to walk in!

CHAPTER V.

HOME LIFE AT THE CASTLE.

THE life of that quaint old country-house was something very strange and odd to Nina Kostalergi. It was not merely its quiet monotony, its unbroken sameness of topics as of events, and its small economies, always appearing on the surface; but that a young girl like Kate, full of life and spirits, gay, handsome, and high-hearted—that she should go her mill-round of these tiresome daily cares, listening to the same complaints, remedying the same evils, meeting the same difficulties, and yet never seem to resent an existence so ignoble and unworthy! This was, indeed, scarce credible.

As for Nina herself—like one saved from shipwreck—her first sense of security was full of gratitude. It was only as this wore off that she began to see the desolation of the rock on which she had clambered. Not that her former life had been rose-tinted. It had been of all things the most harassing and wearying—a life of dreary necessitude—a perpetual struggle with debt. Except play, her father had scarcely any resource for a livelihood. He affected, indeed, to give lessons in Italian and French to young Englishmen; but he was so fastidious as to the rank and condition of his pupils, and so unaccommodating as to his hours, and so unpunctual, that it was evident that the whole was a mere pretense of industry, to avoid the reproach of being utterly dependent on the play-table; besides this, in his capacity as a teacher, he obtained access to houses and acceptance with families where he would have found entrance impossible under other circumstances.

He was polished and good-looking. All his habits bespoke familiarity with society; and he knew to the nicest fraction the amount of intimacy he might venture on with any one. Some did not like him—the man of a questionable position, the reduced gentleman, has terrible prejudices to combat. He must always be suspected—Heaven knows of what, but of some covert design against the religion, or the pocket, or the influence of those who admit him. Some thought him dangerous, because his manners were insinuating, and his address studiously directed to captivate. Others did not fancy his passion for mixing in the world and frequenting society, to which his straitened means appeared to deny him rightful access;—but when he had succeeded in introducing his daughter to the world, and people began to say, "See how admirably M. Kostalergi has brought up that girl! how nicely mannered she is, how lady-like, how well bred, what a linguist, what a musician!" a complete revulsion took place in public opinion, and many who had but half trusted, or less than liked him before, became now his stanchest friends and adherents. Nina had been a great success in society, and she reaped the full benefit of it. Sufficiently well-born to be admitted, without any special condescension, into good houses, she was in manner and style the equal of any; and though her dress was ever of the cheapest and plainest, her fresh toilet was often commented on with praise by those who did not fully remember what added grace and elegance the wearer had lent it.

From the wealthy nobles to whom her musical genius had strongly recommended her, numerous and sometimes costly presents were sent in acknowledgment of her charming gifts; and these, as invariably, were converted into money by her father, who after a while gave it to be understood that the recompense would be always more welcome in that form.

Nina, however, for a long time knew nothing of this; she saw herself sought after, and flattered in society, selected for peculiar attention wherever she went, complimented on her acquirements, and made much of to an extent that not unfrequently excited the envy and jealousy of girls much more favorably placed by fortune than herself. If her long mornings and afternoons were passed amidst solitude and poverty, vulgar cares, and harassing importunities, when night came, she emerged into the blaze of lighted lustres and gilded salons, to move in an atmosphere of splendor and sweet sounds, with all that could captivate the senses and exalt imagination. This twofold life of meanness and magnificence so wrought upon her nature as to develop almost two individualities. The one hard, stern, realistic, even to grudgingness; the other gay, buoyant, enthusiastic, and ardent: and they who only saw her of an evening in all the exultation of her flattered beauty, followed about by a train of admiring worshipers, addressed in all that exaggeration of language Italy sanctions, pampered by caresses, and honored by homage on every side, little knew by what dreary torpor of heart and mind that joyous ecstasy they witnessed had been preceded, nor by what a bound her emotions had sprung from the depths of brooding melancholy to this paroxysm of delight; nor could the worn-out and wearied followers of pleasure comprehend the intense enjoyment produced by sights and sounds which in their case no fancy idealized, no soaring imagination had lifted to the heaven of bliss.

Kostalergi seemed for a while to content himself with the secret resources of his daughter's successes, but at length he launched out into heavy play once more, and lost largely. It was in this strait that he bethought him of negotiating with a theatrical manager for Nina's appearance on the stage. These contracts take the precise form of a sale, where the victim, in consideration of being educated, and maintained, and paid a certain amount, is bound, legally bound, to devote her services to a master for a given time. The impresario of the Fenice had often heard from travelers of that wonderful mezzo-soprano voice which was captivating all Rome, where the beauty and grace of the singer were extolled not less loudly. The great skill of these astute providers for the world's pleasure is evidenced in nothing more remarkably than the instinctive quickness with which they pounce upon the indications of dramatic genius, and hasten away—half across the globe if need be—to secure it. Signor Lanari was not slow to procure a letter of introduction to Kostalergi, and very soon acquainted him with his object.

Under the pretense that he was an old friend and former school-fellow, Kostalergi asked him to share their humble dinner, and there, in that meanly furnished room, and with the accompaniment of a wretched and jangling instrument, Nina so astonished and charmed him by her performance, that all the habitual reserve of the cautious bargainer gave way, and he burst out into exclamations of enthusiastic delight, ending with, "She is mine! she is mine! I tell you, since Persiani, there has been nothing like her!"

Nothing remained now but to reveal the plan to herself; and though certainly neither the Greek nor his guest was deficient in descriptive power, or failed to paint in glowing colors the gorgeous procession of triumphs that await stage success, she listened with little pleasure to it all. She had already walked the boards of what she thought a higher arena. She had tasted flatteries unalloyed with any sense of decided inferiority; she had moved among dukes and duchesses with a recognized station, and received their compliments with ease and dignity. Was all this reality of condition to be exchanged for a mock splendor, and a feigned greatness? was she to be subjected to the licensed stare, and criticism, and coarse comment, maybe, of hundreds she never knew, nor would stoop to know? and was the adulation she now lived in to be bartered for the vulgar applause of those who, if dissatisfied, could testify the feeling as openly and unsparingly? She said very little of what she felt in her heart, but was no sooner alone in her room at night than she wrote that letter to her uncle entreating his protection.

It had been arranged with Lanari that she should make one appearance at a small provincial theatre as soon as she could master any easy part, and Kostalergi, having some acquaintance with the manager at Orvieto, hastened off there to obtain his permission for her appearance. It was of this brief absence she profited to fly from Rome, the banker conveying her as far as Civita Vecchia, whence she sailed direct for Marseilles. And now we see her, as she found herself in that dreary old mansion, sad, silent, and neglected, wondering whether the past was all a dream, or if the unbroken calm in which she now lived was not a sleep.

Conceding her perfect liberty to pass her time how she liked, they exacted from her no appearance at meals nor any conformity with the ways of others, and she never came to breakfast, and only entered the drawing-room a short time before dinner. Kate, who had counted on her companionship and society, and hoped to see her sharing with her the little cares and duties of her life and taking interest in her pursuits, was sorely grieved at her estrangement, but continued to believe it would wear off with time and familiarity with the place. Kearney himself, in secret, resented the freedom with which she disregarded the discipline of his house, and grumbled at times over foreign ways and habits that he had no fancy to see under his roof. When she did appear, however, her winning manners, her grace, and a certain half-caressing coquetry she could practice to perfection, so soothed and amused him that he soon forgot any momentary displeasure, and more than once gave up his evening visit to the club at Monte to listen to her as she sang, or hear her sketch off some trait of that Roman society in which British pretension and eccentricity often figured so amusingly.

Like a faithful son of the Church, too, he never wearied hearing of the Pope and the Cardinals, of glorious ceremonials of the Church, and festivals observed with all the pomp and state that pealing organs, and incense, and gorgeous dress could confer. The contrast between the sufferance under which his Church existed at home and the honors and homage rendered to it abroad, was a fruitful stimulant to that disaffection he felt toward England, and would not unfrequently lead him away to long diatribes about penal laws and the many disabilities which had enslaved Ireland, and reduced himself, the descendant of a princely race, to the condition of a ruined gentleman.

To Kate these complainings were ever distasteful; she had but one philosophy, which was "to bear up well," and when not that, "as well as you could." She saw scores of things around her to be remedied, or, at least, bettered, by a little exertion, and not one which could be helped by a vain regret. For the loss of that old barbaric splendor and profuse luxury which her father mourned over she had no regrets. She knew that these wasteful and profligate livers had done nothing for the people either in act or in example; that they were a selfish, worthless, self-indulgent race, caring for nothing but their pleasures, and making all their patriotism consist in a hate toward England.

These were not Nina's thoughts. She liked all these stories of a time of power and might, when the Kearneys were great chieftains, and the old castle the scene of revelry and feasting.

She drew prettily, and it amused her to illustrate the curious tales the old man told her of rays and forays, the wild old life of savage chieftains and the scarce less savage conquerors. On one of these—she called it "The Return of O'Caharney"—she bestowed such labor and study, that her uncle would sit for hours watching the work, not knowing if his heart were more stirred by the claim of his ancestor's greatness, or by the marvelous skill that realized the whole scene before him. The head of the young chieftain was to be filled in when Dick came home. Meanwhile, great persuasions were being used to induce Tom Gill to sit for a kern who had shared the exile of his masters, but had afterward betrayed them to the English; and whether Gill had heard some dropping word of the part he was meant to fill, or that his own suspicion had taken alarm from certain directions the young lady gave as to the expression he was to assume, certain is it nothing could induce him to comply, and go down to posterity with the immortality of crime.

The little long-neglected drawing-room where Nina had set up her easel became now the usual morning lounge of the old man, who loved to sit and watch her as she worked, and, what amused him even more, listen while she talked. It seemed to him like a revival of the past to hear of the world, that gay world of feasting and enjoyment, of which for so many years he had known nothing; and here he was back in it again, and with grander company and higher names than he ever remembered. "Why was not Kate like her?" would he mutter over and over to himself. Kate was a good girl, fine-tempered and happy-hearted, but she had no accomplishments, none of those refinements of the other. If he wanted to present her at "the Castle" one of these days, he did not know if she would have tact enough for the ordeal; but Nina!—Nina was sure to make an actual sensation, as much by her grace and her style as by her beauty. Kearney never came into the room where she was without being struck by the elegance of her demeanor, the way she would rise to receive him, her step, her carriage, the very disposal of her drapery as she sat; the modulated tone of her voice, and a sort of purring satisfaction as she took his hand and heard his praises of her, spread like a charm over him, so that he never knew how the time slipped by as he sat beside her.

"Have you ever written to your father since you came here?" asked he one day as they talked together.

"Yes, Sir; and yesterday I got a letter from him. Such a nice letter, Sir—no complainings, no reproaches for my running away; but all sorts of good wishes for my happiness. He owns he was sorry to have ever thought of the stage for me; but he says this lawsuit he is engaged in about his grandfather's will may last for years, and that he knew I was so certain of a great success, and that a great success means more than mere money, he fancied that in my triumph he would reap the recompense for his own disasters. He is now, however, far happier that I have found a home, a real home, and says, 'Tell my lord I am heartily ashamed of all my rudeness with regard to him, and would willingly make a pilgrimage to the end of Europe to ask his pardon;' and say besides that 'when I shall be restored to the fortune and rank of my ancestors,'—you know," added she, "he is a prince,—'my first act will be to throw myself at his feet and beg to be forgiven by him.'"

"What is the property? is it land?" asked he, with the half-suspectfulness of one not fully assured of what he was listening to.

"Yes, Sir; the estate is in Delos. I have seen the plan of the grounds and gardens of the palace, which are princely. Here, on this seal," said she, showing the envelope of her letter, "you can see the arms; papa never omits to use it, though on his card he is written only 'of the princes'—a form observed with us."

"And what chance has he of getting it all back again?"

"That is more that I can tell you; he himself is sometimes very confident, and talks as if there could not be a doubt of it."

"Used your poor mother to believe it?" asked he, half-tremulously.

"I can scarcely say, Sir; I can barely remember her; but I have heard papa blame her for not interesting her high connections in England in his suit; he often thought that a word to the embassador at Athens would have almost decided the case."

"High connections, indeed!" burst he forth. "By my conscience they're pretty much out at elbows, like himself; and if we were trying to recover our own right to-morrow, the look-out would be bleak enough!"

"Papa is not easily cast down, Sir; he has a very sanguine spirit."

"Maybe you think it's what is wanting in my case, eh, Nina? Say it out, girl; tell me, I'd be the better for a little of your father's hopefulness, eh?"

"You could not change to any thing I could like better than what you are," said she, taking his hand and kissing it.

"Ah, you're a rare one to say coaxing things," said he, looking fondly on her. "I believe you'd be the best advocate for either of us, if the courts would let you plead for us."

"I wish they would, Sir," said she, proudly.

"What is that?" cried he, suddenly; "sure it's not putting myself you are in the picture!"

"Of course I am, Sir. Was not the O'Caharney your ancestor? Is it likely that an old race had not traits of feature and lineament that ages of descent could not efface? I'd swear that strong brow and frank look must be an heirloom."

"Faith, then, almost the only one!" said he, sighing. "Who's making that noise out there?" said he, rising and going to the window. "Oh, it's Kate with her dogs. I often tell her she'd keep a pair of ponies for less than those troublesome brutes cost her."

"They are great company to her, she says, and she lives so much in the open air."

"I know she does," said he, dropping his head, and sitting like one whose thoughts had taken a brooding, despondent turn.

"One more sitting I must have, Sir, for the hair. You had it beautifully yesterday; it fell over on one side with a most perfect light on a large lock here. Will you give me half an hour to-morrow, say?"

"I can't promise you, my dear. Tom Gill has been urging me to go over to Loughrea for the fair; and if we go, we ought to be there by Saturday, and have a quiet look at the stock before the sales begin."

"And are you going to be long away?" said she, poutingly, as she leaned over the back of his chair, and suffered her curls to fall half across his face.

"I'll be right glad to be back again," said he, pressing her head down till he could kiss her cheek, "right glad!"

CHAPTER VI.

THE "BLUE GOAT."

THE "Blue Goat" in the small town of Monte is scarcely a model hostel. The entrance hall is too much encumbered by tramps and beggars of various orders and ages, who not only resort there to take their meals and play at cards, but to divide the spoil and settle the accounts of their sev-

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eral "industries," and occasionally to clear off other scores which demand police interference. On the left is the bar; the right-hand, being used as the office of a land-agent, is besieged by crowds of country people, in whom, if language is to be trusted, the grievous wrongs of land-tenure are painfully portrayed—nothing but complaint, dogged determination, and resistance being heard on every side. Behind the bar is a long low-ceilinged apartment, the parlor *par excellence*, only used by distinguished visitors, and reserved on one especial evening of the week for the meeting of the "Goats," as the members of a club call themselves—the chief, indeed the founder, being our friend Maurice Kearney, whose title of sovereignty was "Buck-Goat," and whose portrait, painted by a native artist and presented by the society, figured over the chimney-piece. The village Vandyke would seem to have invested largely in carmine, and though far from parsimonious of it on the cheeks and the nose of his sitter, he was driven to work off some of his superabundant stock on the cravat, and even the hands, which, though amicably crossed in front of the white-waistcoated stomach, are fearfully suggestive of some recent deed of blood. The pleasant geniality of the countenance is, however, re-assuring. Nor—except a decided squint, by which the artist had ambitiously attempted to convey a humoristic drollery to the expression—is there any thing sinister in the portrait.

An inscription on the frame announces that this picture of their respected founder was presented, on his fiftieth birthday, "To Maurice Kearney, sixth Viscount Kilgobbin;" various devices of "caprine" significance, heads, horns, and hoofs, profusely decorating the frame. If the antiquarian should lose himself in researches for the origin of this society, it is as well to admit, at once, that the landlord's sign of the "Blue Goat" gave the initiative to the name, and that the worthy associates derived nothing from classical authority, and never assumed to be descendants of fauns or satyrs, but respectable shop-keepers of Moate, and unexceptional judges of "poteen." A large jug of this insinuating liquor figured on the table, and was called "Goat's-milk;" and if these humoristic traits are so carefully enumerated, it is because they comprised all that was specially droll or quaint in these social gatherings, the members of which were a very commonplace set of men, who discussed their little local topics in very ordinary fashion, slightly elevated, perhaps, in self-esteem, by thinking how little the outer world knew of their dullness and dreariness.

As the meetings were usually determined on by the will of the president, who announced at the hour of separation when they were to re-assemble, and as, since his niece's arrival, Kearney had almost totally forgotten his old associates, the club-room ceased to be regarded as the holy of holies, and was occasionally used by the landlord for the reception of such visitors as he deemed worthy of peculiar honor.

It was on a very wet night of that especially rainy month in the Irish calendar, July, that two travelers sat over a turf fire in this sacred chamber, various articles of their attire being spread out to dry before the blaze, the owners of which actually steamed with the effects of the heat upon their damp habiliments.

Some fishing-tackle and two knapsacks, which lay in a corner, showed they were pedestrians, and their looks, voice, and manner proclaimed them still more unmistakably to be gentlemen.

One was a tall, sunburnt, soldier-like man of six or seven and thirty, powerfully built, and with that solidity of gesture and firmness of tread sometimes so marked with strong men. A mere glance at him showed he was a cold, silent, somewhat haughty man, not given to hasty resolves, or in any way impulsive, and it is just possible that a long acquaintance with him would not have revealed a great deal more. He had served in a half dozen regiments; and although all declared that Henry Lockwood was an honorable fellow, a good soldier, and thoroughly "safe"—a very meaning epithet—there were no very deep regrets when he "exchanged," nor was there, perhaps, one man who felt he had lost his "pal" by his going. He was now in the carbineers, and serving as an extra aid-de-camp to the Viceroy.

Not a little unlike him in most respects was the man who sat opposite him: a pale, finely featured, almost effeminate-looking young fellow, with a small line of dark mustache, and a beard *en Henri Quatre*, to the effect of which a collar cut in Vandyke fashion gave an especial significance. Cecil Walpole was disposed to be pictorial in his get-up, and the purple dye of his knickerbocker stockings, the slouching plumage of his Tyrol hat, and the graceful hang of his jacket, had excited envy in quarters where envy was fame. He, too, was on the vice-regal staff, being private secretary to his relative the Lord-Lieutenant, during whose absence in England they had undertaken a ramble to the Westmeath lakes, not very positive whether their object was to angle for trout or to fish for that "knowledge of Ireland" so popularly sought after in our day, and which displays itself so profusely in platform speeches and letters to *The Times*. Lockwood, not impossibly, would have said it was "to do a bit of walking" he had come. He had gained eight pounds by that indolent Phœnix Park life he was leading, and he had no fancy to go back to Leicestershire too heavy for his cattle. He was not—few hunting men are—an ardent fisherman; and as for the vexed question of Irish politics, he did not see why he was to trouble his head to unravel the puzzles that were too much for Mr. Gladstone; not to say that he felt to meddle with these matters was like interfering with another man's department. "I don't suspect," he would say, "I should fancy John Bright coming down to 'stables' and dictating to me how my Irish horses should be shod, or what was the best bit for a 'borer.'" He saw, besides, that the game of politics was a game of compromises: something was decent enough now that had been hitherto almost execrable; and that which was utterly impossible today, if done last year would have been a triumphant success, and consequently he pronounced the whole thing an "imposition and a humbug."

"I can understand a right and a wrong as well as any man," he would say, "but I know nothing about things that are neither or both, according to who's in or who's out of the Cabinet. Give me the command of twelve thousand men, let me divide them into three flying columns, and if I don't keep Ireland quiet, draft me into a West Indian regiment, that's all." And as to the idea of issuing special commissions, passing new Acts of Parliament, or suspending old ones, to do what he or any other intelligent soldier could do without any knavery or any corruption, "John Bright might tell us," but he couldn't. And here it may be well to observe that it was a favorite form of speech with him to refer to this illustrious public man in this familiar manner; but always to show what a condition of muddle and confusion must ensue if we followed the counsels that name emblematized; nor did he know a more cutting sarcasm to reply to an adversary than when he had said: "Oh, John Bright would agree with you," or, "I don't think John Bright could go farther."

Of a very different stamp was his companion. He was a young gentleman whom we can not more easily characterize than by calling him, in the cant of the day, "of the period." He was essentially the most recent product of the age we live in. Manly enough in some things, he was fastidious in others to the very verge of effeminacy; an aristocrat by birth and by predilection, he made a parade of democratic opinions. He affected a sort of Crichtonism in the variety of his gifts, and as linguist, musician, artist, poet, and philosopher, loved to display the scores of things he might be, instead of that mild, very ordinary young gentleman that he was. He had done a little of almost every thing; he had been in the Guards, in diplomacy, in the House for a brief session, had made an African tour, written a pleasant little book about the Nile, with the illustrations by his own hand. Still he was greater in promise than performance. There was an opera of his partly finished; a five-act comedy almost ready for the stage; a half-executed group he had left in some studio in Rome showed what he might have done in sculpture. When his distinguished relative the Marquis of Danesbury recalled him from his post as secretary of legation in Italy, to join him at his Irish seat of government, the phrase in which he invited him to return is not without its significance, and we give it as it occurred in the context: "I have no fancy for the post they have assigned me, nor is it what I had hoped for. They say, however, I shall succeed here. *Nous verrons.* Meanwhile I remember your often remarking, 'There is a great game to be played in Ireland.' Come over at once, then, and let me have a talk with you over it. I shall manage the question of your leave, by making you private secretary for the moment. We shall have many difficulties, but Ireland will be the worst of them. Do not delay, therefore; for I shall only go over to be sworn in, etc., and return for the third reading of the Church Bill, and I should like to see you in Dublin (and leave you there) when I go."

Except that they were both members of the household, and English by birth, there was scarcely a tie between these very dissimilar natures; but somehow the accidents of daily life, stronger than the traits of disposition, threw them into intimacy, and they agreed it would be a good thing "to see something of Ireland;" and with this wise resolve they had set out on that half-fishing excursion, which, having taken them over the Westmeath lakes, now was directing them to the Shannon, but with an infirmity of purpose to which lack of sport and disastrous weather were contributing powerfully at the moment we have presented them to our reader.

To employ the phrase which it is possible each might have used, they "liked each other well enough"—that is, each found something in the other he "could get on with;" but there was no stronger tie of regard or friendship between them, and each thought he perceived some flaw of pretension, or affected wisdom, or selfishness, or vanity, in the other, and actually believed he amused himself by its display. In natures, tastes, and dispositions, they were miles asunder, and disagreement between them would have been unceasing on every subject, had they not both been gentlemen. It was this alone—this gentleman element—made their companionship possible, and, in the long run, not unpleasant. So much more has good-breeding to do in the common working of daily life than the more valuable qualities of mind and temperament.

Though much younger than his companion, Walpole took the lead in all the arrangements of the journey, determined where and how long they should halt, and decided on the route next to be taken; the other showing a real or affected indifference on all these matters, and making of his town-bred apathy a very serviceable quality in the midst of Irish barbarism and desolation. On politics, too—if that be the name for such light convictions as they entertained—they differed; the soldier's ideas being formed on what he fancied would be the late Duke of Wellington's opinion, and consisting in what he called "putting down." Walpole was a promising Whig—that is, one who coquets with Radical notions, but fastidiously avoids contact with the mob; and who, fervently believing that all popular concessions are spurious if not stamped with Whig approval, would like to treat the democratic leaders as forgers and knaves.

If, then, there was not much of similarity between these two men to attach them to each other, there was what served for a bond of union: they belonged to the same class in life, and used pretty nigh the same forms for their expression of like and dislike; and as in traffic it contributes wonderfully to the facilities of business to use the same money, so in the common intercourse of life will the habit to estimate things at the same value conduce to very easy relations, and something almost like friendship.

While they sat over the fire awaiting their supper, each had lighted a cigar, busying himself from time to time in endeavoring to dry some drenched article of dress, or extracting from damp and dripping pockets their several contents.

"This, then," said the younger man—"this is the picturesque Ireland our tourist writers tell us of; and the land where *The Times* says the traveler will find more to interest him than in the Tyrol or the Oberland!"

"What about the climate?" said the other, in a deep bass voice.

"Mild and moist, I believe, are the epithets; that is, it makes you damp and it keeps you so."

"And the inns?"

"The inns, it is admitted, might be better; but the traveler is admonished against fastidiousness, and told that the prompt spirit of obligeance, the genial cordiality, he will meet with, are more than enough to repay him for the want of more polished habits and mere details of comfort and convenience."

"Rotten humbug! *I* don't want cordiality from my innkeeper."

"I should think not! As, for instance, a bit of carpet in this room would be worth more than all the courtesy that showed us in."

"What was that lake called—the first place, I mean?" asked Lockwood.

"Loch Iron. I shouldn't say but with better weather it might be pretty."

A half grunt of dissent was all the reply, and Walpole went on:

"It's no use painting a landscape when it is to be smudged all over with Indian ink. There are no tints in mountains swathed in mist, no color in trees swamped with moisture; every thing seems so imbued with damp, one fancies it would take two years in the tropics to dry Ireland."

"I asked that fellow who showed us the way here why he didn't pitch off those wet rags he wore, and walk away in all the dignity of nakedness."

A large dish of rashers and eggs, and a mess of Irish stew, which the landlord now placed on the table, with a foaming jug of malt, seemed to rally them out of their ill temper; and for some time they talked away in a more cheerful tone.

"Better than I hoped for," said Walpole.

"Fair."

"And that ale, too—I suppose it is called ale—is very tolerable."

"It's downright good. Let us have some more of it." And he shouted "Master!" at the top of his voice. "More of this," said Lockwood, touching the measure. "Beer or ale, which is it?"

"Castle Bellingham, Sir," replied the landlord; "beats all the Bass and Allsopp that ever was brewed."

"You think so, eh?"

"I'm sure of it, Sir. The club that sits here had a debate on it one night, and put it to the vote, and there wasn't one man for the English liquor. My lord there," said he, pointing to the portrait, "sent an account of it all to *Saunders's* newspaper."

While he left the room to fetch the ale the travelers both fixed their eyes on the picture, and Walpole, rising, read out the inscription—"Viscount Kilgobbin."

"There's no such title," said the other, bluntly.

"Lord Kilgobbin—Kilgobbin. Where did I hear that name before?"

"In a dream, perhaps."

"No, no. I *have* heard it, if I could only remember where and how! I say, landlord, where does his lordship live?" and he pointed to the portrait.

"Beyond, at the Castle, Sir. You can see it from the door without when the weather's fine."

"That must mean on a very rare occasion!" said Lockwood, gravely.

"No, indeed, Sir. It didn't begin to rain on Tuesday last till after three o'clock."

"Magnificent climate!" exclaimed Walpole, enthusiastically.

"It is indeed, Sir. Glory be to God!" said the landlord, with an honest gravity that set them both off laughing.

"How about this club—does it meet often?"

"It used, Sir, to meet every Thursday evening, and my lord never missed a night, but quite lately he took it in his head not to come out in the evenings. Some say it was the rheumatism, and more says it's the unsettled state of the country: though, the Lord be praised for it, there wasn't a man fired at in the neighborhood since Easter, and *he* was a peeler."

"One of the constabulary?"

"Yes, Sir; a dirty, mean chap, that was looking after a poor boy that set fire to Mr. Hagin's ricks, and that was over a year ago."

"And naturally forgotten by this time?"

"By coorse it was forgotten. Ould Mat Hagin got a presentment for the damage out of the Grand Jury, and nobody was the worse for it at all."

"And so the club is smashed, eh?"

"As good as smashed, Sir; for whenever any of them comes now of an evening, he just goes into the bar and takes his glass there." He sighed heavily as he said this, and seemed overcome with sadness.

"I'm trying to remember why the name is so familiar to me. I know I have heard of Lord Kilgobbin before," said Walpole.

"Maybe so," said the landlord, respectfully. "You may have read in books how it was at Kilgobbin Castle King James came to stop after the Boyne; that he held a 'coort' there in the big drawing-room—they call it the 'throne-room' ever since—and slept two nights at the Castle afterward?"

"That's something to see, Walpole," said Lockwood.

"So it is. How is that to be managed, landlord? Does his lordship permit strangers to visit the Castle?"

"Nothing easier than that, Sir," said the host, who gladly embraced a project that should detain his guests at the inn. "My lord went through the town this morning on his way to Loughrea fair; but the young ladies is at home; and you've only to send over a message, and say you'd like to see the place, and they'll be proud to show it to you."

"Let us send our cards, with a line in pencil," said Walpole, in a whisper to his friend.

"And there are young ladies there?" asked Lockwood.

"Two born beauties; it's hard to say which is handsomest," replied the host, overjoyed at the attraction his neighborhood possessed.

"I suppose that will do?" said Walpole, showing what he had written on his card.

"Yes, perfectly."

"Dispatch this at once—I mean early to-morrow; and let your messenger ask if there be an answer. How far is it off?"

"A little over twelve miles, Sir; but I've a mare in the stable will 'rowle' ye over in an hour and a quarter."

"All right. We'll settle on every thing after breakfast to-morrow." And the landlord withdrew, leaving them once more alone.

"This means," said Lockwood, drearily, "we shall have to pass a day in this wretched place."

"It will take a day to dry our wet clothes; and, all things considered, one might be worse off than here. Besides, I shall want to look over my notes. I have done next to nothing, up to this time, about the land question."

"I thought that the old fellow with the cow, the fellow I gave a cigar to, had made you up in your tenant-right affair," said Lockwood.

"He gave me a great deal of very valuable information; he exposed some of the evils of tenancy at will as ably as I ever heard them treated, but he was occasionally hard on the landlord."

"I suppose one word of truth never came out of his mouth!"

"On the contrary, real knowledge of Ireland is not to be acquired from newspapers; a man must see Ireland for himself—*see* it," repeated he, with strong emphasis.

"And then?"

"And then, if he be a capable man, a reflecting man, a man in whom the perceptive power is joined to the social faculty—

"Look here, Cecil: one hearer won't make a house: don't try it on speechifying to me. It's all humbug coming over to look at Ireland. You may pick up a little brogue, but it's all you'll pick up for your journey." After this, for him unusually long speech, he finished his glass, lighted his bedroom candle, and nodding a good-night, strolled away.

"I'd give a crown to know where I heard of you before!" said Walpole, as he stared up at the portrait.

FOUNTAIN CAVE, VIRGINIA.

WE give this week, on page 588, a series of interesting sketches from the pencil of Mr. W. L. SHEPPARD, made in a wonderfully beautiful as well as extensive cave in Augusta County, Virginia. Though, perhaps, of less extent than some other celebrated caves, for it has not yet been thoroughly explored, it contains some very singular as well as beautiful formations, and the tourist in that part of the country will find it well worthy of a visit.

The existence of this cave has been suspected for many years, owing to the "smoke"—so called by the people of the neighborhood—which, on cold days, rose from a fissure in the ground; but it was not opened until a little more than a year ago, when a number of persons in the vicinity undertook its exploration. It is now rendered easy of access. We have not the space for an extended description of its various apartments, nor do the sketches illustrate any but the most prominent features. Many of the most delicate and beautiful attractions are not of a character to be represented by engraving. The sparkle of the incrustations, the myriad forms of stalactites and stalagmites, almost defy the pictorial art.

Of the general features of the cave one of the most striking, from its size and peculiar formation, is the "Panel Hall," so named from the markings in the ceiling, which, as may be seen by reference to the sketch, is divided with great regularity by the drippings from the rock. Very few measurements have been made thus far, but the human figures in the sketches will give a fair idea of the dimensions of the several apartments and formations. "Jefferson's Tobacco Barn" derives its name from a singular row of stalactites, which resemble tobacco hung across a pole to dry. "The Tannery" has formations the size of the largest side of leather depending from the roof. "The Hanging Man," shown in the sketch, is a stalactite nearly seven feet long, about ten feet above the floor. "Pompey's Statue," a beautiful white formation about two feet high, on a pedestal twelve feet high, bears a striking resemblance, when the light is held in the proper position, to a figure in helmet and antique dress. The group of stalactites and stalagmites given in one of the smaller cuts is about thirty feet in total height, and very beautifully marked. The "Elf's Bath" is a picturesque collection of basins filled with pure, sparkling water; and one can easily imagine it to be the place which the tiny followers of Oberon and Titania would choose for a frolic in the crystal wave, out of the sight of men.

Fountain Cave is seventeen miles northeast of Staunton, on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad. It has been explored to a distance of about a mile, without reaching the end.

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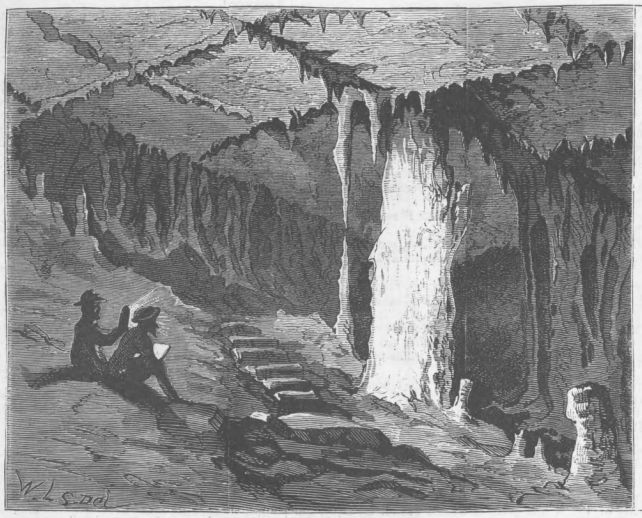
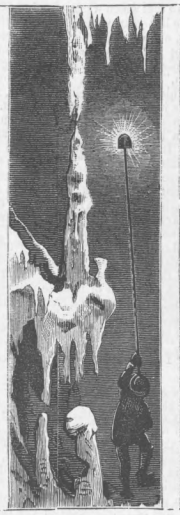
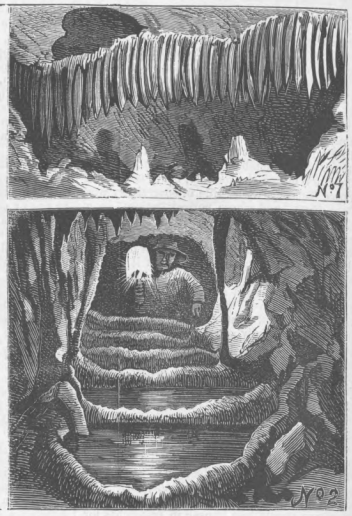


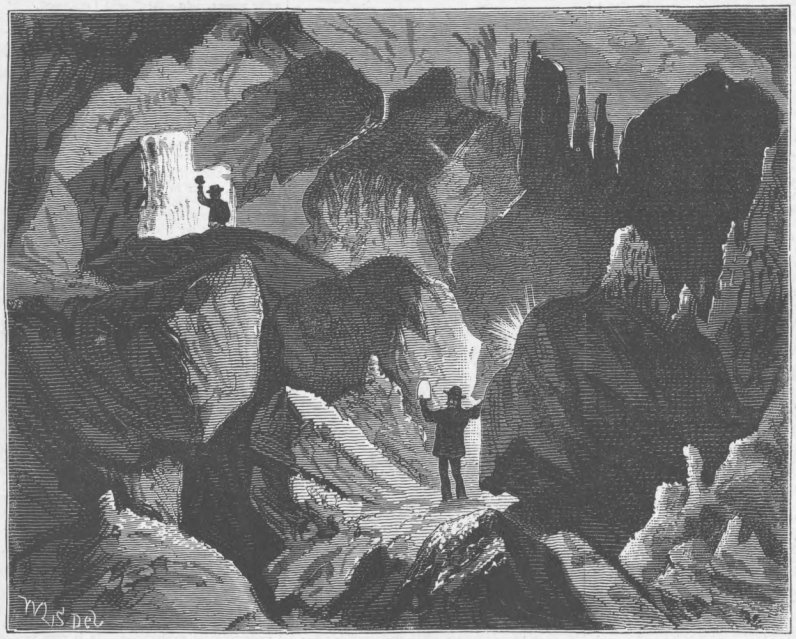
PANELED HALL, NEAR THE ENTRANCE.



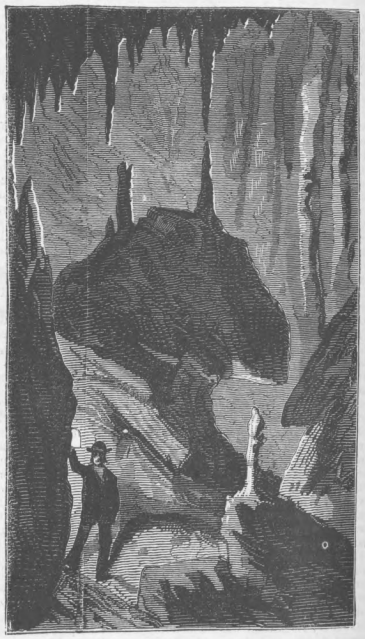
SINGULAR FORMATIONS.



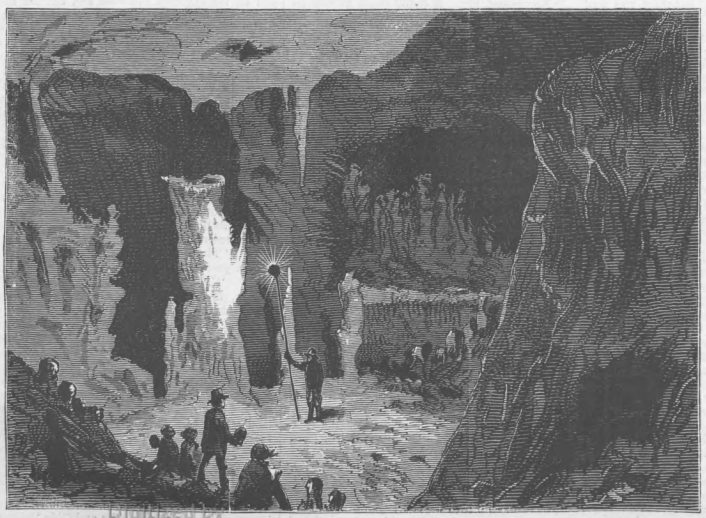
No. 1. JEFFERSON'S TOBACCO BARN; No. 2, ELF'S BATH.



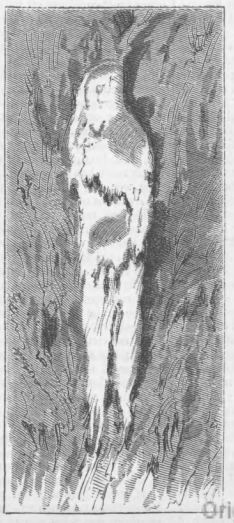
HALL WITH THE WHITE PILLAR.



ARCHED PASSAGE BETWEEN THE TWO HALLS.



LARGE HALL NEAR THE END OF THE CAVE.



THE HANGING MAN.

POMPEY'S STATUE.

SKETCHES IN FOUNTAIN CAVE, VIRGINIA.—DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.—[SEE PAGE 587.]

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MEMORIES OF DISTINGUISHED AUTHORS.

SYDNEY, LADY MORGAN.

BY S. C. HALL.

SYDNEY, LADY MORGAN.

IN the year 1822 I first knew SYDNEY, Lady Morgan. I saw her sitting in "the little red room in Kildare Street, by courtesy called a boudoir;" and although the "Wild Irish Girl" was even then a woman of "a certain age," she had so much of that natural vivacity, aptness for repartee, and point in conversation (often better than wit), that made her the oracle and idol of "a set" in the Irish metropolis, where others —not a few—feared and hated her; for her political bias was strong, and her antipathies, strong also, were seldom withstood or withheld.

She was never handsome, even in youth; small in person, and slightly deformed, there was about her much of ease and self-possession, but nothing of grace; yet she was remarkable for that peculiar something—for which we have no English word, but which the French express by *je ne sais quoi*—which in women often attracts and fascinates more than mere personal beauty.

Although it was said of Lady Morgan that she was a vain woman, had always coveted the distinction of seeing the visiting cards of lords and titled ladies in her card-stand, and liked, when she paid visits, to borrow a carriage with a coronet, to receive as many as might be of stars actual at her "evenings," to exhibit on her chimney-piece the gifts of people whom heritage rather than genius had made great, and was, in short, a woman of the world, she had, like all women of decided character and energetic temperament, her kindly sympathies and her considerate generosities, was a very lovable person to those she loved, and a true friend to those in whom she took interest.

Her collected letters, interspersed with meagre bits of memoir, were published soon after her death by her literary executor, Hepworth Dixon, and under the editorship of Geraldine Jewsbury. We can not doubt that judicious discrimination was exercised in the selection. According to that authority the diaries from her own hand were "copious," and she kept every letter she had received, from the epistles of field-marshals to the billets of a washer-woman. In a word, she contemplated and arranged for this memoir, and prepared it accordingly, with as much system and order as she settled her toilet and her drawing-room for a "reception"—to make the best of herself and her belongings; commencing with the day of her birth (but she does not name the year), when all the wits of Dublin were assembled—of whom she gives a biographical list—and ending with her last drive in a friend's carriage.

During many years she kept a journal. Of its utter barrenness an idea may be formed from those portions of it which her biographer has published, and from the fact that from one whole year's record he has printed but six lines, no doubt the only portion that was worth preserving. Her autobiography is, indeed—as were her rooms—an assemblage of a mass of things, no one of which was of much value, but which, when taken together, were curious, interesting, and instructive.

"No subtlety of inquiry could entrap Lady Morgan into any admission about her age." The dates of all old letters were carefully erased. "I enter my protest against DATES," she writes. "What has a woman to do with dates — cold, false, erroneous, chronological dates? I mean to have none of them." It is, however, understood that Sydney Owenson was born in 1777; and it is said by one of her biographers, Mr. W. J. Fitzpatrick (who does not give his authority), that "her birth occurred on shipboard." She is, at best, but half Irish, for her mother was an Englishwoman. She herself tells us she was born on Christmas-day, in "ancient ould Dublin." Her father was Robert Owenson—according to his daughter, "as fine a type of an Irish gentleman as Ireland ever sent forth." He was an actor, and manager of theatres in Dublin. During one of his professional tours in England he met at Shrewsbury an English lady, Miss Hill (with whom he "ran off"), the daughter of a wealthy gentleman. She was never forgiven. She was not young, but a very serious and sensible woman—unlike her husband in every thing. Of that marriage the issue was Sydney, subsequently married to Sir Charles Morgan, and Olivia, her younger sister by many years, who became the wife of another knight, Sir Arthur Clarke. It is not improbable that his little precocious daughter acted occasionally under his auspices in provincial towns, but she never played in Dublin; and it is certain that her father early resolved, as far as possible, to keep his daughters from the stage; yet what an admirable actress Lady Morgan would have been, had that been her destiny! Early in life, however, she sought independence. She was fond of saying that she had provided for herself from the time she was fourteen years old; and she had so wise and self-preserving a horror of debt, that she either paid ready money for what she wanted, or did without it. Much of her after-prosperity can be traced to that resolution—one which it must have required wonderful firmness to have held to, considering her natural love of display, and her always expensive "surroundings." She became a governess, and discharged the duties of that office in two families, until her writings became remunerative. Her father kept "his girls" at an "eminent boarding-school." He did his best for them; and they largely repaid him by affectionate care and duty till he died, in May, 1812, having enjoyed the luxury of calling each of his daughters "my lady."

Her younger days were passed amidst perplexing, harassing, indeed terrible, trials, under which a loftier nature might have fallen. She touches on them, though rarely, "seeing a father frequently torn to prison, a mother on the point of beggary with her children," and so forth.

From her earliest girlhood up to the very eve of her marriage she had her perpetual flirtations; but there her love affairs began and ended. Some of her sage friends opined that she "flirted more than was right," and it is probable she occasionally stood so near the fire as slightly to singe her white garments. Still she was ever "safe;" like her countrywomen generally—I would almost say universally—realizing the portrait of the poet Moore, of

> "The wild sweet-briery fence
> That round the flowers of Erin dwells,
> Which warns the touch, while winning the sense,
> Nor charms us least when it most repels."

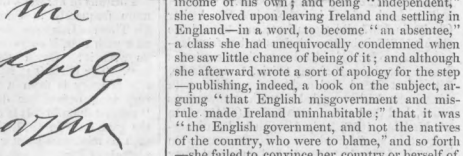
The seemingly light and frivolous, and really fascinating girl — fascinating both as girl and woman—escaped the only slander that surely slays. Yet she had at no period of her life any sustaining and preserving power from that which supports in difficulties and upholds in danger —RELIGION; and she was continually in society where, without a protector, she might have seemed an easy victim.

Her literary career began early, yet not so early as she liked to make it appear. Her abilities were gifts of nature. "All," she writes, "that literary counsel, acquirement, and instruction give to literary composition was, in my early career of authorship, utterly denied me."

LADY MORGAN'S RESIDENCE, KILDARE STREET, DUBLIN.

In 1801 her first book was published in Dublin, and afterward in London, by Sir Richard Phillips; thenceforward she continued working for more than half a century, having written and published, from the commencement to the close of her career, upward of seventy volumes.

In 1812 she married Sir Charles Morgan, M.D. He had received knighthood at the hands of the Duke of Richmond, Lord-Lieutenant, by request of the Marquis and Marchioness of Abercorn, the then friends of Sydney Owenson, who were resolved that their "pet" should have a title. Both events came off at their seat, Baron's Court: there the doctor was knighted; there the two were made one. Contrary to prophecies of friends and to general expectation, they were a happy couple. Sir Charles had personal advantages, and he was a man of strong mind, yet happily a devoted believer in his wife, while she had large respect for him: his sound common-sense and her erratic nature harmonized. He was a Doctor of Medicine, the friend and correspondent of Jenner. Though younger by five or six years than Miss Owenson, he was not young when he, a widower and an Englishman, born in London in 1783, wooed and won the Wild Irish Girl. He was tall, handsome, of very gentlemanly address, respectably born and connected, with some independent property, and madly in love with the fascinating "Glorvina." She was not so desperately smitten with him. "A little *diablerie* would make me wild in love with him," she writes. He was too quiet; in a word, too English. Nevertheless, he became a thorough Irishman — "more Irish than the Irish," like the old Anglo-Norman settlers; took the Liberal side in politics; and was a sturdy fighter for Catholic emancipation. He was, in all senses of the word, a gentleman—"a man of great erudition, speculative power, and singular observation." In August, 1844, he died. His death was a heavy loss to Lady Morgan; for she loved him, confided in him, and felt for him entire respect. And he was worthy of it; for there had been neither envy of her fame nor jealousy of the admiration she excited, where a lower nature might have felt both.



FAC-SIMILE OF LADY MORGAN'S HANDWRITING.

After her marriage, when the sound, "Milady," always so pleasant to her, had become familiar in all Dublin coteries, she used to give parties weekly in Kildare Street, and assumed to be the leader of literary fashion. There was no one to dispute her *rôle*, and her "evenings" drew together much of the talent, and some of the rank, of the Irish capital. Only once I was among her guests; for soon after I became acquainted with her I left that city, and launched my bark on the turgid and troubled river of life in London.

In the spring of 1837 Lord Melbourne granted to Lady Morgan a pension of £300 a year, "in acknowledgment of the services rendered by her to the world of letters." She had saved a sum by no means inconsiderable. Sir Charles had an income of his own; and being "independent," she resolved upon leaving Ireland and settling in England—in a word, to become "an absentee," a class she had unequivocally condemned when she saw little chance of being of it; and although she afterward wrote a sort of apology for the step —publishing, indeed, a book on the subject, arguing "that English misgovernment and misrule made Ireland uninhabitable;" that it was "the English government, and not the natives of the country, who were to blame," and so forth —she failed to convince her country or herself of the righteousness of her removal. Probably her attractions "at home" had grown less; many of her old friends had departed, some to England, others to the better land.

It is clear that, so early as '32, she had wearied of the Irish capital, which she described as "in summer a desert inhabited only by loathsome beggars." In 1833 she writes, "The Irish destiny is between Bedlam and a jail." "Dear dirty Dublin," gradually became "odious Dublin." In 1835 she talked of "wretched Dublin, the capital of wretched Ireland." In 1837 she wrote,

> "Oh, Ireland, to you
> I have long bade a last and a painful adieu!"

And so, having "freighted a small vessel" with their household gods, Sir Charles and Lady Mor-

LADY MORGAN'S RESIDENCE, WILLIAM STREET, LONDON.

THE MONUMENT TO LADY MORGAN.

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UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

gan became permanent residents in London, taking, after a brief "looking about," what she terms a *maisonnette*, No. 11 William Street, Knightsbridge, entering into possession on the 17th of January, 1838, and there continuing to her death —never again visiting Ireland. Naturally, perhaps, her popularity had there dwindled to nothing. She is by no means the only "native" who was a patriot in adversity and an absentee in prosperity. The painter Barry said, "Ireland gave me breath, but Ireland never would have given me bread." And in one of her letters Lady Morgan writes, "There is as little affection for merit as there is market."*

In London she aimed to be the centre of a circle—artistic, literary, scientific, aristocratic; giving large parties as well as small; sometimes crowding into two rooms of very limited size a hundred guests—persons of all ranks, patricians and plebeians. Certainly the arrangement of her rooms was most effective; the lights and shadows were in the right places, the seats were comfortable—"easy chairs"—the eye was perpetually arrested by something that was either peculiar or interesting. Somebody said it was like a "baby-house;" perhaps it was, but many of the toys were histories. Her society—often so conflicting, composed of elements that never could socially mingle—she managed with admirable tact, sometimes no easy task; for there were the Russian and the Pole; the "black Orangeman" and the "bitter Papist;" the proud aristocrat and the small-fry of letters; in a word, people were compelled to rub against each other whose positions, opinions, and interests were not only at variance, but in entire and utter hostility.†

She would have liked to have written "Corinne," and been expatriated by Napoleon. She was very proud of being ordered to leave France, but it was not followed up as she hoped it would have been. She liked to be thought to sit and move like Madame De Staël, and to rub a bit of stick with her forefinger as Madame De Staël did when in thought. But Lady Morgan, after the first fancy of the moment, could not be an imitator; her impulses grew into objects, and the earnestness born of affection matured into reality.

As I have said, she continued to reside in William Street after she became a widow, and during the remainder of her life. At length, however, the foe she most dreaded—old age—gradually drew nearer and nearer. Toward the end of 1852 her letters and diary record the losses of old friends. One after another departed, and she was left almost alone with old memories: they were warnings to set her house in order; but they were not solemn enough to impress her with any feeling akin to continuous grief, or to create dread of the "enemy." To the last she was *toujours gaie;* new friends came to replace the old; some one "worth seeing" was sure to be at her "reception;" and the bait of an invitation was too tempting to be resisted, notwithstanding the sure pressure of a mingled crowd.

The death of her brother-in-law, Sir Arthur Clarke, in 1857, did alarm her; and toward the close of 1858 it became obvious to her friends—suspicious to herself—that her work on earth was done. Her beloved sister, Olivia, Lady Clarke, her oldest friend and earliest companion, with whom she had struggled through a precarious youth, had died some years before (1845). On her birthday, 1858, Lady Morgan had a dinner-party, told stories, and sung a comic song. On the 17th of March, 1859, she had a musical party at which we were present;‡ a gay and crowded party it was—full of what she ever liked to see, celebrities or notorieties; and on the 16th of April, 1859, she died. She was interred in the Brompton Cemetery, where a tomb, executed by Mr. Sherrard Westmacott, has been erected to her memory by her niece, Mrs. Inwood Jones.§

The life of Lady Morgan was one of excitement from its dawn to its close. Even when a governess, "instructor of youth,"* her days were never sad, nor did time hang heavily on her hands. She was a charming companion at all periods, and was generally regarded in that light rather than as a teacher. Her animal spirits were inexhaustible; if not handsome, she was pretty, and in person attractive; she told Irish stories with inimitable humor, and sung Irish songs with singular *esprit;* she had been familiar with "society" from her childhood, and had been reared in self-dependence; her vanity, her value of herself, made her at ease amidst the great as among the small; like the soldier of fortune, she had all to gain and nothing to lose; reckless as regarded foes, but fervent in defense of friends. Living on praise as the very breath of her life, flattery, no matter how gross, seemed never to exceed her right. No doubt much of "womanliness" was sacrificed to that perpetual exercise of self-dependence. Self-dependence is not the natural destiny of woman—rarely bringing content, and still more rarely happiness.

A writer who knew her in her prime thus pictures "Glorvina" at "the Castle:" "Hardly more than four feet high, with a slightly-curved spine, uneven shoulders and eyes, she glided about in a close-cropped wig, bound by a fillet or solid band of gold, her face all animation, and with a witty word for every body." "Notwithstanding her natural defects, she made a picturesque appearance." Another writer, alluding to the "unevenness" of her eyes, says "they were, however, large, lustrous, and electrical." Prince Puckler Muskau (who published a tour in Ireland in 1828) describes her as "a little, frivolous, lively woman, neither pretty nor ugly, and with really fine and expressive eyes."

This is Mrs. Hall's portrait of Lady Morgan at a later year of her life:

"Lady Morgan's person was so well known to the *habitués* of London—at all events, to the classes that belong to the fashionable and literary—that any description for *them* may be, as she would have said, *de trop;* but thousands have been, at one time or other of their lives, interested in her works, and the sort of flying reputation she had for saying and doing odd, but clever, things, and the marvelous *tact* which comprised so much of her talent, or the talent whose greatest society-power was *tact*. To those we say that Lady Morgan was small and slightly deformed; that her head was large, round, and well formed; her features full of expression, particularly the expression that accompanies 'humor,' dimpling, as it does, round the mouth, and sparkling in the eyes. The natural intonations of her voice in conversation were singularly pleasing—so pleasing as to render her 'nothings' pleasant; and whatever affectation hovered about her large green fan, or was seen in the 'way she had' of folding her draperies round her, and looking out of them with true Irish *espièglerie*, the tones of that voice were to the last full of feeling."

Portraits of her were, of course, often painted; more frequently in France than in England. Sir Thomas Lawrence pictured her, but expressed a wish that, if engraved, his name should not go with it! David d'Angers sculptured her bust. The portrait that stands at the head of this Memory is from a photograph taken not very long before her death, but subsequently "worked upon."† It is engraved from the copy she gave us. In 1824, the poet Samuel Lover, then a miniature-painter in Dublin, painted a portrait of her. It was to have been engraved by Meyer; "but," says Lady Morgan's biographer, "between the painter and the engraver, the result was such unmitigated *ugliness* that Colburn would not let it appear."

Few writers have aroused more hostility, or have been more thoroughly abused. Her grand enemy was her countryman, John Wilson Croker. It was he who assailed her in the *Quarterly Review*, accusing her, either indirectly or directly, of "licentiousness, profligacy, irreverence, blasphemy, libertinism, disloyalty, and atheism." She had her revenge—her character of Crawley junior, in "Florence Macarthy," must have been a bayonet-stab in the very vitals of her foe.‡ He certainly overshot the mark; there can be no doubt that his severity augmented the popularity of Lady Morgan, and increased the number of her friends. She was found to be "an awkward customer" whenever she was assailed. She girded on her armor even to the last, and went into battle with no less an adversary than Cardinal Wiseman, who attacked her for having asserted, in her book on Italy, that the sacred chair of St. Peter, when examined, was found to contain this passage in Arabic characters: "There is but one God, and Mohammed is his prophet!" She answered the Cardinal in a pamphlet—it was the old war-horse roused to energy by the trumpet-call to battle. Latterly her sight began to give way, and she was almost blind when she ran a tilt against "his Eminence."

Let us fancy her gay ladyship traveling through France with her little "Irish harp case," that was mistaken for a *petit mort* she had brought over to bury in Père-la-Chaise; buying herself "a *chapeau de soleil* with corn-flowers stuck in the side of it—twenty francs;" receiving from Lafayette and his household assurances of "the attachment of three generations;" her "Wednesdays" in the gay city, where the highest and the lowest met — princes, dukes, marshals, counts, actors, Maltese knights, small poets, and small wits—in a word, any celebrity or any notoriety, male or female, was welcome to her *salon*. There the first violin player of France placed her on a raised seat, and declared she was his "inspiration." There Humboldt called and left his card, with the penciled words, "Toujours malheureux." Generally, however, she "kept clear of the English;" content with any praise, and greedy only of the admiration that was to be had without the asking; yet ever so pleasant, so full of point, so perfect in the *style parlant*, as she terms it, as really to be what she aimed to be—the queen of society.*

If her triumph was less in London than in the Elysées, it was because her worshipers were more phlegmatic than their light-tongued and light-hearted neighbors. Yet her "evenings at home" were always "successes."

Lady Morgan had an idea that she might be the means of bringing together in fraternal intercourse the aristocracy of rank and the aristocracy of talent on a more extensive scale than was possible in her *maisonnette*. Mr. Mackinnon, of Hyde Park Place, had a large house, a suit of rooms capable of "entertaining" many, and in partnership with that estimable gentleman her plan was to be carried out. He was to issue cards to ladies and gentlemen of his order; she, to those who were eminent in literature, science, and art. The cards were printed accordingly. They expressed that Lady Morgan and Mr. Mackinnon desired to be honored with the company of So-and-so on the evening of Wednesday, July 16. It was certainly somewhat startling to read the names thus joined; it was known that the one was a widow, the other a widower, and there was consequently no just cause or impediment why the two should not be joined together. Still it was curious, and "gossip" might have been excused, especially as the card was lithographed in the joint names, that of Lady Morgan standing first. We received our invitation from her ladyship's own hands, and accepted it. On the evening of the 16th we duly entered the drawing-room at Hyde Park Place. We heard titles of all degrees announced; but hardly a name eminent in literature, art, or science greeted our ears. There were present perhaps two hundred people of rank, but, excepting ourselves and three or four others of our "calling," Lady Morgan had no followers to fraternize with those of Mr. Mackinnon. Speculation was in vain as to the cause of so appalling an effect. The lady was evidently irate; there was no way of accounting for the humiliating fact, and, as may be supposed, the evening passed off with amazing dullness, for the co-operation of no other lions had been sought. A few days afterward the mystery was explained. Mr. Mackinnon had agreed to envelop and direct such cards as were to go to his "order," Lady Morgan undertaking the transmission of such as were intended to lure the magnates of her own circle and craft. The cards, properly prepared and addressed, she handed to Mr. Mackinnon's butler for the post; but either that important functionary forgot his duty, or grudged the postage, or thought it beneath him and his master to invite so many untitled guests—at all events, they were subsequently found safe in his desk, where they had been in comfortable seclusion from the day when dear Lady Morgan placed them in his hands. It is needless to say, there began and ended the scheme of her ladyship to bring together the aristocracy of rank and the aristocracy of talent.

She had that cordiality of manner which "took" at once, and did not permit you time to inquire if it were sincere. She was, however, entirely free from literary jealousy;† she would aid, and not depress, young authorship; she was often generous with her purse, as well as her pen and tongue; there was nothing mean about her; and flattered as she had been from her youth upward, is it wonderful that her large organ of self-esteem occasionally assumed a character of arrogance—that when she called herself "Glorvina," it was her weakness to persuade herself how closely she resembled that brilliant creation of her fancy—that she was, in a word, *vain*, although her vanity may have been but the skeleton of pride?

She was essentially *matérielle*. In no one of her letters, in no part of her journal, can there be found the remotest reference to that High Power from which her genius was derived, which protected her wayward and perilous youth, her prosperous womanhood, and her popular, if not honored, old age. There is no word of prayer or of thanksgiving in any of her written thoughts.

Her tact was portable, applicable, alive, alert, marketable, good-natured, ever ready at call, and consequently often useful; yes, and useful to others as well as to herself, for she was continually "on the watch" to serve a friend and set aside a difficulty. Lady Morgan had no left hand, no deaf ear, "no blind side;" she was life, bright life, from top to toe. Even when her receptions were over, and, at her great age, it might have been supposed she had gone wearied and languidly to bed, she chattered cheerfully to her maid, and closed her eyes with a jest.

She was created for society—enjoyed and lived in society to the last: nothing annoyed her so much as being invited to a *small party*. She liked the crowded room, the loud announcement, and the celebrity she had earned. Her vanity was charming; it was different from every other vanity; it was so *naïve*, so original, and she admitted it with the frankness of a child. "I know I am vain," she once said to Mrs. Hall, "but I have a right to be so. It is not put off and on, like my *rouge;* it is always with me, it sleeps with me, wakes with me, companions me in my solitude, and arrays itself for publicity whenever I go abroad. I wrote books when your mothers worked samplers, and demanded freedom for Ireland when Dan O'Connell scrambled for gulls' eggs among the wild crags of Derrynane." "I *am* vain," she said, on another occasion, to Mrs. Hall, "but I have a right to be so. Look at the number of books I have written! Did ever woman move in a brighter sphere than I do? My dear, I have three invitations to dinner to-day: one from a duchess, another from a countess, a third from a diplomatist—I will not tell you who—a very naughty man, who, of course, keeps the best society in London. Now what right have I, my father's daughter, to this? What am I? A pensioned scribbler! Yet I am given gifts that queens might covet. Look at that little clock: *that* stood in Marie Antoinette's dressing-room. When the Louvre was pillaged, Denon met a *bonnet rouge* with it in his hand, and took it from him. Denon gave it to me." Then, with a rapid change, she added, "Ah, that is a long time ago! Princes and princesses, celebrities of all kinds, have presented me with the *souvenirs* you see around me, and *they* would make a wiser woman vain."

If you complimented her on her looking "so much better," she would reply, "Perhaps I am better rouged than usual." Once a lady, not famous for sincerity, said, "Dear Lady Morgan, how lovely your hair is! How *do* you preserve its color?" "By dyeing it, my dear; I see you want the receipt." When we were so fortunate as to find her alone, we were charmed by her mingling of acute observation with much that was genial and generous; but our enjoyment would be, at times, suddenly disturbed by a sarcasm—just as when in a delicious sandwich you are stung by an unwieldy drop of mustard.

Devoted as Lady Morgan appeared to be—to strangers—to the frivolities of the world, she had sound and rational views of life and its duties as a daughter and a wife. Speaking with Mrs. Hall of some young ladies suddenly bereft of fortune, she said, with an emphatic movement of her dear old green fan—"They do every thing that is fashionable—*imperfectly;* their singing, and drawing, and dancing, and languages amount to nothing. They were educated to marry, and, had there been time, they might have gone off *with*, and hereafter *from*, husbands. They can not earn their salt; they do not even know how to dress themselves. I desire to give *every* girl, no matter what her rank, a trade—a *profession*, if the word pleases better. Cultivate *one thing* to *perfection*, no matter what it is, for which she has a talent—drawing, music, embroidery, housekeeping even; give her a staff to lay hold of; let her feel, '*That* will carry me through life without dependence!' *I* was independant at fourteen, and never went in debt."

Perhaps no writer ever owed less to experience than Lady Morgan. The faults of her youth were the faults of her age. She was never young. Her mind attained its majority at a very early period. She carried the same views, the same ideas, the same prejudices, the same craving for liberty, the same sympathies, into her more aspiring works on France and Italy, as she did in her novels; the same contradictory love for republicanism and aristocracy, the same vanity—a vanity the most abounding, yet so unlike in its perfect and undisguised honesty, its self-avowing frankness, to all other vanities, that it became absolutely a charm—perhaps one of her greatest charms.

The last time Mrs. Hall saw "the Wild Irish Girl," she was seated on a couch in her bedroom —a picturesque ruin of old-lady womanhood. Her black silk dressing-gown fell round her *petite* form, which seemed so fragile that she feared to see the old lady move. "Why, Lady Morgan!" she said, "you are looking far better than I expected; you are really looking well." "Ah, no, my dear," she said in reply, "I am not; you should see me in the morning—it's the rouge! it's the rouge!"

SPECTACLES.

SPECTACLES are worn by so many people nowadays that we are often inclined to wonder how former generations managed to get on without them before they were invented. The old Greeks and Romans do not seem to have known the luxury; but then, perhaps, their eyes were better than those of the present short-sighted race of mortals. One thing, they had not so many newspapers to trouble them as we have. But spectacles, after all, are not such a recent invention as might, perhaps, be thought. They did not come into use in Europe until

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* We once encountered an ultra Irishman, who told us he was going to Lady Morgan's "to blow her up for deserting her country and turning her back on the Liberator." He went, and was so fascinated by the really fine words of tenderness she gave to the memory of "dear old Dublin"—her inimitable *tact* of turning disadvantages into advantages, and foes into friends—that he assured us the next day, "the people of Ireland mistook that charming Lady Morgan altogether; that her heart, every morsel of it, was in Ireland; she lived in England only to *protect her countrymen and prevent their being imposed on.*"

† She told us she had once deplored so earnestly her ignorance of geology to one of its professors that he offered to read a lecture on the subject (which her ladyship lamented pathetically she had not heard) in her drawing-room! She laughed afterward at this, as one of the great difficulties of her social life. She added, "I got out of it by regretting that my present audience were unworthy such an honor, but that if he he would do so the next night! Well, he was kind enough to promise, but I could not have survived it, and the next day, of course, I was very ill." She once described to us a visit paid to her by a young literary American, adding, "I dare say he exchanged his Bible for a peerage the moment he landed at Liverpool. You should have seen his ecstasy when presented to a duchess, and how he luxuriated under the shadow of the strawberry leaves."

‡ She usually gave a party on St. Patrick's Day. In 1858 Mrs. Hall received from her this characteristic note:

"19th *March*, 1858. 11 WILLIAM STREET, BELGRAVIA.

"MY DEAR MRS. HALL,—If I was not as blind as a bat, and as weak as a rat, I would answer your pleasant and kind letter (pleasant because it was *so* kind) *en long et en large:* as it is, I can only say a thousand thanks. I was, in all truth, sending you a little invite for Patrick's Day, when your note arrived with an account of your illness.

"I have been three months confined to my house, and even to particular rooms, by order of Dr. Ferguson; so I have escaped so far bronchitis; but I feel the want of air and exercise. I hope very soon to see you in William Street, and have a few agreeables to meet you. I had my band on Patrick's Night, and sung my Saxon guests an Irish song, which made my little Irish harp reverberate with surprise! I faithfully pay my annual subscription to the Governesses' Institution. I hope it is the one you recommended to me. Ever with kind regards,

"S. MORGAN."

§ The tomb will be found on the right of the principal walk, entering the gate in the Fulham Road. A large plain slab is supported by six pillars; on a slab underneath is carved an Irish harp, propped by two books, "France" and the "Wild Irish Girl." At the base is a wreath of *immortelles*.

* She did not forget this; bequeathing, in her will, a sum of £200 to the Aged Governesses' Benevolent Institution.

† The portrait I give of her is engraved from a photograph taken shortly before her death, one of those she gave to many of her friends—ourselves among the rest. The sun picture was not a very good one—being, indeed, only amateur's work; it was tinted by his or her hand. The artist caught something of the well-known expression, some traits of the dear old face. Like most intellectual faces, however, Lady Morgan's was not to be photographed—not even painted; there was an electricity about it which paint-brush could not hope to catch, nor camera to fix.

‡ Croker, by his earliest work, "Familiar Epistles," is said to have done to death the actor Edwin; at least, it was recorded on Edwin's tombstone, in St. Werburgh's Church-yard, that "his death was occasioned by an illiberal and cruel attack on his professional reputation from an anonymous assassin." Croker, among other "names," called Lady Morgan "a female Methuselah," knowing that was a barbed arrow that was sure to stick.

* Among other peculiarities, her gay ladyship describes herself as a Freemason: a venerable marquise —"the dear *belle et bonne* of Voltaire"—being *grande maîtresse* of a lodge—proposed it to her, and she became "a free and accepted mason." The *belle et bonne* at the inauguration wore a picture of Voltaire, set in brilliants. There were men masons present, among them the Bishop of Jerusalem and the actor Talma. "AS TO THE SECRET," she writes, "it shall never pass these lips, in holy silence sealed;" and certainly her ladyship may well wonder how it was that a secret confided to many women, young and beautiful and worldly, should never have been revealed. She does not tell us if she wore an apron, but the *belle et bonne* marquise did; and so the *illustrée Anglaise* was added to the list of free and accepted masons—"received with acclamation and three rounds of applause, and cries of 'Honneur! honneur!'"

† When both Sir Charles and Lady Morgan wrote for a well-known periodical, they were ever ready to foster young talent; and I call to mind with gratitude her generous criticism on the works of an author, whom a less generous nature would have thought a poacher on what she might have considered her own Irish preserve. Lady Morgan had her quick and national appreciation of an absurdity or a weakness, and could not help having "a fling" at it; it was your neighbor's turn to-day, and might be yours to-morrow: but what matter? she would do you a kindness, and be really glad to do it, all the same. She never put the young aspirant for celebrity aside, to pay more attention to a titled visitor.

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1300, but they are of unfathomable antiquity in China—not, indeed, of glass, but of rock-crystal. We affect to despise the humble efforts of the untutored Esquimaux, but even they have had a sort of spectacles of their own long before they ever had an opportunity of seeing any from other lands. They are ignorant of the manufacture of glass, or even of pottery, and they therefore can not construct a lens; but they have constructed an instrument of wood and bone—an eye shade—which is not only a protection to the visual organs, but assists the visual power of the eyes. The Esquimaux term it "*ittee-yaga*," —"far sight"—the very synonym of our word telescope.

A VISIT TO PRESIDENT GRANT.

A "LONDON PARSON," who has been doing America, gives the following pleasant account of a visit to President Grant:

I did not intend to seek admission into the White House, for the President was at home, and I thought it might be closed. However, I walked up to look at the outside. It deserves the name of the White House, even in a city of white edifices, for every thing about it—the glaring road, the blinds, the door itself—helped to claim the title. I saw no one about, no sentries, no servants of any kind. A soldier's horse was tied up at the entrance, but every thing stood quiet and still in the bright sunshine. Presently four persons, Americans, whom I had seen doing the sights of Washington, and whom, indeed, I had not long before directed to the spiral staircase which leads up the dome of the Capitol, came sauntering out. They walked away, and the door was shut behind them. Another orderly rode up, tied his horse to a ring in the portico, and walked in. I turned aside, and was strolling off, supposing the White House was closed to visitors for the day, when an old negress came smiling out by some side door.

"Mornin', Sar," said she.

"Mornin', marm," said I. I supposed her to be a sort of Aunt Sally among the servants, and asked her if the house was still open.

"Bless you, Sar," she replied, "I've been there three hours; but I didn't see the President after all."

"Did you want to see him?"

"Yes, Sar; wages very low, work scarce."

"Did you expect him to find you any?"

"Well, Sar, I thought I'd go and see; but he is busy."

Then she volunteered her opinion on his fitness for his post, and praised Lincoln. "Ah! I do believe he was a Christian."

Negroes are monstrously communicative. Unlike Americans, they frequently begin the conversation, and are generally very ambitious in their choice of subjects. The negro's talk is as large as his lips. He is always contemplating a long journey, or delivering himself about the greatest matters and the biggest people. The black barber talks of setting up business in London. The boots at the hotel discusses the relation between Canada and the United States. A man who sold pears to us in the train to Richmond mixed up his opinion of Henry Clay, apropos to nothing, with his offers of fruit. This negress laid down the law about the qualification of the chief magistrate with most entertaining decision, and was quite sincere in intending to place her special necessities before none less than the President himself. There was a grotesque pathos in the faith she felt in her appeal to the head of the government.

But he was busy. Busy! I should think so, if he has to listen to every personal tale. However, Aunt Sally provoked me at least to look into the house, so I retraced my steps and rang the front bell. A servant out of livery opened the door at once, and began showing me over the place. I said I was an Englishman passing through Washington, and hoped I was not too late to see the White House.

"Oh no, Sir," he replied; "but you must not expect to see such a palace as you have in England."

While we were looking about I said, "I suppose the President is much pressed upon by visitors."

"Well," he rejoined, "there are pretty many, but I am sure he would see you if you walked up stairs."

"I won't trouble him," said I; "besides, I have not come prepared to seek a presentation."

I referred to my dress, wide-awake and overcoat, which I wore because the wind was keen, though the sun was bright. He saw what I meant, and laughed, adding,

"We don't think about that here, Sir."

So I strolled up the stairs, which were public, and found myself, without introduction, in a large room, where General —— was hearing an application from some contractor at a table, a secretary sitting at another, and an old gentleman standing before the fire with an unlit cigar in his mouth. A negro porter sat by a door on the other side of the room.

The General, too, asked me most courteously if I wanted to see the President. I replied that had I known he received that day I would have sought, with others, the honor of making my bow to him, but that I did not like to go in as I was. He smiled, and said that made no difference, and added,

"Send your card in. Sit down."

So I gave him my card and sat down, while he went on with his business. In a minute or two I was called into an inner room, and found the President standing before the fire smoking a cigar. He was exceedingly courteous, and honored me with some conversation about Utah and the great line, the former of which he knew much about personally, having been there. Then I made my bow, he shook hands, and I went out, certainly much impressed with the extreme facility of access granted by the head of the government to visitors. The whole thing was so unexpectedly informal that I felt it difficult to realize that I had had an interview with so great a personage as the President of the United States. He is a very gentlemanly man, with a quiet, deliberate voice, and an eye that looks straight at you when he speaks. He wore an ordinary morning dress, almost scrupulously well-fitting; and I noticed that, like the majority of Americans, he had a small, white hand and very neat boots.

There can be no greater mistake than to represent the conventional American in a tail coat and bulgy boots. I did not notice a tail coat worn in the morning while in America, nor did I ever see a more clean-heeled race in my life. Even in the rough West, where trowsers are worn stuffed into "Wellingtons"—though they are not known by that name there—the boots were almost invariably neatly built. Our guide in the Sierra wore a high-heeled pair, which might have come out of the most fashionable shop in Regent Street.

The President is exposed to much detail of work, which must be very wearisome. He receives, I forget whether it is twice or three times a week, and is, of course, constantly pestered with personal applications for office. It was exceedingly good-natured in him to see me, a wandering Englishman, as he did after the reception hours had passed. No one, moreover, could be more pleasantly courteous than General ——, with whom before I left I had some very agreeable conversation. And this courtesy descends to lower officials. Again and again I ventured to introduce myself to such as the officers of Public Charities and Corrections, and Emigration, in New York, and nowhere did I find a "Jack in office." All every where offered me all the facilities in their power, often putting themselves to trouble in showing me what I wanted to see. The ordinary attendants, moreover, never seemed to expect a fee. Only once did I have a hint of the kind, and that was from a convict boat-crew, in parti-colored dresses, when their officer offered to row me across the East River from the penitentiary. They suggested that they had no "baccy."

SOOT ON THE BRAIN.

TOBACCO has always had its opponents, from James I., of "Counterblast" memory, down to the disgusted ones of the present day. We never read the royal author; but if his facts were any thing like as alarming as those of old Theophilus Gale, in his "Court of the Gentiles" (1676), we think James must have had many converts. Theophilus says: "I had three friends, and two of them, worthy divines, taken away by apoplexies within the space of one year, all great *tabaconists*. Again, it fills the brain with fuliginose black vapors or smoke, like the soot of a chimney. Pauvius, a great anatomist, and Falkenburgius affirm that by the abuse of this fume the brain contracts a kind of black soot; and they prove the opinion both by experience and reason. Raphelengius relates that Pauvius, dissecting one that had been a great smoker, found his brain clothed with a kind of black soot. And Falkenburgius proves by these reasons that not only fuliginose vapors, but also a black crust, like that of the soot on a chimney back, is contracted on the skull by the inordinate use of tobacco." After this we think we will take a pipe.

A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION.

BY CHARLES READE

WITH MANY ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIRST.

THE lady put her hand to her heart, and was silent a long time.

At last she said, doggedly but faintly, "You will go with me to that place to-morrow, one of you."

"I'll go, my lady," said Moss. "Will, here, had better not show his face. They might take the law on him for that there shot."

Drake hung his head, and his ardor was evidently cooled by discovering that Sir Charles had been taken to a mad-house.

Lady Bassett saw and sighed, and said she would take Moss to show her the way.

At eleven o'clock next morning a light carriage and pair came round to the Hall gate, and a large basket, a portmanteau, and a bag were placed on the roof under care of Moss; smaller packages were put inside; and Lady Bassett and her maid got in, both dressed in black.

They reached Bellevue House at half past two. The lodge gate was open, to Lady Bassett's surprise, and they drove through some pleasant grounds to a large white house.

The place at first sight had no distinctive character: great ingenuity had been used to secure the inmates without seeming to incarcerate them. There were no bars to the lower front windows, and the side windows, with their defenses, were shrouded by shrubs. The sentinels were out of sight, or employed on some occupation or other, but within call. Some patients were playing at cricket; some ladies looking on; others strolling on the gravel with a nurse, dressed very much like themselves, who did not obtrude her functions unnecessarily. All was apparent indifference, and Argus-eyed vigilance. So much for the surface.

Of course, even at this moment, some of the locked rooms had violent and miserable inmates.

The hall door opened as the carriage drew up; a respectable servant came forward.

Lady Bassett handed him her card, and said, "I am come to see my husband, Sir."

The man never moved a muscle, but said, "You must wait, if you please, till I take your card in."

He soon returned, and said, "Dr. Suaby is not here, but the gentleman in charge will see you."

Lady Bassett got out, and, beckoning Mary Wells, followed the servant into a curious room, half library, half chemist's shop; they called it "the laboratory."

Here she found a tall man leaning on a dirty mantel-piece, who received her stiffly. He had a pale mustache, very thin lips, and altogether a severe manner. His head bald, rather prematurely, and whiskers abundant.

Lady Bassett looked him all over with one glance of her woman's eye, and saw she had a hard and vain man to deal with.

"Are you the gentleman to whom this house belongs?" she faltered.

"No, madam; I am in charge during Dr. Suaby's absence."

"That comes to the same thing. Sir, I am come to see my dear husband."

"Have you an order?"

"An order, Sir? I am his wife."

Mr. Salter shrugged his shoulders a little, and said, "I have no authority to let any visitor see a patient without an order from the person by whose authority he is placed here, or else an order from the Commissioners."

"But that can not apply to his wife; to her who is one with him, for better for worse, in sickness or health."

"It seems hard; but I have no discretion in the matter. The patient only came yesterday—much excited. He is better to-day, and an interview with you would excite him again."

"Oh no! no! no! I can always soothe him. I will be so mild, so gentle. You can be present, and hear every word I say. I will only kiss him, and tell him who has done this, and to be brave, for his wife watches over him; and, Sir, I will beg him to be patient, and not blame you nor any of the people here."

"Very proper, very proper; but really this interview must be postponed till you have an order, or Dr. Suaby returns. He can violate his own rules if he likes; but I can not, and, indeed, I dare not."

"Dare not let a lady see her husband? Then you are not a man. Oh, can this be England? It is too inhuman."

Then she began to cry, and wring her hands.

"This is very painful," said Mr. Salter, and left the room.

The respectable servant looked in soon after, and Lady Bassett told him, between her sobs, that she had brought some clothes and things for her husband. "Surely, Sir," said she, "they will not refuse me that?"

"Lord, no, ma'am," said the man. "You can give them to the keeper and nurse in charge of him."

Lady Bassett slipped a guinea into the man's hand directly. "Let me see those people," said she.

The man winked, and vanished: he soon reappeared, and said, loudly, "Now, madam, if you will order the things into the hall."

Lady Bassett came out and gave the order.

A short, bull-necked man, and rather a pretty young woman with a flaunting cap, bestirred themselves getting down the things; and Mr. Salter came out and looked on.

Lady Bassett called Mary Wells, and gave her a five-pound note to slip into the man's hand. She telegraphed the girl, who instantly came near her with an India rubber bath, and, affecting ignorance, asked her what that was.

Lady Bassett dropped three sovereigns into the bath, and said, "Ten times, twenty times that, if you are kind to him. Tell him it is his cousin's doing, but his wife watches over him."

"All right," said the girl. "Come again when the doctor is here."

All this passed, in swift whispers, a few yards from Mr. Salter, and he now came forward and offered his arm to conduct Lady Bassett to the carriage.

But the wretched, heart-broken wife forgot her art of pleasing. She shrank from him with a faint cry of aversion, and got into her carriage unaided. Mary Wells followed her.

Mr. Salter was unwilling to receive this rebuff. He followed, and said, "The clothes shall be given, with any message you may think fit to intrust to me."

Lady Bassett turned away sharply from him, and said to Mary Wells, "Tell him to drive home. Home! I have none now. Its light is torn from me."

The carriage drove away as she uttered these piteous words.

She cried at intervals all the way home; and could hardly drag herself up stairs to bed.

Mr. Angelo called next day with bad news. Not a magistrate would move a finger against Mr. Bassett: he had the law on his side. Sir Charles was evidently insane; it was quite proper he should be put in security before he did some mischief to himself or Lady Bassett. "They say, why was he hidden for two months, if there was not something very wrong?"

Lady Bassett ordered the carriage and paid several calls, to counteract this fatal impression.

She found, to her horror, she might as well try to move a rock. There was plenty of kindness and pity; but the moment she began to assure them her husband was not insane she was met with the dead silence of polite incredulity. One or two old friends went further, and said, "My dear, we are told he could not be taken away without two doctors' certificates: now, consider, they must know better than you. Have patience, and let them cure him."

Lady Bassett withdrew her friendship on the spot from two ladies for contradicting her on such a subject; she returned home almost wild herself.

In the village her carriage was stopped by a woman with her hair all flying, who told her, in a lamentable voice, that Squire Bassett had sent nine men to prison for taking Sir Charles's part and ill-treating his captors.

"My lawyer shall defend them at my expense," said Lady Bassett, with a sigh.

At last she got home, and went up to her own room, and there was Mary Wells waiting to dress her.

She tottered in, and sank into a chair. But, after this temporary exhaustion, came a rising tempest of passion; her eyes roved, her fingers worked, and her heart seemed to come out of her in words of fire. "I have not a friend in all the county. That villain has only to say 'Mad,' and all turn from me, as if an angel of truth had said 'Criminal.' We have no friend but one, and she is my servant. Now go and envy wealth and titles. No wife in this parish is so poor as I; powerless in the folds of a serpent. I can't see my husband without an order from *him*. He is all power, I and mine all weakness." She raised her clinched fists, she clutched her beautiful hair as if she would tear it out by the roots. "I shall go mad! I shall go mad! No!" said she, all of a sudden. "That will not do. That is what he wants—and then my darling *would* be defenseless. I will not go mad." Then suddenly grinding her white teeth: "I'll teach him to drive a lady to despair. I'll fight."

She descended, almost without a break, from the fury of a Pythoness to a strange calm. Oh! then it is her sex are dangerous.

"Don't look so pale," said she, and she actually smiled. "All is fair against so foul a villain. You and I will defeat him. Dress me, Mary."

Mary Wells, carried away by the unusual violence of a superior mind, was quite bewildered.

Lady Bassett smiled a strange smile, and said, "I'll show you how to dress me;" and she did give her a lesson that astonished her.

"And now," said Lady Bassett, "I shall dress you." And she took a loose full dress out of her wardrobe, and made Mary Wells put it on; but first she inserted some stuffing so adroitly that Mary seemed very buxom, but what she wished to hide was hidden. Not so Lady Bassett herself. Her figure looked much rounder than in the last dress she wore.

With all this she was late for dinner, and when she went down, Mr. Angelo had just finished telling Mr. Oldfield of the mishap to the villagers.

Lady Bassett came in animated and beautiful.

Dinner was announced directly, and a commonplace conversation kept up till the servants were got rid of. She then told Mr. Oldfield how she had been refused admittance to Sir Charles at Bellevue House, a plain proof, to her mind, they knew her husband was not insane; and begged him to act with energy, and get Sir Charles out before his reason could be permanently injured by the outrage and the horror of his situation.

This led to a discussion, in which Mr. Angelo and Lady Bassett threw out various suggestions, and Mr. Oldfield cooled their ardor with sound objections. He was familiar with the Statutes de Lunatico, and said they had been strictly observed both in the capture of Sir Charles and in Mr. Salter's refusal to let the wife see the husband. In short, he appeared either unable or unwilling to see any thing except the strong legal position of the adverse party.

Mr. Oldfield was one of those prudent lawyers who search for the adversary's strong points, that their clients may not be taken by surprise; and that is very wise of them. But wise things require to be done wisely: he sometimes carried this system so far as to discourage his client too much. It is a fine thing to make your client think his case the weaker of the two, and then win it for him easily; that gratifies your own foible, professional vanity. But suppose, with your discouraging him so, he flings up or compromises a winning case? Suppose he takes the huff, and goes to some other lawyer, who will warm him with hopes instead of cooling him with a one-sided and hostile view of his case?

In the present discussion Mr. Oldfield's habit of beginning by admiring his adversaries, together with his knowledge of law and little else, and his secret conviction that Sir Charles was unsound of mind, combined to paralyze him; and, not being a man of invention, he could not see his way out of the wood at all; he could negative Mr. Angelo's suggestions and give good reasons, but he could not, or did not, suggest any thing better to be done.

Lady Bassett listened to his negative wisdom with a bitter smile, and said, at last, with a sigh: "It seems, then, we are to sit quiet and do nothing, while Mr. Bassett and his solicitor strike blow upon blow. There! I'll fight my own battle; and do you try and find some way of defending the poor souls that are in trouble because they did not sit with their hands before them when their benefactor was outraged. Command my purse, if money will save them from prison."

Then she rose with dignity, and walked like a cameloparl all down the room on the side opposite to Mr. Oldfield. Angelo flew to open the door, and in a whisper begged a word with her in private. She bowed assent, and passed on from the room.

"What a fine creature!" said Mr. Oldfield. "How she walks!"

Mr. Angelo made no reply to this, but asked him what was to be done for the poor men: "they will be up before the Bench to-morrow."

Stung a little by Lady Bassett's remark, Mr. Oldfield answered, promptly, "We must get some tradesmen to bail them with our money.

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It will only be a few pounds apiece. If the bail is accepted, they shall offer pecuniary compensation, and get up a defense; find somebody to swear Sir Charles was sane—that sort of evidence is always to be got. Counsel must do the rest. Simple natives—benefactor outraged—honest impulse—regretted, the moment they understood the capture had been legally made. Then throw dirt on the plaintiff. He is malicious, and can be proved to have forsworn himself in Bassett *v.* Bassett."

A tap at the door, and Mary Wells put in her head. "If you please, Sir, my lady is tired, and she wishes to say a word to you before she goes up stairs."

"Excuse me one minute," said Mr. Angelo, and followed Mary Wells. She ushered him into a boudoir, where he found Lady Bassett seated in an arm-chair, with her head on her hand, and her eyes fixed sadly on the carpet.

She smiled faintly, and said, "Well, what do you wish to say to me?"

"It is about Mr. Oldfield. He is clearly incompetent."

"I don't know. I snubbed him, poor man: but if the law is all against us!"

"How does he know that? He assumes it because he is prejudiced in favor of the enemy. How does he *know* they have done *every thing* the Act of Parliament requires? And, if they have, Law is not invincible. When Law defies Morality, it gets baffled, and trampled on in all civilized communities."

"I never heard that before."

"But you would if you had been at Oxford," said he, smiling.

"Ah!"

"What we want is a man of genius, of invention; a man who will see every chance, take every chance, lawful or unlawful, and fight with all manner of weapons."

Lady Bassett's eye flashed a moment. "Ah!" said she; "but where can I find such a man, with knowledge to guide his zeal?"

"I think I know of a man who could at all events advise you, if you would ask him."

"Ah! Who?"

"He is a writer; and opinions vary as to his merit. Some say he has talent; others say it is all eccentricity and affectation. One thing is certain—his books bring about the changes he demands. And then he is in earnest; he has taken a good many alleged lunatics out of confinement."

"Is it possible? Then let us apply to him at once."

"He lives in London; but I have a friend who knows him. May I send an outline to him through that friend, and ask him whether he can advise you in the matter?"

"You may; and thank you a thousand times!"

"A mind like that, with knowledge, zeal, and invention, must surely throw some light."

"One would think so, dear friend."

"I'll write to-night and send a letter to Greatrex; we shall perhaps get an answer the day after to-morrow."

"Ah! you are not the one to go to sleep in the service of a friend. A writer, did you say? What does he write?"

"Fiction."

"What, novels?"

"And dramas and all."

Lady Bassett sighed incredulously. "I should never think of going to Fiction for wisdom."

"When the Family Calas were about to be executed unjustly, with the consent of all the lawyers and statesmen in France, one man in a nation saw the error, and fought for the innocent, and saved them; and that one wise man in a nation of fools was a writer of fiction."

"Oh! a learned Oxonian can always answer a poor ignorant thing like me. One swallow does not make summer, for all that."

"But this writer's fictions are not like the novels you read; they are works of laborious research. Besides, he is a lawyer, as well as a novelist."

"Oh, if he is a lawyer!"

"Then I may write?"

"Yes," said Lady Bassett, despondingly.

"What is to become of Oldfield?"

"Send him to the drawing-room. I will go down and endure him for another hour. You can write your letter here, and then please come and relieve me of Mr. Negative."

She rang, and ordered coffee and tea into the drawing-room; and Mr. Oldfield found her very cold company.

In half an hour Mr. Angelo came down, looking flushed and very handsome; and Lady Bassett had some fresh tea made for him.

This done, she bade the gentlemen good-night, and went to her room. Here she found Mary Wells full of curiosity to know whether the lawyer would get Sir Charles out of the asylum.

Lady Bassett gave loose to her indignation, and said nothing was to be expected from such a Nullity. "Mary, he could not *see*. I gave him every opportunity. I walked slowly down the room before him after dinner; and I came into the drawing-room and moved about, and yet he could not see."

"Then you will have to tell him, that is all."

"Never; no more shall you. I'll not trust my fate, and Sir Charles's, to a man that has no eyes."

For this feminine reason she took a spite against poor Oldfield; but to Mr. Angelo she suppressed the real reason, and entered into that ardent gentleman's grounds of discontent, though these alone would not have entirely dissolved her respect for the family solicitor.

Next afternoon Angelo came to her in great distress and ire. "Beaten! beaten! and all through our adversaries' having more talent. Mr. Bassett did not appear at first. Wheeler excused him on the ground that his wife was seriously ill through the fright. Bassett's servants were called, and swore to the damage and to the men, all but one. He got off. Then Oldfield made a dry speech; and a tradesman he had prepared offered bail. The magistrates were consulting, when in burst Mr. Bassett all in black, and made a speech fifty times stronger than Oldfield's, and sobbed, and told them the rioters had frightened his wife so she had been prematurely confined, and the child was dead. Could they take bail for a riot, a dastardly attack by a mob of cowards on a poor defenseless woman, the gentlest and most inoffensive creature in England? Then he went on: 'They were told *I* was not in the house; and then they found courage to fling stones, to terrify my wife and kill my child. Poor soul!' he said, 'she lies between life and death herself: and I come here in an agony of fear, but I come for justice; the man of straw, who offers bail, is furnished with the money by those who stimulated the outrage. Defeat that fraud, and teach these cowards who war on defenseless ladies that there is humanity and justice and law in the land.' Then Oldfield tried to answer him with his hems and his haws; but Bassett turned on him like a giant, and swept him away."

"Poor woman!"

"Ah! that is true: I am afraid I have thought too little of her. But you suffer, and so must she. It is the most terrible feud; one would think this was Corsica instead of England, only the fighting is not done with daggers. But, after this, pray lean no more on that Oldfield. We were all carried away at first; but, now I think of it, Bassett must have been in the court, and held back to make the climax. Oh yes! it was another surprise and another success. They are all sent to jail. Superior generalship! If Wheeler had been our man, we should have had eight wives crying for pity, each with one child in her arms, and another holding on to her apron. Do, pray, Lady Bassett, dismiss that Nullity."

"Oh, I can not do that; he is Sir Charles's lawyer; but I have promised you to seek advice elsewhere, and so I will."

The conversation was interrupted by the tolling of the church-bell.

The first note startled Lady Bassett, and she turned pale.

"I must leave you," said Angelo, regretfully. "I have to bury Mr. Bassett's little boy; he lived an hour."

Lady Bassett sat and heard the bell toll.

Strange, sad thoughts passed through her mind. "Is it saddest when it tolls, or when it rings—that bell? He has killed his own child by robbing me of my husband. We are in the hands of God, after all, let Wheeler be ever so cunning, and Oldfield ever so simple.—And I am not acting by that.—Where is my trust in God's justice?—O thou of little faith!—What shall I do? Love is stronger in me than faith—stronger than any thing in heaven or earth. God forgive me—God help me—I will go back.

"But oh, to stand still, and be good and simple, and to see my husband trampled on by a cunning villain!

"Why is there a future state, where every thing is to be different? no hate; no injustice; all love. Why is it not all of a piece? Why begin wrong if it is to end all right? If I was omnipotent it should be right from the first.—O thou of little faith!—Ah me! it is hard to see fools and devils, and realize angels unseen. Oh that I could shut my eyes in faith and go to sleep, and drift on the right path; for I shall never take it with my eyes open, and my heart bleeding for him."

Then her head fell languidly back, her eyes closed, and the tears welled through them: they knew the way by this time.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SECOND.

Next morning in came Mr. Angelo, with glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes.

"I have got a letter, a most gratifying one. My friend called on Mr. Rolfe, and gave him my lines; and he replies direct to me. May I read you his letter?"

"Oh yes."

"'DEAR SIR,—*The case you have sent me, of a gentleman confined on certificates by order of an interested relative—as you presume, for you have not seen the order—and on grounds you think insufficient, is interesting, and some of it looks true; but there are gaps in the statement, and I dare not advise in so nice a matter till these are filled; but that, I suspect, can only be done by the lady herself. She had better call on me in person; it may be worth her while. At home every day,* 10—3, *this week. As for yourself, you need not address me through Greatrex. I have seen you pull No.* 6, *and afterward stroke in the University boat, and you dived in Portsmouth Harbor, and saved a sailor. See "Ryde Journal," Aug.* 10, p. 4, *col.* 3; *cited in my Day-book Aug.* 10, *and also in my Index hominum, in voce "Angelo"*'—ha! ha! here's a fellow for detail!

'*Yours very truly,*

"'ROLFE.'"

"And did you?"

"Did I what?"

"Dive and save a sailor."

"No; I nailed him just as he was sinking."

"How good and brave you are!"

Angelo blushed like a girl. "It makes me too happy to hear such words from you. But I vote we don't talk about me. Will you call on Mr. Rolfe?"

"Is he married?"

Angelo opened his eyes at the question. "I think not," said he. "Indeed, I know he is not."

"Could you get him down here?"

Angelo shook his head. "If he knew you, perhaps; but can you expect him to come here upon your business? These popular writers are spoiled by the ladies. I doubt if he would walk across the street to advise a stranger. Candidly, why should he?"

"No; and it was ridiculous vanity to suppose he would. But I never called on a gentleman in my life."

"Take me with you. You can go up at nine, and be back to a late dinner."

"I shall never have the courage to go. Let me have his letter."

He gave her the letter, and she took it away.

At six o'clock she sent Mary Wells to Mr. Angelo, with a note to say she had studied Mr. Rolfe's letter, and there was more in it than she had thought; but his going off from her husband to boat-racing seemed trivial, and she could not make up her mind to go to London to consult a novelist on such a serious matter.

At nine she sent to say she should go, but could not think of dragging him there: she should take her maid.

Before eleven, she half repented this resolution, but her maid kept her to it; and at half past twelve next day they reached Mr. Rolfe's door; an old-fashioned, mean-looking house, in one of the briskest thoroughfares of the metropolis; a cab-stand opposite to the door, and a tide of omnibuses passing it.

Lady Bassett viewed the place discontentedly, and said to herself, "What a poky little place for a writer to live in; how noisy, how unpoetical!"

They knocked at the door. It was opened by a maid-servant. "Is Mr. Rolfe at home?"

"Yes, ma'am. Please give me your card, and write the business."

Lady Bassett took out her card and wrote a line or two on the back of it. The maid glanced at it, and showed her into a room, while she took the card to her master.

The room was rather long, low, and nondescript; scarlet flock paper; curtains and sofas green Utrecht velvet; wood-work and pillars white and gold; two windows looking on the street; at the other end folding-doors with scarcely any wood-work, all plate-glass, but partly hidden by heavy curtains of the same color and material as the others. Accustomed to large, lofty rooms, Lady Bassett felt herself in a long box here; but the colors pleased her. She said to Mary Wells, "What a funny, cozy little place for a gentleman to live in!"

Mr. Rolfe was engaged with some one, and she was kept waiting; this was quite new to her, and discouraged her, already intimidated by the novelty of the situation.

She tried to encourage herself by saying it was for her husband she did this unusual thing; but she felt very miserable and inclined to cry.

At last a bell rang; the maid came in and invited Lady Bassett to follow her. She opened the glass folding-doors, and took them into a small conservatory, walled like a grotto, with ferns sprouting out of rocky fissures, and spars sparkling, water dripping. Then she opened two more glass folding-doors, and ushered them into an empty room, the like of which Lady Bassett had never seen; it was large in itself, and multiplied tenfold by great mirrors from floor to ceiling, with no frames but a narrow oak beading; opposite her, on entering, was a bay-window all plate-glass, the central panes of which opened, like doors, upon a pretty little garden that glowed with color, and was backed by fine trees belonging to the nation; for this garden ran up to the wall of Hyde Park.

The numerous and large mirrors all down to the ground laid hold of the garden and the flowers, and by double and treble reflection filled the room with delightful nooks of verdure and color.

To confuse the eye still more, a quantity of young India rubber trees, with glossy leaves, were placed before the large central mirror. The carpet was a warm velvet-pile, the walls were distempered, a French gray, not cold, but with a tint of mauve that gave a warm and cheering bloom; this soothing color gave great effect to the one or two masterpieces of painting that hung on the walls, and to the gilt frames; the furniture, oak and marqueterie highly polished; the curtains, scarlet merino, through which the sun shone, and, being a London sun, diffused a mild rosy tint favorable to female faces. Not a sound of London could be heard.

So far the room was romantic; but there was a prosaic corner to shock those who fancy that fiction is the spontaneous overflow of a poetic fountain fed by nature only; between the fire-place and the window, and within a foot or two of the wall, stood a gigantic writing-table, with the signs of hard labor on it, and of severe system. Three plated buckets, each containing three pints, full of letters to be answered, other letters to be pasted into a classified guard-book, loose notes to be pasted into various books and classified (for this writer used to sneer at the learned men who say, "I will *look among my papers for it*;" he held that every written scrap ought either to be burned, or pasted into a classified guard-book, where it could be found by consulting the index); five things like bankers' bill-books, into whose several compartments MS. notes and newspaper cuttings were thrown, as a preliminary toward classification in books.

Underneath the table was a formidable array of note-books, standing upright, and labeled on their backs. There were about twenty large folios of classified facts, ideas, and pictures—for the very wood-cuts were all indexed and classified on the plan of a tradesman's ledger; there was also the receipt-book of the year, treated on the same plan. Receipts on a file would not do for this romantic creature. If a tradesman brought a bill, he must be able to turn to that tradesman's name in a book, and prove in a moment whether it had been paid or not. Then there was a collection of solid quartos, and of smaller folio guard-books called Indexes. There was "Index rerum et journalium"—"Index rerum et librorum"—"Index rerum et hominum," and a lot more; indeed, so many that, by way of climax, there was a fat folio ledger entitled "Index ad Indices."

By the side of the table were six or seven thick pasteboard cards, each about the size of a large port-folio, and on these the author's notes and extracts were collected from all his repertories into something like a focus for a present purpose. He was writing a novel based on facts; facts, incidents, living dialogue, pictures, reflections, situations, were all on these cards to choose from, and arranged in headed columns; and some portions of the work he was writing on this basis of imagination and drudgery lay on the table in two forms, his own writing, and his secretary's copy thereof, the latter corrected for the press. This copy was half margin, and so provided for additions and improvements; but for one addition there were ten excisions, great and small.

Lady Bassett had just time to take in the beauty and artistic character of the place, and to realize the appalling drudgery that stamped it a workshop, when the author, who had dashed into his garden for a moment's recreation, came to the window, and furnished contrast No. 3. For he looked neither like a poet nor a drudge, but a great fat country farmer. He was rather tall, very portly, smallish head, commonplace features, mild brown eye not very bright, short beard, and wore a suit of tweed all one color. Such looked the writer of romances founded on fact. He rolled up to the window—for, if he looked like a farmer, he walked like a sailor—and stepped into the room.

"AND STEPPED INTO THE ROOM."

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

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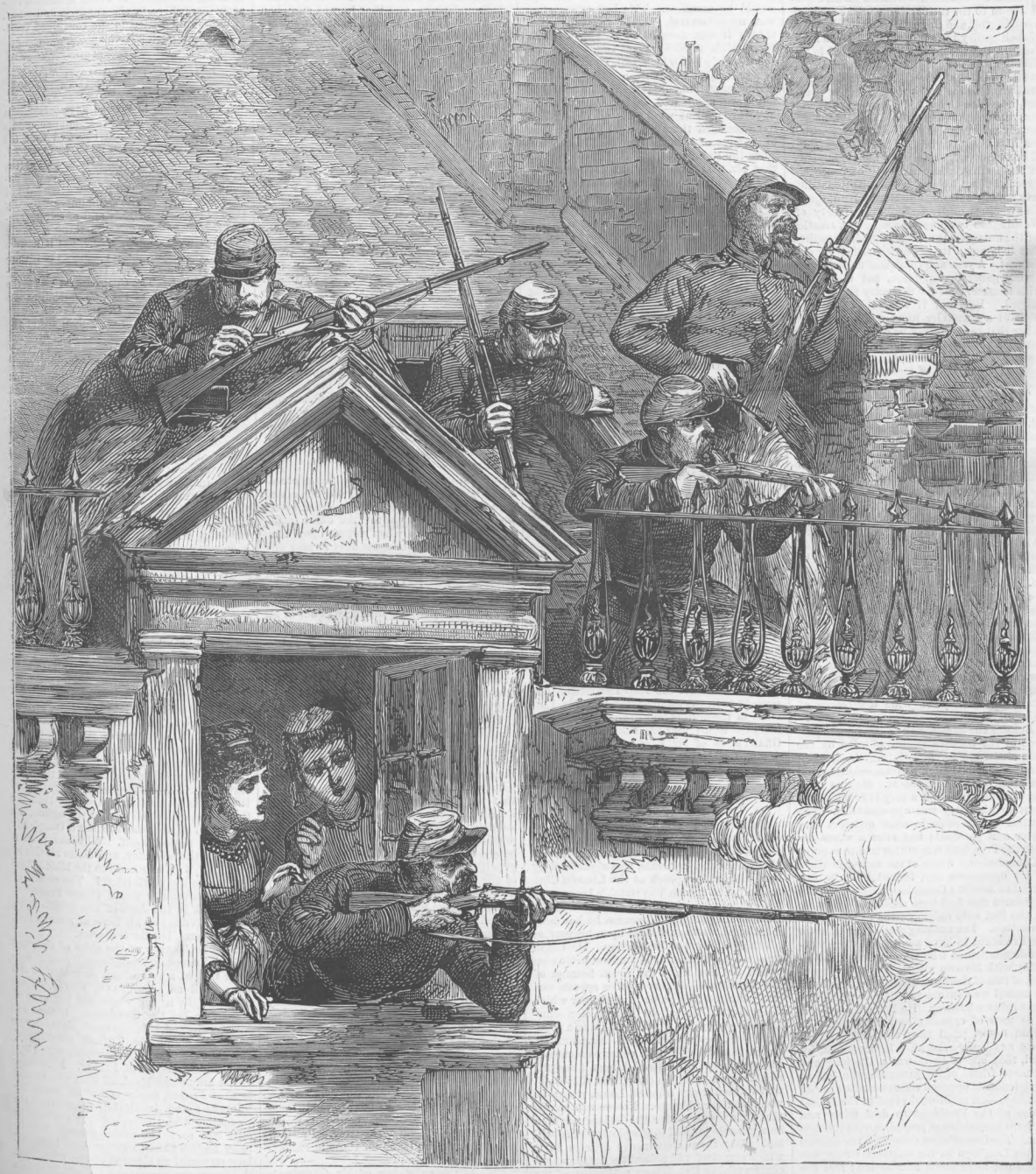

VERSAILLES SOLDIERS FIRING UPON THE COMMUNISTS FROM ROOFS AND WINDOWS IN PARIS.—[SEE PAGE 599.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1871.

HARPER'S WEEKLY contains ONE-THIRD more reading matter, a larger number of Illustrations, and is conspicuously better Edited and Printed than any other Illustrated Newspaper. Its circulation is more than DOUBLE that of any similar publication.

☞ *The* SUPPLEMENT *to this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains one of* NAST'S *admirable political cartoons, entitled*

"Hash—or, a Tale of Two Cities,"

apropos to affairs in New York and Paris; the continuation of "LORD KILGOBBIN," *by* CHARLES LEVER, *with an illustration; a splendid full-page sketch of* ARCTIC LIFE, *engraved from a drawing by* LUDWIG BECKMANN, *and other literary and artistic attractions.*

THE ADMINISTRATION.

EARL RUSSELL has withdrawn his objection to the ratification of the Treaty of Washington, and there will probably be no serious hostility to it any where. Even Newfoundland, which was most interested in the fishery question, does not oppose the settlement. There is, indeed, a certain Canadian sentiment which is not favorable, but it can not defeat the treaty. The Democratic Senators who voted against it in Washington have merely revealed the spirit of a party which would prevent the healing of an international breach even by a treaty which is not only in the highest sense a treaty of peace between the two leaders of constitutional liberty among nations, but is an advantage to the whole world. Indeed, the Treaty of Washington is unique among great treaties for the universal confidence which it inspires that it is not a truce but a satisfactory settlement. A year ago there was undoubtedly a very general conviction, not unmingled with menace, that the difficulty must be arranged. But how it was to be arranged without a surrender upon one side or the other that could hardly be expected was not seen. And we believe that there was never a sincerer or more efficient, as well as satisfactory, adjustment of a grave international difference than this treaty.

The credit of it is justly due to the administration under which it has been effected. Both the suggestion of the negotiation and the appointment of the Commissioners were the work of the administration; and the names of the gentlemen called by the President to so important a duty showed how earnest was his wish that the angry question should be settled with the utmost regard to the just feeling of the United States, and yet in a manner entirely honorable to Great Britain. It is, perhaps, not an unfair rule to judge an administration by what it does rather than by what it fails to do. The omissions of every administration are necessarily so many that, if its character and services be estimated only negatively, a very admirable general conduct of public affairs may seem to be deserving of great blame. For it must not be forgotten, in judging an administration, that it is held responsible for all that the critic thinks ought to have been done—a point upon which there may be wide differences of opinion.

Besides the illustration of the honest purpose of the administration afforded by the Commissioners for negotiating the English treaty, the San Domingo Commission showed the fairness of the President. He was in favor of annexation, but a very influential element in his party was opposed to it. The contest had become in some quarters very bitter and personal; but after a warm debate the President was authorized to appoint a Commission. Some of the more relentless of his opponents say, indeed, that he was forced to accept a Commission because of the exposures that had been made. If that were so, the fact only enhances the excellence of his action. For nothing was easier than for the President to have nominated three honorable gentlemen who were entirely in sympathy with his own views. But of the opinions of two of the three Commissioners whom he named we venture to say that he had no knowledge whatever. He knew them merely as men of capacity and character, who would report what they thought, and not what any body wished. It happened, indeed, that one of them was a life-long and intimate friend of Mr. SUMNER, who had so conspicuously opposed the annexation of San Domingo—an additional proof of the honest desire of the President to deal fairly and without a suspicion of prejudice with the subject. The Commission described the charms of San Domingo in the warmest strain, but it did not recommend annexation; and the President thereupon left the question to the intelligent judgment of the country. Nor do we believe that any one, however he may be opposed to General GRANT, supposes that he is or would be privy to any unfair attempt to affect that judgment.

We mention these two Commissions, appointed by the President upon two of the subjects which have been most prominent during his administration, as illustrations of what seems to us his sincere wish to treat every public question fairly and with deference to the intelligent feeling of the country. We have ourselves sometimes joined in the complaint that he seemed to listen to counselors who do not have the confidence of the better portion of his party. But we must allow that he was certainly not ill-advised in the instances that we have considered; and we have little doubt that a sincere and careful observation of the general character of his administration would show the same candid and earnest spirit.

There were two classes of persons who were sure to be disappointed by General GRANT'S administration—those who expected it to be "splendid," and those who thought it would be an ideal conduct of affairs, in which all the high hopes and aspirations growing out of the war and its triumph would be manifest. This last expectation was most natural, but in the nature of things it was doomed to disappointment. No possible administration could have had the kind of glory which such an expectation demands. We deal with men and with human circumstances. If General GRANT had not been nominated, Judge CHASE would have been. But would his administration have satisfied those who feel that the tone of the present is sordid and low? Do events since the summer of 1867 inspire confidence that Mr. CHASE was the man to have satisfied the high aspirations of many noble hearts in the party?

Those, again, who looked for a "splendid" administration, which the *Tribune* declared at the inauguration to be its expectation, were also sure to be disappointed, because the work of restoring the Union, of diminishing the debt and reducing taxation, of settling old foreign difficulties and avoiding new, could not be in the usual sense a "splendid" work. In the ordinary sense, to have declared war against England, and after a brief and brilliant campaign to have ended it successfully, would have been "splendid." We do not mean to suggest for a moment that the *Tribune* had any such event in mind. We believe that upon every ground it believes the victories of peace to be greater than those of war; and surely in any worthy and humane sense to have settled the English difficulty as it has been settled is a thousandfold more "splendid" than any warlike policy could have been.

The administration of General GRANT has been very severely judged. It has been criticised most sharply and most effectively by Republicans. Yet the general policy with which it is identified is so plainly seen to be the settled purpose of the country that the Northern Democratic leaders are exhorting their party to contest it no longer. It is the policy of the Republican party, indeed, and not especially of the administration; but under this administration it has become so firmly fixed that the enemy despair. If this be true, it certainly shows how thoroughly identified with the principles and purpose of the party the administration has been. We do not forget the deep Republican discontent with the administration of Mr. LINCOLN in the middle and toward the close of his first term; and we believe of General GRANT'S, as of Mr. LINCOLN'S, that it will justify itself more and more to a reasonable investigation.

MR. GREELEY'S SPEECH.

THE return of Mr. GREELEY from his recent trip to Texas, during which he was reported to have made some curious remarks about the rebel generals, was signalized by a meeting and a speech at the Lincoln Club rooms. The speech was notable because of the eminent position of Mr. GREELEY in the Republican party, and because he has been mentioned, without dissent upon his part, as a candidate for the Presidency. He began by speaking of the old misunderstanding between the North and the South because of the hostility of slavery to free speech, and he illustrated this point in a manner which relieves the *Tribune* from the suspicion sometimes foolishly cast upon it of giving a negative assent to secession in 1861. Mr. GREELEY stated that the Southern correspondents of the paper were in personal danger if known; and that he himself, in the winter of 1860–61, was warned away from St. Louis, where he was to deliver a lecture. No one who recalls that time supposes that the *Tribune* was then an agreeable journal to the plotters of rebellion. But there were many articles in it which surprised and pained the loyal and uncompromising Republican sentiment of the North, especially those which, before the war began, seemed to be—although they were not—justifications of secession; and those which, after the war began, sharply criticised the slowness of the Government.

The most startling articles were that of the 26th of November, 1860, which said that if the Cotton States unitedly and earnestly wished to withdraw peacefully from the Union, any attempt to prevent them would be contrary to the Declaration of Independence; that of the 17th of December following, asserting that if the Declaration of Independence justified the secession of three millions of colonists from the British empire in 1776, it would justify that of five millions of Southerners from the Union in 1861; and that of February 23, 1861, which declared that whenever it became clear that the great body of the Southern people were alienated from the Union, and wished to escape from it, "we will do our best to forward their views." Such expressions, unaccompanied by the explanation, did undoubtedly produce great consternation among Republicans, and Governor PICKENS, of South Carolina, said that it was doctrine which satisfied him. Mr. GREELEY'S explanation of these articles was that he meant not the technical voters, but the mass of the Southern people, black and white, and that he was sure, had the decision been left to them, it would have been favorable to union.

The misfortune was that this was not an obvious interpretation of the words, and that it was not mentioned at the time. If, when the *Tribune* said, "If the Cotton States unitedly and earnestly wish to withdraw peacefully from the Union," they should be allowed to do so, it had been immediately added that by Cotton States was meant, not the political communities generally known by that name, but all the black and white adult male persons in those States, which, as afterward appeared, was Mr. GREELEY'S understanding of the words, there would have been no confusion or consternation, because every body would have known that, as secession was intended to save slavery, the slaves would not be allowed to vote upon the subject. These articles have been very foolishly quoted as showing that the *Tribune* either thought that secession was really justifiable or that it was useless to resist it. But, like Mr. GREELEY'S proposal to President LINCOLN to abolish slavery by buying the slaves at a great price, and his action at the Niagara conference in 1864, by which, as Mr. LINCOLN said in his letter to Mr. RAYMOND, Mr. GREELEY had placed him in a false position before the country, these articles are to be considered merely errors of judgment; for Mr. GREELEY certainly did not mean to justify secession nor to injure Mr. LINCOLN.

Mr. GREELEY, in his speech, then proceeded to speak of his candidacy for office, and said that he had too often reproached better men for unwillingness to take office to decline nominations when urged upon him, and that he felt it to be his duty to take any post of service to which his party friends might assign him. These are his familiar opinions, which he has often and consistently expressed. He ended his remarks upon this subject by saying that he was not at all grateful for the many nominations which he had received; that nobody owed him any thing for being a Republican, for he could not help being one if he tried; that his party accounts were settled; and that he needed and wished no office, but was perfectly willing to bear his share of responsibility.

He then spoke of his recent tour. He thinks that had there been general amnesty there would have been less trouble at the South; that the Ku-Klux is a fact, and that the government is a sham if it does not extirpate "the execrable Ku-Klux conspiracy;" that the carpet-baggers are as bad as the Ku-Klux, and more harmful to the Republican party; and Mr. GREELEY'S denunciation of this class was very effective. He said that he should have no tears for the carpet-baggers if the Ku-Klux rode them peacefully out of the Southern States, instead of secretly harrying the harmless negroes. Mr. GREELEY stated that the telegraph had incorrectly reported what he said about the rebel generals. It was not—as stated—that the Northerners would one day "glory in the glory of LEE and STONEWALL JACKSON," but that "the time would come when Americans North, as well as Americans South, would feel a just pride in the soldierly achievements and military character of LEE and STONEWALL JACKSON, just as I trusted the late Confederates would learn to feel a generous pride in the achievements of GRANT and SHERMAN and THOMAS and SHERIDAN." Perhaps he should be thought too fast in that hope, but he could wait for others. Mr. GREELEY ended his speech by a few remarks upon the new Democratic departure, which ultimately would strengthen the Democratic party. But new issues were at hand, and for those he exhorted his hearers to be prepared.

This is the substance of Mr. GREELEY'S speech. It was a talk with friends and neighbors, apparently of the most simple kind. He had been to a part of the country where he could never have safely gone before, and his friends welcomed him home, and he thanked them. The speech is, however, remarkable for this: that, being the speech of an eminent political leader of the administration party to party friends, known to be opposed to the renomination of the present head of the administration, and being himself a candidate for the succession, it says nothing whatever of the acts of that administration, nothing to encourage the country to maintain the party of that administration in power; but it announces an imminent era in which "our different parties may, through co-operation" or otherwise, promote the common glory of the country. It was for this reason, we suppose, that a Democratic paper the next morning called the speech the funeral oration of the Republican party. Mr. GREELEY, however, may fairly say that it was a meeting of welcome upon his return from the South; that he was not called upon to discuss general politics; and that the very fact of his visit illustrates the character and career of the Republican party, which has abolished slavery, is establishing free speech, securing the safety of every American citizen every where in the country, and which is therefore entitled to the continued confidence of all good citizens.

THE REPUBLIC AND THE COMMUNE.

THE situation in France has occasioned a great deal of debate of the Commune and its character. It has been asserted that the atrocities in Paris have been exaggerated, and that men maddened by rage and battle, and who had been brought to bay, will undoubtedly do what can not be defended, but that the cause of the Commune was really that of municipal rights and of self-government. That there was something of this in the movement is undeniable, but if it were wholly that it would not justify the revolution. It is, however, in essence, very different from that. The Commune of 1871 is the ripened socialism of 1848, and socialism was by no means republicanism. Yet of the ignorance and suffering of multitudes of the Parisian population there is no doubt. Nor is there any doubt that these multitudes are swayed by men whose political and social theories are incompatible with those of our civilization. That men are poor, ignorant, and starving is no evidence of the justice or of the wisdom of their views. Nor does the fact, that a society in which multitudes are degraded and suffering, is a society undermined, and one in which a catastrophe may at any moment be expected, prove that those multitudes are honest or intelligent enough to found a state polity. Discontent and suffering are the best reasons in the world for doing something, but not the least reasons for doing what they demand. Our duty to a starving man is not to feed him, but to feed him wisely.

The real character of the movement called the Commune may be best seen in the view which MAZZINI gives of it. LOUIS BLANC, one of the most intelligent and experienced of European liberals, has already repudiated it; and now MAZZINI, the very high-priest of "MARY ANN," or the church of European republicans, describes it in the plainest terms. And his view has nothing to do with individuals or with their suffering. The Commune is an idea, and it is the idea which he exposes and against which he protests. He says that it is destitute of all conception of God, of a supreme moral law, of progress, and of a common aim of human unity. Politically, he thinks that it leads to the overthrow of all authority, to the negation of the nation, and to the assertion that the Commune, or a small part of the nation, has the secret of national life more completely than the nation itself. Why not push it logically the next step, and claim all this of the family? Why recede to the Middle Ages and not to the patriarchal? The success of such a movement would throw France, he says, back to the days of the Middle Ages, and deprive her of all hope of resurrection, not for years, but for centuries.

This is the view of the chief of the most liberal European republicans; and it confirms that of a republican so moderate and thoughtful as LABOULAYE, who could see only anarchy in the views and purposes of those who led the Commune. It does not justify—indeed, MAZZINI expressly condemns—the action of the THIERS government. But that is the only government which represents the free-will of France. If its tendencies are monarchical, all that can be said is that France, freely consulted, is not republican; and, inevitably associating the Commune with the republic, it will now be still less so. Yet nothing could well be more foolish than to forget how large and how powerful an element of the population the Commune represents. Considered as a protest against utterly centralized administration, as a declaration of the suffering and

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ignorance of the laboring class, and as an advertisement of the fact that that class is organized upon certain theories of society and government, the insurrection of the Commune should plainly show any government that may arise what its danger and its duty are.

THE RIGHTS OF RAILWAY PASSENGERS.

OUR readers may remember the case of Mr. JOHN A. COLEMAN, who sued the New York and New Haven Railroad for personal injuries received while being thrust from the train. There have been four trials, the last of which has recently taken place. The first verdict in Mr. COLEMAN'S favor was $300; the second, $3450; and the last, $3500—the second trial having been set aside by reason of the disagreement of the jury. The suit arose from a coupon ticket, which Mr. COLEMAN contended is a receipt of money from the road for a ride between two specified points, the direction to be determined by the buyer. Thus if a man has paid for a ticket from New York to New Haven, and, reaching New Haven by other means, wishes to return by the railroad, the company, according to Mr. COLEMAN, should transport him. It is a question of construction, upon which Mr. COLEMAN differed with the conductor. The conductor said that he had instructions and no discretion. Mr. COLEMAN, giving his name and appealing to gentlemen present who knew him, offered to screen him from all ill consequences. But the conductor refused, and ordered him out of the car. Mr. COLEMAN declined to be governed by the conductor's interpretation of law, and at Stamford the conductor called in three or four brakemen. A struggle followed, and Mr. COLEMAN was thrown from the train upon the platform, with bodily injuries of a permanent kind.

The verdict, as we understand, in accordance with the views of the Court, represents excessive and unnecessary violence. The Court does not deny that conductors may, at their discretion, forcibly put off from a train a passenger who differs upon such a point as that involved in this case, who proposes to screen the conductor from ill results, and to arrange the matter with the direction of the road. Is it desirable that conductors should be intrusted with discretion to settle such points of difference peremptorily? And might not a Court have wisely instructed the management of the road, since the results were now evident, to restrain the action of their agents under such circumstances? Is it not clearly for the advantage of travelers that if a passenger quietly declines to pay his fare, stating what seem to him sufficient reasons in a gentlemanly manner, the conductor be instructed to telegraph to the next station to have him arrested, and the difference judicially determined, instead of throwing him bodily from the train? Should the law authorize such discretion to be confided to a conductor?

There have been difficulties with conductors upon the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western Railroad, which became so constant and serious that the Grand Jury in Newark presented the subject to the Court, and asked for some adequate remedy. If commuters along the line of the Morris and Essex road, leased by the management of the former road, wished to stop over from one train to another at a way station—if, for instance, in coming from Bloomfield to New York the commuter wished to remain for an hour at Newark—he was obliged to pay as for another ticket from Newark to New York by the next train. Many passengers refused, and were thrust from the train at any point. The conductor's plea was that the company had instructed him that a commuting ticket must be used upon a continuous train. Representations were made to the management of the company, but without effect. Some of the passengers still refused to submit to such an absurd inconvenience, and the company thereupon refused to sell commutation tickets to persons whom it placed upon its black list.

The New Jersey Grand Jury declare that a body of persons secretly sitting in New York authorizes brakemen and conductors to interpret rules and regulations, and for offenses unknown to the laws of New Jersey enforces different degrees of punishment. A difference arising upon a contract between individuals is a fair subject for judicial interpretation. Does one between a citizen and a corporation confer any unusual privilege of interpretation upon the corporation? The power of the great railway companies is becoming so immense and overwhelming that travelers like Mr. COLEMAN and Mr. MORAN and Mr. ROWLAND JOHNSON, who have been conspicuous in asserting the fair rights of passengers against the encroachments of the corporations, are really doing a public service which deserves recognition and gratitude. The public must insist that the great railways learn that they exist for the convenience of the public. And such is the grave, and not frivolous or passionate, discontent with the management of the Morris and Essex road in regard to the accommodation of passengers along a certain part of the line, that a line of stage-coaches was successfully established for some time between Orange and Newark, and a new branch railroad to connect with the Midland Road has now been chartered.

NOW AND THEN.

THE Mobile *Register* says, in the most uncourteous manner, of a Democratic co-laborer, that "The *World* finds itself forced to make a quasi-defense of JEFF DAVIS against the calumnies of the *Times* after having itself given importance and emphasis to the misuse the *Times* had made of his speeches. And yet, before it gets through its article, it turns again, like a hyena, upon Mr. DAVIS." The same monitor, in another article, severely reproves what it is pleased to call "the conservative press"—probably because it sympathized with rebellion—for its eagerness to purge itself of all suspicion of sympathy "with the renovated treason of the Confederate chieftain."

But the reason of the eagerness is evident enough. The Democratic leaders of the new departure know very well that the people of the United States intend that the Constitution as amended shall stand; and those leaders are confident that if the people can only be persuaded that nobody means to disturb the settlement the Democratic party has a chance of obtaining power. When JEFFERSON DAVIS, therefore, suddenly uplifts his voice and declares that he accepts nothing, and the Maryland and Kentucky Democracy and a large part of the Southern Democratic press say "amen," the apostles of the new departure feel like hyenas toward the gentleman who, while he *was* the Confederate chieftain, they treated with profound respect, and they therefore fall upon him and rend him.

The reason of their hostility is not that he does not accept the situation, but that he says so. The apostles whom we mentioned perceive that DAVIS'S declaration and its prolonged echo reveal the hollowness of the assertion that the old issues are settled, and that there is no danger in the return of the Democratic party to power. The voice and its echo suggest to every sensible man in the country that, allowing for all the rhetoric and gasconade of Southern eloquence, conceding that DAVIS and TOOMBS and STEPHENS are "played out," that the Kentucky and Maryland Democracy are hopeless, and the Southern press merely silly—all these expressions are the sign of a deep and real feeling, dangerous to the welfare of the country, wholly confined to the Democratic party, and hoping and working for its success. And this, which every sensible man perceives, is a cardinal fact in the political situation. If the Mobile *Register* and DAVIS and TOOMBS and STEPHENS were all enthusiastic for the new departure, it would be a most suspicious enthusiasm, a most suggestive unanimity. But, as they frankly say what they think, every body knows that they speak not for themselves only, but for a very large and most natural sentiment in their section of the country.

If DAVIS were the utterly spent force for mischief which some of the Northern papers of his own party furiously assert, they would hardly attack him with such asperity. In the days when they were sneering at Mr. LINCOLN as a vulgar buffoon the same papers praised the courtly elegance and the gentlemanly tone and culture of Mr. DAVIS, "the Confederate President." Is he less elegant and urbane because he does not abjure the cause which gives him a place in history? Is his tone less gentlemanly when he says, "I don't believe that I did any wrong," and "I accept nothing," than when he declared that Yankees were hyenas—which remark did not in the least disturb the equanimity of the present advocates of the new departure? The Mobile *Register* will see, upon reflection, that those of its Northern Democratic co-laborers who formerly toadied JEFFERSON DAVIS did so because they thought that he could be of use to them, and they revile him now because they think that he can not.

PERSONAL.

MR. WILLIAM E. DODGE, of this city, has purchased from Mrs. AUDUBON the plates of her husband's great work on the "Birds of America," for the purpose of holding them, at Mrs. A.'s wish, until some one of the principal literary institutions of the country desires to become the owner. In 1826 AUDUBON visited Europe to procure subscribers, and was warmly received by CUVIER, HERSCHEL, HUMBOLDT, WILSON, JEFFREY, and Sir WALTER SCOTT. His work was completed (in 87 parts) in 1838, and contained 448 plates of birds of the natural size, colored, and was published at $1000 per copy. Professor WILSON pronounced him "the greatest artist in his own walk that ever lived," and CUVIER said that "his works are the most splendid monuments which art has erected in honor of ornithology."

—The remains of LEONIDAS POLK are to be removed from the church-yard of St. Paul's, in Augusta, Georgia, where they now repose unmarked, to Louisiana, where a monument will be erected over them. His career was somewhat singular. He was a younger brother of President POLK. In 1827 he graduated from the Military Academy at West Point with the rank of Second Lieutenant of Artillery, but remained in the army only three years. He then took orders in the Episcopal Church, and eight years afterward, in 1838, at the age of thirty-two, was consecrated Missionary Bishop of Arkansas. In 1841 he became Bishop of Louisiana, and so continued until 1861, when he doffed the lawn to become a Major-General in the Confederate army, and was killed by a cannon-shot while reconnoitring on Pine Mountain, Georgia, in June, 1864. This little story is told as illustrating his way of putting things: At the battle of Perryville, when General CLEBURNE saw the critical moment to advance arrive, turning his horse's head to the point of attack, he rose in his stirrups, and shaking his clinched hand in the direction of the enemy, exclaimed, "Come on and give them h—l boys! give them h—l." In an instant the whole division was following him at the "double-quick." Just then General-Bishop POLK rode up, and wishing to encourage the men, but not daring to swear, shouted out, "Go on, boys, and give them—*what Pat Cleburne says!*"

—M. HENRI ROCHEFORT, through a friend, has been negotiating for employment on the press of this city, desiring some position suitable to his peculiar talents and proclivities. The only thing that seems at present to stand in the way is the fact that just now he is in the private keeping of the THIERS government, and there is some danger that he may share the fate of the other chief leaders of the late insurrection.

—PETER B. PORTER, Jun., who died at Niagara Falls on the 14th ult., was a gentleman highly respected throughout Western New York. He was well educated, genial, and gentlemanly. In 1838, '39, '40, and '41 he was a member of Assembly from Niagara County, and Speaker of the House during the latter year. There were several able men in the House that year: among them General JOHN A. DIX, MICHAEL HOFFMAN, ARPHAXAD LOOMIS, JOHN A. LOTT, DAVID R. FLOYD JONES, JOHN L. O'SULLIVAN, SANFORD E. CHURCH, GEORGE R. DAVIS, JOHN CRAMER, and HORATIO SEYMOUR. Many years ago, when in England, Mr. PORTER became an object of some little interest by being introduced to people as the owner of Niagara Falls, that property belonging to the two PORTER families. He was a nephew of General PETER B. PORTER, who, in 1808, was elected to Congress from Ontario County, which then comprised most of the territory of Western New York. General P., it will be remembered, was chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, and prepared and introduced the celebrated report of 1811, declaring war against Great Britain. Immediately after this he resigned, was appointed Major-General in the regular army, and distinguished himself in several actions. In 1828 General PORTER was appointed Secretary of War by President ADAMS.

—A letter appears in the papers addressed to JAY COOKE, Esq., from Prince VON BISMARCK, in which the latter is really unable to say at what time it will be convenient for him to make a little visit to Mr. COOKE at one of his private islands in Lake Erie. The letter is deftly written, and reads as if the writer really had a latent notion of running over here when circumstances should permit. Few men in the country could entertain him on a more princely scale than Mr. COOKE. He keeps open house at his charming island home, "Gibraltar," receiving guests daily up to "5.20," dining them at "7.30," and permitting them to retire at "10.40."

—Ex-Senator ROBERT TOOMBS, of Georgia, is one of the few of the more prominent Southern men who have announced their determination not to "accept the situation." He adopts the platform of JEFFERSON DAVIS. He is now sixty-one years old, and has been in the public service, in one way or other, since 1836, when he was a captain of volunteers in the Creek war, under General SCOTT. After eight years' service in the House of Representatives, he entered the Senate during the Thirty-third Congress for six years, and was re-elected for a second term, ending March 4, 1865. On the 14th of March, 1861, he was expelled from the Senate, and became Secretary of State and also a Brigadier-General in the Confederate service. He is a man of striking personal appearance, six feet high, powerful frame, with a head somewhat resembling that of DANIEL WEBSTER in its unusual size, and in the great height and breadth of the forehead. He is a rapid and brilliant talker, and has a memory that seems to lose nothing that he has ever seen, heard, or read. His knowledge of history is especially thorough, particularly of all the efforts and struggles for liberty that the world has ever known—the most glorious of all these struggles being, in his opinion, the Southern rebellion. He is a man that it is easy to see would be a leader wherever he might be placed, and his influence in Georgia is admitted to be great.

—The general notion about General PRIM was that he was merely a military man and military adventurer of the higher class; yet he left to his family a library of 30,000 volumes of such historic and documentary interest that the Cortes propose to buy it for the Spanish government.

—Colonel FORNEY, in his "Anecdotes of Public Men," gives us a glimpse of the manner in which grave Senators of the United States disport themselves when secluded from the outside world in executive session. "The first thing is the utter *abandon* of the Senators. They have no audiences to look down upon and listen to them. They have no gentlemen with the lightning pen to telegraph them to distant points. They are not called upon to face and to fear their constituency. Bound together by a solemn covenant not to reveal what transpires, they do exactly what pleases them most. I must say, with my frequent opportunities of observation [Colonel F. was for many years secretary of the Senate], I have seen few who ever overpassed the courtesies and proprieties of the place. All are easier and more familiar than when under the universal eye of a suspicious people. Those who smoke, smoke; those who like to be comfortable, take off their coats; but there is no such thing as dissipation, at least inside the chamber. Debate is made free, because there is nobody to take it down, and the altercations common in the open Senate are not uncommon between those walls; and yet the perfect familiarity of the Senators and the absence of all restraint contribute to the adjustment of every dispute, however violent."

—BEN WADE, as he is familiarly called in Ohio, will probably yield his personal wishes, and become the Republican candidate for Governor of Ohio, if the Convention wishes it. He is a vigorous campaigner, and comes of fighting stock, his father having been a Revolutionary soldier, and one of the very few who fought in every battle from Bunker Hill to Yorktown. In all his contests thus far the old Senator has Ben Wade and not found wanting. He is now seventy-one, and has been in public life since 1828, having filled the offices of Justice of the Peace, Prosecuting Attorney, State Senator, Judge, and United States Senator. To the latter office he was first elected in 1851, re-elected in 1857, and again re-elected in 1863. During President JOHNSON'S incumbency he was acting Vice-President. His last, and as he supposed final, public employment was as one of the Commissioners to San Domingo. He is a fine, bold specimen of the Ohio politician.

—No representative of the United States at a foreign court has ever deported himself with greater courage, patience, and patriotism than Mr. WASHBURNE during the Franco-German war. In his recent letters the stirring events in Paris, the entrance of the Versaillese, the bombardment from Valérien and Montretont, the burning of the public buildings, the fights over the barricades, etc., etc., are described with great picturesqueness and power. As the only first-class diplomatic representative who remained in Paris from the beginning to the end of the war, and whose time was given up to deeds of humanity, his praises are sounded by the nations of Europe; while in his own country there is but one opinion of his steadfast and patriotic devotion to duty. Mr. WASHBURNE is still in the prime of manhood, being only fifty-five. He served sixteen years continuously in Congress, and finally became "father of the House."

—"George Sand" (Madame DUDEVANT) has recently made a contract with the *Revue des Deux Mondes* to write for that publication at the rate of $40 per column, the column not to exceed five hundred words, with the privilege to retain the right to publish in book form if she should desire it. This is a little better pay than she received for her first novel, "Rose and Blanche," published forty years ago, viz., $80. For "Indiana," published in 1832, which may be said to have laid the foundation for her fame, and which had a great sale, she received only $120. For the last twenty years she has devoted herself mainly to dramatic literature, and her plays, before they are represented in Paris, are usually acted and criticised in a little theatre attached to the Château de Nohant, which is Madame DUDEVANT'S ordinary abode.

—Parson BROWNLOW has been interviewed by a newspaper man—a polite one from Cincinnati—who found the old gentleman in the large white house where he has lived for thirty years. He was lying on a large sofa near the window, where he spends most of his time. It is with great difficulty that he gets about, his disease being paralysis and rheumatism. His hands shake incessantly, so that he can not hold a book or paper to read. When he reads the paper has to be secured to a frame-work at the right distance from his eyes. He has no notion of dying and leaving his seat in the Senate to be filled by a Democrat. The greatest terror the King of Terrors has for him is the fact that ANDREW JOHNSON stands ready to receive the Senatorial robe.

—Certain military folk of New England are agitating the subject of erecting a monument at DUXBURY to MILES STANDISH, on the large hill on the STANDISH farm, called "Captain's Hill." There is some propriety in this, as MILES STANDISH was the first commissioned military officer in the United States—the military leader of the Plymouth settlers. He came to Plymouth with the first company, in 1620, previous to which he had served in the army in the Netherlands. He it was who commanded those old, original Yankees in their expeditions against the savages, and by the boldness and skill of his attacks inspired them with awe of his prowess.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

IT is now officially announced that the Russian Prince Alexis will visit this country in October.

The second annual council of the Indian tribes of the Indian Territory is in session at Ocmulgee, for the purpose of forming a constitution for a permanent government. The delegates are mostly educated men, and are exceedingly anxious to bring the tribes together under a civilized form of government.

Admiral Rodgers, commanding the United States fleet in Chinese waters, communicates an account of a recent fight on the Corean peninsula between the Chinese and the combined European and American forces. The Admiral was conveying to Corea a number of the inhabitants whom he had rescued from shipwreck; and the boats' crews from the American, English, French, and Prussian ships engaged in this mission were fired upon by the Chinese, who were thereupon attacked and severely punished.

The beneficiaries under the act of the last session of Congress, giving pensions to the surviving soldiers and sailors of the war of 1812, whose claims have already been admitted, number about 26,000.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE situation in France presents no new features of interest. Paris begins to assume something of its former appearance of gayety and business. The inhabitants are returning at the rate of 25,000 a day. The work of repairing the ravages of war has already begun, and bands of workmen are planting trees and shrubbery in the Bois de Boulogne.

A great number of the working-men of Paris, of Communist principles, contemplate emigration to America.

It is reported that General Cluseret is still alive, but under arrest.

The triumphal entry of the German army into Berlin took place on the 17th of June. It was a brilliant and imposing demonstration.

On June 18th the Emperor closed the German Parliament with a speech, in which, after thanking them for the aid for the victims of the war, and an allusion to Alsace and Lorraine, he prayed that God might grant peace to the new empire.

The jubilee of Pius IX. was celebrated with great pomp on the 17th of June at Rome. Thousands of pilgrims from all parts of the world were present.

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THE BURNING OF PARIS—FALL OF HOUSES IN THE RUE DE RIVOLI.—[SEE PAGE 599.]

THE BURNING OF PARIS—FIRE IN THE RUE ROYALE, LOOKING TOWARD THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE.—[SEE PAGE 599.]

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WHITELAW REID.

MR. WHITELAW REID, Managing Editor of the New York *Tribune*, is the youngest of the leading journalists of New York, being now in his thirty-third year. He comes of a stock noted for intellectual vigor and sturdy devotion to principle. His father, ROBERT CHARLTON REID, was the son of Cameronian Covenanters, and was himself an elder of that sterling communion. His mother was also of Scotch parentage, from the Caledonian colony of Vermont. The elder REID was one of that race of workers whose energies never seemed to find sufficient exercise except in the severe struggle with the wilderness. He was born in the Blue Grass region of Kentucky, but left that comparatively settled country at the beginning of this century, and pushed on into the almost unbroken forests of Ohio. He was one of the founders of the town which bears the hospitable name of Xenia, and here WHITELAW REID was born, the child of his old age.

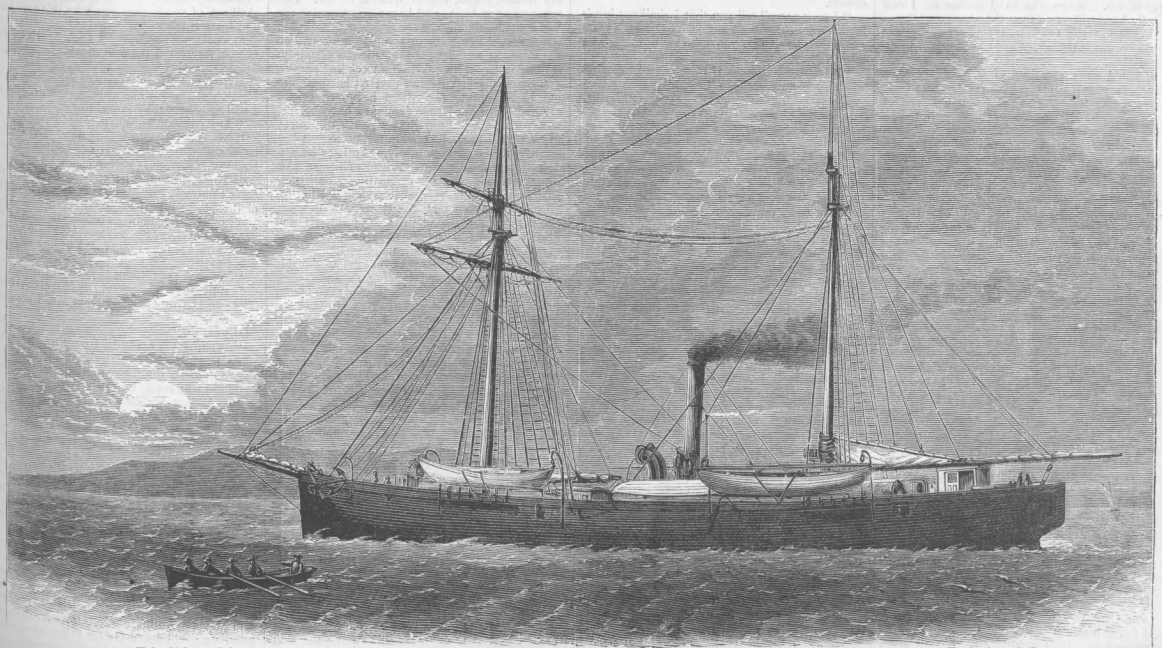
He received the elements of his humanities at the hands of his uncle, a sour, Covenanting parson, and, after passing through the Xenia Academy, was matriculated at the Miami University, and graduated in 1856 with high class honors. The subject of his speech at Commencement was characteristic of that generous radicalism which has since distinguished him. It was devoted to a eulogy of the "Noble Traitors" of the past, with especial reference to the threatening aspects of the Kansas question. Had it been delivered a year or two later, we may be sure that the martyr-convict of Harper's Ferry would not have lacked his garland. Mr. REID'S popularity in college may be inferred from the fact that only two years after his graduation he was elected to deliver the society diplomas to the largest class which ever issued from Miami University.

Immediately after finishing his collegiate studies he became the editor and proprietor of the Xenia *News*, the leading paper of his county, which he managed with a vigor and ability which soon attracted general attention in the State, and led to his removal to Cincinnati, where he became attached to the staff of the *Gazette* newspaper. He represented this journal in Columbus during a session of the Legislature, and his letters from that city made his signature, "Agate," well known throughout the Northwest. His strong, racy English, his courage and energy, his fine faculties of observation, marked him as a model correspondent, and at the first outbreak of the war he was designated to accompany the Ohio troops in their march upon Western Virginia. He served as a volunteer aid upon the staff of General MORRIS at Carrick's Ford, when the rebel General GARNETT was killed, and later in the campaign he was with ROSECRANS in the same capacity at the affair of Carnifex Ferry. Returning to Cincinnati, he began to write editorials for the *Gazette*, and continued for some time in that employment, with occasional interruptions of field work when there was any thing especially worth reporting. He was present at Fort Donelson, and went up the Tennessee River to Pittsburg Landing with our advance. He was the only correspondent on the field in that terrible scene of slaughter, to report which he rose from a sick-bed. He passed the fearful night between the two days of battle among the private soldiers on the bluff, and slept the next night on the victorious field in the tent of General LEW WALLACE.

With the prestige of his Western achievements in journalism, Mr. REID came to Washington, and took charge of the *Gazette* bureau in that city. He distinguished himself at once by his bold, incisive, and energetic correspondence. Among all the pens that made and unmade reputations in Newspaper Row in those stirring days there was none more dreaded and more courted than his. From a certain ascetic habit of thought, which may, perhaps, be derived from his severe and conscientious ancestry, he was always more ready to criticise than to praise, always more eager in attack than in defense. Yet his attachments, if few, were very powerful, and there are not many finer passages of eulogy in our periodical literature than those in which he has expressed his admiration of his friends, such as HENRY WINTER DAVIS, and those eminent citizens of his own State, CHASE and WADE and SCHENCK. The routine work of his Washington life was varied by occasional resumptions of the note-book and saddle. He saw and vividly reported the battle of Fredericksburg, the second Bull Run, and Gettysburg. His political services and his scholarly tastes were at once recognized by an appointment as librarian of the House of Representatives.

When the war ended Mr. REID, whose health had become somewhat impaired by unremitting labor, and who was one of those who believed in the possibility of a genuine peace, and in the complete restoration of the South, gave evidence of his faith by removing to Louisiana, and engaging, in company with General HERRON, of Iowa, in the culture of cotton. They planted 2500 acres of land, embracing three farms, and employing 300 hands. The year of 1865 was a disastrous one for planters, but in spite of this the two young Northerners managed their affairs with such skill and prudence that they closed their operations without loss. Mr. REID employed the next year in writing two books: the one, "After the War," gave a most complete and graphic account of the condition of the South in the years 1865–6; and the other, "Ohio in the War" (2 vols., 8vo, 1000 pages each), besides being an eloquent tribute to his native State, was prepared with such painstaking and elaborate research as to form a valuable addition to the history of our greatest epoch. Mr. REID, who had by this time become a co-proprietor of the *Gazette*, passed the greater part of two years on his old homestead near Xenia, engaged in literary pursuits; and in the summer of 1868, his health being entirely re-established, he came to New York, at the personal invitation

WHITELAW REID.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY SARONY.]



CAPTAIN HALL'S ARCTIC EXPEDITION.—THE "POLARIS."—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY & CO., WASHINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 602.]

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of Mr. GREELEY, and assumed an editorial position on the *Tribune*. His promotion the following year to the chair of managing editor was taken as a matter of course by all who were acquainted with the relations existing between him and the editor in chief. Perhaps no one has ever possessed more fully the confidence of Mr. GREELEY, and certainly no one has ever repaid it with a more sincere and loyal devotion. The rule of Mr. GREELEY in the *Tribune* office is an ideal despotism, where all the subordinates, with REID at their head, regard him as their model and exemplar in journalism—the first political controversialist of the age.

It was only when charged with the administration of a great journal that the highest qualities of Mr. REID's talents were developed. He had achieved gratifying successes in all his preliminary pursuits, but evidently attained his true field as manager of the *Tribune*. His knowledge of human nature, his capacity to see at a glance what a man is good for, and to put the round pegs with unerring accuracy in the round holes; his impatient rapidity of decision; his instinct for news, which is like the nose of a bloodhound, and his capacity for compelling the respect and esteem of those with whom he is brought into relation—all mark him out as the predestined administrator of a great daily newspaper. If he were not so valuable where he is, one might sometimes regret that his absorbing office duties leave him comparatively so little leisure for editorial writing. But he is a facile and singularly rapid worker, so that often, after a day of routine toil, he shuts his sanctum for an hour, and the result is one of those timely and nervous articles which the next day is the talk of the clubs.

Our engraving will enable the reader to dispense with any pen portrait of WHITELAW REID. He is a stalwart, muscular young bachelor, six feet high, with the shoulders of a Kentucky Atlas; so scrupulously neat in his dress that slovenly people make it a reproach to him; fond of society, as is natural in one who is popular in all circles: a man in whose past there is nothing to conceal, and in whose future there is every thing to hope.

CAPTAIN DEVENANT'S SON-IN-LAW.

By MARY N. PRESCOTT.

CAPTAIN DEVENANT had come up, or rather out, from the people, but he entertained a great contempt for them.

"Give *me* the aristocracy," he used to say to his private friends. "Now there's Julie; isn't she a match for them? I've given her the best education the country affords; what's to prevent her making a connection with the *bon ton*? She can play the pianny; she can sing like a house a-fire; she can *parlez-vous Français*, and all the rest of it; she can crochet and embroider; in fact, tell me if there's any thing she *can't* do, and I'll tell you that such accomplishments belong to the upper ten, and ain't to be throwed away on the commonality!"

"I can't dance, papa," said Julie, laughing.

"Ahem! no, you can't, and I glory in it. I don't half approve of this promiscuous hugging of young folks before every body's face and eyes."

"Didn't *you* dance, papa, when you were a young man?" persisted the saucy Julie.

"Ahem! yes; but it's different with a man."

"But you danced with a young lady, I suppose?"

"Ahem! well—yes, I s'pose I did; but that's neither here nor there."

"Oh, isn't it? Well, I never see people tripping on the 'light fantastic toe' but I'm wild to trip it too. When the band strikes up I can hardly keep still; and then they have such lovely figures in the German, it's just like a fairy scene to watch them. What *would* it be to join them?"

"You'd soon get tired of it," said Stephen Gresham, who had just come in; "it's not what fancy paints it." And then Captain Devenant went out, and slammed the door after him; he did not relish an ally like Gresham.

Stephen Gresham had known Julie since she was six weeks old, when he had first been allowed to see the little bald-headed creature and to put his six-year-old finger in the dimples on her cheeks, as a sort of plummet. Since then he had drawn her to school, before the Devenants had left Gutter Street, where they began life, for the court end of the town; he had helped her in her lessons; had shared his luncheon with her, and warmed her hands in his on cold days; had picked her out of a brook at his own risk; had sent her valentines, and saved his pennies to buy her Christmas presents. Almost any one would have thought that Captain Devenant had reason to be proud when one of Nature's noblemen sought his daughter, and drank in her words like an inspiration—such a handsome, manly, straightforward fellow, too, as Stephen Gresham, whose ancestry were a trifle better than his own. But Stephen, alas! did not belong to the aristocracy. He was nothing more nor less than an ambitious, hard-working master-mechanic—"Too ambitious by half," the captain would say, "to be thinking of my Julie." Though time had been when Captain Devenant, only second mate himself, had found pleasure in an evening spent with his old friend Tom Gresham, while the boy sat in the chimney corner whittling ingenious playthings for the little Julie, when he had hinted jocosely of the future, when the "great fortunes," yet to be made, of the two houses of Gresham and Devenant should join issue. But that was long ago; he had grander views now. Tom Gresham had died penniless, while in the same year, by a lucky stroke, Captain Devenant woke up one morning and found himself "as rich as any body," as he expressed it. It is astonishing what an effect this sudden acquisition had upon his mental vision. Of course, when he moved up town, and had servants who dressed better than Stephen, and rode in his carriage, and began to pay his respects to Mrs. Grundy—of course such people as the Greshams were not the sort to stand on their visiting-list, much less to aspire to a connection with a family so high and mighty.

But Stephen, poor fool, didn't understand the case for some time; so long as Julie made him welcome, why should he stand upon ceremony? And then Captain Devenant, not being much at home about this time—though he had forsworn the sea, and had gone into stocks, of which he understood about as much as a landsman does of the ropes—failed to perceive the continuance and growth of this intimacy, which had been too long and too close to be broken in a day, till on the occasion of Julie's first party, at which Stephen was present, and where he made himself as much at home as he had been used to do at their less pretentious and less ceremonious entertainments in Gutter Street. But after the guests had all departed the captain could contain his wrath no longer.

"How came that greasy mechanic here, I should like to ask?" he exploded.

"Mercy, papa! who do you mean? I didn't see any body that looked greasy but Mr. Smirk, and *his* face shone like a glass bottle," said Julie, taking a locket from her white neck to examine the picture it contained. Now Mr. Smirk was a banker, and it was quite out of the question that *he* should look greasy; besides, it enraged the captain to find that Julie had no more respect for aristocracy than if she had never stepped out of Gutter Street.

"Mr. Smirk, let me tell you," said he, "is a man of the highest respectability—"

"Figuratively speaking," suggested his daughter.

"He is connected with the great house of 'Pickens & Steelens,' at Berlin; his father—Ahem! Whose picture have you got there?"

"Stephen's," said Julie, coloring just an atom with pleasure or fear. "He brought it to me this evening. Isn't it splendid?"

"The devil!" roared the captain; "the picture of a greasy mechanic round the neck of my daughter!" and he threw the locket upon the floor, and crushed it beneath his angry heel.

"Oh, papa, papa, what have you done? Why do you treat Stephen so?" for she felt, gathering up the shattered bauble, and dropping tears upon the defaced image, as if he had trodden upon Stephen himself.

"Because he deserves it, miss. I'll teach you. Don't let me see him in my house again. I hoped I'd done with that sort of trash. I hoped you had some ambition of your own—enough to keep your head above water, when I'd done my best to give you a lift."

"I don't know what you mean," cried Julie, white with wonder; "I don't understand."

"Don't ye? Well, *this* is just what I mean: I mean for you to drop all acquaintance with Stephen Gresham and the commonality. I mean for you to forbid him the house, now and forever; not to speak to him when you see him. In short, I mean for you to give him the cold shoulder, every where and at all times; and when I speak, I'm used to be obeyed; and if you mutiny, I'll put you in irons, so to speak. When you marry, you shall marry up, and not down. I've worked hard to give you a rise in the world; see that you don't lose ground in your folly. Them's my orders. Go to bed!"

Julie understood the situation long before this harangue was ended; her countenance changed color; her eye shot lightnings of suppressed wrath; but her voice was as even, her words as temperate, as if they were discussing to-morrow's dinner.

"I may as well tell you that I shall not insult Stephen Gresham with any such behavior as you recommend. And if you do not wish to see him here, you must tell him so yourself."

"And so I will, miss, if I see the scamp within a mile of my premises."

The following day, when Julie went out for her promenade, she saw Stephen Gresham on the opposite side of the street, and bowed and paused, expecting him to cross over and join her, as his habit was; but instead of that he merely returned her salutation and passed on. What could it mean? She stood spell-bound there in the busy thoroughfare, and let the crowd hustle her, forgetful of every thing else. Perhaps he had been in a hurry? Yet she had never known him to be in such haste before but he was glad to stay for a word from her lips, a smile from her eyes. She went home in tears and reflected upon it, without finding any solution. Her father could not have met and repulsed him, as the reports of battles have it, because he had left town that morning on business. She sat down and wrote, in desperation, "Dear Stephen, are you offended with me?" and then she tore it in pieces. What if he had simply wearied of her! The next day she went out again, hoping to meet, or at least to catch a glimpse of him, and was rewarded by seeing him stop on a street corner and have a long and earnest chat with Kitty Kew, a neighbor of his in Gutter Street, and as pretty as a rose-bud. Julie made an errand into the nearest drug store, and watched them jealously. Still the two faces told her nothing but that the question in hand was interesting in the extreme, being nothing more nor less than Kitty's unfortunate love affair, which she had chosen to confide to Stephen. But Julie, not guessing any thing of this, looked hard at the rows of bottles on the druggist's shelf, with their gilt labels, and wondered where he kept his poisons; and then she laughed at herself for her foolishness, and had half a mind to run out and jog Stephen's elbow, and have it all explained. But while she was paying for the ounce of heliotrope powder, which she didn't want, the two had disappeared. Then followed another sleepless night, curtained with dismal forebodings; and when she came down to breakfast the chamber-maid handed her Stephen's seal-ring, which she had given him on his last birthday.

"Where did you get it, Maggie?" she asked, in consternation.

"In the gentlemen's dressing-room, miss, the day after the party; and I forgot to speak of it afore. You see, miss, after all the folks had gone off, while I was a-picking up of the things and getting trigged up like—for, miss, the men folks does make a dreadful heap of topsy-turvy—Mr. Gresham he comes running back again, and says he, 'Maggie, her you seed any thing of a seal-ring marked G?' and says I, 'No, Sir; but if I does I'll just hand it over to Miss Julie.' 'That's right,' says he; 'and I'll make it good to you.' And so here it be."

The clouded expression of Julie's face broke up into smiles. Stephen, then, had not slighted her of his own will. He had made no advances—he had merely returned her civility—because he had heard something of her father's stormy charge to her when he returned for his ring. He had, doubtless, heard himself forbidden the house. Her mood changed utterly from that moment, and, in high spirits, she straightway wrote him a message to this effect:

"DEAR STEPHEN,—If you heard what papa said, I hope you do not think that I mean to obey him."—Then she bethought herself of Kitty Kew, and dropped a blot.—"There! that's Kitty Kew's fault; but I will say it in spite of her—that I want to see you *just a little*, if you want to see me a great deal. JULIE.

"P.S.—I have your ring; and papa has gone to Meridan for a week."

When Stephen came home at noon his mother said,

"There was a boy here with a note for you, Steve, after you'd gone."

"From Knox, I guess, about the machinery."

"I don't know who it was from. I put it on the mantel-piece."

"I don't see any thing of it, mother."

"Maybe it's dropped on the floor."

"No. Perhaps it fell into the grate. Did it look important?"

"How could I tell? The boy said he was to wait for an answer."

"Ah! Knox wouldn't need an answer. I guess I'll call round there and see." So he called round, and found that Knox had been laid up with rheumatism for a week, and hadn't been able to hold a pen.

"Never mind," said Stephen, at home. "If it's important I shall hear from the writer again, or it 'll turn up by-and-by. At any rate, you know that it is said one's correspondence will have answered itself in a certain time. So there's no great loss."

If he had guessed who the writer was, he would have known that she was not likely to repeat the effort, that Time would hardly answer her as satisfactorily as he could wish, and that the loss was greater than he could afford. The fact was, Jane Amory, living opposite the Gresham lodgings, and whose young affections were vainly set upon poor Stephen, had happened in during the morning, and, while Mrs. Gresham excused herself for an instant, to look after her baking, Jane had discovered the note on the mantel, directed to Stephen, had read and slipped it into her pocket. But no one had a suspicion of Jane.

As for Julie, she sat at home and waited for Stephen or his reply; wild horses could not have dragged her out, fearing she might miss one or the other. Every time the door-bell rang she was in a flutter of certainty and pleasure. Then she subsided, and tried to interest herself in her novel; but the romance of her own life was far too intense to allow her to lose herself in imaginary scenes. Ten, eleven o'clock struck. She put away her book, and began to recognize the fact that she should not see Stephen that night; but he would be sure to come to-morrow, and she slept the sounder for the delicious certainty, smiling in her sleep. When a week had passed, and Stephen had neither answered her note nor put in an appearance, Julie began to droop. He had heard her father denounce him and his, and, perhaps, he would not oblige her to disobey in spirit or letter; he plainly meant to do without her, to forget her utterly. Perhaps he disdained to care for the daughter of a man who contemned him and his occupation. She grew pale and mopish; refused to go out on her invitations, to drive with the span; saw nobody, cared for nothing—not even the fashions; and heartily wished that they were back in Gutter Street, no better than their neighbors.

So passed three months of unquestionable trouble and unsatisfied longing to Julie, who, having had less experience in trouble than many, knew not what to make of this new phase of existence, in which happiness had been omitted. At first she sustained herself with the daily hope, on leaving her pillow, that perhaps to-day would be the fortunate atom of time which should bring them together again, and straighten the entangled web of life; but the earth rolled on in supreme indifference to her petty hopes and fears, and night found her where morning had left her, only more cast down, more disheartened, looking with less faith toward to-morrow and its treacherous promises. But now she had done with the hope that things would right themselves, and in its place came an irresistible hungering to see Stephen—only to see him. At this time it occurred to her that in Gutter Street, directly opposite to Stephen's dwelling, lived one Jane Amory, who took in sewing for a livelihood, and embroidered on silk ferns and vines, bouquets of corn flowers and blush roses, that looked as if they grew there. The only place in all the wide world that attracted her was Gutter Street; so she betook herself, with an apology of needle-work, to Jane Amory. Now the event proved that it is always well to put your own shoulder to the wheel before giving up in despair and tears. At sight of her guilty Jane blushed to the roots of her auburn hair, and involuntarily nipped in the bud the tea-rose which she was causing to bloom upon a lady's sash, pricking her finger at the same time.

"Can you do a little work for me, Jane?" asked Julie, blushing back again, fearful lest the sharp eyes of Jane, or her sharper wits, should detect the innocent fraud.

"I dunno," answered Jane. "What is it?"

"Only plain sewing."

"I guess I'll try, though I'm pretty full now. Seems to me you're a stranger down these parts, eh? We don't see much of you nowadays. Quarreled with your old friends, eh? I used for to see something of you a-moving in and out of Miss Gresham's."

"Yes," returned Julie, coloring again at the name; "I have hardly been out any where for this great while."

"Been sick, eh?" regarding her askance.

"Not exactly. I've been in trouble, that's all."

"Dear sakes! do tell! Does trouble call up at Gentry Street?" And then she laughed, as if the idea was too droll for any thing, pulling the handkerchief out of her pocket, and with it a folded paper that fluttered along the floor, like a bird on a broken wing, and rested at last at Julie's feet.

Julie picked it up, and recognized her own handwriting. "Mr. Stephen Gresham," she read, and looked up into Jane's face with the perplexed air of one waiting for an explanation. Jane's laugh died a violent death, strangled on the spot, while she started forward and put out her hand.

"Oh, that's my—my—bill for work done on Miss Furbelow's *trousseau*," her voice all a-quiver.

"Indeed! But why is it directed to Mr. Gresham? Excuse me, Jane, but I think there is some mistake here. This," opening it, "is a note which I wrote to Mr. Gresham three months ago. Will you tell me how it came in your pocket?"

"Well, there, I s'pose I may as well own up," said Jane; "though I *do* think it's mighty uncivil of you to come into a body's house a-prying round. The moment I saw you in the door-way I felt in my bones that there'd be a muss. How did it come in my pocket? Why, I put it there, of course. I meant to hev burned it up—thought I had—and then there'd 'a been an end of it. It must hev been my receipt for my quarter's groceries I burned instead. Jist my luck. I wonder if Small would make me pay over agin if he knew it? It would be jist like him."

"Jane," pursued Julie, not caring to inquire into Mr. Small's characteristics, "do you know that you have done both Mr. Gresham and myself a great wrong? I don't know how you came by this note, but I think that you would be liable to an action, if I were to give it into the hands of a lawyer, for detaining it."

"Dear me! Liable to an action! What sort of an action? Now I'll jist tell you the truth. I only took it off Miss Gresham's mantel-shelf because—because I was sort of jealous of Stephen's never taking a grain of notice on me, and I a near neighbor. Perhaps you dunno what it is to hanker after a little notice and never git it? But if I'd 'a knowed the letter was yours, now—but how could *I* tell? There's forty thousand Julies, more or less, in the world, for all I know. Now you won't be hard on me, miss, will you?" fairly frightened, her deed beginning to assume importance the more she thought of it. "It's hard lines, any way, for a girl to stitch, stitch all day, and nothing better ahead."

"No, I won't be hard on you, Jane; only I fear you will have harder lines yet if you think to better yourself by wrong-doing. All that I shall ask of you is that you take this note back and leave it where you found it."

"And let Miss Gresham know?" cried Jane, aghast, foreseeing the cold shoulder of all Gutter Street.

"No; you needn't say any thing about it to Mrs. Gresham. Make some errand over there; I will wait here till you return."

"And you aren't afraid to trust it to me again?"

"No. I think you are sorry now. You couldn't have understood what you were doing before—how much sorrow you were making me."

"There, I used to hate you," cried Jane, the tears coming in her eyes, "because you had nice clothes and nothing to do, and because—he liked you; but I guess you're as good as he is. There!"

"I do declare, Steve," said his mother, when he returned home at night, "I believe that note was bewitched."

"What note? Not a bank-note I hope?"

"Why, that one you had and didn't have. The one you thought was from Mr. Knox, and it wasn't."

"Yes, yes."

"Well, if you credit it, I went to the mantel-piece to glance at the clock, and see if it was time to put on the tea-kettle, and there it was, looking up at me as innocent as you please."

The instant his glance met the handwriting Stephen's keen eyes flashed angrily, and his smooth brow wrinkled itself with perplexity.

"I hope it wasn't any thing important?" ventured his mother, studying his face, as mothers have a trick of doing with reticent children.

"Yes, it was something *very* important to me."

"Oh dear! shall you lose any thing by not getting it before, Steve?"

"I'm afraid—I'm afraid I may lose a great deal."

"Dear sakes! I feel as if it was *my* fault; and money comes so hard to a working-man; and the nights you've sat up a-pottering over your tools and things!"

"It's nothing to do with money, mother," said Stephen, smiling sadly. "As far as money goes, we could leave Gutter Street to-morrow; but you think you should feel homesick any-

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where else, and I doubt if either of us would be a bit the happier. No; it is nothing about money. I have not *worked* in vain, let what will come."

"Yes; I was married here. I should feel like a cat in a strange garret any where else. Well, I'm glad it's not about money. I was afraid it might be from the man to whom you sold your patent, and he was going to back out, or do something rascally. Your poor father never had any luck, though he was always inventing of something or other, and always going to make his fortune; but, somehow, somebody got ahead of him, do what he would; and I can't realize that you've been too smart for them this time."

"I didn't sell my patent, mother, only an interest in it; for I knew too well that in most cases the fortune is made not by the inventor, but by the fellow who has means to apply it, to put it into use, and introduce it to the public notice. No, mother, we have not lived on coarse fare, worn homespun, and denied ourselves for nothing. When my invention was patented the game was in my own hands; and I think even Captain Devenant will acknowledge that it is worth the candle."

"The neighbors say as how the captain's speculating like fury, making money hand over fist. I should think he was rich enough already. How much do you suppose he's worth now, Steve?"

Steve smiled again, and stroked his fine beard meditatively.

"How much? How can *I* tell? I wish *one* of his possessions was mine, that's all."

"Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods."

"But there's no command against coveting his daughter," said Steve, taking up his candle to go to bed.

"What isn't worth asking for isn't worth having," thinking that Steve might marry the daughter of the Great Mogul, if he had one, and Steve wanted her.

"But he has forbidden me the house;" and Steve laughed as if the joke was not to be equaled by any thing in Joe Miller.

"Captain Devenant forbidden *my* son his house!" cried the astonished dame, with tears of anger in her eyes, "when many's the time he's been glad of a bite at my father's table, when he hadn't a roof over his head! He may see the day again—mind, I don't wish it—but he may see the day again."

Before he slept that night Stephen wrote:

"DEAR JULIE,—I have only to-day received your note, dated three months ago. I will explain when I see you. What a doit you must have thought me all this time! Where can I see you, whom I love better than life, now that your father forbids me to enter his house? Let us hope that he will come to think better of it. Your true-lover, STEPHEN GRESHAM."

What a weight off Julie's heart were these few lines of tender assurance!

"Papa," said she, as she poured out his coffee at breakfast next morning, "I am engaged."

"The deuce you are! Who's the happy man?"

"I am engaged to—Stephen Gresham, papa."

"Are you? We'll see about that, miss. *I've* a lover for you worth two of him. I shall bring him home to dine. Mind you make yourself agreeable to him, for it's in his power to make you a beggar or a millionaire. Why, the very house over our heads is already mortgaged to him. So don't let me hear another word of that humbug Gresham!"

"Oh, papa! I thought we were rich."

"*Did* you? So did I the other day; so does Gresham," with a sneer. "Let us keep up the deceit. It rests with you, my dear, whether we shall be rich or no; whether we shall maintain our credit in Gentry Street, or sink into the slough of Gutter Street."

"I should like nothing better than to return to Gutter Street," sighed Julie, "we were so happy there. And all day long it is so pleasant to watch the river creeping down to the sea, the tide setting in, and the white sails, like phantoms, outside the bar. I like it. The sky and sea make pictures there all the year round."

"There it is again! Bred in the bone, I'll wager. The deuce take it! I believe you don't deserve any thing better. But mind, if I see or hear any thing of Steve Gresham skulking about here, or of your speaking to him, I'll—I'll give him his never-get-over!"

Captain Devenant was in a white fury when he went down to the office of Grist & Grind. Mr. Grist was his last hope and coveted son-in-law; he had seen Julie, had praised her style, and had hinted that any man might be proud of such a wife. The logical conclusion in the captain's somewhat illogical mind was that Grist would be an easy victim, that he only needed opportunity to declare himself, and that thereby *he* should be enabled to remain in Gentry Street, and no one be the wiser concerning his most unfortunate speculations, wherein he had swamped his hoard and reduced himself to beggary; and instead of meeting with resistance against his scheme in the shape of that low fellow Gresham, he believed to have outlived all that, and to have crushed the budding romance when he ground Stephen's picture beneath his heel.

"Good-morning, Grist," said he, smoothing out the anxious wrinkles, his voice as sweet as a jew's-harp. "Fine morning, this. My daughter sends her compliments, and we should be delighted to have you dine in Gentry Street at two, if you're not engaged."

"Thank the handsome Julie; nothing would give me more happiness, but the fates forbid—I'm engaged."

"Perhaps you'll come to-morrow, then? By-the-way, Grist, ain't the interest on that mortgage overdue? You'll hev to hold on a bit longer, till my dividends come in." The captain's dividends were a gracious reminiscence of the past, with which he bamboozled more than one creditor.

"Eh? Oh, the interest on the mortgage. Let's see. Why, didn't I tell you? I told Grind to, any way; s'pose he forgot it. Why, I made it—the mortgage—over to—to— Here, Grind; to whom did we assign the mortgage of Captain Devenant's house?"

"Hey? Why, you know he had an account against us, and you squared him off with that mortgage," said Grind, glancing up.

"Yes, I know; but what's his name? it's slipped my mind."

"His name," returned Grind, referring to a book—"his name is Stephen Gresham, 103 Iron Row; house 9 Gutter Street. He's the fellow who's making a fortune on a patent for something or other. He'll be easy enough with you, captain."

"Stephen Gresham!" cried the captain, pale and trembling; "I'd rather you'd 'a foreclosed to-day. He's the greasy mechanic who's been looking after Julie, my daughter, and I forbade him my house not three months ago."

"Ha! ha! that's a good joke, Devenant; rather at your expense, though. It's a little more than three months since we made over the mortgage to him; thought you were notified at the time—just Grind's way of doing business. Yes, he can foreclose to-morrow, if he chooses; but if he's in love with Miss Julie he won't, unless to bring you to terms. Ha! ha! so you shut his own doors against him! Pity it hadn't been the first of April."

"It was," said the captain, "and I'm the biggest fool alive!"

Nobody disputing his assertion, the captain went home with a very crest-fallen aspect. All his castles had crumbled, all his idols were broken. Julie met him with a face provokingly radiant.

"I have a present!" she cried.

"A fiddlestick!" said he.

"Oh no, not a fiddlestick; bu you shall guess."

"I'm in no mood for guessing."

"Then I will show you. It is from Stephen Gresham, too."

"Then I don't want to see it—confound him!"

"But you must!" and she passed him a folded paper. He opened it gingerly, and saw—the mortgage of house and grounds, 398 Gentry Street, made over to Julie Devenant!

"Do you think I'd better accept it," laughed Julie, "or had we better retire to Gutter Street?"

"Gresham's a trump!" said the captain, smiting the table with his clinched fist. "Send for him!"

And so Stephen Gresham became Captain Devenant's son-in-law.

A HISTORICAL INN.

OF historical London taverns, the *Blue Boar*, in Holborn, is remarkable as the scene of a curious passage in the life of Charles I.

A secret compact is said to have been entered into, between Charles on the one side, and Cromwell and Ireton on the other, by which the king guaranteed to Ireton the Lieutenancy of Ireland, and to Cromwell the Garter, ten thousand pounds a year, and the earldom of Essex, on condition of their restoring him to liberty and power. His spirited consort, Henrietta Maria, who was then in France, wrote to reproach him for these unworthy concessions. Her letter is said to have been intercepted by Cromwell and Ireton, who, having informed themselves of its contents, forwarded it to the unsuspecting monarch, whose reply they anxiously awaited, and also in due time intercepted. The proofs which it contained of Charles's insincerity are said to have sealed the king's fate. So far, he said, was it from his intention to keep faith with "the rogues," that in due time, "instead of a silken garter, they should be fitted with a hempen cord." "The letter," said Cromwell, "was sewn up in the skirt of a saddle, and the bearer of it was to come with the saddle upon his head, about ten of the clock that night, to the *Blue Boar Inn*, in Holborn, for there he was to take horse, and go to Dover with it. This messenger knew nothing of the letter in the saddle, but some persons in Dover did. We [Cromwell and Ireton] were at Windsor; and immediately Ireton and I resolved to take one trusty fellow with us, and with troopers' habits, to go to the inn in Holborn; which accordingly we did, and set our man at the gate of the inn, where the wicket only was open to let people in and out. Our man was to give us notice when any person came there with a saddle; while we, in the disguise of common troopers, called for cans of beer, and continued drinking till about ten o'clock; the sentinel at the gate then gave notice that the man with the saddle was come in. Upon this we immediately arose; and as the man was leading out his horse saddled, came up to him with drawn swords, and told him that we were to search all that went in and out there; but as he looked like an honest man, we would only search his saddle, and so dismiss him. Upon that we ungirt the saddle, and carried it into the stall where we had been drinking, and left the horseman without sentinel; then ripping up one of the skirts of the saddle, we there found the letter of which we had been informed; and having got it into our own hands, we delivered the saddle again to the man, telling him he was an honest man, and bidding him go about his business. The man, not knowing what had been done, went away to Dover." This singular story must doubtless be received with caution. Nevertheless, that such a letter, in the handwriting of Charles I., was intercepted either by Cromwell or by his emissaries, there exists reasonable grounds for believing. Lord Oxford, in fact, assured Lord Bolingbroke that he had read it, and offered for it no less a sum than five hundred pounds.

THE CAPTURE OF PARIS.

WE give several illustrations this week which show how the Versaillese made their way into Paris, and how the city was defended and finally given to the flames by the desperate Communists. The sketches on page 596 will give an idea of the terrible devastation of the city by fire when the Communists discovered that they could neither successfully defend themselves nor make their escape. The first shows the fall of the front wall of the Ministry of Finance, in the Rue de Rivoli, opposite the side wall and railing of the Tuileries gardens. The second shows the burning of buildings in the Rue Royale, looking toward the Place de la Concorde. The engraving on our first page represents some of the soldiers of the Versailles government fighting from the attic roofs and windows of the houses in the Faubourg Poissonnière. It is from a sketch made on the spot by an adventurous artist, who made his way through the narrow streets to where the soldiers were firing. He found the attack had just begun, but he managed to see the soldiers enter the houses, and use the windows as loopholes or embrasures, from which they got a good position to fire down. More men coming up, all mounted the stairs; every window was garrisoned; at last they appeared on the roof, and taking advantage of every corner for shelter, kept up a heavy fusillade. The women in the houses at first were terrified at finding their homes invaded in this sudden way, but they soon got used to it; and one might see at some of the windows a pretty face behind the soldiers trying to get a peep down the street, and to see how the fight was going on. Such a party of soldiers, with their Chassepôts in their hands, who could clamber along the roofs like birds, might be truly called a "flying column." As this fighting from windows and roofs occurred often in the fighting through Paris, the sketch illustrates a characteristic phase of the struggle.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

AT a recent meeting of the New York Lyceum of Natural History Professor D. S. MARTIN described the remarkable deposit of magnetic iron at Cornwall, Pennsylvania, and exhibited the group of minerals found in connection with the iron. The ore is a soft, often pulverulent magnetite, associated with copper, and often pyrites. It is found in three hills which owe their relief to the erosion of their surroundings, and are composed mainly of iron ore embraced between walls of trap, the whole mass lying at the junction of the triassic red sandstone and older metamorphic series.

The yield of the Cornwall mines is 160,000 tons per annum. Professor MARTIN exhibited beautiful specimens of allophane, brochantite, and other minerals collected at Cornwall.

Professor NEWBERRY, at the same meeting, exhibited a series of lignites from the far West, with ultimate analyses of each. He said these modern coals were the only mineral fuels found west of Omaha. The Los Brances (Sonora) coal is triassic anthracite. Most of the New Mexico and Arizona coals are cretaceous, the beds sometimes thirty feet in thickness. The Placer Mountain coal is a cretaceous anthracite. The coal of Colorado is both cretaceous and tertiary; the coal of Mount Diabolo, California, is cretaceous; and that of Vancouver Island, Coose Bay coal, is tertiary. Alaska furnishes some of the best Western coal—a tertiary lignite. A cretaceous anthracite found on Queen Charlotte's Island is nearly as good as that of Pennsylvania. All these anthracites are caused by volcanic action baking lignites. The calorific power of the Western coals is generally greatly impaired by the large percentage (ten to twenty per cent. each) of oxygen and water they contain. The average Western lignite has about half the heating power of our best coals. The gas and coke made of some of them, however, are excellent furnace fuels, though they are generally worthless.

Professor DAVIDSON, of the Coast Survey, has lately devised an apparatus for recording the temperature at different depths by means of an electro-thermal pile. He proposes to register the depth by breaking the circuit of an electric current passing through two insulated wires in the sounding line at about every one hundred fathoms by means of the wheel-work of the MASSEY or similar apparatus. In the changes of temperature an electro-thermal pile eighteen inches long, insulated, and surrounded by a non-conductor except at one end, is used in combination with a THOMPSON'S reflecting galvanometer, not liable to derangement on shipboard. At every one hundred fathoms, when the chronograph registers the depth, the observer notices the readings of the galvanometer, which readings are reduced to FAHRENHEIT degrees.

An interesting discovery has lately been made in England, of the detection in a bone cave of the remains of the wolverine, or glutton. This, according to a correspondent in *Nature*, is of the greater interest as occurring in a region where bones of the reindeer, moose, etc., had previously been found, and upon which this animal in prehistoric, as now in more modern, times was accustomed to feed.

An Austrian meteorological journal contains an account of a very remarkable calm occurring in one portion of an exposed locality while a violent storm was prevailing in every direction round about the section in question. L. GURLITT, a well-known landscape painter, intending to make a number of sketches of the chalk rocks on the coast of the Danish island Möen, encountered a gale blowing directly in the face of the coast-line, and failing to receive the shelter which it was expected the trees, shrubs, and gullies would afford, resigned his purpose, and sauntered about the locality with no particular end in view. He was led by curiosity to the very edge of the precipice, and here, to his utter astonishment, he found so perfect a calm that he was enabled not only to execute the proposed drawings, but to lay his papers on the ground without their being moved by the wind, while at a distance of from twenty to thirty paces in his rear the trees were bending with the force of the gale. He subsequently, again and again, observed this phenomenon when a high wind would strike a vertical rock at right angles. By this he was led to conclude that a mass of air in rapid motion, meeting with an extensive perpendicular obstacle, is forced upward some distance above its upper edge, and then flows over like a water wave, thereby protecting a belt against the direct wind. Professor G. FORCHHAMMER also, repeatedly noticing, in Jutland, that in stormy weather sheep congregated close to the edges of precipices, found a perfect calm prevailing at such points. Another observation would appear to confirm the correctness of the above explanation. A cloud was seen for nearly a whole day hovering on a level with the summits of the rocks of Gibraltar, though during the entire time an easterly gale was blowing, from which it would appear that the upward current created by the resistance of the rocky wall prevented the cloud from following in the direction of the wind.

As is well known, a committee of eminent men has been in session for some time in London for the purpose of inquiring into questions connected with state scientific instruction and the advancement of science, the list embracing, besides several noblemen, Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, Mr. SAMUELSON, Professor HUXLEY, Professor NORMAN LOCKYER, and others. During a visit made last summer to London by Professor HENRY, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, he was requested to appear before this committee and give his testimony as to the relationship between science and the state in America, and especially as to the theory and practical working of the Smithsonian Institution. The first report, just made by the gentlemen referred to, is preliminary to one more detailed to appear hereafter, and is occupied mainly with questions connected with the proper administration of the Royal School of Mines, the Geological Survey of Great Britain and Ireland, the Museum of Practical Geology, the South Kensington Museum, and the Royal School of Naval Architecture and Marine Engineering.

A strong desire to have Angora goats more generally introduced and acclimated in Australia has lately been excited in that country by the appearance at an exhibition in Sydney of a flock of these valuable animals accompanied by their kids. These goats are hardy and prolific, while their hair, being used, in combination with silk, for the manufacture of the most costly fabrics, commands a high price. Owing to the ease with which they can be kept, the rearing of Angora goats would seem likely to render quite profitable the vast area of poor land in Australia.

Mr. H. SCHLAGINTWEIT, the celebrated traveler, tells of a peculiar way of blowing the fire in India. When, in damp weather in the mountains, there was a difficulty in starting a fire, his native attendants were in the habit of taking a bamboo cylinder of about one and a half or two inches in diameter, and a foot and a half long, and blowing into it, not directly, but from a distance of six inches. This caused a whirling motion of the air around the edge, and more air was carried to the fire than from a tube held close to the mouth. Our traveler always found this expedient successful, and believes that the application of a similar tube might essentially increase the efficiency of the common bellows.

The existence of two species of elephants has long been established—the African and the Indian, the former differing from the latter in having much larger ears, which cover the greater part of the shoulders as well as the whole neck, and often touch each other upon the nape. This difference is so striking as to be appreciable at once, although there are still other characteristics, such as the more arched and less flattened forehead of the African, the more stoutly developed tusks, which are often found in the female; while, as is well known, the female Indian elephant is entirely destitute of these weapons. More recently the fact that the island of Sumatra is the only one in the Indian Archipelago where the elephant occurs in a wild state suggested the inquiry whether this might not be a distinct species, and the investigations of Dr. SCHLEGEL, the eminent director of the Leyden Museum, have led him to this conclusion. Like the elephant of the main-land of India, the ears of this animal are very small, and the form of the skull is somewhat the same; but the number of dorsal vertebræ, as well as of pairs of ribs, differs decidedly, there being twenty-one in the African elephant, twenty in the Sumatran, and nineteen in the Indian. The Sumatran elephant seems to be more slender and delicate in its form, and to have a longer and thinner snout. It is also said to manifest decidedly greater intelligence than the elephant of Bengal.

One of the most original and important contributions to the zoology of the day is that constituting the third number of the Bulletin of the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Cambridge, treating upon the mammals and winter birds of East Florida. The author, Mr. J. A. ALLEN, an assistant of Professor AGASSIZ, is well known for the thoroughness of his research into the vertebrata of America, and the critical attention paid by him to the proper limitation of species, both in their relationships to each other, and in their geographical distribution. In the present work he gives a summary of the views to which he has been led within a few years past by his studies of the immense collection in the Cambridge Museum, and makes numerous important generalizations. Among these he corroborates the conclusion previously announced by others of the diminution in size of the American birds in proportion as their birth-place is more southern, and also that there is a similar difference existing between the animals of the higher and lower altitudes. He also finds that while the more southern locality of summer abode there are corresponding differences in color and proportion, as well as in habits, notes, and song, the vivacity of the bird decreasing as its size decreases. The principal difference in color with the more southern localities consists in the darker tints and the reduced extent of any white markings, with other features that our space will not permit us to give at the present time. The entire work is one eminently worthy of careful study, and is destined to exercise a very important influence upon the methods of zoological research.

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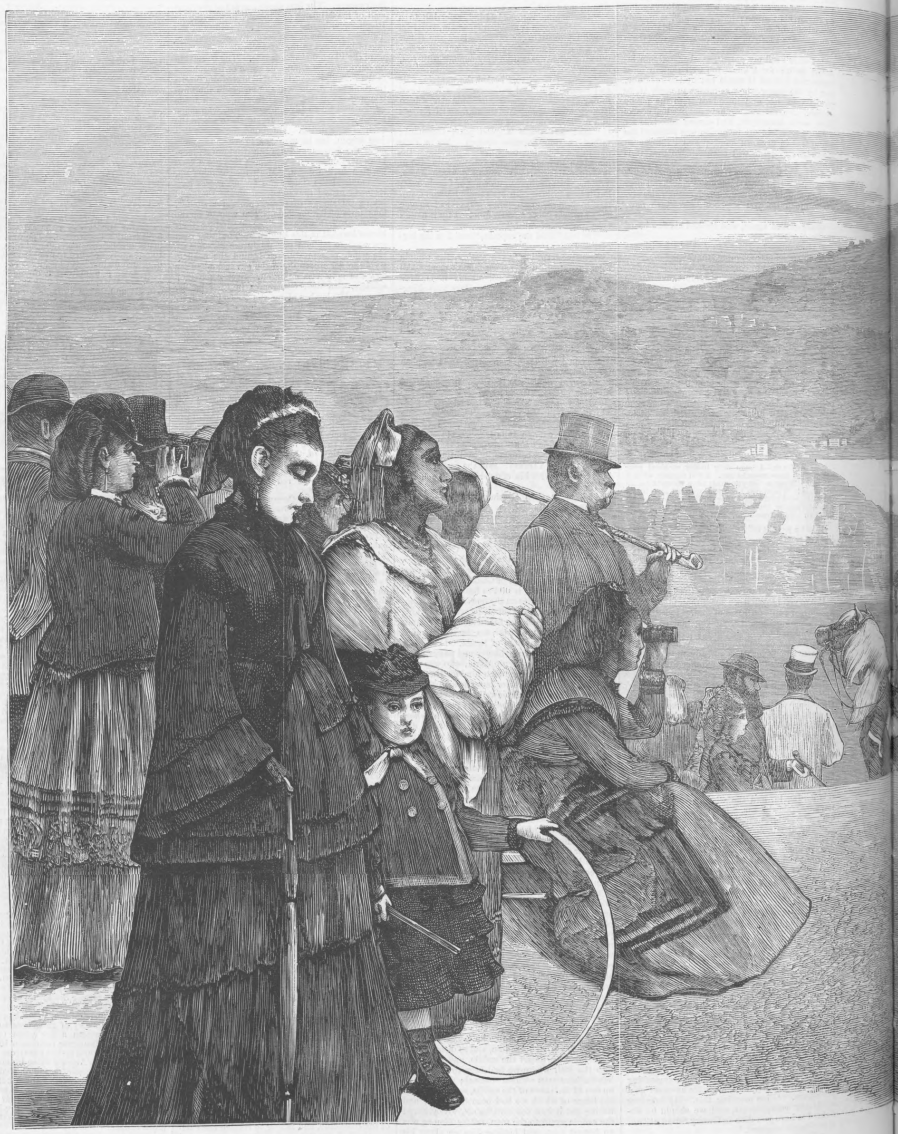
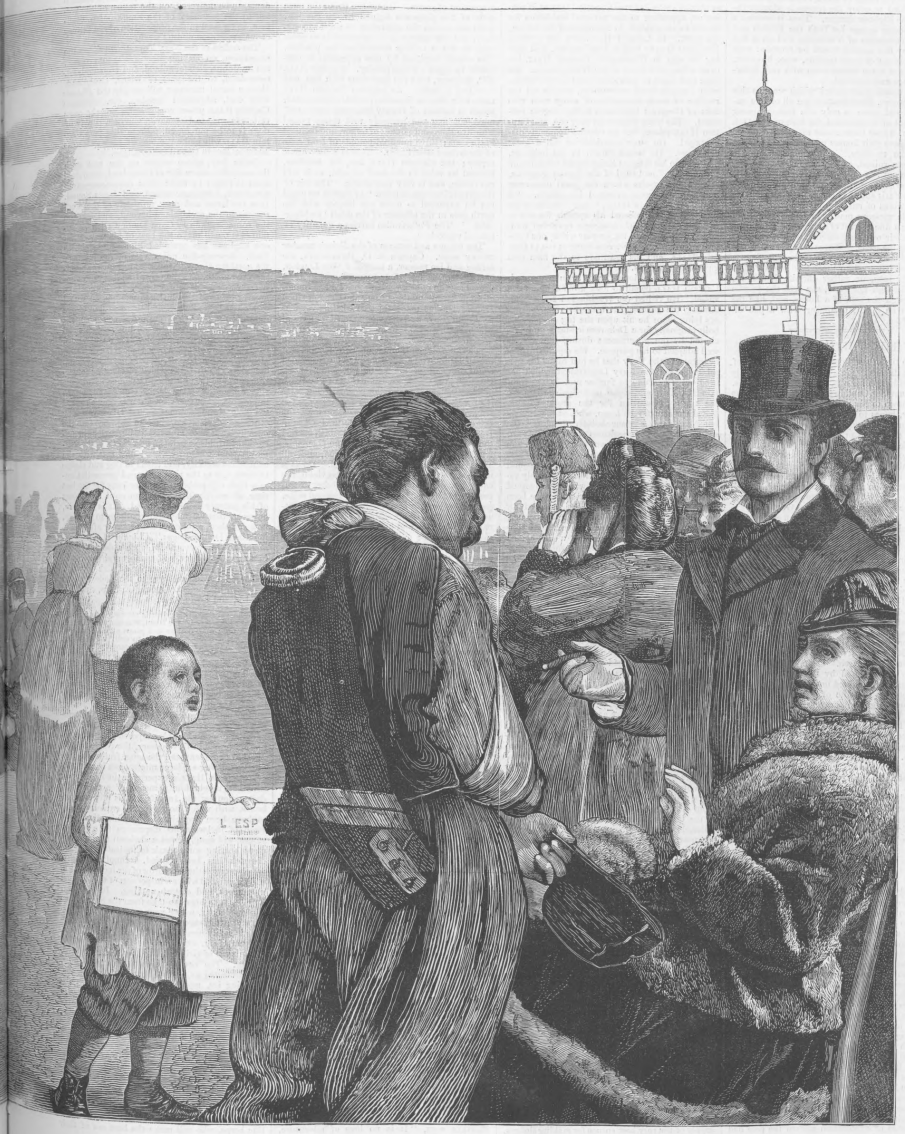


WAITING FOR THE END—FRENCH REFUGEES ON THE TERRACE OF ST



PARISIANS WATCHING THE SECOND BOMBARDMENT OF PARIS.—[See Page 602.]

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WAITING FOR THE END.

DURING the Prussian siege of Paris St. Germains was a favorite resort of Prussian officers and newspaper correspondents, who, standing on the far-famed terrace of HENRI QUATRE, used to follow the proceedings of the armies beneath. Not only did St. Germains afford them a good view of the ground before the city, but it was also just out of the range of Mont Valérien, and they were enabled to enjoy the spectacle without incurring the slightest danger. Thus it became a highly popular lounge for both the French and German occupants of Versailles, and on a fine bright day the terrace would be crowded with representatives of both nations, who, however, regarded the scene before them with very different feelings and opinions.

In the double-page sketch which we give this week, however, the spectators are all of one nationality, and there is only one feeling among them—that of hate toward the men of the 18th of March, whose Communist ideas have forced them to leave their houses in Paris and seek refuge in the environs. Still, homeless and in many cases ruined, as these refugees may be, they have not lost that gayety which is so innate in the Parisian's nature, and are watching the attack on Paris and the insurgents' positions with mixed feelings of curiosity and anger. The irrepressible telescope man is, of course, there, and is making a fine harvest of sous, while many have brought their own instruments, with which they can survey the scene. "There is a splendid shot!" cries Alphonse, as a shell flies whizzing from a Versaillese battery into the city. "*Ciel!* how dreadful!" says, or rather shrieks, Marie, as, looking through her glass, she sees the missile sink through the roof of a house, and, like the demon in an opera, disappear with a puff of white smoke.

OFF FOR THE NORTH POLE.

BY the time these lines fall under the eyes of our most distant readers the stanch arctic ship *Polaris* will be on her way toward the frozen seas. Her commander, Captain CHARLES F. HALL, who is well known to our readers as an intrepid arctic navigator, hopes to accomplish something noteworthy during the voyage. For twenty years it has been the height of his ambition to reach the north pole, or, at least, to penetrate as far in that direction as it lies within the power of man to do. While in the city of Cincinnati, in 1850, engaged in his profession of engraver, Captain HALL'S attention was first directed to arctic matters by the interest excited throughout the country by the fitting out of the first GRINNELL expedition. Captain HALL became an enthusiastic polar student; and his leisure for the next decade was spent in acquainting himself with all that had been published regarding the *terra incognita* in the north, and in watching the progress of the successive expeditions which bore our flag near to the pole. On the return of the English expedition of M'RAE, in 1854, with relics of the ill-fated FRANKLIN, the English government declined further to prosecute the search for the missing explorer. But Lady FRANKLIN was not satisfied; and, after vainly appealing to her government, fitted out at her own expense Captain M'CLINTOCK with the *Fox*, and sent him to complete the search. Captain HALL'S deep sympathy was aroused by the appeal of Lady FRANKLIN. He doubted not that the great mystery attending the fate of FRANKLIN and his companions might be unraveled, and he thought it might be possible to co-operate with M'CLINTOCK in his brave work by an expedition from the United States. The story of Captain HALL'S first expedition of 1860–62 has been told by his own pen. He sailed from New London, Connecticut, in a whaler, which was to land him, with boat and sledge, upon the ice to the west of Davis Strait, and leave him to prosecute his search alone. The loss of his boat prevented his journey westward to the region where it is known FRANKLIN perished; but, however, his explorations, limited as they were, were attended with glorious results. Precious relics of the expedition of FROBISHER, who sailed three hundred years earlier by command of Queen ELIZABETH, were found; the fate of five seamen who deserted that navigator was determined; and what had until then been known as "Frobisher Strait" was completely explored by HALL, and proved to be but a bay.

Of the second expedition of Captain HALL, covering a period of five years from 1864, a complete record is not yet published. He sailed from New London in the whaler *Monticello*, and accompanied only by the Esquimaux JOE and HANNAH, who had returned with him from his first expedition. The *Monticello* entered Hudson Bay, landed the little party on its northern shores, and left them to their fortunes. For the next five years Captain HALL completely denationalized himself, living with the Esquimaux, and, as they do, eating the raw meat and drinking the oil by which they preserve their animal heat. He improved his time in completing his knowledge of their language, customs, and traditions, and in preparing himself for the great expedition on which he has now entered.

In September, 1869, Captain HALL returned to the United States, accompanied by his two faithful Esquimaux and their little adopted child. His purpose of exploration toward the pole had been matured during his stay in Innuitland, and he returned to the United States determined to secure the means of accomplishing his great object. He had already proposed to ask the aid of the government, and, although his friends feared application to Congress would be useless, Captain HALL determined to prefer the petition. Soon after his return to New York Captain HALL was invited to relate his experiences before the American Geographical and Statistical Society. He was well received, and Captain HALL determined to repeat his story as a public lecture at Steinway Hall. His success was excellent, and invitations to lecture began to pour in upon him from societies all over the country. To Captain HALL a means was thus presented of supporting himself and little family during the preparation for his new journey. Communities all over the North are familiar with this arctic explorer and his Esquimaux companions. The session of 1869–70 found Captain HALL at Washington, appealing to the national legislators for means to accomplish, in the name of the nation, his work. In Captain HALL and his purpose President GRANT took a deep interest, and during his stay in Washington Captain HALL became a frequent visitor at the White House. His time was spent in interviews with Congressmen, with Congressional committees, and in all the routine of work demanded of every man who asks of Congress legislation in any degree personal. The work was not an easy one, and Captain HALL relates that he became frequently discouraged. On such occasions he had a great comforter. He would return to his lodgings, and turn to his favorite Knickerbocker edition of "Columbus," and read of the discouragements, rebuffs, and insults which the great discoverer met before success crowned his efforts. "I read," says Captain HALL, "how COLUMBUS for nineteen years preferred his appeals for aid to make his voyage before success rewarded him, and certainly I need not despair within one Congressional season." Success came at last to Captain HALL, and his gratitude to the men that gave it is boundless.

When Congressional favor became assured, Captain HALL began to look around him for a vessel. He visited the Washington Navy-yard. Among the government transports and steamers lying there he hit upon the tug *Periwinkle*, built originally for a Delaware ice-boat, and purchased by the government during the war, as well adapted to his purpose. He reported to the Secretary of the Navy that he had found his vessel, and from the Navy Department, which has used every exertion to further and hasten Captain HALL'S plans, came immediate orders for the tug's preparation for the arctic voyage. Naval Constructor DELANO, who, at the Brooklyn Navy-yard, has successively fitted out the vessels for the expeditions of DE HAVEN, KANE, and HARTSTEIN, was charged with the preparation of Captain HALL'S vessel. The *Periwinkle* was taken into the dock, every unsound timber removed, and, in fact, almost entirely rebuilt. The bows of the vessel have been sheathed with iron, and, throughout, her sides have been nearly doubled in strength. As prepared for her voyage, she is rigged as a topsail schooner, and supplied with a direct-acting, inverted-cylinder condensing engine, working a two-bladed "Griffith" screw. Her measurement is slightly in excess of 400 tons, considerably larger than the *Advance*, in which Dr. KANE sailed, and of about the size of the German exploring ship *Germania*, which sailed from Bremen two years ago. Her bulwarks are raised four feet above the deck, which, from just forward of the smoke-stack to a point ten feet abaft the mainmast, is roofed over, covering the engine, cabins, and a passage on either side. Materials are taken to roof over the remainder of the deck when the vessel shall have reached winter-quarters. Just abaft the cabin stands a covered wheel-house, and immediately aft of this the propeller well, into which the screw may be lifted when not in use. The cook's galley, well supplied with implements of the culinary art, stands immediately forward of the roofed portion of the deck, and is separated from it by the ship's pump and fire-room hatchway. Immediately forward of the galley is the forecastle hatchway. The forecastle contains berths for twelve men; and their quarters are in every respect comfortable and convenient. The standing and running rigging, spars, sails, etc., are entirely new. The ward-room opens from the rear of the covered portion of the deck, and contains eight berths, pantry, water-closet, and captain's library. The berths are narrow, but comfortable, and sheltered by curtains. In the centre of this cabin stands an extension table, and between it and the mainmast a cabinet organ, presented to Captain HALL by the Smith Organ Manufactory, of Boston. The captain's library, occupying the forward end of the cabin, is of considerable value, and embraces nearly every work relating to arctic subjects which has issued from the American or English press. Farther forward, and beneath the covered deck, are state-rooms for Captain HALL and for the little Esquimaux family which accompanies the expedition. The name of Captain HALL'S vessel—*Polaris*—was adopted at the suggestion of HENRY GRINNELL, and approved by the Secretary of the Navy at the request of her commander.

Captain HALL'S vessel has been most liberally supplied by the Navy Department with instruments, charts, etc., and no expense has been spared to make her outfit complete. The *Polaris* carries four whale-boats, and, besides, two patent frame-work boats, which can be folded and easily stowed upon a sledge, and, on reaching open water, covered with canvas, launched, and become in their turn the transporters of sledge and crew. They weigh but 250 pounds, and can carry twenty men. Stowed aboard the *Polaris* is a supply of the very best spruce for making sledges. The sledges, when built, will be fifteen feet long and twenty inches wide, the various parts lashed together, and be drawn by from twelve to fifteen dogs. The *Polaris* takes, in addition, two pairs of iron-shod runners which were used by the first GRINNELL expedition, and have since lain at the Brooklyn yard. Experience, however, has taught Captain HALL that home-made sledges in the land of the Esquimaux are far better than the exports of American industry. The *Polaris* carries an extra rudder, extra propeller-blades, a light boat, which is provided for the use of the scientific officers, saws and chisels for cutting ice, and a supply of felt with which to inclose the boiler and prevent the radiation of heat. In the fire-room is fitted an apparatus for burning whale-oil beneath the boiler, in place of coal. STEVENS is the name of the inventor. Its principle consists in the conveyance beneath the boiler, through pipes, of oil, to which has been united a certain proportion of steam. Under the boiler the open ends of the pipes are lighted as are gas jets. Trial has shown the apparatus to work successfully, but the supply of oil required is so great that its use is neither economical nor possible. The supply required by this apparatus is estimated to equal a whale per day. Captain HALL will, however, take the apparatus with him, and may find it useful. As supplies Captain HALL takes with him ten thousand pounds of pemmican, which is formed of twenty thousand pounds of meat cut fine and perfectly well dried, mixed with five thousand pounds of tallow, and inclosed in tin cans; three hundred pounds of fruit cake of the richest description. This is a new arctic supply; but Captain HALL has, by accident, learned its value in the land of cold, as it will not freeze, and is very nourishing. The wit of the expedition remarks that "of course we could not be expected to unite our banner with the north pole in the absence of the usual 'wedding-cake.'" The *Polaris* also carries a quantity of canned vegetables.

The officers and seamen of the *Polaris* number twenty souls. Captain S. O. BUDINGTON, the sailing and ice master, a native of New London, Connecticut, is forty-four years of age, and has passed his life at sea. Five times he has rounded Cape Horn and three times the Cape of Good Hope. He has made thirteen whaling voyages to Baffin Bay, and he commanded the vessel which carried HALL from New London on his first arctic voyage. Captain BUDINGTON is a wonderful rifle-shot, and can with a bullet cut the string by which a weight may be suspended from the end of the mainyard. Mr. H. C. CHESTER, the first mate, is a native of the village of Noank, near New London, Connecticut. He is of a splendid physique, and is, probably, the strongest man on board. He has spent ten years whaling in arctic waters, and formed Captain HALL'S acquaintance on the vessel which carried the explorer a second time toward the pole. Mr. CHESTER is the wit of the expedition, and will act as theatrical manager on board. He is a musician, and performs finely on the violin, the cabinet organ, the banjo, and several other instruments. Mr. WILLIAM MORTON, the second mate, probably enjoys with the public a wider acquaintance than either of his seniors in rank. He is a native of Ireland, and has passed thirty years in the naval service of the United States. While with KANE'S expedition he had the honor of discovering the open polar sea; and on this journey he proved his capacity by completing some valuable surveys of his route, which afterward HAYES found to be perfectly correct. He served in the navy during our entire war, and was with FARRAGUT at New Orleans. Dr. KANE pronounced MORTON as gallant and trustworthy a man "as ever shared the fortunes or claimed the gratitude of a commander." EMIL SCHUMANN and JOHN WILSON, the engineers, are men thoroughly competent for their work, theoretically and practically. The former has held a responsible position with the Lloyds Steamship Company, and the latter has served for twenty years on a New York tug-boat. Both accompany the expedition from an ambition to reach the pole. The crew is composed of nine men, and there are, besides, a carpenter, steward, cook, and two firemen. Several of these men served in the Union army during the late war; and Captain BUDINGTON is delighted with their seamanlike appearance and knowledge of "where to take hold of a rope."

Captain HALL'S faithful Esquimaux friends, JOE and HANNAH, with their little adopted daughter, SILVIE, are well known to the public. They come from the Innuit aristocracy, have once paid a visit to England, and been presented to the Queen, and both are well acquainted with the English language. JOE has been a famous hunter in Esquimaux land, and is anxious to again visit his ice-bound hunting fields. HANNAH, who appears a very modest, sweet-tempered lady, loves civilization best, and hopes, this expedition over, to pass a quiet life in the United States. SILVIE will be the pet of all on board, and is a bright little miss of perhaps seven years.

The scientific work of the expedition has been prescribed (as directed by the Congressional act organizing the expedition) "in accordance with the advice of the National Academy of Sciences." Dr. EMIL BESSELS, selected as the chief of the scientific corps, and also to act as medical officer, is a German by birth, and a student of Heidelberg. He is an accomplished zoologist, botanist, and photographer. He accompanied the German exploring steamer *Albert* on her trip to the north of Spitzbergen, and but for the war would have sailed in the new German expedition, whose preparation was abandoned on account of the war. Dr. BESSELS served six months as surgeon in the Prussian army during the late war. He comes highly recommended to the committee of the National Academy. In a letter from Germany to Captain HALL Dr. BESSELS says, "It is no love of adventure, promise of reward, or desire to roam which prompts me to make such a voyage, but an earnest desire to be useful to science." Dr. BESSELS speaks several languages, and English quite well. The scientific corps of the expedition will be completed by the addition of an astronomer and meteorologist. At the time of writing the former position is not filled; but application has been received from a gentleman of West Chester, Pennsylvania, a graduate of Lafayette College, of Easton, who will accompany the expedition should the committee of the National Academy approve. Sergeant FRED MYER, of the Signal Corps, United States army, will join the scientific corps as meteorologist. He has a fine record in his corps, and is classed as one of its experts.

In addition to the scientific record, each member of the expedition who is competent is directed to keep a journal of the voyage and its incidents, to be delivered, on the return of the vessel, to the secretary of the Smithsonian Institute, to be used in the preparation of the history of the expedition and its work.

The orders of the Navy Department direct the expedition, on leaving New York, to proceed, *via* St. Johns, Newfoundland, and Holsteinborg, Greenland, to the port of Disco, Greenland. Here a naval transport will supply the *Polaris* with coal, additional supplies, etc. Thence Captain HALL passes northward, along the coast of Greenland, to Upernavik, where a supply of dogs is to be purchased. From this port Captain HALL will make the best of his way across Melville Bay to Cape Dudley Diggs.

Baffin Bay, whose waters on the east wash the unbroken shore line of Greenland, is entered upon the west by three great entrances—Hudson Strait, Lancaster Sound, and Jones Sound. Into the latter and most northerly of these entrances to the archipelago beyond, and lying in the same latitude as Cape Dudley Diggs, Captain HALL will make the best of his way. But one explorer has preceded him—Inglefield, in 1852. Seventy-five miles west of the entrance the northern shore of Jones Sound turns abruptly to the north, and the coast line has been dimly traced as far as latitude 77°. Captain HALL hopes to ascend this hitherto unexplored sound as high as latitude 80°, and there to find secure quarters for his vessel during the arctic night and his summer's trip to the pole. Failing to ascend Jones Sound, Captain HALL will return to Baffin Bay, and pass over the course of KANE, HARTSTEIN, and HAYES, directly north into Smith Sound. The drift ice which blocks up the narrow entrance to Smith Sound makes its passage very difficult, and, as Dr. KANE found, return impossible. For this reason the entrance toward the pole through Jones Sound is preferred by Captain HALL. Also, since an entrance into the open polar sea of MORTON is impossible or uncertain with his vessel, Captain HALL seeks winter-quarters where his vessel may rest with the completest security, and trusts to dog and sledge to carry him to the pole. From Upernavik Captain Hall will probably communicate for the last time, directly, with civilization until the object of his journey is accomplished. It is possible, however, that we may still continue to receive, now and then, a token of his progress after leaving Cape Dudley Diggs. Captain HALL is directed to throw overboard once a day, inclosed in a copper cylinder, a blank form on which will be noted his position, accompanied with remarks, and the following message to the finder, which is printed in English, French, German, Spanish, Danish, and Portuguese:

"Whoever finds this paper is requested to forward it to the Secretary of the Navy, Washington, U. S. A., with a note of the time and place at which it was found, or, if more convenient, to deliver it for that purpose to the U. S. consul at the nearest port."

After entering Jones Sound, wherever it is possible the paper will be deposited near a stone cache to be erected in a prominent position, upon which will be noted the spot where the paper may be found. Sir JOHN FRANKLIN left a somewhat similar paper in a cairn erected at his first winter-quarters on Beechey Island; and had he adopted Captain HALL'S proposed plan of marking his course in this manner, the tragic end of his ship's company and the long, fruitless search for the missing explorer might have been avoided. Captain HALL'S experience in Esquimaux land has taught him a means of avoiding the destruction by the Innuits of his stone letter-boxes, with which no preceding explorer seems to have been acquainted. Captain HALL, instead of inclosing his dispatches in a pile of stones, will simply erect a skeleton stone monument bearing some mark to indicate where the dispatch has been buried. Innuit curiosity, which prompts the overthrow of the inclosed cairn, will be satisfied with an inspection of the skeleton monument, and disturb nothing. In addition, Dr. BESSELS hopes to take from the States some carrier-pigeons, whose young may be left at Disco, and a message returned to us when the *Polaris* is safely accommodated in winter-quarters. Captain HALL expects to be in winter-quarters to the west of Grinnell Land by the 1st of September. The vessel will then be roofed over, and protected as well as may be from the surrounding ice, and preparations begun in prospect for the long winter night which will soon close around them. The fur suits of the party will be completed, and the months of September and October spent principally in hunting. While in the Esquimaux settlement of Igloolik, in 1865, Captain HALL was visited by Esquimaux from all quarters of the north, and it is probable that he will find many old friends among the Innuit people in the vicinity of his winter-quarters. In these he has complete confidence, and will endeavor to establish friendly relations with them. Near the vessel's winter-quarters will be built an observatory and other conveniences for the scientific corps, who will make the best use of their time before the arctic night sets in.

The student of the polar chart will notice that no American name appears until, in latitude 78°, we approach the winter-quarters of the American expeditions. By the many English explorers not one prominent American name has been honored, while the American explorers seem only to have divided the honors of their discoveries between American and European names of prominence. Captain HALL will have many a

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cape, island, and headland to dub, and if, on the chart, between us and the polar *terra incognita*, we find only European memories honored, he is determined that the pole itself shall be surrounded by a galaxy of American names which shall make the territory peculiarly our own. During the winter night, of four months' duration, it will be Captain HALL'S principal anxiety to amuse and interest his companions. Mr. CHESTER, of whom we have already spoken as a fine musician, takes with him several musical instruments, and hopes to instruct some of the crew sufficiently to form a little brass band. One of the seamen at present performs upon the guitar. Mr. CHESTER will also become theatrical manager to the expedition, and hopes to find some good dramatic material among his crew. Among officers and crew there seems to be promise of perfect harmony, and from commander to seaman all seem earnest in their ambition to accomplish the object of their expedition.

On the 1st of April, 1872, Captain HALL will leave his vessel and undertake his journey toward the pole.

His general plan is as follows:

Five sledges, drawn by from twelve to fifteen dogs, and each carrying two men, will be loaded with provisions to their highest carrying capacity. The distance to the pole will be divided into five journeys, and, *en route*, the entire party subsisted from a single sledge until its load shall be so far exhausted as to leave only sufficient to supply its particular party *two* journeys back to the *Polaris*. The supply for one of these journeys, for what purpose will be seen hereafter, will be deposited in a cache, and, with the second supply, the sledge first exhausted, with its two conductors, will return to the vessel. The four remaining sledges will proceed, repeating the arrangement, and, after constructing a cache at the end of the second journey, the exhausted sledge will return to the vessel. The fifth journey will be made by a single sledge, its little party subsisting, on their return from the pole, on the contents of the several caches which have been established *en route*. This plan, however, will only be necessary in case—as is not probable—the party should be able to capture, during their journey, nothing on which to subsist. Captain HALL is confident that he will find, at least, bear and eider-duck along his entire route, and in that case the entire party will proceed until the north star shall be directly overhead, and beneath their feet the north pole. Captain HALL enters upon his work with a greater chance of success than any navigator who has previously explored the region of cold. All that have preceded him have carried with them into the frozen waters the habits of life of the temperate zone, and have depended only on the means of life familiar to civilization. Captain HALL has proved, by his personal experience, that it is possible for a dweller in a temperate clime to adopt and thrive on the food of the Esquimaux, and to preserve within the arctic circle life wherever life may be found. Having reached the frozen country, he will immediately proceed to teach his companions to draw their sustenance from the raw meats of the frigid zone, and to pour into nature's furnace the oil by which th Esquimaux preserves his animal heat. Captain HALL does not anticipate a difficult task in the education of his companions to his standard of food, and anticipates, before the first arctic night has passed, a company whose memories alone will connect them with civilization.

The orders under which Captain HALL sails only contemplate his passage to the pole, and then will admit of his immediate return to the United States. Should nothing unfavorable occur, August, 1872, may find the *Polaris* again in New York Harbor. It is, however, improbable that fortune will be so good to our envoys, and a stay of five years in arctic waters is provided for. We spoke of the musical company on board. It may be that some enterprising musician will carry with him his instrument to the pole; and as our flag is raised toward the north star, while—east and west having disappeared—to the south of the little party lies the World, the strains of a national anthem will peal forth, and a new territory be annexed to Columbia without bloodshed and without price.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

WHEN the fervid heats of summer begin to oppress and debilitate it is peculiarly refreshing to reflect upon and to write about such a cooling topic as—ice. Not only did Nature last winter afford a bountiful supply, which has been stored up for our summer's use, but busy brains and hands are now employed to accomplish results which, if attained, will secure to the dwellers in even warmer climates than ours an abundance of this luxurious and almost necessary article. A machine is now being built in this city which, without chemicals, and simply by a mechanical application of the theory of producing intense cold by the compression and expansion of air, is expected to produce ice in large blocks, and at a cost not much, if any, in excess of natural ice. The inventor, who is a scientific and practical engineer from Berlin, Prussia, has no doubt of the complete success of this machine, having made satisfactory tests before coming to this country. It is expected that it can make two tons of ice a day, and the size can be increased to a capacity of at least twenty-five tons. This machine is also said to be very valuable for the purpose of cooling the air of churches and other public buildings. If made on a small scale, we fancy it would be a very handy thing to have about a house, so that every family might make its own ice and cool its own apartments.

The salary of President Elliot, of Harvard College, is stated at $8200, and that of the chief cook of the Parker House, Boston, at $4000. Good cooks are, it would appear, scarcer in Massachusetts than college presidents.

That old adage, "Murder will out," seems to have been verified in recent revelations concerning a seven years' mystery. When the mutilated remains of a man were found in different places around this city about seven years ago, the horrible affair created a great sensation in the community; but the most rigorous investigations failed to discover by whom the foul murder had been committed. But during the month of March last three men were arrested in Australia while engaged in a drunken fight, in which all were wounded severely, and one of them mortally. One of the three turned state's evidence, implicating all in many crimes, but especially in murdering the man above referred to, about seven years ago, in New York city.

Now that San Francisco is connected with Australia by a line of steamers, a project has been formed of selling in London through-tickets to cross the Atlantic and the continent of North America, thence to Australia, thus attracting to our continent the vast current of travel from England to Australia. Five and a half millions of dollars were spent last year for first-class passenger fares between England and Australia, and 600,000 persons made the journey one way or the other.

Previous to the erection of the statue in the Central Park Professor Morse had received no public recognition in this country of his eminent services beyond that of a complimentary dinner. Marked honors, however, had been accorded to him by European sovereigns. He has received from the Sultan of Turkey the "Nishan Iftichan," or order of Glory; from France, the cross of a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor; from Italy, the cross of a Chevalier of the order of St. Maurice and Lazarus; from Portugal, the cross of a Chevalier of the order of the Tower and Sword; from Spain, the cross of a Knight Commander (*de numero*) of the order of Isabella the Catholic; from Denmark, the cross of a Chevalier of the order of the Dannebroge, also the honor of being a Knight Commander, in the same order, of the first class. Austria, Prussia, and Würtemberg conferred on him the Scientific Gold Medal of their respective nations, and a special congress of ten European nations in 1858 voted him an honorary gratuity of 400,000 francs.

Careful experiments have been recently made by which it is shown that sickly potted plants, and even those which have almost died out, can be restored to vigor by applying warm water to them instead of cold. In certain cases oleanders which had never bloomed, or did so only imperfectly, after being treated with lukewarm water, increasing the temperature gradually from 140° up to 170° Fahr., blossomed with magnificent luxuriance. Similar results occurred with an old plant of hoya, and also with an India-rubber tree which had nearly withered away. In all these cases the application of water heated to about 110° Fahr., without any other precaution, caused a new and flourishing growth.

The Pope has sent 60,000 francs for the relief of Paris, and a large number of sacred objects with which to replenish the sacked churches.

Medical science is progressing. An eminent physician declares that spiritualism is a disease, and can be cured by tincture of iron and strychnine.

According to a dispatch from Berlin, no less than 16,000 French prisoners have died in captivity.

The following figures, which are from the *Court Journal*, indicate that the nobility and gentry of Great Britain will not immediately become extinct. Taking the list alphabetically, as given in Lodge's "Peerage," the Duke of Abercorn is shown to have 14 children; the Earl of Abergavenny, 11, the last two being twins; the Earl of Abingdon, 9; the Earl of Albemarle, 5, while his father had 15; Earl of Amherst, 12; Marquis of Anglesey, 9, and his father 18; Duke of Argyle, 12; Earl of Ashburnham, 11, and his father 17, by two marriages; Earl of Bessborough, 14; Viscount Bridgeport, 13; Marquis of Bristol, 10; Earl of Buckinghamshire, by two marriages, 15; Earl of Carlisle, 12; Earl of Chichester, 7, and his father 10; Earl of Clarendon, 8, and his father 10; Baron Clifford, 12, the last two being twins; Baron Clonbrock, 17; Earl of Dartmouth, 7, and his father 17, by two marriages; Earl of Durham, 11, numbers nine and ten being twins; Baron Ebury, 11, the last two being twins; Marquis of Exeter, 10, and his father 10; Earl Fortescue, 14; Earl Grey, none, but his father 15; Earl Howe, 13; and so the list continues through a long enumeration. We think that if the Darwinian principle of selection applies to these noble families, a more rapid and marked improvement than the world has witnessed might be expected. There are certainly individuals enough from whom to select.

Every one ought to be aware that the fragrance and odors from plants and flowers are often unwholesome, particularly at night. Their action manifests itself by serious disorder, headache, syncope, and even by asphyxia if too long prolonged. In nervous persons numbness may occur in all the members, with convulsions and loss of voice; but in most constitutions only a state of somnolence, accompanied by feebleness and retardation of the action of the heart, occurs. This state is often associated with well-marked dimness of vision. Among the flowers that are most deleterious may be mentioned the lily, hyacinth, narcissus, crocus, rose, carnation, honeysuckle, jasmin, violet, and elder; and among plants the walnut, the bay-tree, and the hemp. The deleterious influence upon the air at night, through the development of carbonic acid gas, should be guarded against.

Three of the dirtiest, most ragged little ragamuffins in this city entered one of the magnificent drug-stores in our place. Marching up to the counter, one said,

"I want a cent's worth of rock candy."

"Get out, you ragamuffins! we don't sell a cent's worth of rock candy?"

Slowly and sadly they filed out of the store. On the sidewalk a consultation took place. They re-entered the door.

"Mister, do you sell *three* cents' worth of rock candy?"

"Yes."

"Well, we ain't got 'em;" and the procession moved out again.

The latest and most ingenious explanation of the horrible deeds which have blackened Paris is that the French Communists were victims of a "contagious mental alienation;" that the privations of the siege affected their brains, gradually unhinged their minds, and finally they went raving mad; that the "miasmata" which spread through the city produced more violent symptoms in women than in men, because their nervous systems yielded more suddenly to the contagion of the prevailing insanity. This is the highly satisfactory explanation given by a French physician of the horrors of sixty dreadful days, particularly of the throwing of petroleum and lighted matches into public and private buildings by women and young girls.

This explains how the boys get lost: A five-year-old urchin in Boston failed to return home from school at the proper hour, and was found, late at night, and after a long and anxious search, "straggling" around the railway depôt. He was put to bed gravely, perhaps even sternly, but without much inquiry, explanations and discipline being deferred till morning. At the breakfast-table, evidently feeling the need of interposing a defense, and taking advantage of a lull in the conversation among his seniors, he exclaimed: "I'll tell you, mamma, how it happened. After school I went part of the way home with Mary ——, and at the corner of a street, where she left me, I kissed her, and she kissed me, and *then I found I was lost.*" There was an explosion around the table just about that time.

"What shall we eat?" is always an interesting question; and though many persons practically answer it by eating every thing they like, physiology makes some marked distinctions. The *Phrenological Journal* sums up the whole matter as follows: "The student should eat articles which are pretty largely charged with phosphates, or brain food; the laborer, those articles containing nitrate, or food for muscle; and those who are much exposed to cold, but not required to exert muscular strength, that kind of food which is largely charged with carbonates, or heat-producers."

A singular and affecting scene occurred in Galveston not long since, where the rector of an Episcopal church was stricken with death while in the pulpit. Announcing his text, "There is yet room," and trembling beneath the weight of his last message, he referred to the friends of his youth, and the communicants of his church that had gone before. While earnestly appealing to his people he saw that his time had come; his words straggled for utterance; he faltered; his weakening limbs staggered. A gentleman who advanced to his assistance was waved back. For ten minutes more he spoke, his words only audible to those near him. The excitement of the audience was fearful. Three times he struggled to continue, saying, "I am very sick, but I must say—" Again he staggered. He fell into the arms of a friend as he raised his hand to pronounce the benediction. His last pulpit words were, "To God the Father—" But his tongue refused to speak further; his hands dropped. He was carried to his rectory, where he died.

The seal fishery in Newfoundland has this year been a decided success. Since the 1st of March nearly six hundred thousand seals have been brought into the various ports of Newfoundland. No larger returns have ever been realized. The quality of the seals also is superior to the average of former years, and the whole value is estimated at $1,800,000. One fortunate merchant of Harbor Grace received one hundred thousand seals in all, the value being $300,000.

It appears that it was discussed by the members of the Commune whether it were preferable to burn or to blow up Paris. Mercifully the former plan was chosen, but mines have been discovered leading from the Hôtel de Ville to the Louvre, which seem to point to an idea of finally concluding their reign with an explosion as soon as their great stronghold should become untenable. Plans, too, have been discovered among their papers for laying wires in the great sewers, which should, by a complicated arrangement of galvanic batteries, communicate with dépôts of picrate of potash, and blow up the whole of the great city at the same instant.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"GOOD-MORNING, Mr. Smith. On the sick-list today?" "Yes, Sir; got the ague." "Do you ever shake?" "Yes, shake fearfully." "When do you shake again?" "Can't say when; shake every day. Why do you ask?" "Oh, nothing in particular: only I thought if you shook so bad I'd like to stand by and see if you wouldn't shake the five dollars out of your pocket which you have owed me so long."

TO MAKE A HOT-BED—Set the mattress on fire.

NOT A GOOD PORTRAIT.—At one of our neighbors' houses was a very bright little girl. It chanced once that they had as a guest a minister, and an esteemed friend. Little Annie watched him very closely, and finally sat down beside him and began to draw on her slate. "What are you doing, Annie?" asked the clergyman. "I'm making your picture," said the child. So the gentleman sat very still, and she worked away earnestly for a while. Then she stopped and compared her work with the original, and shook her little head. "I don't like it much," she said. "Tain't a good deal like you. I dess I'll put a tail to it and call it a dog."

THE MOST IMPORTANT ROOM IN A DENTIST'S HOUSE—The drawing-room.

The successful photographer's appeal to the baby: "Hi-yi! [Begins to dance.] Howdy dowdy! Dinks-ling-ling! Whoopee! [Throws up his arms.] You! You! You! Bah-ah-h-h! [Scowls horribly.] See here! There! there! there! Ching chung! Ching chung! Ratty tat! tat! tat! [Demoniacal grin.] Teety-teety! Diddle! diddle! diddle! Boo! Boo! BOO! Oh, now! Look here! here! Dad! dad! dad! Sugar! sugar! sugar! sugar! Rickety-rickety-rickety! Bum! bum! bum! Ah-ah-ah! There! there!" [Rag falls. Artist perspires. Mamma delighted.]

If domestic infelicity drives men to sea they should seek the Pacific Ocean.

A lady promised to give her maid twenty-five dollars as a marriage portion. The girl got married to a man of low stature, and her mistress on seeing him was surprised, and said, "Well, Mary, what a little husband you have got!" "La!" exclaimed the girl; "what could you expect for twenty-five dollars?"

Fat men do not seek greatness—it is thrust upon them.

What disease do misers *not* suffer from?—Enlargement of the heart.

A female lecturer says the only decent thing about Adam was a rib, and that went to make something better.

Persons should always dress to suit the figures. A hump-backed lady, for instance, ought to wear a camel's-hair shawl.

CHEAP OUT-OF-DOOR BREAKFAST—A roll on the grass.

When does a man feel girlish?—When he makes his maiden speech.

A wag, seeing a door nearly off its hinges, in which condition it had been for some time, observed that when it had fallen and killed some one it would probably be hung.

APPROPRIATE NAMES.—The following names are indeed appropriate for the uses mentioned:
For an auctioneer's wife—Bid-dy.
For a general's wife—Sally.
For a sport's wife—Bet-ty.
For a fisherman's wife—Net-ty.
For a shoe-maker's wife—Peg-gy.
For a teamster's wife—Car-rie.
For a lawyer's wife—Sue.
For a printer's wife—Em.
For a druggist's wife—Ann Eliza.
For a carpet man's wife—Mat-tie.

Dogs beat dentists. They insert natural teeth.

At the examination of a parochial school a reverend gentleman was asking a class the meaning of words. They answered very well till he gave "backbiter." This seemed a puzzler. It went down the class till it came to a simple urchin, who looked sheepishly knowing, and said, "It may be a flea."

A student of theology describes a woman's original sphere to be the apple.

A MAN FULL OF SPIRITS—A distiller.

The rose blushes: no wonder, considering the th ng that are done under it.

A PITCHED BATTLE—A fight between two tars.

A stranger, observing an ordinary roller-rule on the table, took it up, and on inquiring its use, was answered, "It is a rule for counting-houses." He turned it over and over, up and down, repeatedly, and at last, in a paroxysm of baffled curiosity, he inquired, "How, in the name of wonder, do you count houses with this?"

If a man gets up when the day breaks, can he be said to have the whole day before him?

THE CONFEDERATE POSSUM.

JEFF DAVIS.—"Don't you be afraid; that Animal ain't Dead! Just wait and see."

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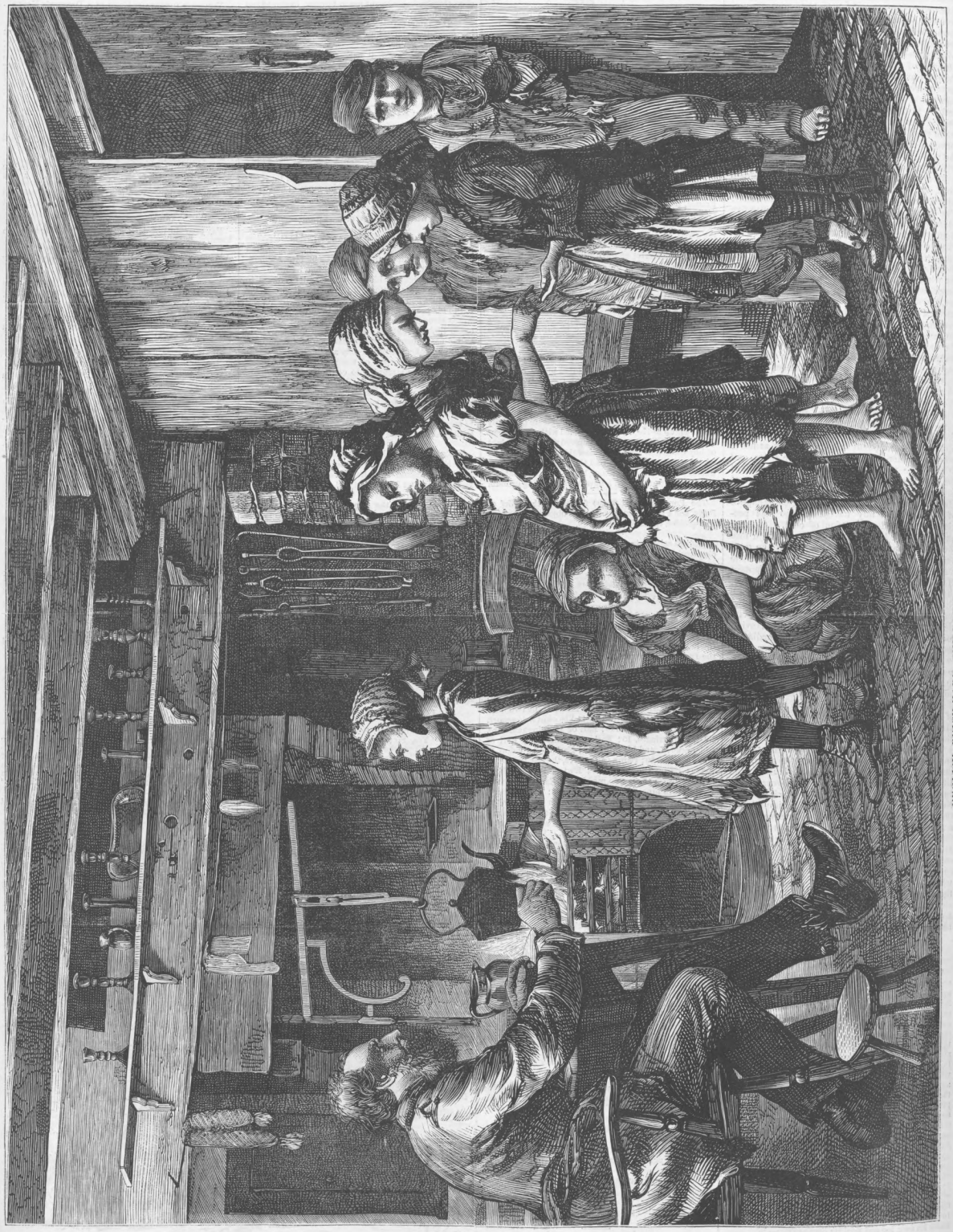
BRICK-YARD CHILDREN.

THIS week we supplement the illustration given in our last number under the above title with one which shows the wrongs and temptations to which the English brick-yard children are subjected after the week's work is over, and they are to be paid off. An English writer, Mr. GEORGE SMITH, who was once a brick-yard boy himself, in a pamphlet entitled "The Cry of the Children from the Brick-yards of England," gives us a close insight into the daily life of the unfortunate little ones, but the details are so painful and repulsive that we would fain hope they were exaggerated, if not untrue. Unfortunately the statements of Mr. SMITH respecting the moral condition of the brick-yard children are too strongly corroborated by independent evidence to leave any doubts respecting their credibility. The evidence contained in the reports of the Children's Employment Commission is even more emphatic than that furnished by Mr. SMITH. Children only nine years old have been seen drunk with beer. One boy, a mere child, said that he was made to drink by the men; at first he refused, but they flung it in his face. A little boy, not nine years old, has been heard to say, "Well, I've been teetotaling for nine months; I must go and get beery now." They can often outswear the men themselves. A Cornish foreman said, speaking of brick-yard children: "They say no when asked if they can read or write, but just ask them if they can swear! Why, that little child, only eight years old, if he is vexed with any thing, will damn his two eyes and curse awfully." From all parts of the kingdom we have similar testimonies. The results are what might be predicted. "You might as well try to raise and improve the devil as a brickie, Sir," was the remark made by a Southall brick-maker. In fact, drunkenness and brick-making seem inseparable. Both among children and adults the vice is encouraged by the system of paying wages, as shown in our illustration. The masters pay the men, who afterward pay the children. The latter are generally paid at the public-houses so common in the vicinity of the brick-fields; but they do not receive their hard-earned wages until the public-house scores of the men have been defrayed. The earnings of the children vary from 3*s.* to 6*s.* per week of seventy hours. Sometimes the children have to wait for hours before they receive their money, and not unfrequently they are made completely drunk while so waiting. Occasionally they obtain a few pence by singing obscene songs, swearing, or fighting with each other, irrespective of sex. Those children, whether boys or girls, who can smoke the most tobacco or drink the most beer are always the most popular with the men.



ENGLISH BRICK-YARD CHILDREN—PAYING OFF IN AN INN.

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HON. C. L. VALLANDIGHAM.

THIS distinguished leader of the Democratic party met with a fatal accident on the 16th ult., at Lebanon, Ohio, where he was in attendance at court as counsel for one M'GEHAN, who was charged with the murder of a man named MYERS. At the time of the accident Mr. VALLANDIGHAM was at his hotel in private consultation with his associate, Lieutenant-Governor M'BURNEY, who had just expressed a doubt as to the soundness of the theory that MYERS might have shot himself. Two pistols, one of which was loaded, were lying on the table. Mr. VALLANDIGHAM, with the remark that he could show in an instant how it was done, took up the loaded pistol, by mistake, put it in his pocket, and then carelessly withdrew it, holding the muzzle near his body, in order to demonstrate his theory. At that instant, in some manner unexplained, the pistol was accidentally discharged. The ball entered the abdomen, on the right side, at nearly the same angle at which MYERS was shot.

With an exclamation of pain Mr. VALLANDIGHAM fell to the floor. He was at once attended by skillful surgeons. The wound was probed to the depth of four inches without finding the ball. He gradually became weaker, from exhaustion and internal bleeding, and died the following day. Mrs. VALLANDIGHAM was absent from home, to attend at the bedside of a dying brother, and before she could reach her husband, after receiving intelligence of the accident, he had breathed his last. His remains were removed to Dayton, Ohio, for interment, and his funeral was attended by a very large concourse of people from every part of the State.

Mr. VALLANDIGHAM came of Huguenot stock. He was born in New Lisbon, Columbia County, Ohio, in 1822, received an excellent school education, and spent a year in Jefferson College. He was admitted to the bar in 1842. Three years later he commenced his political career in the State Legislature. He was subsequently elected to the Thirty-fifth Congress, and was re-elected the two following terms, when he was beaten by his Republican competitor, General SCHENCK, our present minister to England. His political career, in and out of Congress, during the war with the South, is familiar to our readers. A man of courage, ability, and influence, he allied himself, through the whole of that struggle, with those who sought to accomplish the overthrow of the country; and notwithstanding the purity of his personal life, the amiability of his private character, and his great reputation as a lawyer, the stigma of this treachery to the cause of right and freedom will always cling to his memory.

THE LATE HON. CLEMENT L. VALLANDIGHAM.

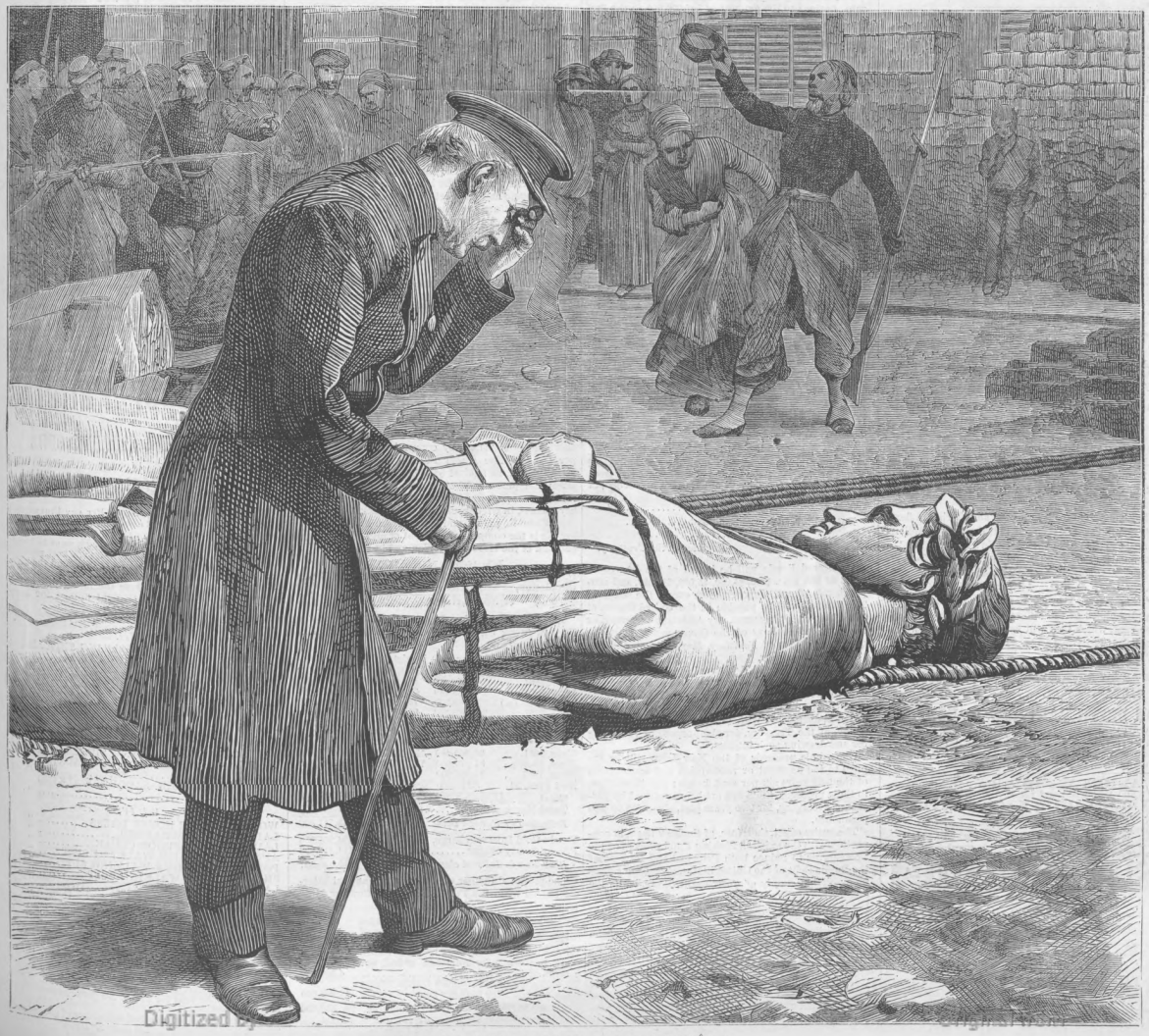
THE OLD SOLDIER AND THE FALLEN COLUMN.

THE old veteran depicted in the pathetic sketch on this page has served under the great NAPOLEON when in the height of his power, and even now lives under the same roof with the remains of his beloved commander. While mournfully contemplating the fallen column and its statue, he doubtless remembers what a brilliant campaign it commemorated, and what glorious deeds he himself performed in years gone by under the leadership of the *Petit Caporal*. Once before, when LOUIS XVIII. returned, has he seen the Napoleonic statue deposed; but the BOURBON, contented with taking away the figure of the man he hated, left the monument testifying to the prowess of the Grande Armée intact, merely crowning it with his own emblem, the lilied flag. The Commune, however, was not so merciful, and decreed the destruction of the whole monument as repugnant to republican principles, and offensive to the feelings of the conquered nation.

The column is to be rebuilt, and the historic bronze plates, which the Commune neglected to destroy, will be replaced in their old position; but there is one thing which will not please our battle-scarred invalid. The statue of NAPOLEON has been considered too imperial for the present feelings of France by even the Versailles Assembly, and so the Vendôme Column is henceforward to be crowned by a figure of republican France.

THE MEDITERRANEAN.

THE latest scientific researches in the Mediterranean have elicited some curious facts concerning the great lake which may be worth noting. The Mediterranean Sea consists of two distinct basins, which would seem to be entirely



OLD VETERAN IN THE PLACE VENDÔME.

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separated from each other by an elevation of the bottom to the amount of about 300 fathoms; and this would establish a continuity of land between Italy, Sicily, and the northern coast of Africa—whereby the eastern basin, which extends from Malta to the Levant, would be cut off from the western basin, which reaches from Malta to Gibraltar. And if this elevation were yet smaller, it would completely cut off the western basin from the Atlantic; for although the narrowest part of the Strait of Gibraltar, near its eastern extremity, has a depth exceeding 500 fathoms, there is a gradual shallowing, with increase of width, toward its western extremity; so that when it opens out between capes Trafalgar and Spartel a considerable part of it has a depth of less than 100 fathoms, while its deepest channel does not exceed 200 fathoms. The depth of the western basin approaches 1500 fathoms over a considerable part of its area, and sometimes more; while that of the eastern basin approaches 2000 fathoms in many parts, and reaches 2150. The effect of the ridge at the western extremity of the Strait of Gibraltar is to cut off direct communication between the *deeper* water of the Mediterranean and that of the Atlantic, only allowing a communication between their *surface* waters. On this fact turns another noteworthy point—namely, that of the difference between the water of the Mediterranean and that of the Atlantic in regard to their respective proportions of salt; and it has been found that there is an excess of salinity in the water of the Mediterranean above that of the Atlantic.

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WASHINGTON, ..., 18..

Entered ..... Recorded .....

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Register of the Treasury.

Registered Bonds will be issued of the denominations of $50, $100, $500, $1,000, $5,000, $10,000, and coupon bonds of each denomination except the last two. The interest will be payable in the United States, at the office of the Treasurer, any Assistant Treasurer, or designated depository of the Government, quarterly, on the first days of February, May, August, and November, in each year.

The interest on the Registered Stock of this Loan, it is determined by the Treasury Department, will be paid by Gold Check for the Quarterly Interest, to the Post-Office address of every holder, free of trouble or expense, dispensing with attendance, in person or by proxy, at the Treasury, for the purpose of receipting for and drawing such interest.

The whole proceeds of the New Loan will be applied to the payment or redemption and cancellation of the 5-20 years six per cent. bonds; and in addition to these proceeds, the 5-20's are being reduced by purchases, averaging, for two years past, about $10,000,000 per month.

The entire effect, therefore, of the New Loan, in connection with the existing Sinking Fund process of the Treasury, is to reduce both Principal and Interest of the Public Debt of the United States. *The Loan creates no additional supply of Government Stocks*, while the application of the surplus revenue is constantly lessening the Funded Stocks bearing six per cent. Gold Interest.

The policy of the Government since the close of the War in 1865, which left a debt upon the country of $2,755,000,000, and an annual taxation of $311,000,000, has been to reduce steadily both Debt and Taxes: to reduce the Principal of the Debt by actual payments, and to lessen the annual burden of Interest, and thereby the burden of Taxation, not only through such payments, but by funding the debt at the cheapest rates of interest practicable from time to time, until it is now felt that the very cheapest rates are due to the high Credit, unblemished Public Faith, and vast and growing resources of the country. From $2,755,000,000, the Principal of the Debt has been reduced to $2,260,000,000—both sums exclusive of accrued interest—and from the heavy burden of $151,832,000 per annum, the Interest charge has been reduced to $112,780,000 per annum; while the annual taxation, under the Internal Revenue system, which the necessities of the War, and the Debt thereby created, rendered necessary for at least a short series of years, has been reduced from $311,000,000 in 1865–66 to about $154,000,000 per year in 1870–71 (estimating for the highest probable collections in the current month, the last of the Fiscal year), or less than one-half the first-named sum. And in the year 1871–72 a further reduction of $28,000,000 will come in under the Act of July, 1870, so as to give only $126,000,000 for the year, or about two-fifths the maximum of 1865–66.

By the successful refunding of the Public Debt at moderate rates of Interest, and by continued economies in the expenditures of the Government—which in two years, from March 4, 1869, to March 4, 1871, amounted to $126,700,949, or an average saving per year of $63,350,474—it is believed that nearly the entire system of Internal Taxes can be dispensed with in a few years, or so much of it as requires the machinery of District Assessors and Collectors.

The Secretary of the Treasury has just published the Monthly Schedule of the Public Debt to June 1, from which it appears that he has further reduced the total of Funded Gold-bearing Debt since May 1 by the sum of $8,000,000, by purchase of United States 5-20's for the Sinking Fund, and reduced the 5-20's by the further sum of $8,317,400 by conversion into the New 5 per Cents. The whole Funded Debt now stands $1,894,128,750, as against $2,107,846,150 two years ago, when the present Administration came into office. Adding to these sums the net Circulation of the Treasury (that is, in Greenbacks and Greenback Certificates, after deducting Gold and Currency on hand), the following is the comparison of Debt of all kinds, at present, and at the close of the War, and in 1869:

	July, 1865.	March, 1869.	June, 1871.
U.S. Stocks,	$2,150,784,112	$2,107,846,150	$1,894,128,750
Circulation,	605,211,163	383,545,854	366,333,003
Total,	$2,755,995,275	$2,491,392,004	$2,260,461,753

The following table affords a classification of the Funded Stock (in Gold) of the United States, as at present outstanding:

Date.	Coupon.	Registered.	Total.
5-20's, 1862.....	$382,958,500	$103,973,500	$486,932,000
5-20's, 1864.....	44,752,650	55,924,100	100,676,750
5-20's, 1865.....	123,660,150	53,552,100	177,212,250
5-20's, 1865 (n.)	179,369,500	70,851,450	250,220,950
5-20's, 1867.....	241,686,550	91,325,100	333,011,650
5-20's, 1868.....	28,069,350	11,603,000	39,672,350
Total 5-20's..	$1,000,436,700	$387,229,250	$1,387,665,950
Sixes, 1881....	93,260,400	190,417,700	283,678,100
Fives, 10-40's..	57,279,650	137,287,650	194,567,300
Fives, 1874....	13,925,000	6,045,000	20,000,000
New fives, '81.	5,117,000	3,100,400	8,217,400
Total.....	$1,170,048,750	$724,080,000	$1,894,128,750
Total March 4, 1869			2,107,846,150
Reduction of Funded Debt.....			$213,717,400
Yearly Gold Interest charge, 1869.....			$124,255,350
Present yearly charge			111,419,993
Reduction in Interest charge			$12,835,357

The proposed further reduction of the annual Interest charge upon the Public Debt by refunding is as follows:

By exchange of $500,000,000 United States six per cents for new five per cents of 1881.....	$5,000,000
By exchange of $900,000,000 United States six per cents for four and a half per cents of 1886.....	4,500,000
By exchange of $700,000,000 United States six per cents for four per cents of 1901..	14,000,000
Total saving per annum by refunding.	$23,500,000

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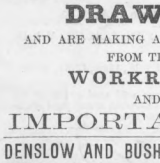

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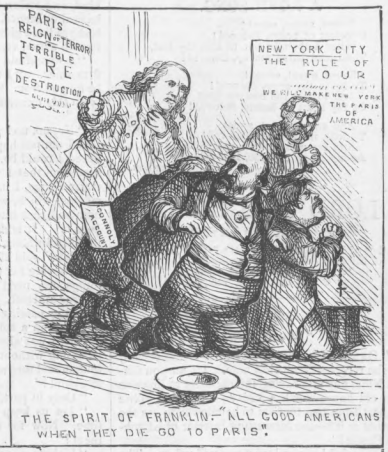

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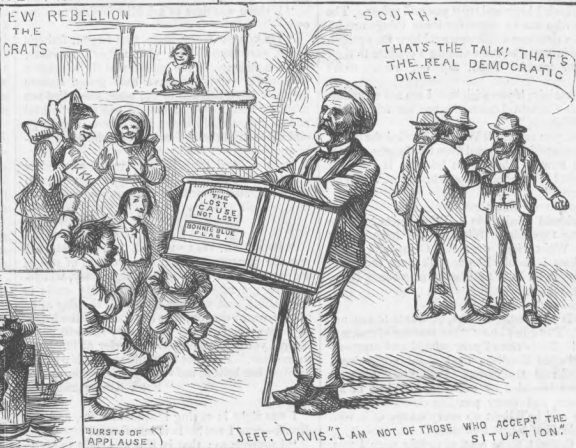

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A LOVE SONG.

SWEET, sweet, sweet!
Sweetest of hours, Beloved!
When I thought but to kiss thy feet,
Thou hast lifted me up, Beloved!

Sweet, sweet, sweet!
To lie in thy arms, Beloved!
And to feel the ecstatic beat
Of thy heart of hearts, Beloved!

And sweet, sweet, sweet
To look in thy eyes, Beloved!
And see myself there complete
As my being in thine, Beloved!

HOWARD GLYNDON.

LORD KILGOBBIN.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

Author of "That Boy of Norcott's," "The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly," "Sir Brooke Fossbrooke," "A Day's Ride," "One of Them," "Gerald Fitzgerald," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VII.

THE COUSINS.

"ONLY think of it!" cried Kate to her cousin, as she received Walpole's note. "Can you fancy, Nina, any one having the curiosity to imagine this old house worth a visit? Here is a polite request from two tourists to be allowed to see the —what is it?—the interesting interior of Kilgobbin Castle!"

"Which I hope and trust you will refuse. The people who are so eager for these things are invariably tiresome old bores, grubbing for antiquities, or intently bent on adding a chapter to their story of travel. You'll say no, dearest, won't you?"

"Certainly, if you wish it. I am not acquainted with Captain Lockwood, nor his friend Mr. Cecil Walpole."

"Did you say Cecil Walpole?" cried the other, almost snatching the card from her fingers. "Of all the strange chances in life this is the very strangest! What could have brought Cecil Walpole here?"

"You know him, then?"

"I should think I do! What duets have we not sung together? What waltzes have we not had? What rides over the Campagna? Oh dear! how I should like to talk over those old times again! Pray tell him he may come, Kate, or let me do it."

"And papa away!"

"It is the Castle, dearest, he wants to see, not papa! You don't know what manner of creature this is! He is one of your refined and supremely cultivated English—mad about archæology, and medieval trumpery. He'll know all your ancestors intended by every insane piece of architecture, and every puzzling detail of this old house; and he'll light up every corner of it with some gleam of bright tradition."

"I thought these sort of people were bores, dear?" said Kate, with a sly malice in her look.

"Of course not. When they are well-bred, and well-mannered—"

"And perhaps well-looking?" chimed in Kate.

"Yes, and so he is—a little of the 'petit-maître,' perhaps. He's much of that school which fiction-writers describe as having 'finely-penciled eyebrows and chins of almost woman-like roundness;' but people in Rome always called him handsome, that is, if he be my Cecil Walpole."

"Well, then, will you tell YOUR Cecil Walpole, in such polite terms as you know how to coin, that there is really nothing of the very slightest pretension to interest in this old place; that we should be ashamed at having lent ourselves to the delusion that might have led him here; and lastly, that the owner is from home?"

"What! and is this the Irish hospitality I have heard so much of—the cordial welcome the stranger may reckon on as a certainty, and make all his plans with the full confidence of meeting?"

"There is such a thing as discretion, also, to be remembered, Nina," said Kate, gravely.

"And then there's the room where the king slept, and the chair that—no, not Oliver Cromwell, but somebody else sat in at supper, and there's the great patch painted on the floor where your ancestor knelt to be knighted."

"He was created a viscount, not a knight!" said Kate, blushing. "And there is a difference, I assure you."

"So there is, dearest, and even my foreign ignorance should know that much, and you have the parchment that attests it—a most curious document, that Walpole would be delighted to see. I almost fancy him examining the curious old seal with his microscope, and hear him unfolding all sorts of details one never so much as suspected."

"Papa might not like it," said Kate, bridling up. "Even were he at home, I am far from certain he would receive these gentlemen. It is little more than a year ago there came here a certain book-writing tourist, and presented himself without introduction. We received him hospitably, and he staid part of a week here. He was fond of antiquarianism, but more eager still about the condition of the people—what kind of husbandry they practiced, what wages they had, and what food. Papa took him over the whole estate, and answered all his questions freely and openly. And this man made a chapter of his book upon us, and headed it 'Rack-renting and riotous living,' distorting all he heard and sneering at all he saw."

"These are gentlemen, dearest Kate," said Nina, holding out the card. "Come now, do tell me that I may say you will be happy to see them."

"If you must have it so—if you really insist—"

"I do! I do!" cried she, half wildly. "I should go distracted if you denied me. Oh, Kate! I must own it—it will out. I do cling devotedly—terribly—to that old life of the past. I am very happy here, and you are all good, and kind, and loving to me; but that wayward, haphazard existence, with all its trials and miseries, had yet little glimpses of such bliss at times that rose to actual ecstasy."

"I was afraid of this," said Kate, in a low but firm voice. "I thought what a change it would be for you from that life of brightness and festivity to this existence of dull and unbroken dreariness."

"No, no, no! Don't say that! Do not fancy that I am not happier than I ever was or ever believed I could be. It was the castle-building of that time that I was regretting. I imagined so many things, I invented such situations, such incidents, which, with this sad-colored landscape here and that leaden sky, I have no force to conjure up. It is as though the atmosphere is too weighty for fancy to mount in it. You, my dearest Kate," said she, drawing her arm round her, and pressing her toward her, "do not know these things, nor need ever know them. Your life is assured and safe. You can not, indeed, be secure from the passing accidents of life, but they will meet you in a spirit able to confront them. As for me, I was always gambling for existence, and gambling without means to pay my losses if Fortune should turn against me. Do you understand me, child?"

"Only in part, if even that," said she, slowly.

"Let us keep this theme, then, for another time. Now for ces messieurs. I am to invite them?"

"If there was time to ask Miss O'Shea to come over—"

"Do you not fancy, Kate, that in your father's house, surrounded with your father's servants, you are sufficiently the mistress to do without a chaperon? Only preserve that grand austere look you have listened to me with, these last ten minutes, and I should like to see the youthful audacity that could brave it. There, I shall go and write my note. You shall see how discreetly and properly I shall word it."

Kate walked thoughtfully toward a window and looked out, while Nina skipped gayly down the room, and opened her writing-desk, humming an opera air as she wrote:

"KILGOBBIN CASTLE.

"DEAR MR. WALPOLE,—I can scarcely tell you the pleasure I feel at the prospect of seeing a dear friend, or a friend from dear Italy, whichever be the most proper to say. My uncle is from home, and will not return till the day after to-morrow at dinner; but my cousin, Miss Kearney, charges me to say how happy she will be to receive you and your fellow-traveler at luncheon to-morrow. Pray not to trouble yourself with an answer, but believe me very sincerely yours,

"NINA KOSTALERGI."

I was right in saying luncheon, Kate, and not dinner—was I not? It is less formal."

"I suppose so; that is, if it was right to invite them at all, of which I have very great misgivings."

"I wonder what brought Cecil Walpole down here?" said Nina, glad to turn the discussion into another channel. "Could he have heard that I was here? Probably not. It was a mere chance, I suppose. Strange things these same chances are, that do so much more in our lives than all our plottings!"

"Tell me something of your friend, perhaps I ought to say your admirer, Nina."

"Yes, very much my admirer; not seriously, you know, but in that charming sort of adoration we cultivate abroad, that means any thing or nothing. He was not titled, and I am afraid he was not rich, and this last misfortune used to make his attentions to me somewhat painful—to *him* I mean, not to *me*; for, of course, as to any thing serious, I looked much higher than a poor Secretary of Legation."

"Did you?" asked Kate, with an air of quiet simplicity.

"I should hope I did," said she, haughtily; and she threw a glance at herself in a large mirror, and smiled proudly at the bright image that confronted her. "Yes, darling, say it out," cried she, turning to Kate. "Your eyes have uttered the words already."

"What words?"

"Something about insufferable vanity and conceit, and I own to both. Oh, why is it that my high spirits have so run away with me this morning that I have forgotten all reserve and all shame? But the truth is, I feel half wild with joy, and joy in *my* nature is another name for recklessness."

"I sincerely hope not," said Kate, gravely. "At any rate, you give me another reason for wishing to have Miss O'Shea here."

"I will not have her—no, not for worlds, Kate—that odious old woman, with her stiff and antiquated propriety. Cecil would quiz her."

"I am very certain he would not; at least if he be such a perfect gentleman as you tell me."

"Ah, but you'd never know he did it. The fine tact of these consummate men of the world derives a humoristic enjoyment in eccentricity of character, which never shows itself in any outward sign beyond the heightened pleasure they feel in what other folks might call dullness or mere oddity."

"I would not suffer an old friend to be made the subject of even such latent amusement."

"Nor her nephew either, perhaps?"

"The nephew could take care of himself, Nina; but I am not aware that he will be called on to do so. He is not in Ireland, I believe."

"He was to arrive this week. You told me so."

"Perhaps I did; I had forgotten it;" and Kate flushed as she spoke, though whether from shame or anger it was not easy to say. As though impatient with herself at any display of temper, she added hurriedly, "Was it not a piece of good fortune, Nina? Papa has left us the key of the cellar, a thing he never did before, and only now because you were here!"

"What an honored guest I am!" said the other, smiling.

"That you are! I don't believe papa has gone once to the club since you came here."

"Now, if I were to own that I was vain of this, you'd rebuke me, would not you?"

"*Our* love could scarcely prompt to vanity."

"How shall I ever learn to be humble enough in a family of such humility?" said Nina, pettishly. Then quickly correcting herself, she said, "I'll go and dispatch my note, and then I'll come back and ask your pardon for all my willfulness, and tell you how much I thank you for all your goodness to me."

And, as she spoke, she bent down and kissed Kate's hand twice or thrice fervently.

"Oh, dearest Nina, not this—not this!" said Kate, trying to clasp her in her arms; but the other had slipped from her grasp, and was gone.

"Strange girl!" muttered Kate, looking after her. "I wonder shall I ever understand you, or shall we ever understand each other?"

CHAPTER VIII.

SHOWING HOW FRIENDS MAY DIFFER.

THE morning broke drearily for our friends, the two pedestrians at the "Blue Goat." A day of dull aspect and soft rain in midsummer has the added depression that it seems an anachronism. One is in a measure prepared for being weather-bound in winter. You accept imprisonment as the natural fortune of the season, or you brave the elements prepared to let them do their worst, while, if confined to the house, you have that solace of snugness, that comfortable chimney-corner which somehow realizes an immense amount of the joys we concentrate in the word "Home." It is in the want of this rallying-point, this little domestic altar, where all gather together in a common worship, that lies the dreary discomfort of being weather-bound in summer; and when the prison is some small village inn, noisy, disorderly, and dirty, the misery is complete.

"Grand old pig that!" said Lockwood, as he gazed out upon the filthy yard, where a fat old sow contemplated the weather from the threshold of her dwelling.

"I wish she'd come out. I want to make a sketch of her," said the other.

"Even one's tobacco grows too damp to smoke in this blessed climate," said Lockwood, as he pitched his cigar away. "Heigh-ho! We're too late for the train to town, I see."

"You'd not go back, would you?"

"I should think I would! That old den in the upper Castle-yard is not very cheery or very nice, but there is a chair to sit on, and a review and a newspaper to read. A tour in a country and with a climate like this is a mistake."

"I suspect it is," said Walpole, drearily.

"There is nothing to see, no one to talk to, nowhere to stop at!"

"All true," muttered the other. "By-the-way, haven't we some plan or project for to-day—something about an old castle or an abbey to see?"

"Yes, and the waiter brought me a letter. I think it was addressed to you, and I left it on my dressing-table. I had forgotten all about it. I'll go and fetch it."

Short as his absence was, it gave Walpole time enough to recur to his late judgment on his tour, and once more call it a "mistake, a complete mistake." The Ireland of wits, dramatists, and romance-writers was a conventional thing, and bore no resemblance whatsoever to the rain-soaked, dreary-looking, depressed reality. "These Irish, they are odd without being droll, just as they are poor without being picturesque; but of all the delusions we nourish about them, there is not one so thoroughly absurd as to call them dangerous!"

He had just arrived at this mature opinion, when his friend re-entered and handed him the note.

"Here is a piece of luck! Per Bacco!" cried Walpole, as he ran over the lines. "This beats all I could have hoped for. Listen to this: 'Dear Mr. Walpole,—I can not tell you the delight I feel in the prospect of seeing a dear friend, or a friend from dear Italy, which is it?'"

"Who writes this?"

"A certain Mademoiselle Kostalergi, whom I knew at Rome; one of the prettiest, cleverest, and nicest girls I ever met in my life."

"Not the daughter of that precious Count Kostalergi you have told me such stories of?"

"The same, but most unlike him in every way. She is here, apparently with an uncle, who is now from home, and she and her cousin invite us to luncheon to-day."

"What a lark!" said the other, dryly.

"We'll go, of course?"

"In weather like this?"

"Why not? Shall we be better off staying here? I now begin to remember how the name of this place was so familiar to me. She was always asking me if I knew or heard of her mother's brother, the Lord Kilgobbin, and, to tell truth, I fancied some one had been hoaxing her with the name, and never believed that there was even a place with such a designation."

"Kilgobbin does not sound like a lordly title. How about Mademoiselle—what is the name?"

"Kostalergi; they call themselves princes."

"With all my heart. I was only going to say, as you've got a sort of knack of entanglement, is there or has there been any thing of that sort here?"

"Flirtation?—a little of what is called 'spooning'—but no more. But why do you ask?"

"First of all, you are an engaged man."

"All true, and I mean to keep my engagement. I can't marry, however, till I get a mission, or something at home as good as a mission. Lady Maude knows that—her friends know it; but none of us imagine that we are to be miserable in the mean time."

"I'm not talking of misery. I'd only say, don't get yourself into any mess. These foreign girls are very wide awake."

"Don't believe that, Harry; one of our home-bred damsels would give them a distance and beat them in the race for a husband. It's only in England girls are trained to angle for marriage, take my word for it."

"Be it so—I only warn you that if you get into any scrape I'll accept none of the consequences. Lord Danesbury is ready enough to say that, because I'm some ten years older than you, I should have kept you out of mischief. I never contracted for such a bear-leadership; though I certainly told Lady Maude I'd turn queen's evidence against you if you became a traitor."

"I wonder you never told me that before," said Walpole, with some irritation of manner.

"I only wonder that I told it now!" replied the other, gruffly.

"Then I'm to take it, that in your office of guardian you'd rather we'd decline this invitation, eh?"

"I don't care a rush for it either way, but looking to the sort of day it is out there, I incline to keep the house."

"I don't mind bad weather, and I'll go," said Walpole, in a way that showed temper was involved in the resolution.

Lockwood made no other reply than heaping a quantity of turf on the fire, and seating himself beside it.

When a man tells his fellow-traveler that he means to go his own road—that companionship has no tie upon him—he virtually declares the partnership dissolved; and while Lockwood sat reflecting over this, he was also canvassing with himself how far he might have been to blame in provoking this hasty resolution.

"Perhaps he was irritated at my counsels, perhaps the notion of any thing like guidance offended him; perhaps it was the phrase, bear-leadership, and the half threat of betraying him, has done the mischief." Now the gallant soldier was a slow thinker; it took him a deal of time to arrange the details of any matter in his mind, and when he tried to muster his ideas there were many which would not answer the call, and of those which came, there were not a few which seemed to present themselves in a refractory and unwilling spirit, so that he had almost to suppress a mutiny before he proceeded to his inspection.

Nor did the strong cheroots, which he smoked to clear his faculties and develop his mental resources, always contribute to this end, though their soothing influence certainly helped to make him more satisfied with his judgments.

"Now, look here, Walpole," said he, determining that he would save himself all unnecessary labor of thought by throwing the burden of the case on the respondent,—"look here: take a calm view of this thing, and see if it's quite wise in you to go back into trammels it cost you some trouble to escape from. You call it spooning, but you won't deny you went very far with that young woman—farther I suspect than you've told me yet. Eh! is that true or not?"

He waited a reasonable time for a reply, but none coming, he went on: "I don't want a forced confidence. You may say it's no business of mine, and there I agree with you, and probably if you put *me* to the question in the same fashion, I'd give you a very short answer. Remember one thing, however, old fellow: I've seen a precious deal more of life and the world than you have! From sixteen years of age, when *you* were hammering away at Greek verbs and some such balderdash at Oxford, I was up at Rangoon with the very fastest set of men—ay, of women too—I ever lived with in all my life. Half of our fellows were killed off by it. Of course people will say climate, climate! but if I was to give you the history of one day—just twenty-four hours of our life up there—you'd say that the wonder is there's any one alive to tell it."

He turned around at this, to enjoy the expression of horror and surprise he hoped to have called up, and perceived for the first time that he was alone. He rang the bell, and asked the waiter where the other gentleman had gone, and learned that he had ordered a car, and set out for Kilgobbin Castle more than half an hour before.

"All right," said he, fiercely. "I wash my hands of it altogether! I'm heartily glad I told him so before he went." He smoked on very vigorously for half an hour, the burden of his thoughts being perhaps revealed by the summing-up, as he said, "And when you are 'in for it,' Master Cecil, and some precious scrape it will be, if I move hand or foot to pull you through it, call me a major of marines, that's all—just call me a major of marines!" The ineffable horror of such an imputation served as matter for reverie for hours.

CHAPTER IX.

A DRIVE THROUGH A BOG.

WHILE Lockwood continued thus to doubt and debate with himself, Walpole was already some miles on his way to Kilgobbin. Not, indeed, that he had made any remarkable progress, for the "mare that was to rowl his honor over in an hour and a half" had to be taken from the field where she had been plowing since daybreak, while "the boy" that should drive her was a little old man who had to be aroused from a condition of drunkenness in a hay-loft, and installed in his office.

Nor were these the only difficulties. The roads that led through the bog were so numerous and so completely alike that it only needed the dense atmosphere of a rainy day to make it matter of great difficulty to discover the right track. More

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than once were they obliged to retrace their steps after a considerable distance, and the driver's impatience always took the shape of a reproach to Walpole, who, having nothing else to do, should surely have minded where they were going. Now, not only was the traveler utterly ignorant of the geography of the land he journeyed in, but his thoughts were far and away from the scenes around him. Very scattered and desultory thoughts were they, at one time over the Alps and with "long-agos:" nights at Rome clashing with mornings on the Campagna; vast saloons crowded with people of many nations, all more or less busy with that great traffic which, whether it take the form of religion, or politics, or social intrigue, hate, love, or rivalry, makes up what we call "the world;" or there were sunsets dying away rapidly—as they will do—over that great plain outside the city, whereon solitude and silence are as much masters as on a vast prairie of the West; and he thought of times when he rode back at nightfall beside Nina Kostalergi, when little flashes would cross them of that romance that very worldly folk now and then taste of, and delight in with a zest all the greater that the sensation is so new and strange to them. Then there was the revulsion from the blaze of wax-lights and the glitter of diamonds, the crash of orchestras, and the din of conversation, the intoxication of the flattery that Champagne only seems to "accentuate" to the unbroken stillness of the hour, when even the footfall of the horse is unheard, and a dreamy doubt that this quietude, this soothing sense of calm, is higher happiness than all the glitter and all the splendor of the ball-room, and that in the dropping words we now exchange, and in the stray glances, there is a significance and an exquisite delight we never felt till now; for, glorious as is the thought of a returned affection, full of ecstasy, the sense of a heart all, all our own, there is in the first half-doubtful, distrustful feeling of falling in love, with all its chances of success or failure, something that has its moments of bliss nothing of earthly delight can ever equal. To the verge of that possibility Walpole had reached—but gone no farther—with Nina Kostalergi. The young men of the age are an eminently calculating and prudent class, and they count the cost of an action with a marvelous amount of accuracy. Is it the turf and its teachings to which this crafty and cold-blooded spirit is owing? Have they learned to "square their book" on life by the lessons of Ascot and Newmarket, and seen that, no matter how probably they "stand to win" on this, they must provide for that, and that no caution or foresight is enough that will not embrace every casualty of any venture?

There is no need to tell a younger son of the period that he must not marry a pretty girl of doubtful family and no fortune. He may have his doubts on scores of subjects: he may not be quite sure whether he ought to remain a Whig with Lord Russell, or go in for Odgerism and the ballot; he may be uncertain about Colenso, and have his misgivings about the Pentateuch; he may not be easy in his mind about the Russians in the East, or the Americans in the West; uncomfortable suspicions may cross him that the Volunteers are not as quick in evolution as the Zouaves, or that England generally does not sing "Rule Britannia" so lustily as she used to do. All these are possible misgivings, but that he should take such a plunge as matrimony, on other grounds than the perfect prudence and profit of the investment, could never occur to him.

As to the sinfulness of tampering with a girl's affections by what in slang is called "spooning," it was purely absurd to think of it. You might as well say that playing sixpenny whist made a man a gambler. And then, as to the spooning, it was *partie égale*, the lady was no worse off than the gentleman. If there were by any hazard—and this he was disposed to doubt—"affections" at stake, the man "stood to lose" as much as the woman. But this was not the aspect in which the case presented itself, flirtation being, in his idea, to marriage, what the preliminary canter is to the race—something to indicate the future, but so dimly and doubtfully as not to decide the hesitation of the waverer.

If, then, Walpole was never for a moment what mothers call serious in his attentions to Mlle. Kostalergi, he was not the less fond of her society; he frequented the places where she was likely to be met with, and paid her that degree of "court" that only stopped short of being particular by his natural caution. There was the more need for the exercise of this quality at Rome, since there were many there who knew of his engagement with his cousin, Lady Maude, and who would not have hesitated to report on any breach of fidelity. Now, however, all these restraints were withdrawn. They were not in Italy, where London, by a change of venue, takes its "records" to be tried in the dull days of winter. They were in Ireland, and in a remote spot of Ireland, where there were no gossips, no clubs, no afternoon tea-committees, to sit on reputations, and was it not pleasant now to see this nice girl again in perfect freedom? These were, loosely stated, the thoughts which occupied him as he went along, very little disposed to mind how often the puzzled driver halted to decide the road, or how frequently he retraced miles of distance. Men of the world, especially when young in life, and more realistic than they will be twenty years later, proud of the incredulity they can feel on the score of every thing and every body, are often fond of making themselves heroes to their own hearts of some little romance, which shall not cost them dearly to indulge in, and merely engage some loose-lying sympathies without in any way prejudicing their road in life. They accept of these sentimentalities, as the vicar's wife did the sheep in the picture, pleased to "have as many as the painter would put in for nothing."

Now, Cecil Walpole never intended that this little Irish episode—and episode he determined it should be—should in any degree affect the serious fortunes of his life. He was engaged to his cousin, Lady Maude Bickerstaffe, and they would be married some day. Not that either was very impatient to exchange present comfort—and, on her side, affluence—for a marriage on small means, and no great prospects beyond that. They were not much in love. Walpole knew that the Lady Maude's fortune was small, but the man who married her must "be taken care of," and by either side, for there were as many Tories as Whigs in the family, and Lady Maude knew that half a dozen years ago she would certainly not have accepted Walpole; but that with every year her chances of a better *parti* were diminishing; and, worse than all this, each was well aware of the inducements by which the other was influenced. Nor did the knowledge in any way detract from their self-complacence or satisfaction with the match.

Lady Maude was to accompany her uncle to Ireland, and do the honors of his court, for he was a bachelor, and pleaded hard with his party on that score to be let off accepting the viceroyalty.

Lady Maude, however, had not yet arrived, and even if she had, how should she ever hear of an adventure in the Bog of Allen?

But was there to be an adventure? and, if so, what sort of adventure? Irishmen, Walpole had heard, had all the jealousy about their women that characterizes savage races, and were ready to resent what, in civilized people, no one would dream of regarding as matter for umbrage. Well, then, it was only to be more cautious—more on one's guard—besides the tact, too, which a knowledge of life should give.

"Eh, what's this? Why are you stopping here?" This was addressed now to the driver, who had descended from his box, and was standing in advance of the horse.

"Why don't I drive on, is it?" asked he, in a voice of despair. "Sure there's no road."

"And does it stop here?" cried Walpole, in horror, for he now perceived that the road really came to an abrupt ending in the midst of the bog.

"Begorra, it's just what it does. Ye see, your honor," added he, in a confidential tone, "it's one of them tricks the English played us in the year of the famine. They got two millions of money to make roads in Ireland, but they were so afraid it would make us prosperous and richer than themselves, that they set about making roads that go nowhere. Sometimes to the top of a mountain, or down to the sea, where there was no harbor, and sometimes, like this one, into the heart of a bog."

"That was very spiteful, and very mean too," said Walpole.

"Wasn't it just mean, and nothing else! and it's five miles we'll have to go back now to the cross-roads. Begorra, your honor, it's a good dhrink ye'll have to give me for this day's work."

"You forget, my friend, that but for your own confounded stupidity I should have been at Kilgobbin Castle by this time."

"And ye'll be there yet, with God's help!" said he, turning the horse's head. "Bad luck to them for the road-making! and it's a pity, after all, it goes nowhere, for it's the nicest bit to travel in the whole country."

"Come now, jump up, old fellow, and make your beast step out. I don't want to pass the night here."

"You wouldn't have a dhrop of whisky with your honor?"

"Of course not."

"Nor even brandy?"

"No, not even brandy."

"Musha, I'm thinking you must be English," muttered he, half sulkily.

"And if I were, is there any great harm in that?"

"By coorse not; how could ye help it? I suppose we'd all of us be better if we could. Sit a bit more forward, your honor; the belly-band does be lifting her, and as you're doing nothing, just give her a welt of that stick in your hand, now and then, for I lost the lash off my whip, and I've nothing but this." And he displayed the short handle of what had once been a whip, with a thong of leather dangling at the end.

"I must say, I wasn't aware that I was to have worked my passage," said Walpole, with something between drollery and irritation.

"She doesn't care for bating—stick her with the end of it. That's the way. We'll get on elegant now. I suppose you was never here before?"

"No; and I think I can promise you I'll not come again."

"I hope you will, then, and many a time too. This is the Bog of Allen you're traveling now, and they tell there's not the like of it in the three kingdoms."

"I trust there's not!"

"The English, they say, has no bogs. Nothing but coal."

"Quite true."

"Erin, ma bouchal you are! first gem of the say! that's what Dan O'Connell always called you.—Are you gettin' tired with the stick?"

"I'm tired of your wretched old beast, and your car, and yourself too," said Walpole; "and if I were sure that was the Castle yonder, I'd make my way straight to it on foot."

"And why wouldn't you, if your honor liked it best? Why would you be beholden to a car if you'd rather walk? Only mind the bog-holes; for there's twenty feet of water in some of them, and the sides is so straight you'll never get out if you fall in."

"Drive on, then. I'll remain where I am; but don't bother me with your talk; and no more questioning."

"By coorse I won't—why would I? Isn't your honor a gentleman, and haven't you a right to say what you plaze? and what am I but a poor boy, earning his bread? Just the way it is all through the world: some has every thing they want and more besides; and others hasn't a stitch to their backs, or maybe a pinch of baccy to put in a pipe."

This appeal was timed by seeing that Walpole had just lighted a fresh cigar, whose fragrant fumes were wafted across the speaker's nose.

Firm to his determination to maintain silence, Walpole paid no attention to the speech, nor uttered a word of any kind; and as a light drizzling rain had now begun to fall, and obliged him to shelter himself under an umbrella, he was at length saved from his companion's loquacity. Baffled, but not beaten, the old fellow began to sing, at first in a low, droning tone; but growing louder as the fire of patriotism warmed him, he shouted, to a very wild and somewhat irregular tune, a ballad, of which Walpole could not but hear the words occasionally, while the tramping of the fellow's feet on the foot-board kept time to his song:

'Tis our fun they can't forgive us,
Nor our wit so sharp and keen;
But there's nothing that provokes them
Like our wearin' of the green.
They thought poverty would bate us,
But we'd sell our last "boneen,"
And we'd live on cowld paytatees,
All for wearin' of the green.
Oh, the wearin' of the green—the wearin' of the green!
'Tis the color best becomes us
Is the wearin' of the green!

"Here's a cigar for you, old fellow, and stop that infernal chant."

"There's only five verses more, and I'll sing them for your honor before I light the baccy."

"If you do, then you shall never light baccy of mine. Can't you see that your confounded song is driving me mad?"

"Faix, ye're the first I ever see disliked music," muttered he, in a tone almost compassionate.

And now as Walpole raised the collar of his coat to defend his ears, and prepared, as well as he might, to resist the weather, he muttered, "And this is the beautiful land of scenery; and this the climate; and this the amusing and witty peasant we read of. I have half a mind to tell the world how it has been humbugged!" And thus musing, he jogged on the dreary road, nor raised his head till the heavy clash of an iron gate aroused him, and he saw that they were driving along an approach, with some clumps of pretty but young timber on either side.

"He we are, your honor, safe and sound," cried the driver, as proudly as if he had not been five hours over what should have been done in one and a half. "This is Kilgobbin. All the ould trees was cut down by Oliver Cromwell, they say, but there will be a fine wood here yet. That's the castle you see yonder, over them trees; but there's no flag flying. The lord's away. I suppose I'll have to wait for your honor? You'll be coming back with me?"

"Yes, you'll have to wait." And Walpole looked at his watch, and saw it was already past five o'clock.

CHAPTER X.

THE SEARCH FOR ARMS.

WHEN the hour of luncheon came, and no guests made their appearance, the young girls at the Castle began to discuss what they should best do. "I know nothing of fine people and their ways," said Kate; "you must take the whole direction here, Nina."

"It is only a question of time, and a cold luncheon can wait without difficulty."

And so they waited till three, then till four, and now it was five o'clock; when Kate, who had been over the kitchen-garden, and the calves' paddock, and inspecting a small tract laid out for a nursery, came back to the house very tired, and, as she said, also very hungry. "You know, Nina," said she, entering the room, "I ordered no dinner to-day. I speculated on our making our dinner when your friends lunched; and as they have not lunched we have not dined; and I vote we sit down now. I'm afraid I shall not be as pleasant company as that Mr.—do tell me his name—Walpole—but I pledge myself to have as good an appetite."

Nina made no answer. She stood at the open window, her gaze steadily bent on the strip of narrow road that traversed the wide moor before her.

"Ain't you hungry? I mean, ain't you famished, child?" asked Kate.

"No, I don't think so. I could eat, but I believe I could go without eating just as well."

"Well, I must dine; and if you were not looking so nice and fresh, with a rose-bud in your hair, and your white dress so daintily looped up, I'd ask leave not to dress."

"If you were to smooth your dress, and, perhaps, change your boots—"

"Oh, I know, and become in every respect a little civilized. My poor dear cousin, what a mission you have undertaken among the savages! Own it honestly, you never guessed the task that was before you when you came here."

"Oh, it's very nice savagery, all the same," said the other, smiling pleasantly.

"There now!" cried Kate, as she threw her hat to one side, and stood arranging her hair before the glass. "I make this toilet under protest, for we are going in to luncheon, not dinner; and all the world knows, and all the illustrated newspapers show, that people do not dress for lunch—and, by-the-way, that is something you have not got in Italy—all the women gathering together in their garden-bonnets and their morning muslins, and the men in their knickerbockers and their coarse tweed coats."

"I declare I think you are in better spirits since you see these people are not coming."

"It is true. You have guessed it, dearest. The thought of any thing grand—as a visitor; any thing that would for a moment suggest the unpleasant question, Is this right? or, Is that usual? makes me downright irritable. Come, are you ready? May I offer you my arm?"

And now they were at table, Kate rattling away in unwonted gayety, and trying to rally Nina out of her disappointment.

"I declare, Nina, every thing is so pretty I'm ashamed to eat. Those chickens near you are the least ornamental things I see. Cut me off a wing. Oh, I forgot, you never acquired the barbarous art of carving."

"I can cut this," said Nina, drawing a dish of tongue toward her.

"What! that marvelous production like a parterre of flowers? It would be downright profanation to destroy it."

"Then shall I give you some of this, Kate?"

"Why, child, that is strawberry cream. But I can not eat all alone; do help yourself."

"I shall take something by-and-by."

"What do young ladies in Italy eat when they are—no, I don't mean in love—I shall call it—in despair?"

"Give me some of that white wine beside you. There! don't you hear a noise? I'm certain I heard the sound of wheels."

"Most sincerely, I trust not. I wouldn't for any thing these people should break in upon us now. If my brother Dick should drop in I'd welcome him, and he would make our little party perfect. Do you know, Nina, Dick can be so jolly. What's that? there are voices there without."

As she spoke the door was opened, and Walpole entered. The young girls had but time to rise from their seats, when—they never could exactly say how—they found themselves shaking hands with him in great cordiality.

"And your friend—where is he?"

"Nursing a sore throat, or a sprained ankle, or a something or other. Shall I confess it—as only a suspicion on my part, however—that I do believe he was too much shocked at the outrageous liberty I took in asking to be admitted here to accept any partnership in the impertinence?"

"We expected you at two or three o'clock," said Nina.

"And shall I tell you why I was not here before? Perhaps you'll scarcely credit me when I say I have been five hours on the road."

"Five hours! How did you manage that?"

"In this way. I started a few minutes after twelve from the inn—I on foot, the car to overtake me." And he went on to give a narrative of his wanderings over the bog, imitating, as well as he could, the driver's conversations with him, and the reproaches he vented on his inattention to the road. Kate enjoyed the story with all the humoristic fun of one who knew thoroughly how the peasant had been playing with the gentleman, just for the indulgence of that strange sarcastic temper that underlies the Irish nature; and she could fancy how much more droll it would have been to have heard the narrative as told by the driver of the car.

"And don't you like his song, Mr. Walpole?"

"What, 'The Wearing of the Green?' It was the dreariest dirge I ever listened to."

"Come, you shall not say so. When we go into the drawing-room Nina shall sing it for you, and I'll wager you recant your opinion."

"And do you sing rebel canticles, Mademoiselle Kostalergi?"

"Yes; I do all my cousin bids me. I wear a red cloak. How is it called?"

"Connemara."

Nina nodded. "That's the name, but I'm not going to say it; and when we go abroad—that is, on the bog there, for a walk—we dress in green petticoats and wear very thick shoes."

"And, in a word, are very generally barbarous."

"Well, if you be really barbarians," said Walpole, filling his glass, "I wonder what I would not give to be allowed to join the tribe."

"Oh, you'd want to be a sachem, or a chief, or a mystery-man at least; and we couldn't permit that," cried Kate.

"No; I crave admission as the humblest of your followers."

"Shall we put him to the test, Nina?"

"How do you mean?" cried the other.

"Make him take a Ribbon oath, or the pledge of a United Irishman. I've copies of both in papa's study."

"I should like to see these immensely," said Walpole.

"I'll see if I can't find them," cried Kate, rising and hastening away.

For some seconds after she left the room there was perfect silence. Walpole tried to catch Nina's eye before he spoke, but she continued steadily to look down, and did not once raise her lids. "Is she not very nice—is she not very beautiful?" asked she, in a low voice.

"It is of *you* I want to speak." And he drew his chair closer to her, and tried to take her hand, but she withdrew it quickly, and moved slightly away.

"If you knew the delight it is to me to see you again, Nina—well, Mademoiselle Kostalergi. Must it be mademoiselle?"

"I don't remember it was ever 'Nina,'" said she, coldly.

"Perhaps only in my thoughts. To my heart, I can swear, you were Nina. But tell me how you came here, and when, and for how long, for I want to know all. Speak to me, I beseech you. She'll be back in a moment, and when shall I have another instant alone with you like this? Tell me how you came among them; and are they really all rebels?"

Kate entered at the instant, saying, "I can't find it, but I'll have a good search to-morrow, for I know it's there."

"Do, by all means, Kate, for Mr. Walpole is very anxious to learn if he be admitted legitimately into this brotherhood—whatever it be; he has just asked me if we were really all rebels here."

"I trust he does not suppose I would deceive him," said Kate, gravely. "And when he hears

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you sing 'The blackened hearth—the fallen roof,' he'll not question *you*, Nina.—Do you know that song, Mr. Walpole?"

He smiled as he said "No."

"Won't it be so nice," said she, "to catch a fresh ingenuous Saxon wandering innocently over the Bog of Allen, and send him back to his friends a Fenian!"

"Make me what you please, but don't send me away."

"Tell me, really, what would you do if we made you take the oath?"

"Betray you, of course, the moment I got up to Dublin."

Nina's eyes flashed angrily, as though such jesting was an offense.

"No, no; the shame of such treason would be intolerable; but you'd go your way, and behave as though you never saw us."

"Oh, he could do that without the inducement of a perjury," said Nina, in Italian; and then added aloud, "Let's go and make some music. Mr. Walpole sings charmingly, Kate, and is very obliging about it—at least, he used to be."

"I am all that I used to be—toward that," whispered he, as she passed him to take Kate's arm and walk away.

"You don't seem to have a thick neighborhood about you," said Walpole. "Have you any people living near?"

"Yes, we have a dear old friend—a Miss O'Shea, a maiden lady, who lives a few miles off. By-the-way, there's something to show you—an old maid who hunts her own harriers."

"What! are you in earnest?"

"On my word it is true! Nina can't endure her; but Nina doesn't care for hare-hunting, and, I'm afraid to say, never saw a badger drawn in her life."

"And have you?" asked he, almost with horror in his tone.

"I'll show you three regular little turnspit dogs to-morrow that will answer that question."

"How I wish Lockwood had come out here with me," said Walpole, almost uttering a thought.

"That is, you wish he had seen a bit of barbarous Ireland he'd scarcely credit from mere description. But perhaps I'd have been better behaved before him. I'm treating you with all the freedom of an old friend of my cousin's."

Nina had meanwhile opened the piano, and was letting her hands stray over the instrument in occasional chords; and then, in a low voice, that barely blended its tones with the accompaniment, she sang one of those little popular songs of Italy, called "Stornelli"—wild, fanciful melodies, with that blended gayety and sadness which the songs of a people are so often marked by.

"That is a very old favorite of mine," said Walpole, approaching the piano as noiselessly as though he feared to disturb the singer; and now he stole into a chair at her side. "How that song makes me wish we were back again where I heard it first," whispered he, gently.

"I forget where that was," said she, carelessly.

"No, Nina, you do not," said he, eagerly; "it was at Albano, the day we all went to Pallavicini's villa."

"And I sung a little French song, '*Si vous n'avez rien à me dire*,' which you were vain enough to imagine was a question addressed to yourself; and you made me a sort of declaration; do you remember all that?"

"Every word of it."

"Why don't you go and speak to my cousin? she has opened the window and gone out upon the terrace, and I trust you understand that she expects you to follow her." There was a studied calm in the way she spoke, that showed she was exerting considerable self-control.

"No, no, Nina, it is with you I desire to speak; to see you, that I have come here."

"And so you do remember that you made me a declaration. It made me laugh afterward as I thought it over."

"Made you laugh?"

"Yes, I laughed to myself at the ingenious way in which you conveyed to me what an imprudence it was in you to fall in love with a girl who had no fortune, and the shock it would give your friends when they should hear she was a Greek."

"How can you say such painful things, Nina? how can you be so pitiless as this?"

"It was you who had no pity, Sir; I felt a deal of pity; I will not deny it was for myself. I don't pretend to say that I could give a correct version of the way in which you conveyed to me the pain it gave you that I was not a princess, a Borromeo, or a Colonno, or an Altieri. That Greek adventurer, yes—you can not deny it—I overheard these words myself. You were talking to an English girl, a tall, rather handsome person she was—I shall remember her name in a moment if you can not help me to it sooner—a Lady Bickerstaffe—"

"Yes, there was a Lady Maude Bickerstaffe; she merely passed through Rome for Naples."

"You called her a cousin, I remember."

"There is some cousinship between us; I forget exactly in what degree."

"Do try and remember a little more; remember that you forgot you had engaged me for the cotillon, and drove away with that blonde beauty—and she was a beauty, or had been a few years before—at all events you lost all memory of the daughter of the adventurer."

"You will drive me distracted, Nina, if you say such things."

"I know it is wrong and it is cruel, and it is worse than wrong and cruel, it is what you English call under-bred, to be so individually disagreeable; but this grievance of mine has been weighing very heavily on my heart, and I have been longing to tell you so."

"Why are you not singing, Nina?" cried Kate, from the terrace. "You told me of a duet, and I think you are bent on having it without music."

"Yes, we are quarreling fiercely," said Nina. "This gentleman has been rash enough to remind me of an unsettled score between us, and as he is the defaulter—"

"I dispute the debt."

"Shall I be the judge between you?" asked Kate.

"On no account; my claim once disputed, I surrender it," said Nina.

"I must say you are very charming company. You won't sing, and you'll only talk to say disagreeable things. Shall I make tea, and see if it will render you more amiable?"

"Do so, dearest, and then show Mr. Walpole the house; he has forgotten what brought him here, I really believe."

"You know that I have not," muttered he, in a tone of deep meaning.

"There's no light now to show him the house; Mr. Walpole must come to-morrow, when papa will be at home and delighted to see him."

"May I really do this?"

"Perhaps; besides, your friend will have found the little inn so insupportable that he too will join us. Listen to that sigh of poor Nina's, and you'll understand what it is to be dreary!"

"No; I want my tea."

"And it shall have it," said Kate, kissing her with a petting affectation, as she left the room.

"Now one word, only one," said Walpole, as he drew his chair close to her: "If I swear to you—"

"What's that? Who is Kate angry with?" cried Nina, rising and rushing toward the door. "What has happened?"

"I'll tell you what has happened," said Kate, as with flashing eyes and heightened color she entered the room. "The large gate of the outer yard, that is every night locked and strongly barred at sunset, has been left open, and they tell me that three men have come in, Sally says five, and are hiding in some of the out-houses."

"What for? Is it to rob, think you?" asked Walpole.

"It is certainly for nothing good. They all know that papa is away, and the house so far unprotected," continued Kate, calmly. "We must find out to-morrow who has left the gate unbolted. This was no accident; and now that they are setting fire to the ricks all around us, it is no time for carelessness."

"Shall we search the offices and the out-buildings?" asked Walpole.

"Of course not; we must stand by the house and take care that they do not enter it. It's a strong old place, and even if they forced an entrance below, they couldn't set fire to it."

"Could they force their way up?" asked Walpole.

"Not if the people above have any courage. Just come and look at the stair; it was made in times when people thought of defending themselves." They issued forth now together to the top of the landing, where a narrow, steep flight of stone steps descended between two walls to the basement story. A little more than half-way down was a low iron gate or grille of considerable strength; though, not being above four feet in height, it could have been no great defense, which seemed, after all, to have been its intention. "When this is closed," said Kate, shutting it with a bang, "it's not such easy work to pass up again; two or three resolute people at the top; and see here," added she, showing a deep niche or alcove in the wall, "this was evidently meant for the sentry who watched the wicket; he could stand here out of the reach of all fire."

"Would you not say she was longing for a conflict?" said Nina, gazing at her.

"No; but if it comes I'll not decline it."

"You mean you'll defend the stair?" asked Walpole. She nodded assent.

"What arms have you?"

"Plenty; come and look at them. Here," said she, entering the dining-room, and pointing to a large oak sideboard covered with weapons, —"here is probably what has led these people here. They are going through the country latterly on every side, in search of arms. I believe this is almost the only house where they have not called."

"And do they go away quietly when their demands are complied with?"

"Yes; when they chance upon people of poor courage they leave them with life enough to tell the story.—What is it, Mathew?" asked she of the old serving-man who entered the room.

"It's the 'boys,' miss, and they want to talk to you, if you'll step out on the terrace. They don't mean any harm at all."

"What do they want, then?"

"Just a spare gun or two, miss, or an ould pistol, or any thing of the kind that was no use."

"Was it not brave of them to come here, when my father was from home? Aren't they fine courageous creatures to come and frighten two lone girls—eh, Mat?"

"Don't anger them, miss, for the love of Joseph! don't say any thing hard; let me hand them that ould carbine there, and the fowling-piece; and if you'd give them a pair of horse-pistols I'm sure they'd go away quiet."

A loud noise of knocking, as though with a stone, at the outer door broke in upon the colloquy, and Kate passed into the drawing-room, and opened the window, out upon the stone terrace which overlooked the yard: "Who is there?—who are you?—what do you want?" cried she,

"HOW THAT SONG MAKES ME WISH WE WERE BACK AGAIN WHERE I HEARD IT FIRST."

"What's the worst of all our troubles here, Mr. Walpole," said she, boldly; "you can not depend on the people of your own household. The very people you have nursed in sickness, if they only belong to some secret association, will betray you!" She made no secret of her words, but spoke them loud enough to be heard by the group of servants now gathered on the landing. Noiseless she tripped down the stairs, and passed into the little dark alcove, followed by Walpole, carrying any amount of guns and carbines under his arm.

"These are loaded, I presume?" said he.

"All, and ready capped. The short carbine is charged with a sort of canister-shot, and keep it for a short range—if they try to pass over the iron gate. Now mind me, and I will give you the directions I heard my father give on this spot once before. Don't fire till they reach the foot of the stair."

"I can not hear you," said he; for the din beneath, where they battered at the door, was now deafening.

"They'll be in in another moment—there, the lock has fallen off—the door has given way," whispered she; "be steady, now, no hurry—steady and calm."

As she spoke the heavy oak door fell to the ground, and a perfect silence succeeded to the late din. After an instant, muttering whispers could be heard, and it seemed as if they doubted how far it was safe to enter, for all was dark within. Something was said in a tone of command, and at the moment one of the party flung forward a bundle of lighted straw and tow, which fell at the foot of the stairs, and for a few seconds lit up the place with a red lurid gleam, showing the steep stair and the iron bars of the little gate that crossed it.

"There's the iron wicket they spoke of," cried one. "All right, come on!" And the speaker led the way, cautiously, however, and slowly, the others after him.

"No, not yet," whispered Kate, as she pressed her hand upon Walpole's.

"I hear voices up there," cried the leader from below. "We'll make them leave that, anyhow." And he fired off his gun in the direction of the upper part of the stair: a quantity of plaster came clattering down as the ball struck the ceiling.

"Now," said she. "Now, and fire low!"

He discharged both barrels so rapidly that the two detonations blended into one, and the assailants replied by a volley, the echoing din almost sounding like artillery. Fast as Walpole could fire, the girl replaced the piece by another; when suddenly she cried, "There is a fellow at the gate—the carbine—the carbine now, and steady." A heavy crash and a cry followed his discharge, and snatching the weapon from him, she reloaded and handed it back with lightning speed. "There is another there," whispered she; and Walpole moved farther out, to take a steadier aim. All was still: not a sound to be heard for some seconds, when the hinges of the gate creaked and the bolt shook in the lock. Walpole fired again, but as he did so, the others poured in a rattling volley, one shot grazing his cheek, and another smashing both bones of his right arm, so that the carbine fell powerless from his hand. The intrepid girl sprang to his side at once, and then passing in front of him, she fired some shots from a revolver in quick succession. A low, confused sound of feet, and a scuffling noise followed, when a rough, hoarse voice cried out, "Stop firing; we are wounded, and going away."

"Are you badly hurt?" whispered Kate to Walpole.

"Nothing serious; be still and listen!"

"There, the carbine is ready again. Oh, you can not hold it—leave it to me," said she.

From the difficulty of removal, it seemed as though one of the party beneath was either killed or badly wounded, for it was several minutes before they could gain the outer door.

"Are they really retiring?" whispered Walpole.

"Yes; they seem to have suffered heavily."

"Would you not give them one shot at parting—that carbine is charged?" asked he, anxiously.

"Not for worlds," said she; "savage as they are, it would be ruin to break faith with them."

"Give me a pistol, my left hand is all right." Though he tried to speak with calmness, the agony of pain he was suffering so overcame him that he leaned his head down, and rested it on her shoulder.

"My poor, poor fellow!" said she, tenderly; "I would not for the world that this had happened."

"They're gone, Miss Kate; they've passed out at the big gate, and they're off," whispered old Mathew, as he stood trembling behind her.

"Here, call some one, and help this gentleman up the stairs, and get a mattress down on the floor at once; send off a messenger, Sally, for Doctor Tobin. He can take the car that came this evening, and let him make what haste he can."

"Is he wounded?" said Nina, as they laid him down on the floor. Walpole tried to smile and say something, but no sound came forth.

"My own dear, dear Cecil," whispered Nina, as she knelt and kissed his hand; "tell me it is not dangerous." But he had fainted.

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A POLAR BEAR CATCHING A SEAL ON THE ICE.—FROM A DRAWING BY LUDWIG BECKMANN.—[SEE PAGE 615.]

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THE AUTO-DA-FÉ.

I BEND o'er the flame as it burns,
And feel its hot, pitiless breath;
I ponder each word as it turns
From life into meaningless death.
And e'en as I gaze at the glare—
Now flickering faintly, now fast—
I read by the light of despair
The joy of the hope that is past.

Time was when each word that they spoke,
Those letters so often read o'er,
Old fancies and longings awoke
By magic that soothed them before.
From books I would eagerly turn
To gloat o'er those falsely fair signs,
For all that I once cared to learn
I found in these fast-fading lines.

In ashes before me they lie;
The flame that destroyed them burns low:
Ah! would but their memory die,
And cease with these embers to glow!
All dark! yet I feel that they live;
My prayer with no answer has met.
'Tis easy for love to forgive,
But oh, it can never forget!

"THE STRANGEST ADVENTURE."

"YES, I could tell you plenty of stories like that; I've seen a few adventures in my time."

"You have indeed; but won't you give me a few more? It's early yet."

We were sitting in the half-demolished summer-house of a little village inn on the coast of Brittany—in all probability the only wakeful inhabitants of the whole place, for sitting up till eleven P.M. is an enormity unknown in that primitive region. My companion's stern swarthy face and tangled black beard, seen beneath the uncertain light of the rising moon, might have made him appear, to any person of unsteady nerves, rather an "uncanny" comrade for a midnight *tête-à-tête;* but in spite of his repellent manner and miner-like roughness of speech, there was an indescribable *something* in his tone and bearing which convinced me that, however he might have fallen, or been forced into his present nondescript way of life, he had (to use the common phrase) "been a gentleman once." This, however, was mere conjecture on my part; for in all the marvelous diorama of personal adventure which he had spread before me—riotous revels in Australian taverns, succeeded by days of deadly peril in antarctic seas; fights with pirates in the Straits of Malacca, following upon weeks of luxurious indolence amidst the lotus-eaters of Brazil; sledge drives across Russian steppes, and bear hunts in American forests—there was not the slightest hint at his early life or original station in society. It was at the close of a vivid description of a hurricane off Cape Horn that my Ulysses paused in his narrative, and I reiterated my request for another page from this eventful autobiography.

"What? not tired yet? It's not every one that could stand hearing a fellow talk so long about himself."

"Well," said I, "I'll only ask you for one more: tell me the strangest adventure you ever had."

The wanderer started slightly, and then said, in an altered voice, "You've made a better bargain than you think for. I *will* tell you the strangest of all, and let us see how you like it. I don't ask you to believe it, because I know that when you put these sort of things into books people laugh, and talk of Baron Munchausen, and all that. I've read the Baron," he went on, noticing my look of surprise, "and many another book that you'd never give me credit for; but in a book this story I'm going to tell you would be impossible; and it's just *because* it seems impossible that it is true."

"So says Byron," interrupted I, speaking lightly, in order to dissipate the effect involuntarily produced upon me by the terrible emphasis of the man's tone and manner.

"I've read Byron too," he rejoined, "though you mayn't think it. That description of the sunset in Greece was always a favorite bit of mine.

"But I must get to my story. You remember how those two fellows robbed my tent, and how I fired all the six barrels of my revolver into them as they ran off? Well, it was just after that job that I shifted my tent away from the rest, thinking I'd be more comfortable by myself for a bit. You'll say this was rather venturesome after I'd been robbed once already; but then, you see, these beauties that I fired at thought they'd fairly cleaned me out. Nobody knew that I'd got a lot more buried under a big gum-tree some two hundred yards off; so the whole camp thought I was dry, and you may be sure I did not undeceive them. Well, I moved my tent up to the tree where the gold was, and there I staid; but I still stuck to my digging, to make up for what I'd lost. I got a middling lot of dust every day, but I took care to let nobody see more of it than I could help; so folks got to think I was down on my luck, and left off minding about me at all.

"One night I'd been working pretty late, and got chilled right through; and though I rolled my blanket well round me after turning into my hammock, I couldn't get warm anyhow; and so I shivered away till I fell asleep. Then I fell to dreaming that I was in a trance, like some man I once read about in America, and that they thought me dead, and were going to bury me. I tried my hardest to move, or scream out, or something, but no good; and I heard the coffin lid slap to, and the first spadeful of earth fall on it, and then I awoke.

"It was a fine bright morning, and through the opening of the tent I could see the sun shining, and hear the picks and cradles getting to work as usual. But my dream wasn't *all* fancy, for I felt as if I were bound down and couldn't move an inch; and yet it wasn't quite that either—it was more as if I had no substance left, but was all air and shadow. If ever a living man felt like a ghost, I did then.

"Well, I didn't think of being frightened just at first; I felt more put out and foolish, like a man who's had a tumble, or got splashed all over by a cart. It seemed so queer for a great strong fellow like me to be laid by the heels that way, and at first the thought of it almost made me laugh; so there I lay like a log for ever so long, listening to all the noises from the camp, till at last (about noon it must have been, by the sun) I began to feel hungry, and commenced looking very hard at my 'damper' and cold mutton, which lay upon a log t'other side of the tent. 'Well,' thought I, 'it's a queer thing for a man to be starved this way with food before his eyes!' But the moment I thought it something cold seemed to clutch my heart and squeeze it all together. I tried to put it away by saying to myself, 'This 'll go off soon—of course it will;' but at that minute it flashed across me, as if some one had written it in letters of fire all over the place, 'And supposing it *doesn't* go off—WHAT THEN?'

"It was then I began to feel frightened for the first time. I turned sick all at once as if I were going to die, and likely enough I may have fainted, for the next thing I remember there was a great silence all over the camp; and by that I knew that the men were having their dinner, and that it must be la e in the afternoon. As night came on I began to feel very bad every way. So long as the sun was shining, and the sound of the picking and shoveling went on, the light and the noise and the feeling of having lots of people close to me kept me up a bit; but when the sounds died away little by little, and the darkness came all round as if it were locking me in, I felt as cast down and helpless as a child lost in a great town. However, my hunger made me savage like, and that held me up; for so long as there's strength enough for anger in a man he's got a chance; it's when he *can't* feel savage that his heart's broken. Only I kept always wishing that something would break the silence; and at last something *did*, with a vengeance, for a lot of the horrible dingoes commenced howling. And so they kept on, and worked me up till I felt as if I'd give any thing to have just one blow at them, no matter what came after; for what with the hunger, and the lying still so long, and the howling of these brutes, I'd got so mad that I'd have liked to kill *something*, no matter what it was. And so the night wore away—a dreary night for me!"

While he was speaking the moon had become gradually obscured, and we were wrapped in a shadowy dimness that harmonized well with the gloomy recital, to which the deepening sombreness of his tone lent additional horror.

"The sun rose at last, but it brought no bright morning hope with it: only the same weary helplessness, which seemed as if it had lasted for days and days—for I had lost all count of time. When the noise of the diggings began again I almost wished it would leave off, much as I had wished for it before; for it sent a kind of horror through me to think of the hundreds of men so near, any one of whom would have run like lightning to help me if he'd only known of the scrape I was in, while I lay, dumb and dying, close by. Ay, *dying!* it was no use shamming hopeful any longer, for now I began to feel a gnawing and tugging in my inside, as if the teeth of a wolf were tearing it; and I knew what that meant, for I'd felt it before, only not so bad. I wouldn't have minded so much if I could only have screamed, or flung myself about, or *any thing* to show what I felt; but to lie there stock-still and speechless—it was horrible."

A shudder, which I could see in the uncertain light, shook his strong frame as he proceeded.

"As the sun grew hotter the flies began to swarm; and as I watched them it struck me all of a sudden what a way I should be in, supposing they attacked me; for, as I was then, they might have sucked every drop of my blood before I could have stirred a finger. I knew something of what Australian bush-flies could do, for I'd once stumbled on the body of a shepherd who had been tied to a tree by the bush-rangers and left. However, luckily for me, there was something else in the tent that tempted them more, and that was the food I'd left lying on the log. In a second they were down on it: all the meat turned black at once, as if with a shower of soot, and their buzzing was like the wind blowing through a row of wires. You'd laugh at me, stranger, if I were to tell you how savage that sight made me; for, of course, you'll say I ought to have been mighty glad to get off so cheap. But, oh! to see those accursed vermin gorging themselves before my eyes, while I, a *man*, lay starving! I tell you, all that I felt before was nothing to it!

"Toward afternoon there began a kind of whispering and humming in my ears, getting louder bit by bit. It wasn't the flies, for they were all gone; it was what comes to one on the second or third day of starving to death, and I knew it. Some of my mates that were starved up country used to keep putting their hands to their ears for a while before they died, saying they heard something whispering to them. It got stronger and stronger, till the sound seemed to shape itself into an old song that a man I was with in Brazil kept crooning over just before *he* died. The song was all about a party going across the desert to look for some men that were lost; but the verse that rang in my head then was this:

'And never a man, and never a beast
They met on their desolate way;
But the bleaching bones in the hungry sand
Said all that a tongue could say.'

And so it kept going over and over, till at last I fairly went off—half slept and half fainted.

"It was late when I awoke, and I can't tell you how I felt at seeing the sun setting again. As the light faded I felt as if my life was going out along with it; and when it dipped below the horizon I was ready to start up and stretch out my arms to hold it back, if I'd had the strength. And such a night as that second night was—good Heaven! There's a verse somewhere in the Bible that speaks of 'a horror of great darkness;' I learned it at school, but I never knew what it really meant till then. This time there was no howling of dingoes, no noise of any sort; all was deadly still, as if the world itself, with all that lived and breathed in it, were dead, and I alone kept living—living on. I suppose I must have been getting light-headed with hunger and weakness, for I began to fancy all sorts of queer things. First I thought I was nailed down in a coffin, and that if I could only move or scream, or even speak, the lid would fly open; but I couldn't. Then it seemed as if I were at the bottom of the sea, and the weight of water above pressed me down till I could hardly breathe. All at once I was startled out of my fancies by a sound close to the tent, the like of which I never heard before or since—a low, moaning cry, that sounded like 'All alone! all alone!' over and over again. I can't tell to this day whether I really heard it or only fancied it; but at the time it gave me such a horror that I nearly went mad.

"The third morning came, and found me nearly at my last. The gnawing pain was gone, and instead of it had come a pleasant drowsiness, like what a man feels when he falls down to sleep in the snow. All the morning I lay in a kind of dream, thinking of nothing, fearing nothing—as quiet as a child at its mother's breast; till all at once I saw something that roused me in good earnest—a black, shining thing, like a long strip of velvet, coming gliding into the tent. I knew it directly for one of the deadliest snakes in Australia. The next moment I heard the rustle of its coils up the tent-pole to which my hammock was slung, and then I saw its flat head and black, beady eyes hanging over me, and looking right down into my face to see if I were dead or not. I suppose it thought I was, for the next minute it slid down over my face, and to and fro along the hammock, till at last it went to the other pole, and there it glided off, and I saw no more of it. Any body watching me then would have called me a brave fellow; but I dare say it's not the first time that a man has been thought brave because he couldn't run away!

"I don't know how long it was after that—it may have been an hour, or a day, or a week, for all I could tell—that a shadow fell across my face, and I heard a voice calling out, 'Holloa, mate! can you give us a fire-stick? I've let my fire out.' With the sound of that voice all my love of life came back again, and I gathered up my strength to try and speak.

"Seeing me lying there so white and still, the fellow must have thought me dead; and for a moment—the bitterest moment I ever had—I thought he was going to turn and go out again; but, although I couldn't speak, I managed just to move my eyelids, and he saw it. He said nothing, but raised my head on his arm, and took out his flask to pour some rum into my mouth; and then I knew that I was saved, and with the shock of the reaction I fainted in right earnest."

Here my strange companion suddenly ceased, and, rising from his chair, said to me, "You've had your story, stranger, and now I'm going to bid you good-night; for I haven't spoke of this business since it befell, and it rather upsets me thinking of it. You tell me you're off early to-morrow morning, so it's a hundred to one if we ever meet again; but in any case I wish you success in your travels, and may you end better than *I* have done!"

Then, grasping my hand with a force that made it tingle to the wrist, he departed.

His parting words were true, for we have never met since that night; but should these lines ever meet his eye, it may gratify him to know there is at least *one* man in the world who fully believes his story, even though it be (as he styled it) "the strangest adventure of all."

A CHAPTER OF GOSSIP.

IN a charming book, recently published in England under the title of "Charles Young and his Times," we find a great number of anecdotes and reminiscences of persons who have long since passed away, but whose names never fail to awaken interest and curiosity. We make a few extracts, premising that Young was in his time an actor of great celebrity.

Great writers in their own houses, like prophets among their own people, proverbially lack much of the consideration they find abroad. Mrs. Douglas Jerrold always wondered what it was people found in her husband's jokes to laugh at. It is *said* that many years had passed over the head of Burns's son before the young man knew that his father was famous as a poet. It is certain that Walter Scott's eldest son had arrived at more than manhood before he had the curiosity to read one of his sire's novels. He thought little of it when he had read it. This want of appreciation the son derived from his mother. Once, when Young, the actor, was admiring the fashion of the ceiling in Scott's drawing-room at Abbotsford, Lady Scott exclaimed, in her droll Guernsey accent, "Ah! Mr. Young, you may look up at the bosses in the ceiling as long as you like, but you must not look down at my poor carpet, for I am ashamed of it. I must get Scott to write some more of his nonsense books and buy me a new one!" To those who remember the charm of Young's musical voice, Lady Dacre's lines on his reciting "Tam o' Shanter" to the other guests at Abbotsford will present themselves without any thought of differing from their conclusion, thus neatly put:

"And Tam o' Shanter roaring fou,
By thee embodied to our view,
The rustic bard would own sae true,
He scant could tell
Wha 'twas the livin' picture drew,
Thou or himsel'!"

It is a curious fact that Scott, harmonious poet as he was, had no ear for music, unless it were that of a ballad, and he would repeat that horribly out of tune. He was, however, in tune with all humanity; as much so with a king as with the humblest of his subjects. When he went on board the royal yacht, which had arrived near Leith, with George IV., amid such rain as only falls in Scotland, Scott, in an off-hand yet respectful way, told the king that the weather reminded him of the stormy day of his own arrival in the Western Highlands—weather which so disgusted the landlord of the inn, who was used to the very worst, that he apologized for it. "Gude guide us! this is just awfu'! Siccan a downpour, was ever the like! I really beg your pardon! I'm sure it's nae faut o' mine. I canna think how it should happen to rain this way just as you o' a' men i' the warld should come to see us! It looks amaist personal! I can only say, for my part, I'm just ashamed o' the weather!" Having thus spoken to the king, Scott added, "I do not know, sire, that I can improve upon the language of the honest innkeeper. I canna think how it should rain this way just as your Majesty, of all men in the world, should have condescended to come and see us. I can only say, in the name of my countrymen, I'm just ashamed o' the weather!" It was at Scott's petition that the royal landing was deferred till the next day, which brought all the sunshine that was considered necessary for the occasion.

Poor old George III. can not be said at any time to have been "every inch a king." He was certainly not, by nature, a cruel man. Yet he betrayed something akin to cruelty when, on the night of the Lord George Gordon riots, an officer who had been actively employed in suppressing the rioters waited on the king to make his report. George III. hurried forward to meet him, crying out, with screaming iteration, "Well! well! well! I hope you peppered them well! peppered them well! peppered them well!" There may, however, have been nothing more in this than there was in Wellington's injunction to his officers on the day that London was threatened with a Chartist revolution, "Remember, gentlemen, there must be no little war!" In such cases humanity to revolutionists is lack of mercy to the friends of order.

It is well known that George III. had an insuperable aversion to Dr. John Willis, who had attended him when the king was laboring under his early intermitting attacks of insanity. Willis was induced to take temporary charge of the king, on Pitt's promise to make him a baronet and give him a pension of £1500 a year—pleasant things which never came to pass. Queen Charlotte hated Willis even more than the king did. The physician earned that guerdon by putting George III. in a strait-waistcoat whenever he thought the royal violence required it. The doctor took this step on his own responsibility. The queen never forgave him, and the king, as long as he had memory, never forgot it. In 1811, when the fatal relapse occurred, brought on, Willis thought, by Pitt's persistent pressure of the Roman Catholic claims on the king's mind, the chancellor and the Prince of Wales had some difficulty in inducing the doctor to take charge of the sovereign. When Willis entered that part of Windsor Castle which was inhabited by the king he heard the monarch humming a favorite song in his room. A moment after George III. crossed the threshold on to the landing-place. He was in Windsor uniform, as to his coat, blue with scarlet cuffs and collar, a star on the breast. A waistcoat of buff chamois leather, buckskin breeches and top-boots, with the familiar three-cornered hat, completed the costume. He came forth as a bridegroom from his chamber, full of hope and joy, like Cymon, "whistling as he went for want of thought," and switching his boot with his whip as he went. Suddenly, as his eye fell on Willis, he reeled back as if he had been shot. He shrieked out the hated name, called on God, and fell to the ground. It was long before the unhappy sovereign could be calmed. In his own room the king wept like a child. Every now and then he broke into heart-rending exclamations of "What can I do without doing wrong? They forget my coronation oath; but I don't! Oh, my oath! my oath! my oath!" The king's excitement on seeing Willis was partly caused by his remembering the queen's promise that Willis should never be called in again in case of the king's illness. Willis on that occasion consented to stay with the king after a fearful scene had taken place with the queen, her doctors, and council. When Mr. Julian Young knew Willis, from whom he had the above details, the doctor was above eighty years of age, upright and active. He was still a mighty hunter; and, unless Mr. Young was misinformed, on the very day before his death he shot two or three brace of snipes in the morning, and danced at the Lincoln ball at night. Willis did not reach his hundredth year, as Dr. Roult, of Magdalen College, Oxford, did. Just before the death of the latter Lord Campbell visited and had a long conversation with him. At parting the centenarian calmly remarked, "I hope it will not be many years before we meet again." "Did he think," said Lord Campbell, afterward, "that he and I were going to live forever?"

Monarchs, who have to submit to many tyrannies by which monarchs alone can suffer, must have an especial dread of levees and presentations. The monotony must be killing; at the very best, irritating. George IV. had the stately dreariness very much relieved. On one occasion, when a nervous gentleman was bowing and passing before him, a lord in waiting kindly whispered to him, "Kiss hands!" The nervous

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gentleman accordingly moved on to the door, turned round, and there kissed his hands airily to the king by way of kindly farewell. George IV. laughed almost as heartily as his brother, King William, did at an unlucky alderman who was at court on the only day Mr. Julian Young ever felt himself constrained to go into the royal presence. The alderman's dress sword got between his legs as he was backing from that presence, whereby he was tripped up and fell backward on the floor. King William cared not a fig for dignity. He remarked with great glee to those who stood near, "By Jove! the fellow has cut a crab!" and the kingly laughter was, as it were, poured point-blank into the floundering alderman. This was not encouraging to Mr. Young, who had to follow. As newly appointed royal chaplain in Hampton Court Palace Chapel, King William had expressed a wish to see him at a levee, and obedience was a duty. The chaplain had been told by Sir Horace Seymour that he had nothing to do but follow the example of the gentleman who might happen to be before him. The principal directions to the neophyte were, "Bow very low, and do not turn your back on the king." The instant the chaplain had kissed the king's hand, however, he turned his back upon his sovereign, and hurried off. Sir Horace Seymour afterward consoled him for this breach of etiquette by stating that a Surrey baronet who had followed him made a wider breach in court observance. The unlucky baronet, seeing the royal hand outstretched, instead of reverently patting his lips to it, caught hold of it and wrung it heartily. The king, who loved a joke, probably enjoyed levees, the usual monotony of which was relieved by such screaming-farce incidents as these.

Those royal brothers, sons of George III., were remarkably outspoken. They were not witty themselves, but they were now and then the cause of wit in others. It must have been the Duke of Cumberland who (on listening to Mr. Nightingale's story of having been run away with when driving, and that at a critical moment he jumped out of the carriage) blandly exclaimed, "Fool! fool!" "Now," said Nightingale, on telling the incident to Horace Smith, "it's all very well for him to call me a fool; but I can't conceive why he should. Can you?" "No!" rejoined Horace, "I can't, because he could not suppose you ignorant of the fact!"

Among the most unhappy lords of themselves who lived in a past generation, there was not one who might have been so happy, had he pleased, as the author of "Vathek." It is very well said of Beckford that there has seldom existed a man who, inheriting so much, did so little for his fellow-creatures. There was a grim humor in some of his actions. In illustration of this we may state that when Beckford was living in gorgeous seclusion at Fonthill, two gentlemen, who were the more curious to spy into the glories of the place because strangers were forbidden, climbed the park walls at dusk, and on alighting within the prohibited inclosure found themselves in presence of the lord of the place. Beckford awed them by his proud condescension. He politely dragged them through all the splendors of his palace, and then, with cruel courtesy, made them dine with him. When the night was advanced he took his involuntary guests into the park, bidding them adieu with the remark that, as they found their way in, they might find their way out. It was as bad as bandaging a man's eyes on Salisbury Plain, and bidding him find his way to Bath. At sunrise the weary, guests, who had pursued a fruitless voyage of discovery all night, were guided to a point of egress, and they never thought of calling on their host again.

Ready wit in women (now passed away), wit, too, combined with courage, is by no means rare. During the ruro-diabolical reign of "Swing," that incarnation of ruffianism, in the person of the most hideous blackguard in the district, with a mob of thieves and murderers at his back, attacked Fifield, the old family residence of two elderly maiden ladies named Penruddock. When the mob were on the point of resorting to extreme violence, Miss Betty Penruddock expressed her astonishment to the ugly leader of the band that "such a good-looking man as he should be captain of such an ill-favored band of robbers. Never again will I trust to good looks!" cried the old lady, whose flattery so touched the vanity of "Swing" that he prevailed on his followers to desist. "Only give us some beer," he said, "and we won't touch a hair of your head!" "You can't," retorted the plucky old lady, "for I wear a wig!" On the other hand, the vanity of young ladies was once effectually checked at Hampton Court Chapel. A youthful beauty once fainted, and the handsome Sir Horace Seymour carried her out. On successive Sundays successive youthful beauties fainted, and the handsome Sir Horace carried them successively out, till he grew tired of bearing such sweet burdens. A report that in future all swooning nymphs would be carried out of the chapel by *the dustman* cured the epidemic.

Much has been said of the ladies of Llangollen, Lady Eleanor Butler and Miss Ponsonby. We question if in all that has been written of those pseudo-recluses they have been half so well hit off as by Mrs. Morris, a lodging-house keeper in the neighborhood. "I must say, Sir, after all," observed Mrs. Morris, "that they were very charitable and cantankerous. They did a deal of good, and never forgave an injury!" There is something of the ring of Mrs. Poyser in this pithily rendered judgment. Quite as sharp a passage turns up in the person of an eccentric toll-keeper, Old Jeffreys, who was nearly destitute of mental training, and whom Mr. Julian Young was anxious to draw to church service. The old man was ready for him. "Yes, Sir, it be a pity, hain't it? We pike-keepers, and shepherds, and carters, and monthly nusses has got souls as well as them that goes to church and chapel. But what can us do? 'Why,' I says, says I, to the last parson as preached to me, 'don't catechism say summat or other about doing our duty in that state of life in which we be?' So, after all, when I be taking toll o' Sundays, I'm not far wrong, am I?" The rector proposed to find a paid substitute for him while he attended church. Jeffreys was ready with his reply. "That 'ud never do, Sir," he said. "What! leave my post to a stranger? What would master say to me if he heard on't?" Mr. Julian Young, pointing with pleasure to a Bible on old Jeffreys's shelf, expressed a hope that he often read it. "Can't say as how I do, Sir," was the candid rejoinder, "I allus gets so poorus over it!" When the rector alluded to a certain wench as "disreputable," Jeffreys protested in the very spirit of chivalry. "Don't do that! Do as I do! I allus praises her. Charity hides a deal o' sin, master! ain't that Scripture? If it are, am I to be lectured at for sticking up and saying a good word for she?" When it was urged that this light-o'-love queen ought to be married, Samaritan Jeffreys stepped in with his sympathetic balsam. "Poor thing!" he exclaimed, "*she ain't no turn to it!*" The apology was worthy of my Uncle Toby!

POLAR BEAR CATCHING A SEAL.

THE illustration on page 613, from the graphic pencil of LUDWIG BECKMANN, shows how the great white polar bear often contrives to provide for himself a hearty meal. He is a very patient hunter, and will remain for hours in one position on the ice near open water, watching for prey. As soon as he sees or scents a seal he cautiously lowers himself backward into the water and swims toward his prey, allowing only the tip of his nose to appear above the water. If he succeeds in coming upon the seal while that wary animal is taking a nap, he crushes in its skull with a single blow of his mighty paw. But the seal, which possesses a very delicate sense of hearing, often wakes just at the moment the bear rises from the water, and plunging from the ice, disappears in its own element. The bear at once acknowledges his discomfiture, and disconsolately swims back to his lurking-place, sometimes followed by a troop of seals, that take good care to keep just out of his reach.

VITAL GERMS.

ONE of the most curious facts in connection with chemical research is the remarkable vitality of the lower organisms in nature. In vegetable subjects, for instance, vitality may lie dormant for a period which is almost inconceivable. Stramonium seeds, according to Duhamel, can develop after remaining twenty-five years underground. Friewald observed the generation of melon seeds after they had been kept more than forty years. Pliny goes so far as to say that corn grew after it had been kept a hundred years, and there seems no reason to doubt the fact; for Desmoulins obtained plants from seeds found in a Roman tomb of the third or fourth century. Moreover, it is well known that corn found in some of the tombs of ancient Egypt has germinated and grown to perfection; and the result of the experiment of sowing some of this mummied corn in England has been the production of new ears, larger and far more prolific than those of our modern wheat. A squill bulb, too, found in the hands of a mummy, has, when planted at the present day, grown and blossomed as readily as the last year's hyacinth bulb from Holland, which flowers in our windows every spring. The only solution of the mystery of this extraordinary vitality is that the germs of life have slumbered for all these long ages.

A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION.

By CHARLES READE.

WITH MANY ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-THIRD.

MR. ROLFE surveyed the two women with a mild, inoffensive, ox-like gaze, and invited them to be seated with homely civility.

He sat down at his desk, and turning to Lady Bassett, said, rather dreamily, "One moment, please: let me look at the case and my notes."

First his homely appearance, and now a certain languor about his manner, discouraged Lady Bassett more than it need; for all artists must pay for their excitements with occasional languor. Her hands trembled, and she began to gulp and try not to cry.

Mr. Rolfe observed directly, and said, rather kindly, "You are agitated; and no wonder."

He then opened a sort of china-closet, poured a few drops of a colorless liquid from a tiny bottle into a wine-glass, and filled the glass with water from a filter. "Drink that, if you please."

She looked at him with her eyes brimming. "*Must* I?"

"Yes; it will do you good for once in a way. It is only Ignatia."

She drank it by degrees, and a tear along with it that fell into the glass.

Meantime Mr. Rolfe had returned to his notes and examined them. He then addressed her, half stiffly, half kindly:

"Lady Bassett, whatever may be your husband's condition—whether his illness is mental or bodily, or a mixture of the two—his clandestine examination by bought physicians, and his violent capture, the natural effect of which must have been to excite him and retard his cure, were wicked and barbarous acts, contrary to God's law and the common law of England, and, indeed, to all human law except our shallow, incautious Statutes de Lunatico: they were an insult to yourself, who ought at least to have been consulted, for your rights are higher and purer than Richard Bassett's; therefore, as a wife bereaved of your husband by fraud and violence and the bare letter of a paltry statute whose spirit has been violated, you are quite justified in coming to me or to any public man you think can help your husband and you." Then, with a certain *bonhomie*, "So lay aside your nervousness; let us go into this matter sensibly, like a big man and a little man, or like an old woman and a young woman, whichever you prefer."

Lady Bassett looked at him and smiled assent. She felt a great deal more at her ease after this opening.

"I dare not advise you yet. I must know more than Mr. Angelo has told me. Will you answer my questions frankly?"

"I will try, Sir."

"Whose idea was it confining Sir Charles Bassett to the house so much?"

"His own. He felt himself unfit for society."

"Did he describe his ailment to you then?"

"Yes."

"All the better: what did he say?"

"He said that, at times, a cloud seemed to come into his head, and then he lost all power of mind; and he could not bear to be seen in that condition."

"This was after the epileptic seizure?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Humph! Now will you tell me how Mr. Bassett, by mere words, could so enrage Sir Charles as to give him a fit?"

Lady Bassett hesitated.

"What did he say to Sir Charles?"

"He did not speak to him. His child and nurse were there, and he called out loud, for Sir Charles to hear, and told the nurse to hold up his child to look at his inheritance."

"Malicious fool! But did this enrage Sir Charles so much as to give him a fit?"

"Yes."

"He must be very sensitive."

"On that subject."

Mr. Rolfe was silent; and now, for the first time, appeared to think intently.

His study bore fruit, apparently; for he turned to Lady Bassett and said, suddenly, "What is the strangest thing Sir Charles has said of late—the very strangest?"

Lady Bassett turned red, and then pale, and made no reply.

Mr. Rolfe rose and walked up to Mary Wells.

"What is the maddest thing your master has ever said?"

Mary Wells, instead of replying, looked at her mistress.

The writer instantly put his great body between them. "Come, none of that," said he. "I don't want a falsehood—I want the truth."

"La, Sir, I don't know. My master he is not mad, I'm sure. The queerest thing he ever said was—he did say at one time 'twas writ on his face as he had no children."

"Ah! And that is why he would not go abroad, perhaps."

"That was one reason, Sir, I do suppose."

Mr. Rolfe put his hands behind his back, and walked thoughtfully and rather disconsolately back to his seat.

"Humph!" said he. Then, after a pause, "Well, well; I know the worst now; that is one comfort. Lady Bassett, you really must be candid with me. Consider: good advice is like a tight glove; it fits the circumstances, and it does not fit other circumstances. No man advises so badly on a false and partial statement as I do, for the very reason that my advice is a close fit. Even now I can't understand Sir Charles's despair of having children of his own."

The writer then turned his looks on the two women, with an entire absence of expression: the sense of his eyes was turned inward, though the orbs were directed toward his visitors.

With this lack-lustre gaze, and in the tone of thoughtful soliloquy, he said, "Has Sir Charles Bassett no eyes? and are there women so furtive, so secret, or so bashful, they do not tell their husbands?"

Lady Bassett turned with a scared look to Mary Wells, and that young woman showed her usual readiness. She actually came to Mr. Rolfe and half whispered to him, "If you please, Sir, gentlemen *are* blind, and my lady she is very bashful; but Sir Charles knows it now; he have known it a good while; and it was a great comfort to him: he was getting better, Sir, when the villains took him—ever so much better."

This solution silenced Mr. Rolfe, though it did not quite satisfy him. He fastened on Mary Wells's last statement. "Now tell me: between the day when those two doctors got into his apartment and the day of his capture, how long?"

"About a fortnight."

"And in that particular fortnight was there a marked improvement?"

"La, yes, Sir; was there not, my lady?"

"Indeed there was, Sir. He was beginning to take walks with me in the garden, and rides in an open carriage. He was getting better every day; and oh! Sir, that is what breaks my heart: I was curing my darling so fast, and now they will do all they can to destroy him. Their not letting his wife see him terrifies me."

"I think I can explain that. Now tell me—what time do you expect—a certain event?"

Lady Bassett blushed, and cast a hasty glance at the speaker; but he had a piece of paper before him, and was preparing to take down her reply, with the innocent face of a man who had asked a simple and necessary question in the way of business.

Then Lady Bassett looked at Mary Wells, and this look Mr. Rolfe surprised, because he himself looked up to see why the lady hesitated.

After an expressive glance between the mistress and maid, the lady said, almost inaudibly, "More than three months;" and then she blushed all over.

Mr. Rolfe looked at the two women a moment, and seemed a little puzzled at their telegraphing each other on such a subject; but he coolly noted down Lady Bassett's reply on a card about the size of a foolscap sheet, and then set himself to write on the same card the other facts he had elicited.

While he was doing this very slowly, with great care and pains, the lady was eying him like a zoologist studying some new animal. The simplicity and straightforwardness of his last question won by degrees upon her judgment, and reconciled her to her Inquisitor, the more so as he was quiet but intense, and his whole soul in her case. She began to respect his simple straightforwardness, his civility without a grain of gallantry, and his caution in eliciting all the facts before he would advise.

After he had written down his synopsis, looking all the time as if his life depended on its correctness, he leaned back, and his ordinary but mobile countenance was transfigured into geniality.

"Come," said he, "grandmamma has pestered you with questions enough; now you retort—ask me any thing—speak your mind: these things should be attacked in every form, and sifted with every sieve."

Lady Bassett hesitated a moment, but at last responded to this invitation. "Sir, one thing that discourages me cruelly—my solicitor seems so inferior to Mr. Bassett's. He can think of nothing but objections; and so he does nothing, and lets us be trampled on: it is his being unable to cope with Mr. Bassett's solicitor, Mr. Wheeler, that has led me in my deep distress to trouble you, whom I had not the honor of knowing."

"I understand your ladyship perfectly. Mr. Oldfield is a respectable solicitor, and Wheeler is a sharp country practitioner; and—to use my favorite Americanism—you feel like fighting with a blunt knife against a sharp one."

"That is my feeling, Sir, and it drives me almost wild sometimes."

"For your comfort, then, in my earlier litigations—I have had sixteen lawsuits for myself and other oppressed people—I had often that very impression; but the result always corrected it. Legal battles are like other battles: first you have a skirmish or two, and then a great battle in court. Now sharp attorneys are very apt to win the skirmish and lose the battle. I see a gentleman of this stamp in Mr. Wheeler, and you need not fear him much. Of course an antagonist is never to be despised; but I would rather have Wheeler against you than Oldfield. An honest man like Oldfield blunders into wisdom, the Lord knows how. Your Wheelers seldom get beyond cunning; and cunning does not see far enough to cope with men of real sagacity and forethought in matters so complicated as this. Oldfield, acting for Bassett, would have pushed rapidly on to an examination by the court. You would have evaded it, and put yourself in the wrong; and the inquiry, well urged, might have been adverse to Sir Charles. Wheeler has taken a more cunning and violent course—it strikes more terror, does more immediate harm; but what does it lead to? Very little; and it disarms them of their sharpest weapon, the immediate inquiry; for we could now delay and greatly prejudice an inquiry on the very ground of the outrage and unnecessary violence; and could demand time to get the patient as well as he was before the outrage. And, indeed, the court is very jealous of those who begin by going to a judge, and then alter their minds, and try to dispose of the case themselves. And to make matters worse, here they do it by straining an Act of Parliament opposed to equity."

"I wish it may prove so, Sir; but, meantime, Mr. Wheeler is active, Mr. Oldfield is passive. He has not an idea. He is a mere negative."

"Ah, that is because he is out of his groove. A smattering of law is not enough here. It wants a smattering of human nature too."

"Then, Sir, would you advise me to part with Mr. Oldfield?"

"No. Why make an enemy? Besides, he is the vehicle of communication with the other side. You must simply ignore him for a time."

"But is there nothing I can *do*, Sir? for it is this cruel inactivity that kills me. Pray advise me—you know all now."

Mr. Rolfe, thus challenged, begged for a moment's delay.

"Let us be silent a minute," said he, "and think hard."

And, to judge by his face, he did think with great intensity.

"Lady Bassett," said he, very gravely, "I assume that every fact you and Mr. Angelo have laid before me is true, and no vital part is kept back. Well, then, your present course is—Delay. Not the weak delay of those who procrastinate what can not be avoided; but the wise delay of a general who can bring up overpowering forces, only give him time. Understand me, there is more than one game on the cards; but I prefer the surest. We could begin fighting openly to-morrow; but that would be risking too much for too little. The law's delay, the insolence of office, the up-hill and thorny way, would hurt Sir Charles's mind at present. The apathy, the cruelty, the trickery, the routine, the hot and cold fits of hope and fear, would poison your blood, and perhaps lose Sir Charles the heir he pines for. Besides, if we give battle to-day we fight the heir at law; but in three or four months we may have him on our side, and trustees appointed by you. By that time, too, Sir Charles will have got over that abominable capture, and be better than he was a week ago, constantly soothed and consoled—as he will be—by the hope

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of offspring. When the right time comes, that moment we strike, and with a sledge-hammer. No letters to the commissioners then, no petitioning chancery to send a jury into the asylum, stronghold of prejudice. I will cut your husband in two. Don't be alarmed. I will merely give him, with your help, an *alter ego*, who shall effect his liberation and ruin Richard Bassett—ruin him in damages and costs, and drive him out of the country, perhaps. Meantime you are not to be a lay figure, or a mere negative."

"Oh, Sir, I am so glad of that!"

"Far from that: you will act defensively. Mr. Bassett has one chance; you must be the person to extinguish it. Injudicious treatment in the asylum might retard Sir Charles's cure; their leeches and their sedatives, administered by sucking apothecaries, who reason *a priori*, instead of watching the effect of these things on the patient, might seriously injure your husband, for his disorder is connected with a weak circulation of blood in the vessels of the brain. We must therefore guard against that at once. To work, then. Who keeps this famous asylum?"

"Dr. Suaby."

"Suaby? I know that name. He has been here, I think. I must look in my Index rerum et hominum. Suaby? Not down. Try Asyla. —Asyla; 'Suaby: see letter-book for the year —, p. 368.' An old letter-book. I must go elsewhere for that."

He went out, and after some time returned with a folio letter-book.

"Here are two letters to me from Dr. Suaby, detailing his system and inviting me to spend a week at his asylum. Come, come; Sir Charles is with a man who does not fear inspection; for at this date I was bitter against private asylums —rather indiscriminately so, I fear. Stay! he visited me; I thought so. Here's a description of him: 'A pale, thoughtful man, with a remarkably mild eye: is against restraint of lunatics, and against all punishment of them—Quixotically so. Being cross-examined, declares that if a patient gave him a black eye he would not let a keeper handle him roughly, being irresponsible.' No more would I, if I could give him a gook licking myself. Please study these two letters closely; you may get a clew how to deal with the amiable writer in person."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Rolfe," said Lady Bassett, flushing all over. She was so transported at having something to do. She quietly devoured the letters, and after she had read them said a load of fears was now taken off her mind.

Mr. Rolfe shook his head. "You must not rely on Dr. Suaby too much. In a prison or an asylum each functionary is important in exact proportion to his nominal insignificance; and why? Because the greater his nominal unimportance the more he comes in actual contact with the patient. The theoretical scale runs thus: 1st. The presiding physician. 2d. The medical subordinates. 3d. The keepers and nurses. The practical scale runs thus: 1st. The keepers and nurses. 2d. The medical attendants. 3d. The presiding physician."

"I am glad to hear you say so, Sir; for when I went to the asylum, and the medical attendant, Mr. Salter, would not let me see my husband, I gave his keeper and the nurse a little money to be kind to him in his confinement."

"You did! Yet you come here for advice? This is the way: a man discourses and argues, and by profound reasoning—that is, by what he thinks profound, and it isn't—arrives at the right thing; and lo! a woman, with her understanding heart and her hard, good sense, goes and does that wise thing humbly, without a word. SUBSUM CORDA!—*Cheer up, loving heart!*" shouted he, like the roar of a lion in ecstasies; "you have done a master-stroke—without Oldfield, or Rolfe, or any other man."

Lady Bassett clasped her hands with joy, and some electric fire seemed to run through her veins; for she was all sensibilities, and this sudden triumphant roaring out of strong words was quite new to her, and carried her away.

"Well," said this eccentric personage, cooling quite as suddenly as he had fired, "the only improvement I can suggest is, be a little more precise at your next visit. Promise his keepers twenty guineas apiece the day Sir Charles is *cured;* and promise them ten guineas apiece not to administer one drop of medicine for the next two months; and, of course, no leech nor blister. The cursed sedatives they believe in are destruction to Sir Charles Bassett. His circulation must not be made too slow one day, and too fast the next, which is the effect of a sedative, but made regular by exercise and nourishing food. So, then, you will square the keepers by their cupidity; the doctor is on the right side *per se.* Shall we rely on these two, and ignore the medical attendants? No; why throw a chance away? What is the key to these medical attendants? Hum! Try flunkyism. I have great faith in British flunkyism. Pay your next visit with four horses, two outriders, and blazing liveries. Don't dress in perfect taste like *that;* go in finer clothes than you ever wore in the morning, or ought to wear, except at a wedding; go not as a petitioner, but as a queen; and dazzle snobs; the which being dazzled, then tickle their vanity: don't speak of Sir Charles as an injured man, nor as a man unsound in mind, but a gentleman who is rather ill; 'but *now*, gentlemen, I feel your remarkable skill will soon set him right.' Your husband runs that one risk; make him safe; a few smiles and a little flattery will do it; and if not, why, fight with all a woman's weapons. Don't be too nice Eve must all hold a candle to the devil once in our lives. A wife's love sanctifies a woman's arts in fighting with a villain and disarming donkeys."

"Oh, I wish I was there now!"

"You are excited, madam," said he, severely. "That is out of place—in a deliberative assembly."

"No, no; only I want to be there, doing all this for my dear husband."

"You are very excited; and it is my fault. You must be hungry too; you have come a journey. There will be a reaction, and then you will be hysterical. Your temperament is of that kind."

He rang a bell and ordered his maid-servant to bring some beef-wafers and a pint of dry Champagne.

Lady Bassett remonstrated, but he told her to be quiet; "for," said he, "I have a smattering of medicine, as well as of law and of human nature. Sir Charles must correspond with you. Probably he has already written you six letters complaining of this monstrous act—a sane man incarcerated. Well, that class of letter goes into a letter-box in the hall of an asylum, but it never reaches its address. Please take a pen and write a formula." He dictated as follows:

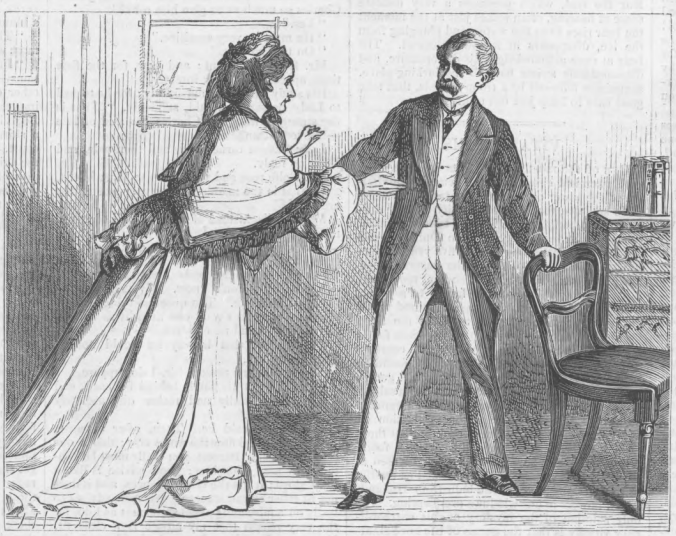
"MY DEAR LOVE,—*The trifling illness I had when I came here is beginning to give way to the skill and attention of the medical gentlemen here. They are all most kind and attentive: the place, as it is conducted, is a credit to the country.*"

Lady Bassett's eyes sparkled. "Oh, Mr. Rolfe, is not this rather artful?"

"And is it not artful to put up a letter-box, encourage the writing of letters, and then open them, and suppress whatever is disagreeable? May every man who opens another man's letter find that letter a trap. Here comes your medicine. You never drink Champagne in the middle of the day, of course?"

"Oh no."

"Then it will be all the better medicine."



"SIR CHARLES STOOD IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROOM."

He made both mistress and maid eat the thin slices of beef and drink a glass of Champagne.

While they were thus fortifying themselves he wrote his address on some stamped envelopes, and gave them to Lady Bassett, and told her she had better write to him at once if any thing occurred. "You must also write to me if you really can not get to see your husband. Then I will come down myself, with the public press at my back. But I am sure that will not be necessary in Dr. Suaby's asylum. He is a better Christian than I am, confound him for it! You went too soon; your husband had been agitated by the capture; Suaby was away; Salter had probably applied what he imagined to be soothing remedies, leeches—a blister—morphia. Result, the patient was so much worse than he was before they touched him that Salter was ashamed to let you see him. Having really excited him, instead of soothing him, Sawbones Salter had to pretend that *you* would excite him. As if creation contained any mineral, drug simple, leech, Spanish fly, gadfly, or shower-bath, so soothing as a loving wife is to a man in affliction. New reading of an old song:

'If the heart of a man is oppressed with cares,
It makes him much worse when a woman appears.'

Go to-morrow; you will see him. He will be worse than he was; but not much. Somebody will have told him that his wife put him in there—"

"Oh! oh!"

"And he won't have believed it. His father was a Bassett; his mother a Le Compton; his great-great-great-grandmother was a Rolfe: there is no cur's blood in him. After the first shock he will have found the spirit and dignity of a gentleman to sustain adversity: these men of fashion are like that; they are better steel than women—and writers."

When he had said this he indicated by his manner that he thought he had exhausted the subject, and himself.

Lady Bassett rose and said, "Then, Sir, I will take my leave; and oh! I am sorry I have not your eloquent pen or your eloquent tongue to thank you. You have interested yourself in a stranger—you have brought the power of a great mind to bear on our distress. I came here a widow—now I feel a wife again. Your good words have warmed my very heart. I can only pray God to bless you, Sir."

"Pray say no more, madam," said Mr. Rolfe, hastily. "A gentleman can not be always writing lies; an hour or two given to truth and justice is a wholesome diversion. At all events, don't thank me till my advice has proved worth it."

He rang the bell; the servant came, and showed the way to the street door. Mr. Rolfe followed them to the passage only, whence he bowed ceremoniously once more to Lady Bassett as she went out.

As she passed into the street she heard a fearful clatter. It was her counselor tearing back to his interrupted novel like a distracted bullock.

"Well, I don't think much of *he*," said Mary Wells.

Lady Bassett was mute to that, and all the journey home very absorbed and taciturn, impregnated with ideas she could not have invented, but was more able to execute than the inventor. She was absorbed in digesting Rolfe's every word, and fixing his map in her mind, and filling in details to his outline; so small-talk stung her: she gave her companion very short answers, especially when she disparaged Mr. Rolfe.

"You couldn't get in a word edgeways," said Mary Wells.

"I went to hear wisdom, and not to chatter."

"He doesn't think small beer of hisself, anyhow."

"How *can* he, and see other men?"

"Well, I don't think much of him, for my part."

"I dare say the Queen of Sheba's lady's-maid thought Solomon a silly thing."

"I don't know; that was afore my time" (rather pertly).

"Of course it was, or you couldn't imitate her."

On reaching home she ordered a light dinner up stairs, and sent directions to the coachman and grooms.

At nine next morning the four-in-hand came round, and they started for the asylum—coachman and two more in brave liveries; two outriders.

Twenty miles from Huntercombe they changed the wheelers, two fresh horses having been sent on at night.

They drove in at the lodge-gate of Bellevue House, which was left ostentatiously open, and soon drew up at the hall door, and set many a pale face peeping from the upper windows.

The door opened; the respectable servant came out with a respectful air.

"Is Mr. Salter at home, Sir?"

"No, madam. Mr. Coyne is in charge to-day."

Lady Bassett was glad to hear that, and asked if she might be allowed to see Mr. Coyne.

"Certainly, madam. I'll tell him at once," was the reply.

Determined to enter the place, Lady Bassett requested her people to open the carriage door, and she was in the act of getting out when Mr. Coyne appeared, a little oily, bustling man, with a good-humored, vulgar face, liable to a subservient pucker; he wore it directly at sight of a fine woman, fine clothes, fine footmen, and fine horses.

"Mr. Coyne, I believe," said Lady Bassett, with a fascinating smile.

"At your service, madam."

"May I have a word in private with you, Sir?"

"Certainly, madam."

"We have come a long way. May the horses be fed?"

"I am afraid," said the little man apologetically, "I must ask you to send them to the inn. It is close by."

"By all means." (To one of the outriders:) "You will wait here for orders."

Mary Wells had been already instructed to wait in the hall and look out sharp for Sir Charles's keeper and nurse, and tell them her ladyship wanted to speak to them privately, and it would be money in their way.

Lady Bassett, closeted with Mr. Coyne, began first to congratulate herself. "Mr. Bassett," said she, "is no friend of mine, but he has done me a kindness in sending Sir Charles here, when he might have sent him to some place where he might have been made worse instead of better. Here, I conclude, gentlemen of your ability will soon cure his trifling disorder, will you not?"

"I have good hopes, your ladyship; he is better to-day."

"Now I dare say you could tell me to a month when he will be cured."

"Oh, your ladyship exaggerates my skill too much."

"Three months?"

"That is a short time to give us; but your ladyship may rely on it we will do our best."

"Will you? Then I have no fear of the result. Oh, by-the-bye, Dr. Willis wanted me to take a message to you, Mr. Coyne. He knows you by reputation."

"Indeed! Really I was not aware that my humble—"

"Then you are better known than you in your modesty supposed. Let me see: what was the message? Oh, it was a peculiarity in Sir Charles he wished you to know. Dr. Willis has attended him from a boy, and he wished me to tell you that morphia and other sedatives have some very bad effects on him. I told Dr. Willis you would probably find that and every thing else out without a hint from him or any one else."

"Yes; but I will make a note of it, for all that."

"That is very kind of you. It will flatter the doctor, the more so as he has so high an opinion of you. But now, Mr. Coyne, I suppose if I am very good, and promise to soothe him, and not excite him, I may see my husband to-day?"

"Certainly, madam. You have an order from the person who—"

"I forgot to bring it with me. I relied on your humanity."

"That is unfortunate. I am afraid I must not—" He hesitated, looked very uncomfortable, and said he would consult Mr. Appleton; then, suddenly puckering his face into obsequiousness, "Would your ladyship like to inspect some of our arrangements for the comfort of our patients?"

Lady Bassett would have declined the proposal but for the singular play of countenance; she was herself all eye and mind, so she said, gravely, "I shall be very happy, Sir."

Mr. Coyne then led the way, and showed her a large sitting-room, where some ladies were seated at different occupations and amusements: they kept more apart from each other than ladies do in general; but this was the only sign a far more experienced observer than Lady Bassett could have discovered, the nurses having sprung from authoritative into unobtrusive positions at the sound of Mr. Coyne's footstep outside.

"What!" said Lady Bassett, "are all these ladies—" She hesitated.

"Every one," said Mr. Coyne; "and some incurably."

"Oh, please let us retire; I have no right to gratify my curiosity. Poor things! they don't seem unhappy."

"Unhappy!" said Mr. Coyne. "We don't allow unhappiness here; our doctor is too fond of them; he is always contriving something to please them."

At this moment Lady Bassett looked up and saw a woman watching her over the rail of a corridor on the first-floor. She recognized the face directly. The woman made her a rapid signal, and then disappeared into one of the rooms.

"Would there be any objection to our going up stairs, Mr. Coyne?" said Lady Bassett, with a calm voice and a heart thumping violently.

"Oh, none whatever. I'll conduct you; but then, I am afraid, I must leave you for a time."

He showed her up stairs, blew a whistle, handed her over to an attendant, and bowed and smiled himself away grotesquely.

Jones was the very keeper she had feed last visit. She flushed with joy at sight of bull-necked, burly Jones. "Oh, Mr. Jones!" said she, putting her hands together with a look that might have melted a hangman.

Jones winked, and watched Mr. Coyne out of sight.

"I have seen your ladyship's maid," said Jones, confidentially. "It is all right. Mr. Coyne have got the blinkers on. Only pass me your word not to excite him."

"Oh no, Sir, I will soothe him." And she trembled all over.

"Sally!" cried Jones.

The nurse came out of a room and held the door ajar; she whispered, "I have prepared him, madam; he is all right."

Lady Bassett, by a great effort, kept her feet from rushing, her heart from crying out with joy, and she entered the room. Sally closed the door like a shot, with a delicacy one would hardly have given her credit for, to judge from appearances.

Sir Charles stood in the middle of the room, beaming to receive her, but restraining himself. They met: he held her to his heart; she wept for joy and grief upon his neck. Neither spoke for a long time.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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THE GLORIOUS FOURTH—SENDING UP THE FIRE BALLOON.—[SEE PAGE 627.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1871.

HARPER'S WEEKLY contains ONE-THIRD more reading matter, a larger number of Illustrations, and is conspicuously better Edited and Printed than any other Illustrated Newspaper. Its circulation is more than DOUBLE that of any similar publication.

☞ *In the* SUPPLEMENT *that accompanies this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *our readers are presented with a splendid*

Bird's-Eye View of Boston and Vicinity;

a fine picture by LUMLEY, *illustrating* SUMMER AMUSEMENTS IN THE PARKS FOR CHILDREN; *and other artistic and literary features of interest.*

THE CONSTITUTION AND ITS FRIENDS.

A DEMOCRATIC journal recently charges the Republican party with the destruction of "the grand old Constitution which housed our liberties," and asserts that it is the mission of the Democratic party to re-establish "the whole solid structure of our government." And although the cry that the opposite party is intent upon the subversion of the Constitution is as old as constitutional government, there are possibly those who vaguely suppose that the Democratic party in this country has a higher respect for the Constitution than the Republican. When this declaration is made as a reason for supporting the return of that party to power it is useful to consider whether its history authorizes the expectation that the spirit and purpose of the Constitution will be more respected by it than by the dominant party.

The Democratic party was virtually supreme in the national government until the election of Mr. LINCOLN. Its composition is unchanged. Those who were active Democrats in 1860 are active Democrats still. The party is to be regarded, therefore, as a unit; and when we speak of the Democratic party to-day we mean those who compose the political organization which was defeated in 1860, which called for surrender to the rebellion in 1864, which pronounced for repudiation and denounced the constitutional amendments in 1868, and which, in 1871, is trying to change front, to denounce its own denunciations, and repudiate its repudiations.

If, then, "the grand old Constitution"—the home of liberty—has been invaded, which is guilty, the Republican or the Democratic party? Probably the constitutionality of Mr. LINCOLN'S election will not be questioned. The platform of his party contained nothing more offensive than the assertion of the rights of man as contained in the Declaration of Independence, and that of the authority of the United States over the Territories. Upon Mr. LINCOLN'S election the most influential of the Democratic chiefs in the Southern States pronounced for secession, and led State after State to declare it. They were not seriously opposed by the Democratic party in the Northern States. The Tweddle Hall Convention in New York was an illustration of the attitude of the party. It virtually held the Republicans responsible for secession; and the chief speaker at that Democratic Convention in 1861, before the war began, was the Democratic candidate for the Presidency in 1868, three years after the war was over.

Now the Democratic movement of secession at the South, and the Democratic palliation of it at the North, were the natural results of the Democratic theory of the government. They were the fruit of the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions of 1798, which asserted a virtual State independence at pleasure; which were, indeed, purposely obscure, but which, under the name of State sovereignty, had become the staple Democratic tradition. This Democratic doctrine, practically asserted in secession, was in substance that "the grand old Constitution" was a bond of partnership terminable at the pleasure of any partner. It was the declaration that the house of our liberties was a pile of stones without mortar, and that if any body tried to push it over there was no remedy. The logical Democratic theory of "the grand old Constitution" that "housed our liberties" was that it was a dissolving league—a rope of sand. This was the practical declaration of the Southern Democracy. It was denied by some Northern Democrats, but not by the Democratic party; and, with the exceptions mentioned, the whole weight of Democratic sympathy was, and naturally, with the attempt utterly to destroy "the grand old Constitution."

This Democratic attempt upon the Constitution and the Union, of which it was the bond, was for what purpose? Was it a last terrible remedy against intolerable oppression? Was it to save the liberties "housed" in it? Was it a heroic stroke for humanity, civilization, and freedom? None of these. Its object was the perpetuity of the most revolting system of slavery in history. Its purpose was to destroy in the breasts of four millions of unhappy men and women the least spark of hope of recovering the common rights of humanity. It aimed to imbrute these four millions of human beings and their posterity forever. The Democratic blow at "the grand old Constitution" was prompted by the fact that it was not an unquestionable tyranny; that it did house some faint hope of ultimate liberty for all; that it might somehow, at some time, however far remote, destroy the auction block upon which helpless men, women, and children were sold like cattle. It was because of this promise and possible hope of freedom to the most cruelly oppressed that the Democratic party, actively at the South and passively at the North, assaulted "the grand old Constitution," and by shot and shell in one part of the country, and by sneers, quibbles, falsehoods, and riots in another part, vainly sought the destruction of those who defended the sacred house of our liberties.

It is this party, unchanged, and reluctantly trying to express an acquiescence which it thinks can be no longer resisted—this party which furnished the philosophy, the justification, the palliation, the soldiers, and the sympathizers with the ferocious effort to destroy the Constitution of the United States in order to perpetuate human slavery—which now pretends to talk in tawdry rhetoric about re-establishing "the grand old Constitution which housed our liberties." The party which had no word to utter against the unspeakable crimes of slavery; which saw with serenity the hand of slavery stretched out to compel the State of New York to hunt and seize for it its human victims; which furnished the political pretense for attacking the Union; which demanded that the Union should yield to the assault; which insisted that the victorious government should be dishonored; which debauched and degraded this nation for a generation, and made its name a reproach to liberty and humanity, is now perplexed with constitutional scruples about preventing the hunting and hounding of innocent colored citizens, whom it wished to keep slaves, and announces that its restoration to power is essential to the re-establishment of "the grand old Constitution that housed our liberties."

The people of the United States who have been actors in the events of the last ten years know very well who attacked the Constitution and who defended it, who fought for liberty and who fought for slavery, who emancipated the slaves and who resisted emancipation as not justified by "the grand old Constitution that housed our liberties." They know also that the parties are unchanged; that liberty and its defense and organization are the traditions and the practice of the Republican party; that slavery and its protection and State sovereignty, the source of all our sorrow, are the traditions and the practice of the Democratic party. They know that a fine profession does not change the force of conviction and long habit, and that a new departure of an old sinner is only to fresh offenses. They know that the most powerful and representative organization of this party, which, having failed in destroying the house of our liberties, now proposes to protect it, is the Tammany organization in New York; and they naturally ask whether liberty would be securer, the laws wiser, the administration honester, the Constitution more respected, with a party of whose character and methods Tammany Hall is the perpetual illustration, and whose success is fervently desired by every enemy of the Union and the Constitution.

THE OHIO REPUBLICANS.

THE proceedings of the Republican State Convention in the great representative Republican State of Ohio show that the party does not cling to issues that are settled, while it regards the acts and antecedents of its adversaries much more than their professions. The Convention pointed proudly to the achievements of the present Republican administration, and was evidently of opinion that the prospect of necessary reforms is much more promising within the Republican organization than within that which has steadily resisted all reform, all progress, and which, by adhering tenaciously to the most loathsome of abuses, plunged the country into war. All the cardinal Republican principles and the great measures of Republican policy are heartily approved in the platform; the fidelity, honesty, and economy of the Administration are extolled; its action in regard to a reform of the civil service is expressly praised; the granting of spoils subsidies is denounced; the duty of adjusting the tariff so as to promote the interests of every section and industry is declared; and after adopting this admirable platform unanimously the Convention nominated for Governor by acclamation a young Republican who came out of the war upon crutches.

There was a tone of confidence and pride in the resolutions and in the action of the Convention which showed a body of intelligent men conscious of honorable performance in the past and of the most patriotic purpose in the future. There was no apologizing, quibbling, or protesting. The words of men whose acts have been consistent and honorable explain themselves. And it is impossible to read the report of the Convention without feeling that it represented the policy and the principles which are sincerely and enthusiastically approved by the immense majority of intelligent American citizens. General NOYES, who was nominated for Governor, is a representative young Republican. He is thirty-nine years old, and his politics are, therefore, those of the true Republican epoch. He is in sympathy with the best and most progressive spirit of the party, and his triumphant election, of which there is no reasonable doubt, will show how thoroughly alive and vigorous are the principles that slew slavery and made the Union the guarantee of liberty.

THE NORTHERN AND SOUTHERN DEMOCRACY.

THE fact that Mr. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS has become the editor of the Atlanta *Sun*, and distinctly repudiates the new departure of his party, is but another illustration of the serious division of that party. Mr. STEPHENS is a Democrat who has proved his Democracy by his conspicuous fidelity to the rebellion. He is a Democrat whose Democracy is not questioned. He is a Democrat who announces that he stands upon the national platform of his party promulgated only three years ago. He is also by general consent a politician of experience and ability. He is unquestionably a more powerful and acknowledged Democratic leader than any who has yet declared for the new departure. He can not be contemptuously silenced by a sneer of "a burned-out rocket." And when he returns to the political field and states his position distinctly, he may not represent a majority of the votes of his party, but he does represent its traditional principles and policy, and the latest and most authoritative declaration of them; and it may fairly be supposed that he represents also the real convictions of his party in his own section of the country. Mr. STEPHENS denies that the recent amendments to the Constitution are valid, and, recalling their denunciation as usurpations by the Democratic Convention of 1868, he adds, "No people devoted to constitutional law need ever expect to secure a rectification of admitted usurpations of power by accepting them as accomplished facts, and granting in advance a complete absolution to the perpetrators of them."

When, therefore, the New York *World*, in the face of such a declaration by one of the most conspicuous, and certainly the ablest, of Southern Democrats, says that Northern Democrats deny, as they have always denied, the right of secession, and "Southern Democrats accept the situation," its remark needs only fidelity to the fact to be effective. If, as probably many of its own party would seriously question, the *World* may assume to speak for Northern Democrats, there is no question that Mr. STEPHENS may speak for the Southern. And when he, and JEFFERSON DAVIS, and the Mobile *Register*, and other acknowledged Southern Democratic leaders and organs declare emphatically that they do not accept the situation, it is in vain that the *World* declares that they do.

And the Northern Democratic acceptance of the situation in the new departure is very well defined by Senator SHERMAN in his speech at the Ohio Convention. It admits the amendments, but opposes the laws for their enforcement. It is the counterpart of the Democratic acquiescence in the war, with opposition to the measures necessary to carry it on. So that the exact Democratic situation is this: some of the Northern Democrats profess acquiescence in the amendments, and immediately proceed to qualifications and explanations which leave every thing in doubt; while the chief Southern Democrats declare that they cling to the last national platform of their party, and regard the amendments as usurpations, and void. These are the opinions, distinct upon one side, obscure and suspicious upon the other, which will divide the Democratic National Convention as they did the Democratic State Convention in Ohio. And as the party placed General M'CLELLAN upon their surrender Chicago platform in 1864, and Mr. SEYMOUR, who had professed hostility to repudiation upon their repudiating platform in 1868, and General M'COOK, who virtually spurned the amendments, upon the new-departure platform in Ohio, so, following the ardor of a Frenchman those who have consame practice, the Convention of 1872 will probably pronounce vaguely for acquiescence, and then nominate a candidate who does not acquiesce.

The important fact for all American citizens who are looking for stability and release from the questions which the war virtually settled is that the Democratic party is still torn by a desire to cling to the old issues as all that remains of their traditional policy. While some Northern organs and conventions vociferously shout that all is settled, Southern organs, quite as authoritative, contemptuously retort that nothing is settled. Is this a party to command the confidence and support of honest men, who are resolved that, as slavery is abolished, all taint of slavery in laws and customs shall also disappear? and that, as the political excuse of the rebellion was the doctrine of State sovereignty, the sovereignty of States to defeat the national will shall be as effectually abolished as slavery?

CLERICAL COMMON-SENSE.

BISHOP CLARK, of Rhode Island, a man of great practical sagacity as well as of recognized ability, recently urged upon the Episcopal Convention of his State provision by the churches of life-insurance for their rectors. This suggestion of the Episcopal prelate is worthy of the most general consideration and practical application. There is, certainly, no body of laborers in society of whom more is expected for less wages than the mass of Protestant clergymen. And the misfortune of their position is that while they must necessarily spend all that they receive, they are liable at any moment to find themselves unemployed, with diminished chances of occupation. It is one of the practical evils of the voluntary system, especially among sects which have no large relief endowments; and the plan suggested by Bishop CLARK is good for two reasons—first that it secures the family of a faithful pastor from actual poverty at his death, and then that it tends to make the pastoral relation more permanent.

There is, indeed, a vague theory that clergymen should be superior to pecuniary motives; and there is a very stale sarcasm about "loud calls," the loudness being determined by the amount of the salary. Every body else, from a miner to a railway president, may properly consider his advantage and convenience in accepting or declining offers of employment; but a clergyman is sordid, and is trying to squeeze, camel-like, through a needle's eye, if he reflects upon the comfort of his family or his own taste in deciding between various calls. But to such insinuations he may always urge one conclusive answer—namely, that the spiritual consideration is always the same; for whether it is a rich city society that will pay him eight or ten thousand a year, or a poor country parish that offers him six hundred, they are all miserable sinners, and equally in need of hearing the Gospel preached of charity and good-will. A man who will sell his home and the sacred hearth of his children if he can get a thousand dollars more than he gave for it thinks his minister dreadfully worldly if he tries to relieve the cruel pinching of his poverty by gladly accepting an additional five hundred a year.

When the celibacy of the clergy was abolished by the good sense of Christendom the minister was acknowledged as a man subject to the ordinary conditions of human life. But there is still a very general disposition to regard him as especially released from those conditions. Bread and meat and clothing have for the rest of mankind a very positive price. Butchers and bakers and tailors, in their turn, have also to pay appreciable prices for what they want. They can not conveniently put joints and loaves and coats in the plate for the minister, and it is not entirely clear that they would even if they could. So long, then, as we insist that the minister shall subsist as a man, and as a well-dressed, well-bred, educated, family man, let us abolish, as effectually as his celibacy has been abolished, the nonsense about his "sacred profession" as an excuse for starving him. This is the practical point of Bishop CLARK'S suggestion, and every intelligent man will say amen.

LETTER FROM LABOULAYE.

DURING the sorrows of this country EDOUARD LABOULAYE and the Count DE GASPARIN were our most faithful and intelligent friends in France; and now, in the midst of the tragedy of their own country, GASPARIN has died, and LABOULAYE mournfully turns to the hard duty of restoring civil order. The following letter from him to a friend in New York will be read with singular interest and sympathy. He naturally thinks that the war has been wrongly judged in this country, and he denounces with all the

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quered France. He naturally, also, confounds the miscreants who follow every army with the mass who compose it and the nation which it represents. But his words are so sad and sincere, and almost hopeless, that a difference of judgment will not affect the feeling which his letter inspires. It is upon the intelligence and character of such men as he that his country must depend for regeneration. The letter is dated at Versailles early in June.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—Pardon me for not having written to you sooner. We have just passed through trials so cruel that they have taken away all freedom of thought. During the last two months we have experienced every degree of fear and horror; we are scarcely beginning to breathe freely again; and God knows what the future will be. France is far, as yet, from having escaped her ills and formed her government.

"We are attempting at this moment to found a republic. I take part in this effort without having much faith in its success. You will find in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for June 1 an article of mine on the 'Question of Two Chambers,' in which I show how the Americans have successfully solved the problem, and urge my countrymen to imitate your excellent Federal Constitution. But there is so little republican spirit in France—there is such love of pleasure, idleness, and luxury, and so little political sense—that I greatly fear the re-establishment of the empire, or the restoration of the legitimate monarchy. Besides, I understand how the country sighs for repose after so much suffering, and dreads liberty such as has been practiced in France—that is, sterile agitation and factious turmoil.

"The war has been very wrongly judged in the United States, and strange indulgence has been shown there toward the infamous deeds of the Prussians. The truth will make itself felt, I hope, by degrees, and the great number of Germans who live in the States will not suffice to mislead the opinion of enlightened men. The Prussians have robbed, pillaged, and burned every where. It was they who invented incendiarism with petroleum, and who burned the charming little town of St. Cloud even after the armistice. It was they who taught the Communists to set fire to public edifices, and to make hostages of innocent victims. They brought in their train demoralization and terror. As to their private morals, they are shameful. Versailles was the perpetual scene of their debauchery and drunkenness. These braggarts of virtue, who came to chastise France in the name of God, are naught but brigands, despite their gloss of civilization. This war will result not only in unspeakable wretchedness to France, but in complete servitude to Germany, and dishonor to all Europe, which suffered such infamy to be enacted, and tranquilly witnessed the forcible seizure of French provinces which refused the Prussian yoke.

"I have just received very sad news, which will grieve you as well as me—the sudden death of M. DE GASPARIN. I have not heard it confirmed officially, but have been assured that his death is announced by all the Geneva journals. It is a great loss to humanity. America will not forget with what zeal and devotion M. DE GASPARIN supported the right side in the civil war. No one did as much as he to prevent the perversion of public opinion on the Continent, and to rally the sympathies of the free to the support of the good cause. This was no easy task, for nothing had been neglected to mislead public opinion. The character of M. DE GASPARIN, and the great esteem in which his name was held, did much for the Northern cause; and I hope that the United States will give him credit for this. It will be a consolation to his widow and friends.

"Adieu, my dear friend; think of us often in the rude trials through which we are passing. I hoped that I had reached the time of repose, and was preparing to enjoy my old age, when lo! like FRANKLIN of old, I must buckle on the harness anew, and fight for the liberty which the young men abandon. May God give me the strength I need to return to the combat, and may my friends accompany me with their prayers! The horizon is very dark, and we are plunged in the depths of an abyss; but the nation is better than its conquerors, and than the wretches who have burned Paris. I do not despair of its salvation, with the help of God. Ever yours,

"EDOUARD LABOULAYE."

INTERESTING QUESTIONS.

Iowa is another of the States to which Republicans point with satisfaction, and its Republican voice is harmonious with that of Ohio. Upon the same day with their brethren in Ohio the Republicans declared their principles and nominated their candidates, and with the same unanimity. We confess that we fail to perceive either in the votes of Connecticut or the declarations of Ohio and Iowa the paralysis of the party which has been loudly proclaimed. It is difficult for the supporters of a party, of which the ruling principle is to vote for Beelzebub if he is "regularly" nominated, to understand the independent and vigorous criticism which is always observable in the Republican ranks. Such criticism and such independence, however, might be inferred from one or two facts; such, for instance, as the character of the States in which Republican ascendency is virtually unquestioned. Even New York, although now Democratic, is debatable ground, and there is probably little doubt among intelligent persons that with an honest vote New York is Republican today.

Meanwhile the States which are politically unchanging are significant facts. The chief Democratic States are Kentucky, Delaware, Maryland, and perhaps New Jersey. The chief Republican States are Vermont, Massachusetts, Ohio, Iowa, and, in fact, the Northwest. To name them is to illustrate the difference between the character and the tendency of the two parties. As formerly the strength of the Democratic party lay in the Slave States, so now it lies in those which at least are not superior in general intelligence and in all the signs of a high and progressive civilization. So in the State of New York its strength lies in what may be called the worst parts of the towns and cities. Such facts are suggestive. They show that what is called "Democracy" is agreeable to the state of society which is produced by a system of slavery, or to extreme ignorance. Is it because Democracy is identical with intelligence, good order, respect for equal rights, and the general welfare of the community? Is Republicanism constantly in the ascendant in the States we have named because it appeals to class prejudice and hate and passion; because it is hostile to fair play and the equal chance of all men, and because it fosters ignorance and superstition? Is the history of the country under Democratic supremacy that of honest, humane, and just government? If it is, does that party need a "new departure?" Is the same history under Republican control that of constant pandering to inhumanity and ignorance?

These are interesting questions, and suitable for the approaching political season.

THE FEAST OF COLLEGES.

MIDSUMMER, with the annual college commencements, shows us an amiable and admirable rivalry among the schools of the highest class not only to furnish the best education, but to educate freely. If the origin of our college system is monkish and medieval, it is not likely to remain so; for Yankee inquisitiveness and enterprise have entered the quadrangle, and are asking a reason for every ancient form and venerable precedent. This impetus may be traced in large part to the act of Congress of 1862, which granted thirty thousand acres of the public land for each of the Senators and representatives in Congress of every State which might provide colleges for the benefit of agriculture and the mechanic arts. From this timely and noble grant sprang, among other institutions, the Cornell University in this State—a thoroughly and honorably unsectarian school. And the success of one has inspired others. It has stimulated the religious denominations to enlarge their special schools; and on every side there are foundations and gifts and endowments, making glad the heart of the scholar, and of the patriot who comprehends the close relation between a high standard of education and the national welfare and stability.

Meanwhile the election of Mr. ELIOT as President of Harvard, and of Mr. ANGELL as President of the University of Michigan, the two great schools of the East and the West, has but quickened the interest and activity in the whole subject. Princeton receives Dr. M'COSH as its head; and Yale, the ancient and friendly rival of Harvard, losing its honored chief, Dr. WOOLSEY, feels the imperative necessity of pressing forward to save her old laurels and gather new. In the current number of the *College Review*, a monthly periodical full of college information, and edited with intelligence and skill by Mr. WILLIAM L. STONE, there is a paper by Professor DANA, of Yale, upon its position and its necessities. Last year President BARNARD, of Columbia College, made a very interesting and valuable report upon college education in cities; and this year the University of New York shows its resolution to deserve success by a radical reform under Chancellor CROSBY—if he will allow the word radical to be associated with his name.

At the late commencement Mr. W. A. BUTLER addressed the alumni, and announced that henceforth a course of four years of the best instruction in the classical and scientific departments will be offered by the university without money and without price, while the departments of medicine and law will offer instruction not absolutely free, but upon the most reasonable terms. Of course, for such liberal opportunities, money is indispensable. Professor DANA says that Yale must have three-quarters of a million of dollars if she would do what she can and ought to do. And such appeals, large as they are, are found not to exhaust the generous sympathy of those who are either especially or generally interested in particular institutions. There is, indeed, one word of suggestion to be offered to those about to give large sums of money to any college, or to put their names to subscriptions, and that is, not to encumber the gift with conditions. If the college is worth helping, its authorities best know how the help should be applied; and if he gives twice who gives quickly, he also doubles his gift who gives unconditionally.

PERSONAL.

THE departure of Mr. THURLOW WEED for Liverpool recalls an incident in his early career, which he recently mentioned to the writer. Seated, not long since, on the upper deck of an ocean steamer in front of the wheel-house, he remarked that the elderly person at the wheel, and the younger one who was assisting, looked like father and son. "Yes," was the reply of the gentleman to whom he spoke; "doubtless that is old Pons the Pilot, and Pontius his son." Mr. WEED thereupon said: "That reminds me. The first article I ever wrote for a newspaper was on PONTIUS PILATE. In reading the New Testament it had occurred to me that the general notion about PILATE was erroneous; I thought he was a pretty fair man, and in the great trial in which he is on the record as judge, there is no evidence but that he meant to act uprightly. I was then a journeyman printer—this was in 1815—in the office of the Albany *Register*, and wrote an article taking that view. That article was the first I ever wrote for publication."—The recent death of Mr. EDWIN CROSWELL has elicited the fact that on last New-Year's Day a handsome present in money was made to him by several personal friends. The writer of this happens to know that the subscription paper for that purpose was drawn and circulated by Mr. WEED, who headed the list with a large donation (there was none larger), and who called upon most of the gentlemen who subscribed. The amount contributed was nearly nine thousand dollars, of which eight thousand was invested in seven per cent. bonds, and the balance handed over in money for immediate use. It may be mentioned, also, that at the same time a life-long personal and political friend of Mr. CROSWELL added to this amount a private gift of his own of ten thousand dollars. It is as creditable to the modesty of this gentleman as it is to his liberality that he peremptorily refuses to let his name be published in connection with it.

—The *Tribune* states that "THOMAS JEFFERSON and MARTIN VAN BUREN have been the only men in the history of this country who have been Governors of States, holders of first-class foreign missions, heads of cabinets, Vice-Presidents, and Presidents." The *Tribune* might have added that JEFFERSON was a member of that notable Congress that declared the United States to be a nation; and that Mr. VAN BUREN, besides holding the offices held by Mr. JEFFERSON, was appointed Surrogate of Columbia County in 1802, elected State Senator in 1812, appointed Attorney-General in 1815, and elected United States Senator in 1821. No man in the United States has filled so many offices of distinction as MARTIN VAN BUREN.

—Mr. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS has purchased a half interest in the Atlanta *Sun*, and is henceforth to be its political editor. Ordinarily men do not make the best editors who commence the business at sixty years of age, and Mr. S. lacks but a few months of that. He has been in political life since 1836—most of the time (from 1843 to 1860) in Congress. His "Life and Speeches," published in 1867, though displaying a certain degree of ability, can not be said to have made any deep impression on the public mind, or to have had any marked influence in politics. We doubt if Mr. STEPHENS has the health requisite for the stated drudgery of editorial life. According to the newspapers, he has been in a moribund condition since he first entered political life. It used to be stoutly maintained by Washington hackmen and undertakers that he was a fraud, having been expected each year, for years before the close of every Congressional session, and to exist longer was an unfair and tantalizing postponement of their legitimate funeral fees.

—Mr. COLFAX is recuperating. Mrs. COLFAX drives him around the environs of South Bend every evening, which he finds a good thing. The M.D.'s of the bailiwick have decided that S. C. must make no more speeches, nor attend parties, nor write no more letters during the two remaining years of his term. For so young a man (forty-eight) he has had a fine official run, having been continuously in public life during the last one-and-twenty years. He professes a determination to retire from politics at the close of his term, but one can never tell what one will do about those things.

—In the Book Concern case Rev. Dr. CARLTON testified, the report says "very reluctantly," that he was a director in the Shoe and Leather Bank, in the Home Life-Insurance Company, and in an oil company; an alderman in Elizabeth City, trustee of a church in the same place, and trustee of the Genesee College. Judge REYNOLDS proposed to inquire further into his secular pursuits, but CARLTON declined to answer, as he did not want his private affairs "pried into." Nevertheless, doctor, the Methodist public will pry into them. They will ask whether, with such a multiplicity of occupations, you can give the necessary attention to the publishing interests of the Church.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

—Apropos of Mr. G. P. PUTNAM'S clever biographical sketch of WASHINGTON IRVING, published in the *Weekly* of May 27, the following *mot* of IRVING'S, now first published in this country, will be appreciated: In conversation one day with a very clever woman, the merits of a certain American diplomatist being on the *tapis*, Mr. IRVING, alluding to his pomposity, said, "Ah! he is a great man, and, in his own estimation, a very great man—a man of great weight. *When he goes to the West, the East tips up.*"

—The illustrated article on "The Bank of St. George, Genoa," written by O. M. SPENCER, the United States consul at Genoa, and published in the February number of *Harper's Magazine*, has been translated into Italian by Count LOREZ, a literary celebrity of Turin. This paper is pronounced by competent authorities the best account of the bank, within the same compass, that has ever been published in any language.

—A difference of opinion between Bishop WHITEHOUSE and the Rev. Mr. CHENEY as to the use or non-use of a single word in the baptismal service has sent a little flutter of excitement throughout the Episcopal Church. With prelates, as with politicians, times are changes. In 1838, when Dr. WHITEHOUSE was rector of St. Luke's Church, Rochester, New York, the diocese of New York was divided, and the diocese of Western New York organized. Dr. WHITEHOUSE was then known as a Low-Churchman, and became the candidate of that party for bishop of the new diocese. The late JOHN C. SPENCER, Secretary of War and subsequently Secretary of the Treasury in President TYLER'S cabinet, was one of his most strenuous supporters. A majority, however, of the Convention were High-Churchmen (that was before the advent of "ritualism"), and, under the lead of the Rev. Dr. SHELTON, of Buffalo, and Rev. Dr. BOLLES, of Batavia, voted for the late Bishop DE LANCEY, who was elected. Afterward Dr. WHITEHOUSE became rector of St. Thomas's Church, in this city, and so continued until 1851, when he was consecrated Assistant-Bishop of Illinois, and succeeded to the full episcopate on the death of Bishop CHASE, in 1852. For some time after assuming the crosier he affiliated mainly with the Low-Church people. Latterly, whether owing or not to two or three visits to England, and mingling freely with the lord bishops of the Established Church, he has gradually become what is called a tolerably "sound" Churchman, and somewhat of a stickler for authority. He is a pious, polite, polished prelate; but in the CHENEY matter he has made a sacerdotal blunder. CHENEY ditto.

—The Emperor of Brazil, who is coming to New York during the present year, is now in the very flush of manhood, being forty-six years old. From FLETCHER'S "Brazil and the Brazilians," published by HARPER & BROTHERS, we learn that in his veins courses the united blood of the BRAGANZAS, the BOURBONS, and the HAPSBURGS. By marriage he is related to the royal families of England, France, Russia, Spain, and Naples. His father, Dom PEDRO I., was an energetic BRAGANZA, his mother a HAPSBURG, and sister-in-law to NAPOLEON I. His relatives are of every grade from the constitutional monarch to the most absolute ruler. He is constantly in public at Rio, and noted for courteous manners. He writes and speaks fluently English, French, German, Spanish, and Italian; has devoted much time to chemistry, is a good topographical engineer, has a great penchant for philology, and writes with perspicuity and elegance. In 1856 the Hon. LUTHER BRADISH, then President of the New York Historical Society, proposed, and MARSHAL S. BIDWELL, Esq., seconded, the Emperor as an honorary member of the Society; and the Rev. Dr. OSGOOD, at a subsequent meeting, said of him: "Dom PEDRO II., by his character, and by his taste, application, and acquisitions in literature and science, ascends from his mere fortuitous position as Emperor, and takes his place in the world as a *man*."

—Mr. BONNER has a pleasant word for Mr. GREELEY, who, he says, goes up to his farm, "Chappaqua" (or Chop-away), on Fridays, and that on arriving he immediately proceeds to chop. He never foregoes that. Mr. GREELEY is not only very courteous in showing visitors around, but manifests great enjoyment in the scenery, and in pointing out the different sights; but after a while he says to his visitor, "If you will amuse yourself a while now, I guess I'll do a little chopping." Mr. GREELEY has done a good deal with the axe in his day. He has lopped off many useless limbs from the political tree, hewed off any number of decayed and dead branches, tapped numberless "sap-heads," successfully set a goodly number of fruit-bearing grafts, remorselessly hacked down scores of useless old trees, and pulled out of their roots hundreds of old stumps that encumbered the earth and prevented the growth of those public crops for which Mr. G. has so long been laboring on the national farm. "Chappaqua" affords a fine illustration of what can be accomplished by industrious, intelligent farming—and plenty of capital.

—The new governor of the Bank of France, M. PICARD, has been nicely provided for by President THIERS, who was obliged to displace him from the ministry. The salary of that financial magnate is 60,000 francs a year, besides 12,000 francs for expenses, and 15,000 francs in tickets of presence. He has some few other perquisites, which make his total pay about $17,000 per annum, besides which he is lodged in vast and splendid apartments. There have been but ten governors of the Bank of France since its organization in 1806.

—Mr. J. N. CARDOZA, formerly associate editor of the Savannah *Morning News*, and now a regular contributor to the Savannah *Republican*, is probably the oldest editor in the United States, having celebrated his eighty-fifth birthday on the 17th ult. His editorial career was begun in Charleston in 1815, and he writes with as much freshness and force to-day as he did when he first inserted himself in the harness editorial.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE repairing-ship *Scauderia* grappled and connected the ends of the broken cable of 1865 on the 20th of June, and messages are now flashing through the wires as when they were first laid down.

The corner-stone of the new State Capitol was laid at Albany, with impressive Masonic ceremonies, on the 24th of June.

The Committee of Internal Revenue, having caused an examination of the accounts of the ex-collectors, has ascertained that there is due from such the sum of $2,813,105 29, instead of $35,000,000, as was industriously reported by some persons. About $2,000,000 of this amount is due from the Southern States. Suits have been instituted to recover the amounts, with a fair prospect of recovering the greatest part.

The Salt Lake City Methodist camp-meeting is said to have been a great success. The mammoth tent, capable of holding three thousand persons, has been transferred to Round Lake, Saratoga County, in this State, to serve for another camp-meeting.

General Sherman reports that the danger of an Indian war in Texas has been greatly exaggerated. The Indians of that region can not bring more than seven or eight hundred warriors into the field, and the cavalry force at the command of General Reynolds is sufficient to restrain them. Fresh horses are to be purchased and supplied to this force. The Sioux near forts Berthold and Buford are raiding upon herdsmen, and apprehension is felt that the Northern Pacific Railroad engineers may have difficulty in running the line in the up-river country.

FOREIGN NEWS.

AT the annual banquet of the Cobden Club on Saturday evening, June 24, Earl Granville said the settlement of the *Alabama* question was a great and good work, showing how dissensions which might become great quarrels should be settled, leaving only friendship, peace, and good-will.

On the 20th of June it was announced in the House of Commons that immediate notice would be given to British claimants under the Treaty of Washington to file their proofs before the Commission created by the treaty within six months. In the House of Lords, Earl Granville stated that April 9, 1865, the date of General Lee's surrender, had been accepted as the close of the war, but he thought claims arising subsequent to that would be considered.

There is no material change in the aspect of affairs in France. The supplementary elections absorb all attention, and a heated contest is waged between the republican and the monarchist journals. The former are united; but the latter, although most numerous, are weakened by dissensions. The idea is entertained of forming a second Chamber to be elected by the Councils-General. It is reported that the Orleanists, in case the elections show monarchical majorities, will move for a constitution, and then offer the throne to the Comte de Chambord, and, in the event of his declining, to the Comte de Paris.

There is said to be a vast amount of destitution and suffering in Paris, nearly 250,000 people being dependent upon charity.

GEORGE GROTE, the celebrated historian, died in London on the 18th of June, aged seventy-seven.

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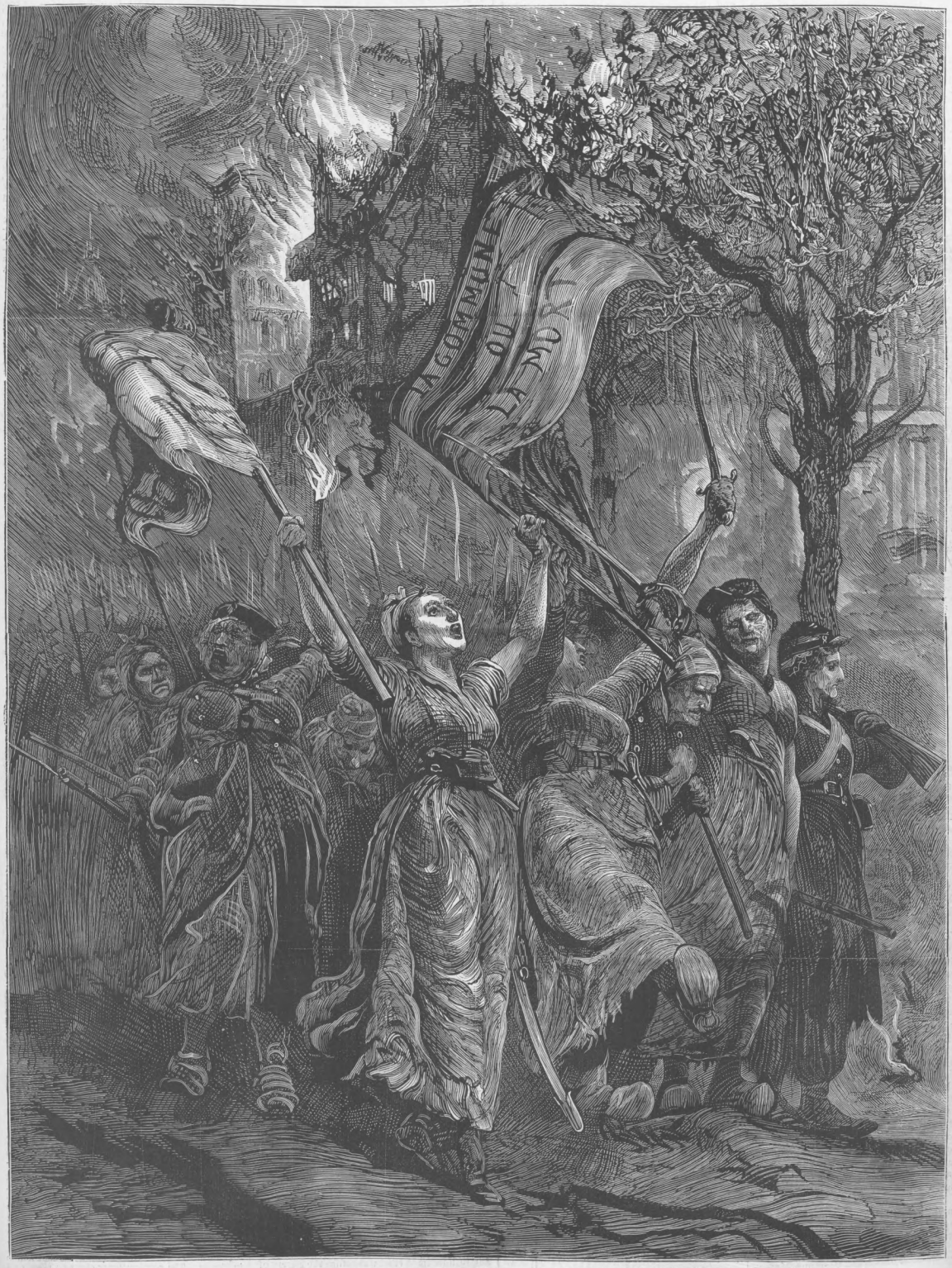
WOMEN OF MONTMARTRE.

THE illustration on this page is from a sketch of a band of women who were marching to Montmartre, during the second siege of Paris, to defend a barricade which they had erected there. These are the Amazons of the Commune, and



"THE COMMUNE OR DEATH!"—WOMEN OF MONTMARTRE.

give us an idea of what the warrior-woman really is—coarse, brawny, unwomanly, and degraded; picturesque certainly, but by no means pleasing. When women appear in exceptional situations we always picture them as we wish them to be, and mostly find them something very different. We generally endow them with those womanly qualities which we admire, forgetting that it may be the very want of those attributes which has induced them to quit the conventional mode of life. The *vivandière* of our imagination is always young and pretty and innocent, a gay young creature amidst the regiment of rough, kindly men, and our feelings receive a shock when we see the reality. The Amazon of romance is always beautiful and stately as Diana; but, if such a race ever existed, we should discover there was not much of woman's beauty about them, perhaps no more than we find in these fighting women of the Commune. They are fitted for their work; they have muscle and sinew, ferocity such as the weaker vessel, man, can not hope to rival, and such a love of riot—always appearing in the van when Paris rises—that we might almost say that if revolutions are not produced by them, they are produced by the revolutions, and are imbued with their very spirit. These are some of the antagonists the Versailles troops had to conquer before they could call Paris their own, and in the accounts given of the long trains of prisoners, the most melancholy features are these women—defiant, jeering, and shameless—on their way to the hulks or the scaffold, or the trench, where the firing party awaited them.

An eye-witness of this march to Montmartre writes: "I met a company of female Federals bearing two great red flags, and shouting the 'Marseillaise' and 'Vive la Commune.' I fancied I recognized at the head of the company one of the favorite orators of the club at the Boule Noire, who seemed to take the place of an officer. Each woman had a Chassepôt slung across her shoulders, and a belt and cartouch box, amply supplied with cartridges, round her waist. The by-standers signified their disgust, but took care not to speak too loud, as it was evident these women were disposed to do something desperate."

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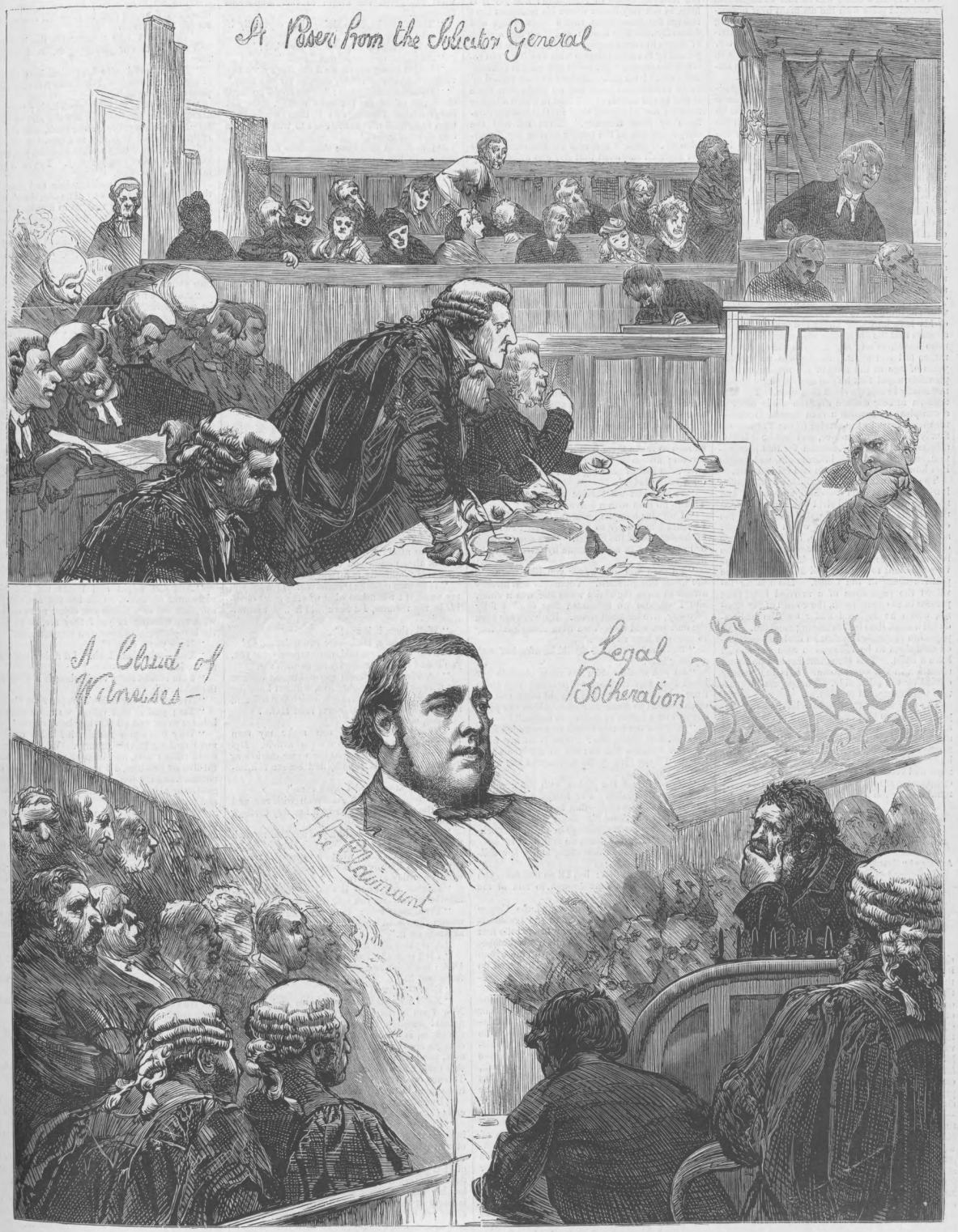
THE TICHBORNE CASE.

ONE of the most romantic trials on record is now in progress in one of the London courts, involving the title and estates of an ancient baronetcy, with a rent-roll equal to $150,000 a year in gold. The case is briefly this: In 1853 ROGER TICHBORNE, son of Sir JAMES FRANCIS TICHBORNE, left England for Valparaiso. Up to April, 1854, letters came from him to his mother, who learned from them that he was engaged in traveling in various parts of South America. He also sent home birds, some pictures, and some peculiar spurs and stirrups. In the course of 1854 intelligence was received at Tichborne that ROGER had taken passage at Rio de Janeiro in April, on the ship *Bella*, bound for New York, that she had foundered at sea, and that the owners and underwriters treated her as having been lost. No tidings came of the crew, except that one boat belonging to the *Bella* had been met with on the ocean with no one on board, and it was taken for granted that the whole crew were drowned. This seems to have been accepted as conclusive by all but Lady TICHBORNE, who clung to the belief that her son was saved, and had a presentiment that she would one day see him again.

Some time in 1858 a common sailor presented himself at Tichborne Park with the story that he had just arrived from Australia. He asked for alms, and had a conversation with Lady TICHBORNE, in which he declared that he had heard that a boat's crew from a ship, which he thought was the *Bella*, had been picked up at sea and brought into Melbourne. Sir JAMES TICHBORNE, the father, did not think the report worth notice. The mother, however, finding in it a corroboration of her cherished hopes, clung to it as gospel. She caused advertisements to be inserted in the Australian papers, and took various other measures to discover her lost son. All were unavailing, it appears, until after the death of Sir JAMES. But in the month of March, 1866, she at last received a letter from Sir ROGER, written from New South Wales, expressing the wish to come home directly, and asking that money should be sent to enable him to do so. This was done, and he arrived in Paris, to meet his mother, accompanied by a wife and child, in January, 1867. He being unwell, Lady TICHBORNE went to see him at a hotel in the Rue St. Honoré. She "instantly recognized him" as her first-born son, ROGER CHARLES TICHBORNE.

Her conviction on this point is strongly ex-



THE TICHBORNE TRIAL—SKETCHES IN COURT.

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pressed in an affidavit to which she has sworn, one paragraph of which reads as follows:

"I am certain as I am of my own existence, and distinctly and positively swear, that the plaintiff is my first-born son, the issue of my marriage with the said Sir JAMES FRANCIS DOUGHTY TICHBORNE (deceased). His features, disposition, and voice are unmistakable, and must, in my judgment, be recognized by impartial and unprejudiced persons who knew him before he left England in the year 1853."

The mother's belief was further strengthened by constant talks with the claimant over numerous private family matters that occurred during her son's youth, by his reminding her of the articles he had sent her from South America, etc. All this evidence, she says in her affidavit, is to her mind most conclusive, and declares it is impossible she can be mistaken in his identity.

The evidence of other persons is equally positive in his favor. GEORGE ALLEN, formerly butler in the TICHBORNE family, swears that he has no doubt of the claimant's identity with the veritable Sir ROGER. THOMAS CARTER, the body-servant of Sir ROGER in 1852, is no less positive. He has "no more doubt that the claimant is the ROGER TICHBORNE of 1852 than he has that he, CARTER, is himself." Other people in or connected with the regiment to which Sir ROGER belonged likewise recollect and identify him.

On the other hand, the evidence against the claimant is equally strong and positive. Several witnesses—one of them a well-known clergyman—who knew Sir ROGER before his disappearance swear that they do not believe the claimant to be Sir ROGER. The real baronet was educated in France, and spoke French with fluency. The claimant is quite ignorant of that language, which he professes to have forgotten in the course of his long knocking about the world. It also appears that the Sir ROGER who sailed for Valparaiso was short and slight, while the claimant is rather tall and stout. As he was twenty-four years of age at the time of his departure, it is plausibly urged that he can scarcely have altered materially in stature since that time. The contestants further declare that the whole affair is a conspiracy, of which a man named BOGLE—for many years in the service of the TICHBORNE family—is the prime mover, and that he it is who selected his man in Australia for this personation, supplied him with information, and taught him how to play his delicate and critical part.

The examination of the claimant by the Solicitor-General has been searching and severe, and nothing in fiction could rival one scene in which the claimant was interrogated respecting the contents of a sealed packet which Sir ROGER, at the time of his departure, left in the hands of his business agent, to be acted on only on the happening of certain events. The claimant was very reluctant to answer, and did so only on the positive order of the Court. His answer involved the reputation of a married lady, then present in the court-room, the cousin of Sir ROGER, whom he declared under oath he had seduced a short time before leaving England. The papers in the sealed packet he declared contained directions to be followed in case she should have a child. This statement made a profound sensation in the court-room. It is indignantly denied by the other side. The papers in question were destroyed in 1854.

The heir whom the present claimant will dispossess, in case his pretensions are made good, is a lad named HENRY A. J. TICHBORNE, grandson of Sir JAMES, and son of ALFRED TICHBORNE, also deceased. The trial promises to be one of extraordinary length as well as excitement and interest. The illustrations on the preceding page are from sketches taken in the court-room during the trial.

LORD KILGOBBIN.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

Author of "That Boy of Norcott's," "The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly," "Sir Brooke Fossbrooke," "A Day's Ride," "One of Them," "Gerald Fitzgerald," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XI.

WHAT THE PAPERS SAID OF IT.

THE wounded man had just fallen into a first sleep after his disaster, when the press of the capital was already proclaiming throughout the land the attack and search for arms at Kilgobbin Castle. In the national papers a very few lines were devoted to the event; indeed, their tone was one of party sneer at the importance given by their contemporaries to a very ordinary incident. "Is there," asked the *Convicted Felon*, "any thing very strange or new in the fact that Irishmen have determined to be armed? Is English legislation in this country so marked by justice, clemency, and generosity that the people of Ireland prefer to submit their lives and fortunes to its sway to trusting what brave men alone trust in—their fearlessness and their daring? What is there, then, so remarkable in the repairing to Mr. Kearney's house for a loan of those weapons of which his family for several generations have forgotten the use?" In the government journals the story of the attack was headed, "Attack on Kilgobbin Castle. Heroic Resistance by a Young Lady:" in which Kate Kearney's conduct was described in colors of extravagant eulogy. She was alternately Joan of Arc and the Maid of Saragossa, and it was gravely discussed whether any and what honors of the Crown were at her Majesty's disposal to reward such brilliant heroism. In another print of the same stamp the narrative began: "The disastrous condition of our country is never displayed in darker colors than when the totally unprovoked character of some outrage has to be recorded by the press. It is our melancholy task to present such a case as this to our readers to-day. If it was our wish to exhibit to a stranger the picture of an Irish estate in which all the blessings of good management, intelligence, kindliness, and Christian charity were displayed—to show him a property where the well-being of landlord and tenant were inextricably united, where the condition of the people, their dress, their homes, their food, and their daily comforts could stand comparison with the most favored English county—we should point to the Kearney estate of Kilgobbin; and yet it is here, in the very house where his ancestors have resided for generations, that a most savage and dastardly attack is made: and if we feel a sense of shame in recording the outrage, we are recompensed by the proud elation with which we can recount the repulse—the noble and gallant achievement of an Irish girl. History has the record of more momentous feats, but we doubt that there is one in the annals of any land in which a higher heroism was displayed than in this splendid defense by Miss Kearney." Then followed the story; not one of the papers having any knowledge of Walpole's presence on the occasion, or the slightest suspicion that she was aided in any way.

Joe Atlee was busily engaged in conning over and comparing these somewhat contradictory reports as he sat at his breakfast, his chum, Kearney, being still in bed and asleep, after a late night at a ball. At last there came a telegraphic dispatch for Kearney; armed with which, Joe entered the bedroom and woke him.

"Here's something for you, Dick," cried he. "Are you too sleepy to read it?"

"Tear it open and see what it is, like a good fellow," said the other, indolently.

"It's from your sister—at least it is signed Kate. It says: 'There is no cause for alarm. All is going on well, and papa will be back this evening. I write by this post.'"

"What does all that mean?" cried Dick, in surprise.

"The whole story is in the papers. The boys have taken the opportunity of your father's absence from home to make a demand for arms at your house, and your sister, it seems, showed fight and beat them off. They talk of two fellows being seen badly wounded, but, of course, that part of the story can not be relied on. That they got enough to make them beat a retreat is, however, certain; and as they were what is called a strong party, the feat of resisting them is no small glory for a young lady."

"It was just what Kate was certain to do. There's no man with a braver heart."

"I wonder how the beautiful Greek behaved? I should like greatly to hear what part she took in the defense of the citadel. Was she fainting, or in hysterics, or so overcome by terror as to be unconscious?"

"I'll give you any wager you like Kate did the whole thing herself. There was a Whiteboy attack to force the stairs when she was a child, and I suppose we rehearsed that combat fully fifty—ay, five hundred times. Kate always took the defense, and though we were sometimes four to one, she kept us back."

"By Jove! I think I should be afraid of such a young lady."

"So you would. She has more pluck in her heart than half that blessed province you come from. That's the blood of the old stock you are often pleased to sneer at, and of which the present will be a lesson to teach you better."

"May not the lovely Greek be descended from some ancient stock, too? Who is to say what blood of Pericles she has not in her veins? I tell you I'll not give up the notion that she was a sharer in this glory."

"If you've got the papers with the account, let me see them, Joe. I've half a mind to run down by the night mail—that is, if I can. Have you got any tin, Atlee?"

"There were some shillings in one of my pockets last night. How much do you want?"

"Eighteen-and-six first class, and a few shillings for a cab."

"I can manage that; but I'll go and fetch you the papers; there's time enough to talk of the journey."

The newsman had just deposited the *Croppy* on the table as Joe returned to the breakfast-table, and the story of Kilgobbin headed the first column in large capitals. "While our contemporaries," it began, "are recounting with more than their wonted eloquence the injuries inflicted on three poor laboring men, who, in their ignorance of the locality, had the temerity to ask for alms at Kilgobbin Castle yesterday evening, and were ignominiously driven away from the door by a young lady whose benevolence was administered through a blunderbuss, we, who form no portion of the polite press, and have no pretension to mix in what are euphuistically called the 'best circles' of this capital, would like to ask, for the information of those humble classes among which our readers are found, is it the custom for young ladies to await the absence of their fathers to entertain young gentlemen tourists? and is a reputation for even heroic courage not somewhat dearly purchased at the price of the companionship of the admittedly most profligate man of a vicious and corrupt society? The heroine who defended Kilgobbin can reply to our query."

Joe Atlee read this paragraph three times over before he carried in the paper to Kearney.

"Here's an insolent paragraph, Dick," he cried, as he threw the paper to him on the bed. "Of course it's a thing can not be noticed in any way, but it's not the less rascally for that."

"You know the fellow who edits this paper, Joe?" said Kearney, trembling with passion.

"No; my friend is doing his bit of oakum at Kilmainham. They gave him thirteen months, and a fine that he'll never be able to pay; but what would you do if the fellow who wrote it were in the next room this moment?"

"Thrash him within an inch of his life."

"And, with the inch of life left him, he'd get strong again and write at you and all belonging to you every day of his existence. Don't you see that all this license is one of the prices of liberty? There's no guarding against excesses when you establish a rivalry. The doctors could tell you how many diseased lungs and aneurisms are made by training for a rowing-match."

"I'll go down by the mail to-night and see what has given the origin to this scandalous falsehood."

"There's no harm in doing that, especially if you take me with you."

"Why should I take you, or for what?"

"As guide, counselor, and friend."

"Bright thought, when all the money we can muster between us is only enough for one fare."

"Doubtless, first class; but we could go third class, two of us, for the same money. Do you imagine that Damon and Pythias would have been separated if it came even to traveling in a cow compartment?"

"I wish you could see that there are circumstances in life where the comic man is out of place."

"I trust I shall never discover them; at least so long as fate treats me with 'heavy tragedy.'"

"I'm not exactly sure, either, whether they'd like to receive you just now at Kilgobbin."

"Inhospitable thought! My heart assures me of a most cordial welcome."

"And I should only stay a day or two at farthest."

"Which would suit me to perfection. I must be back here by Tuesday if I had to walk the distance."

"Not at all improbable, so far as I know of your resources."

"What a churlish dog it is! Now had you, Master Dick, proposed to me that we should go down and pass a week at a certain small thatched cottage on the banks of the Ban, where a Presbyterian minister with eight olive-branches vegetates, discussing tough mutton and tougher theology on Sundays, and getting through the rest of the week with the parables and potatoes, I'd have said, Done!"

"It was the inopportune time I was thinking of. Who knows what confusion this event may not have thrown them into? If you like to risk the discomfort, I make no objection."

"To so heartily expressed an invitation there can be but one answer, I yield."

"Now look here, Joe, I'd better be frank with you: don't try it on at Kilgobbin as you do with me."

"You are afraid of my insinuating manners, are you?"

"I am afraid of your confounded impudence, and of that notion you can not get rid of, that your cool familiarity is a fashionable tone."

"How men mistake themselves! I pledge you my word, if I was asked what was the great blemish in my manner, I'd have said it was bashfulness."

"Well, then, it is not!"

"Are you sure, Dick—are you quite sure?"

"I am quite sure, and, unfortunately for you, you'll find that the majority agree with me."

"'A wise man should guard himself against the defects that he might have, without knowing it.' That is a Persian proverb, which you will find in Hafiz. I believe you never read Hafiz?"

"No, nor you either."

"That's true; but I can make my own Hafiz, and just as good as the real article. By-the-way, are you aware that the water-carriers at Tehran sing 'Lalla Rookh,' and believe it a national poem?"

"I don't know, and I don't care."

"I'll bring down an Anacreon with me, and see if the Greek cousin can spell her way through an ode."

"And I distinctly declare you shall do no such thing."

"Oh dear, oh dear, what an unamiable trait is envy! By-the-way, was that your frock-coat I wore yesterday at the races?"

"I think you know it was; at least you remembered it when you tore the sleeve."

"True, most true; that torn sleeve was the reason the rascal would only let me have fifteen shillings on it."

"And you mean to say you pawned my coat?"

"I left it in the temporary care of a relative, Dick; but it is a redeemable mortgage, and don't fret about it."

"Ever the same!"

"No, Dick; that means worse and worse! Now I am in the process of reformation. The natural selection, however, where honesty is in the series, is a slow proceeding, and the organic changes are very complicated. As I know, however, you attach value to the effect you produce in that coat, I'll go and recover it. I shall not need Terence or Juvenal till we come back, and I'll leave them in the avuncular hands till then."

"I wonder you are not ashamed of these miserable straits."

"I am very much ashamed of the world that imposes them on me. I'm thoroughly ashamed of that public in lacquered leather that sees me walking in broken boots. I'm heartily ashamed of that well-fed, well-dressed, sleek society that never so much as asked whether the intellectual-looking man in the shabby hat, who looked so lovingly at the spiced beef in the window, had dined yet, or was he fasting for a wager?"

"There, don't carry away that newspaper; I want to read over that pleasant paragraph again."

CHAPTER XII.

THE JOURNEY TO THE COUNTRY.

THE two friends were deposited at the Moate station at a few minutes after midnight, and their available resources amounting to something short of two shillings, and the fare of a car and horse to Kilgobbin being more than three times that amount, they decided to devote their small balance to purposes of refreshment, and then set out for the castle on foot.

"It is a fine moonlight; I know all the short-cuts, and I want a bit of walking besides," said Kearney; and though Joe was of a self-indulgent temperament, and would like to have gone to bed after his supper and trusted to the chapter of accidents to reach Kilgobbin by a conveyance some time, any time, he had to yield his consent and set out on the road.

"The fellow who comes with the letter-bag will fetch over our portmanteau," said Dick, as they started.

"I wish you'd give him directions to take charge of me, too," said Joe, who felt very indisposed to a long walk.

"I like *you*," said Dick, sneeringly; "you are always telling me that you are the sort of fellow for a new colony, life in the bush, and the rest of it, and when it comes to a question of a few miles' tramp on a bright night in June, you try to skulk it in every possible way. You're a great humbug, Master Joe."

"And you a very small humbug, and there lies the difference between us. The combinations in your mind are so few that, as in a game of only three cards, there is no skill in the playing; while in my nature, as in that game called tarocco, there are half a dozen packs mixed up together, and the address required to play them is considable."

"You have a very satisfactory estimate of your own abilities, Joe."

"And why not? If a clever fellow didn't know he was clever, the opinion of the world on his superiority would probably turn his brain."

"And what do you say if his own vanity should do it?"

"There is really no way of explaining to a fellow like you—"

"What do you mean by a fellow like me?" broke in Dick, somewhat angrily.

"I mean this, that I'd as soon set to work to explain the theory of exchequer bonds to an Esquimaux as to make an unimaginative man understand something purely speculative. What you and scores of fellows like you denominate vanity, is only another form of hopefulness. You and your brethren—for you are a large family—do not know what it is to Hope! that is, you have no idea of what it is to build on the foundation of certain qualities you recognize in yourself, and to say that 'If I can go so far with such a gift, such another will help me on so much farther.'"

"I tell you one thing I do hope, which is, that the next time I set out on a twelve miles' walk, I'll have a companion less imbued with self-admiration."

"And you might and might not find him pleasanter company. Can not you see, old fellow, that the very things you object to in me are what are wanting in you? they are, so to say, the complements of your own temperament."

"Have you a cigar?"

"Two—take them both. I'd rather talk than smoke just now."

"I am almost sorry for it, though it gives me the tobacco."

"Are we on your father's property yet?"

"Yes; part of that village we came through belongs to us, and all this bog here is ours."

"Why don't you reclaim it? labor costs a mere nothing in this country. Why don't you drain these tracts, and treat the soil with lime? I'd live on potatoes, I'd make my family live on potatoes, and my son, and my grandson, for three generations, but I'd win this land back to culture and productiveness."

"The fee-simple of the soil wouldn't pay the cost. It would be cheaper to save the money and buy an estate."

"That is one, and a very narrow view of it; but imagine the glory of restoring a lost tract to a nation, welcoming back the prodigal, and installing him in his place among his brethren. This was all forest once. Under the shade of the mighty oaks here those gallant O'Caharneys, your ancestors, followed the chase, or rested at noon-tide, or skedaddled in double-quick before those smart English of the Pale, who, I must say, treated your forebears with scant courtesy."

"We held our own against them for many a year."

"Only when it became so small it was not worth taking. Is not your father a Whig?"

"He's a Liberal, but he troubles himself little about parties."

"He's a stout Catholic, though, isn't he?"

"He is a very devout believer in his Church," said Dick, with the tone of one who did not desire to continue the theme.

"Then why does he stop at whiggery? why not go in for nationalism and all the rest of it?"

"And what's all the rest of it?"

"Great Ireland—no first flower of the earth or gem of the sea humbug—but Ireland great in prosperity, her harbors full of ships, the woolen trade, her ancient staple, revived; all that vast unused water-power, greater than all the steam of Manchester and Birmingham tenfold, at full work; the linen manufacture developed and promoted—"

"And the Union repealed?"

"Of course; that should be first of all. Not that I object to the Union as many do, on the grounds of English ignorance as to Ireland. My dislike is, that, for the sake of carrying through certain measures necessary to Irish interests, I must sit and discuss questions which have no possible concern for me, and touch me no more than the debates in the Cortes, or the Reichskammer at Vienna. What do you or I care for who rules India, or who owns Turkey? What interest of mine is it whether Great Britain has five iron-clads or fifty, or whether the Yankees take Canada, and the Russians Cabool?"

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"You're a Fenian, and I am not."

"I suppose you'd call yourself an Englishman?"

"I'm an English subject, and I owe my allegiance to England."

"Perhaps, for that matter, I owe some too; but I owe a great many things that I don't distress myself about paying."

"Whatever your sentiments are on these matters—and, Joe, I am not disposed to think you have any very fixed ones—pray do me the favor to keep them to yourself while under my father's roof. I can almost promise you he'll obtrude none of his peculiar opinions on *you*, and I hope you will treat *him* with a like delicacy."

"What will your folks talk, then? I can't suppose they care for books, art, or the drama. There is no society, so there can be no gossip. If that yonder be the cabin of one of your tenants, I'll certainly not start the question of farming."

"There are poor on every estate," said Dick, curtly.

"Now what sort of a rent does that fellow pay—five pounds a year?"

"More likely five-and-twenty or thirty shillings."

"By Jove! I'd like to set up house in that fashion, and make love to some delicately nurtured miss, win her affections, and bring her home to such a spot. Wouldn't that be a touchstone of affection, Dick?"

"If I could believe you were in earnest, I'd throw you neck and heels into that bog-hole."

"Oh, if you would!" cried he; and there was a ring of truthfulness in his voice now there could be no mistaking.

Half ashamed of the emotion his idle speech had called up, and uncertain how best to treat the emergency, Kearney said nothing, and Atlee walked along for miles without a word.

"You can see the house now. It tops the trees yonder," said Dick.

"That is Kilgobbin Castle, then?" said Joe, slowly.

"There's not much of castle left about it. There is a square block of a tower, and you can trace the moat and some remains of outworks."

"Shall I make you a confession, Dick? I envy you all that! I envy you what smacks of a race, a name, an ancestry, a lineage. It's a great thing to be able to 'take up the running,' as the folks say, instead of making all the race yourself; and there's one inestimable advantage in it, it rescues you from all indecent haste about asserting your station. You feel yourself to be a somebody, and you're not hurried to proclaim it. There now, my boy, if you'd have said only half as much as that on the score of your family, I'd have called you an arrant snob. So much for consistency!"

"What you have said gave me pleasure, I'll own that."

"I suppose it was you planted those trees there. It was a nice thought, and makes the transition from the bleak bog to the cultivated land more easy and graceful. Now I see the Castle well. It's a fine portly mass against the morning sky, and I perceive you fly a flag over it."

"When the lord is at home."

"Ay; and by-the-way, do you give him his title while talking to him here?"

"The tenants do, and the neighbors and strangers do as they please about it."

"Does he like it himself?"

"If I was to guess, I should perhaps say he does like it. Here we are now. Inside this low gate you are within the demesne, and I may bid you welcome to Kilgobbin. We shall build a lodge here one of these days. There's a good stretch, however, yet to the Castle. We call it two miles, and it's not far short of it."

"What a glorious morning! There is an ecstasy in scenting these nice fresh woods in the clear sunrise, and seeing those modest daffodils make their morning toilet."

"That's a fancy of Kate's. There is a border of such wild flowers all the way to the house."

"And those rills of clear water that flank the road, are they of her designing?"

"That they are. There was a cutting made for a railroad line about four miles from this, and they came upon a sort of pudding-stone formation, made up chiefly of white pebbles. Kate heard of it, purchased the whole mass, and had these channels paved with them from the gate to the Castle, and that's the reason this water has its crystal clearness."

"She's worthy of Shakspeare's sweet epithet, the 'daintiest Kate in Christendom.' Here's her health!" and he stooped down, and, filling his palm with the running water, drank it off.

"I see it's not yet five o'clock. We'll steal quietly off to bed, and have three or four hours' sleep before we show ourselves."

CHAPTER XIII.

A SICK-ROOM.

CECIL WALPOLE occupied the state-room and the state-bed at Kilgobbin Castle; but the pain of a very serious wound had left him very little faculty to know what honor was rendered him, or of what watchful solicitude he was the object. The fever brought on by his wound had obliterated in his mind all memory of where he was: and it was only now—that is, on the same morning that the young men had arrived at the Castle—that he was able to converse without much difficulty, and enjoy the companionship of Lockwood, who had come over to see him, and scarcely quitted his bedside since the disaster.

"It seems going on all right," said Lockwood, as he lifted the iced cloths to look at the smashed limb, which lay swollen and livid on a pillow outside the clothes.

"It's not pretty to look at, Harry; but the doctor says 'we shall save it'—his phrase for not cutting it off."

"They've taken up two fellows on suspicion, and I believe they were of the party here that night."

"I don't much care about that. It was a fair fight, and I suspect I did not get the worst of it. What really does grieve me is to think how ingloriously one gets a wound that in real war would have been a title of honor."

"If I had to give a V. C. for this affair, it would be to that fine girl I'd give it, and not to you, Cecil."

"So should I. There is no question whatever as to our respective shares in the achievement."

"And she is so modest and unaffected about it all, and when she was showing me the position and the alcove she never ceased to lay stress on the safety she enjoyed during the conflict."

"Then she said nothing about standing in front of me after I was wounded?"

"Not a word. She said a great deal about your coolness and indifference to danger, but nothing about her own."

"Well, I suppose it's almost a shame to own it—not that I could have done any thing to prevent it—but she did step down one step of the stair and actually cover me from fire."

"She's the finest girl in Europe!" said Lockwood, warmly.

"And if it was not the contrast with her cousin, I'd almost say one of the handsomest," said Cecil.

"The Greek is splendid, I admit that, though she'll not speak—she'll scarcely notice me."

"How is that?"

"I can't imagine, except it might have been an awkward speech I made when we were talking over the row. I said, 'Where were you? what were you doing all this time?'"

"And what answer did she make you?"

"None: not a word. She drew herself proudly up, and opened her eyes so large and full upon me that I felt I must have appeared some sort of monster to be so stared at."

"I've seen her do that."

"It was very grand and very beautiful; but I'll be shot if I'd like to stand under it again. From that time to this she has never deigned me more than a mere salutation."

"And are you good friends with the other girl?"

"The best in the world. I don't see much of her, for she's always abroad, over the farm or among the tenants; but when we meet we are very cordial and friendly."

"And the father, what is he like?"

"My lord is a glorious old fellow, full of hospitable plans and pleasant projects; but terribly distressed to think that this unlucky incident should prejudice you against Ireland. Indeed, he gave me to understand that there must have been some mistake or misconception in the matter, for the Castle had never been attacked before; and he insists on saying that if you will stop here—I think he said ten years—you'll not see another such occurrence."

"It's rather a hard way to test the problem, though."

"What's more, he included me in the experiment."

"And this title? Does he assume it, or expect it to be recognized?"

"I can scarcely tell you. The Greek girl 'mylords' him occasionally; his daughter, never. The servants always do so; and I take it that people use their own discretion about it."

"Or do it in a sort of indolent courtesy, as they call Marsala, sherry, but take care at the same time to pass the decanter. I believe you telegraphed to his Excellency?"

"Yes; and he means to come over next week."

"Any news of Lady Maude?"

"Only that she comes with him, and I'm sorry for it."

"So am I—deuced sorry! In a gossiping town like Dublin there will surely be some story afloat about these handsome girls here. She saw the Greek, too, at the Duke of Rigati's ball at Rome, and she never forgets a name or a face. A pleasant trait in a wife."

"Of course the best plan will be to get removed, and be safely installed in our old quarters at the Castle before they arrive."

"We must hear what the doctor says."

"He'll say no, naturally, for he'll not like to lose his patient. He will have to convey you to town, and we'll try and make him believe it will be the making of him. Don't you agree with me, Cecil, it's the thing to do?"

"I have not thought it over yet. I will today. By-the-way, I know it's the thing to do," repeated he, with an air of determination. "There will be all manner of reports, scandals, and falsehoods to no end about this business here; and when Lady Maude learns, as she is sure to learn, that the 'Greek girl' is in the story, I can not measure the mischief that may come of it."

"Break off the match, eh?"

"That is certainly 'on the cards.'"

"I suspect even that wouldn't break your heart."

"I don't say it would, but it would prove very inconvenient in many ways. Danesbury has great claims on his party. He came here as Viceroy dead against his will, and, depend upon it, he made his terms. Then if these people go out, and the Tories want to outbid them, Danesbury could take—ay, and would take—office under them."

"I can not follow all that. All I know is, I like the old boy himself, though he is a bit pompous now and then, and fancies he's Emperor of Russia."

"I wish his niece didn't imagine she was an imperial princess."

"That she does! I think she is the haughtiest girl I ever met. To be sure, she was a great beauty."

"*Was*, Harry! What do you mean by 'was?' Lady Maude is not eight-and-twenty."

"Ain't she, though? Will you have a ten-pound note on it that she's not over thirty-one; and I can tell you who could decide the wager?"

"A delicate thought!—a fellow betting on the age of the girl he's going to marry!"

"Ten o'clock—nearly half past ten!" said Lockwood, rising from his chair. "I must go and have some breakfast. I meant to have been down in time to-day, and breakfasted with the old fellow and his daughter; for coming late brings me to a *tête-à-tête* with the Greek damsel, and it isn't jolly, I assure you."

"Don't you speak?"

"Never a word! She's generally reading a newspaper when I go in. She lays it down; but after remarking that she fears I'll find the coffee cold, she goes on with her breakfast, kisses her Maltese terrier, asks him a few questions about his health, and whether he would like to be in a warmer climate, and then sails away."

"And how she walks!"

"Is she bored here?"

"She says not."

"She can scarcely like these people: they're not the sort of thing she has ever been used to."

"She tells me she likes them; they certainly like her."

"Well," said Lockwood, with a sigh, "she's the most beautiful woman, certainly, I've ever seen; and at this moment I'd rather eat a crust with a glass of beer under a hedge, than I'd go down and sit at breakfast with her."

"I'll be shot if I'll not tell her that speech the first day I'm down again."

"So you may, for by that time I shall have seen her for the last time." And with this he strolled out of the room and down the stairs toward the breakfast parlor.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

LATE advices from Professor HAYDEN's expedition announced that he was to leave Ogden, Utah, on the 9th of June for Virginia City and Fort Ellis, in Montana, a distance of about 430 miles, with the special object of proceeding from the last-mentioned place to the exploration of the Yellow Stone Lake and its immediate vicinity. It is an interesting fact that the head waters of tributaries of the Columbia, the Colorado, the Missouri, and the Yellow Stone rivers rise within a short distance of each other in this mysterious region; which, in addition, is characterized by an extraordinary development of hot springs, spouting geysers, mud volcanoes, extensive beds of sulphur, gypsum, the silicates, etc.

The party, as at present organized, embraces thirty-two persons, including specialists in all branches of science, and accompanied by several artists, who take advantage of Dr. HAYDEN's protection to visit the interesting region referred to. The party carries materials for a boat, which is to be launched on the Yellow Stone Lake, and used in a thorough hydrographical and topographical survey of it. As the expedition will probably remain in that vicinity during the summer, we may hope for a complete solution of all the remaining questions in regard to its physical features and natural history. A competent photographer with the expedition expects to make instantaneous views of the spouting geysers, so as to enable those who can not visit the locality to have a correct idea of their character.

A company of cavalry will escort the expedition into the Yellow Stone Lake region, although no trouble from the Indians is anticipated. In the course of the journey from Ogden to Fort Ellis it is proposed to make an accurate map of a belt fifty miles wide, so as to furnish a basis for reference in subsequent explorations.

According to Captain KOLDEWAY, of the *Germania* steamer, the glaciers of Spitzbergen differ especially from those of Switzerland in stretching down into the sea, where they end in a perpendicular wall, and in having the upper surface somewhat polished, and free from all roughness and ice blocks. In the glaciers examined at Augusta Bay and William Island there were no crevasses. Moraines, however, occurred, those of the great glacier of the former locality consisting of limestone and basalt.

Dr. FRANKLAND, in a late number of *Nature*, makes an unfavorable comparison between the scientific activity of Great Britain and Germany as far as chemistry is concerned. He remarks that in 1866 there were published 1273 papers on new discoveries, by 805 chemists—an average of 1.58 to each investigator. Of these Germany contributed 445 authors and 777 papers, being considerably more than one-half, or 1.75 to each author. France furnished 170 authors and 245 papers, or 1.44 to each author; while the United Kingdom supplied only 97 authors and 127 papers, or 1.31 papers to each author, the proportion from all other countries consisting of 93 authors and 124 papers, or 1.33 to each author. It is not stated what number of these were American. He furthermore remarks that the showing is still worse when we bear in mind the fact that a large number of papers credited to the United Kingdom are really the work of chemists born and educated in Germany. The causes of this low condition of chemical activity, shared also by other branches of science, he finds to be in the want of suitable buildings and apparatus for the prosecution of chemical investigations, and in the non-recognition of experimental research by any of the English universities.

In the monthly report of the Department of Agriculture for March and April of the present year we find a valuable paper upon the cultivation of the cinchona in Jamaica, by Dr. C. C. PARRY, the botanist of the Department, who accompanied the San Domingo investigating committee, and in returning spent some time in Jamaica. As the general result of his inquiries in regard to the cultivation of this plant, and the possibility of introducing it into any portion of the United States, he states, first, that the peculiar conditions of soil and climate suitable for the growth of the best varieties of cinchona plants can not be found within the present limits of the United States, where no suitable elevations possessing an equable, moist, cool climate, free from frost, can be met with; second, that the island of San Domingo, located within the tropics, and traversed by extensive mountain ranges attaining elevations of over 6000 feet above the sea, presents a larger scope of country especially adapted to the growth of cinchonas than any other insular region in the western hemisphere; third, that the existence of successful cinchona plantations in Jamaica, within two days' sail from San Domingo, would afford the material for stocking new plantations in the latter island at the least possible expense of time and labor.

It is reported that, in boring for salt at Sperenberg, near Berlin, Prussia, they have penetrated to the enormous depth of 5500 feet—the greatest depth ever reached either by mining or boring—3200 feet of this being in a bed of solid salt, which has not yet been pierced through. It is thought probable that this stratum of salt, originally horizontal, has been uplifted by some catastrophe and brought into a more or less inclined or even a vertical position. Further researches will prove or disprove the truth of this explanation.

Among the latest novelties in industrial operations appears to be a method devised in South America for loosening the skin of dead cattle, by the insertion of a pipe at some point between the skin and carcass, through which air is forced. The distention produced by the air separates the entire skin in a very short time from the subjacent fat and flesh, so that the hide can be taken off, and the whole operation completed, according to our informant, in the space of one minute. It is not impossible that some such application as this may be employed to advantage by the taxidermist for the purpose of more readily removing the skin from mammals and birds. Some species, at least, would be susceptible of this treatment, although in others the adhesion would probably be too great to admit of it.

The Chamber of Commerce and Industry of Passau, Lower Bavaria, has recently taken steps toward the organization of a potter's school, to be connected with the collection of patterns and models in Landshut. It was maintained that such an institution is an absolute necessity for the promotion of the potter's industry in Lower Bavaria.

At the recent annual dinner of the Royal Academy of England Professor HUXLEY, in returning thanks for the Royal Society, stated that he was at last able to present a tangible distinction between men and animals. The old differences so constantly relied upon have one by one proved to be unsatisfactory. Thus other species besides man walk on two legs, and have no feathers; caterpillars make themselves clothes, while kangaroos have pockets; the dog reasons and loves much as one's neighbors do; parrots, again, utter what deserves the name of sense as much as a great deal of that which it would be rude to call nonsense; and beavers and ants engineer as well as the members of the noblest of professions. After all, however, man alone can draw, or make unto himself a likeness. This, then, should be considered the great distinction of humanity; and the most pre-eminently human of creatures are those that possess this distinction in the highest degree. Consequently the most eminent of the artists of the day is to be considered the highest specimen of mankind!

A patent has lately been taken out by Messrs. MADELOCK & BAILEY for a method of preserving meat by means of bisulphite of lime. For this purpose one gallon of the solution of this salt, of the specific gravity of 1.05, is combined with one-half a pound of common salt and four gallons of water. This, it is asserted, will preserve meat perfectly well for months, or even years. If this statement be substantiated by experiment, it will furnish a means for utilizing an immense quantity of flesh that now goes to waste, as it seems from the statement that this meat when cooked is not appreciably different from that which is perfectly fresh, and is without any taste of chemical substances.

Professor LEIDY lately exhibited before the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia the foot of a horse in which one of the usual splint-like rudiments at the side of the common bone had undergone development to such a degree as to give rise to an additional toe provided with two phalanges, of which the last one is incased in a hoof. He remarked that if the corresponding rudiment on the other side of the foot had been developed in the same manner, the specimen would have represented the condition of the extinct three-toed horses of the genus *Hipparion*.

Mr. VARLEY has lately expressed the belief that many earthquakes are due to the action of magnetic currents through the body of the earth, basing this impression upon the frequent coincidence of violent disturbances of the magnetic needle with earthquake shocks. This view is corroborated by a recent communication of Professor SUMICHRAST, an eminent naturalist residing in Mexico, who expresses the opinion that it will not be far from the truth to state that the majority of earthquakes experienced in Mexico are due to magnetic agencies rather than volcanic, the concurrent deviation of the magnetic needle, the sudden heating of the atmosphere, etc., seeming to point to magnetic action.

Dr. CARPENTER, in a late communication to *Nature*, calls attention to the neglect, in the late discussions upon the ocean currents, of published observations made upon the influence of variations of barometric pressure upon the sea level. In this connection he remarks that, according to one author, a fall of one inch in the barometer is pretty uniformly accompanied by a rise of the sea level to about thirteen times this amount, or thirteen inches; and another makes the ratio to be about one to thirteen and a half inches, this being subsequently corrected to about twelve and three-fourths inches. Dr. CARPENTER thinks that this relationship of barometric pressure to the height of the tides may serve to explain a number of anomalous phenomena that have perplexed observers, especially with reference to unusual rises of tides, and their retention at a high level longer than customary.

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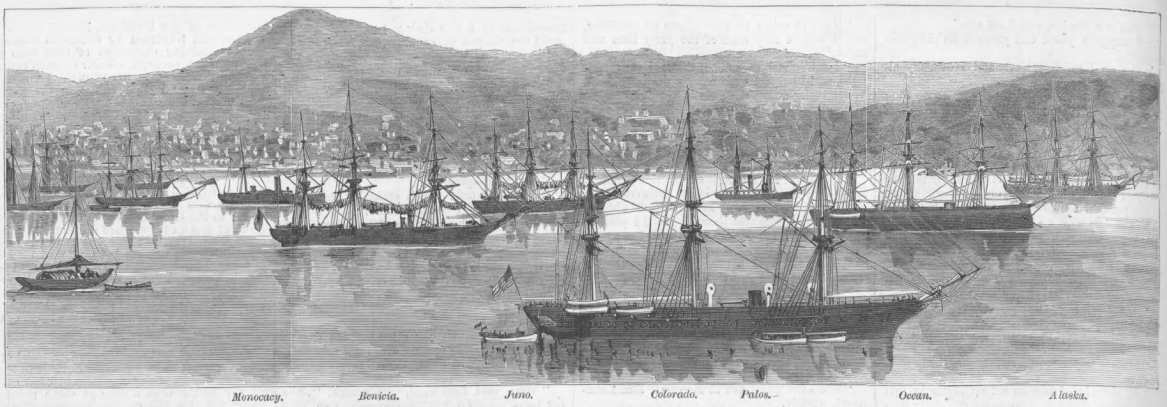


THE SQUADRON AT ANCHOR IN THE HARBOR OF NANGASAKI, JAPAN.

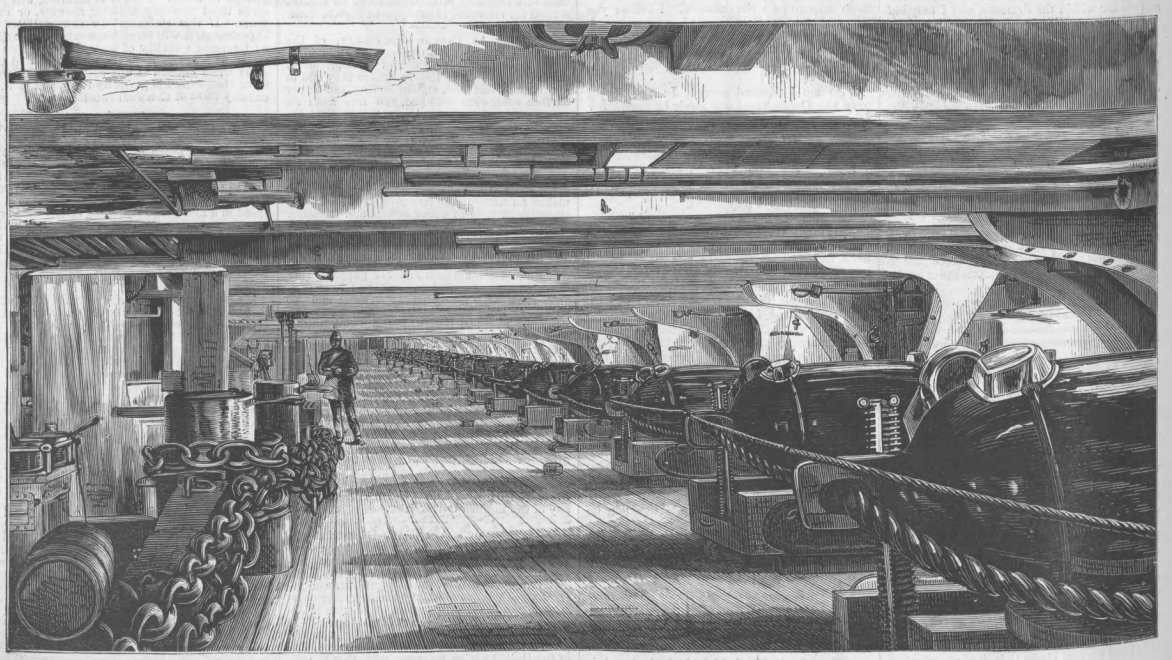
COREA.

OUR illustrations on this page will give our readers an idea of the combined American and European naval forces to Corea, which resulted in the engagement mentioned in the last number of the *Weekly*. Corea is a kingdom east of Northern China, comprising a peninsula about six hundred miles long. It has many fine harbors on both shores. The policy of the government, like that of China, has always been rigorously exclusive. The Corean who goes abroad without permission forfeits life on his return; and the "outside barbarian" whom shipwreck or other accident throws upon their shores is either killed outright or enslaved. Our readers will remember the massacre of twenty-seven persons belonging to the *General Sherman* in 1866.

To bring the Coreans to a better understanding of their duties toward foreigners, a naval and diplomatic mission was sent to Corea the latter part of May last, under Rear-Admiral RODGERS and the Hon. F. F. Low, United States Commissioner to China. Several European vessels joined the expedition. With the fleet were five Coreans who had been rescued from a sinking junk. They were dressed up by the sailors in navy suits, and christened "Tarpot," "Main Tack," "Tom Bowline," "Fore Tack," and "Jib Sheet." Their portraits are given on this page. It was while returning these men to their native country that the Americans and Europeans were fired upon by the Coreans. Full details of the engagement have not yet been received, but the punishment inflicted upon the Coreans was, it is intimated, severe, and the fight was to be renewed the following day. It is to be hoped that this severe lesson will not be lost upon them.

The upper illustration on this page shows the squadron at anchor in the harbor of Nangasaki, Japan, whence it sailed for Corea. It comprised the *Colorado* (flag-ship), the *Benicia*, the *Alaska*, the *Monocacy* (double-ender), and the *Palos* (steam-tender). The lower illustration gives a view of the gun-deck of the *Colorado*.

THE COREAN SAILORS RESCUED FROM A SINKING JUNK.



THE GUN-DECK OF THE FLAG-SHIP "COLORADO."

THE UNITED STATES NAVAL AND DIPLOMATIC EXPEDITION TO COREA.

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No. 1.—THE COMMODORE'S CHALLENGE CUP FOR SLOOPS.

No. 2.—WATER-PITCHER.

No. 3.—VASE.

No. 4.—CIGAR-STAND.

No. 5.—PUNCH-BOWL.

No. 6.—PUNCH-BOWL.

No. 7.—THE COMMODORE'S CHALLENGE CUP FOR SCHOONERS.

NEW YORK YACHT CLUB REGATTA PRIZES.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD.—[SEE PAGE 627.]

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH—THE FIRST GUN—TIME, 5 A.M.—[SEE PAGE 627.]

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PARIS—BERLIN.

(SUMMER, 1871.)

I.

On the one hand Berlin, on the other Paris—
Here, the brightest sunshine; there, the blackest shade!
While the heart of one nigh unto despair is,
To the other's eyes the world is just new-made.
Here, the smoke of burning!
There, the glad returning!
Here, pale, frenzied women, fierce, or sore afraid!
There, into her sweetheart's arms springs the German maid!

II.

Ah, mistaken Paris! Poor, proud broken Paris!
(Nay, but thou art nearer to the ruth of God!)
Creep a little toward Him, for thy surety there is,
Now that all thy broken reeds are scattered far abroad.
Scorn her not, gay Berlin!
Shafts not of thy hurling
Pierce her late glad beauty in its smallest part:
The hand of God is on her; vex not her sunken heart!

HOWARD GLYNDON.

DORA LACY.

"DORA, I have done the best for you I knew how. Had you inherited any of your father's genius or your mother's beauty, I might have died with more courage at my heart; but, as it is, I must leave you to struggle alone. It is a hard fight at best, and I pity you." Cold pity it was; for Dora's father had little or no sympathy with any thing outside of his art, and Dora was a perpetual disappointment.

She was not particularly sensitive, but her father's words stung her terribly; for he was dying, and those harsh words were a bitter legacy to leave a loving child.

She had done her very best. With any less practical person John Lacy might have starved on into recognition, as many another genius has done before him; but, with Dora's willing hands and ready assistance, he had been enabled to keep the wolf from the door while he worked away at his easel. Not of the highest order of genius was this man who had painted his last picture, and was waiting, with nerveless hands, the approach of the death angel.

Poor Dora! Life seemed blank and desolate enough without her father, and she felt as though she herself were approaching dissolution; and death was far less terrible to her than life. But it was over at last. The neighbors came in to the funeral and attested their sympathy, the little cemetery had another tenant, and Dora Lacy was alone in the world.

No genius, no beauty! Not gifted in any extraordinary way, or inclined to any peculiarity of thought or action, it seemed likely that she would drift on the wave of circumstances, and be lost in the commonplace crowd.

She had no lover; no link in the chain of incidents that would keep her from slipping into already crowded channels; no prospect from the light-house of Hope that would help her over these rough places.

"Well, as it is, it is," said Dora, rocking furiously in her chair, as though she were driving away the demons that arose to torment her. "I'm neither my father nor my mother, and how I came to be their child the Lord only knows! But I've got all my fingers and all my faculties, and, such as they are, I must make use of them."

Poverty of resource is infinitely worse than poverty of purse, and Dora was not one to sit down and repine over any abbreviation of her possessions; so she finished her rocking, and set about re-arranging the rooms.

John Lacy had found his way to Moriches by a singular dispensation of Providence. He had left England with his young wife to establish a home and reputation in the New World, intending to take up his residence in New York, or Chicago, then in its early infancy.

But the vessel missed its course, and becoming locked in the sands of Long Island, was obliged to discharge its freight then and there.

The perils of maternity came suddenly upon Margaret Lacy, and in a warm corner of a hospitable farm-house Dora opened her eyes upon a world that was cruel from her birth.

For she was motherless!

Nothing but John Lacy's ambition kept him from taking a return passage to Liverpool; nothing but his love of art could have kept him from despair at the rude shattering of his heart's idol. That it imbittered his whole life, and made him sour and misanthropical, only those would have realized who had known him in his English home, when the love of Margaret Lacy seemed to fill each day with unspeakable enjoyment. And then Dora's sex was such a disappointment!

John found his way to New York, established himself at once, and, with a transatlantic reputation, bade fair to win success as a painter of landscapes.

Dora was left in care of Mrs. Fletcher, whose home had been her first shelter, and whose heart adopted the motherless child immediately, and grew into a sturdy, homely maiden, whose only attraction was her remarkable good-nature.

"You can't put her out of temper," said Mrs Fletcher to Parson Medway, who was making his pastoral calls; "she really don't seem to have a particle of sperrit!"

"A peculiar child," said the parson. "I doubt if there are many like her in Moriches."

"Or any where else," said Mrs. Fletcher. "I sometimes wish she wouldn't be so much like a patient old cow, for I am so used to being answered back when I scold that it vexes me to have any one look at me as Dora does and not say a single word. Now that's the truth."

At which confession the parson laughed heartily, and said it reminded him of the boys who didn't like to hunt hares, for they never turned on their assailants.

John sent frequent letters and remittances, and came himself during the summer months to finish up the sketches made during the winter, and also to add to the contents of his port-folio.

In later years, when his health gave way and he was able to do but little with his brush, he bought himself a home in this quiet retreat, and Dora was installed as housekeeper.

As months and years went by, leaving him a still more confirmed invalid, and drawing heavily on the purse he was incompetent to supply, they were forced to let out the lower part of the cottage, and confine themselves to rooms on the upper floor.

Here, surrounded with but few evidences of wealth or refinement, John Lacy breathed his last, grieving only that he could not see his genius reflected in his offspring, nor leave her any better heritage than his untarnished name.

To live for herself was not in Dora's nature; so, after straightening the furniture, and adapting her wardrobe to meet the exigencies of the occasion, she set about looking for a sphere of action. According to her father's idea, no woman had any right to a sphere who had neither beauty nor brains; but she had no time to consider the disadvantages of her position, nor inclination to hide behind them.

But first she must consult Mrs. Fletcher, her foster-mother.

"Do!" said the good old lady in response to Dora's question. "You poor child, what can you do? You'd better bring your duds here and live with me, and trust luck to having a better home offered you."

"I don't want any better home," said Dora; "and if you mean marriage, I never want to think of that."

"No, of course not; it comes without thinking, if it comes at all. But I don't like the idee of your being off all alone when you've got my house to come to."

"Oh, but, auntie, your house is full, and running over, and you neither need my help nor my company, and I'm never lonely."

But Mrs. Fletcher had nothing better to propose. Moriches was not an enterprising village, and all available places for women were already occupied. Tailoresses, seamstresses, and housekeepers were out of proportion to the demand for them; and as for women doing any thing but what their *hands* could find to do, it was out of the question, unless it was teaching, and one district school neither offered advantages in one way or the other.

So when Dora turned her back on Mrs. Fletcher's home and hospitality she felt as though she had indeed severed the segment of the circle by which she was bound to Moriches, and there was no sphere for her there, at all events.

You may think that, being a woman, she went to her little room and had a good refreshing cry, and then sat immediately down to writing a novel, in which Dora Lacy would appear as the persecuted heroine.

No such thing. She went home with her mind made up to seek a place and position in the city, where her father had found it possible to obtain them. She had not made up her mind as to what she could do, but she felt confident that some field would offer itself to the combined forces of youth, hope, and energy.

She laid off her bonnet with a sigh, for sighs are natural to the human heart, and started as she saw on the table a small triangular bit of paper addressed to her.

There were no outstanding debts that she knew of; but if this should be one, would the creditors wait until she could earn some money? She seized it desperately, for the suspense was terrible to her, and she read aloud, for she seemed to require the aid of all her senses,

"If Dora Lacy wants employment, let her call on Sylvester Prime."

Vet Prime! All Moriches knew him; and his reputation as an enthusiast, visionary, antiquarian, and encyclopedia of useful and curious information had even gone beyond the precincts of the village that had been his home long before Dora Lacy was received into it.

It was still early in the afternoon, so she put on her bonnet again, and started for the lane, at the end of which Hope stood with her beacon of encouragement. I don't know that she thought of what might be wanted of her, indifferent as she was to the kind of work in which she engaged, so that it was honorable. Certain it is that she hummed a cheerful song as she went, and plucked golden-rod, buttercups, and other wild flowers that called to her out of the stillness and the shadows. For to her every blossom had a voice of its own.

There was a small gate at the end of the lane, and as she reached this she paused, more to collect her thoughts and prepare for the meeting than to question the propriety of going any further.

Dora Lacy's courage never would have led her thus far to play her false. She might not have come of her own accord, but she had been sent for; and though the old house looked worn and dilapidated, and village gossip had said all manner of queer things concerning the occupant, that was no concern of hers, and should not prove a barrier between her and prosperity. She might be nearer heaven than she knew, and certainly no one ever reached Canaan without taking a step in that direction.

The upper half of the front-door was open, and she knocked gently. There was no response, so Dora passed through into the narrow hall, and knocked first at the door on the right, and then at the door on the left. Only the echo of her own demand broke the stillness of the place, so she pushed open the nearest door and let the daylight in—on what?

She gave an involuntary scream as her eyes became accustomed to the darkness, and she saw into what a den of devils she had entered. The odor almost made her faint, and she stood holding back the door with one hand and shading her eyes with the other, looking as though she had seen emblazoned on the walls those terrible words, "Who enters here leaves hope behind!"

As she stood in this attitude a door opened at the further end of the room, and a bent, distorted form approached Dora Lacy, who became petrified with horror.

"Is this Dora Lacy?" he asked, hobbling slowly through the chamber of horrors, himself as strange and weird as any thing there.

"It is," said Dora, coming out of the swoon of surprise at the metallic ring of his voice.

"I meant to receive you better than this, but my housekeeper is away. Come into my study."

Dora mechanically followed his lead, pity overcoming all fear or repugnance; and though she started as some reptile glared upon her out of the darkness, curiosity did much toward sustaining her fortitude. The room they entered was small but cozy; books and papers were scattered about the floor and on the table, while the walls were ornamented with bugs of every known and unknown variety, at sight of which Dora could not conceal a look of disgust.

"Those are my pictures," said Mr. Prime, noticing the expression of Dora's face, "painted by the hand of the Great Artist. Are they not beautiful?"

"Beautiful to look at, perhaps," said Dora, "but horrible to handle."

"Oh no," he said, with a voice that seemed to embrace all God's creatures. "If you could only see them under the microscope!"

He took down one of the impaled insects as tenderly as if it had been a child, and, putting it under the glass, signed to Dora to come nearer.

Dorah looked, and was fascinated. She had stepped out of the narrow circle in which she had walked, and entered a world of whose existence she had scarcely known.

The shadows gathered closer and closer around the old house, but Dora never noticed them, never thought of the walk she must take in order to reach her home; the enchanter had woven his spell about her, and she was powerless to escape.

Bit after bit of wonderful workmanship was brought within the range of her intensified vision; and when a voice broke the silence it was as though she had been suddenly thrown down a mighty precipice from whose height she had entered the land of visions.

"It is growing dark, and you have some distance to go—alone," he added, after a pause full of sadness. "I would like your services as amanuensis. Mr. Medway spoke of you as being well fitted for the work. You see what it is, 'beautiful to look at, but horrible to handle,'" he said, quoting her own words. "Will you undertake to help me?"

"I will, indeed," said Dora, still keeping her eye on the microscope.

"Then I may expect you—when?"

"To-morrow morning;" and as their eyes met they smiled at each other's enthusiasm.

Dora went back through the lane, but she had no eyes or ears for the many blossoms that touched her with a good-night whisper as she passed them by.

She had entered a new world; she had crossed the threshold of a new existence; and who could tell into what labyrinths of beauty her feet might henceforth lead her?

"Well, if I ever!" exclaimed Mrs. Fletcher, to whom Dora immediately imparted her business engagement.

"Who would have thought of your going to such a bugbear as Sylvester Prime?"

"That comes of being neither a beauty nor a genius," said Dora, laughing heartily at Mrs. Fletcher's unconscious pun.

"And you are going there every day?" she inquired.

"Every day," said Dora.

"Well, I don't see as there's any great luck in it; but I do say you look almost as delighted as if there were."

"And so there is," said Dora, "lots of luck; and if I don't line my pockets with pence, I shall most assuredly fill my head with wisdom."

"I suppose I may tell the parson about it?" said good Mrs. Fletcher, who didn't propose taking a step in this world or the next without the parson's advice.

"Yes, if he hasn't told you himself."

"Does he know any thing about it?" asked the astonished woman.

"Far more than I do," said Dora, kissing her, and passing out into the darkness that had settled out-of-doors; leaving Mrs. Fletcher somewhat bewildered, though less concerned about the respectability of the undertaking since she was assured that Parson Medway had the management of the whole affair.

With an eagerness and interest that belonged to her practical nature Dora Lacy entered upon her new duties, and every day found herself entering some new field of knowledge.

Sitting in his easy-chair, Sylvester Prime would dictate the material for her pen, which was furnished so freely by the microscope; and occasionally, as some new wonder would cause an exclamation of surprise from the scholar, Dora's pen would drop from her hand, that with her own eyes she might behold what she was describing on paper.

She was as much in love with the work as was Mr. Prime himself, and already in imagination saw the neatly bound volumes that would give to the public such amazing evidence of God's skill and man's interpretation of it.

But in proportion as Dora's courage and determination increased by the glowing interest she felt in the work, Sylvester Prime was conscious, on his part, of a restlessness, and indifference to insect life.

His walks and talks had been for years with these soulless creatures, and both had been somewhat controlled by the condition of things. Bugs and creeping things had been sent to him from every quarter of the globe, until his collection had become quite an extensive museum, and the study of their habits and peculiarities the end and aim of his circumscribed life.

Mrs. Mathewson, the housekeeper, had expressed very little sympathy for his pursuits, there being a direct antagonism between bugs and brooms, and the latter was her specialty. They never met except at meals, when Mrs. Mathewson would retail the gossip of the village—tell who had been to see her and where she had visited last, who proposed matrimony and who contemplated going on a sea voyage.

If Dora was conscious of any change in the scholar whose wisdom she was inclined to reverence, it did not affect her pen, or fill her with that suspicious shyness in which our modern maidens are apt to indulge in the presence of gentlemen. She had learned to pity and endure, but she was hardly ready yet to embrace.

And he, knowing how he must appear to her—old and disfigured as he was—suffered more acutely, because hopelessly.

Sometimes, when his hand rested on hers, he thought he must break down the barrier and declare himself, even though she should reject him with scorn. The suppressed passion was consuming him.

One look, however, at her unconscious face would decide him, and he would resume his dictation with a sigh. There were pauses in the work, also, when he read from the poets or prose writers, with such a wonderfully magnetic voice that Dora was for the nonce among the scenes portrayed, and breathed an atmosphere of wondrous purity and enchantment.

"I will speak to-morrow," whispered Sylvester's heart, as he stood in the door-way, watching for Dora's good-night wave of the hand as she closed the gate and entered the leafy-curtained lane—"I will speak to-morrow;" but to-morrow seemed to put the goal still further away; and Dora's utter unconsciousness and imperturbability gave him no excuse for breaking the seal of silence.

Dora's walk home one afternoon was through fields and lanes that the poet's fancy had tricked out with indescribable beauty. One picture after another floated before her waking vision, and even gave some coloring to her dreams.

Toward morning she was suddenly aroused to the consciousness of unwonted excitement in the house and an unusual illumination out-of-doors; and before she was fairly awake Mrs. Fletcher's voice outside the door, exclaiming, "Dora! Dora! Mr. Prime's house is on fire!" aroused her to immediate action. Hastily dressing herself, and with but one thought prominent in her mind—the inevitable ruin of the manuscripts—she hurried with Mrs. Fletcher to the scene of the conflagration.

The house was old, and did not burn easily; so that by the time they reached the place the flames were subdued, and the neighbors returned to their early-morning avocations.

While Mrs. Fletcher and Mrs. Mathewson went over the details of the occurrence, as they assisted each other in restoring order out of the chaos, Dora found her way to the study, and stood horror-struck at the desolation. Here had the flames done their most fiery work; the holocaust was complete. Not a vestige of the manuscripts could she find; and those wonderful creations that had been to her as a revelation were scattered to the four winds of heaven.

Tears filled her eyes at the sight, and, half blinded, she found her way to the summer-house, there to pour out her feelings of sympathy and regret.

"What will he do? what will he do?" she would exclaim at intervals, as she glanced toward the house whose roof was yet smoking. "It was cruel—too cruel!"

She had not thought to inquire about Mr. Prime, taking it for granted that he escaped untouched. In her absorbed state of mind the man was less than his master-piece; and when she felt the old familiar pressure of her hand, as it lay upon the rustic table, she screamed aloud, as if some ghost had seized upon her.

"I am so sorry!" she said, as soon as she could find voice to speak. "What will we do?"

"Nothing." And there was an ocean of despair in the tone.

"Nothing, Mr. Prime? Can you see the labor of years annihilated in a few moments, and not feel that something must be done? Perhaps I can recall most of the text—I know I can considerable—and the loss may not be so great after all," said Dora, more hopefully, and making room for him to sit beside her.

"I shall not trouble you, Dora; certainly not very soon," he replied. "The work could never give me the same interest it once did—"

"But your friends from abroad will still continue to send you specimens," she interrupted.

"Yes," he said, abstractedly, fixing his large, lustrous eyes on Dora's face, all animation and eager interest.

"Then my term of service ends with to-day?" she said, with a sigh and a sudden change of expression, as she thought of what would be shut out of her life by such a procedure.

"Yes," said Mr. Prime; "there will be nothing for you to do. But may I not be your friend all the same?"

"Certainly," said Dora, looking up frankly and honestly in the face of her benefactor, and starting to find it shadowed with tears.

"Mr. Prime, were you injured by the fire? What is the matter?" her heart keenly alive to his suffering, though unconscious of the cause.

"These are womanly tears, Dora, that pride

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has done her best to keep back. It pains me to see the labor of years destroyed much less than it grieves me to know that I am shut out from future happiness."

"Of what sort?" asked Dora, full of sympathetic interest.

"Of the sort that comes with reciprocated affection; of the sort that will never, never come to me!" and he leaned his head upon the table in an agony of tears that was absolutely terrifying to Dora.

There was silence for a few moments, unbroken by aught save the heavy sobs of the weeping man and the rapid heart-beats of the questioning woman.

Suddenly there flashed across Dora's comprehension one of those gleams of revelation that afford an easy solution to the most difficult problem; and all that had seemed to her mysterious and strange became as clear as a landscape at noonday.

She thought of all that she owed to this man, and of her intense admiration of his genius, and it was not gratitude alone that occupied her heart.

"Dear friend," she said, laying her hand upon the bowed head before her—"dear friend, if this fire that has interrupted our work should be the means of strengthening our friendship, would that comfort you?"

Her heart had found its voice at last!

"Dora!"—and he showered passionate kisses on the hand whose touch had been to him like a benediction—"it would be Heaven's own recompense!"

And in the light of that October morning, and in the midst of the desolation and destruction of those household gods, was erected a new altar, where Love alone presided; and the two, whose souls had met in blissful recognition, had no speech so eloquent as their silence.

YACHTING PRIZES.

THE annual regatta of the New York Yacht Club took place on the 22d of June. The day was perfect, and the scene on the bay, when the yachts and other craft were clustered there together, one of extreme beauty and interest. It would be a hopeless task to describe the race itself. The most interesting part of it was the run up the bay, when the yachts spread all the canvas they could carry. The *Sappho*'s white hull was almost lost under the white pyramid that rose above her deck, and the *Wanderer* attracted universal attention by the enormous quantity of sail she displayed. No more beautiful sight can be seen in any waters than was afforded by the long line of gleaming sails.

It was stated, and very generally believed, at the close of the race, that the leading yachts had passed around the wrong buoy at the Southwest Spit, and that, in consequence, the apparent winners would not be entitled to the prizes. This, however, was settled by the regatta committee's decision, which, based on the opinion of competent United States authorities, declared that No. 8½ was *the* buoy on the Southwest Spit, and that the correct course had been sailed over by the claimants. We presume that this will give general satisfaction.

The view of the race at the light-house was very beautiful, so many of the yachts passing round in close proximity—so close, indeed, that it was in some instances difficult to decide which of two was leading. At the time that the sloops *Peerless* and *Gracie*, with the schooner *Palmer*, the latter leading, were passing the light-ship the scene was one long to be remembered; the one drawback—and there must always be a crumpled rose-leaf somewhere—was found in the shrill whistles of the steamers, which could, we imagine, easily be dispensed with.

It is difficult, and might seem invidious, to mention particular yachts where all were so beautiful; but as the *Wanderer* and the *Columbia* are new vessels, and may be termed, to use the language of the turf, "dark horses," it may be said that they excited universal admiration. The *Columbia*, which was only one and a half minutes behind the victor, looked like a large swan as she lightly skimmed over the water. Her owner, Mr. FRANK OSGOOD, may well be proud of his new boat, and has no reason to regret the *Magic*, in which he was victorious last year.

The prizes contested for are given on page 625, drawn from photographs by ROCKWOOD.

Numbers 2, 3, and 4, the regatta prizes, were sailed for according to the rules of the club, and were won by *Tidal Wave* (W. VOORHIS), *Addie* (W. H. LANGLEY), and *Breeze* (A. C. KINGSLAND, Jun.), respectively, the first of the schooners, and the others of the first and second class sloops. The two Challenge Cups, Numbers 1 and 7, presented by JAMES GORDON BENNETT, Jun., Commodore of the club, were won by *Tidal Wave* and *Addie*; the two Subscription Cups, Numbers 5 and 6, being won by the same schooner and sloop, these having beaten all the other yachts, both with and without allowance of time.

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.

THERE is no use in protesting against the good old orthodox fashion of celebrating the Fourth of July with bonfires, cannon, guns, pistols, rockets, fire-crackers, snakes, Roman candles, fire-balloons, and every other possible contrivance for making a blaze and a noise. It has the sanction of antiquity, the approbation of the Revolutionary fathers, and the unqualified approval of Young America. Even if the elders of the nation were so wise as to desire a change, it is extremely doubtful if the rising generation could be brought to submit to any abridgment of the glorious privilege of making a whole day hideous with barbaric racket. We all know what attempts have been made to turn their hilarious patriotism into more sober and less disagreeable channels. But neither boys nor girls, young men nor maidens, take to them. Nothing will satisfy their hearts but cannon, guns and pistols, fire-crackers and torpedoes, all day, and the more brilliant fire-works at night. The country may as well submit, and make the best of it. Every year brings out a new string of protests. The police authorities issue new and more stringent regulations. But can any one say that the day grows any the less boisterous?

The night before the Fourth is generally one of intense excitement with the boys, and of anxiety to the mothers. The youngsters have their magazines of crackers and torpedoes in readiness to commence operations with the earliest streak of daylight. Those whose parents permit them to handle more dangerous toys have their pistols and miniature cannon in order. Country boys manufacture cannon from old gun-barrels, pieces of heavy lead pipe, and even wood. Their ingenuity in contriving ways to make a rocket is one of the most conclusive evidences of the total depravity of boys. Their recklessness is something frightful. Nothing will teach them caution. Every year produces its long chapter of melancholy accidents, all the more sad because the greater number of sufferers are children, many of whom must go maimed or disfigured for the rest of their life. A little fellow whom the writer knew—a bright, active lad of ten—two years ago lost two fingers of his left hand by the premature explosion of a toy cannon. Last year he was again among the merriest of the merry, despite his maimed hand. "He wasn't going to lose his fun just for a couple of fingers!" This year, too, no doubt, he will be up among the earliest to salute the rising sun with the boom of miniature artillery; and if he manages to get through the day without losing the rest of his fingers, or his head, will finish up with the grand display in one of the parks or at the City Hall. He is a plucky little man, and has our best wishes for a safe delivery out of all the perils that environ him.

THE METHODIST BOOK CONCERN.

DR. LANAHAN, the Assistant Agent of the Methodist Book Concern, believing that he had discovered fraud and mismanagement in the affairs of that establishment, made his discoveries public, and called for some action on the part of the authorities of the Church. A partial investigation was undertaken by a committee, which presented a report that satisfied nobody. Further inquiries were then proposed, and DR. LANAHAN undertook the collection of evidence to substantiate his charges. In the course of these proceedings the personal relations between the Assistant Agent and his immediate superior had naturally become unpleasant. DR. LANAHAN was opposed at every step of his researches. He was denied access to the books, and driven to apply to the courts for a mandamus to compel the exhibition of accounts which it is natural to suppose the Concern ought to have been anxious to show in its own vindication. Hereupon the Book Committee, without ascertaining what foundation there was for DR. LANAHAN'S charges, put him on trial for making them. He has been found guilty, and recommended to the bishops for removal from office.

The result of their action is obvious. No employé of the Book Concern who discovers any thing wrong hereafter will tell of it if he values his place. The cardinal rule of business in that establishment is to keep things quiet, and the worst offense that an agent or assistant agent can commit is to let any scandal get out. It seems to be the determination of the majority of the Committee that there shall be no genuine examination of the real question at issue, lest the result prove "detrimental to the Concern." There is a large body of laymen interested in the welfare of this great Methodist institution, and to them it appears that the Concern is suffering detriment not half so much from the charges of DR. LANAHAN as from the attempt of the Committee to smother the charges instead of looking into them. —*New York Tribune.*

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE Fourth of July made its advent some weeks ago in the form of torpedoes and India crackers in the hands of enterprising "Young America." The snapping and sputtering, once commenced, will only end after the grand climax, which will soon burst upon us with all its joys and horrors—joys to the boys, who do love a great noise, and who possess a warm attachment to any thing which will "go off" with a flash and a fizzle; and horrors for the quiet and nervous people, whose ears prospectively ache at the mere mention of the "Glorious Fourth." It is expected that every body should be noisily patriotic in this country. Yet, considering the boasted freedom of our land, it is a pity that it contains no spot where a quiet-minded individual might breathe out his patriotism in undisturbed solitude or sociality. But there is no such spot—at least we never heard of a place where fire-crackers and torpedoes penetrated not on that day of days. So we may as well plug our oversensitive ears and be resigned; and if we can rouse ourselves to be magnanimously enthusiastic, the young folks will appreciate our veneration for this national holiday.

Polar expeditions are becoming fashionable. There are three on foot. Besides Captain Hall's and the one from Sweden, Octave Pavy, a member of the French and American Geographical societies, believing that Captain Hall's proposed polar expedition is impracticable, purposes to make an attempt himself to reach the north pole by way of Behring Strait. He will leave San Francisco on the 15th of July for Petropaulovski, in Avatcha Bay, Kamtchatka. A party of eight accompany Pavy.

The Commissioners of Public Charities and Correction report that their experience leads them to the opinion that the punishment for habitual drunkenness is wholly inadequate. A large portion of the inmates of the work-house are common drunkards. They are sent up by the magistrates clothed in rags, covered with vermin, and broken down in health by their debauchery. They must be clothed at the expense of the city; and by the time they are discharged from the hands of the physician, and capable of labor, their term of imprisonment is ended, and they are released, to be in a few days sent back, their clothing destroyed, again to be reclothed and assigned to the hospital. It would be difficult to devise a more expensive or ineffectual means of reformation than is by law established.

During the past year the Mercantile Library of New York has delivered at the residences of members 11,880 books, which indicates the popularity of this method of delivery. The circulation for the year was 269,034 volumes. The total number of volumes now in the library is 127,237. There are also 248 newspapers and 204 magazines kept on file in the reading-room.

The sublime and picturesque in nature appeal very differently to different minds. There is a story told of a journeyman tailor who traveled a long way to visit Niagara Falls. He went up into the Terrapin, and after gazing in silence at the immense body of water falling below him, exclaimed, with an impressive gesture, "What a place to sponge a coat!" A farmer, standing back of the Horseshoe Falls, upon the Canada side, was impressed with the feeling that the rushing water there afforded a "grand place to wash sheep!" While a skilled machinist could only lament, "What a waste of water-power!" And we have all heard of the Englishman who, finding no English phrase to express his views of Niagara as a whole, borrowed an American slang phrase, and asserted that "it was a big thing!"

It is curious to notice the inclination of people to adopt the peculiar habits and method of living which, in any particular instance, have seemed to produce longevity. If a man has lived to be one hundred years old, and his usual beverage has been ale, scores of people think that *therefore* ale must be wholesome; if another reaches the same age, having been in the constant habit of rising early and practicing gymnastics a couple of hours before breakfast, they argue that gymnastics before breakfast are useful to all. Few persons are discriminating enough to fully understand that constitutions and temperaments are so different that while water is the best drink for one, tea, or coffee, or some other beverage may be useful to others; a vegetable diet may be just the thing for one man, while his neighbor may require meat; wine may assist an invalid to digest the food he needs, and yet be a positive injury to the man of good digestion and full health. All are not cast in the same mould, and not only the natural constitution, but many other points must be taken into consideration in deciding what diet and habits of life shall be adopted. Consequently when we hear that there is a man living in the mountains of North Carolina who has reached the extraordinary age of one hundred and forty-three years, that he has always lived upon coarse vegetables, and drank only spring water, that at twenty he had a wife and three children, and that, having lost his seventh wife about sixty years ago, he now begins to feel lonely, and wishes to marry again, we need not argue that we must follow his example in every particular if we desire to reach a like venerable age.

A great many wondrous things happen during the small hours of night in a large city like New York. For example: not long ago a gentleman was returning to his home about half past two o'clock in the morning, when, on passing along the west side of Union Square, he noticed that the statue of Lincoln was not standing upon its pedestal, but appeared on it in an easy sitting posture, with the right leg crossed over the left. The gentleman is willing to make his affidavit as to the correctness of this statement, but we presume his simple word of honor will be relied on just as much as his affidavit. We forgot to mention that the gentleman was returning from his *club-house*.

The veteran journalist, Mr. Thomas Gill, who recently died, possessed a keen sense of humor. He was an Englishman by birth, and one of the first professional reporters who went to America. On one occasion the Hon. Robert Rantoul, Jun., was delivering to an immense audience an oration at a celebration on Bunker Hill, in the course of which he described with great pathos and effect the famous battle which had occurred on the very spot where they were assembled. As he resumed his seat, Gill, who was seated near him, carelessly remarked, "My father was in that battle." Rantoul immediately sprang to his feet and announced the fact, whereupon there were vehement calls from the crowd for the son of the Revolutionary hero. Mr. Gill modestly rose, and, after acknowledging the vociferous cheers which greeted him, quietly informed his hearers that it was true that his father was in the battle of Bunker Hill, but—he was fighting on the other side! The scene that followed "beggared description."

Medical science has at last triumphed over leprosy, according to accounts which come from India. The civil surgeon of Khundwa reports the case of a wretched old Jew who came to him from Bombay, having been abandoned by his friends because he had this terrible disease. He was treated with soap and water, and then with carbolic acid and oil, and was completely cured.

A Chicago paper records the following fact, which may be cited as a wonderful fulfillment of dreams. A man dreamed a dreadful dream—that his child was scalded to death. He took every precaution against such a catastrophe, but precisely in five weeks and two days after the dream the little boy was run over by a wagon, and escaped uninjured.

Western farming is on a magnificent scale, if a farm in Livingston County, Illinois, is a fair specimen. It is eight miles square, containing 40,960 acres—sixty-four sections, government survey. It is subdivided into thirty-two farms of 1280 acres each, these all being managed by special officers, who are under the general control of the owner. There are 15,000 acres under the plows, over 10,000 of which are in corn this season, which looks finely. This required 1600 bushels of corn for seed this year. The remainder of the farm is used for grazing, small grain, and grass. There are *two hundred and fifty miles* of hedge fence, besides other fences; *one hundred and fifty miles* of ditch for draining wet land. Two hundred men and four hundred work-horses and mules are used on this farm. There are employed, also, one surveyor, two bookkeepers, four blacksmiths, and eight carpenters. An accurate account is kept with each farm. The whole of this land was entered from government about twenty years since by its present owner at $1 25 per acre. The farm at this time, with the improvements made upon it, and personal property connected with it, is worth about $2,000,000.

Most of the foreign residents of Yokohama are supplied with milk from the dairy of an American firm. The cows are all American or English stock, the most having been imported from San Francisco. The dairy occupies a space of about 75 by 175 feet, with a yard in the centre and tiled buildings on two sides, which contain about thirty-five cows.

It is very hard on Chicago—the report that it is proposed to abolish the light-house at the mouth of the Chicago River as an unnecessary expense, "the sense of smell of the pilots being all that is requisite to enable them to make the harbor."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A JOINT AFFAIR WITH BUT A SINGLE PARTY TO IT—Rheumatism.

A certain beadle had fancied the manse house-maid; but, at a loss for an opportunity to declare himself, one day—a Sunday—when his duties were ended, he looked sheepish, and said: "Mary, wad ye tak a turn, Mary?" He led her to the church-yard, and, pointing with his finger, got out: "My fowk lie there, Mary; wad ye like to lie there?" The grave hint was taken, and she became his wife; but does not yet lie there.

When the beer *runs out*, does it *hop*?

A young man says that there may have been such a thing as real true love in old times, but that now the notion is entirely obsolete; and if you ask a young lady nowadays to share your lot, she immediately wants to know how large that "lot" is.

THE WORK OF TIME—Wrinkle-making.

A Scottish minister, being one day engaged in visiting some members of his flock, came to the door of a house where his gentle tapping could not be heard for the noise of contention within. After waiting a little he opened the door and walked in, saying, with an authoritative voice, "I should like to know who is the head of this house?" "Weel, Sir," said the husband and father, "if ye sit doon a wee, we'll maybe be able to tell ye, for we're just trying to settle that point."

A client remarked to his solicitor, "You are writing my bill on very rough paper, Sir." "Never mind," was the reply of the latter, "it has to be filed before it comes into court."

A lady had a favorite lap-dog, which she called Perchance. "A singular name," said somebody, "for a beautiful pet, madam. Where did you find it?" "Oh," drawled she, "it was named from Byron's dog. You remember where he says, 'Perchance my dog will howl.'"

One asked his friend why he married so little a wife. "Why," said he, "I thought you knew that of all evils we should choose the least."

The Turkish embassador was at a public dinner with some of the magnates of the land. The president gave as a toast, in compliment to his Excellency, "The Sublime Porte and the Turkish Embassador." The waiter echoed it down the table, "A supply of port for the Turkish embassador."

"IMPRESSIONS OF GREECE"—Candle-droppings on the carpet.

"How do you feel with such a shocking-looking coat on?" said a young clerk of more pretentions than brains one morning. "I feel," said old Roger, looking at him steadily with one eye half closed, as if taking aim at his victim—"I feel, young man, as if I had a coat on which has been pa'd for, a luxury of feeling which I think you will never experience."

IN ARMS.—A baby who kisses his mother and fights his father may be said to be partial to his ma, and martial to his pa.

Why are young ladies fond of pastry-cooks' shops?—Because it is the place to find sweethearts (sweet tarts).

DESIGN FOR A BOSS, TO BE USED IN THE NEW TWEED HOSPITAL, AND IN ALL OTHER PUBLIC BUILDINGS IN THE CITY AND COUNTY AND STATE OF NEW YORK.

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LA PÉTROLEUSE.

A CORRESPONDENT of the London *Times* recently observed, while speaking of the courage and ferocity shown by the women of Paris during the late insurrection, that the French nation would be indeed a terrible nation if it consisted entirely of Frenchwomen. The fair sex certainly occupies a more prominent position in France than in any other European country. In peaceful times the lion's share of the work is performed by the women. While Jules and Alphonse are lounging in *cafés* and *cabarets*, sipping pernicious absinthe or smoking *caporal* tobacco, Marie and Celestine are hoeing and weeding and digging in the fields, or busily attending to the wants of their customers, if they are in the shop-keeping line. Shop-keeping, indeed, is almost a feminine monopoly in France, and you may walk along a street and glance into shop after shop without seeing an assistant of the bearded sex. Some of the large establishments which have risen up of late years in the great cities are, it is true, provided with a numerous array of counter-jumpers; but such places of business are avowedly modeled after the London fashion. In time of war the Frenchwoman still more strongly asserts her prominence. Every regiment is accompanied by its *vivandières* and its *cantinières*, personages of a very different type to the Moll Flaggons who attend a British army in the field. During the Prussian siege of Paris the women, it can scarcely be denied, showed a more determined and undaunted spirit than the men, and it is not impossible that if TROCHU had modified his plan of operations to the extent of allowing the Amazons of the Seine to march against the enemy, some of the old fervor of 1792 would have been revived, and the besiegers would have been discomfited. During the siege, however, the women of Paris got no chance of showing their true mettle, and this is probably the reason why, when the revolution of the 18th March took place, they sided with rouge rather than tricolor. Here we can not help asking how it is that the Salic law should prevail in such a country as France, where the women are the working bees, and the men are, comparatively speaking, the drones of the hive? Why was not a woman placed at the head of the Communal insurrection, instead of incapables who spent their precious lease of power in denouncing and arresting each other? A woman of capacity would have obtained honorable terms from the hesitating government of Versailles, and Paris would have been spared the horrors to which she has been subjected.

We have no desire to extenuate the crimes of which many of the insurgent women in Paris had recently been guilty. La Pétroleuse (petroleum-thrower)! what a terrible significance has this newly invented name! Is it possible that those who belong to what is emphatically styled the gentler sex can perpetrate such atrocities? It is possible; and as no one becomes utterly wicked all at once, it may be worth while to trace the probable history of some such hopeless wretch as she who appears in our picture about to receive her doom at the hands of an infuriated soldiery. We do not believe the Versaillese libelers who assert that all such criminals were the scum of Paris. Twelve months ago, probably enough, the Pétroleuse was an industrious, well-behaved woman, with a husband and children. Then came the siege—her husband lost his work, served in the ranks of the National Guard, and was gradually converted into a lounging, dissipated idler. Meantime his wife waited day after day, in the frost and snow, for her scanty share of rations, and had the inexpressible grief to see her children die for want of the nourishment on which childhood thrives. The capitulation must have come as a bitter pang to one who had suffered so much. Can we not imagine that such a poor creature, demoralized by want of work, and with her brain weakened by slow starvation, would hail the establishment of the Commune as a sort of millennium which would cure all her troubles, and would therefore burst into a fury of uncontrollable mania upon its violent suppression? Though the hand of this woman lighted the flame which burned some of the finest buildings of Paris, she is possibly not the most guilty author of the conflagration. Whose were the miserable jealousies and ambitions which within twelve months have converted her from a respectable woman into a Pétroleuse? Other people, who are among the loudest in condemning her, may have to answer this question some day before a tribunal at which all secrets will be made known.

THE END OF THE COMMUNE—EXECUTION OF A PÉTROLEUSE.

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SUMMARY EXECUTIONS IN PARIS—SHOOTING DOWN COMMUNIST PRISONERS.

BLOODSHED IN PARIS.

THE capture of Paris by the troops of the Versailles government was marked by the most bloody scenes of vengeance ever witnessed in modern warfare. The troops of the Commune were shot down without mercy, and without even the form of trial, after all resistance had ceased, and it is estimated that nearly twenty thousand of them perished before the slaughter was suspended. Women, and even children, shared the fate of the men, and indeed generally brought it down upon themselves by the ferocity with which they took part in the fighting and in the terrible work of burning the city. The upper sketch on this page shows how the Communists were shot down by the infuriated troops. The lower sketch was taken at the corner of a street where Communist prisoners, captured while fighting, were ranged in rows and "fusilladed" as they stood. The centre figure in the front row was a noted Communist leader of the lowest and most degraded stamp. On his person, after his execution, was found the sum of 150,000 francs, in bank-notes, sewed under the lining of his trowsers. Large sums of money were found upon other Communists, who had been prevented by the Prussians from escaping.

SUMMARY EXECUTIONS IN PARIS—ROWS OF DEAD COMMUNISTS.

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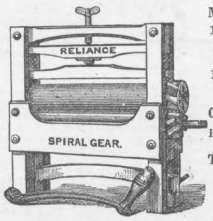

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The Company reserves the right to close the Subscription Books at any time after the twenty-ninth day of July, 1871.
By order of the Board of Directors,
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} Commissioners on behalf of the Company.
NEW YORK, *June* 16, 1871.

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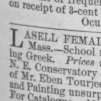

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Interest Quarterly, February, May, August, and November.

BONDS FREE OF ALL TAXES, LOCAL OR NATIONAL.

The Treasury Department having already received subscriptions to the amount of $67,000,000 to the first two hundred millions of the New Loans authorized by the Act of Congress of July 14, 1870, for refunding the Public Debt, bearing five per cent. per annum interest, now offers to popular subscription the remaining $133,000,000 of this particular Loan, and is prepared to promptly deliver the Coupon Bonds or Registered Certificates in exchange, dollar for dollar, for any of the United States six per cent. Bonds or Registered Stocks known as *Five-Twenties,* or for Gold Coin at the par value of the New Loan and accrued Interest from the first of May. When this amount, to which preference is given, is taken up, the remainder of the Five per Cents, $300,000,000, embraced in the Act will be offered in connection with $300,000,000 Four and One-Half per Cents, and any part of $700,000,000 of Four per Cents, the one running fifteen years and the other thirty years.

The following is a copy of the New Five per Cent. Bond, under and pursuant to the Act of Congress:

FORM OF FIVE PER CENT. BOND.

INTEREST | FUNDED LOAN OF 1881. | 5 PER CENT.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

ARE INDEBTED TO THE BEARER IN THE SUM OF

..... DOLLARS.

THIS BOND is issued in accordance with the provisions of an Act of Congress entitled "An Act to authorize the Refunding of the National Debt," approved July 14, 1870, amended by an Act approved Jan. 20, 1871, and is redeemable at the pleasure of the United States, after the 1st day of May, A.D. 1881, in Coin of the standard value of the United States on said July 14, 1870, with interest in such Coin, from the day of the date hereof, at the rate of FIVE PER CENTUM per annum, payable quarterly, on the 1st day of February, May, August, and November, in each year. The principal and interest are exempt from the payment of all Taxes or Duties of the United States, as well as from taxation in any form, by or under State, municipal, or local authority.

WASHINGTON, ..., 18..

Entered ..... Recorded .....

.....

Register of the Treasury.

Registered Bonds will be issued of the denominations of $50, $100, $500, $1,000, $5,000, $10,000, and coupon bonds of each denomination except the last two. The interest will be payable in the United States, at the office of the Treasurer, any Assistant Treasurer, or designated depository of the Government, quarterly, on the first days of February, May, August, and November, in each year.

The interest on the Registered Stock of this Loan, it is determined by the Treasury Department, will be paid by Gold Check for the Quarterly Interest, to the Post-Office address of every holder, free of trouble or expense, dispensing with attendance, in person or by proxy, at the Treasury, for the purpose of receipting for and drawing such interest.

The whole proceeds of the New Loan will be applied to the payment or redemption and cancellation of the 5-20 years six per cent. bonds; and in addition to these proceeds, the 5-20's are being reduced by purchases, averaging, for two years past, about $10,000,000 per month.

The entire effect, therefore, of the New Loan, in connection with the existing Sinking Fund process of the Treasury, is to reduce both Principal and Interest of the Public Debt of the United States. *The Loan creates no additional supply of Government Stocks,* while the application of the surplus revenue is constantly lessening the Funded Stocks bearing six per cent. Gold Interest.

The policy of the Government since the close of the War in 1865, which left a debt upon the country of $2,755,000,000, and an annual taxation of $311,000,000, has been to reduce steadily both Debt and Taxes: to reduce the Principal of the Debt by actual payments, and to lessen the annual burden of Interest, and thereby the burden of Taxation, not only through such payments, but by funding the debt at the cheapest rates of interest practicable from time to time, until it is now felt that the very cheapest rates are due to the high Credit, unblemished Public Faith, and vast and growing resources of the country. From $2,755,000,000, the Principal of the Debt has been reduced to $2,260,000,000—both sums exclusive of accrued interest—and from the heavy burden of $151,832,000 per annum, the Interest charge has been reduced to $112,780,000 per annum; while the annual taxation, under the Internal Revenue system, which the necessities of the War, and the Debt thereby created, rendered necessary for at least a short series of years, has been reduced from $311,000,000 in 1865–66 to about $154,000,000 per year in 1870–71 (estimating for the highest probable collections in the current month, the last of the Fiscal year), or less than one-half the first-named sum. And in the year 1871–72 a further reduction of $28,000,000 will come in under the Act of July, 1870, so as to give only $126,000,000 for the year, or about two-fifths the maximum of 1865–66.

By the successful refunding of the Public Debt at moderate rates of Interest, and by continued economies in the expenditures of the Government—which in two years, from March 4, 1869, to March 4, 1871, amounted to $126,700,948, or an average saving per year of $63,350,474—It is believed that nearly the entire system of Internal Taxes can be dispensed with in a few years, or so much of it as requires the machinery of District Assessors and Collectors.

The Secretary of the Treasury has just published the Monthly Schedule of the Public Debt to June 1, from which it appears that he has further reduced the total of Funded Gold-bearing Debt since May 1 by the sum of $8,000,000, by purchase of United States 5-20's for the Sinking Fund, and reduced the 5-20's by the further sum of $8,217,400 by conversion into the New 5 per Cents. The whole Funded Debt now stands $1,894,128,750, as against $2,107,846,150 two years ago, when the present Administration came into office. Adding to these sums the net Circulation of the Treasury (that is, in Greenbacks and Greenback Certificates, after deducting Gold and Currency on hand), the following is the comparison of Debt of all kinds, at present, and at the close of the War, and in 1869:

	July, 1865.	March, 1869.	June, 1871.
U.S. Stocks,	$2,150,784,112	$2,107,846,150	$1,894,128,750
Circulation,	605,211,163	383,545,854	366,333,003
Total,	$2,755,995,275	$2,491,392,004	$2,260,461,753

The following table affords a classification of the Funded Stock (in Gold) of the United States, as at present outstanding:

Date.	Coupon.	Registered.	Total.
5-20's, 1862.....	$382,958,500	$103,973,500	$486,932,000
5-20's, 1864.....	44,752,650	55,924,100	100,676,750
5-20's, 1865.....	123,666,150	53,352,100	177,212,250
5-21's, 1865 (n.)	179,369,500	70,851,450	250,220,950
5-21's, 1867.....	241,686,550	91,325,100	333,011,650
5-20's, 1868.....	28,009,350	11,603,000	39,612,350
Total 5-20's..	$1,000,436,700	$387,229,250	$1,387,665,950
Sixes, 1881....	93,260,400	190,417,700	283,678,100
Fives, 10-40's..	57,379,650	137,287,650	194,667,300
Fives, 1874....	13,925,000	6,045,000	20,000,000
New fives, '81.	5,117,000	3,100,400	8,217,400
Total	$1,170,048,750	$724,080,000	$1,894,128,750
Total March 4, 1869			2,107,846,150
Reduction of Funded Debt.....			$213,717,400
Yearly Gold Interest charge, 1869.....			$124,285,350
Present yearly charge			111,419,993
Reduction in Interest charge			$12,835,357

The proposed further reduction of the annual Interest charge upon the Public Debt by refunding is as follows:

By exchange of $500,000,000 United States six per cents for new five per cents of 1881.....	$5,000,000
By exchange of $300,000,000 United States six per cents for four and a half per cents of 1886.....	4,500,000
By exchange of $700,000,000 United States six per cents for four per cents of 1901..	14,000,000
Total saving per annum by refunding.	$23,500,000

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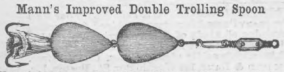

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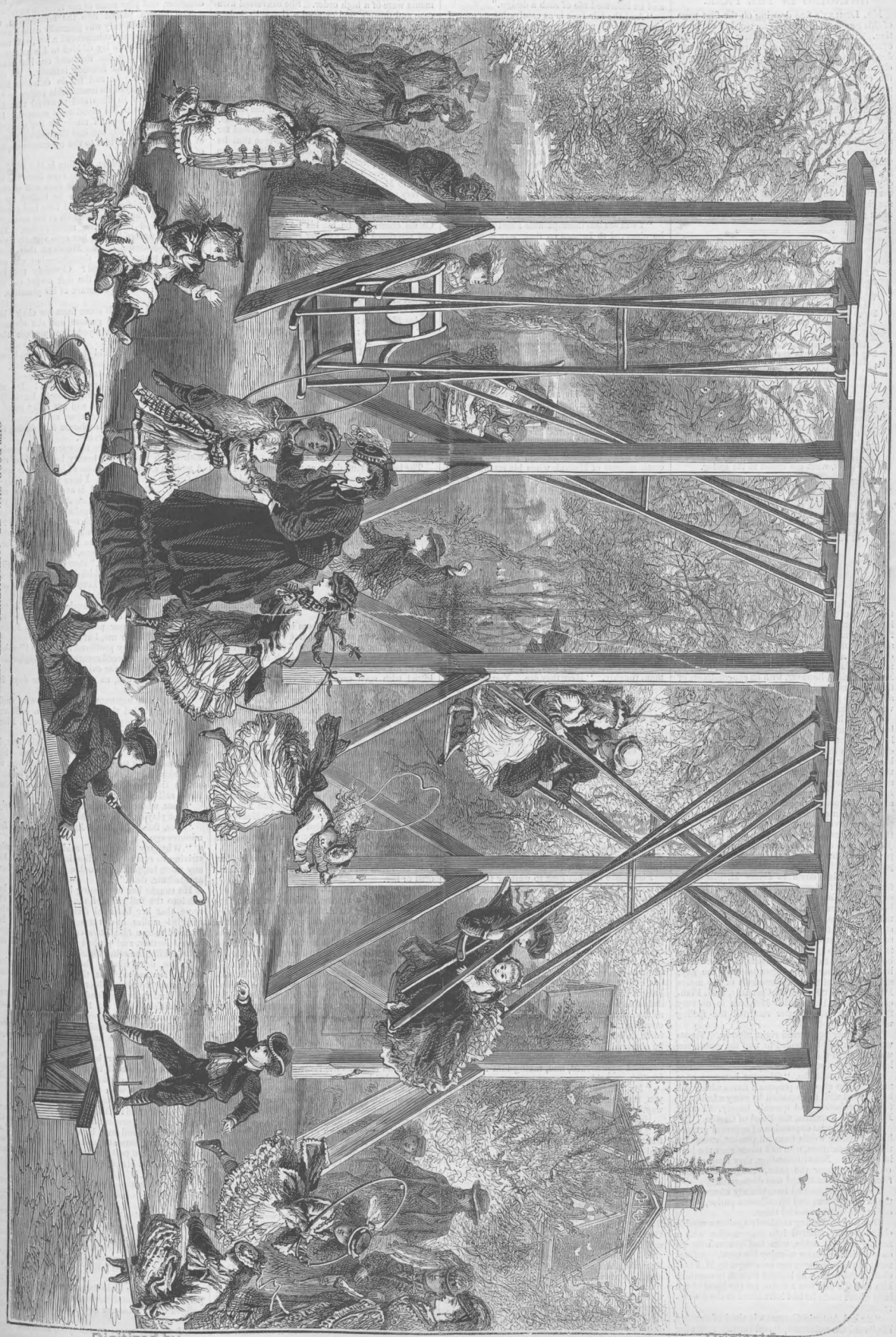

OUT-DOOR SUMMER AMUSEMENTS—THE SWINGS IN CENTRAL PARK.—[SEE PAGE 634.]

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SWINGING IN THE PARK.

MR. LUMLEY'S fine drawing on the first page of this Supplement requires no word of explanation. It is an out-door summer idyl, which every girl and boy among our readers will understand. It has, however, an unmistakable city air. Those trim swings are rarely seen in the country, where their place is supplied by stout ropes swung over a sturdy branch, with boards notched at each end for seats. We fear, too, that country little folk would rather disdain the artificial seesaw, on which, a few inches above the ground, the well-dressed city lad balances with unsteady legs. What would he say to a rough plank balanced over a six-rail fence, the ends swinging ten feet into the air, and nothing but friction to keep it from slipping? The city Park contrivance is, of course, a great deal the nicer of the two, and not half so apt to tear the clothes; but, on the whole, we fancy there's more genuine fun in the country make-shifts.

AT THE SPRING.

To-night, when the feet of the twilight
Follow the day to his tomb,
And while the eve is preparing
To put on her mantle of gloom;
When the robin flies into the maple,
And hides his head under his wing,
Down at the foot of the mountain
My Milly will come to the spring.

My Milly is fair as a blossom,
And sometimes she feigns to be shy;
But she's playful as any young kitten,
And she teases me so on the sly.
She knows that I fairly adore her,
And she plays with my heart like a string:
But to-night I shall tell her my secret,
To-night, when she comes to the spring.

Three times have I essayed to tell her,
Three times has she laughed in my face,
And twisted her pretty brown ringlets
With many a roguish grimace;
And my nice little speech of proposal
Would pop from my mind and take wing:
But to-night I shall certainly tell her—
To-night, when she comes to the spring.

I shall wait till she's filled up her pitcher,
And, just as she's turning away,
I shall spring up and catch her, and hold her
Till she listens to all I would say.
I expect to get "no" to my question;
But *two* noes and a *yes* are the same thing;
And I will ask twice: so her answer
Will suit me, I think, at the spring.

THE RIVALS.

I.

AMONG the *attachés* to the French embassy at the court of Madrid in 18— was a young Parisian gentleman, M. Alphonse Planchette. The fact that he was handsome, elegant in manners, and the prospective heir to immense wealth rendered him an object of attraction to many of the fair Castilians who clustered around the throne. Female society, however, with its concomitants of flashing eyes, waving curls, and voluptuous forms, appeared to possess no charm for him until— But we are anticipating our story.

One evening a small party of young Spanish nobles and other fashionable men gathered in the saloons of a noted leader of the *ton* in Madrid. Planchette and a fellow-*attaché* were among the number. Victor Lepage, the last-mentioned individual, was a gay, jovial character, fond of adventure, and ever ready to do a good service when it lay in his power. They were inseparable friends, and strongly devoted to each other's interest.

As usual in assemblages of this kind, the main topics of conversation were the political affairs of the day, wives and women, and such other subjects as men are prone to discuss when the fairer portion of creation is not represented in the company.

When sitting down to dinner M. Planchette found himself placed directly opposite a tall, swarthy Spaniard, Don Carlos Mendoza. He had been introduced to him by the host only a few minutes before, and from the first had imbibed a strong dislike for him. There are some natures so dissimilar in their essence that simple contact is sufficient to produce a marked antipathy in both. This was such an instance. The stern, haughty manner of the grandee and the gay, sprightly deportment characteristic of the native Parisian could not assort. Certainly, if M. Planchette viewed Don Carlos Mendoza in no very flattering light, the latter returned the feeling with hearty good-will.

The dinner progressed right merrily. Toasts were drunk and responded to, and the gentlemen were about to rise from the table, when Don Carlos requested a moment's delay.

"Señors," said he, "fill your bumpers once more. I am about to propose a name which will be received with acclamation by every admirer of female perfection and queenly beauty. I toast Donna Inez Carmena, the Pearl of Castile."

A simultaneous expression of approval greeted his concluding words from all present, excepting the two Frenchmen, who had never seen the lady in question. Notwithstanding, they were gallant enough to honor the toast, though the source from which it emanated was distasteful.

The party adjourned immediately afterward to the drawing-room and an adjacent parlor, where coffee and cigars awaited them.

Don Carlos, leaning carelessly against a marble chimney-piece, entered into conversation with a flashily dressed noble, who had drawn over an easy-chair, the better to enjoy his weed. A fragment of their dialogue was overheard by M. Planchette, and from it he learned enough to convince him that the don was a suitor for the hand of the lady whose name he had introduced at the dinner-table.

"So old Antonio Carmena is tired of country life," said the nobleman, "and intends returning to Madrid?"

"Yes. I met him in Palencia the other day, and he informed me of such a design."

"And the fair Inez is as captivating as ever, I suppose?"

Don Carlos Mendoza's grim features relaxed into—the faint shadow of a smile. He was thinking of the many obstacles that lay in his path before he could hope to win her much-coveted hand. Stern and haughty though he was generally, there were times when he could assume the manner and bearing of a friendly, pleasant fellow; but at such times a sharp eye might penetrate the outward gloss, and discover his false, treacherous design rankling beneath. Verily, a diplomatist in his way was Don Carlos Mendoza.

"Donna Inez," said he, slowly, "is in the zenith of her beauty, and as captivating as ever."

Observing that their discourse was a matter of attention to those around, he then directed it to general topics, and Planchette heard no more. He heard no more, but what had been said interested him, and piqued his curiosity.

"I will see this incomparable Pearl of Castile," he observed to Lepage on their way homeward. "She must be a jewel among women to earn the plaudits I heard bestowed on her to-night."

"Take care, Planchette," said his friend, laughingly. "You are already enamored of her, I observe, in anticipation. One is liable to be disappointed when the reality is brought into comparison with the fanciful."

The other replied in the same light vein, and the subject dropped for the moment. Despite this timely caution of Victor Lepage, M. Planchette often found himself, during the course of the following week, thinking of the Pearl of Castile, and imagining the various perfections of mind and body of which she was possessed. The impression produced on his mind, however, gradually died away: other subjects engrossed his attention, and the Spanish beauty was forgotten. Fate designed, notwithstanding, that she should again live in his memory.

On his way to the French embassy one morning he was proceeding through the most aristocratic quarter of Madrid, when his attention was attracted by unusual bustle at the door of a magnificent mansion. A carriage had stopped close to the steps, and the servants were busy removing the freight of boxes and portmanteaus. Upon one of the latter he observed the inscription, "Don Antonio Carmena." In an instant the circumstances under which he had first heard that name flashed to his mind, and he thought of Inez and her haughty admirer, Don Carlos Mendoza. A vague desire to catch a glimpse of the so-called Pearl of Castile caused him to linger about the spot. A little group had collected, and one of the number, a gossiping barber, was in conversation with the coachman.

"And you say his Excellency is coming back, eh?" queried the busybody. "And the young señora; what of her? Does she intend to remain long in Madrid?"

"Stand out of the way, will you!" said the man, roughly. "Here they are. You had better ask herself, my old shaver. She is better informed on that point than I am."

Two large traveling carriages, emblazoned with the Carmena arms, whirled round the corner as he spoke, and pulled up before the door. M. Planchette drew nearer to note the sequel. A handsome old gentleman, with snowy hair, alighted first, and then turned to assist his companion, a lady closely veiled, but revealing in every movement that ineffable grace which youth and conscious beauty can alone produce. These were, as the young Frenchman correctly inferred, Don Antonio and his daughter Inez. When they had disappeared within the interior of the mansion he walked on, musing deeply; and before he reached the embassy his reflections had generated a resolution to seek some means of securing an introduction to Donna Inez.

Planchette had not long to wait for the gratification of this desire. The Carmena mansion was thrown open for the reception of visitors on the following evening, and he was among the number introduced by the French embassador. The first person on whom his eye rested, upon entering the grand saloon, was Don Carlos Mendoza, radiant with courtly smiles, and splendidly attired, talking to a lady. From her position he could only catch an imperfect glimpse of her face; but, conjecturing that she could be no other than Donna Inez, he watched her closely. Some indefinable feeling awakened a pang in his breast as the suspicion that she might already be interested in the fortunes of the false-looking adventurer at her side crept to his mind. Suddenly he observed Don Carlos leave his companion and saunter toward the door, and at the same moment the host approached, and, taking him familiarly by the arm, said:

"My dear M. Planchette, I must introduce you personally to my daughter. Come this way."

Her back was turned as they went forward.

"Inez," said Don Antonio, with a smile, "my friend M. Planchette, of the French embassy;" and he hurried off to distribute his attentions among the other guests.

"What a lovely face!" was the first reflection of the *attaché*.

Her beauty surpassed his most ardent expectations. The contour of her features was perfection itself—the forehead low and broad, indicative of female intellectuality, the nose a pure Grecian, a mouth like a rose-bud, and eyes whose melting softness would have charmed an anchorite. They were large and black, and a lambent light flashed now and then from their inmost depths, that told she was a daughter of the South. Couple these physical perfections with a peach-like brunette complexion and a rounded yet symmetrical figure, and Donna Inez Carmena, in the fullness of her youth and beauty, may be imagined by the reader.

Before M. Planchette was five minutes in her company he discovered that her mental attainments were of a high order. She conversed with ease and fluency, and evinced a ripened scholarship that surprised him not a little. In fact, he was charmed with her *piquante* gossip, delighted with her attainments, and attracted by her beauty; nay, more, he actually began to believe in love at first sight, and already began to look upon Don Carlos in the light of a rival, and detest him accordingly.

That polished gentleman re-entered the saloon while the *attaché* was yet lingering by the side of Donna Inez, and immediately approached them. He advanced with a courtly bow, and offered for her acceptance a magnificent moss-rose that he had just plucked in the garden, paying, at the same time, a pretty compliment in allusion to her own beauty. The lady took the flower, but, much to M. Planchette's covert pleasure, evinced no very marked gratification at the gallantry that prompted the attention. In truth, her manner verged closely upon ungraciousness, which Don Carlos observing, he bit his lip with vexation, and wandered off to another part of the saloon, after the exchange of a distant salutation, and a few commonplace remarks to M. Planchette.

The *attaché*, desirous of discovering the exact position that the haughty Spaniard held in the señora's opinion, adroitly turned the conversation to that end. The artifice succeeded admirably.

"You are already an acquaintance of Don Carlos Mendoza?" said Donna Inez.

"Yes, señora; *simply an acquaintance*," with emphasis. "I was introduced to him, about a month ago, by Don Miguel Lopez, and we did not meet since until to-night."

"From your expression, M. Planchette," said she, with a smile, "I suspect that you are undesirous of cultivating a farther intimacy."

"I confess that you are right, señora. I am sorry to say that I dislike him much; and," said he, after a pause, "I trust you will pardon me when I say that I regret it the more because I understand that he is a most intimate friend of—your family."

The lady, looking down at the moss-rose in her hand, began to pluck off its tender petals and drop them on the carpet. M. Planchette watched her narrowly, but not a trace of emotion was shown on that beautiful face. She looked up, by-and-by, to observe quietly:

"Your informant was laboring under some great delusion, or desired—why, I know not—to conceal the truth. Don Carlos Mendoza was never esteemed as a friend by any member of our family. He is, as in your case, a simple acquaintance—nothing more, and that only because he moves in the same circle. I have reason to know that my father and sister do not care about him, and I—I least of all."

The last petal dropped from her hand, and she threw away the stalk. Don Carlos Mendoza, from the other side of the grand saloon, watched with a jealous eye and pallid cheek the destruction of his offering, the moss-rose that he had selected with such care in the conservatory, and noted the new light that seemed to dance in Planchette's eyes as the young *attaché* stooped eagerly to drink in her concluding words—words that brought a peace and serenity to his breast, and eradicated the one vague fear that was beginning to torment it. The Spanish grandee ground his teeth with anger.

"You and I are already rivals, then?" he muttered. "Beware, M. Planchette! I am not to be opposed in my darling desire with impunity. The Pearl of Castile will be mine, notwithstanding your Parisian love-making, or you will pay the forfeit. Revenge is sweet, and, by Heaven, I will have it!" and he quitted the mansion to visit some of the low haunts where he usually spent the greater part of each night.

Before the French *attaché* parted from Donna Inez Carmena that evening he was deeply enamored of her.

II.

The *attaché* in process of time became a frequent visitor at Don Antonio Carmena's lordly mansion. Each successive day added fuel to the flame which the beauty of the fair Inez had kindled in his heart; yet he hesitated to declare his love. A fear that he might be rejected, that his dream of bliss would be dispelled by a refusal, tended to prolong the suspense in which he existed. Inez studiously avoided any line of conduct that might distinguish him from Don Carlos Mendoza, or the other numerous admirers of her charms, who stood aloof and hopelessly looked on at the active rivalry between the Spanish grandee and the young *attaché*.

In the pursuance of that rivalry M. Planchette enjoyed one considerable advantage over his opponent, and that was the favor with which his suit was regarded by Don Antonio. The old gentleman liked him for his frank, unassuming ways, his ready wit, his general affability—three points of character which he could appreciate at their proper value, and which Don Carlos altogether lacked. This favoritism of her father gradually communicated a slight tone to Inez in regard to her intercourse with M. Planchette, and induced an earlier avowal of his passion than he had first intended.

Every evening Don Antonio and the *attaché* played a game of chess in the library. It was the former's favorite amusement; he was a master of the art, and in M. Planchette he was delighted to find a worthy rival. Inez occasionally watched the play, and at such times her father, taking advantage of the young man's distracted attention, was certain to gain an easy advantage.

"Four games, by St. Jago!" exclaimed Don Antonio, with a comical smile, as he glanced from his daughter's lovely face to watch the rapt gaze with which the young man was regarding her. "Planchette, Planchette, you are making frightful blunders to-night, whatever is the reason. You have received a thorough defeat, any way. Inez, wait until I throw open these folding-doors. Sit down at the piano, my daughter, and play some of my favorite airs."

The señora passed into the music-room, as that next to the library was generally called, and, after a brief prelude, commenced a low, soft melody—a troubadour's lay of love to his mistress. Planchette, leaning his forehead on his hand, closed his eyes and listened intently. As the soothing strains rose and fell in delicious harmony they conveyed an unutterable pathos to his heart—a pathos so deep and powerful that his breast heaved with the emotions it created. He was passionately fond of music, as the children of the South generally are, and the melting poetry of song now stirred him to the innermost depths of his being.

The señora played on, reveling in the flood of melody that her slender fingers drew from the instrument; and Planchette, his eyes still closed, remained immovable. When he looked up at last Don Antonio was gone, and Inez had ceased playing. An impulse seized him at the moment. He rose and entered the music-room. The young girl was still there, her eyes vaguely fixed on an oil-painting of the Madonna that hung above the piano, and her thoughts—but who can fathom a maiden's mind? Certainly not her lover. His footsteps on the soft carpet did not disturb her: she was unaware of his presence.

"Inez."

She turned and half arose from her chair; but he entreated her by a gesture, and she resumed it. His manner betrayed the purpose that brought him there.

"M. Planchette," said she, with a warm blush, "I hope you will excuse me—this evening. I may be wanted in the drawing-room, as—"

"One moment, señora—only one! Do not refuse me," began the young *attaché*, hurriedly: "I have little to say, and will not delay you."

She turned away her eyes, and kept them averted from his pale, handsome face during the whole of that brief interview.

"Inez, you can not be unaware of the passion with which your great beauty has inspired me. A woman's natural clearness of judgment is never at fault in such a case. I love you devotedly—fervently. My life, my all, is at your service, and I offer you my hand. Inez, dear Inez, will you be my wife? Can you make a return for the ardent affection with which my heart is filled?"

He took her hand, but no gentle pressure responded to his; the face and motionless form seemed as if turned to stone.

"She will reject me," thought he, gloomily, and he stood back and folded his arms tightly on his breast, the better to keep down his rising sorrow and disappointment.

"I do not deny, M. Planchette," said Donna Inez at length, "that I have suspected the entertainment on your part of a warmer feeling than friendship for me, but I—"

"You refuse my proffered love, then?" asked the *attaché*, with forced composure, through which a latent bitterness was evident.

"No; but I ask, as a favor, a few days for consideration."

Perhaps the ingenuous blush and sweet smile that accompanied the request were a sufficient guarantee of prospective happiness for M. Planchette as he augured well of the result.

When Don Antonio returned, a little later, in the library he found his daughter alone. She was standing in the deep recess of a window, almost hidden by the crimson curtains, and looking out on the gay street, with its crowd of pedestrians and carriages.

"Inez, where is Planchette? not gone, surely, without playing a final game of chess?"

"Yes, father," faltered Inez; "he left a few minutes ago."

"Why, my daughter," said Don Antonio, striving to repress an inclination to laugh, "has any thing happened to trouble you? Come here and tell me, dear."

He caught her unresisting hand and drew her out into the full glow of the lamp-lights, to observe that her beautiful face was covered with mingled smiles and tears and blushes. He wheeled over a *tête-à-tête* covered with gilt-embossed leather, and pushed her into one of the seats, taking the other himself.

"Now, dear, what is the cause of this agitation? Remember, Inez, that I am your father, and, as such, your confidential adviser."

His kind voice and fond caresses re-awakened her agitation. She hid her face on his breast, but could not utter a word.

"I think I can surmise what has happened, dear; M. Planchette has been speaking to you, has he not?"

She did not answer, but Don Antonio, assured of the fact beforehand, took her silence for assent.

"He has been declaring love to you, and asking you to be his wife. Am I right, dear?"

"Yes, papa," faltered Inez.

"Foolish child! You weep because a gallant and handsome gentleman like M. Planchette offers you his hand and heart, throws himself at your feet, and entreats you to be his bride. How very stupid! but perhaps you had the good sense, dear, to accept his offer?"

"No, papa."

"You do not care for that intriguing fellow, Don Carlos?" asked Don Antonio, in some alarm.

"I, father?" said she, throwing back her head proudly, and raising her black eyebrows in wonder. "Love Carlos Mendoza? Ah no; Inez Carmena respects herself too much for that."

"Good, my daughter; but why reject Planchette, who is a fine fellow, and well worthy of such a bride?"

Inez again was mute for a time, and then whispered so low and tremulously that he was obliged to bend his ear down that he might hear her.

"I wished, papa, to tell you, and ask your advice, before I would accept his love."

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"Heaven bless you, my child!" said her father, patting her tenderly on the cheek. "I shall be well satisfied if you can bring yourself to like him. It is not to every one that Antonio Carmena would give his daughter. Planchette is a worthy fellow, and, by St. Jago, worth Don Carlos Mendoza ten times told."

A week elapsed. M. Planchette was obliged to visit Cadiz on business connected with the French consulate in that city. Anxious to get back to Madrid, he hurried through the undertaking which had brought him there, and concluded earlier than the amount of work warranted, or than he had thought possible. His first visit on his arrival at Madrid was to the embassy, and there he met Lepage. From thence they both proceeded to the Carmena mansion.

It was the day on which Don Antonio received his friends, and the spacious saloons were crowded with the political, literary, and scientific notables of the city. Planchette was disappointed. He had hoped for a private interview with Donna Inez, but that was impossible. She received him in a strange, confused manner, totally unlike her general self-possession, but with an undercurrent of warmth and feeling that gratified him.

Dame Fortune gave them one brief moment of privacy, and then he mingled in the throng to find out Don Antonio, whom he had not yet seen.

III.

M. Planchette returned to his lodgings early, that he might be enabled to make due preparations for a grand ball at the Austrian embassy, which was to take place that night. By the time he had completed his toilet it was only nine o'clock. Donna Inez would not reach the scene of festivity until eleven (as she had told him); he had therefore two hours of leisure. What should he do in the interim? His friend Lepage lived only in the next street—why not go over and join him in a bottle of Spanish wine? No sooner did the thought occur to him than he called for his hat and cloak. Pascal, the valet, who was a shrewd Gascon, and strongly devoted to his master, brought them.

"Monsieur will not take his sword?" he inquired, when M. Planchette was ready to start.

"No, Pascal; I am only going over to see Lepage."

"Nevertheless, if it please you, it is best to be cautious," said the servant, with strange emphasis. "The streets of Madrid are sometimes dangerous after nightfall."

"Probably, my good Pascal," said M. Planchette, with a smile; "but I do not fear to walk them. What makes you so solicitous that I should take my rapier on this occasion?"

"Because, monsieur, I have observed a couple of suspicious-looking fellows hanging around the door since your return."

"*Mille tonnerre!*" ejaculated his master, assuming an attitude of mock alarm. "What desperadoes! I see that you are determined to make a convert of me. Well, bring the sword."

Pascal, pleased by his success, hurried off for it, and presently returned, bringing the object required—a light rapier of the best-tempered steel, in an embossed sheath. The gilt morocco belt, to which it was attached, buckled round his waist (but concealed by the folds of his long cloak), he took his departure.

It was very dark, and the few lamps that the street could boast shed only a dim, flickering light around. One of these was directly opposite the door of his lodging. When he descended the stairs a man was standing beneath it, seemingly intent upon examining his watch. He turned at the noise, and glanced carelessly at M. Planchette, but again riveted his attention on the silver dial.

"Ha!" thought the Frenchman, suspiciously, "can Pascal be right, after all? Will this fellow dog me through the streets? We will see. I am prepared for him, come what may."

Passing close to the stranger, he detected a sinister scowl on that dark face, hidden though it was by the shadow of a large sombrero. Loosening the rapier in its scabbard, and bringing the hilt close to his grasp, he turned and walked rapidly up the street. A tobacconist's shop was situated at the next corner. As he passed it a tall, muscular Spaniard, who was smoking a cigarette, and coquetting with a girl in the door-way, stepped out and followed close behind him, not in a slow, lounging way, but with long, steady strides. Feeling dubious of the consequences of a too close proximity, and thinking that in such a public place (there were quite a number of pedestrians close by) the fellow might be successfully avoided by slackening his pace, M. Planchette did so, subsiding at last into a deliberate, measured gait. It was soon evident, however, that he was not destined to escape so easily from danger. The Spaniard came on with unrelaxed speed, and, when close enough, grasped him firmly by the shoulder.

"What do you mean? Unhand me, ruffian!" cried Planchette, struggling to free himself.

"Take your time, señor," growled his assailant, in an accent of assumed anger. "Think you that when you wrong Pedro Velasquez it is so easy to thwart his vengeance?"

"I wrong you?" said the Frenchman, dropping the hilt of his sword, and turning round. "Never! You mistake me for another, my good fellow; I never saw your face before. Release me, I say."

"Holy St. Anthony!" cried the villain, in a tone of affected horror. "He pretends not to know the man whom he has basely injured! Did I ever hear such brazen impudence?"

It was evident to Planchette that the Spaniard was desirous of picking a quarrel with him. He saw his danger, and strove to guard against it. A small crowd had now collected, attracted by curiosity, but one of the number (the same whom the *attaché* had seen beneath the street lamp opposite his lodging) was there from a different motive. He was the accomplice of the ruffian in whose iron grasp the Frenchman was now vainly struggling. A butcher, who was foremost among the knot of spectators, seeing a chance of foul play being employed, sprang forward and collared this fellow as he was going to the aid of the other.

"Hold!" said he; "what have you to do with the quarrel? One at a time, if you please."

"Let me pass!" shouted the wearer of the sombrero, furiously. "He is my enemy too, and by all the saints in the calendar he shall not escape me."

The burly butcher laughed derisively. The sympathies of the crowd were already enlisted in his favor, and, certain of the fact, he cared but little for the anger of his opponent. The quarrel waxed hotter, blows were struck on both sides, and in another minute they were wrestling for the mastery. Meanwhile the struggle between M. Planchette and his muscular enemy continued. The former, unable to draw his rapier, attempted, but in vain, to grasp the handle of a poniard which was concealed in the Spaniard's breast. Failing in this, he, nevertheless, succeeded in hampering Pedro's efforts to draw it. His strength ebbed fast before the superior physical activity of Velasquez, and at length a vigorous blow laid him prostrate on the ground, with his enemy above him.

"That for Don Carlos!" hissed the villain in his ear, drawing the poniard, and, sure of his aim, with the rapidity of thought making a blow at his heart.

Death would have been instantaneous had he received it as intended, but luckily, his left arm being free, he raised it for protection; and the sharp blade was buried in its quivering flesh. Before the assassin could repeat the attempt he was hurled heavily forward, and Pascal, who had, suspicions of danger, followed M. Planchette, raised him to his feet. When they looked round, after the confusion caused by this episode had somewhat subsided, both the assassins had made good their escape by plunging into a net-work of dark and tortuous alleys through which it would be idle to attempt a pursuit.

M. Planchette, pale from loss of blood (it was still flowing copiously), and leaning on his faithful valet's arm, reached the lodgings of his friend Lepage. They found that gentleman dressed in the extreme of fashion, and practicing divers graceful antics before a large mirror in his bedroom.

"What, Planchette!" he exclaimed, pausing in his rehearsal to perform a novel *pirouette*. "Got into a fracas in the street, eh? Bad work—bad work, old fellow! Sit in this easy-chair. Pascal, you run next door for the surgeon, who lives there—he'll come in a twinkling. How did it happen? Never mind!—you can tell me presently."

M. Planchette's servant hastened away, and returned with the assistance required, in the shape of a grave, elderly personage, who carried a box of instruments under his arm. The wounded man's arm was bared and examined. It was pronounced "a very favorable case," and dressed accordingly, the surgeon being dismissed with a liberal fee. Pascal was sent off, too, back to M. Planchette's lodgings; and Lepage, broaching a bottle of wine, listened, while he sipped a glass, to his friend's recital of the imminent peril he had so providentially escaped.

"Well, what do you intend to do about it?"

"Do!" said Planchette, while a small angry spot gathered on his pale cheek. "Do! This trifling wound will not prevent me from attending the embassador's ball, and, should I see my enemy there, I will brand him as a coward and an instigator of assassination to his teeth; ay, before the assembled rank and fashion of Madrid."

"And then?" queried Lepage, coolly.

"I do not understand you."

"If he should challenge you?"

"I will meet him like a gentleman. My right arm is untouched yet, thank God."

"*Peste!*" said his more commonplace friend, touching the corners of his black mustache. "That is a queer way of getting satisfaction, offering yourself as a target for his pistol. A good shot he is, too, I hear; so I wouldn't advise you to try it."

"Lepage," said the other, angrily, "do you doubt my courage?"

"Not I, faith," answered the other, with a gay smile: "I rather have reason to remember it. Unless I mistake wofully, you inaugurated our mutual friendship by pinking me in a truly scientific style before the termination of our studies—eh?"

"Yes, yes," said Planchette; "but you must not attempt to dissuade me from this project."

"Certainly not, *mon ami*," responded his fellow *attaché*, "since you are determined on such a Quixotic proceeding. I would ask, however, what will become of *la belle Inez* should any thing befall you?"

"Do not mock me, Lepage," said Planchette, seriously. "You are well aware that Inez has never acknowledged any attachment for me."

"That may be, but one can guess how the wind blows by her smiles and blushes, notwithstanding her assumed indifference to your suit. *Parbleu*, I am not blind."

"Then you must see that it is near eleven, and therefore time to start."

Planchette, invigorated by a refreshing draught, and the prospect of meeting his mortal enemy face to face, was soon ready. It took the other some time to complete his final preparations, but they were at length comfortably ensconced in the vehicle which Lepage had secured beforehand. As the Austrian embassador's residence was situated only two squares from the latter's lodgings, they just alighted at the door when it struck eleven. From the arrangement of Planchette's attire, no one would be apt to notice that he was wounded, and the calm determination visible on his handsome face prevented any spasm from the sharp pain that he really felt from being observed.

The two *attachés* ascended the marble steps arm in arm. A crash of music from the ball-room orchestra saluted their ears as they reached the hall; servants in gorgeous liveries flitted here and there through the capacious rooms and long galleries, and the numerous guests flocked up the broad staircase in a continuous stream. Returning the various salutations which greeted their arrival, and after a moment passed before a mirror in a dressing-chamber, they made their appearance on the immediate scene of festivity.

"Lepage," said Planchette, in a low voice, when they had entered, "if any thing happens to-night, I wish you to be my second."

"Very good, *mon ami*. I will watch your progress through the ball-room, and make my bow to Don Carlos when necessary," and so they parted.

M. Planchette's sharp eyes searched the throng of guests on every side, but neither Donna Inez nor his enemy appeared among them. He therefore retired to a quiet corner, and prepared for what was to follow. Leaning against a column, he surveyed the gay scene with a dull, inattentive eye. The flash of diamonds, the lovely women who floated past in the voluptuous dance, the thrilling strains of the band, now dying away into melting cadences and again rising into grandeur, the compliments, the witticisms heard on all sides, were unperceived by him. His mind was engaged on a matter of more importance, his ear attentive to the announcements which the servants at the door were making, continually heralding the entrance of other guests. In a pause of the music he suddenly heard the well-remembered names:

"Don Antonio and Donna Inez Carmena."

"At last," he muttered, hurrying forward to meet them.

Inez, resplendent in a set of matchless diamonds, representing in themselves a fortune, came in, leaning on her father's arm. She was dressed simply in white, but the transparent silk of which her dress was composed floated round her beautiful form like moonlight. M. Planchette bent in silent adoration before this bewitching deity as he solicited her hand for the approaching dance. The donna's eyes sought the ground before his too ardent gaze, and she trifled with her jeweled fan. Yes, she would accept the engagement, though—and the melting dark eyes were raised shyly—though she had resolved not to dance to-night. This concession, and made in such a manner, elevated Planchette's hopes to their zenith; and he led her off with a rapture which he found it impossible to hide. Don Antonio, pleased to be relieved of his beloved charge from such a quarter (for he liked the handsome *attaché*), sauntered off to one of the chess-rooms down stairs to meet an opponent. As Planchette was dancing, his friend Lepage passed close by.

"Don Carlos is in the building, I hear," he whispered in a low tone, "but not yet in the ball-room."

Planchette felt the red spot of anger burning again on his cheek, but managed to conclude the final figure without attracting any observation. As he conducted his partner to a seat within full view of the door, the servant there stationed announced in a loud voice, "Don Carlos Mendoza;" and simultaneously the smiling, treacherous face of his rival saluted his vision. Faultlessly graceful in mien and magnificently dressed, he entered the ball-room accompanied by his especial friend, a grim German baron and a notorious duelist.

Pretending to be completely engrossed by his fair companion's conversation, Planchette never looked directly at him; but, notwithstanding, had his attention fixed on the one determination. Presently he saw Lepage, who was on the opposite side of the room, edging over in his direction, and therefrom inferred that his enemy was approaching. He was not mistaken, for he soon heard his smooth, oily voice close beside him.

"Donna Inez," said he, passing abruptly before Planchette, "I am delighted to see you here to-night, and so charming, too! Will you honor me with your hand in the dance following this?"

Then, pretending to have at that moment first observed the French *attaché*, he turned and bowed mockingly. Planchette narrowly escaped an inclination to strike him, and, collecting his utmost composure, he glanced at him scornfully from head to foot: such a volume of withering contempt as that look gave utterance to would have annihilated a less polished courtier on the spot. But Don Carlos was not to be conquered without a struggle.

"Monsieur Planchette," said he in French, with a malignant sneer—"Monsieur Planchette is pleased to be insulting!"

"How dare you speak to me?" rejoined the Parisian, in a loud, clear tone, which attracted the attention of all around them. "How dare you look a gentleman in the face, after your vile attempt to have me assassinated in the public streets to-night."

Don Carlos, whose dark face had assumed the hue of gray marble, advanced to seize him violently by the throat; but Lepage interfered.

"Stay, señor," said he, quietly. "If you demand proper satisfaction from M. Planchette, you will, no doubt, get it; but your power is limited to that."

"Good!" said the furious noble, with an accent of diabolical hatred, as he fell back. "I will cleanse my name from the foul lie in his accursed blood!" And he plunged violently into the crowd and disappeared.

The German baron's massive proportions now came into view.

"Monsieur Lepage," said he, with a grim smile, "am I to understand that you are this gentleman's friend? So—so; we will agree as to terms, I hope. I will assume the responsibility of arranging the matter for Don Carlos."

They both drew aside; and M. Planchette, pale but firm, and mentally relieved by what had happened, turned his attention once more to the terrified Donna Inez. Before he could utter a dozen words in explanation Lepage came up and took his arm.

"It's all settled!" he whispered. "To-morrow morning at seven, in a quiet spot outside the city. He selected pistols, so you have a good chance. Had you not better come off to my lodgings now, and have a sleep before the meeting?"

M. Planchette acceded to the suggestion, and took leave of Donna Inez.

"Should I survive," said he, in a low, deep tone, "may I hope?"

Her black eyes, suffused with the tears that she vainly tried to suppress, gave a favorable reply.

The young *attaché*, in his friend's luxurious drawing-room, penned two or three letters that night, and left directions to have them properly forwarded in case a fatal issue should attend his contest on the morrow. He then lay down and slept soundly until the first gleams of daybreak, when Lepage appeared at his bedside to arouse him.

It was almost half past six by the time the two friends were ready to move to the scene of action. M. Lepage was provided with a brace of hair-triggers, and the other paraphernalia usually brought into requisition on such occasions; and so, after taking a cup of hot coffee and lighting a weed each, they set out.

The spot selected was an open meadow about a mile from Madrid, and, on account of its favorable position, frequently used for the settlement of affairs of honor by the hot-blooded gallants of the Spanish capital. A small range of wooded hills sheltered it from the highway; and there, secure from public observation, the rivalry of M. Planchette and his enemy was finally settled. The Frenchmen were on the ground first, and after examining it with a critical eye they stretched themselves on the greensward to finish their cigars. Planchette talked of the coming contest with remarkable *nonchalance*, and renewed his instructions to Lepage regarding the final settlement of his affairs if the fates should declare against him. Impatient at the delay, he frequently consulted his watch, and just as the hands signified the hour, his opponent, accompanied by the baron and a surgeon, appeared through a gap in the hills.

"Punctual to our appointment, gentlemen, I hope you'll allow," said the German, rubbing his hands briskly. "Just seven! not a second more! M. Lepage, will you kindly step aside with me?"

The *attaché* did so, and they walked apart. Don Carlos regarded his rival with a deadly scowl, and thrusting his two hands in his pockets, whistled with an affectation of indifference. Planchette measured him with a steady eye, and then turned his attention to the surgeon, who was arranging his instruments on the grass.

"All right, gentlemen," said the baron, approaching, after his conference. "The signal will be a white handkerchief, dropped by M. Lepage; both to fire simultaneously, at fifteen paces."

The men were placed in position by their respective seconds—the weapons, carefully loaded under the joint supervision of the latter, placed in their hands—and they were left alone, face to face. Before Lepage withdrew from the side of his principal, he whispered,

"Steady, now, Planchette! Look him straight in the eyes, and remember *la belle Inez!*"

The young *attaché* nodded his thanks for the caution. His friend walked to his designated position, and drew out a linen handkerchief.

"Make ready, gentlemen!"

Both pistols were noiselessly raised to the proper level. Planchette, glancing along the shining barrel of his weapon, caught the malevolent eye of his rival glaring at him; but not a nerve quivered in response to that look of hatred.

The white handkerchief dropped.

They both fired at the same moment. One flash and a sharp, clear report followed. Lepage rushed forward, and found his friend standing calm and unharmed; but Don Carlos lay on the grass, with the medical man and the German baron bending over him. Both the *attachés* advanced. He was stretched on his back, with his mouth slightly contorted, as if by a spasm of mortal agony, and his eyes staring glassily at the blue sky overhead. The surgeon tore open his clothes, revealing a wound on the left side, from which a sluggish stream of blood was oozing

"Gentlemen, I regret to say that he is dead!"

"Dead!" reiterated the German, in a state of stupefaction.

"Yes! The ball has pierced his heart!"

"You had a narrow escape," said the baron, at last, to Planchette, after he had verified the surgeon's assertion. "Don Carlos was a careful shot, and he was determined to make you bite the dust. Poor fellow!"

The two *attachés* turned away, and hastened back to Madrid. About an hour later a lumbering country cart, containing the remains of the unfortunate Don Carlos, wrapped in a cloak, and accompanied by his second, followed slowly in the same direction. The tragic termination of the duel soon spread through the city; but when the complete facts were made known public opinion was strongly biased in favor of the young Frenchman. M. Planchette, however, thought it desirable to return to Paris until the excitement should blow over. It is almost superfluous to say that, on the occasion of his re-assuming his functions at the French embassy in Madrid, his dreams of love were realized, and he was happily wedded to Donna Inez Carmena.

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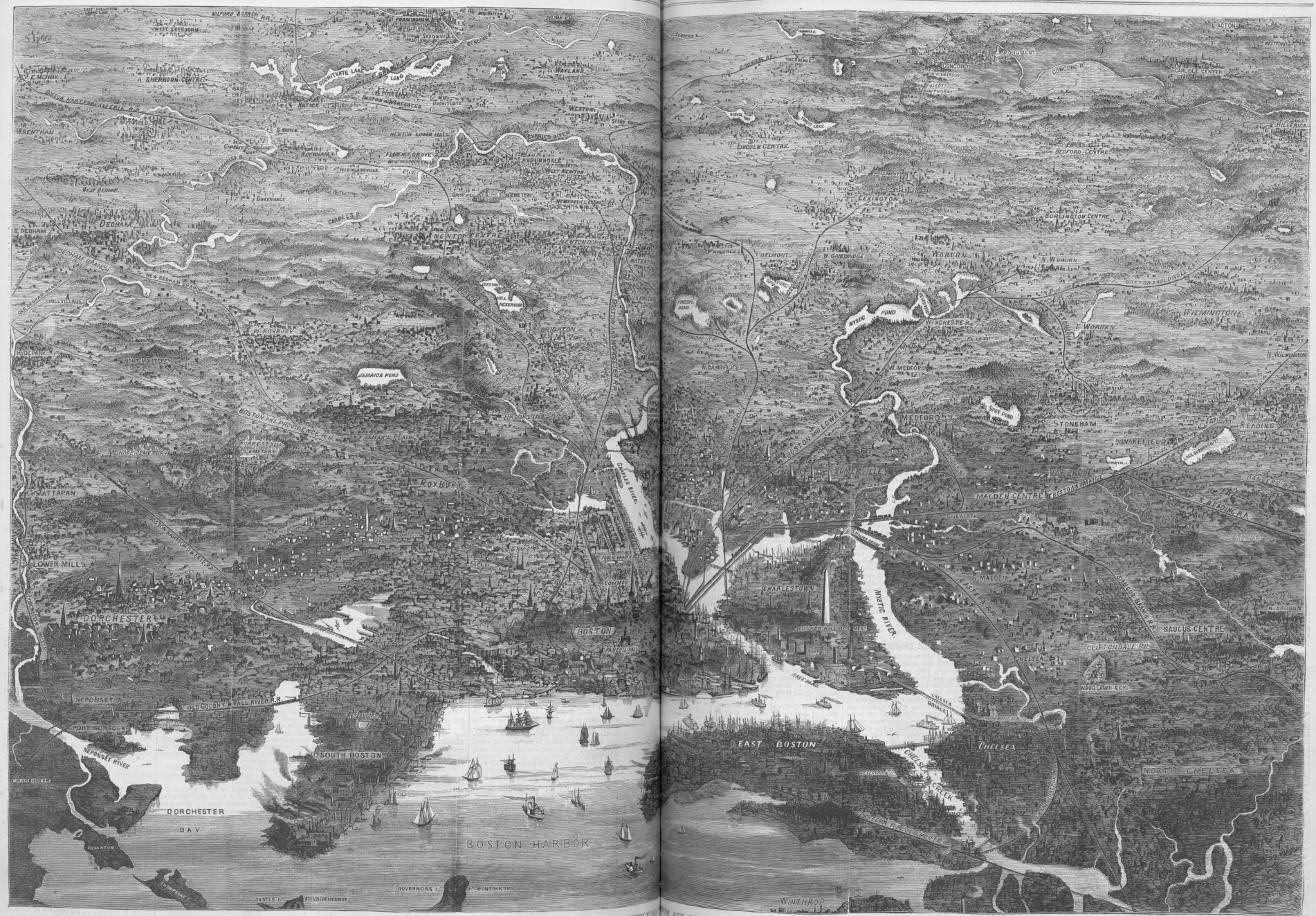

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF BOSTON AND VICINITY—SHOWING THE OUTLINE[S] AND VILLAGES AND RAILROAD COMMUNICATIONS.—[See Page 638.]

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ALL AROUND BOSTON.

THE double-page illustration in our Supplement this week is devoted to the ancient and picturesque city of Boston and the surrounding country. The spectator is supposed to be swinging at ease in a balloon somewhere over the islands in the harbor, overlooking one of the most beautiful regions in the New World—a region rich in historic and literary interest. From this airy height we look down upon the scene of that famous tea-party that ended in such a tempest—upon the scene of the well-fought battle commemorated by the granite shaft that glitters white in the sunshine of this July morning—upon the scene of the earlier conflict further up the country, where

"The embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world."

A little nearer stands the monument which marks the scene of the battle of Lexington.

The picturesque situation of Boston strikes the eye at once. Built upon rising ground, and nearly surrounded by water, it presents a marked contrast to New York, whose dead level is almost unrelieved, and its beautiful suburbs exhibit an equal variety of natural scenery. The city itself is so irregularly laid out, the streets of the older portions are so crowded and so narrow, that it bears more resemblance to a medieval city of Europe than any other American town. The newer portion, beyond the Common and the public garden, built upon land secured by filling up a shallow sheet of water known as the Back Bay, is laid out in broad, straight avenues, on each side of which rise the handsome residences of wealthy citizens, surpassing, as Bostonians maintain, any thing we have to show along Fifth Avenue. Glancing directly in front, in the centre of the view the spectator sees the famous Faneuil Hall, the "cradle of American liberty;" beyond this the State-house looms up, with its handsome dome. The eye then passes over the Common, with its fountain and "Frog Pond." A little to the right is Charles River, the scene of many a well-contested university boat race, and still further on is Cambridge and Harvard University. Near the horizon may be seen Concord, with its monument, and a little this side of it a cluster of houses made famous by being the residences of men whose names are familiar as household words wherever the English language is spoken. There HAWTHORNE once lived, and there EMERSON still lives. Away over on the left, just beyond the place marked as West Roxbury, is the scene of "Brook Farm," immortalized in the "Blithedale Romance." In the same direction, nearer the horizon, lies the pretty village of Natick, the home of Senator WILSON, and near by is Cochituate Lake, whence the Bostonians are supplied with water.

Like the vicinity of New York, the country about Boston is traversed by a great number of railroads, connecting the city with the suburban towns that cover the surface of the landscape, and in which thousands of citizens find a semi-rural refuge from the haunts of business. By the incorporation of some of the nearer suburbs Boston has had a sudden accession of area and population; and as the intervening lands are built up between her present borders and the still outlying villages she promises herself a still further increase in the way of annexation. In many respects Boston is a very pleasant city for a residence. Society is cultivated and high toned, with an aristocratic flavor that especially commends it to Englishmen, notwithstanding Bunker Hill and the raid on the tea cargoes. The city has several fine public libraries, a fair picture-gallery, and prides itself especially upon its literary celebrities. The theatre and opera do not especially flourish within its precincts, and its musical tastes lead chiefly to the culture of classical music. BEETHOVEN, HAYDN, and HANDEL, are idolized, and the large Music Hall, with its grand organ, is better patronized than any of the theatres.

A SPORTIVE LORD.

IN Boyd's "Reminiscences of Fifty Years" we find the following anecdote of Lord Kenmure, a facetious Scottish nobleman, who was exceedingly fond of a practical joke. At one time he had two English friends on a visit, and, to show them the lower district of the county, had arranged to take them the following morning to a meeting of the landed proprietors. His lordship had sent orders to the landlady of the little inn half-way, where the horses were to be baited, to have a first-rate Scotch breakfast ready for two English gentlemen and himself. He had prepared his friends for seeing an original, on whom he was about to play a trick. During the evening he ordered six eggs to be sent to the drawing-room, at the same time desiring one of the grooms to go to the stable and pull out some long hairs from a horse's tail—a thing very usual on the banks of the Ken, where fishing-lines had frequently to be improvised.

The eggs having arrived through one channel, and the horse-hairs through another, the noble lord had to carry out his first operation, which was, with the aid of a needle, to puncture the shell, through which a horse-hair was introduced in each egg—a simple process. Having arrived at the inn, where breakfast was waiting, Lord Kenmure sent for the landlady, and said, "I hope you have not yet boiled the eggs?" "*Na, na*, my lord, I *hae na* boiled them yet." "Because," said his lordship, "one of my friends is *so* very particular that he must see the eggs first; after which he will tell you, should he like their appearance, how long he wishes them to be boiled; bring up half a dozen as quickly as you can, as we are very hungry." The landlady went out, and came back instantly with half a dozen eggs. The transfer or exchange of the Kenmure Castle eggs for the landlady's having been slyly effected, the former were ordered to be boiled two minutes and three-quarters; the landlady promising to watch the boiling herself (*my ain sel*). As soon as the two minutes and three-quarters had expired the lassie had the eggs on the table; but scarcely had she got down stairs when the bell rang violently. "*Gang* back, Mary, this moment; *rin*, lassie, *rin*, for there's something *wrang*." "Tell your mistress to come here instantly," said his lordship. Away ran the girl, and her mistress was in the presence of the breakfast party forthwith. "Why, my good woman," exclaimed Lord Kenmure, "what, in the name of wonder, is this? Here is a horse-hair in my egg!" "Good gracious, ma lord, a *lang* horse's hair in the egg! Weel, weel, this is *ayont ony* thing I ever *kenned*." The poor woman stood so bewildered at the long hair which had come out of the egg, and was now lying on the table, that Lord Kenmure came to her relief by telling her that it was, at all events, no fault of hers, and that they would now try another egg; when out came another horse-hair. His friends were convulsed, while the landlady stood aghast. They each broke the shell of their respective eggs in the presence of the landlady, whose state of mind and amazement at what she was witnessing had now reached a point not easily to be described; and the climax of her distress was reached when the two visitors for whom she had so anxiously prepared a good breakfast had each drawn out as long a hair from his egg as Lord Kenmure had from both of his. "How can you account for this?" said his lordship. "Oh, ma lord, I see exactly *hoo* this comes *aboot:* that *doure*, stubborn man, John, in the yard" (the hostler) "is forever letting the hens into the stable, and they get into the bunkers and eat the horses' corn, and it is *noo* clear to me that they *hae* swallowed the hair." "Well, never mind, landlady; we have an excellent breakfast here, and I don't think the eggs appear much the worse."

The party drove off, and in the evening returned to rest the horses. The first salutation Lord Kenmure received from the landlandy was, "*Weel*, ma lord, they are *a'* killed." "What are killed?" "The heads are cut *aff* every hen I *hae*, as I will not risk *sic* anither thing as happened to your lordship and the gentlemen this morning; the *like* o' *it* never was known in the *hale* o' this *kintra afore*." Sure enough, Lord Kenmure and his two visitors saw the poor headless fowls. "Then," said his lordship, addressing the persecuted hostess, "as you are resolved to change the breed, I must do this for you, as my hens at the castle never lay eggs with horse-hair in them;" and accordingly his lordship replenished the landlady's poultry-yard on an extensive scale.

SOMNAMBULISTS.

THE sleep-walkers who go from room to room, and are very busy in a sort of world of their own, without actually composing new music or writing new compositions, are numerous. The *Morning Chronicle* in 1822 gave an account of a seaman who slept for a night at an inn in York. Wishing to be called early next morning, and knowing himself to be a heavy sleeper, he directed the chamber-maid to come into his room and call him, if he did not hear her knock at the door. Waking when the sun was high in the heavens, he felt certain that he had slept far beyond the proper time; but looking for his watch to know the hour, he found that it was not in its place under the pillow, where he had placed it. He jumped out of bed to dress, but his clothes were gone; and, looking round, he found himself in a strange room. He rang the bell; the chamber-maid appeared, and then he found that he had, at some early hour in the morning, left his bed and wandered in a somnambulistic sleep into another room; for when the maid came to call him he was not in his proper room. Wienholt relates the case of a student who, when in a somnambulistic state, was wont to leave his bed, go to the parlor or to his study, take out pen, ink, and paper, place music in its proper position on the piano-forte, and play a whole piece through with his eyes shut. His friends once turned the music upside down while he was playing. He somehow detected the change, and replaced the paper in the proper position. On another occasion his ear detected a note out of tune; he tuned the string, and went on again. On a third occasion he wrote a letter to his brother, rational and legible to a certain point; but it was singular to observe that he continued to write after the pen had lost its ink, making all the proper movements without being conscious that he made no more marks on the paper. A case is on record of a young lady who, when under the influence of a particular nervous complaint, would walk about the house in a state of sleep, or coma, steering her way safely between the articles of furniture, and even avoiding objects purposely placed to obstruct her path. Her eyes were open, but she evidently did not see through them in the ordinary sense; for she entirely disregarded strong lights held close to her eyes, and even a finger that was actually placed against the eyeball. Physicians are acquainted with many evidences of persons who do *not* see with the eyes, but have some unexplained kind of vision in certain morbid states of the nervous system.

Those somnambulists who wander about in streets and roads, or (like Amina, in Bellini's opera) walk along planks in perilous situations, have the muscular sense, whatever it may be, effectively awake. Doctor Carpenter notices, at some length, "the sleep-walkers who make their way over the roofs of houses, steadily traverse narrow planks, and even clamber precipices; and this they do with far less hesitation than they would do in the waking state." The sense of fear is asleep, whatever else may be awake. Some somnambulists start off while asleep to attend to their regular work, though under very irregular circumstances. Not very many years ago a working stone-mason in Kent was one evening requested by his master to go next morning to a church-yard in the neighborhood and measure the work which had been done to a wall, in order that an account might be sent in to the church-wardens. The man went to bed at the usual time; but when he awoke he found himself fully dressed, in the open air, and in the dark. Presently a clock struck two, and he knew that he was in the church-yard. As he found that he had a measuring-rod and a book in his hand, he resolved to walk about till day-break (it being summer weather), and ascertain what it was that he had really done. He then found that he had measured the wall correctly, and had entered the particulars in his book. Sometimes, instead of starting up from sleep to go to work, persons will fall asleep while working or walking. When Sir John Moore made his famous retreat to Corunna whole battalions of exhausted troops slumbered as they marched. Muleteers have been known to sleep while guiding their mules, coachmen while driving on the box, post-boys while trotting on their horses, and factory children while at work. There was a rope-maker in Germany who often fell asleep when at work, and either continued his work in a proper way or uselessly remade cordage already finished. Sometimes when walking long distances he was similarly overtaken with sleep; he went on safely, avoiding horses and carriages, and timber lying on the road. On one occasion he fell asleep just as he got on horseback; yet he went on, rode through a shallow river, allowed his horse to drink, drew up his legs to prevent his feet from being wetted, passed through a crowded market-place, and arrived safely at the house of an acquaintance; his eyes were closed the whole time, and he awoke just after reaching the house. Gassendi describes a case of a man who used to rise in the night, dress himself while asleep, go down to the cellar, draw wine from a cask, and walk back to his bed without stumbling over any thing. In the morning, like other sleep-walkers, he knew nothing of what had happened. If he chanced to wake while in the cellar, which once or twice occurred, he groped his way back in the dark with more difficulty than when the sleep was upon him. Another Italian, also mentioned by Gassendi, passed on stilts over a swollen torrent in the night while asleep, then awoke, and was too much afraid to recross until daylight came.

An additional element of interest is presented in those cases in which speaking is concerned, the somnambulist either talking or hearing what is said to him by others. Many writers mention the instance of a young naval officer who was signal lieutenant to Lord Hood when the British fleet was watching Toulon. He sometimes remained on deck eighteen or twenty hours at a time, watching for signals from the other ships; he would then retire to his cabin, and fall into a sleep so profound that no ordinary voice could wake him; but if the word "signal" was even whispered in his ear he was roused instantly. Doctor James Gregory cites the case of a young military officer, going with his regiment in a troop-ship to a foreign station in 1758, who, when asleep, was peculiarly sensitive to the voices of his familiar acquaintances, and powerfully influenced by any thing they said to him. Some of the other young officers, ready for any pranks, would lead him on through all the stages of a duel, or of an impending shipwreck, or of a sanguinary battle: each sentence spoken by them turning his dream (if it may be called a dream) into a particular direction, until at length he would start up in imaginary danger, and perhaps awake by falling out of his berth or stumbling over a rope.

SPLITTING THE DIFFERENCE.

IT is astonishing how much the business of the world is facilitated and made agreeable by the practice of splitting differences. The more it prevails among men the more even is the tenor of their way, the more smooth and tranquil the current of their life. In all our relations with each other the wise dealing with differences is of vital import. The poet says, "Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;" and so we do if we only get and spend; but we can not do without spending, and we must get in order to spend. The mischief is that men will get all they can possibly grasp, and are apt to spend even faster than they get, and so sacrifice life for the means of living luxuriously. This is the vice of our time, springing out of the social rivalries which are its characteristic. Brown must keep his brougham, for no other earthly reason than because Jones has set up his, and both go galloping toward insolvency because neither will allow the other to outshine him; if they would split the difference between parsimony and extravagance, they would get at the golden mean.

In splitting the difference care must be taken to do it fairly and honestly. Nothing is more common than the violation of this rule, and with all of us there is too great a tendency to split differences in conformity with our own pet notions, predilections, or creeds. Hence we are but unreliable judges in matters in which we are personally interested, and in all such cases, when a difference has to be split, we should commit the process to another. Still we shall have cases always recurring in which we must deal with differences from our own single point of view, simply because we can not bring ourselves to confide to others the opposing motives that have weight in our secret hearts. In no case, scarcely, is the decision so difficult, or the difference so hard to split to our own satisfaction, as in judging of the claims of others to our admiration, regard, or esteem. It is not very creditable to us that in estimating the merits of others we almost invariably compare them with a standard far loftier than that we could fairly claim for ourselves; if there is any reason for our doing so, other than our vanity and conceit, we confess we are unable to discover it; and if such be the reasons, then the sooner we descend from our fancied exaltation the better. There is a verse of some German poet, whose name has escaped us, which affords a very good rule for judging of our fellow-men, and which practically splits the difference betwixt that undue laudation on the one hand, and detraction on the other, to which all of us are prone at times. The verse may be thus "done into English:"

"If foes my character impeach,
And warn thee what my failings be,
Suffer my friends in turn to teach
That virtue hath *some* part in me.
If Slander hold me up to wrath,
Or Fame weave laurels for my brow,
I'd have thee choose the middle path,
And deem I am a man—as thou."

In matters of morality there must be no splitting of differences. The sense of right and wrong is engraved on every heart, and the obligation to do the right and shun the wrong, if it be not identical with this moral sense, is yet inseparable from it. In matters of religion, also, there must be no splitting of differences. Every man must be fully persuaded in his own mind, and no man can refer his decisions to the control of another without treason against his own conscience, and unfaithfulness to the revealed standard of truth.

CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

OF the many admirable episodes that Lamartine has given us in his "History of the Girondists," not one perhaps is so exquisite as that which tells the story of Charlotte Corday. She was by descent doubly noble; her lineage was aristocratic, and she was the granddaughter of Pierre Corneille, the great dramatist. But, like many scions of the old French nobility, her father was a poor man—a petty farmer, tilling his own ground, living by the daily labor of his hands. He was, at the same time, a man of parts, an adorer of liberty, an enthusiastic admirer of the new ideas. Her childhood differed little from that of a Norman peasant girl; her garb was the same; and at hay-making and harvest-time she helped in the field work. Later in life an old maiden lady, a relation, adopted her. Henceforth her life was more worthy of her birth. Here is Lamartine's description of her new home:

"Off an old-fashioned, secluded street in Caen stood an ancient habitation, with gray walls, weather-stained and dilapidated by time. It was called Le Grand Manoir. A fountain covered with moss stood in an angle of the court-yard. A narrow, low door-way, with fluted lintels uniting in an arch over the top, showed the worn steps of a winding staircase which led to the upper story. Two windows, with octagonal panes of glass, framed in lead-work, dimly lit the staircase and the empty chambers. The misty daylight in this antique, obscure abode impressed on it the character of vagueness, mystery, and melancholy, which the human fancy delights to see folded like a shroud over the cradle of deep thoughts and the homes of strongly imaginative minds."

Here, in this dreamy solitude, in the deep shadows of the old court-yard, sat Charlotte in the summer days, dreaming over the pages of Plutarch or Rousseau; no sound of rude actual life to jar upon her meditations; only the rustle of the leaves, and the flowers shaking their perfume into the sunlit air, or the sweet songs of the birds, and the sleepy, monotonous music of the old fountain. Her soul was filled with the spirit of the antique world, as her features were moulded in the finest form of Greek beauty—the oval face, the delicately chiseled nose, the ripe lips. "Her hair," writes Lamartine, "seemed black when fastened in masses around her head, but golden at the points of the tresses, like ears of ripe corn; her eyes of a color variable as the wave of the ocean, which borrows its tint from the shadow or the sunbeam—blue when she reflected, almost black when called into animated play."

But soon dark and terrible images begin to break in upon her fair visions. Over the length and breadth of France roll the echoes of the September massacres; like the mutterings of a distant tempest come the shrieks of the slaughtered, and athwart the bright horizon, that was but now illumined by the glorious sun of liberty, gather the bloody clouds from Paris. Mingled with those echoes come the name of Marat as the demon who has let loose the storm—the arch-murderer. All other actors in the terrible drama (so say the echoes) are but subordinates to this evil star. The Girondists are fugitives; Madame Roland is in prison; day by day the influence of anarchists and murderers grows stronger.

A terrible blow is this news to Charlotte. Is the tyranny of kingcraft to be superseded only by a tyranny yet more cruel and revolting? Is there no way to save the republic of her dreams, that day by day is vanishing in a mist of blood? Sitting in the shadow of the dark gray walls, with the moss-grown fountain whispering the story of some Norman Arethusa in her ears, Plutarch lying open upon her knees, with dejected face and saddened eyes, thus ponders the beautiful enthusiast. In that grand old book, from which so many heroes of the revolution drew their inspiration, she is seeking the answer to her questions. Again and again she reads the immortal stories of self-sacrifice that tell how often the immolation of one man saved a country; how one opposed himself single-handed to an army; how one plunged into a gulf; how another died

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upon the field of battle, and another smote the tyrant with his dagger.

Brooding thus by day and dreaming thus by night, her mind grew pregnant, and out of the chaos of her thoughts rises a shadowy idea, undefined, unacknowledged for a time, but hourly perfecting its form and growing in strength, until it masters its creator, and bends her to its will. Beneath its power she grows pale and ill; her friends grow alarmed, and question her; but she evades their solicitude, and prepares herself by secret meditation for her terrible self-imposed task.

War has been declared, and the youth of France flock eagerly to the frontiers. From Caen go forth six thousand volunteers; among them is one whose whole soul is devoted to Charlotte. She has given him her portrait; did she allow her heart free play she would give him that; but her pride would not permit her to become a portionless wife, and so she stifles the feeling. From one of the windows of Le Grand Manoir she sees him march down the street, waves him an adieu, and turns aside to hide her tears. Their eyes will never meet again in this world. She knows it; happily for him he does not.

Her terrible idea now fully matured, she takes steps for its execution. Barbaroux is at Caen; he will assist her to the first step of her design. She seeks an introduction to him, eagerly questions him upon the state of Paris, upon the prospects of his party; his gloomy answers strengthen her resolution. The gossips smile and whisper at these interviews with the handsome young Girondist. Alas! they little think how speedy and how sad will be her vindication. It is not love that is in her soul, but martyrdom—for him and for his party.

One day she astonished her friends by informing them that she was going to Paris to lay before the Convention the claims of an exiled friend. In vain they attempted to dissuade her from her purpose; she bade them a tender adieu, wrote a farewell to her father, and, with a letter to a M. Duperret, a Girondist, obtained from Barbaroux, started in the diligence for Paris. Accident frustrated her plan as she had at first conceived it, and obliged her to depend upon her own efforts to gain admission to Marat's presence.

She wrote Marat a letter, in which she told him she was the bearer of momentous intelligence concerning the affairs of Caen, and requested an interview. To this she received no reply. She then wrote a second, as follows:

"Did you have my letter? I can not believe it, as they refused admittance to me. I hope to-morrow you will grant the interview I request. I repeat, I have secrets to disclose to you most important for the safety of the republic. Besides, I am persecuted for the cause of liberty; I am unhappy, and that I am so should give me a claim upon your patriotism." The false pretenses under which she gained admission to the tyrant occasioned the only remorse she ever felt. To her exalted imagination such subterfuges were a blot upon her early mission.

On the afternoon of the day appointed she sallies forth from the house of M. Perretier, whose hospitality she has accepted during her sojourn in Paris. Alas! it will cost him and all his family their lives. She is dressed in pure white, a scarf is thrown across her shoulders, a Normandy cap is upon her head, and her hair is bound with broad green ribbon. Her first act is to buy a long, keen knife; concealing this beneath her dress, she walks quickly toward the Rue St. Honoré. The sun has set, the evening is closing in, the light in the streets is growing dim, when she presents herself at Marat's house. She walks into the outer room; all is bustle and business; the *Journal de la République*, the successor of *L'Ami du Peuple*, has just come from the press; people are busy folding the copies, which messengers are waiting to carry to their destinations. But little attention is vouchsafed to the stranger. She requests to see Marat. Albertine, his mistress, comes forward; she eyes the beautiful face and form of the visitor with any thing but favor. She fears a rival! She is jealous of her hideous lover! She informs Charlotte, in no gentle accents, that she can not see him—he is in his bath. They are standing close to the door of the inner room. Marat overhears the discussion, and calls to Albertine to ask what it is about. She goes to him, closes the door behind her, but returns in a few seconds, with a lowering visage, to bid the intruder enter. The next instant Charlotte is standing in the lion's den; the door is again closed, but Albertine stands without, with her ear against the crevice, to catch the business of this importunate woman.

It is a small room, dimly lit even at noonday, now more than half dark; in the centre is a huge bath, nearly filled with water. Out of it rises the head, shoulders, and arms of the man she seeks. In a book, supported upon a plank placed across the two sides of the bath, he is busily writing down the names of new victims for the guillotine. He calls her to stand beside him. Appalled by the horror of her coming act, but with no thought of receding, no quiver of irresolution, she advances like one in a dream and stands close against the bath. He asks her if she has just come from Caen; she answers quietly in the affirmative. He then asks the names of the deputies who have taken refuge there. She repeats them while he notes them down. Her opportunity is slipping away, yet she can not summon the impulse to strike. "Before they are a week older they shall have the guillotine!" he cries, exultingly.

Those words are his last; the impulse is given, and the long, keen knife is buried in his heart. With one cry he expires, and his murderess stands rooted to the spot, gazing fascinated upon her victim, with the bloody weapon in her hand.

The cry has reached those without; in an instant they are in the room, a man strikes her down with a chair, and Albertine, uttering terrible shrieks, tramples upon her senseless body. And there lies the corpse, hanging half-way out of the bath, looking as though life had been extinguished *in a bath of blood.*

Like lightning the cry is carried through the streets—"Marat has been assassinated!" From every quarter rush scared and vengeful crowds. At the peril of their lives the gens-d'armes guard the prisoner from their frantic rage—they would tear her limb from limb. To the mob this news sounds like the death-knell of its reign. To the friends of order it is as though new life had been given them. But all Paris is agitated to its centre; consternation is stamped upon every countenance. A sense of terror and foreboding is upon the city.

Her trial was a mere form; she confessed her guilt and the motive which actuated her; calm and serene in aspect, she betrayed neither exultation nor remorse. Only one circumstance distressed her—having involved in her fate the excellent M. Perretier and his family. For them she pleaded earnestly, asserting in the most solemn terms that they knew nothing of her purpose, that she alone had planned and executed it, without accomplice or even confidant. But the judges were inexorable and incredulous. A young advocate pleaded for her, but he could plead only on behalf of her sex and misguided enthusiasm. Her condemnation was a foregone conclusion from the first. Nothing could save her.

They attired her in a red chemise, the garb of assassins; and thus, with her long bright hair flowing over her head and shoulders like a veil, the tumbril bore her on to the guillotine, the brilliant sunshine bathing her in its golden light. Her dazzling beauty, and, above all, the pure, sublime soul that shone through her eyes and irradiated her whole countenance, subdued even the rough mob that followed her; their execrations died in their throats, and many savage eyes were bedewed with tears of pity for her youth and beauty. The women, the furies of the guillotine, alone were merciless; as was their wont to all, they assailed her last moments with yells, imprecations, and obscenities. But these sounds fell unheeded upon her ears. With an unfaltering step she mounted to the scaffold, stood for an instant looking down calmly upon the multitude, with the full glare of the sunlight playing around her head, threading it with gold, and reflecting upon her face with a bright flash the crimson hues of her robe; then with the serenity of a martyr she laid her head in the groove, the knife descended, and all was over. The brutal executioner held up his hideous trophy by the hair, and struck it upon the cheek.

It has been said that a blush followed the blow, as though life survived long enough to feel the insult. Its transient gleam of humanity passed away, the mob received the act with a yell of delight.

Two touching romances marked her death. Among the spectators of her trial was a young German named Adam Lux; fascinated by her extraordinary beauty and sublime self-devotion, he conceived for her on the spot an intense and passionate love. Even in that terrible hour his pale, earnest face attracted her attention, and though her eyes had never fallen upon him before, though she was destined never to hear his voice, his gaze revealed to her his secret. He followed her to the guillotine and saw the end. After her death he wrote and published a "Defense of Charlotte Corday." He was seized by the Revolutionary Tribunal and condemned to death. His last words were, "Thank God, I shall die for her!" When the young Norman who had marched away with the volunteers of Caen heard of her execution he returned broken-hearted to his native village. A few months, and his soul had departed to seek hers whom he had so truly loved. His last request was that her portrait and letters should be buried in the coffin with him. His request was fulfilled.

A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION.

BY CHARLES READE.

WITH MANY ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FOURTH.

THEY were seated hand in hand, comparing notes and comforting each other. Then Lady Bassett met with a great surprise: forgetting, or rather not realizing, Sir Charles's sex and character, she began with a heavy heart to play the consoler; but after he had embraced her many times with tender rapture, and thanked God for the sight of her, lo and behold, this doughty baronet claimed his rights of manhood, and, in spite of his capture, his incarceration, and his malady, set to work to console her, instead of lying down to be consoled.

"My darling Bella," said he, "don't you make a mountain of a mole-hill. The moment you told me I should be a father I began to get better, and to laugh at Richard Bassett's malice. Of course I was terribly knocked over at first by being captured like a felon and clapped under lock and key; but I am getting over that. My head gets muddled once a day, that is all. They gave me some poison the first day that made me drunk twelve hours after; but they have not repeated it."

"Oh!" cried Lady Bassett, "then don't let me lose a moment. How could I forget?" She opened the door, and called in Mr. Jones and the nurse.

"Mr. Jones," said she, "the first day my husband came here Mr. Salter gave him a sedative, or something, and it made him much worse."

"It always do make 'em worse," said Jones, bluntly.

"Then why did he give it?"

"Out o' book, ma'am. His sort don't see how the medicines work; but we do, as are always about the patient."

"Mr. Jones," said Lady Bassett, "if Mr. Salter, or any body, prescribes, it is you who *administer* the medicine."

Jones assented with a wink. Winking was his foible, as puckering of the face was Coyne's.

"Should you be offended if I were to offer you and the nurse ten guineas a month to pretend you had given him Mr. Salter's medicines, and not do it?"

"Oh, that is not much to do for a gentleman like Sir Charles," said Jones. "But I didn't ought to take so much money for that. To be sure, I suppose, the lady won't miss it."

"Don't be a donkey, Jones," said Sir Charles, cutting short his hypocrisy. "Take whatever you can get; only earn it."

"Oh, what I takes I earns."

"Of course," said Sir Charles. "So that is settled. You have got to physic those flowerpots instead of me, that is all."

This view of things tickled Jones so that he roared with laughter. However, he recollected himself all of a sudden, and stopped with ludicrous abruptness.

He said to Lady Bassett, with homely kindness, "You go home comfortable, my lady; you have taken the stick by the right end." He then had the good sense to retire from the room.

Then Lady Bassett told Sir Charles of her visit to London, and her calling on Mr. Rolfe.

He looked blank at his wife calling on a bachelor; but her description of the man, his age, and his simplicity, reconciled him to that; and when she told him the plan and order of campaign Mr. Rolfe had given her he approved it very earnestly.

He fastened in particular on something that Mr. Rolfe had dwelt lightly on. "Dear as the sight of you is to me, sweet as the sound of your loved voice is to my ears and my heart, I would rather not see you again until our hopes are realized than jeopardize *that.*"

Lady Bassett sighed, for this seemed rather morbid. Sir Charles went on: "So think of your own health first, and avoid agitations. I am tormented with fear lest that monster should take advantage of my absence to molest you. If he does, leave Huntercombe. Yes, leave it; go to London; go, even for my sake; my health and happiness depend on you; they can not be much affected by any thing that happens here. 'Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage.'"

Lady Bassett promised, but said she could not keep away from him, and he must often write to her. She gave him Rolfe's formula, and told him all letters would pass that praised the asylum.

Sir Charles made a wry face.

Lady Bassett's wrist went round his neck in a moment. "Oh, Charles, dear, for my sake—hold a little, little candle to the devil. Mr. Rolfe says we must. Oblige me in this—I am not so noble as you—and then I'll be very good and obedient in what your heart is set upon."

At last Sir Charles consented.

Then they made haste, and told each other every thing that had happened, and it was late in the afternoon before they parted.

Lady Bassett controlled her tears at parting as well as she could.

Mr. Coyne had slyly hid himself, but emerged when she came down to the carriage, and she shook him warmly by the hand, and he bowed at the door incessantly, with his face all in a pucker, till the cavalcade dashed away.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIFTH.

LADY BASSETT timed her next visit so that she found Dr. Suaby at home.

He received her kindly, and showed himself a master; told her Sir Charles's was a mixed case, in which the fall, the fit, and a morbid desire for offspring had all played their parts.

He hoped a speedy cure, but said he counted on her assistance. There was no doubt what he meant.

Oh, for one thing, he said to her, rather slyly, "Coyne tells me you have been good enough to supply us with a hint as to his treatment; sedatives are opposed to his idiosyncrasy."

Lady Bassett blushed high, and said something about Dr. Willis.

"Oh, you are quite right, you and Dr. Willis; only you are not so very conversant with that idiosyncrasy. Why have you let him smoke twenty cigars every day of his life? the brain is accessible by other roads than the stomach. Well, we have got him down to four cigars, and in a month we will have him down to two. The effect of that, and exercise, and simple food, and the absence of powerful excitements—you will see. Do your part," said he, gayly, "we will do ours. He is the most interesting patient in the house, and born to adorn society, though by a concurrence of unhappy circumstances he is separated from it for a while."

She spent the whole afternoon with Sir Charles, and they dined together at the doctor's private table, with one or two patients who were touched, but showed no signs of it on that occasion; for the good doctor really acted like oil on the troubled waters.

Sir Charles and Lady Bassett corresponded, and so kept their hearts up; but after Rolfe's hint the correspondence was rather guarded. If these letters were read in the asylum the curious would learn that Sir Charles was far more anxious about his wife's condition than his own; but that these two patient persons were only waiting a certain near event to attack Richard Bassett with accumulated fury—that smouldering fire did not smoke by letter, but burned deep in both their sore and heavy, but enduring, Anglo-Saxon hearts.

Lady Bassett wrote to Mr. Rolfe, thanking him again for his advice, and telling him how it worked.

She had a very short reply from that gentleman.

But about six weeks after her visit he surprised her a little by writing of his own accord, and asking her for a formal introduction to Sir Charles Bassett, and begging her to back a request that Sir Charles would devote a leisure hour or two to correspondence with him. "Not," said he, "on his private affairs, but on a matter of general interest. I want a few of his experiences and observations in that place. I have the less scruple in asking it, that whatever takes him out of himself will be salutary."

Lady Bassett sent him the required introduction in such terms that Sir Charles at once consented to oblige his wife by obliging Mr. Rolfe.

"MY DEAR SIR,—*In compliance with your wish, and Lady Bassett's, I send you a few desultory remarks on what I see here.*

"1*st. The lines,*

'*Great wits to madness nearly are allied,*
And thin partitions do their bonds divide,'

are, in my opinion, exaggerated and untrue. Taking the people here as a guide, the insane in general appear to be people with very little brains, and enormous egotism.

"*My next observation is, that the women have far less imagination than the men; they can not even realize their own favorite delusions. For instance, here are two young ladies, the Virgin Mary and the Queen of England. How do they play their parts? They sit aloof from all the rest, with their noses in the air. But gauge their imaginations; go down on one knee, or both, and address them as a Saint and a Queen; they can not say a word in accordance; yet they are cunning enough to see they can not reply in character, so they will not utter a syllable to their adorers. They are like the shop-boys who go to a masquerade as Burleigh or Walsingham, and when you ask them who is Queen Bess's favorite just now, blush, and look offended, and pass sulkily on.*

"*The same class of male lunatics can speak in character; and this observation has made me doubt whether philosophers are not mistaken in saying that women generally have more imagination than men. I suspect they have infinitely less; and I believe their great love of novels, which has been set down to imagination, arises mainly from their want of it. You writers of novels supply that defect for them by a pictorial style, by an infinity of minute details, and petty aids to realizing, all which an imaginative reader can do for himself on reading a bare narrative of sterling facts and incidents.*

"*I find a monotony in madness. So many have inspirations, see phantoms, are the victims of vast conspiracies (principalities and powers combined against a fly); their food is poisoned, their wine is drugged, etc., etc.*

"*These, I think, are all forms of that morbid egotism which is at the bottom of insanity. So is their antipathy for each other. They keep apart, because a madman is all self, and his talk is all self; thus egotisms clash, and an antipathy arises; yet it is not, I think, pure antipathy, though so regarded, but a mere form of their boundless egotism.*

"*If, in visiting an asylum, you see two or three different patients button-hole a fourth and pour their grievances into a listening ear, you may safely suspect No. 4 of—sanity.*

"*On the whole, I think the doctor himself, and one of his attendants, and Jones, a keeper, have more solid eccentricity and variety about them than most of the patients.*"

Extract from Letter 2, written about a fortnight later:

"*Some insane persons have a way of couching their nonsense in language that sounds rational, and has a false air of logical connection. Their periods seem stolen from sensible books, and forcibly fitted to incongruous bosh. By this means the ear is confused, and a slow hearer might fancy he was listening to sense.*

"*I have secured you one example of this. You must know that, in the evening, I sometimes collect a few together, and try to get them to tell their stories. Little comes of it in general but interruptions. But, one night, a melancholy Bagman responded in good set terms, and all in a moment; one would have thought I had put a torch to a barrel of powder, he went off so quickly, in this style:*

"'*You ask my story: it is briefly told. Initiated in commerce from my earliest years, and traveled in the cotton trade. As representative of a large house in Manchester, I visited the United States. Unfortunately for me, that country was then the chosen abode of spirits; the very air was thick and humming with supernaturalia. Ere long spirit-voices whispered in my ear, and suggested pious aspirations at first. That was a blind, no doubt; for very soon they went on to insinuate things profane and indelicate, and urged me to deliver them in mixed companies; I forbore with difficulty, restrained by the early lessons of a pious mother, and a disinclination to be kicked down stairs, or flung out o' window.*

"'*I consulted a friend, a native of the country; he said, in its beautiful Doric, "Old oss, I reckon you'd better change the air." I grasped his hand, muttered a blessing, and sailed for England.*

"'*On ocean's peaceful bosom the annoyance ceased. But under this deceitful calm fresh dangers brooded. Two doctors had stolen into the ship, unseen by human eye, and bided their time. Unable to act at sea, owing to the combined effect of wind and current, they concealed them-*

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selves on deck under a black tarpaulin—that is to say, it had been black, but wind and weather had reduced it to a dirty brown—and there, adopting for the occasion the habits of the dormouse, the bear, the caterpillar, and other ephemeral productions, they lay torpid. But the moment the vessel touched the quay, profiting by the commotion, they emerged, and signed certificates with chalk on my portmanteau; then vanished in the crowd. The Custom-house read the certificates, and seized my luggage as contraband. I was too old a traveler to leave my luggage; so then they seized me, and sent us both down here. (With sudden and short-lived fury) that old hell-hound at the Lodge asked them where I was booked for. "For the whole journey," said a sepulchral voice unseen. That means the grave, my boys, the silent grave.'

"'Notwithstanding this stern decree, Suaby expects to turn him out cured in a few months.

"'Miss Wieland, a very pretty girl, put her arm in mine, and drew me mysteriously apart. 'So you are collecting the villainies,' said she, sotto voce. 'It will take you all your time. I'll tell you mine. There's a hideous old man wants me to marry him; and I won't. And he has put me in here, and keeps me prisoner till I will. They are all on his side, especially that sanctified old guy, Suaby. They drug my wine, they stupefy me, they give me things to make me naughty and tipsy: but it is no use; I never will marry that old goat—that for his money and him—I'll die first.'

"'Of course my blood boiled; but I asked my nurse, Sally, and she assured me there was not one atom of truth in any part of the story. 'The young lady was put in here by her mother; none too soon, neither.' I asked her what she meant. 'Why, she came here with her throat cut, and strapping on it. She is a suicidal.'"

This correspondence led eventually to some unexpected results; but I am obliged to interrupt it for a time, while I deal with a distinct series of events which began about five weeks after Lady Bassett's visit to Mr. Rolfe, and will carry the reader forward beyond the date we have now arrived at.

It was the little dining-room at Highmore; a low room, of modest size, plainly furnished. An enormous fire-place, paved with plain tiles, on which were placed iron dogs: only wood and roots were burned in this room.

Mrs. Bassett had just been packed off to bed by marital authority; Bassett and Wheeler sat smoking pipes and sipping whisky-and-water. Bassett professed to like the smell of peat smoke in whisky; what he really liked was the price.

After a few silent whiffs, said Bassett, "I didn't think they would take it so quietly; did you?"

"Well, I really did not. But, after all, what can they do? They are evidently afraid to go to the Court of Chancery, and ask for a jury in the asylum; and what else can they do?"

"Humph! They might arrange an escape, and hide him for fourteen days; then we could not recapture him without fresh certificates; could we?"

"Certainly not."

"And the doors would be too well guarded; not a crack for two doctors to creep in at."

"You go too fast. *You* know the law from me, and you are a daring man that would try this sort of thing; but a timid woman, advised by a respectable muff like Oldfield! They will never dream of such a thing."

Oldfield is not her head-man. She has got another adviser, and he is the very man to do something plucky."

"I don't know who you mean."

"Why, her lover, to be sure."

"Her lover? Lady Bassett's lover!"

"Ay, the young parson."

Wheeler smiled satirically. "You certainly are a good hater. Nothing is too bad for those you don't like. If that Lady Bassett is not a true wife, where will you find one?"

"She is the most deceitful jade in England."

"Oh! oh!"

"Ah! you may sneer. So you have forgotten how she outwitted us. Did the devil himself ever do a cunninger thing than that? tempting a fellow into a correspondence that seemed a piece of folly on her part, yet it was a deep diabolical trick to get at my handwriting. Did *you* see her game? No more than I did. You chuckled at her writing letters to the plaintiff *pendente lite*. We were both children, setting our wits against a woman's. I tell you I dread her, especially when I see her so unnaturally quiet, after what we have done. When you hook a large salmon, and he makes a great commotion, but all of a sudden lies like a stone, be on your guard; he means mischief."

"Well," said Wheeler, "this is all very true, but you have strayed from the point. What makes you think she has an improper attachment?"

"Is it so very unnatural? He is the handsomest fellow about, she is the loveliest woman; he is dark, she is fair; and they are thrown together by circumstances. Another thing: I have always understood that women admire the qualities they don't possess themselves—strength, for instance. Now this parson is a Hercules. He took Sir Charles up like a boy, and carried him in his arms all the way from where he had the fit. Lady Bassett walked beside them. Rely on it, a woman does not see one man carry another so without making a comparison in favor of the strong and against the weak. But what am I talking about? They walk like lovers, those two."

"What, hand in hand? he! he!"

"No, side by side; but yet like lovers for all that."

"You must have a good eye."

"I have a good opera-glass."

Mr. Wheeler smoked in silence.

"Well, but," said he, after a pause, "if this is so, all the better for you. Don't you see that the lover will never really help her to get the husband out of confinement? It is not in the nature of things. He may struggle with his own conscience a bit, being a clergyman, but he won't go too far; he won't break the law to get Sir Charles home, and so end these charming duets with his lady-love."

"By Jove, you are right!" cried Bassett, convinced in his turn. "I say, old fellow, two heads are better than one. I think we have got the clew, between us. Yes, by Heaven! it is so; for the carriage used to be out twice a week, but now she only goes about once in ten days. By-and-by it will be once a fortnight, then once a month, and the black-eyed rector will preach patience and resignation. Oh, it was a master-stroke, clapping him in that asylum! All we have got to do now is to let well alone. When she is over head and ears in love with Angelo she will come to easy terms with us, and so I'll move across the way. I shall never be happy till I live at Huntercombe, and administer the estate."

The maid-servant brought him a note, and said it was from her mistress. Bassett took it rather contemptuously, and said, "The little woman is always in a fidget now when you come here. She is all for peace." He read the letter. It ran thus:

"DEAREST RICHARD,—*I implore you to do nothing more to hurt Sir Charles. It is wicked, and it is useless. God has had pity on Lady Bassett, and have you pity on her too. Jane has just heard it from one of the Huntercombe servants.*"

"What does she mean with her 'its?' Why, surely— Read it, you."

They looked at each other in doubt and amazement for some time. Then Richard Bassett rushed up stairs, and had a few hasty words with his wife.

She told him her news in plainer English, and renewed her mild entreaties. He turned his back on her in the middle. He went out into the nursery, and looked at his child. The little fellow, a beautiful boy, slept the placid sleep of infancy. He leaned over him and kissed him, and went down to the dining-room.

His feet came tramp, tramp, very slowly, and when he opened the door Mr. Wheeler was startled at the change in his appearance. He was pale, and his countenance fallen.

"Why, what is the matter?" said Wheeler.

"She has done us. Ah, I was wiser than you; I feared her. It is the same thing over again; a woman against two children. This shows how strong she is; you can't realize what she has done—even when you see it. An heir was wanted to those estates. Love cried out for one. Hate cried out for one. Nature denied one. She has cut the Gordian knot; cut it as boldly as the lowest woman in Huntercombe would have cut it under such a terrible temptation."

"Oh, for shame!"

"Think, and use your eyes."

"My eyes have seen the lady; I think I see her now, kneeling like an angel over her husband, and pitying him for having knocked me down. I say her only lover is her husband."

"Oh, that was a long time ago. Time brings changes. You can't take the eyes out of my head."

"Suppose it should be only a false alarm?"

"Is that likely? However, I will learn. Whether it is or not, that child shall never rob mine of Bassett and Huntercombe. Any thing is fair against such a woman."

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SIXTH.

THAT very night, after Wheeler had gone home, Richard Bassett wrote a cajoling letter to Mary Wells, asking her to meet him at the old place.

When the girl got this letter she felt a little faint for a moment; but she knew the man, his treachery, and his hard egotism and selfishness so well, that she tossed the letter aside, and resolved to take no notice. Her trust was all in her mistress, for whom, indeed, she had more real affection than for any living creature; as for Richard Bassett, she absolutely detested him.

As the day wore on she took another view of matters: her deceiver was the enemy of her mistress; she might do her a service by going to this rendezvous, might learn something from him, and use it against him.

So she went to the rendezvous with a heart full of bitter hate.

Bassett, with all his assurance, could not begin his interrogatory all in a moment. He made a sort of apology, said he felt he had been unkind, and he had never been happy since he had deserted her.

She cut that short. "I have found a better than you," said she. "I am going to London very soon—to be married."

"I am glad to hear it."

"No doubt you are."

"I mean for your sake."

"For my sake? You think as little of me as I do of you. Come, now, what do you want of me—without a lie, if you *can?*"

"I wanted to see you, and talk to you, and hear your prospects."

"Well, I have told you." And she pretended to be going.

"SHE REMAINED RIGID."

"Don't be in such a hurry. Tell us the news. Is it true that Lady Bassett is expected—"

"Oh, that is no news."

"It is to me."

"'Tain't no news in our house. Why, we have known it for months."

This took away the man's breath for a minute. At last he said, with a great deal of intention, "Will it be fair or dark?"

"As God pleases."

"I'll bet you five pounds to one that it is dark."

Mary shrugged her shoulders contemptuously, as if these speculations were too childish for her.

"It's my lady you want to talk about, is it? I thought it was to make me a wedding present."

He actually put his hand in his pocket and gave her two sovereigns. She took them with a grim smile.

He presumed on this to question her minutely. She submitted to the interrogatory.

Only, as the questions were not always delicate, and the answer was invariably an untruth, it may be as well to pass over the rest of the dialogue. Suffice it to say that, whenever the girl saw the drift of a question she lied admirably; and when she did not, still she lied upon principle: it must be a good thing to deceive the enemy.

Richard Bassett was now perplexed, and saw himself in that very position which had so galled Lady Bassett six weeks or so before. He could not make any advantageous move, but was obliged to await events. All he could do was to spy a little on Lady Bassett, and note how often she went to the asylum.

After many days' watching he saw something new.

Mr. Angelo was speaking to her with a good deal of warmth, when suddenly she started from him, and then turned round upon him in a very commanding attitude, and with prodigious fire. Angelo seemed then to address her very humbly. But she remained rigid. At last Angelo retired and left her so; but he was no sooner out of sight than she dropped into a garden seat, and, taking out her handkerchief, cried a long time.

"Why doesn't the fool come back?" said Bassett, from his tower of observation.

He related this incident to Wheeler, and it impressed that worthy more than all he had ever said before on the same subject. But in a day or two Wheeler, who was a great gossip, and picked up every thing, came and told Bassett that the parson was looking out for a curate, and going to leave his living for a time, on the ground of health. "That is rather against your theory, Mr. Bassett," said he.

"Not a bit," said Bassett. "On the contrary, that is just what these artful women do who sacrifice virtue but cling all the more to reputation. I read French novels, my boy."

"Find 'em instructive?"

"Very. They cut deeper into human nature than our writers dare. Her turning away her lover *now* is just the act of what the French call a masterly woman—*maitresse femme*. She has got rid of him to close the mouth of scandal; that is her game."

"Well," said Wheeler, "you certainly are very ingenious, and so fortified in your opinions that with you facts are no longer stubborn things; you can twist them all your way. If he had staid and buzzed about her, while her husband was incarcerated, you would have found her guilty: he goes to Rome and leaves her, and therefore you find her guilty. You would have made a fine hanging judge in the good old sanguinary times."

"I use my eyes, my memory, and my reason. She is a monster of vice and deceit. Any thing is fair against such a woman."

"I am sorry to hear you say that," said Wheeler, becoming grave rather suddenly. "A woman is a woman, and I tell you plainly I have gone pretty well to the end of my tether with you."

"Abandon me, then," said Bassett, doggedly; "I can go alone."

Wheeler was touched by this, and said, "No, no; I am not the man to desert a friend; but pray do nothing rash—do nothing without consulting me."

Bassett made no reply.

About a week after this, as Lady Bassett was walking sadly in her own garden, a great Newfoundland dog ran up to her without any warning, and put his paws almost on her shoulder.

She screamed violently, and more than once.

One or two windows flew open, and among the women who put their heads out to see what was the matter Mary Wells was the first.

The owner of the dog instantly whistled, and the sportive animal ran to him; but Lady Bassett was a good deal scared, and went in holding her hand to her side. Mary Wells hurried to her assistance, and she cried a little from nervousness when the young woman came earnestly to her.

"Oh, Mary! he frightened me so. I did not see him coming."

"Mr. Moss," said Mary Wells, "here's a villain come and frightened my lady. Go and shoot his dog, you and your son; and get the grooms, and fling him in the horse-pond directly."

"No!" said Lady Bassett, firmly. "You will see that he does not enter the house, that is all. Should he attempt that, then you will use force for my protection. Mary, come to my room."

When they were together alone Lady Bassett put both hands on the girl's shoulders, and made her turn toward her.

"I think you love me, Mary?" said she, drinking the girl's eyes with her own.

"Ah! that I do, my lady."

"Why did you look so pale, and your eyes flash, and why did you incite those poor men to— It might have led to bloodshed."

"It would; and that is what I wanted, my lady!"

"Oh, Mary!"

"What, don't you see?"

"No, no; I don't want to think so. It might have been an accident. The poor dog meant no harm; it was his way of fawning, that was all."

"The beast meant no harm, but the man did. He is worse than any beast that ever was born; he is a cruel, cunning, selfish devil; and if I had been a man he should never have got off alive."

"But are you sure?"

"Quite. I was up stairs, and saw it all."

This was not true; she had seen nothing till her mistress screamed.

"Then—any thing is fair against such a villain."

"Of course it is."

"Let me think."

She leaned her head upon her hand, and that intelligent face of hers quite shone with hard thought.

At last, after long and intense thinking, she spoke.

"I'll teach you to be inhuman, Mr. Richard Bassett," said she, slowly, and with a strange depth of resolution.

Then Mary Wells and she put their heads together in close discussion; but now Lady Bassett took the lead, and revealed to her astonished adviser extraordinary and astounding qualities.

They had driven her to bay, and that is a perilous game to play with such a woman.

Mary Wells found herself a child compared with her mistress, now that that lady was driven to put out all her powers.

The conversation lasted about two hours: in that time the whole campaign was settled.

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FARM BALLADS.—By Will M. Carleton.

[Written for Harper's Weekly.]

GONE WITH A HANDSOMER MAN.

JOHN.

I've worked in the field all day, a-plowin' the "stony streak;"
I've scolded my team till I'm hoarse; I've tramped till my legs are weak;
I've choked a dozen swears (so's not to tell Jane fibs)
When the plow-p'int struck a stone and the handles punched my ribs.

I've put my team in the barn, and rubbed their sweaty coats;
I've fed 'em a heap of hay and half a bushel of oats;
And to see the way they eat makes me like eatin' feel,
And Jane won't say to-night that I don't make out a meal.

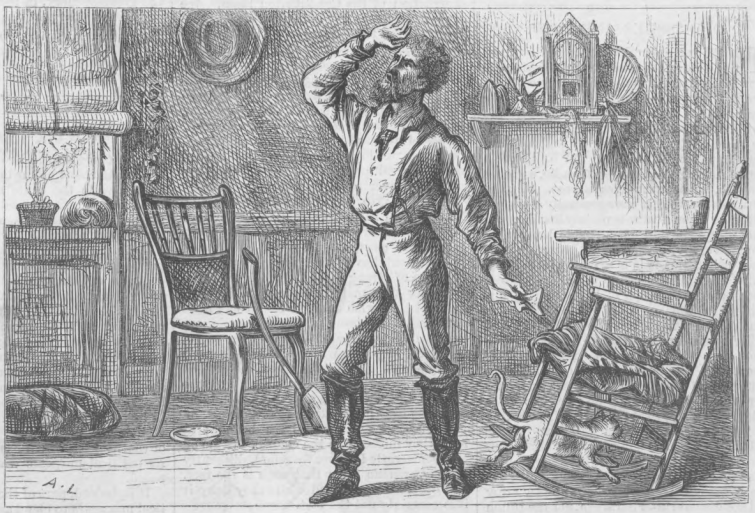
Well said! the door is locked! but here she's left the key,
Under the step, in a place known only to her and me;
I wonder who's dyin' or dead, that she's hustled off pell-mell.
But here on the table's a note, and probably this will tell.

Good God! my wife is gone! my wife is gone astray!
The letter it says, "Good-by, for I'm a-going away;
I've lived with you six months, John, and so far I've been true;
But I'm going away to-day with a handsomer man than you."

A han'somer man than me! Why, that ain't much to say;
There's han'somer men than me go past here every day.
There's han'somer men than me—I ain't of the han'some kind;
But a *lovin'er* man than I was I guess she'll never find.

Curse her! curse her! I say, and give my curses wings!
May the words of love I've spoke be changed to scorpion stings!
Oh, she filled my heart with joy, she emptied my heart of doubt,
And now, with a scratch of a pen, she lets my heart's blood out!

Curse her! curse her! say I; she'll some time rue this day;
She'll some time learn that hate is a game that two can play;
And long before she dies she'll grieve she ever was born;
And I'll plow her grave with hate, and seed it down to scorn!



"CURSE HER! CURSE HER! SAY I; SHE'LL SOME TIME RUE THIS DAY!"

"WHY, JOHN, WHAT A LITTER HERE! YOU'VE THROWN THINGS ALL AROUND!"

As sure as the world goes on, there'll come a time when she
Will read the devilish heart of that han'somer man than me;
And there'll be a time when he will find, as others do,
That she who is false to one can be the same with two.

And when her face grows pale, and when her eyes grow dim,
And when he is tired of her and she is tired of him,
She'll do what she ought to have done, and coolly count the cost;
And then she'll see things clear, and know what she has lost.

And thoughts that are now asleep will wake up in her mind,
And she will mourn and cry for what she has left behind;
And maybe she'll sometimes long for me—for me—but no!
I've blotted her out of my heart, and I will not have it so.

And yet in her girlish heart there was somethin' or other she had
That fastened a man to her, and wasn't entirely bad;
And she loved me a little I think, although it didn't last;
But I mustn't think of these things—I've banished 'em in the past.

I'll take my hard words back, nor make a bad matter worse;
She'll have trouble enough; she shall not have my curse;
But I'll live a life so square—and I well know that I can—
That she always will sorry be that she went with that han'somer man.

Ah, here is her kitchen dress! it makes my poor eyes blur;
It seems, when I look at that, as if 'twas holdin' her.
And here are her week-day shoes, and there is her week-day hat,
And yonder's her weddin' gown: I wonder she didn't take that.

'Twas only this mornin' she came and called me her "dearest dear,"
And said I was makin' for her a regular paradise here;
O God! if you want a man to sense the pains of hell,
Before you pitch him in just keep him in heaven a spell!

Good-by! I wish that Death had severed us two apart.
You've lost a worshiper here—you've crushed a lovin' heart.
I'll worship no woman again; but I guess I'll learn to pray,
And kneel as *you* used to kneel before you run away.

And if I thought I could bring my words on heaven to bear,
And if I thought I had some little influence there,
I would pray that I might be, if it only could be so,
As happy and gay as I was a half an hour ago.

JANE (*entering*).

Why, John, what a litter here! you've thrown things all around!
Come, what's the matter now? and what 've you lost or found?
And here's my father here, a-waiting for supper, too;
I've been a-riding with him—he's that "handsomer man than you."

Ha! ha! Pa, take a seat, while I put the kettle on,
And get things ready for tea, and kiss my dear old John.
Why, John, you look so strange! Come, what has crossed your track?
I was only a-joking, you know; I'm willing to take it back.

JOHN (*aside*).

Well, now, if this *ain't* a joke, with rather a bitter cream!
It seems as if I'd woke from a mighty ticklish dream;
And I think she "smells a rat," for she smiles at me so queer;
I hope she don't; good Lord! I hope that they didn't hear!

'Twas one of her practical drives—she thought I'd understand!
But I'll never break sod again till I get the lay of the land.
But one thing's settled with me—to appreciate heaven well,
'Tis good for a man to have some fifteen minutes of hell.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1871.

HARPER'S WEEKLY contains ONE-THIRD more reading matter, a larger number of Illustrations, and is conspicuously better Edited and Printed than any other Illustrated Newspaper. Its circulation is more than DOUBLE that of any similar publication.

☞ *The* SUPPLEMENT *to this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains a very striking composition from the pencil of* ARTHUR LUMLEY, *entitled*

THE NIGHT EDITOR,

which is dedicated to all the members of the craft; a series of humorous sketches, by THOMAS WORTH, *apropos of the Saratoga season, which show*

CUPID TRIUMPHANT

over the selfishness of designing parents; a Memoir of LEIGH HUNT, *illustrated; and the usual variety of stories and other literary attractions.*

OLD ISSUES AND NEW.

THERE is a natural weariness of the continued discussion of the issues which the war really settled, and an impatience to be dealing with fresh questions. And there are prophets who constantly announce the new interests to which they assert the public mind ought to be directed, and who are very impatient of fighting old battles and thrice slaying the slain. But a lie, says the proverb, has as many lives as a cat. If, when a truth is asserted, it were generally acknowledged, or when a cause is plainly lost it would only disappear and not struggle longer, the progress of civilization would be much faster than it is. But it is a long time after LUTHER nails his challenge upon the church door before the scope of his action is perceived in human society; and although when BURGOYNE'S expedition failed, the colonies were nearly lost to Great Britain, and after Gettysburg the rebellion was doomed, it was many a long month to the surrender of Yorktown, and to the scene under the Appomattox apple-tree. So it is said, and truly, that the war disposed of slavery and all that belongs to it, and of the old theory of State sovereignty and all that springs from it; and no intelligent man wishes or means to cling to issues which are really settled. But the Revolutionary army did not disband after Saratoga, nor the Union army when LEE retreated across the Potomac; nor need the political army of liberty and the Union think that they can safely disregard the issues of the last ten years.

We observe that allusions to the questions which interested the country during and since the war are called in some quarters "the jargon of a dead rebellion." The phrase indicates an impatience more natural than wise. For what is the real question in the election of 1872? It is whether the party that tried to destroy the government in 1862 shall now control it. It is idle to say that it is not the same party; that it can not hope to do it; that those who raise the old party cries are fools; that the past is abandoned. It is idle to say so because the party is the same party. It is the organization which includes every open and secret enemy of the Union; every man who says, with ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, that the amendments are not valid, and all who say, with Mr. LESLIE, of Kentucky, that the courts must decide their validity. Here is a vital question arising directly from the war, unavoidable by every man who would consider public affairs intelligently—a question really settled, indeed, but only upon condition that the people of the United States insist that it shall be settled by defeating the party whose Southern leaders raise the question. The question must be debated. The issue is, therefore, not dead. And yet its discussion is called the "jargon of a dead rebellion."

Would it be wise for the country to assume that every question of the war is settled, and to contest the election of 1872, for instance, upon the issue of protection and free trade? That is a field upon which the Democratic party would gladly see the battle fought, because it believes that it would divide the Republican host. But to accept such a battle would be to say that there is no danger that the Democratic party would disturb the settlements of the war; that they would, on the contrary, respect them more strictly than the Republicans, and administer the government more honestly, ably, and economically. Does any body in his senses believe any of these propositions? Is there no danger that a party will disturb the settlements which has steadily opposed them as usurpations, and which can not agree even to profess acquiescence in them? Is such a party likely to respect them more strictly? And is a party of which Tammany is the typical organization the party of honesty and economy of administration?

Is it any reply to such questions to say that a great many Democrats wish by-gones to be by-gones, and that free trade is the real issue? Issues are not made by the professions of party leaders; they grow out of the principles, tendencies, and feelings of the people. The Democratic party is the name of a certain spirit and purpose upon the part of certain citizens of this country; and to oppose it as if it were merely a free-trade party, but in all other respects trust-worthy, or to support it because of doubts of Republican Ku-Klux legislation—as if no questionable legislation ever had been, or was ever likely to be, the work of the Democratic party—would be merely absurd. Indeed, nothing is more amusing than to see the party which, by its traditions and teachings, produced a rebellion to overthrow the Constitution in order to save slavery now in such a fine frenzy of horror at what it calls unconstitutional legislation to protect liberty.

Let us not be mistaken. Unconstitutional Republican legislation, when proved, is not to be palliated by the attempted Democratic destruction of the Constitution itself. We are now exposing the absurdity of the Democratic claim to greater respect for the Constitution, and the ludicrous folly of supposing that Republican unconstitutionality could be remedied by resorting to Democratic supremacy. Nor do we agree with those who say that the people do not discriminate, and that if they are dissatisfied with the party in power they will sustain the opposition. People do not lose their wits when they deal with political questions. One of the silliest assertions ever made was that the election of Mr. HORATIO SEYMOUR as Governor of New York in 1862 was a rebuke of the dilatory conduct of the war by the President. Would the election of General M'CLELLAN as President have been a similar rebuke? In times of strong feeling the people prefer, or rather they make, the party which will do what they wish done. When there is no overshadowing issue, and the people are generally dissatisfied, from whatever cause, the party in power will very often be made a scape-goat. And this explains the present situation. If the people believed that the great war questions were settled beyond disturbance they might think that a change of party ascendency would be a benefit; at least they might take the chance. Some of the Democratic leaders, therefore, diligently try to persuade them that such is the fact. But others deny it; and while they deny it it is certainly not the fact.

Thus, however agreeable it might be to conduct the campaign of 1872 upon wholly new issues, it is simply impossible, because the old, although settled as a final result, are not yet accomplished. Unless we take leave of common-sense we must continue to use some of "the jargon of a dead rebellion," because it expresses some living truths. And one of those simple and evident truths is that the success of the Democratic party would necessarily encourage and foster and renew all the heresies and hates from which the rebellion sprang.

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.

THE Fourth of July finds the country in a condition which makes every American prouder of his land and of his national name. And this is not due merely to the contrast with other countries in which he may indulge his imagination. It is the result of our own development and real progress. For with all the weakness which a sagacious eye may find in our system, and with such clouds as may fleck the horizon of the future, what we had done and what we are doing may properly make us both grateful and proud. It is curious, indeed, to recur to an oration delivered twelve years ago upon this day, in Boston, by Mr. EVERETT, in which he set forth the success of the republic. Its remarkable defect was that he did not see, or forbore to state, that the test was yet to come. Our apparent prosperity was founded upon a condition incompatible with republican permanence, and on the very day on which he spoke the fundamental rights of a republican system, as we understand it, were denied in half the republic. The contest down to that time was verbal only, but it was truly irrepressible, as the orator soon saw.

But now not only in certain States, but throughout the Union, the personal and political rights of every man are guaranteed by law, and their protection is assured. In all the States that constitute the republic the equal rights of men are acknowledged; the enemies of those rights and the skeptics of our republican system no longer control the national government; we are at peace with the world, and never so much respected; and there is a greater general comfort than in any other great nation. These glorious results are due to the supremacy of real republican principles. Under those which had long controlled the government, down to the election of 1860, it was impossible that the fundamental law of a republic, the law of liberty, should ever prevail. The old tendency was, indeed, so intrenched that it could be removed only by a tremendous war. But that the perception of the loyal people was so clear, and their hearts so steady, to the triumphant end was the strongest possible proof of the power of the principles which won the victory, and which have transformed the United States from a nominal to an actual republic.

This day also sees the great party which has hitherto strenuously denied the fundamental principle of the Declaration of Independence surrendering to the faith in that principle which has maintained and cemented the Union. If to-day every man who breathes in the United States is a free man, if he is an equal citizen, if laws foully unjust have disappeared, and the national flag, wherever it floats, is the symbol of freedom, it is not because of the success, but of the defeat, of the Democratic party. The American principle has been fully recognized in American law, because that party has fallen. In the greatest glory, in the highest honor, of our history that party has no share but that of futile hostility. Now, at last, because it no longer controls the country, the country has become what it was not when the words were written, "the land of the free," as well as the home of the brave.

A MASK REMOVED.

THE *Catholic World*, which is the chief Roman Catholic organ in this country, says that, "while the State has rights, she has them only in virtue and by permission of the superior authority, and that authority can only be expressed through the Church." This is the unqualified assertion of the supreme political authority of the Church, the doctrine of GREGORY, and of the midnight of the Middle Ages. Such a declaration explains the hostility of the European statesmen, even of those attached to the Roman faith, to the doctrine of papal infallibility, and it justifies the jealous suspicion with which the political advances of that Church are regarded in this country. Those who have thought that to oppose these advances is to persecute a certain Church will now understand that it is not the religious faith of that Church which has been assailed, but its political purposes which have been exposed.

It is, indeed, part of the craft of ecclesiastical managers to blend as far as possible the religious and the political character and aspect of their Church, so that when the one is satirized the other may seem to be ridiculed. Thus the figure of the Pope symbolizes both the spiritual character and the temporal assumptions of the Roman Church; and when Mr. NAST or any other artist exposes the worldly designs of the hierarchy, under the typical figure of the Pope, he is accused of deriding a bishop dear to millions of Christians. Yet it is not the bishop, it is the king that would be, that he scourges; and if the Pope were content to be a bishop, like those of other churches, subordinate to the laws of the land, and not assuming to be superior to them, he would be no more a proper subject of political criticism and satire than any other clergyman. It is the priests of any Church seeking the supremacy of ecclesiastical authority in civil affairs that we oppose, and not we only, but the very genius of American liberty opposes them. When they declare, as in this article of the *Catholic World*, that the state exists only in virtue of the superior authority expressed through the Church, we reply that the declaration is a total denial of the fundamental American principle that the state exists only in virtue of the superior authority of the whole people. Governments justly exist not by the consent of any Church whatever, but by that of the people.

The astounding insolence of this assertion at this time, and in this country, is surpassed only by its folly. It is repugnant to every tradition and every conviction of the dominant race in the United States, the only race which has ever comprehended and developed constitutional freedom, and which, by reason of that capacity and tendency, early resisted, and long since abolished, ecclesiastical political supremacy. If Father HECKER is correct in his reported expectation that, by the end of the century, the Roman ecclesiasticism will be supreme in this country, it will only be because the dominant race will have entirely changed, and because all the great traditions and muniments of civil liberty will have been forgotten and relinquished. Such a result would be a relapse to political barbarism.

This can be seen in an illustration. A few days since the twenty-fifth anniversary of the pontificate of the Pope was celebrated by the members of his Church in this country wherever and in whatever manner they chose. And the members of any Church have always the same liberty. It is of the very essence of our political system. But while in this prosperous and intelligent and truly civilized country such is the principle and the practice, a few years since, in the city of Rome, the capital and seat of the Roman ecclesiasticism, the ordinary Protestant services were not allowed within the walls. The ignorance, the squalor, the stagnation, the hopelessness, the superstition, of the city of Rome were the necessary result of the doctrine of the *Catholic World*, that the state exists by consent of the Church. The intelligence, the prosperity, the happiness, the progressive civilization, the civil and religious liberty, of the United States are the necessary result of the absolute and stern separation of church and state. Should the epoch foretold by Father HECKER—if the report be true—ever arrive, any such demonstration as that in which the members of the Roman Church have recently been indulging in this country, with the free consent of all other denominations, who are numerically to the Roman as ten to one, would be forbidden by that Church to every other Christian body. Father HECKER is mistaken; but let no American mistake the sure result of the political aims of a Church which declares that governments rightfully exist only by its permission.

POPGUNS.

THE character of many of the attacks upon the President is fatal to the cause of those who make them. If the most striking and continuous assaults are absurdly trivial, or plainly refuted by facts, the inevitable inference is that there are few serious grounds of complaint. With the return of summer return the gibes at the desertion of duty implied in not remaining at the seat of government. The country, however, will hardly grudge the President his residence by the sea during the hot weather; nor will it curiously count the number of cigars he smokes, nor of the drives that he takes, as evidence of his official negligence. In fact, one of the most agreeable traits in the President is his contempt for all the cheap arts of popularity which are so sedulously cultivated by many small politicians in large offices. If it could be shown that he seriously neglected the duties of his office there would be just reason for dissatisfaction. But that is not attempted. The effort is not to tell the truth, but to create a prejudice.

A ready humor can easily ridicule whatever it touches, and a daily sneer at any man or at any subject would not be without effect. But the most zealous student of the ridicule directed at the Administration by its enemies could not avoid asking himself at last, "If the Administration be so inane and imbecile as these wits represent, how are such undeniable good results produced?" Mr. LINCOLN, according to the familiar story, inquired anxiously about the brand of the whisky which it was alleged that General GRANT drank, that he might send some to certain other generals. And if inanity and imbecility diminish the debt, reduce taxation, settle quarrels honorably, and maintain the national peace and honor upon all sides, would it not be well either to try more of the same, or to ascertain whether they are terms which accurately describe the facts?

There is, however, one solemn charge which we see renewed in some of the Democratic papers. "It would suit the desperate and unscrupulous men who hold executive positions," says a paper of the party which, in the same kind of rhetoric, used to call Mr. LINCOLN a gorilla and a third-rate country lawyer, to "drug and benumb" the country into the conviction "that better a bad government than a change." And it proceeds to declare what it is pleased to call its "honest conviction" that Power (with a capital P) is industriously weaving filaments to "bind a giant of stronger thews than ours in permanent subjection." All this was much more directly and plainly said by General FRANK BLAIR before the election of General GRANT, when he told us that he would probably make himself emperor, and hold the White House against all comers.

It is difficult not to call this kind of remark drivel. And when this is gravely urged in respectable papers as a reason for restoring the Democratic party to power, it is plain enough that on that day the writer had no argument whatever to present against the continued dominance of the Republican party. There have been several military Presidents: Generals WASHINGTON, JACKSON, HARRISON, TAYLOR, and now General GRANT. The latter was elected, as it were, from the field, and with little comparative acquaintance with political parties and civilians; and he naturally kept immediately around him certain officers whom he had professionally known and proved, for the same reason that General JACKSON brought with him to Washington as private secretary his relation Major DONELSON, whose death was recently announced. But there never was a President, whether taken from mili-

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tary or civil life, who has shown more personal simplicity and total freedom from unworthy personal objects in his high office, or who has been more faithfully subject to the law. There has been no act and no word upon the part of the President that has in any degree justified the prophecy made by General BLAIR, and which has been recently elaborately repeated. And the assertion was first made by the candidate for the Vice-Presidency, and is now repeated by organs of the party, many of whose leaders would unquestionably have regarded with complacency a *coup d'état* by General M'CLELLAN, which was vaguely hinted, and which had only sweet words for those who would destroy a free republic to found a slave empire.

This is the kind of aspersion which shows that arguments have failed, and which is made ridiculous by the character and career of the President.

DR. LANAHAN.

WHEN DR. LANAHAN made his charges in regard to certain transactions in the Methodist Book Concern there was but one simple and evident course to pursue. The charges were undoubtedly a scandal. If they were false, they were scandalous and most damaging to the author; if they were true, they were damaging to the management of the Concern. But in no case were they injurious to the Church, except as doubt of good management might stop the supplies; nor to religion, which, fortunately, is not harmed by the offenses of those who wear her mantle. And, indeed, to the most superficial view nothing could be so much a scandal to the Concern, to the Church, and to religion as any attempt to hush the matter up, or any seeming unwillingness even to open every door and book and invite the most searching scrutiny into every detail. The steady resistance to a thorough investigation, which has been evident from the first, has had no other effect than to publish and emphasize the charges every where, and to persuade the public that there is something wrong in the management of the Concern.

When Dr. LANAHAN presented his charges he assumed the responsibility. It was plain that, if he failed in proving them, his character as a man and his position as a clergyman were very gravely compromised. The presumption, therefore, was in favor of the truth of his allegations. If the management of the Concern had replied that they were untrue, had immediately invoked the proper authority to conduct the most open investigation, and had offered every opportunity and every facility for it, the presumption of the truth of the charges would have been suspended. But there is one conclusion only to be drawn from the long and involved altercation. The Concern did not wish a frank and full examination, and for one of two reasons: either because it feared the result, or because it apprehended harm to the denomination. If the last be the real reason, the authorities have probably learned that under such circumstances there is but one course which will avoid the peril, and that is to turn on the light. They have failed to do this, and the result is that public opinion sustains Dr. LANAHAN.

PERSONAL.

No representative of the United States at any foreign court has been complimented in any legislative body as was General SCHENCK, on the 12th, in the House of Lords, by Earl GRANVILLE, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. After thanking the Commissioners on both sides for the manner in which they had negotiated the new treaty, he concluded by this reference to General SCHENCK: "And if I may add one word in the hearing of one who may possibly be now present within these walls—of one who acted a distinguished part, and who, by his own influence and the influence of his countrymen, contributed largely to the happy conclusion of the labors of the Commission—one who has lately arrived among us, eminently on a mission of peace, I should like to be able to say, on the part of her Majesty's government, and I may add, of the country at large, that we do feel grateful to him and to the American government for the disposition they have shown in this matter. [Hear, hear.] I trust, as the debate goes on, and as he hears men of eminence speaking on both sides, he will observe that in this House we can take large, comprehensive, and non-party views of questions where great national and colonial interests are involved, and that it is not the desire of parties, unless supported by a very general feeling, to interpose embarrassment and difficulty when these can be avoided. I am sure he will see that your lordships are not behind any class of your countrymen in the honest and sincere desire to have these great questions settled in a fair and proper spirit, and in really genial feeling toward that great nation with whom we have been engaged in these important negotiations." (Loud cheers.) In the same debate Lord RUSSELL mentioned an interesting little biographical fact, viz.: he (Lord R.) submitted his foreign dispatches to Lord PALMERSTON, who sometimes wrote the whole dispatch over again.

—Mr. E. REMINGTON, one of the proprietors of the extensive gun-manufactory at Ilion, New York, has given to the Syracuse University fifty thousand dollars. He had previously purchased and given the St. Charles Hotel, Syracuse, to the Methodist Church for a publishing establishment. The total of Mr. REMINGTON'S donations in Syracuse, thus far, amounts to one hundred and seventy thousand dollars. Central New York is coming up nobly in this sort of thing. CORNELL, of Ithaca; SIBLEY, of Rochester; HENRY WELLS, of Aurora; GERRIT SMITH, of Peterboro'; IRA DAVENPORT, of Bath; and now Mr. REMINGTON, have identified their names with some of the noblest institutions of the continent.

—Bishop WHITEHOUSE pauses before passing final sentence of degradation from the ministry on the Rev. Mr. CHENEY, and hesitates to take the legal steps necessary to evict him from the rectorship of Christ Church. It is understood that several prelates of distinction stand ready to receive Mr. CHENEY, in case Bishop WHITEHOUSE should take extreme action, and that others have fairly set before him the consequences likely to ensue. Among those who, from their antecedents, might be expected to ignore Bishop WHITEHOUSE'S action are Bishops SMITH and CUMMINS, of Kentucky; M'ILVAINE and BEDELL, of Ohio; LEE, of Delaware; JOHNS and WHIPPLE, of Virginia; and EASTBURN, of Massachusetts. A few, among whom may be named DAVIS, of South Carolina; LEE, of Iowa; and STEVENS, of Pennsylvania, would probably sympathize strongly with Mr. CHENEY, but might not deem it obligatory to take official action against their brother of Illinois. The whole matter will undoubtedly be thoroughly ventilated and made the topic of extended discussion in the Triennial Convention of the Episcopal Church, which meets in October next, in Baltimore.

—Southern editors, as well as Northern, have a playful way of alluding to those who sit in high places. The Savannah *News*, for example, says that Governor BULLOCK, of Georgia, is in New York, and wishes it could keep that item standing.

—Mr. VALLANDIGHAM is said to have written a complete autobiography, and that one of the things he had particularly determined to do was to deliver an oration at the centennial anniversary of American Independence, July 4, 1876, the preparation of which he had already commenced.

—The recent death of the Hon. RICHARD D. DAVIS has led to the publication of an incident of political history, in which the late SILAS WRIGHT was the principal figure. On the death of Mr. Justice THOMPSON, in 1842, there was some difficulty in filling the vacancy. President TYLER, who was then anxious to conciliate the Democratic party, sent for Mr. DAVIS, and requested him to offer the position to Mr. WRIGHT, which was done. Mr. W. was gratified, but somewhat embarrassed. After deliberating a few moments, he said: "My friend, you know I can not accept this generous offer. You know the Democratic party would not consent that I should withdraw from the political field. But I will say to you frankly that I never expected to be called upon to make so great a sacrifice of feeling in the interest of my party. It is the place of all others to suit my taste and habits. In fact it is the only office that I ever seriously desired. The strife and turmoil of political life, especially in high party times, is uncongenial to me; while the bench is precisely in accordance with my views and wishes." He added: "I think that by close application and constant study I might make myself equal to the duties of the place. I am rather rusty in the law now, having been so long in public life. But I am fond of the profession, and sometimes wish I had never left it. Express to the President my thanks for his kind offer, and tell him that circumstances prevent my acceptance of it." Upon this the President appointed Mr. Justice NELSON, in 1845, and he is now the senior justice in point of age, the next being Justice CLIFFORD, of Maine, who was appointed in 1858. Justice THOMPSON, by-the-way, was Secretary of the Navy under MONROE in 1818.

—It is stated in the papers that Mrs. SAMUEL COLT is about to erect a monument over the grave of the late ex-Governor THOMAS H. SEYMOUR, who died in 1868, and lies buried in the cemetery at Hartford. Governor SEYMOUR was one of the most widely respected of the men who have figured conspicuously in the politics of Connecticut during the past five-and-twenty years. A more modest, unassuming man we have seldom met. His little cottage in Hartford, where he dwelt with a sister, might have been taken for the abode of some person with an income of one or two thousand dollars a year; yet within all was indicative of culture and refinement. At St. Petersburg, while he was the United States minister to Russia, he was an especial personal favorite of the Czar NICHOLAS and his son, the present Emperor, who appreciated his simple, unpretending ways, his thorough manliness, his indifference to the pageantry of courts. When he left St. Petersburg he was presented with a superb copy of the pictorial description of the coronation and a magnificent table of malachite, which, by a special act of Congress, he was permitted to keep. The table is the only one of the kind in America, and was valued at $10,000.

—Colonel THOMAS A. SCOTT, vice-president and active manager of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, which, with all its various connections, and especially its recent acquisition of the leading New Jersey roads, has become the leading railway corporation in the United States, is still a young man—only forty-six—and has been the artificer of his own fortune. He began life in a country store at a very low salary, and, after employment in the department of Public Works, was appointed to his present position in 1859. In 1861 he was summoned to Washington as Assistant-Secretary of War, and had especial charge of every thing relating to military transportation. It was noticeable to those who visited the War Department to see how quietly he met the leaders of armies and the leaders of Congress, and how uniformly unconstrained and self-poised he was. He never engaged in political discussion. He dispatches business with electric celerity, and has the happy faculty of dismissing it entirely from his mind the moment he leaves his office. In private life no man in Pennsylvania is more irreproachable or more highly esteemed than Colonel SCOTT.

—If any one had predicted, fifty years ago, that a notable organization would be formed in England in honor of the memory of a cotton spinner, and that noblemen, and honorables, and right honorables would be among its officers and guests, the aristocracy would not have permitted such a body to "come betwixt the wind and their nobility." Yet at the annual meeting of the Cobden Club, held a few days ago in London, the opening speech was delivered by Earl GRANVILLE, and the toast to "Our Foreign Guests" was replied to by Mr. HUGH M'CULLOCH, ex-Secretary of the United States Treasury, and now a member of the banking house of JAY COOKE, M'CULLOCH & Co.; and he in turn gave "The American Treaty, coupled with the name of the Marquis of Ripon." These little incidents, taken in connection with the effusion with which the nobility and gentry have rushed to General SCHENCK, and the disposition, hearty too, to make much of him and his family, show how rapid and complete has been the change of sentiment toward this country, and how steadily the march of thought in England treads toward a more thorough government of the people.

—GERRIT SMITH, in a conversation at Syracuse a few days since, is said to have announced his approval of the woman's rights movement. Mr. SMITH is now seventy-four years old, and well preserved. A man of large fortune, fine culture, and accustomed always to the society of refined people, in public affairs he is a radical. In 1825 he joined the American Colonization Society, and contributed liberally to its treasury; but it was not radical enough, and in 1835 he withdrew and joined the Antislavery Society, of which he was a prominent member so long as necessity for that organization existed. One of his most remarkable acts—being at the time, if he is not now, the largest land-owner in the United States—was to testify, some years ago, his opposition to land monopoly by distributing 200,000 acres among institutions of learning, but mostly among poor black and white men in parcels of fifty acres. In 1852 he was elected to Congress, but resigned after the first session, disgusted with Congressional life. He is and has ever been a man of the highest probity and nicest sense of honor, and, although of a religious habit, is opposed to what is popularly termed the bondage of sect.

—Philadelphia has an unusual share of remarkable men still living between seventy and eighty, and a number even beyond that great age. They are thus described by our distinguished contemporary, Colonel FORNEY, who, though still himself on the sunny side of eighty, maintains the graceful port and Champagne-y bearing of vigorous middle-age. "The posterity of the well-known merchant, DANIEL SMITH," says Colonel F., "presents a record rarely paralleled. The mother died in 1790, leaving seven children, five of whom are now living. The oldest brother, JAMES S., died in 1861, in his 81st year. FRANCIS GURNEY SMITH is still living, in his 88th year; also RICHARD S. SMITH, president of the Union Mutual Insurance Company, who will be 82 in August. DANIEL SMITH, Jun., was 80 last February, WILLIAM S. SMITH is 79, and CHARLES S. SMITH 72 in April. Mrs. POULSON—the sister—died last year, aged 76. The six brothers have lived over fifty years each with their wives. They have lived blameless, useful, and honorable careers as merchants, and as leaders in great public works. What is most delightful of all is that the wives of four of these gentlemen survive at nearly the same age as themselves. They have all celebrated their 'golden weddings.' It is not often that a single family can present such longevity and such sustained and even distinguished reputations. General ROBERT PATTERSON is the evergreen of his time—still vigorous in his 80th year. Prominent on every great occasion, ready of speech and wit, hospitable in his own home, patriotic and public-spirited, one of the most active cotton merchants in Philadelphia, rising with the lark, working at his counting-house without eating a morsel until his dinner hour at five in the afternoon, frequently closing the day as the most active and genial guest at a social gathering: he is a *rara avis*. WILLIAM D. LEWIS, former collector of the port, also in his 80th year, is one of the same school, preserving in his old age a youthful and generous heart and an undaunted spirit. He will tell you of St. Petersburg nearly sixty years ago, which he visited as a boy; regale you with incidents of Philadelphia in the olden time, and fill your memory with anecdotes of the good and great men whose confidence he shared."

—Lord BROUGHAM never went but once to the House of Commons after he was raised to the peerage, and that was only a few years before he died. Leaning on the arm of a friend, the old athlete stood just within the door, and for a moment gazed on the stirring scene. The tears welled up in his eyes, and he murmured to his friend, with deep emotion, "Take me away! take me away! There is not a face here that I can recognize. And he moved slowly away, murmuring as he went, "Dead! dead! All gone."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE NAVY Department has received a letter from Commodore Rodgers, giving a detailed account of the capture and destruction of several Corean forts, and over 400 guns. The Coreans lost about 500 in killed and wounded, and our side three killed and seven wounded. Lieutenant M'KEE was among the killed. He was first in the fort, and received a bullet wound and a thrust from a spear.

The Secretary of the Treasury has appointed a committee of engravers from the Printing Bureau, as experts, to examine the bonds purchased and the bonds in the hands of the Register to meet calls by exchange, and they have been found to be genuine, every one. This course was taken to set at rest certain baseless rumors that bonds had been abstracted and sold in England, and their places supplied by counterfeits.

The British minister at Washington has informed the State Department that the instructions to the British naval officers at the fishing grounds are of the most liberal nature, and he has expressed the hope that Americans will aid in preventing collisions by refraining from encroachments.

At a recent "grand smoke," held at Fort Browning, in Montana, the Sioux and Assiniboin chiefs professed to be peaceful, but were exceedingly anxious to procure powder and lead to shoot game. There seems to be a general movement of Indians into Montana. Red Cloud's influence is said to be gone, as the savages doubt his accounts of what he saw while in the East, saying "bad medicine" was put in his eyes to make him see what the whites pleased.

A comparative statement from the Internal Revenue Bureau shows the decrease in the collections for the year ending June 30, 1871, as compared with the previous year, to be over $40,000,000, and estimates the collections for 1872 at $112,192,201.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ON the 29th of June a grand review of the French army took place, and was entirely successful. Medals were conferred on Generals Vinoy and L'Admirault, and many promotions to the Legion of Honor were made. After the review President Thiers gave a state dinner, at which nearly every general and colonel in Paris was present. The *Official Journal*, commenting on the review, remarks: "We have shown Europe an army 100,000 strong, valorous and ably commanded, which has saved the cause of civilization. We have also called for two milliards of money, and been offered five milliards. The nation evidently recovers."

The work of restoring Paris is progressing rapidly. Over 60,000 masons are engaged in repairing the damaged buildings and erecting new ones.

A decree of the Emperor of Germany reorganizes the German troops in France under one combination, to be called the "Army of Occupation of France," with General Manteuffel as commander.

In reply to an address of sympathy from the French Catholics the Pope praises the zeal they exhibit in the cause of the Church and himself, and denounces liberal Catholicism as an evil as formidable as revolution or the Commune.

An amnesty for political and military offenses has been granted by the Emperor of Germany to natives of Alsace and Lorraine.

Terrible riots have lately occurred among the miners in Königshütte, in Silesia. The Uhlans cleared the streets, killing seven of the miners, wounding thirty, and arresting sixty.

The ratifications of the Treaty of Washington were exchanged at London on the 17th of June. On the 29th a motion expressing regret that Queen Victoria had been advised to sign the treaty was made in the House of Lords, which, after considerable debate, was defeated without a division.

The city of Sheffield, England, is apprehensive that a subterranean fire, which is known to exist there, is in an old colliery which runs to the centre of the city.

Nine thousand Welsh miners are now on a strike, and there appears to be no prospect of a settlement.

Colonel Charles Westrop, an American in the Cuban service, was killed recently. Valmaseda offers pardon and better pay to Spanish deserters who deliver up their present chiefs, dead or alive. He also offers rewards for conducting troops to surprise insurgent camps, or for aiding in the capture of insurgent leaders. The execution of Marmol is confirmed. The surrender of Generals Espinosa and Mendoza, with a party of their followers, is announced.

SLAVES OF THE RING.

TAMMANY VICTIMS AT THEIR EIGHT WEARY HOURS' TOIL ON OUR CITY PARKS.

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FAMILY LIFE IN PARIS DURING THE FIGHTING.—[SEE PAGE 646.]

LOUIS J. JENNINGS.

MR. LOUIS J. JENNINGS, the present managing editor of the New York *Times*, is by birth an Englishman, but a thorough American by choice, political convictions, and residence. He was born in London, and was educated in that city. All his active life has been spent in the field of journalism, and few editors have had a more varied or extensive experience. On leaving school he went to manage a country paper, and there was called upon to do the general work of a reporter, as well as furnish the editorial articles. After two years of this kind of experience in Derbyshire and Manchester, in which he acquired a great deal of that practical knowledge which is essential to the success of a newspaper man, Mr. JENNINGS returned to London, where he became editorial writer on the *Morning Chronicle*, which was then edited by the late Mr. COOK. The *Chronicle* was for some time quite a formidable rival of the London *Times*, on which paper COOK had commenced his journalistic career; but it never had the advantage of the excellent business management which the *Times* had enjoyed, and this told on its pecuniary resources, and Mr. COOK conceived the idea that by lightening the ship he might make a more prosperous and speedy voyage. The London *Saturday Review*, says the *Scotsman*, in a biographical sketch of Mr. COOK, was the result of his cogitations; it was, in fact, a weekly edition of the *Morning Chronicle* with the news thrown overboard, or, rather, condensed into those brilliant editorial articles which have made the fame of that paper. Mr. COOK had a keen appreciation of youthful talent. The best of the writers employed on the *Chronicle*, among whom was Mr. JENNINGS, were transferred to the *Saturday Review*. The experiment was a hazardous one, and, in spite of brilliant writing and energetic business management, three or four years elapsed before success was assured.

Besides writing for the *Saturday Review*, Mr. JENNINGS was a frequent and valued contributor to the London *Spectator*. The tact and brilliancy of his writings, and his general facility in newspaper work, were highly appreciated in newspaper circles, and in 1863 he was selected to be sent out to India as editor in chief of the *Friend of India*, which for many years has been the leading paper of Bengal. Mr. JENNINGS also acted as correspondent for the London *Times* from that country, and his letters describing the festival of Juggernaut at Serampore, in which several persons were crushed under the wheels of the car, and the famous cyclone of 1864, attracted much attention. He subsequently wrote a more carefully elaborated paper on the great cyclone for the *Fortnightly Review*, under the editorship of Mr. G. H. LEWES.

Upon his return to England from India, in 1865, Mr. JENNINGS was sent out to this country by the London *Times* to supersede Dr. CHARLES MACKAY as its American correspondent. Although he had never been in this country, Mr. JENNINGS had the good sense to see that Dr. MACKAY'S course was wrong and foolish, and that he had been misleading the English public through his letters in regard to the real progress of the war and its probabilities, as well as in regard to the popular feeling of the North toward England, and made it the condition of acceptance with the proprietor of the *Times* that he should be allowed to give a truthful account of events and public opinion. After some hesitation the proprietor consented to the terms. The change of tone in the letters was at once marked. Dr. MACKAY had not only followed to the letter the one-sided instructions of the London office, but did so with a relish. He had an old personal grudge to gratify. He could not forget that the Americans had failed to recognize his merits when, a few years before, he made a lecturing tour through the States, and was delighted with the opportunity to pay off old scores. In the hands of Mr. JENNINGS the correspondence took another tone. Wholly unprejudiced against America, perhaps even then disposed to look favorably upon republican institutions, he took a broad and comprehensive view of the situation in its military and political aspects, and succeeded in placing before the English public a much fairer idea of American affairs than they had received from any of his predecessors. His services in this important work have received most flattering recognition from statesmen on both sides of the Atlantic. They were even more important to the English than to the American public.

Of one of his early letters Mr. RAYMOND wrote

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as follows in the New York *Times* of August 17, 1865:

"The London *Times* appears at last to find it to its interest to allow the publication of truthful reports in its columns respecting this country. The new correspondent, Mr. JENNINGS, has an admirable letter, dated from Saratoga, in the issue of our London contemporary of the 4th inst. It requires a peculiar faculty, which we trust Mr. JENNINGS does not possess, to do the work assigned to his predecessor. A steady outpouring of the dullest kind of malignity was marketable six months ago which is not marketable to-day. Hence this agreeable change. Mr. JENNINGS will be listened to now by his great constituency on the other side of the water, even if he speaks the truth fully and frankly, in accordance with the tastes and instincts of a gentleman."

The London *Times* was at first inclined to rebel against the sudden and radical change of tone; but Mr. JENNINGS declared his purpose to resign unless permitted to write the truth, and events soon justified his course.

In 1866 Mr. JENNINGS was invited by the late Mr. RAYMOND, whose acquaintance he had made in Washington, to contribute to the New York *Times*; and he assisted in starting the "Minor Topics," which immediately became a very popular feature of the paper. Mr. RAYMOND took a special interest in this brilliant department of the *Times*. The idea was his own; but in order to secure variety, freshness, and vivacity he pressed into service the most brilliant minds in journalism. His own "Topics" were always sharp and sparkling, and those of his chief assistants, Mr. JOHN SWINTON and Mr. JENNINGS, were marked by similar qualities.

In 1867 and 1868, after his return to England, Mr. JENNINGS was one of the regular editorial staff of the London *Times*, and gained much valuable experience in the hard but useful work of that journal. He also wrote a series of very interesting letters from London to the New York *Times*, signed "L," besides contributing to that journal literary articles and reviews of important English publications. In the fall of 1868 he resigned his position on the London *Times*, finding it inconvenient, in consequence of domestic ties, to go upon the foreign service to which he had been assigned by that paper. He immediately became connected with the *Pall Mall Gazette*, to which paper he had been a contributor when it was first established. He remained at this work—writing occasionally for the *Quarterly Review* and other publications—until August, 1869, when he returned to this country to take a position on the New York *Times*. On the resignation of Mr. GEORGE SHEPARD he accepted the responsible post of managing editor, which he continues to fill with great ability.

Mr. JENNINGS is a fluent and forcible writer. His knowledge of American politics is thorough, and his sympathy with our form of government is based on intelligent conviction. Under his management the *Times* has maintained its high reputation for fairness and courtesy, and on all the great questions of the day, in municipal as well as national affairs, its course has been high-minded and courageous.

LOUIS J. JENNINGS.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY GURNEY.]

LORD KILGOBBIN.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

Author of "That Boy of Norcott's," "The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly," "Sir Brooke Fossbrooke," "A Day's Ride," "One of Them," "Gerald Fitzgerald," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIII.—(*Continued.*)

As he stood at the door he heard the sound of voices laughing and talking pleasantly. He entered, and Nina arose as he came forward, and said, "Let me present my cousin—Mr. Richard Kearney, Major Lockwood; his friend, Mr. Atlee."

The two young men stood up—Kearney stiff and haughty, and Atlee with a sort of easy assurance that seemed to suit his good-looking but certainly snobbish style. As for Lockwood, he was too much a gentleman to have more than one manner, and he received these two men as he would have received any other two of any rank any where.

"These gentlemen have been showing me some strange versions of our little incident here in the Dublin papers," said Nina to Lockwood. "I scarcely thought we should become so famous."

"I suppose they don't stickle much for truth," said Lockwood, as he broke his egg in leisurely fashion.

"They were scarcely able to provide a special correspondent for the event," said Atlee; "but I take it they give the main facts pretty accurately and fairly."

"Indeed!" said Lockwood, more struck by the manner than by the words of the speaker. "They mention, then, that my friend received a bad fracture of the forearm?"

"No, I don't think they do; at least, so far as I have seen. They speak of a night attack on Kilgobbin Castle, made by an armed party of six or seven men with faces blackened, and their complete repulse through the heroic conduct of a young lady."

"The main facts, then, include no mention of poor Walpole and his misfortune?"

"I don't think that we mere Irish attach any great importance to a broken arm, whether it came of a cricket-ball or gun; but we do interest ourselves deeply when an Irish girl displays feats of heroism and courage that men find it hard to rival."

"It was very fine," said Lockwood, gravely.

"Fine! I should think it was fine!" burst out Atlee. "It was so fine that had the deed been done on the other side of this narrow sea, the nation would not have been satisfied till your Poet Laureate had commemorated it in verse."

"Have they discovered any traces of the fellows?" said Lockwood, who declined to follow the discussion into this channel.

"My father has gone over to Moate to-day," said Kearney, now speaking for the first time, "to hear the examination of two fellows who have been taken up on suspicion."

"You have plenty of this sort of thing in your country," said Atlee to Nina.

"Where do you mean, when you say my country?"

"I mean Greece."

"But I have not seen Greece since I was a child, so high; I have lived always in Italy."

"Well, Italy has Calabria and the Terra del Lavoro."

"And how much do we in Rome know about either?"

"About as much," said Lockwood, "as Belgravia does of the Bog of Allen."

"You'll return to your friends in civilized life with almost the fame of an African traveler, Major Lockwood," said Atlee, pertly.

"If Africa can boast such hospitality, I certainly rather envy than compassionate Doctor Livingstone," said he, politely.

"Somebody," said Kearney, dryly, "calls hospitality the breeding of the savage."

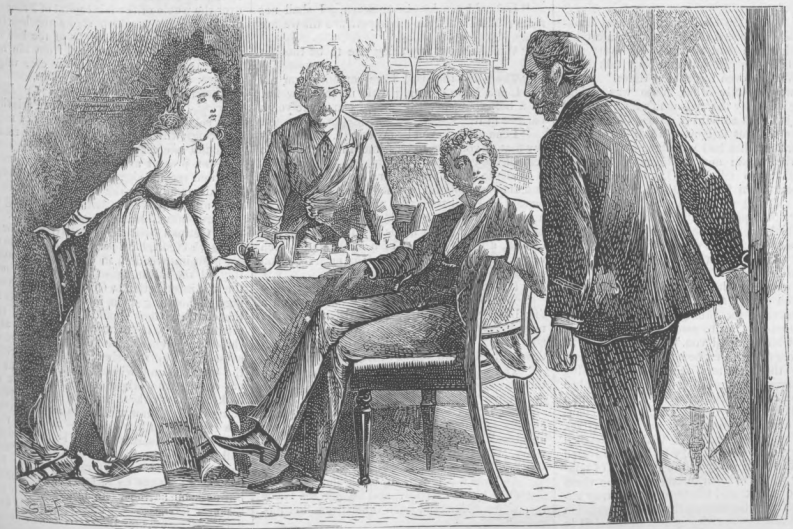
"But I deny that we are savage," cried Atlee. "I contend for it that all our civilization is higher, and that, class for class, we are in a more advanced culture than the English; that your chawbacon is not as intelligent a being as our bogtrotter; that your petty shopkeeper is inferior to ours; that throughout our middle classes there is not only a higher morality but a higher refinement than with you."

"I read in one of the most accredited journals of England the other day that Ireland had never produced a poet, could not even show a second-rate humorist," said Kearney.

"Swift and Sterne were third-rate, or, perhaps, English," said Atlee.

"These are themes I'll not attempt to discuss," said Lockwood; "but I know one thing, it takes three times as much military force to govern the smaller island."

"That is to say, to govern the country after *your* fashion; but leave it to ourselves. Pack your portmanteaus and go away, and then see if we'll need this parade of horse, foot, and dragoons;



"HE ENTERED, AND NINA AROSE AS HE CAME FORWARD."

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these batteries of guns and these brigades of peelers."

"You'd be the first to beg us to come back again."

"Doubtless, as the Greeks are begging the Turks. Eh, Mademoiselle, can you fancy throwing yourself at the feet of a Pasha and asking leave to be his slave?"

"The only Greek slave I ever heard of," said Lockwood, "was in marble, and made by an American."

"Come into the drawing-room and I'll sing you something," said Nina, rising.

"Which will be far nicer and pleasanter than all this discussion," said Joe.

"And if you'll permit me," said Lockwood, "we'll leave the drawing-room door open and let poor Walpole hear the music."

"Would it not be better first to see if he's asleep?" said she.

"That's true. I'll step up and see."

Lockwood hurried away, and Joe Atlee, leaning back in his chair, said, "Well, we gave the Saxon a canter, I think. As you know, Dick, that fellow is no end of a swell."

"You know nothing about him," said the other, gruffly.

"Only so much as newspapers could tell me. He's Master of the Horse in the Viceroy's household, and the other fellow is Private Secretary, and some connection besides. I say, Dick, it's all King James's times back again. There has not been so much grandeur here for six or eight generations."

"There has not been a more absurd speech made than that, within the time."

"And he is really a somebody?" said Nina, to Atlee.

"*A gran signore davvero*," said he, pompously. "If you don't sing your very best for him, I'll swear you are a republican."

"Come, take my arm, Nina. I may call you Nina, may I not?" whispered Kearney.

"Certainly, if I may call you Joe."

"You may, if you like," said he, roughly, "but my name is Dick."

"I am Beppo, and very much at your orders," said Atlee, stepping forward and leading her away.

CHAPTER XIV.

AT DINNER.

THEY were assembled in the drawing-room before dinner, when Lord Kilgobbin arrived, heated, dusty, and tired, after his twelve-miles' drive. "I say, girls," said he, putting his head inside the door, "is it true that our distinguished guest is not coming down to dinner? for, if so, I'll not wait to dress."

"No, papa; he said he'd stay with Mr. Walpole. They've been receiving and dispatching telegrams all day, and seem to have the whole world on their hands," said Kate.

"Well, Sir, what did you do at the sessions?"

"Yes, my lord," broke in Nina, eager to show her more mindful regard to his rank than Atlee displayed; "tell us your news."

"I suspect we have got two of them, and are on the traces of the others. They are Louth men, and were sent special here to give me a lesson, as they call it. That's what our blessed newspapers have brought us to. Some idle vagabond, at his wits' end for an article, fastens on some unlucky country gentleman, neither much better nor worse than his neighbors, holds him up to public reprobation, perfectly sure that within a week's time some rascal who owes him a grudge—the fellow he has evicted for non-payment of rent, the blackguard he prosecuted for perjury, or some other of the like stamp—will write a piteous letter to the editor, relating his wrongs. The next act of the drama is a notice on the hall door, with a coffin at the top; and the piece closes with a charge of slugs in your body, as you are on your road to mass. Now, if I had the making of the laws, the first fellow I'd lay hands on would be the newspaper writer. Eh, Master Atlee, am I right?"

"I go with you to the furthest extent, my lord."

"I vote we hang Joe, then," cried Dick. "He is the only member of the fraternity I have any acquaintance with."

"What—do you tell me that you write for the papers?" asked my lord, slyly.

"He's quizzing, Sir; he knows right well I have no gifts of that sort."

"Here's dinner, papa. Will you give Nina your arm? Mr. Atlee, you are to take me."

"You'll not agree with me, Nina, my dear," said the old man, as he led her along; "but I'm heartily glad we have not that great swell who dined with us yesterday."

"I do agree with you, uncle—I dislike him."

"Perhaps I'm unjust to him; but I thought he treated us all with a sort of bland pity that I found very offensive."

"Yes; I thought that too. His manner seemed to say, 'I am very sorry for you, but what can be done?'"

"Is the other fellow—the wounded one—as bad?"

She pursed up her lip, slightly shrugged her shoulders, and then said, "There's not a great deal to choose between them; but I think I like him better."

"How do you like Dick, eh?" said he, in a whisper.

"Oh, so much!" said she, with one of her half-downcast looks, but which never prevented her seeing what passed in her neighbor's face.

"Well, don't let him fall in love with *you*," said he, with a smile, "for it would be bad for you both."

"But why should he?" said she, with an air of innocence.

"Just because I don't see how he is to escape it. What's Master Atlee saying to you, Kitty?"

"He's giving me some hints about horse-breaking," said she, quietly.

"Is he? by George! Well, I'd like to see him follow you over that fallen timber in the back lawn. We'll have you out, Master Joe, and give you a field-day to-morrow," said the old man.

"I vote we do," cried Dick; "unless, better still, we could persuade Miss Betty to bring the dogs over and give us a cub-hunt."

"I want to see a cub-hunt," broke in Nina.

"Do you mean that you ride to hounds, Cousin Nina?" asked Dick.

"I should think that any one who has taken the ox-fences on the Roman Campagna, as I have, might venture to face your small stone walls here."

"That's plucky, anyhow; and I hope, Joe, it will put you on your mettle to show yourself worthy of your companionship. What is old Mathew looking so mysteriously about? What do you want?"

The old servant thus addressed had gone about the room with the air of one not fully decided to whom to speak, and at last he leaned over Miss Kearney's shoulder, and whispered a few words in her ear. "Of course not, Mat!" said she, and then turning to her father, "Mat has such an opinion of my medical skill, he wants me to see Mr. Walpole, who, it seems, has got up, and evidently increased his pain by it."

"Oh, but is there no doctor near us?" asked Nina, eagerly.

"I'd go at once," said Kate, frankly, "but my skill does not extend to surgery."

"I have some little knowledge in that way; I studied and walked the hospitals for a couple of years," broke out Joe. "Shall I go up to him?"

"By all means," cried several together, and Joe arose and followed Mathew up stairs.

"Oh, are you a medical man?" cried Lockwood, as the other entered.

"After a fashion, I may say I am. At least, I can tell you where my skill will come to its limit, and that is something."

"Look here, then—he would insist on getting up, and I fear he has displaced the position of the bones. You must be very gentle, for the pain is terrific."

"No; there's no great mischief done—the fractured parts are in a proper position. It is the mere pain of disturbance. Cover it all over with the ice again, and"—here he felt his pulse—"let him have some weak brandy-and-water."

"That's sensible advice—I feel it. I am shivery all over," said Walpole.

"I'll go and make a brew for you," cried Joe, "and you shall have it as hot as you can drink it."

He had scarcely left the room, when he returned with the smoking compound.

"You're such a jolly doctor," said Walpole, "I feel sure you'd not refuse me a cigar?"

"Certainly not."

"Only think! that old barbarian who was here this morning said I was to have nothing but weak tea or iced lemonade."

Lockwood selected a mild-looking weed and handed it to his friend, and was about to offer one to Atlee, when he said:

"But we have taken you from your dinner—pray go back again."

"No, we were at dessert. I'll stay here and have a smoke, if you will let me. Will it bore you, though?"

"On the contrary," said Walpole, "your company will be a great boon to us; and as for myself, you have done me good already."

"What would you say, Major Lockwood, to taking my place below stairs? They are just sitting over their wine—some very pleasant claret, and the young ladies, I perceive here, give half an hour of their company before they leave the dining-room."

"Here goes, then," said Lockwood. "Now that you remind me of it, I do want a glass of wine."

Lockwood found the party below stairs eagerly discussing Joe Atlee's medical qualifications, and doubting whether, if it was a knowledge of civil engineering or marine gunnery had been required, he would not have been equally ready to offer himself for the emergency.

"I'll lay my life on it, if the real doctor arrives, Joe will take the lead in the consultation," cried Dick; "he is the most unabashable villain in Europe."

"Well, he has put Cecil all right," said Lockwood; "he has settled the arm most comfortably on the pillow, the pain is decreasing every moment, and by his pleasant and jolly talk he is making Walpole even forget it at times."

This was exactly what Atlee was doing. Watching carefully the sick man's face, he plied him with just that amount of amusement that he could bear without fatigue. He told him the absurd versions that had got abroad of the incident in the press; and cautiously feeling his way, went on to tell how Dick Kearney had started from town full of the most fiery intentions toward that visitor whom the newspapers called a "noted profligate" of London celebrity. "If you had not been shot before, we were to have managed it for you now," said he.

"Surely these fellows who wrote this had never heard of me."

"Of course they had not, farther than that you were on the Viceroy's staff; but is not that ample warranty for profligacy? Besides, the real intention was not to assail you, but the people here who admitted you." Thus talking, he led Walpole to own that he had no acquaintanceship with the Kearneys, that a mere passing curiosity to see the interesting house had provoked his request, to which the answer, coming from an old friend, led to his visit. Through this channel Atlee drew him on to the subject of the Greek girl and her parentage. As Walpole sketched the gift of listening fully as much as that of talking, knew where to seem interested by the views of life thrown out, and where to show a racy enjoyment of the little humoristic bits of description which the other was rather proud of his skill in deploying; and as Atlee always appeared so conversant with the family history of the people they were discussing, Walpole spoke with unbounded freedom and openness.

"You must have been astonished to meet the 'Titian girl' in Ireland?" said Joe, at last, for he had caught up the epithet dropped accidentally in the other's narrative, and kept it for use.

"Was I not! but, if my memory had been clearer, I should have remembered she had Irish connections. I had heard of Lord Kilgobbin on the other side of the Alps."

"I don't doubt that the title would meet a readier acceptance there than here."

"Ah, you think so!" cried Walpole. "What is the meaning of a rank that people acknowledge or deny at pleasure? Is this peculiar to Ireland?"

"If you had asked whether persons any where else would like to maintain such a strange pretension, I might perhaps have answered you."

"For the few minutes of his visit to me, I liked him; he seemed frank, hearty, and genial."

"I suppose he is, and I suspect this folly of the lordship is no fancy of his own."

"Nor the daughter's, then, I'll be bound."

"No; the son, I take it, has all the ambition of the house."

"Do you know them well?"

"No; never saw them till yesterday. The son and I are chums; we live together, and have done so these three years."

"You like your visit here, however?"

"Yes. It's rather good fun, on the whole. I was afraid of the in-door life when I was coming down, but it's pleasanter than I looked for."

"When I asked you the question, it was not out of idle curiosity. I had a strong personal interest in your answer. In fact, it was another way of inquiring whether it would be a great sacrifice to tear yourself away from this."

"No, inasmuch as the tearing away process must take place in a couple of days—three at farthest."

"That makes what I have to propose all the easier. It is a matter of great urgency for me to reach Dublin at once. This unlucky incident has been so represented by the newspapers as to give considerable uneasiness to the Government, and they are even threatened with a discussion on it in the House. Now, I'd start to-morrow, if I thought I could travel with safety. You have so impressed me with your skill, that, if I dared, I'd ask you to convoy me up. Of course I mean as my physician."

"But I'm not one, nor ever intend to be."

"You studied, however?"

"As I have done scores of things. I know a little bit of criminal law—have done some shipbuilding—rode *haute école* in Cooke's Circus—and, after M. Dumas, I am considered the best amateur macaroni-maker in Europe."

"And which of these careers do you intend to abide by?"

"None, not one of them. 'Financing' is the only pursuit that pays largely. I intend to go in for money."

"I should like to hear your ideas on that subject."

"So you shall, as we travel up to town."

"You accept my offer, then?"

"Of course I do. I am delighted to have so many hours in your company. I believe I can safely say I have that amount of skill to be of service to you. One begins his medical experience with fractures. They are the pot-hooks and hangers of surgery, and I have gone that far. Now what are your plans?"

"My plans are to leave this early to-morrow, so as to rest during the hot hours of the day, and reach Dublin by nightfall. Why do you smile?"

"I smile at your notion of climate; but I never knew any man who had been once in Italy able to disabuse himself of the idea that there were three or four hours every summer day to be passed with closed shutters and iced drinks."

"Well, I believe I was thinking of a fiercer sun and a hotter soil than these. To return to my project: we can find means of posting, carriage and horses, in the village. I forget its name."

"I'll take care of all that. At what hour will you start?"

"I should say by six or seven. I shall not sleep; and I shall be all impatience till we are away."

"Well, is there any thing else to be thought of?"

"There is—that is, I have something on my mind, and I am debating with myself how far, on a half-hour's acquaintance, I can make you a partner in it."

"I can not help you by my advice. I can only say that, if you like to trust me, I'll know how to respect the confidence."

Walpole looked steadily and steadfastly at him, and the examination seemed to satisfy him, for he said, "I will trust you, not that the matter is a secret in any sense that involves consequences; but it is a thing that needs a little tact and discretion, a slight exercise of a light hand, which is what my friend Lockwood fails in. Now you could do it."

"If I can, I will. What is it?"

"Well, the matter is this. I have written a few lines here, very illegibly and badly, as you may believe, for they were with my left hand; and besides having the letter conveyed to its address, I need a few words of explanation."

"The Titan girl," muttered Joe, as though thinking aloud.

"Why do you say so?"

"Oh, it was easy enough to see her greater anxiety and uneasiness about you. There was an actual flash of jealousy across her features when Miss Kearney proposed coming up to see you."

"And was this remarked, think you?"

"Only by me. *I* saw, and let her see I saw it, and we understood each other from that moment."

"I mustn't let you mistake me. You are not to suppose that there is any thing between Mademoiselle Kostalergi and myself. I knew a good deal about her father, and there were family circumstances in which I was once able to be of use; and I wished to let her know that if at any time she desired to communicate with me, I could procure an address, under which she could write with freedom."

"As for instance: 'J. Atlee, 48 Old Square, Trinity College, Dublin.'"

"Well, I did not think of that at the moment," said Walpole, smiling. "Now," continued he, "though I have written all this, it is so blotted and disgraceful generally—done with the left hand, and while in great pain—that I think it would be as well not to send the letter, but simply a message—"

Atlee nodded, and Walpole went on: "A message to say that I was wishing to write, but unable; and that if I had her permission, so soon as my fingers could hold a pen, to finish—yes, to finish that communication I had already begun, and if she felt there was no inconvenience in writing to me, under cover to your care, I should pledge myself to devote all my zeal and my best services to her interests."

"In fact, I am to lead her to suppose she ought to have the most implicit confidence in you, and to believe in me, because I say so."

"I do not exactly see that these are my instructions to you."

"Well, you certainly want to write to her."

"I don't know that I do."

"At all events, you want her to write to *you*."

"You are nearer the mark now."

"That ought not to be very difficult to arrange. I'll go down now and have a cup of tea, and I may, I hope, come up and see you again before bed-time?"

"Wait one moment," cried Walpole, as the other was about to leave the room. "Do you see a small tray on that table yonder, with some trinkets? Yes, that is it. Well, will you do me the favor to choose something among them as your fee? Come, come, you know you are my doctor now, and I insist on this. There's nothing of any value there, and you will have no misgivings."

"Am I to take it haphazard?" asked Atlee.

"Whatever you like," said the other, indolently.

"I have selected a ring," said Atlee, as he drew it on his finger.

"Not an opal?"

"Yes, it is an opal with brilliants round it."

"I'd rather you'd taken all the rest than that. Not that I ever wear it, but somehow it has a bit of memory attached to it."

"Do you know," said Atlee, gravely, "you are adding immensely to the value I desired to see in it? I wanted something as a souvenir of you—what the Germans call a *Denkmal*, and here is evidently what has some secret clew to your affections. It was not an old love-token?"

"No; or I should certainly not part with it."

"It did not belong to a friend now no more?"

"Nor that either," said he, smiling at the other's persistent curiosity.

"Then, if it be neither the gift of an old love nor a lost friend, I'll not relinquish it," cried Joe.

"Be it so," said Walpole, half carelessly. "Mine was a mere caprice, after all. It is linked with a reminiscence—there's the whole of it; but if you care for it, pray keep it."

"I do care for it, and I will keep it."

It was a very peculiar smile that curled Walpole's lip as he heard this speech, and there was an expression in his eyes that seemed to say, What manner of man is this, what sort of nature, new and strange to me, is he made of?

"By-by!" said Atlee, carelessly, and he strolled away.

THE SECOND SIEGE OF PARIS.

DESCRIBED BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

THE story of the second siege of Paris is a chapter full of horrors. On page 644, this week, we give an illustration which shows how families were driven into cellars, to save themselves from the shells that rained destruction and death over the whole of the fair capital of France; and one on page 653, which shows the hearty welcome extended to the troops of the line by the inhabitants whom they saved from the horrors of the most desperate civil war ever waged in France.

The following letter, written for *Harper's Weekly*, by a lady who remained in Paris through both sieges, and was an eye-witness of many of the scenes which she describes, will be read with profound interest:

I was present as an eye-witness at both the first and second sieges of Paris. The first has passed already into the domain of ancient history, and I have no intention of dwelling on it. A word, notwithstanding, on the subject. Certain German journals, ill-advisedly for their country's credit, have persisted, during the whole Parisian insurrection, in complacently enumerating all the advantages that would accrue from the said insurrection to Germany. There was no need of insisting on a fact so self-evident; on the contrary, they should have avoided calling attention to it, if not through modesty, at least through prudence. There is an old adage which says, "To find the criminal, ask who profits by the crime;" and without expatiating at present on the true origin of the movement which took for its mask municipal liberty under the name of the Commune, let us assure those who are rejoicing at the disasters of Paris that on one point, at least, their joy is premature and will be delusive. The second siege of Paris has caused the first to be forgotten. Yes, just as acute pain makes us forget chronic suffering; but as soon as the first disappears, the second resumes its sway. It was suspended, but not destroyed; and now that the French army has made that marvelous campaign in Paris, which

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no army of Europe dared undertake—now that law and order again reign in Paris, we call to mind who were spies in time of peace and robbers in time of war.

My friends marveled greatly at the courage of which I gave proof by remaining in Paris, even during the reign of his Majesty Crapule. I am undeserving of their praises, for my courage sprang chiefly from ignorance and incredulity. I did not know the meaning of Socialism, the Commune, and the International Society; and, moreover, I did not believe in the possibility of crimes such as we have witnessed. From this time forth, I feel myself sufficiently well taught; and should I be so unfortunate as to live long enough ever to witness the re-appearance of the red flag, which is the symbol of blood, fire, pillage, and assassination, I will flee to the ends of the earth, were it among the cannibals, who, at least, if they robbed and killed me, would not pretend to do it for the sake of progress, and in the name of the new law of which they are at once the apostles, the law-givers, and the executioners.

The story of the two months which passed from the 18th of March to the 27th of May can not be told too often. It should be repeated again and again in all publications, to impress on the public the necessity of stifling in the germ those false theories which, if suffered to grow, will mature into the indescribable calamities which have just crushed unhappy Paris.

On March 18, 1871, a day of fatal memory, we learned with horror of the defection of sundry soldiers—rebels to their duty and traitors to their flag—who had been misled, let us hope, rather than perverted. An old friend who came that day to give me an account of what was passing, said with a pensive air, as he finished his story, "The results of this act will surpass any thing that I ever witnessed. This will be the most fatal day in the annals of France."

The facts are familiar to every one; I will sum them up in a few words. During the first siege the National Guard of Paris had purchased a few guns by subscription. By a strange and unhappy fatality these guns were posted in the very small district of Paris which the Germans insisted on occupying on their triumphal entry. The ringleaders of the so-called socialistic movement, who had been on the alert for two months past, seized the opportunity that was offered them to persuade the populace that these guns, which would be carried off by the Prussians, were their own private property, just as if they still retained the ownership of what they had given to the state. No matter; the spark kindled; and men, women, and children harnessed themselves to the guns, and dragged them to Montmartre—that is, the spot most remote from that which would be temporarily occupied by the Germans. Doubtless among those who aided in carrying off the guns many were moved by patriotic frenzy. Patriotism was one of the impulses of which the ringleaders availed themselves to carry out their designs, but which they never practiced on their own account.

From the moment that the guns were carried to Montmartre and placed there under the keeping of several battalions of the National Guard, an increasing effervescence manifested itself in Paris. No steps were taken to allay it. The red flag was raised at several points in Paris; it was suffered to remain. Multitudes flocked every night to the clubs to listen to orators whose absurdity was only equaled by their violence. They were let alone. Finally, two or three days before the 18th of March, the government conceived the idea that labor and public confidence were fettered by this irregular state of affairs, and attempted to put an end to it by measures which were not only ill judged, but marked by the most incredible short-sightedness. For instance, it dispatched battalions to Montmartre to retake the guns, which was accomplished without striking a blow; but it had neglected to send horses to take them away. The horses came at last, after four hours' delay. In the mean time the insurgents had collected in great numbers. The traitorous soldiers of the 88th regiment of the line fraternized with the mob; two generals were shot (LECOMTE and CLÉMENT THOMAS); and, fearing to add new strength to the insurrection by sending soldiers against it who might be demoralized by the socialistic doctrines, the government abandoned Paris.

At first the insurrection, or rather its leaders—disguised to this date under the name of the Central Committee of the National Guard, which name itself was the disguise of the International Society—attempted to reconcile what was essentially irreconcilable—rebellion against the law of the land and legality; and seemed to wish to remain within the limits of what were somewhat vaguely designated as the Commune and municipal liberties. But logic is implacable; it shakes off those who attempt to stop its course, and obliges them to pursue the road on which they have entered, should it end in crime. As a matter of course, every day and hour brought its quota of measures, first arbitrary and ridiculous, and then oppressive. Bedlam had fraternized with the galleys, and this monstrous union produced all the results that might have been expected from it. The signification of words was reversed, and thus, naturally and without effort, every thing was glorified that morality had taught us to condemn, and every thing was condemned that we had been taught to respect here below. The heroes were traitors to their country—the *crossards*, as they had been contemptuously styled by the army, from having crossed their muskets in the air before the mob at Montmartre who had assassinated their generals. The right side was that of the mob, and all France, represented by deputies freely elected, was the incarnation of usurpation. While an insurrection against the universal suffrage exercised by the whole of France, they undertook to force the whole country to respect the votes of the members of the Paris Commune—a vote which was as radically worthless in its origin as its application. A handful of unknown individuals, and foreigners gathered from the scum of all nations, had manufactured here the most restricted suffrage that ever was seen, and baptizing it universal suffrage, proclaimed the lawfulness of the very principle which they denied.

But this was not the greatest difficulty. The point in question was to govern, which is less easy than to foment, an insurrection. To seize the power is unhappily too often readily done in Paris; to keep it is another affair. When all the bonds have been broken that linked together the individuals of the great family that composes human society, one finds himself fettered by the fact that it was these very bonds which guaranteed the rights of the whole by defining the duties of each individual. Ridicule soon attached itself to those reformers who had so long set themselves up as apostles of a philosophy destined to insure the happiness of all humanity. They had theorized all their lives; now they had an opportunity to act. Suddenly brought from the obscurity which protected them into the broad daylight of public life, and subjected to the ordeal of ruling, each of their deeds proclaimed their radical incapacity, and the worthlessness of what they called doctrines, but what was only covetousness. To escape ridicule they courted odium; but their iniquity was only a mixture of the grotesque and the horrible. And here, too, the worthlessness of the individuals was strikingly revealed: the crimes which they committed were only plagiarisms; and vainly were these crimes gigantic—the perpetrators remained dwarfs. And why? Because this revolution was not waged, like its predecessors, in behalf of an idea, but only in that of private interests, for there was nothing about it that was not stamped with the imprint of the grossest materialism. As they attempted to begin anew a work which was already done they were only imbecile copyists. They undertook to destroy things which had no existence—among others, mortmain property, and strove to reproduce the atrocities of the past, which were thought to be forever buried with their authors. It was thus that they pillaged the churches, and even the charitable institutions devoted to the service of the poor, in the name of fraternity, and imprisoned the priests and nuns in the name of liberty.

Paris daily became more empty and more lifeless. The revolution, made in the name and for the interests of the working-men, had for its immediate result the cessation of all labor. The few workshops which remained open were closed by order of the Commune. The aspect of the city became more and more gloomy. The inconceivable law compelling the Parisians to fight against their country's army, in order to defend the strangers who had taken possession of their city, induced the emigration of all who possessed money enough to enable them to await outside of Paris the end of this sinister parody. Some attempted to conceal themselves; but they were styled refractory, sought out, incorporated into the insurgent army, or shot. All the population of Paris tremblingly awaited the coming of their saviors—that is, of the army of France. Deliverance came at last, but at what a fearful cost!

On Monday morning, May 22, we heard the blessed news, "The army is in Paris!" On Tuesday the fighting began in my quarter, the Ninth Arrondissement. About noon the troops of the line appeared in our street, and were welcomed by shouts of joy from all the inhabitants. The windows were filled with applauding citizens, and the cry resounded from all sides, "*Vive la ligne! vive l'armée!*" Every one hastened to bring wine, coffee, and tobacco; and no one who witnessed the scene will ever forget the perfect discipline and good conduct of our brave soldiers—those gens-d'armes styled assassins on the placards which had been distributed every where through Paris during the last two months. At two o'clock we learned that the army was in possession of Montmartre, a position which had been considered impregnable, and which threatened our quarter with the greatest dangers—dangers the magnitude of which we were far as yet from conceiving. That day we felt a sort of comparative tranquillity, thinking that Paris would soon be free, and order restored.

Very early on Wednesday morning I fancied that a violent storm was impending. Thick, reddish-gray clouds lowered in the distance, the air was hot and heavy, and the whole sky was covered in appearance with clouds bursting with electric fires. Alas, it was fire indeed! And we heard, one after another, of the burning of the Tuileries, the Palais Royal, the Hôtel de Ville, the Palais de Justice, the Préfecture de Police, the Caisse des Dépôts et Consignations du Conseil d'État, the Palais de la Légion d'Honneur, and the Ministère des Finances. Then came news of those atrocious deeds which future generations will refuse to believe—the sewers of Paris undermined, with electric wires attachéd to torpedoes, and concentrated in the quarters still in the power of this horde of bandits—all Paris, with more than a million of inhabitants, devoted to destruction! Then came the total ruin of innumerable families; and, to crown this monstrous work, the assassination of the Archbishop, Abbé DUGUERRY, the worthy M. BONJEAN, and the priests, nuns, and gens-d'armes, whom these ruffians styled *hostages*.

Yes, we have witnessed all these scenes, every one of which is indelibly imprinted on my memory. I can not, nor do I wish to, forget them. Every one, indeed, should keep these pictures in his mind, and guard them in his conscience. Their lurid light should illumine all his thoughts and acts, and show him the result of the socialistic ideas which have inflamed the imagination of the populace, and been the flaming torches which have involved in a common ruin the palaces of sovereigns, the monuments of history, the homes of hard-working citizens, and even the tools by which the working-man earns his daily bread.

But we must be just, even in the face of all these iniquities, and place the responsibility where it rightly belongs. Many causes have concurred in producing the results I have just described. It is impossible to mention them all: this would take volumes; but we can at least be true, if we have not time to tell the whole truth. In the first place, let us separate the followers from the leaders, the chiefs from the soldiers. Every one knows, and the thought is consoling, that this insurrection was not French. Both leaders and soldiers of the mob were, in great part, foreigners, as statistics prove by figures that can not be refuted. Paris was not the author, but the victim, of an international revolution.

Another fact, which should have been cited first, is that even in the worst excesses the men, when most resembling brutes, defended their acts by the idea of the right. All that we have seen done was done in the name of the right, only words had changed their meaning; and however appalling this perversion of the intellect and conscience may be to the observer, the moralist sees in it a gleam of hope. And the responsibility of this perversion falls directly on the ambitious publicists, such as LOUIS BLANC, who have flattered the envy of the populace in order to lead them, and have rendered this envy legitimate in their sight. The masses, hearing continually that they were preyed upon by capitalists, believed it. Those who had not been industrious or economical enough to save any thing learned with joy that the savings of others belonged to them by right. LOUIS BLANC formerly terrified peaceful men by proclaiming the right to labor; to-day, as a logical result, we have witnessed the proclamation of the right to idleness. The insurgent Parisians could make nothing at all of the socialistic doctrines, which was not surprising; but they remembered a few sentences which had been thrown out to them as bait, and acted on them. They had no idea of sharing with the rich, but simply intended to take their place. "Every one must have his turn; they have had theirs," were the words which were heard at every street corner and in every public vehicle. And, without knowing it, they were more logical than their leaders.

What is the meaning, indeed, of that emancipation of the lower classes with which the hearts of the populace have been fired? Whatever may be the form of government in France, a man of the people can attain to competence or fortune according to the disposition or capacity with which he is endowed; he can attain to celebrity and honors if he has talent: in a word, as an individual all paths are open to him. As to caste, that is another affair; for this involves not the emancipation of some, but the subjugation of all who do not practice manual labor. There will be no science, no art, no thought in this new society, and we shall relapse, in the name of progress, to the condition of the brutes. A man's savings being confiscated and interdicted, he can no longer support his aged parents, but must send them to the asylum. As the parents must follow some manual labor, they can no longer bring up and take care of their children, but must send them to the asylum. And all individuals having the same wants, the same tastes, and the same habits, the world will be simply a vast prison, where the hours of sleeping, rising, and eating will be subject to inflexible rules. But I forget: to have a prison there must be jailers, and where shall we find them? and who would obey them when found? The jailers of the new era would probably be taken from the leaders of the International Society.

Thus, because a fraction of humanity endures sufferings largely due to its defects or vices, to improvidence or drunkenness, all humanity must be condemned to the same sufferings. Is this progress? We blush to discuss such mad theories, but the necessity is forced upon us, for it was just such mad theories as these that gave rise to the burning of Paris.

It was through belief in this new idea of right, this reconstruction of privilege in their favor, that many of the Parisians obeyed the International Society. Others, not less grossly deceived, had a nobler motive, and with these the second siege may be said to have been the result of the first. For five months their heroism was kept on the stretch; they were told that it was noble and grand to defend the ramparts against the enemy, to build barricades, to devote themselves to death to retard the enemy's progress, and to do him all the harm possible. They were told that they must defend Paris like Saragossa of old, and be buried, if need were, beneath its ruins. And they would have done so, only the Germans did not expose themselves to this kind of battle, and the Parisians expended their pent-up bravery on those who were pointed out to them as their enemies—that is to say, alas! on the army of France. The leaders of the insurrection devoted themselves to this execrable work; the most atrocious insults and calumnies were daily placarded about Paris against those who were styled "the enemy." If the troubled minds of the people had had an instant of respite they would have seen that their only enemy was the International Society, and would have returned to their allegiance.

As to the leaders of the insurrection, after setting aside those who were utterly mad (and there were several such), and the foreigners, who were numerous, we have left a few individuals who have the revolution as others have the gout or the leprosy, as a chronic malady which death alone can end—the PYATS, DELESCLUSES, and BLANQUIS—individuals obedient not to an idea, or even a conviction, but to an imperious necessity, the result of moral disease. None of them will ever be able to tell why the insurrection took place, or what end it proposed to attain. No; gations and declamations formed the substance of their speeches and proclamations; contempt of law and justice under every form, and the substitution of the most shameless and absurd arbitrary rules for the code of civilized nations—such was the programme of all their acts.

In short, the insurrection of the 18th of March may be summed up in this wise:

It was made by unknown men for an unknown cause, and under the sway of influences unknown, but contained in the answer to the question, In the existing state of affairs, who was most interested in the exhaustion and ruin of France?

The worst of all foes is he who has done you the most harm, and who can not consequently forgive you the injury he has done. The robber plunders his victim, and then murders him that he may not bear testimony to the robbery. After plundering France, her foes sought to kill her by blowing up Paris. EMMELINE RAYMOND.

THE "LIVONIA."

THIS new schooner-yacht, of which we give a sketch on page 649, was recently built for Mr. JAMES ASHBURY, the owner of the *Cambria*. Her sailing qualities, tested in one or two matches, are said to be very satisfactory. The *Livonia* is a fine vessel, and Americans are especially interested in her performances, from the fact that she was built expressly to compete with the yachts of the New York Yacht Club in the regatta arranged for next fall, when Mr. ASHBURY hopes to regain the cup won by the *America* in 1851. She is furnished with a magnificent suit of American cotton sails, and her dimensions are as follows: Builder's measurement, 280 tons; length over all, 127 feet; length on load line, 106 feet 6 inches; breadth of beam, 23 feet 6 inches; and depth, 12 feet. The height of the mainmast is 88 feet; and the length of the mainboom is 70 feet. The displacement is equal to 207 tons.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

SOME clever fellow has invented a new kind of ink, called "love-letter ink." It is a sure preventive against all cases of "breach of promise," as the ink *fades away* and leaves the sheet blank in about four weeks after being written upon.

An artist, showing his pictures to a customer, received the following short retort: "Well, I don't think much of this," holding up the picture before him. "Don't think much of it! Why, that's a very rare print—a very rare print indeed, Sir." "Rare! I've no doubt it is *rare*. It certainly is not *well done*."

"Sam, how many logs have you sawed, eh?" "Why, ma'am, when I've got this and three others done I'll have sawed four."

When do appearances lead you to suppose that a man runs the risk of being burned to death?—When he smokes.

What invitation would be dangerous and disloyal to a soldier?—One asking him to dinner and dessert.

"Once on a time," says history, "a Scotch pedestrian was attacked by three thieves. He defended himself well, but was overcome, when the thieves, much to their astonishment, found that he owned only the small sum of sixpence. 'The de'il's in the fellow,' said one, 'to fight thus for a sixpence. Why, if he'd a shilling he'd ha' killed us all.'"

When is a solicitor like a deed?—When he's engrossed.

The man who "couldn't stand it any longer" has taken a seat, and now feels quite comfortable.

Old Deacon Sharp never told a lie; but he used to relate this: He was standing one day before a frog-pond, and saw a large garter-snake make an attack upon an enormous bull-frog. The snake seized on the frog's hind-legs, and the frog, to be on a par with his snakeship, caught him by the tail, and both commenced swallowing one another, and continued this carnivorous operation until nothing was left of them.

Josh Billings says: "When a man ain't good for any thing else, I like tew see him carry a gold-headed cane. If he can't buy a cane, let him part his hair in the middle."

USED UP—When it rains, an umbrella.

Some of the questions proposed for discussion at a meeting of a Western debating club were these: "Is it necesary that females shud receve a thurry literary education? Ort females to take part in polytix?"

In a case of assault and battery, where a stone had been thrown by the defendant, the following clear and conclusive evidence was drawn out of a Yorkshire man: "Did you see the defendant throw the stone?" "I saw a stone, and I'm pretty sure the defendant throwed it." "Was it a large stone?" "I should say it wur a largish stone." "What was its size?" "I should say a sizeable stone." "Can't you answer definitely how big it was?" "I should say it wur a stone of some bigness." "Can you give the jury some idea of the stone?" "Why, as near as I recollect, it wur something of a stone." "Can't you compare it to some other object?" "Why, if I wur to compare it, so as to give some notion of the stone, I should say it wur as large as a lump of chalk!"

An Irish student was once asked what was meant by posthumous works. "They are such works," says Paddy, "as a man writes after he is dead."

"A SPOTTED ADDER—The book-keeper watched by a detective.

A Western exchange varies the monotonous style of its list of marriages by presenting it in this novel way:

MISTAKEN SOULS WHO DREAM OF BLISS.

Popper.	*Poppee.*
John S. M. Orm	Caudall J. Culbertson.
James Cullen	Annie Murphy.
Jacob Stagner	Josefa Becoar.

Sheriff Hall, of Pittsfield, was about to commit a prisoner to the lock-up the other day, and had just unlocked the door, when the prisoner ran away. The sheriff started in pursuit, taking no notice of a boy in the lock-up. The lad, seeing the door open, thought he might as well leave as to be hanging around there, and away he started. Hall, however, was too nimble for the boy, and when he felt the iron grip of the sheriff on his collar he wilted at once. "What are you doing out here, you young rascal?" said the sheriff. "Doing! doing!" said the boy, trembling with fright at the stern officer; "I hain't doing nothing. I come out to help you catch that fellow. Which way has he gone?"

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THE LUTHER OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.—[SEE PAGE 650.]

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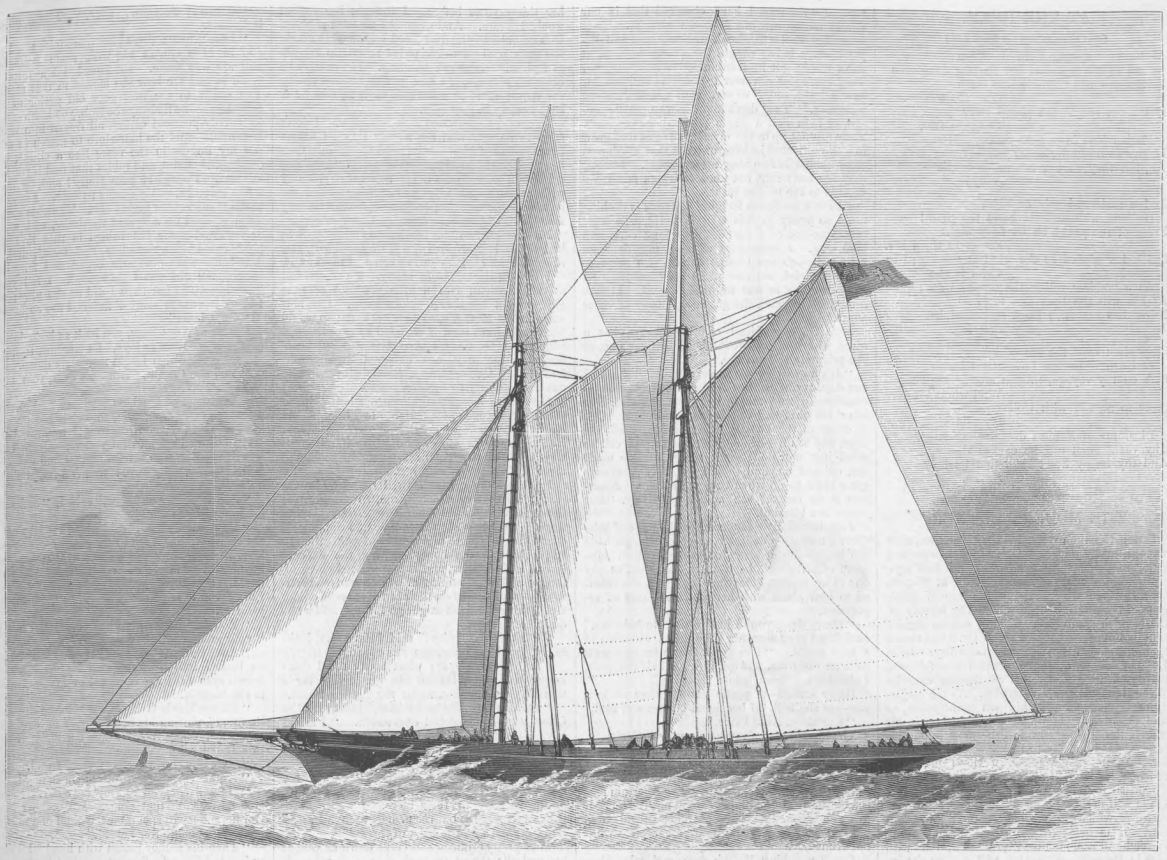

THE "LIVONIA."—[SEE PAGE 647.]

YACHTING—AT THE HELM.—[SEE POEM ON PAGE 650.]

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AT THE HELM.

[See Illustration on Page 649.]

APHRODITE sprang from the foam;
And to me it seems her darling daughters
Fairest are when they gayly roam
O'er the waters.
Did I not see at the placid ferry
Beauties two,
Each afloat in a light canoe,
Dainty sweet and slender supple?
Ah, but they were a charming couple—
Very!

Lo! a maiden, lovely as light,
Guiding with delicate hand the tiller!
Pulse of the yacht on its fairy flight
Seems to thrill her.
Quick her glance as the wind is veering;
Calm is she
As a goddess ruling the sapphire sea:
At her will the boat flies faster—
Never has seaman's hand surpassed her
Steering.

Steer thou over the sea of life,
Led aright by the Love-Star's lustre
Safe on thy voyage, though storms are rife,
Wild winds bluster:
Steer to an isle with violets paven,
Ivy and vine,
Blossoms of Paphos drenched in wine.
Thy yacht shall furl its canvas slowly,
And thy happy heart shall find its holy
Haven.

THE MODERN LUTHER.

SINCE the time when MARTIN LUTHER, then a monk and a devout believer in the papacy, a little more than three centuries and a half ago, posted on the doors of Schlosskirche, at Wittenberg, his bold protest against the sale of indulgences, nothing has occurred in the history of the Romish Church so startling and so significant as the outspoken protest of Dr. DÖLLINGER against the doctrine of papal infallibility. As in LUTHER'S case, excommunication has followed swiftly on the heels of this courageous exercise of the right of private judgment. As the majority of Catholics among his own countrymen, as well as the court of Bavaria, sustain him in his course, the step may lead to the most important results. It is hardly to be expected, in view of Dr. DÖLLINGER'S well-known views and antecedents, that he will avow himself a Protestant. To do so would be to run counter to a public life of half a century, upon the honesty and sincerity of which no one has ventured to cast a slur. It is more probable that he and those learned and zealous men who think and act with him in Bavaria and Austria will assume the independent attitude taken by the Catholic clergy of France a century ago. In this position they will undoubtedly be able to do the cause of civil and religious liberty greater service than if they should separate themselves wholly from the Church and faith of their countrymen.

The man who has been well styled the "modern LUTHER" was born at Bamberg, in Bavaria, in 1799, and became chaplain to the diocese of Bamberg almost immediately after receiving priest's orders in 1822. In 1826 he published a work on "The Doctrine of the Eucharist during the First Three Centuries," and was the same year invited to lecture before the University of Munich on the history of the Church. The substance of his lectures before that institution was published in his "Manual of the History of the Church," in 1828, and in a more extended form in his "Treatise on the History of the Church," which appeared in 1838. In 1845 M. DÖLLINGER turned his attention to politics, and represented the University of Munich in the Bavarian Parliament, and in 1851 was a delegate to that of Frankfort, where he voted for the absolute separation of the Church from the state. In 1861 he delivered some lectures advocating the abandonment of the temporal power by the Roman see. These lectures attracted much attention throughout Europe. His recent acts have been already referred to. The University of Oxford, in testimony of his zeal in the cause of religious freedom, has lately conferred on him the degree of D.C.L.

MY BROTHER GRIMSHAWE.

BOYS up to a certain age are a nuisance. The majority of maiden ladies will doubtless sanction the assertion. I am not referring now to my brother Grimshawe, for he is twelve years my senior, and a portly, elderly, respectable gentleman. But I am an aunt; and if that fact does not extenuate my rudeness of speech, I will add that I am fond of clean floors, shining door-handles, scrupulous hearths, unrumpled tidies, spotless front steps, and a mannerly cat; but that my wishes in these respects are most viciously set at naught by a troop of boys, all the way from two to twenty, who pour in over my spinster premises, sometimes, like the waves of the ocean, and seem to think I like it. Well, what can I do? The boys are glorious fellows, as fond of dirt, with the exception of a few betweenities from fourteen to whiskers, as a scratching hen; and, I repeat, what can I do but smile, and smile, and be a martyr?

I have observed that it is different with the mothers; they are expected to be cross, sometimes, but aunts never. Aunts are all kisses and cakes; they ought to be made up of needles and buttons, and never have any children of their own. That is my case. My only real care in the way of tending and nursing is Tabby. Even she has to be reconstructed, sometimes, after a visit from my nephews.

Grimshawe is my brother—Grimshawe Moultop. By-the-way, I have observed that in our family uncles are not of much account. They seldom extract a fish-hook with neatness and dispatch when it has caught the wrong fish—or, in other words, got itself entangled in Bob's fingers. They can't just run over to mamma and tell her how it happened, "to save Tom a well-deserved whipping." They don't know how to make a jib-sail, or hem half a dozen pocket-handkerchiefs. They are not up to the mystery of tears that grow in well-cultivated jackets, or rents that are due on seats almost before they are occupied. In fact, they are not aunts, but uncles—which fact is favorable to the uncles, rather.

I have a weakness for girls. There is nothing quite so pretty in this wicked world as a little touch-me-not of a darling, with long curls and blue eyes. I sometimes wish all my nephews were girls—except Clem. I have two relatives of that gender, but one of them is teething, and the other sits in her high chair still. I have sometimes coveted the grown-up nieces of other aunts.

Miss Olive, a friend of mine, always has a niece with her, and wouldn't be without one, so she privately informs me.

"It's a great convenience, my dear," she said one day, "you can put 'em in your old clothes so comfortably, and nobody the wiser. Brother Bob has three girls, and Bob is poor, you know. One or other of the girls is with me nearly all the time, and it's a saving to Bob. I don't call to mind just now how many quilts they've made me, off and on, and they know they've always got a stent to do when they come here. Nephews is an outgo," she added, pensively, "but nieces is a blessing."

Just then Hetty Saunders came in—one of Miss Olive's nieces—a delicate quiet girl, who gave me the impression of being too hardly worked. Instead of bringing all out-doors with her, as any one of my sturdy, breezy nephews will, she seemed to bear about with her an atmosphere of repression.

"Hetty dear, you're just in time to help me," exclaimed my Olive, her thin mouth widening to a grim smile. "I've got a frame set up; we'll have an early tea, and get through half the quilt, I shouldn't wonder, before bed-time."

Hetty smiled—a gentle yet spiritless smile it was—as she took off her faded bonnet and said,

"Certainly, Aunt Olive."

The idea of one of my boys saying "Certainly, Aunt Sue," with that lackadaisical face! It's always, "No you don't!" or "I'm off fishing!" or "Shoo fly, don't bodder me!" when *I* propose a light or useful job. But then—give a certain person his due—I often find my wood nicely chopped, or an unexpected treat in my larder; and no grand excursion or home-party is ever complete without Aunt Sue.

I was watching Hetty's face, curiously, when all at once I saw it light into positive beauty. The gray eyes flashed, and deepened in warmth and color, the delicately outlined cheek took on the rosy hue of a ripe peach; even the sensitive lips seemed to tremble into crimson.

Following her quickly withdrawn glance, I saw—I knew it—a man; broad of shoulders, blithe of motion, his broadcloth-incased arms swinging lustily at every step with that careless abandon that bespeaks hoarded strength and unspent vigor.

"Curiously like Clem," thought I.

Now Clem was my oldest nephew, and my idol. He had always been a ward of brother Grimshawe's—who I wish had a more civilized name—but how can I help it? Clem's mother was my oldest sister. She had died when the lad was a baby. Poor fellow! he lost his father before he had learned to lisp his name. Though Clem had always lived with my brother James, and seemed indeed quite one of his family, yet brother Grim was in reality a father to the boy, inasmuch as he paid all his bills, gave him all his spending-money, and intended making him his heir.

And such a superb fellow as Clem was, to be sure! I could not help feeling prouder of him than the rest, though I endeavored not to show it. Straight as an arrow, with the grace and inches of Apollo himself, his sparkling face already browned and goldened by a charming growth of whiskers, and the more than shadow of a lovely mustache, I often wondered for what pure and beautiful creature my idol was destined, speculating upon his chance of being led captive by a fright, or a dowdy, or a—shall I say it?—fashionable fool.

Clement had already disappointed my brother Grimshawe. Grim said, "Be a doctor." Clem replied, "I prefer the law, Sir;" whereupon the stocky old gentleman's ire rose.

But Clem conquered, in spite of coaxing and threats. He wanted his uncle's good-will and money; there could be no doubt of that, for he never made a secret of it.

I could not count up the coveted treasures I was to have when Clem should be a rich man. But I am wandering from my subject.

Was it Clem whose glance caused such a flutter and color in Miss Olive's pale, pretty niece?

"Don't get enough to eat at home, my dear, I'm afraid," whispered Miss Olive, in the midst of my musings. "Her father was always a dreadful ne'er-do-well. *We* never wanted Lina Mary to marry him. Lina Mary was the flower of our little flock, my dear—*you* know that; pretty as a picture—now wasn't she? Hetty would look just as she used to, if she was kept decently. Thank heaven! she always finds a good table here."

"And earns her board," thought I, as the delicate girl bent over the parti-colored fabric, for Miss Olive always had quilt "set up!"

Miss Olive had said truly.

Lina Mary was the beauty in a family of average-looking sisters. I remember her—have cause to—for brother Grimshawe nearly went mad for her thirty years before. I thought her refusal would kill him. And when she married shiftless Bob Saunders—the dear Lord knows what magic the man used—I never pitied mortal in my life as I pitied Grimshawe Moultop. It wouldn't be believed, perhaps, if I said he tore his hair out by the roots; and the queerness of it is, that he is bald exactly in that spot.

Of course Grim hated Bob Saunders. I don't suppose he saw him for a year that he wasn't tempted to kill him. His name never since then has "touched his tongue," as my latest "help" has a habit of saying; he never hears it to this day without shutting his lips and growing white; for he always thought that in some dishonorable way Bob had tricked him.

Now wouldn't it be particularly nice if Clem had fallen in love with this little faded girl, and she with him? It made me creep to think of it.

I was sitting opposite Hetty. I can see her at this moment, with a little top-knot of blue gleaming in her silken, golden locks. Her hair was like her mother's, so were her eyes; so would her cheeks have been if rounded by proper nourishment. Her fingers were flying, her delicate lips, eloquent in silence, quivered slightly now and then. I never saw a needle glitter in and out so swiftly on its mission before.

Miss Olive was getting down her best china—seventy years old, with a thin, filmy line of gold like a hazy sunbeam circling the rare porcelain rim, a shadow of blue melting into it. She always used that particular set out of compliment to me when I took tea with her.

Presently the quaint clawed round table was ready, and pretty enough, too, to be painted. Catch the flickering red of the western sun playing through the vines at the window, and rippling all over the snow-white table-cloth, touching the silver, goldening the honey, making the delicate brown loaf daintier, and the broad red slices of tongue with their veining of white seem too beautiful to be disturbed on their bed of rare old china, and I think an artist might go far and find a less desirable subject.

"That makes twice!" said Miss Olive, looking up from the bread she was cutting.

I followed her eyes; what Hetty did I don't know, but in an instant she was diving for a thimble or something, under the quilting-frame.

"He don't usually go by here," resumed Miss Olive, with a thoughtful expression. "I might have called him in."

"Who?" I queried.

"Why, Clem—your nephew."

"Oh!" and I looked at Miss Hetty with my eyes beyond her. You can see people without gazing directly in their faces. I know every trick of expression our rector has, though I mostly fix my gaze on the back of the pulpit.

That pretty crimson had crept down as well as up, and the throat, on each side of the thread-bare velvet ribbon, the chin and cheeks, were crimson. I wouldn't have met that girl's eyes for the world, for I knew then just what that miserable Clem had been up to, and thinks I, "If it is for his sport merely, I'll never forgive him—never."

And if it is any thing serious, said another voice in my heart, somebody else will never forgive him, and that's my brother Grimshawe. He would see him a beggar rather than married to the daughter of the woman who refused him—of the man who boasted and triumphed over him.

It was pretty evident that I might expect more trouble, and all along of having nephews. Clem had always come to me in his troubles; would he now? I studied the girl as I thought.

Freedom from care, ease, and plenty would be sure to develop beauty in her of no mean order. Her education had not been totally neglected, as I knew from the little conversation that passed between us.

"She has taught herself music," said Miss Olive, with a touch of genuine pride, "and I let her practice on my old piano.—Hetty, my dear, give us a song before Miss Sue goes home."

"Hetty my dear" played and sang. She had a voice that set all the dumb power in me vibrating; the sweetest song she sang made me turn away my head and cry.

You see, I have my tender memories now and then—but *he* died and was buried years ago—years ago. Grim and I have constant hearts; we can love but once—only once and forever.

Curiously enough, it happened as Miss Hetty and I stood on the door-step of Miss Olive's house—I feeling a new tenderness for the child, and a little savage toward Clem—though why should I?—brother Grimshawe came up. He looked at Miss Hetty, and then at me, and he shrugged his shoulders a little as his countenance altered.

"If you're going home," said he, with a sharp nod that meant, "I'll go along too!" So we parted—Hetty and I; I rather think there was something like an understanding between us—a little fearful, on her part.

"Who's that girl?" asked Grim, as he stalked along.

"A—a—Miss Saunders;" and I couldn't possibly keep my voice straight; it seemed to drop, word by word, to the pavement.

"Saunders!" he said, in a quick, harsh way, and I dared not look up at the strong, gray face that I had seen so distorted with suffering long ago.

It was as much as I could do to keep pace with him after that, and he struck the walk vigorously with his heavy cane as he marched. I knew what he was thinking of, and how his stern mouth was working; he wasn't one that could forget.

"Poor Clement!" thought I; that is, should there be any thing serious.

Next day Clement came in, half filling my little parlor with his magnificent presence.

"I say, aunty, what do you think of her?" was the saucy fellow's first daring question.

"Clement Morgan! who?" I was almost indignant.

"Come, now; don't play incredulous. I saw you in Miss Olive's big west room yesterday, and *she* was there. By Jove! I'd a mind to come in and see how she looked in that setting. You ought to see that poor old parlor of Bob Saunders's—he'll always be Bob, you know—with its twenty-year-old carpet, all frayed into suffering shreds—and the hair-cloth to match (I often run my fingers in the rents like a child), with one-legged chairs, and tables that nod if you look at them. Poor girl! poor Hetty! and, by Jove! a fine creature, and a genius to boot. I took her to the theatre a few nights ago. The girls among them scraped up a decent wardrobe, with a ring or two, and some old things in that line that poor faded Mrs. Saunders had saved, and, by Jove! when the orchestra began and fairy-land opened, the girl was transfigured. I tell you I looked more at her than I did at the play; and I think it—ahem—sort o' finished the business."

"Oh, Clem!"

"Best of Aunt Sues, you look as lackadaisical now as if *you* were in love," he laughed, trying to tap my chin, which I held resolutely down.

"*You don't* mean, Clem—oh dear, your uncle Grimshawe!"

"And what of Uncle Grimshawe? I'm not a piece of putty, Aunt Sue, to be shaped by him, kind as he is. Good gracious!" he drew back. "It's come to me all of a sudden—Uncle Grim was disappointed in love—and—Bob Saunders married—*her*. By Jove! that *is* a fix," he soliloquized.

"She is poor, you know," said I, "and there are *so* many of them."

"Hang all but her!" said Clem, sharply. "If she marries me, I'll cut every one. She don't belong to them, any way; she's a little fine lady by herself. Why, to see the dainty ways she has, and the delicate perceptions—well, but—good Lord! I'm in a quandary now," he groaned, desperately.

"You had better give her up, Clem," said I; "your uncle will never consent."

"Aunt Sue, did you ever love any body?" and he looked into my face with his great, tender, brown eyes till I felt one coal of fire, and mean in the bargain.

"I'll see Uncle Grimshawe Moultop in—Russia first!" putting his lips together in his uncle's own way; "and if you weren't here, Aunt Sue, I'd swear it with a strong word or two."

"He will never, never consent," I said.

"He be—blessed!" growled Clem, angrily.

"He will cut you off, my dear boy. I *know* how he feels on that point. He couldn't leave you his money to spend on the child of a man he hates with such bitter hatred."

"Then his money perish with him! I'll marry her if I have to live on patched ingrain and hair-cloth, and support the whole thriftless lot. So now you tell him so. I've strong hands, thank God, and a modicum of brains." He raised his head grandly.

"No one shall drive me to the wall, Aunt Sue, in that fashion. I love little Hetty. God bless her! I never knew how much, till now I find myself ready to suffer for and with her."

Clem went his way. I managed to get up courage sufficient to talk with my brother. The man was like a rock. He turned so pale that I thought he was dying, and begged him to forgive me. It is no light thing to witness a strong man's agony and passion.

I told Clem so. Did it change his purpose? Not a whit. We never knew what his plans were—only that he seldom met my brother, and he toiled like a slave. He grew more noble in his bearing—handsomer, steadier, graver. When Grimshawe was out, he sometimes came to see me, and one day he nearly knocked the breath out of my body with an announcement.

"Keep my secret, dear old aunty; I was married yesterday. Nobody knows it—not even the girls. You see, I was afraid, somehow, that Uncle Grim might come between us. We are both mum. She's at her father's—I'm home. There, now! there's proof of my confidence in the best of aunties. Give me a kiss."

I kissed him, though I had hardly strength enough left to do even that.

"You dear, willful, blessed, wicked boy!" I sobbed. "You've ruined yourself."

"We shall see," was his reply.

It was about this time that the people were startled by a new and successful crime—that of garroting. I shuddered every time Grim went out after nightfall, because he always carried a deal of money about him, confiding in his burly form and great strength for protection.

But one night, when there was a sweet, soft moonlight too, he happened to be in a peculiarly secluded street, and a brace of ruffians met him. Quicker than thought the knot was twisted into his throat by one, while the other commenced searching his pockets. Suddenly a woman's voice sounded near.

"Let that gentleman alone, or you are dead men!" Startled, they looked up. A small, shining revolver pointed by a delicate hand stared them in the face. With the usual cowardice of thieves when confronted with real danger, the ruffians let their victim go and ran up the street.

The half-choked man regained his breath.

"My God!" he said, looking down—"and you saved my life!"

"I saved your money, Sir."

"I say you saved my life. Those scoundrels! But, you wonderful little woman that you are, why do you go armed?"

"I always do when I go out alone—and, to tell you the truth, the pistol isn't loaded. What difference does it make? They didn't know it."

"Who are you?" he asked, as the sweet face shone clearly in the moonlight. "By Heaven!" He started back.

"I'm Clement Morgan's wife," she said, clear

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and sweet, though her voice had a quiver in it. "Please forgive him; and we, Sir—we—we loved each other so much!"

"Aye, you did; great God! I believe you. Love him? why shouldn't you, and be happy, too? See here, little woman, tell Clement to bring you up to-morrow. He's a lucky dog, the rascal!"

It is needless to say how the matter terminated. Clem got his uncle's fortune, and his little wife became the light of the old man's eyes.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

SAN DOMINGO, fascinating as it has been represented in point of scenery and climate, seems to be not without some entomological objections as a place of summer resort. A recent writer feelingly calls upon inhabitants of temperate climes to congratulate themselves that winter kills off a portion of the insect tribe, which increase to a terrific extent in such a favorable latitude as Dominica. Exposure to mosquitoes there develops an apparent attack of scarlatina. The chigoe, a horrid insect of the flea family, pierces the skin of the toe beneath the nail, and therein deposits its eggs. No pain gives warning to the victim until the mischief is done. At length comes a slight itching; then a red spot, which increases to a tumor. If the insect, which is itself buried under the skin, can be extracted, no further harm follows; but if not, a whole colony of chigoes will be developed in the foot, making dwellings for themselves beneath the skin, and often causing such suffering that amputation is necessary. Deliver us from the chigoe! Then there are ticks which cling tenaciously to the flesh; scorpions which attack ferociously, though not fatally; centipedes, hideous with multitudinous arms and legs; the giant tarantula; cockroaches from one to three inches long; ants whose ravages will undermine a house; and other similar pests, which are sufficient to prevent this far-famed island from being exactly a terrestrial paradise. There are compensations for all these things; but it is well enough to understand the matter thoroughly before we migrate to San Domingo.

The gown which the Archbishop of Paris wore at his execution has been cut into small pieces, and distributed among the Parisian clergy. A portion of it was deposited in Notre Dame, where there are also relics of Archbishops Affre and Sibour.

The chalet which was occupied by the late M. De Lamartine, now the property of his niece, is said to be the only building standing in Passy. It was spared, though all surrounding buildings have been destroyed.

The stores of wine in Paris were carefully estimated by the Parisians at the commencement of the siege. At its close it was found that the wine had been consumed at the enormous rate of nearly eight million gallons per month. Under the reign of the Commune the consumption was even larger.

According to the classified returns at the Census Bureau, New York city has a population of 942,293, of whom 13,093 are colored. Of foreign white citizens, 201,999 were born in Ireland and 80,494 in Germany.

The Saratogans are as wide awake as to their interest in the "season" as the hotel-keepers themselves are. Since last summer about two hundred new houses have been built in the town, a new town-hall is nearly completed, and they have gone so far as to lay the corner-stone of a new church.

The new drive at Newport, leading around Miantonomi Hill to Coddington's Cove, is three miles in length and sixty feet wide. By this road a new tract of country has been brought into notice, and more villa lots brought into market.

This year June 4 was the Fourth of July of Italy—the great national holiday. Twenty-three years ago Charles Albert, of Piedmont, gave to the kingdom now called Italian the Statute of the Constitution, and in 1861 a law was passed establishing a national holiday in honor of the statute and union of Italy, which holiday was to take place the first Sunday of June in every year. This was celebrated in Rome for the first time this year. Military reviews formed the chief feature of the day.

A West Point cadet is expected to be immaculately clean in respect to all his clothing. And surely there is no reason why he should not be so when his weekly allowance of white trowsers is twenty pairs, with a margin of five or ten extra pairs to fall back upon in case of accidents.

Heroism is found among the very children of France. A story is told of a boy of thirteen who was found fighting in Paris, and was about to be shot. He did not seem frightened, but, taking a silver watch from his pocket, said:

"Captain, do let me take this first to a friend across the street; I borrowed it."

"Oh, you scamp!" said the officer. "I understand—you want to run off."

"My word of honor, I will come back again," said the boy; and the captain, seeing it was a child, was only too glad to be rid of him. In ten minutes the boy came back, and took his stand with his face to the wall. "Here I am—fire!"

Does Roman history tell us any thing braver? The captain boxed the little hero's ears, and ordered him never to show his face there again. They could not fire on him.

In the interesting memoirs of Charles Mayne Young, the tragedian, we find this entry: "July 26, 1849.—Went to a bazar at Lady Susan Harcourt's. The Queen and the Prince Consort were there. Heard a charming story of one of the royal children, which I hope is true. When last the Queen was about to be confined, the Prince Consort said to one of his little boys, 'I think it very likely, my dear, that the Queen will soon present you with a little brother or sister. Which of the two would you prefer?' The child, pausing—'Well, I think, if it is the same to mamma, I should prefer a pony!'"

It is too probable that many innocent people suffered in the summary executions that followed the entry of the regular troops into Paris. A newspaper correspondent relates this incident: A few days after the overthrow of the Commune, a member of the National Assembly had the curiosity to go to see some of the female captives of Paris confined at Versailles. Shortly after entering a yard in which two or three hundred of them were assembled, one of them, in dirty garments, caught him by the arm, and cried, "You shall not leave me, M. ——." He tried to shake her off, but she clung tighter, and said, "Do not leave me, for God's sake! Look at me!" He looked at her, and exclaimed, in astonishment, "Gracious Heavens! Madame ——. You here?" He recognized in her a friend, a lady of wealth in Paris. She burst into tears and told her tale. On Thursday, the 25th of May, fighting having ceased in her *quartier*, she went out, and called at the shop of a dyer to inquire about some things she had given to be dyed. On leaving, she found herself among several women who were flying before a band of soldiers, crying, "Stop them, they are *pétroleuses!*" The women were surrounded, and she with them; and she, in spite of her earnest remonstrances, was with them and many others sent to Versailles. They were made to go on foot, and what she suffered from fatigue and thirst and agony of mind no one, she says, can imagine. At Versailles all her efforts to communicate with her friends and family were vain, for no one would believe that she was a lady and not an incendiary. The M.P. of course hastened to get her released. But for him she might have been sent with her fellow-prisoners to a penitentiary colony, or, like some of them, shot.

At the White Mountains workmen are putting together a new mountain locomotive, called the "Atlas," and new cars are being fitted up for the coming season.

The diary and note-books of Nathaniel Hawthorne contain frequent laments against the necessity of solitary dinners. For instance: "I am ashamed to eat alone. It becomes the mere gratification of animal appetite—the tribute which we are compelled to pay to our grosser nature; whereas, in the company of another, it is refined and moralized and spiritualized, and over our earthly victuals is diffused a sauce of lofty and tender thoughts, and tough meat is mollified with tender feelings. But oh! these solitary meals are the dismalest part of my present experience." Yet on other pages of his journal he appears to regard "dining out" as a necessity from which he is happy to escape. But he declares that between dining out and dining alone there was to him a golden mean, and that was the home companionship of one, or even two, all to himself and all his own. On the other hand, Charles Lamb, as a dyspeptic, wrote feelingly: "We can not concoct our food with interruptions. Our chief meal, to be nutritive, must be solitary. With difficulty we can eat before a guest, and never understood what the relish of public feasting meant. Meats have no savor, nor digestion fair play, in a crowd. The unexpected coming in of a visitant stops the machine."

Newburyport, Massachusetts, lays claim to a resident most commendably economical, but sadly deficient in the elements of mathematical science. The other day he applied at the post-office for ten cents' worth of six-cent postage stamps, and when told that he must pay two cents more if he wanted two, he looked disappointed, and replied, "Well, I s'pose I must have 'em, anyhow; but seems to me they're dreadful dear."

There is nothing like fitness of names. An editor at Wild Cat, Arkansas, has named his new paper the *Evening Caterwaul*.

A movement is being made by the undertakers of London to abolish funerals on Sunday. The matter has been brought to the attention of the trustees of the various metropolitan cemeteries by a committee representing all branches of trade. The object in view is twofold—to prevent the indecorous scenes which now frequently occur on the roads to and from the cemeteries, and to secure a day of rest to a large class of people who are now compelled to labor on Sunday.

From the eleventh annual report of the Commissioners of Public Charities and Correction, in this city, we learn something of the ambulance system established in 1869. Six ambulances have been provided, and, under the rules established, horses stand harnessed day and night, ready to be attached, for the conveyance of persons wounded or taken ill in the public streets. The ambulances are equipped with surgical instruments, bandages, restoratives, etc.; and on notice by telegraph from a police station of the occurrence of a casualty, an ambulance is dispatched, in charge of a surgeon, who applies such remedies as may be required, and determines, from the condition of the patient, whether he may be safely removed to his home, or to Bellevue, or to the Reception Hospital. During the past year there have been 1401 patients thus removed, of whom 1066 were received from the several police precinct stations, 297 transferred from the Reception Hospital to Bellevue Hospital, and thirty-eight from private residences.

The following account of the destruction of a great library is given in *Galignani*: "When the insurgents who burned down the library of the Louvre arrived to perform their odious task they ordered the concierge to spread the petroleum about. He refused, saying that he preferred to be shot to destroying the riches confided to his care, and he was supported in his declaration by his wife. The wretches then locked the two up in their lodge, and then set the building on fire. However, the porter afterward contrived to force the lock and escaped. The library was entirely consumed. More than a hundred thousand volumes were destroyed, comprising manuscripts, historical documents, rare editions, missals still more precious—all the French or foreign works presented to the Louvre or the Tuileries, or for which the court had subscribed—port-folios of engravings, collections of photographs of the various public or private galleries, and other works of great value."

A correspondent of the *Evening Post* recommends those who desire to flee from the city during the heats of summer to take refuge on Cape Cod, where board ranges from three to six dollars a week, where there is an abundance of fish, flesh, fowl, and vegetables, a smooth, sandy beach, and sweet pine groves. Milk, to be sure, "is eight cents a quart, but 'tis cream." The writer believes in telling both sides of a story—so he candidly says: "There are fleas here; I've just caught a fine fat fellow, smaller than an ox, but perhaps large enough to make a pair of India rubber boots for Titania. That is only one, and they never appear in larger force, as they do in some far more expensive places. There are also mosquitoes here—the mild, reasonable sort—not the striped and furred fellows they have in the scrub-oak swamps and the beautiful city of Vineland. Any body who could stand the ticks and mosquitoes of Vineland three days could stand all there are on Cape Cod for forty years, though these bite a little; and, what is worse, they sing, being, as Artemus Ward has it, 'cheerful little cusses.'"

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

WE have kept our readers informed, from time to time, of the progress of the very laudable experiment, on the part of some gentlemen in Philadelphia, with reference to the stocking of the Delaware River with salmon, the indications of success at the last accounts having become quite favorable. We regret to learn, however, that, owing to an unanticipated casualty, the greater number of the fry were destroyed, leaving scarcely enough to test the question the present season. The eggs, as anticipated, were hatched out successfully, and on the 27th of May were placed in cans, to be transported to the Delaware River from the hatching-house of Mr. CHRISTIE, on the Hudson. It is supposed that some foreign substance in the cans imparted noxious qualities to the water, as by the time they reached the Bushkill, the tributary of the Delaware, in which they were to be placed, only about two thousand survived. Those were placed in the water, and it is possible that something may be heard from them. The gentlemen concerned in the effort, however, we understand, intend to renew the trial another season, and we hope with more satisfactory results.

A report upon the geology of Jamaica, by Mr. JAMES G. SAWKINS, has recently been published by the British government, and, in the interest attaching to the West Indies at the present time, furnishes an important addition to our means of obtaining a thorough acquaintance with that region. The physical geology and the special structure of the island are given in considerable detail in this work, which is accompanied by a large map of the island, suitably colored, to show the different geological formations. Several appendices are given in the volume, one of them being a complete classification of the organic remains of the island, by Mr. ETHERIDGE, who refers them respectively to their equivalents in the cretaceous and tertiary deposits of Europe. According to Sir RODERIC MURCHISON, the practical conclusions to be reached from the report of Mr. SAWKINS and the appendix of Mr. ETHERIDGE are that, in Jamaica, as in most of the West India Islands, the principal geological deposits are almost exclusively of the miocene age of the tertiary series, the only exceptions being in Trinidad and Jamaica, where eocene and cretaceous formations occur. Hence it follows that the igneous rocks which are associated with such deposits are for the most part either of the miocene age or posterior to that era, some of them, indeed, having been recently erupted.

In a recent report of the governor of the province of Leon to the general government of Ecuador, it is stated that in February, 1869, noises were heard on the mountains of the Western Cordilleras in the vicinity of Cotopaxi, and that immense masses of earth and rock were thrown out, while springs of water burst forth in such quantity that the rivers were overflowed and much damage done, the phenomena being unaccompanied, however, by earthquakes. The climate, too, seemed to have become much hotter than previously, many kinds of plants having flowered that had never done so before, and the sugar-cane being fit to cut in twenty-four months instead of thirty. Since 1869 the springs have all dried up, and the volcano has become inactive; and from these indications it is feared that a new disturbance is breeding which may produce great damage on breaking out.

According to *Nature*, advices have been received from Dr. HOOKER, at Mogadore, bringing the date of his journey down to April 26, at which time the party had visited Ceuta, Gibraltar, and Casa Blanco, without having met with any thing of special note.

Professor LEIDY has lately announced to the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences the existence of some new fossil mammals from the tertiary formations of Wyoming Territory. One was a lower jaw, discovered by Dr. J. VAN A. CARTER in the vicinity of Fort Bridger. The animal to which it belonged was as large as a hog, but was more nearly allied to the rhinoceros or tapirs. It was especially remarkable for the possession of a large pair of front teeth, resembling, both in form and construction, the incisors of the beaver. The name proposed for it was *Trogurus castoroideus*, or the beaver-toothed gnawing-hog. Another of the fossils indicates a carnivorous animal, a contemporary of the former, and about the size of the gray fox. The animal was related to the weasel and canine families, and was called *Sinopa rapax*, the former name being that applied by the Blackfeet Indians to a small fox.

Professor LEIDY also exhibited photographs of the lower jaw of the American mastodon, recently received from Professor W. C. KERR, State Geologist of North Carolina. The jaw was found in Lenoir County of that State. It belonged to a mature male, and was of special interest from its retaining both tusks, as well as the molar teeth.

In a recent communication to the Academy of Natural Sciences, by Professor LEIDY, attention was invited to certain teeth of fossil mammals, forwarded to him for examination by Professor WHITNEY. One of these was a fragment belonging to the *Mastodon americanus*, obtained from a depth of eighty feet beneath the basaltic lava of Table Mountain, Tuolumne County, California, where it was found associated with the remains of human art. There was also a molar of a large fossil horse, found sixteen feet below the surface on Gordon Gulch. Two other teeth, somewhat similar in character, were determined as belonging to the species of *Protohippus*. In other specimens Dr. LEIDY found evidences of the existence of a gigantic animal of the camel tribe, allied to the llama.

Among objects of great ethnological import are the aboriginal inscriptions or carvings upon rocks, which are met with in North America and elsewhere, and are sometimes of a very remarkable character. Ordinary copies of such inscriptions, unless they be photographs, are rarely of sufficient accuracy to be of much value; and those of our readers who are likely to come across such inscriptions may like to know a method by which an absolutely perfect fac-simile can be made. This process has been applied with much success in copying carvings in Egypt and other places, and it will be equally serviceable in our own country. For this purpose the inscription is to be first well cleaned from dust or mud by means of a hard, stiff brush; stout, unsized paper is then to be wetted rapidly, but uniformly, in a tub of water, and applied to the inscription, and forced into the irregularities by repeated and forcible strokes with a hard brush—an ordinary clothes-brush being as good as any for the purpose. If the stone be clear of dust the paper adheres, and, when dry, falls off, forming a perfect mould of the inscription. If the carving be deep or broad it is sometimes advisable to apply several sheets of paper, one after the other, brushing over the surface of one with glue or gum before applying the next, so as to obtain, when dry, a firm body. By making a plaster cast of the paper relief thus prepared a fac-simile of the inscription will be obtained.

Nothing strikes the visitor to San Francisco more forcibly than the high price of fish in that market, in view of their great abundance and variety in San Francisco Bay and vicinity. This is said, however, to be due to the existence of very powerful combinations among the fishermen, to maintain prices at such a figure as suits them best, and to prevent fish from coming into the market excepting under arrangements made by themselves. In the latest quotations of retail prices before us, flounders are given 20 cents a pound, soles 30 cents, turbot 40 cents, halibut 40 cents, and tomcod 18 cents. The lowest prices are 12 cents per pound for fresh salmon, 8 for smelts, 8 for anchovies, and 5 for sturgeon. The prices of other articles in that market appear to be more reasonable; as, for instance, 20 cents a pound for turkeys, 75 cents each for ducks, $3 per pair for geese, 25 cents each for rabbits, and 12 for squirrels. Clams are 50 cents per hundred, California butter 35 cents per pound, eggs 35 cents per dozen, California hams 18 cents per pound, and strawberries 4 to 10 cents per pound, etc.

The present year seems to be marked for a great deal of activity and enterprise in researches connected with the natural history and physics of the deep seas, especially on the coast of America. We have already referred to the enterprise proposed by the Coast Survey, of sending a steamer, especially adapted to this purpose, around Cape Horn to the California coast, on a ten-months' journey, to be accompanied by Professor AGASSIZ and Count FORTALÈS, and a corps of assistants—all prepared to make observations and collections on the most perfect scale. The expense of the scientific work will, it is understood, to the amount of $15,000, be defrayed by Mr. THAYER (the same gentleman who supplied the funds for Professor AGASSIZ's expedition to Brazil), a sum which will probably enable Professor AGASSIZ to accomplish his object in the most perfect manner.

Professor VERRILL and party, from Yale College, will also, it is expected, prosecute an exhaustive research into the deep-sea and littoral fauna of the Vineyard Sound and the adjacent waters, in connection with the inquiries of the United States Commission of Fish and Fisheries relative to the decrease of the food fishes of our coast. Corresponding researches will also be carried on in the deeper waters of Lake Michigan, where, it may be remembered, the interesting discovery was made last year of crustaceans and fish of marine types at a depth of three hundred feet and over. The inquiries this year will be under the immediate direction of Dr. STIMPSON and Mr. MILNER, in a still deeper part of the lake, and it is not at all improbable that discoveries of the highest interest will be made.

In the Gulf of St. Lawrence Mr. J. F. WHITEAVES, of Montreal, will, it is understood, continue the researches in which he has been engaged for two previous seasons in the way of dredging in the deep waters of the Lower St. Lawrence; and, by the help of the government cruisers, he expects to have the opportunity of dredging in the deepest parts of the gulf. Of this expedition we shall give a fuller notice hereafter.

The Arctic expedition of Captain HALL will also undoubtedly do its part in the general work, as the naturalist of the party, Dr. EMIL BESSELS, has had large experience in such labors, and is practically conversant with the fauna of the arctic seas, from his connection with the Spitzbergen expedition of 1869.

At the June meeting of the California Academy of Sciences the subject of inviting the American Association for the Advancement of Science to meet in San Francisco in 1872 was discussed, and the treasurer was instructed to call upon the trustees, and to solicit the co-operation of the Chamber of Commerce in taking measures toward this object. The meeting for the present year will be held in August next in Indianapolis, and a large attendance is expected, especially of Western members, to whom the places of meeting in the East have generally proved too remote to suit their convenience.

The Panama papers report, with great satisfaction, the resumption of travel of the French Transatlantic Steamship Company's line between Aspinwall and St. Nazaire, which had been interrupted for several months past in consequence of the war. The pioneer vessel of the restored line arrived at Aspinwall on the morning of the 27th of May.

Advantage has recently been taken of the borings in the Mont Cenis Tunnel to ascertain the interior temperature of the earth, the experiments being instituted at a point in the tunnel which was situated 5400 feet from the surface. Here special borings were made to a depth of ten feet in lateral excavations, which were closed for a considerable period of time after the instruments were inserted. The temperature observed at this point was a little over 82½° Fahrenheit.

According to CARL FRITSCH, the lines of simultaneous flowering of plants lie from five to ten degrees further south in North America than in Europe, elevation above the sea level seeming to have comparatively little influence.

A recent number of *The Academy* contains a notice, quoted from a Spanish journal, of the discovery of some stone implements of great antiquity in the eastern part of Cuba. Nothing is said of their special form or condition other than that their material consists of serpentine and diorite.

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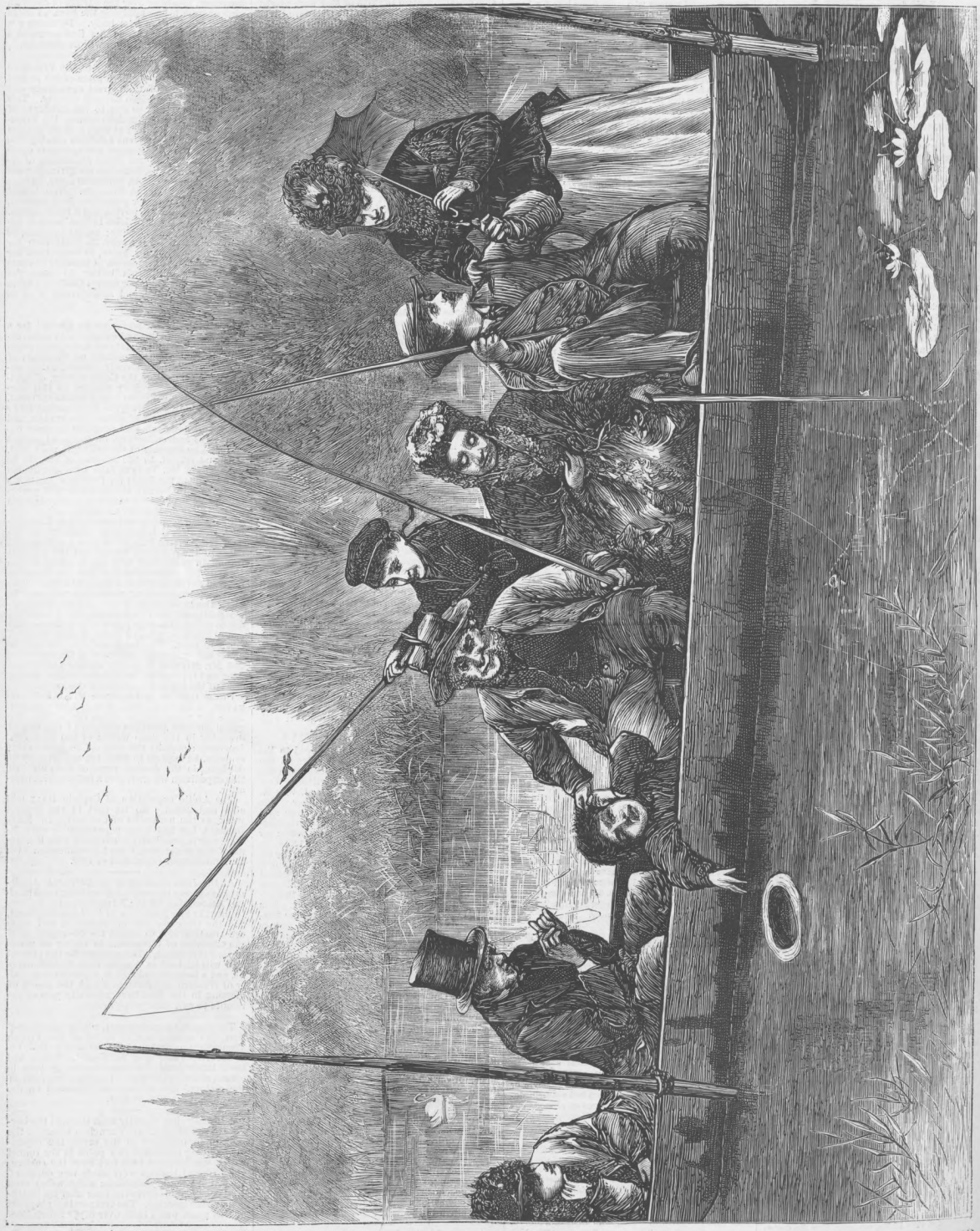
FISHING.

"WE presume," says LEIGH HUNT, "that the most philosophic of anglers would hardly delight in catching shrieking fish;" and we must admit that, logically, there is nothing to be said in reply; but we fancy his disinclination for the sport induced him to seek for the arguments against it, and not the arguments which induced the dislike. It was one of those things he "had no mind to," and he could therefore condemn it. Now, when all has been said on this point, the fact remains that man, as well as the inferior animals, is a creature of instinct, and one of those instincts is to hunt those inferior animals. In his savage state it is a necessity of his existence, and he gets an appetite while he is getting his dinner; but when he becomes civilized, and the necessity no longer exists, we can not expect him to drop his instinct as he would his feathers and paint. It is in him, and what he has to do is to bring it into harmony with his new state of existence. He takes a gun, perhaps, and goes duck-shooting, or steps into a boat and does a little quiet bottom-fishing.

This latter is not the highest style of art. It can not compete with the glories of fly-fishing; but it has merits of its own, and there is even a certain pleasure in catching nothing—in the delightful idleness of watching the colored cork—in the delightful idleness of the whole thing. Of course the charm is greatly heightened by a good day's sport; and there are enthusiasts in the art who are fanatically strict in following its rules, and they prefer to fish in a solitary state, or with their favorite man, who knows all their crotchets. The enthusiast is generally a man of middle age, in the commercial line. He takes a holiday now and then for a day's fishing, and spends the preceding evening in overhauling his tackle, an occupation in which he much delights. He has generally a "killing" bait of his own invention, which is a profound secret; he knows all the best places in the river, and has a great store of anecdotes about big fish which he has taken in former times; he knows all about guts, hair-lines, and fish-hooks, and loses his temper if he catches nothing, which is very often the case. He makes a most serious business of his pleasure, looks with contempt upon those who take theirs lightly, and is especially sarcastic upon fishing parties where there are ladies and children, who of course will talk.

These fishing parties, indeed, have nothing of the sedateness and calm about them upon which IZAAK WALTON would discourse; they make no pretense to philosophic ease, but are simply parties of pleasure, fishing picnics, and very delightful in their way. It is merely playing at sport, and those who indulge in it have, for the time, no sympathy with the solitary angler whom we have sketched. But we think the true enjoyment of this kind of fishing is to be found in a middle course between these extremes of soberness and gayety. The party should be a small and well-chosen one; the day should be neither too warm nor too cold, just cool enough to give the fish an appetite, and no more; the punt should be moored in some quiet reach of a stream, the tackle should be good, the ground-bait plentiful, the luncheon appetizing; and then, with agreeable companions, who, not afraid to speak above a whisper, as though they stood in awe of the little fishes, can be merry without being boisterous, the time passes quickly enough, and makes us long for many more such days, particularly if, as we are poled slowly home in the evening, the well is stocked with red-eyed perch and little silver gudgeon, which latter will be excellent fried at the morrow's breakfast.



FISHING IN THE COUNTRY.

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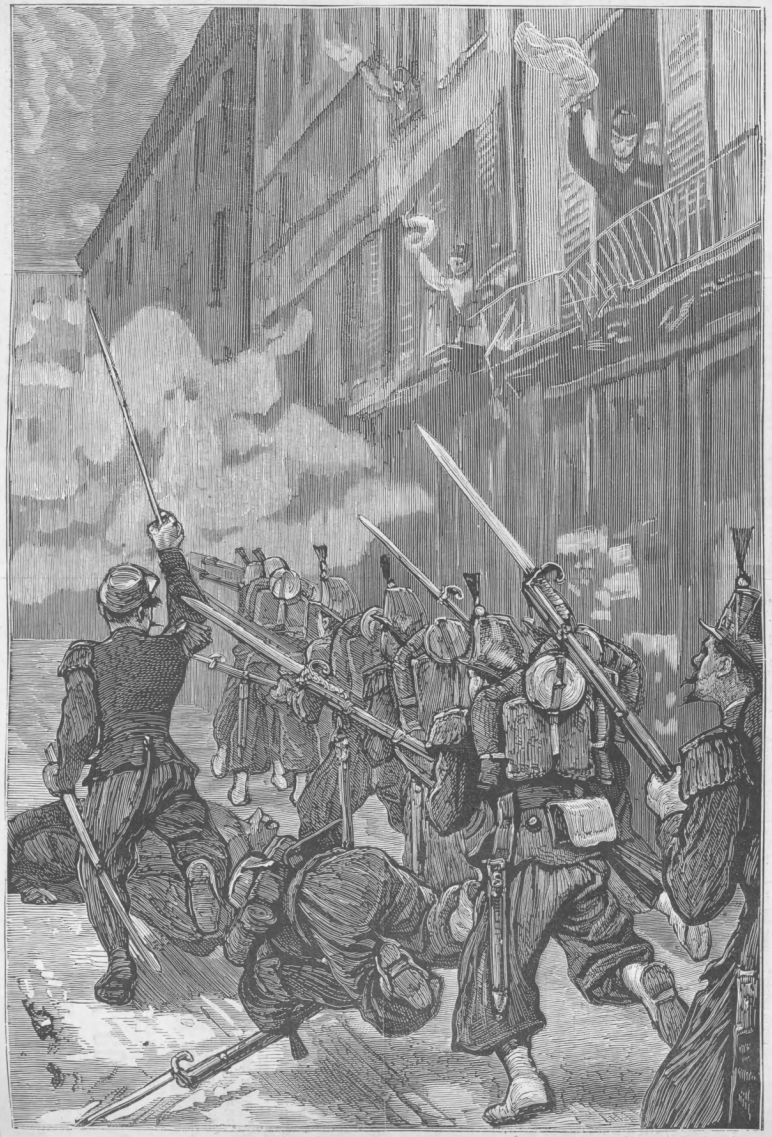


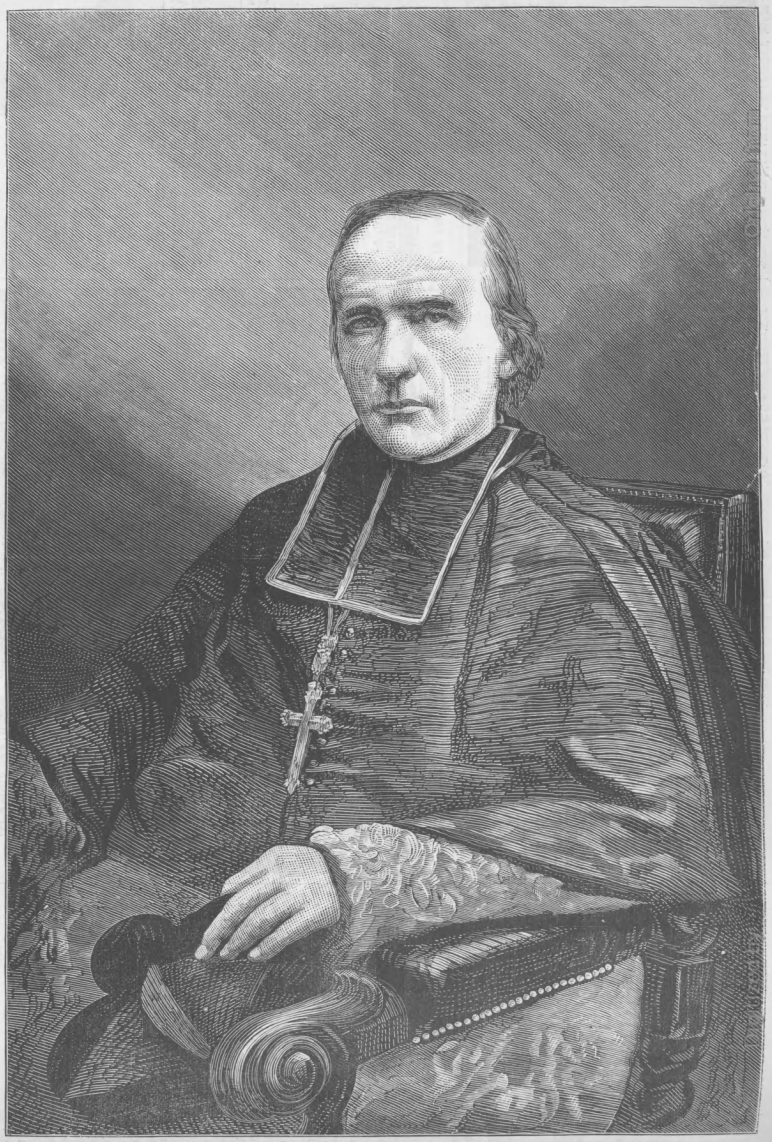
STREET FIGHTING IN PARIS—"VIVE LA LIGNE!"—[SEE PAGE 646.]

THE LATE ARCHBISHOP DARBOY.

DURING the reign of the present pontiff three Archbishops of Paris have died violent deaths. Mgr. SIBOUR fell a victim to the private revenge of a renegade priest; Mgr. AFFRE was shot during the insurrection of June, 1848, by a blood-thirsty mob whom he was endeavoring to address in words of peace and quietness; while Mgr. DARBOY has been murdered in a still more barbarous and dastardly manner. He was seized in the latter part of last March by the Communists, and shut up in the Mazas prison, with other hostages. Here he was very rigorously treated. He was confined in a cell six feet by ten, lighted by one small window, and containing a wooden chair, wooden table, and a prison bed. Till Mr. WASHBURNE visited him, on the 23d of April, he had seen no one since his capture, nor was he allowed to receive intelligence of passing events.

A month later, when the capture of Paris by the Versailles troops appeared certain, the hostages were removed from Mazas to the prison of LA ROQUETTE, and on the 24th of May, at half past seven in the evening, one LEFRANÇAIS, the director of the prison, and an ex-convict, ascended at the head of fifty Federals to the gallery where the principal prisoners were confined. An official summoned the prisoners from their respective cells, the Archbishop being taken first. They were marched down to the road running round the prison, which was lined with National Guards, who received them with insults and abuse. The prisoners were then taken into a court-yard, where they found a firing-party awaiting them. Mgr. DARBOY stepped forward, and addressing his assassins, uttered a few words of pardon. Two of the men were touched; they knelt and besought his forgiveness. For this conduct they were attacked with reproaches by their comrades. Then the Federals loaded their weapons. Father ALLARD was placed against the wall, and was the first to be shot down. Then Mgr. DARBOY in his turn fell. The bodies were then placed in a cart requisitioned from a railway company, carried to Père la Chaise, and deposited in the last trench of the "Fosse Commune." They were afterward exhumed by the victorious Versaillese, and the body of the Archbishop was exhibited to the public for several days, clad in ecclesiastical robes, but bearing the marks of the ghastly wounds which caused his death. Since then it has received an honorable funeral.

GEORGES DARBOY was born at Fayl-Billot (Haute Marne) in 1813, was educated at the Ecclesiastical Seminary at Langres, was ordained priest in 1836, and soon after appointed curé of St. Dizier, near Vassy. Then for about ten years he was Professor of Philosophy and Theology in the Langres Seminary. In 1846 Archbishop AFFRE summoned him to Paris, appointed him Almoner of the College of Henry IV., and an honorary canon of Notre Dame. In 1846 he accompanied the then Archbishop of Paris (SIBOUR) to Rome, in 1859 he became Bishop of Nancy, and in 1863 suc-



THE LATE MONSEIGNEUR DARBOY, ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS.

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ceeded Cardinal MORLOT as Archbishop of Paris. At the Vatican Council in Rome last year he advocated moderation on the infallibility question, but on the decision of the Council being declared he gave in his adherence to its definitions. His exact views on this subject have since been somewhat hotly discussed; we prefer to pass them by in silence, and regard him as a worthy, liberal-minded Christian man. During the exhibition of 1867 he cheerfully allowed Protestant Bibles and books to be sold, saying that though he could not accept Protestant doctrines, any thing would be welcome which would rouse the Parisians from their pagan state, and teach them the immortality of the soul; while one of his last acts as a member of the Paris Committee of the Lord Mayor's Fund was to accede heartily to a proposal for relieving those Protestant orphanages in France which had suffered from the war. The Rev. E. FORBES, of Paris, who relates this anecdote, says: "Only four days previous to his murder I joined the Protestant *pasteurs* in an address to the members of the Commune, beseeching them not to imbrue their hands in the blood of innocent hostages. But alas! 'their feet were swift to shed blood; destruction and misery were in their ways.'"

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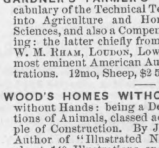

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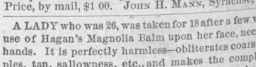

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THE NIGHT EDITOR.—DRAWN BY ARTHUR LUMLEY.—[SEE PAGE 658.]

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ON THE SHORE.

By KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD.

The wind pressed outward from the land
To mutter round the rocky strand;
The summer night was very still,
Save for the trees upon the hill.

About me in my leafy place
The branches blew before my face,
As straining out to watch with me
The ship far off upon the sea.

Just where the sail fell out of sight
One faint star trembled on the night;
Beyond my reach, I said, that star
Shall keep my steady watch afar:

Shall hang o'er all the wayward track,
The going and the coming back,
And in its place more brightly burn
To tell me of a safe return.

Again I watched the low sky swim
And darken to the ocean rim;
Far on their edge a cloudy line
Lay right across my chosen sign.

From underneath the heavy pall
A star shot out—I saw it fall—
And, moaning up the lone hill-side,
There came a sad wind from the tide.

The boughs fell back into the night,
As stricken with a sudden fright;
I turned with them and bowed my face—
I knew what evil thing had place:

I hid my eyes, I held my breath
Before the messenger of Death;
Nor watch nor cry should evermore
Bring back my sunken ship to shore.

So many stars within the sky,
And none to tell my hope more nigh!
So many sails upon the sea,
And never one to come to me!

THE NIGHT EDITOR.

How many people of the thousands who skim over their morning paper at the breakfast-table, glancing idly at the telegraphic and local news columns, the editorial articles, the literary reviews, the musical and dramatic criticism, the money article, market reports, shipping intelligence, and the miscellaneous items that serve to fill out the closely printed columns, have any conception of the varied and complex machinery of the establishment that, every day in the year, turns out this marvel of intellectual and mechanical enterprise? The newspaper has become such a matter of course that people see nothing remarkable in its appearance. They expect to find it every morning flung on the front door-step by the carrier, as regularly as the sun rises, and rarely bestow a thought on the means by which this is accomplished.

Let us take Mr. LUMLEY's suggestive picture on page 657 as our text, and see how it is done.

The office of a morning paper during the greater part of the day is as dull and quiet as a school-house on a Saturday afternoon. About eleven o'clock the reporters generally stroll in to get their assignments and instructions from the city editor, whose duty it is to look after local news, the courts, meetings, and every thing relating to the city and its suburbs. The exchange editor is also on hand toward noon, to look over the files of exchanges, cut out and prepare whatever may be of interest, and mark such articles as should be seen by the editor in chief, or any of his assistants. But the real work of the office begins about seven o'clock in the evening, when the night editor comes on duty. Then there is bustle every where. In the city editor's apartment a score of reporters are busy at their desks, writing out their notes; the exchange editor, scissors in hand, pen over his ear, and paste-pot within easy reach, is poring over files of newspapers from every quarter of the land, carefully arranged by their localities. The facility of a good newspaper reader is something astonishing. With one glance of his eye he takes in the contents of a whole page, and with unerring instinct always lights on the one item, perhaps, which is worthy of his scissors. The only quiet rooms in the establishment are those where the editorial writers are at work, fashioning articles on the various topics suggested by the news.

The busiest man of all is the night editor, on whom falls the responsibility of receiving and arranging the news as it comes in from every part of the world. His position is no sinecure. It is, in fact, most laborious and wearing. If fit for it, he must be a person of extensive and accurate information, of large intelligence, and quickness of judgment. He is responsible for the whole paper. Every line of print, except the advertising columns, passes under his eye. As the telegrams come in he glances rapidly over them, writes in the proper head-lines, makes a note or two, perhaps, for the benefit of the editor in chief, and then sends them to the composing-room to be "set up." There is no order in the telegrams as they arrive. They are sent from the office of the Associated Press in envelopes containing from one to a dozen sheets, and the dispatch on each sheet may be from a different quarter of the world, and incomplete in itself. The same envelope may contain news from Washington, St. Petersburg, Paris, London, San Francisco, and China; and it requires experience and skill to arrange them properly.

Between eleven and twelve o'clock the night editor makes up the first side of the paper, which, if it be an eight-page journal, consists of the 2d, 3d, 6th, and 7th pages. On this side are generally printed most of the advertisements, the market and law reports, book reviews, and letters and articles of general interest which do not come under the head of news. This done, he returns to his desk, where he sits till about half past one, arranging dispatches, and looking over the proofs of the matter he and the other editors have sent up to be put in type. These proofs are taken on strips of paper generally about the length of a column. It is now time to commence making up the second side—the 1st, 4th, 5th, and 8th pages. He gathers his proofs together, taking in their contents with a rapid glance, and mentally deciding on their arrangement. He thinks to himself, perhaps, "This news from Paris is the most important; it must lead the paper with a big display head. This will make about two columns and a half. I will lead the fourth column with the great Pittston disaster, with a display head. Washington news is unimportant, and may go on the last column, or, perhaps, on the fifth page." And so he goes on "making up" as he glances through the matter, so that before he goes to the composing-room he has the arrangement of the whole paper clearly in his mind. Telegrams are perhaps still pouring in; but these are rapidly arranged by an assistant, and sent up to the composing-room.

It is in making up that the necessity of a clear head and quick judgment is most evident. Dispatches that must be printed together may be scattered over half a dozen proofs, and places must be reserved in the forms for others not yet in type. The foreman and his assistants make up all the pages at once, placing the matter as the night editor directs. When there is too much, he is obliged to cut down or omit what is least important. All this occupies less than an hour. By half past two the pages must be ready to be stereotyped, and by a little after three they must be lowered into the press-room. The weary night editor goes home, turns into bed, and lets newspapers slide for the next seven or eight hours.

Such is the routine of a night editor's life. Wearisome as it may seem to outsiders, it has a charm and attraction for the genuine editor which never wear off. The constant variety, the excitement, the responsibility, keep the mind continually exhilarated and on the stretch; and few night editors ever settle contentedly into more quiet pursuits.

THREE SCENES IN THE LIFE OF AN HEIRESS.

I.

"THERE is Helen on the lawn still," said the Honorable Mrs. Meredith to her brother-in-law, Major Richard Palgrave Meredith, as they sat sipping their after-dinner coffee, in the luxurious drawing-room of Meredith Hall; "and I am sure the evenings are too cool still to make it quite safe for her to be out so late."

"And there goes her rustic lover across the lawn to meet her," was the major's reply. "You may as well send Martin with her wraps. It is hardly reasonable to expect sweet eighteen to come in on such a night as this, especially when there is a lover in the case. Egad!" continued the old worldling, as he threw up the window and gazed rapturously on the scene of beauty spread out before him, "if it were not for this rheumatic gout I could enjoy a little philandering myself. Since the days of Lorenzo and Jessica was there ever such a night?"

The scene upon which the major looked was indeed one to make the coldest heart throb more quickly, and to awaken a sentiment of pure delight in even the most worldly breast. The sun had gone down in a blaze of crimson and gold, after a very warm day of a very early spring, and the reflection of its last rays still illumined the tops of the tall trees and shrubs, which were just covered with foliage of that tender and delicate green which, like the first bloom of womanhood on a maiden's cheek, is so short-lived and fleeting, and so exquisitely beautiful while it lasts. The air was heavy with the scent of laburnum and red-May, and the ear was soothed with the soft plash of a fountain and the rush of a tiny water-fall over the rocks in the neighboring woods. Above, in the deep vault of heaven, the crescent moon was shining, while, set almost within its arch, like a jewel in an archangel's crown, shone with a steady light the fairest of evening stars. In the centre of the lawn, with her slight figure well defined against the western sky, stood a girl whose rare beauty of feature and singular purity of expression seemed exactly in consonance with the natural beauties that surrounded her. Slightly above the middle height, her figure had that roundness and fullness, and, at the same time, litheness and flexibility, which can only be expressed by the French word "*svelte*," and which is so rarely seen among the rather ponderous beauties of our British Isles. Her head was small, and, dreadful to relate in these days of Dresden-china beauties, was covered with a rich growth of dark brown hair, which—innocent of chignon or ringlet, crimping-pin or curling-tongs—was drawn back plain and smooth from her low forehead, and fastened in one large coil at the back of her head. Add to these, eyes of a deep, soft gray, a complexion pure and limpid as running water, into which only a passing emotion called a transitory flush, and a mouth which dimpled into the brightest and most electric of smiles upon very slight provocation, and you have a picture of a "fair young English girl" as we knew her a few years since, when slang was confined to stables and bar-rooms, and the "girl of the period" was unknown.

Approaching her from the belt of woods which skirted the lawn on the lower side was a youth a few years older than herself, of gentlemanly presence and manly bearing, but with little in his outer man save his open and undisguised devotion to herself to recommend him in a maiden's eyes. He was received with a smile of welcome and a few words inaudible to the watchers at the drawing-room window, and then, with a glance upward of wonder and delight, they wandered away side by side, occasionally appearing and disappearing under the stately trees which lined the avenue leading to the lodge. Meanwhile the more elderly couple in the drawing-room had finished their coffee, and were engaged in a rather warm discussion, of which the lovers were the unconscious theme.

Left by the will of the late Jasper Meredith joint guardians of his heiress and only child, and loving her with an equally unselfish and undivided affection, Major Meredith and his sister-in-law were still so diametrically opposed in character, temper, and views of life, that it was seldom they agreed in any one point where Helen's welfare or happiness was concerned. Mrs. Meredith was a woman of a singularly pure and guileless nature, whose one aim in life had seemed to be to fulfill the apostolic injunction and keep herself "unspotted from the world;" and under her gentle teachings Helen's childhood had passed literally without thought or knowledge of evil. When her uncle paid his semi-annual visits to Meredith Hall, if a smile was sometimes called forth by the primitive training Mrs. Meredith bestowed upon her daughter, and upon the perfectly unsophisticated views that they both took of life and its objects and purposes, he was yet forced to admit that there was an indescribable charm in the freshness and purity of Helen Meredith's mind and heart which no mere worldly training could supply. As long as Mrs. Meredith confined herself to the moral and religious teaching of her daughter, and provided her with such masters and teachers as her age and station demanded, the major had no disposition to interfere; but when, upon his last Christmas visit, Mrs. Meredith had announced to him Helen's engagement to the Rev. Arthur Maitland, curate of Middleham, poor and obscure, with neither talents nor accomplishments to supply the place of more worldly advantages, the old man had rebelled with all the force and determination of a strong and very worldly nature, and had positively declined to give his consent to such a sacrifice of his wealthy and beautiful ward. At first he had pooh-poohed the whole affair, laughed at Helen to her face, and brought all the artillery of his cynical, brilliant, and thoroughly cultivated intellect to bear upon the unfortunate youth, whose sole attractions, as it seemed to him, lay in his straight features, clerical dress, and entire devotion to his young parishioner.

For once, however, the major's judgment had been at fault; and he perceived, when it was too late, that his violent opposition to the match had only confirmed Helen and her mother in their determination to carry it out. So the crafty old soldier beat a hasty retreat, and after leaving the enemy unmolested for a few months, had come down now with entirely new tactics, which he fondly hoped would carry the position by assault. He had come with the settled determination to take Helen back to town with him for the London season, feeling sure, from his long observation and experience of woman's nature, that the love fever would cure itself when a suitable and sufficient antidote should be found. To make every thing smooth and easy, the major had taken one of the best houses in Park Lane, which, as he said to his sister-in-law, was so unexceptionable in all its appointments that it needed only her presence and that of his niece to make it perfect.

"But you know, Richard, that nothing would induce *me* to go through the racketing of a London season," was Mrs. Meredith's half-weeping reply. "My health is far too delicate for such an undertaking; and as I have never been to London since the year I was presented, I am sure I should be quite out of place in all its glare and bustle. Since it was my dear husband's will that you should be associated with me in the guardianship of our beloved child, I have no wish to interfere in what you may think best for her. At the same time, I am forced to protest against your avowed object in dragging Helen into these scenes of gayety, and that is, to separate her from the one whom her young heart has chosen for its guide and director, and in whose devoted affection she now finds unutterable happiness."

"Pardon me, dear madam," said the major, as with exquisite grace he removed his meerschaum from between his lips and laid it on the table beside him; "only to test the depth and strength of her affection for him, not to destroy it if it really exists. I have seen these little plants shoot up so often from young and tender hearts, and have so seldom found that there was root enough to stand the storms of life, that I wish only to spare your daughter the greatest of all human miseries—a hasty marriage without abiding love. This young man may be all that you believe him to be, and may be all-sufficient to satisfy Helen in her present crude and unformed condition. But Helen Meredith at eighteen and Helen Meredith at twenty-eight will be two very different persons; and pardon me for reminding you that a husband is taken, not for a week or a month or a year, but forever, and that a lifetime of happiness or misery may depend upon the decision we come to now."

"And, pray, is the young man to be left out of your calculations altogether?" said Mrs. Meredith, with a little asperity. "If Helen is safe to grow and develop into the glorious creature you picture her to yourself, why may not Arthur have kept pace with her? Why should not *his* intellect and character mature and improve as well as hers, thereby making him as entirely her equal ten years hence as he is now?"

"*Il n'y a pas de quoi, ma chère belle-sœur*, I greatly fear," replied the major. "However, argument on this point between us two is useless. Let us compromise the matter. Give Helen to me for three months in town. My sister, Lady Menzies, will chaperon her. She shall run the usual gauntlet that every pretty girl of fortune and position must run during a London season, thereby finding her proper level to a dead certainty. No undue influence shall be brought to bear; her correspondence with her rural adorer shall be neither inspected nor restricted; and if at the end of her period of trial Helen is still anxious to fulfill her engagement, I pledge you my word to give my unqualified consent to the match, and the wedding may take place as soon as you please."

Mrs. Meredith was vanquished. The terms of capitulation were so fair and open, the advantages so clearly on her own side, that in spite of fears and misgivings she was forced to give in to the major's proposition. After all, the time was short; no great harm could come to her innocent child from three months' mingling with the world; and she felt sure that under her uncle's guardianship, and with such a chaperon as his sister, Helen would be hedged in by every possible precaution that the strictest rules of conventionality could impose. Then she had been all her life so completely "one man's woman," so entirely absorbed in the one object of her first and only love, that to question the probability of Helen's remaining true to her lover was almost to doubt her being her own child. She hesitated, however, for a moment before giving her entire consent to the major's plan; but in the mean time that veteran in diplomacy had escaped through the drawing-room window, and with Helen's arm drawn through his own, and Arthur walking rather disconsolately on the other side, was unfolding his plans for the coming three months, and filling his ward's youthful imagination with the wildest dreams of pleasure.

II.

More than six weeks have come and gone, and again the moon looks down upon a scene of beauty which, if possible, surpasses that of the early spring evening at Meredith Hall. This time it is the full moon, which floods with its silvery light the exquisite grounds of a gentleman's villa on the banks of the river Thames. The annual rose fête of Lady St. John has been the talk and anticipation of the gay world of London for many weeks before; and now that the day is absolutely here, all feel that every promise and dream of enjoyment and perfection has been entirely realized. Since an early hour of the afternoon the grounds, which for taste and beauty of arrangement are unsurpassed in the neighborhood of London, have been thronged with the very *crème de la crème* of the London *beau monde*. Dotting the beautiful lawns with their gay, fantastic dresses, vying with the brilliant parterres of flowers in their varied and delicate beauty, the numerous parties of croquet-players have gradually dispersed as the day declined, and now at the rising of the glorious moon are crowding the pavilion, where dancing has been for some time going on, or straying off by lake and river, to the utter confusion and bewilderment of matrons and chaperons.

Standing at the door of the pavilion, and intently watching a couple, to whom, indeed, the attention of all the lookers-on was directed, was our old friend the major; and so preoccupied was he with his own reflections that he came as near to a start and an exclamation as a man of his unexceptionable breeding was capable of coming, when his kind hostess, Lady St. John, approached him from behind, and in a bantering tone exclaimed:

"Absorbed in the contemplation of your niece's charms, my dear major, or weighed down by your responsibilities as chaperon? I remember being told once by an old comrade in arms of yours in India that 'whatever Meredith did was certain of being done well.' Certainly your triumphs in camp and field are hardly exceeded by your successes in the great arena of London life. After a career of unparalleled social successes on your own account, you finish by bringing out the most beautiful and faultless *débutante* that London has seen for many seasons; thus securing to yourself the gratification of a parent's pride and ambition, without ever having endured the chagrin and *désagrémens* of domestic life. And now the world says you are about to enjoy the crowning triumph of your life by wedding your beautiful ward at the close of her first season to the most brilliant and desirable *parti* in England."

The slightest possible shade of annoyance passed over the major's ordinarily impassible features, but he bowed low in acknowledgment of the compliments addressed to himself, and replied:

"Your ladyship does me too much honor. To tell you the truth, at the moment you spoke I was debating a very serious question in my own mind, and that is, whether Helen's toilet to-night is not susceptible of very considerable improvement. Madame Manoury hardly did justice to her usually faultless taste when she sent that wreath of apple blossoms for my niece's classical head."

"A charming variety, my dear major," replied the woman of the world, falling in at once with her companion's evident determination to avoid serious topics—"a charming variety upon the usual severe simplicity of Miss Meredith's coiffure. Your ward is one of those highly favored mortals who can adopt any style she pleases, and be beautiful in all. No modiste or coiffeur could mar the perfection of her wonderful beauty."

As she spoke the music stopped, and Helen approached the window, leaning upon the arm of a man of about thirty years of age, whose dignity of bearing and ordinarily grave and earnest expression were now both softened and enlivened by the gay scene around, and by his unmistakable happiness in the companionship of the lovely girl upon his arm.

"Ready for home, Helen?" was the major's

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first salutation. "Eight hours of unalloyed happiness is about as much as poor human nature has a right to expect at one time. Shall I look for your aunt and call the carriage, my dear?"

"Oh no, dear uncle, not yet," replied Helen, with an appealing glance. "Give me just one half hour more to enjoy this delicious moonlight. Don't be cruel, Guardy; such a night as this does not come more than once in a lifetime."

The man of the world smiled a cynical, sardonic smile. Perhaps his thoughts reverted to another lovely night, when the moon had looked down upon the tender beauty of the early spring, and upon the tender beauty of two fresh young hearts vowing eternal fidelity under its fickle rays. But he contented himself with a shrug of his rather rheumatic shoulders, and a commonplace remark to Lady St. John upon the irresistible attraction that youth and moonlight appeared to have for each other.

Meanwhile Helen and the young earl, who had been, during the six weeks of her London campaign, her daily, almost hourly attendant, wandered quietly away over the closely shaven lawn, and were soon lost in the mazes of distant avenues and woodlands. For a time they walked without uttering a word; then Helen, finding the silence somewhat embarrassing, remarked upon the beauty of the night, and asked some unimportant question about the arrangements for the flower-show on the following day.

"I am doubtful about going to the fête tomorrow," was her companion's reply. "This has been so perfect in every respect that it seems to me almost like tempting Providence to attempt to renew such happiness as I have felt today."

"I believe you are right," said Helen, pensively; "and yet one gets so accustomed to this eternal round of pleasure-seeking that I suppose time would hang heavily with no excitement in prospect. And yet for me it will all soon be over; my three months of London life are drawing rapidly to a close, and it is hardly probable that I shall ever renew them."

"Do not let us talk of the end of any thing to-night," said her companion, tenderly; "the scene is too peaceful, the enjoyment too perfect, to admit a thought of change. Let us rather dwell upon the unchangeableness—the eternity—of at least some human emotions. Let us believe that the happiness of this present hour may be prolonged through the whole of our after lives. As for me, it may and will be, Helen, if you will consent to fight the great battle at my side."

He lowered his voice almost to a whisper as he said these words, and the deep, full tones, which had been these many weeks like sweetest music in Helen Meredith's ears, seemed now to curdle the very life-blood in her veins. Her silence, and the deadly pallor of her face as she walked on mechanically by his side, were interpreted by her companion as favorable to his suit; and without pressing her for an immediate answer, he took her hand gently into his own, and said:

"What I tell you can hardly seem strange or new to you, dear Helen. You must have seen, this long time past, how entirely you have possessed all that I have to give of affection and devotion; you must know that the happiness of my whole future life depends upon the answer that you give me now. I have sometimes dared to hope that my deep devotion has awakened a response in your heart, dearest. If I have been wrong, God help me!" he continued, as Helen struggled to release her hand, which had grown every moment colder and colder in his fervent grasp. "If you can not love me, Helen, I must look to Heaven for comfort, for no earthly consolation will avail." His voice trembled as he spoke these words, and again he took her hand within his own, and pressed it tenderly to his lips. This time Helen had not the courage to withdraw it, but let it lie a few moments in the strong, firm grasp, where she would gladly—oh, so gladly!—have let it lie forever. Then, making one great effort, she raised her large gray eyes to his face, those eyes, in whose clear depths no falsehood could be mirrored, and said, in a firm, sad tone:

"It can never be. If I have deceived you, if I have given rise to false hopes, believe me it was unintentional. I never knew—I never thought what all these pleasant times would lead to. I never meant. Oh, Lord Seaton, forgive me! forgive me! You can not be more miserable than I am myself." And she burst into a fit of convulsive sobbing, which distressed as much as it astonished her companion. He led her to a rustic bench, and seating himself beside her, strove with the utmost gentleness and deference to calm her agitation.

Then Helen told him the brief story of her life—her youthful fancy for Arthur Maitland, her firm belief in his unalterable attachment to herself, and her determination to keep her plighted faith with him. It was in vain that her lover argued and pleaded; in vain he strove to convince her that an engagement formed in the ignorance and thoughtlessness of excessive youth could not be considered binding; in vain too, that he strove to extract some little word or look that would indicate a latent preference for himself. Helen had been educated in the strictest school of womanly honor and rectitude. Truth and constancy were a sort of religion with her; and, like the Spartan youth, she would let her very heart be eaten out before she would expose to any human eye the cause of the agony she was suffering. Lord Seaton was a man to appreciate and respect the nobility of soul that spoke in every word and look of the woman he so dearly loved; and while his heart sank under the weight of his own disappointment he felt proud of the choice that heart had made, even though it had been made in vain.

"Do not think too harshly of me," the poor girl said, as they rose and walked slowly toward the house. "I am young and without knowledge or experience of the world. I never thought that any one would come to love me in this way. God bless you for all your kindness to me, and thank you very much for the pleasant hours we have spent together. Perhaps we may meet again." Her voice faltered, and she felt that she was unconsciously betraying what she most desired to hide; but she could not leave him without a few words of gratitude and kindliness, and Lord Seaton was too much at heart the gentleman to take advantage of the betrayal of feeling, which, however, he had not failed to perceive.

"God bless you, my heart's darling," he said, as he detained her one moment where the moonbeams fell full and clear upon her pure young face, irradiating it with an almost unearthly beauty. "God bless you, Helen; and remember always that as I have loved you since first I came to know you—as I love you now—so shall I continue to love you unto my life's end. Time and absence will make no change in me. Will you promise me to remember this, dear, and to act upon it should you ever be free again?"

"Yes, I can promise that," was her simple answer; "and I shall never forget you, even though we never meet again."

All further conversation was prevented by their near approach to the great avenue, where the bustle of departure had some time before commenced. Major Meredith approached them as soon as they came in sight, and wrapping his niece in her luxurious *sortie de bal*, announced that his carriage had been waiting, and Lady Menzies impatient to be gone, for the last half hour. Helen made some confused apology for her long absence, and, still on Lord Seaton's arm, followed her uncle to the principal entrance, where his carriage had been "stopping the way" for a rather unreasonable time. In another moment she was seated in it. The door was banged by the weary footman, and Seaton, his head uncovered, had waved his last adieu to the woman he adored. In another half hour the gay crowd had entirely dispersed, the lights were extinguished, and silence and darkness settled down upon the scene of so much gayety and so many triumphs. So, upon two young hearts, which at the opening of the fête had beat high with hope and happiness, the night of disappointment and despair had settled darkly down.

III.

Again the moon—this time the harvest-moon—is flooding the world with beauty; and at the drawing-room window of Meredith Hall Helen and her mother are seated, hand in hand, enjoying their first evening of uninterrupted familiar intercourse after their long separation. The mother's face is anxious and perturbed; these three short months seem to have planted lines of care upon its smooth surface which her whole lifetime of undisturbed serenity had failed to produce. Her manner, too, is nervous and distrait, so different from the calm repose which has always marked her perfect breeding that Helen for the time forgets her own aching heart to wonder what has worked this sudden change.

Over both mother and child an inexplicable restraint has fallen. A dark cloud of concealment and distrust seems to have come between them and the free, unfettered intercourse of former days, which both are straining to recover. Both have a great deal to tell and a great deal to hear. Helen has described a dozen balls and fêtes, has enlarged upon dinners, operas, theatres, and toilets, and has asked after all her friends and pensioners in the parish rather oftener than a real interest in their welfare would have prompted.

Mrs. Meredith in return has talked with a volubility quite foreign to her nature of all that has been going on in Middleham during Helen's absence; of the fever that had broken out among the school-children; of the old people that had died, and the babies that had been born; of her geraniums and azaleas; of the marriage of John, the footman, and the difficulty she had had in finding one to replace him of the regulation height; of every thing, in short, that had occurred or was likely to occur within the range of their household interests, except the one subject nearest both their hearts—Helen's approaching marriage.

To her mother Helen had never mentioned Lord Seaton's name. She had come home more than ever determined to fulfill her engagement with Arthur Maitland, and was nerving herself to inquire where he was, and when she might expect to see him, when Major Meredith entered from the dining-room, and was welcomed by both ladies as a relief rather than an interruption.

There was a look of quiet satisfaction on the major's face as he seated himself by the drawing-room table, and a twinkle in the corner of his eye which Helen knew meant mischief.

"Have you seen the *Times* to-day, dear madam?" he said, as the ladies left the window, and Mrs. Meredith began to busy herself with the tea equipage, which had just been put upon the table. "There is an announcement in the first column which I fancy will interest Helen."

"Not among the deaths, I hope, dear uncle?"

"No, nor among the births," was his quiet reply. "But take the *juste milieu*—the list of marriages, my dear; if I do not mistake, you will find that an old friend of yours has disposed of himself for life without even asking us to the wedding. Not very civil, I must admit, for I am sure no one would rejoice with him more heartily than myself."

Helen took the paper from her uncle's hand, and ran her eye carelessly down the list, and then burst into a ringing laugh as she read the following announcement:

"At Mowbray House, on Thursday, the 22d instant, by the Very Rev. the Dean of Salisbury, the Rev. Arthur Maitland to Judith, only daughter of Henry Mowbray, of Mowbray House, Esquire."

Helen's mirth seemed to be contagious. The major, too, laughed long and loud at this unexpected solution of a problem which he was bound to confess had puzzled even his old head not a little, and out of the mazes of which, for Helen or himself, he had failed to see his way quite clear.

"Congratulate me, dear madam," he said, as soon as he could speak; "let us kiss and shake hands all round. Helen, my dear child, pardon me if I am not sufficiently sympathetic; but, to tell the truth, I never thought your rustic swain would be half so considerate as to do for us what we so disliked to do for ourselves. But your good mamma looks confused and mystified at our unseemly joy. Tell me, dear madam, did you anticipate this rather prosaic termination of 'Love's young dream?'"

"I knew of Arthur's attachment to the young lady, and of his fickle, heartless desertion of my own dear child," was her faltering answer. "A week ago Arthur came to me, and tried to explain the change in his feelings, but I had no strength or patience to listen to him, and have been trying ever since to nerve myself to break the news to Helen. But *you* have told it so abruptly, and it seems to have produced an effect so entirely opposite to what I had looked for, that I am sorry now I have spent so many sleepless nights, and made myself so uncomfortable about the matter."

"Poor, dear, darling mamma!" exclaimed Helen; "she shall never be made uncomfortable again by her fickle daughter and her fickle lovers. Here, wrap your shawl around you, and come out into this delicious moonlight, that I may tell you about another change that these magical three months have worked. Guardy was right, after all, mamma; so we will leave him to enjoy his triumph himself."

"Thank you," replied the major; "but my triumphs have not been so few or far between that I should exult much over one that was so long self-evident as this. Besides, I must write to Lord Seaton."

"To Lord Seaton! what for?" exclaimed Helen, in a tone of alarm.

"Only to invite him down for partridge-shooting in September. I suppose I may take that liberty. He won't interfere with you, my dear." And the major wrote.

At the beginning of the new year the marriage was celebrated in the parish church of Middleham. And a brilliant assemblage of relatives and friends assisted at the breakfast that was afterward given at Meredith Hall.

As the bridegroom and his beautiful bride drove away from the great door, Major Meredith turned quietly to his sister-in-law and remarked:

"What do you say to the eternity of first love now, *belle-sœur* Was I wrong to take Helen to London?"

It was the conqueror's first note of exultation over his victory, and we must pardon him if he rather enjoyed it.

SYMBOLISM OF THE CROSS.

PROBABLY no symbol has been so universally employed in religion and art as the cross, in its various forms and modifications. We see it fashioned of gold or silver, richly wrought and incrusted with gems—of amber and onyx, of ebony and ivory, and other rare and costly materials. It is graven on the eucharistic vessels, embroidered on altar-cloths and priestly vestments, and cut in relief on tombs and ecclesiastical structures. Popes, bishops, priests, and abbesses wear it upon their breasts. It may here be remarked, *en passant*, that any person of good taste, or having a proper sense of the fitness of things, would avoid wearing, for display merely, ornaments in the form of a Latin cross—that on which our Lord suffered. There are the Maltese cross and others used in heraldry, which are more suitable for such a purpose.

The most common forms of the cross are the *crux immissa*, or Latin cross, having one of its arms longer than the other three; the Greek cross, which has the arms all of equal length; the *crux decussata*, saltire, or St. Andrew's cross, so named because legend affirms that that saint suffered upon such a one; and the *crux ansata*, or St. Anthony's cross. This is also the sacred Tau of the Egyptians. Then there is the Constantine cross—which consists of the Greek letters *X* and *P*, answering to our *Ch* and *R*, and thus forming the initial letters of the word *Christos*—the Maltese cross, and many others used in heraldry, such as cramponée, pattée, fourchée, etc. In religious processions a triple cross is carried before the pope, a double one before a patriarch or cardinal, and a single one before a bishop.

In the Roman Catholic and Greek churches scarcely any sacrament is held valid unless accompanied by the sign of the cross. The devout worshiper makes the sign of the cross upon entering or leaving the church, and it is believed that it is efficacious in repelling the assaults of the Evil One and warding off pestilence and dangers. The Russian peasant, in the midst of his noisy carousing and reveling, makes the sign of the cross over his drinking-cup, just as did King Olaf, whom Longfellow tells about:

> "O'er his drinking-horn the sign
> He made of the cross divine."

Churches and cathedrals are frequently built in the cruciform shape; and in many countries it is very common to see large crosses erected in places of public concourse for purposes of worship or to commemorate some event. The famous Charing (*chère reine*) Cross derives its name from its being one of the places where King Edward set up a cross to mark where the body of his queen, Eleanor, rested during the progress of the funeral cortége to Westminster.

But it is not among Christians only that the cross has been employed as a religious symbol. It was used as such by the aborigines of North and South America, as well as by the most ancient nations of the Old World. Prescott relates that the Spaniards found the cross as an object of worship in the temples of Mexico; and researches in Central America and Peru prove that it was used in the same way by the inhabitants of those countries. Mr. Brinton, in "Myths of the New World," says that the Indians regard the cross as an emblem of the four cardinal points of the compass.

The ancient Phœnicians, Persians, Assyrians, and Brahmins looked upon the cross as a holy symbol, as is abundantly testified by the numerous hieroglyphics and the pictorial representations on their monumental remains. The cross is figured on Egyptian coins of the time of the Ptolemies; and Rufinus, Socrates, and Sozomen, ecclesiastical historians of the fourth and fifth centuries, all refer to the discovery of the sign of the cross in the temple of Serapis, where it was guarded by the Egyptians as emblematic of the future life.

Then, again, traces of the cross are found in ancient Gallic remains, and in relics of the lacustrine cities in Northern Italy. Mr. Baring-Gould is of the opinion that the shamrock, or trefoil, was held sacred among the Druids on account of its shape—the stalk representing the long arm of the cross, and the three-lobed leaves the shorter arms. It was precisely this very idea which made the early Christians seize upon it as the emblem of their faith. That which hitherto had been the symbol of humiliation and shame now became their glory. The instrument of Christ's passion by his death upon it became hallowed for all time.

THE BONES OF KING ALFRED.

ACCORDING to Asser, the learned biographer and historian, Alfred the Great breathed his last on the 28th October, 900, at Wilton, and was buried in the Saxon nunnery in that town, upon the site of his own palace, in that year. Here he lay two years, and was then removed to Winchester Cathedral. He lay there, but one year; then, in the year 903, Archbishop Plegrind took up his body once more, and, laying it in a royal porphyry monument, bore it to the new minster in the same cathedral close, built by King Edward the Elder, his son, who paid a golden mark for every foot of land upon which it stood. Here it remained for a period of 209 years. This brings us to the year 1112, when the new minster was taken down, and re-erected just outside the city walls of Winchester, at a spot of ground then called Hyde Abbey, because the Beauclerk gave the monks, of whom there were twenty-four appointed to sing, "a whole hyde of land in a pleasant meadow surrounded by rows of willows, and also by four clear running streams of water." The Norman king gave them ample revenues and liberal charters for their good government, and rich grants of land in the county of Hants, for their own maintenance. So the Abbey of Hyde was finished in the short space of two years, and decorated with increased magnificence and becoming splendor. It had a splendid jeweled cross which Canute gave to the new minster, to be placed before the high altar, valued by Dugdale at no less than £4864 13*s.* 4*d.* In order to show his respect for the monastery in which the good Saxon king was to be last buried, King Henry I., with his queen and courtiers, assisted by Bishop Gifford of Winchester, and all his clergy, in white, carrying crucifixes and palm branches in their hands, went in a grand procession to take up the bodies of King Alfred, his queen, Alswitha, and two sons (Edward the Elder, also their youngest son), and laying them in new coffins of lead, wood, and stone, they bore them from the cathedral close—the walls of the new minster being all leveled now—to Hyde meadow, where, in the year 1112, they lowered them into royal vaults prepared for them in the Abbey choir, before the high altar; and here in this latter Abbey Church they reposed for no less than 686 years in peace. But, in the year 1788, a Mr. Page rifled the tombs of all valuables, leaving these royal skeletons in the bottom of the vault, at a depth of six feet, coffinless and dishonored, selling the lead from the coffins. Mr. Page was superintendent of a new Bridewell, then built on the spot, and since removed. The skeletons themselves were left untouched. Here, just where Mr. Page left them, they were found by Mr. John Mellor in 1866, with part of the royal sceptre, and pieces of ermine from the royal cape. The bones of this good Saxon king are now lying, with those of his pious queen and two sons, in a little brick vault in St. Bartholomew's Chapel Yard, Hyde Street, Winchester, where the late vicar placed them after they were found. Mr. Mellor has since added many circumstantial proofs which seem to leave little doubt as to the reality of the discovery of the very bones of the good and great Saxon king. Whether it is worth while to do further honor to the venerable relics we leave antiquaries to decide. At nearly a thousand years' distance, hardly any feeling except superstition could turn the bones to any profitable use. We are content with the general statement of history that Alfred was buried at Winchester. A proposal has indeed been made to rescue the remains of the great Saxon king from the brick vault where they now lie, and at least to put them into an ornamental sarcophagus, deposited above-ground, say in the Church of St. Bartholomew, which overlooks the once celebrated Abbey where the king was originally buried. Why should this not be undertaken by the University of Oxford, which owes its first prosperity, if not its origin, to Alfred? Is there no public spirit in Brazenose or in University College for such a tribute of loyal honor to King Alfred?

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PA TO MA - NOW, MY DEAR, SEE IF YOU CANT FIND WEALTHY HUSBANDS FOR OUR GIRLS THIS SUMMER OTHERWISE WE SHALL HAVE TO HAVE AN AUCTION

AT SARATOGA.

DONT BE IN A HURRY, GIRLS, LET ME FIRST SEE IF THERE ARE ANY OBJECTIONABLE PERSONS HERE.

HOW DARE YOU DISOBEY ME AND FLIRT WITH THOSE ARMY OFFICERS AND CLERKS?

CUPID TRIUMPHANT.

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MEMORIES OF DISTINGUISHED AUTHORS.

LEIGH HUNT.

BY S. C. HALL.

LEIGH HUNT.

LEIGH HUNT was the son of a clergyman of the Church of England, and was born at Southgate, in Middlesex, October 19, 1784. Like Coleridge and Lamb, he was educated at Christ's Hospital, and chiefly under the same grammar-master; and, like Lamb, he was prevented from going to the University (which, on the Christ's Hospital foundation, is understood to imply going into the Church) by an impediment in his speech, which, however, he had the better luck to outgrow. At school, as afterward, he was remarkable for exuberance of animal spirits, and for passionate attachment to his friends, but did not evince any great regard for his studies, except when the exercises were in verse. His prose themes were so bad that the master used to crumple them up in his hand, and throw them to the boys for their amusement. Animal spirits, a power of receiving delight from the commonest every-day objects, as well as remote ones, and a sort of luxurious natural piety, if I may so speak, are the prevailing influences of Mr. Hunt's writings. His friend Hazlitt used to say of him, in allusion to his spirits, and to his family stock (which is from the West Indies), that he had "tropical blood in his veins."

"He has been an ardent politician in his time, and has suffered in almost every possible way for opinions which, whether right or wrong, he has lived to see, in a great measure, triumph. Time and suffering, without altering them, we understand, have blunted his exertions as a partisan, by showing him the excuses common and necessary to all men, but the zeal which he has lost as a partisan he no less evinces for the advancement of mankind."

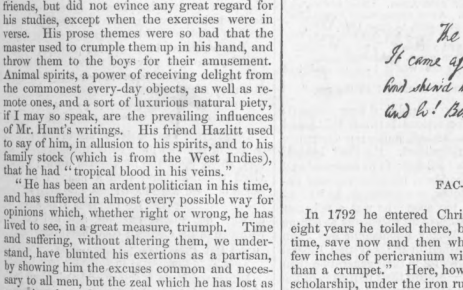
These passages are contained in a letter addressed to me by Leigh Hunt in 1838, and were notes for a biography I wrote of him in the "Book of Gems." His ancestors, who originally "hailed" from Devonshire, were, on the father's side, Tories and Cavaliers who fled from the tyranny of Cromwell, and settled in Barbadoes. His grandmother was "an O'Brien, and very proud of her descent from Irish kings." At the outbreak of the American Revolution, his father, for the zeal he displayed in his speeches and writings on the Royalist side, became obnoxious to the popular party. He was dragged out of his house, and after having narrowly escaped being tarred and feathered, was carried to prison, but was enabled to escape by a heavy bribe to one of the sentinels who guarded him, and getting on board a ship in the Delaware, made his way to Barbadoes, and thence to England. By his loyalty a very considerable landed estate was lost to his family. He ultimately, however, became a Republican and a "Universalist, a sect that believed all mankind, and even the demons, would be eventually saved." After some time practicing as a lawyer in Philadelphia, he "emigrated" to England, and entered the Church, having wedded a lady of Pennsylvania against the consent of her father, "a stern merchant." "She had Quaker breeding," and although of a proverbially "fierce race"—the Shewells—she was meek, kindly, and Christian; and from her, no doubt, the poet derived much of the gentle urbanity and generous sympathy that were essential features in his character. To her, also, he traces a "constitutional timidity" that "often perplexed him through life;" it is not so much seen in his books as it was in his conversation and conduct. This characteristic was noticed by many, who wondered that so "mild" a person should have embarked on the stormy sea of politics, and have become a fierce partisan of the pen.

His father, not long after he made his home in England, took orders, and became tutor to the nephew of the Duke of Chandos, whose name was Leigh, after whom he called his latest-born,* who was nine years younger than the youngest of his brothers, of whom there were several. His father had the spiritual cure of Southgate; and there, Leigh Hunt writes, "I first saw the light." Southgate was then "lying out of the way of innovation," with a pure sweet air of antiquity about it, on the border of Enfield Chase, and in the parish of Edmonton. The house is yet standing, and I have engraved it. The neighborhood retains much of its peculiar character; it has still "an air of antiquity;" of old houses and ancient trees many yet remain; the forest is, indeed, gone, but modern "improvements" have but little spoiled the locality.

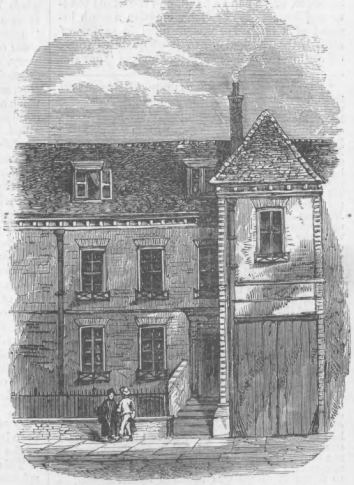
LEIGH HUNT'S COTTAGE AT HAMPSTEAD.

In 1792 he entered Christ's Hospital. For eight years he toiled there, bare-headed all that time, save now and then when "he covered a few inches of pericranium with a cap no bigger than a crumpet." Here, however, he obtained a scholarship, under the iron rule of the hard taskmaster of whom something has been said in the Memory of Coleridge. No doubt much of the after-tone of his mind was derived from his long residence in the heart of a great city, and to it may be traced not only his love of streets, but his love of flowers—his luxuries at every period of his life. He was grateful to the Hospital for having "bred him up in old cloisters," for the friendships he formed there, and for the "introductions it gave him to Homer and to Ovid." In 1802 his father published a volume of his verses under the title of "Juvenilia," of which the poet in his maturity grew ashamed. For some time he was "in the law-office of his brother Stephen." Gradually he drew in, and gave out, knowledge. He next obtained a clerkship in the War-Office, which he relinquished when he became a political writer—first in a weekly paper called *The News*, and afterward in the *Examiner*. He was, by profession, a Man of Letters, working with his pen for his daily bread, and "becoming all at once a critic of authors, actors, and artists." In 1808 the two brothers, John and Leigh, "set up" "the *Examiner*, the main objects of which were" (as Leigh states in his Autobiography) "to assist in producing Reform in Parliament, liberality of opinion in general (especially freedom from superstition), and a fusion of literary taste into all subjects whatsoever."

They soon made it popular, but had to pay a penalty for the freedom of speech that was then, even in its mildest tones, a crime in England. They were tried and sentenced to two years' imprisonment, and a fine of £1000,* for a libel on the Prince of Wales, and they remained in different prisons until the 3d of February, 1815, John at Coldbath Fields, and Leigh in Surrey Jail, where, however, he was allowed to have his wife (he had married in 1809) and his children with him, and in various other ways his incarceration was made comparatively light; for here he had many admiring and sympathizing visitors, among them Byron, Moore, Maria Edgeworth, Haydon, and Wilkie.



THE BIRTH-PLACE OF LEIGH HUNT.



THE HOUSE IN WHICH LEIGH HUNT DIED.

tration of the text, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," and a belief that God makes almoners of those He enriches with overabundance. Such ideas, however, are opposed to the views of society. Undoubtedly they lower the intellectual standard and debase the mind. Self-respect can rarely exist without independence; yet, to quote the words of a kindred spirit—unhappy Will Kennedy—"if pecuniary embarrassments be a crime, then are the records of genius a Newgate Calendar."*

I do not mean the reader to infer that either privately or publicly there is aught dishonorable to lay to the charge of Leigh Hunt. "Who art thou that judgest another?" But it is certain that his applications to friends for pecuniary aids were frequent, and may have been wearisome. Of such friends he had many. Among the most generous of them was that good man, Horace Smith.†

Surely the lines of Cowley apply with emphatic force to Hunt:

"Business—the frivolous pretense
Of human lusts to cast off innocence!
Business—the thing that I of all things hate!
Business—the contradiction of my fate!"

The truth is that, like many men of his order, he never knew the value of money. He was very generous, and certainly thoughtless, in giving. No reckless extravagance is laid to his charge; his habits were the very opposite to those of a spendthrift; he was utterly indifferent to what are called "the luxuries of life." Simple in his "ways," temperate almost to the extreme, his "feasts" were with the poets, his predecessors, and the table was always well furnished that was covered with books.‡

I have treated this subject with some hesitation, and perhaps should have abstained from it altogether, but that I find the son of the poet writing thus: "The plan of working, the varied and precarious nature of the employments, an inborn dullness of sense as to the lapse of time, conspired to produce a life in which the receipt of handsome earnings alternated with long periods that yielded no income at all. In these intervals credit went a long way, but not far enough. There were gaps of total destitution in which every available source had been absolutely exhausted." "At this juncture," he continues, "appeals were made for assistance, sometimes with and sometimes without the knowledge of Leigh Hunt, and they were largely successful."§

In 1844, Sir Percy Shelley, the son of the poet, succeeded to the title and estates of his grandfather, and one of his earliest acts (under the suggestion of his mother, Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley) was to settle on Leigh Hunt and on his wife, in the event of her surviving him, an annuity of £120; and in 1847 he was placed on the Pension list, and received, "in consideration of his distinguished literary talents," a pension of £200 a year. Lord John Russell, in conveying this boon to him, adds, "The severe treatment you received, in times of unjust persecution of liberal writers, enhances the satisfaction with which I make this announcement." Thus in his old age the comforter came to his home, and the "pecuniary difficulties" that had haunted his whole life were no longer felt—should not have been so, perhaps I ought to say, for I believe pecuniary difficulties were never "entirely removed" from him until he was in his shroud.

That there were fine points in the character of Leigh Hunt all who knew him admitted: foremost among them was his love of truth. In one of his letters to me he writes: "I would rather be considered a hearty loving nature than any thing else in the world; and if I love truth, as I do, it is because I love an apple to be thought an apple, and a hand a hand, and the whole beauty and hopefulness of God's creation a truth instead of a lie." He was justified in saying of himself that he had "two good qualities to set off against many defects"—that he was "not vindictive, and spoke the truth;" although it may have been with him, as he said it was with his friend Hazlitt, "however genuine was his love of truth, his passions may have sometimes led him to mistake it."

Charles Lamb, who dearly loved him, describes his "mild dogmatism" and his "boyish sportiveness;" and Hazlitt writes of him thus: "In conversation he is all life and animation, combining the vivacity of the school-boy with the resources of the wit and the taste of the scholar." Of him Haydon the painter said this: "You would have been burned at the stake for a principle, and you would have feared to put your foot in the mud." Even Byron, who "hated him without a cause," and whose hatred seemed the birth of self-reproach, proclaimed him to be "a good man."

But, to my thinking, the best testimony to the character of Leigh Hunt is that which was borne to it by Lord Lytton, an author who has perhaps had more power to circulate bitter things, and shoot poisoned arrows at his brethren of the pen, than most men, yet who, I believe, has said of them more generous and "helping" things and fewer bitter things than any man living. This character occurs in a review of Leigh Hunt's poetry in the *New Monthly Magazine*, 1833. It is anonymous, but I can do no wrong in stating that Lord Lytton was the writer: "None have excelled him in the kindly sympathies with which, in writing of others, he has softened down the asperities and resisted the caprices common to the exercise of power. In him the young poet has ever found a generous encourager, no less than a faithful guide. None of the jealousy or the rancor ascribed to literary men, and almost natural to such literary men as the world has wronged, has gained access to his true heart, or imbittered his generous sympathies. Struggling against no light misfortunes and no common foes, he has not helped to retaliate upon rising authors the difficulty and the appreciation which had burdened his own career. He has kept undimmed and unbroken, through all reverses, that first requisite of a good critic—a good heart."

I knew but little of Leigh Hunt when he was in his prime. I had met him, however, more than once, soon after his return from Italy, when he recommenced a career of letters which he had been induced to abandon, trusting to visionary hopes in the aid he was to derive from familiar intercourse with Byron. He was tall, but slightly formed, quiet and contemplative in gait and manner, yet apparently affected by momentary impulse; his countenance brisk and animated, receiving its expression chiefly from dark and brilliant eyes, but supplying unequivocal evidence of that mixed blood which he derived from the parent stock, to which his friend Hazlitt alluded in reference to his flow of animal spirits as well as to his descent, "he had tropical blood in his veins." His son Thornton (*Cornhill Magazine*) describes him "as in height about five feet ten inches, remarkably straight and upright in his carriage, with a firm step and a cheerful, almost dashing approach." He had straight black hair, which he wore parted in the centre; a dark, but not pale complexion; black eyebrows, firmly marking the edge of a brow over which was a singularly upright, flat, white forehead, and under which beamed a pair of eyes, dark, brilliant, reflecting, gay, and kind, with a certain look of observant humor. "He had a head larger than most men's; Byron, Shelley, and Keats wore hats which he could not put on."

In 1838 I saw him often, and saw enough of him to have earnest respect and sincere regard for the man whom I had long admired as the poet. He gave me many valuable hints for my guidance while I was compiling "The Book of Gems of British Poets and British Artists." All his "notes" concerning his contemporaries (I have some of them still) were genial, cordial, and laudatory, affording no evidence of envy, no taint of depreciation. His mind was, indeed, like his poetry, a sort of buoyant outbreak of joyousness, and when a tone of sadness pervades it, it is so gentle, confiding, and hoping as to be far more nearly allied to resignation than to repining, although his life was subjected to many heavy trials; and especially had he to complain of the ingratitude of political "friends"—for whom he had fought heartily—when victory was only for the strong, and triumph for the swift. Perhaps there is no poet who so entirely pictures himself in all he writes; yet it is a pure and natural egotism, and contrasts happily with the gloomy and misanthropic moods which some have labored first to acquire and then to portray. "Quick in perception, generous of impulse, he saw little evil destitute of good."

In conversation Leigh Hunt was always more than pleasing; he was "ever a special lover of books," as well as a devout worshiper of Nature; and his "talk" mingled, often very sweetly, the simplicity of a child with the acquirements of a man of the world—somewhat as we find them mingled in his "Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla." It did, indeed, according to the laudatory view of one of his poetic school, often "combine the vivacity of the school-boy with the resources of the wit and the taste of the scholar."

This generosity of thought and heart is conspicuous in all his writings. His Autobiography is full of liberal and generous sentiments—rarely any other—evidence of the charity that "suffereth long and is kind, vaunteth not itself, is not easily puffed up, thinketh no evil." He who might have said so many bitter things, utters scarcely one; he who might have galled his enemies to the quick, does not stab even in thought.

He wrote much prose and many poems, and although marred, perhaps, by frequent affectations, his poetry is of the true metal; tender, graceful, and affectionate, loving nature in all its exterior graces, but more especially in man. It is, and ever will be, popular among those whose warmer and dearer sympathies are with humanity. Charles Lamb, in his memorable defense of Hunt against an alleged insinuation of Southey that Hunt had no religion, thus writes of him: "He is one of the most cordial-minded men I ever knew—a matchless fireside companion." Southey regretted, and justly, that Leigh Hunt had "no religion." He had, indeed, a kind of scholastic theology, that he considered might stand in the stead of it; he himself calls it, in a letter to me, "a sort of natural piety," but in none of his letters—nor in his Diary—is there the slightest allusion to its consolations, no evidence of trust in a superintending Providence, and but little intimation of belief or hope in the Hereafter. Who will not lament this as he reads his writings, knowing how closely combined is love of man with love of God; how much stronger for the general good is Virtue when it is based on Christianity? His religion (which he styles, in the letter to me I have quoted, "a sort of luxurious natural piety") was cheerful, hopeful, sympathizing, universal in its benevolence, and entirely comprehensive in charity, but it was not the religion of the Christian; it was not even that of the Unitarian. He recognized Christ, indeed, but classes him only among those—not even foremost of *them*—who were lights in dark ages; "great lights," as he styles them, "of rational piety and benignant intercourse"—Confucius, Socrates, Epictetus, Antoninus. Jesus was their "martyred brother," nothing more. His published book entitled "The Religion of the Heart" (1853) is but little known; I hope it will never be reprinted. Had Southey read it, he would not have been content with the mild rebuke to Leigh Hunt which excited the ire of one of the gentlest and most loving of the friends of both, Charles Lamb, who, in his memorable letter to the Laureate—a letter indignant, irrational, and unjust—bitterly condemned the one for a very mild castigation of the other.* His theory of religion may, perhaps, be indicated by the following Lines, which were certainly among his own favorites. I copy them from Mrs. Hall's Album, in which he wrote them:

"Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel, writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
'What writest thou?' The vision raised its head,
And with a look, made of all sweet accord,
Answer'd, 'The names of those who love the Lord.'
'And is mine one?' said Abou. 'Nay, not so,'
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still, and said, 'I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.'
The angel wrote and vanish'd. The next night
It came again with a great, wakening light,
And show'd the names whom love of God had
bless'd,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest."

Leigh Hunt lived to see political asperities softened down, the distinctions between Whig and Tory gradually diminished, and party bitterness become almost extinguished. He lived, indeed, "through a storm of obloquy, to be esteemed and loved by men who had been his most vigorous antagonists."† No doubt, as a politician, he "flourished" some years too soon; he was a reformer much too early. Both of his successors as editors of the *Examiner*, Albany Fonblanque and John Forster, were rewarded in the way that Liberal governments—more wise in their generation than Tory governments—reward their partisans of the Press. But Leigh Hunt "guided the pen" at a period when little was to be gained by it except annoyance and persecution—at least in advocating "the old cause." "Hazlitt used to say that, after Leigh Hunt and himself and their like had done the rough work of the battle for Liberal opinions, the gentlemen of the Whig party 'put on their kid gloves' to finish the business and carry off the honors."

Leigh Hunt was "a journalist" (I again quote from the *Examiner*) "when courage and independence were the highest and perhaps the rarest qualities a journalist could show." He wrote when party spirit ran high, when language was seldom measured by responsibility, when vituperation was a weapon in common use.

In the year 1857 his wife had died. His sons, such as were left to him, had gone forth to fight the battle of life; his mind and his heart were "shaken." In that year he writes, sadly foreboding—"I am alone in the world." Troubled fancies haunted him. In one of his letters to his attached and faithful friend, John Forster, he murmurs: "I have been long fancying that most people, some old friends included, had begun not to care what I said or thought about them—whether any thing or nothing;" and in another letter he writes, "Strange to say, it was *joy* at finding the bookseller offer me more money than I had expected for some copyrights that was the immediate cause of my illness." He met old age with homage, and death with fortitude. Almost the last sentence in his autobiography is this: "I now seemed—and it has become a consolation to me—to belong as much to the next world as to this;.....the approach of my night-time is even yet adorned with a break in the clouds and a parting smile of the sunset."

Alas! he refers not to the hope of the Christian, but to a far dimmer, less rational, and infinitely less consoling faith—"May we all meet in one of Plato's vast cycles of re-existence."

Just two months before completing his seventy-fifth year "he quietly sank to rest." The oil was exhausted, the light had burned gradually down.

When I saw him last he was yielding to the universal conqueror. His loose and straggling white hair thinly scattered over a brow of manly intelligence; his eyes dimmed somewhat, but retaining that peculiar gentleness yet brilliancy which in his youth were likened to those of a gazelle; his earnest heart and vigorous mind outspeaking yet, in sentences eloquent and impressive; his form partially bent, but energetic and self-dependent, although by fits and starts—Leigh Hunt gave me the idea of a sturdy ruin that "wears the mossy vest of time," but which, in assuming the graces that belong of right to age, was not oblivious of the power and worth and triumph enjoyed in manhood and in youth.*

He died at the house of one of the oldest, closest, and most valued of his friends, Mr. C. W. Reynell, in High Street, Putney. I have pictured the dwelling. It had a good garden, where the poet loved to ramble to admire the flowers, of which he was "a special lover." Immediately in front is the old gabled, quaint-looking Fairfax House, in which, it is said, Ireton lived, and where that general and Lambert often met.

It is pleasant to know that the death-bed of the aged man was surrounded by loving friends, and that all which care and skill could do to preserve his life was done.

There was no trouble, nothing of gloom, about him at the last; the full volume of his life was closed; his work on earth was done. Will it seem "far-fetched" if we describe him, away from earth, continuing to labor, under the influence of that Redeemer I am sure he has now learned to love, realizing the picture for which, in the Book I have referred to, he drew on his fancy, and finding it fact?

This it is: "Surely there are myriads of beings every where inhabiting their respective spheres, both visible and invisible, all, perhaps, inspired with the same task of trying how far they can extend happiness. Some may have realized their heaven, and are resting. Some may be helping ourselves, just as we help the bee or the wounded bird—spirits, perhaps, of dear friends, who still pity our tears, who rejoice in our smiles, and whisper in our hearts a belief that they are present."

"Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen both when we wake and when we sleep."

Leigh Hunt was nearly the last of that glorious galaxy of genius which, early in the present century, shone upon the intellectual world; he survived them all, and with a memory of each. Some of them were his friends, and most of them his acquaintances. He had seen star after star decline, but might exclaim, and did exclaim, with one of his eloquent contemporaries,

"Nor sink those stars in empty night:
They hide themselves in Heaven's own light."

When writing a Memory of Leigh Hunt in the *Art-Journal*, I found there was no record to mark his grave in the cemetery at Kensal Green, where he was buried. I appealed, therefore, to his friends and admirers to remove from England such a "reproach." After some delay and some confusion, the circumstances causing and attending which it is now useless and needless to detail, the "reproach" *was* removed: a sum sufficient for the purpose was raised by subscription: a modest but graceful monument was wrought by the eminent and accomplished sculptor, Joseph Durham, A.R.A. It was "inaugurated" by Lord Houghton, on the 19th of October, 1869 (Leigh Hunt's birthday), and formally presented to the family, some of whom were present, on the impressive and interesting occasion.

From the noble lord's address I extract the following passages:

"He was held up to shame as an enemy of religion, whereas he was a man from whose heart there came a flowing piety spreading itself over all nature and in every channel in which it was possible to run. I remember a passage in one of his writings in which he says he never passed a church, of however unreformed a faith, without an instinctive wish to go in and worship for the good of mankind. And all this obloquy, all this injustice, all this social cruelty, never for one moment soured the disposition or excited a revengeful feeling in the breast of this good man. He had, as it were—I have no other phrase for it—a superstition of good. He did not believe in the existence of evil, and when it pressed against him, in the bitterest form against himself, he shut his eyes to it, and believed it to be good. Now, with this disposition, with this character, with these elements of life, surely we do well in honoring this man to-day. Surely it is something that ten years after his death there should have been men who felt it was not well but that there should be some special memorial of his existence—something which should tell people, more than books they were reading, that there had been in England such a man. In uncovering the monument we shall honor not only that man, but we shall honor the poetic intellect, we shall honor that delightful faculty which gives to mankind its purest form of intellectual contemplation, and which, somehow or other, adapting itself to the different temperaments of mankind, always either extends, or purifies, or expands the mind of its possessor.... We know that through all the difficulties of a more than usually hard life he kept to the end a cheerfulness of temper which the most successful might have envied and the wealthiest might have adorned. In his own beautiful words, all we can now think of is—

"'The woe was short, 'twas ingitive: 'tis past;
The song that sweetens it will always last.'

The inscription is very simple: on one side are recorded the days of his birth and death, while on another are the words,

"'Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.'"

"Those who knew him best will picture him to themselves clothed in a dressing-gown, and bending his head over a book or over the desk."—THORNTON HUNT.

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* I knew intimately, between the years 1826 and 1830, the author I have quoted—William Kennedy. He was undoubtedly a man of genius, but wayward and reckless. I lost sight of him many years before his death—his intellectual death, that is to say: for his latter years were passed in a lunatic asylum, where he died. My introduction to him was singular. I reviewed in the *Eclectic Review*—so far back as 1825—a small book he had published, either in Glasgow or Paisley, and received from him a letter of acknowledgment. It led to my inviting him to London as my guest, and by my influence he obtained a situation as reporter on the *Morning Journal*, a newspaper with which I was myself connected, and of which I was subsequently, for a time, the editor. Kennedy was an Irishman, a native of Belfast. His youth had been "wandering." Previous to his visiting London he was, I understood, a strolling player in Scotland, where he had probably acquired habits that led to the early close of a life which might have been most honorable and prosperous, for his abilities had attracted attention, and he obtained the appointment of Consul (I think) at Venezuela.

† In one of Shelley's letters to Leigh Hunt, in allusion to a sum of money Shelley desired to send to Hunt to defray his journey to Italy, he says: "I suppose that I shall at last make up an impudent face, and ask Horace Smith to add to the many obligations he has conferred on me. I know I need only ask."

‡ His friend Mr. Reynell tells me (and he is a safe and sure authority) that always Mr. Hunt often said to him his great wish was that when he died he should not owe to any one a half-penny. He had borrowed from the good Duke of Devonshire a sum of £200, and *returned it to him*. The duke remarking that it was the only instance, save one, in which money thus lent had been proffered back: he declined to accept it. Hunt was indebted to Mr. Reynell—a debt incurred by Mr. Reynell becoming surety for him in 1832, when the fortunes of the poet were at their lowest ebb. Twenty years afterward he repaid that sum—on receiving the first installment of Shelley's legacy—as he had promised he would do. No doubt other similar cases might be recorded.

§ In a letter he addressed to me when, in 1835, I was writing a brief memoir of him for the "Book of Gems," he says, "You will not hesitate to add what objections you are compelled by impartiality to entertain against me;" and in a subsequent letter he writes, "Had you said that five-sixths of my writings were worth nothing, I should have agreed with you, for I think so, and I would use stronger terms, if there might not be vanity itself in so doing. My only excuse is (and it is, luckily, a good one, so far) that I have been forced to write for bread, and so put forth a good deal of unwilling commonness."

* I by no means, however, mean to convey an idea that Leigh Hunt was "irreligious," in the ordinary sense of the term. I am quite sure he was not so. The New Testament was a book of his continual study, but it was read in a spirit that brought none of the light it has, happily, brought to other men. If he was a "free-thinker," he rendered profound respect to the Divine Author of the Christian faith, and therefore never sneered at those who accept it as a means of Salvation, and never wrote with any view to sap or to weaken Belief. If we may not class him among the advocates of Christianity, it would be injustice to place him among its opponents. Some one who wrote a touching and very eloquent tribute to his memory in the *Examiner*, soon after his death, says, "He had a child-like sympathy of his own in the Father to whom he is gone, of which those who diverged from his path can only say that, ignorant of the direct line to the eternal sea, he took the sure and pleasant path beside the river."

† A notable instance of this was the altered conduct of Professor Wilson toward his old opponent. He not only wrote a very kindly review of his "Legend of Florence" in *Blackwood*, but lamented the bitter things which had been written in its early numbers, and used to send Leigh Hunt the magazine regularly as long as he lived.

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ROBESPIERRE.

OF every great crime of the French revolution Robespierre was the originator. He first demanded the death of Louis, of Marie Antoinette, and the wholesale murder of the Girondists; he it was who was president of the Committee of Public Salvation, from which appointment his absolute power may be dated; he it was who established *la Terreur*, with its six thousand men and twelve hundred artillery, sworn to execute the revolutionary laws; he it was who instituted the *loi des suspects*, by which any one might be arrested at the will of the Commune; he it was who in three months raised the number of prisoners in the Paris jails from twelve hundred to eight thousand. Apologists say that his signature to death-warrants is the most infrequent of any of the heads of the revolutionary tribunal. But he was the moving power; Couthon, St. Just, and the others, were but instruments. Ignoble tyrant that he was, he howled with rage when he could not blast and foul even the memories of his victims.

Amidst the horrible slaughters of the reign of terror he busied himself to re-establish religion, read a report on the relation between religion, moral ideas, and republican principles, and discoursed eloquently upon the immortality of the soul and the existence and goodness of a God; gave the Feast of the Supreme Being, that solemn mockery which, for the *moment*, excited Paris to enthusiasm, but which proved the first step of his fall. The Convention murmured, "Now we have destroyed our tyrants, this man would set a God over us."

St. Just now openly urged him to proclaim himself dictator. The gloomy looks of the Convention scared him, and he dared not; but the fear stimulated him to further acts of despotism —to more bloodshed. The result was the law of the twenty-second *Prairial*, by which members of the Convention could be tried by the Committee of Public Safety without being brought before the Revolutionary Tribunal. By this means did he hope to free himself of every opponent. Now came the trying of the victims in the terrible *batches*, the bloodiest climax of the reign of terror. But, emboldened by his pusillanimity and lack of vigor, his enemies day by day grew more numerous and more vigorous. Threatening letters were sent him; plots were hatched against his life; two attempts were made to assassinate him; but nothing could rouse courage in him—terror paralyzed him. He absented himself from the Convention; his house was guarded by Jacobins; he never stirred abroad unaccompanied by armed men. In vain the Jacobins spurred him to attack the Convention, with offers of support to the death; he temporized and hesitated and shrank; his own coward heart was his Nemesis. At length he took courage to appear before the Convention and read a long defense—he could never speak effectively without long preparation —in which he elaborately eulogized and defended his own conduct and bitterly attacked his enemies. But his long absence and irresolution had given those enemies a crushing power. Cambon, Billaud, Varennes, and Panis fiercely denounced him. He was defeated.

The Jacobins still stood by him, and that very night a conspiracy was formed. The Convention was to be attacked by armed force, taken prisoners, and Robespierre to be proclaimed dictator. But even in that terrible crisis his coward heart failed him; at the last moment he refused to head the movement—he had not even the courage of a wolf brought to bay. His friends were disgusted, but would not give way; with his will or against his will, they resolved to carry out their programme.

The next day he again appears before the Convention; but ere he can open his lips Billaud swoops down upon him like a tiger, and in a fiery speech reveals to his confrères the Jacobin conspiracy. Fierce and indignant murmurs break from every mouth, swelling each moment, until they rise into a terrible shout of "Down with the tyrant!" Up springs Tallien, crying, in a voice of thunder, "I was present at the Jacobins; I heard the plot for the formation of the army of this second Cromwell, and I armed myself with this dagger, to pierce his heart if you have not the courage to order his arrest!" As he speaks Tallien makes a movement as though he would stab the culprit, who shrinks and cowers before the glittering steel. Louder and louder rise the acclamations; other speakers follow, all in the same strain. In vain does Robespierre implore a hearing; his voice is drowned with "Down with the tyrant!" He springs upon the benches. "The shades of Danton and Camille repel you!" cry a score of voices. He rushes to the president, shrieking, "Will you hear me?" Fists are shaken in his face; he supplicates, grovels, yells with the agony of fear, rushes from one to the other. He is driven back with curses and deafening howls. His voice cracks and fails him; then in his ears ring the terrible words, "*The blood of Danton chokes you!*" He is arrested.

But in the mean time the Jacobins are up and doing. As the gens-d'armes bring forth their prisoner he is torn from them, *against his will*, and carried off to the Hôtel de Ville. Fear has paralyzed him. He will not present himself to the people; he will not proclaim himself dictator; he will not sign a paper calling on the people to revolt; he will not even countenance revolt; he is in a coma of terror. At the news of the rescue the troops of the Commune muster quickly. Drunken Henriot, at the head of his soldiers, dashes through the streets of Paris, shouting to the people to revolt; but they are tired of the worship of their bloody Moloch, and his own men turn their cannon upon the Hôtel de Ville, throw down their arms, and disperse.

It is night. Within a dimly lit apartment of the Hôtel de Ville sit Robespierre and his brethren—St. Just, Couthon, Lébas. The wolves are caged at last. The death-knell of *la Terreur* is ringing. St. Just and Lébas look bold and defiant; Couthon, with his angel face and silvery voice and withered limbs, anxious but resigned; the sickly rays of the candle fall full upon the hideously cadaverous features of Robespierre. He has a loaded pistol and poison before him; but this worshiper of the bloody virtues of Rome can not imitate the old heathen heroism, and die with his fortunes. With shaking limbs and twitching face he listens to the murmurs, the momentarily increasing stir, the surge of the multitude without. The sharp report of a pistol rings through the room—Lébas has shot himself through the heart, and falls dead. Henriot rushes in to cry that all is lost; Coffinhal, with an epithet of disgust, hurls him out of the window into the court below, where he lies a lifeless mass. The soldiers are battering at the door; it gives way with a crash, and in they rush. A shot is fired, and Robespierre's head falls upon the table; it has broken his jaw. All the conspirators are captured. The cold, ghostly light of the dawn is just breaking as the senseless, bloody form of the Incorruptible is borne out into the streets upon a litter. It is carried to the Tuileries and laid upon a table, while the Convention in the next room decide his fate. As the day advances crowds flock to the Tuileries as to a raree-show, and fill the chambers wherein lies the once terrible King of *la Terreur*—terrible no longer, but an abject, shrunken, revolting-looking object. He lies upon his side. From the broken jaw oozes out the dark blood, and creeps over the livid face, dropping into the gaping mouth, and filling it with clotted gore; he has half bandaged the wound, and the blood-stained handkerchief contrasts horribly with the corpse-like features. And the foul mob—to gain whose favor and applause he has shed torrents of blood—does it commiserate with him, weep over him, do all it can to soothe his anguish? It spat upon him, mocked his groans, pricked him with knives; there was not one who would raise the cup of water that stood beside him to his burning, cracking lips!

A form of trial is gone through, and then the wild Couthon and the rest are tied down in a cart and jolted off to *la mère Guillotine*. Paris is frantic with joy. Before the cart dance the women, shouting and singing with demoniac glee. As it passes through the streets the friends and relations of his dead victims troop out to meet it with yells of frantic joy; to curse its ghastly burden, body and soul, and to pray to God to cast him into hell-fire. As he mounts the scaffold the executioner tears off the bandage from his face; the shattered jaw falls, and there leaps from his throat such an unearthly yell, as though the fiends had already their claws upon his soul. He looks down, shuddering, upon the sea of heads; it waves and surges as though it would sweep away the scaffold, and up from its cruel depths rises a howl of execration. Ferocious joy is upon every face; every mouth gapes for his blood. No look of pity; all merciless—*as himself*. He has sown the dragon's teeth, and behold the harvest! The knife falls, and the head of Maximilian Robespierre rolls into the basket.

A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION.

BY CHARLES READE.

WITH MANY ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SEVENTH.

MARY WELLS by order went down, in a loose morning wrapper her mistress had given her, and dined in the servants' hall. She was welcomed with a sort of shout, half ironical; and the chief butler said, "Glad to see you come back to us, Miss Wells."

"The same to you, Sir," said Mary, with more pertness than logic; "which I'm only come to take leave, for to-morrow I go to London, on business."

"La! what's the business, I wonder?" inquired a house-maid, irreverentially.

"Well, my business is not your business, Jane. However, if you want to know, I'm going to be married."

"And none too soon," whispered the kitchen-maid to a footman.

"Speak up, my dear," said Mary. "There's nothing more vulgarer than whispering in company."

"I said, 'What will Bill Drake say to that?'"

"Bill Drake will say he was a goose not to make up his mind quicker. This will learn him beauty won't wait for no man. If he cries when I am gone, you lend him your apron to wipe his eyes, and tell him women can't abide shilly-shallying men."

"That's a hexcellent sentiment," said John the footman, "and a solemn warning it is—"

"To all such as footman be," said Mary.

"We writes it in the fly-leaf of our Bibles accordingly," said John.

"No, my man, write it somewhere where you'll have a chance to read it."

This caused a laugh; and when it was over, the butler, who did not feel strong enough to chaff a lady of this calibre, inquired obsequiously whether he might venture to ask who was the happy stranger to carry off such a prize.

"A civil question deserves a civil answer, Mr. Wright," said Mary. "It is a sea-faring man, the mate of a ship. He have known me a few years longer than any man in these parts. Whenever he comes home from a voyage he tells me what he has made, and asks me to marry him. I have said 'No' so many times I'm sick and tired; so I have said 'Yes' for once in a way. Changes are lightsome, you know."

Thus airily did Mary Wells communicate her prospects, and next morning early was driven to the station; a cart had gone before with her luggage, which tormented the female servants terribly; for, instead of the droll little servant's box, covered with paper, she had a large lady's box, filled with linen and clothes by the liberality of Lady Bassett, and a covered basket, and an old carpet-bag, with some minor packages of an unintelligible character. Nor did she make any secret that she had money in both pockets; indeed, she flaunted some notes before the groom, and told him none but her lady knew all she had done for Sir Charles. "But," said she, "he is grateful, you see, and so is she."

She went off in the train, as gay as a lark; but she was no sooner out of sight than her face changed its whole expression, and she went up to London very grave and thoughtful.

The traveling carriage was ordered at ten o'clock next day, and packed as for a journey.

Lady Bassett took her housekeeper with her to the asylum.

She had an interview with Sir Charles, and told him what Mr. Bassett had done, and the construction Mary Wells had put on it.

Sir Charles turned pale with rage, and said he could no longer play the patient game. He must bribe a keeper, make his escape, and kill that villain.

Lady Bassett was alarmed, and calmed it down.

"It was only a servant's construction, and she might be wrong; but it frightened me terribly; and I fear it is the beginning of a series of annoyances and encroachments; and I have lost Mr. Angelo; he has gone to Italy. Even Mary Wells left me this morning to be married. I think I know a way to turn all this against Mr. Bassett; but I will not say it, because I want to hear what *you* advise, dearest."

Sir Charles did not leave her long in doubt. He said, "There is but one way; you must leave Huntercombe, and put yourself out of that miscreant's way until our child is born."

"That would not grieve me," said Lady Bassett. "The place is odious to me, now you are not there. But what would censorious people say?"

"What could they say, except that you obeyed your husband?"

"Is it a command, then, dearest?"

"It is a command; and, although you are free, and I am a prisoner—although you are still an ornament to society, and I pass for an outcast, still I expect you to obey me when I assume a husband's authority. I have not taken the command of you quite so much as you used to say I must; but on this occasion I do. You will leave Huntercombe, and avoid that caitiff until our child is born."

"That ends all discussion," said Lady Bassett. "Oh, Charles, my only regret is that it costs me nothing to obey you. But when did it ever? My king!"

He had ordered her to do the very thing she wished to do.

She now gave her housekeeper minute instructions, settled the board-wages of the whole establishment, and sent her home in the carriage, retaining her own boxes and packages at the inn.

Richard Bassett soon found out that Lady Bassett had left Huntercombe. He called on Wheeler and told him. Wheeler suggested she had gone to be near her husband.

"No," said Bassett, "she has joined her lover. I wonder at our simplicity in believing that fellow was gone to Italy."

"This is rich," said Wheeler. "A week ago she was guilty, and a Machiavel in petticoats; for why? she had quarreled with her Angelo, and packed him off to Italy. Now she is guilty; and why? because he is not gone to Italy—not that you know whether he is or not. You reason like a mule. As for me, I believe none of this nonsense—till you find them together."

"And that is just what I mean to do."

"We shall see."

"You will see."

Very soon after this a country gentleman met Wheeler on market-day, and drew him aside to ask him a question. "Do you advise Mr. Richard Bassett still?"

"Yes."

"Did you set him to trespass on Lady Bassett's lawn, and frighten her with a great dog in the present state of her health?"

"Heaven forbid! This is the first I've heard of such a thing."

"I am glad to hear you say that, Tom Wheeler. There, read that. Your client deserves to be flogged out of the county, Sir." And he pulled a printed paper out of his pocket. It was dated from the Royal Hotel, Bath, and had been printed with blanks, as follows; but a lady's hand had filled in the dates.

"*On the day of , while I was walking alone in my garden, Mr. Richard Bassett, the person who has bereaved me by violence of my protector, came, without leave, into my private grounds, and brought a very large dog; it ran to me, and frightened me so that I nearly fainted with alarm. Mr. Bassett was aware of my condition. Next day I consulted my husband, and he ordered me to leave Huntercombe Hall, and put myself beyond the reach of trespassers and outrage.*

"*One motive has governed Mr. Bassett in all his acts, from his anonymous letter to me before my marriage—which I keep for your inspection, together with the proofs that he wrote it—to the barbarous seizure of my husband upon certificates purchased beforehand, and this last act of violence, which has driven me from the county for a time.*

"*Sir Charles and I have often been your hosts and your guests; we now ask you to watch our property and our legal rights, so long as through injustice and cruelty my husband is a prisoner, his wife a fugitive.*"

"There," said the gentleman, "these papers are going all round the county."

Wheeler was most indignant, and said he had never been consulted, and had never advised a trespass. He begged a loan of the paper, and took it to Bassett's that very same afternoon.

"So you have been acting without advice," said he, angrily; "and a fine mess you have made of it." And, though not much given to violent anger, he dashed the paper down on the table, and hurt his hand a little. Anger must be paid for, like other luxuries.

Bassett read it, and was staggered a moment; but he soon recovered himself, and said, "What is the foolish woman talking about?"

He then took a sheet of paper, and said he would soon give her a Roland for an Oliver.

"Ay," said Wheeler, grimly, "let us see how you will put down *the foolish woman*. I'll smoke a cigar in the garden, and recover my temper."

Richard Bassett's retort ran thus:

"*I never wrote an anonymous letter in my life; and if I put restraint upon Sir Charles, it was done to protect the estate. Experienced physicians represented him homicidal and suicidal; and I protected both Lady Bassett and himself by the act she has interpreted so harshly.*

"*As for her last grievance, it is imaginary. My dog is gentle as a lamb. I did not foresee Lady Bassett would be there, nor that the poor dog would run and welcome her. She is playing a comedy: the real truth is, a gentleman had left Huntercombe whose company is necessary to her. She has gone to join him, and thrown the blame very adroitly upon*" RICHARD BASSETT."

When he had written this Bassett ordered his dog-cart.

Wheeler came in, read the letter, and said the last suggestion in it was a libel, and an indictable one into the bargain.

"What, if it is true—true to the letter?"

"Even then you would not be safe, unless you could prove it by disinterested witnesses."

"Well, if I can not, I consent to cut this sentence out. Excuse me one minute, I must put a few things in my carpet-bag."

"What! going away?"

"Of course I am."

"Better give me your address, then, in case any thing turns up."

"If you were as sharp as you pass for you would know my address—Royal Hotel, Bath, to be sure."

He left Wheeler staring, and was back in five minutes with his carpet-bag and wraps.

"Wouldn't to-morrow morning do for this wild-goose chase?" inquired Wheeler.

"No," said Richard. "I'm not such a fool. Catch me losing twelve hours. In that twelve hours they would shift their quarters. It is always so when a fool delays. I shall breakfast at the Royal Hotel, Bath."

The dog-cart came to the door as he spoke, and he rattled off to the railway.

He managed to get to the Royal Hotel, Bath, at 7 A.M., took a warm bath instead of bed, and then ordered breakfast; asked to see the visitors' book, and wrote a false name; turned the leaves, and, to his delight, saw Lady Bassett's name.

But he could not find Mr. Angelo's name in the book.

He got hold of Boots, and feed him liberally, then asked him if there was a handsome young parson there—very dark.

Boots could not say there was.

Then Bassett made up his mind that Angelo was at another hotel, or perhaps in lodgings, out of prudence.

"Lady Bassett here still?" said he.

Boots was not very sure; would inquire at the bar. Did inquire, and brought him word Lady Bassett had left for London yesterday morning.

Bassett ground his teeth with vexation.

No train to London for an hour and a half. He took a stroll through the town to fill up the time.

How often, when a man abandons or remits his search for a time, Fate sends in his way the very thing he is after, but has given up hunting just then! As he walked along the north side of a certain street, what should he see but the truly beautiful and remarkable eyes and eyebrows of Mr. Angelo, shining from afar.

That gentleman was standing, in a reverie, on the steps of a small hotel.

Bassett drew back at first, not to be seen. Looking round he saw he was at the door of a respectable house that let apartments. He hurried in, examined the drawing-room floor, took it for a week, paid in advance, and sent to the Royal for his bag.

He installed himself near the window, to await one of two things, and act accordingly. If Angelo left the place he should go by the same train, and so catch the parties together; if the lady doubled back to Bath, or had only pretended to leave it, he should soon know that, by diligent watch and careful following.

He wrote to Wheeler to announce this first step toward success.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-EIGHTH.

SOME days after this Mr. Rolfe received a line from Lady Bassett, to say she was at the Adelphi Hotel, in John Street. He put some letters into his pocket, and called on her directly.

She received him warmly, and told him, more fully than she had by letter, how she had acted on his advice; then she told him of Richard Bassett's last act, and showed him her retort.

He knitted his brows at first over it; but said he thought her proclamation could do no harm.

"As a rule," said he, "I object to flicking

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"BACK IN FIVE MINUTES WITH HIS CARPET-BAG AND WRAPS."

with a lady's whip when I am going to crush, but—yes—it is able, and gives you a good excuse for keeping out of the way of annoyances, till we strike the blow. And now I have something to consult you upon. May I read you some extracts from your husband's letters to me?"

"Oh yes."

"Forgive a novelist; but this is a new situation, reading a husband's letters to his wife. However, I have a motive, and so I had in soliciting the correspondence with Sir Charles." He then read her the letters that are already before the reader, and also the following extracts:

"*Mr. Johnson, a broken tradesman, has some imagination, though not of a poetic kind: he is imbued with trade, and, in the daytime, exercises several, especially a butcher's. When he sees any of us coming, he whips before the nearest door or gate, and sells meat. He sells it very cheap; the reason is, his friends allow him only a shilling or two in coppers, and as every madman is the centre of the universe, he thinks that the prices of all commodities are regulated by the amount of specie in his pocket. This is his style, 'Come, buy, buy, choice mutton three farthings the carcass. Retail shop next door, ma'am. Jack, serve the lady. Bill, tell him he can send me home those twenty bullocks, at three half-pence each—' and so on. But at night he subsides into an auctioneer, and, with knocking down lots while others are conversing, gets removed occasionally to a padded room. Sometimes we humor him, and he sells us the furniture after a spirited competition, and debits the amounts, for cash is not abundant here. The other night, heated with business, he went on from the articles of furniture to the company, and put us all up in succession. Having a good many dislikes, he sometimes forgot the auctioneer in the man, and depreciated some lots so severely that they had to be passed; but he set Miss Wieland in a chair, and descanted on her beauty, good temper, and other gifts, in terms florid enough for Robins, or any other poet. Sold for eighteen pounds, and to a lady. This lady had formed a violent attachment to Miss W.; so next week they will be at daggers drawn. My turn came, and the auctioneer did me the honor to describe me as 'the lot of the evening.' He told the bidders to mind what they were about, they might never again be able to secure a live baronet at a moderate price, owing to the tightness of the money market. Well, Sir, I was honored with bids from several ladies; but they were too timid and too honest to go beyond their means; my less scrupulous sex soared above these considerations, and I was knocked down for seventy-nine pounds fifteen shillings, amidst loud applause at the spirited result. My purchaser is a shop-keeper mad after gardening. Dr. Suaby has given him a plot to cultivate, and he whispered in my ear, 'The reason I went to a fancy price was, I can kill two birds with one stone with you. You'll make a very good statee stuck up among my flowers; and you can hallo, and keep those plaguy sparrows off.'*"

"Oh, what creatures for my darling to live among!" cried Lady Bassett, piteously.

Mr. Rolfe stared, and said, "What, then, you are like all your sex—no sense of humor?"

"Humor! when my husband is in misery and degradation!"

"And don't you see that the brave writer of these letters is steeled against misery, and above degradation? Such men are not the mere sport of circumstances. Your husband carries a soul not to be quelled by three months in a well-ordered mad-house. But I will read no more, since what gives me satisfaction gives you pain."

"Oh yes, yes! Don't let me lose a word my husband has ever uttered."

"Well, I'll go on; but I'm horribly discouraged."

"I'm so sorry for that, Sir. Please forgive me."

Mr. Rolfe read the letters next in date:

"*We are honored with one relic of antiquity, a Pythagorean. He has obliged me with his biography. He was, to use his own words, 'engendered by the sun shining on a dunghill at his father's door,' and began his career as a flea; but his identity was, somehow, shifted to a boy of nine years old. He has had a long spell of humanity, and awaits the great change—which is to turn him to a bee. It will not find him unprepared; he has long practiced humming, in anticipation. A faithful friend, called Caffyn, used to visit him every week. Caffyn died last year, and the poor Pythagorean was very lonely and sad; but, two months ago, he detected his friend in the butcher's horse, and is more than consoled, for he says, 'Caffyn comes six times a week now, instead of once.'*"

"Poor soul!" said Lady Bassett. "What a strange world for *him* to be living in. It seems like a dream."

"There is something stranger coming in this last letter."

"*I have, at last, found one madman allied to Genius. It has taken me a fortnight to master his delusion, and to write down the vocabulary he has invented to describe the strange monster of his imagination. All the words I write in small capitals are his own.*

"*Mr. Williams says that a machine has been constructed for malignant purposes, which machine is an* AIR-LOOM. *It rivals the human machine in this, that it can operate either on mind or matter. It was invented, and is worked, by a gang of villains superlatively skillful in* PNEUMATIC CHEMISTRY, PHYSIOLOGY, NERVOUS INFLUENCE, SYMPATHY, *and the* HIGHER METAPHYSIC, *men far beyond the immature science of the present era, which, indeed, is a favorite subject of their ridicule.*

"*The gang are seven in number, but Williams has only seen the four highest:* BILL, *the* KING, *a master of the art of* MAGNETIC IMPREGNATION; JACK, *the* SCHOOL-MASTER, *the short-hand writer of the gang;* SIR ARCHY, *Chief Liar to the Association; and the* GLOVE-WOMAN, *so called from her always wearing cotton mittens. This personage has never been known to speak to any one.*

"*The materials used in the air-loom by these* PNEUMATIC ADEPTS *are infinite; but principally* EFFLUVIA OF CERTAIN METALS, POISONS, SOPORIFIC SCENTS, *etc.*

"*The principal effects are:*

"1*st.* EVENT-WORKING.—*This is done by* MAGNETIC MANIPULATION *of Kings, Emperors, Prime Ministers, and others; so that, while the world is fearing and admiring them, they are, in reality, mere puppets played by the workers of the air-loom.*

"2*d.* CUTTING SOUL FROM SENSE.—*This is done* BY DIFFUSING THE MAGNETIC WARP FROM THE ROOT OF THE NOSE UNDER THE BASE OF THE SKULL, TILL IT FORMS A VEIL; SO THAT THE SENTIMENTS OF THE HEART CAN HAVE NO COMMUNICATION WITH THE OPERATIONS OF THE INTELLECT.

"3*d.* KITING.—*As boys raise a kite in the air, so the air-loom can lift an idea into the brain, where it floats and undulates for hours together. The victim can not get rid of an idea so insinuated.*

"4*th.* LOBSTER-CRACKING.—*An external pressure of the magnetic atmosphere surrounding the person assailed. Williams has been so operated on, and says he felt as if he was grasped by an enormous pair of nut-crackers with teeth, and subjected to a piercing pressure, which he still remembers with horror. Death sometimes results from Lobster-cracking.*

"5*th.* LENGTHENING THE BRAIN.—AS THE CYLINDRICAL MIRROR LENGTHENS THE COUNTENANCE, *so these assailants find means to* ELONGATE *the brain. This distorts the ideas, and subjects the most serious are made silly and ridiculous.*

"6*th.* THOUGHT-MAKING.—*While one of these villains sucks at the brain of the assailed, and extracts his existing sentiments, another will press into the vacuum ideas very different from his real thoughts. Thus his mind is physically enslaved.*"

Then Sir Charles goes on to say:

"*Poor Mr. Williams seems to me an inventor wasted. I thought I would try and reason him out of his delusion. I asked if he had ever seen this gang and their machine.*

"*He said yes, they operated on him this morning. 'Then show them me,' said I. 'Young man,' said he, satirically, 'do you think these assassins, and their diabolical machine, would be allowed to go on, if they could be laid hands on so easily? The gang are fertile in disguise; the machine operates at considerable distances.'*

"*To drive him into a corner, I said, 'Will you give me a drawing of it?' He seemed to hesitate, so I said, 'If you can not draw it, you never saw it, and never will.' He assented to that, and I was vain enough to think I had staggered him; but yesterday he produced the inclosed sketch and explanation. After this I sadly fear he is incurable.*

"*There are three sane patients in this asylum, besides myself. I will tell you their stories when you come here, which I hope will be soon; for the time agreed on draws near, and my patience and self-control are sorely tried, as day after day rolls by, and sees me still in a mad-house.*"

"There, Lady Bassett," said Mr. Rolfe. "And now for my motive in reading these letters. Sir Charles may still have a crotchet, an inordinate desire for an heir; but, even if he has, the writer of these letters has nothing to fear from any jury; and, therefore, I am now ready to act. I propose to go down to the asylum to-morrow, and get him out as quickly as I can."

Lady Bassett uttered an ejaculation of joy. Then she turned suddenly pale, and her countenance fell. She said nothing.

Mr. Rolfe was surprised at this, since, at their last meeting, she was writhing at her inaction. He began to puzzle himself. She watched him keenly. He thought to himself, "Perhaps she dreads the excitement of meeting—for herself."

At last Lady Bassett asked him how long it would take to liberate Sir Charles.

"Not quite a week, if Richard Bassett is well advised. If he fights desperately it may take a fortnight. In any case I don't leave the work an hour till it is done. I can delay, and I can fight; but I never mix the two. Come, Lady Bassett, there is something on your mind you don't like to say. Well, what does it matter? I will pack my bag, and write to Dr. Suaby that he may expect me soon; but I will wait till I get a line from you to go ahead. Then I'll go down that instant and do the work."

This proposal was clearly agreeable to Lady Bassett, and she thanked him.

"You need not waste words over it," said he. "Write one word, 'ACT!' That will be the shortest letter you ever wrote."

The rest of the conversation is not worth recording.

Mr. Rolfe instructed a young solicitor minutely, packed his bag, and waited.

But day after day went by, and the order never came to act.

Mr. Rolfe was surprised at this, and began to ask himself whether he could have been deceived in this lady's affection for her husband. But he rejected that. Then he asked himself whether it might have cooled. He had known a very short incarceration produce that fatal effect. Both husband and wife interested him, and he began to get irritated at the delay.

Sir Charles's letters made him think they had already wasted time.

At last a letter came from Gloucester Place.

"*Will my kind friend now* ACT?

"*Gratefully,*

"BELLA BASSETT."

Mr. Rolfe, upon this, cast his discontent to the winds, and started for Bellevue House.

On the evening of that day a surgeon called Boddington was drinking tea with his wife, and they were talking rather disconsolately; for he had left a fair business in the country, and, though a gentleman of undoubted skill, was making his way very slowly in London.

The conversation was agreeably interrupted by a loud knock at the door.

A woman had come to say that he was wanted that moment for a lady of title in Gloucester Place, hard by.

"I will come," said he, with admirably affected indifference; and, as soon as the woman was out of sight, husband and wife embraced each other.

"Pray God it may all go well, for your sake and hers, poor lady."

Mr. Boddington hurried to the number in Gloucester Place. The door was opened by the char-woman.

He asked her with some doubt if that was the house.

The woman said yes, and she believed it was a surprise. The lady was from the country, and was looking out for some servants.

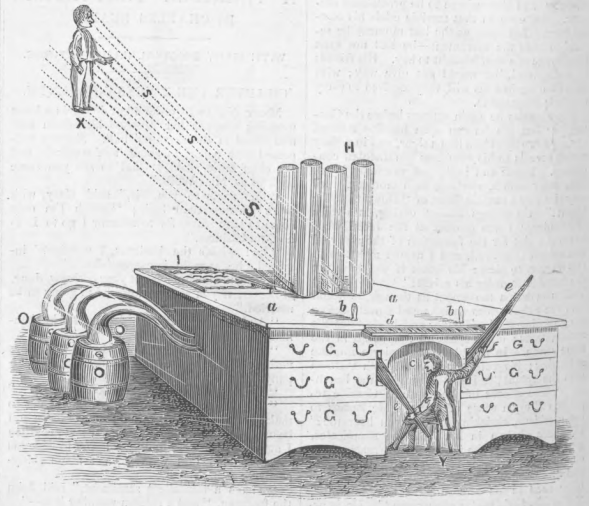
This colloquy was interrupted by an intelligent maid, who asked, over the balusters, if that was the medical man; and, on the woman's saying it was, begged him to step up stairs at once.

He found his patient attended only by her maid, but she was all discretion and intelligence. She said he had only to direct her, she would do any thing for her dear mistress.

Mr. Boddington said a single zealous and intelligent woman, who could obey orders, was as good as a number, or better.

He then went gently to the bedside, and his experience told him at once that the patient was in labor.

He told the attendant so, and gave her his directions.



EXPLANATION OF THE AIR-LOOM.

a, a.—Top of the apparatus, called by the assassins "Air-Loom Machine," being as a large table.
b, b.—The metals which the workers grasp to deaden the sympathy.
c.—The place where the pneumaticians sit to work the loom.
d.—Something like piano-forte keys, which open the tube-valves within the air-loom, to spread or feed the warp of magnetic fluid.
e, e.—Levers, by the management of which the assailed is wrenched, stagnated, and lobster-cracked, etc.
G.—Seemingly drawers, etc. Probably they contain crude materials.
H.—The cluster of upright open tubes or cylinders, and by the assassins termed their musical glasses, which I perceived when they were endeavoring to burst my person by exploding the interior of the coating of my trunk.
I.—Apparatus standing on air-loom; use unknown to me.
O.—The barrels for supplying the "famous goose-neck retorts" with distilled gases, as well poisoned as magnetic.
S.—The warp of magnetic fluid, reaching between the person impregnated with such fluid and the air-loom magnets by which it is prepared; which being a multiplicity of fine wires of fluids form the sympathetic streams of attraction, repulsion, etc., as putting the different poles of the common magnet to objects operates, and by which sympathetic warps the assailed object is affected at pleasure; as by opening a vitriolic gas valve he becomes tortured by the fluid within him, becoming agitated with the corrosion through all his frame; and so on in all their various modes of attacking the human body and mind. I never saw this warp, but the assassins admit that when heated it becomes luminous and visible to them for some yards from the loom, as a weakish rainbow.
X.—The assailed person at the distance of several hundred feet.
Y.—One of the gang working the air-loom, and in the act of lobster-cracking the person represented by the figure X.

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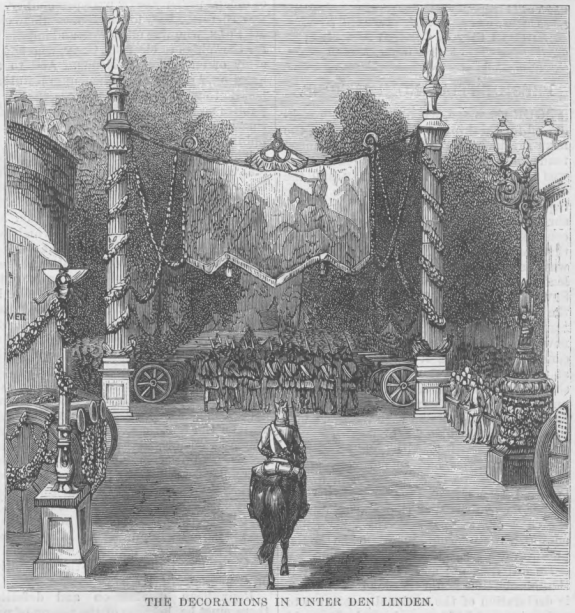
HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XV.—No. 760.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1871. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

THE STATUES OF VICTORY, METZ, AND STRASBURG IN THE POTZDAMER PLATZ.



THE DECORATIONS IN UNTER DEN LINDEN.

THE RETURNED SOLDIER TELLING THE STORY OF THE GRAND CAMPAIGN.

THE TRIUMPH AT BERLIN.—[SEE PAGE 672.]

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SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1871.

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PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATIONS.

FOUR years ago, when the time approached for thinking of the nomination of the next President, there were two pronounced tendencies in the Republican party: one was to select Chief Justice CHASE, and the other to prefer General GRANT. As late as September of the year 1867 many of the shrewdest Republican politicians were very confident that Mr. CHASE would be, as they thought he ought to be, the candidate. He was the most conspicuous of the Republican leaders. He had stood erect while even Mr. SEWARD seemed to falter and fail. He was the father of the war currency system. His name was a tradition in the party, and the new Southern vote would insist upon his candidacy. To this it was answered that at the triumphant close of a war in which slavery had been destroyed and the Union unconditionally preserved the soldier most conspicuously associated with the great victory, and who had shown himself so simple and so modest—who, although previously averse to politics, had so naturally allied himself to the party of liberty and union, and had been felt by that party to be the proper man in the War Department during the close of ANDREW JOHNSON'S menacing administration—would inevitably be the Republican candidate if he would consent.

He did consent; and it was at once felt that his election would be the most emphatic declaration of the national resolution to maintain what had been achieved. It would be symbolic of national unity and of equal liberty among American citizens. The war had closed an epoch. Here was a new country, a new time, and a new man. General GRANT was unanimously nominated by a most representative convention, and he was elected over Mr. SEYMOUR, who stood upon the platform of the lost cause. The policy of which General GRANT was the representative has been carried out. The national unity has been restored, and the equal rights of all citizens have been maintained. We do not mean, of course, that order and safety have been in every instance secured, but that the purpose and the power of the administration have been honorably directed to their security. The next nomination is now the subject of thought and speculation, and there is grave opposition upon the part of many intelligent Republicans to the candidacy of the President.

In considering the subject we assume that they are sincerely desirous of the success of the party, and that they would regard the restoration of the Democratic party to power as a more serious evil than Republican success even with General GRANT. If there are Republicans whose hostility to the President is so pronounced that they would prefer a Democratic triumph rather than his re-election, we do not now reason with them. It is with Republicans who, although opposed to his renomination, yet prefer General GRANT to a Democratic President that we would now confer upon the probabilities of the nomination.

The sum of the objections to General GRANT'S administration is perhaps what would be called its low tone and its incapacity. Much is said in personal derogation of the President, and much that is, of course, only matter of private taste and preference. This, however, is true of all men of individual force who have been President. The severest personal criticisms were made upon General JACKSON and upon Mr. LINCOLN. In detail the quality of the President's friendships, the intimate influences which surround him, the alienation of some men of culture and high character from his counsels, the appointment of certain unworthy officers, his passion for San Domingo, what is called his nepotism, ignorance, indifference to real reform and progress and political purification—all these points are urged with more or less warmth against the administration. It is alleged to be a total failure, and it is declared that there is universal party disappointment in its chief.

These are serious charges. But very many of them are personal, and we remind our readers that a President is estimated in two ways—by his personality and by his administration. It is, however, only a very few observers who estimate him by his personality, which can be really known to very few, while the country necessarily judges him by the results of his administration. We are now looking at the probability of a renomination, and that will be determined, it seems to us, not so much by personal considerations as by administrative results. To the great mass of voters the President, whoever he may be, is but a name. And there is undeniably a natural tendency, as government by laws and not by men becomes more firmly established, to be controlled less in questions of official preference by pure personality. It was, therefore, easy for the Democrats to elect Mr. POLK, who was unknown, and impossible for the Whigs to elect Mr. CLAY, who had an army of enthusiastic friends. And to the question, Are republics, then, ungrateful and hostile to greatness? the reply is, that in republics no man has a claim upon official distinction, while every man has the duty of public service.

The grounds, therefore, upon which General GRANT'S renomination are probable are the results of his administration, to which may be added the evident difficulty of uniting his opponents in the party upon any candidate. The general feeling which will press for his renomination is that he is an honest man, who, whatever criticisms may be truthfully made in detail, sincerely wishes the public welfare and seeks it. Under his administration rights have been protected, burdens have been lifted, the most threatening questions have been settled, vital reforms have been begun, and the prosperity of the country secured by the consciousness that peace would be maintained—a consciousness which would vanish before Democratic success. Why should we change? will be the question of the party. Under whom should we have promise of more appreciable and valuable results? During this administration the purpose of the people has become so plain that the Democratic party abandons its positions, and confesses that its hopes of success rise in the degree that it becomes Republican. Is it not well, it will be asked, to maintain a situation in which the real opposition—the opposition of principle—dissolves?

Republican disaffection and defection there must be, because of the poison of patronage. Calumny and falsehood there must be, because of the bitterness of individual disappointment. "But there is a great deal of human nature in man," quaintly said the old preacher. And the good sense of the Republican party will probably hesitate long before it changes a situation which, upon the whole, carries the country happily forward in the direction which the principles and the results of the war indicated.

EASING THE SHIP.

IT is sometimes thought by sagacious foreign students of the political system of the United States that one of its most serious defects and dangers is the frequency of the Presidential elections. Scarcely is the President seated than the struggle for his successor begins—a struggle in which he is often prompted to take part. But the peril lies not so much in the contest as in the system which makes the contest so vital. In every free political community there is always a profound party feeling. As long as this can be kept latent or diffused, the system is comparatively safe. But whatever artificially intensifies party feeling and brings it to a head threatens the system itself. In the United States it is both intensified and constantly brought to a point, and the system itself is, therefore, always in danger.

Thus in the Presidential election, in which the question of administration virtually turns upon the election of a single person, all the hates and jealousies and passions of party spirit, instead of being eased and diffused as they are in a Congressional election, are brought into sharp and angry collision. Nor is the contest itself really reasonable, although apparently so—that is, it is not a deliberate appeal to the intelligent judgment of the country between two policies of administration so much as a conflict for the spoils. There are hundreds of millions of dollars to spend, and the real question to the mass of the most active politicians is, who shall spend them and enjoy the collateral advantages? It is this last consideration which imbitters party spirit to a ferocious degree, while the decision by the election of a single person suggests frauds which would be impracticable in a Congressional election. As the spoils become larger, the country is therefore more and more exposed to the peril of a Presidential election palpably decided by fraud, as that of 1868 was in New York; and the consequences of such an event no man wishes to contemplate.

In England, which is the other constitutional country in the world, the perils of which we speak are avoided in two ways: first, by a permanent executive, which is expensive, awkward, and unnecessary; and second, by removing the spoils from the arena of party conflict. The result is that the party feeling of the country is never brought to a single personal point in an election, but is diffused among hundreds of candidates, while "the spoils" are safe from the issue. It is for this reason that many of the shrewdest republicans in England anticipate the practicability of a republican system in that country simpler and safer than ours: a system which shall have all the advantage of our experience, avoiding the defects which time has developed both in our theory and practice. Indeed, the British system is now only in name monarchical. The royal power is a faint shadow. The President of the United States is a potentate in comparison with the Queen of England. So absolutely annihilated is the power of the monarch that the Queen can not choose the ladies of her own bed-chamber except under sanction of the Prime Minister; and when Queen VICTORIA insisted upon her preference Sir ROBERT PEEL replied that he would listen to her wishes, but that the authority of the appointment must proceed from him; and with one or two exceptions he named the ladies.

So the House of Lords has an imposing place in the British system, and peers enjoy certain personal privileges. But if the Lords, as a separate estate or body, should undertake to obstruct legislation and to defeat the will of the Commons, the Commons would instantly reduce them to submission and acquiescence. The ministry is merely a committee of the House of Commons. The monarch acts only by their advice, and approves, without appeal, all that they recommend. If the Peers were obstinate, the ministers would recommend the monarch "to swamp" them—that is, to appoint as many new peers as would outvote them and carry the measure. Nor could the monarch refuse without a revolution. This was what King WILLIAM the Fourth was ready to do, under the advice of the GREY ministry, at the time of the passage of the great reform bill of 1832, if the Peers had not given way and allowed the bill to pass.

The political system of England, therefore, in some ways gives more immediate control of the government to the voters than our own, and, under the last reform bill, the suffrage is enormously extended, so that the voters as a body no longer belong to a certain class, but to all classes of the population. The majority of the representatives of the people is the government of the country. If that majority changes during a Parliament, the administration changes hands by the resignation of the ministry and the appointment of new ministers. But if the Parliament which defeats the Prime Minister was not called by him, he can dissolve it, and appeal directly to the people to know if he is sustained. If he is not, he resigns upon the evidence of that fact, as Mr. DISRAELI resigned, when in the choice of the present Parliament the country, to which he had appealed, decided against him.

Thus the British system is in many respects much more flexible than ours, yet with great foundations of permanence, which are never seriously disturbed. And if in this country we can devise a method of making the Presidential election a change of administration only, as it is constitutionally intended to be, and not a universal and furious scramble for booty, as it has become, we shall give to the foundations of our government one kind of firmness and security which they have unquestionably lost.

THE TREATY OF WASHINGTON AND MR. SUMNER.

THE happy coincidences of dates in connection with the Treaty of Washington have been remarked. But there is one other fact in relation to it which is also worthy of attention. When Mr. SUMNER, as chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, reported to the Senate, under unanimous instruction, a resolution to reject the REVERDY JOHNSON treaty, he made his report in the form of a speech which excited universal attention. It was the most popular speech of his career. Thousands of persons who had always smiled or sneered at its author applauded with all their hearts. There was sharp criticism, indeed, in some quarters, and in England there were careful refusal to publish the speech, universal misapprehension, and violent condemnation. The truth was, as we attempted to show at the time, that it was a summing up of the case of America against England. It was a concentrated presentation of all the controlling facts. It was a serious expression of our deep sense of sorrow—sorrow deeper than any calculation of loss—and an emphatic statement of the real liabilities of England.

This speech of Mr. SUMNER'S was generally accepted as the American view of the question. It is, therefore, a very interesting inquiry whether the American view has changed, or whether in applauding the Treaty of Washington the country is rejoicing that its view has prevailed. And it must not be forgotten that Mr. SUMNER made no demand whatever. In his statement of the case he may have left England liable for "consequential" or "sentimental" damages, but he asked for none. In the stress which he laid upon the concession of belligerent rights he insisted only upon that fact as the first point of evidence in the charge of unfriendly feeling, and presumptively, therefore, of unfriendly action. He began by declaring that he spoke in the interest of peace, and that the REVERDY JOHNSON treaty was not a settlement, but a snare. He then proceeded to found the argument for rejecting the treaty upon three grounds: first, that there was no word of regret for the events of which we complained; second, that there was no consideration of claims as a national demand; and third, that there was no rule of international law recognized as applicable to such cases, and therefore no gain for the future.

These were the three vital objections to the treaty. Mr. SUMNER enlarged, indeed, upon the prolongation of the war, the destruction of our commerce, the expense of the blockade, as prodigious items, the amount of which might be computed at the Navy Department; and he said that it would be for a wise statesmanship to determine how this fearful accumulation should be removed out of sight. These were what were called at the time "consequential" damages. This is always a liability, in our judgment, not to be discharged in money, but in some other way. The REVERDY JOHNSON treaty was rejected by the Senate, as it had already been by the country; and now the Treaty of Washington has been negotiated amidst universal congratulation, and the Senate gladly ratified what the country had warmly approved. Honorable concessions have been made upon both sides. Yet it will be seen that the substantial points for which Mr. SUMNER contended have been gained. Very possibly not so much has been obtained in his own direction as he might desire. But those who think him factious and selfish in his hostility to the administration should certainly remark that although he offered an amendment to the treaty to avoid the very objection which has since been raised in regard to the interpretation of a rule of law, yet he forbore to press it to the possible disadvantage of the settlement in opening the way to amendments; and so in no manner did he withstand the signal triumph of the administration.

The Treaty of Washington speaks the word of regret, treats the claims question as national, and lays down rules of international law for the future, thus satisfying the cardinal conditions of a proper treaty as Mr. SUMNER had stated them. He doubtless wishes that there might have been a provision, for instance, for the safety of private property at sea. Nor is it at all improbable that, in view of such a concession, the mere money question, whether of amounts computed at the Navy Department or elsewhere, would seem to him comparatively unimportant. But if the Commissioners had been guided by his speech as by a chart laying down the currents and soundings of American sentiment, they could hardly have steered more sagaciously; and certainly it may be asked with great force whether the United States would probably have obtained a settlement so satisfactory except for the powerful presentation of their case made by Mr. SUMNER, which was so cordially and generally sustained by the American people. It showed our English friends exactly the depth and the character and the reason of our feeling; and in this, as in so many other famous instances, the bold way was the best way.

TRICKS AT TAMMANY.

To any one who is in any degree familiar with the history of this country during the last fifteen years the performance at Tammany Hall on the Fourth of July was exquisitely comical. Mr. WILLIAM M. TWEED announced that the Democratic party, whose chief leaders for four years desperately struggled to destroy the government, now proposed "to wrest it from the hands of those who, in our opinion, are betraying it." Mr. TWEED may take heart. The hands that hold the government are those that saved it. The hands that tried to betray it were not, we believe, those of General GRANT nor of the Republican party. Mr. TWEED proceeds to remark that he and his party friends hope also to take the government from "those who are trying to crush out all principles of equality, liberty, and toleration." Now as

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MR. TWEED and his friends are Democrats, and as his party has always shown its regard for equality by bitterly opposing the equal rights of people who were of colored skins, and its devotion to liberty by justifying human slavery and struggling to perpetuate it forever, and its fidelity to toleration by mobbing and scourging and hanging those who asserted liberty and equal rights, he will, perhaps, pardon the American people, who remember ten years, if they decline to undertake the saving of liberty and equality by Democratic hands.

The gentleman who made the Erie bill law—Mr. TWEED'S Governor HOFFMAN—also sent a letter upon the subject of government, his idea of good government and the duties of an executive chief being illustrated, probably, by the same Erie bill. The object of the letter seemed to be to show that in this country we need a strong people and not a strong government, and that the Republican party is centralizing power. Now in this country we have a strong people, and therefore we have a strong government. The technical phrase, strong government, is derived from purely monarchical countries, where the people are not consulted. But here, where the people are the immediate source of power—where, therefore, as is often and not untruly said, they are the government—there can not be that opposition between the government and the people which often exists elsewhere.

It is the policy of the school of politicians to which Mr. HOFFMAN belongs to decry what they call the central government, meaning the government of the United States. It has been their policy from the beginning, and that alone made the rebellion practicable. The Democratic dogma is distrust of the national government and exaltation of the State governments. Now no political system like ours can be secure in which distrust of the general government is habitually taught by a great party. "A weak central government" would be as disastrous to this country as a collection of weak State governments. The doctrine of the necessity of a weak central government was inculcated for two generations by the Democratic party; and therefore when, encouraged by that doctrine and sustained by it, a fatal blow was aimed at the government, it proceeded naturally from that party. It must, therefore, be distrusted as necessarily disorganizing.

The truth is that there is no antagonism between the State and the national systems, and it is as wrong to suspect the one as to be jealous of the other. The tendency, indeed, in a race like ours, and with our political traditions, will always be to the aggrandizement of the State government. And experience has fatally demonstrated that the centrifugal force has been only overcome by a desperate contest. The man who can not contemplate the national government with as much pride and confidence as that of a State is not truly an American. And this is to be further observed—nor will its significance be forgotten—that the cry of centralization is raised most lustily when the question is of the protection by the national government of the unfortunate people whom the national government under Democratic control constantly strove to thrust back into slavery.

SAMUEL J. MAY.

THERE are probably thousands of persons in this country who, when they heard that SAMUEL J. MAY was dead, felt that the best man they knew was gone. Whatever his abilities, and they were admirable, and whatever the services of his long life, consecrated to humanity, the profoundest impression that he always made was that of goodness. His temperament was cheerful, his conversation was flowing and humorous, his preaching was pointed and fervid; but wherever he was, and whatever the occasion, those who had been with him felt that it was good to have been there. Yet, while he was one of the gentlest of men, he was also one of the most heroic. He freely and even gladly encountered such martyrdom as modern society provides for those who differ from the general opinion. But he maintained his cause with such sweetness and reason, such a direct appeal to the human nature of his antagonist, that the common asperity of debate often disappeared, and a truth which was so unselfishly urged was tolerated if not adopted.

His career was a signal illustration of the conquest of character over differences of opinion. MR. MAY was a Unitarian, an abolitionist, a woman's rights man, as it is called; and in all his views upon moral and political questions he was most radical. Nor did he ever conceal his opinions. Indeed, he was peculiarly identified with them. But he made friends, and not enemies. His neighbors respected and loved him, and his name was a chief ornament of all the good causes to which he was devoted. He had lived for many years in Syracuse, in New York, where he was the pastor of a church. During and after the war he was a most faithful and tireless laborer in the sanitary work and the Freedman's Association. But in later years he had somewhat withdrawn from his pulpit, and lived happily and peacefully among his friends and kindred. Among them, also, peacefully and happily he died, his memory remaining like a benediction with all who knew him.

PERSONAL.

THERE are a few offices, or rather a few fountains of corruption, in the city of New York that are equaled by similar positions abroad. The Earl of Ellenborough, for instance, now eighty-one years of age, was, when a school-boy, appointed by his father, then Chief Justice of England, to the joint Chief Clerkship of Pleas in the Court of Queen's Bench, and has ever since that time drawn annually about $40,000 in salary and fees without performing any of the duties of the office. The office of Sheriff of New York is worth from $75,000 to $100,000 per annum; County Clerk, $50,000; Register, $50,000; Comptroller, $100,000; City Chamberlain, $100,000. Of course these are not the nominal salaries, but the figures are not understated. The offices of Collector, Surveyor, and Naval Officer of the port of New York are worth from $40,000 to $75,000 per annum each, according to seizures (*aut seizures, aut nullus*), while the position of United States Marshal is worth quite as much more. The difference between the earl and our officials is that the latter have only about four years of fat things, while the former has enjoyed his place upward of sixty years, and received over two and a half millions of dollars.

—The little ripple of trouble in the Episcopal Theological Seminary between some of the faculty and Dr. FORBES, the Dean, calls to mind the fact that the clerical career of the latter has been not more conspicuous than erratic. When he left the Episcopal for the Roman Church, in 1849, he had been a clergyman for twenty years, and was twice a delegate to the General Convention. At the time of his leaving, his assistant at St. Luke's Church in this city was the Rev. Mr. PRESTON, who followed Dr. F., and when Dr. F. became pastor of St. Ann's R. C. church, Mr. PRESTON became his assistant, succeeding him as pastor when Dr. F. recanted and re-entered the Episcopal Church. Soon after Dr. F. became a Roman Catholic he was appointed theologian of the Bishop of Charleston at a General Council of R. C. archbishops and bishops held in Baltimore (1852). In 1854 he was theologian to Bishop FITZPATRICK, of Boston, in a Provincial Council. Subsequently he received from PIUS IX. the degree of Doctor of Sacred Theology at the same time with Drs. NEWMAN and MANNING, of England, and was sent by Archbishop HUGHES on a special mission to Rome to aid in establishing there the American College for Priests, with the intimation that he might remain, if he wished it, to preside over that institution. On returning to the Episcopal Church, in 1859, he was put in nomination for Provost in the University of Pennsylvania, being recommended by the President and some of the professors of Harvard, the professors of Columbia College, the professors of the General Theological Seminary, and such men as Judge CURTIS, then of the United States Supreme Court, Judge REDFIELD, of Vermont, HAMILTON FISH, REVERDY JOHNSON, JOHN P. KENNEDY, General DIX, Bishops POTTER, WHITTINGHAM, and COXE. Among Catholics the eloquence of Dr. FORBES in favor of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, at the time it was promulgated, is well remembered.

—About these days politicians become anxious as to who shall be who in the approaching nominations of the Tammany party. A nomination is deemed equivalent to an election. The Ring are therefore cogitating as to who shall be the man. The most important of the county offices to be filled are the judges—especially so now, as those to be elected will hold office for fourteen years. In reference to the Superior Court, where two are to be chosen, and the Common Pleas, the "slate" is already arranged. Judges SPENCER and JONES and Chief Justice DALY are to be renominated. These nominations will be generally acceptable to the bar and the public. For the Supreme Court there are several gentlemen who would not regard it as imperative to decline a nomination. Among them may be mentioned Judge GARVIN, Recorder HACKETT, and THOMAS T. C. BUCKLEY, Esq. When the day arrives, however, it will be found that Judge CARDOZO will be the man, the understanding being that he is to resign his present seat, and be re-elected for the long term. This would give the Governor power to fill the vacancy in November, the appointee being agreed upon, and thus put in position for the succession. That is the programme.

—Will the Methodist Book Concern be considerate enough to withdraw for a short time from the public gaze? If it declines to take itself out of sight, will not the Associated Press buy it up and turn it into a shooting-gallery, an insane asylum, or some quiet institution of the sort? At a most careful and conservative estimate, the newspapers of the country have been at the expense of ten million dollars for printing the daily bulletin of the Methodist Book Concern quarrel, that is of no interest whatever to any body. The name of LANAHAN has become as familiar as that of BISMARCK. Let his inquisitors now hang him for exposing theft, and the public will feel very much relieved. — *Chicago Evening Post.*

—Not long since young Mr. PRYOR, a son of General ROGER A. PRYOR, carried off one of the honors of Cambridge University, England. To another young American, GEORGE LOCKHART RIVES, has just been awarded the first prize at Trinity College, in the same university, for English declamation and composition, the second and third prizes being awarded to Hon. C. H. STRUTT and Lord Monteagle.

—There are whisperings of a revolt against Tammany. A gathering is said to have recently been held in Albany, at which several of the prominent Democratic country leaders were present—among them the Hon. DELOS DE WOLF, of Oswego, Hon. C. F. NORTON, of Plattsburg, Senator HARDENBERG, Senator LORD, Hon. CALVERT COMSTOCK, General GEORGE J. MAGEE, Hon. ISAIAH FULLER, WILLIAM W. WRIGHT, Judge GEORGE J. COMSTOCK, and others. These gentlemen are understood to be the friends of Governor SEYMOUR and Chief Justice CHURCH, rather than friends of Tammany. They are experienced, wary, long-headed politicians, and may give the Fourteenth Street saint some trouble.

—It was once stated in rhyme by a poetical but somewhat irregular "exciseman and gauger" —ROBERT BURNS, in his "Address to a Mouse" —that

> "The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men
> Gang aft a-gley,
> An' lea'e us naught but grief an' pain
> For promised joy."

And so the scheme by which Mr. BRET HARTE was to tickle the auriculars of the *savans* of New England by something in the "Truthful James" vein was brought to naught by a curious variety of misinformation as to the particular season of the year at which the Commencement solemnities at Harvard usually take place. Having a vague notion, perhaps, that it occurred some time during the hot season, he betook himself to the seclusion of rural Newport to *inkubate* the poem. But either the weather, or inabi[lity] to get up the divine afflatus, or oblivious[ness] as to the "wing of time"—which will occasionally "moult a feather"—combined against him, and, instead of something rich and racy, he placed some old lyrics in his portmanteau, and started for the Hub. On arrival he "put up" at one of those Boston hotels of the *prima facie* class, inserted himself in duly apparel, and "asked somebody where Cambridge was, and how he could get there." Somebody told him where Cambridge was and how he could get there, specifying the route and the ordinary style of "shay" by which he could travel. He traveled there, and arrived just as the excited people of that country were "going for the meeting-house," and drifted into church with a crowd of thin-faced people, mostly wearing glasses. He stood up like a man, read his lines "as loudly as he could,"

> "Then quietly slipped out of a little private door,
> And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more."

—The Hon. ASA PACKER, who ranks, if not the richest, as one of the richest men of Pennsylvania, has made another princely donation to "Lehigh University," which he founded in 1866 by a gift of $500,000. He now proposes to the Board of Trustees that the institution shall be under the auspices of the Episcopal Church, the tuition to be absolutely free in all the regular classes. The original endowment is to be increased by $250,000 as soon as the trustees raise $125,000. A second gift of $250,000 will be bestowed when a second $125,000 is raised by the Board; and until this is raised Mr. PACKER will give $25,000 a year toward the incidental expenses. Mr. PACKER is a native of Connecticut, and was in Congress from Pennsylvania from 1853 to 1857. How paltry this honor compared to the splendor of his benevolence!

—Hon. J. M. ALLYN, owner of the Allyn House, Hartford, has emulated in a modest, gentlemanly way the munificence of Mr. PACKER, by offering to the Young Men's Institute $40,000 to establish a free library and art gallery, and a clear title to the hall story of Allyn Hall building, to be fitted up for that purpose. The latter is worth over $100,000. He desires that the library shall be kept open Sundays, but this is not a condition of the gift.

—In a recent number of the *Weekly* we gave some personal recollections of the late THADDEUS STEVENS. The following anecdote gives another instance of the grim humor of the old gentleman. When he discovered that there was a clause in the charters of the several cemeteries prohibiting the burial of any but white persons in them, he declined to take any of the lots, and went to SHREINER'S private cemetery, where no such prohibition existed. He purchased two adjoining lots. One of his friends, in view of the fact that there was no one but himself to be buried in them, asked him why he secured so much ground. "Well," he replied, in his inimitable, humorous way, "some poor devil may come along one of these days who will have no place to go to. He can *turn in* with me."

—MR. JOAQUIN MILLER, who is mentioned in the papers as the "new Californian poet," is in London, and has been dining with Archbishop TRENCH, ROBERT BROWNING, and other literary people, and been creating a new sensation by appearing at an evening party in top-boots. The most fastidious of London *litterateurs* believe in him, and he has become a lion of great size.

—It is mooted in the upper political circles of Wisconsin that Mr. HORACE RUBLEE, now minister of the United States to Switzerland, and late editor of the Madison (Wisconsin) *State Journal*, is to return to take charge, as editor, of the Milwaukee *Sentinel*, and that E. D. HOLTON, a banker, politician, and railroad man of that State, is to succeed him in the mission.

—General NOYES, the Republican candidate for Governor of Ohio, is the artificer of his own fortune. He is now thirty-nine years of age. In early boyhood he was left an orphan, and at thirteen entered the office of the Dover (New Hampshire) *Morning Star* as an apprentice. After four years' work as a typo he prepared to enter Dartmouth College, from which, in 1853, he graduated fourth in the class. At the outbreak of the war he marched with the Thirty-ninth Ohio, and served with conspicuous ability and gallantry with POPE and SHERMAN, losing a limb at Kenesaw Mountain. He is a brilliant speaker and thorough gentleman.

—The election of the Rev. ELIPHALET NOTT POTTER, D.D., to the presidency of Union College, gives occasion to mention that he is the youngest man, with a single exception, who has ever been chosen to such a position in this country, or probably in the Old World—being only thirty-three years of age. He graduated at Union in 1851, and was ordained in Troy in June, 1863. His first parish was at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, where he built a church, and where he remained until the fall of 1869, when he became rector of St. Paul's Church, Troy. The exception alluded to was that of his grandfather, the late Rev. Dr. ELIPHALET NOTT, who was chosen President of the same college in 1804, at the age of thirty-one, and continued in that position until his death, in 1866—a period of sixty-two years. When Dr. NOTT took the presidency the college was in its infancy, its corporate existence dating from 1795, when it was without funds and in debt. In 1814 the Legislature, through his efforts, passed a lottery law for the benefit of the college, that sort of thing being then deemed quite unexceptionable. During his long incumbency upward of 4000 young men graduated from the college, and shortly before his death he endowed it with property worth $500,000. The father of the president elect, the Right Rev. ALONZO POTTER, D.D., late Bishop of Pennsylvania, son-in-law of Dr. NOTT, was graduated at Union in 1818, became a tutor in 1819, and professor in 1821. In 1831 he became Vice-President and Professor of Moral Philosophy, and was consecrated Bishop of Pennsylvania in 1845. The sons of Bishop P. are, with one exception, graduates of Union College; and it is seldom that six brothers have at so early a period in life attained to positions so distinguished. The eldest, Hon. CLARKSON N. POTTER, aged forty-six, is a lawyer of eminence, and the present representative in Congress from the district composed of Westchester, Rockland and Putnam Counties; Mr. HOWARD POTTER is a partner in the opulent banking house of BROWN, BROTHERS, & Co.; General ROBERT B. POTTER, also a lawyer, went into the war as Major of the Fifty-first New York Volunteers, was twice shot through the body, and attained to the rank of Major-General and commander of the Ninth Army Corps. Mr. EDWARD TUCKERMAN POTTER is a prominent architect of this city. The Rev. Dr. H. C. POTTER, rector of Grace Church, in this city, was ordained in '57; in '59 was called to St. John's Church, Troy; in '63, when but twenty-eight years of age, was tendered the presidency of Gambier College, Ohio, and, in the same year, the rectorship of St. Paul's, Albany, both of which he declined. In 1866 he became "assistant minister of Trinity Church, Boston, on the Greene Foundation," where he remained until 1868, when he was called to the rectorship of Grace Church, in this city—one of the largest, most opulent, and, under his charge, one of the most influential, zealous, and successful parishes in the Church. The youngest of this remarkable family, who has just been chosen to a position of the highest honor and responsibility—Dr. ELIPHALET NOTT POTTER, worthily closes the family record of his distinguished father. He carries with him the hearty Godspeed of all the sons of Union, the best wishes of his brethren in the ministry, and the highest hopes of those who see in the infusion of young blood into the direction of the institution an earnest of grand results.

Mr. CHARLES LANMAN, author of that very useful biographical work, the "Dictionary of Congress," has been commissioned by the Japanese government to prepare, as a sort of text-book for the people of Japan, a descriptive and historical work on the United States, to be translated by Minister ARINORI MARI, and published in that country.

—There are little incidents connected with the Treaty of Washington that must have given a little quiet satisfaction to Mr. SCHENCK during his first days in London. The first was the pleasant fact of the ratification of the treaty in London on the 17th of June, the anniversary of the battle of Bunker. The second was that the President officially announced that fact by proclamation on the 4th of July, the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. Probably neither of these incidents was planned beforehand. Let them be taken, therefore, as auspicious omens for the future.

—The Rev. Dr. EDWARD M'GLYN, pastor of St. Stephen's Church, in this city, has been named in connection with the diocese of Cleveland, Ohio, and also with the new diocese recently set off from the diocese of Albany. Whether reports are true assigning to him the crosier, or whether he would be willing to leave St. Stephen's—one of the largest and wealthiest Roman Catholic churches in the United States—we are unable to state. Dr. M'GLYN is still young—under forty—a gentleman of superior ability, high culture, an able preacher, and a faithful, industrious, and beloved minister of his Church. It would be difficult to select a more excellent or efficient gentleman for the high duties of the episcopate.

—Some wag, taking a comprehensive view of the political complications of the day, and animated by a laudable desire to harmonize the various conflicting elements, proposes a "new departure" by nominating PETER COOPER, "the friend of man," for President and HENRY BERGH, "the friend of the brute," for Vice-President.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE ratifications of the Treaty of Washington were exchanged at London on the 17th of June, the anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill; and it was proclaimed at Washington on the 4th of July, the anniversary of American Independence.

The Civil Service Commission now in session at Washington has under consideration the practicability of the system of open competition examinations. The Commission has received from England a number of documents relating to the civil service in that country, and also reports from several of the Departments in Washington relative to the number of employés in the civil service under each respectively, with details as to the present methods of examination, etc.

The Hon. C. C. Bowen, recently convicted at Washington of bigamy, has been pardoned by the President.

Judge Pratt, of Brooklyn, has granted a writ of error in the case of Foster, convicted of the murder of Mr. Putnam. Foster was to be executed on the 14th inst., but the action of Judge Pratt gives him a reprieve till October.

Over two hundred Morman immigrants, mostly English, were landed in this city on the 3d inst., and were immediately sent Westward.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE recent elections in France have resulted in the complete success of the Republicans. Out of 114 deputies chosen, between eighty and ninety are supporters of President Thiers. Among the successful candidates are Gambetta, Victor Hugo, Duvergier, and General Faidherbe.

It is reported that Gambetta is to publish a paper, with General Faidherbe as military editor. The former has written a letter rejoicing over the results of the election, and advising moderation and patience.

The reorganization of the French army has been completed, and its effective strength is 320,000 men.

The Comte de Chambord has issued a proclamation to the people of France, asserting his claims to the throne. It is generally condemned by the European press as tending to increase agitation.

Victor Emanuel reached Rome on the 3d of July, and was enthusiastically received by the people. The representatives of Germany, Sweden, Turkey, Holland, Russia, Spain, and the United States to the Italian court have also repaired to Rome.

The course of Minister Washburne during the recent troubles in Paris is completely vindicated in a letter recently published in the London *Times*.

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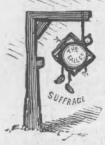
THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.

ADDRESS OF GRAND SACHEM TWEED AT THE TAMMANY WIGWAM.—[ILLUSTRATED BY NAST.]

THE DAY WE CELEBRATE.



RIENDS AND BRETHREN,—In accordance with time-honored custom, the Tammany Society have assembled here to-day for

PATRIOTIC FIRES.

the purpose of keeping alive the patriotic fires which

THEIR ORGANIZATION.

caused the organization of the institution. We are gratified to find that the interest the Tammany Society have striven to protect, the interest they have striven to care for, the interest they have striven to advance and striven to organize, meets the approbation and approval of so many of our fellow-citizens. In these

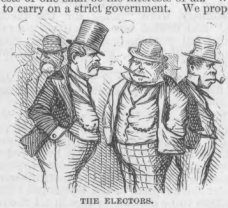
GRAND SACHEM TO TAX-PAYER: "WELL, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?"

great and perilous times, stand-points must be taken. The Tammany Society propose to be governed by

those rules which have made all countries powerful which have followed them. We propose that the

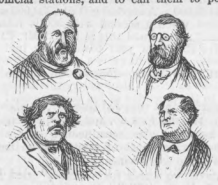
ALL.

interests of one shall be the interests of all. We propose to carry on a strict government. We propose to



THE ELECTORS.

recognize the rights of those who elect persons to high official stations, and to call them to personal

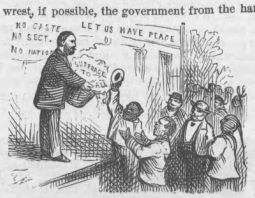


BEGIN AT THE BEGINNING.

account for the manner in which they have conducted themselves and performed their duties. We propose

ON TO WASHINGTON.

to wrest, if possible, the government from the hands

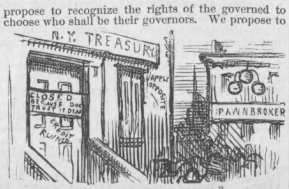


THE BETRAYER.

of those who now, in our opinion, are betraying it; from those who are trying to crush out all principles of equality, liberty, and toleration. [Applause.] We

MIGHT MAKES RIGHT. MIKE TO PAT: "WHERE'S THE SENSE OF COUNTING THESE? WE KNOW HOW MANY THERE MUST BE."

propose to recognize the rights of the governed to choose who shall be their governors. We propose to

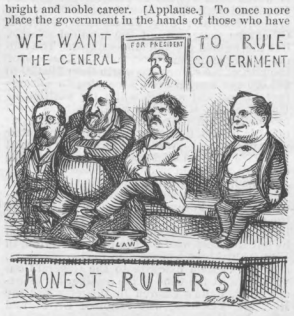


"LET BY-GONES BE BY-GONES."

let the issue of the past die: to strike forward into a

"WHILE THERE'S LIFE THERE'S HOPE."

bright and noble career. [Applause.] To once more place the government in the hands of those who have



PAR EXEMPLE.

always conducted the general government in a manner

PATRIOTISM.

satisfactory to the country. From the formation of the government, except for a brief time, the Demo-

NOT BEING ELECTED BY FAIR MEANS, TRY FOUL.

cratic party have been in the ascendency; what was the result? Commerce thrived, ship-yards were filled with working-men; our ships, built by Americans, commanded by American captains, and manned by American sailors, covered the ocean. Our manufac-

TO THE DEMOCRATS GIVE THANKS FOR THIS.

turing interests, our iron-works, our iron mines, and all the great manufacturing interests were protected. It is not necessary to occupy your attention

THE FALLING OFF. BOUTWELL: "NOW, SLIPPERY DICK, MAKE FIGURES AS PLAIN AS THESE EVERY MONTH."

longer, further than to say that the present condition of those interests is the result of the action of those

GENERAL PLEASONTON: "MR. TWEED, GO THOU AND DO LIKEWISE."

who now govern us. Commerce is paralyzed. Where before the ocean was studded with ships of American build, sailed by American captains, and owned by American owners, what now does the register show? No increase—none whatever; a falling off, a great

UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER.

diminution. We propose to take the government from the hands of those who now hold it, and to go forward

MR. TWEED'S NEXT CASTLE.

as we did before, steadily advancing, steadily promot-

LAYING UP EARTHLY TREASURES.

ing, steadily increasing the welfare and prosperity of all. [Applause.] I would be pleased and happy to talk all day to you, but I am to be followed by speakers who have made politics their study, and I presume you, gentlemen, would be much better pleased to hear them than me. That being the case, in the name of the Tammany Society I again thank you for this manifestation of your approval of the determination which the society have endeavored to carry out, the princi-

WITH AN EYE TO THE NEXT WORLD.

ples they have always enunciated, and we will now go on with the programme drawn up by the Committee of Arrangements.

THE PROGRAMME.

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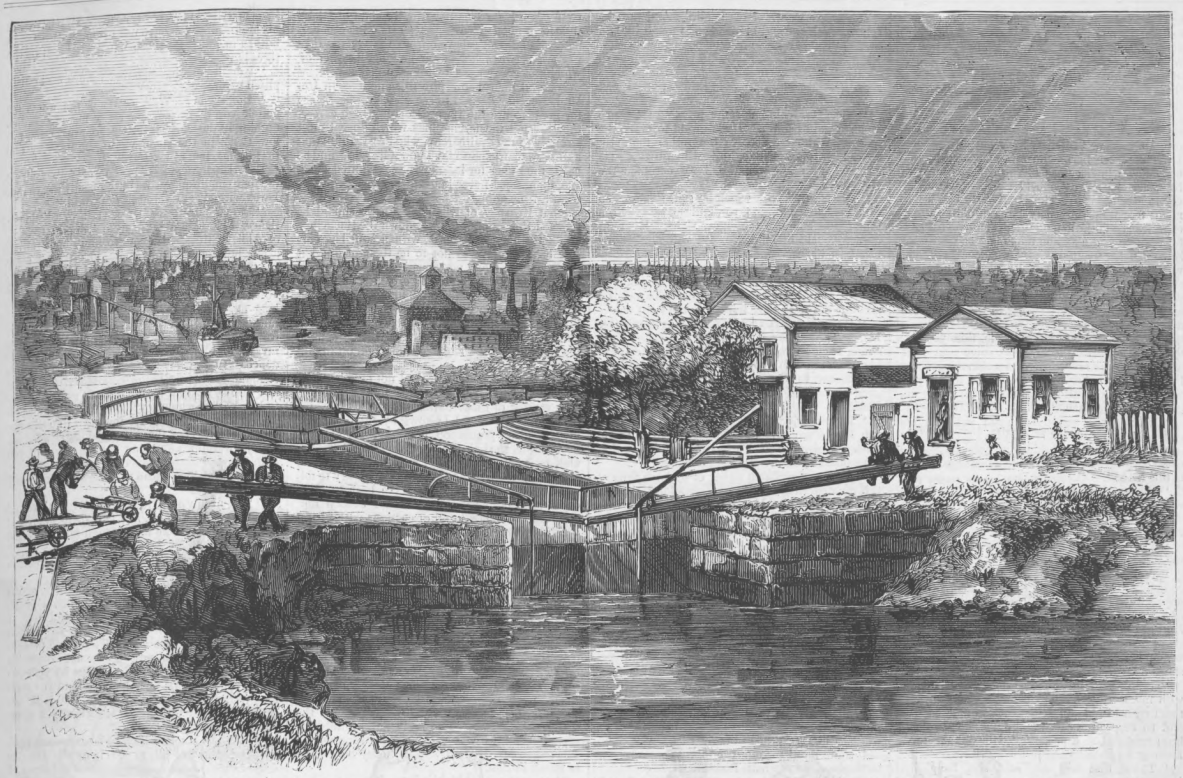

TURNING THE WATERS OF LAKE MICHIGAN INTO THE GULF OF MEXICO.—DRAWN BY THEO. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 671.]

LORD KILGOBBIN.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

Author of "That Boy of Norcott's," "The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly," "Sir Brooke Fossbrooke," "A Day's Ride," "One of Them," "Gerald Fitzgerald," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XV.

IN THE GARDEN AT DUSK.

WHEN Atlee quitted Walpole's room he was far too full of doubt and speculation to wish to join the company in the drawing-room. He had need of time to collect his thoughts, too, and arrange his plans. This sudden departure of his would, he well knew, displease Kearney. It would savor of a degree of impertinence, in treating their hospitality so cavalierly, that Dick was certain to resent, and not less certain to attribute to a tuft-hunting weakness on Atlee's part, of which he had frequently declared he detected signs in Joe's character.

"Be it so. I'll only say you'll not see me cultivate 'swells' for the pleasure of their society, or even the charms of their cookery. If I turn them to no better uses than display, Master Dick, you may sneer freely at me. I have long wanted to make acquaintance with one of these fellows, and luck has now given me the chance. Let us see if I know how to profit by it." And thus muttering to himself, he took his way to the farm-yard to find a messenger to dispatch to Kilbeggan for post-horses.

The fact that he was not the owner of a half-crown in the world very painfully impressed itself on a negotiation which, to be prompt, should be prepaid, and which he was endeavoring to explain to two or three very idle but very incredulous listeners—not one of whom could be induced to accept a ten miles' tramp on a drizzling night without the prompting of a tip in advance.

"It's every step of eight miles," cried one.

"No, but it's ten," asseverated another, with energy, "by rayson that you must go by the road. There's nobody would venture across the bog in the dark."

"Wid five shillings in my hand—"

"And five more when ye come back," continued another, who was terrified at the low estimate so rashly ventured.

"If one had even a shilling or two, to pay for a drink when he got in to Kilbeggan wet through and shivering—"

The speaker was not permitted to finish his ignominiously low proposal, and a low growl of disapprobation smothered his words.

"Do you mean to tell me," said Joe, angrily, "that there's not a man here will step over to the town to order a chaise and post-horses?"

"And if yer honor will put his hand in his pocket, and tempt us with a couple of crown pieces, there's no saying what we wouldn't do," said a little bandy old fellow, who was washing his face at a pump.

"And are crown pieces so plentiful with you down here that you can earn them so easily?" said Atlee, with a sneer.

"Be my sowle, yer honor, it's thinkin' that they're not so asy to come at makes us a bit lazy this evening," said a ragged fellow, with a grin, which was quickly followed by a hearty laugh from those around him.

Something that sounded like a titter above his head made Atlee look up, and there, exactly over where he stood, was Nina, leaning over a little stone balcony in front of a window, an amused witness of the scene beneath.

"I have two words for yourself," cried he to her, in Italian. "Will you come down to the garden for one moment?"

"Can not the two words be said in the drawing-room?" asked she, half saucily, in the same language.

"No; they can not be said in the drawing-room," continued he, sternly.

"It's dropping rain. I should get wet."

"Take an umbrella, then, but come. Mind me, Signora Nina, I am the bearer of a message for you."

There was something almost disdainful in the toss of her head as she heard these words, and she hastily retired from the balcony and entered the room.

Atlee watched her, by no means certain what her gesture might portend. Was she indignant with him for the liberty he had taken? or was she about to comply with his request, and meet him? He knew too little of her to determine which was the more likely; and he could not help feeling that, had he even known her longer, his doubt might have been just as great. Her mind, thought he, is perhaps like my own; it has many turnings, and she's never very certain which one of them she will follow. Somehow, this imputed willfulness gave her, to his eyes, a charm scarcely second to that of her exceeding beauty. And what beauty it was! The very perfection of symmetry in every feature when at rest, while the varied expressions of her face as she spoke, or smiled, or listened, imparted a fascination which only needed the charm of her low liquid voice to be irresistible.

How she vulgarizes that pretty girl, her cousin, by mere contrast! What subtile essence is it, apart from hair, and eyes, and skin, that spreads an atmosphere of conquest over these natures? and how is it that men have no ascendencies of this sort—nothing that imparts to their superiority the sense that worship of them is in itself an ecstasy?

"Take my message into town," said he, to a fellow near, "and you shall have a sovereign when you come back with the horses;" and with this he strolled away across a little paddock and entered the garden. It was a large, ill-cultivated space, more orchard than garden, with patches of smooth turf, through which daffodils and lilies were scattered, and little clusters of carnations occasionally showed where flower-beds had once existed. "What would I not give," thought Joe, as he strolled along the velvety sward, over which a clear moonlight had painted the forms of many a straggling branch—"What would I not give to be the son of a house like this, with an old

"'YOU ARE RIGHT, I SEE IT ALL;' AND NOW HE SEIZED HER HAND AND KISSED IT."

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and honored name, with an ancestry strong enough to build upon for future pretensions, and then with an old home, peaceful, tranquil, and unmolested; where, as in such a spot as this, one might dream of great things, perhaps more—might achieve them! What books would I not write! What novels, in which, fashioning the hero out of my own heart, I could tell scores of impressions the world has made upon me in its aspect of religion, or of politics, or of society! What essays could I not compose here—the mind elevated by that buoyancy which comes of the consciousness of being free for a great effort! Free from the vulgar interruptions that cling to poverty like a garment, free from the paltry cares of daily subsistence, free from the damaging incidents of a doubtful position and a station that must be continually asserted. That one disparagement, perhaps, worst of all," cried he, aloud: "how is a man to enjoy his estate if he is 'put upon his title' every day of the week? One might as well be a French emperor, and go every spring to the country for a character."

"What shocking indignity is this you are dreaming of?" said a very soft voice near him, and turning, he saw Nina, who was moving across the grass, with her dress so draped as to show the most perfect instep and ankle with a very unguarded indifference.

"This is very damp for you; shall we not come out into the walk?" said he.

"It is very damp," said she, quickly, "but I came because you said you had a message for me: is this true?"

"Do you think I could deceive you?" said he, with a sort of tender reproachfulness.

"It might not be so very easy, if you were to try," replied she, laughing.

"That is not the most gracious way to answer me."

"Well, I don't believe we came here to pay compliments; certainly I did not, and my feet are very wet already—look there and see the ruin of a 'chaussure' I shall never replace in this dear land of coarse leather and hobnails."

As she spoke she showed her feet, around which her bronzed shoes hung limp and misshapen.

"Would that I could be permitted to dry them with my kisses," said he, as, stooping, he wiped them with his handkerchief, but so deferentially and so respectfully as though the homage had been tendered to a princess. Nor did she for a moment hesitate to accept the service.

"There, that will do," said she, haughtily. "Now for your message."

"We are going away, mademoiselle," said Atlee, with a melancholy tone.

"And who are 'We,' Sir?"

"By 'We,' mademoiselle, I meant to convey Walpole and myself." And now he spoke with the irritation of one who had felt a pull-up.

"Ah, indeed!" said she, smiling, and showing her pearly teeth. "'We' meant Mr. Walpole and Mr. Atlee."

"You should never have guessed it?" cried he, in question.

"Never—certainly," was her cool rejoinder.

"Well! *He* was less defiant, or mistrustful, or whatever be the name for it. We were only friends of half an hour's growth when he proposed the journey. He asked me to accompany him as a favor; and he did more, mademoiselle: he confided to me a mission—a very delicate and confidential mission—such an office as one does not usually depute to him of whose fidelity or good faith he has a doubt, not to speak of certain smaller qualities, such as tact and good taste."

"Of whose possession Mr. Atlee is now asserting himself," said she, quietly.

He grew crimson at a sarcasm whose impassiveness made it all the more cutting.

"My mission was in this wise, mademoiselle," said he, with a forced calm in his manner. "I was to learn from Mademoiselle Kostalergi if she should desire to communicate with Mr. Walpole touching certain family interests in which his counsels might be of use; and in this event I was to place at her disposal an address by which her letters should reach him."

"No, Sir," said she, quietly, "you have totally mistaken any instructions that were given you. Mr. Walpole never pretended that I had written or was likely to write to him; he never said that he was in any way concerned in family questions that pertained to me: least of all did he presume to suppose that if I had occasion to address him by letter, I should do so under cover to another."

"You discredit my character of envoy, then?" said he, smiling easily.

"Totally and completely, Mr. Atlee; and I only wait for you yourself to admit that I am right, to hold out my hand to you, and say let us be friends."

"I'd perjure myself twice at such a price. Now for the hand."

"Not so fast—first the confession," said she, with a faint smile.

"Well, on my honor," cried he, seriously, "he told me he hoped you might write to him. I did not clearly understand about what, but it pointed to some matter in which a family interest was mixed up, and that you might like your communication to have the reserve of secrecy."

"All this is but a modified version of what you were to disavow."

"Well, I am only repeating it now to show you how far I am going to perjure myself."

"That is, you see, in fact, that Mr. Walpole could never have presumed to give you such instructions—that gentlemen do not send such messages to young ladies—do not presume to say that they dare do so; and last of all, if they ever should chance upon one whose nice tact and cleverness would have fitted him to be the bearer of such a commission, those same qualities of tact and cleverness would have saved him from undertaking it. That is what you see, Mr. Atlee, is it not?"

"You are right. I see it all." And now he seized her hand and kissed it as though he had won the right to that rapturous enjoyment.

She drew her hand away, but so slowly and so gently as to convey nothing of rebuke or displeasure. "And so you are going away?" said she, softly.

"Yes; Walpole has some pressing reason to be at once in Dublin. He is afraid to make the journey without a doctor; but rather than risk delay in sending for one, he is willing to take *me* as his body surgeon, and I have accepted the charge."

The frankness with which he said this seemed to influence her in his favor, and she said, with a tone of like candor: "You are right. His family are people of influence, and will not readily forget such a service."

Though he winced under the words, and showed that it was not exactly the mode in which he wanted his courtesy to be regarded, she took no account of the passing irritation, but went on:

"If you fancy you know something about me, Mr. Atlee, *I* know far more about *you*. Your chum, Dick Kearney, has been so outspoken as to his friend, that my cousin Kate and I have been accustomed to discuss you like a near acquaintance—what am I saying?—I mean like an old friend."

"I am very grateful for this interest; but will you kindly say what is the version my friend Dick has given of me? what are the lights that have fallen upon my humble character?"

"Do you fancy that either of us have time at this moment to open so large a question? Would not the estimate of Mr. Joseph Atlee be another mode of discussing the times we live in, and the young gentlemen more or less ambitious, who want to influence them? would not the question embrace every thing, from the difficulties of Ireland to the puzzling embarrassments of a clever young man who has every thing in his favor in life, except the only thing that makes life worth living for?"

"You mean fortune—money?"

"Of course I mean money. What is so powerless as poverty? Do I not know it—not of yesterday, or the day before, but for many a long year? What so helpless, what so jarring to temper, so dangerous to all principle, and so subversive of all dignity? I can afford to say these things, and you can afford to hear them, for there is a sort of brotherhood between us. We claim the same land for our origin. Whatever our birth-place, we are both Bohemians!"

She held out her hand as she spoke, and with such an air of cordiality and frankness that Joe caught the spirit of the action at once, and bending over, pressed his lips to it, as he said, "I seal the bargain."

"And swear to it?"

"I swear to it," cried he.

"There, that is enough. Let us go back, or rather, let me go back alone. I will tell them I have seen you, and heard of your approaching departure."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE TWO "KEARNEYS."

A VISIT to his father was not usually one of those things that young Kearney either speculated on with pleasure beforehand, or much enjoyed when it came. Certain measures of decorum, and some still more pressing necessities of economy, required that he should pass some months of every year at home; but they were always seasons looked forward to with a mild terror, and, when the time drew nigh, met with a species of dogged fierce resolution that certainly did not serve to lighten the burden of the infliction; and though Kate's experience of this temper was not varied by any exceptions, she would still go on looking with pleasure for the time of his visit, and plotting innumerable little schemes for enjoyment while he should remain. The first day or two after his arrival usually went over pleasantly enough. Dick came back full of his town life and its amusements, and Kate was quite satisfied to accept gayety at second-hand. He had so much to say of balls, and picnics, and charming rides in the Phœnix, of garden-parties in the beautiful environs of Dublin, or more pretentious entertainments that took the shape of excursions to Bray or Killiney. She came at last to learn all his friends and acquaintances by name, and never confounded the stately beauties that he worshiped afar off with the "awfully jolly girls" whom he flirted with quite irresponsibly. She knew, too, all about his male companions, from the flash young fellow-commoner from Downshire, who had a saddle-horse and a mounted groom waiting for him every day after morning lecture, down to that scampish Joe Atlee, with whose scrapes and eccentricities he filled many an idle hour.

Independently of her gift as a good listener, Kate would very willingly have heard all Dick's adventures and descriptions not only twice but tenth-told: just as the child listens with unwearied attention to the fairy tale whose end he is well aware of, but still likes the little detail falling fresh upon his ear, so would this young girl make him go over some narrative she knew by heart, and would not suffer him to omit the slightest incident or most trifling circumstance that heightened the interest of the story.

As to Dick, however, the dull monotony of the daily life, the small and vulgar interests of the house or the farm, which formed the only topics, the undergrowl of economy that ran through every conversation, as though penuriousness was the great object of existence—but, perhaps, more than all these together, the early hours—so overcame him that he at first became low-spirited, and then sulky, seldom appearing save at mealtimes, and certainly contributing little to the pleasure of the meeting: so that at last, though she might not easily have been brought to the confession, Kate Kearney saw the time of Dick's departure approach without regret, and was actually glad to be relieved from that terror of a rupture between her father and her brother of which not a day passed without a menace.

Like all men who aspire to something in Ireland, Kearney desired to see his son a barrister: for great as are the rewards of that high career, they are not the fascinations which appeal most strongly to the squirearchy, who love to think that a country gentleman may know a little law and be never the richer for it—may have acquired a profession, and yet never known what was a client or what a fee.

That Kearney of Kilgobbin Castle should be reduced to tramping his way down the Bachelors' Walk to the Four Courts, with a stuff bag carried behind him, was not to be thought of; but there were so many positions in life, so many situations for which that gifted creature the barrister of six years' standing was alone eligible, that Kearney was very anxious his son should be qualified to accept that £1000 or £1800 a year which a gentleman could hold without any shadow upon his capacity, or the slightest reflection on his industry.

Dick Kearney, however, had not only been living a very gay life in town, but, to avail himself of a variety of those flattering attentions which this interested world bestows by preference on men of some pretension, had let it be believed that he was the heir to a very considerable estate, and, by great probability, also to a title. To have admitted that he thought it necessary to follow any career at all would have been to abdicate these pretensions, and so he evaded that question of the law in all discussions with his father, sometimes affecting to say he had not made up his mind, or that he had scruples of conscience about a barrister's calling, or that he doubted whether the Bar of Ireland was not, like most high institutions, going to be abolished by Act of Parliament, and all the litigation of the land be done by deputy in Westminster Hall.

On the morning after the visitors took their departure from Kilgobbin, old Kearney, who usually relapsed from any exercise of hospitality into a more than ordinary amount of parsimony, sat thinking over the various economies by which the domestic budget could be squared, and after a very long séance with old Gill, in which the question of raising some rents and diminishing certain bounties was discussed, he sent up the steward to Mr. Richard's room to say he wanted to speak to him.

Dick at the time of the message was stretched full length on a sofa, smoking a meerschaum, and speculating how it was that the "swells" took to Joe Atlee, and what they saw in that confounded snob, instead of himself. Having in a degree satisfied himself that Atlee's success was all owing to his intense and outrageous flattery, he was startled from his reverie by the servant's entrance.

"How is he this morning, Tim?" asked he, with a knowing look. "Is he fierce—is there any thing up—have the heifers been passing the night in the wheat, or has any one come over from Moate with a bill?"

"No, Sir, none of them; but his blood's up about something. Ould Gill is gone down the stair, swearing like mad, and Miss Kate is down the road, with a face like a turkey-cock."

"I think you'd better say I was out, Tim—that you couldn't find me in my room."

"I daren't, Sir. He saw that little Skye terrier of yours below, and he said to me, 'Mr. Dick is sure to be at home; tell him I want him immediately.'"

"But if I had a bad headache, and couldn't leave my bed, wouldn't that be excuse enough?"

"It would make him come here. And if I was you, Sir, I'd go where I could get away myself, and not where he could stay as long as he liked."

"There's something in that. I'll go, Tim. Say I'll be down in a minute."

Very careful to attire himself in the humblest costume of his wardrobe, and specially mindful that neither studs nor watch-chain should offer offensive matter of comment, he took his way toward the dreary little den, which, filled with old top-boots, driving-whips, garden implements, and fishing-tackle, was known as "the lord's study," but whose sole literary ornament was a shelf of antiquated almanacs. There was a strange grimness about his father's aspect which struck young Kearney as he crossed the threshold. His face wore the peculiar sardonic expression of one who had not only hit upon an expedient, but achieved a surprise, as he held an open letter in one hand and motioned with the other to a seat.

"I've been waiting till these people were gone, Dick—till we had a quiet house of it—to say a few words to you. I suppose your friend Atlee is not coming back here?"

"I suppose not, Sir."

"I don't like him, Dick; and I'm much mistaken if he is a good fellow."

"I don't think he is actually a bad fellow, Sir. He is often terribly hard up and has to do scores of shifty things, but I never found him out in any thing dishonorable or false."

"That's a matter of taste, perhaps. Maybe you and I might differ about what was honorable or what was false. At all events, he was under our roof here, and if those nobs—or swells, I believe you call them—were like to be of use to any of us, we, the people that were entertaining them, were the first to be thought of; but your pleasant friend thought differently, and made such good use of his time that he cut you out altogether, Dick—he left you nowhere."

"Really, Sir, it never occurred to me till now to take that view of the situation."

"Well, take that view of it now, and see how you'll like it! *you* have your way to work in life as well as Mr. Atlee. From all I can judge, you're scarcely as well calculated to do it as he is. You have not his smartness, you have not his brains, and you have not his impudence—and faith, I'm much mistaken but it's the best of the three!"

"I don't perceive, Sir, that we are necessarily pitted against each other at all."

"Don't you? Well, so much the worse for you if you don't see that every fellow that has nothing in the world is the rival of every other fellow that's in the same plight. For every one that swims, ten, at least, sink."

"Perhaps, Sir, to begin, I never fully realized the first condition. I was not exactly aware that I was without any thing in the world."

"I'm coming to that, if you'll have a little patience. Here is a letter from Tom M'Keown, of Abbey Street. I wrote to him about raising a few hundreds on mortgage, to clear off some of our debts, and have a trifle in hand for drainage and to buy stock, and he tells me that there's no use in going to any of the money-lenders so long as your extravagance continues to be the talk of the town. Ay, you needn't grow red nor frown that way. The letter was a private one to myself, and I'm only telling it to you in confidence. Hear what he says: 'You have a right to make your son a fellow-commoner if you like, and he has a right, by his father's own showing, to behave like a man of fortune; but neither of you have a right to believe that men who advance money will accept these pretensions as good security, or think any thing but the worse of you both for your extravagance.'"

"And you don't mean to horsewhip him, Sir?" burst out Dick.

"Not, at any rate, till I pay off two thousand pounds that I owe him, and two years' interest at six per cent., that he has suffered me to become his debtor for."

"Lame as he is, I'll kick him before twenty-four hours are over."

"If you do, he'll shoot you like a dog, and it wouldn't be the first time he handled a pistol. No, no, Master Dick. Whether for better or worse, I can't tell, but the world is not what it was when I was your age. There's no provoking a man to a duel nowadays; nor no posting him when he won't fight. Whether it's your fortune is damaged or your feelings hurt, you must look to the law to redress you; and to take your cause into your own hands is to have the whole world against you."

"And this insult is then to be submitted to?"

"It is, first of all, to be ignored. It's the same as if you never heard it. Just get it out of your head, and listen to what he says. Tom M'Keown is one of the keenest fellows I know; and he has business with men who know not only what's doing in Downing Street, but what's going to be done there. Now here's two things that are about to take place: one is the same as done, for it's all ready prepared—the taking away the landlord's right, and making the State determine what rent the tenant shall pay, and how long his tenure will be. The second won't come for two sessions after, but it will be law all the same. There's to be no primogeniture class at all, no entail on land, but a subdivision, like in America, and, I believe, in France."

"I don't believe it, Sir. These would amount to a revolution."

"Well, and why not? Ain't we always going through a sort of mild revolution? What's parliamentary government but revolution, weakened, if you like, like watered grog, but the spirit is there all the same. Don't fancy that, because you can give it a hard name, you can destroy it. But hear what Tom is coming to. 'Be early,' says he; 'take time by the forelock; get rid of your entail, and get rid of your land. Don't wait till the Government does both for you, and have to accept whatever condition the law will cumber you with, but be before them! Get your son to join you in docking the entail; petition before the court for a sale, yourself or somebody for you; and wash your hands clean of it all. It's bad property, in a very ticklish country,' says Tom—and he dashes the words—'bad property, in a very ticklish country; and, if you take my advice, you'll get clear of both.' You shall read it all yourself by-and-by; I am only giving you the substance of it, and none of the reasons."

"This is a question for very grave consideration, to say the least of it. It is a bold proposal."

"So it is, and so says Tom himself; but he adds, 'There's no time to be lost; for once it gets about how Gladstone's going to deal with land, and what Bright has in his head for eldest sons, you might as well whistle as try to dispose of that property.' To be sure, he says," added he, after a pause—"he says, 'If you insist on holding on, if you cling to the dirty acres because they were your father's and your great-grandfather's, and if you think that being Kearney of Kilgobbin is a sort of title, in the name of God stay where you are, but keep down your expenses. Give up some of your useless servants, reduce your saddle-horses'—*my* saddle-horses, Dick! 'Try if you can live without fox-hunting.'—Fox-hunting! 'Make your daughter know that she needn't dress like a duchess'—poor Kitty's very like a duchess; 'and, above all, persuade your lazy, idle, and very self-sufficient son to take to some respectable line of life to gain his living. I wouldn't say that he mightn't be an apothecary; but if he liked law better than physic, I might be able to do something for him in my own office.'"

"Have you done, Sir?" said Dick, hastily, as his father wiped his spectacles, and seemed to prepare for another heat.

"He goes on to say that he always requires one hundred and fifty guineas fee with a young man; 'but we are old friends, Maurice Kearney,' says he, 'and we'll make it pounds.'"

"To fit me to be an attorney!" said Dick, articulating each word with a slow and almost savage determination.

"Faith! it would have been well for us if one of the family had been an attorney before

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now. We'd never have gone into that action about the mill-race, nor had to pay those heavy damages for leveling Moore's barn. A little law would have saved us from evicting those blackguards at Mullenalick, or kicking Mr. Hall's bailiff before witnesses."

To arrest his father's recollection of the various occasions on which his illegality had betrayed him into loss and damage, Dick blurted out, "I'd rather break stones on the road than I'd be an attorney."

"Well, you'll not have to go far for employment, for they're just laying down new metal this moment, and you needn't lose time over it," said Kearney, with a wave of his hand, to show that the audience was over and the conference ended.

"There's just one favor I would ask, Sir," said Dick, with his hand on the lock.

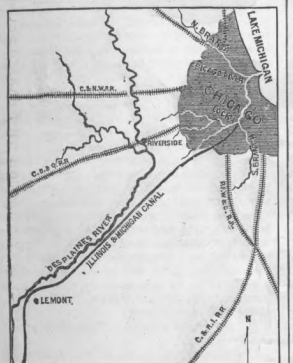
"You want a hammer, I suppose," said his father, with a grin—"isn't *that* it?"

With something that, had it been uttered aloud, sounded very like a bitter malediction, Dick rushed from the room, slamming the door violently after him as he went.

"That's the temper that helps a man to get on in life," said the old man, as he turned once more to his accounts, and set to work to see where he had blundered in his figures.

A GRAND ENTERPRISE.

THE city of Chicago has grown up on the banks of a river forking into North and South Branches, the chief peculiarity of which was that it rarely knew which way to run. With a strong freshet from up-country it would pursue a feeble course toward the lake; but at other times it exhibited the most piggish obstinacy and sluggishness, and refused to move either way. Being the receptacle of the city drainage, the river was a terrible nuisance during the hot weather. Its waters were as black and slimy as the current of a sewer, and the most offensive and pestilential odors arose from them, so that the air of the city and country in the direction of the wind was unendurable.



MAP SHOWING CONNECTION OF LAKE MICHIGAN WITH DES PLAINES RIVER.

To remedy this evil enormous pumping engines were made to lift the waters of the South Branch into the Illinois and Michigan Canal, which connects with a branch of the Mississippi. But this proved to be an expensive as well as only a partial remedy. Another plan was then projected and carried out. This was nothing less than cutting down the summit level of the canal, so as to establish a natural flow backward from Lake Michigan to the Mississippi. This great work has been successfully accomplished, and by the time this paper is issued the clear, sweet waters of the lake will pour through the city and take their course toward the Mississippi and the Gulf of Mexico. The map which accompanies this article shows the course of the canal from Chicago to Joliet, on the Des Plaines River, a distance of thirty miles, with a gradual fall of twenty feet. The depth of water in the canal varies from seven and a half to nine feet. The flow of the current will be about three-quarters of a mile per hour. The engraving on page 669 shows the cutting away of one of the old locks which were necessary before the change of current.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

A RECENT number of *The Academy* contains a notice, by KEITH JOHNSTON, Jun., of a collection of essays by OSCAR PESCHEL, composed of a series of articles published in *Ausland*, a weekly journal of geography and anthropology, of which Dr. PESCHEL was editor until quite recently, when he was succeeded by Dr. BOCMEISTER. The subjects discussed in these essays consist of certain problems in comparative geography, in this instance restricted more to the purely physical conditions of the earth than is the case in the well-known work of CARL RITTER, which PESCHEL thinks should be entitled "Geographical Theology; or, an Attempt to Penetrate the Design of the Creator from a Study of His Works." Various subjects are treated of in this series, among the more noteworthy of which, according to Mr. JOHNSTON, may be mentioned that on the formation of fiords, which are deep and precipitous cuttings into a stock-dust, generally at a high angle, and are usually aggregated together considerably wherever they occur. They are found only on the coasts of Europe and America, and mostly on west or north coasts, being confined in Europe to regions north of the fifty-first parallel; on the east coast of America to the forty-fourth, and on the west coast to above the forty-eighth degree. In the southern hemisphere no fiords occur within a limit of forty-one degrees from the equator. On a careful examination of these fiords, their bounds are found to agree with the winter isothermal lines, none of them occurring in any warmer zone than that shut off by a yearly temperature of 50° Fahr. Within this space, however, they never fail to appear where a steep coast-line and heavy rain-fall are seen to exist together. In general they are either channels through which glaciers find their way at present to the sea, or show marks of having been formerly occupied by them.

In answer to the question whether these physical features may not have been produced by glaciers, Dr. PESCHEL responds that they mark the outlines of a former and now retreating glacial covering, which has protected these remains of still earlier upheavals from the weathering and degradation which has befallen any such raised and broken surfaces in warmer regions.

In another essay Dr. PESCHEL opposes the theory of the existence of mountains and valleys in the sea bed corresponding to the inequalities of this character observed on the land, and maintains that every island is either the unsubmerged height of a sinking portion of the continent nearest to which it lies, identifiable as a former portion of the main-land by its geological structure, its fauna, or its flora, or else that it has been independently raised by volcanic force or by the labors of the coral insect.

In another chapter Dr. PESCHEL opposes the idea that the mountain ranges have been formed by outbursts of incandescent lava; but finds in chemistry the power needed for the result, especially in the combinations of carbonic acid and silica, which produce a chemical change resulting in a reduction in the specific gravity, and a considerable increase in the volume of the mass.

From a careful study of the subject, Dr. PESCHEL thinks he can show that since the tertiary period the continents have tended to add to their extent northward and westward, and to lose by submergence to the south and east, the gain in the one case being exactly counterbalanced by the loss in the other, the proportions of land and water remaining the same. He also considers it to be a popular fallacy that the destruction of forests reduces the rain-fall on the land, and thinks it useless to attempt planting in those countries in which woods have not flourished naturally in historic times. This idea, however, Mr. JOHNSTON very sensibly opposes as being entirely contrary to well-established facts.

Whether owing to increased importations, or to the use of machines for making ice artificially, the London papers advertise this substance at what they consider the extraordinarily low rate of about $1 40 per hundred pounds. This, however, would not be considered a low figure in our country, especially at the present time, when it can be purchased in New England at about from ten to fifteen cents for the same quantity.

Although no formal action has been taken in regard to supplying the Connecticut River with black bass, as has been the case with the Delaware, Schuylkill, Potomac, and other streams, this result has been accomplished by an accident, several gentlemen having stocked certain fish-ponds with this valuable fish, which were emptied (by a flood, several years ago), with their contents, into the Connecticut. Since then the young fish have made their appearance in the river in large quantity, and it is likely that before long the supply will be abundant.

According to the *Scientific Review*, the London International Exhibition of 1871, which opened on the 1st of May last, has proved a decided failure, far from realizing the expectations of its projectors. The only portion worthy of inspection even, according to the above journal, is the pottery department, and most of this is monopolized by one or two manufacturers whose wares are of no great variety. Little attempt is made to explain any of the machinery or of the articles exhibited, and, as a whole, the exhibition contains little or nothing that is not perfectly familiar to the industrial or technical community.

Owing to various climatological causes, a remarkable decrease in the lower borders of the Swiss glaciers took place during the past year; and careful trigonometrical measurements of their summits revealed a corresponding depression. One ice peak in the Tyrolese Alps, which formerly was a little over 11,000 Vienna feet in height, has been reduced, within a few years past, to the extent of eighteen and a half English feet, leaving only three, instead of four, points in these Alps reaching the former altitude.

According to *Nature*, the Paris Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres has held no regular sittings for some time, although the meetings of the Academy of Science have, we believe, not been interrupted at any time. A special commission has been given to Mr. RENAN to inspect the ruins of the Parisian monuments which have been destroyed by the Communists. A commission has also been appointed by the Academy of Science to study the different processes used by the insurgents for burning the Tuileries, etc. Petroleum seems to have been generally employed, either soaked up in hay or placed in canisters. It was stated that petroleum had been thrown from fire-engines and then ignited, but this is believed to be incorrect.

A great demand for the English sparrow in various parts of the United States has led to their importation from England and Germany in large numbers; but in many instances where this has been done in large cages, most of the birds have died on the passage. In one instance in our recollection, where four hundred were placed in two cages, only seven were safely landed in New York. Persons who have given this subject their attention advise that the importations be made in long low cages, known as store cages, which are two or three feet long, about nine inches high, and twelve from back to front, with perches within two inches of the bottom. In a cage of this kind three or four dozen can, it is said, be readily transported, provided they be supplied with proper food, as well as with sand and fine gravel and plenty of water.

Professor MARSH, of Yale College, has just started out on a second expedition for scientific exploration and discovery in the far West, which we trust will be still more fruitful in interesting results than the first one, which brought to light so many extraordinary forms of fossil animals, that have been briefly described by him in the *American Journal of Science*, and referred to from time to time in our pages. His party for the present season will consist of thirteen besides himself, embracing quite a number of his companions of last year, and it is his intention to spend five or six months in searching the cretaceous and tertiary strata of the Rocky Mountain region and the Pacific coast for vertebrate fossil remains. With the experience of the past year and ample facilities, he expects to make very extensive collections.

The New York Commissioners of Fish and Fisheries seem unwearied in their efforts to stock the waters of the State with the best varieties of fish. Among other results obtained by them has been the hatching out during the past season of 3,000,000 shad eggs, or three times the total catch of the Hudson River. They have also bred several millions of white-fish, and a million of salmon-trout, while of such fish as black bass, pike, perch, and other varieties, they have supplied large numbers to those who would take and protect them. The period of their appointment will expire in the course of a year; but by that time, even if the commission should not be renewed, they will have made a most important impression upon the subject of the production of the fresh-water food supply.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Is there in nature a cure for every ill to which flesh is heir? And will medical investigation or some fortuitous circumstance finally discover one and all of them? Since cundurango has been found to be a remedy for hitherto incurable cancer, the medical profession may hopefully expect other equally important curative discoveries. Cundurango is a plant which grows in Ecuador, being found only on the highest peaks of the mountains. It is a large, bushy shrub, bearing a poisonous fruit. An Indian woman of Ecuador, wishing to poison her husband, who was suffering greatly from cancer, made a decoction of the wood—the fruit being out of season—and administered it to him. Strange to say, the man recovered from the disease. The remarkable cure excited the attention of physicians, and finally of the government of Ecuador, and a few pounds were sent to the State Department at Washington about three months ago. Experiments indicate that the article is a genuine specific for the dreaded and dreadful cancer. But the supply was small and soon exhausted, and applicants became clamorous for more. Dr. Bliss, of Washington, sent an order for five hundred pounds of cundurango to a business house in Guayaquil. But the plant was not an article of commerce, and it was found to be impossible to obtain it by the ordinary commercial methods. Consequently a special agent has been dispatched to obtain a supply. It is, however, a difficult task to obtain the cundurango. The roads of the Loja district, where it grows, are rough and unfrequented, and the natives are suspicious of foreigners, and disposed to throw every obstacle in their way. Moreover, the rainy season is not yet over, and the streams are swollen and dangerous to cross. Notwithstanding all these difficulties, a large supply is expected to be gathered in season to reach New York by the Aspinwall steamers which are due on the 1st and 15th of August.

There is likely to be no lack of peaches this year. The recent estimate of the Peach Growers' Association, which met at Dover, Delaware, was 3,315,000 baskets. As they made an estimate last year, and, though the crop was afterward damaged, the actual amount forwarded by rail was not less than 88,000 baskets more than the estimate, we may expect an abundance of this luscious fruit from the peninsula.

A caricature of the Commune, vivid and vigorous in delineation, has just been brought out by Mr. George Cruikshank, whose etchings have become classical. A fiend with hoofs and horns, in a blood-stained cap of liberty, with a flask of brandy on one side of his belt and a flask of petroleum on the other, brandishing a dripping dagger and a flag surmounted by a death's-head, is depicted dancing with infernal glee among the mangled bodies and smoking cinders of the burning city. This is the "leader of the Parisian Blood-Red Republic," and the flag bears this inscription: "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity; Atheism, or a disbelief in God; seizure of all property; and death to all who oppose the Red Republic." The cartoon is headed, "An awful lesson to the world for all time to come;" and below is a suggestion for the suppression of "Red Republicans" in England.

It is announced in England that the Queen's second son, the Duke of Edinburgh, is to be married to a daughter of the King of Denmark, a sister of the Princess of Wales. As the young lady, though of royal blood, has no dowry, the Duke, who is a life pensioner on the British nation to the amount of $75,000 a year, will doubtless expect an increase of his pension when he is married. The Queen will probably apply to Parliament for a dowry, her own little private fortune of something like $15,000,000 being too small to be touched on such an occasion. Intense disapprobation among the working classes is anticipated.

A little eight-year-old girl settled the question of the propriety of wearing ear-rings the other day by declaring that if it had not been "wicked" to wear them "God would have made holes in our ears."

The Bombay journals believe that Dr. Livingstone will be in great danger, on his return journey, from the Arab traders, and they advocate sending an expedition to Lake Yanganyika in search of him.

One of the brightest pupils at the institution for the deaf and dumb at Raleigh, North Carolina, is a daughter of one of the Siamese Twins.

The "oldest woman" in Maine, Mrs. Bertha Foster, is over 107 years of age. Since her one-hundredth birthday she has both spun and knit. For one pair of stockings knit since that time she has received $5. She has been able to read until within a few years, and to walk quite well until very recently, when she fell, and has since been obliged to keep her bed. She still retains her mental faculties to a remarkable degree.

We do not suppose that there will be one less fire-cracker or pistol fired next Fourth of July from any publicity which might be given to the disasters which happened this year. Yet it may possibly lead a few to exercise more care in the use of explosives to reflect upon the long list of lacerated arms and legs, the disfigured faces, and the deaths by accidents which the "Glorious Fourth" produced. The number of *hands* mutilated on that occasion affords subject for serious reflection, and will not be soon forgotten by sundry children and parents.

The following incident is told in connection with Napias-Piquet, one of the most remarkable men of the Paris insurrection: Piquet was placed in the delicate and dangerous position of mayor at Passy during the latter days of the insurrection. He had, however, not only power there, but was of much weight in the Commune councils. To him was largely due the financial promptness of the insurrectionary leaders. He could find money, by legitimate or violent means, when no one else could. He was also extremely violent in his desires for an attack on property, and formed the plan of burning all the papers of the various credit societies, the notaries, and the great corporations, that the Paris world might start anew. One day, after his plan for burning all these immensely valuable papers had been mentioned in the Commune, a well-known French gentleman having no sympathy with the insurrection, but to whom Piquet was deeply indebted for past services, went to see the fiery attacker of property. He was accompanied by an American, to give character to his visit, which he feared might result in his arrest and incarceration as a hostage. Piquet received them with the most friendly cordiality. In the course of conversation the Communist said, "Yes, we intend to burn every paper in every important business establishment, public and private, all archives, and every record which has any value to the rich and those who have been powerful." The Frenchman delicately interposed the thought that the Commune would do much better to carefully put its seals upon all buildings containing these papers and to preserve the records of past iniquities, and then to publish to the world all the documentary evidence of what he (Piquet) asserted. To this the socialist did not at first listen; but he finally said he would consider it, and next day seals were placed on offices of various public and private corporations. Then came the crushing stroke of M'Mahon's entry, and the Frenchman who had reasoned with Piquet had, by a little stroke of finesse, saved to Paris the destruction of paper involving interests of thousands of millions of francs. Had he attempted to threaten Piquet he would have incurred the greatest danger, but he simply forced him to procrastination. Piquet was among the first to fall under the bullets of the Versailles soldiery.

The obituary record of the past six months will place Philadelphia among the places remarkable for the longevity of its inhabitants. Since January, 1871, there have appeared in the columns of the *Public Ledger* the notices of the death of no less than 280 persons who had lived to or beyond the advanced age of eighty years. Of these forty-nine reached the age of ninety or more, and five lived to over one hundred years. Two persons—a man, native of Ireland, and a Scotchwoman—could count their one hundred and five years.

An old Vermont farmer has just completed a musical calendar clock, the work of his spare hours during the last eight years. It is really a wonderful piece of mechanism, and has attracted visitors from far and near. It is an eight-day clock. The dial marks the second, minute, hour, day of the week, day of the month, month, and year; a thermometer rests against its pendulum, giving the state of temperature; the ball of the pendulum contains a miniature time-piece, which derives its motive power solely from its vibrations, and keeps accurate time. There is also a cylinder musical attachment, which may be set to play any one of seven tunes at the end of each hour. In this last feature it can be so adjusted—and such was the intention of the maker—as to play "Old Hundred" at the end of each hour on Sunday, and "Old Folks at Home," "Swiss Waltz," "Star-Spangled Banner," "Hail Columbia," "Yankee Doodle," and "Sweet Home," respectively, on each successive day of the week. The entire mechanism is placed in a black-walnut case, which measures ten feet high, twenty inches wide, and ten inches deep. The case is highly polished, and its front bears the inscription in raised letters, "Our Union Forever, U. S."

The Kentucky giant, Captain Martin Van Buren Bates, and the Nova Scotia giantess, Miss Anna Hanen Swann, were recently "made one" in London. Their united height is about seventeen feet—the bridegroom, unfortunately, being only eight feet, which made it necessary for the shrinking bride to stoop for the nuptial kiss. Of course the captain did not feel quite at his ease under the circumstances, and looked up to the lady for aid and support during the ceremony. The officiating clergyman was only six feet three inches.

The great altar in the church of Notre Dame de Lorette is mutilated, and the bronze group which surmounted it, and which cost 80,000 francs, has been thrown down and broken. It consisted of a *Mater Dolorosa* supporting the body of Christ, and two kneeling angels. Two marble figures were also pulled down with cords, and greatly injured.

All physicians, as well as all other intelligent persons who have ever thought about the matter, agree in believing that the common custom of rapid eating is injurious to health. One of the most pleasant and effectual remedies for this evil is to make the breakfast, dinner, and tea hour the time for cheerful, genial, social chat. Business affairs should be excluded from table in general, and light, agreeable topics introduced. Cheerful chatting is an excellent digestive.

The central and southern provinces of Persia are in a state of destitution and misery, caused by the drought of last year. People are dying of hunger even in the streets of the capital, and this is but a small part of the terrible calamity. Parents are selling their children as slaves to keep them alive; the wretched sufferers try to support life on grass and roots; and men have been seized in the act of digging up corpses to serve as food to their starving families.

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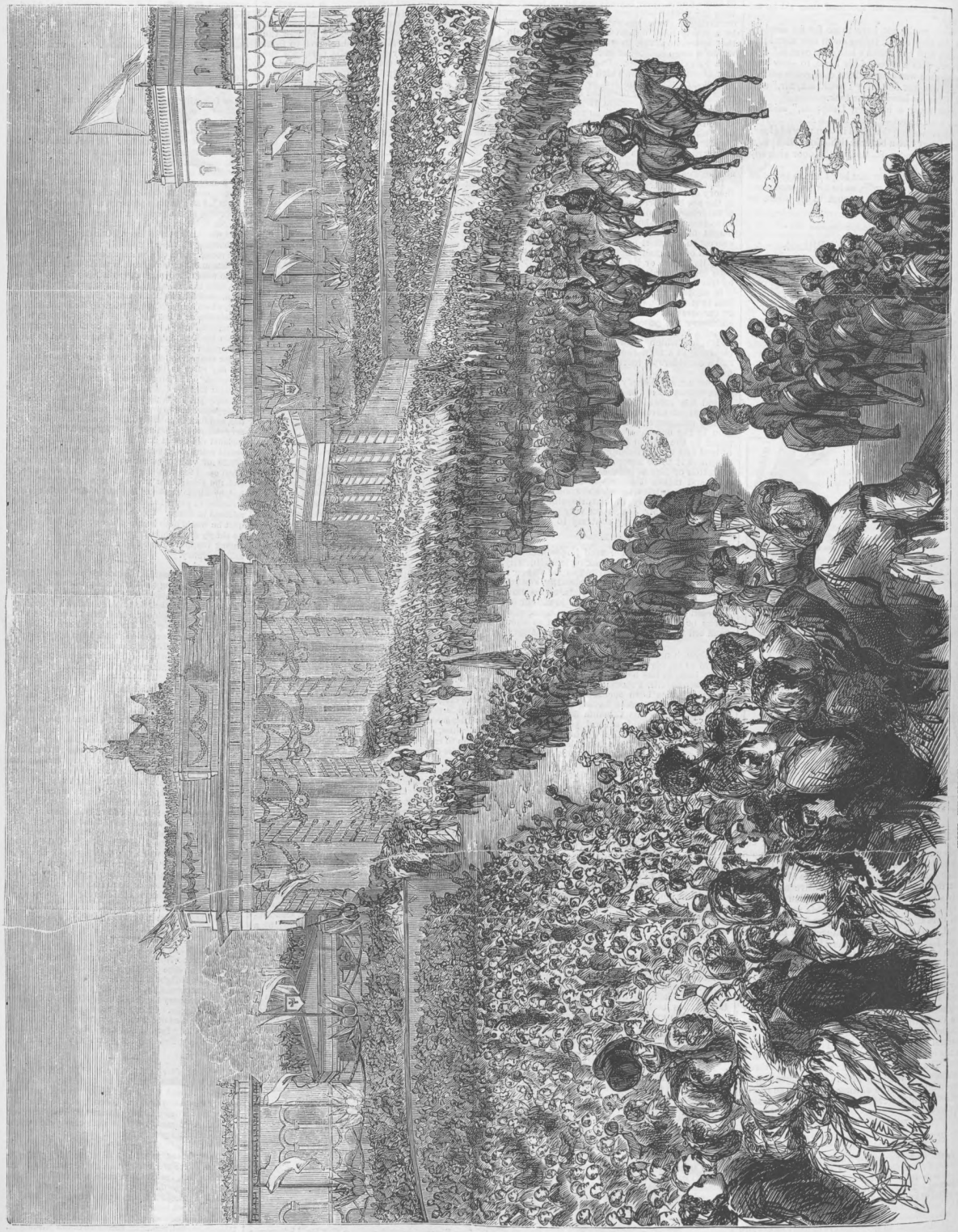
THE TRIUMPH AT BERLIN.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

BERLIN, *June* 16, 1871.

THE morning breaks with flashes of gold and red and purest blue, and I watch it touching the great dome, and the palace roof, and then glowing over the beautiful silent city. Day after day I have been watching the workmen at their toil, raising columns, standards, statues, wreaths, transparencies, fire-work fixtures. The last sound I remember last night was that of the hammers giving their final touches to the now completed arrangements; and now the dawn of as beautiful a June day as ever shone brings for each banner a glowing tint, and a light cool breeze to unfurl its beauty. I look over all the superb public buildings, with their noble Greek pillars and porches, the Museum, the Library, the University, the Opera-house, the Palace—their sculptured gods and goddesses, muses and festal processions, all radiant with the joy of their god, whose chariot ascends in the east; and far away I see another city, one year ago the fairest of the earth, sitting amid the desolations, the blackened ruins, the crowded dungeons which make the drear counterpart of the gladness that reigns in Berlin to-day. The first sound I hear of the awakening city is a strain of "The Watch on the Rhine," sung by a chorus of young men's voices, and wafted now from among the lindens. I have come far, and journeyed day and night to see the final tableau of a great historic drama, to whose dread overture, as performed by the roar of artillery and the shrieks of dying men, I listened last summer in France, and I must not waste a sunbeam of my day.

A few steps bring me to Unter den Linden, with its beautiful avenue of trees, and along it the vast crowd is even now beginning to move. The birds seem to share in the general delight, and the lindens are vocal with their songs. I start on a long walk through the whole extent of Unter den Linden, turning to the left, and passing along the Queen Augusta Street. All this way is bordered with French guns. On each is written the name of the place where it was captured—Metz, Sedan, Paris, etc.; each is wreathed with evergreens. On each, too, is engraved some pretty name, such as the French love to give even to instruments of death—the Emerald, the Zephyr, the Sylph. The police being not yet fairly at their work, the youngsters of Berlin are having a fine time riding these guns as horses; and I wish they could never come to any worse use than that to which the little Arabs are putting them. In Unter den Linden there is a long line of mitrailleuses, and they furnish objects of endless curiosity to the country people. That rustic brother there, whose festival waistcoat has colors enough to be a contribution to the civic decorations, has spent ten minutes investigating a mitrailleuse. One after the other he has peered down each of the twenty-five holes which perforate its mouth, believing, apparently, that through some one of them he must surely behold a dead Turco or a



THE TRIUMPH AT BERLIN—ENTRY THROUGH THE BRANDENBURG GATE.

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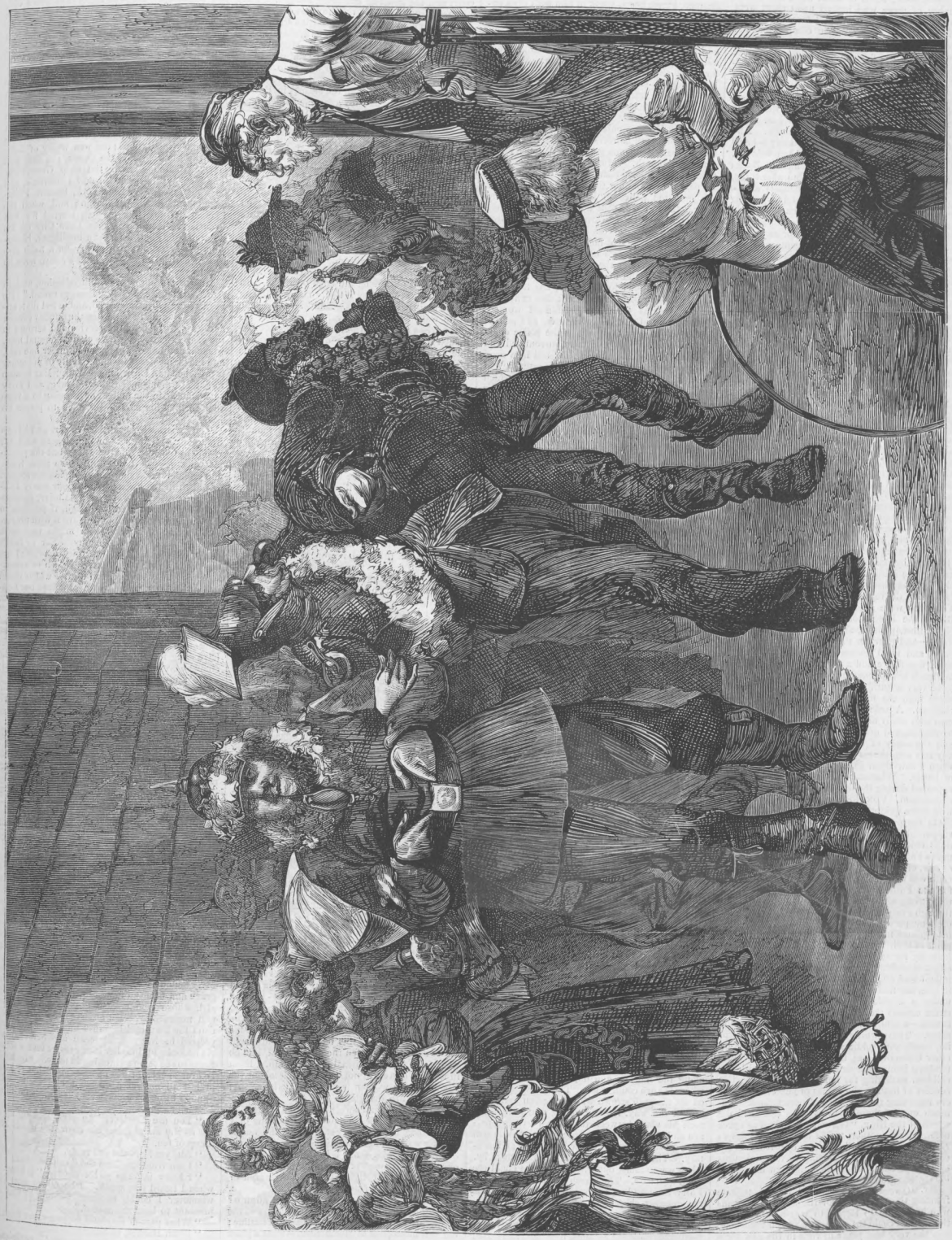
captured emperor. Then he examines the other end. Undaunted, he puts the next mitrailleuse through the same course, and I leave him at his serious task. At the Potsdam Gate stood three colossal statues, one representing Germania, with sword in one hand and olive-branch in the other, and the others, I imagine, Metz and Strasburg. The Germania was near twenty feet high, and on a wide pedestal or platform as high again. These three statues were as white and beautiful as if carved by some master from marble. They were really composed of straw chopped fine, covered with linen, and then plastered thinly over. There were at many points of the city allegorical statues, all effective, and all made in the same way; while the busts of the King and of the royal family were so numerous that one would say they must be turned out by machines.

Very effective were the evergreen decorations. For many miles—in fact, along every street in Berlin—the festoons hung in graceful pendants; a large one generally covered by a small, so as to make them outline an interminable succession of shields; and they covered the houses from the ground to the roof—no small distance in a Berlin house. Mingled with these evergreen strands were frequently flowers, and nearly always either flags, ensigns, or carpets and rugs. This last feature of a festal decoration was quite new to me; and although the rugs and carpet patterns were of brilliant colors, being used chiefly on the lower walls of fine houses, they did give them an oddly commercial appearance.

All along the route by which the procession was to pass there had been arranged seats wherever it was possible. Wherever a house stood a little back of the street the intervening space was filled with ascending tiers of seats. Every street that crossed Unter den Linden had arches over its points of contact, and these were covered with seats. Then the larger spaces around the Potsdam Gate, the Brandenburg Gate, the Pariser Platz, the University, the Opera-house, and the Schloss—all had arrangements for thousands of spectators. These places were called "tribunes," and the seats in them were all numbered and sold by ticket. The prices on Unter den Linden were very high. It is said that Dr. RUSSELL, of the London *Times*, secured a place in a certain balcony commanding several views for a hundred guineas; but he did not arrive to enjoy it, having missed a train from Charing Cross. I can not vouch for the truth of that rumor, but I can vouch for many outrageous extortions having been practiced, the worst being the case of an American lady who was made to pay 112 thalers for her room for three days, because it overlooked the great street. The tribunes all along the streets were covered with crimson, and admirably adorned with evergreen; and with long lines of soldiery on the pavements in front of them, and parterres of gayly dressed ladies seated on them, the effect was simply magnificent.

The soldiers had a march of some ten English miles before reaching the city, which, the day being hot, was unfortunate. When they entered



THE TRIUMPH AT BERLIN—VICTORS OFF DUTY.

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the Brandenburg Gate, and were thus fairly in Berlin, the scene beggars description. There must have been around that spot—the Pariser Platz—20,000 people. Their cries of delight rent the air; they literally carpeted the road with flowers. When the old King made his appearance he was pelted with bouquets to the verge of discomfort. The bronzed soldiers seemed bewildered; some of them wept, and a vast number of those who looked upon them wept with most radiant and excited faces. The old King is usually rather red in complexion, but now he was pale. It was with a dignity whose chief element was a certain lowliness of manner that the old man ascended to the broad stand, carpeted and canopied with crimson, where he was to receive an address from a deputation of the young women of Berlin. The heartiest cheers that North Germans can give—and their best cheers are rather rasping—greeted him as he took his stand, and he bowed profoundly. And here let me say that the King is certainly beloved by the people, and has always been beloved. The most liberal and scholarly men in Berlin declare that he has many very admirable traits, that he treats the humble as graciously as the high-born, and that he has a tact in speaking just the right word, whether it be to a great man or to a child. He is credited with shrewdness in discovering the best man for any work, and never interferes with his agents unnecessarily. Thus when, during the war, MOLTKE consulted him, he generally said, "Does your Majesty think it would be best to do so and so?"—mentioning the course he (MOLTKE) wished to pursue. The King would always reply, "Nothing could more exactly meet my views." While there has been thus a good opinion of the King all along, just now when he appears as the defender, the victorious savior of united Germany, the people have for him an enthusiasm very similar to that which Americans felt for ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Carriages drawn severally by six and by four splendid coal-black horses dashed down the Linden avenue, the royal ladies in them bowing right and left. The princes dashed down on fine horses, giving the cheering crowds military salutes with their swords—holding them straight up by the head, and then waving them down. All these came to the great crimson stand. The Queen, dressed in white, and the princesses, to the number of two dozen—some little girls—dressed in white, pink, lilac, blue, made up an animated bouquet. The large group of young women representing the city were dressed in shining white, and were like stars against the crimson background. A beautiful Fräulein (BLÄSER by name) uttered a poetical address, hailing the King and his soldiers, and bidding him feel the warm pulses of all Germany beating for him as the representative of the Fatherland. The lines were gracefully and clearly spoken. Beside the King stood the Queen—one of the pleasantest, politest, and most sensible women living—and near her the Crown Princess, rather plain, and the Princess FREDERICK CARL, who has a fine figure and a very finely modeled face, but lately her complexion has changed. She used to be very beautiful, and still looks more like the sister than the mother of the eldest of her six children. A little back of the King were the two men who really are the kings of Germany; and as they looked upon the vast sea of happy faces and the array of beauty I could hardly detect any less seriousness or any more calmness than when I saw them gazing on the smoke and fire of battle. Wherever MOLTKE and BISMARCK appeared during the day they were cheered with enthusiasm. VON ROON was received, I thought, with more quietness.

On the pediments of the four columns which supported the canopy over the King were inscriptions chiefly from the song "What is the German's Fatherland?"—*Das ganze Deutschland soll es sein*, etc. On the front next the Brandenburg Gate was written, "In the great crisis upon which, for the Fatherland, all depended, there served that strong sense which raises the nation so high through every emergency, and deserves to be honored by peculiar memorials forever." Similar inscriptions met the eyes of the troops at every point of their march. Unter den Linden, I may here say for readers who have not seen it, is a street stretching for about a third of an English mile, broad enough to be considered three streets in one, the middle one being a wide promenade under a double row of lindens. Wherever a street crosses there was hung a great picture on canvas—a really fine painting, prepared by some artist. These works represented Prussia clasping hands with soldiers wearing the uniforms of other German states, those of Bavaria and Würtemberg being conspicuous; Germany with her children gathering for her defense; the terrible conflict of battle; the scenes of peace, the laborers returning to their several occupations. Beneath one of these pictures were inscribed the words of the King, "Germany is united as never before;" on another, "*Süd und Nord—Eins in Schwert und Wort.*" Every eye from every company was raised glistening to these pictures as they passed beneath them, and an unspeakable delight glowed upon every face.

MR. BANCROFT had secured a vast tribune fronting the University for the many Americans who had come to Berlin to witness the festivities. Each could thus obtain what, on the whole, was the very best point of view in the city for a reasonable price. It was only one of the many important services rendered to his countrymen by one of the best ministers we have ever had in Europe. Mr. BANCROFT, with consummate intelligence and boundless *bonhomie*, entered into all the wishes of the necessarily exacting American sight-seers, who were further entertained by him and his accomplished lady at a handsome soirée. Before I close my reference to him I may say that it is with a pride which only Americans who have passed some time in the Old World can appreciate that one hears the many and cordial expressions of eminent Germans concerning him. "Your minister," said Professor LEPSIUS, "has not only won all our hearts by his good-will, and the honors of our Academy by his learning, but his presence has made a new era in our estimate of America. The King, MOLTKE, BISMARCK, VON ROON, all our greatest men, I have heard speak of him with even enthusiasm." Mr. BANCROFT's beautiful home on Regenten Strasse is the centre of a large hospitality, which must be very inadequately supported by any salary he has received, but the honor and position of the United States are by him held far above all private interests or considerations.

Taking my seat on the University tribune, I overlook the tremendous crowd. The great buildings, as far as the eye can see, are covered with human beings. The grand Opera-house, the Crown Prince's palace, the Library, the Palace, blossom with banners, and the gayly dressed masses seem like some great efflorescence under a tropical breath. Music fills the air at every moment. We have some time to wait here, and we pass it in watching the perpetual struggle of the mounted police to keep the main course clear. The crowd, pent up on one side or the other, now and then overflows, and a hundred or two rush wildly across the broad space, hoping to find a better foot-hold. They are received by a long line of police on foot, who send them back again. When they get back there is no place for them, and for some minutes they oscillate from one side to the other, the horsemen dashing among them to an extent that calls forth frantic screams from the frightened women. Once the crowd that broke its levées and poured across was so considerable that the police could not resist it. So two of them surrounded and captured a single aged man, dressed in a droll overcoat which almost reached the ground, and marched him back again to the place from which he had endeavored to escape with the rest. His captors had the air of men who though unable to right every wrong in the universe, had at least succeeded in reforming one small point of chaos. A great deal of enthusiasm was called forth by a young girl who alone left the front of the Opera-house, and walked slowly and coolly across the cleared space. There were many speculations as to what she meant to do, and how the police on our side would treat this lovely creature, who seemed unconscious of her daring; and there was general pleasure and applause when, having quietly gone up to the chief of police, he conversed with her a moment, and then gave her a good standing-place. A venerable woman, with two daughters and a son, did not fare so well with her *coup d'état*. They all got over into some waiting seats of our tribune. The custodians assured her that each seat there was owned, and that each cost five thalers. The matron argued that she had been there from a very early period, and ought to have good places for herself and family. This argument, though not convincing to our Cerberus, was so potent in her own mind that she utterly declined to move. Nor was it an easy thing to depose her by force, as it was six or seven feet to the pavement below, supposing her to be lifted over the railing. But our man was ingenious, and gently taking the youngest of her children, gave him into the arms of a confederate below, who deposited the weeping child on the ground. A storm of tears and outcries from the rest of the unhappy family attended this stratagem; but, as may be imagined, the custodians very soon had the pleasure of assisting the descent of the whole party.

But now there is a hush over the vast multitude; then the clangor of martial music. Soon the myriad eyes catch the gleam of long lines of helmets, flashing in the light to pure gold. Before them advance the great officers on their splendidly caparisoned steeds. They came in separate groups of about thirty, forty, fifty. Each advancing hero enjoys his ovation. The enthusiasm was at no time greater than when at the head of the front cavalry appeared the veteran General VON WRANGEL—over ninety years of age, but sitting his horse as erect as a sapling. How shall I describe the enthusiasm when the men appeared whose names have been for a year on every German's heart and tongue? VON MOLTKE, smooth-faced, lithe, and but for his gravity boyish in appearance; BISMARCK, VON ROON, BLUMENTHAL, riding stately and slow; the Crown Prince, Prince FREDERICK CARL, Prince ADELBERT, the princes and dukes of all the royal houses; all these advanced at the head of gleaming cohorts, and the tribunes, balconies, windows, were alive with waving foam of white handkerchiefs, while cheer after cheer broke along the line, up and down, heard far beyond where the eye could reach. The old King marched up, his path strewn with evergreen and flowers all the way, looking young and glad. He took his place between the Crown Prince's palace and the Opera-house tribune, and beside him were all the magnates of the land, civic and military. The Queen sat in her carriage near by. They were almost opposite us, and we could see them with ease. The march past then took place. Forty thousand of the soldiers who had made the greatest chapter of German history came, rank on rank, two hundred abreast, and the whole space before us, just now vacant, was a waving sea of bright helmets, bayonets, and raised swords. When Queen AUGUSTA's regiment was advancing, the King started from his place and rode swiftly several hundred yards to meet it; then rode before it until it came where the Queen was, who rose and stood up in her carriage while it passed. There were but a few mishaps. I saw half a dozen horses fall on the slippery pavement; and on one occasion a young lieutenant had a severe fall by the slipping of his horse. This officer, as I have just learned, died yesterday of the hurt he thus received. He had been through the severest of the battles, always in the thick of them, and received no wound, until the fatal hour came amid the splendor of victory.

When the march past had taken place I left my tribune and hastened on to the space in front of the Museum, where the King was to unveil the statue of the late king, FREDERICK WILLIAM III. This occasion was very brilliant, all the court and the generals gathering around. The veil was withdrawn amid the thunders of cannon. It was a fair enough looking equestrian statue, but it seemed to me very little like the authentic portraits we have of the late king. Moreover, I trust the time will arrive when the statues added to Berlin will be those of better men than WILLIAM III. It must be confessed that a stranger could hardly discover from the statues in Berlin that Germany ever had any great men other than soldiers.

M. D. CONWAY.

LOCHINVAR AT SALT LAKE.

By JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

RESTING on this hill-side, look around and below, and say whether you have ever before seen a sight more beautiful. Beneath you spreads a green valley, girt by a perfect cincture of mountains, as exquisite in their outlines as any thing Greece itself can show, and crowned with snowy peaks which dazzle the eye as they pierce into the intensely blue heaven and flash back the brilliant sunlight. Far off on the right that sunlight glitters on the edge of a lake. In the middle of the valley is a city nestling among groves and rich in gardens. Amidst and over the white walls and the prodigal luxuriance of the foliage rises a huge dark-colored oblong dome—if such a phrase be correct—a vast roof, looking like the back of some prodigious turtle. One might fancy himself looking down upon some Syrian scene as he gazes on that town, with its groves, its gardens, its white walls, its flat roofs, and its one vast dome. From this enchantment-lending distance the spectator might well imagine that there, on the bosom of the loveliest valley, ramparted by the most glorious mountains in the world, stands the most picturesque city reared by human hands.

It is almost a pity that the traveler should ever have to descend into the town itself; for when once he gets there the illusion vanishes. His imagined Damascus turns into a mean and shabby little country town built upon a swamp. One long and straggling street, two or three small cross streets, and some decent suburbs, with substantial residences, make up the whole concern. In the principal thoroughfare there are perhaps half a dozen respectable shops; the rest are wretched shanties. One or two drapers' shops; one or two gun-makers', with a huge wooden gun projecting as a sign; several tobacconists'; a couple of chemists': these, with the post-office, the news-agents, and the hotels, make up the trade and commerce of the community. Nothing could well be more shabby, squalid, commonplace. Yet this is a famous city, over the picturesqueness and architectural splendor of which English travelers have written themselves and their readers into sensational raptures. For it is the City of the Salt Lake, the chief town of Utah, the residence and the capital of the prophet Brigham Young, whose house, surmounted by its gilded bee-hive, is one of the objects which attract the eye and excite the curiosity of the stranger on his first arrival.

Disappointment—and what Blanche Amory calls "disillusion"—fell heavily on the mind and the spirits of an English traveler—Mr. Leslie Sandon—who had lately arrived in the city. Having had his head filled with Hepworth Dixon, he was cruelly disconcerted by the utterly commonplace aspect, the dirt and dismalness, of every thing. It seemed a camp of the joyless. Pigs nozzled among the heaps of vegetable refuse that lay on the foot-paths. There was no sewage but such as was given by runnels of water that coursed down the side of each street—rivers rather than gutters, spanned at intervals by little bridges of plank. There was no gas, and at night the town had no other light than that which blinked out of the little lamps in the wretched shops. Our traveler tried to roam the streets at night, but found that he had to creep along in the most cautious manner, and listen every now and then for the roar of the torrent, lest he should tumble into one of the dirty, refuse-bearing streams. He visited the theatre—a large, dreary, dingy, comfortless barn, where the few spectators tried to see the stage by the light of a few kerosene lamps. He thought this temple of amusement rather sadder than even the outer world, and he went forth into the dismal streets again. Even in the day there are not many people about the streets, and a woman is rarely seen there. At night they are deserted. The roar of the torrents, and the wind sweeping through the wild passes of the majestic mountains, are the only sounds one hears—except, indeed, the never-ceasing wail of the crying babies.

"Am I awake—am I in my right senses?" our traveler frequently asked himself. "Is this the picturesque, delightful city, the triumph of man's labor and genius over reluctant Nature, which I was bidden to come forth and admire? Truly the valley is delightful to look upon, and the mountains are peerless in their beauty of outline; but this metropolis of Mormonism—what a place is this! Why, this wretched, vulgar little tenth-class town might just as well have been planted among the Essex marshes for any thing that is picturesque or even remarkable about it!" Our Englishman had arrived in the evening by the jolting old stage-coach which rumbled last year across the mountains from the Pacific Railway station; and his first impression, as he got into the seedy, rickety little country town, was that he must have gone astray somehow, and that this could not be Salt Lake City at all. Even the two or three groups of Indians straggling about here and there did not lend any artistic effect to the scene; for they were only filthy beggars wrapped in old sacks. You might have seen more picturesque beggary in Whitechapel or in Dublin.

Mr. Sandon was especially disappointed, for he had traveled to Salt Lake City in search of a new sensation. He was thirty-five years old, had some property and much culture; had sat in Parliament as an independent member, had spoken there with considerable success, and had been defeated at the general election. He was still young enough to arraign the decrees of Providence, and to think the whole scheme of the world was warped, and Destiny grievously to blame because things had gone wrong with him. So he became misanthropic; the sourness of the grapes he could not reach set his teeth on edge; he felt disposed to profess a Carlylean contempt for constitutional government and parliamentary institutions; he was weary of London, the Reform Club, the Opera, the Star and Garter Richmond, and the Ship Greenwich. The New World promised new sensations, and he went there: saw New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Chicago; and, when the Pacific Railway was opened, started for San Francisco, diverging to Salt Lake City on his way. Here, then, he is—an intelligent, honorable, manly Englishman, weary for a fresh sensation, and much disappointed because here he fails as yet to find one.

He presents no letters of introduction, and, in American phrase, merely "lounges round." He begins to be a little interested, and to feel that, after all, he is not in Essex, when the Sunday comes; and he goes to hear the service and sermon in the vast Tabernacle, where eight thousand men, women, and babies are gathered under one roof, and the divine necessity and sanctity of polygamy is preached as a Christian doctrine. But he soon forgot Mormonism, Brigham Young, and every such subject in the delight of listening to a voice that thrilled his ears and seemed to pierce his heart.

The Tabernacle boasted of a choir, and hymns were sung. The faces of the singers were not visible to our hero where he sat; but the principal voice, that of a woman, was so pure, fresh, and exquisite that new pulses of pleasure seemed to waken in the organization of our weary London opera-goer. Sweet, sad, plaintive, passionate, that voice seemed as though, if possible, to soar to the very heaven and cleave it with prayer. The sorrow of a St. Cecilia might thus have poured forth its glorious agony. For to Leslie Sandon it seemed that the voice expressed not rapture of worship, but utter anguish of remonstrance; the wild appeal of a grief which would presently change into despair. Perhaps our Londoner was in a fanciful mood; but he could not help, while he listened, imagining that he heard some captive, given over by man to the power of her enemies, raising her last pathetic, impassioned appeal to Heaven. A Christian martyr might have sung in that strain, he thought, while the chains were on her wrists, and the fire was being made ready for her body.

As if to lend a positive justice to his fanciful imagining, the voice of the singer suddenly faltered and trembled, then gave a wild cry, then stopped; and there was a little commotion and stir among the choir, and Mr. Sandon presently learned that one of the singers had fainted. He could not learn who she was—people did not seem to know, or would not tell him. The Mormon men are very free generally in volunteering information to strangers, but slow in answering questions.

Sandon walked thoughtfully homeward. This little incident made somehow a deep impression on him.

This is his second day in Salt Lake City. He begins to think that, perhaps, after all his disappointment, the town is not wholly commonplace, more especially when he learns that the proprietor of the hotel where he is staying—and where he pays five dollars a day!—has four wives, and that two or three of these habitually wait upon the guests, and are not too proud to hand the plates, and fan away the swarming flies which ever interpose in Salt Lake City between the cup and the lip of the traveler.

The attendants in the hotel are all women, and Mr. Sandon is especially attracted by the quiet grace and beauty of one tall, fair-haired, slender girl, whose countenance expresses intelligence and melancholy. He observes this girl closely from the first, and becomes more and more impressed by her natural grace and her sadness. As he looks up into her blue eyes he seems sometimes to see them swimming in tears. She hardly ever speaks of her own accord; but she has at last to answer a question, and then Leslie Sandon at once observes that she speaks with an English accent.

"You are English?" he says, looking up at her as she stands near his chair and hands him a cup of tea.

"Ah, yes!" is the sad reply.

"I am from England too," said Sandon.

"I knew it," the girl replied. "I knew it when I heard you speak. I have kept near you whenever I could, because—because it was so pleasant to hear the accent."

"What part of England do you come from?"

"From Barnes, in Surrey."

"Why, I too am from Surrey!" exclaimed our Briton, with delicious memories of green hills and daisied fields, and the winding silver Thames and Wimbledon plains, pouring in upon him.

"I thought you came from Surrey," said the girl. "Oh, what a sweet place it is! and how I love it!" Her voice trembled, and tears now visibly stood in her eyes.

"Have you been long here?" asked Sandon.

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"Only three months—and I wish I was in my grave! Oh, hush, please; don't say any more."

One of the wives approached, and the English damsel disappeared. Our hero was deeply interested and touched. This pretty, graceful English girl, so young and sad. How had she come here? Who would not pity her?

That first conversation took place one morning at breakfast. He saw her again that day at dinner, and at tea, and each time he contrived to have a few words of conversation with her. He lingered day after day at the hotel, growing more and more deeply interested in this girl, and he came gradually to know her whole story. Her father and mother had been well-to-do in farming, and she had received a good education. Both parents died, and left her to the care of her brother, who converted what property there was into money and emigrated to the United States; while she, Esther Lyne, was sent to make a living as assistant in a London shop. Lately her brother sent her money, and peremptorily ordered her to accompany some friends who were coming out to America to settle, as he had done, in Utah. Esther was delighted to come. A lonely life of monotonous work in London was growing almost unbearable; and although she knew her brother had settled in Utah, she had no idea whatever of his having become a Mormon. So she traveled out across the Atlantic and across the Plains; and she found her brother the proprietor of the hotel in which she was acting as an attendant, and the husband of four wives. She found, too, that of all the fanatical Mormons in the town he was the most fanatical and ruthless, and that he had already made arrangements for her marriage with one of the influential elders of Salt Lake City, who desired to increase his consideration with his people by taking a seventh wife, but was anxious to please himself by choosing one who should be young and pretty. In vain the poor girl pleaded, begged, and wept; her brother knew no pity, and man's guardianship over woman is absolute in Utah. To be a slave and live with the barbarous Turk is to be more free than to be a woman in a Mormon household. There was added to the common slavery of womanhood there this bitter special agony in Esther's case, that the girl detested the whole system, in its doctrines as well as in its practices, and would have welcomed death rather than accept either. So all the power of argument, persuasion, harshness, menace—the menace even of vague and nameless dangers and punishments—was brought constantly to bear on the poor young woman in order to force her into Mormonism. She was there alone, thousands and thousands of miles away from the land of her birth. Locked in by that awful cincture of mountain peaks, beyond which lay the desert; prisoned amidst a community which spares no man or woman, but is zealous even to slaying; with those who ought to have been her protectors most rigidly set against her—is it any wonder that fate seemed inexorable to her, that she sometimes gazed despairingly into the pure azure of the glorious sky, and thought that Providence no longer looked downward on the earth? Every strong pressure of threat and suasion, every petty, paltry weapon of meanness and fanatical malignity, were all employed at once to conquer the sad, steady heart of that one poor child. What wonder that the kindly expressions and the genial sympathies of the English traveler touched her very soul? that she watched and waited and prayed for the chance of a word from him? that she looked to his departure as to the closing of the heavens against her? The very day of his arrival she had made up her mind to kill herself. She had said to her own soul that man could not help her, that Heaven would not, and that she had a right to end the agony of the present and escape the shame of the future by a suicide's death.

Does this seem an exaggerated picture? It is true to the life of certain sufferers in Salt Lake City. No one who knows any thing of that place, and is prepared to speak the truth, will venture to deny it. There are women there who pray for death, who have as little hope or chance of an escape into freedom as a prisoner in the heart of Siberia. At least this was so before the railway crossed the Plains. Let us hope that at the sound of the steam-engine's shrill trumpet the walls of that detested Jericho are destined to fall.

"If no promise comes from Heaven this day," said poor Esther to herself on the morning of Sandon's arrival, "I will kill myself to-night."

That day came Mr. Sandon, and he spoke his kindly words, and the fountains of her heart were unsealed. That night she knelt beside her bed and fervently thanked Heaven for having sent her a promise, and prayed to be pardoned for her evil resolve, and to be endowed with strength, hope, and courage.

There were a good many persons staying in the hotel; but they only assembled at meal-times, in the regular American fashion, and during the intervals the place was usually empty of all but the proprietor, his wives, and his attendants. One day our Englishman remained in his room to write some letters, and was congratulating himself on the quiet of the house, when, from a room below, he heard a sound which, if it disturbed, likewise delighted him. It was the voice of a woman singing, and the first note made him spring from his chair.

"I should know that voice among ten thousand," he said. "It is the voice I heard in the Tabernacle on Sunday. Come what will, I will find out who the singer is. Pray Heaven she be not fat and ugly, or one of mine host's wives!"

He followed the voice down stairs, and it led him to the "ladies' parlor." He stood on the threshold a moment and listened in delight. Then he opened the door softly and looked in. There was only one person in the room, a girl, who sat at the piano. At the sound of the opening door she turned round, and Mr. Sandon saw that it was Esther Lyne.

Surprise, a little alarm, and something like gladness lighted up the girl's eyes and steeped her cheeks in crimson. Leslie Sandon went boldly into the room and stood beside her.

"I thought every body was out," she murmured. "I sing sometimes—to please myself—when the house is free."

"Then it was you who sang in the Tabernacle on Sunday?"

"Oh yes! And I am so much ashamed—I could not help breaking down. I always sang in our little church at home; and my brother insisted that I must take part in the choir here. I never did until last Sunday, and then I tried my best to please him; but as I sang I thought of our old dear home, where I was so happy, and which I shall never, never see any more; and I broke down. And oh, I am so wretched!"

Esther lost all control over herself, and covered her face with her hands and burst into tears.

What could Sandon do? How could he avoid taking one of her hands gently in his, and trying to cheer and console her? Only his sincere respect for her womanhood, her situation, her beauty, and her sorrow kept him from putting his arm round her waist, and drawing her to him and kissing her.

"Can nothing be done to save you—to take you from this place?" he asked.

She shook her head sadly.

"Nothing can be done. No one—I mean no woman—situated as I am, can escape. If I could escape, I have no place to go to. I have no longer any home. I think I could even bring myself to endure this life, and remain here and work for my brother and his—his family" (she could not induce herself to say "his wives"), "if only they would leave me to my misery, and would not force me—"

She stopped; but Sandon knew how to finish the sentence.

"You shall not be forced to marry that scoundrel!" exclaimed our impetuous Englishman. "I will go myself to the Federal camp—I will claim the protection of the United States officials for you. You shall leave this detestable place to-morrow, if you choose!"

Esther's cheek glowed once more; but she drooped again, and said, very quietly:

"They will not interfere; they could not. Their position here is very difficult and dangerous, and they could do nothing for me. My brother will tell them that he is my natural guardian; that I was left in his care by my father; that I am under age. All that is true; but oh, if my poor father could only have known to what guardianship, to what a fate, he was leaving me! But the Federal officers here can do nothing. There is only one way by which I can save myself from this marriage; and if all else fails—if they will force me to it—I will try that!"

She rose from her seat and stood erect, with a wild light glittering in her eyes, and the attitude of one who finds courage and confidence in very despair.

Leslie Sandon was perplexed in the extreme. The girl was so beautiful, so sweet, her fate was so cruel, her grief was evidently so genuine, that the heart of the Englishman was torn with compassion for her. Let us do him the justice to say that he would have striven earnestly to save her had she been plain, awkward, and ignorant. But he should have been much more or much less than man had not her grace and her beauty given him a new impulse to aid her. She was a lover of music, and her voice, when she sang, was music itself. Added to all this, there was something romantic and even mysterious about the circumstances which had brought them together: the influence wrought on him by her voice in the Tabernacle; the impression produced upon her by the first accents of his English tongue.

The wearied Londoner had found a new sensation. He rushed at once to the office of the judge appointed over that region by the United States government. As he went along he observed with a new and sharpened interest the aspects of the houses and the people. He had to go a little way out of the town to reach the residence of the official; and he noted that in many, many instances the houses of Mormons well-to-do in the world had grown up by successive additions and agglomerations, the owner now adding a wing on this side, and then a wing on that, and then building a sort of *succursale* at the rear, and clapping on a kind of shed somewhere else, until the whole establishment became an ungainly cluster of incongruous buildings. Sandon knew now what that meant. Each addition to the house meant another wife—a new cage for each new bird: rather, perhaps, in most cases, the original and best cage was for the newest bird; dispossessed and half-discarded favorites were relegated to the newer and ruder nests. As he passed along, too, our Briton saw many haggard, weary, slatternly women, with lack-lustre eyes and wan, shapeless faces, hanging listlessly over their gates, or sitting idly in the sunlight, perhaps nursing their yelling babies—all such women looking alike depressed, degraded, miserable, hopeless, soulless. He had been in the *cretin* villages of Switzerland; and on the whole he thought the aspect of womanhood there, as, goitrous and ghastly, it gibbered and made mouths at the air and the clouds, was rather less disheartening and debased than that of womanhood in Salt Lake City. The glory of the sunset, the beauty of the mountains, the lustrous purity of the blue heavens were lost on him—appealed to his saddened eyes in vain. He saw nothing before him, around him, but human wretchedness and debasement.

"That sweet girl," he vowed to himself, "shall never suffer such a fate—never live a life of such a cursed slavery—never!"

The Federal judge heard the impassioned appeal and the energetic statement of our Englishman; but he could do nothing. On Sandon's own showing, the girl was under the legitimate guardianship of her brother. No States official could interfere; and it would be a mere waste of time to apply to the Federal officer in command of the little force at Camp Douglas. There was nothing to be done. Esther's story was the story of many other girls: such things happened in Salt Lake City every day.

"Will these scoundrels be allowed with impunity actually to force this girl into marriage?" asked Sandon.

"They will not probably chain her or scourge her," said the judge; "but she is virtually a prisoner, and they will break down her spirit by a mental and moral torture which she can not long resist. These people, Sir, are pitiless, because they are fanatics, and they think they are doing right."

"Can she not escape?"

"I see no possible chance or hope. She will be constantly watched."

"But she is sometimes allowed to go out."

"Yes, because they are satisfied that she can not get away. That rampart of mountains, Sir, has not many outlets, and Utah is a large Territory. No; for a girl like her, under a guardianship apparently legitimate, there is practically no escape."

Sandon went away in grief and rage. But he soon contrived to have several stolen interviews with Esther. Lest her health should break down, her brother sometimes allowed her to go out, and our hero managed to meet her, and broached to her many futile plans for her escape. He thus lingered days and weeks in Salt Lake City, which had now become to him the most interesting place in all the world. For his new sensation had become something very unexpected indeed, and the fashionable Londoner had actually fallen in love with the poor girl from Surrey. Despite her poverty, her humble position—despite all the natural prejudices of caste and rank and habit, so dear to even the most independent Briton—the beauty, the grace, the intelligence, the goodness of this girl had unwittingly conquered him; and Esther Lyne, who hardly dared to acknowledge to her own secret heart that she loved him passionately, was one day startled, bewildered, to hear from his own lips the declaration that he passionately loved her.

Then there were some quiet confidential conferences with the Federal judge and his wife, and with one or two other "Gentiles" of the place; and Esther was so long a time absent one day when her brother permitted her to go out that she received a stern rebuke on her return, and was told that she must not leave the house alone any more.

Mr. Sandon could not remain all his life in Salt Lake City. Already the watchful and jealous rulers of the place were wondering at his stay, and looking askant at him as he lounged through the streets. He announced one day that he was resolved to resume his westward journey next morning. He had hired a private carriage to convey him over the thirty miles or so of frightful mountain road that divide, or did then divide, the City of the Saints from the nearest station of the Union Pacific Railway. The carriage was to leave at a very early hour in the morning.

The hour came; the carriage was at the door. It was hardly dawn; the town was silent and dark. Except in the hotel not even the blink of a kerosene lamp was any where visible. There were no loungers at the door; but, early as it was, the United States judge and two or three of the officers from the camp had kindly come to take leave of the English traveler.

The traveler paid his bills, said farewell to his friends and to the sullen landlord. Suddenly there came down stairs and appeared upon the scene Esther herself, looking very flushed and handsome, wearing her hat and shawl, and quite prepared for traveling.

"Now, Esther, it is time to go," said Mr. Sandon, taking her hand. "Say farewell to your brother, and let me lead you to the carriage."

"What the angels" (let us say) "is the meaning of this?" shouted the brother, utterly bewildered, and yet noting, in all his amazement and anger, a smile on the faces of the judge and the officers.

"It only means," replied Sandon, calmly, "that Esther is my wife; that she was married to me in all due form yesterday; that I am taking her away from your tyranny, and from the old brute you proposed to force upon her as a husband; and that any one who dares to interpose, or tries to prevent me from taking my wife out of this place, is pretty sure to receive a bullet from this revolver."

"Don't let us talk about revolvers," said the judge, pleasantly; "there is no need of any thing of the kind. It is all right enough, Mr. Lyne; your sister is properly married to this gentleman: I am a witness to that. You can't do any thing in the matter now; even if you should feel inclined to try any appeal to the courts, that would not warrant you in attempting to detain her. Dry up; it's no use making any noise. If there is any resistance, I shall be compelled to call for the interference of these gentlemen here, the officers from the camp.—Good-by, Mr. Sandon; good-by, Esther—and God bless you both."

So Esther bade farewell, not without emotion, to her selfish and sullen brother, who was still too much amazed to know quite clearly what he was doing or saying. And her husband put her into the carriage, and took his place beside her; and the Federal officers mounted their horses and gave them safe escort for many miles; and the newly-married pair caught the train at the nearest station, and journeyed safely westward to San Francisco and the Golden Gate.

Thus did this modern Lochinvar carry off his bride; and the marriage, though made in haste, will not be repented at leisure or otherwise. In Salt Lake City Leslie Sandon found a new sensation, saved a pure and noble life from wreck, and rewarded himself with a beautiful and loving wife.

ODIN,

THE NORTHERN GOD OF WAR.

THE Scandinavian theory of creation is evidently inspired by the natural aspect of that world which the Northmen knew, and the account of chaos might be taken almost word for word as a description of the Northern regions where they dwelt. On the north, we are told, was the region of cold and fogs, to the south was that of warmth and light, and between the two lay the great Ginnunga Gap, where the cold and the warmth contended. Gradually the frost prevailed, and the gap was filled with ice; then the heat prevailed, the ice was melted, and from the warmth was generated a cow, to whom men and gods were indebted for existence. This cow, Audhumbla, licked the cold salt stones, and on the evening of the first day a man's hair appeared, on the second evening his head, on the third evening the complete man, strong, huge, and beautiful. He was named Buri, and had a son named Bör, who, intermarrying with the giants, had three children, the first of whom was Odin, the father of all other gods, the Jupiter of the North, but a grander, more godlike god than the Jupiter of the South.

This is the god as we see him in the drawing on page 676. The artist has presented him to us as we fancy the Norseman must have pictured him in his fancy. A grand muscular figure, with rugged brow, he tramps through the snow, a type of brute power and thought combined. The Ravens, Thought and Memory, which were wont to perch upon his shoulders and whisper in his ears, attend him, and his bowed figure and the expression in his face give a pathetic tone to the design. As described in MORRIS'S "Lovers of Gudrun," we see him

"As slow-paced, weary-faced, he went along,
Anxious with all the tales of woe and wrong
His Ravens, Thought and Memory, bring to him."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

WHILE a vendor of greens in Boston was endeavoring to dispose of his stock in trade his poor old nag balked, and refused to budge an inch. The driver finally commenced belaboring the animal with a stick, when an old lady thrust her head out of a window and exclaimed, "Have you no mercy?" "No, ma'am," replied the peddler; "nothin' but greens."

"Mr. Post-office-man, I want to pay the postage on this letter." "Single or double, miss?" "Double, Sir" (with a courtesy); "I was married last week."

A French artist having been asked to draw an allegorical figure of benevolence, carefully sketched a bit of India rubber. "This," said he, "is the true emblem of benevolence. It gives more than any other substance."

THE LAND OF CAIN—A sugar plantation.

A Connecticut paper tells this story of a new boy in one of the Sunday-schools: The precocious youth was asked who made the beautiful hills about them, and remarked that he did not know, as his parents only moved into town the day before.

The pavements are all hissing hot, the sky above is brazen,
And every head's as good as dead the sun can set its rays on;
The lean, lank-looking skeletons go stalking pale and gloomy;
The fat, like red-hot frying pans, send hotter fancies through me.
I wake from dreams of polar ice on which I've been a slider,
Like fishes dreaming of the sea, and waking in the spider.

Did the horseman who scoured the plain use soap?

A resident of Kalamazoo writes to a "school boored" in Ohio that he will take a school, as he "has tought 2 terms school and I attended 1 colledge 4 yrs at detroit, michigan and am 26 yrs avage."

A man died at St. Louis recently, and in his will, after stating that he never forgot a favor, left $1000 to an individual who ten years before ran away with his wife.

Little Johnny's mother reached for him with her slipper the other evening for hooking the jelly, and after dusting the portion of his pantaloons that he sits on, she was surprised to hear him laugh over it, and demanded the cause of it. "I was thinking how I had fooled you. It was Carrie who hooked the jelly."

"What return," a justice cries,
"Upon that writ for Smith's arrest?"
The ready clerk at once replies,
"'Tis written on the writ, *non est*."
"*Non est*, indeed! Imagine, if you can,
Joe Smith's surprise when called an 'onest man!"

A husband advertises thus: "My wife Maria has strayed or been stolen. Whoever returns her will get his head broke. As to trusting her, any body can do so if they see fit; for as I never pay my own debts, it's not likely I'll pay her'n."

Would you buy,
Things is high.
Would you sell,
Things has fell.

A PRETTY HOOD—Childhood.

A MORE EXPENSIVE HOOD—Womanhood.

A gentleman having sent his man-servant to buy some incifer-matches, said to him, when he came back, "I hope, John, they are better than the last, which were good for nothing." "Oh, these are excellent," replied John; "I have tried every one of them."

FORTUNE-TELLERS—Bank clerks.

A Western editor, who doesn't know much about farming anyway, suggests that for garden-making a cast-iron back, with a hinge in it, would be an improvement on the spinal column now in use.

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ODIN, THE NORTHERN GOD OF WAR.—[SEE PAGE 675.]

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PREPARING FOR CROQUET.

SINCE battledoor and shuttlecock went out of fashion, croquet appears to be the only out-of-door game in which ladies can pleasantly engage; certainly it is the most attractive. Ladies have been known to play at cricket, but with doubtful success. They may do for bowlers, perhaps, having a fair capacity for taking aim at the hostile wicket; but their batting and their running are dreadfully embarrassed by their petticoats, and few of them have the nerve to stand the approach of a swift ball which might strike them a severe blow. The good old game of nine-pins, which was originally invented for their amusement in the time of HENRY IV. of England, is better suited to their practice. But it can not be denied that croquet deserves the preference it has earned as a pastime for ladies, or for a party of both sexes. Hands, feet, and eyes are kept alert without strain or fatigue, while there is room to acquire and display, as in the more scientific game of billiards, a high degree of skill. The sport is said, also, to afford the most delightful opportunities for flirtations when the players are young; and perhaps this is just what makes it so popular with the frequenters of fashionable summer resorts.

The accompanying illustration will please every body who takes any enjoyment in the game. The workmen have come out with their scythes to mow the lawn into perfect smoothness, and make it as even as we trust the paths of the players may be through life.

PREPARING FOR CROQUET.

GIANTS AND DWARFS.

FROM the universal records of mankind it is reduced to a moral certainty that six feet is about the highest measure of altitude attained by humanity. Beyond that the individual is regarded with surprise, simply because there is an instinctive impression in the mind of a spectator that it is an abnormal growth. There are far larger numbers of men in all countries falling below that than those who exceed it. It is also a known fact that there are regions where men upon the average are taller than in other localities; but why they attain six feet in one place, and not in another, has not been fully ascertained. Kentucky and Tennessee are renowned for tall men beyond all other States of the Union.

Why there should be a deviation of the law of development in a family, raising one to seven or eight feet, which occasionally occurs as a marked phenomenon, is a physiological mystery. With respect to dwarfs, it is admitted that an arrest of growth is in consequence of the sudden suspension of the appropriation of nutrition to the tissues. Why it happens in any case is quite as much of a mystery as the other. Science has proposed no method for unclogging the vital wheels. The function of furnishing the cells with material elements for expansion is forever suspended in some, while in others there is an infusion of vital force that carries on the enlargement of the whole body into gigantic proportions.

These two conditions constitute wonder points in the history of our race—the one being a dwarf,

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and the other an Anak. From the narration of the Old Testament it seems a mighty tribe once existed in Palestine who were actually giants. Goliath was a finished type of his countrymen; but, as though in violation of a natural law, they were predestinated to an early extinction. No efforts are able to reproduce or rear into existence such abnormal specimens of manhood. The experiment has been tried, but it was a fruitless enterprise. Nature is persistent, and triumphs at last, however ingenious, extended, or varied our schemes for essentially modifying or thwarting her operations.

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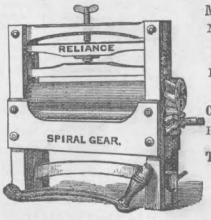

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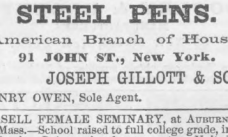

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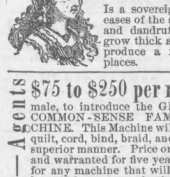

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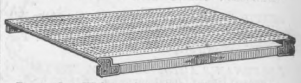

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MARGUERITE.

ALONE amid a garden's fragrant mazes
A maiden strays, herself the fairest flower;
Careless she stoops, and plucks some bright-eyed daisies
To try her fate, and while away the hour.
"He loves me," whispers she, as in her fingers
She takes a petal, and then lets it fall—
"Loves me a little—madly"—here she lingers,
But sighs with the last petal, "Not at all—
He loves me not at all!"

"Ah, cruel daisy! hopeless thus to leave me,"
She cries, and treads the stalk beneath her feet.
She takes another: "Does my heart deceive me?
Then, daisy, leave me to the sweet deceit!
He loves me—loves a little—loves me madly!"
Like flakes of snow the petals softly fall,
Till one alone remains; then, very sadly,
She plucks the petal, sobbing, "Not at all—
He loves me not at all!"

Weep not, poor maiden! though thy life be lonely,
Soon happier days may be for thee in store.
Try one more daisy, one more daisy only;
The answer may be kinder—weep no more.
"He loves me;" and the tear-drops almost blind her,
As with her tears the tiny petals fall.
"He loves thee!" cries a well-known voice behind her;
"He loves thee madly—loves thee all in all—
He loves thee all in all!"

A RADICAL CURE.

IT was the afternoon of a dull, cloudy day near the end of October. The wind blew in sullen gusts, and some drops of sleety rain were beginning to fall, as the carriage in which Eleanor Grant was seated alone drove down to the pier at Southampton. There was a great crowd, and the noise and bustle, the shouting and hurry, confused and half terrified her. She dispatched the servant who had been sent from the hotel to attend her in search of the friend whom she expected to meet; and she, meanwhile, remained shivering in her place, the little courage with which she had set out falling rapidly. The man was a long time gone, and she was growing impatient and weary, when, to her great relief, she saw the broad shoulders and cheerful red face of Captain Barrow appearing through the crowd. Under his escort she passed swiftly through the noisy throng, and took her place in a small skiff which was awaiting them. Captain Barrow sat beside her, and the boat shot rapidly over the dark and turbid water to where the good ship *Gray Eagle* lay ready to lift her anchor. Under that sombre sky the scene looked very dismal to Eleanor, and she more than once regretted having undertaken to make the voyage home to America in a sailing-vessel at this season of the year. It was against much good advice that she had decided to do so. But she had felt very solitary. The friends with whom she had come abroad three years ago—the kind uncle and invalid cousin—were dead; and she had felt so alone that the chance meeting with Captain Barrow, a long-ago friend of her father's, had seemed like a glimpse of home. His offer to take her in his own vessel she had then hailed as a piece of good fortune; but just now the undertaking looked rather formidable.

However, when she reached the comfortable cabin provided for her its cheerful aspect revived her drooping courage, and an hour or two of rest sufficed to restore her ordinary strength and spirits. At the end of that time there came a messenger from Captain Barrow to say that the ship was getting under way, and perhaps she would like to see it. She gladly responded to this invitation, and went on deck. The captain provided her with a seat upon a coil of rope, and for a while she watched the busy and novel scene. But gradually her attention became absorbed by the stern aspect of the sea and sky. The clouds which had threatened all day were breaking now, and the sun was setting red and cold. A broad beam of crimson stretched across the water, and touched into brightness the smoky town. She could not help thinking how like was that cold, wintry gleam to the only light which now lay upon her life—its golden glow, its summer warmth, all vanished. She was not wretched; she was not glad. She had done alike with sorrow and with joy. There was nothing now in the world—at least so she thought—which could awaken in her a hope or a regret. The storm had passed by her, leaving behind a dull apathy of feeling which was like the chill of winter and of night—a numbness like death. She thought even positive pain would be better: pain, at least, is evidence of life; but she doubted if the power to feel pain itself were not gone from her.

The return of the captain recalled her from her self-absorption, and for the first time she observed, on the other side of the deck, a lady with two gentlemen, and a little boy playing about. "So," she said to her friend, "I am not, it seems, your only passenger."

"Oh no; there are six of you, all told. Those yonder are Dr. Forster, a naval surgeon, returning home with his wife and son, and the Rev. Mr. Sanders, who has been abroad for his health, I fancy. Our other passenger has not yet come off. I hope he won't take a whim to detain us. But no—here he is."

Eleanor followed the direction of his eye, and saw a small boat coming alongside. A gentleman was seated in the stern, wrapped closely in a large cloak. She watched him with a languid curiosity as he came up the side, and saw the captain go forward and greet him cordially. Something in the stranger's air and the carriage of his head struck her as familiar, and she listened with a sudden eagerness to catch the sound of his voice. It was some moments before its tones reached her ear, and then, despite a half expectation which had risen in her mind, the shock of surprise nearly caused her to fall from her seat.

Here was a sensation, indeed, and one which, from the quiver of pain that ran through every nerve, sufficiently showed that feeling was not dead within her. Was it possible that in all these years she had not any more outgrown that old influence that the very sound of that man's voice had yet power to shake her very soul to its centre?—that man who had so wronged her! Indignation burned within her as she thought of it. That man had injured her even more than he could know. Her whole moral nature had been changed through him; the waters of her soul so troubled that they had never since flowed clear as before. She felt herself a harder, colder, more suspicious woman for the shock which years ago he had given to her faith.

Presently she heard the captain presenting the new-comer to Mrs. Forster, his other lady-passenger, and knew that in a moment he would bring him to make acquaintance with herself. She had not steadiness yet for such a meeting; and rising quietly and, as she thought, unperceived, she returned to her own quarters. Philip Armstrong, chancing to turn his head, caught sight of the slender black-robed figure gliding away.

"You have other ladies on board, I perceive," he said to the captain.

"One only; the daughter of one of my old friends. Come and let me present you to her."

"I would with pleasure, but she is gone."

"So she is; well, another time. I observe that she shrinks from meeting strangers now. Poor child! the world is changed for her. I remember when there was not in New York a gayer, more sparkling girl than Eleanor Grant."

"Eleanor Grant!"

"Yes; John Grant's daughter. Do you know her?"

"I—no—that is, the name is familiar to me, but to the lady who bears it I am a stranger."

He gave no opportunity for further inquiry, but addressed himself to the surgeon's wife, and continued talking with her until the group broke up. But when he was alone he leaned over the vessel's side, and the cigar he had lighted dropped into the water.

"Good God! how unfortunate!" he said to himself. "And it is too late now for any remedy: we are off, and this companionship of weeks I can only escape by drowning myself. How shall I ever get through with it?—how hold back every wild and tender recollection of the past, and meet her as a stranger? How like a sorrowful queen she moved away just now! Poor Eleanor! poor child! Well might he say the world is changed for her. Alone, friendless, and poor. And I might have prevented it all. O Heavens! how she must hate me!"

And yet these two, so wide asunder now, had been lovers once—passionate lovers, who lived only in the light of each other's presence. What had divided them? That which works more mischief between friends, which is the source of bitterer quarrels, than any thing else in the world—money.

It was six years ago, when Eleanor Grant was twenty-two, the beautiful only daughter of one of the richest merchants in New York; and Philip Armstrong was a poor young lawyer, just beginning to make his way in the profession which has since proved a fortune to him. They were engaged with the full consent of every body, their marriage-day was fixed, and they would have been rapturously happy but for one cloud in their sky: Philip was both proud and sensitive. The idea that he might be even suspected by the world of having sought the wealthy heiress from mercenary motives galled him to the quick. Then, too, he had the man's natural desire to bestow all upon the woman he loves; and he could not understand—few men do—that a loving woman's pleasure in such giving is equally keen. Eleanor had never set much value upon wealth; she really cared for it much less than did her lover; but now she took an innocent pleasure in the thought of what her money could do for him. In the frankness of her nature she let this be seen, never dreaming that he could misunderstand it. But his morbid fancy saw in it a secret exultation, a sense of superiority in the advantages she possessed over him. It was a cruel wrong to a nature so generous as hers, and one which—to do him justice—he was only half capable of committing. In his better moments he recognized fully her singleness of heart, and hated himself for his mean suspicions. But a jealous fancy knows no reason; and his morbid doubts more and more betrayed themselves. At first she did not comprehend him at all; but, after several exhibitions of his jealous sensitiveness, the truth forced itself upon her. Though deeply hurt, she appeared to take no notice, choosing to regard it as a chance outbreak of irritation or cynicism, caused by some recent rough experience of the world, and strove by redoubling her tenderness to soothe his annoyance. He was completely disarmed, and went home that night ashamed of his doubts, and adoring her more than ever. But not long after he chanced to overhear a sneering comment on the shrewd thing Armstrong was doing for himself in making sure of the heiress. He was foolish enough to trust himself in Eleanor's presence while still smarting from this thrust. As ill luck would have it, her mind was full of matters relating to their prospective housekeeping, and she hastened to consult him on some point involving a considerable outlay of money. He forgot both his prudence and his good-breeding. "For Heaven's sake, Eleanor," he said, "don't ask *me* to begin spending your money until we are married! It is the misery of my life already, and I cordially wish you had not a penny."

If Eleanor had known the annoyance under which his pride was still chafing she might have forgiven even this; but she did not know it, and her anger flamed up. She answered, haughtily:

"I really ask your pardon, Sir, for troubling you. I had not supposed that my money was a consideration so much more important to you than myself."

The words were scarcely uttered before she burned to recall them, for she saw how he might interpret them. But she was proud as well as he, and she sat silent. His face turned white to the very lips. He rose and took his hat from the table. His voice was husky and thick.

"If such be your belief, madam," he said, "the sooner I take my leave the better. Allow me to wish you good-evening."

She bowed coldly, but without speaking, and he walked out of the house.

After this they never met. Philip withdrew from society, and devoted himself to his profession. Eleanor still shone and dazzled in the gay circles where she was known, doing her best to forget, telling herself over and over again that she would not waste a regret on the man who had dared to distrust her. So things went on for a year, when there came a "financial crisis"—one of those tornadoes of failure which periodically sweep through the commercial world. Eleanor's father was caught in it, and his whole large fortune swept away. He died soon after, and his wife, broken-hearted, quickly followed him, leaving poor Eleanor alone. Her energies rose to the occasion. She made no complaints, but stifled her grief, and worked, finding employment as a teacher. As for Philip Armstrong, he would have given worlds now for the right he had forfeited to console and support her. As he saw her noble endurance of sorrow, her courage and patience, his love revived tenfold; all his anger vanished, and tenderness and compassion took its place. Now, at least, he could ask her to be his without fear of the world's sneer. He dared not intrude upon the first freshness of her grief—he had placed himself outside the circle who were privileged to approach her now. But there came a time when he could wait no longer, and he wrote to her:

"DEAREST ELEANOR"—his letter ran—"shall not that which is past be forgiven and forgotten between us? My home and my heart are open; will you not let them shelter you? PHILIP."

When he had sent this note he waited in a fever of impatience for the reply. It came at last. He opened it and read:

"If I had any doubt before of your inability to comprehend a woman's nature, at least I have none now. When I was rich you thought me capable of bargaining for your love; now that I am poor you propose to purchase mine! Why should I waste words? I know not what further misfortunes may be in store for me, but they can never bring me to the level of one who reads me thus. ELEANOR GRANT."

Philip Armstrong felt as if the world were reeling under his feet; he could hardly believe in his own identity. What did she mean? What had he ever said, ever thought, that would bear a construction like that? He was in a rage, a perfect fury of anger and shame. He would go to her; he would compel her to listen and to explain. He even started up to go that instant, but was withheld by the reflection that it was now nearly midnight, and he could hardly intrude into any household at that hour. He must wait till to-morrow. But to-morrow found him too ill to leave his bed; and he had a long, wearing fever, in which physicians and nurses were baffled and irritated by the state of nervous impatience in which he continued. The moment he was able to go out he went in search of Eleanor, and she was gone. She had left the school, the lady principal said, very much to her regret. Some friends, who had been absent from America when her misfortunes occurred, had returned and taken her abroad with them; whither, the lady did not know.

Philip made no further effort. He had done a good deal of thinking while he lay upon his sick-bed, and perhaps indulged in more self-examination than ever before in his life. He began to see what a large share his own uneasy self-love had had in the ruin of his hopes. He had been so intent on not being himself misunderstood by Eleanor that it had not occurred to him to question whether he understood her. He saw now how wounding and how cruel his suspicions had been. "I was a mean cur to her from the first," he said, "and she had a right to despise me. My only excuse is that I was a fool also, and did not know what I was doing." The hardest part of all was that the more fully he now realized the worth of the heart he had lost, the more surely he felt that it was lost forever. He was a humbler as well as a sadder man from that day forth.

Four years had passed since then, and they had never met until this evening, when they bowed to each other across Captain Barrow's dinner-table in the cabin of the *Gray Eagle*. No one would have dreamed, from the demeanor of either, that they were other than strangers. Eleanor looked pale, and said little to any one—to Philip nothing. She seemed rather weary and indifferent, and retired early. Philip talked, though it was with a great effort. He did not address Eleanor, but he made himself unobtrusively agreeable to Mrs. Forster, talked science with the surgeon, theology with the clergyman, and drew out one of the captain's best stories. Under cover of his efforts Eleanor's silence passed unobserved; and when she left the table it was with the knowledge that he had shielded her. She hardly knew whether to be most grateful for his kindness or angry with him for presuming to offer it. But she was ashamed of this feeling in a moment, and acknowledged to herself that his conduct had been as full of courtesy as of dignity.

Eleanor was much alone. Her deep mourning dress protected her from frivolous intrusion, and she would sit for hours in her favorite place on deck, reading, or looking away over the blue water. They had now been more than a week at sea. The wind was favorable, and they were crowding sail night and day. It seemed to Eleanor that they were making splendid progress, yet she could not rid herself of a vague feeling that something was wrong. The weather was fine, but she noticed that Captain Barrow studied the barometer with constant and, she thought, anxious attention. His manner, too, usually so hearty and free, had grown gloomy and abstracted; he was nervously watchful of every little circumstance, and was often in apparently anxious consultation with his officers. Something was wrong with the sailors too. There were whisperings and looks of sullen discontent; and a perpetual sound of hammering and carpenter-work seemed to be going on in some part of the vessel.

It was just before sunset of the ninth day out. Eleanor was sitting in her usual place. The captain was standing before his barometer, when Philip Armstrong came by and spoke to him. They were so near that she could easily hear what they said, though her face was turned from them and her eyes fixed on her book.

"What does the glass say, captain?"

"Set fair," replied the other, cheerfully.

"So, good; every thing seems favorable for us. I think we shall have a quick run."

"God grant it!" said the captain, earnestly.

"You speak with fervor. Does much hang on the speed of our voyage?"

The captain threw a quick glance around, and lowered his tone as he answered, "*Every thing* depends upon our speed now. We are running for our lives."

"What do you mean?" demanded Philip, sternly.

"I mean that *the ship has been on fire for three days.*"

The appalling announcement struck Philip dumb. The captain went on: "My passengers had a right, perhaps, to have known this before; but I kept hoping we should conquer the fire. You see we have a quantity of coal in ballast, and the mischief is there. We have battened and smothered it down, and if we could be sure of keeping the air from it I would not be afraid for another fortnight. I have known a ship go safely into port with a fire in her hold that had burned three weeks. But we have an inflammable cargo, and if it reaches that we are gone."

"But surely we must meet some vessel."

"There is less chance of that, as we are off our course now. I am running for the Azores; it is the best we can do. With a fair wind we may make the port of Fayal by the day after to-morrow. But October weather is treacherous, and the ship is not worked as she ought to be. If any trouble should arise, I have no confidence in my crew."

"How is that?"

"Why, you see, we had a fever on board in August, and I was obliged to leave eight of my best men in hospital at Southampton, and replace them with such as I could get. They are a mean set, picked up round the docks, and not to be trusted a boat's-length out of sight."

The book that Eleanor Grant was reading fell from her hand. Philip turned at the sound it made, and one glance at her white face told him she had heard all. He thought she was falling, and sprang toward her; but she re-assured him with a gesture. "Wait," she said; "I will speak presently." When she did speak it was steadily, almost coolly:

"A burning ship, and a half-mutinous crew! It is a cheerful prospect we have before us."

"I am glad to perceive that it does not daunt you. Dangers often vanish as we face them."

"Imaginary ones; but this is evidently real enough. Do not suppose I pretend to be superior to fear."

"No; but you have plainly that better courage which can overcome fear."

Both were silent for a moment. In the minds of both there was a sudden sense of the incongruity of the situation; that in such an awful crisis of danger they two should stand there talking conventional platitudes to each other, barred by a common memory of the past from even that frank sympathy which, had they really been strangers, would have drawn them instantly together.

As quickly as possible Eleanor escaped to the privacy of her own room. How she passed the next few hours she never knew; whether she prayed, or thought, or slept, she could not tell. It was past midnight when there came a tap at the door. She rose instantly from the berth in which she was lying, dressed, and opened it. Instead of the captain, whom she had expected to see, there stood Philip Armstrong.

"It has come," he said, briefly. "Are you ready?"

She signified her assent. He took up her cloak and wrapped it warmly about her, drew her arm into his, and led her on deck.

There the scene was one of confusion and terror. The hatches were closely fastened down; but the thick smoke bursting through every crevice told of the fearful progress the fire was making below. The crew, sulky and disorderly, were getting out the boats, which were three in number, two of them large and strongly built, the other too small to be really serviceable now. The wind had changed, and was blowing hard, and the fire was not long in bursting its bounds. Soon the rigging was in flames, and the falling spars added a new source of danger. One of these struck the captain upon the head and laid him senseless; another, falling endwise over the side, stove the largest of the boats, which filled and immediately sank.

At this fresh disaster the crew became unmanageable. They had been drinking, and the ruffian element among them was in the ascendant. The remaining long-boat would not now afford safe room for all, and, swearing that their lives were as good as any one's, they took pos-

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session of it; and, regardless of the commands of the mate and the entreaties of the passengers, pushed off from the burning ship.

There were now six passengers, the captain, mate, and two seamen—in all ten souls—to be intrusted to one small boat. But the flames left them no choice; and they quickly conveyed themselves to this forlorn refuge, carrying with them the still insensible captain. Morton, the mate, was a faithful fellow and a good seaman; but somehow it was Philip Armstrong who now became the governing force of the party. It was he who gave orders, and assigned to each one his place and task; it was he who checked the angry oaths of the sailors at the desertion of their comrades, and calmed the fears of the passengers. Even Eleanor, rebellious as she might have felt at another time, accepted his authority, and followed his slightest glance to obey it.

Alone now on the wide, pathless sea. The sky above was thick with clouds, the *Gray Eagle* blazing on the horizon their only beacon. All night they drifted, and the morning broke gray and cold. The wind steadily increased, and before noon it blew a gale. The sea ran so high that every moment it threatened to ingulf them. They were drenched with the dash of the waves and with the cold rain that had begun to fall. Their small stock of food was so saturated with sea-water as to be almost uneatable, and even this poor morsel they were obliged to apportion rigidly lest the supply should fail.

Days and days went by, yet no help came. They grew weak with hunger and the toil of rowing. They suffered alternately from the scorching sun and the bitter cold. Eleanor felt that she must have perished but for the watchful care of Philip. He took off his own cloak to add to hers, and his coat to wrap her half-frozen feet. She would have prevented him, but he was stronger than she, and forced the things upon her. Next she detected him stinting his own scanty ration to increase hers. She put it back with her hand. "No, no!" she said, in a passionate whisper. "It is too much. You strip yourself that I may be warm; you starve yourself to give me food. You kill me with your limitless forgiveness!"

"Oh, Eleanor," he answered, clasping the hand she extended, "it is you who should forgive! How meanly I wronged you! how cruel were my petulant doubts!"

Something like her old, bright, playful smile broke over Eleanor's pale face as, frankly leaving her hand in his clasp, she answered in the same low tone, "We are equal in poverty at last, are we not? We can afford to be friends now."

Philip pressed the thin hand convulsively to his lips; and so, silently, the new covenant between them was sealed.

Will you believe me if I tell you that these two were actually happy? Not all the horrors of their situation could overbalance their joy in the recovered possession of each other. They smiled now, and even jested gayly at the sufferings and privations that had seemed so terrible. They excited the wonder and admiration of their companions, who mistook for the very sublimity of courage what was merely the triumphant rapture of love, victorious over time and circumstance. Nevertheless, their situation was growing desperate. They had now been thirteen days adrift. Their food was exhausted; they had no water except such as when the rain fell they wrung from their own garments. They had no longer strength to row, and they saw no sail. Their faces were grown gaunt and haggard, and blistered with wind and sun; their eyes glared red with a ghastly fire—the terrible fever-fire of hunger. Three of their number had already died—the wounded captain, and the wife and child of the surgeon—and for the others death could not be far off.

Eleanor had borne up better than almost any. Her sound, elastic constitution enabled her to endure what stronger ones sank under. But now sight and hearing began to grow dim. She felt her head reeling, her mind giving way. What appalled her was that Philip began to yield to the dreadful delirium. She called to him, talked to him; she drew his drooping head upon her breast, and strove with kisses and caresses to arouse him. Her touch recalled for an instant his failing faculties. His strength seemed to rally. He clasped his arms around her, holding her in a close and passionate embrace. "My darling!" he whispered, "to die thus together—it is not hard—forgive—bless—" The momentary flash of energy faded; he swooned away. And Eleanor, too, sank down almost lifeless, careless of what further might happen.

A wild and frenzied scream aroused her. She lifted her head, and saw poor Morton flinging his arms frantically about, laughing and crying in a perfect delirium of joy. "A sail! a sail!" he shrieked rather than shouted.

Yes, a sail at last. There, not more than a mile away, is a large vessel bearing toward them. They hasten to raise again their little forlorn signal, which has fluttered so long in vain. It is seen; a boat puts off; and in a wonderfully short space of time kind arms are reached to them, kind faces are bending over them with words of wonder and compassion.

They were saved. A Portuguese vessel bound for Brazil had picked them up, and they went in her to Rio Janeiro, receiving all care and kindness. It was in the chapel of the United States legation at Rio that Philip and Eleanor were married; but they did not return home until spring. Some months of repose and renewal were needful for both before they could feel equal to another sea voyage. But their homeward run was safe and pleasant; and one fair morning in June, when every thing was bright with the glow of early summer, they steamed into the harbor of New York. As they stood together on the deck, Eleanor, leaning on her husband's arm, looked up into his face with a shy blush, and said, laughing, "Do you know, Philip, that you have actually married a rich woman, after all?"

"How so?"

"My dear uncle, with whom I lived in Italy, left me all his fortune."

"I don't care," retorted Philip, saucily. "Lord knows you were poor enough when I took you. But, my love, I have discovered a sure remedy for all cases of disagreement between lovers. I intend to take out a patent for it as soon as we reach home."

"Have I married a patent-medicine philanthropist in disguise? Pray what is it?"

"Let them get shipwrecked together. If that does not cure them nothing on earth will."

"It has worked a cure in one very bad case, certainly."

"Yes, love—a radical cure."

SOME FAMOUS TREATIES.

WHEN the Black Prince, and his eight thousand knights and archers, refused all terms by an exulting army of fifty thousand French, bore down from the vineyard hill at Poitiers, on which they had been pent, and beat the enemy to pieces, the result to France was more deplorable than even that of Sedan. A truce of two years followed, which was terminated by the peace of Bretigny. France being peeled too bare to any longer support an invading army, the French consented at last to the cruel conditions enforced by this treaty. It was stipulated that King John (then a prisoner in the palace of the Savoy in the Strand) should pay three million gold crowns for his ransom. King Edward renounced forever his somewhat shaky claims to the crown of France, and the provinces of Normandy, Maine, Touraine, and Anjou, possessed by his ancestors, in exchange for the provinces of Poictou, Guienne, Saintonge, l'Agenois, Perigord, the Limousin, Quercy, together with Calais, Guisnes, Montreuil, and the country of Ponthieu. This spoil, forming nearly half of France, was to be held by England in complete sovereignty, without even homage to the French king. The natural results followed these ungenerous and extortionate claims. When King Edward grew old, and the Black Prince returned from Paris, disgusted with his faithless allies, loaded with debt, and already ailing with the consumption of which he eventually died, the French at once overran our recent conquests, and in a few years won back all but Bordeaux, Bayonne, and Calais. At the very time that King John lay our prisoner at the Savoy, we had also a king of Scotland captive, whom Edward liberated on the payment of one hundred thousand marks.

But, taking a stride of several centuries, let us pass on to the peace of Cambray. The jealous rivalry of Francis the First and the Emperor Charles the Fifth for the imperial crown had finally led to an alliance between England, Charles, and the Pope, against Francis. The splendor and flatteries of the Field of the Cloth of Gold had been wasted on Wolsey, who trusted to Charles to help him to the triple crown. Milan was taken, Parma and Placentia were conquered by Prosper Colonna, and, of all Lombardy, Cremona and a few forts were soon all that was left to France. At Pavia, Francis lost every thing but honor. Rome was taken and sacked by the Imperialists. The French lost another army in Italy, and were smitten to the ground; but circumstances at that crisis began then to favor them. Henry now inclined to the side of France, the Reformation convulsed Germany, the Turks overran Hungary and threatened Vienna. Peace was necessary for Charles, and his aunt and the mother of Francis were allowed to arrange terms. The peace of Cambray followed, by which Francis agreed to pay two millions of crowns as the ransom of his two sons, to resign the sovereignty of Flanders and Artois, and to forego all his claims to Italy, on condition that Charles ceased to demand the restitution of Burgundy.

The great peace of Passau established German Protestantism for the first time on a firm basis. The princes of the Smalcaldic League, dissatisfied with the one-sided Council of Trent, and seeing the emperor secretly taking arms, assembled (the year Luther, their great apostle, died) seventy thousand foot and fifteen hundred horse, prepared to win by force the toleration they could not otherwise obtain. By the aid of Maurice of Saxony, the emperor one by one broke the links of the league, but Maurice, growing alarmed at the emperor's ambition, soon proved a subtle and dangerous enemy, and all but surprised the emperor at Innsprück. The treaty of Passau soon followed, admitting Protestants to a share in all Catholic liberties.

In the early part of the reign of Edward the Sixth, the Earl of Warwick concluded a peace between France and Scotland. By the previous treaty of Campe, in the reign of Henry the Eighth, it had been stipulated that France owed England two million crowns, arrears of former debts. But as this sum did not amount to more than one-third of what Henry had expended in war on France, Boulogne was left in English hands as a security for the debt. By Warwick's treaty four hundred thousand crowns were taken as an equivalent for this debt, and Boulogne and its territory restored to France.

The long wars between France and the emperor terminated in the peace of Château Cambresis, in 1559. Charles, attempting to win back Metz, Toul, and Verdun, had been signally repulsed from Metz by the young Duke of Guise. The Duke of Savoy, at the head of a Spanish army, invaded France, but, delayed by Coligny's brave defense of St. Quentin, outside which town the French lost a battle, wasted his opportunity of marching on Paris. On the death of his father, Philip determined on peace. Protecting the rights of Elizabeth, our English claims were first considered at Cambresis. France, it was agreed, was to hold Calais for eight years, and then to surrender it to England. Savoy and Piedmont were to be restored to Emanuel Philibert; France was to evacuate all the places which she held in Tuscany and Sienna, and to surrender to Genoa all the towns of Corsica. Finally, France was allowed to retain Metz, Toul, and Verdun.

But the greatest of all these treaties was the treaty of Westphalia, signed at Munster in 1648. This treaty closed the Thirty Years' War between Sweden and Germany, in which Tilly and Gustavus Adolphus had both perished, and by which half Europe had been devastated. Mazarin had succeeded Richelieu, and yet this terrible strife had continued, drawing in, one after another, almost every European power. The last great exploits of this war had been the famous victory at Rocroy, which Condé won over the famous Spanish and Walloon infantry, and the loss of half a French army in Swabia. Turenne was mounting for fresh victories. Torstenson, the Swede, had just invaded Holstein to punish Denmark for her concealed hostility, when the negotiations commenced.

By this famous treaty France was to hold Metz, Toul, Verdun, Brissac, and all Upper and Lower Alsace. Sweden received four millions of crowns, Bremen, Verdun, Upper Pomerania, Stettin, the Isle of Rugen, and the city of Wismar. The Elector of Brandenburg, as recompense for the loss of Upper Pomerania, was to receive the bishopric of Brandenburg, and the bishoprics of Halberstadt, Minden, and Camin. The Duke of Bavaria was to be elector, with the Upper Palatinate, and Charles Louis an eighth elector, with the Lower Palatinate. The Swiss republic was also declared a sovereign estate, exempt from the jurisdiction of the empire.

The treaty of the Pyrenees terminated, in 1659, the long wars between France and Spain. Under Mazarin's administration, Turenne had forced the Spanish lines at Arras; but Condé saved the shattered army. Condé soon afterward, at Valenciennes, turned the tables on Turenne; but that great general was never greater than after a defeat. Soon afterward Turenne defeated Condé, and took Dunkirk, which Condé was endeavoring to relieve. The peace which Mazarin concluded arranged for the marriage of the young French king and the Infanta of Spain. Louis agreed to pardon Condé, Philip to forgive the Catalonians who had rebelled, and finally Spain renounced all pretensions to Alsace.

On the death of Philip the Second of Spain, in 1665, Louis the Fourteenth instantly set his foot on the treaty of the Pyrenees, and claimed for his wife the duchy of Brabant, till the death of a sickly child should leave him free to seize also the Spanish throne. Turenne and forty thousand men swept into Flanders, and took fortress after fortress. After Charleroi, Tournay; after Tournay, Courtray; after Courtray, Douary. Lille fell in nine days. By the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, Louis retained all the towns he had conquered except those of Franche Comté.

England being won over to Louis by the most disgraceful intrigues, the French instantly invaded Holland. The Dutch, inundating their country, and resolved rather to emigrate in one vast fleet than yield to France, were bravely led by the Prince of Orange, who declared that he would die disputing the last ditch. Then came Turenne's cruelties in the Palatinate, and many brave fights at sea between the Dutch, and the French and English. The Prince of Orange, constantly defeated, still made a head, till France began to grow exhausted. The English people were urging Charles to join the Dutch, and stop the progress of French ambition. The treaty of Nimeguen secured to France not only Franche Comté, but Cambray, St. Omer, Valenciennes, Tournay, Cassel, Charlemont, etc. The States were to have Maestricht again, and Spain Oudenarde, Ghent, and Limbourg. The emperor was to retain Philippsburg, and to surrender Freiburg, and the Elector of Brandenburg was to restore his Pomeranian conquests to Sweden.

The next great settlement of European quarrels was that famous patching up of old wrangles at Ryswick. Catinot had conquered Savoy, and the combined fleets of Holland and England had been defeated off Beechy Head. The French had taken Namur under the very eyes of William, and had defeated the allies at Steenkerke and Neerwinden. The great Smyrna fleet had been attacked while under convoy, and twelve hundred thousand pounds' worth of property destroyed. The war ended, however, with William's taking Namur, a stroke that partly recovered the glory that he had lost in three previous campaigns. By the treaty Louis acknowledged William to be the lawful sovereign of England, and restored Charleroy, Mons, Courtray, and Luxembourg, and several Catalonian cities to Spain; he gave up Freiburg, Brissac, and Philippsburg to the emperor; and the duchies of Lorraine and Bar to their native prince.

The subsequent tremendous victory over the Turks at Zenta, by Prince Eugene, led to the peace of Carlowitz, by which Austria secured Hungary, Russia Azof, the Poles Podolia, and the Venetians the Peloponnesus, and several towns in Dalmatia.

Marlborough's great victories at Oudenarde, Blenheim, and Malplaquet ultimately led to the great pacification at Utrecht. By this treaty France surrendered her right to the Spanish succession; Savoy acquired Nice; Prussia, acknowledged as a kingdom, was to receive Spanish Guelderland and Neuchatel in exchange for the principality of Orange and the lordship of Chalon; the Rhine was to be the boundary of the German empire; Luxembourg, Namur, and Charleroy were to be given the States General as a barrier; and Lille, Aire, Bethune, and St. Venant were to be restored to France; while England was to retain Nova Scotia, St. Christopher's, Hudson Bay, Newfoundland, Minorca, and Gibraltar; and to her also was granted the profitable *asiento* or contract for furnishing the Spanish colonies in South America with negroes for the term of thirty years. The emperor, holding out against these terms, had finally to sign the peace of Rustadt, and obtained far less favorable conditions, and had to cede Landau and other Rhenish fortresses to France. Bavaria relinquished Sardinia to the emperor in return for the Upper Palatinate, and France acknowledged the electoral dignity of the Duke of Hanover.

The treaty of Breslau was that peace won for Frederick the Great by the unexpected victory at Czaslau. It secured for Prussia the cession of Upper and Lower Silesia, and the country of Glatz, and it withdrew the Queen of Hungary from her alliance with France.

Pitt's long war with France terminated in 1763 by the treaty of Paris, that, much as it was railed against by the Whigs, gave us a vast increase of colonial territory. France ceded to us Canada and a part of Louisiana. Spain gave up Florida for the Havana and Minorca; France yielded her forts on the Senegal and the Island of Grenada, and gave up her claim to the neutral islands of St. Vincent, Dominica, and Tobago; in return we surrendered to France St. Lucia and Pondicherry.

The treaty of Campo Formio closed the first series of campaigns carried on by Napoleon against Austria. The French had been victorious at Arcola and Rivoli, and Mantua, that powerful fortress, had surrendered to their arms. Bonaparte had invaded the Papal territories, undaunted by the sanctity of the successor of St. Peter, and had trodden Venice under foot. At Leoben it was originally proposed that Austria should have certain compensation beyond the River Oglio for ceding to France Flanders and all the countries on the left side of the Rhine, including the strong city of Mayence. The Venetian territories on the main-land were also to be given to Austria, who was to retain Mantua, while to Venice was to be handed over the legations of Bologna, Ferrara, and Romagna. But when the Venetians rose on the French, and the massacre at Verona took place, Napoleon had no more mercy on Venice, and at once divided her dominions between France and Austria—France taking the Albanian territories and some of the Ionian Islands, and Austria swallowing Istria, Dalmatia, and Venice herself. Napoleon also claimed Mantua and the line of the Adige, and when Cobenzel, the Austrian embassador, hesitated, he took from a bracket a china vase of value, given Cobenzel by the Empress Catherine, and dashed it on the hearth-stone.

"The truce is then ended," he thundered. "Before the end of autumn I will break your empire into as many fragments as this potsherd."

The Austrians gave way, and the treaty of Campo Formio was signed the following day.

The next war with Austria, closing with the great blow at Marengo, and Moreau's brilliant victory at Hohenlinden, was patched up at Luneville, in spite of the urgent entreaties of England to Austria to continue the war—entreaties which were backed up by a loan of two millions. By this treaty Austria ceded Tuscany to a prince of the house of Parma, and the whole left bank of the Rhine was ceded to the French Republic, the German princes who suffered, to be repaid by indemnities allotted them at the expense of the Germanic body in general.

Then came the Egyptian campaign, the reduction of Malta by the English, and the attack of the Danish fleet by Nelson, till in 1802 the peace of Amiens gave peace for a time to bleeding Europe. The nations needed repose. England, moderate in her demands of all her conquests, retained only Ceylon and Trinidad. Portugal lost Olivenza and a part of Guiana; Corfu, and six other islands, were constituted into a republic, and Malta was to be restored to the knights.

The treaty of Presburg was the sequence to the overwhelming victory of Austerlitz. The first preliminary was the payment of one hundred millions of francs by Austria. The Tyrol was ceded to Bavaria, and Venice was annexed to the kingdom of Italy By this treaty Austria lost twenty thousand square miles of territory, two millions and a half of subjects, and a revenue reaching two millions and a half of florins. Such was the result of a six months' campaign and one great victory.

Every treaty of Napoleon's marked the close of some series of tremendous victories. That of Tilsit reconciled him to Russia. The terms weighed heavy on Prussia. From that down-crushed kingdom was wrested the portion of Poland acquired by the partition of 1772, and this portion was to be called the Grand Duchy of Nassau. Russia acquired the province of Bialystok, and Dantzic was made a free city.

By the peace signed at Schönbrunn in 1809 Napoleon passed Austria under the same harrow which he had previously drawn over Prussia. At one stroke of the pen Austria surrendered forty-five thousand square miles of territory, and a population of between three and four millions. Napoleon was at first resolved to wrench from the Austrian empire both Hungary and Bohemia, but at the last moment he spared her from actual dismemberment. Eventually Austria ceded Salzburg and part of the Upper Rhine to the princes of the Confederation of the Rhine. To France she surrendered Trieste, Carniola, Friuli, the circle of Villach, and some parts of Croatia and Dalmatia. To the King of Saxony she sullenly yielded part of Bohemia, Cracow, and the whole of Western Galicia, while Russia took Eastern Galicia, with a population of four hundred thousand souls.

Such are a few of the celebrated treaties which have been knotted and woven by astute diplomatists, but which have always yielded like cobwebs to the swords of conquerors.

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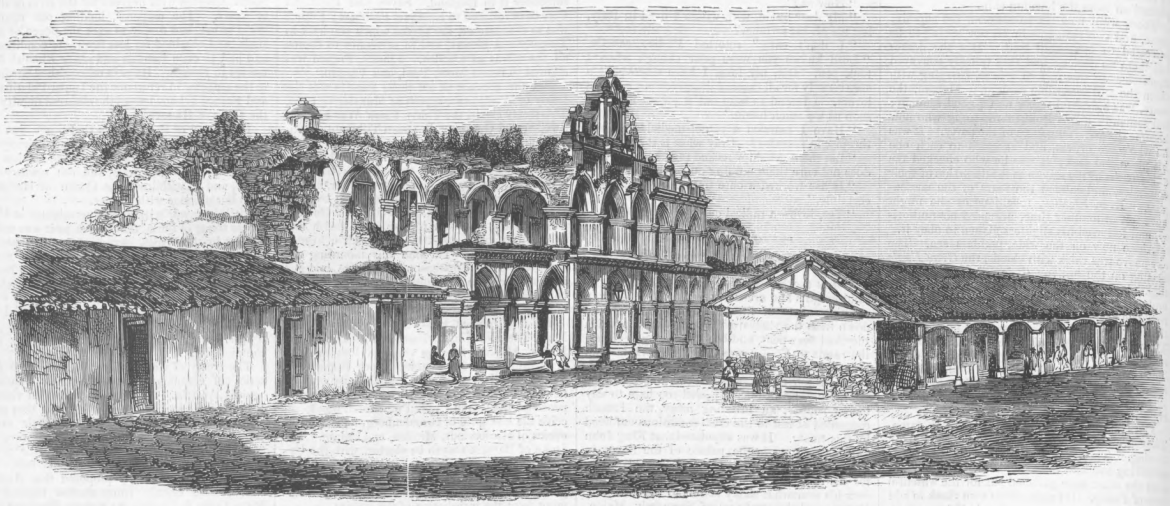
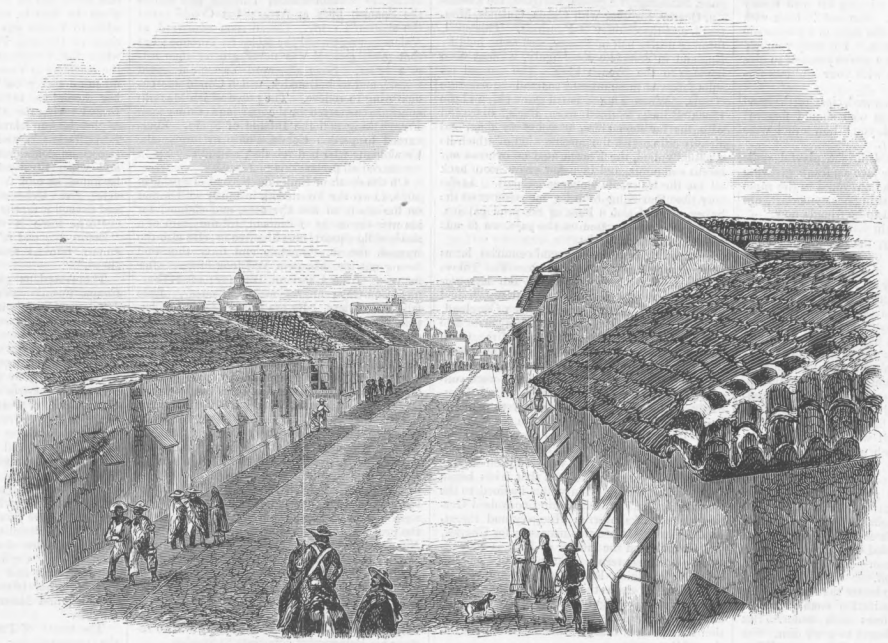
AN ANCIENT CITY OF CENTRAL AMERICA.



THE PALACE AT ANTIGUA GUATEMALA—NORTH VIEW.

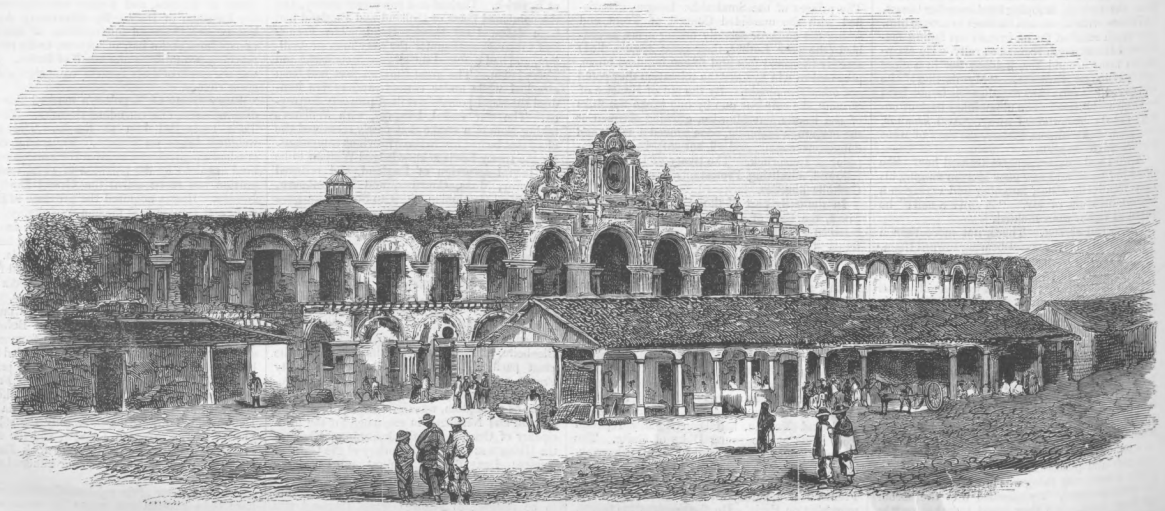
THE whole region of Central America is one of great interest to American readers, as the scene of some of the most romantic passages of Spanish discovery, adventure, and conquest. An air of mediæval romance still broods over the cities founded there by the Spanish conquerors. Change and enterprise are unknown. As they were nearly three centuries ago, our artist, who not long ago passed through that region, found and sketched them. On this and the opposite page we give a few selections from his port-folio, all of them views in the ancient and picturesque city of Guatemala, the most populous city of Central America.

The original capital of the republic of this name was founded by PEDRO DE ALVARADO in 1524. It grew to be one of the finest cities in the New World. After being *ten* times destroyed by earthquakes between the years 1564 and 1774, the inhabitants, wearied with rebuilding only to experience repeated destructions, determined to change to a spot further removed from the great volcano of Amatitlan and that known as the "Volcan de Agua," which had caused so great loss of life and property. They resolved to build another city, and it is a singular coincidence that the new capital, now known, *par excellence*, as Guatemala, was founded in 1776—about the time of the American Declaration of Independence. Our traveler, who always journeyed sketch-book in hand, furnishes the following abstract from his diary:



CALLE REAL, NEW GUATEMALA.

"We crossed the extensive plain (studded with trees and ornamented with numerous rows of the giant cactus) which leads toward the city. The morning sun was gilding the purple mountains, and the woods were vocal with the song of birds. In the midst of this plain stands Guatemala. Its appearance from this spot is singularly picturesque. Its numerous turrets and cupolas glistening in the sun, and its white, low houses regularly arranged at right angles, with orange-trees thickly interspersed among the buildings, form a middle ground, while the mountains encircling it, and especially the beautiful Volcan de Agua, usually crowned



THE PALACE OF ANTIGUA GUATEMALA—SOUTH VIEW.

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with clouds, complete a picture full of interest and beauty. On one side, as you descend toward the city, are deep precipices, and on the other high, perpendicular rocks, each clothed with hanging woods and the richest verdure.

"I entered through one of the principal streets, which was well paved and provided with tolerable sidewalks. One of the first letters of introduction of which I availed myself was to our courteous *chargé d'affaires* to Guatemala, with whom I made frequent excursions about the city. Owing to the style of the houses, it occupies a great deal of ground, and appears, when viewed from a short distance, much more populous and extensive than it really is. It contains about sixty 'manzanas,' or squares of houses, formed by the intersection of the streets at right angles, and has not far from fifty thousand inhabitants. On each side of the city, as the suburbs have increased, other houses have been erected without much regard to uniformity. The public buildings are numerous, and consist of a university, five convents, four nunneries, a cathedral, four parish churches, and fifteen other churches or chapels of minor importance, besides a treasury, mint, and other government offices. Most of these are in a good style of architecture, and some of them judiciously decorated. In comparison with the churches of Puebla and Mexico they may possess few attractions; but remembering the circumstances under which they were built, they do credit both to the zeal and taste of those who superintended their erection. The utensils of gold and silver are splendid; and among other ornaments, the Church of San Domingo has a statue of the *Virgen del Rosario*, nearly six feet high, of massy silver.

"But the grand cathedral is the richest in ornaments, and is, doubtless, the principal building of Guatemala. It is situated on the eastern side of the great square. The pedestals and capitals of the columns, the vaultings of the chapels, and many other parts of it, are executed in a superior manner. It is built of white freestone, quarried near the city, and has been but recently completed, though commenced more than half a century since. It is the only church among the above-mentioned that can be regarded as a specimen of any particular order of architecture; and in this respect, as well as for its design and workmanship, it would do honor to any city in Europe or America. The cathedral at Leon, Nicaragua, is larger and more massive, but does not compare with this as a work of art.

"On *dia de ceniza* we were aroused at early dawn, by the ringing of bells, to attend mass at the grand cathedral. Passing the principal entrance, which leads from the square, we found ourselves in a spacious edifice, with lofty ceiling, lighted with many candles, which enabled us to see the crowds of kneeling worshipers. There was the dark-eyed señorita, with her tidy *mantilla* and prettily ornamented *abanico;* the pompous don, enveloped in the ample folds of a cloak which perhaps concealed the lack of a shirt; the blear-eyed beldam, with straggling hairs, crossing herself with tremulous hand, as the robed priests chanted from the missal accompanied by the grand organ. There were perhaps a thousand persons down upon the pavement.

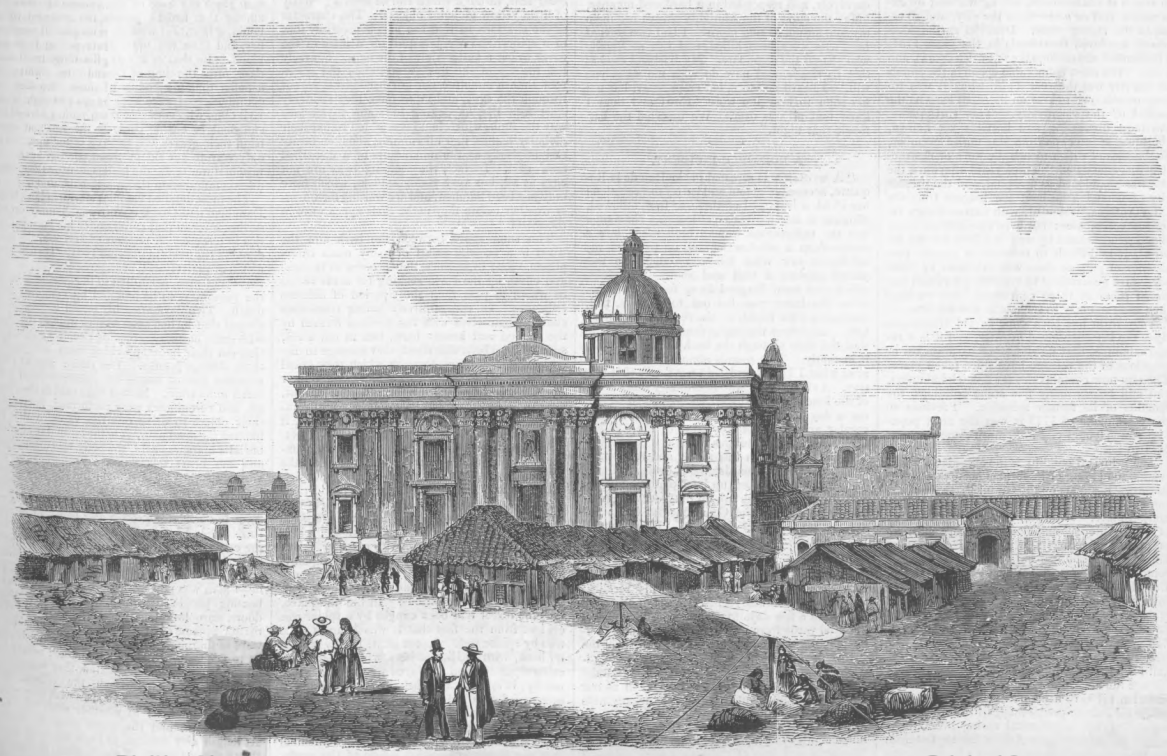
"The Plaza (or Market-place) of Guatemala is spacious and adorned with a fountain in the middle, and besides the daily market is occupied by numerous temporary shops and stalls, and surrounded by offices and buildings. Projecting piazzas form a covered walk on three sides, under which trifling articles are exposed for sale.

"Early in the morning this Plaza presents the liveliest scene in Guatemala. Here are gathered crowds of market-women, with large flat baskets filled with the delicious fruits of the country—such as nisperos, bananas, melons, peaches, figs, pears, anonas, zapotes, cocoa-nuts, oranges, and dozens of others. Among the throng may be seen swarthy Indian faces from the wilds of Vera Paz and the confines of Yucatan and Oajaca; some with bundles of vanilla, sarsaparilla, and gum-arabic for sale; others with little sacks of allspice or valuable medicinal herbs and plants common to the wilds of the unexplored interior. Some of these gentry wear a physiognomy that would scarcely be deemed prepossessing if encountered in some lonely mountain pass; but though fierce and vindictive, they are harmless and even sociable with those they consider their friends. Monkeys, macaws, and parrots scream and scold from the stalls; leathern-lunged itinerants shout the names of their curious wares, and besiege you, with the pertinacity of a fan or bouquet vendor in a New York theatre; here a fat padre, in canonical robes and shovel hat, eating his morning lime, smoking his cigarro, or perhaps chaffering with some precocious youth for a game-cock which must be ready for the pit when mass is over; trains of mules coming and going, donkeys braying, bells clanging; caballeros, mounted on gayly caparisoned steeds, sweeping steadily past for the accustomed ride in the environs or along the famous aqueducts; slight and elegant female forms glide through the crowd, now and then coquettishly tossing aside the mantilla, and revealing a murderous array of killing eyes, raven hair, and splendid complexion and color—for in Guatemala there are ladies who pride themselves on their direct descent from the old Castilian conquerors—and all preserve the custom of taking an airing in the freshness of the morning.

THE ARCH OF SANTA CATARINA, ANTIGUA GUATEMALA.

"The houses of Guatemala consist of only one story, and, occupying a great deal of ground, they present to the street only a series of white-washed walls and red-tiled roofs, with here and there a window carefully guarded by large bars of iron, and a pair of massy folding-doors studded on the outside with heavy nails, thus giving to it—especially during the *hora de siesta*—more the appearance of a deserted than an inhabited city. The streets are mostly broad, but, with few exceptions, wretchedly paved, with a considerable declivity on each side, which forms a gutter in the middle; so that while after a heavy shower of rain they are almost impassable from the sudden stream of water, at other times the sharp-pointed and ill-arranged pebbles extort groans from the unhappy sufferer who, in light shoes, does the penance of passing over them.

"One of the principal streets of the city is the Calle Real, or Royal Street, leading in the direction of the eastern gate. The accompanying illustration represents this thoroughfare, which is the residence of many of the aristocracy of Guatemala. Its low, prison-like dwellings, the tiled roofs, and half-deserted appearance, are char-



THE CATHEDRAL OF NEW GUATEMALA.

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acteristic. A considerable and lucrative trade must eventually spring up between Guatemala and San Francisco by the yet unfrequented port of Istapa."

Among the sketches taken by our artist while traveling in Guatemala were a series of equally faithful ones of "La Antigua," or the old city of Guatemala. The history of this former capital affords an unparalleled example of disasters by earthquakes and other calamities, and shows the recuperative energy of the old Spanish race, now so completely extinct among their unworthy descendants. The city was founded by PEDRO DE ALVARADO in 1524, at the foot of the famous "Volcan de Agua," or Water Volcano—a situation which pleased the Spaniards by its fine climate, the beauty of its meadows, delightfully watered by running streams, and particularly from its lying between two lofty mountains, from one of which descended rivulets from every direction, and from the summit of the other issued volumes of smoke and flames, rendering the place a remarkable landmark in the country. The conquest and slaughter of the numerous but feeble tribes inhabiting the country had been nearly completed by the mailed cavaliers of Spain; yet they celebrated the founding of the city with religious ceremonies, and doubtless looked forward to rearing a rich and populous emporium. But Providence seemed determined to avenge their cruelties upon the defenseless natives by periodical visitations. Seventeen years after the inaugurating ceremonies a terrific rain began to descend, and continued three days, more like the torrent of a cataract than rain. The fury of the wind, the incessant appalling lightning and dreadful thunder, were indescribable. The general terror was increased by eruptions from the volcano to such a degree that, in this combination of horrors, the inhabitants imagined the final destruction of the world was at hand. Violent vibrations of the earth prostrated multitudes as they fled about the city, and deafening subterranean noises spread universal dismay. Soon an immense torrent of water rushed down from the summit of the volcano, forcing down enormous fragments of rocks and large trees, which, descending upon the town, overwhelmed and destroyed it with crowds of the inhabitants. The city, however, was rebuilt near the same site, and for twenty years after an annual fast was held in commemoration of the event. In 1565 and in 1577 Guatemala was repeatedly overthrown by similar calamities; but in 1586 it was visited by a terrific earthquake, reducing it to a heap of ruins, and burying great numbers of people under the ruins. The earth shook with such violence that the tops of mountains were torn off and thrown down, and awful chasms opened along the country. In 1607 another earthquake partially ruined Guatemala, and in 1651 the most terrible of all took place, when a violent hurricane accompanied the shocks, and blew the tops of the houses into the air. The bells of the churches before they fell were tolled by the vibrations, masses of earth and rock were detached from the mountains, and wild beasts were so terrified that they sought shelter in the habitations of men. Others occurred in 1663 and 1689, which are recorded as "memorable disasters." In 1717 occurred the great eruption of August 27, in which the inhabitants, taking warning by experience, fled *en masse* from the city, and so escaped the falling ruins. Dreadful earthquakes nearly destroyed Guatemala in the years 1751, 1757 (called the earthquake of St. FRANCIS), and 1765. The most memorable epoch in the annals of the city was the year 1773, when it was totally overthrown to rise no more, at least as the capital of the viceroyalty. This earthquake, the most distressing and horrible yet known, continued at intervals from May until December, on the 13th of which month the work of destruction was completed. Three years afterward the site was abandoned as a capital, and the present city of Guatemala, about ten leagues from the "La Antigua," founded, with extraordinary religious ceremonies; but even this gets an occasional gentle shake by way of a hint for the future. It is difficult to conceive of greater persistency of purpose than was exhibited by these successive generations in rebuilding a ruined city *eleven times* in three centuries! But perhaps they were too lazy to remove to another site.

Very little has been done to old Guatemala since the last-mentioned disaster, and it is a remarkable fact that no shocks of earthquakes or eruptions of the volcano have since taken place. The city now contains about 12,000 inhabitants, and still boasts many fine stone buildings, the remains of its former splendor. Previous to the earthquake of 1773 it was the most populous and splendid city in Spanish America after Mexico.

The principal building is the old palace, which retains something of its former beauty of architecture. It stands on the Grand Plaza, in which rows of adobe and tiled houses are erected as a market-place. Here the laziness and lethargy of "La Antigua" exhibits itself every morning in crowds of loungers, whose only method of killing time seems to be smoking cigarros and retailing scandal and the latest political news. But all business has long left the place. The town is abundantly supplied with water, which is every where diffused with pipes; two rivers flow through the valley, from which hundreds of flower and vegetable gardens are irrigated. The climate is said to be "the best in the world," and few after inhaling its invigorating air would dispute the assertion. Its altitude and peculiar situation preserve a happy medium of temperature; cold never predominates to the injury of vegetation, but a perpetual spring presents its varied bounties. The Arc of Santa Catarina (or St. Catherine's Arch) is shown in the accompanying engraving. It spans the *Calle Real*, which is the only street in which an idea may be gained of the ancient glory of Guatemala. The arch is said to have been erected since the last eruption. Beyond appears the redoubtable Water Volcano (the only one on this continent), whose vomitings have so often desolated the city at its foot. In Guatemala Antigua may be seen the crumbling and grass-grown ruins of more than thirty churches, among which were the cathedral, said to have been the finest building in America, eleven chapels, and sixteen convents. The cathedral is in tolerable repair. Its grand altar was faced with tortoise-shell, gold, and silver, and adorned with medallions in bronze, of fine workmanship; on the cornice were statues of the Virgin and Twelve Apostles in ivory. The ashes of the great warrior, PEDRO DE ALVARADO, repose beneath the altar. This is he who performed the celebrated feat of tossing an orange over the cathedral at Seville, standing on one foot upon a projecting beam at a dizzy height above the pavement. His ambition was to display his courage to the Queen of Spain, who was observing his perilous adventure. His terrible sword and the shouts of his mailed followers once struck terror to the hearts of the aborigines of Guatemala; but they all sleep quietly enough now.

THE FALL OF THE COMMUNE.

A DESPERATE WOMAN.

AN English surgeon in the service of the Commune writes respecting its last hours as follows: "Then commenced, perhaps, the most horrible of all the fights I had yet seen in the streets. Just as the Nationals were retreating, a battalion of women came up the street at a trot, and, with cries of 'Viva la Commune,' began firing. They were armed with the Snider rifle, and fired admirably. Many pretty-looking young girls were there, destined no doubt, for far better things than killing men. They fought like devils, far better than the men, and I had the pain of seeing fifty-two shot down even when they had been surrounded by the troops and disarmed. I saw about sixty men shot at the same place as the women, at the same time. A touching little incident met my view, which completely unmanned me. While Paris was blazing in the night, the cannon roaring, and the musket rolling, a poor woman was crouching inside a cart and crying bitterly. I offered her a glass of wine and a piece of bread. She refused it, saying, 'For the short time I have to live I shall not need it.' The troops were then on the other side of the barricades, having taken the Caserne du Prince Eugène, Château d'Eau, and at midnight the firing ceased. Suddenly I heard six shots in rapid succession, and by their sound knew them to be revolver reports. A great uproar on the other side of the barricade followed, and looking, at a great risk, out of the window, I saw the poor woman I have just described about to be seized by four troopers, who were divesting her rapidly of her outer garments. Impelled by I know not what, I left the house, and crept over the barricade, and crouched down by the lamp-post on the other side. I heard the harsh voice of the officer in command of the troops interrogating the woman, saying, 'You are brave—you have killed two of my men.' The woman laughed derisively, and responded in a hardened manner, 'May the curse of the Almighty always rest upon my soul for not killing more! I had two sons at Issy, who were both killed, and two at Neuilly who shared the same fate. My husband died at this barricade, and now do with me what you will.' I heard no more, but crept away, but not too soon to hear the word 'Fire!' and then I knew that all was over. We deserted the barricade that night."

A HORRIBLE INCIDENT.

"A WOMAN was arrested in the Rue de la Roquette, accused of arson, and led off to execution; her child, a little girl of three or four, followed, clinging to her mother's petticoats. No sooner had the unfortunate woman been taken into a court—from a window looking on to which my informant saw what followed—than she was placed against a wall and shot. The child, which had been dragged away from its mother when the latter was led out to be shot, fled, screaming with fright, at the report of the muskets. An officer thereupon drew his revolver and shot the child through the back as it ran, killing it instantly. This sounds almost incredible, but after what I have heard I do not doubt that it is true. A staff officer, who in ordinary times is one of the kindest-hearted men I have ever met, told me a day or two ago that some hours after the regular army had got possession of the Château de la Muette, a mysterious rapping was heard in a cupboard. Search was made, and two unfortunate National Guards were dragged forth. They had been locked up by Dombrowski's orders for having got drunk on duty—a very common crime under the Commune. 'And what did you do to them?' I asked. 'Do to them?' was the answer; 'why, shot them, of course.'"

A FRIGHTFUL OCCURRENCE.

A MEDICAL student, in giving his recollections of Communistic scenes, writes: "We were obliged in a few days to remove our ambulance a hundred yards from the ramparts. A most melancholy disaster happened on the morning of the 17th of May. I had ordered a number of wounded men to be put into a separate apartment at the back of the large building we had taken as our ambulance, and containing about twenty-nine men, when a bomb of 60 lbs. in weight came in through the glass roof, exploded on the floor, killed eighteen of them, and wounded all the rest. The arms and legs of these men were scattered over the place, and a man who had been sitting up in bed had his head entirely shot off, and still sat in the same position. The room next door had been smashed in, and a poor woman had her leg broken in such a manner as to require immediate amputation. This was, perhaps, the most painful operation I performed, as I had no chloroform, and was obliged to cut off the limb while the poor woman was screaming dreadfully."

A PRUDENT PARISIAN.

THE Paris *Figaro* gives the following as an exact copy of a letter left by a resident in the Rue St. Apolline for his portress, on the occasion of his quitting on the day when the attempt was made to remove the cannons from Montmartre: "My dear Madame Dupont,—On mature consideration, I would prefer, having explained them, to leave you instructions in writing as to your conduct in any event which may occur during my absence. In the first place, you will yourself keep the key of the cellar which contains wine and wood, and that of my apartments. In a dining-room you will find three rolls upon the table, numbered 1, 2, and 3. If the mob come and make a barricade in the Rue St. Apolline, near the house, you will instantly go up to my rooms, open the roll No. 1, and, taking out the red flag contained therein, you will fasten it to the stick which I have myself tied to the balcony: there are hooks in the stuff, you will only have to fasten them on. If the mob threaten my apartments, you will tell them that I am well known as a friend of the people, and that I offer them brandy to drink my health and wood to make a fire at night in the barricade. If the barricade is taken by the French, you will hasten to take away the red flag, and instantly replace it by the flag No. 2, which is tricolor; you will offer wine to the soldiers, and give them wood if they bivouac in the quarter. If the Prussians meddle in the matter, you will hide Nos. 1 and 2, and hook on No. 3, which is a Prussian flag. You will give Champagne and wood. I think I need say no more, and I salute you.—Signed, L. D."

LIFE UNDER THE BARK.

TAKEN roughly, all the creatures which are found under the bark of trees may be divided into two classes—namely, those who have resorted there for shelter during the cold months of winter, and those which feed upon the bark or the substance of the tree itself. The former can always be found under the bark of old trees, especially oaks and willows. The latter, however, are the most prolific in insect life. In many old willows the bark is slightly separated from the trunk for many feet, and although no external sign be given of this fact, the hollow sound which is returned when the outside of the tree is tapped is a sufficient proof. On carefully removing one of these sheets of bark from the tree a most extraordinary sight is often presented.

The space between the bark and wood is a vast camp of insect armies, their white and glittering tents being set so closely together that there is not room for a finger's tip between them. Under the bark also flourish certain colonies of flat white cryptogams, which spread themselves in fan-like rays, and almost rival the silken insect tents in whiteness. Now and then comes a circular tent, through which can be seen a quantity of little yellow globular objects. The character of the silk tells us that the nest is certainly that of a spider, and we just pull off a little of the cover to get a better view of the eggs. Scarcely has the tip of the forceps stretched the silken roof than a simultaneous stir becomes apparent through the eggs, and all at once they suddenly start into life, unpacking in some mysterious way the limbs which had been folded round their globular bodies, and all running about as busily and aimlessly as the inhabitants of a disturbed ants' nest. In fact, the seeming eggs are not eggs at all, but very young spiders, which have only just been hatched, and are waiting for warmer weather before they make their appearance in the world.

This same space between the bark and the wood is a favorite resort of many moth caterpillars. Led by instinct, they proceed to the tree and climb up the bark, seeking for some recess in which to pass their short period of helpless existence. In comparatively young trees they content themselves with the crevices formed by the rugged and knotty bark, but in old trees, such as have been described, they manage to discover some aperture, through which they crawl into the large sheltered space, and there spin their silken home. Careful investigation shows that, however safe such a retreat may be for the insect while in its pupal or chrysalis condition, it is little more than a trap for the perfect insect. For not only are spiders' eggs to be found "under the bark," but spiders themselves also take up their residence there, and find ample subsistence in the many insects that have found their way under the bark and can not find their way out again. A short time ago I found, under the bark of an old willow-tree, the remains of a beetle which had fallen a victim to a spider. Unfortunately the edge of the chisel came upon it and damaged the specimen, or I should have cut it out and preserved it for my museum, as I never saw any thing more curious. In the first place, that the insect had been caught by a spider was evident from the fact that it was bound to the tree by spider web. In the next, it was laid on its back, with the limbs, jaws, wings, and wing-cases separated and displayed with as much regularity, in spread-eagle fashion, as if it had been prepared by an entomologist as a specimen of insect anatomy. Now that any beetle should have been so treated is remarkable enough, but it is still more wonderful when we remember that the insect in question is one of the predacious beetles, and measures three-quarters of an inch in length; so that it appears to be much more likely to eat the spider than to allow itself to be eaten.

Of all the insects which hibernate in the crevices of the bark, by far the greater number seem to be the chrysalides of various moths, which, as a rule, hide themselves so well that they need a practiced eye to see them, and, even though the greatest care be taken, are often accidentally destroyed. It is extremely provoking, after selecting an apparently safe spot for the chisel, to see a white, creamy fluid run along the blade, and then to know that the tool has passed through the body of a chrysalis which has hidden itself so cleverly as to escape observation. The most successful of these hiders is the puss moth, the chrysalis of which lies hidden in a singularly ingenious cocoon. When the caterpillar is full fed it crawls to the trunk of the tree and looks about for a crevice in the rough bark. Into this crevice it insinuates itself, and begins at once to nibble the bark into tiny chips, which it fastens together with the silk-fluid discharged from its spinnerets, and so makes a cocoon which completely shelters it. Owing to the materials of which the cocoon is made, it exactly resembles the bark and can scarcely be distinguished from it; and as the caterpillar took care to retire into the crevice before spinning, the surface of the cocoon does not project beyond that of the bark in general. Very often when the eye fails in detecting a cocoon the touch succeeds, the material of the cocoon being soft; but this is not the case with the puss moth, whose cocoon is much harder than the bark of which it was made, the silk-fluid forming a wonderfully firm and tough cement.

Under the bark are also the relics of other creatures. For example, in one willow-tree, the nut-hatch and the squirrel have both left their marks in the shape of sundry hazel-nuts. There is no difficulty of distinguishing the work of these two creatures. The nut-hatch wedges the nut firmly into a crevice of the bark, and hammers rapidly and perseveringly at the point until the nut is split in two as neatly as a boy could do it with his knife. The bird then goes off with the kernel, and leaves the halves of the shells where they happen to lie, some of them being still fixed in the bark, some lying on the ground, and some having slipped between the bark and the wood. The squirrel treats its nuts in a different manner, first gnawing off the tip, and then splitting the shell with its chisel-shaped teeth. Sometimes it gets hold of a bad nut, and after nibbling at the tip throws it away. In the same tree that has just been mentioned were several bad nuts, each of which had been tested by a squirrel, and then thrown into the hollow between the tree and the bark.

AMPIRES AND GHOULS.

THESE gentry are not yet quite dead: at least the belief in them still lingers in some country districts; while in Southeastern Europe and Southwestern Asia the credence prevails among whole tribes and even nations. There appears to be no essential difference between the European vampire and the Asiatic ghoul—a sort of demon delighting to animate the bodies of dead persons and feed upon their blood. It is believed that the superstition has existed in the Levant since the time of the ancient Greeks; but among that artistic people the vampire was a lamia, a beautiful woman, who allured youths to her, and then fed upon their young flesh and blood. Be that as it may, the Byzantine Christians, after the time of Constantine, entertained a belief that the bodies of those who died excommunicated were kept by an emissary of the Evil One, who endowed them with a sort of life sufficient to enable them to go forth at night from their graves and feast on other men. The only way to get rid of these passive agents of mischief was to dig the bodies up from the graves, disexcommunicate them, and bury them.

The most detailed vampire stories belong to the Danubian and Greek countries. Tournefort describes a scene that came under his personal notice in Greece. A peasant of Mycone was murdered in the fields in the year 1701. He had been a man of quarrelsome, ill-natured disposition: just the sort of man, according to the current belief of the peasantry, to be haunted by vampires after death. Two days after his burial it was noised abroad that he had been seen to walk in the night with great haste, overturning people's goods, putting out their lights, pinching them, and playing them strange pranks. The rumor was so often repeated that at length the priests avowed their belief in its truth. Masses were said in the chapels, and ceremonies were performed, having for their object to drive out the vampire that inhabited the dead man. On the tenth day after the burial a mass was said, the body was disinterred, and the heart taken out. Frankincense was burned to ward off infection; but the by-standers insisted on the smoke of the frankincense being a direct emanation from the dead body—a sure sign, according to popular belief, of vampirism. They burned the heart on the sea-shore—the conventional way of getting rid of vampires. Still this did not settle the matter. Positive statements went the round of the village that the dead man was still up to all kinds of mischief—beating people in the night, breaking down doors, unroofing houses, shaking windows. The matter became serious. Many of the inhabitants were so thoroughly frightened and panic-stricken as to flee, while those who remained nearly lost all self-control. They debated, they fasted, they made processions through the village, they sprinkled the doors of the houses with holy water, they speculated as to whether mass had been properly said and the heart properly burned. At length they resolved to burn the body itself; they collected plenty of wood, pitch, and tar, and carried out their plan. Tournefort (who had found it necessary to be cautious as to express-

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ing his incredulity) states that no more was heard of the supposed vampire.

In the year 1725, on the border of Hungary and Transylvania, a vampire story arose, which was renewed afterward in a noteworthy way. A peasant of Madveiga, named Arnold Paul, was crushed to death by the fall of a wagon-load of hay. Thirty days afterward four persons died, with all the symptoms (according to popular belief) of their blood having been sucked by vampires. Some of the neighbors remembered having heard Arnold say that he had often been tormented by a vampire; and they jumped to a conclusion that the passive vampire had now become active. This was in accordance with a kind of formula, or theorem, on the subject: that a man who, when alive, has had his blood sucked by a vampire, will, after his death, deal with other persons in like manner. The neighbors exhumed Arnold Paul, drove a stake through the heart, cut off the head, and burned the body. The bodies of the four persons who had recently died were treated in a similar way, to make assurance doubly sure. Nevertheless even this did not suffice. In 1732, seven years after these events, seventeen persons died in the village near about one time. The memory of the unlucky Arnold recurred to the villagers; the vampire theory was again appealed to; he was believed to have dealt with the seventeen as he had previously dealt with the four; and they were therefore disinterred, the heads cut off, the hearts staked, the bodies burned, and the ashes dispersed. One supposition was that Arnold had vampirized some cattle, that the seventeen villagers had eaten of the beef, and had fallen victims in consequence. This affair attracted much attention at the time. Louis the Fifteenth directed his embassador at Vienna to make inquiries in the matter. Many of the witnesses attested on oath that the disinterred bodies were full of blood, and exhibited few of the usual symptoms of death—indications which the believers in vampires stoutly maintained to be always present in such cases. This has induced many physicians to think that real cases of catalepsy, or trance, were mixed up with the popular belief, and were supplemented by a large allowance of epidemic fanaticism.

Calmet, in his curious work relating to the marvels of the phantom world, quotes a letter which was written in 1738, and which added one to the long list of vampire stories belonging to the Danubian provinces. "We have just had in this part of Hungary a scene of vampirism, duly attested by two officials of the tribunal of Belgrade, who went down to the places specified, and by an officer of the emperor's troops at Graditz, who was an ocular witness of the proceedings. At the beginning of September there died in the village of Kisilony, three leagues from Graditz, a man sixty-two years of age. Three days after his burial he appeared in the night to his son, and asked for something to eat. The son having given him something, he ate and disappeared. The next day the son recounted to his neighbors what had occurred. That night the father did not appear; but on the following night he showed himself, and asked again for food. They do not know whether the son gave him any on that occasion or not; but on the following day the son was found dead in his bed. On that same day five or six persons in the village fell suddenly ill, and died one after another in a few days." The villagers resolved to open the grave of the old man and examine the body; they did so, and declared that the symptoms presented were such as usually pertain to vampirism—eyes open, fresh color, etc. The executioner drove a stake into the heart, and reduced the body to ashes. All the other persons recently dead were similarly exhumed; but as they did not exhibit the suspicious symptoms, they were quietly re-interred.

This superstition appears to be closely connected with that of the were-wolf, which sometimes presents very terrible features. Medical men give the name of lycanthropy to a kind of monomania which lies at the bottom of all the were-wolf stories. In popular interpretations, a were-wolf is a man or woman who has been changed into the form of a wolf, either to gratify a taste for human flesh and blood, or as a divine punishment. The Reverend Baring Gould narrates the history of Marshal de Rets, a noble, brave, and wealthy man of the time of Charles the Seventh in France. He was sane and reasonable in all matters save one; but in that one he was a terrible being. He delighted in putting young and delicate children to death, and then destroying them, without (so far as appears) wishing to put the flesh or the blood to his lips. In the course of a lengthened trial which brought his career to an end, the truth came to light that he had destroyed eight hundred children in seven years. There was neither accusation nor confession about a wolf here; it was a man afflicted with a morbid propensity of a dreadful kind. An extraordinary case of this mania occurred in France in 1849, the facts being brought to light before a court-martial, presided over by Colonel Manselon. Many of the cemeteries near Paris were found to have been entered in the night, graves opened, coffins disturbed, and dead bodies strewed around the place in a torn and mangled condition. This was so often repeated, and in so many cemeteries, that great anguish and terror were spread among the people. A strict watch was kept. Some of the patrols or police of the cemeteries thought they saw a figure several times flitting about among the graves, but could never quite satisfy themselves on the matter. Surgeons were examined to ascertain whether it was the work of the class of men who used, in England, to be called resurrectionists, or body-snatchers; but they all declared that the wild, reckless mutilation was quite of another character. Again was a strict watch kept; a kind of man-trap was contrived at a part of the wall of Père la Chaise cemetery. Each appeared as if it had been frequently scaled. A sort of grenade connected with the man-trap was heard to explode; the watch fired their guns; some one was seen to flee quickly; and then they found traces of blood, and a few fragments of military clothing, at one particular spot. Next day it became publicly known that a non-commissioned officer of the Seventy-fourth regiment had returned wounded to the barracks in the middle of the night, and had been conveyed to a military hospital. Further inquiry led to a revelation of the fact that Sergeant Bertrand, of the regiment here named, was the unhappy cause of all the turmoil. He was in general demeanor kind and gentle, frank and gay; and nothing but a malady of a special kind could have driven him to the commission of such crimes as those with which he was charged, and which his own confession helped to confirm. He described the impulse under which he acted as being irresistible, altogether beyond his own control; it came upon him about once a fortnight. He had a terrible consciousness while under its influence, and yet he could not resist. The minute details which he gave to the tribunal of his mode of proceeding at the cemeteries might suit those who like to sup on horrors, but may be dispensed with here. Suffice it to say that he aided by his confession to corroborate the charge, that he was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment, and that eminent physicians of Paris endeavored to restore the balance of his mind during his quiet incarceration.

A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION.

By CHARLES READE.

WITH MANY ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-NINTH.

MR. ROLFE reached Bellevue House in time to make a hasty toilet, and dine with Dr. Suaby in his private apartments.

The other guests were Sir Charles Bassett, Mr. Hyam—a meek, sorrowful patient—an Exquisite, and Miss Wieland.

Dr. Suaby introduced him to every body but the Exquisite.

Mr. Rolfe said Sir Charles Bassett and he were correspondents.

"So I hear. He tells you the secrets of the prison-house, eh?"

"The humors of the place, you mean."

"Yes, he has a good eye for character. I suppose he has dissected me along with the rest?"

"No, no; he has only dealt with the minor eccentricities. His pen failed at you. 'You must come and *see* the doctor,' he said. So here I am."

"Oh," said the doctor, "if your wit and his are both to be leveled at me, I had better stop your mouths. Dinner! dinner! Sir Charles, will you take Miss Wieland? Sorry we have not another lady to keep you company, madam."

"Are you? Then I'm not," said the lady, smartly.

The dinner passed like any other, only Rolfe observed that Dr. Suaby took every fair opportunity of drawing the pluckless Mr. Hyam into conversation, and that he coldly ignored the Exquisite.

"I have seen that young man about town, I think," said Mr. Rolfe. "Where was it, I wonder?"

"The Argyll Rooms, or the Casino, probably."

"Thank you, doctor. Oh, I forgot; you owed me one. He is no favorite of yours."

"Certainly not. And I only invited him medicinally."

"Medicinally? That's too deep for a layman."

"To flirt with Miss Wieland. Flirting does her good."

"Medicine embraces a wider range than I thought."

"No doubt. You are always talking about medicine; but you know very little, begging your pardon."

"That is the theory of compensation. When you know very little about a thing you must talk a great deal about it. Well, I'm here for instruction; thirsting for it."

"All the better; we'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart."

"All right: but not of your favorite Acetate of Morphia; because that is the draught that takes the reason prisoner."

"It's no favorite of mine. Indeed, experience has taught me that all sedatives excite; if they soothe at first, they excite next day. My antidotes to mental excitement are packing in lukewarm water, and, best of all, hard bodily exercise and the perspiration that follows it. To put it shortly—prolonged bodily excitement antidotes mental excitement."

"I'll take a note of that. It is the wisest thing I ever heard from any learned physician."

"Yet many a learned physician knows it. But you are a little prejudiced against the faculty."

"Only in their business. They are delightful out of that. But, come now, nobody hears us—confess, the system which prescribes drugs, drugs, drugs at every visit and in every case, and does not give a severe selection of esculents the first place, but only the second or third, must be rotten at the core. Don't you despise a layman's eye. All the professions want it."

"Well, you are a writer; publish a book, call it Medicina laici, and send me a copy."

"To slash in the *Lancet*? Well, I will: when novels cease to pay and truth begins to."

In the course of the evening Mr. Rolfe drew Dr. Suaby apart, and said, "I must tell you frankly, I mean to relieve you of one of your inmates."

"Only one? I was in hopes you would relieve me of all the sane people. They say you are ingenious at it. All I know is, I can't get rid of an inmate if the person who signed the order resists. Now, for instance, here's a Mrs. Hallam came here unsound: religious delusion. Has been cured two months. I have reported her so to her son-in-law, who signed the order; but he will not discharge her. He is vicious, she scriptural; bores him about eternity. Then I wrote to the Commissioners in Lunacy; but they don't like to strain their powers, so they wrote to the affectionate son-in-law, and he politely declines to act. Sir Charles Bassett the same: three weeks ago I reported him cured, and the detaining relative has not even replied to me."

"Got a copy of your letter?"

"Of course. But what if I tell you there is a gentleman here who never had any business to come, yet he is as much a fixture as the grates. I took him blindfold along with the house. I signed a deed, and it is so stringent I can't evade one of my predecessor's engagements. This old rogue committed himself to my predecessor's care, under medical certificates; the order he signed himself."

"Illegal, you know."

"Of course; but where's the remedy? The person who signed the order must rescind it. But this sham lunatic won't rescind it. Altogether the tenacity of an asylum is prodigious. The statutes are written with bird-lime. Twenty years ago that old Skinflint found the rates and taxes intolerable; and doesn't every body find them intolerable? To avoid these rates and taxes he shut up his house, captured himself, and took himself here; and here he will end his days, excluding some genuine patient, unless *you* sweep him into the street for me."

"Sindbad, I will try," said Rolfe, solemnly; "but I must begin with Sir Charles Bassett. By-the-bye, about his crotchet?"

"Oh, he has still an extravagant desire for children. But the cerebral derangement is cured, and the other, standing by itself, is a foible, not a mania. It is only a natural desire in excess. If they brought me Rachel merely because she had said, 'Give me children, or I die,' and I found her a healthy woman in other respects, I should object to receive her on that score alone."

"You are deadly particular—compared with some of them," said Rolfe.

That evening he made an appointment with Sir Charles, and visited him in his room at 8 A.M. He told him he had seen Lady Bassett in London, and, of course, he had to answer many questions. He then told him he came expressly to effect his liberation.

"I am grateful to you, Sir," said Sir Charles, with a suppressed and manly emotion.

"Here are my instructions from Lady Bassett; short, but to the point."

"May I keep that?"

"Why, of course."

Sir Charles kissed his wife's line, and put the note in his breast.

"The first step," said Rolfe, "is to cut you in two. That is soon done. You must copy in your own hand, and then sign, this writing." And he handed him a paper.

"*I, Charles Dyke Bassett, being of sound mind, instruct James Sharpe, of Gray's Inn, my Solicitor, to sue the person who signed the order for my incarceration—in the Court of Common Pleas; and to take such other steps for my relief as may be advised by my counsel, Mr. Francis Rolfe.*"

"Excuse me," said Sir Charles, "if I make one objection. Mr. Oldfield has been my solicitor for many years. I fear it will hurt his feelings if I intrust the matter to a stranger. Would there be any objection to my inserting Mr. Oldfield's name, Sir?"

"Only this: he would think he knew better than I do; and then I, who know better than he does, and am very vain and arrogant, should throw up the case in a passion, and go back to my MS.; and humdrum Oldfield would go to Equity instead of law; and all the costs would fall on your estate instead of on your enemy; and you would be here eighteen months instead of eight or ten days. No, Sir Charles, you can't mix Champagne and ditch-water; you can't make Invention row in a boat with Antique Twaddle, and you mustn't ask me to fight your battle with a blunt knife, when I have got a sharp knife that fits my hand."

Mr. Rolfe said this with more irritation than was justified, and revealed one of the great defects in his character.

Sir Charles saw his foible, smiled, and said, "I withdraw a proposal which I see annoys you." He then signed the paper.

Mr. Rolfe broke out all smiles directly, and said, "Now you are cut in two. One you is here; but Sharpe is another you. Thus, one you works out of the asylum, and one in, and that makes all the difference. Compare notes with those who have tried the other way. Yet, simple and obvious as this is, would you believe it, I alone have discovered this method; I alone practice it."

He sent his secretary off to London at once, and returned to Sir Charles. "The authority will be with Sharpe at 2.30. He will be at Whitehall 3.15, and examine the order. He will take the writ out at once, and if Richard Bassett is the man, he will serve it on him to-morrow in good time, and send one of your grooms over here on horseback with the news. We serve the writ personally, because we have shufflers to deal with, and I will not give them a chance. Now I must go and write a lie or two for the public; and then inspect the asylum with Suaby. Before post-time I will write to a friend of mine who is a Commissioner of Lunacy, one of the strong-minded ones. We may as well have two strings to our bow."

Sir Charles thanked him gracefully, and said, "It is a rare thing, in this selfish world, to see one man interest himself in the wrongs of another, as you are good enough to do in mine."

"Oh," said Rolfe, "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. My business is Lying; and I drudge at it. So to escape now and then to the play-ground of Truth and Justice is a great amusement and recreation to poor me. Besides, it gives me fresh vigor to replunge into Mendacity; and that's the thing that pays."

With this simple and satisfactory explanation he rolled away.

Leaving, for the present, matters not essential to this vein of incident, I jump to what occurred toward evening.

Just after dinner the servant who waited told Dr. Suaby that a man had walked all the way from Huntercombe to see Sir Charles Bassett.

"Poor fellow!" said Dr. Suaby, "I should like to see him. Would you mind receiving him here?"

"Oh no."

"On second thoughts, James, you had better light a candle in the next room—in case."

A heavy clatter was heard, and the burly figure of Moses Moss entered the room. Being bareheaded, he saluted the company by pulling his head, and it bobbed. He was a little dazzled by the lights at first, but soon distinguished Sir Charles, and his large countenance beamed with simple and affectionate satisfaction.

"How d'ye do, Moss?" said Sir Charles.

"Pretty well, thank ye, Sir, in my body, but uneasy in my mind. There be a trifle too many rogues afoot to please me. However, I told my mistress this morning, says I, 'Before I puts up with this here any longer, I must go over there and see him; for here's so many lies a cutting about,' says I, 'I'm fairly mazed.' So, if you please, Sir Charles, will you be so good as to tell me out of your own mouth, and then I shall know: be you crazy, Sir, or bain't you—ay or no?"

Suaby and Rolfe had much ado not to laugh right out; but Sir Charles said, gravely, he was not crazy. "Do I look crazy, Moss?"

"That ye doan't; you look twice the man you did. Why, your cheeks did use to be so pasty like; now you've got a color—but mayhap (casting an eye on the decanters) ye're flustered a bit wi' drink."

"No, no," said Rolfe, "we have not commenced our nightly debauch yet; only just done dinner."

"Then there goes another. This will be good news to home. Dall'd if I would not ha' come them there thirty miles on all-fours for't. But, Sir, if so be you are not crazy, please think about coming home, for things ain't as they should be in our parts. My lady she is away for her groaning, and partly for fear of this very Richard Bassett; and him and his lawyer they have put it about as you are dead in law; that is the word: and so the servants they don't know what to think; and the village folk are skeared with his clapping four brace on 'em in jail: and Joe and I, we wants to fight un, but my dame she is timorous, and won't let us, because of the lawyer. And th' upshot is, this here Richard Bassett is master after a manner, and comes on the very lawn, and brings men with a pole measure, and uses the place as his'n mostly; but our Joe bides in the hall, with his gun, and swears he'll shoot him if he sets foot in the house. Joe says he have my lady's leave and license so to do, but not outside."

Sir Charles turned very red, and was breathless with indignation.

Dr. Suaby looked uneasy, and said, "Control yourself, Sir."

"I am not going to control *myself*," cried Rolfe, in a rage. "Don't you take it to heart, Sir Charles. It shall not last long."

"Ah!"

"Dr. Suaby, can you lend me a gig or a dog-cart, with a good horse?"

"Yes. I have got a WONDERFUL roadster, half Irish, half Norman."

"Then, Mr. Moss, to-morrow you and I go to Huntercombe: you shall show me this Bassett, and we will give him a pill."

"Meantime," said Dr. Suaby, "I take a leaf out of your Medicina laici, and prescribe a hearty supper, a quart of ale, and a comfortable bed to Mr. Moss. James, see him well taken care of. Poor man!" said he, when Moss had retired. "What simplicity! what good sense! what ignorance of the world! what feudality, if I may be allowed the expression."

Sir Charles was manifestly discomposed, and retired to bed early.

Rolfe drove off with Moss at eight o'clock, and was not seen again all day. Indeed, Sir Charles was just leaving Dr. Suaby's room when he came in, rather tired, and would not say a word till they gave him a cup of tea: then he brightened up and told his story.

"We went to the railway to meet Sharpe. The muff did not come nor send by the first train. His clerk arrived by the second. We went to Huntercombe village together, and on the road I gave him some special instructions. Richard Bassett not at home. We used a little bad language, and threw out a skirmisher—Moss, to wit—to find him. Moss discovered him on your lawn, planning a new arrangement of the flower beds, with Wheeler looking over the boundary wall.

"We went up to Bassett, and the clerk served his copy of the writ. He took it quite coolly; but when he saw at whose suit it was he turned pale. He recovered himself directly, though, and burst out laughing. 'Suit of Sir Charles Bassett? Why he can't see; he is civiliter mortuus: mad as a March hare: in confinement.'

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Clerk told him he was mistaken; Sir Charles was perfectly sane. 'Good-day, Sir.' So then Bassett asked him to wait a little. He took the writ away, and showed it Wheeler, no doubt. He came back, and blustered, and said, 'Some other person has instructed you: you will get yourself into trouble, I fear.' The little clerk told him not to alarm himself: Mr. Sharpe was instructed by Sir Charles Bassett, in his own handwriting and signature, and said, 'It is not my business to argue the case with you. You had better take the advice of counsel.' 'Thank you,' said Bassett; 'that would be wasting a guinea.' 'A good many thousand guineas have been lost by that sort of economy,' says the little clerk, solemnly. Oh, and he told him Mr. Sharpe was instructed to indict him for a trespass if he ever came there again; and handed him a written paper to that effect, which we two had drawn up at the station: and so left him to his reflections. We went into the house, and called the servants together, and told them to keep the rooms warm and the beds aired, since you might return any day."

Upon this news Sir Charles showed no premature or undignified triumph, but some natural complacency, and a good deal of gratitude.

The next day was blank of events, but the next after, Mr. Rolfe received a letter containing a note addressed to Sir Charles Bassett. Mr. Rolfe sent it to him.

"SIR,—*I am desired to inform you that I attended Lady Bassett last night, when she was safely delivered of a son. Have seen her again this morning. Mother and child are doing remarkably well.*

"W. BODDINGTON, *Surgeon*,
"17 *Upper Gloucester Place.*"

Sir Charles cried, "Thank God! thank God!" He held out the paper to Mr. Rolfe, and sat down, overpowered by tender emotions.

Mr. Rolfe devoured the surgeon's letter at one glance, shook the baronet's hand eloquently, and went away softly, leaving him with his happiness.

Sir Charles, however, began now to pine for liberty; he longed so to join his wife and see his child, and Rolfe, observing this, chafed with impatience. He had calculated on Bassett, advised by Wheeler, taking the wisest course, and discharging him on the spot. He had also hoped to hear from the Commissioner of Lunacy. But neither event took place.

They could have cut the Gordian knot by organizing an escape: Giles and others were to be bought to that: but Dr. Suaby's whole conduct had been so kind, generous, and confiding, that this was out of the question. Indeed, Sir Charles had for the last month been there upon parole.

Yet the thing had been wisely planned, as will appear when I come to notice the advice counsel had given to Wheeler in this emergency. But Bassett would not take advice: he went by his own head, and prepared a new and terrible blow, which Mr. Rolfe did not foresee.

But meantime an unlooked-for and accidental assistant came into the asylum, without the least idea Sir Charles was there.

Mrs. Marsh, early in her married life, converted her husband to religion, and took him about the country preaching. She was in earnest, and had a vein of natural eloquence that really went straight to people's bosoms. She was certainly a Christian, though an eccentric one. Temper being the last thing to yield to Gospel light, she still got into rages; but now she was very humble and penitent after them.

Well, then, after going about doing good, she decided to settle down and do good. As for Marsh, he had only to obey. Judge for yourself: the mild, gray-headed vicar of Calverly, who now leaned on la Marsh as on a staff, thought it right at the beginning to ascertain that she was not opposing her husband's views. He put a query of this kind as delicately as possible.

"My husband!" cried she. "If he refused to go to heaven with me, I'd take him there by the ear." And her eye flashed with the threat.

Well, somebody told this lady that Mr. Vandeleur was ruined, and in Dr. Suaby's asylum, not ten miles from her country-seat. This intelligence touched her. She contrasted her own happy condition, both worldly and spiritual, with that of this unfortunate reprobate, and she felt bound to see if nothing could be done for the poor wretch. A timid Christian would have sent some man to do the good work; but this was a lion-like one. So she mounted her horse, and taking only her groom with her, was at Bellevue in no time.

She dismounted, and said she must speak to Dr. Suaby, sent in her card, and was received at once.

"You have a gentleman here called Vandeleur?"

The doctor looked disappointed, but bowed.

"I wish to see him."

"Certainly, madam.—James, take Mrs. Marsh into a sitting-room, and send Mr. Vandeleur to her."

"He is not violent, is he?" said Mrs. Marsh, beginning to hesitate when she saw there was no opposition.

"Not at all, madam—the Pink of Politeness. If you have any money about you, it might be as well to confide it to me."

"What, will he rob me?"

"Oh no: much too well conducted: but he will most likely wheedle you out of it."

"No fear of that, Sir." And she followed James.

He took her to a room commanding the lawn. She looked out of the window, and saw several ladies and gentlemen walking at their ease, reading or working in the sun.

"Poor things!" she thought, "they are not so very miserable: perhaps God comforts them by ways unknown to us. I wonder whether preaching would do them any good? I should like to try. But they would not let me; they lean on the arm of flesh."

Her thoughts were interrupted at last by the door opening gently, and in came Vandeleur, with his graceful panther-like step, and a winning smile he had put on for conquest.

He stopped; he stared; he remained motionless and astounded.

At last he burst out, "Somer— Was it me you wished to see?"

"Yes," said she, very kindly. "I came to see you for old acquaintance. You must call me Mrs. Marsh now; I am married."

By this time he had quite recovered himself, and offered her a chair with ingratiating zeal.

"Sit down by me," said she, as if she was petting a child. "Are you sure you remember me?"

Says the Courtier, "Who could forget you that had ever had the honor—"

Mrs. Marsh drew back with sudden hauteur. "I did not come here for folly," said she. Then, rather naïvely, "I begin to doubt your being so very mad."

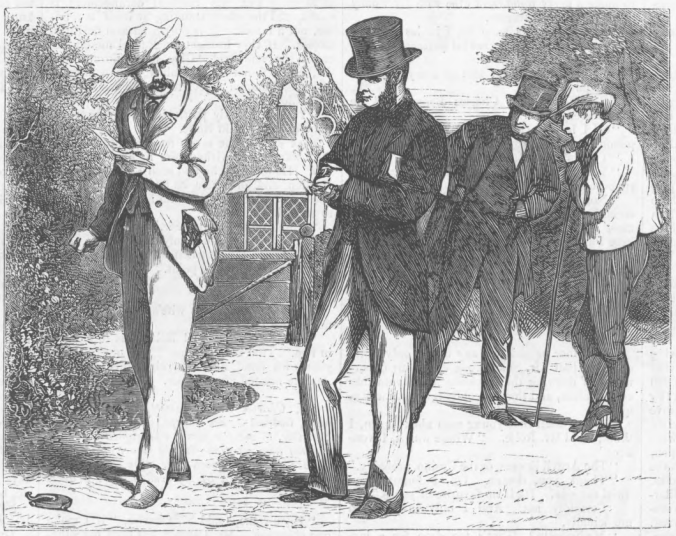
"Mad? No, of course I am not."

"Then what brings you here?"

"Stumped."

"What, have I mistaken the house? Is it a jail?"

"Oh no! I'll tell you. You see I was dipped pretty deep, and duns after me, and the Derby my only chance; so I put the pot on. But a dark horse won: the Jews knew I was done: so now it was a race which should take me. Sloman had seven writs out; I was in a corner.



"THE CLERK SERVED HIS COPY OF THE WRIT."

I got a friend that knows every move to sign me into this asylum. They thought it was all up then, and he is bringing them to a shilling in the pound."

Before he could complete this autobiographical sketch Mrs. Marsh started up in a fury, and brought her whip down on the table with a smartish cut.

"You little heartless villain!" she screamed. "Is this the way you play upon people: bringing me from my home to console a maniac, and, instead of that, you are only what you always were, a spendthrift and a scamp? Finely they will laugh at me."

She clutched the whip in her white but powerful hand till it quivered in the air, impatient for a victim.

"Oh!" she cried, panting, and struggling with her passion, "if I wasn't a child of God, I'd—"

"You'd give me a devilish good hiding," said Vandeleur, demurely.

"That I *would*," said she, very earnestly.

"You forget that I never told *you* I was mad. How could I imagine you would come, even if you did?"

"I should be no Christian if I didn't come."

"But I mean we parted bad friends, you know."

"Yes, Van; but when I asked you for the gray horse you sent me a new side-saddle. A woman does not forget those little things. You were a gentleman, though a child of Belial."

Vandeleur bowed most deferentially, as much as to say, "In both those matters you are the highest authority earth contains."

"So come," said she, "here is plenty of writing-paper. Now tell me all your debts, and I will put them down."

"What is the use? At a shilling in the pound, six hundred will pay them all."

"Are you sure?"

"As sure as that I am not going to rob you of the money."

"Oh, I only mean to lend it you."

"That alters the case."

"Prodigiously." And she smiled satirically. "Now your friend's address, that is treating with your creditors."

"Must I?"

"Unless you want to put me in a great passion."

"Any thing sooner than that." Then he wrote it for her.

"And now," said she, "grant me a little favor for old acquaintance. Just kneel you down there, and let me wrestle with Heaven for you, that you may be a brand plucked from the fire, even as I am."

The Pink of Politeness submitted, with a sigh of resignation.

Then she prayed for him so hard, so beseechingly, so eloquently, he was amazed and touched.

She rose from her knees, and laid her head on her hand, exhausted a little by her own earnestness.

He stood by her, and hung his head.

"You are very good," he said. "It is a shame to let you waste it on me. Look here—I want to do a little bit of good to another man, after you praying so beautifully."

"Ah! I am so glad. Tell me."

"Well, then, you mustn't waste a thought on me, Rhoda. I'm a gambler and a fool: let me go to the dogs at once; it is only a question of time: but there's a fellow here that is in trouble, and doesn't deserve it, and he was a faithful friend to you, I believe. I never was. And he has got a wife: and by what I hear, you could get him out, I think, and I am sure you would be angry with me afterward if I didn't tell you; you have such a good heart. It is Sir Charles Bassett."

"Sir Charles Bassett here! Oh, his poor wife! What drove him mad? Poor, poor Sir Charles!"

"Oh, he is all right. They have cured him entirely; but there is no getting him out, and he is beginning to lose heart, they say. There's a literary swell here can tell you all about it; he has come down expressly: but they are in a fix, and I think you could help them out. I wish you would let me introduce you to him."

"To whom?"

"To Mr. Rolfe. You used to read his novels."

"I adore them. Introduce me at once. But Sir Charles must not see me, nor know I am here. Say Mrs. Marsh, a friend of Lady Bassett's, begs to be introduced."

Sly Vandeleur delivered this to Rolfe; but whispered out of his own head, "A character for your next novel—a saint with the devil's own temper."

This insidious addition brought Mr. Rolfe to her directly.

As might be expected from their go-ahead characters, these two knew each other intimately in about twelve minutes; and Rolfe told her all the facts I have related, and Marsh went into several passions, and corrected herself, and said she had been a great sinner, but was plucked from the burning, and therefore thankful to any body who would give her a little bit of good to do.

Rolfe took prompt advantage of this foible, and urged her to see the Commissioners in Lunacy, and use all her eloquence to get one of them down. "They don't act upon my letters," said he; "but it will be another thing if a beautiful, ardent woman puts it to them in person, with all that power of face and voice I see in you. You are all fire; and you can talk Saxon."

"Oh, I'll talk to them," said Mrs. Marsh, "and God will give me words: he always does when I am on his side. Poor Lady Bassett! my heart bleeds for her. I will go to London to-morrow; ay, to-night, if you like. To-night? I'll go this instant!"

"What!" said Rolfe: "is there a lady in the world who will go a journey without packing seven trunks—and merely to do a good action?"

"You forget. Penitent sinners must make up for lost time."

"At that rate impenitent ones like me had better lose none. So I'll arm you at once with certain documents, and you must not leave the commissioners till they promise to send one of their number down without delay to examine him, and discharge him if he is as we represent."

Mrs. Marsh consented warmly, and went with Rolfe to Dr. Suaby's study.

They armed her with letters and written facts, and she rode off at a fiery pace, but not before she and Rolfe had sworn eternal friendship.

The commissioners received Mrs. Marsh coldly. She was chilled, but not daunted. She produced Suaby's letter and Rolfe's, and when they were read she played the orator. She argued, she remonstrated, she convinced, she persuaded, she thundered. Fire seemed to come out of the woman.

Mr. Fawcett, on whom Mr. Rolfe had mainly relied, caught fire, and declared he would go down next day and look into the matter on the spot; and he kept his word. He came down; he saw Sir Charles and Suaby, and penetrated the case.

Mr. Fawcett was a man with a strong head and a good heart, but rather an arrogant manner. He was also slightly affected with official pomposity and reticence; so, unfortunately, he went away without declaring his good intentions, and discouraged them all with the fear of immemorable delays in the matter.

Now if Justice is slow, Injustice is swift. The very next day a thunder-clap fell on Sir Charles and his friends.

Arrived at the door a fly and pair, with three keepers from an asylum kept by Burdoch, a layman, the very opposite of the benevolent Suaby. His was a place where the old system of restraint prevailed, secretly but largely: strait-waistcoats, muffles, hand-locks, etc. Here fleas and bugs destroyed the patients' rest; and to counteract the insects morphia was administered freely. Given to the bugs and fleas, it would have been an effectual antidote; but they gave it to the patients, and so the insects won.

These three keepers came with an order correctly drawn, and signed by Richard Bassett, to deliver Sir Charles to the agents showing the order.

Suaby, who had a horror of Burdoch, turned pale at the sight of the order, and took it to Rolfe.

"Resist!" said that worthy.

"I have no right."

"On second thoughts, do nothing, but gain time, while I— Has Bassett paid you for Sir Charles's board?"

"No."

"Decline to give him up till that is done, and be some time making out the bill. Come what may, pray keep Sir Charles here till I send you a note that I am ready."

He then hastened to Sir Charles and unfolded his plans to him.

Sir Charles assented eagerly. He was quite willing to run risks with the hope of immediate liberation, which Rolfe held out. His own part was to delay and put off till he got a line from Rolfe.

Rolfe then borrowed Vandeleur on parole and the doctor's dog-cart, and dashed into the town, distant two miles.

First he went to the little theatre, and found them just concluding a rehearsal. Being a playwright, he was known to nearly all the people, more or less, and got five supers and one carpenter to join him—for a consideration.

He then made other arrangements in the town, the nature of which will appear in due course.

Meantime Suaby had presented his bill. One of the keepers got into the fly and took it back to the town. There, as Rolfe had anticipated, lurked Richard Bassett. He cursed the delay, gave the man the money, and urged expedition. The money was brought and paid, and Suaby informed Sir Charles.

But Sir Charles was not obliged to hurry. He took a long time to pack; and he was not ready till Vandeleur brought a note to him from Rolfe. Then Sir Charles came down.

Suaby made Burdoch's keeper sign a paper to the effect that he had the baronet in charge, and relieved Suaby of all further responsibility.

Then Sir Charles took an affectionate leave of Dr. Suaby, and made him promise to visit him at Huntercombe Hall.

Then he got into the fly, and sat between two keepers, and the fly drove off.

Sir Charles at that moment needed all his fortitude. The least mistake or miscalculation on the part of his friends, and what might not be the result to him?

As the fly went slowly through the gate he saw on his right hand a light carriage and pair moving up; but was it coming after him, or only bringing visitors to the asylum?

The fly rolled on; even his stout heart began to quake. It rolled and rolled. Sir Charles could stand it no longer. He tried to look out of the window to see if the carriage was following.

One of the keepers pulled him in roughly. "Come, none of that, Sir."

"You insolent scoundrel!" said Sir Charles.

"Ay, ay," said the man; "we'll see about that when we get you home."

Then Sir Charles saw he had offended a vindictive blackguard.

He sank back in his seat, and a cold chill crept over him.

Just then they passed a little clump of fir-trees. In a moment there rushed out of these trees a number of men in crape masks, stopped the horses, surrounded the carriage, and opened it with brandishing of bludgeons and life-preservers, and pointing of guns.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

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TRUCKLING TO THE MOB.

THE MAYOR TO THE ORANGEMEN.

JUST a week before the day appointed for the parade of the Orange societies Mayor HALL addressed the following letter to JOHN J. BOND, Esq., the head of the Orangemen. It foreshadows the order signed by Superintendent KELSO, which evidently proceeded from the same pen:

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
CITY HALL,
NEW YORK, *July* 6, 1871.

John J. Bond, Esq.,
G. M. L. O. I.:

DEAR SIR,—From your letter to the Superintendent of Police, from your explanations to me, and from a letter which you addressed to the *Times* I learn that an order or association of individuals, over which you are the chief, propose to celebrate by a street procession and public picnic the victory achieved in 1690 by WILLIAM III., one king of England, over JAMES II., another king. Similar public celebrations in the country wherein the events happened have always been attended by public disorders. Breaches of the peace have several times occurred in Canada and in the United States during celebrations of a like import. Last summer serious affrays in this city grew out of the public procession and picnic when participated in by your order. You seem to apprehend new disturbances this year on account of the proposed celebration, and I think I am justified by your written and published statements in inferring your own opinion to be that public disorder must necessarily result from your intended action, because of the religious as well as anciently political opposition to the event celebrated. Assemblages of any kind in places of public access, and public street processions of every character, have never become matters of popular right. In accordance, however, with the operations of free institutions they are generally permitted, and usually enjoy by popular assent much freedom of action, although often submitted to at considerable sacrifice of public comfort. They, therefore, become subjects for police regulation and supervision. If not an impossible, it is nevertheless a delicate task for the authorities to decide when this regulation and supervision shall begin, or how far it shall extend. The approximate rule seems to be that the greatest good and security of the greatest number should be consulted in the decision. Your proposed celebration appears to be unnecessary. And it certainly seems at first glance to be singular that a foreign event occurring nearly two hundred years ago, and with which American citizens can not actively sympathize, should become on our soil the subject for extensive commemoration. Moreover, ought not the feuds and animosities of old countries, from whence our adopted citizens come, be entirely merged in our citizenship? There is another danger, is there not, that collisions induced by their maintenance here would be taken advantage of by the dangerous classes, which always grow formidable by such opportunities? It has been said from the bench that no individuals ought ever to be permitted to publicly assemble with banners whose inscriptions would be calculated to inflame the passions of other men; and, in view of what took place last year, may it not be thought by even your well-wishers that a repeated participation by your organization would seem like a concerted effort to irritate the public peace? I could suggest many occasions for celebrating even American events which would result inevitably in producing public ill feeling and inviting public disorder. Suppose, for instance, that a considerable number of New York residents of Southern birth should propose to celebrate the battle of Bull Run, that occurred in this month, and should, by means of banners and music, succeed in arousing the bad temper of the hundreds of thousands who not only could never sympathize with the event, but, under much personal, sectional, or national feeling, deplore it; or suppose that, in view of recent events that have occurred in Europe, a body of French adopted citizens, furnished with banners and music distasteful in sight and sound to citizens of German birth, should march through sections of our city that are inhabited by the latter? I content myself at present with simply submitting to you these very general considerations, and with asking you whether it would not be more politic for you and your friends to forego any popular or public demonstration of the event to which you and they attach so much importance. Very truly yours,

A. OAKEY HALL, *Mayor of the City of New York.*

GENERAL ORDER, NO. 57.

On discovering that the "glittering generalities" of his rhetoric had no effect upon the Orangemen, the Mayor directed Superintendent of Police KELSO to issue the following order prohibiting the parade:

OFFICE OF THE SUPERINTENDENT OF POLICE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK,
300 MULBERRY ST., NEW YORK, *July* 10, 1871.

Captain —— , Precinct:

GENERAL ORDER, NO. 57.—The Superintendent has been applied to by the Grand Master of the Orange Lodges in the United States to give police support to a celebration by a procession (through principal streets and avenues of the city of New York on the 12th inst.) in honor of the battle of the Boyne, and the surrender which was its consequence.

These several commemorative victories on the soil of Ireland by one English king over another one, nearly two centuries ago, engendered national differences which have descended from generation to generation with increasing acrimony, and large bodies of citizens participating in these feelings form parts of our community.

The Superintendent has been legally advised he should not aid any street celebrations that involve feuds and animosities belonging solely to the history of other countries than our own, and which experience has proved to endanger the public peace abroad and at home.

The proposed celebration, as is obvious to every one, belongs to the last-named class. Last year, upon the same calendar day, an unexpected public celebration of the foreign event just named was accompanied in the streets with inexcusable and deplorable affrays, by which four citizens lost their lives, despite the interference of the police. This violence was apparently unpremeditated, and resulted from what may be termed spontaneous excitement. This year, however, the procession has been announced much in advance, and unusual arrangements have been made to swell the numbers of participants by accessions from other parts of this State and from other States.

It is given out that armed preparations for defense have been made by the members of the parading lodges. Indeed, the announced procession appears to have been especially organized beyond the magnitude of any previous one, and is emphasized with announcements that apparently evince a determination to resent, if not to avenge, the events which attended last year's celebration, and some of its leaders have stated to the Superintendent that they considered a collision inevitable. If this needless celebration should provoke a general disturbance it would furnish the opportunity always sought for by the lawless and dangerous classes of the community to participate in it, and to carry consequences so far as to endanger the safety of persons and property.

Recent disturbances have been announced from Great Britain by cable dispatches as incident to similar public demonstrations by the Orange Institution in that country. And upon a closer survey the Superintendent is convinced that if the proposed procession forms or moves with its banners and traditional music amidst many unthinking, rash, and hot-headed spectators who are not in sympathy with the foreign feuds which the procession is intended to glorify, then the whole police (and perhaps much of the military) force of the city might be required to protect the procession, and large sections of the city most needing watching would be left unguarded.

If any procession (or occupation by marching order of the streets) were a matter of right, or could legally demand protection, then it should, at all hazards, receive escort and guard, because the authorities never should allow that which is matter of right to the populace to be ever lawlessly overawed. But legal decisions have settled that occupation of streets by processions is a mere matter of usage or toleration, and is always subject to police regulation and supervision. The surrender of thoroughfares to large organized bodies of men necessarily interferes with the individual rights of other citizens, and those thus engaged are, in the language of the law, permissible trespassers. The toleration of processions by citizens and authorities is perhaps due to the fact that street meetings and parades always represent some sentiment or occasion not at all calculated to provoke hot blood. In every subject-matter for police discretionary permission the inconvenience of the few ought to be surrendered to the widest security for the property and

BRAVO! BRAVO!—NEW YORK, JULY 12, 1871.

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person of the greatest number of citizens. And at all times the police should prevent occasions for disorder rather than wait to regulate or suppress it. It is very clear that if any one individual should undertake by himself to produce an occasion of irritation and excitement to others in the community, he would not be, in such an act, entitled to police protection. And surely what may not be done by one individual ought not to be attempted by the organized many, when the aggravation would be so much the greater.

Therefore you are ordered (in conformity to the private directions herewith promulgated, and which relate merely to details of discipline and arrangements for police action not expedient to be publicly announced) to prevent the formation or progression of the public street procession for the 12th inst. alluded to, and of all processions under pretense of target purposes. You will also on that day impartially keep all streets cleared from groups and assemblages of every class of citizens, whether sympathizing with or against the proposed procession, or whether they are lawlessly disposed or otherwise. You will also promptly arrest all persons of any description, who, in the thoroughfares, use threatening or disorderly language, inciting to breach of the peace, in contempt of the State statutes upon that subject.

JAMES J. KELSO, *Superintendent.*

GOVERNOR HOFFMAN'S PROCLAMATION.

The foregoing order appeared in the papers of Tuesday, July 11. The storm of indignation that swept over the country when the disgraceful surrender was made known convinced the Tammany leaders that they had committed a grave blunder. Governor HOFFMAN hastened to the city, and in the papers of Wednesday, July 12, appeared the following proclamation:

Having been only this day apprised, while at the capital, of the actual condition of things here with reference to proposed processions to-morrow, and having, in the belief that my presence was needed, repaired hither immediately, I do make this proclamation:

The order heretofore issued by the police authorities in reference to said processions having been duly revoked, I hereby give notice that any and all bodies of men desiring to assemble and march in peaceable procession in this city to-morrow, the 12th instant, will be permitted to do so. They will be protected to the fullest extent possible by the military and police authorities. A military and police escort will be furnished to any body of men desiring it, on application to me at my head-quarters (which will be at Police Head-quarters, in this city), at any time during the day. I warn all persons to abstain from interference with any such assemblage or procession except by authority from me; and I give notice that all the powers at my command, civil and military, will be used to preserve the public peace and to put down, at all hazards, every attempt at disturbance; and I call upon all citizens, of every race and religion, to unite with me and the local authorities in this determination to preserve the peace and honor of the city and State.

Dated at New York, this 11th day of July, A.D. 1871.

JOHN T. HOFFMAN.

By the Governor:
JOHN D. VAN BUREN, *Private Secretary.*

A full account of the tragic events that grew out of the shuffling, vacillating course of the authorities is given in another part of this paper.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1871.

Circulation over 100,000 Copies.

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JAMES FENIMORE COOPER,

with numerous illustrations; engravings of the Frankfort Statues to GOETHE *and* SCHILLER; *and many other features of interest.*

GESSLER'S CAP IN NEW YORK.

THE Democratic party formerly surrendered the American right of free speech at the command of the slave-masters; and now in the city of New York it surrenders the right of peaceful assembly at the summons of a religious mob. A party bred in abject subservience to slavery has no conception of the principles of liberty or of the fundamental rights of freemen. While the Democratic newspapers affect to deny the existence of the Ku-Klux in the Southern States, the Democratic municipal authorities in the great city of the continent carefully foster a Ku-Klux to which they command American citizens to yield. The tyrant GESSLER at Altorf put his cap upon a pole, and ordered the Swiss to bow before it. The Democratic authorities of New York elevate the Pope's tiara, and warn American citizens that they will refuse to honor it at their peril! And this is the party that besecches the people of the United States to give it control of the national government!

The circumstances of the recent prohibition of the parade of the Orange or Protestant Irishmen in the city of New York will serve, perhaps, to show to the country two things: one is the absolute alliance of the Democratic city government with political Romanism; and the other is that, in consequence of that alliance, the indisputable rights of American citizens are deliberately sacrificed. The facts are very few and simple. The Orangemen resolved to celebrate the anniversary of the battle of the Boyne by a public parade in the streets of the city. Certain Roman Catholic associations thereupon resolved that they would attack them if they did; and as they did attack them last year, and killed several of the Orangemen, there was no doubt that they would keep their word. The Roman Catholic party having thus distinctly announced that they would make a riot if the procession took place, the city authorities surrendered, and forbade the procession. The surrender was made under the absurd pretext that processions in the streets are not matters of right, but of toleration, and that they may be forbidden when the peace is likely to be broken!

That is to say, that every public parade of peaceable citizens through the streets may rightfully be forbidden if a band of desperadoes and assassins announce that they do not choose to favor the procession, and will attack it if it appears. Upon this principle, if some French *cercle* had declared that it would assault the Germans if they paraded on Easter-Monday, the authorities might rightfully have prohibited the celebration! Of course, in the present instance, every body knows that if the circumstances had been reversed, and the Orangemen had declared that they would attack a Roman Catholic procession, they would have been sternly warned that their blood would be upon their own heads, and the Roman Catholic parade would not have been prohibited. Nor is the talk about the celebration of foreign events and the feuds and animosities of other lands less absurd. If there were Italians in New York who chose to perpetuate the strife of Guelfs and Ghibellines, and to parade in honor of their respective heroes and events, their right to do so would be indisputable, and equally indisputable would be the duty of the authorities to protect those Italians peaceably parading.

The principle laid down in this ridiculous proceeding is that the right of American citizens peaceably to assemble may be arbitrarily annulled by a police superintendent upon the threat of unlawful disturbance of the meeting. The truth is that the police and the whole military force of the State exist for the protection of that right and similar rights. In the very culmination of events before the war and in the week following the execution of JOHN BROWN a speech was announced in Philadelphia upon the then situation of the antislavery movement. The friends of slavery instantly resolved that it should not take place. They placarded the walls with virtual invitations to a riot. They appealed in the papers to the most inflamed passions. Large numbers of what were called respectable citizens waited upon the mayor and told him that the hall would be demolished and the streets would run with blood if he did not stop the speech. But the mayor —it was ALEXANDER S. HENRY—replied that although he deprecated the speech as much as any body, and wished with all his heart that it might not be delivered, yet that the right of the speaker was a fundamental right of an American citizen, and that he, the mayor, was officially bound under his oath to protect him to the last gasp, if it took all the police and all the militia at his command, and that he should certainly do his duty. There was a tremendous riot; but the mayor did his duty, and the rioters were conquered.

It is only necessary to compare this action of Mayor HENRY in Philadelphia twelve years ago with that of Mayor HALL on the 11th of July in this year, to see the difference between a magistrate who masters the mob and one who is mastered by it. The feebleness of the note in which Mr. HALL sought to prevent the Orange parade did not conceal his evident consciousness of his duty. He knew as well as any body precisely what that was, and what the welfare of the community demanded; but he had neither the courage to do his duty nor to leave it undone. But even in this Tammany-ridden city the protest against the base surrender of the rights of a free people to a religious mob was so unanimous and indignant that the Tammany Ring was frightened, and the Governor was called in, or came in, to reverse the whole proceeding.

But the facts will not be forgotten. We have constantly said that the character of Democratic rule can best be studied in the city of New York, and the events of the recent Orange celebration illustrate it to the whole country. The most sacred rights of free assembly and of religious liberty were yielded by the most representative Democratic authority in the country to the mere threat of a religious riot; and only when driven to it by an overwhelming public indignation did the Democratic Governor interfere for the protection of peaceable citizens. Thus has it always been with the Democratic party. In the old days it mobbed American citizens peaceably assembling to plead the right of every innocent man to personal freedom. Now it disperses citizens peaceably assembling to celebrate the anniversary of an old Irish battle. And this last act it does to conciliate the votes of Roman Catholics. Does any sensible man think that such a party may be safely trusted with a government which rests upon civil and religious equality?

THE CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

THE reform of the civil service is a question which has for some time interested many thoughtful observers of our government; and Mr. JENCKES and Mr. SCHURZ in Congress have presented careful bills, which received scarcely decent attention, although Mr. JENCKES's able and interesting report upon the whole subject, with its copious information as to the foreign systems, had demonstrated the desirability and the necessity of some action. On the last night of the late session an amendment to the Miscellaneous Civil Appropriation bill was introduced by Mr. TRUMBULL in the Senate, and passed both Houses. It provided in substance that the President should prescribe such rules and regulations for admissions to the civil service as would promote its efficiency, and authorized him to advise with suitable persons upon the subject. The President consequently summoned three gentlemen employed in the government departments at Washington, and four other gentlemen, respectively from Georgia, New Jersey, Illinois, and New York, to consult upon the best method of promoting the efficiency of the civil service.

This Commission met in Washington at the end of June, and proceeded to a discussion of the subject. Its first duty was to ascertain, if possible, the root of the inefficiency which, if possible, was to be reformed. This inquiry was conducted with the utmost earnestness and tenacity. There were many views ingeniously urged; but there was a general agreement that political patronage was the source of the evil, because it tended to abolish all qualification except that of party service, often of the most unscrupulous kind. After a very thorough discussion, occupying some days, in which the whole subject was freshly and fairly viewed, the debate of the Commission was drawn to a point by the presentation of a resolution that admissions to the civil service, with certain exceptions, to be subsequently considered, should be determined by competitive examinations open to all applicants who should have satisfied certain preliminary inquiries in regard to age, health, character, etc., but excluding political or religious opinion.

This was, of course, a proposition to lay the axe against the root, and to put it beyond the power of any man to buy his seat in Congress or elsewhere with the promise of an office. It left the admission not to be decided by personal preference, but by proved fitness. A most interesting debate then began. The subject was considered with the most perfect good temper from every point of view. The expressions of the press upon the subject and the resolutions of party conventions were not forgotten. The compatibility of such a system with our form of government and with the genius of the people, the objections—and they were many and curious—that might be urged to its practical operation, were all fully considered, without the question of the desirability of undertaking a reform so radical being brought to a direct vote. The object of the Commission was to test the proposition by every objection that might, could, would, or should be brought against it; and at length the point was raised that the method proposed might be unconstitutional.

This point was suggested by one of the most radical and thoughtful of the friends of reform. Its scope was this, that Congress is authorized to vest the appointment of certain inferior officers in the President alone, in the courts of law, or in the heads of departments, and that it may undoubtedly regulate the exercise of that power. But if Congress, under the guise of a regulation, should create a Board wholly independent of the appointing power, whose duty it should be, in case of a vacancy, to determine by a competitive examination the single person who should fill it, the appointing power vested in the head of department would not be regulated, but annulled, and virtually given to a body unknown to the Constitution. Of course, if the appointing power itself chose to hold a competitive examination, or any other, there could be no objection. Plainly this point, if valid, implied another—namely, whether if a regulation, independent of the appointing power, could not constitutionally provide for the eligibility of a single person only, it could provide for that of a class. Congress may rightfully require, for instance, that only intelligent and competent men shall be appointed, but must it not leave the method of determining who are intelligent and competent to the appointing power?

The members of the Commission informally consulted the Attorney-General upon these points, and without elaborate consideration, and wholly as an impression upon the statement of the question, he was inclined to think the first objection valid. But if it were valid, the aspect and possibilities of the reform were so entirely changed that the Commission could not proceed until it was determined; and it addressed a letter to the President requesting him to obtain the official opinion of the Attorney-General. It was obviously impossible for the Commission to advise the President to frame regulations which were unconstitutional, or which it thought might be so; and as its preliminary investigations were ended, and the remainder of the work under the probable ruling of the Attorney-General was the elaboration of detail, the Commission, pending his consideration of the subject, adjourned to October in time to advise the President before the meeting of Congress.

The scope of the objection will be at once perceived by the friends of civil service reform, and it has not been so fully presented in the previous discussions of the subject. During the delivery of Senator SCHURZ's speech in support of his bill Senator HOWARD, of Michigan, asked various questions, which showed that his mind was upon the scent; but he did not pursue the trail to the end. In the debate in the House upon Mr. JENCKES's bill, in the spring of 1870, the same point was raised by Mr. COX and Mr. BINGHAM, to whom Mr. JENCKES replied.

The weight of the objection is this, that a competitive examination has always been considered the simple, practicable method of destroying patronage. Every other kind of examination might be perhaps controlled by it. But if a competitive system, designating the best person as entitled to appointment, be unconstitutional, it is not immediately apparent how patronage is to be abolished. Meanwhile the friends of the reform must understand that the objection was not raised by its enemies, but by its sincerest supporters, who did not wish to leave to its enemies an opportunity both of overthrowing a projected system and of laughing at its architects. The objection was developed within the Commission, and we hope that nobody doubts that it clearly comprehends the importance and the magnitude of the task which has been committed to it.

PROCESSIONS.

THE question of great processions, which blockade the chief thoroughfares, and often very injuriously delay honest people going about their business, has naturally excited much discussion since the 12th of July. But the sole ground upon which it can be properly argued that they should be forbidden is that of the public convenience, and not at all upon that of the character of the event which they commemorate. Some days and events which people wish to celebrate are often local, foolish, sectarian, sectional, and often also very distasteful, and even exasperating, to a great many other people. But if this is to be a reason for forbidding them, where shall we begin, and where shall we end?

No body of citizens has the right by its celebration of any event to obstruct the public streets against the lawful protest of the community, because the streets are for the general convenience. And, of course, no collection of people, more than an individual, has the right to break the peace. But when we begin to say that we will have Sunday-school processions but not political, or political but not religious, or that we will have processions to celebrate American events but not European events, we are infringing upon the fundamental right of the people peaceably to assemble and express their sentiments. Who is to be authorized to say that certain opinions are wrong, or that nobody ought to wish to commemorate this man's birthday or that battle?

There are those who wish to march in honor of THOMAS PAINE, perhaps; and if they do not exercise that right to the detriment of the equal rights of other people, who shall complain? There were those who wished to march in honor of the twenty-fifth year of the Pope's primacy; and very properly they did so, respecting all other rights, but very plainly expressing their delight in the Pope. There may be those who wish to march in honor of the restoration of Rome as the capital of Italy, and of the separation of the temporal from the ecclesiastical power of the Pope, and who shall say that such a parade may excite trouble, and that they must therefore stay at home?

The vital principle of American liberty is free speech, whether on banners or in books, or by word of mouth or in newspapers. If we don't like our neighbor's opinion, we must withstand its influence by the persuasive statement of our own. But when we strike at his freedom of speech, the very genius of America is wounded. It is asked if Orangemen and others who hold disagreeable political or religious opinions ought not, in the interests of public order, to keep quiet? Certainly not. If we are not strong enough to bear the expression of the most offensive opinions in a time of profound peace, we ought to know it, that we may become so. Let us not forbid processions

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on the ground that they are really the expression of opinions that we do not like, or tend to foster feuds that we think ought to be forgotten, until we are ready to authorize the magistrate to issue licenses for such public meetings only as he may approve.

It is a pity that Irish traditions of political and religious feuds should be cherished in this country. It is very natural that praise of "the pale" should offend and exasperate the ignorant descendants of those without the pale. But we must not burn down the house to singe a mouse. We must not surrender the great guarantees of liberty to avoid a little trouble. Our duty is not to tell Orangemen to hold their tongues, but to tell those who would molest them to hold their hands, and let their tongues wag as fast as they will. Certainly our system has just been nobly vindicated. And those who would prohibit processions because of hostility to the opinion or the cause which they commemorate merely propose to justify Mayor HALL'S surrender to the threat of a mob—a surrender which instinctively drew from the whole country a cry of shame and indignation.

THE FAILURE OF THE NEW DEPARTURE.

THE new departure of a political party can hardly be called successful if the whole party does not depart. A new departure is otherwise a mere schism; and such the movement of Mr. VALLANDIGHAM and his friends must now be considered. It has divided the party instead of uniting it. It has been nowhere, not even in Ohio, where it was proposed, received with unanimity and enthusiasm, while it has elicited the most positive protests from able leaders. At the Tammany performance it was, indeed, urged by Mr. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, who is, however, a chartered libertine in the party which he has recently joined; and he is the same gay Mentor who, in one of his many epistles to the brethren, advised his new love, the Democratic party, to begin by being democratic, which was very much as if he had advised the Neponset River to flow the other way. The Democratic party has never been democratic. It used to call itself the poor man's party and the working-man's party when it had its cruel heel planted upon the hearts of millions of poor workingmen, to whom it denied even a right to their manhood and to common humanity. And even now the attempt to take a new departure by asserting the equal rights of men under the Constitution has produced serious differences in the party.

The difficulty is one that we have more than once ventured to suggest. A party is not measured by its professions merely, but by the probabilities of its performance arising from various considerations. If in the midst of the war, if at Chicago in 1864, instead of crying out for surrender to the rebellion, the Democratic party had pronounced for a vigorous prosecution of the war, the country or the Republican party would have replied, "Very well, fall in." But if the Democratic party had retorted that, having declared for the war, it ought to have control of the government, even SHERMAN and his men lost in Georgia would have heard the shout of derision that would have rung through the loyal land. While the leadership and general composition of a party remain unchanged, the profession of a different purpose is not very persuasive. What is the significance of advice to a party to begin by being democratic? Plainly that it is not democratic now. And when a new departure is demanded, what is it but a confession that the old position is untenable? When, therefore, we push the inquiry to the end, we find that those who have always sustained slavery and all the infamies that sprang from it, who wished to retain in reconstruction as much of the root of civil hate as possible, who wished to forbid equal suffrage and to perpetuate class privilege, who confusedly and aggressively asserted State sovereignty against national supremacy, who palliated and justified the rebellion, and derided and perplexed the government of the Union, have at last decided that they can not recover power by such cries and positions, and hope to acquire public confidence by departing from them.

Now as these are really the same people, with the same principles, they have found an insuperable difficulty: they can not persuade themselves, and they can not persuade the country. A platform, as these gentlemen all very well know, is usually considered to be a tub to the whale. Its object is to amuse, and possibly to deceive. It must say neither too much nor too little. It must not disappoint the advance nor dismay the rear. And, whatever the platform says, it derives all its significance from those who stand behind it. It is like the word of a man. If his character confirms what he says, it is enough. But it is also enough if it does not. The Democratic surrender platform at Chicago in 1864 was an exact expression of the party sentiment. The country knew that the party wished to surrender. The party character sustained the platform. But the same character does not sustain, in the same sense, the new departure platform. The utmost that it conveys is a shrug and a grimace that "we can't help ourselves, and so we acquiesce." What reason was there, if Mr. VALLANDIGHAM had lived, and had been nominated for Governor of Ohio upon his own platform, for any man who voted against him during the war to vote for him now? His position was not one of conviction, but of compulsion. And what was true of him is true of the attempted new attitude of his party. The question always remains, Why trust the men who were distrusted yesterday because they declare to-day that they will contend no longer? The change itself shows them to be less trustworthy.

The Democratic party, vainly trying to rally itself upon a new line, hopes to contest the election of 1872 upon the question of centralization. But let any sensible man ask himself this very practical question, "Is it safer to trust the Republican party, even with this centralizing tendency, or the Democratic party, with its State sovereignty dogmas?" And beyond and above all this, the question which honest people all over the land will ask themselves is, whether it is wise to abandon a party whose traditional policy is liberty, union, and fair play, which represents the political movement of the intelligence and the moral character and purpose of the country, which has the American conscience behind its professions, and to favor a party whose traditional policy is slavery and inequality, and which represents the ignorance, the prejudice, and the hostility to the Union that still exist in the country? An election is not a contest of fine professions. It is a choice between what are believed to be convictions; and they are sought and found not in the rhetoric of the Convention, but in the career of the party.

No sensible Republican asks a vote for his party upon the ground that it has been uniformly wise, that all its measures have been unexceptionable, or that all its conspicuous members have inspired respect or confidence. But he does ask it upon the ground that that party contains the great mass of loyal citizens who honestly believe in equal rights and would honorably maintain them, with the great multitude of intelligent and industrious people whose good sense assures them that those who tried to destroy the government ten years ago are not those who should control it now. And this is a multitude and a conviction which are not likely to be disturbed by the loudest vociferation of new policies and principles and departures upon the part of their opponents.

INNOCENT PERSONS.

WE see that allusion has been made to the "innocent persons" who were shot in the late riot. But in a mob there is, in a certain sense, no innocent person. Those who are not present as rioters can not be distinguished by bullets from those who are; and even if they were labeled as philosophic spectators they could not be secure. A military company marching in the street to suppress a riot is much more exposed than on the battle-field. It is attacked from every where at once—front, flank, rear, and above—and attacked often by an unseen enemy; and when the time comes to fire, those who have chosen to place themselves among the enemy and to take their chances have, of course, no reason to complain if they suffer.

Well-disposed citizens going out to view a riot, as they would a spectacle, serve the purpose of the mob, for they both multiply and conceal it. If such citizens were better disposed they would stay at home, unless they came out to help keep order as soldiers or policemen. There is nothing more conclusively proved than that in repressing a mob the promptest and sternest measures are the most humane and the most efficient. There must be no threatening, no blank cartridges, but point-blank broadsides; and as every body knows this, he is indeed "innocent" if he exposes himself to fire. It is impossible to foretell when or where the firing must begin; and however sad and bloody the consequences may be, all who fall, except among the policemen and the soldiers, have only themselves to blame. The defenders of order must necessarily suppose that all who are before them are the mob, and act accordingly.

If these simple facts were more generally remembered, and if every body who proposed to be merely a spectator of the trouble would consent to forego a curiosity which may easily cost him his life, we should hear of no innocent people shot or clubbed in suppressing riots.

PERSONAL.

HON. GEORGE H. PENDLETON is a candidate for United States Senator from Ohio, to succeed Senator SHERMAN, whose term will expire on the 3d of March, 1873. Mr. PENDLETON is in the prime of manhood—forty-six—and has already seen much of public life, having served in the Senate of Ohio in 1854 and 1855, and in Congress from 1857 to 1863. In 1864 he was nominated for Vice-President on the ticket with M'CLELLAN. He comes of good stock. His father, NATHANIEL GREENE PENDLETON, was an aid to General GAINES from 1813 to 1815, Senator in Ohio in 1825 and 1826, and member of Congress from 1841 to 1843; after which he voluntarily retired to private life. He was a man of uncommon ability and high character. *His* father, NATHANIEL PENDLETON, was an officer of the Revolutionary war, a judge, and second of General ALEXANDER HAMILTON in his duel with AARON BURR. Mr. GEORGE H. PENDLETON is a gentleman of ample fortune, high culture, a fine orator, and is very popular with his personal and political friends.

—It is intimated that the President will probably appoint Mr. RICHARD H. DANA to represent the United States at the Geneva Conference. The board is to consist of five members, representing the United States, Great Britain, Italy, Switzerland, and Brazil. Mr. DANA is quite competent for the position by his standing as a lawyer and scholar. He is now in the prime of life, being fifty-six years of age. Having been compelled in 1834 to leave college on account of an affection of the eyes, he made a voyage to California as a common sailor, and on his return wrote "Two Years Before the Mast." Subsequently he studied law with Judge STORY, and has attained eminence at the bar. He was one of the founders of the Free-Soil party.

—General VON MOLTKE, as we learn from an article of exceeding interest on "The Telegraph and the Storm," in the August number of *Harper's Magazine*, conducted the late operations of the German army on the battle-fields of France sitting in the rear, with his map before him, and his telegraphic operator at his side keeping him in communication with all parts of the field. It has been frequently said by distinguished military men that the telegraph will be one of the most effective weapons in any war that may now occur.

—After twenty-five years of faithful service, Dr. WOOLSEY (who, by-the-way, is a native of this city) has retired from the presidency of Yale College. He is now seventy. His administration has been notably successful. On his taking the presidency there were thirty-seven instructors; now there are sixty-five; Professors DANA, GILMAN, NEWTON, WHITNEY, HOPPIN, FISHER, BACON, HADLEY, and THACHER were then scarcely known; the library was nothing compared to its present 100,000 volumes. President WOOLSEY is best known to the public as a political philosopher. His treatise on international law is a masterpiece; and he is known for able papers on divorce laws, the *Alabama* question, etc. In English composition he has scarcely a superior for purity of style.

—Many of the men who have figured conspicuously in the recent French troubles are persons of small stature, as have been many of the heroes and reformers of the world. LOUIS BLANC is of diminutive figure, VICTOR HUGO insignificant in appearance, ROCHEFORT slight, delicate, and below the middle height, and VEERMEESCH—the terrible—was often mistaken for a girl in boy's clothes, a leader of fashion, dainty in boots and gloves. In this country the small men have been conspicuous. JOHN ADAMS and JOHN QUINCY ADAMS were undersized, as is CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS; AARON BURR, Dr. CHANNING, Bishop HOBART, STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS, HENRY J. RAYMOND, and many others we might name, were short. It is frequently the case that literary men are "short."

—JOAQUIN MILLER, the new California poet, who is just now one of the pet lions of the *litterateurs* of London, is a young gentleman whose career has been peculiarly Californian and Oregonian. His first notable act was to get into difficulty with, and take a shot at, the sheriff of Siskyon County. Next he ran a pony express and carried letters and papers a distance of two hundred miles over the mountains. His school education was of the meagrest sort. At the breaking out of the rebellion he edited the Eugene City (Oregon) *Review*, a Democratic paper, and soon afterward married Miss MINNIE MYRTLE, a young lady who had acquired some reputation as a writer of verses. He then went east of the Cascade Mountains, and settled in the gold-mining camp of "Canyon City," commenced practicing law, was elected County Judge, remained there until the spring of 1870, accumulated considerable money, went to London, and published the poems he had printed in the California papers. He separated from his wife, but provided for her and her two children. He courted her after the early California fashion, viz.—finding another "gent" paying addresses to the MYRTLE, he entered the room, drew a revolver upon him, "persuaded" him to retire, married the belle, and instantly went off honeymooning.

—People ask, naturally enough, especially New England people, "Who is Mr. CYRUS WAKEFIELD, that he should give, as he has just given, one hundred thousand dollars to Harvard College?" He had previously given largely for public and benevolent purposes at Wakefield, where he is spoken of as "the ratan manufacturer;" but besides this, he is the largest importer of East India goods in New England, if not in the United States, it being stated that upward of seventeen cargoes consigned to him arrived at Boston the past year. Mr. WAKEFIELD commenced the ratan business in Boston nearly forty years ago, at first in a small way, making it a specialty, but by energy and remarkable ingenuity adapted it to a great variety of useful household articles, and built up a vast and profitable business. His establishment at Wakefield gives employment to nearly twelve hundred hands.

—We understand, from a source entitled to credit, that the Rev. EDWARD M'GLYN, D.D., pastor of St. Stephen's Church, in this city, has been designated as Bishop of Cleveland, Ohio, and that the official documents authorizing his consecration, if not already in the hands of Archbishop M'CLOSKEY, are expected to be in a few days. Dr. M'GLYN is one of the youngest and most eloquent of the clergy in charge of parishes in this city. His standing as a scholar may be inferred from the fact that, in conjunction with Father HECKER, he was chosen to prepare the address, in Latin, sent to Pius IX. from the Catholics of this archdiocese, and presented at the opening of the Œcumenical Council. We believe, moreover, that we state a fact that will soon be announced officially when we say that the Rev. Dr. M'NIERNY, secretary to the archbishop, will succeed Dr. M'GLYN as pastor of St. Stephen's. Dr. M'NIERNY is a man of ability, polished in address, a good preacher, and speaks fluently five or six of the modern languages.

—SIMON CAMERON has announced his positive refusal to be a candidate for the Vice-Presidency—a wise thing in a man of seventy-two, which is Mr. C.'s age, though he is still active. It is just fifty years since Mr. CAMERON began to take part in public affairs—first as editor and publisher of a paper at Harrisburg, having previously learned the printer's trade, then as manager of the Middletown Bank, president of two railroads, and Adjutant-General of the State. He was elected United States Senator in 1845, and served for four years; was re-elected in 1857, and resigned in 1861 to become Secretary of War. In 1862 he went to Russia as United States minister. In 1867 he was again elected United States Senator for the term ending in 1873. Mr. CAMERON is one of the few public men of the country who, we believe, was never defeated in being chosen to any office to which he aspired.

—Minister WASHBURNE is about to take a brief vacation and visit home. During the Communist excitement some of the Paris journals criticised him severely, but have since apologized. Had the Versaillese listened to his advice the venerable Archbishop of Paris would never have been murdered.

—The old Duke de Broglie—he is now eighty-two—again rises to the surface in French politics, having been appointed Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. He comes of an old and renowned family. His father was president of the National Convention in 1791 and 1794, and was executed by order of the Revolutionary Tribunal. The present duke married the only daughter of Madame DE STAËL in 1816, and in the same year became a member of the Chamber of Peers, in which he made a famous speech against the slave-trade. After the revolution of 1830 the duke and his friend GUIZOT were chiefs of the party called *Doctrinaires*. In 1830 he was Minister of Public Instruction, and Minister of Foreign Affairs from 1832 to 1834. Since the *coup d'état* of 1851 he has lived mostly in retirement, and since 1856, when he was elected a member of the French Academy, has devoted himself mainly to labors of a literary and philosophical character. His appointment as Foreign Secretary appears to be well received in France, and is especially acceptable to England.

—The journals of the country, irrespective of party, have done justice to the ability and character of the late EDWIN CROSWELL as a journalist and political leader. His private character is made the subject of an exceedingly interesting communication to the Albany *Argus*, from which we quote a single paragraph, to the entire justice and truthfulness of which the writer of this can testify: "The remembrance of Mr. CROSWELL'S private life calls up only associations of the pleasantest and tenderest nature. In the seclusion of his own home, as in wider circles, he was always the Christian gentleman, and his personal influence was eminently elevating and refining. His address was a delightful mingling of extreme gentleness and high-bred courtesy. To the high qualities of a richly endowed and cultivated mind were added those graces of heart which made him a beloved and honored husband and father, and a valued friend. He possessed in an eminent degree that 'charity' which thinketh no evil. He rarely allowed an uncharitable remark in his presence without a protest, being ever ready to find excuses for those against whom they were uttered. He was quick to discern and appreciate the estimable qualities of those around him, and his habitual courtesy, added to his natural kindness of heart, made him always ready to offer the pleasant word or delicate attention. Indeed, for this rare quality of courtesy Mr. CROSWELL was somewhat remarkable—it was unfailing, surviving even the power of speech, as those who were with him in his last hours bear abundant testimony."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

A DETAILED account has been received in Washington of the first attack on the force composing the expedition of Minister LOW to the Corea, and the prompt and effective response by our forces, in which the Corean forts were silenced. It appears that this is the attack for which an apology was refused by the Corean authorities, and which Admiral Rodgers on the following day, June 11, punished by the capture and demolition of the Corean stronghold and 481 cannon, and the killing of about 250 of the barbarous murderers of the *General Sherman's* crew. It was rumored at Yokohama that the British squadron had been ordered to co-operate with our navy.

The second son of the late President Lincoln, Thomas, familiarly known in Mr. Lincoln's lifetime as "Tad," died in Chicago on the 15th of July, of dropsy of the heart, aged eighteen years. His illness dates from a few days after his return from Europe with Mrs. Lincoln.

In the case of Mrs. Fair, in San Francisco, under sentence of death, an appeal has been filed in the Supreme Court, and a writ of *supersedeas* issued. The appeal will be heard in October.

St. Joseph, Missouri, has been injured by a tornado to the extent of $200,000.

Duluth, on Lake Superior, has just been visited by a tidal wave, which did considerable damage.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE reputed letter of M. Thiers to the Pope, promising the aid of France in restoring the temporal power, is again officially pronounced a forgery. The *Avenir*, however, says a vague letter has been written by M. Thiers to his Holiness, intimating that France will give a diplomatic support to the papacy if other powers will co-operate with her.

The first installment of the German indemnity was paid on the 12th of July, and the evacuation of the departments of the Seine-Inferieure, Eure, and Somme by the German forces has begun. The representatives from the occupied districts urge M. Thiers to anticipate the future payments of the indemnity. It is said negotiations to that end have been opened.

The murderer of Marshal Prim has been arrested.

There are fears of a negro insurrection in Jamaica, and the authorities are preparing to deal severely with any attempt at an uprising.

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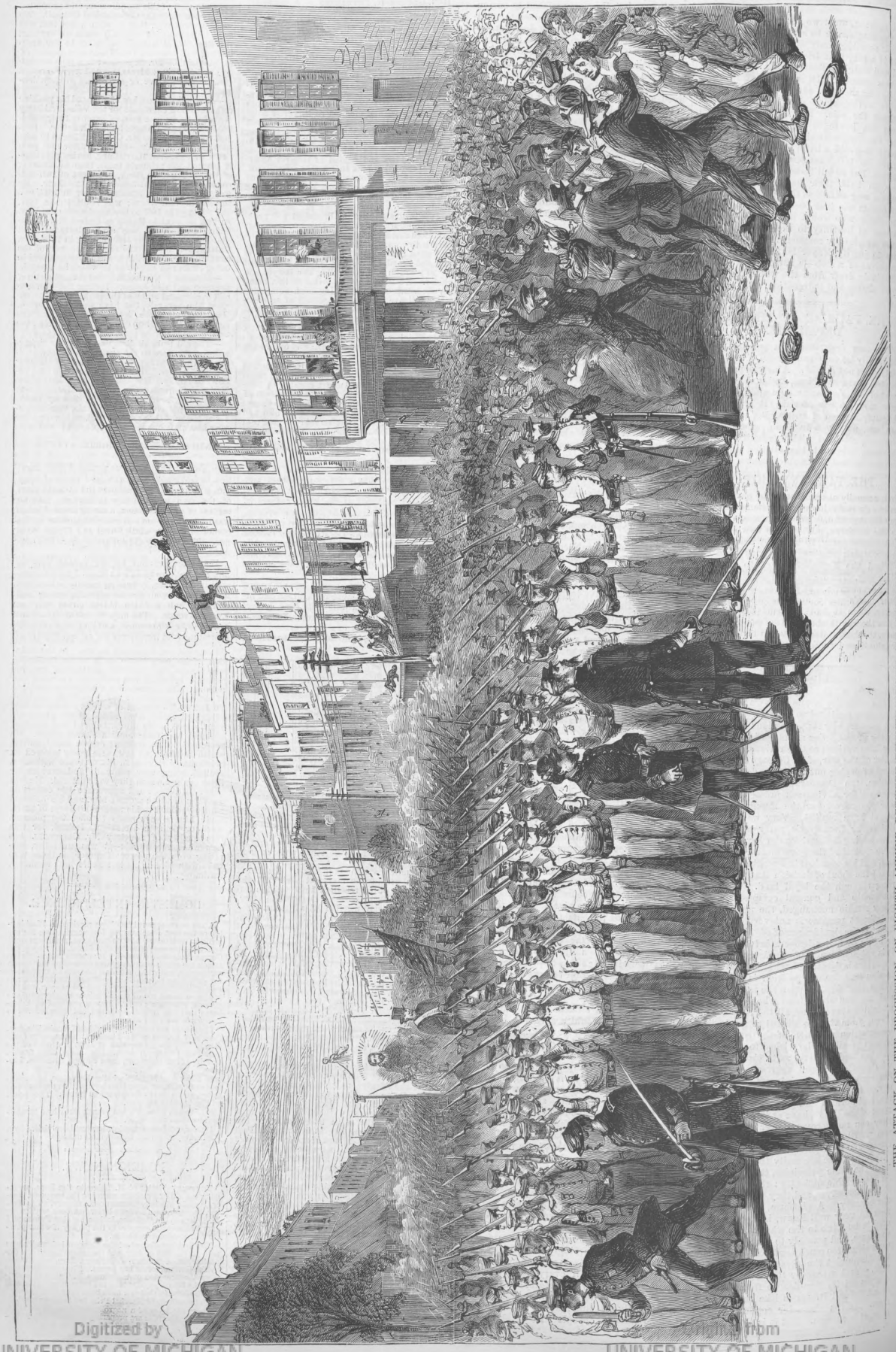

THE ATTACK ON THE PROCESSION, ON EIGHTH AVENUE, BETWEEN TWENTY-FOURTH AND TWENTY-FIFTH STREETS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 693.]

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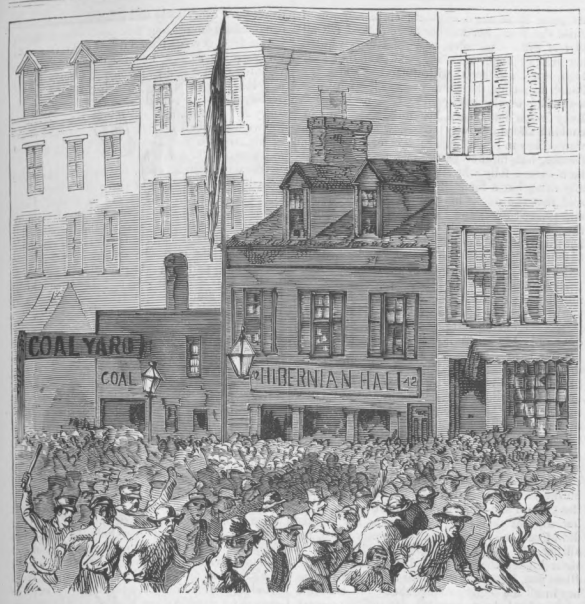


HIBERNIAN HALL.

ORANGE HEAD-QUARTERS, CORNER TWENTY-NINTH STREET AND EIGHTH AVENUE.

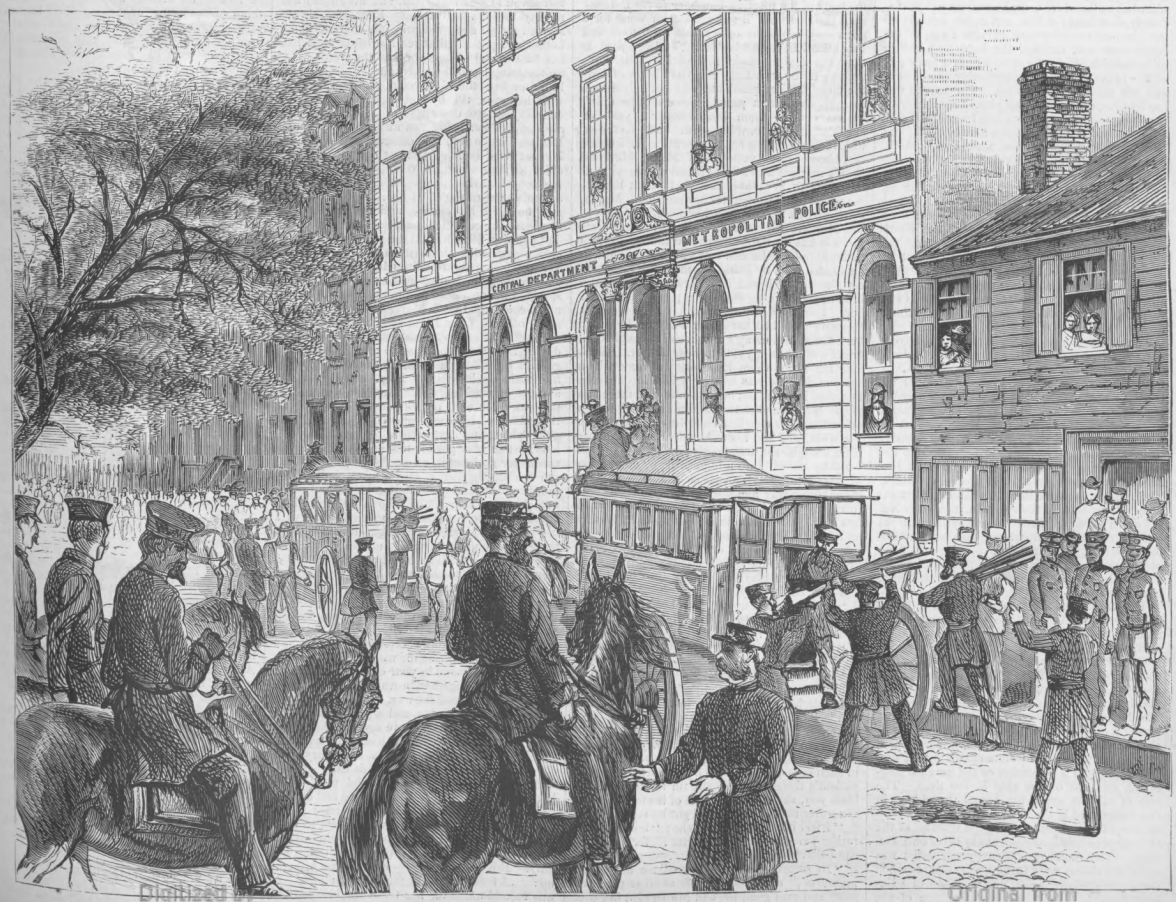
THE TAMMANY RIOT.

It is generally conceded that the riot of the 12th of July might have been prevented if the Tammany leaders had possessed the courage to perform their duty. For several weeks previous to the outbreak the Hibernian societies had met every night at their lodges for the purpose of drilling, and made no secret of their intention to attack the Orangemen if the parade took place. Instead of warning these men that their lawless designs would be prevented by force if necessary, the city authorities cowered before them, and endeavored to coax and wheedle them out of their intentions. Emboldened by this pusillanimous and cringing attitude, the Hibernians became still more defiant, and at length forced the Mayor and the police authorities into the disgraceful surrender to the mob, the story of which is told in the official documents printed on another page of this paper.

The storm of popular indignation which frightened Tammany, and compelled Governor HOFFMAN, at the eleventh hour, to rescind the infamous "General Order, No. 57," seems to have had no effect upon the rioters. They did not understand, perhaps, the panic which covered their friends in power with confusion; at any rate, it was not shared by them. For two weeks the Mayor had been giving them assurances that the parade would be prevented, and they would not believe he would "go back on them" when the time came. The consequence was that on the morning of the fatal day threatening demonstrations took place in those quarters of the city where the Irish reside in greatest numbers, and sullen groups of ferocious-looking men, most of them armed, gathered at the street corners in the threatened districts. Among these groups, eye-witnesses report, women were most conspicuous by the vehemence with which they denounced Orangemen, police, and soldiers alike; and children of both sexes gathered about them, ignorant alike of their own danger and the desperate resolution of those about them.

In the course of the forenoon it became known that Gideon Lodge of Orangemen, which had intended to join the celebration in New Jersey, had made a change in their programme, and, relying upon the assurances of Governor HOFFMAN's proclamation, determined to parade in New York. They had sent notice of their intention to Governor HOFFMAN, and received from him a promise of protection to the utmost extent of the civil and military authorities. As an earnest of this protection, a strong force of police was immediately sent to their lodge-room at the corner of Twenty-ninth Street and Eighth Avenue. The military did not arrive there till afternoon.

While preparations for the parade were in progress within the hall an excited crowd gathered in the street, increasing rapidly in numbers until it overflowed into the adjoining streets, and extended half a dozen blocks either way on Eighth Avenue. The majority of this crowd appeared to be Ribbonmen, and they were evidently waiting with impatience for an opportunity to



DELIVERING CAPTURED ARMS AT POLICE HEAD-QUARTERS.

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attack the Orangemen's procession. The rioters appeared to be entirely without organization or leadership. There was no concert of action among them. Separate gangs of ruffians, six to ten in number, prowled through the streets, eager for pillage, if not for fight. At the several rendezvouses of the Hibernians many bore rifles, regardless of the policemen on their beats, who made no attempt to disarm them. In the upper part of the city the rioters began to move southward at an early hour, compelling all workmen on their routes to desist and join with them. In one or two instances movements were made against the houses of men who had protected the Orangemen during the riots of last year, but as the rioters were without leadership they gradually dispersed before carrying their threats into execution. Attacks were made by the rioters on one or two armories where arms are known to be stored, but the resistance of a few determined policemen cowed the mob. The rioters were vicious and fierce enough for any purpose, but it was plain they were without the organization they had boasted. Still their demonstrations were so threatening before ten o'clock that the police were compelled to seize Hibernia Hall, and General SHALER called for a regiment of troops from Brooklyn, where, as in Jersey City, all had been comparatively quiet.

About half past two o'clock the procession began to move. Before the command to march had been given paving-stones and bricks had been hurled among the troops, and one or two pistol-shots were fired at them. The police, who acted throughout the day with the greatest coolness, bravery, and prudence, charged upon the crowd whenever the pressure became threatening, and drove back the rioters. They returned, however, as soon as the police fell back, so that the relief was only temporary. The column was formed in the following manner: The Seventh Regiment came first, followed by a strong force of police; then came a body of press reporters; then the Orangemen, with the Eighty-fourth Regiment on their left and the Twenty-second on their right; the Sixth and Ninth followed; and a force of police brought up the rear. The Orangemen numbered only one hundred and sixty. When the column commenced moving down the avenue a few shots were fired at the troops; but nothing serious occurred until the head of the line had reached Twenty-third Street, and the Orangemen were nearly opposite Twenty-fourth Street. Here they were fired upon from a tenement-house on the corner of Twenty-fourth Street and Eighth Avenue. The forbearance of the military had perhaps been misinterpreted by the Ribbonmen, who now boldly made their appearance in third-story windows and on the roofs. Whole chimneys were torn down and the bricks hurled at the procession. Shots were fired from alleys and cellar-ways. A woman who waved a handkerchief to the procession was immediately shot dead; a little girl at her side shared the same fate. At length Private Page, of the Ninth, was shot through the head by a ruffian on horseback, who rode up to within a few yards of the ranks. He was immediately shot down, and fell riddled with bullets. The smoke was hardly blown away from his pistol before retribution overtook him. Other shots from the rioters followed, and then the Eighty-fourth, Sixth, and Ninth, without waiting for immediate orders, but in pursuance of a general order, opened fire upon the mob. The crowd broke wildly and fled down the side streets, seeking shelter in cellars, behind steps, and in door-ways. The troops were excited, and for a few minutes fired rather wildly, the extreme rear of the Ninth sending a few shots up Eighth Avenue into the platoon of policemen who were stationed at Twenty-ninth Street. They soon recovered their coolness, however, and the procession moved on again, leaving a hundred or more dead and wounded men, women, and children behind them.

The mob made no further attempt to obstruct the march of the Orangemen and their escort. The riot was suppressed by one short fight. The most desperate of the mob slunk away and refused to resume the attack. It was a terrible but effective remedy; and in view of what might have happened had the mob been allowed to gather strength, it was also a merciful remedy. The procession traversed only a portion of the intended route, but made a short-cut to its destination in Fourth Avenue near Cooper Institute. The military masked the little band of Orangemen, who concealed their regalia, filed into No. 4 Fourth Avenue, made their way through an alley to another street, where there happened to be no crowd, separated, and disappeared from observation. There was no further disturbance during the day or night. So ended the great riot of 1871.

The casualities of the day were as follows: *Killed*—two soldiers (of the Ninth), one policeman, forty-four civilians; *Wounded*—seventeen soldiers, nine policemen, and sixty-seven civilians.

Of our illustrations, those on page 693 show the head-quarters of the Hibernian and Orange societies, and the transfer of captured arms to the Police Head-quarters in Mulberry Street. The larger illustration on page 692 will give the reader a capital idea of the scene of the firing at the corner of Eighth Avenue and Twenty-fourth Street. It was drawn from a sketch by our special artist, who is a member of the Seventh Regiment, and was on the spot at the time. The line of soldiers stretching across the picture in the foreground is the rear company of the Seventh. Behind them is visible the marshal of the Orange procession, conspicuous by being on horseback. The moment chosen by our artist was when the rioters were firing upon the procession from the windows, roofs, and awnings of adjacent houses, provoking the return fire of the troops. On one side the police are seen driving back the mob. One officer is tearing open the coat of a rioter to take away his revolver. On the left a company of soldiers fires over the heads of the procession upon rioters stationed on the roofs opposite.

The members of the Ninth Regiment who had fallen victims to the mob were buried on the following Sunday. The police regulations prevented any attempt at disturbance.

WHY LUCY ELLEN DID NOT MARRY.

WHY didn't Lucy Ellen Marigold git merried? Hedn't any chances, eh? Now jest you let me tell you how it was. Lucy Ellen was pretty enough; that wasn't the trouble; but you see them Marigolds, they're sort of queer. Now I don't go for ter say but she's as well off single as merried; there's two sides ter every thing; according to my thinking, I'd as soon be single and my own mistress, as like Miss Hollyhock, who's always a-lugging round a baby in one hand and a-doing of the work with t'other; or like Miss Smilax—you've heern tell of young Smilax, how awful sweet he was on her while they were a-courting? Law, bless you, how naturs do change after gitting themselves merried: 'twasn't more'n a fortnight afore he changed his tune; she'd no more durst ask him for sixpence than you durst put your head into a lion's mouth.

To be sure, it's different with a man; if he don't merry, who's ter mend and make for him? Who's ter coddle him up, and flatter and encourage him like? Who's ter help him put the best foot forward, when things kind of hitch? If I was asked, I'd jest advise all the men to marry, and all the women to stay single. However, that's nothing ter do with Lucy Ellen, that I see on, though ter be sure she's took my advice, but no credit to her, no more than if she'd took the varioloid, when it was round. Maybe you've heerd of her gran'ther, Elder Marigold? The folks set a heap by the elder hereabouts, though he was the outspokenest man that ever preached; for instance, there was Deacon Thrift, used to live out on the turnpike; the deacon was mighty close-fisted, you see, and some folks went for ter say that it was worse 'n that. However, the elder got wind of how the deacon hed sold six foot of wood to Widder Hood for a good cord, and the next Sabbath the elder he gits up in the pulpit and preaches about the widder and the fatherless—though mercy knows Miss Hood hedn't no children, and was a sight better off than the deacon and elder put together; but that wasn't no kind of reason why she should be cheated out of her eye-teeth, which they were false; and so the elder he goes for ter say—a-leaning way out over the pulpit-cushing and pointing fust ter one place and then to another—"I don't care who it is, or where he sits—whether in the gallery or in the body of the meeting-house, *or in the deacons' seat*, the man that 'll sell six foot of wood for a good cord is worthy of fire and brimstone, and I'm afeerd he'll git his deserts." I've heerd as how the deacon made restitootion; but that's nothing ter do with Lucy Ellen as I know of, only the elder was her gran'ther, and as likely a man as ever give out a psalm; however, she didn't inherit nothing from him, except a yoke of steers and some farming stuff. The fact was, the Marigolds might hev been somebodies instead of nobodies and nothings, if Marsh Marigold hedn't merried as he did, instead of merrying as he ought to hev done, though it don't become me to say who he ought ter hev merried. Marsh, you see, was named after his mother's family—the Marshes over the river yonder; they were fust cousins ter the Swamps and the Boggs, rich as mud could make 'em. Wa'al, you see, Marsh he spoiled it all by going and merrying the slackest piece of flesh and blood that ever handled a broom, jest because she hed a pretty face on ter her. Laws, the way she used for to cut up was a caution; she hed her sister Tildy ter live with her. Goodness, many's the times I've laughed till I hed a stitch in my side to hear old Dr. Heartsease tell about them highsterics of hers. You see one day she was took very bad in one: the fact was, it was about haying-time, and there was plenty ter do, and she wanted ter shirk it and go off visiting her own folks and leave Tildy ter do the work, and she knew Marsh would send her if he thought she was poorly; so away she goes working herself into a highsteric, or convulsion or something, jest as well as she knew how ter manufactur 'em; and she did know better'n most folks, for she'd been with a woman who'd hed 'em real. So Marsh he saddles up old Flyaway and brings Dr. Heartsease, and the doctor he takes a pinch of snuff deliberate like, and looks at her tongue, and feels her pulse, and finds out as how she's a-playing 'possum the worst kind; and says he to Tildy, says he,

"Jest bring me up a big pitcher of b'iling water—*of b'iling water;* b'iling hot, remember—and a tin tunnel!"

"Whatever in the world are you going for ter do, doctor?" says Tildy.

"Never you mind, Tildy," says he. "I'm going ter cure her up; you jest run and bring me a big pitcher of b'iling hot water and a tin tunnel." Then, while Tildy was gone for 'em, says he ter the patient: "Now, Miss Marigold, if you don't come out of that there fit of yourn" (and he spoke mighty stern like), "my treatment is, in such cases, ter pour the b'iling water down the patient's throat through the tin tunnel." And, bless you, she come right out of it afore the b'iling water and the tin tunnel got up stairs.

"I feel better now," says she; "but ain't that rather severe treatment, doctor?" for, you see, she believed he meant to do it.

"In severe cases," says he, "we use severe measures;" and then he took another pinch of snuff and said good-by, and Marsh sent her over to see her folks that afternoon for fear she'd hev a relapse. You see, Lucy Ellen hedn't no chance ter grow up as she'd oughter; since she was a child she heerd her mother act out, and tell all sort of white fibs—such as how Marsh wanted her ter hev help, and she herself wouldn't hear to it, nor be bothered with a servant about the house, a-putting their fingers inter the jam, and a-stealing of the clothes off one's back, when Lucy Ellen hed heerd her father say that he couldn't afford it noway; and how Mr. Marigold wanted her to hev a Leghorn bonnet and French flowers, but, for her part, she thought it would be a wicked folly when so many heathen hedn't any thing but a fig leaf, when Marsh hed only said that she might hev her old straw whitened and pressed over, and Lucy knew that the heathen'd never git any thing better if they looked ter her; and then she'd tell how Marsh wanted ter buy another horse, when Lucy knew he hed ter sell Flyaway to pay off part of a mortgage. Oh, I tell you, they were the greatest cases for stretching of the stocking out of all kind of shape, so you'd hardly hev know'd what it was in the first place, and, of course, Lucy Ellen got ter be a chip of the old block. When she and her mother 'd got up their bonnets all by theirselves, they'd make folks think they'd bought 'em over ter Shopville, and all that sort of deceit. They used ter make as though they hed plum-cake for tea regular, and Damson preserves was common as dirt, and green tea was a drug, and loaf-sugar no great shakes. But, gracious, you couldn't hev got the young fellows ter believe a word of it ag'in Lucy Ellen; she'd jest bewitched 'em out of their senses with her brown eyes and her blushes, and her airs and graces; they'd 'a kissed the ground she walked on, but she jest amused herself, and then flung 'em over, as her mother did afore her. And she *was* a pretty piece, for all her silly notions; for, you see, she looked a sight higher than any of the neighbors' sons. Bless you, I doubt if there was a match ter please her in all the country round, she hed such a mind ter be a fine lady, and not bring the water ter wash her hands; she thought it was downright vulgar ter work for your living, or ter be seen doing it; and you might know when the Marigolds was house-cleaning, for there wasn't a blind left open; and washing-days you might have pulled at the bell till all was blue afore you'd raised any body, and they hung their clothes in the attic.

But one day she got her comeupance. You see, every spring the court comes down here, and a heap of lawyers along with it—fine-looking gentlemen, with kid gloves on their hands, and a lot of notions in their heads, and bags full of papers and things. Wa'al, one morning there comes a young Mr. Barrister along with them, as handsome as a pictur, and with manners like silk, and any number of cases ter look ter. The moment he clapped his eyes on Lucy Ellen he was a lost man. Law sakes, the pains he took ter git interduced to her! I heerd tell as how he lost several cases that term, and his clients was mighty cut up. But Lucy Ellen, she always seemed ter go upon the principle that the more bother she put a fellow ter the better he'd like her for it; and I guess she hed the rights of it. So she hung back like sixty, and jest flirted with him all across the court-room, and on the street with her eyes, till, by-and-by, he cornered her one day, and got downright acquainted. It was all along of her being run away with by young Reuben Fleet's pony. You see, he was a-taking her out ter drive, and jest got out ter the post-office for half a minute, when, whisk! off went the pony like mad. Mr. Barrister, he was jest a-coming out of the court-house with a witness, and he seed his chance, and "went for that heathen Chinee" of a pony, and stopped him jest as Lucy Ellen was on the p'int of losing her senses and being throwed out of the carriage. Wa'al, of course, after that they couldn't stand on ceremony no more; he'd saved her life, and sprained his own arm, and nothing ter do but he must come up to Pa Marigold's and be made much of, and Lucy Ellen bound up his arm in cold baths as tender as a sweetheart; and every day he hed ter go and report himself till the arm got all right. And then, after they'd got him into training, he went of his own will, jest like a piece of machinery that hed once got an impetuous. He used ter slip out of court between the calling of his cases, and clip over ter Marigold's place, and hev a chat along with Lucy Ellen in the best parlor, that always made you sneeze ter go inter it, or out in the porch, where she was mostly sitting, sewing like a lady in her muslin gowns and curls and necklaces and whatnots that the other young fellows hed given her. Oh, I tell you, he was that much in love with her that the Marigolds thought it was a sure thing—though he'd never said nothing in particular; and I heerd tell as how Miss Marigold hed begun to stone the raisins for the wedding-cake, and looked at Swiss muslins and delusion lace over ter Shopville. But there's many a hole in the skimmer, and one of 'em was big enough for Lucy Ellen's beau ter slip through. It was enough ter make your heart big with envy and wish yourself young ag'in, with a blush in your cheek, and a fortune in your eyes, to see her and Mr. Barrister together, a-walking to meeting, and a-loitering along the way, and a-hanging over the gate in the twilights, and a-sailing off at sunset on the river. Wa'al, we can't be young but onst. How he used ter look at her, with his soul in them great eyes of his'n, and every word she said was law and gospel to his ears. Them was heydays for Lucy Ellen, and they might hev lapped over ter this time if she'd hed a proper respect for the truth, and not 'a tried to deceive and hoodwink him as was honest as daylight with her, and would hev thought all the better of her for being capable and doing her duty. But there, it was the way she was brought up: "as the twig is bent the tree's inclined." It was second natur for her ter make believe, and I don't know as she could help it, no more'n she could help looking like an apple blossom. Dear, dear! how every body was a-talking about what a handsome couple they'd be, and what a match it was for Lucy Ellen, and a-looking forward to the wedding fixings, and ter dreaming on the wedding-cake and a-planning it all out for her, as folks do! He used ter bring her books of verses, and read 'em sitting on the door-step at Lucy Ellen's feet, and she thinking of goodness knows what, for I doubt if she understood a word of 'em, though she made believe mighty natural and pretty: she knew how.

One day when he drove her over ter Shopville he asked what number of glove she wore.

"The last pair I bought," said she, "was sixes." And so they were. They'd got, by mistake, you see, in among the sevens, and she'd hed to sell 'em ter Hitty Haven for half price. So Mr. Barrister he goes and buys the handsomest pair of sixes, the color of the lilock bushes, and all perfumed up; and Lucy Ellen she thanks him in her pretty, innocent way, and puts 'em out of sight; and soon as ever his back's turned, over she skips ter Shopville, by herself, and gits a pair of sevens; and when he comes ter walk ter meeting with her next Sunday, says she, smiling up at him sweet as musk,

"I shall never put on my beautiful gloves, Mr. Barrister, without thinking of you."

"I wish they might last forever, then," said he. And I'll be bound that Lucy Ellen's heart gave a great thrill of pain and delight, jest as mine did when her father— But there; that's nothing to do with Lucy Ellen, only I'll be bound she thought he was going for ter say something worth hearing. But he never did say any thing nigher to it. She's got them lilock sixes hid away among her finery ter this day, dreadful witnesses of her folly. Perhaps she keeps 'em as a kind of reminder of her sins—as penance, you know—though, goodness knows, she's suffered for 'em. Wa'al, I sometimes think troubles is sent for our advantage, ter learn us things we wouldn't hev no idee of without 'em. Now if Lucy Ellen hed merried Mr. Barrister, and things hed gone on smooth, and she'd 'a lived in grandeur all her days, like as not she'd 'a gone on deceiving and making believe to the end of the chapter, without ever seeing the harm or quite knowing what she was a-doing of; but one day comes along this here disappointment, and sort of stirs the soul up, and sets it ter wondering what it's all for; and she goes ter thinking and reflecting about herself, and the upshot is that Lucy Ellen Marigold isn't the same girl today as she was the last time she set eyes on Mr. Barrister. You see the term of court was drawing ter a close, and Mr. Barrister he was as deep in love as ever, when, that last day, he went over to Marigold's place, round by Farmer Knowles's cider-mill, and up the lane where the wild roses grew, that led by Miss Marigold's kitchen windows; and going by, natural enough, he looked in, without a thought of doing any thing unhandsome, or peeking where he wasn't wanted ter, and there, with her sleeves rolled up over her white, round arms, with her cheeks like twin roses, eyes like jewels, stood Lucy Ellen, ironing away the week's washing for dear life, and humming a love-song. Of course she didn't see *him*, though he stood stock-still for a full minute, drinking in the loveliness and the deftness of her. Then he walked round ter the fore-door and pulled the bell. There was some delay in answering of the door, and then Miss Marigold herself opened it, smiling like summer.

"Wouldn't Mr. Barrister walk in? So glad to see him."

Mr. Barrister went in, heart as light as a feather, and his mind made up, I don't doubt, ter ask Lucy Ellen to be his'n.

"Can I see Miss Lucy?" said he.

"Ahem!" said she, a-coloring and clearing her throat; "Lucy Ellen will be in presently, I guess; she stepped out a while ago ter make a call up to Square Tendom's. I'm expecting her back any moment."

Can't you see the poor young man's face at such wonderful news, the eyes big with astonishment and pain? I wonder which he believed at that fust moment, his own ears or his own eyes?

"Miss Lucy has gone out, has she?" he said, taking up his hat and looking queer.

"Yes. Oh, don't be thinking of going, Mr. Barrister; she left word that she'd be back in a jiffy" (pushing open the blind), "and I was ter keep who called. There, I do believe she's coming now; no; but she'll be back afore long, depend on't." And then she fell ter telling him big stories about the Marshes and the Swamps, and a pot of gold that was said ter be buried on the place, nobody knew where, and it didn't matter; and Mr. Barrister jest answered "No," and "Yes," and "Ah," without hearing a word of it all, till Miss Marigold began for ter think him the miserablest company in the world, when, by-and-by, the fore-door opened, and in came my lady, Lucy Ellen, flushed and beaming, dressed in her good clothes, with her sunshade and her violet gloves.

"Oh, Mr. Barrister," she cried, "have you been here long? How glad I am ter see you!" And then she stopped and changed color at the strange, strange look in her lover's eyes—or the eyes that hed been her lover's an hour ago—which hed took on a terrible sadness.

"I am going away," said he then. "I wish ter bid you good-by and ter thank you for—for much pleasure and many—many hospitalities."

"But you will come this way ag'in, and come ter see us?" said Lucy Ellen, lighting up, thinking he only wanted a little encouragement.

"We hev not lost you altogether?"

"No, Miss Lucy, I shall never come this way ag'in. You *hev* lost me altogether, if that is any thing: and I—I hev lost more than any one; I hev lost my faith in womanhood." And then he took up his hat ag'in and bowed himself out, and they never set eyes on him ag'in. And them's 'zactly the reasons why Lucy Ellen Marigold never got merried.

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FESTAL DAYS IN BERLIN.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

BERLIN, *June* 18, 1871.

BEFORE passing to a description of the illumination let me add a few words to what I have written concerning the procession of the 16th. There were during the entire morning processions gathering from all parts of the city, and marching with fine bands—fine bands being plenty as blackberries in Berlin—to meet the troops. These processions were the guilds of laborers in all manner of work, and at their head some one marched with an ensign representing, by little images, their kind of work. Some of these ensigns were very fine, and most of them elaborately decorated. I witnessed an odd incident. Of all the mechanic guilds the needle-gun makers and weapon makers not unnaturally made the handsomest show, and they had ensigns glittering with brilliant military implements arranged in circles and shield-shapes. Just as they had entered Unter den Linden and were passing gayly on there entered and walked behind them the venerable guild of chimney-sweeps! Each chimney-sweep, though abnormally clean, bore his broom valiantly shouldered, and in front was an ensign with the strange device of a large hoop hung round with brooms. The crowd, which had gazed in silence upon the weapon makers, cheered the sweeps till they were hoarse. The two guilds, in singular conjuncture, passed on together the whole length of the crowd, which roared its delight with the chimney-sweeps, who, indeed, received the first ovation of the day.

The equestrian statue of Frederick the Great in the centre of Unter den Linden, just by the Library, is altogether, between the warrior's head and the ground, about fifty feet high. In the whole crowd the most conspicuous personage was a youth who, by some means that defied conjecture, had gained the summit of the statue, and was using Frederick's head for a seat. How he could have climbed the smooth side of the pedestal, the legs of the horse, etc., caused much speculation; but there he was, with the best outlook obtainable. Early in the morning boys had been on the trees thick as foliage, but the police had brought them down. They began a consultation about the man on Frederick's head, but at their first attempt to get him down the crowd growled, and the aspiring youth was left to the enjoyment of his position.

Behind several of the regiments marched the *cantnière*, dressed in bright uniform, like "the daughter of the regiment." The Germans did not, however, have these girls for the general services for which they are employed by the French. In the German camp they attended at sutlers' wagons, and after engagements worked for the wounded with ambulances. I recognized, as she passed before the University tribune, a girl whom I had seen at Rezonville, where she sold me some bread and meat when I was almost starved; and yet another I remembered to have seen at Vionville ministering tenderly to a half-dead Frenchman. The amount of beneficent work done by women in the late war has not been rightly recorded. After the battles around Metz, every spot between that city and Germany to which wounded soldiers were brought witnessed the unwearied services, by day and night, of hundreds of young women—all of them respectable and many of high position—who bathed their wounds and nursed them as if they had been their brothers. The soldiers were always stripped when they were brought in; but mercy and innocence know no blush. The Germans had no female camp-followers of the base sort, and I never saw or heard of one of the women to whom I have referred being treated otherwise than with the utmost respect.

The twilight lasted long, and the illumination did not begin until fully nine o'clock. I then set out on my journey through the city. The War Department was the first to blaze out. Its ninety front windows were fringed with lights of every variety of color, its great door-way was an arch of fire, and on top of it were thirty-two large fires. The English embassy had been forbidden all participation in the festivities, out of respect to France; but it was permitted that their superb mansion should not constitute a dark break in the line of illumination, and so there were four candles in each window. At the American embassy more care was shown, each window holding lights well arranged in diamond shapes. The Foreign Affairs building had brilliant arches of light on doors and windows; but none of the public buildings of the Leipziger Strasse equaled the private houses in glory. The Potsdamer Gate statues were lit up with altars, temples, pillars of light; and a great electric light there and another at the Brandenburg Gate flooded the statues and the whole neighborhood with silvery light. Some of the windows had beautiful tableaux, brought out by lights behind them, which made an exquisite display, the finest effect of this kind being that of a large Vienna company, which had filled its seven lower show windows with admirable life-size copies of the very popular illustrated ballad of "Kutschke's Sieg-Zug"—a thing that shows that Berlin has its Hans Breitmann. The first picture shows the terrible Kutschke parting from his wife, who weeps as she hands him his bottle of schnapps, and his two children, one of whom hands him his gun, the other his equally necessary and nearly as large pipe. The next picture shows Kutschke in the enemy's country. He discovers something (it is a fox) in the bushes, and says, "What is it crouching in the bushes there? I believe it is 'Napolium' (Ick gloob it is Napolium). Nay, Louis, if I get hold of you I shall put you in the aquarium." Picture third shows Kutschke making a requisition on the live stock of an infuriated French beldam. He has a cock struggling at his belt, a duck and a hen led by strings attached to him behind, and drives a pig by the tail. In picture fourth we see him using a Zouave, held by his two legs, as a weapon to demolish a Turco and other Zouaves; we next see him devouring a huge sausage in bivouac; then entering Paris, with the Arc de Triomphe behind him, and tugging a Frenchman by the ear, to the dismay of a crowd of enemies around; and finally we see him home again, with wife and children receiving him from the train. The bays are now around Kutschke's hat; he bears a bouquet and the iron cross on his breast. One boy has shouldered his gun, the other presents a boot-jack; but all of these are inferior delights to that offered by Karline in the shape of a baby born while he was performing heroic exploits in France. He addresses Karline with "Bongschur, madamm!"

The crowd that gathered around these window pictures was fearful, shrieks of the downtrodden being heard at that point at all hours of the night. Not far off the *Kladderadatsch* office had adorned its front with its favorites Schultz and Müller pictured in little gas jets, and with grand arches around them. They seemed to have just recognized each other amidst novel circumstances. Every where angels and eagles—angels and eagles; the angels bearing wreaths to crown the King or some other illustrious individual, the eagles considerably spread out, and oftentimes double-headed. In the space opposite the Reichstag there had been erected a large sheltered floor for free dancing; but the crowd there was so great that no dancing could possibly have taken place, unless it were on top of the people's heads. We merely pressed our way through the room, and then, looking up Leipziger Strasse, saw a great pyramid of fire. It proved to be the gable end of a church. Farther on an ingenious gentleman had his house-top hovered over by little illuminated balloons. Turning a corner we come to the bank, which is spangled over with huge stars, and has the monogram of the King, W. R., put one side in deference to its own ancient monogram, F. R. Then passing the arsenal, which seems, from the fires on it, to be literally on fire (and I was not astonished to hear the alarm-bell during the night), we come to the shop of a famous dry-goods man, Gerson, the Stewart of Berlin; he has a fine illumination representing a Prussian shaking hands with a Bavarian and a Würtemberger.

"If you have taste for the beautiful, look there!" exclaims an ugly rough; but he must have had the soul of an artist in him, for what he pointed us to was a scene of unimaginable glory. From the region of the small craft on the canal—whose masts were lines of variegated flame—we beheld the whole burning, glowing, iridescent Unter den Linden. Had all the stars fallen to earth, and the sun and moon suddenly darted away to earth, to do honor to Germany? Oh, the great temples of azure fire! the thousand arches of red and gold, the Parthenons, Pantheons, all shimmering from crimson to silver, then creeping through violet, yellow—all the rainbow—making upon Berlin, as a foundation, as it were, another, a celestial gold-paved and jasper-walled city! The bronze forms of Frederick the Great and his horse seem to stand against a rising midnight sun. But, Heavens! what is this? Is Berlin at last on fire, and about to share in the moment of splendor the fate of Paris? The buildings become tipped with red flame, a burning, awful hue creeps from tower to tower, and the great roofs of the city seem to be flooded by a great red sea of fire. It is the Schloss! the Schloss! I truly thought with others that the King's Schloss had caught with others that the King's Schloss had caught fire. But no; upon its dome had been reared another dome, and this was all one mass of red electric flame, by which the whole city, and the neighborhood for miles around, was made red like blood. In a few moments from the Potsdam Arch a pure white electric flame answered this, and the two electric lights struggled in the air, then mingled and made strange auroral flashes, until both were finally absorbed and lost in the purple of morning.

The theatres of Berlin have been furnishing a great deal of the interest of the festivities. There is no city in the world except Paris where the acting is so good as in Berlin, and on this occasion many of them had plays, comedies, or tableaux vivants adapted to the occasion. At Kröll's Summer Theatre—a beautiful establishment in a garden whose flowers are pendent lilies of light, and whose trees and fountains suggest the realm of Faëry—there was a drama called "From Berlin to Paris," where the fortunes of the soldier were drawn so vividly that the people now roared with laughter and anon dropped tears into their beer. I had the curiosity to go and see a tragedy at the Summer Theatre, Belle-Alliance, called "Der Herzog von Kurland," by Herr Bunge. The theme of the play is the notorious treachery by which Strasburg passed into the hands of the French. It was curiously intertwined with an affecting love story, and abounded in eloquent outbursts, uttered by those who perished to defend it from the clutches of Louis XIV., of the sure destiny that would recover the ancient city to Germany. When the last act closed with a hero torn away from his beloved one, and led out to execution —when the solemn single gun was heard behind the shut prison door—there was a glare upon the thousand men and women of the audience which made one feel how irresistible had been the sentiment in Germany about that ancient Strasburg. The tragedy had closed, but the people waited in dead silence. Then the curtain rose and showed a battle-field strewn thickly with graves—the graves marked by wooden crosses bearing the well-known inscription, "Here rests in God," etc. Faint, sad music accompanied this, and a beautiful woman read a noble poem. Then suddenly in the air above the dreary battle-field shone out a tableau, made of living women and children, showing Germania crowned with victory, so transfigured with light that the eye was dazzled, and around her—uplooking, radiant —all her states, her family, represented by maidens. Ah! what shouts rent the air when among these one was recognized as the genius of Strasburg! It was all under the open air, but the joy of earth hid the stars.

The most important theatrical exhibition, however, was that which may be termed the official one. It occurred on Saturday evening at the Royal Opera-house. No tickets were sold, the King having taken for the evening the whole house, and invited a distinguished assembly to be present. It was a most brilliant occasion. The Opera-house itself is one of the most resplendent buildings within and without, and the company connected with it had become somewhat associated with the war, no fewer than eighty-two members, actors and servants, of the vast establishment having left it to march to the war. The entire court, and all the great generals and the highest families, and the diplomatic corps (excepting Lord Loftus), were present. The King sat with the Queen, and the princes and princesses around him, in the large box occupying the centre of the dress circle, opposite the stage. There was a splendid ovation awarded him as he entered. The performance consisted of a series of allegorical tableaux vivants. The first was called "Zur Heimkehr." After a grand overture by Eckart's noble orchestra, the curtain arose, revealing all the Arts, Graces, Muses, Morning, Noon, Evening, and the Four Seasons, with Justice and Peace at the centre. Justice, with a child holding her scales, and herself bearing a reversed sword, addresses Peace most fondly, welcoming her return; and Peace then calls in her army of maidens in white, each bearing an olive-branch. Beautiful Fräulein Eckhart, with a sweet voice, reads the prologue; and as she now refers to the dead, and now to the victory, softly plaintive or distant triumphal music accompanies her words. At the end there starts forth in the background a picture of the equestrian statue of William III., which the King had unveiled on the previous day.

The next performance was called "Barbarossa." The old red-bearded warrior-king (represented admirably by Herr Niemann) was seen seated in his deep grot in the mountain-side. By him is the cross and his sword. Sounds are heard, and, awakened from slumber, he sends a page, who has entered, to make inquiries as to the condition of his country. While the page is away the great scenes of German history pass as visions before him. These were all magnificent tableaux of living persons. First are seen a troop of Knights Templars bearing the banner of an angel thrusting his spear in a dragon underfoot—the origin of the legend of St. George. The moon rises softly above, and they sink to sleep. Jerusalem gleams in the distance. Peace comes and gently waves her olive-branch over them. Next comes a tableau of the great Kurfürst crossing the sea in a boat, with the ancient ensign of Germany floating over him. Then came Frederick the Great on horseback. Next William III., in the thick of the fight with France in the conflicts of sixty years ago. Then a Schleswig-Holstein allegory—an angel bearing a golden wreath to a prostrate warrior. Then we saw Germania, with a wreath of gold in her extended hand, standing on a pedestal whose pillars were soldiers, each in the uniform of some one of the now united German states. Then the page returns and tells Barbarossa that his time is at hand—that Germany is united and in danger. Barbarossa (with as fine a song as I ever heard) buckles on his armor, and then there shone out a radiant tableau—made by women so beautiful that one would say they had been picked from every region of Germany—representing all the states and districts of the Fatherland. Each bore the ancient ensign of the country she represented. Then finally the curtain rose upon a fine picture of the present King on horseback. This was a signal for an outburst of loyal enthusiasm and joy. The whole audience rose, bowing, and waving handkerchiefs and hats to the King, who bowed in return at first; but afterward his emotion overcame him, and there seemed to be on his flushed face an overpowering remembrance of all his country had passed through, and a recognition of the destiny it was just fulfilling; and he stood still, as one in a dream, as statuesque as the last vision which had just swept before the eyes of the fairly awakened and armed Barbarossa, under whom his first ancestor had enlisted seven hundred years before him.

The weather had all along been charming, but Sunday morning shone with even more of splendor than the preceding days. The great rush was to the cathedral, where it was understood that the King was to attend the festival service. Thither I went, wishing to hear the music, and having a good seat in the pew of the diplomatic corps. The crush was enormous, every standing-place being occupied, and many hundreds surrounding the doors as early as nine o'clock, unable to get in at all. The choir sang its finest anthems, and the people sang all their old German chorals of praise. Around the altar were pots from which grew every variety of evergreen known to Germany, and over the altar was a large palm. The Queen was present, but not the King. After listening to the first jubilant utterances of the preacher, President Hoffman, I slipped out to go elsewhere, for I had found that the King was attending the Garnison's Church. The sermon there was delivered by one who is, perhaps, the best preacher in Berlin, Dr. Formel. It almost beggared, by its pictorial grandeur, the tableaux of the preceding evening at the Opera-house. It was Ernest Bunsen's "God in History" condensed, and illustrated by the tremendous events which the last year has witnessed. The great landmarks of German development arose one after the other, the great heroes who had arisen stood out almost visibly, and then the whole artillery of Heaven seemed to break forth to carry forward the destiny of civilization and humanity over desolated cities and the falling thrones of wrong. The immense throng was hushed to a breathless stillness. The bland and blonde face of the preacher seemed transfigured; his blue eyes now flashed the thunder-spark and now the sunbeam; his boyish frame expanded to grandeur; he spoke as one inspired. Could it be the same man I met the next evening at a social gathering at the house of Professor Lepsius, singing merry and irresistibly droll songs, accompanied on the piano by his own hands, with a group of young men and happy maidens gathered around him? Yes, it was the same; and, as one present remarked, "Formel is equal to any thing—fighting a battle, preaching a great sermon, singing a comic song, climbing Mont Blanc—any thing!" But I must end. The great guns, whose thunderous voices are heard as the King leaves the church, where his sincere thanksgivings have been offered to God, mark that the great Festival of Victory at Berlin has come to an end.

M. D. CONWAY.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE geological expedition under Professor HAYDEN, at last advices, had reached Fort Hall, in Utah, on the 21st of June, after a march from Ogden, during which much of interest was obtained by the party. The heat was very great, reaching from 95° to 105° degrees in the shade during the day, with a difference of 25° to 35° between the wet and dry bulb thermometers. The party expected to pass Fort Ellis by the middle of July, on its way to the basin of the Yellow Stone Lake, where it will probably spend the greater part of the season. Mr. THOMAS MORAN, of Philadelphia, and Mr. BIERSTADT, were to join the expedition before long, for the purpose of making sketches for paintings.

In the August number of the *American Journal of Science* will be found a continuation of the important communications by Professor MARSH, of Yale College, in regard to the results of his expedition to the Rocky Mountains during the past year. In addition to a number of new fossil mammals allied to the woodchuck, the gopher, the squirrel, the dog, and the fox, he presents a notice of sundry new species of birds from the tertiary of the West. Among these, is an extinct species of eagle of large size, a turkey, and an owl.

Mr. HUGGINS, in a recent communication to the Royal Society, reprinted by *Nature*, gives a figure of the spectrum of Uranus, which exhibits some remarkable peculiarities compared with the spectra of the other planets.

We have before us the annual report of the trustees of the Museum of Comparative Zoology in Cambridge, for the year 1870, containing interesting communications from Professor AGASSIZ, as the director, and his corps of able assistants. We are glad to learn that the temporary indisposition of the director (now happily past) has not crippled the efficiency of the establishment, and that so much progress has been made in arranging the immense stock of specimens which has been gathered within the walls of the museum from all quarters of the globe. The addition of a number of trained European naturalists, as Dr. STEINDACHNER, Dr. MAACK, Dr. HAGEN, etc., has given great strength to the scientific corps, and has enabled Professor AGASSIZ to do much toward realizing the magnificent plan that he has proposed, for the permanent arrangement and utilization of the collection.

We have referred, in a previous article upon American explorations into the fauna of the deep seas, to the proposed work, during the present season, of Mr. J. F. WHITEAVES, the accomplished secretary and curator of the Natural History Society of Montreal; and we now give a more detailed account of his expected movements. This gentleman has been in America for several years, bringing with him an excellent record as a zoological investigator. Soon after his arrival in this country he associated himself with the Montreal Society of Natural History, and has since that time been working sedulously in its interest. In 1867 he spent a fortnight in Gaspé Bay, where he prosecuted an extended system of dredging, and revisited the same region in 1869, extending his labors to the gulf, between Cape Rozier light-house and Shiphead. Large numbers of marine invertebrates were collected by him, among them two species of shell new to America; but no dredging was prosecuted at a greater depth than sixty fathoms.

The object of his expedition of the present year is to carry on work in deeper water, and for this purpose he expected to start in the schooner *La Canadienne* on the 5th of July, to cruise along the north shores of the gulf as far as Anticosti, or beyond. He goes prepared to prosecute his labors in the deep sea (two to three hundred fathoms) on each side of that island; and from his experience in such researches, and the information derived from the later American and English deep-sea explorations, we have reason to hope for many important discoveries.

It is announced officially by the Police Department of London that a lime-light will be displayed on the great clock tower at the new Palace of Westminster so long as the House of Commons is sitting. As this light is visible from every part of the metropolis, when it is extinguished it will be known thereby throughout the city that the labors of Parliament have been suspended. The arrangement for displaying the light is to be under the direction of Professor TYNDALL and Dr. PERCY.

A similar indication is given in Washington of the meetings of the Senate and the House of Representatives by the flying of a flag over the halls, this signal being easily seen from all parts of the city. As the sessions of our national Legislature are only exceptionally held at night, instead of this being the regular custom as in London, there is less necessity for any such indication as that above mentioned, especially as when the evening sessions of Congress are continued into the night the light inside of the dome gives due notice of that fact.

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HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.

"CROPPIES LIE DOWN."

JULY. 12TH

LIVE AND LET LIVE.

RELIGIOUS PROCESSIONS.

JULY 11TH

COLUMBIA SPEAKS.

What, craven fools! has't come to this, that a mob can overawe
The guardians of my children's rights, my servants clothed with law?
That they should weakly truckle, when they should be most strong,
So recreant to the cause of right, and only brave in wrong?

Abject and weak! ye trembled when firm ye should have stood,
And linked your hands in those of men whose hands are swift to blood:
Your very slaves and tools in wrong your masters have become;
They raised the sword above your head, and you were meek and dumb!

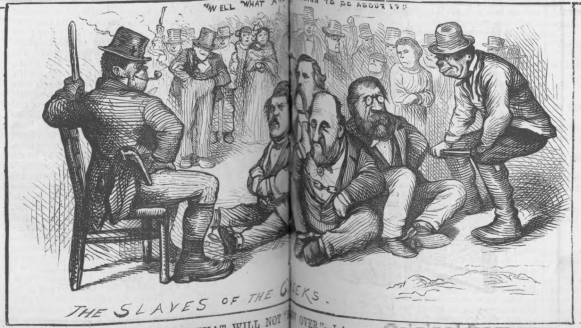
Traitors to law and Me, arise, and to the rearward stand;
It is not fit that they should rule who fear a mob's command
But first the lofty lesson learn that I am here to teach—
The rights of all my children shall be the rights of each!

The lowliest and the weakest have rights must be protected;
The acts of all within the law by all must be respected;
Columbia knows no difference of race, creed, or condition:
No chain upon the Conscience here of State or Inquisition!

But oh, my children, native here, or seeking here a home
From Old-World tyranny and wrong, whencesever ye may come,
Can ye not learn to blend in peace, a free and happy nation,
And differ but as freemen may, with generous toleration?

The land is broad enough for all, the laws are framed to bless,
Strong to protect the rights of all, and never to oppress;
And if the rights of one may be by many trampled down,
We might as well go back to lords and ruler with a crown.

And you, if still your craven hearts can feel a manly throb,
Learn toleration don't include submission to a mob;
Go, gather up your scattered wits, and ever, from this day,
Remember that my motto is, "Give each and all fair play."



THE SLAVES OF THE GREEKS.

SOMETHING THAT WILL NOT BE "OVER."—July 11 and July 12, 1871.

PAT'S COMPLAINT.

Oh, have ye heard the tidings? It's disgusted quite I am!
Our boasted rights and freedom is all a fraud and sham;
The Orangemen parade the day with banners, drums, and guns,
To overawe ould Ireland and her poor, down-trodden sons.

Sure those noble-minded gintlemen, O'Kelso and O'Hall,
Had forbid thim bloody Orangemen that they should march at all,
Lest in their pride and madness they might, belike, waylay
And slaughter ivery Irishman they met upon their way.

It was, d'ye see, a splendid plan whereby to kape the peace,
Without the need of calling out the soldiers and the p'lice;
For if thim coward Orangemen would just kape out of sight,
There'd be no provocation to massacre and fight.

But now they'll go parading down in all their rage and pride,
With soldiers and policemen to guard on ivery side;
And ivery son of Ireland must hide his peaceful head,
And skulk away in cellars in terror and in dread.

Sure it's a shameful spectacle to see thim furren beats
Parading up and down all day and blockin' up the streets;
And to think that native citizens of Irish blood and birth
Must quail before these minions, the scum of all the earth!

But sure the worm will turn against the foot by which 'tis crushed;
And shall the voice of Irishmen for evermore be hushed?
Ah, even these proud oppressors, who tread us down to-day,
Will find their goaded victims may turn at last at bay!

By a traitor's proclamation we're bid to stand aloof,
But I'll claim a freeman's privilege to climb upon some roof:
And I'll get behind a chimly, and from where I can't be seen,
Heave a brickbat at the Orange, in honor of the Green.

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THE ADVANCE-GUARD.

By JOHN HAY.

[READ AT THE SECOND TRIENNIAL REUNION OF THE ARMY OF THE JAMES, NEW YORK CITY, JULY 19, 1871.]

In the dream of the Northern poets
The brave who in battle die
Fight on in shadowy phalanx
In the field of the upper sky;
And as we read the sounding rhyme
The reverent fancy hears
The ghostly ring of the viewless swords
And the clash of the spectral spears.

We think with imperious questionings
Of the brothers that we have lost,
And we strive to track in death's mystery
The flight of each valiant ghost.
The Northern myth comes back to us,
And we feel through our sorrow's night
That those young souls are striving still
Somewhere for the truth and light.

It was not their time for rest and sleep;
Their hearts beat high and strong;
In their fresh veins the blood of youth
Was singing its hot, sweet song.
The open heaven bent over them;
'Mid flowers their lithe feet trod;
Their lives lay vivid in light, and blest
By the smiles of women and God.

Again they come! Again I hear
The tread of that goodly band;
I know the flash of Ellsworth's eye,
And the grasp of his hard, warm hand;
And Putnam, and Shaw, of the lion heart,
And an eye like a Boston girl's;
And I see the light of heaven which shone
On Ulric Dahlgren's curls,

There is no power in the gloom of hell
To quench those spirits' fire;
There is no charm in the bliss of heaven
To bid them not aspire;
But somewhere in the eternal plan
That strength, that life survive,
And like the files on Lookout's crest,
Above Death's clouds they strive.

A chosen corps—they are marching on
In a wider field than ours;
Those bright battalions still fulfill
The scheme of the heavenly powers;
And high, brave thoughts float down to us
The echoes of that far fight,
Like the flash of a distant picket's guns
Through the shades of the severing night.

No fear for them! In our lower field
Let us toil with arms unstained,
That at last we be worthy to stand with them
On the shining heights they've gained.
We shall meet and greet in closing ranks,
In Time's declining sun,
When the bugles of God shall sound recall,
And the Battle of Life be won!

LORD KILGOBBIN.

By CHARLES LEVER.

Author of "That Boy of Norcott's," "The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly," "Sir Brooke Fossbrooke," "A Day's Ride," "One of Them," "Gerald Fitzgerald," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

DICK'S REVERIE.

WHEN Dick Kearney left his father he walked from the house, and not knowing, or much caring, in what direction he went, turned into the garden. It was a wild, neglected sort of spot, more orchard than garden, with fruit trees of great size, long past bearing, and close under-wood in places that barred the passage. Here and there little patches of cultivation appeared, sometimes flowering plants, but oftener vegetables. One long alley, with tall hedges of box, had been preserved, which led to a little mound planted with laurels and arbutus, and known as "Laurel Hill;" here a little rustic summer-house had once stood, and still, though now in ruins, showed where, in former days, people came to taste the fresh breeze above the tree-tops, and enjoy the wide range of a view that stretched to the Slieve-Bloom Mountains nearly thirty miles away.

Young Kearney reached this spot, and sat down, to gaze upon a scene every detail of which was well known to him, but of which he was utterly unconscious as he looked. "I am turned out to starve," cried he aloud, as though there was a sense of relief in thus proclaiming his sorrow to the winds. "I am told to go and work upon the roads—to live by my daily labor. Treated like a gentleman until I am bound to that condition by every tie of feeling and kindred, and then bid to know myself as an outcast. I have not even Joe Atlee's resource—I have not imbibed the instincts of the lower orders, so as to be able to give them back to them in fiction or in song. I can not either idealize rebellion, or make treason tuneful.

"It is not yet a week since that same Atlee envied me my station as the son and heir to this place, and owned to me that there was that in the sense of name and lineage that more than balanced personal success, and here I am now, a beggar! I can enlist, however—blessings on the noble career that ignores character and defies capacity! I don't know that I'll bring much loyalty to her Majesty's cause, but I'll lend her the aid of as broad shoulders and tough sinews as my neighbors." And here his voice grew louder and harsher, and with a ring of defiance in it. "And no cutting off the entail, my Lord Kilgobbin! no escape from that cruel necessity of an heir! I may carry my musket in the ranks, but I'll not surrender my birthright!"

The thought that he had at length determined on the path he should follow aroused his courage and made his heart lighter; and then there was that in the manner he was vindicating his station and his claim that seemed to savor of heroism. He began to fancy his comrades regarding him with a certain deference, and treating him with a respect that recognized his condition. "I know the shame my father will feel when he sees to what he has driven me. What an offense to his love of rank and station to behold his son in the coarse uniform of a private! An only son and heir, too! I can picture to myself his shock as he reads the letter in which I shall say good-by, and then turn to tell my sister that her brother is a common soldier, and in this way lost to her forever!

"And what is it all about? What terrible things have I done? What entanglements have I contracted? Where have I forged? Whose name have I stolen? whose daughter seduced? What is laid to my charge, beyond that I have lived like a gentleman, and striven to eat and drink and dress like one? And I'll wager my life that for one who will blame him there will be ten—no, not ten, fifty—to condemn me. I had a kind, trustful, affectionate father, restricting himself in scores of ways to give me my education among the highest class of my contemporaries. I was largely supplied with means, indulged in every way, and if I turned my steps toward home, welcomed with love and affection."

"And fearfully spoiled by all the petting he met with," said a soft voice, leaning over his shoulder, while a pair of very liquid gray eyes gazed into his own.

"What, Nina!—Mademoiselle Nina, I mean," said he, "have you been long there?"

"Long enough to hear you make a very pitiful lamentation over a condition that I, in my ignorance, used to believe was only a little short of Paradise."

"You fancied that, did you?"

"Yes, I did so fancy it."

"Might I be bold enough to ask from what circumstance, though? I entreat you to tell me, what belongings of mine, what resources of luxury or pleasure, what incident of my daily life, suggested this impression of yours?"

"Perhaps, as a matter of strict reasoning, I have little to show for my conviction, but if you ask me why I thought as I did, it was simply from contrasting your condition with my own, and seeing that in every thing where my lot has gloom and darkness, if not worse, yours, my ungrateful cousin, was all sunshine."

"Let us see a little of this sunshine, Cousin Nina. Sit down here beside me, and show me, I pray, some of those bright tints that I am longing to gaze on."

"There's not room for both of us on that bench."

"Ample room; we shall sit the closer."

"No, Cousin Dick; give me your arm and we'll take a stroll together."

"Which way shall it be?"

"You shall choose, cousin."

"If I have the choice, then, I'll carry you off, Nina; for I'm thinking of bidding good-by to the old house and all within it."

"I don't think I'll consent that far," said she, smiling. "I have had my experience of what it is to be without a home, or something very nearly that. I'll not willingly recall the sensation. But what has put such gloomy thoughts in your head? What, or rather who, is driving you to this?"

"My father, Nina, my father!"

"This is past my comprehending."

"I'll make it very intelligible. My father, by way of curbing my extravagance, tells me I must give up all pretension to the life of a gentleman, and go into an office as a clerk. I refuse. He insists, and tells me, moreover, a number of little pleasant traits of my unfitness to do any thing, so that I interrupt him by hinting that I might possibly break stones on the highway. He seizes the project with avidity, and offers to supply me with a hammer for my work. All fact, on my honor! I am neither adding to nor concealing. I am relating what occurred little more than an hour ago, and I have forgotten nothing of the interview. He, as I said, offers to give me a stone-hammer. And now I ask you, is it for me to accept this generous offer, or would it be better to wander over that bog yonder, and take my chance of a deep pool or the bleak world, where immersion and death are just as sure, though a little slower in coming?"

"Have you told Kate of this?"

"No. I have not seen her. I don't know, if I had seen her, that I should have told her. Kate has so grown to believe all my father's caprices to be absolute wisdom, that even his sudden gusts of passion seem to her like flashes of a bright intelligence, too quick and too brilliant for mere reason. She could give me no comfort, nor counsel either."

"I am not of your mind," said she, slowly. "She has the great gift of what people so mistakingly call *common*-sense."

"And she'd recommend me, perhaps, not to quarrel with my father, and to go and break the stones."

"Were you ever in love, Cousin Dick?" asked she, in a tone every accent of which betokened earnestness, and even gravity.

"Perhaps I might say never. I have spooned or flirted, or whatever the name of it might be, but I was never seriously attached to one girl, and unable to think of any thing but her. But what has your question to do with this?"

"Every thing. If you really loved a girl—that is, if she filled every corner of your heart, if she was first in every plan and project of your life, not alone her wishes and her likings, but her very words and the sound of her voice—if you saw her in every thing that was beautiful and heard her in every tone that delighted you—if to be moving in the air she breathed was ecstasy, and that heaven itself without her was cheerless—if—"

"Oh, don't go on, Nina. None of these ecstasies could ever be mine. I have no nature to be moved or moulded in this fashion. I might be very fond of a girl, but she'd never drive me mad if she left me for another."

"I hope she may, then, if it be with such false money you would buy her," said she, fiercely. "Do you know," added she, after a pause, "I was almost on the verge of saying, go and break the stones; the 'métier' is not much beneath you, after all!"

"This is scarcely civil, mademoiselle; see what my candor has brought upon me!"

"Be as candid as you like upon the faults of your nature. Tell every wickedness that you have done or dreamed of, but don't own to cold-heartedness. For *that* there is no sympathy!"

"Let us go back a bit, then," said he, "and let us suppose that I did love in the same fervent and insane manner you spoke of, what and how would it help me here?"

"Of course it would. Of all the ingenuity that plotters talk of, of all the imagination that poets dream, there is nothing to compare with love. To gain a plodding subsistence a man will do much. To win the girl he loves, to make her his own, he will do every thing; he will strive, and strain, and even starve, to win her. Poverty will have nothing mean if confronted for her, hardship have no suffering if endured for her sake. With her before him, all the world shows but one goal; without her, life is a mere dreary task, and himself a hired laborer."

"I confess, after all this, that I don't see how breaking stones would be more palatable to me because some pretty girl that I was fond of saw me hammering away at my limestone!"

"If you could have loved as I would wish you to love, your career had never fallen to this. The heart that loved would have stimulated the head that thought. Don't fancy that people are only better because they are in love, but they are greater, bolder, brighter, more daring in danger, and more ready in every emergency. So wonder-working is the real passion that even in the base mockery of Love men have risen to genius. Look what it made Petrarch, and I might say Byron too, though he never loved worthy of the name."

"And how came you to know all this, cousin mine? I'm really curious to know that."

"I was reared in Italy, Cousin Dick, and I have made a deep study of nature through French novels." Now there was a laughing devilry in her eye as she said this that terribly puzzled the young fellow, for just at the very moment her enthusiasm had begun to stir his breast her merry mockery wafted it away as with a storm-wind.

"I wish I knew if you were serious," said he, gravely.

"Just as serious as you were when you spoke of being ruined."

"I was so, I pledge my honor. The conversation I reported to you really took place; and when you joined me I was gravely deliberating with myself whether I should take a header into a deep pool or enlist as a soldier."

"Fie, fie! how ignoble all that is! You don't know the hundreds of thousands of things one can do in life. Do you speak French or Italian?"

"I can read them, but not freely; but how are they to help me?"

"You shall see: first of all, let me be your tutor. We shall take two hours, three if you like, every morning. Are you free now from all your college studies?"

"I can be after Wednesday next. I ought to go up for my term examination."

"Well, do so; but mind, don't bring down Mr. Atlee with you."

"My chum is no favorite of yours?"

"That's as it may be," said she, haughtily. "I have only said let us not have the embarrassment, or, if you like it, the pleasure of his company. I'll give you a list of books to bring down, and my life be on it but *my* course of study will surpass what you have been doing at Trinity. Is it agreed?"

"Give me till to-morrow to think of it, Nina."

"That does not sound like a very warm acceptance; but be it so; till to-morrow."

"Here are some of Kate's dogs," cried he, angrily. "Down, Fan, down! I say. I'll leave you now before she joins us. Mind, not a word of what I told you." And without another word he sprang over a low fence, and speedily disappeared in the copse beyond it.

"Wasn't that Dick I saw making his escape?" cried Kate, as she came up.

"Yes; we were taking a walk together, and he left me very abruptly."

"I wish I had not spoiled a *tête-à-tête*," said Kate, merrily.

"It is no great mischief: we can always renew it."

"Dear Nina," said the other, caressingly, as she drew her arm around her—"dear, dear Nina, do not, do not, I beseech you."

"Don't what, child?—you must not speak riddles."

"Don't make that poor boy in love with you. You yourself told me you could save him from it if you liked."

"And so I shall, Kate, if you don't dictate or order me. Leave me quite to myself and I shall be most merciful."

CHAPTER XVIII.

MAURICE KEARNEY'S "STUDY."

HAD Maurice Kearney but read the second sheet of his correspondent's letter, it is more than likely that Dick had not taken such a gloomy view of his condition. Mr. M'Keown's epistle continued in this fashion: "That ought to do for him, Maurice, or my name ain't Tom M'Keown. It is not that he is any worse or better than other young fellows of his own stamp, but he has the greatest scamp in Christendom for his daily associate. Atlee is deep in all the mischief that goes on in the national press. I believe he is a head-centre of the Fenians, and I know he has a correspondence with the French socialists, and that Rights-of-labor-knot of vagabonds who meet at Geneva. Your boy is not too wise to keep himself out of these scrapes, and he is just by name and station of consequence enough to make these fellows make up to and flatter him. Give him a sound fright, then, and when he is thoroughly alarmed about his failure, send him abroad for a short tour: let him go study at Halle or Heidelberg—any thing, in short, that will take him away from Ireland, and break off his intimacy with this Atlee and his companions. While he is with you at Kilgobbin, don't let him make acquaintance with those radical fellows in the country towns. Keep him down, Maurice, keep him down; and if you find that you can not do this, make him believe that you'll be one day lords of Kilgobbin, and the more he has to lose the more reluctant he'll be to risk it. If he'd take to farming, and marry some decent girl, even a little beneath him in life, it would save you all uneasiness; but he is just that thing now that brings all the misery on us in Ireland. He thinks he's a gentleman because he can do nothing; and to save himself from the disgrace of incapacity, he'd like to be a rebel."

If Mr. Tom M'Keown's reasonings were at times somewhat abstruse and hard of comprehension to his friend Kearney, it was not that he did not bestow on them due thought and reflection; and over this private and strictly confidential page he had now meditated for hours.

"Bad luck to me," cried he at last, "if I see what he's at. If I'm to tell the boy he is ruined to-day, and to-morrow to announce to him that he is a lord—if I'm to threaten him now with poverty, and the morning after I'm to send him to Halle or Hell, or wherever it is—I'll soon be out of my mind myself through bare confusion. As to having him 'down,' he's low enough; but so shall I be, too, if I keep him there. I'm not used to seeing my house uncomfortable, and I can not bear it."

Such were some of his reflections over his agent's advice; and it may be imagined that the Machiavelian Mr. M'Keown had fallen upon a very inept pupil.

It must be owned that Maurice Kearney was somewhat out of temper with his son even before the arrival of this letter. While the "swells," as he would persist in calling the two English visitors, were there, Dick took no trouble about them, nor, to all seeming, made any impression on them. As Maurice said, "He let Joe Atlee make all the running, and, signs on it! Joe Atlee was taken off to town as Walpole's companion, and Dick not so much as thought of. Joe, too, did the honors of the house as if it was his own, and talked to Lockwood about coming down for the partridge-shooting as if he was the head of the family. The fellow was a bad lot, and M'Keown was right so far—the less Dick saw of him the better."

The trouble and distress these reflections, and others like them, cost him would more than have recompensed Dick, had he been hard-hearted enough to desire a vengeance. "For a quarter of an hour, or maybe twenty minutes," said he, "I can be as angry as any man in Europe, and, if it was required of me during that time to do any thing desperate—downright wicked—I could be bound to do it; and what's more, I'd stand to it afterward if it cost me the gallows. But as for keeping up the same mind, as for being able to say to myself my heart is as hard as ever, I'm just as much bent on cruelty as I was yesterday—that's clean beyond me; and the reason, God help me, is no great comfort to me after all—for it's just this: that when I do a hard thing, whether distraining a creature out of his bit of ground, selling a widow's pig, or fining a fellow for shooting a hare, I lose my appetite and have no heart for my meals; and as sure as I go to sleep, I dream of all the misfortunes in life happening to me, and my guardian angel sitting laughing all the while and saying to me, 'Didn't you bring it on yourself, Maurice Kearney? couldn't you bear a little rub without trying to make a calamity of it? Must somebody be always punished when any thing goes wrong in life? Make up your mind to have six troubles every day of your life, and see how jolly you'll be the day you can only count five, or maybe four.'"

As Mr. Kearney sat brooding in this wise, Peter Gill made his entrance into the study with the formidable monthly lists and accounts, whose examination constituted a veritable doomsday to the unhappy master.

"Wouldn't next Saturday do, Peter?" asked Kearney, in a tone of almost entreaty.

"I'm afther ye since Tuesday last, and I don't think I'll be able to go on much longer."

Now as Mr. Gill meant by this speech to imply that he was obliged to trust entirely to his memory for all the details which would have been committed to writing by others, and to a notched stick for the manifold dates of a vast variety of events, it was not really a very unfair request he had made for a peremptory hearing.

"I vow to the Lord," sighed out Kearney, "I believe I'm the hardest-worked man in the three kingdoms."

"Maybe you are," muttered Gill, though certainly the concurrence scarcely sounded hearty, while he meanwhile arranged the books.

"Oh, I know well enough what you mean. If a man doesn't work with a spade or follow the plow, you won't believe that he works at all. He must drive, or dig, or drain, or mow. There's no labor but what strains a man's back, and makes him weary about the loins; but I'll tell you, Peter Gill, that it's here"—and he touched his forehead with his finger—"it's here is the real workshop. It's thinking and contriving; setting this

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against that; doing one thing that another may happen, and guessing what will come if we do this and don't do that; carrying every thing in your brain, and, whether you are sitting over a glass with a friend or taking a nap after dinner, thinking away all the time! What would you call that, Peter Gill—what would you call that?"

"Madness, begorra, or mighty near it!"

"No; it's just work—brain-work. As much above mere manual labor as the intellect, the faculty that raises us above the brutes, is above the —the—"

"Yes," said Gill, opening the large volume, and vaguely passing his hand over a page. "It's somewhere there about the Conacre!"

"You're little better than a beast!" said Kearney, angrily.

"Maybe I am, and maybe I'm not. Let us finish this, now that we're about it."

And so saying, he deposited his other books and papers on the table, and then drew from his breast pocket a somewhat thick roll of exceedingly dirty bank-notes, fastened with a leather thong.

"I'm glad to see some money at last, Peter," cried Kearney, as his eye caught sight of the notes.

"Faix, then, it's little good they'll do ye," muttered the other, gruffly.

"What d'ye mean by that, Sir?" asked he, angrily.

"Just what I said, my lord, the divil a more nor less, and that the money you see here is no more yours nor it is mine. It belongs to the land it came from. Ay, ay, stamp away, and go red in the face: you must hear the truth, whether you like it or no. The place we're living in is going to rack and ruin out of sheer bad treatment. There's not a hedge on the estate; there isn't a gate that could be called a gate; the holes the people live in isn't good enough for badgers; there's no water for the mill at the cross-roads; and the Loch meadows is drowned with wet—we're dragging for the hay, like seaweed! And you think you've a right to these"—and he actually shook the notes at him—"to go and squander them on them 'impedint' Englishmen that was laughing at you! Didn't I hear them myself about the table-cloth, that one said was the sail of a boat?"

"Will you hold your tongue?" cried Kearney, wild with passion.

"I will not! I'll die on the floore but I'll speak my mind."

This was not only a favorite phrase of Mr. Gill's, but it was so far significant that it always indicated he was about to give notice to leave—a menace on his part of no unfrequent occurrence.

"Yes, going, are ye?" asked Kearney, jeeringly.

"I just am; and I'm come to give up the books, and to get my receipts and my character."

"It won't be hard to give the last, any way," said Kearney, with a grin.

"So much the better. It will save your honor much writing, with all that you have to do."

"Do you want me to kick you out of the office, Peter Gill?"

"No, my lord, I'm going quiet and peaceable. I'm only asking my rights."

"You're bidding hard to be kicked out, you are."

"Am I to leave them here, or will your honor go over the books with me?"

"Leave the notes, Sir, and go to the devil."

"I will, my lord; and one comfort at least I'll have—it won't be harder to put up with his temper."

Mr. Gill's head barely escaped the heavy account-book which struck the door above him as he escaped from the room, and Maurice Kearney sat back in his chair and grasped the arms of it like one threatened with a fit.

"Where's Miss Kitty—where's my daughter?" cried he aloud, as though there was some one within hearing. "Taking the dogs a walk, I'll be bound," muttered he, "or gone to see somebody's child with the measles, devil fear her! She has plenty on her hands to do any where but at home. The place might be going to rack and ruin for her, if there was only a young colt to look at, or a new litter of pigs! And so you think to frighten me, Peter Gill! You've been doing the same thing every Easter, and every harvest, these five-and-twenty years! I can only say I wish you had kept your threat long ago, and the property wouldn't have as many tumble-down cabins and ruined fences as it has now, and my rent-roll, too, wouldn't have been the worse. I don't believe there's a man in Ireland more cruelly robbed than myself. There isn't an estate in the county has not risen in value except my own! There's not a landed gentleman hasn't laid by money in the barony but myself, and if you were to believe the newspapers, I'm the hardest landlord in the province of Leinster. Is that Mickey Doolan, there? Mickey!" cried he, opening the window, "did you see Miss Kearney any where about?"

"Yes, my lord. I see her coming up the Bog road with Miss O'Shea."

"The worse luck mine," muttered he, as he closed the window and leaned his head on his hand.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE season for sea bathing has fully come. Those who enjoy a dip, but are prevented from abiding on the sea-shore, refresh themselves on a sultry day by a sail to Long Branch, Coney Island, or some other convenient resort, and a plunge in the saline waters. Invigorating as a sea bath is to many, a reckless, unadvised use of it is often very injurious, especially in the case of invalids. Nor can we believe that any good can be accomplished by forcibly plunging delicate, terrified children into the surf, as is often done, amidst their distressing shrieks. If the tender or of a little child can not be overcome by coaxing gentleness, a sponge bath of sea water had better be substituted. The sea air is often highly beneficial to those who are too delicate to venture into the water. Unless there is a proper amount of reaction in the system after coming out of the bath, it will prove injurious. But a genial glow and a general feeling of vigor indicate that it is wholesome. Those who have the care of invalids should note the effect produced upon them. The latter part of July is considered by physicians as the most suitable time to commence a course of sea bathing, because the sea water is then comfortably warm, and reaches its highest temperature in August. Bathing in tepid sea water is recommended as a preparation for invalids who desire to take cold sea baths when strong enough to do so. Undoubtedly many persons are seriously debilitated by remaining too long in the surf. Medical advice should be followed in regard to this point by those who hope to derive benefit from sea bathing.

That Ice Cave—situated somewhere in Iowa, we believe—must be a grand place to visit about this time. August is said to be the very best month in which to see the cave, for then it is the frostiest. In the winter this remarkable cave is warm and dry and free from ice, but when the "heated term" comes on, water leaks through the earth into the cave, and congelation begins. A cup of river water will skim with ice in twenty minutes, and freeze solid in an hour. When one emerges in midsummer from this ice cave into the outer world the sensation is like entering an oven in good baking order. For the benefit of all who desire to cool themselves off, we mention that this wonderful refrigerator is in the town of Decorah, on the Little Iowa River, twelve miles south of the Minnesota line.

Those who live where ice does not grow in summer, and who laid up no store of it last winter, may find useful a simple method of rendering water cold which is practiced in India and other tropical climes where ice can not be procured. Let the jar, pitcher, or vessel used for water be surrounded with one or more folds of coarse cotton, to be constantly kept wet. The evaporating of the water will carry off the heat from the inside and reduce it to the freezing-point.

It is the plan for the Viaduct Railway to run through the yards in the rear of houses and stores, so as to avoid the heavier cost of buying and destroying the buildings themselves. The road will be built on brick arches, supported by heavy iron lateral columns of elegant design, themselves supported on inverted arches of solid masonry built into the ground.

Shavings, paper, and fine kindling wood, with the aid of matches, are safe and proper materials for the lighting of fires. Kerosene oil is about as safe as gunpowder to kindle a fire with; yet foolish maids use it, and are not forbidden by their foolish employers. Consequently explosions follow. There would be fewer deaths in the course of a year if people would go back to the old fashions of kindling fires.

Physicians at the present day recognize a peculiar derangement of the power of speech, termed aphasia. It seems to be a mental or partially mental disease, analogous to the physical difficulty, stammering, or a vocal disorder, corresponding to the ocular infirmity known as color blindness. The manifestation consists in a tendency of the person affected to speak different sounds from those intended. Curious examples are given in a paper lately published upon the subject. One patient being desired to read the sentence, "It shall be in the power of the college to examine or not to examine any licentiate, previous to his admission to a fellowship, as they shall think fit," pronounced it as follows: "An the be what in the temother of the trothofodod to majorum or that emidrare ein einkrastral mestrelt to ketra totombreidd to ra fromtreido asthat kekritest." This account seems to indicate a difficulty in vocal organization. In another case recently narrated mental failure appears more probable. The patient could not remember the signal word to which he had lately set the lock of his traveling-bag, though he could remember the contents, and suffered from singular though not easily described incapacity to restate words and numbers of other kinds. This case was the result of a violent accident, and was relieved by severe and systematic exercise in the open air.

At Newport the ladies' turn-outs are this year very graceful and pretty. Of course the lady handles the ribbons, gentlemen being mere passengers, and idle Jehus sit with folded arms behind. Over eight hundred turn-outs are taken to Newport every summer. Report says that there are now in one villa three ladies, a retinue of twenty-three servants, nine horses, and three dogs, and that it took all the baggage men in town a day to deliver the trunks belonging to the household.

When sixty young ladies, daughters of the wealthiest citizens of Berlin, were selected to welcome the returning army at the Brandenburg Gate, the fair patriots resolved to reflect the German nationality in their dress—to ignore French fashions, particularly the chignon. Their attire was modeled after Margaret's, in Kaulbach's sketch of her first meeting with Faust. Their hair was arranged in two plaits hanging down the back, and they were pledged mutually and to the municipal authorities on no account to use false hair.

A mature visitor at Saratoga, aged four, was sitting in his high chair at the dining-table the other day. Of course he must order his dinner by the *carte*, and so his mother read it over. He listened with due gravity until she had finished the list of soups, fish, roast and boiled, and partly through the *entrées*. As she read off macaroni *au gratin* a familiar chord seemed to have been struck, and as she hesitated he spoke up:

"'Yankee Doodle came to town,
Riding on a pony;
Stuck a feather in his cap,
And called it macaroni.'

"Give me some Yankee Doodle."

As pears are coming into market, it may be interesting to recall the history of the Bartlett pear. Years ago Mr. Enoch Bartlett, owner of the Bartlett estate, on Boston Highlands, was President of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society. He once brought from this estate to one of the meetings a choice pear never before seen by the members. Mr. Bartlett and the members of the society supposed it to be a seedling pear, and it was named the "Bartlett Pear." But, in point of fact, this was an old English pear, well known there as "William's Good Christian," and had been imported by Mr. T. Brewer, who built the Bartlett house and laid out the grounds, some time about the year 1815. But the estate being after a few years sold, and passing into other hands, the history of the tree was not known until Mr. Bartlett's introduction of it to the Massachusetts Horticultural Society made it famous.

All overheated individuals, desirous of refreshing themselves by a glimpse of that patch of snow, more than an acre in extent, and eight feet deep, which can now be seen from the Glen House, had better start off at once, lest it dwindle down to an imperceptible speck. It is on one of the northerly spurs of Mount Washington, not far from the carriage road.

On the fourth floor of A. T. Stewart's immense retail dry-goods store are about five hundred women engaged in various branches of cutting and fitting garments for sale. The majority of these employées are operators on sewing-machines. The machines are ranged in rows, and are moved by steam. An operator can start or stop the running of a machine by the use of her foot on a pedal, which connects with a friction roller attached to a shaft which is worked by steam. By this ingenious invention working a machine is made very easy, the objection that the constant movement of the foot is injurious being thus removed.

We can not do as they do in Siberia—at least not in July. There they buy milk by the pound. It is carried in a bag, and the requisite quantity is chopped off with a hatchet. It is thawed as needed, and, of course, does not sour very easily.

How useless it is, by-the-way, to buy so much milk when, as an exchange remarks, "every man can have his own cow" so easily, according to the following recipe. We are convinced that the recipe is "all right," because a Springfield milk dealer, on selling out his business to a new hand recently, gave it to the purchaser, who found he had not milk enough to supply his customers. Here it is: "Take three table-spoonfuls of molasses, one and a half teaspoonfuls of saleratus, and three quarts of milk to twenty-two quarts of water. Add three pints of this mixture to each twelve-quart can of milk." Moral: test your milk if you doubt its genuineness.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

POWER OF MUSIC.—When Handel once undertook, in a crowded church, to play the dismissal on a very fine organ there, the whole congregation became so entranced with delight that not an individual could stir, till at length the usual organist came impatiently forward and took his seat, saying, in a tone of acknowledged superiority, "You can not dismiss a congregation. See how soon I can disperse them."

A census-taker out West reports eight thousand colonels in his district. "There used to be more in that part of the country," he says, "but a large number of them have been raised to generals."

A PARADOX.—Do you wish to get up with the lark? Then go to bed without it.

What sport is like girls' gossip?—Dears-talking.

"Paddy, my boy," said a gentleman to a fellow whom he observed fishing away at a deep pool, "that must be a favorite stream for trout." "Faith, and sure it must be that same, for I have been standing here for this three hours, and not one of 'em will come out of it."

HOW TO KEEP COOL.—Go to Greenland, and stay there.

A young lady hearing that cashmere sacques were very much worn, said she was glad she was in the fashion, for hers had two or three holes in it.

A Hibernian gentleman, when told by his nephew that he had just entered college with a view to the Church, said, "I hope that I may live to hear you preach my funeral sermon."

GONE COURTING.—The lawyers.

SUMMER FASHIONS.—Large checks are in demand for summer toilets. A check for $3000, presented to Miss Gunnybags by her father, has been much admired.

The Carson *Register* says: "One of the prettiest sights the human eye ever rested upon is gold in liquid state." The human eye in this vicinity would be satisfied if it could see any of the metal in a solid state.

NEW MEWSIC.—Kittens.

A Down-Easter lately came to New York, and took lodgings at one of the high houses. Telling the waiter he wished to be called in the morning for the boat, both of them proceeded on their winding way upward, till, having arrived at the eighth flight of stairs, Jonathan caught the arm of his guide, and accosted him thus, "Look here, stranger, if you intend to call me at six o'clock in the morning, you might as well do it now, as 'twill be that time afore I can get down again."

GENERAL COURT.—Waiting on half a dozen girls at the same time.

Deeply were we affected on reading the other day of a young lady who, being told that her lover had been suddenly killed, cried, "Oh, that splendid gold watch of his! Give me that—give me something to remember him by." Touching simplicity!

"An attorney," said Sterne, "is the same thing to a barrister that an apothecary is to a physician, with this difference, that your attorney does not deal in scruples."

THE MAN WHO SLIPPED UP ON AN "ORANGE"-PEEL.

MAYOR HALL "LEGALLY ADVISED."—(See "*General Order, No. 57.*")

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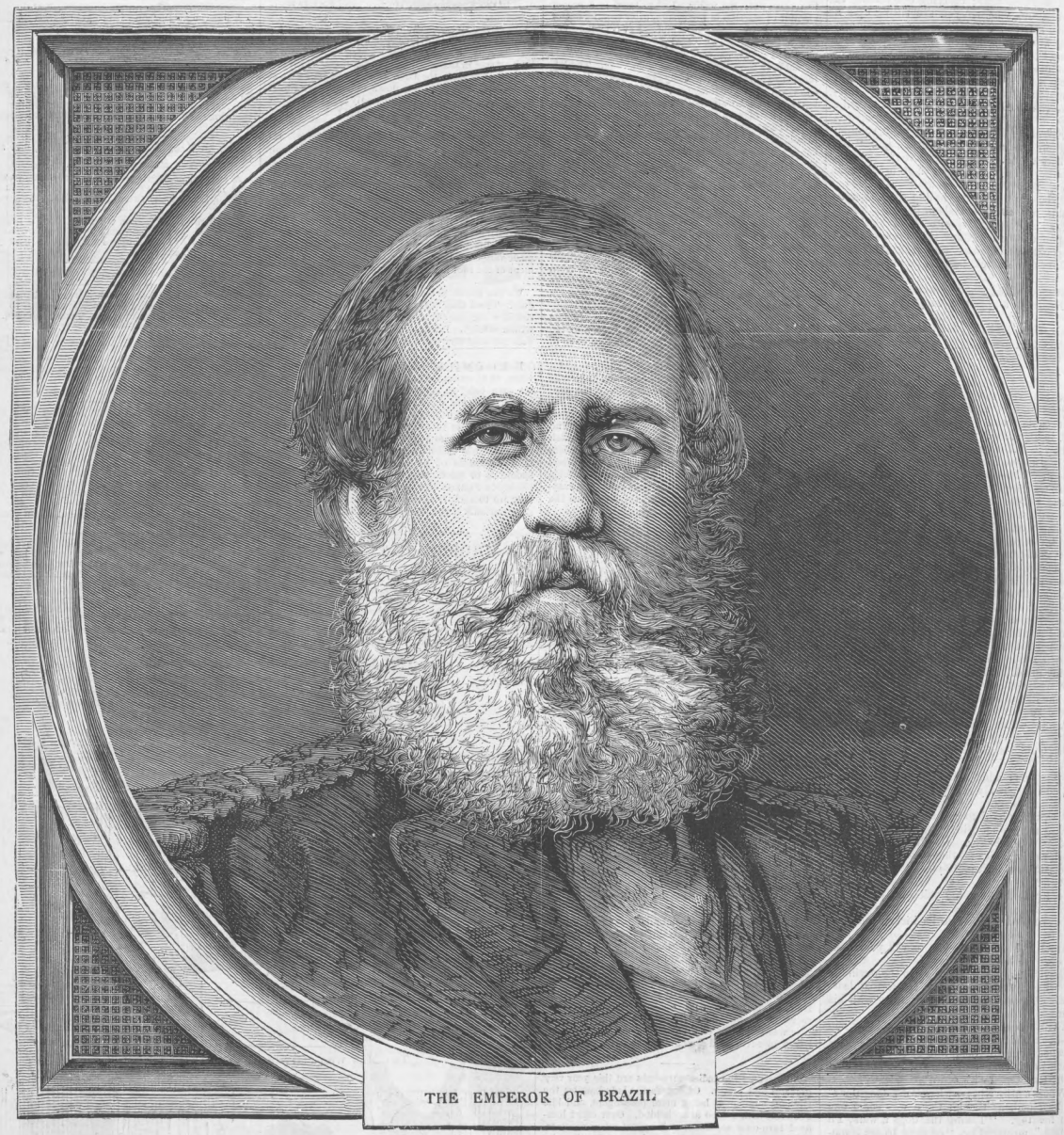
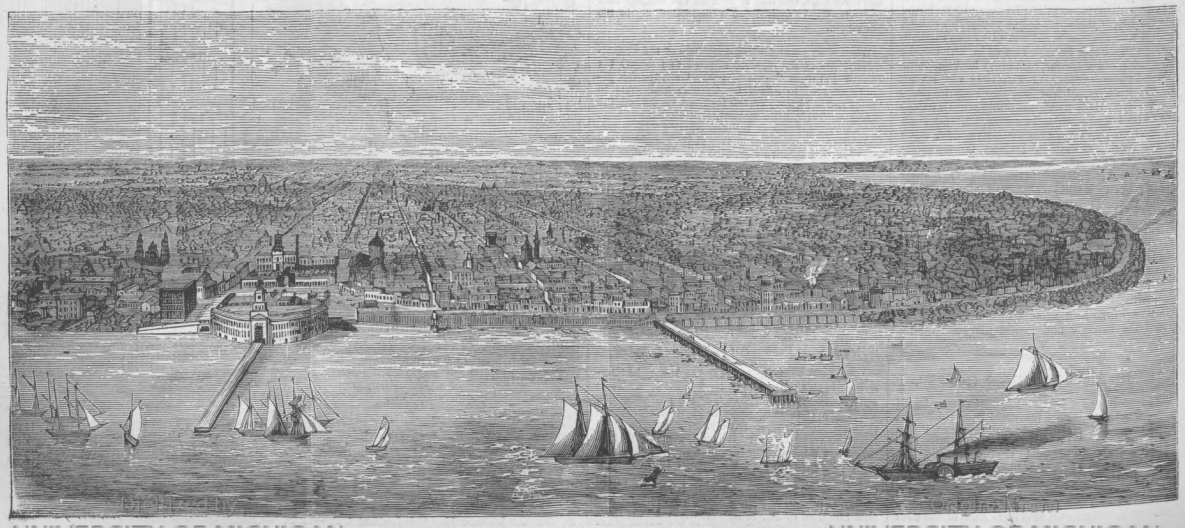


THE EMPEROR OF BRAZIL.



THE CITY OF BUENOS AYRES.—[SEE PAGE 702.]

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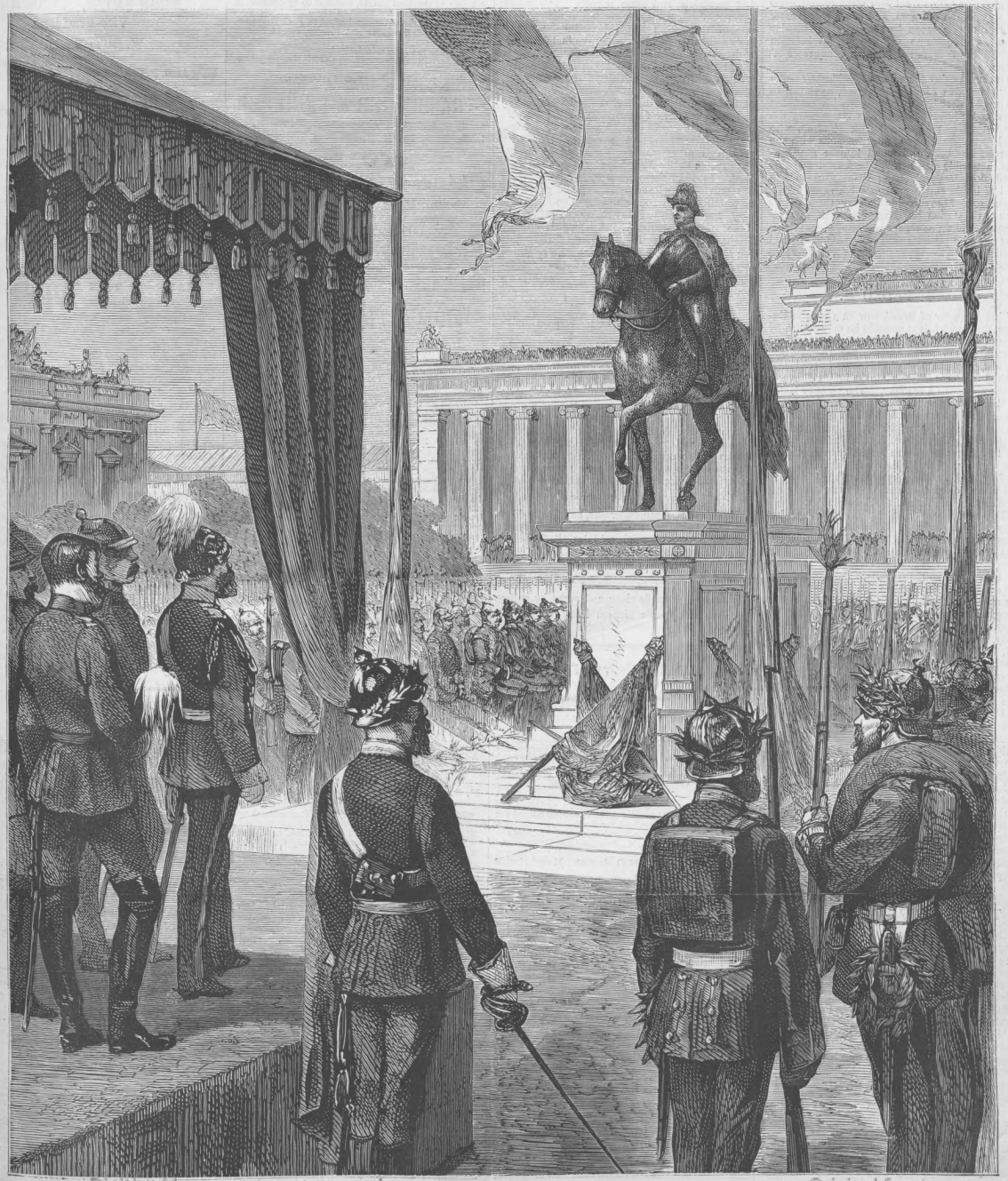
THE BERLIN FESTIVITIES—CAPTURED CANNON IN UNTER DEN LINDEN.—[SEE PAGE 702.]



THE BERLIN FESTIVITIES—UNVEILING THE STATUE OF FREDERICK WILLIAM III.—[SEE PAGE 702.]

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THE BERLIN FESTIVITIES.

THE crowning event in the triumph at Berlin on the 16th of June was the unveiling of the statue of FREDERICK WILLIAM III., of which we give an illustration on page 701. The statue stands in the middle of the Lust Garten, and is in bronze—bright golden bronze, such as made the statues at Munich so renowned when new. The inauguration ceremony was most imposing. A tent had been erected for the Empress and the ladies of the royal party, while round the statue were grouped the municipal authorities in their state uniforms, the Domchor in their red robes, and innumerable detachments of guards, cuirassiers, hussars, and Uhlans. No sooner does the Emperor drive up than the Domchor strikes up a choral which had been especially composed for the occasion. A benediction is then given by the presiding clergyman, Field-Chaplain THIELEN, Prince BISMARCK whispers a few words to the Emperor, a gesture of assent is given, and the curtain drops from the monument. A salvo of a hundred and one guns is then fired, and the bands burst forth into "Heil dir im Siegeskranz."

The Emperor then salutes the statue with his sword—an example followed by the officers present—then rides round it, speaking to several of the officials on his way, and notably to VON REITZENSTEIN and VON BONIN, two of the surviving officers of FREDERICK WILLIAM III. Numbers of veteran soldiers were posted upon the steps of the Museum, and lent a still greater interest to the scene by showing the singular contrasts in costume and decorations between the victors of Waterloo and the conquerors of Sedan.

During the day the whole magnificent avenue of "Unter den Linden" was lined, as shown in the upper sketch on page 701, with captured guns and mitrailleuses. The latter were the especial delight of the Berlin children, who would examine these singular weapons with the greatest curiosity, and found intense gratification in turning the handles backward and forward, doubtlessly fancying themselves in the field of battle mowing down thick ranks of the *Franzosen*. Many would climb over them, others took their station on them to view the coming pageant, while a newspaper correspondent relates how one enterprising youth even essayed to stand on his head on the upper surface of a mitrailleuse barrel.

DOM PEDRO II.

THE Emperor of Brazil, now on a visit to Europe, from which it is possible he may return by way of the United States, was born the 2d of December, 1825. His grandfather, Dom PEDRO I., abdicated the throne in his favor in 1831, and retired to Portugal, leaving the infant Emperor in the charge of a regency. The regency lasted in Brazil until the 3d of July, 1840, when it was terminated by popular desire, and Dom PEDRO II., at the early age of fifteen, assumed the task of governing the empire, for the duties of which he had fortunately been carefully educated by the regency. His Majesty was crowned at Rio in July, 1841, and in September, 1843, married there the Princess TERESA CHRISTINA, daughter of FRANCIS I., King of the Two Sicilies.

Two sons were the issue of this marriage, but they died in infancy. There were also two daughters. The eldest, the Princess Imperial and heiress-presumptive, Doña ISABEL, born July 29, 1844, was married on October 15, 1864, to Prince GASTON d'Orleans, Comte d'Eu, eldest son of the Duc de Nemours and the Princess VICTORIA, of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. The second daughter, Doña LEOPOLDINA, who died at Vienna on the 7th of February last, was born on July 13, 1847, and was married on December 15, 1864, to Prince AUGUSTUS of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, whose mother was the Princess CLEMENTINE d'Orleans. This princess left four sons, on whom will descend the imperial crown should the Imperial Princess continue to be childless.

Dom PEDRO is an expert horseman, and delights in athletic exercises. When at Rio he is constantly in public, receives twice a week his subjects and foreigners, is very courteous in his answers, and writes and speaks fluently English, French, German, Spanish, and Italian. He is strongly attached to literature, and liberally patronizes industrial enterprises by encouraging public works, and perfecting the navigation of rivers. But his chief title to esteem is derived from his suppression of the slave-trade, which he chiefly accomplished by attracting European colonists to Brazil, and thus inducing the planters to prefer free to slave labor.

THE CITY OF BUENOS AYRES.

NATURE is very merciful and long-suffering; but if her laws are systematically violated, she is apt to take a terrible revenge. A notable example of this truth has recently occurred in South America. Trusting to the healthiness of their climate, the inhabitants of the metropolis of the Argentine Republic totally neglected the drainage of their city. By degrees the soil on which the houses were built became no better than one vast cess-pool. A dreadful pestilence was the result, which has caused a frightful destruction of human life, and has materially retarded the prosperity of a rapidly improving country.

The Argentine Republic contains fourteen provinces, with an area amounting to 1,200,000 square miles. The government is republican, and is modeled on our own. There is a President, elected for six years; two chambers, the Senators and the Deputies; and each province has also its own Governor and Legislature. The established religion is Roman Catholic, but full toleration, under the treaty of 1825, is accorded to other creeds.

The city of Buenos Ayres, which, before the pestilence, possessed about 180,000 inhabitants, is situated in south latitude 34° 29', near the mouth of the great river La Plata. It covers a superficies of about 2000 acres. The streets, which intersect each other at right angles, are only thirty-six feet wide, carriages and carts being almost unknown in the time of the early Spaniards. The old houses are only one story high, but of late years many splendid houses of three or four stories have been built. The streets are badly paved, and the sidewalks narrow and irregular, while, owing to the want of drainage, the streets were frequently flooded during heavy rains. There is a good supply of gas and water, and numerous street railroads. The Protestant population amounted to 12,000 persons, chiefly English, Scotch, German, and American. Public buildings are numerous. Besides the cathedral there are fifteen churches, six chapels of ease, and four Protestant churches. Buenos Ayres is well supplied with hospitals, while the Beneficent Society, founded by some charitable ladies in 1823, has established seventy female free schools in town and country. There is also a very interesting museum, containing one of the richest collections of antediluvian fossil remains in the world. There is a university, national college, and two city model schools, while in the city and province there are 142 municipal and state schools. The public squares of Buenos Ayres are ten in number; in one of these—the Plaza Constitucion, which covers about twenty acres—all the bullock-carts, with the wool and hides from the south, encamp. There are six market-places within the city, well supplied with provisions, three theatres, several clubs for the convenience of the several nationalities, and a number of good hotels.

The prosperity of Buenos Ayres is founded chiefly on the export of wool and hides. Sheep-farming has increased wonderfully. Thirty years ago there were very few sheep in the country, and they were kept by the natives for food. In 1852 there were 4,500,000 sheep in the province of Buenos Ayres; last year they had multiplied to 100,000,000. The climate is very healthy and exhilarating. During the three winter months the weather is usually bright and fair, with frequent night frosts; during the summer the heat seldom lasts long, being relieved by pamperos, or "southerly busters," which are accompanied by floods of rain and a great fall of temperature.

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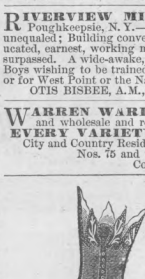

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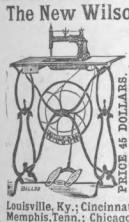

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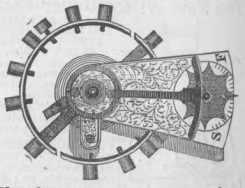

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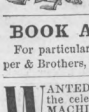

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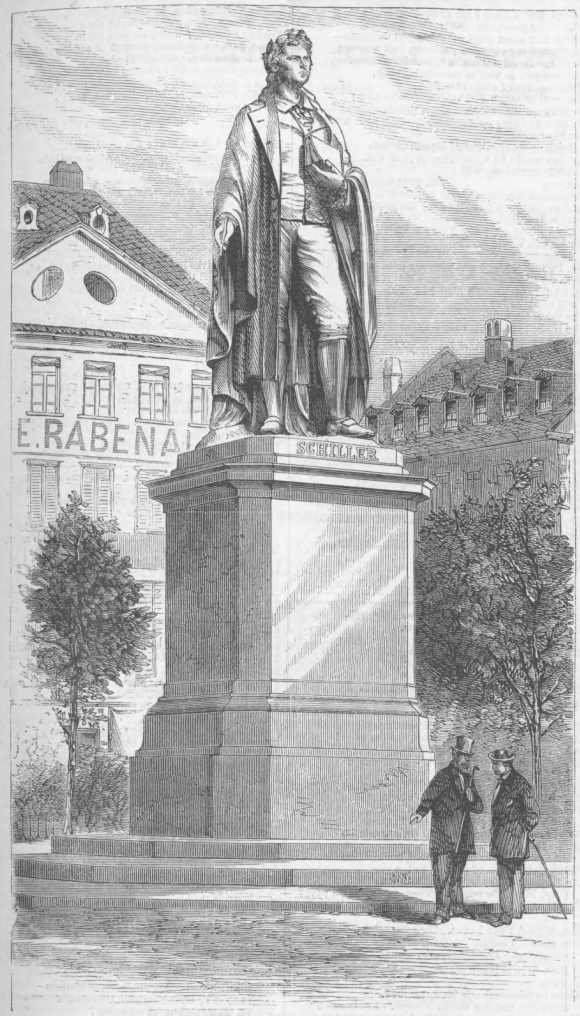
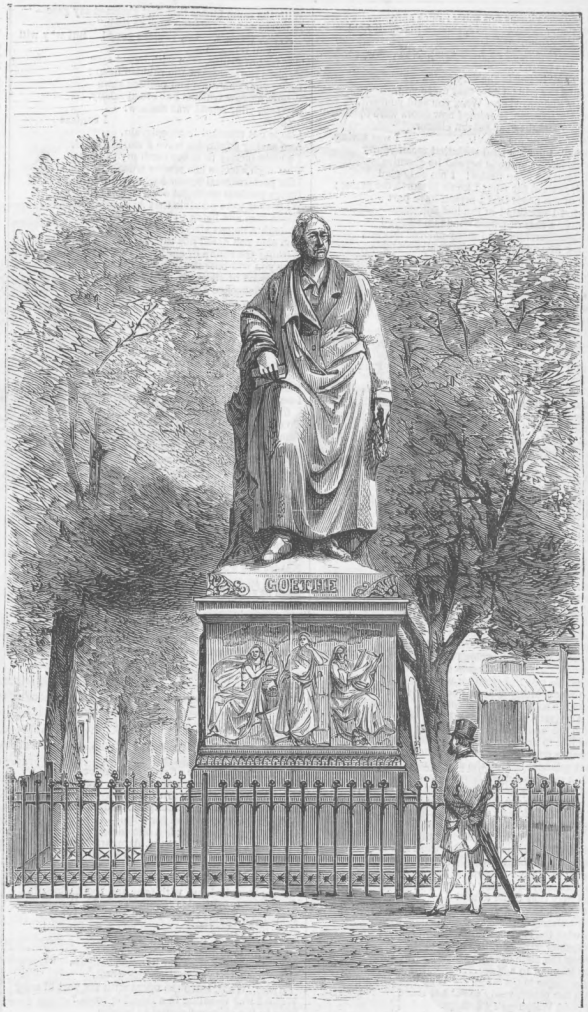


STATUE OF SCHILLER IN FRANKFORT.



STATUE OF GOETHE IN FRANKFORT.

GOETHE AND SCHILLER.

In the ancient and picturesque city of Frankfort-on-the-Main, the once imperial city of Germany, the admirers of these eminent German poets have erected to their memory the statues of which the above engravings are accurate representations. That of GOETHE stands in a shaded little park opposite the theatre. The pedestal which supports the statue is adorned with artistic bass-reliefs on each of the four sides: those in front emblematical of Poetry, Comedy, and Tragedy; those on the other three sides characters from "Faust," "Hermann and Dorothea," and others of his great poems. On the pedestal stands a colossal statue of the poet, holding in one hand a scroll, in the other a wreath of laurel. Frankfort was the birth-place of GOETHE. The house in which he was born is still standing in the Hirschgraben, and has his father's coat of arms—three lyres—over the door.

The statue to SCHILLER was erected in 1864, on Schiller Platz. It is a magnificent work in bronze, standing on a plain and unadorned pedestal of polished granite, which is said to be the largest single block of that material ever applied to such a purpose. The figure, like that of GOETHE, is of colossal size, and represents the poet in a standing position, crowned with laurel, and holding a book in his hand. As will be seen from the engraving, it stands considerably higher than the statue of the elder and greater poet, owing to the height of the pedestal, although in many respects inferior as a work of art. The only inscription is the poet's name in large raised letters on the bronze hose of the statue. The artist probably thought that SCHILLER, the most widely read and best loved of all German poets, needed no other.

ARMGART.

By GEORGE ELIOT.

SCENE I. *A salon lit with lamps and ornamented with green plants. An open piano, with many scattered sheets of music. Bronze busts of Beethoven and Glück on pillars opposite each other. A small table spread with supper.* To FRAULEIN WALPURGA, *who advances with a slight lameness of gait from an adjoining room, enters* GRAF DORNBERG *at the opposite door in a traveling dress.*

Graf. Good-evening, Fräulein!

Walp. What, so soon returned?
I feared your mission kept you still at Prague.

Graf. But now arrived! You see my traveling dress.
I hurried from the panting, roaring steam
Like any courier of embassy
Who hides the fiends of war within his bag.

Walp. You know that Armgart sings to-night?

Graf. Has sung!
'Tis close on half past nine. The *Orpheus*
Lasts not so long. Her spirits—were they high?
Was Leo confident?

Walp. He only feared
Some tameness at beginning. Let the house
Once ring, he said, with plaudits, she is safe.

Graf. And Armgart?

Walp. She was stiller than her wont.
But once, at some such trivial word of mine
As that the highest prize might yet be won
By her who took the second—she was roused.
"For me," she said, "I triumph or I fall.
I never strove for any second prize."

Graf. Poor human-hearted singing-bird! She bears
Cæsar's ambition in her delicate breast,
And naught to still it with but quivering song!

Walp. I had not for the world been there to-night:
Unreasonable dread oft chills me more
Than any reasonable hope can warm.

Graf. You have a rare affection for your cousin;
As tender as a sister's.

Walp. Nay, I fear
My love is little more than what I felt
For happy stories when I was a child.
She fills my life, that would be empty else,
And lifts my naught to value by her side.

Graf. She is reason good enough, or seems to be,
Why all were born whose being ministers
To her completeness. Is it most her voice
Subdues us? or her instinct exquisite,
Informing each old strain with some new grace
Which takes our sense like any natural good?
Or most her spiritual energy
That sweeps us in the current of her song?

Walp. I know not. Losing either, we should lose
That whole we call our Armgart. For herself,
She often wonders what her life had been
Without that voice for channel to her soul.
She says it must have leaped through all her limbs—
Made her a Mænad—made her snatch a brand
And fire some forest, that her rage might mount
In crashing, roaring flames through half a land,
Leaving her still and patient for a while.
"Poor wretch!" she says, of any murderess—
"The world was cruel, and she could not sing:
I carry my revenges in my throat;
I love in singing, and am loved again."

Graf. Mere mood! I can not yet believe it more.
Too much ambition has unwomaned her;
But only for a while. Her nature hides
One-half its treasures by its very wealth,
Taxing the hours to show it.

Walp. Hark! she comes.

Enter LEO *with a wreath in his hand, holding the door open for* ARMGART, *who wears a furred mantle and hood. She is followed by her maid, carrying an armful of bouquets.*

Leo. Place for the queen of song!

Graf (*advancing toward* ARMGART, *who throws off her hood and mantle, and shows a star of brilliants in her hair*). A triumph, then.
You will not be a niggard of your joy
And chide the eagerness that came to share it.

Armg. Oh, kind! you hastened your return for me.
I would you had been there to hear me sing!
Walpurga, kiss me: never tremble more
Lest Armgart's wing should fail her. She has found
This night the region where her rapture breathes—
Pouring her passion on the air made live
With human heart-throbs. Tell them, Leo, tell them
How I outsang your hope and made you cry
Because Glück could not hear me. That was folly!
He sang, not listened: every linked note
Was his immortal pulse that stirred in mine,
And all my gladness is but part of him.
Give me the wreath. (*She crowns the bust of* GLÜCK.)

Leo (*sardonically*). Ay, ay, but mark you this:
It was not part of him—that trill you made
In spite of me and reason!

Armg. You were wrong—
Dear Leo, you were wrong—the house was held
As if a storm were listening with delight
And hushed its thunder.

Leo. Will you ask the house
To teach you singing? Quit your *Orpheus*, then,
And sing in farces grown to operas,
Where all the prurience of the full-fed mob
Is tickled with melodic impudence:
Jerk forth burlesque bravuras, square your arms
Akimbo with a tavern wench's grace,
And set the splendid compass of your voice
To lyric jigs. Go to! I thought you meant
To be an artist—lift your audience
To see your vision, not trick forth a show
To please the grossest taste of grossest numbers.

Armg. (*taking up* LEO'S *hand and kissing it*).
Pardon, good Leo, I am penitent.
I will do penance: sing a hundred trills
Into a deep-dug grave, then burying them
As one did Midas' secret, rid myself
Of naughty exultation. Oh, I trilled
At nature's prompting, like the nightingales.
Go scold them, dearest Leo.

Leo. I stop my ears.
Nature in Glück inspiring Orpheus
Has done with nightingales. Are bird-beaks lips?

Graf. Truce to rebukes! Tell us—who were not there—
The double drama: how the expectant house
Took the first notes.

Walp. (*turning from her occupation of decking the room with the flowers*).
Yes, tell us all, dear Armgart.
Did you feel tremors? Leo, how did she look?
Was there a cheer to greet her?

Leo. Not a sound.
She walked like Orpheus in his solitude,
And seemed to see naught but what no man saw.
'Twas famous. Not the Schroeder-Devrie
Had done it better. But your blessed pit
Had never any judgment in cold blood—
Thinks all perhaps were better otherwise,
Till rapture brings a reason.

Armg. (*scornfully*). I knew that!
The women whispered, "Not a pretty face!"
The men, "Well, well, a goodly length of limb:
She bears the chiton."—It were all the same
Were I the Virgin Mother, and my stage
The opening heavens at the Judgment-day—
Gossips would peep, jog elbows, rate the price
Of such a woman in the social mart.
What were the drama of the world to them,
Unless they felt the hell-prong?

Leo. Peace, now, peace!
I hate my phrases to be smothered o'er
With sauce of saraphrase, my sober tune
Made bass to rambling trebles, showering down
In endless demi-semi-quavers.

Armg. (*taking a bonbon from the table, uplifting it before putting it into her mouth, and turning away*).
Mum!

Graf. Yes, tell us all the glory, leave the blame.

Walp. You first, dear Leo—what you saw and heard;
Then Armgart—she must tell us what she felt.

Leo. Well! The first notes came clearly firmly forth,
And I was easy, for behind those rills
I knew there was a fountain. I could see
The house was breathing gently, heads were still;
Parrot opinion was struck meekly mute,
And human hearts were swelling. Armgart stood
As if she had been new-created there
And found her voice which found a melody.
The minx! Glück had not written, nor I taught:
Orpheus was Armgart, Armgart Orpheus.
Well, well, all through the *scena* I could feel
The silence tremble now, now poise itself
With added weight of feeling, till at last
Delight o'er-toppled it. The final note
Had happy drowning in the unloosed roar
That surged and ebbed and ever surged again,
Till expectation kept it pent a while
Ere Orpheus returned. Pfui! he was changed:
My demi-god was pale, had downcast eyes
That quivered like a bride's who fain would send
Backward the rising tear.

Armg. (*advancing, but then turning away as if to cheek her speech*). I was a bride,
As nuns are at their spousals.

Leo. Ay, my lady,
That moment will not come again: applause
May come and plenty; but the first, first draught!
(*Snaps his fingers.*
Music has sounds for it—I know no words.
I felt it once myself when they performed
My overture to Sintram. Well! 'tis strange,
We know not pain from pleasure in such joy.

Armg. (*turning quickly*). Oh, pleasure has cramped dwelling in our souls,
And when full being comes must call on pain
To lend it liberal space.

Walp. I hope the house
Kept a reserve of plaudits: I am jealous
Lest they had dulled themselves for coming good
That should have seemed the better and the best.

Leo. Nor 'twas a revel where they had but quaffed
Their opening cup. I think the artist's star,

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His audience keeps not sober: once afire,
They flame toward climax, though his merit hold
But fairly even.
Armg. (*her hand on Leo's arm*). Now, now, confess the truth:
I sang still better to the very end—
All save the trill; I give that up to you,
To bite and growl at. Why, you said yourself,
Each time I sang, it seemed new doors were oped
That you might hear heaven clearer.
Leo (*shaking his finger*). I was raving.
Armg. I am not glad with that mean vanity
Which knows no good beyond its appetite
Full feasting upon praise! I am only glad
Being praised for what I know is worth the praise;
Glad of the proof that I myself have part
In what I worship! at the last applause—
Seeming a roar of tropic winds that tossed
The handkerchiefs and many-colored flowers,
Falling like shattered rainbows all around—
Think you I felt myself a *prima donna?*
No, but a happy spiritual star
Such as old Dante saw, wrought in a rose
Of light in Paradise, whose only self
Was consciousness of glory wide diffused,
Music, life, power—I moving in the midst
With a sublime necessity of good.
Leo (*with a shrug*). I thought it was a *prima donna* came
Within the side-scenes; ay, and she was proud
To find the bouquet from the royal box
Inclosed a jewel-case, and proud to wear
A star of brilliants, quite an earthly star,
Valued by thalers. Come, my lady, own
Ambition has five senses, and a self
That gives it good warm lodging when it sinks
Plump down from ecstasy.
Armg. Own it? Why not?
Am I a sage whose words must fall like seed
Silently buried toward a far-off spring?
I sing to living men, and my effect
Is like the summer's sun, that ripens corn
Or now or never. If the world brings me gifts,
Gold, incense, myrrh—'twill be the needful sign
That I have stirred it as the high year stirs
Before I sink to winter.
Graf. Ecstasies
Are short—most happily! We should but lose
Were Armgart borne too commonly and long
Out of the self that charms us. Could I choose,
She were less apt to soar beyond the reach
Of woman's foibles, innocent vanities,
Fondness for trifles like that pretty star
Twinkling beside her cloud of ebon hair.
Armg. (*taking out the gem and looking at it*).
This little star! I would it were the seed
Of a whole Milky Way, if such bright shimmer
Were the sole speech men told their rapture with
At Armgart's music. Shall I turn aside
From splendors which flash out the glow I make,
And live to make, in all the chosen breasts
Of half a continent? No, may it come,
That splendor! May the day be near when men
Think much to let my horses draw me home,
And new lands welcome me upon their beach,
Loving me for my fame. That is the truth
Of what I wish, nay, yearn for. Shall I lie?
Pretend to seek obscurity—to sing
In hope of disregard? A vile pretense!
And blasphemy besides. For what is fame
But the benignant strength of One, transformed
To joy of Many? Tributes, plaudits come
As necessary breathing of such joy,
And may they come to me!
Graf. The auguries
Point clearly that way. Is it no offense
To wish the eagle's wing may find repose,
As feebler wings do, in a quiet nest?
Or has the taste of fame already turned
The Woman to a Muse....
Leo (*going to the table*). Who needs no supper.
I am her priest, ready to eat her share
Of good Walpurga's offerings.
Walp. Armgart, come.
Graf, will you sit?
Graf. Thanks, I play truant here,
And must retrieve my self-indulged delay.
But will the Muse receive a votary
At any hour to-morrow?
Armg. Any hour
After rehearsal, after twelve at noon.

SCENE II. *The same salon, morning.* ARMGART *seated, in her bonnet and walking dress. The* GRAF *standing near her against the piano.*

Graf. Armgart, to many minds the first success
Is reason for desisting. I have known
A man so various, he tried all arts,
But when in each by turns he had achieved
Just so much mastery as made men say,
"He could be king here if he would," he threw
The lauded skill aside. He hates, said one,
The level of achieved pre-eminence,
He must be conquering still; but others said—
Armg. The truth, I hope: he had a meagre soul,
Holding no depth where love could root itself.
"Could if he would?" True greatness ever wills—
It breathes in wholeness like an unborn child,
And all its strength is knit with constancy.
Graf. He used to say himself he was too sane
To give his life away for excellence
Which yet must stand, an ivory statuette
Wrought to perfection through long lonely years,
Huddled in the mart of mediocrities.
He said, the very finest doing wins
The admiring only; but to leave undone,
Promise and not fulfill, like buried youth,
Wins all the envious, makes them sigh your name
As that fair Absent, blameless Possible,
Which could alone impassion them; and thus
Serene negation has free gift of all,
Panting achievement struggles, is denied,
Or wins to lose again. What say you, Armgart?
Truth has rough flavors if we bite it through;
I think this sarcasm came from out its core
Of bitter irony.
Armg. It is the truth
Mean souls select to feed upon. What then?
Their meanness is a truth, which I will spurn.
The praise I seek lives not in envious breath
Using my name to blight another's deed.
I sing for love of song and that renown
Which is the spreading act, the world-wide share,
Of good that I was born with. Had I failed—
Well, that had been a truth most pitiable.
I can not bear to think what life would be
With high hope shrunk to endurance, stunted aims,
Like broken lances ground to eating-knives,
A self sunk down to look with level eyes
At low achievement, doomed from day to day
To distaste of its consciousness. But I—
Graf. Have won, not lost, in your decisive throw.
And I too glory in this issue; yet
The public verdict has no potency
To sway my judgment of what Armgart is:
My pure delight in her would be but sullied,
If it o'erflowed with mixture of men's praise.
And had she failed, I should have said, "The pearl
Remains a pearl for me, reflects the light
With the same fitness that first charmed my gaze—
Is worth as fine a setting now as then."
Armg. (*rising*). Oh, you are good! But why will you rehearse
The talk of cynics, who with insect eyes
Explore the secrets of the rubbish heap?
I hate your epigrams and pointed saws
Whose narrow truth is but broad falsity.
Confess, your friend was shallow.
Graf. I confess
Life is not rounded in an epigram,
And saying aught, we leave a world unsaid.
I quoted merely to shape forth my thought
That high success has terrors when achieved—
Like preternatural spouses whose dire love
Hangs perilous on slight observances:
Whence it were possible that Armgart crowned
Might turn and listen to a pleading voice,
Though Armgart striving in the race was deaf.
You said you dared not think what life had been
Without the stamp of eminence; have you thought
How you will bear the poise of eminence
With dread of sliding? Paint the future out
As an unchecked and glorious career,
'Twill grow more strenuous by the very love
You bear to excellence, the very fate
Of human powers, which tread at every step
On possible verges.
Armg. I accept the peril.
I choose to walk high with sublimer dread
Rather than crawl in safety. And, besides,
I am an artist as you are a noble:
I ought to bear the burden of my rank.
Graf. Such parallels, dear Armgart, are but snares
To catch the mind with seeming argument—
Small baits of likeness 'mid disparity.
Men rise the higher as their task is high,
The task being well achieved. A woman's rank
Lies in the fullness of her womanhood:
Therein alone she is royal.
Armg. Yes, I know
The oft-taught Gospel: "Woman, thy desire
Shall be that all superlatives on earth
Belong to men, save the one highest kind—
To be a mother. Thou shalt not desire
To do aught best save pure subservience:
Nature has willed it so!" O blessed Nature!
Let her be arbitress; she gave me voice
Such as she only gives a woman child,
Best of its kind, gave me ambition too,
That sense transcendent which can taste the joy
Of swaying multitudes, of being adored
For such achievement, needed excellence,
As man's best art must wait for, or be dumb.
Men did not say, when I had sung last night,
"'Twas good, nay, wonderful, considering
She is a woman"—and then turn to add,
"Tenor or baritone had sung her songs
Better, of course: she's but a woman spoiled."
I beg your pardon, Graf, you said it.
Graf. No!
How should I say it, Armgart? I who own
The magic of your nature-given art
As sweetest effluence of your womanhood
Which, being to my choice the best, must find
The best of utterance. But this I say:
Your fervid youth beguiles you; you mistake
A strain of lyric passion for a life
Which in the spending is a chronicle
With night and pages. Trust me, Armgart, trust me:
Ambition exquisite as yours which soars
Toward something quintessential you call fame,
Is not robust enough for this gross world,
Whose fame is dense with false and foolish breath.
Ardor, atwin with nice refining thought,
Prepares a double pain. Pain had been saved,
Nay, purer glory reached, had you been throned
As woman only, holding all your art
As attribute to that dear sovereignty—
Concentering your power in home delights
Which penetrate and purify the world.
Armg. What, leave the opera with my part ill sung
While I was warbling in a drawing-room?
Sing in the chimney-corner to inspire
My husband reading news? Let the world hear
My music only in his morning speech
Less stammering than most honorable men's?
No! tell me that my song is poor, my art
The piteous feat of weakness aping strength—
That were fit proem to your argument.
Till then I am an artist by my birth—
By the same warrant that I am a woman:
Nay, in the added rarer gift I see
Supreme vocation: if a conflict comes,
Perish—no, not the woman, but the joys
Which men make narrow by their narrowness.
Oh, I am happy! The great masters write
For women's voices, and great Music wants me!
I need not crush myself within a mould
Of theory called Nature: I have room
To breathe and grow unstunted.
Graf. Armgart, hear me.
I meant not that our talk should hurry on
To such collision. Foresight of the ills
Thick shadowing your path drew on my speech
Beyond intention. True, I came to ask
A great renunciation, but not this
Toward which my words at first perversely strayed,
As if in memory of their earlier suit,
Forgetful.....
Armgart, do you remember too? the suit
Had but postponement, was not quite disdained—
Was told to wait and learn—what it has learned—
A more submissive speech.
Armg. (*with some agitation*). Then it forgot
Its lesson cruelly. As I remember,
'Twas not to speak save to the artist crowned,
Nor speak to her of casting off her crown.
Graf. Nor will it, Armgart. I come not to seek
Other renunciation than the wife's,
Which turns away from other possible love
Future and worthier, to take his love
Who asks the name of husband. He who sought
Armgart obscure, and heard her answer, "Wait"—
May come without suspicion now to seek,
Armgart applauded.
Armg. (*turning toward him*). Yes, without suspicion
Of aught save what consists with faithfulness
In all expressed intent. Forgive me, Graf—
I am ungrateful to no soul that loves me—
To you most grateful. Yet the best intent
Grasps but a living present which may grow
Like any unfledged bird. You are a noble,
And have a high career; but now you said
'Twas higher far than aught a woman seeks
Beyond mere womanhood. You claim to be
More than a husband, but could not rejoice
That I were more than wife. What follows, then?
You choosing me with such persistency
As is but stretched-out rashness, soon must find
Our marriage asks concessions, asks resolve
To share renunciation or demand it.
Either we both renounce a mutual ease,
As in a nation's need both man and wife
Do public services, or one of us
Must yield that something else for which each lives
Besides the other. Men are reasoners:
That premise of superior claims perforce
Urges conclusion—"Armgart, it is you."
Graf. But if I say I have considered this
With strict prevision, counted all the cost
Which that great good of loving you demands—
Questioned my stores of patience, half resolved
To live resigned without a bliss whose threat
Touched you as well as me—then finally,
With impetus of undivided will
Returned to say, "You shall be free as now;
Only accept the refuge, shelter, guard,
My love will give your freedom"—then your words
Are hard accusal.
Armg. Well, I accuse myself.
My love would be accomplice of your will.
Graf. Again—my will?
Armg. Oh, your unspoken will.
Your silent tolerance would torture me,
And on that rack I should deny the good
I yet believed in.
Graf. Then I am the man
Whom you would love?
Armg. Whom I refuse to love!
No, I will live alone and pour my pain
With passion into music, where it turns
To what is best within my better self.
I will not take for husband one who deems
The thing my soul acknowledges as good—
The thing I hold worth striving, suffering for,
To be a thing dispensed with easily,
Or else the idol of a mind infirm.
Graf. Armgart, you are ungenerous; you strain
My thought beyond its mark. Our difference
Lies not so deep as love—as union
Through a mysterious fitness that transcends
Formal agreement.
Armg. It lies deep enough
To chafe the union. If many a man
Refrains, degraded, from the utmost right,
Because the pleadings of his wife's small fears
Are little serpents biting at his heel,
How shall a woman keep her steadfastness
Beneath a frost within her husband's eyes
Where coldness scorches? Graf, it is your sorrow
That you love Armgart. Nay, it is her sorrow
That she may not love you.
Graf. Woman, it seems,
Has enviable power to love or not
According to her will.
Armg. She has the will—
I have—who am one woman—not to take
Disloyal pledges that divide her will.
The man who marries me must wed my art—
Honor and cherish it, not tolerate.
Graf. The man is yet to come whose theory
Will weigh as naught with you against his love.
Armg. Whose theory will plead beside his love.
Graf. Himself a singer, then? who knows no life
Out of the opera books, where tenor parts
Are found to suit him?
Armg. You are bitter, Graf.
Forgive me; seek the woman you deserve,
All grace, all goodness, who has not yet found
A meaning in her life, or any end
Beyond fulfilling yours. The type abounds.
Graf. And happily, for the world.
Armg. Yes, happily.
Let it excuse me that my kind is rare:
Commonness is its own security.
Graf. Armgart, I would with all my soul I knew
The man so rare that he could make your life
As woman sweet to you, as artist safe.
Armg. Oh, I can live unmated, but not live
Without the bliss of singing to the world,
And feeling all my world respond to me.
Graf. May it be lasting. Then, we two must part?
Armg. I thank you from my heart for all. Farewell!

SCENE 3.—A YEAR LATER. *The same salon.* WALPURGA *is standing looking toward the window with an air of uneasiness.* DOCTOR GRAHN.

Doct. Where is my patient, Fräulein?
Walp. Fled! escaped!
Gone to rehearsal. Is it dangerous?
Doct. No, no; her throat is cured. I only came
To hear her try her voice. Had she yet sung?
Walp. No; she had meant to wait for you. She said,
"The Doctor has a right to my first song."
Her gratitude was full of little plans,
But all were swept away like gathered flowers
By sudden storm. She saw this opera bill—
It was a wasp to sting her: she turned pale,
Snatched up her hat and mufflers, said in haste,
"I go to Leo—to rehearsal—none
Shall sing Fidelio to-night but me!"
Then rushed down stairs.
Doct. (*looking at his watch*). And this, not long ago?
Walp. Barely an hour.
Doct. I will come again,
Returning from Charlottenburg at one.
Walp. Doctor, I feel a strange presentiment.
Are you quite easy?
Doct. She can take no harm.
'Twas time for her to sing: her throat is well.
It was a fierce attack, and dangerous;
I had to use strong remedies, but—well!
At one, dear Fräulein, we shall meet again.

SCENE 4.—TWO HOURS LATER. WALPURGA *starts up, looking toward the door.* ARMGART *enters, followed by* LEO. *She throws herself on a chair which stands with its back toward the door, speechless, not seeming to see any thing.* WALPURGA *casts a questioning, terrified look at* LEO. *He shrugs his shoulders, and lifts up his hands behind* ARMGART, *who sits like a helpless image, while* WALPURGA *takes off her hat and mantle.*

Walp. Armgart, dear Armgart (*kneeling and taking her hands*), only speak to me,
Your poor Walpurga. Oh, your hands are cold.
Clasp mine, and warm them! I will kiss them warm.
(ARMGART *looks at her an instant, then draws away her hands, and, turning aside, buries her face against the back of the chair,* WALPURGA *rising and standing near.*)

DOCTOR GRAHN *enters.*

Doct. News! stirring news to-day! wonders come thick.
Armg. (*starting up at the first sound of his voice, and speaking vehemently*). Yes, thick, thick, thick! and you have murdered it!
Murdered my voice—poisoned the soul in me,
And kept me living.
You never told me that your cruel cures
Were clogging films—a mouldy, dead'ning blight—
A lava mud to crust and bury me,
Yet hold me living in a deep, deep tomb,
Crying unheard forever! Oh, your cures
Are devils' triumphs: you can rob, maim, slay,
And keep a hell on the other side your cure
Where you can see your victim quivering
Between the teeth of torture—see a soul
Made keen by loss—all anguish with a good
Once known and gone!
(*Turns and sinks back on her chair.*)
Oh, misery, misery!
You might have killed me, might have let me sleep
After my happy day and wake—not here!
In some new unremembered world—not here,
Where all is faded, flat—a feast broke off—
Banners all meaningless—exulting words,
Dull, dull—a drum that lingers in the air
Beating to melody which no man hears.
Doct. (*after a moment's silence*): A sudden check has shaken you, poor child!
All things seem livid, tottering to your sense,
From inward tumult. Stricken by a threat,
You see your terrors only. Tell me, Leo:
'Tis not such utter loss.
[*Leo, with a shrug, goes quietly out.*
The freshest bloom,
Merely, has left the fruit; the fruit itself....
Armg. Is ruined, withered, is a thing to hide
Away from scorn or pity. Oh, you stand
And look compassionate now, but when Death came
With mercy in his hands, you hindered him.
I did not choose to live and have your pity.
You never told me, never gave me choice
To die a singer, lightning-struck, unmaimed,
Or live what you would make me with your cures—
A self accursed with consciousness of change,
A mind that lives in naught but members lopped,
A power turned to pain—as meaningless
As letters fallen asunder that once made
A hymn of rapture. Oh, I had meaning once,
Like day and sweetest air. What am I now?
The milliionth woman in superfluous herds.
Why should I be, do, think? 'Tis thistle-seed,
That grows and grows to feed the rubbish heap.
Leave me alone!
Doct. Well, I will come again;
Send for me when you will, though but to rate me.
That is medicinal—a letting blood.
Armg. Oh, there is one physician, only one,
Who cures and never spoils. Him I shall send for;
He comes readily.
Doct. (*to Walpurga*). One word, dear Fräulein.

SCENE 5.—ARMGART, WALPURGA.

Armg. Walpurga, have you walked this morning?
Walp. No.
Armg. Go, then, and walk; I wish to be alone.
Walp. I will not leave you.
Armg. Will not, at my wish?
Walp. Will not, because you wish it. Say no more,
But take this draught.
Armg. The Doctor gave it you?
It is an anodyne. Put it away.
He cured me of my voice, and now he wants
To cure me of my vision and resolve—
Drug me to sleep that I may wake again
Without a purpose, abject as the rest
To bear the yoke of life. He shall not cheat me
Of that fresh strength which anguish gives the soul,
The inspiration of revolt, ere rage
Slackens to faltering. Now I see the truth.
Walp. (*setting down the glass*). Then you must see a future in your reach
With happiness enough to make a dower
For two of modest claims.
Armg. Oh, you intone
That chant of consolation wherewith ease
Makes itself easier in the sight of pain.
Walp. No; I would not console you, but rebuke.
Armg. That is more bearable. Forgive me, dear.
Say what you will. But now I want to write.
[*She rises and moves toward a table.*
Walp. I say, then, you are simply fevered, mad;
You cry aloud at horrors that would vanish
If you would change the light, throw into shade
The loss you aggrandize, and let day fall
On good remaining, nay, on good refused
Which may be gain now. Did you not reject
A woman's lot more brilliant, as some held,
Than any singer's? It may still be yours.
Graf Dornberg loved you well.
Armg. Not me, not me.
He loved one well who was like me in all
Save in a voice which made that All unlike
As diamond is to charcoal. Oh, a man's love!
Think you he loves a woman's inner self
Aching with loss of loveliness?—as mothers
Cleave to the palpitating pain that dwells
Within their misformed offspring?
Walp. But the Graf
Chose you as simple Armgart—had preferred
That you should never seek for any fame
But such as matrons have who rear great sons.
And therefore you rejected him; but now—
Armg. Ay, now—now he would see me as I am,
[*She takes up a hand-mirror.*
Russet and songless as a missel-thrush.
An ordinary girl—a plain brown girl,
Who, if some meaning flash from out her words,
Shocks as a disproportioned thing—a Will
That, like an arm astretch and broken off,
Has naught to hurl—the torso of a soul.
I sang him into love of me: my song
Was consecration, lifted me apart
From the crowd chiseled like me, sister forms,
But empty of divineness. Nay, my charm
Was half that I could win fame yet renounce!
A wife with glory possible absorbed
Into her husband's actual.
Walp. For shame!
Armgart, you slander him. What would you say
If now he came to you and asked again
That you would be his wife?
Armg. No, and thrice no!
It would be pitying constancy, not love,
That brought him to me now. I will not be
A pensioner in marriage. Sacraments
Are not to feed the paupers of the world.
If he were generous—I am generous too.
Walp. Proud, Armgart, but not generous.
Say no more.
Armg. He will not know until—
Walp. He knows already.
Armg. (*quickly*). Is he come back?
Walp. Yes, and will soon be here.
The Doctor had twice seen him, and would go
From hence again to see him.
Armg. Well, he knows.
It is all one.
Walp. What if he were outside?
I hear a footstep in the anteroom.
Armg. (*raising herself and assuming calmness*).
Why, let him come, of course. I shall behave
Like what I am, a common personage
Who looks for nothing but civility.
I shall not play the fallen heroine,
Assume a tragic part and throw out cues
For a beseeching lover.
Walp. Some one raps.
[*Goes to the door.*
A letter—from the Graf.
Armg. Then open it.
[WALPURGA *still offers it.*
Nay, my head swims. Read it. I can not see.
[WALPURGA *opens it, reads, and pauses.*
Read it. Have done! No matter what it is.
Walp. (*reads in a low, hesitating voice*).
"I am deeply moved—my heart is rent, to hear of your illness and its cruel result, just now communicated to me by Dr. Grahn. But surely it is possible that this result may not be permanent. For youth such as yours, Time may hold in store something more than restoration: who shall say that it does not hold renewal? I have not dared to ask admission to you

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In the hours of a recent shock, but I can not depart on a long mission without tendering my sympathy and my farewell. I start this evening for the Caucasus, and thence I proceed to India, where I am intrusted by the government with business which may be of long duration." [WALPURGA *sits down dejectedly.*

Arng. (*after a slight shudder, bitterly*).
The Graf has much discretion. I am glad.
He spares us both a pain, not seeing me.
What I like least is that consoling hope—
That empty cup, so neatly ciphered "Time,"
Handed me as a cordial for despair.
(*Slowly and dreamily*) Time—what a word to fling as charity!
Bland neutral word for slow, dull-beating pain—
Days, months, and years!—If I would wait for them!
(*She takes up her hat and puts it on, then wraps her mantle round her.* WALPURGA *leaves the room.*)
Why, this is but beginning. (WALP. *re-enters.*) Kiss me, dear.
I am going now—alone—out—for a walk.
Say you will never wound me any more
With such cajolery as nurses use
To patients amorous of a crippled life.
Flatter the blind: I see.
Well, I was wrong.
Walp.
In haste to soothe, I snatched at flickers merely.
Believe me, I will flatter you no more.
Arng. Bear witness, I am calm. I read my lot
As soberly as if it were a tale
Writ by a creeping feuilletonist, and called
"The Woman's Lot: a Tale of Every Day;"
A middling woman's, to impress the world
With high superfluousness; her thoughts a crop
Of chick-weed errors, or of pot-herb facts.
Smiled at like some child's drawing on a slate.
"Genteel?" "Oh yes, gives lessons; not so good
As any man's would be, but cheaper far."
"Pretty?" "No; yet she makes a figure fit
For good society. Poor thing, she sews
Both late and early, turns and alters all
To suit the changing mode. Some widower
Might do well, marrying her; but in these days!....
Well, she can somewhat eke her narrow gains
By writing, just to furnish her with gloves
And droschkies in the rain. They print her things
Often for charity." Oh, a dog's life!
A harnessed dog's, that draws a little cart
Voted a nuisance! I am going now.
Walp. Not now, the door is locked.
Give me the key!
Arng.
Walp. Locked on the outside. Gretchen has the key:
She is gone on errands.
Arng. What, you dare to keep me
Your prisoner?
And have I not been yours?
Walp.
Your wish has been a bolt to keep me in.
Perhaps that middling woman whom you paint
With far-off scorn....
I paint what I must be!
Arng.
What is my soul to me without the voice
That gave it freedom?—gave it one grand touch,
And made it nobly human?—Prisoned now,
Prisoned in all the petty mimicries
Called woman's knowledge, that will fit the world
As doll-clothes fit a man. I can do naught
Better than what a million women do—
Must drudge among the crowd, and feel my life
Beating upon the world without response,
Beating with passion through an insect's horn
That moves a millet-seed laboriously.
If I *would* do it!
Walp. (*coldly*). And why should you not?
Arng. (*turning quickly*). Because Heaven made me royal—wrought me out
With subtle finish toward pre-eminence,
Made every channel of my soul converge
To one high function, and then flung me down,
That breaking I might turn to subtlest pain.
An inborn passion gives a rebel's right:
I would rebel and die in twenty worlds
Sooner than bear the yoke of thwarted life,
Each keenest sense turned into keen distaste,
Hunger not satisfied, but kept alive,
Breathing in langnor half a century.
All the world now is but a rack of threads
To twist and dwarf me into pettiness
And basely feigned content, the placid mask
Of women's misery.
Walp. (*indignantly*). Ay, such a mask
As the few born like you to easy joy,
Cradled in privilege, take for natural
On all the lowly faces that must look
Upward to you! What revelation now
Shows you the mask, or gives presentiment
Of sadness hidden? You who every day
These five years saw me limp to wait on you,
And thought the order perfect which gave *me*,
The girl without pretension to be aught,
A splendid cousin for my happiness:
To watch the night through when her brain was fired
With too much gladness—listen, always listen
To what *she* felt, who having power had right
To feel exorbitantly, and submerge
The souls around her with the poured-out flood
Of what must be ere she was satisfied!
That was feigned patience, was it? Why not love,
Love nurtured even with that strength of self
Which found no room save in another's life?
Oh, such as I know joy by negatives,
And all their deepest passion is a pang
Till they accept their pauper's heritage,
And meekly live from out the general store
Of joy they were born stripped of. I accept—
Nay, now would sooner choose it than the wealth
Of natures you call royal, who can live
In mere mock knowledge of their fellows' woe,
Thinking their smiles may heal it.
Nay, Walpurga,
Arng. (*tremulously*).
I did not make a palace of my joy
To shut the world's truth from me. All my good
Was that I touched the world and made a part
In the world's dower of beauty, strength, and bliss;
It was the glimpse of consciousness divine
Which pours out day and sees the day is good.
Now I am fallen dark; I sit in gloom,
Remembering bitterly. Yet you speak truth;
I wearied you, it seems; took all your help
As cushioned nobles use a weary serf,
Not looking at his face.
Oh, but I stand
Walp.
As a small symbol for a mighty sum—
The sum of claims unpaid for myriad lives.
I think you never set your loss beside
That mighty deficit. Is your work gone—
The prouder queenly work that paid itself,
And yet was overpaid with men's applause—
Are you no longer chartered, privileged,
But sunk to simple woman's pennyry,
To ruthless Nature's chary average—
Where is the rebel's right for you alone?
Noble rebellion lifts a common load;
But what is he who flings his own load off
And leaves his fellows toiling? Rebel's right?
Say, rather, the deserter's.—Oh, you smiled
From your clear height on all the million lots
Which yet you brand as abject.

Arng. I was blind
With too much happiness: true vision comes
Only, it seems, with sorrow. Were there one
This moment near me suffering what I feel,
And needing me for comfort in her pang—
Then it were worth the while to live; not else.
Walp. One—near you—why, they throng! you hardly stir
But your act touches them. We touch afar.
For did not swarthy slaves of yesterday
Leap in their bondage at the Hebrews' flight,
Which touched them through the thrice millennial dark?
But you can find the sufferer you need
With touch less subtle.
Arng. Who has need of me?
Walp. Love finds the need it fills. But you are hard.
Arng. Is it not you, Walpurga, who are hard?
You humored all my wishes till to-day,
When fate has blighted me.
Walp. You would not hear
The "chant of consolation;" words of hope
Only imbittered you. Then hear the truth—
A lame girl's truth, whom no one ever praised
For being cheerful. "It is well," they said:
"Were she cross-grained she would not be endured."
A word of truth from her had startled you;
But you—you claimed the universe; naught less
Than all existence working in sure tracks
Toward your supremacy. The wheels might scathe
A myriad destinies—nay, must perforce;
But yours they must keep clear of; just for you
The seething atoms through the firmament
Must bear a human heart—which you had not!
For what is it to you that women, men,
Plod, faint, are weary, and espouse despair
Of aught but fellowship? Save that you spurn
To be among them? Now, then, you are lame—
Maimed, as you said, and leveled with the crowd:
Call it new birth—birth from that monstrous Self
Which, smiling down upon a race oppressed,
Says, "All is good, for I am throned at ease."
Dear Armgart—nay, you tremble—I am cruel.
Arng. Oh no! hark! Some one knocks. Come in!

(*Enter* LEO.)

Leo. See, Gretchen let me in. I could not rest
Longer away from you.
Arng. Sit down, dear Leo.
Walpurga, I would speak with him alone.
[*Walpurga goes out.*
Leo (*hesitatingly*). You mean to walk?
Arng. No, I shall stay within.
[*She takes off her hat and mantle, and sits down immediately. After a pause, speaking in a subdued tone to* LEO.]
How old are you?
Leo. Threescore and five.
Arng. That's old.
I never thought till now how you have lived.
They hardly ever play your music?
Leo (*raising his eyebrows and throwing out his lip*). No!
Schubert, too, wrote for silence: half his work
Lay like frozen Rhine till a summer came
That warmed the grass above him. Even so!
His music lives now with a mighty youth.
Arng. Do you think yours will live when you are dead?
Leo. Pfui! The time was, I drank that home-brewed wine
And found it heady, while my blood was young:
Now it scarce warms me. Tippie it as I may,
I am sober still, and say: "My old friend Leo,
Much grain is wasted in the world and rots;
Why not thy handful?"
Arng. Strange! since I have known you
Till now I never wondered how you lived.
When I sang well—that was your jubilee.
But you were old already.
Leo. Yes, child, yes:
Youth thinks itself the goal of each old life;
Age has but traveled from a far-off time
Just to be ready for youth's service. Well!
It was my chief delight to perfect you.
Arng. Good Leo! You have lived on little joys.
But your delight in me is crushed forever.
Your pains, where are they now? They shaped intent
Which action frustrates; shaped an inward sense
Which is but keen despair, the agony
Of highest vision in the lowest pit.
Leo. Nay, nay, I have a thought: keep to the stage,
To drama without song; for you can act—
Who knows how well, when all the soul is poured
Into that sluice alone?
Arng. I know, and you:
The second or third best in tragedies
That cease to touch the fibre of the time.
No; song is gone, but nature's other gift,
Self-judgment, is not gone. Song was my speech,
And with its impulse only action came:
Song was the battle's onset, when cool purpose
Glows into rage, becomes a warring god,
And moves the limbs with miracle. But now—
Oh, I should stand hemmed in with thoughts and rules—
Say "This way passion acts," yet never feel
The might of passion. How should I declaim?
As monsters write with feet instead of hands.
I will not feed on doing great tasks ill,
Dull the world's sense with mediocrity,
And live by trash that smothers excellence.
One gift I had that ranked me with the best—
The secret of my frame—and that is gone.
For all life now I am a broken thing.
But silence there! Leo advise me now.
I would take humble work and do it well—
Teach music, singing, what I can—not here,
But in some smaller town where I may bring
The method you have taught me, pass your gift
To others who can use it for delight.
You think I can do that?
[*She pauses with a sob in her voice.*
Leo. Yes, yes, dear child!
And it were well, perhaps, to change the place,
Begin afresh as I did when I left
Vienna with a heart half broken.
Arng. (*roused by surprise*). You?
Leo. Well, it is long ago. But I had lost—
No matter! We must bury our dead joys
And live above them with a living world.
But whither, think you, you would like to go?
Arng. To Freiburg.
Leo. In the Breisgau? And why there?
It is too small.
Arng. Walpurga was born there,
And loves the place. She quitted it for me
These five years past. Now I will take her there.
Dear LEO, I will bury my dead joy.
Leo. Mothers do so, bereaved; then learn to love
Another's living child.
Arng. Oh, it is hard
To take the little corpse, and lay it low,
And say, "None misses it but me."—She sings—
I mean Paulina sings Fidelio,
And they will welcome her to-night.
Leo. Well, well,
'Tis better that our griefs should not spread far.

August, 1870.

MEMORIES OF DISTINGUISHED AUTHORS.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

BY G. POMEROY KEESE.

ONE bright October afternoon eighty years ago, as the sun was drawing lengthened shadows over the landscape, bathing in rich autumnal light the hills which surround the limpid waters of Otsego Lake, came around the base of "Mount Vision" a lumbering family coach, bearing, with its attendant vehicles, the founder of Cooperstown and his household to their new home. All the glorious beauties of the changing foliage, which have since charmed so many thousands who have visited this still rural retreat, were in their virgin splendor; and as the new-comers looked upon the scene, and beheld in the reflection of the lake below the dark shades of the evergreens contrasted with the gold and crimson hues of the maple and the beech, they must have been sadly insensible to the chief attraction of their future abode if they failed to see in it one of the most perfect combinations of hill and valley, lake and forest, which the hand of painter could portray.

The party, numbering fifteen in all with the family and domestics, was an imposing cavalcade in this primitive region just emerging from the wilderness. And as these "pioneers" in this then Western world approached the embryo village, the youngest member of the party, the subject of this sketch, then an infant of a year old, awoke from his afternoon nap, and, raising his head above his blanket, peered out upon the scene around him. As little recked he then of the future, and of the romantic and traditional associations which his pen was destined to weave around all this region, as the eaglet, when he first opens his eyes in his nest in the pine-tree, that he shall ever soar to meet the sun.

The pilgrimage, of which this afternoon journey was the conclusion, had taken two long and steady weeks of travel; and as the party left their former home in Burlington, New Jersey, and severed all the connection which bound them to a residence in the midst of the civilization and refinement of the early days of the republic, they doubtless felt that they were far more the pioneers in a new and untried venture than many an emigrant now feels when he starts for the most distant valleys of Montana.

The journey, which can now be made between sun and sun, was indeed a pilgrimage. At first, leading them through fields so recently made historic by the stirring scenes of the Revolution, and along the valley of the Hudson, it brought them into the mystic region of Sleepy Hollow—a locality then unknown, but which another of America's favorite authors was destined to make the rival of Otsego Lake in that magnetic attraction by which the writer, while he but speaks to us in fable, yet stamps upon a scene such an impress of reality that it requires but the deepening shades of night while passing over the bridge of the "Pocantico" to see Ichabod Crane pursued by the headless horseman; or, while rowing in the evening twilight under the overhanging branches of the trees which gather around the outlet of the "Glimmerglass," to quicken our stroke lest some stealthy Indian should drop into our boat from the trees above. Passing northward, under the shadow of the Catskills, they came at length to Albany, not then the capital of the State, and hardly above a village in population. Here they leave the line of travel and of civilization, and, entering into a sparsely settled district, they begin their experience of border life in the forest roads and wooded country, where a journey after nightfall would quicken the pulse of the stouter hearts in the party, and arouse the fears of the weaker sex. Reaching Cherry Valley, the story of the Indian massacre is still fresh in the memories of its inhabitants, and the party listen to the tale as told to them, and grasp their rifles with a firmer hand as they once more move into the forest on the last stage of their journey toward their new home. With the fading sunlight our travelers passed along the western slope of Mount Vision, and, as they paused to take a view of the lake, they saw a deer come out of the forest and drink of its waters. Soon they crossed the Susquehanna at its source, the outlet of Otsego Lake, and entered the confines of the village named after its founder—Cooperstown. The whole population of the place—thirty-five in all—were drawn up to receive the "lord of the manor," who, from henceforth, as the first judge of the county and its largest landed proprietor, became the leading spirit in all that region. As his dwelling was well known as the "Manor House," and was, for a long time, the largest private residence in that part of the State, we may be pardoned for giving him a title which our fierce Democracy now repudiates.

Thus our author entered upon the first new scene of his life, and into a region which was destined to be the home of his childhood, his residence for many years in later life, and his last resting-place. Few localities in this country, not connected with great events, have so felt the power of a writer's pen; and the points and bays of Otsego Lake become to the readers of the "Pioneers" and the "Deerslayer" the veritable scenes of "Natty Bumppo's" greatest triumphs, and the rocks upon the hill-side seem yet to echo to the war-whoop of the "cursed Mingoes."

William Cooper, the father of our author, made his first visit to Otsego Lake in the autumn of 1785, and, having become the possessor of large landed estates in the vicinity, he decided to make it his future home. He was a man of great energy of character, kind and benevolent to his dependents, of liberal and enlightened views, and well adapted to his changed position in life as the founder and builder-up of a new community. As we shall not have occasion to mention him again in this sketch, we will give one or two characteristic incidents, as they developed traits which were especially noticeable in his son James, the subject of this article.

A fondness for manly sports, and an open-hearted, generous disposition, found an illustration in the case of a tenant who came to him pleading sickness as an excuse for inability to pay his rent. "Well," said the Judge, "you look strong and healthy now. I'll wrestle with you in public for a wager. If you throw me, I'll give you a deed of your farm; if I throw you, you lose the offer." The village worthies crowded around to witness so novel a contest, and the Judge, perhaps willingly defeated, soon found himself on his back, calling out as he fell, "The farm is yours."

A love of the humorous, and a strong relish for a good joke or a comical incident, were marked features of Mr. Fenimore Cooper's character; and we can well imagine that as he related the following adventure of the luckless Frenchman, he enjoyed the story at second-hand quite as much as his father, the Judge, and his companions did the original occurrence.

"In the course of the winter of 1789–90, during one of the periodical visits of Colonel Frey, a large lumber sleigh was fitted out with four horses, and the whole party sallied upon the lake for a morning drive. An ex-officer of the French army, a Monsieur Ebbal, resided by himself on the western bank of the lake. Perceiving the sleigh-and-four approaching his house, this gentleman, with the courtesy of his nation, went forth upon the ice to greet the party, of whose character he was not deceived by the style in which it appeared. Mr. Cooper invited his French friend to join him, promising him plenty of game, with copious libations of Madeira, by way of inducement. Though a good table companion in general, no persuasion could prevail on the Frenchman to accept the offer that day, until, provoked by his obstinacy, the party laid violent hands on him, and brought him to the village by force. Monsieur Ebbal took his captivity in good part, and was soon as buoyant and gay as any of his companions. He habitually wore a long-skirted surtout, which at that time was almost a mark of a Frenchman, and this surtout he pertinaciously refused to lay aside, even when he took his seat at table. On the contrary, he kept it buttoned to the very throat—as it might be, in defiance. The Christmas jokes, a plentiful board, and heavy potations, however, threw the guest off his guard. Warmed with the wine and the blazing fire, he incautiously unbuttoned, when his delighted companions discovered that the accidents of a frontier, the establishment of a bachelor who kept no servant, and certain irregularities in washing days that were attendant on both circumstances, coupled with his *empressement* to salute his friends, had induced the gallant Frenchman to come abroad without a shirt. He was uncased on the spot amid the roars of the *convives*, and incontinently put into linen. "Cooper was so polite," added the mirth-loving Hendrik Frey, when he repeated this story for the hundredth time, "that he supplied a shirt with ruffles at the wristbands, which made Ebbal very happy for the rest of the night. But how his hands did go after he got the ruffles!"*

James Fenimore Cooper was born in Burlington, New Jersey, on the 15th of September, 1789. As before stated, he was taken when an infant to Cooperstown, New York, which was henceforth to be the home of his family. Here his earlier years were spent amid the scenes and adventures incident to border life. Roaming in the woods, which still covered a large part of the country, and were yet the abode of the bear and panther, the deer and smaller game, there was sufficient excitement to arouse the keen senses of the hunter and the sportsman; while our young hero, lithe, active, and full of spirit, a leader among his youthful companions, laid the foundation in the stirring events of his boyhood for many a scene in his future tales which have the strong impress of reality.

Although the Indians, as a tribe, had left the head waters of the Susquehanna before the first settlement of Cooperstown, yet numbers of them still lingered around their old camping grounds; and stragglers from the Delawares and Mohawks were occasionally seen hovering about the shores of Otsego Lake, with traces of war-paint yet upon them. True, they had buried the hatchet with the close of the war for independence; yet the story of their bloody deeds, and their wild and untamed looks, as yet hardly changed by contact with civilization, was sufficient to arouse the vivid imagination of Cooper in his boyhood days. His lively brain was filled with half-wrought legends and tales of the Indians, which the presence of their native woods and the occasional smoke from a wigwam served to heighten and intensify, until it gave birth, in after-years,

* The parents of Mr. Fenimore Cooper were of Quaker descent. William Cooper was a farmer's boy, and of humble origin. His courtship of Elizabeth Fenimore was opposed by her family, as they had position in society, and were comparatively wealthy. The youthful Cooper, however, had the spirit of "young Lochinvar," for he took the fair daughter of the house on a pillion behind him and rode in haste to the nearest parson, where the two were made one before either family were aware of what was going on.

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JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

to that wonderful series of Indian romances which have charmed young and old of all countries for nearly half a century, and rescued from oblivion the chivalrous and heroic in the "noble red man."

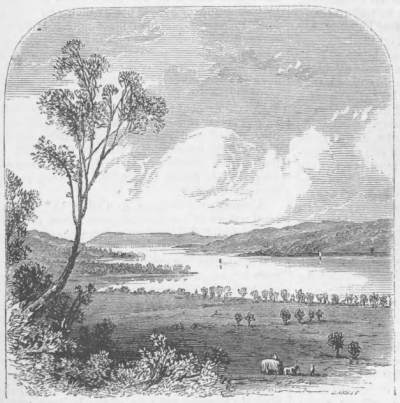
Of Cooper's childhood and early life some recollections have come down to us from those who were his contemporaries. Although not indicative of his future career as an author, yet the prominent traits of his character, which were so strongly marked in maturer years, had some foreshadowings in the incidents of his youth. He was of a highly imaginative turn of mind, with a decided tendency to the dramatic, so that he was often sought after to enliven an evening entertainment, and to aid by his ready wit in suggesting new sources of amusement. He was quite fond of personating different characters; and on more than one occasion he gave evidence of his ability in this line, to the entertainment of an entire company. A favorite representation of his was that of the ardent lover; and he would fall on his knees before some fair damsel, and make the most fervent protestations of devotion, accompanied by such earnest semblance of reality that the soft-hearted fair one was often more than half convinced that he was actually in love with her, and that his declaration meant all that it seemed.

As Cooper was able to enter Yale College when only thirteen years of age, we may suppose that, as a boy, he was no dunce—although, as he took part in the school exhibition of Mr. Cory, who was the instructor of the youth of Cooperstown for many a year, he must have imbibed some peculiar ideas of old Roman days, and of the costumes of the time of Julius Cæsar; for he tells us that, at one of their annual appearances upon the mimic stage, "Brutus and Cassius figured in hats of the cuts of 1776, blue coats faced with red, of no cut at all, and matross swords." However this may be, his subsequent college record was not unsatisfactory, considering that he was the youngest member of his class but one—the poet Hillhouse. Still he confesses himself that he was not a student, and that he often relied on his wits, rather than on his knowledge, to help him out of a scrape at recitation. No doubt he was fully up to the requirements of a college life, as viewed from the boy's stand-point, for he says, in a letter to Professor Silliman, "If I ever write my memoir, the college part of it will not be the least amusing." From which we may judge that he was not backward in taking his part when mischief was brewing among the under-graduates.

Although Cooper left Yale at the end of his third year for more active and stirring scenes, yet the benefits of his collegiate course were apparent in after-life; and he certainly did not allow his classical knowledge to grow rusty, as the writer of this has reason to well remember.

The incident alluded to may have sufficient interest to some of our young readers who are pursuing their studies to bear repeating here. It was during the winter of 1840, when Cooper resided at "The Hall," that several of the boys—Cooper's son among the number—who were pupils of "Duff's Classical and Military Academy," were in the habit of frequently meeting on Saturday evenings around the table in the family parlor at "The Hall," where young people were always welcome, and entertaining ourselves in various ways after the labors of the week. On this occasion we who met had just commenced reading Virgil, and, as is often the case with classical tyros, were rather fond of airing our Latin. The writer, a boy of fourteen, quoted in his turn, with considerable confidence, the opening of the second book of the Æneid, when—O luckless wight!—as he came to the third line, commencing, "Infandum, Regina," etc., he gave the short quantity to the word *regina*, pronouncing it *regina*. Instantly Mr. Cooper, who was promenading the room, as was often his habit when conversing with the members of his family, apparently taking no notice of us boys in the corner, turned short upon his heel, and, in his quick, decisive manner, exclaimed, "*Regina! regina!* what kind of Latin do you call that? Scan the line!" If I had any lingering knowledge of the right, it was pretty well frightened out of me by this attack, when Mr. Cooper, noticing my embarrassment, kindly set me straight—not, however, until I had received sundry kicks under the table from my companions, accompanied by repressed chuckles of delight at my discomfiture.

The Otsego *Herald*, familiarly known as "the little blue newspaper," was the first paper published in Cooperstown, and the second west of Albany. Its first number was issued in 1795. In the office of this paper Cooper, when a boy, was often found; at first only inspecting the mysteries of type-setting and printing, but afterward, as he became more interested, he obtained permission to set type himself. In a short time he became so expert that he was able to make up a form on his own account, and, pleased with his new accomplishment and its results, he made daily visits to the office with such regularity that his presence was looked for as a matter of course. Indeed, it got to be a common remark with the hands, if they were a little behindhand with a job, "Never mind; Cooper will be here soon, and he will help us out." The knowledge thus acquired in early life was of much use to him after he became an author, and he often surprised his publishers by his accuracy as a proof-reader, and by the acquaintance he evinced in the details of the printer's art.



OTSEGO LAKE, LOOKING NORTH.

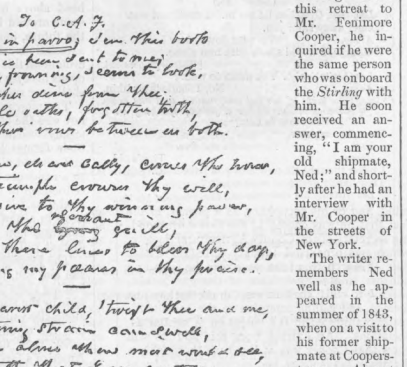
Cooper left college in 1805, with the intention of entering the navy; but, following the custom of those days, he first made a voyage in a merchantman as a hand before the mast. A brief record of this period we find in his life of Ned Myers, who was a cabin-boy at the time on board the good ship *Stirling*, Captain Johnston.

Ned tells us of the first duty Cooper performed in his new position, and how he did it, in the following words: "That afternoon we lifted our anchor and dropped down abreast of Governor's Island, where we brought up. Next day all hands were called to get under way, an as soon as the anchor was short the mate told Cooper and myself to go up and loose the foretopsail. I went on one yard-arm, and Cooper went on the other. In a few minutes the second mate came up, hallooing to us to 'avast,' and laughing. Cooper was hard at work at the 'robins,' and would soon have had his half of the sail down in the top had he been let alone; while I was taking the gaskets from the yard, with the intention of bringing them down on deck, where it struck me they would be quite safe. Luckily for us, the men were too busy heaving, and too stupid to be very critical, and we escaped much ridicule. In a week we both knew better."

Shortly after this, while the vessel was lying at anchor in the Thames, Ned narrowly escaped drowning by falling overboard between two ships. As he could not swim, he would have lost his life had not Cooper, coming aboard at that instant, sprang down and rescued him. This incident attached Ned very strongly to his preserver, and led him to seek him out again many years after.

Although Ned Myers seldom rose above the position of a common sailor, yet he was a man of considerable intelligence and native wit, and with a certain degree of refinement, which fitted him to associate with those much above him in condition of life. Broken down in health, and disabled from active service by an injury, he became an inmate of the Sailors' Snug Harbor, on Staten Island, when hardly fifty years of age. Writing from this retreat to Mr. Fenimore Cooper, he inquired if he were the same person who was on board the *Stirling* with him. He soon received an answer, commencing, "I am your old shipmate, Ned;" and shortly after he had an interview with Mr. Cooper in the streets of New York.

COOPERSTOWN, LOOKING WEST.



FAC-SIMILE OF COOPER'S HANDWRITING.

The writer remembers Ned well as he appeared in the summer of 1843, when on a visit to his former shipmate at Cooperstown. Almost daily during the season the two might be seen, between ten and eleven o'clock, coming out of the gate of "The Hall" for a morning walk. The one tall, portly, with the ruddy glow of health upon his countenance, and a firm, elastic tread, carrying a light whip of a cane, more ornamental than useful; while the other, prematurely old, with shrunken face and halting step, hobbled by his side, bearing heavily on a crooked stick, and reciting in the ear of his companion the story of his thirty years' wanderings. These reminiscences were put together by Mr. Cooper, in the course of the summer, in the form of an autobiography—by many believed to be a fictitious narrative, but which is, indeed, a truthful record of Ned's life.

Not many years after this visit to Cooperstown Ned died. Mr. Cooper kept track of his former shipmate during the remainder of his days, and often related, with mingled feelings of sadness and mirth, the circumstances attending his death. It appears that a short time previous Ned had come across the widow of an old comrade, in a needy condition. After assisting her for some time it occurred to him that he could provide for her much more conveniently and satisfactorily by marrying her, which he accordingly did. His last sickness came soon after, and upon his death-bed he gave some parting advice to his spouse, saying, among other things, that after the expiration of a suitable time from his decease she had his full permission to marry again, and that he should advise her to do so. "Ah, my dear Ned," replied his weeping partner, "don't mention it. I've had such bad luck this time I don't think I shall ever try it again."*

Of Cooper's first experience at sea, and of the adventures which befell him and his companions, we have a full account in the history of Ned Myers. Of his subsequent career as a midshipman and officer in the navy our record is less complete. Few of the men who composed the little band of sailors who gave honor to the flag of our country upon the seas, in the early part of the present century, are now living. Could some of his shipmates at that day have foreseen the future career of Cooper the midshipman, we should doubtless have had many an incident rescued from oblivion, and some American Marryat would have been found to give us quite as interesting a story of veritable adventures as the wonderful occurrences in the life of Mr. Midshipman Easy.

Five years of his life Cooper was in the navy, a period of time sufficiently long to make him a thorough sailor, and to give him all the rough and varied experience of an active life at sea. His retentive memory thus became a store-house of nautical ideas, enabling him in future years to give to the world a series of tales of the ocean, which have never been equaled for professional accuracy and for absorbing interest.

The story of many of Cooper's works, and the location of many a scene in his novels, can be traced back to some distant and almost forgotten event in his life. To his visit to Lake Ontario and the vicinity of the Thousand Islands, when a midshipman, in 1808, are we indebted for one of his most beautiful and stirring tales, the "Pathfinder"—a work which we believe we are correct in saying was Mr. Cooper's own favorite of all his romances. And well it might be, for it contains in one book the two leading features in his writings—the single-minded, fearless hunter of the forest, and the rough, outspoken, free-hearted sailor; while grouped around these prominent characters are some of the most charming creations of his pen: the faithful, loving Indian, June; Mabel, the pure-spirited, ingenuous girl and devoted daughter; Jasper, frank, true, and manly; and Sergeant Dunham, the soldier, firm, steady, and earnest in his duty. In no one of the "Leather-stocking" tales is the character of Natty more strongly yet gently drawn than in this marvelous romance; and as we part with him and his dusky companions on the shores of Ontario we feel, with Mabel, the sadness of the separation, and once more look, with her, "for a parting gesture or a stolen glance of the eye." Had Cooper written but one book, and that the "Pathfinder," he would have given evidence of a genius as yet unequaled in this department of fiction, and of a fertility and variety of plot out of which might have been worked half a dozen novels of the day.

LEATHER-STOCKING FALLS.

In Miss Cooper's "Pages and Pictures" we have an incident in Cooper's life in the wilderness in those primitive times. The party were

* The Duke of Kent, the father of Queen Victoria, stood sponsor for Ned Myers at his christening. But Cooper had good reason for believing, and frequently so stated in private, that the Duke occupied a still closer relation, and that Ned was, in fact, his natural son. If this was the fact Ned made a great mistake that he did not seek to divide with Rev. Eleazer Williams the honors of royalty.

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sent to the mouth of the Oswego River to superintend the construction of the *Oneida*, a brig of sixteen guns. "When the brig was built and safely launched the young officers gallantly resolved to give a ball. This was a desperate enterprise under the circumstances. Officers were on hand and a fiddle; but where were the ladies to come from here in the wilderness? The officers declared they would not dance with each other. Ladies must be found. By dint of sending boats miles in one direction, and carts miles in another, the feat was accomplished; ladies were invited, and ladies accepted. As the hour for the ball approached, however, a delicate feature presented itself. How, and by what rule, were the honors of the evening to be allotted among the different claimants? After a prolonged council of war Lieutenant Woolsey took upon himself to decide the question. He issued his orders to the master of ceremonies. 'All ladies, Sir, provided with shoes and stockings are to be led to the head of the Virginia reel; ladies with shoes and without stockings are considered in the second rank; ladies without either shoes or stockings you will lead, gentlemen, to the foot of the country-dance.'" Such was a grand military ball in Oswego County at that date.

Cooper's early life in the navy brought him in contact with many young officers who served their country with honor and distinction in the war of 1812, and in the subsequent periods of our history; and the midshipmen of the first decade of the century were his associates as commanders and commodores thirty years later.

Of all his early companions the one for whom he entertained the strongest attachment was the present Admiral Shubrick. This friendship was earnest and constant through life, and the intimacy of the families is still unbroken at the present day. After Mr. Cooper's return from Europe, and the purchase of his old homestead at Cooperstown, Commodore Shubrick was several times a visitor at "The Hall;" and on these occasions Mr. Cooper seemed particularly happy in the companionship of one whose society was most congenial.

The first visit of Commodore Shubrick to Cooperstown is well remembered by the family from a little incident, which afforded Mr. Cooper much amusement at the time, and will doubtless be remembered by the gallant Admiral. Mr. Cooper had recently taken into his employ, as man of all work, a native of the Emerald Isle, who was particularly raw and verdant. As he was about to go to the post-office, on the day after the Commodore's arrival, he was told to ask if there were any letters for Commodore Shubrick. The name was a novel one to Pat, but it probably revived in his mind an association with his former life, for he walked into the office, and asked, with great confidence, for Mr. Cooper's mail, and if there were any letters for "Commodore Brickbat." "Who?" exclaimed the astonished postmaster. "Commodore Brickbat," repeated Pat, positively. The postmaster was nonplused, but, some one coming in at that moment, he asked if he knew who was staying at Mr. Cooper's. "Yes," was the reply; "Commodore Shubrick." "Ah! that's the name," said Pat; "but shure and didn't I come near it, though?"

The gallant Admiral still lives, full of years and honors, notwithstanding his pugnacious *Patronymic*.

On the 1st of January, 1811, Cooper, then in his twenty-second year, married Miss De Lancey, the sister of the late Bishop De Lancey, of Western New York, and soon after resigned his position in the navy. This was the commencement of a domestic life of unbroken happiness and harmony for forty years. Rarely have we known a household so charming in unity and love as that at "The Hall" during the fifteen years of Mr. Cooper's later residence within its walls. The young people of Cooperstown thirty years ago, now middle-aged men and women, can never forget the joyous meetings in the old homestead, where every thing was done for their entertainment, where they were always at their ease, yet never presumed to overstep the bounds of propriety. It may be that the youth of the present day have quite as happy a time, in their way, as did their parents before them; but when we remember the Christmas holidays at "The Hall," with the sport of "snapdragon" in the darkened room, the games of "old maid" around the table, and the lively dance in the great hall, it requires a pretty strong faith to believe in any "good time coming" which shall quite equal the days gone by. On most of these occasions Mr. Cooper, then a man of fifty, was present; and, if he did not always enter into the sport, he never, by one forbidding word or look, cast a damper on the party.

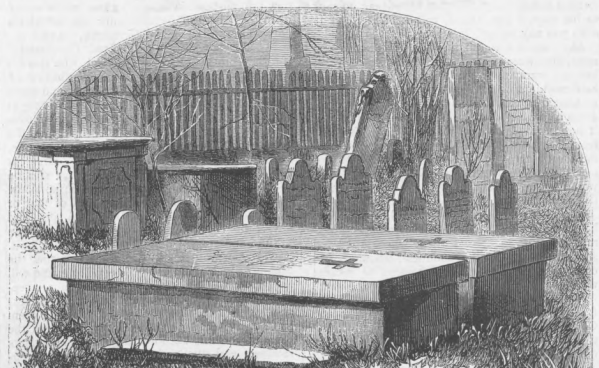
With his retirement from the navy, and his marriage, ended Cooper's boyhood days. It is to be regretted that he did not leave behind him some record, in his own hand, of his early life. On one occasion, not many years before his death, he gave to the late Rufus W. Griswold some sketches and incidents of his youth, but calling again soon after, he asked Mr. Griswold for the manuscript, saying that he wished to revise it in some particulars; Mr. Griswold never saw the paper again.

For nine years after his marriage Mr. Cooper led the quiet life of a country gentleman. Always fond of rural pursuits, he established himself at a country-seat near Mamaroneck, Westchester County, where, in amateur farming, gardening, and the embellishments of a home, the time passed pleasantly, and without eventful incidents. Strongly attached to the hills and valleys of Otsego and the scenes of his early days, he made frequent visits to his old home at Cooperstown, and for a time contemplated a permanent residence there. He erected a fine stone mansion on the bank of the lake, a short distance from the village, between the years 1814 and 1817, and during a portion of that time resided in a plain farm-house in the vicinity. This place was called "Fenimore," the family name of his mother, and he was at that time known only as James Cooper. The name "Fenimore," by which he is now known to the world, he took some years later, after the death of his mother—the male line in that family having become extinct. Circumstances induced Cooper to return to Westchester County about the year 1818, and the stone house above named remained unfinished and unoccupied. It was destroyed by fire several years later.

During Cooper's brief residence in Otsego at this time we have the evidence of the bent of his

OTSEGO HALL.

mind, and of his occupation as a farmer, in the fact that he was chosen as the first corresponding secretary of the County Agricultural Society, which was organized January 1, 1817. Under date of March 13, of the same year, he issued an address to the freeholders of Otsego County, seeking to enlist their interest in the society just formed, and calling attention to the benefits already manifested in the operation of similar associations. An extract from this address will show that Cooper was at this time thoroughly a farmer in his feelings, and earnest in his duty as an officer of the society: "The result of similar societies in our country affords undeniable evidence of their usefulness. The Pennsylvania Agricultural Society has wrought a surprisingly advantageous change in the mode of farming in the older counties of that State, and opened the most enviable of all mines to the possession of its inhabitants—a certain and ample return for the labor of the husbandman. Hundreds of farmers in that, as well as in other States, are in



GRAVE OF COOPER.

the successful practice of modes of husbandry, in the use of labor-saving instruments, or in the possession of improved breeds of cattle, who are ignorant from what source it is that, under God, they derive those blessings. Even we, in the possession of English grasses, and the varieties of apples, plums, etc., and in the use of plaster, are reaping the fruit of seed sown by different societies of this nature."

At the first fair of the society, held in Cooperstown in October, 1817, General Jacob Morris, son of Lewis Morris, signer of the Declaration of Independence, being president of the society, James Cooper, the secretary, read a letter from De Witt Clinton acknowledging his election as an honorary member of the society, and presenting a bag of wheat for experimental sowing in the county.*

Fifty years ago the question, "Who reads an American book?" so sneeringly cast at us from the other side of the water, might with some propriety have been put, "Who writes an American book?" At that day authorship as a profession was hardly recognized in this country; and he who would venture into the field of literature broke into untried ground with but little prospect of harvesting a crop, either to his honor or profit. To this circumstance may be due the fact that Cooper lived to be more than thirty years of age before he put his pen to paper in the production of any thing like a connected tale, or with any view of coming before the public as an author. We are told that in his quiet home at Mamaroneck, in the year 1820, where he led an easy but not a lazy or useless life, he first conceived the idea of writing a book. And this was, as it were, accidental, and was entered into only half in earnest, and with but little expectation of doing more at the time than entertain a few friends, or while away a passing hour. He was reading a late English novel aloud to his wife, when, finding it rather dull and uninteresting, he threw it aside, remarking, "I believe I can write a better book than that myself." The result was his first novel, "Precaution"—a story of English life and manners, which was received with some favor as a supposed importation from abroad, but otherwise did not rise above the rank of mediocrity. This much undoubtedly may be said for it, that, whatever may have been the opinion of his friends, it aroused within Cooper's own breast a sense of the latent power which lay hid within, stirring him up to the production of his first great tale, and settling the question with him forever as to his future course in life.

The appearance of the "Spy" at once stamped its author as a man of genius. It has made the name of Cooper more widely known as an author than any writer of fiction in the English tongue. Translations of it have been found in thirty different languages, and it has reached nearly every civilized nation in the world. A success so marked, by a writer new and almost unknown, took the world by surprise, while it opened a new era in the life of Cooper. He abandoned the tilling of the soil for a more difficult and uncertain venture in the field of literature. But he worked in no barren ground; and as year by year he brought to market the fresh and varied products of his fertile brain, the public received them with eager anticipation, and wondered at the well-filled store-house from which issued such rich and novel treasures.

It is not our purpose at this time to enter into the career of Cooper as an author. This has been done more than once in the twenty years which have elapsed since his death, and his books have become household words in every part of the land, and they are known and read of all men. It is rather the object of this article, while giving a brief outline sketch of his life, to gather in such personal incidents as are always of interest in the career of a public man, and note some features of his daily life which may have hitherto escaped record.

Six years after the publication of his first tale Cooper sailed with his family for Europe. His pen had not been idle in the interval. He had created the character of "Leather-stocking," and had plunged into the forest and brought the native Indian from its dark recesses, and given him a place in the notice and admiration of the world which many a dull historian of our aboriginal inhabitants had failed to reach. It has often been claimed that Cooper's Indian is an ideal rather than an actual creation; and that in his native state he is a blood-thirsty, vindictive, treacherous savage, and in his semi-civilization a drunken, lying, thieving wretch. It is not our province at this time to enter into the question of how far the worst passions of a persecuted and cheated race have been roused by contact with a people who have made the Indian what he is at this day. Rather let us point to noble and heroic names in the history of the red man, and claim for Cooper the same right to make his dusky heroes the embodiment of all the virtues of a race that the ordinary romance-writer has to ask our admiration of a model man which our refined civilization fails to produce.

In an interesting notice of Cooper, by Professor Greene, we have an account of a reception at Paris given by General Lafayette on the occasion of a visit of a number of Indians who were on an exhibition tour in Europe at that time: "Among the numerous guests present was Mr. Cooper, who was evidently considerably disgusted at an attempt to palm off some inferior representatives of the race as the Indian of the American forest. 'They are poor specimens,' said he; 'fourth-rate at the best in their own woods, and ten times worse for the lives they have been leading here.'"

Perhaps the most noteworthy incident of Cooper's residence in France, in view of the future career of the prominent character in question, occurred at a visit to the house of General Lafayette, with whom he was on terms of close and daily intimacy. It is given as follows:

"I was calling upon Lafayette one day," said Mr. Cooper, "and was let in by his confidential servant, who, it struck me, showed signs of having something to conceal. He said his master was at home, and, after a moment's hesitation, made way for me to go in, as usual, to his private room; but I saw there was some embarrassment. I walked in, and found the General alone. He received me with the same cordiality as ever, but inquired with some eagerness who let me in, and whether I met an old acquaintance going out. I told him that his old servant admitted me, and that there was certainly something peculiar in the man's manner; but, as I had seen no one else, I knew nothing more.

"'Ah!' said the General; 'that fellow put him in the side room. Sit down, and I will tell you. Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte was here two minutes ago!'

"I expressed my surprise, of course, for this was in 1833, when it was death for a Bonaparte to enter France.

"'Yes,' continued the General; 'and he came with a proposition: he wishes to marry my granddaughter Clementine, *unite the Republicanists and Imperialists*, and make himself emperor and my granddaughter empress!'

"'And, if it be not an improper question,' I said, 'what was your answer, my dear General?'

"'I told him,' said Lafayette, 'that my family had the American notion on that subject, and chose husbands for themselves; that there was the young lady—he might go court her; and if she liked him I had no objection.'"

Mr. Cooper did not tell us (for, of course, he did not know) how the Prince plied his wooing, nor why he failed. The fair Clementine, who thus possibly lost her chance of being an ex-empress, married M. De Beaumont, who lately represented her rejected admirer at the Court of Austria.

The wheel of fortune has revolved several times since that memorable interview, and the stealthy visitor to Lafayette's chamber has, in turn, become the president of a republic, the foremost monarch of Europe, and once more returned to his first estate, a fugitive and an exile.

It may perhaps interest some who place value on relics of the past to know that the sofa-lounge which was General Lafayette's favorite seat when visiting Mr. Cooper in Paris, is still in possession of a member of the family.

Mr. Cooper was absent from his native land nearly eight years. While a portion of this time was spent in traveling in the different countries in Europe, yet his fixed residence for several years was in France; so that, on his return home in 1833, his younger children, in their habits, manners, and language, were decidedly more French than American. Occupying a house in Carroll Place, New York, soon after his arrival

* On a subsequent occasion, viz., in 1822, we find De Witt Clinton in correspondence with Cooper's brother-in-law, George Pomeroy, of Cooperstown, in relation to the celebrated Otsego bass—a fish which is found in no other waters but those of Otsego Lake. Governor Clinton at first supposed the fish to be similar to the white-fish of the Western lakes; but in a subsequent letter he acknowledges the error, and claims the fish to be a nondescript, unknown in any other lake.

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in this country, he fitted it up in all its essentials with furniture brought from France; while servants, male and female, came with the family from the same country. Partly owing to this latter circumstance it was that the French language was spoken almost exclusively in the family circle, and for some time after the details of their domestic life were decidedly Parisian. Even the family cat was French; and visitors to the house at that day will remember "Coquelicot" as a privileged member of the establishment, usually occupying a large arm-chair in front of the fire, and seldom disturbed in his slumbers, even if persons present took up with less comfortable seats. "Coque" presumed somewhat upon these indulgences, and, as he grew older, resisted with some spirit any attempt to trespass upon his rights. He was one of the largest cats I ever saw, and splendidly marked in gray and black. As he lay one day, apparently sleeping, on his accustomed cushion, a gentleman visitor at the house incautiously leaned over the high top of the chair in the occupancy of the cat. This apparent movement upon his stronghold was too much for the equanimity of Coque, and he made a sudden dash upon the invader, inflicting a serious wound. A shriek of agony called the host to the rescue, and Coque was expelled from the room, and retired a while into temporary disgrace. Frisk, a little black terrier, was American born, and for a time became the rival of Coque in the affections of the family. Frisk was a waif, picked up in the streets of New York and rescued from death, after having been run over by a butcher's cart in St. Mark's Place, where Cooper then resided. One leg was fractured, and he was nursed with tenderest care until he recovered, when he became a prominent member of the household. He came to Cooperstown, where he outlived Coque many years, finally dying of old age. Frisk usually accompanied Mr. Cooper in his morning walk; and when he was seen running around the corner, often on three legs, holding up the wounded member in rheumatic weather, one might be pretty sure that the author of the "Pioneers" was not far behind.

Shortly after Mr. Cooper's return from Europe, or in 1834, "Otsego Hall," the old family mansion at Cooperstown, passed into his hands by purchase. He at once commenced the work of repairing and remodeling the house, which, having been unoccupied for some time, had fallen into decay. The building was a substantial one of brick, forty-eight feet by sixty-four feet, and two stories high, but without any pretensions to architectural beauty. Professor Morse, who was an intimate friend of Mr. Cooper, and on a visit to Cooperstown at the time, suggested the plans for the alterations, which were carried out after his drawings.* The result was a structure of a very imposing and effective appearance, and quite unique in design. An entrance tower, reaching to the second story, inclosed the front steps, which were substantially built of stone. On the east was a square tower, with a small round one attached, inclosing the principal stairway and large pantries and closets; on the south a small semicircular tower protected the rear entrance. The main walls of the house were raised four feet, and finished with a battlemented cornice; and this, with the Gothic-topped double windows, gave quite a castellated appearance to the building. The interior, though old-fashioned and plain in finish, had a spacious and fine effect. The grand hall, which was twenty-five feet by forty-eight in size, and sixteen feet high, was entered immediately from the front-door. On the right was the drawing-room, and next to it Mr. Cooper's library, a well-proportioned apartment of twenty by twenty-four feet, and twelve in height, situated in the most retired part of the house, and having a southern and western exposure. In this room were written all the works of the last fifteen years of his life. Its deep recessed windows, dark oak wainscoting, and the thick shade of the numerous trees in the vicinity, combined to give it an appearance of quiet and repose so eminently befitting a room of its character. On two sides were tall book-cases reaching nearly to the ceiling, which were well filled with books of a somewhat miscellaneous description—a circumstance in a measure owing to an agreement at one time in force with his publisher, by which he received a copy of every book issued by the firm. There were, however, many works of much interest and value, although it is believed a complete set of his own books was not among the number. Several curiosities were to be found in different parts of the room, the gifts of various friends. A huge pair of antlers from the top of one of the book-cases held in their embrace a calabash from the South Seas. A small black box, made of the wood of the *Endeavor*, the vessel in which Captain Cook made his first voyage, stood upon the writing-table. This box was presented to Mr. Cooper by the town of Newport, Rhode Island, the opening scene in the "Red Rover," and had on its cover a silver plate, on which was engraved a representation of the *Royal Caroline*. It was much prized by him. A large folding screen occupied one corner of the room, upon which were pasted a collection of engravings taken from scenes known to the family during their tour and residence in Europe, and also containing a number of notes and autographs from persons of distinction, mostly French. A similar screen was in the hall.

The author's writing-table, which stood in the library, was a plain one of black-walnut, esteemed as a family heir-loom, its origin dating back beyond recollection. It was brought from Burlington, New Jersey, with the settlement of Cooperstown, in the last century, and was known as "Rankocus," from the creek which formed the boundary of the farm in New Jersey. It is fondly remembered by those who knew "The Hall" in Judge Cooper's day as the conservatory of the cake-basket; that excellent housekeeper, Mrs. Cooper, having kept the legs so highly polished that no mouse was ever known to ascend them. Across the hall, on the opposite side from the library, was Mr. Cooper's bedroom—the room in which he died. The main hall was invariably the dining-room, being shut off from the entrance door by a large folding screen. The principal stairway led from the hall between the bedroom and the parlor. When Mr. Cooper first commenced the improvements on his property he intended to inclose the entire five acres with a substantial stone wall, but the construction of the portion on the street in front of the house proved so costly that he abandoned the idea, and built a plain wooden fence instead. That which was built was about two feet in thickness, flanked by heavy buttresses, the main entrance being closed by gates of solid oak of great weight, fit to guard the approach to some ancient castle. Mr. Cooper despised any appearance of show or unreality, whether in man or in architecture, and in all his improvements he used the real and solid oak. The timbers of the house, the doors, and the stairway were all of this wood, and so the gates must be of oak also. Their great weight was more than the hinges could bear, and the gates sagged so that they were a constant source of annoyance to visitors at the house. Oftentimes persons were obliged to turn away, unable to effect an entrance; and one lady playfully presented Mr. Cooper with a bill for three pairs of kid gloves, which she alleged had been destroyed in attempts to open those formidable barriers. It was not until the proprietor himself was one day detected in scaling the wall, after a vigorous but ineffectual assault upon his own castle gates, that the heavy oak gave way to lighter pine, and Cooper had to accept a compromise between his taste and practical utility.

A few years later Mr. Cooper had an opportunity of bringing into use his favorite native wood, and of rendering efficient service in the reality of architectural adornment. The old parish church was about to undergo enlargement and remodeling, and Mr. Cooper was much interested in the work. To him the Christ Church of today is indebted for its fine interior of real oak, which, although it has undergone a second enlargement, still retains the evidences of his taste and labor. It was on this occasion that an incident occurred which Mr. Cooper often related with great zest, and which afforded him infinite amusement at the time. It is thus told by an eye-witness: "While Mr. Cooper was superintending the repairs on the Episcopal church, as the wood of the pews was of oak, he wished to see the effect of oil on his favorite grain. He turned to his man David, who was usually employed about 'The Hall,' and said, 'David, go to Boden's, and tell him to come up here, and bring with him a quart of boiled oil.' David hesitated, looked confused, and very respectfully said, 'What did you say?' Mr. Cooper replied, placing his right forefinger in the palm of his left hand at the full, distinct, and deliberate utterance of each word, repeating his order for the *boiled oil*, these latter words being sounded out with all the richness which his sonorous voice could impart. But David was yet doubtful, and said, 'Mr. Cooper, don't you mean *biled ile?*' After a hearty laugh, peculiar to himself, he said to his man, 'Yes, David, call it *biled ile* if it suits you any better.'"

Mr. Cooper was a man whose prominent characteristics were very strongly marked. With him the trumpet gave forth no uncertain sound. Self-confident and positive in his assertions, yet without overweening vanity and conceit, he laid down his propositions with an earnestness which, if not always popular, yet commanded respect from the unprejudiced. That he did not always meet with a response we must attribute to the fact that there were many then, as now, who would willingly blind themselves to their own or their country's weaknesses.

Thus it happened that in several of his works he used great plainness of speech to his countrymen, seeking to correct them where they fell short of his standard in manners, language, and customs; and thus it happened that he became unpopular among his own people, for the same reason that a man will turn his back upon the friend who presumes to tell him of his faults. Cooper was misjudged and misunderstood by those who, at the time, were so violent in their denunciations. A more patriotic and thorough American never lived than Fenimore Cooper. He perhaps erred in his method of administering rebuke—as the school-master may do who seizes a dull and boorish pupil, and seeks to sharpen his wits by a thorough shaking, instead of a course of gentle and laborious drilling day by day—yet he told many wholesome truths, if he did not present them in the most palatable manner.

When Cooper came back to America after his European tour, accustomed as he had been to the first society of the Old World for nearly eight years, he found many things to criticise in a country as yet hardly emerged from its chrysalis state, but still extremely sensitive as to any comparison with older or more finished models. That Cooper should presume to instruct or improve his countrymen was at once resented as the unwarrantable dictation of an aristocrat. We have grown wiser and less sensitive now with the increase of our power and position, and a Dickens might give a change for "American Notes," or Cooper a new edition of "Home as Found," without creating any other feeling than that of amusement at the clever delineation of some of our national idiosyncrasies.

Cooper's enthusiastic appreciation of foreign scenery did not lessen his enjoyment of that of his native land. In his Leather-stocking and other tales, while discriminating between the sublime grandeur of the Swiss mountains and the more modest beauties of American landscapes, some of his finest pen-pictures are of the latter. Not least among these are passages from the "Deerslayer," in one of which he describes Otsego Lake as "a broad sheet of water, so placid and limpid that it resembled a bed of the pure mountain atmosphere compressed into a setting of hills and woods." And of the adjoining shores and landscapes beyond he says, in "The Chronicles of Cooperstown," they are "among the richest and most pleasing rural pictures that can be offered to the eye. Nothing is wanting but ruined castles and recollections to raise them to the level of the scenery of the Rhine, or, indeed, to that of the minor Swiss views." Comparing other portions of the vicinity to English park scenery, to the *bourgs* on the Swiss waters, and to the shores of the lakes of Westmoreland, he predicted that whenever easy access from our cities should be provided, the shores of Otsego Lake would be "lined with villas," and become a peculiarly favorite resort for those who live less for active life than for its elegance and ease.

Mr. Cooper commenced refitting his old homestead at Cooperstown in 1834, making it a summer residence for a time, and spending the winters with his family in Philadelphia. A few years later he withdrew almost entirely from city life, and made his permanent home in the country. About this time he returned to his first love as a farmer, and purchased a tract of upward of a hundred acres on the eastern bank of Otsego Lake, about a mile and a half from the village. This farm, known as "The Chalet," was his daily resort for relaxation and enjoyment after his literary labors were over. It commanded an extensive view of the village and the valley of the Susquehanna on the south, and of the hills and country beyond the head of the lake on the north. It was this view, one of the most beautiful in the vicinity, that caused the purchase of the farm by Mr. Cooper. Its attractions to the agriculturist were not commensurate with the beauty of the situation. Indeed, a more forbidding spot, as far as the labors of the husbandman were considered, could not well have been chosen. The whole farm is, in fact, a miniature mountain, rising abruptly from the shore of the lake to the height of about four hundred feet, and, with the exception of two or three level terraces of a few acres each, an unbroken hill-side, dotted with stumps, intersected by rocky ledges, and crowned by a wooded crest. To a farmer seeking a pecuniary return for his investment this spot would surely have been passed over; but for Cooper, who delighted in overcoming difficulties, and who attacked with vigor any opposing obstacle, this was just the place.

Almost every summer's morning, not far from eleven o'clock, he might have been seen riding out of the gate of "The Hall" in an old-fashioned buggy, drawn by a tall sorrel horse, known in the family as "Pumpkin." Pumpkin was not remarkable for beauty or for speed, and had certain peculiarities of gait and action which could not have rendered him attractive in the market; but he was the only horse Cooper owned for ten years, and is fondly remembered in the family as a faithful servant. He derived his name from the fact that, when Mr. Cooper first exhibited his new purchase to his family, he was in the act of drawing a load of pumpkins for the use of his companion in the stable, Seraphina, the cow.

Mr. Cooper seldom rode alone to "The Chalet;" if not accompanied by Mrs. Cooper, who was his frequent companion, he would hail the first of his acquaintances he saw on the street, and make him share his seat in the buggy. Arriving at the farm, he entered heartily into all the operations which he had in progress, directing the men who were at work with the stump machine, superintending the building of roads—often cut in the solid rock—and planning the best method of ditching and underdraining certain portions. The live stock of the farm consisted of four or five cows, two yoke of oxen, and a few pigs and fowls; the crops were a secondary consideration to the improvement and clearing up of the land. Any farmer will readily see from this that the cash receipts could not have been large, and will appreciate Mr. Cooper's satisfactory announcement, after the property had been in his possession some ten years, that "this year the farm has actually paid its expenses." Although the pecuniary results were not large, yet the benefits to him personally were beyond price. The regular and stated out-door exercise, taken between the hours of his literary labors, kept him in firm and vigorous health; and although he was a man of large and portly presence, rather inclined to corpulency, and weighing about two hundred pounds, yet he was very active, and could outwalk or outwork many a younger and more lightly built man.*

Cooper frequently rode on horseback, and seemed proof against the anti-dyspeptic trot of Pumpkin, who was not noted for his ambling gait. When interested in the work of the farm he would ride all over the hills, superintending the men, and then back again to the village, evincing no perceptible fatigue after being several hours in the saddle. Again, taking to the lake, of which he never wearied, he rigged up a light skiff for sailing, and ran from point to point and bay to bay, apparently only interested in the amusement of the hour, but often looking in upon scenes and localities which were soon to figure in another tale of Otsego Lake. He was also an expert swimmer, and after the heat of a summer's day would go a mile or two up the lake for a bath, taking us boys with him. He laughed at our timid venturings when we were just learning to swim, and would strike out fearlessly into the deep water of the open lake, and call upon us to follow. If we hesitated he would turn about and take us one by one upon his back, cautioning us to look out that he did not give us a ducking when he got out where it was over our head.

The vegetable garden claimed a considerable share of his attention. It was his pride and delight to have each vegetable as early in its season as possible; and he might frequently have been heard to call to a neighbor in the street, announcing that he had picked his first mess of pease, or had green corn fit for the pot. Turnips and new potatoes he always boasted of having especially early, although a minute inquiry from some rival gardener would force him to admit that they were of Lilliputian proportions, and had made their first appearance upon the table in the form of soup. As his grounds were extensive, he cultivated every thing on a liberal scale, and there was hardly any one among the circle of his acquaintances who was not indebted to his garden for frequent supplies. Musk-melons, particularly, were raised in great abundance, being his favorite fruit, and during his last illness he ate them with relish when all other food seemed to fail.

The varied duties of the day being accomplished, the gathering shades of twilight usually found Cooper promenading the large hall, his hands crossed behind his back, his brow carrying the impression of deep thought, his head also doing duty as far as possible in the way of gesticulation, by frequent and decisive nods of approval, or otherwise, of his thoughts, to which he often gave utterance in audible words—no doubt to be committed to paper the following morning, as he rarely wrote much in the evening. This combined bodily and mental exercise was sometimes continued after tea, although usually in the evening he was to be found in the midst of his family, either reading the papers—often aloud, with a running commentary attached, as he came to an interesting article—or indulging in his favorite game of chess with Mrs. Cooper. The early morning was Cooper's habitual hour for writing. Oftentimes he was the first one up in the house, and as the family did not breakfast until nine o'clock, he accomplished a good deal of work before that hour. His library was not by any means a sanctum; and although he did not allow any one to share its occupation while he was engaged in writing, yet it was freely open to all visitors; even the juveniles were permitted many a romp upon the cushions on the lounge, or suffered to rummage unreproved among the books for a favorite picture or story.*

The old "Hall" has passed away, but its memories are fondly cherished in the hearts of many now living, and associations of sixty years cluster around its site, recalling events of early days and recollections of later times as bright and unclouded as rarely fall to the lot of a homestead in this new land. A year after Mr. Cooper's death, his wife surviving him but four months, the property was sold, and the building, suffering material alterations, was converted into a summer hotel. After occupancy for one brief season it was destroyed by fire in October of the same year. Since then, for eighteen years, the ground has remained unimproved until it has become an overgrown wilderness. Visited annually by hundreds, it gives little evidence of the beauties which formerly surrounded it. A contemplated extension of a village street will soon pass over the site of the house, and the place thereof will be known no more.

Mr. Cooper died September 14, 1851, within one day of his sixty-second birthday. His failing health during the summer had been a source of much anxiety to his friends, although a fatal termination was not apprehended until within a few weeks of his death. He had been for many years a vestryman in the parish of Christ Church, Cooperstown, of which he was a member, and was frequently a delegate to the diocesan conventions held in the city of New York. Earnest, zealous, liberal, his loss was severely felt in the parish; while his deep religious principle and high-toned moral character, as evinced through many of his writings, left an example for others to follow, and gave to his works a position and influence in the religious world seldom accorded to a writer of fiction.†

The remains of Mr. Cooper and his wife lie side by side in the family burying-ground attached to the church. In the engraving which accompanies this sketch the low, flat stones in the centre of the ground are those of Mr. and Mrs. Cooper, while the high tomb in white marble is that of Judge Cooper, the father of our author. The memorial monument to Fenimore Cooper stands in Lakewood Cemetery, on the eastern shore of the lake, about a mile from the village. It is in the immediate vicinity of "Mount Vision" and "Prospect Rock," and just below the locality of the opening scene in the "Pioneers." This monument was erected by subscriptions from the immediate personal friends of Mr. Cooper, together with the amount received from the "Cooper Monument Fund" of New York, which had its origin in the enthusiasm of the memorial meeting held soon after Mr. Cooper's death, but which, like many other projected enterprises of a similar character, languished after the first glow of warmth had subsided.

* Professor Morse and Mr. Cooper were in Paris at the same time, and the Professor was a regular evening visitor at the house of Mr. Cooper. On these occasions he would frequently bring with him a small wooden box, and explain enthusiastically to his doubting host the mysteries which lay hid within. This box contained the incipient telegraph.

* The engraving of Mr. Cooper herewith given—although, as all such must be, imperfect—is from a photograph of the latest, and, in the opinion of members of Mr. Cooper's family, the best portrait of him in his later years, by Albert Bigelow, of Buffalo.

* Mr. Cooper was remarkably fond of children, particularly of little babies, and he has won the heart of many a mother by his endearing caresses of the little ones. He would often stop and pick up a child in the street, kissing it even if not overclean, and then taking it along to the nearest store for a bit of candy or a toy.

† It is a fact well authenticated that two clergymen now living were first drawn toward a religious life, and subsequently to enter the ministry, from impressions received through reading one of Cooper's novels.

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It is not the province of a brief sketch of this nature, nor is it our wish, to attempt a critical notice of even the more marked features of Mr. Cooper's character; but before bringing this paper to a close we may be allowed to mention one or two points which may not be without interest.

If we were asked to give in one word Mr. Cooper's most prominent characteristic, we should answer—manliness. He despised all attempts at double dealing; underhand and secret diplomacy, either in domestic or public life, met with no favor from him. He was open and above-board himself, and ever ready and outspoken in what he believed to be the truth in matters of fact. His numerous libel suits, in many of which he was his own lawyer, caused him to become quite expert in the conduct of a case; but he often expressed great indignation and astonishment at the subterfuges resorted to by witnesses on the stand to avoid telling the whole truth, and also to notice in how many cases the sacred character of the oath was lightly regarded. He was greatly annoyed when any one made loose or slipshod statements in matters of importance; and to show how often this was the case, even in the witness-box, he cited an instance which occurred in a suit to which he was a party in his own village. "The man testified," said Mr. Cooper, "that I replied to a remark of his, 'Our folks have gone to meeting;' whereas any one who knows me knows that I never said any such thing. What I did say was this, 'My family have gone to church.' Now, no doubt, the man thought he was telling the truth, but it shows how little he was to be depended upon for an accurate statement."

In matters of fact he was scrupulously exact, and has been known to withhold valuable manuscripts from publication for years, until he could supply or verify a date or a fact. A few years before his death the authenticity of his account of the battle of Lake Erie in the naval history having been questioned, he elucidated it before three distinguished lawyers chosen as arbiters, who decided in his favor. Of his closing argument a barrister said to Mr. Bryant, "I have heard nothing like it since the days of Emmet." One of his latest labors, after he was compelled to employ an amanuensis, was a continuation of this history, which Mr. Bancroft had pronounced "the most admirable composition of which any nation could boast on a similar subject."

Mr. Cooper was seldom incorrect in his conclusions, although sometimes in advance of his time. In his last unfinished and unpublished work, the "Men of Manhattan," written in 1850, we find some statements which were almost prophetic in view of their recent fulfillment. Speaking of New York, at a convivial party given shortly after his return from Europe, Mr. Cooper ventured to remark, in regard to Broadway, that, in his opinion, "there was not a building in the whole street—a few special cases excepted—that would probably be standing thirty years hence." The opinion was deemed extravagant at the time, but Mr. Cooper lived to see its partial fulfillment; and to-day, about thirty-five years from the time the remark was made, it is literally true.

Mr. Cooper took a lively interest in all the political questions of the day, although he was not in any sense a partisan. While abroad he stoutly defended his country from many imputations cast upon her by those jealous of the prospective strength of the infant Hercules, and at home he was equally earnest in seeking to correct whatever seemed to him amiss in our manners or our laws. And in this he evinced the highest patriotism, in that he was willing to incur obloquy and reproach, and even alienate personal friends, if by any means he might advance his country's honor and position. We quote again from the "Men of Manhattan," written ten years before our civil war broke out, in evidence of his clearness and foresight in our coming future: "The American Union, however, has much more adhesiveness than is commonly imagined. The diversity and complexity of its interests form a net-work that will be found, like the web of the spider, to possess a power of resistance far exceeding its gossamer appearance—one strong enough to hold all that it was ever intended to inclose. The slave interest is now making its final effort for supremacy, and men are deceived by the throes of a departing power. The institution of domestic slavery can not last. It is opposed to the spirit of the age; and the figments of Mr. Calhoun, in affirming that the Territories belong to the States instead of the government of the United States, and the celebrated doctrine of the equilibrium, for which we look in vain into the Constitution for a single sound argument to sustain it, are merely the expiring efforts of a reasoning that can not resist the common-sense of the nation." And again, in another place: "The attachment to the Union is very strong and general throughout the country; and it is only necessary to sound the tocsin to bring to its maintenance a phalanx equal to uphold its standard against the assault of any enemies."

With this extract we leave our subject, incomplete like the work from which we quote, with the hope that at no distant day some worthy biographer may be found who will gather up the fragments which have appeared from time to time, and give to the world a more complete record worthy of the man.

"COMPARISONS ARE ODOROUS."

THE London *Times* once had a leader commencing thus: "'Comparisons,' says Mrs. Malaprop, 'are odorous,'" etc. And that lady has ever since had the credit of this "derangement of epitaphs." But what Mrs. Malaprop did really say is this: "No caparisons, miss, if you please. Caparisons don't become a young woman." The real place of the expression quoted is "Much Ado about Nothing," Act iii., Scene 5:

Verges. Yes, I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man, and no honester than I.

Dogberry. Comparisons are odorous: *palabras*, neighbor Verges.

A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION.

BY CHARLES READE.

WITH MANY ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE THIRTIETH.

A BIG man, who seemed the leader, fired a volley of ferocious oaths at the keepers, and threatened to send them to hell that moment if they did not instantly deliver up that gentleman.

The keepers were thoroughly terrified, and roared for mercy.

"Hand him out here, you scoundrels."

"Yes! yes! Man alive, we are not resisting: what is the use?"

"Hand down his luggage."

It was done all in a flutter.

"Now get in again; turn your horses' heads the other way, and don't come back for an hour. You with your guns take stations in those trees, and shoot them dead if they are back before their time."

These threats were interlarded with horrible oaths, and Burdoch's party were glad to get off, and they drove away quickly in the direction indicated.

However, as soon as they got over the first surprise they began to smell a hoax; and, instead of an hour, it was scarcely twenty minutes when they came back.

But meantime the supers were paid liberally among the fir-trees by Vandeleur, pocketed their crape, flung their dummy guns into a corn field, dispersed in different directions, and left no trace.

But Sir Charles was not detained for that: the moment he was recaptured he and his luggage were whisked off in the other carriage, and, with Rolfe and his secretary, dashed round the town, avoiding the main street, to a railway eight miles off, at a pace almost defying pursuit. Not that they dreaded it: they had numbers, arms, and a firm determination to fight if necessary, and also three tongues to tell the truth, instead of one.

At one in the morning they were in London. They slept at Mr. Rolfe's house; and before breakfast Mr. Rolfe's secretary was sent to secure a couple of prize-fighters to attend upon Sir Charles till further notice. They were furnished with a written paper explaining the case briefly, and were instructed to hit first and talk afterward should a recapture be attempted. Should a crowd collect, they were to produce the letter. These measures were to provide against his recapture under the statute, which allows an alleged lunatic to be retaken upon the old certificates for fourteen days after his escape from confinement, but for no longer.

Money is a good friend in such contingencies as these.

Sir Charles started directly after breakfast to find his wife and child. The faithful pugilists followed at his heels in another cab.

Neither Sir Charles nor Mr. Rolfe knew Lady Bassett's address: it was the medical man who had written: but that did not much matter; Sir Charles was sure to learn his wife's address from Mr. Boddington. He called on that gentleman at 17 Upper Gloucester Place.

Mr. Boddington had just taken his wife down to Margate for her health; had only been gone half an hour.

This was truly irritating and annoying. Apparently Sir Charles must wait that gentleman's return. He wrote a line, begging Mr. Boddington to send him Lady Bassett's address in a cab immediately on his return.

He told Mr. Rolfe this; and then for the first time let out that his wife's not writing to him at the asylum had surprised and alarmed him; he was on thorns.

Mr. Boddington returned in the middle of the night, and at breakfast-time Sir Charles had a note to say Lady Bassett was at 119 Gloucester Place, Portman Square.

Sir Charles bolted a mouthful or two of breakfast, and then dashed off in a hansom to 119 Gloucester Place.

There was a bill in the window, "To be let, furnished. Apply to Parker and Ellis."

He knocked at the door. Nobody came. Knocked again. A lugubrious female opened the door.

"Lady Bassett?"

"Don't live here, Sir. House to be let."

Sir Charles went to Mr. Boddington and told him.

Mr. Boddington said he thought he could not be mistaken; but he would look at his address-book. He did, and said it was certainly 119 Gloucester Place. "Perhaps she has left," said he. "She was very healthy—an excellent patient. But *I* should not have advised her to move for a day or two more."

Sir Charles was sore puzzled. He dashed off to the agents, Parker and Ellis.

They said, Yes; the house was Lady Bassett's for a few months. They were instructed to let it.

"When did she leave? I am her husband, and we have missed each other somehow."

The clerk interfered, and said Lady Bassett had brought the keys in her carriage yesterday.

Sir Charles groaned with vexation and annoyance.

"Did she give you no address?"

"Yes, Sir. Huntercombe Hall."

"I mean no address in London?"

"No, Sir; none."

Sir Charles was now truly perplexed and distressed, and all manner of strange ideas came into his head. He did not know what to do, but he could not bear to do nothing, so he drove to the *Times* office and advertised, requesting Lady Bassett to send her present address to Mr. Rolfe.

At night he talked this strange business over with Mr. Rolfe.

That gentleman thought she must have gone to Huntercombe; but by the last post a letter came from Suaby, inclosing one from Lady Bassett to her husband.

"119 *Gloucester Place.*

"DARLING,—*The air here is not good for baby, and I can not sleep for the noise. We think of creeping toward home to-morrow, in an easy carriage. Pray God you may soon meet us at dear Huntercombe. Our first journey will be to that dear old comfortable inn at Winterfield, where you and I were so happy, but not happier, dearest darling, than we shall soon be again, I hope. Your devoted wife,*

"BELLA BASSETT.

"*My heartfelt thanks to Mr. Rolfe for all he is doing.*"

Sir Charles wanted to start that night for Winterfield, but Rolfe persuaded him not. "And mind," said he, "the faithful pugilists must go with you."

The morning's post rendered that needless. It brought another letter from Suaby, informing Mr. Rolfe that the Commissioners had positively discharged Sir Charles, and notified the discharge to Richard Bassett.

Sir Charles took leave of Mr. Rolfe as of a man who was to be his bosom friend for life, and proceeded to hunt his wife.

She had left Winterfield; but he followed her like a stanch hound, and when he stopped at a certain inn, some twenty miles from Huntercombe, a window opened, there was a strange loving scream; he looked up, and saw his wife's radiant face, and her figure ready to fly down to him. He rushed up stairs, into the right room by some mighty instinct, and held her, panting and crying for joy, in his arms.

That moment almost compensated what each had suffered.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-FIRST.

So full was the joy of this loving pair that, for a long time, they sat rocking in each other's arms, and thought of nothing but their sorrows past, and the sea of bliss they were floating on.

But presently Sir Charles glanced round for a moment. Swift to interpret his every look, Lady Bassett rose, took two steps, came back and printed a kiss on his forehead, and then went to a door and opened it.

"Mrs. Millar!" said she, with one of those tones by which these ladies impregnate with meaning a word that has none at all: and then she came back to her husband.

Soon a buxom woman of forty appeared, carrying a biggish bank of linen and lace, with a little face in the middle. The good woman held it up to Sir Charles, and he felt something novel stir inside him. He looked at the little thing with a vast yearning of love, with pride, and a good deal of curiosity; and then turned smiling to his wife. She had watched him furtively but keenly, and her eyes were brimming over. He kissed the little thing, and blessed it, and then took his wife's hands, and kissed her wet eyes, and made her stand and look at Baby with him, hand in hand. It was a pretty picture.

The buxom woman swelled her feathers, as simple women do when they exhibit a treasure of this sort; she lifted the little mite slowly up and down, and said, "Oh, you Beauty!" and then went off into various inarticulate sounds, which I recommend to the particular study of the new Philosophers: they can not have been invented after speech; that would be retrogression; they must be the vocal remains of that hairy, sharp-eared quadruped, our Progenitor, who by accident discovered language, and so turned Biped, and went ahead of all the other hairy quadrupeds, whose ears were too long or not sharp enough to stumble upon Language.

Under cover of these primeval sounds Lady Bassett drew her husband a little apart, and looking in his face with piteous wistfulness said, "You won't mind Richard Bassett and his baby now?"

"Not I."

"You will never have another fit while you live?"

"I promise."

"You will always be happy?"

"I must be an ungrateful scoundrel else, my dear."

"Then Baby *is* our best friend. Oh, you little angel!" And she pounced on the mite, and kissed it far harder than Sir Charles had. Heaven knows why these gentle creatures are so rough with their mouths to children, but so it is.

And now how can a mere male relate all the pretty childish things that were done and said to Baby, and of Baby, before the inevitable squalling began, and Baby was taken away to be consoled by another of his subjects.

Sir Charles and Lady Bassett had a thousand things to tell each other, to murmur in each other's ears, sitting lovingly close to each other.

But when all was quiet, and every body else was in bed, Lady Bassett plucked up courage and said, "Charles, I am not quite happy. There is one thing wanting." And then she hid her face in her hands and blushed. "I can not nurse him."

"Never mind," said Sir Charles, kindly.

"You forgive me?"

"Forgive you, my poor girl! Why, is that a crime?"

"It leads to so many things. You don't know what a plague a nurse is, and makes one jealous."

"Well, but it is only for a time. Come, Bella, this is a little peevish. Don't let us be ungrateful to Heaven. As for me, while you and our child live, I am proof against much greater misfortunes than that."

Then Lady Bassett cleared up, and the subject dropped.

But it was renewed next morning in a more definite form.

Sir Charles rose early; and in the pride and joy of his heart, and not quite without an eye to triumphing over his mortal enemy and his cold friends, sent a mounted messenger with orders to his servants to prepare for his immediate reception, and to send out his landau and four horses to the "Rose," at Staveleigh, half-way between Huntercombe and the place where he now was. Lady Bassett had announced herself able for the journey.

After breakfast he asked her rather suddenly whether Mrs. Millar was not rather an elderly woman to select for a nurse. "I thought people got a young woman for that office."

"Oh," said Lady Bassett, "why, Mrs. Millar is not *the* nurse. Of course Nurse is young and healthy, and from the country, and the best I could have in every way for Baby. But yet—oh, Charles, I hope you will not be angry—who do you think Nurse is? It is Mary Gosport—Mary Wells that was."

Sir Charles was a little staggered. He put this and that together, and said, "Why, she must have been playing the fool, then?"

"Hush! not so loud, dear. She is a married woman now, and her husband gone to sea, and her child dead. Most wet-nurses have a child of their own; and don't you think they must hate the stranger's child that parts them from their own? Now Baby is a comfort to Mary. And the wet-nurse is always a tyrant; and I thought, as this one has got into a habit of obeying me, she might be more manageable; and then as to her having been imprudent, I know many ladies who have been obliged to shut their eyes a little. Why, consider, Charles, would good wives and good mothers leave their own children to nurse a stranger's? Would their husbands let them? And I thought," said she, piteously, "we were so fortunate to get a young, healthy girl, imprudent but not vicious, whose fault had been covered by marriage, and then *so* attached to us both as she is, poor thing!"

Sir Charles was in no humor to make mountains of mole-hills. "Why, my dear Bella," said he, "after all, this is your department, not mine."

"Yes, but unless I please you in every department there is no happiness for me."

"But you know you please me in every thing; and the more I look into any thing, the wiser I always think you. You have chosen the best wet-nurse possible. Send her to me."

Lady Bassett hesitated. "You will be kind to her. You know the consequence if any thing happens to make her fret. Baby will suffer for it."

"Oh, I know. Catch me offending this she Potentate till he is weaned. Dress for the journey, my dear, and send Nurse to me."

Lady Bassett went into the next room, and after a long time Mary came to Sir Charles with Baby in her arms.

Mary had lost for a time some of her ruddy color, but her skin was clearer, and somehow her face was softened. She looked really a beautiful and attractive young woman.

She courtesied to Sir Charles, and then took a good look at him.

"Well, Nurse," said he, cheerfully, "here we are back again, both of us."

"That we be, Sir." And she showed her white teeth in a broad smile. "La, Sir, you be a sight for sore eyes. How well you do look, to be sure!"

"Thank you, Mary. I never was better in my life. You look pretty well too; only a little pale; paler than Lady Bassett does."

"I give my coler to the child," said Mary, simply.

She did not know she had said any thing poetic; but Sir Charles was so touched and pleased with her answer that he gave her a five-pound note on the spot: and he said, "We'll bring your color back if beef and beer and kindness can do it."

"I ain't afeard o' that, Sir; and I'll arn it. 'Tis a lovely boy, Sir, and your very image."

Inspection followed; and something or other offended young master; he began to cackle. But this nurse did not take him away, as Mrs. Millar had. She just sat down with him and nursed him openly, with rustic composure and simplicity.

Sir Charles leaned his arm on the mantelpiece and eyed the pair; for all this was a new world of feeling to him. His paid servant seemed to him to be playing the mother to his child. Somehow it gave him a strange twinge, a sort of vicarious jealousy: he felt for his Bella. But I think his own paternal pride, in all its freshness, was hurt a little too.

At last he shrugged his shoulders, and was going out of the room, with a hint to Mary that she must wrap herself up, for it would be an open carriage—

"Your own carriage, Sir, and horses?"

"Certainly."

"And do all the folk know as we are coming?"

Sir Charles laughed. "Most likely. Gossip is not dead at Huntercombe, I dare say."

Nurse's black eyes flashed. "All the village will be out. I hope *he* will see us ride in, the black-hearted villain!"

Sir Charles was too proud to let her draw him into that topic; he went about his business.

Lady Bassett's carriage, duly packed, came round, and Lady Bassett was ready soon afterward; so was Mrs. Millar; so was Baby, imbedded now in a nest of lawn and lace and white

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fur. They had to wait for Nurse. Lady Bassett explained *sotto voce* to her husband, "Just at the last moment she was seized with a desire to wear a silk gown I gave her. I argued with her, but she only pouted. I was afraid for Baby. It is very hard upon *you*, dear."

Her face and voice were so piteous that Sir Charles burst out laughing. "We must take the bitter along with the sweet. Don't you think the sweet rather predominates at present?"

Lady Bassett explored his face with all her eyes. "My darling is happy now; trifles can not put him out."

"I doubt if any thing could shake me while I have you and our child. As for that jade keeping us all waiting while she dons silk attire, it is simply delicious. I wish Rolfe was here, that is all. Ha! ha! ha!"

Mrs. Gosport appeared at last in a purple silk gown, and marched to the carriage without the slightest sign of the discomfort she really felt; but that was no wonder, belonging, as she did, to a sex which can walk not only smiling but jauntily, though dead lame on stilts, as you may see any day in Regent Street.

Sir Charles, with mock gravity, ushered King Baby and his attendants in first, then Lady Bassett, and got in last himself.

Before they had gone a mile Nurse No. 1 handed the child over to Nurse No. 2 with a lofty condescension, as who should say, "You suffice for porterage; I, the superior artist, reserve myself for emergencies." No. 2 received the invaluable bundle with meek complacency.

By-and-by Nurse 1 got fidgety, and kept changing her position.

"What is the matter, Mary?" said Lady Bassett, kindly. "Is the dress too tight?"

"No, no, my lady," said Mary, sharply; "the gownd's all right." And then she was quiet a little.

But she began again; and then Lady Bassett whispered Sir Charles, "I think she wants to sit forward: *may* I?"

"Certainly not. I'll change with her. Here, Mary, try this side. We shall have more room in the landau; it is double, with wide seats."

Mary was gratified, and amused herself looking out of the window. Indeed, she was quiet for nearly half an hour. At the expiration of that period the fit took her again. She beckoned haughtily for Baby, "which did come at her command," as the song says. She got tired of Baby, or something, and handed him back again.

Presently she was discovered to be crying.

General consternation! Universal but vague consolation!

Lady Bassett looked an inquiry at Mrs. Millar. Mrs. Millar looked back assent. Lady Bassett assumed the command, and took off Mary's shawl.

"*Yes*," said she to Mrs. Millar. "Now, Mary, be good; it *is* too tight."

Thus urged, the idiot contracted herself by a mighty effort, while Lady Bassett attacked the fastenings, and, with infinite difficulty, they unhooked three bottom hooks. The fierce burst open that followed, and the awful chasm, showed what gigantic strength vanity can command, and how savagely abuse it to maltreat nature.

Lady Bassett loosened the stays too, and a deep sigh of relief told the truth, which the lying tongue had denied, as it always does whenever the same question is put.

The shawl was replaced, and comfort gained till they entered the town of Staveleigh.

Nurse instantly exchanged places with Sir Charles, and took the child again. He was her banner in all public places.

When they came up to the inn they were greeted with loud hurrahs. It was market day. The town was full of Sir Charles's tenants and other farmers. His return had got wind, and every farmer under fifty had resolved to ride with him into Huntercombe.

When five or six, all shouting together, intimated this to Sir Charles, he sent one of his people to order the butchers out to Huntercombe with joints a score, and then to gallop on with a note to his housekeeper and butler. "For those that ride so far with me must sup with me," said he; a sentiment that was much approved.

He took Lady Bassett and the women up stairs and rested them about an hour; and then they started for Huntercombe, followed by some thirty farmers, and a dozen townspeople, who had a mind for a lark and to sup at Huntercombe Hall for once.

The ride was delightful, the carriage bowled swiftly along over a smooth road, with often turf at the side; and that enabled the young farmers to canter alongside without dusting the carriage party. Every man on horseback they overtook joined them; some they met turned back with them, and these were rewarded with loud cheers. Every eye in the carriage glittered, and every cheek was more or less flushed by this uproarious sympathy so gallantly shown, and the very thunder of so many horses' feet, each carrying a friend, was very exciting and glorious. Why, before they got to the village they had fourscore horsemen at their backs.

As they got close to the village Mary Gosport held out her arms for young master: this was not the time to forego her importance.

The church-bells rang out a clashing peal, the cavalcade clattered into the village. Every body was out to cheer, and at sight of Baby the women's voices were as loud as the men's. Old pensioners of the house were out bare-headed; one, with hair white as snow, was down on his knees praying a blessing on them.

Lady Bassett began to cry softly; Sir Charles, a little pale, but firm as a rock; both bowing right and left, like royal personages; and well they might; every house in the village belonged to them but one.

On approaching that one Mary Gosport turned her head round, and shot a glance round out of the tail of her eye. Ay, there was Richard Bassett, pale and gloomy, half hid behind a tree at his gate: but Hate's quick eye discerned him: at the moment of passing she suddenly lifted the child high, and showed it him, pretending to show it to the crowd: but her eye told the tale; for, with that act of fierce hatred and cunning triumph, those black orbs shot a colored gleam like a furious leopardess's.

A roar of cheers burst from the crowd at that inspired gesture of a woman, whose face and eyes seemed on fire: Lady Bassett turned pale.

The next moment they passed their own gate, and dashed up to the hall steps of Huntercombe.

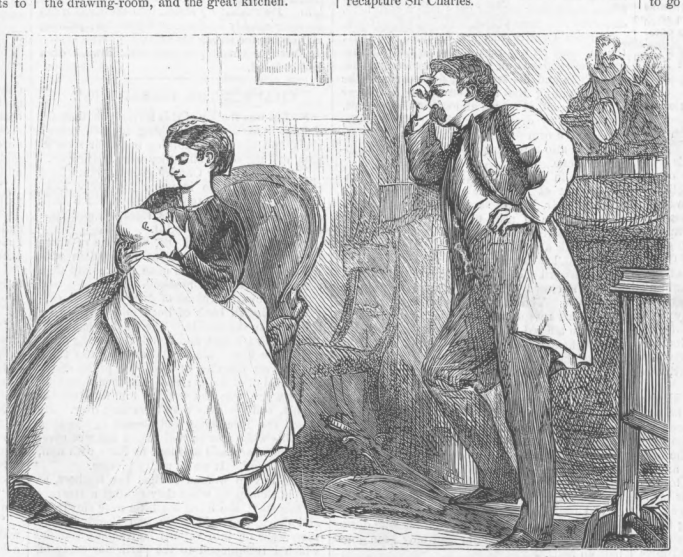
Sir Charles sent Lady Bassett to her room for the night. She walked through a row of ducking servants, bowing and smiling like a gentle goddess.

Mary Gosport, afraid to march in a long dress with the child, for fear of accidents, handed him superbly to Millar, and strutted haughtily after her mistress, nodding patronage. Her follower, the meek Millar, stopped often to show the heir right and left, with simple geniality and kindness.

Sir Charles stood on the hall steps and invited all to come in and take pot-luck.

Already spits were turning before great fires; a rump of beef, legs of pork, and pease-puddings boiling in one copper; turkeys and fowls in another; joints and pies baking in the great brick ovens; barrels of beer on tap, and magnums of Champagne and port marching steadily up from the cellars, and forming in line and square upon sideboards and tables.

Supper was laid in the hall, the dining-room, the drawing-room, and the great kitchen.



"LEANED HIS ARM ON THE MANTEL-PIECE, AND EYED THE PAIR."

Poor villagers trickled in: no man or woman was denied; it was open house that night, as it had been four hundred years ago.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-SECOND.

WHEN Sharpe's clerk retired, after serving that writ on Bassett, Bassett went to Wheeler, and treated it as a jest. But Wheeler looked puzzled, and Bassett himself, on second thoughts, said he should like advice of Counsel. Accordingly they both went up to London to a solicitor, and obtained an interview with a Counsel learned in the law. He heard their story, and said, "The question is, can you convince a jury he was insane at the time?" "But he can't get into Court," said Bassett. "I won't let him."

"Oh, the Court will make you produce him."

"But I thought an insane person was civiliter mortuus, and couldn't sue."

"So he is; but this man is not insane in law. Shutting up a man on certificates is merely a preliminary step to a fair trial by his peers whether he is insane or not. Take the parallel case of a Felon. A magistrate commits him for trial, and generally on better evidence than medical certificates; but that does not make the man a Felon, or disentitle him to a trial by his peers; on the contrary, it entitles him to a trial, and he could get Parliament to interfere if he was not brought to trial. This Plaintiff simply does what, he will say, you ought to have done; he tries himself; if he tries you at the same time, that is your fault. If he is insane now, fight. If he is not, I advise you to discharge him on the instant, and then compound."

Wheeler said he was afraid the Plaintiff was too vindictive to come to terms.

"Well, then, you can show you discharged him the moment you had reason to think he was cured, and you must prove he was insane when you incarcerated him; but I warn you it will be up-hill work if he is sane now; the jury will be apt to go by what they see."

Bassett and Wheeler retired; the latter did not presume to differ; but Bassett was dissatisfied and irritated.

"That fellow would only see the Plaintiff's side," said he. "The fool forgets there is an Act of Parliament, and that we have complied with its provisions to a T."

"Then why did you not ask his construction of the Act?" suggested Wheeler.

"Because I don't want his construction. I've read it, and it is plain enough to any body but a fool. Well, I have consulted Counsel, to please you; and now I'll go my own way, to please myself."

He went to Burdoch, and struck a bargain, and Sir Charles was to be shifted to Burdoch's asylum, and nobody allowed to see him there, etc., etc.; the old system, in short, than which no better has as yet been devised for perpetuating, or even causing, mental aberration.

Rolfe baffled this, as described, and Bassett was literally stunned. He now saw that Sir Charles had an ally full of resources and resolution. Who could it be? He began to tremble. He complained to the police, and set them to discover who had thus openly and audaciously violated the Act of Parliament, and then he went and threatened Dr. Suaby.

But Rolfe and Sir Charles, who loved Suaby as he deserved, had provided against that; they had not let the doctor into their secret. He therefore said, with perfect truth, that he had no hand in the matter, and that Sir Charles, being bound upon his honor not to escape from Bellevue, would be in the asylum still if Mr. Bassett had not taken him out, and invoked brute force, in the shape of Burdoch. "Well, Sir," said he, "it seems they have shown you two can play at that game." And so bade him good-afternoon very civilly.

Bassett went home sickened. He remained sullen and torpid for a day or two; then he wrote to Burdoch to send to London and try and recapture Sir Charles.

But next day he revoked his instructions, for he got a letter from the Commissioners of Lunacy, announcing the authoritative discharge of Sir Charles, on the strong representation of Dr. Suaby and other competent persons.

That settled the matter, and the poor cousin had kept the rich cousin three months at his own expense, with no solid advantage, but the prospect of a lawsuit.

Sharpe, spurred by Rolfe, gave him no breathing time. With the utmost expedition the Declaration in Bassett *v.* Bassett followed the writ.

It was short, simple, and in three counts.

"For violently seizing and confining the Plaintiff in a certain place, on a false pretense that he was insane.

"For detaining him in spite of evidence that he was not insane.

"For endeavoring to remove him to another place, with a certain sinister motive there specified.

"By which several acts the Plaintiff had suffered in his health and his worldly affairs, and had endured great agony of mind."

And the Plaintiff claimed damages, ten thousand pounds.

Bassett sent over for his friend Wheeler, and showed him the new document with no little consternation.

But their discussion of it was speedily interrupted by the clashing of triumphant bells and distant shouting.

They ran out to see what it was. Bassett, half suspecting, hung back; but Mary Gosport's keen eye detected him, and she held up the heir to him, with hate and triumph blazing in her face.

He crept into his own house and sank into a chair foudroye

Wheeler, however, roused him to a necessary effort, and next day they took the Declaration to Counsel, to settle their defense in due form.

"What is this?" said the learned gentleman. "Three counts! Why, I advised you to discharge him at once."

"Yes," said Wheeler, "and excellent advice it was. But my client—"

"Preferred to go his own road. And now I am to cure the error I did what I could to prevent."

"I dare say, Sir, it is not the first time in your experience."

"Not by a great many. Clients, in general, have a great contempt for the notion that prevention is better than cure."

"He can't hurt me," said Bassett, impatiently. "He was separately examined by two doctors, and all the provisions of the statute exactly complied with."

"But that is no defense to this plaint. The statute forbids you to imprison an insane person without certain precautions; but it does not give you a right, under any circumstances, to imprison a sane man. That was decided in Butcher *v.* Butcher. The defense you rely on was pleaded as a second plea, and the plaintiff demurred to it directly. The question was argued before the full court, and the judges, led by the first lawyer of the age, decided unanimously that the provisions of the statute did not affect sane Englishmen and their rights under the common law. They ordered the plea to be struck off the record, and the case was reduced to a simple issue of sane or insane. Butcher *v.* Butcher governs all these cases. Can you prove him insane? If not, you had better compound on any terms. In Butcher's case the jury gave £3000, and the plaintiff was a man of very inferior position to Sir Charles Bassett. Besides, the defendant, Butcher, had not persisted against evidence, as you have. They will award £5000 at least in this case."

He took down a volume of reports, and showed them the case he had cited; and, on reading the unanimous decision of the judges, and the learning by which they were supported, Wheeler said at once, "Mr. Bassett, we might as well try to knock down St. Paul's with our heads as to go against this decision."

They then settled to put in a single plea, that Sir Charles was insane at the time of his capture.

This done, to gain time, Wheeler called on Sharpe, and, after several conferences, got the case compounded by an apology, a solemn retractation in writing, and the payment of four thousand pounds; and his counsel assured him his client was very lucky to get off so cheap.

Bassett paid the money, with the assistance of his wife's father: but it was a sickener; it broke his spirit, and even injured his health for some time.

Sir Charles improved the village with the money, and gave a copy-hold tenement to each of the men Bassett had got imprisoned. So they and their sons and their grandsons lived rent free—no, now I think of it, they had to pay fourpence a year to the Lord of the Manor.

Defeated at every point, and at last punished severely, Richard Bassett fell into a deep dejection and solitary brooding of a sort very dangerous to the reason. He would not go out-of-doors to give his enemies a triumph. He used to sit by the fire and mutter, "Blow upon blow, blow upon blow. My poor boy will never be lord of Huntercombe now!" and so on.

Wheeler pitied him, but could not rouse him.

At last a person for whose narrow attainments and simplicity he had a profound, though, to do him justice, a civil contempt, ventured to his rescue. Mrs. Bassett went crying to her father, and told him she feared the worst if Richard's mind could not be diverted from the Huntercombe estate and his hatred of Sir Charles and Lady Bassett, which had been the great misfortune of her life and of his own, but nothing would ever eradicate it. Richard had great abilities; was a linguist, a wonderful accountant: could her dear father find him some profitable employment to divert his thoughts?

"What! all in a moment?" said the old man.

"Then I shall have to *buy* it; and if I go on like this I shall not have much to leave you."

Having delivered this objection, he went up to London, and, having many friends in the City, and laying himself open to proposals, he got scent at last of a new insurance company that proposed also to deal in reversions, especially to entailed estates. By prompt purchase of shares in Bassett's name, and introducing Bassett himself, who, by special study, had a vast acquaintance with entailed estates, and a genius for arithmetical calculation, he managed somehow to get him into the direction, with a stipend, and a commission on all business he might introduce to the office.

Bassett yielded sullenly, and now divided his time between London and the country.

Wheeler worked with him on a share of commission, and they made some money between them.

After the bitter lesson he had received Bassett vowed to himself he never would attack Sir Charles again unless he was sure of victory. For all this he hated him and Lady Bassett worse than ever, hated them to the death.

He never moved a finger down at Huntercombe, nor said a word; but in London he employed a private inquirer to find out where Lady Bassett had lived at the time of her confinement, and whether any clergyman had visited her.

The private inquirer could find out nothing, and Bassett, comparing his advertisements with his performance, dismissed him for a humbug.

But the office brought him into contact with a great many medical men, one after another. He used to say to each stranger, with an insidious smile, "I think you once attended my cousin—Lady Bassett."

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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KIT CARSON'S RIDE.

By JOAQUIN MILLER.

REN? Now you bet you; I rather guess so.
But he's blind as a badger. Whoa, Pache, boy, whoa.
No, you wouldn't think so, to look at his eyes;
But he is badger-blind, and it happened this wise:
We lay in the grasses and the sunburnt clover,
That spread on the ground like a great brown cover;
Northward and southward and west, and away
To the Brazos, to where our lodges lay,
One broad and unbroken sea of brown,
Awaiting the curtains of night to come down
To cover us over and conceal our flight
With my brown bride, won from an Indian town
That lay in the rear the full ride of a night.

We lounged in the grasses—her eyes were on mine,
And her hands on my knee, and her hair was as wine
In its wealth and its flood, pouring on and all over
Her bosom wine-red, and pressed never by one,
And her touch was as warm as the tinge of the clover
Burned brown as it reached to the kiss of the sun;
And her words were as low as the lute-throated dove,
And as laden with love as the heart when it beats
In its hot eager answer to earliest love,
Or the bee hurried home by its burden of sweets.

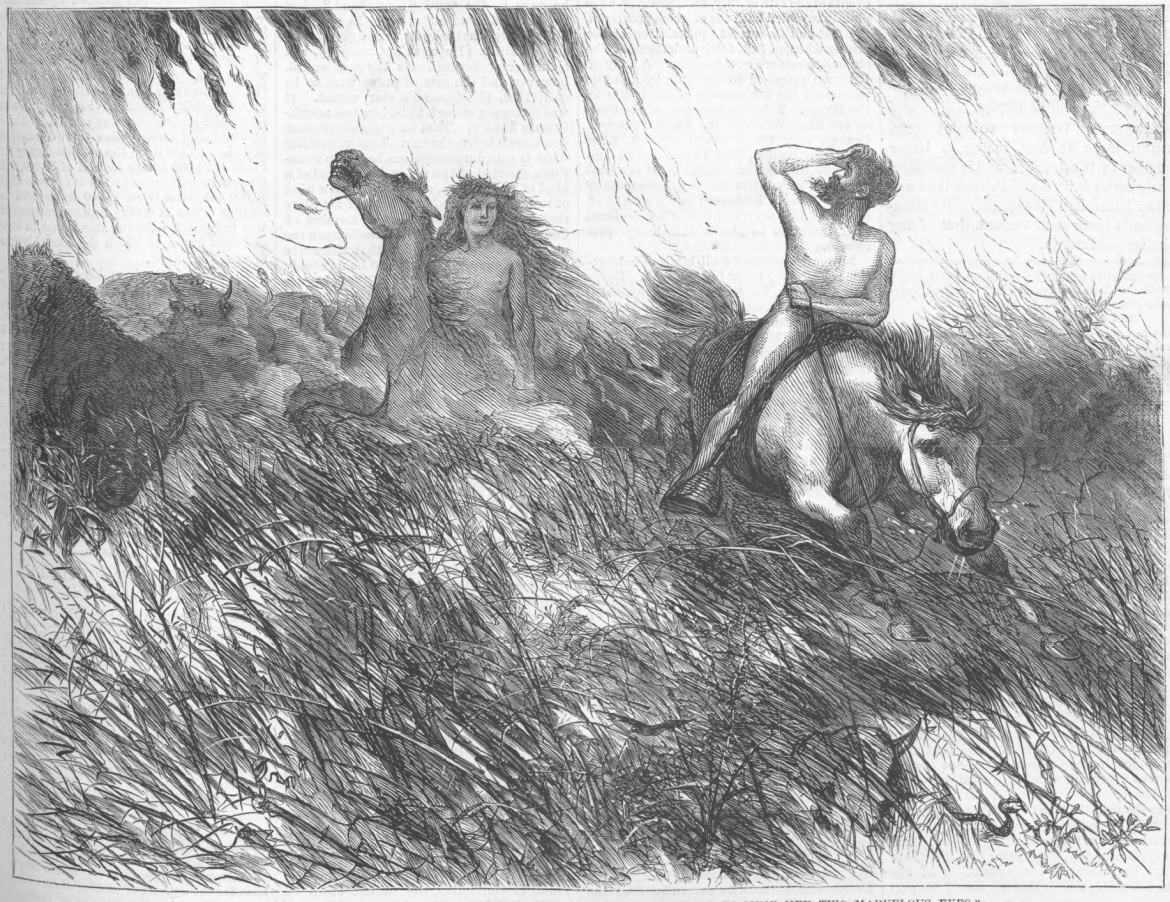
We lay low in the grass on the broad plain levels,
Old Revels and I, and my stolen brown bride.
"Forty full miles if a foot to ride,
Forty full miles if a foot, and the devils
Of red Camanches are hot on the track
When once they strike it. Let the sun go down
Soon, very soon," muttered bearded old Revels,
As he peered at the sun, lying low on his back,
Holding fast to his lasso; then he jerked at his steed,
And sprang to his feet and glanced swiftly around,
And then dropped, as if shot, with his ear to the ground,
Then again to his feet and to me, to my bride,
While his eyes were like fire, his face like a shroud,
His form like a king, and his beard like a cloud,
And his voice loud and shrill, as if blown from a reed:
"Pull, pull in your lassos, and bridle to steed,
And speed you if ever for life you would speed,
And ride for your lives—for your lives you must ride;
For the plain is aflame, the prairie on fire,
And feet of wild horses, hard flying before,
I hear like a sea breaking high on the shore,
While the buffalo come like a surge of the sea,
Driven far by the flame, driving fast on us three,
As a hurricane comes, crushing palms in its ire."

We drew in the lassos, seized saddle and rein,
Threw them on, cinched them on, cinched them over again,
And again drew the girth, cast aside the macheers,
Cut away tapidaros, loosed the sash from its fold,
Cast aside the catenas red and spangled with gold,
And gold-mounted Colt's, true companions for years,
Cast the red silk scrapes to the wind in a breath;
And so bared to the skin, sprang all haste to the horse,
As bare as when born—as when new from the hand
Of God—without word, or one word of command,
Turned head to the Brazos in a red race with death;
Turned head to the Brazos with a breath in the hair
Blowing hot from a king leaving death in his course;
Turned head to the Brazos with a sound in the air
Like the rush of an army, and a flash in the eye
Of a red wall of fire reaching up to the sky,
Stretching fierce in pursuit of a black rolling sea,
Rushing fast upon us as the wind sweeping free
And afar from the desert, bearing death and despair.

Not a word, not a wail, from a lip was let fall,
Not a kiss from my bride, not a look or low call
Of love-note or courage, but on o'er the plain
So steady and still, leaning low to the mane,
With the heel to the flank and the hand to the rein,
Rode we on, rode we three, rode we gray nose and nose,
Reaching long, breathing loud, like a creviced wind blows,
Yet we broke not a whisper, we breathed not a prayer—
There was work to be done, there was death in the air,
And the chance was as one to a thousand for all.

Gray nose to gray nose, and each steady mustang
Stretched neck and stretched nerve till the hollow earth rang,
And the foam from the flank and the croup and the neck
Flew around like the spray on a storm-driven deck.
Twenty miles! thirty miles!....a dim distant speck....
Then a long-reaching line and the Brazos in sight,
And I rose in my seat with a shout of delight.
I stood in my stirrup and looked to my right,
But Revels was gone; I glanced by my shoulder
And saw his horse stagger; I saw his head drooping
Hard on his breast, and his naked breast stooping
Low down to the mane, as so swifter and bolder
Ran reaching out for us the red-footed fire;
To right and to left the black buffalo came,
In miles and in millions, rolling on in despair,
With their beards to the dust and black tails in the air,
As a terrible surf on a red sea of flame
Rushing on in the rear, reaching high, reaching higher.
And he rode neck to neck to a buffalo bull,
The monarch of millions, with shaggy mane full
Of smoke and of dust, and it shook with desire
Of battle, with rage and with bellowings loud
And unearthly; and up through its lowering cloud
Came the flash of his eyes like a half-hidden fire,
While his keen, crooked horns through the storm of his mane
Like black lances lifted and lifted again;
And I looked but this once, for the fire licked through,
And he fell and was lost as we rode two and two.

I looked to my left then, and nose, neck, and shoulder
Sank slowly, sank surely, till back to my thighs;
And up through the black, blowing veil of her hair
Did beam full in mine her two marvelous eyes



"AND UP THROUGH THE BLACK, BLOWING VEIL OF HER HAIR DID BEAM FULL IN MINE HER TWO MARVELOUS EYES."
[DRAWN BY SOL EYTINGE, JUN.]

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With a longing and love, yet a look of despair,
And a pity for me as she felt the smoke fold her,
And flames reaching far for her glorious hair.
Her sinking steed faltered, his eager ears fell
To and fro and unsteady, and all the neck's swell
Did subside and recede, and the nerves fall as dead.
Then she saw that my own steed still lorded his head
With a look of delight; for this Pachè, you see,
Was her father's, and once at the South Santafee
Had won a whole herd, sweeping every thing down
In a race where the world came to run for the crown.
And so when I won the true heart of my bride—
My neighbor's and deadliest enemy's child,
And child of the kingly war chief of his tribe—
She brought me this steed to the border the night
She met Revels and me in her perilous flight
From the lodge of the chief to the north Brazos side,
And said, so half guessing of ill as she smiled,
As if jesting, that I, and I only, should ride
The fleet-footed Pachè, so if kin should pursue
I should surely escape without other ado
Than to ride, without blood, to the north Brazos side,
And await her—and wait till the next hollow moon
Hung her horn in the palms, when surely and soon
And swift she would join me, and all would be well,
Without bloodshed or word. And now as she fell
From the front, and went down in the ocean of fire,
The last that I saw was a look of delight
That I should escape—a love—a desire—
Yet never a word, not a look of appeal,
Lest I should reach hand, should stay hand or stay heel
One instant for her in my terrible flight.

Then the rushing of fire rose around me and under,
And the howling of beasts like the sound of thunder—
Beasts burning and blind, and forced onward and over,
As the passionate flame reached around them and wove her
Hands in their hair, and kissed hot till they died—
Till they died with a wild and a desolate moan,
As a sea heart-broken on the hard brown stone.
And into the Brazos....I rode all alone—
All alone, save only a horse long-limbed,
And blind and bare and burned to the skin.
Then just as the terrible sea came in
And tumbled its thousands hot into the tide,
Till the tide blocked up, and the swift stream brimmed
In eddies, we struck on the opposite side.

* * * * * * *

Sell Pachè—blind Pachè? Now, mister, look here;
You have slept in my tent and partook of my cheer
Many days, many days, on this rugged frontier—
For the ways they were rough, and Camanches were near.
But you'd better pack up! Curse your dirty skin!
I couldn't have thought you so niggardly small.
Do you men that make books think an old mountaineer
On the rough border born has no tum-tum at all?
Sell Pachè! You buy him! A bag full of gold!
You show him! Tell of him the tale I have told!
Why, he bore me through fire, and is blind, and is old!
Now pack up your papers, and git up and spin,
And never look back. Blast you and your tin!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1871.

Circulation of Last Week's Paper, 186,000 Copies.

HARPER'S WEEKLY contains ONE-THIRD more reading matter, a larger number of Illustrations, and is conspicuously better Edited and Printed than any other Illustrated Newspaper. Its circulation is more than DOUBLE that of any similar publication.

☞ *The* SUPPLEMENT *to this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains an admirable and exceedingly interesting account of*

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with twenty-three original illustrations, including several fac-similes from the records of the

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sketches of quaint Old Buildings, the birth-place of HAWTHORNE, *and other objects of interest.*

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY AND AMERICAN LIBERTY.

THE circumstances of the recent riot in New York are of national interest and importance. They illustrate the inevitable consequence of pandering to ignorance and superstition for political purposes, and they challenge every thoughtful person in the country to reflect upon the character of a party which does not hesitate to destroy the very foundations of republican liberty. When the city of New York began its rapid and remarkable growth one of the most striking elements in its increase was the foreign immigration, and two things soon became apparent. One was that the foreign element would soon be the balance of voting power in the city; and the other was that the State would soon be politically controlled by the city. There were two other evident facts: that a very large part of the immigrants were ignorant; and that they belonged to the Church which has always and at every cost sought political power.

The results were not difficult to foresee. The Democratic party, in alliance with slavery, found in the ignorance of the foreign voters the best ground of appeal to selfish prejudice and to class hatred, without fear that the essential incompatibility of the American idea with slavery would be perceived. That party, therefore, devoted itself to inflaming the passions of ignorance; and there is no record more shameful than that of the political appeals of the Tammany party in the city of New York during the despotism of slavery in this country, culminating in the speech of HORATIO SEYMOUR at the Academy of Music on the 4th of July, 1863; a speech which was logically followed by the riots ten days afterward—riots which were virtually the breaking out of the rebellion in New York, and which were the legitimate results of the servility to ignorance, passion, and brute force which had characterized the Democratic party.

Meanwhile the other point of religious sympathy was not forgotten. In the United States all forms of religious faith are perfectly free and equal before the law. The State knows no Church, and defends every citizen in the peaceful pursuit of his religious preference. But this is a principle abhorrent to the Roman Church. That Church holds that the political power should be subservient to the ecclesiastical, and that the ecclesiastical power should be that of Rome. This is its unswerving, inexorable demand. Its peculiar discipline is such, and the general ignorance of its membership in the countries and among the population from which the American immigration proceeds is so profound, that its members in this country, as a class, are politically marshaled by its clergy. Of course, therefore, to favor the political demands of that Church is to secure the vote of its membership, and we consequently see that the Democratic policy in the city of New York has been one of constant obsequiousness to the purposes and the prejudices of that ecclesiastical organization. Enormous gifts have been made to its churches and charities; its members have been selected, and not by chance, for very many of the chief offices in the city; and its fatal designs upon the common-school system of the State, the very bulwark of our liberties, have been promoted by the Democratic party.

These facts have been conspicuous and notorious. They were not denied, for they were evident. But so long as gifts, however small, were also made to others, while offices were not exclusively filled by adherents of the political Church, and while the common-school system, however sorely assaulted, stood firm, the alliance of a great party with an ecclesiastical system whose supremacy is necessarily fatal to liberty was regarded with a shrug, as a fact indeed, but a fact greatly exaggerated and not alarming. The events of the 12th of July, 1871, however, have plainly revealed both the extreme gravity of the fact and its correct appreciation by the people when, at last, fully understood. The circumstances are now familiar. A body of Irishmen proposed to celebrate by a public procession the anniversary of the battle of the Boyne. This was a victory of the Protestant King WILLIAM the Third, Prince of Orange, over the Catholic STUART, King JAMES the Second, who was aiming to subvert the liberties of England. It is consequently a very bitter memory to the mass of Roman Catholic Irishmen; and a society of that kind in the city of New York declared their intention to attack the Orange procession.

Now processions for all kinds of celebrations constantly occur in New York. Every year, in March, the St. PATRICK'S procession obstructs the streets, and on Easter-Monday of this year the great and imposing German procession in honor of the peace in Europe occupied the streets for hours. So long as they are orderly and peaceful the public submits to the inconvenience; and if they are attacked by the disorderly, the duty of the city to keep the peace is evident. But when the threat of the Roman Catholic Irishmen to attack the peaceful parade of the Protestant Irishmen was made, the Democratic authorities of this city were brought to a formidable alternative. They must alienate the Roman Catholic vote, or they must surrender one of the vital conditions of American liberty. Apparently they scarcely hesitated. They cringed before the Roman Catholic threat, and betrayed liberty.

The response of the people was as swift and overwhelming as that of the country after the firing upon Sumter. The shred of sophistry with which the base action of the authorities was sought to be defended was annihilated by a contemptuous breath of American common-sense; and the fact remained and remains and will remain clear to the perception of the country that the acknowledged leaders of the Democratic party in their chief seat of power, in order to propitiate the Roman Catholic vote, deliberately sacrificed one of the fundamental securities of free popular government. Henceforth it is plain that they would buy power at any price whatever. The common-school system, the right of peaceful assembly and discussion, free speech, religious liberty, a free press, none of these are more cardinal and essential than the right which the Democratic authorities surrendered at the threat of a religious mob; and under the same pressure, and for the same reasons, they would equally abandon these and every other guarantee and principle of American freedom.

Nor is it surprising. Men who, like the Democratic leaders, have for a generation stultified themselves with the effort to justify human slavery, have, of course, lost all correct perception of the worth and conditions of political liberty. They know neither the sanctity nor the securities of freedom. Their politics consist of incessant pandering to ignorance and passion; and as formerly the final judgment against the Democratic party was that it instinctively allied itself with slavery, which by its nature must either rule or ruin the country, so now the fatal judgment against it is that, with the same instinct, it allies itself to the only political Church in the country—a Church whose principles are destructive of American liberty.

GENERAL BUTLER AT THE FRONT.

GENERAL BUTLER announces that he is a candidate for the chief magistracy of Massachusetts. He does this in a letter which explains what has hitherto been supposed to be his understanding with Dr. LORING, and which states his own political position. General BUTLER denies that he has had any understanding with Dr. LORING, and in a way which conclusively shows that if there had been any upon the Doctor's part it is now wholly at an end. General BUTLER'S platform is of four planks: radical republicanism, labor reform, woman suffrage, and prohibition. It is a comprehensive structure, and well designed to secure the favor not only of the regular but of the eccentric politicians in which Massachusetts is supposed to be so rich. Yet his letter is not received with favor by any of the party papers, however they differ upon other points. This, however, will not trouble the General. He encountered the opposition of the ablest papers in the State when he was a candidate for Congress, and as he succeeded then, he doubtless believes that he will be successful now.

Still the political career of General BUTLER can not be called successful. At one time during the war he was so conspicuous and so popular that he was supposed to be the man of the future. He managed Baltimore and New Orleans and New York, and he gave us the word "contraband." But the circumstances under which he acted required only what may be called revolutionary qualities. He was law, morality, and character to himself. As the war ended, however, and the arts of peace were to be cultivated, the General's star waned. It was no longer enough to be law and morality unto himself. That he was a clever man was known before the war. That he was also what is called unscrupulous had been sometimes asserted. And when he advocated a kind of repudiation, and maintained a kind of residence in another district of his State that he might be eligible as a member of Congress, there was the same smile upon the pleasant face of the public that there was when he announced himself to be no enemy of prohibition, and a friend of the labor reformer and of suffrage for women. Besides his tendencies toward repudiation, the smiling public saw the General seeking to kindle the animosity of the fishermen against Canada and of the country against England. In fact, as was natural in the representative of the Essex district, he seemed to be always anxious for a gale of wind.

Yet, with all his cleverness, General BUTLER never led the House; and, despite his activity and advocacy of measures that might be popular, he is not now, and has never been, a leader of the Republican party. No man understands better the arts of publicity. In repartee, and in a rough-and-tumble verbal skirmish, he is agile and generally amusing. But his serious advocacy of a policy has not weight proportioned to its ability. The key of the General's career would be found, probably, if we could understand that smile upon the pleasant face of the public of which we spoke. And what is the meaning of that but a want of confidence? There is a feeling that he believes the maxim of political success to be "all's fair in politics." Probably the labor reformers and the prohibitionists and the friends of woman suffrage do not feel that the General has any very profound convictions upon those subjects, but a very clear perception that they have, and that an appearance of interest is, therefore, useful to a candidate who would have their support.

If this is the qualtty which the Republicans of Massachusetts desire in a Governor, the General's chances of election are very good. But the men who made JOHN A. ANDREW Governor will not forget that this was not his qualification. It was the profoundest conviction, the utmost scorn of political pretense, the sincerest character, the consecration of great abilities to the service of a great faith, that made Governor ANDREW the efficient chief of his State in a tremendous crisis—a true leader of a party of the noblest patriotism and principle, and a man universally respected and beloved. These are still desirable qualities in a Governor, although there is no crisis; and if the Republican Convention of Massachusetts thinks that they characterize General BUTLER, he will unquestionably be nominated and elected. But if the Convention has doubts, it will naturally ask why a man so tried and true and satisfactory as the present Governor, CLAFLIN, should not continue to serve the State which respects and trusts him.

THE PRESS IN FRANCE.

WHILE the Democratic municipal authorities of New York, at the threat of a mob, are forbidding the peaceful assembly of the people, it is interesting to see that the provisional government of France is relaxing the stringency of the laws restricting the press. The government of the national defense, as it was called, repealed the law of LOUIS NAPOLEON requiring caution-money of the press—a fund paid in advance as security of fines that might be legally levied against the journals. Of course it was not to be expected that this repeal of the revolutionary government would stand, but the real temper of the present Assembly would be shown by the amount of the restored payment. Upon the motion to renew this system, LOUIS BLANC said that even if some measures of repression were necessary—an admission to which the reign of the Commune has probably persuaded him—yet preventive measures were unwise. The result of caution-money, he contended, was to forbid all but the rich to write; and he quoted Mr. MILL to show that to stifle or perplex the press is to rob the human race, because it tends to keep new ideas from those who are to be benefited by them. LOUIS BLANC also stated the good effect in England of relieving newspapers from taxes; for the penny papers are now altogether better than when their price was larger and their circulation less.

The good sense of this speech, and the influence which so sagacious an observer and student as LOUIS BLANC must necessarily exercise, had their effect, and the minister presently announced that the proposed caution-money had been reduced by one-half. It was curious that the extreme conservatives were opposed to the caution altogether. But the reason is that they fear the necessity of paying a thousand dollars in advance would destroy many of the legitimist and High-Church rural journals, and replace them by the Parisian papers. When the vote was taken the proposition was carried by three hundred and twenty-nine to two hundred and two. This fixed the caution-money for Paris at 24,000 francs instead of 50,000, and for provincial papers in towns of more than 50,000 inhabitants at 12,000 francs, and in smaller towns at 6000. But an amendment was suggested reducing these sums to 6000 and 3000 francs, to which the Assembly was favorably inclined.

The action of the Assembly shows a disposition, notwithstanding the exasperations of the war and the uncertainty of the situation, to remove the imperial chains upon the press. The Assembly is not yet ready to trust that perfect freedom which is the best security; but to this conclusion, for reasons of interest, as well as from a clearer perception of principle, it will constantly tend. Meanwhile what a prodigious assistance to every reactionary who would confirm the despotism of the empire is the conduct of the Democratic authorities in New York! "Free press!" every European Tory and monarchist will exclaim—"why, even in the city of New York, which calls itself the most Democratic city in the world, the right of peaceful assembly and procession is not acknowledged."

THE DUTY OF SOUTHERN REPUBLICANS.

WE observe that some Republican papers reproach Mr. GREELEY for denouncing certain "carpet-baggers" in the Southern States. But he very properly replies that he did not speak of all, but of a class only, and that what he said of the class is true. Of this there can be no question. The probability and the facts agree. That a vast train of bummers would follow the victorious army, and remain to improve every chance, was to be expected, as well as that a great many honest and enterprising men would go into a comparatively undeveloped country to settle and improve it. Of course, also, it was evident that the Democratic organs and orators would insist that the bummers were the only new Southern population, and would hold the Republican party every where responsible for the offenses of unscrupulous adventurers. It was, therefore, most desirable, and for every reason, that the Republicans should refuse to be identified with the worst

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elements of an immigration that is sure to follow such a war as that of the rebellion.

Mr. GREELEY described this company of adventurers. He called them thieving carpet-baggers. He said, and truly, that they crawled down to the South at a safe distance in the rear of our armies, bent upon plunder, and easily ingratiated themselves with the simple and confiding freedmen. Many of them were elected to office, and enriched themselves in a hundred nefarious ways. All this was unavoidable. There are always plenty of such people watching for their opportunity, and finding it. They would, of course, call themselves Republicans, because the Republican party was the friend of the negro and the emancipator of the South. And the Republican party would be compelled to bear the infamy of all who called themselves Republicans. This has happened; and, more than this, it is the conduct and reputation of the thieving carpet-baggers which have furnished the only pretense of a plea for the Ku-Klux. For it was said that against the rule of such men the laws were invalid, and there was no remedy but self-defense.

This was a pretense only; for the conduct of the Ku-Klux is evidence enough of its spirit and purpose. Its object is not to defend imperiled rights; it is to paralyze political opposition by a reign of terror. It hunts and hangs negroes and not carpet-baggers. But this was another reason for the Republican party to purge itself of scoundrels. Undoubtedly large numbers of honest people in the Southern States have held aloof from the Republicans because of the bummers, whose influence and legislation were equally discreditable; and, surely, honest and industrious settlers from the North do not consider themselves insulted because the thieves are denounced! They must know as well as we that policy as well as principle teaches that the Republican party must not be held responsible for the knavery of those who would prefer to be Democrats driving slaves rather than nominal friends of liberty and equality. Mr. GREELEY merely repeats what thousands of Republicans have reported. And if the Southern States become Democratic, the responsibility will largely lie upon the Republicans in them who did not promptly and decisively repudiate the thieving carpet-baggers.

M. THIERS.

THE result of the French elections occasioned very general surprise. It was supposed that the monarchists of every kind would show themselves to be much more numerous. But while the monarchical vote was small, that for certain representative republicans or liberals was no less so. VICTOR HUGO, for instance, was left with a very small following; and the election showed only this, but this most plainly, that the government of M. THIERS is supported by the voting population of the country. It can not be called, therefore, a republican or a monarchical result; it is simply a THIERS result. Now M. THIERS is probably neither rigidly republican nor monarchist. He is in favor of that system which will best keep the peace. His great literary work is the glorification of the first emperor. His political ministry was as an Orleanist. Under the republic of 1848 he was reactionary. Under the empire of LOUIS NAPOLEON he was in the opposition. He denounced the war with Germany, and after the fall of France at Sedan he served diplomatically under the government of defense. Then followed the surrender of Paris, and the assembly of conservatives; and, as the executive chief, he suppressed the insurrection of the Commune.

Indeed, while M. THIERS is a man of great cleverness and accomplishment, he has never seemed to be governed by deep convictions of any kind. He is adroit, quick, fertile; in fact, he is of what is distinctively called a French nature, but controlled by gravity and large experience. And he occupies a very remarkable position. A great nation, overwhelmed in war, during which its government wholly disappears, is permitted by the conqueror to elect an Assembly to determine whether it will make peace, and empowered to make it, if it will. This Assembly, purely provisional, except as to the specific purpose of peace, organizes a government to hold the country together until it can elect a Constituent Assembly and determine its future political system. M. THIERS is placed at the head of the provisional organization, against which the Commune revolts. The revolt becomes a serious struggle, which ends in the victory of the provisional government; and an election held soon after indicates nothing whatever but that the majority of voters confides in the government as constituted, and at the head of which, by common consent, stands M. THIERS.

But this confidence, like his elevation, represents no principle. M. THIERS is undoubtedly a republican—provided that he thinks a republic has the best chance; and he is a monarchist—if he thinks that the really strongest system. He wants only the firmest government which is not actually reactionary, and he undoubtedly believes himself to be essential to any hopeful system. He is, therefore, a virtual and absolute dictator. If he should say that in his judgment it is not safe to attempt to elect a Constituent Assembly, and to open the whole question of political reorganization, he would be sustained by the country. But if he discovers that there is a strenuous and general desire to "consult the people," the judgment of the shrewd politician will incline to an Assembly. No single man upon the theatre of the world is playing a more important part than M. THIERS, who, it will be remarked, has now surrounded himself with an Orleanist cabinet.

THE CASE OF MRS. WHARTON.

ONE of the saddest considerations in the case of Mrs. WHARTON, of Baltimore, who is accused of murder by poisoning, is that, even if wholly innocent, the cloud of so terrible a charge can never entirely pass away. Those who have been by mere casual association connected with great crimes, or the suspicion of them, are always a little tainted. There is a whisper, a look, a surmise, which forever attends them. Then, too, what may be called the laws of mental perversity operate against a person in the situation of Mrs. WHARTON. The very improbability that a refined woman, in comfortable circumstances, and without apparent reason, should commit atrocious crimes, makes it, to use a contradiction, probable to certain minds. The reasoning is that the utter improbability makes escape so sure that temptation, upon the slightest suggestion, becomes resistless fascination. It is a distempered logic, but it is not unfamiliar to the students of crime.

In the present case the only ascertained fact pointing to guilt is the presentation by the Grand Jury. The evidence submitted to them was sufficient to persuade them that the deaths were violent and that the circumstances were suspicious. But statements in the newspapers, except as they are official reports, should be very carefully weighed. The thirst for sensations has become so morbid, and the competition in gratifying it is so intense, that it is really necessary to receive assertions and relations of apparent facts in the newspapers with the most skeptical reserve. It is not that there is any ill intention upon the reporter's part, but his living depends upon his success in sending the most news at the earliest moment. Here is a marvelous story; it is time to furnish copy; there is no opportunity for investigation; and some other paper will have it if his does not; so the story is published, and then it is not worth while to investigate. Rumor fattens upon the wind, and as very much that is reported is necessarily hearsay, a man who has read his paper is probably often no fuller of truth than one who has breakfasted upon the east wind is full of food.

A newspaper, however, may justly urge that it does not profess to furnish truth, but news, and news under certain conditions of time and space. It is bound to use all diligence in verifying news, but it is not bound to refrain from printing every thing that it has not proved. The consequence is that if there is not much absolute falsehood published as news, there is a great deal of misrepresentation and misconception. In many papers Mrs. WHARTON is already called the poisoner, and the alliterative temptation to call her the "Baltimore BRINVILLIERS" is evidently very strong; yet she may be satisfactorily acquitted. Much that has been stated as fact may be proved to be mere rumor. In any case, she is only accused; she is not yet convicted; and of crimes so awful certainly every woman may be presumed to be innocent until proved to be guilty.

PERSONAL.

MR. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS gives his friends and the public distinctly to understand that under no circumstances can he be induced to mingle in the political affairs of the day, his time being wholly occupied preparing a biography of his father. It may be that he deems the present a rather inauspicious moment for re-entering the political arena, the more so as his son, JOHN QUINCY, is now a prominent figure in New England politics. One ADAMS at a time ought to satisfy.

—It has recently come to light how President GRANT happened to appoint Mr. AKERMAN Attorney-General. The first time the President saw him he was in Washington transacting some business as State agent of Georgia. After having finished some matter one morning in the Executive Chamber the President said, "I like that man, and as soon as the place is open in Georgia I mean to make him district-attorney." The time came, and the office was bestowed. In the pursuit of his new duties, the President heard that Mr. AKERMAN had been refused lodging in a Southern city because of his Republicanism, and that the court had to be adjourned in consequence. When Mr. HOAR resigned, Mr. AKERMAN was nominated, entirely without his knowledge, and was at his remote country home a week before the news reached him. Mr. AKERMAN was born in New Hampshire, and, long before the war, settled in North Carolina, and for a time taught school, but afterward pushed on into Georgia, where the rebellion found him.

—For the first time in this country, perhaps in any country, a negro has been appointed a college professor. The new educator is LAWRENCE MINOR, and the institution is Alcorn University, Mississippi, which was founded two years ago, and an endowment fund of $50,000 per annum appropriated for its support. This sum is to be paid annually for five years, after which it is expected to be self-supporting. Professor MINOR was born in Louisiana, the son of a rich bachelor, a planter. His mother had also another son and a daughter by the same person. The daughter is now living in Cleveland, and has a son who is private secretary to Lieutenant-Governor DUNN. Before the death of MINOR'S father he was importuned by the female members of his family to give his children a thorough education, to which he consented, and engaged a private tutor for that purpose. Dying, he left a will manumitting the mother and children, and making provision for their education. LAWRENCE entered Oberlin College in 1846, and proved an apt scholar. In 1850 he went to New Orleans, taught school for four years, and was then obliged, in order to support his family, to become porter on one of the river steamers, where his conduct was excellent, and where he remained until this professorship was given to him, which insures him a salary of $2500 per annum. He is a strikingly handsome man for one of his color, tall, stout, and dignified; his conversation is fluent and pleasant, and by all who know him he is regarded as a remarkable man.

—The Cragie House—better known, perhaps, as the residence of the poet LONGFELLOW—is 112 years old, and one of the most spacious and elegant of its class in the country. The door is massive, and its ponderous fastenings and brasses the same as when WASHINGTON made it his home in the memorable winter of 1775. The hall, twelve feet in breadth, contains the broad, square staircase, with landings. The drawing-room is of great height for the period—twenty feet—wainscoted in panels elaborately carved. Across the entry from this apartment is the study, a bright, sunny room, and behind it the library, of noble proportions, thirty feet in length, with columns diversifying the longer side opposite the windows. For twenty-five years it has been the home of Mr. LONGFELLOW, and under its roof have been composed the finest productions of his genius. He is now sixty-four.

—It seems rather odd to an American, when reading of the new republican government of France, that M. THIERS is just now greatly embarrassed as to how he shall get along with the newspapers. One would suppose that in a free government there would be absolute liberty of the press. Such is not the fact, THIERS having re-enacted the law that "caution-money" to the amount of $2400 shall be deposited as security for each journal published in a great town. That law, we opine, will have to be repealed, or the people will find it necessary to repeal M. THIERS.

—The ROTHSCHILDS are certainly a lucky family—as fortunate in avoiding bombs as in gaining bullion. No matter who is king, ROTHSCHILD reigns. Of the 144 splendid buildings owned by them in Paris not one was harmed by German shells during the siege, nor by the Communists during their internecine strife. All sides—Germans, Frenchmen, Versaillese, Communists—must have the cash. And of whom to get it but a ROTHSCHILD?

—Mr. E. B. MORGAN, of Aurora, New York, has recently purchased the shares in the New York *Times* attached to the RAYMOND estate, representing about one-third of the property. The price paid for these shares was $375,000, or upward of $11,000 for each. Mr. MORGAN was an original stockholder, and has been for some time past one of the managing partners of the paper, in conjunction with Mr. GEORGE JONES, another of the original proprietors. These two gentlemen now hold eighty-two out of the hundred shares of the stock in their own hands. In announcing the purchase of the RAYMOND shares, the proprietors assure the public that the *Times* "will not swerve from the policy which it has long pursued, but that it will hereafter be more persistent than ever in its efforts to bring about those political reforms which the people require and expect."

—The young gentleman who comes to Washington from the Japanese government as its first minister to this country is the youngest diplomatist ever accredited to the United States, being only twenty-four years of age. His name is GUGOI ARINOVI MARI, and he is one of the hereditary princes. When eighteen he was sent to England for education, and remained there three years. On returning to Japan he took part in the legislative councils, and at the risk of assassination made the first proposition ever made in Japan to abolish the wearing of the two swords. For this he was advised to, and did, retire from public life; but at the end of a year public opinion had turned in his favor, and he was invited to re-enter the service of the government. He comes as minister much against his inclination (being, as he thinks, too young), and only at the command of his sovereign. He is a very active, busy man, full of native and acquired ability, determined to send from here every variety of information that can promote the prosperity and happiness of Japan.

—It is among the probabilities that the Prince DE LYNAR will be the successor of Baron GEROLT as the Prussian minister at Washington. He is the young gentleman who obtained permission from Kaiser WILLIAM to wed an American belle, the Emperor turning to him at a banquet and saying, "Prince DE LYNAR, I drink to the health of your American *fiancée*, and may we soon behold her at your side here in Germany!"

—Brunswick, Maine, has been convulsed by the necessity of choosing a new president of Bowdoin College. Following the example set by the governing powers of Cornell, Union, the University of New York, and other colleges, the choice has fallen on Governor CHAMBERLAIN, whose aspirations last year were toward a United States Senatorship. The new president has every requisite for the position. It is a conservative institution, having had but five presidents in seventy years. Among her graduates are the names of LONGFELLOW, HAWTHORNE, FESSENDEN, FRANKLIN PIERCE, J. S. C. ABBOTT, GEORGE B. CHEEVER, JOHN P. HALE, SEARGENT S. PRENTISS, and CALVIN E. STOWE.

—In a city where business changes are so rapid and little thought of as in New York it is quite unusual for a firm name to be continued in one place for over fifty years, as was the case with Mr. C. V. S. ROOSEVELT, who died last week at the age of seventy-eight. Mr. R. was born in Maiden Lane, where his father carried on business before him, and whose partner he became in 1818. He continued in business until 1865, when he retired, and was succeeded by his sons. It is now eighty years since the family first began to do business at No. 94 Maiden Lane. During the past twenty-five years he has resided at the corner of Broadway and Fourteenth Street. He had amassed a fortune of some millions, but he gave away the larger part of his income to benevolent objects. He leaves four sons—JAMES A. and THEODORE, who continue the business, ROBERT B., member of Congress, and CORNELIUS V. S., Jun.

—A granddaughter of DANIEL BOONE, the famous hunter and pioneer, is now the widow of ex-Governor BOGGS, and resides in Napa County, California, on the homestead where the family settled twenty-five years ago. The old, original BOONE was a curious person—a man of superior intellect, but loving the woods, passionately fond of hunting, and hating all the conventionalities of society. CHESTER HARDING, who painted the only portrait of him ever taken, which now hangs in the State-house of Kentucky, found him lying in his bunk in a cabin, engaged in cooking a venison steak on a ramrod. He died at the age of eighty-eight, having some years previously had the prudence to purchase a coffin, which he kept under his bed, ready for immediate use when his carcass was called for. But he was a modest, honest, temperate, chaste old fellow, and beloved by the borderers.

—*Harper's Weekly* contains, in the last number, a striking collection of caricatures by NAST, illustrating TWEED'S "short talk" at the Tammany powwow on the Fourth. Mr. NAST is one of the boldest and most effective foes of the Ring. His assaults are appreciated by every body, learned or unlearned, and they hurt the rascals they are aimed at more than mere words can. Nor is this artist dependent on coarse and obvious caricature for his tremendous influence. While his points are plain to the most casual observer, their subtile meaning will repay careful study. In the ingenuity with which he stamps the faces of our four dictators with varied expressions of effrontery, cunning, complacency, and greed he is absolutely unrivaled. It may interest his thousands of admirers to know that on Wednesday Mr. NAST shouldered his musket and marched with the Seventh Regiment in defense of the cause he has so bravely upheld with his pencil, against the ruffians he has made so familiar to the readers of *Harper's*.—*N. Y. Times*, *July* 15.

—President THIERS, in calling the Duke de Broglie to the Secretaryship of Foreign Affairs, old man as he is, thought, doubtless, that age is no barrier to efficiency in affairs. THIERS himself is seventy-four. His father, who was a working locksmith, lived to eighty. His grandfather, a Marseilles lawyer, died at eighty-four. His mother died at eighty-four. Two aunts died at Mentone, both over eighty, and his nearest living relation is a cousin now at Mentone, a lady, aged seventy-nine. The old statesman is therefore excusable, from his point of view, for calling into his cabinet men ripe in years and experience. His first great work, however, was produced while he was young, the first volume of the "History of the French Revolution" having appeared when he was but twenty-six, and the tenth volume when he was thirty-five. At thirty-five he was appointed Minister of the Interior, and at thirty-nine he was President of the Council and Minister of Foreign Affairs.

—Hon. PETER M. DOX, M. C. from Alabama, and for many years a resident of that State, formerly resided in Ontario County, New York. He was a Democrat, a thorough-going party man, and had considerable local influence.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

A SEVERE earthquake shock was felt throughout the New England States early on the morning of July 20. In Portsmouth and Concord, New Hampshire, it was quite severe, shaking the plastering from the walls of the jail in the former, and causing a church-bell to ring in the latter. The general direction of the shock was from north to south.

General Crook has taken the field against the Apaches, with five companies of cavalry, fifty picked Mexicans, and a large number of native scouts. He will act in conjunction with the Mexican authorities in Sonora.

General Parker has resigned the Commissionership of the Indian Bureau, on the ground that Congressional legislation has divested it of all its original importance, duties, and responsibility, and made the Commissioner a supernumerary officer, his principal duties being simply those of a clerk to a Board of Indian Commissioners operating wholly outside of and independent of the Indian Bureau.

Early on Saturday morning, July 22, an explosion occurred in the small magazine at the Washington Arsenal used for the preparation of rockets, lights, and shells for the Signal Corps. The explosion caused a serious conflagration, involving the destruction of about $1,000,000 worth of government property.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ON the 20th of July Mr. Gladstone announced in the House of Commons that the Queen had canceled the royal warrant legalizing the purchase of commissions in the army. The Tories denounced the arbitrary course of the government, but Mr. Gladstone was defiant, and challenged the opposition to move a vote of non-confidence. In the House of Lords the action of the government was announced by Earl Granville. The Lords were deeply moved, but decorous in their demonstrations. The measure is generally approved by the press of England.

President Thiers declared in the French Assembly, on the 22d of July, that he would do all in his power to secure the independence of the Pope, but that it was impossible to take any step that would result in war with Italy.

The Archbishop of Tours has been appointed to the archbishopric of Paris.

The French paid 409,600,000 francs of the German indemnity on the 15th of July, and 52,500,000 since that date.

The German army of occupation has received orders to evacuate Amiens and Rouen and the departments of the Somme, Lower Seine, and Eure.

Prince Gortschakoff has expressed to the deputation of the American Evangelical Alliance the sympathy of the Czar with the advancement of the cause of religious liberty in Russia.

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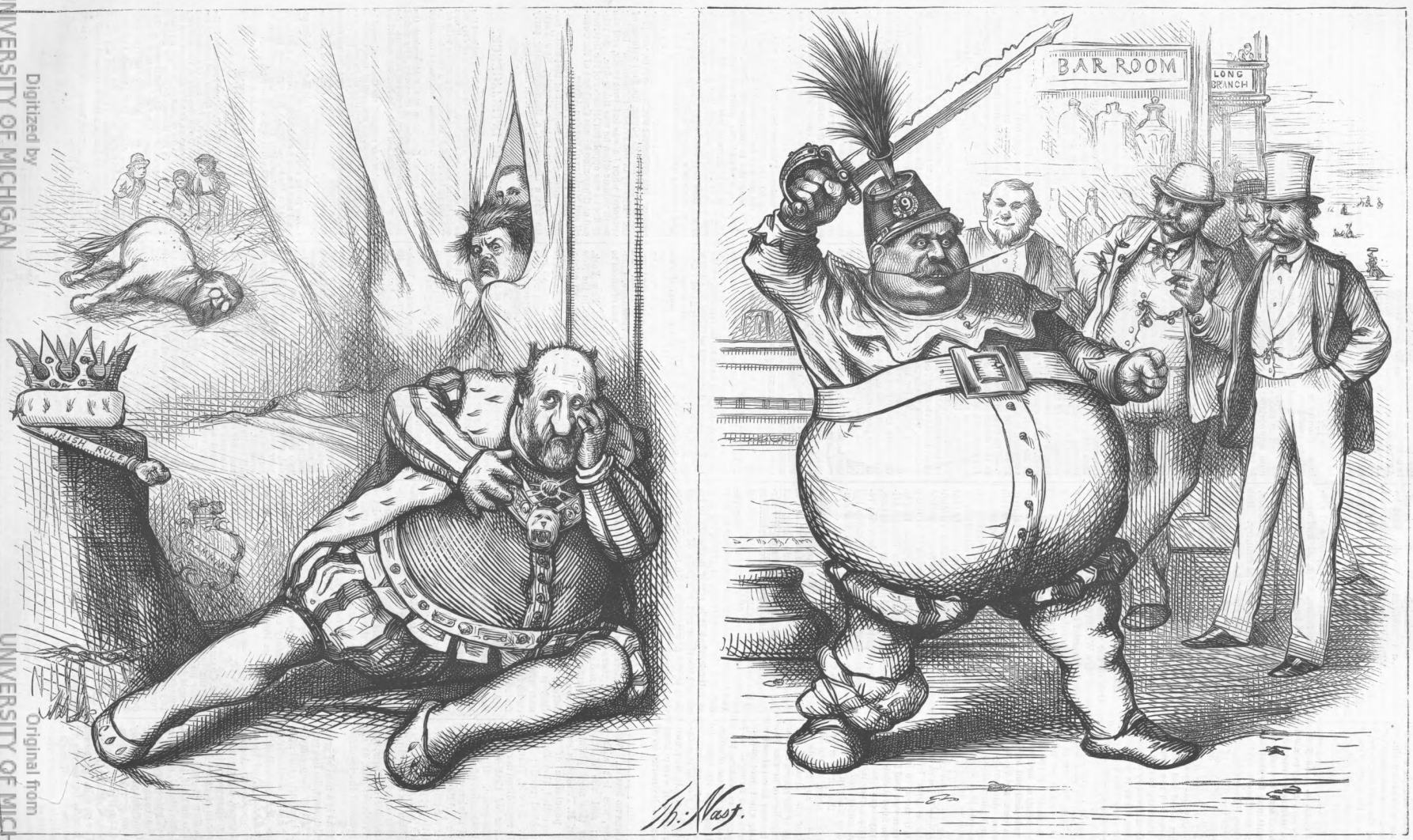

SHAKSPEARE ON THE LATE RIOT.

RICHARD III.

Tweed, as King Richard (starting out of his dream).

Give me another horse [MAYOR]—bind up my wounds—
Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft; I did but dream.
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!—
The lights burn blue. It is now dead midnight.
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What do I fear? myself? there's none else by:
Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.
Then fly! What, from myself? Great reason: Why?
Lest I revenge. What? myself on myself?
I love myself. Wherefore? for any good
That I myself have done unto myself?
Oh no: alas, I rather hate myself,
For hateful deeds committed by myself.
I am a villain: Yet I lie, I am not.
Fool, of thyself speak well:—Fool, do not flatter.
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
I shall despair. There is no creature loves me;
And, if I die, no soul will pity me.
Methought the souls of all that I had plundered
Came to my tent; and every one did threat
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

FALSTAFF.

J. F., as Falstaff. I am a rogue if I were not at half sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a handsaw, *ecce signum*. I never dealt better since I was a man; all would not do.

By-stander. What, fought ye with them all?

Falstaff. All? I know not what ye call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then I am no two-legged creature.

By-stander. Pray God, you have not murdered some of them.

Falstaff. Nay, that's past praying for, for I have peppered two of them—two, I am sure, I have paid.

By-stander. Mark, now, how plain a tale shall put you down. We two set on you four....and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

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THE LAST HONORS.

THE funeral of SAMUEL WYATT and HENRY C. PAIGE, of the Ninth Regiment, who were killed in the riot of July 12, took place the following Sunday afternoon at Calvary Church. Fears had been entertained—indeed, threats had been openly made—that the services would be interrupted by the friends of the rioters who had been shot down by the troops; but the police and military preparations were so thorough that no hostile demonstration was attempted.

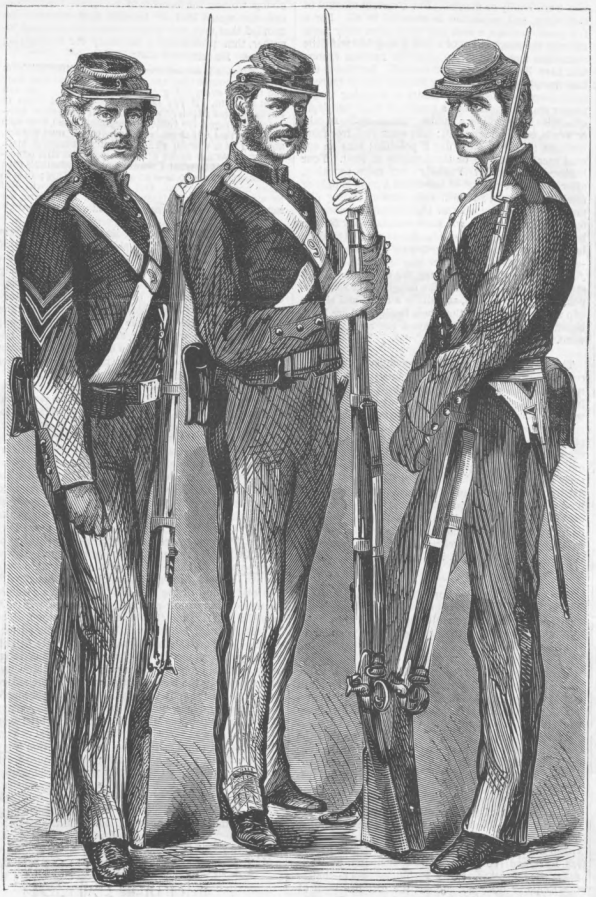
By noon of Sunday the Ninth Regiment armory, in Twenty-sixth Street between Seventh and Eighth avenues, was surrounded by a dense crowd of people, drawn thither by curiosity to witness the preparations for the procession. Most of them were quiet and respectable citizens, but among them stood many sullen and scowling men and women, who looked on with no attempt to conceal their hatred. The Irish women were conspicuous in the crowd by the profusion of green ribbon with which they were decked out. Bitter as these people undoubtedly felt, their spirit was cowed, and it was evident that the funeral pageant would pass through the streets without interruption. The veteran members of the regiment, who have followed its fortunes over many bloody and well-contested fields of battle in the defense of those liberties for which PAIGE and WYATT sacrificed their lives, were present in considerable numbers, agreeable to the invitation which had been extended to them to co-operate with the Veteran Association of the command, composed of men who have served the militia term of service. Many prominent citizens were also present to honor the dead, and assist, if necessary, in quelling an outbreak. After the regiment had been put through a short drill in loading and firing it was drawn up in a hollow square, and the men being called to attention, were addressed by Lieutenant-Colonel BRAINE in a short, sharp, and soldierly style. "Men," said he, "to-day we may meet with trouble, and we may not. We are fully prepared for an emergency; but, in the event of a disturbance, remember that the first duty of a soldier in danger is not to fire until he receives orders. Shoulder arms!"

The procession then moved to the church, where impressive services were held; after which, in a pouring rain, the funeral cortége marched to the dépôt on Forty-second Street, where a train was in waiting to convey them to Woodlawn Cemetery. A rumor had been current that an attack would be made on the train while it was passing through the cut from Seventy-sighth to Ninety-eighth street, on the Harlem Railroad, and to prevent any trouble of this kind, a detachment of 150 policemen was stationed along the line of the railroad. Early in the afternoon large numbers of persons collected on the bridges which cross the cut at each street, and at the entrances, which were guarded, no one being permitted to pass through. A patrol was constantly employed in walking the entire length to see that nothing was out of order. As the afternoon went on, and the train did not come, many of the worst-looking characters in the crowd disappeared, and those that were left were principally young boys and girls, drawn thither by curiosity. When the rain set in, even these left, and the whole line was deserted by all save the police guard. At last, at about six o'clock in the afternoon, the whistle announced the approach of the train, and though it was still raining hard there was a general rush for the bridges; but the police had received orders to prevent any one standing on them during the passage of the train, so that all the sight that could be obtained was the tops of the long train of cars as they sped safely and rapidly on their way.

The place of burial was reached about eight o'clock. It was on Tower Hill. A deep square grave had been prepared for the two comrades who had fought and fallen together in the same cause, and who were buried together with military honors. The final scene was sad and beautiful. The shower had ceased, the clouds were breaking away, a beautiful rainbow arched the sky, and the birds renewed their interrupted chorals.

At ten o'clock the procession returned to the city, and the regiment was escorted to its armory by the police, all along the route receiving a complete ovation.

WYATT and PAIGE were not the only members of the Ninth who fell victims to the riot. Mr. WALTER R. PRYOR, son of Mrs. PRYOR, the well-known actress, died on the 16th of wounds received while in the performance of his duty during the riot. He was twenty-four years old. The portrait accompanying this article is engraved from a photograph kindly furnished us by Mr. R. A. LEWIS, by whom the deceased was employed at the time of his death.



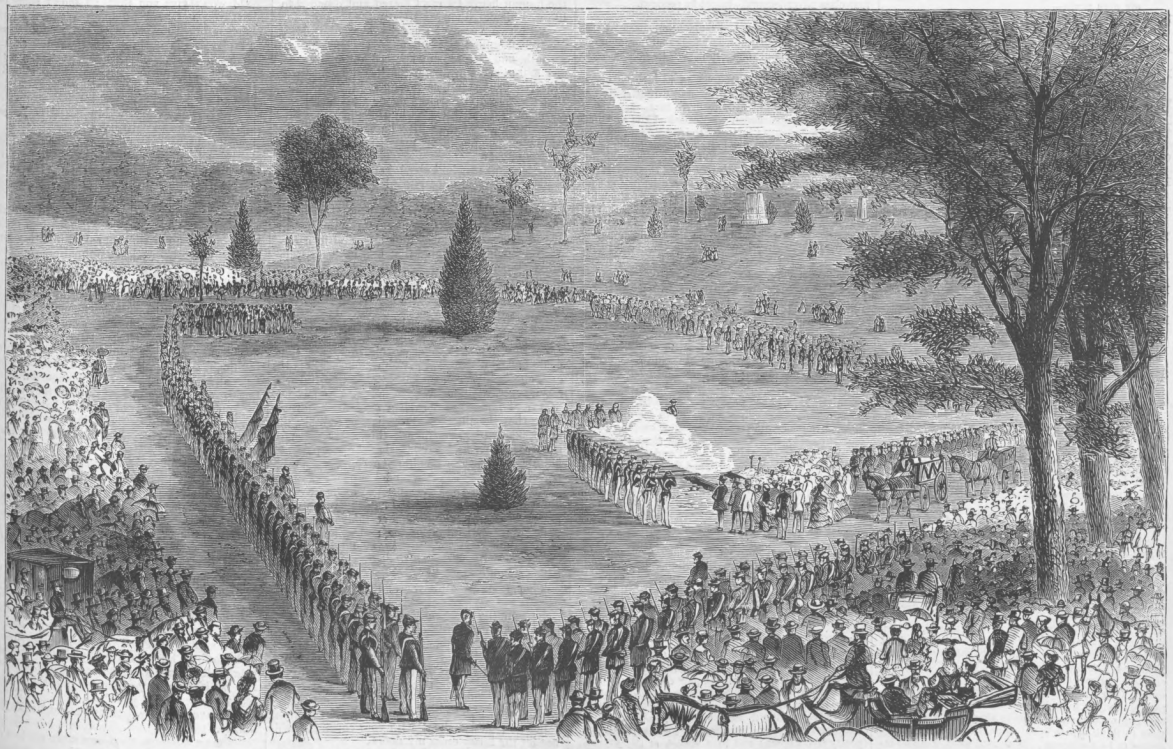
WYATT. PAIGE. PRYOR.

VICTIMS OF THE LATE RIOT.

PREVALENCE OF DUST.

DUST is such a thorough Paul Pry, so intrusive, so all-pervading, that there is some foundation for Night Thought Young's hypothesis of a universe of dust, except that each particular atom does not dance, as he imagined, according to its own devices, but according to law. The air on the top of Mont Blanc contains dust; but the acme and concentration of dirt is the atmosphere of London, enveloped by which it is impossible for any body to be quite clean, outside or in. Solar light, in passing through a dark room, reveals its track by illuminating the dust floating in the air; if there were no dust, no track would be visible. Professor Tyndall, who has a keen eye for the beautiful, says that, on a day of transient shadows, there was something almost magical in the rise and dissolution of the luminous beams among the scaffolding poles of the Royal Albert Hall, in London.

Dust is the cause of the lovely color of the azure firmament. In fact, sky-blue may be produced by exceedingly minute particles of any kind of matter. To the same cause are to be ascribed the effects by which distance lends enchantment to the view. Professor Tyndall makes an artificial sky more perfect than a real one. In mountainous countries hills at no great distance are rendered almost invisible by haze. It will be understood that it is not the interposition of the haze as an opaque body that renders the mountains indistinct, but that it is the light of the haze which dims and bewilders the eye, and thus weakens the definition of the objects seen through it. Artists take notice of these phenomena under the name of aerial perspective. The haze varies with the temperature and humidity of the atmosphere. At certain times and places it is almost as blue as the sky itself, but to see its color the attention must be withdrawn from the mountains and from the trees which cover them. In point of fact, the haze is a piece of more or less perfect sky; it is produced in the same manner, and is subject to the same laws as the firmament itself. We live in the sky, not under it; and the "blue arch" turns out to be a greater delusion than was imagined.



LAST HONORS TO THE VICTIMS OF THE RIOT—THE BURIAL AT WOODLAWN.

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THE DEAD MARCH.

[BERLIN, JUNE 16, 1871.]

WHAT was it I really saw, you say, the day when our troops came marching in?
Ah, sister, that was the strangest thing of all the sights that have ever been.

But turn away from the setting sun that dazzles white on the grave-stones there:
Under the lift of the breezy vines we catch a breath of the cooler air.

I went with the others to see the show; went with the others—yet all alone!
What wonder, then, if my heavy heart lay in my breast like a frozen stone!

If I was sad on a day like that, there was reason enough, the dear Lord knows!
But there are sights and sounds, I think, would quicken the dullest blood that flows.

And when with the rest I took my place, crowded so close, in the eager throng,
Almost we felt like a single pulse the heart-beat quivering far along;

When, winding round by the hard-won flags, the guns and eagles, from arch to arch,
In time with the music's triumph-swell I saw the glittering army march,

Out of my bosom the lump of ice melted as if in a moment away:
One passionate throb of the common joy made me a part of the glorious day.

Grand, like a king, on his great black horse our Emperor rode at the head of the line;
Flowing after, it seemed for miles, a river of steel in the hot sunshine.

All the length of the shining street, as far as the dazzled eye could see,
Flags and garlands and colors twined, fluttered like leaves on the summer tree—

Fluttered and flew, as if to meet the gat ring drum-beat following in,
As thunder follows the lightning-flash, the sudden shock of the bugle's din.

Streaming out on the shaken air, over us, under us, round and round,
Mixed together they seemed to whirl, sound and color, color and sound!

And through it all, with a steady tramp, changing ever, yet still the same,
Men in their vigor and beardless boys, in solid ranks the regiments came.

Something—what, I can hardly say—broke the strain that had held us still:
All in a second the silent crowd shouted out with a single will;

Men and women in one great cry, that bore the clattering music down—
The voice of a nation's joy and pride in the dear old Fatherland's renown.

I cheered with the others till, all at once, a pang like a knife stabbed heart and brain;
For the face of one of those beardless boys brought back the face of my Karl so plain!

My own brave boy! my only boy! the strength and hope of my lonely age!
The single treasure I had to give, to King and Country my loyal gage.

I thought of him as he marched away—he, the light of the dull old home!—
With the tear and smile in his bright blue eye for the grief behind and the glory to come;

I thought of the form I should not see as I watched that gleaming army wind,
Till a rush of tears and struggling sobs left me suddenly dumb and blind.

Ah, good God! what a ghastly change when I opened my eyes again—
Right through the heart of the shouting crowd, still and slow, like a funeral train,

All the length of the shining street, with the wreaths and banners overhead,
Moved, in the place of the living lines, a horrible army of the Dead!

White with the throe of the violent death, stained with blood, and blackened with shell,
Each with its motionless eyes on mine, came many a face I knew full well:

Came at last the face that I sought, the face I dreaded and longed to see—
My own dear boy! my only boy! with the motionless eyes upturned to me!

Then in my pain I shrieked aloud, and the good God took my sense away:
The sun was hot for a feeble head, as if in a dream I heard them say—

I heard them say, when I woke at last to the quiet and rest of the darkened room,
I could not tell to a stranger's ear that terrible vision of the tomb.

But often, still, when the setting sun lies low on the head-stones over there,
The cross that stands by an empty mound seems to fade on the glimmering air—

Seems to change to a form I know, with the motionless eyes on mine again,
Come back to my sight as then he came from his nameless grave on the battle-plain!

Ah, well! with me it is evening too, and either side of the dark is light:
To-day my country, to-morrow my boy!—it is but to wait through the little night.

KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

IT is often said that Americans "live too fast." This is true in more than one aspect. We are not, as a people, lazy, although there are plenty of lazy people, who, having frittered away the winter season in city amusements and dissipations, fled with the first breath of summer to fashionable retreats, and are now whiling away the "season" in frivolous gayeties. But there are hundreds in our great city, devoted to business and literature, who all the year round rise early and sit up late, with a pressure upon every moment of time. Their work is never finished. With each new day comes a series of new duties or a repetition of old ones. They have no time for quiet home recreation, no time to give to their families, no time to take a refreshing excursion, no time to sleep half enough, no time to think—there is only a ceaseless recurrence of duties to be performed. Now hard work will not injure a healthy person, if physiologically arranged, be that work bodily or mental. But a certain amount of rest, sleep, and recreation is essential to all. For a few years, perhaps, a man may work from early dawn till into the small hours of night, giving himself little relaxation and little sleep. But the nervous system will have its revenge if overworked. Let those too busy people who are rushing through life at railroad speed learn betimes the necessity of stopping at the proper stations to take in a supply of water and fuel; otherwise there will be a sudden "smash-up." In other words, take enough sleep; take some rest, free from business thoughts, every day if possible; take an annual vacation of two or three weeks at least. Your business will suffer? Possibly; but more probably, after a pleasant change of scene and a good supply of fresh country air, you will find yourself feeling like another person, and able to accomplish the work before you more rapidly and more satisfactorily for the brief respite. Let wife and daughters cordially reduce household and personal expenditures—if there be need—that the husband and father may feel that he can *afford* to take a little rest during the midsummer. Instead of a long sojourn for the daughters at some expensive watering-place, substitute a short and simple trip which will include the whole family, and see if the benefit therefrom is not apparent for months afterward.

The weapons taken from rioters on the 12th of July consisted of dirks, bowie-knives, clubs; small pistols, revolvers of all sizes, and horse-pistols, all loaded. A large quantity of powder, ball, and fixed ammunition was also taken, together with brickbats, cobble-stones, and other missiles. One weapon—a home-made gutta-percha club, or billy—attracted general attention, as, in the hands of a powerful man, it could have felled an ox. From sixty-two persons who were arrested in the early part of the day the detectives took seventy-eight deadly weapons, most of which were pistols, and those having these weapons invariably had several boxes of cartridges. Those not having fire-arms had swords, daggers, sheath-knives; and one fellow, with murder in his heart, had a trowel with all its edges ground sharp, thus converting it into a most terrible instrument of death.

The projected Greek church, to be erected on Lexington Avenue at the expense of the Russian government, is to be in the Byzantine style of architecture, with the altar facing the east—a feature peculiar to the Greek Church.

The Indiana girl who has been afflicted with a snake, which at intervals thrust its head out of her mouth and instantly retreated down her throat, has been relieved. A suspicious physician prepared for sharp work the other morning, and, when the snake appeared, seized the poor woman by the neck, so that the reptile might not retreat. Lo! when disgorged, nothing more formidable than an India rubber imitation of a snake came forth; and now the poor girl's occupation is gone.

A gentleman of "one of the first families" of the Old Dominion having transmitted a present of a quantity of tobacco to Bismarck, to be divided between the Emperor, the Crown Prince, Prince Frederick Karl, and the great minister, Bismarck writes in acknowledgment—so says a Richmond paper—that, as the Emperor does not smoke, the gift has been divided among the other three beneficiaries. He adds: "His Imperial Highness, who happens to prefer the pipe to the cigar, has requested me to express to you his thanks for your kind attention and his satisfaction at the high quality of your produce. I beg to add, also, my thanks, and the hope that the weed will only serve to replenish the calumet of peace." If, now, we should have the name of the new brand, the location of the proprietor's warehouse, a description of the trade-mark adopted, and the quantity of packages already sold, the real design of the gift—achieving a first-class advertisement—might be realized.

A German newspaper has taken the census of the cannibal races of the globe, and finds that they amount to 1,943,000, or about the 690th part of its population.

"First catch your turbot," said somebody, when asked to give the recipe for making turbot soup. A similar remark might fittingly have been made to a very corpulent gentleman who called at the office of the Probate Judge of Cincinnati the other day and asked for a marriage-certificate. The accommodating clerk of course seized the blank with avidity, put down the date, inserted the applicant's name, and then asked the impatient lover the name of the prospective bride. The interrogated stared blankly at his questioner, stuck his hands in his pockets, and finally acknowledged that he did not know. When the clerk told him that the name was essential to the legality of the license the unhappy man departed, saying he would find out and call again.

Ashland, the famous homestead of Henry Clay, has been purchased by the University of Kentucky for $90,000.

Moonlight on Lake George! If ever you have seen it, gentle reader, the memory of it is still fresh—a perfect picture from a perfect artist's hand. The "silvery waters"—for so the Indians called this beautiful sheet—are surpassingly lovely, whether seen at mid-day, or in the deepening shadows of sunset, or glimmering beneath the rays of the pale moon. But by moonlight the lake, so proverbially clear, seems to acquire an additional transparency; the mountains, keeping guard on either side, cast their tremulous shadows on its limpid bosom; the three hundred and sixty-five islands, more lovely by the softened light, yet stand out in bold relief; and, sailing gently along, you feel that no waters possess such a wonderful charm as those of George. It is the charm which soothes and [illegible] spirits, giving a dreamy conviction that you are floating in a haven of peace.

A wealthy Englishman is making a tour of America on foot. He recently walked from Boston to Niagara Falls in twelve days, carrying a valise of fifty pounds weight strapped on his back. He prefers to see this country on foot, as he can then give a full description to his friends. He is now on his way to San Francisco.

It is reported that two young ladies have offered themselves for admission to the next Freshman class at Amherst College. The question of admitting women as students is now under consideration, the trustees of that institution having appointed President Stearns, Rev. Henry W. Beecher, and Rev. Dr. Paine a committee to investigate the matter, and report their views next October. Mr. Beecher's present opinion is pretty well known; and in a speech at the Amherst College jubilee he took strong ground in favor of giving women the benefits of collegiate instruction, and also stated that he thought true economy demanded that men and women should be educated together, thus preventing a necessity for multiplying colleges. He remarked also:

"I know it is settled that women are different from men. Of course they are. I know it is said that they can not do every thing that men can do. I do not want them to. If you plant a rose-tree and lilacs in the same ground, they will bear their respective flowers and foliage. So from a collegiate course a woman will take that which assimilates with her own nature, and will be a woman still, and not a womanish man. A woman would make a womanly use of this education, and that is what I want to see—a woman's own influence brought to bear in art and literature; it is to make her more woman, and with her power will still be womanly pure. Highly developed in culture, her refining influences will be richer and more heavenly."

What a likeness to Paris in its season of madness did the streets of New York show on the occasion of the late riot! Three ruffians in Eighth Avenue, between Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth streets, seeing a lady who wore orange-colored ribbon on her bonnet, immediately attacked her, and tore the bonnet into fragments. The lady fled into one of the shops, where she was protected. Not far from the same place a poor woman foolishly waved her handkerchief as an encouragement to the Orangemen and the military, when a villain stepped up behind her, placed a pistol at her head, and literally shot off the top of her head!

The so-called "Cardiff Giant" has made a very good thing of it, traveling around from place to place. Recently this venerable personage visited New Haven, and, strange to say, many persons gave credit to the greatest absurdities concerning it, although the "humbug" has been fully exposed. The *American Journal of Science and Art* for July publishes the real facts concerning this sham as they have been ascertained from one who was cognizant of the origin and progress of the statue. The block of gypsum from which the Cardiff Giant was carved was quarried near Fort Dodge, in Iowa, where there is an inexhaustible supply of massive gypsum of the mesozoic age. It was transported to Chicago, where Mr. Buckhardt, a well-known marble-worker of that city, contracted with the originators of the scheme to produce a gigantic recumbent figure of a man. This figure was first modeled in clay, and then transferred to stone. The appearance of age was given by treating the surface with acids, and this effect was subsequently heightened by the grime and soil of a seven months' interment. Thus prepared, the newly made antique was transported to the Newell farm, where, by the aid of work-people brought from a distance, it was placed in its resting-place, near the bed of a small stream. Those engaged in the work of removal and interment were taken away furtively, and thus no one at or near Syracuse but those engaged in the speculation knew of its existence. By a singular accident, an eye-witness to its making in the Chicago workshop happened to be in Syracuse at the time its discovery was announced, and, visiting the Newell farm with the crowd of curious spectators, was surprised to see there his old acquaintance half buried in the earth.

LORD KILGOBBIN.

By CHARLES LEVER.

Author of "That Boy of Norcott's," "The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly," "Sir Brooke Fossbrooke," "A Day's Ride," "One of Them," "Gerald Fitzgerald," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

AN UNWELCOME VISIT.

IF Maurice Kearney had been put to the question, he could not have concealed the fact, that the human being he most feared and dreaded in life was his neighbor Miss Betty O'Shea.

With two years of seniority over him, Miss Betty had bullied him as a child, snubbed him as a youth, and opposed and sneered at him ever after; and to such an extent did her influence over his character extend, according to his own belief, that there was not a single good trait of his nature she had not thwarted by ridicule, nor a single evil temptation to which he had yielded that had not come out of sheer opposition to that lady's dictation.

Malevolent people, indeed, had said that Maurice Kearney had once had matrimonial designs on Miss Betty, or, rather, on that snug place and nice property called "O'Shea's Barn," of which she was sole heiress; but he most stoutly declared this story to be groundless, and in a forcible manner asseverated that had he been Robinson Crusoe and Miss Betty the only inhabitant of the island with him, he would have lived and died in celibacy rather than have contracted dearer ties.

Miss Betty, to give her the name by which she was best known, was no miracle of either tact or amiability, but she had certain qualities that could not be disparaged. She was a strict Catholic, charitable, in her own peculiar and imperious way, to the poor, very desirous to be strictly just and honest, and such a sure foe to every thing that she thought pretension or humbug of any kind—which meant any thing that did not square with her own habits—that she was perfectly intolerable to all who did not accept herself and her own mode of life as a model and an example.

Thus, a stout-bodied copper urn on the ten-table, a very uncouth jaunting-car, driven by an old man, whose only livery was a cockade, some very muddy port as a dinner wine, and whisky-punch afterward on the brown mahogany, were so many articles of belief with her, to dissent from any of which was a downright heresy.

Thus, after Nina arrived at the Castle, the appearance of napkins palpably affected her constitution; with the advent of finger-glasses she ceased her visits, and bluntly declined all invitations to dinner. That coffee and some indescribable liberties would follow, as post-prandial excesses, she secretly imparted to Kate Kearney, in a note, which concluded with the assurance that when the day of these enormities arrived, O'Shea's Barn would be open to her as a refuge and a sanctuary; "but not," added she, "with your cousin, for I'll not let the hussy cross my doors."

For months now this strict quarantine had lasted, and except for the interchange of some brief and very uninteresting notes, all intimacy had ceased between the two houses—a circumstance, I am loath to own, which was most ungallantly recorded every day after dinner by old Kearney, who drank, "Miss Betty's health, and long absence to her." It was, then, with no small astonishment Kate was overtaken in the avenue by Miss Betty on her old chestnut mare Judy, a small bog-boy mounted on the croup behind, to act as groom: for in this way Paddy Walshe was accustomed to travel, without the slightest consciousness that he was not in strict conformity with the ways of Rotten Row and the "Bois."

That there was nothing "stuck-up" or pretentious about this mode of being accompanied by one's groom—a proposition scarcely assailable—was Miss Betty's declaration, delivered in a sort of challenge to the world. Indeed, certain ticklesome tendencies in Judy, particularly when touched with the heel, seemed to offer the strongest protest against the practice; for whenever pushed to any increase of speed, or admonished in any way, the beast usually responded by a hoist of the haunches, which invariably compelled Paddy to clasp his mistress round the waist for safety—a situation which, however repugnant to maiden bashfulness, time, and perhaps necessity, had reconciled her to. At all events, poor Paddy's terror would have been the amplest refutation of scandal, while the stern immobility of Miss Betty during the embrace would have silenced even malevolence.

On the present occasion, a sharp canter of several miles had reduced Judy to a very quiet and decorous pace, so that Paddy and his mistress sat almost back to back—a combination that only long habit enabled Kate to witness without laughing.

"Are you alone up at the Castle, dear?" asked Miss Betty, as she rode along at her side; "or have you the house full of what the papers call 'distinguished company?'"

"We are quite alone, godmother. My brother is with us, but we have no strangers."

"I'm glad of it. I've come over to 'have it out' with your father, and it's pleasant to know we shall be to ourselves."

Now, as this announcement of having "it out" conveyed to Kate's mind nothing short of an open declaration of war, a day of reckoning on which Miss O'Shea would come prepared with a full indictment, and a resolution to prosecute to conviction, the poor girl shuddered at a prospect so certain to end in calamity.

"Papa, is very far from well, godmother," said she, in a mild way.

"So they tell me in the town," said the other, snappishly. "His brother magistrates said that the day he came in, about that supposed attack—the memorable search for arms—"

"Supposed attack! but, godmother, pray don't imagine we had invented all that. I think you know me well enough and long enough to know—"

"To know that you would not have had a young scamp of a Castle aid-de-camp on a visit during your father's absence, not to say any thing about amusing your English visitor by shooting down your own tenantry."

"Will you listen to me for five minutes?"

"No, not for three."

"Two, then—one even—one minute, godmother, will convince you how you wrong me."

"I won't give you that. I didn't come over about you nor your affairs. When the father makes a fool of himself, why wouldn't the daughter? The whole country is laughing at him. His lordship, indeed! a ruined estate and a tenantry in rags; and the only remedy, as Peter Gill tells me, raising the rents—raising the rents where every one is a pauper!"

"What would you have him do, Miss O'Shea?" said Kate, almost angrily.

"I'll tell you what I'd have him do. I'd have him rise of a morning before nine o'clock, and be out with his laborers at daybreak. I'd have him reform a whole lazy household of blackguards, good for nothing but waste and wickedness. I'd have him apprentice your brother to a decent trade or a light business. I'd have him declare he'd kick the first man that called him 'My lord;' and for yourself—well, it's no matter—"

"Yes, but it is, godmother, a great matter to me at least. What about myself?"

"Well, I don't wish to speak of it, but it just dropped out of my lips by accident; and perhaps, though not pleasant to talk about, it's as well it was said and done with. I meant to tell your father that it must be all over between you and my nephew Gorman; that I won't have him back here on leave, as I intended. I know it didn't go far, dear. There was none of what they call love in the case. You would probably have liked one another well enough at last; but I won't have it, and it's better we came to the right understanding at once."

"Your curb-chain is loose, godmother," said the girl; who now, pale as death and trembling all over, advanced to fasten the link.

"I declare to the Lord, he's asleep!" said Miss Betty, as the wearied head of her page dropped heavily on her shoulder. "Take the curb off, dear, or I may lose it. Put it in your pocket for me, Kate; that is, if you wear a pocket."

"Of course I do, godmother. I carry very stout keys in it, too. Look at these."

"Ay, ay. I liked all that, once on a time, well enough, and used to think you'd be a good thrifty wife for a poor man; but with the viscount your father, and the young princess your first cousin, and the devil knows what of your fine brother, I believe the sooner we part good friends the better. Not but if you like my plan for you, I'll be just as ready as ever to aid you."

"I have not heard the plan yet," said Kate, faintly.

"Just a nunnery, then—no more nor less than that. The 'Sacred Heart' at Namur, or the Sis-

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ters of Mercy here at home in Bagot Street, I believe, if you like better—eh?"

"It is soon to be able to make up one's mind on such a point. I want a little time for this, godmother."

"You would not want time if your heart were in a holy work, Kate Kearney. It's little time you'd be asking, if I said will you have Gorman O'Shea for a husband?"

"There is such a thing as insult, Miss O'Shea, and no amount of long intimacy can license that."

"I ask your pardon, godchild. I wish you could know how sorry I feel."

"Say no more, godmother, say no more, I beseech you," cried Kate, and her tears now gushed forth, and relieved her almost bursting heart. "I'll take this short path through the shrubbery, and be at the door before you," cried she, rushing away; while Miss Betty, with a sharp touch of the spur, provoked such a plunge as effectually awoke Paddy, and apprised him that his duties as groom were soon to be in request.

While earnestly assuring him that some changes in his diet should be speedily adopted against somnolency, Miss Betty rode briskly on, and reached the hall door.

"I told you I should be first, godmother," said the girl; and the pleasant ring of her voice showed she had regained her spirits, or at least such self-control as enabled her to suppress her sorrow.

CHAPTER XX.

A DOMESTIC DISCUSSION.

It is a not infrequent distress in small households, especially when some miles from a market-town, to make adequate preparation for an unexpected guest at dinner; but even this is a very inferior difficulty to that experienced by those who have to order the repast in conformity with certain rigid notions of a guest who will criticise the smallest deviation from the most humble standard, and actually rebuke the slightest pretension to delicacy of food or elegance of table equipage.

No sooner, then, had Kate learned that Miss O'Shea was to remain for dinner, than she immediately set herself to think over all the possible reductions that might be made in the fare, and all the plainness and simplicity that could be imparted to the service of the meal.

Napkins had not been the sole reform suggested by the Greek cousin. She had introduced flowers on the table, and so artfully had she decked out the board with fruit and ornamental plants, that she had succeeded in effecting by artifice what would have been an egregious failure if more openly attempted—the service of the dishes, one by one, to the guests, without any being placed on the table. These, with finger-glasses, she had already achieved, nor had she in the recesses of her heart given up the hope of seeing the day that her uncle would rise from the table as she did, give her his arm to the drawing-room, and bow profoundly as he left her. Of the inestimable advantages, social, intellectual, and moral, of this system, she had indeed been cautious to hold forth; for, like a great reformer, she was satisfied to leave her improvements to the slow test of time, "educating her public," as a great authority has called it, while she bided the result in patience.

Indeed, as poor Maurice Kearney was not to be indulged with the luxury of whisky-punch during his dinner, it was not easy to reply to his question, "When am I to have my tumbler?" as though he evidently believed the aforesaid "tumbler" was an institution that could not be abrogated or omitted altogether.

Coffee in the drawing-room was only a half success so long as the gentlemen sat over their wine; and as for the daily cigarette Nina smoked with it, Kate, in her simplicity, believed it was only done as a sort of protest at being deserted by those unnatural protectors who preferred poteen to ladies.

It was, therefore, in no small perturbation of mind that Kate rushed to her cousin's room with the awful tidings that Miss Betty had arrived and intended to remain for dinner.

"Do you mean the odious woman with the boy and bandbox behind her on horseback?" asked Nina, superciliously.

"Yes, she always travels in that fashion; she is odd and eccentric in scores of things, but a fine-hearted, honest woman, generous to the poor, and true to her friends."

"I don't care for her moral qualities, but I do bargain for a little outward decency, and some respect for the world's opinion."

"You will like her, Nina, when you know her."

"I shall profit by the warning. I'll take care not to know her."

"She is one of the oldest, I believe the oldest, friend our family has in the world."

"What a sad confession, child! but I have always deplored longevity."

"Don't be supercilious or sarcastic, Nina, but help me with your own good sense and wise advice. She has not come over in the best of humors. She has, or fancies she has, some difference to settle with papa. They seldom meet without a quarrel, and I fear this occasion is to be no exception; so do aid me to get things over pleasantly, if it be possible."

"She snubbed me the only time I met her. I tried to help her off with her bonnet, and, unfortunately, I displaced, if I did not actually remove, her wig, and she muttered something 'about a rope-dancer not being a dextrous lady's-maid.'"

"Oh, Nina, surely you do not mean—"

"Not that I was exactly a rope-dancer, Kate; but I had on a Greek jacket that morning of blue velvet and gold, and a whi... skirt, and perhaps these had some memories of the circus for the old lady."

"You are only jesting now, Nina."

"Don't you know me well enough to know that I never jest when I think, or even suspect, I am injured?"

"Injured!"

"It's not the word I wanted, but it will do; I used it in its French sense."

"You bear her no malice, I'm sure?" said the other, caressingly.

"No!" replied she, with a shrug that seemed to deprecate even having a thought about her.

"She will stay for dinner, and we must, as far as possible, receive her in the way she has been used to here—a very homely dinner, served as she has always seen it—no fruit or flowers on the table, no claret-cup, no finger-glasses."

"I hope no table-cloth; couldn't we have a tray on a corner table, and every one help himself as he strolled about the room?"

"Dear Nina, be reasonable just for this once."

"I'll come down just as I am, or, better still, I'll take down my hair and cram it into a net; I'd oblige her with dirty hands, if I only knew how to do it."

"I see you only say these things in jest: you really do mean to help me through this difficulty."

"But why a difficulty? what reason can you offer for all this absurd submission to the whims of a very tiresome old woman? Is she very rich, and do you expect a heritage?"

"No, no; nothing of the kind."

"Does she load you with valuable presents? Is she ever ready to commemorate birthdays and family festivals?"

"No."

"Has she any especial quality or gift beyond riding double and a bad temper? Oh, I was forgetting; she is the aunt of her nephew, isn't she?—the dashing lancer that was to spend his summer over here?"

"You were, indeed, forgetting when you said this," said Kate, proudly, and her face grew scarlet as she spoke.

"Tell me that you like him or that he likes you; tell me that there is something, any thing, between you, child, and I'll be discreet and mannerly, too; and more, I'll behave to the old lady with every regard to one who holds such dear interests in her keeping. But don't bandage my eyes, and tell me at the same time to look out and see."

"I have no confidences to make you," said Kate, coldly. "I came here to ask a favor—a very small favor, after all—and you might have accorded it, without question or ridicule."

"But which you never need have asked, Kate," said the other, gravely. "You are the mistress here; I am but a very humble guest. Your orders are obeyed, as they ought to be; my suggestions may be adopted now and then—partly in caprice, part compliment—but I know they have no permanence, no more take root here than—than myself."

"Do not say that, my dearest Nina," said Kate, as she threw herself on her neck, and kissed her affectionately again and again. "You are one of us, and we are all proud of it. Come along with me, now, and tell me all that you advise. You know what I wish, and you will forgive me even in my stupidity."

"Where's your brother?" asked Nina, hastily.

"Gone out with his gun. He'll not be back till he is certain Miss Betty has taken her departure."

"Why did he not offer to take me with him?"

"Over the bog, do you mean?"

"Any where; I'd not cavil about the road. Don't you know that I have days when 'don't care' masters me; when I'd do any thing, go any where—"

"Marry any one?" said the other, laughing.

"Yes; marry any one, as irresponsibly as if I was dealing with the destiny of some other that did not regard me. On these days I do not belong to myself, and this is one of them."

"I know nothing of such humors, Nina; nor do I believe it a healthy mind that has them."

"I did not boast of my mind's health, nor tell you to trust to it. Come, let us go down to the dinner-room, and talk that pleasant leg-of-mutton talk you know you are fond of."

"And best fitted for—say that," said Kate, laughing merrily.

The other did not seem to have heard her words, for she moved slowly away, calling on Kate to follow her.

CHAPTER XXI.

A SMALL DINNER-PARTY.

It is sad to have to record that all Kate's persuasions with her cousin, all her own earnest attempts at conciliation, and her ably planned schemes to escape a difficulty, were only so much labor lost. A stern message from her father commanded her to make no change either in the house or the service of the dinner—an interference with domestic cares so novel on his part as to show that he had prepared himself for hostilities, and was resolved to meet his enemy boldly.

"It's no use, all I have been telling you, Nina," said Kate, as she re-entered her room, later in the day. "Papa orders me to have every thing as usual, and won't even let me give Miss Betty an early dinner, though he knows she has nine miles of a ride to reach home."

"That explains somewhat a message he has sent myself," replied Nina, "to wear my very prettiest toilet and my Greek cap, which he admired so much the other day."

"I am almost glad that *my* wardrobe has nothing attractive," said Kate, half sadly. "I certainly shall never be rebuked for my becomingness."

"And do you mean to say that the old woman would be rude enough to extend her comments to *me*?"

"I have known her do things quite as hardy, though I hope on the present occasion the other novelties may shelter you."

"Why isn't your brother here? I should insist on his coming down in discreet black, with a white tie, and that look of imposing solemnity young Englishmen assume for dinner."

"Dick guessed what was coming, and would not encounter it."

"And yet you tell me you submit to all this for no earthly reason. She can leave you no legacy, contribute in no way to your benefit. She has neither family, fortune, nor connections; and, except her atrocious manners and her indomitable temper, there is not a trait of her that claims to be recorded."

"Oh yes; she rides capitally to hounds, and hunts her own harriers to perfection."

"I am glad she has one quality that deserves your favor."

"She has others, too, which I like better than what they call accomplishments. She is very kind to the poor, never deterred by any sickness from visiting them, and has the same stout-hearted courage for every casualty in life."

"A commendable gift for a squaw, but what does a gentlewoman want with this same courage?"

"Look out of the window, Nina, and see where you are living! Throw your eyes over that great expanse of dark bog, vast as one of the great campagnas you have often described to us, and bethink you how mere loneliness—desolation—needs a stout heart to bear it; how the simple fact that for the long hours of a summer's day, or the longer hours of a winter's night, a lone woman has to watch and think of all the possible casualties lives of hardship and misery may impel men to. Do you imagine that she does not mark the growing discontent of the people? see their care-worn looks, dashed with a sullen determination, and hear in their voices the rising of a hoarse defiance that was never heard before? Does she not well know that every kindness she has bestowed, every merciful act she has ministered, would weigh for nothing in the balance on the day that she will be arraigned as a land-owner—the receiver of the poor man's rent? And will you tell me, after this, she can dispense with courage?"

"Bel paese davvero!" muttered the other.

"So it is!" cried Kate; "with all its faults, I'd not exchange it for the brightest land that ever glittered in a southern sun. But why should I tell you how jarred and disconcerted we are by laws that have no reference to our ways—conferring rights where we were once contented with trustfulness, and teaching men to do every thing by contract, and nothing by affection, nothing by good-will?"

"No, no, tell me none of all these; but tell me shall I come down in my Suliote jacket of yellow cloth, for I know it becomes me?"

"And if we women had not courage," went on Kate, not heeding the question, "what would our men do? Should we see them lead lives of bolder daring than the stoutest wanderer in Africa?"

"And my jacket, and my Theban belt?"

"Wear them all. Be as beautiful as you like, but don't be late for dinner." And Kate hurried away before the other could speak.

When Miss O'Shea, arrayed in a scarlet poplin and a yellow gauze turban—the month being August—arrived in the drawing-room before dinner, she found no one there—a circumstance that chagrined her so far that she had hurried her toilet and torn one of her gloves in her haste. "When they say six for the dinner-hour, they might surely be in the drawing-room by that hour," was Miss Betty's reflection, as she turned over some of the magazines and circulating-library books which since Nina's arrival had found their way to Kilgobbin. The contemptuous manner in which she treated *Blackwood* and *Macmillan*, and the indignant dash wth which she flung Trollope's last novel down, showed that she had not been yet corrupted by the light reading of the age. An unopened county newspaper, addressed to the Viscount Kilgobbin, had, however, absorbed all her attention, and she was more than half disposed to possess herself of the envelope, when Mr. Kearney entered.

His bright blue coat and white waistcoat, a profusion of shirt frill, and a voluminous cravat proclaimed dinner dress, and a certain pomposity of manner showed how an unusual costume had imposed on himself, and suggested an important event.

"I hope I see Miss O'Shea in good health?" said he, advancing.

"How are you, Maurice?" replied she, dryly. "When I heard that big bell thundering away, I was so afraid to be late that I came down with one bracelet, and I have torn my glove too."

"It was only the first bell—the dressing-bell," he said.

"Humph! That's something new since I was here last," said she, tartly.

"You remind me of how long it is since you dined with us, Miss O'Shea."

"Well, indeed, Maurice, I meant to be longer, if I must tell the truth. I saw enough the last day I lunched here to show me Kilgobbin was not what it used to be. You were all of you what my poor father—who was always thinking of the dogs—used to call 'on your hind-legs,' walking about very stately and very miserable. There were three or four covered dishes on the table that nobody tasted; and an old man, in red breeches, ran about in half distraction, and said, 'Sherry, my lord, or Madeira.' Many's the time I laughed over it since." And, as though to vouch for the truth of the mirthfulness, she lay back in her chair, and shook with hearty laughter.

Before Kearney could reply—for something like a passing apoplexy had arrested his words—the girls entered and made their salutations.

"If I had the honor of knowing you longer, Miss Costigan," said Miss O'Shea—for it was thus she translated the name Kostalergi—"I'd ask you why you couldn't dress like your cousin Kate. It may be all very well in the house, and it's safe enough here, there's no denying it; but my name's not Betty if you'd walk down Kilbeggin without a crowd yelling after you and calling names, too, that a respectable young woman wouldn't bargain for; eh, Maurice, is that true?"

"There's the dinner-bell now," said Maurice; "may I offer my arm?"

"It's thin enough that arm is getting, Maurice Kearney," said she, as he walked along at her side. "Not but it's time, too. You were born in the September of 1809, though your mother used to deny it; and you're now a year older than your father was when he died."

"Will you take this place?" said Kearney, placing her chair for her. "We're a small party to-day. I see Dick does not dine with us."

"Maybe I hunted him away. The young gentlemen of the present day are frank enough to say what they think of old maids. That's very elegant, and I'm sure it's refined," said she, pointing to the mass of fruit and flowers so tastefully arranged before her. "But I was born in a time when people liked to see what they were going to eat, Maurice Kearney, and as I don't intend to break my fast on a stock-gillyflower, or make a repast of raisins, I prefer the old way. Fill up my glass whenever it's empty," said she to the servant, "and don't bother me with the name of it. As long as I know the King's County, and that's more than fifty years, we've been calling Cape Madeira, sherry!"

"If we know what we are drinking, Miss O'Shea, I don't suppose it matters much."

"Nothing at all, Maurice. Calling you the Viscount Kilgobbin, as I read a while ago, won't confuse me about an old neighbor."

"Won't you try a cutlet, godmother?" asked Kate, hurriedly.

"Indeed I will, my dear. I don't know why I was sending the man away. I never saw this way of dining before, except at the poor-house, where each poor creature has his plateful given him, and pockets what he can't eat." And here she laughed long and heartily at the conceit.

Kearney's good-humor relished the absurdity, and he joined in the laugh, while Nina stared at the old woman as an object of dread and terror.

"And that boy that wouldn't dine with us—how is he turning out, Maurice? They tell me he's a bit of a scamp."

"He's no such thing, godmother! Dick is as good a fellow and as right-minded as ever lived, and you yourself would be the first to say it, if you saw him," cried Kate, angrily.

"So would the young lady yonder, if I might judge from her blushes," said Miss Betty, looking at Nina. "Not indeed but it's only now I'm remembering that you're not a boy. That little red cap and that thing you wear round your throat deceived me."

"It is not the lot of every one to be so fortunate in a head-dress as Miss O'Shea," said Nina, very calmly.

"If it's my wig you are envying me, my dear," replied she, quietly, "there's nothing easier than to have the own brother of it. It was made by Crimp, of Nassau Street, and box and all cost four pound twelve."

"Upon my life, Miss Betty," broke in Kearney, "you are tempting me to an extravagance." And he passed his hand over his sparsely-covered head as he spoke.

"And I would not, if I was you, Maurice Kearney," said she, resolutely. "They tell me that in that House of Lords you are going to more than half of them are bald."

There was no possible doubt that she meant by this speech to deliver a challenge, and Kate's look, at once imploring and sorrowful, appealed to her for mercy.

"No, thank you," said Miss Betty, to the servant who presented a dish, "though, indeed, maybe I'm wrong, for I don't know what's coming."

"This is the 'menu,'" said Nina, handing a card to her.

"The bill of fare, godmother," said Kate, hastily.

"Well, indeed, it's a kindness to tell me; and if there are any more novelties to follow, perhaps you'll be kind enough to inform me, for I never dined in the Greek fashion before."

"The Russian, I believe, madam, not the Greek," said Nina.

"With all my heart, my dear. It's about the same, for whatever may happen to Maurice Kearney or myself, I don't suspect either of us will go to live at Moscow."

"You'll not refuse a glass of port with your cheese?" said Kearney.

"Indeed I will, then, if there's any beer in the house, though perhaps it's too vulgar a liquor to ask for."

While the beer was being brought, a solemn silence ensued, and a less comfortable party could not easily be imagined.

When the interval had been so far prolonged that Kearney himself saw the necessity to do something, he placed his napkin on the table, leaned forward with a half motion of rising, and, addressing Miss Betty, said, "Shall we adjourn to the drawing-room, and take our coffee?"

"I'd rather stay where I am, Maurice Kearney, and have that glass of port you offered me a while ago, for the beer was flat. Not that I'll detain the young people, nor keep yourself away from them very long."

When the two girls withdrew, Nina's look of insolent triumph at Kate betrayed the tone she was soon to take in treating of the old lady's good manners.

"You had a very sorry dinner, Miss Betty, but I can promise you an honest glass of wine," said Kearney, filling her glass.

"It's very nice," said she, sipping the wine.

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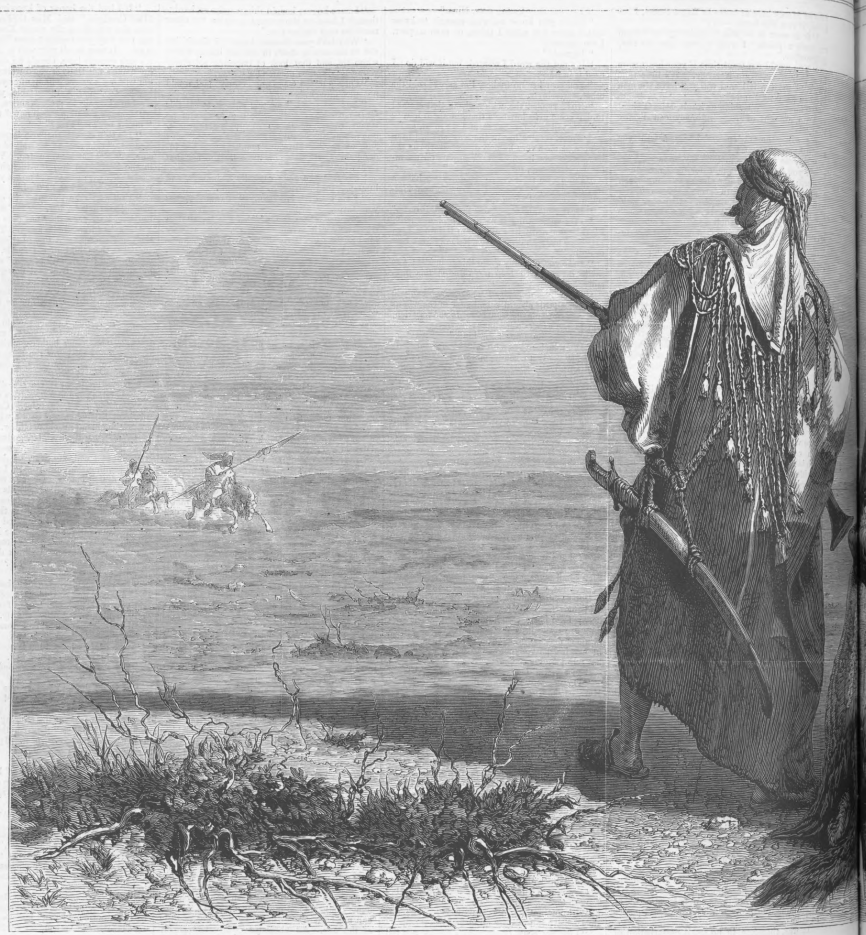

"DANGER IN THE DESERT."—[From the Water-Color Drawing by Carl Haag.]

"though, maybe, like myself, it's just a trifle too old."

"A good fault, Miss Betty, a good fault."

"For the wine, perhaps," said she, dryly; "but maybe it would taste better if I had not bought it so dearly."

"I don't think I understand you."

"I was about to say that I have forfeited that young lady's esteem by the way I obtained it. She'll never forgive me, instead of retiring for my coffee, sitting here like a man—and a man of that old hard-drinking school, Maurice, that has brought all the ruin on Ireland."

"Here's to their memory, any way," said Kearney, drinking off his glass.

"I'll drink no toasts nor sentiments, Maurice Kearney; and there's no artifice or roguery will make me forget I'm a woman and an O'Shea."

"Faix, you'll not catch me forgetting either," said Maurice, with a droll twinkle of his eye, which it was just as fortunate escaped her notice.

"I doubted for a long time, Maurice Kearney, whether I'd come over myself, or whether I'd write you a letter; not that I am good at writing, but, somehow, one can put their ideas more clear, and say things in a way that will fix them more in the mind; but at last I determined I'd come, though it's more than likely it's the last time Kilgobbin will see me here."

"I sincerely trust that you are mistaken, so far."

"Well, Maurice, I'm not often mistaken. The woman that has managed an estate for more than forty years, been her own land-steward and her own law-agent, doesn't make a great many blunders; and, as I said before, if Maurice has no friend to tell him the truth among the men of his acquaintance, it's well that there is a woman to the fore who has courage and good sense to go up and do it."

She looked fixedly at him, as though expecting some concurrence in the remark, if not some intimation to proceed; but neither came, and she continued,

"I suppose you don't read the Dublin newspapers?" said she, civilly.

"I do, and every day the post brings them."

"You see, therefore, without my telling you, what the world is saying about you. You see how they treat 'the search for arms,' as they head it, and 'the maid of Saragossa!' Oh, Maurice Kearney! Maurice Kearney! whatever happened the old stock of the land, they never made themselves ridiculous."

"Have you done, Miss Betty?" asked he, with assumed calm.

"Done! Why, it's only beginning I am," cried she. "Not but I'd bear a deal of blackguarding from the press; as the old woman said when the soldier threatened to run his bayonet through her, 'Devil thank you, it's only your trade.' But when we come to see the head of an old family making ducks and drakes of his family property, threatening the old tenants that have been on the land as long as his own people, raising the rent here, evicting there, distressing the people's minds when they're just as much as they can to bear up with—then it's time for an old friend and neighbor to give a timely warning, and cry 'stop.'"

"Have you done, Miss Betty?" And now his voice was more stern than before.

"I have not, nor near done, Maurice Kearney. I've said nothing of the way you're bringing up your family—that son, in particular—to make him think himself a young man of fortune, when you know in your heart you'll leave him little more than the mortgages on the estate. I have not told you that it's one of the jokes of the capital to call him the Honorable Dick Kearney, and to ask him after his father the viscount."

"You haven't done yet, Miss O'Shea?" said he, now with a thickened voice.

"No, not yet," replied she, calmly; "not yet; for I'd like to remind you of the way you're behaving to the best of the whole of you—the only one, indeed, that's worth much in the family—your daughter Kate."

"Well, what have I done to wrong *her*?" said he, carried beyond his prudence by so astounding a charge.

"The very worst you could do, Maurice Kearney; the only mischief it was in your power, maybe. Look at the companion you have given her! Look at the respectable young lady you've brought home to live with your decent child!"

"You'll not stop?" cried he, almost choking with passion.

"Not till I've told you why I came here, Maurice Kearney; for I'd beg you to understand it was no interest about yourself or your doings brought me. I came to tell you that I mean to be free about an old contract we once made—that I revoke it all. I was fool enough to believe that an alliance between our families would have made me entirely happy, and my nephew, Gorman O'Shea, was brought up to think the same. I have lived to know better, Maurice Kearney; I have lived to see that we don't suit each other at all, and I have come here to declare to you formally that it's all off. No nephew of mine shall come here for a wife. The heir to Shea's Barn sha'n't bring the mistress of it out of Kilgobbin Castle."

"Trust *me* for that, old lady," cried he, forgetting all his good manners in his violent passion.

"You'll be all the freer to catch a young aide-de-camp from the Castle," said she, sneeringly; "or maybe, indeed, a young lord—a rank equal to your own."

"Haven't you said enough?" screamed he, wild with rage.

"No, not [illegible] there wrings [illegible] feet, Mr. [illegible]

"So I was [illegible] a malicious [illegible] as cruel as [illegible] old days! [illegible] ry that would [illegible]

"That [illegible] in the fire [illegible]

"By my [illegible] gether there [illegible]

"You [illegible] tity, that [illegible]

"Thank [illegible] fervently.

"And [illegible] a daughter [illegible]

"For [illegible]

"It's [illegible] Kearney, [illegible] passed, and [illegible] leave."

"I hope [illegible] you take a [illegible] politeness.

"It's [illegible] ner; but [illegible]

"Could [illegible] Miss Betty?" asked he, in a tone of insinuation.

"Well, at least you'll let me ring to order your horse?"

"You may do that, if it amuses you, Maurice Kearney; but, meanwhile, I'll just do what I've always done in the same place—I'll just go look for my own beast and see her saddled myself; and as Peter Gill is leaving you to-morrow, I'll take him back with me to-night."

"Is he going to you?" cried he, passionately.

"He's going to *me*, Mr. Kearney, with your leave, or without it, I don't know which I like best."

And with this she swept out of the room, while Kearney closed his eyes and lay back in his chair, stunned and almost stupefied.

"DANGER IN THE DESERT."

It is many years since Mr. Carl Haag for the first time made acquaintance with desert life in that Oriental journey in which he penetrated as far as Palmyra, the "Queen of the Desert;" yet, as in the case of other artists who have acquired a like experience, the desert and its nomadic races seem to have maintained a fascination over his mind beyond all the impressions he has received elsewhere. He has painted the picturesque treasures of Italy, the still glorious ruins of Athens, the primitive interiors and people of the Bavarian highlands, and courtly scenes in highlands nearer home, yet, to the best of our recollection, his most important and powerful drawings owe their subjects to the deserts of Syria. It must be admitted that in those deserts costumes are still worn of unrivaled picturesqueness and of immemorial antiquity; that *there* are to be found types of character, in face and form, of singular and exquisite refinement; and that there, also, the modes of life are necessarily checkered with numerous incidents suitable for artistic treatment.

The accompanying picture, engraved from a splendid work in the exhibition of the Old Water-Color Society, in London, is one of the interesting series of Eastern illustrations to which we allude—a series of drawings which, for largeness of scale and force of effect, has seldom been equaled in the medium of water-colors. Here the peace of a traveling family is imperiled and their lives menaced by roving Bedawees of the more lawless tribes, direct descendants, it would seem, of Ishmael, whose "hand should be against every man, and every man's hand against him." The Bedawees generally move from place to place in whole tribes. Yet not unfrequently they are to be met as single wanderers—a camel carrying the wife and child, or children, the provisions, and the small property of the family, and the man walking by its side armed with a long gun and sword, and sometimes, though not often, also wearing a pistol or yataghan in his girdle. These stray nomads are more readily available for pictorial representation than whole caravans. They have, besides, an air of greater daring. Their firm step, their keen, bold features, their restless, watchful eye, the wife's entire confidence in her husband's protection, and the children's innocence and unconsciousness of danger, convey at a glance striking suggestions of their life. Manifold are the dangers they incur; far more than beset whole tribes. Every rock, sandheap, or other projection may conceal a lurking foe. The man can never be quite at ease; his eye ceaselessly scans the desert plain; his ear is on the alert for every sound. After an exhausting journey of many days he may, on approaching a well in hope of obtaining a fresh supply of water, find it surrounded by a hostile tribe, and be compelled to hide at a distance, sometimes, perhaps, till it is too late. At night the only bed for himself and his family must be the desert sand; no tent must protect them from the chill night winds, for that might betray him to enemies who are ever on the watch to capture and enslave him and his dear ones.

The Bedawee before us has made his dispositions for a halt at evening on his journey over the far-reaching and trackless desert. The tired camel, the "ship" of the sandy sens, being brought to a stand, lies down; and the man, according to custom, has "hobbled" one of his legs to prevent the creature rising, when freed from his living load, and bolting, leaving those behind to perish. The mother, also, has been giving suck to her babe; when, lo! on the horizon suddenly loom through the gathering mists of evening the forms of horsemen; they swiftly approach; they charge toward the inoffensive travelers with leveled lances and hostile gestures; they are evidently marauders of the desert, bent on robbery and ready for murder. There is no possibility of escape; there is nothing to be done but to stand on the defensive. So the man steps courageously forth with his firelock, his finger on the trigger; he must not miss his aim, for there will be no time to reload, and he will be unequally matched with only his sword to parry the lance thrusts. But his heart will not fail him; his trust is in Allah; and, to give the words of Shakspeare, quoted by Mr. Haag in the catalogue,

"Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just."

Woe to the assailant who approaches too near! In all likelihood, however, they will sheer off on seeing the bold front of their intended victim. Meanwhile the wife (whose beauty may be the chief cause of the attack) seeks shelter for herself and child beside the camel as behind a castle wall. She is naturally alarmed; but she trusts in the well-tried bravery of her lord, and she presses her babe to her bosom, prepared to die in its defense.

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THE FLIGHT OF FISK.

JIM FISK arose from dreams of wrath,
In purple-dyed sublimity,*
And took his usual morning bath
With soap and equanimity.

Then, girding him for cruel war,
He buckled round his pany form
His bright, expensive cimetar,
And donned his first-class uniform.

He was to lead the Ninth without
Or horse or light artillery,
And Mayor Hall had called him out
For "qualities ancillary."

But as the Ninth moved forward, then
He did not lead the column, for
He'd been compelled to leave his men—
That's what they looked so solemn for.

'Twas not another Erie vote,
Appointment of a lover, nor—
He'd gone to stop his Jersey boat
By order of the Governor.

But hearing now through rolling drums
Their voice, he joins them speedily,
Reflecting deeply as he comes
Upon the Riot Tweed-ily.

No *sabre de mon père* he wore,
No coat, which was improperer;
Thermometer at 94—
He'd left them at the Opera.

No matter now, the line was dressed
Just opposite the Armory,
While close upon the soldiers pressed
Of rioters a "swarmery."

These bore a scowling aspect, which
No London rough or navvy knew;
And now Fisk saw three thousand *sich*
Come rushing down the avenue.

A moment, and the row broke out,
The rumpus and the rioting,
Sticks, bricks, and bullets flew about,
All nervous folk disquieting.

Without his hat, without his sword,
He rushed into the thick of it,
Till, in a moment, he was floored,
And very, very sick of it.

His comrades coming to his aid,
And finding him quite quakery,
His manly person straight conveyed
To a convenient bakery.

But such determined strength of mind,
Such resolution still is his,
Though crippled, he ne'er looked behind—
His case was like Achilles's.

And taking up his foot, he ran—
What stanch, unyielding will he had!—
More rapidly than any man
That's mentioned in the Iliad.

His comrades' voices rent the air—
"For ankle smashed what speed it is!"
They shouted, "*Ce n'est pas la guerre,*
Mais c'est superbe, indeed it is!"

Oh, where was then his coach-and-four?
Why should he not have sent for it?
He saw instead an open door,
And instantly he went for it.

On through the hall into the yard
He sped with strange temerity;
But here a fence his progress barred,
And checked his high celerity.

An empty barrel stood at hand
(There seems no kind of doubt of it),
With which our hero quickly planned
A way of getting out of it.

For still resolved to hurry hence,
He with one hand the barrel held,
And leaping on it, jumped the fence
In manner quite unparalleled.

Fence after fence, yet unappalled,
He leaped them rather quieter,
And through a basement window crawled
To come upon a rioter.

A dressing he received from Pat,
But this was not inimical—
Old coat, old pantaloons, old hat,
Which made him pantomimical.

A New Departure now he ruled—
How blest to make a ride of it;
A passing cab contained Jay Gould!
And so he got inside of it.

Thence to the Hoffman House they drove;
But as the mob still harried him,
To Sandy Hook our downy cove
A steamer quickly carried him.

At last, supported by his friend,
His wits beclouded, waxy, dense,
Long Branch he reached, the happy end
Of all his morning accidents.

And now 'twill be the final sum
Of all incomprehensibles,
If Fighting Fisk should not become
Field-Marshal of the Fencibles.

Who struck the blow that laid Fisk low
Remains a hidden mystery;
His name, bedad, a Mac or O,†
Will ne'er be writ in history.

But happily this thing is plain:
To keep whatever pledge he meant,
He did not seek to strike the Braine
Of that intrepid regiment.

* Mrs. Browning. † Not Maquereau.

ARCTIC EXPLORATION.

THE Navy Department has published official instructions for the guidance of Captain Hall's arctic expedition, setting forth in detail the plan of operations, and embracing a communication from Professor Henry, president of the National Academy of Sciences, upon the proper methods of scientific research, and the more interesting problems in physical and natural science, which the expedition is expected to solve, should opportunity be offered.

The route prescribed for the expedition is from New York to the west coast of Greenland, stopping if necessary at St. Johns, Newfoundland. Holsteinberg and Godhaven, on the island of Disco, are to be touched at; and at one of these ports a transport will probably be met, containing additional coal and stores, with which the steamer is to be loaded to her utmost capacity. From Disco the expedition will then proceed to Upernavik, procuring at one or the other of these places dogs and other material of arctic outfit. From Upernavik, or Trossac, at which point the expedition is also to stop if expedient, Captain Hall is to proceed across Melville Bay to Cape Dudley Digges, and thence make all possible progress, with vessels, boats, and sledges, toward the north pole, using his own judgment as to the route to be pursued, and the locality for each winter's quarters.

As the vessel will be provisioned and equipped for two and a half years, that period of absence is authorized, and as much more, if necessary, as the supplies will allow. If, however, the main object of the expedition—namely, obtaining the position of the north pole—be accomplished at an earlier period, the party is to return to the United States with all possible dispatch.

The direction of the scientific operations is to be given, under the command of Captain Hall, to Dr. Emil Bessels, who is to receive all possible aid in accomplishing the scientific work as prescribed by the National Academy of Sciences. It is expressly ordered that all objects of natural history, ethnology, etc., collected by any one during the expedition, shall be turned over to Dr. Bessels, as the property of the United States, no person being permitted to retain any specimen whatever. Every qualified person of the expedition is instructed to keep a strictly private journal, to be read during the voyage by no person but the writer. These journals are to be turned over to the government on the return of the expedition.

Captain S. O. Buddington is to act as the sailing and ice master of the expedition; and in the event of the death of Captain Hall, Captain Buddington and Dr. Bessels are to consult as to the propriety of carrying out further the instructions given, the former gentleman, however, continuing as sailing and ice master, and the latter, as chief of the scientific department, to direct all sledge journeys and scientific operations. Should there be any irreconcilable difference of opinion between the two as to the nature and character of the future work of the expedition, Captain Buddington is to assume command and return to the United States at once.

Reports of progress are to be transmitted to the Navy Department by every opportunity, and conspicuous stone monuments are to be erected at the most prominent points of progress, there being deposited near each, in accordance with confidential marks agreed upon, a condensed history of operations, with a description of the route upon which it is proposed to proceed. Should it become necessary to abandon the vessel, the expedition is to endeavor to reach the localities frequented by whalers, using every means to bring back the crew in safety, together with the records and collections. All persons attached to the expedition are to be under the command of Captain Hall, and subjected to the rules and regulations of the Navy Department. After passing Cape Dudley Digges there is to be thrown overboard daily, whenever in open water or drifting icebergs, a bottle, or small copper cylinder, closely sealed, containing the most important facts as to the date, position, etc. This is to be accompanied by a request, printed in several languages, that the finder will transmit it by the most direct route to the Secretary of the Navy, at Washington.

On the return of the expedition all records of whatever kind are to be transmitted to the department, with the exception of the scientific notes, which, with the collections in natural history, etc., are to be turned over to the Smithsonian Institution, Washington. Finally, the history of the expedition is to be prepared by Captain Hall, while the scientific results will be digested and edited by Dr. Bessels, under the direction and authority of the president of the National Academy of Sciences.

The communication from Professor Henry, accompanying the official instructions of the Navy Department, is quite copious in its details, and furnishes information as to points of inquiry and hints in regard to methods of prosecuting research, and will serve as an excellent manual of research for arctic travelers generally.

In Captain Hall, assisted by Captain Buddington, the expedition has all the material necessary for cautious yet intrepid guidance into the polar regions; while by Dr. Bessels and his assistants (Mr. Bryan for the astronomical and magnetical work, and Mr. Myers, of the United States Signal Corps, as meteorologist) the purely scientific departments will be properly attended to.

From Professor Henry's communication we learn that the different departments of the government have rendered special aid to Captain Hall, the principal, of course, being the Navy Department, which has furnished the vessel, completely equipped with stores and supplies for the journey. The Coast Survey has contributed astronomical and magnetical instruments; the Hydrographic Office, a transit instrument and sextant, chronometers, etc.; the Signal Corps, anemometers, thermometers, barometers, etc.; and the Smithsonian Institution, various articles of physical apparatus and natural history outfit.

PEARLS AND BLACKBERRIES.

"No!" said Dr. Darling, slowly—"no! I can't believe the evidence of my own senses!" And as he enunciated the words with impressive distinctness he looked solemnly at Harry Clifford.

He might have found a worse-looking individual to fix his regards upon than this young M.D., who had taken his first lessons in bones, muscles, and human anatomy, with the therapeutics belonging thereto, in the little office across the hall, and was just preparing to hang up a shingle of his own; for Harry Clifford was tall and shapely, with red-brown hair and a huge auburn mustache, and merry eyes that laughed like springs of water in the sunshine.

Dr. Darling took off his spectacles, folded them, and deliberately placed them in their case, still without taking his eyes from his neophyte. Harry Clifford smiled; but he looked a little embarrassed, notwithstanding.

"She would have you in a minute, if you were to propose," pursued Dr. Darling, dropping great red-hot splashes of sealing-wax over a sheet of blotting-paper, and stamping them with his monogram seal in an aimless sort of way.

"Yes; but I tell you, Sir, I don't want to propose," said Harry, staring at the intertwined D.J.D.'s as if they were the most interesting things in the world.

"You don't want a pretty girl for a wife?"

"Not that pretty girl in particular, doctor."

"Nor fifty thousand dollars?" added the doctor, pronouncing the three momentous words in a manner that made them sound very weighty indeed.

"I would not object to the fifty thousand dollars in itself, Sir; but, as a mere appendage to Miss Bradbury—"

"I believe the boy is crazy!" ejaculated Dr. Darling. "Well, well, as the Scotch proverb has it, 'a willfu' man maun hae his way,' and I shall interfere no farther. By-the-way, Harry—"

"Yes, Sir?"

"You are going to the city this afternoon?"

"That is my present intention, Sir."

"Stop at Depièrre's, will you, and leave Mrs. Darling's pearl brooch to be mended. I ought to have done it a week ago; but a man can't think of every thing."

"Certainly, doctor;" and Harry Clifford deposited the pearl brooch—an old-fashioned ornament of massive gold, set with tiny seed-pearls—in his waistcoat pocket.

"Rather a careless way to carry jewelry, young man!" said Dr. Darling, elevating his eyebrows.

"Oh, I never lose any thing!" asserted Harry, in an off-hand sort of way.

The morning sun was casting bright, flickering threads of gold across the kitchen floor; the morning-glories and Madeira vines, trained across the casement, stirred softly in the mid-July air; and Ursula Percy, Mrs. Darling's orphan niece, was busy "doing up" blackberries.

Fresh as a rose, with hazel eyes, softened to intense blackness at times by the shadow of their long lashes, and smiling scarlet lips, she stood there—her calico dress concealed by the housewifely apron of white dimity that was tied round her waist, and her black curls tucked remorselessly back of her ears—looking demurely into the bubbling depths of the preserving-kettle, like a beautiful parody on one of the witches in "Macbeth;" while on the whitely scoured pine table beyond a glittering tin vessel was upheaped with the beautiful jet-black fruit, each separate berry flashing like the eye of an Oriental belle.

"Ursula!"

The pretty young girl started, very nearly dropping her skimmer into the preserving-kettle.

"How you startled me, Harry!"

Harry advanced into the kitchen, with an admiring look at the bright face, flushed with a little blush and a good deal of stove-heat.

"You are always at work, Ursula."

"I have got to work, Harry, to earn my own living," Ursula Percy answered, with a slight uplifting of her exquisite black brows: "I am not an heiress, like Miss Bradbury."

"Confound Miss Bradbury!" exclaimed our hero. "I hear nothing but Miss Bradbury the whole time."

"She is a very sweet young lady, Harry," said Ursula, in mildly reproving accents.

"I dare say; but—what a lot of blackberries you have here, to be sure, Ursula!"

"Forty quarts," said Ursula, demurely. "Aunt Darling always enjoys them so much in the winter."

Harry put a honey-sweet globule of fruit into his mouth.

"Blackberries are a beautiful fruit, Ursula."

"Very;" and Miss Percy skimmed diligently away at the bubbling caldron.

"Especially when you are doing them up," added the young M.D., with rather a clumsy effort at compliment.

Ursula did not answer. Harry walked up to the range and took both her hands in his.

"Harry, *don't!* The berries will burn."

"Let 'em burn, then; who cares?"

"But what do you want?" she asked, struggling impotently to escape, and laughing in spite of the grave look she fain would have assumed.

"To see your eyes, Ursula."

She lifted the soft hazel orbs to his face; then withdrew them with sudden shyness.

"Do you know what answer I read in those eyes, dearest?" he whispered, after a moment or two of silence, broken only by the hissing and simmering of the boiling blackberries.

"No."

"I read *yes!*"

"Oh, Harry, I dare not. Uncle and aunt are so determined you shall marry Miss Bradbury."

"And I am so determined *not* to marry her. Is a man to be given away as if he were a house and lot, or a bundle of old clothes, I should like to know? Ursula—"

"Harry, they *are* burning! I am sure of it. I can smell them. Oh, do let go my hands!"

Harry Clifford deftly seized up the big iron spoon, and stirred the boiling depths vigorously.

"It's all your imagination, Ursula!"

"No, it's not; and if they are the least bit scorched they will be spoiled for Aunt Darling."

"But, Ursula—"

The creaking sound of an opening door beyond suddenly dissolved the *tête-à-tête*. Ursula almost pushed Harry Clifford out of the kitchen.

"You'll be on the piazza to-night when they have all gone to the concert?" he persisted in asking through the crack in the door.

"Yes, yes, any thing—every thing; only go!"

And Harry went, beginning to realize that love-making and preserving do not assimilate.

"Your pearl brooch, my dear? Oh, I remember now. I gave it to Harry more than a week ago to have mended. I dare say it's done by this time?" and Dr. Darling turned expectantly to our hero.

"I—I'm very sorry," began Harry; "but the brooch disappeared in the most unaccountable manner from my vest pocket. I know I put it there—"

"Yes," dryly interrupted the elder gentleman, "I remember seeing you put it there, and you assured me at the time that you never lost any thing. So the brooch is gone, eh?"

"Yes, Sir, it is gone. But Mrs. Darling may rest assured," Harry added, with a glance toward that lady, "that I will replace it at the very earliest opportunity."

"Oh, it is of no consequence at all!" said Mrs. Darling, with a countenance that said plainly, It is of the very greatest consequence! "Perhaps we shall find it somewhere about the house."

But the days slipped by one by one, and the doom of the pearl brooch remained involved in the deepest mystery. Harry Clifford bought another one and presented it to Mrs. Dr. Darling, with a little complimentary speech. Mrs. Darling laughed, and pinned it into the folds of the thread lace barb she wore at her throat.

"But it's so strange what can have become of the other!" said Mrs. Darling.

It was in the golden month of September that the old doctor and Mrs. Darling made up their minds to invite Miss Bradbury to tea.

"We'll have pound-cake and preserved blackberries," said Mrs. Darling, who always looked at the material side of things.

"And if Harry don't come to terms now, he never will," added her husband, who didn't.

"Get out the best china and the chased silver tea-service, Ursula," said Mrs. Darling.

"And wear your pink French calico, child; it's the most becoming dress you have," said her uncle, with a loving glance at the bright little brunette.

And Ursula Percy obeyed both of their mandates.

Miss Bradbury came—a handsome, showy young lady, with a smooth "society" manner that made Ursula feel herself very countrified and common indeed.

"Delicious preserves these!" said Miss Bradbury.

"They are of Ursula's making," said Mrs. Darling. And Harry Clifford passed his plate for a second supply.

"I remember the day they were brewed, or baked, or whatever it is you call it," said he, with an arch glance at Ursula.

Suddenly old Dr. Darling grew purple in the face, and began to cough violently. Every one started up.

"He's swallowed the spoon!" cried Miss Bradbury.

"Oh, oh! he's got the apoplexy!" screamed Mrs. Darling, hysterically.

"Uncle! dearest uncle!" piped up poor little Ursula, vaguely catching at a glass of water.

But Dr. Darling recovered without any more disastrous symptoms.

"It isn't the spoon, and I don't come of an apoplectic family," said he. "But, upon my word, this is about the biggest blackberry I ever came perilously near swallowing!" And he held out his wife's pearl brooch, boiled up in the blackberries!

There was a momentary silence around the table; and then it was broken by Mrs. Darling—one of those blessed old ladies who never see an inch beyond their own spectacled noses.

"My goodness gracious!" said Mrs. Darling; "how could it ever have come into the preserved blackberries? I—don't—see—"

"But I do!" said Dr. Darling, looking provokingly knowing. "Yes; I see a good many things now that I didn't see before."

And Harry, glancing across the table at Ursula, was somewhat consoled to perceive that her cheek was a shade more scarlet, if that were possible, than his own.

He followed the old doctor into his office when the evening meal was concluded—Ursula did not know how she ever would have lived through it, were it not for Mrs. Darling's delightful obtuseness, and Sophy Bradbury's surface-charm of manner—and plunged boldly into the matter.

"Doctor—" he began, valiantly; but the old gentleman interrupted him.

"There's no need of any explanation, my boy," he said. "I know now why you didn't want to marry Miss Bradbury. And I don't say that I blame you much; only I came very near choking to death with Ursula's blackberry jam!"

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And Doctor Darling laughed again until, had his spouse been present, she would surely have thought a second attack of apoplexy among the inevitables.

"Little Ursula!" he added. "Who would have thought of it? Well, you shall have *my* blessing."

The pearls were all discolored, and the gold of the old-fashioned brooch tarnished with the alchemy of cooking; but Ursula keeps that old ornament yet, more tenderly treasured than all the modern knickknacks with which her young husband loads her toilet-table. And every year, when she preserves blackberries, Dr. Darling comes to tea, and makes ponderous witticisms, and pretends to search in the crystal preserve-dish for a "boiled brooch!"

But then jolly old gentlemen will have their jokes.

BIRD PLUMAGE.

THE differences of color and plumage, according to the sex of the same class of birds, are very remarkable. As a rule, the male bird has a more ostentatious plumage than the female. But this rule has its notable exceptions. Peacocks, pheasants, grouse, birds of paradise, and—perhaps hardly to be mentioned in such gorgeous company—the blackbird, have very dull and unconspicuous mates; yet the female toucan, bee-eater, parroquet, macaw, and tit are, in almost every case, as gay and brilliant as the male. This anomaly has been explained by recent naturalists by the influence of the mode of nest-building. The true principle, with very few exceptions, seems to be that when both sexes are of strikingly gay and conspicuous colors the nest is secreted, or such as to conceal the sitting bird; while whenever there is a striking contrast of colors, the male being gay and conspicuous, the female dull and obscure, the nest is open and the sitting bird exposed. This important theory is best illustrated by a few examples. We will first take some of those groups of birds in which the female is conspicuously colored, and in most cases exactly like the male. In some of the most brilliant specimens of the kingfisher species the female exactly resembles the male. Kingfishers mostly build their nests in a deep hole in the ground. The male and female of the showy motmots are exactly alike in color, and their nest is in a hole under the ground. Puff-birds are often gayly colored. The sexes are exactly alike. The nest is in a sloping hole in the ground. The barred plumage and long crests of the hoopoes are common alike to the male and female, and the nest is in a hollow tree. The barbets are all very gayly colored, and, what is remarkable, the most brilliant patches are disposed about the head and neck, and are very conspicuous; the male and female are exactly alike, and the nest is in a hole of a tree. The same remarks apply to the ground cuckoos, save that they build a domed nest. In the great parrot tribe, adorned with the most brilliant and varied colors, the rule is that the sexes are exactly alike. All build in holes, mostly in trees, but sometimes in the ground or in white ants' nests. If, on the other hand, we take the cases where the male is gayly colored while the female is much less gaudy, or even quite inconspicuous, we find a totally different system of nest-building. Take, for instance, the chatterers. These comprise some of the most gorgeous birds in the world, vivid blues, rich purples, and bright reds being the most general colors. The females are always obscurely tinted, and are often of a greenish hue, not easily distinguished among the foliage. In the extensive family of the warblers, such as thrushes, fly-catchers, and shrikes, as also in the case of the pheasants and grouse, the males are mostly marked with gay and conspicuous tints, while the females are always less pretentious in the matter of external beauty, and most frequently are of the very plainest hues. Now throughout the whole of these families the nest is open; and hardly a single instance can be mentioned in which any one of these birds builds a domed nest, or places it in a hole of a tree, or under-ground, or in any place where it is effectually concealed. In these facts the larger and more powerful birds are not taken into consideration; because with these brilliant colors are, as a rule, absent, and they depend principally on concealment to secure their safety. The apparent reason for this difference in the color of the plumage of the sexes of different species is very naturally explained. We have seen that when the female bird has been in the shade as regards rivaling her lord and master in the way of "fine feathers" the nest was always an open one. The female bird, while sitting on her eggs in an uncovered nest, would be much exposed to the attacks of enemies; and any modification of color which might render her more conspicuous would often lead to her destruction and that of her nestlings. Those birds, on the other hand, who, male and female, can boast equally attractive plumage, build their nests in holes and crevices, and have, therefore, much less to fear upon the score of discovery.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

PROFESSOR C. F. HARTT, of Cornell University, has lately issued a circular announcing his intention of starting on a fourth expedition of scientific research to Brazil. This gentleman has been long and favorably known for his efforts in regard to the exploration of that portion of South America, having made his first journey in 1865 as one of the *attachés* of the THAYER expedition under Professor AGASSIZ. In 1867 he made a second journey alone to the Brazilian coast, taking Bahia as his centre, and covering an extensive area around that point, including a trip to the Abrolhos Islands. These two expeditions included a large part of the coast from Rio to Pernambuco, a distance of about one thousand miles. A third visit was made in 1870 to the valley of the Amazon, to clear up certain points at issue between himself and Professor AGASSIZ in regard to the geology of that country. The funds for this expedition were furnished in part by a friend of science, whose name he is not permitted to give, with a contribution by Colonel EDWARD MORGAN of one thousand dollars, and by Professor GOLDWIN SMITH of five hundred, besides small sums from other parties. Assistance was rendered by the Brazilian authorities in furnishing a small steamer, with a suitable amount of coal. The collections made on this expedition were very extensive, and embraced objects of all kinds, including ethnology and anthropology. The fourth expedition, now contemplated, is intended to complete the survey of the eastern part of the Amazonian Valley, especially in its zoological relationships, and further to investigate the Indian mounds of Marajo, and to collect data in reference to the languages of the people of the country. The sum estimated as necessary for this expedition is four thousand dollars, of which five hundred have already been contributed by Harvard University; and we trust that the friends of science who may have the means at their command will not fail to respond to the appeal of Professor HARTT by furnishing pecuniary assistance, either without conditions or with the understanding that a certain portion of the collection is to be supplied to the contributors in return.

Among the recent announcements of deaths of eminent persons, we have to record that of M. PAYEN, at the age of seventy-six. He was well known for his numerous communications on applied chemistry, as related to economical and industrial arts and public hygiene. During the siege of Paris he exhibited great and successful activity in researches relating to the important question of food for the beleaguered citizens.

According to the *Gardener's Chronicle*, Dr. HOOKER and party were at the Atlas Mountains on the 19th of May last. They had succeeded in reaching the top of the crest, nearly due south of Morocco, at an altitude of about 11,500 feet, the upper 3000 feet of which were very steep and rocky, with some snow, and a temperature of twenty-four degrees. The flora was very poor, not a single Alpine plant being discovered, and, in fact, very few of any kind. Up to 7000 feet, on the contrary, the flora was found to be very rich and varied, many English plants there finding their southern limits; while roses, elders, honeysuckles, ash, poplar, etc., were abundant.

It is a matter of surprise that greater damage was not done to the scientific establishments in Paris during the late troubles than has proved to be the case. From reports lately made to the Academy of Science on this subject we learn that the great Museum of Natural History has undergone but slight injury, partly in consequence of the strenuous efforts made by the resident directors and professors for its protection. The celebrated Gobelin tapestry establishment, however, according to the report of the director, M. CHEVREUL, has been seriously injured, if not entirely destroyed, whole workshops with their machinery, including the valuable collection of tapestries from the time of LOUIS XIV. to the present day, being lost. The Observatory of Paris has experienced considerable injury, some of the most important instruments having been destroyed, although it is thought that it will not require a great deal of time nor expense to restore the establishment to its original condition. Of the libraries in Paris, that of the Louvre appears to be the only one that suffered; this, containing hundreds of thousands of volumes, many of them of great value, being entirely destroyed.

The cod-fisheries of Alaska continue to develop themselves, and are fast assuming an important degree of magnitude. Among other recent movements a warehouse has been erected on Ounga Island, where the fish caught and prepared by the natives will be received and paid for at suitable prices.

The Hydrographic Office of the Bureau of Navigation of the United States has lately published a monograph upon the Marshall group of islands in the North Pacific. This group consists of two chains of islands, lying nearly parallel with each other, and running northwest and southeast from latitude 11° 50′ N. to 4° 30′ N., and from longitude 167 E. to 173 E., covering an area of over 350 by 400 miles in extent, and very little known to navigators, the information hitherto on record being considered very unreliable. The eastern chain is known as the Radack, and the western as the Ralick, each numbering from fifteen to eighteen groups of low coralline islands, the greater number of which are fully formed atolls—that is, lagoons of greater or less extent—with deep water and anchorages, surrounded by a chain of reefs, connecting islands, with one or more passages through the reefs into the lagoons, most of which are navigable for large vessels, besides which there are numerous boat passages.

The earliest discovery of this archipelago is said to have been by LAÉVÉDRA, in 1529; and the next visit made to them was by ANSON, in 1742. Since then the islands have been touched at by different navigators at various times, although until the appearance of the report just referred to but little definite information had been brought together of the archipelago as a group. A missionary establishment was started on one of these islands in 1857, which continues to be successful to the present time. The inhabitants numbered, at the latest accounts, 10,000. They are expert navigators, and perform journeys throughout the group. They are dark, with straight hair, and are said to be intelligent and hospitable.

A correspondent of the *Weekly* writes to report the occurrence of a lunar rainbow at his residence, Oxford Dépôt, New York, on the 2d of July last. At nine o'clock in the evening of that day a heavy rain-storm came up from the west, and when the sky was about half obscured a very distinct and beautiful rainbow made its appearance, having an arc estimated at 90°. The top of the bow was a deep blue, the lower side red; and between the two colors appeared a distinct hazy green. The moon was just rising at the time, and the perfect bow was visible for about five minutes, and partially distinguishable for a quarter of an hour.

MR. ALPHONSE L. PINART, the French naturalist, who is engaged in a scientific exploration of Alaska, announces his arrival at Unalaska on the 24th of May, and his intended departure at an early day for Nushagak. We hope to lay before our readers, from time to time, the important features of the progress of this expedition.

According to *Nature*, Mr. G. R. CROTCH proceeds in the autumn to the United States, on his way to the Sandwich Islands, New Zealand, Australia, and New Guinea, with the intention of making collections of specimens in natural history. This research is to be prosecuted under the auspices of the University of Cambridge, which has granted £200 from the Worts' Fund for that purpose.

MR. ST. GEORGE MIVART, an eminent English comparative anatomist, and one of the few first-class naturalists of the present day who positively oppose in their writings the views of Mr. DARWIN, has lately called attention, in *Nature*, to the fact of the omission on the part of that gentleman to cite the species of monkey actually most nearly related to man. According to his view it is in the gibbons, or long-armed apes, of the genus *Hylobates*, that the closest affinities to the human structure are to be met with; and although there are, perhaps, more points of apparent relationship between man and the chimpanzee, gorilla, or orang, than between man and the gibbon, yet there are certain points in which the latter genus resembles *Homo* in a more striking and significant degree. Although the enormous length of the arms of the gibbon apparently discountenances the idea of relationship, yet Professor HUXLEY has shown that these are singularly human. Among the marked resemblances, the length of the leg as compared with the trunk, and the form and proportion of the bony thorax, are especially noteworthy.

Furthermore one species of gibbon (the siamang) is the only ape that possesses a true chin, together with a slight prominence of the nose. The power, quality, and compass of voice in the gibbons are dwelt upon by Mr. DARWIN as remarkably related to man, and also the gentle yet quick and active nature. While making these suggestions, however, Mr. MIVART takes especial occasion to renew the expression of his antagonism to Mr. DARWIN'S theory of development, taking into consideration the totality of man's being, and remarks that, so considered, science convinces him that a monkey and a mushroom differ less from each other than do a monkey and a man.

The cultivation of the natural and physical sciences has not been prosecuted with much success, as far as the announcement of new facts is concerned, by the Spanish-American races of the New World, although in nearly every state there is a society devoted more or less to such objects. Of late years, however, an increasing degree of vitality has manifested itself in these organizations, and there is reason to believe that in time they may be of considerable value.

The most prominent institutions of the kind at present are in Mexico, namely, the Geographical and Statistical Society and the Society of Natural History, both of them publishing transactions which embody much information in their pages. The Royal Economical Society of Havana has published a bulletin of its proceedings, although devoted more to historical than scientific subjects. The most active society in Havana, however, is the "Royal Academy of Medical and Physical and Natural Sciences." Of this Dr. GUTIERREZ is President; Don FRANCISCO DE SAUVALLE, Vice-President; Dr. ANTONIO MESTRE, Secretary-General; Don JOSÉ F. DE CASTRO, Corresponding Secretary; Dr. FELIPE RODRIGUEZ, Assistant Secretary; Dr. RAMON L. MIRANDA, Treasurer; and Dr. JUAN CALIXTO OCAMENDI, Librarian—all holding their offices until 1873. Institutions in Brazil, Buenos Ayres, and Chili also exhibit a commendable degree of activity.

In the search for new regions of exploration and discovery, it is not a little surprising to be assured that, taking the West Indies as a group, we know almost as little of their natural history as we do of that of Central Africa, especially of the islands east and south of the Greater Antilles. Thanks to the labors of Dr. GUNDLACH and Professor POEY in Cuba, of Dr. BRYANT in the Bahamas, of Mr. MARCH and Mr. GOSSE in Jamaica, of Mr. A. E. YOUNGLOVE in Hayti, of Dr. BRYANT, Mr. SWIFT, and Mr. LATIMER in Porto Rico, of Mr. SWIFT in St. Thomas, of Mr. GALODY in Antigua, of Mr. JULIEN in Sombrero, and of Mr. NEWTON in Santa Cruz, we have a fair knowledge of the birds of the islands mentioned; but of Anguilla, St. Martin, Barbuda, Nevis, Montserrat, and Grenada we know nothing; and of St. Bartholomew, St. John, Saba, and Barbadoes next to nothing. Dominica, Martinique, and Guadaloupe have been more or less explored by English and French naturalists, although with no very complete result. We are glad to see that the Zoological Society of London is printing a paper by Dr. SCLATER upon a collection of the birds of Santa Lucia, sent to the Society by Mr. DE VOEUX, in which twenty-five species are enumerated, and among them three entirely peculiar to the island, one of them, a species of oriole, being hitherto undescribed. To such of our readers as have a spirit of enterprise, and are desirous of visiting a region which is sure to reward them with rich and undescribed treasures in natural history, we earnestly recommend the smaller West India islands, to which a trip can be made, especially in the winter season, with little or no risk to life or health, and with ample promise of satisfactory results.

A somewhat interesting capture has recently been made in one of the fish-pounds in Buzzard's Bay, near Wood's Hole, Massachusetts, the strange visitor being a specimen of the tunny (*Orcynus secundidorsalis*), sometimes called horse-mackerel and albicore in this country. The specimen measured nine feet in length, and weighed five hundred pounds, although frequently found weighing five hundred, or even a thousand, pounds more than this.

The horse-mackerel is not an unusual visitor to the eastern coast of the New England States, and is found as far north at least as the Bay of Fundy, where, as well as about Provincetown, it is sometimes harpooned in considerable numbers. It very rarely comes within the bays on our coast, the individual in question being the only one that has been captured within the memory of the fishermen in Buzzard's Bay. The specimen has been skinned, and will, it is understood, be exhibited in due time as one of the treasures of the National Museum at Washington.

The flesh of the horse-mackerel is of excellent quality, being more like butcher's-meat than like fish, and closely resembling tender pork in color and texture. It is, however, much less valued as food in the United States than in Europe, where this species, or a close ally, has long been a favorite in the market.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"SIR," said Dr. Johnson, "it is a shame to speak ill of a man behind his back; but I think the gentleman who has just left the room is—an attorney." A similar sentiment as to the prevailing rascality of lawyers of the lower grade is found on a grave-stone in Swaffham, Norfolk, England:

"Here lieth one, believe it if you can,
Who, though an attorney, was an honest man;
The gates of heaven shall open wide,
But will shut against the tribe beside."

A Western paper says: "Wanted, at this office, an editor who can please every body. Also a foreman who can so arrange the paper as to allow every man's advertisement to head the column."

"You are about to remove, are you not?" "No." "Why, you wrote up 'Selling off.'" "Yes; every shop-keeper is selling off." "You say, 'No reasonable offer refused.'" "Why, I should be very unreasonable if I did refuse such an offer." "But you say, 'Must close on Saturday.'" "To be sure. You would not have me open on Sunday, would you?"

A story is told of a father in a church who, when the marriage-service came to the point where the clergyman asks, "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" replied, "Well, Sir, I am called to do it, although it do go agin the grain. I wanted her to marry Bill Plowser, who is worth twice the money o' that ere man." The answer was not considered regular.

THE FIRST HYMN ON RECORD—Adam.

A ship-owner, in dispatching a vessel, had a great deal of trouble with one of his men, who had got drunk on his advance wages. After the vessel had accomplished her voyage, on settling with the crew it came to the man's turn to be paid. "What name?" asked the merchant. "Cain, Sir," was the reply. "What! are you the man who slew his brother?" "No, Sir," replied Jack, giving his trowsers a nautical hitch; "I'm the man that was slewed."

A Syrian convert to Christianity, as the story goes, was urged by his employer to work on Sunday, but he declined. "But," said the master, "does not your Bible say that if a man has an ox or an ass that falls into a pit on the Sabbath-day he may pull him out?" "Yes," answered Hayoh; "but if the ass has a habit of falling into the same pit every Sabbath-day, then the man should either fill up the pit or sell that ass." The story has a sort of swivel "moral" which will fit a great many disputed points in these days.

The sweetest thing in car-rings is an aquarium of rock crystal, filled with water, in which swim small whales, lobsters, and shrimps.

"Hallo, there, capting," said a Brother Jonathan to the captain of a canal packet on the Erie Canal; "what do you charge for passage?" "Three cents per mile, and boarded," said the captain. "Wa'al, I guess I'll take passage, capting, seeing as how I'm kinder gin out walking so far." Accordingly he got on board as the steward was ringing for dinner. Jonathan sat down and began demolishing the "fixins," to the utter consternation of the captain, until he had cleared the table of all that was eatable, when he got up and went on deck, picking his teeth very comfortably. "How far is it, capting, from here to where I got on board?" "Nearly a mile and a half," said the captain. "Let's see," said Jonathan: "that would be just four and a half cents; but never mind, capting, I won't be small. Here's five cents, which pays my fare to here. I guess I'll go ashore now. I'm kinder rested out."

BOARDER. "This tea seems very weak, Mrs. Skimp." LANDLADY. "Well, I guess it must be the warm weather. I feel weak myself; in fact, every body complains."

AN OBJECT OF INTEREST—Your deposit in a savings-bank.

In an epitaph which we have not found in any of the collections the composer met most ingeniously the impossibility of making the dead man's name rhyme with the cause of his death:

"Here lies Richard Dunn,
Who was killed by a gun:
His name was Pryme,
But that wouldn't rhyme."

A bridge at Denver, Colorado, sports this notice: "No vehicle drawn by more than one animal is allowed to cross this bridge in opposite directions at the same time."

It was so hot in Montgomery, Alabama, one day last week, that a wag proposed to build a fire in his stove to cool the atmosphere.

Puffing and blowing are often considered as synonymous terms. You will discover a difference, however, if, instead of puffing a man up, you should blow him up.

A Broad Street merchant being informed that he had broken the commandments, said, "Never mind; charge it to breakage."

A money-hunter being about to marry a fortune, a friend asked him how long the honey-moon would last. "Don't tell me of the honey-moon," he replied; "it is the harvest-moon with me."

TEXT FOR A BEGGING SERMON—"Sit down quickly and write fifty."

Mr. Greeley says "soap is a sign of civilization." Soft soap, we presume.

An advertisement of cod-liver oil winds up: "Patients who have once taken it can take no other." A candid confession.

STATISTICS.—Of the 1001 young ladies who fainted last year, 987 fell into the arms of gentlemen, two fell on the floor, and one into a water-butt.

A Washington man who was lately used as a reference to establish a friend's character did it thus comprehensively: "I am happy to inform you that Mr. —— stands at the very top of respectability here. He owns a fast horse, a New York judge, and intends to steal the first railroad he sees lying around loose."

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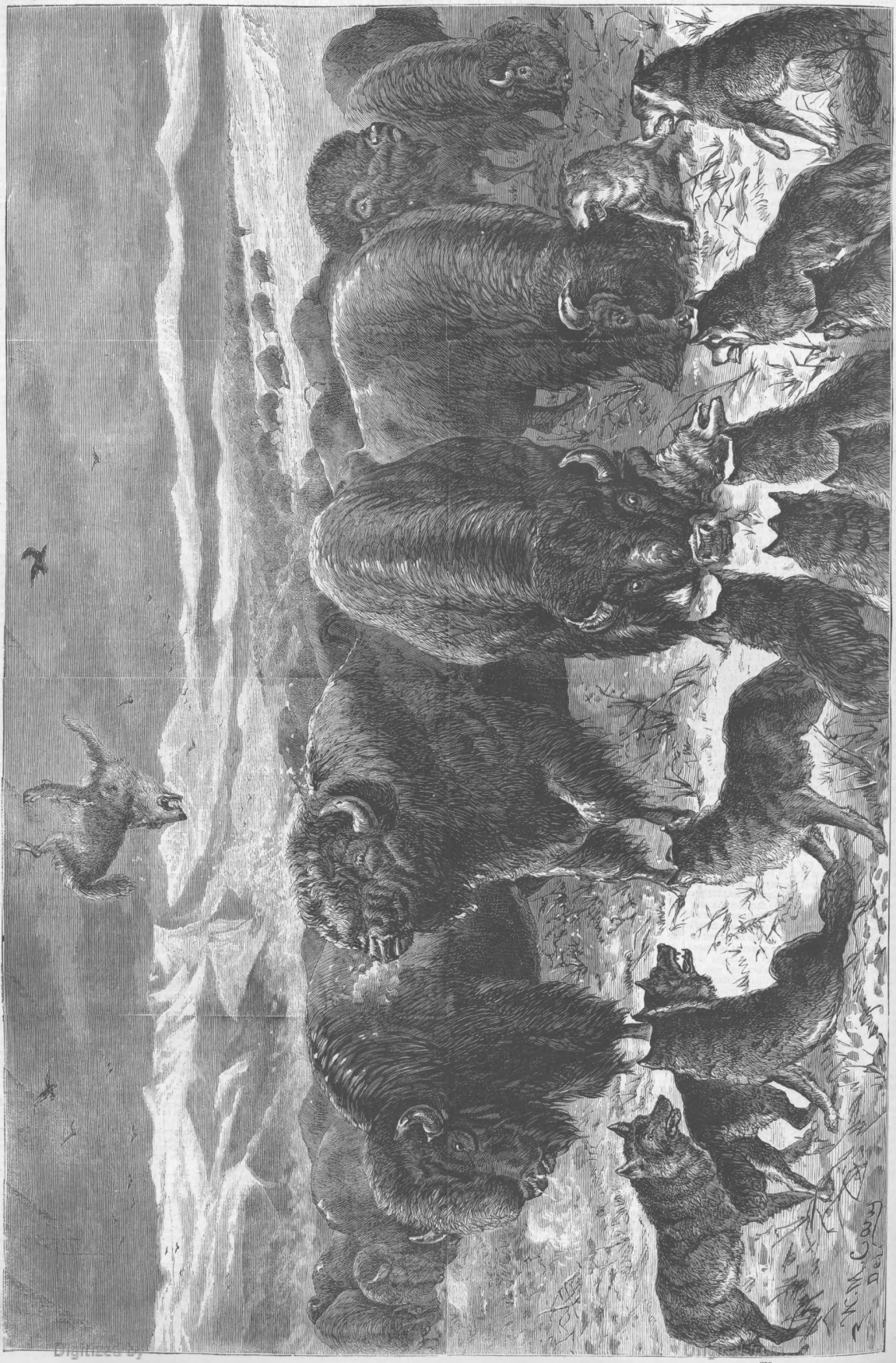

BUFFALO BULLS PROTECTING A HERD FROM WOLVES.—[See Page 725.]

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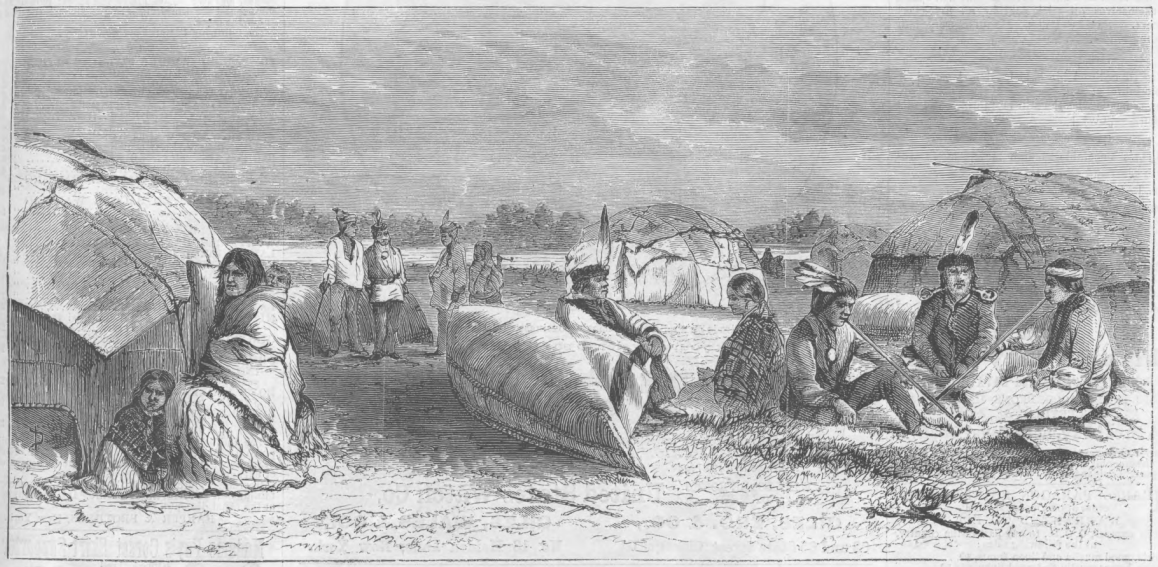
PAYMENT OF INDIAN ANNUITIES—COMING UP TO THE PAY-TABLE.

PAYING INDIAN ANNUITIES.

THE illustrations on this page, engraved from sketches by our special artist on the Plains, represent several scenes incident to a gathering of Indians at one of our border settlements to receive their annuity. These are great occasions with the tribes. The annuity amounts to one dollar in silver for each Indian, besides presents of calico, blankets, and cheap trinkets. For these they will make long journeys overland on foot or on horseback, or in their dug-outs or birch-bark canoes by water. It is not, however, entirely for the sake of the presents and money that the journey is made. The reunions are a season of general jollification and debauch. Before the Indians leave the ground they have generally parted with every thing they have received from the agent, and depart a good deal the worse for whisky, and entertaining a very mean opinion of white men.

At one of the frontier stations where payments are made—that at Odanah, on the Indian Reservation—about four hundred of the natives have formed a sort of agricultural community under the direction of a farmer who is appointed by the government. In good seasons they raise from five thousand to six thousand bushels of potatoes, and large quantities of turnips, cabbages, etc. The little wheat they cultivate is ground into flour in a hand-mill. The country about Odanah is sometimes called the Garden of Lake Superior, on account of its great fertility, and, under the direction of their white leader, the Indians make good use of its resources.

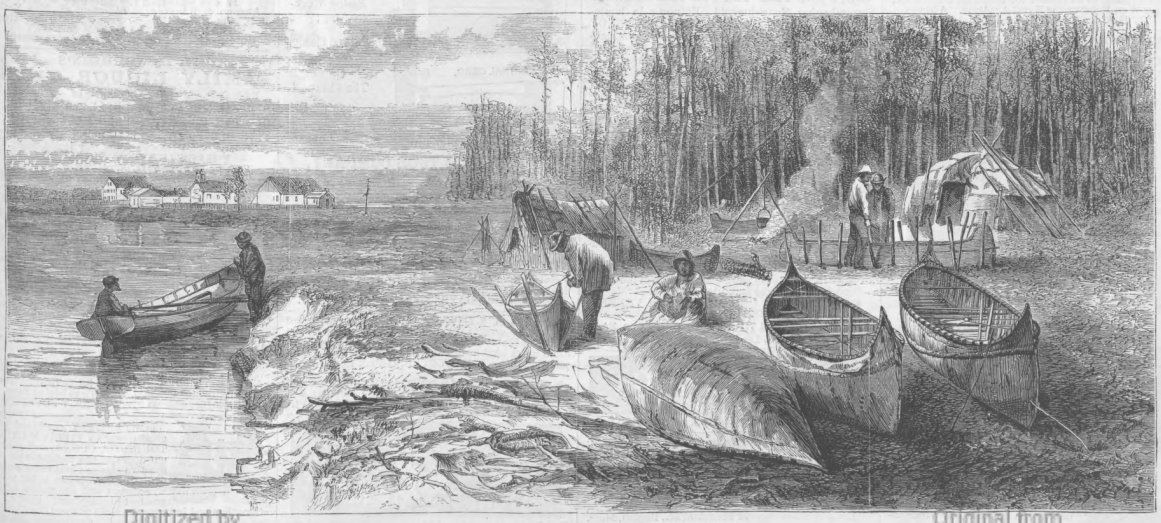
The first sketch on this page shows the Indians gathered around the pay-table to receive their annuities. As each one steps up to take his money and presents, the interpreter writes a receipt for him. The recipient touches the pen with his left hand, while receiving his allotment in the right. The second illustration shows the wigwams, some flat-roofed and others rounded, the latter being chiefly used in winter-time. Like the canoes, they are generally constructed of birch bark. The third illustration shows a group of Indians engaged in constructing birch-bark canoes. The buildings in the distance belong to the Presbyterian mission at Odanah.



BIRCH-BARK INDIAN WIGWAMS.

PROTECTING THE HERD.

THE spirited illustration on page 724 is engraved from a sketch by one of our special artists. It represents a rear-guard of buffalo bulls protecting a herd against an attack of Kiota wolves. These disagreeable beasts are always



INDIANS MAKING BIRCH-BARK CANOES.

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prowling round the herds of buffalo on the plains, watching for a chance to pounce upon a straying calf, or a sick or wounded member of the herd. Without a particle of courage, these wolves possess unlimited patience and endurance, and will squat on their haunches for days round a spot where the buffalo are grazing, as represented in our engraving, in the hope of getting a good meal out of some unguarded or disabled victim. Even the ferocious and powerful bulls in their old age fall a prey to them when the herd they have so long protected leave them behind in their swift journeys across the plains.

WATCHES THAT ARE WATCHES.

WE shall be pleased to send our DESCRIPTIVE PRICE-LIST of Genuine WALTHAM WATCHES, together with our illustrated pamphlet entitled a History of Watch-making, to all who send us their address. No matter how remote you are from New York, we can sell you a watch at the same price as if you were here. When you write, mention that you saw this notice in Harper's Weekly.—HOWARD & Co., 865 Broadway, New York.—[*Com.*]

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CÆSAR covered his bald head and gray hair with a laurel crown. AYER'S HAIR VIGOR covers gray heads with the still more welcome locks of youth.—[*Com.*]

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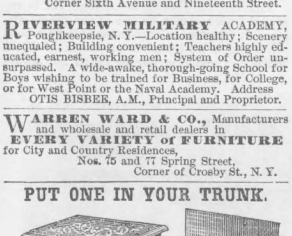

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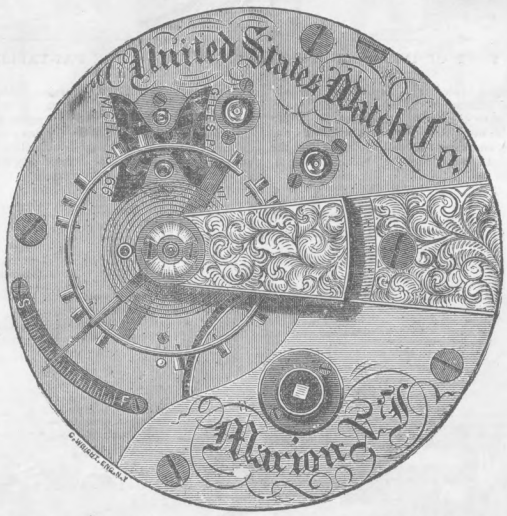

Price Lists furnished the trade on application, inclosing business card. For sale by the trade generally.
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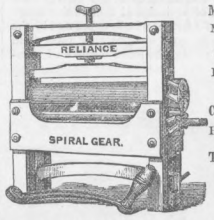

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DOUBLE-BREASTED SACQUE WALKING SUIT	" 49
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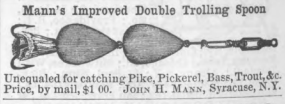

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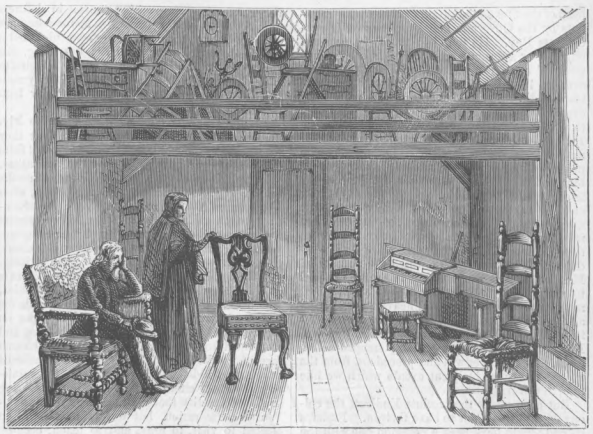

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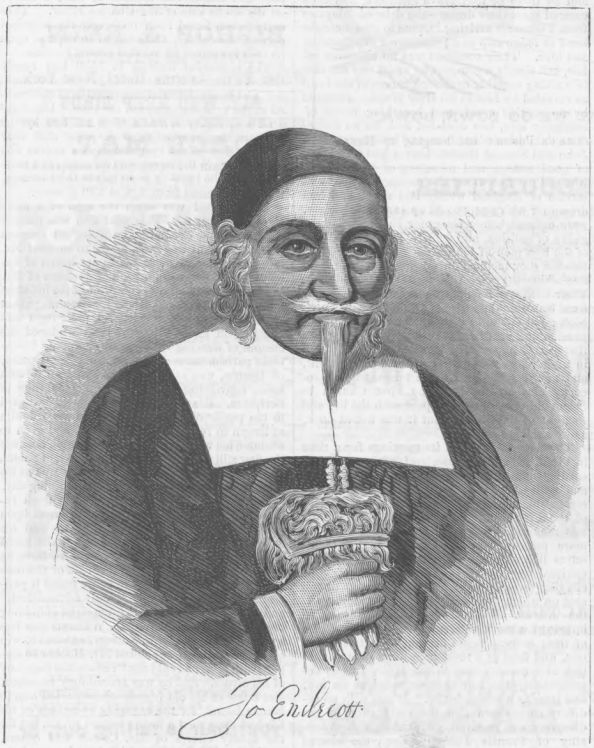
The town of Salem, in Massachusetts, second only to Plymouth in date of settlement, appears for a time conspicuously upon the page of general history, the stern vitality of its life sending out now and then a later gleam, and at last flashing with a lurid and consuming glare across the page, and fading from it darkly and well-nigh forever. People abroad now speak of Salem as a place where they hung witches; and Longfellow, with a stronger sense of poetic fitness than of the reality, leaves hovering over it, after all its troubles,

"The benediction of unbroken rest."

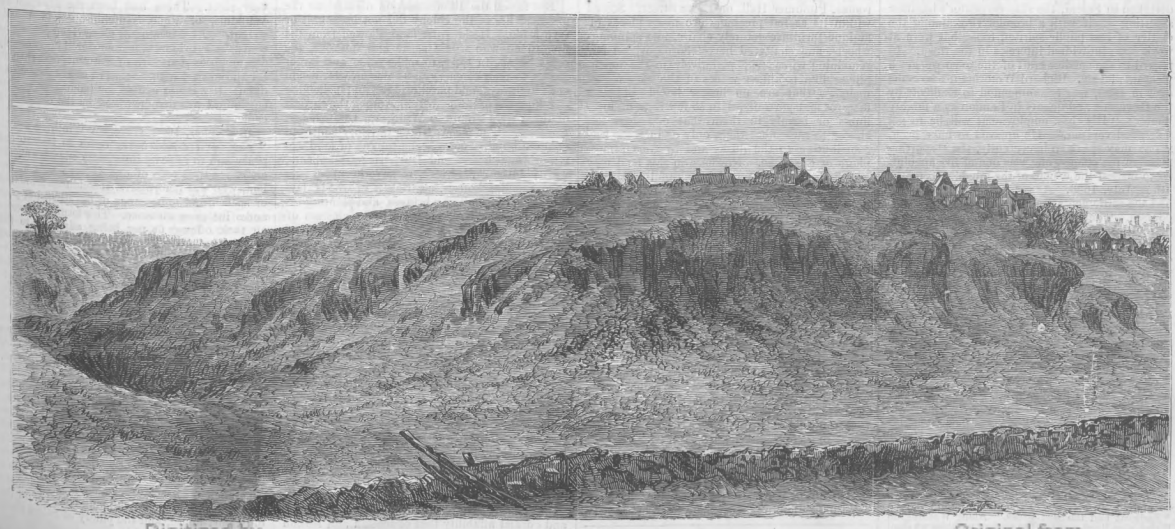
The writer confesses that he imagined himself entering the streets of no modern city as he stepped out of its spacious dépôt for the first time in the twilight of evening not long ago. It was rather the Salem of the darker passages of the books he had read that he had come to visit—a region embalmed in a quaint atmosphere of antiquity, and tingling yet with the dread memory of many a wizard spell. And as he passed up the nearest sidewalk, and saw the train on which he had come burrow slowly, pantingly down into the very bowels of the ascending street, and vanish with a swirl of smoke, for an absurd moment he became giddy with a thrill of delight that he had reached the place of enchantments at last. But as he stepped warily onward in search of the antique tavern of his fancy—having conspicuously in his mind's eye that erst kept by the gay witch, Bridget Bishop, with its hardly tolerated game of shovel-board, or the grimmer hostelry of Thomas Beadle, where some of the preliminary witch examinations were held, and many went forth in chains, some to lay them down no more—he became conscious that the many faces upon the streets had nothing of horror or of tragedy in them, and, looking up, lo! a horse-car rumbled past. The shop windows were gay with the finery of a color-loving age, and the latest literature, from holiday calf to illuminated paper, was in sight. Alas! the visitor was fain to pass the night in a comfortable hotel, and with no ghostlier presence than his own loose-trailing thoughts.

And the later-day Salem, in which he awakened certainly enough the next morning, and which he found so hospitably willing to manifest itself to him, interested him so much in its immediate self, that it was not at once that he found how inevitably its present thrift and bustle—ay, its very culture and breadth of religious feeling—connect themselves with the history and spirit of its earlier days. And after his mind had established, in its own unstable fashion, a shifting relation between the two, his walks were a continual surprise. Absorbed perhaps in the contemplation of certain nineteenth-century opportunities, the voice of the town-crier, a dim, crone-like face at a window, or some stern name in modern gilt among the signs, would awaken sharp contrasts with the days that are gone, and afford him rarer problems in regard to the certainty and indirectness of all historic progress than he would like to tell. Nothing, however, to his new estimate of things seemed so absurdly out of place as a sign he saw somewhere in this neighborhood—"Wizard: Office"—which may have had an innocent interpretation enough, but to the visitor seemed a weak attempt to make capital out of an utterly exploded thing. Wise men here years ago showed us the shallow irresponsibility of all spiritual mysticism.

An acquaintance with Salem may best be begun with the summer of 1628, when John Endicott arrived at Naumkeag in the *Abigail*, at the



GOVERNOR ENDICOTT.—[FROM A PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF WILLIAM ENDICOTT, OF SALEM.]



WITCH HILL.

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head of the first embarkation of planters and servants by the Governor and Company of Massachusetts Bay. He found in this neighborhood only ten or a dozen wretched hovels, the habitations of certain fishermen who had been sent over in 1624 from Dorchester, in England, to Cape Ann, and who had removed with their overseer, Roger Conant (late of New Plymouth), to a neck of land upon the Naumkeag River, in 1626. Here Conant had been encouraged to remain by Mr. White, minister of Dorchester, who promised him provisions and men, and here he built a fort on what is now the Beverly side. It is said that Conant also laid out the street now called Washington, the shortest way across the narrow neck of land on which the city of Salem is built, and which, perhaps, had been used from time immemorial as a carrying-place by the Indians.* The succor with which the activity of Mr. White, and the growing interest in regard to colonization, were at last able to supply him, must have been to Conant a heavy surprise, and all the more unwelcome, perhaps, because his bailiwick had consisted of so miserable a forlorn hope. But he seems to have peaceably stepped aside, as did many another will and precedent, from the progress of those incipient events which we like now to call irresistible.

But even under the resolute Endicott the colony seems at first not to have thriven. Perhaps its end would have been a common one with the many curious communities who sought in this fateful wilderness the disordered Utopia of their dreams, and whose stragglers turn up now and then so picturesquely in the sober history of those times, had not the scheme of colonization acquired an energy in England that the home government within a short time found it politic to curb.

In 1629 came five ships and four ministers. Mr. Francis Higginson says he arrived at Naumkeag June 29, and found there about one hundred planters and eight houses, besides a fair one for Endicott. As the "houses" of that day were often mere huts, one suspects that some were fain to make shift during the milder weather in tents and rude shelters, as did many later near Boston in the bitter winter of 1630–31. The arrivals this summer increased the number of settlers to three hundred, one hundred of whom removed to between the Mystic and Charles rivers, now Charlestown, where three explorers sent out by Endicott had found a "body of Indians settled called Aborginians, and one English house, thatched, and possessed by Thomas Walford, a smith."

In all the comfortable successes of a later time there is nothing so picturesque and interesting as the earlier endeavors of a colony in an unknown wilderness. Life is never more alert. To the difficult and uncertain means of livelihood, that at first barely avail, each day adds fresh resources. The sea proves rich in sustenance; the boys of Massachusetts Bay, as early as 1632, catching "great store" of lobsters and eels; two or three boys, says Winthrop, bringing in as many as a bushel at a time, and sixty great lobsters. The hunter also grows cunning in the habits of his game, bringing home, perhaps, besides, the secret of some rare, sunny meadow, fat with the promise of abundant crops. And then the delight there is in making new homes; as if each fresh clearing might reveal the soil of the original paradise, and the new cabin, sweet with the odor of the pine woods, and unprofaned, invited to a freer and fresher life. In such a one should Endicott's marriage have been performed in the simple fashion it was, by Governor Winthrop and Mr. Wilson, shortly after their arrival, the type and promise of all brotherly offices in place of ponderous and worn-out ceremonial. But what is good poetry to us was hard work then; and when one appreciates the stupendous task of reducing fifty acres of woodland to an arable condition, with the inadequate appliances of that day, he has no longer need for wonder that choice was given between it and a half acre in town.

The building of ships, those "white-winged messengers of plenty and peace," was early undertaken in Salem, the ship-carpenter's hammer asserting itself with a broader ring among the clatter of less public-spirited tools that were at work upon individual interests in the town. In regard to the smaller craft of the town we get a pleasant picture. Richard Waterman, who came over in 1629, was recommended to Endicott by the Governor and deputy in London as a mighty hunter: "His chief employment will be to get you good venison." He appears to have been, if one may speak so irreverently, the "sporting man" of the colony, and was one of five appointed to inspect the canoes of the inhabitants on the 4th of July, 1636. As yet there were few roads, and the settlements crept inland along the watercourses. There were in Salem more canoes than in all the patent besides, and every household owning "a water-horse or two," it was an affair of public consideration that all should be seaworthy. Mr. Upham tells us that the day of their assembling before the landing-places in the North and South rivers was a gala day — the first Fourth of July ever celebrated in America. The rivers were alive with gliding craft, from the heavy dug-out to the graceful birch canoe, and there was many an exciting contest in deftness and speed. But Waterman was no mere lounger of the woods or water-side; he soon obtained a land grant near Davenport Hill; but being, like many others, liberal-minded, and of "a spirit to resist," he was before the court for his sympathies in 1664, was imprisoned, and finally banished.

Endicott having corresponded with the Plymouth settlers, and satisfied himself that they were right in their judgment of the outward form of worship—not going so far as the separatists, who would change all, not mildly reform—the settlers at Salem proceeded, July 20, 1629, after a season of fasting and prayer, to elect Samuel Skelton their pastor, and Francis Higginson teacher; and on the 6th of August, the day appointed for the ordination of elders and deacons, thirty persons entered into covenant in writing, and the ministers were ordained anew. A rare interest attaches to these simple ceremonies, which were performed in the open air beside the house of Mr. Higginson, on the very spot on which the First Church of Salem has builded and worshiped from that day. It was the first church formed in the New World,* and was gathered in the most independent of spirits. The ministers were not chosen because of any hovering shade of sanctity that might come from an Old-World consecration, but were simply brethren elected to visit, to pray, and to teach, because they were fittest of all for the spiritual work it was intended they should do. Fasting and prayer, and laying on of hands, each on the other, and by three or four grave members, and they entered upon their duties—the delayed delegates from Plymouth arriving in time to give the right hand of fellowship as an assurance of sympathy and love. Their covenant was no elaborate affair, but simply a compact to assist one another in walking together in the ordinances of the Lord as revealed by him in his Holy Word. Fettered by no specific creed, and breathing words of brotherly love, one does not look for an immediate exhibition of hardness and intolerance; but John and Samuel Brown, lawyer and merchant, of good estates, and members of the council, who did not like to see the common prayer and service of England wholly laid aside, and had drawn off with many to set up a separate society, were ordered before Governor Endicott, judged guilty of sedition, and sent to England. Many of the best men of the colony were driven away because they inclined on either side of the rigid line which the stern rulers had mentally drawn. Their faith was for the time none the less firmly fixed because it lacked expression in their church book; but it had in it that vital necessity of expansion and growth that belongs to all principles that are not hopelessly congealed in words. And in after-years, when the times began to relent, and men could afford to be tolerant in the security of their freedom, the First Church in Salem did not fail to keep pace with the life and thought of the times. But it was not at once, as we shall see.

The new church held its meetings for a time in Crumwell's fish-house, and afterward in a small "unfinished" structure, with bare timbers and rafters, and the most primitive of galleries, erected upon what has been ever since the site of the First Church in Salem. In 1634 this was removed, giving place to a succession of more pretentious edifices, that adapted themselves like so many changes of raiment to the spiritual wants of the people. And now, after clinging through so many eventful years to the spot on which their earnest spiritual life began, the interest of its present members may be imagined when it was rumored that the frame of their earliest house of worship was still intact, and used as a receptacle for tools and rubbish at a tannery near Witch Hill. In less degenerate days it had been occupied as an inn, and later as a school-house. It was with no ordinary enthusiasm that the verification of the discovery was received, and, through the liberality of Francis Peabody, Esq., the altered frame-work was restored to its original mortises, and removed to the rear of the Institute rooms, Plummer Hall, on Essex Street. Stored within its sacred precincts are many pieces of antique furniture—stately chairs, idle spinning-wheels, and shattered harpsichords, whose few remaining wires trill plaintively to the touch, piping like toothless voices of the slow-footed melodies that are no longer heard—old-time pictures and portraits, with so few lines of loveliness or beauty in them that one does not choose to remember them only as in some way contributing to the dusky and by-gone atmosphere of the place. Nowhere in this land may one find so ancient and worshipful a shrine. Within these walls, silent with the remembered presence of Endicott, Skelton, Higginson, Roger Williams, and their grave compeers, the very day seems haunted, and the sunshine falls but soberly in. The visitor seems to close the door upon the bustle and complacency of his own time, and by some subtile spell of sympathy to find himself standing at last in mute and intelligible relations to the firm, integral life to which he owes so much. Quaint and in keeping as are the visions that the suggestiveness of the place conjure from out the resources of his memory, there is yet in them all no longer so bald a sense of Puritanic affectation or constraint; the bare timbers of these narrow precincts evince a necessity that was in itself denial; and he remembers vividly, as if for the first complete time, that the souls that met God here were sadly weary of a colder intercession.

In anticipation of the transfer of the corporation and its charter to America by the Massachusetts Company, John Winthrop was elected its Governor, and arrived in the *Arabella* June 12, 1630. Before August there had come eleven ships to Salem, bringing Winthrop's assistants or council, and many gentlemen of figure and estate besides. Before leaving England Winthrop and his company were careful to address a letter to the brethren of the Church of England, to remove misconceptions and to ask their prayers. It could have been, then, because of no impulse of desperate hostility to its established forms that they set out, but rather with a hope of its ultimate reform. Indeed, we find that it was as much in a commercial as in a religious spirit that their adventure was undertaken; and to this wholesome element of enterprise and practicality we may perhaps attribute the more rapid expansion and growth that at last resulted in the absorption of the Plymouth colony.

Endicott (superseded in turn by the higher commission of Winthrop, as Conant had been by him), with Mr. Skelton and Captain Levett, welcomed the new Governor on board his ship off Cape Ann. With many of his company the new Governor returned with them to "Nahumkeck" (Nā-um-keag, later Salem), where they supped on good venison, pastry, and good beer; after which, save a few women, they returned to the ship. And the dignitaries having had their feast, the next day (Sunday) the rest of the people were set ashore off Cape Ann, and regaled themselves with the "great store" of strawberries which grew there.

On the 17th the Governor and some of the principal persons went to Charlestown through the woods to look for a site for their "chief town." They found a few families about the bay, and established themselves for the winter on the south side of the Charles River. Thus early Salem found itself no longer the principal port of the colony, and obliged to depend upon its own resources for what it should become.

The numerous arrivals in 1630 had nearly caused a famine in the scantily provisioned country, and many delicately nurtured ones succumbed to the grim hardships of the time. One hundred and eighty servants were set free by the planters, that they might make what shift they could to live—some by grubbing for acorns and ground-nuts in the forest, and for clams and mussels about the bays—a great loss to their owners, who had invested from £16 to £20 in each.

But in 1631 was sown the seed of a more abundant harvest. This year also was planted a germ of much social and theological disquiet in the calling of Roger Williams to succeed Mr. Higginson, deceased, in the First Church of Salem. With the rare purity and devotion of Mr. Williams's life, and his profession of the broadest principles of tolerance, it was a little strange that there should consist a spirit the most rigid and exacting in many things. He introduced the custom of wearing veils at church among his female parishioners—a custom good Mr. Cotton, of Boston, was at pains to give them a sermon upon, convincing them it had no foundation in Scripture. His many clarified vagaries in regard to the purification of church and state led him at length to renounce his pastorate, and even to abandon his wife and children for a time, because the first still communed with the church of Salem, and the latter were unregenerate. It was at his pious instigation that Endicott, one training day, roused to quick indignation by some fresh rumor of the design of the home government upon their charter, ordered his ensign to trail his standard, while with his sword he cut the hated symbol of papal power—the red cross—from its folds, and trampled it in the dust. For the dazzling temerity of his act the court found it politic that Endicott should be "sadly admonished," and, with Ensign Davenport, deprived of holding office for one year. But Mr. Williams was less tractable; and though the clergy, anxious to win over their brother, appointed Mr. Hooker to dispute with him, he could not "reduce him from any of his errors," and he was accordingly banished. Not a few of his old friends accompanied him to Rhode Island, for the engaging sweetness of his life had awakened a loving regard which, but for the kindly efforts of Mr. Cotton and others, would, in this the day of his banishment, have drawn nearly all of Salem after him.

But for all the differences and discussions the practical life of the colony did not long halt or turn aside. Besides the land allowed from the first to all who would settle and improve, the court began, in 1631, to make other and larger grants to men of energy and means who would open highways, and build bridges, and hasten the development of the country. Among the earliest of these were grants to Winthrop, Dudley, and Endicott. The latter, whose territory consisted of three hundred acres—the tongue of land between Cow-house and Duck rivers—appears, with his usual directness, to have occupied it at once, erecting houses, clearing it of woods, laying out roads, building bridges, and planting orchards and fields. With his busy clusters of workmen, the rush and jar of falling trees, and the stroke of the builder's hammer, "Orchard Farm" must, in its early days, have presented a lively and interesting scene. Many of the best young men of the neighborhood placed themselves in lusty tuition under Endicott, and working among his men, learned how to win from the wilderness each a farm of his own. On a picturesque site of the farm was built the house of Endicott, commanding a view of the surrounding country and both arms of the sea. An ancient pear-tree in a sheltered corner of the meadow alone remains of all his thrifty orchards to offer to the descendants of the often afterward Governor its September fruit. At the foot of the grassy slope on which it stands the visitor is pointed to the spot where his boatmen were wont to set him ashore, with simple show of dignity and state, after his gubernatorial visits to Boston. And here he also received many visits of friendship or diplomacy, entertaining all, no doubt, with the frank and cordial affability that education and station awakens in minds like his.

Endicott was only one of many in his improvements; Townsend Bishop, whose house (owned later by Nurse, of witchcraft memory), with its approaching roadway, is still standing, and Emanuel Downing, coming later to Salem, surpassing him in the extent of their operations. September 30, 1648, Governor Winthrop wrote to his son John, in Connecticut: "They are all well at Salem, and your uncle [Downing] is beginning to distill. Endicott hath found a copper mine in his ground." He adds that Mr. Leader hath tried it, and the furnace runs eight tons a week. Their bar-iron is as good as Spanish.

By such enterprises as these, and the smaller efforts of humbler men, did the early settlements creep away into the rich heart of the wilderness. But the larger estates, decidedly English in the nature of their inception and conduct, did not retain their integrity long in the freer air of the colony. The wilderness gave but a meagre return for the outlay of capital involved, and although most held them intact as long as they remained upon them, it is curious to observe how certainly they fell, with all the heaviest labor of their subjection done, into the hands of the sturdy yeomanry, who so became owners, and New England farmers, with no taint of tenantry about them.

In 1636 Endicott, the central energetic figure of the colony, conducted an expedition against the Indians of Block Island, with Trask, Davenport, and Read, of Salem Farms, as his lieutenants.

Among those to whom New England owed much for the early development of its resources and commerce was Mr. Hugh Peters. Arriving in 1635, he was for a time minister of the First Church in Salem, leaving them only because of the persistent urgency of many that he should make one of three commissioners to represent the colony in England. The interest of passing events prevented his return; he became one of Cromwell's chaplains, and at last, at the restoration, lost his head; showing in the matter less of tact than brilliant George Downing, son of his whilom neighbor, Emanuel Downing, who, by an easy "somersault" and the sacrifice of two or three friends, saved his own life, and secured further preferment from the restored king.

Mr. Peters appears prominently in the councils of the colony, and Winthrop says in his journal, December, 1640, that he was a man of great public spirit and singular activity, who stirred up the shipping interests, "now our money was gone." He urged the building of vessels and the raising of a surplus of marketable crops, and no doubt contributed more than any to that impulse which, in 1642, left Salem "without a commercial rival." In regard to the business of its incipient marine, Winthrop writes, in 1637, that Mr. Pierce, in the Salem ship *Desire*, returned from the West Indies, after a seven months' voyage, bringing cotton, tobacco, and negroes, and salt from Tortugas; and he further shocks our notions of the inflexible morality of the times by adding that dry fish and "strong water" are the only commodities for those parts. Perhaps he might have put "Indians" on his list of possible exports, for the practical Downing had advocated war with the Narragansets—who are devil-worshipers at best, he piously hints—that they might exchange them for Moors, who probably could not steal so quickly away to their native wilds. Again, in 1642, Winthrop notes the arrival at Boston of a small ship from Madeira, with wine and sugar, to be sold for pipe staves and other commodities of the country, and her return, leaving behind her Mr. Parish, her owner, who had been warned by the Jesuits of this place, but after a stay of divers months blessed God for bringing him hither.

And yet, in spite of the devout admiration of Mr. Parish, there was a glowing under-current of vague aspiration and unrest beneath the stiffened surface of so much sobriety that would break out here and there between the firm hands that sought to hold it down. It must have been an especial cause of bitterness to these earnest souls that the simple state they had founded should succeed so ill, the dissensions being not confined to vagrant ones, but breaking out among the very elect. There had been the defection of Williams, of Vane, Hutchinson, and Wheelwright. At Piscataqua (New Hampshire), as well as at Providence, had clustered into unstable communities souls loth of restraint, and changeful and absurd with a sense of newly found freedom. It was not a time for tenderness or concession, as was demonstrated by the events that came.

In October, 1638, Governor Winthrop wrote: "The devil would never cease to disturb our peace and to raise up insurgents one after another." He then tells of one Oliver's wife, of Salem, who was before Mrs. Hutchinson for ability of speech and appearance of devotion, but poor and of little acquaintance. This formidable woman took offense at not being admitted to the Lord's Supper without a confession of faith, and called for it on sacrament day, and, when denied, rose to plead her right. Nor would she cease until Mr. Endicott, the magistrate, threatened to send the constable to put her forth. She was afterward examined, seconding peremptorily enough the efforts to grasp the dark heresies of her heart, and at last committed to jail, whence she was released on her husband's bond, after acknowledging her fault to the Governor. But, that same Governor sadly writes, she still held to her former opinions. Five years later she was whipped for reproaching the magistrates, standing without tying, and glorying in her punishment with a masculine spirit, and yet with feminine feeling enough to be afterward much dejected at the reproach that had fallen upon her. Again we meet her for a silent half hour with a cleft stick upon her tongue for reproaching the elders. The ancient whipping-post, before the old Court-house, and the pillory of Salem could tell many a tale like this.

* The history of Washington Street, once Town-house Lane, would, indeed, not only take us back to the remoter days of the settlement of Salem, but reproduce from out its central life and activity scenes from nearly every epoch of its history. The Town-house, with its old-time whipping-post and other penal frame-work, stood in its centre; the first church also was upon it, and the town pump that Hawthorne makes to babble so limpidly through its nose. Here the public meetings were held, the voters sometimes arranging themselves in opposite lines in the street before the Town-house, to be counted; and here, also, the train-band deployed, notably, as Hawthorne also so graphically pictures, at the time of the affair of "Endicott and the Red Cross." Along Washington Street, also, lived many of the ancient notables we shall meet.

* The Plymouth Church was organized in Leyden.

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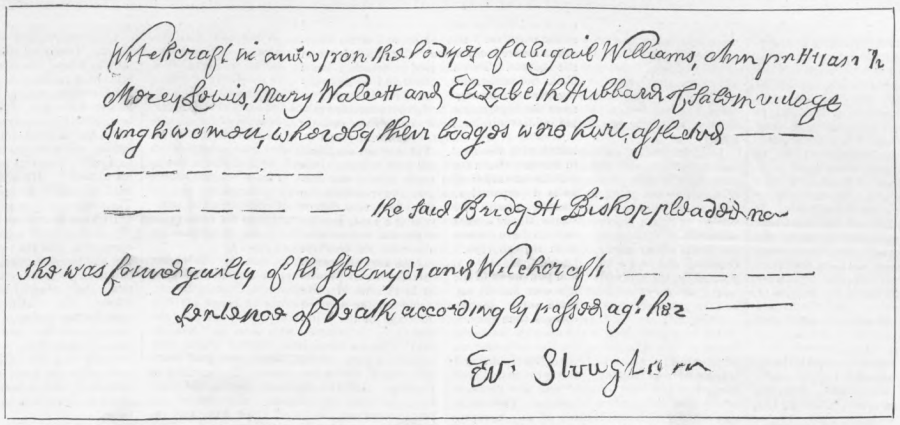
Lady Deborah Moody, a "wise and anciently religious woman" of Salem church, was, in 1643, taken in error of denying baptism to infants, and was "*dealt with*" (ah! there were no sacred privacies then) by many of the elders and others, and admonished. But, persisting, to avoid further trouble she removed to the Dutch, against the advice of all her friends, who afterward excommunicated her! So it was the policies of kindness and severity went hand in hand—not in any incongruous way, however; for the Puritan idea of government was no "let alone" one, and the magistrates, with a few exceptions of bewilderment or passion, were kinder than their code.



FAC-SIMILE OF DEATH-WARRANT OF PARTIES EXECUTED FOR WITCHCRAFT.

Among the weary heart-searchings and unprofitable corrections of this period, it is with a wonderful sense of refreshment that one comes upon a case like that of Jeremiah Watts, of Salem. A zealot and agitator, he denounced the clergy and its forms in no measured terms. Long time he famed, but for some reason, no notice being taken of him, he subsides at last from our view into the profoundest and most ridiculous of silences. His bugbear became a very phantasm indeed; and one wonders if he ever had any confidence in himself after that.

And yet from 1637 to 1656, according to Hutchinson, was a time of great quiet in ecclesiastical affairs in New England. No doubt, then, that these were mere transient matters of discipline, and that there were seasons when the fathers congratulated themselves on the stability and growth of the institutions they had framed, little thinking that the tense fibres of their being would thrill all the more painfully to an alien touch because of their temporary repose. Necessary as it was that this nation should, as a Mr. Higginson of our own day says, put aside all Old-World frivolity, and establish itself upon foundations of absolute righteousness, yet that aspect of its being was but a condition—the self-denial of the devotee rather than the warm-blooded life to which men spontaneously turn when sufficiently chilled by the atmosphere of their ideal worlds. There was at the bottom of their constitution and life a principle of rigidity and exclusion that, strangely enough in this world, seems always to invite lawlessness and assault. The Quakers found in New England, from 1656 to 1660, rare chance of persecution and martyrdom, the cruel laws of Massachusetts being especially rich in discipline and opportunities of spiritual grace. But it was, rather than their teachings, the outrageous intrusiveness of these "Ranters" that made them so obnoxious to the order-loving magistrates; and to one who studies the times there appears in regard to them scarcely more of severity than of provocation. The unnatural laws passed against them were carried into effect with much reluctance, it having been thought that their very severity would deter all approach. The passionate exclamation of Governor Endicott, thanking God that he, at least, did not shrink from doing his duty, throws a flood of kindly light on the ruling spirits of that sad time.

While hovering about Boston with the fascination of a glorified death ever drawing them nearer, the Quakers seem to have found something of sympathy and shelter—no safe things for any to offer—in Salem. But nowhere did their zeal allow them repose. Here some were whipped for "disorderly behavior"—putting the people in terror with "wild and dreadful words," and coming into the congregation and calling to the minister in time of worship, declaring his preaching an abomination. In 1657 Christopher Holder, one of eight who had been reshipped to England, appeared again in Salem, and "spake a few words in meeting after the priest was done." He was "haled back by the hair of his head, and his mouth violently stopped with a glove and handkerchief thrust thereinto." Next day he was "had to Boston," and received thirty stripes, remaining in the jailer's custody nine weeks. He afterward lost his right ear for his persistence.

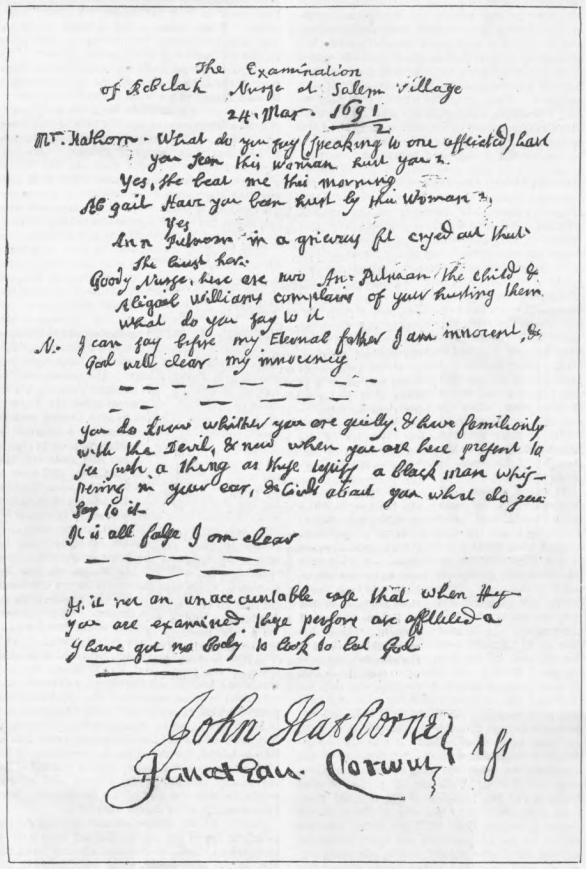
The people were full of sympathy for the persecuted ones, and in Boston a watch was ordered about the jail to keep them from communicating with the prisoners. In 1658 Marmaduke Stevenson, in distant Barbadoes, having heard of their "bloody law," came to Rhode Island, and, with his friend William Robinson, was commanded by the Lord to go to Boston and lay his life down. At once satisfactorily banished, with two others, we find them lingering about Salem a few weeks. Unable to find "freedom to depart," as did some, but "constrained in the love and power of the Lord to try your bloody law unto death," in the midst of quite a troop of friends the three (Mary Dyer going with them) marched into Boston. The simple finality of their preparations exhibits a heroism above the trivial dreads of this world, and touching beyond the pathos of words. Alice Cowland, of the company, brought with her some linen, which she showed the Governor, "wherein to wrap the dead bodies of them who were to suffer." Even Endicott's voice, it is said, sounded faintly as he sentenced them. And toward evening, under an impressive guard, with drums to drown the solemn and exultant voices of the condemned, and by a back way, "lest it affect the people too much," they were led out, walking hand in hand, Mary Dyer being "middlemost." It must have been a rare and passionate reluctance with which Mary, already upon the ladder, received her unwilling reprieve.

But these decisive acts brought little relief. The more sacred or conspicuous the occasion the surer were these fanatical ones to intrude. John Smith, of Salem, at the ordination of Mr. John Higginson (son of the earliest teacher), in 1660, made a disturbance, crying out, "What you are going to set up our God is pulling down!" Deborah Wilson, "a young woman of very modest and retired life," in obedience to an inward light, went through the streets of Salem "naked as when she came into the world," to signify the spiritual nakedness of the people—an act for which, says Hutchinson, she was well whipped. In 1659 some Quaker heads of families were sold in Salem.

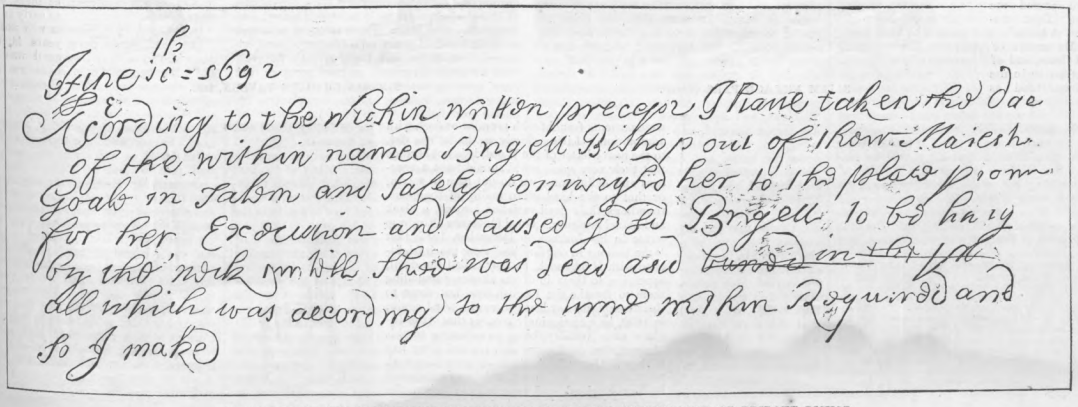
Distasteful as such interference might be, it was certainly a relief to all when, in 1661, the order from the king to stay corporal punishment was presented to Endicott by one Shattuck, of Salem (with his hat on), and the stern Governor bowed in sarcastic bitterness to him who was, he said, a greater man than himself.

Before taking leave of the Quakers, lest we should have conveyed the idea that all were vagrants and fanatics, it is pleasant to invite for a moment upon our page so solid a representative man as Thomas Maule. Zealous alike in his religion and his business, he was as ready to entertain the persecuted of his sect as to listen to any fresh scheme of profit that might come in his way. His house and shop in Salem, built about 1679, must have been a comfortable harborage to those whose spirit of prophecy was still strong enough to unfit them for the affairs of this world, as well as to make them obnoxious to those who had at best accorded them but a reluctant and limited freedom.

In the early troubles with the Indians and French and the ruthless pirates that haunted the eastern coast Salem took no inconsiderable part.



FRAGMENT OF EXAMINATION OF REBECCA NURSE,
IN HANDWRITING OF REV. SAUL PARRIS.



FAC-SIMILE OF THE RETURN BY THE SHERIFF ON THE DEATH-WARRANT OF BRIDGET BISHOP.

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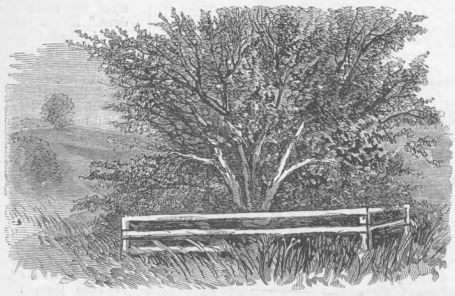


ENDICOTT PEAR-TREE.

commander of the defenses of Boston, was killed at the entrance. But the success of the expedition secured only a temporary immunity from the Indians. They hovered in detached bands about the settlements, their dusky figures gliding stealthily among the shadows about the remote clearings, and showing to the terrified people quick-vanishing faces through the shifting interstices of the foliage, alert for any sign of incaution or weakness. Three men were killed in Salem between 1689 and 1690. Indeed, the terrible hostilities that made life in the outposts a perpetual shudder, and required the sheltered county of Essex to keep twenty-four scouts almost constantly in the field, may be said to have known no certain intermission from 1675 to 1759. No wonder the troubled people thought the Indians the very emissaries and pow-wows of the devil; for if that personage ever had fit servitors in this world these same subtle, malignant, and copper-skinned savages were they. In the rage of the popu-

PROCTER HOUSE.

Although suffering but little within her own borders from their incursions, her soldiers bore their part in the frontier guard, and are prominent in the excursions for the rescue or defense of settlements more exposed. In 1675 Thomas Lothrop, of Salem, led the "Flower of Essex," county troops, to the assistance of the Connecticut River towns against Philip. After a decided victory over the Indians at Sugarloaf Hill, in August, he fell, with all but seven or eight of his compa-

REBECCA NURSE HOUSE.

SHATTUCK HOUSE.

delusion was no sudden and spontaneous assault of the "Prince of the Power of the Air" upon a young and promising colony, but the result rather of superstitions that received papal recognition as early as 1484, and haunted the whole Christian world with their vague terrors, lingering here and there beyond the middle of the eighteenth century. Five hundred witches were burned in Geneva in 1515 in three months; and in Germany alone, from 1580 to 1680, as

PLUMMER HALL.

lace against them many friendly and "praying Indians" were badly treated; and some women of Marblehead, coming out of meeting one day, fell upon two captives and barbarously murdered them!

In 1689 the distasteful government of Andros came to an end by the uprising of the people, who called from his retirement in Salem venerable old Governor Bradstreet to become again the head of a popular government. In the excited throngs who poured into Boston by all its approaches on that eventful 18th of April was many a public-spirited Salemite besides, glad to lay aside the petty interests of his shop or farm and lend his enthusiasm to the impulses of a righteous revolution. And yet, in spite of the joyful and ceremonious proclamation of the accession of William and Mary to the throne, the duration of the popular government depended upon an imperial will. The Indians were falling anew upon the borders, and the times were those of uncertainty and dread.

It is a rare imagination that can sympathize to-day—as perhaps none other than Hawthorne's has adequately done—with the earlier epochs of our history. Life then itself, as we have said, was curbed, finding so much of serious business in this world that all exuberance or lightness seemed a hinderance and a reproach. There should be a solid meaning in every thing, be it holiday or funeral. Even the simple phenomena of nature in those days of "special providences" and "judgments"

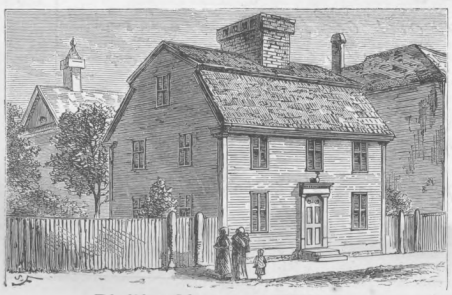
NORMAL SCHOOL.

ny, at "Bloody Brook"—a disaster which filled the colonies with dark forebodings, and stirred them to the decisive preparations which resulted in the dispersion of the Narragansets and the death of Philip. In the brave race for the fiery mouth of the Narraganset fort John Raymond, of Salem village, was the winner, and passed the desperate fight unharmed. A son of the gallant Davenport of the Red Cross, and of later distinction in the Pequot war and as

SALEM VILLAGE PARSONAGE.

THOMAS BEADLE'S TAVERN, 1692.

many as one thousand persons a year were executed for witchcraft—one hundred thousand souls! The delusion was world-wide, and New England, thrilling with Old-World memories and dreams, did not escape. There had been trials and executions both in Massachusetts and Connecticut, and Salem, the seat of Essex county, had business of that sort as early as 1652. But it was not until forty years later that the devil was thought to have set himself deliberately about the



BIRTH-PLACE OF HAWTHORNE.

were portents fraught with promise or dark with admonition. Living closely, as the fathers did, to the heavy letter of the Word, it is not strange that their very spirit world should have a nearness and definiteness we do not care to retain, or that to the hard, stern reality of their surroundings their devil matched himself, a black and actual presence. Good Governor Winthrop wrote in his Journal, in December, 1637, that "the Indians in our families" were much frightened with Habbanock, as they called the devil, appearing to them in divers shapes, persuading them to forsake the English, and not come to their assemblies, or learn to read. And again, in 1639, he questioningly records that "the Indians near Aquiday, being paw-pawing in this tempest, the devil came and fetched away five of them. Query." And yet—approaching with what directness we may the days of witchcraft in New England, and especially in Salem, the centre of the appalling deed of 1692—we are perhaps just a little disappointed in finding that the

ROOM IN WHICH HAWTHORNE WAS BORN.

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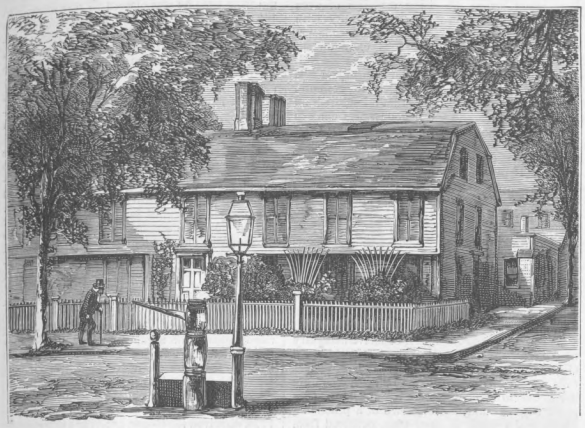
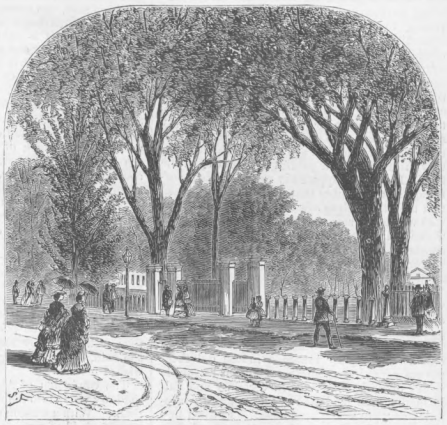


ROGER WILLIAMS HOUSE.

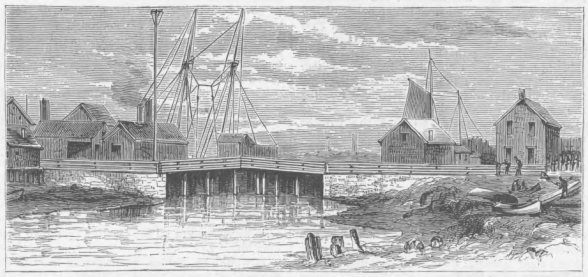


COMMON.

conquest of this world, with a view, perhaps, to the "thousand years" that had somewhere been apportioned him.

Salem village, with its rich farms, that had passed from the few original "planters" of the colony into the hands of a sturdy yeomanry, was in 1692 a community in itself, with its church, train-band, and common, and containing within its borders all the industries of thrifty village life. Among the many graphic pictures given us by Mr. Upham of that time, is none more pleasant than that of the Sunday noon-time gossipings of the good villagers at Deacon Ingersoll's ordinary (licensed to keep a victualing-house, and to sell beer and cider by the quart, on the Lord's-day, was he), or in the spacious rooms of his house, loitering out-of-doors in the pleasant weather, clad all in their sober best, and discreetly ventilating whatever of interest their week of separation had disclosed. At Deacon Ingersoll's, also, all the public business of the village was done; and here often the congregation adjourned from their unwarmed church in the colder weather. It was the centre of an active and superstitious population, and its conversation was often saturated with the dark troubles and beliefs of the times. There had been, prior to the spring of 1692, enough of undoubted witchcraft to give a lurid tinge to all untoward occurrences, and the books of the day treated piously of the "wonders of the invisible world." None could have a colic, or a nightmare, or a runaway pig, but a conclave of shrewd heads could detect in it the malice of some one whom the devil had sealed for his own, and made potent in all diabolical arts.

It was probably with a mischievous intent to tickle this greed for the marvelous that certain young girls at the village began first to practice in public the strange feats and contortions and the minor arts of necromancy they had learned from one another and from Tituba, an old West India slave of Mr. Parris, the village minister.



NORTH BRIDGE.

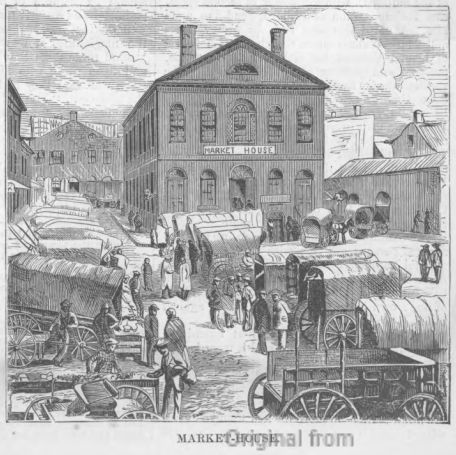
CUSTOM-HOUSE.

The unhallowed meetings of these young girls—daughters and servants of the sober heads of the village—at the house of Mr. Parris must have been conducted with rare secrecy and success. And when they began to exhibit their proficiency loosely about in the daylight, going into convulsions, carrying themselves hither and thither without visible effort, and being stuffed, as it seemed, with great reluctance, into potholes and out-of-the-way corners, uttering strange gibberish the while, no wonder that good Dr. Griggs was called in, and that he, out of the depths of his profound learning, pronounced that an evil hand was upon them. The doctors had already been instrumental in hanging one witch in Charlestown, and exposing another in Salem—both females, who practiced medicine, and whose simple herbs were, in the minds of the ponderous faculty, wholly inadequate to the easy cures they wrought—and were to be relied on. Urged to reveal who it was that tormented them, the "afflicted" ones, no doubt half frightened at their own temerity, gasped out the names of poor vagrant Sarah Good, and bedridden Sarah Osburne, and black Tituba. At this there was a general feeling of relief, for a cloud, dark-freighted with suspicion, had already settled over the community. There was always hope at the discovery of a fresh witch that the intentions of Satan in regard to this world might be at last fully exposed, and he be scourged away by the more potent spell of the Gospel law. Suspected ones were handled with politic rigor. Confession was urged as their only course; *then* the stern court would become lenient, and assist them against the evil one they had renounced. But most would not confess; and the determined magistrates supposed themselves long at tussle with the Powers of Darkness when they were only fleshing their hands in brave human hearts.

The afflicted girls had hinted of others besides the three cried out upon who hurt them; and, after decisive action had been taken with the first, they found themselves involved in a terrible web of deceit that would suffer them no repose. And yet there must have been a bewildering fascination in it all for them, young and giddy as they were, and the centre of a whirl of attention and notoriety that for six months did not flag. They cried out upon men, women, and children in all the country round, and the more respectable the object of suspicion the intenser their torments, and, for a time, the sterner the aspect of the magistrates at the sad defections among the very elect. The seething pool of gossip was constantly floating to the top the obnoxious names with which the courts were fed. The very virtues of life became black scandal. One Susanna Martin, who walked a long way in wet weather without soiling her skirts, was thought by another, who said she would have been wet to her knees had she walked that far, to be a witch—one probably who had tossed away her light aerial broomstick on alighting at the door.

The belief in the power of the witches to approach their victims in spectral shapes, unseen by the many, and to afflict them through puppets, or bundles of rags made to represent them, had removed the grounds of evidence from the regions of fact into the riotous realms of imagination. At the examinations of Sarah Good, and Osburne, and Tituba, before John Hathorne and Jonathan Corwin, Esquires, at the meeting-house of Salem village, on the 1st of March, 1692, the same course was pursued as at the later examinations in the same place, and at Thomas Beadle's tavern, or the house of Jonathan Corwin, or in the First Meeting-house in the town. Allowing no evidence for the defense, the magistrates assumed from the first the guilt of the accused, and applied themselves to the case in hand with all the vigor of prosecuting attorneys. A series of aggressive questions, following every hesitating turn of the prisoners with the keenest scrutiny, generally resulted in entangling them in help-

EAST INDIA MARINE HALL.



MARKET-HOUSE.

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less blunderings and inadvertencies—all too flattering to their acuteness in the law, and convincing to an audience already horrified into something beyond credulity by the superb acting of the ever-present girls. The torments of these were never so acute as when their poor victims, beaten back upon themselves and half distrusting the convictions of their own innocence, grew pale and clasped their hands, and with trembling lips turned their eyes to Heaven if there might be any succor. It was then the prayerful hands pinched them hardest, and, lest any pity should steal in, they shrieked in their painful writhings upon the floor. Indeed, so apparently real were their sufferings at these times that many were convinced that they themselves saw and heard the spectres with which they struggled and remonstrated, their words and acts so vividly implying the presence of another party. With exclamations quick with horror they pictured the apparition of the accused upon the beams of the meeting-house, with her "yellow bird," or pointed out the "black man" whispering in her ear, until the spectators shrank appalled from the shadowy shapes their own imaginations had evolved.

The conduct of the accusing persons would exhibit a malignity inhuman indeed did there not enter into its explanation questions as subtile as the dividing line between certainty and hallucination, and shadowed by all the ghostly mysteries of "physical phenomena." Flushed and breathless with the mystic excitement of their parts, they entered into them with that sense of reality and of fate that has made many actors dangerous men upon the stage. With some there was no shadow of doubt. Their delicate nerves, thrilling with sympathy for the afflicted ones, at last gave way, and they *felt* the tortures that to their imaginations had been so real. And yet there were those who in their cooler moments were conscious of their deceit. At the house of Lieutenant Ingersoll one of the afflicted cried out, "There's Goody Procter!" William Raymond, Jun., and Goody Ingersoll told her they believed she lied, for there was nothing. The girl then "said she did it for sport—they must have some sport." It seems just a little hard that so much had been denied them that they must seek it in possible ways like this.

But there was lacking a mind skeptical and brave enough to organize these palpable tokens of delusion and deceit into an effective argument for the defense. Above all, the duty-worshiping magistrates did not doubt. The determined refusal of most of the girls to write their names in Satan's book, in spite of the winding-sheet and coffin offered on the other hand, made them very proud and tender of them. What! asked they, indignantly, of a suspected one, as the agonies of the girls threw the court into horrified confusion, dare you practice your arts before the very magistrates? And when she produced a knife's point, which, she said, some spectre had left broken in her flesh, and a young man in court identified it as a fragment he had thrown away, the court merely bade her not to lie any more.

Besides those whom the court harassed into feeble and bewildered confession (some saying afterward that the magistrates and witnesses seemed so certain that they could no longer doubt, and so mentioned certain despondent days, these being as likely as any the time of their yielding up to Satan), there were those among the afflicted who did much more to strengthen the delusion of the people by being cried out upon, and wantonly confessing to many of the weird absurdities that were believed of them. It indeed appears as if, as some suppose, an organized intelligence was behind the many accusations; but we are fain to see nothing more deliberate than a wild and mocking conspiracy of events. The very magistrates had adopted the popular theory, and, as in all inquisitorial courts, every prisoner, willing or reluctant, was made, by subtleties he knew not of, to become a confirmation of the magisterial idea.

"Hang them; they are all witches," said John Willard, speaking of the accusing girls. He was evidently a dark skeptic for those times, and later went away to Groton to avoid arrest for his unallowable sympathy with God-forsaken witches. But he was brought back by the far-reaching hand of justice, and found guilty of sadly bewitching his old grandfather, Bray Wilkins, who "was in a grievous pain in the small of my belly," at the same time that Mercy Lewis (one of the afflicted), with her power of second-sight, saw the apparition of Willard, fiend-like, upon him. Willard was also seen by Mercy Lewis and Mary Walcott upon the throat and breast of Daniel Wilkins, his sick and tender uncle, pressing and choking him until he died. The verdict was, "Bewitched to death." Stanch John Procter said that if he had John Indian he would soon "beat the devil out of him." "If these girls were let alone," he said, "we should all be devils and witches quickly." The whipping-post was his remedy. But such skepticism did not thrive, and both Willard and Procter took that fatal cart ride with Mr. Burroughs, and George Jacobs, Sen., and Martha Carrier on the 19th of August, returning from the stony brow of Witch Hill no more.

The examinations and more imposing trials of accused persons are rich with examples of respectful humility before the courts, and of submission to the will of God, as well as of calm belief in one's own innocence, though even they of one's own household testify in terror against him.

Friendless Sarah Good, the first examined, cried out, "I scorn it!" and said it must be Osburne who afflicted the witnesses. And at the place of execution, when urged by Mr. Noyes, the Salem minister, to confess, he telling her she was a witch, and she knew it, she cried out, "You are a liar; I am no more a witch than you are a wizard; and if you take away my life, God will give you blood to drink"—a prediction which, tradition said, was strangely verified, he dying of a violent hemorrhage, bleeding profusely at the mouth. But it is said he sought before his death, with prayer and good works, to atone for his course in those evil days.

Poor, feeble Sarah Osburne did not know that the devil went about in her likeness to do any hurt, but was conscious of her own innocence. She died, at last, manacled and in jail.

The early confession of Tituba, the old slave witch, reveals much of the dark machinery of the tragedies. The devil, it should be noted, could operate in this world only through the agency of human beings. Tituba said, in answer to questions, that he came to her and bade her serve him; that certain women came to her and said, "Hurt the children, or we will do worse to you." Sometimes the appearance was a man, at others a hog or dog; and when she said she would serve him no longer, he was a man again, who had a yellow bird that kept with him, and who told her he had many pretty things for her. These apparitions pulled and hauled her at times, and made her go and torment whom they would. They rode together upon sticks, she said, seeing nothing, but were where they wished presently.

The confession of Abigail Hobbs also opens shadowy vistas into the weird superstitions of the times. With a wanton recklessness she declared herself afraid of nothing, "for she had sold herself, body and soul, to the Old Boy." She was at the great witch meeting in Mr. Parris's pasture, "when they administered the sacrament, and did eat of the red bread and drink of the red wine at the same time," and declared that Mr. Burroughs, once pastor of Salem village, was conspicuous among them there. Mary Warren said Mr. Burroughs "had a trumpet, which he blew to summon the witches to their feasts near Mr. Parris's house"—a trumpet that reached the ears of the elect only, far and wide, to the "uttermost settlements," so that the witches could mount their brooms and be there in a moment. And these last were witnesses, the first against her own father, and Warren against her master, sturdy John Procter!

Amidst such appalling mysteries as these, and believing, as most of them did, in the reality of witchery, the bearing of the prisoners was full of heroism. Martha Corey could laugh in the bitterness of her skepticism and despair, as they closed their fantastic lines about her life. They had drawn from her free-spoken husband, Giles Corey (at first credulous of all the doings), and from her son-in-law, evidence toward her commitment; and the world, with all its sacred ties, was swimming before her—a giddy unreality indeed. But venerable old Rebecca Nurse* did not laugh. Conscious of her own innocence, she conducted herself with a rare humility that, but for the preternatural spasms of the accusing persons, would have obtained her release. Her conclusion, "I have got nobody to look to but God," was one which most were forced to utter before their examinations were closed; for one's nearest friends were often held half aloof by that stifling atmosphere of suspicion that surrounded all who had to do with a witch.†

But sadder, perhaps, than all the infamy heaped upon the condemned by the mad delusion of the times were those acts of which that of the First Church in Salem, on July 3, 1692, was a representative one. In the presence of pastor and elders, and a throng pale and breathless with the expectation of some crowning exhibition of demoniacal power, Rebecca Nurse was led, in clinking chains, up the broad aisle, and sentence of excommunication passed upon her. Who shall describe the utter heaviness of soul, sustaining itself but faintly with the flickering consciousness of its own innocence, with which she heard the dreadful words of Mr. Noyes, denying her, in this her hour of need, all Christian sympathy and support, and casting her out, a thing of hatred and horror, on whom the devil had set his triumphant seal?

Among those of the accused who dared to characterize the conduct of the witnesses as it deserved was neat Susanna Martin, who did not, she said, think the girls bewitched. They might lie, for aught she knew: "A false tongue will never make a guilty person." Martha Carrier, too, that "rampant hag," who, by the confession of the witches and the ingenuous evidence of her own little children, had been promised that she should be "queen of hell," met them with a plainness and a spirit that made them think she well merited her prospective honors. She told the magistrates it was shameful for them to "mind these folks that are out of their wits;" and upon those who hinted of the spectres of some who said they had been murdered by her she broke out, "You lie! I am wronged." The torments of the unfortunate afflicted were at this so violent that it was necessary to bind her, hand and foot, with all expedition, that they might not die.

The belief in the reality of the spectral tormentors of the afflicted, and the flimsiness of the nightmare testimony of the other witnesses, whose eyes were grown round as moons at the simple mishaps of their daily lives, would hardly have stood before the rising criticism of even that credulous age but for the certainty with which all skepticism was turned into collusion and guilt. Aged George Jacobs, examined at the tavern of Thomas Beadle, laughed as Abigail Williams went through her spasmodic rôle before him. It was absurd that they should convict him on evidence like that; but, with all his independence and sharp good sense, he was at last driven to say, "Well, burn me or hang me, I will stand in the truth of Christ. I know nothing of it." With five others he was tried and condemned in the Salem court-house on the 5th of August.

Gay Bridget Bishop, the only one we meet in those sombre times who dared to brighten her life with something of freedom and color, was the first who graced the "locust-tree" upon Gallows Hill. Against her testified Samuel Shattuck, hatter and dyer, son of the troublesome old Quaker of Endicott's time. A good customer of his had been Bridget Bishop, with her gay notions, but bringing to him such fine and incomprehensible laces and gewgaws to be dyed as he could not, in conscience, conceive necessary to the attire of any godly woman. With such elaborate tastes there were, of course, puppet rolls enough, with pins thrust in them, found in her house to witness against her—a housewife's patch-bag affording hot evidence of a practicing witch, and a bottle of rusty pins, gathered from such trumpery and from the bodies of the afflicted, being still preserved. The house of Shattuck, with its flat roof for drying his goods, and its coop-like stairway by the chimney, is standing to-day, one of the few remaining marks that lead the visitor to regret the changes that have removed from his approach the many ancient houses that would afford him a tangible picture of the old-time Salem he came to see.

The death-warrant of Bridget Bishop, with the sheriff's return upon its back, is the only one preserved of the nineteen that were served. Twenty persons, including Giles Corey, lost their lives before the delusion began to break.* Corey alone was slowly crushed under weight, because he would not plead (conviction being certain), he bravely telling them they might as well pile on the rocks, for delay was of no use. Some died in prison. Of the hundreds who were accused and imprisoned in all the country round we need only hint.

It would be, indeed, an engaging task, if the subject had less of tragic heaviness, to touch, in closing, upon some of the grim humors that were evolved by the wild upheaval of the times; of the misadventures that befell Captain Alden, of Boston, among the "wenches" of Salem village, they handling his good name with a freedom and indelicacy the brave old mariner could not understand; or of the ripe spirit of mischief that they of Andover invoked when they sent down to Salem that the afflicted girls might tell who it was that "overlooked" a certain sick woman; and how speedily the scandalous contagion they bred filled the jail there with honest people. Viewed in this light, who could but smile at the absurd onslaughts of Benjamin Hutchinson and Eleazer Putnam upon the unseen spectres that Abigail Williams and Mary Walcott pointed out in Deacon Ingersoll's chamber? Some of the first-comers were wounded, and the room being at last full of witches, "in their apparitions," these two knights of the rapier stabbed vigorously, "at a venture," until the floor was covered, the girls said, with spectral blood, and the wounded were carried to a distant hill. Don Quixote never fought a more fantastic battle than that. And then the wild race through the woods, to which Elizabeth Hubbard spurred old Clement Coldum, riding on his horse behind him from meeting, and telling him there were devils behind them, though he could see none—"Why," cried she, "the woods are full of them!"—till he drove like mad.

But we must bring to a close these broken gleamings from the rounded fullness of Mr. Upham's volumes,† content to give but a fragmentary picture of the witchcraft delusion of 1692—a delusion whose effects were long felt in the business derangements, as well as in the troubled social life of Salem, and which, with its final slow perception of error, and often humble public confession of irremediable wrong, did more to soften the stubborn rigidity of Puritan sway than could years of placid progress.

The commerce of Salem, from its early inception until the hurtful embargo of 1807, exhibits a persistent though unequal growth. Its groping impulses received a check as early as 1642, in the return to England of such enterprising spirits as Peters, Downing, and Read; and disappointments in regard to the establishment both of the college and the capital in Salem infused a slow caution into the adventures of its speculative men. The demand for its men and means in the Narraganset war of 1675 was a fresh hinderance, from which it could hardly have recovered when the general shaking up of things in the witchcraft delusion of 1692 disturbed again the current of its affairs. Among the prominent persons who were obliged to leave the neighborhood for safety was Philip English, merchant. With his wife he was in jail, under commitment, and together they escaped to New York. English was the owner of fourteen buildings, a wharf, and twenty-one sail of vessels—a man whom the town could not afford to lose even for the little time he was obliged to stay away. In 1694 Salem was third in wealth among the towns of Massachusetts, Boston and Ipswich being before it. In 1698 a severe economy was necessary to retrieve the losses by a destructive fire in the crowded part of the town. And after all this record of disaster and delay it is with a sense of riper desert that we read, somewhat indefinitely, in Dr. Bentley, that in 1732 Salem need fear no comparison.

During the ante-Revolutionary troubles the part of Salem was no inconspicuous one. The files of the Salem *Gazette*—a paper established in 1768, being the oldest in existence in the commonwealth—are rich in historic matter. The merchants joined in the general agreement not to purchase English goods, and when the government and custom-house were removed from shut-up Boston to Salem, in 1774, the citizens issued an admirable address to Governor Gage, pointing out the folly of a transference of the royal favor from Boston. The head-quarters of the Governor-General were at the Collins House, in Danvers, opposite which were camped two companies of regulars; and a little later a regiment arrived from Halifax, and encamped near the fort upon Salem Neck. Governor Gage found the popular branch of the government not more tractable in the court-house at Salem than it had been in Boston, and on the 17th of June, 1774, dissolved the House, ordering a new election. The new representatives being as little to his liking, he forbade them to meet; but, ignoring his order, they assembled on the 7th of October, and sent him word that they were ready to assume their duties. All day they sat waiting in silent session, until the exasperated Governor sent his secretary with the black rod to disperse them; ordering troops from the Neck into Essex Street, to be in readiness for any outbreak. The members at once closed the doors of the court-house against all intrusion, and, declaring that the Governor had no power to dissolve a not yet assembled parliament, and that he had abandoned the government by not appearing to organize the House, resolved themselves into a Provincial Congress, electing John Hancock president, and Benjamin Lincoln vice-president, adjourning at once to a place of safety. Beside a marble tablet upon the Washington Street front of the First Church in Salem, commemorating the spot on which it first assembled, is one that looks down upon the site of the once contiguous court-house, and tells the story of those brave resolves, which, it says, terminated "all political connection between Massachusetts and Great Britain."

This was not the only time that the British troops marched up Essex Street with loaded guns, to disperse meetings and conventions that Governor Gage thought seditious. But the alert citizens appear to have merely denied themselves a few of the delicious verbosities of preambles and resolutions, and to have accomplished their business with a unanimity and dispatch that knew well the value of time and the unimportance of formality when there are bayonets not far away.

There are even those who claim for Salem the first determined blood of the Revolution, in the later affair of the North Bridge. As in the case of the Concord expedition, two months later, British troops were sent to seize certain guns that were thought to be secreted in North Salem. Colonel Leslie, with one hundred and forty men, from Boston, landed quietly at Marblehead, on Sunday, February 26, 1775, and proceeded rapidly across the country to Salem. Most of the good people, as was evidently expected, were at church; but there were abroad men and boys enough to run in "at every door," with that already stirring cry, "The regulars are coming!" The ministers may have graced their services with closing prayers, but their final audiences must have been but restless and thin. The bells were rung, drums beat, and the militia hurried to arms; and when Colonel Leslie arrived at the North River he found a swarm of Sunday-garbed citizens upon the opposite side, tradition says, hurrying clumsily away with cattle, some old ship cannon from the wharf, and, separating him by a few yards from so much patriotic industry, an antique draw-bridge tilted up upon its pier. Swearing he would cross at any cost, he ordered his men to seize a scow lying near the bridge; but the Spartan owner, jumping in, with a grapnel plunged a hole through its bottom. In the scuffle that attended this dashing act some one, it is said, received the slight bayonet wound which should, in all reason, have made him immortal. Whatever the event, it is certain that Colonel Leslie, upon the bridge, detected the gleam of a spirit that he did not care to assail. These useless old guns may have been used as a diversion to deter him from searching for stores more valuable; but he was probably content to think them of little importance to him, who could not carry them away, and, to effect a compromise, he was allowed to cross the bridge to fulfill his word, passing only far enough for his men to countermarch, and instantly return. A company of Danvers militia marched behind the retreating troops, stepping resolutely to the British music, to the boundary of South Salem. Further along their route were ambushed the militia of Marblehead, and only a grain of heedless provocation was wanting on that day, and our historians might have written Salem and Marblehead instead of Concord and Lexington.

Of the part of the people of Salem in the succeeding disturbances and the opening battles of the Revolution there can be no doubt. Her ship-masters were among the first to take out letters of marque and reprisal. Privateering opened for her commerce a larger and bolder field; and after the Revolution the adventures that had crept along the coasts, and in the old traditional routes, became tame beside the promise of the remoter seas. In regard to the opening of the East India trade we learn that Jonathan Carnes

* Wife of patriarchal Francis Nurse, once a traymaker in the town, and who, with their sturdy sons and daughters, had made the Townsend Bishop farm his own.

† Even when friends, as in her case, stirred by a sense of infinite cruelty and wrong, were ready to do what they might, by sympathy and protestation, for the accused, it was but little they could accomplish; as witness the many fruitless petitions and testimonials that were so humbly offered to the "honored court" and Governor (Sir William Phipps). Captain Jonathan Cary was denied the privilege of holding up one of his wife's hands at her examination, she being compelled to stand with arms stretched out, lest she should renew her pantomimic torturing of the girls; nor would they allow him to support her as she grew faint, Justice Hathorne saying, if she had strength enough to torment these persons, she should be able to stand. But he could, at least, keep beside her, and wipe the sweat and tears from her face.

* Bridget Bishop was hung in June; Sarah Good, Sarah Wildes, Elizabeth Howe, Susanna Martin, and Rebecca Nurse on the 19th of July; George Burroughs, John Procter, George Jacobs, Sen., John Willard, and Martha Carrier on the 19th of August; and Martha Corey, Mary Easty, Alice Parker, Ann Pudeator, Margaret Scott, Wilmot Reed, Samuel Wardwell, and Mary Parker on the 22d of September, 1692. "What a sad thing it is," said Mr. Noyes, in regard to the last, "to see eight fire-brands of hell hanging there!"—the last occasion he had for such pious deprecation.

† "Salem Witchcraft; with an Account of Salem Village, etc."—CHARLES W. UPHAM.

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with the first cargo of pepper, was utterly wrecked at the West Indies on his homeward way. But the secret of his voyage was kept; and, in 1802, a vessel, sailing "without chart or guide," arrived safely home with its cargo. The question with the wondering people was, what would ever be done with so much of the fiery and expensive stuff? In a rapid review of the inception and the palmy days of the commerce of Salem, we read: "With a few erroneous charts and maps, a sextant, and 'Guthrie's Grammar,' they swept around the Cape of Good Hope, exhausted the markets of the isles of France and Bourbon, and, pushing onward, entered the Strait of Bab-el-Mandeb, and secured the trade of the Red Sea. They brought from Madras, Calcutta, and Bombay the best of their staples, and had their choice of the products of Ceylon and Sumatra." It was to no narrow "Yankee" impulse for traffic that they confined their voyages, but were assiduous as well in gaining a knowledge of the countries they visited. In 1801 the East India Marine Society was formed of such masters and supercargoes of vessels as had rounded Cape Horn and the Cape of Good Hope. Besides the benevolent objects of the society it was forward in the interchange of information—a finer sort of traffic—in regard to matters of interest to its members, and by their efforts was filled a valuable museum of rare antiquities and curiosities from the ports of the East and the Pacific isles. These collections, together with those of the Essex Natural History Society, are accessible to the public to-day, in the spacious East India Marine Hall, fitted up from the munificent fund given by Mr. George Peabody to found a Peabody Academy of Science.

If from a picture of such world-wide enterprise we must turn to the limited coasting trade that occupies the wharves of Salem to-day, it is not without a suspicion that there were causes beyond the reach of human energy that led to its decay. The opening for its greatest activity had been but accidental, and was not the result of home demands. The concentration of energies in Europe during the long war left its foreign trade largely in the hands of neutral vessels. Rich cargoes, fragrant with all the spicy odors of the East, were landed on American wharves, only to be reshipped at once and sent abroad as American exports. In the commercial outrages and complications of 1806, and the embargo of 1807, this trade received a check that the quick-coming war of 1812, with its maritime needs, had made nearly fatal. The natural equilibrium of trade, upon a final peace, left Salem but an equal chance among the other ship-owners of the world—a chance which is improved to a certain extent to-day, though with so little reference to local demands that there are many in Salem who have a notion that their town is still represented in the commerce of the world, but can not positively say in what way.

But if commerce, seeking the great centres of distribution, has turned aside from Salem, it is pleasant to observe that beneath the showy prosperity of her somewhat aristocratic marine were alive the energies of a humbler self-support. With a population of over 24,000 souls to-day within its bounds, there are yet no traces of ineradicable thriftlessness or dilapidation. Life seems to get on easily here; and with its growing manufactories and recent railroad facilities, Salem may well regard her future with much of comfortable complacency. It was a little disappointing to the visitor, where he had looked for the conservative economy of a people who had no prospect ahead in the world, to find such wide systems of judicious expenditure as are evinced in the admirable schools, intellectual and charitable societies, and public institutions of Salem. Nowhere has voluntary liberality and effort done more for the relief and improvement of all classes. The various scientific, literary, and æsthetical societies that cluster in Plummer Hall, with their collections of historical portraits and drawings, and their growing libraries of 40,000 volumes, present social and educational opportunities of the most attractive kind. The permanent value of the researches and published results of the Essex Historical Society is well known. Less arduous, and partaking often of the nature of festivals, are the labors of the Essex County Natural History Society, with its pleasant acquisitive excursions and field meetings, and its horticultural and floral exhibitions in Plummer Hall. These united societies are known as the Essex Institute, with its several departments of history, natural history, horticulture, and the fine arts. With such facilities as these, besides the general literature offered by the library of the Salem Atheneum, and the social and musical gatherings at Plummer Hall, there surely need be no moral hunger.

Of the reflected celebrity which a town acquires from having been some time the abiding-place of men who have made themselves prominent in the world there is hardly room to speak. Israel Putnam, Colonel Pickering, Count Rumford, Prescott, Choate—these are taken at random from among the names of those that Salem may claim in some degree as her own. The mind concerns itself but lightly, however, with these, having already done them some adequate measure of justice for their deeds; and were it not that there remains one native of Salem, and heir to a sad and subtile sympathy with all its sombre past, whose measure of desert we may not so easily write down, our article might here find its close.

The adventures of the visitor in search of the house where Hawthorne wrote, in 1836, "In this dismal chamber FAME was won (Salem, Union Street)," were such as largely to unsettle his mind for any reverential glooms. A narrow way between the houses, labeled Union Street, unpaved, dusty, and without walks, met his solitary eye upon one of his vagrant rambles. Ah! this, then, was the place, etc., etc.; and he imagined himself pouring a flattering unction upon the local pride of the first passer-by in asking him for the Hawthorne house. But it was something humbling to his idea of the universality of fame (and Hawthorne often frankly met the same truth in his day) to have to explain that it was about forty years ago that the person lived here; that he was an author whose rare felicities the nations had long ago recognized. The passer thought, if that was the case, most any body could tell where he lived. There was a rare unanimity in this belief in the neighborhood which the visitor disturbed in his zeal. But the climax of floundering absurdity was reached by a Celtic cobbler, whose little shop he had invaded at the profound advice of a whole family, and who blurted out from features all astray with the problem they had undertaken to solve, "Was he a Frinchman? No? Well, thin—" taking his pipe out of his mouth, and leaning against the door as if he could, in time, evolve something out of his moral consciousness that would meet his wants. But it was of no use, and the "ould settler," to whom he at last directed him, was only able to put him in the way of a lady who knew. A two-story, gambrel-roofed house, once painted yellow, standing close upon the street, and which he had passed several times in his search, at last admitted the visitor to the chamber where Hawthorne was born. A low northwest apartment, with a ceiling beam, a wainscoted fire-place across one corner, and a closet door or two—these are all the memories the visitor brought away. The chamber of fame, in the southwestern corner of a tall black house to the left and rear of the other, and now finding exit on another street, possessed a rarer interest. But a not overdressed woman came to the veritable window at which he looked, raising the sash, and sitting down with an air of such prosaic and indisputable possession that he did not venture in. These dismantled and decaying shrines retain but a dreary interest at best.

At the custom-house the visitor was shown the room (the collector's) Hawthorne occupied, the desk still retaining his name inside the lid, traced, it is said, with his own finger-nail, and discernible only in certain lights. His official stencil plate is also shown, and the up-stairs rooms, then unfinished, where, among the old-time papers, he tells us, he found the manuscript hints for "The Scarlet Letter." From the summit of the custom-house a fine view is had of the Beverly and Marblehead shores, and of Salem Neck, with its forts, alms-house, hospital, and reform school lying picturesquely between. Here, no doubt, Hawthorne sat often with his glass, and grew sad over the decay of the old memory-haunted town, because of the ships that did not come, while even then was stirring around him the less conspicuous activity and thrift of modern industrial life.

MAZZINI ON THE PARIS COMMUNE.

IN an interesting article on "The Commune and the Assembly," in the *Roma del Popolo*, Mazzini says:

"The orgy of fury, vengeance, and blood, of which Paris has offered the spectacle to the world, would fill our soul with despair if we had merely an opinion and not a faith. A people which wallows about as if drunk, raging against itself with its teeth and lacerating its limbs, while howling triumphal cries—which dances an infernal dance before the grave it has dug with its own hands—which kills, tortures, burns, committing crimes without sense, aim, or hope—which vociferates like the fool who sets fire to his own pile before the eyes of the foreign foe against whom it did not know how to fight—such a people puts us in mind of some of the most horrid visions of Dante's Hell. The doings of both parties in France are marked by an 'Irokese ferocity,' by an 'insane blood-thirstiness more characteristic of wild beasts than of men.'" He condemns in the strongest terms the acts of the Commune, which, "based on no principle of patriotism or of humanity, shot the hostages in cold blood, when their death could not even serve the cause of the Commune, and threw the torch into edifices that are the ancient glory of the town."

FISH IN THE WEST INDIAN SEAS.

IN his "Christmas in the West Indies" Charles Kingsley speaks in a tone of great amusement of the "four-eyed fish," which have their eyes divided into an upper and a lower half, using one half to see through the air and the other half for the water. Numerous as are sharks in the West Indian seas, Mr. Kingsley was disappointed at only twice catching a glimpse of a black fin. A Scotch friend with whom he was staying came home, indeed, one evening with a weird tale of having had to cross the mouth of a river at the very point where he had seen a shark that morning. We can understand that, as this man "walked helpless through the surf, expecting every moment to be accosted by a set of teeth from which he would hardly have escaped with life," he felt colder down his back than at any other time in his life. Somewhat similar to this is the adventure of a young girl who was bathing with three of her sisters in a lagoon. She felt herself seized from behind, and thought one of the others was playing a trick on her; but when she looked up, and saw that her three sisters were on the bank, she had only time to scream for assistance, for she was in the grip of an anaconda. Luckily, the beast had hold of her bathing dress only, which was of thin cotton; the others rushed to her assistance, and pulled with all their might; the bathing dress gave way, and the anaconda "slid back again," with it in his mouth, into the dark labyrinth of the mangrove roots.

A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION.

BY CHARLES READE.

WITH MANY ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-THIRD.

SIR CHARLES and Lady Bassett, relieved of their cousin's active enmity, led a quiet life, and one that no longer furnished striking incidents.

But dramatic incident is not every thing: character and feeling show themselves in things that will not make pictures. Now it was precisely during this reposeful period that three personages of this story exhibited fresh traits of feeling, and also of character.

To begin with Sir Charles Bassett. He came back from the asylum much altered in body and mind. Stopping his cigars had improved his stomach; working in the garden had increased his muscular power, and his cheeks were healthy, and a little sunburnt, instead of sallow. His mind was also improved: contemplation of insane persons had set him by a natural recoil to study self-control. He had returned a philosopher. No small thing could irritate him now. So far his character was elevated.

Lady Bassett was much the same as before, except a certain restlessness. She wanted to be told every day, or twice a day, that her husband was happy; and, although he was visibly so, yet, as he was quiet over it, she used to be always asking him if he was happy. This the reader must interpret as he pleases.

Mary Gosport gave herself airs. Respectful to her master and mistress, but not so tolerant of chaff in the kitchen as she used to be. Made an example of one girl, who threw a doubt on her marriage. Complained to Lady Bassett, affected to fret, and the girl was dismissed.

She turned singer. She had always sung psalms in church, but never a profane note in the house. Now she took to singing over her nursling; she had a voice of prodigious power and mellowness, and provided she was not asked, would sing lullabies and nursery rhymes from another county that ravished the hearer. Horsemen have been known to stop in the road to hear her sing through an open window of Huntercombe, two hundred yards off.

Old Mr. Meyrick, a farmer well-to-do, fascinated by Mary Gosport's singing, asked her to be his housekeeper when she should have done nursing her charge.

She laughed in his face.

A fanatic who was staying with Sir Charles Bassett offered her three years' education in Do, Ra, Mi, Fa, preparatory to singing at the opera.

Declined without thanks.

Mr. Drake, after hovering shyly, at last found courage to reproach her for deserting him and marrying a sailor.

"Teach you not to shilly-shally," said she. "Beauty won't go a-begging. Mind you look sharper next time."

This dialogue, being held in the kitchen, gave the women some amusement at the young farmer's expense.

One day Mr. Richard Bassett, from motives of pure affection no doubt, not curiosity, desired mightily to inspect Mr. Bassett, aged eight months and two days.

So, in his usual wily way, he wrote to Mrs. Gosport, asking her, for old acquaintance sake, to meet him in the meadow at the end of the lawn. This meadow belonged to Sir Charles, but Richard Bassett had a right of way through it, and could step into it by a postern, as Mary could by an iron gate.

He asked her to come at eleven o'clock, because at that hour he observed she walked on the lawn with her charge.

Mary Gosport came to the tryst, but without Mr. Bassett.

Richard was very polite; she cold, taciturn, observant.

At last he said, "But where's the little heir?"

She flew at him directly. "It is him you wanted, not me. Did you think I'd bring him here—for you to kill him?"

"Come, I say."

"Ah, you'd kill him if you had a chance. But you never shall. Or if you didn't kill him, you'd cast the evil-eye on him, for you are well known to have the evil-eye. No; he shall outlive thee and thine, and be lord of these here manors when thou is gone to hell, thou villain."

Mr. Richard Bassett turned pale, but did the wisest thing he could—put his hands in his pockets, and walked into his own premises, followed, however, by Mary Gosport, who stormed at him till he shut his postern in her face.

She stood there trembling for a little while, then walked away, crying.

But having a mind like running water, she was soon seated on a garden chair, singing over her nursling like a mavis: she had delivered him to Millar while she went to speak her mind to her old lover.

As for Richard Bassett, he was theory-bitten, and so turned every thing one way. To be sure, as long as the woman's glaring eyes and face distorted by passion were before him, he interpreted her words simply; but when he thought the matter over he said to himself, "The evil-eye! That is all bosh; the girl is in Lady Bassett's secrets; and I am not to see young master: some day I shall know the reason why."

Sir Charles Bassett now belonged to the tribe of clucking cocks quite as much as his cousin had ever done; only Sir Charles had the good taste to confine his clucks to his own first floor. Here, to be sure, he richly indemnified himself for his self-denial abroad. He sat for hours at a time watching the boy on the ground at his knee, or in his nurse's arms.

And while he watched the infant with undisguised delight, Lady Bassett would watch *him* with a sort of furtive and timid complacency.

Yet at times she suffered from twinges of jealousy—a new complaint with her.

I think I have mentioned that Sir Charles, at first, was annoyed at seeing his son and heir nursed by a woman of low condition. Well, he got over that feeling by degrees, and, as soon as he did get over it, his sentiments took quite an opposite turn. A woman for whom he did very little, in his opinion—since what, in Heaven's name, were a servant's wages?—he saw that woman do something great for him: saw her nourish his son and heir from her own veins; the child had no other nurture; yet the father saw him bloom and thrive, and grow surprisingly.

A weak observer, or a less enthusiastic parent, might have overlooked all this; but Sir Charles had naturally an observant eye and an analytical mind, and this had been suddenly but effectually developed by the asylum and his correspondence with Rolfe.

He watched the nurse, then, and her maternal acts with a curious and grateful eye, and a certain reverence for her power.

He observed, too, that his child reacted on the woman: she had never sung in the house before; now she sang ravishingly—sang in low, mellow, yet sonorous notes, some ditties that had lulled medieval barons in their cradles.

And what had made her vocal made her beautiful at times.

Before, she had appeared to him a handsome girl, with the hardish look of the lower classes; but now, when she sat in a sunny window, and lowered her black lashes on her nursling, with the mixed and delicious smile of an exuberant nurse relieving and relieved, she was soft, poetical, sculptorial, maternal, womanly.

This species of contemplation, though half philosophical, half paternal, and quite innocent, gave Lady Bassett some severe pangs.

She hid them, however; only she bided her time, and then suggested the propriety of weaning Baby.

But Mrs. Gosport got Sir Charles's ear, and told him what magnificent children they reared in her village by not weaning infants till they were eighteen months old or so.

By this means, and by crying to Lady Bassett, and representing her desolate condition with a husband at sea, she obtained a reprieve, coupled, however, with a good-humored assurance from Sir Charles that she was the greatest baby of the two.

When the inevitable hour approached that was to dethrone her she took to reading the papers, and one day she read of a disastrous wreck, the *Carbrea Castle*—only seven saved out of a crew of twenty-three. She read the details carefully, and two days afterward she received a letter written by a shipmate of Mr. Gosport's, in a handwriting not very unlike her own, relating the sad wreck of the *Carbrea Castle*, and the loss of several good sailors, James Gosport for one.

Then the house was filled with the wailing and weeping of the bereaved widow; and at last came consolers and raised doubts; but then somebody remembered to have seen the loss of that very ship in the paper. The paper was found, and the fatal truth was at once established.

Upon this Mr. Bassett was weaned as quickly as possible, and the widow clothed in black at Lady Bassett's expense, and every thing in reason done to pet her and console her.

But she cried bitterly, and said she would throw herself into the sea and follow her husband.

Huntercombe was nowhere near the coast.

At last, however, she relented, and concluded to remain on earth as dry-nurse to Mr. Bassett.

Sir Charles did not approve this; it seemed unreasonable to turn a wet-nurse into a dry-nurse when that office was already occupied by a person her senior and more experienced.

Lady Bassett agreed with him, but shrugged her shoulders and said, "Two nurses will not hurt, and I suspect it will not be for long. Mary does not feel her husband's loss one bit."

"Surely you are mistaken. She howls loud enough."

"Too loud—much," said Lady Bassett, dryly.

Her perspicuity was not deceived. In a very short time Mr. Meyrick, unable to get her for his housekeeper, offered her marriage.

"What!" said she, "and James Gosport not dead a month?"

"Say the word now, and take your own time," said he.

"Well, I might do worse," said she.

About six weeks after this Drake came about her, and in tender tones of consolation suggested that it is much better for a pretty girl to marry one who plows the land than one who plows the sea.

"That is true," said Mary, with a sigh; "I have found it to my sorrow."

After this Drake played a bit with her, and then relented, and one evening offered her marriage, expecting her to jump eagerly at his offer.

"You be too late, young man," said she, coolly; "I'm bespoke."

"Doan't ye say that! How can ye be bespoke? Why, t'other han't been dead four months yet."

"What o' that? This one spoke for me within a week. Why, our bans are to be cried to-morrow; come to church and hear 'em; that will learn ye not to shilly-shally so next time."

"Next time!" cried Drake, half blubbering; then, with a sudden roar, "what, be you coming to market again, arter this?"

"Like enough: he is a sight older than I be. 'Tis Mr. Meyrick, if ye must know."

Now Mr. Meyrick was well-to-do, and so Drake was taken aback.

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"Mr. Meyrick!" said he, and turned suddenly respectful.

But presently a view of a rich widow flitted before his eye.

"Well," said he, "you sha'n't throw it in my teeth again as I speak too late. I ask you now, and no time lost."

"What! am I to stop my bans, and jilt Farmer Meyrick for *thee?*"

"Nay, nay. But I'll marry you, if you'll marry me, as soon as ever the breath is out of that dall'd old hunks's body."

"Well, well, Will Drake," said Mary, gravely, "if I do outlive this one—and you bain't married long afore—and if you keeps in the same mind as you be now—and lets me know it in good time—I'll see about it."

She gave a flounce that made her petticoats whisk like a mare's tail, and off to the kitchen, where she related the dialogue with an appropriate reflection, the company containing several of either sex. "Dilly-Dally and Shilly-Shally, they belongs to us as women be. I hate and despise a man as can't make up his mind in half a minnut."

So the widow Gosport became Mrs. Meyrick, and lived in a farm-house not quite a mile from the Hall.

She used often to come to the Hall, and take a peep at her lamb: this was the name she gave Mr. Bassett long after he had ceased to be a child.

About four years after the triumphant return to Huntercombe, Lady Bassett conceived a sudden coldness toward the little boy, though he was universally admired.

She concealed this sentiment from Sir Charles, but not from the female servants: and, from one to another, at last it came round to Sir Charles. He disbelieved it utterly at first; but, the hint having been given him, he paid attention, and discovered there was, at all events, some truth in it.

He awaited his opportunity, and remonstrated: "My dear Bella, am I mistaken, or do I really observe a falling off in your tenderness for your child?"

Lady Bassett looked this way and that, as if she meditated flight, but at last she resigned herself, and said, "Yes, Charles; my heart is quite cold to him."

"Good Heavens, Bella! But why? Is not this the same little angel that came to our help in trouble, that comforted me even before his birth, when my mind was morbid, to say the least?"

"I suppose he is the same," said she, in a tone impossible to convey by description of mine.

"That is a strange answer."

"If he is, *I* am changed." And this she said doggedly and unlike herself.

"What!" said Sir Charles, very gravely, and with a sort of awe: "can a woman withdraw her affection from her child, her innocent child? If so, my turn may come next."

"Oh, Charles! Charles!" and the tears began to well.

"Why, who can be secure after this? What is so stable as a mother's love? If that is not rooted too deep for gusts of caprice to blow it away, in Heaven's name what is?"

No answer to that but tears.

Sir Charles looked at her very long, attentively, and seriously, and said not another syllable.

But his dropping so suddenly a subject of this importance was rather suspicious, and Lady Bassett was too shrewd not to see that.

They watched each other.

But with this difference: Sir Charles could not conceal his anxiety, whereas the lady appeared quite tranquil.

One day Sir Charles said, cheerfully, "Who do you think dines here to-morrow, and stays all night? Dr. Suaby."

"By invitation, dear?" asked Lady Bassett, quietly.

Sir Charles colored a little, and said, quietly, "Yes."

Lady Bassett made no remark, and it was impossible to tell by her face whether the visit was agreeable or not.

Some time afterward, however, she said, "Whom shall I ask to meet Dr. Suaby?"

"Nobody, for Heaven's sake!"

"Will not that be dull for him?"

"I hope not."

"You will have plenty to say to him, eh, darling?"

"We never yet lacked topics. Whether or no, his is a mind I choose to drink neat."

"Drink him neat?"

"Undiluted with rural minds."

"Oh!"

She uttered that monosyllable very dryly, and said no more.

Dr. Suaby came next day, and dined with them, and Lady Bassett was charming; but rather earlier than usual she said, "Now I am sure you and Dr. Suaby must have many things to talk about," and retired, casting back an arch, and almost a cunning smile.

The door closed on her, the smile fled, and a sombre look of care and suffering took its place.

Sir Charles entered at once on what was next his heart, told Dr. Suaby he was in some anxiety, and asked him if he had observed any thing in Lady Bassett.

"Nothing new," said Dr. Suaby; "charming as ever."

Then Sir Charles confided to Dr. Suaby, in terms of deep feeling and anxiety, what I have coldly told the reader.

Dr. Suaby looked a little grave, and took time to think before he spoke.

At last he delivered an opinion, of which this is the substance, though not the exact words.

"It is sudden and unnatural, and I can not say it does not partake of mental aberration. If the patient was a man I should fear the most serious results; but here we have to take into account the patient's sex, her nature, and her present condition. Lady Bassett has always appeared to me a very remarkable woman. She has no mediocrity in any thing; understanding keen, perception wonderfully swift, heart large and sensitive, nerves high strung, sensibilities acute. A person of her sex, tuned so high as this, is always subject, more or less, to hysteria. It is controlled by her intelligence and spirit: but she is now, for the time being, in a physical condition that has often deranged less sensitive women than she is. I believe this about the boy to be a hysterical delusion, which will pass away when her next child is born. That is to say, she will probably ignore her first-born, and every thing else, for a time; but these caprices, springing in reality from the body rather than the mind, can not endure forever. When she has several grown-up children the first-born will be the favorite. It comes to that at last, my good friend."

"These are the words of wisdom," said Sir Charles; "God bless you for them!"

After a while he said, "Then what you advise is simply—patience?"

"No, I don't say that. With such a large house as this, and your resources, you might easily separate them before the delusion grows any farther. Why risk a calamity?"

"A calamity?" and Sir Charles began to tremble.

"She is only cold to the child as yet. She might go farther, and fancy she hated it. *Obsta principiis:* that is my motto. Not that I really think, for a moment, the child is in danger. Lady Bassett has mind to control her nerves with; but why run the shadow of a chance?"

"SHE FLEW AT HIM DIRECTLY."

"I will not run the shadow of a chance," said Sir Charles, resolutely; "let us come up stairs: my decision is taken."

The very next day Sir Charles called on Mrs. Meyrick, and asked if he could come to any arrangement with her to lodge Mr. Bassett and his nurse under her roof. "The boy wants change of air," said he.

Mrs. Meyrick jumped at the proposal, but declined all terms. "No," said she, "the child I have suckled shall never pay me for his lodging. Why should he, Sir, when I'd pay *you* to let him come, if I wasn't afeard of offending you?"

Sir Charles was touched at this, and, being a gentleman of tact, said, "You are very good: well, then, I must remain your debtor for the present."

He then took his leave, but she walked with him a few yards, just as far as the wicket gate that separated her little front garden from the high-road.

"I hope," said she, "my lady will come and see me when my lamb is with me; a sight of her would be good for sore eyes. She have never been here but once, and then she did not get out of her carriage."

"Humph!" said Sir Charles, apologetically; "she seldom goes out now; you understand."

"Oh, I've heard, Sir; and I do put up my prayers for her; for my lady has been a good frie..' to me, Sir, and if you will believe me, I often sets here and longs for a sight of her, and her sweet eyes, and her hair like sunshine, that I've had in my hand so often. Well, Sir, I hope it will be a girl this time, a little girl with golden hair; that's what I wants this time. They'll be the prettiest pair in England."

"With all my heart," said Sir Charles; "girl or boy, I don't care which; but I'd give a few thousands if it was here, and the mother safe."

He hurried away, ashamed of having uttered the feelings of his heart to a farmer's wife. To avoid discussion, he sent Mrs. Millar and the boy off all in a hurry, and then told Lady Bassett what he had done.

She appeared much distressed at that, and asked what she had done.

He soothed her, and said she was not to blame at all; and she must not blame him either. He had done it for the best.

"After all, you are the master," said she, submissively.

"I am," said he, "and men will be tyrants, you know."

Then she flung her arm round her tyrant's neck, and there was an end of the discussion.

One day he inquired for her, and heard, to his no small satisfaction, she had driven to Mrs. Meyrick's, with a box of things for Mr. Bassett. She staid at the farm-house all day, and Sir Charles felt sure he had done the right thing.

Mrs. Meyrick found out to her cost the difference between a nursling and a rampageous little boy.

Her lamb, as she called him, was now a young monkey, vigorous, active, restless, and, unfortunately, as strong on his pins as most boys of six. It took two women to look after him, and smart ones too, so swiftly did he dash off into some mischief or other. At last Mrs. Meyrick simplified matters in some degree by locking the large gate, and even the small wicket, and ordering all the farm people and milkmaids to keep an eye on him, and bring him straight to her if he should stray, for he seemed to hate in-doors. Never was such a boy.

Nevertheless, such as had not the care of him admired the child for his beauty and his assurance. He seemed to regard the whole human race as one family, of which he was the rising head. The moment he caught sight of a human being he dashed at it and into conversation by one unbroken movement.

Now children in general are too apt to hide their intellectual treasures from strangers by shyness.

One day this ready converser was standing on the steps of the house, when a gentleman came to the wicket gate, and looked over into the garden.

Young master darted to the gate directly, and getting his foot on the lowest bar and his hands on the spikes, gave tongue.

"Who are you? *I'm* Mr. Bassett. I don't live here; I'm only staying. My home is Huncom Hall. I'm to have it for myself when papa dies. I didn't know dat till I come here. How old are you? I'm half past four—"

A loud scream, a swift rustle, and Mr. Bassett was clutched up by Mrs. Meyrick, who snatched him away with a wild glance of terror and defiance, and bore him swiftly into the house, with words ringing in her ears that cost Mr. Bassett dear, he being the only person she could punish. She sat down on a bench, flung young master across her knee in a minute, and bestowed such a smacking on him as far transcended his wildest dreams of the weight, power, and pertinacity of the human arm.

The words Richard Bassett had shot her flying with were these:

"Too late! I've SEEN THE PARSON'S BRAT."

Richard Bassett mounted his horse and rode over to Wheeler, for he could no longer wheedle the man of law over to Highmore, and I will say briefly why.

1st. About three years ago an old lady, one of his few clients, left him three thousand pounds, just reward of a very little law and a vast deal of gossip.

2d. The head solicitor of the place got old and wanted a partner. Wheeler bought himself in, and thenceforth took his share of a good business, and by his energy enlarged it, though he never could found one for himself.

3d. He married a wife.

4th. She was a pretty woman, and blessed with jealousy of a just and impartial nature: she was equally jealous of women, men, books, business—any thing that took her husband from her.

No more sleeping out at Highmore; no more protracted potations; no more bachelor tricks for Wheeler. He still valued his old client, and welcomed him; but the venue was changed, so to speak.

Richard Bassett was kept waiting in the outer office; but when he did get in he easily prevailed on Wheeler to send the next client or two to his partner, and give him a full hearing.

Then he opened his business. "Well," said he, "I've seen him at last!"

"Seen him? seen whom?"

"The boy they have set up to rob my boy of the estate. I've seen him, Wheeler, seen him close; and HE'S AS BLACK AS MY HAT."

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-FOURTH.

WHEELER, instead of being thunder-stricken, said, quietly, "Oh, is he? Well?"

"Sir Charles is lighter than I am: Lady Bassett has a skin like satin, and red hair."

"Red! say auburn gilt. I never saw such lovely hair."

"Well," said Richard, impatiently, "then the boy has eyes like sloes, and a brown skin, like an Italian, and black hair almost; it will be quite."

"Well," said Wheeler, "it is not so very uncommon for a dark child to be born of fair parents, or *vice versa*. I once saw an urchin that was like neither father nor mother, but the image of his father's grandfather, that died eighty years before he was born. They used to hold him up to the portrait."

Said Bassett, "Will you admit that it is uncommon?"

"Not so uncommon as for a high-bred lady, living in the country, and adored by her husband, to trifle with her marriage vow, for that is what you are driving at."

"Then we have to decide between two improbabilities: will you grant me that, Mr. Wheeler?"

"Yes."

"Then suppose I can prove fact upon fact, and coincidence upon coincidence, all tending one way! Are you so prejudiced that *nothing* will convince you?"

"No. But it will take a great deal: that lady's face is full of purity, and she fought us like one who loved her husband."

"*Fronti nulla fides:* and as for her fighting, her infidelity was the weapon she defeated us with. Will you hear me?"

"Yes, yes; but pray stick to facts, and not conjectures."

"Then don't interrupt me with childish arguments:

"*Fact* 1.—Both reputed parents fair; the boy as black as the ace of spades.

"*Fact* 2.—A handsome young fellow was always buzzing about her ladyship, and he was a parson, and ladies are remarkably fond of parsons.

"*Fact* 3.—This parson was of Italian breed, dark, like the boy.

"*Fact* 4.—This dark young man left Huntercombe one week, and my lady left it the next, and they were both in the city of Bath at one time.

"*Fact* 5.—The lady went from Bath to London. The dark young man went from Bath to London."

"None of this is new to me," said Wheeler, quietly.

"No; but it is the rule, in estimating coincidences, that each fresh one multiplies the value of the others. Now the boy looking so Italian is a new coincidence, and so is what I am going to tell you—at last I have found the medical man who attended Lady Bassett in London."

"Ah!"

"Yes, Sir; and I have learned *Fact* 6.—Her ladyship rented a house, but hired no servants, and engaged no nurse. She had no attendant but a lady's maid, no servant but a sort of charwoman.

"*Fact* 7.—She dismissed this doctor unusually soon, and gave him a very large fee.

"*Fact* 8.—She concealed her address from her husband."

"Oh! can you prove that?"

"Certainly. Sir Charles came up to town, and had to hunt for her, came to this very medical man, and asked for the address his wife had not given him; but lo! when he got there the bird was flown.

"*Fact* 9.—Following the same system of concealment, my lady levanted from London within ten days of her confinement.

"Now put all these coincidences together. Don't you see that she had a lover, and that he was about her in London and other places? Stop! *Fact* 10.—Those two were married for years, and had no child but this equivocal one; and now four years and a half have passed, during all which time they have had none, and the young parson has been abroad during that period."

Wheeler was staggered and perplexed by this artful array of coincidences.

"Now advise me," said Bassett.

"It is not so easy. Of course if Sir Charles was to die, you could claim the estate, and give them a great deal of pain and annoyance; but the burden of proof would always rest on you. My advice is not to breathe a syllable of this; but get a good detective, and push your inquiries a little farther among house agents, and the women they put into houses; find that char-woman, and see if you can pick up any thing more."

"Do you know such a thing as an able detective?"

"I know one that will work if I instruct him."

"I intend him, then."

"I will."

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XV.—NO. 763.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1871. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

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AN APPALLING DISASTER.

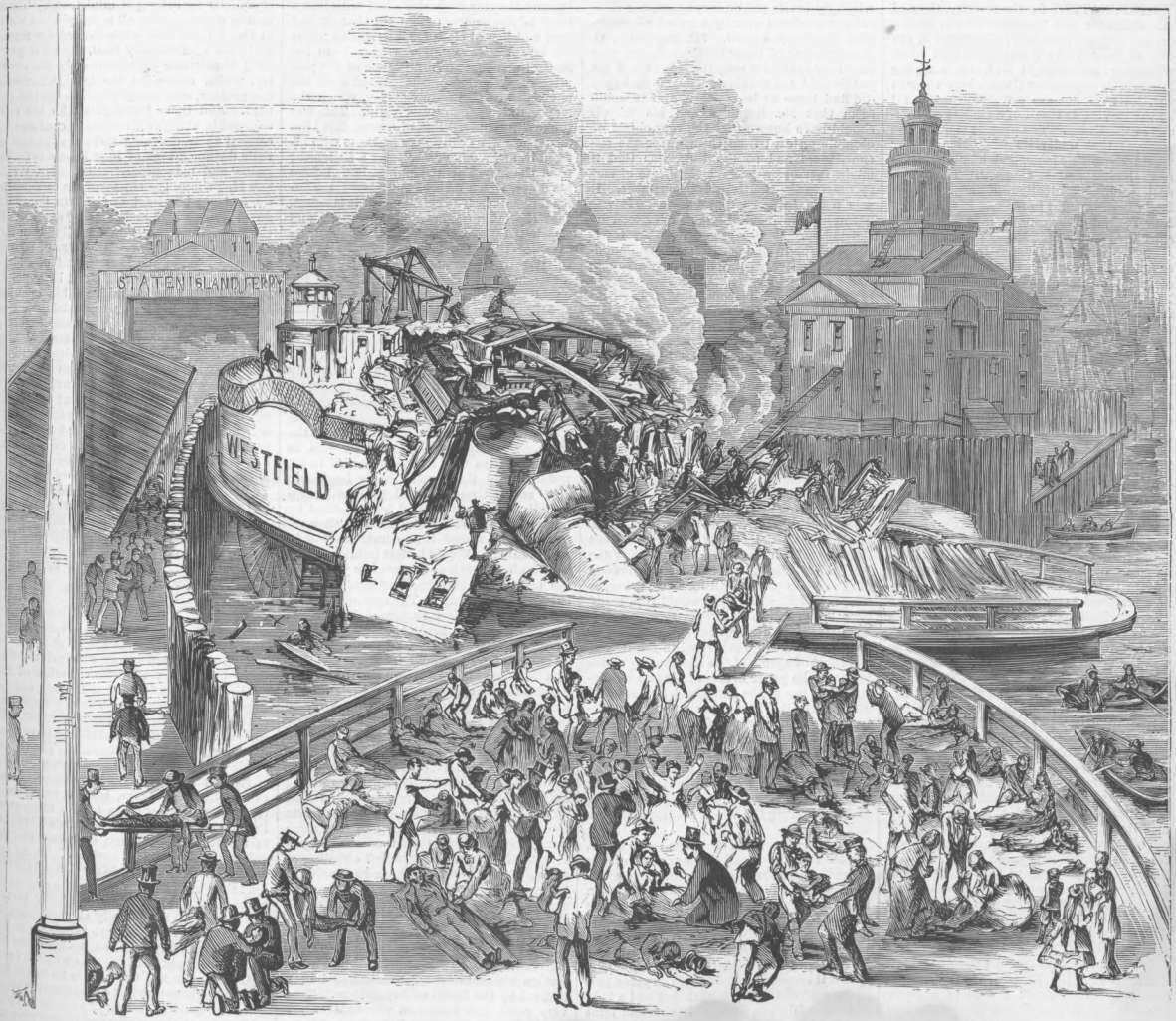
ABOUT half past one o'clock Sunday afternoon, July 30, the Staten Island ferry-boat *Westfield* was lying quietly in her slip at the foot of Whitehall Street, New York. Over four hundred souls were on board, lured by the delightful weather from their crowded homes to breathe the pure sea air and enjoy the grass and shade of the uncontaminated country. Every thing was in readiness for the start. The captain was at his post, the engineer was on his way to the engine-room, men were standing ready to unhook the chains, when suddenly there came a terrible crash, and in an instant the steamer was a wreck. The huge boiler had exploded. Those who witnessed the disaster say that there was first a dull, crunching sound, somewhat like that made by the fall of a large building, followed immediately by the sharp hiss of escaping steam. The main-deck was forced upward for a considerable distance; the beams and planks were torn into fragments. Many of them were thrown high into the air, and fell back a confused mass into the hold. The pilot-house, which was directly over the boiler, was hurled into the air to a great height, and, falling back upon the hurricane deck, was shattered to pieces. The pilot was in the house, and yet, strange to say, aside from a few severe scratches and contusions and a severe shock, escaped unhurt. He could scarcely believe that he was not mortally injured as he crawled from the ruins and saw the havoc and desolation that had been made. The heavy smoke-stack was also blown high in the air, and fell into the general wreck. The escaping steam filled the boat, and many were scalded who would have otherwise escaped unhurt.

The part of the boiler which gave way was opposite the fire-box, and toward the bow of the boat. Such was the force of the explosion that a piece of the upper half of the shell of the boiler, twenty feet in length, and weighing over two tons, was hurled forward a distance of twenty-five feet, and lodged in the bow. The fracture apparently started at a place where the boiler was patched to cover a defect.

A majority of the passengers were collected on the main-deck directly over the boiler. These were blown into the air to the height of thirty or forty feet, falling back into the wreck or into the water. Happy those who died instantly! Scores of men, women, and children who escaped the full force of the explosion were immediately enveloped in a scalding cloud of steam. The scene on the boat was harrowing. Groans and loud screams of agony came from the scalded, wounded, and dying. Parents were eagerly seeking for children, children for parents, friends for friends. Many in their panic leaped overboard, some were rescued by boats that surrounded the wreck, while others sank at once, and were drowned.

The Police and Fire departments were called upon for assistance, and at once furnished men and means to convey to the hospitals such sufferers as could be moved. A pitiable sight they presented when brought upon the docks. Many had the skin almost entirely scalded from the face, neck, and breast. Others had lost portions of their hair, from the scalp being literally par-boiled and peeling off. Others were covered with ghastly wounds, and all were begrimed with soot and dust. As fast as possible the sufferers were removed to the hospitals, where the utmost that surgical skill could do was done to relieve them. In spite of every attention, many died after their removal. The number of the victims has not been fully ascertained. It is thought that between forty and fifty were killed outright, and that the list of fatalities may be swelled to a hundred by deaths in the hospitals.

The cause of the explosion has not been ascertained. Various surmises are afloat in regard to it. Only two months ago the United States inspector of boilers examined the boiler of the *Westfield* and pronounced it safe. The engineer, a colored man, is said to be capable and trustworthy. He states that just before the explosion took place he found the water in the boiler all right, and the steam-gauge indicating a pressure of twenty-seven pounds. A fragment of the boiler picked up on the dock was pronounced by good judges to be unsound iron. It was taken to police head-quarters, to be produced before the coroner's jury, when the questions of cause and responsibility will be fully inquired into. The jury will be composed of business men and practical mechanics, able to render an intelligent verdict, and to place the blame for this sad calamity where it belongs.



THE STATEN ISLAND FERRY-BOAT DISASTER—THE "WESTFIELD" IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE EXPLOSION.
[SKETCHED FROM THE HURRICANE-DECK OF THE "NORTHFIELD" BY W. LONG PALIN.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1871.

A NEW STORY BY WILKIE COLLINS.

In a few days we shall commence the publication, in the WEEKLY, of the new serial story,

"POOR MISS FINCH,"

BY

WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "The Moonstone," "Man and Wife," etc.

Mr. COLLINS stands in the foremost rank of living novelists, and the present story, which will be printed from advance sheets, is one of the most brilliant and fascinating efforts of his genius.

☞ *In the splendid* SUPPLEMENT *received with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *our readers will find two admirable stories of exceptional interest, one, entitled*

The Zoophyte's Revenge,

by Miss BRADDON, *author of* "Lady Audley's Secret," *etc.; the other a tragic love-tale of* THE BLACK FOREST. *The other features of the* SUPPLEMENT *are a fine full-page cartoon,* "WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR SEIZING THE REINS OF POWER," *a piece of ancient history with a modern application; a beautiful Country Picture, showing a group of boys playing with a sun-glass; a portrait of* Judge DIBBLE, *of New Orleans, etc.*

FALSE PRETENSES.

FORTUNATELY for the country, the real character and tendency of the Democratic party are constantly illustrated in the city of New York, where it has an overwhelming ascendency; and, by studying Democratic supremacy there, every voter in the United States can perceive what would be the inevitable result of a similar supremacy in the Union. The present claim of the party is that under its protection liberty would be more secure, and administration more honest and economical. These two declarations, like all others of the party, have lately been brought to the test in the city of New York, and the country may wisely consider the result. The Democratic party has always instinctively allied itself with the enemies of liberty. Formerly it was the instrument of the slave-holding aristocracy. Now it is the ally of the only political Church in the country, whose principles are as fatal to freedom as those of the slave-holders, and which has already laid its destructive hand upon the citadel of the republic, the common school system. The fact of this perilous alliance has been often asserted. In the State of New York it has been well known; but in other parts of the country it has seemed, at least, somewhat exaggerated.

But recent events have lifted the veil. The country has now seen the Democratic authorities of the city surrendering to a threat of its allies the fundamental rights of American citizens. Those authorities forbade the Orangemen to parade, not because they would obstruct the streets, but because the Hibernians threatened to attack them. And the Hibernians threatened because they were Roman Catholics, and because the Orangemen proposed to commemorate a Protestant victory. Nothing is more disingenuous than the assertion that the difference is political, and not religious. The battle of the Boyne was the result of the attempt of JAMES the Second to restore the Roman Catholic ascendency in his kingdom; and it is a religious and not a political feud which has sprung from it. But the abjectness of the Democratic surrender appears when any intelligent man asks himself whether a procession of Roman Catholics to favor the Pope's restoration to his temporal power would have been suppressed if an Italian republican society had threatened to attack it.

This surrender of the plainest rights upon the most conspicuous scene in the country shows the kind of regard for constitutional liberty which characterizes the Democratic party. It respects liberty now as it respected it when fomenting mobs to break up anti-slavery meetings. And if, twenty and thirty years ago, constitutional rights were peculiarly safe in the charge of Captain ISAIAH RYNDERS and the Empire Club, they are peculiarly safe now in charge of a party of whose spirit and traditions the Captain and his club were the most significant symbols.

But while the mask of regard for constitutional rights has thus been stripped from the Democratic party by the inexorable conditions of its political Roman Catholic alliance, not less striking has been the late exposure of its claims to greater honesty and economy of administration. This exposure has been so signal and confounding, and its significance is so important, that we consider it at length in another article. The facts will remind all honest men that a party which, ten years ago, was but a conspiracy against liberty, carrying its measures by the utmost demoralization of the public mind, now led by many of the same chiefs, is substantially an unchanged party, whose professions of liberty and honesty and economy deserve as much consideration as when its last Secretary of the Treasury tried to ruin the credit of the country, and its last Secretary of War tried to arm the assassins of the national life, and then both betook themselves to help the rebellion of slavery against the nation, because it promised to become peacefully a free republic.

THE "TIMES" AND TAMMANY.

REPUBLICANS in other States have frequently complained that, although a great deal was said about the swindles of the Democratic city government of New York, the facts were wanting. It was in vain to reply that the authorities secreted every thing, as they controlled every thing, and that the proof must be found in such facts as the vast and inexplicable riches of those associated with that government who, a few years since, were poor men, and who had pursued no business but politics. It may be truly said that there was no confidence whatever in the leaders of the city government, while it was very difficult to establish facts of which every body was morally sure.

When any circumstance became very suspicious, like the long concealment of accounts by the Controller, and it was significantly urged that if all were right he would willingly invite public inspection, the difficulty was glozed over by a report of gentlemen favorably known. Mr. MARSHALL O. ROBERTS, one of these gentlemen, now says that they examined only the accounts of the public debt and sinking fund, and that they did find those to be correct. But it would seem that Mr. ROBERTS and his friends should have known that the very object of obtaining a card from them, under the circumstances and at the time, was that it might serve as a general certificate of correctness in the Controller's department. It was made to serve that purpose. It was naturally and inevitably so understood by the public. It was accepted as an assertion that the suspicion of fraud was unfounded, and that every thing in the city accounts was honest and correct. Those gentlemen took an immense responsibility. Their intentions were undoubtedly good, but their action was lamentably unwise. They lulled suspicion, and papers of character, like the *Evening Post*, began to suggest that the city government was slandered, and people who saw the city parks renovated shrugged their shoulders and said, "Well, if we're cheated, we can at least see something for it."

Meanwhile the constant and unsparing denunciations in the New York *Times* of the Democratic management of the city excited universal attention. They were so pointed and suggestive, yet so relentless, that the general feeling was that the paper was either utterly reckless, or that it understood itself perfectly. That its blows told was evident from the foolish charge of the organs of the Ring that its hostility was due to the refusal of the city to pay its bill for advertising, as if a journal like the *Times* would ruin itself for a bill of fifteen or twenty thousand dollars. Still further proof of the stinging effect of its attacks was offered in the notorious effort of agents of the Ring to buy an interest in the paper in order to get an injunction from one of the Ring judges to suspend and destroy it. This attempt was completely baffled. The value of the shares in the *Times* rapidly rose; and at a greatly enhanced price a sale was made to one of the original stockholders, so that more than four-fifths of the paper are now owned by two gentlemen who have been managing partners during the whole controversy with the Ring.

At last the *Times* published the facts, which were as utterly destructive of the claims of Democratic management to superior honesty and economy of administration as the Democratic surrender to the threat of a mob had been of its professions of regard for constitutional liberty. In successive issues the *Times* laid before the public literal copies of the Controller's accounts, by which it appears that during the years 1869 and a part of 1870 more than five and a half millions of dollars were paid to certain firms for furniture, carpenter-work, and carpeting for the new Court-house and for certain militia armories. The bill of one plasterer for work during a part of two months was nearly a million of dollars, and for "repairs" of county buildings during two days in the winter he received one hundred and thirty-three thousand one hundred and eighty-seven dollars and twenty cents; while for two years the bill for plastering was nearly three millions of dollars. For furniture, "fittings up," etc., in the new Court-house alone during two years, more than seventeen hundred thousand dollars were paid to one firm. For another month's carpenter-work in the same Court-house, in one of the same years, more than three hundred and fifty thousand dollars were paid to another carpenter. And reckoning carpets at five dollars a yard, the city authorities have paid money enough for carpeting in the new Court-house alone to have covered the whole City Hall Park three times over.

These are but examples of the details of these astounding frauds; and the exposure was too overwhelming to be borne with the silence of affected contempt. There were the names, the dates, the details, the figures. If they were false, the *Times* was ruined. Its judgment and its veracity could never again be trusted. If they were true, what was the explanation? Now the country will observe that the accuracy of these enormous figures has not been denied! The *Times* charges that millions of dollars have been stolen from the tax-payers under pretense of paying for work done, and the Tammany Ring does not deny it. The *Times* calmly says that it accuses the authorities of theft. It invites a suit for libel. It asks only for the most solemn and public opportunity of proving the city authorities to be swindlers, and those authorities, up to the time of this writing, have neither denied the truth of the fatal figures nor summoned the *Times* to prove its assertions in court.

The Mayor, in a paper to which he is understood to contribute, jauntily denied that he and the Controller were guilty. He then asserted that the *Times* made the charges because the city authorities had withdrawn their advertisements from it; that it had paid a dishonest clerk for information; that the late Mr. RAYMOND was friendly to the Mayor; and that Mr. JONES, one of the proprietors of the *Times*, had insisted upon the payment of a bill from the city, which the Mayor did not deny was valid. This was the first response. But, of course, this kind of defense was destructive of those who offered it, and a day or two later a statement from the Mayor to the public issued from his office, which may be considered the official defense. The substance of it is—first, that the claims exposed by the *Times*, and which the Mayor admits "may have been exorbitant" (as, for instance, a hundred and thirty-three thousand dollars for two days' plastering in winter), were audited by the late Board of Supervisors; and the Mayor and the Counsel for the Corporation hold that that audit was final, and that the Mayor's signature was merely ministerial; and second, that one of the proprietors of the *Times*, by his action to recover his own bill, really opened the doors to inroads upon the Treasury, and, if there has been swindling, has only himself to blame.

This defense is as foolish and futile as the other. For suppose that the law was as the Mayor says that he understood it to be, were he and the Controller, as honorable men and citizens, obliged to countersign swindles because they had been audited by a Board of Supervisors? Couldn't they refuse, and, if forced into court, state why they refused? Would honest public officers, month after month and year after year, abet the most monstrous frauds "ministerially" or in any other way? The enormity of the accusation is almost surpassed by the incredible defense. Besides, one of the chief members of the Board of Supervisors, upon whom the Mayor would throw the blame, was Mr. TWEED. If any body knew the "exorbitant" character of the claims, he knew it. And yet the Mayor appointed him to the most responsible place in the new city government. Again, more than five millions of dollars were paid to satisfy the "exorbitant" claims of Mr. INGERSOLL for furnishing the County Court-house, and last autumn the same Mayor appointed the same Mr. INGERSOLL a commissioner to complete the finishing and furnishing of the same Court-house. By his own account, therefore, the Mayor "ministerially" connives at the payment of claims which he admits to be exorbitant, and then appoints the persons who make them to positions in which they can make others. What kind of defense is this?

But the law is not what the Mayor describes it to be. He was *not* bound to countersign warrants because claims had been audited by the Board of Supervisors. That very point was raised in the case of the people against WOOD, and the General Term of the Supreme Court expressly held that the very object of empowering the Mayor to sign a warrant was the defense of the treasury, and that his duty was to inform himself in regard to a claim, and to countersign or refuse as he might deem proper after investigation. The words of the Court are final and fatal against the "ministerial" theory of the Mayor. This decision is familiar, and is, of course, known to the Mayor, who is a lawyer. Why, then, did he countersign claims which he calls "exorbitant"—a word which, under the circumstances, means fraudulent? If the law were as he understood it, he was not bound as an honest man to countersign the warrants. If it were not as he understood it, he was not bound as Mayor to countersign them. But he did countersign them, and confesses that he thought the claims "exorbitant."

The Mayor's second point of defense is that the publisher of the *Times* himself opened the door of the treasury to fraudulent claims. But how? The Legislature passed a law authorizing the Controller to adjust certain claims. The Corporation Counsel advised the Controller that the courts had decided such an act to be mandatory. But when the *Times* presented its bill, which was not disputed, and asked that it be settled, the Controller stated that he and the Governor had decided that the law which ordered a settlement should be annulled! And upon this absurd assumption, that the Governor and Controller could by agreement absolve a public officer from a duty imposed by law, the Controller actually refused to pay the honest demand of the *Times*. And as the courts, when invoked, compelled him to pay it, the Mayor gravely asserts that as he was obliged to pay a just debt, he was also obliged to connive at frauds; and, consequently, that the person who compelled the just payment is really responsible for the swindles!

And this is the defense which the city authorities offer to the withering revelations of enormous frauds upon the public treasury. These frauds, it will be remembered, are not denied. The authorities merely excuse their complicity by calling it ministerial. These frauds, moreover, are all accomplished within the Ring, which is the immediate representative of Tammany Hall, the most powerful Democratic organization in the country, which controlled the last Democratic Convention, and which hopes to control the next. And those Democrats who are now engaged in abortive attempts to confuse and conceal these damning facts are loudest in their denunciations of Republican extravagance and maladministration. Mr. WILLIAM M. TWEED, the chief sachem of Tammany, and not the least of the late Board of Supervisors, which audited the "exorbitant" claims which were "ministerially" countersigned by the Mayor—Mr. TWEED, who is now the head of the Department of Public Works in the city of New York by appointment of the Mayor—said, in his opening speech at the late Tammany celebration of the Fourth of July, "We propose to carry on a strictly economical government!"

The party under whose auspices millions of dollars have been stolen from the treasury of the city of New York is anxious to administer the national government economically! The party which was the tool of slavery, and which surrenders the rights of peaceful citizens to the threat of a Roman Catholic mob, desires to rescue constitutional liberty from those who, according to Mr. TWEED, "are betraying it." In its relentless and crushing exposures of the economy and honesty of the Tammany Ring, whose chief announces that he and his friends "propose to carry on a strictly economical government," the New York *Times* has done a national service.

IN THE REPUBLICAN CAMP.

EVERY day shows more conclusively that there would be very little question of Republican success in 1872 if it were not for Republican dissensions. The new departure of the Democratic party has ludicrously failed. Like an oath of Falstaff's to purge and live cleanly, it provokes a smile. The Democratic professions of regard for constitutional rights and administrative economy have, as we show elsewhere, been brought to a tremendous test, and are totally dissipated. But meanwhile there are certain differences in the Republican party, and they are the only clouds upon the horizon. There are those who would prefer to see General GRANT set aside, but they have no one to offer to replace him. To say that any body in the party could be more easily elected seems to us to be mere folly. There is nobody in the Republican party who, as a candidate for President, could poll nearly so many votes as General GRANT; for there is no one in the party for whose services to the country there is a more general feeling of gratitude, or in whose practical sagacity and honest purpose there is more general confidence. These, with the undeniable success of his administration in relieving the domestic public burden and in the honorable settlement of

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foreign difficulties, plainly designate him as the Republican candidate.

There are, indeed, powerful Republican leaders, like Mr. SCHURZ at the West, and Mr. SUMNER at the East, who are strongly opposed to the renomination of General GRANT. Their influence, directly or indirectly, will probably be cast against him in the Convention. Should it prevail, another candidate, who can not now be surmised, would be presented. Should it fail, and General GRANT be fairly nominated, we believe that, however reluctantly, both those gentlemen would co-operate with their party, upon this ground, if no other, that Republican success, even with a candidate not of their choice, is essential to the welfare of the country. For it is not conceivable that either of these gentlemen would hold that the nomination of General GRANT by the Republican party would prove that party to be as unworthy as the Democratic of the confidence and support of original Republicans.

The differences to which we alluded, however, are of another kind. They are such as are too familiar in the State of New York, and they spring from patronage. In this State, indeed, they will, as we have formerly remarked, probably contest the Convention in the autumn; and as Senator FENTON is regarded as the leader of the anti-GRANT feeling in New York, his late speech at Niagara was read with curiosity and interest. The significant sentences of the speech were two: that in which the Senator says that he sincerely desires the harmony and union which come "from a just recognition of all Republicans;" and that in which he says that it behooves Republicans every where, "the highest official in the land" not less than the humblest member of the party, to act with magnanimity and generosity toward all.

This will be understood in New York to mean that the President ought not to slight Senator FENTON'S friends, and it is another illustration of the lamentable condition to which patronage has reduced our politics. Senator FENTON speaks according to the tradition, which has become almost a principle, that the national patronage in a State is to be equally divided between the friends or following of the two Senators—a custom which explains the remark of a Senator that he and his colleague were almost the only friendly colleagues in the Chamber. It is a custom which inevitably splits a party. When Senator FENTON was Governor he probably found it very difficult to cultivate that harmony and union which come "from a just recognition of all Republicans." And was it not very difficult for the Hunker Democrat justly to recognize the Barnburner? These suggestive sentences of the Senator's speech, however, are answered, and satisfactorily, by others. There is no question that the national patronage in the State has fallen to Republicans. The national offices are not held by Democrats. There may, indeed, be severe criticism in regard to the changes that have been made; but Senator FENTON proceeded to say that the distribution of patronage is of little importance while sound and representative Republicans hold the offices, and he exhorted his friends to work hard for the party success, whatever occasion there might be for personal or official criticism.

We infer, therefore, that the Senator concedes to the President the same freedom which he as Governor exercised, and, while naturally desiring the just recognition of all Republicans, he acknowledges that the President must be allowed his preferences. But as the indulgence of those preferences has been made the cause of the party division in the State, supported by the name of Senator FENTON, the words of the Senator ought now to heal the wound. Should they prove to be that balsam, they would be the most persuasive words ever uttered in the State. Meanwhile let all Republicans reflect that it is no real objection to a Republican President, more than to a Republican Governor, that he prefers some men in his own party rather than others. Certainly it is not for such reasons that a President can be honorably condemned.

THE PUBLIC SERVICE.

THE last general debate in Congress upon the reform of the civil service was upon the 3d, 4th, and 5th of May, 1870, when Mr. JENCKES reported back his bill, with a substitute. This debate is interesting as showing the spirit in which the proposition was met and the kind of objections it encountered. With the sole exception, however, of the constitutional objection which was suggested by Mr. COX and Mr. BINGHAM, the hostile arguments had been much more strongly urged in previous discussions by Generals BUTLER and LOGAN among the Republicans, and by Judge WOODWARD, of Pennsylvania, among the Democrats. One of these objections, upon which General BUTLER enlarged, is perhaps the most common and popular of all. It is substantially that an examination determines nothing except a special kind of knowledge, for which "cramming" will prepare any body, that it is at best merely a test of scholarship and memory, and that it can not possibly determine moral character, nor that fitness and aptitude which are the most indispensable qualifications.

But whoever urges this as an objection forgets the most essential points of the case. It should be enough to ask in reply whether, if character and aptitude are indispensable, they can better be ascertained by chance or by inquiry? It is agreed, by all whose opinions upon the subject are to be respected, that a person to be properly qualified for the civil service should have the proper character, capacity, and aptitude. Now certainly a system which ascertains the existence of only one of these qualifications is just one-third better than the present system, which, as a rule, ascertains and aims to ascertain none whatever. We do not forget the examinations in the Treasury Department at Washington for positions there, but we speak of the service at large; and so far from an examination being a fruitless and foolish test, there can be no doubt that if no man could enter the civil service until he had satisfactorily passed an examination in decimal fractions alone, the service would be, upon the whole, more efficient and satisfactory than it is now; for a man who is versed in decimal fractions is presumptively a person of fair general education and information: at least he is not grossly ignorant. Upon the general subject of examination Mr. MILL says, in his "Representative Government," with his usual good sense, "If any education at all is useful, it must be tested by the tests most likely to show whether the candidate possesses it or not."

The very gentlemen who sneer at what they call "an intellectual examination" for an inspector or a book-keeper would not hesitate to insist upon the appointment of persons to those offices upon no other ground than that of zeal in "getting out voters" upon election day. An examination in certain branches of knowledge may not of itself alone be a wholly satisfactory method of determining who should be appointed; but such an examination is inconceivably better than the present hap-hazard system, and would of itself alone be a real reform.

Those who object to examinations are probably not aware that Congress has already provided for them in the Washington offices as long ago as 1853, and that the secretaries may always insist upon them in every case out of Washington, although, under the present system, they are not likely to do so. The law of March 3, 1853, divides the clerks resident at Washington into four classes, and enacts that no clerk shall be appointed in either class "until after he has been examined and found qualified by a board, to consist of three examiners," etc., and the present Secretary of the Treasury ordered, in July, 1870, that in his department the examinations should be in writing. The principle of examinations is thus fully recognized by Congress, as it is by common-sense, and the results of the application of it are very encouraging. But its application to the service at large is practically paralyzed, and the reason is evident. Patronage is the root of the whole system, and it is stronger than any part of it. While the tenure of office is so frail and uncertain two immediate results are inevitable—the best men, as a rule, do not seek public employment, and those who do are sorely tempted to make hay while the sun shines. Beyond these are the still greater and more menacing national perils which spring from the ferocious exasperation of party spirit consequent upon making the very livelihood of hundreds of thousands of persons dependent upon the issue of an election.

But in any scheme of examination mere general knowledge is not the only object sought. Experience, sagacity, and special training are kept constantly in view; and experiment has proved that those who pass well are generally best fitted for the positions. It is, we presume, unquestionable that the attention of most of the gentlemen in the House of Representatives who opposed Mr. JENCKES'S proposition had not been closely drawn to the subject, and that they were not familiar with the character or results of a civil service system founded upon reason, and not upon patronage. Indeed, the course of their remarks shows it. They feared, for instance, that a rebel or a Democrat might find a place. But did they think that a forcible or conclusive argument? It was only a repetition of Mr. MARCY'S odious declaration that to the victors belong the spoils. They merely presented the fatal evil of the present system as an argument for its continuance. The reform of the civil service is really a reform of our politics. It is the obvious way in which a practical remedy may be applied to some of the perils that most plainly menace our political system.

PERSONAL.

THE sketch of JAMES FENIMORE COOPER in *Harper's Weekly* of July 29 recalls a curious and somewhat characteristic incident, showing the spirit of antagonism Mr. COOPER displayed toward every thing he deemed to be wrong. Soon after the death of President HARRISON, in April, 1841, Mr. COOPER happened to be in Buffalo on a visit to his son-in-law, Mr. PHINNEY, the bookseller. Up to that time there had been no precedent established as to the precise title that should be assumed by a Vice-President succeeding to the Presidency. That subject was discussed by Mr. TYLER and the members of the HARRISON cabinet; but Mr. TYLER promptly decided the point by assuming the title of President. Mr. COOPER made that decision the subject of an ingenious and interesting article, which was published as editorial in the Buffalo *Daily Courier*, aiming to prove that Mr. TYLER should have designated himself "Vice-President and Acting President of the United States," and not President. The article attracted wide attention, and was, we believe, one of the last ever written by Mr. COOPER for the press. The decision of Mr. TYLER established the precedent, which was afterward adopted by Mr. FILLMORE on the death of President TAYLOR in 1850, and by Mr. JOHNSON, on the assassination of President LINCOLN in 1865.

—In the "Domestic Life of Thomas Jefferson," recently published by HARPER & BROTHERS, is the following naive confession of his passion for music, in a letter written to a friend in Europe, in 1778: "If there is a gratification which I envy any people in this world it is to your country its music. This is the favorite passion of my soul, and fortune has cast my lot in a country where it is in a state of deplorable barbarism. . . . The bounds of an American fortune will not admit the indulgence of a domestic band of musicians, yet I have thought that a passion for music might be reconciled with that economy which we are obliged to observe."

—A gentleman who has been taking a personal view of General BUTLER, as he appeared recently in court, says that his air and manner there are "not brilliant, but clumsy and gumpish rather." He adds that "one source of General BUTLER'S success is, he knows more, and knows better how and when to use what he knows, than many others in his line. Another source is, he despises nothing and nobody till he is done with them, and can make no more use of them."

—MR. CHARLES NORDHOFF, for some years past the able assistant of MR. BRYANT on the *Evening Post*, and managing editor of that paper, is understood to have joined the editorial corps of the *Times*. MR. NORDHOFF is a thoroughly trained journalist, familiar with public measures and public men, a shrewd observer, a ready, vigorous, pungent writer, and possessing in a remarkable degree the qualities required in a writer of "leaders."

—It is going the rounds of the papers that JOHN SHIPMAN, who died a few days ago at Springfield, Vermont, in the 100th year of his age, "had voted for every President we ever had—twice for WASHINGTON, twice for LINCOLN." If MR. SHIPMAN voted for WASHINGTON twice, he must have voted for him in 1788, or before he was eighteen years of age. Either MR. SHIPMAN "voted *early* and voted often," as they do in New York, or there is some mistake in the figures.

—President WOOLSEY, in his fine speech to the alumni of Yale at their annual dinner, which speech he called his "dying confession," said: "I have lived as long as the Babylonish captivity of the Jews, and have served the college for as long a period as the children of Israel consumed in passing through the wilderness. I confess now that I feel as Æneas did when he thrust his prow into the shores of Italy and saluted the earth. The college has become so great that it costs more than an old man's strength to look after it."

—The Emperor and Empress of Brazil, while in London, deported themselves in the simplest manner possible, lodging plainly at a hotel, rising early—frequently as early as five o'clock—breakfasting at once, and doing all the sight-seeing of the metropolis at an early hour. They went every where, among other places to court to hear a little of the TICHBORNE trial. Besides being an uncommonly fine linguist and well up in science, he is one of the handsomest monarchs of the time. He is also the legitimate descendant of the three great royal houses of Europe—the BRAGANZA, BOURBON, and HAPSBURG. He was proclaimed Emperor at the age of five years, and assumed the sovereign power at fifteen. He is probably the most thoroughly educated, and certainly the most popular, of reigning sovereigns.

—MR. GLADSTONE, who, in abolishing by royal warrant the system of purchasing commissions in the army, has given the aristocracy its greatest snub, and at the same time performed the greatest act of his public career, has, from the moment he completed his schooling at Eton to the present hour, been a man of mark. At Eton he mingled in none of the sports of his fellows, but devoted himself so exclusively to study that when he entered Oxford he was almost qualified to take his degree. Even then he was an accomplished debater. In college he devoted himself to the mastery of abstruse political questions and the development of that logical dexterity and the use of language which have since distinguished him. In private life he is most exemplary, but reserved, and seldom if ever jocular. His only diversion is music, in which he takes great delight. The effect of his oratory is much aided by a singularly melodious voice, capable of swelling into the grandest tones. So irreproachable is his way of life that his great rival, the late Earl of Derby, once said, "Yes, MR. GLADSTONE is a most exemplary man, and without one redeeming vice!"

—Judge SPENCER, of the Superior Court of this city, a wise and excellent judge, has just rendered a decision in a curious will case. The late JOHN ALSTYNE, of this city, a bachelor of large fortune, just before his death devised large sums of money to various charitable institutions, among them $25,000 to the "Old Ladies' Home." As there are two institutions in this city where aged women find a home, and as neither of them has the exact name mentioned in the will—the "St. Luke's Home" and the "Home for Aged and Indigent Females"—both claimed it. A lawsuit in consequence. Judge SPENCER, after a patient and thorough examination of the matter, has decided in favor of "St. Luke's Home," as MR. ALSTYNE was connected with it during his life.

—Monseigneur DE GUIBERT, Archbishop of Tours, and an able and devoted supporter of the Count de Chambord, has been appointed Archbishop of Paris. He belongs to the extreme ultramontane party—the first of that party that has, for many years, occupied that important position. His predecessors, DARBOY, SIBOUR, and D'AFFRE, were all liberal Catholics; but he has always been known, both politically and religiously, as a decided reactionist. During the reign of LOUIS NAPOLEON, next to Cardinal PLANTIER, of Nismes, Archbishop GUIBERT was the leader of the French ultramontanes. As long as the Emperor seemed to favor the cause of Italy GUIBERT'S attitude toward the imperial government was one of undisguised hostility; and he did not change his hostile tone toward the empire until LOUIS NAPOLEON ordered the second expedition to Rome, which led to the deplorable affair of Mentana. After the fall of LOUIS NAPOLEON he became an open legitimist, and it was by his order that the curious manifesto issued by the Count de Chambord was recently read from every pulpit in the archdiocese of Tours. One of the remarkable episodes of the archbishop's life was the long controversy he had with Madame George Sand, who lived at that time at Tours, in which he failed to distinguish himself. He is a man of much ability, great fearlessness, and irreproachable in his private life.

—MR. I. C. BUCKHOUT, engineer and superintendent of the Harlem Railroad, and associate architect of the great dépôt at Fourth Avenue and Forty-second Street, proposes to introduce into the management of trains, on their commencing to run from that edifice, several new features which will add materially to the facility and safety of travel. He proposes to uniform all the 500 employés to be employed on the road and in and about the building. The reception of trains will be arranged twenty minutes in advance of their arrival, through electric signals given automatically by the passage of the wheels over steel keys at the bridge over Harlem River. By like means red day signals, and red lights by night, will be thrown out automatically at every third street crossing in front of each passing train. By this system a much larger number of trains can be run with safety than is practicable under the present arrangement. The new dépôt will be ready for general use on the 1st of September next.

—A gentleman who within a few weeks past had the pleasure of conversing with Dr. DÖLLINGER in his own house describes him as slender in figure and of medium height, his whole appearance commanding reverence and respect. He is past seventy, but not gray; has great amiability of manner, and does not allow his studies and labors to cloud the sprightliness of his spirits. Desiring to be as free as possible, he had ever endeavored to avoid accustoming himself to anticipated necessities. He laughingly told the story of a professional friend who would gladly have staid at home at times when he was forced to go out because his dog needed the air and exercise. And thus DÖLLINGER has no domestic animals around him, not even a bird. Unlike most of the German professors, he neither snuffs nor smokes, and drinks neither wine nor beer; rises at 4 A.M. and retires at 9 P.M., and is exceedingly simple and regular in his meals. His house is high and airy, but his library of 30,000 volumes occupies it entirely. He pleasantly calls it his better half. His study proper is the same room in which he has labored for more than thirty years. It is not large, and, besides the books, contains but one table before a window, a black arm-chair, and in the corner a broad lounge. The walls of the study are hidden by book-cases, which reach to the ceiling, with a few simple pictures in gilt frames, and a clock, whose gentle ticking only seems to render more appreciable the calmness and quiet of the sanctuary.

—When Governor SEWARD was chief magistrate of New York, he was accustomed to pay a high tribute to the ability of the late EDWIN CROSWELL, by saying, or rather asking of himself, when he wrote his messages, "What will MR. CROSWELL say of *that* in the *Argus*?"

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

DURING the year ending June 30, 1871, the Post-office Department established 2407 new offices, and discontinued 854 offices, making a net increase in number of offices created during the year of 1553. On the 30th of June last there were 30,045 offices in the United States.

From the reports of the Department of Agriculture it appears that the crop of potatoes throughout the country will be a full average, and no rot is yet reported. There will be a short hay crop, owing to drought this season, and the bad effect on meadows of the extreme dry weather of last year. A short crop of apples is indicated in the States where they are largely grown.

The discovery is recorded of a small planet, the one hundred and fourteenth in the group of asteroids, by Professor C. H. F. Peters, of the Litchfield Observatory, Hamilton College, Utica.

On Sunday, July 23, while the HON. J. E. Stevenson, of the Congressional committee on Southern outrages, was sitting with a friend at the dinner-table of a hotel in Yorkville, South Carolina, they were assaulted by one Major Barry, a prominent citizen. Revolvers were drawn, but Barry's friends interfered, and carried the irate major off.

FOREIGN NEWS.

A FAMINE is causing dreadful havoc and distress in Persia. The deaths in the province of Khorassan average 300 daily, and the dead bodies of the victims are devoured by the survivors. Men, women, and children are in some cases killed for food. The plague has also appeared among the Persians, and the Turkish government has been compelled to draw a sanitary cordon along the borders of its dominions.

A series of terrible earthquake shocks has recently devastated one of the Philippine Islands. More than 200 persons were swallowed up by the earth. Sixty bodies had been recovered. The rest of the inhabitants fled the island.

Mr. John Slidell, the ex-rebel minister to France, died a few days since in London.

Dr. Döllinger, called the "modern Luther," has been elected rector of the University of Munich, 54 professors voting in his favor to 6 against him.

A letter of Count de Paris has been published, in which he expresses the belief that Count de Chambord will be King of France.

Great preparations have been made to receive the Prince of Wales in Ireland, where he is to make quite an extensive tour.

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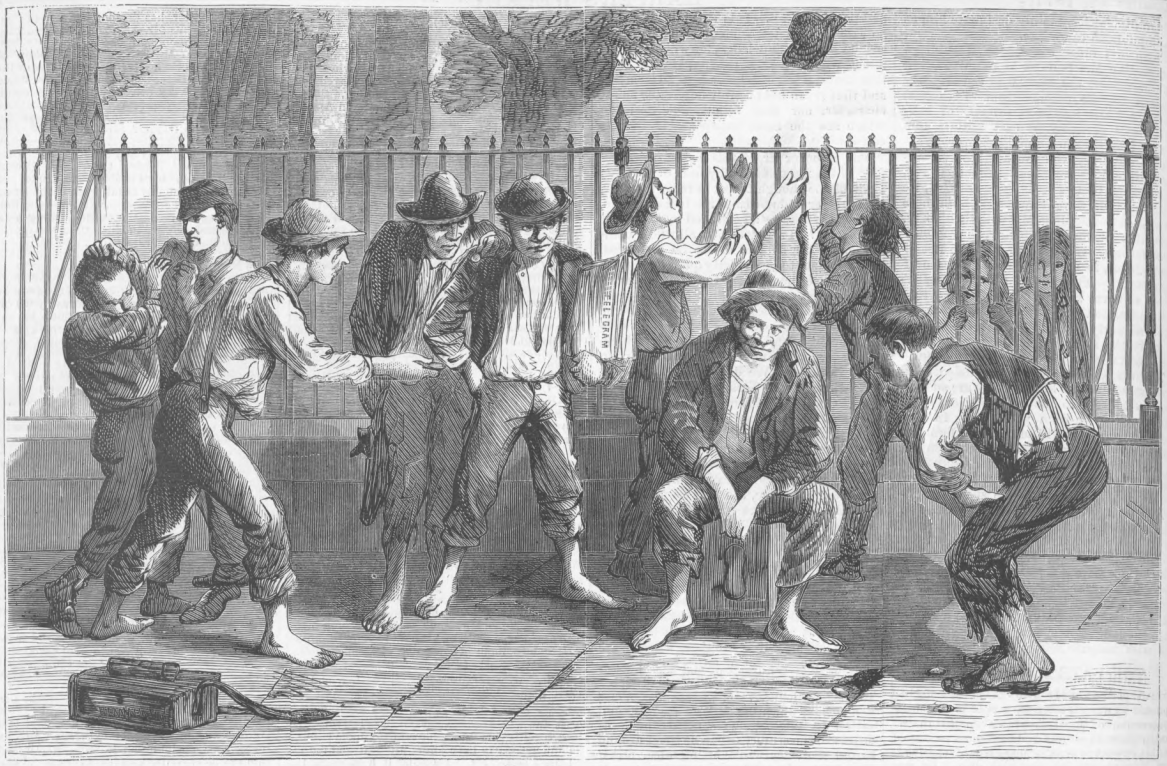

PITCHING PENNIES.—[DRAWN BY W. S. L. JEWETT.]

PITCHING PENNIES.

AFTER the rush for the morning papers is over, and before that for the evening papers begins, our New York newsboys have several leisure hours, which the industrious employ in the honorable and lucrative profession of boot-blacking, while the lazy ones gather on the sidewalks and indulge in the game of pitch-penny. The earnings of a whole morning are often wasted in this manner, and the boys acquire a taste for gambling that often leads to crime and ruin.

A PAWNBROKER'S SHOP.

IN this illustration our artist depicts a scene frequently witnessed in the pawnbrokers' shops. People of every moral grade crowd to them in distress—the hard-working mother, who pawns some article of clothing to get means to buy bread for her children; the thief, with a stolen watch to get rid of; the drunkard, who would part with the very shirt from his back to obtain money for a drink. Some of these strange contrasts are represented in Mr. SHEPPARD'S sketch.

INTERIOR OF A PAWNBROKER'S SHOP.—[DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.]

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THE LATE MR. JOHN KELLUM.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

THE LATE JOHN KELLUM.

THE portrait of Mr. JOHN KELLUM which we present on this page is from a photograph in the possession of Mr. A. T. STEWART, from the establishment of BRADY. The subject of it died at his country-seat at Hempstead, Long Island, on Monday evening, the 24th July. He was sixty-two years of age, and was born at Hempstead in 1809.

In early life Mr. KELLUM was a mechanic, but he became one of the most distinguished architects of New York. The most striking specimens of his work are the Mutual Life-Insurance Company's building, on the corner of Broadway and Cedar Street; the Stock Exchange; the *Herald* building; H. B. CLAFLIN & Co.'s store; Mr. A. T. STEWART'S store, on Broadway and Fourth Avenue, Ninth and Tenth streets; the contemplated dwelling of the latter, on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street; the building now being erected on Fourth Avenue between Thirty-second and Thirty-third streets, intended by Mr. STEWART for a women's hotel; the extensive iron ferry-house of the Union Ferry Company, at Fulton Street; the stores of BALL, BLACK, & Co., TIFFANY & Co., and the one occupied by S. B. CHITTENDEN & Co. He also drew the elevation and working plans of the new City Hall, or Court-house, although the duty of superintendence of the structure and materials was committed wholly to others, who alone are responsible, except for the drawings.

At an early period of his career as an architect he planned stores for THOMAS HUNT, WILSON G. HUNT, Mr. CARY, and Mr. SANGER, and the Hon. JAMES R. WHITING, etc.; and it was to the instrumentality of Judge WHITING that he became known to Mr. BUTLER, and through him to Mr. STEWART; and from that time to the period of his death his success as an architect had scarcely any parallel. He amassed a large fortune—nearly a million of dollars—without staining his success with a single injustice, or taking a dollar in the shape of commissions from any contractor. He was thoroughly trusted and proudly faithful to every trust.

It was through the instrumentality of Mr. KELLUM that the tract known as Hempstead Plains was purchased and improved by Mr. STEWART. The first purchase consisted of about seven thousand acres, but through the judicious management of Mr. KELLUM the purchase has been extended to about ten thousand acres in the process of bringing the possession into proper shape. It now constitutes a parallelogram of between two and three miles in width by about thirteen in length, through which, from east to west—this being the direction of greatest length—Mr. KELLUM was engaged in superintending the construction of a railroad for Mr. STEWART, to connect with the one to Flushing and Williamsburg, so as to have rapid communication with New York.

It was Mr. KELLUM'S expectation that his chief employment for many years would consist in the development of this immense property. He had planned a large hotel there for Mr. STEWART, capable of accommodating two hundred guests, and about twenty edifices of the value of from eight to twelve thousand dollars each, which latter were in process of erection, commanding all the attention of Mr. KELLUM which he desired to bestow on affairs not his own; and he has often been heard to remark, of late, that he would abandon all business but for his attachment to Mr. STEWART.

Perhaps the most conspicuous feature of Mr. KELLUM'S plans for business edifices was their appropriateness to the object. He knew how to arrange the several parts of a building in the most convenient manner for the purpose intended, was familiar with the strength of all materials used in construction, and had a perfect facility in adapting means to ends. No rule of architecture induced him to shut out any portion of light which the business required, or to subject its exigencies to external forms. He delighted to construct fire-proof structures, and to feel that they would be regarded, perhaps ages hence, as a substantial contribution to the welfare of future generations.

His eminent success was due to his practical good sense and skill, his perfect integrity, and his entire fidelity to those who employed him. He was diligent, rapid and accurate in calculations, had a minute knowledge of all the particulars of his art, was strictly impartial as between owners and contractors in adjusting differences, and safe and prudent, but ascended to boldness in his plans when warranted by circumstances, as in the case of the dome of Mr. STEWART'S Tenth Street store and that of the City Hall, or new Court-house. His death is a great public loss.

He leaves a widow and four children—two sons and two unmarried daughters—between whom and the deceased there existed the happiest relations.

LORD KILGOBBIN.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

Author of "That Boy of Norcott's," "The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly," "Sir Brooke Fossbrooke," "A Day's Ride," "One of Them," "Gerald Fitzgerald," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXII.

A CONFIDENTIAL TALK.

DICK KEARNEY walked the bog from early morning till dark without firing a shot. The snipe rose almost at his feet, and, wheeling in circles through the air, dipped again into some dark crevice of the waste, unnoticed by him. One thought only possessed, and never left him, as he went. He had overheard Nina's words to his sister as he made his escape over the fence, and learned how she promised to "spare him;" and that if not worried about him, or asked to pledge herself, she should be "merciful," and not entangle the boy in a hopeless passion.

He would have liked to have scoffed at the insolence of this speech, and treated it as a trait of overweening vanity: he would have gladly accepted her pity as a sort of challenge, and said, "Be it so: let us see who will come safest out of this encounter," and yet he felt in his heart he could not.

First of all, her beauty had really dazzled him, and the thousand graces of a manner of which he had known nothing captivated and almost bewildered him. He could not reply to her in the same tone he used to any other. If he fetched her a book or a chair, he gave it with a sort of deference that actually reacted on himself, and made him more gentle and more courteous, for the time. "What would this influence end in making me?" was his question to himself. "Should I gain in sentiment or feeling? Should I have higher and nobler aims? Should I be any thing of that she herself described so glowingly, or should I only sink to a weak desire to be her slave, and ask for nothing better than some slight recognition of my devotion? I take it that she would say the choice lay with *her*, and that I should be the one or the other as she willed it, and though I would give much to believe her wrong, my heart tells me that I can not. I came down here resolved to resist any influence she might attempt to have over me. Her likeness showed me how beautiful she was, but it could not tell me the dangerous fascination of her low liquid voice, her half-playful, half-melancholy smile, and that bewitching walk, with all its stately grace, so that every fold as she moves sends its own thrill of ecstasy. And now that I know all these, see and feel them, I am told that to me they can bring no hope! That I am too poor, too ignoble, too undistinguished, to raise my eyes to such attraction. I am nothing, and must live and die nothing.

"She is candid enough, at all events. There is no rhapsody about her when she talks of poverty. She chronicles every stage of the misery, as though she had felt them all; and how unlike it she looks! There is an almost insolent well-being about her that puzzles me. She will not heed this, or suffer that, because it looks mean. Is this the subtle worship she offers Wealth, and is it thus she offers up her prayer to Fortune?

"But why should she assume I must be her slave?" cried he aloud, in a sort of defiance. "I have shown her no such preference, nor made any advances that would show I want to win her favor. Without denying that she is beautiful, is it so certain it is the kind of beauty I admire? She has scores of fascinations—I do not deny it; but should I say that I trust her? And if I should trust her, and love her too, where must it all end in? I do not believe in her theory that love will transform a fellow of my mould into a hero, not to say that I have my own doubt if she herself believes it. I wonder if Kate reads her more clearly? Girls so often understand each other by traits we have no clew to; and it was Kate who asked her, almost in tone of entreaty, 'to spare me,' to save me from a hopeless passion, just as though I were some peasant-boy who had set his affection on a princess. Is that the way, then, the world would read our respective conditions? The son of a ruined house or the guest of a beggared family leaves little to choose between! Kate—the world—would call my lot the better of the two. The man's chance is not irretrievable, at least such is the theory. Those half-dozen fellows, who in a century or so contrive to work their way up to something, make a sort of precedent, and tell the others what they might be if they but knew how."

"I'm not vain enough to suppose I am one of these, and it is quite plain that she does not think me so." He pondered long over this thought, and then suddenly cried aloud, "Is it possible she may read Joe Atlee in this fashion? is that the stuff out of which she hopes to make a hero?" There was more bitterness in this thought than he had first imagined, and there was that of jealousy in it, too, that pained him deeply.

Had she preferred either of the two Englishmen to himself, he could have understood and, in a measure, accepted it. They were, as he called them, "swells." They might become, he knew not what. The career of the Saxon in fortune was a thing incommensurable by Irish ideas; but Joe was like himself, or in reality less than himself, in worldly advantages.

This pang of jealousy was very bitter; but still it served to stimulate him and rouse him from a depression that was gaining fast upon him. It is true, he remembered she had spoken slightingly of Joe Atlee. Called him noisy, pretentious, even vulgar; snubbed him openly on more than one occasion, and seemed to like to turn the laugh against him; but with all that she had sung duets with him, corrected some Italian verses he wrote, and actually made a little sketch in his note-book for him as a souvenir. A souvenir! and of what? Not of the ridicule she had turned upon him; not the jest she had made upon his boastfulness. Now which of these two did this argue? was this levity, or was it falsehood? Was she so little mindful of honesty that she would show these signs of favor to one she held most cheaply, or was it that her distaste to this man was mere pretense, and only assumed to deceive others?

After all, Joe Atlee was a nobody; flattery might call him an adventurer, but he was not even so much. Among the men of the dangerous party he mixed with he was careful never to compromise himself. He might write the songs of rebellion, but he was little likely to tamper with treason itself. So much he would tell her when he got back. Not angrily, nor passionately—for that would betray him and disclose his jealousy—but in the tone of a man revealing something he regretted—confessing to the blemish of one he would have liked better to speak well of. There was not, he thought, any thing unfair in this. He was but warning her against a man who was unworthy of her. Unworthy of her! What words could express the disparity between them? Not but if she liked him—and this he said with a certain bitterness—or thought she liked him, the disproportion already ceased to exist.

Hour after hour of that long summer day he walked, revolving such thoughts as these; all his conclusions tending to the one point, that *he* was not the easy victim she thought him, and that, come what might, *he* should not be offered up as a sacrifice to her worship of Joe Atlee.

"There is nothing would gratify the fellow's vanity," thought he, "like a successful rivalry of him. Tell him he was preferred to me, and he would be ready to fall down and worship whoever had made the choice."

By dwelling on all the possible and impossible issues of such an attachment, he had at length convinced himself of its existence, and even more, persuaded himself to fancy it was something to be regretted and grieved over for worldly considerations, but not in any way regarded as personally unpleasant.

As he came in sight of home and saw a light in the small tower where Kate's bedroom lay, he determined he would go up to his sister and tell her so much of his mind as he believed was finally settled, and in such a way as would certainly lead her to repeat it to Nina.

"Kate shall tell her that if I have left her suddenly and gone back to Trinity to keep my term, I have not fled the field in a moment of faint-heartedness. I do not deny her beauty. I do not disparage one of her attractions, and she has scores of them. I will not even say that when I have sat beside her, heard her low soft voice, and watched the tremor of that lovely mouth vibrating with wit or tremulous with feeling, I have been all indifference; but this I will say, she shall not number *me* among the victims of her fascinations; and when she counts the trinkets on her wrist that record the hearts she has broken—a pastime I once witnessed—not one of them shall record the initial of Dick Kearney."

With these brave words he mounted the narrow stair and knocked at his sister's door. No answer coming, he knocked again, and after waiting a few seconds he slowly opened the door and saw that Kate, still dressed, had thrown herself on her bed, and was sound asleep. The table was covered with account-books and papers; tax receipts, law notices, and tenants' letters lay littered about, showing what had been the task she was last engaged on; and her heavy breathing told the exhaustion which it had left behind it.

"I wish I could help her with her work,"

"KATE, STILL DRESSED, HAD THROWN HERSELF ON HER BED, AND WAS SOUND ASLEEP."

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muttered he to himself, as a pang of self-reproach shot through him. This certainly should have been his own task rather than hers; the question was, however, Could he have done it? And this doubt increased as he looked over the long column of tenants' names, whose holdings varied in every imaginable quantity of acres, roods, and perches. Besides these there were innumerable small details of allowances for this and compensation for that. This one had given so many days' horse-and-car hire at the bog; that other had got advances "in seed potatoes;" such a one had a claim for reduced rent, because the mill-race had overflowed and deluged his wheat crop; such another had fed two pigs of "the lord's" and fattened them, while himself and his own were nigh starving.

Through an entire column there was not one case without its complication, either in the shape of argument for increased liability, or claim for compensation. It was make-shift every where, and Dick could not but ask himself whether any tenant on the estate really knew how far he was hopelessly in debt or a solvent man. It only needed Peter Gill's peculiar mode of collecting the moneys due, and recording the payment by the notched stick, to make the complication perfect; and there, indeed, upon the table, amidst accounts, and bills, and sale-warrants, lay the memorable bits of wood themselves, as that worthy steward had deposited them before quitting his master's service.

Peter's character, too, written out in Kate's hand, and only awaiting her father's signature, was on the table—the first intimation Dick Kearney had that old Gill had quitted his post.

"All this must have occurred to-day," thought Dick: "there were no evidences of these changes when I left this morning. Was it the backwater of my disgrace, I wonder, that has overwhelmed poor Gill?" thought he; "or can I detect Miss Betty's fine Roman hand in this incident?"

In proportion to the little love he bore Miss O'Shea, were his convictions the stronger that she was the cause of all mischief. She was one of those who took very "utilitarian" notions of his own career, and he bore her small gratitude for the solicitade. There were short sentences in pencil along the margin of the chief book in Kate's handwriting which could not fail to strike him as he read them, indicating as they did her difficulty, if not utter incapacity, to deal with the condition of the estate. Thus:

"There is no warranty for this concession. It can not be continued."—"The notice in this case was duly served, and Gill knows that it was to papa's generosity they were indebted for remaining."—"These arrears have never been paid; on that point I am positive!"—"Malone's holding not fairly measured; he has a just claim to compensation, and shall have it."—"Hannigan's right to tenancy must not be disputed, but can not be used as a precedent by others on the same part of the estate, and I will state why."—"More of Peter Gill's conciliatory policy! The Regans, for having been twice in jail, and once indicted, and nearly convicted of Ribbonism, have established a claim to live rent free! This I will promise to rectify."—"I shall make no more allowances for improvements without a guarantee, and a penalty besides on non-completion."

And last of all came these ominous words:

"It will thus be seen that our rent-roll since '64 has been progressively decreasing, and that we have only been able to supply our expenses by sales of property. Dick must be spoken to on this, and at once."

Several entries had been already rubbed out, and it was clear that she had been occupied in the task of erasion on that very night. Poor girl! her sleep was the heavy repose of one utterly exhausted; and her closely clasped lips and corrugated brow showed in what frame of intense thought she had sunk to rest. He closed the book noiselessly as he looked at her, replaced the various objects on the table, and rose to steal quietly away.

The accidental movement of a chair, however, startled her; she turned, and leaning on her elbow, she saw him as he tried to move away. "Don't go, Dick; don't go. I'm awake, and quite fresh again. Is it late?"

"It's not far from one o'clock," said he, half roughly, to hide his emotion; for her worn and wearied features struck him now more forcibly than when she slept.

"And are you only returned now? How hungry you must be! Poor fellow—have you dined to-day?"

"Yes; I got to Owen Molloy's as they were straining the potatoes, and sat down with them, and ate very heartily, too."

"Weren't they proud of it? Won't they tell how the young lord shared their meal with them?"

"I don't think they are as cordial as they used to be, Kate; they did not talk so openly, nor seem at their ease, as I once knew them. And they did one thing significant enough in its way, that I did not like. They quoted the county newspaper twice or thrice when we talked of the land."

"I am aware of that, Dick; they have got other counselors than their landlords now," said she mournfully, "and it is our own fault if they have."

"What, are you turning nationalist, Kitty?" said he, laughing.

"I was always a nationalist in one sense," said she, "and mean to continue so; but let us not get upon this theme. Do you know that Peter Gill has left us?"

"What, for America?"

"No; for 'O'Shea's Barn.' Miss Betty has taken him. She came here to-day to 'have it out' with papa, as she said; and she has kept her word. Indeed, not alone with him, but with all of us—even Nina did not escape."

"Insufferable old woman! What did she dare to say to Nina?"

"She got off the cheapest of us all, Dick," said she, laughing. "It was only some stupid remark she made her about looking like a boy, or being dressed like a rope-dancer. A small civility of this sort was her share of the general attention."

"And how did Nina take the insolence?"

"With great good-temper, or good-breeding. I don't know exactly which covered the indifference she displayed, till Miss Betty, when taking her leave, renewed the impertinence in the hall by saying something about the triumphant success such a costume would achieve in the circus, when Nina courtesied, and said, 'I am charmed to hear you say so, madam, and shall wear it for my benefit; and, if I could only secure the appearance of yourself and your little groom, my triumph would be, indeed, complete.' I did not dare to wait for more, but hurried out to affect to busy myself with the saddle, and pretend that it was not tightly girthed."

"I'd have given twenty pounds, if I had it, to have seen the old woman's face. No one ever ventured before to pay her back with her own money."

"But I give you such a wrong version of it, Dick. I only convey the coarseness of the rejoinder, and I can give you no idea of the ineffable grace and delicacy which made her words sound like a humble apology. Her eyelids drooped as she courtesied, and when she looked up again, in a way that seemed humility itself, to have reproved her would have appeared downright cruelty."

"She is a finished coquette," said he, bitterly; "a finished coquette."

Kate made no answer, though he evidently expected one; and after waiting a while he went on. "Not but her high accomplishments are clean thrown away in such a place as this, and among such people. What chance of fitting exercise have they with my father or myself? Or is it on Joe Atlee she would try the range of her artillery?"

"Not so very impossible this, after all," muttered Kate, quietly.

"What, and is it to *that* her high ambitions tend? Is *he* the prize she would strive to win?"

"I can be no guide to you in this matter, Dick. She makes no confidences with me, and of myself I see nothing."

"You have, however, some influence over her."

"No; not much."

"I did not say much; but enough to induce her to yield to a strong entreaty, as when, for instance, you implored her to spare your brother—that poor fellow about to fall so hopelessly in love—"

"I'm not sure that my request did not come too late, after all," said she, with a laughing malice in her eye.

"Don't be too sure of that," retorted he, almost fiercely.

"Oh, I never bargained for what you might do in a moment of passion or resentment."

"There is neither one nor the other here. I am perfectly cool, calm, and collected, and I tell you this, that whoever your pretty Greek friend is to make a fool of, it shall not be Dick Kearney."

"It might be very nice fooling, all the same, Dick."

"I know—that is, I believe I know—what you mean. You have listened to some of those high heroics she ascends to in showing what the exaltation of a great passion can make of any man who has a breast capable of emotion, and you want to see the experiment tried in its least favorable conditions, on a cold, soulless, selfish fellow of my own order; but, take my word for it, Kate, it would prove a sheer loss of time to us both. Whatever she might make of me, it would not be a *hero;* and whatever I should strive for, it would not be her *love.*"

"I don't think I'd say that if I were a man."

He made no answer to these words, but arose and walked the room with hasty steps. "It was not about these things I came here to talk to you, Kitty," said he, earnestly. "I had my head full of other things, and now I can not remember them. Only one occurs to me. Have you got any money? I mean a mere trifle—enough to pay my fare to town?"

"To be sure I have that much, Dick; but you are surely not going to leave us?"

"Yes. I suddenly remembered I must be up for the last day of term in Trinity. Knocking about here—I'll scarcely say amusing myself—I had forgotten all about it. Atlee used to jog my memory on these things when he was near me, and now, being away, I have contrived to let the whole escape me. You can help me, however, with a few pounds?"

"I have got five of my own, Dick; but if you want more—"

"No, no; I'll borrow the five of your own, and don't blend it with more, or I may cease to regard it as a debt of honor."

"And if you should, my poor dear Dick—"

"I'd be only pretty much what I have ever been, but scarcely wish to be any longer," and he added the last words in a whisper. "It's only to be a brief absence, Kitty," said he, kissing her; "so say good-by for me to the others, and that I shall be soon back again."

"Shall I kiss Nina for you, Dick?"

"Do; and tell her that I gave you the same commission for Miss O'Shea, and was grieved that both should have been done by deputy!"

And with this he hurried away.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A HAP-HAZARD VICEROY.

WHEN the Government came into office, they were sorely puzzled where to find a lord-lieutenant for Ireland. It is, unhappily, a post that the men most fitted for generally refuse, while the Cabinet is besieged by a class of applicants whose highest qualification is a taste for mock royalty combined with an encumbered estate.

Another great requisite, besides fortune and a certain amount of ability, was at this time looked for. The Premier was about, as newspapers call it "to inaugurate a new policy," and he wanted a man who knew nothing about Ireland! Now, it might be carelessly imagined that here was one of those essentials very easily supplied. Any man frequenting club-life or dining out in town could have safely pledged himself to tell off a score or two of eligible viceroys, so far as this qualification went. The minister, however, wanted more than mere ignorance: he wanted that sort of indifference on which a character for impartiality could so easily be constructed. Not alone a man unacquainted with Ireland, but actually incapable of being influenced by an Irish motive or affected by an Irish view of any thing.

Good luck would have it that he met such a man at dinner. He was an embassador at Constantinople, on leave from his post, and so utterly dead to Irish topics as to be uncertain whether O'Donovan Rossa was a Fenian or a queen's counsel, and whether he whom he had read of as the "Lion of Judah" was the king of beasts or the Archbishop of Tuam!

The minister was pleased with his new acquaintance, and talked much to him, and long. He talked well, and not the less well that his listener was a fresh audience, who heard every thing for the first time, and with all the interest that attaches to a new topic. Lord Danesbury was, indeed, that "sheet of white paper" the head of the Cabinet had long been searching for, and he hastened to inscribe him with the characters he wished.

"You must go to Ireland for me, my lord," said the minister. "I have met no one as yet so rightly imbued with the necessities of the situation. You must be our viceroy."

Now, though a very high post and with great surroundings, Lord Danesbury had no desire to exchange his position as an embassador, even to become a lord-lieutenant. Like most men who have passed their lives abroad, he grew to like the ways and habits of the Continent. He liked the easy indulgences in many things, he liked the cosmopolitanism that surrounds existence, and even in its littleness is not devoid of a certain breadth; and best of all, he liked the vast interests at stake, the large questions at issue, the fortunes of States, the fate of Dynasties! To come down from the great game, as played by kings and kaisers, to the small traffic of a local government, wrangling over a road-bill or disputing over a harbor, seemed too horrible to confront, and he eagerly begged the minister to allow him to return to his post, and not risk a hard-earned reputation on a new and untried career.

"It is precisely from the fact of its being new and untried I need you," was the reply, and his denial was not accepted.

Refusal was impossible; and, with all the reluctance a man consents to what his convictions are more opposed to even than his reasons, Lord Danesbury gave in, and accepted the viceroyalty of Ireland.

He was deferential to humility in listening to the great aims and noble conceptions of the mighty minister, and pledged himself—as he could safely do—to become as plastic as wax in the powerful hands which were about to remodel Ireland.

He was gazetted in due course, went over to Dublin, made a State entrance, received the usual deputations, complimented every one, from the Provost of Trinity College to the Chief Commissioner of Pipewater; praised the coast, the corporation, and the city; declared that he had at length reached the highest goal of his ambition; entertained the high dignitaries at dinner; and the week after retired to his ancestral seat in North Wales, to recruit after his late fatigue, and throw off the effects of that damp, moist climate which already, he fancied, had affected him.

He had been sworn in with every solemnity of the occasion; he had sat on the throne of state, named the officers of his household, made a master of the horse, and a state steward, and a grand chamberlain; and, till stopped by hearing that he could not create ladies and maids of honor, he fancied himself every inch a king; but now that he had got over to the tranquil quietude of his mountain home, his thoughts went away to the old channels, and he began to dream of the Russians in the Balkan and the Greeks in Thessaly. Of all the precious schemes that had taken him months to weave, what was to come of them *now?* How and with what would his successor, whoever he should be, oppose the rogueries of Sumayloff or the chicanery of Ignatief; what would any man not trained to the especial watchfulness of this subtle game know of the steps by which men advanced? Who was to watch Bulgaris, and see how far Russian gold was embellishing the life of Athens? There was not a hungry agent that lounged about the Russian embassy in Greek petticoats and pistols whose photograph the English embassador did not possess, with a biographical note at the back to tell the fellow's name and birth-place, what he was meant for and what he cost. Of every interview of his countrymen with the Grand Vizier he was kept fully informed; and whether a forage magazine was established on the Pruth, or a new frigate laid down at Nikolaief, the news reached him by the time it arrived at St. Petersburg. It is true he was aware how hopeless it was to write home about these things. The embassador who writes disagreeable dispatches is a bore or an old woman. He who dares to shake the security by which we daily boast we are surrounded is an alarmist, if not worse. Notwithstanding this, he held his cards well "up," and played them shrewdly. And now he was to turn from this crafty game, with all its excitement, to pore over constabulary reports and snub justices of the peace!

But there was worse than this. There was an Albanian spy, who had been much employed by him of late, a clever fellow, with access to society, and great facilities for obtaining information. Seeing that Lord Danesbury should not return to the embassy, would this fellow go over to the enemy? If so, there were no words for the mischief he might effect. By a subordinate position in a Greek government office, he had often been selected to convey dispatches to Constantinople, and it was in this way his lordship first met him; and as the fellow frankly presented himself with a very momentous piece of news, he at once showed how he trusted to British faith not to betray him. It was not alone the incalculable mischief such a man might do by change of allegiance, but the whole fabric on which Lord Danesbury's reputation rested was in this man's keeping; and of all that wondrous prescience on which he used to pride himself before the world, all the skill with which he baffled an adversary, and all the tact with which he overwhelmed a colleague, this same "Speridionides" could give the secret and show the trick.

How much more constantly, then, did his lordship's thoughts revert to the Bosphorus than the Liffey! All this home news was mean, commonplace, and vulgar. The whole drama—scenery, actors, plot—all were low and ignoble; and as for this "something that was to be done for Ireland," it would of course be some slowly germinating policy to take root now, and blossom in another half century: one of those blessed parliamentary enactments which men who dealt in heroic remedies like himself regarded as the chronic placebo of the political quack.

"I am well aware," cried he, aloud, "for what they are sending me over. I am to 'make a case' in Ireland for a political legislation, and the bill is already drawn and ready; and while I am demonstrating to Irish Churchmen that they will be more pious without a religion, and the landlords richer without rent, the Russians will be mounting guard at the Golden Horn, and the last British squadron steaming down the Levant."

It was in a temper kindled by these reflections he wrote this note:

"PLMNUDDM CASTLE, NORTH WALES.

"DEAR WALPOLE,—I can make nothing out of the papers you have sent me; nor am I able to discriminate between what you admit to be newspaper slander and the attack on the castle with the unspeakable name. At all events, your account is far too graphic for the Treasury lords, who have less of the pictorial about them than Mr. Mudie's subscribers. If the Irish peasants are so impatient to assume their rights that they will not wait for the "Hatt-Houmaïoun," or Bill in Parliament that is to endow them, I suspect a little farther show of energy might save us a debate and a third reading. I am, however, far more eager for news from Therapia. Tolstai has been twice over with dispatches: and Bonstikoff, pretending to have sprained his ankle, can not leave Odessa, though I have ascertained that he has laid down new lines of fortification, and walked over twelve miles per day. You may have heard of the great 'Speridionides,' a scoundrel that supplied me with intelligence. I should like much to get him over here while I am on my leave, confer with him, and, if possible, save him *from the necessity of other engagements.* It is not every one could be trusted to deal with a man of this stamp, nor would the fellow himself easily hold relations with any but a gentleman. Are you sufficiently recovered from your sprained arm to undertake this journey for me? If so, come over at once, that I may give you all necessary indications as to the man and his whereabouts.

"Maude has been 'on the sick-list,' but is better, and able to ride out to-day. I can not fill the law appointments till I go over, nor shall I go over till I can not help it. The Cabinet is scattered over the Scotch lakes. C. alone in town, and preparing for the War Ministry by practicing the goose-step. Telegraph, if possible, that you are coming, and believe me yours,

"DANESBURY."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE great degree of activity exhibited within the past few years in the way of arctic exploration has revived in the minds of various persons the propriety of endeavoring to solve the remaining problems of the south polar regions. A special interest attaches to this inquiry in connection with the impending transit of Venus in 1874, since, for the successful answer to all the questions depending upon the observation of this phenomenon, it is of the utmost importance to secure antarctic stations of high latitude as remote as possible from the points now known to be accessible.

Among those who have interested themselves more particularly with this question is Dr. NEUMAYER, who has brought it to the consideration of the Academy of Science of Vienna and the Academy of Science of Pesth; and there is now some reason to believe that the Austro-Hungarian empire will take up the subject at an early day, and dispatch an expedition, both for the purpose of scientific discovery and also for ascertaining whether an astronomical station for the observation of the phenomenon referred to can be obtained. In addition to the points already selected—namely, Kerguelen Land and Auckland Islands—a third is especially desirable in the very region where there is the most probability of penetrating to a high latitude.

For a number of years scientific inquiry was quite rife toward and in the antarctic circle, discovery following discovery in quite rapid succession. The most brilliant period, however, was that extending from 1838 to 1843, when three great national expeditions, under the command of Admiral D'URVILLE for France, Sir JAMES Ross for England, and Captain WILKES for the United States, prosecuted their researches. It is hardly necessary to attempt a summary of what was accomplished by those intrepid navigators, or to discuss the question as to whether the lands discovered by Captain WILKES were continental or insular. One discovery of

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great moment, by Sir JAMES ROSS, was that of active volcanoes in South Victoria Land having a height of 12,000 feet, access to which was barred by a wall of solid ice 200 feet in height, along which he sailed for hundreds of miles without finding an opportunity to penetrate farther into the interior. Since 1843, with the single exception of the voyage of the *Pagoda*, under Captain MOORE, in 1845, little, if any thing, has been done to extend the area of research beyond the critical collation of log-books of sailors with a view to determine the precise nature of the ocean currents and the temperature of the sea, from which, however, important generalizations have been derived.

Of late years, as already stated, renewed attention has been directed toward the antarctic lands, largely in consequence of the publications of the Meteorological Institute of the Netherlands, in which it is shown that the current of warm water which comes from the Straits of Mozambique, and is known further south as the Aguihas Stream, does not, as originally supposed, continue round the Cape of Good Hope, but at the southern point of Africa bends around toward the east, and unites with the waters that strike along the coast of Australia, and in the region of Kerguelen Land turns more and more to the south, having been traced in that direction as far as the fiftieth degree of south latitude. How much further it goes has not yet been ascertained; but it is extremely probable, judging from the analogies of the currents of the northern hemisphere, that this may penetrate to quite a high latitude, and that it is along its path that researches are to be prosecuted which will lead more or less near to the heart of the mystery that now surrounds the south pole.

The discoveries of Ross and WEDDELL are really due to their persistency in following the warm currents—the first from New Zealand, and the other to the south of Cape Horn. There is the more hope of a satisfactory result in this experiment as little special effort hitherto has been made in that direction. And if, as already stated, it is in that region that the best location for a third antarctic astronomical station is to be found, additional zest will be given to the inquiry. It is quite probable that one result of a successful exploration will be to limit very materially the supposed mass of land, as many of our best geographers maintain the existence of an archipelago of islands, firmly united by bands of ice, rather than a continent. This is an *a priori* conclusion, fortified by general climatological analogies, and can only be substantiated by actual observations.

An ingenious method has been lately devised by the Registrar in Victoria to procure an accurate enumeration of all the inhabitants of the colony under the present census. This consists in the offer of a reward of ten shillings to any one who can prove that he and his household have been overlooked by the enumerator. We presume that the officers engaged in taking the census will be called upon to pay a part, if not the whole, of what would then become a fine for carelessness, and we have little doubt that the expedient will be successful in increasing the accuracy of the result.

We find in the *American Journal of Science* for July a more detailed statement of the result of the Williams College expedition than has heretofore been published. This consisted of five members of the present Senior class, under the leadership of Mr. H. M. MYERS, who gained much experience in the line of exploration in connection with the Venezuelan branch of Professor ORTON'S expedition of some years back. We have already referred to the movements of this party, and it is only necessary to add that large numbers of birds were obtained by the expedition at Comayagua, as well as two statues, exhumed at Chorozal, south of Belize. The collections made by the party will go to enrich the Williams College Lyceum of Natural History, and will add much to its already extensive treasures.

Among the establishments that have been connected with the subject of the artificial breeding of fish for economical purposes, that under the direction of the French government at Huningue, in Alsace, has occupied a very prominent position, and its agency in furnishing ripe spawn and young fish to different parts of Europe has been very extensive. We now learn that since the transfer of this region to the German empire efforts have been made to induce the government to take charge of it, and carry it on on a more efficient scale than before, and that as a preliminary a Prussian pisciculturist of much eminence has been placed in charge.

From *Nature* we learn that the celebrated collection of Egyptian antiquities made by Mr. ROBERT HAY, and recently exhibited in the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, has been purchased by a Boston banker, and been shipped to that city. While expressing regret at the loss of this valuable collection, America is congratulated on the acquisition of such an important and in many respects unique addition to its antiquities.

It may interest some of our readers who have occasion to order analyses of various substances in the United States to learn the rate of charges which have been fixed for this service by the Austrian government at certain official establishments. From a long list of prices which we have before us we find the charge mentioned for qualitative analyses of alloys and simple minerals and salts to be about two thalers each, and for quantitative analyses of the same ten thalers. A qualitative analysis of compound minerals, furnace slags, etc., costs about six thalers; that of spring waters, three and one-third; of mineral waters, thirty-three and one-third; of ores, three and one-third; for the determination of the amount of sugar in beet juice, sirups, honey, etc., the same price; and for quantitative analyses, in each case, two to three times the amounts mentioned.

We have already given our readers an account of sundry expeditions which have been organized for the purpose of geographical or scientific explorations in America, both in the United States and in the arctic regions. Our brethren across the water are equally alive to the interest of these subjects, and are fitting out expeditions of more or less magnitude. Some of these we have already referred to, and we now learn that, among others, an Austrian expedition is in preparation for a visit to the little-known Gillis Land, situated to the east of Spitzbergen. For this purpose it is proposed to charter at Tromsöe, in Norway, a small sailing vessel and crew, such as are employed in the oil or fur trade, and in the habit of making yearly visits to Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla. The expedition will be under the direction of Lieutenant PAYER (well known for his labors in the Austrian Alps, and on the late expedition of the *Germania*) and Lieutenant WEYPRECHT. The necessary instruments for making observations upon the temperature of the water and air and other points of inquiry will be furnished by the government authorities of Austria. The party was to leave Tromsöe about the middle of June, to return about the middle of September, as it will not be fitted out for a longer stay.

The object of this journey is to make a reconnoissance, preliminary to a more extended and elaborate expedition in 1872, with a view of attempting to reach the pole by way of the channel between Gillis Land and Spitzbergen. It is believed by Dr. PETERMANN and others that the Gulf Stream reaches far to the north in this region, and that in all probability along the western coast of Gillis Land will be found the best pathway toward the goal for which so many nations are striving. There is no question but that a considerably greater latitude than 80° can be easily reached, although the number of degrees north of this that can be traversed is a problem yet to be solved. In any event, in our almost absolute ignorance of the region between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla, important discoveries in physical and natural science will undoubtedly be made, apart from any question of the attainment of higher latitudes.

The Swedish government is continuing its previous work in the Spitzbergen seas, having sent up two government steamers for a five months' sojourn, with the special object of prosecuting deep-sea soundings and dredgings. Among others accompanying the expedition are Captain VON OTTEEN and Dr. NYSTRÖM, together with three other savants. Professor NORDENSKIÖLD, who spent last summer in Greenland, is at present busily engaged in preparing a report of his labors, and it is understood that next year he will proceed to the northern part of Spitzbergen for the purpose of establishing a Norwegian colony, at which an astronomical, magnetical, and meteorological station can be founded. It is expected that a permanent sojourn in the high North, such as would be involved in this movement, will add vastly to our knowledge of the physical and natural history of the polar regions, and that results will be accomplished far exceeding any thing we could acquire by the occasional visits of vessels remaining only a few months in the year.

The German government will, it is understood, send an expedition for deep-sea work to the region in the Atlantic west of Portugal, where the wonderful labors of the *Porcupine* were prosecuted in 1869.

SCOTTISH PET NAMES.

SCOTTISH dialects are peculiarly rich in terms of endearment; more so than the pure Anglican. Without at all pretending to exhaust the subject, I may cite the following as examples of the class of terms I speak of. Take the names for parents, "Daddie" and "Minnie;" names for children, "My wee bit lady" or "laddie," "My wee bit lamb;" of a general nature, "My ain kind dearie." "Dawtie," especially used to young people, described by Jamieson a darling or favorite, one who is dawted, *i. e.*, fondled or caressed. My "jo" expresses affection with familiarity, evidently derived from joy—an easy transition, as "My jo, Janet;" "John Anderson my jo, John." Of this character is Burns's address to a wife, "My winsome"—*i. e.*, engaging, charming—"wee thing;" also to a wife, "My winsome marrow," the latter word signifying a dear companion, one of a pair closely allied to each other; also the address of Rob the Ranter to Maggie Lauder, "My bonnie bird." Now we would remark upon this abundant nomenclature of kindly expressions in the Scottish dialect that it assumes an interesting position as taken in connection with the Scottish life and character, and as a set-off against a frequent short and grumpy manner. It indicates how often there must be a current of tenderness and affection in the Scottish heart, which is so frequently represented to be, like its climate, "stern and wild." There could not be such terms were the feelings they express unknown. I believe it often happens that in the Scottish character there is a vein of deep and kindly feeling lying hid under a short and hard and somewhat stern manner. Hence has arisen the Scottish saying which is applicable to such cases, "His girn's waur than his bite"—his disposition is of a softer nature than his words and manner would often lead you to suppose.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A SAIL on our beautiful Hudson is, as an enthusiastic youth remarked the other day, "the height of summer bliss." Hundreds luxuriate every day during "the season" in the magnificent views among the Highlands, as the crowded decks of the Albany day-boats and other steamers abundantly testify. But delightful as is the passage in a swift-going steamer, *rowing* on the Hudson is still more inspiring. Given—a fine afternoon or moonlight evening, a pretty row-boat, a skillful oarsman (if you do not row yourself), and from one to half a dozen congenial companions, and you have the elements of a most charming little excursion. Such, at least, it proved to our little party the other evening. It was about five o'clock when we stepped into our boat at Cornwall Landing—six of us, all told. A fresh breeze, a bright sky, and all ready for a good time. Swiftly we glide over the sparkling waters, passing under the shadow of Old Storm King, gazing with new interest upon the rocky sides of Cro' Nest as we seem almost to touch the mountain itself, watching the varying shade and sunshine on the crest of Breakneck—chatting merrily the while, and admiring the strong, steady strokes of the oars. Fifty-two minutes from the time of starting we landed at West Point. Too early for the dress parade, are we? Well, there is time for a walk to Fort Putnam, which suits some of our party; the others linger about the parade-ground, listening to the fine music of the band, and watching the gay promenaders. At the hour of seven the cadets come from their tents, and, in their immaculate garments, go through their evolutions with admirable exactness. These over, we stroll through "Flirtation Walk"—familiar to all West Pointers—and again enter our boat. The fair moon has risen in the clear sky, and she seems, as we skim over the river, to follow us over the mountain-tops. Wind and tide are against us, but strong hands propel the little boat; though as we round the "Point," where the tide is strongest, one of our party seizes the extra paddles and lends a helping hand, evidently to the satisfaction of our oarsman. A little more than an hour brings us back to Cornwall, well pleased with our trip, and thinking how much more invigorating such simple out-door excursions would be to city refugees than the heated ball-room and the frequented card-table of many fashionable resorts.

The studio of Miss Harriet G. Hosmer is said to be the most beautiful in Rome, and she herself occupies a leading position in the art society of the Eternal City. She is yet in the prime of life, being about forty years of age.

The citizens of Hamburg, Germany, intend to do their part toward Christianizing the world. They support fifty Protestant missionaries in Africa and Australia.

New England has had another shaking. Earthquakes are becoming very common occurrences. Somebody has been looking up the subject, and finds that after the Pilgrim Fathers landed on Plymouth Rock they were exempt from earthquakes for eighteen years. The first, in 1638, was very severe. Between that year and 1850 one hundred and forty-nine earthquakes are recorded as having been experienced in the Eastern States. Nearly twice as many have occurred in winter and autumn as in the warmer seasons. New York and Philadelphia have never experienced these convulsions with any great degree of severity.

Ruffians in Newark recently entered a Methodist chapel, and, with blasphemy and ribald songs, broke up the service which was being conducted in a quiet, unostentatious manner.

It is an interesting fact that "Tad" Lincoln—whose recent death at the early age of eighteen caused universal regret among his large circle of friends—when but eight years old, of his own accord, signed a pledge of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors and tobacco. To this pledge he unflinchingly adhered, refusing all proffers of wine, even at public dinners, answering politely but firmly, "I am pledged to total abstinence."

The Milo statue of Venus, which was buried during the siege of Paris, has been dug up and replaced in the Louvre. It was deposited in the cellars of the Prefecture of Police, in a triple case, out of the reach of bomb-shells. This beautiful work has traversed the Prussian investment and the reign of the Commune without the slightest injury.

M. Rochefort has domestic as well as political troubles. His young daughter, aged fifteen, ran away from school with a youth of eighteen. The couple went to London and were married; but the mother of the bridegroom followed, and sent her son to the colonies, while the child-bride returned to Jersey, where she had been at school.

Jenny Lind—who never formally retired from the stage, but withdrew to private life when her voice was yet in its best condition—has re-appeared before the public. She has taken the part of Ruth in Mr. Otto Goldschmidt's oratorio of that name. Her voice has lost its exquisite purity and freshness; yet her musical conceptions are so perfect and artistic that they largely atone for the lack of vocal force. She sings only for charitable purposes.

A cargo of ten elephants, fresh from their native jungles in Ceylon, recently landed in this city. During the long passage of about four months they got along well, after the first seasickness was over. They used 96,000 gallons of water on the passage, and ate up 125 bales of hay, averaging 275 pounds per day, which food was in addition to two bushels of gram and paddy, the last rolled up in the form of little balls or cakes, and fed to them from the hands of their Singhalese keepers. Every individual on board would occasionally give them a sea-biscuit, which was esteemed by the elephants to be a great luxury. The largest elephant weighed 2000 pounds.

Buenos Ayres is again afflicted. No sooner did the yellow fever disappear than the small-pox made a descent not only upon the city, but in country towns in the vicinity. As nothing is done to stay its ravages, fearful consequences are anticipated.

The English press hints that the Solicitor-General, in the Tichborne case, finds plenty of reason for prolonging the trial, since he receives about $250 a day for his part of the work.

Chicago is going to have a drive in its great park—Lincoln Park—which will rival any thing of the kind in the country, according to a late writer from that enterprising Western city. "The North Side Lake Shore Drive," when completed, will be twelve miles long, "exceeding in beauty every thing of the kind on the face of the globe." The two miles of it already finished are said to surpass the drives of Newport and Long Branch, and to be much frequented by the most wealthy citizens.

Gossips are busy with the names of Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne, asserting that they did not marry for love, and are any thing but happy, now that they are bound together for life. Those who live in high places have a hard time of it. Every thing they think, feel, and do—or, possibly, *might* think, feel, and do—is made a matter of public discussion.

The scientific party who spent last winter amidst the glories and beauties of ice and frost on Mount Washington look hopefully forward to the time when the Tiptop House shall be kept open for travelers all the year round.

There is a woman who lives in an Ohio town whose love of truth is so great that she lately considered herself in duty bound to burn with a hot knife-blade the tongue of a young servant-girl whom she detected in falsehood. When this kind woman's neighbors mildly remonstrated with her about this mode of dealing with the culprit, she claimed that the girl had not told a lie since the hot iron was applied to her tongue—probably because she could not speak—and vindicated her treatment as a judicious cure of the fault.

Dio Lewis does not believe in cod-liver oil and whisky for consumptives. He tells us that consumption is a disease of the system, which is specially developed in the lungs by whatever exhausts the general vitality; that the cure is to be found in a cold, bracing climate, exercise in the open air, vigorous friction of the skin, a very plain, nutritious, unstimulating diet, with cold water for drink, plenty of sunshine, sleep, and a hopeful, brave temper. "With such treatment, and an utter abandonment of drugs, whisky, cod-liver oil, and other kindred barbarisms, one-half of all who die of consumption would live on, and many with large ulcers in their lungs would recover."

European physicians are convinced, after the most careful study and observation, that vaccination does act to a very great degree in the prevention of small-pox—this point being still in many minds a doubtful one. As to the question whether vaccination ever loses its protective power, it is stated, as the result of many observations, that when the operation has been properly performed the immunity from liability is almost entire, but that it is sometimes difficult to determine the perfection of the preventive; and that re-vaccination, while doing no harm, may do much good.

Denver, in Colorado, now a city of 10,000 inhabitants, promises to become one of the most charming resorts on the continent. The town is situated on the main branch of the river Platte, and an aqueduct twenty-five miles long brings water from this stream, at a greater elevation in the mountains, to serve the purpose of irrigation. By this means the city and its suburbs are always looking fresh and green, while almost every private gentleman is enabled to ornament his garden and grounds with sparkling fountains. The streets are nearly all eighty feet wide, and planted on each side with shade trees. Tasteful residences and fine churches and other public buildings indicate refinement and enterprise on the part of the inhabitants. In the distance is to be seen the Rocky Mountain range, its sides for the most part covered with evergreens, and the summit mantled with snow. The climate is extremely healthy as a general rule, but the exceeding rarity of the air, notwithstanding its dryness, is injurious in confirmed cases of consumption.

From the time of St. Peter (supposing that the apostle ever was in Rome) to Pius IX. there have been about three hundred popes of one sort or another. It would be difficult to give the exact number, for no two historians are agreed on the matter. Frequently there have been two popes at the same time, occasionally there have been three, and the Council of Constance had to adjudicate on the claims of John XXIII., the Italian pope; Gregory XII., the French pope; Benedict XIII., the Spanish pope; and Martin V., the German pope. Nineteen popes have been driven out of Rome, and thirty-five have never entered it; eight popes have reigned less than a month, forty popes one year, twenty-two popes two years, fifty-four popes between two and five years, fifty-one popes between five and fifteen years, eighteen popes between fifteen and twenty-four years, and the apostle Peter was the only "pope," until the present incumbent of the papal chair, who reigned twenty-five years. Of the popes thirty-one have been declared usurpers and heretics, twenty-six have been deposed, twenty-eight have been kept in the chair by means of foreign intervention, eighteen were poisoned, four strangled, one (John XII.) while in the act of adultery, by the indignant husband. One-half of the popes (153) have shown themselves totally unworthy of being considered the "Vicars of God." Six, notwithstanding their loves, have had children. Urban V. confessed his fallibility, and submitted to the censures of the council. Victor III. and Adrian VI. publicly acknowledged that they had committed sin.

Somebody who has been "studying our *weighs*" reports that, upon the average, boys at birth weigh a little more and girls a little less than six pounds and a half. For the first twelve years the two sexes continue nearly equal in weight, but beyond that time males acquire a decided preponderance. Thus young men of twenty average 145 pounds each, while the young women of twenty average 120 pounds. Men reach their heaviest bulk at about thirty-five, when they average about 152 pounds; but women slowly increase in weight until fifty, when their average is about 129 pounds. Taking men and women together, their weight at full growth averages about twenty times as heavy as they were on the first day of their existence. Men range from 108 to 220 pounds, and women from 88 to 207 pounds. The actual weight of human nature, taking the average of all ages and conditions—nobles, clergy, thinkers, tailors, maidens, boys, girls, and babies all included—is very nearly 100 pounds. These figures are given in avoirdupois weight; but the advocates of the superiority of woman might make a nice point by introducing the rule that women be weighed by Troy weight—like other jewels—and men by avoirdupois. The figures will then stand: young men of twenty, 143 pounds each; young women of twenty, 160 pounds. And so on.

One of the most interesting incidents connected with the visit of Prince Alexis of Russia to this country will be the presentation to the Emperor Alexander, through his son, of William Page's painting of Admiral Farragut in the rigging of the ship *Hartford* during the memorable battle of Mobile Bay. This is to be given as a token of the appreciation of the manifest sympathy of the Russian government with the upholders of the Union during our late war; and also as a recognition of the hospitable courtesies shown by the Russian civil authorities and naval officers to Admiral Farragut and his comrades during their recent visit to that empire. Accompanying the painting will be a scroll of parchment, artistically painted with allegorical designs indicating the friendly relations existing between the two countries, and containing the names of the donors, probably about two hundred in number. The painting has been on exhibition for some time at the Studio Building, and is a large canvas, with an unmistakable life-size portrait of the Admiral. The hero is represented as lashed to the shrouds of the *Hartford*, while around him shot and shell are falling. The Prince Alexis intends to leave Cronstadt the latter part of September, in a Russian frigate, accompanied by two other ships of war. His suit will embrace the most illustrious youths of the Russian nobility. The presentation of the painting will probably be the last public event in which the Prince will participate, previous to his departure from New York to the West.

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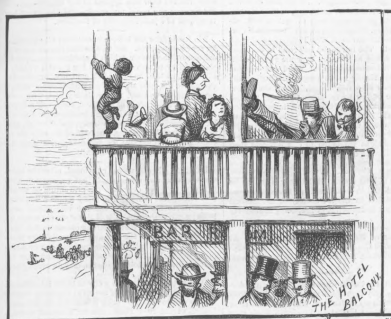
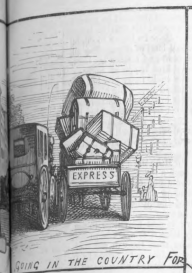


THE HOTEL BALCONY.

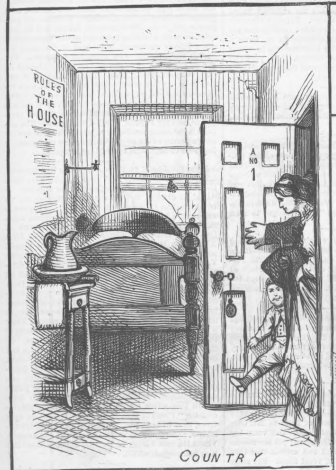
"HOME SWEET HOME. THERE IS NO PLACE LIKE HOME."



GOING IN THE COUNTRY FOR

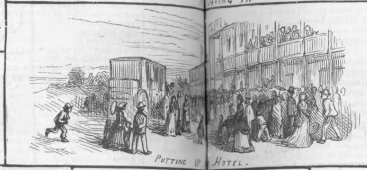
THE CHILDREN.— HEALTH AND FASHION.

IN THE BALCONY AT HOME.

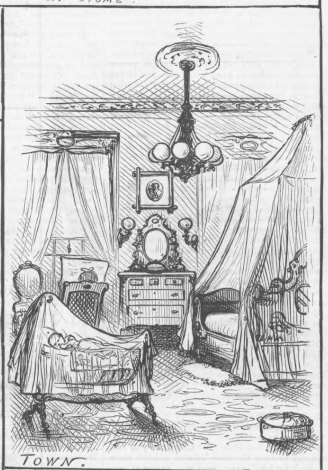


COUNTRY

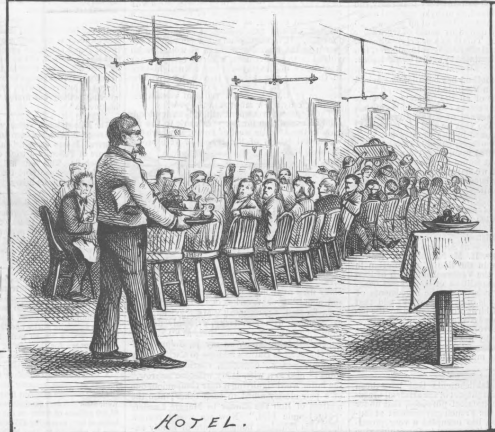
"TRAMP TRAMP TRAMP THE BOYS ARE MARCHING"
ALL HOURS OF THE DAY AND NIGHT.

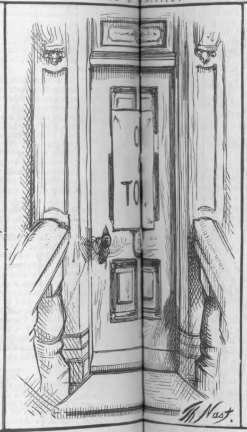

PUTTING UP HOTEL.

BATH ACCOMODATIONS


TOWN.

FIVE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING


HOTEL.



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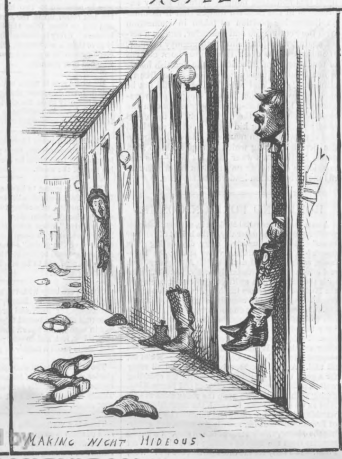
HOME.

"HOW GENTLY BREAKS THE MORNING"

DEPARTURES FOR EARLY TRAINS


"MAKING NIGHT HIDEOUS"

H. McCain.

"WE WON'T GO HOME TILL MORNING."

"FIRST GONG" FOR BREAKFAST

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NIGHT AND MORNING.

It is over now, she is gone to rest—
I have clasped the Lands on the quiet breast:
Draw back the curtain, let in the light,
She will never shrink if it be too bright.

We were two in here but an hour gone by,
No streak was there in the midnight sky;
Now I am one to watch the day
Come glimmering up from the far away.

What will he say when he comes in,
Waked by the city's morning din;
Groping to find and fearing to know
The sorrow he left but an hour ago?

What will he say who watched long and lone
When he shall find who has come and gone?
Come a watcher that will not bide
Love's morning or noon or even-tide.

He thought to kiss her by morning gray,
But God has thought to take her away:
What will he say? God knows, not I—
"Good-night," he said, but never "good-by."

UNDER THE MOUNTAINS.

By MISS THACKERAY.

I.

When one speaks of a Swiss lake with blue-green water clear as the very sunlight, deepening here and there into strange, profound shadows, with mountains rising out of it, mountain behind mountain, until far away the eye rests upon the crown of everlasting snow, with flashes of brilliant colors, boats with red-striped awnings, pomegranates flaming in great green tubs before the houses, little villages nestling among walnut-trees close to the water's edge, and odd little churches with graceful red spires or tall cupola-like towers in the midst of them—every body knows which lake it is. People come down to Lucerne from the heart of the great Alps, a little disposed to quarrel with it for having no great Alps of its own, for being a town, for being hot, for being, in fact, something different from a brown chalet up in the sweet breezy mountain pastures; but there is no withstanding its influence. You may grumble for a day or two, and then you give way forever. You knew it all before, and yet there is a witchery entirely unexpected—the form of the mountains, the vivid coloring, the water-towers, the quaint crooked covered bridges, and wicked old Pilatus muttering to himself above them, or drawing down pink lightning. The Lion, of which photographs and hard little carvings had sickened you, is, after all, unutterably pathetic in his rocky cavity. There he has stretched himself in the agony of dying—of dying in the prime of power; tremendous strength is still apparent in the great outstretched paw, the magnificent head, but it is yielding to the cruel buried spear. The claws relax, the eyes close with a terrible look of anguish, the noble head, massive and king-like, droops on the shield which bears the Bourbon lily for its crest—he has fought to the death, and only in the powerlessness of that death shall the lily be torn from his faithful hold. The photographs may have sickened you, but you forget them all before this most touching of tributes.

Something had happened one day to bring the country people into the town. Perhaps it was one of the annual fêtes. At all events, they had poured in from the little villages, and the place looked the brighter for the intermingling of costumes which the townsfolk have too much discarded. All the day long there had been a coming and going across the old covered bridges, through the narrow, rudely paved streets, or under the shade of the trees which divide the great crowded hotels from the green water palpitating under the wall. Now the great heat of the day was diminishing, the hubbub became less cheerfully busy; there were long shadows on the lake, exquisitely tender opal tints upon the mountains, and a softening of the intense metallic blue of the sky. People walked about with a dreamy look of content upon their faces, as if the beauty had taken hold of their souls.

By-and-by it seemed that knots of persons were strolling in the direction of the cathedral, going slowly up the long shallow steps which lead to the west door, paying their money, entering, and scattering themselves about the church. No service was going on; it was the hour during which the famous organ was daily played, and all the *table d'hôte* dinners accommodated themselves to this fancy of the English to go and hear it. When the cathedral was pretty full, the music began, the organist pulled out a whole forest of stops; there were great crashes and rain, thunderings and hail-storms. Suddenly a pause. Every one held his breath, and then, as it seemed from some far-away distance, swelled up a soft processional hymn—the famous vox humana stop which all the world goes to hear. It was not a solitary voice, but a chorus, sometimes a little veiled, in which one could distinguish the high treble of the boys, the tenors striking in, and the deep bass under-tones. Between whiles the organist would indulge in hi crashes and tempests, and then the calm voices would come in again, soothing it all.

A girl and a young man had stood motionless by a pillar the whole time it lasted. She was a pretty girl, with fair hair plaited thickly, twisted round and round, and fastened up with a silver arrow. She never once looked at her companion, but he watched her eyes softening or glowing with the music as it changed, and when it ceased, he ventured to draw a little nearer to her, and to say, in a subdued tone—"Else!"

She did not answer except by a kind of impatient gesture, which had the effect of keeping him silent for a few minutes longer, when he repeated, more timidly, "Best Else, the uncle will want us to be going. The church is nearly cleared." She turned quickly upon him.

"Ah, Heaven! Christian," she said, with a touch of childish petulance, "now thou hast spoilt it all. I had it in my heart, and thy foolish words have frightened it out. Dost thou suppose that such music as this comes to one every day, that it need be driven away? Do hold thy peace."

The young man looked at her with a little sad wonder, but without answering the impetuous tirade whispered under her breath. Nothing could be more ungrateful of Else. It was Christian's thoughts of giving joy to his beloved which had brought her there. Christian's uncle was sacristan, and he had undergone sour looks enough from the old fellow—who hated lovers—to have turned a whole dairyful of cream, before he got liberty to come in with the crowd and hear the famous organ. All the time he had left her to herself, only watching the little fair head and the rapturous eyes, in which every change in the music reflected itself. He could not understand it, but he reverenced it none the less. And now her hasty words smote him with a sort of dull pain. He only answered them with a wistful, humble look, which ought to have touched her, but which was, perhaps, as much beyond her comprehension as the music was beyond his. After a while, however, her heart reproached her. It was a foolish, dreamy little heart; nevertheless there lay in its depths a tenderness which hated to give pain, and already she repented of her pettishness to poor Christian—Christian, who cared so much for her—Christian, who blundered a hundred times a day, and was so good all the time. She went up to him penitently and put her hand on his arm. "It is time to go, as thou sayest," was all she vouchsafed; but Christian was radiant. Cross old Hermann, who watched them out of the door and into the cloisters, shook his head sulkily. "Women should be at home milking the cows, but the boy's a fool, and his father was another, and they think nothing too good for a baby face with enough pink and white in it," grumbled the old man, slamming the heavy door.

The crowd, as it left the cathedral, dispersed on all sides; the English went back to the hotels and the *tables d'hôte*; a party of Germans, talking noisily, strolled along under the trees toward the steamer; Christian followed Else when she turned into the cloisters, and stood by her side looking out through one of the openings at the lake and the mountains beyond.

"Ah! but it was heavenly!" she cried, rapturously. "I will never believe it was not real. I think they had put the choir up there in some hidden recess."

"No, no, that is not so," answered Christian, shaking his head. "The deceit would be soon found out. Besides, the uncle mocked me well when I thought as thou, once upon a time."

This matter-of-fact tone provoked Else. "Thou art too wise," she retorted, satirically. Poor Christian thought it was a little bit of praise, and went on—"It is sweet, though, as thou saidst. It sounded to me as if it might be angels' music."

"That it is not," cried the girl, pettish again; "and nobody but thou would be so stupid as to say so. Angels' singing would not have had so much to do with ourselves, would not have gone straight into the hearts; it would have made us wonder and worship, but not feel like that. It was not sweet enough for angels. Dost thou not understand, Christian, that it was like the face in the pictures under the bridge which I showed thee to-day—one of us, only more beautiful—thou knowest which I mean?"

"The—the abbot?" hazarded Christian, thus driven to bay.

"The abbot!"

Else turned away from him, and drummed with her fingers on the stone. The poor fellow had put the last touch to her displeasure. He was so dense he could never understand any thing.

"I am a real blockhead at all this sort of thing, I know," he said, looking at her wistfully; but she was not mollified. She went away out of the cloisters, where the sun was shining on the graves, and Christian walked after her down to the little pier. All the boats were drawn up in bright red, blue, and green files. Else stepped majestically into one not so gay as the rest, and clumsily built. On the seat there lay a withered bunch of the mountain forget-me-not. The poor things had been scorched all day by the sun, and, with a naughty intention of vexing Christian, who had gathered them, Else caught them up and dropped them into the water. When she had done it she looked quickly at him under her long eyelashes; but Christian, although he had seen the little action, did not guess the motive. Since the flowers were dead, it was best they should be thrown away. All the vexation she had desired to create recoiled upon Else. She would not even look at him, but sat with her head turned away, her eyes upon the opposite shore, and her hand over the side of the boat, letting the beautiful clear blue-green water ripple through her fingers, while Christian, with a few powerful strokes, sent his boat out from among the little fleet of vessels toward the middle of the lake.

Poor Christian! Else need not have tried to give him more pain than was just now aching in his heart. He could understand her looks and words well enough when she wanted to show him whether or not he was in favor, although to find reasons for her quick changes of mood baffled him. Perhaps that was no wonder. Nor would it have much mattered, but that Else, with her impetuous girlish unreasonableness, expected him to keep pace with them all. It had been the same before their betrothal, and it was the same now; perhaps a little more strongly the same, if there was any difference whatever. The other young men laughed when they saw his kind steadfast face clouded, but Else, foolish child, liked to feel her power and to wield it. He looked at her sadly as they sat together in the boat, and lingered over his vigorous strokes that he might watch the sweet little head turned away from him, with its shining plaits of hair, the fair throat, the rounded arm, all so inexpressibly dear and yet so naughty in its willfulness. He had hoped somehow that the music which had so delighted would have softened her to him, instead of raising this irritation. He did not, in truth, understand her temperament, but he never doubted its superiority, and he had taught Else by his homage to believe it too. A looker-on would have longed for something which should shake her into a true perception of the noble humility which raised him far above her. No such shock, however, had come; Christian Amrhein was in Else's eyes as good and as dear as if he had been her brother, and as stupid as the cows she milked morning and evening; but as her mother, Wittwe Rothler, was very poor, and wanted him for a son-in-law, Else had consented to marry him. This she was persuaded would make him perfectly happy; while for herself—it is difficult to say what sort of an inner life she made out in her dreams. He had not much part in it, except as he was mixed up with the cattle and the dairy. Nevertheless, she expected him to be entirely content.

Christian lingered over his strokes, as has been said, for, although it pained him, he could not deny himself the pleasure of watching her. Evening was drawing on, the boat rippled gently over the soft green water, all round the quiet mountains kept their sentinel watch, the trees took sombre colors, the graceful spires of the cathedral rose high above the other buildings, a little light twinkled from the Righi Culm, a stronger one from the summit of Pilatus flung a quivering line upon the lake, soon more lights flashed out at Lucerne, stars shone overhead, innumerable golden streaks broke the still surface of the water, the great bell boomed out from the cathedral, and every thing was indescribably soft and peaceful.

Else's nature was too impressionable to remain unaffected by the beautiful repose. She knew she had been cross, and as she felt the anger dying out of her heart she thought she was conquering it, whereas she was only allowing herself to be conquered by a new set of feelings. The boat glided smoothly along, past one green promontory after the other; once or twice another boat came near them.

"Dear Heaven, how pretty it is!" said Else, clapping her hands softly. She knew that Christian's face would brighten, as it did; only there still remained behind a sadness which she did not see. Once or twice, imperceptibly, he shook his head, even while a tender smile at her vagaries rested on his lips. For the girl had fallen into a playful mood, which lasted until he had brought the boat under the landing-place of one of the little villages which stud the borders of the lake, and she had sprung on shore, laughing, before he had time so much as to hold out his hand.

"Good-evening, Herr Amrhein," she called out merrily, darting away from the water's edge. He stood upright, watching her vanish into the dusky shadows of the houses, then turned round with a sigh, and began to tie up the boat.

Christian Amrhein and Wittwe Rothler lived within a stone's-throw of each other. The little village, after making a bold front by the water's edge, and showing off its best inn with green shutters, and great tubs of oleanders, and creamy-white, heavy-scented daturas ranged along under the balcony, ran backward and upward toward the mountain in a kind of straggling picturesqueness. A little stream danced merrily down over a rocky bed; the houses were chiefly of wood, all had rough sun-shutters, and they lay in a pretty fanciful setting of tiny gardens, meadows of long grass bright with pink and blue flowers, and great walnut and cherry trees dotted thickly about. These jeweled meadows were kept for the hay crop; the goats and cows were up in the Sennen Alps, finding their summer pastures. This year they had been unusually delayed. The winter had returned again and again, snow had fallen on the mountains at a time when old Wilhelm Stürm, the oldest peasant of the commune, declared it to have been hitherto unknown; since then, cold bleak weather had kept the snow from melting, until suddenly a burst of glorious sunshine brought on the backward season with fairy-like rapidity. The lupins were springing up lithe and tall, the flax developing, all the dairies in activity, the walnut-mills set in order, the schools broken up. Every one was hard at work, digging, herding, or making butter and cheeses. Else had been with the other girls at the pasturage, for Wittwe Rothler had but one cow, and her produce went into the common stock; at the end of the season there would be a division of cheese and butter among all the proprietors, according to the report of the inspectors. Christian's cows were on the Alps with the rest, and his mother and sister and two stout girls of the household besides, but he himself had his own work on the farm to do. Else, who was under Frau Amrhein's care, came down for a few days, because her mother was ailing and wanted her; and then, in the midst of all the sweet busy pastoral work, Christian contrived this little holiday for his beloved. She had long desired to go to Lucerne and to hear the famous organ, and he could not resist giving her the pleasure, although Hans and Karl grumbled at losing his strong hand. He thought it would be altogether delightful to row her across the lake and to see her happy face of surprise.

And now it seemed as if there had been a great deal that was not delight mingled with it.

Never before had he been so conscious of a wall between himself and Else. Somehow or other, in the daily life of labor familiar to them both, it had not been so apparent. She was often vexed because, she said, he did not understand her, and he had been vexed with himself; but the little shadows came and went like the soft mists that curled round the mountain ridges opposite, and through them all he never lost sight of the quiet tranquil life that he believed to be behind them. Now he began to doubt whether it might not be a land of storms after all—storms which would rend and sadden his bright, quick-natured Else. Her happiness perhaps lay in a world where he could never join her; how could souls so separated ever unite? He thought of it sadly without one tinge of bitterness; his serious sweet temper never resented her little fits of impatience, but with all the humility which accepted slights from her hand, he possessed also a solid common-sense, which kept him from sinking into a false position. Else had consented to marry him, but if he were not clever enough for her to love, such a marriage should never be.

He had come out of his house, and walked through a meadow ankle-deep in grass and flowers, up toward the little torrent, thinking these thoughts as he went. Ideas did not come to him very quickly; it cost him time to put together what it only takes a few words to write, and it cost him more than time to put such ideas as these together. Just as he reached a spot where a rough trough carried off some of the clear, sparkling, rushing water toward a meadow on the other side of the village, he saw Else. She had come out from her mother's cottage, and, seeing Christian, she stopped. A very ugly old woman standing at the door called to him in a loud, good-humored voice.

"So, so, go along together, you two. She is in good hands if she is in thine, Christian. Art thou off to the pasture too?"

"No," he said, with a little wonder. "Is Else returning already?"

"Do not fear, she shall come down again," said the old woman, nodding her brown face, with all the scanty hair strained off it. "I must keep her yet for a day or two, for I do not know what is the matter with me. A mill-wheel has got into my head, I believe. But Maria Walther is wanted to see her sister who is back from Strasburg, and Else offered to go for her. What brings thee away from the farm?"

"The stream is higher than usual," said Christian, not answering her question, "and this hot sun melts the snows too fast. The cottage is safe here, mother, at any rate," he added, looking round him a little anxiously.

"Safe? Ha! ha!" laughed the old woman. "The cottage is as safe as the church. Look to thyself, Christian. The farm will soon be in the lake, if we swim there."

"Yes; if one begins, the other will quickly go after it," Christian assented, in his grave matter-of-fact tone. He walked a little farther up, where a great walnut-tree flung a dark circle of shade upon the golden brightness of the meadow. Else, who had taken no part in her mother's conference, followed him with her eyes.

"Was ever such a one? He would arrange for next year's harvest," said Wittwe Rothler, still laughing, and shaking her broad shoulders.

"Yes, and how much weight of butter must hang then on the wooden pins," Else added, with a touch of contempt, which her mother either did not notice, or to which she was accustomed.

Christian came back with his firm, springy step. "There is a good deal of water, but not too much. Come, Else."

"Art thou going, then?" she asked, wearily.

He stood and looked at her for a moment before he answered. She wore a dark stuff skirt, short, with an ornamental bodice; the sombre-colored material set off her fair face, the shining light hair, and the gleaming silver arrow among the plaits. She had never looked more beautiful in his eyes, and yet it struck him with a sharp intolerable pang.

"Yes, I am going—this once," he muttered under his breath, so that Else did not hear. The two went away together up the steep path between the walnut-trees; Wittwe Rothler watched them with satisfaction.

"A fine couple; yes, a fine couple," she said, turning back into the little green-shuttered house, with its window-boxes full of gay flowers. "And to think I was once as pretty as my girl!"

It was true, although no one would have believed it.

The two, going away together, walked side by side, silently. All the imaginative part in Else's nature had been quickened and thrilled by the music of the day before—the strange, sweet human voices answering the crash of the tempest. She wanted some vent for her feeling; Christian could not understand it, and she wished him away and herself alone with the grass, the trees, and the rushing torrent. So she was silent. And he had a purpose which made him draw his breath tightly, and crush down the passionate leaping of his heart with a stern determination not often excited in him. It kept him from speaking for a while. They went up a scrambling path into an open space, and then through a sort of fir glade. The stream hurried and flung itself along, the fir-trees stood steadfastly up against a deep cloudless sky, the clear air was fragrant with the aromatic scent of pines, of mountain flowers, and young oak ferns; high up they heard the tinkle of cow-bells, or a wild weird jodel echoing away among the hills. Here in the warm sunlight, with Else by his side, it seemed to Christian, poor fellow, as if a subtile, delicious charm was about him. And yet, although they were together, were they not separated?

"He is thinking of the brook," said Else to herself, glancing at him and yawning.

Unfortunately, at this moment, Christian's thoughts did take that turn. "Certainly the snows must be melting fast," he said, meditatively.

"Always the same!" thought the young girl, provoked. Aloud, she said, with a certain defiance, "I wish they would melt faster."

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"Then the stream would overflow."

"Why not?"

"And the crops at least would be spoiled," said Christian, with increasing gravity.

"At all events that would make a little variety."

He looked at her in mute wonder. To propound such a sentiment was so utterly out of nature that Christian forgot his perplexities in sheer amazement.

"It would!" she burst out, passionately. "I am sick of hearing but one subject from morning till night. Are there no creatures in this beautiful world but cows and goats? Is it to be always the same, always the same? Ah, dear Heaven, what is this to live for? I wish I were dead!" she cried, suddenly stopping in her rapid walk. But the moment he approached her she started on again. "No, Christian; no, my friend," she said, more kindly than she had yet spoken, "thou canst not understand. I do not know what ails me to-day—I am tired—cross—it is nothing." And then in a very undignified fashion she began to cry.

Christian was very pale. Else's trouble was more petulance than sorrow—the complex, unreasonable working of a girl's fanciful nature—but in his eyes it was all deep and sacred, and it moved him inexpressibly. If only he might have comforted her in any way but this! What would he have given to have taken his dear one to his pitiful heart and hushed her sobs in his arms! Alas! was it not rather the putting her far from him that only could give her what she wanted?

"Else," he said, in a low voice, which made her look suddenly at him, and turn a little pale too—it is not very often in a lifetime that a heart speaks without any veil between us and it, but when it does, it compels us to listen—"something ails thee, what is it?"

"I do not know," she answered, in a tone as low as his own. She had so long been accustomed to think of Christian as unable to understand any thing below the surface, that she wondered a little over his discovery. And her words were true, she did not really know what was the matter with her. "I do not know," she repeated, dreamily, keeping her face turned away.

"I can tell," said Christian, sadly; "my love is too heavy a burden for thee. We have known each other always, and so I fancied thou mightest have cared enough for me to be happy if we were husband and wife. That was my mistake," said the poor fellow, with his straightforward humility. "I might have guessed I was not clever enough for thee. I have come with thee to-day to tell thee thou art free—" Then he stopped. He meant to have said more, but something choked him.

As for Else, she was startled altogether—startled and, it must be confessed, a little piqued. A certain pleasant sense of freedom flashed upon her, it is true. She had been fretting against her chains, and, behold, they were suddenly lifted off. But then—that Christian could do without her! She raised her head and walked on steadily under the fir-trees.

"What have I done to displease?" she said, with a certain defiant hardness in her tone.

"Displease!" he cried, passionately. And then checking himself, he went on gravely. "I have thought it before, but only yesterday I knew it. But, Else, it is natural. I saw yesterday how thy heart was all full of beautiful thoughts which I could not reach, and then it grieved thee. If it grieves thee now, it would be a hundred times worse when we were married. We should live apart—it would be no true marriage."

She glanced at him hurriedly. She had not believed that he could think or speak as he was speaking now, for his was a reticent nature, requiring a strong force to bring his thoughts to the surface. There is often a humiliation in finding out how we have looked down upon such natures, which, after all, have depths beyond us. Else had not yet realized this—perhaps she was yet too much of a child to realize any power that was latent—but she felt sorry for poor Christian; more sorry for him than glad over her own liberty, and thinking of his trouble, she said, slowly,

"Perhaps. But thou?"

She got no answer. He might not have been able to trust himself to speak; this at least was how she read his silence. A storm of conflicting feelings rushed through her heart—it was as he said—she felt her dreams, her imaginings, to be far above him; she lived in a world which she believed to be as high out of his reach as the snowy summits yonder were beyond the lowly goat-herd. She nursed her solitude until it became dreary and barren. But all the time, beneath these grand aspirations there lay a tender womanliness, hating to cause pain. Else felt like a queen descending, nevertheless she would step down from her throne. Christian's self-sacrifice should not make him miserable. She stood still and put out her hands to him with a pretty girlish shamefacedness.

"Let it stay as it is, Christian; I am content."

He took her hands—took them very tenderly in his. But he did not break out into the glad exclamations she expected, and when she glanced at him in a little reproachful wonder he shook his head gently. She could only suppose that he did not understand—as usual.

"Why?" she asked, eagerly: "For my sake?"

"No; for my own."

She colored crimson now, and struggled to withdraw her hands. But he held them tight, tighter than he knew.

"Let me go! let me go, Christian!" she cried, angrily. She would have fled up the mountain if he had released her.

"Wait till thou hast only heard," he said, with a determination which had its influence: "it is right thou shouldst understand. What I said was not all unselfish. Else, it was not only to release thee from thy burden, I thought of myself too. The husband must be first in the forefront, and a question, it were desirable to have it? in ours he would be the second. Thou, dear one, thou couldst never be any thing but kind and good and mild, but all the time thou wouldst look down on me in thy heart, and I should know it in mine. There could be no happiness for either of us. Look," he said, smiling a little grave, sad smile, "thou art like the beautiful clear water that rushes down, evermore down to the lake, and I am like the great dull stone it dashes over."

He let go her hands as he spoke, his eyes fastened themselves on her face, as if to drink in the happiness he was renouncing; with a spring like a deer she darted from him, and ran up the steep path.

She ran until she was breathless. When she ventured to look round she was alone, he had not followed her; the fir-trees were left behind, she was in the open again, a hot sun striking down, bright flowers flashing out from the grass. Else walked on, weary and panting, until she found at last a solitary beech under which to fling herself; rest it could scarcely be called, so great was the storm in her heart. Quite unconsciously Christian had grievously wounded her pride. For all these months she had flattered herself with the idea that although the full treasure of her love was beyond his reach, he would be more than content with the little grains she might vouchsafe to let fall for him. She had been so accustomed to the homage of his simple true-hearted affection that it seemed to her the most natural thing in the world to have it lavished at her feet, and to return the gift as scantily as she pleased. It never struck her that the consciousness of something lacking should have been felt by him no less than by her—that he did not accept it as the natural result of their engagement. All the want, all the wrong, all the self-pity had been on her side—for herself; she had believed the poor return she offered for his heart to be a priceless treasure to him, and—he rejected it! Tears of shame and hurt pride ran down her face. Luckily, although she was a foolish, spoiled child, there were sweet womanly depths in her heart, which answered to the awakening touch when it came at last; she was soon crying, not so much for her first mortification as for the vanity that had blinded her. "Ah, Heaven, what am I, what am I," sobbed poor little Else, "that I should have set myself up so!" It was a genuine little burst of humility, but it seemed likely to overwhelm her. Never had Christian spoken so well, looked so manly, never, ah, never, been half so dear, as now when he was lost forever! She strained her eyes along the path up which she had run; perhaps he might be following her, he would see she was sorry—ah, no! With a sudden access of shame she sprang from her seat, and ran again, higher up, where he should not find her, and only the Alpen-rosen and the fragrant fir-trees should look at her with kind, pitying eyes.

THE DEATH STRUGGLE.

My back is to the wall,
And my face is to my foes,
That surge and gather round me
Like waves when winter blows.
The ghosts of by-gone errors,
The faults of former years,
That sting my veins like arrows,
And pierce my heart like spears.

But let them do their utmost;
For these I can endure,
And meet and overcome them,
By suffering made pure.
Against all other foemen
I'll fight with fiery breath,
And if, all done, I'm vanquished,
Go gloriously to death.

My back is to the wall,
And my face is to my foes:
I've lived a life of combat,
And borne what no one knows.
But in this mortal struggle
I stand, poor speck of dust,
Defiant, self-reliant,
To die—if die I must.

NOTHING LOST.

THIS maxim is fully sustained by the researches of science. There seems to be not only a destruction of form, which matter may have, but also a total loss of the materials belonging to the composition of a body, whether animal or vegetable. But that is only apparent, since annihilation is impossible. However compactly atoms may be held together, when separated by fire or any other agency, it is simply a liberation, as it were, of prisoners long held in bondage. How many moments, hours, days, or years they may roam in unrestrained freedom philosophy does not explain. There is a period, however, when they are caught and again joined to others to play another rôle in the ever-changing circumstances of the universe. That which was a particle of iron in a mine may next be in an oak-tree. The carbon that burns brilliantly in a lump of coal in the grate is wafted away in the atmosphere, to be caught by the waving leaves in the forest, and is immediately stowed away in the cells of the trunk. Thus apparently something is made out of nothing, yet it is simply a transference of real matter from one condition to another. Thus it is forever on its course, neither worn out, lost, nor at rest. If the law that influences and directs such little particles where they are required to keep the chain of organic forms in endless succession, according to the cell into which they drop, is recognized, then the proof is clear that there is the same amount of material elements now that there was in the beginning. Where could waste matter be packed away, provided there were any? On the other hand, from whence could new matter be derived, allowing, for the sake of asking

EGGS.

WHETHER the product of birds, reptiles, or insects, the principles of construction are the same. The yolk is intended for the temporary supply of food for the new being inclosed in the shell, until its eyesight and digestive organs are sufficiently developed for feeding on its future appropriate aliment.

When critically examined, the internal mechanism of an egg of a fowl far surpasses the most elaborate contrivances of man. In the first place, the yolk is suspended in the albumen, or white glairy fluid, on two pinions, as it were, which are attached to the membranous sac that separates the yellow from the white, just above the centre, so that the largest part of the weight is below that line, and consequently always keeps right side up. With that construction it is quite impossible to invert the yolk, although an egg may be made to revolve rapidly on an axle.

The commerce in eggs is a subject almost as marvelous as their natural history. In the year 1866 there were imported into England, principally from France, 438,878,880 hens' eggs! There were sent over to England from France, weekly, in the season, 6,000,000. These statistical facts show how largely they contribute to the support of human beings in one single region. If an exact registration of the quantity of eggs consumed in Europe annually could be collected, we should be wonder-struck at the consumption of that particular kind of nutritious human food. Surely hens, ducks, geese, and turkeys are doing more for the nations than might at first view have been supposed.

In New York there is an establishment for preserving fruits, meats, and eggs indefinitely, fresh and good, by maintaining a temperature that prevents the putrefactive process. The proprietors calculate to get in a winter stock of one million of eggs for the coming winter. Serviceable as they will be for the community, with the present population of the city, this supply could only furnish about one egg apiece for the inhabitants. Thirty millions thus preserved would not overstock the market.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE editor of the *American Mechanic* has encountered trials unknown to ordinary men. Just hearken unto his wailings: "Owing to the fact that our paper-maker disappointed us, the failure of the mails deprived us of our exchanges, a Dutch peddler stole our scissors, the rats ran off with our paste, and the devils went to the circus while the editor was at home tending the baby, our paper is unavoidably postponed beyond the period of publication."

"I live in Julia's eyes," said an affected dandy in Coleman's hearing. "I don't wonder at it," replied George, "since I observed she had a *sty* in them when I saw her last."

A friend passing along a village street was painfully bitten by an ugly dog. A single blow of a heavy stick, skillfully aimed, was sufficient to kill the animal instantly; but the enraged pedestrian still continued to pummel the corpse till little vestige of canine form remained. At length he was accosted with, "What are you about? That dog has been dead these ten minutes." "I know it," was the reply; "but I want to give the beast a realizing sense that there is a punishment after death."

"I fear," said a country minister to his flock, "when I explained to you in my last charity sermon that philanthropy was the love of our species, you must have misunderstood me to say *specie*, which may account for the smallness of the collection. You will prove, I hope, by your present contribution that you are no longer laboring under the same mistake."

A man who wanted to buy a horse asked a friend how to tell a horse's age. "By his teeth," was the reply. The next day the man went to a horse-dealer, who showed him a splendid black horse. The horse-hunter opened the animal's mouth, gave one glance, and turned on his heel. "I don't want him," said he; "he's thirty-two years old." He had counted the teeth.

NOBLE SENTIMENTS.

He sang the praise of "smiling morn,"
And "hailed" the rising sun;
"How sweet," wrote he, "to rise at dawn!"
(He never rose till one.)

Of wedded love, too, would he sing,
And calm domestic life;
"Marriage," wrote he, "is a holy thing."
(He used to beat his wife.)

Beauty he praised all else above,
And much preferred to gold
A youthful maiden's lasting love.
(His wife was rich and old.)

He wrote, "The noblest use of wealth
Is to assist the many,
And doing others good by stealth."
(He never gave a penny.)

He wrote, "I hold that man a sot,
And sunk in moral torpor,
Who honoreth his parents not."
(His mother died a pauper.)

"Against the drunkard's wicked ways,
Until my latest breath,
A sad, reproving voice I'll raise."
(He drank himself to death.)

Epitaphs in a country church-yard:

"Here lies W. W.,
Who never more will trouble you, trouble you."

"Here lies I,
Killed by
a Sky
Rocket in me eye."

Professor H——, of Yale College, was passing out of the recitation-room on his crutches, when an ambitious Freshman dropped slyly into his cap a piece of paper, on which he had written legibly the word "monkey." Tickled with his joke, he told his success to all his student friends. But a speedy retribution befell him. At the next recitation the bland professor addressed his division thus, in his sweetest tones, "Gentlemen, as I was passing out of the room yesterday one of your number did me the very high honor of leaving with me his card."

A postmaster by the name of Goodale, when he is in a hurry, signs himself XX.

One evening as I was sitting by Hetty, and had worked myself up to the point of popping the question, sez I, "Hetty, if a feller was to ask you to marry him, what would you say?" Then she laughed, and sez she, "That would depend on who asked me." Then sez I, "Suppose it was Ned Willis?" Sez she, "I'd tell Ned Willis, but not you." That kinder staggered me, but I was too 'cute to lose the opportunity, and so sez I agen, "Suppose it was me?" And then you ought to see her pout up her lip. Sez she, "I don't take no supposes." Well, now, you see, there was nothing for me to do but to touch the trigger and let the gun go off. So bang it went. Sez I, "Lor', Hetty, it's me! Won't you say yes?" And then there was such a hullabaloo in my head I don't know exctly what tuk place, but I thought I heerd a "Yes" whispered somewhere out of the skrimmage.

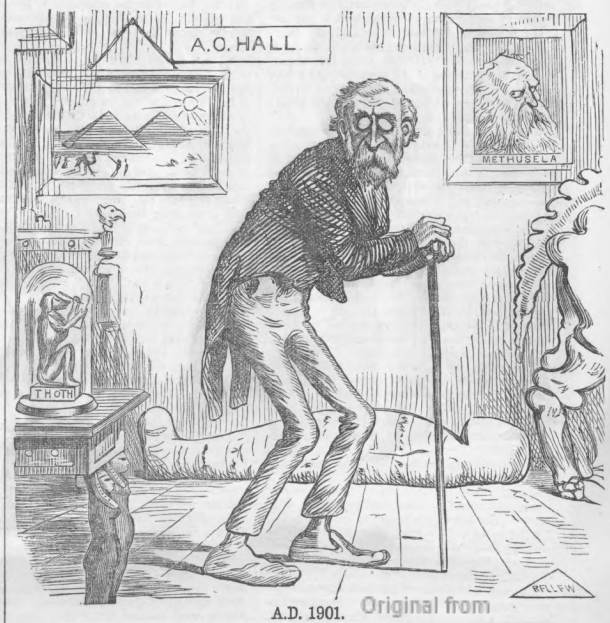
When a pickpocket pulls at your watch, tell him plainly that you have no time to spare.

When the lamented Artemus Ward exhibited his wax-works in Utah he relates that he was accosted by a venerable and vinegarish virgin, who inquired, "Can't I go in without paying?" "No; but you can pay without going in."

An intelligent young man (who holds a government position), in speaking of the recent riots in New York, ventilated himself thusly: "I say, Bill, I can't see what objection them Irish could have to the Orangemen parading. I think selling oranges is respectable enough. But the orange business must be good in New York when so many men can make a living off of it."

The St. Louis *Herald* wants "a real good boy to make a devil of."

The inundation of 1771, which swept away a great part of the old Tyne Bridge, Newcastle, was long remembered and alluded to with emphasis as "the flood." On one occasion Mr. Adam Thompson was put into the witness-box at the assizes. The counsel, asking his name, received for answer, "Adam, Sir—Adam Thompson." "Where do you live?" "At Paradise, Sir." (Paradise is a village about a mile and a half west of Newcastle.) "And how long have you dwelt in Paradise?" continued the barrister. "Ever since the flood," was the reply, made in all simplicity, and with no intention to raise a laugh. It is needless to say that the judge asked for an explanation.



A.D. 1901.

WAITING FOR TIME TO VINDICATE HIM.

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A SATURDAY HALF-HOLIDAY.—[See Page 749.]

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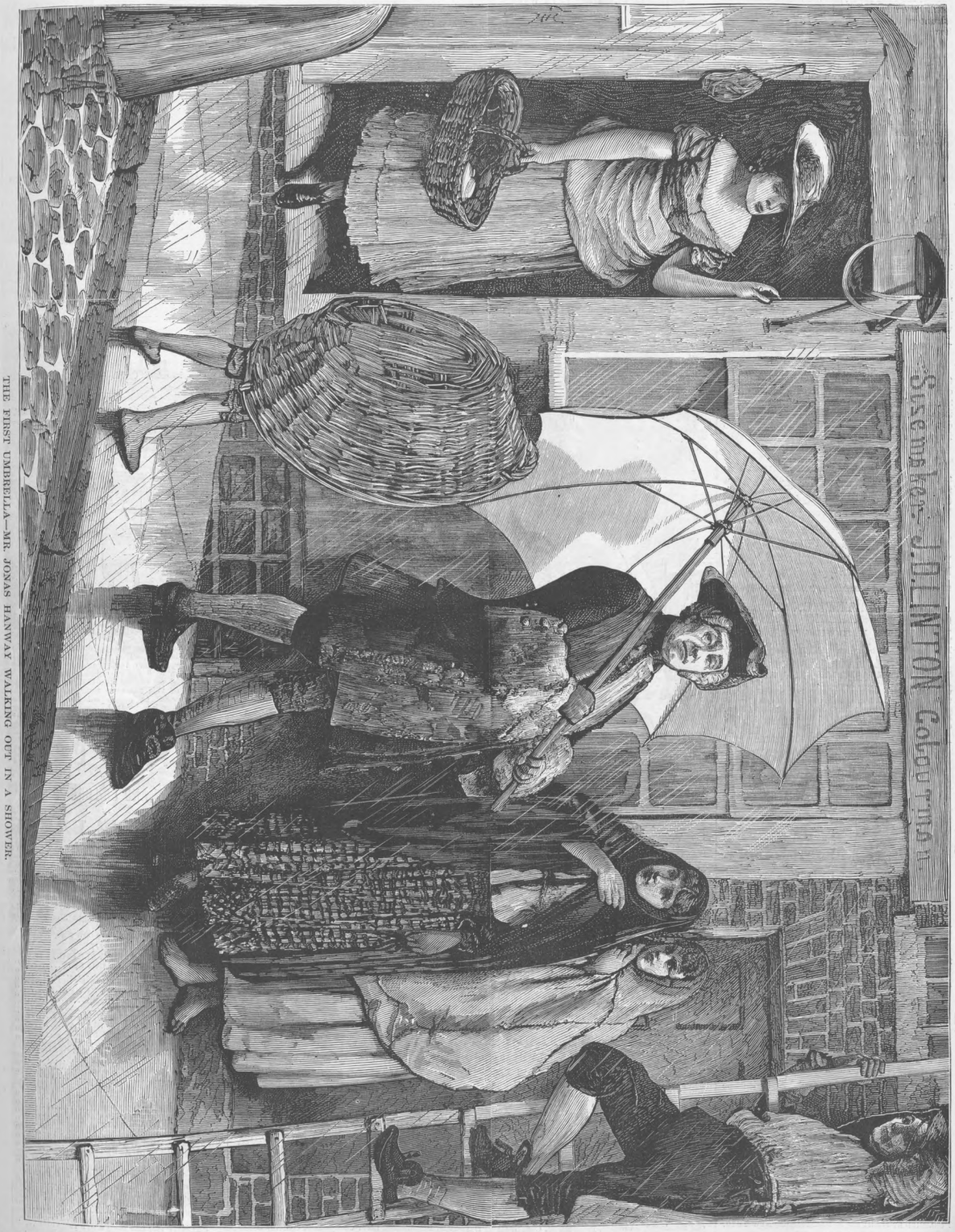
THE FIRST UMBRELLA.

THE illustration on this page is especially adapted to this rainy and changeable summer, when every one who is compelled to go afoot ought to remember with gratitude the name of the first Anglo-Saxon who had the courage to carry an umbrella. This was Mr. JONAS HANWAY, of London. MACAULAY records in his "History of England" that it required a great deal of nerve to stand the gibes and ridicule that greeted the first appearance of umbrellas in the streets of an English city. The practice was decried as a piece of French effeminacy, for the French were the first to adopt the custom. Little boys used to run after umbrella-carriers, with all manner of disagreeable chaff; and there were not wanting persons who considered it a sin to interfere in this manner with Providence, as if it were wicked to carry your shelter along with you, though not at all to get under a roof! Strange to say, the practice was a long time in taking root in England. SYDNEY SMITH, recounting the social improvements which had taken place during his lifetime, remarks that in his younger days if it rained he had no umbrella.

Mr. JONAS HANWAY, alluded to before, was an eccentric philanthropist, the son of a captain in the British navy. He was born at Portsmouth, England, in 1712. At an early age he was bound apprentice to a merchant at Lisbon, became connected with a mercantile house at St. Petersburg, and undertook an adventurous journey to Persia, of which he published an account. He was afterward made Commissioner of the Navy, a situation which he held for twenty years, dying in 1786. He was an indefatigable writer and worker in the cause of philanthropy, and several of the most worthy charitable institutions of modern times were originated by him. He instituted the Marine Society, he established the Magdalen Charity, he was the father of Sunday-schools, and the friend of the chimney-sweep. No public calamity occurred that he did not endeavor to alleviate. Thus even so commonplace an article as an umbrella can teach us a useful lesson, for it can remind us of JONAS HANWAY, and lead us to imitate his noble example.

A SATURDAY HALF-HOLIDAY.

"WHAT will he do with it?" is the question that some prudent, anxious elders pretend to ask when a young fellow takes advantage of his brief emancipation at the week's end, or earlier in the morning on some day of special indulgence, to quit the toil of shop counter or counting-house desk. Where will he go? How will he seek to enjoy himself? What form and mode of recreation will afford him a new supply of health and strength, and revive his spirits with temperate pleasure? There are many places to be visited, and many sports or active exercises to be practiced, in the neighborhood of this great city, which may be found satisfactory for the pur-



THE FIRST UMBRELLA.—MR. JONAS HANWAY WALKING OUT IN A SHOWER.

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poses of holiday enjoyment. There is Central Park, for example, with its pleasant walks and rambles, its delightful music Saturday afternoons, and its embryo museum, which, even in its present state, is well worthy of a visit. Over in Brooklyn a similar Park offers similar amusements, with the exception of a museum; while the shores of the Hudson as far up as Iona Island, the East River, and the nearer water-side localities on Long Island Sound, offer splendid advantages to those who want to escape for a few hours from the heat and dust and noise of the great city. For those who enjoy sea bathing, and can afford neither the time nor the money to visit Long Branch, there is the inexpensive and near resort of Coney Island, the very mention of which brings a smile to the face of a fashionable New Yorker, but which is, nevertheless, a godsend to those who desire to enjoy, at slight cost of time and money, the pleasures and benefits of fresh air and surf bathing. Whichever way we turn, in short, the country about New York seems to have been especially made for summer excursions, and no one in search of a half-holiday need be at a loss where to pass the time agreeably.

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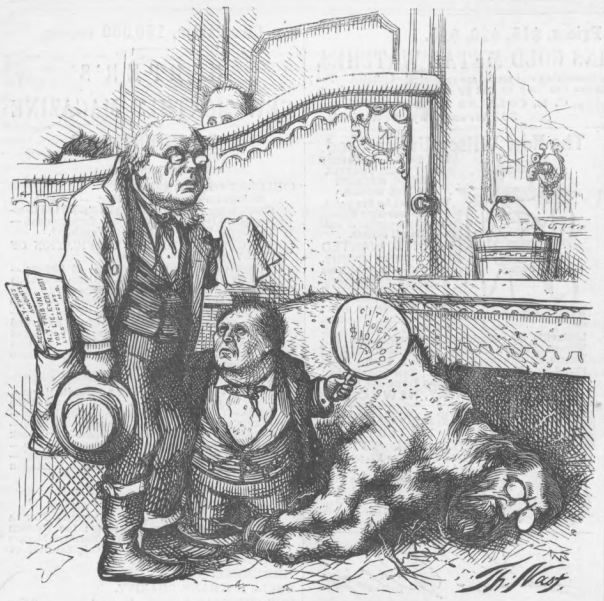

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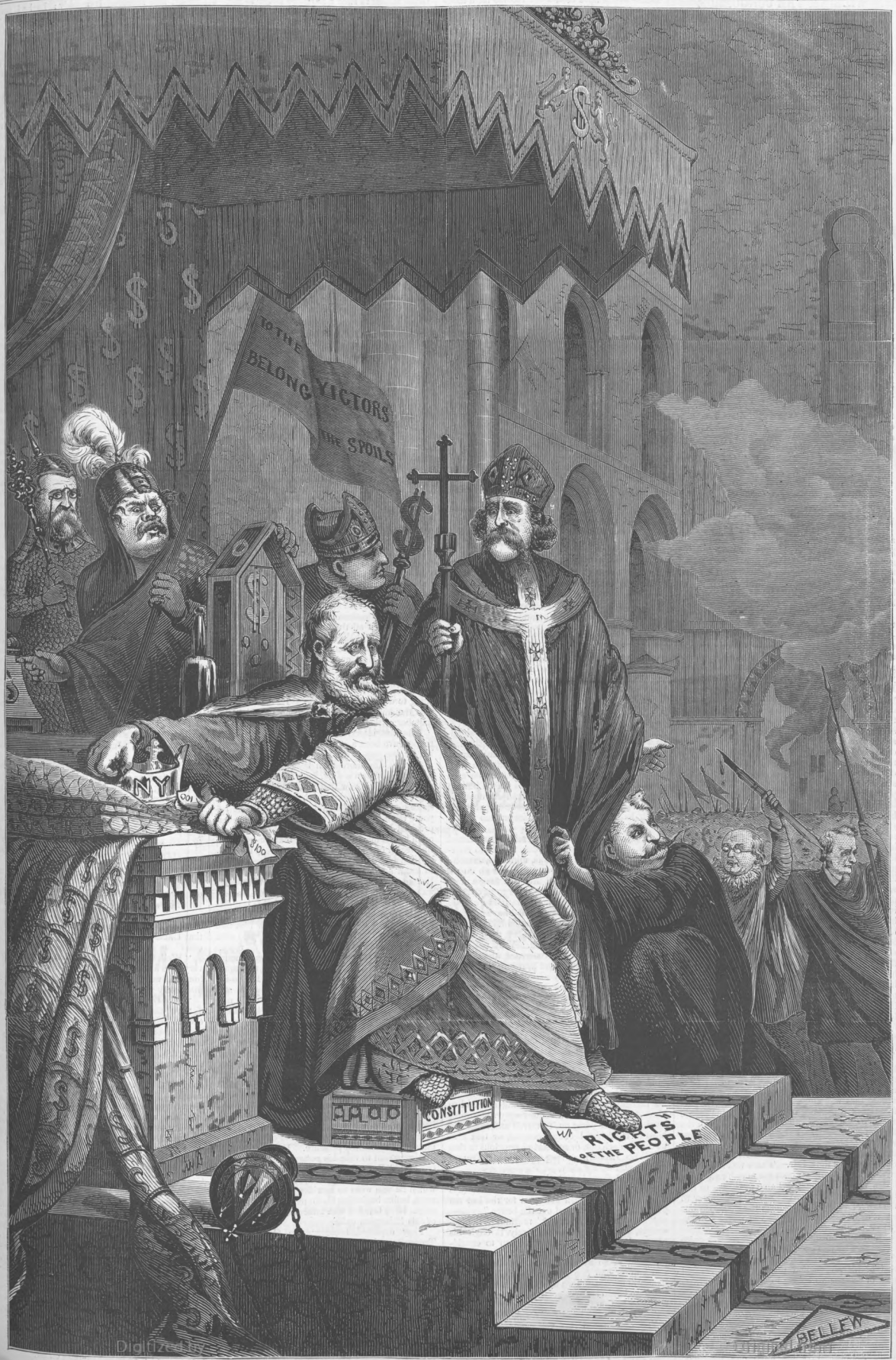

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR SEIZING THE REINS OF POWER.—[SEE PAGE 754.]

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WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR SEIZING THE REINS OF POWER.

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR was the most successful politician of his time. The pope, on the condition of sharing in the spoil, gave him his blessing, and presented him with a new kingdom. All the priests helped WILLIAM. He became the chosen son of the Church. His plans were all successful. He grew enormously rich. His meanest followers glittered in diamonds, and his palaces, parks, banquets, and stables were famous over the world. The foreign priests were pampered into luxury, and such showers of endowments, annuities, asylums, and church sites fell upon them as nearly satisfied the avarice of Rome. But his new subjects had less reason for satisfaction. They were to pay for the palaces and diamonds, the pope's blessing and the fat priests. WILLIAM prepared his Doomsday-book, in which were described all the rich estates of his kingdom, and soon, with assessments, levies, taxes, and spoliation, reduced the people to despair. He grew enormously corpulent. His prominent nose, the emblem of command, and his protuberant belly, his diamonds, and his stud were celebrated every where, and no rival potentate could equal the renown of WILLIAM.

But in the midst of his triumph he was most miserable. Care sat on his brow. He was never at rest. The poor Conqueror was without a friend. His followers, whom he had enriched, turned against him. The priests, when he would give no more, scowled upon him. The pope, at the least sign of disobedience, threatened him with excommunication. Poor WILLIAM at last repented of all his conquests; found that, with all his acuteness, he had been made the tool of the Italian priests, the dupe of his own greedy followers, and would have been glad to have purchased with all his wealth the gratitude of his subjects and a moment's repose.

It was too late. Why did he not repent before?

THE ZOOPHYTE'S REVENGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

HIS name was Reginald Ravenscroft—rather a pretty name, as he used to say himself in a plaintive manner, if any one would have been so good as to call him by it—but he had been surnamed the Zoophyte by his brother officers in the Queen's Trumpeters, of which favorite corps he had been captain—the Zoophyte, ordinarily abbreviated for convenience into the Zoo.

This sobriquet had been bestowed upon Captain Ravenscroft on account of a certain easiness—not to say laziness—of disposition which formed the most salient feature in his character. In all their experience of him—and he had been a member of that crack regiment for some ten years—the Queen's Trumpeters had never seen Reginald Ravenscroft in any other than that placid and lamb-like condition which was his natural temperament. He had had his trials in those years, of course—petty annoyances and small vexations, insolent letters from tradesmen and attorneys, aggravating blunders on the part of his body-servant, refusals to cash up from his relatives—vexations which would have thrown other men into raging passions, and sent them stamping about their quarters in a state of temporary lunacy; but they had no more discomposing effect upon Captain Ravenscroft than if he had indeed been one of those strange dabs of gelatinous matter which one sees sticking to the rocks at low tide. He swore, it is true; indeed his *répertoire* of bad language was considerably in advance of that of his fellows, being richly garnished with the choicest flowers from Billingsgate and Seven-dials, and strengthened by some very original blasphemies of his own composition; but the Queen's Trumpeters declared it was the funniest thing in the world to hear him give utterance to a lengthened string of blackguardisms which would have astonished any rough in St. Giles, in the smoothest, mildest tones, and with a most perfect placidity of face and manner. People were very fond of him, although, I must be freely admitted, he had never been known to be of very much use to any of his fellow-creatures. The idea of doing any one a service never entered his sluggish brain; but, on the other hand, he never gave offense to any human being. So people liked him for being good-tempered and agreeable, and freely forgave him his uselessness.

He was very handsome. This fact may have had some influence upon the minds of his acquaintance, for his good looks were of an eminently pleasing and conciliating type. He had a nose that was almost straight enough for perfect Greek, a pale complexion—which his female acquaintance called interesting, but which he himself described as bilious—dreamy gray eyes with long, black lashes, and the most expressive eyebrows; a low, broad forehead crowned with crisply waving dark hair. There was a want of strength and firmness about the mouth and chin; but a mustache concealed the weakness of one feature, and a beard gave form and character to the other; so, upon the whole, the Zoophyte was about as handsome a man as you would be likely to see in any given day's journey.

He was by no means a fop; but he was quite aware that he was good-looking, and would state the fact in a business-like manner, in any discussion of his affairs and prospects. He dressed well, of course; to belong to the Queen's Trumpeters and not to dress well would have been an impossibility. The newest combinations of color in cravats, the last design in socks, the most novel devices in dress-shirts, were scarcely fresh enough for the Trumpeters; while the amount to which every one of these gentlemen became annually indebted to his tailor and his bootmaker would have been a fair income for a moderate-sized family. The Trumpeters were extravagant, and prided themselves on their extravagance.

From his earliest youth upward debt and difficulty had been, as it were, the normal condition of the Zoophyte: difficulty for other people, that is to say; for his debts had never been a cause of disturbance to himself. It was his habit to allow matters to go on till they became utterly desperate, when he would coolly hand over to his wealthy sister, Lady Talmash Brading, a tangled mass of correspondence from tradesmen and attorneys, not one letter of which had ever been replied to, and leave her and her solicitors to settle the business exactly as they pleased.

She was a very kind sister, and had paid Reginald Ravenscroft's debts so often, that it had become in a manner an established thing that she should pay them. He scarcely thanked her. "What the deuce has she to do with her money?" he would say, when any one lauded her generosity; "she is so preposterously rich that I consider I do her an actual favor in relieving her of a little of her superfluous cash. It's like a periodical blood-letting. She would be subject to a kind of financial apoplexy if it were not for me—would expire of a golden plethora."

There are limits, however, to human patience, and Lady Talmash Brading was beginning to grow very tired of her brother Reginald's periodical insolvencies—the tailors' and boot-makers' and shirt-makers' and perfumers' bills; the heavy accounts from elegant purveyors in St. James's Street, who pleasantly combined the daily necessities of stationery with the glittering temptations of the jeweler, so that the idle swell, being smitten by the effect of some curious monogram on his note-paper, might have it repeated in emeralds and diamonds, or ruby and onyx, as the case may be, on his scarf-pin and shirt-studs, a locket or a pair of sleeve-links; the fearful list of goods supplied by crack saddlers and spurmakers—the endless catalogue of articles which had been necessary to the existence of Captain Ravenscroft during two or three years of that gentleman's harmless career. Lady Talmash Brading was beginning to grow weary of these things.

"It is always the same, Reginald," she said; "or if there is any change, it is for the worse. I can't comprehend it. You can't possibly be always wanting the same things—watch-chains and rings and studs and pins. Those things don't wear out."

"No, my dear Leonora; but a fellow loses them and gives them away, and so on. If a fellow one likes sees a thing of that kind on one's dressing-table and takes a fancy to it, how can one do less than offer it to him? Studs and breast-pins are the small change of life, like fourpenny-bits. And then they go out of fashion—they get known; you couldn't expect a man to wear a thing he had had over a month. They say Heliogabalus would as soon have thought of wearing his shoes twice as a ring—and you wouldn't have an officer in the Queen's Own Trumpeters less particular than a dirty Roman emperor."

Lady Talmash Brading only shrugged her shoulders impatiently in reply to this remonstrance. She was walking up and down her splendid drawing-room in Grosvenor Square, while the Zoophyte lounged at his ease in one satin-covered arm-chair, with his legs stretched before him on another, and a *Morning Post* spread out upon his knees. He had a glass stuck in one eye, through which he lazily surveyed the impetuous movements of his sister.

"I have no common patience," she exclaimed at last. "If you took the least trouble to regulate your affairs, one wouldn't mind it so much; but you don't—you allow matters to go on till they can go no further, and then just fling a mass of bills over to me, and expect me to pay them. I don't believe you even know what you owe."

"I confess, my dear sister, that I have not even an approximate idea of the amount. But why distress yourself upon the subject? the affair is such a mere bagatelle to you. Why not hand the documents over to your steward, and dismiss the business from your mind altogether?"

"That is not my way of doing things, Reginald," answered his sister, severely.

"Unhappily not, my dear creature. You are so awfully business-like."

"If you were a little more business-like, a little more reasonable, Reginald, I should have some hope of you. If you would only remember that my patience may be exhausted, and learn to economize—"

"Economize in the Queen's Trumpeters! Not to be done, my dear soul. I believe there was a man once in the corps who tried to live within his income, and they did something dreadful to him—filled his bed with some empty soda-water bottles with the wires on, or tarred and feathered him, or tried him by court-martial, or told him he'd better sell out, or something ferocious in that way. No, Leonora, as long as I remain a Trumpeter, I shall do my duty."

"Then I should think the sooner you cease to be a Trumpeter the better. If you mean always to go as you have been going on for the last ten years, the sooner you sell out the better."

"Do you really think so?" murmured the Zoophyte, staring at her reflectively through his glass. "Well, the question is open to consideration, certainly. I should realize a couple of thousand or so by the sale of my commission; and I never had two thousand pounds of ready money in my life. Two thousand in actual bank-notes and gold! there must be a good deal of spending in that."

"What!" exclaimed Lady Talmash Brading. "You don't mean that you would really be so mad as to leave the army?"

"Why not? Weren't you recommending it just now? I could live with you. You couldn't refuse shelter to such a harmless fellow as me. I could stroll about the place all day when you were down at Brading, keeping an eye upon the gardeners, and seeing they didn't waste their time—I should be invaluable in that way. Or I might marry Miss Corks."

"Marry Miss Corks!" cried Lady Talmash Brading, with supreme disdain.

"What! you wouldn't like a brewer's daughter to call you sister-in-law? But, upon my word, I might do a worse thing for myself: she's a very nice girl—a pretty girl, too—and will have a hundred thousand for her fortune; and I think she'd have me. I really don't see why you should set your face against Miss Corks."

"If you want to disgrace me in the sight of all Brading by a match of that kind, pray do so; but from the hour in which you do so, you may consider that you and I are strangers—I would never speak to you again."

"Hard lines, rather, Leonora, when such a marriage would make my fortune. But under those circumstances you can't, of course, object to pay my debts occasionally."

"I do object to pay them ever again. I will allow you two hundred a year; and if you can't contrive to live upon that and your pay, you must look elsewhere for assistance. It will be no use appealing to me."

"My dear Leonora, this is positively inhuman—that allusion to my pay is the very essence of mockery. As if my pay had ever counted for any thing! Oh, I see that I must marry Miss Corks."

"Do," said Lady Talmash Brading, "at your peril!"

CHAPTER II.

SHE was a proud woman, Lady Talmash Brading. She had begun life as an acknowledged beauty, and the only daughter of a Somersetshire gentleman of small landed estate; so small indeed, having dwindled down from the fair proportions of the past, that Leonora Ravenscroft felt it incumbent upon her to make a good marriage. She had married young, and she had been twice married—first to Mr. Prothero, the great ship-builder, a man of untold wealth, and then to Viscount Talmash Brading, of Brading Park, Yorkshire, and Talmash Towers, Leicestershire—and she had been twice a-widow. She had more estates than she could count on the fingers of one of her pretty plump hands; she had coal mines in the North, and a tin mine in the West; she had the superbly appointed house in Grosvenor Square, furnished by the lamented Prothero; the dainty little villa at Cowes, designed and built by the never-too-much-to-be-regretted viscount; and to inherit all these things she had only one daughter, a fair-haired girl of twelve, born to her a few days before that fatal accident in the hunting field, which caused the viscount's death. Happily for the Zoophyte, this fair-haired young heiress, Julia Talmash Brading, was very fond of her uncle Regy. Not that he had ever done any thing to deserve her affection. He existed—that was the highest form of exertion of which this member of the coralline tribe was capable.

After that interview in Grosvenor Square, which might have been a stormy one had it been possible for one person to sustain the whole burden of a tempest, any more than it is possible for one person to perform a duet, Lady Talmash Brading vowed a terrible vow that she would never again pay her brother's debts. There were limits to a sister's generosity, she said, and he had gone beyond them. It would be a wrong done to her precious Julia, if she were to go on being imposed upon in this manner. Granted that she was rich, the wealth of all the Lydian kings, from Candaules downward, would scarcely have been enough to stand against such extravagance as Reginald Ravenscroft's. He was now clear of debt. He was set on his pins once more, to use the homely language of my lady's solicitor, and this last setting him on his pins had been a more expensive business than usual. She would allow him two hundred a year—fifty pounds a quarter, paid with unerring regularity—and she would do no more.

She kept her word. The Queen's Own Trumpeters were ordered off to Ireland about this time, much to the Zoophyte's aggravation. If that invertebrate creature could feel strongly upon any point, that point was his attachment to the metropolis. To the profoundest deeps of his nature he was a Cockney. Pall Mall and St. James's Street, with a rare excursus as far as Rotten Row, formed his world; and to be removed to barbarous and unknown regions beyond the reach of this world was the greatest hardship the Zoophyte had ever been called upon to endure. But even this trial could not arouse him to loud lamentations or violent demonstration of any kind. He was heard to utter faint moaning noises like the bleating of a distressed lamb, he swore a little harder than usual in his meek voice, and indeed invented one or two choice forms of execration under this unwonted pressure. He neglected his diet, was seen to take his *potage à l'Italien* without grated Parmesan, and didn't grumble at the non-appearance of those preliminary natives which he was wont to sacrifice to the gods, as it were, before beginning his dinner. Greater things might have befallen him unheeded in the anguish of this Hibernian exile.

They departed, however, the Queen's Own Trumpeters, in all their supernal splendor, and the Zoophyte had the comfort of knowing that he left the great city without leaving a creditor behind him.

"It's almost melancholy," he said; "if I were to die suddenly, who'd be sorry for me?"

The Trumpeters were in Ireland for the greater part of a year, and were then transferred to a small garrison town in Lancashire—rather a dreary place, where it might be supposed almost impossible for any man to get into debt. The Zoophyte received his quarterly allowance punctually, and accepted it meekly: he had never been known to refuse money: but he accepted it under mental protest. He found the quarterly remittance rather handy for the payment of his small losses at billiards and whist; and on one occasion, his wandering fancies being caught by a breast-pin exposed for sale in the chief jeweler's of the small garrison town, he bought and paid for the bauble on the spot. It was about the only transaction in his life in which he had ever employed ready money, and he informed his friends afterward that it afforded him a novel sensation.

"I felt that it was low," he said, "decidedly low. I felt myself sunk considerably in the social scale, to enter into a detail of that kind with a tradesman fellow, instead of paying him through my lawyer, in a gentlemanly manner."

While the Zoophyte endured his exile in Ireland and Lancashire, Lady Talmash Brading was for the greater part of the time traveling in Switzerland and Italy with her "precious Julia." For nearly two years, therefore, she had heard very little of her brother, who had a marked aversion to letter-writing.

"My sister's in Italy, you see," he would remark, plaintively, "and people who are away from England are so confoundedly selfish, they expect one to tell them such a lot in one's letters—so I find the only plan is not to write at all."

The brother and sister had not met since that morning in Grosvenor Square, when Leonora had vowed a vow that she would never pay Reginald's debts again, when Lady Talmash Brading and her daughter returned from the Continent, and came straight down to Brading Park.

It was midsummer, and the park and gardens were in all their June splendor: the hot-houses full of ripe purple grapes and rosy velvet-skinned peaches, ruddy nectarines and golden apricots; the kitchen-gardens running over with mellow-flavored peas, wonderful cucumbers, and late asparagus, to say nothing of two or three acres of strawberry beds, where the fresh green leaves lay lightly on beds of tan or straw, and where a weed would have been more difficult to find than the rarest orchid in the Botanical Dictionary. The Zoophyte was fond of Brading Park; he was especially fond of the kitchen-gardens. He liked to stroll with Julia through the hot-houses in the drowsy noontide, stopping now and then to finger the ponderous bunches of grapes with a thoughtful touch, anon to gaze dreamily on a row of pines, or to pluck a peach that seemed ready to drop into his mouth. He liked Brading Park—the house was a nice sleepy old place, with capacious sofas and easy-chairs in every available corner; sunny nooks in deep southwest windows where a man might doze over his morning paper; and in all the galleries and reception-rooms thick Axminster carpets that muffled the sound of passing footsteps. The Zoophyte liked Brading—he had his own particular suit of rooms there, and free quarters. Of course his military engagements had prevented his wearing out his welcome.

Brading seemed very rural and home-like and pleasant to Lady Talmash Brading and her daughter after those perpetual Italian hotels, with their gaudy gilded chambers, and eternal clocks and candelabra. Julia skipped about the gardens in an ecstasy.

"I think there have never been such flowers or such fruit as there are this year, mamma," she exclaimed. "There's only one thing I want to make me quite happy."

"And what is that, my dearest love?"

"Uncle Regy. He would *so* enjoy the peaches—you know how fond he is of peaches; and it is so nice to see him eat them—peeling them so slowly and deliberately with those lazy white hands of his."

"I don't think there is much chance of your seeing your uncle," replied Lady Talmash Brading; "I had occasion to be very much displeased with him when last we met—we had some words, in fact."

"Had words, mamma? Do you mean to say that Uncle Regy could possibly quarrel with any one?"

"Well, no, I don't know that Reginald said very much himself, but I said a great deal to him. I was in a passion, Julia, and spoke my mind very freely."

"What had he been doing, mamma?"

"Oh, the usual thing—getting over head and ears in debt, and then coolly flinging his embarrassments upon me."

The fair young heiress scarcely seemed shocked at this. She only shook her head in a deprecating way.

"We are so rich, mamma dear," she said, "we can afford to pay poor Uncle Regy's debts now and then. Military men always get into debt. Grandpapa ought not to have put him into such an expensive regiment as the Queen's Trumpeters."

"That's all very well, Julia, but it has been going on a great deal too long; and when last I saw your uncle, I told him that I should never pay his debts again; upon which he had the impertinence to threaten me that he would marry Miss Corks."

"What, mamma! the daughter of the fat brewer in Brading?"

"Yes, Julia; and there would be a disgrace. Mr. Corks's father was butler to my husband's grandfather, and the son began business in the smallest way in the world. They say he's enormously rich now, but a most ignorant, vulgar person. He's very popular in Brading, however, among a certain set, and I believe there are people who visit him."

"Miss Corks rides to hounds, mamma—I've seen her when we've been to see them break cover—rather a nice-looking girl, with wavy brown hair, and a rosy face. It's a pity she's too common for Uncle Regy to marry her."

"Too common—yes, I should think so. The idea of the Corks tribe fastening on us!"

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"But they are not a very large tribe, mamma; Miss Corks is an only child, isn't she?"

"I believe so," Lady Talmash answered, coldly; "but that doesn't make the least difference. The thing is not to be heard of."

The next day was cloudless but sultry; not a breath stirred the roses on the lawn, or rippled the blue bosom of the lake. Lady Talmash and her daughter sat in the garden after luncheon, in a favorite spot under a mighty sycamore. They had work with them and books, but neither of them worked or read. It was the laziest possible weather.

"Just the sort of weather that Uncle Legy likes, mamma," said Julia, "when he can lie on the grass and bask. How he would enjoy Brading this delicious midsummer! I am so sorry to think of him in a nasty dull town in Lancashire."

She had not any prolonged cause for sorrow; for looking up at this very moment, she perceived the object of her thoughts walking slowly across the lawn toward her, with the air of having left the house half an hour or so before for an after-noon stroll. It was the Zoophyte's celebrated manner, placid and imperturbable to the last degree.

My lady was fairly taken aback by this apparition.

"Why, Reginald," she exclaimed, "what in Heaven's name brought you here?"

"The ten-o'clock express—leaves King's Cross at ten—a capital train. How d'ye do, Leonora? —how d'ye do, July? What a handsome girl you're growing! You take after your unfortunate uncle, you see, and not the Talmash Bradings. Your father might give you rank, my love, but he couldn't give you beauty. How sweet the old place looks—such a warm sleepiness about it!"

The Zoophyte dropped himself into one of the garden arm-chairs, and stretched out his legs with a complacent air. There was dust upon his boots. He had actually walked half a mile or so.

"I find myself getting fat," he said, in explanation of this unusual circumstance; "so, whenever I have an opportunity, I go in for violent exercise. I've walked from the station. I've got some luggage and that kind of thing there—perhaps you'll be good enough to send a trap for it. How are the grapes this year, July?"

"Julia," said her mother, rather stiffly, "go and tell one of the grooms to fetch your uncle's portmanteau."

"But, my dear Leonora, it isn't a portmanteau, it's luggage—large military cases and that kind of thing. You'd better send the biggest vehicle you've got. There's a good lot of it."

My lady opened her fine eyes to their widest extent.

"You mean to honor me with an unusually long visit, it seems," she said. "I thought the Trumpeters were in Lancashire."

"The Trumpeters are in Lancashire."

"And you have got leave of absence, I suppose?"

"No, my dear Leonora; I have placed myself in a position to be independent of leaves of absence. It's a deuced unpleasant thing asking for leave."

"What do you mean?"

"Simply that I have sold out. I disposed of my commission last week. The Trumpeters are still a very fine corps, but the flower of their flock is lost to them," added the Zoophyte, twirling his mustache.

"Sold out!" cried Lady Talmash Brading, aghast, "sold out!"

"Yes, my dear Leonora. It was your own suggestion. 'If you find the regiment too expensive,' you said with that stern common-sense which has always distinguished you, 'you ought to sell out.' I did find the regiment too expensive, and I have sold out. It was the only resource left me for paying my debts, in fact, since you had sworn never to pay them again."

"Your debts! Do you mean to say that you were in debt again?"

"My dear Leonora, do you suppose that there is no such thing as growth in a tailor's bill? Do you imagine that one's tobacconist's account is not subject to the common laws of progression? I had a two years' accumulation of debt to wipe off—my creditors were becoming clamorous, judging by the number of lawyers' letters which I received but did not read—and my only way of making a clean slate was to sell my commission."

"It is shameful," exclaimed my lady, in a passion, "it is positively infamous! In spite of the two hundred a year I have allowed you!"

"That two hundred a year was only an incentive to extravagance. It afforded me occasional supplies of ready money. Now I can do without ready money. In short, the two hundred a year demoralized me."

Lady Talmash gave an impatient sigh. She arose from her seat and began to pace up and down the shady patch of grass under the sycamore, as it was her habit to do when unpleasantly excited. Julia Brading twisted the cord and tassels of her little silk apron, and looked at her uncle with a piteous expression of countenance, longing to make him an offer of her pocket-money, or to do something for his consolation. The Zoophyte was the only person unmoved—he stretched his long legs to their fullest extent upon a neighboring bench, and dived into the pocket of his light overcoat for a splendid seal-skin cigar-case, almost big enough for a small portmanteau. Every thing appertaining to the Zoophyte was upon a large scale, and splendid in color and texture.

"You don't mind smoke out of doors, I know, Nora," he said, blandly, and began to puff away at an enormous rate.

His sister did not even condescend to notice the inquiry.

"What is to become of you?" she exclaimed at last: "that is the question—what is to become of you?"

"My dearest Leonora, I think that is a question that may fairly be relegated to the remote future. I am naturally a cautious man, and am not in a hurry to make any desperate plunge in life. In the mean time I can live with you—there is no objection to that, I suppose?"

"Of course not, Uncle Regy," cried Julia; "you can live with us.—He can live with us forever and ever, can't he, mamma? You know how I was wishing for him only yesterday."

"My darling Julia, you are a child, and don't know what you are talking about. So far as this place goes there are your uncle's rooms, and he will always be welcome to occupy them as long as he pleases. But at his age a man must do something and be something. It's preposterous to suppose that he can go on dawdling the rest of his life away here."

The Zoophyte yawned, and murmured that in his opinion no man ought to be expected to work after he was nine-and-twenty. Mr. Ravenscroft's nine-and-twentieth birthday had just gone by.

The end of it all was, that he stopped at Brading Park, and strolled in the hot-houses and ate ripe peaches, and played billiards with his niece. A wagon-load of chests and portmanteaus came from the railway station, and from these receptacles the Zoophyte produced the greatest marvels in the way of dressing-gowns and morning-coats and waistcoats and cravats that had ever been seen at Brading, to say nothing of a whole arsenal of meerschaum pipes, and a dainty little library of light French literature, with which and with numerous splendid dispatch-boxes, dressing-cases, and tobacco-chests he beautified and adorned his rooms—making them so comfortable, in fact, that it was hard to imagine he would ever be able to tear himself away from them.

CHAPTER III.

CAPTAIN RAVENSCROFT—the rule, once a captain always a captain, was allowed to hold good in his case—Captain Ravenscroft had been a year at Brading Park, and he had as yet made no attempt at a new beginning in life. Sometimes, when the viscountess questioned him upon the subject, he told her that he was thinking it over, or that he was looking about him; but nothing came either of his thinking or his looking. There he was, placid and even-tempered to an extreme degree, the idol of the servants, the delight of Lady Talmash Brading's visitors, but nevertheless an encumbrance and responsibility to the lady herself.

Again and again she returned to the charge. Could he not do something—at the bar, for instance? But the Zoophyte told her, with one of his lazily expressive shrugs, that by the time he had got through the preliminary business of the bar, he would be quite an old man. There was commerce, then, suggested the viscountess—the scions of many noble families had entered the commercial arena lately; could he not do something in sugar-broking, or ship-building, or something of that kind?

The Zoophyte pondered, and thought that he might perhaps travel in coals—there was not much commercial genius required for traveling in coals. The viscountess gave a little shriek of horror.

"Traveling in coals! Upon my word, Reginald, you are incorrigible."

"Then, if you are tired of me, let me marry Miss Corks," said the Zoophyte; "she's a very nice girl, and I really think she'd have me."

"Marry Miss Corks, by all means," cried the viscountess, indignantly; "but please consider yourself a stranger to me from the hour of your marriage."

"Oh, as far as that goes," replied the Zoophyte, coolly, "I don't suppose Miss Corks would have me unless you did the civil; a girl with a hundred thousand pounds won't enter a family to be despised—it isn't likely."

"And it isn't likely that I shall receive a brewer's daughter, whose grandfather was a servant in this house?" returned Lady Talmash Brading.

"I suppose not; but it's rather hard upon me," said the Zoo, with a faint moan; "she really is a very nice girl."

Mary Corks certainly was a nice girl, and a pretty girl into the bargain—a girl with frank, innocent blue eyes, a pert little nose slightly *retroussé*, a perfect rose-bud of a mouth, and all manner of artless winning ways that had gone straight home to the Zoophyte's heart. He had a heart, listless and inane as he seemed, and Mary Corks reigned therein. She had been very well educated, and, although her father and mother did make sad havoc of the Queen's English, was quite a lady: a good dutiful daughter too, fond and respectful in her demeanor toward the simple elderly people, and never ashamed of their shortcomings.

Yes, she was a dear little English maiden, and the Zoophyte was very fond of her. He had met her at subscription balls in Brading, and had danced with her a conspicuous number of times; he had ridden his quiet hack to cover, and seen her in her dark blue riding-habit, and coquettish hat with a scarlet feather. He had scraped acquaintance with old Corks one market-day—Corks had a profound reverence for the Talmash Brading family—and had been invited to dine at the big brand-new red-brick villa just outside Brading; a pile of building of the Gothic order, with library and billiard-room, smoking-room, and conservatories jutting out from the main edifice, and a quadrangular mass of stabling that was like a baronial castle.

Mr. Corks himself inhabited one small cozy little chamber looking on the poultry-yard—a room that had been intended for the housekeeper, and then discarded as too small. Here the great brewer spent the best part of his life, smoking his clay pipe, or studying his banker's book, or reading the newspapers, in a pleasant solitude. He called the room the Snuggery, and whenever Mary Corks had a favor to ask, she used to repair to this chamber.

Captain Ravenscroft dined a great many times at the Battlements—Mr. Corks's Gothic villa was called the Battlements—and he heard Mary sing and play, and played billiards with her after dinner in the great gothic billiard-room, with its big brass lamps and open oak roof. Sometimes there was a party, consisting of professional people from Brading, with a sprinkling of the smaller country gentry; sometimes there was no one; but there was always an excellent dinner and first-rate wines, and the Zoophyte liked the quiet homely evenings best. He didn't mind Mr. Corks's idiomatic English a bit. He thought Corks a hearty honest old fellow, and really liked him.

"I wish I had a fortune," he said to himself sometimes, despondently; "I shall seem such a mercenary scoundrel if I propose to that girl."

He did, however, propose to her. It wasn't possible to go on very long in her society and not tell her how much he loved her. Those winning ways of hers quite knocked him over, to use his own expression. So one evening in the billiard-room he was taken off his guard, somehow, and before he knew what he was doing, he had asked her to be his wife.

He had to press the question a little before he could get any decisive answer. At first she would only trifle with the billiard-balls with downcast eyes, evading all his questions; but at last she confessed that he was not quite indifferent to her—that she liked him just a little—well, more than a little—that she loved him very much.

"But there is papa to be thought of," she said, looking up at him shyly with her pretty blue eyes. "I don't think he'd ever consent; in fact, I'm sure he wouldn't, unless—"

"Unless what, darling?" (The Zoophyte had his arm round her waist by this time, and was looking down at the fair young face with an air of proprietorship.) "Unless what, dearest?"

"Unless Lady Talmash Brading were to use her influence with him. Papa has such a high opinion of her; and perhaps if he thought she wished it very much, he might give way."

The Zoophyte looked very blank for a moment, but it was only for a moment.

"She shall use her influence, Mary," he cried, resolutely. He felt quite desperate—felt as if he could drag his sister to the Battlements by main force, and make her sue to Mr. Corks, any thing rather than lose this dear girl, who was looking up at him so confidingly.

"Am I to tell papa?" she faltered, presently.

"Well, yes, darling. It's best to be all fair and above-board. Tell papa at once; and I'll tell my sister, and we'll see what she can do."

He was not very hopeful, but still he thought his sister could never be so atrociously cruel as to stand between him and a hundred thousand pounds. It seemed incredible.

But when he came to make his appeal, he found her obdurate. The idea of such an alliance was not to be tolerated for a moment.

"*I* use my influence to promote the match!" she exclaimed. "*I* stoop to that vulgar brewer! you must be demented to think of such a thing, Reginald. People who have risen from nothing at my very door—a girl whose grandfather was a servant!"

"She can't help that, you see, Nora; and she's a perfect lady, I give you my honor—as much a lady as Julia."

The viscountess gave a shriek.

"Yes; and my poor precious Julia is to enter life with the disgrace of a brewery tacked to her name—is to make her entrance into the great world associated with BEER!"

"What nonsense, Leonora! As if my wife's connections need affect Julia! All you have to do is to be civil to old Corks, and tell him you'll be glad to welcome his daughter as a member of your family. That kind of man sets such value upon rank, you'll be able to wind him round your finger. And she really is the dearest girl in the world, Nora."

"It is not to be heard of!" exclaimed the viscountess, decisively.

A day or two after this, Captain Ravenscroft received another invitation to dine at the Battlements. He opined that this meant business, and went there in some trepidation. The dinner went off pleasantly enough. Mary was very silent, and blushed a great deal, without adequate provocation, but looked her prettiest. After dinner the Zoophyte would fain have strolled off to the conservatories or the billiard-room, according to his usual custom, but Mr. Corks stopped him.

"I should like a word or two with you in my room, captain," he said, in a very friendly tone. "Johnson, take a bottle of Lafitte to the snuggery."

The butler obeyed, and led the way, carrying a massive silver salver, with the claret and two clear well-shaped glasses. It was a summer evening, and the snuggery was warm, not to say stuffy. Even the open window only admitted an odor of live poultry; but the Zoophyte didn't mind this. He felt that his future was at stake.

"Take some of that thin claret," said the brewer. "It's a better sort than I usually give you, though I don't give you bad. But I thought you should have the best to-night," he added, with a chuckle.

They filled their glasses. The brewer drained his at a draught; the Zoophyte sipped his wine in silence. He was very nervous.

"My little girl has been a-telling of me something," Mr. Corks began—"something about you. Now I want to know, first and foremost, are you in earnest?"

"Thoroughly in earnest—with all my heart and soul," replied the Zoophyte, with unwonted energy.

"And it ain't her money you're after, hay?" asked the brewer. "You like the girl for her own sake?"

"I love her so dearly, that I would marry her to-morrow, if she hadn't a penny."

"That's all very fine. But how would you keep her if she hadn't a penny, I should like to know? However, luckily, she'll have plenty. I can give her a handsome fortune without feeling the loss of the money. And I don't care about her marrying a rich man. I'm not the sort of fellow that wants to join money to money. My father spent his life among the nobility, and he taught me a respect for rank. Money's a very good thing in its way, but it's all the better when it's joined to rank. Now, all other points being agreeable, I shouldn't mind my daughter being sister-in-law to Lady Talmash Brading. It would sound well—'My sister the viscountess,' hay? You see, I'm a candid sort of a chap, and don't make any concealment of my feelings."

Captain Ravenscroft bowed. It seemed pretty smooth sailing so far; but there were rocks and shoals ahead, no doubt.

"Now the question is," said the brewer, "does your sister know of this?"

"She does," replied the Zoophyte, gravely.

"And does she approve of it?"

The Zoophyte hesitated.

"I have no doubt that she will approve ultimately," he said. "She can not fail to approve."

"Can not fail to fiddlestick!" cried Mr. Corks, impatiently. "I'm not a-going to let my girl marry into a grand family that will turn their noses up at her. If you expect to get my Mary, and my Mary's money, the viscountess must come here to me, and let me know that her heart goes with the business, and that she'll be a sister to my girl. There must be no shilly-shally about *that*. And now, Captain Ravenscroft, what may be the income upon which you intend to begin housekeeping?"

The Zoophyte was fain to confess that all his worldly wealth consisted of the two hundred per annum which his sister allowed him.

"Well, upon my word, you're a cool customer!" cried the brewer, with a good-natured laugh that was very re-assuring. "However, I'll tell you what I'll do with you. Let your sister allow you five hundred a year, and settle it upon you, so as she can't change her mind—it won't be much, but it 'll be something—and I'll give my girl fifty thousand down on the nail; settled upon herself and her children after her, of course."

"Of course," replied the Zoophyte.

"And let Lady Talmash Brading come to me in a friendly way, and talk the business over. I don't want no hole-and-corner work. If my Mary enters a high family, she must enter it like a lady."

Captain Ravenscroft promised that his sister should do all that was needful. And again he had that desperate feeling, that he would *make* her bow the knee before this resolute brewer rather than lose such a girl as Mary.

He went home that night not elated but grave. He knew that his sister was an obstinate woman, and that he had a difficult task before him. Early next morning he presented himself in her favorite room—a great sunny bow-windowed apartment, looking out upon the flower-garden. He presented himself before her, and stated his requirements in a business-like manner. It was a matter of life or death to him, he said, finally. He should be a blighted man if he did not marry Mary Corks.

His eloquence was all wasted. Lady Talmash was obdurate. It was not the five hundred per annum, though the request was certainly a cool one. She might have strained a point to give him that, had he been about to make an appropriate marriage; but she would never receive Mary Corks. She would never degrade herself in the sight of the county by alliance with that upstart brewer. She was very angry, as she was wont to be when the Corks question was mooted, and she said a great deal.

The Zoophyte heard her with his usual placidity. Even a matter of life and death could not goad him into the display of much emotion. The interview was a long one, and he used the strongest arguments he could think of; but to the end he was mild and tranquil. At the very last he said:

"Is that final, Leonora?"

"Quite final."

"Then I may as well wish you good-by. I shall leave the Park this afternoon."

Lady Talmash looked surprised.

"There is no occasion for that," she exclaimed. "I have no quarrel with you, Reginald. I am very inflexible upon the subject of Miss Corks. There is no occasion for you to go away."

"I beg your pardon, my dear Leonora. You have often reproached me with my want of energy—my disinclination to enter upon a new career. I begin to feel that your reproaches were well founded, and I have made my plans for placing myself in a position to earn my own living."

"Indeed! you surprise me, Reginald. This is rather a new idea, is it not?"

"Well, yes; it is rather a new idea," answered the Zoophyte, calmly.

"And what line have you chosen—any thing in the commercial way?"

"Yes; the business is commercial."

"Nothing horrid, I hope," cried the viscountess, with an alarmed look. "Not traveling in coals, or any thing of that kind?"

"Oh no: there's no traveling—it's quite a stationary business, and clean. I really think I shall like it."

"You are very mysterious, Regy; you might just as well tell me frankly what you are going to do."

"I'll tell you all about it, if I succeed. In any case, you must take it as a compliment that I am anxious to follow your advice."

"I suppose so; but I should like to have been more in your confidence. However, I dare say it's all right. At any rate, I can tolerate any thing sooner than your marrying Miss Corks."

The Zoophyte smiled; it was scarcely a smil-

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ing matter, but he decidedly smiled. "I'm sorry you're so prejudiced on that point," he said. "Good-by."

"You're going up to town by the next train?"

"Well, no, not by the next—I'm going away very soon, though. You don't mind my leaving the bulk of my luggage here, do you, Nora?"

"Of course not. You can consider those rooms always your own."

They shook hands, kissed each other even, a display of affection to which they were not particularly given, and parted. Captain Ravenscroft packed a portmanteau and carpet-bag, and carried them away with him in a Brading fly. He declined to avail himself of the Park stables for his exodus, and the Park servants said there had been a quarrel between the captain and his sister.

"I don't know about that," said one of the house-maids; "I was cleaning the yellow room all the time they was a-talking in my lady's morning-room, and I didn't hear high words between 'em."

"You'd never hear high words from the captain," answered the housekeeper; "it isn't in him. But take my word for it there's been a quarrel, or the captain wouldn't be going away all of a sudden like this."

The Zoophyte contrived to evade any farewell between himself and Julia.

He was tender-hearted upon some subjects, and his niece was one of them.

CHAPTER IV.

For a fortnight Lady Talmash Brading heard nothing of her brother. In the depths of her heart she was glad that he was gone, though she dared not own as much to Julia, who sorely bemoaned Uncle Regy's departure. The Corks affair was off: that was the grand point in the mind of the viscountess. She was not very well during that fortnight—had a slight attack of summer influenza or hay fever, and took numerous mild sedatives and saline draughts furnished by the most courteous and sympathetic of provincial doctors. She was a prisoner to the house, therefore, and Julia staid at home with her, and was not to be lured away by the brightest days. Toward the end of the fortnight Lady Talmash surprised her own maid looking at her once or twice in a curious way, as if there was some revelation she would like to make if she dared. The housekeeper, too, had a peculiar manner one morning when she held a conference with her mistress. Once, too, Lady Talmash actually saw the butler—the grave elderly butler, who looked like a pillar of the state in his respectable solemnity—exchange a subdued grin with his subordinate, as if their minds were burdened with some common joke. The subordinate—as inferior in breeding to his chief—even gave a suppressed chuckle and splutter, and was fain to busy himself suddenly at the sideboard in order to hide his guilty countenance from Lady Talmash Brading's majesty.

"Some vulgar village joke, no doubt," she thought; "but if that man laughs again, he must go."

At last the viscountess was pronounced well enough to go out. She took longer to get well, of course, than a common person, and the Brading surgeon was as punctilious and solemn as if she had been at death's door.

"You really might take a run in your pony-carriage, my lady;" and then he added, in a strange, downcast way, "but I wouldn't go far, I wouldn't expose myself to fatigue or worry just yet. A drive in the park now would be best."

"I hate prowling about the park," my lady answered, impatiently. "If I go out at all, I shall go for a long drive. A park ought to be twenty miles round at least for it to be tolerable to drive in. Julia, put on your hat, and tell Perkins to bring me my things."

The Brading practitioner dared not remonstrate: he murmured something about "care," and not staying out too long for the first time; and then took his polite departure. As he was crossing the hall, and afterward in his carriage, he indulged in a suppressed chuckle, very much like the under butler's.

"It's to be hoped she won't drive into Brading," he said to himself; "if she does there'll be the devil to pay."

Lady Talmash did drive into Brading. She took a pleasant country round, first through green lanes where the dogroses were in their glory, and then came homeward through Brading High Street. It was a pleasant, gay-looking street enough, with old gable ends and latticed windows in the upper stories, and here and there a house decorated with elaborate wood-work carved into heraldic devices—a house that had been occupied by some notable citizen in days gone by.

Half-way down, the street opened out into a wide square market-place, with a piazza and clock-tower in the centre; and just here there was a sharp corner, where the pavement was narrow, and the shop-fronts seemed to butt out upon the road in a rather aggressive manner. When Lady Talmash Brading's pony-carriage came to this point, Julia, whose quick eyes roamed every where, gave a little cry of surprise.

"Look, mamma!" she exclaimed; "there's a new pork shop, such a nice one!"

"Julia, I wish you would not call out in that way—about new pork shops, too—it's so absurd."

There was a heavy wagon in front of them just at this moment, and Lady Talmash was fain to rein in her eager ponies. She had leisure to look listlessly up at the shop.

It was a pork butcher's, with tender young piglings hanging before the window, and sausages in dainty-looking baskets inside—a most attractive-looking pork butcher's—and on the board above the window was painted in conspicuous characters the name of Reginald Ravenscroft.

Yes, it was there! It was not a diabolical delusion like the cat and the skeleton and the gentleman usher in Sir Walter Scott's Demonology—it was not an awful dream. The inscription was there—"REGINALD RAVENSCROFT, PORK BUTCHER." And hanging in the windows there were placards announcing "Dairy-fed Pork," "Fine Cambridge Sausages fresh daily;" and so on.

The viscountess flung the reins to her daughter and sprang out of the carriage. She who had never before entered a provision shop of less distinction than Morel's or Fortnum & Mason's, walked straight through the narrow door of the pork butcher's, her silken skirts actually brushing against a little tin tray of mysterious edible lumps, simmering in grease, and labeled "Ducks, a penny each."

My lady saw the ducks and shuddered. They diffused a savory odor of sage and onion, and on the counter inside there was a large roasted leg of pork, with accompaniments.

THE BURNING-GLASS.—DRAWN BY L. W. ATWATER.—[SEE PAGE 757.]

It was market-day, and Reginald Ravenscroft, pork butcher, was not above turning an honest penny by the sale of a cooked joint. The smell of the shop made Lady Talmash feel very faint, but she could not turn any paler than she was when she entered it. She had been white with anger when she stepped out of her pony-carriage.

Reginald Ravenscroft, pork butcher, was standing behind his counter in a clean white apron, looking the very image of placid contentment.

"Pray, may I ask the meaning of this degrading absurdity?" demanded the viscountess, in a voice that was tremulous with rage.

"Certainly, my dear Leonora. I am quite ready to explain my motives. You urged me to make a position for myself, and I ultimately resolved to do so. I did not feel that I had a genius for the higher walks of commerce, but I did consider myself a good judge of pork. This shop was to let, and people hereabout told me a pork butcher's was wanted. And I must say that the business has been remarkably brisk since I opened the place last week. Those ducks, now, in the tin at the door—they're the things Londoners call fagots—you've no idea how they go off at a penny; and there's a profit upon them, though you'd hardly believe it. Have a duck; let me get you a clean plate, and try a duck. They're uncommonly savory. I make them myself."

Lady Talmash did not deign to notice this polite offer. Two stalwart country fellows came in at this moment and bought some roast pork. It was a pleasant sight to see the Zoophyte slicing the leg, not forgetting the stuffing and the gravy, and giving change for half a crown with a thoroughly business-like air. When the men were gone, Lady Talmash returned to the charge.

"Now, Reginald," she began, sternly, "will you be good enough to explain?"

"My dearest creature, I *have* explained," he answered, in his blandest manner. "What more can I say? It was necessary that I should do something, and this business suits me. You can't imagine what an endearing animal a pig is, considered as dairy-fed pork. As bacon he's large and uninteresting—runs into rashers, and becomes monotonous; but there's a really artistic pleasure in cutting up such pork as that," said the Zoophyte, patting a pink-looking loin. "And then there's the sucking pig—see what a variety he imparts to the business."

"Is this meant for a joke, Reginald? If so, it is a most contemptible one."

"A joke!—not at all. I was never more serious in my life. You prevented my marriage with the dearest little girl in the world, who would have brought me fifty thousand pounds, and you upbraided me on the subject of my disinclination to get my own living. It was time I should do something. I am sorry your repugnance to the beer trade extends to the pig trade also."

"Oh, I see," said my lady, indignantly, "this is an act of revenge."

"I won't admit that, Leonora; but it is an act of self-assertion. You wouldn't let me marry Mary Corks, so I have taken to pork as a consolation."

"I will allow you five hundred a year," said Lady Talmash, impetuously—"settle it upon you—if you'll abandon this most degrading course."

"Thanks; this is a very generous offer, but I really would rather rely upon my own exertions and pigs. You see I have only just discovered that I can get my own living."

Lady Talmash argued and protested, but it was no use. The Zoophyte, after his own tranquil fashion, was as firm as a rock. He was really attached to the pork trade, he repeated, with a calm persistence that was exasperating to the last degree.

The viscountess drove home in dead silence. Even the much-indulged Julia dared not question her, her countenance was too awful. For a week she did nothing, but day and night she was pursued by the image of her brother Reginald Ravenscroft selling pork to the commonalty of Brading—the late captain of the Queen's Own Trumpeters, in shirt-sleeves and a white apron, cutting up pigs!

After enduring this for a week, Lady Talmash found that she could bear it no longer. She must do something, any thing, to put an end to the unspeakable humiliation. She ordered her carriage and drove to Brading High Street, and went once more into the neat little pork shop—past the tray of "Ducks, a penny each."

The Zoophyte was behind his counter in snow-white shirt-sleeves and spotless apron.

She could only use the same arguments that she had employed before. She was willing to allow him five hundred a year—six—seven—eight hundred even, if he would abandon that degrading employment.

The Zoophyte shrugged his shoulders.

"Bring Mary Corks here and let her ask me to give up the business," he said, decisively. "There is no one else who could wean me from pigs."

"What, humiliate myself to those Corks people, after all I have said?" cried Lady Talmash.

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"Either that or endure my connection with pork. I really can't see that it's any disredit to you. It's a very clean business."

The viscountess was vanquished. It was a hard thing to bow the knee, as it were, to Mr. Corks the brewer; but any thing was preferable to this pork business, this open scandal, which of course had set all Brading talking about her, and had provoked her very menials to audacious grinning in her superb presence. She told her coachman to drive straight to the Battlements; and half an hour after her interview with the Zoophyte she was seated in the gorgeous new drawing-room, where all the furniture looked as if it had just come out of the upholsterer's shop, talking to Mr. and Mrs. Corks.

She could be very charming when she chose, and the brewer and his wife yielded immediately to her fascination. She was candor itself—told them frankly of the prejudice against trade, and the unworthy means that Captain Ravenscroft had taken to break through it.

"It is a rum start, certainly," said Mr. Corks, "and there's been a deal of talk about it."

The viscountess shivered a little—that she should ever seek a matrimonial alliance with a family whose head talked of "a rum start!"—but the image of the pork butcher's shop was in her mind, and she smiled one of her sweetest smiles.

"We must get him to abandon this folly, Mr. Corks," she said: "now I know that your pretty daughter has more influence with him than any one else; she must persuade him to give up pork-butchering, and when they are married I will settle five or six hundred a year upon him."

"And you'll receive my girl as a member of your family, hay, my lady? You won't go and turn your back upon her directly she's married?"

"No, Mr. Corks, I am not capable of that. If your daughter marries my brother with my approval, I shall treat her as a sister."

"Then it's a bargain, my lady," cried Corks. "Mary's desperate fond of the captain, and she shall have him. I said I wouldn't consent to the match unless you were agreeable to it, and I've kept my word. But the girl's been going on anyhow, and has talked about that pork butcher's shop as if it was the greatest thing that was ever done—like going aboard a life-boat or heading a forlorn hope, or summat of that sort."

Miss Corks came into the room presently, looking so blooming and so pretty, and behaving with such perfect propriety, that Lady Talmash could not help being pleased with her. She bore the girl off in her carriage at once and drove back to the pork shop, where there was a brief and animated little scene performed between the Zoophyte and the two ladies.

The shutters went up that afternoon, and the name of Reginald Ravenscroft was painted out upon the space above them. Captain Ravenscroft and Miss Corks were married six weeks afterward. Mary has been presented at court by her sister-in-law, and Brading Park and the Battlements have exchanged dinners, much to the delight of Mr. and Mrs. Corks. The captain has furnished a dear little house in Mayfair, where he lives very happily with his pretty young wife and the society he likes, running down to Brading occasionally, to be received with all honor at the Battlements or the Park. The pork-butcher business will be remembered at Brading to the end of time, but it is popularly supposed the captain did the thing for a wager.

THE BURNING-GLASS.

THE burning-glass, or, as it is sometimes called, the sun-glass, is a convex lens; that is, it is thicker in the middle than at the edges. If the rays of the sun are allowed to pass through the lens, the outer ones will be bent inward toward those which pass through the centre, each in proportion to its distance from that point, so that they will all meet at a certain point called the *focus*. Such a lens, if large enough and of true form, may be made to furnish a good deal of amusement on a bright warm day in summer, as the rays concentrated through it produce sufficient heat to set fire to paper, cloth, or soft dry wood. Our little country friends in the picture on the opposite page are experimenting with such a lens on an old straw hat.

Boys sometimes use a sun-glass to flash gunpowder off. Some years ago there was a small cannon in the garden of the Palais Royal, in Paris, with a lens fixed above it in such a position that precisely at noon the focus of the lens should come over the priming and fire the gun. It was a very pretty toy. Of course the position of the lens had to be changed a little every day to follow the movement of the sun.

THE HON. H. C. DIBBLE.

THIS gentleman, whose portrait is given on this page, holds the position of Judge of the Eighth Judicial District of Louisiana, and also that of President of the Public School Board in New Orleans. He was born at Delphi, Indiana, November 8, 1844, and is consequently but twenty-six years of age. Deprived by death of his father while still a child, he had few advantages of education beyond those afforded by the common schools. He learned the printer's trade, at which he was working when the Southern rebellion broke out. Though but sixteen years of age, he at once enlisted as a private in an Indiana regiment, and served faithfully until the siege of Port Hudson, where he lost a leg.

A relative in New Orleans gave him a home and the means and opportunity to complete his studies. In 1865 he was admitted to the bar. Soon afterward he began to take an active part in politics, and displayed considerable ability as an orator and party manager. As soon, however, as reconstruction became a fixed fact in

HON. HENRY C. DIBBLE, OF NEW ORLEANS.

Louisiana he devoted himself wholly to the practice of law, and was employed by the State in several important suits arising out of the new order of things. In 1870 he was appointed to the bench.

Judge DIBBLE takes an active interest in public education, and is a strong friend of common schools for all classes of people. His influence in this direction is exceedingly salutary throughout the State.

IN THE BLACK FOREST.

I.

DURING a solitary tour which I took some three or four years ago in Germany I one morning received the following laconic epistle from my friend Everard Conyers:

"HÔTEL DES QUATRE SAISONS, W——, *June* 3, 186-.

"DEAR OLD FELLOW,—If this reaches you at Heidelberg, as I hope it will, and you are able to tear yourself away from the delights of Prince Rupert's Tower, and the inebriated riots of the enlightened Teutonic students, spare me a day or two at W——.

"I am no longer, literally speaking, tied here by the leg; but what say you if other ties have thrown their noose around me? I want you to help me with your advice as to whether or not I shall rivet them around my neck once and forever!

"I will engage a room for you at my hotel. Come, there's a good fellow!—Yours, etc.,

"EVERARD CONYERS."

For the last seven or eight years of our lives Everard Conyers and I had been fast friends, and there were few or none in the world dearer to me than he. Nor did I stand altogether alone in this partiality, for Everard's attractions were such as neither young nor old, as a rule, either resisted or attempted to resist.

To say that he was young, handsome, and brilliant, of good fortune, connections, and gentlemanly tastes, is merely to mention certain qualifications which he shared with others; but beyond this there was about Everard Conyers an almost womanly tenderness, of which many a one—and I fear some of the fairer creation to their cost—had experienced the charm.

I arrived at W—— the evening of the day on which I received Conyers's letter.

After dinner we went out together to the gardens of the Kursaal.

He was delighted to see me, dear old fellow, and looked better than I had expected to see him. He had, so he said, entirely recovered from the rheumatic affection (brought on by lying on the wet grass after cricketing) to cure which he had first visited W——.

Therefore I imagined his prolonged stay to be solely occasioned by the "other ties" to which he had alluded in his letter.

He did not, however, mention the subject at dinner, but talked very fast on a variety of irrelevant points, and professed an immense appetite; and I, for my part, was quite satisfied that he should choose his own time and manner of making me his confidant.

There was a ball that night in the great hall of the Kursaal: such a ball as frequently occurs at W——; by no means a dressed affair, no toilet being considered necessary for the occasion beyond the removal of hat or bonnet on the part of the young ladies; while between the dances the performers strolled about amidst the crowd outside the Kursaal, and drank coffee and ate ice beneath the trees.

Conyers had a ticket for the ball; but after standing with me for a moment or so behind the screen which on this evening, for the accommodation of the dancers, divided the great hall from the rest of the apartments, he declared the orchestra, stationed in the gallery above, to be intolerably loud and "bruyant," and drew me on to a room at the side, from whence proceeded the unmistakable chink of money, quite audible amidst the noise of pattering feet, the hum of voices, and the undulating rise and fall of the Strauss waltz.

"Playing high to-night," said he, after a minute or so, during which he and I had stationed ourselves among the spectators at one of the gambling-tables.

So saying, he threw down a napoleon. The ball in the middle of the table pursued its course with the usual dull rattle; and Everard's napoleon, in company with many another, fell a prey to the long rake of the croupier.

He tried another, and another, then two, and lost persistently; shrugged his shoulders slightly, took my arm, and walked away.

"No luck to-night," said he. "I sadly want *her* to tell me the lucky numbers."

"Do you indulge in much of this kind of sport, then, if sport you call it?" said I.

He looked in my face and laughed.

"Well, no; merely as an amusement—at least not systematically. My dear fellow, if you'd been at W—— as long as I, you'd have discovered a turn at the tables quite a necessity of life—in fact the only thing *to* do; there's nothing else beyond mooning in the gardens and making excursions to the forest, both of which become monotonous after a time—at least they did so till—"

Here he broke off suddenly, perceiving an acquaintance in an adjoining apartment.

"I'll be back in a minute," said he. "I want to speak to that fellow, and ask if he and his will be of my party to-morrow."

Left alone, I strolled out into the gardens amidst the gayly dressed crowd. The evening was hot; but there either was or seemed to be a certain coolness by the side of the artificial lake which lies in front of the Kursaal.

Sitting here, my attention was presently attracted by a figure coming toward me.

It was that of a flower-girl. She was petite, evidently French, and in age I should say somewhere about thirty, simply dressed in some dark color, and wearing at her side a little leathern pouch, into which those who took a rose from the basket she held upon her arm put what return they chose.

I have said that she was small, and her face was pale, almost sallow; but many a high-born lady might have envied the simple dignity, the innate grace, of her bearing; and when she smiled she was charming.

Some among the crowd appeared known to her, and she had a smile or a word or two for all these; but to strangers, or those perhaps whom she considered too pressing in their attentions, she was gravity and decorum itself.

But above this, she had a story in her face. I felt sure of it, as I watched her coming slowly toward me among the crowd, a kind of questioning, searching look in her great eyes, as if she sought for some one or something, and this habit from long use had, as it were, grown into and become part of her life. I held out my hand for a rose, still keeping my eyes on her face—I fear rather too intently for good manners—and as I did so I saw it change; the pale face became if possible a shade paler, and a kind of sudden fire or intense light shone in her eyes.

She was looking beyond me, and almost involuntarily I followed the direction of her eyes with mine, and saw Everard Conyers, and by his side two ladies: one oldish, and quite magnificently attired, even among that gorgeous assembly, in purple silk and lace; the other a young lady, all in snowy white, most delicately fair, and in form and feature simply the most beautiful woman my eyes had ever rested on.

"Monsieur désire-t-il une rose?"

I lifted my eyes to the pale face of the flower-girl, took the rose she gave me, and put something into her little leathern pouch.

As she passed away Conyers's voice at my side said,

"Leighton, you must let me present you to Madame la Comtesse de Beauvilliers, and to her daughter, la Comtesse Hilda. Madame"—to the old lady—"this is my best earthly friend; let me entreat of you," he added, laughing, "to bestow upon him some portion of the favor, and of you, Comtesse Hilda, some of the smiles, which have of late days made me the happiest among mortals!"

"Mais, monsieur, j'en serai enchantée," said the Comtesse de Beauvilliers, extending her hand to me à l'Anglaise, while the Comtesse Hilda honored me with a profound and graceful reverence, but said nothing.

Immediately afterward I found myself walking up and down in company with the old comtesse, Everard and the daughter strolling on together in front.

Madame la Comtesse was very gracious and affable, and very full of conversation, which she conducted in a mixture of French and broken English.

Was this my first visit to W——?

No, I had known it in former years.

She had done the same. For her part, she was heartily sick of the place; and if it were not for a certain "soupçon de la rheumatisme," and because the air suited the delicate health of her daughter, la Comtesse Hilda, she would not remain there another hour: it was a "wicked place, les morales y étaient très basses." How very seldom, for instance, it was your fate at W—— to make the acquaintance of a young man like my esteemed friend Monsieur Everard Conyers—a young man "enfin si frais, si pur, si comme il faut"—so different, in fact, from the general run of W—— society!

So he may be, thought I; but I very much doubt, Madame la Comtesse, whether even his purity, however great, will long stand the contaminating influence of society such as yours and that of your daughter.

For as she talked and rambled sweetly on, and at length, though very cautiously, slid from the contemplation of Everard's moral qualities to the far more important question of his social position in England, and the extent of his income, trying—though, as I flatter myself, in vain—to obtain from me some precise idea as to what they might be, I brought both eyes and ears to bear pretty acutely upon her, and with even greater intentness upon the fair and faultless vision moving in front of me.

In some early paintings the Evil Spirit who first tempted our parents to sin is represented with a serpent's body, indeed, surmounted, however, by the head and shoulders of a faultlessly beautiful woman; and in the perfect lines of the perfect face there is nothing even to suggest wickedness or guile, far less degradation, shame, and that great mystery—death; nothing to provoke a shudder or cause distrust save the one fact that the beautiful mask *is* a mask, quite expressionless, apparently immovable.

Some such reminiscence or uncomfortable idea as this floated through my mind as I watched the Comtesse Hilda walking by the side of Everard Conyers.

She listened, indeed, and answered and smiled; but the smile was the smile of the lips—not the eyes—and displayed to perfection the pearly even teeth in all their symmetry and whiteness.

And yet she was beautiful; and it seemed to me that her beauty dazzled the eyes and burned into the very soul of Everard Conyers.

I could see him grow more earnest and lowtoned in what he said to her; and there was a kind of tender, impassioned look in his honest blue eyes, for which, indeed, her face seemed to possess the attractions of a magnet.

In the distance the undulating sounds of the Strauss waltz swelled and sank upon the breeze, and the moon rose high and solemnly above the trees of the garden.

Madame la Comtesse mère, basilisk-eyed, played her part to perfection, keeping well behind, and eying the pair—so it seemed to me—much as a hungry spider might eye a couple of fat and well-conditioned flies hovering upon the verge of the fatal web.

After a time, however, she appeared to weary of my conversation; and well she might, considering the meaningless platitudes with which I favored her; but whether she set me down as half knave or half fool I do not know.

Certain personages among the crowd enjoyed the honor of Madame la Comtesse's acquaintanceship. Some she greeted with a stately bend of recognition; with others she was empressée in the extreme; and one, a young effacé-looking man, with a handsome face and a general air of effeteness and satiety about him, she introduced to me as Monsieur le Comte, her son.

At length Madame la Comtesse became suddenly affected by a violent "crise de toux," and shortly after this the Comtesse Hilda and her companion turned round so as to meet us; whereupon the Comtesse mère declared it time to leave the festive scene of the Kursaal and return home.

Everard, who had at first appeared a good deal crest-fallen at the idea, consoled himself by reflecting that the day of his fête-champêtre had well-nigh set in, for it was already close on midnight.

"Will four o'clock in the afternoon suit you, Madame la Comtesse?" said he; "the heat will not be too great in the forest at that hour, and I promise to provide amusement for you as far as I can, and, at any rate, eatables, among the sylvan shades. The Comtesse Hilda will, I expect, appear as a wood dryad," added he, smiling at her.

The three departed together, Everard escorting the ladies home.

I promised to meet him at the hotel on his return, and in the mean while strolled along the

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quiet paths by the side of the water, meditating on what I had seen, and considering what I should say to Conyers were he to ask my advice and opinion on the subject.

The man's in love, I reflected, and therefore no words of mine—did I possess the tongue of Demosthenes and the wisdom of Socrates—are likely to make much difference to him; he will simply put me down as dense and prejudiced and, it may even be, jealous.

"Monsieur," said a voice.

I started and looked round. At my side stood the flower-girl, very pale, very quiet, very composed.

"Monsieur," said she, "you are a friend to Monsieur Everard Conyers?"

I said I was, too much astonished to say any thing else.

"I can read faces," said she, "and I trust yours."

Seeing, perhaps, a shade of suspicion, or at least amazement, in my expression at being thus accosted, she went on:

"I know what you would say. You wish to know who I am, and what Monsieur Everard Conyers and his affairs can be to me." (She spoke very slowly, pronouncing her words carefully and distinctly, as one who wished to make herself understood.) "I will tell you. I am a poor flower-girl, and my name is Marie Dupin. Once, a year ago, I was in danger, and quite defenseless. I thought for a moment there was no one in the wide world to help me. Monsieur Conyers rescued me, monsieur; if he had been my own brother he could not have done so more nobly or more generously; and I would give my life for him, and think I did but pay a rightful debt."

As she spoke the color rose to her cheeks, and made her for the moment positively beautiful.

"But, Marie," said I, "what is the danger from which you would at present save Monsieur Conyers?"

"Monsieur," she answered, quietly, "from the hands of the wicked Comtesse de Beauvilliers, and from those of her beautiful and worthless daughter."

"And have you, then, proofs," said I, "that the Comtesse de Beauvilliers is wicked, or, I will say, designing, and her daughter worthless?"

"I have," she answered, "deadly proofs. But let me, in return, monsieur, ask you a question. Has Monsieur Conyers much money—very much?"

"He has a good fortune, and certain expectations," I answered, half unconsciously, speaking the exact truth to this flower-girl, as if she had been the tried associate of my life. But something in her earnestness and simplicity impressed me in spite of myself.

"Ah, it is as I thought!" said she. "They will suck him like a leech, ruin him for this world and the next, if they could; and then, unless the Comtesse Hilda thinks the remains of his fortune sufficiently large, she will throw him away like an empty husk or a worn-out shoe."

"But I must hear more of this," I exclaimed. "You believe, then, the comtesse and her daughter to be mere adventurers—trading on the good faith and evident admiration of Monsieur Conyers—tempting him to gamble, and perhaps lend them money for the same purpose. You do not suspect the Comtesse Hilda of ulterior designs—in fact, that she intends, if possible, to become the wife of Monsieur Conyers?"

"I can not say, monsieur," answered Marie, quietly. "The Comtesse Hilda has been tossed about in the world for many a long day; she may wish to secure a home for herself, and imagine Monsieur Conyers to be in a position to provide her with one. But Heaven knows she shall not attain her end unobstructed while I live to tear from his eyes the bandage which she has drawn around them! I tell you, monsieur, that on her white hand there's the stain of blood!"

"The stain of blood!" I repeated.

Marie nodded, and her great eyes filled with tears.

"Do not ask me whose," she said; "for his sake, perhaps, I might have spared her—for he loved her. I do not ask revenge; I only ask to save the man who once saved me: and that, Heaven helping me, I will do speedily. But it grows late, and I must leave you. Good-night, monsieur!"

"Stay, Marie," said I—"let me beg of you to stay. The truth of your suspicions can not fail to be of paramount importance to me on account of my friend. Can you give me no clew, no hint, as to their nature and extent?"

"Not to-night, monsieur!" she said, simply. "Nor shall my lips accuse the Comtesse Hilda. Her own lips, her own eyes, shall do that, and you will then be convinced that what I speak is truth. Farewell!"

In another minute Marie Dupin had disappeared in the darkness.

II.

On my return to the hotel I found Everard, to whose apartment I went, had arrived there before me.

He was stamping about the room in a state of perplexity and impatience, so it appeared. One or two open letters, evidently just arrived, lay about, and to the contents of these I attributed this sudden change of mood, for which I should otherwise have been at a loss to account.

"Ah, sit down, old fellow," said Everard, pushing a chair toward me and throwing himself into another. "Well, are you going to congratulate me? Don't you think I'm one of the luckiest men alive?"

"Before I answer that question, Everard," said I, laughing, or attempting to laugh, "I must know precisely on what point my congratulations are expected."

"To tell you the truth, Leighton, I can hardly myself say; at least I am at a loss to explain in what exact relationship I at present stand to the Comtesse Hilda. She knows, of course, that I admire her—admire her immensely; but whether among her many lovers—"

"Her lovers!" I interrupted him. "And so, Everard, you love the Comtesse Hilda de Beauvilliers?"

"Why, what else would you have me do?" he exclaimed, stopping in the midst of his walk—for he had risen, and was again tramping up and down the room. "Surely to see her only is to love her!"

"To *see* her, yes," said I, with a marked emphasis on the word.

"She is beautiful," pursued Everard, as if talking to himself.

"Most beautiful."

"And good and sweet as she is beautiful. Don't tell me, because the old countess may not come into all one's ideas—is foolish, vain, mercenary, if you will—because she has brought up her daughter in this style of place (and Heaven knows there can't be a worse)—because maybe they have got into difficulties, having no one to advise them" (here his eye glanced at one of the letters on the table, which, from its penmanship and business-like air, I judged to proceed from a man of business or lawyer's clerk, as if that document was in some way connected with the moneyed difficulties of the Comtesse de Beauvilliers)—"in short, don't tell me, Leighton, that the Comtesse Hilda is not good and pure as she is beautiful!"

He spoke with very unnecessary warmth and vehemence, as a man does speak when he wishes rather to convince himself than his listener of the truth of his words.

I kept silence. How was I to disprove his statements? Moreover, "the stain of blood, the stain of blood upon that white hand," still rung in my ears, and perforce closed my lips.

As we sat thus Everard drew toward him the lawyer's letter, re-read it, crushed it in his hand, and threw it down.

"Hang the fellow!" said he; "what's the good of his writing to me on 'large sums of money due on the estate, leases to be renewed, and extensive repairs necessary on the Yorkshire property?' I declare, if he knows where the ready money's to come from, I don't, and there's an end of it."

"Is it, then," said I, "so expensive living at W——?"

"Well—not exactly. I see what you're driving at, Leighton," said he, stopping short in his walk, and looking me full in the face with his great, tender eyes, in which there was a strange light and shimmer to-night, so it struck me. "Granted that the old Comtesse de Beauvilliers be designing, mercenary, and all the rest of it, that does not affect the daughter, does it?"

"Not precisely. But it behooves you, Everard, in my opinion, before you inviolably connect your fate with that of another, to consider under what influences and in what society she has hitherto moved; whether your tastes, pursuits, and aims are in any way similar; whether you may not one day discover, when it is too late, that a great gulf lies between you—a gulf which you will then attempt to span, and in vain!"

"I tell you," said Everard, "that I trust and love her; and if I thought this night that she loved me as I do her, I should esteem myself the happiest of mortals."

"Good-night," said I, laughing. "'Force not the course of the river,' I imagine to be a true axiom."

"Let me cap you. 'It is better to meet a bear robbed of her whelps than a fool in his folly.'"

And so we parted. I had leisure to ponder these words of wisdom, and any thing else which came beneath my notice, the next day, during the morning hours of which I saw but little of my friend.

In the afternoon I found myself one of a rather large would-be-sylvan party, reclining in a glade of the beautiful forest which opens some miles from W——, and there partaking of every delicacy of the season and out of it, in truly rustic guise; for our table-cloth was spread upon the grass, and the company sat round on stumps and roots covered with cushions and rugs, and ate Perigord pie and many another dainty by the aid of two-pronged forks.

The banquet being at length concluded, the servants retired with such spoils as they could lay hands on; but the Champagne, Hochheimer, and Engelheimer still circulated among the guests, who continued sitting around the remains of their feast.

Comtesse Hilda stationed herself on the gnarled root of an oak, and Everard lay at her feet. Her hat she had tossed off, and the setting sun lent a glory to the magnificent hair which rippled down her shoulders in endless profusion.

The two were a little withdrawn from the rest, and Comtesse Hilda, looking down, played with a bunch of wild roses which Everard had picked for her, and apparently listened with great attention to his conversation.

A good deal of talking and laughing went on among the guests, most of whom were apparently well acquainted with one another; but I, a stranger, had leisure for observation.

So, I noticed, had a certain fiercely mustached and whiskered individual, who sat nearly opposite Comtesse Hilda and her companion. He, too, I learned, was something of a stranger at W——, and enjoyed the reputation of great riches. On him the Comtesse Hilda, every now and then looking up from her lap and the flowers which lay upon it, turned her eyes. Sitting thus, we suddenly became conscious of a sweet voice singing an old French melody, the sounds of which came wafted to us through the wood, now loud, now soft, now dying away upon the breeze; and at the end of a long vista we beheld the small, graceful figure of a woman coming toward us, a flower-basket on her arm.

"Marie Dupin!" exclaimed Everard, springing up: "the very thing! I know of no sweeter voice in the world than Marie's—save one," he added, smiling at the comtesse. He filled a glass with Hochheimer and took it to Marie, who was now close to us. "Pledge me, Marie," he said.

She put away the wine.

"Merci, monsieur, je n'en prends jamais.—Les messieurs et mesdames, désirent-ils des roses?"

Everard slipped a piece of gold into Marie's pouch.

"Distribute them yourself, Marie," said he, "and then sing to us any thing—a French ballad: we are not difficult to please; n'est-ce pas, mes amis?"

"I will do so with pleasure, monsieur," said Marie. She then went round the circle, distributing a rose and leaf to each in turn.

As she paused before the Comtesse Hilda and gave her a crimson rose, the most beautiful in the basket, I fancied a shade of distrust, like the morning film upon the sky, crossed that perfect face. Marie sat down upon a stump, folded her small hands upon her lap, and began to sing, very softly at first and slowly, some old French crooning melody, such as a peasant might croon to her child, therewith to quiet its murmurs and hush it into calm, but in a voice so full, so rich, so deep, that you could not choose but listen. From this she passed into something very spirited, quick, gay, lively; and at the end of her performance received immense applause.

"Sing us one more song, Marie," said Everard, who still lay at the feet of the Comtesse Hilda.

"But I shall weary this company," said she.

"No, no," said one or two: "sing."

And the Comtesse Hilda laughed a little silvery laugh, and said:

"Sing us a love-song, child. Don't you know one?"

"Oui, Madame la Comtesse," said Marie, gently; "shall I sing it?" and began.

It was a quaint old melody this time; very peculiar, very pathetic, with an ever-recurring refrain—

"Te reverrai-je donc,
O mes chères montagnes d'Alsace?"

—many verses long.

As the song proceeded Comtesse Hilda turned pale as death, and round her eyes rose great circles.

"Pardon," said Marie, stopping suddenly; "Madame la Comtesse se trouve mal!"

A bomb falling in the midst of us could hardly have astonished us more.

That this wood dryad, this Diana, this goddess of the feast, should suddenly falter and fail, and her wonderful ripe beauty assume the hues of mortal weakness, appeared utterly incongruous, and, but for the fact, well-nigh impossible.

"C'est la chaleur; ma fille est d'une santé délicate," said the old comtesse, going toward her; "un peu d'eau, Monsieur Conyers, et cela se passera."

So it proved; for in a minute or so, during which Everard, kneeling at her feet, had chafed her hands between his own, Comtesse Hilda opened her eyes, smiled at her anxious adorer, and declared herself quite restored.

During the confusion which this little scene had occasioned Marie Dupin, the flower-girl, had disappeared.

The party did not return to W—— till late. We drove through the forest by the most beautiful clair-de-lune I had ever witnessed, which caused every tree and every forest glade to assume an unreal and spiritual appearance, while not a sound was to be heard save that of our own voices and the noise of the carriage wheels. I slept somewhat late the next morning; and ere I had risen was more or less surprised by receiving a visit from Everard, who, after a hasty knock at the door, entered without farther ceremony, and threw himself down in the arm-chair by the side of the bed.

"Are you awake?" said he.

"Yes—no; in what can I serve you at this untimely hour?" I answered, rubbing my eyes, so as to obtain a better view of my visitant, which ended in my exclaiming:

"You have not been in bed all night! That, at least, is very clear."

"You're about right there," said he. "I couldn't sleep, so what's the good? What do you think of this?"

He took from his pocket a small square parcel tied round with a piece of scarlet ribbon.

"Think of it? how can I tell till I know the contents? Is it this parcel which has caused you a night's unrest, Everard? If so, I must at least ask, first, to untie the ribbon, in order to learn what the packet may contain; and secondly, how you came by it."

"No, no! don't untie it," said Everard, putting out his hand, "and I will tell you my story."

I noticed now that he looked very worn and weary—far more so than a single night's unrest warranted.

"You know," said he, "after the Comtesse Hilda had recovered from her fainting-fit the party broke up into little coteries.

"The comtesse and I wandered away in company with two or three others; but after a time our companions dropped off, and she and I found ourselves alone.

"I dare say you remember, Leighton," said he, smiling, "that in our nursery days we used to be informed that the rays of the full moon upon the head produced madness—probably about as true an axiom as other old wives' fables; but, whatever the cause, I believe I was mad last night.

"It seemed to me, Leighton, as if my whole life concentrated itself into those few minutes—it could hardly have been longer—during which she and I stood together in the forest.

"I told her I loved her; and she—she did not reject me.

"You remember, when at length all the company assembled in order to return to W——, some mistake occurred about the carriages, and I followed the servants and others who had gone in search of them, in order to make sure of all being right, when, turning an angle in the path, I perceived at a little distance two figures—a man, and by his side Marie Dupin. On seeing me the man turned aside, but not before I had recognized in him Count R——, who, as I told you, has been but a short time at W——, and is very little known except by name.

"Marie came on and met me.

"When I saw her face I started; there was such a strange look on it, and her eyes were full of tears.

"'The carriages are on the road, monsieur,' she said, 'and will be there by the time you return. Can you spare me a few minutes? I have something to tell you.'

"Of course I complied, and walked on with her.

"'Monsieur,' she said, 'that man, Count R——, is a minister of police. He is here on the track of the Comtesse de Beauvilliers and her daughter.'

"I can't tell you what I said, Leighton. I believe if I had been shot near the heart I should have felt it less. She went on quietly:

"'Not long ago the Comtesse de Beauvilliers and the Comtesse Hilda resided at Berlin. They left the place suddenly and secretly, not without suspicion of having been engaged in a political intrigue of no creditable nature, for the purpose of obtaining money.' (She said all this, Leighton, and I heard it.) 'Since then circumstances have come to light which have put the police on their track; and if they wish for safety they must leave W—— to-morrow.'

"I turned on her then, Leighton; I was half wild, and she a woman. If she had been a man, I believe I should have struck her down on the spot; but I thank Heaven I was spared that!

"She only turned paler and paler, and looked at me with her great, strange eyes, which haunt me still. Then she said:

"'Monsieur, it is not as you say. I am no spy, no hunter of women like myself. I have told nothing to the police agent, and any proofs he may possess are not of my handiwork, or obtained by my connivance. You may still save the honor of those dear to you, monsieur, by means of the warning I have given you; but, in return, I make one stipulation with you: visit the Comtesse Hilda, give her this packet, and make her open it in your presence; then, monsieur, you will see if I have reason in my words, if I have cause to warn you against the Comtesse Hilda.'

"When she had said this she gave a great sigh, Leighton, as if her heart was almost broken, and turned away; but I made her stop, and begged her to tell me what she knew and what she meant. But she refused, and said, 'I will meet you to-morrow at the Comtesse de Beauvilliers's, monsieur; till then I keep silence.' And she went."

He ceased speaking.

"Give me the parcel," I said, and took it. The paper in which it was folded was somewhat worn and sullied, and the ribbon faded. I judged that the parcel had been tied up not recently, but some two or three years since.

"Go into the next room," I said. "I will join you in ten minutes, and we will go together to the Comtesse de Beauvilliers's."

"I will not go there," said Everard, who was sitting, his head sunk in his hands.

"Yes, you will. If there is nothing in that packet to compromise the Comtesse Hilda, so much the better; in that case the story of the Berlin intrigue may be also false; if not, the sooner you warn her that W—— is no longer a safe residence for her, the more you will serve her interests."

Half an hour later he and I stood at the door of the countess's apartments, Everard changed and worn by that night of agony as if by the effects of a long and terrible illness.

They were all together in the little drawing-room: the Countess Hilda sitting by the window; the old countess in the easiest of easy-chairs, and attired in a magnificent négligé costume, sipping chocolate; and leaning behind her, wearisomeness the predominant expression of his handsome, womanish face, stood the young count, her son.

There was a little antechamber to the room, and I was dimly conscious of some one noiselessly entering therein behind us. Not so the inmates of the room, who were all struck aghast by the change in Everard's appearance.

"Mais, qu'est que c'est, monsieur?" exclaimed the old countess.

"Vous ne vous trouvez donc pas bien portant ce matin?"

The Countess Hilda looked at him in astonishment, thinking, no doubt, was this the guise in which he came to claim her as his affianced bride? and a shade of terror and distrust passed, as it were, from his countenance to hers.

"Countess Hilda," said Everard, in a low tone, which sounded strangely in the silence of the room, "may I request you to open this parcel in my presence?"

All the indignant blood rushed to the countess's face.

"No, Sir. I will do nothing of the kind. May I inquire by what right you presume to make such a request?"

"The right of loving you," said Everard, in a still lower voice.

"And who has instigated you to so extraordinary a course?" continued the countess; and as Everard was silent, "Go, leave the room!"

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said she, passionately. "Your conduct admits of no excuse."

As she spoke her eyes fell upon some one who stood in the door-way looking at her, the Countess Hilda, fixedly—Marie Dupin. She advanced into the room.

"Comtesse Hilda de Beauvilliers," said she, "if you will not open this parcel, I will do it for you." So saying, she tore off the cover, and opened the lid of a little silver box. Within it lay two things: a diamond ring, and a thick lock of fair hair, of the color called "blond cendré," dabbled and stiffened with blood.

"Do you know that hair, countess?" said the flower-girl. It seemed she did; for she wavered, faltered, looked round at her mother, who had risen in alarm, and the young count, who came forward angrily, and then sank rigidly into the chair behind her, staring at Marie Dupin.

"Get out of the house, woman, or it will be the worse for you!" exclaimed the count.

"No, no; let her speak," said Comtesse Hilda, with a strange kind of laugh—"let her speak!" And Marie Dupin did speak, and said,

"Yes, comtesse, it is three years ago since he died, my foster-brother, Count Maurice de Bergue—died by his own hand; but the stain of his blood lies on your white hands, Comtesse Hilda de Beauvilliers—on you and on your mother!

"God knows he loved you! And you led him on, and made him believe that you too loved him; you led him on—shall I say it, comtesse?—into wickedness, into vice—in the midst of that whirlpool, Paris; he, so young and fresh from our Auvergne mountains. You taught him to gamble, and—you were a potent instructress—to forget every thing in the world but you and the desire to make money, that he might pour it at your feet. Then, when luck turned against him, and instead of gaining he lost, and still he sought you, then you laughed at him; and one day, comtesse, when he wearied you, and you were aiming at far higher game, to which he had served as decoy-duck long enough, so you thought, you jested at him and his pretensions, gloried in the new conquest you had made, threw him back the diamond ring he had given you, and denied the possibility of bestowing your hand upon a ruined man! Do you remember it, comtesse?" Comtesse Hilda bowed her white face. "You know what followed! You know why this hair is all dabbled in blood! He lay one morning, stiff and cold and dead, across the threshold of his own door—he, my brother—with the ring you had once worn against his heart!"

Her voice sank here, and faltered for the first time.

"You shall pay for this! Leave the house, woman!" said the count, and raised his hand as if to force her to do so.

She looked at him very much as one might look at an insect beneath one's feet.

"It is not for vengeance that I speak!" she said; "if it were, Heaven knows there is many a surer path by which I might have compassed it. But vengeance will surely follow such deeds as yours, Comtesse Hilda!

"Comtesse de Beauvilliers! Comtesse Hilda!" she continued, raising her voice, "be warned while there is time. The Berlin police are on your track; there is no longer safety for you at W——."

"Spy!" shrieked the count, turning upon Marie with a fearful oath. The old comtesse, with a smothered exclamation, sank back upon her couch; but the Comtesse Hilda laughed a little scornful laugh.

"All the better," said she; "our career at W—— seems to be terminated, and we will leave it to-day.

"Monsieur," said she, turning upon Everard, "I imagine you no longer desire the fulfillment of those vows which you last night swore to me with such fidelity?

"This woman informs you that there is blood upon my hands, and perhaps she speaks the truth.

"Go, and rejoice in her society if you will, upon the peril you have escaped, and gloat over the dexterity and address which have enabled you publicly to degrade the woman you professed to adore!"

Everard had not spoken until now, but stood like one in a dream, struck dumb, and rooted to the spot—as if from the effects of some horrible enchantment.

But as the comtesse rose to leave the room he turned his face, and his white lips murmured: "Hilda, God forgive you, as I do!"

Then she stopped, looked at him with great wide-opened eyes, and came near him.

"Kiss me!" she said—and he kissed her—"for," she said, "I loved you!"

For many days after this Everard Conyers lay between life and death; and even after the fever had left him so great weakness remained behind that it was for some time doubtful which of the two would prove victorious. But he was young and strong, and ultimately so far recovered as to enable me to remove him from W——. This was a great point gained; for here every thing was fraught to him with painful recollections of by-gone joys. Nevertheless, so great was the apathy into which he had fallen, that I much doubt whether he even thanked me for my pains; and I was well aware that though I had succeeded in removing his bodily presence from W——, I had no such power over his mind, which, in as far as it had strength to cling to any thing, remained obstinately rooted to the reminiscences of the past.

He would sit for hours moodily silent, never mentioning the names of those with whom he had of late been connected, save once: and that to ask whether they, the Beauvilliers, had left W—— in safety. But when he was ill, and raving in delirium, the name of "Hilda" was ever on his lips.

One night, when he was at the worst, a light knock sounded at the door, and some one softly entered—Marie Dupin, smaller, paler, more ethereal than ever. She came up to the bed and looked at him.

"Will he die?" she said. "I have killed him! It is all my work!"

"No, Marie," I said; "on the contrary, you have saved him from a great peril. I believe that he will live; if not, there is a living death far worse than the mere death of the body."

"He does not know me," she said, in her old gentle way; "he must not."

Then she smoothed the pillows with her soft, womanly hand, and went away quietly.

One evening, about a month after the time I first moved Everard from W——, we were sitting together on the balcony of a little inn at a tiny sea-port place on the coast of Normandy. He was already far better for the fresh sea air and the quietness and primitive life which prevailed in the village of C——, where, indeed, no greater excitement was to be found than that occasioned by the outgoings and incomings of the sea-faring inhabitants on fishing excursions, and nothing marked the flight of time save the rising and setting of the sun, and the tinkling of the church-bell for matins and vespers.

I had been reading to him, and on laying down my book it struck me very forcibly that I saw before me very nearly the Everard of old times, so that I felt emboldened to say,

"Everard, I have something to tell you."

"Well," said he, "what? Any thing pleasant?"

"The Comtesse Hilda de Beauvilliers is married; I read it this morning in the Paris paper."

"Married!" said he.

"To some French marquis, with many names and more titles, at the church of La Madeleine."

My last remembrance of Everard Conyers is a very recent and a very pleasant one.

Three years have elapsed since he and I returned to England together.

One hot evening, some week or so ago, I was paddling down the Thames among the rushes and reeds and forget-me-nots which grow by its margin, and presently relaxed my efforts, and let my boat float to land just where a little green lawn slopes down to the edge of the water.

About a hundred yards higher up, nestled among a clump of trees, stands a cottage clad all over with ivy and cluster roses. The French windows open down to the ground, and at the sound of my call two figures emerged therefrom: Everard Conyers, blithe and hale and sunburnt, all his dear old face lighted up with the pleasant smile I used to say he specially kept for me and for one other—she who now stood by his side; a slight figure, a sweet, quiet face with great calm eyes—his wife, Marie Dupin.

GRUB STREET.

IN "John Timb's Autobiography" we find the following interesting account of a "Grub Street" author: "I remember the phrase of 'Grub Street' in occasional use, and find 'the poor devil of an author' in one of Washington Irving's early works. But this species is now rarer, and some authors build villas, give parties, and keep carriages, like other successful professional men. I remember a specimen such as Thackeray has called 'author and dirt—author and gin' of some forty years since. He lodged in a garret in an old house at the top of Red Lion Court, Fleet Street. It was such a room as Mr. Wallis painted in his masterly picture of 'The Death of Chatterton;' and, curiously enough, the house I have referred to was nearly upon the same spot. In one corner of my author's room, upon the floor, was laid the bed; near the fire-place was an old chair; a box placed endwise served for a table; and these, with an almost spotless coffee-pot, a maimed cup and saucer, a bottle for a candlestick, and an old chest, nearly completed the contents of the miserable apartment, which had the usual dormer-window. The inmate was an old man turned of seventy, with shrunk shanks, and loosely fitting coat and breeches, and the conventional author's night-cap, his scratch-wig being placed upon one of the uprights of his chair, which served as a block. Every portion of the room bore evidence of the dirt, and the atmosphere was redolent of gin. He wrote a large, black, sermon-like hand, upon paper of all sorts and sizes; his matter was as antiquated as his manner; his talk was scholastic pedantry; the room was strewed with scraps and shreds of his learning; and he lived within the classic shade of Valpy's printing-office. With all his labor and learning, whatever he wrote was not half so serviceable or so interesting as a short-hand report of an occurrence of yesterday. The old house has long been taken down, and the site is now occupied by a printing-office of cheap journals."

A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION.

By CHARLES READE.

WITH MANY ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-FIFTH.

LADY BASSETT, as her time of trial drew near, became despondent.

She spoke of the future, and tried to pierce it; and in all these little loving speculations and anxieties there was no longer any mention of herself.

This meant that she feared her husband was about to lose her. I put the fear in the very form it took in that gentle breast.

Possessed with this dread, so natural to her situation, she set her house in order, and left her little legacies of clothes and jewels, without the help of a lawyer; for Sir Charles, she knew, would respect her lightest wish.

To him she left her all, except these trifles, and, above all—a manuscript book. It was the history of her wedded life. Not the bare outward history; but such a record of a sensitive woman's heart as no male writer's pen can approach.

It was the nature of her face and her tongue to conceal, but here, on this paper, she laid bare her heart, here her very subtlety operated, not to hide, but to dissect herself and her motives.

But oh, what it cost her to pen this faithful record of her love, her trials, her doubts, her perplexities, her agonies, her temptations, and her crime! Often she laid down the pen, and hid her face in her hands. Often the scalding tears ran down that scarlet face. Often she writhed at her desk, and wrote on, sighing and moaning. Yet she persevered to the end. It was the grave that gave her the power. "When he reads this," she said, "I shall be in my tomb. Men make excuses for the dead. My Charles will forgive me when I am gone. He will know I loved him to desperation."

It took her many days to write; it was quite a thick quarto; so much may a woman feel in a year or two; and, need I say that, to the reader of that volume, the mystery of her conduct was all made clear as daylight; clearer far, as regards the revelation of mind and feeling, than I, dealer in broad facts, shall ever make it, for want of a woman's mental microscope and delicate brush.

And when this record was finished, she wrapped it in paper, and sealed it with many seals, and wrote on it,

"Only for my husband's eye.
From her who loved him not wisely,
but too well."

And she took other means that even the superscription should never be seen of any other eye but his. It was some little comfort to her, when the book was written.

She never prayed to live. But she used to pray, fervently, piteously, that her child might live, and be a comfort and joy to his father.

The person employed by Wheeler discovered the house agents, and the woman he had employed.

But these added nothing to the evidence Bassett had collected.

At last, however, this woman, under the influence of a promised reward, discovered a person who was likely to know more about the matter—viz., the woman who was in the house with Lady Bassett at the very time.

But this woman scented gold directly; so she held mysterious language; declined to say a word to the officer; but intimated that she knew a great deal, and that the matter was, in truth, well worth looking into, and she could tell some strange tales, if it was worth her while.

This information was sent to Bassett; he replied that the woman only wanted money for her intelligence, and he did not blame her, he would see her next time he went to town, and felt sure she would complete his chain of evidence. This put Richard Bassett into extravagant spirits. He danced his little boy on his knee, and said, "I'll run this little horse against the parson's brat; five to one, and no takers."

Indeed, his exultation was so loud and extravagant that it jarred on gentle Mrs. Bassett. As for Jessie, the Scotch servant, she shook her head, and said the master was fey.

In the morning he started for London, still so exuberant and excited that the Scotch woman implored her mistress not to let him go; there would be an accident on the railway, or something. But Mrs. Bassett knew her husband too well to interfere with his journeys.

Before he drove off he demanded his little boy.

"He must kiss me," said he, "for I'm going to work for him. D'ye hear that, Jane? This day makes him heir of Huntercombe and Bassett."

The nurse brought word that Master Bassett was not very well this morning.

"Let us look at him," said Bassett.

He got out of his gig, and went to the nursery. He found his little boy had a dry cough, with a little flushing.

"It is not much," said he; "but I'll send the doctor over from the town."

He did so, and himself proceeded up to London.

The doctor came, and finding the boy labored in breathing, administered a full dose of ipecacuanha. This relieved the child for the time; but about four in the afternoon he was distressed again, and began to cough with a peculiar grating sound.

Then there was a cry of dismay—"The croup!" The doctor was gone for, and a letter posted to Richard Bassett, urging him to come back directly.

The doctor tried every thing, even mercury, but could not check the fatal discharge; it stiffened into a still more fatal membrane.

When Bassett returned next afternoon, in great alarm, he found the poor child thrusting its fingers into its mouth, in a vain attempt to free the deadly obstruction.

A warm bath and strong emetics were now administered, and great relief obtained. The patient even ate and drank, and asked leave to get up and play with a new toy he had. But, as often happens in this disorder, a severe relapse soon came, with a spasm of the glottis so violent and prolonged that the patient at last resigned the struggle. Then pain ceased forever; the heavenly smile came; the breath went; and nothing was left in the little white bed but a fair piece of tinted clay, that must return to the dust, and carry thither all the pride, the hopes, the boasts of the stricken father, who had schemed, and planned, and counted without Him in whose hands are the issues of life and death.

As for the child himself, his lot was a happy one, if we could but see what the world is really worth. He was always a bright child, that never cried, nor complained: his first trouble was his last; one day's pain, then bliss eternal: he never got poisoned by his father's spirit of hate, but loved and was beloved during his little lifetime; and, dying, he passed from his Noah's ark to an inheritance a thousand times richer than Huntercombe, Bassett, and all his cousin's lands.

The little grave was dug, the bell tolled, and a man bowed double with grief saw his child and his ambition laid in the dust.

Lady Bassett heard the bell tolled, and spoke but two words: "Poor woman!"

She might well say so. Mrs. Bassett was in the same condition as herself, yet this heavy blow must fall on her.

As for Richard Bassett, he sat at home, bowed down and stupid with grief.

Wheeler came one day to console him; but, at the sight of him, refrained from idle words. He sat down by him for an hour in silence. Then he got up and said, "Good-by."

"Thank you, old friend, for not insulting me," said Bassett, in a broken voice.

Wheeler took his hand, and turned away his head, and so went away, with a tear in his eye.

A fortnight after this he came again, and found Bassett in the same attitude, but not in the same leaden stupor. On the contrary, he was in a state of tremor; he had lost, under the late blow, the sanguine mind that used to carry him through every thing.

The doctor was up stairs, and his wife's fate trembled in the balance.

"Stay by me," said he, "for all my nerve is gone. I'm afraid I shall lose her; for I have just begun to value her; and that is how God deals with his creatures—the merciful God, as they call him."

Wheeler thought it rather hard God Almighty should be blamed because Dick Bassett had taken eight years to find out his wife's merit; but he forebore to say so. He said kindly that he would stay.

Now while they sat in trying suspense the church-bells struck up a merry peal.

Bassett started violently, and his eyes gave a strange glare.

"That's the other!" said he; for he had heard about Lady Bassett by this time.

Then he turned pale. "They ring for him: then they are sure to toll for me."

This foreboding was natural enough in a man so blinded by egotism as to fancy that all creation, and the Creator himself, must take a side in Bassett *v.* Bassett.

Nevertheless, events did not justify that foreboding. The bells had scarcely done ringing for the happy event at Huntercombe, when joyful feet were heard running on the stairs, joyful voices clashed together in the passage, and in came a female servant with joyful tidings. Mrs. Bassett was safe, and the child in the world. "The loveliest little girl you ever saw!"

"A girl!" cried Richard Bassett, with contemptuous amazement. Even his melancholy forebodings had not gone that length. "And what have they got at Huntercombe?"

"Oh, it is a boy, Sir, there."

"Of course."

The ringers heard, and sent one of their number to ask him if they should ring.

"What for?" asked Bassett, with a nasty glittering eye; and then with sudden fury he seized a large piece of wood from the basket to fling at his insulter. "I'll teach you to come and mock me."

The ringer vanished, ducking.

"Gently," said Wheeler, "gently."

Bassett chucked the wood back into the basket, and sat down gloomily, saying, "Then how dare he come and talk about ringing bells for a girl? To think that I should have all this fright, and my wife all this trouble—for a girl!"

It was no time to talk of business then, but about a fortnight afterward Wheeler said, "I took the detective off, to save you expense."

"Quite right," said Bassett, wearily.

"I gave you the woman's address; so the matter is in your hands now, I consider."

"Yes," said Bassett, wearily. "Move no farther in it."

"Certainly not; and, frankly, I should be glad to see you abandon it."

"I *have* abandoned it. Why should I stir the mud now? I and mine are thrown out forever, the only question is, shall a son of Sir Charles or the parson's son inherit? I'm for the wrongful heir. Ay," he cried, starting up, and beating the air with his fists in sudden fury, "since the right Bassetts are never to have it, let the wrong Bassetts be thrown out, at all events; I'm on my back, but Sir Charles is no better off; a bastard will succeed him, thanks to that cursed woman who defeated *me*."

This turn took Wheeler by surprise. It also gave him real pain. "Bassett," said he, "I pity you. What sort of a life has yours been for the last eight years? Yet, when there's no fuel left for war and hatred, you blow the embers. You are incurable."

"I am," said Richard. "I'll hate those two with my last breath, and curse them in my last prayer."

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-SIXTH.

LADY BASSETT'S forebodings, like most of our insights into the future, were confuted by the event.

She became the happy mother of a dozen-

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haired boy. She insisted on nursing him herself; and the experienced persons who attended her raised no objection.

In connection with this she gave Sir Charles a peck, not very severe, but sudden, and remarkable as the only one on record.

He was contemplating her and her nursling with the deepest affection, and happened to say, "My own Bella, what delight it gives me to see you!"

"Yes," said she, "we will have only one mother this time, will we, my darling? and it shall be Me." Then suddenly, turning her head like a snake, "Oh, I saw the looks you gave that woman!"

This was the famous peck; administered in return for a look that he had bestowed on Mary Gosport not more than five years ago.

Sir Charles would, doubtless, have bled to death on the spot, but either he had never been aware how he looked, or time and business had obliterated the impression, for he was unaffectedly puzzled, and said, "What woman do you mean, dear?"

"No matter, darling," said Lady Bassett, who had already repented her dire severity: "all I say is that a nurse is a rival I could not endure now; and another thing, I do believe those wet-nurses give their disposition to the child: it is dreadful to think of."

"Well, if so, Baby is safe. He will be the most amiable boy in England."

"He shall be more amiable than I am—scolding my husband of husbands;" and she leaned toward him, Baby and all, for a kiss from his lips.

We say at school "Seniores priores"—"let favor go by seniority"—but where babies adorn the scene, it is "juniores priores" with that sex to which the very young are confided.

To this rule, as might be expected, Lady Bassett furnished no exception; she was absorbed in Baby, and trusted Mr. Bassett a good deal to his attendant, who bore an excellent character for care and attention.

Now Mr. Bassett was strong on his pins and in his will, and his nurse-maid, after all, was young; so he used to take his walks nearly every day to Mrs. Meyrick's: she petted him enough, and spoiled him in every way, while the nurse-maid was flirting with her farm-servants out of sight.

Sir Charles Bassett was devoted to the boy, and used always to have him to his study in the morning, and to the drawing-room after dinner, when the party was small, and that happened much oftener now than heretofore: but at other hours he did not look after him, being a business man, and considering him at that age to be under his mother's care.

One day the only guest was Mr. Rolfe; he was staying in the house for three days, upon a condition suggested by himself—viz.: that he might enjoy his friends' society in peace and comfort, and not be set to roll the stone of conversation up some young lady's back, and obtain monosyllables in reply, faintly lisped amidst a clatter of fourteen knives and forks. As he would not leave his writing-table on any milder terms, they took him on these.

After dinner in came Mr. Bassett, erect, and a proud nurse with little Compton, just able to hold his nurse's gown and toddle.

Rolfe did not care for small children; he just glanced at the angelic, fair-haired infant, but his admiring gaze rested on the elder boy.

"Why, what is here—an Oriental prince?"

The boy ran to him directly. "Who are you?"

"Rolfe the writer. Who are you—the Gypsy King?"

"No; but I am very fond of gypsies. I'm *Mister* Bassett: and when papa dies I shall be Sir Charles Bassett."

Sir Charles laughed at this with paternal fatuity, especially as the boy's name happened to be Reginald Francis, after his grandfather.

Rolfe smiled satirically, for these little speeches from children did much to reconcile him to his lot.

"Meantime," said he, "let us feed off him; for it may be forty years before we can dance over his grave. First, let us see what is the unwholesomest thing on the table."

He rose, and to the infinite delight of Mr. Bassett, and even of Master Compton, who pointed and crowed from his mother's lap, he got up on his chair, and put on a pair of spectacles to look.

"Eureka!" said he; "behold that dish by Lady Bassett; those are *marrons glacés:* fetch them here, and let us go in for a fit of the gout at once."

"Gout! what's that?" inquired Mr. Bassett.

"Don't ask me."

"You don't know."

"Not know! What, didn't I tell you I was Rolfe the writer. Writers know every thing. That is what makes them so modest."

Mr. Bassett was now unnaturally silent for five minutes, munching chestnuts; this enabled his guests to converse; but as soon as he had cleared his plate, he cut right across the conversation, with that savage contempt for all topics but his own which characterizes gentlemen of his age, and says he to Rolfe, "You know every thing? Then what's a parson's brat?"

"Well, that's the one thing I don't know," said Rolfe; "but about I take to be a boy who interrupts ladies and gentlemen with nonsense when they are talking sense."

"I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Rolfe," said Lady Bassett. "That remark was very much needed."

Then she called Reginald to her, and lectured him, *sotto voce*, to the same tune.

"You old bachelors are rather hard," said Sir Charles, not very well pleased.

"We are obliged to be; you parents are so soft. After all, it is no wonder. What a superb boy it is!—Ah, here is nurse. I'm so sorry. Now we shall be cabined, cribbed, confined to rational conversation, and I shall not be expected to—(good-night, little flaxen angel; good-by, handsome and loquacious demon; kiss and be friends)—expected to know, all in a minute, what is a parson's brat. By-the-bye, talking of parsons, what has become of Angelo?"

"He has been away a good many years. Consumption, I hear."

"He was a fine-built fellow too; was he not, Lady Bassett?"

"I don't know; but he was beautifully strong. I think I see him now carrying dear Charles in his arms all down the garden."

"Ah, you see he was raised in a university that does not do things by halves, but trains both body and mind, as they did at Athens; for the union of study and athletic sports is spoken of as a novelty, but it is only a return to antiquity."

Here letters were brought by the second post. Sir Charles glanced at his, and sent them to his study. Lady Bassett had but one. She said, "*May* I?" to both gentlemen, and then opened it.

"How strange!" said she. "It is from Mr. Angelo: just a line to say he is coming home quite cured."

She began this composedly, but blushed afterward—blushed quite red.

"*May* I?" said she, and tossed it delicately half-way to Rolfe. He handed it to Sir Charles.

Some remarks were then made about the coincidence, and nothing further passed worth recording at that time.

Next day Lady Bassett, with instinctive curiosity, asked Master Reginald how he came to put such a question as that to Mr. Rolfe.

"Because I wanted to know."

"But what put such words into your head? I never heard a gentleman say such words; and you must never say them again, Reginald."

"Tell me what it means, and I won't," said he.

"Oh," said Lady Bassett, "since you bargain with me, Sir, I must bargain with you. Tell me first where you ever heard such words."

"When I was staying at nurse's. Ah, that was jolly."

"You like that better than being here?"

"Yes."

"I am sorry for that. Well, dear, did nurse say that? Surely not?"

"Oh no; it was the man."

"What man?"

"Why, the man that came to the gate one morning, and talked to me, and I talked to him, and that nasty nurse ran out and caught us, and carried me in, and gave me such a hiding, and all for nothing."

"A hiding! What words the poor child picks up! But I don't understand why nurse should beat *you*."

"For speaking to the man. She said he was a bad man, and she would kill me if ever I spoke to him again."

"Oh, it was a bad man, and said bad words—to somebody he was quarreling with?"

"No, he said them to nurse because she took me away."

"What *did* he say, Reginald?" asked Lady Bassett, becoming very grave and thoughtful all at once.

"He said, 'That's too late: I've seen the parson's brat.'"

"Oh!"

"And I've asked nurse again and again what I meant, but she won't tell me. She only says

"I'LL TEACH YOU TO COME AND MOCK ME."

me!" said she; "I did think I had kept that from vexing of you. To think of the dear child hiding it for nigh two years, and then to blurt it out like that! Nobody heard him, I hope?"

"Others heard; but—"

"Didn't heed; the Lord be praised for that."

"Mary," said Lady Bassett, solemnly, "I am not equal to another battle with Mr. Richard Bassett; and such a battle! Better tell all, and die."

"Don't think of it," said Mary. "You're safe from Richard Bassett now. Times are changed since he came spying to my gate. His own boy is gone. You have got two. He'll lie still if you do. But if you tell your tale, he must hear on't, and he'll tell his. For God's sake, my lady, keep close. It is the curse of women that they can't just hold their tongues, and see how things turn. And is this a time to spill good liquor? Look at Sir Charles! why, he is another man; he have got flesh on his bones now, and color into his cheeks, and 'twas you and I made a man of him. It is my belief you'd never have had this other little angel but for us having sense and courage to see what *must* be done. Knock down our own work, and send him wild again, and give that Richard Bassett a handle? You'll never be so mad."

Lady Bassett replied. The other answered; and so powerfully that Lady Bassett yielded, and went home sick at heart, but helpless, and in a sea of doubt.

Mr. Angelo did not call. Sir Charles asked Lady Bassett if he had called on her.

She said "No."

"That is odd," said Sir Charles. "Perhaps he thinks we ought to welcome him home. Write and ask him to dinner."

"Yes, dear. Or you can write."

"Very well, I will. No, I will call."

Sir Charles called, and welcomed him home, and asked him to dinner. Angelo received him rather stiffly at first, but accepted his invitation.

He came, looking a good deal older and graver, but almost as handsome as ever; only home-bred, what changed in mind. He had become a zealous clergyman, and his soul appeared to be in his work. He was distant and very respectful to Lady Bassett; I might say obsequious. Seemed almost afraid of her at first.

That wore off in a few months; but he was never quite so much at his ease with her as he had been before he left some years ago.

And so did time roll on.

Every morning and every night Lady Bassett used to look wistfully at Sir Charles, and say, "Are you happy, dear? Are you sure you are happy?"

And he used always to say, and with truth, that he was the happiest man in England, thanks to her.

Then she used to relax the wild and wistful look with which she asked the question, and give a sort of sigh, half content, half resignation.

In due course another fine boy came, and filled the Royal office of Baby in his turn.

But my story does not follow him.

Reginald was over ten years old, and Compton nearly six. They were as different in character as complexion—both remarkable boys.

Reginald, Sir Charles's favorite, was a wonderful boy for riding, running, talking; and had a downright genius for melody; he whistled to the admiration of the village, and latterly he practiced the fiddle in woods and under hedges, being aided and abetted therein by a gypsy boy whom he loved, and who, indeed, provided the instrument.

He rode with Sir Charles, and rather liked him; his brother he never noticed, except to tease him. Lady Bassett he admired, and almost loved her while she was in the act of playing him undeniable melodies. But he liked his nurse Meyrick better, on the whole; she flattered him more, and was more uniformly subservient.

With these two exceptions he despised the whole race of women, and affected male society only, especially of grooms, stable-boys, and gypsies; these last welcomed him to their tents, and almost prostrated themselves before him, so dazzled were they by his beauty and his color. It is believed they suspected him of having gypsy blood in his veins. They let him into their tents, and even into some of their secrets, and he promised them they should have it all their own way as soon as he was Sir Reginald; he had outgrown his original theory that he was to be Sir Charles on his father's death. He hated in-doors; when fixed by command to a book, would beg hard to be allowed to take it into the sun; and at night would open his window and poke his black head out to wash in the moonshine, as he said.

He despised ladies and gentlemen, said they were all affected fools, and gave imitations of all his father's guests to prove it; and so keen was this child of nature's eye for affectation that very often his disapproving parents were obliged to confess the imp had seen with his fresh eye defects custom had made them overlook, or the solid good qualities that lay beneath had overbalanced.

Now all this may appear amusing and eccentric, and so on, to strangers; but after the first hundred laughs or so with which paternal indulgence dismisses the faults of childhood, Sir Charles became very grave.

The boy was his darling and his pride. He was ambitious for him. He earnestly desired to solve for him a problem which is as impossible as squaring the circle, viz., how to transmit our experience to our children. The years and the health he had wasted before he knew Bella Bruce, these he resolved his successor should not waste. He looked higher for this beautiful boy than for himself. He had fully resolved to be member for the county one day; but he did not care about it for himself; it was only to pave the way for his successor; that Sir Reginald, after a long career in the Commons, might find his way into the House of Peers, and so obtain dignity in exchange for antiquity; for, to tell the truth, the ancestors of four-fifths of the British House of Peers had been hewers of wood and drawers of water at a time when these Bassetts had already been gentlemen of distinction for centuries.

All this love and this vicarious ambition were now mortified daily. Some fathers could do wonders for a brilliant boy, and with him; they expect him, and a dull boy appears; that is a bitter pill; but this was worse. Reginald was a sharp boy; he could do any thing; fasten him to a book for twenty minutes, he would learn as much as most boys in an hour; but there was no keeping him to it, unless you strapped him or nailed him, for he had the will of a mule, and the suppleness of an eel to carry out his will. And then his tastes—low, as his features were refined; he was a sort of moral dung-fork; picked up all the slang of the stable, and scattered it in the dining-room and drawing-room; and once or twice he stole out of his comfortable room at night, and slept in a gypsy's tent with his arm round a gypsy boy, unsullied from his cradle by soap.

At last Sir Charles could no longer reply to his wife at night as he had done for this ten years past: he was obliged to confess that there was a cloud upon his happiness. "Dear Reginald grieves me, and makes me dread the future; for if the child is father to the man, there is a bitter disappointment in store for us. He is like no other boy; he is like no human creature I ever saw. At his age, and long after, I was a fool. I was a fool till I knew you; but surely I was a gentleman. I can not see myself again—in my first-born."

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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FARM BALLADS.—By Will M. Carleton.

JOHNNY RICH.

Raise the light a little, Jim,
For it's getting rather dim,
And, with such a storm a-howlin', 'twill not do to douse the glim.
Hustle down the curtains, Lu;
Poke the fire a little, Su;
This is somethin' of a flurry, mother, somethin' of a—whew!

Goodness gracious, how it pours!
How it beats ag'in the doors!
You will have a hard one, Jimmy, when you go to do the chores!
Do not overfeed the gray;
Give a plenty to the bay;
And be careful with your lantern when you go among the hay.

See the horses have a bed
When you've got 'em fairly fed;
Feed the cows that's in the stable, and the sheep that's in the shed;
Give the spotted cow some meal,
Where the brindle can not steal;
For she's greedy as a porker, and as slipp'ry as an eel.

Hang your lantern by the ring,
On a nail, or on a string;
For the Durham calf 'll bunt it, if there's any such a thing:
He's a handsome one to see,
And a knowin' one is he:
I stooped over t'other morning, and he up and went for me!

Rover thinks he hears a noise!
Just keep still a minute, boys;
Nellie, hold your tongue a second, and be silent with your toys.
Stop that barkin', now, you whelp,
Or I'll kick you till you yelp!
Yes, I hear it; 'tis somebody that's callin' out for help.

"'TIS A HAIRY SORT OF NIGHT FOR A MAN TO FACE AND FIGHT."

"WHEN YOU WALKED WITH HER ON SUNDAY, LOOKING SOBER, STRAIGHT, AND CLEAN."

Get the lantern, Jim and Tom;
Mother, keep the babies calm,
And we'll follow up that halloa, and we'll see where it is from.
'Tis a hairy sort of night
For a man to face and fight;
And the wind is blowin'— Hang it, Jimmy, bring another light!
* * * * * * * * * * *
Ah! 'twas you, then, Johnny Rich,
Yelling out at such a pitch,
For a decent man to help you, while you fell into the ditch:
'Tisn't quite the thing to say,
But we ought to've let you lay,
While your drunken carcass died a-drinkin' water any way.

And to see you on my floor,
And to hear the way you snore,
Now we've lugged you under shelter, and the danger all is o'er;
And you lie there, quite resigned,
Whisky deaf, and whisky blind,
And it will not hurt your feelin's, so I guess I'll free my mind.

Do you mind, you thievin' dunce,
How you robbed my orchard once,
Takin' all the biggest apples, leavin' all the littlest runts?
Do you mind my melon-patch—
How you gobbled the whole batch,
Stacked the vines, and sliced the greenest melons, just to raise the scratch?

Do you think, you drunken wag,
It was any thing to brag,
To be cornered in my hen-roost, with two pullets in a bag?
You are used to dirty dens;
You have often slept in pens;
I've a mind to take you out there now, and roost you with the hens!

Do you call to mind with me
How, one night, you and your three
Took my wagon all to pieces for to hang it on a tree?
How you hung it up, you eels,
Straight and steady, by the wheels?
I've a mind to take you out there now, and hang you by your heels!

How, the Fourth of last July,
When you got a little high,
You went back to Wilson's counter when you thought he wasn't nigh?
How he heard some specie chink,
And was on you in a wink,
And you promised if he'd hush it that you never more would drink?

Do you mind our temperance hall?
How you're always sure to call,
And recount your reformation with the biggest speech of all?
How you talk, and how you sing,
That the pledge is just the thing—
How you sign it every winter, and then smash it every spring?

Do you mind how Jennie Green
Was as happy as a queen
When you walked with her on Sunday, looking sober, straight, and clean?
How she cried out half her sight,
When you staggered by, next night,
Twice as dirty as a serpent, and a hundred times as tight?

How our hearts with pleasure warmed
When your mother, though it stormed,
Run up here one day to tell us that you truly had reformed?
How that very self-same day,
When upon her homeward way,
She run on you, where you'd hidden, full three-quarters o'er the bay?

Oh, you little whisky-keg!
Oh, you horrid little egg!
You're goin' to destruction with your swiftest foot and leg!
I've a mind to take you out
Underneath the water-spout,
Just to rinse you up a little, so you'll know what you're about!

But you've got a handsome eye,
And, although I can't tell why,
Somethin' somewhere in you always lets you get another try:
So, for all that I have said,
I'll not douse you; but, instead,
I will strip you, I will rub you, I will put you into bed!

"AND YOU LIE THERE, QUITE RESIGNED, WHISKY DEAF, AND WHISKY BLIND."

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1871.

Circulation 127,000 Copies.

A NEW STORY BY WILKIE COLLINS.

In a few days we shall commence the publication, in the WEEKLY, of the new serial story,

"POOR MISS FINCH,"

BY

WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "The Moonstone," "Man and Wife," etc.

Mr. COLLINS stands in the foremost rank of living novelists, and the present story, which will be printed from advance sheets, is one of the most brilliant and fascinating efforts of his genius.

☞ *A large portion of the* SUPPLEMENT *to this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *is occupied by an extremely interesting and finely illustrated sketch of*

SIR WALTER SCOTT,

apropos of the One-Hundredth Anniversary of his Birth. It was written by one who was acquainted with the great poet and novelist, and who gives from personal recollection many pleasant incidents connected with his career. Among other attractions is a splendid cartoon by NAST, *called* "TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING."

AN EXTRAORDINARY ILLUSION EXPOSED.

ONE of the most famous and successful quizes in literature is DE FOE'S "True History of the Apparition of one Mrs. Veal the next Day after her Death to one Mrs. Bargrave, at Canterbury, the 8th of September, 1705." The account purported to be drawn up by a justice of the peace, at Maidstone, in Kent, "a very intelligent person." It was attested "by a very sober and understanding gentlewoman who lives in Canterbury." Nothing was wanting. It was so well done that every body was deceived. The least details were stated with a gravity and accuracy that forbade disbelief, and to this day, according to JOHN FORSTER, there are thousands of persons in England who believe that Mrs. Veal's ghost appeared.

But we have a much more extraordinary and surprising illusion than this to record. DE FOE himself did not pretend to believe his own story; but the authors of the illusion of which we speak, who are among the most intelligent people in the country, have been for twenty years, and are still, firmly persuaded of the truth of their tale. We have ourselves conversed with many of these persons, and they no more doubt that they saw and heard what they relate than the country doubts that it has seen a war and is heavily taxed. We have not room for all the details of this story, which are as minute and exact as those recorded by DE FOE; but we will mention some of them to show how remarkably life-like the illusion is. The facts, as constantly related and honestly believed by the victims of the illusion, are these—and in repeating them we merely follow those who suppose themselves to have been eye-witnesses:

In the beginning of May, 1850, the sixteenth anniversary of the American Antislavery Society was held at the Broadway Tabernacle, in New York. All the conspicuous leaders—Mr. GARRISON, Mr. PHILLIPS, Mrs. LUCRETIA MOTT, Mr. FURNESS, and the rest—were present. The church was crowded, and the feeling, as usual, was intense. After a prayer and the reading of the Bible, and the transaction of the formal business of the occasion, Mr. GARRISON left the chair and addressed the meeting. His characteristic manner was singularly bland and calm and measured. The impression he always made upon his peculiar platform was that of thorough comprehension of his subject, of indomitable resolution, and of the most perfect self-possession. In the course of his speech he alluded to the hostile attitude toward the Antislavery movement of the ecclesiastical organizations; and, proceeding to details, he stated that even certain priests and members of the Roman Catholic Church held slaves. Suddenly a voice from the gallery—and it is here that the illusion begins—cried out to know if that was the only Church of which the remark could be made. Mr. GARRISON, without the slightest change of manner, replied that if the inquirer would wait a moment his question would be answered, and he went on to state the same truth of many of the other sects.

General TAYLOR was then President, and Mr. GARRISON presently spoke of him as what was called a Christian, and yet, he said, the General holds and buys slaves, and is Christianity—quoting a current phrase—did not prevent him from "giving the Mexicans hell." Upon this the stranger in the gallery interrupted the speaker still more violently, and, surrounded by a body of men, members of the "Empire Club," he pressed up to the platform, vociferating that Mr. GARRISON must stick to his text, and not insult the government. The whole audience arose in the utmost confusion, and the proceedings stopped. Colonel KANE, son of the late Judge KANE, of Philadelphia, a young man who had been drawn by sympathetic curiosity to the meeting, and who stood upon the platform, immediately planted himself by the side of the ringleader of the disturbers, and said, quietly, his hands in his overcoat pockets, "I shall shoot this man if he lays a finger upon any body." "This man" was Captain ISAIAH RYNDERS. The members of the society appealed to the Chief of Police, Mr. MATSELL, for protection. He replied that he should do nothing until RYNDERS struck somebody. The HUTCHINSONS attempted to allay the tumult with a song. But it was in vain.

Captain RYNDERS virtually took command of the meeting. The great mass of the audience, evidently friendly to Mr. GARRISON and his cause, called for Mr. FURNESS, of Philadelphia. There were also calls for Dr. GRANT, a friend of Captain RYNDERS. It was agreed that Mr. FURNESS should speak if he would not take all the time, and he proceeded, incessantly interrupted and insulted by Captain RYNDERS. Then Dr. GRANT spoke, asserting that science showed negroes to be baboons. When he ended there was a cry for FREDERICK DOUGLASS. DOUGLASS appeared amidst a tempest of applause. When it subsided he was about to begin, when Captain RYNDERS, who, with his followers, still stood upon the platform, declared that he would knock him down if he said a word against the government or country. "Dr. GRANT," began Mr. DOUGLASS, "says that science shows the negro to be a baboon. Look at me and answer. Am I a monkey or a man?" The response from the audience was a tempest of applause. "Pooh!" said Captain RYNDERS; "you are not a negro; you are half white." "Then I am your half-brother," instantly retorted DOUGLASS, and the church rang again. Captain RYNDERS still interrupted DOUGLASS as he proceeded, but more cautiously, so trenchant were DOUGLASS'S replies. As he ended, DOUGLASS called his friend WARD to the platform—a man six feet high, and of the blackest skin. "Am *I* black enough?" began WARD, and he spoke so brilliantly and wittily that he was scarcely interrupted.

The Tabernacle had been secured for one meeting only, and the adjournment was to Hope Chapel. At the hour appointed Captain RYNDERS and the Empire Club had taken possession of that hall. The anti-slavery orators, Mrs. MOTT, Mr. PHILLIPS, Mr. GARRISON, were not permitted to speak. Presently the owner of the hall sent word to them that they might do with themselves what they chose, but that the hall should not be exposed to violence, and they must therefore leave. The meeting was thus dispersed by Captain RYNDERS and his mob; it "ran away," as the newspapers said; and the mob sealed their victory by cheers for the *Herald*, the *Globe*, the Constitution, and the Church. And so absolute was the triumph of the mob that for two years the American Antislavery Society held no meeting in New York, because nobody dared to let a hall for the purpose.

This is the story. It is familiar to thousands of persons, and is implicitly believed by them as well as by those who were present. The English readers were not more firmly persuaded that the apparition of Mrs. Veal appeared at Canterbury than these persons are convinced that Captain RYNDERS and his mob appeared at the Tabernacle, and drove the Antislavery Society from Hope Chapel. And such was their faith in what they had seen and heard that it affected others. The illusion passed into history. The RYNDERS mob was regarded as no less a fact than the SACHEVEREL mobs in DE FOE'S own time. But it is the part of a free and independent press to scatter illusions and to correct history. We are now enabled to tell the truth. The persons at the antislavery meeting saw no mob and no rioters. Mrs. MOTT, Mr. GARRISON, Mr. PHILLIPS, Mr. FURNESS, Colonel KANE, and the vast numbers who have always believed otherwise will think better of human nature when they learn that they are all mistaken. For twenty years they have been imagining a vain thing. There was no mob, no riot. The scene on the platform at the Tabernacle, the dispersion at Hope Chapel, were both an illusion, and if the members of the society only knew it, they held their meetings and departed undisturbed; and to say that Captain RYNDERS and his mob silenced Mrs. MOTT is libelous.

The proof we will now present. In these columns we once spoke of this illusion as of an actual occurrence. In discussing another subject we alluded to Captain RYNDERS and his club as silencing the antislavery orators, and a few days afterward the following letter was received:

"LAW OFFICE OF BROWN, HALL, & VANDERPOEL,
"291 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,
"*December* 4, 1869.

"*Messrs. Harper & Brothers:*

"GENTLEMEN,—In a recent issue of your newspaper called *Harper's Weekly* appeared an article reflecting upon our client, Captain ISAIAH RYNDERS, charging him, in substance and effect, with aiding a mob and being a rioter. It is in the issue of the paper upon the frontispiece of which appears a picture of CHARLES A. DANA, Esq., and is on the third page of that paper. So long as such charges were confined to the partisan dailies, Captain RYNDERS has taken no exception to kindred allegations, which he declares to be utterly false and libelous. If they are unfounded, we advise him that they are libelous; and an allegation of such a character, in a journal devoted, as its title-page attests, to 'civilization,' seems to call for some notice on his part.

"He has requested us to commence a suit for libel. He could, of course, commence it by arrests, etc.; but neither he nor we desire sensational or vexatious proceedings. If, therefore, you will be kind enough to acquaint us with the name of your attorney, who will accept service of proper papers in the action at law for libel, we will remain obliged,

"BROWN, HALL, & VANDERPOEL,
"By A. OAKEY HALL,
"Of Counsel."

The only difficulty now is to know what accepted historical fact is true, if this story of the mob is not. If the captain did not turn the society out of the chapel for the sake of the Constitution, who will believe, for instance, that his counsel ever turned his political coat for his own advantage? If it be a libel to say that Captain RYNDERS and his mob interrupted the meeting, then it must be an equal libel to say that the present Chief Magistrate of the city clothed himself in green upon St. Patrick's Day to flatter the Irish, and was heartily despised for his pains. Indeed, if the riotous conduct of the captain was all an illusion, why may it not be all an illusion that the present Mayor of New York is a gentleman of unsuspected honesty?

The letter of Captain RYNDERS'S counsel was promptly answered more than twenty months ago, but nothing further has been heard from counsel or client. This makes the whole matter more illusory than ever. If a suit for libel was really intended, why was it not prosecuted? Can it be possible that it was not intended? Can it be possible that the letter was meant to serve as a threat? This journal, in which the article appeared, had by pen and pencil sharply criticised the Tammany Ring, of which Mr. "A. OAKEY HALL, of Counsel," was a member.

Was the libel suit, therefore, a suggestion of the counsel to the client, and was the letter intended as a warning that if the criticism did not cease, the proprietors of the offending paper should feel the weight of the Ring's displeasure? Possibly; but that criticism has not ceased. It has steadily continued. Whether it has been justifiable, recent revelations have perhaps shown. But how tenacious are popular illusions! There are people living to-day who actually believe that the apparition of Mrs. Veal appeared to Mrs. Bargrave a hundred and sixty-five years ago; and a hundred years hence there will be a great and free people who will actually believe that the captain and his party did trample upon the right of free speech to save slavery; and that when the supremacy of slavery seemed to be assured, there were some persons—and we invite the attention of his learned counsel to the fact—who, obeying, of course, the highest political principle, crawled over to the side of slavery, and received their thirty pieces.

THE LESSON OF THE FRAUDS CONTINUED.

NOT the least remarkable fact in connection with the disclosures of city frauds made by the *Times* is the utter folly and futility of the replies and explanations that have been published. They are beneath contempt. The enormous frauds are not denied, but it is gravely said that they occurred two or three years ago, and that the municipal system of that time has been abolished. And when to this it is answered that the chief officers under the new system are those who are chiefly implicated under the old, and that the same kind of frauds are now charged, there is no reply; even flippancy fails. We mentioned last week the two explanations which had then been offered by the Mayor: one was that the *Times* had itself opened the way to frauds upon the treasury; and the other, that the duty of the Mayor and Controller was merely "ministerial" after bills had been audited by the Board of Supervisors.

To the first of these pleas the conclusive answer was that the *Times* demanded only the honest payment of an undisputed bill; to the second the evident answer was that honest men do not consent to be knaves ministerially. If, as the Mayor conceded, the demands were "exorbitant," it was his duty, as an honorable citizen, if the law required him officially to sign the warrants, to protest in the interests of the tax-payers, and to resign his office rather than to connive at defrauding them. But the law did not require it. On the contrary, the law required that he should approve no demands of the justice of which he was not satisfied. Why, then, did he sign the warrants, and why did the Controller pay them? Thus the very ground of their replies being taken from under their feet, the implicated authorities have tried other excuses. One is that the old Board of Supervisors, which audited the demands that the Mayor confesses were exorbitant—but which, nevertheless, he and the Controller approved—was composed equally from the two great parties, and that the frauds were therefore no more Democratic than Republican.

This plea, which does not deny the frauds, disappeared before the fact that the frauds occurred during the years 1869 and 1870, while the old Board of Supervisors, which audited them, ceased to be half Republican on the 1st of January, 1867, and was thenceforward Democratic. And the feeble attempt of the Mayor to escape, not by disproving the frauds, but by shifting the responsibility upon the Supervisors, fades contemptuously before the fact that Mr. TWEED, the chief of the old Board and of the New York Democratic party, and the chairman of the Supervisors' committee upon the new Court-house, for which the frauds were perpetrated, was appointed by the same Mayor to the most important position under the new city charter, while Mr. INGERSOLL, who drew a large part of the money, was Mr. TWEED'S old partner and present companion, and was only last year appointed by the same Mayor a commissioner to complete the new Court-house. Moreover, if it had been true that at the date of these frauds the Board of Supervisors was half Republican, is that any reason why the Controller should have disobeyed the law which orders a periodical publication of his receipts and payments?

But that no possible disgrace should be wanting to the transaction, it has been also asserted that the conduct of the *Times* in telling these terrible truths is fraudulent because the frauds themselves had been already published in the volume of proceedings of the Supervisors and in the *Transcript*, a paper of the Ring! But this, again, if true, is not a denial of the frauds; it is only a flippant sneer that the cheated tax-payers might earlier have known that they were cheated. Nor does the fact of publication affect the conduct of the Mayor and Controller, for neither in the Journal of the Supervisors nor in the *Transcript* does it appear that the bills were approved by the Mayor and paid by the Controller, which fact was first announced by the *Times*.

Indeed, up to the time of this writing, the accuracy of the figures published by the *Times* has not been impeached, and those figures incontestably establish the most shameful frauds. The Mayor confesses that the demands were "exorbitant," and the most forcible-feeble of his apologists calls the old Board of Supervisors a scandalous nest of corruption. Enormous frauds are thus virtually confessed by the Tammany Ring, which controls the Democratic party of New York, which managed the last National Convention of the party, and which Mr. TWEED—the head of the Ring, the chairman of the Supervisors' committee upon the Court-house, the chief sachem of Tammany, the head of the city Department of Public Works by the appointment of the Mayor, and who, without any profession but politics, has become notoriously rich—declares "proposes to carry on a strictly economical government, and to wrest, if possible, the national government from the hands of those who now, in our opinion, are betraying it." And a very pretty economical government the Tammany Ring would make of it!

That there are the most honorable men in the Democratic party in this city and State, as elsewhere, needs not to be said. But the fact is plain that the men to whom this city has been delivered, bound hand and foot—who have, as now appears, connived at the most unprecedented frauds—are the men whom the Democratic party has continued in power. Nobody will pretend to be surprised by any thing in the facts now revealed but their enormity. Nobody will assert that he has believed the city of New York to be honestly governed. Every body has been morally sure of what is now made evident. Yet, notwithstanding all this, the authors of these transactions have been the accepted leaders of the Democratic party. The respectable members of that party have yielded to them, and voted for them, and insisted that they were no worse than others; and the only attempt to withstand them in the party proceeded from a few city politicians and papers, who, as the result proved, were merely driving a bargain with the Ring.

Is this the party and are these the leaders that the intelligent voters of the United States wish to put into a position "to carry on a strictly economical government" of the

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kind which it is now shown that they have been carrying on in New York? There are Republicans every where who are vexed with follies and offenses in their own party. But is there any thing in Republican rule, or in the character and tendency of the Republican party, which is so menacing to the welfare of the country and to the permanence of the government as the Democratic financial corruption and betrayal of constitutional liberty which the country has recently seen in the great city in which that party is supreme? Fortunately for us all, the events of the last month have been presented, as we said last week, upon the most central and conspicuous stage in the country. The Tammany Ring, by its money, its organization, its ability, now controls the Democratic party, as it was once controlled by the slave-masters. And every voter in the land may be sure that the Tammany Democracy does not change more than that old slave power changed. The peace and prosperity of the country are now to be perpetuated, as they were a few years ago to be secured, only by prostrating the Tammany tyranny and corruption as effectually and finally as those of slavery were prostrated.

THE CENTENARY OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE centenary of Sir WALTER SCOTT will be celebrated with the utmost enthusiasm wherever the English language is spoken. He was, indeed, a Scotchman of whom his countrymen will be always most proud; but he wrote in the language common to England and the United States, and his fame is as warmly cherished in this country as it can be in his own. Abbotsford, like Stratford, is one of the fond shrines of American pilgrimage, and the nationality of the great story-teller is forgotten in his humanity. He was, indeed, especially attached to Scotland; and with what eager delight he had mastered its history and its romantic lore was first shown by the notes to the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," which are full of Scotch legend and tradition. After the poems came the novels, in which the same local love and sympathy appear. But he did not give up to Scotland what was meant for mankind. His exquisite instinct chose only what was essentially romantic, and the light of his genius played upon characters which were universally intelligible.

As at the centenary of BURNS, therefore, a few years ago, so in that of SCOTT, all exclusive national sentiment disappears in the general sympathy. As at that time, also, the BURNS clubs, which are mainly composed of Scotchmen, took the lead in the celebration, so it is but natural that the Scotchmen in cities where there are many of them should act as ushers of the SCOTT festival. But any disposition to give it an exclusively national or local character would be unwise. SCOTT'S fame can not in that way be appropriated or monopolized; and it is to be regretted if the published intention to lay in New York the foundation stone for the pedestal of the statue for which the subscription has been raised among Scotchmen solely should seem to give to the occasion an aspect too exclusively Scottish. It is not surprising that, having raised the money among themselves, SCOTT'S countrymen should select the centenary as the day for beginning the erection of the work; but the gentlemen interested might have been very sure that, had they generally invited subscriptions, the response would have been most ready and ample, and the statue to be erected to the Magician would have represented the homage of all who have felt his happy spell.

But these are unimportant forms which the kind spirit of the occasion will disregard. The sweet manliness of SCOTT'S own nature will be the genius of the day. Whatever is done and whoever speaks, it will be impossible not to recount the story of that memorable career, and nobody can hear it without recalling with gratitude and admiration that wonderful series of works which gave so high and harmless a delight, and blessing the good genius which inspired them. That story has its tenderly touching and tragic aspects also. With all its triumph and renown, there are few careers of which the tale is more melancholy than that of the beloved Sir WALTER. In his masterly estimate of it CARLYLE spoke for all who are familiar with the facts, and with a mournful eloquence which he has never surpassed. "And so the curtain falls, and the strong WALTER SCOTT is with us no more. A possession from him does remain, widely scattered, yet attainable, not inconsiderable. It can be said of him when he departed he took a man's life with him. No sounder piece of British manhood was put together in that eighteenth century of time. Alas! his fine Scotch face, with its shaggy honesty, sagacity, and goodness, when we saw it latterly on the Edinburgh streets, was all worn with care, the joy all fled from it, plowed deep with labor and sorrow. We shall never forget it; we shall never see it again. Adieu, Sir WALTER! pride of all Scotchmen, take our proud and sad farewell."

THE ENGLISH REVOLUTION.

THE progress of the peaceful revolution which is gradually proceeding in England is very interesting. Within a short time the popular protest against the grant to Prince ARTHUR, the cool reception of the Prince of Wales in Dublin, and the abolition of the army purchase system in disregard of the House of Lords, are all significant signs. This last act, all our readers may not have seen, was that of Mr. GLADSTONE, who, finding that the Lords would not support his scheme for the abolition of the system of buying commissions in the army, announced that the Queen had abolished it, as it was instituted, by royal warrant. The Duke of Richmond moved a vote of censure upon the ministry. The Marquis of Salisbury, the ablest of the Tory peers, thought that the Lords were bound to resent the great outrage, which would otherwise be a standing menace to the authority of the House of Lords. Lord CAIRNS and other peers supported the motion, and even Lord RUSSELL said that he would vote for it. But when the vote was taken the House of Lords acquiesced by a majority of eighty in the blow which was aimed at them. The Peers are not only most interested in the purchase system which is thus abolished, and not only resisted the abolition, but the method in which it was done was peculiarly humiliating, yet by an enormous majority they yielded.

This act is a public declaration of the general feeling in England that the House of Lords is to be henceforth only a tolerated ornament of the British system, and it is significant of the manner in which the fundamental changes will be wrought. In a very interesting letter to the Cincinnati *Commercial* Mr. M. D. CONWAY recently describes Mr. CHARLES BRADLAUGH, whom Mr. CONWAY calls the great apostle of the radical working class. He is a republican, who inaugurates clubs of that political faith, and who holds public debates upon religious questions. Mr. CONWAY heard him upon the coming revolution in England, and was evidently impressed by the sagacity and power of the orator, whom he describes as a man of a dark skin, smooth face, strong features, high forehead, and long, straight black hair, brushed closely behind his ears.

Mr. BRADLAUGH stated coolly and pointedly the situation in England. The landed aristocracy he affirms to be the real government of the country, and they are constantly relieving themselves of pressure. One hundred and twenty years ago they bore a fifth of the national burden; now they bear a seventieth. Twenty-nine millions of acres in the country are uncultivated, of which certainly more than half could be cultivated with profit. The agricultural laborers, the most wretched of men, are still deteriorating; they are ignorant, wretched, degraded; their wages from seven to fifteen shillings a week. This can not endure. The combustible materials of a revolution are widely spread under English society, and in his opinion the only question is whether it will be peaceable or violent. He thinks it will be peaceable, and he warns the royal family to get out of the way.

The action of the ministry and the acquiescence of the Lords show that they feel the forces of which Mr. BRADLAUGH speaks. The steady political movement in England is to equality of rights, and to their final practical assertion only a formal protest, like that of the Duke of Richmond, is likely to be sound. Even the Prince of Wales, Mr. CONWAY says, has himself expressed the doubt, which many others have expressed, that he "might possibly never reign in this country."

PERSONAL.

A GENTLEMAN who has been spending a week with WILL M. CARLETON, the Farm Balladist, says that upon first appearance Mr. CARLETON would not impress the casual observer as being a gentleman of any poetic ability. He is wanting in those general characteristics which have stamped the poets of former days. He would more likely be taken for a statesman of the WASHINGTON type, his face and head bearing a strong resemblance to what WASHINGTON might have been in his younger days. But a close acquaintance would radically change the impression. His face in repose is not expressive—his eyes are somewhat dull and dreamy—but the instant his sympathies are aroused, whether giving expression to his own poems or discussing the merits of others, then it is his countenance lights up—now beaming with joy, now depressed again in sorrow, as his subjects vary. His address is frank, but yet betrays a nervous sensitiveness, and he is evidently conscious of the position he has taken and the duties expected of him. He is generous, hospitable, unostentatious to a fault, and has no desire to be made an elephant of. He is, as he himself asserts, emphatically a Western man, and his only desire to travel is that he may obtain points for his poetic muse to illustrate. He is very frank in his expressions of tenderness for his parents, who reside a few miles below him, at Hudson; and when told his subjects were anacreontic when considered from his inexperienced stand-point, tenderly declared that all that was good and affectionate he drank in from *Home*. He is a perfect enthusiast in all matters connected with the literary world; is endowed with good commonsense and high moral character. He is only about twenty-five years of age, and graduated with the highest honors from Hillsdale College, Michigan.

—The public are indebted to an English journal for the following lines, the authorship of which is unknown, giving in a few words the history of the "TICHBORNE case" so far as it has been already unraveled:

"The firm of BAXTER, ROSE, and NORTON
Deny the claimant's ARTHUR ORTON,
But can't deny, what's more important,
That he has done what ARTHUR oughtn't."

—Under the provisions of Mr. PEABODY'S will another block of dwellings was completed and formally opened in London on the 1st of the present month. They are light, airy-looking buildings, thoroughly ventilated, thoroughly comfortable, and would be deemed reasonable in New York at $200 to $250 a year. Yet the single rooms are rented at 50 cents, two rooms at $1, or three at $1 25 a week, and at these rates every room was promptly taken, and could have been let twice over. Three hundred and twenty-five tenants occupy the premises. Is the time ever to come in New York when small families of refined people, living on moderate salaries, can obtain really comfortable lodgings at from $200 to $300 a year? That is what is needed rather than more expensive lodging-houses.

—MICHELET, the historian, has been in bad health since February last, and his recovery is not looked for. He is now seventy-three. When twenty-three he was professor of ancient languages and philosophy in the College Sainte-Barbare. Soon after the revolution of 1830 he was appointed chief of the historical archives of the realm. After succeeding GUIZOT as lecturer on history, and writing many pamphlets and some books, the government, in 1851, interdicted his lectures, and he has since lived in retirement.

—Judge HOAR is as sharp as he is quick at repartee. At one of those dinners given to the High Commission, where, as an old English judge remarked, "dinner lubricates business," Judge H., alluding to the unfriendliness of England for our cause during the war, marveled that the British people could give their sympathies against the free side. "But it was not the intelligent opinion that favored the South," said Professor BERNARD: "eminently cultivated people in England sympathized with the North." "Well," retorted the judge, quietly, "I am almost quoting your own speeches and writings." Whereupon the subject was suddenly dropped.

—It is announced in a foreign journal that the Khedive of Egypt is about to revisit Europe, and intends soliciting the honor of reconstructing at his own expense some one of the burned monuments in Paris as a splendid and durable testimony of his admiration. Another journal mentions that Mr. RICHARD WALLACE, the new Commander of the Legion of Honor, is about worthily to close the series of his benefactions to Paris and to France by rebuilding, at his sole cost, the palace of that order of knighthood. It is said, also, that ISMAIL PASHA has sent 100,000 francs to the French consul at Alexandria for the orphans made by the late strife. Mr. WALLACE, it is well known, has given much larger sums for various charitable purposes, and his name is likely to be cherished in Paris as Mr. PEABODY'S is in England.

—DISRAELI, at sixty-five, presents quite a contrast in appearance to the DISRAELI of thirty-five years ago, as he looked to N. P. WILLIS, who, in "Pencillings by the Way," thus sketches him as he appeared at a dinner-party at Lady BLESSINGTON'S: "DISRAELI had arrived before me, and sat in the deep window, looking out upon Hyde Park, with the last rays of daylight reflected from the gorgeous gold flowers of a splendidly embroidered waistcoat. Patent-leather pumps, a white stick with a black cord and tassel, and a quantity of chains about his neck and pocket, served to make him rather a conspicuous object. . . . His hair is as extraordinary as his taste in waistcoats; a thick, heavy mass of jet-black ringlets falls over his left cheek almost to his collarless stock; while on the right temple it is parted and put away with the smooth carefulness of a girl's, and shines most unctuously 'with thy incomparable oil, Macassar.' He talked like a race-horse approaching the winning-post—every muscle in action, and the utmost energy of expression flung out in every burst. . . I have been told that he once stood for a London borough; a coarse fellow came up to the hustings, and said to him, 'I should like to know, Sir, on what ground you stand here, Sir?' 'On my head, Sir,' answered DISRAELI."

—The proprietor of the *Independent* announces that the literary department of that widely circulated and ably conducted journal has been placed in charge of Dr. T. MUNSON COAN. Dr. COAN is among the most promising and industrious of the young literary men of the day. His contributions to *Harper's Magazine*, as well as to several other of the leading monthlies, and to the weekly and daily press, evince superior abilities and culture, and an aptitude for journalistic work that renders the services of such men very valuable.

—Apropos of the full-length bronze statue of the poet HALLECK—for which a site has been selected by the Commissioners of Central Park—a considerable portion of the $12,000 required for the statue remains to be subscribed. While some eighty gentlemen of this city have given their names for about half the amount, it is to be stated, to the honor of the State of Connecticut, the birth-place of the gifted poet, that she has furnished *one contributor to the amount of fifteen dollars, and he a poet!*

—Speaking of Minister WASHBURNE, a gentleman who professes to know what he is writing about says that from the time of General GRANT'S nomination Mr. W. had an understanding that he was to be minister to France; for, as soon as General G. was elected, Mr. W. began the study of the French language. A teacher was constantly in the house, and not only did he become a clever French scholar, but his family acquired the language also. He also paid frequent visits to Mr. SUMNER, who aided him in airing his lessons. Mr. SUMNER is accomplished in French, his conversation being more free from improper pronunciation and grammatical inaccuracy than that of any official in Washington. He keeps it up by constant practice, and never addresses his servants except in French unless visitors are present. He is equally familiar with Spanish.

—Bishop FRASER, of Manchester, one of the new bishops (the see was established in 1848, and endowed with $22,500 a year), is a practical man, and was made a bishop more for peculiar fitness than from political influence. In a sermon preached in Westminster Abbey on the evening of July 9 he referred to the Treaty of Washington in the following terms: "I have heard the treaty called an act of national humiliation. To my mind it is an act of the nation showing itself willing to rectify, not one day too soon, a great and conspicuous wrong. It is the act of a nation recognizing the obligations of conscience, and doing righteousness."

—In the "Life and Times of Lord Brougham," recently published by HARPER & BROTHERS, at page 59 occurs the following paragraph, that may be of interest to photographers, as therein Lord BROUGHAM distinctly claims to have been the original discoverer of photography. He says: "I soon returned to pure mathematics, and several of the propositions afterward mentioned in my paper on Porisms were investigated at this time. I was also diligently employed in experiments upon light and colors, and conceived that I had made some additions to the Newtonian doctrine, which I sent to the Royal Society in the summer of 1795. The paper was very courteously received; but Sir CHARLES BLAGDEN (the secretary) desired parts to be left out in the notes or queries as belonging rather to the arts and sciences. This was very unfortunate, because I, having observed the effect of a small hole in the window-shutter of a darkened room, when a view is formed on white paper of the external objects, had suggested that if that view is formed, not on paper, but on ivory rubbed with nitrate of silver, the picture would become permanent; and I had suggested improvements in drawing founded upon this fact. Now this is the origin of photography; and had the note containing the suggestion in 1795 appeared, in all probability it would have set others on the examination of the subject, and given us photography half a century earlier than we have had it."

—Among the candidates of the Democratic party for the next Presidency, Pennsylvania is not unlikely to present the name of Chief Justice JAMES THOMPSON, of the Supreme Court. Judge THOMPSON, after having received a good education, commenced life as a printer; afterward was admitted to the bar; elected to the Pennsylvania Legislature in 1828, '29, '33, and '34, serving the last year as Speaker. In 1836 he was a Presidential elector, presiding judge of the District Court for six years, and member of Congress from 1845 to 1851. In 1857 he was elected judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania for fifteen years. Another candidate is ex-Senator DOOLITTLE, of Wisconsin, a native of this State, and for some years a leading member of the Wyoming County bar. In 1851 he removed to Wisconsin, was elected judge of the First Judicial Circuit in 1853, but resigned in 1856. In 1857 he was elected United States Senator for six years, and re-elected in 1863. He is now in his prime—fifty-six—and although possessed of superior abilities, has too recently left the Republican party, and not yet sufficiently in full communion with the Democratic, to be classed among the really prominent Presidential aspirants.

—Hon. DANIEL W. VOORHEES announces that at the expiration of his present Congressional term he will withdraw entirely from political life and devote himself to the legal profession. Mr. VOORHEES is a man of commanding presence, a fine scholar, and one of the most eloquent men in Congress. He entered the House of Representatives in 1860, and has since been almost constantly in public life. In the very prime of manhood—he is only forty-three—he wisely determines to step from the turbid pool of politics to win more enduring fame and fortune at the bar.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE July statement of the national debt shows a reduction during that month of $8,701,976.

The total internal revenue receipts for July were $14,236,057 09.

The recent election in North Carolina resulted in a Republican triumph by a majority of several thousand. The Democratic project for a Convention to revise the State Constitution is defeated.

President Grant has been officially notified of the removal of the Italian seat of government to Rome.

The corporation of the University of Vermont has voted to admit women to the university under rules to be hereafter presented by the faculty.

The Navy Register to July 1, 1871, shows the total number of vessels in the navy to be 179, of which 51 are iron-clads, laid up at League Island, New Orleans, Washington, and other places; 36 are abroad on foreign stations, and many are laid up, as the law does not permit the enlistment of a sufficient force to send them to sea.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Fenian leaders in Ireland made arrangements to hold a public meeting in Dublin, on the occasion of the visit of the Prince of Wales to that city, for the purpose of demanding the release of the Fenian prisoners still in jail. The assemblage was prohibited by the authorities, but the projectors insisted. The meeting was held Saturday evening, August 5, and a serious riot ensued, which lasted for half an hour. The police finally succeeded in dispersing the crowd. Mr. Smyth, M.P., and Mr. Sullivan, of the *Nation*, the leading spirits in the projected meeting, were badly wounded, and over a hundred other injured persons were taken to the hospitals. The leaders will be prosecuted.

The British Parliament has voted a yearly allowance of £15,000 to Prince Arthur. There was no opposition in the House of Lords, and but little in the Commons, where only eleven votes were recorded in the negative.

The payment of the second installment of half a billion francs, on account of the indemnity to the Germans, has been completed. The German army of occupation in France is reduced to 150,000 men.

A rumored Communist scheme to fire the large cities of France has elicited from the French government an order forbidding vessels laden with petroleum to ascend the Seine to Rouen.

King Thokambau, of the Fiji Islands, has formed a new cabinet, largely composed of Englishmen, to the disgust of other foreign residents. The rebellious members of one of the native tribes have been hired to planters for the benefit of the royal treasury.

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"WHO IS INGERSOLL'S CO?" N.Y. TRIBUNE.

MR. INGERSOLL. "ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE YOU TO MY CO?"

TWO GREAT QUESTIONS.

Th. Nast.

"WHO STOLE THE PEOPLE'S MONEY?" — DO TELL. N.Y. TIMES.

'TWAS HIM.

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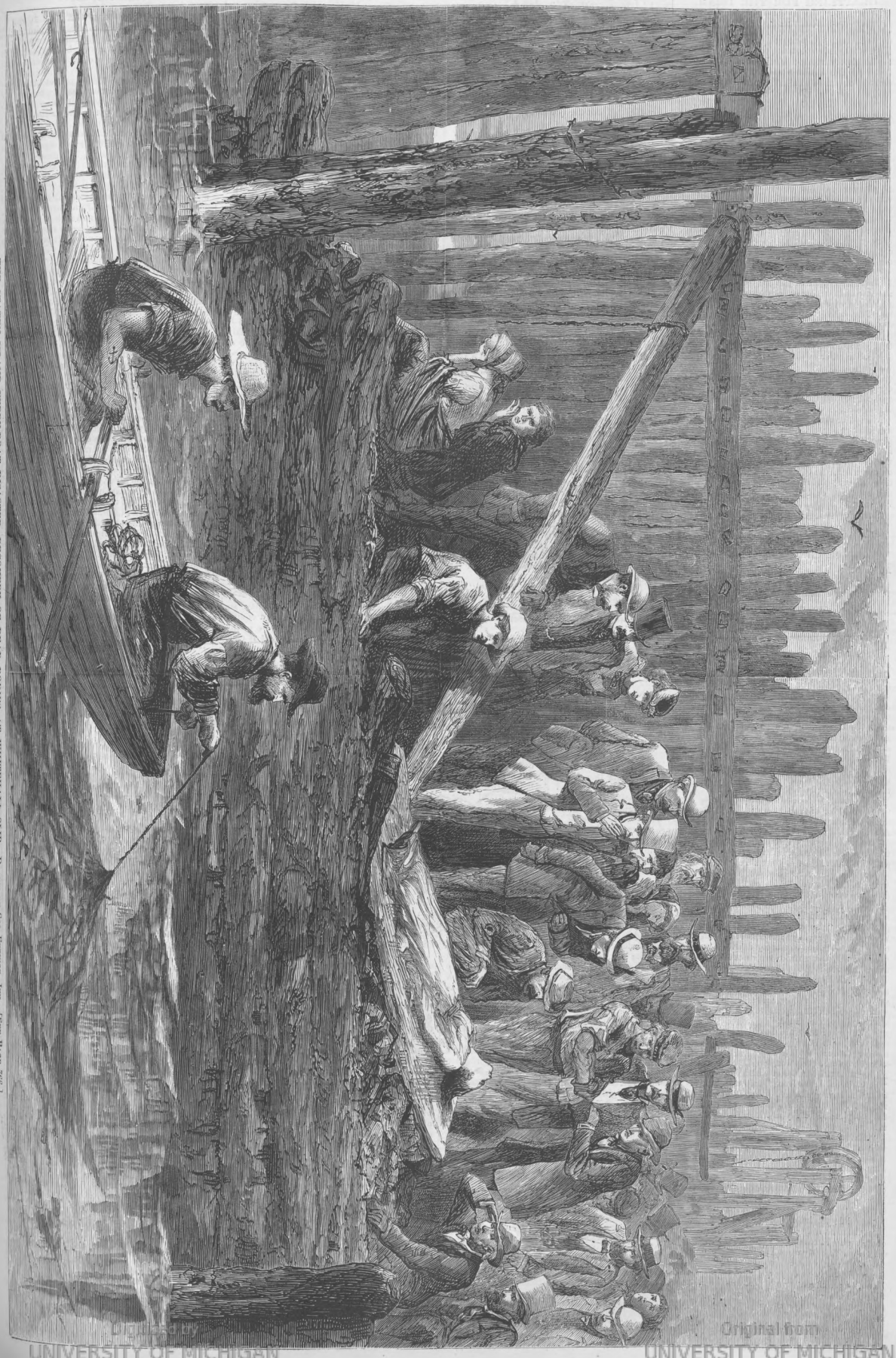

THE STATEN ISLAND FERRY-BOAT DISASTER—RECOVERY OF DEAD BODIES AT WHITEHALL SLIP.—DRAWN BY SOL. EYTINGE, JUN.—[SEE PAGE 766.]

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GRAPPLING FOR THE DEAD.

FOR several days after the terrible disaster on board the Staten Island ferry-boat *Westfield* the docks around Whitehall Slip presented a most sad and pathetic spectacle, which Mr. ETTINGE has admirably realized in our illustration on page 765. All the available standing-place for several blocks above and below the slip which afforded a view of the river was occupied by an eager crowd of persons watching the movements of those who were engaged in grappling for the bodies of those victims of the disaster who had been blown into the water or had jumped overboard in the panic caused by the explosion. Dense and motley as it was, the crowd was most quiet and orderly. Every one seemed to be awed into silence. There was no loud talking, no pushing. Only now and then, when a body was raised to the surface, a pitying murmur, almost like a groan, was audible, that seemed to be wrung from the heart of every one of those silent watchers. Even the newsboys and boot-blacks, usually so vociferous, glided about among the crowd as if they had suddenly been stricken dumb.

One of the most pathetic sights was an aged Irishwoman, who had perhaps lost her only son, the stay and comfort of her declining years. She sat on the very edge of the dock, her head resting in her hands, and her tearless eyes fixed on the men in the boats. She was not weeping, but a low moaning sound that escaped her lips told of the depth of her anguish. Close by her side sat another aged woman of the same race, who kept murmuring, "O God! O God!" Every one around them was moved to tears by their desolate sorrow. Several compassionate people spoke kindly to them, but could get no answer. They did not seem to hear.

While our artist was sketching, the body of a beautiful young girl was brought up by the grappling-irons, and gently lifted ashore. She had long golden hair, and was dressed in white. Few were so stern as not to weep when she was laid on the plank, and rough hands little used to tenderness gently and reverently composed her dress and hair, and then covered the inanimate form from sight.

LORD KILGOBBIN.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

Author of "That Boy of Norcott's," "The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly," "Sir Brooke Fossbrooke," "A Day's Ride," "One of Them," "Gerald Fitzgerald," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXIV.

TWO FRIENDS AT BREAKFAST.

IRISHMEN may reasonably enough travel for climate; they need scarcely go abroad in search of scenery. Within even a very short distance from the capital there are landscapes which, for form, outline, and color, equal some of the most celebrated spots of Continental beauty.

One of these is the view from Bray Head over the wide expanse of the bay of Dublin, with Howth and Lambay in the far distance. Nearer at hand lies the sweep of that graceful shore to Killiney, with the Dalkey Islands dotting the calm sea; while inland, in wild confusion, are grouped the Wicklow Mountains, massive with wood and teeming with a rich luxuriance.

When sunlight and stillness spread color over the blue mirror of the sea—as is essential to the scene—I know of nothing, not even Naples or Amalfi, can surpass this marvelous picture.

It was on a terrace that commanded this view that Walpole and Atlee sat at breakfast on a calm autumnal morning; the white-sailed boats scarcely creeping over their shadows; and the whole scene, in its silence and softened effect, presenting a picture of almost rapturous tranquillity.

"With half a dozen days like this," said Atlee, as he smoked his cigarette in a sort of languid grace, "one would not say O'Connell was wrong in his glowing admiration for Irish scenery. If I were to wake every day for a week to this, I suspect I should grow somewhat crazy myself about the green island."

"And dash the description with a little treason too," said the other, superciliously. "I have always remarked the ingenious connection with which Irishmen bind up a love of the picturesque with a hate of the Saxon."

"Why not? they are bound together in the same romance. Can you look on the Parthenon and not think of the Turk?"

"Apropos of the Turk," said the other, laying his hand on a folded letter which lay before him, "here's a long letter from Lord Danesbury about that wearisome 'Eastern question,' as they call the ten thousand issues that await solution on the Bosphorus. Do you take interest in these things?"

"Immensely. After I have blown myself with a sharp burst on Home politics I always take a canter among the Druses and the Lebanites; and I am such an authority on the 'Grand Idea' that Ransgabe refers to me as 'the illustrious statesman whose writings relieve England from the stain of universal ignorance about Greece.'"

"And do you know any thing on the subject?"

"About as much as the present cabinet does of Ireland. I know all the clap-traps: the grand traditions that have sunk down into a present barbarism—of course through ill government; the noble instincts depraved by gross ill usage. I know the inherent love of freedom we cherish, which makes men resent rents as well as laws, and teaches that taxes are as great a tyranny as the rights of property."

"And do the Greeks take this view of it?"

"Of course they do; and it was in experimenting on them that Lord Beaconsfield learned how to deal with Ireland. There was but one step from Thebes to Tipperary. Corfu was 'pacified'—that's the phrase for it—by abolishing the landlords. The peasants were told they might spare a little if they liked to the ancient possessor of the soil; and so they took the ground, and they gave him the olive-trees. You may imagine how fertile these were when the soil around them was utilized to the last fraction of productiveness."

"Is that a fair statement of the case?"

"Can you ask the question? I'll show it to you in print."

"Perhaps written by yourself."

"And why not? What convictions have not broken on my mind by reading my own writings? You smile at this; but how do you know your face is clean till you look in a glass?"

Walpole, however, had ceased to attend to the speaker, and was deeply engaged with the letter before him.

"I see here," cried he, "his Excellency is good enough to say that some mark of royal favor might be advantageously extended to those Kilgobbin people in recognition of their heroic defense. What should it be, is the question."

"Confer on him the peerage, perhaps."

"That is totally out of the question."

"It was Kate Kearney made the defense; why not give her a commission in the army?—make it another 'woman's right.'"

"You are absurd, Mr. Atlee."

"Suppose you endowed her out of the Consolidated Fund? Give her twenty thousand pounds, and I can almost assure you that a very clever fellow I know will marry her."

"A strange reward for good conduct."

"A prize of virtue. They have that sort of thing in France, and they say it gives a great support to purity of morals."

"Young Kearney might accept something, if we knew what to offer him."

"I'd say a pair of black trowsers; for I think I'm now wearing his last in that line."

"Mr. Atlee," said the other, grimly, "let me remind you once again that the habit of light jesting—'persiflage'—is so essentially Irish, you should keep it for your countrymen; and if you persist in supposing the career of a private secretary suits you, this is an incongruity that will totally unfit you for the walk."

"I am sure you know your countrymen, Sir, and I am grateful for the rebuke."

Walpole's cheek flushed at this, and it was plain that there was a hidden meaning in the words which he felt and resented.

"I do not know," continued Walpole, "if I am not asking you to curb one of the strongest impulses of your disposition; but it rests entirely with yourself whether my counsel be worth following."

"Of course it is, Sir. I shall follow your advice to the letter, and keep all my good spirits and my bad manners for my countrymen."

It was evident that Walpole had to exercise some strong self-control not to reply sharply; but he refrained, and turned once more to Lord Danesbury's letter, in which he was soon deeply occupied. At last he said: "His Excellency wants to send me out to Turkey, to confer with a man with whom he has some confidential relations. It is quite impossible that, in my present state of health, I could do this. Would the thing suit you, Atlee—that is, if, on consideration, I should opine that *you* would suit *it*?"

"I suspect," replied Atlee, but with every deference in his manner, "if you would entertain the last part of the contingency first, it would be more convenient to each of us. I mean whether I were fit for the situation."

"Well, perhaps so," said the other, carelessly; "it is not at all impossible it may be one of the things you would acquit yourself well in. It is a sort of exercise for tact and discretion—an occasion in which that light hand of yours would have a field for employment, and that acute skill in which I know you pride yourself, as regards reading character—"

"You have certainly piqued my curiosity," said Atlee.

"I don't know that I ought to have said so much; for, after all, it remains to be seen whether Lord Danesbury would estimate these gifts of yours as highly as I do. What I think of doing is this: I shall send you over to his Excellency in your capacity as my own private secretary, to explain how unfit I am in my present disabled condition to undertake a journey. I shall tell my lord how useful I have found your services with regard to Ireland, how much you know of the country and the people, and how worthy of trust I have found your information and your opinions; and I shall hint—but only hint, remember—that, for the mission he speaks of, he might possibly do worse than fix upon yourself. As, of course, it rests with him to be like-minded with me or not upon this matter—to take, in fact, his own estimate of Mr. Atlee from his own experiences of him, you are not to know any thing whatever of this project till his Excellency thinks proper to open it to you. You understand that?"

"Thoroughly."

"Your mission will be to explain—when asked to explain—certain difficulties of Irish life and habits, and if his lordship should direct conversation to topics of the East, to be careful to know nothing of the subject whatever—mind that."

"I shall be careful. I have read the 'Arabian Nights'—but that's all."

"And of that tendency to small joking and weak epigram I would also caution you to beware; they will have no success in the quarter to which you are going, and they will only damage other qualities which you might possibly rely on."

Atlee bowed a submissive acquiescence.

"I don't know that you'll see Lady Maude Bickerstaffe, his lordship's niece" (he stopped as if he had unwittingly uttered an awkwardness, and then added): "I mean she has not been well, and may not appear while you are at the castle; but if you should, and if—which is not at all likely, but still possible—you should be led to talk of Kilgobbin and the incident that has got into the papers, you must be very guarded in all you say. It is a county family of station and repute. We were there as visitors. The ladies—I don't know that I'd say very much of the ladies."

"Except that they were exceedingly plain in looks, and somewhat *passées* besides," added Atlee, gravely.

"I don't see why you should say that, Sir," replied the other, stiffly. "If you are not bent on compromising me by an indiscretion, I don't perceive the necessity of involving me in a falsehood."

"You shall be perfectly safe in my hands," said Atlee.

"And that I may be so, say as little about me as you can. I know the injunction has its difficulties, Mr. Atlee, but pray try and observe it."

The conversation had now arrived at a point in which one angry word more must have produced a rupture between them; and though Atlee took in the whole situation and its consequences at a glance, there was nothing in the easy jauntiness of his manner that gave any clew to a sense of anxiety or discomfort.

"Is it likely," asked he at length, "that his Excellency will advert to the idea of recognizing or rewarding these people for their brave defense?"

"I am coming to that, if you will spare me a little patience; Saxon slowness is a blemish you'll have to grow accustomed to. If Lord Danesbury should know that you are an acquaintance of the Kilgobbin family, and ask you what would be a suitable mode of showing how their conduct has been appreciated in a high quarter, you should be prepared with an answer."

Atlee's eyes twinkled with a malicious drollery, and he had to bite his lips to repress an impertinence that seemed almost to master his prudence, and at last he said, carelessly,

"Dick Kearney might get something."

"I suppose you know that his qualifications will be tested. You bear that in mind, I hope—"

"Yes. I was just turning it over in my head, and I thought the best thing to do would be to make him a Civil Service Commissioner. They are the only people taken on trust."

"You are severe, Mr. Atlee. Have these gentlemen earned this dislike on your part?"

"Do you mean by having rejected me? No, that they have not. I believe I could have survived that; and if, however, they had come to the point of telling me that they were content with my acquirements, and had what is called 'passed' me, I fervently believe I should have been seized with an apoplexy."

"Mr. Atlee's opinion of himself is not a mean one," said Walpole, with a cold smile.

"On the contrary, Sir, I have occasion to feel pretty often in every twenty-four hours what an ignominious part a man plays in life who has to affect to be taught what he knows already, to be asking the road where he has traveled every step of the way, and to feel that a threadbare coat and broken boots take more from the value of his opinions than if he were a knave or a blackleg."

"I don't see the humility of all this."

"I feel the shame of it, though," said Atlee; and as he arose and walked out upon the terrace the veins in his forehead were swelled and knotted, and his lips trembled with suppressed passion.

In a tone that showed how thoroughly indifferent he felt to the other's irritation, Walpole went on to say: "You will, then, make it your business, Mr. Atlee, to ascertain in what way most acceptable to those people at Kilgobbin his Excellency may be able to show them some mark of royal favor—bearing in mind not to commit yourself to any thing that may raise great expectations. In fact, a recognition is what is intended, not a reward."

Atlee's eyes fell upon the opal ring, which he always wore since the day Walpole had given it to him, and there was something so significant in the glance that the other flushed as he caught it.

"I believe I appreciate the distinction," said Atlee, quietly. "It is to be something in which the generosity of the donor is more commemorated than the merits of the person rewarded, and, consequently, a most appropriate recognition of the Celt by the Saxon. Do you think I ought to go down to Kilgobbin Castle, Sir?"

"I am not quite sure about that; I'll turn it over in my mind. Meanwhile I'll telegraph to my lord that, if he approves, I shall send you over to Wales; and you had better make what arrangements you have to make to be ready to start at any moment."

"Unfortunately, Sir, I have none. I am in the full enjoyment of such complete destitution that I am always ready to go any where."

Walpole did not notice the words, but arose and walked over to a writing-table to compose his message for the telegraph.

"There," said he, as he folded it, "have the kindness to dispatch this at once, and do not be out of the way about five, or half past, when I shall expect an answer."

"Am I free to go into town meanwhile?" asked Atlee.

Walpole nodded assent without speaking.

"I wonder if this sort of flunkeydom be good for a man," muttered Atlee to himself as he sprang down the stairs. "I begin to doubt it. At all events, I understand now the secret of the first lieutenant's being a tyrant: he has once been a middy. And so I say, let me only reach the ward-room, and Heaven help the boys!"

CHAPTER XXV.

ATLEE'S EMBARRASSMENT.

WHEN Atlee returned to dress for dinner he was sent for hurriedly by Walpole, who told him that Lord Danesbury's answer had arrived, with the order, "Send him over at once, and write fully at the same time."

"There is an eleven-o'clock packet, Atlee, to-night," said he: "you must manage to start by that. You'll reach Hollyhead by four or thereabout, and can easily get to the castle by midday."

"I wish I had had a little more time," muttered the other. "If I am to present myself before his Excellency in such a 'rig' as this—"

"I have thought of that. We are nearly of the same size and build; you are, perhaps, a trifle taller, but nothing to signify. Now Buckmaster has just sent me a mass of things of all sorts from town; they are in my dressing-room, not yet unpacked. Go up and look at them after dinner: take what suits you—as much—all, if you like—but don't delay now. It only wants a few minutes of seven o'clock."

Atlee muttered his thanks hastily, and went his way. If there was a thoughtfulness in the generosity of this action, the mode in which it was performed, the measured coldness of the words, the look of impassive examination that accompanied them, and the abstention from any thing that savored of explanation or apology for a liberty—were all deeply felt by the other.

It was true, Walpole had often heard him tell of the freedom with which he had treated Dick Kearney's wardrobe, and how poor Dick was scarcely sure he could call an article of dress his own whenever Joe had been the first to go out into the town. The innumerable straits to which he reduced that unlucky chum, who had actually to deposit a dinner suit at a hotel to save it from Atlee's rapacity, had amused Walpole; but then these things were all done in the spirit of the honest familiarity that prevailed between them—the tie of true *camaraderie* that neither suggested a thought of obligation on one side nor of painful inferiority on the other. Here it was totally different. These men did not live together with that daily interchange of liberties which, with all their passing contentions, so accustom people to each other's humors as to establish the soundest and strongest of all friendships. Walpole had adopted Atlee because he found him useful in a variety of ways. He was adroit, ready-witted, and intelligent; a half explanation sufficed with him on any thing—a mere hint was enough to give him for an interview or a reply. He read people readily, and rarely failed to profit by the knowledge. Strange as it may seem, the great blemish of his manner—his snobbery—Walpole rather liked than disliked it. It was a sort of qualifying element that satisfied him, as though it said, "With all that fellow's cleverness, he is not one of us." He might make a wittier reply, or write a smarter note; but society has its little tests—not one of which he could respond to." And this was an inferiority Walpole loved to cherish and was pleased to think over.

Atlee felt that Walpole might, with very little exercise of courtesy, have dealt more considerately by him.

"I am not exactly a valet," muttered he to himself, "to whom a man flings a waistcoat as he chucks a shilling to a porter. I am more than Mr. Walpole's equal in many things, which are not accidents of fortune."

He knew scores of things he could do better than him; indeed, there were very few he could not.

Poor Joe was not, however, aware that it was in the "not doing" lay Walpole's secret of superiority; that the inborn sense of abstention is the great distinguishing element of the class Walpole belonged to; and he might harass himself forever and yet never guess where it was that the distinction evaded him.

Atlee's manner at dinner was unusually cold and silent. He habitually made the chief efforts of conversation; now he spoke little and seldom. When Walpole talked it was in that careless discursive way in which it was his wont to discuss matters with a familiar. He often put questions, and as often went on without waiting for the answers.

As they sat over the dessert and were alone he adverted to the other's mission, throwing out little hints and cautions as to manner, which Atlee listened to in perfect silence, and without the slightest sign that could indicate the feeling they produced.

"You are going into a new country, Atlee," said he at last, "and I am sure you will not be sorry to learn something of the geography."

"Though it may mar a little of the adventure," said the other, smiling.

"Ah, that's exactly what I want to warn you against. With us in England there are none of those social vicissitudes you are used to here. The game of life is played gravely, quietly, and calmly. There are no brilliant successes of bold talkers, no *coups de théâtre* of amusing *raconteurs*: no one tries to push himself into any position of eminence."

A half movement of impatience, as Atlee pushed his wine-glass before him, arrested the speaker. "I perceive," said he, stiffly, "you regard my counsels as unnecessary."

"Not that, Sir, so much as hopeless," rejoined the other, coldly.

"His Excellency will ask you, probably, some questions about this country; let me warn you not to give him Irish answers."

"I don't think I understand you, Sir."

"I mean, don't deal in any exaggerations, avoid extravagance, and never be slap-dash."

"Oh, these are Irish, then?"

Without designing reply to this Walpole went on: "Of course you have your remedy for all the evils of Ireland. I never met an Irishman

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who had not. But, I beg you, spare his lordship your theory, whatever it is, and simply answer the questions he will ask you."

"I will try, Sir," was the meek reply.

"Above all things, let me warn you against a favorite blunder of your countrymen. Don't endeavor to explain peculiarities of action in this country by singularities of race or origin; don't try to make out that there are special points of view held that are unknown on the other side of the channel, or that there are other differences between the two peoples, except such as more rags and greater wretchedness produce. We have got over that very venerable and time-honored blunder, and do not endeavor to revive it."

"Indeed!"

"Fact, I assure you. It is possible in some remote country house to chance upon some antiquated Tory who still cherishes these notions; but you'll not find them among men of mind or intelligence, nor among any class of our people."

It was on Atlee's lip to ask, "Who were our people?" but he forbore by a mighty effort, and was silent.

"I don't know if I have any other cautions to give you. Do you?"

"No, Sir. I could not even have reminded you of these if you had not yourself remembered them."

"Oh, I had almost forgotten it. If his Excellency should give you any thing to write out or to copy, don't smoke while you are over it; he abhors tobacco. I should have given you a warning to be equally careful as regards Lady Maude's sensibilities, but, on the whole, I suspect you'll scarcely see her."

"Is that all, Sir?" said the other, rising.

"Well, I think so. I shall be curious to hear how you acquit yourself, how you get on with his Excellency, and how he takes you; and you must write it all to me. Ain't you much too early? it's scarcely ten o'clock."

"A quarter past ten; and I have some miles to drive to Kingstown."

"And not yet packed, perhaps?" said the other, listlessly.

"No, Sir; nothing ready."

"Oh! you'll be in ample time; I'll vouch for it. You are one of the rough-and-ready order, who are never late. No• but in this same flurry of yours you have made me forget something I know I had to say; and you tell me you can't remember it?"

"No, Sir."

"And yet," said the other, sententiously, "the crowning merit of a private secretary is exactly that sort of memory. *Your* intellects, if properly trained, should be the complement of your chief's. The infinite number of things that are too small and too insignificant for *him* are to have their place, duly docketed and dated, in *your* brain; and the very expression of his face should be an indication to you of what he is looking for and yet can not remember. Do you mark me?"

"Half past ten," cried Atlee, as the clock chimed on the mantel-piece; and he hurried away without another word.

It was only as he saw the pitiable penury of his own scanty wardrobe that he could persuade himself to accept of Walpole's offer.

"After all," he said, "the loan of a dress-coat may be the turning-point of a whole destiny. Junot sold all he had to buy a sword to make his first campaign; all *I* have is my shame, and here it goes for a suit of clothes!" And with these words he rushed down to Walpole's dressing-room, and, not taking time to inspect and select the contents, carried off the box as it was with him. "I'll tell him all when I write," muttered he, as he drove away.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

SOME of our readers are familiar with a series of thrilling articles now in the course of publication by Mr. CLARENCE KING, entitled "Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada," and have doubtless sympathized with him in his efforts to determine the altitude and physical character of the loftiest peaks of the West.

The scene of his adventures is laid in that portion of the Sierra Nevada near the sources of the Kern and King rivers, in the southern part of the State, where some hundreds of square miles have a general elevation of 8000 feet, with numerous peaks rising to a height of from 10,000 to 15,000 feet. The loftiest summit in the Sierras is that named Mount Whitney, by Mr. KING, in honor of Professor J. D. WHITNEY, the State Geologist of California, and almost the only one the summit of which was not reached by the survey of the State. Determined, however, not to be baffled by this single peak, Mr. KING took the opportunity of his renewed research in the West during the present summer to make a final essay, and with triumphant success, as we learn from a late number of the San Francisco *Bulletin*.

On the present occasion he started for Mount Whitney from the eastern or Nevada side, by Owen's Lake, and reached the summit on the 23d of June. The details of his adventures and observations have not yet been announced, although they may be looked for. It is not likely, however, that the altitude will be found to be less than 15,000 feet, and may even slightly exceed this.

Attention is called by the perpetual secretary of the Academy of Sciences of Paris to the extraordinary degree of cold experienced in that city on the 18th of May and the 3d of June, 1871, and communications on the subject are invited.

An editorial article in the London *Land and Water* speaks in terms of the utmost admiration and commendation of Mr. LORILLARD'S schooner yacht *Enchantress*, which, at the time of writing, was in the harbor of Cowes. The writer remarks that she "looked lovely among the cluster of English yachts, so graceful and yet so rakish, so taut and yet so well balanced, so, racer-like and yet so stiff and safe." Among the other vessels around her she is said to look "like a swan sitting on the water." Comparisons are made between her model and that of the *Livonia* with decided disparagement to the latter, and an earnest desire is expressed that a trial of speed between the two boats mentioned may be arranged, in order to demonstrate their actual powers.

The death of Mr. CLAPARÈDE, an eminent Swiss naturalist, has just been announced in the late foreign papers.

Among the recent deaths in scientific circles we have to record that of Mr. ALEXANDER KEITH JOHNSTON, the eminent geographer, at London, in the sixty-seventh year of his age. A native of Edinburgh, he was first educated with reference to the profession of medicine, but, changing his plans, he became an apprentice to an engraver; and, combining his talent in this direction with his early developed taste for geographical science, he undertook the preparation of a "National Atlas," which was first published in 1843. Since that date he has been continuously occupied with subjects of a similar character, having published numerous atlases and maps, among which is his "Physical Atlas of Natural Phenomena," on the plan of BERGHAUS, was, perhaps, the most important. He received the degree of LL.D. in 1865 from the University of Edinburgh, and his "Royal Atlas of General Geography" received a prize medal at the International Exhibition in London.

Among other publications of Mr. JOHNSTON'S may be enumerated, as of special interest in this country, the maps and charts accompanying the final report upon the geology of Pennsylvania by Professor HENRY D. ROGERS.

We have already referred from time to time to the rich promise of discovery in the polar regions as the result of numerous expeditions now fitting out or already started from various portions of Europe and America. Among those which have been mentioned, but of which no special information has been given, is that of Mr. LAMONT, in command of a small steamer, the *Diana*. This gentleman is well and favorably known for his numerous ventures into the arctic seas, whether for the purpose of sport in hunting the walrus, or for more scientific objects; and his present intention is to follow, as far as may be, the course of the second German expedition in East Greenland, with a view of extending, if possible, the discoveries made by it. Should he find it impossible to reach East Greenland by the beginning of July, he will make his way toward the mysterious Gillies Land, more recently named by the Swedes King Charles's Land.

A Swedish government expedition left Copenhagen on the 11th of May, consisting of a gunship, the *Ingiger*, with thirty men, and the brig *Gladon*, with twenty-five; the former under the command of Captain PETER, and the brig under Captain KRUSENSTJERNA. Dr. NYSTRÖM accompanies the *Ingiger* as surgeon and naturalist, with two geologists, Messrs. NAUKHOFF and LUNDAHL, together with Professor FRIES and Mr. STEINSTRUP. One special object of this expedition is to bring away certain enormous masses of meteoric iron discovered by the Swedish expedition of last year, one of which is said to be not less than twelve feet in length and five feet in height. A special hoisting apparatus has been taken along in order to bring on board this gigantic specimen, with the help of the fifty-five men composing the two crews. Deep-sea soundings will be prosecuted with great energy, especially where the depth of 2650 fathoms was met with last year. As we have mentioned in a previous article, Professor NORDENSKJÖLD intended to proceed to Spitzbergen during the present year for the purpose of wintering on the Seven Islands, at a latitude of 80° 45', so as to press forward toward the pole in the spring of 1872 on sledges. The collections made by him in West Greenland last year, however, seemed to require all his attention for the present, and his further field work is deferred until 1872. It is now proposed to establish a permanent meteorological and magnetic observatory at Spitzbergen, to serve as a point of departure in 1872, under the protection of a colony of nine families, for whose service the necessary buildings will be taken from Gothenburg. The trading parties of Norwegians in the northern waters, which have proved so successful in securing scientific results, will be continued with renewed energy in 1871, and they will be provided with the necessary apparatus by the government for making scientific observations.

Dr. PETERMANN, from whose *Mittheilungen* we derive some of the facts just mentioned, sums up an article on the subject by stating that, in all, he is acquainted with ten arctic expeditions, from which it is expected that, by next winter, we may receive very many new facts in regard to the character of the high north.

According to *Nature*, Dr. HOOKER and his party returned during the third week in June from the Morocco expedition, of which we have given notice from time to time. The number of species of plants brought home by him is estimated at about 1200, among them quite a number new to science.

We understand that a German expedition, additional to those we have already mentioned in our columns, is to be fitted out in the course of the present summer for the purpose of examining the physics and natural history of the German Ocean. Such an expedition was about to start last year, when the war broke out and it was interrupted, but is now, as it seems, resumed under very favorable auspices. The work is under the charge of a special commission, the president of which is Dr. MEYER, assisted by Messrs. MOBIUS, KARSTEN, and HEUSEN. The subjects to be specially attended to are the depth of the sea, the amount of salt and gases in the water, the temperature, currents, nature of the bottom, and the flora and fauna. Suitable apparatus will be supplied for the various purposes of the expedition, which will be accompanied by excellent specialists in the different branches of science.

There seems to be considerable doubt whether the Mont Cenis Tunnel is as nearly ready for use as had been hoped, since we learn that the roof has fallen away in quite a number of places, and it has become necessary to introduce masonry of greater strength to sustain it. Another difficulty has arisen from the smoke thrown off by the locomotive, two out of three engine-drivers having died from suffocation, and the third having recovered from his exposure with great difficulty. The temperature, too, is, as may be inferred from the accounts already given of it, very oppressive, and, in general, the condition of ventilation is considered as extremely unsatisfactory. It is hoped, however, that by the use of smoke-consuming engines and other means now in contemplation the difficulty will be obviated.

We have already referred to the efforts made by an association of gentlemen in California for the purpose of introducing Eastern fish into the fresh-waters of that State, and have spoken in terms of deprecation of any idea of including the fresh-water pickerel in the number. The experiment of introducing the shad has been initiated by the arrival of SETH GREEN, of Caledonia, New York, with 15,000 young shad, hatched in the Hudson River just a week before, and brought in large tin cans filled to the shoulder with fresh-water. They proved to be in excellent condition on their arrival on the Sacramento, and were taken thence higher up the river to Tehama, where it was proposed to plant them. The expenses of this enterprise are borne from an appropriation on the part of the State of $5000 for this special purpose.

The inviting programme of an exhaustive deep-sea exploration on the Atlantic and Pacific, by Professor AGASSIZ, under the auspices of the United States Coast Survey, has excited renewed interest in these subjects in England, and measures are now being initiated to bring the matter to the notice of the British government, in order to secure like action on its part. It is understood that Mr. GWYN JEFFREYS, an eminent conchologist, and heretofore connected with the British deep-sea researches, will visit the United States about the middle of August for the purpose of conferring personally with Professor AGASSIZ and other American specialists on such subjects, and of examining the collections already made by them.

We learn from *Nature* that an international congress for the promotion of geographical science will be held at Antwerp from the 14th to the 22d of August, and that a number of questions in geography, meteorology, navigation, ethnology, etc., will be submitted for discussion. An exhibition will also be held of objects connected with the purpose of the congress—maps, plans, instruments used in navigation, etc.; and prizes will be awarded for the best object exhibited in each class.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THERE are always two sides to a question—at least such is the popular belief. Certain it is that while variety is the spice of life, and change is often *rest*, and new scenes bring new and fresher thoughts, it is worse than useless for city residents to leave comfortable homes and betake themselves to crowded hotels at the sea-shore, in the country, or among the mountains—*unless* they have plenty of money to spend. In the first place, the man of moderate means will discover that all the airy rooms in a fashionable hotel were "engaged months ago;" and unless he can afford to pay a satisfactory *bonus* he will find that in leaving town to escape the heat he has practically "jumped out of the frying-pan into the fire." The exchange from a good-sized room, with a lounge, easy-chair, comfortable bed, and similar conveniences, to "living in a trunk" in a scantily furnished close attic room is any thing but refreshing. Then your four or five dollars a day avail very little at the table, unless you secure the good offices of the waiter by feeing him liberally. If you fancy the stated price asked for your board will suffice, you will probably discover that—having waited long and patiently—your favorite articles of food are "all out," and your meat will be tough, potatoes clammy, and coffee cold. To secure any thing nice and comfortably served you are forced to submit to the unspoken demands of the educated waiter. The same system of fees will obtain the smiling services of chamber-maid, boot-black, laundress, and other servants; without it you must expect neglect. It is a pity that some first-class, stylish hotel is not established on a system prohibiting the receiving of fees by employés; or, if this practice is so necessary to guests obtaining comfortable attention, that it is not taken into consideration by hotel-keepers, and both the price of board and the wages of servants reduced, or fees be included in the hotel bill. But while the custom continues as it is those who are desirous of obtaining as much rest and comfort as possible from a limited amount of money will not seek them at those very fashionable resorts which every year enjoy the "most successful season ever known."

Somebody starts a rumor a few times every year that the peach crop is "ruined." This *somebody* is in general interested in the trade. The other day it was reported that the storm had seriously injured the peaches, yet large, luscious peaches continue to be sold at every street corner at very low prices.

Henry W. Hemans, whose death recently occurred at Para, where he was British consul, was the son of Mrs. Hemans, the poetess.

In examining the ruins of two houses which were burned down at the corner of the Faubourg St. Honoré, in Paris, the remains of twenty-one charred bodies were found in the cellars. Without doubt the unfortunate victims had gone down into the cellars for safety from the shells.

Amherst College is fifty years old. Three students graduated at its first commencement—sixty-five at the last. More than two thousand have received diplomas.

We welcome every thing that tends to cheapen without debasing art, so as to give even the poorest the means of making their humble homes more cheerful and beautiful. Plain lithography and wood-engraving have done a great deal in this direction, and chromo-lithography still more. Without being in any sense "high art," it is really beneficent. In some recently published chromos we observe a neat device for doing away with the expense of framing, the picture being printed in oil-colors on paper made to imitate canvas. This is fastened over a plain stretcher, with a broad dark border, which takes the place and answers all the purpose of a frame. A New York publishing house has recently imported two specimens of this style of chromo, combining picture and frame in one, entitled "Wide Awake" and "Fast Asleep." They are printed by Jehenne, of Paris, from fifteen stones, and both in color and sentiment are really beautiful specimens of chromo-lithographic art.

Cundurango, supposed by many to be a specific for the cure of cancer, has been condemned by some medical practitioners as worthless. Walter M. Jackson, M.D., gives it as his opinion that positive censure is premature in the present stage of cundurango's existence. He does not think it sensible to throw the drug aside because the chemical knowledge of man fails to detect that principle in it which has been supposed to be hostile to cancer. Dr. Jackson's ideas are certainly sensible. He says:

"Let us study cundurango. Any thing intended for the good of mankind should command the honest attention of the liberal practitioner, and not receive the unjust or hasty condemnation of dogmatic egotism. What matters it if we are honest men, and have taken pains to educate ourselves in our professions; should we heap coals of fire on each other's heads because one dares to shoot out from the well-worn path of antediluvian ignorance, and all this to gratify a false pride and common vanity, a sort of persistent uneasiness, lest some one should know more than another? The world is moving; the age is one of progress; the channel of medical or surgical thought is constantly changing and growing more navigable. What think you Hippocrates would say could he look in upon medical and surgical science as it is, and as it was when he graced the profession with his living power?"

Keeping a yacht is a rather expensive pleasure, to say nothing of its original cost. A general estimate has been made, showing that the annual expenses amount to about $4000 for a schooner, and $2500 for a sloop. Of course the cost of maintaining a yacht varies according to the size of the vessel, and the management of the owner. The yachting season lasts only four months; and frequently the dry-rot attacks the timbers after the first year, so that these pleasure vessels depreciate in value every year. During the season table expenses are heavy, sometimes amounting to $500 a week. A schooner yacht carries a crew of not less than eight men, whose combined wages are not far from $360 a month. For a sloop carrying a smaller crew the pay-roll amounts to about $200. In addition the provisions of the crew will cost from $75 to $150 a month. Repairs and alterations must be taken into account, as well as the expense of taking care of the yacht during the winter months.

A recent complaint which was brought against the master of a German steamer bound from Bremen to this port, charging him with starving the steerage passengers on the voyage, has awakened considerable interest in regard to the laws of this country and of Germany respecting the amount of food to be supplied to passengers on board ship. It appears that the laws of the United States provide that all vessels carrying steerage passengers from Germany to this country should provide a specified quantity of bread, rice, wheat flour, pease, or beans, potatoes, beef, pork, vinegar, and fresh-water for each individual; that all the provisions be of good quality; and that not less than eleven and a half pounds of this food be allowed to each passenger every week. The German laws require only four and a half pounds of food to be distributed within the same period of time. Whether the laws of Germany or the United States would control in this case would depend upon the existence of some international treaty in reference to the matter. It would seem appropriate, certainly, that this government should have the right to demand that what it esteems suitable and sufficient food should be furnished to passengers coming into this country. In the instance referred to, it was alleged that the provisions furnished were unwholesome, and that two persons were actually starved to death.

Plants are much more likely to live and thrive if they are transplanted at night rather than in the sunlight. Those who have been unsuccessful in transplanting strawberry and similar plants might find it worth their while to try night-work.

August must be a first-class month for "bottling sunbeams." For be it known that a French professor at the College of Saintes has announced the singular discovery that the sun's rays may be actually bottled and utilized at pleasure. This is the professor's method. He takes a vase and exposes it in a certain position to the direct action of the sun's rays. After it has thus absorbed the heat for the space of a quarter of an hour, it is closed with a cork and hermetically sealed, a small aperture being left in the cork. Affixing a powerful lens to the vase, he causes the solar rays to converge to a point upon the wick of a common candle placed on a table at a distance of one yard from the vase; in less than three seconds the wick ignites and lights the candle, which burns steadily. The experiment has been tried several times, and been equally successful on each occasion.

"Prince Schemidzn Ingoi, Japan, with twenty-nine companions," was the brief and simple formula in which the arrival of thirty young Japanese noblemen was recorded on the register of one of our city hotels. Perhaps a more extended mention of names would not be worth while, since such as Tsuigi Harwjuro, Tomiangu Schozu, and Furakana Tuneleini (which are only fair specimens of the appellations these foreigners rejoice in) seem frightfully unpronounceable. These Japanese youths have lately come to this country to complete their education, and are under the supervision of Prince Schemidzn, who was himself educated in the United States. As the Japanese government seems resolved to avail itself of the different modes of education prevailing in the most enlightened countries, a part of this delegation will go to Europe, and the others be distributed among colleges in the United States.

The Roosevelt Hospital, which occupies the whole block between Fifty-eighth and Fifty-ninth streets and Ninth and Tenth avenues, is nearly completed. It is in the Rhenish style of architecture, built of brick, with Ohio stone facings, the basement being of solid blue-stone, and it presents a very fine appearance. The building contains excellent ventilating apparatus, and every convenience for the use of patients. When completed it will have cost about $1,000,000, all of which was bequeathed by the late James H. Roosevelt.

Spain seems to be doing something this year for the general weal. The harvest has been much more abundant in that country than for a long time past; and it is estimated that it will be able to export about £10,000,000 or £12,000,000 worth of grain. It is expected also that the wine and oil crops will be good.

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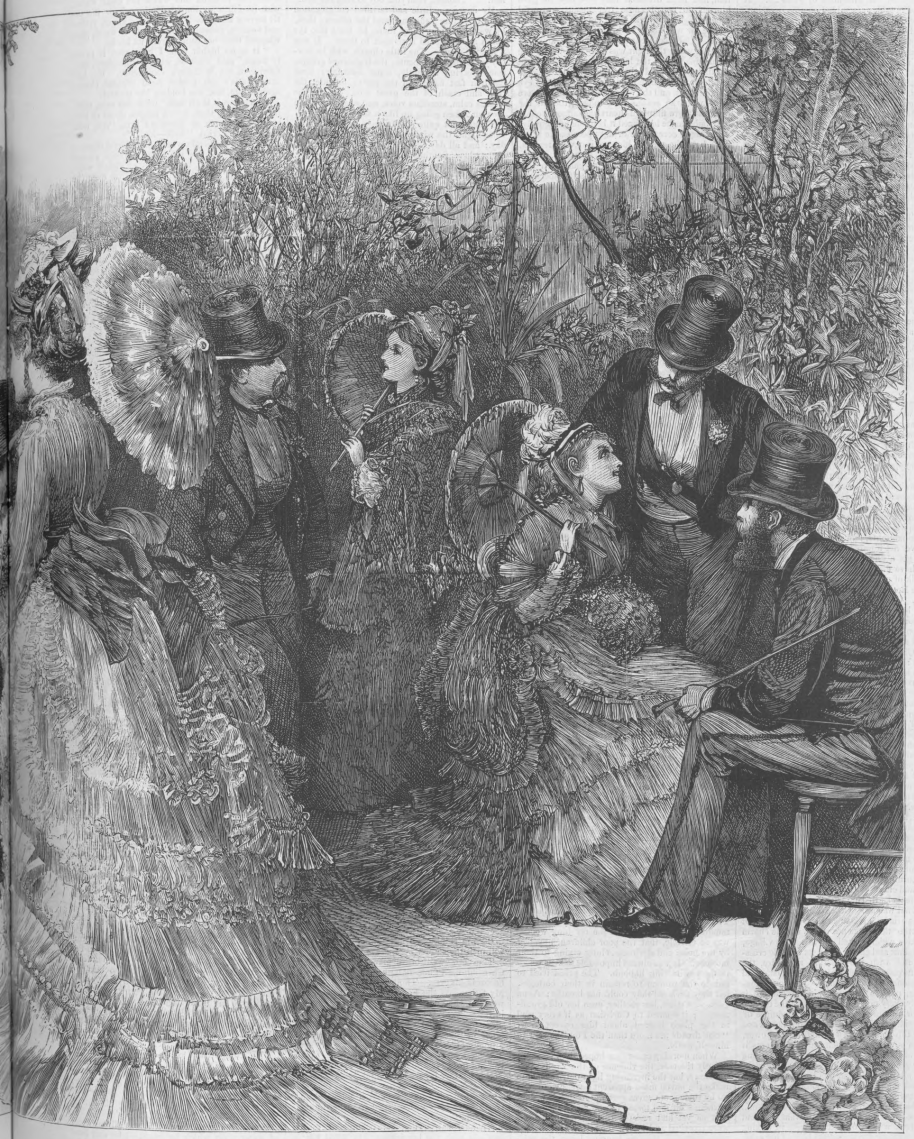
A SKETCH FROM THE SUMMER-HOUSE TERRACE



BUCKINGHAM PALACE GARDEN.—[See Page 770.]

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BUCKINGHAM PALACE GARDENS.

THE double-page illustration in this number of the *Weekly* represents a sketch from the terrace of the summer-house in the gardens of Buckingham Palace, where Queen VICTORIA gave a breakfast on the afternoon of June 23. A number of notables assembled on this occasion, among others the Grand Duke WLADIMIR of Russia, while sweet music was discoursed by the bands of the Royal Horse-Guards, of the Grenadier Guards, and by her Majesty's private band. Unfortunately the weather, which treats princes and Ragged School excursionists with an equally sublime impartiality, was extremely unpropitious. The summer-house is very beautifully decorated in the Italian style. It is octagonal in shape, and is adorned with paintings by LANDSEER, LESLIE, MACLISE, and others. It is rather elevated, and overhanging the winding lake, and is so cunningly placed among the trees that, but for some of the large buildings lately erected, one might fancy one's self in a beautiful park miles away from any city. On the lake were boats and a grand galley for the visitors. The weather, however, was so cold and cheerless that few of the guests ventured out-of-doors. They preferred to stay in the tents erected for the occasion or in the palace. The tents were magnificent; two of them were each 120 feet long. They were intended for dancing and refreshments, and were resplendent with flowers and fruits. There was, however, very little dancing. The whole affair is said to have been a strangely magnificent jumble, wonderfully dressed women, men whose faces are well known at the West End, bishops, statesmen, soldiers, and Eastern princes bowing, saluting, handshaking, and jostling.

UNDER THE MOUNTAINS.

By MISS THACKERAY.

II.

ELSE came down from the pastures, Christian Amrhein went about his farm, and no one as yet knew of any change in the two—it remained a secret between them; and there was another secret which they did not even share with each other—the sorrow from which each was suffering. "She is happy again now," Christian would say to himself, with a sigh, all the while vigorously cutting away at the flowery grass as if he had no other thought in life. "He will soon be betrothed to Anna Lenz," mused Else. How little we know of the hearts even of our dearest! It is a vague shadowy spirit-land where we set up our own fancies for inhabitants, and act toward them as we would never act if only we saw the truth. Sometimes we get a glimpse of it, and are shocked at what we have done. But generally we are content to talk of misunderstandings.

Wittwe Rothler knew no more than the rest of the world. Christian had not been to the house, it was true; but to her practical soul hay-making was more important than love-making any day. She was ill, too, and Else was glad to remain in the house and attend to her, rather than risk a meeting with Christian. It would come before long, she knew: the little village was too small for neighbors to avoid each other, and the poor have not the luxury of the rich—departure. Such an idea never entered the young farmer's head. I do not even know whether to such home-loving souls it would not have been even a fresh trouble instead of a relief; at any rate, he would stay, work; when his time came, die, and be buried in the little church-yard with its wooden black crosses crowned with withered wreaths and set in the midst of quaint little box-like flower-beds. They all looked forward to lying there—awaiting the resurrection morn—in the midst of their own people, by their blue-green lake, under their peaceful mountains. A quiet, pastoral folk, little disturbed, with a certain homely gravity about their lives, steadfastness of purpose, and simple faith. The steamer used to stop at the landing-place, but no famous mountain lay behind to attract sight-seers; every now and then a group of rosy German girls, with a professor or two in charge, would clatter off the morning steamer, start away with merry laughter, and clatter down again some hours later, their alpenstocks tied up with bunches of Alpenrosen. That was all. Other places attracted the world by perhaps greater beauty, but I do not know whether there was not a very subtile charm in the peace which rested on this little village, with its walnut and cherry trees, its wayside crosses, its church with the tapering red spire, the flowery church-yard, the silent dead, the lake, and the mountains watching round. We busy, money-making, restless people could not endure it long; only every now and then, when the curtain is lifted for a moment and we catch a glimpse of such a patriarchal life, it steals into our hearts and stills their throbbings with a strange serene power.

But this power was not felt, or at all events it was not acknowledged, by Else. Every thing about her seemed full of change and depression, although all the time she was trying to deceive herself, and going about the house singing and knitting, as if no shade had come over her world. No one had so much interest for her as Anna Lenz: she knew where she went, what she had on; she took a kind of bitter delight in talking to her, in noticing the wonderful blue of her eyes. If what she fancied ever came to pass, this mood would probably change; but meanwhile it took that shape. And at times she would say to herself that all was for the best, that Christian never had been her ideal. Perhaps she was right of the past; but what of the present — what now? A woman's ideal is seldom a cold, calm image, unchanging and unchangeable, by which she moulds her fancy, but rather a reflection, now of this, now of that, taking a hundred different tints, and capable of infinite variety, although all the time transforming and glorifying what it takes. And Else's attempts at self-deception always ended in bitter self-upbraidings for the wrong she had done to Christian.

He was out and about all day; but this was nothing new, for throughout the commune no one bore a better name for patient industry than Christian, and none dreamed that just now he gave himself no rest because rest meant sorrowful thoughts. The hay was being cut and stored, and all the air was heavy with the sweet summerish smell. Christian went out at daybreak, and only came in when the light was fast fading and the mountains across the lake looked ash-colored in the dim twilight. If there was any visible change in him, it would have needed a woman's keen eye to find it out, and the women who loved him were away with the *senne*. But indeed, though the love was there filling his heart unchanged, he met his trouble as he had faced it beforehand, bravely. The simple acceptance of duty because he knew it to be right, nerved him against vain regrets. He took her image to his heart, tenderly, lovingly, yes, and forever; but not to gain even that sweet reality would he barter his self-respect, set aside God's law for man and wife, or put his neck under the yoke of the dearest.

One evening he had to speak about some farming business with Thomas Stürm, the son of old Wilhelm. The men leaned against a low wall in front of the inn, and looked down at the green water under their feet, as they talked over the worth of a particular cow, a little chestnut Schwytzer, for which Christian had a fancy. The day had been hot, and the evening was even more sultry, yet the lake beneath them was stirred, the water splashed against the wall, and every now and then a sudden puff of air came in their faces. Nothing could have been more full of beauty than the cloud forms which rested upon the top of the mountains, softening without hiding the rosy gleams behind. The whole range seemed suddenly brought nearer, the tints in the sky deepened and glowed with exquisite harmonies, with royal crimsons and purples. There was a curious stillness and yet unrest, little movement to the eye, but sounds of distant rumblings and wailings, as if some mighty power was drawing near. A tame goat, bleating piteously, came and thrust his nose into Christian's hand; the men, lifting themselves wearily, looked over the lake, now stirred to its very depths, and then at each other. For a few minutes neither spoke; it seemed as if the oppressive stillness kept them silent; then a swoop of fresher air rushed across the water sudden and momentary.

"It is the Fön," said Thomas at last, breaking the spell.

"I have felt it coming all day," Christian answered, stretching himself. "Bah, how it suffocates one!"

"I will go round and see that all is made safe," Thomas said, going away: "will you call out the watchmen if they are needed?"

The Fön. A hot, sultry, furious hurricane, coming up from the great African deserts, lashing the lake into fury, battling with adverse currents, sweeping off every little obstacle in its way, slamming open doors, loose shutters, tearing down the pretty bright flower-pots from the window-sills, unroofing sheds, scattering every thing far and wide. The people came running out from their doors in terror, "The Fön! The Fön!" in every mouth; the curé was there, Heinrich Lenz, the innkeeper, all the women who were not up on the pastures, running, shutting doors, doing all they could against the sudden attack. The village was very like a great family, and Christian, as the largest proprietor, was looked up to as a kind of head.

"Fire is the worst danger, after all," the curé remarked, recovering from a violent attack of the hurricane upon his cassock.

"The men are all here," answered Christian: "Carl, Joseph, Friedrich, Hans, and Walther. They will go from house to house, see that the fires are put out, and be ready in case of any outbreak." No one noticed that he led Hans aside and gave him a whispered direction.

There was no sleep that night—the Fön took care of that. The fierce hot blasts raged with increasing violence; people hurried about in the strange sultry darkness with a horrible oppression weighing upon them.

"The Fön comes from one place, and one only," said old Wilhelm Stürm, gasping for breath. The crack and roar of the great wind among the mountains, on the lake, in the crashing woods, was so terrible, that the poor children, appalled by the noise and darkness, clung crying to their mothers. It was almost impossible to hear voices in the bewildering hubbub. The priest tried to induce the women to remain in their cottages, but they declared they could not breathe; Anna Lenz was there, her mother, even her old grandmother; it seemed to Christian as if every soul in the place buzzed about him except Else. "She dreads me more than the Fön," he said to himself, sadly.

When morning came they hoped that, as is frequently the case, the violence of the wind would moderate, but the increasing light only seemed to make the havoc more apparent: trees were torn up by their roots, great green branches of walnut wrenched off and tossed to and fro; other trees, that as yet had resisted the destroying power, were scorched and withered as if by fire; houses were unroofed, shutters hanging loose, the new-mown hay whirled far away from the meadows, the white daturas torn, broken, discolored; fierce leaping waves raging against the wall; all the delicate pastoral beauty swept away by this awful resistless force. There was no shutting it out, no conquering it. Nay, it seemed to paralyze the men, who moved languidly about, while the women and children gathered into stupefied groups under walls, where they were a little sheltered from the rush and blinding fury of the Fön, but were in danger from the pieces of wood and slate which it now and then hurled triumphantly through the air. The priest, Christian, and Thomas Stürm, whose wife was among them, did all they could to draw them from these dangerous resting-places, but in the hurly-burly their voices fell unheeded.

"I shall go to the church," the curé said at last. "Thomas, send your boy to ring the bell."

By degrees a little sad terrified congregation crept after him; the curé said the offices; then, by way of keeping them there, he went into the pulpit and preached a sermon to them. It was a strange scene. The little church, with its tawdry yet loving adornments; the frightened groups, some praying fervently, some listening; tired children fast asleep on the seats; outside, the roar and crash of the great Fön; inside, the priest's calm, steadfast voice, and every now and then an Amen going up like a sob.

Though not quite so furiously as on the previous night, the wind continued to rage all that day; and all day Christian was here, there, and every where, fighting against the lassitude which unhinged every one, comforting and helping, in and out of the houses, at his own farm, on the outskirts of Wittwe Rothler's. The cottage was a little sheltered from the wind, the flowers had been taken in and the shutters closed; a great cherry-tree lay all across the garden, otherwise he could not see much damage.

"She is better within," he said, turning away with a longing sigh.

And meanwhile Else, poor child, sat in the little hot cottage listening with terror to the roar of the wind, the splitting of the trees, and the awful echoes in the mountains which magnified it all. Her mother tossed restlessly to and fro, with the fever increased tenfold by the parching heat, sometimes delirious, sometimes quiet, sometimes obstinately bent upon the fulfillment of some sick fancy. The only person they saw was Hans, and he was loud in his praises of Christian.

"In such times one finds out who has the head," he said, admiringly; "it is Amrhein this and Amrhein that. It was he who dragged Maria Plater out of the way just in time when the chimney fell, and himself cut the great walnut that might have crushed the Lenzes' house."

"Ah!" murmured Else, with a little uncontrollable sigh. It seemed to her as if her solitude were growing more than she could bear; the other women were together: Anna Lenz had Christian to care for, to watch over her, while she was separated from them all, terrified at her mother's illness, at the whirl and rush of the tempest, without even the consolation of knowing that Hans's occasional presence was the result of Christian's guardianship—Christian, whom she had despised. The wind, which, during the afternoon, moderated at intervals, toward evening was again at its height; Hans looked in, as it grew dusk, to forbid fires; then she was left lonely to keep the long hours. Wittwe Rothler cried out for water peremptorily; sometimes insisted upon Else doing some unreasonable thing; now and then made the girl shudder by talking to her dead husband as if he were standing between them. The air was full of wails and shrieks; it seemed as though out of all space weird, melancholy voices were lifted up appealingly; distant growlings from the mountains answered the fierce swoop of the wind, clouds rushed wildly across the sky. And over all brooded the heavy, leaden oppression of the Fön.

In the village the second night was not so confused as the first, for though the causes for alarm remained, the people had become a little used to them. Some of the women staid composedly in their houses, a few even slept, overpowered by fatigue and the dry, stifling heat, but the greater part had taken refuge in the church, and had gathered their children there.

"How long will this last?" asked the priest of Thomas Stürm, when the morning light revealed a further work of destruction.

"Only Heaven knows," answered Thomas, "when even my old father has never seen such a Fön."

"There is little more mischief that it can do," the curé remarked, looking round at the chaos a little drearily. Then he recovered himself, and added cheerfully, "That is ungrateful, since, by the mercy of Heaven, we are all here."

"I, for one, shall be content if nothing worse comes," said Christian, who had joined them.

"Worse?"

"I am thinking of the stream. This wind will melt the snows."

The curé was a brave man, but he looked at Christian for a moment with the trouble of a new horror in his eyes. Thomas broke in—"No fear. My father says the Fön melts too gently for that work, and he knows its ways better than any man in the valley. He was talking about it to Lenz just now," went on Thomas, who took his importance in the village very much from the background of old Wilhelm's great age.

"That is true," Christian answered, "yet I can not feel at rest about it."

"My father is sure to be right," said Thomas, obstinately.

Just then, his youngest child, a golden-haired, round-faced little girl, escaped from her mother, and came running to him, stretching out her little hands, half-crying, half-triumphant in her struggle with the hurricane. He lifted her in his arms, held her tight, and wrapped his coat round her. So the two remained — her head against his breast, his arms clasping her.

"Let us go and give a look at the stream," said Christian.

"I must go to the church, where my flock want some words of comfort," said the priest.

The women followed him, climbing the little green knoll on which the church stood; the two men walked on slowly some twenty yards westward, until they could command a view of the little brook as it came tumbling down from stone to stone. They could see it through the storm-tossed branches of the trees, on its way from the heights far above where they stood; then it was hid from the magain, re-appearing just above Wittwe Rothler's white cottage. There was a substantial little bridge close to the men, where people used sometimes to stand and watch the clear water, with its glittering limpid depths. Now the little torrent flung itself passionately along, yellow and swollen, sweeping with it bits of wood, poor whipped branches caught from its banks.

"It is no higher than I have seen it twenty times," said Thomas, with a triumphant confidence in old Wilhelm's experience. He had little Marie's soft golden head pressed closely against him, and was holding her tenderly.

"I believe it is all safe," Christian said, turning away; and then, with a sudden shout of horror, and a clutch at Thomas's arm, "Ah, dear Heaven!" he cried, "look—look!"

For from the height where, on peaceful summer days, they could see the little innocent stream dancing downward, a vast body of yellow water was coming, leaping, raging, spreading over the rocks, hurling great trees before it, with a roar before which the Fön sank into insignificance. Swift and terrible this new enemy rushed upon the unconscious village; for a moment its awful approach stunned Christian, then with a cry from the very depths of his heart he sprang to meet it —it was like a horrible nightmare: he ran, yet he did not seem to move, his arms were stretched out. "Else! heart's beloved!" he cried in agony. There was the farm, he did not see it, he saw only the cottage with its closed quiet windows. Quiet? ah!—the roar was in his ears—upon him: he saw the walls rock, gape, fall; one moment, and the awful enemy had him in his grasp, and was whirling him along unconscious, inert.

In the little dim church were the curé and his small congregation—almost all the women, a number of children, and a few old men. The curé, who had but just entered, was kneeling in prayer, the women were huddled together in little groups; many had been there all night, others had now come in; one girl among these latter knelt a little apart, her face buried in her hands. Suddenly it seemed as if the noise and fury outside increased tenfold; with it came a rush of water, and a shrill, terrible shriek, piercing the dull roar and the hearts of the listeners. The women started from their knees to the door; the curé, who was there as soon as they, was the first to open it, standing so as to keep back the eager, terrified group. But they saw.

"Ah, Heaven," cried out old Maria Plater, "we are in the lake!"

Some fell on their knees; others, shrieking wildly, "Fritz!" "Thomas!" "Mother!" names at that moment dearer than life, tried to rush out into the flood. It was all the priest could do to hold the door against them, and to force it back and bolt it. For, in spite of the church standing on its little hill, the yellow turbid water was there at his feet, and, as the door opened, rushed in a little stream into the building. The women broke out into an agonized wail; Lisa Stürm dragged herself on her knees to the curé: "Let me go! let me go!" she sobbed; "I have Thomas out there!" and then, looking round her wildly, "Ah, and my little Marie too!"

Yes, poor mother. With her head on her father's breast.

Then a young girl pressed up against him frantically.

"I must be let out!" she cried, desperately trying the lock. "I must! I must! I am Else Rothler, and my poor mother is ill in her bed. I only came for one minute, because she would not rest unless I did. I hear her crying to me, 'Else! Else!' Oh, your reverence, you were always good to me—let me out!"

What could the poor priest do? The terrible pathos of these beseeching voices pierced his heart like a knife. He did the best he could. There, by the door, under which the little yellow stream of water was gurgling, he knelt down.

"My children," he said, in a voice of unutterable compassion, "there is One who once stilled the hungry waves into a great calm. Let us pray to Him."

What a prayer! But it calmed them, as he expected: those who had been frantic now only wept and moaned softly, Lisa Stürm saying over and over again, under her breath, "My little Marie! my little Marie!"

It was like the vox humana after the storm, only this was a terrible heart-thrilling voice, full of discords and carrying up of sad burdens. Nevertheless, it went upward, and so into the perfect harmony which can resolve it all. The curé ventured to go into the vestry, and bring matting to lay under the door. Then he stationed two or three old men there, and himself went up into the tower to look out from its little windows. Over his head the wind had torn down the golden star which crowned the little quaint red spire, and made a gaping rent in the wood-work. Otherwise there was no great damage, nothing to prevent his going up and looking out. But the sight made him fall on his knees again.

"O my God," he cried, clasping his hands, "spare this poor people!"

For it seemed to him as if it was all one sheet of water upon which he gazed—lake and land with no longer a boundary between them. The Fön had suddenly moderated, as if its work were finished; the hot sun shone overhead; the mountains, unmoved by the din and turmoil beneath, lay with the majestic light of heaven upon their faces; but here, in this little nest of homes, where but a short time ago it had seemed all sweet plentiful peace, what a contrast! No green meadows were left; here and there a little hillock just raised its crest above the yellow muddy waters; a few trees remained to show where orchards had smiled; half a dozen houses were, like the church

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itself, surrounded but not destroyed; everywhere else were gaunt wooden ribs rising out of the water, solitary gables, posts, bits of roofs, perhaps a broken balcony hanging to the side; all round a terrible desolation, a floating waste of wood, trees, dead animals—what else? Every thing was invested with a horrible nameless dread.

The flood was not rising. It came toward them in waves, and was at least ten feet deep below the church; but, whether a large outlet had been forced into the lake, or from some other reason, it did not appear to grow higher.

"If only I could get out!" sighed the curé.

Then he strained his eyes again to discover some living creature, and suddenly heard Else's voice behind him, "I see men working behind the Stürms' house," she cried, sharply.

It was true. The distance was too great to distinguish clearly, but there were figures in the water, hammering, as it seemed, with great mattocks. This little reaction of human life in the midst of all the desolation brought the curé his first touch of warm hope; he began to think of the individual claims which horror had swallowed up. Action was the best medicine for such poor smitten souls.

"Do not let us despair, my child," he said. "We see with our own eyes that some are spared to us; the lake will become quiet, now the Föhn moderates itself, and help will be sent. Let us go down to those poor women and cheer them."

"But my mother was in her bed," Else answered, with a bitter cry which wrung his heart.

She did not resist, however, but followed him down the little dark worn staircase. The curé went from group to group comforting, praying, hoping for these poor desolate women, whose husbands and sons were somewhere out in that frightful waste of waters. They arranged chairs, cushions, what they could, so as to form rude couches for any who might by-and-by be brought there. This gave occupation for a time; then the children became hungry and cried, and some of the mothers forgot their trouble in soothing them. Generally one or two of the old men were up in the tower, climbing the steps painfully, and straining their poor dim eyes over the muddy waters. It was like the ark, as one said, only they had not their dove to let fly. Nevertheless, they were not without their little messages of hope; fluttering things hung from the windows of the few remaining houses; the waves of the lake, though they still heaved and sobbed after their passionate outbreak, and were lifted high above their usual level, gradually subsided into more peaceful movement; the sun shone as though there were no sorrow in the world. This time it was the curé who had to restrain himself.

"I can swim," he said, flinging open the door, from which the waters had just sunk a little. There they stood in the full, warm sunlight, the women all pressing, sobbing, waving, and calling at once. They were on the hill of deliverance; but, alas! deliverance too often means separation. "I can swim," said the priest. "I believe I could reach that house."

Then one of the old men cried out to them from the tower windows, in a feeble, cracked voice of exultation, "A boat is coming! We see it."

Despair changed to excitement, and the women clung about the curé, asking him whether he did not, indeed, believe their husbands to be among that group whom they had seen at work. One or two asked no questions—they were too sick at heart. Else was of the number. Her mother was dead; in all human probability, Christian too. What was left to her—to her who but a few days before had been so rich in affection that she had thrown it from her? She could not cry; she longed for the luxury of such tears as those of Anna Lenz, who wept more freely than any one. She could not even watch the boat on which so many hopes centred, and of which every movement was proclaimed by eager women.

"It draws nearer!"

"Ah, dear Heaven! how slowly they row."

"Think of the current."

"Where can they land? There is no land.—Fritz! my Fritz!"

The despairing cry rang across the water, the other women looked at this one almost reproachfully—were not their dear ones there as well? She cried her son's name again and again until she sank down exhausted, and the curé lifting her in his strong arms carried her into the church. When he came back the boat was out of sight; breathless silence reigned; the boatmen were evidently trying to effect a landing above the poor submerged village, higher up than the church, so that the first assurance they had of their success was seeing them, after what appeared an endless waiting, row slowly by over what, but a few hours before, had been a smiling land of flowers. Noticing the figures at the church door, they shouted,

"Are you all well there?"

"All well," answered the curé; "for the love of heaven lose no time."

But there were hinderances to their progress—the hinderances of overthrown houses, of great floating things beating about helplessly, of drifting poles, lumbering chests; here and there great boughs sticking up in the mud, with smaller débris entangled among them; broken crockery, bedding, sometimes a bundle of clothes, round which they rowed curiously, touching it with the oars to make sure it was what it seemed and no more. As they went further, ruined walls and gables hid them now and then from view; presently they were altogether lost: only a hoarse cry came faintly across the water, whether of welcome or of horror no one knew. Some of the wives became almost frantic with excitement, others broke into piteous moaning; it appeared afterward to the curé as if that time of waiting had been the worst of all. But when the moment he dreaded for them arrived, and the boat was seen making its way toward the church—heavily laden—there was a reaction. The women clutched each other's dresses and were silent. Old Wilhelm Stürm, who had come out into the sunshine, and lit his pipe, held his daughter-in-law's hand in his, and patted it feebly while he smoked. Else was inside in the little dark church, with the poor mother whom the priest had carried there.

So the boat came on—slowly. Some one stood up in it and waved, and a woman fell down on her knees in the water. "It is Walther, my Walther!" she cried, sobbing and laughing at once.

"I see Fritz Plater," said another. "Frau Plater, your Fritz is come," she called back into the church, without taking her eyes from the boat.

Lisa Stürm said humbly, with a quiver in her voice which went to the curé's heart, "Will your reverence be good enough to tell me the moment you see our little Marie? My eyes are not what they were, and the child is such a little thing;" and then she broke off and looked at him wistfully.

"Thomas is not there," said old Wilhelm, shading his eyes with his hand, and shaking his head.

"I think he would not come in the first boat," she answered, in the same pleading tone; "but the child—she is so little."

The priest took her hand, greatly touched. "Lisa," he said, very quietly, "sometimes our Father takes His little children from our arms into His."

For he had seen that little Marie was not in the boat.

The boat rowed up; women rushed into the water and dragged it in with cries of joy. Who were there? Karl, Franz, Walther, Fritz Plater, Heinrich Lenz, the innkeeper, with his shoulder dislocated, two women, and two dark figures lying at the bottom of the boat. All the men were more or less hurt; all looked solemn and awe-stricken. In the midst of a torrent of questionings they kissed their wives or mothers without any outbreak of joy. Heinrich Lenz, who had not known certainly that his family were safe, tottered with them into the church; the curé and the others went to lift out the dark figures.

"Jammed in some wood-work," said Franz, briefly.

Johann Schmitt was taken out first—white, motionless, with sodden clothes. His wife was away at the Semen-Alp.

"He is dead," some one said, in a hushed voice, and no person contradicted it; but they carried their sad burden into the church, and the priest directed them how to use certain simple remedies. As he went back to the boat he met the second little procession—the second heavy, silent burden, more ghastly than the last, from a deep, cruel cut across the head.

"Who is it?" asked the priest, who could not recognize the face.

"Christian Amrhein," said Fritz, to whom his mother was clinging rapturously.

And then the curé saw that Else was at the head. She had run out from the church and was in the boat before any one could stop her, kissing the white, stained face in passionate silence, and as she would let no one take her place, the men had passed a coat under his shoulders, and carried him so, Else holding his head. They all loved Christian and were very tender with him, but they shook their heads in answer to the curé's questioning look. When they laid him down gently, a whisper went round, and the good priest tried to draw the girl away, but she lifted her head and looked at them all resolutely.

"He is not dead," she said. "My mother is dead, I know, but God has given me back Christian."

Was it so, indeed?

They cut his hair and bound up the gaping wound. The curé made a fire at which to dry the men's wet clothes, and then, while the boat was gone to fetch another load, there came a trying time of inaction. Never before had the little homely church, standing on its green knoll overlooking the lake, sheltered such strange groups. The villagers came up there to pray, to bring their babies, or their dead—their joys or their sorrows of every-day life; but now there was a restless expectation, low sobs and murmurs of pain went up; the shadow of a great tragedy brooded over the place. Outside it was no less strange, the curé thought. The yellow flood poured over into the lake below, the sun smiled upon the calm upturned faces of the mountains, upon the ruined houses, upon the little graves just beginning to show themselves above the water. Most of the women had been assured of the safety of their dear ones, and sat outside the church in the warm glow, talking with the others who had escaped, eating the food which these had brought, as yet too glad and thankful to be much cast down with thinking of their losses.

"It is a good thing it should have come now, when the cattle are all at the pastures," said Frau Plater.

"There will be a subscription for us in the town," said another.

"Heinrich will be the worst loser of all," grumbled old Gretchen Lenz. "He had fitted up a beautiful salon in the inn; there would have been visitors this year. The chairs cost so much—"

So they talked on with the rebound that sometimes seems heartless in these simple natures; which, after all, perhaps only speak without the disguise in which we veil our thoughts. They had returned to chatter and sunshine; those whose hearts were still heavy kept in the church, near the two still figures, one as motionless as the other. Lisa Stürm knelt by poor friendless Johann. "Why does not the doctor come?" Else asked once, looking up as if she had forgotten.

When the boat returned, there were more joyful greetings, more questions of sick anguish, more talk about what had or had not been saved. Wittwe Rothler's cottage was gone, some one said—swept away utterly. So far as they could tell, four men were missing, Thomas Stürm among them; then there was little Marie, and Else's mother, and the two lying within the church; and, when the heavy tale was told, it was, after all, only a wonder that so many had been saved from that terrible death. The men gathered round the priest, and went in and knelt down reverently to offer their simple thanksgiving; afterward he spoke of the others whose fate was as yet uncertain, and many of the women, who had been most full of joy, broke into sobbing again, looking round on Else, on whose fair hair the sun was shining, as she knelt by Christian. She was unconscious alike of their pity and their forgetfulness, unconscious, I think, of the curé's prayer; her eyes never raised themselves from that white, unmoved face, even when Frau Plater put her kind heavy hand on her shoulder and tried to draw her away.

Not long after there was a stir at the door. Other boats appeared on the lake as the storm subsided, and the news of the disaster which had overwhelmed the little village began to spread. Some of them rowed about outside, trying to pick up those portions of the universal wreck which had been swept into the lake. They came laden with odd jumbles of things—pathetically inappropriate; but one at last dragged in a heavier burden, with which they rowed directly to the church. This it was which caused the stir, this Something—reverently covered, solemnly lifted out, brought into the church, with the curé walking before it. Lisa Stürm rose from her knees and went to meet it, putting out her hand, and trembling violently. Some one tried to stop her.

"Take off the cloth," she said, in a hoarse, strained voice. "That is Thomas."

At a sign from the priest the men obeyed. Her instinct was true—there, calm and still, lay her husband, and there, too, clasped tight to his breast, lay little golden-haired Marie. That embrace had never been broken; his arms were round her, the fair little head pillowed against him, when quick, sudden death came leaping down and riveted it. There was something so tender, so peaceful, so holy in the attitude, in the faces, that it hushed all mourning; the wail died away on the mother's lips, the priest crossed himself, and knelt down beside these still, passionless figures, Lisa glanced at him, trembled, bent down and kissed each face—husband and child—covered the faces, and knelt down also. Death is a very beautiful angel sometimes.

About an hour afterward one of the boats came back with a doctor. There were a great many trifling hurts, such as cuts and bruises, and Heinrich Lenz suffered more seriously; but first of all the women who were watching brought him where Johann and Christian lay a little apart from each other. They knew that Johann was gone beyond the reach of all skill, only his wife was away, and it seemed more fitting to these simple folk that the doctor should say in plain words that no more could be done by any of them. And then he turned to where Else still kept her faithful watch, with the yellow sunlight shining upon her hair, her hand under the dear head, her eyes upon those closed eyes that had looked so sadly at her when last she met their gaze. Would they ever open again? Was it life or death that was veiled by this long unconsciousness?

"He is alive—that is all," said the young doctor, gravely. He gave them rapid directions, and went off to Heinrich Lenz, promising to return immediately. After all he could not do much, and the women looked at little Else, poor child, and shook their heads as the minutes came and went, and brought no change. The waters subsided fast, men were wading about, their wives begged to be taken in the boats to see the ruins from which they were pulling up such poor sodden muddy treasures. By-and-by, too, they managed to carry Heinrich Lenz to one of the standing houses, and so no one was left in the quiet church except the silent dead with their watchers, and the one who yet lingered on the borderland, silent as they. Silent—yes—but the border-land was not passed—there came a slight fluttering movement, a gasp; the doctor, who was profoundly interested in these two, was at his head in a moment—another painful breath, then the wondering eyes opened and fixed themselves on Else, wandered away, returned; the lips parted: "Heart's beloved," breathed Christian in the faintest, feeblest sigh: her arms were around him, and the doctor, half scolding, half laughing, became peremptory at once.

There is so much sorrow in the world, and yet, thank Heaven, so much happiness! Now that my little story is at an end, one would like to leave it with a pleasant bright glow resting upon it, and to say and think no more about the tragedies. After the crash of the storm, the beautiful vox humana making its perfect music. But life will not let us do so; here, as always, we must turn away and leave weeping and smiling, sunshine and shade. For this one's husband was saved, and that one's taken from her; Else's lover was given back, but her mother slept under the blue-green water; Lisa Stürm's other children played at her side, but her little Marie's golden head lay quiet upon her father's breast; the village was full of sad ruin, of great cracks and holes and depths scooped out, huge stones and rocks brought down by the flood, sheets of yellow mud, and trees overthrown, and yet—the warm sun shone down healingly, green things began to shoot with strange quick life, every where was the work of repair and renovation. Nay, in places it seemed as if the very scars had revealed a new beauty, the delicacy of veined stone, the loveliness of flowers clothing them. Does this seem insufficient? Do we ask for more? Is the story incomplete? Ah, yes—like other stories, like other longings. For the completion is not here; time is not eternity, earth is not heaven; although sometimes there comes a waft of sweetness inexpressible from the land which is not very far off.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A MAN was arrested recently for blacking his wife's eyes. If men would marry black-eyed women in the first place, it would save a heap of trouble. They wouldn't need to be frescoing their eyes every little while.

A little boy defines snoring as letting off sleep.

A Fenian over the water was called on for a toast. He gave the following:

"All hail! the American aigle!
Proud bird of freedom, all hail!
The fowl that no one can invaigle,
Or put salt on his beautiful tail."

NOTICE.—A kind lady who sent us up a mince-pie, with the request to "please insert," is assured that such articles are never crowded out by press of other matter.

A WARNING FOR FASHIONABLE ASSEMBLIES—Look out for the paint.

A well-known English lord is said to have given the following instructions to his steward: "We are coming down, a large party, in a day or two, to eat strawberries and cream. We shall want plenty of the latter, so don't let any of the cows be milked meanwhile."

A San Francisco journalist, desiring to give his readers a faint idea of the performance of a band of Chinese musicians, asks them to imagine themselves "in a boiler manufactory where five hundred men are putting in rivets, a mammoth tin-shop next door on one side, and a forty-stamp quartz mill upon the other, with a drunken *charivari* party with six hundred instruments in front, and four thousand enraged cats on the roof."

POOR SUITS FOR WEAR—Libel suits.

A liberal-minded Boston tourist handed a half dollar to a rough-looking Nevada miner who had politely shown him through a shaft. "Stranger, how much are you worth?" inquired Nevada. "Well, about $25,000," replied Boston. "Then I guess I won't take your half dollar. I made $250,000 here myself last month." Boston retired in a demoralized condition.

TO PROTECT THE CHEST—Put a lock on it.

"Maria," said a lady to a colored chamber-maid, "that's the third silk dress you have worn since you came to me; pray how many do you own?" "Only seven, missis; but I's savin' my wages to buy anoder." "Seven! what use are seven silk dresses to you? why, I don't own so many as that." "S'pect not, missis," said the smiling darkey; "you doesn't need 'em so much as I does. You see, you quality folks every body knows is quality; but we bettermost kind of cullud pussons has to dress smart to distinguish ourselves from common niggers."

THE EX-EMPEROR'S PROBABLE NEXT COUP D'ÉTAT.

"Aha! Voici le Boss! I sall go help him frombug ze Irish!"

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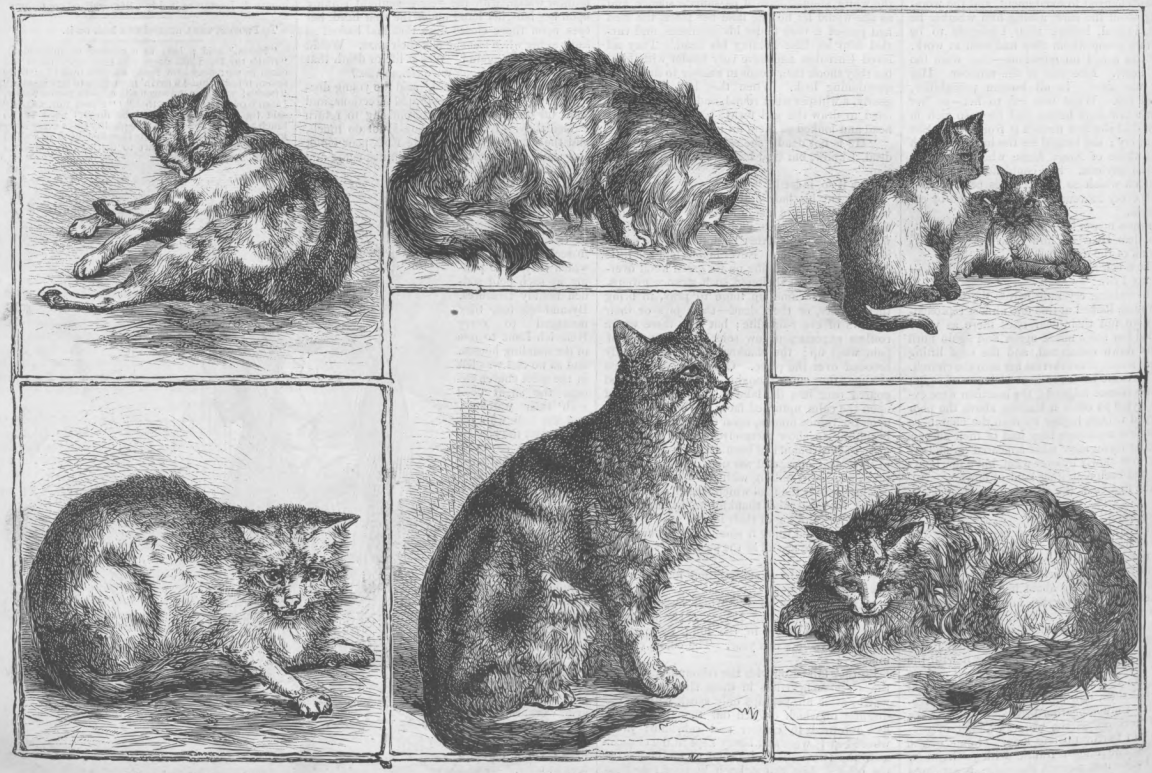
THE LONDON CAT SHOW—CAN WE PART WITH PUSS?

THE LONDON CAT SHOW.

THE engravings on this page are from sketches made at the recent Cat Show held in the Crystal Palace, London, with the exception of the first, which is an imaginative design, and endeavors to portray the emotions of three ladies, who are wondering whether they can part with Pussy. A good many ladies did manage to part temporarily with their purring favorites, for upward of 160 specimens of the feline tribe were sent into the exhibition. The directors of the Crystal Palace Company offered £70 in prizes, and the superintendent of the Natural History Department was indefatigable in his endeavors to collect as many noteworthy animals as possible. The smaller engravings represent the following specimens: The Siamese cats, a remarkable variety, not often met with out of that country. They are described as "soft, fawn-colored creatures, with jet-black legs—an unnatural, nightmare kind of cat, singular and elegant in their smooth skins, and ears tipped with black, and blue eyes with red pupils." Next comes the French-African cat, a very beautiful creature, with long woolly hair of a light brown color. Thirdly, a Persian, direct from Persia, remarkable for the great beauty of his black, gray, and white coat. He is described as a "very amiable beast." Fourthly, an enormous English cat, weighing 21 pounds, the biggest in the show. His color was a rich brown ground striped with black. Fifthly, a native of the Isle of Man, with the usual Manx absence of tail. This cat was very beautifully marked with light red and yellow markings on a lighter ground of the same color. This cat takes the water like a dog, and catches fish. Lastly, a British wild-cat, exhibited by the Duke of Sutherland. This cat is very scarce—indeed, almost extinct in the British Islands. His color is sandy brown, and the form of the end of the nose and tail peculiar. He has lost the right front paw. He behaved like a mad devil, and ten men could not get him into a wire cage out of the box in which he was sent. Altogether the London Cat Show was a complete success, and we have no doubt it will be imitated in this country, where dog shows have been so popular.



Manx, or Tailless Cat.
British Wild-Cat.

Persian Cat.
English Cat—the Biggest in the Show.

Siamese Cats.
French-African Cat.

PRIZE CATS AT THE LONDON CAT SHOW.

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HARRY BASSETT.

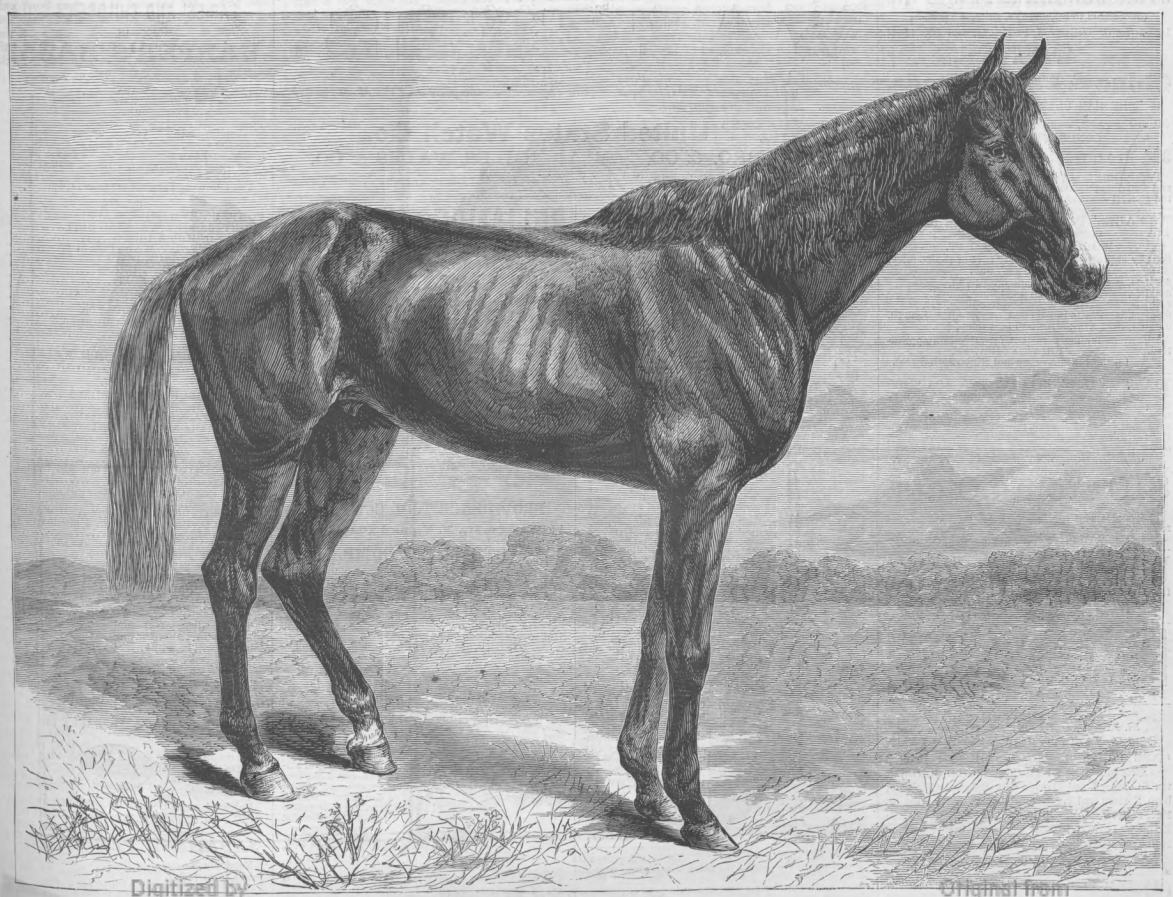
TWO CELEBRATED RACERS.

HARRY BASSETT.

THIS splendid colt (sire, Lexington; dam, Canary-Bird) is the property of Colonel M'DANIELS, and, as our engraving shows, a magnificent representative of the running turf of America. His career has been remarkably brilliant. In 1870 he won the Kentucky Stakes at Saratoga, the Nursery Stakes at Jerome Park, and the Supper Stakes at Baltimore, winning in these stakes $8800, clear of his entrances. This year he has won the Belmont Stakes at Jerome Park, for three-year-olds—11 started; the Jersey Derby at Long Branch, three-year-olds—9 started—worth $2750; and also the Travers Stakes and Plate at Saratoga, for three-year-olds—7 started—value of stakes and plate $5650.

LONGFELLOW.

This horse (sire, Leamington; dam, Nanturn) is the property of Mr. JOHN HARPER, of Kentucky. In 1870 he won the Post Stakes, for all ages, at two-mile heats, winning in



LONGFELLOW.

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two heats, and beating four others. This year he walked over for the two-mile-heat race at Lexington, Kentucky. He has also won the Monmouth Cup at Long Branch, for all ages, beating Helmbold, Regards, and Preakness (time, 4 minutes and 41 seconds); and the Saratoga Cup, for all ages, two and a quarter miles, beating Kingfisher easily in 4 minutes and 2¾ seconds. Longfellow ran the first mile of the Saratoga Cup in 1 minute and 40 seconds (Kingfisher in about 1 minute and 41 seconds), second mile in 1 minute and 53 seconds—making two miles in 3 minutes and 33 seconds—and the last quarter of a mile of the race at the rate of 1 minute and 59 seconds to the mile. He is now in training at Saratoga, preparing for the four-mile race, in which it is expected he will beat Lexington's great four-mile time, which is 7 minutes and 19¾ seconds. Our portrait of Longfellow is engraved from a photograph, for which we are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. NEILSEN & GUILD, saddlers, of this city.

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WE shall be pleased to send our DESCRIPTIVE PRICE-LIST of Genuine WALTHAM WATCHES, together with our illustrated pamphlet entitled a History of Watch-making, to all who send us their address. No matter how remote you are from New York, we can sell you a watch at the same price as if you were here. When you write, mention that you saw this notice in Harper's Weekly.—HOWARD & Co., 865 Broadway, New York.—[*Com.*]

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THOS. E. TOOTLE, Treasurer.

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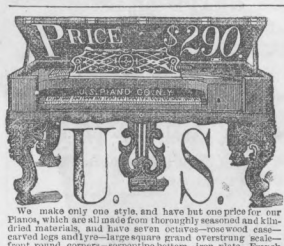

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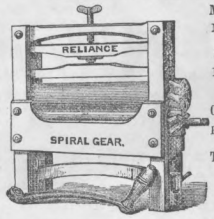

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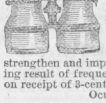

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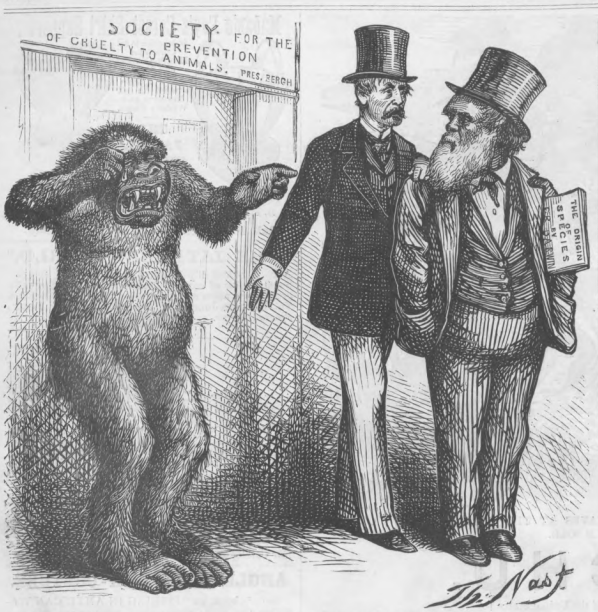

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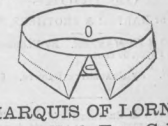

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TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

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MEMORIES OF DISTINGUISHED AUTHORS.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

IT has been said, and probably with truth, that no author since Shakspeare has had so decided an influence on English literature as Sir WALTER SCOTT; and when we think of the class of literature which fed the mental appetites of our grand-parents at the commencement of this century, the influence of the healthy tone of the Scottish novelist and poet can not be wondered at or much exaggerated. The mawkish sentimentality of Richardson, the prosy wordiness of Mackenzie, had succeeded to the gross, if life-like, tales of Fielding and Smollett, and what had been gained in decency was lost in manly vigor and truthful delineation of human character. Godwin's "Caleb Williams," a work now, unfortunately, nearly forgotten, was almost the only novel worthy the name which had appeared for many years, when "Waverley" burst upon the world as a new revelation of what might be effected in the realms of fiction. We who have lived in the days of Bulwer, Thackeray, Dickens, Brontë, and Eliot can but feebly conceive the joy of novel-readers as the ivory cutter opened page after page of the brilliant story of the English Cavalier and the Scotch Pretender.

When Scott offered his first novel to Constable & Co. he had achieved a splendid reputation as a poet, and enjoyed an ample income from his official position in the Court of Session. But the publishers were doubtful of the new venture, and it was only after a unanimous verdict in its favor was rendered by several most competent judges, by whom the manuscript had been read, that the work was given to the world on the 7th of July, 1814, when the author was forty-three years old, lacking one month.

Walter Scott was born on the 15th of August, 1771, in a dwelling belonging to his father, at the head of the College Wynd in Edinburgh; but the house has long since been pulled down to allow of a new street being opened. The father of the poet was a writer to the Signet, or, as we style it, a solicitor and attorney. He had risen to a respectable position in his profession by dint of probity and industry. There is an epitaph in the Howff (burying-place) of Dundee:

> "Here lies a writer and an honest man;
> Providence *works wonders nows and than*."

Scott's father was one of these rare marvels of Divine Providence, being thoroughly honest. He was a man of somewhat distant and formal manners, but of singular kindness of heart, of sterling worth, and of deep-toned piety after the Calvinistic mode. He had a noble presence, handsome features, a sweet expression of countenance; and, as Sir Walter says, "he looked the mourner so well" that he was often invited to funerals, and seems to have positively enjoyed those monotonous and melancholy formalities connected with Scottish interments for which his son has expressed in his Journal such disgust, and which he has limned in his "Guy Mannering" with such ludicrous fidelity. Old Fairford, in "Redgauntlet," is unquestionably a graphic though slightly colored sketch of the elder Scott by his son. His mother was well educated, as the times then went, not at all comely in aspect, short in stature, and somewhat stiff in manners. She lived to a great age. Their first six children (including a Walter) died in infancy. The first who survived was Robert. He became an officer in the East India Company's service, and fell a victim to the climate. The second, John, was a major in the army, and lived long on his half-pay in Edinburgh. The third was the poet. The fourth was a daughter, of a somewhat flighty temperament, Anne by name, who was cut off in 1801. The fifth was Thomas, a man of much humor and excellent parts, who went to Canada as paymaster of the Seventieth Regiment, and died there. He was at one time suspected of being author, in whole or part, of the Waverley novels. The sixth was Daniel, the scape-grace of the family, whose conduct was in the last degree imprudent, and whose fate was disastrous. He had in the West Indies disgraced himself by cowardice, and died on his return in 1806. Sir Walter disowned him, and put on no mourning at the news of his death—conduct which he afterward thought harsh and unfeeling, and bitterly regretted. Conachar, in the "Fair Maid of Perth," has, Lockhart thinks, some traits of this poor unfortunate.

Very early in life—indeed, before the close of his second year—the young Walter was afflicted by a disease in his right leg which ended in permanent lameness, to cure which defect his parents resorted to many expedients, some of which would be considered at the present time as cruel and senseless. The child was repeatedly wrapped in the skin of a sheep while still warm from the carcass of the animal. More sensibly, they sent him to his grandfather, a farmer at Sandy Knowe. Here his grandmother and his aunt, Janet Scott, told him tales and sang him songs about the old Border thieves—Wat of Harden, Wight Willie of Aikwood, Jamie Telfor of the fair Dodhead, the Deil of Littledean—and their merry exploits, and thus sowed in his mind the seeds of future Deloraines, Clinthill Christies, and Robin Hoods. A neighboring farmer had witnessed the execution of the Jacobite rebels at Carlisle. He recounted it to Scott; and to this tale of horror poured into the ear of the boy poet we are indebted for the trial and death scenes at the close of "Waverley," perhaps the most thrilling and powerfully tragic matter, out of Shakspeare, in the language. The American war was then raging, and to the weekly bulletins about its fluctuating progress, brought to Sandy Knowe by his uncle, Thomas Scott, factor at Danesford, the little lame child did seriously incline his ear; and his cheek glowed and his eye kindled when he heard of any success on the part of the British arms; so early did the Tory throb begin to beat within him.

His aunt Janet stood much in relation to Scott as Betty Davidson did to Burns—was his chief instructress, and the true nurse within him of the *poet*. He began, in spite of his lame limb, to stand, walk, and run, and his general health was confirmed by the pure mountain air. Previous to this an old shepherd, Sandy Ormistone, was accustomed to carry him to the hills, where he contracted a strong attachment to the woolly people—an attachment which never forsook him. One Tibby Hunter described him as a sweet-tempered bairn, a darling with all about the house, and said that the young ewe-milkers delighted to carry him about on their backs among the crags. He had no greater pleasure than in rolling about all day long in the midst of the flocks, and he knew every sheep and lamb by head-mark.

When in his fourth year, Scott accompanied his aunt Janet to Bath, where it was hoped the waters would benefit his lameness. He remained at Bath a year, deriving little advantage from the waters. He attended, however, while there, a dame's school, and never, he says, had a more regular teacher of reading. On his return to Scotland it appears that he was allowed to remain in idleness at Sandy Knowe until his eighth year, when he was sent to the high school of Edinburgh, under the charge of Luke Frazer, whom he describes as a worthy man and capital scholar. Thence, in due course, he passed to the rector's class, taught by the celebrated Dr. Adam. Adam is said to have appreciated Scott's amazing memory, and frequently called him up to answer questions about dates; and although neither he nor the other teachers had any suspicion of his genius, he pronounced him better acquainted than any of his contemporaries with the meaning, if not with the words, of the classic authors. He encouraged him, also, to make translations from Homer and Virgil. One or two trifling pieces of verse by him of this date have been discovered. But, on the whole, though not a dunce, Scott was, as he says, an "incorrigibly idle imp," constantly glancing, like a meteor, from the bottom to the top of the form, and *vice versa*, and shone more in the *yards*—the high-school play-grounds—than in the class. Notwithstanding his infirmity, he was the bravest of foot-ball players, the swiftest of racers, the strongest of pugilists, the most persevering in snow-ball *bickers*, the most daring climber of the *kittle nine steps* (a pass of peril leading along the dark brow of the castle rock), and the most dextrous and strategic commander in the mimic battles fought in the cross causeway between the children of the mob and those of the better-to-do citizens.

During the vacation of the high school young Scott visited at his uncle's place, Rosebank, near Kelso, and in that town attended the grammar school, of which Mr. Lancelot Whale was then rector. Here he made the first acquaintance with a family two members of which were intimately connected with the most important literary transactions of his after-life—James Ballantyne, the printer of almost all his works, and his brother John, who had a share in the publication of many of them. Their father was a respectable tradesman in this pretty town. When thirteen years old, Scott entered the Edinburgh University, but attended classes little more than two years, for in May, 1786, we find him bound apprentice to his father as a writer to the Signet.

While serving his apprenticeship to his father Scott commenced those yearly visits to the Highlands which were destined to exert such power on the development of his genius. He saw from the Wicks o' Baigley, a point to the south of Perth, that superb view of the winding Tay and its rich valley; the bold adjacent hills of Kinnoul, Kinfauns, and Moncreiff; the "Fair City" and the distant Grampians, including Benvoirlich in the west, Schiehallion in the north, and Mounts Battock and Blair in the east, which struck his young fancy, and which he has described in one of the most eloquent pages of his "St. Valentine's Day." Stewart of Invernahyle, a client of his father's—an old Jacobite, who had measured swords with Rob Roy, and been out with Mar and with "Charlie"—invited the son to his Highland home, where his experiences somewhat resembled those of Waverley with Fergus M'Ivor, and of Francis Osbaldistone in the M'Gregor's country. He found the Highlands in a very primitive condition indeed: the daughters of a laird loading a cart with manure in the morning, and re-appearing in the evening in full dress, with radiant complexions, and displaying no little wit, intelligence, and good-breeding; the principal dish in the first course of the dinner being a gigantic *haggis*, borne into the hall in a wicker basket by two half-naked Celts, while the piper strutted fiercely behind them, blowing a tempest of dissonance! Ever afterward Scott's heart and imagination were equally divided between the Border and the Perthshire Highlands. It is remarkable that the scene of almost all his Highland novels, certainly of his best ones—of "Waverley," of "Rob Roy," the "Legend of Montrose," and of the "Fair Maid of Perth" (not to speak of the "Lady of the Lake")—is laid in the Yorkshire of Scotland.

In the second year of his apprenticeship, according to Scott himself (Lockhart fixes it a little earlier), one of Scott's blood-vessels burst; and he was put on severe regimen and confined to bed, restricted, though it was in a cold spring, to a single blanket, bled, blistered, and fed on vegetables. His only resources were chess and reading. He plunged now into a wide sea of books, exhausting libraries, and driving their keepers to their wit's end to supply his cravings; passing from novels, romances, and poems to voyages and travels, and thence to histories and to memoirs, and thus preparing himself for the future exigencies of his literary life as effectually on his quiet bed, where he was not suffered to speak above his breath, as when rambling through the mountains of Perthshire with Invernahyle, or "making himself" with Shortreed among the traditionary wilds of Liddesdale. He illustrated the battles he read of by arranging shells, seeds, and pebbles to represent the movements of encountering armies, using mimic cross-bows and a small model fortress. By the assistance, too, of a combination of mirrors, he was enabled to look out upon the meadows and see the troops marching to exercise, which must have been a great relief to his weary hours. After some months he recovered, resumed his labors in the office, and bade a long farewell to disease and medicine.

In 1788 he attended the class of civil law. Here, besides his old friends Irving and Fergusson, he met with some other young men who united literary tastes with legal aspirations. In later days we have seen at the bar chiefly two classes—literary men who had no law, and plodding legalists who had no genius. Before Scott's time mere lawyers constituted almost the whole tribe. But Scott, Jeffrey, Cranstoun, and others formed a conjunction of the two characters, although, perhaps, in Jeffrey alone were they thoroughly harmonized. Scott was both a *littérateur* and a lawyer, but far more a *littérateur*; Cranstoun and Cockburn were more of the lawyer; while Jeffrey united both in nearly equal proportions, being at once sharp as the sharpest special pleader, and as acute and lively, if not as genial or profound, a critic as Britain ever produced. Along with William Clerk, of Eldin, Abercromby, and Cranstoun, Scott spent his mornings in the law class-room or in private study, his evenings in the somewhat excessive convivialities of that time, and his holidays in rambles about the surrounding country. Scott's father was rather annoyed at these escapades, although he was so glad to see him when he returned that, like Kish with Saul, he forgot the meditated rebuke. Scott's nickname among his own set was Dons Scotus, or sometimes an *alias* of his own creation, Colonel Grogg. His dress at this time was neglected. Corduroy breeches were his common attire; and when reproached with their meanness his reply was, "They be good enough for drinking in; come and let us have some oysters in the Covenant Close." These convivialities, however, were afterward relinquished. In his maturer years he was a strictly temperate man, and from grosser dissipation he was kept almost entirely free through means of a pure and passionate attachment.

In 1792 (July 11) Scott was called to the bar. He had joined previously the Speculative Society, where Jeffrey first saw him, his *chefts* (Scottice) wrapped up in a large woolen night-cap, the poet being ill of toothache, and yet able to read a paper on old ballads, which so interested Jeffrey that he got introduced to him, and they became great allies. Like most young advocates, Scott had little business at first; but he drank claret at Fortune's, and ate oysters at St. John's Coffee-house, dear to him as erst the resort of Dr. Pitcairn; read now Stair's "Decisions," and now the last new novel; and every day might be seen sweeping with his gown the boards of that Parliament House which seems the Hall of Eblis to many a weary and briefless peripatetic.

It is said that within a year or two of being called to the bar Scott had formed an attachment to a Miss Stuart, daughter of Sir John Stuart, of Fettercairn, and that, having declared his love, he received a point-blank refusal and dismissal. This is said to have occurred in October, 1796; but the wound, if ever made, could not have been very deep, for in the December following Scott married Charlotte Carpenter, a *protégée*, if not, as Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, was wont to allege, the daughter, of the Marquis of Downshire. The history of Miss Carpenter's family is now so well known that without impropriety it may be shortly told here.

The Marquis of Downshire, going on his travels, had a note of introduction from Mr. Bird, Dean of Carlisle, to Monsieur Carpenter, of Paris. The unhappy result of the acquaintance was the elopement of Madame Carpenter, a very beautiful woman, with his lordship. The husband did nothing in the matter except transmitting his two children, a boy and girl, to the care of his wife, and they lived for some years under her and Lord Downshire's protection. On her death he placed the girl in a French convent for her education, and sent the boy to a lucrative situation in India, with the stipulation that £200 of his salary should go yearly to his sister. Miss Carpenter returned to London, and was placed under the charge of Miss Nicholson, a governess. The young lady formed an attachment to a young man whose addresses were not agreeable to his lordship. He sent her and her governess down to Mr. Bird's, at Carlisle, to keep her out of her lover's way. Mr. Bird had fixed previously to go to Gilsland, and he took Miss Carpenter and Miss Nicholson along with his family thither. They were placed, as usual with new-comers, at the foot of the table at the Spa; and it so happened that a young Scotch gentleman, who had arrived later that day, was placed lower still, and thus brought into immediate contact with the Bird party. Mrs. Bird inquired of him if he knew a Scotch military man of her acquaintance, Major Riddell. Scott (for it was he) knew him well. This formed instantly a link of connection, and the Birds invited him to tea with them in their own apartment; and although his horse was ordered to the door to convey him on his journey, he at once consented. He had been struck at first sight with Miss Carpenter's appearance, and resolved to prosecute the acquaintance. He remained at the Spa, and was constantly in her company. He even contrived to get himself invited to the dean's country house ere he was compelled to return to Edinburgh. In a short time he re-appeared in Mr. Bird's house, and enjoyed another fortnight of Miss Carpenter's society. His attentions became very marked, and Mrs. Bird at last wrote off to a friend in Edinburgh to make inquiries about this stranger. The answer was that he was a respectable young man, and rising at the bar. One of Scott's female acquaintances, however, perhaps chagrined at Scott's indifference to *her*, and having heard of some love adventure going on at Gilsland, wrote to Mrs. Bird, inquiring about it, and wondering "what kind of young lady it was who was to take Watty Scott." The poet soon after found means to conciliate Lord Downshire to his views, and to obtain his consent to the marriage. Miss Carpenter had one substantial recommendation—she had about £400 a year in her own right; and although various opinions have been expressed as to the wisdom of Scott's choice of a wife, the carpers were those who knew her after fame and fortune had elevated the husband to a position to which neither his birth nor his professional reputation entitled him. It may be believed that Charlotte Carpenter herself did not consider that if there were condescension in the match it was on the part of the landless, briefless, and unknown advocate.

The marriage was solemnized at Carlisle on the 14th December, 1797, the happy couple having been acquainted about four months. All who knew the young wife speak of her as a very charming person, though her portrait at Abbotsford does not give much idea of her personal charms. But, says Mr. Lockhart, who had the best opportunity of knowing, "without the features of a regular beauty, she was rich in personal attractions, a form that was fashioned as light as a fairy's; a complexion of the clearest and brightest olive; eyes large, deep-set, and dazzling, of the finest Italian brown; and a profusion of silken tresses, black as the raven's wing; her address hovering between the reserve of a pretty Englishwoman who has not mingled largely in general society, and a certain natural archness and gayety that suited well with the accompaniment of a French accent. A lovelier vision, as all who remember her in the bloom of her days have assured me, could hardly have been imagined."

With his charming young wife, Scott settled at Lasswade, about seven miles from Edinburgh. Here he had a lovely and retired cottage, in a most delightful neighborhood, and was within an easy distance of Edinburgh, and his practice there as an advocate. Here he busied himself in his literary pursuits, and made those excursions into Liddesdale and Ettrick forest, and other parts of the Border country, in quest of materials for his "Border Minstrelsy," in which he found such exquisite delight. Here he found Shortreed, Hogg, Laidlaw—men all enthusiastic in the same pursuits and tastes. At this time, too, he became acquainted in Edinburgh with Leyden, also a Border man, full of ballad and poetry, and with powers as gigantic as Scott himself, though uncouth as a colt from the moors. There is nothing in any biography which strikes one so full of the enjoyment of life as Scott's *raids*, as he called them, into Liddesdale and other Border wildernesses at that period. He found every where a new country, untrodden by tourists, unknown to fame, but richly deserving of it. There was a new land discovered, full from end to end of wild scenery and strange, rude, but original character, rich in native wit, humor, and fun. Down Liddesdale there was no road; in it there was no inn. Scott's gig, on the last of seven years' *raids*, was the first wheel-carriage that ever entered it. The travelers passed from the shepherd's hut to the minister's manse, and again from the cheerful hospitality of the manse to the rough and jolly welcome of the homestead. To these rambles, says Lockhart, Scott owed much of the material of his "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," and not less of that intimate acquaintance with the living manners of those unsophisticated regions which constitute the chief attraction of one of his most charming prose works. "He was *makin' himsel* a' the time," said Mr. Shortreed, "but he didna ken, maybe, what he was aboot till years had passed. At first he thought o' little, I dare say, but the queerness and the fun." That overflowing enjoyment of life which so much distinguished Scott at all periods, except the short, melancholy one of his decline, now exhibited itself in all its exuberance. "Eh me!" said Mr. Shortreed; "sic an endless fund o' humor and drollery as he then had wi' him! Never ten yards but we were either laughing, or roaring, or singing. Wherever we stopped how brawlie he suited himsel' to every body! He aye did as the lave did—never made himsel' the great man, or took ony airs i' the company." It was in one of these *raids* that they fell in with the original Dandie Dinmont.

In the last month of the century Scott was appointed sheriff deputy of Selkirkshire, with £300 a year, and little to do.

In 1804 Scott left sweet Lasswade, the home of his early wedded life, and the cradle of his nascent fame, for Ashestiel, a place that will always be dear to the lovers of poetry. With Ashestiel the associations and memories are all delightful. Scott passed there probably his serenest days. It is a place of almost entire solitude,

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standing by the side of a deep ravine, covered with trees, down which a brook finds its way to the Tweed, from which river the mansion is separated by a narrow strip of beautiful meadow. All around are the silent hills; not another house is in sight, and the nearest town, Selkirk, is seven miles away. "Pastoral melancholy" is the pervading feeling of the spot, although it is a melancholy more akin to joy than to sorrow, and which one would not exchange for a millennium of coarse miscalled delights. Here Scott set up for a season the staff of his rest.

When at Lasswade Scott had published some fair translations from the German, and two volumes of the "Border Minstrelsy." But his genius now winged a higher flight; the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" was given to the world, and the author at once took the foremost rank among living poets.

William Pitt was so delighted with it that he determined to insure the professional advancement of the author, although eventually the promotion came from the Whig party. It is said that the great Prime Minister remarked, on one portion of the poem, "This is a sort of thing I might have expected in painting, but could never have fancied capable of being given in poetry." The triumphant success of the Lay decided Scott to apply himself mainly to literature, and if he had adhered strictly to this resolution it would have been better for him—better, perhaps, for the world at large. Even at this early stage of his authorship he determined to become a man of business as well as an author; and his quondam school-fellow, James Ballantyne, having left the legal profession to commence business as a printer in Edinburgh, Scott entered into a secret partnership with him, embarking in the concern almost the whole of his available capital. And thus he took the first step on a road which was destined to ingulf him in financial ruin. James Ballantyne was a man of considerable literary talents, well educated, quick, and thoroughly honest, and was to the last a trusted friend and adviser of Scott's.

Early in 1806 Scott was appointed one of the principal clerks of Session, with a salary of £800 a year. This appointment necessitated a town residence during the sittings of the court, from the 1st of May to the 12th of July, and from the 12th of November to the 12th of March, the business of the principal clerks being so arranged that Scott's attendance in court may be taken to have amounted on the average to from four to six hours daily, four times a week, during rather less than six months out of the twelve. As has been said, the appointment was actually made by a Whig administration, and great was the astonishment in the Parliament House, as the law courts in Edinburgh are called, when the Tory Scott walked to his seat as a Whig nominee. Perhaps it was owing to some appreciation of such a feeling that induced the newly made clerk to write and publish one of his most bitter political squibs, his "Health to Lord Melville," a nobleman who was then, unjustly, as Scott believed, under impeachment by the Whig government. This gave great offense to all good Whigs, but proportionally pleased the Tories, Canning writing a very complimentary letter to the author. It was one of the mistakes of Scott's life; he felt so himself very soon afterward, and made, in some measure, the *amende honorable* in the well-known lines to Fox, in "Marmion."

Archibald Constable paid Scott, in December, 1806, one thousand guineas for a poem *to be* written. This was "Marmion," which appeared, amidst a hum of general expectation, on the 23d of February, 1808. It was, of course, well received by the public, but was somewhat roughly handled by the *Edinburgh Review*.

Jeffrey (the editor of that journal) had been engaged to dine with Scott on the day the *Review* appeared; but feeling a little apprehensive of the consequences, wrote an explanatory note along with the copy of the number. Scott replied in a good spirit. Jeffrey, although with manifest reluctance, came, and the poet received him with his usual bland courtesy. But conceive the critic's feelings when, as he was leaving, the hostess of the house said, "Well, good-night, Mr. Jeffrey; dey tell me you have abused Scott in the *Review*, and I hope Mr. Constable has paid you very well for writing it." She never spoke to him again.

Jeffrey's critique produced important consequences. It cut, although at first silently, the tie between Scott and the *Edinburgh Review*, to which he had been a pretty regular contributor since its start, in 1802, and combined, along with circumstances of a later date, to cool the poet with Constable. It is certainly odd that this shrewd man of business, proprietor and publisher of the *Review*, should have allowed "Marmion," one of his own books, to be so attacked. Shortly after the appearance of the *Review* Scott was doing all in his power to establish, in London, the *Quarterly Review* as a counterweight to the *Edinburgh*, both in literary criticism and in politics, a project in which, ere the end of the year, he was successful.

Toward the close of this year (1808) the breach between Constable and Scott widened to its utmost. It was precipitated by the appearance, in the twenty-sixth number of the *Edinburgh Review*, of an article on "Don Pedro Cevallos." This paper was written by Lord Brougham, and forms, perhaps, the best specimen extant of his style, which had not then got so involved, parenthetical and cumbrous as it became afterward. It is a most powerful and eloquent diatribe, and fell like a bombshell in the Tory camp. It irritated Scott's political prejudices, and he, in common with many of the Edinburgh citizens, withdrew their subscriptions. (In Constable's list of subscribers to the *Edinburgh Review* there appears, opposite Scott's name, an indignant dash of Constable's pen—"Stop!!!") He set himself immediately to take vengeance on his adversaries: first, by establishing John Ballantyne as a publisher in opposition to Constable; and secondly, by completing the arrangements for the *Quarterly Review*. In the former he, after a season, failed, but in the latter he succeeded. The *Quarterly Review* soon came out, under Gifford, in great force.

In 1809 he was busy writing the "Lady of the Lake," which was published in the following year. It appeared early in May. 1810 was one of Scott's brightest years. The "Lady of the Lake" was received with boundless enthusiasm. The critics and the public were, for once, of the same opinion. On all the roads leading to the Trosachs was suddenly heard the rushing of many horses and chariots. Old inns were crowded to suffocation; bad dinners and breakfasts, and enormous charges, were endured with exemplary patience; and new inns sprang up like mushrooms. Post-hire permanently rose. Every corner of that fine gorge was explored, and every foot of that beautiful loch was traversed, by travelers carrying copies of the book in their hands; and, as they sailed toward Glengyle, or climbed the gray scalp of Ben Au, or sat in the shady hollow of Coir-nau-Uriskin, or leaned over the still waters of Loch Achray, repeating passages from it with unfeigned rapture. It was as if a ray from another sphere had fallen on and revealed a nook of matchless loveliness, and all rejoiced in the gleam and its revelation.

Scott was now at the height of his poetical fame. His income, although not large, was ample. His country home at Ashestiel was a shrine to which pilgrims from all countries came to worship; he was in the enjoyment of good health, was happy with his little Frenchified wife, and surrounded by four good-humored *bairns*. At home Scott was not only happy himself, but a spring of pleasure to all who knew him. No one worked harder, no one enjoyed life more. This is almost always the case: even the galley-slave is in heaven compared to the idle man; his labor by practice becomes light, his moments of leisure are divine, and his sleep is Elysium. We are never weary of seeing Scott, as Lockhart describes him, having finished his task in the morning, coming down stairs rubbing his hands for glee; and having laid in the amplest stores a Scotch breakfast-table could supply, sallying forth to his well-won recreation—his walk with "Camp" or "Maida," his gallop o'er the hills, or his picnic party with friends to Melrose, Cauldshields Loch, or his old haunt of Smailholm Tower. This was while he spent his vacations in the country; but scarcely less delightful were his dinner-parties or evening reunions in Castle Street, when, surrounded by his family and selected friends, he poured out the full riches of his knowledge, of his sense, of his fun, of his feeling; at one time repeating poetry, such as Wordsworth's "Kilchurn Castle," "with a trumpet voice, while his gray eyes now glowed and now gloomed, and alternate fires and clouds seemed to flicker and float over that pile of forehead;" and anon telling ludicrous stories, "while his lungs did crow like chanticleer, his syllables in the struggle growing more emphatic, his accent more strongly Scotch, and his voice *plaintive with excess of merriment*." Some consequential people thought his conversation not very logical or consecutive; but Henry Cockburn rebuked them by saying, "I beg your pardon, gentlemen, but Scott's *sense* has always appeared to me more wonderful than even his genius."

His dinner-table was, on the whole, a catholic one, "Tullochgorum" being then and there his gathering march. Jeffrey came to it, with his sharp features, dark, flashing eyes, *frightened*-seeming hair, and brisk, melodious, endless talk; Cockburn, with his beautiful oval face and rich Scotch brogue; Constable, with his distinguished bearing and smiling eye; James Ballantyne, with his *ore rotundo*, black beard, bull neck, turned-up upper lip, and great gloating eyes; John, his brother, with his theatrical airs, frowns, starts, twistings of features, and floods of merriment; Washington Irving, with his mild, dreaming countenance; James Hogg, with his Calibanic manners, strong shepherd sense, grotesque humor, and inordinate self-esteem, calling, as the cups circulated, his host "Watty" and his hostess "Charlotte" till both screamed with laughter; and latterly Lockhart, with his fine Italian features, haughty sneer, high, thin, shrill, scornful laugh, and keen, cutting, sententious conversation; and Professor Wilson, with his "storm of golden hair," glowing cheek, stately stature, wild, tameless eye, and talk wilder and more tameless still.

It has been said that Scott worked hard, and this statement will not be questioned by those who read the list of works which he prepared or edited before the success of "Waverley" induced him to turn his attention almost exclusively to the writing of novels. It is not necessary to give the list here; indeed, it would occupy too much space. It may be, however, said that in one year, 1808, he edited five works of no small importance: an edition of Dryden, in eighteen octavo volumes; "Queenhoo Hall," an unfinished romance of Strutt's; Carleton's "Memoirs of the War of the Spanish Succession;" "Memoirs of Robert Cary, Earl of Monmouth," besides concluding his labors on Sadler's "State Papers," and commencing his edition of Swift—works enough for one man, surely. It is not to be wondered at that Scott, chafing against the bitter Whigism of the *Edinburgh Review*, and hurt by some unkind remarks of Mr. Hunter, Constable's then partner, should have conceived the idea that, as he was *sub rosa* his own printer, he might become likewise his own publisher, and thus punish what he believed to be the arrogant assumption of the house of Constable & Co. In this scheme he found an ardent abettor in John Ballantyne, a brother of his partner, the printer.

John Ballantyne was a man of considerable capacity—a quick, active, intrepid man, ready and willing to undertake any enterprise, however unfitted by knowledge or experience to conduct it. He believed that he was able to cope with Constable, Murray, or any other publisher who had been trained to the business, and so embraced with all alacrity the proposal that he should start as a publisher in avowed opposition to Constable & Co. The existing bond of copartnership is dated July, 1809, by which deed Scott bound himself as one-third partner, James Ballantyne also having a share, in the firm of John Ballantyne & Co., booksellers, Edinburgh. Scott's career as a publisher was but short, as might have been expected, and in 1816 the firm sold out to Constable & Co., and, as Lockhart states, in the bargain the latter firm was worsted to the extent of £5000 sterling. Referring to Scott's book-selling experience, James Ballantyne sums up the case, in a paper prepared on his death-bed, in these words: "My brother, though an active and pushing, was not a cautious bookseller, and the large sums received never formed an addition to stock. In fact, *they were all expended by the partners*, who, being then young and sanguine men, not unwillingly adopted my brother's hasty results."

At the very time Scott was thus hampered by his trade connection he made the first purchase of land, which eventually became, with many additions thereto, the domain of Abbotsford. The amount thus invested was £4000, principally borrowed money. Just now, also, he received the offer of the poet-laureateship, which Scott was inclined to accept for the sake of the £300 to £400 per annum attached to the office; but having applied to the Duke of Buccleuch for advice on the subject, in a letter in which also he requested his Grace's indorsement to the amount of £4000, he, in accepting the favor, was bound to follow the advice, which was unhesitatingly to refuse it. Accordingly Robert Southey, who certainly needed the paltry salary more than Scott, was gazetted poet laureate.

At this period Scott's fixed income, apart from any profits he may have derived from his partnership in the printing-house of Ballantyne & Co., was £2100 sterling per annum—quite equal to £5000 at the present time. And here it may be well to pause in the narrative, in order to give a sketch of the "Magician's" personal appearance at this time, the heyday of his life; for, though doubtless the appearance of "Waverley" and its marvelous successors added greatly to Scott's fame, the worry and anxiety consequent to the mania for building and land acquirement, and the extravagant hospitality of the *novelist*, soon told on the robust frame and hardy constitution of the *poet*. Miss Seward, in a letter to Cary, the translator of Dante, gives a very interesting picture of her friend Scott. "On Friday last," she says, "the poetically great Walter Scott came like a sunbeam to my dwelling. This proudest boast of the Caledonian muse is tall, and rather robust than slender, but lame in the same manner as Mr. Hayley, and in a greater measure. Neither the contour of his face nor yet his features are elegant; his complexion is healthy and somewhat fair, without bloom. We find the singularity of brown hair and eyelashes with flaxen eyebrows, and a countenance open, ingenuous, and benevolent. When seriously conversing or earnestly attentive, though his eyes are of a lightish gray, deep thought is on their lids; he contracts his brow, and the rays of genius gleam aslant from the orbs beneath. An upper lip too long prevents his mouth from being decidedly handsome, but the sweetest emanations of temper and art play about it when he talks cheerfully or smiles; and in company he is much oftener gay than contemplative. His conversation an overflowing fountain of brilliant wit, apposite allusion, and playful archness, while on serious themes it is nervous and eloquent, the accent decidedly Scotch, yet by no means broad. On the whole, no expectation is disappointed which his poetry must excite in all who feel the power and graces of human inspiration."

And now being settled in his new home of Abbotsford, at that time only a small cottage, but which he frequently expressed himself satisfied to retire to for the rest of his life, secure from "the bustle, care, and fever strife," he was to enter upon a new sphere of labor, the results of which were vaster and more enduring than even he, sanguine man as he was, could ever have dreamed of. "Waverley" was published in July, 1814. The first portion of the novel had been written some years before, but as it had been unhesitatingly condemned by James Ballantyne and another friend to whom it had been shown, Scott had thrown it aside as valueless. Looking, as he describes himself, one day into an old cabinet in search of some fishing-tackle, he happened to light upon the old fragment of "Waverley." He read it over again, thought it had been underrated, and resolved to continue the story. He did so, and then offered it to Constable, with whom friendly relations had now been re-established. It was, as has been said, with considerable misgivings as to its success that the novel was brought out by Constable & Co. But never was success more sudden and complete.

In less than a year, namely, in February, 1815, "Guy Mannering" followed "Waverley." It is stated on good authority that the second work was written in *six weeks*, while the author was at Abbotsford *refreshing the machine!* The reception of "Guy Mannering" was as rapturous as that of "Waverley," perhaps more so, and there was no longer any doubt of the golden lode which was opened to author and publisher. Then Scott visited London, dined with the Prince Regent, and was the lion of the season, although his connection with "Waverley" was entirely unsuspected. While the allies occupied Paris, Scott paid that city a short visit, and appears to have been so intoxicated with all he saw that his powers as a writer signally failed him in his poem on "Waterloo," which appeared in October. It is somewhat strange that as he achieved success in prose he began to show signs of decay as a poet. His "Lord of the Isles," published this same year, 1815, turned out a disappointment. It read more like an imitation of Scott by an inferior hand than a new work of the author.

It seems incomprehensible that the authorship of these novels should have been kept secret so long. Edinburgh was not a large city, and being peopled by Scotchmen, next to the true Yankee the most inquisitive and inquisitorial race on the face of the earth, the income and resources of a prominent man like Scott must have been pretty well known. Where did the sums come from which, year after year, paid for more land at Abbotsford? whence the income that maintained the princely hospitality of the poet's home? Yet, without doubt, the secret was well kept. John Ballantyne ("*Rigdum Funnidos*," as Scott playfully called him) was the medium of communication between the novelist and the publishers other than Constable, a choice of agents which Lockhart, his son-in-law and biographer, appears to think very unfortunate for Scott. Ballantyne had his own axe to grind, and was always jealous of the influence of Constable, who looked down with quiet scorn upon the mercurial little man as an interloper in the trade, but who, nevertheless, induced Scott to place the first series of the "Tales of my Landlord" in the hands of John Murray and his Edinburgh agent, William Blackwood. It is evident from his letters that, while the negotiations for this change of publishers were in progress, Scott himself had serious misgivings as to the wisdom of the course his partner was pursuing; and Blackwood, being kept in total ignorance of the author of the work he was about to publish, and, moreover, being a plain, blunt man of business, deeply offended Scott by some strictures—and very just they were—on the conclusion of the "Black Dwarf," concluding his letter to John Ballantyne with the suggestion of an outline of what would, in *his* judgment, be a better upwinding of the plot. This letter appears to have been sent to Scott by James Ballantyne, for to the printer was this sharp rejoinder addressed:

"DEAR JAMES,—I have received Blackwood's impudent letter. G— d— his soul! Tell him and his coadjutor that I belong to the Black Hussars of literature, who neither give nor receive criticism. I'll be cursed but this is the most impudent proposal that ever was made. W. S."

Only one edition of the Tales was published by Murray & Blackwood, Scott finding it expedient to return to Archibald Constable & Co. as his publishers, who so continued until the crash of 1826, followed by the death of the senior partner in 1827, after which the author's works were given to the world by the surviving partner, Robert Cadell, son-in-law of the great bibliopole.

"Old Mortality" brought a storm about the author's ears of which he had probably little dreamed. He was accused of defaming and libeling the Covenanters. This was high treason to the mass of Scottish Presbyterians, who, taught and trained in unbounded reverence for their forefathers, were prepared to fasten on every word and syllable that told against them—to find the blame outrageous and the praise null. Dr. M'Crie attacked the author in no measured terms in the Edinburgh *Christian Instructor*, and Scott rejoined in an article in the *Quarterly*, more fully answering the charges against him in the preface attached to the edition of his works published in 1830. As a proof of the strong feeling which existed against the tone of this novel, it may be mentioned that M'Crie's strictures were issued in 1846, under the patronage of the General Assembly of the Free Church, fourteen years after the author had been laid in his honored grave. That Scott did not intentionally offend religious prejudices may well be believed, but the compiler of this short sketch is able to give an extract of an unpublished letter of Scott's in his possession which shows with what tenderness the author of "Old Mortality" regarded the feelings of others. The letter is addressed to Constable, evidently in reply to some suggestion from the latter as to the plot of a novel to be laid in Cromwell's time, and is as follows:

"ABBOTSFORD, *July* 25, 1820.

"There is one great objection to the time of Charles I., and that is that the Puritans would be nothing without the Scriptural language; and, though I despise the cant and hypocrisy of those who state this as a matter of heinous offense, yet I would not wish to offend any good soul who had a real scruple on this head. Besides, the wit has been [*word illegible*] and so much imitated, although in a very poor way, that I have doubts if it has now novelty sufficient to render it easy. We will think of all this."

In the year 1817 Scott, who had been since boyhood singularly free from illness, was attacked with a painful disease of the stomach, which at times incapacitated him for work of any kind. Nevertheless he brought out "Rob Roy," one of the most popular of his novels. The title was the happy thought of his publisher, for the author had intended calling it "The Clachan of Aberfoyle." This was the first of his works on which he appears to have employed an amanuensis. William Laidlaw took down the most of it from his lips. On one occasion James Ballantyne, calling on him for copy, found him sitting with a clean pen and a blank sheet of paper before him. He expressed his surprise. "Ay, ay, Jemmy," replied Scott, "it is easy for you to tell me to get on; but how the mischief can I make Rob Roy's wife speak with such a curmurring in my guts?"

During all the close of 1818 and the beginning of 1819 he continued to be assaulted by cramp, and was reduced to a skeleton. His hair became white as snow, his cheek faded, and the last days of the "Last Minstrel" seemed to have come. He labored on, however, dictating

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(often interrupted by shouts of agony) "The Heart of Mid-Lothian," "The Bride of Lammermoor," "The Legend of Montrose," and the greater part of "Ivanhoe." His disease at last yielded to small doses of calomel. It is not necessary to further name the novels as they successively appeared.

Early in 1820 George IV. created Scott a Baronet of the United Kingdom, and, after a brief visit to London, during which he had an audience of the king, and kissed hands on his promotion, he returned to Edinburgh to be present at the marriage of his elder daughter, Sophia, to John Gibson Lockhart. The novelist had in all four children—two boys and two girls. Charlotte Sophia—Mrs. Lockhart—was born in 1799, and is believed to have been the best of the family, the most like her father—was his special favorite, and devoted to him, amiable, full of gentle enthusiasm, and a beautiful singer of old Scottish songs and Border ballads. Walter was the second child, and heir to the baronetcy conferred upon his father just after his being gazetted cornet in a crack hussar regiment. He was a fine-looking young man, but the intellect of the sire was wholly wanting in him. He married a Miss Jobson, the heiress of Lodore, but had no issue. He continued in the army until his death, which occurred on his return from India, where he had served many years, without any distinction, in command of the Fifteenth Lancers. The title, so dearly prized by his father, died with him; for his brother Charles, brought up to a diplomatic career, had died previously, unmarried and childless.—Ann, the second daughter, was the wag of the family, with a tart, sardonic humor, which repelled rather than attracted. She died unmarried.

Lockhart was a most ungenial man. How Sophia Scott ever came to love him puzzled all her friends. He was a man of undoubted ability, of varied and catholic culture, but there was a cross-grained element in his nature. He was never pleased; his humor was coarse, and spoiled with personalities. Of his marriage with Miss Scott three children were the fruit: John Hugh Lockhart, the Hugh Littlejohn of the "Tales of my Grandfather," who died in boyhood; a daughter, Janet; and another son, who proved a sore trial to his parents, and died without issue—the sole heir of the family which the Wizard fought so long and manfully to found being a girl, who married Mr. Hope, an eminent and wealthy English barrister, a Roman Catholic. Mrs. Hope died young, leaving again only a daughter, the present Miss Hope Scott of Abbotsford, her father having assumed the name and arms of Scott by royal sign-manual.

In June, 1821, died Scott's old and most devoted friend, John Ballantyne, after a long and lingering illness. While committing poor *Rigdum Funnidos's* remains to the Calton burying-ground, the heavens, which had been dark, cleared up, and the mid-day sun shone forth. Scott glanced his eye above the gleaming Calton Hill, and then turning to the grave, said, in a whisper, to Lockhart, "I feel as if there would be less sunshine for me from this day forth." Garrick's death is said to have eclipsed the gayety of nations. Ballantyne's, in shading that of Scott, shaded that of Scotland and the world.

On the 19th of July he was again in London, present at what one calls the "contemptible mummery of a coronation," never so contemptible in the eyes of the public as when George IV. was the king crowned, although to Scott it seemed a personal triumph. He met, indeed, there with what was equivalent. Returning home on foot after the banquet, he got locked in the crowd about three in the morning, and his friend with him became apprehensive of some accident to his lame limb. Scott, observing an open space in the middle of the street, asked a sergeant of the Scots Grays on guard to allow him to pass. He replied it was impossible; his orders were strict. At this moment a wild wave of the multitude came rolling behind, and his companion exclaimed, "Sir Walter Scott, take care!" The soldier cried out, "What! Sir Walter Scott! *He* shall pass, at all events. Make room for our illustrious countryman!" And amidst shouts of "Walter Scott, God bless him!" he gained the place of safety. In this instance Scott's fame stood him in good stead; but it was not always so, for he was pestered with letters from all quarters of the world asking advice or seeking pecuniary assistance. An amusing instance is told of an American lady who sent the author of "Waverley" a manuscript novel through the mail when postage was ruinously high. Scott had to pay some twenty-five dollars for the favor, and had scarcely recovered from his very natural feelings of annoyance when he was astounded by a duplicate of the work entailing the same expenditure, "for fear the original might miscarry." Scott was the most kind and indulgent of critics, and often persuaded Constable to undertake works which otherwise he would not have touched. The publisher used to say "he liked Scott's ain bairns, but not those of his fostering."

The following year George IV. paid a visit to Edinburgh, and Scott for a time was in his glory. He was the first to welcome the gouty old debauchee to his northern kingdom, and was received most cordially by the king. He was the foremost man in all the grand doings, but his loyalty was sorely tried before the visit concluded: the selfish, almost brutal nature of the royal roué was too apparent, and it greatly grieved and mortified Scott. It is said, and probably with truth, that Scott's devotion was not appreciated, and that the king spoke of him and his everlasting clans and tartans as a bore. At any rate, Scott's exertions on this occasion nearly cost him his life, and but for the safety-valve of a prickly eruption he would have fallen a victim to his sincere but short-sighted loyalty. All this time he was buying and building at Abbotsford, maintaining a household fit for a duke. His hospitality was unbounded; people from every quarter, from almost every corner of the globe, came to visit him; from royal dukes and serene mightinesses to the needy Grub Street poet—all who imagined they had a right to know the Scottish bard presented themselves at the gates of Abbotsford, always welcomed to a house crowded from cellar to garret, the overflowings being sent to lodge at the village inn, the expense defrayed by the great man.

Among Scott's odd extravagances may be mentioned the services of a bagpiper, who strutted up and down the broad terrace in full Highland costume, blowing this most hideous of all substitutes for music. The bagpipes is a Highland instrument, and may do very well for mountain, stream, or glen, but must surely have been as much out of place at the entertainments of a Border laird as would have been an Indian tom-tom. This piper, however, was only one of a hundred extravagances which Scott's feudal tastes led him into. In every conceivable way he spent money with a lavishness truly surprising.

The hereditary fortune of a nobleman of the first rank would hardly have sufficed for such extensive prodigality. Scott's fortune was all of his own making, and his yearly income was the result of the perpetual labors of his pen. As might be expected, the time came when the great fabric which that wizard's pen had reared collapsed, and his apparent prosperity, ruined by his own indiscretion, passed away, like a gorgeous vision of poesy, to return no more. As in the case of most misfortunes, public or private, events cast portentous shadows across his path long ere the time of trouble burst upon him with storm-like fury. There were to acute observers many signs of the approaching crisis months before Scott himself seems to have had any serious thought of the whirlpool in which he was entangled. The book-selling concern had failed utterly; his transactions with Constable & Co. were of an altogether unsatisfactory nature; heavy bills were floating in the money market which he had no means of taking up; while probably from the rapidity with which his works followed each other, their sales (upon which all depended) had sensibly diminished. At the same time the commercial crisis occurred, in which not only merchants and bankers trembled, but the credit of the Bank of England itself was shaken. The crash at last came, and the prosperity of the great poet was swept away in the general ruin. It is not necessary here to enter into particulars of that great failure, which at the time excited so much sympathy, which was universally extended to the fallen poet.

Scott had been in the habit of receiving from Constable & Co. very large sums, not as payment only for novels already published, but for others of which he had not yet written a line; and but for these supplies it would have been impossible for him to have carried out his building schemes, or to have continued his lavish expenditure. For this purpose recourse was had to accommodation bills to an almost fabulous amount; and these bills, added to the heavy losses of the firm, which were to a great extent brought about by Scott's imprudent meddling with business matters, resulted in a crash, in which the fortunes of both author and publisher alike perished; and although it may elicit wonder that a man like Scott, who possessed so fully all the proverbial shrewdness of his countrymen, should be led into such extravagance and want of common foresight, it can not possibly astonish any one that such folly should result in utter ruin, or that our author should find himself a debtor to the amount of £120,000, besides personal liabilities to the extent of £10,000.

Scott may be censured for his singular imprudence, but who can fail to pity him when, after so singular a course of prosperity, all his hopes were dashed to the ground, and nothing left him but insubstantial fame? For years the greatest poet and the greatest prose writer of his age; for years the cynosure of the civilized world, the lion of the world of letters; for years the correspondent and friend of the great and the intellectual, having just gained the great ambition of his heart, a hereditary title which he hoped to leave to his posterity, with his fair fame and with the lands which he had so wonderfully won by the genius of his pen—how terrible must have been his feelings when he found that all was lost, and how bitterly must he have felt when, on that cold January night when the news came, he said to his friend Mr. Skene, "My friend, give me a grasp of your hand: mine is that of a beggar!"

But despite his imprudence Scott was a man of action; the vastness of his difficulties did not sink him in despair—he faced his troubles like a man. Instead of declaring himself bankrupt, as he might have done, he said, "My own right hand shall pay my debts!" and in the endeavor to carry out this honorable resolution he not only spent the sad remainder of his life, but doubtless considerably shortened that life. By declaring

WALTER SCOTT AT THE AGE OF THIRTY-SEVEN.
[FROM A PICTURE BY RAEBURN, PAINTED FOR ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE.]

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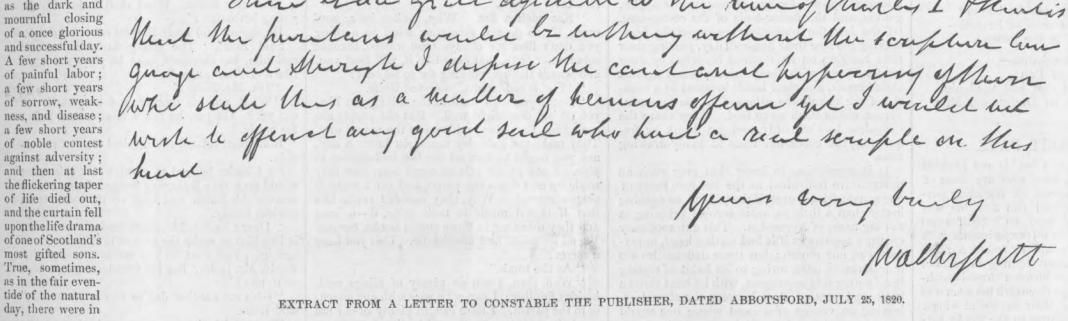
himself bankrupt he might not only have started afresh, unshackled by debt, but also, as events have proved, have amassed anew a very respectable fortune. On the other hand, though he might hope to realize many thousands by every novel which he produced, the liquidation of so large a sum as that for which he was liable must almost have appeared beyond the limits of the most sanguine expectation. But Scott, whose desire was to leave to his children not only hereditary title and estate but an untarnished name, could not bear that a shadow should rest upon his memory. Great as was the shock, both mentally and physically, he appeared to derive strength from the very greatness of his calamities; he gave up his town residence, made over his effects at Abbotsford to his creditors, retrenched his expenditure in every way, and set himself diligently to repair his fallen fortunes.

Misfortunes, it is said, never come alone. The same year which witnessed the ruin of Scott's worldly prosperity deprived him of his loved and loving wife. This must have been to him the saddest blow of all, for notwithstanding what has been said to the contrary, his diary and letters fully prove the affection which he entertained for his lost Charlotte, and very mournfully he laments over the loneliness of his "widowed couch." But amidst these severe trials, with a determination truly heroic, he applied himself with greater earnestness to what he now considered the great labor of his life. At this time it was formally announced to the world that Scott was the author—the *sole* author—of the Waverley Novels. This announcement was necessitated by the winding up of the affairs of Constable & Co., and the arrangements which Scott at that time made with his creditors; but the world, which had long since made up its mind as to the identity of "The Great Unknown," only received the acknowledgment as a confirmation of a preconceived opinion. The novels still continued to be published as "by the Author of Waverley."

After the fatal year 1826 the life of the great poet may be described as the dark and mournful closing of a once glorious and successful day. A few short years of painful labor; a few short years of sorrow, weakness, and disease; a few short years of noble contest against adversity; and then at last the flickering taper of life died out, and the curtain fell upon the life drama of one of Scotland's most gifted sons. True, sometimes, as in the fair eventide of the natural day, there were in his last years beaming here and there faint gleams of light, as when he gave to the world his unsatisfactory but successful "Life of Napoleon;" or when he triumphantly witnessed the better half of his liabilities discharged, and his creditors testified their sense of his honorable conduct by presenting him with his library and museum at Abbotsford; or when he obtained, both in his own country and during his two visits to the Continent, triumphant acknowledgment of the power of his genius. But, taking all in all, his last few years were but days of sorrow. His fame was destined to live forever, but his earthly glory had departed, never more to return. Let us gently and with tender kindness draw the veil of oblivion over the last mournful days of the poet's life.

The troubles which necessitated the extraordinary efforts of his later years no doubt were the original cause of the disease of which Scott died—softening of the brain. It is, in fact, almost needless to mention this, as his works themselves up to that time afford abundant evidence of the vigor of his mind. But when, instead of quiet morning application to a task which to him was pleasure, the production of his works became a real labor; when he sat the whole day long with pen in hand, anxious by application to drown thought; when all his friends saw the change that had taken place in him, and could little recognize in the white-headed, bowed, and weary-looking old man the bright and genial Walter Scott of days of yore—then it was that in his works themselves incipient traces might be found of his mental affliction. His characters (with few exceptions) were no longer drawn with their former vivid boldness, and although his great mind was still unsubdued, and lighted up even his latest efforts with rays of genius beyond the power of any of his contemporaries, yet the productions subsequent to the ruin of his fortunes do not possess the grasp and power of his earlier works. Weaker and weaker the worn-out poet became. His friends, who gathered around him, saw that the end was not far distant. Scott himself was aware of the fact, nay, even prayed for it, dreading lest, like Swift, his life might be prolonged after memory and reason had fled. It was determined that he should spend the winter (destined to be his last) in Italy. His friend Basil Hall heard of the proposition, and wrote to Sir James Grahame suggesting that the government should place a frigate at his disposal for his voyage in the Mediterranean. Sir James at once consented, and Scott appears to have been much gratified by what may be termed a national tribute of respect; for this was the first time that such honors had ever been paid to a subject. Scott's working days may now be said to have ended. Toward the close of September he set out for London, then agitated by the rejection of the Reform Bill. But such topics had now but little hold upon the mind of the dying bard, who himself refused to believe the flattering hopes of recovery which the physicians represented

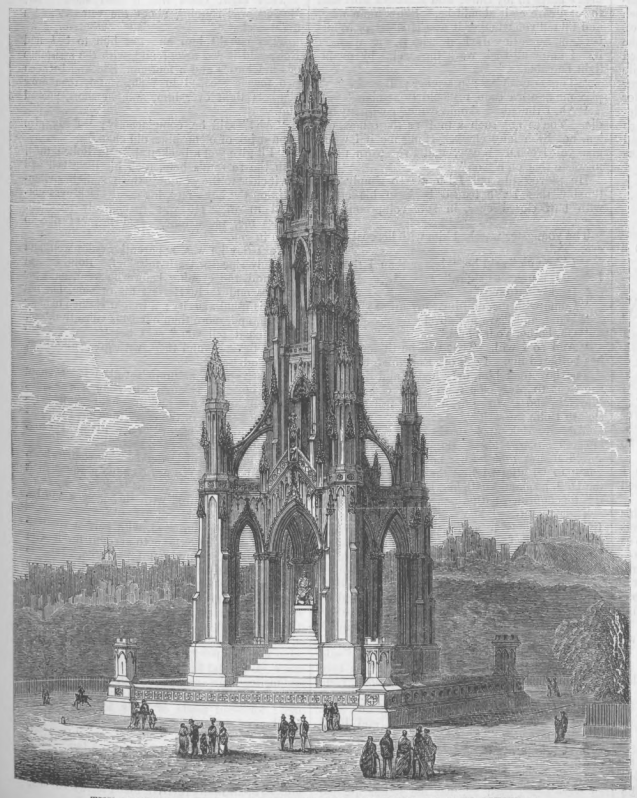
STATUE OF SCOTT, BY STEEL, IN THE MONUMENT AT EDINBURGH.



EXTRACT FROM A LETTER TO CONSTABLE THE PUBLISHER, DATED ABBOTSFORD, JULY 25, 1820.

of Abbotsford, he uttered a cry of delight, and could hardly be kept in the carriage. His excitement continued ungovernable till he reached the threshold of the door. Laidlaw was in waiting, and assisted in carrying him to the dining-room. Here he sat bewildered for a few minutes, when, resting his eye on his old friend, he said, "Ha! Willie Laidlaw, how often, man, have I thought of you!" By this time his dogs assembled around his chair. They fawned on him and licked his hands. He now sobbed and now smiled, till exhausted nature laid him asleep in his own Abbotsford. A few more days were passed in painful watching—waiting for the end. Sometimes his mind would wander to by-gone scenes; sometimes he would listen devoutly to the hopes of a more glorious future depicted in what he once called the "one book of our faith;" at other times he would murmur scraps from ancient litanies—the *Dies Iræ* or *Stabat Mater*. Thus slowly he sank to rest. On the morning of the 17th September he awoke from a troubled dream, but perfectly conscious. He sent in haste for Lockhart, and when he came said to him: "Lockhart, I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man; be virtuous, be religious; be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here." He paused, and Lockhart said, "Shall I send for Sophia or Anne?" "No," he replied; "don't disturb them. Poor souls! I know they were up all night. God bless you all." After thus saying he fell into a deep sleep, and seemed scarcely again conscious except on the arrival of his sons, who were now both summoned in haste to see the close. This came about half past one P.M. on the 21st September, when in the presence of all his children—the sun of autumn shining softly in at the open window, and the Tweed uttering its silver monody as it crept along—the spirit of the great poet left its earthly tabernacle. His eldest son kissed and closed his eyes.

Poor Scott! Even now, when for nearly forty years he has been slumbering in the ancient Abbey which in life he loved so well, it is hardly possible to think of his strange, romantic life and of his lovely death without a tear. Some authors we almost ignore, although their works are familiar; but in the case of Scott the man can not be disassociated from his works. At the mention of "Waverley" or the "Lay" the mind recalls not only the poem or the novel, but the great magician who called into being those enchanting works. And yet Scott, true poet as he was, was a thorough man of the world. He had none of the slovenly ways of many writers; in money matters he was shrewdly alive to his own interests: witness the fact that in lending money for a certain business transaction in the early part of his career he asked and obtained fifteen per cent. interest; and he himself frankly allows the value which he set on money in enabling him to carry out his plans. From all his works he must have obtained during his lifetime the enormous sum of nearly two millions and a half of dollars. Thus we can see that with ordinary prudence he might easily have carried out his darling scheme of founding a family and perpetuating his name,



THE SCOTT MONUMENT IN EDINBURGH, ERECTED BY THE CITIZENS.

as possible if he could cease a while from toil. A month later he sailed from Portsmouth. The frigate in which the voyage was accomplished cruised in the Mediterranean, and visited Gibraltar, Malta, Naples, and other celebrated places.

After a short sojourn in Naples Scott set out upon a tour through Italy, and made excursions in various parts of that classic peninsula, wandering among the ruins of Pompeii, where he murmured, mournfully and ominously, as he gazed around, "The city of the dead! the city of the dead!" After many wanderings he prepared to travel homeward. On the way he heard with surprise and sorrow of the death of Goethe, and exclaimed, "Alas for Goethe! but he at least died at home. Let us to Abbotsford!" By this time his son Charles had joined him, and was with him as he passed through Rome. He did not stay long in the Eternal City, although he appears to have been much pleased with his reception there, and the kindness which he universally experienced. He again set out early in May, his whole soul appearing to be bent upon reaching his beloved native land to die there; and on the 13th of June arrived again in London, sinking rapidly beneath a combination of paralysis and apoplexy, induced by the disease which proved fatal to him. Many of his friends visited him in the metropolis, but he could no longer converse with them. His children he recognized, and blessed in mournful silence. Daily messages of inquiry came from the court and from the noblest in the land respecting his health, and the best-skilled physicians attended him; but neither royal favor nor the skill of the physician could now avail him aught. Those whom he loved could only pray that his weary soul might pass away in peace. They knew his wish to die at Abbotsford, and thither they bore him in an almost unconscious state. He remained torpid until descending the valley of the Gala, when he raised his head and began, like a man waking from a dream, to gaze about him. Suddenly he murmured, "Gala Water, surely, Buckholm, Torwoodlee." When he saw the Eildons he became greatly excited; and when, turning on his couch, he caught a glimpse

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Strange that with all his perception and shrewdness he should so signally fail! But let us pass by the weaknesses of the man, and think only of the great author—the greatest of the century. Criticism would be superfluous now, for posterity has decided his claims. As works of imagination, as works of genius, as works of *purity*, the writings of Scott will continue to be known as long as the English language is spoken: but we fear it will be "long ere we see his like again."

After a life of strange vicissitudes the poor old bard, weary with life's journey, entered into his rest, followed by the tears and sympathies not of a nation only, but of all the world. They laid him, as he had wished, beside his beloved wife in old Dryburgh Abbey, within sound of the murmuring waters of the Tweed. Thither the pilgrim often wends his way, and in that lonely chapel sheds a tear over one who has lightened up so many smiles and pleased so many fancies by the effusions of his lyre and his pen. And there, gazing upon his last resting-place, one is apt to compare the lonely crypt with the great trophy erected to his fame in his native city, and, thinking of the lonely but sacred place of his repose, murmur the words of the poet:

"A quiet home from the noonday glare
And the breath of the wintry blast:
Didst thou toil through the days of thy silvery hair
To win thee but this at last?"

PARIS BACCHANTE.

MAGDALENE of cities you call me,
And know not the wine in my blood—
Bacchante! Nor Christian, nor human—
Bacchante! Nor evil nor good.

"Repentant?" Because men desired me.
"Sobered?" Can wine be made drunk?
"Remorseful?" Does ocean lament him
That a ship in his bosom has sunk?

Bacchante, I tell you, not Woman;
It is ichor, not blood, in my veins;
The Brute-god at least is not human,
Nor I, his child, bound by your chains.

"Duty?" My duty is living.
"Right?" Can immortals be bound?
These rules are for you serfs of heaven—
For you who return to the ground.

For me, I am Paris Bacchante—
Paris, the late child of Pan;
Left behind in a world that had tired him
With its Faiths, and its Duties, and Man.

GOSSIP ABOUT BATS.

THE phrase "Blind as a bat" is not justified by facts. It is true the bat's eyes are none of the largest, but they answer all necessary purposes. Besides, the animal can find his way about without them, if need be. Spallanzani proved, by a series of cruel experiments with blinded bats, that they would fly round a room and out at the door without coming in contact with any thing, and pass between threads without touching them, though the width between was barely sufficient to admit their expanded wings. This faculty Cuvier attributes to the whole surface of the flying membranes being endowed with such extraordinary sensibility as to form a continuous organ of touch. Mr. Cornish made some curious experiments upon torpid bats. Upon applying a thermometer to one it stood at thirty-six degrees, while he found the heart beat just once a second. Upon its being awakened, so that it could just fly about, the pulsations of the heart increased to a hundred per minute, while the heat of the body only rose two degrees. In their torpid state bats lose from five to seven grains in weight in a fortnight. They do not travel well in this condition; for, when a dozen were sent from Devonshire to London not one survived the journey, although they exhibited so little sign of change that the great anatomist, John Hunter, kept them a considerable time before he could satisfy himself they were really dead. That they are capable of retaining life for a long period in a torpid state is certain. In 1806 a family vault was opened at Norwich, England, after being closed for thirty-two years, and in it was found a torpid living gray bat; and a living bat of a bright scarlet color is said to have been discovered in a large cherry-tree, inclosed in perfectly sound and solid wood, that had apparently grown round it. Still the sleep of the bat is not so deep as that of some other hibernating creatures; a slight rise in temperature, like that afforded by a mild winter's day, will suffice to wake him up and tempt him forth on foraging intent, generally to his discomfiture, as the winter-bound insects do not follow his example; so that a severe winter is most conducive to the bat's health and longevity.

Considering the repulsive appearance and strange habits of the tribe, the bat has not been the subject of so many popular fancies and superstitions as might have been expected. Pliny informs us those impostors, the magicians, taught that by carrying a live bat thrice round a house, and then nailing it outside with its head downward, a householder might provide himself with an effective countercharm against evil spells. When it was wanted to protect sheep from harm it had to be carried three times round the fold and hung by the foot to the lintel of the door. Bats' blood, combined in some mysterious way with the thistle, was held a specific for serpents' bites—a strange thing, since Ben Jonson assures us the serpent makes a light meal of a bat when desirous of transforming itself into a dragon. They have been worn as amulets to insure prosperity; but Shakspeare had a very different idea of their properties, thinking "wool of bat" a necessary ingredient in the baleful mess brewed in Hecate's caldron, and making his Caliban curse Prospero with the wish that all the charms of his dam, "toads, beetles, bats," might light on him. It would seem, too, that there was a notion that the untimely appearance of a bat was ominous of evil, by the concocters of a book of prodigies for the edification of pious Nonconformists thinking the following story worth printing: "Upon the 2d of February, 1661, Dr. Belk, one of the prebends of Canterbury, did, in the morning, preach in the cathedral there; and when he was in the midst of his sermon a flinder-mouse, or bat, did come forth, and flew several times from one end of the place to the other; and when he was earnest in speaking the bat struck at him, which the people took great notice of, because of the unusual appearance of the creature at that time of the day and in the cold winter season; as, also, because of the great affront offered by her to the doctor while he was officiating."

The temples and tombs of Egypt swarm with bats, which resent the intrusion of explorers by extinguishing their lights, clinging to their clothes, and annoying them generally. Hot countries are the favorite homes of the bat; and in them it attains a size far beyond any thing known in northern latitudes. When Captain Burton was wending his way to Dahomey he saw the trees blackened with clinging bats, and the sky speckled with swarms of them. The Bornean sky is said to be obscured for two hours at a time by dense flocks of bats. In Ceylon, too, the bat is a noun of multitude: the tunnels of its highways, the galleries of its fortifications, the roofs of its bungalows, and the ruins of its temples abound with them; and every cavern and subterraneous passage affords a convenient domicile for these darkness-loving swarms. From these they issue as the sun goes down, and, bold from impunity, enter the very dining-rooms, and carry off the insects skirmishing round the table-lamps. The island possesses no less than sixteen species, two of which are its own peculiar natives—one, a tiny creature, not much larger than a bumble-bee, of a glossy black hue; the other measuring from three to four feet from point to point of its extended wings. This is the roussette, or flying-fox, with a famous appetite for figs, plantains, rose-apples, guavas, and the flower-buds of the cotton-tree. Of the last the roussettes are especially fond, making the tree their home all day, passing their time hanging on its topmost branches by their hinder claws, with their chins pressed against their breasts, and their heads invested in a mantle of the membrane attached to the fore-arm. Sunset wakes them up to feed. They share the Cingalese love of toddy, and get drunk by frequenting the cocoa-nut trees at toddy-drawing time.

It is comforting to know that even such an unattractive individual as the bat can boast of one ardent friend, even if that friend be nothing better than a little parasitic acrobat rejoicing in the big name of Nycteribia. This extraordinary creature appears as if it had neither head, antennæ, eyes, nor mouth; but these deficiencies are only seeming ones, owing to its habit of resting itself wrong side uppermost, with its head thrown back, and pressed close between the shoulders, leaving no vestige of a head where one would expect to find it. It really has a mouth, antennæ, and four eyes—two upon each side, which attain their proper position by a sudden jerk of the nycteribia's flexible leathery neck. For the purpose of progression this parasite is provided with three pairs of legs armed with prehensile hooks; these hooks are so arranged as to appear equally distributed over the upper and under sides of the insect, and render it perfectly independent of the movements of the bat, through whose fur it moves at an inconceivably rapid rate, rolling like a wheel rotating on the extremities of its spokes. If it be true that

E'en little fleas have lesser fleas
Upon their backs to bite 'em,
And these, again, have lesser fleas,
And so *ad infinitum*,

the lesser flea that accompanies the bat's parasite in its extraordinary gyrations must be a curiosity indeed.

A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION.

BY CHARLES READE.

WITH MANY ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-SEVENTH.

LADY BASSETT was paralyzed for a minute or two by this speech. At last she replied by asking a question—rather a curious one. "Who nursed you, Charles?"

"What, when I was a baby? How can I tell? Yes, by-the-bye, it was my mother nursed me—so I was told."

"And your mother was a Le Compton. This poor boy was nursed by a servant. Oh, she has some good qualities, and is certainly devoted to us—to this day her face brightens at sight of me—but she is essentially vulgar; and do you remember, Charles, I wished to wean him early: but I was overruled, and the poor child drew his nature from that woman for nearly eighteen months; it is a thing unheard of nowadays."

"Well, but surely it is from our parents we draw our nature."

"No; I think it is from our nurses. If Compton or Alec ever turn out like Reginald, blame nobody but their nurse, and that is Me."

Sir Charles smiled faintly at this piece of feminine logic, and asked her what he should do.

She said she was quite unable to advise. Mr. Rolfe was coming to see them soon; perhaps he might be able to suggest something.

Sir Charles said he would consult him; but he was clear on one thing—the boy must be sent from Huntercombe, and so separated from all his present acquaintances.

Mr. Rolfe came, and the distressed father opened his heart to him in strict confidence respecting Reginald.

Rolfe listened and sympathized, and knit his brow, and asked time to consider what he had heard, and also to study the boy for himself.

He angled for him next day accordingly. A little table was taken out on the lawn, and presently Mr. Rolfe issued forth in a uniform suit of dark blue flannel and a sombrero hat, and set to work writing a novel in the sun.

Reginald in due course descried this figure, and it smacked so of that Bohemia to which his own soul belonged that he was attracted thereby, but made his approaches stealthily, like a little cat.

Presently a fiddle went off behind a tree, so close that the novelist leaped out of his seat with an eldrich screech; for he had long ago forgotten all about Mr. Reginald, and, when he got heated in this kind of composition, any sudden sound seemed to his tense nerves and boiling brain about ten times as loud as it really was.

Having relieved himself by a yell, he sat down with the mien of a martyr expecting tortures; but he was most agreeably disappointed; the little monster played an English melody, and played it in tune. This done, he whistled a quick tune, and played a slow second to it in perfect harmony; this done, he whistled the second part and played the quick treble—a very simple feat, but still ingenious for a boy, and new to his hearer.

"Bravo! bravo!" cried Rolfe, with all his heart.

Mr. Reginald emerged, radiant with vanity. "You are like me, Mr. Writer," said he; "you don't like to be cooped up in-doors."

"I wish I could play the fiddle like you, my fine fellow."

"Ah, you can't do that all in a minute; see the time I have been at it."

"Ah, to be sure, I forgot your antiquity."

"And it isn't the time only; it's giving your mind to it, old chap."

"What, you don't give your mind to your books, then, as you do to your fiddle, *young gentleman?*"

"Not such a flat. Why, lookee here, governor, if you go and give your mind to a thing you don't like, it's always time wasted, because some other chap, that does like it, will beat you, and what's the use working for to be beat?"

"'For' is redundant," objected Rolfe.

"But if you stick hard to the things you like, you do 'em downright well. But old people are such fools, they always drive you the wrong way. They make the gals play music six hours a day, and you might as well set the hen bull-finches to pipe. Look at the gals as come here, how they rattle up and down the piano, and can't make it sing a morsel. Why, they *couldn't* rattle like that, if they'd music in their skins, d—n 'em; and they drive me to those stupid books, because I'm all for music and moonshine. Can you keep a secret?"

"As the tomb."

"Well, then, I can do plenty of things well, besides fiddling: I can set a wire with any poacher in the parish. I have caught plenty of our old man's hares in my time; and it takes a workman to set a wire as it should be. Show me a wire, and I'll tell you whether it was Hudson, or Whitbeck, or Squinting Jack, or who it was that set it. I know all their work that walks by moonlight hereabouts."

"This is criticism; a science; I prefer art: play me another tune, my bold Bohemian."

"Ah, I thought I should catch ye with my fiddle. You're not such a muff as the others, old 'un, not by a long chalk. Hang me if I won't give ye 'Ireland's music,' and I've sworn never to waste that on a fool."

He played the old Irish air so simply and tunably that Rolfe leaned back in his chair, with half-closed eyes, in soft voluptuous ecstasy.

The youngster watched him with his coal-black eye.

"I like you," said he, "better than I thought I should, a precious sight."

"Highly flattered."

"Come with me, and hear my nurse sing it."

"What, and leave my novel?"

"Oh, bother your novel."

"And so I will. That will be tit for tat; it has bothered me. Lead on, Bohemian bold."

The boy took him, over hedge and ditch, the short-cut to Meyrick's farm; and caught Mrs. Meyrick, and said she must sing "Ireland's music" to Rolfe the writer.

Mrs. Meyrick apologized for her dress, and affected shyness about singing: Mr. Reginald stared at first, then let her know that, if she was going to be affected like the girls that came to the Hall, he should hate her, as he did them, and this he confirmed with a naughty word.

Thus threatened, she came to book, and sang Ireland's melody in a low, rich, sonorous voice; Reginald played a second; the harmony was so perfect and strong that certain glass candelabra on the mantel-piece rang loudly, and the drops vibrated. Then he made her sing the second, and he took the treble with his violin; and he wound up by throwing in a third part himself, a sort of counter-tenor, his own voice being much higher than the woman's.

The tears stood in Rolfe's eyes. "Well," said he, "you have got the soul of music, you two. I could listen to you 'From morn till noon, from noon till dewy eve.'"

As they returned to Huntercombe, this mercurial youth went off at a tangent, and Rolfe saw him no more.

He wrote in peace, and walked about between the heats.

Just before dinner-time the screams of women were heard hard by, and the writer hurried to the place, in time to see Mr. Bassett hanging by the shoulder from the branch of a tree, about twenty feet from the ground.

Rolfe hallooed, as he ran, to the women, to fetch blankets to catch him, and got under the tree, determined to try and catch him in his arms, if necessary; but he encouraged the boy to hold on.

"All right, governor," said the boy, in a quavering voice.

It was very near the kitchen; maids and men poured out with blankets; eight people held one, under Rolfe's direction, and down came Mr. Bassett in a semicircle, and bounded up again off the blanket, like an India rubber ball.

His quick mind recovered courage the moment he touched wool.

"Crikey! that's jolly," said he; "give me another toss or two."

"Oh no! no!" said a good-natured maid. "Take an' put him to bed right off, poor dear."

"Hold your tongue, ye bitch," said young hopeful; "if ye don't toss me, I'll turn ye all off, as soon as ever the old un kicks the bucket."

Thus menaced, they thought it prudent to toss him; but, at the third toss, he yelled out, "Oh! oh! oh! I'm all wet: it's blood! I'm dead!"

Then they examined, and found his arm was severely lacerated by an old nail that had been driven into the tree, and it had torn the flesh in his fall: he was covered with blood, the sight of which quenched his manly spirit, and he began to howl.

"Old linen rag, warm water, and a bottle of Champagne," shouted Rolfe: the servants flew.

Rolfe dressed and bandaged the wound for him, and then he felt faint: the Champagne soon set that right; and then he wanted to get drunk, alleging, as a reason, that he had not been drunk for this two months.

Sir Charles was told of the accident, and was distressed by it, and also by the cause.

"Rolfe," said he, sorrowfully, "there is a ring-dove's nest on that tree: she and hers have built there in peace and safety for a hundred years, and cooed about the place. My unhappy boy was climbing the tree to take the young, after solemnly promising me he never would: that is the bitter truth. What shall I do with the young barbarian?"

He sighed, and Lady Bassett echoed the sigh.

Said Rolfe, "The young barbarian, as you call him, has disarmed me: he plays the fiddle like a civilized angel."

"Oh, Mr. Rolfe!"

"What, you his mother, and not found that out yet? Oh yes, he has a heaven-born genius for music."

Rolfe then related the musical feats of the urchin.

Sir Charles begged to observe that this talent would go a very little way toward fitting him to succeed his father and keep up the credit of an ancient family.

"Dear Charles, Mr. Rolfe knows that; but it is like him to make the best of things, to encourage us. But what do you think of him, on the whole, Mr. Rolfe? has Sir Charles more to hope or to fear?"

"Give me another day or two to study him," said Rolfe.

That night there was a loud alarm. Mr. Bassett was running about the veranda in his night-dress.

They caught him and got him to bed, and Rolfe said it was fever; and, with the assistance of Sir Charles and a footman, laid him between two towels steeped in tepid water, then drew blankets tight over him, and, in short, packed him.

"Ah!" said he, complacently; "I say, give me a drink of moonshine, old chap."

"I'll give you a bucketful," said Rolfe; then, with the servant's help, took his little bed and put it close to the window; the moonlight streamed in on the boy's face, his great black eyes glittered in it. He was diabolically beautiful.

"Kiss me, moonshine," said he; "I like to wash in you."

Next day he was, apparently, quite well, and certainly ripe for fresh mischief. Rolfe studied him, and, the evening before he went, gave Sir Charles and Lady Bassett his opinion, but not with his usual alacrity; a weight seemed to hang on him, and, more than once, his voice trembled.

"I shall tell you," said he, "what I see—what I foresee—and then, with great diffidence, what I advise.

"I see—what naturalists call, a reversion in race, a boy who resembles in color and features neither of his parents, and, indeed, bears little resemblance to any of the races that have inhabited England since history was written. He suggests rather some Oriental type."

Sir Charles turned round in his chair, with a sigh, and said, "We are to have a romance, it seems."

Lady Bassett stared with all her eyes, and began to change color.

The theorist continued, with perfect composure, "I don't undertake to account for it with any precision. How can I? Perhaps there is Moorish blood in your family, and here it has revived; you look incredulous, but there are plenty of examples, ay, and stronger than this: every child that is born resembles some progenitor; how then do you account for Julia Pastrana, a young lady who dined with me last week, and sang me 'Ah perdona,' rather feebly, in the evening? Bust and figure like any other lady, hand exquisite, arms neatly turned, but with long, silky hair from the elbow to the wrist. Face, ugh! forehead made of black leather, eyes all pupil, nose an excrescence, chin pure monkey, face all covered with hair; briefly, a type extinct ten thousand years before Adam, yet it could revive at this time of day. Compared with La Pastrana, and many much weaker examples of antiquity revived, that I have seen, your Mauritanian son is no great marvel, after all."

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"This is a *little* too far-fetched," said Sir Charles, satirically; "Bella's father was a very dark man, and it is a tradition in our family that all the Bassetts were as black as ink till they married with you Rolfes, in the year 1684."

"Oho!" said Rolfe, "is it so? See how discussion brings out things."

"And then," said Lady Bassett, "Charles dear, tell Mr. Rolfe what *I* think."

"Ay, do," said Rolfe; "that will be a new form of circumlocution."

Sir Charles complied, with a smile. "Lady Bassett's theory is, that children derive their nature quite as much from their wet-nurses as from their parents, and she thinks the faults we deplore in Reginald are to be traced to his nurse; by-the-bye, she is a dark woman too."

"Well," said Rolfe, "there's a good deal of truth in that, as far as regards the disposition. But I never heard color so accounted for; yet why not? It has been proved that the very bones of young animals can be colored pink, by feeding them on milk so colored."

"There!" said Lady Bassett.

"But no nurse could give your son a color which is not her own. I have seen the woman; she is only a dark Englishwoman. Her arms were embrowned by exposure, but her forehead was not brown. Mr. Reginald is quite another thing. The skin of his body, the white of his eye, the pupil, all look like a reversion to some Oriental type; and, mark the coincidence, he has mental peculiarities that point toward the East."

Sir Charles lost patience. "Oh, the contrary," said he, "he talks and feels just like an English snob, and makes me miserable."

"Oh, as to that, he has picked up vulgar phrases at that farm, and in your stables; but he never picked up his musical genius in stables and farms, far less his poetry."

"What poetry?"

"What poetry? Why, did not you hear him? Was it not poetical of a wounded, fevered boy to beg to be laid by the window, and to say 'Let me drink the moonshine?' Take down your Homer, and read a thousand lines hap-hazard, and see whether you stumble over a thought more poetical than that. But criticism does not exist: whatever the dead said was good; whatever the living say is little; as if the dead were a race apart, and had never been the living, and the living would never be the dead."

Heaven knows where he was running to now, but Sir Charles stopped him by conceding that point. "Well, you are right: poor child, it was poetical," and the father's pride predominated, for a moment, over every other sentiment.

"Yes; but where did it come from? That looks to me a typical idea; I mean an idea derived, not from his luxurious parents, dwellers in curtained mansions, but from some out-door and remote ancestor; perhaps from the Oriental tribe that first colonized Britain; they worshiped the sun and the moon, no doubt; or perhaps, after all, it only came from some wandering tribe that passed their lives between the two lights of heaven, and never set foot in a human dwelling."

"This," said Sir Charles, "is a flattering speculation, but so wild and romantic that I fear it will lead us to no practical result. I thought you undertook to advise me. What advice can you build on these cobwebs of your busy brain?"

"Excuse me, my practical friend," said Rolfe. "I opened my discourse in three heads. What I see—what I foresee—and what, with diffidence, I advise. Pray don't disturb my methodus, or I am done for; never disturb an artist's form. I have told you what I see. What I foresee is this: you will have to cut off the entail with Reginald's consent, when he is of age, and make the Saxon boy Compton your successor. Cutting off entails runs in families, like every thing else; your grandfather did it, and so will you. You should put by a few thousands every year, that you may be able to do this without injustice either to your Oriental or your Saxon son."

"Never!" shouted Sir Charles: then, in a broken voice, "He is my first-born, and my idol; his coming into the world rescued me out of a morbid condition: he healed my one great grief. Bar the entail, and put his younger brother in his place—never!"

Mr. Rolfe bowed his head politely, and left the subject, which, indeed, could be carried no farther without serious offense.

"And now for my advice. The question is, how to educate this strange boy. One thing is clear; it is no use trying the humdrum plan any longer; it has been tried, and failed. I should adapt his education to his nature. Education is made as stiff and unyielding as a board; but it need not be. I should abolish that spectacled tutor of yours at once, and get a tutor, young, enterprising, manly, and supple, who would obey orders; and the order should be to observe the boy's nature, and teach accordingly. Why need men teach in a chair, and boys learn in a chair? The Athenians studied not in chairs. The Peripatetics, as their name imports, hunted knowledge afoot; those who sought truth in the groves of Academus were not seated at that work. Then let the tutor walk with him, and talk with him by sunlight and moonlight, relating old history, and commenting on each new thing that is done, or word spoken, and improve every occasion. Why, I myself would give a guinea a day to walk with William White about the kindly aspects and wooded slopes of Selborne, or with Karr about his garden. Cut Latin and Greek clean out of the scheme. They are mere cancers to those who can never excel in them. Teach him not dead languages, but living facts. Have him in your justice-room for half an hour a day, and give him your own comments on what he has heard there. Let his tutor take him to all Quarter Sessions and Assizes, and stick to him like diaculum, especially out-of-doors; order him never to be admitted to the stable-yard; dismiss every biped there that lets him come. Don't let him visit his nurse so often, and never without his tutor; it was she who taught him to look forward to your decease; that is just like these common women. Such a tutor as I have described will deserve £500 a year. Give it him; and dismiss him if he plays humdrum, and doesn't earn it. Dismiss half a dozen, if necessary, till you get a fellow with a grain or two of genius for tuition. When the boy is seventeen, what with his Oriental precocity, and this system of education, he will know the world as well as a Saxon boy of twenty-one, and that is not saying much. Then, if his nature is still as wild, get him a large tract in Australia; cattle to breed, kangaroos to shoot, swift horses to thread the bush and gallop mighty tracts; he will not shirk business, if it avoids the repulsive form of sitting down in-doors, and offers itself in combination with riding, hunting, galloping, cracking of rifles, and of colonial whips as loud as rifles, and drinking sunshine and moonshine in that mellow clime, beneath the Southern Cross and the spangled firmament of stars unknown to us."

His own eyes sparkled like hot coals at this Bohemian picture.

Then he sighed and returned to civilization. "But," said he, "be ready with eighty thousand pounds for him, that he may enjoy his own way and join you in barring the entail. I forgot, I must say no more on that subject; I see it is as offensive—as it is inevitable. Cassandra has spoken wisely, and, I see, in vain. God bless you both—good-night."

And he rolled out of the room with a certain clumsy importance.

Sir Charles treated all this advice with a polite forbearance while he was in the room, but on his departure delivered a sage reflection.

"Strange," said he, "that a man so valuable in any great emergency should be so extravagant and eccentric in the ordinary affairs of life. I might as well drive to Bellevue House and consult the first gentleman I met there."

Lady Bassett did not reply immediately, and Sir Charles observed that her face was very red and her hands trembled.

"Why, Bella," said he, "has all that rhodomontade upset you?"

Lady Bassett looked frightened at his noticing her agitation, and said that Mr. Rolfe always overpowered her. "He is so large, and so confident, and throws such new light on things."

"New light! Wild eccentricity always does that; but it is the light of Jack-o'-lantern. On a great question, so near my heart as this, give me the steady light of common-sense, not the wayward coruscations of a fiery imagination. Bella dear, I shall send the boy to a good school, and so cut off at one blow all the low associations that have caused the mischief."

"You know what is best, dear," said Lady Bassett; "you are wiser than any of us."

In the morning she got hold of Mr. Rolfe, and asked him if he could put her in the way of getting more than three per cent. for her money *without risk*.

"Only one," said Rolfe. "London Freeholds in rising situations let to substantial tenants. I can get you five per cent. that way, if you are always ready to buy. The thing does not offer every day."

"I have twenty thousand pounds to dispose of so," said Lady Bassett.

"Very well," said Rolfe. "I'll look out for you, but Oldfield must examine titles and do the actual business. The best of that investment is, it is always improving; no ups and downs. Come," thought he, "Cassandra has not spoken quite in vain."

Sir Charles acted on his judgment, and in due course sent Mr. Bassett to a school at some distance, kept by a clergyman, who had the credit in that county of exercising sharp supervision and strict discipline.

Sir Charles made no secret of the boy's eccentricities. Mr. Beecher said he had one or two steady boys who assisted him in such cases.

Sir Charles thought that a very good idea; it was like putting a wild colt into the break with a steady horse.

He missed the boy sadly at first, but comforted himself with the conviction that he had parted with him for his good: that consoled him somewhat.

The younger children of Sir Charles and Lady Bassett were educated entirely by their mother, and taught as none but a loving lady can teach.

Compton, with whom we have to do, never knew the thorns with which the path of letters is apt to be strewn. A mistress of the great art of pleasing made knowledge from the first a primrose path to him. Sparkling all over with intelligence, she impregnated her boy with it. She made herself his favorite companion; she would not keep her distance. She stole and coaxed knowledge and goodness into his heart and mind with rare and loving cunning.

She taught him English and French and Latin on the Hamiltonian plan, and stored his young mind with history and biography, and read to him, and conversed with him on every thing as they read it.

She taught him to speak the truth, and to be honorable and just.

She taught him to be polite, and even formal, rather than free-and-easy and rude. She taught him to be a man. He must not be what brave boys called a molly-coddle: like most womanly women, she had a veneration for man, and she gave him her own high idea of the manly character.

Natural ability, and habitual contact with a mind so attractive and so rich, gave this intelligent boy many good ideas beyond his age.

When he was six years old, Lady Bassett made him pass his word of honor that he would never go into the stable-yard; and even then he was far enough advanced to keep his word religiously.

In return for this she let him taste some sweets of liberty, and was not always after him. She was profound enough to see that without liberty a noble character can not be formed; and she husbanded the curb.

One day he represented to her that, in the meadow next their lawn, were great stripes of yellow, which were possibly cowslips; of course they might be only buttercups, but he hoped better things of them: he further reported that there was an iron gate between him and this paradise: he could get over it if not objectionable; but he thought it safest to ask her what she thought of the matter; was that iron gate intended to keep little boys from the cowslips, because, if so, it was a misfortune to which he must resign himself. Still, it *was* a misfortune. All this, of course, in the simple language of boyhood.

Then Lady Bassett smiled, and said, "Suppose I were to lend you a key of that iron gate?"

"Oh, mamma!"

"I have a great mind to."

"Then you will, you will."

"Does that follow?"

"Yes: whenever you say you think you'll do something kind, or you have a great mind to do it, you know you always do it; and that is one thing I do like you for, mamma—you are better than your word."

"Better than my word? Where does the child learn these things?"

"La, mamma, papa says that often."

"Oh, that accounts for it. I like the phrase very much. I wish I could think I deserved it. At any rate, I will be as good as my word for once; you shall have a key of the gate."

The boy clapped his hands with delight.

The key was sent for, and, meantime, she told him one reason why she had trusted him with it was because he had been as good as his word about the stable.

The key was brought, and she held it up half playfully, and said, "There, Sir, I deliver you this upon conditions: you must only use it when the weather is quite dry, because the grass in the meadow is longer, and will be wet. Do you promise?"

"Yes, mamma."

"And you must always lock the gate when you come back, and bring the key to one place—let me see—the drawer in the hall table, the one with marble on it; for you know a place for every thing is our rule. On these conditions, I hereby deliver you this magic key, with the right of egress and ingress."

"Egress and ingress?"

"Egress and ingress."

"Is that foreign for cowslips, mamma—and oxlips?"

"Ha! ha! the child's head is full of cowslips. There is the dictionary; look out Egress, and afterward look out Ingress."

When he had added these two words to his little vocabulary, his mother asked him if he would be good enough to tell her why he did not care much about all the beautiful flowers in the garden, and was so excited about cowslips, which appeared to her a flower of no great beauty, and the smell rather sickly, begging his pardon.

This question posed him dreadfully: he looked at her in a sort of comic distress, and then sat gravely down all in a heap, about a yard off, to think.

Finally he turned to her with a wry face, and said, "Why *do* I, mamma?"

She smiled deliciously. "No, no, Sir," said she. "How can I get inside your little head and tell what is there? There must be a reason, I suppose: and you know you and I are never satisfied till we get at the reason of a thing. But there is no hurry, dear. I give you a week to find it out. Now run and open the gate—stay, are there any cows in that field?"

"Sometimes, mamma; but they have no horns, you know."

"Upon your word?"

"Upon my honor. I am not fond of them with horns, myself."

"Then run away, darling. But you must come and hunt me up, and tell me how you enjoyed yourself, because that makes *me* happy, you know."

This is mawkish; but it will serve to show on what terms the woman and boy were.

On second thoughts, I recall that apology, and defy creation. "THE MAWKISH" is a branch of literature, a great and popular one, and I have neglected it savagely.

Master Compton opened the iron gate, and the world was all before him where to choose.

He chose one of those yellow stripes that had so attracted him. Horror! it was all buttercups, and deil a cowslip.

Nevertheless, pursuing his researches, he found plenty of that delightful flower scattered about the meadow in thinner patches; and he gathered a double handful and dirtied his knees.

Returning, thus laden, from his first excursion, he was accosted by a fluty voice.

"Little boy!"

He looked up, and saw a girl standing on the lower bar of a little wooden gate painted white, looking over.

"*Please* bring me my ball," said she, patheticallly.

Compton looked about, and saw a soft ball of many colors lying near.

He put down his cowslips gravely, and brought her the ball. He gave it her with a blush, because she was a strange girl; and she blushed a little, because he did.

He returned to his cowslips.

"Little boy!" said the voice, "please bring me my ball again."

He brought it her, with undisturbed politeness. She was giggling; he laughed too, at that.

"You did it on urpose that time," said he, solemnly.

"La! you don't think I'd be so wicked," said she.

Compton shook his head doubtfully, and, considering the interview at an end, turned to go, when instantly the ball knocked his hat off, and nothing of the malefactress was visible but a black eye sparkling with fun and mischief, and a bit of forehead wedged against the angle of the wall.

This being a challenge, Compton said, "Now you come out after that, and stand a shot, like a man."

The invitation to be masculine did not tempt her a bit; the only thing she put out was her hand, and that she drew in, with a laugh, the moment he threw at it.

At this juncture a voice cried, "Ruperta! what are you doing there?"

Ruperta made a rapid signal with her hand to Compton, implying that he was to run away; and she herself walked demurely toward the person who had called her.

It was three days before Compton saw her again, and then she beckoned him royally to her.

"Little boy," said she, "talk to me."

Compton looked at her a little confounded, and did not reply,

"Stand on this gate, like me, and talk," said she.

He obeyed the first part of this mandate, and stood on the lower bar of the little gate; so their two figures made a V, when they hung back, and a tenpenny nail when they came forward and met, and this motion they continued through the dialogue; and it was a pity the little wretches could not keep still, and send for my friend the English Titian: for, when their heads were in position, it was indeed a pretty picture of childish and flower-like beauty and contrast; the boy fair, blue-eyed, and with exquisite golden hair; the girl black-eyed, black-browed, and with eyelashes of incredible length and beauty, and a cheek brownish, but tinted, and so glowing with health and vigor that, pricked with a needle, it seemed ready to squirt carnation right into your eye.

She dazzled Master Compton so that he could do nothing but look at her.

"Well?" said she, smiling.

"Well," replied he, pretending her "well" was not an interrogatory, but a concise statement, and that he had discharged the whole duty of man by according a prompt and cheerful consent.

"You begin," said the lady.

"No, you."

"What for?"

"Because—I think—you are the cleverest."

"Good little boy! Well, then, I will. Who are you?"

"I am Compton. Who are you, please?"

"I am Ruperta."

"I never heard that name before."

"No more did I. I think they measured me for it: you live in the great house there, don't you?"

"Yes, Ruperta."

"Well, then, I live in the little house. It is not very little either. It's Highmore. I saw you in church one day; is that lady with the hair your mamma?"

"Yes, Ruperta."

"She is beautiful."

"Isn't she?"

"But mine is so good."

"Mine is very good too, Ruperta. Wonderfully good."

"I like you, Compton—a little."

"I like you a good deal, Ruperta."

"La, do you? I wonder at that; you are like a cherub, and I am such a black thing."

"But that is why I like you. Reginald is darker than you, and oh, so beautiful!"

"Hum!—he is a very bad boy."

"No, he is not."

"Don't tell stories, child; he is. I know all about him. A wicked, vulgar, bad boy."

"He is not," cried Compton, almost sniveling: but he altered his mind, and fired up. "You are a naughty, story-telling girl, to say that."

"Bless *me!*" said Ruperta, coloring high, and tossing her head haughtily.

"I don't like you *now*, Ruperta," said Compton, with all the decent calmness of a settled conviction.

"You don't!" screamed Ruperta. "Then go about your business directly, and don't never come here again! Scolding *me!* How dare you?—oh! oh! oh!" and the little lady went off slowly, with her finger in her eye; and Master Compton looked rather rueful, as we all do when this charming sex has recourse to what may be called "liquid reasoning." I have known the most solid reasons unable to resist it.

However, "mens conscia recti," and, above all, the cowslips, enabled Compton to resist, and he troubled his head no more about her that day.

But he looked out for her the next day, and she did not come; and that rather disappointed him.

The next day was wet, and he did not go into the meadow, being on honor not to do so.

The fourth day was lovely, and he spent a long time in the meadow, in hopes: he saw her for a moment at the gate; but she speedily retired.

He was disappointed.

However, he collected a good store of cowslips, and then came home.

As he passed the door out popped Ruperta from some secret ambush, and said, "Well?"

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-EIGHTH.

"WELL," replied Compton.

"Are you better, dear?"

"I'm very well, thank you," said the boy.

"In your mind, I mean. You were cross last time, you know."

Compton remembered his mother's lessons about manly behavior, and said, in a jaunty way, "Well, I s'pose I was a little cross."

Now the other cunning little thing had come

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"SANG IRELAND'S MELODY IN A LOW, RICH, SONOROUS VOICE."

to apologize, if there was no other way to recover her admirer. But, on this confession, she said, "Oh, if you are sorry for it, I forgive you. You may come and talk."

Then Compton came and stood on the gate, and they held a long conversation; and, having quarreled last time, parted now with rather violent expressions of attachment.

After that they made friends and laid their little hearts bare to each other; and it soon appeared that Compton had learned more, but Ruperta had thought more for herself, and was sorely puzzled about many things, and of a vastly inquisitive mind. "Why," said she, "is good things so hard, and bad things so nice and easy? It would be much better if good things was nice and bad ones nasty. That is the way I'd have it, if I could make things."

Mr. Compton shook his head and said many things were very hard to understand, and even his mamma sometimes could not make out all the things.

"Nor mine neither; I puzzle her dreadful. I can't help that; things shouldn't come and puzzle me, and then I shouldn't puzzle her. Shall I tell you my puzzles, and perhaps you can answer them because you are a boy. I can't think why it is wicked for me to dig in my little garden on a Sunday, and it isn't wicked for Jessie to cook and Sarah to make the beds. Can't think why mamma told papa not to be cross, and, when I told her not to be cross, she put me in a dark cupboard all among the dreadful mice, till I screamed so she took me out and kissed me and gave me pie. Can't think why papa called Sally 'Something' for spilling the ink over his papers, and when I called the gardener the very same for robbing my flowers, all their hands and eyes went up, and they said I was a shocking girl. Can't think why papa giggled the next moment, if I was a shocking girl: it is all puzzle—puzzle—puzzle."

One day she said, "Can you tell me where all the bad people are buried? for that puzzles me dreadful."

Compton was posed at first, but said at last he thought they were buried in the church-yard, along with the good ones.

"Oh, indeed!" said she, with an air of pity. "Pray, have you ever been in the church-yard, and read the writings on the stones?"

"No."

"Then I have. I have read every single word; and there are none but good people buried *there*, not one." She added, rather pathetically, "You should not answer me without thinking, as if things was easy, instead of so hard. Well, one comfort, there are not many wicked people hereabouts; they live in towns; so I suppose they are buried in the garden, poor things, or put in the water with a stone."

Compton had no more plausible theory ready, and declined to commit himself to Ruperta's; so that topic fell to the ground.

One day he found her perched as usual, but with her bright little face overclouded.

By this time the intelligent boy was fond enough of her to notice her face.

"What's the matter, Perta?"

"Ruperta. The matter? Puzzled again! It is very serious this time."

"Tell me, Ruperta."

"No, dear."

"Please."

The young lady fixed her eyes on him, and said, with a pretty solemnity, "Let us play at catechism."

"I don't know that game."

"The governess asks questions, and the good little boy answers. That's catechism. I'm the governess."

"Then I'm the good little boy."

"Yes, dear; and so now look me full in the face."

"There—you're very pretty, Ruperta."

"Don't be gidde; I'm hideous; so behave, and answer all my questions. Oh, I'm so unhappy. Answer me, is young people, or old people, goodest?"

"You should say best, dear. Good, better, best. Why, old people, to be sure—much."

"So I thought; and that is why I am so puzzled. Then your papa and mine are much better—will that do?—than we are?"

"Of course they are."

"There he goes? Such a child for answering slap bang I never."

"I'm not a child. I'm older than you are, Ruperta."

"That's a story."

"Well, then, I'm as old; for Mary says we were born the same day—the same hour—the same minute."

"La! we are twins."

She paused, however, on this discovery, and soon found reason to doubt her hasty conclusion. "No such thing," said she: "they tell me the bells were ringing for you being found, and then I was found—to catechism you."

"There! then you see I *am* older than you, Ruperta."

"Yes, dear," said Ruperta, very gravely; "I'm younger in my body, but older in my head."

This matter being settled so that neither party could complain, since antiquity was evenly distributed, the catechizing recommenced.

"Do you believe in 'Let dogs delight?'"

"I don't know."

"What!" screamed Ruperta. "Oh you wicked boy! Why, it comes next after the Bible."

"Then I do believe it," said Compton, who, to tell the truth, had been merely puzzled by the verb, and was not afflicted with any doubt that the composition referred to was a divine oracle.

"Good boy!" said Ruperta, patronizingly. "Well, then, this is what puzzles me; your papa and mine don't believe in 'Dogs delight.' They have been quarreling this twelve years and more, and mean to go on, in spite of mamma. She *is* good. Didn't you know that your papa and mine are great enemies?"

"No, Ruperta. Oh, what a pity!"

"Don't, Compton, don't: there, you have made me cry."

He set himself to console her.

She consented to be consoled.

But she said, with a sigh, "What becomes of old people being better than young ones, now? Are you and I bears and lions? Do we scratch out each other's eyes? It is all puzzle, puzzle, puzzle. I wish I was dead! Nurse says, when I'm dead I shall understand it all. But I don't know; I saw a dead cat once, and she didn't seem to know as much as before; puzzle, puzzle. Compton, do you think they are puzzled in heaven?"

"No."

"Then the sooner we both go there, the better."

"Yes, but not just now."

"Why not?"

"Because of the cowslips."

"Here's a boy! What, would you rather be among the cowslips than the angels? and think of the diamonds and pearls that heaven is paved with."

"But *you* mightn't be there."

"What! Am I a wicked girl, then—wickeder than you, that is a boy?"

"Oh no, no, no; but see how big it is up there;" they cast their eyes up, and, taking the blue vault for creation, were impressed with its immensity. "I know where to find you here, but up there you might be ever so far off me."

"La! so I might. Well, then, we had better keep quiet. I suppose we shall get wiser as we get older. But, Compton, I'm so sorry your papa and mine are bears and lions. Why doesn't the clergyman scold them?"

"Nobody dare scold my papa," said Compton, proudly. Then, after reflection, "Perhaps, when we are older, we may persuade them to make friends. I think it is very stupid to quarrel; don't you?"

"As stupid as an owl."

"You and I had a quarrel once, Ruperta."

"Yes, you misbehaved."

"No, no; you were cross."

"Story! Well, never mind: we *did* quarrel. And you were miserable directly."

"Not so very," said Compton, tossing his head.

"I *was*, then," said Ruperta, with unguarded candor.

"So was I."

"Good boy! Kiss me, dear."

"There—and there—and there—and—"

"That will do. I want to talk, Compton."

"Yes, dear."

"I'm not very sure, but I rather think I'm in love with you—a little, little bit, you know."

"And I'm sure I'm in love with you, Ruperta."

"Over head an' ears?"

"Yes."

"Then I love you to distraction. Bother the gate! If it wasn't for that, I could run in the meadow with you; and marry you perhaps, and so gather cowslips together for ever and ever."

"Let us open it."

"You can't."

"Let us try."

"I have. It won't be opened."

"Let *me* try. Some gates want to be lifted up a little, and then they will open. There, I told you so."

The gate came open.

Ruperta uttered an exclamation of delight, and then drew back.

"I'm afraid, Compton," said she; "papa would be angry."

She wanted Compton to tempt her; but that young gentleman, having a strong sense of filial duty, omitted so to do.

When she saw he would not persuade her, she dispensed. "Come along," said she, "if it is only for five minutes."

She took his hand, and away they scampered. He showed her the cowslips, the violets, and all the treasures of the meadow; but it was all hurry, and skurry, and excitement; no time to look at any thing above half a minute, for fear of being found out: and so, at last, back to the gate, beaming with stolen pleasure, glowing and sparkling with heat and excitement.

The cunning thing made him replace the gate, and then, after saying she must go for about an hour, marched demurely back to the house.

After one or two of these hasty trips, impunity gave her a sense of security, and, the weather getting warm, she used to sit in the meadow with her beau and weave wreaths of cowslips, and place them in her black hair, and for Compton she made coronets of bluebells, and adorned his golden head.

And sometimes, for a little while, she would nestle to him, and lean her head, with all the feminine grace of a mature woman, on his shoulder.

Said she, "A boy's shoulder does very nice for a girl to put her nose on."

One day the aspiring girl asked him what was that forest.

"That is Bassett's wood."

"I will go there with you some day, when papa is out."

"I'm afraid that is too far for you," said Compton.

"Nothing is too far for me," replied the ardent girl. "Why, how far is it?"

"More than half a mile."

"Is it very big?"

"Immense."

"Belong to the queen?"

"No, to papa."

"Oh!"

And here my reader may well ask what was Lady Bassett about, or did Compton, with all his excellent teaching, conceal all this from his mother and his friend.

On the contrary, he went open-mouthed to her and told her he had seen such a pretty little girl, and gave her a brief account of their conversation.

Lady Bassett was startled at first, and greatly perplexed. She told him he must on no account go to her; if he spoke to her, it must be on papa's ground. She even made him pledge his honor to that.

More than that she did not like to say. She thought it unnecessary and undesirable to transmit to another generation the unhappy feud by which she had suffered so much, and was even then suffering. Moreover, she was as much afraid of Richard Bassett as ever. If he chose to tell his girl not to speak to Compton, he might. She was resolved not to go out of her way to affront him, through his daughter. Besides, that might wound Mrs. Bassett, if it got round to her ears; and, although she had never spoken to Mrs. Bassett, yet their eyes had met in church, and always with a pacific expression. Indeed, Lady Bassett felt sure she had read in that meek woman's face a regret that they were not friends, and could not be friends, because of their husbands. Lady Bassett, then, for these reasons, would not forbid Compton to be kind to Ruperta in moderation.

Whether she would have remained as neutral had she known how far these young things were going, is quite another matter; but Compton's narratives to her were, naturally enough, very tame compared with the reality, and she never dreamed that two seven-year-olds could form an attachment so warm as these little plagues were doing.

And, to conclude, about the time when Mr. Compton first opened the gate for his inamorata, Lady Bassett's mind was diverted, in some degree, even from her beloved boy Compton, by a new trouble, and a host of passions it excited in her own heart.

A thunder-clap fell on Sir Charles Bassett, in the form of a letter from Reginald's tutor, informing him that Reginald and another lad had been caught wiring hares in a wood at some distance, and were now in custody.

Sir Charles mounted his horse and rode to the place, leaving Lady Bassett a prey to great anxiety and bitter remorse.

Sir Charles came back in two days, with the galling news that his son and heir was in prison for a month, all his exertions having only prevailed to get the case summarily dealt with.

Reginald's companion, a young gypsy, aged seventeen, had got three months, it being assumed that he was the tempter: the reverse was the case, though.

When Sir Charles told Lady Bassett all this, with a face of agony, and a broken voice, her heart almost burst: she threw every other consideration to the winds.

"Charles," she cried, "I can't bear it: I can't see your heart wrung any more, and your affections blighted. Tear that young viper out of your breast: don't go on wasting your heart's blood on a stranger; HE IS NOT YOUR SON."

"HE IS NOT YOUR SON."

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

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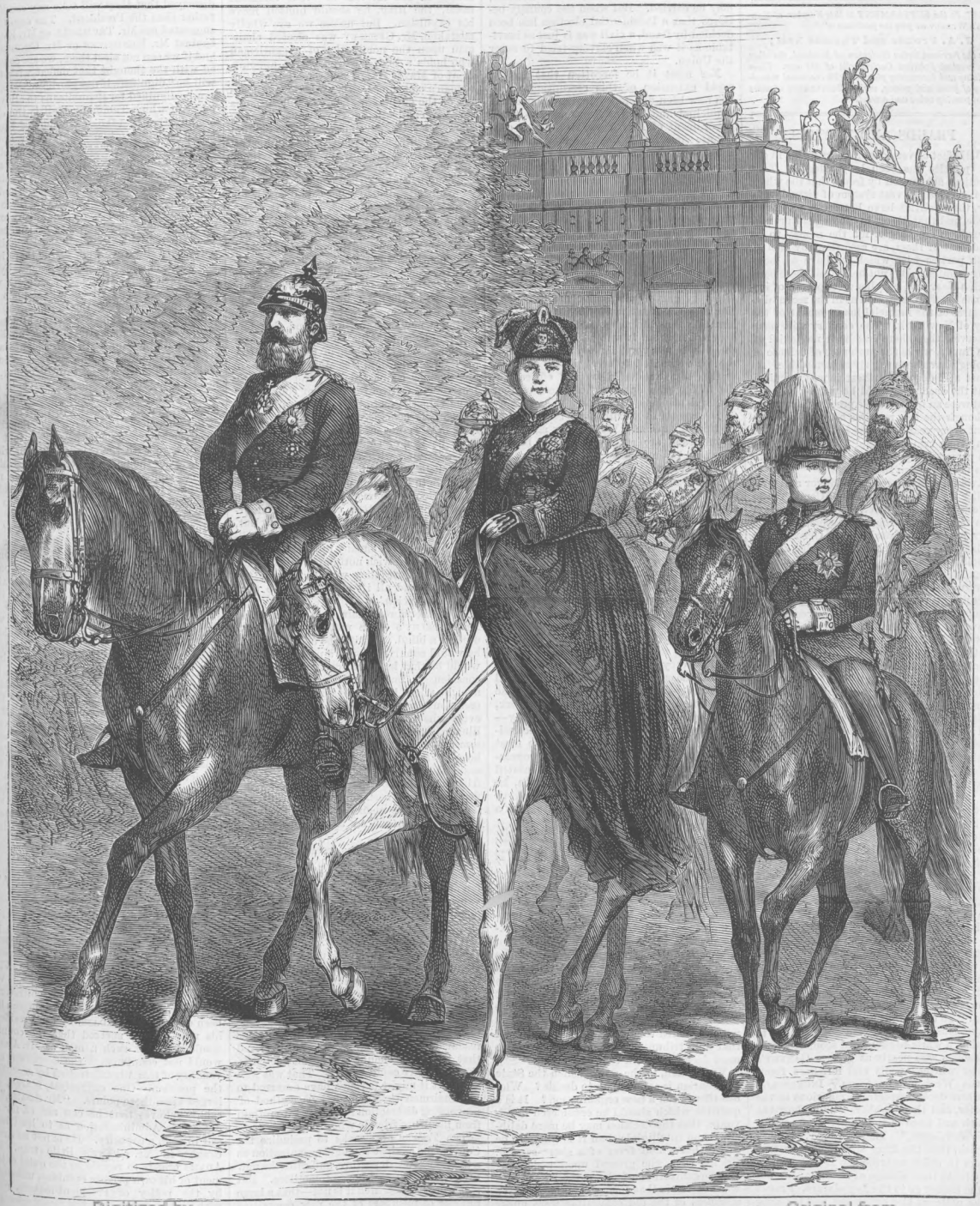

THE CROWN PRINCE OF PRUSSIA, HIS WIFE, AND ELDEST SON.—[SEE PAGE 794.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1871.

FOUR MONTHS FOR ONE DOLLAR.

"POOR MISS FINCH,"

a new and beautifully illustrated serial story, by

WILKIE COLLINS,

author of "The Woman in White," "The Moonstone," etc., will be commenced next week in HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New Subscribers will be supplied with the WEEKLY from September 2, in which Number this story will begin, to the close of the year, four months, for ONE DOLLAR.

☞ *In the* SUPPLEMENT *to this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *we give the portraits of*

J. A. Froude and Thomas Nast;

one the foremost living Historian of England, the other the greatest Political Caricaturist of the age. These striking and interesting pictures, with the usual miscellany of prose and poetry, make a SUPPLEMENT *of more than passing value and attraction.*

FRAUDS AND PARTIES.

THE fact of very general corruption in our politics has been long alleged. That elections are carried by fraud, that the whole civil service is a vast system of virtual bribery, that politics have become a profitable trade, and that places in the Legislature and elsewhere are sought for the money to be made out of them, are assertions by men of both parties with which we have all been long familiar. But not before has there been such a clear and conclusive exposure of immense official corruption as in the recent disclosures of the financial management of the city of New York. The country will have observed that there has been no denial of the frauds, while the pretenses of defense or apology have been utterly contemptible. As a last and desperate resort it was promised that the accounts would be published, as if that were an indisputable proof of innocence, although the law requires a financial statement every year, and none has been made for more than two years and a half. But even the promise to publish them has not, up to this writing, been fulfilled.

Avoiding this promise, the Mayor and Controller invited the Chamber of Commerce to investigate the subject. The proposition was an insult to the tax-payers, and was very properly declined by Mr. OPDYKE, the acting president. For if the Chamber should appoint a committee, what more could the committee learn this year than Messrs. MOSES TAYLOR, MARSHALL O. ROBERTS, and JOHN JACOB ASTOR—all of whom, we presume, are members of the Board—were permitted to know last year? And how could a fresh report satisfy a public which the report of the gentlemen we have named had deceived? What the Controller could state to a committee he could, by simply obeying the law which he persists in disregarding, state to every tax-payer in the city, and to every honest man in the land. Indeed, every word and act of the Ring since the frauds were exposed have only confirmed the universal conviction that, under its authority, millions of dollars have been taken from the people of New York for which they have received nothing in return, and which were spent solely for the purposes of the Ring.

Those purposes need not be assumed to be directly and exclusively personal. It will be seen that to the continuance of the opportunities of plunder the apparent success of the party to which the plunderers belong was essential. That success was secured by means which required a great deal of money. The Albany *Argus*, one of the chief organs of the party of the Ring, and whose editor is the secretary of the Democratic State Committee, in an article upon the frauds, does not pretend to deny them, but says that the money so raised or stolen was paid to Republican members of the Legislature to bribe them to vote the tax levy; and the *Argus* adds: "To one man, a saint of St. Lawrence, sixty thousand dollars had to be paid; to another, a white-neckclothed scoundrel from Madison, a sum nearly as great. GARVEY'S plaster whitens walls and fertilizes farms in the West of the State. INGERSOLL'S furniture decks respectable mansions in the interior, and the neighbors wonder how the wealth and taste of the owner were so suddenly developed." That is to say, in plain English, that the Ring stole from the tax-payers in order to bribe the Legislature to perpetuate their chance of stealing. Nor did all the money go to the Legislature. Frauds at the polls are also expensive, and the Ring elected Mr. HOFFMAN in 1869 by the same means with which the *Argus* says that they bought the Legislature.

The situation, therefore, is this. Enormous frauds are charged, and the figures and other details are given. They are not denied; but as the persons implicated are Democratic officers, they say two things: first, that the frauds were the work of a Board of Supervisors, half of which was Republican; and second, the frauds were the source of supplies to buy Republican votes in the Legislature. The truth of this statement, as involving both parties, we do not now consider. Let us suppose it to be true. Let us suppose both parties to be implicated in frauds which are undoubted, and it is one of the gravest facts ever developed in our political history. Corruption so vast, so confessed, so general, is a peril to this country as deadly as slavery ever was. The city is cheated that the State may be bought. Then, under the same auspices, the city will be cheated that the country may be bought. And still further, the city will be cheated that the national elections, as well as State, may be carried. But when the country believes that a Presidential election has been decided by fraud, a civil war is just as inevitable as it was when slavery tried to sever the Union.

Nor must it be forgotten that to the rapid extension of this corruption which has now been developed in the Democratic municipal and, as the *Argus* alleges, State government of New York, two things contribute: one is the doctrine constantly inculcated by some of the leading Democratic papers that morality has nothing to do with politics; and second, the civil service system, which is founded upon patronage, and is, consequently, a vast although often involuntary scheme of bribery. The corruption now exposed in the city of New York is not, of course, confined to that city. It is known elsewhere, even if not upon so large a scale nor so distinctly revealed. Its object is the security of party ascendency. Now it is a very grave question for the consideration of every American citizen who can lift himself above the mere partisan view, how long our system is safe and our peace assured when, every four years, this corruption is invited to struggle for the possession of a hundred thousand offices and the raising and spending of three or four hundred millions of dollars. The Albany *Argus* says that the knife must be applied to all this corruption. We heartily agree. If Republicans are guilty, let them be exposed as these Democrats have been, and let both suffer.

And meanwhile, seeing the inevitable results of such corruption as has now been—and most fortunately—proved before the country, let every American, while not holding all individual members of either party responsible, decide which party, upon the whole, from its antecedents, from its principles, from the general character of its adherents and allies, is most likely to be deepest tainted. If he honestly thinks the Republican to be that party, let him vote against it, for corruption is now the most threatening peril of the country. But if he believes, as we do, that a party reared in the advocacy of slavery, which sneers at "moral ideas," which is associated with all the great political frauds, the Placquemine in Louisiana, the naturalization in New York, and the amazing developments of to-day—which seeks the alliance of political ecclesiasticism, and is strongest among the most ignorant and disaffected part of the population—is a party more likely to be tainted with corruption than the Republican, he will do what he honorably can to preserve his country from so fatal a misfortune as a Democratic administration.

THE QUESTION FOR THE STATE CONVENTION.

WE stated a few weeks ago, as plainly and fairly as we could, the difficulty in the Republican party of New York, and we mentioned the reorganization that was then taking place in the city. That reorganization is now completed. A new committee has been chosen, and has elected Mr. JOHN J. TOWNSEND chairman. There will thus be two city committees, of which Mr. GREELEY and Mr. TOWNSEND will be respectively the heads. Under the auspices of each, delegates will be elected to the State Convention, and that final tribunal of the party in the State must decide between the contestants.

What, then, is the point which the State Convention is called upon to decide? Why has there been a new organization? It is a question which should be considered in advance, that the decision may be more deliberate and intelligible than it is likely to be in the hurry and fever of a short session. Briefly, then, the ground upon which the new organization of the party in the city was ordered is that some of the most active members of the old committee were under the influence of the Tammany Ring, and that the general conviction of that fact necessarily disheartened and demoralized the party. We regret sincerely that Mr. GREELEY declined the invitation of the State Committee to unite with Mr. ORTON in this reorganization. That invitation showed that the State Committee neither distrusted him nor had any improper object in view. Mr. GREELEY, however, did decline, and the committee then appointed in his place JACKSON S. SCHULTZ, late president of the Union League Club, and one of the most eminent and honorable Republicans in the city. Of the new committee which has resulted from the action of Mr. SCHULTZ and Mr. ORTON no kind or degree of Tammany association can be truly alleged. It is, as we understand, composed of unquestionable Republicans who are friendly to the present Republican administration.

Is the old committee equally free of all suspicion of the Tammany taint? Upon his election as its chairman Mr. GREELEY said that if any member should be proved to be acting in the interest of "that infamous cabal," the Ring, he should himself move his expulsion. But unless we are wholly mistaken, Mr. GREELEY was elected chairman upon the nomination of a gentleman who holds a high position by the appointment of Mayor HALL: and one of that gentleman's colleagues, also, we believe, a member of the committee, has certainly been as severely criticised in the *Tribune* as any where. Mr. GREELEY may not be of opinion that the political character of any of his colleagues is affected by such associations. But surely he must feel strangely in taking confidential political counsel with those who are friendly to the cabal which he characterizes as infamous. Does it essentially relieve the difficulty that the appointment of certain Republicans was understood to be one of the conditions upon which the Ring charter was passed?

If the Convention should think that there was good reason for suspecting Tammany influence in the old committee, it can hardly fail to sustain the State Committee in ordering a new organization. And therefore the inquiry should be carefully made how many and what members of that committee at its organization, last January, were in any manner connected with the Tammany Ring. The Convention will, of course, perceive that the fact of Mr. GREELEY'S chairmanship is conclusive of nothing. If Mr. GREELEY is not a Republican, nobody is. That he has, or could, or would have any understanding with the Ring, nobody seriously believes. Yet it is Mr. GREELEY'S principle to take the positions to which his party friends summon him; and when a Republican committee elected him chairman he, of course, accepted the office. But, evidently, if there were any shrewd Republican friends of Tammany upon the committee, they would wish nothing so much as his election, because they would consider the committee and all its members to be then beyond suspicion.

It is, therefore, a fair question whether Mr. GREELEY'S name may not have been used as a blind. And if it be asked whether he would connive at such a use, the answer would be that he would certainly not do so consciously; but that, like any honorable man, he might be of an unsuspicious or even credulous disposition. Honest Republicans every where will understand that if, in the illustrations of the *Weekly*, fun has been sometimes poked at Mr. GREELEY, it has been always a good-natured hit at that occasional defect of judgment which his best friends would not deny. And that judgment may have been as much at fault when he accepted the chairmanship of the committee as it has been upon certain other occasions.

The old committee has recently adopted a series of resolutions, offered by its chairman, agreeing to abide unreservedly by the decision of the Convention, pledging itself in advance to the support of the candidates to be nominated, and calling for the assembling of the Convention at an early day. One of the resolutions, however, was hardly of so conciliatory a strain. It stigmatized the new organization as a "Custom-house new departure," in which the subordinate Federal officers were compelled to acquiesce. But having expressed this contemptuous opinion of the action of a very large and respectable body of fellow-Republicans, the resolutions resumed their conciliatory tone, and declared that the party should not be distracted if the committee could help it. That was well said, but it might perhaps have occurred to the chairman that one obvious method of preventing distraction in a party is to refrain from insulting friends who differ.

The *Tribune* also seeks to prejudice the Convention against the new organization as a Custom-house departure, and calls the new committee a Custom-house committee. But if it were true—which it is not—that a large number of members of the new committee were officially connected with a national Republican administration, would that be a valid objection from a member of a committee some of whose members undeniably hold office under the Tammany Ring appointment? There will be no question before the Convention either of Mr. GREELEY'S Republicanism or of that of many of his colleagues The simple point for decision will be whether a committee tainted with Tammany influence is a proper representative and manager of the Republican party in this city.

COUNSEL EXTRAORDINARY.

IT is hard to believe that gentlemen can call themselves Republicans who advise the Republican party in Ohio and Pennsylvania to "permit the elections to go by default" for the Democrats this year, so as to secure the defeat of General GRANT as the Republican candidate next year. The reasoning is that the Democrats will be so elated that they will throw off the mask of the new departure, while the Republicans will be so dismayed that they will take any candidate rather than the President. The candidates suggested are Mr. TRUMBULL or Mr. EVARTS against Mr. HENDRICKS or Mr. GROESBECK, and if we can not elect them, we are comforted with the thought that defeat with them will be "dignified, if not glorious." How it can be dignified for Republicans to allow the party of which Tammany Hall is the chief organization to take possession of the national government, or glorious for Republicans to secure the defeat of the Republican party, we do not see. We have asked more than once who it was proposed to nominate if General GRANT should be set aside, and the replies have invariably shown that there was nobody in particular, but a great many excellent gentlemen in general, to be suggested. That there are many such in the Republican party we know very well. But there is no one whose nomination is more dreaded by the Democratic party, nor any candidate who has so general and strong a hold upon Republican confidence as the President.

The counsel to which we have alluded is a confession of this fact. If the Republican purpose to nominate the President is so strong that nothing but party suicide in Ohio and Pennsylvania can disturb it, we need no further evidence of its depth and vigor. Those who give the advice of suicide are plainly so hostile to the President as to be hopeless, if not careless, of Republican ascendency. For if they think that defeat is sure with the candidate upon whom the heart of the party is fixed, they certainly can not suppose it to be less so with a new candidate; and their counsel must therefore be regarded as merely an exhortation to the party to disband and disperse.

In advising Republicans to connive at the success of the Democrats in Ohio, for instance, these gentlemen urge the election of a candidate whom many of his own party declare not to have been fairly nominated, and who stands upon a platform which they disdain. Such advice is a request to the Republicans of Ohio to believe that the welfare of the State and of the country would be best promoted by the triumph of the party which Mr. VALLANDIGHAM led and inspired. Do these gentlemen also think that a Republican defeat in Massachusetts would be a wholesome tonic for the party? and that nothing could be better than disaster in Iowa? Do they suppose that the Democratic party expects to carry Pennsylvania upon a free-trade platform? It is not free trade, it is Tammany, that conquers in a Democratic victory. And when such counsel as we mention proceeds from those who have been hitherto Republicans, it shows that the success of either party is equally agreeable to them, and that their counsel is to be estimated accordingly.

MR. ADAMS AS ARBITRATOR AT GENEVA.

IT has been for some time very amusing to see how vigorously the Democratic papers have been patronizing Mr. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, an original "Conscience Whig," and Free-Soil candidate for the Vice-Presidency in 1848. When, therefore, it was announced that the position of arbitrator at Geneva under the Treaty of Washington had been offered to Mr. ADAMS by the President, his new patrons sneered that the country would see that such a man as Mr. ADAMS would not countenance the despotism and venality of this Administration by accepting the position. One enthusiast, indeed, enlarged upon these points. "Mr. ADAMS," he said, "believes that he can not so far indorse this Administration as to lend himself in such a capacity. He is not so easily caught in Mr. GRANT'S little trap. Mr. ADAMS prefers to remain in the quiet enjoyment of his own private opinions, unhedged by the policy of President-makers, until such time comes when his views upon the result of the Geneva Convention, and the

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great Presidential question, and public affairs generally, may prove of some moment to his fellow-citizens. When that time comes, and they choose to summon him from the sacred shades of old Quincy, where he is now happily sequestered, he will obey."

This is in the finest style of political omniscience. It was published as a letter in a Democratic paper on Monday. On Tuesday Mr. ADAMS accepted the position. By universal consent of all parties there is no man in the country better fitted for its duties: and his appointment is another of the acts which commend the Administration to the sympathy and support of honest and patriotic men.

The letter, from which we have quoted, proceeds in the same fine strain to describe Mr. ADAMS as finding "abundant food for reflection" in examining the papers of his father and grandfather. "Their correspondence with the statesmen and scholars of their time," continues the sagacious and learned correspondent, "excites in him the most painful anxiety and alarm when he compares the high standard by which public affairs were then gauged with the low and mercenary aim which seems to influence public men, and guide and control public events in these later days. Mr. ADAMS grieves over the degeneracy of our times and the tending feebleness of our government."

"Tending feebleness of our government" is good. Indeed, it is all good. Perhaps, however, Mr. ADAMS's grief is mitigated by the fact that, notwithstanding the tending feebleness of our government, it has subdued the great rebellion which this correspondent's party sustained. And if Mr. ADAMS were disposed to believe the older day so much better than our own, it would not be to the times of his father or grandfather that he would look for the proof. In his grandfather's diary there is constant complaint of the ignorance, the passion, and sordid meanness of his own age, and an appeal to the intelligence of the purer time coming! Alas! if the old President could open his eyes, and behold the tending feebleness of our government, illustrated by the Treaty of Washington, and by the appointment, amidst universal applause, of his grandson and editor as arbitrator!

A FRIENDLY WORD WITH MASSACHUSETTS REPUBLICANS.

GENERAL BUTLER is reported to have said to a reporter—and there is little doubt of it —that he has not contemplated the contingency of his not being nominated as Governor by the Massachusetts Republican Convention. Whether he meant it as a threat, every voter in that State will determine for himself. But there is no question that his nomination by the Republicans of Massachusetts would be the most demoralizing blow that could befall the Republican party of the country. This ought to be distinctly understood in that State. The party in the country at large has the same distrust of the General that his own Democratic party in Massachusetts used to have. There is the same want of confidence that was felt toward the heads of the Ring in New York before the details of their conduct were published. And such a general feeling is not a whim; it is a conviction. It springs from the closest observation of his career, and it is not disturbed by his loudest professions of radicalism in every direction.

It seems to be understood that the General is not a strong candidate from the strict party view. That is to say, the Convention would not select him from the Republican ranks as the most desirable or the most available candidate. His strength lies in the independent or eccentric vote which branches from the Republican. There are the friends of prohibition, for instance, and of woman suffrage, and of labor reform, the great majority of whom are Republican. There are many of them, however, who value their especial movement more than general Republican ascendency, who would, perhaps, prefer a Democratic victory in the State if it would give them strict prohibition, or favor the woman or labor reform. And it is supposed that there are enough of these who would so surely support any Republican who positively favored their particular views as to make him a most available candidate.

General BUTLER not only adopts every one of the special interests as his own, but he bids for the Irish vote, as it is called, by virtually censuring the repression of the late riot in New York. He ought to be sure, also, of the sympathy of the repudiating part of the Democratic vote, and of all the true blue Americans who would like to summon Great Britain, at the cannon's mouth, to settle our *Alabama* bill without delay. In fact, the General has a sail for every breeze that blows, and hopes by many capfuls of wind to make up a gale. But there is a question which every Massachusetts Republican, whether a friend of prohibition, or of woman suffrage, or of labor reform, ought thoughtfully to ask himself. It is, how he can best reconcile his duty at home with his duty to the country? If, for instance, Mr. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, who is not less gallant than General BUTLER, should, like the General, suddenly perceive that an intelligent woman is as safe a voter as an ignorant man, would the real friends of equal suffrage feel it their duty to vote for him upon the chance of some advantage to the cause, and with the certainty of throwing Massachusetts out of the Republican line, and, perhaps, so confusing the country as to promote the election of a Democratic administration?

Do not the Massachusetts Republicans, who are friends of certain reforms, perceive that the nomination of a man who is generally distrusted by the Republican party of the country would have very much the same kind of demoralizing effect? General SICKLES is a very different man in many ways from General BUTLER; the grounds of opposition to him are different; but if the Republicans of New York should nominate General SICKLES for Governor, might not their friends in Massachusetts justly reproach them with injuring the party prospects? If the Republicans in the great Republican State, in the commonwealth which in many ways is the representative of the distinctively American character and civilization, should show that Republicans like CHARLES SUMNER and JOHN A. ANDREW had either disappeared from the State or were no longer preferred by the party, the question would certainly be very gravely asked by many who sincerely wish to support Republican ascendency whether there really is any difference between the parties.

Should General BUTLER "run stump" if he is not nominated by the Convention, *bon voyage!* He will hardly poll a larger vote than Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS polled last year, and he will have virtually separated from the party. We do not depreciate, as we have constantly said, and shall never fail to say, his real service to the country at a perilous hour; nor do we deny that of General SHERMAN; but we should most strenuously oppose General SHERMAN's nomination to the Presidency. Meanwhile the necessity of Republican national supremacy is so imperative that we are sure Massachusetts Republicans will hesitate long before they imperil it.

THE "WORLD" AND THE TRUTH.

A FEW weeks since, in speaking of Presidential nominations, and stating why we believed that General GRANT would be the Republican candidate, we offered reasons, to those of our own party who think his nomination undesirable, why it would probably be made. We mentioned, of course, for the purpose of our argument, "the sum of the objections" to General GRANT's administration, recounting them in detail, adding that they were "urged with more or less warmth against the administration," and that such charges were serious. We reminded our Republican friends that "much is said in personal derogation of the President, and much that is, of course, only matter of private taste and preference." We recalled the severe personal criticisms that were made upon General JACKSON and Mr. LINCOLN, and argued that a renomination would be determined, not by personal considerations, but by administrative results.

The New York *World* quotes from the article the passage in which the objections urged against the President by his opponents are stated, and calls them the views of *Harper's Weekly;* and it further describes our summary of what is said of the President by those with whom we differ as our own "sharp words of contemptuous condemnation."

A similar misrepresentation by the *World* of some opinions of the *Tribune* in regard to the Astor Place riot lately drew from that paper a very brief and conclusive comment upon the *World's* veracity. And every reader of all parties will see that if political journals allow themselves deliberately to misstate the views of their opponents for the purpose of producing a false impression, honorable political discussion is at an end.

PERSONAL.

QUEEN VICTORIA has conferred the honor of C. B. upon Mr. W. D. CHRISTIE, formerly British minister at Brazil; and Mr. HUGH ALLAN, of Montreal, has received the honor of knighthood. This Mr. CHRISTIE is the same gentleman with whom General JAMES WATSON WEBB had a difficulty at Rio, in 1863, when they were ministers. He was minister to the Argentine Confederation in 1858, when, from his propensity to be, in hot water, and his hatred of Americans, he wantonly quarreled with our consul, WILLIAM H. HUDSON, refused to fight him, and when threatened by HUDSON with personal chastisement, appealed to the government for protection. After his transfer to Brazil he quarreled, within the first twelve months of his residence, with the ministers of the Pope, Russia, Prussia, Austria, Spain, Belgium, Portugal, and Montevideo. At the first dinner at which he and General WEBB met he managed to say something offensive to the General, who, being not a difficult man to have a difficulty with, resented it. Subsequently at a dinner at the Russian minister's, in presence of the Russian and Prussian ministers and Russian secretary of legation, his conduct became unbearable, and the General *ordered* him "never again to indulge in any similar language to me [General W.]; that it was an impertinence, and my custom was to punish impertinence; a bad custom, perhaps, but nevertheless a habit; and by the God that made him and me, if he ever again dared, by word or look, to practice his impertinence toward me, I should punish him on the spot." That was the observation that Minister WEBB made to Minister CHRISTIE. We copy from the official record.

—Mr. JOHN STUART MILL does seem to know every thing. Not only is he a great philosopher, archæologist and botanist, but he sketches admirably, and is a very fine pianist. Imagine MILL, after giving an exhaustive dissertation on some abstruse point in political economy, seating himself at the piano and launching out into variations on "Old Rosin the Bow!" Speaking of music, an American lady whose musical talent was well known in the highest social circles of Paris, and who was on terms of intimacy with the late imperial family, says that although the ex-Emperor NAPOLEON III. was not an enthusiast about the fantasias, themas, etc., of CHOPIN, THALBERG, and those people, he was passionately fond of our negro melodies, and would listen to them, delighted, for half an hour at a time.

—The English papers are filled with paragraphs noting the movements of the Emperor of Brazil, which are in striking contrast with the habits and occupations of those of all other royal personages of the day. Certainly he is a monarch of different type from any that has reigned in Europe for many years. The London *Examiner*, alluding to him, says: "No sovereign who had merely ornamental functions to perform in his own country would be likely, during a visit to a foreign capital, to get out of bed at five or six o'clock in the morning in order to inspect a new piece of machinery, a public work, a celebrated school or hospital, a botanical garden, a museum, or a library, and to spend ten or twelve hours daily in acquiring useful information. The Emperor PEDRO II., it may be observed, has had no leisure or no taste for an interview with 'the two-headed nightingale,' nor has he expressed any wish to witness a slaughter of pigeons among the roses at Hurlingham. It would almost seem as if his Majesty had come to Europe not merely for his own amusement, but with the intention of turning his visit to profitable account; and we shall not be surprised to hear by-and-by that the people of Brazil have reaped great benefits from the tour he is now making. The idea of such a result appears strange and antiquated, we must admit; but then it should be remembered that we have not been accustomed to sovereigns who employ themselves in endeavoring to develop the resources and improve the manufactures of the countries in which they rule or reign. Kingship may have a different meaning in Brazil under PEDRO II. than it has had in any country in Europe since the time when PETER the Great, of Russia, gave his people the benefit of his practical experience as a shipwright."

—A few days ago there left this city, in one of the steamers for Liverpool, a lady who may fairly be called eccentric—the Countess of Derwentwater. She has a fine estate in the north of England called Derwentwater, and has been noted for her oddity of manner and antiquated notions. Her wardrobe is said to consist of over two hundred rich and elaborately trimmed dresses girted with gold-lace fringes and party-colored velvets. She wears no diamonds, and but one plain finger ring adorns her hands. She claims to have among her apparel robes worn by some of the belles of the time of WILLIAM the Conqueror; and when she travels these are part of her personal luggage, carefully packed in the fifteen trunks she carries with her, which are as antiquated as the dresses.

—Mr. ELIHU BURRITT, whose efforts have for many years been directed to the promoting of peace among the nations, still devotes himself to that work, although during the last ten years results have been rather strong the other way. He has computed that there are expended in each year about "twenty-six hundred millions of dollars for Mars against twenty-six millions for Messiah."

—Baron JAMES DE ROTHSCHILD is not bad at repartee. During the Communist period in Paris he was one morning seated in his cabinet, when two fellows entered and asked to be shown to Citizen ROTHSCHILD. "Gentlemen," he said, "what can I do for you?" "Well, this is what we have got to say: you have millions of money, and the people want bread; so you must share, or if not—" "Share? Very well. How many are you in France?" "Perhaps thirty millions." "And how much money do you suppose I have?" "Say a hundred and fifty millions." "Well, then, among thirty millions that makes five francs a head. You are two; here are ten francs for you, and now we are quits." The men were so confounded by the argument, and by the rapidity with which the whole incident occurred, that they took the money and disappeared.

—The list of Lyceum lecturers for the next season is unusually full and rich. RICHARD GRANT WHITE is announced by the Boston Lyceum Bureau, and his subjects will be "Dancing" and "On Speaking English." Mr. WHITE's scholarly accomplishments are a sufficient pledge of the real value of his discourses, which his literary skill and his sense of humor will be sure to commend to public interest and satisfaction.

—The discordant elements of which the Tory party in the British Parliament is composed, and the bitter antipathies existing among its leaders, are among the curious things in British politics. The Tory nobles and Tory gentry are impatient of DISRAELI and his leadership. Two of these, men of great ability, the Marquis of Salisbury and the Earl of Caernarvon, left the Derby cabinet because they could not "abide" him; now they neither speak to nor consult him on party matters, though compelled for the present to follow his lead. The Dukes of Buckingham and Marlborough, dull men, endure him because he gave them office and pets them. The Duke of Richmond (DISRAELI's lieutenant in the Upper House), likes every body, and wants to bring his each-other-hating friends together, but is the weakest and wishy-washiest of handsome, side-whiskered mortals. Lord CAIRNS, ex-Chancellor, is a strong Disraelite and the most brilliant Tory in the Upper House, but is a *parvenu*, and hence is quite unable to establish an *entente cordiale* with the "great houses." He is only less detested than DISRAELI. Lord CHELMSFORD, also ex-Chancellor (having been curtly told to "leave" by DISRAELI when the latter became Premier, and being succeeded by the upstart CAIRNS), absolutely abhors both DISRAELI and CAIRNS, deriving some of his hatred to the former from my Lady CHELMSFORD, who had a memorable tiff with Mrs. DISRAELI, since which the two dames have been very bitter and feminine enemies. The new Lord Derby rather inclines to DISRAELI, a weakness he inherited, but yet finds it necessary to keep on good terms with the Marquis of Salisbury, whose step-mother he recently married.

—The on-coming man of the Democratic party in Maryland is probably Mr. WILLIAM PINCKNEY WHITE, the nominee of the party for Governor. He is forty-six years old, was educated by a private tutor, and, after spending nine months in the counting-room of GEORGE PEABODY, studied law, graduated at the Harvard law-school, and practiced the profession in Baltimore. He has served in the Maryland Legislature, been Comptroller of the State, twice a candidate for Congress, and, in the winter of 1868, was appointed by the Governor United States Senator, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of REVERDY JOHNSON, and served until March 4, 1869. He is a gentleman of fine presence, refined manners, a graceful and forcible speaker, and enjoys high personal popularity with gentlemen of all parties.

—Count de Remusat, the new French Secretary for Foreign Affairs, is now seventy-four, and has attained eminence as an author and writer. His father was chamberlain to NAPOLEON I., and his mother, an authoress of merit, was an intimate of the Empress JOSEPHINE. He was appointed Under Secretary of State of the Interior in 1836, but in 1837 resigned and joined THIERS in opposing the MOLE ministry, which was defeated, and Remusat was made Secretary of the Interior. When LOUIS PHILIPPE, hoping to retain his tottering throne, charged M. THIERS at the last moment with the forming of a ministry, Count Remusat received from his veteran friend a place in its ranks. This appointment made him a leading figure in a scene of dramatic interest. LOUIS PHILIPPE, on the memorable 24th of February, 1848, was at the Tuileries and in the royal cabinet, with the Queen, M. THIERS, Count de Remusat, and other eminent persons around him. The royal circle and ministers were in a state of anxious uncertainty, when Count de Remusat and M. DUVERGIER DE HAURANNE, who had just gone out, re-entered and asked to speak to the princes in private. The princes rose from the table, where they were at breakfast, and went with them to one of the windows. The anxiety of the King and Queen led them to join the group. "Sire," said the Count, "it is necessary that the King should know the truth; to conceal it at this moment would be to render ourselves implicated in all that may follow. Your feeling of security proves that you are deceived. Three hundred feet from this the dragoons are exchanging their sabres and the soldiers their muskets with the people." "It is impossible!" cried the King, stepping back with astonishment. "Sire," said M. DE L'AUBOSPÈRE, an officer in attendance, "I have seen it." Upon this all the company rose from the table, and the King went up stairs, and soon came down with his sons, the Duke de Nemours and the Duke de Montpensier, in uniform. "Go," said the Queen, warmly; "show yourself to the discouraged troops, to the wavering National Guard. I will come out on the balcony with my grandchildren and the princesses, and I will see you die in a way worthy of yourself, your throne, and your misfortunes." The King descended the stairs, still hoping to arrest the movement, while the Queen and the princesses went to the balcony. But it was too late. That evening he abdicated, and was soon flying to England.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

OFFICIAL information has been received that the Ku-Klux act of Congress is being enforced in the South, with more success than was anticipated, under the instructions emanating from executive authority.

Hon. Charles Francis Adams has signified to the President his acceptance of the appointment as arbitrator under the Treaty of Washington.

President Grant has suspended General Pleasonton as Commissioner of Internal Revenue, and designated Deputy Commissioner J. W. Douglass to perform the duties of the office.

Arrangements are in progress for printing the new revenue stamps from dies made to conform to the new plans for rendering it absolutely impossible to counterfeit or use the stamps a second time.

The widow of the late C. L. Vallandigham died on the 13th of August.

Recent returns show that the crops throughout the country are in better condition than was reported in July, including corn and cotton. A letter from Arkansas says that although the acreage of cotton is not so large as last year, the crop will be equally as large.

FOREIGN NEWS.

A MEETING was held recently in Heidelberg to found a national German Catholic Church. Delegates from Germany, Austria, and Switzerland were present. A committee was appointed to draft a constitution, to embrace the principles of the Council of Constance, in 1314—subordination of the pope to the council, sephration of church and state, lay participation in church government, free election of bishops, communal election of pastors, and modifications of the confessional—and to report to a meeting in Munich in September.

The Pope has declined to assume the title of "Pius the Great," and has requested that the money subscribed for a throne of gold be devoted to securing the exemption of the students of Catholic seminaries every where from military service.

A large meeting held in Hyde Park, London, on Sunday, August 13, to protest against the suppression of the Fenian amnesty meeting in Dublin, was attended by 20,000 persons, and speeches were made by prominent radical speakers at different stands. The police made no attempt to interfere with the meeting.

The Prince of Wales and his party left Dublin on the 7th of August and returned to England.

President Thiers desires to have his term of office extended to three years. The measure meets with great opposition in the Assembly and among the people.

The cholera has appeared in Prussia, and the government of that country is taking precautions against its spread.

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THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES AND HIS CABINET, FOR 1872. (?)

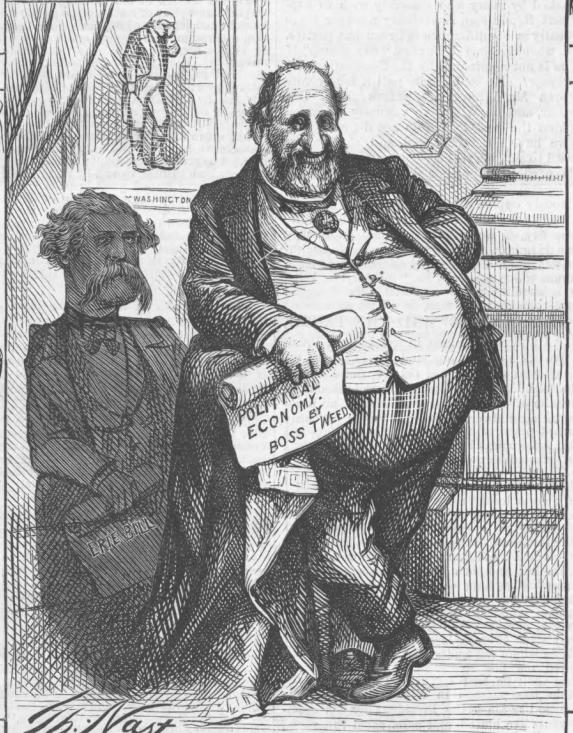
THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

THE SECRETARY OF STATE, (AND CHURCH.)

ATTORNEY GENERAL.

"WE PROPOSE." (WHEN THINGS BLOW OVER.) WHEN?

THE SEC. OF THE NAVY.

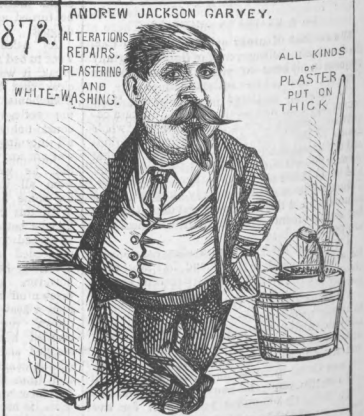


THE SEC. OF WAR.

POST MASTER GENERAL.

PRESIDENT JOHN T. HOFFMAN. 1872.

"ALL CUT AND DRIED."



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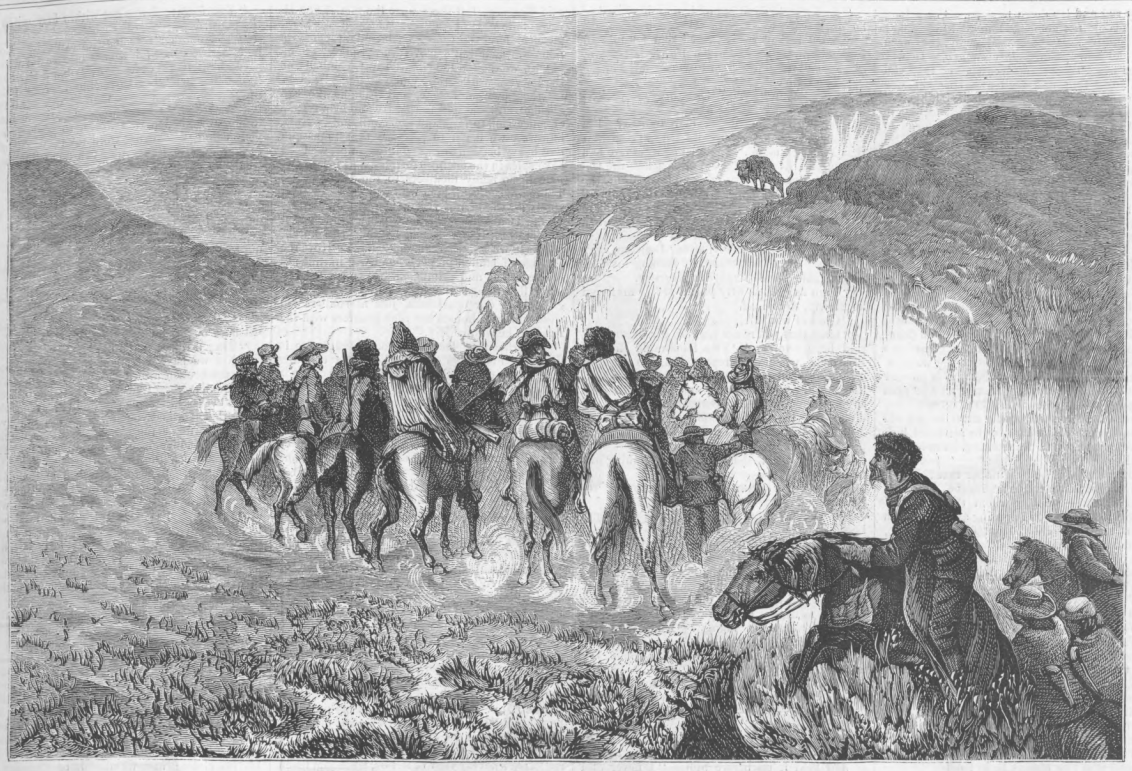

IN THE FAR WEST—THE FIRST BUFFALO.—[SEE PAGE 794.]

LORD KILGOBBIN.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

Author of "That Boy of Norcott's," "The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly," "Sir Brooke Fossbrooke," "A Day's Ride," "One of Them," "Gerald Fitzgerald," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXVI.

DICK KEARNEY'S CHAMBERS.

WHEN Dick Kearney quitted Kilgobbin Castle for Dublin he was very far from having any projects in his head excepting to show his cousin Nina that he could live without her.

"I believe," muttered he to himself, "she counts upon me as another 'victim.' These coquettish damsels have a theory that the 'whole drama of life' is the game of their fascinations and the consequences that come of them, and that we men make it our highest ambition to win them, and subordinate all we do in life to their favor. I should like to show her that one man at least refuses to yield this allegiance, and that, whatever her blandishments do with others, with him they are powerless."

These thoughts were his traveling companions for nigh fifty miles of travel, and, like most traveling companions, grew to be tiresome enough toward the end of the journey.

When he arrived in Dublin he was in no hurry to repair to his quarters in Trinity; they were not particularly cheery in the best of times, and now it was long vacation, with few men in town, and every thing sad and spiritless; besides this, he was in no mood to meet Atlee, whose free and easy jocularity he knew he would not endure even with his ordinary patience. Joe had never condescended to write one line since he had left Kilgobbin, and Dick, who felt that in presenting him to his family he had done him immense honor, was proportionately indignant at this show of indifference. But, by the same easy formula with which he could account for any thing in Nina's conduct by her "coquetry," he was able to explain every deviation from decorum of Joe Atlee's by his "snobbery." And it is astonishing how comfortable the thought made him that this man, in all his smartness and ready wit, in his prompt power to acquire, and his still greater quickness to apply knowledge, was after all a most consummate snob.

He had no taste for a dinner at commons, so he ate his mutton-chop at a tavern, and went to the play. Ineffably bored, he sauntered along the almost deserted streets of the city, and just as midnight was striking he turned under the arched portal of the college. Secretly hoping that Atlee might be absent, he inserted the key and entered his quarters.

The grim old coal bunker in the passage, the silent corridor, and the dreary room at the end of it never looked more dismal than as he surveyed them now by the light of a little wax match he had lighted to guide his way. There stood the massive old table in the middle, with its litter of books and papers—memories of many a headache; and there was the paper of coarse Cavendish, against which he had so often protested, as well as a pewter pot—a new infraction against propriety since he had been away. Worse, however, than all assaults on decency were a pair of coarse high-lows, which had been placed within the fender, and had evidently enjoyed the fire so long as it lingered in the grate.

"So like the fellow! so like him!" was all that Dick could mutter, and he turned away in disgust.

As Atlee never went to bed till daybreak, it was quite clear that he was from home, and as the college gates could not re-open till morning, Dick was not sorry to feel that he was safe from all intrusion for some hours.—With this consolation he betook him to his bedroom, and proceeded to undress. Scarcely, however, had he thrown off his coat than a heavy, long-drawn respiration startled him. He stopped and listened: it came again, and from the bed. He drew nigh, and there, to his amazement, on his own pillow, lay a massive head of a coarse-looking, vulgar man of about thirty, with a silk handkerchief fastened over it as a night-cap. A brawny arm lay outside the bedclothes, with an enormous hand of very questionable cleanness, though one of the fingers wore a heavy gold ring.

Wishing to gain what knowledge he might of his guest before awaking him, Dick turned to inspect his clothes, which, in a wild disorder, lay scattered through the room. They were of the very poorest, but such still as might have belonged to a very humble clerk or a messenger in a counting-house. A large black leather pocket-book fell from a pocket of the coat, and, in replacing it, Dick perceived it was filled with letters. On one of these, as he closed the clasp, he read the name "Mr. Daniel Donogan, Dartmouth Jail."

"What!" cried he, "is this the great head-centre, Donogan, I have read so much of? and how is he here?"

Though Dick Kearney was not usually quick of apprehension, he was not long here in guessing what the situation meant: it was clear enough that Donogan, being a friend of Joe Atlee's, had been harbored here as a safe refuge. Of all places in the capital, none were so secure from the visits of the police as the college; indeed, it would have been no small hazard for the public force to have invaded these precincts. Calculating therefore that Kearney was little likely to leave Kilgobbin at present, Atlee had installed his friend in Dick's quarters. The indiscretion was a grave one; in fact, there was nothing—even to expulsion itself—might not have followed on discovery.

"So like him! so like him!" was all he could mutter, as he arose and walked about the room.

While he thus mused he turned into Atlee's bedroom, and at once it appeared why Mr. Donogan had been accommodated in his room. Atlee's was perfectly destitute of every thing: bed, chest of drawers, dressing-table, chair, and bath were all gone. The sole object in the chamber was a coarse print of a well-known informer of the year '98, "Jemmy O'Brien," under whose portrait was written, in Atlee's hand, "Bought in at four-pence half-penny, at the general sale, in affectionate remembrance of his virtues, by one who feels himself to be a relative.—J. A." Kearney tore down the picture in passion, and stamped upon it; indeed, his indignation with his chum had now passed all bounds of restraint.

"So like him in every thing!" again burst from him in utter bitterness.

Having thus satisfied himself that he had read the incident aright, he returned to the sitting-room, and at once decided that he would leave Donogan to his rest till morning.

"It will be time enough then to decide what is to be done," thought he.

He then proceeded to relight the fire, and, drawing a sofa near, he wrapped himself in a

"IS THAT NOT AS FINE AS YOUR BOASTED CAMPAGNA?"

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railway rug and lay down to sleep. For a long time he could not compose himself to slumber; he thought of Nina and her wiles—ay, they were wiles: he saw them plainly enough. It was true, he was no prize—no "catch," as they call it—to angle for; and such a girl as she was could easily look higher; but still he might swell the list of those followers she seemed to like to behold at her feet offering up every homage to her beauty, even to their actual despair. And he thought of his own condition—very hopeless and purposeless as it was.

"What a journey, to be sure, was life, without a goal to strive for! Kilgobbin would be his one day; but by that time would it be able to pay off the mortgages that were raised upon it? It was true, Atlee was no richer, but Atlee was a shifty, artful fellow, with scores of contrivances to go to windward of Fortune in even the very worst of weather. Atlee would do many a thing *he* would not stoop to."

And as Kearney said this to himself he was cautious in the use of his verb, and never said "could," but always "would" do; and, oh dear! is it not in this fashion that we many of us keep our courage in life, and attribute to the want of will what we well know lies in the want of power?

Last of all, he bethought himself of this man Donogan—a dangerous fellow in a certain way, and one whose companionship must be got rid of at any price. Plotting over in his mind how this should be done in the morning, he at last fell fast asleep.

So overcome was he by slumber that he never awoke when that venerable institution, called the college woman—the hag whom the virtue of unerring dons insists on imposing as a servant on resident students—entered, made up the fire, swept the room, and arranged the breakfast-table. It was only as she jogged his arm to ask him for an additional penny to buy more milk that he awoke and remembered where he was.

"Will I get yer honor a bit of bacon?" asked she, in a tone intended to be insinuating.

"Whatever you like," said he, drowsily.

"It's himself there likes a rasher—when he can get it," said she, with a leer, and a motion of her thumb toward the adjoining room.

"Whom do you mean?" asked he, half to learn what and how much she knew of his neighbor.

"Oh! don't I know him well?—Dan Donogan," replied she, with a grin. "Didn't I see him in the dock with Smith O'Brien in '48, and wasn't he in trouble again after he got his pardon; and won't he always be in trouble?"

"Hush! don't talk so loud," cried Dick, warningly.

"He'd not hear me now if I was screechin'; it's the only time he sleeps hard; for he gets up about three or half past—before it's day—and he squeezes through the bars of the window, and gets out into the Park, and he takes his exercise there for two hours, most of the time running full speed and keeping himself in fine wind. Do you know what he said to me the other day? 'Molly,' says he, 'when I know I can get between those bars there, and run round the College Park in three minutes and twelve seconds, I feel that there's not many a jail in Ireland can howld, and the divil a policeman in the island could catch me.'" And she had to lean over the back of a chair to steady herself while she laughed at the conceit.

"I think, after all," said Kearney, "I'd rather keep out of the scrape than trust to that way of escaping it."

"*He* wouldn't," said she. "He'd rather be seducin' the soldiers in Barrack Street, or swearing in a new Fenian, or nailing a death-warnin' on a hall door, than he'd be lord mayor! If he wasn't in mischief he'd like to be in his grave."

"And what comes of it all?" said Kearney, scarcely giving any exact meaning to his words.

"That's what I do be saying myself," cried the hag. "When they can transport you for singing a ballad, and send you to pick oakum for a green cravat, it's time to take to some other trade than patriotism!" And with this reflection she shuffled away to procure the materials for breakfast.

The fresh rolls, the water-cress, a couple of red herrings, deviled as those ancient damsels are expert in doing, and a smoking dish of rashers and eggs, flanked by a hissing tea-kettle, soon made their appearance, the hag assuring Kearney that a stout knock with the poker on the back of the grate would summon Mr. Donogan almost instantaneously—so rapidly, indeed, and with such indifference as to raiment, that, as she modestly declared, "I have to take to my heels the moment I call him," and the modest avowal was confirmed by her hasty departure.

The assurance was so far correct that scarcely had Kearney replaced the poker when the door opened, and one of the strangest figures he had ever beheld presented itself in the room. He was a short, thickset man with a profusion of yellowish hair, which, divided in the middle of the head, hung down on either side to his neck; beard and mustache of the same hue left little of the face to be seen but a pair of lustrous blue eyes, deep-sunken in their orbits, and a short, wide-nostriled nose, which bore the closest resemblance to a lion's. Indeed, a most absurd likeness to the king of beasts was the impression produced on Kearney as this wild-looking fellow bounded forward and stood there amazed at finding a stranger to confront him.

His dress was a flannel shirt and trowsers, and a pair of old slippers which had once been Kearney's own.

"I was told by the college woman how I was to summon you, Mr. Donogan," said Kearney, good-naturedly. "You're not offended with the liberty?"

"Are you Dick?" asked the other, coming forward.

"Yes. I think most of my friends know me by that name."

"And the old devil has told you mine?" asked he, quickly.

"No, I believe I discovered that for myself. I tumbled over some of your things last night, and saw a letter addressed to you."

"You didn't read it?"

"Certainly not. It fell out of your pocket-book, and I put it back there."

"So the old hag didn't blab on me? I'm anxious about this, because it's got out somehow that I'm back again. I landed at Kenmare in a fishing-boat from the New York packet, the *Osprey*, on Tuesday fortnight, and three of the newspapers had it before I was a week on shore."

"Our breakfast is getting cold; sit down here and let me help you. Will you begin with a rasher?"

Not replying to the invitation, Donogan covered his plate with bacon, and leaning his arm on the table, stared fixedly at Kearney.

"I am as glad as fifty pound of it," muttered he, slowly, to himself.

"Glad of what?"

"Glad that you're not a swell, Mr. Kearney," said he, gravely. "'The Honorable Richard Kearney:' whenever I repeated that to myself it gave me a cold sweat. I thought of velvet collars and a cravat with a grand pin in it, and a stuck-up creature behind both, that wouldn't condescend to sit down with me."

"I am sure Joe Atlee gave you no such impression of me."

A short grunt that might mean any thing was all the reply.

"He was my chum, and knew me better," reiterated the other.

"He knows many a thing he doesn't say, and he says plenty that he doesn't know. 'Kearney will be a swell,' said I, 'and he'll turn upon me just out of contempt for my condition.'"

"That was judging me hardly, Mr. Donogan."

"No, it wasn't; it's the treatment the mangy dog meets all the world over. Why is England insolent to us, but because we're poor?—answer me that. Are we mangy? Don't you feel mangy?—I know *I* do!"

Dick smiled a sort of mild contradiction, but said nothing.

"Now that I see you, Mr. Kearney," said the other, "I'm as glad as a ten-pound note about a letter I wrote you—"

"I never received a letter from you."

"Sure I know you didn't! haven't I got it here?" and he drew forth a square-shaped packet and held it up before him. "I never said that I sent it, nor I won't send it now; here's its present address," added he, as he threw it on the fire and pressed it down with his foot.

"Why not have given it to me now?" asked the other.

"Because three minutes will tell you all that was in it, and better than writing; for I can reply to any thing that wants an explanation, and that's what a letter can not. First of all, do you know that Mr. Claude Barry, your county member, has asked for the Chiltern, and is going to resign?"

"No, I have not heard it."

"Well, it's a fact. They are going to make him a second secretary somewhere, and pension him off. He has done his work: he voted an Arms Bill and an Insurrection Act, and he had the influenza when the amnesty petition was presented, and sure no more could be expected from any man."

"The question scarcely concerns me; our interest in the county is so small now, we count very little."

"And don't you know how to make your influence greater?"

"I can not say that I do."

"Go to the poll yourself, Richard Kearney, and be the member."

"You are talking of an impossibility, Mr. Donogan. First of all, we have no fortune, no large estates in the county, with a wide tenantry and plenty of votes; secoudly, we have no place among the county families, as our old name and good blood might have given us; thirdly, we are of the wrong religion, and, I take it, with as wrong politics; and lastly, we should not know what to do with the prize if he had won it."

"Wrong in every one of your propositions—wholly wrong," cried the other. "The party that will send you in won't want to be bribed, and they'll be proud of a man who doesn't overtop them with his money. You don't need the big families, for you'll beat them. Your religion is the right one, for it will give you the Priests; and your politics shall be Repeal, and it will give you the Peasants; and as to not knowing what to do when you're elected, are you so mighty well off in life that you've nothing to wish for?"

"I can scarcely say that," said Dick, smiling.

"Give me a few minutes' attention," said Donogan, "and I think I'll show you that I've thought this matter out and out; indeed, before I sat down to write to you I went into all the details."

And now, with a clearness and a fairness that astonished Kearney, this strange-looking fellow proceeded to prove how he had weighed the whole difficulty, and saw how, in the nice balance of the two great parties who would contest the seat, the Repealer would step in and steal votes from both.

He showed not only that he knew every barony of the county, and every estate and property, but that he had a clear insight into the different localities where discontent prevailed, and places where there was something more than discontent.

"It is down there," said he, significantly, "that I can be useful. The man that has had his foot in the dock, and only escaped having his head in the noose, is never discredited in Ireland. Talk Parliament and parliamentary tactics to the small shop-keepers in Moate, and leave me to talk treason to the people in the bog."

"But I mistake you and your friends greatly," said Kearney, "if these were the tactics you always followed; I thought that you were the physical force party, who sneered at constitutionalism, and only believed in the pike."

"So we did, so long as we saw O'Connell and the lawyers working the game of that grievance for their own advantage, and teaching the English government how to rule Ireland by a system of concession to *them* and to *their* friends. Now, however, we begin to perceive that to assault that heavy bastion of Saxon intolerance, we must have spies in the enemy's fortress, and for this we send in so many members to the Whig party. There are scores of men who will aid us by their vote who would not risk a bone in our cause. Theirs is a sort of subacute patriotism; but it has its use. It smashes an Established Church, breaks down Protestant ascendency, destroys the prestige of landed property, and will in time abrogate entail and primogeniture, and many another fine thing; and in this way it clears the ground for our operations, just as soldiers fell trees and level houses lest they interfere with the range of heavy artillery."

"So that the place you would assign me is that very honorable one you have just called a 'spy in the camp?'"

"By a figure I said that, Mr. Kearney; but you know well enough what I meant was, that there's many a man will help us on the Treasury benches, that would not turn out on Tallaght; and we want both. I won't say," added he, after a pause, "I'd not rather see you a leader in our ranks than a Parliament man. I was bred a doctor, Mr. Kearney, and I must take an illustration from my own art. To make a man susceptible of certain remedies you are often obliged to reduce his strength and weaken his constitution. So it is here. To bring Ireland into a condition to be bettered by Repeal, you must crush the Church and smash the bitter Protestants. The Whigs will do these for us, but we must help them. Do you understand me now?"

"I believe I do. In the case you speak of, then, the government will support my election."

"Against a Tory, yes; but not against a pure Whig—a thorough-going supporter, who would bargain for nothing for his country, only something for his own relations."

"If your project has an immense fascination for me at one moment, and excites my ambition beyond all bounds, the moment I turn my mind to the cost, and remember my own poverty, I see nothing but hopelessness."

"That's not my view of it, nor, when you listen to me patiently, will it, I believe, be yours. Can we have another talk over this in the evening?"

"To be sure! we'll dine here together at six."

"Oh, never mind me; think of yourself, Mr. Kearney, and your own engagements. As to the matter of dining, a crust of bread and a couple of apples are fully as much as I want or care for."

"We'll dine together to-day at six," said Dick, "and bear in mind I am more interested in this than you are."

CHAPTER XXVII.

A CRAFTY COUNSELOR.

As they were about to sit down to dinner on that day a telegram, redirected from Kilgobbin, reached Kearney's hand. It bore the date of that morning, from Plmnuddm Castle, and was signed "Atlee." Its contents were these:—H. E. wants to mark the Kilgobbin defense with some sign of approval. What shall it be? Reply by wire."

"Read that, and tell us what you think of it."

"Joe Atlee at the Viceroy's castle in Wales!" cried the other. "We are going up the ladder hand over head, Mr. Kearney! A week ago his ambition was bounded on the south by Ship Street, and on the east by the Lower Castle Yard."

"How do you understand the dispatch?" asked Kearney, quickly.

"Easily enough. His Excellency wants to know what you'll have for shooting down three—I think they were three—Irishmen."

"The fellows came to demand arms, and with loaded guns in their hands."

"And if they did! Is not the first right of a man the weapon that defends him? He that can not use it or does not possess it is a slave. By what prerogative has Kilgobbin Castle within its walls what can take the life of any, the meanest, tenant on the estate?"

"I am not going to discuss this with you; I think I have heard most of it before, and was not impressed when I did so. What I asked was, what sort of a recognition one might safely ask for and reasonably expect?"

"That's not long to look for. Let them support you in the county. Telegraph back, 'I'm going to stand, and, if I get in, will be a Whig, whenever I'm not a Nationalist. Will the party stand by me?"

"Scarcely with that programme."

"And do you think that the priests' nominees, who are three-fourths of the Irish members, offer better terms? Do you imagine that the men that crowd the Whig lobby have not reserved their freedom of action about the Pope, and the Fenian prisoners, and the Orange processionists? If they were not free so far, I'd ask you, with the old Duke, how is her Majesty's government to be carried on?"

Kearney shook his head in dissent.

"And that's not all," continued the other; "but you must write to the papers a flat contradiction of that shooting story. You must either declare that it never occurred at all, or was done by that young scamp from the Castle, who happily got as much as he gave."

"That I could not do," said Kearney, firmly.

"And it is that precisely that you must do," rejoined the other. "If you go into the House to represent the popular feeling of Irishmen, the hand that signs the roll must not be stained with Irish blood."

"You forget; I was not within fifty miles of the place."

"And another reason to disavow it. Look here, Mr. Kearney; if a man in a battle was to say to himself, I'll never give any but a fair blow, he'd make a mighty bad soldier. Now public life is a battle, and worse than a battle in all that touches treachery and falsehood. If you mean to do any good in the world, to yourself and your country, take my word for it, you'll have to do plenty of things that you don't like, and, what's worse, can't defend."

"The soup is getting cold all this time. Shall we sit down?"

"No, not till we answer the telegram. Sit down and say what I told you."

"Atlee will say I'm mad. He knows I have not a shilling in the world."

"Riches is not the badge of the representation," said the other.

"They can, at least, pay the cost of the elections."

"Well, we'll pay ours, too—not all at once, but later on; don't fret yourself about that."

"They'll refuse me flatly."

"No, we have a lien on the fine gentleman with the broken arm. What would the Tories give for that story, told as I could tell it to them? At all events, whatever you do in life, remember this—that if asked your price for any thing you have done, name the highest, and take nothing if it's refused you. It's a waiting race, but I never knew it fail in the end."

Kearney dispatched his message, and sat down to the table, far too much flurried and excited to care for his dinner. Not so his guest, who ate voraciously, seldom raising his head, and never uttering a word. "Here's to the new member for King's County," said he at last, and he drained off his glass; and I don't know a pleasanter way of wishing a man prosperity than in a bumper. "Has your father any politics, Mr. Kearney?"

"He thinks he's a Whig, but, except hating the Established Church, and having a print of Lord Russell over the fire-place, I don't know he has other reason for the opinion."

"All right; there's nothing finer for a young man entering public life than to be able to sneer at his father for a noodle. That's the practical way to show contempt for the wisdom of our ancestors. There's no appeal the public respond to with the same certainty as that of the man who quarrels with his relations for the sake of his principles; and whether it be a change in your politics or your religion, they're sure to uphold you."

"If differing with my father will insure success, I can afford to be confident," said Dick, smiling.

"Your sister has her notions about Ireland, hasn't she?"

"Yes, I believe she has; but she fancies that laws and acts of Parliament are not the things in fault, but ourselves and our modes of dealing with the people, that were not often just, and were always capricious. I am not sure how she works out her problem, but I believe we ought to educate each other; and that, in turn for teaching the people to read and write, there are scores of things to be learned from them."

"And the Greek girl?"

"The Greek girl"—began Dick, haughtily, and with a manner that betokened rebuke, but which suddenly changed as he saw that nothing in the other's manner gave any indication of intended freedom or insolence—"the Greek is my first cousin, Mr. Donogan," said he, calmly; "but I am anxious to know how you have heard of her, or, indeed, of any of us."

"From Joe—Joe Atlee. I believe we have talked you over—every one of you—till I know you all as well as if I lived in the Castle and called you by your Christian names. Do you know, Mr. Kearney"—and his voice trembled now as he spoke—"that to a lone and desolate man like myself, who has no home, and scarcely a country, there is something indescribably touching in the mere picture of the fireside, and the family gathered round it, talking over little homely cares, and canvassing the changes of each day's fortune. I could sit here half the night and listen to Atlee telling how you lived, and the sort of things that interested you."

"So that you'd actually like to look at us?"

Donogan's eyes grew glassy, and his lips trembled, but he could not utter a word.

"So you shall, then," cried Dick, resolutely. "We'll start to-morrow by the early train. You'll not object to a ten miles' walk, and we'll arrive for dinner."

"Do you know who it is you are inviting to your father's house? Do you know that I am an escaped convict, with a price on my head this minute? Do you know the penalty of giving me shelter, or even what the law calls comfort?"

"I know this, that in the heart of the Bog of Allen you'll be far safer than in the city of Dublin; that none shall ever learn who you are, nor, if they did, is there one—the poorest in the place—would betray you."

"It is of you, Sir, I'm thinking, not of me," said Donogan, calmly.

"Don't fret yourself about us. We are well known in our county, and above suspicion. Whenever you yourself should feel that your presence was like to be a danger, I am quite willing to believe you'd take yourself off."

"You judge me rightly, Sir, and I'm proud to see it; but how are you to present me to your friends?"

"As a college acquaintance—a friend of Atlee's and of mine—a gentleman who occupied the room next me. I can surely say that with truth."

"And dined with you every day since you knew him. Why not add that?"

He laughed merrily over this conceit, and at last Donogan said, "I've a little kit of clothes—something deconner than these—up in Thomas

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Street, No. 13, Mr. Kearney; the old house Lord Edward was shot in, and the safest place in Dublin now, because it is so notorious. I'll step up for them this evening, and I'll be ready to start when you like."

"Here's good fortune to us, whatever we do next," said Kearney, filling both their glasses; and they touched the brims together and clinked them before they drained them.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"ON THE LEADS."

KATE KEARNEY'S room was on the top of the Castle, and "gave" by a window over the leads of a large square tower. On this space she had made a little garden of a few flowers, to tend which was one of what she called her "dissipations."

Some old packing-cases, filled with mould, sufficed to nourish a few stocks and carnations, a rose or two, and a mass of mignonette, which possibly, like the children of the poor, grew up sturdy and healthy from some of the adverse circumstances of their condition. It was a very favorite spot with her; and if she came hither in her happiest moments, it was here also her saddest hours were passed, sure that in the cares and employments of her loved plants she would find solace and consolation. It was at this window Kate now sat with Nina, looking over the vast plain, on which a rich moonlight was streaming, the shadows of fast-flitting clouds throwing strange and fanciful effects over a space almost wide enough to be a prairie.

"What a deal have mere names to do with our imaginations, Nina!" said Kate. "Is not that boundless sweep before us as fine as your boasted Campagna? Does not the night wind career over it as joyfully, and is not the moonlight as picturesque in its breaks by turf-clump and hillock as by ruined wall and tottering temple? In a word, are not we as well here, to drink in all this delicious silence, as if we were sitting on your loved Pincian?"

"Don't ask me to share such heresies. I see nothing out there but bleak desolation. I don't know if it ever had a past; I can almost swear it will have no future. Let us not talk of it."

"What shall we talk of?" asked Kate, with an arch smile.

"You know well enough what led me up here. I want to hear what you know of that strange man Dick brought here to-day to dinner."

"I never saw him before—never even heard of him."

"Do you like him?"

"I have scarcely seen him."

"Don't be so guarded and reserved. Tell me frankly the impression he makes on you. Is he not vulgar—very vulgar?"

"How should I say, Nina? Of all the people you ever met, who knows so little of the habits of society as myself? Those fine gentlemen who were here the other day shocked my ignorance by numberless little displays of indifference. Yet I can feel that the must have been paragons of good-breeding, and that what I believed to be a very cool self-sufficiency was in reality the very latest London version of good manners."

"Oh, you did not like that charming carelessness of Englishmen that goes where it likes and when it likes, that does not wait to be answered when it questions, and only insists on one thing, which is—'not to be bored.' If you knew, dearest Kate, how foreigners school themselves, and strive to catch up that insouciance, and never succeed—never!"

"My brother's friend certainly is no adept in it."

"He is insufferable. I don't know that the man ever dined in the company of ladies before; did you remark that he did not open the door as we left the dinner-room? and if your brother had not come over, I should have had to open it for myself. I declare I'm not sure he stood up as we passed."

"Oh yes; I saw him rise from his chair."

"I'll tell you what you did not see. You did not see him open his napkin at dinner. He stole his roll of bread very slyly from the folds, and then placed the napkin, carefully folded, beside him."

"You seem to have observed him closely, Nina."

"I did so, because I saw enough in his manner to excite suspicion of his class, and I want to know what Dick means by introducing him here."

"Papa liked him; at least he said that after we left the room a good deal of his shyness wore off, and that he conversed pleasantly and well. Above all, he seems to know Ireland perfectly."

"Indeed!" said she, half disdainfully.

"So much so that I was heartily sorry to leave the room when I heard them begin the topic; but I saw papa wished to have some talk with him, and I went."

"They were gallant enough not to join us afterward, though I think we waited tea till ten."

"Till nigh eleven, Nina; so that I am sure they must have been interested in their conversation."

"I hope the explanation excuses them."

"I don't know that they are aware they needed an apology. Perhaps they were affecting a little of that British insouciance you spoke of."

"They had better not. It will sit most awkwardly on their Irish habits."

"Some day or other I'll give you a formal battle on this score, Nina, and I warn you you'll not come so well out of it."

"Whenever you like. I accept the challenge. Make this brilliant companion of your brother's the type, and it will test your cleverness, I promise you. Do you even know his name?"

"Mr. Daniel, my brother called him; but I know nothing of his country or of his belongings."

"Daniel is a Christian name, not a family name, is it not? We have scores of people like that—Tommasini, Riccardi, and such like—in Italy, but they mean nothing."

"Our friend below stairs looks as if *that* was not his failing. I should say that he means a good deal."

"Oh, I know you are laughing at my stupid phrase—no matter; you understood me, at all events. I don't like that man."

"Dick's friends are not fortunate with you. I remember how unfavorably you judged of Mr. Atlee from his portrait."

"Well, he looked rather better than his picture—less false, I mean; or perhaps it was that he had a certain levity of manner that carried off the perfidy."

"What an amiable sort of levity!"

"You are too critical on me by half this evening," said Nina, pettishly; and she arose and strolled out upon the leads.

For some time Kate was scarcely aware she had gone. Her head was full of cares, and she sat trying to think some of them "out," and see her way to deal with them. At last the door of the room slowly and noiselessly opened, and Dick put in his head. "I was afraid you might be asleep, Kate," said he, entering, "finding all so still and quiet here."

"No. Nina and I were chatting here—squabbling, I believe, if I were to tell the truth; and I can't tell when she left me."

"What could you be quarreling about?" asked he, as he sat down beside her.

"I think it was about that strange friend of yours. We were not quite agreed whether his manners were perfect, or his habits those of the well-bred world. Then we wanted to know more of him, and each was dissatisfied that the other was so ignorant; and, lastly, we were canvassing that very peculiar taste you appear to have in friends, and were wondering where you find your odd people."

"So, then, you don't like Donogan?" said he, hurriedly.

"Like whom? And you call him Donogan!"

"The mischief is out," said he. "Not that I wanted to have secrets from you; but all the same, I am a precious bungler. His name is Donogan, and what's more, it's Daniel Donogan. He was the same who figured in the dock at, I believe, sixteen years of age, with Smith O'Brien and the others, and was afterward seen in England in '59, known as a head-centre, and apprehended on suspicion in '60, and made his escape from Dartmoor the same year. There's a very pretty biography in skeleton, is it not?"

"But, my dear Dick, how are you connected with him?"

"Not very seriously. Don't be afraid. I'm not compromised in any way, nor does he desire that I should be. Here is the whole story of our acquaintance." And now he told what the reader already knows of their first meeting and the intimacy that followed it.

"All that will take nothing from the danger of harboring a man charged as he is," said she, gravely.

"That is to say, if he be tracked and discovered."

"It is what I mean."

"Well, one has only to look out of that window, and see where we are and what lies around us on every side, to be tolerably easy on that score." And as he spoke he arose and walked out upon the terrace. "What! were you here all this time?" asked he, as he saw Nina seated on the battlement, and throwing dried leaves carelessly to the wind.

"Yes; I have been here this half hour, perhaps longer."

"And heard what we have been saying within there?"

"Some chance words reached me, but I did not follow them."

"Oh, it was here you were, then, Nina!" cried Kate. "I am ashamed to say I did not know it."

"We got so warm in discussing your friend's merits or demerits that we parted in a sort of huff," said Nina. "I wonder was he worth quarreling for?"

"What should *you* say?" asked Dick, inquiringly, as he scanned her face.

"In any other land I might say he was—that is, that some interest might attach to him; but here, in Ireland, you all look so much brighter, and wittier, and more impetuous, and more out of the common than you really are, that I give up all divination of you, and own I can not read you at all."

"I hope you like the explanation," said Kate to her brother, laughing.

"I'll tell my friend of it in the morning," said Dick; "and as he is a great national champion, perhaps he'll accept it as a defiance."

"You do not frighten by the threat," said Nina, calmly.

Dick looked from her face to his sister's and back again to hers, to discern if he might how much she had overheard; but he could read nothing in her cold and impassive bearing, and he went his way in doubt and confusion.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

LAST summer the Western sections of our country suffered an invasion of grasshoppers, which in some places ruined the crops. This scourge seems to have been marching Eastward, and now New England is being ravaged by this voracious insect. In some of the central portions of Maine they have literally, like the locusts of Egypt, eaten "every herb of the land;" and as they have attacked the fruit also, there seems likely to remain no "green thing in the trees, or in the herbs of the field through all the land," unless some "mighty wind" takes them away. Pleasure-walking is not attainable. A stroll through the fields raises before one a hopping, flying, chirping swarm. They cover your garments, sparing not your sacred person; and when you have shaken and brushed and picked them off, scores yet remain, creeping up your back, sitting familiarly on your shoulder, or perched impudently on your hat. As you drive through the streets they separate like a cloud on either hand: the land is "darkened" with them. Some have wings like butterflies, and all have remarkable locomotive powers. They climb up the sides of the house, enter your chamber window, and, folding up their arms, sit on the window-sill watching you until they think fit to enter the room. At night they roost on the fences, the door-steps, the sides of the houses, the trunks of trees, often climbing to remarkable heights. Such for multitude is the scourge of the farmer, in some sections, whose ravages have almost ruined the crops. If we, like people of Oriental climes, esteemed this creature a table delicacy, the case would not be so desperate. We would not attempt to specify the proper species to be eaten; but certainly the Israelites were allowed to eat "the grasshopper after his kind," and they were prepared in many ways. They were dressed in oil, packed in salt, dried, minced, and used mixed with bread; they were roasted, or boiled, or baked, and considered by Eastern people as a very handy article to have in the house for luncheon. It is our belief, however, that those in our own country who live in the grasshopper-infested sections will have enough of them without making them an addition to their bill of fare.

Eleven graduates of Yale are now in Kansas, and propose to spend a few months in hunting for fossils among the plains and mountains of the great West under the direction of Professor Marsh, of the Sheffield Scientific School. The search after live vertebrates will give a liveliness to their trips, and the Indians and rattlesnakes will be spice enough for the expedition.

The announcement is made of the marriage of the Princess Mary of Holland to the Prince of Wied. Foreign papers give some interesting details concerning the royal lady, who is hence to one of the largest fortunes in Europe. Many princes have sought her, but none found favor in her eyes until, in traveling, she one day met the Prince of Wied. He suited her; so it is of no consequence that the bride is thirty and the bridegroom only twenty-five years old. It is asserted, with what truth we know not, that the princess is an excellent musician and a capital cook; that she not only played the organ during a part of the marriage ceremony, but made her own wedding-cake!

Sunflowers were recommended by a commission of European savants, called by Bismarck, to rid the air of the taint occasioned by the heaps of dead near Paris. They considered the sunflower a valuable plant for that purpose, as having a great power of absorbing the nitrogenous matters in which the soil abounded. Also it is useful as yielding an excellent oil from its seed, a good forage from its leaves, and having a combustible stalk, which can be used for fuel.

Last November twenty-six Chinese planted thirty-four acres in Louisiana with sugar-cane, and have been steadily cultivating the fields since that time, with satisfactory results. At first they were awkward workmen, but soon improved so as to be better than the old hands.

A cool summer, comparatively, and a cool fall are predicted by Dr. Prestel, a German naturalist, who attributes the cold weather in Europe during the last spring to the frequency of aurora borealis and spots on the sun. He says that the same kind of weather, and a frequent occurrence of those phenomena, were observed in 1838, 1840, and 1860.

Congress, at its last session, passed a new law for the regulation of all vessels propelled by steam, and appointed eleven superintending inspectors to carry out its provisions. The law also provided that the Secretary of the Treasury should convene these inspectors, and submit the law to them for approval. The New York *Times* states that in February last these inspectors met in Washington, and approved of a large number of the provisions of the law, but the most important, those relating to the safety of boilers and to life-saving apparatus, they decided should not go into effect until January, 1872. Therefore the old law, so far as these two important items were concerned, remained in effect. The new law contains a provision that no boiler shall be allowed to carry more than two-thirds of the steam pressure to which it has been tested. Had this provision been put in effect at once, the late terrible accident could not have occurred. The exploded boiler of the *Westfield*, it appears, was only capable of a resistance of twenty-five pounds, yet twenty-seven pounds of steam were carried, according to the engineer's account.

Mr. Murray, of Adirondack fame, is represented by an excursionist who has met him in the woods as "brown and swarthy as an Indian, and looking as tough as the rudder-head of a Cape Ann fishing schooner."

We query how much our readers will profit by the suggestion, but it is said that if you drink sweet-oil, mixed with horse-radish, you can be bitten with impunity by a mad dog.

Lady Mordaunt, whose case attracted so much attention in London courts and London society some months ago, has for many months past been residing in the house of a physician of Chiswick, under the authority of a certificate of the Commissioners in Lunacy. Recently she was discharged from his care, having been reported by him to the Commissioners as a case of feigned insanity. She is now residing with her father.

In excessively hot days a room may be made comfortably cool by wetting a large cloth and suspending it. Let the ventilation be good, and the temperature will sink from ten to twenty degrees in less than an hour.

We question whether an American, with a limited knowledge of the Chinese language, could translate into that tongue the parable of the wise and foolish virgins any better than Choy Awab, a pupil in a Sunday-school at Washington, has Englished it. The following is his version:

"The kingdom like ten girls; never marry; they bring some lanterns; come out till some new-married man come that way. Have got five wise and five foolish. Five hold lanterns with no oil. Smart five all have oil inside. The new-married man come late; they sleep. By-and-by they all say, 'New-married man come!' All go out to him. Five makee nice lanterns. Five foolish say, 'You give my oil; my lamp no oil, you give my some.' The smart say, 'I no give you; I not enough; you go market buy.' Foolish go market to buy. The new-married man come. All come in to dinner. Shut the door. By-and-by the foolish come and say, 'Boss, boss, open door.' He say, 'I no likee you; you no my.' Must be smart, no understand the day."

Felix was the faithful but somewhat tyrannical valet of the late Baron Rothschild. It was his business to dress his master, and he did not allow his judgment upon matters of the toilet to be called in question.

"What sort of an overcoat is that, Felix?" asked the Baron one morning.

"That which Monsieur le Baron will put on to-day," answered Felix.

"But that which I wore yesterday pleases me better."

"That may be; but Monsieur le Baron does not know that the weather has changed."

"That does not matter; I would rather have the other."

"But Monsieur le Baron will put this on;" and, laughing, M. Rothschild had to put on the coat Felix had brought him.

Lawyers make a point of cross-questioning witnesses in a merciless manner. Sometimes, however, the former get the worst of it.

"William Look, who made you?" demanded a learned counselor.

William, who was considered a fool, screwed up his face, and, looking thoughtful and somewhat bewildered, replied,

"Moses, I s'pose."

"That will do," said the counselor, addressing the Court. "The witness says he supposes Moses made him; that is an intelligent answer—more than I thought him capable of giving, for it shows that he has some faint idea of Scripture. I submit that is not sufficient to entitle him to be sworn as a witness capable of giving evidence."

"Mister Judge," said the fool, "may I ax the lawyer a question?"

"Certainly," said the judge.

"Well, then, Mister Lawyer, who d'ye s'pose made you?"

"Aaron, I s'pose," said the lawyer, imitating the witness.

After the mirth had somewhat subsided, the witness drawled out:

"Wa'al, neow, we do read in the Book that Aaron once made a calf, but who'd 'a thought the critter 'd got in here?"

According to statistics it appears that the number of retail druggists in New York city amounts to five hundred, who, it is estimated, employ seven hundred and fifty prescription clerks. The fees derived from the examination and licensing of these druggists and clerks would amount to $22,500, and not to $100,000, according to the extravagant estimate that there are two thousand retail druggists and four thousand clerks doing business in New York. The annual expenses of the Board of Examination, it is stated, amount to $12,634, including the salaries of four commissioners at $2500 each, one clerk at $2000, and one messenger at $624. The fitting up of the offices with furniture and cases for drugs, tables and apparatus for manipulations, samples of pure and impure drugs and chemicals, and the other necessary expenses, it is contended would consume the residue of the receipts. Dr. Ogden Doremus, president of the board, is of opinion that the examination of druggists, if properly conducted, will remove incompetent persons, stimulate novices to a more thorough preparation, elevate the pharmaceutical profession, and afford the public increased immunity against mistakes.

Sleep is a miraculous remedy. One writer asserts that it will do much toward removing irritability of temper, peevishness, and uneasiness; that it will cure insanity, relieve dyspepsia and hypochondria; that it will cure headache and neuralgia and a long list of nervous disorders. The habit of *sleeplessness*, is, however, not easily cured. It is often brought on by a severe illness, by long-continued watchfulness, by hard study, want of exercise, or the use of stimulants. The following points are considered requisite in breaking up this habit: A good clean bed; sufficient exercise to produce weariness; pleasant occupation; plenty of good air, and not too warm a room; freedom from too much care; a clear stomach; a clear conscience; and avoidance of stimulants and narcotics.

Thomas Jefferson prided himself on his horses. They must be of the best Virginia blood, and so carefully groomed that if a white handkerchief passed over their coats showed the slightest trace of soil the animal was at once sent back to the stable.

Paris is beginning to indulge in trials for minor offenses. In a late trial an old gentleman was accused of kissing a pretty girl in her teens. He alleged it was his weakness, and that, though soundly beaten by the father and mother, he offered to pay them one thousand francs to end the matter. Sweet sixteen, on being examined, declared she had not the slightest objection to being kissed, provided she were paid at that handsome rate.

The originator of the "Bloomer Costume" is now reported as living quietly, without either social or political ambition, in a Kansas town, busily employed in attending to a large family and a flourishing farm.

Salt is said to make a carpet look bright and fresh if sprinkled upon it before sweeping, and also to be a good preventive against moths.

Lemons will keep good for months if sliced when perfectly fresh, and packed in glass jars with a thick layer of white sugar between the slices.

It may interest some of our readers to know the curious nicknames which have been given to the States of the Union, or rather to the residents thereof. They are as follows: Alabama, Lizards; Arkansas, Toothpicks; California, Gold-hunters; Colorado, Rovers; Connecticut, Wooden Nutmegs; Delaware, Musk-rats; Florida, Fly-up-the-Creeks; Georgia, Buzzards; Illinois, Suckers; Indiana, Hoosiers; Iowa, Hawkeyes; Kansas, Jayhawkers; Kentucky, Corn-crackers; Louisiana, Creoles; Maine, Foxes; Maryland, Craw-thumpers; Michigan, Wolverines; Minnesota, Gophers; Mississippi, Tadpoles; Missouri, Pukes; Nebraska, Bug-eaters; Nevada, Sage Hens; New Hampshire, Granite Boys; New Jersey, Blues, or Clam-catchers; New York, Knickerbockers; North Carolina, Tar-boilers, and Tuckoes; Ohio, Buckeyes; Oregon, Web-feet, and Hard Cases; Pennsylvania, Pennanites, and Leatherheads; Rhode Island, Gun Flints; South Carolina, Weasels; Tennessee, Whelps; Texas, Beef-heads; Vermont, Green Mountain Boys; Virginia, Beadles; Wisconsin, Badgers.

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BY EDWARD F. UNDERHILL.

ILLUSTRATED BY LUMLEY.

TUMBLING in the waters,
Rolling in the swell,
Splashing 'midst the breakers,
Dashing in pell-mell;
Diving 'neath the billows,
Sprawling in the spray,
What can be more jolly than
The bathing at Cape May?

Here a hale old buffer,
Laughing at the fun,
When a fat companion,
Frightened, tries to run
From a towering breaker,
Which, to his dismay,
Strikes him like a catapult,
And lays him at Cape May.

There a plump-built matron,
Short in petticoat,
Simpering like a maiden,
Vainly tries to float;
With a cry appalling—
'Gulfed in boiling spray—
Quick she turns a somersault
In bathing at Cape May.

Now a foppish spooney,
With mustaches dyed,
Quick to show his mettle,
Plunges in the tide;
Breakers tumble o'er him,
Spoiling his display,
Sneezing, he emerges from
The waters at Cape May.

Here a rosy sea-nymph
In the water laves,
Boldly mounts the billows,
Dashing surges braves:
See the boisterous sea-king
Kiss the watery fay;
Hear her laughter ringing from
The billows of Cape May.

Hand in hand together
Then a noisy band
Move forth in the waters,
Bravely try to stand
'Gainst the shocks of breakers,
Eager for the fray—
See them quickly scamper for
The sand beach of Cape May.

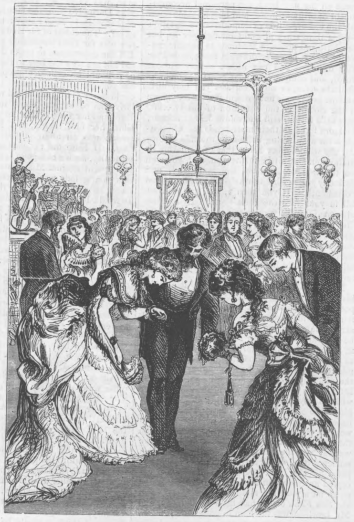
THE DINNER HOUR.

THE HALE OLD BUFFER.

GOSSIP, COBBLERS, ROMANCE.

FLIRTING AND CROQUET.

THE ROSY SEA-NYMPH.



THE LANCERS.

Tumbling in the waters,
Rolling in the swell,
Splashing 'midst the breakers,
Dashing in pell-mell;
Doffing briny garments,
Donning raiment gay,
Aching voids then filling from
The table at Cape May.

Clattering of the dishes,
Rattling knives and forks,
Jingling of the glasses,
Popping of the corks,
Draining of the bottles,
Stowing food away,
Don't we have a jolly time
In dining at Cape May?

See that young dyspeptic—
Mother's tender pet—
For each course voracious,
Eye-teeth sharply set;
Then those fragile creatures
Winds 'most waft away,
What an ostrich appetite
O'ertakes them at Cape May!

Time assassinating,
To verandas drawn,
Lounging in pavilion,
Smoking on the lawn;
Gossip, cobblers, romance,
Flirting and croquet,
Till darkness drops its mantle
O'er nature at Cape May.

Gathering in the parlors,
Rustling of the dresses,
Fascinating features,
Agitating tresses,
Gliding through the lancers—
Gayest of the gay
Are the evening pleasures that
We whirl in at Cape May.

Thus the fun continues,
Morning, noon, and night,
Till our aching eyelids
Ask for a respite;
Then we soundly slumber
Till the break of day,
Only to again resume
The frolics at Cape May.

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THE PRINCE OF PRUSSIA.

ON our first page this week we give a picture of the Crown Prince of Prussia, his wife, and their eldest son. The Prince is deservedly popular among all classes of people, in his own country and abroad. He is not only one of the chiefs of an army which has accomplished a series of unparalleled triumphs, but he has conducted himself during the campaign with the utmost modesty and manliness. He was content to take his instructions from the great military chessplayer, VON MOLTKE, his ears were open to every tale of suffering, and his hand was ready to relieve both comrade and foeman. Though the heir to a crown whose history is steeped in military traditions, he has consistently proclaimed himself a man of peace; and in all his benevolent efforts he has been seconded by the good sense, the liberal feelings, and the untiring kindness of his wife. In the picture the Crown Princess is represented attired in the uniform of Her Black Body-Guard, and her son, Prince FREDERICK WILLIAM, as a lieutenant in the First Regiment of the Guards.

A YACHTMAN'S ROMANCE.

I.

THE London season was over, and a considerable number of its late celebrities were collected in various pleasant spots closely contiguous to the waters of the Solent. Blighted beings had repaired to Cowes, and shattered hearts to Ryde. Gentlemen who were, in popular parlance, about "done up," were enjoying themselves with a hilarity that might have betokened the zenith of worldly prosperity and commercial success in different crafts belonging to the pleasure fleet which covers the English Channel with animation during the months of July, August, and September. Of all social phenomena there is none probably more curious than that thus stated by a distinguished novelist: "How is it that men whom in their palmy days I have seen haggard, careworn, and dejected, by the simple fact that they are utterly and irretrievably ruined, suddenly become the most light-hearted and jolliest of mankind?" The explanation probably is reaction—reaction from the suspense of anxiety to the certainty of despair. Or possibly the philanthropists who propose to themselves the extinction of impecuniosity at a modest profit of eighty per cent. might consider that the true *raison d'être* was to be found in the fact that these volatile human wrecks are blessed with expectations in the background, and usually have a reversionary interest more or less available.

The scene is Ryde Pier, and the hour about 7.30 P.M. A pretty spot, and by no means an unfavorable hour for visiting it. Like Melrose, Ryde Pier and the view which it presents may be visited with signal propriety by the pale moonlight or in the pale twilight. The eternal promenade on the pier head, the perpetual accompaniment of brilliant music and interminable scandal, the ceaseless tide of demonstrative flirtation —these things are pleasant enough *per se*, but they have, no doubt, a tendency to become monotonous. It is a very different thing Ryde Pier after dinner. You can secure society without crowd, and company without effort. You may meditate *solus*, or *solus cum solâ* you may flirt. And the prospect is not without its charm. There in the Solent is the squadron of dainty craft, their sails furled, still and motionless at anchor, the lamp fixed to their mast-heads reflecting itself with a quivering motion in the tide below; and the whole effect being that of a marine illumination. A little further on and you can see the line of light on the main-land, and distinctly trace the terraces of Southsea and Portsmouth. If you turn round, you will see full in your face the little town of Ryde, alive with gas, and the windows of the Victoria Yacht Club all aglow. Then, probably, to enhance the sentiment of the moment, the strains of music steal upon you: and were it not that you are seasonably reminded of contingent rheumatic pains, you might be tempted to lapse into poetic reverie.

Mr. Jim Lawlesse, to address him at once by his familiar title, was scarcely a gentleman of a poetic temperament, yet from the prolonged intentness of his gaze upon the waters as he lounged across the railings of the pier, and the fact that he had suffered his cigar to become extinguished in his hand, he might, for all one could have told to the contrary, been meditating a sonnet to his mistress's eyebrow, or be speculating deeply on the philosophy of the unconditioned. Of that little yacht yonder (the one nearest the shore, with its tiny light twinkling from amidst its rigging—the *Sea Fan* was her name) Mr. Jim Lawlesse was temporary proprietor. Jim's friends were in the habit of saying that, having made the land too hot for him, he had taken to the waters; and there may have been reasons which rendered St. James's Street a slightly too public place for our hero. So Mr. Lawlesse had accepted an invitation from an old college friend to go on a yachting trip in the *Sea Fan*. But the *Sea Fan's* owner had been called away, and Mr. Lawlesse was the man in possession *pro tem.*

A boat containing a gentleman and two ladies pulled to the pier, and Mr. Lawlesse's attention was aroused. The party had come from the *Petrel*, about a mile out, and consisted of the proprietor of the *Petrel*, Sir Hedworth Dare, and his two daughters (who stood to each other in the relation of half-sisters, as Sir Hedworth had married twice), Edith and Kate. When Mr. Lawlesse went up to the two as they landed, it was pretty obvious that Sir Hedworth Dare would have been quite as well pleased had that gentleman not chosen to present himself, for the baronet regarded Mr. Lawlesse as a detrimental, and had a wholesome and parental horror of the class.

"Ah, Lawlesse! thought it was Moonington," said Sir Hedworth. "Said he would be here to meet us."

The Hon. Sam Moonington was eldest son of the heir of Moonshine, and desperately smitten with Miss Kate Dare. Sir Hedworth—so said Ryde society—was bent upon the match. The Hon. Sam was certainly a catch—so said the ladies; Moonington was an ass—so (somewhat abruptly) said the gentlemen in general, and Mr. Lawlesse in particular.

Jim, however, was not to be taken aback by this very tepid welcome, and walked down the pier with Sir Hedworth and his two daughters.

"Are you going to the ball to-night, Mr. Lawlesse?" asked Kate Dare. It happened to be within a few hours of the commencement of the Yacht Club ball.

Of course Mr. Lawlesse was going, and so was Mr. Moonington. That gentleman had just joined them: and so they all were. "And so we shall all meet again presently." And Jim Lawlesse sauntered off, after having bade the ladies an *au revoir*—in decidedly better spirits than when he had first met Sir Hedworth and the Misses Dare.

"I don't think I should mind backing my luck against that of the Honorable Sam," said Jim Lawlesse, as he proceeded to dress. Miss Kate Dare had promised Mr. Lawlesse the first waltz.

II.

The dance given by the Royal Victoria Yacht Club was unusually and brilliantly successful that year—so said every body; and the ball is certainly one which, if for no other reasons than those of a spectacular nature, is well worth seeing. The elegant devices which convert a balcony into a corridor, the profusion of banners, the trophies of yachtsmen, the decidedly nautical features in the dresses of the ladies—all these add a charm which is exclusively their own to the affair.

Mr. James Lawlesse entered the room almost at the same time as the Dare party. On the arm of Sir Hedworth rested his eldest daughter, on that of the Hon. Sam Miss Kate Dare. The baronet's tone was more chilled than ever when he caught sight of our hero approaching in the distance.

Amidst an indescribable chatter, strongly flavored with marine jargon, the first quadrille was danced. Mr. Moonington's partner was Miss Kate Dare, his *vis-à-vis* the gentleman whom we have for form's sake christened the hero of this slight narrative. But the first quadrille, as even first quadrilles are some time or other, was over at last, and within a few minutes of its termination Mr. Lawlesse claimed the younger of Sir Hedworth's two daughters as his partner in the first waltz; and Mr. Moonington surrendered the lady who, without doubt, was the object of his affection and ambitions, certainly not with the best grace in the world. Miss Dare, however, was close by, and disengaged. Would Miss Dare give him, the Hon. Sam, the pleasure of that waltz? Most happy: and the pair whirled off. The eldest of Sir Hedworth's two daughters was far from displeased at the *contretemps*, and she determined to make the most of it. She did not see why the heir to the Moonshine peerage should be calmly appropriated for and by her younger and half sister. For her part, she could never quite understand what there particularly was to charm people in Kate. Besides, Kate had her time before her; she had only finished her first season, and Edith Dare's first season was an affair of the more or less long past. If Kate did not choose to know her opportunity, such a charge of ignorance should not be brought against Miss Dare. In plain truth, this young lady was as little pleased with her father as with her sister in the present matter. It would be no such bad thing, she thought, if the event should prove that the calculations of the former were at fault; as for Kate, the child was far too ignorant to calculate at all.

The fair partner of Mr. Moonington put forth all her powers—and they were not inconsiderable—to captivate and please. She suggested a walk in the corridor—it was so hot in the ball-room. Curiously enough Kate and Mr. Lawlesse had proceeded in the same direction only a few minutes previously. Curiously enough, also, the keen eyes of Edith Dare had noticed the movement.

"I think," said that young lady, in a low tone, "we will sit here, just behind that pillar. The air blows in so cool, and we have such a pretty view of the sea."

Almost immediately on the other side of the pillar were Miss Kate Dare and Mr. Lawlesse.

"Ah! Mr. Moonington, there, I declare, are my sister and Mr. Lawlesse. How very sentimental!" And Edith looked up into the face of the Honorable Sam, who, judging from his expression, was not particularly pleased. He looked in the direction indicated, and then turned again to his partner.

Under the shadow of the pillar Edith advanced with her cavalier a little nearer her sister.

"Romance, did you say, Mr. Lawlesse? I don't think there's much romance in the present century, least of all at Ryde. If you want romance, I think it would be necessary to search for it on far wilder waters than those of the Solent."

"I suppose," returned Mr. Lawlesse, who had evidently been reading "Ixion in Heaven," "that romance is to the romantic."

"And who is romantic nowadays?"

The pair were standing close together, and Mr. Moonington and his partner could distinctly see Mr. Lawlesse's hand laid upon Kate Dare's.

"I think, Mr. Moonington, we will go inside. It is getting rather chilly here—romantic perhaps, rheumatic certainly," said Miss Dare, in accents sufficiently audible to arouse the attention of her sister and Mr. Lawlesse.

"Hadn't a notion," remarked Jim, turning round with something of confusion, "that any body was so near."

The Hon. Samuel Moonington did not ask Miss Kate Dare to dance again that evening.

In her dreams that night, when the ball was over and the dancers dispersed, Miss Dare saw herself the Countess of Moonington; and if any thoughts visited her sister's slumber, I am disposed to fancy that they were principally relative to Jim Lawlesse.

III.

A beautiful morning, two or three days after the club ball: Ryde was thinning gradually; but among the visitors who remained were Sir Hedworth Dare, his two daughters, the Hon. Sam Moonington, and Jim Lawlesse, the latter of whom still waited the return of his friend, the proprietor of the *Sea Fan*.

Sir Hedworth Dare was going to take a morning's sail in his yacht, the *Petrel*. His two daughters were coming, and they were to be accompanied by Mr. Moonington. The baronet had noticed something of the events of the ball night, and Mr. James Lawlesse was discreetly omitted from the party.

Kate Dare was passionately fond of the sea, and was herself an excellent oar. She had told Jim as much the other night. She could not imagine, she said, any life more perfect than the yachtman's; and it must be allowed that the existence is not without its attractions. If you study independence, you realize it in a degree possible under no other circumstances. You go from place to place according to your own sweet will. The instant that a sentiment of boredom commences to creep over you, your anchor is weighed and the scene is changed. Hotels may charge prohibitory prices; lodging-house-keepers may drive their inmates to distraction; what care you? All that hotels and all that lodgings could supply you have close at hand, ready to your beck and call.

Sir Hedworth's party were on board the *Petrel*, and the yacht was just about to slip her moorings.

"Where's Kate, Edith?" inquired the baronet, not seeing his youngest daughter on deck.

"Oh, down in the cabin, papa—I suppose."

These last two words were added in a somewhat lower tone, and as she said them Edith rather blushed. She sat down, however, presently, next to Mr. Moonington, and was soon making the running at a speed not less than that of the good yacht *Petrel*.

"Tell Kate to come up," said Sir Hedworth, after he had leisure to think of other things than certain matters of purely nautical importance; and Edith Dare called for her sister down the companion-ladder. Receiving no answer, she descended into the cabin.

"Papa," she said, on returning, "I don't see Kate at all. I suppose at the last minute she made up her mind not to come."

This was not exactly the truth. Edith Dare had determined from the first that Kate should not be among the party, and to this end she had managed to divert her attention to something else at the moment they were leaving the house. Sir Hedworth was not satisfied with the explanation, and knit his brow. His younger daughter was his favorite, and, not being blind to the character of the elder, he did, in plain truth, suspect something of the ruse that had been executed; but he said nothing, and the *Petrel* went on.

Some person else had selected the present morning as a favorable one for a sail, and that was Jim Lawlesse. He had taken no companion, and was talking abstractedly to the master of the *Sea Fan*. The regulation telescope was suspended from his neck, and something impelled him to look through it in the direction of what seemed a black speck. He examined it again.

"Looks uncommonly like a boat; and, so far as I can make out, whoever is inside her is in distress, for it appears to me," said Jim, "as if they were making signs."

The master of the *Sea Fan* was of the same opinion, and the pair decided that they would "stand about" and try to get at the object.

"By Jove!" cried Jim, as they drew a little nearer, "it's a woman, I declare!"

And a woman it certainly was, evidently exhausted with the severity of her efforts to make headway against the waves. They were now within two or three hundred yards of the boat, and Jim ordered the yacht's pinnace to be let down, and said he would himself run up to this female Columbus.

"Miss Dare," cried Jim, as the pinnace touched the boat, "is that you? What on earth brought you here—three miles from the shore?"

"Oh, Mr. Lawlesse, I am so glad to see you, or some one. I was about getting exhausted, and thought—"

But Kate Dare was unable to say more, for she fell back in a dead faint.

Jim Lawlesse transferred himself into her boat and rowed to the yacht; and when Kate Dare next became sensible she found herself lying in the ladies' cabin of the *Sea Fan*, with Mr. James Lawlesse at her side.

"How very kind!" were her first words, and "How very fortunate!"

"It was certainly fortunate that I should have seen you, but there is no kindness," said Jim. "Don't speak till you have quite recovered."

The recovery was not long delayed, and Kate Dare commenced to tell Jim Lawlesse exactly what had occurred.

"You know," she said, "that we—that is, papa and Edith and Mr. Moonington—were to have gone out for a sail in the *Petrel* this morning. Well, I was dressing, and thought I had plenty of time, when, on looking out of the window, I saw the yacht starting. I was determined not to be robbed of my cruise, so I hurried and went down to the water, and got into the little boat. You see, they were close to me. The *Petrel* didn't seem to be more than a hundred yards ahead, and I thought that I could easily attract their notice. Besides, I had imagined, naturally, that they would discover I was left behind, and I thought most likely they would put back for me. However, I couldn't manage it, and I rowed on and on, and when I looked back the shore was ever so far behind, and I didn't know what to do, and I only hoped some person would pick me up—and at last you did, and I am really more obliged than I can say."

Jim blurted out some disclaimer in reply, which does not materially affect the course of this narrative.

It was decided that the best plan would be to steer for home immediately, and to land as near Sea View as possible, where Sir Hedworth Dare's house was situated.

"People talk so absurdly in Ryde," added Miss Kate Dare, as an argument to clinch the plan.

When the shore was reached there was scarcely a person visible. Two persons, however, had noticed the disembarkation from the *Sea Fan*. One was Edith Dare, and another Mr. Moonington.

"If that does not convince him, nothing else will," thought Miss Dare.

Miss Dare's wish was accomplished, and before the house was reached the heir of the earldom of Moonshine had declared himself.

"Where on earth is Kate?" said Sir Hedworth, as he met Mr. Moonington and his newly gained *fiancée*.

"We have just seen her, papa, landing from Mr. Lawlesse's yacht," was the sisterly reply.

"The devil you have!" replied the baronet, *sotto voce*.

"Ah! here they come, I declare," added Miss Dare. "Hope you've had a pleasant sail, Kate?"

"Kate," said Sir Hedworth, as that young lady was bursting out into all manner of ejaculatory explanations, "I want to speak to you at once. I am surprised," continued the baronet, when the library was reached, "that you should have acted as you have done; that you should have given me the slip in the dishonest manner you did, simply to do a most improper thing—go out in the yacht of a young man to whom you know I exceedingly object. As for his conduct, it is simply disgraceful. I don't understand it, upon my soul I—"

"Oh, papa! what do you mean?" burst in Kate. "Mr. Lawlesse has saved my life." And Kate narrated to her father all that had occurred. The baronet's face changed more than once in the course of his daughter's story.

"Go up and dress for dinner, Kate. I will go and thank Mr. Lawlesse."

Sir Hedworth met that gentleman standing on the steps of the porch.

"No thanks whatever are due, Sir Hedworth," replied Jim. "I'm only sincerely grateful that I saw your daughter when I did."

"Don't go, Lawlesse," continued the owner of the *Petrel*. "Come and stay dinner." And so saying Sir Hedworth turned aside to speak to his eldest daughter, whom he saw coming.

"Edith," he said, "I should like to know what you meant by telling me that Kate was in the cabin this morning?"

"Really, papa, I knew nothing to the contrary. I'm glad she was in more agreeable society. But Mr. Moonington is in the library, and I know is anxious to see you. He is calling you—pray go!"

Later on that evening there was another interview—this time between Sir Hedworth and Mr. Jim Lawlesse. It was entirely satisfactory. Kate had spoken to her father in the interval on the subject of her lover. Jim had made, and would make, no declaration without Sir Hedworth's consent. That consent was given.

"Lawlesse, you have not only saved my daughter's life, you have acted, as I have heard from her, in a manner infinitely creditable to yourself."

"Kate," said Jim to his affianced bride, before they parted that night, "don't you think I was right, and that there may be romance even close to Ryde, and on the water of the Solent, after all?"

IN THE FAR WEST.

IN some of the more remote settlements of the far West, where Uncle Sam's mail arrangements have not been brought to the perfection and regularity that characterize them here, the arrival of the mail-carrier is an event of immense importance. The Indians have, perhaps, gobbled up the previous one, or it has been delayed at the last station for want of a military escort, and anxious hearts have wearied with expectancy. Right welcome is he when he comes, with his homely but precious burden of stout and mud-bespattered pouches filled with letters and papers! Hungry for news from the distant world, the settlers gather in eager groups about the carrier, and wait impatiently while he opens and sorts the mail. What emotions are stirred up by those creased, torn, and worn letters! by those musty old newspapers, which have seen hard times crossing oceans and continents, but faithfully turn up at last at their rightful destination! He who has not lingered in the wilderness knoweth not what famine and thirst for news—for just one clause of news—is. The great silence of forest and mountain vale is beautiful and sublime; but it is a silence which at last becomes so oppressive to man that to him it seems as though loaded with lead and heavy with awful concealment. The rare and loving message from the distant clime comes with a peculiar balm, and yields a peculiar inspiration in the desola-

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tions of a Western settlement. It rouses the feeble and refreshes the weary; it makes a summer's morning of a wintry day to all the little far-off colony. So much the heavier, if the message be of death or misfortune; then the summer's morning and the vividly brilliant Western sky become dreary wastes and an unpitying and mocking firmament. Let the New Yorker, whose papers come night and morning every day in the year, imagine such a scene as this!

The second illustration on page 796, "Crossing a Cañon," presents one of the manifold difficulties with which the buffalo-hunters have to contend. There are deep gullys among the hills, whose sides are too steep for horses or oxen to draw the wagons down; and, to get over them, it is necessary to make pulleys of the humanity present, and to haul the wagons up or let them down by means of strong ropes. The men in the foreground appear to be lowering the wagons into the gully, while, on the other side, the oxen are dragging another up out of it. At last the narrow gorge is passed by all hands, the hills are passed, and you emerge into a pleasant, undulating country on the table-lands, where there is but little forest, and the vegetation is mostly of a soft grass and furzy brush. Here, perhaps, by the side of some pleasant, refreshing stream the wagons are halted, and the horses or oxen turned loose from them, a substantial though homely meal is partaken of, and all hands mount and rendezvous at the starting-point of the hunt.

In the picture on page 789 the party have reached the higher land, and have suddenly halted. Not far off has appeared, on the crest of a hillock a little above them, the first buffalo, which has gladdened their eyes and made the pulse of all beat faster. There stands the monster, stock-still, gazing at them with the strong, steady, majestic gaze of his tribe. He is the forerunner, outpost, picket, of his particular herd, browsing and keeping guard on the frontier of their domain. A great, tough-ribbed, hard and hairy headed, and bearded bull, he is one of that outer circle of buffaloes which is always found around the cows and young, who browse in the centre of this circle, which consists of the males. He watches for two enemies; for the white or Kiota wolf—a cruel, sly, rapacious beast, which infests the haunts of the buffaloes, and stealthily pounces as he may upon their young, their feeble, or their wounded—and for man, in the shape of Indians, who vie with the Kiota in their cunning and their greed. For, while the white man boldly, with true Anglo-Saxon grit and love of "a fair fight and no favor," attacks the buffalo face to face in open day, the red man resorts to stratagem to entrap his prey. He poisons his arrows, and conceals them in his breast; he envelops himself in the Kiota's skin, and imitating the sneaking movements of the wolf, will follow and hang about a herd, often for miles, biding the moment of assault. When they get within proper range the Indians suddenly rise to their feet, dart forward with their lightning speed—they are the swiftest runners on earth—and thrust their arrows again and again through the coarse-haired hides of their victims. The Indian is tiger-like in his ferocity when hunting the buffalo: his eyes gleam, his mouth foams, and his hideously painted countenance fairly glows with the heat of his passion.

ODD CHARACTERS.

IN "Bewick's Life and Letters," a very entertaining book, we find many anecdotes of celebrated characters. Of Wilkie, the painter, it is said that he was tall, ungainly, and awkward in his manner, and, though not quite deserving the description of Mrs. Flynn, the beautiful housekeeper at Castle Howard, who spoke of him as the "ugliest man she had ever seen," he was by no means the golden-haired Adonis his fellow-countryman, Allan Cunningham, would have liked to make him. He had rather a drawling, hesitating speech, and when in close argument would forget himself, and the twang of his Northern tongue was very strong. Indeed, he was never quite free from it, although he could not be persuaded that it was possible for any one to discover by his speech that he was Northern, and he sometimes got out of humor when told of it. Haydon would laugh at his provoked expression when he twitted him with his Scotch accent, and Wilkie would insist on his pronunciation being "pure English." Haydon would cry out, "Ha, ha, ha! what a delusion!" and as Wilkie became warm and vexed his native Scotch was evident enough. Haydon could then repeat and imitate the broad intonation of a particular expression Wilkie had, in his heat, allowed to slip out. When he found that he could not edge off or get out of it in any way, Wilkie would laugh too, and return the quiz upon the Devonshire peculiarities by saying, "Well, and *yew tew* are Devon*shiere*, and fancy, like Northcote, that you speak pure English."

We are told of Hazlitt that the good people of Melrose, when he walked leisurely through the town for the first time, and alone, turned out in a body to watch his return, that they might have a sufficient opportunity of scrutinizing his person and belongings. He found them in ranks or groups in front of their dwellings, gaping and staring at him, as he told me, "like so many idiots." Instead, however, of taking no notice of this provincial attention as complimentary to his popularity, he was highly offended at the liberty taken with him as a stranger, and he made a full stand, fronting round to the principal position of the enemy, and, with a countenance full of scorn and indignation, he addressed them in a loud and thundering voice: "What the devil do you see in me, you staring hawbucks? Can not a stranger walk through your town without exciting this vacant and impertinent curiosity? What is there for you to see, you gaping Scotch ninnies?"

There is a capital sketch of Maturin, who, by sticking a red wafer on his forehead, used to signify to his household his desire to be undisturbed, when he wished to be considered under the influence of poetic inspiration. The author of the tragic and once harrowing romance of "Melnoth" greatly surprised our author by his costume, appearance, and manners. "Coming to him by appointment, I found him waiting for me, dressed up for the occasion, a courteous and finished gentleman, pacing his drawing-room in elegant full dress, a splendidly bound book laid open upon a cambric pocket-handkerchief, laced round the edges, and scented with eau-de-Cologne, and held upon both hands; a stylish new black wig curled over his temples, his shirt collar reaching half-way up his face, and his attenuated cheeks rouged up to the eyes! It was a perfect make-up, and my chagrin was exceedingly great. I had expected to find him in a costume which would have been such as to aid the poetical character—in something Byronic and picturesque—something suggestive of the personification of a wild and romantic hero, cast in the sombre light and shape of mysterious thought or ascetic asperity."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

WE have given from time to time an account of the different enterprises in the way of polar explorations which are in progress or in contemplation for the present year on the part of the United States or European nations, especially the German and Swedish; and we now learn from Dr. PETERMANN that the Russian government is likely to join in the same field. During the summer of 1869 a zoological expedition was sent out by the St. Petersburg Academy of Sciences to the polar seas, and a deep-sea and coast fauna was discovered of a richness scarcely inferior to that of tropical waters. In this three hundred species of invertebrates were obtained, belonging to both parts of the Atlantic fauna; and the collection generally tended to prove the existence of a branch of warm water at but a slight distance from the Murmanian coast, the ultimate extension of which was not ascertained. To utilize and extend still farther this new discovery, it is contemplated on the part of the Academy to organize and send out a thoroughly equipped scientific corps; and a committee has been appointed, with Mr. WOJEIKOW as chairman, to draft a plan and to give form to the enterprise. There is as yet no special indication of an actual commencement of operations, and it is quite probable nothing will be done during the present year. It is thought, however, that by another season an arrangement will be perfected and carried out on the part of Russia to secure a share in the rich reward of discovery which has fallen to the lot of other European nations within a few years past.

Mr. FELIX LUCAS, a French engineer, proposes to obtain a very powerful electric light for coast service, at a comparatively small cost, by making the light intermittent, with intervals of two seconds. By this means it is said that only one 10,000th part of the electricity for a constant light will be required. A simple arrangement of clock-work causes the charcoal points to come in contact every two seconds, and then separates them sharply, so as to break the current instantaneously. It is thought that this system will be found useful not only for piercing fogs at sea, but also for railway signals.

Mr. HARRIS has recently presented to the Anthropological Institute of London a collection of wood-carvings, pottery, and cotton rags from Macabi Island, off the coast of Peru. The rags extended over a bed of many hundred yards in area, with an average thickness of five feet, and below a deposit of several feet of guano. The wood and pottery were discovered at a depth, in the guano, of from fifteen to forty-five feet.

The members of the well-known firm of GODEFFROY & Co., of Hamburg, have become quite celebrated for their zeal in natural history, and the extent to which, in connection with their mercantile operations, they carry on explorations of little-known regions. The specimens obtained in this way are becoming well known in Europe, and have already furnished types of many new species. The recent pages of the "Proceedings of the Zoological Society of London" contain descriptions by Drs. HARTLAUB and FINSCH of a collection of birds made by Mr. KUBARY in the island of Savai (one of the Navigator Islands), and another in Rorotonga (one of the Cook and Hervey group) by Mr. GARRETT, a gentleman who was for many years in the employ of the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Cambridge, but who for two years past has been in the service of Messrs. GODEFFROY in the Paumotu Archipelago and the Viti group. A large collection made by Mr. GARRETT in the latter locality was unfortunately lost by shipwreck.

The transportation of sand from Africa to Italy, France, and the Canaries by means of hurricanes has frequently been observed and referred to in scientific journals; but a transfer of salt, as recently reported to have taken place in Switzerland, is perhaps a more unusual phenomenon. According to Professor KENNGOTT, of Zurich, a hail-storm lasting five minutes occurred at eleven o'clock in the morning of the 20th of August, 1870, the stones from which were found to possess a salty taste. Some of them weighed twelve grains. They were found to consist essentially of true salt, such as occurs in Northern Africa on the surface of the plains, mainly in hexahedric crystals or their fragments, of a white color, with partly sharp and partly rounded grains and edges. None of the crystals were entirely perfect, but appeared as if they had been roughly developed on some surface. There seems little doubt but that their source was precisely the same as that of the sand, having been taken up and brought over the Mediterranean Sea from some part of Africa.

A still more remarkable phenomenon has been recently recorded by Professor EWERSMANN, of Kasan—namely, the occurrence of hailstones each containing a small crystal of sulphuret of iron. These crystals were probably weathered from some rocks in large quantity, and were then taken up from the surface of the ground by a storm, and when carried into the hail-forming clouds served as a nucleus for the formation of hailstones.

The latest report from Tasmania in regard to the experiments for introducing salmon and trout into that country, shows that while the success of the cultivation of both is extremely probable, the existence of trout of large size is unmistakable. A writer to the London *Field* states that he has frequently seen them weighing as high as ten pounds, while those from one to three pounds are common enough. A few sea trout have also been taken in the rivers. It is believed that the salmon experiment has also succeeded, fish having been seen playing in the Derwent that could be nothing else. None have been taken, however, during the present year, and it is thought that it will be some years before salmon-fishing will be worth very much.

An attempt is now being made by the trustees of the Alexandra Park, in England, to revive the ancient sport of falconry, prizes having been offered for the two best essays on the most effectual mode of accomplishing this object. It is thought that the hawks best suited for the purpose are the peregrine falcon and the goshawk.

In the recently published proceedings of the American Philosophical Society we find a more detailed account than has yet appeared of the contents of the remarkable post-pliocene bone cave of Port Kennedy, near Philadelphia, of which we have already made repeated mention. This, as may be remembered, was first explored by Mr. CHARLES M. WHEATLEY, of PHŒNIXVILLE, and part of the material collected placed in the hands of Professor COPE for elaboration. In the present paper we have fuller indications of the results than heretofore; and we learn that thirty-four species of mammals, in all, have been obtained, nearly all of them extinct species, and a large proportion of them new to science. Of birds there are two species, a turkey and a snipe; also two species of tortoises; three or four of serpents; and a few batrachians. Of insects there are thirteen species of coleoptera, and two or three of other orders. In summing up the results obtained from these investigations, Professor COPE calls attention to the inference already drawn by himself and Professor LEIDY as to the great difference in character between the post-pliocene fauna of North America and that of previous portions of the tertiary period; and the fact that, while the miocene mammalia are more or less similar to those of miocene Europe and Asia, and the pliocene vertebrata have a corresponding resemblance to those of the same period of Europe and Asia and the present one of Africa, the post-pliocene resemble, in many particulars, those of South America.

As, therefore, the difference in these faunas is too great to have been produced in so comparatively short an interval of time by evolution, if this be admitted as an element, we must look to marked changes in the relative distribution of land and water for the cause. It is, therefore, supposed that during the pliocene period, when the geographical affinities of America were westward, especially with Asia, a continent existed in the region now occupied by the Northern Pacific, which formed a connection between the two lands, over which migratory movements could take place.

The difference from the South American fauna, at the same time, indicates also a separation by water, and the probable absence of any connection between Costa Rica on the one side and the higher lands of Colombia on the other. The occurrence then of the glacial epoch brought about the destruction of the pliocene fauna, while, at the same period, the connection with Asia was severed by the submergence of this Northern Pacific continent. At the time of the northward retreat of the ice-sheet mammalian life was probably extinct in North America, and a renewal could not be obtained from either Asia or Europe, as these were cut off by water; but the concomitant elevation of Panama and other portions of Middle America furnished a bridge over which travel could be accomplished. In this view is explained the preponderance of South American types in the post-pliocene period; since, of the remains from the Port Kennedy cave, out of thirty-four we have eleven belonging to purely South American forms, eleven genera common to both hemispheres, and nine of doubtful position.

Again, a further modification of the fauna has been effected by the change of level which took place between the time of the introduction of the post-pliocene fauna and the present period, this consisting in an extensive submergence of land, especially in arctic latitudes. This, according to Professor DANA, as quoted by Professor COPE, was 450 feet or more near Montreal, and in the arctic regions 1000 feet. This descent of level Professor DANA considers to have been the cause of the melting of the glacial ice, the stratification of the drift, the deposition of gravels, and elevation of temperature, all these changes naturally preceding the introduction of post-glacial fauna from a warmer region. The Champlain epoch is regarded as opening the post-pliocene, and its fauna to be represented by the walrus, which extended its range to Virginia, the reindeer, reaching to New Jersey, and by the white whale.

Mr. RAMON DE LA SAGRA, the author of an extensive and costly work upon the natural history of Cuba, died recently in Switzerland, at the age of seventy-three years.

Among the recent deaths of prominent personages may be mentioned that of ROBERT HOUDIN, the eminent prestidigitator, and especially well known in later years for the variety and excellence of his arrangements for turning electricity in its different forms to practical account, for making signals, striking bells, etc.

It is announced that Dr. BURMEISTER, late director of the Museum of Buenos Ayres, instead of returning to Germany, as was stated, is to take charge of the faculty of natural sciences in the newly founded University of Cordova, in the Argentine Republic. The professors of this faculty are Messrs. STELZNER, for mineralogy and geology; SIEWERT, of Halle, for chemistry; LORENZ, of Munich, for botany; HOLZMÜLLER, of Merseburg, for mathematics; and Dr. B. A. GOULD, of the United States, for astronomy. The chairs of physics and zoology still remain to be filled.

Mr. PENGELLY informs us, as the result of a critical inquiry on the subject, that under unobjectionable conditions, and at the same station, less rain will be received by a rain gauge high above the ground than by one nearer the surface; second, that the total defect will increase with increase of height; and third, that the defect will not increase so rapidly as the height.

Dr. BUYS BALLOT, the eminent director of the Meteorological Observatory of Utrecht, has been lately urging the Portuguese government to establish a station in the Azores, to be connected with the general system of European meteorological observatories by a submarine cable which will shortly be laid in that direction. By the reports of southwestern gales that can be obtained in this way, it is expected that an ample premonition of their approach can be given to the British Islands and Western Europe. This will greatly improve the system of weather forecasts as now attempted in Europe, and make them approach more nearly in accuracy to those of the United States Signal Corps, which have astonished every one by their reliable indications. This accuracy is due to the fact that most changes in the weather begin in the west and extend eastward; and the greater the distance to the westward over which such observations can be made, the more time will be given, of course, toward the east to prepare for the impending changes.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A GENTLEMAN seeing an Irishman removing an embankment from a dwelling, inquired, "Patrick, what are you doing?" "I'm opening the cellar window, to be sure." "And what are you doing that for?" "May it please yer honor," said Patrick, "to let out the dark."

A crazy man having got into the gallery of the Senate of the United States during a rambling debate, was taken out, the sergeant-at-arms telling him that he was "out of place in that gallery." "That's so," said the lunatic; "I ought to be on the floor with the Senators."

A dealer in fertilizers down in Alabama, bragging of his guano, says a farmer recently put a sample of it into his pocket, in which there happened to be a carpet tack, and started home on horseback. Before reaching his house his steed broke down, and the farmer was at a loss to discover the cause until he found that the carpet tack had grown to be a long bar of railway iron.

During a recent representation of "King Lear" at one of our metropolitan theatres an old gentleman from the country, who was visibly affected by the pathos of some of the scenes, electrified the house by roaring out, "Mr. Manager, sir, alter the play! I didn't pay my money to be made wretched in this way. Give us something funny, or I'll summon you, Sir!"

In an old English primer the whole edition was printed with the omission of the letter c at the beginning of the last word in the third line, as follows:

"When the last trumpet soundeth,
We shall not all die;
But we shall all be *hanged*
In the twinkling of an eye."

"Fanny, don't you think that Mr. Bond is a handsome man?" "Oh no—I can't endure him. He is homely enough." "Well, he's fortunate, at all events; an old aunt has just died, and left him fifty thousand dollars." "Indeed! is it true? Well, now I come to recollect, there is a certain noble air about him, and he has a fine eye—that can't be denied."

"Mr. Brown, I owe you a grudge; remember that." "I shall not be frightened, then; for I never knew you to pay any thing that you owed."

The last modern instance of absence of mind is that of the Vermont wagoner going to market, who lifted his horse into the wagon and tackled himself into the traces, and he did not discover his error until he endeavored to neigh.

A Portland man has sued his barber for cutting off his mustache. He sues for exemplary damages; but the barber says he did not see any mustache to speak of.

"I wish I was a ghost—blamed if I don't!" said a sweep, as he was soliloquizing in the cold the other morning. "They goes wherever they please, toll free. They don't owe nobody nothin', and that's a comfort. Whoever heard tell of a man who had a bill against a ghost? Nobody. They never buy clothes and witles, nor has to stand shivering in the cold till Sally lets 'em in."

What is the difference between a coal bucket and a fresh cod-fish?—One is a coal hod, and the other is a whole cod.

"This is nice butter, my boy," said a Crown Point store-keeper to a twelve-year-old urchin who had brought a pailful of that article to market—"nice butter. I'll take all your mother has to sell." "I don't believe she'll sell any more," said the boy, "'cause I heard her say she wouldn't have sold that only a rat fell into the cream, so she didn't want to use it herself."

At Lawrence, Kansas, a few Sundays ago, while a minister was holding forth in a church, a crowd got up a cock-fight in the yard. The congregation went out to stop the fight, but waited till it was over before objecting. The minister, when they returned, said, "We are all miserable sinners—which licked?"

They tell of a farmer in Kentucky who was so lazy that when he went to hoe corn he worked so slowly that the shade of his broad-brimmed hat killed the plants.

A Western paper, describing the *début* of a young orator, says: "He broke the ice felicitously with his opening, and was almost immediately drowned with applause."

Cardinal Wiseman used to tell a good story of practical art criticism. At the Manchester exhibition was a large fresco of the death of Absalom. On the one side was seen the Jewish prince hanging by his hair from the branches of an oak; on the other was a mule he had been riding galloping away, wild and scared. Two men, evidently of horsey proclivities, looked at the picture a long time in silence; at length one of them exclaimed: "Well, he deserved it! What a stupid fellow he must have been to think of riding such a vicious brute as that with nothing but a snaffle!"

A crusty old gentleman of Aberdeen, not liking the way his landlady's daughter had of making free with his hair-oil, filled his bottle with liquid glue the day before a ball to which the girl had been invited, and she staid at home.

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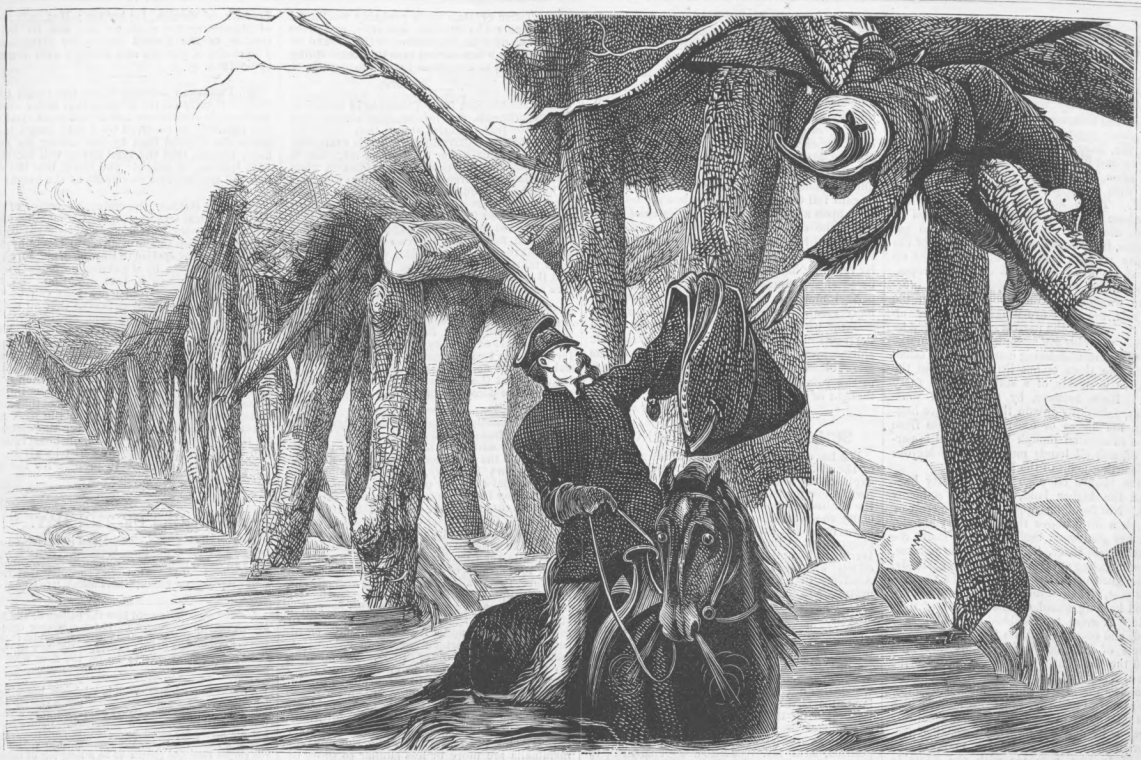
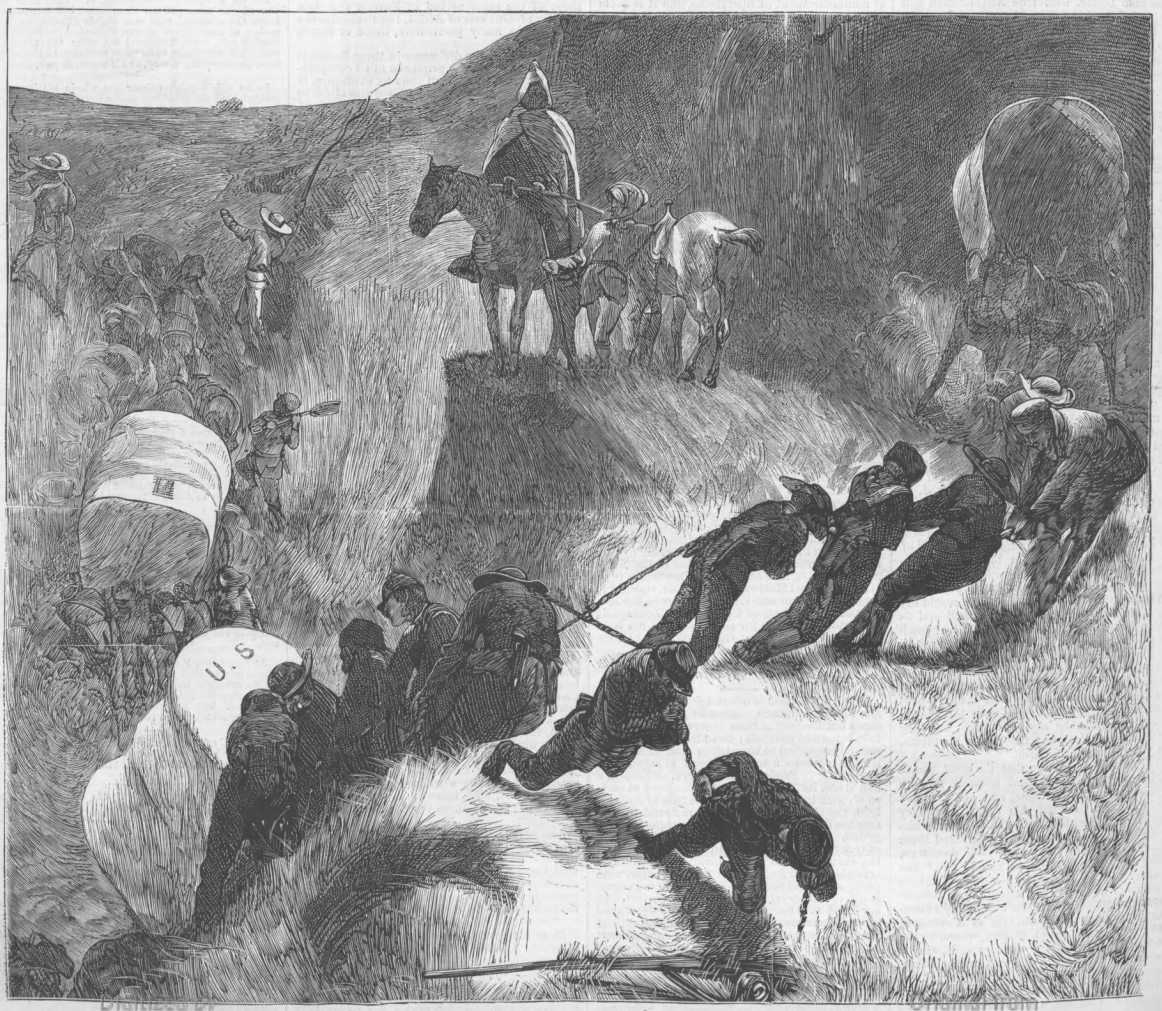


IN THE FAR WEST—CARRYING THE MAIL.—[SEE PAGE 794.]



IN THE FAR WEST—CROSSING A CAÑON.—[SEE PAGE 794.]

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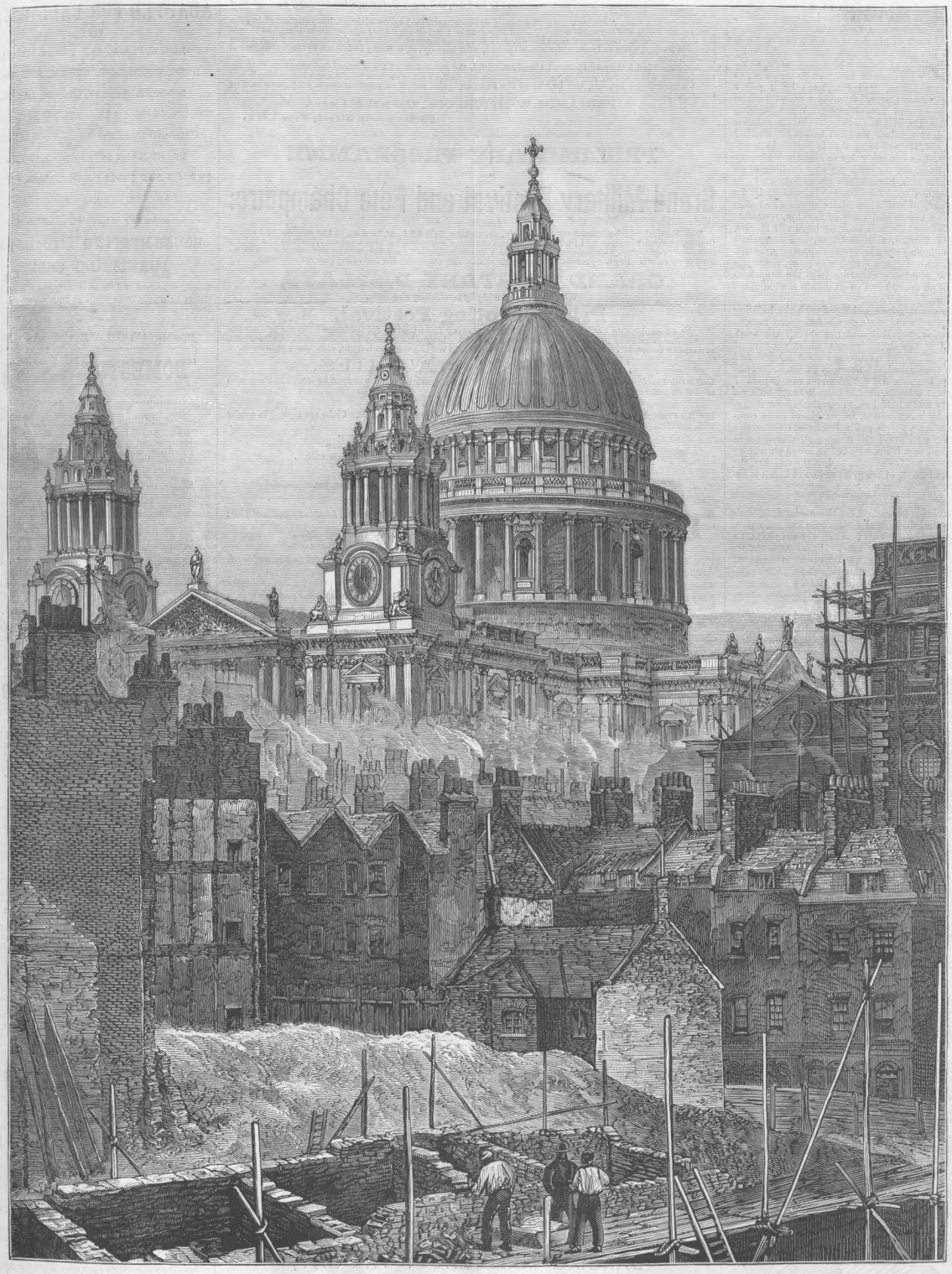
ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL was built by Sir CHRISTOPHER WREN on the site of an ancient edifice of the same name destroyed in the great fire. The dean and chapter at first attempted to patch up the ruin, and Bishop SANCROFT appears to have preached for some months in a temporary choir hastily fitted up at the west end. Three thousand and odd pounds were spent in repairs, but WREN had at once seen that the ruin was beyond repair, and the bishop soon came round to his way of thinking, for he writes to WREN as follows in 1668: "Our work at the west end of St. Paul's is fallen about our ears. Your quick eye discerned the walls and pillars gone off from their perpendicular. You are so absolutely necessary to us that we can do nothing, resolve on nothing, without you." Thus WREN was called in, and the work of clearing away the ruin of the old fabric began. From the very first the rebuilding of the Cathedral was assumed to be a national work. It rested not, writes the late Dean MILMAN, in his "Annals of St. Paul's," with the bishop, the dean and chapter, or the City of London. The king, the whole nobility, Parliament, without demur, recognized the paramount duty of erecting a splendid cathedral, worthy of the metropolis, worthy of England. Letters patent under the Great Seal were issued ordering the erection of a new cathedral, "equaling, if not exceeding, the splendor and magnificence of the former when it was in its best estate." The warrant states that the "king has seen and approved a design for the new cathedral by Dr. CHRISTOPHER WREN, Surveyor-General of our Works and Buildings, and has ordered a working model to be made thereof." A number of the chief dignitaries of the realm were appointed commissioners "for the rebuilding, new erecting, and adorning the said Cathedral Church of St. Paul, in London." The cost was to be defrayed partly by public subscriptions to be raised throughout the kingdom, partly by taxation of the cities of London and Westminster. The king headed the list of subscribers with £1000 from his privy purse, but it does not appear that he ever paid it; the primate gave £2000; the other bishops, or many of them, also subscribed largely; but the funds were mainly drawn from a coal tax paid by the metropolis.

The first stone of the new St. Paul's was laid on the 21st of June, 1675; and it was thought a memorable omen when, not long afterward, WREN, engaged in setting out the dimensions of the great dome, and calling for a flat piece of stone to lay upon the ground as a mark, was supplied by one of the masons with the fragment of a grave-stone with only the word "*Resurgam*" cut upon it in large capitals. WREN dug his foundations deep, for, as he said, he wished to build for eternity. The quarries of Portland supplied him with materials. He organized an



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admirable body of workmen, and in 1697, only two-and-twenty years from the laying of the first stone, the choir was opened for divine service, and in the year 1710 Sir CHRISTOPHER WREN, by the hands of his son, attended by Mr. STRONG, the master-mason who had executed the whole work, and the body of Freemasons, of which Sir CHRISTOPHER was an active member, laid the last and highest stone of the lantern of the cupola. Thus by one architect and one master-mason St. Paul's was built in thirty-five years. WREN, it is true, was thwarted in some details, but the exterior was, from first to last, the unfettered work of his single genius; and this it is which has given St. Paul's that beautiful unity and simplicity of design which St. Peter's, nobly planned by BRAMANTE and SAN SALLO, and, as FORSYTH writes, "ill completed by a paltry plasterer from Como," falls short of, with all its dimensions and magnificence. What building—to use Dr. MILMAN'S words—in its exterior form, does not bow its head before St. Paul's? What eye, trained to all that is perfect in architecture, does not recognize the inimitable beauty of its lines, the majestic yet airy swelling of its dome, its rich, harmonious ornamentation? It is singular, too, that St. Paul's, which, by its grandeur, of old asserted its uncontested dignity as a crown and glory of London, now that it is invaded far and near by huge tall fabrics, railway termini, manufactories, and magazines with immense chimneys—still appears, at a distance, with a grace which absolutely fascinates the eye, the more exquisite from the shapelessness of all around and of all within a wide range about it.

The commissioners charged with the building of St. Paul's did enough for fame, and for one generation, but they did not do all the work named in the letters patent which constituted them. They were directed to "rebuild and adorn the Cathedral Church of St. Paul." They rebuilt, but they did not adorn; and this part of the great scheme, having been left undone for a century and a half, has, in our time, been undertaken by a committee, whose object is to complete what was so nobly begun—to make this sublime structure in its interior all that it ought to be, all that it must be before it can be worthy of its own noble exterior, and of the religion, the art, the wealth, of the great nation to which it belongs.

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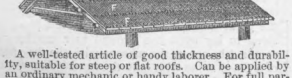

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Those little ones are children of heroes who sacrificed their lives in defense of our country. Aside from the common claim which suffering and destitution is pardoned for advancing, they are entitled to a consideration which we pledged, in our hour of need, and which will cost us but little to fulfill.

But one year ago the building was enlarged to accommodate its family of 200. To-day nearly 100 more are within its walls, and more land, new extensions to be built, and more workshops for teaching useful trades are essential to its sphere of usefulness.

Thus far the Lady Managers, wives of some of our most esteemed fellow-citizens, have succeeded in supporting the Home and School in a highly creditable manner; but as applicants equally deserving of kind care are now daily reluctantly turned from the doors of the Home through inability to accommodate them, a plan has been decided upon to interest the general public, with the hope of deriving assistance to meet present and future wants.

With the kind letters of approval already received, the promoters of the Festival feel sanguine that the undertaking will not only prove a pecuniary success, but that, as a testimonial benefit from the public, it will enlist a widespread interest, and be one of the most enjoyable series of entertainments ever given in this country.

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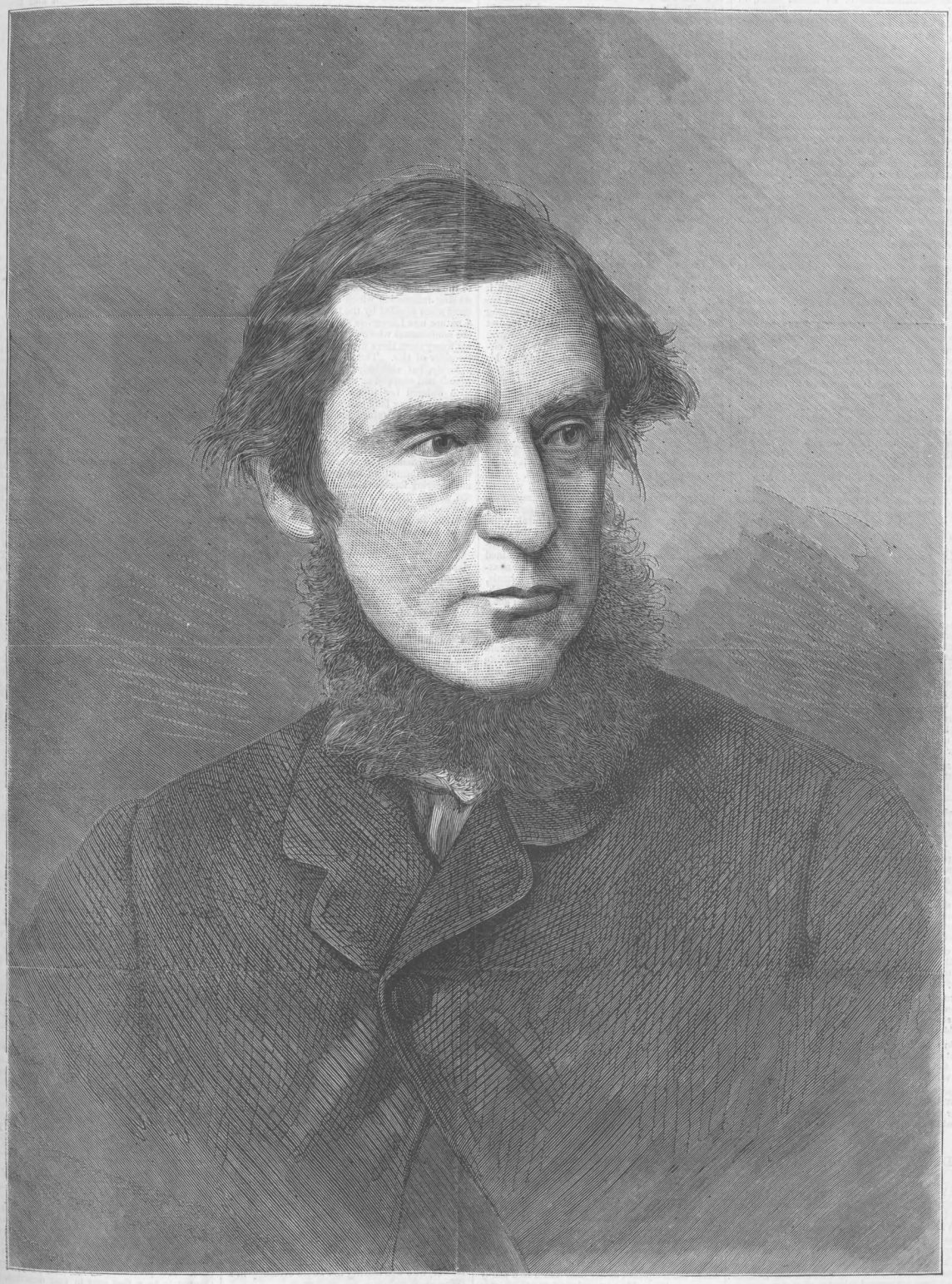

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He was born at Darlington, near Totness, in Devon, England, the place where Sir WALTER RALEIGH passed his youth; and his birthday, April 23, 1818, fell on the anniversary of SHAKSPEARE'S. He is the youngest son of the late Venerable Archdeacon FROUDE, of Totness. He received his education at Westminster School and at Oriel College, Oxford. There he took his M.A. degree with classical honors, won the Chancellor's prize for an English essay in 1842, and gained a fellowship of Exeter College. He took deacon's orders in 1844. He wrote some of the "Lives of the Saints" for the Rev. J. H. NEWMAN. The first separate work published by him, under the assumed name of "Zeta," was a little volume, in 1847, entitled "Shadows of the Clouds." It contained two short essays in fiction, "The Spirit's Trials" and "The Lieutenant's Daughter." Both these little sketches were of a theological tendency.

Mr. FROUDE'S next publication was likewise a work of fiction, which appeared under his own name, and which instantly made him famous. This was the celebrated "Nemesis of Faith," a book that raised a tremendous storm of alarm and indignation among Churchmen. Some of those good people were scandalized by the condition of Oxford. Tractarianism and infidelity, they declared, were dividing between them what was most precious in the highly educated youth of England in that abode of learning. They asked what was to become of the Church, when the son of an eminent archdeacon, himself a fellow of a college and bred for the clerical profession, could put forth such confessions as those of Markham Sutherland? It was, of course, assumed that the author meant to declare thereby his own beliefs and feelings with regard to the authority of the Scriptures and the chief doctrines of the accepted creed.

As he explained in his preface to the second edition, which he published in 1849, the story he had written was a tragedy, not a confession of faith. It had no element of autobiography in its composition. It represented "the shiftings

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and changings, the vacillations, uncertainties, and self-contradictions of an honest mind, in which the energy of character was disproportionate to the intellect." Markham Sutherland, the unhappy hero, is supposed to have been ruined by a rigid and bad system of compulsory belief. The religious feelings implanted in his childhood have not been allowed to grow up freely and naturally, but have been forced into an inextricable connection with doctrinal and historical statements, and with "early Hebrew mythology," which he finds himself unable to accept. His conscience and moral self-control are weakened by the loss of religious sentiment, and "he sinks into a selfish coward." Such is the author's account of the subject and purport of this book. It is certainly not of an immoral or irreligious tendency. Its touching eloquence, its captivating grace and force of style, its dramatic force and descriptive beauty, with the refined sensibility of its characters, atone for its defects of artistic form.

Mr. FROUDE at length left the clerical profession, and devoted himself entirely to literature. He became a writer of history, of discussions in political and ethical philosophy, and of literary criticism. The *Westminster Review* and *Fraser's Magazine*, both of which had received some of CARLYLE'S earliest essays, became FROUDE'S channels of communicating his thoughts upon these subjects. After some years' occupation in this way, he published, in 1856, the first two volumes of "The History of England, from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth." The third and fourth volumes appeared in 1858; the fifth and sixth in 1860. These brought the history to the death of Queen MARY. Six more volumes have since been published; the last two came out in 1870, with an altered title—"The History of England, from the Fall of Wolsey to the Defeat of the Spanish Armada." It was intimated at the same time that the author had given up his first intention to finish the reign of ELIZABETH, which did not end till fourteen years later. But, taken by themselves, these six volumes, forming the latter half of his entire work, may be regarded as a separate history of the reign of ELIZABETH. The work has been very sharply criticised, and the author's estimate of the character of HENRY VIII. is generally regarded as erroneous and extravagant.

MARIAN MAY.

MARIAN MAY was our hamlet's pride,
Worthy a queen to be,
For of all the maids in the country side
Was none so fair as she.

Her hair was like silk, and her eyes like wine—
Liquid and dark and deep;
They sparkled and danced in the broad sunshine,
Or melted in rosy sleep.

Lovers by scores for her white hand sighed,
Of high and of low degree;
And many came riding from far and wide,
Her sweethearts fain to be.

The squire had plenty of golden store,
Such as for him was meet;
And he wished no better, and asked no more,
Than to lay it all at her feet.

But she put his gifts and his vows aside;
Laughing, and out spake she,
"I never was born for a rich man's bride,
So I can not mate with thee."

The parson he came, with his face so grave,
Gentle and sleek and prim,
And said the best way her soul to save
Was to take and marry him.

But she only opened her eyes full wide,
Wondering, and quoth she,
"Were there never a man in the world beside,
You'd be far too good for me!"

The colonel he swore a right round oath—
"Little one, be my wife!
I've scars, and a pension enough for both,
If you'll share a soldier's life."

He vowed that he would not be denied,
Low on his bended knee;
But she tossed her head with a pretty pride,
Said, "I never will wed with thee!"

Robin came back from the sea one day,
Out of the distant West,
And the child with whom he used to play,
A woman he clasped to his breast.

She sobbed and kissed, and she laughed and cried—
"Welcome, my love," said she;
"For woe and for weal, and whate'er betide,
I will fare the world through with thee!"

DELAUNAY'S DELIVERANCE.

I.

"YOU'RE a kind master, Sir, Heaven knows! You never turns a key nor asks a question, or else I'd tell you to suit yourself."

With this awful threat, enforced by as majestic a courtesy as her portly frame permitted, Mr. Delaunay's housekeeper swept from the apartment.

The gentleman to whom these words were addressed stared, with a comic helplessness, at the closed door for several minutes after the speaker had departed. Their dispute related to some question of privilege, in which Delaunay had endeavored—as usual, feebly and unsuccessfully—to assert his prerogative as master of the house. It is all very well to say, "Why not have taken the woman at her word, and initiate the 'suiting' process himself?" But good housekeepers are not to be had by the mere holding up of the finger, and none knew that better than he. Our modern servitors appear to consider that "knowing your ways" is a sufficient warrant for any insubordination; so Mrs. Gunton took her own course, as she had done dozens of times before.

The scene of this little episode was a snug semi-detached villa not a hundred miles from Notting Hill. The owner, young in years but old in habits, was a confirmed bachelor, whose chief anxiety in life was how to get through his income of fifteen hundred a year. "Easy enough," you will say. But when a man has few wants and inexpensive tastes, it is not so very easy, after all.

The son of a country gentleman, Charles Delaunay's history had been one of prosaic respectability. The Charterhouse, Sandhurst, a commission in the Line, had succeeded each other in due course. Then came the Crimea, where his aspirations after military renown were completely set at rest by the receipt of a ball in the leg when toiling up the slope of the Alma. Afterward, invalided home, sale of commission, death of parents, accession to property, Notting Hill, and Mrs. Gunton.

I have hinted that he had few wants. The catalogue of his amusements was equally brief. Cards, billiards, etc., he did not actually detest, but regarded them simply as so much misdirection of mental power. Betting he *did* abominate; and as for horsemanship in his own person—the Russian bullet (still unextracted) barely allowed him to walk, much less ride. Thus he fell back on his books and his pipes. Naturally shy, too, he had few friends of his own sex, and absolutely none of the other. Indeed, were it not for one or two rich aunts who made him periodical visits of a lengthy duration, he would long ere this have suppressed even his present modest establishment, and, like other wealthy anchorites, burrowed in chambers in the Albany. But circumstances had decided him in setting up his *lares* and *penates* where we find him.

If he had made up *his* mind, however, to subside at six-and-thirty into solitary arm-chair and slippers, there was another person who was equally determined that he should do nothing of the sort.

Mr. Delaunay had a next-door neighbor.

There is nothing remarkable in that. People who live in semi-detached villas must lay their account upon having next-door neighbors. What is an all-important matter, though, is, who or what the individual in such close proximity may be. Respectability granted, your next-door neighbor may be, for instance, a Radical, while you are a Conservative; in which case the effort to avoid politics when you talk over the garden-wall will cause the conversation to be constrained and uncomfortable to the last degree. Your next-door neighbor may keep objectionable animals, may annoy you in fifty different ways. Altogether, you may consider yourself lucky if you get a next-door neighbor exactly to your mind.

Mr. Delaunay was supremely indifferent on the subject. His books were to him wife, companions, neighbors, and all. Of course he could not be blind to the fact that an attractive-looking lady, whom forty summers, as the phrase goes, had touched but to adorn, was the occupant of the adjoining residence. She had been installed a fortnight when my story commences. A distant, though gentlemanly, salute—when such was unavoidable—was all the cognizance he took of the matter. In fact, his thoughts were running upon other things. Even if they were not, and he had endeavored by reserved manners to decline further intimacy, he would never have made a greater mistake in his life. For, truth to tell, the glossy raven hair of his next-door neighbor was decorated with that tasteful muslin structure so becoming to the brow of her Majesty the Queen, but against the wearers of which the elder Mr. Weller so solemnly warned his son. Need I say that Mrs. Cassilis was a widow?

Of course she had only taken the premises with the intention of letting furnished apartments—of course. Her handsome furniture, the belongings of her last matrimonial speculation, corroborated that impression, as she intended it should. Every one knows that widows have no other than primary motives in all their doings—every one. True, with reference to taking in lodgers, there are saturnine people who insinuate that the object of the fair devotees is less to take in others than be themselves taken in—permanently. But if one took upon trust every thing that saturnine people choose to say, one would never believe any good of one's species at all. Mrs. Cassilis was too wary to unfurl her colors suddenly even before the abstracted eyes of her next-door neighbor; so she contented herself for the present with assuming an exceptional demureness of demeanor, in accordance with the humor of her victim. Thus it came to pass that, though the china roses trained round the drawing-room window of Number Nine mingled lovingly with the honeysuckles at Number Ten, the respective occupants of these genteel residences held as little communication as if a hundred miles had parted them.

There was, however, one into whose unwinking eyes all Mrs. Cassilis's dust was thrown in vain. Mrs. Gunton sniffed the danger. With the instinct of her tribe, she was perfectly aware that the dainty Parisian *chaussure* of the charming widow covered the cloven hoof; or, to use her own words, "That woman didn't come to live there for nothing." In vain had various little artifices of Mrs. Cassilis's been tried upon the housekeeper. As well might she have essayed to make the lamp-post at her door dance to a penny whistle. The old woman knew on which side her bread was buttered, and would have none of her. More than that, all intercourse between the domestics of the two establishments was by Mrs. Gunton sternly prohibited. Altogether, it was not an agreeable state of things subsisting between the dwellers in these two semi-detached villas at Notting Hill.

II.

Delaunay, as already mentioned, had few friends; so few, indeed, were they, that he could count them on the fingers of one hand. He was, for instance, favored with the visits of the inevitable old school-fellow—the school-fellow, I mean, who is perpetually in want of half crowns, consequent upon his ill success in life. This poor creature, in whose beaten look, alcoholic breath, and general shabbiness no one could have recognized a smart Carthusian of former days, found a ready sympathizer in Delaunay. (How few there are of us, alas, who have not such an old school-fellow!) Not one whit less cordial, however, was our Notting Hill anchorite to this person than to another ancient playmate in very different circumstances—Captain Friston of the Blues, who, with his huge mustache and stalwart figure, was the *beau idéal* of a guardsman. These two men, together with a distant relative, Charlie Lovegrove, an ordinary swell about town, were the only callers to disturb Mrs. Gunton's serenity.

It is with this Charlie Lovegrove that our narrative is concerned. Like many other young gentlemen of independent means, he had nothing whatever to do, and did it most perseveringly. This may seem like a joke; but you can have no idea what hard work it is to do nothing, till you have tried it. This sort of work had occupied him for some years, when an incident befell him which happens to most people once in their lives, with more or less of happiness to themselves. He fell head over ears in love. I trust the coarseness of the sentence will be pardoned for the sake of the adequate idea that it conveys of the absorbing infatuation which seizes upon some natures when assailed by the tender passion. Such a nature was Lovegrove's. And certainly, in all the amusements wherewith he had sought to pass his weary time, there was none of the novelty and intensity of *this*. The object of his regard was a lovely, but slenderly-dowered, maiden, whose friends had snapped at the rich catch, and forthwith ordered her to encourage his attentions. The poor young lady had no choice but to obey, though she entertained not the least liking for her suitor. (Who *could* fall in love with a barber's block?) Yet no one could say that the suitor was not a gentleman, though so destitute of any particular characteristic; so an engagement was formed, to the great disgust of some manœuvring female relations of his, who resided too distant from the scene of action to be able effectually to interfere. Poor fellow! he little thought, in his infatuation, that the love-dream which had so stirred his sluggish nature was soon to be dissipated forever.

Lovegrove's *inamorata* was one of a delightful class of young ladies—so limited, alas! in number—who are pretty, but not proud. Such a conjunction of qualities is not a common one, I admit; its rarity only renders it the more charming. In her case the result was probably, in some measure, owing to the retired manner in which she had been brought up. Something, notwithstanding, is ascribable to natural disposition, for which, on her behalf, I claim every credit. Her unsophisticated grace of manner, joined to her fresh beauty, had come upon Lovegrove's jaded senses like a waft from paradise, subduing him utterly, though he could not appreciate the more solid good qualities which she undoubtedly possessed. As regards personal appearance, picture in your own mind a charming figure, excellent taste in dress, a profusion of glorious golden hair, and you will have an exact portrait of Stella Cawthorne.

Of the various modes adopted by a gracious Providence in shaping our life destinies, the most frequent is the sudden occurrence of events trivial in themselves, but exerting a lasting influence on our future happiness. One such so-called triviality was this very morning awaiting Stella, who, tempted out by the fineness of the weather, had resolved on a stroll, with the object of communing with her own thoughts apart from interruption. Her ultimate intention was to visit a confidante of her own age and sex residing in the neighborhood of Acton. It is not an unusual thing, I believe, for young ladies in like interesting positions to resort to bosom friends, with whom they can compare notes. There is nothing that the dear creatures so much delight in as sympathy, and also nothing in which they are more lavish. It would be well if we of sterner mould more closely followed their example.

We will now return for a few moments to Mrs. Gunton. That excellent but irascible person had barely settled her ruffled plumage in her own sanctum ere she began to repent of the hastiness which she had displayed. Never before had she presumed so far on her employer's meekness. True that, up to the present moment, he had submitted with the utmost docility; but every one knows that the worm sometimes will turn. Then the idea dawned upon her that it was an uncommonly good place which she was risking by her petulance. Suppose Mr. Delaunay should take her at her word and procure for himself another housekeeper? Or, worse still, fall a prey to the widow next door? In either case her (Mrs. Gunton's) ignominious defeat would be the inevitable result. Altogether, Mrs. Gunton was "sorry she'd spoke," and would have given a large slice out of her very considerable savings if her words could have been unsaid or recalled.

It may be supposed that her apprehensions were not allayed by shortly afterward hearing the street-door bang loudly behind her retreating master, who was leaving the house evidently in a tiff.

Scarcely had the echoes ceased in the paved hall without, when a gentle tap at Mrs. Gunton's door preceded the entrance of the house-maid, apparently brimful of some piece of intelligence which she was anxious to communicate. Then ensued a muttered conference, in a low tone, between the two women. As it progressed, the visage of the elder underwent a marked alteration, and at its conclusion the roseate flush which erewhile suffused her cheeks had fled, leaving behind a look of the blankest consternation.

III.

The pleasant western suburbs wore their most attractive aspect on that July morning. The same delicious breeze which chased the white clouds across the sky shook the summer foliage merrily, as Stella, lost in thought and heeding nothing, passed on her way. Glances of male admiration were by her as little noticed as envious or quizzical stares from sister belles—and certainly the cool impertinence with which English young ladies take stock of each other is astounding. It was all the same to Stella. Her dress and figure being perfection, she never had any thing to fear from hostile criticism. But on the present occasion her thoughts were occupied by a far more absorbing topic. So the glossy hair floated unchecked on the wind, as the fair owner, with her eyes fixed on the ground, debated in her own mind the pros and cons which suggested themselves. Could she be happy with this man, who had nothing but his money and his looks to recommend him? Yes; surprising as it may seem to many of my fair readers, Stella exacted something more than these in a husband. Of his temper and disposition she knew simply nothing; which is about as much as is known by most people of each other during the period of courtship. A lover's assiduity may for a time conceal defects; yet Stella could not suppress ever so little a shudder as she reflected that the regular features of Lovegrove might, for all she knew, cover a brutal heart.

It may seem a queer transition from this, to mention that in the street in which Stella then was there resided a certain butcher who had a fancy for killing his own meat. On the morning in question, two white-faced Herefordshire oxen, the property of this tradesman, were pursuing their devious course in the direction of his premises. The bright scarlet petticoat worn by our heroine attracted the attention of one of these mighty beasts, to the exclusion of boys, dogs, and other objects which ordinarily distract cattle on their passage through the thoroughfares. Scarcely was the object perceived by the animal than he manifested an intense desire for a nearer personal acquaintance, by instantly galloping toward the wearer. There arose the usual uproar—shouts, screams, confusion. To escape such unwelcome attentions, the young lady naturally rushed to the nearest refuge. There were no shops handy enough for the purpose; therefore Mr. Delaunay's front garden, which happened to be close at hand, became the sanctuary. The animal, not to be balked, followed closely after. Under the circumstances, what could Stella do but dash at the slightly open French window before her, enter the room, and slam the glass door in the face of her bovine admirer? After moodily sniffing about, the monster consented to depart by the way he had come, leaving his intended victim half fainting in a chair.

A few minutes' repose sufficed to restore her. Then came the question, Where was she? Upon whose privacy had she so unceremoniously intruded? The ox, of course, would be an all-sufficient excuse. Perhaps the best thing she could do would be to follow it by retreating in the same direction. A safe interval had elapsed. The creature had already been driven away. Then, as she glanced round the apartment, curiosity overpowered every other feeling. What a very odd-looking place! So unlike the generality of drawing-rooms. No knickknacks, no Berlin-wool work, no antimacassars. Little else but books, books, varied by a solitary fishing-rod in one corner, and a silver-mounted revolver above the mantel-piece. Next, becoming bolder, she ventured to examine one of the volumes on the table. This she discovered to be by a favorite author of hers—delightful!—but turned by the slovenly student face downward, to mark where the reading had been suspended. Then, with a blush, becoming suddenly aware of the absurdity if not rudeness of her conduct, she returned to the window, with the intention of making her exit thereby. In vain; the fastening was immovable. She had herself, in her fright, so effectually secured it, that now her utmost efforts failed to reopen it.

The position was an awkward one, certainly. No matter, it admitted of explanation. Meantime there would be no harm done if she resumed her perusal of the book until such time as the lady of the house would, doubtless, make her appearance.

Now, many people in a like predicament would have been nervously apprehensive of being mistaken for what they were not—pickpockets, swell-mob, what you will. But Stella, without being strong-minded, had sufficient confidence in her own innocence to be above such fears; so that, the first perturbation over, she ceased to think of the peculiarity of the situation. For the present, therefore, we will leave her deep in one of Mudie's latest, and see what Mrs. Cassilis has been doing.

At no time are inveterate plotters more dangerous than when they mask their proceedings under assumed indifference. The Macchiavelli in bombazine with whom we have to do was no exception to the rule. To look at her, you would have thought, as the phrase goes, that "butter would not melt in her mouth." But, for all that, she was working in the dark, and to some purpose. Her present move was to get rid of Mrs. Gunton. As a first step in that direction, she had caused to come to the ears of the housekeeper a certain rumor to the effect that Mr. Delaunay was by no means the eligible bachelor that he appeared to be; that, on the contrary, the apparition of a deserted wife appearing on the scene at any moment to demand her rights, was an event not only within the bounds of possibility, but of probability also. Under cover of the consequent confusion, Mrs. Cassilis decided to make what engineers would call her "approaches." Nothing was easier than to set the report afloat by allowing it to ooze out as a profound secret, which might safely be trusted to go the way which such profound secrets usually do. The agents for its transmission were ready to hand in the servant-maids—a class who, all prohibitions not-

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withstanding, *will* tittle-tattle to the end of time. This it was which had destroyed Mrs. Gunton's equanimity. This was the spectre at her feast of prosperity. And when you come to consider the embellishments which the original fiction had very likely received before reaching its destination, her alarm was well warranted.

Our heroine was disturbed in a close perusal of the book which she [illegible] in her hand by the sudden entrance of one of the maids. Stella was about to address her, when the girl, uttering a loud shriek, fled from the room—carrying to Mrs. Gunton, in the back premises, the startling piece of news that their expected mistress was in master's study! Upon receipt of this information, Mrs. Gunton, all smiles and hand-rubbing, lost no time in presenting herself before the stranger.

"Ahem!" coughed Stella, "I—I wish to explain—"

"Exactly, ma'am," was the response. "Just so."

"What a nice motherly old person!" thought our heroine.

"Poor thing! How young she is! The monster!" were the sentiments simultaneously passing through the brain of Mrs. Gunton.

"I presume that I am speaking to—" said she, blandly, but pausing for the other to fill up the sentence.

"The mistress?" said Stella, half interrogatively.

"Then it's true," was the unspoken thought of the housekeeper.

"You may consider it very extraordinary," said our heroine, again breaking ground, "very extraordinary indeed; but I assure you that a very few words will explain every thing to your satisfaction."

Mrs. Gunton felt convinced in her own mind that not few, but a great many, words would be expended before the matter could be settled.

"Pardon me," continued Stella, as much surprised by the old woman's silence as by the peculiar expression of her face; "but can you inform me in whose house I am?"

"Well, ma'am," blurted out Mrs. Gunton, "I suppose we must call it yours, now you've come!"

"Mine!" cried the young lady, aghast, and doubtful of her companion's sanity.

"Yes, ma'am — certainly, ma'am," was the deferential reply. Then, fearful of further committing herself, the speaker courtesied herself out of the room.

Before Stella could recover from her astonishment, a loud ring at the bell announced another arrival. The new-comer addressed Mrs. Gunton in a voice strangely familiar. Who could it be?

"Never mind," said the voice, laughingly, in reply to some observation of the housekeeper's. "I dare say I shall not quarrel with them, whoever it is."

The door opened, and there stood—Lovegrove!

IV.

No words, no recriminations, passed between those two; not the least sign of greeting, or even recognition. If there was a momentary welcome on the lady's part, it was quickly suppressed before the look in the eyes of her lover—lover no more. In that look there was less of anger than of contemptuous astonishment. It was a look far more expressive than words. Stella, unconscious of wrong, unconscious of her equivocal situation, returned it steadily. Alas! the calmness of innocence was mistaken for the shamelessness of guilt, as Lovegrove, after a long, keen stare, turned silently on his heel and left the house.

Our heroine knew instinctively that the engagement was at an end; and yet how, why, or wherefore, she was at a loss to imagine. If she had greatly cared for this brilliant butterfly of fashion, she would most likely have found refuge in tears; but that look had touched her pride. One thing she was determined on—to escape as quickly as possible from her present position. She would gladly have cleared up the mystery, inclusive of the odd expressions which had fallen from the old housekeeper; but no good could arise from remaining where she was; so—the window. This time her more determined efforts sufficed to unclasp the fastening; and she was about stepping forth, when a figure presented itself before her—the figure of Delaunay.

That worthy gentleman was in a state of considerable bewilderment. In the first place, he had just had a curious meeting with his friend and relative, Lovegrove, who, for the first time in their lives, had refused his proffered hand with scorn. Unaware of any cause of quarrel between them, Delaunay was so stupefied at this behavior that the other had strode off beyond recall before an explanation could be demanded or accorded. Next, here at the window of our friend's own study was a beautiful apparition facing him, and evidently regarding him as an intruder; for Stella, seeing that her escape was cut off, determined to conduct herself with dignity to the end of the adventure. Was it to be wondered at, therefore, that he stammered and stuttered and looked the criminal which he certainly was not?

His first thought was, that he had come to the wrong house; that this young lady was a friend of his next-door neighbor's, the widow.

"I ask pardon," he began; "the fact is, I live next door. The houses are so very much alike, that—"

"Pray don't mention it, Sir," said Stella, politely, but intensely amused by the turn affairs were taking.

Then she thought within herself, "Who could this bearded, sheepish-looking man be?" Prepossessing he certainly was, in spite of his awkward manner; in spite, too, of his rough shooting-coat and wide-awake hat. Mechanically he sat himself down without invitation. The young lady also seated herself, eying him curiously.

He had such a puzzled look that Stella, notwithstanding the previous intensity of her feelings, could have laughed outright. She contrived, however, to suppress her merriment.

Hitherto his eyes had been fixed on her face. Presently withdrawing them, his glance wandered round the room with somewhat of an air of recognition.

"Yes," he murmured, "those books—I ought to know them well."

Then he rose from his seat and began to inspect several other articles, still murmuring softly, "Yes, yes," as he laid his hand upon each of them.

Stella began to be alarmed. The man's conduct grew momentarily more suspicious. What if he should be a lunatic? His saying that he lived next door was all fudge. He might be a burglar, too, for all she knew to the contrary.

This last hypothesis had no sooner occurred to her than it was immediately confirmed by a proceeding of Delaunay's. The objects lying about which till now had attracted him were scarcely of a portable nature; that is to say, could not be carried away with sufficient concealment. It was different with a handsome gold hunting-watch and chain which were reposing on the table. This he actually pocketed, muttering, as if in a dream, "Most certainly. How came it here?" The same operation and the same words occurred in connection with a gold pencil-case and a diamond ring.

Then our heroine thought it high time for action on her part. Stealthily possessing herself of the little silver-mounted revolver previously alluded to, she planted herself before the window. Just in time, too, as it happened; for the man moved in the same direction, again talking to himself—"Perhaps I had better ascertain from the outside. Most certainly."

Judge of our friend's astonishment on being confronted with the leveled tube of his own pistol! Accompanying the action were the words, uttered in a firm but silvery tone, "Most certainly *not!*"

Never before had he seen any thing so beautiful. The erect figure, but very little shorter than his own, the quivering nostrils, the dilated eyes, the magnificent pose of the head—all conspired to fill him with admiration. It was as if he was gazing on Diana, Minerva, and Venus combined in one perfect form.

But he quickly remembered the hair-trigger of the pistol—a fact which sent his classical recollections to the right-about in double-quick time.

"My dear young lady, I'll do whatever you desire; but, for Heaven's sake, lower that barrel!"

She complied. Next, in reply to his look of amazement, she exclaimed,

"You don't suppose that I'll permit such an impudent robbery before my very eyes? Sit down and empty those pockets of yours immediately!"

He did as he was told, meekly.

The incident of the pistol had, however, recalled him to himself; and as he gave up his own watch, his own ring, and his own pencil-case, his sense of the ludicrousness of the situation got the better of his gravity.

"You carry it off gayly," observed Stella; "but don't imagine that will help you. I advise you to make no attempt at escape, or—" here she again raised the weapon.

"By no means," he answered, hastily.

On seeing him so submissive she half repented of her severity. He, on his side, desiring nothing better than a prolongation of the scene, decided to defer the inevitable explanation a little longer. Gradually they fell to talking upon other topics.

A very few minutes' conversation were sufficient to convince Stella that it was no ordinary burglar with whom she was *tête-à-tête*. Indeed, she could not resist a sentiment of pity that such a superior man should be driven to so discreditable a means of obtaining a livelihood. His information she found, on further examination, to be extensive; his manners, divested of their first *gaucherie*, pleasing and gentlemanly; when he spoke upon a subject which interested him, his countenance became positively noble. After a time she began to doubt whether he was a burglar at all!

Observing her embarrassment, Delaunay redoubled his efforts to please; efforts which he was gratified to observe were soon crowned with success. (This high-bred, intelligent gentleman a burglar? How utterly absurd!) The interview had barely lasted half an hour when, between you and me, she was considerably more in love with the burglar than she had ever been with her old admirer. Where both parties are pleased with each other, the process of mutual ingratiation is rapid. While our two friends, therefore, are progressing toward the understanding which we desire, let us again look after Mrs. Cassilis.

Of course the widow had been duly informed of the arrival which she had predicted; but knowing, for the best of reasons, its falsity, its baselessness, she was as much alarmed as puzzled. "Who could the woman be?" she asked herself. Some impostor, perhaps swindler, perhaps pickpocket. The idea of any other adventuress having a finger in the pie was insupportable. For a long time she worried herself with vain speculations. To all her inquiries over the garden wall the answer was, that Mr. Delaunay had not returned, that nothing was known about him. Finally, her curiosity became so unbearable that she determined to ascertain for herself how the land lay.

Bonnetless, shawlless, she swiftly passed out of her own door, and knocked at that of Delaunay's. Brushing hastily past the astonished Mrs. Gunton, who answered the summons, she pushed her way into the study. To her surprise, she found herself face to face with the owner. But widows are never surprised long. With a quick comprehensive glance at Stella, she addressed to Delaunay the startling inquiry, "Whether he had lost any thing?" thereby of course conveying the impression that the young lady by his side was a member of the predatory classes.

Not receiving an immediate reply, she repeated, "Has this person, Sir, any thing belonging to you?"

Recovering himself, Delaunay answered only by respectfully kissing the hand of Stella. Then, turning to Mrs. Cassilis, he said,

"It is very true, madam, that this lady has in her possession something which *did* belong to me, but which"—placing his hand upon his heart—"is mine no longer."

Oh, Mrs. Cassilis, Mrs. Cassilis! In the interval, while you were torturing yourself with anxiety and baffled curiosity, there was taking place within a few feet of you the explanation and the declaration which destroyed *your* hopes forever.

Mrs. Gunton now joined the group open-mouthed.

"Pray, my good woman," demanded Stella, as the housekeeper entered the room, "whom do you take me for?"

"For Mrs. Delaunay," was the reply, with a deep courtesy.

Delaunay laughed heartily.

"And you, madam, take me to be—?" was the interrogatory addressed to Mrs. Cassilis.

"Judging from present appearances, I should take you for Mrs. Delaunay that is to be," answered the widow.

"And *you?*" asked the fair querist, addressing the master of the house.

"I, my dear young lady?" replied he, gallantly. "Why, if there is no objection to the arrangement, I should prefer taking you 'for better, for worse.'"

And, if blushes are not falsehoods, he was so taken in return.

Here a thundering rap at the door heralded the hasty return of Lovegrove. Directly he entered, he understood the state of affairs at a glance.

"I thought, perhaps, that it might be a mistake," he cried; "but I perceive that I was right. I resign her—I cast her off altogether!"

"Sir," said Delaunay, complacently placing the young lady's arm within his own, "you are particularly obliging."

On a certain morning, not long after the occurrence of the above events, there was to be seen slowly leaving Notting Hill a van drawn by two horses, and containing a quantity of elegant furniture. Close behind came a hand-cart dragged by a boy. Its contents were—a trunk, a bandbox, a bundle, and an umbrella. The former of these vehicles held the belongings of Mrs. Cassilis; the latter, of Mrs. Gunton. We have already seen how what threatened to be a serious dilemma turned out to be not only Delaunay's joy, but Delaunay's deliverance.

WONDERFUL RELICS.

A HUNGARIAN Roman Catholic wrote to the Presburg *Gazette* a curious account of a visit he paid to the Church of St. Augustine, in Rome. "After walking for half an hour," says the writer, "through streets uglier and dirtier than any that could be found in our small Hungarian towns, I reached at last the Church of St. Augustine. When I entered there appeared to be no one in the building; but an old barefooted sacristan soon appeared and offered (of course for a small consideration) to let me see the marvelous relics the church possessed. Having conducted me into the sacristy, he showed me, on a rich velvet cushion inclosed in a small glass case, the cord with which Judas Iscariot had hanged himself. My cicerone maintained the relic to be authentic, and I could not hurt his feelings by an expression of doubt. Another glass case contained a wing of the Archangel Gabriel. I learned on inquiry that Pope Gregory VII. had obtained this gift from the angel by his prayers, and my guide informed me, with a look of deep significance, that he knew a pious man, the possessor of a feather from this angelic wing, who would be happy to dispose of it in favor of another devout man. As I did not take the hint, we continued our examination of the reliquary. I was next shown the comb of the cock that crowed when Peter denied his Master, then the staff with which Moses divided the waters of the Red Sea, and afterward the beard of Noah. My cicerone took care to inform me, every now and again, that, in consideration of my being a 'pious man,' I could obtain a small portion of these invaluable relics at a very moderate price." The Presburg *Gazette* adds to this letter, by way of postscript: "Our worthy correspondent does not seem to have been shown what, in our opinion, is the pearl of the collection in question: it is one of the steps of the ladder on which Jacob, in his dream, saw the heavenly hosts ascending and descending."

A DOG'S THOUGHTFULNESS.

YOUATT, in his "Humanity to Brutes," remarks: "I wanted, one day, to go through a tall iron gate, from one part of my premises to another, but just within it lay a poor lame puppy, and I could not get in without rolling the little fellow over, and perhaps seriously injuring him. I stood for a while hesitating, and at length determined to go round through another gate, when a fine Newfoundland dog, who had been waiting patiently for his wonted caresses, and wondering why I did not come in, looked accidentally down at the invalid. He comprehended the whole business in a moment. He put down his great paw, and as quickly and as gently as possible rolled the invalid out of the way, and then drew himself back in order to leave room for the opening of the gate. Here was a plain and palpable act of reasoning. 'Why does not my master come in as usual? This little fellow is in the way, and he can not open the gate without disturbing or hurting him. I'll get rid of that;' and immediately he rolls the obstacle aside, but, with the characteristic noble feeling of his breed, he takes care not to hurt the invalid. 'Now,' he continues, 'I must take myself out of the way, and then every obstacle will be removed.' No philosopher ever reasoned more accurately than our beautiful Newfoundland dog."

THOMAS NAST.

THE most cordially hated man in New York at the present day—hated by men whose friendship would be a dishonor—is THOMAS NAST, the most successful, most widely known, and most gifted humorous artist whom the genius of America has produced. Though of foreign birth, he came to this country at so early an age that his mental and moral development belongs wholly to the land of his adoption. A more thorough American does not breathe. The whole range of his art is instinct with the best and highest thought of the New World. No other country could have afforded the same kind of culture which has made him what he is—the foremost caricaturist of the age. He thoroughly appreciates the boundless hospitality which makes every foreigner welcome to our shores, and in recognition of the free boon of citizenship sinks his own nationality in that of his adopted country, and devotes his best talents to her service. He was educated a Catholic, but that has not blinded him to the dangers of political Romanism, especially in a republic like ours, where the maintenance of law, freedom, and order depends upon the intelligence of the people. The Catholic Church, as an ecclesiastical organization, has never been the object of his satire; it is only such members of that communion as seek to pervert its machinery to political purposes whom he castigates.

THOMAS NAST is the son of a musician in the Bavarian army, and was born in Landau, Bavaria, in the year 1840. When he was six years old his parents came to the United States, bringing their boy with them. They were very poor, but their industry presently made them comfortable. The boy showed from the beginning his fondness for drawing; and although his parents were very sure that it was folly to devote himself to any thing but a mechanical trade, he persevered in his artistic studies. Upon leaving school he drew with KAUFMANN for six months, and had no further instruction from a master.

When he was fifteen years old NAST began as a draughtsman for an illustrated paper. He gave himself so ardently to his work, sparing but four hours for sleep, and diligently drawing and studying during the rest of the night, that he found he was injuring his sight and his health. Three years of diligence and success made his name known, and leaving his exclusive work upon the paper, he was so profitably employed that in February, 1860, he had money enough for a visit to Europe. He went to England with an engagement to send home pictures of the prize-fight between HEENAN and SAYERS. From England he pushed on to Italy, and reached Genoa in time to join Colonel MEDICI'S expedition to Southern Italy; and crossing to Sicily, went through the island with GARIBALDI, and was afterward at the sieges of Capua and Gaeta. He made sketches of all the memorable events he saw for American, English, and French illustrated papers; and after a rapid tour through Germany, Switzerland, and France, the young artist landed again at the end of a year in New York.

His first impulse was to paint pictures suggested by his Italian experience; but the opening of the great campaign between the North and the South drew his heart and mind to another theme; and in the year 1862 he began the remarkable series of illustrations which from that time to the present day have appeared in this paper. Our readers will remember the marked impression they made upon thoughtful minds in every part of the North.

His artistic activity was not confined to newspaper work. In 1865 he painted a characteristic picture, called "The Union Advance arriving at a Plantation," an episode of SHERMAN'S march to the sea. It was exhibited at the National Academy of Design in this city—if hanging a picture over a door where it can not be seen may be called "exhibiting" any thing but the stupidity of the hanging committee. A year or two later he painted "The March of the Seventh Regiment down Broadway," when the first call for volunteers was made after the firing on Fort Sumter. Like the first-mentioned work, it was full of character and movement.

In 1866 Mr. NAST designed a series of grotesques for the *Bal d'Opéra*—a gallery of semi-satirical popular portraits, unique for the purpose, and very successful. Each picture was a palpable hit. But of all Mr. NAST'S works his pictures for this paper are undoubtedly the most characteristic and important. They are of an allegorico-political character, at once pictures, poems, and speeches. They argue the case to the eye, and conclusively. A few lines do the work of many words, and with a force of eloquence which no words can rival. Their effectiveness is unquestioned. It is said that the Boss and Head-Centre of the Tammany Ring himself has declared in his wrath that while he doesn't care a straw for what is written about him, the great majority of his constituency being unable to read, these illustrations, the meaning of which every one can take in at a glance, play the mischief with his feelings. Mr. NAST'S recent pictures, suggested by the riot of July 12 and the New York *Times's* exposure of the Ring, are among the most powerful of his efforts. Every stroke of his pencil cuts like a cimeter. His caricatures of TWEED, SWEENY, CONNOLLY, and HALL are admirable in their grotesque fidelity. They never can be lived down; and if future ages know any thing of the worthy quartette just named, it will be owing to their merciless caricaturist. Doubtless they would rather court oblivion than endure this im-

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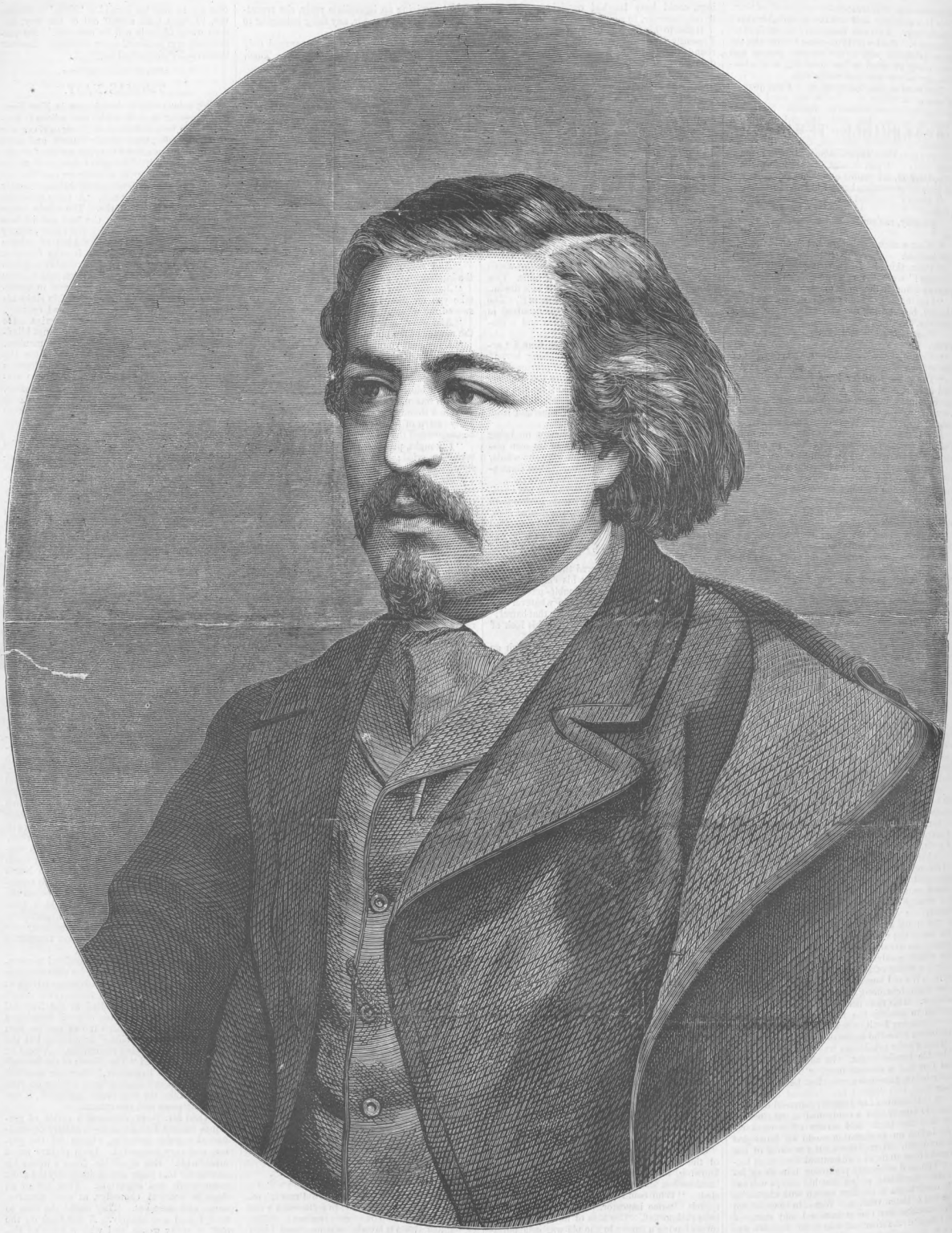

THOMAS NAST, ARTIST OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

mortality of infamy. They are naturally anxious to avoid such unpleasant notoriety, and they also naturally supposed that a very simple means would remedy the difficulty. Believing that "every man has his price," they tried to buy him off. To their astonishment they found they were dealing with a man who was not for sale! They then tried the efficacy of threats. Letters of the most violent character poured in upon him, some anonymous, others signed with the writer's name, threatening violence and even death unless he should quit caricaturing the Ring, political Romanism, and the worser sort of their supporters. The pages of this paper show, and will continue to show, that threats are quite as impotent as bribes with Mr. NAST. He is not to be bought or frightened. We have already mentioned, in a late number of the *Weekly*, that he is a member of the Seventh Regiment, and on the day of the late riot shouldered his musket and marched with his comrades in defense of freedom, equality, and order.

Mr. NAST's position as a political caricaturist is very high. In Mr. JARVES's "Art Idea"—a work well known to artists and connoisseurs—we find the following just estimate of his talents and capacity:

"The lofty character and vast issues of our civil war have thus far had but slight influences on our art. Rarely have our artists sought to give even the realistic scenes of strife. This may be in part owing to their inaptitude in treating the human figure, or the delineation of strong passions and heroic action.

"Judging from wood-cuts in *Harper's Weekly* of compositions relating to the various stages of the war, NAST is an artist of uncommon abilities. He has composed designs, or rather given hints of his ability to do so, of allegorical, symbolical, or illustrative character far more worthy to be transferred in paint to the wall spaces of our public buildings than any thing that has as yet been placed upon them. Although hastily got up for a temporary purpose, they evince originality of conception, freedom of manner, lofty appreciation of national ideas and action, and a large artistic instinct."

Although his strength lies in political caricature, Mr. NAST can do excellent work in other departments of art. His society cartoons—*vide* "Too Much of a Good Thing" in the Supplement to the last number of the *Weekly*—are full of fancy and humor. There is infinite variety in what he does. His inventive powers seem to be inexhaustible. At the same time he knows the value of *iteration* in art—as witness the portraits that run through the entire series of his pictures on the Ring. Each one is so marked that if you catch only the glimpse of an eyeglass, the tip of a nose, or a straggly bit of hair,

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you know it stands for HALL, or TWEED, or SWEENY, or CONNOLLY.

The portrait of Mr. NAST given with this article was engraved from an excellent photograph by BRADY. We present it to our readers as the likeness of a man who is most agreeably known to them by his works, and who, we trust, may long be spared to take his part in the good fight against every species of meanness and wrong.

A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION.

BY CHARLES READE.

WITH MANY ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-NINTH.

AT this monstrous declaration, from the very lips of the man's wife, there was a dead silence, Sir Charles being struck dumb, and Lady Bassett herself terrified at the sound of the words she had uttered.

After a terrible pause Sir Charles fixed his eyes on her, with an awful look, and said, very slowly, "Will—you—have—the—goodness—to—say that again? but first think what you are saying."

This made Lady Bassett shake in every limb; indeed, the very flesh of her body quivered. Yet she persisted, but in a tone that of itself showed how fast her courage was oozing. She faltered out, almost inaudibly, "I say you must waste no more love on him—he is not your son."

Sir Charles looked at her to see if she was in her senses: it was not the first time he had suspected her of being deranged on this one subject. But no: she was pale as death, she was cringing, wincing, quivering, and her eyes roving to and fro; a picture not of frenzy, but of guilt unhardened.

He began to tremble in his turn, and was so horror-stricken and agitated that he could hardly speak. "Am I dreaming?" he gasped.

Lady Bassett saw the storm she had raised, and would have given the world to recall her words.

"Whose is he, then?" asked Sir Charles, in a voice scarcely human.

"I don't know," said Lady Bassett, doggedly.

"Then how dare you say that he isn't mine?"

"Kill me, Charles," cried she, passionately; "but don't look at me so and speak to me so. Why I say he is not yours—is he like you, either in face or mind?"

"And he is like—whom?"

Lady Bassett had lost all her courage by this time: she whimpered out, "Like nobody except the gypsies."

"Bella, this is a subject which will part you and me for life unless we can agree upon it."

No reply, in words, from Lady Bassett.

"So please let us understand each other. Your son is not my son. Is that what you look me in the face and tell me?"

"Charles, I never said *that*. How could he be my son, and not be yours?"

And she raised her eyes and looked him full in the face: no fear nor cringing now: the woman was majestic.

Sir Charles was a little alarmed in his turn; for his wife's soft eyes flamed battle for the first time in her life.

"Now you talk sense," said he; "if he is yours, he is mine; and, as he is certainly yours, this is a very foolish conversation, which must not be renewed; otherwise—"

"I shall be insulted by my own husband?"

"I think it very probable. And, as I do not choose you to be insulted, nor to think yourself insulted, I forbid you ever to recur to this subject."

"I will obey, Charles; but let me say one word first. When I was alone in London, and hardly sensible, might not this child have been imposed upon me and you? I'm sure he was."

"By whom?"

"How can I tell? I was alone—that woman in the house had a bad face—the gypsies do these things, I've heard."

"The gypsies! And why not the fairies?" said Sir Charles, contemptuously. "Is that all you have to suggest—before we close the subject forever?"

"Yes," said Lady Bassett, sorrowfully. "I see you take me for a madwoman; but time will show. Oh that I could persuade you to detach your affections from that boy—he will break your heart else—and rest them on the children that resemble us in mind and features."

"These partialities are allowed to mothers; but a father must be just. Reginald is my first-born; he came to me from Heaven at a time when I was under a bitter trial, and from the day he was born till this day I have been a happy man. It is not often a father owes so much to a son as I do to my darling boy. He is dear to my heart in spite of his faults; and now I pity him, as well as love him, since it seems he has only one parent, poor little fellow!"

Lady Bassett opened her mouth to reply, but could not. She raised her hands in mute despair, then quietly covered her face with them, and soon the tears trickled through her white fingers.

Sir Charles looked at her, and was touched at her silent grief.

"My darling wife," said he, "I think this is the only thing you and I can not agree upon. Why not be wise as well as loving, and avoid it."

"I will never seek it again," sobbed Lady Bassett. "But oh," she cried, with sudden wildness, "something tells me it will meet me, and follow me, and rob me of my husband. Well, when that day comes, I shall know how to die."

And with this she burst away from him, like some creature who has been stung past endurance.

Sir Charles often meditated on this strange scene: turn it how he could, he came back to the same conclusion, that she must have a hallucination on this subject. He said to himself, "If Bella really believed the boy was a changeling, she would act upon her conviction, she would urge me to take some steps to recover our true child, whom the gypsies or the fairies have taken, and given us poor dear Reginald instead."

But still the conversation, and her strange looks of terror, lay dormant in his mind; both were too remarkable to be ever forgotten. Such things lie like certain seeds, awaiting only fresh accidents to spring into life.

The month rolled away, and the day came for Reginald's liberation. A dog-cart was sent for him, and the heir of the Bassetts emerged from a county jail, and uttered a whoop of delight; he insisted on driving, and went home at a rattling pace.

He was in high spirits till he got in sight of Huntercombe Hall; and then it suddenly occurred to his mercurial mind that he should probably not be received with an ovation, petty larceny being a novelty in that ancient house whose representative he was.

When he did get there he found the whole family in such a state of commotion that his return was hardly noticed at all.

Master Compton's dinner-hour was two P.M., and yet, at three o'clock of this day, he did not come in.

This was reported to Lady Bassett, and it gave her some little anxiety; for she suspected he might possibly be in the company of Ruperta Bassett; and, although she did not herself much object to that, she objected very much to have it talked about and made a fuss. So she went herself to the end of the lawn, and out into the meadow, that a servant might not find the young people together, if her suspicion was correct.

"I WAS ONLY TAKING A LOOK."

She went into the meadow and called "Compton! Compton!" as loud as she could, but there was no reply.

Then she came in, and began to be alarmed, and sent servants about in all directions.

But two hours elapsed, and there were no tidings. The thing looked serious.

She sent out grooms well mounted to scour the country. One of these fell in with Sir Charles, who thereupon came home and found his wife in a pitiable state. She was sitting in an arm-chair, trembling and crying hysterically.

She caught his hand directly, and grasped it like a vice.

"It is Richard Bassett!" she cried. "He knows how to wound and kill me. He has stolen our child."

Sir Charles hurried out, and, soon after that, Reginald arrived, and stood awe-struck at her deplorable condition.

Sir Charles came back heated and anxious, kissed Reginald, told him in three words his brother was missing, and then informed Lady Bassett that he had learned something very extraordinary; Richard Bassett's little girl had also disappeared, and his people were out looking after her.

"Ah, they are together," cried Lady Bassett.

"Together? a son of mine consorting with that viper's brood!"

"What does that poor child know? Oh, find him for me, if you love that dear child's mother!"

Sir Charles hurried out directly, but was met at the door by a servant, who blurted out, "The men have dragged the fish-ponds, Sir Charles, and they want to know if they shall drag the brook."

"Hold your tongue, idiot!" cried Sir Charles, and thrust him out; but the wiseacre had not spoken in vain. Lady Bassett moaned, and went into worse hysterics, with nobody near her but Reginald.

That worthy, never having seen a lady in hysterics, and not being hardened at all points, uttered a sympathetic howl, and flung his arms round her neck. "Oh! oh! oh! Don't cry, mamma."

Lady Bassett shuddered at his touch, but did not repel him.

"I'll find him for you," said the boy, "if you will leave off crying."

She stared in his face a moment, and then went on as before.

"Mamma," said he, getting impatient, "do listen to me. I'll find him easy enough, if you will only listen."

"You! you!" and she stared wildly at him.

"Ay, I know a sight more than the fools about here. I'm a poacher. Just you put me on to his track. I'll soon run into him, if he is above ground."

"A child like you!" cried Lady Bassett; "how can you do that?" and she began to wring her hands again.

"I'll show you," said the boy, getting very impatient, "if you will just leave off crying like a great baby, and come to any place you like where he has been to-day and left a mark—"

"Ah!" cried Lady Bassett.

"I'm a poacher," repeated Reginald, quite proudly; "you forget that."

"Come with me," cried Lady Bassett, starting up.

She whipped on her bonnet, and ran with him down the lawn.

"There, Reginald," said she, panting, "I think my darling was here this afternoon; yes, yes, he must; for he had a key of the door, and it is open."

"All right," said Reginald; "come into the field."

He ran about, like a dog hunting, and soon found marks among the cowslips.

"Somebody has been gathering a nosegay here to-day," said he; "now, mamma, there's only two ways out of this field—let us go straight to that gate; that is the likeliest."

Near the gate was some clay, and Reginald showed her several prints of small feet.

"Look," said he, "here's the track of two—one's a gal; how I know, here's a sole to this shoe no wider nor a knife. Come on."

In the next field he was baffled for a long time; but at last he found a place in a dead hedge where they had gone through.

"See," said he, "these twigs are fresh broken, and here's a bit of the gal's frock. Oh! won't she catch it?"

"Oh, you brave, clever boy!" cried Lady Bassett.

"Come on!" shouted the urchin.

He hunted like a beagle, and saw like a bird, with his savage, glittering eye. He was on fire with the ardor of the chase; and, not to dwell too long on what has been so often and so well written by others, in about an hour and a half he brought the anxious, palpitating, but now hopeful mother, to the neighborhood of Bassett's wood. Here he trusted to his own instinct. "They have gone into the wood," said he, "and I don't blame 'em. I found my way here long before his age. I say, don't you tell; I've snared plenty of the governor's hares in that wood."

He got to the edge of the wood, and ran down the side. At last he found the marks of small feet on a low bank, and, darting over it, discovered the fainter traces on some decaying leaves inside the wood.

"There," said he; "now it is just as if you had got them in your pocket, for they'll never find their way out of this wood. Bless your heart, why *I* used to get lost in it at first."

"Lost in the wood!" cried Lady Bassett; "but he will die of fear, or be eaten by wild beasts; and it is getting so dark."

"What about that? Night or day is all one to me. What will you give me if I find him before midnight?"

"Any thing I've got in the world."

"Give me a sovereign?"

"A thousand!"

"Give me a kiss?"

"A hundred!"

"Then I'll tell you what I'll do—I don't mind a little trouble, to stop your crying, mamma, because you are the right sort. I'll get the village out, and we will tread the wood with torches, an' all for them as can't see by night; I can see all one; and you shall have your kid home to supper. You see, there's a heavy dew, and he is not like me, that would rather sleep in this wood than the best bed in London city; a night ith a wood would about settle his hash. So here goes. I can run a mile in six minutes and a half."

With these words, the strange boy was off like an arrow from a bow.

Lady Bassett, exhausted by anxiety and excitement, was glad to sit down; her trembling heart would not let her leave the place, that she now began to hope contained her child. She sat down and waited patiently.

The sun set, the moon rose, the stars glittered; the infinite leaves stood out dark and solid as if cut out of black marble; all was dismal silence and dread suspense to the solitary watcher.

Yet the lady of Huntercombe Hall sat on, sick at heart, but patient, beneath that solemn sky.

She shuddered a little as the cold dews gathered on her, for she was a woman nursed in luxury's lap; but she never moved.

The silence was dismal. Had that wild boy forgotten his promise, or were there no parents in the village, that their feet lagged so?

It was nearly ten o'clock, when her keen ears, strained to the utmost, discovered a faint buzzing of voices; but where she could not tell.

The sounds increased, and increased, and then there was a temporary silence; and after that a faint hallooing in the wood to her right. The wood was five hundred acres, and the bulk of it lay in front and to her left.

The hallooing got louder and louder; the whole wood seemed to echo; her heart beat high; lights glimmered nearer and nearer, hares and rabbits pattered by and startled her, and pheasants thundered off their roosts with an incredible noise; owls flitted, and bats innumerable, disturbed and terrified by the glaring lights and loud, resounding halloos.

Nearer, nearer came the sounds, till at last a line of men and boys, full fifty, carrying torches and lanterns, came up, and lighted up the dew-spangled leaves, and made the mother's heart leap with joyful hope at succor so powerful.

Oh, she could have kissed the stout village blacksmith, whose deep sonorous lungs rang close to her. Never had any man's voice sounded to her so like a god's as this stout blacksmith's "hilloop! hilloop!" close and loud in her ear, and those at the end of the line hallooed "hilloop; hillo-op!" like an echo; and so they passed on, through bush and brier, till their voices died away in the distance.

A boy detached himself from the line, and ran to Lady Bassett, with a traveling-rug. It was Reginald.

"You put on this," said he. He shook it, and standing on tiptoe, put it over her shoulders.

"Thank you, dear," said she. "Where is papa?"

"Oh, he is in the line, and the Highmore swell and all."

"Mr. Richard Bassett?"

"Ay, his kid is out on the loose, as well as ours."

"Oh, Reginald, if they should quarrel!"

"Why, our governor can lick *him*, can't he?"

CHAPTER THE FORTIETH.

"OH, don't talk so. I wouldn't for all the world they should quarrel."

"Well, we have got enough fellows to part them if they do."

"Dear Reginald, you have been so good to me, and you are so clever: speak to some of the men, and let there be no more quarreling between papa and that man."

"All right," said the boy.

"On second thoughts, take *me* to papa; I'll be by his side, and then they can not."

"You want to walk through the wood? that is a good joke. Why, it is like walking through a river, and the young wood slapping your eyes, for you can't see every twig by this light, and the leaves sponging your face and shoulders; and the briers would soon strip your gown into ribbons, and make your little ankles bleed. No, you are a lady; you stay where you are, and let us men work it. We sha'n't find him yet a while. I must get near the governor. When we find my lord, I'll give a whistle you could hear a mile off."

"Oh, Reginald, are you sure he is in the wood?"

"I'd bet my head to a chany orange. You might as well ask me, when I track a badger to his hole, and no signs of his going out again, whether old long-claws is there. I wish I was as sure of never going back to school as I am of finding that little lot. The only thing I don't like, is the young muff's not giving us a halloo back. But, any way, I'll find 'em, *alive or dead*."

And, with this pleasing assurance, the little imp scudded off, leaving the mother glued to the spot with terror.

For full an hour more the torches gleamed, though fainter and fainter, and so full was the wood of echoes, that the voices, though distant, seemed to halloo all round the agonized mother.

But presently there was a continuous yell, quite

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different from the isolated shouts, a distant but unmistakable howl of victory that made a bolt of ice shoot down her back, and then her heart to glow like fire.

It was followed by a keen whistle.

She fell on her knees and thanked God for her boy.

In the middle of this wood was a shallow excavation, an old chalk-pit, unused for many years. It was never deep, and had been half filled up with dead leaves: these, once blown into the hollow, or dropped from the trees, had accumulated.

The very middle of the line struck on this place, and Moss, the old keeper, who was near the centre, had no sooner cast his eyes into it than he halted, and uttered a stentorian halloo well known to sportsmen—"SEE—HO!"

A dead halt, a low murmur, and in a very few seconds the line was a circle, and all the torches that had not expired held high in a flaming ring over the prettiest little sight that wood had ever presented.

The old keeper had not given tongue on conjecture, like some youthful hound. In a little hollow of leaves, which the boy had scraped out, lay Master Compton and Miss Ruperta, on their little backs, each with an arm round the other's neck, enjoying the sweet sound sleep of infancy, which neither the horror of their situation—babes in the wood—nor the shouts of fifty people had in the smallest degree disturbed; to be sure, they had undergone great fatigue.

Young master wore a coronet of bluebells on his golden head, young miss a wreath of cowslips on her ebon locks. The pair were flowers, cherubs, children—every thing that stands for young, tender, and lovely.

The honest villagers gaped, and roared in chorus, and held high their torches, and gazed with reverential delight. Not for them was it to finger the little gentlefolks, but only to devour them with admiring eyes.

Indeed, the picture was carried home to many a humble hearth, and is spoken of to this day in Huntercombe village.

But the pale and anxious fathers were in no state to see pictures; they only saw their children; Sir Charles and Richard Bassett came round with the general rush, saw, and dashed into the pit.

Strange to say, neither knew the other was there. Each seized his child, and tore it away from the contact of the other child, as if from a viper; in which natural but harsh act they saw each other for the first time, and their eyes gleamed in a moment with hate and defiance over their loving children.

Here was a picture of a different kind, and if the melancholy Jaques, or any other gentleman with a foible for thinking in a wood, had been there, methinks he had moralized very prettily on the hideousness of hate and the beauty of the sentiment it had interrupted so fiercely. But it escaped this sort of comment for about eight years. Well, all this woke the bairns; the lights dazzled them, the people scared them. Each hid a little face on the paternal shoulder.

The fathers, like wild beasts, each carrying off a lamb, withdrew, glaring at each other; but the very next moment the stronger and better sentiment prevailed, and they kissed and blessed their restored treasures, and forgot their enemies for a time.

Sir Charles's party followed him, and supped at Huntercombe, every man Jack of them.

Reginald, who had delivered a terrific cat-call, now ran off to Lady Bassett. There she was, still on her knees. "Found! found!" he shouted.

She clasped him in her arms and wept for joy.

"My eyes!" said he, "what a one you are to cry! You come home; you'll catch your death o' cold."

"No, no; take me to my child at once."

"Can't be done; the governor has carried him off through the wood; and I ain't a-going to let you travel the wood. You come with me; we'll go the short-cut, and be home as soon as them."

She complied, though trembling all over.

On the way he told her where the children had been discovered, and in what attitude.

"Little darlings!" said she. "But he has frightened his poor mother, and nearly broken her heart. Oh!"

"If you cry any more, mamma— Shut up, I tell you!"

"*Must* I? Oh!"

"Yes, or you'll catch pepper."

Then he pulled her along, gabbling all the time. "Those two swells didn't quarrel, after all, you see."

"Thank Heaven!"

"But they looked at each other like hobelixes, and pulled the kids away like pison. Ha, ha! I say, the young 'uns ain't of the same mind as the old 'uns. I say, though, our Compton is not a bad sort; I'm blowed if he hadn't taken off his tippet to put round his gal. I say, don't you think that little chap has begun rather early? Why, *I* didn't trouble my head about the gals till I was eleven years old."

Lady Bassett was too much agitated to discuss these delicate little questions just then.

She replied as irrelevantly as ever a lady did, "Oh, you good, brave, clever boy!" said she.

Then she stopped a moment to kiss him heartily. "I shall never forget this night, dear. I shall always make excuses for you. Oh, shall we never get home?"

"We shall be home as soon as they will," said Reginald. "Come on."

He gabbled to her the whole way; but the reader has probably had enough of his mill-clack.

Lady Bassett reached home, and had just ordered a large fire in Compton's bedroom, when Sir Charles came in, bringing the boy.

The lady ran out screaming, and went down on her knees, with her arms out, as only a mother can stretch them to her child.

There was not a word of scolding that night. He had made her suffer; but what of that? She had no egotism; she was a true mother. Her boy had been lost, and was found; and she was the happiest soul in creation.

But the fathers of these babes in the wood were both intensely mortified, and took measures to keep those little lovers apart in future. Richard Bassett locked up his gate: Sir Charles padlocked his; and they both told their wives they really must be more vigilant.

The poor children, being in disgrace, did not venture to remonstrate. But they used often to think of each other, and took a liking to the British Sunday; for then they saw each other in church.

By-and-by even that consolation ceased. Ruperta was sent to school, and passed her holidays at the sea-side.

To return to Reginald, he was compelled to change his clothes that evening, but was allowed to sit up, and, when the heads of the house were a little calmer, became the hero of the night.

Sir Charles, gazing on him with parental pride, said, "Reginald, you have begun a new life to-day, and begun it well. Let us forget the past, and start fresh to-day, with the love and gratitude of both your parents."

The boy hung his head, and said nothing in reply.

Lady Bassett came to his assistance. "He will; he will. Don't say a word about the past. He is a good, brave, beautiful boy, and I adore him."

"And I like you, mamma," said Reginald, graciously.

From that day the boy had a champion in Lady Bassett; and, Heaven knows, she had no sinecure; poor Reginald's virtues were too eccentric to balance his faults for long together. His parents could not have a child lost in a wood every day; but good taste and propriety can be offended every hour when one is so young, active, and savage as Master Reginald.

He was up at five, and doing wrong all day.

Hours in the stables, learning to talk horsey, and smell dunghilly.

Hours in the village, gossiping and romping.

In good company, an owl.

In bad, or low company, a cricket, a nightingale, a magpie.

He was seen at a neighboring fair, playing the fiddle in a booth to dancing yokels, and receiving their pence.

He was caught by Moss wiring hares in Bassett's wood, within twenty yards of the place where he had found the babes in the wood so nobly.

Remonstrated with tenderly and solemnly, he informed Sir Charles that poaching was a thing he could not live without, and he modestly asked to have Bassett's wood given him to poach in, offering, as a consideration, to keep all other poachers out: as a greater inducement he represented that he should not require a house, but only a coarse sheet to stretch across an old sawpit, and a pair of blankets for winter use—one under, one over.

Sir Charles was often sad, sometimes indignant.

Lady Bassett excused each enormity with pathetic ingenuity; excused, but suffered, and indeed pined visibly, for all this time he was tormenting her as few women in her position have been tormented. Her life was a struggle of contesting emotions; she was wounded, harassed, perplexed, and so miserable, she would have welcomed death, that her husband might read that manuscript, and cease to suffer, and she escape the shame of confessing, and of living after it.

In one word, she was expiating.

Neither the excuses she made, nor the misery she suffered, escaped Sir Charles.

He said to her at last, "My own Bella, this unhappy boy is killing you. Dear as he is to me, you are dearer. I must send him away again."

"He saved our darling," said she, faintly, but she could say no more. He had exhausted excuse.

Sir Charles made inquiries every where, and, at last, his attention was drawn to the following advertisement in the *Times:*

UNMANAGEABLE, Backward, or other BOYS, carefully TRAINED and EDUCATED, by a married rector. Home comforts. Moderate terms. Address Dr. Beecher, Fennymore, Cambridgeshire.

He wrote to this gentleman, and the correspondence was encouraging. "These scapegraces," said the artist in tuition, "are like crab-trees—abominable till you graft them, and then they bear the best fruit."

While the letters were passing, came a climax. Reckless Reginald could keep no bounds intact: his inward definition of a boundary was "a thing you should go a good way out of your way rather than not overleap."

Accordingly, he was often on Highmore farm at night, and even in Highmore garden; the boundary wall tempted him so.

One light but windy night, when every body that could put his head under cover, and keep it there, did, reckless Reginald was out enjoying the fresh breezes; he mounted the boundary wall of Highmore like a cat, to see what amusement might offer. Thus perched, he speedily discovered a bright light in Highmore dining-room.

He dropped from the wall directly, and stole softly over the grass, and peered in at the window.

He saw a table with a powerful lamp on it; on that table, and gleaming in that light, were several silver vessels of rare size and workmanship, and Mr. Bassett, with his coat off, and a green baize apron on, was cleaning one of these with brush and leather. He had already cleaned the others, for they glittered prodigiously.

Reginald's black eyes gloated and glittered at this unexpected display of wealth in so dazzling a form.

But this was nothing to the revelation in store. When Mr. Bassett had done with that piece of plate, he went to the paneled wall, and opened a door so nicely adapted to the panels, that a stranger would hardly have discovered it. Yet it was an enormous door, and, being opened, revealed a still larger closet, lined with green velvet, and fitted with shelves from floor to ceiling.

Here shone, in all their glory, the old plate of two good families: that is to say, half the old plate of the Bassetts, and all the old plate of the Goodwyns, from whom came Highmore to Richard Bassett through his mother Ruperta Goodwyn, so named after her grandmother; so named after her aunt; so named after her godmother; so named after her father, Prince Rupert, cavalier, chemist, glass-blower, etc., etc.

The wall seemed ablaze with suns and moons, for many of the chased goblets, plates, and dishes were silver-gilt: none of your filmy electro-plate, but gold laid on thick, by the old mercurial process, in days when they that wrought in precious metals were honest—for want of knowing how to cheat.

Glued to the pane, gloating on this constellation of gold suns and silver moons, and trembling with Bohemian excitement, reckless Reginald heard not a stealthy step upon the grass behind him.

He had trusted to a fact in optics, forgetting the doctrine of shadows.

The Scotch servant saw from a pantry window the shadow of a cap projected on the grass, with a face, and part of a body. She stepped out, and got upon the grass.

Finding it was only a boy, she was brave, as well as cunning; and, owing to the wind and his absorption, stole on him unheard, and pinned him with her strong hands by both his shoulders.

Young Hopeful uttered a screech of dismay, and administered a back kick that made Jessie limp for two days, and scream very lustily for the present.

Mr. Bassett, at this dialogue of yells, dropped a coffee-pot with a crash and a tinkle, and ran out directly, and secured young Hopeful, who thereupon began to quake and remonstrate.

"I was only taking a look," said he; "where's the harm of that?"

"You were trespassing, Sir," said Richard Bassett.

"What is the harm of that, governor? You can come over all our place, for what I care."

"Thank you. I prefer to keep to my own place."

"Well, I don't. I say, old chap, don't hit me. 'Twas I put 'em all on the scent of your kid, you know."

"So I have heard. Well, then, this makes us quits."

"Don't it? You ain't such a bad sort, after all."

"Only mind, Mr. Bassett, if I catch you prying here again, that will be a fresh account, and I shall open it with a horsewhip."

He then gave him a little push, and the boy fled like the wind. When he was gone, Richard Bassett became rather uneasy. He had hitherto concealed, even from his own family, the great wealth his humble home contained. His secret was now public. Reginald had no end of low companions. If burglars got scent of this, it might be very awkward. At last he hit upon a defense. He got one of those hooks ending in a screw which are used for pictures, and screwed it into the inside of the cupboard door near the top. To this he fastened a long piece of catgut, and carried it through the floor. His bed was just above the cupboard door, and he attached the gut to a bell by his bedside. By this means nobody could open that cupboard without ringing in his ears.

Jessie told Tom, Tom told Maria and Harriet; Harriet and Maria told every body; somebody told Sir Charles. He was deeply mortified.

"You young idiot!" said he; "would nothing less than this serve your turn? must you go and lower me and yourself by giving just offense to my one enemy?—the man I hate and despise, and who is always on the watch to injure or affront me. Oh, who would be a father! There, pack up your things; you will go to school next morning at eight o'clock."

Mr. Reginald packed accordingly, but that did not occupy long; so he sallied forth, and, taking for granted that it was Richard Bassett who had been so mean as to tell, he purchased some paint and brushes and a rope, and languished until midnight.

But when that magic hour came he was brisk as a bee, let himself down from his veranda, and stole to Richard Bassett's front-door, and inscribed thereon, in large and glaring letters,

"JERRY SNEAK, ESQ.,
Tell-Tale Tit."

He then returned home much calmed and comforted, climbed up his rope and into his room, and there slept sweetly, as one who had discharged his duty to his neighbor and society in general.

In the morning, however, he was very active, hurried the grooms, and was off before the appointed time.

Sir Charles came down to breakfast, and lo! young Hopeful gone, without the awkward ceremony of leave-taking.

Sir Charles found, as usual, many delicacies on his table, and among them one rarer to him than ortolan, pin-tail, or wild turkey (in which last my soul delights); for he found a letter from Richard Bassett, Esq.

"SIR,—*Some nights since we caught your successor that is to be at my dining-room window, prying into my private affairs. Having the honor of our family at heart, I was about to administer a little wholesome correction, when he reminded me he had been instrumental in tracking Miss Bassett, and thereby rescuing her: upon this I was, naturally, mollified, and sent him about his business, hoping to have seen the last of him at Highmore.*

"*This morning my door is covered with opprobrious epithets, and as Mr. Bassett bought paint and brushes at the shop yesterday afternoon, it is doubtless to him I am indebted for them.*

"*I make no comments; I simply record the facts, and put them down to your credit, and your son's. Your obedient servant,*

"RICHARD BASSETT."

Lady Bassett did not come down to breakfast that morning; so Sir Charles digested this dish in solitude.

He was furious with Reginald; but, as Richard Bassett's remonstrance was intended to insult him, he wrote back as follows:

"SIR,—*I am deeply grieved that a son of mine should descend to look in at your windows, or to write any thing whatever upon your door; and I will take care it shall never recur. Yours obediently,*

CHARLES DYKE BASSETT."

This little correspondence was salutary; it fanned the coals of hatred between the cousins.

Reckless Reginald soon found he had caught a Tartar in his new master.

That gentleman punished him severely for every breach of discipline. The study was a cool dark room, with one window looking north, and that window barred. Here he locked up the erratic youth for hours at a time, upon the slightest escapade.

Reginald wrote a honeyed letter to Sir Charles, bewailing his lot, and praying to be removed.

Sir Charles replied sternly, and sent him a copy of Mr. Richard Bassett's letter. He wrote to Mr. Beecher at the same time, expressing his full approval.

Thus disciplined, the boy began to change; he became moody, sullen, silent, and even sleepy. This was the less wonderful, that he generally escaped at night to a gypsy camp, and courted a gypsy girl, who was nearly as handsome as himself, besides being older, and far more knowing.

His tongue went like a mill, and the whole tribe soon knew all about him and his parents.

One morning the servants got up supernaturally early, to wash. Mr. Reginald was detected stealing back to his roost, and reported to the master.

Mr. Beecher had him up directly, locked him into the study alone, put the other students into the drawing-room, and erected bars to his bedroom window.

A few days of this, and he pined like a bird in a cage.

A few more, and his gypsy girl came fortune-telling to the servants, and wormed out the truth.

Then she came at night under his window, and made him a signal. He told her his hard case, and told her also a resolution he had come to. She informed the tribe. The tribe consulted. A keen saw was flung up to him; in two nights he was through the bars; the third he was free, and joined his sable friends.

They struck their tents, and decamped with horses, asses, tents, and baggage, and were many miles away by daybreak, without troubling turnpikes.

The boy left not a line behind him, and Mr. Beecher half hoped he might come back; still he sent to the nearest station, and telegraphed to Huntercombe.

Sir Charles mounted a fleet horse, and rode off at once into Cambridgeshire. He set inquiries on foot, and learned that the boy had been seen consorting with a tribe of gypsies. He heard, also, that these were rather high gypsies, many of them foreigners; and that they dealt in horses, and had a farrier; and that one or two of the girls were handsome, and also singers.

Sir Charles telegraphed for detectives from London; wrote to the mayors of towns; advertised, with full description and large reward, and brought such pressure to bear upon the Egyptians that the band began to fear: they consulted, and took measures for their own security; none too soon, for, they being encamped on Grey's Common in Oxfordshire, Sir Charles and the rural police rode into the camp, and demanded young Hopeful.

They were equal to the occasion; at first they knew nothing of the matter, and, with injured innocence, invited a full inspection.

The invitation was accepted.

Then, all of a sudden, one of the women affected to be struck with an idea. "It is the young gentleman who wanted to join us in Cambridgeshire."

Then all their throats opened at once. "Yes, gentlemen, there was a lovely young gentleman wanted to come with us; but we wouldn't have him. What could we do with him?"

Sir Charles left them under surveillance, and continued his researches, telegraphing Lady Bassett twice every day.

A dark stranger came into Huntercombe village, no longer young, but still a striking figure: had once, no doubt, been superlatively handsome. Even now, his long hair was black, and his eye could glitter: but his life had impregnated his noble features with hardness and meanness; his large black eye was restless, keen, and servile: an excellent figure for a painter though; born in Spain he was not afraid of color, had a red cap on his snaky black hair, and a striped waistcoat.

He inquired for Mr. Meyrick's farm.

He soon found his way thither, and asked for Mrs. Meyrick.

The female servant who opened the door ran her eye up and down him, and said, brusquely,

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"What do you want with her, my man? because she is busy."

"Oh, she will see me, miss."

Softened by the "miss," the girl laughed, and said, "What makes you think that, my man?"

Give her this, miss," said the gypsy, "and she will come to me."

He held her out a dirty crumpled piece of paper.

Sally, whose hands were wet from the tub, whipped her hand under the corner of her checkered apron, and so took the note with a finger and thumb operating through the linen. By this means she avoided two evils—her fingers did not wet the letter, and the letter did not dirty her fingers.

She took it into the kitchen to her mistress, whose arms were deep in a wash-tub.

Mrs. Meyrick had played the fine lady at first starting, and for six months would not put her hand to any thing. But those twin cajolers of the female heart, Dignity and Laziness, made her so utterly wretched, that she returned to her old habits of work, only she combined with it the sweets of domination.

Sally came in, and said, "It's an old gypsy, which he have brought you this."

Mrs. Meyrick instantly wiped the soap-suds from her brown but shapely arms, and, whipping a wet hand under her apron, took the note just as Sally had. It contained these words only:

"NURSE,—*The old Romanee will tell you all about me.* REGINALD."

She had no sooner read it than she took her sleeves down, and whipped her shawl off a peg and put it on, and took off her apron—and all for an old gypsy. No stranger must take her for any thing but a lady.

Thus embellished in a turn of the hand, she went hastily to the door.

She and the gypsy both started at sight of each other, and Mrs. Meyrick screamed.

"Why, what brings you here, old man?" said she, panting. The gypsy answered, with oily sweetness, "The little gentleman sent me, my dear. Why, you look like a queen."

"Hush!" said Mrs. Meyrick. "Come in here."

She made the old gypsy sit down, and she sat close to him.

"Speak low, daddy," said she, "and tell me all about my boy, my beautiful boy."

The old gypsy told Mrs. Meyrick the wrongs of Reginald that had driven him to this; and she fell to crying and lamenting, and inveighing against all concerned—school-master, Sir Charles, Lady Bassett, and the gypsies. Them the old man defended, and assured her the young gentleman was in good hands, and would be made a little king of, all the more that Keturah had told them there was gypsy blood in him.

Mrs. Meyrick resented this loudly; and then returned to her grief.

When she had indulged that grief for a long time, she felt a natural desire to quarrel with somebody, and she actually put on her bonnet, and was going to the Hall to give Lady Bassett a bit of her mind, for she said that lady had never shown the feelings of a woman for the lamb.

But she thought better of it, and postponed the visit. "I shall be sure to say something I shall be sorry for after," said she; so she sat down again, and returned to her grief.

Nor could she ever shake it off as thoroughly as she had done any other trouble in her life.

Months after this she said to Sally, with a burst of tears, "I never nursed but one, and I shall never nurse another; and now he is across the seas."

She kept the old gypsy at the farm; or, to speak more correctly, she made the farm his head-quarters. She assigned him the only bedroom he would accept, viz., a cattle-shed, open on one side. She used often to have him into her room, when she was alone; she gave him some of her husband's clothes, and made him wear a decent hat; by these means she effaced, in some degree, his nationality, and then she compelled her servants to call him "the foreign gent."

The foreign gent was very apt to disappear in fine weather, but rain soon drove him back to her fireside, and hunger to her flesh-pots.

On the very day the foreign gent came to Meyrick's farm, Lady Bassett had a letter by post from Reginald.

"DEAR MAMMA,—*I am gone with the gypsies across the water. I am sorry to leave you. You are the right sort; but they tormented me so with their books and their dark rooms. It is very unfortunate to be a boy. When I am a man, I shall be too old to be tormented, and then I will come back. Your dutiful son,* REGINALD."

Lady Bassett telegraphed Sir Charles, and he returned to Huntercombe, looking old, sad, and worn.

Lady Bassett set herself to comfort and cheer him, and this was her gentle office for many a long month.

She was the more fit for it, that her own health and spirits revived the moment Reginald left the country with his friends the gypsies; the color crept back to her cheek, her spirits revived, and she looked as handsome, and almost as young, as when she married. She tasted tranquillity. Year after year went by, without any news of Reginald, and the hope grew that he would never cross her threshold again, and Compton be Sir Charles's heir without any more trouble.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-FIRST.

OUR story now makes a bold skip. Compton Bassett was fourteen years old, a youth highly cultivated in mind and trained in body, but not very tall, and rather effeminate-looking, because he was so fair and his skin so white.

For all that, he was one of the bowlers in the Woolcombe eleven, whose cricket-ground was the very meadow in which he had erst gathered cowslips with Ruperta Bassett; and he had a canoe, which he carried to adjacent streams, however narrow, and paddled it with singular skill and vigor. A neighboring miller, suffering under drought, was heard to say, "There ain't water enough to float a duck; nought can swim but the dabchicks and Muster Bassett."

He was also a pedestrian, and got his father to take long walks with him, and leave the horses to eat their oats in peace.

In these walks young master botanized and geologized his own father, and Sir Charles gave him a little politics, history, and English poetry, in return. He had a tutor fresh from Oxford for the classics.

One day, returning with his father from a walk, they met a young lady walking toward them from the village; she was tall, and a superb brunette.

Now it was rather a rare thing to see a lady walking through that village, so both Sir Charles and his son looked keenly at her as she came toward them.

Compton turned crimson, and raised his hat to her rather awkwardly.

Sir Charles, who did not know the lady from Eve, saluted her nevertheless, and with infinite grace; for Sir Charles, in his youth, had lived with some of the *élite* of French society, and those gentlemen bow to the person whom their companion bows to. Sir Charles had imported this excellent trait of politeness, and always practiced it, though not the custom in England, the more the pity.

As soon as the young lady had passed and was out of hearing, Sir Charles said to Compton, "Who is that lovely girl? Why, how the boy is blushing!"

"Oh, papa!"

"Well, what is the matter?"

"Don't you see? It is herself come back from school."

"I have no doubt it is herself, and not her sister, but who *is* herself?"

"Ruperta Bassett."

"Richard Bassett's daughter! impossible. That young lady looks seventeen or eighteen years of age."

"Yes, but it is Ruperta. There's nobody like her. Papa!"

"Well?"

"I suppose I may speak to her now?"

"What for?"

"She is so beautiful."

"That she really is. And therefore I advise you to have nothing to say to her. You are not children now, you know. Were you to renew that intimacy, you might be tempted to fall in love with her. I don't say you would be so mad, for you are a sensible boy; but still, after that little business in the wood—"

"But suppose I did fall in love with her?"

"Then that would be a great misfortune. Don't you know that her father is my enemy? If you were to make any advances to that young lady, he would seize the opportunity to affront you, and me through you."

This silenced Compton, for he was an obedient youth.

But in the evening he got to his mother and coaxed her to take his part.

Now Lady Bassett felt the truth of all her husband had said; but she had a positive wish the young people should be on friendly terms, at all events; she wanted the family feud to die with the generation it had afflicted. She promised, therefore, to speak to Sir Charles; and so great was her influence that she actually obtained terms for Compton: he might speak to Miss Bassett, if he would realize the whole situation, and be very discreet, and not revive that absurd familiarity into which their childhood had been betrayed.

She communicated this to him, and warned him at the same time that even this concession had been granted somewhat reluctantly, and in consideration of his invariable good conduct; it would be immediately withdrawn upon the slightest indiscretion.

"Oh, I will be discretion itself," said Compton; but the warmth with which he kissed his mother gave her some doubts. However, she was prepared to risk something. She had her own views in this matter.

When he had got this limited permission, Master Compton was not much nearer the mark; for he was not to call on the young lady, and she did not often walk in the village.

But he often thought of her, her loving, sprightly ways seven years ago, and the blaze of beauty with which she had returned.

At last, one Sunday afternoon, she came to church alone. When the congregation dispersed, he followed her, and came up with her, but his heart beat violently.

"Miss Bassett!" said he, timidly.

She stopped, and turned her eyes on him; he blushed up to the temples. She blushed too, but not quite so much.

"I am afraid you don't remember me," said the boy, sadly.

"Yes, I do, Sir," said Ruperta, shyly.

"How you are grown!"

"Yes, Sir."

"You are taller than I am, and more beautiful than ever."

No answer, but a blush.

"You are not angry with me for speaking to you?"

"No, Sir."

"I wouldn't offend you."

"I am not offended. Only—"

"Oh, Miss Bassett, of course I know you will never be—we shall never be—like we used."

A very deep blush, and dead silence.

"You are a grown-up young lady, and I am only a boy still, somehow. But it *would* have been hard if I might not even speak to you. Would it not?"

"Yes," said the young lady, but after some hesitation, and only in a whisper.

"I wonder where you walk to. I have never seen you out but once."

No reply to this little feeler.

Then, at last, Compton was discouraged, partly by her beauty and size, partly by her taciturnity.

He was silent in return, and so, in a state of mutual constraint, they reached the gate of Highmore.

"Good-by," said Compton, reluctantly.

"Good-by."

"Won't you shake hands?"

She blushed, and put out her hand half-way. He took it and shook it, and so they parted.

Compton said to his mother, disconsolately, "Mamma, it is all over. I have seen her, and spoken to her; but she has gone off dreadfully."

"Why, what is the matter?"

"She is all changed. She is so stupid and dignified got to be. She has not a word to say to a fellow."

"Perhaps she is more reserved; that is natural. She is a young lady now."

"Then it is a great pity she did not stay as she was. Oh, the bright little darling! Who'd think she could ever turn into a great, stupid, dignified thing? She is as tall as you, mamma."

"Indeed! She has made use of her time. Well, dear, don't take *too much* notice of her, and then you will find she will not be nearly so shy."

"Too much notice! I shall never speak to her again—perhaps."

"I would not be violent, one way or the other. Why not treat her like any other acquaintance?"

Next Sunday afternoon she came to church alone.

In spite of his resolution, Mr. Compton tried her a second time. Horror! she was all monosyllables and blushes again.

Compton began to find it too up-hill. At last, when they reached Highmore gate, he lost his patience, and said, "I see how it is. I have lost my sweet playmate forever. Good-by, Ruperta; I won't trouble you any more." And he held out his hand to the young lady for a final farewell.

Ruperta whipped both her hands behind her back like a school-girl, and then, recovering her dignity, cast one swift glance of gentle reproach, then suddenly assuming vast stateliness, marched into Highmore like the mother of a family. These three changes of manner she effected all in less than two seconds.

Poor Compton went away sorely puzzled by this female kaleidoscope, but not a little alarmed and concerned at having mortally offended so much feminine dignity.

After that he did not venture to accost her for some time, but he cast a few sheep's-eyes at her in church.

Now Ruperta had told her mother all; and her mother had not forbidden her to speak to Compton, but had insisted on reserve and discretion.

She now told her mother she thought he would not speak to her any more, she had snubbed him so.

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Bassett, "why did you do that? Can you not be polite and nothing more?"

"No, mamma."

"Why not? He is very amiable. Every body says so."

"He is. But I keep remembering what a forward girl I was, and I am afraid he has not forgotten it either, and that makes me hate the poor little fellow; no, not hate him; but keep him off. I dare say he thinks me a cross, ill-tempered thing; and I *am* very unkind to him, but I can't help it."

"Never mind," said Mrs. Bassett; "that is much better than to be too forward. Papa would never forgive that."

By-and-by there was a cricket-match in the farmer's meadow, Highcombe and Huntercombe eleven against the town of Staveleigh. All clubs liked to play at Huntercombe, because Sir Charles found the tents and the dinner, and the young farmers drank his Champagne to their hearts' content.

Ruperta took her maid and went to see the match. They found it going against Huntercombe. The score as follows:

Staveleigh. First innings, a hundred and forty-eight runs.

Huntercombe eighty-eight.

Staveleigh. Second innings, sixty runs, and only one wicket down; and Johnson and Wright, two of their best men, well in, and masters of the bowling.

This being communicated to Ruperta, she became excited, and her soul in the game.

The batters went on knocking the balls about, and scored thirteen more before the young lady's eyes.

"Oh dear!" said she, "what is that boy about? Why doesn't he bowl? They pretend he is a capital bowler."

At this time Compton was standing long-field on, only farther from the wicket than usual.

Johnson, at the wicket bowled to, being a hard but not very scientific hitter, lifted a half volley ball right over the bowler's head, a hit for four, but a sky-scraper. Compton started the moment he hit, and, running with prodigious velocity, caught the ball descending, within a few yards of Ruperta; but, to get at it, he was obliged to throw himself forward into the air; he rolled upon the grass, but held the ball in sight all the while.

Mr. Johnson was out, and loud acclamations rent the sky.

Compton rose, and saw Ruperta clapping her hands close by.

She left off, and blushed, directly he saw her. He blushed too, and touched his cap to her, with an air half manly, half sheepish, but did not speak to her.

This was the last ball of the over, and, as the ball was now to be delivered from the other wicket, Compton took the place of long-leg.

The third ball was overpitched to leg, and Wright, who, like most country players, hit freely to leg, turned half, and caught this ball exactly right, and sent it whizzing for five.

But the very force of the stroke was fatal to him; the ball went at first bound right into Compton's hands, who instantly flung it back, like a catapult, at Wright's wicket.

Wright, having hit for five, and being unable to see what had become of the ball, started to run, as a matter of course.

But the other batsman, seeing the ball go right into long-leg's hands like a bullet, cried "Back!"

Wright turned, and would have got back to his wicket, if the ball had required handling by the wicket-keeper; but, by a mixture of skill with luck, it came right at the wicket. Seeing which, the wicket-keeper very judiciously let it alone, and it carried off the bails just half a second before Mr. Wright grounded his bat.

"How's that, umpire?" cried the wicket-keeper.

"Out!" said the Staveleigh umpire, who judged at that end.

Up went the ball into the air, amidst great excitement of the natives.

Ruperta, carried away by the general enthusiasm, nodded all sparkling to Compton, and that made his heart beat and his soul aspire. So, next over he claimed his rights, and took the ball. Luck still befriended him: he bowled four wickets in twelve overs; the wicket-keeper stumped a fifth: the rest were "the tail," and disposed of for a few runs, and the total was no more than Huntercombe's first innings.

Our hero then took the bat, and made forty-seven runs before he was disposed of, five wickets down for a hundred and ten runs. The match was not won yet, nor sure to be; but the situation was reversed.

On going out, he was loudly applauded; and Ruperta naturally felt proud of her admirer.

Being now free, he came to her irresolutely with some iced Champagne.

Ruperta declined, with thanks; but he looked so imploringly that she sipped a little, and said, warmly, "I hope we shall win: and, if we do, I know whom we shall have to thank."

"And so do I: you, Miss Bassett."

"Me? Why, what have *I* done in the matter?"

"You brought us luck, for one thing. You put us on our mettle. Staveleigh shall never beat *me*, with you looking on."

Ruperta blushed a little, for the boy's eyes beamed with fire.

"If I believed that," said she, "I should hire myself out at the next match, and charge twelve pairs of gloves."

"You may believe it, then; ask any body whether our luck did not change the moment you came."

"Then I am afraid it will go now, for I am going."

"You will lose us the match if you do," said Compton.

"I can't help it: now *you* are out, it is rather insipid. There, you see I can pay compliments as well as you."

Then she made a graceful inclination and moved away.

Compton felt his heart ache at parting. He took a thought and ran quickly to a certain part of the field.

Ruperta and her attendant walked very slowly homeward.

Compton caught them just at their own gate. "Cousin!" said he, imploringly, and held her out a nosegay of cowslips only.

At that the memories rushed back on her, and the girl seemed literally to melt. She gave him one look full of womanly sensibility and winning tenderness, and said, softly, "Thank you, cousin."

Compton went away on wings: the ice was broken.

But the next time he met her it had frozen again apparently: to be sure, she was alone; and young ladies will be bolder when they have another person of their own sex with them.

Mr. Angelo called on Sir Charles Bassett to complain of a serious grievance.

Mr. Angelo had become zealous and eloquent, but what are eloquence and zeal against sex? A handsome woman had preached for ten minutes upon a little mound outside the village, and had announced she should say a few parting words next Sunday evening at six o'clock.

Mr. Angelo complained of this to Lady Bassett.

Lady Bassett referred him to Sir Charles.

Mr. Angelo asked that magistrate to enforce the law against conventicles.

Sir Charles said he thought the Act did not apply.

"Well, but," said Angelo, "it is on your ground she is going to preach."

"I am the proprietor, but the tenant is the owner in law. He could warn *me* off his ground. I have no power."

"I fear you have no inclination," said Angelo, nettled.

"Not much, to tell the truth," replied Sir Charles, coolly. "Does it matter so very much *who* sows the good seed, or whether it is flung abroad from a pulpit or a grassy knoll?"

"That is begging the question, Sir Charles. Why assume that it is good seed? it is more likely to be tares than wheat in this case."

"And is not that begging the question?

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Well, I will make it my business to know: and if she preaches sedition, or heresy, or bad morals, I will strain my power a little to silence her. More than that I really can not promise you. The day is gone by for intolerance."

"Intolerance is a bad thing; but the absence of all conviction is worse, and that is what we are coming to."

"Not quite that: but the nation has tasted liberty; and now every man assumes to do what is right in his own eyes."

"That means what is wrong in his neighbor's."

Sir Charles thought this neat, and laughed good-humoredly: he asked the rector to dine on Sunday at half past seven. "I shall know more about it by that time," said he.

They dined early on Sunday at Highmore, and Ruperta took her maid for a walk in the afternoon, and came back in time to hear the female preacher.

Half the village was there already, and presently the preacher walked to her station.

To Ruperta's surprise, she was a lady, richly dressed, tall, and handsome, but with features rather too commanding. She had a glove on her left hand, and a little Bible in her right hand, which was large, but white, and finely formed.

She delivered a short prayer, and opened her text:

"Walk honestly; not in strife and envying."

Just as the text was given out, Ruperta's maid pinched her, and the young lady, looking up, saw her father coming to see what was the matter. Maid was for hiding, but Ruperta made a wry face, blushed, and stood her ground. "How can he scold me, when he comes himself?" she whispered.

During the sermon—of which, short as it was, I can only afford to give the outline—in crept Compton Bassett, and got within three or four of Ruperta.

Finally Sir Charles Bassett came up, in accordance with his promise to Angelo.

The perfect preacher deals in generalities, but strikes them home with a few personalities.

Most clerical preachers deal only in generalities, and that is ineffective, especially to uncultivated minds.

Mrs. Marsh, as might be expected from her sex, went a little too much the other way.

After a few sensible words, pointing out the misery in houses, and the harm done to the soul, by a quarrelsome spirit, she lamented there was too much of it in Huntercombe: with this opening she went into personalities: reminded them of the fight between two farm servants last week, one of whom was laid up at that moment in consequence. "And," said she, "even when it does not come to fighting, it poisons your lives, and offends your Redeemer."

Then she went into the causes, and she said Drunkenness and Detraction were the chief causes of strife and contention.

She dealt briefly but dramatically with Drunkenness, and then lashed Detraction, as follows:

"Every class has its vices, and Detraction is the vice of the poor. You are ever so much vainer than your betters: you are eaten up with vanity, and never give your neighbor a good word. I have been in thirty houses, and in not one of those houses has any poor man or poor woman spoken one honest word in praise of a neighbor. So do not flatter yourselves that this is a Christian village, for it is not. The only excuse to be made for you—and I fear it is not one that God will accept on his judgment-day—is that your betters set you a bad example instead of a good one. The two principal people in this village are kinsfolk, yet enemies, and have been enemies for twenty years. That's a nice example for two Christian gentlemen to set to poor people, who, they may be sure, will copy their sins, if they copy nothing else.

"They go to church regularly, and believe in the Bible, and yet they defy both Church and Bible.

"Now I should like to ask those gentlemen a question. How do they mean to manage in heaven? When the baronet comes to that happy place, where all is love, will the squire walk out? Or do they think to quarrel there, and so get turned out, both of them? I don't wonder at your smiling; but it is a serious consideration, for all that. The soul of man is immortal: and what is the soul? it is not a substantial thing, like the body; it is a bundle of thoughts and feelings: the thoughts we die with in this world, we shall wake up with them in the next. Yet here are two Christians loading their immortal souls with immortal hate. What a waste of feeling, if it must all be flung off together with the body, lest it drag the souls of both down to bottomless perdition!

"And what do they gain in this world?—irritation, ill health, and misery. It is a fact that no man ever reached a great old age who hated his neighbor; still less a *good* old age; for, if men would look honestly into their own hearts, they would own that to hate is to be miserable.

"I believe no men commit a sin for many years without some special warnings; and to neglect these is one sin more added to their account. Such a warning, or rather, I should say, such a pleading of Divine love, those two gentlemen have had. Do you remember, about eight years ago, two children were lost on one day, out of different houses in this village?" (A murmur from the crowd.)

"Perhaps some of you here present were instrumental, under God, in finding that pretty pair." (A louder murmur.)

"Oh, don't be afraid to answer me. Preaching is only a way of speaking; and I'm only a woman that is speaking to you for your good. Tell me—we are not in church, tied up by strait-laced rules to keep men and women from getting within arm's-length of one another's souls—tell me, who saw those two lost children?"

"I! I! I! I! I!" roared several voices in reply.

"Is it true, as a good woman tells me, that the innocent darlings had each an arm round the other's neck?"

"Ay."

"And little coronets of flowers, to match their hair?" (That was the girl's doing.)

"Ay."

"And the little boy had played the man, and taken off his tippet to put round the little lady?"

"Ay!" with a burst of enthusiasm from the assembled rustics.

"I think I see them myself; and the torches lighting up the dewy leaves overhead, and that Divine picture of innocent love. Well, which was the prettier sight, and the fittest for heaven—the hatred of the parents, or the affection of the children?

"And now mark what a weapon hatred is, in the Devil's hands. There are only two people in this parish on whom that sight was wasted; and those two, being gentlemen, and men of education, would have been more affected by it than humble folk, if Hell had not been in their hearts; for Hate comes from Hell, and takes men down to the place it comes from.

"Do you, then, shun, in that one thing, the example of your betters: and I hope those children will shun it too. A father is to be treated with great veneration, but above all is our Heavenly Father and his law; and that law, what is it?—what has it been this eighteen hundred years and more? Why, Love.

"Would you be happy in this world, and fit your souls to dwell hereafter even in the meanest of the many mansions prepared above, you *must*, above all things, be charitable. You must not run your neighbor down behind his back, or God will hate you: you must not wound him to his face, or God will hate you. You must overlook a fault or two, and see a man's bright side, and then God will love you. If you won't do that much for your neighbor, why, in Heaven's name, should God overlook a multitude of sins in you?

"Nothing goes to heaven surer than Charity, and nothing is so fit to sit in heaven. St. Paul had many things to be proud of, and to praise in himself—things that the world is more apt to admire than Christian charity, the sweetest but humblest of all the Christian graces: St. Paul, I say, was a bulwark of learning, an anchor of faith, a rock of constancy, a thunder-bolt of zeal: yet see how he bestows the palm.

"'Knowledge puffeth up: but charity edifieth. Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing. Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things; believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Charity never faileth; but prophecies—they shall fail; tongues—they shall cease; knowledge—it shall vanish away. And now abideth Faith, Hope, and Charity, these three, but the greatest of these is charity.'"

The fair orator delivered these words with such fire, such feeling, such trumpet-toned and heart-felt eloquence, that for the first time those immortal words sounded in these village ears true oracles of God.

Then, without pause, she went on. "So let us lift our hearts in earnest prayer to God that, in this world of thorns, and tempers, and trials, and troubles, and cares, he will give us the best cure for all—the great sweetener of this mortal life—the sure forerunner of heaven—his most excellent gift of charity." Then, in one generous burst, she prayed for love divine, and there was many a sigh and many a tear, and at the close an "Amen!" such as, alas! we shall never, I fear, hear burst from a hundred bosoms where men repeat beautiful but stale words and call it prayer.

The preacher retired, but the people still lingered spell-bound, and then arose that buzz which shows that the words have gone home.

As for Richard Bassett, he had turned on his heel, indignant, as soon as the preacher's admonitions came his way.

Sir Charles Bassett stood his ground rather longer, being steeled by the conviction that the quarrel was none of his seeking. Moreover, he was not aware what a good friend this woman had been to him, nor what a good wife she had been to Marsh this seventeen years. His mind, therefore, made a clear leap from Rhoda Somerset, the vixen of Hyde Park and Mayfair, to this preacher, and he could not help smiling; than which a worse frame for receiving unpalatable truths can hardly be conceived. And so the elders were obdurate. But Compton and Ruperta had no armor of old age, egotism, or prejudice to turn the darts of honest eloquence. They listened, as to the voice of an angel; they gazed, as on the face of an angel; and, when those silvery accents ceased, they turned toward each other, and came toward each other, with the sweet enthusiasm that became their years. "Oh, Cousin Ruperta!" quavered Compton. "Oh, Cousin Compton!" cried Ruperta, the tears trickling down her lovely cheeks.

They could not say any more for ever so long.

Ruperta spoke first. She gave a final gulp, and said, "I will go and speak to her, and thank her."

"Oh, Miss Ruperta, we shall be too late for tea," suggested the maid.

"Tea!" said Ruperta. "Our souls are before our tea! I must speak to her, or else my heart will choke me and kill me. I will go—and so will Compton."

"Oh yes!" said Compton.

And they hurried after the preacher.

They came up with her, flushed and panting; and now it was Compton's turn to be shy; the lady was so tall and stately too.

But Ruperta was not much afraid of any thing in petticoats. "Oh, madam," said she, "if you please, may we speak to you?"

Mrs. Marsh turned round, and her somewhat aquiline features softened instantly at the two specimens of beauty and innocence that had run after her.

"Certainly, my young friends;" and she smiled maternally on them. She had children of her own.

"Who do you think we are? We are the two naughty children you preached about so beautifully."

"What! *you* the babes in the wood?"

"Yes, madam. It was a long, long while ago, and we are fifteen now—are we not, Cousin Compton?"

"Yes, madam."

"And we are both so unhappy at our parents' quarreling. At least I am."

"And so am I."

"And we came to thank you. Didn't we, Compton?"

"Yes, Ruperta."

"And to ask your advice. How are we to make our parents be friends? Old people will not be advised by young ones. They look down on us so; it is dreadful."

"My dear young lady," said Mrs. Marsh, "I will try and answer you: but let me sit down a minute; for, after preaching, I am apt to feel a little exhausted. Now, sit beside me, and give me each a hand, if you please.

"Well, my dears, I have been teaching you a lesson; and now you teach me one, and that is, how much easier it is to preach reconciliation and charity than it is to practice it under certain circumstances. However, my advice to you is first to pray to God for wisdom in this thing, and then to watch every opportunity. Dissuade your parents from every unkind act: don't be afraid to speak—with the word of God at your back. I know that you have no easy task before you. Sir Charles Bassett and Mr. Bassett were both among my hearers, and both turned their backs on me, and went away unsoftened; they would not give me a chance; would not hear me to an end, and I am not a wordy preacher neither."

Here an interruption occurred. Ruperta, so shy and cold with Compton, flung her arms round Mrs. Marsh's neck, with the tears in her eyes, and kissed her eagerly.

"Yes, my dear," said Mrs. Marsh, after kissing her in turn, "I *was* a little mortified. But that was very weak and foolish. I am sorry, for their own sakes, they would not stay; it was the word of God: but they saw only the unworthy instrument. Well, then, my dears, you *have* a hard task; but you must work upon your mothers, and win them to charity."

"Ah! that will be easy enough. My mother has never approved this unhappy quarrel."

"No more has mine."

"Is it so? Then you must try and get the two ladies to speak to each other. But something tells me that a way will be opened. Have patience; have faith; and do not mind a check or two: but persevere, remembering that 'blessed are the peace-makers.'"

She then rose, and they took leave of her.

"Give me a kiss, children," said she. "You have done me a world of good. My own heart often flags on the road, and you have warmed and comforted it. God bless you!"

And so they parted.

Compton and Ruperta walked homeward. Ruperta was very thoughtful, and Compton could only get monosyllables out of her. This discouraged, and at last vexed him.

"What have I done," said he, "that you will speak to any body but me?"

"Don't be cross, child," said she; "but answer me a question. Did you put your tippet round me in that wood?"

"I suppose so."

"Oh, then you don't remember doing it, eh?"

"No; that I don't."

"Then what makes you think you did?"

"Because they say so. Because I must have been such an awful cad if I didn't. And I was always much fonder of you than you were of me. My tippet! I'd give my head sooner than any harm should come to you, Ruperta!"

Ruperta made no reply, but, being now at Highmore, she put out her hand to him, and turned her head away. He kissed her hand devotedly, and so they parted.

Compton told Lady Bassett all that had happened, and Ruperta told Mrs. Bassett.

Those ladies readily promised to be on the side of peace, but they feared it could only be the work of time, and said so.

By-and-by Compton got impatient, and told Ruperta he had thought of a way to compel their fathers to be friends. "I am afraid you won't like the idea, at *first*," said he; "but the more you think of it, the more you will see it is the surest way of all."

"Well, but what is it?"

"You must let me marry you."

Ruperta stared, and began to blush crimson.

"Will you, cousin?"

"Of course not, child. The idea!"

"Oh, Ruperta," cried the boy, in dismay, "surely you don't mean to marry any body else but me!"

"Would that make you very unhappy, then?"

"You know it would; wretched for my life."

"I should not like to do that. But I disapprove of early marriages. I mean to wait till I'm nineteen; and that is three years nearly."

"It is a fearful time; but, if you will promise not to marry any body else, I suppose I shall live through it."

Ruperta, though she made light of Compton's offer, was very proud of it (it was her first). She told her mother directly.

Mrs. Bassett sighed, and said that was too blessed a thing ever to happen.

"Why not?" said Ruperta.

"How could it," said Mrs. Bassett, "with every body against it but poor little me?"

"Compton assures me that Lady Bassett wishes it."

"Indeed! But Sir Charles and papa, Ruperta?"

"Oh, Compton must talk Sir Charles over, and I will persuade papa. I'll begin this evening, when he comes home from London."

Accordingly, as he was sitting alone in the dining-room, sipping his glass of port, Ruperta slipped away from her mother's side, and found him.

His face brightened at the sight of her; for he was extremely fond and proud of this girl, for whom he would not have the bells rung when she was born.

She came and hung round his neck a little, and kissed him, and said, softly, "Dear papa, I have something to tell you. I have had a proposal."

Richard Bassett stared.

"What, of marriage?"

Ruperta nodded archly.

"To a child like you? Scandalous! No, for, after all, you look nineteen or twenty. And who is the highwayman that thinks to rob me of my precious girl?"

"Well, papa, whoever he is, he will have to wait three years, and so I told him. It is my cousin Compton."

"What!" cried Richard Bassett, so loudly that the girl started back, dismayed. "That little monkey have the impudence to offer marriage to my daughter? Surely, Ruperta, you have offered him no encouragement?"

"N—no."

"Your mother promised me nothing but common civility should pass between you and that young gentleman."

"She promised for me, but she could not promise for him: poor little fellow!"

"Marry a son of the man who has robbed and insulted your father!"

"Oh, papa! is it so? Are you sure you did not begin?"

"If you can think that, it is useless to say more. I thought ill fortune had done its worst; but no: blow upon blow, and wound upon wound. Don't spare me, child. Nobody else has, and why should you? Marry my enemy's son, his younger son, and break your father's heart."

At this, what could a sensitive girl of sixteen do but burst out crying, and promise, round her father's neck, never to marry any one whom he disliked.

When she had made this promise, her father fondled and petted her, and his tenderness consoled her, for she was not passionately in love with her cousin.

Yet she cried a good deal over the letter in which she communicated this to Compton.

He lay in wait for her; but she baffled him for three weeks.

After that she relaxed her vigilance, for she had no real wish to avoid him, and was curious to see whether she had cured him.

He met her; and his conduct took her by surprise. He was pale, and looked very wretched.

He said, solemnly, "Were you jesting with me when you promised to marry no one but me?"

"No, Compton. But you know I could never marry you without papa's consent."

"Of course not; but, what I fear, he might wish you to marry somebody else."

"Then I should refuse. I will never break my word to you, cousin. I am not in love with you, you are too young for that—but somehow I feel I could not make you unhappy. Can't you trust my word? You might. I come of the same people as you. Why do you look so pale?—we are very unhappy."

Then the tears began to steal down her cheeks; and Compton's soon followed.

Compton consulted his mother. She told him, with a sigh, she was powerless. Sir Charles might yield to her, but she had no power to influence Mr. Bassett at present. "The time may come," said she. She could not take a very serious view of this amour, except with regard to its pacific results. So Mr. Bassett's opposition chilled her in the matter.

While things were so, something occurred that drove all these minor things out of her distracted heart.

One summer evening, as she and Sir Charles and Compton sat at dinner, a servant came in to say there was a stranger at the door, and he called himself Bassett.

"What is he like?" said Lady Bassett, turning pale.

"He looks like a foreigner, my lady. He says he is Mr. Bassett," said the man, with a scandalized air.

Sir Charles got up directly, and hurried to the hall door. Compton followed Lady Bassett to the door only, and looked.

Sure enough it was Reginald, full grown, and bold, as handsome as ever, and darker than ever.

In that moment his misconduct in running away never occurred either to Sir Charles or Compton; all was eager and tremulous welcome. The hall rang with joy. They almost carried him into the dining-room.

The first thing they saw was a train of violet-colored velvet, half hidden by the table.

Compton ran forward, with a cry of dismay.

It was Lady Bassett, in a dead swoon, her face as white as her neck and arms, and these as white and smooth as satin.

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FARM BALLADS.—By Will M. Carleton.

[Written for Harper's Weekly.]

HOW BETSEY AND I MADE UP.

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR LUMLEY.

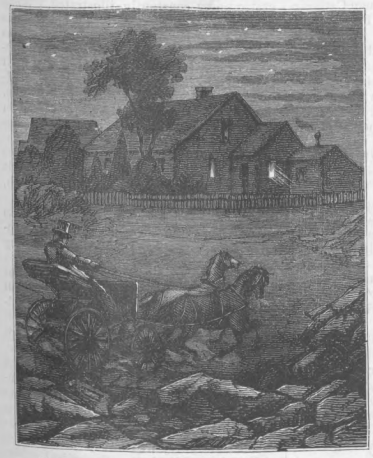
Give us your hand, Mr. Lawyer: how do you do to-day?
You drew up that paper—I s'pose you want your pay.
Don't cut down your figures; make it an X or a V;
For that 'ere written agreement was just the makin' of me.

"GIVE US YOUR HAND, MR. LAWYER: HOW DO YOU DO TO-DAY?"

Goin' home that evenin' I tell you I was blue,
Thinkin' of all my troubles, and what I was goin' to do;
And if my hosses hadn't been the steadiest team alive,
They'd 've tipped me over, certain, for I couldn't see where to drive.

No—for I was laborin' under a heavy load;
No—for I was travelin' an entirely different road;
For I was a-tracin' over the path of our lives ag'in,
And seein' where we missed the way, and where we might have been.

And many a corner we'd turned that just to a quarrel led,
When I ought to 've held my temper, and driven straight ahead;
And the more I thought it over the more these memories came,
And the more I struck the opinion that I was the most to blame.



"AND JUST AS I TURNED A HILL-TOP I SEE THE KITCHEN LIGHT."

And things I had long forgotten kept risin' in my mind,
Of little matters betwixt us, where Betsey was good and kind;
And these things they flashed all through me, as you know things sometimes will
When a feller's alone in the darkness, and every thing is still.

"But," says I, "we're too far along to take another track,
And when I put my hand to the plow I do not oft turn back;
And 'tain't an uncommon thing now for couples to smash in two;"
And so I set my teeth together, and vowed I'd see it through.

When I come in sight o' the house 'twas some'at in the night,
And just as I turned a hill-top I see the kitchen light;
Which often a han'some pictur' to a hungry person makes,
But it don't interest a feller much that's goin' to pull up stakes.

And when I went in the house the table was set for me—
As good a supper's I ever saw, or ever want to see;
And I crammed the agreement down my pocket as well as I could,
And fell to eatin' my victuals, which somehow didn't taste good.

And Betsey she pretended to look about the house,
But she watched my side coat pocket like a cat would watch a mouse;
And then she went to foolin' a little with her cup,
And intently readin' a newspaper, a-holdin' it wrong side up.

And when I'd done my supper I drawed the agreement out,
And give it to her without a word, for she knowed what 'twas about;
And then I hummed a little tune, but now and then a note
Was bu'sted by some animal that hopped up in my throat.

"AND INTENTLY READIN' A NEWSPAPER, A-HOLDIN' IT WRONG SIDE UP."

Then Betsey she got her specs from off the mantel-shelf,
And read the article over quite softly to herself;
Read it by little and little, for her eyes is gettin' old,
And lawyers' writin' ain't no print, especially when it's cold.

And after she'd read a little she give my arm a touch,
And kindly said she was afraid I was 'lowin' her too much;
But when she was through she went for me, her face a-streamin' with tears,
And kissed me for the first time in over twenty years!

I don't know what you'll think, Sir—I didn't come to inquire—
But I picked up that agreement and stuffed it in the fire;
And I told her we'd bury the hatchet alongside of the cow;
And we struck an agreement never to have another row.

And I told her in the future I wouldn't speak cross or rash
If half the crockery in the house was broken all to smash;
And she said, in regards to heaven, we'd try and learn its worth
By startin' a branch establishment and runnin' it here on earth.

And so we sat a-talkin' three-quarters of the night,
And opened our hearts to each other until they both grew light;
And the days when I was winnin' her away from so many men
Was nothin' to that evenin' I courted her over again.

"AND KISSED ME FOR THE FIRST TIME IN OVER TWENTY YEARS!"

Next mornin' an ancient virgin took pains to call on us,
Her lamp all trimmed and a-burnin' to kindle another fuss;
But when she went to pryin' and openin' of old sores,
My Betsey rose politely, and showed her out-of-doors.

Since then I don't deny but there's been a word or two;
But we've got our eyes wide open, and know just what to do:
When one speaks cross the other just meets it with a laugh,
And the first one's ready to give up considerable more than half.

"MY BETSEY ROSE POLITELY, AND SHOWED HER OUT-OF-DOORS."

Maybe you'll think me soft, Sir, a-talkin' in this style,
But somehow it does me lots of good to tell it once in a while;
And I do it for a compliment—'tis so that you can see
That that there written agreement of yours was just the makin' of me.

So make out your bill, Mr. Lawyer: don't stop short of an X;
Make it more if you want to, for I have got the checks.
I'm richer than a National Bank, with all its treasures told,
For I've got a wife at home now that's worth her weight in gold.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1871.

FOUR MONTHS FOR ONE DOLLAR.

"POOR MISS FINCH,"

a new and beautifully illustrated serial story, by

WILKIE COLLINS,

author of "The Woman in White," "The Moonstone," etc., is commenced this week in HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New Subscribers will be supplied with the WEEKLY from September 2, in which Number this story begins, to the close of the year, four months, for ONE DOLLAR.

☞ *The* SUPPLEMENT *to this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains, besides many other attractive features, two splendid full-page illustrations—*"WAITING FOR THE EVENING BOAT" *and* "HURRYING FOR THE TRAIN"*—the latter a series of humorous sketches illustrating the disastrous consequences of being late for the cars.*

THE PRESIDENCY AND MR. GREELEY.

LAST January, when Mr. GREELEY was elected chairman of the General Committee, now known as that of which certain Tammany Republicans are members, he made a speech in which he said: "While asserting the right of every Republican to his untrammeled choice of a candidate for next President until a nomination is made, I venture to suggest that General GRANT will be far better qualified for that momentous trust in 1872 than he was in 1868." The *Tribune* now says: "Mr. GREELEY does not himself favor the renomination of General GRANT, and is prepared to give his reasons at the proper time. For the present, he considers the discussion premature." It is to be regretted that the editor of one of the chief Republican journals in the country is unwilling yet to enter upon the discussion, because there is a very considerable body—in our opinion the immense majority of the party—which expects and desires the renomination of the President; and if there are sufficient reasons for reconsidering their intentions, the sooner and the more plainly those reasons are stated the better.

Mr. GREELEY is an experienced politician; and although his foresight and judgment have not been always eminent, his opinion will always receive attention. It would, therefore, be interesting to know why he is indisposed to support a candidate in 1872 who, as he concedes, is better qualified for the position than when he did support him. All Republicans also would be glad to hear whether it is upon personal or administrative grounds that Mr. GREELEY opposes the renomination. In the speech from which we have quoted he commends the Administration "for its judicious, energetic, and successful efforts to procure the ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment." He has certainly praised—if we may speak of the *Tribune* in this sense as himself—the settlement of the English difficulty, the most threatening of foreign questions. He points with just pride to the steady reduction of the debt and the diminution of taxation under this Administration, although he censures the "hoarding" of gold by the Secretary of the Treasury. He was opposed, as we and so many other Republicans were, to the San Domingo annexation; but he approved, with the rest of us, the excellent commission, and the frank final message of the President upon the subject. The Indian policy of the Administration also Mr. GREELEY—or the *Tribune*—in common with all humane men, has warmly commended. He has been likewise a conspicuous supporter of the Ku-Klux legislation, of which some of us were very doubtful, but which has certainly neither been evaded nor offensively enforced by the President. He thinks that there have been some mistakes in appointments—as, indeed, there inevitably must be under any Administration—but one of the most unpleasant—that of General SICKLES to Spain—was very agreeable to Mr. GREELEY.

It would seem, therefore, that all the great measures and the general policy of the Administration had been approved by Mr. GREELEY, while in his judgment its chief will be far better qualified for his position in 1872 than in 1868. Yet he is opposed to his renomination. Mr. GREELEY, indeed, has stated, in reply to the Kansas solicitation that he should himself be a candidate, his preference of a single term. But it can hardly be upon that ground alone that he opposes the renomination of the President. Personal delinquencies the *Tribune* has never imputed to the President, and it very justly and promptly repelled the suggestion that he had authorized any improper use of troops at the late Louisiana Convention. Can it be, then, that it is because of the distribution of patronage that Mr. GREELEY is opposed to the renomination? He said recently that he accepted the chairmanship of the committee with the hope of harmonizing the party in this city, but that he nearly despaired when Mr. GRINNELL and General PALMER were removed from the collectorship and appraiser's office. But that Mr. GREELEY believes the natural displeasure of those who have been displaced by the Administration will be accepted as a reason for refusing to renominate its head is hardly possible.

It seems to us unfortunate that a statement of reasons for opposing the action which the Republican party evidently contemplates should be delayed upon a theory that the time has not arrived to make it. When will that time have arrived if not when the question is generally discussed both by friends and foes, as it now is, and when preparations are making, as they now are? The party surely does not wish to act unwisely. Those who favor the renomination of the President do so because they believe it to be the wisest course for the party, and consequently for the country. If they are mistaken, it is for every reason desirable that they should know it. The longer the effort to show them their mistake is delayed the more difficult it will be for them to adapt themselves to the new situation, if they perceive that they ought to relinquish their present views; and consequently the more difficult the canvass will become. It is desirable that, if possible, the nomination should be settled by the general conviction of the party before the Convention meets, as it was in 1864 and 1868. If the President is not the man, who is? Those who honestly think that he is not ought certainly to indicate the Republican who commands more general confidence, and who would probably poll a larger vote. If there be such a man, the mention of his name would instantly strengthen the position of Mr. GREELEY and of those who agree with him, because it would show that those who oppose the renomination of the President are united upon a candidate.

THE SPEECH OF SENATOR SCHURZ.

MR. SCHURZ is a Senator of such ability and character, and his influence is so great among the Germans, who in this country are naturally Republicans, that his opinions upon public questions command attention, not only from their intrinsic value, but from their probable effect. Mr. SCHURZ is perhaps the most philosophic of our statesmen. Those who recall his speeches both at the West and in the East during the closing political campaign against slavery in 1860 will remember the breadth and insight which marked them. And he was one of those who did not disguise his conviction, even before that final struggle in debate, that the question would soon and inevitably be settled in another field. Into that field, also, he went when the settlement came, returning from Spain, whither President LINCOLN had sent him as minister. Removing from Wisconsin to Missouri, where there is a large German element in the population, he was connected with the press until sent by the Republicans to the Senate.

His position there has been eminent from his entrance. His mastery of a language not native to him is such that his style is even elegant; while, like Mr. SUMNER, he has a certain conscience in his intellect which gives moral force to his intellectual conclusions. In the Senate he has discussed national questions upon truly political and not merely party principles. A Republican, so to say, by nature, because by nature a lover of justice and progress, he has not hesitated to defend Republican principles against what have sometimes seemed to him Republican errors of method. He has advocated amnesty and a thorough reform of the civil service, introducing an elaborate bill for that purpose; and he vigorously opposed the San Domingo treaty and the removal of Senator SUMNER from the chairmanship of the Foreign Committee. In all his speeches there is the same reliance upon principle, without which there is no real statesmanship, and of which there is a curious impatience in the English and American mind.

The recent address of Mr. SCHURZ to his countrymen in Chicago was anticipated with interest, because it was supposed that he would express himself with frank hostility to the President. But it was a calm and temperate discussion of the political situation, the moral of which was that, while his own party had made mistakes, it yet favors a liberal, generous, and constitutional policy; while the angry condition which occasioned what seems to him mistaken legislation was produced by the malignant course of the Democratic party. In his judgment the interest of the country requires the sincerest acquiescence in the settlement secured by the last three amendments to the Constitution. The prejudice against them must be overcome by patriotically upholding the results of the war and by a general amnesty. The disturbance in the Southern States he thinks due to the Ku-Klux on the one hand and to the carpet-bag element, in its worst sense, upon the other; and the remedy lies in the co-operation of good men of both parties. If the Republican party has not accomplished all that might have been hoped, it is, he thinks, because the lawless element in the Southern States and the blind Democratic reactionists have made the conduct of Republican demagogues and schemers comparatively less alarming.

In regard to the annexation of San Domingo he said that it would be a policy ending in the absorption of the American tropics to the Gulf, with a population wholly alien. Mr. SCHURZ added that he and Mr. SUMNER had been asked to compose their personal differences with the President in the interest of the party. But he had no personal differences with the President; nor could he conceive that his personal relations with any body ought to affect his action upon public affairs. Were the President his most intimate friend, he could not defend what seemed to him an unconstitutional policy. This is a position which every honest man will approve. It is the only independent and honorable attitude.

We have not as yet seen the speech of Mr. SCHURZ in full; but the daily papers have published a long and evidently accurate sketch of it. In this we find no indication of a purpose which has been attributed to him of opposing the election of the Republican candidate for President if the nomination were not approved by him. We have already stated that we do not believe that Mr. SCHURZ or Mr. SUMNER would do any thing to commit the government of the country to the party of the Ku-Klux and of hostility to the amendments, and we shall not easily be made to believe otherwise.

BISMARCK AND THE PAPACY.

THE tendencies of a political church, of which we are made aware in this country by the alliance of the Democratic party with the Roman Catholic ecclesiasticism, and by the consequent surrender to a mob of the equal rights of American citizens, are not less apparent in Europe. The declaration of papal infallibility was very justly regarded by the great European States as hostile to their welfare, and the general conviction and action of those States show that they are not deluded by any sophistry of the limitation of infallibility to spiritual concerns. If the ambition of the Church of Rome is wholly spiritual, why does it insist so tenaciously upon a temporal political power which the people whom it would subjugate refuse to confer upon it? The logic of its claim is fully comprehended by the shrewdest European statesmen, and its assumptions are repelled. The papacy invited France to restore the political despotism of the Church in Italy. France politely bowed, shrugged, and declined. Austria, with a Protestant Prime Minister, breaks the Concordat with Rome. Spain sells the ecclesiastical property at auction. And now the great power of Central Europe, Germany, between whose Emperor, then King of Prussia, and the Pope such soft notes passed a year ago, has declared by the mouth of BISMARCK that it regards the Church of Rome as hostile to the state, and has abolished the Roman Catholic department of the Ministry of Public Worship.

Nor let any body suppose that this is hostility to the Church as a religious organization. It is not a blow at a bishop; it is a thrust at a sovereign who dares to interfere in the politics of Germany: and if the bishop confounds himself with the political sovereign, it is his own fault if he suffers. If the Church of Rome were content to be a Church only, Germany would be as friendly as it might desire. But when it attempts to assert itself politically in the empire of Germany, as it does in the republic of the United States, it properly feels the heavy rebuke of an indignant and independent nation. The papacy hoped that Germany would do what France would not—restore its political power. In return it would have sanctioned the new empire, which would have been of great service in the Roman Catholic provinces. But when Germany declined, the political Church of Rome organized an attempt to weaken or break the bonds of the empire, and threatened that it would support democracy against all political legitimacy and despotism but its own. This was a faint echo of the old Gregorian thunder. It was a hint of virtually absolving subjects from all their allegiance except that to the Church itself. But even in the Gregorian day BISMARCK would have been a formidable antagonist; and to-day he springs to the grapple with the political papacy with the consciousness that civilization and human intelligence are his allies.

We said that his action is not a blow at a bishop. But if a bishop hides under a royal robe the thrust at the king may wound a prelate. BISMARCK supports with all his energy the protest of Dr. DÖLLINGER, and smiles upon the foundation of "the Church German" as a schism in that of Rome. The London *Spectator* is of opinion that he sees that the only radical method of attacking the Church is to wound her spiritually. Her opportunity for political mischief is gained through her spiritual power. To limit the first, therefore, the last must be touched. And BISMARCK would reach the last through the schism made possible by the protest of DÖLLINGER within the Church. This is not a method open to us in this country, because with us, fortunately, the state is wholly independent of the church. We can deal with the political pretensions and ambitions of any church only by political means. Thus when we know that the political object of the Roman Catholic Church in this country is the overthrow of the common-school system, and see that the Democratic party seeks the votes of the members of that Church by pandering to its political purposes, the obvious way of baffling the political design of the Church is to defeat that party. If, as the *Spectator* supposes, the tendency of the time is to force the Church of Rome to seek political success by deserting the throne and identifying itself with the people, its political fate is sure; for the people every where are constantly more intelligent, and an intelligent people in this age spurns a political church.

THE LESSON OF NORTH CAROLINA.

THE late attempt of the Democratic party in North Carolina to begin the reversal of reconstruction, and to invite collision with the national government, has signally failed. The effort was made under the form of calling a convention for the revision of the State Constitution, and in plain defiance of that Constitution. Had the plan succeeded the result would have been two State governments, between which the national authority must have decided. The good sense of the State sustained the Republican opposition to this disorganizing movement, and peace will for the present continue. It will not be forgotten, however, that every man who voted for this scheme will also probably sustain the Democratic candidates in 1872, whether upon a new departure platform or any other. And the fact illustrates the exact value of the professed Democratic acquiescence in the settlement of the amendments. The object of the party, as one of its Southern organs frankly says, is to get into power; and if fine professions will help, it will not hesitate to profess finely.

As Senator SCHURZ well says in his speech at Chicago, the general conviction has been carefully cultivated that all the established guarantees of security would be swept away if the Democratic party succeeded. That prospect having failed to bring the party into power, it will now try to remove the impression. But the object in both cases is the same. If the amendments are apparently accepted, it will be because the party can not help itself. But the moment that, in possession of power, there should be a probable chance of reversal, it would do precisely what it has recently attempted in North Carolina. It is the old spirit of the Democratic party constantly illustrated. When the war ended, that party, by black codes and vagrant laws, tried to save all that was possible of slavery. Under ANDREW JOHNSON it cheered his hostility to the Civil Rights bill, to the protection of the freedmen, and to the radical policy of restoration. At the Democratic Convention of 1868, in Tammany Hall, it hoped to carry repudiation of the war debt, and to control the national administration as of old. Under GRANT it changes front, and declares that it relinquishes its policy, renounces its faith, and eats its words.

Let those believe who will. Let those who are alarmed by being told that in opposing the Democratic plans they are slaying the slain, suppose that the government can safely pass out of Republican hands. But those who have studied political history will not be cozened by fine professions nor blandly confide in decoy-ducks. There will constantly be some such event as the attempt now happily defeated in North Carolina, which will reveal the real tendency of the Democratic party. Ignorance, hatred, unbroken traditions of injustice, organized into a party, are not suddenly reformed by a resolution. The necessary tendency of the Democratic party will sweep off the hopes and wishes of its better theoretical adherents as a spring freshet carries off chips and dead leaves.

Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS hopes that the Republican party will be broken up. That

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seems to us to be merely a wish that the government may be surrendered to the eager enemies of every cause and every principle that Mr. PHILLIPS loves and serves. It is a wish that the party which made the black codes, which yielded to the mob in New York, which incites the Ku-Klux, which is responsible through its chosen chiefs for the astounding New York frauds, which has just tried to initiate the reversal of reconstruction in North Carolina, may control the government of the United States. Either the Republican party must be successful, or that will be the issue of the election of 1872.

MR. SUMNER AND THE TREATY OF WASHINGTON.

WE have heretofore shown how much of the demand made by Mr. SUMNER in his speech upon the REVERDY JOHNSON treaty was actually obtained by the Treaty of Washington. It is very probable that he hoped even more would have been secured. But it is not correct to say, as the Washington *National Republican* does, that Mr. SUMNER "spoke day after day in opposition to it." There was one clause in the treaty which was incautiously left exposed to misunderstanding, and it is the very one upon which there has been considerable discussion—a point of interpretation. It was very desirable that this should be corrected; but undoubtedly one amendment in the Senate would have led to others, until the whole work might have been imperiled. And there is no doubt that, had he chosen, Mr. SUMNER might seriously have perplexed and delayed the ratification of the treaty by a general opposition. But he saw, with the whole country, that a prompt ratification was most desirable, even if he were not wholly satisfied, and he voted for it with all his party friends.

It was, however, also desirable that it should not hereafter appear that the doubtful clause was entirely overlooked in the Senate; and therefore Mr. SUMNER offered an amendment to correct it. But he did not press it; and in offering it he caused the journal to show, to the honor of the sagacity of the Senate, that the objection was not neglected, but that for sufficient reasons the text of the treaty, as drafted by the Commissioners, was allowed to stand. Certainly our party friends who think that Mr. SUMNER is unreasonably hostile to the administration ought not to cite his conduct in regard to the ratification of the treaty in illustration of it.

THE TRUTH TOLD IN GEORGIA.

IT was always claimed that one of the good results of emancipation would be the relief of intelligent and honorable men in the Southern States from that relentless tyranny of opinion which made it personally dangerous in a Slave State to express the instincts of reason and humanity. A very striking illustration both of the tyranny and of the independence is found in a late address of the Hon. B. H. HILL, of Georgia, and some of the criticisms upon it. With a distinctness and vigor which are doubly refreshing when we remember that he spoke in Georgia, Mr. HILL said in his address: "The primal cause of our failure as a people is the fact that our system of labor was slavery. From this, as from a disturbed den of vipers, have crawled out the innumerable and poisonous evils that have lamed our energies and polluted our blood." Who believed, twenty years ago, that the time would ever come in this century when a conspicuous public man in Georgia would tell such plain truths to his neighbors and friends, and be sure of some, if not of general, hearty sympathy and approval? And yet what Mr. HILL said was only what OGLETHORPE and the first trustees of the Georgia Company believed when they forbade slavery in the colony at its settlement.

That Mr. HILL would be severely criticised was certain. One of the most poisonous evils of the system he denounced was the moral and intellectual perversion which it produced, and which does not readily disappear. One paper gravely disputes his assertion, and declares that "slavery was never allowed to perfect its mission and develop its full effects upon the civilization of the South." But would the editor of this paper assert with equal gravity that the effect of slavery while it existed was elevating, refining, humanizing, and progressive both for the subject and master classes? If he would not, another would, for a correspondent of Mr. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS's *Sun* has the hardihood to say that under slavery "we"—that is, the Southern whites—"had reached a higher degree of cultivation, refinement, moral elevation, and intellectual power in the aggregate than any nation on earth." We do not believe that there are a hundred intelligent men in the Southern States, outside of the lunatic asylums, who think so. They may have thought that they must make the best of it, that there was no way to shake it off, and that they would fight to the death any body who should interfere; but that common-sense, intelligence, humanity, and experience were powerless with them we do not believe.

But Mr. HILL fitly deals with this kind of maundering. After a caustic description of the absolute dependence of the late Slave States upon the Free, he concludes:

"Our politicians strut like condescending Jupiters to the hustings with Northern hats on their heads, Northern shoes on their feet, and Northern coats on their backs, and prove to gaping crowds their unequaled fitness for office in straining their lungs, as the thunder-gust doth the yielding clouds, with noisy denunciations of Northern weakness and greed, and climactic eulogies on Southern power and independence!"

Then in a serious and sincere strain he says what the heart and mind of every thoughtful man and woman in the Southern States must heed and ponder:

"If my humble voice could be heard by the Southern people, I would urge them to do many things which these very derided Northern people have done. Endow first-class universities, provide for polytechnic schools in those universities, honor labor, and make the callings of the miner, the manufacturer, the metallurgist, the machinist, the agriculturist, and the mechanic as learned and as honorable as are the learned professions of law, medicine, and theology. We can not live by bread alone. We can not grow great, or rich, or independent by planting alone. Let us find in our own children that skilled labor which was impossible in the ignorant negro slave, and with that skilled labor let us utilize the unsurpassed natural physical elements of power with which God has filled almost every portion of our heretofore neglected country. If we do these things promptly, vigorously, and liberally, it will soon be that the sun in his cycles will not let fall his rays on a greater or more prosperous people. If we do not these things, we shall grow weaker until we be despised as contemptible."

If, instead of listening to the flattery of Northern Democratic demagogues, and to the rhetoric of their own local leaders who have so fearfully betrayed them, American citizens in the Southern States would hear and meditate the truths, disagreeable though they be, which their own life-long neighbors, like Mr. HILL, speak to them, all the old roots of bitterness would gradually disappear.

THE HOUSATONIC BRIDGE UPON THE N. Y. AND N. H. RAILROAD.

THE terrible catastrophe of the Staten Island ferry, the explosion of the steamer upon Chautauqua Lake, and the fall of the railroad bridge near Bangor, all within a short time, show the almost universal carelessness of management upon the most trusted routes of travel. The bridge at Bangor was so rotten that the timber was already hauling to repair it. How many other railroad bridges are at this moment in the same condition? "Clericus" writes from Milford, near New Haven, on the 12th of August to the New York *Times*, that the old bridge over the Housatonic between Stratford and Milford, upon the New York, New Haven, and Boston Railroad, is considered by many to be in an unsafe condition. He states that he is informed that *this bridge was condemned a year or more ago by the State inspectors.* A new bridge is building, but it is impossible to say when it will be finished, and "Clericus" says that he has talked with many passengers upon the road, who feel a serious anxiety upon the subject.

We submit to the superintendent of the New York and New Haven Railroad that, in view of so distinct a charge in a respectable paper, he would relieve a very natural anxiety if he would publicly state that the Housatonic bridge has not been condemned by the inspectors, and that in the judgment of competent engineers it is perfectly safe for the heavy and continuous travel that passes over it. Of late years the New Haven road has been remarkably free from accidents, when its enormous traffic is considered. Along its line there is a throng of residents who pass daily to and from the city. An excess of caution, therefore, is not unwise. It is true that any body can write any thing to the newspapers; but it is also true that certain things are not published by honorable journals without inquiry. If the Housatonic bridge is now and always has been perfectly safe, and if the suspicion is only a nervous whim, it is, nevertheless, under the circumstances, and in the present condition of the public mind, very desirable to hear upon the subject from the superintendent of the New York and New Haven road.

PERSONAL.

DR. R. SHELTON MACKENZIE has just given to the public his best work—a life of Sir WALTER SCOTT. Dr. MACKENZIE has devoted himself to literature since he was eighteen years of age. In 1834 he commenced to write letters from London to the New York *Evening Star*, and was the first regular salaried correspondent of the American press. He was made LL.D. of Glasgow University when only twenty-five, and D.C.L. of Oxford at twenty-seven. In 1838 he published "Lays of Palestine," wrote a considerable portion of "The Georgian Era," a "Life of Guizot," etc., etc. In 1852 he came to this country, and besides his connection with the press has written and edited some twelve or fifteen books, chief of which may be reckoned his edition of "Noctes Ambrosianæ," which contains a fund of anecdote of distinguished literary people with whom Dr. M. has been on terms of intimacy. No man connected with the American press has a more remarkable memory for dates, events, and persons, and none knows how to put them on paper more felicitously than he.

—Col. JOHN HAY is the possessor of an interesting relic—to wit, a lock of hair from the head of General WASHINGTON. It was presented to him by Colonel JAMES A. HAMILTON, now eighty-four years of age, son of ALEXANDER HAMILTON. Colonel HAMILTON received the relic from his mother. The paper originally containing it bears the indorsement, "General WASHINGTON'S hair: given to JAMES A. HAMILTON by his mother." A thread is tied tightly around the centre of the lock of hair, which is about three inches long, and perfectly straight. About two-thirds of it is snowy white, while the rest is of a light brown or auburn hue.

—Judge INGRAHAM, of the Supreme Court of this city, while at Saratoga recently, edified a group of New Yorkers with his reminiscences of Gotham. He bought hay and oats on the present site of Union Square when it was a hay-market, and has seen cows driven over to pasture where Judge ROOSEVELT'S house now stands, when Broadway was a cow-track and Judge ROOSEVELT a yellow-haired stripling. Judge INGRAHAM is said to be the oldest judge on the bench except Mr. Justice NELSON.

—Mr. ODGER, the radical M.P. who led the malcontents at the great meeting in Hyde Park to protest against any allowance to Prince ARTHUR, is a well-dressed, neat, bald, decent, commonplace-looking man, and is for the moment quite a lion in having successfully defied the police and the government. He is a neat kind of speaker, of the quiet parish-vestry sort, who never animates one even by a blunder, never attempts to declaim, never says a stinging thing, never makes a joke. Yet he has held his great meeting in Hyde Park under the very nose of the government, and against its orders and threatenings.

—NEWTON BOOTH, the Republican candidate for Governor of North Carolina, is a lawyer, forty-five years of age, a native of Indiana, but for twenty-one years a resident of North Carolina. He has been actively in politics since the beginning of the war, and is esteemed for character and ability. The candidate for Lieutenant-Governor is ROMUALDO PACHECO, a native of California, about forty years old. Mr. PACHECO received his early education in an English school in the Sandwich Islands. He entered political life at twenty-two, and has filled the offices of Senator and State Treasurer.

—It is said that Prince METTERNICH, the Austrian embassador at Paris, is about to resign. The economy of republicanism as contrasted with the luxury of imperialism is not to his taste. Austria, besides, has cut down his pay. It may be that, having seen so much of court life, he now desires the quiet which he can find in his extensive domains in Hungary, or in his beautiful castle at Johannisberg, on the Rhine. Some years ago *the* METTERNICH, father of the present prince, having a passion for collecting autographs, wrote to JULES JANIN for his. The witty author responded thus: "Received of his Highness Prince METTERNICH one dozen bottles Johannisberger, *prime.* JULES JANIN." That was the autograph sent. The wine was sent.

—The story that has been published in some of the papers in reference to Miss ALICE CARY and RUFUS WILMOT GRISWOLD is quite too absurd to need contradiction. During the brief period of their acquaintance Mr. GRISWOLD was a married man, and his relations with the Misses CARY were simply those of literary friends. He esteemed them as ladies and poetesses, and often wrote of them in terms of praise. When he was in his last illness they visited and were kind to him. That is all. Mr. GRISWOLD was one of the last men either of those heavenly minded sisters would have selected for a husband. A gentleman who knew him thoroughly says that although nominally a Baptist clergyman, he belonged to a style not frequently met in our day. He was simply a literary man. He has been known, it is said, more than once to spend his Saturday night in a very "free and easy" way, and then go to church and preach an eloquent sermon.

—Mr. J. COOKE, who is at the head of the "Syndicate" of American and foreign bankers for the sale of the new United States loan, is now in the very prime of his faculties, being forty-four years of age and in perfect health. He was not widely known in the financial world until Mr. CHASE appointed him fiscal agent of the Treasury, in which capacity he sold about $1,500,000,000 bonds, which at one-half per cent.—the commission allowed—would have given him $7,500,000. Out of this, however, were deducted commissions to subagents, advertising, etc. It is probable that about $5,000,000 would be nearly the net profit to himself. Out of the first profits he built a small Episcopal church for himself and neighbors at Chelten Hill, seven miles north of Philadelphia. His mansion there is one of the most substantial manor-houses in the United States. It is of stone, in French style, 150 feet square by 100 feet high. Mr. COOKE makes noble use of his fortune, being one of the most charitable men in the United States.

—The long editorial essays which Mr. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS writes to his paper, the Atlanta *Sun*, from his study at Liberty Hall, have not "built up" that journal as rapidly as was expected. On the contrary, rumor says that the *Sun's* rays have "a sickly glare." It may be that with the thermometer above 90° Fahr. few men are capable of digesting six columns at once, even though the ingredients be States' Rights, Jeffersonian Democracy, and the intentions of the founders of the Constitution, derived from "Elliott's Debates." When the heated term passes, men may be willing to stand it; but at present to be obliged to read six columns of bourgeoise, and pay $6 per annum for the privilege, is more than even the Sage of Crawfordsville has any right to expect.

—Among other interesting personal incidents of recent occurrence in France was the visit of the Pope's nuncio to M. THIERS. Monsignore CHIGI spoke of the intention of the Pope to quit Rome and establish himself in Malta or Spain. This M. THIERS opposed, saying, "There is a French proverb which declares that he who quits his place loses it. The Pope in quitting Rome compromises the future of the Holy See. His presence at Rome is at least an eloquent protestation against what passes there. I have no counsel to give his Holiness; but, were I in his place, I would not budge—I would wait."

—WALT WHITMAN, who occupies a desk in the Attorney-General's office at Washington, has received a friendly note from TENNYSON, with an invitation to visit Aldworth.

—Of Mr. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, our new arbitrator with England, the following amusing "personal" is told: Before going to the polls to vote on the day of the last Presidential election, he fixed a ticket which he intended to vote. Before reaching the voting place he in some way became possessor of one of the village grocer's printed advertisements. He folded it up neatly, as was his habit with such documents, to take home and examine, and proceeded on his way to "execute a freeman's will," which, after arriving at the ballot-box, he fully supposed that he had accomplished. No person saw what he voted, but soon after leaving the voting room, to his chagrin he discovered that he had cast the grocer's advertisement into the box, and held the evidence of American citizenship—his ballot—in his hand. A question naturally arose in his mind how he could mend the matter, or, in other words, he asked himself, "What are my legal rights and what is my duty?" He decided quickly to return to the polling place and state the facts to the officers in charge of the ballot-box, and did so. They examined the box and found the grocer's advertisement folded exactly as Mr. ADAMS explained it. They decided that, upon Mr. ADAMS's statement, it should be removed from the box and handed to Mr. ADAMS, and that he should be permitted to cast his vote. Mr. ADAMS, with the grave dignity so characteristic of him, thanked the officials who had decided in his favor, and in order this time to avoid another mistake, he voted an open ticket, which developed a startling fact to the officials around the ballot-box, and soon became the subject of gossip in the town, and of course a matter of deepest concern to the Republicans. Mr. ADAMS voted the entire Democratic ticket (for Congressional, State, county, and town officers) at that election, with the single exception of the GRANT electoral ticket!

—The rumor that General JOHN B. GORDON is the "new departure" Democratic candidate for Governor of Georgia originated with the Atlanta *True Georgian*. It is understood, however, that General GORDON has no sympathy with the Democratic "new departure," and would not accept the nomination if offered him by any party. There are a number of Democratic gentlemen who are "spoken of" for the office when Governor BULLOCK'S term expires. The most prominent of these are Hon. THOMAS HARDEMAN, Jun., of Macon, ex-member of Congress (1858-60); General A. R. WRIGHT, ex-president of the Georgia Senate, and now editor of the Augusta *Chronicle and Sentinel*; General A. R. LAWTON, of Savannah, ex-quartermaster-general of the Confederate army, and a prominent lawyer; and General ALFRED H. COLQUITT, ex-member of Congress (*temp.* PIERCE), and now president of the Georgia State Agricultural Society. The probability is that the last-named candidate will be the favorite with the Democrats of Georgia. He is a large planter, and generally esteemed, a prominent and zealous member of the Methodist Church, and widely known for his charity and benevolence. He is a son of the late Hon. WALTER T. COLQUITT, distinguished as a lawyer and politician.

—The editorial writers of the London *Saturday Review* have no reason for fault-finding with the proprietors, so far as hospitality is concerned. It is the agreeable custom of the owners of that journal to give an annual dinner to the writers; and at the one given three or four weeks ago nearly *fifty* gentlemen were present. The editor, Mr. HARWOOD, was in the chair, Mr. BERESFORD HOPE being on one side and Mr. VENABLES on the other. Among the company were Sir R. MAULE, Mr. SAUNDERS, Mr. LESLIE STEPHEN, Mr. E. PIGOTT, Mr. C. H. FYFFE, Mr. OXENFORD, and others eminent as writers. There were no speeches. Many of the diners looked like country clergymen fresh from their rectories, and it was curious to imagine which part of the *Review* was in their charge.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

LATE advices from China show that in the second battle between the American squadron and the Coreans the latter had 6000 men, armed with gingals; but their bullets fell short, and in spite of their thick armor they suffered terribly from the American rifles. On the 11th of June the Americans destroyed the forts. The local authorities steadily refused to say what should be done with the prisoners. The Coreans are acknowledged to have fought bravely. Minister Low and Admiral Rodgers await further instructions from Washington before proceeding with hostilities.

A fire-damp explosion occurred August 14 in the Eagle shaft, near Pittston, Pennsylvania, by which seventeen miners lost their lives. An examination of the shaft shows that it was in an unfit condition to be worked.

The Republican majority in North Carolina against a Constitutional Convention is about 9000.

The Swiss government has appointed M. Jacques Staempfli, formerly president of the republic, as an arbitrator in the Geneva Commission under the Treaty of Washington. Victor Emanuel has appointed General Menabrea.

Great excitement was caused recently at Ogdensburg by the attempt of the Irish Roman Catholics to prevent an ex-priest named Decanim from delivering a lecture on Romanism. The Protestant citizens made a counter demonstration, and asserted the principle of free speech by protecting the lecturer.

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT uneasiness prevails in Europe in regard to the attitude of Prussia and Russia. The latter is said to be making great military preparations, while Prussia is filling up her regiments and collecting vast supplies of military stores.

It is rumored that the "Right" in the French Assembly offered the presidency of France to the Duc d'Aumale, and that he declined the position.

The German troops are slowly withdrawing from the forts about Paris.

The new army bill before the French Assembly makes military service compulsory upon all, and permits no substitutes.

The Spanish government has consented to the extradition of all Communist refugees.

The ex-Emperor Napoleon gave a fête at Chiselhurst on the 15th of August, at which telegrams were received from the emperors of Russia and Austria, the kings of Sweden, Portugal, and Holland, the Prince of Wales, and others.

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THE BED OF ROSES.

"THE RICH GROWING RICHER, THE POOR GROWING POORER."

"WE DRINK TO OUR CONSTITUENTS. MAY THEY LIVE LONG, SO THAT WE MAY PROSPER."

"YES. THE RENT IS "PERHAPS EXORBITANT" BUT YOUR HUSBAND ALWAYS VOTES FOR THE VERY MEN WHO MAKE EVERY THING "PERHAPS EXORBITANT."

BRINGING THE THING HOME.

BED OF THORNS.

THE TAMMANY LORDS AND THEIR CONSTITUENTS.—[SEE PAGE 818.]

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Faithfully yours
Wilkie Collins

WILKIE COLLINS.

WE commence this week the publication of a new story by WILKIE COLLINS, author of "No Name," "The Woman in White," "The Moonstone," "Man and Wife," etc.; and as many of our readers will be glad to know what manner of looking man he is who writes such fascinating stories, we herewith present them with his portrait.

Mr. COLLINS is now in the very prime of life, having been born in London in 1824. His father was a painter, who went to Italy soon after the birth of his son, and remained there until the author had reached manhood. Having chosen authorship as a profession, COLLINS began to write at a very early age. His first published work, "Antonina," was given to the public in 1850. It revealed the possession of remarkable genius; but the subject was ill chosen, and the book did not meet with great success. His later novels, especially "The Woman in White" and "Man and Wife," which were first published in America in the columns of *Harper's Weekly*, placed him in the front rank of contemporaneous novelists; and the death of CHARLES DICKENS, whom he resembles in versatility of talent and inexhaustible inventive powers, has left him without a rival in the field of romantic fiction.

The story from his pen which is commenced in this number is printed from the author's advance sheets. It will, we think, be found to be one of the most fascinating stories he has yet given to the public.

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POOR MISS FINCH.

A Domestic Story.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," "Man and Wife," etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

PART THE FIRST.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

MADAME PRATOLUNGO PRESENTS HERSELF.

YOU are here invited to read the story of an Event which occurred some years since in an out-of-the-way corner of England.

The persons principally concerned in the Event are—a blind girl, two (twin) brothers, a skilled surgeon, and a curious foreign woman. I am the curious foreign woman. And I take it on myself—for reasons which will presently appear—to tell the story.

So far we understand each other. Good. I may make myself known to you as briefly as I can.

I am Madame Pratolungo, widow of that celebrated South American patriot, Doctor Pratolungo. I am French by birth. Before I married the Doctor I went through many vicissitudes in my own country. They ended in leaving me (at an age which is of no consequence to any body) with some experience of the world, with a cultivated musical talent on the pianoforte, and with a comfortable little fortune unexpectedly bequeathed to me by a relative of my dear dead mother (which fortune I shared with good Papa and with my younger sisters). To these qualifications I added another, the most precious of all, when I married the Doctor—namely, a strong infusion of ultra-liberal principles. *Vive la République!*

Some people do one thing, and some do another, in the way of celebrating the event of their marriage. Having become man and wife, Doctor Pratolungo and I took ship to Central America, and devoted our honey-moon, in those disturbed districts, to the sacred duty of destroying tyrants.

Ah! the vital air of my noble husband was the air of revolutions. From his youth upward he had followed the glorious profession of Patriot. Wherever the people of the Southern New World rose and declared their independence—and, in my time, that fervent population did nothing else—there was the Doctor self-devoted on the altar of his adopted country. He had been fifteen times exiled, and condemned to death in his absence, when I met with him in Paris—the picture of heroic poverty, with a brown complexion and one lame leg. Who could avoid falling in love with such a man? I was proud when he proposed to devote me on the altar of his adopted country, as well as himself—me and my money. For, alas! every thing is expensive in this world, including the destruction of tyrants and the saving of Freedom. All my money went in helping the sacred cause of the people. Dictators and filibusters flourished in spite of us. Before we had been a year married the Doctor had to fly (for the sixteenth time) to escape being tried for his life. My husband condemned to death in his absence; and I with my pockets empty. This is how the Republic rewarded us. And yet I love the Republic. Ah, you monarchy people, sitting fat and contented under tyrants, respect that!

This time we took refuge in England. The affairs of Central America went on without us.

I thought of giving lessons in music. But my glorious husband could not spare me away from him. I suppose we should have starved, and made a sad little paragraph in the English newspapers, if the end had not come in another way. My poor Pratolungo was in truth worn out. He sank under his sixteenth exile. I was left a widow—with nothing but the inheritance of my husband's noble sentiments to console me.

I went back for a while to good Papa and my sisters in Paris. But it was not in my nature to remain and be a burden on them at home. I returned again to London, with recommendations, and encountered inconceivable disasters in the effort to earn a living honorably. Of all the wealth about me—the prodigal, insolent, ostentatious wealth—none fell to my share. What right has any body to be rich? I defy you, whoever you may be, to prove that any body has a right to be rich.

Without dwelling on my disasters, let it be enough to say that I got up one morning with three pounds, seven shillings, and fourpence in my purse, with my excellent temper, and my republican principles, and with absolutely nothing in prospect—that is to say, with not a halfpenny more to come to me, unless I could earn it for myself.

In this sad case what does an honest woman, who is bent on winning her own independence by her own work, do? She takes three and sixpence out of her little humble store, and she advertises herself in a newspaper.

One always advertises the best side of one's self. (Ah, poor humanity!) My best side was my musical side. In the days of my vicissitudes (before my marriage) I had at one time had a share in a millinery establishment in Lyons. At another time I had been bed-chamber woman to a great lady in Paris. But in my present situation these sides of myself were, for various reasons, not so presentable as the piano-forte side. I was not a great player—far from it; but I had been soundly instructed, and I had what you call a competent skill on the instrument. Brief, I made the best of myself, I promise you, in my advertisement.

The next day I borrowed the newspaper to enjoy the pride of seeing my composition in print.

Ah, Heaven! what did I discover? I discovered what other wretched advertising people have found out before me. Above my own advertisement the very thing I wanted was advertised for by somebody else. Look in any newspaper and you will see strangers who (if I may so express myself) exactly fit each other advertising for each other without knowing it. I had advertised myself as "accomplished musical companion for a lady. With cheerful temper to match." And there, above me, was my unknown necessitous fellow-creature crying out in printers' types: "Wanted, a companion for a lady. Must be an accomplished musician, and have a cheerful temper. Testimonials to capacity and first-rate references required." Exactly what I had offered. "Apply by letter only in the first instance." Exactly what I had said. Fie upon me! I had spent three and sixpence for nothing. I threw down the newspaper in a transport of anger (like a fool), and then took it up again (like a sensible woman), and applied by letter for the offered place.

My letter brought me into contact with a lawyer. The lawyer enveloped himself in mystery. It seemed to be a professional habit with him to tell nobody any thing if he could possibly help it.

Drop by drop this wearisome man let the circumstances out. The lady was a young lady. She was the daughter of a clergyman. She lived

THE DAMP WOMAN.

in a retired part of the country. More even than that, she lived in a retired part of the house. Her father had married a second time. Having only the young lady as child by his first marriage, he had (I suppose by way of a change) a large family by his second marriage. Circumstances rendered it necessary for the young lady to live as much apart as she could from the tumult of a houseful of children. So he went on, until there was no keeping it in any longer, and then he let it out—the young lady was blind!

Young—lonely—blind. I had a sudden inspiration. I felt I should love her.

The question of my musical capacity was in this sad case a serious one. The poor young lady had one great pleasure to illumine her dark life—music. Her companion was wanted to play from the book, and play worthily, the works of the great masters (whom this young creature adored); and she, listening, would take her place next at the piano and reproduce the music, morsel by morsel, by ear. A professor was appointed to pronounce sentence on me, and declare if I could be trusted not to misinterpret Mozart, Beethoven, and the other masters who have written for the piano. Through this ordeal I passed with success. As for my references, they spoke for themselves. Not even the lawyer (though he

"THREE SEPARATE TIMES SHE PASSED HER HAND RAPIDLY OVER ME."

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tried hard) could pick holes in them. It was arranged on both sides that I should, in the first instance, go on a month's visit to the young lady. If we both wished it at the end of the time, I was to stay, on terms arranged to my perfect satisfaction. There was our treaty!

The next day I started for my visit by the railway.

My instructions directed me to travel to the town of Lewes, in Sussex. Arrived there, I was to ask for the pony-chaise of my young lady's father—described on his card as Reverend Tertius Finch. The chaise was to take me to the rectory house in the village of Dimchurch. And the village of Dimchurch was situated among the South Down Hills, three or four miles from the coast.

When I stepped into the railway carriage this was all I knew. After my adventurous life—after the volcanic agitations of my republican career in the Doctor's time—was I about to bury myself in a remote English village, and live a life as monotonous as the life of a sheep on a hill? Ah! with all my experience, I had yet to learn that the narrowest human limits are wide enough to contain the grandest human emotions. I had seen the Drama of Life amidst the turmoil of tropical revolutions. I was to see it again, with all its palpitating interest, in the breezy solitudes of the South Down Hills.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

MADAME PRATOLUNGO MAKES A VOYAGE ON LAND.

A WELL-FED boy, with yellow Saxon hair, a little shabby green chaise, and a rough brown pony—these objects confronted me at the Lewes station. I said to the boy, "Are you Reverend Finch's servant?" And the boy answered, "I be he."

We drove through the town—a hilly town of desolate, clean houses. No living creatures visible behind the jealously shut windows. No living creatures entering or departing through the sad-colored closed doors. No theatre; no place of amusement, except an empty town-hall, with a sad policeman meditating on its spruce white steps. No customers in the shops, and nobody to serve them behind the counter, even if they had turned up. Here and there on the pavements an inhabitant with a capacity for staring, and (apparently) a capacity for nothing else. I said to Reverend Finch's boy, "Is this a rich place?" Reverend Finch's boy brightened, and answered, "That it be!" Good. At any rate, they don't enjoy themselves here—the infamous rich!

Leaving this town of unamused citizens immured in domestic tombs, we got on a fine high-road—still ascending—with a spacious open country on either side of it.

A spacious open country is a country soon exhausted by a sight-seer's eye. I have learned from my poor Pratolungo the habit of searching for the political convictions of my fellow-creatures when I find myself in contact with them in strange places. Having nothing else to do, I searched Finch's boy. His political programme I found to be: As much meat and beer as I can contain, and as little work to do for it as possible. In return for this, to touch my hat when I meet the Squire, and to be content with the station to which it has pleased God to call me. Miserable Finch's boy!

We reached the highest point of the road. On our right hand the ground sloped away gently into a fertile valley, with a village and a church in it; and beyond, an abominable privileged inclosure of grass and trees torn from the community by a tyrant, and called a Park, with the palace in which this enemy of mankind carouses and fattened standing in the midst. On our left hand spread the open country—a magnificent prospect of grand grassy hills rolling away to the horizon, bounded only by the sky. To my surprise Finch's boy descended, took the pony by the head, and deliberately led him off the high-road, and on to the wilderness of grassy hills, on which not so much as a foot-path was discernible any where, far or near. The chaise began to heave and roll like a ship on the sea. It became necessary to hold with both hands to keep my place. I thought first of my luggage—then of myself.

"How much is there of this?" I asked.

"Three mile on't," answered Finch's boy.

I insisted on stopping the ship—I mean the chaise—and on getting out. We tied my luggage fast with a rope; and then we went on again, the boy at the pony's head, and I after them on foot.

Ah, what a walk it was! What air over my head, what grass under my feet! The sweetness of the inner land and the crisp saltness of the distant sea were mixed in that delicious breeze. The short turf, fragrant with odorous herbs, rose and fell elastic underfoot. The mountain piles of white cloud moved in sublime procession along the blue field of heaven overhead. The wild growth of prickly bushes, spread in great patches over the grass, was in a glory of yellow bloom. On we went; now up, now down; now bending to the right, and now turning to the left. I looked about me. No house, no road, no paths, fences, hedges, walls; no landmarks of any sort. All round us, turn which way we might, nothing was to be seen but the majestic solitude of the hills. No living creatures appeared but the white dots of sheep scattered over the soft green distance, and the sky-lark singing his hymn of happiness, a speck above my head. Truly a wonderful place! Distant not more than a morning's drive from noisy and populous Brighton—a stranger to this neighborhood could only have found his way by the compass, exactly as if he had been sailing on the sea! The further we penetrated on our land voyage, the more wild and the more beautiful the solitary landscape grew. The boy picked his way as he chose—there were no barriers here. Plodding behind, I saw nothing, at one time, but the back of the chaise tilted up in the air, both boy and pony being invisibly buried in the steep descent of the hill. At other times the pitch was all the contrary way; the whole interior of the ascending chaise was disclosed to my view, and above the chaise the pony, and above the pony the boy—and, ah, my luggage swaying and rocking in the frail embraces of the rope that held it. Twenty times did I confidently expect to see baggage, chaise, pony, boy, all rolling down into the bottom of a valley together. But no! Not the least little accident happened to spoil my enjoyment of the day. Politically contemptible, Finch's boy had his merit—he was master of his subject as guide and pony-leader among the South Down Hills.

Arrived at the top of (as it seemed to me) our fiftieth grassy summit, I began to look about for signs of the village.

Behind me rolled back the long undulations of the hills, with the cloud-shadows moving over the solitudes that we had left. Before me, at a break in the purple distance, I saw the soft white line of the sea. Beneath me, at my feet, opened the deepest valley I had noticed yet—with one first sign of the presence of Man scored hideously on the face of Nature, in the shape of a square brown patch of cleared and plowed land on the grassy slope. I asked if we were getting near the village now. Finch's boy winked, and answered, "Yes, we be."

Astonishing Finch's boy! Ask him what questions I might, the resources of his vocabulary remained invariably the same. Still this youthful Oracle answered always in three monosyllabic words!

We plunged into the valley.

Arrived at the bottom, I discovered another sign of Man. Behold the first road I had seen yet—a rough wagon-road plowed deep in the chalky soil! We crossed this, and turned a corner of a hill. More signs of human life. Two small boys started up out of a dry ditch—apparently set as scouts to give notice of our approach. They yelled and set off running before us by some short-cut known only to themselves. We turned again, round another winding of the valley, and crossed a brook. I considered it my duty to make myself acquainted with the local names. What was the brook called? It was called "The Cockshoot!" And the great hill, here, on my right? It was called "The Overblow!" Five minutes more, and we saw our first house—lonely and little—built of mortar and flint from the hills. A name to this also? Certainly! Name of "Brownadown." Another ten minutes of walking, involving us more and more deeply in the mysterious green windings of the valley, and the great event of the day happened at last. Finch's boy pointed before him with his whip, and said (even at this supreme moment still in three monosyllabic words),

"Here we be!"

So this is Dimchurch! I shake out the chalk-dust from the skirts of my dress. I long (quite vainly) for the least bit of looking-glass to see myself in. Here is the population (to the number of at least five or six) gathered together, informed by the scouts, and it is my woman's business to produce the best impression of myself that I can. We advance along the little road. I smile upon the population; the population stares at me in return. On one side I remark three or four cottages and a bit of open ground; also an inn named "The Cross-Hands," and a bit more of open ground; also a tiny, tiny butcher-shop, with sanguinary insides of sheep on one blue pie-dish in the window, and no other meat than that, and nothing to see beyond but again the open ground, and again the hills, indicating the end of the village on this side. On the other side there appears for some distance nothing but a long flint wall guarding the outhouses of a farm. Beyond this comes another little group of cottages, with the seal of civilization set upon them in the form of a post-office. The post-office deals in general commodities—in boots and bacon, biscuits and flannel, crinoline petticoats and religious tracts. Farther on, behold another flint wall, a garden, and a private dwelling-house, proclaiming itself as the rectory. Farther yet, on rising ground, a little desolate church, with a tiny white circular steeple topped by an extinguisher in red tiles. Beyond this, the hills and the heavens once more. And there is Dimchurch!

As for the inhabitants—what am I to say? I suppose I must tell the truth.

I remarked one born gentleman among the inhabitants, and he was a sheep-dog. He alone did the honors of the place. He had a stump of a tail, which he wagged at me with extreme difficulty, and a good, honest white and black face which he poked companionably into my hand. "Welcome, Madame Pratolungo, to Dimchurch; and excuse these male and female laborers who stand and stare at you. The good God who makes us all has made them too, but has not succeeded so well as with you and me." I happen to be one of the few people who can read dogs' language as written in dogs' faces. I correctly report the language of the gentleman-sheep-dog on this occasion.

We opened the gate of the rectory and passed in. So my Land Voyage over the South Down Hills came prosperously to its end.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

POOR MISS FINCH.

THE rectory resembled, in one respect, this narrative that I am now writing. It was in Two Parts. Part the First, in front, composed of the everlasting flint and mortar of the neighborhood, failed to interest me. Part the Second, running back at a right angle, asserted itself as ancient. It had been in its time, as I afterward heard, a convent of nuns. Here were snug little Gothic windows, and dark ivy-covered walls of venerable stone, repaired in places at some past period with quaint red bricks. I had hoped that I should enter the house by this side of it. But no. The boy—after appearing to be at a loss what to do with me—led the way to a door on the modern side of the building, and rang the bell.

A slovenly young maid-servant admitted me to the house.

Possibly this person was new to the duty of receiving visitors. Possibly she was bewildered by a sudden invasion of children in dirty frocks darting out on us in the hall, and then darting back again into invisible back regions, screeching at the sight of a stranger. At any rate, she, too, appeared to be at a loss what to do with me. After staring hard at my foreign face, she suddenly opened a door in the wall of the passage, and admitted me into a small room. Two more children in dirty frocks darted, screaming, out of the asylum thus offered to me. I mentioned my name as soon as I could make myself heard. The maid appeared to be terrified at the length of it. I gave her my card. The maid took it between a dirty finger and thumb, looked at it as if it was some extraordinary natural curiosity, turned it round, exhibiting the correct black impressions in various parts of it of her finger and thumb, gave up understanding it in despair, and left the room. She was stopped outside (as I gathered from the sounds) by a returning invasion of children in the hall. There was whispering, there was giggling, there was, every now and then, a loud thump on the door. Prompted by the children, as I suppose—pushed in by them, certainly—the maid suddenly re-appeared with a jerk. "Oh, if you please, come this way," she said. The invasion of children retreated again up the stairs, one of them in possession of my card, and waving it in triumph on the first landing. We penetrated to the other end of the passage. Again a door was opened. Unannounced, I entered another and a larger room. What did I see?

Fortune had favored me at last. My lucky star had led me to the mistress of the house.

I made my best courtesy, and found myself confronting a large, light-haired, languid, lymphatic lady, who had evidently been amusing herself by walking up and down the room at the moment when I appeared. If there can be such a thing as *a damp woman*, this was one. There was a humid shine on her colorless white face, and an overflow of water in her pale blue eyes. Her hair was not dressed, and her lace cap was all on one side. The upper part of her was clothed in a loose jacket of blue merino; the lower part was robed in a dimity dressing-gown of doubtful white. In one hand she held a dirty dog-eared book, which I at once detected to be a circulating library novel. Her other hand supported a baby enveloped in flannel, sucking at her breast. Such was my first experience of Reverend Finch's wife—destined to be also the experience of all after-time. Never completely dressed, never completely dry; always with a baby in one hand and a novel in the other—such was Finch's wife!

"Oh, Madame Pratolungo? Yes. I hope somebody has told Miss Finch you are here. She has her own establishment, and manages every thing herself. Have you had a pleasant journey?" (These words were spoken vacantly, as if her mind was occupied with something else. My first impression of her suggested that she was a weak, good-natured woman, and that she must have originally occupied a station in the humbler ranks of life.)

"Thank you, Mrs. Finch," I said. "I have enjoyed most heartily my journey among your beautiful hills."

"Oh, you like the hills? Excuse my dress. I was half an hour late this morning. When you lose half an hour in this house you never *can* pick it up again, try how you may." (I soon discovered that Mrs. Finch was always losing half an hour out of her day, and that she never, by any chance, succeeded in finding it again, as she had just told me.)

"I understand, madam. The cares of a numerous family—"

"Ah! that's just where it is." (This was a favorite phrase with Mrs. Finch.) "There's Finch, he gets up in the morning and goes and works in the garden. Then there's the washing of the children, and the dreadful waste that goes on in the kitchen. And Finch, he comes in without any notice, and wants his breakfast. And, of course, I can't leave the baby. And half an hour does slip away so easily that how to overtake it again I do assure you I really don't know." Here the baby began to exhibit symptoms of having taken more maternal nourishment than his infant stomach could comfortably contain. I held the novel while Mrs. Finch searched for her handkerchief—first, in her bed-gown pocket; secondly, here, there, and every where in the room.

At this interesting moment there was a knock at the door. An elderly woman appeared, who offered a most refreshing contrast to the members of the household with whom I had made acquaintance thus far. She was neatly dressed; and she saluted me with the polite composure of a civilized being.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am. My young lady has only this moment heard of your arrival. Will you be so kind as to follow me?"

I turned to Mrs. Finch. She had found her handkerchief, and had put her overflowing baby to rights again. I respectfully handed back the novel. "Thank you," said Mrs. Finch. "I find novels compose my mind. Do you read novels too? Remind me, and I'll lend you this one to-morrow." I expressed my acknowledgments, and withdrew. At the door I looked round, saluting the lady of the house. Mrs. Finch was promenading the room, with the baby in one hand and the novel in the other, and the dimity bed-gown trailing behind her.

We ascended the stairs, and entered a bare whitewashed passage, with drab-colored doors in it, leading, as I presumed, into the sleeping chambers of the house.

Every door opened as we passed; children peeped out at me, screamed at me, and banged the door to again. "What family has the present Mrs. Finch?" I asked. The decent elderly woman was obliged to stop and consider. "Including the baby, ma'am, and two sets of twins, and one seven months' child of deficient intellect—fourteen in all." Hearing this, I began—though I consider priests, kings, and capitalists to be the enemies of the human race—to feel a certain exceptional interest in Reverend Finch. Did he never wish that he had been a priest of the Roman Catholic Church, mercifully forbidden to marry at all? While the question passed through my mind my guide took out a key and opened a heavy oaken door at the further end of the passage.

"We are obliged to keep the door locked, ma'am," she explained, "or the children would be in and out of our part of the house all day long."

After my experience of the children I own I looked at the oaken door with mingled sentiments of gratitude and respect.

We turned a corner, and found ourselves in the vaulted corridor of the ancient portion of the house.

The casement windows on one side—sunk deep in recesses—looked into the garden. Each recess was filled with groups of flowers in pots. On the other side the old wall was gayly decorated with hangings of bright chintz. The doors were colored of a creamy white, with gilt mouldings. The brightly ornamented matting under our feet I at once recognized as of South American origin. The ceiling above was decorated in delicate pale blue, with borderings of flowers. Nowhere down the whole extent of the place was so much as a single morsel of dark color to be seen any where.

At the lower end of the corridor a solitary figure in a pure white robe was bending over the flowers in the window. This was the blind girl whose dark hours I had come to cheer. In the scattered villages of the South Downs the simple people added their word of pity to her name, and called her, compassionately, "Poor Miss Finch." As for me, I can only think of her by her pretty Christian name. She is "Lucilla" when my memory dwells on her. Let me call her "Lucilla" here.

When my eyes first rested on her she was picking off the dead leaves from her flowers. Her delicate ear detected the sound of my strange footstep, long before I reached the place at which she was standing. She lifted her head and advanced quickly to meet me, with a faint flush on her face, which came and died away again in a moment. I happen to have visited the picture-gallery at Dresden in former years. As she approached me, nearer and nearer, I was irresistibly reminded of the gem of that superb collection—the matchless Virgin of Raphael, called "The Madonna di San Sisto." The fair broad forehead; the peculiar fullness of the flesh between the eyebrow and the eyelid; the delicate outline of the lower face; the tender, sensitive lips; the color of the complexion and the hair—all reflected with a startling fidelity the lovely creature of the Dresden picture. The one fatal point at which the resemblance ceased was in the eyes. The divinely beautiful eyes of Raphael's Virgin were lost in the living likeness of her that confronted me now. There was no deformity, there was nothing to recoil from, in my blind Lucilla. The poor, dim, sightless eyes had a faded, changeless, inexpressive look—and that was all. Above them, below them, round them to the very edges of her eyelids, there was beauty, movement, life. *In* them—death. A more charming creature—with that one sad drawback—I never saw. There was no other personal defect in her. She had the fine height, the well-balanced figure, and the length of the lower limbs which make all a woman's movements graceful of themselves. Her voice was delicious—clear, cheerful, sympathetic. This, and her smile, which added a charm of its own to the beauty of her mouth, won my heart before she had got close enough to me to put her hand in mine. "Ah, my dear!" I said, in my headlong way, "I am so glad to see you!" The instant the words passed my lips, I could have cut my tongue out for reminding her in that brutal manner that she was blind.

To my relief she showed no sign of feeling it as I did. "May I see you in *my* way?" she asked, gently, and held up her pretty white hand. "May I touch your face?"

I sat down at once on the window-seat. The soft, rosy tips of her fingers seemed to cover my whole face in an instant. Three separate times she passed her hand rapidly over me, her own face absorbed all the while in breathless attention to what she was about. "Speak again!" she said, suddenly, holding her hand over me in suspense. I said a few words. She stopped me by a kiss. "No more!" she exclaimed, joyously. "Your voice says to my ears what your face says to my fingers. I know I shall like you. Come in and see the rooms we are going to live in together."

As I rose she put her arm round my waist—then instantly drew it away again, and shook her fingers impatiently, as if something had hurt them.

"Again?" I asked.

"No' no! What colored dress have yot got on?"

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"Purple."

"Ah! I knew it! Pray don't wear dark colors. I have my own blind horror of any thing that is dark. Dear Madame Pratolungo, wear pretty bright colors, to please *me*!" She put her arm caressingly round me again—round my neck, however, this time, where her hand could rest on my linen collar. "You will change your dress before dinner—won't you?" she whispered. "Let me unpack for you, and choose which dress I like."

The brilliant decorations of the corridor were explained to me now.

We entered the rooms; her bedroom, my bedroom, and our sitting-room between the two. I was prepared to find them, what they proved to be—as bright as looking-glasses and gilding and gayly colored ornaments and cheerful knick-knacks of all sorts could make them. They were more like rooms in my lively native country than rooms in sober, colorless England. The one thing which, I own, did still astonish me was that all this sparkling beauty of adornment in Lucilla's habitation should have been provided for the express gratification of a young lady who could not see. Experience was yet to show me that the blind can live in their imaginations, and have their favorite fancies and illusions like the rest of us.

To satisfy Lucilla by changing my dark purple dress it was necessary that I should first have my boxes. So far as I knew, Finch's boy had taken my luggage, along with the pony, to the stables. Before Lucilla could ring the bell to make inquiries my elderly guide (who had silently left us while we were talking together in the corridor) re-appeared, followed by the boy and a groom, carrying my things. These servants also brought with them certain parcels for their young mistress, purchased in the town, together with a bottle, wrapped in fair white paper, which looked like a bottle of medicine—and which had a part of its own to play in our proceedings later in the day.

"This is my old nurse," said Lucilla, presenting her attendant to me. "Zillah can do a little of every thing—cooking included. She has had lessons at a London club. You must like Zillah, Madame Pratolungo, for my sake. Are your boxes open?"

She went down on her knees before the boxes, as she asked the question. No girl with the full use of her eyes could have enjoyed more thoroughly than she did the trivial amusement of unpacking my clothes. This time, however, her wonderful delicacy of touch proved to be at fault. Of two dresses of mine which happened to be exactly the same in texture, though widely different in color, she picked out the dark dress as being the light one. I saw that I disappointed her sadly when I told her of her mistake. The next guess she made, however, restored the tips of her fingers to their place in her estimation: she discovered the stripes in a smart pair of stockings of mine, and brightened up directly. "Don't be long dressing," she said, on leaving me. "We shall have dinner in half an hour—French dishes, in honor of your arrival. I like a nice dinner; I am what you call in your country *gourmande*. See the sad consequences!" She put one finger to her pretty dimpled chin. "I am getting fat; I am threatened with a double chin—at two-and-twenty. Shocking! shocking!"

So she left me. And such was the first impression produced on my mind by "Poor Miss Finch."

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

TWILIGHT VIEW OF THE MAN.

Our nice dinner had long since come to an end. We had chattered, chattered, chattered—as usual with women—all about ourselves. The day had declined, the setting sun was pouring its last red lustre into our pretty sitting-room, when Lucilla started as if she had suddenly remembered something, and rang the bell.

Zillah came in. "The bottle from the chemist's," said Lucilla. "I ought to have remembered it hours ago."

"Are you going to take it to Susan yourself, my dear?"

I was glad to hear the old nurse address her young lady in that familiar way. It was so thoroughly un-English. Down with the devilish system of separation between the classes in this country—that is what I say.

"Yes; I am going to take it to Susan myself."

"Shall I go with you?"

"No, no. Not the least occasion." She turned to me. "I suppose you are too tired to go out again after your walk on the hills?" she said.

I had dined; I had rested; I was quite ready to go out again, and I said so.

Lucilla's face brightened. For some reason of her own she had apparently attached a certain importance to persuading me to go out with her this evening.

"It's only a visit to a poor rheumatic woman in the village," she said. "I have got an embrocation for her; and I can't very well send it. She is old and obstinate. If I take it to her, she will believe in the remedy. If any body else takes it, she will throw it away. I had utterly forgotten her in the interest of our nice long talk. Shall we get ready?"

I had hardly closed the door of my bedroom when there was a knock at it. Lucilla? No: the old nurse entering on tiptoe, with a face of mystery, and a finger confidentially placed on her lips.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," she began, in a whisper. "I think you ought to know that my young lady has a purpose in taking you out with her this evening. She is burning with curiosity—like all the rest of us, for that matter. She took me out and used my eyes to see with yesterday evening, and they have not satisfied her. She is going to try your eyes now."

"What is Miss Lucilla so curious about?" I inquired.

"It's natural enough, poor dear," pursued the old woman, following her own train of thought, without the slightest reference to my question. "We none of us can find out any thing about him. He usually takes his walk at twilight. You are pretty sure to meet him to-night; and you will judge for yourself, ma'am—with an innocent young creature like Miss Lucilla—what it may be best to do."

This extraordinary answer set *my* curiosity in a flame.

"My good creature," I said, "you forget that I am a stranger. I know nothing about it. Has this mysterious man got a name? Who is 'He?'"

As I said that there was another knock at the door. Zillah whispered, eagerly, "Don't tell upon me, ma'am! You will see for yourself. I only speak for my young lady's good." She hobbled away and opened the door—and there was Lucilla, with her smart garden hat on, waiting for me.

We went out by our own door into the garden, and, passing through a gate in the wall, entered the village.

After the caution which the nurse had given me it was impossible to ask any questions, except at the risk of making mischief in our little household on the first day of my joining it. I kept my eyes wide open, and waited for events. I also committed a blunder at starting—I offered Lucilla my hand to lead her. She burst out laughing.

"My dear Madame Pratolungo, I know my way better than you do. I roam all over the neighborhood with nothing to help me but this."

She held up a smart ivory walking-cane, with a bright silk tassel attached. With her cane in one hand, and her chemical bottle in the other—and her roguish little hat on the top of her head—she made the quaintest and prettiest picture I had seen for many a long day. "*You* shall guide *me*, my dear," I said, and took her arm. We went on down the village.

Nothing in the least like a mysterious figure passed us in the twilight. The few scattered laboring people whom I had already seen I saw again, and that was all. Lucilla was silent—suspiciously silent, as I thought, after what Zillah had told me. She had, as I fancied, the look of a person who was listening intently. Arrived at the cottage of the rheumatic woman, she stopped and went in, while I waited outside. The affair of the embrocation was not long. She was out again in a minute, and this time she took my arm of her own accord.

"Shall we go a little further?" she said. "It is so nice and cool at this hour of the evening."

Her object in view, whatever it might be, was evidently an object that lay beyond the village. In the solemn, peaceful twilight we followed the lonely windings of the valley along which I had passed in the morning. When we came opposite the little solitary house, which I had already learned to know as "Browndown," I felt her hand unconsciously tighten on my arm. "Aha!" I said to myself. "Has Browndown any thing to do with this?"

"Does the view look very lonely to-night?" she asked, waving her cane over the scene before us.

The true meaning of that question I took to be, "Do you see any body walking out to-night?" It was not my business to interpret her meaning before she had thought fit to confide her secret to me. "To my mind, dear," was all I said, "it is a very beautiful view."

She fell silent again, and absorbed herself in her own thoughts. We turned into a new winding of the valley, and there, walking toward us from the opposite direction, was a human figure at last—the figure of a solitary man!

As we got nearer to each other I perceived that he was a gentleman; dressed in a light shooting-jacket, and wearing a felt hat of the conical Italian shape. A little nearer, and I saw that he was young. Nearer still, and I discovered that he was handsome, though in rather an effeminate way. At the same moment Lucilla heard his footstep. Her color instantly rose, and once again I felt her hand tighten involuntarily round my arm. (Good! Here was the mysterious object of Zillah's warning to me found at last!)

I have, and I don't mind acknowledging it, an eye for a handsome man. I looked at him as he passed us. Now, I solemnly assure you, I am not an ugly woman. Nevertheless, as our eyes met, I saw the strange gentleman's face suddenly contract, with an expression which told me plainly that I had produced a disagreeable impression on him. With some difficulty—for my companion was holding my arm, and seemed to be disposed to stop altogether—I quickened my pace so as to get by him rapidly; showing him, I dare say, that I thought the change in his face when I looked at him an impertinence on his part. However that may be, after a momentary interval I heard his step behind. The man had turned, and had followed us.

He came close to me, on the opposite side to Lucilla, and took off his hat.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," he said. "You looked at me just now."

At the first sound of his voice I felt Lucilla start. Her hand began to tremble on my arm with some sudden agitation inconceivable to me. In the double surprise of discovering this and of finding myself charged so abruptly with the offense of looking at a gentleman, I suffered the most exceptional of all losses (where a woman is concerned)—the loss of my tongue.

He gave me no time to recover myself. He proceeded with what he had to say—speaking, mind, in the tone of a perfectly well-bred man, with nothing wild in his look and nothing odd in his manner.

"Excuse me if I venture on asking you a very strange question," he went on. "Did you happen to be at Exeter on the third of last month?"

(I must have been more or less than woman if I had not recovered the use of my tongue now.)

"I never was at Exeter in my life, Sir," I answered. "May I ask, on my side, why you put the question to me?"

Instead of replying, he looked at Lucilla.

"Pardon me once more. Perhaps this young lady—"

He was plainly on the point of inquiring next whether Lucilla had been at Exeter, when he checked himself. In the breathless interest which she felt in what was going on she had turned her full face upon him. There was still light enough left for her eyes to tell their own sad story, in their own mute way. As he read the truth in them the man's face changed from the keen look of scrutiny which it had worn thus far to an expression of compassion—I had almost said of distress. He again took off his hat, and bowed to me with the deepest respect.

"I beg your pardon," he said, very earnestly; "I beg the young lady's pardon. Pray forgive me. My strange behavior has its excuse—if I could bring myself to explain it. You distressed me when you looked at me. I can't explain why. Good-evening."

He turned away hastily, like a man confused and ashamed of himself, and left us. I can only repeat that there was nothing strange or flighty in his manner. A perfect gentleman, in full possession of his senses—there is the unexaggerated and the just description of him.

I looked at Lucilla. She was standing with her blind face raised to the sky, lost in herself, like a person rapt in ecstasy.

"Who is that man?" I asked.

My question brought her down suddenly from heaven to earth. "Oh!" she said, reproachfully, "I had his voice still in my ears, and now I have lost it! 'Who is he!'" she added, after a moment, repeating my question; "nobody knows. Tell me—what is he like? Is he beautiful? He *must* be beautiful, with that voice!"

"Is this the first time you have heard his voice?" I inquired.

"Yes. He passed us yesterday, when I was out with Zillah; but he never spoke. What is he like? Do, pray, tell me—what is he like?"

There was a passionate impatience in her tone which warned me not to trifle with her. The darkness was coming. I thought it wise to propose returning to the house. She consented to do any thing I liked, as long as I consented, on my side, to describe the unknown man.

All the way back I was questioned and cross-questioned, till I felt like a witness under skillful examination in a court of law. Lucilla appeared to be satisfied so far with the results.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, letting out the secret which her old nurse had confided to me. "*You* can use your eyes. Zillah could tell me nothing."

When we got home again her curiosity took another turn. "Exeter?" she said, considering with herself. "He mentioned Exeter. I am like you—I never was there. What will books tell us about Exeter?" She dispatched Zillah to the other side of the house for a gazetteer.

I followed the old woman into the corridor, and set her mind at ease in a whisper. "I have kept what you told me a secret," I said. "The man was out in the twilight, as you foretold. I have spoken to him; and I am quite as curious as the rest of you. Now get the book."

Lucilla had, to confess the truth, infected me with her idea that the gazetteer might help us in interpreting the stranger's remarkable question relating to the third of last month, and his extraordinary assertion that I had distressed him when I looked at him. With the nurse breathless on one side of me, and Lucilla breathless on the other, I opened the book at the letter "E," and found the place, and read aloud these lines, as follows:

"EXETER. A city and sea-port in Devonshire. Formerly the seat of the West Saxon Kings. It has a large foreign and home commerce. Population 33,738. The Assizes for Devonshire are held at Exeter in the spring and summer."

"Is that all?" asked Lucilla.

I shut the book, and answered, like Finch's boy, in three monosyllabic words:

"That is all."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A YOUNG lady at an evening party some time ago found it apropos to use the expression, "Jordan is a hard road to travel," but thinking that too vulgar, substituted the following: "Perambulating progression in pedestrian excursion along the far-famed thoroughfare of fortune cast up by the banks of the sparkling river of Palestine is indeed attended with a heterogeneous conglomeration of unforeseen difficulties."

CAUDAL LECTURES—Darwin's.

"What is the annual corn crop of Kentucky?" asked a foreign tourist of a Kentuckian. "I can't exactly say," replied the Kentuckian; "but I know it's enough to make all the whisky we want, besides what is wasted for bread."

A mosquito taper is a Pittsburg invention. It creates such a smell while burning that mosquitoes ask to be excused. It drives human beings out-doors also, which is its only defect.

The following is part of a telegram relating to the heat in court the other day: "Even Billy he complained of the excessive heat, and the court adjourned." We presume "even Billy" is substituted for "eventually."

A Yankee having told an Englishman that he shot, on one particular occasion, nine hundred and ninety-nine snipe, his interlocutor asked him why he didn't make it a thousand at once. "No," said he; "it's not likely I'm going to tell a lie for one snipe." Whereupon the Englishman, determined not to be outdone, began to tell a story of a man having swum from Liverpool to Boston. "Did you see him yourself?" asked the Yankee, suddenly. "Why, yes, of course I did; I was coming across, and our vessel passed him a mile out of Boston Harbor." "Well, I'm glad ye saw him, stranger, cos yer a witness that I did it. That was me."

THE SLAVE OF THE "RING"—A bride.

It is reported as a recent occurrence that a poor young man fell in love with an heiress, and the passion being returned, it only wanted the parent's consent to make them happy. At length, meeting the father, he asked for the daughter's hand. "How much money can you command?" asked the millionaire, gruffly. "Not much," was the reply. "What are your expectations?" "Well, to tell you the truth, I 'expect,' if you refuse your consent, to run away with your daughter, and marry her without it."

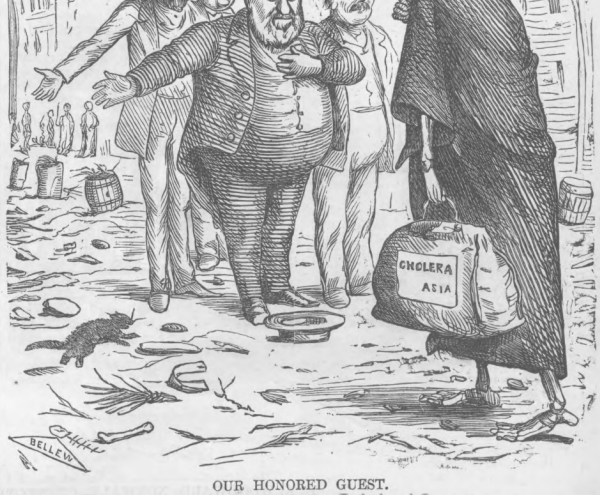
ADVICE TO LOVERS.—When you can not catch the last car at night, take a "buss" instead.

A rising poet of ardent temperament thus describes some of the wonderful performances of "Dame Nature:"

"She next made Woman—so the story goes—
With an improved material and art;
Gave her a form, the choicest one of those
That make aught beautiful, and to her heart
A power to soften man; and forced the rose
Its blushing tint to her soft cheek impart;
Then *choppi'd the rainbow up*, and with the chips
She went to work, and finished off her lips!"

The key to Darwin's theory which is apparent to all is—Monkey.

"I keep the best bread," said a certain baker the other day to a poor fellow who complained of the inferior quality of the article he had purchased of him the day before. "I don't doubt it," replied the customer. "Then why do you complain?" asked the baker. "Because I would suggest that you sell the best bread and keep the bad," was the reply.



OUR HONORED GUEST.

COMMITTEE OF RECEPTION. "In the name of the city of New York we bid you welcome, believing that you will find the condition of our streets to suit you as well as any thing in Asia."

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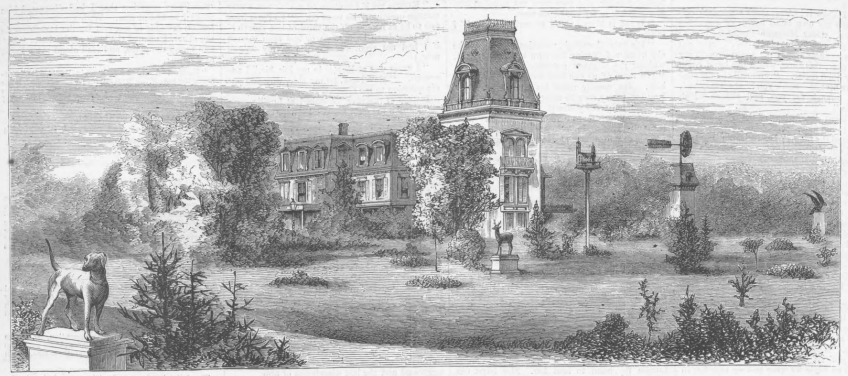
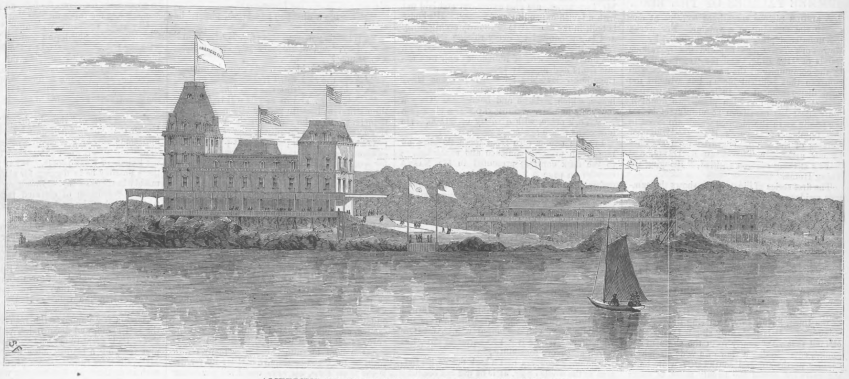
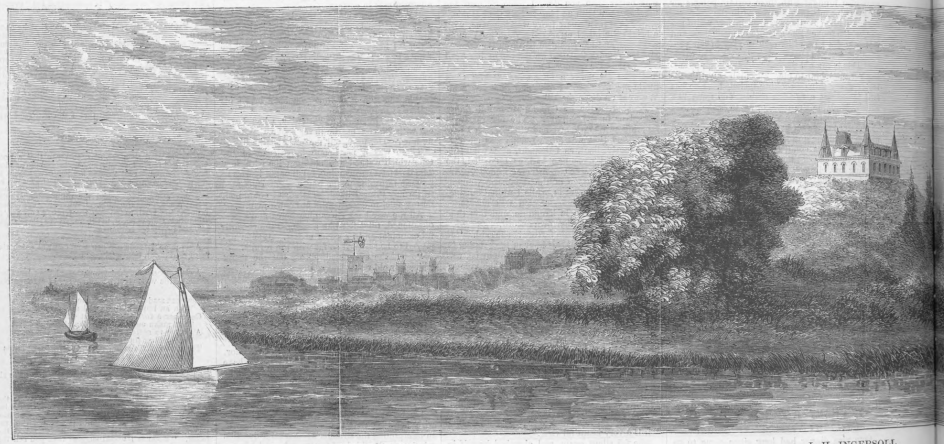


HOME OF "THE BOSS," GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT.

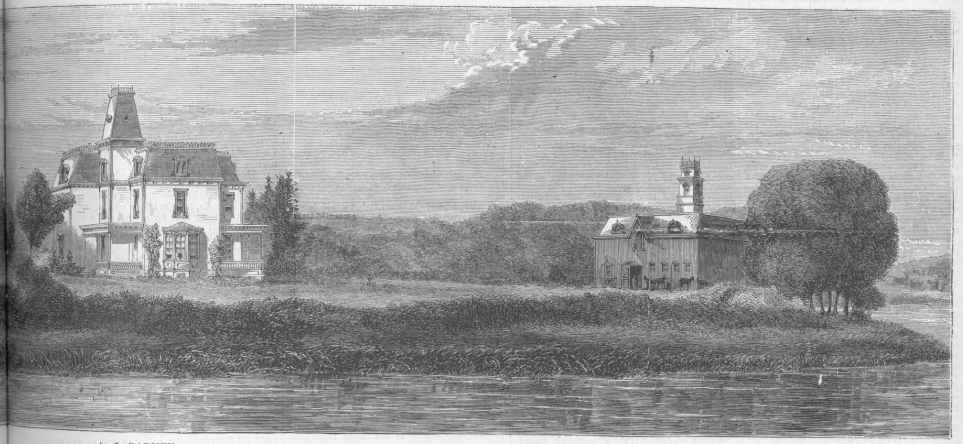
"THE BOSS."



AMERICUS CLUB HOUSE, GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT.

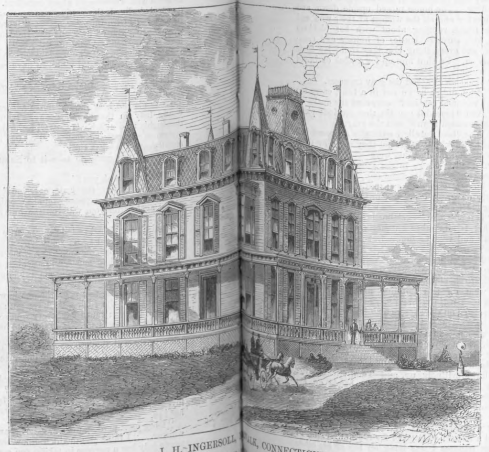


J. H. KEYSER. E. A. WOODWARD. J. H. INGERSOLL.



A. J. GARVEY. GARVEY'S STABLE.

E. A. WOODWARD, NORWALK, CONNECTICUT.



J. H. INGERSOLL, CONNECTICUT.

—SEE PAGE 818 AND CARTOON ON PAGE 812.]

SUMMER PALACES OF THE TAMMANY

J. H. KEYSER, NORWALK, CONNECTICUT.

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SUMMER PALACES OF THE RING.

A SINGLE picture sometimes conveys at one glance the meaning of a volume. For weeks the unfettered press of the country, led by the New York *Times*, has exposed the iniquitous frauds of "the Ring," and the wrongs suffered by the community at the hands of the men who compose that political junta; but, without the least disparagement of their vigorous warfare against corruption in high places, we doubt if the subject has ever been so pithily set before the public as in the pictures which are given in this number of *Harper's Weekly*—"Summer Palaces of the Ring," engraved from sketches by our artist, Mr. THEODORE R. DAVIS, and NAST's striking cartoon entitled, "Bringing the Thing Home."

The first series of illustrations shows the summer residences of some of the most noted members of the Ring. There is the famous "Americus Club House" at Greenwich, Connecticut, an excellent portrait of the Boss, and a sketch of his palatial residence at the same place. The strip through the centre of the page gives a semi-panoramic view of Woodward Park, at South Norwalk, Connecticut, in which are situated the summer palaces of Messrs. WOODWARD, KEYSER, GARVEY, and INGERSOLL; and underneath are nearer views of three of these palatial residences. The Park lies within a short distance of the town, inclosed by a curving line of solid stone wall. It is pleasantly situated on a swell of land that rises gently from the shore of the Sound, commanding a view of a wide stretch of country northward and southward; while looking eastward across the twenty miles of water that intervenes between it and Long Island one may see in clear weather the lengthened line of level coast of the latter, with its background of dusky hills; and here and there, rising slightly above the surface of the water, lie green and wooded islets such as the eye loves to rest upon. Backward and westward the land is rolled up in undulating hills covered with forest. The property is about a mile and a half in length, with an average width of one-third of a mile. In luxuriance of elegant cultivation it already resembles the parks of the English nobility, and the proprietors intend to form therefrom a grand park, with walks and drives, laid out in the finest style of modern landscape gardening, and to build, in further imitation of the English aristocracy, a "hamlet" of small houses somewhere in the outskirts of their property for the accommodation of their humble dependents. While drawing a princely income from their investment, these Lords of the Ring will thus surround themselves with a population of subservient voters, by whose aid they doubtless intend to obtain political control of a Republican district.

The Park, nearly surrounded by water, comprises a series of small knolls, divided by low meadows, and at high tide converted into islands, to which access is given by means of handsome bridges. The residence of Mr. ANDREW J. GARVEY, Plasterer to the Ring, stands on "Garvey's Island," which contains about three acres of ground. The dwelling, which is intended as the owner's summer residence, is a frame house, three stories in height, of the ordinary villa pattern, painted yellow, with brown trimmings, and is about 25 by 35 feet in dimensions. The windows are square with rounded tops, pointed wooden arches being set in above. It has a French roof, and a square tower with circular windows on the southeasterly side overlooking the Sound. Although less pretentious than the other residences in the park, Mr. GARVEY's house is superbly and elaborately finished. The island is completely bordered with trees of forest growth.

It appears from the Controller's books, according to the statements in the *Times*, that Mr. GARVEY was paid for plastering and repairs in the county buildings and armories of New York city, for 1869 and 1870, the sum of $2,870,464 06.

In the distance, just to the left of Mr. GARVEY's residence, in the central sketch, may be seen the turreted Mansard roof and lofty tower of Mr. INGERSOLL's princely mansion. It occupies the highest point of land in the tract, and is said to be one of the most elegant and imposing private residences in America; and the grounds, with the gardener's cottage, the stables, and carriage-houses, are sumptuous and extensive.

Mr. INGERSOLL's residence is larger and more costly than Mr. GARVEY's. Mr. INGERSOLL's bills against the county, according to the Controller's books, as given in the *Times*, for furniture, carpets, etc., in 1869 and 1870, amounted to $5,663,646 83.

Mr. JOHN H. KEYSER's house is situated on an island comprising about thirty acres of ground, bordered with a dense wood, and surrounded with a stone wall laid in cement, to break the force of the waves in stormy weather. The house, an elegant and tasteful structure, is about 50 by 50 feet, and three stories in height, with sloping roofs, which intersect each other, painted a dark red. A handsome veranda runs around the house, which is painted a delicate buff, with dark brown trimmings. The windows are covered with pointed arches, and the whole woodwork is richly ornamented. Besides other outbuildings, the grounds contain two magnificent conservatories about 100 feet long by 50 wide, whence are dispensed upon the surrounding atmosphere the delicious odors of native and foreign flowers. The approach to Mr. KEYSER's ground is by a fine gravel road, and around a splendid level race-track, which was laid out at the expense of all. The track is exactly one mile around.

The Controller's books, as quoted by the New York *Times*, show that Mr. KEYSER's bills for plumbing and repairs in the various county offices in this city, for 1869 and 1870, amounted to $1,231,817 76.

The grounds of Mr. ELBERT A. WOODWARD, which are separated by a wire fence from those of Mr. INGERSOLL, are also extensive, and laid out with a lavish expenditure of money. His house is built in the finest style of country architecture, and is surrounded by every thing necessary to render life agreeable: conservatories filled with the finest specimens of indigenous and rare exotic fruits and flowers; splendid barns and carriage-houses; stables for fast horses and fancy breeds of cattle; and not least, the gardener's house, which is large and handsome. Only a few years ago Mr. WOODWARD was a clerk in a New York office, with a salary of $1500. He now owns this magnificent property.

Let the reader turn from these sketches of more than princely opulence and extravagance to the dark contrast presented in Mr. NAST's cartoon on page 812. No words are needed to enforce the moral. Look first upon this picture, then on that, and make the application for yourself.

TOM'S TROWSERS.

Two pairs of trowsers—one pair of gray wool, the other of fine white duck—hung together in a dark closet for some days without exchanging a word. At last the gray pair, tired of the silence, spoke to his neighbor:

"My friend, you hang there so solemnly and straight that it leads one to think you are afraid of disturbing the elegant composure of your immaculate legs, and becoming wrinkled before your time. Would it not be better to show less starch and more sociability?"

The duck trowsers cast a look out of his buttons at the woolen pair, as if he did not consider himself in very select company; and in truth our friend of wool presented a most disreputable appearance. A great rent ran across one of his legs, and a long streak of tar down the other. Both legs were very dirty and rumpled, with a great poke out at the knees, and much stained with grass.

"Good fellow," he replied, "if you had been seized by a great red-cheeked, strong-armed damsel, plunged into a suffocating mixture of hot water and soap, violently rubbed upon a board, then twisted and wrung to expel the water, then boiled, then dipped up and down in cold water curiously tinged with blue, wrung again and plastered over with a slimy composition called starch, then hung in the sun to dry, and finally damped and pressed under heavy, burning hot irons, and knew if you did not take care of yourself you would be subjected to the same cruel treatment again, I think you would be very careful how you made new acquaintances, lest you should be led into some scrape or other, and rue it."

"Dear me!" said the gray trowsers. "How grand we are, to be sure! You were not so stiff the other day when you lay all in a heap on the closet floor waiting to be taken to the wash. Soap and starch have made a surprising difference in your complexion and manners since then. However, I will pardon your rudeness, for you did not know me in my best days. You were then shut up in a trunk in the garret for the winter, when I came home, fresh and elegant, from the tailor's. And as to suffering! Look at this fearful tear in my right leg, and at the nasty tar on the other, that no amount of soap and water can ever remove! Ah, my dear duck, you are fortunate in being able to renew your youth and beauty in the tub of the washer-woman, and at the cost of a little rough treatment. There is a French proverb which—as you come from Ireland, and as French is a language I became familiar with while in my native Germany—I will translate for your consolation, 'It is necessary to suffer to be beautiful.' But nothing will restore *my* lost glories. I am on my last legs and buttons: torn, worn, dirty, and forlorn, I await whatever fate my good-hearted but careless young wearer or his mamma may design for me. Only the other day I heard her say to him,

"'Now, Tom, my dear, you must not put on those dirty old trowsers again; they are disgraceful. Look at that tear!'

"'Yes, mamma,' said Tom; 'I tore that in the woods this morning, climbing over a fence after a squirrel.'

"'Well, I'm glad of it,' said his mamma. 'And you need not come to me for a needleful of carpet-thread with a knot in the end to mend it, as you did the tear in the brown trowsers, for you sha'n't have it.'

"Tom laughed, came into his room, dragged me off; and Kate, the seamstress, hung me up here, and here I have remained ever since, bored to death, and longing for something to happen to break up my dull seclusion, and divert my mind from dwelling with regret on the past and with apprehension on the future." Here our woolen friend sighed, and shook off a button hanging by a thread, which rolled along the closet floor and lodged in a crack.

"Pray," said the duck trowsers, "excuse my incivility. I had no idea we belonged to the same master; and I must say that of all the heedless, restless, unbearable young scamps—"

"Stop!" said the gray trowsers. "I won't hear a word said against him. I have too often been witness to evidences of his goodness of heart; and, in spite of his hard usage of me, I can't have him abused. Let me tell you a little incident. One day we were down on the shore just below the house. Were you ever there?"

"Oh yes," said the duck trowsers. "But I always dread going, for the sea air takes out all my starch."

"Well," replied the gray, "perhaps you remember seeing little children, frequently barefooted, come there to gather chips and sticks of wood thrown up by the waves; you do? Well, as I said before, we were down there making preparations to fish for tomcod from the end of the old ruined wharf, when Tom threw down his hook and bait, and started for the house. He went to Mary, the house-maid.

"'Give me a dust-pan and brush, please,' he asked.

"'What do you want them for, Master Tom?' said Mary, 'and where have you been making a mess now?'

"'Nowhere,' said Tom. 'Come, be quick!'

"'Sorra the sign will I iver be seeing of thim ag'in,' said Mary, giving them to him.

"'Och, sure! and its meself will be bringing thim sthraight back to ye,' said Tom as he took them; and away he ran down the bank to the shore, where he carefully swept some small pieces of broken glass into the dust-pan, that the children might not cut their feet when they came for wood. He kept his promise to Mary by taking back the pan and brush, when she instantly inquired:

"'How many of my tumblers have you been afther breaking, Master Tom?'

"But Tom only laughed, and we ran back to our fishing, which went on in this wise: Tom baited his hook and took his seat on a stone at the end of the wharf, with our legs hanging over the water. Throwing his line in with one hand, he held his Greek grammar in the other, and studied away till he felt a bite. Then away went his book on the stones, page down or not as it might happen, till the fish was secured; when the hook was rebaited, the line thrown, and the grammar resumed. The fishing was carried on thus through the afternoon, and he always took home a basketful of fish for breakfast the next morning; but how many Greek verbs he managed to acquire and lay up for use in the same time, his tutor could tell you better than I."

"That is all very well," said the duck trowsers—"what you tell me about the glass on the shore; but that there never was a pair of legs more inclined to lead trowsers into mischief than his are I'm firmly convinced; and as to pockets, he has no idea of propriety in what he thrusts into them."

"He frequently takes money *out*, given to him to spend for his own amusement, to relieve the needs of the poor," said the gray trowsers, "and that excuses somewhat his curious choice of what he puts *in*—although I confess to shuddering with horror at his cramming a red toad into my pocket to take home to show to his mamma and sisters. And a fine fright he gave them by putting it down on the dining-room floor for their benefit."

"Through what misfortune were you brought to your present condition?" said the duck trowsers.

"Ah!" replied the gray, "that would take a long time to tell. To pass over the period while I lay yet undeveloped in the roll of fine cloth brought from my dear Germany to America (and fancy, my dear fellow-trowsers, how I am doubly worn to a thread when I hear of the war declared by France, and think that it is possible that aggressive nation may possess itself of the left bank of my beautiful Rhine!), I will go back only to the time when I came home from Messrs. Kutte & Phitters, and my dear Tom had signified his approval by cutting a caper, and by using the not very elegant but expressive epithet, 'Bully!' when he had tried me on before the long glass in his mamma's room. For some time I went only to church, or drove out with Tom, his mamma, and sisters—which Tom considered a very dull way of spending a bright afternoon. Occasionally we went to town, where I had an opportunity of meeting and comparing myself with the style and cut of other trowsers on Broadway, and where, also, I was in a state of continual disgust at the horrid black mud through which Tom would take me without the least thought to preserve the immaculate spotlessness of my appearance. At last one day when we were all in town on a shopping expedition, and were at luncheon at Delmonico's, Tom upset a plate of St. Julien soup all over me. This put us in such a condition that Tom's mamma was obliged to take him to Brooks's, where I was replaced by another pair of trowsers, after much trying on of various kinds and styles. I was carried home ignominiously wrapped up in brown paper, and the next day Tom's mamma and the seamstress endeavored to remove the traces of his carelessness by rubbing me with alcohol, benzine, and soap-and-water—only succeeding in taking off almost all my nap, and not in effacing the stains. As a very ugly pair of brown trowsers, which had preceded me, were very shabby, I took their place for every-day wear—a change rendered necessary the next day by Tom, who presented himself, I heard, in the afternoon covered to the waist with marsh mud. He had ventured too far into a salt meadow about two miles from the village, had stuck, and would have been drawn below the surface in a short time if his lusty cries for help had not been heard by a man passing on the road near by. Thus I became the constant companion of my dear Tom; and many a jolly day we have had together—never, I fear, to return."

Just then the trowsers heard through the partly open closet door the voices of Tom and Kate, his mamma's seamstress.

"Be a good girl, Kate," said Tom, "and get me a big needle and some black carpet-thread with a knot at the end."

"There's nothing but red thread in the house, Master Tom," said Kate.

"Thunder!" said Tom, "isn't there? Well, then, bring me that." And Tom threw open the closet door and took down the gray trowsers.

"Christopher!" cried he. "Where is that button gone?—the last button that held my suspenders! Kate!" shouted he, "bring me a button too."

"What kind of a button, Master Tom?"

"Oh, any kind that has holes in it that a fellow can sew on. You see, Kate," he said, when she came back with the things for him, "I want to go and dig for clams for bait, and these trowsers are just the thing for that."

Down he sat, and, whistling "Champagne Charley," cobbled up the tear in his trowsers with the red thread, sewed on the button, pushing in the needle by applying the head to the mantel-piece; and, his mending completed, drew them on, and putting a remarkably old straw hat, with a hole in the brim, on his head, he and the gray trowsers departed to have another "jolly day" together.

"There he goes," thought the white trowsers, "with that young madcap, who will take him into some shocking scrape or other, and bring him home utterly worn out. I can't account for the likings of some people. What pleasure can there possibly be in digging for clams? Nasty, muddy business, *I* say." Indulging in this comfortable conviction of elevated taste, our duck friend dozed off into a long nap, which was broken at last by a great bustle outside the closet in the hall. And there was to be seen indistinctly through the half-open closet door some men passing slowly by, seeming to carry a burden among them. Women followed, and what seemed the very ghost of Tom's voice said:

"Don't be troubled, dear mamma. I shall be all right." And then his mamma cried,

"Give me the camphor! He has fainted again!"

After a few moments the men went through the hall again, and down stairs, walking on the tips of their great rough boots. Then Kate came past carrying a blanket close in her arms, and Mary, the tears running down her face, followed, with an earthenware foot-warmer wrapped in her apron. Then came a sound of gentle moving about in Tom's room, and Tom's mamma said,

"Don't speak, dear boy. You must not talk."

After what seemed a very long while to the duck trowsers, whose every fibre was cracking with curiosity, the sound of a carriage, rapidly driven up to the house, was audible, and in a few moments loudly creaking boots ascended the stairway, and a stout, rosy-faced man passed the closet door.

"Oh, doctor, I am so glad you have come!" said Tom's mamma.

"So my young friend has been trying to see what drowning is like," said the doctor, in a rich, cheery voice.

The duck trowsers could distinguish nothing more until the doctor evidently rose to go, saying:

"There is nothing the matter with him, my dear madam, but exhaustion. Give him the prescription every hour, continue the brandy-and-water at intervals, let him take a bowl of strong broth with an egg in it for supper, and a good night's rest will put him straight by to-morrow. But he must be prudent for a few days; not do this sort of thing right over again, you know. I'll stop in some time in the course of the day to-morrow. Good-morning."

"Ho-ho!" thought the duck trowsers; "it's plain to see that Master Tom has been out in a boat, and has upset it with his reckless sailing, and nearly got himself drowned. I wonder if I shall ever see my poor friend of gray cloth again?"

Toward evening Kate opened the closet door and hung up the gray trowsers in their place again. They seemed rather damp, and looked very limp and wretched.

"Dear me," said the white trowsers, "I am so delighted you have come! From the state in which Master Tom came home, I was beginning to fear I should never see you again."

"Do you know how he is? Pray tell me quickly, for I am very anxious about him," replied the gray.

"Oh, he'll do well enough. I heard the doctor say he'd be all right; and he ought, with such coddling. The house turned upside down, and his mother and all the women at their wits' end with fright, running about with hot blankets and foot-warmers, bottles of brandy and camphor, and every thing else they could lay their hands on. I'd shut him up for a week on bread and water."

"What for?" asked the gray trowsers.

"Why, didn't he go out in a boat, carry too much sail, and capsize?" answered the duck.

"And where did you get that precious piece of information from?" said the gray.

"Why, I—I—well, I naturally supposed it," said the duck. "What did they mean by their talk about drowning, and were—"

"Exactly," broke in the gray; "you'll find yourself in difficulties some day, friend duck, if you jump at conclusions at that rate. Tom was nearly drowned, I confess, but it was in swimming out from shore to save a little boy's life."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed the duck trowsers. "That is altogether another thing, and I beg Tom's and your pardon. But tell me all about it. That is, if you are not too tired."

"No, I'm not too tired," said the gray trowsers; "for I have not done much to-day. Well, to begin at the beginning, you know we went off this morning to dig for clams. Tom took a tin pail and a spading fork, and we went down on the shore, about half a mile below the house, where Tom began to dig, and soon got his hands in a frightful condition with black mud. Just beyond where we stood there was a very clean, smooth strip of beach sloping down gradually to deep water. The little waves came rippling invitingly up, and Tom, sticking the fork in the ground, rested his hands on his knees, leaving their impress in black mud on my already sufficiently begrimed surface, and looked over the water.

"'Gracious!' said he; 'it's hot enough to broil a fellow! I'll go in for a swim.' And in a few minutes I was lying on top of his other clothing, and he was in the water, his head seeming to float about by itself, except when a white shoulder or leg flashed out in the sunlight for a

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moment as he turned. He kept close inshore, for he had promised his mother he would never go beyond his depth when alone.

"The sound of a child's crying now came over the water, and on looking off I saw a small skiff drifting down with the tide. A little boy ran up and down the boat screaming with fright. There were no oars, and he was too small to use them if there had been any, and I expected every instant to see him fall over into the water. Suddenly a woman came in sight running down the shore, shrieking and gesticulating, her hair and petticoats flying behind her. I looked again at the little boat. The rollers from a great ocean steamer that had just passed up the bay had reached the tiny shell, and were rocking it violently from side to side; and in another instant the poor baby toppled over into the water, and the boat was drifting on empty.

"Tom evidently had seen all this as soon or sooner than I, for he was already more than half-way to where the child went down. The mother stopped near me, wringing her hands, but silent now, for she saw that Tom would save her boy if it were possible. In a few moments Tom, who had made for a spot below where the child fell in, dove under the surface, and came up holding the little fellow by the hair. He managed to change his grasp, in some dextrous way or other, so as to hold him above water, and turning, swam for shore. Now a boat, rowed by two men, rapidly rounded the little headland just below our house.

"They gave a shout when they saw my brave Tom and his burden, but did not reach him till just as he staggered up the beach to the woman, who knelt half in the water, holding out her arms for the child, and fell beside her. She caught up her child and ran to the nearest shanty, of which there are several on the shore. The men, leaping out of the boat, lifted up Tom and followed her. I heard him say as they passed me, 'Take me right home—mamma!' By this time all the women and children were out of their houses and gathered around, and I could not see what was done.

"After a while one of the women found me and the rest of Tom's clothes, and sent us home by a half-grown girl. Until I saw you I was in ignorance of how it had fared with my dear Tom, and I am most happy to know he will be none the worse for his exertion."

"But has any thing been heard of the youngster he saved?" asked the duck trowsers.

"Oh yes; Tom's mother sent the gardener down to Pat O'Grady's—his father's shanty—to inquire about him, while I was lying in a heap in the kitchen hall. He returned before I was taken away, saying:

"'The bairn was no the warse for his duckin', but makin' a braw meal o' breed and treacle. And his mither was muckle obleeged to the leddy for sendin'.'"

The two pairs of trowsers now became aware of sounds in Tom's room, which had been very quiet for some time. Tom's mother said:

"You have had a nice long nap, dear boy. Shall we have some broth now?"

"Why, yes," said Tom. "Can't I get up? I'm sure I feel well enough."

"No, dear, keep still for to-day, that you may rise like a lion to-morrow," replied his mother.

"Seeking what I may devour?" laughed Tom.

His mamma kissed him, laughing too, and crossed the room and rang the bell.

In a few minutes up came Kate, a tray in her hands, covered with a white napkin, on which were nicely arranged a bowl of broth and a toast-rack, having in it two crisp slices of toast. Mary followed, carrying a small pitcher of ice-water and a goblet, and the cook brought up the rear to ask how Master Tom felt himself this evening, when Tom shouted:

"I'm all right, Rose. Be sure and have soft waffles for breakfast to-morrow." At which she went down stairs highly pleased.

Tom dispatched his broth with great satisfaction, despite a slight grumble about "keeping a fellow on slops." And Kate, closing the closet door tight, as she passed through the hall, the trowsers, thus shut in, had nothing to do but resign themselves to sleep for the night.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE great railroad king of South America, Mr. HENRY MEIGGS, formerly of San Francisco, who is so well and favorably known for the energy with which he has built railroads in Peru, has lately made a contract with the government of Costa Rica for the construction of a railroad from Limon Bay across to the Gulf of Nicoya. A railroad of this character has been in contemplation for several years past, and different parties have successively undertaken it, but without doing so much as breaking ground. Its being now in the hands of Mr. MEIGGS is a guarantee that it will not only be commenced, but completed in the shortest possible time, especially as his contracts with the government are extremely favorable. The price of the road from the Atlantic coast at Limon to San José, the capital of the country, is to be seven million two hundred thousand dollars, to be paid at stated intervals as the work progresses. Mr. MEIGGS can introduce his own laborers, and all his employés will be exempt from military service, except in case of foreign war. He can also introduce gold and silver and all supplies free of duty or tax of any kind. A bank is to be established in connection with the road to facilitate its financial transactions, the government placing at the disposal of Mr. MEIGGS $300,000, to be increased monthly until the entire capital of the bank is raised to $1,500,000.

A valuable paper by Dr. ASCHERSON has recently appeared in PETERMANN'S *Mittheilungen* upon the geographical distribution of what he calls the sea-grasses, or the phanerogamous sea-plants, as distinct from the sea-mosses, or algæ. From this essay we learn that on the Atlantic coast of the United States we have of this group only the *Zostera marina*, or the well-known eel-grass, which is found so abundantly in shallow bays and elsewhere, and which, while a great impediment to boating, serves as the harbor and home of our young fish and marine invertebrates. Some other genera and species occur on the western coast of North America, and others again in the West Indies.

Considerable interest has been excited in California by the announcement of the existence of what was supposed to be a stranded ship in the great Colorado desert, many miles from navigable water, and much speculation has been exercised in regard to its origin. No one had actually visited the locality, and it had only been seen from a distance, and under circumstances which precluded the possibility of a nearer approach. At a late meeting of the California Academy of Science Mr. HAWKS presented a communication stating that he had ascertained that this was not a ship, and that he would soon give a more full description of its true nature.

At a recent meeting of the Academy of Sciences of San Francisco Professor GEORGE DAVIDSON, of the United States Coast Survey, presented a paper upon the coast terraces between San Francisco and San Diego. These embrace four principal elevations of from 20 to 150 feet each, some running back as far as six miles from the present beach. These he found were arrested at San Ysidro, thence declining rapidly to San Diego, and but slightly to San Francisco. On some parts the curious small mounds seen near Puget Sound, to which different causes have been assigned (among others, ancient gopher or prairie-dog hillocks, or fish-spawning beds), were well developed along the whole coast.

Late advices from Captain HALL's expedition on the *Polaris* state that the party reached Newfoundland in good condition, and was received with the utmost attention by the authorities. In consequence of some dissatisfaction on the part of Captain BUDDINGTON, the sailing and ice-master of the expedition, with the organization and instructions of the Navy Department he has resigned, and will probably be replaced at Disco by Captain RICHARD TYSON. The United States frigate *Congress* has left New York with additional supplies of provisions, coal, etc., for the *Polaris*, and will proceed by the most direct route to the dépôt agreed upon in Greenland. A number of persons accompany this vessel, among them Mr. BRYAN, the astronomer of the expedition, and several gentlemen who will return in the *Congress*.

A maritime exposition has lately taken place at Naples, which was well attended by delegates from different nations; and many subjects of general importance were considered during the session. The principal topics discussed were: first, those relating to international maritime law; second, international commerce; third, mercantile marine; and fourth, fisheries, international and along shore. Under the latter head the following topics were suggested for present and further consideration:

1. Can the sea, or certain sections of its shore, positively lose in regard to the number of its diverse inhabitants on account of particular methods of fishing? What are the proofs of any asserted diminution? and might these signify any other result than real numerical diminution? If there be actual diminution, what measures should be taken—local, general, or international—to prevent such injury, and, on the contrary, to increase the production of marine creatures?
2. How can a series of observations be organized which will tend to establish the fecundity of one or more species of fish, the number of individuals which reach maturity, and the laws of individual growth, together with the seasons and localities most opportune for fishing?
3. How can there be instituted in the Mediterranean—in addition to the ordinary hydrographic researches—investigations in regard to the temperature, the saline saturation of the water, the flora and fauna of its different beds, and the character of the bottom at all depths, from the profoundest to the shallowest, following its coasts and its depending basins and bays?
4. Is it necessary to provide for deep-sea fishing by an international code?

Late advices from Dr. HAYDEN's party were dated July 13, at Fort Ellis, Montana, and announced the preparations as being made for moving into the remarkable region about the head of the Yellow Stone. A permanent camp was to be made on the Yellow Stone about fifty miles from Fort Ellis and nearly a hundred miles from the lake, so that communication and supplies can be maintained without impediment. In addition to the civilians of the party, of whom mention has already been made, there is an escort of one company of the Second Cavalry. Colonel BEVERLY, chief engineer of General SHERIDAN's staff, and Captain HEAP, chief engineer of General HANCOCK's staff, with their assistants, accompany Dr. HAYDEN, for the purpose of making military surveys.

For some time past movements have been on foot looking toward a co-operation on the part of the Dominion of Canada in the storm signal observations of the United States, thus rendering them beneficial to both countries; and on the 15th of July telegraphic connection was established. Telegraphic reports and communications will be made from a number of stations in the Province of Quebec, and published from Washington with the regular series, the observations from the United States being telegraphed back in return. Dr. SMALLWOOD, the well-known meteorologist of Montreal, is in charge of a central office in that city, where the local reports are to be concentrated, and whence they are to be communicated to Washington, and to whom the returns are to be transmitted.

Among current works likely to constitute a new era in the history of American meteorology may be mentioned a paper by Mr. C. A. SCHOTT, of the Coast Survey, upon the rain-fall in the United States, as prepared and published under the direction of the Smithsonian Institution. These embrace observations for many years past, and constitute, in a measure, the culmination of the long and patient labors in this direction as instituted by Professor HENRY, and carried out to their conclusion. The matter as given in this paper embraces a series of tables of the daily, monthly, quarterly, and annual rain-fall at numerous stations in North America, with critical discussions of the scientific questions involved, and is accompanied by three maps, prepared with great care, exhibiting the rain-fall for the winter, the summer, and the year. Numerous important generalizations are discussed in this memoir, to which we refer our readers for details.

A paper upon the winds of the northern hemisphere, by Professor COFFIN, was published some years ago by the Institution, but a new and entirely revised one is in an advanced stage of preparation. The discussions and generalizations with reference to temperature, barometric pressure, etc., will follow in due succession.

In a late article we announced the intention of the Swedish government to establish a colony in Spitzbergen for permanent scientific observation, and we regret now to learn that the enterprise has been abandoned, mainly, it is said, in consequence of jealousies on the part of the Russian government.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

WHAT a multitude of people there are "who, having eyes, see not" the beauties of Nature! They walk through this lovely earth blindfolded. These blinded individuals do not by any means confine themselves to one locality; they do not immure themselves within four brick walls, or even within city limits. They travel far and wide. Inquire of them: they have visited all prominent places of interest; but having assured you that Niagara is "very fine," Mount Washington "very sightly," and Lake George "very pretty," they have given you all the ideas they have on the subjects. They travel because it is the fashion, and visit the most beautiful spots on God's earth with much the same spirit as that manifested by a certain gentleman who, after having walked through one of the most magnificent cathedrals of Europe without giving scarcely a glance at fresco or painting, exclaimed, "There! we've done *that*. What next?" We remember, when sailing on Lake Winnipiseogee—one of the most charming sheets of water in the world—that we felt a half-indignant pity for men and women, evidently "sight-seers" (?), who scarcely turned their eyes from newspapers and novels to that fair page of Nature's book, or ceased chatting of business and fashion long enough to utter an appreciative comment upon the ever-varying view. They had never educated their eyes, or were lamentably lacking in love for the beautiful. It matters little whether one is in some far-famed romantic locality or in a quiet country nook; there is beauty every where—in leaf and bud and flower; in insect, bird, and butterfly; in waving grain and ripening fruit; in field and forest; in the babbling brook and the rough mountain-side; in the glorious, golden sunset hues and the gloomy, gathering storm-clouds: we only need to open our eyes to see that the Creator's seal of beauty is set to all his works.

It has been suggested that it would not only be gratifying to the traveling public, but also contribute to their comfort and safety, if on every passenger boat a steam and water gauge should be exhibited in some prominent place for general inspection. If, also, a memorandum of the maximum pressure the boiler was allowed to carry should be placed beside the gauge, people would experience a sense of security which recent disasters have made impossible under present arrangements, and engineers would be prevented from overstraining the boiler by excessive pressure.

Notwithstanding the abundance of luscious fruit displayed in Fulton Market, it is not appetizing to make a tour through it. Passing strange is it that the proper city officials, and each and every individual doing business in the city, can not realize the comfort and importance of perfect cleanliness, especially in warm weather. Decaying fruit impregnates the air with noxious odors, inviting cholera, yellow fever, and all manner of pestilential diseases to come and abide in the vicinity.

When the Garden of the Tuileries was re-opened to the public the people found most of the statues defaced or wholly destroyed. The colossal figure of Peace, by Chaudet, was burned by petroleum; the statue of Agrippina had lost her head and her right arm; Cybele pointed with the stump of her left arm to the missing skirt in which her missing right arm once held sundry fruits of the earth, now missing likewise; Pradier's Prometheus was but little injured, while the Serpent-Charmer, dedicated by Cleslinger to the Prince Imperial, belonging to the Jardin Reservé, was found literally riddled with shot, hacked with bayonets, and otherwise mutilated in the most disgraceful manner.

The romantic scenery of the Highlands is evidently inspiring to poetic minds. On the cover of a Bible belonging in the saloon of a Hudson River steamer were found written the following lines:

"This Holy book neglected lies,
No soul with it communes;
While scores of souls sit round about
With *Heralds* and *Tribunes*."

The Parisian youth sell teeth of the dead Communists as curiosities. Twenty-four sets of Dombrowski's have already been disposed of, and there was a brisk trade in Cluseret's until it was found that he was not dead.

A Chinese of some distinction living at North Adams, Massachusetts, has created great excitement among his fellows by cutting off his queue. This is a novelty among the Celestials; and whether one person will be strong enough to set the fashion remains to be seen.

An English clergyman has been studying the relative characters of men and women. By a calculation of his own—whether mathematical or otherwise does not appear—he has arrived at the conclusion that there will be twelve women to one man who will enter heaven!

How very fortunate that of the sixty-nine young ladies who have fainted away in Atlanta during the summer, fifty-seven fell into the arms of gentlemen, and only eleven fell on the floor, and one into a water-bucket! But it is evident that at least a dozen gentlemen should immediately go to Atlanta.

Nahant, one of the pleasantest sea-side villages on the New England coast, is about nine miles from Boston by water, and twelve by land. It is connected with the main-land by an isthmus known as Lynn Beach, which is a smooth sandy strip two miles in length. Twenty years ago Nahant was an unsettled locality; now it is studded with elegant residences, the homes chiefly of Boston merchants. It was mainly through the influence of one gentleman that attention was turned to Nahant as a summer residence. He erected an elegant building there years ago, and devoted time and money to improving the locality.

A correspondent in Paris writes to a Boston paper: "The marriages are getting up to 500 a week; the deaths are only 640. There would be more weddings only for the Communists, who burned all the baptismal registers, which necessitates candidates for matrimony to adopt a roundabout legal process to substantiate their age."

The Tichborne claimant is amusing himself during the interval of rest from court sessions by attending shooting matches. His impending fate, whether for poverty or riches, does not appear to trouble him in the least.

The Humane Society of London has issued the following advice to bathers:

"Avoid bathing within two hours after a meal, or when exhausted from any cause. Avoid bathing when the body is cooling after perspiration, but bathe when the body is warm, provided no time is lost in getting into the water. Avoid chilling the body after having been in the water. Avoid remaining too long in the water; leave the water immediately if there is the slightest feeling of chilliness. Avoid bathing altogether in the open air if, after having been a short time in the water, there is a sense of chilliness, with numbness of the hands and feet. The vigorous and strong may bathe early in the morning on an empty stomach; the young and weak had better bathe three hours after a meal, after breakfast being the best time. Those subject to attacks of giddiness and faintness, and those who suffer from palpitation and other disease of the heart, should not bathe without first consulting their medical adviser."

It has been suggested that the new flag of France be a red eagle on a white flag; and that the eagle be impressed upon all pieces of money.

Ah! what a sad affair was that when Ah Sing, Ah Hay, Ah Eat, Ah Youey, Ah Tuck, Ah Yonck, Ah Kney, and Ah King, cigar manufacturers, of San Francisco, were all fined and imprisoned for violating the revenue laws!

A couple of boys about twelve or fourteen years old recently placed some obstructions on the track of the Erie Railroad, for the sake of seeing "how far the locomotive would jump." Fortunately a freight train preceded the passenger train, and the obstruction was discovered in season to prevent another fearful accident. A young girl in New Haven has been charged with attempting to burn a carriage factory and a dwelling-house, merely from "a desire to see the buildings burn." Youths who incline to pastimes of this nature need some special training.

During the month of June more than 338,000 letters, misdirected or otherwise not deliverable, were received at the Dead Letter Office in Washington. In July the number was 337,421, of which 98,092 were held for postage. These figures indicate the carelessness and negligence of American letter-writers.

Five persons have been swept over the Falls of Niagara during the present season. Three of these were intoxicated, and in spite of remonstrances rushed into danger. It is supposed the other two lost an oar, or met with some mishap, which left them at the mercy of the current.

Carbolic acid is said to be an excellent preventive against flies and mosquitoes. A few drops sprinkled on a table-cloth will prevent flies from lighting upon it, and it is believed that mosquitoes will not venture into a house in which there is a bottle of this fluid. Nevertheless there are some objections to carbolic acid, and the Board of Health is trying to find some new disinfectant as a substitute for it. In truth, its poisonous and destructive qualities are such that it should be used only by experienced persons. It has caused death, and, when used on furniture, invariably injures it. Yet there are many ways in which carbolic acid may be used to great advantage in addition to its being a direct disinfectant. In manufactories where large quantities of glue or paste are used it often becomes sour and offensive. If a few drops of carbolic acid are added when the paste or glue is made, this difficulty will be prevented. If it is mixed with the whitewash used on the walls of cellar or dairy, it will prevent the disagreeable taints often perceived in meats and milk kept in a damp room. If added to the paste used for wall-paper, and to the whitewash, it will drive away cockroaches and other insects.

Long ago we were informed that the monkeys had held an indignation meeting concerning the disgrace which had been cast upon them "of peopling all creation with the apostate race" of man. But a Hartford poetess has given such a graphic report of it that we are tempted to make from the speeches a few brief extracts, which will indicate the general tone of feeling prevailing in the assembly. One orator, in addressing his "injured fellow-monkeys," inquires, pointedly,

"Did you ever catch a monkey
Coloring his hair?
Do we stick stove-pipes on our heads,
Tight boots and chokers wear?
Do we buy tickets to a show,
The elephant to see,
And strut about and make remarks
On better folks than we?
Drink fusil oil and strychnine,
A vile weed chew and snuff?
Slander our neighbors, sell our votes,
Or ballot-boxes stuff?
Do monkeys 'go on benders,'
Or sue for a divorce?
Did you ever meet a monkey
Forever talking 'horse?'
Do monkeys run for Congress,
Or to a lawyer go,
Eat pork, or cheat the printer?
(Cheering, and cries of *No.*)"

Another, with inspired eloquence, exclaims:

"Breathes there an ape with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
I am a monkey bred and born?
Whose soul would fall to burn with fire,
His veins run wild with liquid fire,
At insult on his birthright thrown?"

And after expressing his opinion of the man who makes his boast of monkey blood mixed with his own, he concludes with,

"Ah! could we the bold miscreant chase
Back to our ancient dwelling-place,
Swift retribution would we plan:
From a tall tree we'd drop him down,
And every monkey looking on,
Should study 'The Descent of Man.'"

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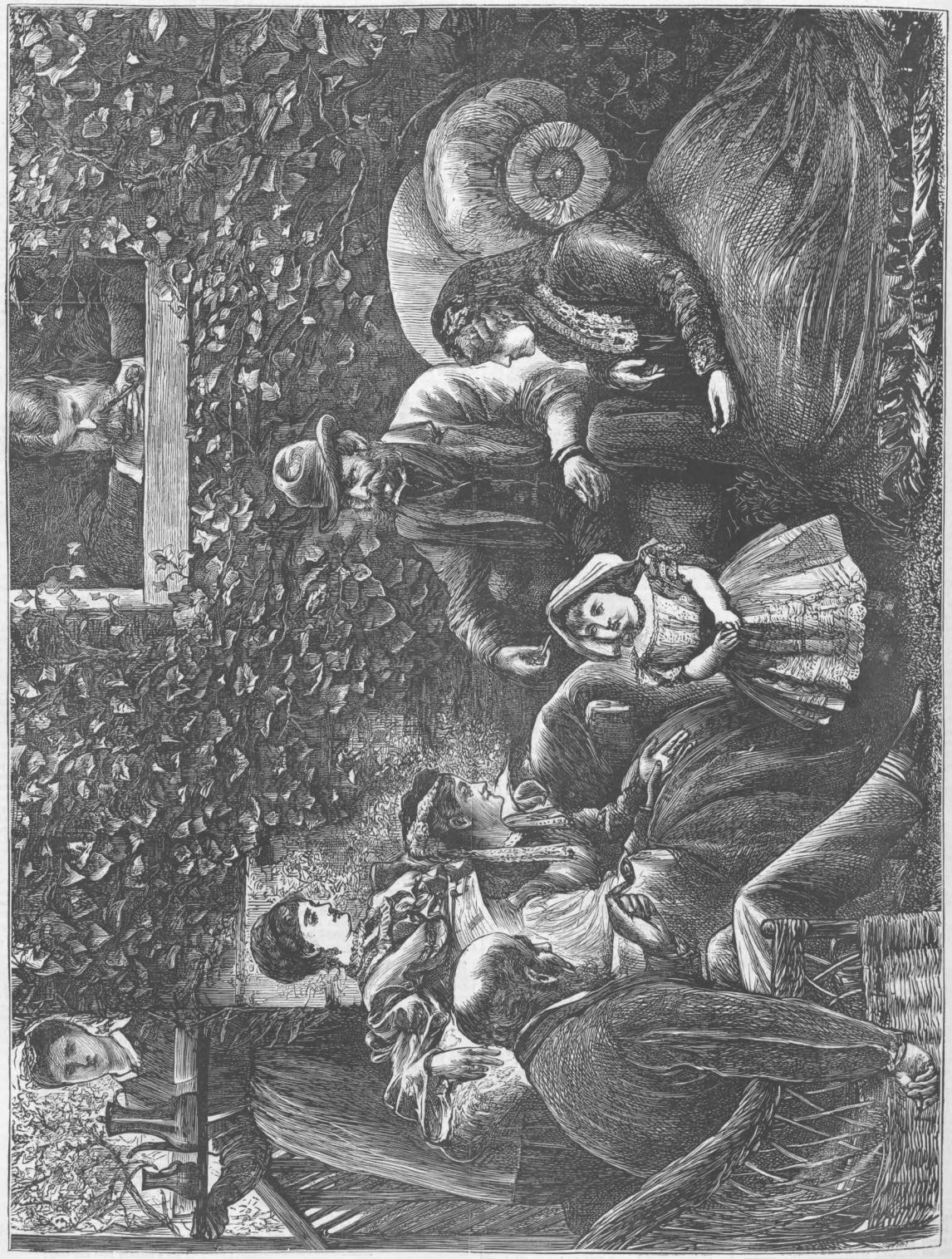
THE RIVALS.

THE rival grandpas and grandmas is a picture which tells its own story. There is papa enjoying his pipe, and looking down with paternal pride upon his sturdy offspring. There is mamma, handsome, but rather self-satisfied and scornful, accepting the fond worship of the quartette of old folks as a matter of course. As for the four old people, they are doing that which we suppose grandfathers and grandmothers have done from time immemorial—namely, petting and spoiling the little girl as much as they can. Grandparents have no sense of responsibility, and they are apt to feel a semi-malicious pleasure in seeing the children who, years ago, gave them so much trouble victimized in their turn. But if a grandfather is too indulgent, what a spoiler must a great-grandfather or a great-grandmother be! No wonder the antediluvian world behaved badly, and came to grief in the end, for the patriarchs of those days lived long enough to pet descendants to the sixth and seventh generation.



THE RIVAL GRANDPAS AND GRANDMAS.

WEDDING-RINGS.

THE fourth finger of the left hand has, time out of mind, been the one which maidens are wont "to dedicate, to consecrate with tears," to the wedding-ring. This usage obtained from an ancient idea, and a very pretty idea it was, that this finger possessed a peculiar virtue, a nerve extending from its tip direct to the heart. The corresponding finger on the right hand was sacred to the *gimmal*-ring—a name which has now lost its significance, but which was originally given to the betrothal or "engaged" ring, from the custom of having it made in three links, which turned upon a pivot, and when shut up formed one solid ring, the common design being two hands clasped over a heart. These three rings were broken asunder at the betrothal, which commonly took place in the presence of a witness, who retained the central one, each of the two lovers keeping one of the outer rings. When the marriage was celebrated the three were joined again, and the *gimmal*-ring was transferred to the wedding-finger, and Sir Roger de Roches led home the Lady Rohesia, and the draw-bridge was thrown down, and for a month after "the baron's retainers were blithe and gay," and Sir Roger and his lady spent their "honey-moon" at home, joining in or giving their presence to the boisterous revelry and unpolished sports, and receiving an ovation, perhaps willingly given, perhaps not, from the whole country-side; and at the end of that time a thick curtain of domestic privacy was always drawn over their married life.

Nowadays the order of events is changed. The *gimmal*-ring is no longer made to do double duty: if it is transferred to the wedding-finger at all, it is as a guard to the simple golden hoop which the Cupid of this age has adopted as his own. Nowadays, instead of taking his bride

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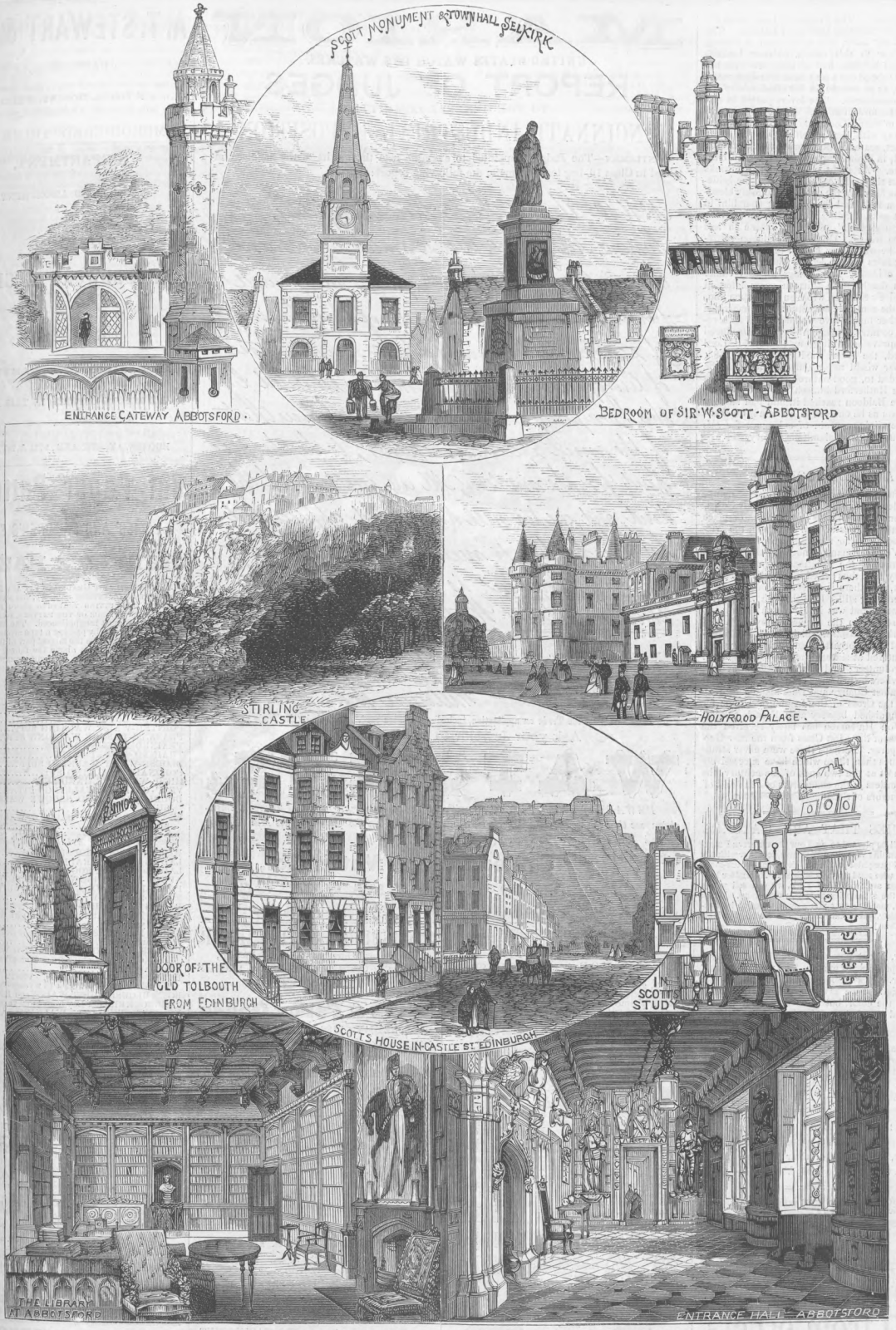

PLACES ASSOCIATED WITH THE LIFE AND WORKS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

home, and calling his friends about him to spend the first sweet month of married life in routs and revels and unquiet excitement, our swain hurries off to some still retreat, where the happy couple, so far from taking the novelty of the situation by storm, dream it off, at a distance from the world, and, each in the other wrapped, are content to await till its own time the awakening to the realities of life, which must come sooner or later to every pair of— Supply the word which suits your own fancy best, O courteous reader!

WALTER SCOTT MEMORIALS.

THE SCOTT centenary was celebrated with great *éclat* both in the Old World and in the New, where his readers and admirers are, perhaps, even more numerous than on the other side of the water. As every thing is of interest that has ever been even remotely connected with him, we give this week a page of engravings, attractively grouped, of places associated with the life and works of the great "Wizard of the North." There are several interior views of the house at Abbotsford, with some minor features of the building; the old door removed thither from the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, when that famous prison was demolished in 1817; the window of his bedroom; and the entrance gate-way. His town house, No. 39 Castle Street, Edinburgh, is also represented. Holyrood Palace and Stirling Castle, whose historic associations were improved by his genius, appear on the same page. It contains, too, a view of the Scott Monument in the market-place of Selkirk, which is not far from Melrose and Abbotsford.

THE TRUE STORY OF THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR.

IN legend—one which was born of sad truth, and has passed into Italian opera—there is no maiden more famous than the Bride of Lammermoor. In melancholy prose the lady was the Honorable Janet Dalrymple, daughter of the first Lord Stair. She and young Lord Rutherford had plighted their troth, had broken a silver coin between them, and had invoked malediction on whichever of the two should be false

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to the compact. The parents of Lady Janet insisted on her marrying Dunbar of Baldoon. The mother, Lady Stair, was most cruel in forcing her daughter to this match. Janet, broken-hearted and helpless, had an interview with her lover, and sobbed out a text from Numbers, xxx. 2, 3, 4, 5, as an excuse for her obedience to her mother's commands. The lovers parted in sorrow; Rutherford in anger. He had not in him the spirit of young Lochinvar, nor Janet the wit to run away with him herself. The poor thing was, in fact, scared. She was carried to church to be wed, in a semi-crazed and more than half-dead state. At night a hurricane of shrieks came from the bridal chamber, where the bridegroom was found on the ground, profusely bleeding from a stab, and the bride sat near him in her night-gear, bidding them "Take up your bonny bridegroom!" She died insane in less than three weeks. Dunbar of Baldoon recovered, but he was never known to open his lips on the causes which led to the catastrophe. Baldoon evidently took things as they came. After his death, some thirteen years later, in 1682, Andrew Simpson wrote an elegy upon him, in which the romantic adventurer upon marriage with another man's love was described as a respectable country gentleman who had introduced many improvements into agriculture! Lord Rutherford, the lover, died childless in 1685. As Dunbar would never suffer the catastrophe to be alluded to, good-natured people invented a story that Rutherford himself was in the chamber before Baldoon reached it, and had stabbed him as soon as he entered it. There is no shadow of the slightest grain of substance for *this* part of a sufficiently calamitous history.

A FAMOUS SOLDIER.

CONCERNING General Baron Von Hartmann, commander of the Second Bavarian Army Corps, which came up at Orleans just in time to replace the exhausted forces of Von der Tann, the *Niederrheinische Courier* recounts an extraordinary story. Von Hartmann is not only the son of a poor peasant of the Palatinate, whose courage and ability have thus raised him to the first military rank, but there is something in his career more interesting still. It is that the old warrior of the Fatherland was in his youth during ten years a soldier in the French army. Carried away by the enthusiasm which the great Emperor excited in the breasts of so many young men, he had entered at sixteen the army of Napoleon I. as a volunteer; and it was actually at that Orleans where he has turned the scale of doubtful battle against Chanzy and De Paladine that he received the Cross of the Legion of Honor for his distinguished bravery as a French soldier. Baron Von Hartmann has lately received the Iron Cross of the First Class from the new German Emperor. Perhaps there were never stranger fortunes than those which have successively won, almost at the two ends of the century, the military orders of the conquerors of Jena and of the conquerors of Sedan.

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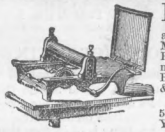

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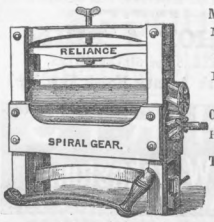

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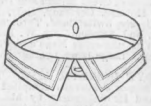

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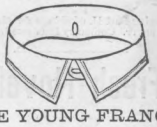

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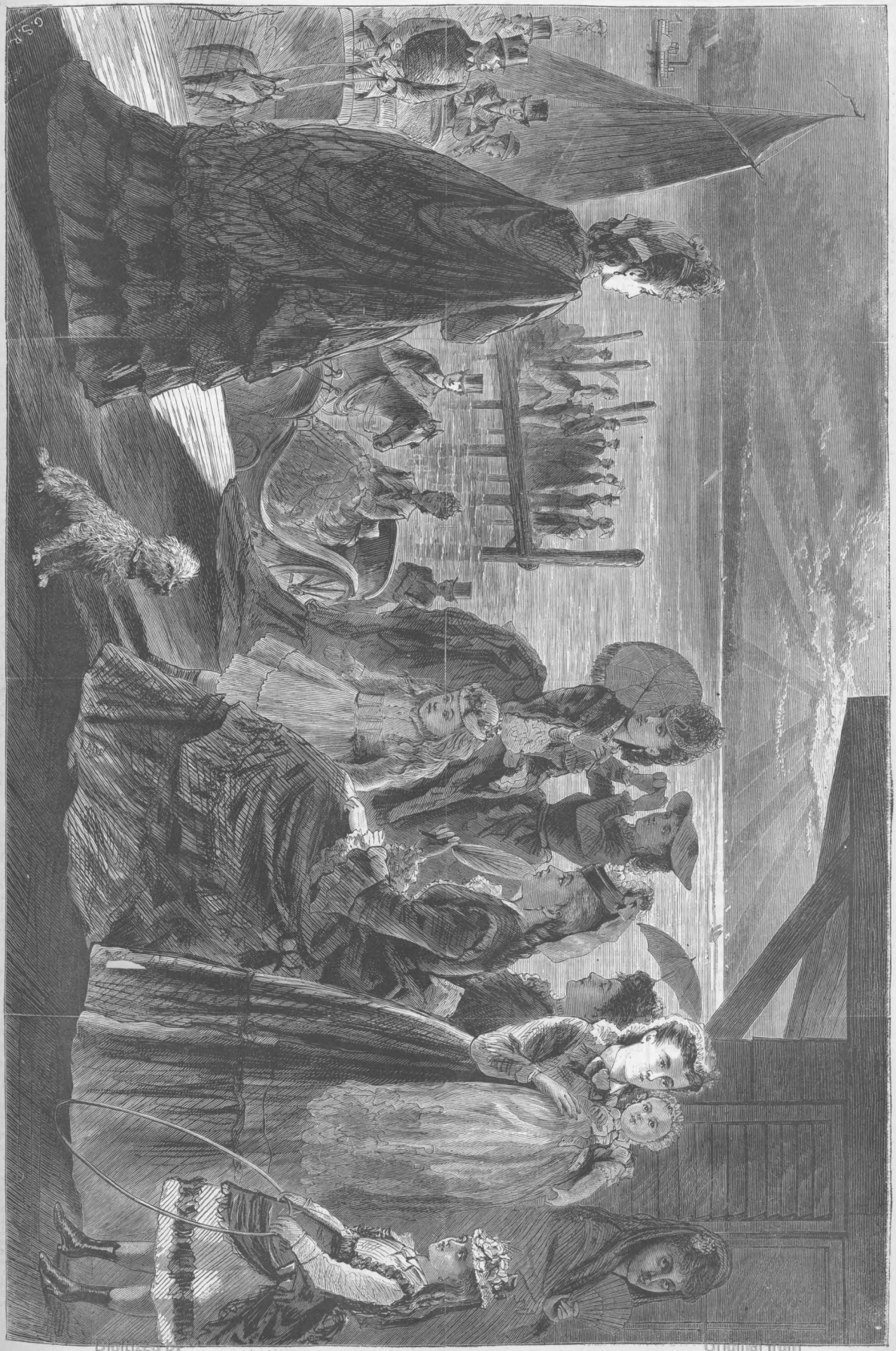

AT THE SEA-SIDE LANDING—WAITING FOR THE EVENING BOAT FROM THE CITY.—[DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.]

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DAWN.

'Tis scarcely four by the village clock—
The dew is heavy, the air is cool;
A mist goes up from the glassy pool;
Through the dim field ranges a phantom flock;
No sound is heard but the magpie's mock.

Very low is the sun in the sky;
It needeth no eagle now to regard him.
Is there not one lark left to reward him
With the shivering joy of his long sweet cry?
For his face shines sadly, I know not why.

Through the ivied ruins of yonder elm
There glides and gazes a sadder face—
Spectre queen of a vanished race.
'Tis the full moon shrunk to a fleeting film,
And she lingers for love of her ancient realm.

These are but idle fancies, I know,
Framed to solace a secret grief.
Look again, scorning such false relief—
Dwarf not nature to match thy woe.
Look again—whence do these fancies flow?

What is the moon but a lamp of fire
That God shall relume in his season? The sun
Like a giant rejoices his race to run
With flaming feet that never tire
On the azure path of the starry choir.

The lark has sung ere I left my bed,
And hark! far aloft from these ladders of light
Many songs, not one only, the morn delight;
Then, Sad Heart, dream not that Nature is dead,
But seek from her strength and comfort instead.

LORD KILGOBBIN.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

Author of "That Boy of Norcott's," "The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly," "Sir Brooke Fossbrooke," "A Day's Ride," "One of Them," "Gerald Fitzgerald," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXIX.

ON A VISIT AT KILGOBBIN.

BEFORE Kearney had risen from his bed the next morning Donogan was in his room, his look elated, and his cheek glowing with recent exercise. "I have had a burst of two hours' sharp walking over the bog," cried he; "and it has put me in such spirits as I have not known for many a year. Do you know, Mr. Kearney, that what with the fantastic effects of the morning mists, as they lift themselves over these vast wastes, the glorious patches of blue heather and purple anemone that the sun displays through the fog, and, better than all, the springiness of a soil that sends a thrill to the heart, like a throb of youth itself, there is no walking in the world can compare with a bog at sunrise! There's a sentiment to open a paper on nationalities! I came up with the postboy, and took his letters, to save him a couple of miles. Here's one for you, I think from Atlee; and this is also to your address, from Dublin; and here's the last number of the *Pike;* and you'll see they have lost no time. There's a few lines about you. 'Our readers will be grateful to us for the tidings we announce to-day, with authority—that Richard Kearney, Esq., son of Maurice Kearney, of Kilgobbin Castle, will contest his native county at the approaching election. It will be a proud day for Ireland when she shall see her representation in the names of those who dignify the exalted station they hold in virtue of their birth and blood by claims of admitted talent and recognized ability. Mr. Kearney, junior, has swept the university of its prizes, and the college gate has long seen his name at the head of her prizemen. He contests the seat in the National interest. It is needless to say all our sympathies and hopes and best wishes go with him.'"

Dick shook with laughing while the other read out the paragraph in a high-sounding and pretentious tone.

"I hope," said Kearney at last, "that the information as to my college successes is not vouched for on authority."

"Who cares a fig about them? The phrase rounds off a sentence, and nobody treats it like an affidavit."

"But some one may take the trouble to remind the readers that my victories have been defeats, and that in my last examination but one I got 'cautioned.'"

"Do you imagine, Mr. Kearney, the House of Commons in any way reflects college distinction? Do you look for senior wranglers and double-firsts on the Treasury bench? and are not the men who carry away distinction the men of breadth, not depth? Is it not the wide acquaintance with a large field of knowledge, and the subtle power to know how other men regard these topics, that make the popular leader of the present day? And remember, it is talk, and not oratory, is the mode. You must be commonplace, and even vulgar, practical, dashed with a small morality, so as not to be classed with the low Radical; and if then you have a bit of high-falutin for the peroration, you'll do. The morning papers will call you a young man of great promise, and the whip will never pass you without a shake-hands."

"But there are good speakers."

"There is Bright—I don't think I know another—and he only at times. Take my word for it, the secret of success with 'the collective wisdom' is reiteration. Tell them the same thing, not once or twice, or even ten, but fifty times, and don't vary very much even the way you tell it. Go on repeating your platitudes, and by the time you find you are cursing your own stupid persistence, you may swear you have made a convert to your opinions. If you are bent on variety, and must indulge it, ring your changes on the man who brought these views before them—yourself, but beyond these never soar. O'Connell, who had variety at will for his own countrymen, never tried it in England: he knew better. The chawbacons that we sneer at are not always in smock-frocks, take my word for it; they many of them wear wide-brimmed hats and broadcloth, and sit above the gangway. Ay, Sir," cried he, warming with the theme: "once I can get my countrymen fully awakened to the fact of who and what are the men who rule them, I'll ask for no Catholic Associations, or Repeal Committees, or Nationalist Clubs; the card-house of British supremacy will tumble of itself; there will be no conflict, but simply submission."

"We're a long day's journey from these convictions, I suspect," said Kearney, doubtfully.

"Not so far, perhaps, as you think. Do you remark how little the English press deal in abuse of us to what was once their custom? They have not, I admit, come down to civility; but they don't deride us in the old fashion, nor tell us, as I once saw, that we are intellectually and physically stamped with inferiority. If it was true, Mr. Kearney, it was stupid to tell it to us."

"I think we could do better than dwell upon these things."

"I deny that: deny it *in toto*. The moment you forget, in your dealings with the Englishman, the cheap estimate he entertains, not alone of your brains and your skill, but of your resolution, your persistence, your strong will—ay, your very integrity—that moment, I say, places him in a position to treat you as something below him. Bear in mind, however, how he is striving to regard you, and it's your own fault if you're not his equal, and something more perhaps. There was a man more than the master of them all, and his name was Edmund Burke; and how did they treat *him?* How insolently did they behave to O'Connell in the House till he put his heel on them! Were they generous to Sheil? Were they just to Plunkett? No, no. The element that they decry in our people they know they have not got, and they'd like to crush the race, when they can not extinguish the quality."

Donogan had so excited himself now that he walked up and down the room, his voice ringing with emotion, and his arms wildly tossing in all the extravagance of passion. "This is from Joe Atlee," said Kearney, as he tore open the envelope:

"'DEAR DICK,—I can not account for the madness that seems to have seized you, except that Dan Donogan, the most rabid dog I know, has bitten you. If so for Heaven's sake have the piece cut out at once, and use the strongest cautery of common-sense, if you know of any one who has a little to spare. I only remembered yesterday that I ought to have told you I had sheltered Dan in our rooms, but I can already detect that you have made his acquaintance. He is not a bad fellow. He is sincere in his opinions, and incorruptible, if that be the name for a man who, if bought to-morrow, would not be worth sixpence to his owner.

"'Though I resigned all respect for my own good sense in telling it, I was obliged to let H. E. know the contents of your dispatch, and then, as I saw he had never heard of Kilgobbin or the great Kearney family, I told more lies of your estated property, your county station, your influence generally, and your abilities individually, than the fee-simple of your property, converted into masses, will see me safe through purgatory; and I have consequently baited the trap that has caught myself; for, persuaded by my eloquent advocacy of you all, H. E. has written to Walpole to make certain inquiries concerning you, which if satisfactory, he, Walpole, will put himself in communication with you, as to the extent and the mode to which the government will support you. I think I can see Dan Donogan's fine hand in that part of your note which foreshadows a threat, and hints that the Walpole story would, if published abroad, do enormous damage to the ministry. This, let me assure you, is a fatal error, and a blunder which could only be committed by an outsider in political life. The days are long past since a scandal could smash an administration; and we are so strong now that arson or forgery could not hurt, and I don't think that infanticide would affect us.

"'If you are really bent on this wild exploit, you should see Walpole and confer with him. You don't talk well, but you write worse; so avoid correspondence, and do all your indiscretions verbally. Be angry, if you like, with my candor, but follow my counsel.

"'See him and show him, if you are able, that, all questions of nationality apart, he may count upon your vote; that there are certain impracticable and impossible conceits in politics—like repeal, subdivision of land, restoration of the confiscated estates, and such like—on which Irishmen insist on being free to talk balderdash and air their patriotism; but that, rightfully considered, they are as harmless and mean just as little as a discussion on the Digamma or a debate on perpetual motion. The stupid Tories could never be brought to see this. Like genuine dolts, they would have an army of supporters one-minded with them in every thing. We know better, and hence we buy the Radical vote by a little coquetting with communism, and the model working-man and the rebel by an occasional jail delivery, and the papist by a sop to the Holy Father. Bear in mind, Dick—and it is the grand secret of political life—it takes all sorts of people to make "a party." When you have thoroughly digested this aphorism you are fit to start in the world.

"'If you are not so full of what I am sure you would call your "legitimate ambitions," I'd like to tell you the glorious life we lead in this place. Disraeli talks of "the well-sustained splendor of their stately lives," and it is just the phrase for an existence in which all the appliances to ease and enjoyment are supplied by a sort of magic, that never shows its machinery, nor lets you hear the sound of its working. The saddle-horses know when I want to ride by the same instinct that makes the butler give me the exact wine I wish at my dinner. And so on throughout the day, "the sustained splendor" being an ever-present luxuriousness that I drink in with a thirst that knows no slaking.

"'I have made a hit with H. E., and, from copying some rather muddle-headed dispatches, I am now promoted to writing short skeleton sermons on politics, which, duly filled out and fattened with official nutriment, will one day astonish the Irish Office, and make one of the Nestors of bureaucracy exclaim, "See how Danesbury has got up the Irish question!"

"'I have a charming collaborateur, my lord's niece, who was acting as his private secretary up to the time of my arrival, and whose explanation of a variety of things I found to be so essential that, from being at first in the continual necessity of seeking her out, I have now arrived at a point at which we write in the same room, and pass our mornings in the library till luncheon. She is stunningly handsome, as tall as the Greek cousin, and with a stately grace of manner and a cold dignity of demeanor I'd give my heart's blood to subdue to a mood of womanly tenderness and dependence. Up to this, my position is that of a very humble courtier in presence of a queen, and she takes care that by no momentary forgetfulness shall I lose sight of the "situation."

"'She is engaged, they say, to be married to Walpole; but as I have not heard that he is heir-apparent, or has even the reversion to the crown of Spain, I can not perceive what the contract means.

"'I rode out with her to-day by special invitation, or permission—which was it?—and in the few words that passed between us she asked me if I had long known Mr. Walpole, and put her horse into a canter without waiting for my answer.

"'With H. E. I can talk away freely, and without constraint. I am never very sure that he does not know the things he questions me on better than myself—a practice some of his order rather cultivate; but, on the whole, our intercourse is easy. I know he is not a little puzzled about me, and I intend that he should remain so.

"'When you have seen and spoken with Walpole, write me what has taken place between you; and though I am fully convinced that what you intend is unmitigated folly, I see so many difficulties in the way, such obstacles, and such almost impossibilities to be overcome, that I think Fate will be more merciful to you than your ambitions, and spare you, by an early defeat, from a crushing disappointment.

"'Had you ambitioned to be a governor of a colony, a bishop, or a Queen's messenger—they are the only irresponsible people I can think of—I might have helped you; but this conceit to be a Parliament man is such irredeemable folly, one is powerless to deal with it.

"'At all events, your time is not worth much, nor is your public character of a very grave importance. Give them both, then, freely to the effort, but do not let it cost you money, nor let Donogan persuade you that you are one of those men who can make patriotism self-supporting.

"'H. E. hints at a very confidential mission on which he desires to employ me; and though I should leave this place now with much regret, and a more tender sorrow than I could teach you to comprehend, I shall hold myself at his orders for Japan if he wants me. Meanwhile, write to me what takes place with Walpole, and put your faith firmly in the good-will and efficiency of

"'Yours truly, JOE ATLEE.

"'If you think of taking Donogan down with you to Kilgobbin, I ought to tell you that it would be a mistake. Women invariably dislike him, and he would do you no credit.'"

Dick Kearney, who had begun to read this letter aloud, saw himself constrained to continue, and went on boldly, without stop or hesitation, to the last word.

"I am very grateful to you, Mr. Kearney," said Donogan, "for this mark of trustfulness, and I'm not in the least sore about all Joe has said of me."

"He is not overcomplimentary to myself," said Kearney, and the irritation he felt was not to be concealed.

"There's one passage in his letter," said the other, thoughtfully, "well worth all the stress he lays on it. He tells you never to forget it 'takes all sorts of men to make a party.' Nothing can more painfully prove the fact than that we need Joe Atlee among ourselves! And it is true, Mr. Kearney," said he, sternly, "treason must now, to have any chance at all, be many-handed. We want not only all sorts of men, but in all sorts of places; and at tables where rebel opinions dared not be boldly announced and defended we want people who can coquet with felony, and get men to talk over treason with little if any ceremony. Joe can do this—he can write, and, what is better, sing you a Fenian ballad, and if he sees he has made a mistake, he can quiz himself and his song as cavalierly as he has sung it. And now, on my solemn oath, I say it, I don't know that any thing worse has befallen us than the fact that there are such men as Joe Atlee among us, and that we need them—ay, Sir, we need them!"

"This is brief enough, at any rate," said Kearney, as he broke open the second letter:

"'DUBLIN CASTLE, *Wednesday Evening.*

"'DEAR SIR,—Would you do me the great favor to call on me here at your earliest convenient moment? I am still an invalid, and confined to a sofa, or would ask for permission to meet you at your chambers.

"'Believe me, yours faithfully,

"'CECIL WALTOTE.

"That can not be delayed, I suppose?" said Kearney, in the tone of a question.

"Certainly not."

"I'll go up by the night mail. You'll remain where you are, and where I hope you feel you are with a welcome."

"I feel it, Sir—I feel it more than I can say." And his face was blood-red as he spoke.

"There are scores of things you can do while I am away. You'll have to study the county in all its baronies and subdivisions: there my sister can help you; and you'll have to learn the names and places of our great county swells, and mark such as may be likely to assist us. You'll have to stroll about in our own neighborhood, and learn what the people near home say of the intention, and pick up what you can of public opinion in our towns of Moate and Kilbeggan."

"I have bethought me of all that—" He paused here and seemed to hesitate if he should say more; and, after an effort, he went on: "You'll not take amiss what I'm going to say, Mr. Kearney. You'll make full allowance for a man placed as I am. But I want, before you go, to learn from you in what way, or as what, you have presented me to your family. Am I a poor sizar of Trinity, whose hard struggle with poverty has caught your sympathy? Am I a chance acquaintance, whose only claim on you is being known to Joe Atlee? I'm sure I need not ask you have you called me by my real name and given me my real character?"

Kearney flushed up to the eyes, and laying his hand on the other's shoulder—"This is exactly what I have done. I have told my sister that you were the noted Daniel Donogan, United Irishman and rebel."

"But only to your sister?"

"To none other."

"*She'll* not betray me, I know that."

"You are right there, Donogan. Here's how it happened, for it was not intended." And now he related how the name had escaped him.

"So that the cousin knows nothing?"

"Nothing whatever. My sister Kate is not one to make rash confidences, and you may rely on it she has not told her."

"I hope and trust that this mistake will serve you for a lesson, Mr. Kearney, and show you that to keep a secret it is not enough to have an honest intention, but a man must have a watch over his thoughts and a padlock on his tongue. And now to something of more importance. In your meeting with Walpole mind one thing: no modesty, no humility; make your demands boldly, and declare that your price is well worth the paying; let him feel that, as he must make a choice between the priests and the nationalists, that we are the easier of the two to deal with: first of all, we don't press for prompt payment; and secondly, we'll not shock Exeter Hall! Show him that strongly, and tell him that there are clever fellows among us who'll not compromise him or his party, and will never desert him on a close division. Oh, dear me, how I wish I was going in your place!"

"So do I, with all my heart; but there's ten striking, and we shall be late for breakfast."

CHAPTER XXX.

THE MOATE STATION.

THE train by which Miss Betty O'Shea expected her nephew was late in its arrival at Moate, and Peter Gill, who had been sent with the car to fetch him over, was busily discussing his second supper when the passengers arrived.

"Are you Mr. Gorman O'Shea, Sir?" asked Peter of a well-dressed and well-looking man, who had just taken his luggage from the train.

"No; here he is," replied he, pointing to a tall, powerful young fellow, whose tweed suit and billy-cock hat could not completely conceal a soldier-like bearing and a sort of compactness that comes of "drill."

"That's my name. What do you want with me?" cried he, in a loud but pleasant voice.

"Only that Miss Betty has sent me over with the car for your honor, if it's plazing to you to drive across."

"What about this broiled bone, Miller?" asked O'Shea. "I rather think I like the notion better than when you proposed it."

"I suspect you do," said the other; "but we'll have to step over to the 'Blue Goat.' It's only a few yards off, and they'll be ready, for I telegraphed them from town to be prepared as the train came in."

"You seem to know the place well."

"Yes. I may say I know something about it. I canvassed this part of the county once for one of the Idlers, and I secretly determined, if I ever thought of trying for a seat in the House, I'd make the attempt here. They are the most pretentious set of beggars, these small towns-folk, and they'd rather hear themselves talk politics, and give their notions of what they think 'good for Ireland,' than actually pocket bank-notes; and that, my dear friend, is a virtue in a constituency never to be ignored or forgotten. The moment, then, I heard of M——'s retirement, I sent off a confidential emissary down here to get up what is called a requisition, asking me to stand for the county. Here it is, and the answer, in this morning's *Freeman*. You can read it at your leisure. Here we are now at the 'Blue Goat;' and I see they are expecting us."

Not only was there a capital fire in the grate, and the table ready laid for supper, but half a dozen or more of the notabilities of Moate were in waiting to receive the new candidate, and confer with him over the coming contest.

"My companion is the nephew of an old neighbor of yours, gentlemen," said Miller; "Captain Gorman O'Shea, of the Imperial Lancers of Ausstrian, I know you have heard of, if you have not seen him."

A round of very hearty and decidedly instrative sala-

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tations followed, and Gorman was well pleased at the friendly reception accorded him.

Austria was a great country, one of the company observed. They had got liberal institutions and a free press, and they were good Catholics, who would give those heretical Prussians a fine lesson one of these days; and Gorman O'Shea's health, coupled with these sentiments, was drunk with all the honors.

"There's a jolly old face I ought to remember well," said Gorman, as he looked up at the portrait of Lord Kilgobbin over the chimney. "When I entered the service, and came back here on leave, he gave me the first sword I ever wore, and treated me as kindly as if I was his son."

The hearty speech elicited no response from the hearers, who only exchanged significant looks with each other, while Miller, apparently less under restraint, broke in with, "That stupid adventure the English newspaper called 'the gallant resistance at Kilgobbin Castle' has lost that man the esteem of Irishmen."

A perfect burst of approval followed these words; and while young O'Shea eagerly pressed for an explanation of an incident of which he heard for the first time, they one and all proceeded to give their versions of what had occurred; but with such contradictions, corrections, and emendations that the young man might be pardoned if he comprehended little of the event.

"They say his son will contest the county with you, Mr. Miller," cried one.

"Let me have no weightier rival, and I ask no more."

"Faix, if he's going to stand," said another, "his father might have taken the trouble to ask us for our votes. Would you believe it, Sir, it's going on six months since he put his foot in this room?"

"And do the 'Goats' stand that?" asked Miller.

"I don't wonder he doesn't care to come into Moate. There's not a shop in the town he doesn't owe money to."

"And we never refused him credit—"

"For any thing but his principles," chimed in an old fellow, whose oratory was heartily relished.

"He's going to stand in the National interest," said one.

"That's the safe ticket when you have no money," said another.

"Gentlemen," said Miller, who rose to his legs to give greater importance to his address, "if we want to make Ireland a country to live in, the only party to support is the Whig government. The Nationalist may open the jails, give license to the press, hunt down the Orangemen, and make the place generally too hot for the English. But are these the things that you and I want or strive for? We want order and quietness in the land, and the best places in it for ourselves to enjoy these blessings. Is Mr. Casey down there satisfied to keep the post-office in Moate, when he knows he could be first secretary in Dublin, at the head office, with two thousand a year? Will my friend Mr. M'Gloin say that he'd rather pass his life here than be a Commissioner of Customs, and live in Merrion Square? Ain't we men? Ain't we fathers and husbands? Have we not sons to advance and daughters to marry in the world, and how much will Nationalism do for these?

"I will not tell you that the Whigs love us or have any strong regard for us; but they need us, gentlemen, and they know well that, without the Radicals, and Scotland, and our party here, they couldn't keep power for three weeks. Now why is Scotland a great and prosperous country? I'll tell you. Scotland has no sentimental politics. Scotland says, in her own homely adage, 'Ca' me and I'll ca' thee.' Scotland insists that there should be Scotchmen every where—in the Post-office, in the Privy Council, in the Pipe-water and in the Punjaub! Does Scotland go on vaporing about an extinct nationality or the right of the Stuarts? Not a bit of it. She says, Burn Scotch coal in the navy, though the smoke may blind you and you never get up steam! She has no national absurdities: she neither asks for a flag nor a parliament. She demands only what will pay. And it is by supporting the Whigs you will make Ireland as prosperous as Scotland. Literally, the Fenians, gentlemen, will never make my friend yonder a baronet, nor put me on the Bench; and now that we are met here in secret committee, I can say all this to you, and none of it get abroad.

"Mind, I never told you the Whigs love us, or said that we love the Whigs; but we can each of us help the other. When *they* smash the Protestant party, they are doing a fine stroke of work for Liberalism in pulling down a cruel ascendency and righting the Romanists. And when *we* crush the Protestants, we are opening the best places in the land to ourselves by getting rid of our only rivals. Look at the Bench, gentlemen, and the high offices of the courts. Have not we papists, as they call us, our share in both? And this is only the beginning, let me tell you. There is a university in College Green due to us, and a number of fine palaces that their bishops once lived in, and grand old cathedrals whose very names show the rightful ownership; and when we have got all these—as the Whigs will give them one day—even then, we are only beginning. And now turn the other side, and see what you have to expect from the Nationalists. Some very hard fighting and a great number of broken heads. I give in that you'll drive the English out, take the Pigeon-house Fort, capture the Magazine, and carry away the Lord Lieutenant in chains. And what will you have for it, after all, but another scrimmage among yourselves for the spoils? Mr. Mullen, of the *Pike*, will want something; that Mr. Darby M'Keown, of the *Convicted Felon*, has just appropriated; Tom Cassidy, that burned the Grand Master of the Orangemen, finds that he is not to be pensioned for life; and Phil Costigan, that blew up the Lodge in the Park, discovers that he is not even to get the ruins as building materials. I tell you, my friends, it's not in such convulsions as these that you and I, and other sensible men like us, want to pass our lives. We look for a comfortable berth and quarter-day; that's what we compound for—quarter-day—and I give it to you as a toast with all the honors."

And certainly the rich volume of cheers that greeted the sentiment vouched for a hearty and sincere recognition of the toast.

"The chaise is ready at the door, counselor," cried the landlord, addressing Mr. Miller, and after a friendly shake-hands all round, Miller slipped his arm through O'Shea's and drew him apart.

"I'll be back this way in about ten days or so, and I'll ask you to present me to your aunt. She has got above a hundred votes on her property, and I think I can count upon you to stand by me."

"I can, perhaps, promise you a welcome at the Barn," muttered the young fellow in some confusion; "but when you have seen my aunt you'll understand why I give you no pledges on the score of political support."

"Oh, is that the way?" asked Miller, with a knowing laugh.

"Yes, that's the way, and no mistake about it," replied O'Shea, and they parted.

EMIGRANT TICKET-OFFICE.

THE grand entrepôt of emigrants in New York is Castle Garden, where all new-comers to this country receive their first welcome to this land of peace, plenty, freedom, and equality. In the lower sketch on page 829 our artist shows the scene to be witnessed every evening about six o'clock about the large railroad depôt at the corner of Beach and Varick streets, where the great majority of emigrants take their departure for the West. At that time, as shown in the sketch, a crowd, comprising people of almost every nationality in Europe, but chiefly Germans, may be seen waiting to be put on board the cars; and a more lively scene it would be difficult to imagine.

DEALINGS WITH MAD DOGS.

EVERY one will admit there are few subjects which possess a more terrible fascination than that of hydrophobia. From the awful nature of the disease, and the capricious and uncertain manner in which it assails its victims, it is invested with horror and mystery beyond any and every other ill which man can suffer. I do not mean to touch upon the medical and scientific theories or treatment of canine madness. Such themes are above me. Nor would the reader, probably, be greatly enlightened were I to do so, seeing that until very recently a large section of the scientific world entirely disputed the existence of hydrophobia at all, or, at any rate, the possibility of its being communicated to human beings. Nor shall I dwell upon the symptoms which declare the dog to be affected, or attempt—unless I mention them incidentally—in any way to describe them. All I propose to do is to tell two or three anecdotes of men who have been called upon to confront mad animals of the dog kind. First let me tell the reader that the most minutely detailed and interesting narrative of the whole kind is the death of the Duke of Richmond, in Canada, from the bite of a rabid fox. He may read the story in most anecdote-books, and shocking enough he will find it: but, terrible as it may be, it is also a noble record of heroic endurance of a dreadful calamity.

A great deal of good was done, despite the unpopularity of the measures, by the dog tax of a few years back, and by the late Sir Richard Mayne's order to the police to seize all stray dogs whatever. In the summer when that order was given nearly fifteen thousand dogs were so seized, and London escaped, for the first time in my memory, without a single death from hydrophobia. A plain man like myself looks at results, which are generally more convincing than theories.

It is very difficult in the earlier stages to know whether a dog be mad or not; but in all case of doubt kill the poor thing at once, it may save him much suffering, and you from the harrowing reflection that some human being has been bitten through your neglect. Madness is not always traceable to a dog having been bitten: it sometimes comes on spontaneously. A friend of mine once owned a favorite terrier which had recently littered five puppies, and, as she was kept constantly in his garden, she could not possibly have been bitten for some considerable time. But she suddenly displayed unmistakable symptoms of madness, and ran up and down the garden with the saliva flying from her jaws, and her head twitching from side to side, as the heads of all mad dogs do. This arises from the convulsive action of the muscles of the throat and neck which invariably characterizes hydrophobia—in human beings, unhappily, as well as in quadrupeds—and the imitation of which makes poisoning by strychnine so painful to endure, and so horrific to see. Luckily my friend himself was the first to notice her, and his first care was to close the doors and order no one to go into the garden. He had no fire-arms, and was afraid to leave the house to procure poison while she was at large, lest she should scramble over the low wall, or some one should inadvertently enter the inclosure. At last he thought of a plan which is worthy of being known, in the event of any of my readers being unfortunate enough to need such an expedient. He procured an old box without a lid—a tea-chest would do, or any such thing—and, holding this before him, went straight into the garden. The poor brute ran directly toward him, and had she come quite close he would have turned the box over her, and so covered her with it; this he could have done easily enough, for mad dogs never dodge or twist about. But even in her frenzy her maternal instinct was too strong, and she ran back to her kennel and began suckling her puppies. As the end of the chain—which was still round her neck—hung out of the kennel, her master seized it and fastened it to its staple, then sent for some poison, and so killed her; for she would try to eat, although she could not drink. But here is the strangest part of the story, and to me it seems very pathetic. All her little puppies were raving mad too, and the foam hung in flakes about their mouths, and their poor little heads twitched just as the mother's had done. They had sucked in madness with their milk, for she had not bitten any of them. This was, in my experience at least, a new feature in the history of hydrophobia.

The most dangerous characteristic of this disease is the capricious manner in which it makes its appearance. Sometimes the dog will show for several days that there is something wrong with him, moping and shunning those of whom he has hitherto been fondest, while at other times, as in the case just given, it comes on with a frightful suddenness. The eminent philanthropist, Sir T. F. Buxton, who was a great and good man in private as well as in public, had a truly terrible adventure with a large and favorite dog. He was riding on horseback to London one morning, from the vicinity of Hampstead, when he heard a great hubbub as he came through the village, and, to his horror, found that his own dog, which he had left behind him and broken out and, raving mad, was biting at every thing near. Mr. Buxton saw him bite at least a dozen dogs and several human beings. In vain did his master ride after him and shout at or try to coax him; the brute no longer obeyed the familiar voice. As they approached London the idea of the mischief he would do in the crowded streets became so overpowering that his master decided that it was his duty to run every risk, and to capture him at any hazard; and the dog fortunately turning up a drive which led to some lodge gate, Mr. Buxton sprang from his horse and grasped a raving mad Newfoundland dog round the neck! After a desperate struggle he dragged the animal close enough to enable him to ring the bell, and the gardener opening the lodge-gate, Mr. Buxton, with his permission, forced the dog into the garden, and a chain having been procured it was fastened to the dog's collar and to a tree. This part is best told in Mr. Buxton's own words:

"I made the gardener, who was in a terrible fright, secure the collar round his neck, and fix the other end of the chain to a tree, and then, walking to its furthest range, with all my force, which was nearly exhausted by his frantic struggles, I flung him away from me and sprang back. He made a desperate bound after me; but finding himself foiled, he uttered the most fearful yell I ever heard. All that day he did nothing but rush to and fro, champing the foam which gushed from his jaws. We threw him meat, and he snatched at it with fury, but instantly dropped it again.

"The next day, when I went to see him, I thought the chain seemed worn, so I pinned him to the ground between the prongs of a pitchfork, and then fixed a much larger chain round his neck. When I pulled away the fork he sprang up and made a dash at me, *which snapped the old chain in two*. He died in forty-eight hours from the time he went mad."

Some might call this heroism; but if any of my readers should be placed in a similar strait, the more desirable plan would be to have the poor brute destroyed.

My next illustration is not generally known (Sir T. F. Buxton's probably is, which has prevented me from dwelling so much on the details as his bravery deserves), but as I was acquainted with the chief actor, I can vouch for its truth. It is somewhat less thrilling than the last instance, it nevertheless demanded very firm nerves, and shows the inestimable value of presence of mind. Some years ago a large dog, in a state of furious madness, was discovered running about the streets at the West End of London. Of course the alarm and excitement spread, and a crowd of shouting men and boys followed it. A butcher was standing at the door of his shop when the rabid beast entered the street, and the man as he stood there was right in the track. The crowd shouted to him to get out of the way; but in lieu of doing so the butcher coolly detached his "steel"—an implement with which every reader is familiar in the larger size which it takes when for professional and not domestic use—from his apron, and planted himself in the centre of the pathway. Snapping viciously, with whitened jaws, at every thing near, the dog came on, and when close to the butcher sprang at him to seize him; but as he opened his savage teeth the man stepped forward, and, holding his weapon with a firm grip, drove the steel right down the brute's throat almost to the hilt. His fingers were, of course, close to the fatal fangs; but these were harmless now, for the dog fell dead at his feet. There are many men who would rather have faced a line of bayonets than have done such a deed as this; and many a man has been praised to the skies and rewarded for a less courageous act.

Without breaking my resolution of not entering upon the medical questions connected with hydrophobia, I may allude to the agonizing uncertainty which haunts a person who is bitten by a mad dog. Of all poisons ever known the virus is the most capricious, most unaccountable, in its action. The blood-poison to which it is most often compared—the bite of a serpent—is really more of a contrast than a comparison; the one is so certain and regular in its effect, the other so uncertain in time, or even in any injury resulting at all. None of the men bitten by Sir T. F. Buxton's dog went mad. I have known a child's arm torn and bitten to the bone by a dog outrageously rabid, and the child did not suffer more than it would have done from any other injury of equal extent. There have been frequent instances where a dog has bitten a great number of human beings, and one has gone mad while the rest have escaped; on the other hand, I have also known a very slight puncture, from a dog not suspected to be rabid, bring on the most deadly madness. The treatment of hydrophobia is just as unsettled as is the action of the disease itself. A surgeon once treated a very bad bite on his own hand, inflicted by a dog that, at any rate, was infuriated, which not only presented some very ugly symptoms, but menaced, I fancied, the worst results. He used water only; he kept a constantly saturated pad of linen on the bite, and he got quite well. But the value of such evidence as this is diminished by its being impossible to say whether hydrophobia would have set in if the wound had been left to itself.

As a rule, a mad dog will not go out of its way to bite you. It is rarely so ferocious as in the second of my instances, but it pursues a straight course, snapping at every living object which it meets. A friend of mine once passed, on a lonely country road, within a few feet of a dog which struck him as having something strange in its aspect and movements; fifty yards farther on he encountered two men with guns, who asked him if he had seen a dog, and on being answered that he had, and where, told him to thank God for his escape, for that very brute was raving mad, and had bitten at least a dozen animals and two or three men and children that morning. My informant almost fainted with the shock which this intelligence communicated, and was greatly relieved to hear the report of a gun directly afterward, telling that the career of the mad dog was ended. I spoke at the commencement of this brief article of the effect produced by the clearance of the streets from dogs by the police; most of my readers will remember how that one man in the force, especially, had his hands covered all over with wounds from bites, and in a lesser degree this was common among the men; yet—and this adds to the perplexing nature of the subject—not one of the force suffered from hydrophobia; nor, I believe, has any attendant at that most useful institution, the Home for Lost and Starving Dogs, ever been attacked. It is really like the immunity doctors enjoy, as a rule, from contagion in fevers and other pestilences, and is altogether out of my power to explain. Finally, I will observe that I never knew the madness of a dog to be clearly traceable to a want of water. Popular opinion, I know, ascribes it always to this privation; but so far as I have had an opportunity of noticing, thirst alone never causes the disease.

THE CROWS AND THE CRANE.

A CALCUTTA correspondent sends the following anecdote of that singular bird, the adjutant, or gigantic crane, which may be a novelty to some of our readers. He says that his attention was attracted one morning by an unusual turmoil in the "compound," or out-door premises of the house in which he lived. Looking out of the window, he saw an adjutant, evidently unable to remount on his wings, standing helplessly amidst a company of at least a hundred crows, whose loud vociferations seemed to express any thing but delight at the presence of their gigantic fellow-biped. The adjutant, from his usefulness as a scavenger-of-all-work, is a gentleman very much humored about Indian homesteads; and this one in particular, as was his wont, had been lingering outside the cook's room for any unconsidered trifles which the servants might think fit to throw out. A few crows, however, getting wind of the affair, with the sagacious notion that they might pick up a few chance scraps on their own account, were soon on the scene of action. Hunger has no compunctions; and at last one of them, more venturesome than the rest, approaching more closely than actual prudence would have dictated, ventured to dispute the possession of a bone with the adjutant. The question was not long in abeyance; for, in a few moments, the adjutant—leaving the bone for subsequent discussion—seized the crow, hip and thigh, and swallowed him at one gulp. This summary act seems to have aroused the indignation of the other crows, who by their cries soon brought together numbers of others from every quarter; and for a good two hours they never ceased—some from the ground, others from a neighboring wall—to badger their voracious foe, scolding him to the top of their lungs, and tantalizing him by approaching as close as they dared, extending a claw or a wing to almost within his reach, and suddenly withdrawing it as he attempted to seize them. And this unequal vengeance they continued for two or three mornings. The adjutant is one of the most voracious and carnivorous birds known; and the enormous quantity which it can devour may be judged of from its size. From tip to tip of its wings, when stretched out, it measures about fourteen or fifteen feet, and it is five feet high when standing erect. Well-founded stories of its voracity, however, are by no means uncommon. With the adjutant, all is fish that comes to net. Every thing is swallowed whole. In the stomach of one, a land tortoise ten inches long, and a large male black cat, have been found entire. A shin of beef, broken asunder, serves an adjutant for but two morsels; and a leg of mutton, five or six pounds weight, if he can purloin it—for he is a terrible thief—is no more than a fair ordinary mouthful. Fortunately, the courage of the adjutant is not equal to its greediness; for a child, eight or ten years old, can scare it with a common switch.

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MR. NOSEGAY RESIDES IN THE SUBURBS, HE IS LATE THIS MORNING AND MRS. N. INFORMS HIM THAT SHE HEARS THE TRAIN IN THE DISTANCE.

MR. NOSEGAY RUSHES FOR THE TRAIN, THE DOGS OF THE VILLAGE ACCOMPANY HIM.

A NARROW ESCAPE, IN WHICH HE RECEIVES SOME BRUISES AND LOSES HIS HAT AND BASKET.

MR. N. HAVING BORROWED A CAP OF THE BRAKEMAN ARRIVES SAFELY AT THE OFFICE.

THE HAT AND BASKET, HAVING BEEN FOUND, ARE SENT HOME. TERRIBLE ANXIETY OF MRS. NOSEGAY.

SHE HASTENS TO THE OFFICE WHERE HER JOY AT THE SAFETY OF MR. NOSEGAY KNOWS NO BOUNDS.

HURRYING FOR THE TRAIN.

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THE HOWARD MISSION.

ABOUT ten years ago a few benevolent and philanthropic persons established the "Home for Little Wanderers" in what was then the lowest and worst part of New York. The Home, as its name implies, was intended as a place of refuge, where the poor little children who were wandering, homeless and hungry, about the streets of the great city could be provided with a comfortable home, decent clothing, and wholesome food. At first the project met with great opposition, not only among the Roman Catholic clergy, but among the class whom it was chiefly intended to benefit. The attitude of the Romanists was intelligible. They dreaded the influence of the Mission upon the minds of the children, and would rather let them starve in the street or come to worse ending, than run the risk of their becoming intelligent and educated, and reflecting men and women. The Church, popular prejudice, the Legislature, were each in turn invoked to suppress this "dangerous" project. The Mission was actually taking the children of Catholic parents from the dens and gutters where they wasted their lives, giving them shelter, food, and clothing, and finding them good homes in the country, where they could grow up honest, industrious, and happy.

In spite of every species of opposition, the Mission flourished and increased. A new building, of which we give a sketch, is in process of erection on Roosevelt Street. During the ten years of its existence it has provided homes for over ten thousand children, besides assisting many hundreds of poor families through seasons of temporary distress. Its work is chiefly among the children, who are divided into the following classes:

1st. Those who may be placed in the care of the Mission to be sent to homes and situations.

2d. Those whom the Mission is not authorized to send to homes, but who may need a temporary shelter until their friends can provide for them.

3d. Those who have homes or places in which to sleep. These may enjoy the benefits of the wardrobe, dining and school rooms, but not sleep in the Mission.

In addition to this, food, fuel, and clothing are given to the poor, the sick are visited and assisted, work is sought for the unemployed, and mothers may leave their small children in the Day Nursery while they go to work.

The Mission owes its great success to the unremitting labors of the Superintendent, the Rev. W. C. VAN METER, and the President, Mr. A. S. HATCH. This gentleman, mindful of the fact that these poor people have but few pleasures in life, has several times given them the rare delight of a sail in his yacht through the lovely waters of our bay and rivers.

It will interest our readers to know that Mr. VAN METER has had his attention called to the proposed establishment of a similar mission in Rome. That ancient city is now open to the efforts of missionaries and teachers. Italy is burdened with ignorance. The latest official statistics of education show that in 1864, out of a total population of 21,703,710, Italy had only 3,884,245 persons who could read and write, 893,588 who could read but not write, and 16,999,701 who could neither read nor write. Piedmont is the best educated province, 573 out of every 1000 being unable either to read or write; Basilicata is the most ignorant province, 912 out of every 1000 being wholly illiterate. In Calabria, Sicily, and Sardinia more than nine-tenths of the inhabitants can neither read nor write. Tuscany and Æmilia are about the average of the whole country, eight-tenths of the population being wholly illiterate. The people are, however, waking up to the importance of education, and several eminent persons have given Mr. VAN METER great encouragement to make the experiment of a child's home in what was until recently the very stronghold of Romanism and ignorance.

THE HOWARD MISSION.

A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION.

BY CHARLES READE.

WITH MANY ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-SECOND.

LADY BASSETT was carried to her room, and did not re-appear. She kept her own apartments, and her health declined so rapidly that Sir Charles sent for Dr. Willis. He prescribed for the body, but the disease lay in the mind. Martyr to an inward struggle, she pined visibly, and her beautiful eyes began to shine like stars, preternaturally large. She was in a frightful condition: she longed to tell the truth and end it all; but then she must lose her adored husband's respect, and perhaps his love; and she had not the courage. She saw no way out of it but to die and leave her confession; and, as she felt that the agony of her soul was killing her by degrees, she drew a sombre resignation from that.

She declined to see Reginald. She could not bear the sight of him.

Compton came to her many times a day, with a face full of concern, and even terror. But she would not talk to him of herself.

He brought her all the news he heard, having no other way to cheer her.

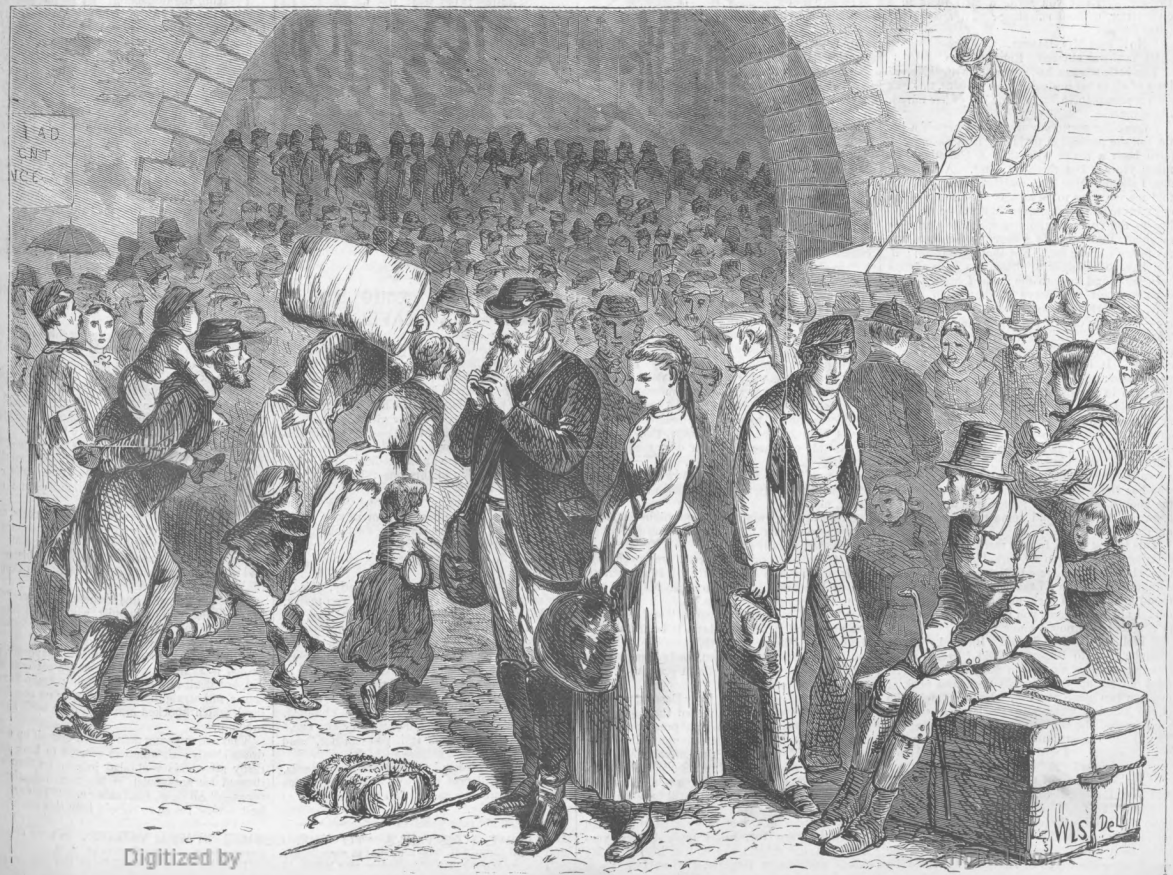
One day he told her there were robbers about. Two farm-houses had been robbed, a thing not known in these parts for many years.

Lady Bassett shuddered, but said nothing.

But by-and-by her beloved son came to her in distress with a grief of his own.

Ruperta Bassett was now the beauty of the county, and it seems Mr. Rutland had danced with her at her first ball, and been violently smitten with her; he had called more than once at Highmore, and his attentions were directly encouraged by Mr. Bassett. Now Mr. Rutland was heir to a peerage, and also to considerable estates in the county.

Compton was sick at heart, and, being young, saw his life about to be blighted; so now he was pale and woe-begone, and told her the sad news with such deep sighs and imploring tearful eyes, that all the mother rose in arms. "Ah!" said she, "they say to themselves that I am down, and can not fight for my child; but I would fight



EMIGRANTS DEPARTING FOR THE WEST.—[SEE PAGE 827.]

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for him on the edge of the grave. Let me think all by myself, dear. Come back to me in an hour. I shall do something. Your mother is a very cunning woman—for those she loves."

Compton kissed her gown—a favorite action of his, for he worshiped her—and went away.

The invalid laid her hollow cheek upon her wasted hand, and thought with all her might. By degrees her extraordinary brain developed a twofold plan of action; and she proceeded to execute the first part, being the least difficult, though even that was not easy, and brought a vivid blush to her wasted cheek.

She wrote to Mrs. Bassett:

"MADAM,—*I am very ill, and life is uncertain. Something tells me you, like me, regret the unhappy feud between our houses. If this is so, it would be a consolation to me to take you by the hand and exchange a few words, as we already have a few kind looks. Yours respectfully,*

"BELLA BASSETT."

She showed this letter to Compton, and told him he might send a servant with it to Highmore at once.

"Oh mamma!" said he, "I never thought you would do that: how good you are! You couldn't ask Ruperta, could you? Just in a little postscript, you know."

Lady Bassett shook her head.

"That would not be wise, my dear. Let me hook that fish for you, not frighten her away."

Great was the astonishment at Highmore when a blazing footman knocked at the door and handed Jessie the letter with assumed nonchalance, then stalked away, concealing with professional art his own astonishment at what he had done.

It was no business of Jessie's to take letters into the drawing-room; she would have deposited any other letter on the hall table; but she brought this one in, and, standing at the door, exclaimed, "Here a letter fr' Huntercombe!"

Richard Bassett, Mrs. Bassett, and Ruperta, all turned upon her with one accord.

"From where?"

"Fr' Huntercombe itsel'. Et isna for you, nor for you, missy. Et's for the messterress."

She marched proudly up to Mrs. Bassett and laid the letter down on the table; then drew back a step or two, and, being Scotch, coolly waited to hear the contents. Richard Bassett, being English, told her she need not stay.

Mrs. Bassett cast a bewildered look at her husband and daughter, then opened the letter quietly; read it quietly; and, having read it, took out her handkerchief, and began to cry quietly.

Ruperta cried, "Oh, mamma!" and in a moment had one long arm round her mother's neck, while the other hand seized the letter, and she read it aloud, cheek to cheek; but, before she got to an end, her mother's tears infected her, and she must whimper too.

"Here are a couple of geese," said Richard Bassett. "Can't you write a civil reply to a civil letter, without sniveling? I'll answer the letter for you."

"No!" said Mrs. Bassett.

Richard was amazed: Ruperta ditto.

The little woman had never dealt in "Noes," least of all to her husband; and, besides, this was such a plump "No." It came out of her mouth like a marble.

I think the sound surprised even herself a little, for she proceeded to justify it at once. "I have been a better wife than a Christian this many years. But there's a limit. And, Richard, I should never have married you if you had told me we were to be at war all our lives with our next neighbor, that every body respects. To live in the country, and not speak to our only neighbor, that is a life I never would have left my father's house for. Not that I complain: if you have been bitter to them, you have always been good and kind to me; and I hope I have done my best to deserve it; but when a sick lady, and perhaps dying, holds out her hand to me—write her one of your cold-blooded letters! That I won't. Reply? my reply will be just putting on my bonnet and going to her this afternoon. It is Passion-week, too; and that's not a week to play the heathen. Poor lady! I've seen in her sweet eyes this many years that she would gladly be friends with me; and she never passed me close but she bowed to me, in church or out, even when we were at daggers drawn. She is a lady, a real lady, every inch. But it is not that altogether. No, if a sick woman called me to her bedside this week, I'd go, whether she wrote from Huntercombe Hall or the poorest house in the place; else how could I hope my Saviour would come to *my* bedside at my last hour?"

This honest burst, from a meek lady who never talked nonsense, to be sure, but seldom went into eloquence, staggered Richard Bassett, and enraptured Ruperta so that she flung both arms round her mother's neck, and cried, "Oh, mamma! I always thought you were the best woman in England, and now I know it."

"Well, well, well," said Richard, kindly enough: then to Ruperta, "Did I ever say she was not the best woman in England? So you need not set up your throats neck and neck at me, like two geese at a fox. Unfortunately, she is the simplest woman in England, as well as the best, and she is going to visit the cunningest. That Lady Bassett will turn your mother inside out in no time. I wish you would go with her; you are a shrewd girl."

"My daughter will not go till she is asked," said Mrs. Bassett, firmly.

"In that case," said Richard, dryly, "let us hope the Lord will protect you, since it is for love of him you go into a she-fox's den."

No reply was vouchsafed to this aspiration, the words being the words of faith, but the voice the voice of skepticism.

Mrs. Bassett put on her bonnet, and went to Huntercombe Hall.

After a very short delay she was ushered up stairs, to the room where Lady Bassett was lying on a sofa.

Lady Bassett heard her coming, and rose to receive her.

She made Mrs. Bassett a court courtesy so graceful and profound that it rather frightened the little woman. Seeing which, Lady Bassett changed her style, and came forward, extending both hands with admirable grace and gentle amity, not overdone.

Mrs. Bassett gave her both hands, and they looked full at each other in silence, till the eyes of both ladies began to fill.

"You would have come—like this—years ago—at a word?" faltered Lady Bassett.

"Yes," gulped Mrs. Bassett.

Then there was another long pause.

"Oh, Lady Bassett, what a life! It is a wonder it has not killed us both."

"It will kill one of us."

"Not if I can help it."

"God bless you for saying so! Dear madam, sit by me, and let me hold the hand I might have had years ago, if I had had the courage."

"Why should you take the blame?" said Mrs. Bassett. "We have both been good wives; too obedient, perhaps. But to have to choose between a husband's commands and God's law, that is a terrible thing for any poor woman."

"It is, indeed."

Then there was another silence, and an awkward pause. Mrs. Bassett broke it, with some hesitation. "I hope, Lady Bassett, your present illness is not in any way—I hope you do not fear any thing more from my husband?"

"Oh, Mrs. Bassett! how can I help fearing it—especially if we provoke him? Mr. Reginald Bassett has returned, and you know he once gave your husband cause for just resentment."

"Well, but he is older now, and has more sense. Even if he should, Ruperta and I must try and keep the peace."

"Ruperta! I wish I had asked you to bring her with you. But I feared to ask too much at once."

"I'll send her to you to-morrow, Lady Bassett."

"No, bring her."

"Then tell me your hour."

"Yes, and I will send somebody out of the way. I want you both to myself."

While this conversation was going on at Huntercombe, Richard Bassett, being left alone with his daughter, proceeded to work with his usual skill upon her young mind.

He reminded her of Mr. Rutland's prospects, and said he hoped to see her a countess, and the loveliest jewel of the Peerage.

He then told her Mr. Rutland was coming to stay a day or two next week, and requested her to receive him graciously.

She promised that at once.

"That," said he, "will be a much better match for you than the younger son of Sir Charles Bassett. However, my girl is too proud to go into a family where she is not welcome."

"Much too proud for that," said Ruperta.

He left her smarting under that suggestion.

While he was smoking his cigar in the garden, Mrs. Bassett came home. She was in raptures with Lady Bassett, and told her daughter all that had passed; and, in conclusion, that she had promised Lady Bassett to take her to Huntercombe to-morrow."

"Me, dear!" cried Ruperta; "why, what can she want of me?"

"All I know is, her ladyship wishes very much to see you. In my opinion, you will be *very* welcome to poor Lady Bassett."

"Is she very ill?"

Mrs. Bassett shook her head. "She is much changed. She says she should be better if we were all at peace; but I don't know."

"Oh, mamma, I wish it was to-morrow."

They went to Huntercombe next day; and, ill as she was, Lady Bassett received them charmingly. She was startled by Ruperta's beauty and womanly appearance, but too well bred to show it, or say it all in a moment.

She spoke to the mother first; but presently took occasion to turn to the daughter, and to say, "May I hope, Miss Bassett, that you are on the side of peace, like your dear mother and myself?"

"I am," said Ruperta, firmly; "I always was—especially after that beautiful sermon, you know, mamma."

Says the proud mother, "You might tell Lady Bassett you think it is your mission to reunite your father and Sir Charles."

"Mamma!" said Ruperta, reproachfully. That was to stop her mouth. "If you tell all the wild things I say to you, her ladyship will think me very presumptuous."

"No, no," said Lady Bassett, "enthusiasm is not presumption. Enthusiasm is beautiful, and the brightest flower of youth."

"I am glad you think so, Lady Bassett; for people who have no enthusiasm seem very hard and mean to me."

"And so they are," said Lady Bassett, warmly.

But I have no time to record the full details of the conversation. I can only present the general result. Lady Bassett thought Ruperta a beautiful and noble girl, that any house might be proud to adopt; and Ruperta was charmed by Lady Bassett's exquisite manners, and touched and interested by her pale yet still beautiful face and eyes. They made friends; but it was not till the third visit, when many kind things had passed between them, that Lady Bassett ventured on the subject she had at heart. "My dear," said she to Ruperta, "when I first saw you, I wondered at my son Compton's audacity in loving a young lady so much more advanced than himself; but now I must be frank with you; I think the poor boy's audacity was only a proper courage. He has all my sympathy, and, if he is not quite indifferent to you, let me just put in my word, and say there is not a young lady in the world I could bear for my daughter-in-law, now I have seen and talked with you, my dear."

"Thank you, Lady Bassett," said Mrs. Bassett; "and, since you have said so much, let me speak my mind. So long as your son is attached to my daughter, I could never welcome any other son-in-law. I HAVE GOT THE TIPPET."

Lady Bassett looked at Ruperta for an explanation. Ruperta only blushed, and looked uncomfortable. She hated all allusion to the feats of her childhood.

Mrs. Bassett saw Lady Bassett's look of perplexity, and said, eagerly, "You never missed it? All the better. I thought I would keep it, for a peace-maker partly."

"My dear friend," said Lady Bassett, "you are speaking riddles to me; what tippet?"

"The tippet your son took off his own shoulders and put it round my girl that terrible night they were lost in the wood. Forgive me keeping it, Lady Bassett—I know I was little better than a thief; but it was only a tippet to you, and to me it was much more. Ah! Lady Bassett, I have loved your darling boy ever since; you can't wonder—you are a mother; and," turning suddenly on Ruperta, "why do you keep saying he is only a boy? If he was man enough to do that at seven years of age, he must have a manly heart. No; I couldn't bear the sight of any other son-in-law; and, when you are a mother, you'll understand many things; and, for one, you'll—under—stand—why I'm so—fool—ish; seeing the sweet boy's mother ready—to cry—too—oh! oh! oh!"

Lady Bassett held out her arms to her, and the mothers had a sweet cry together in each other's arms.

Ruperta's eyes were wet at this; but she told her mother she ought not to agitate Lady Bassett, and she so ill.

"And that is true, my good, sensible girl," said Mrs. Bassett; "but it has lain in my heart this nine years, and I could not keep it to myself any longer. But you are a beauty and a spoiled child, and so I suppose you think nothing of his giving you his tippet to keep you warm."

"Don't say that, mamma," said Ruperta, reproachfully. "I spoke to dear Compton about it not long ago. He had forgotten all about it, even."

"All the more to his credit; but don't you ever forget it, my own girl."

"I never will, mamma."

By degrees the three became so unreserved that Ruperta was gently urged to declare her real sentiments.

By this time the young beauty was quite cured of her fear lest she should be an unwelcome daughter-in-law; but there was an obstacle in her own mind. She was a frank, courageous girl; but this appeal tried her hard.

She blushed, fixed her eyes steadily on the ground, and said, pretty firmly and very slowly, "I had always a great affection for my cousin Compton; and so I have now. But I am not in love with him. He is but a boy; now I—"

A glance at the large mirror, and a superb smile of beauty and conscious womanhood, completed the sentence.

"He will get older every day," said Mrs. Bassett.

"And so shall I."

"But you will not look older, and he will. You have come to your full growth. He hasn't."

"I agree with the dear girl," said Lady Bassett, adroitly. "Compton, with his fair hair, looks so young, it would be ridiculous at present. But it is possible to be engaged, and wait a proper time for marriage; what I fear is, lest you should be tempted by some other offer. To speak plainly, I hear that Mr. Rutland pays his addresses to you, and visits at Highmore."

"Yes, he has been there twice."

"He is welcome to your father; and his prospects are dazzling; and he is not a boy, for he has long mustaches."

"I am not dazzled by his mustaches, and still less by his prospects," said the fair young beauty.

"You are an extraordinary girl."

"That she is," said Mrs. Bassett. "Her father has no more power over her than I have."

"Oh, mamma! am I a disobedient girl, then?"

"No, no. Only in this one thing, I see you will go your own way."

Lady Bassett put in her word. "Well, but this one thing is the happiness or misery of her whole life. I can not blame her for looking well before she leaps."

A grateful look from Ruperta's glorious eyes repaid the speaker.

"But," said Lady Bassett, tenderly, "it is something to have two mothers when you marry, instead of one; and you would have two, my love; I would try and live for you."

This touched Ruperta to the heart; she curled round Lady Bassett's neck, and they kissed each other like mother and daughter.

"This is too great a temptation," said Ruperta. "Yes; I *will* engage myself to Cousin Compton, if papa's consent can be obtained. Without his consent I could not marry any one."

"Nobody can obtain it, if you can not," said Mrs. Bassett.

Ruperta shook her head. "Mark my words, mamma, it will take me years to gain it. Papa is as obstinate as a mule. To be sure, I am as obstinate as fifty."

"It shall not take years, nor yet months," said Lady Bassett. "I know *Mr. Bassett's* objection, and I will remove it, cost me what it may."

This speech surprised the other two ladies so they made no reply.

Said Lady Bassett, firmly, "Do you pledge yourself to me, if I can obtain Mr. Bassett's consent?"

"I do," said Ruperta. "But—"

"You think my power with your father must be smaller than yours. I hope to show you you are mistaken."

The ladies rose to go: Lady Bassett took leave of them thus: "Good-by, my most valued friend, and sister in sorrow; good-by, my dear daughter."

At the gate of Huntercombe, whom should they meet but Compton Bassett, looking very pale and unhappy.

He was upon honor not to speak to Ruperta; but he gazed on her with a wistful and terrified look that was very touching. She gave him a soft pitying smile in return, that drove him almost wild with hope.

That night Richard Bassett sat in his chair, gloomy.

When his wife and daughter spoke to him in their soft accents, he returned short, surly answers. Evidently a storm was brewing.

At last it burst. He had heard of Ruperta's repeated visits to Huntercombe Hall. "You are not dealing fairly with me, you two," said he. "I allowed you to go once to see a woman that says she is very ill; but I warned you she was the cunningest woman in creation, and would make a fool of you both; and now I find you are always going. This will not do. She is netting two simple birds that I have the care of. Now, listen to me; I forbid you two ever to set foot in that house again. Do you hear me?"

"We hear you, papa," said Mrs. Bassett, quietly; "we must be deaf, if we did not."

Ruperta kept her countenance with difficulty.

"It is not a request, it is a command."

Mrs. Bassett for once in her life fired up. "And a most tyrannical one," said she.

Ruperta put her hand before her mother's mouth, then turned to her father.

"There was no need to express your wish so harshly, papa. We shall obey."

Then she whispered her mother, "And Mr. Rutland shall pay for it."

Mrs. Bassett communicated this behest to Lady Bassett in a letter.

Then Lady Bassett summoned all her courage, and sent for her son Compton. "Compton," said she, "I must speak to Reginald. Can you find him?"

"Oh yes, I can find him. I am sorry to say any body can find him at this time of day."

"Why, where is he?"

"I hardly like to tell you."

"Do you think his peculiarities have escaped me?"

"At the public-house."

"Ask him to come to me."

Compton went to the public-house, and there, to his no small disgust, found Mr. Reginald Bassett playing the fiddle, and four people, men and women, dancing to the sound, while one or two more smoked and looked on.

Compton restrained himself till the end of that dance, and then stepped up to Reginald, and whispered him, "Mamma wants to see you directly."

"Tell her I'm busy."

"I shall tell her nothing of the kind. You know she is very ill, and has not seen you yet; and now she wants to. So come along at once, like a good fellow."

"Youngster," said Reginald, "it is a rule with me never to leave a young woman for an old one."

"Not for your mother?"

"No, nor my grandmother either."

"Then you were born without a heart. But you shall come, whether you like it or not—though I have to drag you there by the throat."

"Learn to spell 'able' first."

"I'll spell it on your head, if you don't come."

"Oh, that is the game, young 'un, is it?"

"Yes."

"Well, don't let us have a shindy on the bricks; there is a nice little paddock outside. Come out there, and I'll give you a lesson."

"Thank you; I don't feel inclined to assist you in degrading our family."

"Chaps that are afraid to fight shouldn't threaten. Come, now, the first knock-down blow shall settle it. If I win, you stay here and dance with us. If you win, I go to the old woman."

Compton consented, somewhat reluctantly; but, to do him justice, his reluctance arose entirely from his sense of relationship, and not from any fear of his senior.

The young gentlemen took off their coats, and proceeded to spar without any further ceremony.

Reginald, whose agility was greater than his courage, danced about on the tips of his toes, and succeeded in planting a tap or two on Compton's cheek.

Compton smarted under these, and presently, in following his antagonist, who fought like a shadow, he saw Ruperta and her mother looking horror-stricken over the palings.

Infuriated with Reginald for this exposure, he rushed in at him, received a severe cut over the eye, but dealt him with his mighty Anglo-Saxon arm a full straightforward smasher on the forehead, which knocked him head over heels like a nine-pin.

That active young man picked himself up wondrous slowly; rheumatism seemed to have suddenly seized his well-oiled joints; he then addressed his antagonist, in his most ingratiating tones—"All right, Sir," said he. "You are the best man. I'll go to the old lady this minute."

"I'll *see* you go," said Compton, sternly; "and mind I can run as well as hit: so none of your gypsy tricks with *me*."

Then he came sheepishly to the palings, and said, "It is not my fault, Miss Bassett; he would

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not come to mamma without, and she wants to speak to him."

"Oh! he is hurt! he is wounded!" cried Ruperta. "Come here to me."

He came to her, and she pressed her white handkerchief tenderly on his eyebrow; it was bleeding a little.

"Well, are you coming?" said Reginald, ironically, "or do *you* like young women better than old ones?"

Compton instantly drew back a little, made two steps, laid his hand on the palings, vaulted over, and followed Reginald.

"That's your *boy*," said Mrs. Bassett.

Ruperta made no reply, but began to gulp.

"What is the matter, darling?"

"The fighting—the blood," said Ruperta, sobbing.

Mrs. Bassett drew her on one side, and soon soothed her.

When their gentle bosoms got over their agitation, they rather enjoyed the thing, especially Ruperta: she detested Reginald for his character, and for having insulted her father.

All of a sudden she cried out, "He has taken my handkerchief. How dare he?" And she affected anger.

"Never mind, dear," said Mrs. Bassett, coolly, "we have got his tippet."

CHAPTER THE FORTY-THIRD.

COULD any one have looked through the keyhole at Lady Bassett waiting for Reginald, he would have seen, by the very movements of her body, the terrible agitation of her mind. She rose—she sat down—she walked about with wild energy—she dropped on the sofa, and appeared to give it up as impossible; but ere long that deadly languor gave way to impatient restlessness again.

At last her quick ear heard a footstep in the corridor, accompanied by no rustle of petticoats, and yet the footstep was not Compton's.

Instantly she glanced with momentary terror toward the door.

There was a tap.

She sat down, and said, with a tone from which all agitation was instantly banished, "Come in."

The door opened, and the swarthy Reginald, diabolically handsome, with his black snaky curls, entered the room.

She rose from her chair, and fixed her great eyes on him, as if she would read him soul and body before she ventured to speak.

"Here I am, mamma: sorry to see you look so ill."

"Thank you, my dear," said Lady Bassett, without relaxing for a moment that searching gaze.

She said, still covering him with her eye, "Would you cure me if you could?"

To appreciate this opening, and Lady Bassett's sweet, engaging manner, you must understand that this young man was, in her eyes, a sort of black snake. Her flesh crept, with fear and repugnance, at the sight of him. Yet that is how she received him, being a mother defending her favorite son.

"Of course I would," said Reginald. "Just you tell me how."

Excellent words. But the lady's calm infallible eye saw a cunning twinkle in those black twinkling orbs. Young as he was, he was on his guard, and waiting for her. Nor was this surprising: Reginald, naturally intelligent, had accumulated a large stock of low cunning in his travels and adventures with the gypsies, a smooth and cunning people. Lady Bassett's fainting upon his return, his exclusion from her room, and one or two minor circumstances, had set him thinking.

The moment she saw that look, Lady Bassett, with swift tact, glided away from the line she had intended to open, and, after merely thanking him, and saying, "I believe you, dear," though she did not believe him, she resumed, in a very impressive tone, "You see me worse than ever today, because my mind is in great trouble. The time is come when I must tell you a secret, which will cause you a bitter disappointment. Why I send for you is, to see whether I can not do something for you to make you happy, in spite of that cruel disappointment."

Not a word from Reginald.

"Mr. Bassett—forgive me, if you can—for I am the most miserable woman in England—you are not the heir to this place; you are not Sir Charles Bassett's son."

"What!" shouted the young man.

Her fortitude gave way for a moment. She shook her head, in confirmation of what she had said, and hid her burning face and scalding tears in her white and wasted hands.

There was a long silence.

Reginald was asking himself if this could be true, or was it a manœuvre to put her favorite Compton over his head.

Lady Bassett looked up, and saw this paltry suspicion in his face. She dried her tears directly, and went to a bureau, unlocked it, and produced the manuscript confession she had prepared for her husband.

She bade Reginald observe the superscription and the date.

When he had done so, she took her scissors and opened it for him.

"Read what I wrote to my beloved husband at a time when I expected soon to appear before my Judge."

She then sank upon the sofa, and lay there like a log; only, from time to time, during the long reading, tears trickled from her eyes.

Reginald read the whole story, and saw the facts must be true: more than that, being young, and a man, he could not entirely resist the charm of a narrative in which a lady told at full the love, the grief, the terror, the sufferings, of her heart, and the terrible temptation under which she had gone astray.

He laid it down at last, and drew a long breath.

"It's a devil of a job for *me*," said he; "but I can't blame you. You sold that Dick Bassett, and I hate him. But what is to become of *me*?"

"What I offer you is a life in which you will be happier than you ever could be at Huntercombe. I mean to buy you vast pasture-fields in Australia, and cattle to feed. Those noble pastures will be bounded only by wild forests and hills. You will have swift horses to ride over your own domain, or to gallop hundreds of miles at a stretch, if you like. No confinement there; no fences and boundaries; all as free as air. No monotony: one week you can dig for gold, another you can ride among your flocks, another you can hunt. All this in a climate so delightful that you can lie all night in the open air, without a blanket, under a new firmament of stars, not one of which illumines the dull nights of Europe."

The bait was too tempting. "Well, you *are* the right sort," cried Reginald.

But presently he began to doubt. "But all that will cost a lot of money."

"It will, but I have a great deal of money."

Reginald thought, and said, suspiciously, "I don't know why you should do all this for me."

"Do you not? What, when I have brought you into this family, and encouraged you in such vast expectations, could I, in honor and common humanity, let you fall into poverty and neglect? No. I have many thousand pounds, all my own, and you will have them all, and perhaps waste them all; but it will take you some time, because, while you are wasting, I shall be saving more for you."

Then there was a pause, each waiting for the other.

Then Lady Bassett said, quietly, and with great apparent composure. "Of course there is a condition attached to all this."

"What is that?"

"I must receive from you a written paper, signed by yourself and by Mrs. Meyrick, acknowledging that you are not Sir Charles's son, but distinctly pledging yourself to keep the secret so long as I continue to furnish you with the means of living. You hesitate. Is it not fair?"

"Well, it looks fair; but it is an awkward thing, signing a paper of that sort."

"You doubt me, Sir: you think that, because I have told one great falsehood, from good but erring motives, I may break faith with you. Do not insult me with these doubts, Sir. Try and understand that there are ladies and gentlemen in the world, though you prefer gypsies. Have you forgotten that night when you laid me under so deep a debt, and I told you I never would forget it? From that day was I not always your friend? was I not always the one to make excuses for you?"

Reginald assented to that.

"Then trust me. I pledge you my honor that I am this day the best friend you ever had, or ever can have. Refuse to sign that paper, and I shall soon be in my grave, leaving behind me my confession, and other evidence, on which you will be dismissed from this house with ignominy, and without a farthing; for your best friend will be dead, and you will have killed her."

He looked at her full: he said, with a shade of compunction, "I am not a gentleman, but you are a lady. I'll trust you. I'll sign any thing you like."

"That confidence becomes you," said Lady Bassett; "and now I have no objection to show you I deserve it. Here is a letter to Mr. Rolfe, by which you may learn I have already placed three thousand pounds to his account, to be laid out by him for your benefit in Australia, where he has many confidential friends; and this is a check for five hundred pounds I drew in your favor yesterday. Do me the favor to take it."

He did her that favor with sparkling eyes.

"Now here is the paper I wish you to sign; but your signature will be of little value to me without Mary Meyrick's."

"Oh, she will sign it directly: I have only to tell her."

"Are you sure? Men can be brought to take a dispassionate view of their own interest, but women are not so wise. Take it, and try her. If she refuses, bring her to me *directly*. Do you understand? Otherwise, in one fatal hour, her tongue will ruin *you*, and destroy me."

Impressed with these words, Reginald hurried to Mrs. Meyrick, and told her, in an off-hand way, she must sign that paper directly.

She looked at it and turned very white, but went on her guard directly.

"Sign such a wicked lie as that!" said she. "That I never will. You *are* his son, and Huntercombe shall be yours. She is an unnatural mother."

"Gammon!" said Reginald. "You might as well say a fox is the son of a gander. Come now; I am not going to let you cut my throat with your tongue. Sign at once, or else come to her this moment, and tell her so."

"That I will," said Mary Meyrick, "and give her my mind."

This doughty resolution was a little shaken when she cast eyes upon Lady Bassett, and saw how wan and wornshe looked.

She moderated her violence, and said, sullenly, "Sorry to gainsay *you*, my lady, and you so ill, but this is a paper I never *can* sign. It would rob him of Huntercombe. I'd sooner cut my hand off at the wrist."

"Nonsense, Mary!" said Lady Bassett, contemptuously.

She then proceeded to reason with her, but it was no use. Mary would not listen to reason, and defied her at last in a loud voice.

"Very well," said Lady Bassett. "Then, since you will not do it my way, it shall be done another way. I shall put my confession in Sir Charles's hands, and insist on his dismissing him from the house, and you from your farm. It will kill me, and the money I intended for Reginald I shall leave to Compton."

"These are idle words, my lady. You daren't."

"I dare any thing when once I make up my mind to die."

She rang the bell.

Mary Meyrick affected contempt.

A servant came to the door.

"Request Sir Charles to come to me immediately."

CHAPTER THE FORTY-FOURTH.

"DON'T you be a fool," said Reginald to his nurse.

"Sir Charles will send you to prison for it," said Lady Bassett.

"For what I done along with you?"

"Oh, he will not punish his wife; he will look out for some other victim."

"Sign, you d—d old fool!" cried Reginald, seizing Mary Meyrick roughly by the arm.

Strange to say, Lady Bassett interfered, with a sort of majestic horror. She held up her hand, and said, "Do not dare to lay a finger on her!"

Then Mary burst into tears, and said she would sign the paper.

While she was signing it, Sir Charles's step was heard in the corridor.

He knocked at the door just as she signed. Reginald had signed already.

Lady Bassett put the paper into the manuscript book, and the book into the bureau, and said "Come in," with an appearance of composure belied by her beating heart.

"Here is Mrs. Meyrick, my dear."

In those few seconds so perfect a liar as Mary Meyrick had quite recovered herself.

"If you please, Sir," said she, "I be come to ast if you will give us a new lease, for ourn it is run out."

"You had better talk to the steward about that."

"Very well, Sir," and she made her courtesy.

Reginald remained, not knowing exactly what to do.

"My dear," said Lady Bassett, "Reginald has come to bid me good-by. He is going to visit Mr. Rolfe, and take his advice, if you have no objection."

"None whatever; and I hope he will treat it with more respect than he does mine."

Reginald shrugged his shoulders, and was going out, when Lady Bassett said, "Won't you kiss me, Reginald, as you are going away?"

He came to her: she kissed him, and whispered in his ear, "Be true to me, as I will be to you."

Then he left her, and she felt like a dead thing, with exhaustion. She lay on the sofa, and Sir Charles sat beside her, and made her drink a glass of wine.

She lay very still that afternoon; but at night she slept: a load was off her mind for the present.

Next day she was so much better she came down to dinner.

What she now hoped was, that entire separation, coupled with the memory of the boy's misdeeds, would cure Sir Charles entirely of his affection for Reginald; and so that, after about twenty years more of conjugal fidelity, she might find courage to reveal to her husband the fault of her youth at a time when all its good results remained to help excuse it, and all its bad results had vanished.

Such was the plan this extraordinary woman conceived, and its success so far had a wonderful effect on her health.

But a couple of days passed, and she did not hear either from Reginald or Mr. Rolfe. That made her a little anxious.

On the third day Compton asked her, with an angry flush on his brow, whether she had not sent Reginald up to London.

"Yes, dear," said Lady Bassett.

"Well, he is not gone, then."

"Oh!"

"He is living at his nurse's. I saw him talking to an old gypsy that lives on the farm."

Lady Bassett groaned, but said nothing.

"Never mind, mamma," said Compton. "Your other children must love you all the more."

This news caused Lady Bassett both anxiety and terror. She divined bad faith, and all manner of treachery, none the less terrible for being vague.

Down went her health again, and her short-lived repose.

Meantime Reginald, in reality, was staying at the farm on a little business of his own.

He had concerted an expedition with the foreign gent, and was waiting for a dark and gusty night.

He had undertaken this expedition with mixed motives, spite and greed, especially the latter. He would never have undertaken it with a £500 check in his pocket; but some minds are so constituted they can not forego a bad design once formed: so Mr. Reginald persisted, though one great motive existed no longer.

On this expedition it is now our lot to accompany him.

The night was favorable, and at about two o'clock Reginald and the foreign gent stood under Richard Bassett's dining-room window, with crape over their eyes, noses, and mouths, and all manner of unlawful implements in their pockets.

The foreign gent prized the shutters open with a little crow-bar; he then, with a glazier's diamond, soon cut out a small pane, inserted a cunning hand, and opened the window.

Then Reginald gave him a leg, and he got into the room.

The agile youth followed him without assistance.

They lighted a sort of bull's-eye, and poured the concentrated light on the cupboard door, behind which lay the treasure of glorious old plate.

Then the foreign gent produced his skeleton keys, and, after several ineffective trials, opened the door softly and revealed the glittering booty.

At sight of it the foreign gent could not suppress an ejaculation, but the younger one clapped his hand before his mouth hurriedly.

The foreign gent unrolled a sort of green baize apron he had round him; it was, in reality, a bag.

Into this receptacle the pair conveyed one piece of plate after another with surprising dexterity, rapidity, and noiselessness. When it was full, they began to fill the deep pockets of their shooting-jackets.

While thus employed, they heard a rapid footstep, and Richard Bassett opened the door. He was in his trowsers and shirt, and had a pistol in his hand.

At sight of him Reginald uttered a cry of dismay; the foreign gent blew out the light.

Richard Bassett, among whose faults want of personal courage was not one, rushed forward, and collared Reginald.

But the foreign gent had raised the crow-bar to defend himself, and struck him a blow on the head that made him stagger back.

The foreign gent seized this opportunity, and ran at once at the window and jumped at it.

If Reginald had been first, he would have gone through like a cat, but the foreign gent, older, and obstructed by the contents of his pockets, higgled, and stuck a few seconds in the window.

That brief delay was fatal; Richard Bassett leveled his pistol deliberately at him, fired, and sent a ball through his shoulder; he fell like a log upon the ground outside.

Richard then leveled another barrel at Reginald, but he howled out for quarter, and was immediately captured, and, with the assistance of the brave Jessie, who now came boldly to her master's aid, his hands were tied behind him, and he was made prisoner, with the stolen articles in his pocket.

When they were tying him, he whimpered, and said it was only a lark; he never meant to keep any thing. He offered a hundred pounds down if they would let him off.

But there was no mercy for him.

Richard Bassett had a candle lighted, and inspected the prisoner. He lifted his crape veil, and said, "Oho!"

"You *see* it was only a lark," said Reginald, and shook in every limb.

Richard Bassett smiled grimly, and said nothing. He gave Jessie strict orders to hold her tongue, and she and he between them took Reginald and locked him up in a small room adjoining the kitchen.

Then they went to look for the other burglar.

He had emptied his pockets of all the plate, and crawled away. It is supposed he threw away the plate, either to soften Reginald's offense, or in the belief that he had received his death wound, and should not require silver vessels where he was going.

Bassett picked up the articles and brought them in, and told Jessie to light the fire and make him a cup of coffee.

He replaced all the plate, except the articles left in Reginald's pocket.

Then he went up stairs, and told his wife that burglars had broken into the house, but had taken nothing; she was to give herself no anxiety. He told her no more than this, for his dark and cruel nature had already conceived an idea he did not care to communicate to her, on account of the strong opposition he foresaw from so good a Christian: besides, of late, since her daughter came home to back her, she had spoken her mind more than once.

He kept them, then, in the dark, and went down stairs again to his coffee.

He sat and sipped it, and, with it, his coming vengeance.

All the defeats and mortifications he had endured from Huntercombe returned to his mind; and now, with one master-stroke, he would balance them all.

Yet he felt a little compunction.

Active hostilities had ceased for many years.

Lady Bassett, at all events, had held out the hand to his wife. The blow he meditated was very cruel: would not his wife and daughter say it was barbarous? Would not his own heart, the heart of a father, reproach him afterward?

These misgivings, that would have restrained a less obstinate man, irritated Richard Bassett: he went in a rage, and said aloud, "I must do it: I will do it, come what may."

He told Jessie he valued her much; she should have a black silk gown for her courage and fidelity; but she must not be faithful by halves. She must not breathe one word to any soul in the house that the burglar was there under lock and key; if she did, he should turn her out of the house that moment.

"Hets!" said the woman, "der ye think I canna hand my whisht, when the maister bids me? I'm nae great clasher at ony time, for my pairt."

At seven o'clock in the morning he sent a note to Sir Charles Bassett, to say that his house had been attacked last night by two armed burglars; he and his people had captured one, and wished to take him before a magistrate at once, since his house was not a fit place to hold him secure. He concluded Sir Charles would not refuse him the benefit of the law, however obnoxious he might be.

Sir Charles's lip curled with contempt at the man who was not ashamed to put such a doubt on paper.

However, he wrote back a civil line, to say that of course he was at Mr. Bassett's service, and would be in his justice-room at nine o'clock.

Meantime, Mr. Richard Bassett went for the

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constable and an assistant; but, even to them, he would not say precisely what he wanted them for.

His plan was to march an unknown burglar, with his crape on his face, into Sir Charles's study, give his evidence, and then reveal the son to the father.

Jessie managed to hold her tongue for an hour or two, and nothing occurred at Highmore, or in Huntercombe, to interfere with Richard Bassett's barbarous revenge.

Meantime, however, something remarkable had occurred at the distance of a mile and a quarter.

Mrs. Meyrick breakfasted habitually at eight o'clock.

Reginald did not appear.

Mrs. Meyrick went to his room, and satisfied herself he had not passed the night there.

Then she went to the foreign gent's shed.

He was not there.

Then she went out, and called loudly to them both.

No answer.

Then she went into the nearest meadow, to see if they were in sight.

The first thing she saw was the foreign gent staggering toward her.

"Drunk!" said she, and went to scold him; but, when she got nearer, she saw at once that something very serious had happened. His dark face was bloodless and awful, and he could hardly drag his limbs along; indeed, they had failed him a score of times between Highmore and that place.

Just as she came up with him, he sank once more to the ground, and turned up two despairing eyes toward her.

"Oh, daddy! what is it? Where's Reginald? Whatever have they done to you?"

"Brandy!" groaned the wounded man.

She flew into the house, and returned in a moment with a bottle. She put it to his lips.

He revived, and told her all, in a few words.

"The young bloke and I went to crack a crib. I'm shot with a bullet. Hide me in that loose hay there; leave me the bottle, and let nobody come nigh me. The beak will be after me very soon."

Then Mrs. Meyrick, being a very strong woman, dragged him to the haystack, and covered him with loose hay.

"Now," said she, trembling, "where's my boy?"

"He's nabbed."

"Oh!"

"And he'll be lagged, unless you can beg him off."

Mary Meyrick uttered a piercing scream.

"You wretch! to tempt my boy to this. And him with five hundred pounds in his pocket, and my lady's favor. Oh, why did we not keep our word with her? She was the wisest, and our best friend. But it is all your doing; you are the devil that tempted him, you old villain!"

"Don't miscall me," said the gypsy.

"Not miscall you, when you have run away, and left them to take my boy to jail! No word is bad enough for you, you villain!"

"*I'm your father—and a dying man,*" said the old gypsy, calmly, and folded his hands upon his breast with Oriental composure and decency.

The woman threw herself on her knees. "Forgive me, father—tell me, where is he?"

"Highmore House."

At that simple word her eyes dilated with wild horror, she uttered a loud scream, and flew into the house.

In five minutes she was on her way to Highmore.

She reached that house, knocked hastily at the door, and said she must see Mr. Richard Bassett that moment.

"He is just gone out," said the maid.

"Where to?"

The girl knew her, and began to gossip. "Why, to Huntercombe Hall. What, haven't you heard, Mrs. Meyrick? Master caught a robber last night. Laws, you should have seen him: he have got crape all over his face; and master, and the constable, and Mr. Musters, they be all gone with him to Sir Charles, for to have him committed — the villain. Why, what ails the woman?"

For Mary Meyrick turned her back on the speaker, and rushed away in a moment.

She went through the kitchen at Huntercombe: she was so well known there, nobody objected: she flew up the stairs, and into Lady Bassett's bedroom. "Oh, my lady! my lady!"

Lady Bassett screamed, at her sudden entrance and wild appearance.

Mary Meyrick told her all in a few wild words. She wrung her hands with a great fear.

"It's no time for that," cried Mary, fiercely. "Come down this moment, and save him."

"How can I?"

"You must! You shall!" cried the other. "Don't ask me how. Don't sit wringing your hands, woman. If you are not there in five minutes to save him, I'll tell all."

"Have mercy on me!" cried Lady Bassett. "I gave him money, I sent him away. It's not my fault."

"No matter; he must be saved, or I'll ruin you. I can't stay here: I must be there, and so must you."

She rushed down the stairs, and tried to get into the justice-room, but admission was refused her.

Then she gave a sort of wild snarl, and ran round to the small room adjoining the justice-room. Through this she penetrated, and entered the justice-room, but not in time to prevent the evidence from being laid before Sir Charles.

What took place in the mean time was briefly this. The prisoner, handcuffed now instead of tied, was introduced between the constable and his assistant; the door was locked, and Sir Charles received Mr. Bassett with a ceremonious bow, seated himself, and begged Mr. Bassett to be seated.

"Thank you," said Mr. Bassett, but did not seat himself. He stood before the prisoner, and gave his evidence; during which the prisoner's knees were seen to knock together with terror: he was a young man fit for folly, but not for felony.

Said Richard Bassett, "I have a cupboard containing family plate. It is valuable, and some years ago I passed a piece of catgut from the door through the ceiling to a bell at my bedside.

"Very late last night the bell sounded. I flung on my trowsers, and went down with a pistol. I caught two burglars in the act of rifling the cupboard. I went to collar one; he struck me on the head with a crow-bar—constable, show the crow-bar—I staggered, but recovered myself, and fired at one of the burglars: he was just struggling through the window. He fell, and I thought he was dead, but he got away. I secured the other, and here he is—just as he was when I took him. Constable, search his pockets."

The constable did so, and produced therefrom several pieces of silver plate stamped with the Bassett arms.

"My servant here can confirm this," added Mr. Bassett.

"It is not necessary here," said Sir Charles. Then to the criminal, "Have you any thing to say?"

"It was only a lark," quavered the poor wretch.

"I would not advise you to say that where you are going."

He then, while writing out the warrant, said, as a matter of course, "Remove his mask."

The constable lifted it, and started back with a shout of dismay and surprise: Jessie screamed.

Sir Charles looked up, and saw in the burglar he was committing for trial his first-born, the heir to his house and his lands.

The pen fell from Sir Charles's fingers, and he stared at the wan face, and wild, imploring eyes that stared at him.

He stared at the lad, and then put his hand to his heart, and that heart seemed to die within him.

There was a silence, and a horror fell on all. Even Richard Bassett quailed at what he had done.

"Ah! cruel man! cruel man!" moaned the broken father. "God judge you for this—as now I must judge my unhappy son. Mr. Bassett, it matters little to you what magistrate commits you, and I must keep my oath. I am—going—to set you an—example, by signing a warrant—"

"No, no, no!" cried a woman's voice; and Mary Meyrick rushed into the room.

Every person there thought he knew Mary Meyrick; yet she was like a stranger to them now. There was that in her heart at that awful moment which transfigured a handsome but vulgar woman into a superior being. Her cheek was pale, her black eyes large, and her mellow voice had a magic power. "You don't know what you are doing!" she cried. "Go no farther, or you will all curse the hand that harmed a hair of his head; you, most of all, Richard Bassett."

Sir Charles, in any other case, would have sent her out of the room; but, in his misery, he caught at the straw.

"Speak out, woman," he said, "and save the wretched boy, if you can. I see no way."

"There are things it is not fit to speak before all the world. Bid those men go, and I'll open your eyes that stay."

Then Richard Bassett foresaw another triumph, so he told the constable and his man they had better retire for a few minutes, "while," said he, with a sneer, "these wonderful revelations are being made."

When they were gone, Mary turned to Richard Bassett, and said, "Why do you want him sent to prison?—to spite Sir Charles here, to stab his heart through his son."

Sir Charles groaned aloud.

The woman heard, and thought of many things. She flung herself on her knees, and seized his hand. "Don't you cry, my dear old master; mine is the only heart shall bleed. HE IS NOT YOUR SON."

"What!" cried Sir Charles, in a terrible voice.

"That is no news to me," said Richard. "He is more like the parson than Sir Charles Bassett."

"For shame! for shame!" cried Mary Meyrick. "Oh, it becomes you to give fathers to children—when you don't know your own flesh and blood! He is YOUR SON, RICHARD BASSETT."

"*My* son!" roared Bassett, in utter amazement.

"Ay. I should know; FOR I AM HIS MOTHER."

This astounding statement was uttered with all the majesty of truth, and when she said "I am his mother," the voice turned tender all in a moment.

They were all paralyzed; and, absorbed in this strange revelation, did not hear a tottering footstep: a woman, pale as a corpse, and with eyes glaring large, stood among them, all in a moment, as if a ghost had risen from the earth.

It was Lady Bassett.

At sight of her, Sir Charles awoke from the confusion and amazement into which Mary had thrown him, and said, "Ah—! Bella, do you hear what she says, that he is not our son? What, then, have you agreed with your servant to deceive your husband?"

Lady Bassett gasped, and tried to speak; but, before the words would come, the sight of her corpse-like face and miserable agony moved Mary Wells, and she snatched the words out of her mouth.

"What is the use of questioning *her?* She knows no more than you do. I done it all; and done it for the best. My lady's child died; I hid that from her; for I knew it would kill her, and keep you in a mad-house. I done for the best. I put my live child by her side, and she knew no better. As time went on, and the boy so dark, she suspected; but know it she couldn't till now. My lady, I am his mother, and there stands his cruel father; cruel to me, and cruel to him. But don't you dare to harm him; I've got all your letters, promising me marriage; I'll take them to your wife and daughter, and they shall know it is your own flesh and blood you are sending to prison. Oh, I am mad to threaten him: my darling, speak him fair; he is your father; he may have a bit of nature in his heart somewhere, though I could never find it."

The young man put his hands together, like an Oriental, and said, "Forgive me," then sank at Richard Bassett's knees.

Then Sir Charles, himself much shaken, took his wife's arm and led her, trembling like an aspen leaf, from the room.

Perhaps the prayers of Reginald and the tears of his mother would alone have sufficed to soften Richard Bassett, but the threat of exposure to his wife and daughter did no harm. The three soon came to terms.

Reginald to be liberated, on condition of going to London by the next train, and never setting his foot in that parish again. His mother to go with him, and see him off to Australia. She solemnly pledged herself not to reveal the boy's real parentage to any other soul in the world.

This being settled, Richard Bassett called the constable in, and said the young gentleman had satisfied him that it was a practical joke, though a very dangerous one, and he withdrew the charge of felony.

The constable said he must have Sir Charles's authority for that.

A message was sent to Sir Charles. He came. The prisoner was released, and Mary Meyrick took his arm sharply, as much as to say, "Out of my hands you go no more."

Before they left the room, Sir Charles, who was now master of himself, said, with deep feeling, "My poor boy, you can never be a stranger to me. The affection of years can not be untied in a moment. You see now how folly glides into crime, and crime into punishment. Take this to heart, and never again stray from the paths of honor. Lead an honorable life; and, if you do, write to me as if I was still your father."

They retired, but Richard Bassett lingered, and hung his head.

Sir Charles wondered what this inveterate foe could have to say now.

At last Richard said, half sullenly, yet with a touch of compunction, "Sir Charles, you have been more generous than I was. You have laid me under an obligation."

Sir Charles bowed loftily.

"You would double that obligation if you would prevail on Lady Bassett to keep that old folly of mine secret from my wife and daughter. I am truly ashamed of it; and, whatever my faults may have been, they love and respect me."

"Mr. Bassett," said Sir Charles, "my son Compton must be told that he is my heir; but no details injurious to you shall transpire: you may count on absolute secrecy from Lady Bassett and myself."

"Sir Charles," said Richard Bassett, faltering for a moment, "I am very much obliged to you, and I begin to be sorry we are enemies. Good-morning."

The agitation and terror of this scene nearly killed Lady Bassett on the spot. She lay all that day in a state of utter prostration.

Meantime Sir Charles put this and that together, but said nothing. He spoke cheerfully and philosophically to his wife, said it had been a fearful blow, terrible wrench: but it was all for the best; such a son as that would have broken his heart before long.

"Ah, but your wasted affections!" groaned Lady Bassett; and her tears streamed at the thought.

Sir Charles sighed; but said, after a while, "Is affection ever entirely wasted? My love for that young fool enlarged my heart. There was a time he did me a deal of good."

But next day, having only herself to think of now, Lady Bassett could live no longer under the load of deceit. She told Sir Charles Mary Meyrick had deceived him. "Read this," she said, "and see what your miserable wife has done, who loved you to madness and crime."

Sir Charles looked at her, and saw in her wasted form and her face that, if he did read it, he should kill her. So he played the man.

He restrained himself by a mighty effort, and said, "My dear, excuse me; but on this matter I have more faith in Mary Meyrick's exactness than in yours. Besides, I know your heart, and don't care to be told of your errors in judgment, no, not even by yourself. Sorry to offend an authoress; but I decline to read your book, and, more than that, I forbid you the subject entirely for the next thirty years, at least. Let by-gones be by-gones."

That eventful morning Mr. Rutland called and proposed to Ruperta. She declined politely, but firmly.

She told Mrs. Bassett, and Mrs. Bassett told Richard in a nervous way, but his answer surprised her. He said he was very glad of it; Ruperta could do better.

Mrs. Bassett could not resist the pleasure of telling Lady Bassett. She went over on purpose, with her husband's consent.

Lady Bassett asked to see Ruperta.

"By all means," said Richard Bassett, graciously.

On her return to Highmore, Ruperta asked leave to go to the Hall every day and nurse Lady Bassett. "They will let her die else," said she.

Richard Bassett assented to that too.

Ruperta, for some weeks, almost lived at the Hall, and in this emergency revealed great qualities. As the malevolent small-pox, passing through the gentle cow, comes out the sovereign cow-pox, so, in this gracious nature, her father's vices turned to their kindred virtues; his obstinacy of purpose shone here a noble constancy; his audacity became candor, and his cunning wisdom. Her intelligence saw at once that Lady Bassett was pining to death, and a weak-minded nurse would be fatal: she was all smiles and brightness, and neglected no means to encourage the patient.

With this view, she promised to plight her faith to Compton the moment Lady Bassett should be restored to health; and so, with hopes, and smiles, and the novelty of a daughter's love, she fought with death for Lady Bassett, and at last she won the desperate battle.

This did Richard Bassett's daughter for her father's late enemy.

The grateful husband wrote to Bassett, and now acknowledged *his* obligation.

A civil, mock-modest reply from Richard Bassett.

From this things went on step by step, till at last Compton and Ruperta, at eighteen years of age, were formally betrothed.

Thus the children's love wore out the fathers' hate.

That love, so troubled at the outset, left, by degrees, the region of romance, and rippled smoothly through green, flowery meadows.

Ruperta showed her lover one more phase of girlhood; she, who had been a precocious and forward child, and then a shy and silent girl, came out now a bright and witty young woman, full of vivacity, modesty, and sensibility.

Time cured Compton of his one defect. Ruperta stopped growing at fifteen, but Compton went slowly on; caught her at seventeen, and at nineteen had passed her by a head. He won a scholarship at Oxford, he rowed in college races, and at last in the University race on the Thames.

Ruperta stood, in peerless beauty, dark blue from throat to feet, and saw his boat astern of his rival, saw it come up with, and creep ahead, amidst the roars of the multitude. When she saw her lover, with bare corded arms, as brown as a berry, and set teeth, filling his glorious part in that manly struggle within eight yards of her, she confessed he was not a boy now.

But Lady Bassett accepted no such evidence: being pestered to let them marry at twenty years of age, she clogged her consent with one condition—they must live three years at Huntercombe as man and wife.

"No boy of twenty," said she, "can understand a young woman of that age. I must be in the house to prevent a single misunderstanding between my beloved children."

The young people, who both adored her, voted the condition reasonable. They were married, and a wing of the spacious building allotted to them.

For their sakes let us hope that their wedded life, now happily commenced, will furnish me no materials for another tale; the happiest lives are uneventful.

The foreign gent recovered his wound, but acquired rheumatism and a dislike for midnight expeditions.

Reginald galloped a year or two over seven hundred miles of colony, sowing his wild oats as he flew, but is now a prosperous squatter, very fond of sleeping in the open air. England was not big enough for the bold Bohemian. He does very well where he is.

Old Meyrick died, and left his wife a little estate in the next county. Drake asked her hand at the funeral. She married him in six months, and migrated to the estate in question; for Sir Charles refused her a lease of his farm, not choosing to have her near him.

Her new abode was in the next parish to her sister's.

La Marsh set herself to convert Mary, and often exhorted her to penitence: she bore this pretty well for some time, being overawed by old reminiscences of sisterly superiority; but at last her vanity rebelled. "Repent! and Repent!" cried she. "Why you be like a cuckoo, all in one song. One would think I had been and robbed a church. 'Tis all very well for you to repent, as led a fast-ish life at starting: *but I never done nothing as I'm ashamed on.*"

Richard Bassett said one day to Wheeler, "Old fellow, there is not a worse poison than Hate. It has made me old before my time. And what does it all come to? We might just as well have kept quiet; for my grandson will inherit Huntercombe and Bassett, after all—"

"Thanks to the girl you would not ring the bells for."

Sir Charles and Lady Bassett lead a peaceful life after all their troubles, and renew their youth in their children, of whom Ruperta is one, and as dear as any.

Yet there is a pensive and humble air about Lady Bassett, which shows she still expiates her fault, though she knows it will always be ignored by him for whose sake she sinned.

In summing her up, it may be as well to compare this with the unmixed self-complacency of Mrs. Drake.

You men and women, who judge this Bella Bassett, be firm, and do not let her amiable qualities or her good intentions blind you in a plain matter of right and wrong: be charitable, and ask yourselves how often in your lives you have seen yourselves, or any other human being, resist a terrible temptation.

My experience is, that we resist other people's temptations nobly, and succumb to our own.

So let me end with a line of England's gentlest satirist—

"Heaven be merciful to us all, sinners as we be."

THE END.

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LIKE PHŒNIX, WILL RISE FROM ITS ASHES TO IMMORTALITY.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1871.

FOUR MONTHS FOR ONE DOLLAR.

"POOR MISS FINCH,"

a new and beautifully illustrated serial story, by

WILKIE COLLINS,

author of "The Woman in White," "The Moonstone," etc., was commenced in HARPER'S WEEKLY for September 2.

New Subscribers will be supplied with the WEEKLY from that date to the close of the year, four months, for ONE DOLLAR.

☞ *The* SUPPLEMENT *to this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY, *which is supplied to our readers gratuitously, contains an illustrated article of great interest and importance on*

William III., Prince of Orange,

by EUGENE LAWRENCE, *giving a complete history of the thrilling drama in which he played so important a part; a magnificent full-page Cartoon by* SOL EYTINGE, JR., *accompanied by a beautiful and pathetic Poem; a pleasant Love-Story; and the continuation of* CHARLES LEVER'S *admirable story,* "LORD KILGOBBIN," *with several illustrations.*

THE SITUATION.

RECENT events have turned the attention of the whole country to the city and State of New York. Thoughtful men of every party, who know that the permanent welfare of the nation depends, not upon any form or name, but wholly upon intelligence and morality, ask whether this great State will not now emancipate itself, on the one hand from the thralldom of a conspicuously corrupt political supremacy, and on the other from the folly of division among the friends of liberty, progress, and order. In our political system great results are to be achieved only through parties, but great results can be achieved by no party that is not always swift to correct its own abuses and to adapt itself to the constantly changing issues of an active time. Timidity is always the bane of parties. With cowardice comes corruption, and a party content to repose upon its laurels is only self-crowned for sacrifice.

No impartial man who has carefully watched the politics and parties of this country can suppose that its progress is likely to be secured by Democratic ascendency. And for the reason, not that there are not honest and able and patriotic men in that party, but because its traditions and policies and arguments have been so demoralizing and destructive. A party must be judged by its evident tendency. Its professions are to be measured by its general character and history. When the Republicans in California profess hostility to the free Chinese immigration it is instinctively felt that they betray the party principle. When a raw Democratic recruit like Mr. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS advises a new departure, and that the party begin by being Democratic, every body smiles at the zeal of the neophyte who advises the pope to renounce orthodoxy. When Chief Justice CHASE remodels a Democratic resolution hesitatingly accepting the amendments, and says that if the party would adopt them as final "it would resume its position as the party of progress and reform," he shows only that his ambition has obscured his perception. For if the Democratic party has reached merely a reluctant and doubtful acquiescence in the great results of Republican principles, how can it be expected to advance those principles to still further beneficent results?

It makes, therefore, all possible difference whether it is the Republican or the Democratic party which promises progress. There is a very general feeling that many of the recently absorbing issues are now really settled; and that new questions have already presented themselves. The new departure of the Democratic party has failed as a party policy; but its political significance is not the less. As Mr. SCHURZ truly said at Chicago, a large part of the party is not ready for it, and many of those who have urged it have evidently done so to coax the reactionary element with the hope that power could be won by assent, and could then be used for reaction. But the movement has had this advantage: it has shown the essentially unpatriotic attitude still held by the mass of the Democracy, and, at the same time, the perception of some of its shrewder leaders that the good sense of the people has irreversibly ratified the Republican settlement. The position of Mr. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS at the South, and the angry attacks upon him by Northern Democratic organs, show how radically the party is divided; but the division shows also the perception of the truth that the Democratic party can no longer hope for success upon its old platforms and policies.

The duty of the Republican party, therefore, is to comprehend this situation clearly, and to act accordingly. Protecting, as it will of course protect, what it has well done, and remembering that it has succeeded only because it has been truly the party of the people—of the intelligent popular conviction and purpose—let it listen now, as in the hour when it became invincible, to the counsels of its wisest and its best. Its Convention in New York should speak to the hope and faith of all those who doubtingly wonder whether the party will still prove itself worthy of its history. Let us hope that the Convention will remember that to a party like the Republican the danger is never of alienating its rank and file, as they are called, but its independent supporters. Let it not content itself with declaring that the amendments must be respected—of course they must be—of course they will be. Let it say what the party means to do upon other and unsettled questions. We consider them in another article.

THE NEW YORK REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

THE public situation requires that the Republican Convention of New York shall be one of reform and progress. The betrayal of fundamental rights and the hideous corruption which has been established where the Democratic party is in the unquestioned ascendency forbid the hope of relief from that party. Let the Republican Convention, therefore, represent the citizens of New York who are resolved that in their State the equal rights of all shall be acknowledged, and shall not be surrendered to a mob; the citizens who are resolved that at least an effort shall be made to stop the corruption which has not only mastered the city, but has made the Legislature a by-word; the citizens who are resolved that the Erie iniquities sanctioned by the Democratic Governor at the command of the Ring, steeping the State in disgrace, shall be probed and cured if the people have the power to do it. Let the declared State policy of the Convention be a rallying cry to every voter who values morality and public honor, and who believes that knaves can not be in power without endangering the commonwealth of honest men.

Then, as an important section of the great Republican party of the country, let the Republicans of New York declare for a general and final amnesty. The disqualification which now exists is a mere exasperation. Senator MORTON said at St. Louis that he would never vote to relieve DAVIS, BRECKINRIDGE, and TOOMBS. Let the Republicans of New York say to him that he ought either to punish those men or to release them from a contemptible proscription. Let him punish, if that is wise. But if it is not, as he agrees, let him forego the statesmanship of pouting. With equal distinctness let the Convention pronounce for revenue reform—for a radical revision of the cumbrous tariff with a view to the utmost practicable remission of taxation upon the raw materials of industry, and to raising the revenue from a few great sources. Not less emphatically should it declare for such a reform of the system of the civil service as would secure honest and efficient officers, and restrict or abolish patronage, the root of bitterness in our political contests. Since, also, the President has frankly referred the subject of San Domingo annexation to Congress, let Congress hear what the Republicans of New York think of the desirability of tropical territorial expansion. If they favor it, nothing would so help it as an expression of their favor. If they are opposed to it, Congress will certainly heed their opinion.

The Convention will point with pride, of course, to the achievements of General GRANT'S administration: the adoption of the great amendment, the restoration of the Union as the defense of the equal rights of all citizens, the steady diminution of the debt, the reduction of taxation, the humanity of the Indian policy, the friendly and honorable and noble settlement of the most menacing foreign difficulty, the increasing economy of administration, the unprecedented respect with which the national name is every where regarded. And if to these the Convention should add an expression of the general confidence of the country in the upright and patriotic purpose of the President, we believe it would speak for the great body of Republicans in New York, as in the country.

As the Convention is the high and final party tribunal, it should express its decisive condemnation of all who encourage selfish and personal dissensions in the party. Under our present wretched system of the civil service the Administration can be legitimately opposed upon the ground of the distribution of patronage only when it feeds the enemy, as the phrase is. But Senator FENTON said truly, in his speech at Niagara Falls, "It should be of little moment who occupy official positions, or enjoy the favor of Federal patronage, so that they are capable and honest men, who fairly and efficiently reflect the good faith and the sound principles of the party." No Republican, therefore, who approves the present system can oppose the Administration upon this ground without condemnation as an out foolishly angry with the ins, and he must bear the responsibility of fostering party discord which may end in national disaster.

It will be our own fault if we do not improve to the utmost the opportunity of Republican success which events offer in the State of New York. Our friends in other States may rightfully demand that we virtually settle the Presidential election of next year by showing that New York is essentially Republican. It is the "off year," and we can not hope to prove our full strength; but we can at least show that the strength is here. Continued Republican division in the State may secure Democratic success, but it can do nothing else. Were it a division of principle, we certainly should not expect union. But what principle is involved? Let us speak plainly. Senator FENTON and his friends are alleged to be opposed to the renomination of the President. But their hostility is not, as we understand, on principle, but it is personal. They do not of principle do not oppose the renomination—that is to say, they condemn the conduct of the President as unconstitutional—indeed, Senator FENTON has generally supported him—but because they think him, for other reasons, unavailable. It is supposed, therefore, that if the Senator's friends control the Convention, its silence in regard to the President will be interpreted as a tacit condemnation by New York.

Assume that this is true, that Senator FENTON'S policy governs the Convention, and that the candidates nominated are not favorable to the renomination. But how would their defeat by the indifference of the friends of the Administration prove that the New York Republicans are favorable to the President? The best way to secure the election of any Republican President next year is to prove that New York is Republican this year. On the other hand, suppose that the friends of the President prevail in the Convention. In that case would those who oppose the renomination permit the State to go by default lest success should show that the President could carry New York? What honest Republican who believed it would for a moment consent to be identified with a faction so miserably selfish? There are, undoubtedly, Republicans in New York who are unfriendly to the renomination of General GRANT, but there is no Republican worthy the name who would try to prevent that nomination by conniving at Democratic success.

The Convention, therefore, may justly expect and require the most honorable fidelity from the whole party, whatever may be individual preferences for national candidates. Let it advocate thorough reform in the State, and a wise heroism in the national policy. Let its voice be as the sound of a trumpet. Let its plain and fearless declarations show to the American people that the Republican party is, as it has always been, the party of just and humane principles, and, therefore, of national glory.

PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN.

IN his speech at Chicago Senator SCHURZ defined precisely his position in regard to the renomination of the President. He considered at some length the proceedings in San Domingo, and declared that in his judgment there had been a vital violation of the Constitution. It is a precedent, he thinks, full of peril, and he therefore says: "I can not, I shall not, indorse a violation of the Constitution in its most vital part by supporting, under any circumstances, the candidacy for re-election of the President who perpetrated it." But the Democrats can not therefore flatter themselves that if General GRANT should be renominated they may count upon the support of Senator SCHURZ for the Democratic candidate. Throughout his speech he identifies himself with the Republicans—hoping, indeed, and exhorting that they go forward. He asserts that he has no confidence in the sincerity of the Democratic "new departure," while he does not question that of many of the Democratic leaders; and he declares that they must try to convert their party even if in the effort it be destroyed.

But Senator SCHURZ has no partisan Democratic tendency. He smiles at the thought that those who find the strait-jacket of one party too narrow must thereupon squeeze themselves into that of the other. "We liberal Republicans are honest enough to speak out frankly what displeases us in the Republican party, but the same honesty compels us to say that there is still more in the Democratic party that displeases us. No, gentlemen, the new wine of Republican liberalism will not keep in the old Democratic cask. It is quite likely that by this declaration I shall lose much of the confidence with which I have been honored on the part of Democrats of late, but I will not enjoy more confidence than in truth I am entitled to." This manly declaration illustrates the grave political error constantly made by the Democrats who suppose that the most urgent criticism of Republican measures and men by Republicans indicates that they are ready to leave the party. Individuals of that kind there are, of course. Mr. SCHURZ is not one of them. But Mr. HENRY B. STANTON is. He says in a recent letter, "I, therefore, should not object to the election, in 1872, of a State Rights Democrat of the moderate type of our old friend SILAS WRIGHT." Mr. SCHURZ'S deeper insight shows him that an honorable and patriotic Administration can be placed in power only by an honorable and patriotic party. "It is the curse of [illegible] party," he says of the Democratic party, that has educated its masses in [illegible], "that it belong to a past period, prejudices which not go out of [illegible], and which now will sound polit[illegible] way to make room for a [illegible]."

[illegible] Governor PALMER, of Illinois, whom the Democrats have considered delightfully independent in his Republican sympathies, destroys all their hopes of seeing him in opposition by a letter to Kentucky regretting that he could not join in the canvass for Mr. HARLAN. "The Republican party," he says, "being thus committed to liberty, justice, and protection for all men, is entitled in the highest degree to the confidence of all classes in Kentucky." The Governor proceeds to declare that it is the true State Rights party, because it demands that the governments of the States shall do their duty in defending the lives and liberties of their citizens, adding that if they did this the Ku-Klux legislation of Congress would become obsolete.

The impending contest is between these two parties—the Democratic devoted to the prejudices of the past, and the Republican committed to liberty, justice, and protection for all men. There was never a time when the old maxim of "principles, not men," was more applicable. Senator SCHURZ, indeed, makes no personal or factious objection to the renomination of the President. His ground of opposition is wholly different. In his judgment the re-election of a President who, as he thinks, has vitally violated the Constitution would be a condonation of usurpation full of perilous consequences. While, therefore, he favors the great principles of the party, he opposes the man.

For ourselves we do not think—nor, as we believe, does the country suppose—that there has been that willful, wanton, and dangerous usurpation of power in regard to San Domingo which Mr. SCHURZ and Mr. SUMNER so forcibly depict; nor do we think that the history of the Administration shows the President inclined to disregard his constitutional obligations. Indeed, it would be hard to find—except in the great instance of WASHINGTON—a victorious general, called at the close of a furious civil war to the chief magistracy of a disturbed nation, who has more honorably and modestly recognized the supremacy of law than the President. Were it otherwise, there could not be that general confidence in him which unquestionably exists. Senator SCHURZ vigorously criticises the Republican party, its leaders, and its policy; but he does not, therefore, cease to be a Republican. Indeed, he would prove his fidelity by purifying and elevating the party.

RESIST THE BEGINNINGS.

THE Mayor of the chief city in the country having surrendered to a mob, it is not surprising that in a smaller city a mob should have assailed and silenced a speaker whose opinions it did not like. But as the better sentiment and the natural indignation of Americans in the city of New York maintained, although at the cost of a bloody struggle, the right of citizens peacefully to assemble and profess their opinions, so the Mayor of Ogdensburg, justly comprehending his duty, protected the speaker who had been silenced, and secured him a hearing. There were many persons in New York who wished that the Orangemen had not announced a parade, just as there were many in Ogdensburg who thought the speaker a nuisance; and all such persons probably had a vague feeling that the troublesome fellows were "served right." But such persons ought to reflect that the vital principle of the American system was at stake in both cases. Mayor HALL, in New York, sacrificed it instantly. A threat from a mob was enough for him. To protect, as was his duty, the peaceful parade of the Orangemen was apparently to alienate the Roman Catholic vote from his party, and that determined him to surrender.

But when he cringed to the mob, and refused to protect the right of peaceful assem-

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the liberty which is most indispensable to a free popular government. For if the magistrate is to decide what opinions may be expressed or what meetings may be held, and for what purposes, our situation is precisely that of the late French empire or any other despotism. If it was proper to forbid the parade of the Orangemen because the Hibernians had threatened a riot, it would be equally proper to forbid a parade of Republicans because Democrats announced that they should be mobbed. A government which can not protect the rights of the poorest, most wretched, and most despised citizen fails in its very first duty. The magistrate who surrenders those rights at the demand of a mob is the most criminal and the most contemptible of public officers.

In Ogdensburg a person who called himself an ex-Catholic priest and member of the Institute of France proposed to lecture against his old faith. He had precisely the same right to do it that Archbishop M'CLOSKEY has to celebrate high mass in the cathedral in New York. But a mob led by a railroad contractor determined that, as they did not like the ex-priest's opinions, he should not utter them. At that moment the man became the representative of the dearest American rights, and every honest and intelligent citizen of the town was bound to secure to him the most perfect protection in speaking. The character of the man and the probable truthfulness of his narration were not to be considered. If a man tells lies in public, he is not to have his head broken by a mob; he is to be refuted by the truth, or to be left alone. If, when SURRATT came to New York to lecture, the Army of the Republic had publicly threatened that he should be attacked, every good citizen should have appeared in his defense, and his performance would have been immensely profitable. But he was unnoticed, and consequently unrewarded.

The London *Spectator* and many American journals think that all processions should be forbidden. If they are to be forbidden because of the interruption of traffic upon the street, there may be reason in the suggestion. But it is better to endure the little annoyance than to move in the direction of regulating opinion. When every procession of whatever significance may march every where in the city in unchallenged quiet, it will be time to consider whether it may not be wise to forbid them. But while mobs threaten them, and the magistrate surrenders to the threat, it is very much too soon to think of stopping them under pretense of relieving the streets. The ex-priest's lecture in Ogdensburg, like the Orange procession in New York, was but an expression of opinion. Yet it is not the opinion, nor those who hold it, but it is the right of every man to hold and utter any opinion whatever, which is the most precious and fundamental of rights, and the most tenaciously to be defended.

SOMEBODY TO BLAME.

THE coroner's verdict in the case of the terrible slaughter by the destruction of the Staten Island ferry-boat *Westfield* suggests that hereafter somebody will be held responsible for such catastrophes. There are constant frightful accidents upon railroads and steamers. The newspapers flame with sensational reports. The reader ruefully reflects how narrowly he has probably escaped. There is a brief gust of excitement; an inquest; nobody to blame; and we proceed to the next massacre. But the slaughter of nearly a hundred persons by the bursting of the boiler of a pleasure-boat lying at the wharf is an event so awful that, if nobody is to blame, traveling has become an unauthorized risk. Nobody, however, who read the testimony believed that it was in any just sense an accident. It was the result of combined ignorance and recklessness. Those who were in official authority seemed to think that they had said all that was necessary when they declared that they had always been in the habit of trusting themselves and their families to the boats under such management as they had—that is, to the care of engineers who could not read, who knew nothing of the simplest laws of the tremendous forces with which they dealt, and who had been intrusted with such immense responsibilities because they were clever fellows.

Since the *Westfield* disaster the *Starbuck*, the *R. E. Lee*, and the Chautauqua Lake steamer have all exploded. Does any body suppose that such events are properly described as accidents? The train fell through the rotten bridge at Bangor. Was that also an accident? The shocking tragedy at the New Hamburg bridge, upon the Hudson River road, last winter—was that another accident? In a few days we shall hear of some other similar catastrophe. Some bridge or boiler, now rotten, will fall or burst, and lives will be lost. Will it be an accident? Will nobody be blameworthy? Shall we gravely shake our heads and blasphemously pronounce it a visitation of Providence? Rotten bridges and boilers are no more visitations of Providence than the Black Hole at Calcutta.

It is not to be supposed that the officers of the Staten Island Ferry Company knew that their boats were recklessly managed; for if they did their offense is criminal. It was a traditionally safe ferry. Nothing had ever happened. The hands were good fellows. "All a man wants to run an engine is good common-sense. Your bookish men are never good for much. What we want is shrewd observation. The proof of the pudding is in the eating." This was the reasoning that probably satisfied these gentlemen. But it can not satisfy the public. The chief officers of steamboat and railroad companies are bound to know that their roads and boats are safe, by knowing that every measure suggested by knowledge and experience and careful, constant scrutiny is taken for their safety. It is obvious that no such principle ever occurred to the management of this ferry. A few days after the explosion of the *Westfield* the tap of a hammer knocked a hole in the boiler of another of the Staten Island boats. There has never been a more melancholy disaster than that of the *Westfield;* but even that will have its compensations if it shall serve to make the public hold the president and directors of transportation companies personally responsible for such events.

THE FRENCH ASSEMBLY.

THE political situation in France is singular, and may yet produce serious disturbance. On the 28th of January the armistice was concluded and signed by BISMARCK and JULES FAVRE. Its second article stated that the object was "to permit the government for the national defense to convoke an Assembly, freely elected, to declare whether the war shall be continued." The Assembly held its first preparatory session on the 13th of February. On the 17th M. THIERS was appointed chief of the executive power, with a declaration by the Assembly that it was indispensable to provide for the necessities of government "while awaiting a legal establishment of the institutions of France," and that M. THIERS would "exercise his functions subject to the authority of the National Assembly." In a speech on the 19th of February M. THIERS accepted the position, and said that the terms of peace would be courageously discussed and determined; that the task of the administration was to pacify and reorganize the country; and that when this was accomplished the country would decide its destinies. On the 1st of March the treaty was ratified by the Assembly. The insurrection and suppression of the Commune presently followed; and the Assembly has since been occupied with various details of administration.

But behind all its deliberations there is one controlling question—what next? The Assembly is the only political authority in the country constituted by the national will. But it was constituted for a declared purpose, which has been accomplished. It defined its own duty as strictly provisional, while awaiting a legal establishment of institutions; and its executive chief announced that when it had pacified the country the country would decide its own destinies. Thus the Assembly was not called to make a constitution for the country, and it has distinctly disclaimed any authority to do so. But no constitutional Assembly can be summoned except by its authority, and it reserves to itself the right of deciding when the country is pacified. Meanwhile it has been deliberating whether to declare M. THIERS executive chief for three years, and will probably give him the title of President, to hold office until the Assembly itself dissolves.

Thus the Assembly is absolute master of the situation. Its duty is plain. At the earliest moment it should order the election of a constitutional convention, of course exercising the supreme power until a constitution is adopted by the nation, and a government under it should be ready to assume its functions. But as political differences are so radical and vital in France, and as every party, monarchical, imperial, republican, and communal, will wish to seize the moment most favorable for its own views, and as there will consequently be endless bargains and coalitions within the Assembly, it is impossible to assume that the simple, obvious, and patriotic method will be adopted. But the longer the delay the more difficult the settlement will be. And too much, in the present situation, depends upon the life of one man. If M. THIERS should die, there is no successor upon whom there could be any cordial agreement. The apparent intention, therefore, of the present provisional system to prolong itself indefinitely may justly cause great solicitude.

THE HOUSATONIC BRIDGE.

WE spoke last week of a letter to the New York *Times* from "Clericus," at Milford, upon the New York and New Haven Railroad, stating that he had been informed that the bridge upon that road over the Housatonic River had been condemned by the State inspectors. After our article was printed "Clericus" wrote again to say that he had been misinformed, and that the inspectors had found the bridge perfectly safe. This want of careful inquiry upon the part of "Clericus" has increased rather than diminished the peril of railroad travel, because it throws suspicions upon all similar assertions hereafter.

PERSONAL.

SENATOR CONKLING is just now a topic of especial interest to the politicians of this State, from the fact that the State Senate to be elected this fall will participate in the election of his successor in 1873. The Springfield *Republican* thinks Mr. CONKLING will not be elected, nor will he withdraw from the canvass. "He is not that sort of man." It will be remembered that the canvass for the Senatorial nomination between Mr. CONKLING and Judge NOAH DAVIS was exceedingly animated and very close.

—Hon. MILTON S. LATHAM, of San Francisco, has made a present to his wife, MARY, "in consideration of natural love and affection," as the deed of conveyance recites. It consists of a house and grounds in the choicest part of San Francisco, and is valued at three hundred thousand dollars in gold. Mr. LATHAM is yet a young man, but his public career was exceptionally brilliant. He is only forty-four years of age. At twenty-three he removed to California, was at once appointed clerk of the Recorder's Court of San Francisco, and soon afterward chosen District-Attorney for the counties of Sacramento and El Dorado. In 1852 he was elected to Congress, but declined a re-election. In 1855 President PIERCE appointed him Collector of San Francisco. In January, 1860, he was inaugurated Governor of California, and three days afterward was elected United States Senator for six years, and ended his brilliant political career at the early age of thirty-nine. Since then Mr. LATHAM has been governor of the Bank of California, the principal moneyed institution of the Pacific. He is a gentleman of superior oratorical powers, a fine scholar, a first-rate business man, and possesses one of the choicest and largest private libraries in the United States.

—Ex-Governor JOHN B. WELLER, from personal or other causes, thinks poorly of the Democratic leaders of California, and asserts that they have lost the State. Governor WELLER has had a tolerably fair political experience. He was in Congress from Ohio from 1839 to 1845; was the first United States commissioner to Mexico under the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo; and having taken up his residence in California, was elected to the United States Senate in 1851, for six years, and was subsequently elected Governor of California. In December, 1860, he was appointed minister to Mexico. Since then he has not risen to the surface prominently in political matters, and may now reasonably be classed among those public men who have been conspicuous, but are now historical.

—Secretary BOUTWELL is an agriculturist. He is a more acred man than those brow-sweated farmers, HORACE GREELEY and HENRY WARD BEECHER—owning three farms in Groton, Massachusetts. He rivals the former in the value of his woodland, and is the peer of the parson in producing pork. His turnips are said to cost somewhere in the range of five dollars the peck.

—Dr. LORING, one of the many aspirants for the Republican nomination for Governor of Massachusetts, has some notion of the pride of ancestry. At the recent MILES STANDISH celebration at Duxbury the doctor revealed this incident in the captain's courtship not related by LONGFELLOW. Said he: "I claim lineal descent from MILES STANDISH. My great-grandmother's name was ALATHEA ALDEN, whose husband, JOHN ALDEN, was sent by STANDISH to court her by proxy, but who accepted a modest hint from the maid, and won her for himself instead of his leader."

—Our excellent friend PAUL DU CHAILLU, the enterprising African traveler, has changed his field of exploration from the regions of the equator to those of the arctic circle. Toward the end of last month he was at North Cape, above seventy-one north latitude. M. DU CHAILLU is making a protracted tour through Norway, Sweden, and Lapland to collect materials for a book as well as lectures on this interesting part of the world, which, judging from his African explorations, will be very attractive and popular.

—After all, there is something interesting and pleasant in the "coming of age" of the heir to a noble and honorable house, and the merry-making of which it is the occasion. Two such celebrations have recently taken place in England—Lord Burleigh and Lord Pembroke having both attained their majority. The former is the eldest son of the Marquis of Exeter, whose second title is more famous than his first. Lord Exeter is the representative of the elder branch of the family of CECIL. His house has been almost uniquely prosperous, inasmuch as it has for two hundred years been doubly represented continuously in the male line in the House of Lords; the great Lord Treasurer BURLEIGH'S eldest son having been the direct ancestor of the Marquis of Exeter, while his second son, ROBERT, JAMES the First's minister, was the direct ancestor of the Marquis of Salisbury. Curiously enough, while heirs have always been forthcoming, and at the present time there are plenty, this ancient family has never spread into various ramifications, and there is no family of CECIL seated elsewhere in England allied to the Exeters or Salisburys. The same good fortune which has attended the CECIL family has extended to its hereditary homes. The "Burleigh House, by Stamford Town," of to-day is that built by Queen BESS'S astute adviser, while Hatfield, its rival in the same style of grandeur, is the Hatfield of his second son. The Earl of Pembroke comes of a race equally renowned in the annals of his country. The eldest son of the late Lord Herbert of Lea, better known as the Right Hon. SIDNEY HERBERT, Lord Pembroke, became head of his house in succession to his uncle, and has inherited a goodly heritage of upward of five hundred thousand dollars a year. His English seat is "Wilton House by Salisbury," a grand old mansion of immense extent, filled with treasures of art; and he further possesses Mount Merrion, charmingly situated on the shores of Dublin Bay, with the most lucrative property in Ireland adjoining it. Lord Pembroke's mother joined the communion of the Church of Rome shortly after his father's death, but he remains a member of the Church of England. We shouldn't wonder if that fascinating Monseigneur described in "Lothair" casts a longing eye toward the young nobleman.

—Mr. GROTE, the historian, whose "History of Greece," in twelve volumes, forms one of the most valuable historical works published by HARPER & BROTHERS, leaves about $600,000 in personal property alone. He bequeathed the copyright of his history and of his other works and his library to his wife for her life, and after her decease to the University of London.

—The New York correspondent of the Boston *Courier*, who professes to know whereof he writes, thinking that it might interest curious people to know something of HENRY WARD BEECHER'S habits of composition, says that "he writes with inconceivable rapidity, in a large, sprawling hand, lines wide apart, and words so thinly scattered about that some of his pages remind one of the famous description of a page of NAPOLEON'S manuscript—a scratch, a blot, and a splutter. Writing so hastily, he writes with some inaccuracy, and as he finds correction very irksome, he hands his manuscript over to some one familiar with his handwriting, to be prepared for the press. It is then set up, the rough proof corrected, and a fair revise handed to the author. This he reads with extreme care, and makes so many corrections, erasures, and additions that it is sometimes cheaper and less laborious to reset the whole than to 'correct' from his proofs. A second proof is then prepared for him, and sometimes a third and fourth, before his critical judgment is satisfied, and the stereotyper allowed to cast the plates. It will be noticed that in the preparation of copy Mr. BEECHER'S habits are directly opposite to those of Mr. GREELEY, who prepares his copy with great care, punctuating every sentence, marking every capital letter and paragraph, and, in short, completing his work before it leaves his hand. The compositor and proof-reader have only to follow copy to be sure of coming out right. Mr. BEECHER'S impetuous temperament rebels against such laborious finish."

—Mr. SAGE, of Wisconsin, an opulent lumber merchant, has given $250,000 for the erection of a college for women at Ithaca. He also offers another gift of $100,000 on several conditions—chief of which is that attendance on religious services at chapel shall be compulsory.

—Mr. JACOB THOMPSON, the Secretary of the Interior in the BUCHANAN administration, now rusticating in the mountains of West Virginia, is naturally very decidedly opposed to the adoption by the Southern Democracy of the "new departure" programme. He thinks that the party in the South must "accept" the constitutional amendments as part of the situation, and disapproves any concentrated effort to abrogate them by other than constitutional means; but he does not think that the Southern Democrats should be expected to say that the amendments were legally enacted. He thinks that they should not send any delegates to the next National Democratic Convention, but leave the whole matter of selection of candidate and platform to the Democrats of the Northern States, pledging to both the support of the Southern Democracy, thus relieving the party from the imputation of "rebel" interference or dictation. Mr. THOMPSON is more "reconstructed" than most of his compeers, and complains but little of the abolition of "the institution," though he expresses the confident hope in "the good time coming"—namely, the return to power in 1872 of the Democratic party.

—The Democrats of Louisiana are jubilant over the dissensions of Governor WARMOTH and Collector CASEY. They regard the quarrel as a Democratic victory, and predict the speedy conversion of the Governor to the doctrine of a "white man's government."

—Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS and family are now in the neighborhood of Baltimore. He has been seriously ill with dyspepsia and heart disease, and contemplates a visit to the White Sulphur Springs or to the sea-shore, as his physicians may determine.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

A TERRIBLE railroad disaster occurred the evening of August 26 at Revere station, about seven miles from Boston, on the Eastern road. The accommodation train, which left Boston at half past seven, was delayed by various causes, and while stopping at Revere was overtaken by the Portland express train. The ponderous locomotive dashed at lightning speed into the standing train, entirely demolishing two cars, killing twenty-four persons outright, and seriously wounding thirty or forty others. Among the former was the Rev. Dr. Ezra S. Gannett, the well-known Unitarian clergyman.

The steamship *Lodona*, which sailed from New York for New Orleans August 12, was lost in a gale on the southern coast of Florida about the 20th of that month. More than twenty persons, including the captain, were drowned, and the ship and cargo are a total loss.

A destructive fire occurred August 23d in the town of Ithaca, New York, involving the loss of a very large amount of property.

In view of the early completion of the telegraph line between Mexico and the United States, the *Journal of Mexico* suggests that Mexican citizenship be conferred upon Professor Morse.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE British Parliament was prorogued August 21 by royal commission.

The Archbishop of Madrid, in a circular to the clergy, requires them to refuse the sacrament to those persons who are married only by civil rite, and all such marriages will be treated as concubinage.

A Carlist uprising is apprehended in Spain, and troops have been sent into several disaffected districts.

The Levant *Herald* says that famine and pestilence are worse than ever in Persia, and that 27,000 have perished in Ispahan alone; also that crops have been destroyed and one-third the population annihilated.

The French Assembly has passed a bill providing for the disarmament of the National Guard throughout France. The measure excites great indignation, and may lead to serious trouble.

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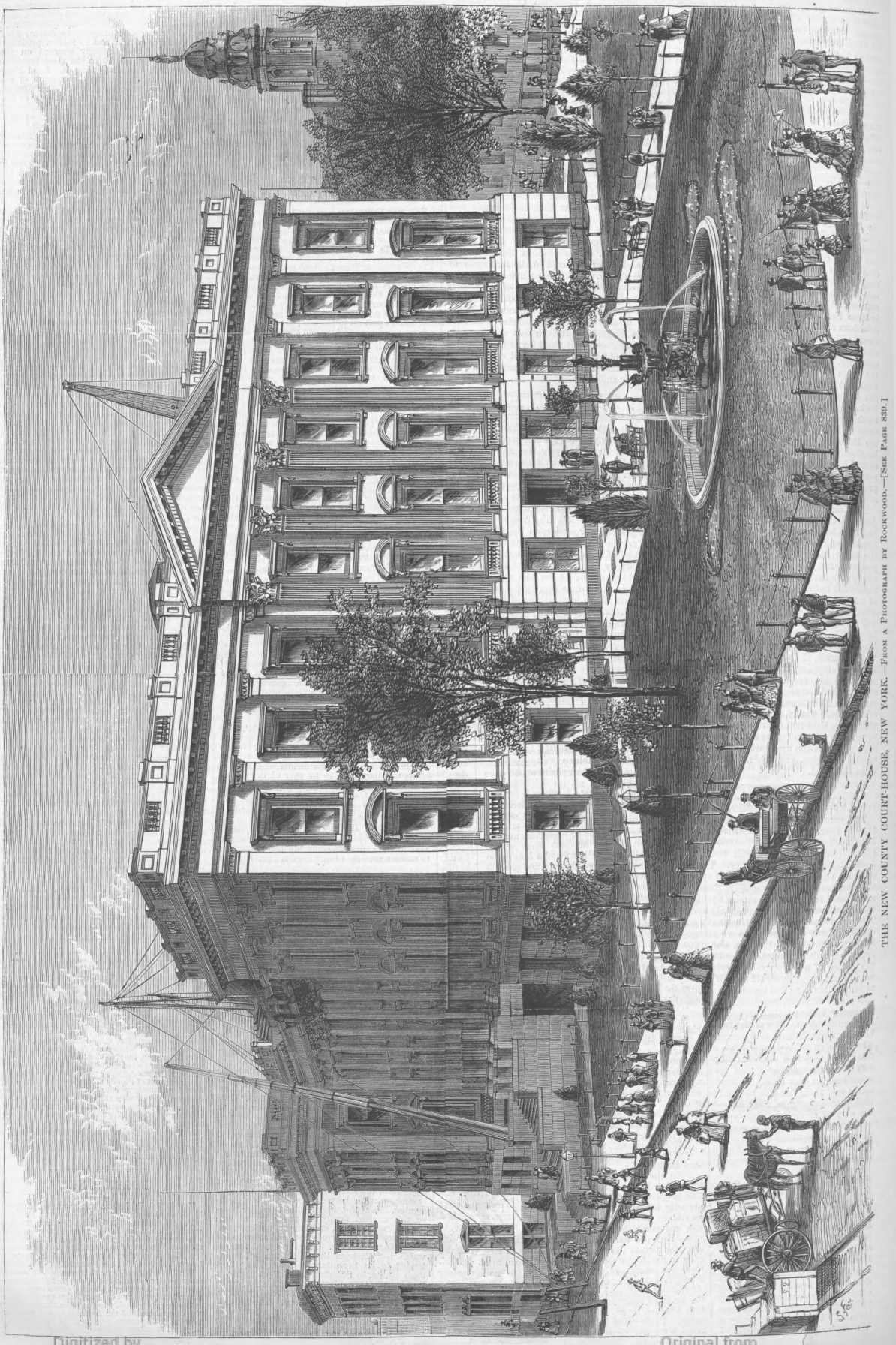

THE NEW COUNTY COURT-HOUSE, NEW YORK.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ROCKWOOD.—[SEE PAGE 839.]

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STANDING BUFFALO.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY C. A. ZIMMERMAN, ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.]

STANDING BUFFALO.

THIS celebrated Indian, chief of a band of Santee Sioux who visited the Milk River Agency in May last with overtures of friendship, was killed on the 5th of June in a battle with the Gros Ventre and Upper Assiniboine Indians. He had been urged by a deputation of Yanctons to join in a raid against these two tribes, but at first flatly refused. The Yanctons abused and derided him, and finally told him he was a coward and no chief, if he listened to the whites and refused to lead his tribe to war. At last STANDING BUFFALO became wild with rage and excitement, and declared he would go to war, but he would go to die. He then made disposition of all his horses, property, and other effects, giving every thing away to relatives and friends; counseled his brother and his son and the head men of his tribe to abide faithfully by the terms they had made; but that he would never return, as he would die in battle. He started out and met a large party of Gros Ventres and Assiniboines, far superior to his own in number, on a plain, and charged them, and, without firing a shot, began striking the enemy with his "coo-stick." He received about thirty shots and fell.

STANDING BUFFALO was a tall, well-made, fine-looking Indian. He had been engaged in several wars against the whites, but had determined to live in peace. It is believed that he went to war courting death, because he was resolved to maintain peace with the whites, and abide faithfully by the terms he had made with the Agency, and was unable to control the Yanctons and some of his own warriors, or prevent them from violating the compact.

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POOR MISS FINCH.

A Domestic Story.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," "Man and Wife," etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

CANDLE-LIGHT VIEW OF THE MAN.

THERE had been barely light enough left for me to read by. Zillah lit the candles, and drew the curtains. The silence which betokens a profound disappointment reigned in the room.

"Who *can* he be?" repeated Lucilla, for the hundredth time. "And why should your looking at him have distressed him? Guess, Madame Pratolungo!"

The last sentence in the gazetteer's description of Exeter hung a little on my mind, in consequence of there being one word in it which I did not quite understand—the word "Assizes." I have, I hope, shown that I possess a competent knowledge of the English language by this time. But my experience fails a little on the side of phrases consecrated to the use of the law. I inquired into the meaning of "Assizes," and was informed that it signified movable courts, for trying prisoners at given times in various parts of England. Hearing this, I had another of my inspirations. I guessed immediately that the interesting stranger was a criminal escaped from the Assizes.

Worthy old Zillah started to her feet, convinced that I had hit him off (as the English saying is) to a T. "Mercy preserve us!" cried the nurse, "I haven't bolted the garden door!"

She hurried out of the room to rescue us from robbery and murder before it was too late. I looked at Lucilla. She was leaning back in her chair, with a smile of quiet contempt on her pretty face. "Madame Pratolungo," she remarked, "that is the first foolish thing you have said since you have been here."

"Wait a little, my dear," I rejoined. "You have declared that nothing is known of this man. Now you mean by that—nothing which satisfies *you*. He has not dropped down from heaven, I suppose? The time when he came here must be known. Also, whether he came alone or not. Also, how and where he has found a lodging in the village. Before I admit that my guess is completely wrong, I want to hear what general observation in Dimchurch has discovered on the subject of this gentleman. How long has he been here?"

Lucilla did not, at first, appear to be much interested in the purely practical view of the question which I had just placed before her.

"He has been here a week," she answered, carelessly.

"Did he come, as I came, over the hills?"

"Yes."

"With a guide, of course?"

Lucilla suddenly sat up in her chair.

"With his brother," she said. "His *twin* brother, Madame Pratolungo."

I sat up in *my* chair. The appearance of his twin brother in the story was a complication in itself. Two criminals escaped from the Assizes, instead of one!

"How did they find their way here?" I asked next.

"Nobody knows."

"Where did they go to when they got here?"

"To the Cross-Hands—the little public-house in the village. The landlord told Zillah he was perfectly astonished at the resemblance between them. It was impossible to know which was which—it was wonderful, even for twins. They arrived early in the day, when the tap-room was empty; and they had a long talk together in private. At the end of it, they rang for the landlord, and asked if he had a bedroom to let in the house. You must have seen for yourself that the Cross-Hands is a mere beer-shop. The landlord said he had no room that he could spare—a wretched place, not fit for a gentleman to sleep in. One of the brothers took the room, for all that."

"What became of the other brother?"

"He went away the same day—very unwillingly. The parting between them was most affecting. The brother who spoke to us to-night insisted on it, or the other would have refused to leave him. They both shed tears—"

"They did worse than that," said old Zillah, re-entering the room at the moment. "I have made all the doors and windows fast down stairs; he can't get in now, my dear, if he tries."

"What did they do that was worse than crying?" I inquired.

"Kissed each other!" said Zillah, with a look of profound disgust. "Two men!"

"Perhaps they are foreigners," I suggested. "Did they give themselves a name?"

"The landlord asked the one who staid behind for his name," replied Lucilla. "He said it was 'Dubourg.'"

This confirmed me in my belief that I had guessed right. "Dubourg" is as common a name in my country as "Jones" or "Thompson" is in England—just the sort of feigned name that a man in difficulties would give among *us*. Was he a criminal countryman of mine? No! There had been nothing foreign in his accent when he spoke. Pure English—there could be no doubt of that. And yet he had given a French name. Had he deliberately insulted my nation? Yes! Not content with being stained by innumerable crimes, he had added to the list of his atrocities—he had insulted my nation!

"Well?" I resumed. "We have left this undetected ruffian deserted in the public-house. Is he there still?"

"Bless your heart!" cried the old nurse, "he is settled in the neighborhood. He has taken Browndown."

I turned to Lucilla. "Browndown belongs to Somebody," I said, hazarding another guess. "Did Somebody let it without a reference?"

"Browndown belongs to a gentleman at Brighton," answered Lucilla. "And the gentleman was referred to a well-known name in London—one of the great City merchants. Here is the most provoking part of the whole mystery. The merchant said, 'I have known Mr. Dubourg from his childhood. He has reasons for wishing to live in the strictest retirement. I answer for his being an honorable man, to whom you can safely let your house. More than this I am not authorized to tell you.' My father knows the landlord of Browndown; and that is what the reference said to him, word for word! Isn't it provoking? The house was let for six months, certain, the next day. It is wretchedly furnished. Mr. Dubourg has had several things that he wanted sent from Brighton. Besides the furniture, a packing-case from London arrived at the house to-day. It was so strongly nailed up that the carpenter had to be sent for to open it. He reports that the case was full of thin plates of gold and silver; and it was accompanied by a box of extraordinary tools, the use of which was a mystery to the carpenter himself. Mr. Dubourg locked up these things in a room at the back of the house, and put the key in his pocket. He seemed to be pleased—he whistled a tune, and said, 'Now we shall do!' The landlady at the Cross-Hands is our authority for this. She does what little cooking he requires; and her daughter makes his bed, and so on. They go to him in the morning, and return to the inn in the evening. He has no servants with him. He is all by himself at night. Isn't it interesting? A mystery in real life. It baffles every body."

"You must be very strange people, my dear," I said, "to make a mystery of such a plain case as this."

"Plain!" repeated Lucilla, in amazement.

"Certainly! The gold and silver plates, and the strange tools, and the living in retirement, and the sending the servants away at night—all point to the same conclusion. My guess is the right one. The man is an escaped criminal; and

"THE PARTING BETWEEN THEM WAS MOST AFFECTING."

his form of crime is coining false money. He has been discovered at Exeter, he has escaped the officers of justice, and he is now going to begin again here. You can do as you please. If *I* happen to want change, I won't get it in this neighborhood."

Lucilla laid herself back in her chair again. I could see that she gave me up, in the matter of Mr. Dubourg, as a person willfully and incorrigibly wrong.

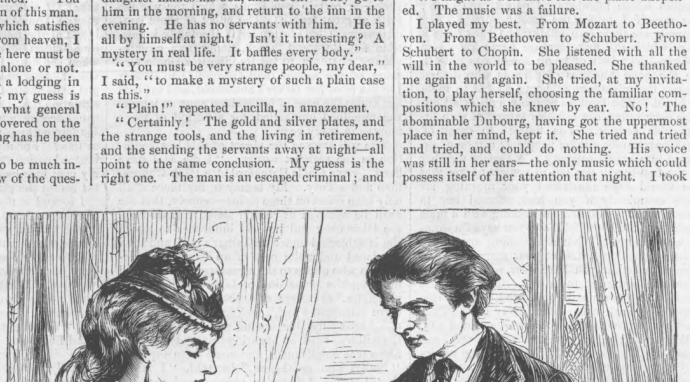
"A coiner of false money recommended as an honorable man by one of the first merchants in London!" she exclaimed. "We do some very eccentric things in England occasionally; but there is a limit to our national madness, Madame Pratolungo, and you have reached it. Shall we have some music?"

She spoke a little sharply. Mr. Dubourg was the hero of her romance. She resented—seriously resented—any attempt on my part to lower him in her estimation.

I persisted in my unfavorable opinion of him, nevertheless. The question between us (as I might have told her) was a question of believing or not believing in the merchant of London. To her mind it was a sufficient guarantee of his integrity that he was a rich man. To my mind (speaking as a good Socialist) that very circumstance told dead against him. A capitalist is a robber of one sort, and a coiner is a robber of another sort. Whether the capitalist recommends the coiner, or the coiner the capitalist, is all one to me. In either case (to quote the language of an excellent English play) the honest people are the soft, easy cushions on which these knaves repose and fatten. It was on the tip of my tongue to put this large and liberal view of the subject to Lucilla. But (alas!) it was easy to see that the poor child was infected by the narrow prejudices of the class amidst which she lived. How could I find it in my heart to run the risk of a disagreement between us on the first day? No—it was not to be done. I gave the nice pretty blind girl a kiss. And we went to the piano together. And I put off making a good Socialist of Lucilla till a more convenient opportunity.

We might as well have left the piano unopened. The music was a failure.

I played my best. From Mozart to Beethoven. From Beethoven to Schubert. From Schubert to Chopin. She listened with all the will in the world to be pleased. She thanked me again and again. She tried, at my invitation, to play herself, choosing the familiar compositions which she knew by ear. No! The abominable Dubourg, having got the uppermost place in her mind, kept it. She tried and tried and tried, and could do nothing. His voice was still in her ears—the only music which could possess itself of her attention that night. I took



"I MIGHT TAKE IT IF YOU WERE NOT A STRANGER."

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her place, and began to play again. She suddenly snatched my hands off the keys. "Is Zillah here?" she whispered. I told her Zillah had left the room. She laid her charming head on my shoulder, and sighed hysterically. "I can't help thinking of him," she burst out. "I am miserable for the first time in my life—no! I am happy for the first time in my life. Oh, what must you think of me! I don't know what I am talking about. Why did you encourage him to speak to us? I might never have heard his voice but for you." She lifted her head again, with a little shiver, and composed herself. One of her hands wandered here and there over the keys of the piano, playing softly. "His charming voice!" she whispered, dreamily, while she played. "Oh, his charming voice!" She paused again. Her hand dropped from the piano and took mine. "Is this love?" she said, half to herself, half to me.

My duty as a respectable woman lay clearly before me—my duty was to tell her a lie.

"It is nothing, my dear, but too much excitement, and too much fatigue," I said. "Tomorrow you shall be my young lady again. To-night you must be only my child. Come and let me put you to bed."

She yielded with a weary sigh. Ah, how lovely she looked in her pretty night-dress, on her knees at the bedside—the innocent, afflicted creature—saying her prayers!

I am, let me own, an equally headlong woman at loving and hating. When I had left her for the night, I could hardly have felt more tenderly interested in her if she had been really a child of my own. You have met with people of my sort—unless you are a very forbidding person indeed—who have talked to you in the most confidential manner of all their private affairs on meeting you in a railway carriage, or sitting next to you at a table d'hôte. For myself, I believe I shall go on running up sudden friendships with strangers to my dying day. Infamous Dubourg! If I could have got into Browndown that night I should have liked to have done to him what a Mexican maid of mine (at the Central American period of my career) did to her drunken husband, who was a kind of peddler dealing in whips and sticks. She sewed him strongly up one night in the sheet while he lay snoring off his liquor in bed; and then she took his whole stock in trade out of the corner of the room and broke it on him, to the last article on sale, until he was beaten to a jelly from head to foot.

Not having this resource open to me, I sat myself down in my bedroom to consider—if the matter of Dubourg went any farther—what it was my business to do next.

I have already mentioned that Lucilla and I had idled away the whole afternoon, womanlike, in talking of ourselves. You will best understand what course my reflections took if I here relate the chief particulars which Lucilla communicated to me concerning her own singular position in her father's house.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

A CAGE OF FINCHES.

LARGE families are—as my experience goes—of two sorts. There are the families whose members all admire each other. And there are the families whose members all detest each other. For myself I prefer the second sort. Their quarrels are their own affair; and they have a merit which the first sort are never known to possess—the merit of being sometimes able to see the good qualities of persons who do not possess the advantage of being related to them by blood. The families whose members all admire each other, are families saturated with insufferable conceit. You happen to speak of Shakspeare among these people as a type of supreme intellectual capacity. A female member of the family will not fail to convey to you that you would have illustrated your meaning far more completely if you had referred her to "dear papa." You are out walking with a male member of the household, and you say of a woman who passes, "What a charming creature!" Your companion smiles at your simplicity, and wonders whether you have ever seen his sister when she is dressed for a ball. These are the families who can not be separated without corresponding with each other every day. They read you extracts from their letters, and say, "Where is the professional writer who can equal this?" They talk of their private affairs in your presence, and appear to think that you ought to be interested too. They enjoy their own jokes across you at table, and wonder how it is that you are not amused. In domestic circles of this sort the sisters sit habitually on the brothers' knees; and the husbands inquire into the wives' ailments in public as unconcernedly as if they were closeted in their own room. When we arrive at a more advanced stage of civilization, the state will supply cages for these intolerable people; and notices will be posted at the corners of streets, "Beware of Number twelve: a family in a state of mutual admiration is hung up there!"

I gathered from Lucilla that the Finches were of the second order of large families, as mentioned above. Hardly one of the members of this domestic group was on speaking terms with the other. And some of them had been separated for years without once troubling her Majesty's Post-office to convey even the slightest expression of sentiment from one to the other.

The first wife of Reverend Finch was a Miss Batchford. The members of her family (limited at the time of the marriage to her brother and her sister) strongly disapproved of her choice of a husband. The rank of a Finch (I laugh at these contemptible distinctions!) was decided, in this case, to be not equal to the rank of a Batchford. Nevertheless, Miss married. Her brother and sister declined to be present at the ceremony. First quarrel.

Lucilla was born. Reverend Finch's elder brother (on speaking terms with no other member of the family) interfered with a Christian proposal—namely, to shake hands across the baby's cradle. Adopted by the magnanimous Batchfords. First reconciliation.

Time passed. Reverend Finch—then officiating in a poor curacy near a great manufacturing town—felt a want (the want of money), and took a liberty (the liberty of attempting to borrow of his brother-in-law). Mr. Batchford, being a rich man, regarded this overture, it is needless to say, in the light of an insult. Miss Batchford sided with her brother. Second quarrel.

Time passed, as before. Mrs. Finch the first died. Reverend Finch's elder brother (still at daggers drawn with the other members of the family) made a second Christian proposal—namely, to shake hands across the wife's grave. Adopted once more by the bereaved Batchfords. Second reconciliation.

Another lapse of time. Reverend Finch, left a widower with one daughter, became personally acquainted with an inhabitant of the great city near which he ministered, who was also a widower with one daughter. The status of the parent in this case—social-political-religious—was Shoe-maker-Radical-Baptist. Reverend Finch, still wanting money, swallowed it all, and married the daughter, with a dowry of three thousand pounds. This proceeding alienated from him forever, not the Batchfords only, but the peace-making elder brother as well. This excellent Christian ceased to be on speaking terms now with his brother the clergyman as well as with all the rest of the family. The complete isolation of Reverend Finch followed. Regularly every year did the second Mrs. Finch afford opportunities of shaking hands, not only over one cradle, but sometimes over two. Vain and meritorious fertility! Nothing came of it but a kind of compromise. Lucilla, quite overlooked among the rector's rapidly increasing second family, was allowed to visit her maternal uncle and aunt at stated periods in every year. Born, to all appearance, with the full possession of her sight, the poor child had become incurably blind before she was a year old. In all other respects she presented a striking resemblance to her mother. Bachelor Uncle Batchford and his old maiden sister both conceived the strongest affection for the child. "Our niece, Lucilla," they said, "has justified our fondest hopes—she is a Batchford, not a Finch!" Lucilla's father (promoted by this time to the rectory of Dimchurch) let them talk. "Wait a bit, and money will come of it," was all *he* said. Truly, money was wanted!—with fruitful Mrs. Finch multiplying cradles year after year till the doctor himself (employed on contract) got tired of it, and said one day, "It is not true that there is an end to every thing: there is no end to the multiplying capacity of Mrs. Finch."

Lucilla grew up from childhood to womanhood. She was twenty years old before her father's expectations were realized, and the money came of it at last.

Uncle Batchford died a single man. He divided his fortune between his maiden sister and his niece. When she came of age Lucilla was to have an income of fifteen hundred pounds a year—on certain conditions, which the will set forth at great length. The effect of these conditions was (first) to render it absolutely impossible for Reverend Finch, under any circumstances whatever, to legally inherit a single farthing of the money, and (secondly) to detach Lucilla from her father's household, and to place her under the care of her maiden aunt, so long as she remained unmarried, for a period of three months in every year.

The will avowed the object of this last condition in the plainest words. "I die as I have lived" (wrote Uncle Batchford) "a High-Churchman and a Tory. My legacy to my niece shall only take effect on these terms—namely, that she shall be removed at certain stated periods from the Dissenting and Radical influences to which she is subjected under her father's roof, and shall be placed under the care of an English gentlewoman who unites to the advantages of birth and breeding the possession of high and honorable principles," et cætera, et cætera. Can you conceive Reverend Finch's feelings, sitting, with his daughter by his side, among the company, while the will was read, and hearing this? He got up, like a true Englishman, and made them a speech. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I admit that I am a Liberal in politics, and that my wife's family are Dissenters. As an example of the principles thus engendered in my household, I beg to inform you that my daughter accepts this legacy with my full permission, and that I forgive Mr. Batchford." With that, he walked out, with his daughter on his arm. He had heard enough, please to observe, to satisfy him that Lucilla (while she lived unmarried) could do what she liked with her income. Before they had got back to Dimchurch, Reverend Finch had completed a domestic arrangement which permitted his daughter to occupy a perfectly independent position in the rectory, and which placed in her father's pockets—as Miss Finch's contribution to the housekeeping—five hundred a year.

(Do you know what I felt when I heard this? I felt the deepest regret that Finch of the liberal principles had not made a third with my poor Pratolungo and me in Central America. With him to advise us, we should have saved the sacred cause of Freedom without spending a single farthing on it!)

The old side of the rectory, hitherto uninhabited, was put in order and furnished—of course at Lucilla's expense. On her twenty-first birthday the repairs were completed; the first installment of the housekeeping money was paid; and the daughter was established, as an independent lodger, in her own father's house!

In order to thoroughly appreciate Finch's ingenuity it is necessary to add here that Lucilla had shown, as she grew up, an increasing dislike of living at home. In her blind state, the endless turmoil of the children distracted her. She and her step-mother did not possess a single sympathy in common. Her relations with her father were in much the same condition. She could compassionate his poverty, and she could treat him with the forbearance and respect due to him from his child. As to really venerating and loving him—the less said about that the better. Her happiest days had been the days she spent with her uncle and aunt; her visits to the Batchfords had grown to be longer and longer visits with every succeeding year. If the father, in appealing to the daughter's sympathies, had not dextrously contrived to unite the preservation of her independence with the continuance of her residence under his roof, she would, on coming of age, either have lived altogether with her aunt, or have set up an establishment of her own. As it was, the rector had secured his five hundred a year on terms acceptable to both sides—and, more than that, he had got her safe under his own eye. For, remark, there was one terrible possibility threatening him in the future—the possibility of Lucilla's marriage!

Such was the strange domestic position of this interesting creature at the time when I entered the house.

You will now understand how completely puzzled I was when I recalled what had happened on the evening of my arrival, and when I asked myself—in the matter of the mysterious stranger—what course I was to take next. I had found Lucilla a solitary being, helplessly dependent, in her blindness, on others; and in that sad condition—without a mother, without a sister, without a friend even in whose sympathies she could take refuge, in whose advice she could trust—I had produced a first favorable impression on her; I had won her liking at once, as she had won mine. I had accompanied her on an evening walk, innocent of all suspicion of what was going on in her mind. I had by pure accident enabled a stranger to intensify the imaginary interest which she felt in him, by provoking him to speak in her hearing for the first time. In a moment of hysterical agitation—and in sheer despair of knowing who else to confide in—the poor, foolish, blind, lonely girl had opened her heart to *me*. What was I to do?

If the case had been an ordinary one, the whole affair would have been simply ridiculous.

But the case of Lucilla was not the case of girls in general.

The minds of the blind are, by cruel necessity, forced inward on themselves. They live apart from us—ah, how hopelessly far apart!—in their own dark sphere, of which we know nothing. What relief could come to Lucilla from the world outside? None! It was part of her desolate liberty to be free to dwell unremittingly on the ideal creature of her own dream. Within the narrow limit of the one impression that it had been possible for her to derive of this man—the impression of the beauty of his voice—her fancy was left to work unrestrained in the changeless darkness of her life. What a picture! I shudder as I draw it. Oh yes, it is easy, I know, to look at it the other way; to laugh at the folly of a girl, who first excites her imagination about a total stranger, and then, when she hears him speak, falls in love with his voice! But add that the girl is blind; that the girl lives habitually in the world of her own imagination; that the girl has nobody at home who can exercise a wholesome influence over her. Is there nothing pitiable in such a state of things as this? For myself—though I come of a light-hearted nation that laughs at every thing—I saw my own face looking horribly grave and old as I sat before the glass that night brushing my hair.

I looked at my bed. Bah! what was the use of going to bed?

She was her own mistress. She was perfectly free to take her next walk to Browndown alone, and to place herself, for all I knew to the contrary, at the mercy of a dishonorable and designing man. What was I? Only her companion. I had no right to interfere—and yet, if any thing happened, I should be blamed. It is so easy to say, "You ought to have done something." Who could I consult? The worthy old nurse only held the position of servant. Could I address myself to the lymphatic lady with the baby in one hand and the novel in the other? Absurd! Her step-mother was not to be thought of. Her father? Judging by hearsay, I had not derived a favorable impression of the capacity of Reverend Finch for interfering successfully in a matter of this sort. However, he *was* her father; and I could feel my way cautiously with him at first. Hearing Zillah moving about the corridor, I went out to her. In the course of a little gossip I introduced the name of the master of the house. How was it I had not seen him yet? For an excellent reason. He had gone to visit a friend at Brighton. It was then Tuesday. He was expected back on "sermon-day"—that is to say, on Saturday in the same week.

I returned to my room a little out of temper. In this state my mind works with wonderful freedom. I had another of my inspirations. Mr. Dubourg had taken the liberty of speaking to me that evening. Good. I determined to go alone to Browndown the next morning, and take the liberty of speaking to Mr. Dubourg.

Was this resolution inspired solely by my interest in Lucilla? Or had my own curiosity been all the time working under the surface, and influencing the course of my reflections unknown to myself? I went to bed without inquiring. I recommend you to go to bed without inquiring too.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

DAYLIGHT VIEW OF THE MAN.

WHEN I put out my candle that night I made a mistake—I trusted entirely to myself to wake in good time in the morning. I ought to have told Zillah to call me.

Hours passed before I could close my eyes. It was broken rest when it came until the day dawned. Then I fell asleep at last in good earnest. When I awoke, and looked at my watch, I was amazed to find that it was ten o'clock.

I jumped out of bed, and rang for the old nurse. Was Lucilla at home? No. She had gone out for a little walk. By herself? Yes—by herself. In what direction? Up the valley, toward Browndown.

I instantly arrived at my own conclusion.

She had got the start of me—thanks to my laziness in sleeping away the precious hours of the morning in bed. The one thing to do was to follow her as speedily as possible. In half an hour more *I* was out for a little walk by myself—and (what do you think?) *my* direction also was up the valley, toward Browndown.

A pastoral solitude reigned round the lonely little house. I went on beyond it into the next winding of the valley. Not a human creature was to be seen. I returned to Browndown to reconnoitre. Ascending the rising ground on which the house was built, I approached it from the back. The windows were all open. I listened. (Do you suppose I felt scruples in such an emergency as this? Oh, pooh! pooh! who but a fool would have felt any thing of the sort!) I listened with both my ears. Through a window at the side of the house I heard the sound of voices. Advancing noiselessly on the turf, I heard the voice of Dubourg. He was answered by a woman. Aha, I had caught her! Lucilla herself!

"Wonderful!" I heard him say. "I believe you have eyes in the ends of your fingers. Take this, now, and try if you can tell me what it is."

"A little vase," she answered, speaking. I give you my word of honor, as composedly as if she had known him for years. "Wait! what metal is it? Silver? No. Gold. Did you really make this yourself, as well as the box?"

"Yes. It is an odd taste of mine, isn't it? to be fond of chasing in gold and silver. Years ago I met with a man in Italy who taught me. It amused me then, and it amuses me now. When I was recovering from an illness last spring I shaped that vase out of the plain metal, and made the ornaments on it."

"Another mystery revealed!" she exclaimed. "Now I know what you wanted with those gold and silver plates that came to you from London. Are you aware of what a character you have got here? There are some of us who suspect you of coining false money!"

They both burst out laughing as gayly as a couple of children. I declare I wished myself one of the party! But no. I had my duty to do as a respectable woman. My duty was to steal a little nearer, and see if any familiarities were passing between these two merry young people. One-half of the open window was sheltered, on the outer side, by a Venetian blind. I stood behind the blind and peeped in. (Duty! oh, dear me, painful but necessary duty!) Dubourg was sitting with his back to the window. Lucilla faced me opposite to him. Her cheeks were flushed with pleasure. She held in her lap a pretty little golden vase. Her clever fingers were passing over it rapidly, exactly as they had passed, the previous evening, over my face.

"Shall I tell you what the pattern is on your vase?" she went on.

"Can you really do that?"

"You shall judge for yourself. The pattern is made of leaves, with birds placed among them, at intervals. Stop! I think I have felt leaves like these on the old side of the rectory, against the wall. Ivy?"

"Amazing! it *is* ivy."

"The birds," she resumed. "I sha'n't be satisfied till I have told you what the birds are. Haven't I got silver birds like them—only much larger—for holding pepper and mustard and sugar and so on? Owls!" she exclaimed, with a cry of triumph. "Little owls, sitting in ivy nests. What a delightful pattern! I never heard of any thing like it before."

"Keep the vase," he said. "You will honor me, you will delight me, if you will keep the vase."

She rose and shook her head—without giving him back the vase, however.

"I might take it, if you were not a stranger," she said. "Why don't you tell us who you are, and what your reason is for living all by yourself in this dull place?"

He stood before her, with his head down, and sighed bitterly.

"I know I ought to explain myself," he answered. "I can't be surprised if people are suspicious of me." He paused, and added, very earnestly, "I can't tell it to *you*. Oh no, not to *you*!"

"Why not?"

"Don't ask me."

She felt for the table with her ivory cane, and put the vase down on it very unwillingly.

"Good-morning, Mr. Dubourg," she said.

He opened the door of the room for her in silence. Waiting close against the side of the house, I saw them appear under the porch and cross the little walled inclosure in front. As she stepped out on the open turf beyond she turned and spoke to him again.

"If you won't tell *me* your secret," she said, "will you tell it to some one else? Will you tell it to a friend of mine?"

"To what friend?" he asked.

"To the lady whom you met with me last night."

He hesitated. "I am afraid I offended the lady," he said.

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"So much the more reason for your explaining yourself," she rejoined. "If you will only satisfy *her*, I might ask you to come and see us —I might even take the vase." With that strong hint she actually gave him her hand at parting. Her perfect self-possession, her easy familiarity with this stranger—so bold and yet so innocent —petrified me. "I shall send my friend to you this morning," she said, imperiously, striking her cane on the turf. "I insist on your telling her the whole truth."

With that she signed to him that he was to follow her no farther, and went her way back to the village.

Does it not surprise you, as it surprised me? Instead of her blindness making her nervous in the presence of a man unknown to her, it appeared to have exactly the contrary effect. It made her fearless.

He stood on the spot where she had left him, watching her as she receded in the distance. His manner toward her, in the house and out of the house, had exhibited, it is only fair to say, the utmost consideration and respect. Whatever shyness there had been between them was shyness entirely on his side. I had a short stuff dress on, which made no noise over the grass. I skirted the wall of the inclosure, and approached him unsuspected from behind. "The charming creature!" he said to himself, still following her with his eyes. As the words passed his lips I touched him smartly on the shoulder with my parasol.

"Mr. Dubourg," I said, "I am waiting to hear the truth."

He started violently, and confronted me in speechless dismay, his color coming and going like the color of a young girl. Any body who understands women will understand that this behavior on his part, far from softening me toward him, only encouraged me to bully him.

"In your present position in this place, Sir," I went on, "do you think it honorable conduct on your part to decoy a young lady, to whom you are a perfect stranger, into your house—a young lady who claims, in right of her sad affliction, even more than the usual forbearance and respect which a gentleman owes to her sex?"

His shifting color settled for the time into an angry red.

"You are doing me a great injustice, ma'am," he answered. "It is a shame to say that I have failed in respect to the young lady. I feel the sincerest admiration and compassion for her. Circumstances justify me in what I have done. I could not have acted otherwise. I refer you to the young lady herself."

His voice rose higher and higher. He was thoroughly offended with me. Need I add (seeing the prospect not far off of *his* bullying *me*) that I unblushingly shifted my ground, and tried a little civility next?

"If I have done you an injustice, Sir, I ask your pardon," I answered. "Having said so much, I have only to add that I shall be satisfied if I hear what the circumstances are from yourself."

This soothed his offended dignity. His gentler manner began to show itself again.

"The truth is," he said, "that I owe my introduction to the young lady to an ill-tempered little dog belonging to the people at the inn. The dog had followed the person here who attends on me; and it startled the lady by flying out and barking at her as she passed this house. After I had driven away the dog I begged her to come in and sit down until she had recovered herself. Am I to blame for doing that? I don't deny that I felt the deepest interest in her, and that I did my best to amuse her while she honored me by remaining in my house. May I ask if I have satisfied you?"

With the best will in the world to maintain my unfavorable opinion of him, I was, by this time, fairly forced to acknowledge to myself that the opinion was wrong. His explanation was, in tone and manner, as well as in language, the explanation of a gentleman.

And, besides—though he was a little too effeminate for my taste—he really was such a handsome young man! His hair was of a fine bright chestnut color, with a natural curl in it. His eyes were of the lightest brown I had ever seen—with a singularly winning, gentle, modest expression in them. As for his complexion—so creamy and spotless and fair—he had no right to it: it ought to have been a woman's complexion, or at least a boy's. He looked, indeed, more like a boy than a man: his smooth face was quite uncovered, either by beard, whisker, or mustache. If he had asked me, I should have guessed him (though he was really three years older) to have been younger than Lucilla.

"Our acquaintance has begun rather oddly, Sir," I said. "You spoke strangely to me last night; and I have spoken hastily to you this morning. Accept my excuses—and let us try if we can't do each other justice in the end. I have something more to say to you before we part. Will you think me a very extraordinary woman if I suggest that you may as well invite *me* next to take a chair in your house?"

He laughed with the pleasantest good temper, and led the way in.

We entered the room in which he had received Lucilla, and sat down together on the two chairs near the window—with this difference, that I contrived to possess myself of the seat which he had occupied, and so to place him with his face to the light.

"Mr. Dubourg," I began, "you will already have guessed that I overheard what Miss Finch said to you at parting?"

He bowed in silent acknowledgment that it was so, and began to toy nervously with the gold vase which Lucilla had left on the table.

"What do you propose to do?" I went on. "You have spoken of the interest you feel in my young friend. If it is a true interest, it will lead you to merit her good opinion by complying with her request. Tell me plainly, if you please. Will you come and see us, in the character of a gentleman who has satisfied two ladies that they can receive him as a neighbor and a friend? Or will you oblige me to warn the rector of Dimchurch that his daughter is in danger of permitting a doubtful character to force his acquaintance on her?"

He put the vase back on the table and turned deadly pale.

"If you knew what I have suffered," he said; "if you had gone through what I have been compelled to endure—" His voice failed him; his soft brown eyes moistened; his head drooped. He said no more.

In common with all women I like a man to *be* a man. There was, to my mind, something weak and womanish in the manner in which this Dubourg met the advance which I had made to him. He not only failed to move my pity—he was in danger of stirring up my contempt.

"I too have suffered," I answered. "I too have been compelled to endure. But there is this difference between us. *My* courage is not worn out. In your place, if I knew myself to be an honorable man, I would not allow the breath of suspicion to rest on me for an instant. Cost what it might, I would vindicate myself. I should be ashamed to cry. I should speak."

That stung him. He started up on his feet.

"Have *you* been stared at by hundreds of cruel eyes?" he burst out, passionately. "Have *you* been pointed at without mercy wherever you go? Have *you* been put in the pillory of the newspapers? Has the photograph proclaimed *your* infamous notoriety in all the shop windows?" He dropped back into his chair, and wrung his hands in a frenzy. "Oh, the public!" he exclaimed—"the horrible public! I can't get away from them. I can't hide myself even here. You have had your stare at me like the rest," he cried, turning on me fiercely. "I knew it when you passed me last night."

"I never saw you out of this place," I answered. "As for the portraits of you, whoever you may be, I know nothing about them. I was far too anxious and too wretched to amuse myself by looking into shop windows before I came here. You and your name are equally strange to me. If you have any respect for yourself, tell me who you are. Out with the truth, Sir. You know as well as I do that you have gone too far to stop."

I seized him by the hand. I was wrought up by the extraordinary outburst that had escaped him to the highest pitch of excitement. I was hardly conscious of what I said or did. At that supreme moment we enraged, we maddened each other. His hand closed convulsively on my hand. His eyes looked wildly into mine.

"Do you read the newspapers?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Have you seen—"

"I have *not* seen the name of Dubourg."

"My name is not 'Dubourg.'"

"What is it?"

He suddenly stooped over me and whispered his name in my ear.

In my turn I started, thunderstruck, to my feet.

"Good God!" I cried. "You are the man who was tried for murder last month, and who was all but hanged on the false testimony of a clock!"

THE COUNTY COURT-HOUSE.

ABOUT ten years ago there rose between the City Hall and Broadway, a little in the rear of the former, a high and unsightly wooden structure, which was said to conceal the foundations of the new County Court-house. The modest little edifice in the Park which had sufficed for the accommodation of the county courts had been some years before destroyed by fire, with a valuable library and much other property. To provide suitable quarters for the judges and other county officers became a necessity; and in 1858 the Legislature granted power to the Board of Supervisors to appoint commissioners to purchase ground for the site of a new building. The cost was limited to $250,000; but the commissioners, Messrs. WILSON G. HUNT, J. R. CORLIES, and JAMES SALMON, took a broader view of the necessities of the case, and expended in one lump $450,000 for the site, which was purchased from the city. During the official term of Mayor WOOD, the Supervisors had every thing their own way; but during Mayor ODYKE'S administration the question of the legality of the appropriations was raised. The Mayor contended that the retirement of Mr. SALMON from the commission rendered its acts illegal, and refused to sign any warrants. In April, 1862, he appointed Mr. T. G. CHURCHILL to fill the vacancy in the commission. The Supervisors took no notice of his action. The Mayor continued firm, and the Supervisors were exceedingly short.

The dead-lock continued for several months; but in December, 1862, the genius of Mr. TWEED suggested a remedy. He offered five resolutions in the Board of Supervisors taking the control entirely out of the hands of the Mayor and giving it to a special committee of their own body. The resolutions passed immediately, and the Mayor's objections were overruled by a decisive vote.

It was now generally supposed that the work would proceed rapidly, and that the building would be ready for occupation within two or three years. But two, three, five, ten years rolled away, and still the Court-house was not finished. The walls crept slowly upward. By-and-by they peered above the wooden inclosure, and took their first survey of the Park, struggled painfully upward for a year or two more, and were at length united by a massive roof. The process seemed like the gradual upheaval of a continent, perceptible only by measurements separated by cycles. People who saw it every day forgot when it begun, and at length came to regard it as something which had never had a beginning, and, probably, would never have an ending.

There was, however, no doubt in regard to the cost of the structure. The original appropriation, intended to cover the entire cost, was $250,000. The Board of Supervisors was not to be restrained by petty notions of legality or economy. Within seven years after the laying of the corner-stone of the new structure, *three and a half millions of dollars* had been expended upon it, and the result was—four walls and a roof!

While the Court-house was thus slowly progressing toward completion it was, in some unaccountable manner, in constant need of repairs, and sums which have been modestly characterized as "*perhaps* exorbitant" were required to make them. According to the statements of the New York *Times*, Mr. ANDREW J. GARVEY received during 1869 and 1870, for plastering and repairs, the sum of $2,870,464 06. This is considerably in excess of the original appropriation, and shows what contracted views the men must have had who supposed a Court-house could be built for $250,000. But Mr. GARVEY'S charges sink into insignificance in comparison with those of Messrs. INGERSOLL & Co., who, during the same years, received, for furniture supplied to the new Court-house, and more repairs done to the same building, $5,663,646 83! During the same years the firm of KEYSER & Co. received, for plumbing done in the same building, $1,231,817 76.

These figures show only a portion of the money expended upon a building which is not yet completed. Enormous sums, reaching into millions, have been spent for iron and stone and marble. The exact amount can not be ascertained, but enough has come to light to show that the cost of our new County Court-house exceeds that of the magnificent English House of Parliament, in which a dozen buildings like the Court-house might be stowed away in odd corners.

On page 836 we give a view of this costly structure.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

IN the eighty-ninth number of *Nature* we find a communication from Mr. BONNEY upon the total solar eclipse which is to take place in India, Ceylon, and Australia on the 11th of December, 1871, and a detail of the measures that are likely to be accomplished by the utilization of this phenomenon in the interest of science. It is not expected that any special expedition will be sent out from England, the local observers at Madras, Melbourne, and elsewhere being thought sufficient for the occasion. In the absence of an observatory at Ceylon, it is hoped that something may be done there to supply so necessary a means of research, under the auspices of the Royal Society and Royal Astronomical Society.

Year by year, as observations are made on solar phenomena with the continually improving instruments for research, the field of inquiry becomes narrowed, so that attention can be concentrated upon the remaining points; and Mr. LOCKYER, in a paper read before the Royal Society, states that the points of special interest now are: first, spectroscopic observations made with a suitable instrument, equatorially mounted, and with reference spectra; secondly, photographic observations made in a camera with a large aperture and small focal length, equatorially mounted. The less important elements, although not undeserving of attention, are: first, photographs of the prominences; second, sketches of every thing but the changes in the corona; third, polariscopic observations; and fourth, observations of Baily's Beads.

Mr. LOCKYER considers it important to have one instrument to determine the position of the prominences before and after totality. During totality they should not be observed at all, excepting incidentally. At each place (*i. e.*, India, Ceylon, Australia) the spectroscopes should be employed for half an hour (to be on the safe side) before totality, in scrutinizing the crescent at its narrowest place, and the chromosphere outside the following limb of the moon. At each place, as before defined, there should be a spectroscope, with a finder and equatorial motion (or some equivalent arrangement), directed to the sun's centre, to record any changes which take place in the spectrum from, say, half an hour before to half an hour after totality, and during totality, *bien entendu*. The relative darkness or brightness of the lines should be recorded every ten seconds. This spectroscope should have moderate dispersion, large object-glasses for collimator and telescope, and with focal length such that two or three degrees round the sun should be taken in (*i. e.*, one degree to one and a half from the sun's centre), and a large field.

Eight persons are considered necessary, as well as sufficient, for work at any one station—namely: one telescope-spectroscopic observer, two assistants; one photographer, two assistants; and one spectroscopic observer with an assistant.

The general observations pointed out as of extreme importance are, first, rays before, during, and after totality—their length, direction, and color; second, colors of the various layers of the chromosphere, and of clouds and landscape, the order of these being of great importance; third, dark rays or rifts—whether they change, and whether they extend to the dark moon or stop short above the denser layers of the chromosphere; fourth, the colors of the corona between bright or dark rays; fifth, all changes in corona; sixth, comparative brightness of rays and chromosphere and outward corona.

DR. J. D. HOOKER, the director of the Royal Gardens at Kew, has issued his report on the progress and condition of the gardens during the year 1870. The number of visitors was not quite so large in 1870 as in 1869. The improvements in the laying out of the grounds of the botanic gardens, which have been in progress for the last five years, are now nearly completed. The pleasure-grounds have suffered severely from the long drought of the summer of 1870, acting on an excessively poor natural soil. Very large numbers of trees have perished, especially the older elms, ashes, beeches, and sycamores. These are being replaced, and preparations have been made for the formation of the new pinetum, which will be immediately commenced. Notwithstanding the rage for planting conifers which has prevailed in England for many years, and which has almost supplanted the growth of hardy deciduous trees, no complete public arranged and named collection of conifers exists in that country. The museums, herbarium, and library have been enriched by numerous purchases and donations. In speaking of the exchange of plants and seeds effected from the gardens, Dr. HOOKER states that the success of the cinchona plantations is now fully established in the Sikkim Himalaya, the Neilgherries, Khasia Mountains, Ceylon, and Jamaica. The bark from the first-named localities has commanded a price equal to the Peruvian in the English market. Great exertions are now being made by the Indian government to introduce the Ipecacuanha plant into that country, for which purpose large numbers of plants have been sent out from the Kew Gardens. Some districts of India seem well suited for its cultivation.

The secretary of the Scottish Meteorological Society publishes a communication from a correspondent in Iceland, dated June 30, referring to the unusual heat of that country during the present summer. The average temperature for June was as high as fifty-nine degrees, or twelve degrees higher than the mean temperature for the past four Junes. The wind has been blowing continually from the southwest, and the heat in the valleys is said to be quite insupportable.

Under the enlightened administration of the Coast Survey by its present head, great attention is being paid toward the speedy extension of our knowledge of the coast, not merely of the United States, but of North America generally, as well as that of the adjacent deep seas. We have already given the details of a proposed exploration of the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific, under the direction of Professor AGASSIZ and Count POURTALÈS, and of the contribution on the part of Mr. THAYER toward the purely zoological expenses of the survey. Other new directions of effort are to be found in an examination of the western coast of Mexico and Central America from San Diego to Panama, as authorized by Congress at its last session, to be initiated as soon as suitable preparation can be made for the purpose. This was ordered especially in view of the fact of the growing trade of the United States with those regions, and the importance of determining the character of the coast, and the localities of the obstructions to navigation.

A third enterprise of the Coast Survey is that of a hydrographic reconnoissance of the Aleutian Islands and the adjacent coast of Alaska, under the direction of Mr. WILLIAM H. DALL, so well and favorably known from his previous labors in that country, as embodied in the work entitled "Alaska and its Resources." Mr. DALL is now in San Francisco, and expects to leave in a short time for the field of his operations, to be absent a year or more. He is accompanied by Mr. M. W. HARRINGTON, of Ann Arbor, as astronomer, and goes prepared to carry on the work in all its details, including the preparation of charts, soundings of the bottom, determinations of temperature, the chemical constitution of the water, the deep-sea fauna, etc.

A late article in *Land and Water* upon the time when the principal food fish are in season remarks that salmon may be eaten from the middle of February or beginning of March until the end of August or beginning of September, those sent from Norway coming still earlier. Turbot, sole, and brill are eaten the year round, although they are best from October to May. Lobsters and crabs are best from April to October, and oysters, of course, during the *r* months.

The death is announced of Mr. WILLIAM P. TURNBULL, of Philadelphia, at the age of forty-one. This gentleman was born in Scotland, but had resided for a number of years in Philadelphia, where he was well known as an ornithologist of considerable eminence. He occupied himself for a time in collecting a very complete library of works relating to American ornithology, and also in securing manuscripts, letters, and original drawings of ALEXANDER WILSON. As an author he was known by the publication of two works: the first, a list of the birds of East Lothian, published in Glasgow; the second, a list of the birds of East Pennsylvania and New Jersey, both of them noted for the beauty of their typography and the accuracy of their indications. He was for many years an active member of the Academy of Natural Sciences in Philadelphia, and his loss will be much felt by that institution.

The expedition of Professor HAYDEN continues to advance in the direction of its special field of inquiry, the Yellow Stone Lake, and on the 20th of July last had reached within sixty-five miles of it. They had at that time investigated and mapped part of the Yellow Stone range of mountains, and found it to be one of the most magnificent regions on the continent. The geology was found to be largely basaltic, some of it of recent volcanic character, and the valley of the river they state to be beautiful and fertile beyond description.

MR. OCTAVE PAVÉ, a gentleman of French extraction, and, it is said, formerly a resident of New Orleans, has been lately in San Francisco preparing for his proposed visit to Wrangell's Land—an island of which we have already made mention as having been discovered several years ago by Captain LONG, to the northwest of Behring Strait, off the coast of Siberia. Mr. PAVÉ proposes to go to Cape Yakan as the nearest point, and to embark thence in an India rubber boat for the region referred to. This boat is so arranged as to serve as a sled on land and a boat in the water, and much is expected from its performances. Should Wrangell's Land be reached, the subject of proceeding still further to the northwest will be entertained, with the idea that possibly a route to the pole may be found in that direction.

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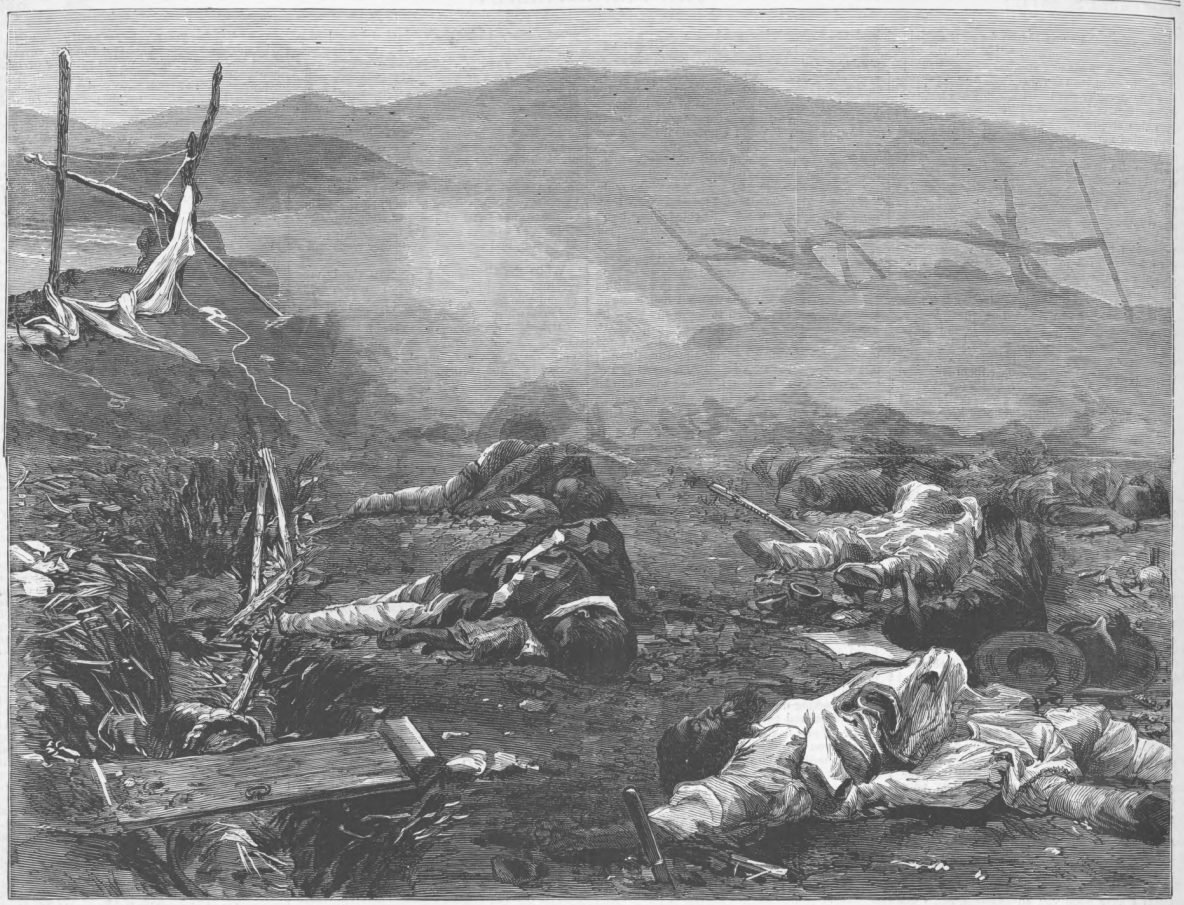

INTERIOR OF FORT M'KEE.

THE COREAN WAR.

OUR readers are already in possession of the main facts of Admiral RODGERS's short but decisive campaign against the Corean barbarians, and only a brief *résumé* will be necessary to explain the illustrations on this and the following page, engraved from photographs taken on the spot by our special artist, Sr. F. BEATTO, who accompanied the expedition as the official photographer.

The first illustration shows the interior of Fort M'Kee, so named in honor of the gallant young officer who was killed in the attack. It will be remembered that the expedition was undertaken with the purpose of effecting a treaty with the Coreans which should secure safety to any of our sailors who might hereafter be shipwrecked on the Corean coast. Minister LOW was charged with the negotiation, but was instructed to confer fully at every step with Admiral RODGERS. The object of sending the fleet was to afford suitable conveyance to Minister LOW, and to protect him if necessary; and hostilities were not to be engaged in unless an attack was made upon our forces.

The fleet arrived off the mouth of Salt River about the last of May. Communication was at

FORT MONOCACY.

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LIEUTENANT M'KEE.

COREAN JUNK, BEARING DISPATCHES TO THE FLEET.

once opened with the authorities, who readily gave the fleet permission to make a survey of the river. The survey was undertaken on the 1st of June, and was proceeding quietly until the boats reached a bend in the river, where an attack was made upon them from an ambuscade. The attack was repulsed with great promptitude and gallantry, and the enemy was driven from his guns and position. The Corean government having failed to apologize for this treacherous attack, an expedition was dispatched on the 10th of June to bring the enemy to his senses and to terms. In his official dispatch to the government Admiral RODGERS says:

"The operations of 10th and 11th inst., which resulted in the capture of five smaller forts, culminated on the 11th in taking by assault the enemy's stronghold, located in a most formidable position, at a very dangerous part of the river, and desperately defended. Two hundred and forty-three of the enemy's dead were counted within and around these works, and fifty flags were taken. The works were formidable not only from the natural features of the land, from shoals and violent currents in the river, but rendered artificially so by hundreds of weapons of various kinds placed by the enemy for their defense. The gallant band which encountered and overcame the perils of the navigation, which fought its way, against vastly superior numbers, through mud and marsh, over precipitous hills and across difficult ravines, and finally stormed and captured the enemy's stronghold, is worthy of all praise."

Fort M'Kee was taken by assault. The at-

Staff Lieutenant. Capt. Kemberly. Com. M'Crea. Com. Blake. Capt. Cooper. Capt. Nichols. Secretary to Admiral. Admiral John Rodgers. Staff Lieutenant.

COUNCIL OF WAR ON BOARD THE FLAG-SHIP "COLORADO."

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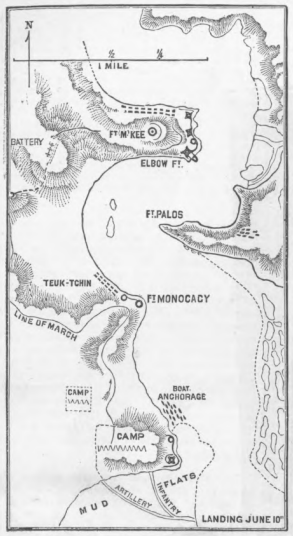

MAP SHOWING THE POSITION OF THE COREAN FORTS.

tacking party was met by a discharge of musketry from the ramparts, and the next instant was climbing over the parapet. A brief hand-to-hand conflict took place, when the yellow banner of the Coreans was drawn down and the stars and stripes waved in its place. The ammunition of the Coreans had become exhausted; but, chanting a death-song, which resounded high above the din of the combat, they met our bullets with stones, our revolvers with clubs, and with desperate courage fought until conquered. Our men never flinched, but fought nobly, and won the day. Lieutenant M'KEE and three soldiers met death at this place. Our artist has portrayed a vivid view of the interior of the fort immediately after capture, the bodies of the dead lying in ghastly heaps at the point where the assault was made.

The powder-magazine took fire immediately after the capture, and was soon burning fiercely. The interior of the fort was strewn with bodies apparently dead; but as the heat of the flames increased, many of the supposed corpses sprang up and ran away.

Our second illustration shows the exterior of Fort Monocacy immediately after its capture by the marines, on the 11th of June.

Our portrait of Lieutenant M'KEE is from a photograph by W. KURZ. This gallant young officer was the first to enter the citadel when the assault was ordered, and no sooner had he set foot within the walls than he fell dead, struck by a bullet and pierced by a spear. Lieutenant M'KEE was a citizen of Kentucky. He was in the very prime of manhood, and his death was universally regretted by all who knew him.

We also give a picture of the Corean junk which put off to the fleet immediately after its arrival. On its approaching the *Colorado* Mr. DREW, acting secretary of legation, went on board, and finding messengers from the Prefect of Foo Ping, invited them on board the ship. They manifested great interest in every thing. The crew of the junk were soon dispersed about the *Colorado*, and in every nook and corner could be seen some Corean loading himself up with jars, empty bottles, hard-tack, *Harper's Weekly*, and other wonders to the uncivilized. They showed perfect confidence in our friendliness, and it was with difficulty the officials could get together the junk's crew upon their departure.

Our last illustration shows the council of war held on board the flag-ship *Colorado* before the attack of June 10. The names of the officers present are printed beneath the picture, and no further explanation is required. The accompanying map will be useful as showing the situation of the forts—five in all—which were taken and demolished by the fleet.

MAKING IT EVEN.

I AM an animal painter. I have studied my art in nearly every menagerie in the country, and so have come in contact with strange people, and have seen uncommon sights; and thus it was that, in order to draw at my leisure some newly arrived creatures with the wildness of the desert and jungle still within them, I joined a traveling company for the summer, and so beheld the thrilling scene I here record.

The owner of the show was a good-hearted soul of the rolling-stone sort, who never gathered as much moss as he deserved, and yet allowed no fungus of funds to interfere with social fellowship or a kindly action; and consequently the people about him worked with a friendly will, and except during the necessary journeying and labor there were generally jolly times among the employés of the Grand Unrivaled Cosmopolitan Menagerie. There was only one man who never larked and never sang, never joked and never grumbled; who, always silent without being surly, took his share of things to do, and seemed to set himself apart from his comrades in sheer loneliness of spirit that shirked no toil and yielded no confidence. Gradually it fell upon him, as from his own choice, to attend the cages, and to perform all the jobs that the boldest sometimes shrank from as dangerous, though he showed no sign of fear, and evinced no distaste of his exceptional employment. I watched him often as he busied himself about the beasts, and had to admire in this common-looking and uncultivated man the unconscious coolness and courage with which he accomplished his self-appropriated tasks. At length my curiosity concerning him was sufficiently excited to cause me to ask Mr. Kingsley, the proprietor of the menagerie, if he knew any thing more of him than what appeared on his every-day surface.

Mr. Kingsley hesitated a moment before he answered, and then slowly said: "I am rather sorry you questioned me about Quiet Bill—that's what the men call him, you know—for no one else has cared to guess that there may be more connected with him than just the business he seems to belong to; and of all the folks in this caravansary he and I are the only ones that know what he was before he came here; and if I tell you, it is just because you see the man's a man for a' that, and because I know you'll keep the secret. I don't suppose you remember, as the papers are so full of murders nowadays, one that was committed five years ago in the little country town of C——. Not a cold-blooded atrocity, though, but the result of jealousy, provocation, and liquor, and not altogether unjustifiable, either. Bill was the chap that did it, and only escaped hanging through having a smart lawyer, and got off in about the same way that 'not proven' sets a man free after a Scotch trial. But the people where he lived would have nothing to do with him; and he staid among them like an outlaw, for he had neither the money nor chance to go away, and could scarcely get a stroke of work that would earn his daily bread. I was head of a small circus then—not such a stunning concern as this on hand now; and when we put up the tent for a single day at C—— this Bill watched an opportunity to get hold of me alone, and when no one else could notice him, and told me his whole story, begging me to give him something to do to keep him from starving and suicide; and he had such a hunted-down and woe-begone look that I couldn't help pitying the poor fellow; and though I wasn't very able to take on another soul just then, I gave him what change I could spare, and bade him slip off to the next place and join us there, so that the rest of my men shouldn't know any thing about his history, and chaff him about his past—for they are a rough lot sometimes, and not overparticular about hurting feelings either in sport or spite. And so he has been along with me ever since. I have had hold of several ventures besides that and this, but make or fail, pay or put off, Bill has stuck by me trusty through all. There is real grit as well as use in him, and I have seen it sharply tried more than once, and have never been sorry I gave him a helping hand in his need. But it often seems to me—though he never speaks of it—that he always thinks he is serving out his time for that old affair by taking up the hardest things he can find to do; for I do believe he has on his mind some rude idea of personal atonement for the blood he shed. And now you know all I have to tell. Do not let it speak out of your eyes to him, even though your tongue ain't likely to let it slip."

I had no occasion to guard myself thus, for, now I knew his story, it was plain to me from his face that Quiet Bill had suffered; and I have always held the doctrine that where a sin is thoroughly repented of, men should allow to die out of remembrance that which the good God forgives; and so, after a silent fashion, he and I became rather friendly: I talked to him, and made him talk some also about the creatures in his charge, and praised him a little once or twice, and saw the dark blood sweep up to his brow like a girl's blush; and after a while, when he had leisure, he would come and sit near me while I was sketching, and take curious but wordless note of my work, and occasionally shyly suggested to me slight points that caused me to wonder at his close and quick observation. Mr. Kingsley had always a cheery something to say to him; and as I look back now I am glad to think that Bill seemed to take unusual comfort, as time went on, out of his distant companionship with us two.

The season had been extremely hot, and August fairly blazed with the fierce, dry heat of a long drought; it was on one of those scorching, electric kind of days that make men feel listless, and beasts restless and wicked to deal with, that we halted in the suburbs of a growing city, and spread the canvas for an afternoon exhibition. The big Bengal tigress had been unusually uneasy all the morning; when lying prone on the floor of her cage, she lashed her powerful tail, and panted out low, ominous growls as if the blood-thirsty spirit of her lost liberty was angrily astir; and she would start up with a sudden bound that shook her prison, and impatiently pace its narrow limits, with yellow eyes all aflame, and snarling lip drawn up over the strong and hungry-looking teeth; and once or twice she rolled herself against the thick wires, and caught them in her great claws as if she longed to tear the resisting bars from their secured sockets. Bill kept careful watch on her antics, and I heard him say to himself, "There'll be trouble with that vixen." But the rest of the collection were feverish and fretful too, and between furnishing them all with fresh drinks, and throwing water on some to cool them off, he had quite as much as he could do before the hour fixed for the performance, without devoting especial attention to any one animal.

There was a crowded audience from far and near; whole families, from the father down to the babe in arms, were ranged on the hard benches to enjoy the acting elephants and the precocious ponies. There was even an extraordinary number of children, for a thriving Sunday-school had entered early, and noisily secured nearly all the front seats, and delighted anticipation shone on rows of chubby and eager countenances. The pea-nut boys drove a heavy trade, and the vendors of mugs of mead had a very profitable and active time; and all was going on merry as a marriage bell, in the ring and out of it, when I suddenly became aware that something serious was the matter, for I saw Bill slip quickly from behind the cage of the still fidgeting tigress, and come to a statuesque stand in full front of the amused people, who scarcely observed him, amidst a round of uproarious applause; but he was in his shirt sleeves, and deadly pale—as well he might be, having just discovered that the mighty beast beside him had, by some unnoticed frantic effort, so loosened the structure of her cage that her next wrathful movement would render it fearfully unsafe. There was not a minute to be lost in the creature's evidently excited condition, farther aggravated by the sounds of the band and tormenting attacks of exasperating flies; and Bill had rushed out in order to look for Mr. Kingsley among the audience, where he usually sat, and tell him to dismiss the crowd as rapidly and quietly as possible, as not knowing what instant the necessary power of protection would be past; but not seeing him at the moment in his accustomed place, Bill scarcely hesitated at the responsibility of announcing danger himself; but before his slow speech could be framed into words that could warn and not too severely alarm, it was too late.

The awful animal, crouching warily in a corner of its shattered inclosure, gave one abrupt vault, and swift as lightning, amidst the startled shriek of the terror-stricken throng, dashed into the open space before the encircling seats. For a second it stood still there as though dazed by its freedom, while the struggling mass of scared humanity, with scarce a regard for life or limb in each other, fled in frenzied haste and fright. But just as she had gathered herself up for her second spring our Quiet Bill made a simultaneous leap, and landed square upon her bristling back, with his muscular arms clasped tight around her swelling neck, and his legs wound close around the lithe and outstretched loins. Dismayed by this unexpected obstruction, for the space of a breath or two the tigress stood at bay; then, with a horrible roar, rolled over and over in the ring. We could hear Bill's bones break beneath her appalling efforts to dislodge him, for a sudden silence fell upon the selfish crowd that swayed aside from flight to watch this shocking contest between undaunted man and untamed brute. In vain she turned and twisted, reared and plunged; Bill held fast, though the blood poured from his mouth and blinded the beast's sight—held fast with the grip of everlasting fate, till Mr. Kingsley, snatching a loaded pistol from a trembling ruffian at his side, who had just threatened with it some women in his way of escape, stretched his firm hand, and sent a bullet straight into the savage creature's brain. One sharp convulsion of the heavy frame, one final heaving of the burdened back, and she lay still at last, with Quiet Bill partly underneath her crushing weight. Tender hands lifted him and bore his senseless body to the nearest comfortable place, and more than one strong man dropped unshamed tears over the maimed comrade who had so gallantly sacrificed his own life for others; for, if not companionable, Bill had done many a kindly deed for his associates in his own unobtrusive way, that, when his hour of trial came, the roughest remembered. Turn by turn we watched by him, but we knew that nothing more could be done for him in this world; and even in his agony he was so grateful for the interest manifested that it seemed as if he wondered that any had cared for him, and it was touching to hear him gasp out between his throes of anguish, "how good we all were to him!"

But the end came soon. The doctor told him, and he heard it calmly and bore it bravely. Mr. Kingsley and I were beside him a few moments after, when he turned to the former and earnestly said,

"I think I've made it even, Sir."

"What, Bill?"

"Why, you know, Sir, I took a life; and I reckon I saved one the other day, didn't I?"

Mr. Kingsley took the cold hand in both of his own. "Yes, indeed, Bill; many more than one, perhaps, and gave yours too!"

"Then *you* think it's even?"

"Yes, Bill, I do."

"And do you believe that He, the great Judge who knows all things, will hold it even too?"

"Yes, Bill, I do think so; for He is full of mercy and loving-kindness."

"But He is just too," murmured the dying voice; "for I heard a preacher once say He wanted an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, and then I knew I must somehow give Him a life for the one I slew, and I've always been lookin' out for the chance. It was long a-comin'; but I got it at last; and I thank Him for lettin' me make it even."

Mr. Kingsley was crying like a child. "My good old Bill," he said, "I am so sorry to lose you. You have been a faithful servant, and I shall miss you more than I can say."

A glad light flashed into the dim eyes, and, in spite of the exquisite pain of every movement, he made one supreme effort, and lifted Mr. Kingsley's hand to his white lips.

"God bless you, Sir!" he gasped out. "You took me when all the world kicked me out, and you've never given me a mean word. God bless you; you're all in life I'm loath to leave!" Then he lay silent for a little while, and we thought he was asleep, and would pass away so; but suddenly he was looking at us wide awake, and spoke out, firm and clear:

"And there was such a lot of little uns that day, too! It's all right, all right! I *know* I've made it even!"

And then the peace of death settled down on the pale face of Quiet Bill.

THE NEW TAMMANY ATTACK ON THE PRESS.

THE outrageous attempt of the unscrupulous Tammany Ring to revenge itself upon the New York *Times* by commencing a suit to eject it from the premises of which it has held undisputed possession for the last fourteen years has awakened general interest in the history of the "Old Brick Church" property, which is now partially occupied by the splendid edifice known as "The *Times* Building." Fourteen years ago that church was still one of the old landmarks of New York, and there were still living persons who remembered when the site on which it stood was in the outskirts of the town. The foundations were laid in 1767, more than a hundred years ago. The corporation of the city had granted the congregation a tract of ground for a church "in the fields," quite "out of town." They were a branch of the Wall Street church, and continued to be so for nearly half a century afterward. John Rodgers and Joseph Treat were the only Presbyterian pastors in the city. The new enterprise was a great effort. Living men could remember how, more than fifty years before, Rev. Mr. M'Kennie had to pay £83 costs to be released from the prison to which Lord Cornbury consigned him for preaching without license. A few years later (1729) the Governor's council advised him against granting the petition of the Wall Street congregation "on Stoutenburg's garden" for a charter of incorporation. "We do advise and desire your Excellency," they said, "to transmit to the Right Honorable the Lords of Trade and Plantations a coppy of the same Petition and the proceedings thereupon, desiring their Lordships to obtain the opinion of His Majesties learned Council on the subject-matter of said Petition, and to transmit the same to your Excellency." What those proceedings were they state themselves. "We have heard council in behalf of the Petitioners, and council in behalf of Rector and Churchwardens of Trinity Church against the Petition." Long years had intervened, and still, as the corner-stone of the Brick Church was laid "in the fields," this commonest right of civil justice was not done them. As the walls went up they waited anxiously to hear from across the Atlantic an answer to their repeated petition signed by "John Rodgers, V.D.M., and Joseph Treat, V.D.M., for themselves and the rest of the petitioners." Late in the autumn a ship arrived bringing them intelligence from the court of St. James, whither their document had been transmitted. With the opening of the new year they were to enter upon worship in the new sanctuary. But it had been decided that "it is not expedient, upon principles of general policy, to comply with the prayer of the Petition, or to give the Presbyterian Church of New York any other privileges and immunities than it is entitled to by the laws of Toleration." The petition was dismissed the board by his Majesty, with the advice of his Privy Council. The property of the Presbyterian Church since 1732 had been, and still continued to be, vested in the Moderator and Commission of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

But in spite of the denial of a charter of incorporation the Presbyterian Church continued slowly to increase. Twenty years had sufficed to fill the large stone church of Wall Street—eighty feet by sixty—full to overflowing. The church "in the fields" had begun to prosper, when the war of the Revolution intervened. Wall Street church was converted into barracks for the soldiers; the Brick Church into a hospital. Strange scenes took place within those sacred walls. "I have gone into the churches," says Ethan Allen, "and seen sundry of the prisoners in the agonies of death, in consequence of very hunger, and others speechless and near death, biting pieces of chips; others pleading for God's sake for something to eat, and at the same time shivering with cold. Hollow groans saluted my ears, and despair seemed to be imprinted on every one of their countenances. The filth of these churches.....was almost beyond description.....I have seen in one of them seven dead, at the same time, lying among the excrements of their bodies."

On the close of the long war the scattered congregations re-assembled in their desecrated churches. Rev. James Wilson and Rev. John M'Knight were successively installed collegiate pastors, and in 1793 Samuel Miller completed the triumvirate of the pastorate. Meanwhile, almost contemporary with the Old Brick Church, arose the first Associate Reformed Church of Cedar Street. The city was extending far toward the northeast, and in 1798 the Rutger's Street church was opened for worship. This, with the Old Brick and Wall Street churches, till April, 1809, composed but one collegiate charge. In an orderly manner they were then separated by the action of Presbytery, and their history thenceforth becomes distinct. At the suggestion of Dr. Rodgers, already far advanced in years, the Old Brick Church was led to seek further ministerial aid. In June, 1810, the church called as their pastor the Rev. Gardiner Spring, whose pastorate covered nearly the whole period of the separate existence of the church. Three times the old edifice was overhauled, but the same walls stood from the year 1767 to 1857—the patriarch of New York churches for nearly a century!

In 1857 the Old Brick Church was forced to yield to the up-town current, and the property was sold, under the following circumstances. The ground, bounded by Park Row, Beekman and Nassau streets, and Printing-house Square, had

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been deeded to the trustees of the church, with the proviso that if the land should be used for any other than a religious purpose it should revert to the city. When the church wished to remove up town the property was offered to the general government for a Post-office site; but it was found, on investigation, that the trustees could not give a valid title. Subsequently the proprietors of the New York *Times* fixed upon the site as an eligible one for a newspaper office; and, after some negotiations, the city government agreed, for the sum of $50,000, to surrender all claim to the property. The transfer was at once consummated. On the receipt of its share of the purchase-money the city government gave the proprietors of the *Times* a quit-claim deed of the property, signed by the Mayor and other officials. From that time to the present, a period of more than fourteen years, they have remained in undisputed possession of the ground, upon which they have erected a building the value of which is estimated at half a million of dollars.

It will be seen from this brief *résumé* that this property has changed hands but twice in the course of a century. From time immemorial the title had been vested in the city. By the city it was deeded, under certain conditions, to the trustees of the Brick Church, by whom it was sold to the proprietors of the *Times*, the city waiving its claims in consideration of a large sum of money. Its right to do this was then unquestioned; and it would have remained forever undisputed but for the damaging exposure of the Tammany Ring which appeared in the columns of the *Times*.

Then it was that Mayor Hall, exasperated by his inability to answer or buy off the *Times*, suddenly remembered that he had been unfaithful to a sacred religious trust! For fourteen years this consecrated ground had been perverted to secular uses. A newspaper, and, still worse, a Republican newspaper, had occupied premises which the city fathers of an earlier day had solemnly set apart for sacred purposes! The Mayor's awakened conscience was, perhaps, also stung by the recollection that he himself had once been a "favored contributor" to the columns of the paper, and was thus a participator in the desecration. Shocked by the discovery of his delinquency to the cause of Christianity, the Mayor, clothing himself in metaphorical sackcloth, and strewing metaphorical ashes on his head, rushed into the presence of the Board of Aldermen, and procured the passage of the following resolution, which was moved by Alderman Woltman:

Whereas, Eminent counsel are of the opinion that the title to the land known as the Brick Church property, bounded by Park Row, Nassau Street, and Beekman Street, is vested in the corporation of this city, such title never having been legally or equitably divested, and it is the duty of the corporate authorities to recover possession of this valuable property; therefore,

Resolved, That the Mayor be, and he is hereby authorized and directed to take immediate proceedings, in the name and on behalf of the Mayor, Aldermen, and Commonalty of the city of New York, to recover possession of the said property.

The real motive for this movement is known to be personal animosity toward the men who have exposed the frauds of the Tammany Ring, and it is regarded by all fair-minded men as a most outrageous attack upon the freedom of the press. We give below a few extracts from newspapers of high standing, some of which are not in sympathy with the *Times*, to show how this act of enraged folly has been received by the people:

The New York *Evening Post* says:

"..... No one imagines that any question would have been raised as to the title of the *Times* to its land but for its bitter hostility to 'the Ring.' It is not to be supposed that either the Aldermen or Mayor can expect to recover the property, but it is in their power to involve the *Times* in a tedious and expensive litigation, and, by spending a vast amount of the public money, compel the *Times* to spend a considerable sum of its own. Is this the manner in which our municipal 'statesmen' avenge their private grievances?

"This matter has already been carried far enough to demand the attention of the press of the entire country, and especially of this city. The passage of the resolution in question by the Aldermen is a distinct threat by our city fathers against the liberty of the press. It is a declaration that the official power of the government will be used to punish attacks made by the press for public reasons upon public men. It is a notice to every journal that it shall not criticise and denounce fraudulent acts by our rulers, under penalty of a persecution which, on the most frivolous pretexts, may inflict serious loss.

"There is no palliation for this interference with the freedom of the press. Think what we may of the policy, the manners, and the language of the *Times*, these things are matters for the criticism of public opinion, to which that journal appeals. They can not be made a pretext for assailing it by underhand means, for unjust legal attacks on its property, for frivolous persecutions sustained by the public treasury, and evidently designed only to annoy or to silence. Before such attacks as this the cause of the journal in question becomes the cause of the whole press and of the whole people.

"This is an outrage to which New York will not submit. We greatly mistake the temper of a free people if an effort by our city government to silence the press by persecution be not met with a more general and more indignant protest than even the continued suppression of the public accounts. Let it go out to the people of this country that 'the Tammany Ring' is bent on annoying the *Times* with a frivolous lawsuit in order to revenge itself for the 'exposures' made by it, and Messrs. Hall and Connolly will find that they have done more than public men ever did before to give popularity and influence to a journal."

The Brooklyn *Eagle* (Democratic) remarks:

"The Tammany people must be losing their wits.....Such a piece of petty and impossible vexation shows the Ring to be as insanely and suicidally mean in small things as they are criminally impenetrable in great things. The men who attempt such a side war as this will demonstrate themselves to be as great fools as their journalistic adversary has demonstrated them to be knaves. It is not the money the *Times* paid to secure its land that needs investigation, but the money the *Times* has proved the Ring paid Garvey, Ingersoll, Keyser, and the rest of the breed."

The New York *Tribune* says:

"Tammany appears to have as much confidence in its judiciary as the elder Mr. Weller had in an alibi. It has seen receivers put to such vile uses in recent days that it evidently thinks these instruments infallible when foul work is to be done. It is stated that the Common Council has authorized Mr. Hall to commence suit against the *Times* newspaper to eject it from the premises it now occupies, and pending the suit the conspirators hope to gain possession of the office by means of a receiver. It will not do to treat this intention with the contempt it might seem at first to merit. We have witnessed during the past year such lamentable and shameless prostitution of the judicial character in this city that there is scarcely any depth of outrage to which some of our judges may not descend without greatly astonishing this patient public. But if there is one atom of commonsense left in that Ring of shrewd schemers, who have certainly shown great cleverness in plundering and defying the city through a term of years, they will think twice before they attempt, by the power of money and judicial corruption, to muzzle the press."

The Boston *Traveller* says:

".....Any where else this attempt, if made, would be a failure, as the title to the property is unquestionably a good one; but Tammany controls the courts of the city, and the judges make such decrees as the Ring may dictate. We shall not be surprised, therefore, to see the owners of the building put to much trouble and expense, though they must finally triumph over the malevolence which dictates the movement."

The Philadelphia *Post* says:

".....It is a deliberately organized piece of revenge upon that fearless journal for its course in exposing the corruptions of that gigantic leech upon the New York treasury. Whatever be the result of the struggle, the step is in itself evidence of the truth of the charges of the *Times*, and the persecution of that paper is only the natural hatred that every advocate of reform provokes."

We might fill our columns with similar expressions of the popular indignation, which the Tammany outrage against the press has awakened throughout the country. The better class of Democratic papers make common cause with their Republican contemporaries against this new attack upon one of the chief bulwarks of freedom and liberal institutions. The Tammany chiefs will find that their mad attempt to crush the independence of the press has but added to the force of the tempest of popular indignation that will not "blow over" till it has blown them away.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

"EXPLOSIONS" are becoming commonplace. Since the *Westfield* disaster occurred the "Jersey City explosion" and the "Chautauqua explosion" stirred the public mind in some slight degree; then the frequent heading of newspaper paragraphs, "Another Explosion!" awakened only the most evanescent emotion. People expect a daily dish of this kind to be served in their morning paper, just as they expect the usual quota of murders, suicides, divorces, and criminal trials. Details vary, of course. Sometimes it is only the explosion of a kerosene lamp; again it is the ignited gas of a coal mine, which mangles men, widows women, and makes children orphans. The accumulation of constantly recurring crimes and horrors, which the daily press disseminates, has seared the public mind. Only when some near calamity touches our own homes do we thoroughly awake and ask, "Who is responsible for these things? What can be done to avert a recurrence of them?"

English magazines have a circulation which seems surprisingly small to us Americans. The *Cornhill Magazine* probably falls far short of twenty thousand; *Good Words* has perhaps a somewhat larger circulation; *London Society* circulates about eighteen thousand. Graver periodicals have fewer readers. Americans would never be contented to read so little as do the masses in England.

At the grand banquet which was held at Delmonico's on the evening of the Scott centenary celebration there were on a table in the centre of the room several pots of flowers which had been sent from Abbotsford by the present proprietor, Sir James R. Hope Scott. A gentleman from Lenox, Massachusetts, also sent a large wall-flower raised from seed obtained in Melrose Abbey, noted by Scott in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel."

Boston has taken a stand against insult and imposition. The other day a Bostonian was roughly accosted in the street by a stranger with—

"Here, I want to go to the Tremont House!"

The deliberate reply was, "Well, you can go, if you won't be gone long."

It may be supposed that the mania for suicide will subside since the ludicrous and unsuccessful attempts of a misanthropic individual to terminate his existence at Sing Sing. He took the time when the campmeeting was in session for announcing his intention of departing to the land of spirits *via* the Hudson River. A by-stander caught him by the coat tails as he was about to plunge into the water, whereat the stranger, disgusted, sought an adjacent stable, where he prepared to hang himself. Having the rope nicely adjusted at both ends, he was about to jump from a chair, when, unfortunately, a villager rushed in and unceremoniously cut the halter. In desperation he ran out calling for "deep water." A little boy pointed out a place where the river was about three feet in depth. The mysterious stranger commenced to disrobe, resolved that no coat tails should stand in his way again. When he had removed all save his under-shirt a brawny hackman charged upon him vigorously with a horsewhip. Instead of jumping overboard, the would-be suicide went through an impromptu hornpipe. Then he closed with his assailant. After a brief struggle the stranger concluded not to die in the inhospitable village of Sing Sing. Hastily snatching his clothes, he ran up the track. He was a passenger on the next train for New York.

In an editorial on "Our Perils by Water," the *Evening Mail* remarks that the following striking propositions seem to be established by the testimony in regard to the *Westfield* explosion:

First. That the government inspectors are, as a rule, either incompetent or careless, or both, to a criminal degree.

Second. That a large proportion of the engineers employed on our steamers are ignorant of their duties and unfitted otherwise for their positions.

Third. That the owners of steamboats will run enormous risks rather than replace old and worn-out boilers with those which are new and strong.

Fourth. That there is no settled theory among experts as to the causes of boiler explosions, or as to the best means to avert them.

The *Mail* goes on to make some statements which show to what an alarming extent dangers to human life have been permitted through non-enforcement of the laws. An experienced Western engineer testifies that on the lake steamers licenses have been given to men *without the asking of a question by the inspectors;* a letter from an influential politician, or a request from a steamboat owner, often has more weight than years of engine-building or service on the water.

Is that millennial day near at hand when "companies" and "corporations" will be held responsible, just as much as single individuals, for a "criminal neglect" which sacrifices hundreds and endangers thousands of lives? Perhaps; but time will show.

In a recent report, the Sanitary Inspector of New York city comments upon the condition of Washington, West Washington, Fulton, Catherine, and other public markets. He says:

"The defects, as observed by the Health Inspectors, are: First, from original faulty construction; second, from overcrowding; third, from lack of proper sewerage, drainage, and ventilation; fourth, from an almost total neglect to enforce the prompt and proper removal of garbage and other refuse matter. As at present managed, they are festering sinks of corruption and pollution, and a public disgrace to our city."

Nineteen versions into other languages have been made of the German national song—"Die Wacht am Rhein" (the Rhine-Watch).

It continues to be impossible to turn around at Niagara Falls without encountering newly married couples. They visit the cataract, stand alarmingly near the brink, and murmur "Beautiful!" looking all the while into each other's eyes. The marvel is that some of them have not walked off the bank in their fits of absorption.

A "new theory of the cause of consumption" has been advanced by a physician of Belfast, Ireland. The general idea is that tubercular deposits are the invariable results of insufficient nourishment, imperfect respiratory function, and rebreathed air. This theory is supported by analysis and by facts. The medical profession consider the matter worthy of thorough investigation. If the theory be sound, consumption may always be prevented, and often cured.

Virginia has produced a natural curiosity—if we may credit a local paper—in the shape of a bamboo root, which, held in one position, presents, clearly defined in outline and recognizable at a glance, a bull's head and three cows' heads. Reversing it, a sheep's head appears to view, exact and faithful to nature as if carved by some skilled hand. The heads of two African antelopes, a boar's head, a greyhound's, a bulldog's, a squirrel sitting on a stump, and a tobacco-worm are seen when the root is held in other positions. This freak of nature is said to be on exhibition in Richmond.

Some of the English journals have taken advantage of the recent excitement concerning the increased expenditures of royalty, and the popular annoyance at the seclusion of the Queen, to urge the propriety of an abdication in favor of the Prince of Wales. It is believed that the retirement in which Queen Victoria lives is in a great measure rendered imperative by her health. The nervous difficulties from which she suffers might easily assume a serious character under the constant excitement of more public life. Considering hereditary predispositions, her physicians are undoubtedly wise in recommending a quiet life and frequent change of air.

A "Neglected Married Women's Society" has been formed at one of our fashionable watering-places. Good. May social reforms follow. Then we shall commend the gentlemen to organize a "Neglected Married Men's Society."

Twelve hundred men are now employed in the great work of excavating the Hoosic Tunnel.

In giving some suggestions about butter-making the *American Agriculturist* remarks: "Never let sour milk stand unnecessarily in any dairy vessel, and never let *any thing* stand in a wooden churn—except sunshine and fresh air."

Fulton Street—certain parts of it—has been found by actual measurement to be obstructed by boxes, barrels, news stands, etc., to the extent of two-thirds of the width of the sidewalk. Have pedestrians any rights in New York? They are crowded from the sidewalks, and happy are they if suffered to cross the street by drivers of carts and carriages, who think no footman should venture into the roadway.

Just at this season when so much fruit is being canned for winter use, the newspapers abound with directions for putting up the fruit securely. We know many ladies are troubled with the air bubbles which are often seen in the glass jars after they are sealed up. An exchange gives some useful hints on this and other points, and we clip a paragraph:

In regard to the air bubbles which often form while the bottle is filling, a little care will obviate the difficulty. In putting the fruit into the bottle do not pour in such a way as to close the whole mouth of the bottle, because that prevents the escape of the air; but rather let the fruit slide gently down the side of the bottle. It can be done just as quickly this way as the other. The secret of having bottled fruit keep is to have a perfectly air-tight cover, and to be sure that the fruit perfectly boils all throughout before putting it into the bottles, and then to be quick about putting on the cover, and letting the cover alone until you want to use the contents of the bottle. It is not necessary to let out the steam or air, after the cover is on. It is not necessary to bury the bottles in the earth, or to have a dark vault made in the cellar for the purpose. If you bottle your fruit in the right way, it will keep almost any where but by the stove; if you don't do it right, and let in the air with a knife, or some other way, it won't keep, no matter where you put it. Of course, if you have not done it right, it will keep longer in a dark, cold place, but it will succumb to the atmosphere in the end. Bottled fruit put up in a proper manner will keep for years, if desired.

There is a story of a woman bold who took extraordinary measures to produce extraordinary results. She and her other—perhaps not better—half were recruiting amidst Long Branch scenes and surf. The husband paid nightly visits to a certain fashionable gambling saloon; the wife, anxious and troubled, knew by experience that curtain lectures were useless. She adopted a more effective means of reform. Attiring herself in her husband's best broadcloth and tightest pair of dress boots, this "woman who dared" followed her dissipated lord to his evening haunt, and, when he was anxiously awaiting the turn of the cards after coppering the ace, blew a cloud of smoke across the table into his face to attract his attention, and calmly put ten dollars on the king. The story concludes with the rapid and terrified exit of the husband, followed by his successful wife, and the extraction of a promise, on the way home, of future abstinence from the green table.

The *Literary World* advises some American writer to try his hand at satire after the manner of "The Battle of Dorking," and bearing upon our own country. Subjects are abundant. A few which have been suggested are: "The Coup d'Etat of 1920: being the History of the Final Stages of the Great War which Riveted the Chains of the Railroad Tyranny upon the People of the United States. By a Veteran Lobbyist." Or this, "The Story of the Great Feminine Rebellion, and the Establishment of the Female Republic." Or this, "The Irish Conquest of New York, A.D. 1900." Or this, "The Decline and Fall of Boston; or, The Last Revolution of the 'Hub.'" Or this, "The Last of the Yankees: a Study of an Extinct Species."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A WELL-KNOWN gentleman of Chicago, who, although not an artist himself, has probably done more for art and artists than any other man in that city, had taken the horse-cars for the Worcester dépôt, encumbered with manifold bags and parcels. He reached the bell-rope with an effort, when he wished to get off, and gave a vigorous pull, the result of which was a sharp ring from both bells. "What are you ringing both ends for?" was the discourteous and surly inquiry of the conductor. "Because I wish the car to stop at both ends," was the quiet reply, that left a convulsed carload and discomfited conductor.

HAPPY BRIDEGROOM. "More money, madam! more money! Have you forgotten that *my* money has bought every thing you possess—the very dress you stand in?"

FAIR BRIDE. "No, Sir; nor have I forgotten that your money has bought what stands in it!"

WOMAN'S RITES—Putting on her chignon, arranging her curls, buttoning her gaiters, and adjusting her Grecian bend and things.

A colored preacher, in discoursing to his people on the efficacy of earnest prayer, delivered himself in this manner: "I tell you, bredren, 'tis prayer what gibs de debil de locked-jaw."

PASSED TO A THIRD READING—Love-letters.

The mayor of St. Joseph, Missouri, gave permission to a citizen to kill two dogs which annoyed him; and the next morning the mayor found two of his own dogs dead, with his own warrant of permission for their killing pinned on their bodies. Though he hasn't exactly got the hydrophobia, that mayor is mad.

The following story tells how the breweries thrive in Munich: "Friend Carl," says one fat Teuton, "can you drink one hundred glasses of beer in a day? I will wager you can not." Carl answered, "No, I think not;" but the next day he accepted the bet, and quaffed off the one hundred mugs of cool, delicious beer. "Well, I declare!" cries his fat friend; "most wonderful! But tell me, Carl, why you did not take my bet yesterday?" "Oh, I wanted to try first and see if I could do it!"

It is said now that M. Gambetta, before he went into politics, was going into business—the crockery line! What a man to trust with breakables!

One of the earliest scholars of the Government Board, on being told that a reptile is "an animal that creeps," and being asked to name one, promptly and triumphantly replied, "A baby."

Recently, at a debating club, the following question was actually the subject of a long and animated debate: "Whether is the hen that lays the egg, or the one that brings out the young one, the mother of the chicken?"

"Would you believe it, Sandy," said a divine, recently, "that I never thought of the sermon before I went to the pulpit?" "Oh, that is exactly what Mr. Mackintosh and I said while you were preaching."

MAID OF MONEY—A spinster heiress.

ADVICE TO FAST MEN.—"To run an unbridled career," never marry.

AN UP-TRAIN—A short skirt.

A darky, in attempting to cross a hatchway, fell through, and his head struck a big piece of stone coal, breaking it fine. On looking up he saw his employer, and fearing he had done something wrong, exclaimed, sorrowfully, "Golly, massa, I's real sorry I broke dat coal!"

THE ERIE RIDDLE—A share-raid.

Virginia boasts of her "hot springs." Hot summers are enough for us, thank you!

THE LATEST WAR CLOUD—Red Cloud.

The rising generation in Iowa is hopefully bright. At one of the Sunday-schools in an Iowa town the superintendent, reviewing the lesson, asked the question, "Why are we commanded to 'gird our loins?'" One sharp little shaver sung out, "To keep your breeches up."

In a certain town, at a shop window, appeared the following notice: "Wanted—*two* good clerks, who will be treated as one of the family."

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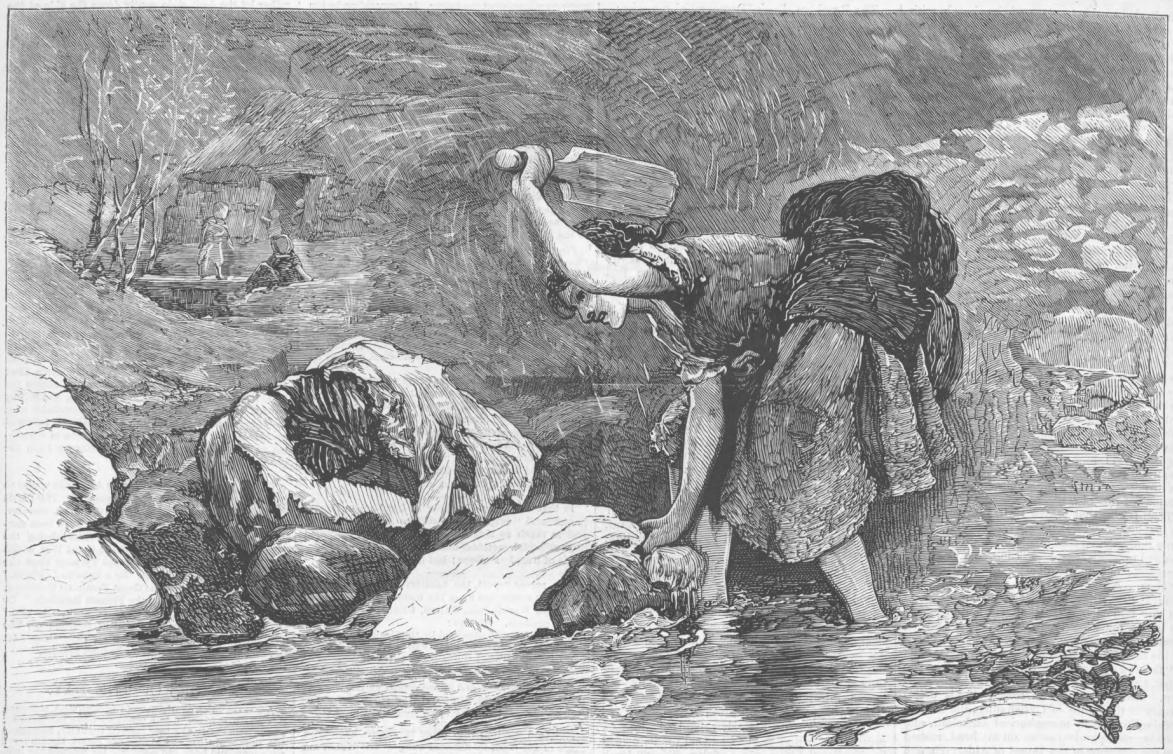


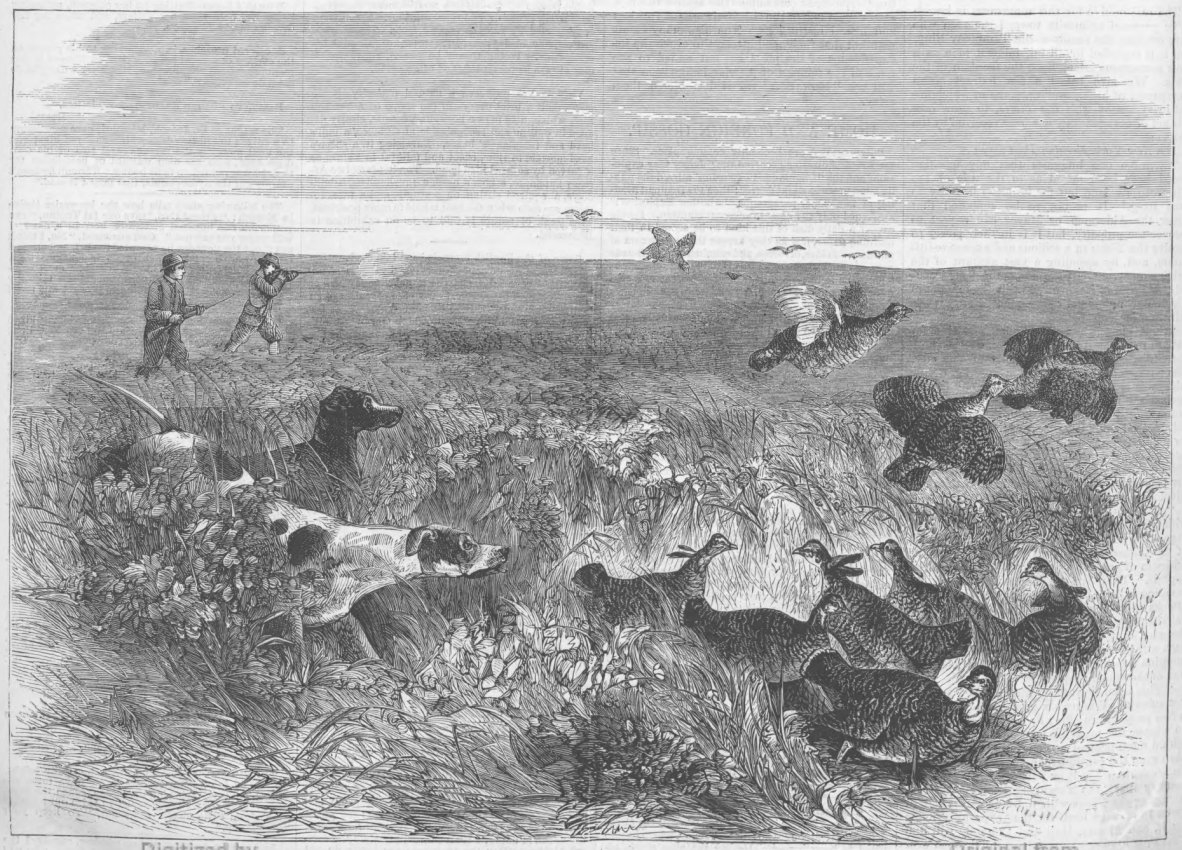
CONNEMARA WASHER-WOMAN.

AMONG THE PRAIRIE-HENS.

THE lower picture on this page depicts a scene on the Western prairies. Let us imagine that it is a bracing September morning, and the red rays of the sun are just glancing over the gentle undulations of a rolling prairie as our party issue forth from their shooting-quarters. Around us on every side, as far as the eye can reach, is an undulating prairie covered with grass and wild flowers, among them that exquisite scarlet flower, the painted cup, whose beauty BRYANT has celebrated, with here and there a stubble field, where wheat and oats have been cut, and golden acres by the hundred of Indian corn swaying gracefully in the breeze, while our ears are greeted with the chorus of meadow-larks and other sweet songsters of the fields. Suddenly one of the pointer dogs "stands," with head and tail erect, forming a straight line, eyes dilated, lips parted, and nostrils quivering. "Hunt them out, Spot!" Slowly he moves on, quivering with excitement, when whir-r-r, whir-r-r, rise the birds. Thereupon follows the fatal fusillade.

CONNEMARA WASHER-WOMAN.

THE tract of country, or rather promontory, lying between the picturesque old Irish town of Galway and Sligo Bay is almost entirely composed of ranges of mountains, with their attendant ravines, valleys, gorges, glens, passes, caves, rocky precipices, and chasms; chains of lakes,



AMONG THE PRAIRIE-HENS.

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with their accompanying rivers and streamlets, falls and rapids, springs and fountains, tarns and cascades, all surrounded by a sea-coast of over three hundred miles, with its bays and creeks, islands and estuaries, cliffs and sands.

It is said that all over Ireland local customs are falling into decay. Dress, wakes, and all that was once distinctively Irish are dying out. If there is a place where they linger with more tenacity than another, it is in and around the old town of Galway. There is something really melancholy in the gradual atrophy of this once famous city, whose trade, population, prosperity, and buildings are going to ruin with extraordinary rapidity. As is well known, it once had an intimate connection with Spain, and its men and women, by their tall figures and dark eyes and hair, show the intermixture of blood. Even some of the old, dilapidated buildings in the by-streets are said to be after the pattern of houses in Seville and Madrid. The lover of the picturesque should be thankful for even the smallest mercies, and will welcome gratefully the blue cloaks of the women, of the same tone and make scrupulously adhered to in all the districts, and the refreshing red petticoats of almost Eastern dye. The cloth for these fabrics is woven and dyed in many a household on winters' nights. Those warm and graceful Connemara cloaks, which a few years ago were so popular with ladies, and are not yet out of fashion, are almost an exact copy of these garments.

The upper illustration on page 844 shows one of the ancient customs that still linger in that picturesque region. The stalwart but graceful maid washing the family linen in a shallow stream is a sight familiar to every traveler in the West of Ireland, and it also recalls the fashion which still obtains on the banks of the Seine.

DEATH AT THE OAR.

THE great boat-race between the St. John and the Tyne crews, which took place on the Kennebecasis River on the 23d of August, was marked by a melancholy incident—the death of the celebrated oarsman, JAMES RENFORTH, whose portrait is given on this page. The course—of which we give a sketch below—was over a stretch of the Kennebecasis River, and a finer one probably could not be found in any part of the world. This river comes out of the rocks and pine woods to the northeast of St. John, New Brunswick, and joins the St. John River about three miles above the mouth of the latter stream. Until near the end of its course it is an insignificant creek; but where it meets the tide it spreads out into a very pretty and placid lake, with water of a rich brown color, and bold, hilly shores, dotted with here and there a farm-house, and checkered with green upland meadows and patches of elders and dwarf pines. This lake is some twelve miles long and from two to four wide, and midway in its length is a high island four miles long, rising from the water in some places in precipitous rocky cliffs, and in others in gentle slopes of pasture land. Between this island and the eastern shore of the river was the race-course. The stream at this place is about a mile wide. The course was exactly three miles long, and to

JAMES RENFORTH.

make the distance accurate it was measured upon the ice last winter. It extended from Torryburn Cove—a point seven miles from the city—up the river, in a perfectly straight line, to a point off Salmon Creek, where the stake boats were anchored, not far from the little village of Rothesay. The boats started from the cove, and the St. John crew rowed up the stream to the stake boats, which they rounded, and returned to the starting-point, making the race a distance of six miles. There is very little current or tide in the Kennebecasis at this place. Booms were anchored, extending for 300 yards from the starting buoys, and none of the steamers or sail-boats containing spectators were allowed to go up the river beyond these booms. The rival crews had thus a broad, free course, as wide as the river itself. A railroad runs along the eastern shore of the Kennebecasis, past the course, as does also a broad macadamized road from the city; so that there were abundant means of access, by railroad and river, from St. John to the course. From many places on the hills on either shore there was a fine view of the whole course, so that the lookers-on could watch the race from beginning to end.

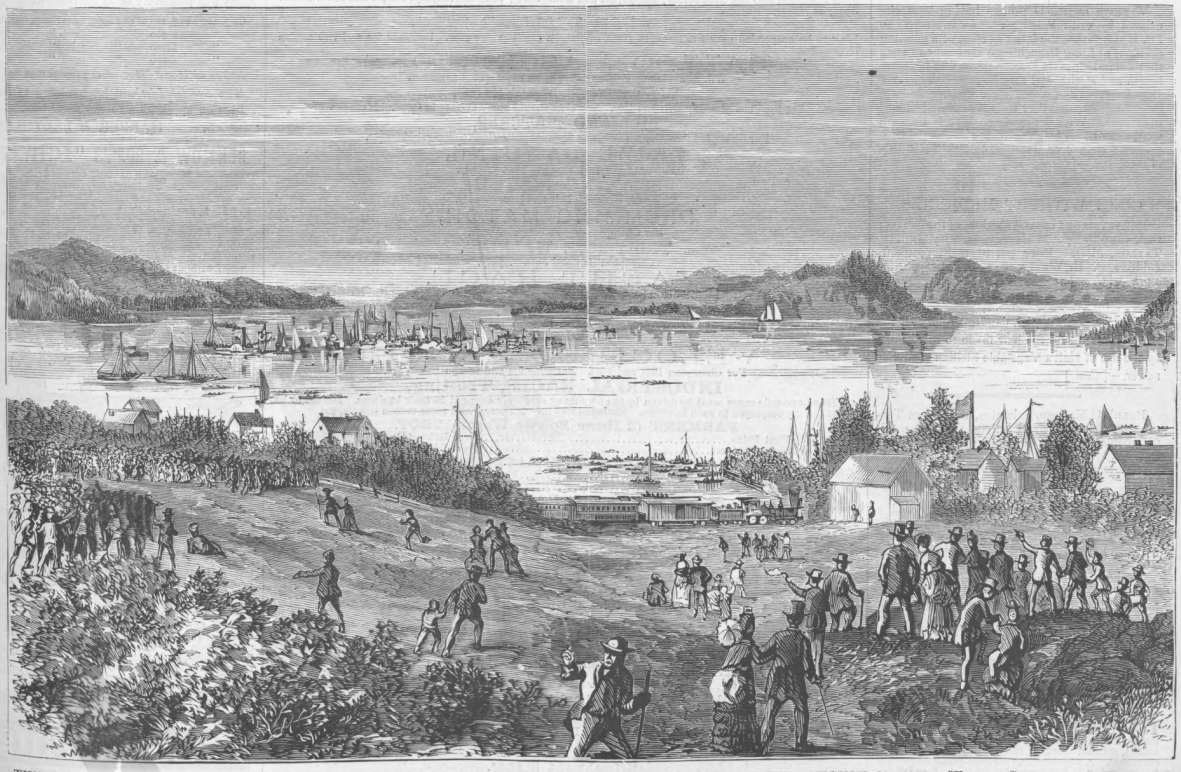
The great interest in the race arose from the fact that it was a return match between the crews that rowed last year at Lachine, near Montreal, when the St. John crew, who had carried off the prize at the great Paris regatta of 1867, were decisively beaten by an English crew from the Tyne. They did not rest easy after their defeat until they had arranged with their conquerors for a second contest. They had lost the Lachine race, they believed, by the roughness of the water, but others held that their defeat was owing to too great confidence and too little training.

By the articles of agreement it was stipulated that the race should be rowed on the 23d of August, between 7 and 10 A.M., if the water was perfectly smooth; "if the water, in the opinion of the umpires, or, in case of disagreement, by the decision of the referee, is not smooth, the referee shall be empowered to postpone the race to the same hours on the day following, and so on, from day to day, until the state of the water is favorable." The St. John crew was to row without a coxswain, and RENFORTH'S to have the option of rowing with or without one. The race was to be for £500 a side and the championship. The St. John crew bound themselves to pay RENFORTH'S men £200 in consideration of the expense of the journey across the Atlantic.

The race was set for the early hour of seven in the morning on account of the probability of still weather at that time, as later in the day, at this season, there is danger of a stiff land breeze. The morning was beautiful, and probably 25,000 spectators were present. The water was smooth as glass. The choice of position fell to the lot of the Tyne crew, who took the inside course. At the word "Go!" from the referee both boats flew away, the St. John leading slightly. The Tyne crew then made a spurt, and the St. John crew fell behind; but the steady stroke of the St. John told, and gradually they drew ahead, keeping the lead, although the distance was every now and then shortened by the mighty spurts of the Tyne. When three-quarters of a mile was reached the St. John led three lengths, when suddenly RENFORTH dropped his oar and fell over in the boat, apparently in a fit. The boat was turned inshore, and he was taken back to his quarters in a coach. The St. John quietly pulled over the course.

RENFORTH revived a little after reaching the hotel, but soon commenced failing, and in less than half an hour from the time of landing he died. He was a man in the prime of life, having been born in 1842, at a place called Rabbet Banks, not far from Gateshead-on-Tyne. From early youth he exhibited a fondness for athletic sports, and that wonderful fund of physical strength, energy, and determination which won for him, in after-years, the distinction of Aquatic Champion of England. For a time he was a soldier, and served in the East. He was next heard of as an expert swimmer. Previous to 1866 he was unknown as an oarsman; and it is said he discovered his immense powers at the oar by conveying back and forth the workmen engaged in removing the old Tyne bridge. His first appearance in a match was in 1867, when he won easily; and from that hour until his death his career as an oarsman was marked by a constant succession of triumphs.

RENFORTH was a fine, broad-shouldered, deep-chested man, five feet seven and a half inches in height, and of great muscular strength. His sudden death, in the very prime of life, was due, it is said, to apoplexy, brought on by overexertion and excitement. The manner of it recalls the fainting of Geoffrey Delamayn at the foot-race, in WILKIE COLLINS'S "Man and Wife," and brings up again the question of physical training, and the extent to which it may be carried with safety. To all appearance JAMES RENFORTH was the most powerful member of the Tyne crew. His muscular development was the admiration of all who delight in physical prowess; and yet, in the moment of trial, he was the only one of the oarsmen to succumb. In his case muscular power had been developed at such an expense of vital energy that exhausted nature gave way when put to a test which far weaker men endured without injurious effects.



THE BOAT-RACE BETWEEN THE ST. JOHN AND THE TYNE CREWS ON THE KENNEBECASIS RIVER, AUGUST 23, 1871.—[FROM A SKETCH BY J. W. GRAY.]

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SWEDISH FARE.

THE Swedes are nice people enough, and "particularly careful in their eating; every thing is scrupulously clean, and there is an absence of grease about their compounds truly delightful."

"Smörgos" is their peculiarity. Literally it means "buttered goose," so called on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, as goose does not appear in it at all.

The smörgos is placed upon a side-table, and consists of a numerous collection of small glass dishes containing all kinds of eatables—generally *raw*—such as dried fish, raw herrings, tiny slices of smoked salmon or sausages, dried reindeer, scraped cheese, spise-brod (barley bread), and other varieties of black bread and biscuit. In the centre of the viands stand two large decanters, one of gin, the other of weak Curaçoa.

The custom of the country is to walk up to this sideboard with the smörgos on it, and spoil your appetite for breakfast with raw herring and cheese parings, washed down with neat gin.

It not unnaturally struck our travelers as looking "odd to see a lady take a piece of bread with her fingers, lay it on the palm of her left hand, spread it with butter, and plaster on the top of this a raw split herring," devour it, and then rush off to the large table and sit down to her breakfast or dinner, as the case may be. The Swedish gentlemen were unanimous in abusing smörgos; but added, "it was a custom of the country, and would never be given up." These Swedish gentlemen, though "native there and to the manner born," seem to have considered the practice any thing but lady-like, and not likely to advance the growth of polished manners in their countrywomen. Under the circumstances, they behaved as Dr. Johnson did to Mrs. Thrale's mother's spaniel, that had not the luck to possess good-breeding—"Because one must not wish ill to the lady in such cases, one curses the cur." And because these Swedish censors could not with gallantry wish their wives a fit of indigestion, they heartily wished ill to the custom of smörgos.

AN improved investment inquiry has been reported for the First-Mortgage Bonds of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad Company, at the ruling price of 92 per cent. and accrued interest. The loan is being marketed at a rate considerably in excess of the money requirements of the Company, notwithstanding the fact that the work of construction is being vigorously prosecuted on the unfinished portion of the road (200 miles), of which ninety-five miles will be completed within the next six weeks, and added to the 227 miles already in actual operation. This will leave but 105 miles to be constructed in order to give a through line of railway communication direct from Richmond to the Ohio River, where connections will be at once established with all the leading points of the West. It is confidently expected that the enterprise will be brought to completion in the summer of the coming year.

HELMBOLD REDIVIVUS.

VARIOUS malicious rumors having been circulated by evil-minded persons detrimental to Dr. HELMBOLD—the latest a report of a gunning accident at Long Branch—we are happy to state that the indomitable Doctor never was in better health and spirits, and may be seen daily at 594 Broadway. His prospects are bright; and ere long the great advertiser will shine more brilliant than ever. With HELMBOLD there is no such word as fail. A brighter future awaits the irrepressible than ever was heard of in the annals of medicine.—[*Exchange.*]

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Grand Military Festival and Fête Champêtre

IN AID OF

The Union Home and School for the Education and Maintenance of the Destitute and Orphan Children of Soldiers and Sailors,

TO BE HELD AT

FASHION COURSE, WEST FLUSHING, L. I.,

Commencing OCTOBER 2, 1871,

AND TO CONTINUE TWO WEEKS.

TO THE PUBLIC.

We, the Officers and Managers of the Union Home and School, ask the assistance of all benevolently disposed persons in aid of the institution under our charge. Through the kindness of Major-General Alexander Shaler, Hon. John H. White, Col. E. B. Lansing, George H. Purser, Benj. W. Hitchcock, and others, a grand Military Festival and Fête Champêtre has been arranged to be held in October next, and we earnestly invite the public to patronize and assist the undertaking.

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In view of the approaching Military Festival, the Flushing and Northside Railroad Company have made ample arrangements to run special trains solely for transporting passengers to and from West Flushing Station. Special excursion tickets will be printed for the trip, at the usual rate, 30 cents, at which regular passengers are now supplied.

Desiring to assist the charitable undertaking, our Railroad Company has decided to donate one-third of the gross receipts for these excursion tickets to the Home and School.

JOHN J. LOCKE, President F. and N. S. R. R. Co.

It will afford us much pleasure to assist you in your very charitable enterprise. We will furnish you, free of charge, for setting up, cartage, and removal, one of our four-pocket tables for the Champion Billiard Match to be played in aid of the Union Home and School for the Destitute and Orphan Children of Soldiers and Sailors.

PHELAN & COLLENDER.

Wishing to aid the enterprise, I cheerfully tender the services of my Company to perform at the Festival any afternoon the manager may designate.

JOSH HART, Manager Globe Theatre.

The Mutual Base-Ball Club of this city will be pleased to participate in any game or games to be played during the Fête Champêtre.

ALEX. V. DAVIDSON, Secretary M. B. B. Club.

Desiring to aid the Union Home and School, I tender my services on the Tight-rope for the first week of the Festival free of charge.

HARRY LESLIE, the "Hero of Niagara."

Subscriptions of one dollar each for single admission tickets, and ten dollars each for season tickets (twelve admissions), can be mailed to the undersigned.

With the kind letters of approval already received, the promoters of the Festival feel sanguine that the undertaking will not only prove a pecuniary success, but that, as a testimonial benefit from the public, it will enlist a widespread interest, and be one of the most enjoyable series of entertainments ever given in this country.

BENJAMIN W. HITCHCOCK, General Manager,
Store, 29 Beekman Street, New York.

The Festival will be opened on **Monday, October 2, 1871,** at 10 A.M., at the celebrated Fashion Course, in West Flushing, L. I., and will continue (Sundays excepted) for two weeks. About September 1 a complete programme, with order of exercises and appointments for each day, will be advertised and distributed in circulars. For the present the management can only announce the following general outlines:

GRAND MILITARY DISPLAYS,

Which will be of a highly interesting character.

TROTTING.

First—Gentleman's Purse, for horses that have never beaten 3 minutes—$200 first horse; $50 second.
Second—Queen's County Purse, for horses that have never beaten 2:45—$300 for first; $75 second.
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To Butcher's Cart.....First Premium, New Cart, $150.
To Butcher's Cart.....Second Premium, Harness, 50.

CARTMEN'S (2 Horse Truck) RACE—Trot.
First Premium, New Truck, $300.....Second Premium, Harness, $100.

GROCERS' RACE—Trot.
First Premium, New Wagon, $200.....Second Premium, Harness, $50.

BAKERS' RACE—Trot.
First Premium, New Wagon, $200.....Second Premium, Harness, $50.

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Under the saddle. One mile for $100. Entrance fee and season ticket, $10.

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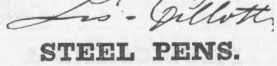

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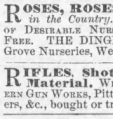

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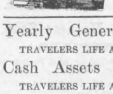

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WILLIAM III., PRINCE OF ORANGE.

By EUGENE LAWRENCE.

A CENTURY had passed since the English of the Elizabethan age had successfully repelled the malarious influence of decaying Rome, had set free the intellect, and driven priests and Jesuits from their prosperous isle—a century had gone by, in which Milton had followed Shakspeare; in which the English mind had celebrated its release from Italian bondage by producing the greatest of dramatic poets, perhaps the chief of epics; in which Cromwell had followed Elizabeth, and had sent his fleets to spread terror at the court of Rome, and desolation along the coasts of superstitious Spain—when suddenly all England was aroused by a new conspiracy to subject the island to the dominion of the pope. Its king, James II., was an avowed Catholic, and for the first time for more than a hundred years the English saw the throne occupied by an open enemy of the Protestant religion and of the principles of reform.

James made no secret of his design. He surrounded himself with priests and Jesuits; a papal nuncio was received with unusual pomp at his court; the king, kneeling at his feet, besought his blessing; Romish rites were celebrated openly in London; and the members of that aggressive Church, which was still reeking with the slaughter of the Vaudois and the Huguenots, were intruded into all offices of power or emolument, and held in their hands the lives and property of every Englishman. Papists of dissolute character and infamous lives were made the masters or the fellows of wealthy colleges, and ten thousand English clergymen were threatened with expulsion from their livings because they refused to read from their pulpits a declaration of toleration for the papal faith. The nation with fierce indignation watched every movement of the despotic king; but its rage rose to madness when it was discovered that James was silently forming a standing army of Irish Catholics, and that the wild savages of Connaught and Munster, whose ancestors had shocked all Europe by their hideous massacres of the Protestants of Ulster, were soon to be placed in control of the liberties of England. As the Irish troops filed through the streets of London they were followed with jeers and ribaldry; they excited no ill-founded terror. They were descendants of the men and women who, in Ireland, had committed the most horrible atrocities ever witnessed in a Protestant land. In the sacred name of religion the Irish Catholics had flung women and children into the fair lakes and rivers of Ulster, and had consumed whole families in the ashes of their homes. They had rivaled the barbarities of the papal troops in the Vaudois valleys, and anticipated the horrors of the dragonnades of Louis XIV. How soon the Irish might renew, in London, the practices of their native land no man could tell; but the examples of the recent papal massacres in Italy and France showed that no pity touched the hearts of the Romish priests, that a Bossuet and a Massillon were as ready to exult over the tortures of a heretic as the most ignorant or fanatical member of the society of Loyola, and that, should an opportunity offer, the brutal malice of the Irish army would find no restraint in the teachings of its spiritual guides.

Still more terrible even than an army of savage Irish to the quiet people of England was the sudden influx of the Jesuits. Their alarm was excusable. It was known that the Jesuits had led the savage hordes who, in the valleys of Piedmont, had torn women to pieces, and flung heretical infants, like imps of Satan, over beetling crags; that in France the society of Loyola had pressed on the expulsion of the Huguenots, and in the name of religion had encouraged and applauded the crimes of demons; that Jesuits had excited the massacres of Ireland, the wars of Holland, the desolation of Germany, and the chief miseries of mankind. It was believed, with some foundation in reason, that the army of Loyola was little better than a band of Thugs. The chief of the order was supposed to rule over his followers with a despotic authority not less effective than that of the Old Man of the Mountain, and the practices of the Assassins seemed renewed in that secret body, whose devoted members had nearly effected the death of Elizabeth, and whose casuists taught that it was no sin to remove by the dagger or by poison the enemies of the pope. The Jesuits were the emblems of secrecy and dark counsels. They wandered about in the disguise of merchants and peddlers. They hid in closets and holes in the wall. Fraud and mystery seemed their native element; they were the humblest and the meekest of their race so long as necessity enforced submission; but it was known that wherever the Jesuit gained authority, no Nero was ever more cold to human woe, or exulted with more fanatical joy in the torments of those who resisted him. Jesuits had stood with cruel triumph by the graves of women whom they had buried alive in the Netherlands because they had refused to adore the pope. The Jesuits in France were, at this very moment, redoubling the tortures of the reformers and steeling the heart of Louis.

The alarm of English Protestants was therefore natural when they saw the members of this secret association, which had so long been repelled from their midst by the most rigorous penal laws as the common pests of civilization, now swarming through the streets of their cities, boldly planting their schools and chapels beneath the shadow of St. Paul's, or ruling the conscience of their profligate king. James had abandoned himself wholly to the counsels of the Jesuits. The milder policy of the English Catholics he rejected with scorn. By force alone he hoped to overturn the constitution of that progressive nation which had, for far less offenses, sent his father to the scaffold, or by a wide system of corruption to debase its intellect, and purchase the ready submission of its eminent leaders to the most extravagant demands of the Italian faith. The policy of the Jesuits had always been a singular union of violence and fraud. They had been noted for fanatical courage and a boundless dissimulation. James tried all their favorite measures; threatened, cajoled; strove to deceive the Dissenters or overawe the High-Churchmen; at last assumed the authority of a despot, and drew together a powerful army to terrify London into submission.

The Protestants of Ireland, meantime, were already crushed beneath the iron rule of a Romish tyranny. Tyrconnel, a profligate noble, had been placed in command at Dublin. The wild Irish Catholics, ignorant, brutal, inflamed with a fierce hatred against their Protestant neighbors—the most abject slaves of Rome—held every high command in the army or the state, and breathed out every where the most dreadful threats against the rival faith. A general massacre of the Protestants seemed imminent. It was known that Irish peasants were purchasing knives and pikes in the neighborhood of Derry, and that Catholic priests were urging a total extermination of the heretical population.

In this period of its humiliation and dismay

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Protestantism could find no source of consolation or of hope. On the Continent Calvinistic Holland seemed the last fortress of the reformed faith. It stood almost alone in the midst of an advancing tide of Romish reaction. Over the Protestants of Germany, lukewarm and divided, the triumphs of Louis XIV. and the treachery of Austria had cast a wide despondency. In numerous reformed cities along the Rhine the Romish faith had been once more made preponderant by the overwhelming influence of France. At the treaty of Nimeguen the Protestants had been shamefully betrayed by the emperor, and oppressed by the haughty and unscrupulous Louis. Holland alone, still rich and progressive, interposed between Northern Germany and France, and by its desperate valor had shut out from Hanover and Brandenburg the brilliant soldiers who, under Condé or Turenne, might have subjugated Europe. But Holland itself had been sinking into lethargy; and it seemed not impossible that the bribes and the menaces of the French king might subvert its independence or tarnish its ancient fame.

Louis XIV., now at the height of his renown, was the bitterest foe of Protestantism; he was also the firmest ally of the King of England. Both kings were guided by the Jesuits in all their counsels, and had entertained a common purpose of banishing reform from their several kingdoms. Louis, "king of men," "the scourge of heresy," as his pagan preacher, Bossuet, was accustomed to salute him, had been singularly successful in his design. At the opening of his reign he had found a large Huguenot population filling the cities and tilling the richest lands of France. Protestant schools and colleges aroused the intellect of the people; their simple churches were thronged with attentive congregations; their cultivated clergy repeated the lessons of toleration and obedience taught them by Calvin and Beza. The artisans of France were nearly all Protestant; the commerce and industry of the nation centred in the hands of the Huguenots. A moral and mental progress was slowly refining a nation that had always been worse governed than almost any other in Europe. But toward the close of his reign Louis, to whom the progressive morality and the simple honesty of his Huguenot subjects were naturally odious, who lived in a selfish dream of chivalric vanity and corruption, had wrought a disastrous change. No minister of reform was seen in France unless chained in the galleys or pining in a dungeon. Fifty thousand families, pure, refined, heroic, had fled impoverished from the realm. Great manufacturing towns had lost half their population; the rural districts were traced with desolation and decay. Every Huguenot church was leveled to the ground, every college and school destroyed; and France, shorn of its honesty and its virtue, scarred with misery and destitution, lay prostrate at the feet of the Jesuits.

Champion of the Catholic reaction, Louis was now prepared to assist his ally, James, in destroying the Protestantism of England. The fleets and armies of France were at the service of the English king; the example of the French persecution, which had so successfully purged a whole nation from every trace of heresy, must naturally have served as an instructive lesson for James. He was evidently ambitious of emulating the zeal of Louis. He had confined in the Tower the eminent bishops of the English Church; he had threatened with severe penalties almost every English clergyman. His chief ministers were Roman Catholics; the army was commanded by papists. He threw into prison the leaders of Protestantism; his force of Irish was rapidly increased by new levies of barbarians. Louis was known to be preparing for some new enterprise; and English Protestants looked forward in helpless alarm to the moment when the first soldiers of Europe might land upon their shores, invited by their treacherous king, when the Irish Catholics might rush to the sack of London, or French dragoons renew in England the horrors they had inflicted upon the inoffensive Huguenots.

But Protestantism had now produced its own defender. Suddenly, almost like an apparition, William of Orange interposed between the trembling people of England and the persecuting rage of James and Louis. To William and to Holland the English Church and the English Protestants appealed in this moment of danger, claiming the aid of Dutch soldiers and a Batavian prince to save them from the Celts. The hopes of civilization and of reform in every land and in all coming ages hung upon their reply. If Holland had faltered, if William had hesitated, the destiny of mankind must have been changed. A civil war must have broken out in England that would have destroyed for generations the progressive vigor of the English race. It is not impossible that English freedom might have sunk forever before the savage inroads of the Irish Catholics and the impulsive valor of the well-trained armies of France. Louis would have remained king of men, and Paris have become the capital of a European empire. But William, who had watched with keen attention the progress of events, saw that the moment of destiny had come. He had long been preparing for a desperate adventure: he resolved to invade England. A Dutch army was assembled; the chief fortresses of Holland were left almost without a defender in the face of a threatened attack from France; the Dutch fleet was prepared to meet and baffle, if necessary, the united squadrons of Louis and James; and with a fierce resolution, no less heroic than when, fifteen years before, they had thrown down their dikes to repel the cruel inroads of the French, William and Holland defied the despots of France and England.

William Henry, Prince of Orange and of Nassau, the sole support of the liberal progress of his age, had passed his sickly and melancholy youth almost a prisoner in the hands of his political opponents; for never did party strife rage higher than among that patient yet resolute race of Batavians who, with incredible toil, had raised Holland out of the sea, and, with unheard-of sacrifices, had consecrated it to civil and religious freedom. William from his infancy had been an object of jealousy to the extreme republicans. It was feared that the feeble and melancholy prince might aspire to become the despot of Holland; he was separated from his early friends; De Witt, the chief statesman and leader of the republican faction, guided his education, and strove to cultivate a mind that seems never to have been inclined to letters; and William, conscious that he was constantly watched by suspicious eyes, became more than ever morose and silent. His delicate frame never ripened into health. A severe attack of disease left him with an asthmatic cough that was distressing to hear, and he seemed to live only by incessant exercise. Yet his eyes were bright and sparkling; his brown hair waved thickly around his broad and lofty brow; his nose, says Burnet, was like an eagle's beak; his pallid countenance, wasted by sickness and pain, was lighted up at times by the glory of that heroic and loving nature that has made him a leader among mankind.

William was born in 1650. By his mother, Henrietta, daughter of Charles I., he was grandson to a king who died on the scaffold, and the descendant of Mary Queen of Scots, the victim of her own crimes. On his father's side he traced a purer lineage, and retained many of the virtues of that generous William the Silent who made Holland free, and died by the dagger of a popish assassin. Slowly William's youth passed on; but his mind grew rapidly into precocious vigor, and it was observed that at eighteen he possessed the discretion and composure of a statesman. Under the guidance of the liberal De Witt, his studies were chiefly political; he learned to speak or read many languages; he studied the annals of Europe; he meditated on the destiny of his native land. Shut out from the common pleasures of society by his reserve, perhaps his awkward diffidence, by his cold, dry manner and sickly constitution, his vigorous and aspiring intellect seems early to have turned to its appropriate labors, and to have fitted itself instinctively for its eminent career. In solitude, almost in secrecy, William acquired the learning of a soldier and a statesman, and all the poetry and heroism of his nature were matured into a rare strength of purpose and a peculiar aptness for command.

Like most eminent characters, beneath his cold and austere exterior glowed perpetually a boundless capacity for love. His friendships for Bentinck and Albemarle are among the warmest and the truest of any that history has recorded. For the virtuous, impulsive, and liberal Burnet he seems never to have lost his regard. He became at last a devoted husband to his generous and gentle wife, when he had discovered her modest merits. But the chief and ruling passion of his life was his love for his native land. Its free and progressive institutions; its Calvinistic yet liberal faith; its magnificent cities, the centres of opulence and credit; the native honesty of its citizens; its fair and shining meadows glowing with boundless harvests under the roar of the North Sea billows; its colleges and schools; its free press and its abundant literature, that had governed the opinions of Europe; its people, ever patient and composed, yet rising at times to the height of human endurance, and surpassing in their devotion to independence and to the principles of integrity the purest examples of classical virtue—seemed to William to constitute Holland the lustrous gem among nations, the crowning fruit of modern civilization. Compared with the frivolous vanity and the notorious dishonesty of the French, or the dull loyalty of the England of the Stuarts, the ardent prince was not mistaken in his estimate; the labors and sacrifices of Holland in the cause of human progress and of the moral elevation of mankind had been greater than those of any modern community. Under William the Silent it had aimed a vital blow at the great empire of the South, which, under Philip II., had threatened the ruin of the liberal institutions of Europe and America; under Prince Maurice Holland had completed the downfall of Spain. The giant had sunk before the dwarf; honesty and integrity had raised to superhuman strength a feeble community; and the Jesuits and the Inquisitors fled, baffled, from the land they had hoped to make as abject and degraded as the decaying South.

A second time Holland and its sister provinces had been summoned to the defense of European freedom (1672); and while William was consuming his painful youth in vain aspirations he was suddenly roused from his political speculations to become the chief actor in a series of memorable scenes. Louis XIV., in the maturity of his powers, at the head of a magnificent army of one hundred and twenty thousand men, guided by the military skill of Condé and Turenne, broke into Holland, resolved to reduce to a complete submission the heretical Dutch. It was one of the least pardonable of those enormous crimes of national robbery with which the French have disturbed for so many centuries the peace of Europe, and which have made the Gallic name the symbol of barbarism and dishonesty. But Louis was crusader as well as conqueror, and possibly hoped to condone his gross vices by his services to the Roman see. The blessing of the Church attended him, and his Jesuit advisers promised themselves a speedy restoration of the papal faith in all those Calvinistic cities from whence it had been ignominiously expelled by the arms of William the Silent.

All went well for the French invaders. The immense army of Condé and Louis crossed the Rhine in a triumphal march that was long celebrated among the chief glories of France. The United Provinces, unprepared and lost in the arts of peace, lay helpless before their destroyers. City after city yielded without resistance; the fertile land was desolated and blighted by all those barbarities and wanton crimes that have uniformly attended the march of French armies; peasants and burghers, women and children, perished by cold, famine, or the sword; and Utrecht and Maestricht heard with silent horror the mass chanted in their Calvinistic churches. The spirit of the Dutch seemed broken; the republican rulers sent a humble embassy to claim the mercy of the papal king. Hard were the terms offered: Holland was to yield up its independence; one-half of all its churches were to be resigned to Roman Catholic priests; and every year the proud republic was required to send a deputation of its chief citizens to the court of Louis, bringing with them a gold medal, which had been struck in testimony of the clemency of the conqueror, and of the humble gratitude of the fallen land.

Then once more the spirit of the Calvinistic nation rose to heroic magnanimity. The demands of Louis were repelled with scorn. First among her sister cities in wealth and power, Amsterdam closed her gates and declared an inexpiable war. Never would she submit, her councilors declared, though every other city deserted her; never until the papal forces had marched over her blazing ruins. The rich burghers set fire to their fair villas that stretched out for many miles around the walls. The town was converted into a fortress; the wealth of the mighty capital was lavished in providing for the national defense. All Holland rose; the friends of submission throughout the provinces were driven from power. In the dreadful excitement of the hour the De Witts, innocent and eminent, were torn to pieces by a frenzied mob; and William of Orange, at twenty-two the master intellect of his period, summoned from his retirement, ruled over the fallen land. Yet so hopeless seemed the contest that for a moment the young prince designed to embark with his countrymen in their ample ships, and seek in some distant land a safe retreat from the malice and the horrible atrocities of the Jesuits and the French. But a nobler resolution was at length taken, and the Dutch at least determined to perish upon their native soil. "One thing yet remains," said William to those who dissuaded him from his purpose; "I can die in the last ditch." The dikes were thrown down, the sluices opened; the ocean rolled over the richest lands of Holland; and William ruled over a territory half conquered by the enemy, half lost amidst the waves.

His energy alone never faltered in all the long war that followed. Often amidst the sorrows of the hapless people, the wild ravages of the invaders, the treachery of their allies, or the swift fall of their country, the wisest of the Dutch statesmen sank into despondency, and declared that nothing could save them from utter ruin but an abject submission to Louis. Yet one clear and vigorous intellect still presided over the counsels of the Dutch. William of Orange, faint, sick, and feeble, yet never weary, aroused the highest qualities of his countrymen, kept alive their stubborn courage, and led them through constant disasters to new efforts. "I saw," he said to Temple, "a poor old man striving to shoot his little skiff through the lock of a canal. Often he was driven back, yet still he would turn again and row against the current, never tired and never discouraged; such is my destiny. I toil on until the end." At length he was successful. Europe rose against the ambition of Louis, a general peace followed, and Holland was free.

From this moment, 1678, all the vigor of his subtle and resolute genius was devoted to the single aim of baffling that project of universal empire from which no disasters to France or to mankind could ever turn the active intellect of the French king. William was the Nemesis of France. Not more successfully had his ancestor, William the Silent, pierced and wasted the enormous empire of Philip II. than did the youthful prince aim deadly blows against the destructive vanity of the French. He guided the counsels of Europe. He became the champion of reform in every land. He had married Mary, the daughter of James II. of England, and the hopes of English Protestants, terrified at the secret or open designs of their native king, rested chiefly on the success of William in his contest with Louis. Yet that contest seemed never to be decided. New intrigues and conquests followed, by which France once more threatened the subjection of the United Provinces, and ravished from Germany its chief defenses along the Rhine. Strasburg was added to the dominions of Louis; the privileges of German Protestantism were abridged, and William saw his powerful foe slowly encircling his own narrow territories, and prepared at some favorable moment to crush the house of Austria, and complete the conquest of Europe.

Such had been the career of William of Orange when, in 1688, he was invited by the general appeal of a foreign land to become its preserver and its king. He was in his thirty-eighth year; his intellect, matured in many trials, was in the full vigor of its unprecedented strength; yet his frame, still delicate, often sank beneath complicated diseases, and only an iron will, that seemed to triumph over the infirmities of nature, enabled him to bear with fortitude the various difficulties of his position. Even in his native land he was surrounded by false friends and open foes. The republicans of Amsterdam still looked with alarm upon his uncontrolled power; the enthusiastic support of the great majority of his countrymen could not shield him from many obstacles and many reproaches. Louis, meantime, was assembling a great army, and might, by a sudden invasion of the Netherlands, employ all the forces that had been gathered for the relief of England. A powerful French fleet was ready to prevent the passage of the expedition. James II., conscious of his danger, had drawn together thirty thousand men to defend his crown. The English navy might unite with that of France; and William, with a resolution as desperate and as daring as when he had stood unshaken, at twenty-two, amidst his fallen country, now sternly moved on toward his almost hopeless aim.

Firm in his faith in predestination, he, at least, seems to have been certain of success. He knew that he was to be King of England. Storms might arise to beat back his armament, disease might crush his faculties in the moment when they were most needed, cowards might counsel delay, every one else might be dismayed by the perils of sea and land; but William, elated by a fiery enthusiasm, smiled in the front of danger, and was more cheerful amidst his cares and difficulties than when he strode in repose through his trim gardens at the Hague. He believed in a Providence. He felt that he was fore-ordained to be the savior of Protestantism, the successful champion in a mighty conflict. Burnet, his companion in the expedition, noticed, with wonder, that the sad and thoughtful prince, usually so cold, reserved, and austere, was now all hope and animation, and that when all others despaired he, at least, was exhilarated by the certainty of triumph.

The expedition was prepared with singular forethought and accuracy. Every ship and every man was ready. Within three days, so careful had been his preparation, five hundred transports, laden with men and arms, covered the Zuyder Zee; fifty ships of war convoyed the Protestant armada; and men noticed that just a hundred years had passed since the huge galleons of Philip of Spain had swept up the British Channel, laden with manacles for English Protestants, to perish in their unholy crusade on the rocks and quicksands of the Scottish coast. But before he embarked William met, for what might prove the last time, the assembled congress of his native land. A thick assemblage of the magnates of the provinces gathered to bid him farewell. In a few heroic words he commended to them the care of his wife and of their country. He might perish, but liberty and religion would still survive. They promised; they burst into tears. The grave and dignified burghers wept in stern enthusiasm. But William, without a tear, passed out of the assembly and entered his ship. On the 19th of October the fleet sailed out upon the German Sea, and the white wings of the liberal armada swelled before a favorable gale.

In England, meantime, a deep and solemn excitement reigned. It was known that the prince was about to set sail. Countless fervent prayers went up for the Protestant wind—the generous east—that was to bear the deliverer to the persecuted land. Churchmen and Dissenters united in a common supplication: the name of William of Orange was written upon their hearts. James, conscious of his danger, now strove to win back the affections of his people; he recalled many unpopular orders; he issued proofs of the birth of his heir, the son of Mary of Modena; he promised to assemble a Parliament; yet it was noticed that new regiments of Irish Catholics were brought over, and that his army and fleet were made ready for battle. Suddenly all his popular measures were again revoked. A thrill of horror passed over England. It was reported that a violent storm had shattered the Protestant fleet, and that all hope of relief was past. The news was received with wild exultation in the Jesuit schools of London and the stately halls of Versailles; and the Catholics declared that the wrath of Heaven had fallen upon the impious invaders who had presumed to defy the power of the infallible Church.

Disastrous, indeed, was the sudden check which had clouded William's hopes as he turned once more with his shattered vessels to the safe shelter of his native land. The fierce north wind and the raging seas seemed to guard the throne of James; incessant storms swept the coast of Holland; and for some time it was believed that the ships of war, which had been driven before the tempest, were lost. They returned at last, but a deep despondency had filled the chiefs of the expedition, and William alone was resolved to renew the attempt. He refused to leave his frigate, the *Brill*; his countenance was calm and cheerful; a severe attack of seasickness and the perils and disasters of the storm had not shaken his resolution; he gave orders once more to prepare to sail. A fair wind from the east sprang up, and on November 1, 1688, the great fleet swept over the swelling seas, with the *Brill* ever in the van. From the mast of the frigate waved the standard of England and Holland. At night three lanterns marked its course up the British Channel. A single bold and resolute intellect guided the armada, and six hundred ships obeyed the signals that spoke from the mast-head of the *Brill*.

The wind, rising into a gale and driving the fleet swiftly onward, beat back the hostile navy and forced it into its harbor. No English vessels appeared to dispute the passage. From Dover and from Calais immense throngs of people watched the long line of the prince's ships. The guns roared, drums beat, the cymbals clashed in noisy harmony. The mighty pageant, filled with the destiny of ages, moved onward as if already a harbinger of peace. William intended to land at Torbay, but the error of a pilot carried him beyond his destination. It was nearly fatal; before him lay the hostile harbor of Plymouth; after him the powerful English fleet was following in ready a powerful English fleet was following in his rear. "Go to your prayers, doctor," said Russell to Burnet, "for all is lost." Then that Protestant wind which had borne William so swiftly to his aim, but which was now no longer useful, suddenly paused. A stillness followed, and the sun broke out. The south wind sprang up as if by a miracle, and carried the fleet gently to

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the safe shelter of Torbay, but, rising into a gale, broke fiercely upon the hostile navy that was pursuing, and again drove it back to port. William, when he touched the shore, exclaimed to Burnet: "Well, doctor, what do you think of predestination now?" A thrill of joy passed over his grave, sad countenance when he saw how well the winds and the waves had served him.

From the throng of anxieties and dangers that had weighed upon him for many months while he was gathering his soldiers and fitting out his fleet, William, thus suddenly relieved, might well rise to a transient exultation! Scarcely can there be found in history a more remarkable conjunction of events than that which had enabled the leader of reform to escape the observation of his enemies, and conduct his expedition to success. Instead of breaking into Holland, and crushing every hope of his rival, Louis, urged by some impulse of inferior weight, had sent his fine army to devastate the German frontier. James, equally blind to the singular importance of the moment, had refused the aid of the French fleet, and had roused anew the hatred of his subjects by acts of shameless duplicity. The hand of destiny had drawn a veil before the eyes of the two chiefs of the Romish reaction; nature had restrained its powers to bring William to a throne. But as he stood on the English shore he felt that only the united favor of the English people could confirm his triumph. He was a foreigner invading a powerful nation; it was not many years since De Ruyter and Van Tromp had waged a ruinous war against the commerce and the fleets of England. His exultation was momentary; his cares seemed ever renewed.

On a chill November evening William and his soldiers landed on the foreign shore; the earth was wet with frequent rains, and the low coast offered no pleasant shelter; nor was their welcome cheering. No troops of zealous Protestants met them at their first entrance into the country they had come to save; no preparation had been made to give them a festal greeting. Terror and apathy ruled over the people of the neighborhood, and for several days the prince lingered at Exeter, shunned by the clergy of the Established Church, and welcomed by no man of eminence in the state. But the peasants and the artisans met him with fond acclamations, and the people knew their friend. His foreign army brought no terror to the rustic population, for it was known that their purpose was one of humanity and of peace. It was composed of men who had fought for the preservation of liberal progress on many a battle-field; of Protestants, the foes or the victims of that gross superstition which threatened England with subjection, and whose cruelties and vices had spread terror in every town and hamlet from the Channel to the Scottish seas. There, by William's side, stood the bravest and the most eminent of the honest Huguenots who had so recently fled from the persecutions of the Jesuits in France, and whose gold, saved from their workshops and their factories, had alone enabled him to pay the large cost of his expedition; there were the courageous soldiers of Holland, whose well-trained squadrons had so often met the brilliant chivalry of Louis, and, however oppressed by superior numbers or surpassing skill, had still been able to defend their narrow territory, to become the stronghold of modern freedom; there, in the front, came a gallant band of English exiles, the victims of the tyranny of James; and there, the chief object of interest, ever ardent and cheerful when at the head of his army, rode William, the sole hope of Protestantism, his pallid but striking features glowing with the excitement of action, and his rare intellectual powers roused to their fullest vigor. A perfect discipline prevailed throughout the Protestant forces; no harm was done to noble or peasant. Even the papists were carefully protected. The horrors that invariably followed the march of a French or Spanish army were restrained by an iron discipline, or were, perhaps, undreamed of by those generous soldiers who had been educated in a purer faith. The army of liberation moved through the soft landscapes of Devon almost like a peaceful procession.

And now, after a brief pause of reflection, perhaps of doubt, all England, stirred by William's vigor, rose against its tyrant. Exeter was filled with a brilliant assemblage of nobles and gentry. William's "Declaration," a temperate statement of the dangers of the country and of his own unselfish designs, was every where read; the Protestants of the North and West disarmed the papists and declared for the prince. London was moved by a deep and ominous agitation; and when James, at the head of a powerful army, advanced to meet his son-in-law on the battle-field, his officers, one by one, abandoned him, and, except the Irish Catholics and a few priests and nobles, the fallen despot was left without a friend. Both his daughters, educated in a liberal faith, were found among the ranks of his opponents. His most trusted ministers betrayed him. He fled to London, terrified at the prospect of impeachment and a public trial, perhaps a public execution, like that of his father, Charles I., and at length strove to escape in disguise to the court of Louis. He was seized on the shore by a band of rude fishermen, and treated with singular indignities. He was brought again to London, and was once more driven, by his terrors and the arts of his opponents, to escape to France. Once more he prepared to fight for the crown of England, and, aided by the magnificent bounty of Louis, hoped to bring his rebellious kingdom under a lasting subjection to the Church of Rome.

All England, meantime, flamed with orange banners and ribbons, and for a moment united in doing homage to that eminent intellect that had placed it again in the pathway of reform. Humanity has ever marked the course of Protestantism; no St. Bartholomew, no dragonnades, followed the triumph of the Dutch chief. In London for a brief period a furious mob tore down the Romish chapels, and sacked the houses of the Romish embassies, but it was soon suppressed. One night it was told that the Irish Catholics were on their way to sack the capital, and impale its mothers and its infants, as they were accustomed to do in their native massacres; but when the alarm subsided no harm was done to the ignorant Irish. Never was there a more bloodless revolution. William and his foreign army marched almost unopposed to London. Mary came over to join her husband, and strove to throw an air of customary gayety over the capital and the court. Yet scarcely was the fierce excitement of his dangers and his triumphs over when William's feeble frame sank under severe illness, and he seemed scarcely able to rule the kingdom he had set free. Factions arose in all their usual bitterness. The prince, feeble and irritable, was assailed by calumny, and treated with cold ingratitude. He learned to dislike the turbulent nation he had labored to save, and more

MEDAL STRUCK UPON RAISING THE SIEGE OF LONDONDERRY.

than once had resolved to abandon forever the inclement climate and the inhospitable scenes of London for the smiling gardens of his native Hague.

That he did not do so was a happy event for England and for Europe. No other hand but his could have reformed the English Constitution, and given a lasting freedom to the English people. He consented to remain, and William and Mary were declared the joint sovereigns of England. The bells rang out; in every city and village it was told with joy that a Protestant king and queen reigned at London; that the Jesuits had been banished with James; that papists should no longer sit in the chief places of the Church; that the barbarous Irish and the French dragoons need no longer be looked for nightly by mothers and sisters who had heard of the persecutions in France and the atrocities of Ireland; that the most eminent Protestant of his day sat on the throne of England; that an honest man was king. The glad news crossed the Atlantic. New York and Boston, then modest villages, were touched by the new impulse of progress, and with William the sentiment of toleration ruled for the first time in the New World.

Yet the ceaseless toils of the chief of reform must still go on; his weary brain, his feeble frame, were never to know repose. Scarcely was William settled on his throne when a wide conspiracy was formed to drive him back to Holland. At the head of the plot were two depraved old men, the King of France and the exiled King of England. It is difficult, even in the annals of royalty, to find two characters marked with baser qualities, more hurtful to their kind, than were James and Louis. To the latter the conception of honor or of self-respect was wholly unknown. Had he been born in an inferior station, to cover himself with false gems or shine in tawdry magnificence he might have summoned up sufficient courage to commit a safe burglary, or would have hired himself as a secret assassin. As a king the rare virtues of his Huguenot subjects roused him to envious madness. He ordered their extermination. The wealth of Holland and Germany tempted him; he sent his armies to plunder them. His active intellect, corroded by moral corruption, always intent upon evil, now found a bad excitement in disturbing the peace of rejoicing England.

James was a worthy companion for Louis—as vicious, as dishonest, less intelligent, even more cruel. In private life it is impossible to say to what depths of degradation he might have descended. His dull, criminal countenance, his brutal cruelty, his unchained passions, must have condemned him to the galleys or the jail. Unhappily for his subjects, yet fortunately for mankind, James was born to a throne, and his odious qualities led to a swift revolution that forms one of the most important steps in modern reform. In their magnificent retirement at Versailles or St. Germains the two leaders of the Romish reaction were never weary of planning extravagant schemes for the subjugation of England, and of reducing once more its heretical people to a modest submission to the Jesuits and to Mary. Nor were their hopes altogether ill-grounded. The English aristocracy, the statesmen and politicians of London, had long been degraded and tainted by the morals of Paris. They were accustomed to receive bribes from Louis, and to change their religion at the bidding of James. Nothing but the rage of the people and the dull bigotry and proscription of the king had driven them to revolt. But the austere honesty of William now promised them a reign in which corruption would be checked and bribery unknown. They could no longer with safety plunder the public treasury, or grow rich by boundless peculation. Marlborough, Halifax, Godolphin, and a throng of discontented nobles joined the conspiracy against William. They corresponded with the exiled king, and promised him an easy conquest of that kingdom from which he had so lately been expelled. Louis, enraged at his own blindness, which had allowed his chief rival to rise to such dangerous greatness and renown, lavished his gold in corrupting the English nobles, and offered to the conspirators the aid of his fleet and army. The Jesuits were again busy: from many a gilded shrine the prayers of devout Catholics went up for the confusion of that arch heretic who alone seemed to forbid the universal triumph of the Italian faith.

Ireland formed the most favorable point from whence to assail the unstable throne of William. It had never submitted to his authority. The Irish Catholics held a despotic control over their heretical neighbors; throngs of Protestants had fled from the threats and the tyranny of their savage masters to the safe shores of Scotland or England. Tyrconnel held Dublin for James, and it was believed that an army of a hundred thousand Irish might easily be collected, who, under French officers, and fired by religious enthusiasm, would employ all the forces of William, while the traitors rose in London and drove him from his realm. Conscious of his dangers, William showed no trace of alarm. His vigorous intellect rose to the height of its rare self-command. He met the corrupt nobles with a faint smile of contempt; he trusted to the support of the people.

The tidings sent from Ireland by Tyrconnel to Louis and James were sufficiently encouraging; nor could they have heard without satisfaction that in every part of the island the Rapparees, armed with long knives or skeans, were sacking the Protestant houses and driving their inmates in wild flight across the sea; that the green meadows of Meath and the bright waters of Wicklow were once more purged from heresy; that Dublin was ruled by a Catholic mob, and that far up in the North, behind the shattered walls of Derry and amidst the marshes of Enniskillen, the last adherents of the cause of reform were vainly striving to prolong their faint resistance, and must soon sink beneath famine and affright. Tyrconnel promised to lay a united Ireland at the feet of James. If he would but come in person, the Irish would surround him with an impenetrable barrier of devoted subjects, and drive every Saxon from their holy isle. In March, 1689, the exiled king set sail, with a powerful fleet, and many French officers to drill his Irish soldiers, and, loaded with the favors, the bounties, and the blessing of Louis, left the shores of friendly France. He reached Ireland, and began his triumphal march to Dublin. The hapless Celts, clad in rags, ignorant, and debased by a superstitious faith, thronged around their destroyers, welcomed the French soldiers and the imbecile king with wild applause, and laid green boughs in their path. At Dublin James established his motley court, harried a while the few remaining Protestants, and then marched to the North to extinguish the faint show of resistance that seemed ready to die out in Ulster. He approached with a large army the tottering walls of Derry. He summoned it to surrender. A rain of cannon-balls in reply nearly swept him from the earth.

MEDAL STRUCK TO COMMEMORATE THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE.

The brave garrison defied his utmost cruelty, and the king went back to Dublin, leaving to his foreign officers the siege of the heroic town.

All eyes were now fixed upon Derry (1689); months rolled away, yet still its weary garrison, unaided and lost amidst a throng of foes, persisted in a brave defense. Famine came upon them; they fed on green weeds and vermin; the Irish mocked at their distresses; half their number were sick or dead, but no man faltered, and at length two ships from England broke through the obstructions in the river and poured stores and provisions into the famished town. Derry was saved, and the Irish army, stained by horrible atrocities, fled back to their king at Dublin. William, meantime, was preparing to invade Ireland. He had already sent thither a considerable force under Schomberg, his best general, which had effected nothing; now, at the head of his Dutch, Huguenots, and English, he came to fight the great battle of Protestantism on the banks of the historic Boyne. The fate of Europe once more hung upon his success. If he should fail, if a random shot should pierce that feeble form, quench that heroic spirit, Louis might ride at will over trembling Holland or divided Germany. The treason of Marlborough, Halifax, and Godolphin might restore to James and the Jesuits the government of England. At the battle of the Boyne, in the savage wilds of Ireland, was decided the destiny of many generations.

William left Mary to reign at London in his absence. He knew that she would be surrounded by traitors; that the malcontents were ready to spring at her throat; that she was environed with dangers. A French fleet was riding over the Channel, and a foreign army might land on the coast of Kent. He could only commend her to the care of Heaven, and confide in that Providence which had ever led him on to victory. With tears and bitter anguish Mary parted from her husband, whose exalted but painful career she had shared with patient affection. Hers had scarcely been a happy life. Fair, tall, graceful, stately, with no vigor of intellect nor depth of thought, Mary had early married William, and was soon lost in that fierce stream of excitement that surrounded the adventurous prince. For him she had aided in dethroning her father; was alienated from her sister; had given herself with ardor to William alone; had forgiven all his errors, and yielded to all his hopes. He had felt her devotion, and said to Burnet, as he set out for Ireland, "It is for the poor princess that I am most concerned. Be with her often."

As the two kings approached each other—the champions and the representatives of papal Rome and of Christian reform, the eminent examples of the two contending principles that now agitated the West—to decide upon the wild shores of Ireland the fate of their opposing creeds, a solemn interest filled all Europe: the Swiss from their busy valleys, the Vaudois, torn and bleeding beneath the persecutor's lash, the Jesuits in the halls of Versailles, just recovering from the bitter assaults of Pascal, the patient, industrious Hollander, the honest German, the vain and dissolute courtiers of Louis XIV., paused in their daily avocations to watch the encounter of the Protestant and the papist kings. William crossed over to the North of Ireland, was met by a clamor of rejoicing from the Protestants of Belfast and of Derry, and moving southward through a desolate country, sacked and harried by the popish invaders, approached, at the head of his fine army, the sloping banks of the Boyne. With intense joy he saw drawn up on its opposite side the forces of James awaiting the decisive conflict.

It was the height of the Irish summer. The Boyne, a bright and laughing stream, flows down along the rich meadows of Meath, the greenest of European pastures, and clothed in almost perpetual verdure, covered with flowers, glides into the Irish Sea. The battle-field is not many miles to the north of Dublin; it was a valley opening between moderate elevations; the river, shallow and swift, flowed through its midst. William resolved to cross and make the attack. But as he rode by the banks of the river, surrounded by his officers, the French placed two small cannon behind a shelter, and fired upon him from a short distance. He was wounded. The report spread that he was dead. The news was carried over the seas, and filled London with terror and Versailles with extravagant joy. But William, scarcely noticing his wound, drew up his troops for battle.

Seldom have two armies been animated by a fiercer hostility than those that now surveyed each other from the banks of the Boyne. On the southern side, half hidden by intrenchments, swamps, and shrubbery, stretched out long lines of Irish cavalry and foot—that vindictive and barbarous soldiery that had lately filled every corner of Ireland with inexpiable crimes. They were papists, who had been taught that to kill a heretic was a certain pledge of salvation; Celts, who sprang upon the Saxon with the fury of wild beasts. James could not have found more appropriate defenders than that unhappy race, which had been reduced by the crimes of the popes from a comparative civilization to the condition of savages. By the side of the Irish were arrayed the French Catholics. They were the men who had hunted the Huguenots from their homes; who had committed atrocities in every part of France not surpassed by their Romish brethren in Ireland; whose officers encouraged their excesses, and advocated the extermination of heretics. French and Irish had plainly resolved to give no quarter. On the breast of every soldier was sewn a white cross, that dreadful emblem that had graced the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

William's army was gathered from every Protestant land. It was composed of men of cultivation and of piety, but who had lately felt or seen, in their own persons, the worst outrages of Romish barbarity. His best soldiers and officers were

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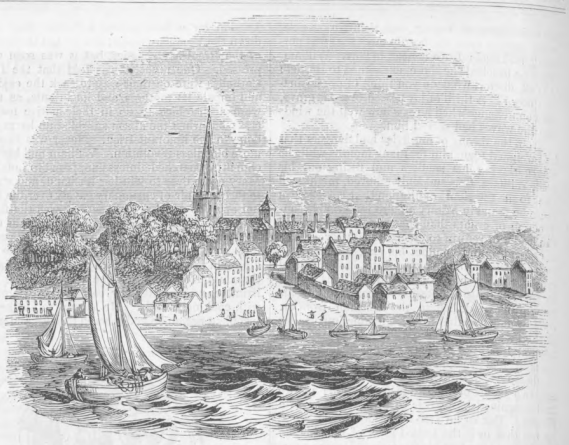
TOWN-HOUSE, HAGUE, WITH CARRIAGE OF PRINCE OF ORANGE. 1686.
[FROM PRINTS OF THE TIME.]



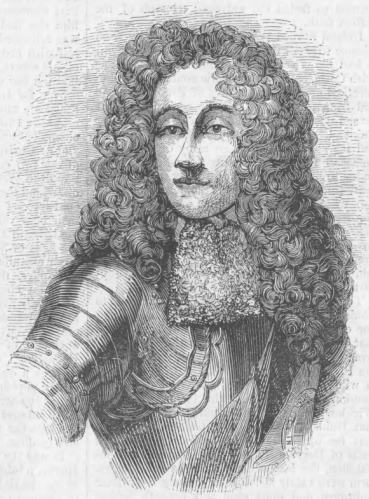
LONDONDERRY.—[FROM AN OLD PRINT.]

Huguenots. At his summons the French Protestants had come in throngs from their hiding-places in Switzerland, Holland, and Germany to aid in crushing the project of universal dominion which their persecutor, Louis, was striving to effect by the ruin of English freedom. Schomberg, once a marshal of France, but who, in extreme old age, had left his early home to enjoy a liberal faith, was their commander. He was esteemed the best tactician in Europe. His thick regiments of Huguenots, governed by a perfect discipline, on that dreadful day made a splendid show along the bright waters of the Boyne. Its green banks were trodden by long lines of Dutch, the heroes of many a religious warfare; by German princes and German soldiers from Protestant states; by English, just escaped from the tyranny of the Jesuits and James; by the brave men of the North of Ireland who had fought behind the walls of Derry and among the marshes of Enniskillen, with a nobler courage than that of despair, that their children and their children's children might have freedom to worship God. They saw the white cross on the shoulders of their foe; they remembered St. Bartholomew; they moved on proudly to victory or death beneath the yellow flag of Orange.

James's army was inferior in numbers to his foes, but it was protected in front by intrenchments, morasses, and by the valley and waters of the Boyne. It was not unskillfully arranged on high ground. William had, perhaps, thirty-four thousand men; James scarcely thirty. William's plan was to cross the Boyne and move openly upon the enemy. He marched at the head of his forces; James kept at a safe distance from the battle-field, in the rear. A day hotter than usual in that temperate climate opened upon the contest. It was July 1, 1690. William, full of animation, rode amidst his forces, cheering them by his words or looks. His soldiers, at his command, sprang upon their foes; they plunged into the stream; the Irish attacked them in the bed of the river, and, veiled in smoke and lit by incessant gleams of fire, the Boyne rolled to the sea. At the head of his cavalry, swimming, wading, half lost in clouds of smoke, William, his right hand disabled by his wound, gained the hostile bank, to find Schomberg dead but his soldiers victorious. The Irish had fled in strange terror as soon as the Huguenots and the Dutch had crossed the river. The Irish horse alone fought well; the greater part of them were cut to pieces. The French Catholics did nothing. James was the first of his army to fly, and reached Dublin, the bearer of the news of his own defeat. He soon after escaped to France.

From the battle of the Boyne William entered Dublin, the master of Ireland. He was merciful, and treated no one with severity. Mary wept with joy when she heard of his success. England once more received its king with bonfires and acclamations, and the conqueror of the Boyne was revered in every Protestant land, where the seeds of reform were now slowly and timidly germinating, but nowhere with more stern enthusiasm than in the plantations of New England and New York. The battle of the Boyne had secured the freedom of America; the yellow badge of Orange was the symbol of progressive liberty to nations yet unborn.

The last years of William's life were usefully employed in teaching Europe lessons of liberality and toleration. Holland and England flourished beneath his care. He persecuted no one, and saved the world from persecutors. Louis in his old age still plotted a dreadful destruction for Holland and the German frontier, but William successfully opposed him. Mary died, leaving him alone. He had now but one aim in life, and labored to throw a perpetual bulwark around his native land, to save that feeble community from the evil ambition of France.



JAMES II.
[FROM A PICTURE BY SIR G. KNELLER.]

MARIA BEATRIX OF MODENA, QUEEN OF JAMES II.
[FROM A PICTURE BY SIR P. LELY.]

James, his competitor, passed the close of his life less usefully. His chief aim seems to have been to effect the assassination of William. Jesuits had taught in their accommodating casuistry that murder was no sin when done with a good intention, and Pascal had explained the fatal doctrine to the world with immortal clearness. But the Jesuits had never recanted. They were the teachers of James and Louis, and the two kings were no unworthy disciples of a school that inculcated or palliated every crime. Their assassins hunted William in his palace, beset him in his army, followed him to the chase. His life was often saved by a miracle; he seemed sheltered alone by an ever-watchful Providence, while the papal murderers, at the head of great armies, waited on the shores of France to profit by his death, and let loose upon the progressive people of England the horrors of a Catholic crusade.

When Louis, in direct violation of his word, had placed his grandson on the throne of Spain, William formed a grand alliance of the chief European powers to destroy the dangerous preponderance of France. Soon after he fell from his horse, and his feeble constitution yielded to the shock. He died in his fifty-third year. Yet the last blow aimed by his master intellect was successful, and eight years had scarcely passed before the victories of Marlborough and Eugene had reduced France to a depth of humiliation from which it never recovered, and had assured to the reformers of Europe and America a period of tranquil progress that placed them above the utmost malice of the Jesuits and Rome.

Such was William of Orange, the sickly and thoughtful youth, who, at an age when most men have scarcely learned the common business of life, stood amidst the ruins of his country, and roused the patriotic ardor of his people; who became in early manhood the first statesman of Europe; who saved England and America from a terrible doom; who controlled the policy of half the European courts; whose painful life, ever wasted by disease, threatened by the assassin's dagger, worn by ceaseless labors, was dedicated to the welfare of mankind, and the advance of mental freedom.

From William's period we may trace the swift decay of the corrupting visions of the Middle Ages. Honesty and integrity began to be prized among nations. Humanity and toleration in all Protestant lands slowly advanced. Men no longer gathered their conceptions of duty from the diseased intellect of an Italian priest. It was discovered that it was not right to kill for opinion's sake, or to enforce the worship of Mary by the sword. The Germanic races, at least, were emancipated; and the Saxons of England and the Batavians of Holland, the Teuton and the Huguenot, began to plant in the New World the germs of that liberal progress for which they had fought so bravely, side by side, under the gallant lead of William, at the battle of the Boyne.

EMBARKATION OF THE PRINCE OF ORANGE AT HELVOETSLUYS.

EXETER.—[FROM AN ORIGINAL DRAWING.]

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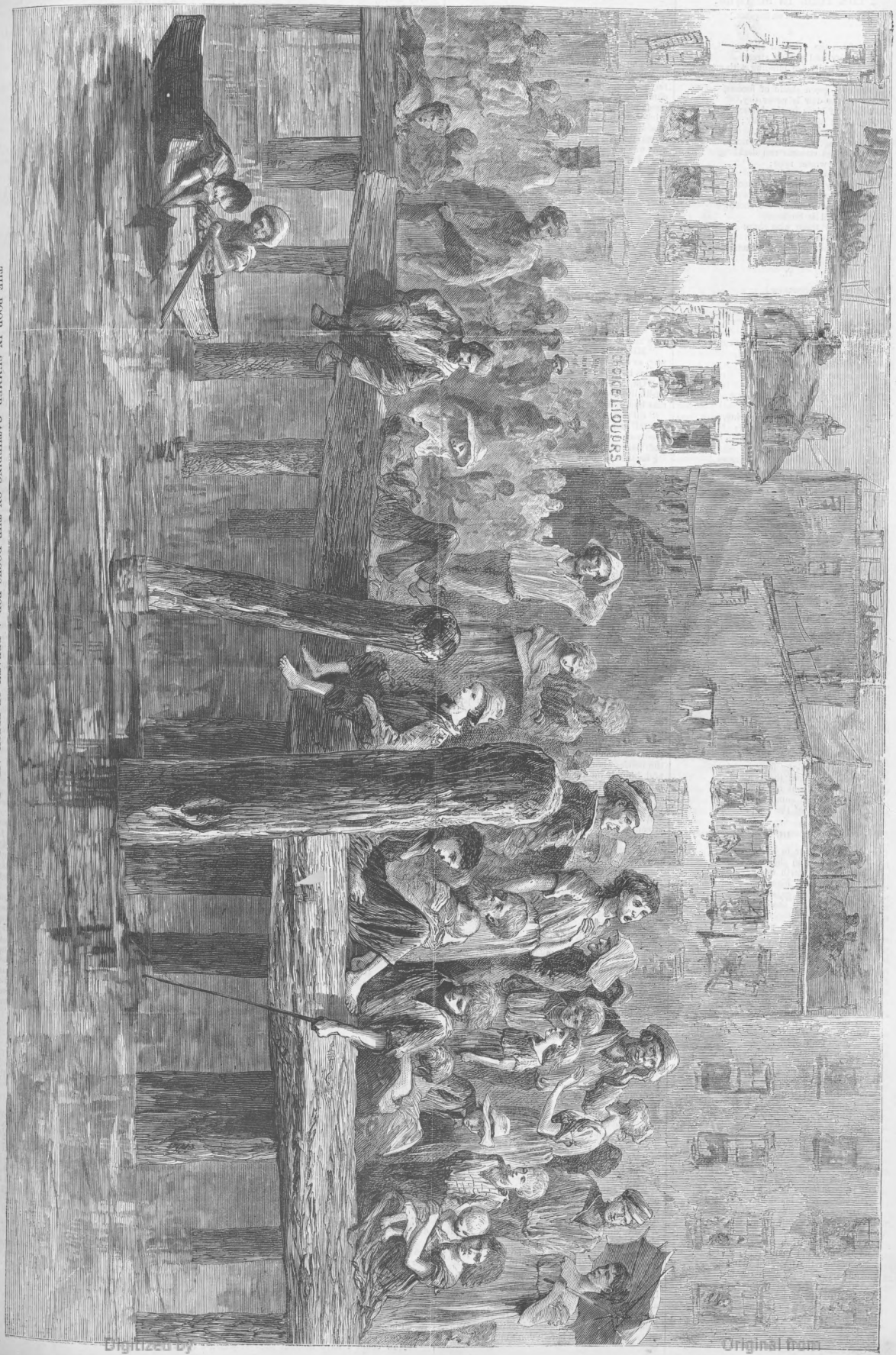

THE POOR IN SUMMER—GATHERING ON THE DOCKS FOR A BREATH OF FRESH AIR.—DRAWN BY SOL EYTINGE, JUN.—[SEE POEM ON PAGE 854.]

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THE POOR IN SUMMER.

[See Illustration on Page 853.]

I.

Away from the crowded city,
The noisy and stifling street,
Where the walls are blinding with sunshine,
And the wind is scorched with heat
In the cool green shade of forests,
Where the dew is never dry,
A twitter of birds in the branches,
And little blue spots of sky;
In dreamy mountain gorges,
Where lingers the mist at noon,
And snow-fed streams run darkling,
Singing a winter tune;
Beside the sandy beaches,
The weedy and trampled floor,
Where the great Sea rolls forever
Its long waves in on the shore:
How beautiful is Summer,
And happy those who share
The fullness of her being
With the sea and the sky and the air!

II.

Beautiful is the Summer!
But only to the few
Who follow her where she beckons
In sun and rain and dew.
The many shut in cities,
Amid the smoke and dust,
Whose lives are sternly ordered,
Not as they would, but *must*;
Between the bier and cradle
Who draw no idle breath:
Dreadful to them is Summer—
Another name for Death!
—Where iron wheels are whirring,
And ponderous hammers fall;
Where here a rock is blasted,
And rises there a wall;
Where ships discharge their cargoes,
And the wharves are piled with bales;
Or, clambering up the rigging
To furl the windy sails,*
The husband, father, labors
To earn their daily bread,
No hope of good times coming,
No rest—till the man is dead!
—In low and noisome cellars,
Whose walls with mould are damp;
In dark and dreary garrets,
The home of thief and tramp;
In murderous slums and alleys,
That shun the tell-tale sun—
Behold the wife, the mother,
Whose work is never done!
Untidy, care-worn women,
Who o'er the wash-tub bend,
Are always cooking messes,
Have always clothes to mend;
Make slop-work for the sailors,
And while their fingers fly
Their feet keep rocking cradles,
Where fretful children cry.
The children! oh, the children!
That every hour are born,
To suffer, like their parents,
To live and die forlorn!
The puny babe that suckles,
The child upon the floor,
And the larger ones that wallow
In the mud about the door—
God pity them in summer,
Poor children of the poor!

III.

God help the poor in Summer!
What is there in their lives
To make them worth the having
In such infernal hives?
How do they bear existence?
What Spirit is it that brings
The color to their faces,
With healing in its wings?
It is the blessed Night-wind,
That ere the sun is down,
Comes like a benediction
Upon the dying Town.
Across the broad, bright rivers
That burned like fire all day—
Down from the northern highlands,
Up from the southern bay;
From the depth of mighty forests,
And leagues of briny foam,
Benignest of all Spirits
That make the world their home!
From garrets, and from cellars,
From street, and alley, and slum,
You weary fathers and mothers,
You little children, come!
Down to the wharves they hurry
To breathe the cooling wind—
Only the dead and dying
And the watchers left behind.
Husbands and wives bare-headed—
No thought of their uncombed hair,
Their sleeves rolled up to the shoulders,
And the mother-bosom bare.
The babe in arms is suckling;
He crows with his delight;
He is drinking more—the darling—
Than mother's milk to-night!
Strengthen the child, O Night-wind!
Lengthen his little span;
And the gray old man beside him—
Strengthen the poor old man!
Surround their souls with comfort,
And be thy fresh, sweet breath
A spell to scatter sickness,
And the dreadful shadow—Death!
Possess the crowded city,
And enter every door,
Thou heavenly summer Night-wind,
God's Angel to the Poor!

EXCHANGING RINGS.

PRUDENCE HOLMES sat alone in the wide, shady kitchen, busily engaged in "picking over" whortleberries. Without, the golden sunshine of an August afternoon bathed the green fields and the dusty road that wound away to the village, and touched with richer color the nasturtiums, sweet-pease, geraniums, and zinnias in the tiny garden, and the heavy Virginia creeper that climbed and blossomed above the door. Prudence made a pretty picture as she sat on a low cricket, with a big calico apron spread over her blue-sprigged muslin dress to defend it from the stains that had soiled her little brown hands. She was a petite, daintily rounded maiden of eighteen, with great dark eyes, and glossy curls shading a fair brow, and cheeks that had a touch of wild-rose bloom upon them. The kitchen, too, made a pretty picture, with its well-scoured floor and dresser, its asparagus-topped clock, its shining stove, with bunches of herbs hung behind it, and the great bouquet of vivid cardinal-flowers set on the snowy table.

The kitchen was perfectly still, save the buzz of flies and the tick of the clock; and outside the crickets and the locusts alone disturbed the silence. Prudence believed that every one in the house was asleep but herself, and yawned somewhat wearily as she tossed over the berries, finishing the yawn with a bit of a soliloquy uttered half aloud:

"Oh dear! this having summer boarders isn't very nice!"

"Miss Prudence," said a voice in the doorway, so suddenly that Prudence nearly upset her berries in her surprise.

"Oh, Mr. Wentworth, is it you?" she said, bashfully, bending down to pick up a few berries that had rolled from her apron.

"I'll pick 'em up!" exclaimed the new-comer—a tall and rather aristocratic-looking youth of twenty-one, with merry blue eyes, and short auburn hair curling closely under a straw hat—diving for the missing berries with ungraceful dexterity. "Yes, it is I, of course. Have you forgotten your promise to go after lilies with me this afternoon?"

"Oh, but I didn't say this afternoon, you know; only some afternoon this week!" responded Prudence, demurely.

"Well, we'll call it this afternoon, won't we?" was the persuasive rejoinder, as the straw hat was tossed on a chair.

"I can't; I've got these berries to pick over."

"I'll help you. Lend me half that apron, and we'll have them done in a trice."

"But I shall have supper to get. Mother's away, and there are biscuits to make," insisted Prudence, turning her face away to hide a smile that would curve her lips.

"Never mind that," responded Mr. Abbott Wentworth, bringing a chair to her side. "Tea's at six, isn't it? and it's only half past two. We'll be back by five, without fail, and have time to get half the lilies in the river;" and he began to assort a handful of berries with much earnestness.

"W-e-ll," assented Prudence, after a pause for consideration and a glance at the clock—"I can go for a little while, perhaps. Oh, don't stain your coat, Mr. Wentworth."

But Mr. Wentworth was sublimely indifferent to his coat, and worked with such good-will that the berries were soon picked over, and Prudence and himself on their way to the river. Five minutes later Prudence, with her draperies daintily bestowed around her, was seated in the stern of a little boat, which, propelled by Mr. Wentworth's practiced hands, shot swiftly down stream.

Although Mr. Wentworth said to Prudence five times within one hour that it was a lovely day, and although Prudence assented every time, I hardly think they appreciated the beauty around them, for Prudence was quite absorbed with the lilies and the reflections in the water, and Mr. Wentworth looked more at his companion than at the aspects of nature. They had gathered enough lilies to satisfy them, and Prudence was leaning backward and idly trailing one hand in the water, when she suddenly uttered a little scream, and sat erect, with white cheeks, from which the color had been frightened.

"Oh, I almost lost it! How careless I am!" she exclaimed, replacing an old-fashioned ring, set with a tiny circle of rubies, on her finger.

"Did the water sweep it off your hand?"

"I suppose so. It's too large for me. I'm always losing it and finding it again. I wouldn't lose it entirely for the world, because it used to be grandmother's. She gave it to me."

"What a curious old ring it is!" said Mr. Wentworth, with interest. "May I look at it? Don't trouble yourself to take it off," he added, drawing in his oars and leaning toward his companion.

Prudence allowed her tiny brown hand to lie in his aristocratic white one a moment, then coquettishly withdrew it.

"Isn't it pretty?" she inquired, archly.

"Very pretty. Shall I tell you how to guard against losing it in future?"

"Oh yes, if you please."

"Wear this little ring of mine to guard it; or, better yet, exchange with me. Give me yours, and take this instead," said the young man, daringly.

Provoking Prudence looked at the heavily chased gold ring he held out to her, and then looked back at the water with an innocent,

"Oh, I don't think it would fit."

"Try it," suggested her companion, softly.

Prudence shook her head, but finally agreed, blushingly, that "it would do no harm to try," and slipped the ring on her forefinger.

"It's a perfect fit!" cried Mr. Wentworth, delightedly. "Nothing could be better. Why, Miss Prudence, you surely don't mean to give it back?"

"Of course I do," was the saucy rejoinder. "Why not?"

"Because," said Mr. Wentworth, speaking very earnestly, and disregarding his oars altogether, while he tried to get a glimpse of the face hidden by the flat hat—"because I meant to ask you to wear it always for my sake. I meant to ask you—"

"Oh, Mr. Wentworth," cried his listener here, "do see that lily on your left! Won't you get it for me?"

"I'll get you that and twenty others if you'll listen to me first. Do you care for me, Prudence? Will you marry me?"

Prudence's face was turned away, and her head bent lower and lower. A crimson flush stole over ear, neck, and chin.

"Prudence!"

No answer. Her companion leaned over and took her hand again, venturously.

"Prudence, will you wear the ring?" he questioned, softly.

But the hand was hastily drawn away; a pair of saucy black eyes flashed into his own, and Prudence's merry laugh rang over the water.

"I'd rather have grandma's, please. I ought to go home, Mr. Wentworth, for I know it's almost tea-time."

Mr. Wentworth put his ring in his pocket, and took up the oars again energetically without a word. He was fresh from college, and had held the stroke oar in many a race, but he never made better time than he made that afternoon in rowing up the river. The light boat shot along, and the rower's brows were knitted and his teeth set. Not once did he look at Prudence, who sat in half-puzzled, half-alarmed silence, now and then stealing sidewise glances at the offended young Hercules from under her hat.

Mr. Wentworth drew a breath of relief when the boat at last grated on the sand, and, having assisted Prudence to land, and curtly offered to carry her lilies, he shouldered the oars and marched grimly toward the house by her side. Prudence, somewhat bewildered and more angry, made no effort to break the silence, and studiously endeavored to "keep from crying." When he at last left her at the door, with a cool "Thank you, Miss Prudence," and departed to carry the oars to the barn, it was well he did not look back, for Miss Prudence tossed the lilies aside with a petulant gesture, and had a fit of crying, with her head on the kitchen table.

When Mr. Wentworth returned from the barn half an hour later he *did* see a picture that comforted him a little through the hop-wreathed pantry window. It was Prudence, with her sleeves pinned up, moulding biscuits with desperate haste, while the tears fell thickly on her high calico apron. This picture so amazed Mr. Wentworth that he retreated hastily behind a lilac-bush to observe it, and lingered so long that he was late at tea.

That was a model supper-table. There was the great dish of berries with snowy cream beside, flanked by cheese and raspberry jam. There were two mountainous plates of snowy biscuits, contrasting with the golden sponge-cake and the richer gold of butter. Mr. Wentworth, who had supposed he should never have an appetite again, felt quite revived by the sight of this table and the memory of the picture. The rest of the boarders seemed to share the sensation, for the group of muslin and broadcloth was very hilarious, and the eatables disappeared rapidly. Prudence, presiding between the tea-pots, seemed rather out of spirits; but Farmer Holmes atoned for her silence by unusual jollity.

When the biscuits were passed a second time to Mr. Wentworth he saw that only one was left, and would have refused decorously, but the hospitable farmer pressed it upon him.

"Don't be afraid of it. There's plenty more in the kitchen—ain't there, Prudence?"

Thus pressed, Mr. Wentworth accepted the biscuit, and Prudence disappeared to replenish the plate. Mr. Wentworth divided the biscuit, then dropped it suddenly, with an exclamation that brought every eye upon him. There, imbedded in the light, white bread, lay Prudence's ruby ring!

Such a shout of laughter arose that it brought Prudence back from the kitchen in haste, just in time to see Mr. Wentworth coolly remove the ring from the biscuit, amidst the merry chorus, and drop it in his waistcoat pocket, "to be kept till called for," he said, with a significant glance at her scarlet face.

Poor Prudence! there was no peace for her after that. An army of jokes quite overwhelmed her protestations and disclaimings, and she was thankful to beat a retreat to the kitchen when the meal was over. But even there she was pursued by a laughing trio of ladies, and harassed with questions and wonderment and merriment until the last dish was set away, and she had seized her hat, with the excuse that she must go to the village for letters. Instead of going to the village, however, she stole along the hedge, climbed the wall, and ran to the farthest end of the orchard, where she flung herself on the ground, and cried as if her heart would break.

She had, perhaps, cried half an hour before a step, crushing the dry grass at her side, roused her, and the very voice she most dreaded to hear said,

"I've come to return your ring, Miss Prudence."

Poor little Prudence sat up hastily, and took the unfortunate ring with a faltering "Thank you;" then immediately hid her face again.

"You needn't thank me. I should have brought it before, but I couldn't find you. I hope you're not troubled about those ridiculous jokes," he added, dignifiedly.

"N-no," responded Prudence, miserably, between her sobs. "I—I thought you'd think I did it on p-purpose."

"How could I have thought so? It was a mere accident my getting that particular biscuit. I'm very sorry you've been so annoyed in this way. I'm going away to-morrow, Miss Prudence."

The sobs partially ceased, and Prudence said, surprisedly, "Are you?"

"Won't you bid me good-by?"

Prudence said, "Yes," unsteadily, but did not raise her head.

"You will shake hands, won't you, Miss Prudence?"

No answer.

"I can't go away while you are offended with me. Won't you at least tell me why you are crying?"

"Because I—I lost my grandmother's ring," sobbed Prudence, making a great effort for composure.

Mr. Wentworth laughed in spite of himself.

"Why, it's safe on your finger, and not a whit the worse for its baking. Is there no other reason?"

"N-no."

"But there is. I shall never have another happy moment if I've offended you," said Mr. Wentworth, tragically. "I was a brute to treat you as I did this afternoon; but I'm going away, and I sha'n't annoy you again. Won't you forgive me now, and shake hands?"

Another long silence. Mr. Wentworth turned away in despair, but was detained by a faltering voice:

"I—I'll forgive you, if—"

"Well?" was the breathless interposition.

"You—won't—go—away."

The more observant boarders noticed at breakfast the next morning that Mr. Abbott Wentworth wore the ring he had found in the biscuit on the little finger of his left hand, and that Prudence wore a heavily chased gold circle in the place of her lost ornament. To use the words of one of the before-named boarders, "That tells the whole story."

"HOW TO LIVE ON SIXPENCE A DAY."

THIS is the title of a little pamphlet just published by an English gentleman, Dr. Nichols, in which he undertakes to show that "the average man" can not only live on sixpence a day, but that such living "will make him, like 'early to bed and early to rise,' healthy, wealthy, witty, and wise." Perhaps it was not to be expected that the sixpence a day should cover the cost of clothes, house-rent, rates, taxes, and other concomitants of civilization; and so we acquiesce with a sigh in the propriety of leaving such matters out of the consideration. It is enough to be convinced that, "so far as food and drink are concerned, every one can live nicely, comfortably, healthfully, on sixpence a day." We are especially careful to mark the word drink; for we remember that a learned judge, being asked upon a certain occasion whether a thirsty locked-up jury might have some water supplied to them, said that "as he didn't think it was meat, and he was quite sure it wasn't drink, they might be allowed to have it."

We move cautiously forward, and the doctor soon shows of what he is capable. "Whether we eat milk, or butter, or cheese, or beefsteak, or a mutton-chop, we eat grass at second-hand," he says; and "all flesh is grass," he quotes, in a sense which is certainly not intended in the Scriptural passage, and which would justify cannibalism. What conclusion is he about to draw? Are we, in order to keep within our sixpence a day, to follow the example of Nebuchadnezzar? But things are not quite so bad as we fear. He puts his veto upon all flesh of land animals; but he allows an occasional pennyworth of fish, and the grains, vegetables, and fruits he recommends are in number as the sand upon the sea-shore. If you wish to be a real epicure upon sixpence a day, "a pennyworth of potatoes and a pennyworth of dried cod-fish boiled together, then both mashed and mixed together with a bit of butter, make an excellent dish. Add a pennyworth of greens, and you never need dine better." Of course, if you had to entertain some genteel personage, you would add some "cracked wheat mush, milk, sugar, and stewed prunes." But the chief question in all these affairs is with what choice liquor you are to wash down all these dainties; and the reply is, rain-water. Filtered, if you like; but, in any case, rain-water. The doctor declares it were far better to drink even light wines than tea and coffee, which, under certain circumstances, entail all sorts of diseases, and especially paralysis and apoplexy. The fare he appears to particularly recommend is oatmeal assisted by rain-water; and he desires that this combination should be taken "in pleasant company, gayly and mirthfully, and, in every case, with thanksgiving."

But has the doctor any examples to advance of persons who have really lived on sixpence or less a day? He has many; but it can not be said that they are satisfactory or encouraging. The cases he alludes to of persons who are believed to have lived on very little food or "none whatever" belong, as he justly observes, "to the supernatural order." The many abstemious saints, too, whom he mentions by name, can not be considered to strengthen his cause; for he undertakes to gratify the senses as well as satisfy the mere bodily wants of men, whereas the abstemiousness of the saints was confessedly penitential. Nor is the doctor more fortunate in the "millions" who, according to his account, "live on less" than sixpence a day. He finds them in "some poor-law unions," in "the Irish prisons," and in other places; but he makes no attempt to show that they find their condition "delightful to the senses," or that, however healthy they may be, they are "wealthy, or witty, or wise."

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LORD KILGOBBIN.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

Author of "That Boy of Norcott's," "The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly," "Sir Brooke Fossbrooke," "A Day's Ride," "One of Them," "Gerald Fitzgerald," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXI.

HOW THE "GOATS" REVOLTED.

In less than a week after the events last related, the members of the "Goat Club" were summoned to an extraordinary and general meeting by an invitation from the vice-president, Mr. M'Gloin, the chief grocer and hardware-dealer of Kilbeggan. The terms of this circular seemed to indicate importance, for it said—"To take into consideration a matter of vital interest to the society."

Though only the denizen of a very humble country town, M'Gloin possessed certain gifts and qualities which might have graced a higher station. He was the most self-contained and secret of men; he detected mysterious meanings in every—the smallest—event of life; and as he divulged none of his discoveries, and only pointed vaguely and dimly to the consequences, he got credit for the correctness of his unuttered predictions as completely as though he had registered his prophecies as copyright at Stationers' Hall. It is needless to say that on every question, religious, social, or political, he was the paramount authority of the town. It was but rarely indeed that a rebellious spirit dared to set up an opinion in opposition to his; but if such a hazardous event were to occur, he would suppress it with a dignity of manner which derived no small aid from the resources of a mind rich in historical parallel; and it was really curious for those who believe that history is always repeating itself to remark how frequently John M'Gloin represented the mind and character of Lycurgus, and how often poor old dreary and bog-surrounded Moate recalled the image of Sparta and its "sunny slopes."

Now there is one feature of Ireland which I am not quite sure is very generally known or appreciated on the other side of St. George's Channel, and this is the fierce spirit of indignation called up in a country habitually quiet when the newspapers bring it to public notice as the scene of some lawless violence. For once there is union among Irishmen. Every class, from the estated proprietor to the humblest peasant, is loud in asserting that the story is an infamous falsehood. Magistrates, priests, agents, middlemen, tax-gatherers, and tax-payers rush into print to abuse the "blackguard"—he is always the blackguard—who invented the lie; and men upward of ninety are quoted to show that, so long as they could remember, there never was a man injured, nor a rick burned, nor a heifer hamstrung in the six baronies round! Old newspapers are adduced to show how often the going judge of assize has complimented the grand jury on the catalogue of crime; in a word, the whole population is ready to make oath that the county is little short of a terrestrial paradise, and that it is a district teeming with gentle landlords, pious priests, and industrious peasants, without a plague-spot on the face of the county, except it be the police barrack, and the company of lazy vagabonds with cross-belts and carbines that lounge before it. When, therefore, the press of Dublin at first, and afterward of the empire at large, related the night attack for arms at Kilgobbin Castle, the first impulse of the county at large was to rise up in the face of the nation and deny the slander! Magistrates consulted together whether the high sheriff should not convene a meeting of the county. Priests took counsel with the bishop whether notice should not be taken of the calumny from the altar. The small shopkeepers of the small towns, assuming their trade would be impaired by these rumors of disturbance—just as Parisians used to declaim against barricades in the streets—are violent in denouncing the malignant falsehoods upon a quiet and harmless community: so that, in fact, every rank and condition vied with its neighbor in declaring that the whole story was a base tissue of lies, and which could only impose upon those who knew nothing of the county, nor of the peaceful, happy, and brother-like creatures who inhabited it.

It was not to be supposed that, at such a crisis, Mr. John M'Gloin would be inactive or indifferent. As a man of considerable influence at elections, he had his weight with a county member, Mr. Price; and to him he wrote, demanding that he should ask in the House what correspondence had passed between Mr. Kearney and the Castle authorities with reference to this supposed outrage, and whether the law officers of the Crown, or the adviser of the Viceroy, or the chief of the local police, or—to quote the exact words—"any sane or respectable man in the county" believed one word of the story. Lastly, that he would also ask whether any and what correspondence had passed between Mr. Kearney and the Chief Secretary with respect to a small house on the Kilgobbin property which Mr. Kearney had suggested as a convenient police station, and for which he asked a rent of twenty-five pounds per annum; and if such correspondence existed, whether it had any or what relation to the rumored attack on Kilgobbin Castle.

If it should seem strange that a leading member of the "Goat Club" should assail its president, the explanation is soon made: Mr. M'Gloin had long desired to be the chief himself. He and many others had seen, with some irritation and displeasure, the growing indifference of Mr. Kearney for the "Goats." For many months he had never called them together, and several members had resigned, and many more threatened resignation. It was time, then, that some energetic step should be taken. The opportunity for this was highly favorable. Any thing unpatriotic, any thing even unpopular in Kearney's conduct, would, in the then temper of the club, be sufficient to rouse them to actual rebellion; and it was to test this sentiment, and, if necessary, to stimulate it, Mr. M'Gloin convened a meeting, which a by-law of the society enabled him to do at any period when, for the three preceding months, the president had not assembled the club.

Though the members generally were not a little proud of their president, and deemed it considerable glory to them to have a viscount for their chief, and though it gave great dignity to their debates that the rising speaker should begin, "My Lord and Buck Goat," yet they were not without dissatisfaction at seeing how cavalierly he treated them, what slight value he appeared to attach to their companionship, and how perfectly indifferent he seemed to their opinions, their wishes, or their wants.

There were various theories in circulation to explain this change of temper in their chief. Some ascribed it to young Kearney, who was a "stuck-up" young fellow, and wanted his father to give himself greater airs and pretensions. Others opinioned it was the daughter, who, though she played Lady Bountiful among the poor cottiers, and affected interest in the people, was in reality the proudest of them all. And last of all, there were some who, in open defiance of chronology, attributed the change to a post-dated event, and said that the swells from the Castle were the ruin of Maurice Kearney, and that he was never the same man since the day he saw them.

Whether any of these were the true solution of the difficulty or not, Kearney's popularity was on the decline at the moment when this unfortunate narrative of the attack on his castle aroused the whole county and excited their feelings against him. Mr. M'Gloin took every step of his proceeding with due measure and caution; and having secured a certain number of promises of attendance at the meeting, he next notified to his lordship how, in virtue of a certain section of a certain law, he had exercised his right of calling the members together; and that he now begged respectfully to submit to the chief that some of the matters which would be submitted to the collective wisdom would have reference to the "Buck Goat" himself, and that it would be an act of great courtesy on his part if he should condescend to be present and afford some explanation.

That the bare possibility of being called to account by the "Goats" would drive Kearney into a ferocious passion, if not a fit of the gout, M'Gloin knew well; and that the very last thing on his mind would be to come among them, he was equally sure of: so that in giving his invitation there was no risk whatever. Maurice Kearney's temper was no secret; and whenever the necessity should arise that a burst of indiscreet anger should be sufficient to injure a cause or damage a situation, "the lord" could be calculated on with a perfect security. M'Gloin understood this thoroughly; nor was it matter of surprise to him that a verbal reply of "There is no answer" was returned to his note; while the old servant, instead of stopping the ass-cart as usual for the weekly supply of groceries at M'Gloin's, repaired to a small shop over the way, where colonial products were rudely jostled out of their proper places by coils of rope, sacks of rape-seed, glue, glass, and leather, amidst which the proprietor felt far more at home than amidst mixed pickles and Mocha.

Mr. M'Gloin, however, had counted the cost of his policy; he knew well that, for the ambition to succeed his lordship as chief of the club, he should have to pay by the loss of the Kilgobbin custom; and whether it was that the greatness in prospect was too tempting to resist, or that the sacrifice was smaller than it might have seemed, he was prepared to risk the venture.

The meeting was in so far a success that it was fully attended. Such a flock of "Goats" had not been seen by them since the memory of man, nor was the unanimity less remarkable than the number; and every paragraph of Mr. M'Gloin's speech was hailed with vociferous cheers and applause; the sentiment of the assembly being evidently highly national, and the feeling that the shame which the Lord of Kilgobbin had brought down upon their county was a disgrace that attached personally to each man there present; and that if now their once happy and peaceful district was to be proclaimed under some tyranny of English law, or, worse still, made a mark for the insult and sarcasm of the *Times* newspaper, they owed the disaster and the shame to no other than Maurice Kearney himself.

"I will now conclude with a resolution," said M'Gloin, who, having filled the measure of allegation, proceeded to the application. "I shall move that it is the sentiment of this meeting that Lord Kilgobbin be called on to disavow, in the newspapers, the whole narrative which has been circulated of the attack on his house; that he declare openly that the supposed incident was a mistake caused by the timorous fears of his household, during his own absence from home—terrors aggravated by the unwarrantable anxiety of an English visitor, whose ignorance of Ireland had worked upon an excited imagination; and that a copy of the resolution be presented to his lordship, either in letter or by a deputation, as the meeting shall decide."

While the discussion was proceeding as to the mode in which this bold resolution should be most becomingly brought under Lord Kilgobbin's notice, a messenger on horseback arrived with a letter for Mr. M'Gloin. The bearer was in the Kilgobbin livery, and a massive seal, with the noble lord's arms, attested the dispatch to be from himself.

"Shall I put the resolution to the vote, or read this letter first, gentlemen?" said the chairman.

"Read! read!" was the cry, and he broke the seal. It ran thus:

"MR. M'GLOIN,—Will you please to inform the members of the 'Goat Club' at Moate that I retire from the presidency, and cease to be a member of that society? I was vain enough to believe at one time that the humanizing element of even one gentleman in the vulgar circle of a little obscure town might have elevated the tone of manners and the spirit of social intercourse. I have lived to discover my great mistake, and that the leadership of a man like yourself is far more likely to suit the instincts and chime in with the sentiments of such a body.

"Your obedient and faithful servant,

"KILGOBBIN."

The cry which followed the reading of this document can only be described as a howl. It was like the enraged roar of wild animals, rather than the union of human voices; and it was not till after a considerable interval that M'Gloin could obtain a hearing. He spoke with great vigor and fluency. He denounced the letter as an outrage which should be proclaimed from one end of Europe to the other; that it was not their town, or their club, or themselves had been insulted, but Ireland! that this mock lord—(cheers)—this sham viscount—(greater cheers)—this Brummagem peer, whose nobility their native courtesy and natural urbanity had so long deigned to accept as real, should now be taught that his pretensions only existed on sufferance, and had no claim beyond the polite condescension of men whom it was no stretch of imagination to call the equals of Maurice Kearney. The cries that received this were almost deafening, and lasted for some minutes.

"Send the ould humbug his picture there," cried a voice from the crowd, and the sentiment was backed by a roar of voices; and it was at once decreed the portrait should accompany the letter which the indignant "Goats" now commissioned their chairman to compose.

That same evening saw the gold-framed picture on its way to Kilgobbin Castle, with an ample-looking document, whose contents we have no curiosity to transcribe—nor, indeed, is the whole incident one which we should have cared to obtrude upon our readers save as a feeble illustration of the way in which the smaller rills of public opinion swell the great streams of life, and how the little events of existence serve now as impulses, now obstacles, to the larger interests that sway fortune. So long as Maurice Kearney drank his punch at the "Blue Goat" he was a patriot and a nationalist; but when he quarreled with his flock he renounced his Irishry, and came out a Whig.

CHAPTER XXXII.

AN UNLOOKED-FOR PLEASURE!

When Dick Kearney waited on Cecil Walpole at his quarters in the Castle he was somewhat surprised to find that gentleman more reserved in manner, and in general more distant, than when he had seen him as his father's guest.

Though he extended two fingers of his hand on entering, and begged him to be seated, Walpole did not take a chair himself, but stood with his back to the fire—the showy skirts of a very gorgeous dressing-gown displayed over his arms—where he looked like some enormous bird exulting in the full effulgence of his bright plumage.

"You got my note, Mr. Kearney?" began he, almost before the other had sat down, with the air of a man whose time was too precious for mere politeness.

"It is the reason of my present visit," said Dick, dryly.

"Just so. His Excellency instructed me to ascertain in what shape most acceptable to your family he might show the sense entertained by the government of that gallant defense of Kilgobbin; and believing that the best way to meet a man's wishes is, first of all, to learn what the wishes are, I wrote you the few lines of yesterday."

"I suspect there must be a mistake somewhere," began Kearney, with difficulty. "At least, I intimated to Atlee the shape in which the Viceroy's favor would be most agreeable to us, and I came here prepared to find you equally informed on the matter."

"Ah, indeed! I know nothing—positively nothing. Atlee telegraphed me, 'See Kearney, and hear what he has to say. I write by post. ATLEE.' There's the whole of it."

"And the letter—"

"The letter is there. It came by the late mail, and I have not opened it."

"Would it not be better to glance over it now?" said Dick, mildly.

"Not if you can give me the substance by word of mouth. Time, they tell us, is money, and as I have got very little of either, I am obliged to be parsimonious. What is it you want? I mean the sort of thing we could help you to obtain. I see," said he, smiling, "you had rather I should read Atlee's letter. Well, here goes." He broke the envelope, and began:

"'MY DEAR MR. WALPOLE,—I hoped by this time to have had a report to make you of what I had done, heard, seen, and imagined since my arrival, and yet here I am now toward the close of my second week, and I have nothing to tell; and beyond a sort of confused sense of being immensely delighted with my mode of life, I am totally unconscious of the flight of time.

"'His Excellency received me once for ten minutes, and later on, after some days, for half an hour: for he is confined to bed with gout, and forbidden by his doctor all mental labor. He was kind and courteous to a degree, hoped I should endeavor to make myself at home—giving orders at the same time that my dinner should be served at my own hour, and the stables placed at my disposal for riding or driving. For occupation, he suggested I should see what the newspapers were saying, and make a note or two if any thing struck me as remarkable.

"'Lady Maude is charming—and I use the epithet in all the significance of its sorcery. She conveys to me each morning his Excellency's instructions for my day's work; and it is only by a mighty effort I can tear myself from the magic thrill of her voice and the captivation of her manner to follow what I have to reply to, investigate, and remark on.

"'I meet her each day at luncheon, and she says she will join me "some day at dinner." When that glorious occasion arrives, I shall call it the event of my life, for her mere presence stimulates me to such effort in conversation that I feel in the very lassitude afterward what a strain my faculties have undergone.'

"What an insufferable coxcomb, and an idiot, to boot!" cried Walpole. "I could not do him a more spiteful turn than to tell my cousin of her conquest. There is another page, I see, of the same sort. But here you are—this is all about you: I'll read it. '*In re* Kearney. The Irish are always logical; and as Miss Kearney once shot some of her countrymen when on a mission they deemed national, her brother opines that he ought to represent the principles thus involved in Parliament.'"

"Is this the way in which he states my claims?" broke in Dick, with ill-suppressed passion.

"Bear in mind, Mr. Kearney, this jest—and a very poor one it is—was meant for me alone. The communication is essentially private, and it is only through my indiscretion you know any thing of it whatever."

"I am not aware that any confidence should entitle him to write such an impertinence."

"In that case, I shall read no more," said Walpole, as he slowly refolded the letter. "The fault is all on my side, Mr. Kearney," he continued; "but I own I thought you knew your friend so thoroughly that extravagance on his part could have neither astonished nor provoked you."

"You are perfectly right, Mr. Walpole. I apologize for my impatience. It was, perhaps, in hearing his words read aloud by another that I forgot myself: and if you will kindly continue the reading, I will promise to behave more suitably in future."

Walpole reopened the letter, but, whether indisposed to trust the pledge thus given or to prolong the interview, ran his eyes over one side and then turned to the last page. "I see," said he, "he augurs ill as to your chances of success; he opines that you have not well calculated the great cost of the venture, and that in all probability it has been suggested by some friend of questionable discretion. 'At all events'"—and here he read aloud—"'at all events, his Excellency says, "We should like to mark the Kilgobbin affair by some show of approbation; and although supporting young K. in a contest for his county is a 'higher figure' than we meant to pay, see him, and hear what he has to say of his prospects—what he can do to obtain a seat, and what he will do if he gets one. We need not caution him against"'—hum, hum, hum," muttered he, slurring over the words, and endeavoring to pass on to something else.

"May I ask against what I am supposed to be so secure?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing. A very small impertinence, but which Mr. Atlee found irresistible."

"Pray let me hear it. It shall not irritate me."

"He says, 'There will be no more fear of bribery in your case than of a debauch at Father Mathew's.'"

"He is right there," said Kearney, with great temper. "The only difference is that our forbearance will be founded on something stronger than a pledge."

Walpole looked at the speaker, and was evidently struck by the calm command he had displayed of his passion.

"If we could forget Joe Atlee for a few minutes, Mr. Walpole, we might possibly gain something. I, at least, would be glad to know how far I might count on the government aid in my project."

"Ha, you want to—in fact, you would like that we should give you something like a regular—eh?—that is to say, that you could declare to certain people—naturally enough, I admit; but here is how we are, Kearney. Of course what I say now is literally between ourselves, and strictly confidential."

"I shall so understand it," said the other, gravely.

"Well, now, here it is. The Irish vote, as the Yankees would call it, is of undoubted value to us, but it is confoundedly dear! With Paul Cullen on one side and Fenianism on the other, we have no peace. Time was when you all pulled the one way, and a sop to the Pope pleased you all. Now that will suffice no longer. The 'Sovereign Pontiff dodge' is the surest of all ways to offend the nationals; so that, in reality, what we want in the House is a number of liberal Irishmen who will trust the government to do as much for the Catholic Church as English bigotry will permit, and as much for the Irish peasant as will not endanger the rights of property over the Channel."

"There's a wide field there, certainly," said Dick, smiling.

"Is there not?" cried the other, exultingly. "Not only does it bowl over the Established Church and Protestant ascendency, but it inverts the position of landlord and tenant. To unsettle every thing in Ireland, so that any body might hope to be any thing, or to own Heaven knows what—to legalize gambling for existence to a people who delight in high play, and yet not involve us in a civil war—was a grand policy, Kearney, a very grand policy. Not that I expect a young, ardent spirit like yourself, fresh from college ambitions and high-flown hopes, will take this view."

Dick only smiled and shook his head.

"Just so," resumed Walpole. "I could not expect you to like this programme; and I know

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already all that you allege against it; but, as B. says, Kearney, the man who rules Ireland must know how to take command of a ship in a state of mutiny, and yet never suppress the revolt. There's the problem—as much discipline as you can, as much indiscipline as you can bear. The brutal old Tories used to master the crew, and hang the ringleaders; and for that matter, they might have hanged the whole ship's company. We know better, Kearney; and we have so confused and addled them by our policy, that, if a fellow were to strike his captain, he would never be quite sure whether he was to be strung up at the gangway, or made a petty officer. Do you see it now?"

"I can scarcely say that I do see it—I mean, that I see it as *you* do."

"I scarcely could hope that you should, or, at least, that you should do so at once; but now, as to this seat for King's County, I believe we have already found our man. I'll not be sure, nor will I ask you to regard the matter as fixed on, but I suspect we are in relations—you know what I mean—with an old supporter, who has been beaten half a dozen times in our interest, but is coming up once more. I'll ascertain about this positively, and let you know. And then"—here he drew breath freely and talked more at ease—"if we should find our hands free, and that we see our way clearly to support you, what assurance could you give us that you would go through with the contest, and fight the battle out?"

"I believe, if I engage in the struggle, I shall continue to the end," said Dick, half doggedly.

"Your personal pluck and determination I do not question for a moment. Now let us see"—here he seemed to ruminate for some seconds, and looked like one debating a matter with himself. "Yes," cried he at last, "I believe that will be the best way. I am sure it will. When do you go back, Mr. Kearney—to Kilgobbin, I mean?"

"My intention was to go down the day after to-morrow."

"That will be Friday. Let us see; what is Friday? Friday is the 15th, is it not?"

"Yes."

"Friday," muttered the other—"Friday? There's the Education Board, and the Harbor Commissioners, and something else at—to be sure, a visit to the Popish schools with Dean O'Mahony. You couldn't make it Saturday, could you?"

"Not conveniently. I had already arranged a plan for Saturday. But why should I delay here—to what end?"

"Only that, if you could say Saturday, I would like to go down with you."

From the mode in which he said these words it was clear that he looked for an almost rapturous acceptance of his gracious proposal; but Dick did not regard the project in that light, nor was he overjoyed in the least at the proposal.

"I mean," said Walpole, hastening to relieve the awkwardness of silence—"I mean that I could talk over this affair with your father in a practical business fashion that you could scarcely enter into. Still, if Saturday could not be managed, I'll try if I could not run down with you on Friday. Only for a day, remember. I must return by the evening train. We shall arrive by what hour?"

"By breakfast-time," said Dick, but still not overgraciously.

"Nothing could be better; that will give us a long day, and I should like a full discussion with your father. You'll manage to send me on to—what's the name?"

"Moate."

"Moate. Yes; that's the place. The up-train leaves at midnight, I remember. Now that's all settled. You'll take me up, then, here on Friday morning, Kearney, on your way to the station, and meanwhile I'll set to work, and put off these deputations and circulars till Saturday, when, I remember, I have a dinner with the Provost. Is there any thing more to be thought of?"

"I believe not," muttered Dick, still sullenly.

"By-by, then, till Friday morning," said he, as he turned toward his desk, and began arranging a mass of papers before him.

"Here's a jolly mess, with a vengeance," muttered Kearney, as he descended the stair. "The Viceroy's private secretary to be domesticated with a 'head-centre' and an escaped convict. There's not even the doubtful comfort of being able to make my family assist me through the difficulty."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

PLMNUDDM CASTLE, NORTH WALES.

AMONG the articles of that wardrobe of Cecil Walpole's of which Atlee had possessed himself so unceremoniously there was a very gorgeous blue dress-coat, with the royal button and a lining of sky-blue silk, which formed the appropriate costume of the gentlemen of the vice-regal household. This, with a waistcoat to match, Atlee had carried off with him in the indiscriminating haste of a last moment, and although thoroughly understanding that he could not avail himself of a costume so distinctively the mark of a condition, yet, by one of the contrarieties of his strange nature, in which the desire for an assumption of any kind was a passion—he had tried on that coat fully a dozen times, and while admiring how well it became him, and how perfectly it seemed to suit his face and figure, he had dramatized to himself the part of an aid-de-camp in waiting, rehearsing the little speeches in which he presented this or that imaginary person to his Excellency, and coining the small money of epigram in which he related the news of the day.

"How I should cut out those dreary subalterns with their mess-room drolleries—how I should shame those tiresome cornets, whose only glitter is on their sabretasches!" muttered he, as he surveyed himself in his courtly attire. "It is all nonsense to say that the dress a man wears can only impress the surrounders. It is on himself, on his own nature and temper, his mind, his faculties, his very ambition—there is a transformation effected; and I, Joe Atlee, feel myself, as I move about in this costume, a very different man from that humble creature in gray tweed, whose very coat reminds him he is a 'cad,' and who has but to look in the glass to read his condition."

On the morning that he learned that Lady Maude would join him that day at dinner Atlee conceived the idea of appearing in this costume. It was not only that she knew nothing of the Irish court and its habits, but she made an almost ostentatious show of her indifference to all about it, and in the few questions she asked the tone of interrogation might have suited Africa as much as Ireland. It was true, she was evidently puzzled to know what place or condition Atlee occupied; his name was not familiar to her, and yet he seemed to know every thing and every body, enjoyed a large share of his Excellency's confidence, and appeared conversant with every detail placed before him.

That she would not directly ask him what place he occupied in the household he well knew, and he felt at the same time what a standing and position that costume would give him, what self-confidence and ease it would also confer, and how, for once in his life free from the necessity of asserting a station, he could devote all his energies to the exercise of agreeability and those resources of small-talk in which he knew he was a master.

Besides all this, it was to be his last day at the Castle—he was to start the next morning for Constantinople, with all the instructions regarding the spy Speridionides, and he desired to make a favorable impression on Lady Maude before he left. Though intensely—even absurdly—vain, Atlee was one of those men who are so eager for success in life that they are ever on the watch lest any weakness of disposition or temper should serve to compromise their chances, and in this way he was led to distrust what he would in his puppyism have liked to have thought a favorable effect produced by him on her ladyship. She was intensely cold in manner, and yet he had made her more than once listen to him with interest. She rarely smiled, and he had made her actually laugh. Her apathy appeared complete, and yet he had so piqued her curiosity that she could not forbear a question.

Acting as her uncle's secretary, and in constant communication with him, it was her affectation to imagine herself a political character, and she did not scruple to avow the hearty contempt she felt for the usual occupation of women's lives. Atlee's knowledge therefore actually amazed her; his hardihood, which never forsook him, enabled him to give her the most positive assurances on any thing he spoke; and as he had already fathomed the chief prejudices of his Excellency, and knew exactly where and to what his political wishes tended, she heard nothing from her uncle but expressions of admiration for the just views, the clear and definite ideas, and the consummate skill with which that "young fellow" distinguished himself.

"We shall have him in the House one of these days," he would say; "and I am much mistaken if he will not make a remarkable figure there."

When Lady Maude sailed proudly into the library before dinner Atlee was actually stunned by amazement at her beauty. Though not in actual evening dress, her costume was that sort of demi-toilet compromise which occasionally is most becoming; and the tasteful lappet of Brussels lace which, interwoven with her hair, fell down on either side so as to frame her face, softened its expression to a degree of loveliness he was not prepared for.

It was her pleasure—her caprice perhaps—to be on this occasion unusually amiable and agreeable. Except by a sort of quiet dignity, there was no coldness, and she spoke of her uncle's health and hopes just as she might have discussed them with an old friend of the house.

When the butler flung wide the folding-doors into the dining-room and announced dinner she was about to move on, when she suddenly stopped, and said, with a faint smile, "Will you give me your arm?" Very simple words, and commonplace too, but enough to throw Atlee's whole nature into a convulsion of delight. And as he walked at her side it was in the very ecstasy of pride and exultation.

Dinner passed off with the decorous solemnity of that meal, at which the most emphatic utterances were the butler's "Marcobrunner" or "Johannisberg." The guests, indeed, spoke little, and the strangeness of their situation rather disposed to thought than conversation.

"You are going to Constantinople to-morrow, Mr. Atlee, my uncle tells me," said she, after a longer silence than usual.

"Yes; his Excellency has charged me with a message, of which I hope to acquit myself well, though I own to my misgivings about it now."

"You are too diffident, perhaps, of your powers," said she; and there was a faint curl of the lip that made the words sound equivocally.

"I do not know if great modesty be among my failings," said he, laughingly. "My friends would say not."

"You mean, perhaps, that you are not without ambitions?"

"That is true. I confess to very bold ones." And as he spoke he stole a glance toward her; but her pale face never changed.

"I wish, before you had gone, that you had settled that stupid muddle about the attack on—I forget the place."

"Kilgobbin?"

"Yes, Kil-gobbin—horrid name! for the Premier still persists in thinking there was something in it, and worrying my uncle for explanations; and as somebody is to ask something when Parliament meets, it would be as well to have a letter to read to the House."

"In what sense, pray?" asked Atlee, mildly.

"Disavowing all; stating that the story had no foundation; that there was no attack—no resistance—no member of the vice-regal household present at any time."

"That would be going too far; for then we should next have to deny Walpole's broken arm and his long confinement to house."

"You may serve coffee in a quarter of an hour, Marcom," said she, dismissing the butler; and then, as he left the room—"And you tell me seriously there was a broken arm in this case?"

"I can hide nothing from you, though I have taken an oath to silence," said he, with an energy that seemed to defy repression. "I will tell you every thing, though it's little short of a perjury, only premising this much, that I know nothing from Walpole himself."

With this much of preface, he went on to describe Walpole's visit to Kilgobbin as one of those adventurous exploits which young Englishmen fancy they have a sort of right to perform in the less civilized country. "He imagined, I have no doubt," said he, "that he was studying the condition of Ireland, and investigating the land question, when he carried on a fierce flirtation with a pretty Irish girl."

"And there was a flirtation?"

"Yes, but nothing more. Nothing really serious at any time. So far he behaved frankly and well, for even at the outset of the affair he owned to—a what shall I call it?—an entanglement was, I believe, his own word—an entanglement in England—"

"Did he not state more of this entanglement—with whom it was, or how, or where?"

"I should think not. At all events, they who told me knew nothing of these details. They only knew, as he said, that he was in a certain sense tied up, and that till fate unbound him he was a prisoner."

"Poor fellow; it *was* hard."

"So *he* said, and so *they* believed him. Not that I myself believe he was ever seriously in love with the Irish girl."

"And why not?"

"I may be wrong in my reading of him; but my impression is that he regards marriage as one of those solemn events which should contribute to a man's worldly fortune. Now an Irish connection could scarcely be the road to this."

"What an ungallant admission," said she, with a smile. "I hope Mr. Walpole is not of your mind." After a pause she said, "And how was it that in your intimacy he told you nothing of this?"

He shook his head in dissent.

"Not even of the 'entanglement?'"

"Not even of that. He would speak freely enough of his 'egregious blunder,' as he called it, in quitting his career and coming to Ireland; that it was a gross mistake for any man to take up Irish politics as a line in life; that they were puzzles in the present, and lead to nothing in the future; and, in fact, that he wished himself back again in Italy every day he lived."

"Was there any 'entanglement' there also?"

"I can not say. On these he made me no confidences."

"Coffee, my lady!" said the butler, entering at this moment. Nor was Atlee grieved at the interruption.

"I am enough of a Turk," said she, laughingly, "to like that muddy, strong coffee they give you in the East, and where the very smallness of the cups suggests its strength. You, I know, are impatient for your cigarette, Mr. Atlee, and I am about to liberate you." While Atlee was muttering his assurances of how much he prized her presence, she broke in, "Besides, I promised my uncle a visit before tea-time, and as I shall not see you again, I will wish you now a pleasant journey and a safe return."

"Wish me success in my expedition," said he, eagerly.

"Yes, I will wish that also. One word more. I am very short-sighted, as you may see, but you wear a ring of great beauty. May I look at it?"

"It is pretty, certainly. It was a present Walpole made me. I am not sure that there is not a story attached to it, though I don't know it."

"Perhaps it may be linked with the 'entanglement,'" said she, laughing softly.

"For aught I know, so it may. Do you admire it?"

"Immensely," said she, as she held it to the light.

"You can add immensely to its value if you will," said he, diffidently.

"In what way?"

"By keeping it, Lady Maude," said he; and for once his cheek colored with the shame of his own boldness.

"May I purchase it with one of my own? Will you have this, or this?" said she, hurriedly.

"Any thing that once was yours," said he, in a mere whisper.

"Good-by, Mr. Atlee."

And he was alone!

"YOU WEAR A RING OF GREAT BEAUTY. MAY I LOOK AT IT?"

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XV.—No. 768.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1871. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

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ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE.

On Saturday afternoon, the 26th of August, a common truck, bringing an ordinary packing-trunk, was driven up to the baggage office of the Hudson River Railroad dépôt. A woman who was waiting there received the trunk, paid the cartman, and then proceeded to buy a ticket for Chicago, whither she had the baggage checked. There was nothing in her demeanor to attract attention, still less to excite suspicion. But when the porter began to stow away the trunks and packages in the baggage car, his attention was arrested by an offensive odor proceeding from this trunk. After consultation the dépôt officials decided to open it. This was done, and when the lid was raised the trunk was discovered to contain the dead body of a young woman, perfectly nude. For an instant the spectators stood horror-stricken and mute, and then, with reverent hands, covered up the poor, crushed remains from prying eyes.

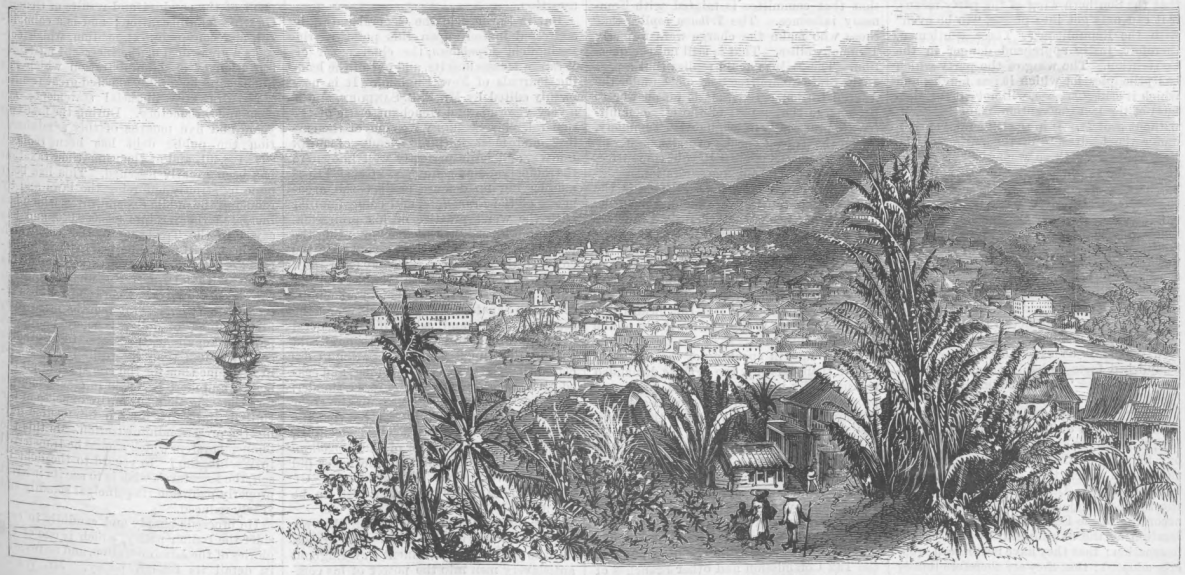
Subsequent investigations by the police disclosed a sad but, alas! too common story. It was ascertained that the poor girl's name was Alice A. Bowlsby, that her family resided in Paterson, New Jersey, and that she had come to New York to seek the aid of an infamous quack doctor in concealing the evidence of her fall from virtue. It is unnecessary for us, after the full developments published in the daily press, to go into the painful details of this tragedy. The assassin by whom the unfortunate girl was murdered—with or without intent is still unknown—is in custody, and will be placed on trial without delay. A young man who is supposed to have been too intimate with the dead girl has committed suicide rather than be questioned in court in regard to his share in bringing her to ruin and death.

But we can not let this sad tragedy pass out of the public mind without calling attention to circumstances that ought to awaken the alarm and indignation of every thoughtful person in the community. The fate of Alice Bowlsby is by no means an isolated one, and it differs from hundreds of others only in being brought to light. We speak entirely within bounds in saying that the trade of the abortionists in this city alone sends hundreds of victims to the grave every year. They do not all die directly under the hands of the assassin. Some languish for weeks, some for months. But many die under treatment, and the fact that so few cases come to light is owing to the extraordinary precautions taken to conceal the evidences of the crime. It is supposed that many bodies are thrown at night into the rivers that surround New York, and as the assassins who follow this infamous trade generally select dark and secluded streets and alleys for their dens, they possess every facility for concealment. Only by an accident was the murder of Alice Bowlsby brought to light and traced back to the perpetrator. This is certainly an alarming state of things, and one that calls for speedy and effective means of remedy. No half-way measures will suffice.

ALICE A. BOWLSBY.—[Photographed by J. M. Clark, Newark, New Jersey.]

The impunity with which these assassins ply their trade is a burning disgrace to New York and other American cities. In no other country in the world would it be allowed. The moral sense of the community would be shocked if a newspaper should devote a special department of its columns to giving publicity to establishments devoted to the training of thieves, to the puffing of new implements of robbery, and to the announcement of the whereabouts of the most skillful pickpockets and burglars; but both the public and the authorities seem to be indifferent to the offense of publishing advertisements which mean nothing less than murder. "Murder made easy" would be a truthful heading for such advertisements. There is no other civilized country where the procuress, the libertine, and the abortionist are allowed to flaunt themselves before the public in this shameless manner. This is an abuse of the freedom of the press which calls for immediate abatement. The public, indifferent as it seems to be, would uphold the most stringent legislative enactments against this terrible evil. If the man who publishes or sells a vile print or book renders himself liable to prosecution and punishment, how much darker is the guilt of the publisher who admits infamous advertisements into the columns of a newspaper that goes unquestioned into thousands of families! Let fathers and mothers ponder this as they look upon their innocent girls and boys.

It is a fact that ought to be impressed upon the public that no regular member of the medical profession ever advertises in a newspaper. Every medical advertiser may be accepted as a rogue or a quack (he is generally both), and the remedies advertised are either drugs that ought never to be taken except under the direction of a careful physician, or fraudulent compounds, incapable equally of good or harm. In view of the extent of this terrible evil, and of the disclosures that have recently appalled the public mind, the reputable press throughout the country ought to join in a vigorous crusade for the banishment of all these infamous advertisements from newspapers. The duty is as clear as noonday, and it must be performed with hands clean of the rewards of infamy. There can be no compromise with an evil which has assumed proportions so monstrous. If a sense of decency, to say nothing of higher motives, will not suffice to check the practice—if the conductors of respectable newspapers continue, in spite of the ghastly warning afforded by the fate of Alice Bowlsby and other victims of the abortionist, to give publicity to these infamous traffickers in human life—the strong arm of the law should be invoked in the interest of social morals. The time for action is opportune, and every good citizen should aid in the work of extirpating an evil through which thousands of young men are led to ruin; thousands of young women to dishonor and death.



THE TOWN OF ST. THOMAS, NEARLY DESTROYED BY A HURRICANE, AUGUST 21, 1871.—[See Page 863.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1871.

FOUR MONTHS FOR ONE DOLLAR.

"POOR MISS FINCH,"

a new and beautifully illustrated serial story, by

WILKIE COLLINS,

author of "The Woman in White," "The Moonstone," etc., was commenced in HARPER'S WEEKLY for September 2.

New Subscribers will be supplied with the WEEKLY from that date to the close of the year, four months, for ONE DOLLAR.

☞ *The* SUPPLEMENT *to this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY, *which is supplied to our readers gratuitously, contains a fine political Cartoon, entitled*

President Grant, and Why they Don't Like Him,

presenting in a very striking manner the principal reasons for the factious attacks upon the President; a sketch of

Horace Greeley,

with a splendid Portrait, and views of his Birth-place and his present Home at Chappaqua; the continuation of "LORD KILGOBBIN," *by* CHARLES LEVER; *and other attractive features.*

THE DEMOCRATIC CAMP.

JUDGE NICHOLSON, of Tennessee, Mr. JACOB THOMPSON, of BUCHANAN'S cabinet, and other Southern Democrats, advise their party friends in the Southern States not to elect delegates to the next Democratic Convention, but to allow the nominations to be made and the platform to be prepared by Northern Democrats, with the understanding that the Southern wing will support every thing which the Convention does. The reason proposed for this policy is that the chances of party success would be increased by making it impossible to declare the party action to have been controlled by the Southern element. This is ingenious, but the result would be that the Southern ascendency in the party would be stronger than ever. For if the Convention of the Northern wing should declare for the New Departure, and its candidates be elected, two things would happen: the Southern wing, which has always ruled the party, and which has certain convictions and purposes, would resume its supremacy; and once in power, it would decline to be governed by the declarations of a Convention in which it was not represented, and in whose action it would insist that it only acquiesced without necessarily justifying or approving it.

Mr. NICHOLSON and Mr. THOMPSON undoubtedly see that their party is radically divided. They know, what is very evident, that the mass of the Southern Democrats suppose that the New Departure means unquestioning submission to the negro vote and to the Ku-Klux legislation, and that it is, by implication, a condemnation of the lost cause. They know also that there is no such submission, and no intention of it; that the Southern wing of the party means, if it can only get into power, "to be even" with the Republicans. These gentlemen, therefore, justly apprehend danger in the Convention. The wing of the party which has principles for which it has fought, and which it still cherishes, will not eat the platform of the last Convention, made by itself, without protest. If in the Ohio Convention, under the leadership of the author of the New Departure, there was a very positive and resolute minority in opposition, how much more serious will be the hostility in the National Convention? Moreover, the experience of the last Convention, like the whole history of the party, shows that the Southern element is still the really controlling force of the party, and would prevail in the next Convention or breed fatal discord. Either result would be disastrous, and therefore that element think Mr. THOMPSON and Judge NICHOLSON had better stay at home.

Nor will the shallow interpretation of the New Departure as a mere declaration of accomplished facts probably affect the Southern sentiment. "The amendments," it is alleged by the Northern advocates of the new policy, "have been declared by the proper authority parts of the Constitution. It is idle, therefore, to dispute it. We must make our fight upon their administration, upon the way in which they are to be enforced. This is the true Democratic ground." But the Southern rejoinder is conclusive, that according to the Democratic theory the declaration of the amendments is part of the usurpation; that they have never been properly adopted; that they are therefore totally invalid; and that the true Democratic ground is the authorized declaration of the whole party that the entire system of reconstruction, of which the amendments are the security, is a usurpation, unconstitutional and void.

The subterfuge of the method of enforcement does not deceive the Southern Democrats. "Since we have declared the thing to be enforced unconstitutional and void," they say, "why do you try to cozen us with rhetoric about the methods of enforcement?" They are not wise, and they do not comprehend the situation, but they are consistent. The Northern Democrats do understand the situation, and perceive that it requires them to be inconsistent. They know that the people mean to sustain the Republican reconstruction. That can not be disturbed, and therefore any party which hopes for success must profess acquiescence. The fatal difficulty of the New Departure is that the Southern Democrats don't understand it, and the Northern Democrats don't believe it. A few persons in that party have at last discovered that the legitimate ground of party difference in a free government is administration. But a difference as to the nature of the government itself is revolutionary. When the question is who rightfully holds the purse and the sword, not how shall they be used, there are breakers ahead. English history shows it, and our own history proves it. The Virginia and Kentucky resolutions of 1798 were the political dogmas of the Democratic party, and they led, logically, to the war. The New York Tammany resolutions of 1868, declaring a part of the Constitution void, are no less revolutionary.

If, therefore, the Democratic party would return within the legitimate constitutional sphere of difference, it must rescind those resolutions. It may, if it chooses, declare that in case of success it would propose other amendments nullifying them; but if it proposes to contest the validity of the Constitution, it may spare itself trouble and expense, for it is already defeated. This is what the Southern wing neither sees nor believes, and therefore its leaders advise its absence from the Convention, that the revolutionary element which it represents may bide its time. But if this advice should be disregarded—as it undoubtedly will be—if the Southern Democrats come to the Convention and quietly follow the lead of their Northern associates, will it be a political combination to which the government and welfare of a country recently saved from the same hands can be safely intrusted?

THE TAINT OF TAMMANY.

EVERY Republican in New York who believes that the State can be and ought to be recovered from the control of Tammany at the autumn election deplores the difference between the State and the old city committee. But the difference is too bitter to be adjusted by regrets. It will be carried to the State Convention, and there decided by the good sense of the representatives of the whole party. Meanwhile the *Tribune* identifies itself with the old committee, and exhorts the "gentlemen of the interior," if they think the *Tribune* has worked for Tammany, to vote its friends out of the next State Convention.

But the question is not of the *Tribune*, but of the old city committee. The charge is that that committee is tainted with Tammany influence. The *Tribune* replies that those who make the charge were formerly Tammany allies. That is still not the question. The *Tribune* again replies that a part of the State Committee hold office under the Administration. But that is no answer to the charge that a part of the city committee are practically in league with Tammany. Again the *Tribune* speaks of "all manner of stories invented" against the old committee, of "pretexts," and misrepresentations.

Is the charge, then, false? This is the point which the Convention must decide. Is it an invention that there is Tammany influence in the old city committee? If it be, if there is reason to suppose that the new organization is probably quite as much tainted with Tammany as the old, the State Convention will undoubtedly and very properly refuse to recognize it. But meanwhile, also, the *Tribune* is the chief witness of the Tammany influence.

A year ago, in speaking of the city committee then existing, the *Tribune* demanded to know why it sat with closed doors, and proceeded to say, "We do not necessarily impugn motives when we state the notorious fact that the Tammany Ring has for years maintained its ill-gotten and wickedly abused power by the help of its familiars who claim to be Republicans *par excellence*." At that time the *Tribune* believed that there was Tammany taint in the committee. And upon what ground did it believe it? The *Tribune* itself answered the question. "A number of men," it said, "holding office in the Tax Commission and other branches of the city government likewise have places on Republican committees or in other responsible posts in our organization.....Gentlemen, we call on you to resign your places under Tammany, or your places on Republican committees." The *Tribune* then mentions by name certain Republicans as doing the dirty work of Tammany.

With the new year a new committee appeared, and some of the very men whom the *Tribune* especially denounced as Tammany agents were elected members. They have not resigned; they are members to-day. Have they relinquished their connection with Tammany? If they have not, they are the very men by whose agency, as the *Tribune* last year declared, the Tammany Ring maintains its power.

If the State Convention agrees with the *Tribune*, it will necessarily condemn the committee of which friends of Tammany are members. The *Tribune* constantly protests, indeed, that those who are now opposed to Tammany were formerly its friends. The Convention will doubtless be sorry to hear it; but the question will still remain, which committee is tainted by Tammany *to-day*? The *Tribune* will doubtless grant an amnesty to Tammany Republicans of six years ago, as it does to rebels; but does its clemency extend to those of whom itself says, "We must cut off the Tammany Republicans, who bear our flag the better to aid our enemy..... who find their reward in Tammany appointments?"

If the gentlemen of the interior find such men upon the new committee, we hope that they will cut off them and their organization. If they find them, and some whom the *Tribune* has especially named, upon the old committee, we hope they will do likewise, nor be deterred by the fact that those who ask for that justice are accused of a former Tammany alliance.

To vote against Tammany influence is certainly not to vote against the Republicanism of the *Tribune* or of its editor, who seems to us to do himself and his paper profound injustice when he insists upon identifying them with what he has so pointedly denounced.

GENERAL BUTLER'S CAMPAIGN.

GENERAL BUTLER began his political campaign in Massachusetts by a speech at Springfield which of itself should secure his total defeat. We wish now to speak of one point only in the speech, and that is its attacks upon the motives of every editor whose paper opposes the General's election. He adduced in each case some wretched personal reason for the hostility of the press, and seemed to suppose that his mere assertion not only established the truth of the charge, but disposed of the force of the arguments against him. He said, at the close of his speech, that he would leave his character to any good soldier who had served under him in the field. But before the words were uttered General HAWLEY, of Connecticut, one of his best soldiers, and editor of the Hartford *Courant*, telegraphed to the audience that General BUTLER was a liar. For the General had explained General HAWLEY'S hostility to him in his journal by what he called his dismissal for cowardice by General BUTLER'S order. General HAWLEY has published a statement which is conclusive of the extreme inaccuracy of General BUTLER'S assertion.

But in Springfield the General naturally addressed himself upon this point to the Springfield *Republican*, the chief paper of Western Massachusetts, and one of the leading journals of New England. It is now mainly edited by Mr. F. B. SANBORN, and is a very vigorous and trenchant critic of the General. Mr. SANBORN was one of the earliest and most faithful friends of JOHN BROWN, and he is perfectly well known to the radicals of Massachusetts. General BUTLER, having no defense against the arguments of the *Republican*, and being familiar with the worst practice of his profession, contented himself with "blackguarding the plaintiff's attorney." He asserted that the editor of the *Republican* ran away from JOHN BROWN when he fell into trouble, and did not dare to testify for him before a committee of the Senate. Mr. SANBORN rose at the reporters' table, and asked if the General meant to allude to him. The General said that he did; upon which Mr. SANBORN declared that the statement was false, and asked permission to reply to so gross a slander. But the chairman, ex-Lieutenant-Governor TRASK, who was evidently resolved that the General should say what he chose, declined, remarking that the editor of the *Republican* abused every body, but that the paper did not rule every body in Springfield. Of course Mr. SANBORN was compelled to be silent.

Now the facts are that when JOHN BROWN was captured Fugitive Slave Bill MASON tried to get certain prominent New England antislavery men into the power of his committee and of Southern mobs. A gang of official slave-hounds, under cover of the night, entered Mr. SANBORN'S house, in Concord, Massachusetts, and tried by main force to kidnap him for MASON'S purpose. They handcuffed their victim, but he stoutly resisted. He held the bullies at bay; nor did his sister spare her efforts. The town was roused as when the redcoats came in 1775. Judge HOAR—the ex-Attorney-General—a citizen of Concord and a magistrate, issued a writ of *habeas corpus*, and the gang escaped. They were indicted for their crime by the Grand Jury of the county, and a personal suit for damages was brought by Mr. SANBORN. General BUTLER became the counsel of the baffled kidnappers; but, at Mr. SANBORN'S request, when BUTLER entered the service the District-Attorney refrained from prosecuting the indictment, and Mr. SANBORN discontinued his own suit for damages.

And now General BUTLER, who ten years ago denounced old JOHN BROWN as a traitor and murderer and felon, undertakes to win Republican votes in Massachusetts by slandering one of the earliest and truest and most unswerving of the old man's friends; and he does it because he is unable to reply to the arguments which that friend urges why the great mass of Massachusetts men, who ten years ago did not think JOHN BROWN a scoundrel, should not now vote into JOHN A. ANDREW'S seat a man who did. General BUTLER says that if he can have his way, and be elected Governor of Massachusetts, he will put Mr. SANBORN off the Board of Charities. If General BUTLER could have had his way, ROBERT TOOMBS would have called his slave roll upon Bunker Hill; and had he done so, the General should have been the first to answer.

General BUTLER must remember—nor should Massachusetts forget—that he was a full-grown man when he did all that one man could do to put the State of Massachusetts, which he now aspires to govern, under the heel of the slave power. We have steadily acknowledged his service in the war, but, except for men like him, there would have been no war. It was by the aid of Northern dough-faces that the slave power ruled the country, and it was because of them that it believed it could destroy the government. If there was any man in New England who ought to have gone to the war and to have served faithfully to undo the mischief of a life, General BUTLER was the man. Republicans will let by-gones be by-gones. But when an old agent of JAMES M. MASON and JEFFERSON DAVIS to crush the Northern conscience strives to carry Massachusetts by maligning men who bravely fought to the end a longer and more terrible battle for liberty and America than ever General BUTLER saw in the field, it is time for Massachusetts Republicans to pause and consider.

SECRETARY DELANO UPON THE ADMINISTRATION.

THE Republican campaign for the next election in Ohio opened by a number of speeches simultaneously delivered at various chief points in the State by General NOYES, the candidate for Governor, and other distinguished Republicans. Among these addresses that of Mr. DELANO, Secretary of the Interior, at Sandusky, is especially notable. It was devoted to a comprehensive statement of the conduct and results of General GRANT'S administration; and is a calm, lucid, and convincing exposition, which corrects a great deal of the incessant misrepresentation of an administration which has quietly and honorably effected great results.

Mr. DELANO'S financial statements are clear and satisfactory. During the first two years and five months of this administration the public debt has been reduced $242,128,401, and at the same time taxation has been greatly lessened. This has been done by strictly enforcing the laws and by reducing the public expenditures, which has increased the receipts $85,000,000, and has saved to the Treasury $126,000,000, which has been faithfully applied to the diminution of the debt. Mr. DELANO contrasts this result with "Democratic financiering" in the city of New York, where the debt has increased in twenty-eight months more than fifty millions of dollars; where more was paid for repairs, carpets, and furniture for county offices than the United States paid in the same time for the transport of all the mails; and more was paid in eleven months for plastering than the entire expense of the United States for foreign intercourse during the present administration. Is this the financial system which should be transferred to Washington? In regard to the debt itself, the secretary's wish is to see its interest properly paid, and its principal steadily and yearly reduced.

He proceeds simply and candidly to consider the Indian policy, which is one of the glories of the Administration, and he reviews in detail its foreign policy. Mr. WASHBURNE'S conduct in Paris is most justly praised, and the main points of our relations

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with every great country are plainly stated. The Treaty of Washington Mr. DELANO truly describes as a subject for the congratulation of all civilized nations. He stigmatizes as a great blunder the supposition that the President originated the project of the annexation of San Domingo, or that he has used undue means to effect it; and sketches the history of our negotiations with the island during the last twenty-five years. But the secretary does not consider in detail the method pursued by us pending the BABCOCK treaty, which is the objection made by Senators SUMNER and SCHURZ.

No one can read this clear and dispassionate review of the administration of General GRANT, the spirit of which Mr. DELANO describes in the title of his address as "Peace, Justice, Economy," without renewed admiration for the honest and patriotic purpose which has inspired it, and greater confidence in the sagacity of the people who support it. Judged by what it has done, what it will yet do will be no less worthy of the principles and the character of the Republican party.

THE LESSON OF THE SUMMER.

THE frightful slaughter of travelers which has marked this summer in every part of the country should at least secure greater safety of travel. The explosion of the *Westfield* at New York, and of the *Ocean Wave* at Mobile, with the collision upon the Eastern Railroad near Boston, and upon the Erie in Pennsylvania, were in no sense accidents. They were the results either of criminal carelessness or of astounding ignorance. In the case of the *Westfield*, for instance, if the boilers were sound, as the inspectors testified by their certificate, the explosion was due to the grossest neglect upon the part of those in charge. If the boilers were unsound, the inspection is merely a farce of pretentious ignorance. There was no accident. There was no visitation of Providence, in the usual technical sense. And, indeed, we may ask the clergymen and others who publicly declared the explosion of the *Westfield* to be a Providential judgment upon those who go pleasuring on Sundays whether the collision upon the Eastern Railroad was a Providential judgment upon those who travel on Saturday night. The slaughter which is caused by carelessness, like the disease which is produced by filth, can not justly be ascribed to Providence. That method of explanation is a stupid fatalism unknown to Christianity.

Undoubtedly there is too little regard for human life in this country. These events are the proof of it. Our national creed is a happy-go-lucky philosophy. We are so fond of the maxim of self-dependence, and so full of disdain of supervision, that we are jealous of the most ordinary safeguards as tyrannical or childish. A little care would have prevented all the disasters of this summer, which have made every man reluctant to travel. But nobody cared to take the care. Upon a railroad safety depends upon punctuality. Every fool knows it. But the train that was destroyed at Revere left more than half an hour after its time. Twice within a month we have left Springfield, in Massachusetts, by the Connecticut River train, and upon both occasions it left more than twenty minutes after the hour, as marked by the railroad clock in the station. Had there been a disaster from running to make up time, or by collision, the blame would have been thrown upon Providence, but it seems to us that it would really belong to the officer whose duty it is to start the train. We advise railroad passengers to time the trains by which they travel, that, if they escape, they may help to determine where the responsibility rests.

The great railroads in this country, those especially which connect great cities with suburbs and country neighborhoods, like the Hudson, New Haven, and New Jersey roads out of New York, and the Eastern and Maine and others out of Boston, are so pressed with travel that only the utmost incessant vigilance can secure safety. In every station there should be a clock conspicuously placed, and a loud bell or gong should signalize the moment of departure. The condition of the track, so far as regards the movements of other trains, should be telegraphically reported from station to station. At every regular stopping place the wheels should be well tested. Wherever the rails cross another road there should be a bridge or a well-served gate, or if it be in woods or solitary places, there should be the plainest painted warning, kept constantly in repair. And every passenger should be a committee to see that these and similar obvious and simple rules are observed.

But all such precautions would be vain if the president and directors of the company are gentlemen who think that education is unnecessary to an engineer. Indeed, it is this spirit which every intelligent American should resist. It shows itself every where. It asserts that "good common-sense" is all that is wanted any where—by which it means good-humored and well-meaning ignorance. It declares that steamboat engineers are none the better for book-learning, and sneers at any method of ascertaining the fitness of applicants for the public service as theoretical. But in the midst of the melancholy catastrophes of this summer, why is not the theory that knowledge and care are better than ignorance as sound as the theory that the devil-take-the-hindmost is the only truly American principle?

DR. HOWE AND SAN DOMINGO.

DR. HOWE, one of the Commissioners to San Domingo, and a gentleman, like BAYARD, *sans peur et sans reproche*, has published a card upon the annexation question, in reply to certain strictures. He deplores the general indifference to the subject in this country, and declares that the clamor of party has drowned the voice of humanity. That, indeed, explains his view of the question. The Dominican Republic wishes to be annexed. Annexation will be of the utmost advantage to it. It is a grievous error and wrong, he thinks, not to stretch out our hands to a neighbor who implores our protection. Dr. HOWE vehemently asserts that the report of the committee has fallen stillborn, that dogmatists crammed with Congress library lore have prejudiced the country, and that San Domingo is, for the time, "a dead cock in the political pit." Republicans will not touch it lest it disturb party integrity. Democrats forbear lest they should miss the opportunity of annexing the island themselves. The President, he thinks, has been assailed with fierce injustice, for he has been the real protector of republicanism both in San Domingo and in Hayti. Dr. HOWE concludes with an eloquent description of the charms of the island, and an earnest hope that it may not fall into European hands.

His card is the ardent plea of a most honest advocate. We regret, indeed, his sneer at the sanctity of international law; for if the comity of nations, founded upon a constantly higher humanity, is to be despised and disregarded, we go back to barbarism, where there are no "figments of international laws." And but for "our worship of the fetish of international law" the Treaty of Washington would not have been negotiated. It is to be regretted, also, that a man of Dr. HOWE'S high intelligence should have permitted himself a sneer at "Congress library lore," regard for which, he thinks, has set aside the consideration of the San Domingo report. Is not that report part of the very lore he depreciates? The collections of the library upon the subject are composed of the reports of observers upon the island. But is the work of the Commission more than such a report?

Dr. HOWE states very trenchantly what, so far as we are aware, has never been doubted, that annexation would be a very great advantage for the Dominican Republic. But there is another question, and that is our own advantage. Nor is that, in a mean sense, merely a selfish consideration. The "high mission" of America, to which Dr. HOWE alludes, is, indeed, the extension of liberty. But there are "entangling alliances" of annexation as well as of offensive and defensive treaties. We must extend liberty not only or chiefly by incorporating into our national system all nations who may wish to join us, but by carefully preserving the conditions under which alone liberty is possible. Liberty might lose infinitely, instead of gaining, if we should annex the whole of South America, Mexico, and the West Indies. If the country is indifferent to the subject, it is not because it is deaf to the voice of humanity and liberty, but because it is not at all sure that that voice pleads for annexation.

"WOULD YOU EAT A 'TOLERABLE' EGG?"

IN regretting some remarks in the *Weekly* upon General BUTLER, a Massachusetts Republican writes: "The point is not that General BUTLER is a man of strictest principle and rectitude in every respect, but is he not a man of consistency in the main—for ten years at least—of patriotism, of ability, of loyalty, and of a certain amount of real political honesty, if that is not a solecism or Hibernicism?"

Massachusetts, we remind our correspondent, is one of the most advanced political communities in the world. It is owing to the profound and enlightened sentiment of justice which makes it, in American politics, overwhelmingly Republican. Its Republican majority is seventy or eighty thousand. It has CHARLES SUMNER for its Senator. It had JOHN A. ANDREW and other spotless men for its Governors. Will it now elect for its chief magistrate a man whom one of his friends admits to be not a man of strict honesty? That was the question we asked; and we said, and we repeat, that should the Massachusetts Republicans nominate him they would degrade and demoralize the party every where. If we are reduced to nominating men whom we know and declare not to be upright, the time has come for the Republican party to dissolve.

He is not exactly honest, he can not be called strictly upright, says our correspondent, but is he not in the main consistent—at least has he not been so for ten years?—and has he not a certain amount of real political honesty? To repeat the words is to answer them. The very doubt which the correspondent expresses infects all confidence and all respect. If you begin by conceding that a man is not strictly honest, how can you invoke respect for his patriotism or loyalty? You have cracked his whole character, and every part is weakened. If we were to make a distinction, which our correspondent invites by his remark, between Republicans of principle and those of policy, to which would General BUTLER belong? Are there none of the other kind left for Governor in Massachusetts?

PERSONAL.

IN one of his exceedingly interesting "Reminiscences of Public Men" Colonel FORNEY tells a capital anecdote of a Western citizen: JOHN GUY, who kept the National Hotel at Washington, bore a striking resemblance to General LEWIS CASS, who was one of his guests. GUY dressed like CASS, and although not as portly, his face, including the wart, was strangely similar. One day a Western friend of the house came in, after a long ride, dusty and tired, and, walking up to the office, encountered General CASS, who was quietly standing there. Mistaking him for GUY, he slapped him on the shoulder and exclaimed: "Well, old fellow, here I am! The last time I hung my hat up in your shanty one of your clerks sent me to the fourth story; but now that I have got hold of you, I insist upon a lower room." The General, a most dignified personage, taken aback by this startling salute, coldly replied, "You have committed a mistake, Sir: I am not Mr. GUY; I am General CASS, of Michigan," and angrily turned away. The Western man was shocked at the unconscious outrage he had committed; but before he had recovered from his mortification General CASS, who had passed around the office, confronted him again, when, a second time mistaking him for GUY, he faced him and said: "Here you are at last! I have just made a devil of a mistake. I met old CASS, and took him for you, and I am afraid the Michigander has gone off mad." What General CASS would have said may well be imagined, if the real GUY had not approached and rescued the innocent offender from the twice-assailed and twice-angered statesman.

—Professor GEORGE F. COMFORT, author of a series of German Grammars and a German Reader, published by HARPER & BROTHERS, has been selected as professor of modern languages in the new university at Syracuse.

—RALPH WALDO EMERSON has nearly finished, and will soon give to the public, his "Poetical Hand-Book for Schools and Students," to the preparation of which he has given much care and time.

—As it stands at present, the Board of Arbitration under the Treaty of Washington is composed of CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, of the United States; Chief Justice COCKBURN, of England; General MENABREA, of Italy; JACQUES STAEMPFLI, of Switzerland. The Board will be complete when the Emperor of Brazil names the fifth member.

—Mr. Secretary DELANO has indicated a desire to retire from public life as soon as the President can find it agreeable to find a successor, and he flatly denies that he desires to be the successor of JOHN SHERMAN in the United States Senate. There are two curious incidents in the political history of Mr. DELANO. In 1847, when he was candidate for Governor of Ohio, he lacked but two votes of a nomination. In 1862, when a candidate for the United States Senate, he was short by just two votes. But his public career has, on the whole, been a success. He is an able speaker, has served three terms in Congress, was Commissary-General of Ohio in 1861, member of the Ohio Legislature in 1863, and has since filled the offices of Commissioner of Internal Revenue and Secretary of the Interior. He is sixty-two.

—Mr. JAMES R. DOOLITTLE, the Democratic candidate for Governor of Wisconsin, is a gentleman who has displayed considerable activity in "swinging around the circle." He commenced political life as District-Attorney of Wyoming County, New York. He was then a "hunker." Afterward, at the Baltimore Convention which nominated General CASS for the Presidency, he was a "barn-burner," and one of the spokesmen selected to advocate the claims of that delegation to seats in the Convention. In 1853 he went to Wisconsin, and was chosen Judge of the First Circuit of that State. Having "swung around," he was elected by the Republicans to the United States Senate in 1857, and re-elected in 1863. Toward the expiration of his term, finding his prospects of re-election quite foggy, he "swung off" again, and now turns up a "genuine old original Jacobs" Democrat, and the candidate of that party for Governor. He is an active politician.

—FRANCIS P. BLAIR, Sen., now nearly eighty, and well preserved, physically and mentally, is said to be enjoying in high degree the comforts of "Silver Spring," his fine estate near Washington. Mr. BLAIR'S success in life is the result of his power with the pen. When "nullification" was first developed, in the first year of JACKSON'S administration, an article against it written by Mr. BLAIR in a newspaper of Kentucky attracted the notice of the President, and resulted in an invitation to Mr. B., though not then personally known to General JACKSON, to remove to Washington and edit the *Globe*, which was started by him. Mr. BLAIR retained control of the paper during the administrations of JACKSON, VAN BUREN, HARRISON, and TYLER, until the accession of POLK, who required him to sell that journal to THOMAS RITCHIE. The change was not a success. President POLK afterward besought him to resume his position as editor, but he declined, as he did the Spanish mission for himself, and another diplomatic appointment for his son. Since then he has mingled but little in politics, and is gracefully growing old.

—BAYARD TAYLOR expresses the belief that there lies, from St. Louis northward, far into the regions of Manitoba, and stretching westward to the base of the Rocky Mountains, the richest country in the world. The railways in Iowa and parts thereabout are succeeding beyond expectation, and surpass all precedent.

—There is some talk in Scotland about the Marquis of Bute giving a home to PIO NONO in the Isle of Bute—a little island about nineteen miles long and four miles broad, in the Frith of Clyde, about five miles from the Ayrshire coast. The climate is remarkable for mildness and salubrity, but is particularly humid. The island belongs mostly to the Marquis of Bute, whose seat, Mountstuart, is one of its attractions. Mr. GLADSTONE is said to have been sounded on the subject, and has no objection to the Pope's residing there, provided he will pledge himself to put down and keep down agrarian outrages in Ireland, which, it is said, he is willing to do. Meantime he is not to visit Ireland without the sanction of the Prime Minister.

—Mr. CHARLES BUXTON, M.P., just deceased, though only forty-nine, had been in Parliament fourteen years. He was an able, amiable, and accomplished gentleman, and took prominent part in all discussions relating to works of benevolence and philanthropy. He was not a very decided man; on the contrary, he avoided extremes. Mr. BRIGHT once said: "I should be sorry to go bear-hunting with the honorable gentleman, for I should be sure, when the fight got serious, he would go over to the bear."

—Colonel WILLIAM SEAVER, who died at Batavia, New York, on the 25th ult., at the age of eighty-two, was one of the earliest settlers of Western New York, and one of its most useful and estimable citizens. The *Evening Post* of this city, in an editorial notice, truthfully remarks that he "filled many positions of trust and honor during his long and blameless life, and exerted a great influence in the political affairs of his section of the State, maintaining through all, 'without reproach, the grand old name of gentleman.' As a journalist, in the editorial management of the Batavia *Spirit of the Times*, he was able and efficient, never compromising the dignity of the profession, but by the force and excellence of his writings making a provincial paper widely known and respected. For forty years he was senior warden of St. James's Church, in Batavia—a term of office probably unprecedented in the annals of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States. Mr. SEAVER lived to see the lonely wilderness into which he went as a pioneer in 1817 dotted over with fair villages and prosperous cities, waving with luxuriant harvests, and teeming with an industrious and enlightened population. Thus associated with the growth and progress of Western New York, from the leveling of the forest to the foundation of universities, Mr. SEAVER'S name will long be kept in remembrance there, as well for the strength of his public character as for the graces of his private life."

—General CADWALLADER C. WASHBURN, just nominated as the Republican candidate for Governor of Wisconsin, although but fifty-three, has been elected to Congress six times, and is now a member. He is a member of that vast WASHBURN family who have been in Congress from all parts of the country for so many years, and one of whom is now taking excellent care of American affairs in France. The particular WASHBURN who is now on the war-path in Wisconsin was a major-general in the Federal army during the late contest, and though not the hero of any grand military event, did excellent service as a department commander. He now proposes to do DOOLITTLE.

—Hon. WILLIAM A. HOWARD is just arrived from China. For six years he was in Congress from Michigan. He succeeded J. Ross BROWNE as minister to China, the appointment having been suggested to President GRANT by the late ANSON BURLINGAME when he was last in Washington. It is curious that some of the things that Mr. BROWNE predicted would take place in China have taken place, although he was criticised at the time for putting his predictions on paper.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE public debt of the United States, less cash in the Treasury, on the 1st of September was $2,274,122,560 38, which shows a decrease of $9,206,279 60 during the month of August. The coin balance is $90,813,691, the currency balance $7,968,345, and certificates $16,738,000.

A circular has been issued by the State Department requesting all claimants who have not already filed their claims for losses sustained by the depredations of the *Alabama* to file them at once in the State Department. Notice is also given to claimants against the British government for losses not caused by the rebel cruisers' raids to send their claims to Robert C. Hall, Esq., in Washington, the agent of the United States to present and support such claims. The latter class of claims are to be adjusted by the Commission which sits in Washington.

On Sunday afternoon, August 27, the boiler of the steamer *Ocean Wave*, lying at the wharf at Point Clear, near Mobile, exploded, killing about sixty out of two hundred passengers. Out of seven persons comprising one Creole family six were killed. The captain, engineer, and pilot were killed. Only three of the officers escaped.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THERE are rumors of an offensive and defensive alliance between Prussia, Austria, and Italy, to counterbalance the apprehended alliance between France and Russia.

The cholera has appeared in a severe form in Hamburg, Germany.

The French Assembly has passed a bill assuming constituent powers. It includes a paragraph, which was adopted by a vote of 526 to 34, eulogizing the administration of President THIERS. The Assembly has also adopted a decree prolonging the President's term of office.

The Grand Duke Alexis sailed from Cronstadt for this country September 3.

A large Fenian demonstration, attended by 100,000 people, was held September 3 in Dublin. It resulted in a riot, in which many persons were injured before the police succeeded in dispersing the mob and restoring quiet.

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BADEN-BADEN.

THE glories and infamies of Baden-Baden, the most celebrated gambling place in the world, will come to an end this year. The contract of the lessees of the gambling *salons* with the government expires, and the Grand Duke has determined not to renew it. The familiar cry of "*Faites votre jeu, messieurs; le jeu est fait*" will now no longer be heard, and Baden-Baden will have to trust to her other amusements for popularity. Owing to the war, last year's season was broken off suddenly, but this year the town is as full as usual, and the well-known *Conversations-Haus* as crammed as ever.

The illustration on this page represents the outside of this magnificent structure, where visitors, weary of the unceasing din and excitement of the gambling den inside, sit in the cool evening air under the colonnades, and refresh themselves with an ice or the inevitable *café* while listening to the pleasing strains of JOHANN STRAUSS and his magnificent band. Baden-Baden has many attractions besides those that have made the name notorious for years as the resort of the worst characters in Europe. The scenery is delightful, the air salubrious, and the town itself one of the pleasantest in all Germany. The Grand Duchy is particularly rich in mineral waters, there being no less than seventy medicinal springs within its limits, the most celebrated of which are in Baden-Baden. Visitors who resort there for other purposes than spending their own or winning other people's money find plenty of amusement during the gay season, such as balls, a capital opera, a Viennese ballet, races, steeple-chases, hunts, grand *fêtes-champêtres*, and, of late years, pigeon-shooting matches *à l'Anglais*. The gambling saloons are, however, the principal attraction, and when they are finally closed Baden-Baden will subside into an ordinary watering-place. The wealth, the rank, the fashion that have given it celebrity, and provided its varied round of entertainments, will seek other places of dissipation and amusement. The suppression of the gambling saloons has long been demanded by the moral sense of Europe. They made vice respectable, and every year allured thousands of people to ruin. Terrible tragedies have been enacted in those splendid palaces of iniquity, and if their history were faithfully told it would cast into the shade the most harrowing fictions of the novelist. But this season ends their infamous career, and the better part of the world applauds the firmness of the Grand Duke in resisting the pressure that was brought to bear upon him to secure a renewal of the contract. The other and only less notorious gambling saloons at Homburg are to share the same fate.

THE LAST YEAR OF THE BADEN-BADEN GAMBLING-TABLES—THE EVENING CONCERT.

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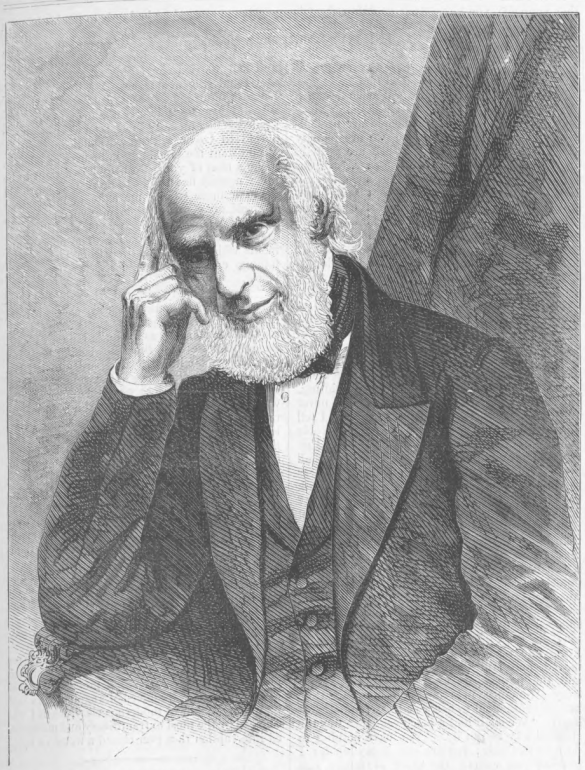

THE LATE REV. EZRA STILES GANNETT, D.D.—PHOT. BY J. W. BLACK, BOSTON.—[SEE PAGE 863.]

THE LATE CHARLES SCRIBNER.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD.—[SEE PAGE 863.]

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POOR MISS FINCH.

A Domestic Story.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," "Man and Wife," etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE SERVANT AND THE CLOCK.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

THE PERJURY OF THE CLOCK.

We looked at one another in silence. Both alike, we were obliged to wait a little and recover ourselves.

I may occupy the interval by answering two questions which will arise in your minds in this place. How did Dubourg come to be tried for his life? And what was the connection between this serious matter and the false testimony of a clock?

The reply to both these inquiries is to be found in the story which I call the Perjury of the Clock.

In briefly relating this curious incidental narrative (which I take from a statement of the circumstances placed in my possession) I shall speak of our new acquaintance at Browndown—and shall continue to speak of him throughout these pages—by his assumed name. In the first place, it was the maiden name of his mother, and he had a right to take it if he pleased. In the second place, the date of our domestic drama at Dimechurch goes back as far as the years fifty-eight and 'fifty-nine; and real names are (now that it is all over) of no consequence to any body. With "Dubourg" we have begun. With "Dubourg" let us go on to the end.

On a summer evening, some years ago, a man was found murdered in a field near a certain town in the West of England. The name of the field was "Pardon's Piece."

The man was a small carpenter and builder in the town, who bore an indifferent character. On the evening in question, a distant relative of his, employed as farm bailiff by a gentleman in the neighborhood, happened to be passing a stile which led from the field into a road, and saw a gentleman leaving the field by way of this stile rather in a hurry. He recognized the gentleman (whom he knew by sight only) as Mr. Dubourg.

The two passed each other on the road in opposite directions. After a certain lapse of time—estimated as being half an hour—the farm bailiff had occasion to pass back along the same road. On reaching the stile he heard an alarm raised, and entered the field to see what was the matter. He found several persons running from the farther side of Pardon's Piece toward a boy who was standing at the back of a cattle-shed, in a remote part of the inclosure, screaming with terror. At the boy's feet lay, face downward, the dead body of a man, with his head horribly beaten in. His watch was under him, hanging out of his pocket by the chain. It had stopped—evidently in consequence of the concussion of its owner's fall on it—at half past eight. The body was still warm. All the other valuables, like the watch, were left on it. The farm bailiff instantly recognized the man as the carpenter and builder mentioned above.

At the preliminary inquiry the stoppage of the watch at half past eight was taken as offering good circumstantial evidence that the blow which had killed the man had been struck at that time.

The next question was—if any one had been seen near the body at half past eight? The farm bailiff declared that he had met Mr. Dubourg hastily leaving the field by the stile at that very time. Asked if he had looked at his watch, he owned that he had not done so. Certain previous circumstances, which he mentioned as having impressed themselves on his memory, enabled him to feel sure of the truth of this assertion without having consulted his watch. He was pressed on this important point, but he held to his declaration. At half past eight he had seen Mr. Dubourg hurriedly leave the field. At half past eight the watch of the murdered man had stopped.

Had any other person been observed in or near the field at that time?

No witness could be discovered who had seen any body else near the place. Had the weapon turned up with which the blow had been struck? It had not been found. Was any one known (robbery having plainly not been the motive of the crime) to have entertained a grudge against the murdered man. It was no secret that he associated with doubtful characters, male and female; but suspicion failed to point to any one of them in particular.

In this state of things there was no alternative but to request Mr. Dubourg—well known, in and out of the town, as a young gentleman of independent fortune, bearing an excellent character—to give some account of himself.

He immediately admitted that he had passed through the field. But, in contradiction to the farm bailiff, he declared that *he* had looked at his watch at the moment before he crossed the stile, and that the time by it was exactly a quarter past eight. Five minutes later—that is to say, ten minutes before the murder had been committed, on the evidence of the dead man's watch—he had paid a visit to a lady living near Pardon's Piece, and had remained with her until his watch, consulted once more on leaving the lady's house, informed him that it was a quarter to nine.

Here was the defense called an "alibi." It entirely satisfied Mr. Dubourg's friends. To satisfy justice also it was necessary to call the lady as a witness. In the mean time another purely formal question was put to Mr. Dubourg. Did he know any thing of the murdered man?

With some appearance of confusion, Mr. Dubourg admitted that he had been induced (by a friend) to employ the man on some work. Further interrogation extracted from him the following statement of facts:

That the work had been very badly done; that an exorbitant price had been charged for it; that the man, on being remonstrated with, had behaved in a grossly impertinent manner; that an altercation had taken place between them; that Mr. Dubourg had seized the man by the collar of his coat, and had turned him out of the house; that he had called the man an infernal scoundrel (being in a passion at the time), and had threatened to "thrash him within an inch of his life" (or words to that effect) if he ever presumed to come near the house again; that he had sincerely regretted his own violence the moment he recovered his self-possession; and lastly, that, on his oath (the altercation having occurred six weeks ago), he had never spoken to the man, or set eyes on the man, since.

As the matter then stood these circumstances were considered as being unfortunate circumstances for Mr. Dubourg—nothing more. He

"JICKS WILL HAVE SOMETHING TO DRINK."

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had his "alibi" to appeal to, and his character to appeal to; and nobody doubted the result.

The lady appeared as witness.

Confronted with Mr. Dubourg on the question of time, and forced to answer, she absolutely contradicted him, on the testimony of the clock on her own mantel-piece. In substance her evidence was simply this. She had looked at her clock when Mr. Dubourg entered the room, thinking it rather a late hour for a visitor to call on her. The clock (regulated by the maker only the day before) pointed to twenty-five minutes to nine. Practical experiment showed that the time required to walk the distance, at a rapid pace, from the stile to the lady's house, was just five minutes. Here, then, was the statement of the farm bailiff (himself a respectable witness) corroborated by another witness of excellent position and character. The clock, on being examined next, was found to be right. The evidence of the clock-maker proved that he kept the key, and that there had been no necessity to set the clock and wind it up again, since he had performed both those acts on the day preceding Mr. Dubourg's visit. The accuracy of the clock thus vouched for, the conclusion on the evidence was irresistible. Mr. Dubourg stood convicted of having been in the field at the time when the murder was committed; of having, by his own admission, had a quarrel with the murdered man not long before, terminating in an assault and a threat on his side; and, lastly, of having attempted to set up an alibi by a false statement of the question of time. There was no alternative but to commit him to take his trial at the Assizes, charged with the murder of the builder in Pardon's Piece.

The trial occupied two days.

No new facts of importance were discovered in the interval. The evidence followed the course which it had taken at the preliminary examinations—with this difference only, that it was more carefully sifted. Mr. Dubourg had the double advantage of securing the services of the leading barrister in the circuit, and of moving the irrepressible sympathies of the jury, shocked at his position, and eager for proof of his innocence. By the end of the first day the evidence had told against him with such irresistible force that his own counsel despaired of the result. When the prisoner took his place in the dock on the second day there was but one conviction in the minds of the people in court: every body said, "The clock will hang him."

It was nearly two in the afternoon; and the proceedings were on the point of being adjourned for half an hour, when the attorney for the prisoner was seen to hand a paper to the counsel for the defense.

The counsel rose, showing signs of agitation which roused the curiosity of the audience. He demanded the immediate hearing of a new witness, whose evidence in the prisoner's favor he declared to be too important to be delayed for a single moment. After a short colloquy between the judge and the barristers on either side the Court decided to continue the sitting.

The witness, appearing in the box, proved to be a young woman in delicate health. On the evening when the prisoner had paid his visit to the lady she was in that lady's service as housemaid. The day after she had been permitted (by previous arrangement with her mistress) to take a week's holiday, and to go on a visit to her parents, in the west of Cornwall. While there she had fallen ill, and had not been strong enough since to return to her employment. Having given this preliminary account of herself, the house-maid then narrated the following extraordinary particulars in relation to her mistress's clock.

On the morning of the day when Mr. Dubourg had called at the house she had been cleaning the mantel-piece. She had rubbed the part of it which was under the clock with her duster, had accidentally struck the pendulum, and had stopped it. Having once before done this, she had been severely reproved. Fearing that a repetition of the offense, only the day after the clock had been regulated by the maker, might lead perhaps to the withdrawal of her leave of absence, she had determined to put matters right again, if possible, by herself.

After poking under the clock in the dark, and failing to set the pendulum going again properly in that way, she next attempted to lift the clock, and give it a shake. It was set in a marble case, with a bronze figure on the top, and it was so heavy that she was obliged to hunt for something which she could use as a lever. The thing proved to be not easy to find on the spur of the moment. Having at last laid her hand on what she wanted, she contrived so to lift the clock a few inches and drop it again on the mantel-piece as to set it going once more.

The next necessity was, of course, to move the hands on. Here again she was met by an obstacle. There was a difficulty in opening the glass case which protected the dial. After uselessly searching for some instrument to help her, she got from the footman (without telling him what she wanted it for) a small chisel. With this she opened the case—after accidentally scratching the brass frame of it—and set the hands of the clock *by guess*. She was flurried at the time, fearing that her mistress would discover her. Later in the day she found that she had overestimated the interval of time that had passed while she was attempting to put the clock right. She had, in fact, set it exactly *a quarter of an hour too fast*.

No safe opportunity of secretly putting the clock right again had occurred until the last thing at night. She had then moved the hands back to the right time. At the hour of the evening when Mr. Dubourg had called on her mistress she positively swore that the clock was a quarter of an hour too fast. It had pointed, as her mistress had declared, to twenty-five minutes to nine—the right time then being, as Mr. Dubourg had asserted, twenty minutes past eight.

Questioned as to why she had refrained from giving this extraordinary evidence at the inquiry before the magistrate, she declared that in the distant Cornish village to which she had gone the next day, and in which her illness had detained her from that time, nobody had heard of the inquiry or the trial. She would not have been then present to state the vitally important circumstances to which she had just sworn if the prisoner's twin brother had not found her out on the previous day, had not questioned her if she knew any thing about the clock, and had not (hearing what she had to tell) insisted on her taking the journey with him to the court the next morning.

This evidence virtually decided the trial. There was a great burst of relief in the crowded assembly when the woman's statement had come to an end.

She was closely cross-examined, as a matter of course. Her character was inquired into; corroborative evidence (relating to the chisel and the scratches on the frame) was sought for, and was obtained. The end of it was that, at a late hour on the second evening, the jury acquitted the prisoner without leaving their box. It was not too much to say that his life had been saved by his brother. His brother alone had persisted, from first to last, in obstinately disbelieving the clock—for no better reason than that the clock was the witness which asserted the prisoner's guilt! He had worried every body with incessant inquiries; he had discovered the absence of the house-maid after the trial had begun; and he had started off to interrogate the girl, knowing nothing and suspecting nothing—simply determined to persist in the one everlasting question with which he persecuted every body: "The clock is going to hang my brother; can you tell me any thing about the clock?"

Four months later the mystery of the crime was cleared up. One of the disreputable companions of the murdered man confessed on his death-bed that he had done the deed. There was nothing interesting or remarkable in the circumstances. Chance, which had put innocence in peril, had offered impunity to guilt. An infamous woman, a jealous quarrel, and an absence at the moment of witnesses on the spot—these were really the commonplace materials which had composed the tragedy of Pardon's Piece.

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

THE HERO OF THE TRIAL.

"You have forced it out of me. Now you have had your way, never mind my feelings. Go!"

Those were the first words the Hero of the Trial said to me, when he was able to speak again. He withdrew, with a curious sullen resignation, to the farther end of the room. There he stood looking at me as a man might have looked who carried some contagion about him, and who wished to preserve a healthy fellow-creature from the peril of touching him.

"Why should I go?" I asked.

"You are a bold woman," he said, "to remain in the same room with a man who has been pointed at as a murderer, and who has been tried for his life."

The same unhealthy state of mind which had brought him to Dimchurch, and which had led him to speak to me as he had spoken on the previous evening, was, as I understood it, now irritating him against me as a person who had made his own quick temper the means of entrapping him into letting out the truth. How was I to deal with a man in this condition? I decided to perform the feat which you call in England "taking the bull by the horns."

"I see but one man here," I said: "a man honorably acquitted of a crime which he was incapable of committing—a man who deserves my interest, and claims my sympathy. Shake hands, Mr. Dubourg."

I spoke to him in a good hearty voice, and I gave him a good hearty squeeze. The poor, weak, lonely, persecuted young fellow dropped his head on my shoulder like a child, and burst out crying.

"Don't despise me," he said, as soon as he had got his breath again. "It breaks a man down to have stood in the dock, and to have had hundreds of hard-hearted people staring at him in horror, without his deserving it. Besides, I have been very lonely, ma'am, since my brother left me."

We sat down again side by side. He was the strangest compound of anomalies I had ever met with. Throw him into one of those passions in which he flamed out so easily, and you would have said, This is a tiger. Wait till he had cooled down again to his customary mild temperature, and you would have said, with equal truth, This is a lamb.

"One thing rather surprises me, Mr. Dubourg," I went on. "I can't quite understand—"

"Don't call me 'Mr. Dubourg,'" he interposed. "You remind me of the disgrace which has forced me to change my name. Call me by my Christian name. It's a foreign name. You are a foreigner by your accent—you will like me all the better for having a foreign name. I was christened 'Oscar,' after my mother's brother—my mother was a Jersey woman. Call me 'Oscar.' What is it you don't understand?"

"In your present situation," I resumed, "I don't understand your brother leaving you here all by yourself."

He was on the point of flaming out again at that.

"Not a word against my brother!" he exclaimed, fiercely. "My brother is the noblest creature that God ever created! You must own that yourself; you know what he did at the trial. I should have died on the scaffold but for that angel. I insist on it that he is not a man. He is an angel!"

(I admitted that his brother was an angel. The concession instantly pacified him.)

"People say there is no difference between us," he went on, drawing his chair companionably close to mine. "Ah, people are so shallow! Personally, I grant you, we are exactly alike. (You have heard that we are twins?) But there it ends, unfortunately for *me*. Nugent (my brother was christened Nugent, after my father)—Nugent is a hero! Nugent is a genius! I should have died if he hadn't taken care of me after the trial. I had nobody but him. We are orphans; we have no brothers or sisters. Nugent felt the disgrace even more than I felt it, but *he* could control himself. It fell more heavily on him than it did on me. I'll tell you why. Nugent was in a fair way to make our family name—the name that we have been obliged to drop—famous all over the world. He is a painter—a landscape painter. Have you never heard of him? Ah, you soon will! Where do you think he has gone to? He has gone to the wilds of America in search of new subjects. He is going to found a school of landscape painting. On an immense scale! A scale that has never been attempted yet! Dear fellow! Shall I tell you what he said when he left me here? Noble words—I call them noble words. 'Oscar, I go to make our assumed name famous. You shall be honorably known—you shall be illustrious—as the brother of Nugent Dubourg.' Do you think I could stand in the way of such a career as that? After what he has sacrificed for *me*, could I let Such a Man stagnate here—for no better purpose than to keep me company? What does it matter about *my* feeling lonely? Who am I? Oh, if you had seen how he bore with the horrible notoriety that followed us after the trial! He was constantly stared at and pointed at, for *me*. Not a word of complaint escaped him. He snapped his fingers at it. '*That* for public opinion!' he said. What strength of mind—eh? From one place after another we moved and moved, and still there were the photographs and the newspapers and the whole infamous story ('romance in real life,' they called it) known beforehand to every body. *He* never lost heart. 'We shall find a place yet' (that was the cheerful way he put it). 'You have nothing to do with it, Oscar; you are safe in my hands; I promise you exactly the place of refuge you want.' It was he who got all the information, and found out this lonely part of England where you live. *I* thought it pretty as we wandered about the hills; it wasn't half grand enough for *him*. We lost ourselves. I began to feel nervous. He didn't mind it a bit. 'You have Me with you,' he said. 'My luck is always to be depended on. Mark what I say! We shall stumble on a village!' You will hardly believe me—in ten minutes more we stumbled, exactly as he had foretold, on this place. He didn't leave me—when I had prevailed on him to go—without a recommendation. He recommended me to the landlord of the inn here. He said, 'My brother is delicate; my brother wishes to live in retirement; you will oblige me by looking after my brother.' Wasn't it kind? The landlord seemed to be quite affected by it. Nugent cried when he took leave of me. Ah, what would I not give to have a heart like his, and a mind like his! It's something—isn't it?—to have a face like him. I often say that to myself when I look in the glass. Excuse my running on in this way. When I once begin to talk of Nugent, I don't know when to leave off."

One thing, at any rate, was plainly discernible in this otherwise inscrutable young man. He adored his twin brother.

It would have been equally clear to me that Mr. Nugent Dubourg deserved to be worshiped if I could have reconciled to my mind his leaving his brother to shift for himself in such a place as Dimchurch. I was obliged to remind myself of the admirable service which he had rendered at the trial before I could decide to do him the justice of suspending my opinion of him in his absence. Having accomplished this act of magnanimity, I took advantage of the first opportunity to change the subject. The most tiresome information that I am acquainted with is the information which tells us of the virtues of an absent person—when that absent person happens to be a stranger.

"Is it true that you have taken Browndown for six months?" I asked. "Are you really going to settle at Dimchurch?"

"Yes—if you keep my secret," he answered. "The people here know nothing about me. Don't, pray don't, tell them who I am! You will drive me away if you do."

"I must tell Miss Finch who you are," I said.

"No! no! no!" he exclaimed, eagerly. "I can't bear the idea of her knowing it. I have been so horribly degraded. What will she think of me?" He burst into another explosion of rhapsodies on the subject of Lucilla—mixed up with renewed petitions to me to keep his story concealed from every body. I lost all patience with his want of common fortitude and common sense.

"Young Oscar, I should like to box your ears!" I said. "You are in a villainously unwholesome state about this matter. Have you nothing else to think of? Have you no profession? Are you not obliged to work for your living?"

I spoke, as you perceive, with some force of expression, aided by a corresponding asperity of voice and manner.

Mr. Oscar Dubourg looked at me with the puzzled air of a man who feels an overflow of new ideas forcing itself into his mind. He modestly admitted the degrading truth. From his childhood upward he had only to put his hand in his pocket and to find the money there, without any preliminary necessity of earning it first. His father had been a fashionable portrait painter, and had married one of his sitters, an heiress. Oscar and Nugent had been left in the detestable position of independent gentlemen. The dignity of labor was a dignity unknown to these degraded young men. "I despise a wealthy idler," I said to Oscar, with my republican severity. "You want the ennobling influences of labor to make a man of you. Nobody has a right to be idle; nobody has a right to be rich. You would be in a more wholesome state of mind about yourself, my young gentleman, if you had to earn your bread and cheese before you ate it."

He stared at me piteously. The noble sentiments which I had inherited from Doctor Pratolungo completely bewildered Mr. Oscar Dubourg.

"Don't be angry with me," he said, in his innocent way. "I couldn't eat my cheese if I did earn it. I can't digest cheese. Besides, I employ myself as much as I can." He took his little golden vase from the table behind him, and told me what I had already heard him tell Lucilla while I was listening at the window. "You would have found me at work this morning," he went on, "if the stupid people who send me my metal plates had not made a mistake. The alloy, in the gold and silver both, is all wrong this time. I must return the plates to be melted again before I can do any thing with them. They are all ready to go back to-day when the cart comes. If there are any laboring people here who want money, I'm sure I will give them some of mine with the greatest pleasure. It isn't my fault, ma'am, that my father married my mother. And how could I help it if he left two thousand a year each to my brother and me?"

Two thousand a year each to his brother and him! And the illustrious Pratolungo had never known what it was to have five pounds sterling at his disposal before his union with Me!

I lifted my eyes to the ceiling. In my righteous indignation I forgot Lucilla and her curiosity about Oscar; I forgot Oscar and his horror of Lucilla discovering who he was. I opened my lips to speak. In another moment I should have launched my thunder-bolts against the whole infamous system of modern society, when I was silenced by the most extraordinary and unexpected interruption that ever closed a woman's lips.

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

FIRST APPEARANCE OF JICKS.

THERE walked in at the open door of the room—softly, suddenly, composedly—a chubby female child, who could not possibly have been more than three years old. She had no hat or cap on her head. A dirty pinafore covered her from her chin to her feet. This amazing apparition advanced into the middle of the room, holding hugged under one arm a ragged and disreputable-looking doll; stared hard, first at Oscar, then at me; advanced to my knees, laid the disreputable doll on my lap, and pointing to a vacant chair at my side, claimed the rights of hospitality in these words:

"Jicks will sit down."

How was it possible, under these circumstances, to attack the infamous system of modern society? It was only possible to kiss "Jicks."

"Do you know who this is?" I inquired, as I lifted our visitor on to the chair.

Oscar burst out laughing. Like me, he now saw this mysterious young lady for the first time. Like me, he wondered what the extraordinary nickname under which she had presented herself could possibly mean.

We looked at the child. The child—with its legs stretched out straight before it, terminating in a pair of little dusty boots with holes in them—lifted its large round eyes, overshadowed by a penthouse of unbrushed flaxen hair, looked gravely at us in return, and made a second call on our hospitality as follows:

"Jicks will have something to drink."

While Oscar ran into the kitchen for some milk, I succeeded in discovering the identity of "Jicks."

Something—I can not well explain what—in the manner in which the child had drifted into the room with her doll reminded me of the lymphatic lady of the rectory, drifting backward and forward with the baby in one hand and the novel in the other. I took the liberty of examining "Jicks's" pinafore, and discovered the mark in one corner, "Selina Finch." Exactly as I had supposed, here was a member of Mrs. Finch's numerous family. Rather a young member, it struck me, to be wandering hatless round the environs of Dimchurch all by herself.

Oscar returned with the milk in a mug. The child, insisting on taking the mug into her own hands, steadily emptied it to the last drop, recovered her breath with a gasp, looked at me with a white mustache of milk on her upper lip, and announced the conclusion of her visit in these terms:

"Jicks will get down again."

I deposited our young friend on the floor. She took her doll, and stood for a moment deep in thought. What was she going to do next? We were not kept long in suspense. She suddenly put her little, hot, fat hand into mine, and tried to pull me after her out of the room.

"What do you want?" I asked.

Jicks answered in one untranslatable compound word,

"Man-Gee-gee."

I suffered myself to be pulled out of the room to see "Man-Gee-gee, to play "Man-Gee-gee," or to eat "Man-Gee-gee," it was impossible to tell which. I was pulled along the passage; I was pulled out to the front-door. There—hav-

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ing approached the house inaudibly to us over the grass—stood the horse, cart, and man waiting to take the case of gold and silver plates back to London. I looked at Oscar, who had followed me. We now understood not only the masterly compound word of Jicks (signifying man and horse, and passing over cart as unimportant), but the polite attention of Jicks in entering the house to inform us, after a rest and a drink, of a circumstance which had escaped our notice. The driver of the cart had, on his own acknowledgment, been investigated and questioned by this extraordinary child, strolling up to the door of Browndown to see what he was doing there. Jicks was a public character at Dimchurch. The driver knew all about her. She had been nicknamed "Gypsy" from her wandering habits, and had shortened the name in her own dialect into "Jicks." There was no keeping her in at the rectory, try how you might. They had long since abandoned the effort in despair. Sooner or later she turned up again, or somebody brought her back, or one of the sheep-dogs found her asleep under a bush and gave the alarm. "What goes on in that child's head," said the driver, regarding Jicks with a sort of superstitious admiration, "the Lord only knows. She has a will of her own and a way of her own. She *is* a child, and she *ain't* a child. At three years of age she's a riddle none of us can guess. And that's the long and the short of what I know about her."

While this explanation was in progress the carpenter who had nailed up the case, and the carpenter's son, accompanying him, joined us in front of the house. They followed Oscar in, and came out again bearing the heavy burden of precious metal—more than one man could conveniently lift—between them.

The case deposited in the cart, carpenter senior and carpenter junior got in after it, wanting "a lift" to Brighton. Carpenter senior—a big, burly man—made a joke. "It's a lonely country between this and Brighton, Sir," he said to Oscar. "Three of us will be none too many to see your precious packing-case safe into the railway station. Oscar took it seriously. "Are there any robbers in this neighborhood?" he asked. "Lord love you, Sir!" said the driver, "robbers would starve in these parts; we have got nothing worth thieving here." Jicks, still watching the proceedings with an interest which allowed no detail to escape her notice, assumed the responsibility of starting the men on their journey. The odd child waved her chubby hand imperiously to her friend the driver, and cried in her loudest voice, "Away!" The driver touched his hat with comic respect. "All right, miss; time's money, ain't it?" He cracked his whip, and the cart rolled off noiselessly over the thick, close turf of the South Downs.

It was time for me to go back to the rectory, and to restore the wandering Jicks, for the time being, to the protection of home. I turned to Oscar to say good-by.

"I wish I was going back with you," he said.

"You will be as free as I am to come and to go at the rectory," I answered, "when they know what has passed this morning between you and me. In your own interests I am determined to tell them who you are. You have nothing to fear, and every thing to gain, by my speaking out. Clear your mind of fancies and suspicions that are unworthy of you. By to-morrow we shall be good neighbors; by the end of the week we shall be good friends. For the present, as we say in France, *au revoir!*"

I turned to take Jicks by the hand. While I had been speaking to Oscar the child had slipped away from me. Not a sign of her was to be seen.

Before we could stir a step to search for our lost Gypsy, her voice reached us, raised shrill and angry, in the regions behind us, at the side of the house.

"Go away!" we heard the child cry out impatiently. "Ugly men, go away!"

We turned the corner, and discovered two shabby strangers resting themselves against the side-wall of the house. Their cadaverous faces, their brutish expressions, and their frowsy clothes proclaimed them, to my eye, as belonging to the vilest blackguard type that the civilized earth has yet produced—the blackguard of London growth. There they lounged, with their hands in their pockets and their backs against the wall, as if they were airing themselves on the outer side of a public-house, and there stood Jicks, with her legs planted wide apart on the turf, asserting the rights of property (even at that early age!), and ordering the rascals off.

"What are you doing there?" asked Oscar, sharply.

One of the men appeared to be on the point of making an insolent answer. The other—the younger and the viler-looking villain of the two—checked him, and spoke first.

"We've had a longish walk, Sir," said the fellow, with an impudent assumption of humility; "and we've took the liberty of resting our backs against your wall, and feastin' our eyes on the beanty of your young lady here."

He pointed to the child. Jicks shook her fist at him, and ordered him off more fiercely than ever.

"There's an inn in the village," said Oscar. "Rest there, if you please—my house is not an inn."

The elder man made a second effort to speak, beginning with an oath. The younger checked him again.

"Shut up, Jim!" said the superior blackguard of the two. "The gentleman recommends the tap at the inn. Come and drink the gentleman's health." He turned to the child, and took off his hat to her with a low bow. "Wish you good-morning, miss! You're just the style, you are, that I admire. Please don't engage yourself to be married till I come back."

His savage companion was so tickled by this delicate pleasantry that he burst suddenly into a roar of laughter. Arm in arm the two ruffians walked off together in the direction of the village. Our funny little Jicks became a tragic and terrible Jicks all on a sudden. The child resented the insolence of the two men as if she really understood it. I never saw so young a creature in such a furious passion before. She picked up a stone and threw it at them before I could stop her. She screamed, and stamped her tiny feet alternately on the ground, till she was purple in the face. She threw herself down and rolled in fury on the grass. Nothing pacified her but a rash promise of Oscar's (which he was destined to hear of for many a long day afterward) to send for the police, and to have the two men soundly beaten for daring to laugh at Jicks. She got up from the ground, and dried her eyes with her knuckles, and fixed a warning look on Oscar. "Mind!" said this curious child, with her bosom still heaving under the dirty pinafore, "the men are to be beaten. And Jicks is to see it."

I said nothing to Oscar at the time, but I felt some secret uneasiness on the way home—an uneasiness inspired by the appearance of the two men in the neighborhood of Browndown.

It was impossible to say how long they might have been lurking about the outside of the house before the child discovered them. They might have heard, through the open window, what Oscar had said to me on the subject of his plates of precious metal; and they might have seen the heavy packing-case placed in the cart. I felt no apprehension about the safe arrival of the case at Brighton: the three men in the cart were men enough to take good care of it. My fears were for the future. Oscar was living, entirely by himself, in a lonely house more than half a mile distant from the village. His fancy for chasing in the precious metals might have its dangers, as well as its attractions, if it became known beyond the pastoral limits of Dimchurch. Advancing from one suspicion to another, I asked myself if the two men had roamed by mere accident into our remote part of the world, or whether they had deliberately found their way to Browndown with a purpose in view. Having this doubt in my mind, and happening to encounter the old nurse, Zillah, in the garden as I entered the rectory gates with my little charge, I put the question to her plainly, "Do you see many strangers at Dimchurch?"

"Strangers?" repeated the old woman. "Excepting yourself, ma'am, we see no such thing as a stranger here from one year's end to another."

I determined to say a warning word to Oscar at the first convenient opportunity.

THE LATE DR. GANNETT.

AMONG the many victims of the terrible railroad slaughter at Revere, Massachusetts, on the 26th of August, was the Rev. Dr. EZRA STILES GANNETT, one of the ablest and most distinguished divines in the Unitarian denomination, and widely respected and loved. Dr. GANNETT was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in May, 1801. He fitted for college at the Phillips Academy in Andover, Massachusetts, entered Harvard University in 1816, and graduated in 1820, at the age of nineteen.

The three years following he passed at the divinity school in Cambridge, and was ordained and installed as colleague of Dr. WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING, and co-pastor of the Federal Street church, Boston, in 1824. Since the death of Dr. CHANNING he was, until a short time ago, sole pastor of the same church. He was all his life an active laborer with voice and pen in the pulpit, and in the pages of theological magazines and weekly journals.

About a year ago he voluntarily withdrew from the charge of a people whom he had loved, and for whom he had toiled with all his heart for so many years. He still continued, however, to preach and lecture, and at the time of his death was on his way to preach in Lynn. His loss will be deeply felt by a large circle of friends.

THE LATE CHARLES SCRIBNER.

ON page 865 our readers will find the portrait of the late Mr. CHARLES SCRIBNER, of this city, who died on Saturday, August 26, at Lucerne, Switzerland, whither he had gone in the hope of restoring his shattered health, which, for the past two years, had been so feeble that he had been able to give but little attention to business. In May last, in the hope that entire relief from care and change of scene might be beneficial, he took passage by sailing vessel for Liverpool. A brief tour through Ireland, and a stay of two or three weeks at St. Moritz, Switzerland, had greatly benefited him, and the last letters received from him showed that his mind was turning with all its old activity to business. His return in the course of the fall in renewed health was confidently anticipated; but while at Lucerne he was suddenly attacked with typhoid fever, and died after a short illness.

Mr. SCRIBNER was a native of this city, and at the time of his death was in the fifty-first year of his age. He graduated at Princeton, and subsequently studied law; but, satisfied that his health would not endure the confinement of professional life, he turned his attention to the business of book publishing, and in 1846 formed a partnership with Mr. ISAAC D. BAKER, under the firm name of BAKER & SCRIBNER, and commenced business in the old Brick Church. Mr. BAKER died in 1850, and the business was prosecuted by Mr. SCRIBNER alone until 1857, when he purchased the English importing business of MESSRS. BANGS, MERWIN, & Co., and took Mr. CHARLES WELFORD as partner in that branch.

Mr. SCRIBNER was a man of ripe scholarship, excellent business judgment, and was respected and esteemed by all who came in contact with him in business or private relations.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE fortieth meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science took place at Edinburgh on the 2d of August, lasting a week, and the reports of the proceedings are beginning to appear in the English journals. So far, we have the inaugural address of the president, Sir WILLIAM THOMPSON, and those of the chairmen of several of the sections, together with reports of proceedings of the first few days. By a time-honored custom the president's address is made to constitute a résumé of the progress of science during the preceding year, together with notices of the principal losses which have been sustained in the deaths of its votaries. The names in this latter category most prominently referred to are Sir JOHN F. HERSCHELL and Professor DE MORGAN.

The services rendered directly by the British Association in the advancement of science are also adverted to in the address, special stress being laid upon the operations of the Kew Magnetic and Meteorological Observatory.

Advices from Professor HAYDEN's exploring expedition in the Yellow Stone Lake region have been received up to the 8th of August last, and contain a satisfactory exhibit of progress. After establishing the dépôt of supplies already referred to on the Yellow Stone River, about one hundred and forty miles below the lake, the party ascended the river, and reached the lake on the 26th of July, where they made a new camp. They then began at once to survey the lake with the most approved apparatus, by the aid of a boat taken along for the purpose, and expected to be able to ascertain the exact contour as well as the principal depths. They had already found several places in the lake where the depth reached three hundred feet, especially along the line of a certain channel-way, and they confidently expected to find soundings of at least five hundred feet.

They explored one of the islands in the lake, which they called Stevenson's Island, and found it to contain about fifteen hundred acres, densely wooded, and with thick and almost impenetrable underbrush, consisting largely of gooseberry and currant bushes, loaded down with ripe fruit. On the threshold only of the wonderful natural phenomena in the way of geysers, boiling springs, etc., described by Lieutenant DOANE and Governor LANGFORD, they were satisfied that the description fell far short of the reality, which they, indeed, despaired of being able to portray, even with the aid of photographic views and sketches.

One of these geysers once in thirty-two hours threw up a column of water about eight feet in diameter to a height of over 200 feet. Hundreds were met with having columns from ten to fifty feet high, some playing all the time, and others only at intervals. The hottest springs were found to vary in temperature from 188° to 198°, the boiling-point at that altitude amounting to about 195°. Most of the springs were ascertained to be divisible into two principal classes, one class containing silica, sulphur, and iron, and the other, silica and iron only.

The elevation of the lake was determined to be about 8500 feet; the altitude of the surrounding peaks being, of course, very much greater. An abundance of trout was found in the waters, of excellent flavor, although much infected with intestinal worms. Game was scarce immediately around the lake; but at a short distance it was said to be very abundant. In addition to the topographical and geological collections, others were being made in all branches of natural history, for a full account of which, as well as a description of the phenomena in general, we shall look with interest to the forthcoming report of the expedition.

The London *Athenæum* contains a detailed account, probably from the pen of Dr. WILLIAM B. CARPENTER, of the proposed plan of extended deep-sea research to be prosecuted under the care of the British naval authorities. The article calls attention to the extent to which similar enterprises have been fostered by other governments, and expresses the hope that Great Britain will not be behind them. It is suggested that an expedition, to be continued for at least three or four years, and to direct its labors into the deep seas of various parts of the globe, should be fitted out at an early date, be fully provided with every means necessary for thorough research, and be accompanied by men of science competent to the labor connected with such an enterprise. An appeal is made to the public spirit of the authorities on the plea that Englishmen have heretofore been foremost in such work; that it is to them we owe almost all of our knowledge of deep-sea dredging; while submarine work generally, such as laying cables, is almost exclusively in their hands.

In summing up the results which have been accomplished within a few years past by different nations, the writer remarks that among the fallacies exploded is that which fixes the temperature of the deep seas in all parts of the globe at about 39° Fahrenheit. So far from this being the case, however, a temperature of 32° was reached at a depth of 600 fathoms; while in adjacent areas, and at the same depth, no less than 47° was observed. Again, instead of a supposed constant absence of animal life at and below a certain depth, we have a fauna of the utmost variety and unexampled richness in species, the differences in temperature exhibiting equally striking differences in zoological conditions.

Another point of interest is the detection, at certain depths, not only of genera, but even of species, that have their representatives in the tertiary if not the cretaceous formations of the land, and of many the differences that are noted are not greater than might occur in a gradual modification of a primitive type under long-continued physical influences. The desire is expressed, in the article referred to, to have deep-sea work in the Indian, Pacific, and Southern oceans, in view of the different conditions under which life probably presents itself there; since, if we find objects so remarkable in European and American waters, we may be prepared to find others equally striking and totally diverse in other localities.

The death of Mr. GEORGE TATE, of Alnwick, Secretary of the Berwickshire Naturalists' Club, is announced as having occurred on the 7th of June, at the age of sixty-six. Although his name is not associated with any important discovery in science, he is well known as the author of interesting papers on the archæology and geology of his neighborhood.

Dr. EDWARD HEIS, of Münster, in Westphalia, has communicated to *Nature* a series of observations as to the contemporaneous occurrence of aurora borealis in Europe, and of aurora australis, as observed by Mr. C. MORELIN, of the Melbourne Observatory, in Australia, which is of very great interest. From these observations it would appear that a remarkable display of auroræ in one hemisphere is almost always accompanied by a similar display in the other hemisphere, or by great magnetic disturbance. The greatest magnetic disturbances during 1870 at Melbourne occurred on April 5 and October 25, accompanied by brilliant auroræ, on both of which days similar phenomena were observed in Europe; on the latter date the disturbance continued during two days. At all the dates on which auroræ were observed, magnetic disturbances invariably took place, of a greater or less extent; but disturbances occurred also at other times of the very same nature as took place generally during auroral displays, on which, however, no auroræ were observed.

As an addition to the list of exploring expeditions tending either directly or indirectly to develop a knowledge of the natural and physical features of the North American continent, we may mention that a party of civil engineers has lately been organized at Victoria to survey a route for a proposed railroad through British Columbia and the Red River country to Canada. This is stated to be provided with ample means for the purpose of making a minute geographical reconnoissance of the country, and is expected to add much to our knowledge of the general geology of the continent.

Much interest was excited in the scientific journals some time ago by the account given in the Panama papers of the flights of a beautiful butterfly, the *Urania leilus*. By late advices from Panama we learn that these insects were passing over that city, from west to east, in July last, in very large numbers, and in some cases were attracted into houses by the light so as almost to fill the apartments. They are said to be accompanied during the day by swallows and swifts, and in the night by the different species of goat-sucker, which probably destroy large numbers. Nothing is at present known, however, of the place whence they came, nor the region to which they are ultimately bound.

Although the settlement of Alaska proceeds slowly, yet we may infer that it is progressing steadily and surely, since we are informed that on the island of Unalaska there are already nine commercial and business houses, and that a lager-bier brewery and billiard saloon are soon to be added to the permanent institutions.

This island is the principal head-quarters for all the fishing and whaling expeditions bound for Plover Bay, Bristol Bay, Behring Sea, and the Arctic Ocean, as vessels can be there refitted, obtain supplies, and procure excellent fresh-water in abundance. In further refutation of the unfounded impression that Alaska is a bitterly cold region, we learn that the ice crop of the past season was extremely meagre, and not sufficient to meet the wants of the Pacific Coast.

It is probably with reference to the enterprise in question that we owe the promise of a visit from Mr. GWYN JEFFREYS, a gentleman who has been so long associated with deep-sea work. He is expected in this country in the course of the summer; and though his stay will be a short one, we trust that he will be enabled to secure personal conference with the leading American naturalists, and to make such an examination of our sea-coast fauna as he desires. He will probably arrive in time to meet Professor AGASSIZ before he starts on the expedition to which we have already referred, and which contemplates the expenditure of at least a year of time in an exploration of the physics and natural history of the deep seas of both the Atlantic and Pacific, under the auspices of the United States Coast Survey.

The annual session of the international congress of prehistoric anthropology will take place in Bologna on the 1st of October next, and will last eight days. The questions to be considered at this session are as follows: first, the age of stone of Italy; second, the caverns on the borders of the Mediterranean, especially those of Tuscany, compared with the grottoes in the south of France; third, the Lacustrian habitations and the peat bogs of the north of Italy; fourth, analogies between the Terramares and the Kjoekkenmœdding; fifth, the chronology of the first substitution of bronze for iron; sixth, various questions as to the different races who have peopled different portions of Italy.

Among the positive results of the British expedition to Abyssinia we have an elaborate report from the pen of Dr. OTTO FINSCH upon the birds collected during the march by Mr. WILLIAM JESSE, zoologist of the expedition. Our first knowledge of the bird fauna of that country was derived from publications by EHRENBERG and HEMPRICH and Dr. RÜPPELL, and more recently by VON HEUGLIN and Dr. BREHM. In the present report the general results of the previous explorations are introduced. Two hundred and nineteen species were obtained out of eight hundred known to inhabit Northeastern Africa.

The apparent approach of cholera toward Western Europe has excited, as might be expected, much attention in the European journals, and numerous suggestions are made in the way of prevention and precaution. Among other ideas of considerable practical moment is that of flushing the streets of cities with water after having been previously sprinkled with carbolic acid or Condy's fluid. In this way the disinfecting substances will be generally distributed where they can do the best advantage in destroying the germs of disease.

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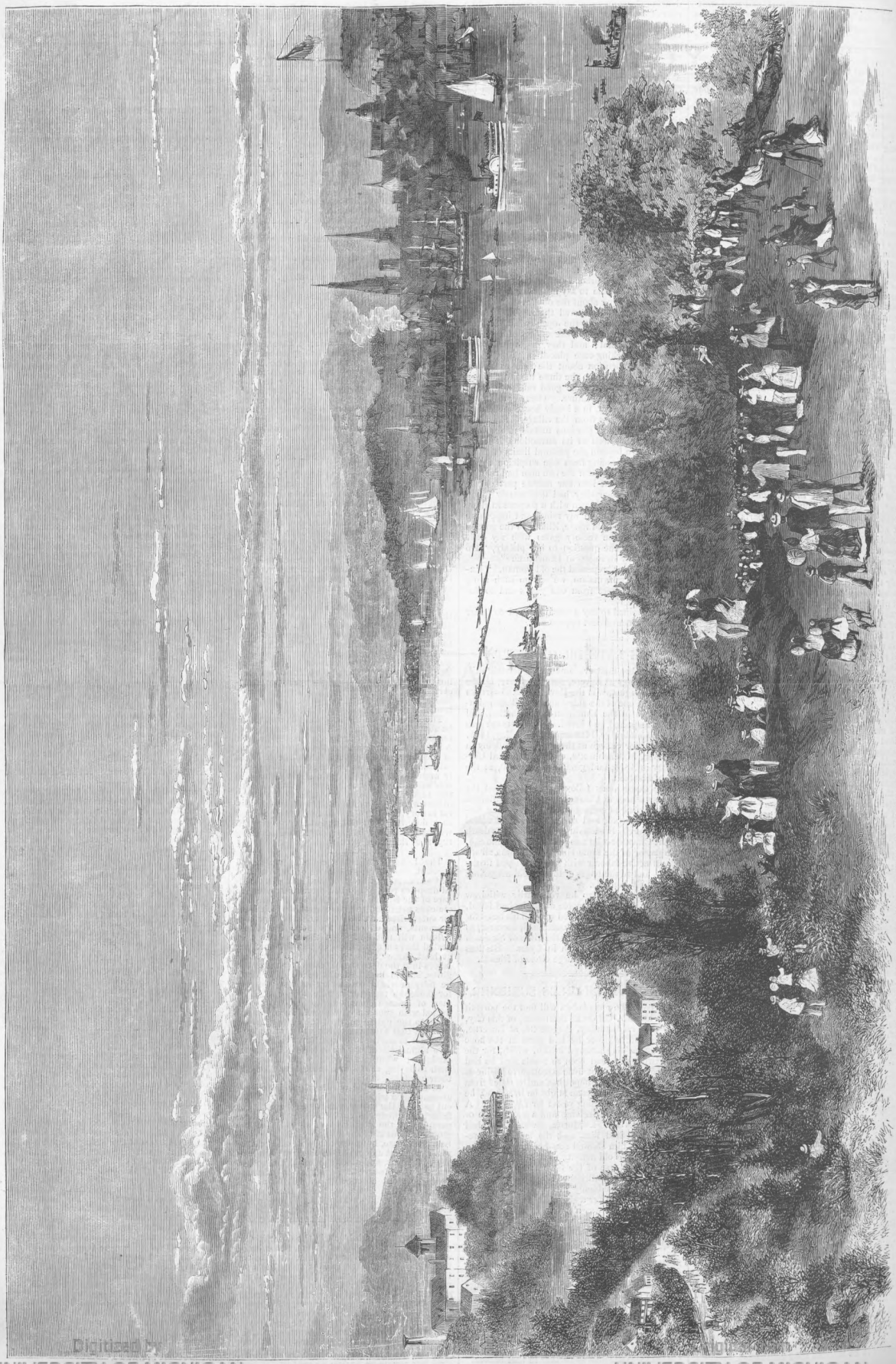

THE FOUR-OARED INTERNATIONAL BOAT-RACE AT HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA.—FROM A SKETCH BY J. W. GRAY.—[SEE PAGE 866.]

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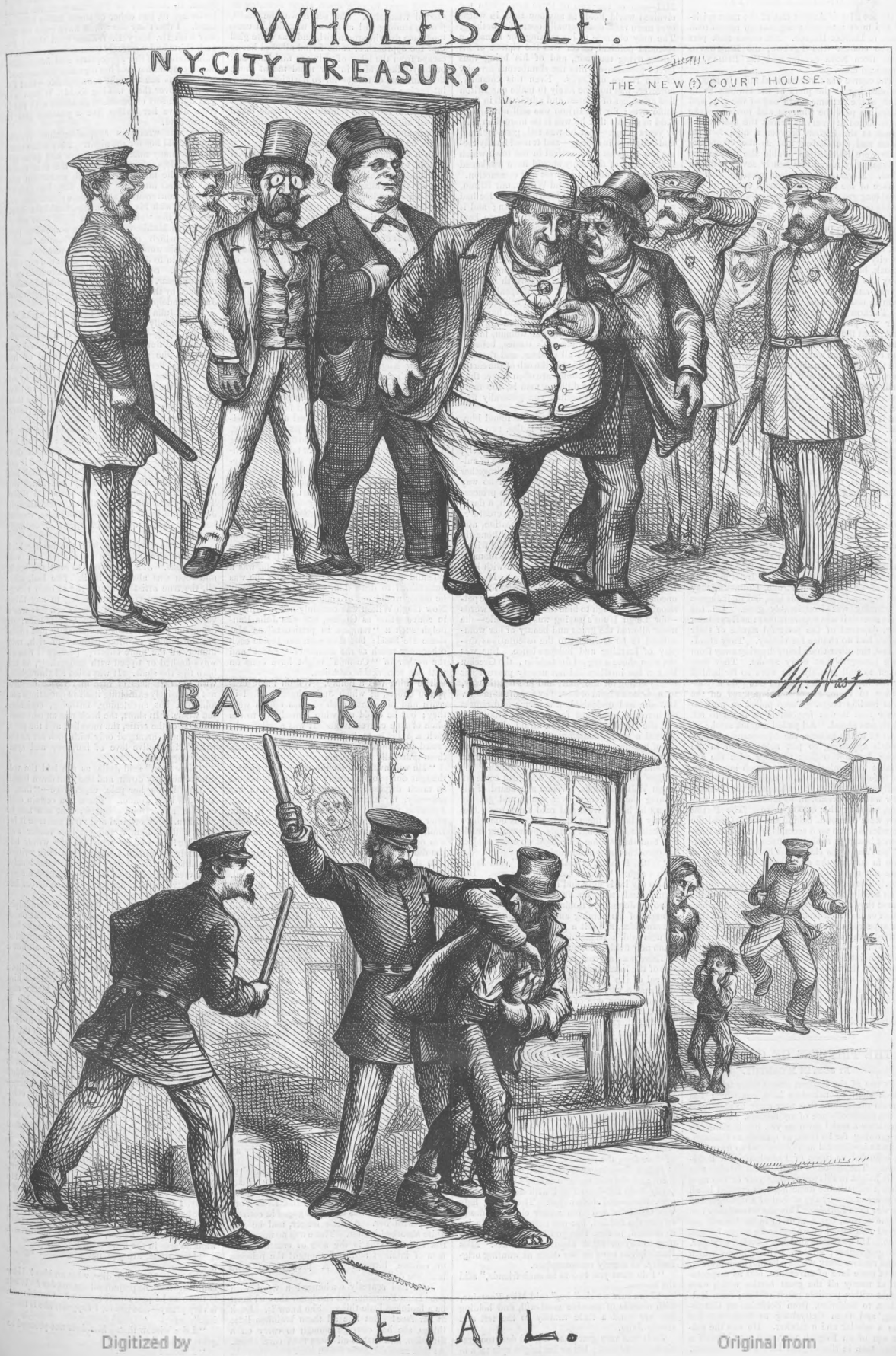

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THE HALIFAX REGATTA.

ON the 31st of August one of the most spirited and most interesting regattas on record took place in Halifax Harbor. Six crews took part in the contest—the TAYLOR, the RENFORTH, three from Nova Scotia, and the BIGLIN, or American crew.

The course was three nautical miles in length, commencing at the piers of the Halifax Yacht Club, at the extreme north end of the city, and extending past the wharves and town to stake boats placed at intervals across the eastern entrance to the harbor, between a high fortified island and the shore; and as the competing boats were required to double the course, the distance they rowed was nearly seven common miles. It was a bright, clear morning, and the surface of the water was smooth except for the usual long groundswell. Great crowds of excited people poured out of the city about nine o'clock, and gathered upon numerous stands erected near the club-house, on the green banks of the basin opposite, in countless small boats on the water, and upon docks, ships, and house-tops all along the city front. The race was advertised for ten o'clock, but a gale the night previous had blown away the stake boats at the lower end of the course, and it took until one o'clock to get them in order again. In drawing for position the TAYLOR crew got No. 1, giving them a place near the piers. The RENFORTH crew came next; then the three Nova Scotia crews—ROCHE, PRIOR, and BARTON; while the BIGLIN American crew got the worst position, on the outside, and near the eastern shore of the harbor. After a deal of hallooing and fussing the interloping small boats were finally induced to keep off the course, and at 1.54 the signal-gun was fired, and the swift gigs leaped away so nearly together that it was impossible to say which got the water first. The ROCHE boat fell behind after a few minutes, but the other five kept together pretty steadily for the first two miles.

The advantage the two English crews had gained by getting inside positions proved to be considerable, for it gave them the smooth water inshore, along the wharves; while the Americans, being out in the stream, got the full force of the wind and rough water in mid-channel. In turning the stake boat the American crew lost full two boat-lengths through the stupidity of some judge, or other official, who was lying in a long black boat fastened to the stern of their stake boat, which considerably increased the distance they had to make. By the exertions of their powerful stroke, COULTER, they soon regained a part of this loss, but their chance of winning was irretrievably gone. On the home stretch it was apparent that the RENFORTH crew, deprived of the powerful stroke of their leader, had no chance for victory. They steadily lost, the other three boats drawing away from them perceptibly at every stroke. They continued to pull steadily, but were so far behind for the last two miles that no one paid any attention to them, all eyes being fixed on the three leading boats. These pulled so well together that it was impossible at times to tell which was ahead. All pulled a quick stroke of 42 to 44 to the minute, the Americans and provincials appearing to put more power in the stroke, but not pulling together with the admirable mechanical precision which long practice together had given the Englishmen. It was finally announced by the judges that the TAYLOR crew were victorious, in 45 minutes and 45 seconds, winning the $3000 prize. The PRIOR crew were 8 seconds behind the victors, and the Americans came up 5 seconds later. The RENFORTH boat was twelve or fifteen lengths behind.

The Americans claim that but for the loss of time in turning the stake boat, for which they were not responsible, they would have won the race. They also labored under the disadvantage of an accident to their boat. In going down the course they struck a half-sunken piece of timber, which caused their boat to leak badly. The timber appeared to be a piece of ship stuff, and they carried away from it a chip about eight inches long by five wide, which lodged across their bows, and remained there all the rest of the distance. COULTER thinks this accident threw them back three or four lengths.

The illustration on page 864 is drawn from a sketch by our special artist. It shows that part of the picturesque harbor of Halifax over which the race took place.

THE PRINCESS OF CULTURE.

BY JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

IN one of the Eastern States there is a town which shall be nameless here, but which has certain pretensions that may serve to identify it in the minds of some of my readers. It is comparatively a small town as yet, but it claims to be growing, for its time, as quickly as Chicago, to be as intellectual as Boston, and to have girls as beautiful as those of Philadelphia or Baltimore. The season of intellect and fashion was at its height in this town, some year or two ago, when a remarkable fluttering was created in all its polite circles by the arrival of a distinguished traveler from Europe. This was no ordinary lion of one season, but a man to make himself observed and heard of wherever he might happen to go. He was celebrated as a traveler, explorer, and geographer; he had written books which found readers every where; he had been present, out of mere love of adventure, and as a spectator, at nearly all the great battles which were fought within possible reach of him, from Balaklava to Solferino, from Solferino to Gettysburg, and from Gettysburg to Sadowa. He was a scholar and a thinker. He was the eldest son of an English peer, and was himself a rising man in the English House of Commons. He had won the special commendation of Stuart Mill—one of the two or three men whom the civilized world holds at any one time in whose eyes mere rank does actually count for nothing. The only obstacle to his making for himself a splendid political career was the chance of his father dying too soon, and of his being thus forced prematurely into the slumberous serenity of the House of Lords. Even this calamity, however, was not one likely to make our Briton less an object of interest and admiration in feminine eyes; for the Briton was still unmarried. Add to all this that he was little more than thirty years of age—that he was tall, good-looking, and delightful in society—and it need hardly create any surprise if his arrival in the town which is the scene of this story should have awakened an unusual amount of interest and commotion.

The Hon. Hugh Rowland Wilton, our Briton, was traveling merely for information. He had a sincere and profound anxiety to learn; and it was this very anxiety which had hitherto kept him beating about so many seas of knowledge, uncertain what course finally to steer. Personally he was a modest, simple creature, full of manhood and quiet earnestness, with as little self-conceit or even self-consciousness about him as if he had done nothing and was worth nothing. Nay, but that is a foolish way of speaking, because the most self-conscious and self-conceited people in the world are just those who have seen the least, done the least, and are worth the least. The cock, the cat, and the old woman, in one of Hans Christian Andersen's stories, believed that they monopolized all wisdom, and that the parish they lived in folded in the orb of the earth. I fancy that homely women are often vainer than pretty ones, and the duller a man is, the more dogmatic and self-conceited you generally find him.

The town in which Wilton now found himself had, among its unmarried ladies, two rival queens, or, let us say, princesses, of society. One was the princess of fashion—of fashion merely, that is to say; the other was the princess of culture. The former we may dismiss altogether from our consideration; she comes in no way into the real tissue of our story. The princess of culture was Miss Julia Lee Randolph, a dark-eyed, dark-haired, handsome, queenly creature, who "went in" for intellect and education, and art and the æsthetic, and professed and honestly felt a supreme scorn for mere fashion and frivolity and wealth. Do not imagine for a moment a lean and gaunt Minerva—a creature with lank elf-locks and ink-bedabbled fingers. If Julia Randolph did wear blue stockings, she followed unconsciously Leigh Hunt's advice, and wore petticoats long enough to hide them, in other words—for Leigh Hunt's saying was a parable—she never allowed the grace and beauty of her womanhood to be sacrificed to the ostentatious display of learning and independence. She was not even above a regard for fashion, the Grecian bent of her intellect did not utterly prevent her from yielding for the hour, and just a little way, to the Grecian bend ordained by her dress-maker. But she had undeniably a supreme and almost an arrogant contempt for the weak, the dull, and the frivolous; and I am afraid she had in general a strong contempt for the great majority of her own sex. She hardly endured one-fourth of the men she met; she did not even pretend to endure one-tenth of the women.

Miss Julia Lee Randolph had read some of Hugh Wilton's books. When she heard of his coming she read them over again, and got the others he had written and read them too. She greatly admired them, having brains enough to appreciate the strong, simple, penetrating intellect that threw some fresh light on every subject it approached and examined.

"This, I think, is really a man," said Julia, with a sigh. "I have not seen many *men*. But I dare say he is ugly and awkward, or cold and formal, and stuck up like the English lord in 'Brown, Jones, and Robinson.'" Still, when she thought of his coming and the certainty of her meeting him, she felt a little of the nervous eagerness which Alexander may have felt when some new field of conquest opened before him.

There was a great reception at the house of one of the local leaders of society in honor of the arrival of the Hon. Hugh Wilton. Julia Randolph, as a very intimate friend of the lady of the house, was one of the early arrivals. She looked very handsome and stately and intellectual, and there was something like the light of battle on her face.

Her friend, the hostess, whispered to her: "Julia, my love, we look to you to keep up the intellectual repute of the place in the eyes of this British lion. My husband tells me he cares for nothing but intellect. Only take care of your heart, dear: he is very good-looking."

Julia flushed a little at the words; then slightly tossed her head, as if to say, "My heart is in no danger. Let *him* beware!"

"My dear Julia," her hostess again went on, "allow me to introduce a very particular friend of mine from the country, Miss Lena Fontaine."

Julia's thoughts were not much on women just then, and she cast rather a careless glance at the pretty little fair-haired girl, with deep gray-blue eyes, who stood before her. The young lady was tastefully and even rather elegantly dressed; in the fashion, but not extravagantly in it; so dressed, in fact, that you had nothing particular to say or think about her clothes. Miss Randolph at once set her down as wanting originality, as merely commonplace.

"I do want you two to be such friends," said the hostess.

"I am sure we shall be," said Miss Fontaine, with a smile of genuine good-will, and holding out her hand a little timidly to the tall and stately Julia.

Julia was very gracious—a good deal too gracious—in manner; but as her bright eyes took in her new acquaintance's exterior at a glance, she did not seem to care much about swearing an eternal friendship. She set down the small, pretty, smiling girl as a little wax doll, a commonplace drawing-room girl, and was quite glad that the approach of some friend allowed her to escape from the labor of trying to find baby-talk or lady-talk—which in her mind meant much the same sort of thing—for so harmless and uninteresting a creature.

The Hon. Hugh Wilton had by this time got quietly into the room somehow, and Julia found herself admiring his remarkable head and face even before it occurred to her to think that he might be the hero of the evening.

In a few moments her hostess brought Mr. Wilton to Julia, and introduced him in a tone which seemed quietly to indicate Julia's place as one of the princesses of society. Wilton sat near Miss Randolph, and the most unconscious of women could not fail to notice the glance of genuine admiration with which he paid sincere and spontaneous homage to her noble presence, her lustrous eyes, her fine features.

Here, then, had Julia really taken the field to conquer. For herself, she was quite aware of her beauty—there never was a handsome woman yet, outside the pages of a novel, who did not know herself to be handsome—but her pride was in her intellect; her strength she believed to lie in her conversation. She was really desirous to do all she could to impress Hugh Wilton.

Did she impress him?

Well, Hugh Wilton was an Englishman, and very few Englishmen are fluent at all times; most of them are not fluent at any time. But the very best of talkers are commonly men of a certain sensitive fibre, and only come out in their true force under genial and favorable conditions. Wilton had a good deal of that sensitiveness. A slight chill, a cold jet of formality, had sometimes gone near to shutting him up for a whole evening. He could not talk about nothing, and he could not talk for display. Something in Julia Randolph's manner impressed him at once with the conviction that she expected him to talk his very best, and meant to talk her very best, and the conviction had a terribly damping effect. You remember that when Goethe, who, if he had been celebrated for nothing else, would have been celebrated for his conversational power, found himself seated for the first time next to Madame De Staël, he either could not or would not talk at all. She was a splendid talker, he felt convinced that she was determined to draw him out, and accordingly he either would not or could not be drawn out. Now Hugh Wilton was certainly not so brilliant in conversation as Goethe, nor was Julia Randolph such a "tempest in petticoats" as Madame De Staël; but they soon sat beside each other very much as the author of "Faust" and the author of "Corinne" might have done on that one remarkable occasion.

The thing was a failure. Wilton made desperate efforts, at which Julia almost smiled in scorn and bitterness, such obvious efforts were they; but he could not whip himself up to the pitch of true conversation. It was a relief—oh, such a relief!—to both when chance and the crowd and the coming up of new friends enabled them gracefully to separate.

"He will avoid me for the rest of the night," thought our poor princess; and she felt almost as much disposed to cry as the feeblest of her sex—say, for example, pretty little Miss Lena Fontaine yonder. "There is nothing in him, after all, he is a regular dull, conventional John Bull," said Julia to herself; but this declaration was not nearly so sincere as the other. In fact, she did not believe a word of it, and only said it in the weak hope of flattering and consoling herself; and she was not flattered or consoled. Wilton's forehead and eyes would not allow her to believe that there was nothing in him, even if she had not read what he had written, and did not know what he had done. But it was evident that she had failed to impress or enchant or even interest him, and she knew only too well that she had done her very best.

Now, ladies who do me the honor to read this, it may perhaps have happened once even to the most charming of you to meet some male creature who has, contrary to all expectation, shown himself insensible to your charms. Lay, then, your hands upon your candid hearts and say whether that very insensibility has not suddenly invested the man with a new and deeper interest in your eyes, and whether you have not become more than ever anxious to win his admiration! Julia had been dosed with flattery, implied and expressed, in her own little circle. This was the first time a man had ever bidden defiance to her charms, and this was the first man in whom she had ever felt a deep and genuine interest. No one in the crowded rooms that night ever could have guessed how near at that critical moment were Julia Randolph's bright eyes to being made all the brighter by an unconquerable tear.

A few moments after, Julia, then restored to herself, and the centre of an admiring circle, cast a glance across the room. Hugh Wilton was seated side by side with Miss Lena Fontaine herself, and was deeply engaged in conversation with her. A little longer, and he was quite absorbed by her. There was no mistaking the fact. "This is the sort of creature even men of intellect admire," thought the princess of culture, bitterly. "A pretty-faced little brainless doll!"

Julia had scarcely exchanged a word with poor Lena Fontaine, but she knew the girl must be a brainless little thing. She knew it. Look at her face! But like all these brainless little things, she has courage enough to carry on a flirtation, and that is all these men care about. At that moment Julia would have been ready to go any lengths, engage in any work which Miss Susan B. Anthony or Miss Lucy Stone might invite her to, had either of these ladies been at hand. I don't say she would have gone all the way with Dr. Mary E. Walker even then: superb skirts and a queenly train always seemed to Julia Randolph the appropriate and indispensable accompaniments of her dignified womanhood. Short skirts she thought contemptible—that little thing over there talking to Mr. Wilton was just the fit sort of person to go about with petticoats above her ankles, like a peasant girl in Switzerland.

She was wrong in supposing that Wilton would avoid her for the night. They came close together many times; and he now had quite got over the depressing influence of the first meeting, and he talked to her with animation and with obvious interest. Indeed, they had quite a brilliant conversation at one time; and she was delighted with his fresh, manly, healthful intellect, and the "sweetness and light"—to adopt the words Matthew Arnold has somewhat perverted—which made their influence known through his words, and even his presence. But it was plain to Julia that his interest did not centre in her. Strange, ridiculous, incredible as it might appear, Hugh Wilton was evidently much attracted by the pretty little brainless thing whom Julia Randolph so utterly scorned.

When Julia reached her home that night she felt profoundly depressed. But for the shame of the thing—shame in her own eyes—she would have flung herself down on her bed and sobbed. She was glad to be relieved of her jewels and her flowers and her ball trappings—the glittering weapons which are so sad to see now that the battle is lost. I fancy there have been more tears shed sometimes after balls than after battles. But Julia did not shed any tears, and so was all the more wretched.

She could not sleep, and would not try to sleep. A small parcel with a note lay on her dressing-table. The note came from a dear friend of hers—a lady in New York—and it announced the dispatch to her of a book which had just been published in that city, and which was already making quite a little sensation there. The lady was charmed with it herself, thought Julia would be so likewise—in any case, wanted her dear Julia's opinion of it, and accordingly had sent it.

The little parcel contained the book, which was a volume of essays or studies, and was anonymous. Julia sat down to read the book, and soon was absorbed in it. She had, after all, the true artist soul, and she at once recognized and appreciated and clung to any thing that was really high and true in art. It was a volume of thoughts, of studies, of fancies; of deep, subtile reflections on humanity and society; of tender, glowing pathos; of rich, racy humor, all the more effective because it was always dashed or tipped with melancholy, as the barb tips the shaft. It was filled all throughout with the evidences of rare and varied culture, not obtrusively exhibiting itself in quotations and allusions, but sweetening, flavoring, enriching the whole. In short, the book was an odd combination of the critic, the moralist, and the poet, blended and arranged only with such art as the writer's instinctive love of harmony and symmetry suggested.

"Now that," said Julia, as she laid the volume reluctantly down, and the faint dawn began to peep in on her pale, eager face—"that, I know, is by a woman. There is a certain delicacy, a minor tone about it, that can not be mistaken. How original and vivid and true it is! How full of humor, and yet how tender and touching! I wonder who can the writer be! Certainly no woman I know could have written any thing like it. I dare say she is some lonely, poor creature who sees herself neglected for every pretty fool who happens to come across her path."

And she sighed. For Miss Julia Randolph, the princess of her circle, now chose, all at once, to imagine herself unappreciated and neglected, just because she had not made the impression she tried to make on one man who was all but a stranger to her.

Let a few days or weeks go on. Hugh Wilton is still in the town. Julia Randolph meets him often; he comes a good deal to her house, and her father and mother delight in him. He is very friendly with her; and she—she has owned, with many secret tears, the bitter truth to herself—is in love with him. One is glad to think, for her sake, that nobody knew it but herself. Her pride, her womanhood, took care of that; for if eyes and looks, and whispered words and frequent quiet talks in corners of crowded rooms, and walks together, and rides together—if all these indications and the tongue of common rumor were not conspiring to deceive, there was something warmer and sweeter than friendship growing up between Hugh Wilton and pretty little Miss Lena Fontaine, Julia Randolph's "brainless doll."

"I suppose it will come to a marriage," said the lady at whose house Julia first met Wilton, when Julia came to visit her one morning. "He seems quite in love with her. She will be very happy, I should think."

"She will, indeed," replied Julia, almost with a sigh. Then, with a dash of malice she could not repress, she added, "I can't understand what he sees in the little creature."

"Dear Julia, are you not prejudiced against her?"

"My dear Mrs. Chandler, what an idea! How could any body be prejudiced against *her*? What is there to be prejudiced against? Outside she is very pretty—and inside, I suppose, she is nothing."

"I don't know that. She does not pretend to great talents."

"I should hope not."

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"No; but I really think you quite undervalue her. She is highly accomplished."

"Yes, I dare say. She can play an accompaniment and talk French. They all can."

"I don't mean accomplished in that way merely. But she really is a well-read girl, and, I think, has some brains. You don't know her, Julia."

"I don't. I hardly ever spoke six words to her."

"Then how do you know that there is nothing in her?"

"Oh, I know it by instinct. I know it by her face and her figure—and every thing. She's a pretty little creature, and that's all. Of course that is the highest idea of woman some people can form. Even very clever men don't generally care for any thing more, and I dare say Mr. Wilton will be very happy in his choice."

Mrs. Chandler was sure her friend was mistaken in Lena Fontaine; but Julia Randolph was the recognized dictator of the circle in questions of intellect, and she did not venture to light the course any farther.

One of these nights there was a friendly, social little gathering at the house of a lady of taste and fashion. Hugh Wilton was there, and so were Lena Fontaine and Julia Randolph. There was singing, and Julia sang; she sang and played in bold, brilliant, scientific style, after the fashion of the great singers sufficiently to remind one of them, but unfortunately, as is the case with most amateurs, so long a way after them as to suggest only a sense of venturesome inferiority. Julia did her best; but she was trying to be like Grisi or Titiens, and she was not Grisi or Titiens. She could not help watching the expression on Wilton's face, and she soon saw that his mind was far away from her singing; in fact, he almost started, like a dreamer recalled to wakefulness, when the song was done and the buzz of conventional admiration was going round.

"He has no soul for music," thought Julia. "*She* does not sing, I suppose. I'll never sing again."

She rose from the piano with a bright, proud smile on her face and a bursting heart.

Other bitterness awaited her. Miss Lena Fontaine presently was asked to sing. She went promptly to the piano and began. Julia's eyes flashed, and she bent eagerly forward.

Miss Fontaine began in the simplest style and in low tones a tender, noble old English ballad—a song of a true nature inspired by a love stronger than death. Her voice swelled with the glowing fullness of the feeling that was in the music and in the words, until words, music, and singer became one; and you forgot the girl at the piano, even as she had evidently forgotten herself, and thought only of the thrilling tenderness, the immortal pathos and passion and beauty of the song. And the music ended with no grand crash, no theatric thunder of mechanical emotion, but sank away tenderly and softly, until "there was nothing lived 'twixt it and silence;" and then silence came, and the singer quietly got up and went back to her place.

Julia Randolph's eyes were filled with tears. "There *is* something in this girl," she said to herself. "I think if I were a man of brains and heart I should be in love with her too."

She went home that night thoughtful and sad; and she read again and again some favorite chapters in the little book which had lately become her dear companion, and which was now a recognized success and sensation in the literary world. As she read, a strange, sweet feeling seemed to grow upon her out of the pages; there was a sort of tone in them which she seemed to have but lately heard: the words were like the echo of some familiar music.

"I don't know how it is," she said, and she bowed her head on her hand, "but this book strangely reminds me of that girl's singing. I think I should like to know her, and to have her for a friend. I should like to read this book to her. I almost fancy she could understand it. For her own sake I hope she could not. The duller she is, the more she will be admired."

"So little Lena Fontaine carries off the grand prize after all, Julia," said Mrs. Chandler to her friend a month after this.

"Yes; so I have heard," Julia replied, calmly. "I am glad of it, for both their sakes. She is worthy of him, or of any man."

Mrs. Chandler opened her eyes.

"You have changed your opinion of that girl, Julia?"

"I have, indeed, Mrs. Chandler. I did not know her at first, and I think I did not want to know her; I was, as you said once, prejudiced against her. I have learned to know her lately, and she has taught me much. Since she returned home she has written to me several times. I am very fond of her."

"Mr. Wilton comes back from England to marry her in the fall."

"Yes, I believe so."

"She will be greatly admired in England, I think."

"She will, indeed. I shall be very sorry when she has gone."

"Did you know, Julia, that she is an authoress?"

"I did not exactly know it, but I suspected it. Indeed, I think I may say I knew it."

"You know that she is the authoress of that charming little book you admired so much?"

"I saw her in it at last. I think some faint idea of it dawned on me the first time I heard her sing. But how quiet and modest and unaffected she was! If some of us had written any thing half so good, our self-conceit would have been unendurable."

"Do you know, Julia," said Mrs. Chandler, looking quietly but keenly at her, "I thought at one time that you—in fact—that you rather admired Mr. Wilton?"

"My dear Mrs. Chandler, of course I did, and I do admire him; and therefore I am glad he is getting so good and so gifted a wife. I don't know any other woman who would have a right to marry him."

Her clear, calm eyes kept her secret nobly; and Mrs. Chandler never knew any more.

She never knew what a struggle had taken place in that proud nature, and how it had been disciplined in silent strength, and brought to good. Julia has put off much of her pride of intellect in conquering her love. She does not judge so rashly now either her own sex or the other; she is prepared now to spare the weak, and not even to be too hard on the proud. She is the close and dear friend of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Wilton, and has visited them lately in England. She will be a happy wife herself before long. She likes people with brains always; and none the less because of the "brainless little thing" from whom she has learned so much, and whom she loves so well.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

"THE Green of the Period" is the curious title of a little book which appears to have given much valuable information to a correspondent of the *British Medical Journal*. It has been the general impression that wall-papers of a *bright* green color only were injurious to health from the arsenic used in making them. But the analysis of eminent chemists proves that every paper which contains any green in the pattern, no matter how little or of what shade, contains arsenic, as a general rule, and is, therefore, harmful. The palest greens frequently contain large quantities of arsenite of copper, the brilliant color being toned down by chalk or white-lead. Arsenic being exceedingly volatile, its effects, by inhalation both of the gaseous emanations and the impalpable dust thrown off from the paper, are highly dangerous. The *Medical Journal* is of the opinion that many of the mysterious diseases of the present day are attributable to this cause, and mentions an instance where a household of fourteen persons mysteriously suffered the effects of slow poisoning for twelve years before it was discovered to have been produced by arsenical wall-papers. During those twelve years numerous physicians were consulted, but none succeeded in affording more than a temporary relief to the peculiar and obstinate symptoms. When at length the idea was suggested that arsenic papers were causing the mischief, all papers containing green were removed and analyzed. The symptoms of poisoning were soon relieved.

It is stated that this has been a very poor season for dealers in soda-water, also for vendors of beer of various kinds. This is referred to the abundant crop of peaches. A delicious peach leaves a flavor in the mouth that nobody wants to destroy; so the money which ordinarily is spent for drinks goes for peaches. We trust there will be a good peach crop for many a year.

A late writer from St. Petersburg states that from the first appearance of the cholera, on the 29th of August, 1870, there have been in St. Petersburg 6817 cases and 2797 deaths. In Moscow and its environs the epidemic is of a very malignant character, and in some of the remote villages, where medical assistance is difficult to obtain, it has committed fearful ravages. Since the 13th of March there have been 3568 cases in Moscow and 1643 deaths.

The very latest coined words we commend to the attention of all publishers of new editions of dictionaries. These words are "carhomicidomanie" and "splittaferribboatassassinsanity." We trust we have not infringed the copyright or patent-right of the coiner by this mention of them.

There are nearly one hundred establishments in this city in which the fat of animals is boiled and resolved into tallow, lard, and oil. A very useful and important business this is, no doubt, but by no means suited to be performed within the limits of a large and crowded city. Facts prove that it is not—perhaps can not be—conducted in such a manner as to be any thing but a nuisance to all in its vicinity. Many of these establishments are located between Thirtieth and Fortieth streets, on the North River, and the air in those sections is extensively pervaded with a sickening odor.

Fires have multiplied to such an alarming extent in Moscow that an investigation into their origin has commenced. Their occurrence has been referred to revenge or hostility from the Socialist party. The investigating commission have already secured four boys of about fourteen who confess to having set fire to several buildings, in return for a considerable reward offered them by unknown persons.

A man, forced by a sudden lameness to use crutches, has been investigating the number and condition of similar unfortunates in our city. He finds he has more companions in misfortune than he had supposed. From statistics furnished by a reliable policeman, it appears that on a single day in August no less than three hundred and twenty lame persons passed over Fulton Ferry. This being only one thoroughfare, we may perhaps make some general estimate of the total number of crutch-bearers in New York. Three establishments in the city devote their attention to the making of these very necessary aids in the lightest and most comfortable styles. Some of them are elegant specimens of art.

The love of the peasantry for the Czar of Russia is genuine, and has been intensified since he decreed the abolition of serfdom. They know that it was all his own doing, and the thirty millions whom he liberated from bondage may be classed among his most devoted subjects.

An exchange publishes a circular for the benefit of young men desirous to prepare themselves for life. The substance of it all is, that "Pioneer Hall" will be the name of a collegiate institution for the training of young men in some branches of knowledge, which will be necessary, now that woman, disenthralled from her fetters, shall take her place in the great arena of public affairs. Of course husbands, brothers, and sons must take their places in the home circle; and they are sadly unfitted for this service by education and experience. The proposed institute will be under the direction of a Virginia matron and an efficient corps of teachers. Cooking in the most artistic style, sweeping and scrubbing, washing and ironing of linen, as well as the washing of plates and dishes, will be taught with the utmost precision. Diplomas will be given to all young men who complete the prescribed course. Students must be provided with two brown linen aprons and six cup-towels. A small charge will be made for other necessary implements.

Many persons do not realize that our American rice is far superior in quality to that grown in the East Indies. The best rice is produced in South Carolina, and Charleston is the great rice market of our continent. During the war the rice plantations were mostly abandoned, and since the return of peace the steady cultivation of it has been a matter of difficulty. Last year, however, the crop was larger than it has been for several years. Chinese labor is called for by planters, as it is said that only African and Chinese laborers can resist the baleful miasmas of the rice swamps. Before the war the finest quality of Carolina rice was exported to Havre for manufacture into rice stone, a beautiful imitation of Parian marble, used for statuettes and other ornaments.

A lady once being asked what she thought a good remedy for bee stings, said that she had never found any thing better than to keep away from the bees! This remedy, however, is not always attainable by those whose work calls them into garden and field, or by those whose greatest pleasure is found out-of-doors among fruit and flowers. The bees have a love for sweet things that leads them into our most charming nooks and corners in the country. Some of them are polite and will not sting unless handled roughly; but it is well to know plenty of remedies, as if you are wounded and have to spend some time in hunting for an antidote the afflicted part will be swollen and less easily cured. Hartshorn is recommended, also kerosene oil, moist earth or clay, honey, soap, vinegar, bruised onions, salt and water, saleratus and water. Any of these remedies which may be at hand should be immediately applied.

A writer on health asserts that the ordinary dress that men wear diminishes their breathing capacity one-fourth, and inquires, "What woman wears her clothing so loose as that? I call a dress too tight that you *hit* when you draw in the fullest possible breath." This definition is very broad, and, if applied literally, few will escape the censure of dressing too tight.

"They say" is the thread upon which an immense deal of scandal is strung. Half the time this little phrase prefaces something which, if not actually slanderous, is at least damaging to the character of some absent person. Watch its use, and see if this is not the case.

An English chemist, after various experiments, announces that it requires twenty-five pounds of milk, one hundred of turnips, fifty of potatoes, fifty of carrots, nine of oatmeal, seven and a half of barley meal, and three and a half of beans, to make one pound of flesh. We suppose that his meaning is that not all, but the specified amount of any one of these articles, is necessary to the pound of flesh.

There is nothing like having a knowledge of other languages than the English, just sufficient to make apt quotations, and to use familiar words and phrases in a striking manner. It gives the impression of a classical education, as in the case of a speaker at a recent public meeting, who remarked, in an impressive and warning manner, "Remember the eyes of the *vox populi* are upon you!" We should suppose the *vox populi* would have been very manifest about that time.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

AN old man picked up half a dollar in the street. "Old man, that's mine," said a keen-looking rascal; "so hand it over." "Did thine have a hole in it?" asked the old man. "Yes," replied the other, smartly. "Then it is not thine," mildly replied the old man; "thee must learn to be a little sharper next time, my boy."

WHEN PRICES SHOULD COME DOWN—In the *fall*.

WHIMSICAL EXTRACTS OF WILLS.

From the Will of General Blackett, Governor of Plymouth, proved in 1792.

"I desire my body to be kept so long as it may not be offensive, and that one of my fingers or toes may be cut off to secure a certainty of my being dead. I further request my dear wife that, as she has been troubled with one old fool, she will not think of marrying a second."

From the Will of the Rev. Mr. Appleby, of St. Bride's, proved in 1783.

"I leave my body to be dressed in a flannel waistcoat, an old surtout coat, and breeches without lining and pockets; no shoes (having done walking), and a worsted wig, if one can be got, in order that I may rest comfortably."

From the Will of a Mariner of Bristol, proved in 1795.

"My executors to pay, out of the first moneys collected, to my beloved wife, if living, one shilling, which I give as a token of my love, that she may buy hazel-nuts, as I know she is better pleased with cracking them than she is with mending the holes in her stockings."

A poor fellow, whose name was George King, lying in prison under sentence of death, in King George's reign, sent his Majesty the following simple but earnest petition for pardon:

"George King to King George
Sends his simple petition,
Hoping that King George would pity
Poor George King's condition;
And if King George to George King
Will grant a long day,
George King for King George
Forever will pray."

Such a poet was not to be hanged. His Majesty acknowledged the wit by returning a full and free pardon.

An old lady read about the strike of the wire-drawers in Worcester, Massachusetts, and said that of all new-fangled things wire drawers must be the queerest.

BLUE FISHING—Getting nary a bite.

A young man, serenading, sung the following under the wrong window,

"My dear Canora,
My dear Canora—"

Just at that point an old scratch poked her head out the window and sang,

"Young man below there,
Young man below there,
Your dear Canora
Lives four doors below here."

Do want of food and a thrashing have the same effect upon boys?—Yes, decidedly, for both make them *holler*.

NOT A FAVORITE SUMMER RESORT WITH SCHOOL-BOYS—Long Branch.

"My friend," said a German gentleman to a Scotch friend, "have you sufficient confidence in me to lend me a sovereign?" "Oh yes, confidence enough, but no sovereign."

THE BEST TIME TO CUT CORN—When it aches.

"Cæsar," said a negro to a colored friend of his, "what do you tink is de most useful ob de comets—de sun or de moon?" "Well, Clem, I don't know dat I should be able to answer dat question, seein' as how I neber had much book-larnin'." "Well, Cæsar, I spec' de moon orter take de first rank in dat particular." "Why so, nigger?" "Because de moon shine in de night when we need de light, and de sun shine in de daytime when de light am ob no consequence." "Well, Clem, you is de most larned darky I eber seed. I guess you used to sweep out a school-house for a libbin'."

Young women often keep their lovers by tears. "Yes," says Grumwig—"love, like beef, is preserved by brine."

"If you ever think of marrying a widow, my son," said an anxious parent to his heir, "select one whose first husband was hung; that is the only way to prevent her throwing his memory in your face, and making annoying comparisons." "Even that won't prevent it," exclaimed a crusty old bachelor: "she'll then praise him, and say hanging would be too good for you."

THE MATERIAL OF WHICH THE TAMMANY RING IS MADE—Brass.

THE CHEF DE CUISINE IN A FIX.

CHEF HALL. "How on earth shall I cook all these things?"

BOSS. "Oh, any way—*au Maitre d'Hôtel*."—(*Query*, METROPOLITAN?)

PETER B. "With Brain Sauce?"

CHEF HALL. "Wouldn't an Irish Stew be the best? Then they can't tell what they've got."

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COMMUNIST PRISONERS.

THE sketch on this page, which represents the prison at Versailles where a large number of Communists are confined to await trial, may be best explained by quoting the letter of the artist by whom it was made. He says:

"Wishing to see the interior of the prison and the aspect of the prisoners, I resolved to try and see an old acquaintance who had been arrested for having accepted the grade of captain from the Commune. At the gate leading to the Orangerie I was asked the name of the person I wished to see, and, after a slight interrogatory, the 'maréchal des logis' allowed me to pass, accompanied by a Garde Municipal. A group of these soldiers standing round an orange-tree inspected my pockets in search of tobacco, fermented drinks, etc., and a small bottle of gargle being found, it was immediately confiscated, the gardien saying he was not sure about the label. My sketch represents the parlor where the women are allowed to receive visits from their friends. As a rule the female prisoners are by no means of a prepossessing appearance, and mostly belong to a very low class—a class which furnished the *tricoteuses* and *vengeuresses* to former revolutions, and the *pétroleuses* to the Communal insurrection of 1871. Still they have not entirely lost every share of human feeling, and greet their welcome visitors with all the impulsiveness of which a French and, what is more, a Parisian woman is capable. About 3000 of the male prisoners are confined in the right wing of the building. On either side mattresses lay upon the ground, some of them occupied by their proprietors, and others rolled up, forming a convenient seat. Groups of Paris *voyous*, assembled here and there, were laughing, smoking (although tobacco is prohibited), and pushing one another. Others were sitting, or walking about the room, some silent, and others earnestly talking.

"On the left side of the principal building, under the shade of an awning, several more Municipals were guarding the entrance to the part where the prisoners are confined. A sergeant took down the name of the prisoner I asked for, whose Christian name I did not know, excepting that the initial was A. This, for a moment, seemed an obstacle, but the sergeant removed it by writing Auguste, Arthur, Alexandre, saying that by this arrangement the question was left open, and in case of two prisoners being called it would be easy to send one back again. While waiting the result I talked with the sergeant about the people of whom he had charge. He said some of them were to be pitied, and mentioned a widower, with seven children left to the care of an old grandmother, who was herself dependent upon her son; but yet, he said, one of the children came every day and brought some little delicacy or other. At this moment a fine young fellow, dressed in the height of fashion, with a vast display of shirt front, came up and gave in a name. He was soon called in, and on inquiry I found that he was a regular visitor, and came every day to see his father, who had been something in the Commune. Soon afterward the soldier came back and said my man was waiting in the parlor. This place consists of a portion of the first gallery, separated from the rest by a cord attached to stakes. On either side of an opening left between two of these stakes sat two functionaries—a Zouave and a Municipal—who give each person a little slip of paper bearing a number, without which it is impossible to come out again. The combination of Christian names adopted by the sergeant proved to be a perfect failure, for I found myself face to face with a low, dirty *voyou* in a blouse and overalls, who signified in rather free terms his disappointment at being called for nothing, and left me forthwith, grumbling as he went away. The young man with the shirt front was taking leave of his father. He remained respectfully uncovered, while the old man, with tears in his eyes, grasped his hand firmly in both of his, at the same time kissing him repeatedly on the cheek. Close to them another father was holding one of his children in his arms, while another was pulling his blouse, and saying, 'Father, come out into the beautiful garden.' On the right a middle-aged man, with a four-pound loaf under his arm, and holding a tin can of cooked meat, was endeavoring to console a young woman who seemed inconsolable. I found that the mistake made by the soldier was partly owing to my not having mentioned that my acquaintance had been a captain. 'The officers of the Commune are confined in a separate part of the building."

VISIT TO COMMUNIST PRISONERS AT VERSAILLES—THE PÉTROLEUSES.

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THE REV. DR. JAMES.

THIS gentleman, who was chosen President of the English Wesleyan Conference at its recent meeting in Manchester, occupies a very high and influential position in the Methodist denomination. He is the son of a Wesleyan minister, and was born in the year 1816. He was educated at a school especially established for the sons of Wesleyan ministers, and entered the ministry in the year 1836. He was appointed one of the Conference assistant-secretaries in the year 1857, and Conference secretary last year. His elevation to the presidential chair is a deserved acknowledgment of his abilities and of the value of his services to Methodism. Dr. JAMES is described as an able and lucid preacher, a correct and welcome speaker on the platform, a judicious and successful superintendent, and a kind and discriminating friend. He presides over the Conference with an easy grace, and, without any undue laxity, he holds the reins with freedom and impartiality. Dr. JAMES is a gentleman, and this renders it impossible for him to give any captious offense in the complex cases and personal affairs upon which he must sometimes lay his official hand.

THE DUBLIN RIOT.

OUR readers will remember that the recent visit of the Prince of Wales to Dublin was signalized by a sanguinary riot, of which we give a sketch on this page. A meeting had been called to take place in Phœnix Park on behalf of the Fenian prisoners, with a view to making an impression on the royal visitors; but the city authorities issued a prohibitory notice, which failing in effect, the meeting was dispersed by force. Many persons were severely injured, including some of the police, but no lives were lost. The sketch shows the steps of the Wellington Monument, which were to serve as a platform for the speakers, and down which the inspector of police was tumbled when he attempted to remonstrate with the leaders of the meeting.

ST. THOMAS.

ON the 21st of August a terrible hurricane swept over St. Thomas and some of the adjacent islands, destroying a vast amount of property and many lives. The little island of St. Kitts, one of the Caribbean group, caught the full fury of the storm, and is said to have been nearly laid in ruins.

THE REV. JOHN H. JAMES, PRESIDENT OF THE WESLEYAN CONFERENCE, ENGLAND.

The gale broke from the east upon the town of St. Thomas about one o'clock in the morning, shortly afterward shifting to the northeast, from which point it blew more fiercely until noon, when the wind veered round slowly to the north, and fell upon the island in a terrible hurricane. It then shifted to the northwest, and blew with great violence until five P.M., when there came a lull which lasted until six P.M. At this hour the hurricane again swept over the island from the south, but its duration was not so long as on the previous visit, nor was its violence so great. Its period of greatest fury was two hours.

During the hurricane, in the afternoon, several shocks of earthquake rendered more dreadful the situation of the people. Hundreds of dwellings were swept away, and not a house was left standing undamaged on this distressed island. Some 6000 people were rendered houseless and destitute, and many persons were killed and mangled or disabled by houses blown down, or bricks and tiles flying thickly all around during the hurricane. The streets of the city presented a frightful spectacle of ruin. On our first page we give a view of the city as it appeared before the hurricane.

The number of lives lost during this terrible hurricane has not yet been definitely ascertained, but as nearly fifty dead bodies have been exhumed from the ruins in the streets of St. Thomas, the list of casualties throughout the islands must be very large.

This is the second time within a few years that St. Thomas has been subjected to a great calamity. In November, 1867, its splendid harbor was invaded by a destructive tidal wave, while a severe earthquake carried consternation to every part of the island. Its area is about 43 square miles, and it has a population of about 13,000. It belongs to Denmark. That power was willing to cede the island to the United States, but the Senate refused to ratify the treaty negotiated while Mr. SEWARD was Secretary of State. St. Kitts is about twenty miles long and five in width, and contains about 2000 white and 21,000 colored inhabitants. The island has a fertile soil, and is under excellent cultivation. It belongs to Great Britain.

BAT-EATERS.

IT is said that more bats and more varieties of them are found in Siam than in any other country in the world. Their places of refuge are near the temples and convents of the Talapoins, where the trees are covered with such immense numbers of them that they appear mere black masses of bats. If any one should take the liberty of disturbing them with fire or stones, he would bring the Talapoins about his ears, for they hold it an unpardonable crime to disturb the repose of any animal taking shelter near sacred places; so that the Siamese gardeners, whose pet products attract

THE LATE RIOT IN PHŒNIX PARK, DUBLIN.

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them when they are tired of eating mangoes and guavas, are compelled to confine their revenge to catching the delinquent in the act, and cooking him then and there.

The Siamese are not the only bat-eaters in the world. Purchas, in his "Pilgrimage," tells us the people of Mandura regale themselves upon bats as large as hens; and the Caballero Antonio Pigafetta would have us believe that when he was at the island of Gatigan, near Ceylon, in 1519, he dined upon bats as large as eagles, but quite as delicate as fowls. The Cingalese eat the roussette, and its flavor has been compared, by those who have tried it, to hare. In Madagascar and Mauritius, too, the bat is reckoned among edible animals. "It was not without a considerable degree of reluctance," says Abbé Rochou, "that I first ate the bat of Madagascar, dressed after the manner of a fricasseed chicken. These bats are so hideous that the very sight of them frightens our sailors; yet, when one can overcome that disgust, their flesh is found to be much more palatable than that of our best fowls." Another French priest bears similar testimony in favor of the Mauritius bat, which he says has nothing bad about it but its looks. The edible roussette, especially so called, is of a blackish color, about sixteen inches long in the body, with wings measuring five feet in extension. It is thought to be identical with the Javanese "kalong," a gregarious bat, exceedingly abundant in some parts of Java, where it may be seen suspended to the naked branches of the trees in companies several hundreds strong, looking like some strange fruit, but letting any disturber of its slumber know by sharp and piercing shrieks that it is all alive. As soon as the sunlight dies away the kalongs rouse themselves, and depart in files, with a slow, steady flight, to the forests and village plantations, attacking every kind of fruit they come across, from the cocoa-nut of the peasants to the rarer treasures of the chiefs, if they can manage to get through the bamboo net-work protecting the choice products of the gardens of the grandees. Bats generally are no mean judges of what is good: the West Indian bat shows his cleverness in extracting green pease out of their pods by making a hole over every pea, and gratifies his sweet tooth at the expense of the sugar-canes.

ART GRAVITATING TO BERLIN.

ANOTHER of the European celebrities of art and science, HELMHOLTZ, the distinguished physiologist and professor of natural philosophy, until recently the bright particular star of the University of Heidelberg, has accepted the call tendered him to a professorship at the University of Berlin. The world is indebted to this ardent and diligent investigator for the invention of the Ophthalmoscope (*Speculum oculi*), an instrument by which the interior of the eye, and its condition, whether healthy or diseased, can be observed; also for the invention of the Tone Analyzer, an acoustical apparatus, by the use of which every sound can be scientifically analyzed, in its constituent or component parts, and the fullness, richness, or poverty of each tone determined.

This apparatus is fully described in HELMHOLTZ'S celebrated work, entitled *Ueber Ton Empfindungen* (On Sound Perception), a subject that has also specially engrossed the attention of Prof. TYNDALL, of London, who co-operates with HELMHOLTZ in this direction.

Our eminently scientific piano manufacturers, STEINWAY & SONS, have been continually employed with acoustical experiments, and these have led to the invention of an apparatus (patented Dec., 1867) designated by them "The Patent Resonator," which heightens the sensibility of the sounding-board to such an extent that numerous harmonic combination tones, hitherto unknown, are developed, which produce that unparalleled richness of tone that invariably characterizes the Steinway Piano.

Their further experiments culminated in the invention and application (in conjunction with their patent resonator) of "The Free Vibrating Bridge"—for the purpose of avoiding or suppressing all false combination tones—which was patented by them in 1869.

The Royal Academies of Berlin and Stockholm recognized at once the importance of the former invention, and by diplomas conferred academical honors upon the Messrs. STEINWAY, creating them honorary life members, while HELMHOLTZ was induced by these successes to order one of their Concert Grand Pianos for his acoustical experiments at the scientific institutions in Berlin. This is certainly *a great triumph for American Industrial Art*, and a rare distinction and high compliment for the Messrs. STEINWAY.

Professor HELMHOLTZ'S letter of acknowledgment to Messrs. STEINWAY & SONS is before us, and we translate it literally as follows:

BERLIN, *June* 9, 1871.

DEAR SIRS,—Herewith I beg you to accept my very best thanks for the superb Grand Piano which you have sent me, and which has safely arrived.

I am amazed at the prolonged vibration of its tones, by which the instrument becomes somewhat organlike; by the lightness and delicacy of the touch (considering its great volume of tone); and by the precise and perfect cessation of the tones which the dampers effect—an element so essential to distinctness in playing.

The perceptibility of the bass tones is much improved by the use of the long scale of the strings; and it is evident that in ordinary pianos the short and too heavily weighted strings produce unharmonious secondary tones, the musical intervals become indistinct, and the quality decidedly *smothered*.

With such an instrument as yours placed before me, *I must modify many of my formerly expressed views regarding pianos.* I hear frequently many harmonic combination tones, while such a long vibrating tone as that of your Grand Piano is much more sensitive to dissonances than that of ordinary instruments, the tones of which so quickly die away, etc., etc.

I regret not having had the pleasure of meeting Mr. WILLIAM STEINWAY here, but I still hope to make his personal acquaintance, as he promised my wife he would call again.

Once more, my very best thanks.

Yours, H. HELMHOLTZ.

To Messrs. STEINWAY & SON, New York, U. S.

[*Henry Ward Beecher—Christian Union.*]

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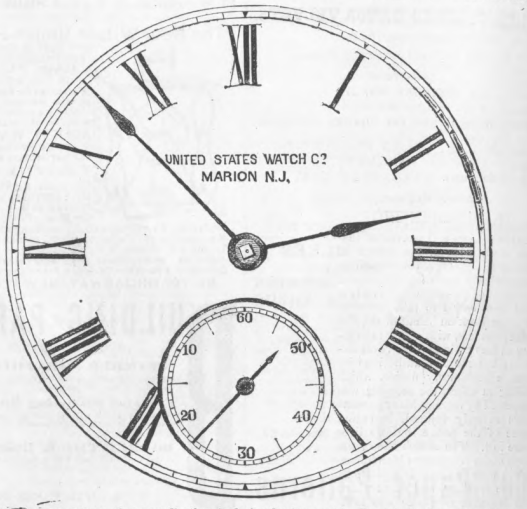

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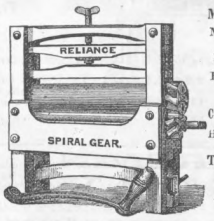

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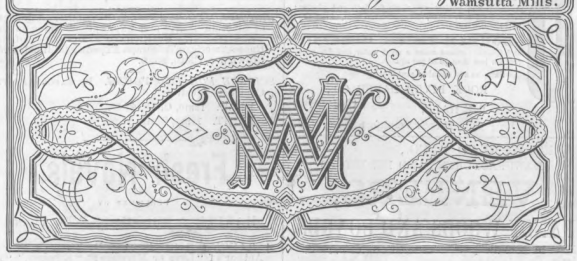

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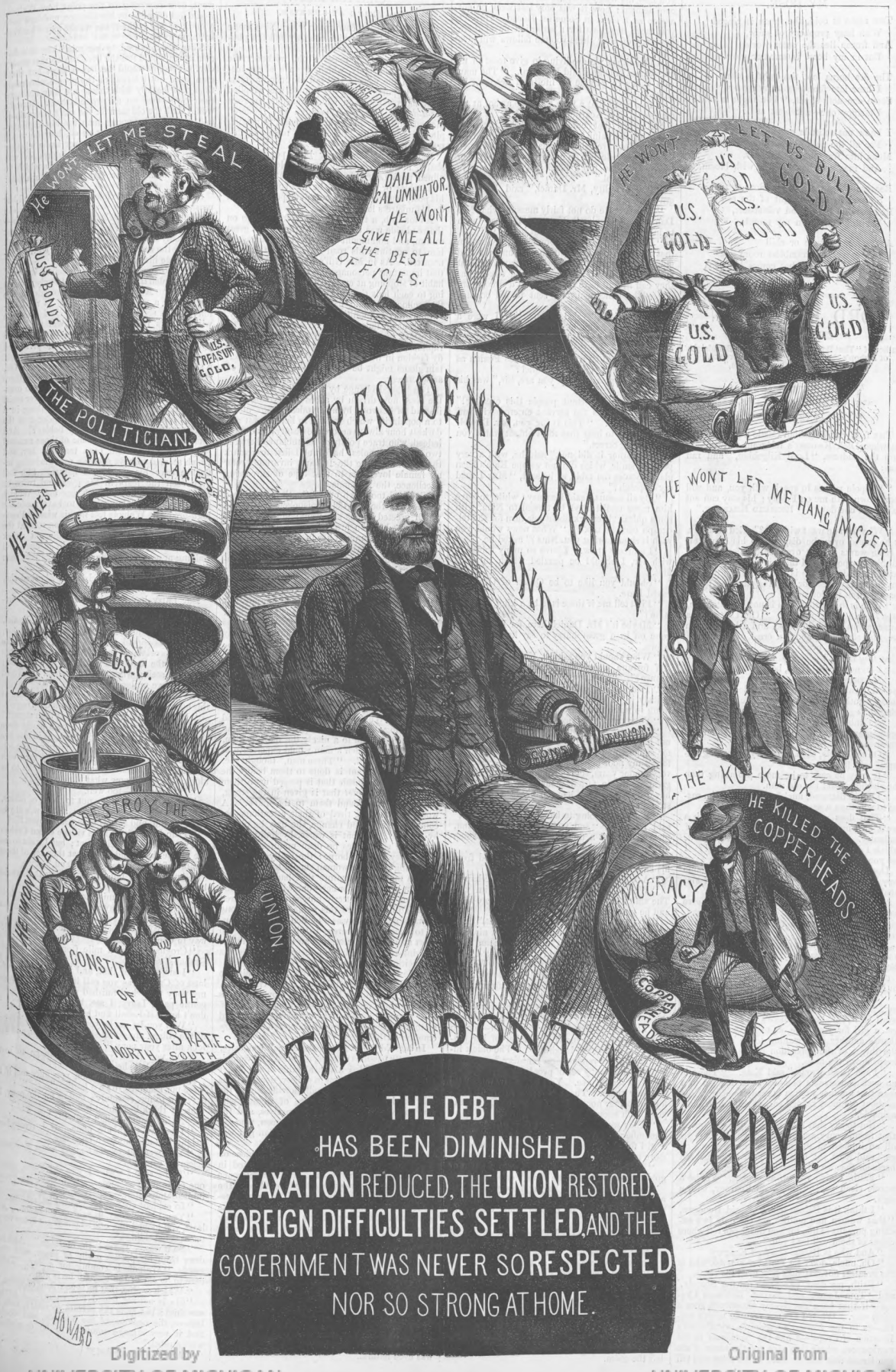

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MY ROSE.

THE night is cold, the moon is ringed
With hazy prophecy of snow,
And frozen lies the outer world;
But in my heart is summer glow.

The fire burns low, the light is dim;
I hear late footsteps hurrying by.
Some one doth shout, "The night is cold!"
Unhappy one—not blest as I.

I know not solitude or chill;
For all the cold and shadowy room
Melts into fragrant forest aisles,
And meadows honey-sweet with bloom.

Because—because I feel a Rose,
Steeped in the sunlight of the south,
Red-petaled, sweet, and velvet-soft,
Yet lingering upon my mouth.

And never solitude or chill
Can enter into humblest room
Where such a Rose but comes to touch
And thrill a lifetime with its bloom

LORD KILGOBBIN

BY CHARLES LEVER.

Author of "That Boy of Norcott's," "The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly," "Sir Brooke Fossbrooke," "A Day's Ride," "One of Them," "Gerald Fitzgerald," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

AT TEA-TIME.

THE family at Kilgobbin Castle were seated at tea when Dick Kearney's telegram arrived. It bore the address, "Lord Kilgobbin," and ran thus:

"Walpole wishes to speak with you, and will come down with me on Friday; his stay can not be beyond one day. RICHARD KEARNEY."

"What can he want with me?" cried Kearney, as he tossed over the dispatch to his daughter. "If he wants to talk over the election, I could tell him per post that I think it a folly and an absurdity. Indeed, if he is not coming to propose for either my niece or my daughter, he might spare himself the journey."

"Who is to say that such is not his intention, papa?" said Kate, merrily. "Old Catty had a dream about a piebald horse, and a haystack on fire, and something about a creel of duck-eggs, and I trust that every educated person knows what *they* mean."

"I do not," cried Nina, boldly.

"Marriage, my dear. One is marriage by special license, with a bishop or a dean to tie the knot; another is a runaway match. I forget what the eggs signify."

"An unbroken engagement," interposed Donogan, gravely, "so long as none of them are smashed."

"On the whole, then, it is very promising tidings," said Kate.

"It may be easy to be more promising than the election," said the old man.

"I'm not flattered, uncle, to hear that I'm easier to win than a seat in Parliament."

"That does not imply you are not worth a great deal more," said Kearney, with an air of gallantry. "I know, if I was a young fellow, which I'd strive most for. Eh, Mr. Daniel? I see you agree with me."

Donogan's face, slightly flushed before, became now crimson, as he sipped his tea in confusion, unable to utter a word.

"And so," resumed Kearney, "he'll only give us a day to make up our minds! It's lucky, girls, that you have the telegram there to tell you what's coming."

"It would have been more piquant, papa, if he had made his message say, 'I propose for Nina. Reply by wire.'"

"Or, 'May I marry your daughter?'" chimed in Nina, quickly.

"There it is, now," broke in Kearney, laughing, "you're fighting for him already! Take my word for it, Mr. Daniel, there's no so sure way to get a girl for your wife, as to make her believe there's another only waiting to be asked. It's the threat of the opposition coach on the road keeps down the fares."

"Papa is all wrong," said Kate. "There is no such conceivable pleasure as saying No to a man that another woman is ready to accept. It is about the most refined sort of self-flattery imaginable."

"Not to say that men are utterly ignorant of that freemasonry among women which gives us all an interest in the man who marries one of us," said Nina. "It is only your confirmed old bachelor that we all agree in detesting."

"Faith, I give you up altogether. You're a puzzle clean beyond me," said Kearney, with a sigh.

"I think it is Balzac tells us," said Donogan, "that women and politics are the only two exciting pursuits in life, for you never can tell where either of them will lead you."

"And who is Balzac?" asked Kearney.

"Oh, uncle, don't let me hear you ask who is the greatest novelist that ever lived!"

"Faith, my dear, except 'Tristram Shandy,' and 'Tom Jones,' and maybe 'Robinson Crusoe'—if that be a novel—my experience goes a short way. When I am not reading what's useful—as in the *Farmer's Chronicle* or 'Purcell's Rotation of Crops'—I like the 'accidents' in the newspapers, where they give you the name of the gentleman that was smashed in the train, and tell you how his wife was within ten days of her third confinement; how it was only last week he got a step as a clerk in Somerset House. Haven't you more materials for a sensation novel there than any of your three-volume fellows will give you?"

"The times we are living in give most of us excitement enough," said Donogan. "The man who wants to gamble for life itself need not be balked now."

"You mean that a man can take a shot at an emperor?" said Kearney, inquiringly.

"No, not that exactly: though there are stakes of that kind some men would not shrink from. What are called 'arms of precision' have had a great influence on modern politics. When there's no time for a plebiscite, there's always time for a pistol."

"Bad morality, Mr. Daniel," said Kearney, gravely.

"I suspect we do not fairly measure what Mr. Daniel says," broke in Kate. "He may mean to indicate a revolution, and not justify it."

"I mean both," said Donogan. "I mean that the mere permission to live under a bad government is too high a price to pay for life at all. I'd rather go 'down into the streets,' as they call it, and have it out, than I'd drudge on, dogged by policemen, and sent to jail on suspicion."

"He is right," cried Nina. "If I were a man, I'd think as he does."

"Then I'm very glad you're not," said Kearney; "though, for the matter of rebellion, I believe you would be a more dangerous Fenian as you are. Am I right, Mr. Daniel?"

"I am disposed to say you are, Sir," was his mild reply.

"Ain't we important people this evening!" cried Kearney, as the servant entered with another telegram. "This is for you, Mr. Daniel. I hope we're to hear that the Cabinet wants you in Downing Street."

"I'd rather it did not," said he, with a very peculiar smile, which did not escape Kate's keen glance across the table, as he said, "May I read my dispatch?"

"By all means," said Kearney; while, to leave him more undisturbed, he turned to Nina, with some quizzical remark about her turn for the telegraph coming next. "What news would you wish it should bring you, Nina?" asked he.

"I scarcely know. I have so many things to wish for, I should be puzzled which to place first."

"Should you like to be Queen of Greece?" asked Kate.

"First tell me if there is to be a king, and who is he?"

"Maybe it's Mr. Daniel there, for I see he has gone off in a great hurry to say he accepts the crown."

"What should you ask for, Kate," cried Nina, "if fortune were civil enough to give you a chance?"

"Two days' rain for my turnips," said Kate, quickly. "I don't remember wishing for any thing so much in all my life."

"Your turnips!" cried Nina, contemptuously.

"Why not? If you were a queen, would you not have to think of those who depended on you for support and protection? And how should I forget my poor heifers and my calves—calves of very tender years, some of them—and all with as great desire to fatten themselves as any of us have to do what will as probably lead to our destruction?"

"You're not going to have the rain, anyhow," said Kearney; "and you'll not be sorry, Nina, for you wanted a fine day to finish your sketch of Croghan Castle."

"Oh! by-the-way, has old Bob recovered from his lameness yet, to be fit to be driven?"

"Ask Kitty there; she can tell you perhaps."

"Well, I don't think I'd harness him yet. The smith has pinched him in the off fore-foot, and he goes tender still."

"So do I when I go afoot, for I hate it," cried Nina; "and I want a day in the open air, and I want to finish my old Castle of Croghan, and, last of all," whispered she in Kate's ear, "I want to show my distinguished friend Mr. Walpole that the prospect of a visit from him does not induce me to keep the house. So that, from all the wants put together, I shall take an early breakfast, and start to-morrow for Cruhan—is not that the name of the little village in the bog?"

"That's Miss Betty's own town-land—though I don't know she's much the richer of her tenants," said Kearney, laughing. "The oldest inhabitants never remember a rent-day."

"What a happy set of people!"

"Just the reverse. You never saw misery till you saw them. There is not a cabin fit for a human being, nor is there one creature in the place with enough rags to cover him."

"They were very civil as I drove through. I remember how a little basket had fallen out, and a girl followed me ten miles of the road to restore it," said Nina.

"That they would; and if it were a purse of gold they'd have done the same," cried Kate.

"Won't you say that they'd shoot you for half a crown, though?" said Kearney, "and that the worst 'Whiteboys' of Ireland come out of the same village?"

"I do like a people so unlike all the rest of the world," cried Nina; "whose motives none can guess at, none forecast. I'll go there to-morrow."

These words were said as Daniel had just reentered the room, and he stopped and asked, "Where to?"

"To a Whiteboy village called Cruhan, some ten miles off, close to an old castle I have been sketching."

"Do you mean to go there to-morrow?" asked he, half carelessly; but, not waiting for her answer, and as if fully preoccupied, he turned and left the room.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A DRIVE AT SUNRISE.

THE little basket-carriage in which Nina made her excursions, and which courtesy called a phaeton, would scarcely have been taken as a model at Long Acre. A massive old wicker-cradle constituted the body, which, from a slight inequality in the wheels, had got an uncomfortable "lurch to port," while the rumble was supplied by a narrow shelf, on which her foot-page sat *dos-à-dos* to herself—a position not rendered more dignified by his invariable habit of playing pitch-and-toss with himself, as a means of distraction in travel.

Except Bob, the sturdy little pony in the shafts, nothing could be less schooled or disciplined than Larry himself. At sight of a party at marbles or hop-scotch, he was sure to desert his post, trusting to short-cuts and speed to catch up his mistress later on.

As for Bob, a tuft of clover or fresh grass on the road-side was temptation to the full as great to him, and no amount of whipping could induce him to continue his road leaving these dainties untasted. As in Mr. Gill's time he had carried that important personage, he had contracted the habit of stopping at every cabin by the way, giving to each halt the amount of time he believed the colloquy should have occupied, and then, without any admonition, resuming his journey. In fact, as an index to the refractory tenants on the estate, his mode of progression, with its interruptions, might have been employed, and the sturdy fashion in which he would "draw up" at certain doors might be taken as the forerunner of an ejectment.

The blessed change by which the county saw the beast now driven by a beautiful young lady, instead of bestrode by an inimical bailiff, added to a popularity which Ireland in her poorest and darkest hour always accords to beauty; and they, indeed, who trace points of resemblance between two distant peoples, have not failed to remark that the Irish, like the Italians, invariably refer all female loveliness to that type of surpassing excellence, the Madonna.

Nina had too much of the South in her blood not to like the heartfelt, outspoken admiration which greeted her as she went; and the "God bless you—but you are a lovely crayture!" delighted, while it amused her in the way the qualification was expressed.

It was soon after sunrise on this Friday morning that she drove down the approach, and made her way across the bog toward Cruhan. Though pretending to her uncle to be only eager to finish her sketch of Croghan Castle, her journey was really prompted by very different considerations. By Dick's telegram she learned that Walpole was to arrive that day at Kilgobbin, and as his stay could not be prolonged beyond the evening, she secretly determined she would absent herself so much as she could from home—only returning to a late dinner—and thus show her distinguished friend how cheaply she held the occasion of his visit, and what value she attached to the pleasure of seeing him at the Castle.

She knew Walpole thoroughly—she understood the working of such a nature to perfection, and she could calculate to a nicety the mortification, and even anger, such a man would experience at being thus slighted. "These men," thought she, "only feel for what is done to them before the world; it is the insult that is passed upon them in public, the *soufflet* that is given in the street, that alone can wound them to the quick." A woman may grow tired of their attentions, become capricious and change, she may be piqued by jealousy, or, what is worse, by indifference; but while she makes no open manifestation of these, they can be borne: the really insupportable thing is, that a woman should be able to exhibit a man as a creature that had no possible concern or interest for her—one who might come or go, or stay on, utterly unregarded or uncared for. To have played this game during the long hours of a long day was a burden she did not fancy to encounter, whereas to fill the part for the short space of a dinner, and an hour or so in the drawing-room, she looked forward to rather as an exciting amusement.

"He has had a day to throw away," said she to herself, "and he will give it to the Greek girl. I almost hear him as he says it. How one learns to know these men in every nook and crevice of their natures! and how by never relaxing a hold on the one clew of their vanity, one can trace every emotion of their lives!"

In her old life of Rome, these small jealousies, these petty passions of spite, defiance, and wounded sensibility, filled a considerable space of her existence. Her position in society, dependent as she was, exposed her to small mortifications; the cold semi-contemptuous notice of women who saw she was prettier than themselves, and the half-swaggering carelessness of the men, who felt that a bit of flirtation with the Titian girl was as irresponsible a thing as might be.

"But here," thought she, "I am the niece of a man of recognized station; I am treated in his family with a more than ordinary deference and respect—his very daughter would cede the place of honor to me, and my will is never questioned. It is time to teach this pretentious fine gentleman that our positions are not what they once were. If I were a man, I should never cease till I had fastened a quarrel on him; and being a woman, I could give my love to the man who would avenge me. Avenge me of what? a mere slight, a mood of impertinent forgetfulness—nothing more—as if any thing could be more to a woman's heart! A downright wrong can be forgiven, an absolute injury pardoned—one is raised to self-esteem by such an act of forgiveness; but there is no elevation in submitting patiently to a slight. It is simply the confession that the liberty taken with you was justifiable, was even natural."

These were the sum of her thoughts as she went, ever recurring to the point how Walpole would feel offended by her absence, and how such a mark of her indifference would pique his vanity, even to insult.

Then she pictured to her mind how this fine gentleman would feel the boredom of that dreary day. True, it would be but a day; but these men were not tolerant of the people who made time pass heavily with them, and they revenged their own *ennui* on all around them. How he would snub the old man for the son's pretensions, and sneer at the young man for his disproportioned ambition! and, last of all, how he would mystify poor Kate, till she never knew whether he cared to fatten calves and turkeys, or was simply drawing her on to little details, which he was to dramatize one day in an after-dinner story!

She thought of the closed piano-forte, and her music on the top—the songs he loved best; she had actually left Mendelssohn there to be seen—a very bait to awaken his passion. She thought she actually saw the fretful impatience with which he threw the music aside and walked to the window to hide his anger.

"'This excursion of Mademoiselle Nina was, then, a sudden thought, you tell me; only planned last night? And is the country considered safe enough for a young lady to go off in this fashion? Is it secure—is it decent?' I know he will ask, 'Is it decent?' Kate will not feel—she will not see the impertinence with which he will assure her that she herself may be privileged to do these things—that her 'Irishry' was itself a safeguard; but Dick will notice the sneer. Oh, if he would but resent it! How little hope there is of that! These young Irishmen get so overlaid by the English in early life, they never resist their dominance; they accept every thing in a sort of natural submission. I wonder does the rebel sentiment make them any bolder?" And then she bethought her of some of those national songs Mr. Daniel had been teaching her, and which seemed to have such an overwhelming influence over his passionate nature. She had even seen the tears in his eyes, and twice he could not speak to her with emotion. What a triumph it would have been to have made the high-bred Mr. Walpole feel in this wise! Possibly at the moment the vulgar Fenian seemed the finer fellow. Scarcely had the thought struck her, than there, about fifty yards in advance, and walking at a tremendous pace, was the very man himself.

"Is not that Mr. Daniel, Larry?" asked she, quickly.

But Larry had already struck off on a short-cut across the bog, and was miles away.

Yes, it could be none other than Mr. Daniel. The coat thrown back, the loose-stepping stride, and the occasional flourish of the stick as he went, all proclaimed the man. The noise of the wheels on the hard road made him turn his head; and now, seeing who it was, he stood uncovered till she drove up beside him.

"Who would have thought to see you here at this hour!" said he, saluting her with deep respect.

"No one is more surprised at it than myself," said she, laughing; "but I have a partly done sketch of an old castle, and I thought in this fine autumn weather I should like to throw in the color. And besides, there are now and then with me unsocial moments when I fancy I like to be alone. Do you know what these are?"

"Do I know?—too well."

"These motives, then, not to think of others, led me to plan this excursion; and now will you be as candid, and say what is *your* project?"

"I am bound for a little village called Cruhan—a very poor, unenticing spot; but I want to see the people there, and hear what they say of these rumors of new laws about the land."

"And can *they* tell you any thing that would be likely to interest *you*?"

"Yes; their very mistakes would convey their hopes; and hopes have come to mean a great deal in Ireland."

"Our roads are, then, the same. I am on my way to Croghan Castle."

"Croghan is but a mile from my village of Cruhan," said he.

"I am aware of that, and it was in your village of Cruhan, as you call it, I meant to stable my pony till I had finished my sketch; but my gentle page, Larry, I see, has deserted me. I don't know if I shall find him again."

"Will you let me be your groom? I shall be at the village almost as soon as yourself, and I'll look after your pony."

"Do you think you could manage to seat yourself on that shelf at the back?"

"It is a great temptation you offer me, if I were not ashamed to be a burden."

"Not to me, certainly; and as for the pony, I scarcely think he'll mind it."

"At all events, I shall walk the hills."

"I believe there are none. If I remember aright, it is all through a level bog."

"You were at tea last night when a certain telegram came?"

"To be sure I was. I was there, too, when one came for you, and saw you leave the room immediately after."

"In evident confusion?" added he, smiling.

"Yes, I should say, in evident confusion. At least, you looked like one who had got some very unexpected tidings."

"So it was. There is the message." And he drew from his pocket a slip of paper, with the words, "Walpole is coming for a day. Take care to be out of the way till he is gone."

"Which means, that he is no friend of yours."

"He is neither friend nor enemy. I never saw him; but he is the private secretary, and, I believe, the nephew, of the Viceroy, and would find it very strange company to be domiciled with a rebel."

"And you are a rebel?"

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"At your service, Mademoiselle Kostalergi."

"And a Fenian, and head-centre?"

"A Fenian, and a head-centre."

"And probably ought to be in prison?"

"I have been already, and, as far as the sentence of English law goes, should be still there." "How delighted I am to know that. I mean, what a thrilling sensation it is to be driving along with a man so dangerous that the whole country would be up and in pursuit of him at a mere word."

"That is true. I believe I should be worth some hundred pounds to any one who would capture me. I suspect it is the only way I could turn to valuable account."

"What if I were to drive you into Moate and give you up?"

"You might. I'll not run away."

"I should go straight to the Podesta, or whatever he is, and say, 'Here is the notorious Daniel Donogan, the rebel you are all afraid of.'"

"How came you by my name?" asked he, curtly.

"By accident. I overheard Dick telling it to his sister. It dropped from him unawares, and I was on the terrace and caught the words."

"I am in your hands completely," said he, in the same calm voice; "but I repeat my words—I'll not run away."

"That is because you trust to my honor."

"It is exactly so—because I trust to your honor."

"But how if I were to have strong convictions in opposition to all you were doing—how if I were to believe that all you intended was a gross wrong and a fearful cruelty?"

"Still you would not betray me. You would say, 'This man is an enthusiast—he imagines scores of impossible things—but, at least, he is not a self-seeker—a fool, possibly, but not a knave. It would be hard to hang him.'"

"So it would. I have just thought *that*."

"And then you might reason thus: 'How will it serve the other cause to send one poor wretch to the scaffold, where there are so many just as deserving of it?'"

"And are there many?"

"I should say close on two millions at home here, and some hundred thousand in America."

"And if you be as strong as you say, what craven creatures you must be not to assert your own convictions!"

"So we are—I'll not deny it—craven creatures; but remember this, mademoiselle, we are not all like-minded. Some of us would be satisfied with small concessions, some ask for more, some demand all; and as the government higgles with some, and hangs the others, it mystifies us all, and ends by confounding us."

"That is to say, you are terrified."

"Well, if you like that word better, I'll not quarrel about it."

"I wonder how men as irresolute ever turn to rebellion. When our people set out for Crete, they went in another spirit to meet the enemy."

"Don't be too sure of that. The boldest fellows in that exploit were the liberated felons: they fought with desperation, for they had left the hangman behind."

"How dare you defame a great people!" cried she, angrily.

"I was with them, mademoiselle. I saw them, and fought among them; and to prove it, I will speak modern Greek with you if you like it."

"Oh, do," said she. "Let me hear those noble sounds again, though I shall be sadly at a loss to answer you. I have been years and years away from Athens."

"I know that. I know your story from one who loved to talk of you, all unworthy as he was of such a theme."

"And who was this?"

"Atlee—Joe Atlee, whom you saw here some months ago."

"I remember him," said she, thoughtfully.

"He was here, if I mistake not, with that other friend of yours you have so strangely escaped from to-day."

"Mr. Walpole?"

"Yes, Mr. Walpole; to meet whom would not have involved *you*, at least, in any contrariety."

"Is this a question, Sir? Am I to suppose your curiosity asks an answer here?"

"I am not so bold; but I own my suspicions have mastered my discretion, and, seeing you here this morning, I did think you did not care to meet him."

"Well, Sir, you were right. I am not sure that *my* reasons for avoiding him were exactly as strong as *yours*, but they sufficed for *me*."

There was something so like reproof in the way these words were uttered that Donogan had not courage to speak for some time after. At last he said, "In one thing your Greeks have an immense advantage over us here. In your popular songs you could employ your own language, and deal with your own wrongs in the accents that became them. *We* had to take the tongue of the conqueror, which was as little suited to our traditions as to our feelings, and travestied both. Only fancy the Greek vaunting his triumphs or bewailing his defeats in Turkish!"

"What do you know of Mr. Walpole?" asked she, abruptly.

"Very little beyond the fact that he is an agent of the government, who believes that he understands the Irish people."

"Which you are disposed to doubt?"

"I only know that I'm an Irishman, and I do not understand them. An organ, however, is not less an organ that it has many 'stops.'"

"I am not sure Cecil Walpole does not read you aright. He thinks that you have a love of intrigue and plot, but without the conspirator element that Southern people possess; and that your native courage grows impatient at the delays of mere knavery, and always betrays you."

"That distinction was never *his*—that was your own."

"So it was; but he adopted it when he heard it."

"That is the way the rising politician is educated," cried Donogan. "It is out of these petty thefts he makes all his capital, and the poor people never suspect how small a creature can be their millionaire."

"Is not that our village yonder, where I see the smoke?"

"Yes; and there on the stile sits your little groom awaiting you. I shall get down here."

"Stay where you are, Sir. It is by your blunder, not by your presence, that you might compromise me." And this time her voice caught a tone of sharp severity that suppressed reply.

COMPLAISANCE.

THERE is an old-fashioned virtue which often strikes us as very little in favor with the good people of our time, probably because they do not recognize it as a virtue at all; and, indeed, it does its work with such a bright face and easy air that among the strenuous, austere brotherhood of duties and merits it may well pass for something else—as a mean and worldly conformity, perhaps. We have named it complaisance. In fact, we doubt if any body gives it its proper rank until he misses and feels the want of it. Even the old writers, who had much more pronounced ideas on the duty of being pleasant than people have nowadays, hesitate to place it among the moral virtues. True, it renders a superior amiable, an equal agreeable, an inferior acceptable. It sweetens conversation; it produces good-nature and mutual benevolence; "it encourages the timorous, soothes the turbulent, humanizes the fierce, and distinguishes a society of civilized persons from a confusion of savages;" and yet, because it never makes itself disagreeable or unwelcome, there is a doubt whether to call it a virtue simple or only a social virtue—that is, a charm, a grace, a fine manner, a performance for the actor's sake. Yet genuine complaisance, as the effusion of a benevolent nature, rendering the sacrifice of personal inclination and ease a slight, unthought-of thing when set against the general satisfaction, is surely worthy of some considerable estimation even on the score of self-denial. It is to be tested and distinguished from its counterpart, or counterfeit, politeness, by its universality and disinterestedness. It was said of Sydney Smith—an example of this virtue—that people could never be too obscure for him to put them in good-humor with themselves. True complaisance never sleeps where there is any body to please or to make more comfortable. Politeness, society's method of making things run smooth, is concerned with ranks and degrees; complaisance is a more intimate quality—an impulse to seek points of agreement with others; it is the spirit of welcome, whether to strangers or to new suggestions, untried pleasures, fresh impressions. It is a belief in the reciprocal services which men, as members of society, can confer on each other—a willingness to confer and to receive: it is toleration, accessibility, and expectation. In fact, it is charity in its social aspect, as concerned with the minor satisfactions and perplexities of life.

Conscience is rarely a sleepless influence. When we see a notoriously good man, a saint or a philanthropist, bearish or sullen in company, and his neighbor, far below him in this sort of reputation, smoothing over his asperities, and making things pleasant in spite of him, it does not do to set down the difference to stricter principle or to temperament. It is simply that conscience and duty are at work in the amiable man, and slumbering in the bear. One is pleasing himself, the other is exerting himself for the well-being and content of others. People intent on the lasting happiness of mankind are often culpably inconsistent in their indifference to the happiness of the hour, where this depends on some sacrifice of their own tastes. If happiness is a good, it ought to be an object to bestow it for short periods as well as long ones. If it is our duty to make enormous efforts for the good of mankind in the aggregate, it should be our aim to dispense happiness in drops and dribblets to the ones and twos and threes with whom we come more immediately in contact. And these are the achievements of complaisance. There are those who can feel for transient uneasinesses, affecting an hour merely, not a lifetime or an eternity; who are sensitive toward others' disappointments in little things; who are solicitous that expectation shall be fulfilled; that where enjoyment is promised there shall be no failure; who are pitiful toward lesser annoyances, and lavish of expedients to meet them. Although, however, complaisance is always putting a good face on its endeavors, yet this modest virtue demands its sacrifices. Unquestionably the complaisant man loses in reputation for fastidious taste and refinement. He has no choice but to give up the credit for exquisite perception rather than put another in an awkward predicament or under a sense of inferiority. The critical spirit is in strong antagonism to complaisance. If you would welcome what is new and untried, you must lull the questioning faculty, and take things for a while on trust. Thus the complaisant temper is apt to make the best of new people, their pursuits, accomplishments, manners, and so on. A cynical observer derides such prompt acceptance as the working of an undiscriminating fancy:

> Though she's no lady, you may think her such:
> A strong imagination may do much.

But so long as this disposition affects only the judgment we pronounce on others, and leaves people simply lenient, we can not regard it as a blemish. The best-mannered people are not ultra-fastidious, and because they are not, they are diffusers of grace and refinement. Men take for their models those who sympathize with them. Nobody does any good to his neighbor's heart, or tastes, or behavior who is careless of pleasing him, and shows that he does not think him worth talking to.

No doubt complaisance is a much easier virtue to some people than to others. A strong will and strong opinions have a very imperious influence over the manner. They inspire a strong antagonism toward strangers. People with decided views are apt to assume a monopoly of them, and to set down others as the slaves of convenience or circumstance—a mood much opposed to that sacrifice to the graces which is the superficial rendering of the quality of which we are speaking. They see a sort of hypocrisy in being civil, and in yelding to persons who, more likely than not, have the loosest notions on matters which you feel to be all-important. Let them first set themselves right in these fundamentals, and you will then be ready to take them to your heart of hearts. In the mean while they live on the north side of your regard. A little silence or constraint, or a few downright contradictions on trifling matters, are only so many demonstrations of sincerity or homage to your own impregnable principles. Nor is it only on questions of principle that non-complaisance hugs itself in sulky exclusion; mere tastes can be to the full as unsociable, in as direct contrast to the old rule that a man should always go with a predisposition to take the turn of the company he is going into—with a mind open to receive what is pleasing to others—and not obstinately bent on any particularity of its own. Strong wills of the order we mean are the most capable of any sacrifice and effort in what they hold to be the work of life, but relaxation is another matter. Their notion of pleasure is still self-assertion of some kind; the impulse which complaisance feels where the comfort of others is at stake is not recognized by them; if they are to be interested or amused, it must be by conformity to their standard. Mr. Dixon has a theory that good manners, by which he means especially complaisance, are incompatible with the strength of character that carries every thing its own way. Manners, he says, decline in regular order from East to West. The further East you go, the greater suavity characterizes the people; the further West, the more regardless you find men of the feelings of others. In Europe, he says, he found the best manners in Constantinople, the worst in London; in the whole world, the best at Cairo, the worst at Denver and Salt Lake. If ever he penetrates to San Francisco, he looks for something without a parallel in his experience. But then he finds ill-mannered communities prosperous. They may be said to have made a very good market of their manners, having got in return for them houses, votes, schools, wages; they have risen in society; they have ceased to be servants. If we must take all this for truth, it only proves what we have said, that complaisance involves many sacrifices.

Yet, however much a brusque incivility may be conducive to national advancement, a marked want of complaisance does not help the individual on in society. A man is not popular who so conspicuously prefers his own subjects, his own voice, his own wit, as habitually to break into the thread of other people's discourse; who will not allow another to express a liking opposed to his own without showing contempt for his opinion; who in art and literature has fixed ideas by which he measures and throws over every other man's preferences; who interrupts every body when he is in the mood to speak, and shuts himself up in gloomy taciturnity when the exigencies of the hour make talk a social necessity, and when somebody (with the effort which only those accustomed to make it know) has to keep the ball going in face of cold silence or some more flagrant indication of indifference. Nor is he the more acceptable if the impetus of his own thoughts, regardless at all times of the *convenances*, betrays him, as it does non-complaisant persons, into scrapes, acts of unintended, unthought-of rudeness, when he perhaps broaches some sore subject, and works it to its excruciating end in defiance of all efforts of the embarrassed company. Complaisant people never blunder in this fashion; the instinct to please keeps them mindful of the position of those about them, and possesses them with caution among strangers. It must be owned that the credit of complaisance has suffered through some of its most noted examples. Some men have thrust upon it the work of all the virtues. Lovers of their money are often sincerely complaisant. They can not give their gold, but they are anxious to acknowledge the duty and obligation of benevolence as far as this restriction permits, and so they commute the debt by studied civility.

That complaisance is a virtue, not a mere felicity and ornament, we must think when we see how the want of it nullifies the usefulness of many good people, unfitting them for the more delicate offices of benevolence. It means, of course, something much deeper than manner, than smiles, than a bright reception, and a ready attention and courtesy of deportment; it means a cheerful resignation to circumstances, an accepting of the situation, whatever it is, a general good-will toward mankind, and sense of equality with them; the expectation of good from them, as well as a readiness to confer good upon them. Pride can perhaps feign complaisance, but can not feel it. However, fortunately, there is much rough but necessary work to be done in the world which persons devoid of the grace in question are perhaps the better fitted for. It is where people have to do with the nicer sensibilities of men that the want of it is a bar to influence. There are occasions when the plainest plain-speaking is the first duty, and then the man who is accustomed to make things pleasant might not be the right man. Yet it is well to remember that all great teachers of mankind are complaisant. St. Paul was all things to all men; St. Peter bids us be courteous. It is reformers of a far different and lower stamp who are morose, and make a virtue of incivility.

Complaisance is a grown-up virtue. We do not care to see it full-blown in children; it develops as the character matures. It is not incompatible with a stormy boyhood, where thought is working itself out through argument, disputation, and contradiction. It is unfortunate if, at the stage when sensitiveness awakes, young people have it enforced through examples that offend taste or feeling. An over *empressement* of deference in one generation is apt to lead to a want of it in the next. There are few people whose manners hit the exact mean which adapts them to be chosen examples to another generation.

THE FRAGRANT PINCH.

SNUFF, originally introduced as a medicine, speedily became better known as a luxury, and the gratification of a pinch was generally indulged in Spain, Italy, and France during the early part of the seventeenth century. It was much patronized by the clergy—a patronage which led to the anathema of Pope Urban VIII., in 1624, against any person who took snuff in a church. In "Le Bon Usage du Tabac en Poudre" (Paris, 1700) the author says it is "the passion of prelates and abbés; the religious community generally are fond of it; and in spite of the pope and his ordinances the Spanish priests will not scruple to place their snuff-boxes on the altar for their use."

Butler bears testimony to the fact that the Cromwellian saints were not averse to its use, when he writes of one:

> He had administered a dose
> Of snuff mundungus to his nose;
> And powdered the inside of his skull,
> Instead of the outward jobbernole.

In a satire upon the ladies of the Roundhead party, entitled "Newes from the Newe Exchange" (1650), they are accused of a strong love of tobacco, especially a Mistress Campbell, whose maxim is declared to be,

> She that with pure tobacco will not prime
> Her nose, can be no lady of the time.

It is, however, to the courtiers of Le Grand Monarque that we owe the introduction of luxuriously scented snuffs and costly snuff-boxes. Strange to say, that monarch entertained a strong antipathy to tobacco in any form, and strove to discourage the use of snuff by insisting upon his *valets de chambre* discontinuing its use upon their appointment. One of them, the Duc d'Harcourt, is said to have died of apoplexy in consequence of giving up this practice, in which he had previously indulged to a large extent. The king's daughters were no enemies to tobacco, and had their private snuff-boxes; indeed, the fashion became so general in France that a snuff-box of elegant material was part of the toilet of a beauty of *ton*.

In these, its early days, snuff was made by rubbing a roll, or *carotte*, of tobacco upon a brass grater, then fixed in all snuff-boxes; the thus powdered weed was then scooped up in a small spoon or shell, placed upon the back of the hand, and so snuffed up the nose.

The popularity of snuff in England was much increased after the Great Plague, which added a powerful impetus to the consumption of tobacco. When William ascended the throne it was considered *the* thing to have a taste in snuffs; magnificent boxes of every description were displayed, and all the beaux carried clouded canes with gold or silver hollow heads, that snuff might be conveniently inhaled through the perforations as they strolled about town.

Scented snuffs were frequently chosen as the vehicles for administering poison. In 1712 the Dauphiness of France was presented with a box of her favorite Spanish snuff by the Duc de Noailles. After using it in private for a few days she died of the poison contained in it, which she inhaled. After this people became very cautious about taking a pinch from another person's box. And, as the snuff came from Spain, it was supposed to have been poisoned by the Jesuits, for the purpose of ridding themselves of political enemies, and Spanish or Jesuits' snuff was long held in great dread.

Among men of acknowledged genius and intellect snuff-taking has been very common; it is possible that it may have been employed by them as a counter-irritant to an overworked brain. Both Pope and Swift indulged in it, Swift's particular mixture being made of pounded tobacco and ground Spanish snuff. Addison, Bolingbroke, and Congreve were also among its devotees. Gibbon was an excessive snuff-taker; and in one of his letters thus describes his mode of inhaling it: "I drew my snuff-box, rapped it, took snuff twice, and continued my discourse, in my usual attitude, of my body bent forward, and my forefinger stretched out." In the *silhouette* prefixed to his collected works he is represented indulging in his habit, as Colman expresses it,

> Like an erect black tadpole taking snuff.

Frederick the Great was so fond of it that he had large pockets made in his waistcoat, that he might have as little trouble as possible in getting, for immediate use, the largest quantity he could wish. He disliked others to take a pinch from his box, and once detecting a page doing so, said, "Put that box in your pocket; it is too small for both of us." George II. of England had the same selfish whim, and expressed it exceedingly rudely, when he threw away his box at a masquerade because some gentlemen took a pinch.

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HORACE GREELEY.

A FEW weeks since the writer of this sketch, while standing outside the cabin of a Brooklyn ferry-boat, observed a movement of good-humored curiosity among the passengers. Their eyes were directed to a spot where, in quiet conversation with a friend, stood a man whose face, figure, and dress formed a most singular *tout ensemble*. A large frame, rather loosely put together; a benevolent, beaming countenance; a wide-brimmed and somewhat dilapidated straw hat, set far back on the head, as if to afford an unobstructed out-look; a loose, bulgy coat of thin, dark material, short in the sleeves, and the short skirt still further abbreviated behind by wrinkles; flabby trowsers, torn and trodden by the heels of his shoes; a bundle of newspapers under one arm, and his coat pockets stuffed out with others—he might have passed for a good-humored and rather eccentric agricultural editor from the country. He took no notice of the marked curiosity of his fellow-passengers, and perhaps was unconscious of being the mark of so many eyes, and the object of much good-natured pleasantry. As soon as the boat reached the Brooklyn side he walked ashore with a rapid but shuffling gait, and was lost to view in the crowd that rushed to secure seats in the street cars.

This man was HORACE GREELEY, the founder and chief editor of the New York *Tribune*.

Few Americans—we may say few public men—are better known in their political relations than Mr. GREELEY; and in this sketch we shall confine ourselves chiefly to a hasty review of his earlier life. He comes of Scotch Presbyterian stock—of a people inspired by JOHN KNOX and his co-laborers with the largest ideas of spiritual and political freedom. From Scotland his ancestors emigrated to Ireland, and were among those who figured in the celebrated siege of Londonderry—one of the events that culminated, at the battle of the Boyne, in the crushing of papal supremacy in Great Britain. About thirty years after this battle a company of somewhat over two hundred Scotch and Irish Presbyterians, mainly from Londonderry, came over to America, and settled in New Hampshire, at a place called Nutfield, but rechristened by them Londonderry. We may here remark that this colony—for it was as regularly ordered as that of Plymouth, or its latest exponent, "Greeley Colony," in Colorado—produced men and propagated principles that have had a powerful influence upon the destinies of this nation.

HORACE GREELEY was the son of ZACCHEUS GREELEY, a farmer, and was born at Amherst, New Hampshire, on the 3d of February, 1811. HORACE was a rather feeble child, and for years suffered from disease, or rather from want of strength. He lived with his parents in New Hampshire until the 1st of February, 1821, going to school a little and working on the farm a great deal, when, in consequence of his father's failure and the enforced sale of his farm, the whole family went to West Haven, Vermont. During his earliest school-days HORACE became deservedly conspicuous for the absorption of knowledge. The lessons that were tasks to others were nothing to him. His active and capable brain, like a vast sponge (we speak respectfully), drew in every thing in its way. One of his peculiar gifts was good spelling—a great feature in the days when "spelling bees" were known, and the rivalry between schools was as sharp and as exciting as the present boat-racing between Oxford and Cambridge. The writer has "been there," and never could tell which was the more enjoyable—the triumph in the spelling match or the drive home with the rosy-cheeked girls on the crisp snow of the free, open country. Spelling really comes by nature. It is a gift. There are some persons who never misspell a word, and Mr. GREELEY is one of them. He not only spells his own language correctly, but if he uses Latin or French (which, to his praise be it said, he rarely does), he writes it with entire accuracy, although he knows little of either language save the odds and ends that any observant reader may pick up.

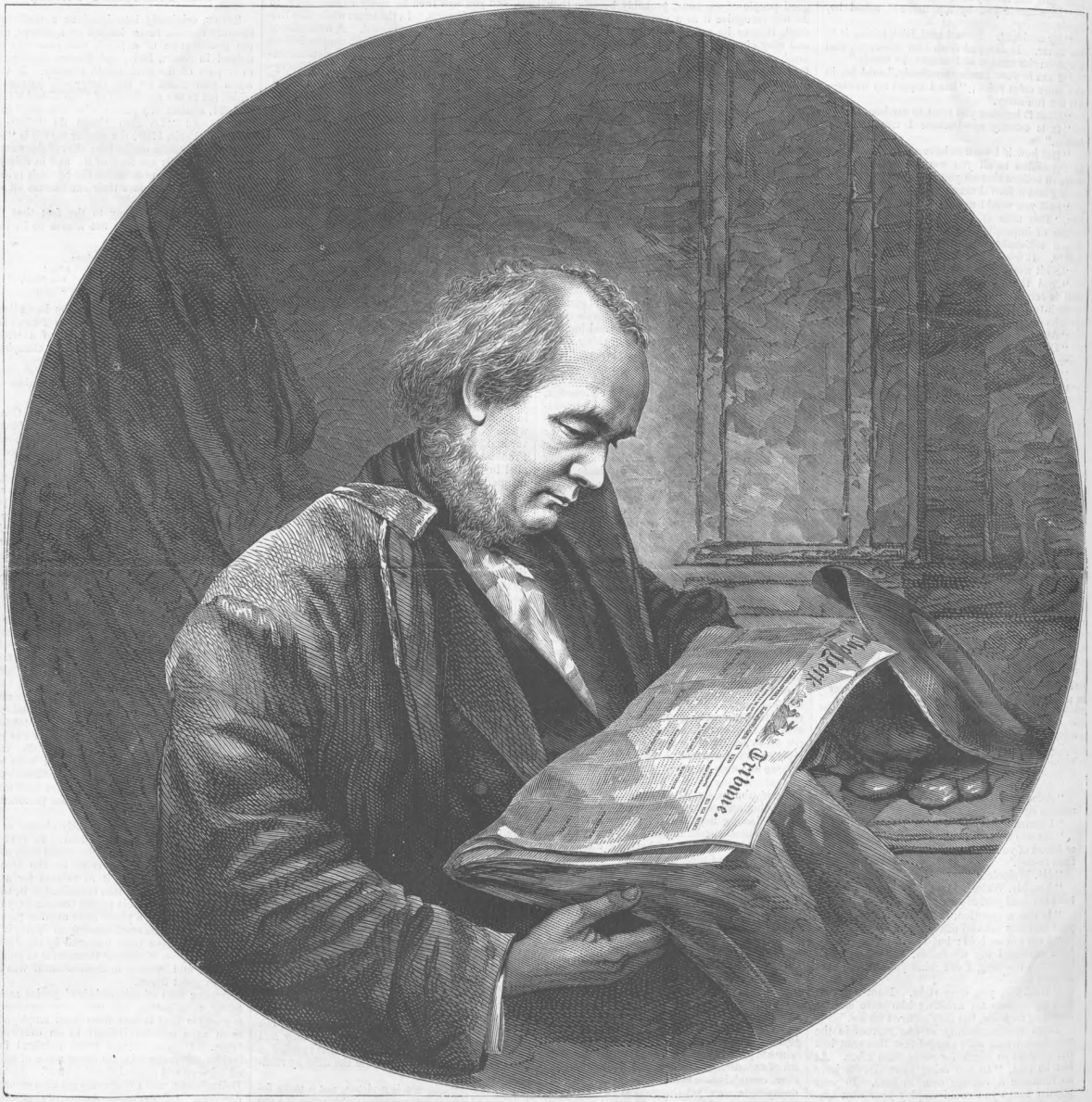
After about five years of farm experience in West Haven, where each season proved a worse failure than its predecessor, HORACE became an apprentice in a newspaper office, *The Northern Spectator*, at East Poultney, Vermont. The boy had at length blundered into the right path. He became a good printer; and those who know him best, and use the familiarity of old friendship, still call him "the printer." His family went to the western part of New York, where they ever afterward resided.

HORACE remained four years at Poultney, doing the hard work of an apprentice with credit. He went thence to visit his father in Chautauqua County, and subsequently worked at his trade in Jamestown, Lodi, and Erie. But work in small towns was scarce, and, after vain searching for permanent employment, the young printer concluded to start for New York city. He went by canal-boat from Buffalo to Schenectady, and thence footing it over the old turnpike (where the blundering Dutchmen set the poplar-trees all on the wrong side of the road), he reached Albany, where he took passage in a tow-boat for New York. Here he landed August 17, 1831. Work was the thing first in order, and after a short search he found it with a printer in Chatham Street, over a bookstore, of which one of the owners was THOMAS M'ELRATH, who, twenty years later, was Mr. GREELEY's partner in the *Tribune*.

Mr. GREELEY made his first business venture in New York as a partner in a daily paper called the *Morning Post*, started January 1, 1833, by Dr. H. D. SHEPARD. The paper lived about a month. It was a new notion, and the era of cheap newspapers had not yet arrived. It soon came, however, and was commemorated by the successful establishment of the *Sun* by Messrs. DAY & BEACH.

In March, 1834, Mr. GREELEY made his first visible mark in journalism by issuing the *New Yorker*, a large and handsome weekly paper devoted to literature and news. Here, for the first time, he began to use a pen as well as types, and in a short time became widely known as a writer. This paper lived until 1841, but was a losing concern financially, mainly because the credit system was still in vogue, and thousands of subscribers could not or would not pay. Two years after starting this paper Mr. GREELEY married. Five children have been born to him, of whom two boys and one girl died at early ages. Two accomplished daughters are still living.

While publishing the *New Yorker* Mr. GREELEY made his *début* as a political writer on a small campaign paper called the *Jeffersonian* (in 1838), and in the HARRISON campaign as the editor of the *Log-Cabin*. All this was, however, merely preliminary to his great work. On the 10th of April, 1841, the day on which the people observed the funeral of President HARRISON, Mr. GREELEY, almost moneyless and unaided, issued the first number of the New York *Tribune*. We clearly remember that it was in



HORACE GREELEY.—[PHOTOGRAPHED, FROM A RECENT CRAYON PORTRAIT, BY C. D. FREDERICKS & CO., NEW YORK.]

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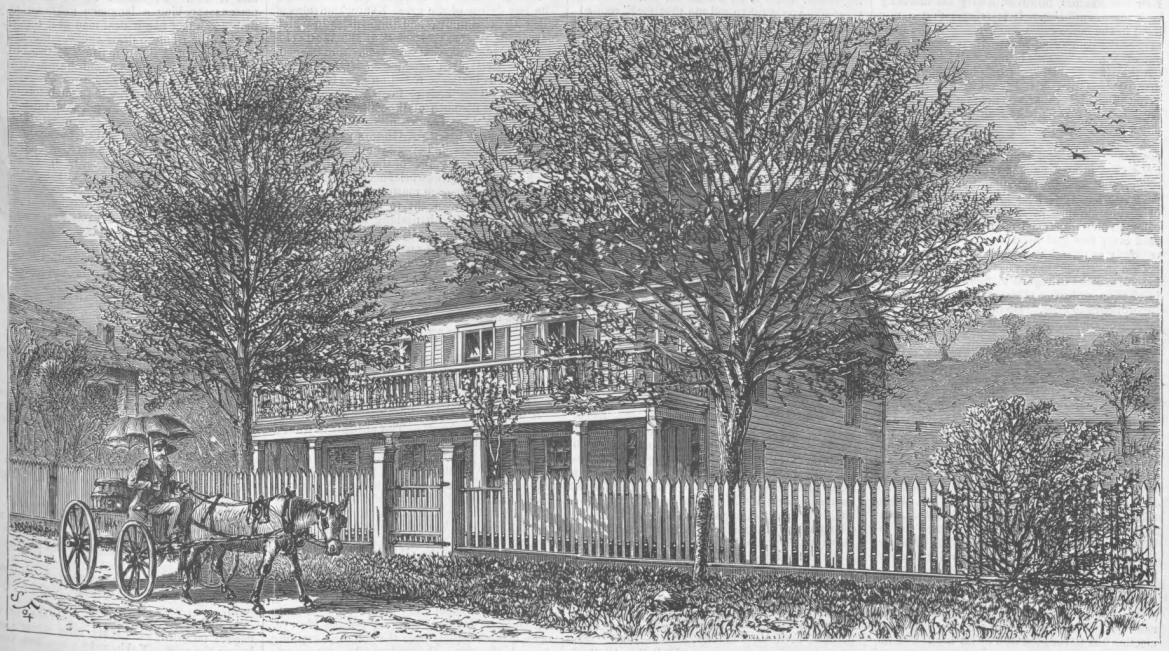
BIRTH-PLACE OF HORACE GREELEY, AMHERST, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

mourning for the late President, and had by no means a promising appearance. But under his vigorous management it soon became established and powerful. The time had come when he could indulge to the full his love of political discussion, and he soon made his paper an influential exponent of opinions. It became a power in the Whig party and in the land. The struggle was, however, a severe one. The price of the paper was but one cent; and there were no magnate advertisers to grasp whole pages for a single advertisement. Besides, Mr. GREELEY is in no sense a business man. He knows and cares very little about book-keeping, bargaining, or saving. He was soon fortunate, however, in securing for a partner Mr. THOMAS M'ELRATH, through whose business capacity, tact, and industry the *Tribune* was established upon a firm financial basis.

Nothing could have been more discouraging to Mr. GREELEY than the pecuniary results of the first week's labor on the *Tribune*. It is stated that before that paper was started, on the 10th of April, 1841, the publishers borrowed $1000 to defray expenses. Of the first number, 5000 copies were printed, and 600 sold. Mr. GREELEY had some labor, it is said, to give the balance away. The expenses the first week were $592. The receipts $92. The proprietor of the *Sun*, Mr. BEACH, tried the experiment of forcing the newsboys to stop selling the *Tribune*. Mr. GREELEY dilated upon that little circumstance in his usual concise and vigorous style, and with most satisfactory results.

The subsequent public life of Mr. GREELEY is sufficiently well known. He gradually drew to his paper some of the best writers and editors in the country, as well as valuable correspondents from abroad. While bearing his royal signet (for the *Tribune* has no editor save HORACE GREELEY), it should be remembered that no one man could make such a paper. His earliest assistant was HENRY J. RAYMOND, one of the most accomplished journalists the country ever produced. Then there was WILLIAM HENRY FRY, a wonderful genius; RICHARD HILDRETH, the historian; MARGARET FULLER, a woman who could be strong-minded and yet be a woman still; GEORGE M. SNOW, the financial editor; and GEORGE G. FOSTER, the inventor of "City Items." All these are dead. To name the living may perhaps seem improper; so we let them



HORACE GREELEY'S HOME AT CHAPPAQUA.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD.]

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pass: the reader will remember scores of them without difficulty. In BEN FRANKLIN'S days it was quite possible for one man to make a newspaper; now it takes hundreds.

As a worker Mr. GREELEY is a wonder; he is never idle. In all places and at all times, when not asleep, he is doing something. Even now, though necessarily delegating the management of details to others, he retains his old custom of doing things himself to the utmost extent. He will go over a file of exchange papers if allowed to get hold of them, edit the letters of correspondents, or read proof; and, if necessary, he would set type. He plunges into the office at railroad speed, scarcely speaking to or noticing any one, his hat, pockets, and hands full of crumpled papers, calls out for his letters, dives for his room, slings his overcoat one way and his hat another, and in half a minute will be writing as if he had but an hour in which to do a day's work. He sits at a desk nearly as high as his chin—so high that he must raise his arm to the level of his ear. And such a desk! It is chaos typified — strewn, or rather heaped, with papers, notes, clippings, as though some ragman's cart had been emptied upon it. The pigeonholes are crammed with matters for reference; the drawers are bursting with forgotten and useless rubbish. There are no keys, for a lock is a mystery he never could understand, and a key a thing he never could keep. Behind him is a chain, securely riveted to the desk, and at the end of the chain a pair of scissors. Without the aid of this contrivance he would probably lose this valuable assistant every five minutes. At the other end of the desk, and within easy reach, is chained his political monument, the "Tribune Almanac." This, too, is an hourly necessity when he is at work, and there is no way of keeping it within reach save by solid fastenings.

While at work Mr. GREELEY is entirely absorbed. The Eighth Avenue riot might be in progress under his window, but he would never think of looking out. Any one may go in and out of his room, take his hat and coat, or papers off his desk, and, unless they spoke to him, he would know nothing of it. He writes with great rapidity, seldom erases or interlines, and his "copy" is among the best known to type-setters. A stranger to his "pot-hooks" is, however, very likely to mistake his chirography for Arabic or Chaldee; and very amusing anecdotes are in circulation of misinterpretation of his letters. This peculiarity Mr. GREELEY has in common with many eminent writers. The great church historian, NEANDER, wrote a hand so desperately obscure that very few printers could decipher it, and nearly all his manuscript for the press was written out by an amanuensis. It is related of him that he once gave an American gentleman a note of introduction to the librarian of the Royal Library of Berlin. Aware of the imperfection of his handwriting, NEANDER took unusual pains with the note, and by this excess of kindness brought his friend under the unpleasant suspicion of attempting a fraud. The librarian had received many notes from the illustrious author, but never before one that he could read, and it was with some difficulty that he could be persuaded of its genuineness. The writer of this sketch has several of Mr. GREELEY'S letters, parts of which no one has ever been able to decipher. A little practice, however, enables compositors on the *Tribune*, as well as his assistants, to read his editorial manuscript with great ease, and in the office it is preferred to that of almost any other writer. The reason is that Mr. GREELEY, with the true printer's instinct, carefully punctuates, capitalizes, and marks paragraphs. All the type-setter has to do is to "follow copy." New compositors, however, find great difficulty with his manuscript. It is related that a raw hand in the office came one evening to the foreman of the composing-room with a "take" from one of Mr. GREELEY'S leaders. "I can't make out the sinse o' this," said he—he was an Irishman—"'tis five, 'tis fifty; fifty 'tis 'tis five.' What does Mr. GREELEY mane be that?" Mr. GREELEY had quoted the words, "'tis true, 'tis pity; pity 'tis 'tis true."

Mr. GREELEY is very particular about his proof, always reading it himself, if possible. Being a good printer, he is naturally a good proof-reader, and seems to be fond of this part of newspaper work. If he gets hold of a slip with one of his paragraphs at the top, and all the rest common news, or even advertisements, he will read every line and mark every error as conscientiously as though it was a matter of duty.

One of Mr. GREELEY'S striking peculiarities is sensitiveness in regard to figures, particularly in election returns. This often brings careless subordinates to grief. He involuntarily foots up, compares, and proves every column of figures in his paper or in the Almanac; and woe betide the man who makes a mistake, or the first person, in fact, whom he encounters after making the discovery who by any possibility may be the guilty party. To him he gives a piece of his mind, while the real culprit may get a great deal more. Himself as free from such blunders as any man can hope to be, he rather severely exacts the same accuracy from all others. His almanac is his "Joss," and justly so; for in the matter of political statistics the aim is to make it absolutely perfect, and no other work of the kind comes nearer this desideratum. Mr. GREELEY has a strong liking for statistics, and nothing gives him more satisfaction than to see tables of figures in the columns of the *Tribune*. Most readers find such matter very dry; he revels in it with delight.

Recurring for a moment to one of his special characteristics—his fondness for election returns —we may safely say that the man who never saw "H. G." on the night after an important election has never seen him at his best. Not another man in the country has such a memory of former votes. From Maine to any where, he remembers every State or Congressional election since "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," remembers who were candidates, how many votes they received, and what became of them. He is not quite as demonstrative now, for age will cool the blood; but a few years ago, after working all day at the polls—as he invariably does—he would come to the office at night to see the returns. Every item passed under his eye; and, as the several dispatches came in there would now and then be heard from his sanctum, when some particularly favorable news arrived, a wild scream of delight, more like the war-whoop of a Comanche Indian than any sound belonging to white civilization. All the while he would be rapidly filling out tables and making comparisons that were marvels of accuracy. Usually it is an offense to smoke in Mr. GREELEY'S presence, as it should be in the presence of any man who dislikes tobacco; but on election night he keeps open house, and all can do as they please. A free supper is always provided for the reporters and printers, of which every one who happens to be present is at liberty to partake.

His detestation of intoxicating liquors is quite well known; yet no editor ever gave away so much money which went straight to the rum-seller's till. Many a newspaper writer whose habits were directly opposite to his own, has gone to him with some doleful tale of distress and need, and procured, by appealing to his benevolence, the means for a fresh debauch. It was long before Mr. GREELEY could persuade himself that this sort of deception was practiced upon him. Latterly, however, he has become more careful and discriminating in dispensing charity.

Ceremonial politeness is certainly not one of Mr. GREELEY'S weaknesses. When in the office he seldom speaks to those about him except on points of business. He rarely says "good-morning" when he comes in, or "good-night" when he goes out. If a special friend calls, his most probable salutation will be, "Wa'al, sinner, how air ye?" He shakes hands mechanically, and never with a hearty grasp; and then, if you have any business, it will be in order without further talk. But in social life he is widely different. Among friends whom he loves he becomes genial and chatty. At such times, throwing aside politics, he shows himself to be a most charming and agreeable conversationalist, and is always an esteemed visitor. Few men possess greater power of attaching friends. He makes enemies with the same facility, like all men of positive character and strong purpose in life.

The impression that he puts on airs of eccentricity is wholly erroneous. He has very little perception of regularity or order. His desk is always a marvel of confusion. He has neither time nor inclination to attend to exterior trifles, and has always been careless in regard to personal appearances, and to what nice people may think about his dress. If his neck-tie is out of place or his hat beaten in, he knows it not, or disregards it. His brain is occupied with other and weightier matters. A single anecdote will show how entirely absorbed he becomes when engaged in writing or reading. Some years ago the *Tribune* building was warmed wih hot air, conveyed from a basement furnace through square wooden boxes, there being a slide in each room. On a cold Sunday morning Mr. GREELEY came in, as usual absorbed in the morning papers, drew up one of these slides, poked his feet into the box, and settled down contentedly to his reading. There was no heat, the furnace not having been lighted, but rather a strong rush of particularly cold air. Some one coming in said to him, "Why, Printer, what are you doing there? there is no hot air on yet." "Now what did you want to tell me that for?" replied Mr. GREELEY. "I was getting my feet beautifully warm."

It would be sheer folly to charge Mr. GREELEY with intentional affectation. He is incapable of such small trickery. His eccentricities are wholly natural, and arise from the mental preoccupation which is one of the chief characteristics of the man.

Mr. GREELEY'S fondness for having the last word in a dispute was illustrated in the discussion between himself and ROBERT DALE OWEN on "Marriage and Divorce." Several letters had passed, and the discussion was closed. A publisher got out the letters in a pamphlet; but on the very morning it was issued, the *Tribune* contained an additional letter from Mr. GREELEY'S pen, passing the whole discussion in review. Of course this letter was not in the pamphlet. The publisher had not been led to expect it; but Mr. GREELEY called him to a sharp account for its omission both in the *Tribune* and by word of mouth.

We might present scores of the apt replies and sharp repartees for which he is famous, but a specimen will suffice. Many years ago, when the editors of the *Tribune* were few, and one or two rooms sufficed for all of them, Mr. GREELEY was riding his teetotal hobby, and was, we think, the only real teetotaler on the force. One morning as he came in he was sharply rallied by "the boys," ever on the watch to catch "the old man" tripping, for saying in an editorial leader "Heidsick *and* Champagne." It was some time before the tautological blunder could be made plain to Mr. GREELEY'S perception; but as soon as the character of his offense dawned upon him he quietly remarked, looking upon DANA with a smile that was child-like and bland, "Wa'al, I guess I'm the only *Tribune* editor who *could* make such a mistake." The connoisseurs in wine were silent, and turned, crest-fallen, to their desks.

Among the characteristic points in Mr. GREELEY'S newspaper style is the use of pet words and phrases, such as "mainly," "whereof," "sees fit," etc. His frequent use of "lie" and "liar" is also characteristic, though not commendable. But no one ever presumes to change his language. He is the only writer on the paper who can say "being built" for "is building," or "reliable" for "trustworthy." His "copy" *must* be followed.

That Mr. GREELEY sometimes uses very strong, not to say passionate, language, no one who has ever crossed him will deny; but that he is habitually profane in speech is not true. Probably in some extreme cases he can't always find words to "do justice to the subject," and he is then prone to the use of expressions which would be shocking to ears polite. It is related of him that many years ago he went tearing up stairs into the composing-room one morning, crying out, "What —— fool set this copy?" and showing some egregious error in the paper. A veteran of the war of 1812—a superannuated printer, who was charitably kept because of his age, infirmities, and in remembrance of former services, and who was as erect and pompous as Mr. DOMBEY, announced himself as the culprit. The irate editor glowered a moment upon the old man, and then, well knowing his imbecility, eased his own mind with a profane explosion. Then, quietly turning toward the door, with a woe-begone look, he added, "Won't somebody kick me down stairs!"

Mr. GREELEY writes profoundly upon financial topics; but his carelessness in money matters pertaining to himself is remarkable. He will sometimes start off for a long journey without a dollar in his pocket, unless some one has the forethought to look out for him; and it is, or was, the rule in the office to question him on that point whenever he was going away. That he is not more frequently the victim of sharpers is probably owing to the fact that he seldom carries more money with him than is needful for his immediate wants. Some years ago a pickpocket on one of the city street cars stole his watch. In stating the fact at the office he remarked, with a quiet chuckle over his good fortune, "The rascals got my gold watch, but they didn't get my five dollars" (referring to a bill the night clerk had given him as he started for the cars). As soon as a prominent criminal lawyer heard of the theft, he sent word to some leading thieves that the watch must be forthwith returned, or the next pickpocket caught would suffer for it. The word was sent round among the fraternity, and the watch came back at once.

Mr. GREELEY has touchingly recorded his love for his first-born child, ARTHUR YOUNG, nicknamed "Pickie," who died of cholera in 1849, at the age of five. No child ever received more devoted care; indeed, it is said that it was too much care that caused his death. The parents were vegetarians, and firm believers in the water-cure. Every thing the child ate was jealously watched, and such extreme care was taken to avoid any shock to his system from change of diet that on one occasion, when a visit was made from Mr. GREELEY'S house in Fifty-third Street to some friends living near the City Hall, the cow on whose milk the child was fed was driven down town, it is said, by Mr. GREELEY himself, lest strange milk might produce harm to the boy. It was quite common to see Mr. GREELEY going to and from the *Tribune* office, as happy as possible, with the lad astride of his shoulders, not caring a jot what people might say. The loss of "Pickie" was a sad blow to him, and who can tell how much of his inattention to the amenities of social life and the conventional courtesies of his profession may be owing to the heart-wrench inflicted by the death of his first-born?

The only political leader Mr. GREELEY ever loved, as he says himself, was HENRY CLAY—a feeling shared by thousands of old Whigs. The last defeat of the great Kentuckian almost killed Mr. GREELEY; and the articles in which his sorrow was expressed were the most eloquent and touching that ever came from his pen. Deep, personal grief subdued his style, and the pathos of his language found an echo in millions of hearts. One article, in particular, sounds even at this distance of time like a page from TENNYSON'S "In Memoriam."

To comment upon Mr. GREELEY'S course as a politician would be beyond the purpose of this sketch. The early career of the tow-headed boy, of which we have given a brief account—his struggles and triumph—are matters of history, and a source of encouragement to all those who, like him, start in life with nothing but mother-wit, perseverance, and integrity for capital. His position in the great and constantly widening field of journalism is second to that of no other living man. Soon after starting the *Tribune* he remarked that he meant to make a paper that people "would either swear by or swear at." He has kept his word. The *Tribune* is just such a paper. Its friends are like the leaves of the forest for number, and to most of them it is law and gospel; while, on the other hand, its enemies are likewise numerous and powerful. Like himself, it is lukewarm neither in friendship nor in hate.

A few words in regard to the illustrations that accompany this sketch. The portrait is from a fine crayon now in possession of the Union League. It presents Mr. GREELEY in a very characteristic attitude, and is, perhaps, the most satisfactory likeness of the man ever drawn. This is, at least, the opinion of those who know him most intimately, and see him in his every-day moods. He has just come into his office, and, according to his wont, has thrown his wide-brimmed hat upon the table, caught up a copy of the *Tribune* of that morning, and settled himself to a thorough perusal of its contents. He reads his own paper with a critical eye, noting defects or merits of the "make up," down to the smallest details. Nothing escapes his eye, as he glances rapidly over the columns, running through the news, the leaders, the correspondence, with the patience of a proof-reader. The sketch of the old farm-house at Amherst, New Hampshire, in which he was born, was drawn a short time since by our special artist, Mr. ARTHUR LUMLEY, who visited Amherst for that purpose. The other illustration gives a view of his farm residence at Chappaqua, where Mr. GREELEY, in a practical way, learned most of the information which he recently imparted to the public in the work entitled, "What I Know about Farming." It is a pleasant, unpretending, convenient country house, where the weary journalist frequently seeks repose and mental and physical restoration after the severe labors of the editorial sanctum.

PRINCE TCHERKASKY'S MASQUERADE.

ONE touch of the golden wand of an April sunbeam and the enchanter spring had driven winter out of Russia. The ice on the Neva had at last broken from the banks, and was floating in great crystal rafts down toward Cronstadt. Almost the very moment that the cold chain of winter snapped in two, boom! boom! went the rejoicing cannon of the citadel, and instantly through the spring sunshine across the Neva darted the commandant in his gilded boat to bear the usual large goblet full of Neva water to the emperor. Boom again had roared the cannon as the Czar raised the glass to his lips and drank to the health of his dear citizens of St. Petersburg. For that glassful of water the commandant had presently received his usual fee of two hundred ducats. In former times the emperor, I was told, used, before he returned it, to fill the glass with gold pieces, but as the goblet grew every year larger, it became at last high time to compromise matters with the commandant, or he would have ended by bringing the great tun of Heidelberg for the emperor to empty.

The first vessel from the Baltic would soon arrive, the sledges be locked up in their sheds, the ice be stored in the warehouses, the life and industry of the great city would start into full summer vigor. I stood on the English quay watching the ice that came floating down the river from Lake Ladoga, thinking to myself how, just in the same way, civilization would some day release Russia from the old slavery of serfdom and despotism. Then I wandered to the great cathedral, Isaac's Church, to see if the influence of spring could be felt even there. The great gilt cupola shone from a distance and guided me like a star. But inside Isaac's Church, among the malachite pilasters, the bronze and gilding, the granite pillars, the silver shrines, the lamps and tapers, and quaint dark Byzantine pictures of the Virgin, no sunshine threw a radiance. Lamplight seemed more fitting for the superstition there that bent to the marble pavement, the matted hair and narrow brows of those rugged peasants who, wrapped up in their sheep-skin coats, offered their prayers to the Holy Mother of Kasan, that Madonna especially venerated by the Cossacks.

I had been only a week in St. Petersburg, and I had still three months before me, even if my business would then allow me to depart. I confess, as I came out of Isaac's Church and walked round the Admiralty Square, I began to think of the pleasant spring-time of England. I could imagine the hedges quickening to a livelier green, the blossoms covering the fruit trees with fragrant snow, the turf growing a livelier emerald. The fact was, I hardly knew any one yet in the Russian capital but a Prince Tcherkasky, who was just now away at Moscow, and I began to find it dull. To wander among thousands of persons speaking a language unknown to you makes you feel like a deaf man at a theatre. I went to the Bank to draw £2000, dined, and was walking up and down a passage—one of those covered arcades leading out of the great street of St. Petersburg, the Nevskoi Prospekt—smoking a cigar, and whiling away the time before the opera began by studying in the shop windows the last French and German caricatures, and some photographs of Chinese and Circassian life which had just come out. All at once, as I turned on my heel, I saw a young officer in the uniform of an Austrian regiment, white and blue, look hard at me as he passed. His face was English, I felt sure, but it was rather the intense sadness of it that made me look at it a second time. The next time he passed me he stopped, and in the Russian manner asked me politely in French to permit him to take a light from my cigar.

"You are surely a countryman of my own," I said.

"I am," was his reply. "And I was sure you must be English, but you see foreigners attract no attention here, we are all so cosmopolitan."

We were just then passing a café, and so agreed to go in there and have a talk.

"If you would like," he said, "to accept a stranger's invitation, I would ask you to come to my club on the Fontanka. It is more private there, and as you say you are new here, you may like to see our club life."

I thanked him, and willingly assented. He stopped at the first droshky-stand and gave the usual shout. "Davzai—Ishvoshtshik." Half a dozen drivers instantly ran up to us.

"Don't take that three-legged monster," one cried; "he'll stick in the mud; besides, that man with the gray beard has had too much vodka. He'll take you for two rubles and pick your pocket afterward."

My new friend soon selected a man from among these wrangling applicants, and away we went.

"Nitshevoss, never fear, Sir," said the man who dashed off with us. "My little white pigeon knows the way. Yukh, yukh; my little pigeon will carry you till to-morrow, if you like. Have

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a care there, old woman, or I shall drive over you. Houp!" and away we flew.

"Good-natured fellows," said my friend; "and yet not many years ago a Russian here always used to beat a driver when he wanted to go faster."

"The old ways must take time to thaw," I said.

"What a climate!" said my friend, with an eagerness to talk that seemed to me almost forced, for his eyes, I observed, were listless, and his face was sallow and worn. "A German was telling me to-day that early in last December he threw a piece of apple peel out of his window at Moscow; it froze to the ledge of the window, and remained there till a thaw in February. That was nine weeks unintermitting frost. This winter has been peculiarly hard."

"There must be something strange and romantic about a winter here."

The young officer gave a sigh. "Strange! I rather think it is. I've spent a winter here—such a winter! First the steamers stop, and one feels cut off from the sea and hope that way; then come the men to look to the great white stoves, and put up the double doors and windows. At—20° of the thermometer every one began to get anxious. At—23°, officers are sent round day and night to see that the sentinels and policemen did not sleep, for to sleep would be to die. At—25°, all the theatres are closed, for fear the actors might be frozen on the draughty stage, or the coachmen waiting outside found dead on their boxes. At—28°, ugh! all the sentinels have fur cloaks given them, and no one goes out but officers and business men."

"Delightful, but sepulchral," I exclaimed. "You must all feel like released school-boys now."

"Yes, we do; that makes us all in such high spirits," exclaimed my companion, as he got up and shouted to the driver, "The second large house by the Romanoff bridge."

The driver turned round with a peculiar look of intelligence, and uttered his usual exclamation of "Nitshevoss, never fear, Sir."

"That man is drunk," said the officer; "but he'd go on till he dropped off the box. It is the way of these fellows."

It is twenty years ago since that evening, but still I remember as vividly as if it was a picture of Canaletti that house as we drove along the Fontanka and, dashing over a bridge, drew up at the door of a brightly illuminated house. It was a huge palace of a place rising in that Venetian part of St. Petersburg, and its lighted windows cast golden serpentine glimmers on the dark water of the canal. The neighboring houses were dark and silent, but from the one which we were about to enter there broke occasional shouts of laughter, and I heard a curious whirring sound that was unknown to me.

"What noise is that?" I said to my companion, stopping with one foot on the first step of the entrance to listen.

"Oh, that is from one of our card-rooms," he said, carelessly. "Some of these rich Russian officers are fond of roulette, and like to play at it here among themselves better than at a public table."

He said this in a frank and ingenuous way, turning with a slight smile as we entered the hall to remark on the difference of English and Russian clubs.

"Is the baron here to-night?" he asked of one of the numerous footmen in the hall.

"Yes, monsieur."

"Colonel Toganoff?"

"Yes, Sir; just come."

"MM. Resnaux and Carrefoix?"

"Yes, Sir; they're both in the card-room."

I was struck with the young officer's melancholy expression of face more and more as we sat together in a large empty smoking-room on the first floor above the apartment in which I could hear the whirr of the roulette and the wrangling clamor of excited players. His eyes were blank and lifeless as he answered my questions in an abstracted way.

"You are thinking of England," I said; "is it long since you were there?"

"I must apologize," he said; "yes, I was rather wandering for a moment. They are slow here to-night: will they never bring the coffee? Yes, in the June of last year I was in England."

There were folding-doors at the end of the room where we sat. When we entered, I noticed through the key-hole that the room beyond was dark, yet only a few minutes afterward it was lighted up, and some persons entered and began to play at cards. There was a whispering, then the doors were flung open, and a little, portly, smiling, red-faced man, with a close-cropped white head and spectacles, entered our room and advanced toward us.

"Ha, Courtney," said the baron (who was not unlike Cavour) in French, with a slight German accent, "how are you? Introduce me to your friend; we want you to cut in here—perhaps your friend will take a hand at whist. I never play, as you know, till a certain regulated time after dinner. What is life without digestion, mon garçon? I say now, just as I used to say, what is life without love? But ever since that beautiful Livonian princess jilted me and married the old Hungarian duke, I have sought my only consolation in the science of gastronomy. Our chef here will not desert me as my mistress did; no, no."

The baron was very bland, pleasant, and genial, but I thought my new friend's manner to him somewhat cold as he mechanically laughed and replied, "No, he knows his best friends too well—would you like a game of whist," he added, turning to me; "I see they are just beginning. I'll stay out, or go down for half an hour and watch the roulette. You'll find them nice fellows here, but keen players."

I consented with pleasure, and at once sat down. I and M. Resnaux played M. Carrefoix and Colonel Toganoff. I did not somehow altogether like the men, rattling and hearty as they were, yet I hardly knew why. Resnaux was a tall, thin, keen-featured man, who looked like a lawyer; he had a brown complexion, compressed eyes, thin, pinched lips, and a sardonic Voltairian smile. He approved of my playing, and manifested entire confidence in the result. The colonel, a stout man about sixty, with drooping white mustache, and a manner full of boisterous bonhomie, was the perfect old militaire, frank, cordial, careless, rudely gay, and sociable. M. Carrefoix was an old, bearded man, very silent, rather deaf and morose, caring for nothing but the game, and, as I soon found, intensely alive to all its vicissitudes, though apparently almost sunk into imbecility.

"Extraordinary hand I had, extraordinary—ha, ha!" said the colonel, at the close of the first game. "M. Carrefoix, it will take us all we can do, I see, to beat them. But why did you lead spades, mon vieux brave? But there, I must not say any thing. I dare say I made a blunder or two. Eh bien. Encore mes amis! Tirez!"

"You'd play a fair game if you would not talk so much," said the old man, preparing to deal. "Observe how quick this Englishman is—how careful! Sir," he said, turning to me, "you will be in time a first-rate player."

The second game was for a larger sum. M. Resnaux and I were again partners. I was rich; I did not very much care even if I lost, the more especially as we had won the first rubber, and I felt by no means inferior in skill to my opponents. Again we won. Again we played for higher points; and this time I and M. Carrefoix were partners. Before we began the colonel called for Champagne, the baron applauding the thought as worthy of a great military genius. He was evidently the acknowledged humorist of the party. One glass each, no more, and two for the by-standers. I was at home with them all by this time. The colonel shook my hand on the conclusion of the game, even although he again lost. M. Carrefoix smiled grim approval. M. Resnaux gave me a keen look, and nodded to me as we touched glasses. The baron patted my shoulder, chuckled himself hoarse when I won the odd trick, and derided his companions on the stranger's skill.

"M. Carrefoix condescend to praise the stranger's play! M. Carrefoix, you are an impostor! The English game is superior to ours. Resnaux, you're clearing them out—positively clearing out the Rothschild of St. Petersburg! M. Carrefoix, shall I send home for some rouleaux for you?—but, ah! you've got your check-book, and you'll need it; you'll need it, mon ami."

I saw the bottle of Champagne uncorked and every glass filled, yet I'm sure that these clever rogues, somehow or other, drugged my wine; for, almost instantly that I drank it, I felt a strange effervescence and lightness in my brain that seemed to change the character of every object, and to alter the whole current of my thoughts. I was conscious that I was talking more and faster than before, and I seemed to see the whole mystery of the game with supernatural clearness. We were winning when, all at once, my partner returned a wrong card. He grumbled some malediction on himself, for that card lost us the game.

I told him so.

"You tell me how to play at whist?" he said, effervescingly—"a man of my age! I tell you it was your absurd hurry to get out your five trumps. It nearly lost you the last game, only you saved it by a blunder of Toganoff. You have held good cards, but if you had not, mon Dieu! things would have been different long ago."

"Come we've had enough of whist," said the colonel, "when we get to recriminations. Always bear a defeat patiently. M. Carrefoix, come let us try some bets on the dice. Monsieur Anglais, some more Champagne? yes, you must."

They brought the dice. I won the first ten minutes, then lost slightly, then won. All at once, as I turned to the great white mantel-piece for a lighted cigarette I had left there, I happened to look up in the glass and saw the colonel, with a wink at the other three men, pull some dice from his waistcoat-pocket and change them for those on the table.

"Allons," he said, as I turned, "some more wine for M. l'Anglais."

"No," I said, "thank you. One must keep clear in the head to study chances well. But there is no luck in these dice, curse them!"

As I said this, I took one, threw it under my foot, and crushed it with my heel. It was full of quicksilver. I saw the enemies' faces change. The colonel blustered, the old man looked like a viper, the baron glared, Resnaux turned white with rage.

"This is an insult—do you know that?" said the bully of the gang, the colonel, foaming up. "We must meet again about this."

"I never fight with swindlers," I said, standing on the defensive.

"There is some mistake," said the baron; "my dear Sir, let me—" He advanced toward me to shake hands. As I held out mine, the treacherous rascal seized it, and in a moment threw his whole weight upon me. The rest crowded on—even the old man clung to my legs—and urged me backward toward a narrow door I had not hitherto noticed at the end of the apartment. Resnaux, before I could resist, gagged me with a handkerchief, the colonel pinioned my arms, the old man held my feet, and the baron helped to jostle me violently forward to what seemed a small dim bath-room; the bath was full of steaming water, the floor strewn with towels. I could not scream; I fought and struggled; but even though I once got them all down in a heap, I could not release myself from the gag. Were they going to murder me, to drown me, or to suffocate me? I tried to beat on the floor with my feet, to rouse some of the gamblers in the noisy room below, but the carpet was so thick and soft that my feet made no sound that could rise above that clamor. The rapidity with which at once, without talking, they had fallen on me to drag me to the bath-room inspired in me a horrible suspicion of previous crimes. They had exchanged no remarks except one, when the baron said,

"Strip him—I think he is stunned. He has got the two thousand pounds in his right-hand breast-pocket. Courtney saw him put it there."

I had shut my eyes and was remaining quiet, preparing for a last desperate effort; they thought I was insensible. I felt their clutch relax as they laid me on a sofa and their four hands simultaneously rummaged my four pockets. That moment I scrambled to my feet, kicking down the baron and felling the old man. In a moment I tore away with supernatural strength the bandage round my knees, broke loose from that which bound my arms, and drove the colonel backward with a tremendous crash against the door of that dreadful room. At that moment, as I stood there at bay, my hair disheveled, my eyes glaring, my hands eager for their throats, a penknife—my only weapon—drawn in my right hand, facing Resnaux, who, lithe and swift, had pulled out a stiletto and was ready to spring on me when he could find an opening, suddenly the door at the farther end of the room opened, and Courtney, the young officer, ran toward me.

"No, you must do him no harm!" he said, throwing himself before me. "We may be bad enough, but there shall be no more murder here. He has done you no harm. It was I brought him here. Raise a finger against him, and I will denounce you all!"

"You will, will you?—you dare, ragamuffin! beggar!" said the baron. "Remember who you are."

"I was sure you would stand by me," I said to Courtney, "if you once knew that these men were thieves and murderers: they want to murder me. Help me, help! and quick, in God's name."

Resnaux tried to rush at me, but Courtney caught him by the arm and struck the stiletto from him.

"You mistake us. Do you know who this gallant protector of yours is, Monsieur l'Anglais?" sneered the old man. "No? then I will tell you. He is a poor, wretched vagabond, whom we clothe in disguises and pay to allure rich foreigners like you, and fools from the country, to our gambling-rooms. He is our tout and decoy—a brave, honest, noble young Englishman, is he not? Ugh! he'll suffer for this, and his little wife's dinner will run short for a day or two—eh, colonel? He'll smart for it—eh, M. Resnaux? I rather think myself he will. Curse him! if he was only my serf, I'd throw away two hundred roubles to get him knouted for this—that would tan his white skin and finish taming him."

"This is not true, Mr. Courtney?" I turned to him.

Courtney hung his head, and was silent.

"I am your slave and drudge," he said to them, after a moment's silence, "and I obey you; but this countryman of mine, who followed me here so trustfully, I tell you, shall not be injured. I'm dangerous just now; come near me, one of you, and I might use a knife dangerously. After all, Siberia is not much worse than this life."

"Take your miserable money," I said, throwing a handful of napoleons down upon the floor: "scramble for it. I will not take away what has been perhaps stolen from honest people."

"You are too hard upon us—you entirely mistake us," blandly said the baron, rubbing his hands.

"We must have satisfaction for this insult," foamed the colonel.

"Curse him! let him go," muttered the old man; "it's lucky for the fool."

"Give me a knife, some one, and I'll cut one of his arms off," said Resnaux.

But the gang gave way as we resolutely advanced, and they left the door open for our retreat.

Another minute, I was out in the street, breathing freer—saved, by God's mercy, from that imminent danger. Courtney pressed my hand warmly and, without a word, turned and sprang up the steps leading to that den of thieves.

* * * * * *

Three days later, as I was coming out of my hotel, a beggar, wrapped in the dirtiest of sheepskin coats, touched me on the arm. A waiter had just pointed me out to him. He handed me a letter. It was from Courtney, adjuring me to follow the bearer, who would bring me to his lodgings, on a matter of life and death; it was not safe for him to venture out. I followed the man with entire confidence through many dark, dirty streets in the poorest part of St. Petersburg, and clambered at last four stories above a tailor's shop. I knocked at the door; a very mournful, lady-like woman, whose dress bespoke great poverty, opened the door. It was Courtney's wife. Courtney was there, no longer in uniform, but dressed in rags, with neglected hair, his face buried in his hands, the image of profound despair.

He at once told me his story. He was the younger son of a country gentleman in ——shire. On his way home from India, on sick leave, he had fallen in love with an English girl whom he had met at Malta, and had run away with her to Alexandria, where they had married. Selling his commission, he had then gone into business, and had come out to St. Petersburg to purchase land for a cannon foundry; but his partner had cheated him, and fled to America with nearly all the money collected to buy the plant. Almost in despair at this cruel blow, he yielded to temptation and gambled with his last hundred pounds. There, after some transient successes, he had gradually fallen lower and lower into the power of the wretches from whom he had saved me. They had entangled him in debt till he was literally their slave. The very clothes I had seen him in were only given him after dark, when he had to assume the odious character of decoy.

"Oh, save me!" he said, hiding his face with his thin, bony hands, "from this life of degradation—from this living death—from this misery into which I have dragged one I love dearer than myself! Help me to fly to England, and avoid the hundred forms of death with which these men have surrounded me! Their spies watch me every where: they may even have seen you come here!" As he uttered these words he threw himself abjectly at my feet, as if his whole nature was degraded to that of the most hopeless and debased of slaves.

I reproached him for a despair that was unworthy of an Englishman, and promised my aid.

"Don't reproach him," said his wife; "he has had scarcely any food since you saw him; and hunger takes away the bravest man's courage. You will save us from this horrible sentence? John has fallen, but oh, how he has suffered!"

As she said this, the unhappy woman—already aged with trouble—fell on her knees beside her husband and seized my hand. I raised her, and tried to comfort her.

"I dare say," she said, "it seems to you that we are hopelessly degraded, and fallen indeed, to bend so abjectly under these sorrows; but we are alone here, surrounded by enemies, in a foreign country, and your visit has been the only glimpse of sunshine we have yet seen. Ah! your words seem words of comfort from Heaven."

"I am acquainted with a Prince Tcherkasky, a kind, generous fellow," I said, "to whom I have letters of recommendation; he is nephew of the minister of police. I will interest him in the safety of your husband, and will advance money to send you both to England by the Hull steamer that starts for England to-morrow morning at seven o'clock. We will supply you both with money and clothes fitting your station, and will take care that the police agents guard you safely to the vessel."

It did my heart good to see the light return to the eyes of the unhappy husband and his young wife as they loaded me with thanks and prayed Heaven to bless me a thousandfold for all I was about to do.

I sat down at the broken table in that miserable room, and had taken out my pocket-book to count out the money required for their passage and outfit, when there came a gentle, measured tap at the door. Courtney and his wife started, and turned pale as death. I saw his hand tremble as he went and turned the handle to admit the visitor. His wife sunk into a chair.

It was the baron, sleek, calm, bland, and smiling as ever. His portly form was compressed in an immaculately fitting frock-coat. He rubbed his hands and eyed us paternally through his beaming spectacles.

"A charming group indeed, and after the antique," he said, in the most perfectly pronounced French. "Benevolence comforting Poverty and Despair. As I expected, the English monsieur is advancing money to help his two amiable protégés to escape his too credulous creditors. Just so. Eh bien! all I say is, Benevolence must sadly need protégés to look for them among people like this."

"I warn you," I said, my blood heated at the coolness of the heartless scoundrel, "not to interfere in this matter."

"Oh, we have quite done with the poor devil, believe me, mon cher monsieur," replied the baron. "He has served our turn; but let me as a friend, in spite of that slight misunderstanding of three days ago" (this slight misunderstanding was the attempt to murder me), "warn you not to trust that misguided young man with money; for such is his insatiable tendency to gamble, he is sure to lose it all in two hours."

"Wretch!" gasped Courtney, "it was you lured me to all my misery."

"But let me tell you one thing," said the baron, "that if your protégé does not leave St. Petersburg within three days from this time it will be bad for his health; voila. I will no longer intrude on so pleasant a family circle. Bon jour, Monsieur Anglais. But one hour after midnight of the third day, and he will meet with disagreeables, mind."

We breathed freer when the door closed on that detestable man.

"That," said Courtney, "is the chief of the gang that ruined and enslaved me. Smooth and oily as he seems, he is one of the most crafty, rapacious, and unrelenting of men. Carrefoix is the money-lender, the colonel the blusterer to frighten timid men, Resnaux the duelist to fight the resolute." Though card-sharpers and swindlers, they had never before, he assured me, to his knowledge, attempted any more desperate crime; but in my case he suspected a prearranged plot, which they had of course kept secret from him.

* * * * * *

I had seen the poor fellow and his wife on board the English steamer that started early in the morning, and was on my way to a masquerade at Prince Tcherkasky's. It was nearly one o'clock A.M. when I got there. It was a picturesque scene in the court-yard of the palace, where (the nights being still cold) a huge fire was blazing for the coachmen and servants to warm themselves. Colored by the crimson light, maskers in the costumes of all ages and countries were passing up the great steps—shepherds and queens, knights and jesters, Francis I. courtiers and nuns, Tartar chiefs and Grecian goddesses, cavaliers and hermits, ancient Greeks and Venetian ladies, harlequins and abbots, Pierrots and duennas. Every moment from fresh carriages poured fresh clusters of anomalous personages,

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all laughing and chattering in a dozen different languages, while from within the palace came the clash and clang of music.

The prince and princess greeted me as I entered, congratulating me on the entire success of my plan for saving the poor young Englishman.

In the interval between the first and second dance I was introduced by Tcherkasky to his uncle, the minister of police, a very grim, sardonic, and Rhadamanthine personage in antique uniform, who seemed to regard the whole world with suspicion, and me with considerable distrust.

"How do you like our cracked column, and the room where Peter the Great was murdered—the chief sights of our capital?" were his first words to me. This sarcasm was a rash one I myself had made to a friend only two days after landing.

I turned off the observation by telling the keen-eared minister the story of the gambling club.

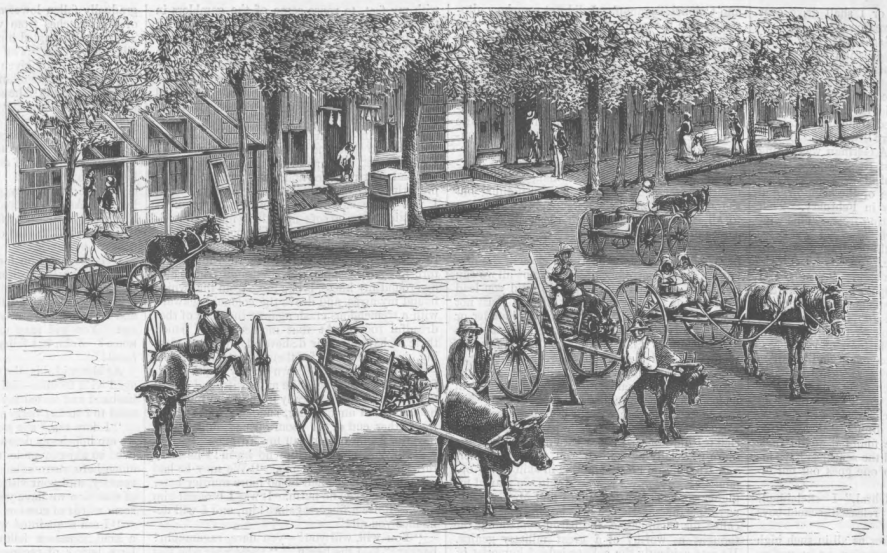
"I have long had my eye on it," he said; "it belongs to a gang with branches in all the great European capitals. They change about, and it is hard to fix one's claws on them. It is well that young man left; and you, monsieur, too, had a narrow escape."

I quite agreed with him. I was resting after a dance, chatting to the Princess Tcherkasky, when the arrival of some singular masks produced a sensation in the room. A richly gilt palanquin, hung with crimson Chinese silk, entered, borne by four mandarins. They wore robes of flounced silk, and paced with great gravity, the peacock feathers in their oddly shaped caps nodding as they walked. They did not utter a word, but setting down the palanquin in the corner of the ball-room, stood by it, first drawing aside the silk curtains that hid their master. The occupier of the palanquin, who wore a mask, and was dressed as a Chinese emperor, sat there propped up with cloth of gold cushions, perfectly unmoved by all that passed around him. The Chinese masqueraders were soon forgotten, and the dancing went on. To our surprise, at the end of the fourth dance the palanquin was still there, but the bearers were gone. The dancers began to crowd round the palanquin to interrogate the mute and imperturbable emperor, to tease him with banter, or to prevail on him to dance. As we crowded, some one stumbled forward against the palanquin. To my horror, the silent Chinese figure inside it fell motionless upon its side and remained there. I sprang forward and lifted it—it was a corpse!

I tore off the mask, and saw, to my indescribable horror, a face that I at once recognized as Courtney's. However they had killed him, he had died calmly. Unhappy man! he must have returned to shore after midnight, and, after I left, been decoyed by spies in waiting to some gambling-house and there murdered. From the unhappy wife I afterward ascertained that the supposed murderers had handed him a letter as if from me, and written in a handwriting resembling mine. The bringing the body to the ball must have been a prearranged plan to mock me in sight of the minister of police.

There was a terrible scene of consternation when the fact became partially known, but, the palanquin and body removed, the dancing was renewed. The matter was hushed up as much as possible, and the waves of gayety soon closed over the horror. Neither the baron nor his confederates were ever again seen in St. Petersburg, nor, as far as I know, did justice ever overtake them for this cruel and daring crime. The wife of the unhappy man was sent back by the prince and myself to her family in Malta, who received her kindly.

The surgeon called in to see the body gave it as his opinion that poor Courtney had first been chloroformed, then suffocated in a vapor bath—was it, I thought, in that horrid room toward which they had dragged me?



WOOD CARTS, RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA.

RALEIGH WOOD MARKET.

This illustration depicts a phase of life frequently witnessed in some of the Southern States, particularly in the Carolinas. It is engraved from a photograph, and presents a scene witnessed one sunny June morning in a street in the city of Raleigh, North Carolina. Several teams had come in from the country with small loads of wood, varying from ten to fifteen sticks each, worth from forty to seventy-five cents, according to size and quality. This business is carried on by people who call themselves "wood merchants." They frequently drive into the city from a distance of ten to twenty-five miles to dispose of their puny loads. The steers used by these people on their farms are hardy and enduring, but very small. The two that appear in the foreground of the picture were measured by the artist, and found to be just three feet seven inches high. The negroes and poor whites, and occasionally even the larger planters, do most of their teaming and plowing with these diminutive cattle. Their manner of farming is primitive and shiftless. They generally plow only two inches deep for cotton, and three for corn. Four inches is considered very deep plowing. Even with this imperfect method of cultivation—such is the fertility of the soil of North Carolina—very good crops of cotton and corn are raised. With better methods, and a proper use of fertilizers, the crops might easily be increased fourfold.

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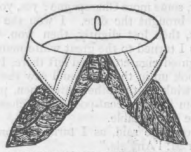

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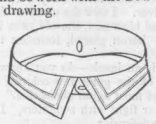

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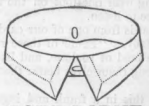

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UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XV.—No. 769.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1871. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1871, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

THE REV. BISHOP E. R. AMES.

BISHOP AMES comes of New England stock, his family having migrated to the West from Massachusetts. He was born in Ohio, and in 1831 joined the Illinois Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. This Conference then included in its bounds a large part of the State of Indiana, where the most of the ministerial life of Bishop AMES prior to his election to the episcopacy was spent. He and his quondam colleague, Bishop SIMPSON, were for long years the controlling spirits of the Methodism of Indiana. Each supplemented the other. If SIMPSON was eloquent, AMES was sagacious; if one irresistibly swayed the masses, the other was all-powerful in counsel. It was often said of Bishop AMES in those days that if he had chosen a political career, he could have commanded any office in the gift of the State. To his honor be it recorded that he has never for a moment turned aside from the ministerial work to which he consecrated himself in early life. He has been a man of one calling, and has followed that calling with entire consistency.

His election to the episcopacy took place in 1852, his co-worker, Bishop SIMPSON, being elected at the same time. His episcopal career has been a great success. A happy mental organization enables him to perform a great amount of work with perfect ease. His routine duties as a presiding officer are often relieved by jets of humor, which help greatly to dissipate the asperities of debate. His personal appearance is suggestive of a broad nature, well rounded, and full of reserved power. In preaching his manner is composed and gentle; a mellow voice catches and holds the ear, and in his closing appeals there are always touches of tender pathos.

The recent trial of Dr. LANAHAN brought Bishop AMES very conspicuously before the country. His courageous adherence to his convictions in forming and expressing his decision has won for him the applause of all right-minded persons. What he did on that occasion was entirely characteristic, for he is a man of unfaltering courage—one who will, at all hazards, stand by what he conceives to be the right. As of the Chevalier BAYARD, so it can be said of Bishop AMES, that he is "without fear and without reproach."

THE REV. BISHOP E. R. AMES.

BISMARCK'S HOME.

A CORRESPONDENT of an Austrian journal gives a description of Prince Bismarck's estate at Varzin, and of the Chancellor's mode of living there. He writes: "The village of Varzin has nothing striking about it; but when it is passed the road turns to the right, and, after climbing a hill, we pass between the cow-sheds and the barns, and thus reach the court of the country-seat which Prince Bismarck has chosen for his favorite retreat. It is a simple dwelling-house, neither better nor worse than those of the landed gentry of the district. No æsthetical architect has been employed to ornament it. It seems as if no one had been bold enough to attempt to rival the attractions of the park behind the house. Kew does not surpass it in beauty, nor do Torcy and St. Germain equal it in grandeur. It was this park which induced Prince Bismarck to purchase Varzin. Close behind the house the undulations of the soil begin, and the park gradually merges into the woods, and forms, with them, one broad green ocean of foliage, which seems here and there broken into forest waves. Grand beeches, ancient oaks, pines, firs, and birch-trees lend variety to the view. In the midst of them lies the estate. Its soil is neither very good nor very bad; it produces average harvests of rye, and the Baltic sand, the bane of the husbandman, only shows itself here and there. Such pieces of ground have long lain fallow. It takes six hours to drive round the estate and Chomitz, where there was formerly a glass-house, with Bohemian workmen, also belongs to Varzin. The Wipper flows through a part of the domain, and forms its boundaries in other places. It adds both to its beauty and its value, as the rapid stream, which is well stocked with trout, is used to float the timber of Pomerania to the Baltic. Prince Bismarck only allows trees enough to be felled to let sufficient air and light into his woods. His letters to his sister show how dearly he loves farming and hunting, the forest, and the quiet life of a country gentleman. Since the first Napoleon no one has made so much noise in the world, and yet by nature he is inclined to a contemplative life.

"This year Varzin wears a more tranquil aspect than in 1870. Then the Chancellor had just retreated from the world, and was beginning to enjoy the sweets of repose, when the telegraph announced the affair at Ems; no one, however, thought of preparing to leave the country. On his return from a short excursion Prince Bismarck found dispatches awaiting him. He entered the sitting-room with the words, 'In half an hour we must start.' 'But where are we going, and why so soon?' 'To Berlin, and then farther: they are getting insolent again.' On the afternoon of the following day Bismarck was in Berlin. His confidential secretary packed his papers together, and arrived two days later. When he went to the ministry, at nine o'clock on the 15th July, war was declared, and Prince Bismarck had just returned with the King from Brandenburg, to which place he had hastened to meet his Majesty.

"Now there is no reason to fear that the quiet of Varzin will be disturbed by similar occurrences. The Prince and his family live a retired life, and keep all those whose curiosity brings them into the neighborhood at a distance. After breakfast the most pressing business is dispatched by the side of the pond behind the house, in the shade of the beech-trees, and then the Chancellor hastens into the forest, generally on horseback, to inspect the improvements which are being made. He is noted for his kindness to the villagers. The landed gentry of the neighborhood frequently visit the family, where they always find a hearty welcome, and the relatives and friends of the Prince, many of whom live in the province, often spend several days with him.

"The house, though it can not be called handsome, is spacious, and there is room enough in it for twenty or thirty guests. In the course of time Prince Bismarck will probably rebuild the house, and make it into a kind of castle. In the park of Varzin there is a large heronry. The herons are the first birds to come with the spring, and the last to leave with the autumn. The males fly twice every day to the sea-shore in search of food; they are the sacred birds of Varzin. The woods abound with wild swine. Herds of from twenty to thirty may frequently be seen. Other game is also plentiful, and this year I hear it is to be hunted with the Chassepôt. Thus the times change.

"Hitherto Prince Bismarck has retired to Varzin for the purpose of recruiting his health by a quiet life among the fir-woods. This year the period of rest was less indispensable than formerly. The campaign in France has restored him to vigor, and made him seem fresher and stronger than before. Politics are a forbidden subject in the house, with the exception of the interesting episodes of the last war, which are often related and discussed. There is no stiffness at Varzin; that would be opposed alike to the character of the host and the fine tact of the hostess. I believe her chief wish is that the time may not be far distant when they will be able to retire altogether from the noise and bustle of the busy world to the quiet enjoyments of Varzin. And the 'Pomeranian Squire,' as he often calls himself, would have no objection to the change."

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1871.

Circulation 122,000 Copies.

"POOR MISS FINCH,"

a new and beautifully illustrated serial story, by

WILKIE COLLINS,

author of "The Woman in White," "The Moonstone," etc., was commenced in HARPER'S WEEKLY for September 2.

New Subscribers will be supplied with the WEEKLY from that date to the close of the year, four months, for ONE DOLLAR.

☞ *The Eight-page* SUPPLEMENT *accompanying this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY, *and which is supplied to our readers gratuitously, contains an exceedingly interesting account, profusely illustrated, of*

Farming in the Great West,

as exemplified in the Mammoth Farm of M. L. SULLIVANT, *in Ford and Livingston counties, Illinois; the continuation of*

"Lord Kilgobbin,"

by CHARLES LEVER; *short Stories; and other interesting features.*

PARTY ORTHODOXY.

A REPUBLICAN in the interior of Missouri, who says that he shall support General GRANT if he is renominated, writes that we seem to deny the name of Republican to those who are not in favor of his renomination, and the *Evening Post* of this city thinks that we advise the New York Convention to recommend it. The *Post*, however, will observe that, while we stated that we supposed the Convention would point with pride to the great results of the Administration, we said nothing and implied nothing whatever about recommending a candidate. Such a measure would be extremely unwise, and we do not believe that the Convention, even should the friends of a renomination control it, will express an opinion upon the subject.

Our Missouri friend would search our files in vain to find any support for his theory that we repudiated the Republicanism of all but those who think a renomination expedient. He will find that we have uniformly said that those who deny the expediency have mentioned no other candidate upon whom there would probably be hearty agreement, and we have especially regretted that so good a Republican as Mr. GREELEY has refused to state the grounds upon which he opposes the renomination of an officer who, as he declares, will be better fitted for the duties of his position in 1872 than he was in 1868. We have, however, plainly and steadily opposed what are known in this neighborhood as Tammany Republicans, who have been most graphically described and unsparingly denounced in the *Tribune*. They, indeed, are opposed to the renomination of the President; but it is not for that reason that we are unfriendly. It is because of their alliance with the Tammany Ring, of whose enormous corruption and misrule the whole country is now aware. It is because no man can serve two masters, and they have chosen as theirs the most unscrupulous and perilous cabal in the country.

Our Missouri friend asserts that there is a faction of Republicans in his State who are determined to force the renomination of the President, and while frankly saying that he shall support it if made, he evidently sympathizes with the liberal Republicans, as the friends of Mr. SCHURZ prefer to call themselves. But another correspondent writes us upon the same subject: "The scheme of SCHURZ, and others that I could name, is to get into the National Convention as Republican delegates, and then say to it, as he did to the Missouri Convention last year, 'You must adopt our platform, and nominate our man upon that platform;' and bolt, as they did in Missouri, if their request is not granted." "And," says this correspondent, with some feeling, "your articles will be quoted to prove his honesty and Republicanism."

But bolting, however inexpedient and disastrous it may be to the party, does not necessarily imply dishonesty. The Free-Soilers bolted, as our friend will remember. And we certainly have no right to deny the Republicanism of a man who has always been conspicuously a Republican, who cordially sustains the great Republican settlements of the war, who now thinks, as many of the most unquestionable and trusty Republicans think, that certain other measures ought to be adopted by the party, and who distinctly declares that while he censures much in the conduct of the Republicans, there is still more in the Democratic party that displeases him. Mr. SCHURZ favors a general amnesty, revenue reform, and a thorough reform in the civil service; and he is opposed to the renomination of General GRANT. What he may do hereafter we can not say; but certainly to-day a man may hold such views without renouncing the Republican party or being excluded from it, for they are opinions upon which the party has not declared its position.

If, however, Mr. SCHURZ should retire from the National Convention because he did not approve a platform which the majority adopted, or the nominations which they made, he would, of course, withdraw from the Republican organization. Yet such a step would not impeach his honesty, while, as our correspondent will admit, the result might vindicate his sagacity.

Bolters never defeat a party unless they are so numerous that it is the height of folly in party managers not to have prevented the bolt. Nor can there be a fatal schism, cleaving a party asunder, until the great issues upon which it was formed are generally felt to be settled. While slavery was to be fought at the polls and in the field, the question of protection, for instance, did not disturb the Republican ranks. When slavery is abolished, such questions as protection again become prominent; and unless there be issues more immediate and imperative, how can Mr. GREELEY and Mr. BRYANT remain fellow-partisans? It is because there are such issues that the Republican party will not now crumble under the tread of any bolter. Corruption in all its forms, and not least in our system of the civil service; the spirit of disaffection which survives the war, and which is the possible source of the gravest difficulties; the Democratic alliance with political ecclesiasticism; and the plain Democratic tendency to repudiation, as freshly shown in Ohio—are perils a thousandfold more threatening than the rejection or adoption of a more or less protective system.

If, therefore, Mr. SCHURZ or any other distinguished Republican should bolt from the next National Convention, they would not detach any considerable following unless the action of the Convention should be so foolish as to seriously shake the whole party. He advocates, for instance, as we do, general amnesty. The present proscription excludes from office—not from voting—some thousands of ex-rebels. It is unwise, indeed; but no folly could be so great as to bring those ex-rebels into power in order to carry the amnesty. Revenue reform, also, is most desirable; but with a constantly diminishing debt, and the scope and amount of taxation yearly reduced, why call upon repudiators for a sounder financial system? Civil service reform is imperative; but the National Convention will undoubtedly follow the State Conventions in demanding it. Mr. SCHURZ thinks that the Ku-Klux legislation was unwise and unconstitutional; but would the possible ill consequences be remedied by intrusting the government to the Ku-Klux Democracy? For the question in 1872 will be, as it always is in politics, an alternative. Will justice, liberty, peace, and prosperity be more probable under a Republican than under a Democratic Administration, even if the Republican platform be not all that some of us might wish, and the candidates not those that we prefer?

We assure our Missouri friend that we make the preference of no candidate yet mentioned a test of Republican orthodoxy. There are those, indeed, whose nomination might fairly be held to show such demoralization in the party that good Republicans could not support them; but no such alternative has yet presented itself in the Presidential debate. For reasons which we have mentioned, and shall probably often repeat, the renomination of General GRANT seems to us most expedient for the Republican party. While in his administration, as in every other, there is much to be criticised, much also of what is said of him and it is sheer calumny. But if the party shall fairly decide that it will not fight it out upon that line, but prefers another leader, we shall follow the flag. And if at this time the withdrawal of General GRANT from the candidacy would obviously unite the party upon a more available candidate, we believe that the President, whose patriotism and devotion to the welfare of the country have certainly been amply proved, would not hesitate to withdraw. But his retirement would not produce that result. There has been no other person mentioned upon whom there is any probability whatever of harmonious union. In 1867, when the question of the nomination was agitated, if General GRANT had peremptorily declined, Mr. CHASE would have been unanimously selected by the sentiment of the party. But who stands now where the Chief Justice stood then? In the actual situation, therefore, the renomination of the President is as expedient as his nomination was in 1868.

PARTIES AND CITY REFORM.

IN the great meeting of the people of New York to take action in regard to the monstrous municipal frauds which have been recently exposed, Mr. OSWALD OTTENDORFER, one of the most respected of the German-Americans, and the editor of a Democratic journal, made a calm and careful speech. Mr. OTTENDORFER'S main purpose seemed to be to deprecate party action upon the subject. He has not been slow in his paper and in the German Democratic Committee to describe and denounce the city corruptions, and to call for explanations, but at the meeting he seemed to be less intent upon the wrongs than fearful that the method adopted to remedy them would be abortive because partisan. His hope was that each party Convention would condemn the frauds, and pledge its party to a repeal of the present charter and to the preparation of a new one by the voters of the city. Then every honest Democrat and honest Republican in supporting his own party would be voting for reform; and under the reform charter municipal affairs could be placed beyond party politics.

This may, perhaps, sometimes be done, but not permanently—and not probably, indeed, in a city the vote of which is so enormous that it often controls the State, and may, therefore, even determine a national election. In certain contingencies, and for especial purposes, party politics may be discarded in the city. When a dominant party, for instance, like the Democratic party in the city last autumn, is divided, the minority party may often wisely throw its vote so as to disable the more dangerous wing of the common enemy. But, as a rule, great measures of reform in this country can be carried only by party action. Mr. OTTENDORFER has, of course, seen that his own editorial voice has been quite solitary among his Democratic brethren of the press. The *World*, which two years ago prattled about war to the knife with the Ring, is now the most obsequious of squires, and breakfasts daily upon its own words. The Albany *Argus* merely says sullenly that the Republicans are another. A few Democratic papers in the country have vigorously denounced the authors of the frauds; but the general instinct and effort of the Democratic press have been to deny or to extenuate the monstrous truth.

Mr. OTTENDORFER sees, moreover, that, even if the charge of the *Argus* be true, and if the money fraudulently obtained has been used to buy Republican votes, these votes were bought by Democrats for the purpose of continuing and enlarging the frauds of the Democratic Ring. And he would doubtless agree that those who incessantly assert that Republicans are just as bad, "only that they haven't been found out," might, in the same way, allege that the judge is as bad as the thief, only he hasn't been exposed. Let him be exposed, then, and prove your words. When Republican frauds as immense as those proved upon the Tammany Ring, and not denied, are exposed and established in the same manner, it will be time to say that Republicans are as bad. To say it upon a general theory of human rascality is absurd.

We presume that the Republican State Convention will probably act in the spirit of the resolutions adopted by the great meeting. It will, we hope, declare for the repeal of the present city charter, and for enabling the wisest and best citizens to form a new one; and it will urge Republicans in the city and in the State to nominate no candidates to the Legislature who are not pledged to the reform of the city of New York. If, as Mr. OTTENDORFER hopes, the Democratic Convention does likewise—then what? Then every intelligent man in the State, who sees the threatening danger to the country and the government of the hideous corruption now disclosed in the city, will decide which of the two parties, by its character and traditions, is the more likely to achieve the reform. It is not—as we are sure so thoughtful a political observer as Mr. OTTENDORFER will agree—bad men only, but bad tendencies, bad principles, which are responsible for such rascalities as those of the Ring. It is not, therefore, to good men only, but to elevating influences, to the tendencies of intelligence and the moral sense, that we must look for the purification of our politics and the progress of civilization.

In this country the party to which the great body of the intelligent and industrious people belong, whose ascendency is maintained in the most generally prosperous and truly progressive States, is presumptively the party from which real and wise reforms are to be expected. It is not careful to call itself conservative, because its face is set forward, not backward; and it knows that the boast of conservatism is a sop to prejudice, not an appeal to heroism. On the other hand, a party which is identified with a policy of cruel injustice, whose dominance is surest among the least patriotic and the most aristocratic, ignorant, and reactionary part of the population, is not one to which a wise man will hopefully look for a policy of justice, progress, and reform. By such considerations the question of the city corruptions will be decided. We shall be very glad, in the interests of the country, if the Democratic Convention should declare unreservedly for city reform. But we shall still believe reform to be more probable under Republican ascendency

THE LOST OPPORTUNITY IN FRANCE.

IT is a curious fate which seems constantly to baffle the political hopes of France. We recently said that it was probable the Assembly would assume authority to make a constitution, and while we were saying it the deed was done. M. THIERS, who, on the 17th of February, 1871, was appointed by the Assembly chief of the executive power "while awaiting a legal establishment of the institutions of France," was, on the 31st of August, declared President by the same Assembly, which, at the same time, announced that it was entitled to constituent powers, "which have not been exercised hitherto solely from force of circumstances." But this Assembly was convoked for the sole purpose of declaring whether the war should be carried on; and having done that duty, its obvious function was to provide for the "legal establishment of the institutions of France" by calling an Assembly for that purpose.

The situation of the country when the Assembly met is not, indeed, to be forgotten. The only visible government was a revolutionary committee, self-appointed, and ratified not by the country, but by the mob of Paris. Upon the meeting of the Assembly this committee resigned its powers, leaving the Assembly the only organized authority in France. It was compelled, therefore, to take some initiative, for it could not make peace with Germany and then dissolve, leaving no government whatever. But its initiative should have gone no further than the maintenance of order and the summoning an Assembly to frame a constitution. For if it did more, if it declared itself authorized to make a constitution, it might by the same right declare itself to be the permanent government; it might proclaim M. THIERS dictator for life; it might recall LOUIS NAPOLEON, or the Count of Chambord, or the Count of Paris.

The plea for the action which it has taken probably is that, as the elections were free in January, the Assembly then elected represents in August the will of the people as fully as a fresh Assembly. But this is a reasoning which merely shows total misconception of popular and constitutional government, of which the very condition is the delegation of limited and specific powers. If, indeed, any imperative necessity whatever could be asserted, there might be some reason in the situation for an Assembly called to determine the question of peace or war assuming to decide the form of government. But no such argument can be urged. If the Assembly, instead of usurping powers not delegated, had provided for a constitutional convention freely elected, the situation in France would have been much less threatening. The usurpation was carried, amidst great tumult, by a vote of 433 yeas to 227 nays, M. GAMBETTA declaring that he would not accept even the republic from the present Assembly.

The precedent sometimes quoted of our own constitutional convention in 1787 is wholly inapplicable. That convention was first suggested by the States to consider the whole subject of confederation or union. Then the Congress of the Confederation resolved that such a convention was expedient "for the sole and express purpose of revising the articles of confederation." That revision took the form of the Constitution, which was accepted by the Congress, and then adopted by the people. The truth is that the English blood has the instinct of popular constitutional government. The French theorize about it, but they misconceive it and lose it. "In France," said GUSTAVE DE BEAUMONT, the friend and biographer of DE TOCQUEVILLE (quoted in "Senior's Journals"), "we are not good balancers of inconveniences. As soon as we see the faults of an institution we break it. In England you calculate: we act on impulse. We should never have tolerated your Hanoverian kings, with their German favorites and their German policy. We should have turned them out in a year. You kept them until they were acclimatized and gradually became the best royal stock in Europe."

It is this impulse, combined with intrigue, which has led to the fatal mistake of the French Assembly. There was an opportunity of discovering the wish of France. The vast discontent which the BOURBON desolation and degradation left in that country, which lately showed itself in the Commune, and which has not in the least disappeared because it is for the moment silenced, might

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have had a chance of being heard. Not that harmony was to be expected, but that some reasonable compromise should have been sought, based upon the actual situation. Mr. BIGELOW, our late minister in France, an admirable observer and close student of the country and its people, has just published a pamphlet upon France and hereditary monarchy which is well worth consideration. He says, what is probably indisputable, "There is probably no human imagination competent to devise a government for France which would be acceptable to a majority of the people; and for the simple reason that the French have been so many generations accustomed to be governed that they have no idea of the amount of personal rights or liberties a man can afford to surrender for the privilege of having the rest assured to him: and it is precisely this knowledge which constitutes political education." Mr. BIGELOW thinks that the first thing to be done in France is to make the chief executive officer elective at very brief intervals. This accords with DE BEAUMONT'S view, and would be adapted to the French impulsiveness which he describes. Instead of turning him out by force upon the instant, if they disliked him, the majority would wait and vote him out to-morrow. But, so far as can be now seen, personal intrigues have again baffled the hope of peaceful progress, and France has once more lost her opportunity.

NEW YORK REPUBLICANS.

WE can not forbear to express once more the earnest hope that the Republican Convention in this State will honorably compose the difficulties which now exasperate and divide the party. The feeling has recently become much imbittered. Mr. GREELEY'S letters, and those of Mr. CORNELL, and that of General MERRITT, and the card of General PALMER, show a feeling which it will require great self-command and devotion to a good cause to reconcile. The situation is this: There has been a reorganization of the party in the city. Mr. GREELEY and General MERRITT claim that there was no occasion for it and no authority. Mr. CORNELL claims, on the other hand, that the manifest and notorious influence of Tammany upon the old committee, and the request of ten thousand good Republicans, furnished sufficient occasion; and that, without a precedent, the facts themselves authorized the reorganization.

There are many charges and counter-charges, but there is one point only upon which the Convention should fix its close attention. The fatal and enormous corruption of the Tammany Ring, which has been always suspected, is now publicly known and openly proved. It is the first duty of all honest men to rid the city and State and country of the monstrous incubus. Is there a plainer or more commanding duty of the Republican party than to purge itself of the slightest suspicion of complicity with that justly odious influence? We are sure that General MERRITT would be the first to say there is not. We know, for the *Tribune* is the witness, that Mr. GREELEY formerly asserted it with vehemence. Is, then, the old committee justly liable to the suspicion of Tammany influence? Mr. GREELEY has given us the names of certain Republicans as agents of Tammany. If those Republicans, shrewd, active politicians, are upon that committee, is there not just reason for that suspicion, which can be removed only by withdrawing the party from the control of such a committee?

Well, those Republicans are upon that committee. The very members of the sub-committee that reported Mr. GREELEY'S name as a blind merely. Under such circumstances, why should a precedent for reorganization by the State Committee be required? The State Committee is not a body whose duties can be precisely defined. It must—and very much at its discretion, each member being responsible to all other Republicans—do what is necessary for the welfare of the party in the State. Could any thing be more imperative than the duty of relieving the party in the city of New York from all association with Tammany when the whole country cries out at Tammany with anger and disgust? We have no doubt whatever that if Tammany had reached out its hand in a Republican glove, and had made a chairman of the Republican committee of St. Lawrence County, General MERRITT would himself have moved in the State Committee that, if none existed, *a precedent be made* for calling a new committee, untainted with Tammany, appealing for approval to the State Convention; and the honest Republicans from Montauk to Niagara would have cried Amen!

What would be the effect upon the Republicans of New York and of the country if the Convention should, under the circumstances, sustain a committee some of whose most active members have been denounced by its own chairman as Tammany agents? The best men of both parties in the city of New York have just combined in a denunciation of the Tammany Ring as flagrantly corrupt and criminal. Will a Republican State Convention sustain a Republican committee in which the same Tammany has its agents upon the ground that there was no precedent and no express authority for providing another? Will it be said that the Tammany influence has not harmed the party? But their very presence is an incalculable mischief by destroying all confidence.

Grant that members of the new committee are public officers appointed by a Republican Administration and in harmony with it, is that a reason for preferring a Republican committee which embraces Tammany office-holders? Grant that the new committee is in favor of the renomination of the President, is that, again, a reason for retaining the influence of TWEED and HALL in Republican counsels? Grant that some of the most active friends of the new organization were formerly friends of Tammany, is that a reason for supporting the present friends of Tammany? If to have been an ally of Tammany was shameful, is it honorable to be an ally now? Grant that Mr. GREELEY has been a more orthodox Republican than Mr. MURPHY, is that a reason for preferring a committee in which Mr. GREELEY is associated with those whom he has himself exposed as Tammany agents, to a committee confessedly free from Tammany connections?

Of course there are Republicans upon the old committee who are wholly free of any suspicion of collusion with Tammany; and it is undeniable that many good Republicans have made the cause of the old committee their own. The Convention must, therefore, deal with the facts. Its first duty should be to determine, not what course will best serve the renomination of the President, but what will most surely harmonize the party, without which harmony all nominations will be ineffectual. Whatever the wishes of individuals may be, we have no doubt whatever that the Convention will really wish to secure that harmony. But it can be done only by mutual concessions. For party purposes the Convention is independent and absolute. It need be governed by no precedent, nor fear to make one. Its responsibility will be very great, for possibly in this Convention the Presidential election of next year may be lost or won.

PERSONAL.

MR. SPEAKER BLAINE has, in a brief letter to the Maine *Standard*, effectually extinguished the slanderous imputations that have been put abroad of his having acquired a large fortune by means of his public position at Washington. His letter, like his recent speech at Saratoga, is characterized by a vigor and directness that go straight to the mark. Mr. Speaker BLAINE is in the very prime of his powers. Although only forty-one years of age, he has had four years of service in the Legislature of Maine (two of which as Speaker) and eight years in Congress, and is now for the second time Speaker of the House. But the record he made as editor of the Kennebec *Journal* and Portland *Advertiser*, during several years' editorial work, was quite as distinguished as his political career. Journalism is his profession, though it is quite probable that the talent and vim that have achieved so much at forty-one will still retain him in public life.

—Mr. HENRY WATTERSON, editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, in an "Exclusively Personal" article in that paper, of August 29, over his own signature, gives an account of his differences with the editors and proprietors of the Louisville *Ledger* in style so trenchant, witty, and good-humored that it must have been enjoyed immensely by Kentucky folk and people of the South generally, irrespective of party. It is the best Southern article of the kind we have seen, and worthy the columns of a journal which the ability and wit of GEORGE D. PRENTICE have made famous. Of Mr. CALDWELL, the financial supporter of the *Ledger*, Mr. WATTERSON playfully remarks, in reply to the charge of being a card-player: "I rarely sat down to play the very small game of draw-poker, which is the only small game of gentlemen of which both of us are members, that he was not on the other side of the table. . . . He plays an uncommon square, close game of draw-poker, settles more promptly than I am always able to do, and seldom swears or bluffs. I do not think that either of us will ever be damned for the few offenses of that sort we may have committed. But if any damning is to be done, it ought to be impartial; and I venture to demur to the edict that sends me solitary and alone to that wicked place on a 'queen full,' leaving ISAAC CALDWELL at the table with the prosperous and happy aspect of a Christian who never goes in on less than two pairs, nor sees a raise on less than four aces," etc., etc., and more, quite as good.

—Lord BROUGHAM'S last passion was a passion for hymns. During the last two years of his life he collected all the various hymn-books he could hear of, and a verse from his favorite hymn is inscribed on his memorial tablet in the church at Cannes.

—Hon. JAMES F. WILSON, of Iowa, is formally announced as a candidate for the United States Senate from Iowa. Mr. W. is unquestionably one of the foremost public men and ablest lawyers of the West. President GRANT offered and pressed upon his acceptance two cabinet appointments, which he declined. He is now in the very prime of his powers, being only forty-three years of age. Born in Ohio, he removed to Iowa in 1856. In the following year he was elected to the Legislature, and re-elected the year following. In 1861 he was sent to Congress, and was re-elected to the Thirty-eighth, Thirty-ninth, and Fortieth Congresses. As chairman of the Judiciary Committee he at once took and maintained a high position as a lawyer and debater. He was one of the managers of the ANDREW JOHNSON impeachment trial.

—ISMAIL PACHA, Khedive or Viceroy of Egypt, is not only one of the most absolute rulers of modern times, but is unquestionably one of the richest, his fortune being estimated at three hundred millions of dollars. He lives in a new palace that cost only about twice as much as our new County Court-house, except that the expense for plastering, plumbing, painting, puttying, and especially carpeting, cost infinitely less. The Khedive, who is only thirty-six, was educated in Paris, and is one of the most hospitable of men. At the Suez Canal celebration he entertained all the foreigners present, some sixty thousand in all, at an expense of twenty-five millions of dollars. He is the master absolute of seven and a half millions of people.

—A brother in the country remarks that "the first BUTLER of whom we have any record in ancient sacred history is Pharaoh's "chief Butler," of Egypt; the last BUTLER known to the readers of modern profane history is General B. F. BUTLER, of Lowell. With the exception of the fact that the first was *not* a temperance man, being addicted to his "cups," the parallel between the two is striking: both got into trouble with the national administration; both got "bottled up;" both were great dreamers; both enjoyed a poor memory; and both lived long enough to see some of their competitors "lifted up."

—We have pleasure in announcing that among the many musical events of the coming season will be the first appearance in concert of Mrs. F. PICTON ROWE, whose connection with some of the leading families of New York, and superior musical acquirements, will render the event one of more than ordinary interest. She is a pupil of Madame BRINKERHOFF, and those who have heard her in private predict for her a brilliant success.

—Several of Mr. GLADSTONE'S party are restive under the curb of that gentleman—conspicuously Mr. VERNON HARCOURT, Mr. JACOB BRIGHT, Mr. FAWCETT, Mr. LOWE, and others, in and out of the ministry, who are strong in Parliament. There is some talk of organizing a Liberal-Conservative party, with the Earl of Derby as leader, but it will probably be deemed impracticable. Lord Derby is a frigid, formal, accurate sort of man, able, well-informed, and all that sort of thing, but by no means possessed of the readiness, tact, good temper, and talent requisite for a premier.

—Colonel J. ROSS SNOWDEN, a writer of ability on financial subjects, is preparing, at the request of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, a memoir for the national centenary "upon the time, place, and incidents of the composition, adoption, signing, and promulgation of the Declaration of Independence." This will include notices of the house where it was written, the desk used by Mr. JEFFERSON, the hall of Congress, the chair of HANCOCK, the bell of liberty, and as far as possible of the abode of each member of the Committee on Independence. It is also intended to illustrate the work with pictorial representations of historical places, persons, and objects connected with the Declaration.

—The Rev. W. H. MILBURN, "the blind man eloquent," has recently returned from a tour extending from Minnesota to Texas. He has added to his répertoire of lectures new ones upon RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, JOHN RANDOLPH of Roanoke, and "What a Blind Man Saw in California." Mr. MILBURN'S address for the season will be Jacksonville, Illinois.

—The recent death of JOHN SLIDELL abroad has led to certain curious legal proceedings in Louisiana in reference to his estate. Having died intestate as to his confiscated estate, and there being no surviving widow or heirs in Louisiana, the public administrator of New Orleans petitions to be put in possession of the property. The petition claims that the property of Mr. SLIDELL, sold under the confiscation acts, reverted to his heirs at his death, and that he could not dispose of said property by will or testament. The Court accordingly appointed attorneys to represent the absent heirs. Mr. SLIDELL was a man of large wealth, and at the very outbreak of the rebellion had the sagacity to sell a large portion of his estate and invest it abroad. This enabled him to live in a certain style of elegance, while the less thoughtful refugees were compelled to get a subsistence as best they could.

—ALI PACHA, Grand Vizier of Turkey, whose recent death is reported by cable, though only fifty-six years of age, has been continuously the occupant of important public positions since he was twenty-three, having at that age been chargé d'affaires at London. Immediately afterward he was Under Secretary of State, and since then successively the representative of his government at London, Vienna, and Paris. In 1857 he attained the highest position in Turkey, that of Grand Vizier. He was a man of first-class abilities, great firmness, yet with all the tact, good temper, honesty, and frankness necessary for a successful diplomatist and statesman.

—Father HYACINTHE has written a letter to Father PENAUD, a priest of the Oratory, and Professor of Ecclesiastical History at the Sorbonne, in which he explains why he can not return to the place he has left vacant. He is fighting, he says, in silence and in isolation, against the fanaticism which is endeavoring to reduce the Church to the position of a mere political party. France has been invaded and ruined by the Ultramontanes, he adds, just as she has been by the Prussians, and ecclesiastically subjected by the court of Rome as she has been politically subjected by the court of Berlin.

—The members of the London School Board, the most important of the educational boards of England, are thus sketched in a letter to the *Evening Mail* by that clever literary man, Mr. JUSTIN M'CARTHY: "This School Board is in many respects more interesting to a stranger than the House of Commons. It is presided over by Lord Laurence, a retired viceroy of India, and one of the very ablest of Indian administrators. This man with the broad, square brow, the look of humor about the large mouth, the careless dress and careless attitude, and the easy, forcible style of language, in which every now and then an epigram sparkles and a profound thought is mirrored as he addresses the meeting —this is the greatest scientific controversialist, the most conspicuous *savant* in England—Professor HUXLEY. Near him is an elderly, old-fashioned, shabby, and demure-looking person, scant of hair and rather mean of aspect, seeming like an undertaker in depressed circumstances—and that is Mr. LUCRAFT, the renowned working-man, comrade of ODGER and BRADLAUGH, and member of the International. When he speaks, as he very often does at the meetings of the School Board, he is much more likely to back up HUXLEY than to agree with Lord Sandor, who sits beside him, or the Rev. Mr. ROGERS, a leading member of the Established Church clergy of the city. Opposite LUCRAFT sits HEPWORTH DIXON, and near DIXON is a neat, pleasant, rather pretty little lady, who was once Miss GARRETT, and as such fought her way bravely into the medical profession, and is now Mrs. ANDERSON. This lady speaks very well, and not too often, during the debates. The Board has one other feminine member, Miss EMILY DAVIS, a quiet, formal-looking lady, whom, if it were not rude, one would call old-maidish in appearance. Now these ladies can bear a good part in a discussion, and they do not talk too much. . . . A great public Board, elected by popular suffrage, and which comprises a famous Indian viceroy, some lords and some clergymen, a working-man, a professional journalist, a renowned *savant*, and one or two ladies, is a novelty worth seeing, and still more worth studying."

—Hon. THOMAS FITCH, who represented Nevada in the United State House of Representatives in the last Congress, is in Salt Lake preparing a lecture on BRIGHAM YOUNG, whom he regards as one of the remarkable men in history. Mr. FITCH was born in this city in 1838, was educated in our public schools, removed to Wisconsin in 1855, thence to California, editing papers for a livelihood; then to Nevada, where he succeeded in getting elected to Congress. At the last election KENDALL, Democrat, defeated him by 330 votes.

—Two Belgian physicians, Drs. GRISHAU and HAGEN, have, after careful collation of facts, stated the following as the proportions which the consumption of tobacco bears to insanity in Belgium. From 1818 to 1830, the tobacco product being 20,000,000 kilogrammes, there were 10,000 insane reported annually. In 1832, with a production of 80,000,000 kilogrammes, there were 15,000 insane. In 1852 the product was 112,000,000 kilogrammes, the insane 22,000. In 1864, with a tobacco product of 180,000,000 kilogrammes, there were 44,000 crazy Belgians.

—General JOHN A. DIX is now a government pensioner at eight dollars per month. He served as second lieutenant of United States Infantry (regulars) in the war of 1812. Ex-Collector REDFIELD, now a resident of the western part of the State, was a private in the same war, and was put on the pension roll last winter at the same time and at the same figure with General DIX.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THERE was a mass-meeting of the citizens of New York city held at the Cooper Institute on the evening of September 4, to consider the condition of the municipal finances. The hall was crowded, and the audience seemed to be fully pervaded with earnest feeling. Ex-Mayor William F. Havemeyer presided, and eloquent and effective addresses were made by Judge Emott, Hon. O. Ottendorfer, ex-Governor Salomon, Hon. Robert B. Roosevelt, and Judge Pierrepont. Resolutions were adopted by the meeting expressing astonishment and alarm at the increase of the city's debt by $83,000,000 since the inauguration of the present Mayor; declaring the truth of the charges made against the city and county officials has been confirmed by the contemptuous denials with which the latter have met these charges; distinctly denouncing by name William M. Tweed, Richard B. Connolly, and A. Oakey Hall as guilty of corruption, and demanding either their exculpation or their resignation of the trusts confided to them; appealing to the next State Legislature to repeal the new charter; and authorizing the appointment of a committee of seventy members to carry out the objects of the meeting. A very able and efficient committee was appointed.

The California State election, September 6, resulted in the election of Newton Booth (Republican) for Governor, by a majority of from 5000 to 6000. Governor Haight, the present Democratic incumbent, was elected in 1867 by a majority of 9500.

The returns of the recent election in Wyoming Territory give the Republicans a majority of two in the Senate, and the Democrats a majority of two in the House.

The New Jersey Republican Convention at Trenton, September 7, on its second ballot nominated Cornelius Walsh for Governor.

FOREIGN NEWS.

A TERRIBLE railway accident occurred in Northern France, September 4, by which ten persons were instantly killed and a large number injured.

Sentence of death has been pronounced against four women, by court-martial, convicted of incendiarism during the siege of Paris, imprisonment in a fortress against one, and ten years' solitary confinement against another.

General Manteuffel, commanding the German Army of Occupation, announced September 9 the consent of his government to the evacuation of the departments around Paris.

Rossel, the Communist leader, has been sentenced to death.

Dr. Karl Marx, the leading spirit of the International Society, died in London, September 5, aged fifty-three years.

An explosion in a coal mine near Wigan, Lancashire, England, September 6, resulted in the loss of sixty-nine lives.

The English Republican Committee has issued its programme, embracing the following principles: "The application of the principle of federation to the kingdom; the abolition of titles and privileges; the suppression of monopolies; the abolition of standing armies; compulsory education; the state to provide work for those laborers who are able to work, and sustenance for those who are incapacitated from work; the nationalization of land; popular legislation; and the diffusion of republicanism."

The Emperors of Germany and Austria met at Salzburg September 6.

Gonzalez Bravo Murillo, ex-Premier of Spain, died at Biarritz September 8.

Ali Pacha, Grand Vizier of Turkey, died September 6. Server Effendi Mostechar succeeds him.

The famine in Persia is reported to have abated, though at Tabriz the deaths still average 240 per day.

A destructive hurricane visited the Sandwich Islands August 9.

The hurricane of August 21, besides its devastations in the island of St. Thomas, was elsewhere very destructive. In the island of Antigua every estate was damaged. In the island of Tortola five churches were blown down or shattered by the hurricane. In the island of St. Kitt's 800 houses were destroyed, and 40 estates were nearly ruined. In the island of Saba the growing crops were destroyed.

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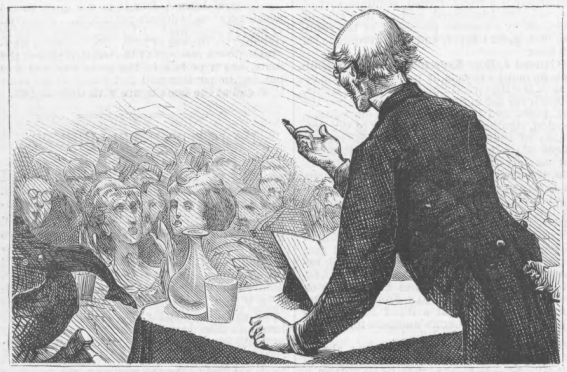
THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT EDINBURGH.—HUMORS OF SCIENCE.

PLACARDS HAVE BEEN AFFIXED IN SPOTS TABOOED TO BILL-STICKERS OF THE LESSER SORT.

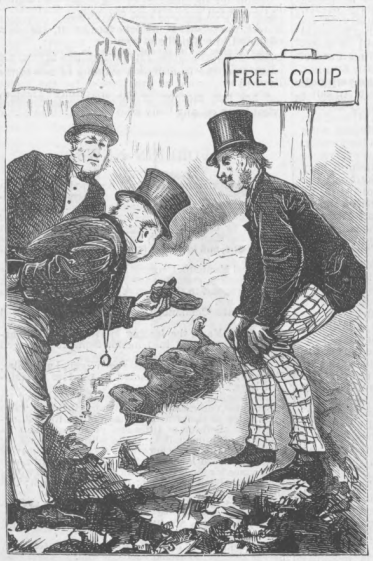
ALL HOTELS ARE FULL, AND ALL CABS ENGAGED.

"WHAT ARE YOUR VIEWS, MR. JONES, ON THE THERMAL EQUIVALENT OF OXIDE OF CHLORINE?"



ON THE MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT OF THE INSECT TRIBE.

"IT IS A CHEAP WAY OF ACQUIRING A CHARACTER FOR PROFOUND LEARNING, ETC."



ANTIQUARIAN RESEARCHES.

DARWIN ECLIPSED.

THE WYNDS DISPLAY THEIR USUAL BUNTING.

THE meeting of the British Association brought even more visitors to Edinburgh than the SCOTT Centenary—not all gray-bearded *savants* or solemn professors, but young and pretty damsels, "who had come with papa," and trim young dandies, who had come to look after the damsels. All Edinburgh was alive with sparkling toilets and their charming wearers, while the *séances* were crowded with most unscientific-looking audiences. The discourses, however, were grave and scientific enough to suit the veriest sage extant, and startling were the topics brought forward and discussed, from Sir WILLIAM THOMSON'S meteoric theory to Miss BECKER'S stanch advocacy of woman's rights and privileges. There is a ludicrous aspect to every thing, and the artist has portrayed the comic side of the meeting on this page.

The inscription, "Free Coup," over the mound which our *savants* are so carefully and anxiously inspecting, means "rubbish shot here," and that the mound, perhaps considered by them to be an ancient Gaelic tomb, is nothing more nor less than a—dust heap.

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HON. ROBERT B. ROOSEVELT.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY SARONY & CO., 680 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.]

ROBERT B. ROOSEVELT.

ROBERT B. ROOSEVELT, Representative in Congress from the Fourth Congressional District of New York, belongs to one of the best known of the old Knickerbocker families. He was born on the 7th of August, 1829, in Cortlandt Street; and in the course of a remarkably busy life has won distinction in law, literature, and journalism, and has thoroughly identified himself with most of the measures of municipal reform which have been successfully carried out in this city. He began the practice of the law in 1850, in partnership with his father, and until the dissolution, a few years since, of the firm of S. W. & R. B. ROOSEVELT devoted himself with tireless industry to the management of a widely extended practice. He nevertheless found time to contribute extensively to the magazine literature of the day, and to publish, in 1862, a book under the title of the "Game Fish of North America," followed in 1865 by "Superior Fishing," and in 1866 by the "Game Birds of the North."

Mr. ROOSEVELT is an enthusiastic sportsman. He early foresaw that the reckless killing of game would in time extirpate game of all kinds from the woods and waters of the State, and organized a number of sportsmen's clubs for the purpose of restraining indiscriminate and untimely slaughter. At his suggestion the New York State Fishery Commission was established in 1867, and he was appointed one of the three Commissioners—his associates being ex-Governor SEYMOUR and Mr. SETH GREEN, the eminent pisciculturist. The reports of the Commission, prepared chiefly by Mr. ROOSEVELT, attracted wide attention, and led to the appointment of similar commissions in other States.

Mr. ROOSEVELT is also known as the author of "Ten Acres too Much," an amusing satire upon amateur farming.

Always a firm Democrat, Mr. ROOSEVELT has also been, as before intimated, a consistent advocate of municipal reform; and the establishment of a paid Fire Department, and a Health Department in place of the old inefficient Sanitary Board, were in no slight degree due to his exertions. When the Citizens' Association established the New York *Citizen* as an organ of reform, Mr. ROOSEVELT was associated in its conduct with the late CHARLES G. HALPINE. Upon the death of General HALPINE he succeeded to the sole charge of the paper, which he has since bought and still conducts.

In 1870 Mr. ROOSEVELT was elected to the Forty-second Congress by a majority of 5201 votes in a total vote of 16,993. Although the pressure of the anti-Tammany Democratic organizations forced Tammany Hall to indorse his nomination, he has never hesitated to denounce the fraudulent measures of that corrupt clique; and in taking part in the great meeting of September 4, where he delivered a scathing rebuke to the corrupt "Ring," Mr. ROOSEVELT was thoroughly true to his political record. A frank, honest, manly gentleman, Mr. ROOSEVELT is by nature an enemy of the city plunderers; and his very pride in the Democratic party has probably made him the more anxious that it should clear its skirts of the foulness inseparable from the clique now ruling Tammany Hall.

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UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

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POOR MISS FINCH.

A Domestic Story.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," "Man and Wife," etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

BLIND LOVE.

LUCILLA was at the piano when I entered the sitting-room.

"I wanted you of all things," she said. "I have sent all over the house in search of you. Where have you been?"

I told her.

She sprang to her feet with a cry of delight.

"You have persuaded him to trust you—you have discovered every thing. You only said 'I have been at Browndown'—and I heard it in your voice. Out with it! out with it!"

She never moved—she seemed hardly to breathe—while I was telling her all that had passed at the interview between Oscar and me. As soon as I had done she got up in a violent hurry, flushed and eager, and made straight for her bedroom door.

"What are you going to do?" I asked.

"I want my hat and my stick," she answered.

"You are going out?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"Can you ask the question? To Browndown, of course!"

I begged her to wait a moment, and hear a word or two that I had to say. It is, I suppose, almost needless to add that my object in speaking to her was to protest against the glaring impropriety of her paying a second visit, in one day, to a man who was a stranger to her. I declared, in the plainest terms, that such a proceeding would be sufficient, in the estimation of any civilized community, to put her reputation in peril. The result of my interference was curious and interesting in the extreme. It showed me that the virtue called Modesty (I am not speaking of Decency, mind) is a virtue of purely artificial growth; and that the successful cultivation of it depends, in the first instance, not on the influence of the tongue, but on the influence of the eye.

Suppose the case of an average young lady (conscious of feeling a first love) to whom I might have spoken in the sense that I have just mentioned—what would she have done?

She would assuredly have shown some natural and pretty confusion, and would, in all human probability, have changed color more or less while she was listening to me. Lucilla's charming face revealed but one expression—an expression of disappointment, slightly mixed, perhaps, with surprise. I believed her to be then, what I knew her to be afterward, as pure a creature as ever walked the earth. And yet of the natural and becoming confusion, of the little inevitable feminine changes of color which I had expected to see, not so much as a vestige appeared—and this, remember, in the case of a person of unusually sensitive and impulsive nature: quick, on the most trifling occasions, to feel and to express its feelings in no ordinary degree.

What did it mean?

It meant that here was one strange side shown to me of the terrible affliction that darkened her life. It meant that modesty is essentially the growth of our own consciousness of the eyes of others judging us, and that blindness is never bashful, for the one simple reason that blindness can not see. The most modest girl in existence is bolder with her lover in the dark than in the light. The female model who "sits" for the first time in a drawing academy, and who shrinks from the ordeal, is persuaded, in the last resort, to enter the students' room by having a bandage bound over her eyes. My poor Lucilla had always the bandage over her eyes. My poor Lucilla was never to meet her lover in the light. She had grown up with the passions of a woman, and yet she had never advanced beyond the fearless and primitive innocence of a child. Ah, if ever there was a sacred charge confided to any mortal creature, here surely was a sacred charge confided to Me! I could not endure to see the poor pretty blind face turned so insensibly toward mine, after such words as I had just said to her. She was standing within my reach. I took her by the arm, and made her sit on my knee. "My dear," I said, very earnestly, "you must *not* go to him again to-day."

"I have got so much to say to him!" she answered, impatiently. "I want to tell him how deeply I feel for him, and how anxious I am to make his life a happier one if I can."

"My dear Lucilla! you can't say this to a young man. It is as good as telling him, in plain words, that you are fond of him!"

"I *am* fond of him."

"Hush! hush! Keep it to yourself until you are sure that *he* is fond of *you*. It is the man's place, my love, not the woman's, to own the truth first in matters of this sort."

"That is very hard on the women. If they feel it first, they ought to own it first." She paused for a moment, considering with herself, and abruptly got off my knee. "I *must* speak to him!" she burst out; "I *must* tell him that I have heard his story, and that I think all the better of him after it, instead of the worse!"

She was again on her way to get her hat. My only chance of stopping her was to invent a compromise.

"Write him a note," I said, and then suddenly remembered that she was blind. "You shall dictate," I added, "and I will hold the pen. Be content with that for to-day. For my sake, Lucilla!"

She yielded, not very willingly, poor thing. But she jealously declined to let me hold the pen.

"My first note to him must be all written by *me*," she said. "I can write, in my own roundabout way. It's long and tiresome; but still I can do it. Come, and see."

She led the way to a writing-table in the corner of the room, and sat for a while, with the pen in her hand, thinking. Her irresistible smile broke suddenly like a glow of light over her face. "Ah!" she exclaimed, "I know how to tell him what I think!"

Guiding the pen in her right hand with the fingers of her left hand, she wrote slowly in large childish characters, these words:

"TRACED WITH A FINGER DIPPED IN BLOOD—'HELP.'"

"DEAR MR. OSCAR,—I have heard all about you. Please send me the little gold vase.

"Your friend, LUCILLA."

She inclosed and directed the letter, and clapped her hands for joy. "He will know what *that* means!" she said, gayly.

It was useless to attempt making a second remonstrance. I rang the bell, under protest (imagine her receiving a present from a gentleman to whom she had spoken for the first time that morning!), and Zillah was sent off to Browndown with the letter. In making this concession I privately said to myself, "I shall keep a tight hand over Oscar; he is the most manageable person of the two!"

The interval before the return of the nurse was not an easy interval to fill up. I proposed some music. Lucilla was still too full of her new interest to be able to give her attention to any thing else. She suddenly remembered that her father and her step-mother ought both to be informed that Mr. Dubourg was a perfectly presentable person at the rectory. She decided on writing to her father.

On this occasion she made no difficulty about permitting me to hold the pen while she told me what to write. We produced between us rather a flighty, enthusiastic, high-flown sort of letter. I felt by no means sure that we should raise a favorable impression of our new neighbor in the mind of Reverend Finch. That was, however, not my affair. I appeared to excellent advantage in the matter as the judicious foreign lady who had insisted on making inquiries. For the rest, it was a point of honor with me—writing for a person who was blind—not to change a single word in the sentences which Lucilla dictated to me. The letter completed, I wrote the address of the house in Brighton at which Mr. Finch then happened to be staying; and I was next about to close the envelope in due course—when Lucilla stopped me.

"Wait a little," she said. "Don't close the letter yet."

I wondered why the envelope was to be left open, and why Lucilla looked a little confused when she forbade me to close it. Another unexpected revelation of the influence of their affliction on the natures of the blind was waiting to enlighten me on those two points.

After consultation between us it had been decided, at Lucilla's express request, that I should inform Mrs. Finch that the mystery at Browndown was now cleared up. Lucilla openly owned to having no great relish for the society of her step-mother, or for the duty invariably devolving on any body who was long in the com-

"THERE, CONFRONTING US ON THE THRESHOLD, STOOD LUCILLA'S FATHER AND OSCAR DUBOURG."

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pany of that fertile lady of either finding her handkerchief or holding her baby. A duplicate key of the door of communication between the two sides of the house was given to me, and I left the room.

Before performing my errand I went for a minute into my bed-chamber to put away my hat and my parasol. Returning into the corridor, and passing the door of the sitting-room, I found that it had been left ajar by some one who had entered after I had left, and I heard Lucilla's voice say, "Take that letter out of the envelope, and read it to me."

I pursued my way along the passage—very slowly, I own—and I heard the first sentences of the letter which I had written under Lucilla's dictation read aloud to her in the old nurse's voice. The incurable suspicion of the blind—always abandoned to the same melancholy distrust of the persons about them, always doubting whether some deceit is not being practiced on them by the happy people who can see—had urged Lucilla, even in the trifling matter of the letter, to put me to the test behind my back. She was using Zillah's eyes to make sure that I had really written all that she had dictated to me, exactly as, on many an after occasion, she used my eyes to make sure of Zillah's complete performance of tasks allotted to her in the house. No experience of the faithful devotion of those who live with them ever thoroughly satisfies the blind. Ah, poor things, always in the dark! always in the dark!

In opening the door of communication it appeared as if I had also opened all the doors of all the bed-chambers in the rectory. The moment I stepped into the passage, out popped the children from one room after another, like rabbits out of their burrows.

"Where is your mamma?" I asked.

The rabbits answered by one universal shriek, and popped back again into their burrows.

I went down the stairs to try my luck on the ground-floor. The window on the landing had a view over the front garden. I looked out, and saw the irrepressible Arab of the family, our small, chubby Jicks, wandering in the garden all by herself, evidently on the watch for her next opportunity of escaping from the house. This curious little creature cared nothing for the society of the other children. In-doors, she sat gravely retired in corners, taking her meals (whenever she could) on the floor. Out-of-doors, she roamed till she could walk no longer, and then lay down any where, like a little animal, to sleep. She happened to look up as I stood at the window. Seeing me, she waved her hands indicatively in the direction of the rectory gate. "What is it?" I asked. The Arab answered, "Jicks wants to get out."

At the same moment the screaming of a baby below informed me that I was in the near neighborhood of Mrs. Finch.

I advanced toward the noise, and found myself standing before the open door of a large store-room at the extreme end of the passage. In the middle of the room (issuing household commodities to the cook) sat Mrs. Finch. She was robed this time in a petticoat and a shawl; and she had the baby and the novel laid together flat on their backs in her lap.

"Eight pounds of soap? Where does it all go to, I wonder!" groaned Mrs. Finch, to the accompaniment of the baby's screams. "Five pounds of soda for the laundry? One would think we did the washing for the whole village. Six pounds of candles? You must eat candles as the Russians do. Who ever heard of burning six pounds of candles in a week? Ten pounds of sugar? Who gets it all? I never taste sugar from one year's end to another. Waste, nothing but waste!" Here Mrs. Finch looked my way, and saw me at the door. "Oh, Madame Pratolungo? How d'ye do? Don't go away. I've just done.—A bottle of blacking? My shoes are a disgrace to the house. Five pounds of rice? If I had Indian servants, five pounds of rice would last them for a year. There! take the things away into the kitchen.—Excuse my dress, Madame Pratolungo. How *am* I to dress, with all I have got to do? What do you say? My time must, indeed, be fully occupied? Ah, that's just where it is! When you have lost half an hour in the morning, and can't pick it up again—to say nothing of having the store-room on your mind, and the children's dinner late, and the baby fractious—one slips on a petticoat and a shawl, and gives it up in despair. What *can* I have done with my handkerchief? Would you mind looking among those bottles behind you? Oh, here it is under the baby. Might I trouble you to hold my book for one moment? I think the baby will be quieter if I put him the other way." Here Mrs. Finch turned the baby over on his stomach, and patted him briskly on the back. At this change in his circumstances the unappeasable infant only roared louder than ever. His mother appeared to be perfectly unaffected by the noise. This resigned domestic martyr looked placidly up at me as I stood before her, bewildered, with the novel in my hand. "Ah, that's a very interesting story," she went on. "Plenty of love in it, you know. You have come for it, haven't you? I remember I promised to lend it to you yesterday." Before I could answer, the cook appeared again in search of more household commodities. Mrs. Finch repeated the woman's demands, one by one as she made them, in tones of despair. "Another bottle of vinegar? I believe you water the garden with vinegar! More starch? The Queen's washing, I'm firmly persuaded, doesn't come to as much as ours. Sand-paper? Sand-paper means waste-paper in this profligate house. I shall tell your master. I really *can* NOT make the housekeeping money last at this rate.—Don't go, Madame Pratolungo! I shall have done directly. What? You must go? Oh, then, put the book back on my lap, please, and look behind that sack of flour. The first volume slipped down there this morning, and I haven't had time to pick it up since.—Sand-paper! Do you think I'm made of sand-paper?—Have you found the first volume? Ah, that's it. All over flour! There's a hole in the sack, I suppose.—Twelve sheets of sand-paper used in a week! What for? I defy any of you to tell me what for. Waste! waste! shameful, sinful waste!" At this point in Mrs. Finch's lamentations I made my escape with the book, and left the subject of Oscar Dubourg to be introduced at a fitter opportunity. The last words I heard, through the screams of the baby, as I ascended the stairs, were words still relating to the week's prodigal consumption of sand-paper. Let us drop a tear, if you please, over the woes of Mrs. Finch, and leave the British matron apostrophizing domestic economy in the odorous seclusion of her own store-room.

I had just related to Lucilla the failure of my expedition to the other side of the house, when Zillah returned, bringing with her the gold vase and a letter.

Oscar's answer was judiciously modeled to imitate the brevity of Lucilla's note. "You have made me a happy man again. When may I follow the vase?" There, in two sentences, was the entire letter.

I had another discussion with Lucilla relating to the propriety of our receiving Oscar in Reverend Finch's absence. It was only possible to persuade her to wait until she had at least heard from her father by consenting to take another walk toward Browndown the next morning. This new concession satisfied her. She had received his present; she had exchanged letters with him—that was enough to content her for the time.

"Do you think he is getting fond of me?" she asked, the last thing at night, taking her gold vase to bed with her, poor dear—exactly as she might have taken a new toy to bed with her when she was a child. "Give him time, my love," I answered. "It isn't every body who can travel at your pace in such a serious matter as this." My banter had no effect upon her. "Go away with your candle," she said. "The darkness makes no difference to *me*. I can see him in my thoughts." She nestled her head comfortably on the pillows, and tapped me saucily on the cheek as I bent over her. "Own the advantage I have over you now," she said. "*You* can't see at night without your candle. *I* could go all over the house at this moment without making a false step any where."

When I left her that night, I sincerely believe "poor Miss Finch" was the happiest woman in England.

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

MR. FINCH SMELLS MONEY.

A DOMESTIC alarm deferred for some hours our proposed walk to Browndown.

The old nurse, Zillah, was taken ill in the night. She was so little relieved by such remedies as we were able to apply that it became necessary to summon the doctor in the morning. He lived at some distance from Dimchurch; and he had to send back to his own house for the medicines required. As a necessary result of these delays, it was close on one o'clock in the afternoon before the medical remedies had their effect, and the nurse was sufficiently recovered to permit of our leaving her in the servants' care.

We had dressed for our walk (Lucilla being ready long before I was), and had got as far as the garden gate on our way to Browndown, when we heard, on the other side of the wall, a man's voice, pitched in superbly deep bass tones, pronouncing these words:

"Believe me, my dear Sir, there is not the least difficulty. I have only to send the check to my bankers at Brighton."

Lucilla started, and caught hold of me by the arm.

"My father!" she exclaimed, in the utmost astonishment. "Who is he talking to?"

The key of the gate was in my possession. "What a grand voice your father has got!" I said, as I took the key out of my pocket. I opened the gate. There, confronting us on the threshold, arm in arm as if they had known each other from childhood, stood Lucilla's father and —Oscar Dubourg!

Reverend Finch opened the proceedings by folding his daughter affectionately in his arms.

"My dear child!" he said, "I received your letter—your most interesting letter—this morning. The moment I read it I felt that I owed a duty to Mr. Dubourg. As pastor of Dimchurch, it was clearly incumbent on me to comfort a brother in affliction. I really felt, so to speak, a longing to hold out the right hand of friendship to this sorely tried man. I borrowed my friend's carriage, and drove straight to Browndown. We have had a long and cordial talk. I have brought Mr. Dubourg home with me. He must be one of us. My dear child, Mr. Dubourg must be one of us. Let me introduce you. My eldest daughter—Mr. Dubourg."

He performed the ceremony of presentation with the most impenetrable gravity, as if he really believed that Oscar and his daughter now met each other for the first time!

Never had I set my eyes on a meaner-looking man than this rector. In height he barely reached up to my shoulder. In substance he was so miserably lean that he looked the living picture of starvation. He would have made his fortune in the streets of London if he had only gone out and shown himself to the public in ragged clothes. His face was deeply pitted with the small-pox. His short grizzly hair stood up stiff and straight on his head like hair fixed in a broom. His small whitish-gray eyes had a restless, inquisitive, hungry look in them indescribably irritating and uncomfortable to see. The one personal distinction he possessed consisted in his magnificent bass voice—a voice which had no sort of right to exist in the person who used it. Until one became accustomed to the contrast there was something perfectly unbearable in hearing those superb big tones come out of that contemptible little body. The famous Latin phrase conveys, after all, the best description I can give of Reverend Finch. He was in very truth—Voice, and nothing else.

"Madame Pratolungo, no doubt?" he went on, turning to me. "Delighted to make the acquaintance of my daughter's judicious companion and friend. You must be one of us—like Mr. Dubourg. Let me introduce you. Madame Pratolungo—Mr. Dubourg.—This is the old side of the rectory, my dear Sir. We had it put in repair—let me see: how long since?—we had it put in repair just after Mrs. Finch's last confinement but one." (I soon discovered that Mr. Finch reckoned time by his wife's confinements.) "You will find it very curious and interesting inside. Lucilla, my child!—(It has pleased Providence, Mr. Dubourg, to afflict my daughter with blindness. Inscrutable Providence!)—Lucilla, this is your side of the house. Take Mr. Dubourg's arm, and lead the way. Do the honors, my child.—Madame Pratolungo, let me offer you my arm. I regret that I was not present when you arrived, to welcome you at the rectory. Consider yourself—do pray consider yourself—one of us." He stopped, and lowered his prodigious voice to a confidential growl. "Delightful person, Mr. Dubourg. I can't tell you how pleased I am with him. And what a sad story! Cultivate Mr. Dubourg, my dear madam. As a favor to Me—cultivate Mr. Dubourg!"

He said this with an appearance of the deepest anxiety—and more, he emphasized it by affectionately squeezing my hand.

I have met with a great many audacious people in my time. But the audacity of Reverend Finch—persisting to our faces in the assumption that he had been the first to discover our neighbor, and that Lucilla and I were perfectly incapable of understanding and appreciating Oscar unassisted by *him*—was entirely without a parallel in my experience. I asked myself what his conduct in this matter—so entirely unexpected by Lucilla, as well as by me—could possibly mean. My knowledge of his character, obtained through his daughter, and my memory of what we had heard him say on the other side of the wall, suggested that his conduct might mean—Money.

We assembled in the sitting-room.

The only person among us who was quite at his ease was Mr. Finch. He never let his daughter and his guest alone for a single moment. "My child, show Mr. Dubourg this; show Mr. Dubourg that.—Mr. Dubourg, my daughter possesses this; my daughter possesses that." So he went on all round the room. Oscar appeared to feel a little daunted by the overwhelming attentions of his new friend. Lucilla was, as I could see, secretly irritated at finding herself authorized by her father to pay those attentions to Oscar which she would have preferred offering to him of her own accord. As for me, I was already beginning to weary of the patronizing politeness of the little priest with the big voice. It was a relief to us all when a message on domestic affairs arrived in the midst of the proceedings from Mrs. Finch, requesting to see her husband immediately on the rectory side of the house.

Forced to leave us, Reverend Finch made his farewell speech. Taking Oscar's hand into a kind of paternal custody in both his own hands, he spoke with such sonorous cordiality that the china and glass ornaments on Lucilla's chiffonnier actually jingled an accompaniment to his booming bass notes.

"Come to tea, my dear Sir. Without ceremony. To-night at six. We must keep up your spirits, Mr. Dubourg. Cheerful society and a little music.—Lucilla, my dear child, you will play for Mr. Dubourg, won't you? Madame Pratolungo will do the same—at My request—I am sure. We shall make even dull Dimchurch agreeable to our new neighbor before we have done. What does the poet say? 'Fixed to no spot is happiness sincere; 'tis nowhere to be found, or every where.' How cheering! how true! Good-day; good-day."

The glasses left off jingling. Mr. Finch's wizen little legs took him out of the room.

The moment his back was turned we both assailed Oscar with the same question. What had passed at the interview between himself and the rector?

Men are all alike incompetent to satisfy women when the question between the sexes is a question of small details. A woman in Oscar's position would have been able to relate to us not only the whole conversation with the rector, but every little trifling incident which had noticeably illustrated it. As things were, we could only extract from our unsatisfactory man the barest outline of the interview. The coloring and the filling in we were left to do for ourselves.

Oscar had, on his own confession, acknowledged his visitor's kindness by opening his whole heart to the sympathizing rector, and placing that wary priest and excellent man of business in possession of the completest knowledge of all his affairs. In return, Reverend Finch had spoken in the frankest manner on his side. He had drawn a sad picture of the poverty-stricken condition of Dimchurch, viewed as an ecclesiastical endowment; and he had spoken in such feeling terms of the neglected condition of the ancient and interesting church that poor simple Oscar, smitten with pity, had produced his check-book, and had subscribed on the spot toward the fund for repairing the ancient round tower. They had been still occupied with the subject of the tower and the subscription when we had opened the garden gate and had let them in. Hearing this, I now understood the motives under which our reverend friend was acting as well as if they had been my own. It was plain to my mind that the rector had taken his financial measure of Oscar, and had privately satisfied himself that if he encouraged the two young people in cultivating each other's society, money (to use his own phrase) might come of it. He had, as I believed, put forward "the round tower," in the first instance, as a feeler; and he would follow it up in due time by an appeal of a more personal nature to Oscar's well-filled purse. Brief, he was, in my opinion, quite sharp enough (after having studied his young friend's character) to foresee an addition to his income rather than a subtraction from it, if the relations between Oscar and his daughter ended in a marriage.

Whether Lucilla arrived, on her side, at the same conclusion as mine is what I can not venture positively to declare. I can only relate that she looked ill at ease as the facts came out, and that she took the first opportunity of extinguishing her father, viewed as a topic of conversation.

As for Oscar, it was enough for him that he had already secured his place as friend of the house. He took leave of us in the highest spirits. I had my eye on them when he and Lucilla said good-by. She squeezed his hand. I saw her do it. At the rate at which things were now going on I began to ask myself whether Reverend Finch would not appear at tea-time in his robes of office, and celebrate the marriage of his "sorely tried" young friend between the first cup and the second.

At our little social assembly in the evening nothing passed worthy of much remark.

Lucilla and I (I can not resist recording this) were both beautifully dressed in honor of the occasion, Mrs. Finch serving us to perfection by way of contrast. She had made an immense effort—she was half dressed. Her evening costume was an ancient green silk skirt (with traces of past babies visible on it to an experienced eye), topped by the everlasting blue merino jacket. "I lose every thing belonging to me," Mrs. Finch whispered in my ear. "I have got a body to this dress, and it can't be found any where." The rector's prodigious voice was never silent: the pompous and plausible little man talked, talked, talked in deeper and deeper bass, until the very tea-cups on the table shuddered under the influence of him. The elder children, admitted to the family festival, ate till they could eat no more, stared till they could stare no more, yawned till they could yawn no more—and then went to bed. Oscar got on well with every body. Mrs. Finch was naturally interested in him as one of twins, though she was also surprised and disappointed at hearing that his mother had begun and ended with his brother and himself. As for Lucilla she sat in silent happiness, absorbed in the inexhaustible delight of hearing Oscar's voice. She found as many varieties of expression in listening to her beloved tones as the rest of us find in looking at our beloved face. We had music later in the evening, and I then heard for the first time how charmingly Lucilla played. She was a born musician, with a delicacy and subtlety of touch such as few even of the greatest *virtuosi* possess. Oscar was enchanted. In a word, the evening was a complete success.

I contrived when our guest took his departure to say my contemplated word to him in private on the subject of his solitary position at Browndown.

Those doubts of Oscar's security in his lonely house, which I have described as having been suggested to me by the discovery of the two ruffians lurking under the wall, still maintained their place in my mind, and still urged me to warn him to take precautions of some sort before the precious metals which he had sent to London to be melted came back to him again. He gave me the opportunity I wanted by looking at his watch and apologizing for protracting his visit to a terribly late hour for the country—the hour of midnight.

"Is your servant sitting up for you?" I asked, assuming to be ignorant of his domestic arrangements.

He pulled out of his pocket a great clumsy key.

"This is my only servant at Browndown," he said. "By four or five in the afternoon the people at the inn have done all for me that I want. After that time there is nobody in the house but myself."

He shook hands with us. The rector escorted him as far as the front-door. I slipped out while they were saying their last words, and joined Oscar when he advanced alone into the garden.

"I want a breath of fresh air," I said. "I'll go with you as far as the gate."

He began to talk of Lucilla directly. I surprised him by returning abruptly to the subject of his position at Browndown.

"Do you think it's wise?" I asked, "to be all by yourself at night in such a lonely house as yours? Why don't you have a man-servant?"

"I detest strange servants," he answered. "I infinitely prefer being by myself."

"When do you expect your gold and silver plates to be returned to you?"

"In about a week."

"What would be the value of them in money, at a rough guess?"

"At a rough guess, about seventy or eighty pounds."

"In a week's time, then," I said, "you will have seventy or eighty pounds' worth of property at Browndown—property which a thief need only put into the melting-pot to have no fear of its being traced into his hands."

Oscar stopped and looked at me.

"What *can* you be thinking of?" he asked.

"There are no thieves in this primitive place."

"There are thieves in other places," I an-

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swered, "and they may come here. Have you forgotten those two men whom we caught hanging about Browndown yesterday?"

He smiled. I had recalled to him a humorous association—nothing more.

"It was not we who caught them," he said. "It was that strange child. What do you say to my having Jicks to sleep in the house and take care of me?"

"I am not joking," I rejoined. "I never met with two more ill-looking villains in my life. The window was open when you were telling me about the necessity for melting the plates again. They may know as well as we do that your gold and silver will be returned to you after a time."

"What an imagination you have got!" he exclaimed. "You see a couple of shabby excursionists from Brighton who have wandered to Dimchurch, and you instantly transform them into a pair of house-breakers in a conspiracy to rob and murder me. You and my brother Nagent would just suit each other. His imagination runs away with him exactly like yours."

"Take my advice," I answered, gravely. "Don't persist in sleeping at Browndown without a living creature in the house with you."

He was in wild good spirits. He kissed my hand, and thanked me in his voluble, exaggerated way for the interest that I took in him. "All right!" he said, as he opened the gate. "I'll have a living creature in the house with me. I'll get a dog."

We parted. I had told him what was on my mind. I could do no more. After all, it might be quite possible that his view was the right one, and mine the wrong.

CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH.

SECOND APPEARANCE OF JICKS.

FIVE more days passed.

During that interval we saw our neighbor constantly. Either Oscar came to the rectory or we went to Browndown. Reverend Finch waited, with a masterly assumption of suspecting nothing, until the relations between the two young people were ripe enough to develop into relations of acknowledged love. They were already (under Lucilla's influence) advancing rapidly to that point. You are not to blame my poor blind girl, if you please, for frankly encouraging the man she loved. He was the most backward man—viewed as a suitor—whom I ever met with. The fonder he grew of her the more timid and self-distrustful he became. I own I don't like a modest man; and I can not honestly say that Mr. Oscar Dubourg, on closer acquaintance, advanced himself much in my estimation. However, Lucilla understood him, and that was enough. She was determined to have the completest possible image of him in her mind. Every body in the house who had seen him (the children included) she examined and cross-examined on the subject of his personal appearance, as she had already examined and cross-examined me. His features and his color, his height and his breadth, his ornaments and his clothes—on all these points she collected evidence in every direction and in the smallest detail. It was an especial relief and delight to her to hear on all sides that his complexion was fair. There was no reasoning with her against her blind horror of dark shades of color, whether seen in men, women, or things. She was quite unable to account for it; she could only declare it.

"I have the strangest instincts of my own about some things," she said to me one day. "For instance, I knew that Oscar was bright and fair—I mean I felt it in myself—on that delightful evening when I first heard the sound of his voice. It went straight from my ear to my heart, and it described him just as the rest of you have described him to me since. Mrs. Finch tells me his complexion is lighter than mine. Do you think so too? I am so glad to hear that he is fairer than I am! Did you ever meet before with a person like me? I have the oddest ideas in this blind head of mine. I associate life and beauty with light colors, and death and crime with dark colors. If I married a man with a dark complexion, and if I recovered my sight afterward, I should run away from him."

This singular prejudice of hers against dark people was a little annoying to me on personal grounds. It was a sort of reflection on my own taste. Between ourselves, the late Doctor Pratolungo was of a fine mahogany brown all over.

As for affairs in general at Dimchurch, my chronicle of the five days finds little to dwell on that is worth recording.

We were not startled by any second appearance of the two ruffians at Browndown; neither was any change made by Oscar in his domestic establishment. He was favored with more than one visit from our little wandering Jicks. On each occasion the child gravely reminded him of his rash promise to appeal to the police, and visit with corporal punishment the two ugly strangers who had laughed at her. When were the men to be beaten? and when was Jicks to see it? Such were the serious questions with which this young lady regularly opened the proceedings on each occasion when she favored Oscar with a morning call.

On the sixth day the gold and silver plates were returned to Browndown from the manufactory in London.

The next morning a note arrived for me from Oscar. It ran thus:

"DEAR MADAME PRATOLUNGO,—I regret to inform you that nothing happened to me last night. My locks and bolts are in their usual good order, my gold and silver plates are safe in the workshop, and I myself am now eating my breakfast with an uncut throat.

"Yours ever, OSCAR."

After this there was no more to be said. Jicks might persist in remembering the two ill-looking strangers. Older and wiser people dismissed them from all further consideration.

Saturday came—making the tenth day since the memorable morning when I had forced Oscar to disclose himself to me in the little side room at Browndown.

In the forenoon we had a visit from him at the rectory. In the afternoon we went to Browndown to see him begin a new piece of chasing in gold—a casket for holding gloves—destined to take its place on Lucilla's toilet-table when it was done. We left him industriously at work, determined to go on as long as the daylight lasted.

Early in the evening Lucilla sat down at her piano-forte, and I paid a visit by appointment to the rectory side of the house.

Unhappy Mrs. Finch had determined to institute a complete reform of her wardrobe. She had entreated me to give her the benefit of "my French taste" in the capacity of confidential critic and adviser. "I can't afford to buy any new things," said the poor lady. "But a deal might be done in altering what I have got by me if a clever person took the matter up." Who could resist that piteous appeal? I resigned myself to the baby, the novel, and the children in general; and (Reverend Finch being out of the way, writing his sermon) I presented myself in Mrs. Finch's parlor, full of ideas, with my scissors and my pattern-paper ready in my hand.

We had only begun our operations when one of the elder children arrived with a message from the nursery.

It was tea-time; and, as usual, Jicks was missing. She was searched for, first, in the lower regions of the house; secondly, in the garden. Not a trace of her was to be discovered in either quarter. Nobody was surprised or alarmed. We said, "Oh dear! she has gone to Browndown again!" and immersed ourselves once more in the shabby recesses of Mrs. Finch's wardrobe.

I had just decided that the blue merino jacket was an article of wearing apparel which had done its duty, and earned its right to final retirement from the scene, when a plaintive cry reached my ear through the open door which led into the back garden.

I stopped and looked at Mrs. Finch.

The cry was repeated, louder and nearer—recognizable this time as a cry in a child's voice. The door of the room had been left ajar when we sent the messenger back to the nursery. I threw it open, and found myself face to face with Jicks in the passage.

I felt every nerve in my body shudder at the sight of the child.

The poor little thing was white and wild with terror. She was incapable of uttering a word. When I knelt down to fondle and soothe her she caught convulsively at my hand, and attempted to raise me. I got on my feet again. She repeated her dumb cry more loudly, and tried to drag me out of the house. She was so weak that she staggered under the effort. I took her up in my arms. One of my hands, as I embraced her, touched the top of her frock, just below the back of her neck. I felt something on my fingers. I looked at them. Gracious God! I was stained with blood!

I turned the child round. My own blood froze. Her mother, standing behind me, screamed with horror.

The dear little thing's white frock was spotted and splashed with wet blood. Not her own blood. There was not a scratch on her. I looked closer at the horrid marks. They had been drawn purposely on her—drawn, as it seemed, with a finger. I took her out into the light. It was writing! A word had been feebly traced on the back of her frock. I made out something like the letter "H." Then a letter which it was impossible to read. Then another next to it, which might have been "L," or might have been "J." Then a last letter, which I guessed to be "P."

Was the word—"Help?"

Yes!—traced on the back of the child's frock, with a finger dipped in blood—"HELP."

MINING OPERATIONS AT HALLET'S POINT.

WE give on page 888 an illustration representing the mining operations at Hallet's Point (Hell Gate), now being conducted by the government, under the superintendence of General JOHN NEWTON, and having for their object the opening of a navigable channel between East River and Long Island Sound. The operations undertaken involve the solution of an important problem of engineering as regards the most economical and effective process of submarine blasting.

Our engraving represents the shaft sunk into the rock that is to be removed, the tunnels leading therefrom, and the coffer-dam surrounding the rock. This dam was commenced in August, 1869, and was finished in the October following. It is an irregular polygon in shape, having a circumference of 443 feet, and a mean interior diameter of about 100 feet. It is built between high and low water marks.

The excavation of the shaft immediately followed the construction of the dam, and during the spring of 1870 the shaft had been sunk to the depth of twenty-two feet below low-water. The work was then suspended until another appropriation should be made by Congress.

The process of blasting was described by a writer in *Van Nostrand's Engineering Magazine* for March, 1869, as follows:

"The apparatus designed for drilling the sunken rocks for the introduction of the charge consists of a water-tight iron casing, in form a depressed semi-spheroid, seven feet in diameter. It has three solid steel feet, by which its stability on the rock is secured. Rising from the upper part of the casing is a conical wrought iron frame, supporting the upper end of the drill shaft by means of two parallel rods entering into sockets in a cast ring at the top of the frame. The drill bar passing up through the centre of the top is furnished at the bottom with a bit one and a half inches diameter, having imbedded in its face nineteen diamonds, and rotating at the rate of from 300 to 500 revolutions per minute, advancing at the rate of from one to one and a half inches in the same time. The feed is caused by a differential gearing, which steadily operates to advance the drill into the rock, the débris being washed away by the water forced into contact with the bit through a small rubber hose. The water-tight chamber of the machine contains a pair of engines working at right angles to each other, with a horizontal stroke. As soon as the hole is completely drilled, and also when the drill shaft is withdrawn from the rock, information of this is given by a magnetic bell, which is acted upon by a double wire cord, insulated from the water, and passing down one of the parallel rods or tubes upon which the cross-head is fixed. This drill weighs nearly five tons. It is worked from a wrecking tug, with a derrick, by means of steam supplied from the boiler of the tug. To prevent this steam being condensed in its passage through the water to the engine, it is conveyed in a hose surrounded by another, through which the exhausted steam passes. The rock at Hell Gate is that known as the bastard granite, and is much softer than either the Quincy or Maine granite, on which the drill has been satisfactorily tested. After a number of holes are drilled over a certain space, a diver descends and charges them with cartridges of nitro-glycerine, which is exploded in the usual manner. The fragments are raised by automatic grapnels."

The theory of the mining operations conducted by General NEWTON contemplates the removal of as much rock as can be excavated with safety previous to the final explosion, the result of which will be the sinking of the remaining mass into the deep pit excavated for its reception. This mass remaining for the final explosion will be supported by piers, each of which will be charged with powder. These piers are a part of the solid rock left standing. For, from the bottom of the main shaft, tunnels proceed in all directions—ten in number—each extending from 175 to 300 feet outward, and all connected together by cross galleries at intervals of twenty-five feet. These tunnels were commenced toward the close of July, 1870, the shaft being at the same time sunk to a line of nearly thirty-four feet below low-water. The tunnels are of various cross section—some over twenty feet in height, and varying in width from ten to fifteen feet.

The above description conveys a general idea of one of the most important works connected with the maritime prosperity of New York city.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

WHEN ocean cables were first submerged, various apprehensions of probable injury were entertained, some of which have proved to be well founded, and others less so. It was supposed that worms or mollusks would burrow in the substance of the envelope, and ultimately penetrate to the centre of the wires; or, again, that the attachment of barnacles, mollusks, or other marine animals on the exterior would invite the attacks of the sharks, rays, and other fish of powerful jaws, and induce them to subject the bunch of matter to such a mastication as should produce serious harm to the cable. To what extent any accidents have happened from this source it is perhaps difficult to say; but we now learn that the Florida cable between Punta Rosa and Key West has been injured in numerous places, as supposed by sea-turtles biting through or crushing it in their teeth, to such an extent as to destroy its continuity. It is, perhaps, a question whether the turtle be chargeable with these operations; and we think it is quite as probable that, under the circumstances, some ray or other fish has attacked it, and for the reasons already suggested.

In view of the great waste of labor and the concomitant expense in the present mode of conducting the herring and other great fisheries of England, by means of row or sail boats, the experiment has lately been tried, with a very satisfactory result, of tending the nets by means of small steamboats; and it is likely that before long all the establishments of this kind, of any magnitude, will be provided with auxiliary steam-power. These boats are generally about thirty-seven feet long and nine broad, being well timbered and strong, and capable of standing a heavy sea. They carry five days' provisions, and will steam at the rate of nine miles an hour. The cost of working, including the salary of the men and boys, fuel, depreciation of value, etc., is given at about three dollars per day. One single firm has supplied about 120 of these boats within the last three years. They are, however, not considered serviceable in trawling, as the varying success does not admit of a sufficiently large profit for the payment of the excess of expenditure in the way of engines and fuel.

According to Dr. UHLER, of Baltimore, the European cabbage-butterfly (*Pontia brassicæ*), the pest of the agriculturist, has reached Baltimore in its invasion of the United States. It has been known for some years more to the eastward, and has been slowly but surely creeping along, until it bids fair to involve the whole country in its ravages.

The Imperial Academy of Sciences of Vienna has offered a prize of twenty Austrian ducats, or a gold medal of the same value, for the discovery of not less than eight new telescopic comets prior to the 1st of June, 1872. This is in view of the fact that, whatever the progress made in astronomy generally, but little has been added to our knowledge of the comets; and at the present day we can only catalogue two or three hundred out of the many thousands that doubtless belong to our system. As observatories have their regular work, which will not permit them to search for these bodies, it is expected that professors and private parties, in possession of good telescopic instruments, will enter the field in competition for the prize.

We have already briefly adverted to the death of EDOUARD CLAPARÈDE, and we now borrow a few facts in regard to him from a late number of *Nature*. Notwithstanding the immense amount of valuable work accomplished by this author, we learn that for three years his health has been such as to cause his friends to anticipate a fatal termination at any moment, suffering as he did under a complication of pulmonary and heart disease. He was only thirty-nine when he died, but the magnitude of what he had accomplished was an earnest of what might have been expected had he lived to the average period of life of students of science. A native of Switzerland, he wrote French and German with equal facility, and memoirs are to be found by him in both languages. His earliest publication of any magnitude was one upon the infusoria, and although superseded by later treatises, it may be considered as furnishing the foundation of modern views on the subject. It is, perhaps, in the department of marine worms that he is best known; his papers upon those of the Hebrides and the shores of the Mediterranean being of great extent, and remarkable for the accuracy of their illustrations, and the minuteness of detail of their history. His latest paper was upon the anatomy and reproduction of some marine polyzoa, and it is said he left behind him a large work on the embryology of insects. The most striking of the actual discoveries made by CLAPARÈDE, according to his biographer in *Nature*, was in reference to the annelids—namely, that a species of *Nereis* lays eggs sexually fertilized, which on hatching produce a worm which has been placed in quite a distinct genus (*Heteronereis*), and this worm lays similar true eggs, which sometimes produce a second kind of *Heteronereis*. The difference between *Heteronereis* and *Nereis* is very great, even in such details as the form of the setæ of the feet. At present this appears to be the only *real* case of alternation of generations on record, if by "generations" we understand "sexual generations."

As is well known to many of our readers, the Smithsonian Institution, for a number of years past, has conducted a very extended system of international exchanges, by means of which all the scientific establishments in America have been kept in communication with sister institutions abroad, with no trouble and no expense to themselves beyond that attendant upon the delivery at Washington of the packages to be forwarded. At the present time it is understood that by far the greatest percentage of material interchanged between the two worlds passes through the hands of the Smithsonian, the packages being sent to different agents abroad and distributed by them, who, in turn, receive and transmit to Washington the returns from foreign countries.

Quite recently the learned societies and public libraries of Holland have undertaken to co-operate with the Institution in this enterprise, by forming a Central Scientific Bureau of the Netherlands, at which the packages intended for transmission to America are to be collected, and forwarded from time to time to the Smithsonian Institution, which will distribute them to the parties addressed. The Bureau also proposes to establish special agencies in different parts of Europe, and has already announced the firm of J. B. BAILLIÈRE & SON, of Paris, as the agents for France, to whom all French institutions are requested to address such copies of their works as may be intended for the Netherlands.

The Emperor of Brazil, who is so eminent among crowned heads for his interest in science, and his own scientific accomplishments, is enjoying his visit to England very greatly, devoting much of his time to the examination of learned establishments, among which the astronomical appear to be favorites. The aid extended by him to travelers in his own country is well known; and to the facilities supplied by his direction to Professor AGASSIZ is due much of the great success which that gentleman met with during his Brazilian labors.

The report of the Fish Commissioners of the State of Connecticut, recently presented to the General Assembly, is a document of much importance in the history of pisciculture, and embodies the results of the investigations and experiences for the past year. The history of what has been done in regard to the raising of black bass, shad, and salmon contains many important announcements—especially in reference to the increase of shad since the first experiments of artificial planting in the Connecticut River. In 1867 about 40,000,000 shad were hatched under the direction of Mr. SETH GREEN, and placed in the river a short distance below Holyoke dam, and their return as mature fish was awaited with great anxiety. About 60,000,000 were introduced into the same river in 1868; but nothing was done in 1869, in order to see whether the first experiments were successful. In 1870, corresponding to three years' growth of the young shad of 1867, these fish appeared in numbers greater than had been known for twenty years—vessels sailing through Long Island Sound observing immense shoals of them swimming through the water, all making toward Connecticut River. In one day over 28,000 shad of good size were taken about Saybrook, and corresponding numbers elsewhere. Although it is not absolutely certain that these shad were the same with those introduced in 1867, yet there is every reason to entertain such a belief—this being corroborated by the fact that up to the date of the report (May 18) the fisheries of 1871 were even better than in 1870, many thousands being taken at a single haul, and the markets being glutted to such an extent that the finest shad could be bought at from ten to twenty-five cents per pair.

Experiments are also detailed in regard to the introduction of the so-called land-locked salmon of the St. Croix River, as well as of the true salmon; and although fisheries of these species have not yet been established, this result is confidently expected in the course of a year or two. The report concludes by a lengthened statement of the present condition of the fish-pond question in the State, and commendation is expressed of the existing act of the Assembly by which all fishing by means of fixed nets is to cease after the end of 1871. A compromise, by which the pounds were to be kept closed from Saturday night to Monday morning, was found to be entirely inoperative, the fishermen refusing to accede to the requirements of the law, leaving no alternative, in the opinion of the Commissioners, but the prohibition above mentioned.

MR. WILLIAM FERREL, of the United States Coast Survey, an eminent mathematician, has lately communicated to *Nature* a valuable paper upon the cause of low barometer in the polar regions and the central part of cyclones.

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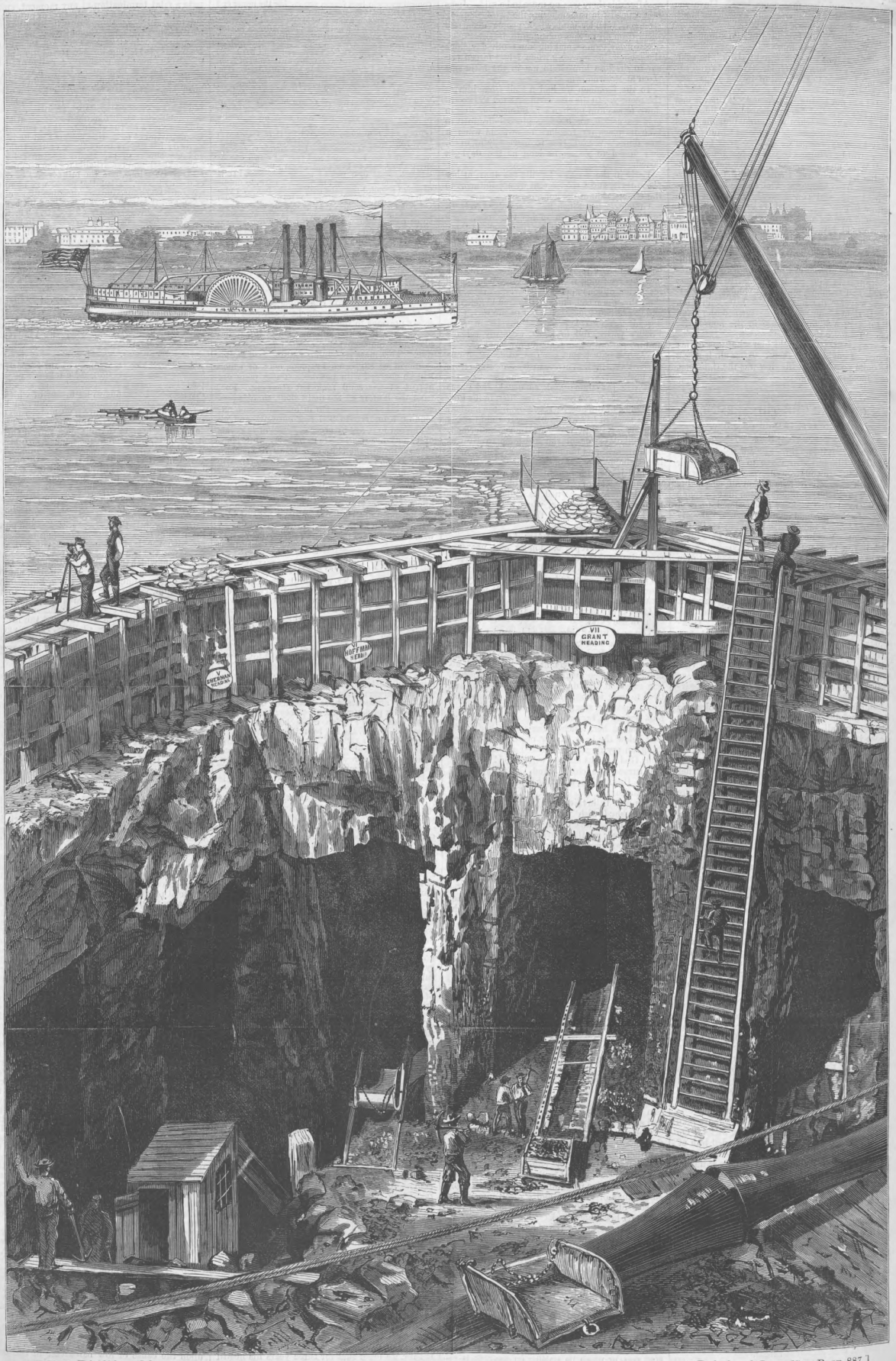

SUBMARINE MINING OPERATIONS AT HALLET'S POINT (HELL GATE).—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD & CO., 845 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 887.]

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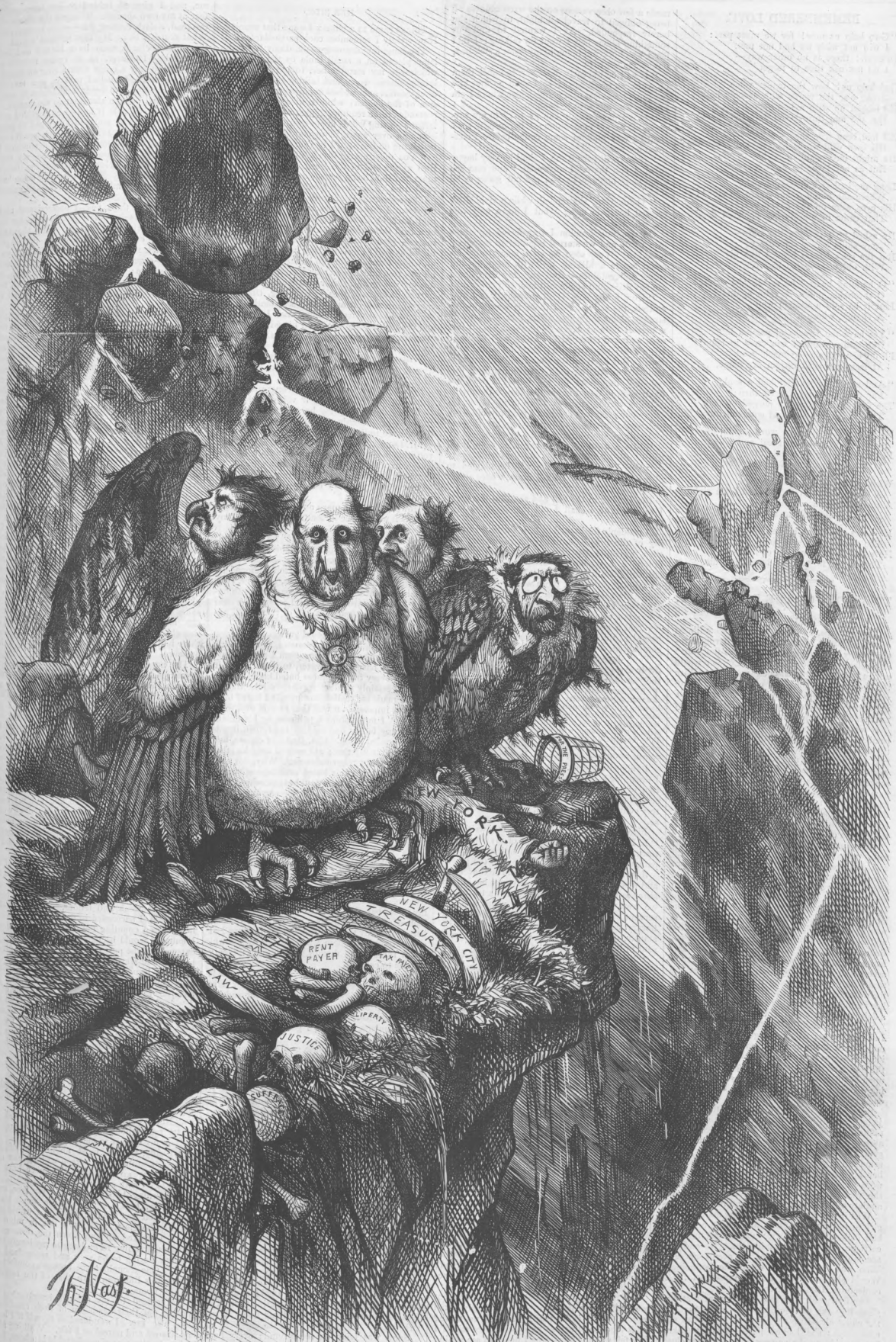

A GROUP OF VULTURES WAITING FOR THE STORM TO "BLOW OVER."—"LET US *PREY*."

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REMEMBERED LOVE.

"GOD help us now! for we must part:
I will not wish we had not met.
Farewell! there is no other way—
I do not ask thee to forget."

God help us! how the tender voice
Broke o'er the words with accents hollow!
He looked up with a last appeal,
But she had turned—he dare not follow.

All had been true that she had said—
His own wild words had wrought this woe;
He might have staid to be her friend,
But as her lover he must go.

Long motionless and passion-pale,
Where she had left him there he stood;
His eyes were on the far-off sea,
That came in murmuring, flood on flood.

He asked no pity from the stars—
They shine serene on misery;
But the sea's bosom heaved like his
With old deep-seated agony.

"O bursting heart," he cried, "be strong!
O throbbing pulse, be calm again!
Lest it be said a woman won
A victory, where a man was slain.

"Yet have the wrecks of passion left
One bridge where I can cross to fame;
I'll do her memory so much good
At least she shall esteem my name,

"And say, 'My tempter had a soul
Far nobler than I argued then;
The few great hearts are purged by pain,
That blasts the hopes of common men.'"

He said, and joined the world again.
I hear men call him great and wise;
But an old song or simple air
Will bring the tears into his eyes,

With memories of a silent street,
A shadowed form half draped from sight,
A toying hand, a wistful face,
Lids trembling in the evening light.

He hears again the broken words,
The voice that spoke so mournfully;
He asks the traveled sea of her—
The waves, for answer, break and die.

TWO SIDES OF THE SAME STORY.

HIS SIDE.

A TELEGRAM, announcing the serious illness of my only sister, had shortened my hardly earned holiday. Though I started from the North immediately by the night mail, London would not be reached before the next morning. With the prospect of a long and cold journey, I provided plenty of rugs and furs, and, rolling myself up warmly in them, hoped to be able to allay my anxiety in sleep.

It was a bitter night in the beginning of December. Snow had been falling slightly during the day, and the country through which we hurried looked bleak and dismal. Spite of the weather, there appeared to be a good many passengers, and I was just congratulating myself in having secured an empty carriage, when, at a small country station, to my great disgust, the door was opened and a lady got in. Before I could remonstrate the door was shut, and the train again on the move.

"Confound that guard!" I mentally ejaculated; "what a lot of cold the fellow has let in!" and I proceeded to wrap my tiger-skin more tightly round me. In doing so, however, I found the unwelcome intruder had her feet on one end of it. The girl—for so I judged her to be from the slightness of her figure—moved instantly, and I caught a glimpse of her face. It was enough! The utter wretchedness, pallor, and woe-begone look arrested my hand; and noticing that she had only a small bag with her, instead of taking care of myself, I begged her to accept the loan of my rug, remarking at the same time that it was "a frightfully cold night for traveling." The girl looked up, and, smiling her thanks, accepted my offer, but sank again in a dejected attitude into her corner of the carriage.

Somehow I could not settle to sleep. In vain I shut my eyes; some strange attraction caused me to open them and look toward my companion. She was now leaning forward, gazing into the darkness with an anxious, questioning look upon her face—a look as though she were striving to see into futurity—painful to behold in one so young.

Seen in the dim light given by the lamp, I judged her to be about twenty years of age—a refined, fragile-looking girl, far too delicate to be abroad alone such a night. From her face my glance descended to her dress, which was handsome and in very good taste. She had taken off her gloves, and her small, well-formed hands were clasped tightly together on her lap. That she was laboring under some deep distress or anxiety of mind there could be no doubt.

Was it not strange for so young and pretty a girl to be traveling alone at such an hour? I had looked at my watch when she got into the carriage, and it marked midnight. No one had accompanied her to the door, not even a servant! Who was she? Where could she be going? Would she be met? Losing myself in these conjectures, I fell asleep.

The first cold, gray rays of dawn were struggling into the carriage when I awoke, making the chilly air still more chill. I glanced at my companion: she looked positively death-like, but as wide awake as ever. As we were close to London, I began to prepare my things for leaving the train. The girl returned my tiger-skin, and thanked me for it in a low voice. I made a few observations on the wretchedness of being obliged to travel all night, to which she barely responded. As I wanted to find out something about her, I went on talking; I told her I was hurrying home to my sister's sick-bed, but concluded with

"It will be too early, however, to knock them up when we reach town; so I shall go first and get some breakfast at a coffee-house where I am known, which is sure to be open."

"Is it a place a lady can go to?" to my surprise, asked my companion; "because, if so, I shall be very glad of some coffee before I continue my journey."

"If you will permit me, I shall be very happy to take you there," I answered, "and also see after your luggage, as you are not going to be met."

"Thank you," she replied, while a vivid blush crossed her pale face; "but I have only this bag with me."

On reaching London I transferred my traps into a cab, and we started together in search of breakfast. Very soon we were comfortably located beside a blazing fire, with steaming hot coffee and eatables before us. My companion ate but little, and spoke still less.

"How pretty she is!" I thought, "and how entirely the lady! Still there is something so strange about the whole affair, that I will make a mental note of every thing about her: hazel eyes and hair; arched eyebrows, well defined; large nose; pretty mouth; beautiful teeth; oval face." But I felt all the time that, without thus minutely examining each feature, her face was indelibly impressed on my mind; *I* was not likely soon to forget either the face or the girl.

Being very anxious for news of my sister, directly our meal was finished I paid my bill—the girl would not hear of my paying her share—and ordered the waiter to call a hansom.

"Please, a cab for me at the same time," said she.

"Now," I thought, "she will be obliged to give an address, and I shall know where she is going."

Placing her in the cab and shutting the door, I said, "Where shall I tell the driver to take you?"

A suddenly frightened look, a blush and catching of the breath, a moment's hesitation, and then "Temple Bar" was the order given. I marveled, but gave the direction, took off my hat, and the cab drove off. "Very mysterious!" I thought. However, there was no time for indulging in vain speculation; home I must hasten. My sister I found very ill, though all danger was over; but what with the necessary attention to her, and a great press of business of my own, I ceased to think farther of my strange traveling companion.

Four days after, however, my eye was suddenly arrested by the following advertisement in the "sensation" column of the *Times:*

LEFT her home, on the evening of the 1st of December, a young lady. Middle height and delicate-looking; brown hair and eyes; marked eyebrows; oval face. Dressed, when last seen, in a maroon rep dress, trimmed with velvet and fringe. Is supposed to have with her a hand-bag, with initials in gold on it of "B. B." Any person giving information as to her whereabouts, or any information whatever, shall be handsomely rewarded. Apply, L. B., Post-office, Stonham.

I rubbed my eyes. Did I see clearly? Was I dreaming? No; there was the exact description of my traveling companion: date and description coincided. Then there was some mystery connected with the girl, after all. I thought so.

Five minutes' reflection and I was writing to "L. B.," giving a full account of my journey to town. The letter dispatched, I waited with what patience I could for the next move in the play.

Just as I had finished dinner the next evening, and was feeling somewhat lonely, not having my sister to talk to, as had ever been the case since we were left orphans together years ago, the servant entered, saying a gentleman was in the library who desired to see me, if possible, instantly, on very important business. The card sent in bore the name of "Colonel Byng."

"Now for the solution of the mystery!" I thought, as, quickly following the servant, I found myself in the presence of a tall, military-looking man, who came forward to meet me in great agitation, and, as I offered my hand, broke out with, "Tell me where to find my daughter, for God's sake!"

Quickly I related the circumstances of our journey; and as I ended the story the poor father dropped his head on his breast, murmuring: "All my fault, *my* fault. I was too harsh with the poor child; I know it now, too late. And yet I believed I was acting for the best. Sir"—turning to me—"I thank you heartily for easing my mind so far. You say you are a lawyer. I pray you unite your efforts with mine; help me to find my child."

We sat late into the night arranging plans for the following day. I prevailed upon Colonel Byng to take up his quarters at my house, that he might be on the spot to compare notes; besides, the poor man was in such a distracted state, it was not fit for him to be in a hotel alone.

Though every available means of the detective force, advertisements, etc., were used, our search proved fruitless. The unhappy father at last, worn out with anxiety, trouble, and self-upbraidings, had to return to his home, his affairs there urgently requiring his presence. His parting words to me were, "Leave no stone unturned; spare no expense; find Beatrice. I feel my actions have murdered my child."

Left to myself, I redoubled my efforts, but was baffled at every turn. I tremblingly asked myself, Could it be true? was she no more? That face, so sweet, so pure—that face which I now felt was my fate—was I never to see again? The thought was maddening. "Leave no stone unturned!" no, there could never again be rest for me until I had found her.

HER SIDE.

Things came to a climax for me that evening. How vividly I remember each particular!

The long, low drawing-room, dimly lit by the lamp placed on a small table by the fire, near which sat my step-mother, toying with some bright-colored wools, and talking merrily to the disagreeable, cynical-looking man at the opposite side of the hearth; while I, at a distant table, pretended to be reading, though all the while my father's parting words kept repeating themselves over and over again in my mind, and dancing before me on the page I in vain tried to read.

"You must accept Mr. Lomax before my return at the end of the week, Beatrice. There must and shall be no farther delay; else you will remain no longer in my house."

These were the fatal words that would give me no rest. I looked across at Mr. Lomax. Accept *him?* be *his* wife? belong to *him?* the wife of a man three times my own age—a man of a morose, gloomy temper, whom I instinctively feared as well as hated, whose touch I shuddered at, whose glance seemed to blight me? Because he was rich and I poor, was I therefore to sacrifice my young life? *Never*, come what might!

"Mr. Lomax wishes you to sing, Beatrice," came from the distance—my step-mother's silvery, insincere voice. Seeing that I hesitated, she crossed quickly over and hissed in my ear, "Come, no nonsense; do as you are bid instantly, or you go to your room."

Without more ado I went to the piano, found a song that I remembered he particularly disliked, and sung it—badly.

"Really, Beatrice, I can not congratulate you either on your song or your voice," said Mrs. Byng, for once forgetting her *rôle* of amiability. "Pray sing something that will give us some little pleasure to listen to."

Mr. Lomax here joined in: "Yes, Miss Byng; you seem to forget that the last time you sang that song *I* expressed *my* dislike to it."

"So," thought I, "before even I have agreed to marry you, you dare censure me! I wonder what it will be after?"

However, I took a piece and played it through. Just as it was finished I found Mr. Lomax at my elbow.

"Cruel Beatrice, not to sing!" he murmured, and, suddenly encircling me with his arms, kissed me two or three times.

I struggled madly to free myself; jumped up and rushed out of the door; not, however, until I had heard Mrs. Byng's voice saying, soothingly, "Don't be dismayed, Mr. Lomax; the dear girl will come round in a day or two, I will answer for it."

Come round! *She* would answer for it!

Half crazed, I fled up the stairs, rushed to my room, and locked the door; then I plunged my face into a basinful of water, to wash away, if possible, every trace of those hated kisses. Yes; he had certainly made a masterly stroke then—he had made me realize how utterly I hated him, and how impossible it was that I could ever marry him. I felt scorched, polluted, by his touch.

And my father had said by his return it was to be a settled thing. Mrs. Byng, of course, had forced him to say that; *she* wanted me gone, that her child might reign supreme. Why, not content with forcing this hated marriage upon me, she had even, that very day, heaped other indignities upon me. I had had to do servants' work. Oh, what was I to do? My father had said I should not remain with him. Then I must marry Mr. Lomax? No—never! Rather would I beg.

Lightning-like, a thought flashed through my mind. Was it possible? I had restlessly been pacing the room; I now stood still. I put my hand to my head to still its throbbings. Yes, I would do it; I would save them all farther trouble. I would disappear. Again I bathed my face, but this time to clear my brain. I looked at my watch—eight o'clock. I remembered suddenly that the London mail stopped at a small station, where we were hardly known, about three miles distant, at midnight: plenty of time to catch it.

My resolution was taken. I had five pounds in my dressing-case, given me only a few days previously for allowance. I took it out and began my arrangements. First I packed up a small hand-bag, into which I also put several of my ornaments, and then I got myself ready for the walk.

The sounds in the house gradually ceased. I heard Mr. Lomax go. I heard my step-mother go to her room, and the usual locking-up take place, and then all was quiet. Half an hour elapsed.

"Now or never!" I thought; and, carefully unfastening my door, I crept down stairs, went into the dining-room and took a glass of wine, and, putting into my pocket some biscuits left on the table, I noiselessly opened the French window and stepped out on the terrace.

Free! As lightly as possible I glided, more than walked, past the front of the house, without deigning one farewell glance at the place that, until Mrs. Byng's advent, had been a happy home to me, but that lately had been worse than a prison; and, with a sigh of relief, found myself beyond the gates, with the long stretch of road before me.

How solitary it looked! Hitherto I had acted in a sort of maze; but the cold night air, in reviving, also brought me back to the present moment. Should I ever be able to walk those dreadful three miles alone? Looking up suddenly I saw afar the light glimmering from Mrs. Byng's window: that decided my fate. I ran swiftly on.

Snow was lying on the ground; every bush and twig stood sharply out against the sky clearly defined. As I passed under a belt of fir-trees the slight noise of my own footsteps startled me, and I glanced behind to be seized with fear at my own shadow. Turning the corner of the road, a dark moving thing came toward me. What *could* it be? My feet seemed rooted to the ground, else I must have turned and fled backward. However, as it came nearer, it proved to be only a horse with a clog on its leg. Taking courage, I rushed past it, and leaving the road, crossed two fields, and began to skirt the river, that being a short-cut to the station.

How dark and cold it looked as it glided on! But yet it fascinated me, and I stopped to gaze at it for a moment. What evil spirit was it that possessed me that second? With a shudder I sprang quickly forward, and ran on my way afresh; nor did I slacken speed until the station lights came in view. Not one human being had met me. So far I might hope that I had gained my liberty.

Putting on a thick veil, I entered and took my ticket for London—only just in time, for the train came up the next minute. How thankful was I to be even in *such* a haven of refuge! Sinking back into the first seat, I found I was not alone—a gentleman sat in the opposite side of the carriage; we had not gone far when he offered me his rug, which I gladly accepted, for it was dreadfully cold, and then he seemed to sleep.

During that long night I underwent a fiery ordeal of doubt and fear. No sleep visited my eyes; my future plans had to be made; but chaos reigned supreme in my mind, and anxious questioning as to whether, after all, I had acted rightly would perplex me. Would the shock harm my father, who, until Mrs. Byng entered the house, had invariably been kind to me? But no! He had been so harsh lately because I had declared I could not do as he wished with respect to Mr. Lomax. The net had gradually closed around me. Each day for the last two months I had in vain pleaded to be left free; *he* had tightened the strings, Mrs. Byng keeping him up to the mark; *he* had declared I should agree to this marriage, or leave *his* house. Well, the bird had got free a little sooner than they expected, that was all! Free! But whither next?

At last that night—as every other time, good or evil, must—came to an end. As soon as it was light my companion began to prepare for leaving the train. I looked at his face; it was good and kind: should I confide in him and beg his help? No; henceforth it was for me to act alone; my rash step had forfeited the woman's prerogative of being taken care of; already punishment came in that thought! However, I plucked up courage to ask him to take me to some place for breakfast; and then, when in a cab, after he had bidden me adieu, I felt as though my one remaining friend was gone: there had been a sense of protection even in his presence.

The need of action, however, recalled me to myself. After driving a short distance toward Temple Bar I ordered the cabman to take me again north; and, reaching a part of London I knew, from having been near at school, I got out and paid the man, and then, taking my bag in my hand, sought for some quiet, inexpensive lodging. Finally, after a weary walk, I succeeded in getting a cheap bedroom in a respectable street; after ordering some necessary things I sat down to consider the next step to take. Certainly, a suitable change of dress; I would go and buy new things at once. Then I went to a servants' registry office and put my name down for a lady's-maid place. My money would not hold out long; thus I might gain an honest livelihood, I thought in my inexperience. Surely in the vortex of London one's identity could be lost!

That night sleep came, and the whole of the next day illness kept me prisoner. It was the reaction; the mind, though still steadfast and firm, could not altogether master the body, which was weak and tender. At last, shaken and feeble, I succeeded in dressing. Horror of horrors! on counting my small stock of money I found it would be barely sufficient to pay the expenses of the past day. Hastily I put on my bonnet, and started in search of a situation. I, Beatrice Byng! A list was given me, but at each house where I applied the place had just been filled up. Having parted with some of my jewels, I continued my search for a situation, and at the end of a few weeks was sent to see a lady who was looking out for a maid for her daughters. How odd it felt to be shown into her presence as a servant! I know I behaved strangely: illness had made me nervous. After putting a few general questions, the lady asked for my character.

"I have not lived out before," I answered.

"Then, at all events, young woman, you can give me some reference?"

"No, ma'am," I said; "I can only ask you to try me without any one speaking for me. I will do my utmost to please you."

"Really, this is most abominable of Mrs. Rogers, sending me a person without any character; pray go instantly. I never have any thing to do with such as you."

A burning blush overspread my face, and I withdrew: how I got out of the house I know not. That was the last situation I would seek! Utterly hopeless, and worn out in mind and body, I walked up and down the terraces and squares, dreading to go back to my lonely room, though fearing to be seen and recognized even now. One thought alone brought comfort—far better this life even than that of the betrothed of Mr. Lomax!

It seemed to my excited imagination that people put their heads out of their carriages to look after me. I wondered to myself if I looked as strange and unreal as I felt. Walking along, I caught glimpses of comfortable kitchens, bright fires, and groups of merry servants. It was just dusk. At one house a carriage load of children

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was being put down—one young mother even came to the door to meet her child—there was a joyous greeting and much laughter. How the voices thrilled through me! So had I once been. And now, a fugitive and almost starving, I crept along. How good the smell of that dinner being cooked! (I had tasted nothing that day.) A peal of bells struck my ear. Christmas-eve! So it was. Choking back my tears, I hastened on: no Christmas greetings for me—no kiss, no presents, no joy. No one to take any care whether I lived or died.

With these thoughts I crept back to my lodging. They came and told me even there that they were going out to a family gathering.

"Very well," I responded, "only let me be."

The landlady looked at me sorrowfully, and saying I had best go to bed and get warm—I had no fire—and that she would send me up some tea, left me to my own sad thoughts.

Bitter tears came to my aid, my brain else had been crazed; repentance for my rash step began to make itself felt. Conscience whispered that I had not considered sufficiently its possible effect upon others. After all, was not the punishment merited? But then the alternative—marriage with a man I despised as well as hated! Ah, well! Welcome death before that!

The Christmas bells rang all that evening and far into the night. I sank into a sort of trance; cold and hunger alike were forgotten. I saw a well-lit room; warmth and plenty prevailed; merry childish figures ran about; my father sat at the head of a well-covered table; round him were many bright faces; a little girl dressed to represent Christmas danced up to him; he took her up in his arms and kissed her brow. . . . It was myself. . . . I tried to speak . . . and awoke.

Where was I? Was it really *me* lying there all alone with the cold moonlight resting on my forehead? Was I still dreaming? I sat up and gave a shuddering glance round. Ah, yes! *This* was all real, and I had run away from home—so I had. It seemed a long time ago—years almost. How odd and ill I felt! Surely I was not going to die there, in that room, all alone? I screamed aloud; there was no answer—no one heeded the lonely lodger. I put my clasped hands above my head, and prayed for calmness and help in my extremity. Then my thoughts wandered again to death. Perhaps I should be found there in the morning lying cold and stiff; they would shake their heads and murmur, "Poor young thing!" The landlady would find a directed envelope in my pocket, and then my father would come up and identify me. I should be put in my coffin carefully, and buried in some London cemetery among strangers, far away from any one who had ever loved me. My father would repent then his harshness—perchance weep—too late. He would look at me, all so still and white, and know it was *his* doing that I lay there. How sad it would be to see one so young dead! Would my face change much? I wondered. They would let my long hair down on the pillow, and, perhaps, strew a few flowers over me; caring for me too late—too late! Mrs. Byng then would grieve, and Mr. Lomax also. But where should *I* be—the *I* that lay there?

Sleep came at last, full of troubled dreams, but blessed, as it brought forgetfulness of the present. Christmas morning, in trying to rise, I fainted; so had to remain where I was. They brought me food out of pity; the woman of the house sat by my bedside, and begged to be allowed to write to my friends.

"There must be some one who cares for you, poor child," she said.

"No one," I sadly answered; "only let me alone."

The next day she again stood at the bottom of my bed: her husband wanted his rent; he refused even to get bread until he was paid; she could not change his resolution. Payment, or else I was to be turned into the street, ill or well.

"You shall have your money, and I will quit the room to-day," I said, as I emptied the contents of my purse into her willing hands. There was only just enough—not a penny over—and all my ornaments I had already pawned. What to do next, alas, I knew not.

Despair gave momentary strength. I rose and dressed. One look at the glass before I left. No one would recognize Beatrice Byng now—no farther fear of that. Sunken eyes, hollow cheeks, white lips. The old bright Beatrice Byng, then, was really already dead; it was merely her spirit or ghost that moved along now!

Mechanically I took up my bag, and passed out of the house, homeless and friendless.

Wandering aimlessly up and down some quiet terrace near, I felt my little strength was going; money for food must be had somehow. A lamp-post before a well-lit house attracted my attention: surely I might lean against it—no one would say me "nay" there. A sudden impulse, a quick resolve, and I broke out with a hymn I loved: "While shepherds watched their flocks." It was as though an angel sang within me, the voice was so pure and clear. The door of the house opened; some one came to my side; money was held out. I looked up, and saw dimly through a film of tears a gentleman. "Miss Byng!" was all he said; and I lost consciousness.

* * * * * *

HIS SIDE.

She fell into these arms. After all, it was decreed that I should find her. I carried her into my house, my sister, who was now quite well, helping me. We laid her in our best guest-chamber. Many days and nights death and love fought together; but love gained the mastery: my darling was restored to health. Day by day she grew to know how I loved her; day by day her heart became mine. In the sweet spring-time, when flowers bloomed and the violet gave out its perfume, we were married.

Colonel Byng gave his daughter away; but Mrs. Byng never even sent a message. I find it hard to forgive her; but Beatrice whispers, "If it had not been for her, we should never have met."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

TRUNKS and their owners are on the homeward route, if not already there. A general exodus from all fashionable watering-places and mountain resorts commenced as early as the 1st of September, and still the tide pours into the city; for it matters not how cool August may be, nor how hot is September, it is the style for the "season" to close with the summer. We fancy many a family, wearied of the discomforts of hotel life, are glad enough to escape from the little close rooms where they sweltered through the "season," to the comfortable quarters in their own homes. Meanwhile some sensible people have just started on an autumn trip. They will find plenty of vacant rooms, and can exercise a choice in that matter. But unless they make a wise selection of places to visit they will find hotel attendance on the wane; carpets will be rolled up, furniture deficient in rooms, silver spoons and sugar-bowls packed up, and every thing in a migratory state. They will realize that the summer hotels are about returning to town, and are not anxious for late visitors. But avoid this difficulty, and September traveling is delightful. Yet the masses now return to their daily routine of duty, the majority fresher and brighter for something of change and rest. The hum of business grows louder, the streets more crowded. The "season" is over—the season of fashionable absence and gayety. Would that it were also true that the season of dreadful disasters and horrible crimes was over!

The waste of Ridgewood water in Brooklyn is awakening some remonstrance. It is stated, on the report of the authorities, that in 1862, when the population numbered 200,000, 5,745,300 gallons of water were disposed of daily by the citizens of Brooklyn. In 1870, with a population of 400,000, the daily supply of water is represented by 22,000,000 gallons. When 5,745,300 gallons were used the supply was equivalent to about twenty-eight gallons daily for each person. If 22,000,000 gallons be equally distributed among 400,000 citizens, each one will receive fifty-five gallons per diem, which amount is nearly two barrels.

"There are others hurt a great deal worse than I am. Go and attend to them. I can bear it." Such was the heroic reply of a wounded woman who, after the railroad accident at Revere, was asked by a passenger what he could do for her. She was at the time lying on the grass, her right arm fearfully crushed between the elbow and the shoulder, and her face badly scalded.

The great tunnel under Mont Cenis, which is to be opened the 17th of September, will then have been completed three months before the time stipulated in the contract—namely, December, 1871. The works were commenced in 1857, and have thus been fourteen years in hand. The rate of progress has been about three yards per day. On the French side there is still part of the connecting line—about six miles in length—incomplete. This will not be ready until a month after the opening of the tunnel.

For thirty-five years past the oak grove at Martha's Vineyard has been the scene of camp-meeting worship for one week in August.

"Murder will out" is an old adage, and with rare exceptions has proved true. Often it is a very little thing, and one most unlikely to be thought of, which affords a clew to the crime, and fastens it upon the guilty party. The fact that recently certain dentistry work upon the teeth of a young woman found dead helped prove the identity of the body suggests a case which many years ago greatly excited the public mind. A professor of a Boston literary institution murdered Dr. Parkman, a practicing physician. In various ways, by knife and fire, the murderer believed he had destroyed all trace of his victim. But the ashes of the furnace in the building were examined by the detectives, and there appeared the evidence of identity and of guilt—a set of false teeth, on the gold of which was imprinted the name "Parkman." A city dentist recognized his own work, and this, with other circumstances, convicted the murderer.

Moscow proposes to celebrate next year the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of Peter the Great by a grand national musical festival.

Somebody says, "Think thirteen times before you reply once to any supposed rudeness, insult, or inattention."

The Academy of Science in Paris did not suspend its sittings in one single instance during the siege—a remarkable fact, amidst all the turmoil and confusion which surrounded it. It has just published its doings during that time.

When the Emperor of Russia was about to visit Warsaw, orders were given that in every house which had two doors one should be locked—evidently for the purpose of preventing escapes. Each house proprietor was directed, under severe penalties, at once to communicate the arrival of any stranger to the police. Every window was to be illuminated during three nights after the emperor's arrival, and those who occupied rooms with balconies were ordered to hang out at least two flags with the Russian colors. Men were commanded to wear a particular style of hat, under penalty of being punished for disrespect to the emperor.

The Rothschild family is about to celebrate the centenary of the banking house to which it owes its fortune. The firm was established at Frankfort in 1771 by Meyer-Anselm.

A physician of Washington estimates the number of cases of cancer now under treatment in the United States at 100,000, with an average of 1000 deaths a week.

The causes of physical degeneracy were discussed at the recent meeting of the British Science Association in Edinburgh. One thought the decline arose from hard drudgery, confined occupations, adulteration of food, and particularly from the employment of women and children in unhealthy occupations; another assigned intemperance as the cause; another insufficient food; and another still the extensive use of tea. But the most remarkable opinion expressed—and it was one which carried the weight of the highest authorities present—was that the great care now taken by physicians to preserve the lives of invalids and those constitutionally weak led to the deterioration of the human race. Formerly the weak and invalid died out, leaving the strong to multiply and replenish the earth; but the success of medical practitioners now enabled the delicate and sickly to survive and propagate feeble constitutions. The obvious remedy for this—namely, that we should tomahawk the infirm, as the red Indians do—was cynically suggested; but it was decided that, by saving the feeble, humanity gained in moral what it lost in physical advantages.

The champion woman lives in South Carolina: age, ninety-seven; health, rugged; occupation, weaving; amusement, walking a couple of miles to see her grandson, and harnessing a mule to a buggy for a drive when she likes. The champion man lives in the same township: age, one hundred and seven; occupation, talking—his eye-sight being gone. Another centenarian abides in St. Augustine, Florida. He is only a hundred and two, but he can read without spectacles, and, being strong and hearty, thinks there is good prospect of another century before him.

Wise and efficient policemen they have in Chicago. A few nights ago one of these worthies discovered a house on fire. Very discreetly he went off to give the alarm; then he returned to arouse the family. Meanwhile a woman had been suffocated, and her husband and child dreadfully burned.

A curious medical experiment was tried in Russia not long since, which illustrates the influence of the mind on the body. Some murderers were placed, without knowing it, in four beds where four persons had died of the cholera. They did not take the disease. Afterward they were told that they were to sleep in beds where some persons had died of malignant cholera; but the beds were, in fact, new, and had not been used at all. Nevertheless, three of them died of the disease within four hours.

A death-dealing machine, the result of forty years' labor, is the invention of a Mr. Walters, of Birmingham, England. His grand aim has been "to try to Christianize all those who have to take away life, and for their ears and eyes to be free from the dying struggles and shrieks of God's creatures." The patentee asserts that his machine "instantly and momentously deprives of life any animal the great Creator ever formed, from the beautiful bird-of-paradise to the mighty elephant."

The largest family gathering New England has ever witnessed was on August 31, when over three thousand Howes assembled in Framingham, Massachusetts. Harmony Grove was the spot chosen for this remarkable family meeting. A mammoth tent was erected, orations delivered, poems read, and songs sung. After the three thousand had dined there were more speeches, general conversation followed, some very ancient relics were inspected, "Auld Lang Syne" was sung, and the young folks fell to dancing. The youngest representative of the Howe family present was but four months old; and there was at least one who had passed his eighty-second birthday.

The New York *Times*, after stating that the following paragraph has appeared in several journals without query or correction—"The gallantry of Sir Philip Sidney, when he threw his costly cloak on the muddy ground, upon which the queen might step over dryshod, is quoted as the highest example of chivalric devotion to the sex"—goes on to say that the writer of this forgot to mention that Sir Philip Sidney did this as Queen Elizabeth was on her way to the funeral of Sir Walter Raleigh, who was killed by a needle-gun on the field of Zutphen, and who drew out the ball, saying, "It gives me no pain, my Peters; you need it more than I do." This was about the time that Alexander the Great discovered America, and, overcome with emotion, exclaimed to Peter the Hermit, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian," which so touched the Earl of Chesterfield that he uttered his famous compliment, "Praise from Sir Morton Peto is praise indeed!" This sounds very much like some of those worded jumbles which used to be given out in our school-days as a test of memory.

The most sensible brothers we have ever heard of live in Michigan. We are sorry we do not know their names, as well as that of the town which is so fortunate as to have them for citizens. Were all men like them, lawyers would fail *en masse*. These brothers are farmers, well off as regards property, and generally harmonious. But one day they had a little falling out, and one threatened to do the other an injury. The threatened one thought best to apply to a district official for protection. Accordingly the two rode into town together, put up their team, drank each other's health, and then together visited a justice of the peace. That official listened to the complaint, issued a warrant for threats, the accused pleaded guilty, and the accuser became his surety in the sum of two hundred dollars for his good behavior one year.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

AN Oxford professor, addressing a class of law students at graduation, said, "Young gentlemen, you are about to launch out upon the ocean of law: do not, like squirrels, skip from tree to tree and from branch to branch, leaving the fragments behind."

The following epitaph is by Moore, on an attorney named Shaw:

"Here lies John Shaw,
Attorney at law;
And when he died
The devil cried,
'Give us your paw,
John Shaw,
Attorney at law!'"

A reckless party, recently sold out, said his goods were more easily moved than he was.

"Come, Bob, tell us how much you cleared by the late races on Long Island?" "Cleared!" said Bob; "why, I cleared—my pockets."

"Abuse not him in word," said Don Quixote to Sancho, "whom you are resolved to chastise in deed." This aphorism is clearly stolen by the Don from the antediluvian story of the negro sailor who, being strapped up for the lash, cut short a prefatory homily of the captain by saying, "If you preachee, preachee; or if you floggee, floggee; but don't both preachee and floggee too!"

Is a soldier supposed to be raw until he has been exposed to fire?

Why is the crow a brave bird?—Because he never shows the white feather.

The ceremony of tying the knot is very much simplified in the Hoosier State, as the following scene will show: "What is your name, Sir?" "Matty." "What is your name, miss?" "Polly." "Matty, do you love Polly?" "No mistake." "Polly, do you love Matty?" "Well, I reckon." "Well, then,

'I pronounce you man and wife
All the days of your life.'"

"Pat, where's your brother?" "Och, thin, me darlint, he's dead, Sir." "But how did he die?" "Well, Sir, you see he fell off the scaffold one day when the priest was talkin' to him."

"Corn bread?" said an Irish waiter; "we haven't got it: and isn't it corn bafe you mane?"

What is the worst kind of fare soldiers can live on?—Warfare.

A New Orleans thief returned some abstracted clothing that proved too small, and wrote to the owner that he would wait for him to grow.

A LITTLE SHORT—General Tom Thumb.

SONG OF THE RING.
[ALTERED FROM WATTS.]

How doth the busy Peter B.
Improve each shining hour,
And gather money every way
That lies within his power!

How skillfully he lines his nest,
And puts it in the tax!
How little labor he performs,
Yet what a sum he makes!

In some such occupation, Boss,
I would be busy, too—
Some light and easy job, you know,
That idle hands may do.

In working not, but drawing pay,
Let all my days be passed;
For Slippery Dick will never give
A true account at last.

"IT'S MONEY MAKES THE MARE GO."

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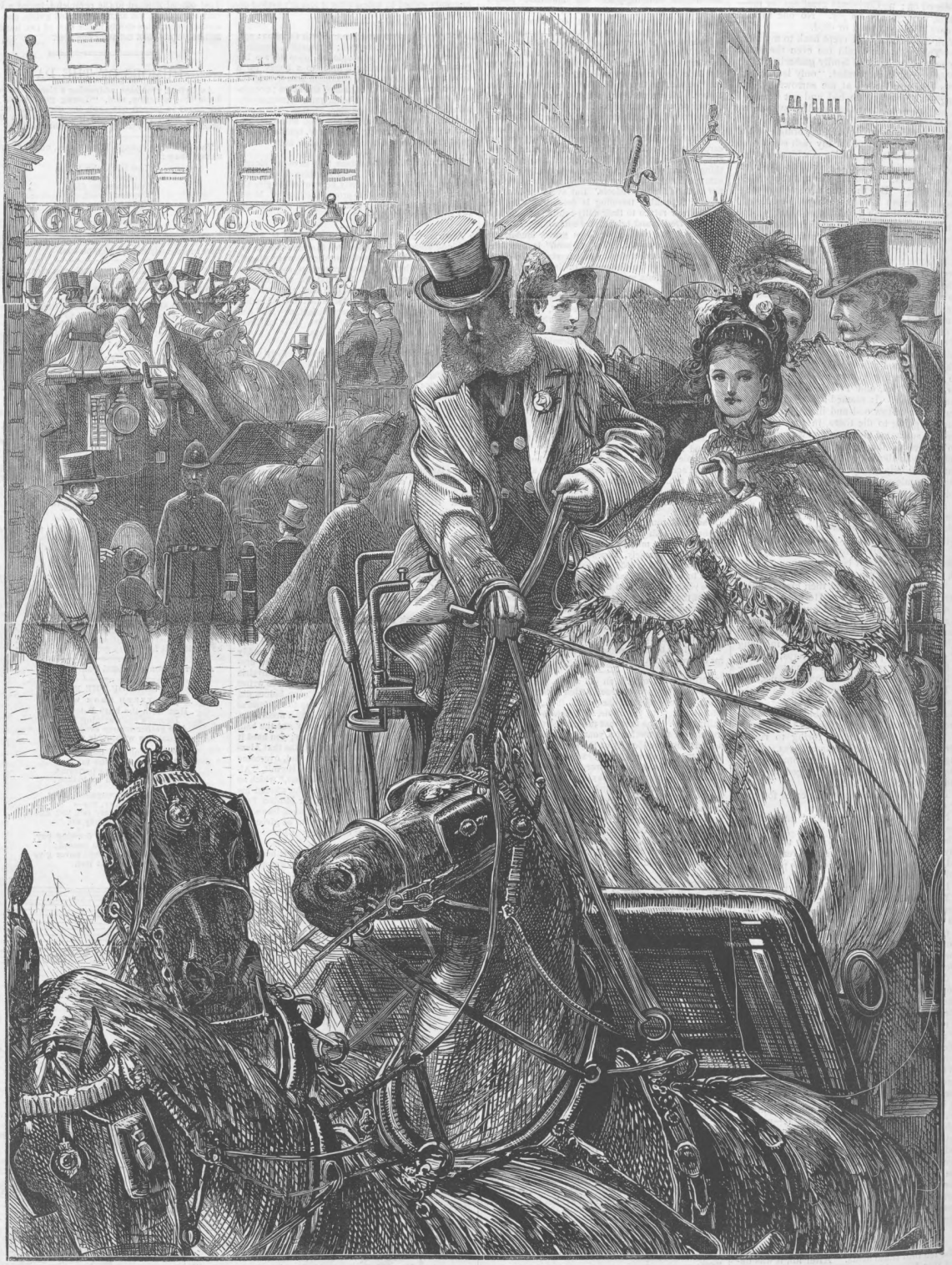
THE NEW FOUR-IN-HAND CLUB.

DR. JOHNSON considered it one of the greatest enjoyments in life to ride—by which he meant be driven—along an English turnpike-road with a pretty woman by his side. There is no need to suppose that the pretty woman was his main consideration. The doctor liked the society of pretty women, and he liked driving on turnpike-roads: nothing could be more logical than to like a combination of the two. But pretty women apart, the mode of traveling in the old days must have added much to the enjoyment of life. The journey occupied more time, but people had more time to spare. If business was in question, the delay was allowed for; were pleasure the object in view, the adventures on the road became a part of the enjoyment. Now, the man of business is allowed no rest, and the man of pleasure—whatever his wealth and power—who seeks change of scene must make a sacrifice of hours, and even days, of his life while on the move. We are all so accustomed to the monotony of railway traveling that we find it difficult to realize the idea of traveling by coach. In England this latter method of traveling is becoming quite common. As a matter of course, an excursion behind four horses seems to Englishmen inseparable from a holiday—something connected with a race, or a review, or a picnic, or a drive somewhere out to dinner. Pass any day by the White Horse Cellar in Piccadilly, and you might suppose that there was no such thing as a railway between London and Windsor, London and Brighton, or London and Tunbridge Wells. Coaches are announced to run regularly from that time-honored hostelry to all of those pleasant places—that is to say, during the summer months.

Thus there is a revival of coaching in these days, and the means of effecting it has been the formation of a new Four-in-hand Club, such as is represented in our illustration. Coaching, as a pastime, had well-nigh disappeared in England. The present generation knew it only by tradition, and such celebrities as Sir VINCENT COTTON and Sir HENRY PEYTON were regarded as myths. The old Four-in-hand Club revived "the rein" to some extent, but not very considerably; and a fresh organization has been required to bring the institution into its present condition. The club has, in all, sixty teams; so it may well be a good customer to breeders; and it will probably boast a larger number next season, as it has eighty members on its list. Among the best-known members are Lord CARRINGTON, Colonel ARMYTAGE, the Hon. GREVILLE NUGENT, Messrs. COPELAND, CANDY, EDWARDS, MURIETTA, FOSTER, CHAINE, HARTOPP, HOPE, etc. Altogether, the "coaching club" may be considered a thorough success; and deserves well of the public, not merely for its influence upon horseflesh, but for the animation which it gives to so many out-of-door occasions.



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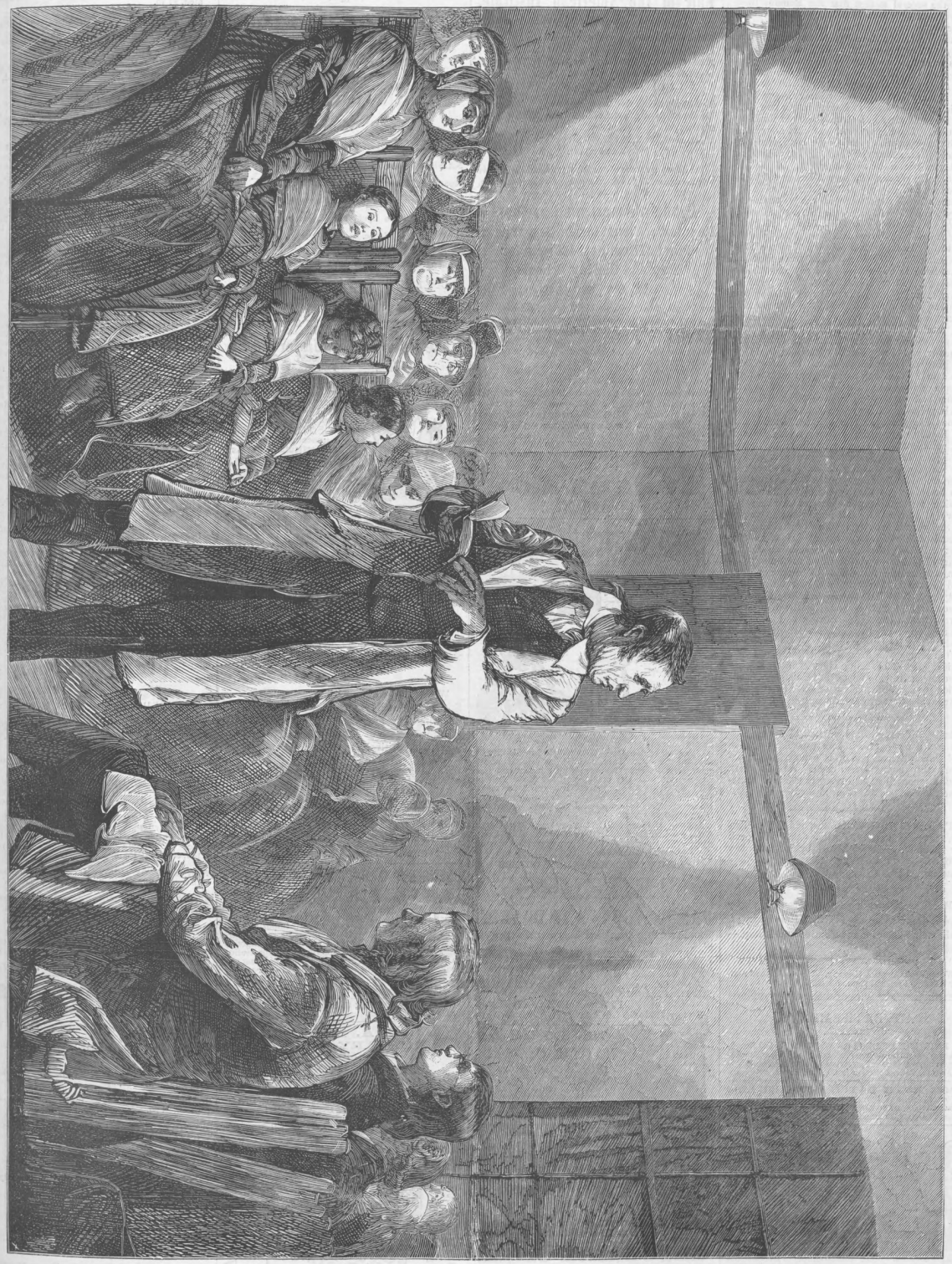
ELDER FREDERICK EVANS AT HOME.

THE advent of Shaker FREDERICK EVANS in England, and his recent exposition of the Shaker doctrines, have excited there a general interest about this sect and their opinions. The Shakers, or, as they call themselves, the "United Society of Believers in Christ's Second Appearing," are a quiet and unostentatious sect, numbering about nine thousand persons. Like many others, this sect was founded in the old country, but the promoters being only seven in number, and finding no chance of peaceably establishing themselves in England, emigrated to America, where they founded a community, and are now one of the most flourishing of the many religious societies thus established in the New World. The peculiarity of their doctrines is a belief that the Saviour has already risen again, in the person of an English factory girl named Ann Smith, and that, therefore, there will be no other resurrection. They enforce celibacy, and hold that every man should labor and divide his earnings with the community. In fact, their ideas are wholly Communistic—*i. e.*, an equal division of labor and property. An excellent account of the sect, its rise and progress, together with a full exposition of the Shaker belief, has been given by Mr. HEPWORTH DIXON in his "New America," as well as a description of Mount Lebanon, where, indeed, Elder EVANS is head and chief; and our illustration on this page represents Elder FREDERICK EVANS at home—that is, in the meeting-house, explaining to his disciples the mysteries of the "Resurrectionist Doctrine." Mr. DIXON describes Elder EVANS as a "man of ideas," and it now appears that his intention is to form a Shaker settlement in England. Our sketch, taken in Mount Lebanon, well portrays the costume of the community, thus described by Mr. DIXON: "The men are oddly attired in a sort of Arab sack, with a linen collar, and no tie; an under-vest buttoned to the throat, and falling below the thighs; loose trowsers, rather short; and broad-brimmed hat, nearly always made of straw. The women are habited in a small muslin cap; a white kerchief wrapped round the chest and shoulders; a sacque, or shirt, dropping in a straight line from the waist to the ankle; white socks, and shoes."



ELDER FREDERICK EVANS AT HOME.

THE PROPOSED RESEARCHES IN THE BED OF THE TIBER.

IN connection with the announcement recently made that the Italian government have it in contemplation to cleanse the bed of the Tiber, in the hope of discovering statues and other objects of archæological value, it may be interesting to read the words of Addison on the same subject, written more than a century and a half since. He writes:

"The great magazine for all kinds of treasure is supposed to be the bed of the Tiber. We may be sure when the Romans lay under the apprehension of seeing their city sacked by a barbarous enemy—as they have done more than once—that they would take care to bestow such of their

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riches this way as could best bear the water, besides what the insolence of a brutal conqueror may be supposed to have contributed, who had an ambition to waste and destroy all the beauties of so celebrated a city. I need not mention the old common shore (sewer) of Rome, which ran from all parts of the town, with a current and violence of an ordinary river, nor the frequent inundations of the Tiber, which may have swept away many of the ornaments of its banks, nor the several statues that the Romans themselves flung into it when they would revenge themselves on the memory of an ill citizen, a dead tyrant, or a discarded favorite. At Rome they have so general an opinion of the riches of this river that the Jews have formerly proffered the Pope to cleanse it, so that they might have for their pains what they found in the bosom of it. I have seen the valley near Ponte Molle which they proposed to fashion into a new channel for it till they had cleared the old for its reception. The Pope, however, would not comply with the proposal, as fearing the heats might advance too far before they had finished their work, and produce a pestilence among his people; though I don't see why such a design might not be executed now with as little danger as in Augustus's time, were there as many hands employed on it."—*Remarks on Several Parts of Italy, etc., in the Years* 1701, 1702, 1703, *by the late Right Hon. Joseph Addison.*

Really the exploration of the bed of the Tiber is a sensation. The deposits of three thousand years have to be—we can not say unearthed—unsanded. Fires, inundations, the wrecks of heavy-laden galleys, the ruins of palaces and temples, have all helped to feed the imperial stream with magnificent waste. Moreover, we are reminded that Tiber was the receptacle of the statues, armor, and diadem of an unpopular emperor, and the asylum of treasures saved from the grasp of barbarian invader. But how about the coins? Can any archaic gem eclipse their unique eloquence? On the coins of stately Rome and captivating captive Greece the old world perpetuated the myriad phases of its marvelous complexity. The chained Dacian and his Roman conqueror; Judæa weeping beneath the palm, and her Gentile sentinel; the dusky Ethiopian, in his elephant-drawn car, holding the scorpion, personating Africa; the crocodile, sistrum, and ibis of Egypt; the barbarous weapons and the cony that creeps in the sierras of Spain; the camels and spices of Arabia; the bow and quiver of Parthia; the wheaten chaplet of Sicily; the parsley coronet of Achaia; the queenly figure of Italy, with her belt of towers; that of Britain leaning on a rock in the beating heart of Ocean—some or all of these long-hidden numismatic transcripts of character, fact, and feature Father Tiber will now be made to disgorge. The Italian Association, which is headed by Signor Alessandro Castellani, and supported by the learned of Europe and America, reckons on a practical alliance for the accomplishment of its artistic aim; for it will be helped by the company formed to quell insurgent Tiber, which, instead of being allowed his periodical mischievous inundations, will be chained to his yellow bed. Which shall we have most to admire, ancient art or modern engineering?

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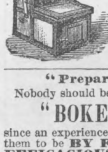

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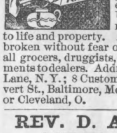

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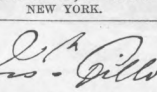

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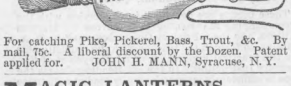

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FARMING IN THE GREAT WEST.

PEOPLE who have never visited the great West, and in whose eyes a farm of two or three hundred acres is large, have very little conception of the magnificent scale on which farming operations are carried on in the regions of the prairie country. For their enlightenment we give in this number of the *Weekly* a series of sketches, some of which will be found on pages 900 and 901, of Burr Oak, the great farm of Illinois, and probably without a rival in the world. Located in Ford and Livingston counties, it lies, in a direct line to St. Louis, a distance of 100 miles from Chicago.

Twenty years since, its owner, M. L. SULLIVANT, entered this and other lands from government at an average price of $1 25 per acre. His determination seemed to be to keep himself "land poor," as the Western phrase is, until the disposal of surplus acres at a great and natural profit should give him the necessary funds to operate successfully a large farm.

In 1868, just previous to his location on Burr Oak, Mr. SULLIVANT visited his native place, in the vicinity of Columbus, Ohio. In response to inquiry after his welfare and prospects he said that he had run down from nearly 100,000 to 40,000, mentioning in a joking way, as one of his losses, the Broadlands farm of 20,000 acres, which he had sold to Mr. ALEXANDER for a quarter of a million dollars. (Broadlands is today valued at more than $600,000.) In 1868 Mr. SULLIVANT commenced work on Burr Oak with 1000 acres of corn. In the following year 5000 were put in; in 1870, 9000 acres. At the present writing he has upward of 11,000 acres of corn, which promise an average of fully forty-five bushels to the acre. Besides this there are quite 5000 acres of other crops under cultivation.

These statements in figures give but a vague idea of the vast green oceans of growing grain under the bright prairie skies; but fancy a continuous crib of twelve feet in width, filled with ears of corn to the height of eight feet, nearly if not quite five miles in length, and you will then have the dimensions of Mr. SULLIVANT'S corn crop for the present year.

M. L. SULLIVANT, ESQ., THE GREAT FARMER.

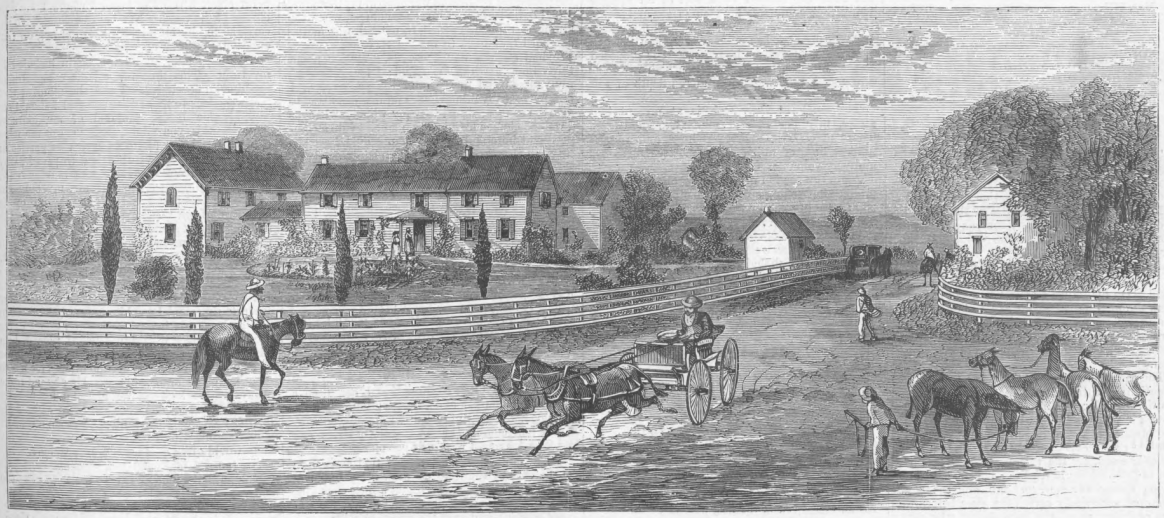
But this is a comparatively small part of the work done at Burr Oak during the past four years. The estate embraces exactly sixty-five square miles—over 40,000 acres. The land, which is rolling, in some places quite broken, is in the form of a square, and has been crossed and recrossed by wide avenues hedged on either side with the Osage orange. Three hundred miles of hedge have been set out, six miles of board fence built for cattle and stock, and 150 miles of ditching (the ditches are seven feet wide, and average nearly two feet in depth) have been done to drain the wet places; numerous corn cribs, farm buildings, shops for various work; and a vast amount of work of all descriptions, in which a new place abounds.

Besides this, Mr. SULLIVANT has been an earnest worker for the advancement of Illinois, in which he takes considerable pride. Numerous railroad enterprises have been advanced by means of his sturdy support, and no actual settler has been refused counsel and advice in the selection of land, and oftentimes aid of a different description has been extended. In his great knowledge of land—both as to its lay, and the quality of the earth for the growth of different crops—Mr. SULLIVANT has it in his power to render a positive and needed aid to the farmer, who may be almost ruined by the loss of a single crop. He believes persistent labor, directed by fair judgment, will enable any man to follow out HORACE GREELEY'S advice—*i. e.*, move West and prosper.

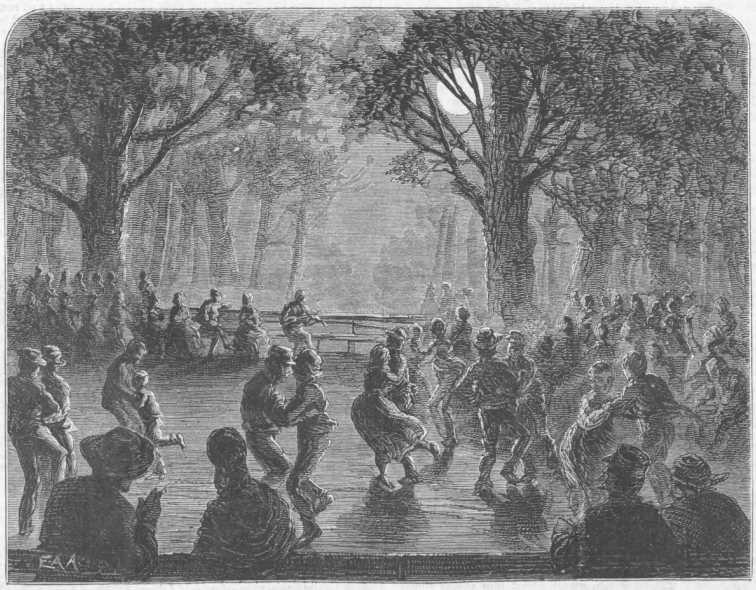
His farm-work is perfectly systematized. Burr Oak is a bee-hive, with no drones, and the accounts show where each day's work has been done, whether it is by man or beast. His purchases are invariably made in large quantities. For instance, fifty plows, fifty cultivators, etc. This enables him to make terms of the most favorable character. The hands, mostly Swedes and Germans, are engaged about the 1st of April, and are expected to stay until the 1st of January. Two hundred and fifty men are required at present to work the farm. These, with the exception of a few who bring their own teams and work by contract, are assigned to the different farms and gangs. Mr. SULLIVANT is the commander-in-chief, Mr. J. M. MINER his brigadier; next twelve captains, each with three lieutenants, each lieutenant having charge of a squad of men, and immediately responsible to the captain or head of the farm for their work.

Besides the organized farm gangs, there is a considerable force constantly employed in carpenter and mason work; a regular blacksmith's shop, with its four or five smiths; men constantly busy in the repair of machinery; the harness-shop, wagon-shop, painters. In the fall of the year Mr. SULLIVANT finds it necessary to detail a certain number of men as gunners to kill or drive away the innumerable flocks of wild geese and ducks which would otherwise destroy thousands of bushels of grain. In speaking of this, he says: "I tried at first to equalize the thing by planting a few hundred more acres, but my feathered boarders forced me to drain some of the lakes and ponds before I could get them to come in more reasonable force." To return to the work of the farm.

The captains report each evening to Mr. SULLIVANT, and deliver their pass-books to Mr. TAYLOR, the book-keeper and paymaster, who takes the record and returns the books. Meanwhile the captains are gathered about Mr. SULLIVANT, answering questions and receiving his orders.



THE HOMESTEAD—"BURR OAK."



EVENING IN THE "BURR OAK" GROVE.

It may be well to state here that there is no field of Burr Oak with the condition of which Mr. SULLIVANT does not seem to be perfectly familiar, and generally from personal observation; and he has an able second in Mr. MINER, a bright-eyed, sun-bronzed Ohioan of not more than thirty-two years. He detects a defect in a piece of harness, in a bolt of a cultivator, or a half-done piece of work, the instant his eye falls upon it. With his light buggy and quick-stepping pair of mules he travels many miles each day, visiting such points as his chief directs—Mr. SULLIVANT, meanwhile, taking observations in an opposite quarter.

Thus it will be seen that the captains' reports at evening to Mr. SULLIVANT, in MINER'S presence, are not made to parties uninformed.

Mr. SULLIVANT has, however, selected his men with care, and the evening report seems to a stranger more a friendly chat than any thing else.

The work required from the men is ten hours per day; a noon-time of two hours gives a mid-day rest to the men and stock.

At the close of the day the hands from the different farms assemble at the dancing-floor in the fine grove of burr and oaks from which the farm is named. The fiddlers and accordion players furnish the music, and a right merry time is en-

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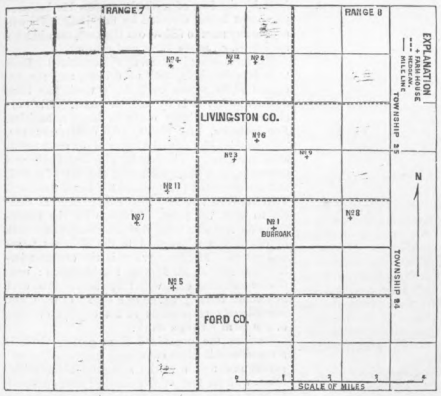

MAP OF "BURR OAK" FARM.

joyed by men who, as Mr. SULLIVANT suggests, might find themselves in mischief with trifling exertion. The Swedish girls of Burr Oak are dancers of no mean rank, if endurance may be taken into consideration. Mr. SULLIVANT and his family are frequent and thoroughly welcome spectators of the dance. The social condition of Burr Oak is capital. Fighting, drunkenness, and other nuisances are of too seldom occurrence to mention.

There is not space here to give a complete monthly report, but a synopsis, and a few of the leading items, will serve to explain the system.

	Men.	Horses.	Oxen.
May, 1871	4979¾	7069	1957
DAY'S WORK.	Men.	Horses.	
Overseeing generally	45	90	
Errands and chores	31	58	
Harness-shop	8	.....	
Water hauling	27¾	27¾	
Stables	191	160	
Blacksmith's shop	114	.....	
Kitchens	273	.....	
Implements and machinery	82	1	
Nursery	79½	18	
Hedges	383¾	214½	

This is but a fragment of the list, but it will be easily seen that with such a system Mr. SULLIVANT is able to keep himself thoroughly posted as to the condition of his farm and situation of his affairs.

Mr. SULLIVANT has a pet theory that what he is doing may be done by any company of earnest working-men who may combine capital and labor for mutual advantage. He is not a man of grasping disposition, but great-hearted and broad in his views, as his great work shows on every hand. On his return from a trip away from his farm the men gather about at evening to await his arrival, and welcome him in a genuine and earnest way that tells of more than usual feeling, and shows a pleasing relation of a man and his men.

The regular farm-work of Burr Oak, which is essentially a corn farm, is the breaking of raw prairie, planting, cultivating, and harvesting. Oxen are principally used in breaking, and with the breaking-plow a furrow twenty inches in width is cut. This appears to be merely a turning of the sod, for the furrow is but two and a half to three inches in depth. This work is done during spring, summer, and fall, and the land, if plowed sufficiently early (any time before the 20th of June), may be at once planted with corn, which is not cultivated or worked in any way until it is harvested. The yield will average twenty bushels to the acre, which will pay an interest on the land at Illinois Central Railroad prices, the expense of work, and a profit besides. This estimate is made after a fair investigation, and rating the breaking at $2 75 per acre, which is full price, and the planting and seed at twenty-five cents per acre. A bushel of corn will fully plant eight acres of land. A man and team will plant twelve and a half acres, and run the furrows to a guiding stake. A heavier crop may be taken from land on which the breaking-plow is followed by a stirring-plow, and a furrow four inches deep is cut, the earth being thrown over the sod-plowing. This is summer or fall work. In the spring following this land is harrowed, planted, and cultivated in the same manner as old land. The crop abundantly repays the outlay. Old ground is plowed from the 1st of April until the 10th of June. With a steel plow and horses or mules, two and a quarter acres is a fair day's work. A man and four yoke of oxen will harrow, with gang-harrows, from twenty-five to thirty acres per diem. The cultivation is done entirely by machinery, and very completely, the number of times the crop is gone over depending on the condition of the ground—generally from three to four. Some idea of this cultivation of corn by machinery may be gathered from the mention that in one single field the writer saw no less than 123 cultivators, each worked by one man and two mules or horses. Scattered about at convenient points were boys with low trucks or wagons, on which were casks filled with water, to be used for drinking purposes by the workers. Burr Oak is a temperance farm—whisky being used only for snake bites; even then its owner is doubtful whether the whisky will not injure the man more than the snake bite. The work of cultivation finished, the crop is said to be laid up, and breaking, ditching, and other farm-work is in order until the harvest, at which time the men are told off in squads composed of two gangs of six to a gang. A boss, two wagons, and four horses are allotted to each squad. A gang takes five rows of corn, and an average of fifty bushels of corn is cribbed for every man's day's work. The cribs are long wooden sheds of sixty-four feet length, twelve feet width, and twelve feet height, with the roof slooping four feet. They are set in couples at favorable points, and crib three thousand bushels each. When a shipment of grain is to be made, power shellers are set to work between the cribs. Trains are contracted for through to New York, thus avoiding two or three commissions, as well as elevator risks and charges—in all a saving of nearly the cost of producing the grain. The corn is bright yellow, and brings in the market a good price.

The machinery in use at Burr Oak would handsomely stock two or three agricultural implement stores: 150 steel plows, of different styles; 75 breaking-plows; 142 cultivators, of several descriptions; 45 corn-planters; 25 gang-harrows, etc. The ditching-plow, a huge affair of eighteen feet in length, with a share of eleven feet by two feet ten inches, is worked by sixty-eight oxen and eight men. These finish from three to three and a half miles of excellent ditch each day of work. The oldest hedges (Osage orange) are but three years' growth, but now stand full seven feet high, and much of it is pig-tight. Even here machinery is called in, and the rows are clipped by a sort of an upright mower. The nursery for young trees and plants is well stocked, and many years will not elapse before Burr Oak has other groves than the one from which it derives its name. It is proposed to presently sink artesian wells, which will generally strike the water-vein at the depth of 140 or 150 feet.

The stock of Burr Oak is at present 350 mules, fifty horses, and fifty yoke of cattle. There may be 1000 or 1200 hogs, and a magnificent herd of milch cows, mostly Durhams, and very valuable.

An entire section of land is devoted to raising produce for feeding stock and hands. There are 2500 acres of tame grass, which will cut an average of a ton and a half to the acre; besides this much wild grass is cut.

Mr. SULLIVANT'S present home, an exceedingly comfortable though rambling structure, was built piecemeal, and is considered as only temporary by the owner, who is purposing to build a comfortable rather than a pretentious house on rising ground in about the geographical centre of the farm.

THE ONE CERTAINTY.

BY CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

VANITY of vanities, the Preacher saith,
All things are vanity. The eye and ear
Can not be filled with what they see and hear.
Like early dew, or like the sudden breath
Of wind, or like the grass that withereth,
Is man, tossed to and fro by hope and fear:
So little joy hath he, so little cheer,
Till all things end in the long dust of death.
To-day is still the same as yesterday,
To-morrow also even as one of them;
And there is nothing new under the sun:
Until the ancient race of Time be run,
The old thorns shall grow out of the old stem,
And morning shall be cold, and twilight gray.

B 88.

I WAS on duty as head-guard of the up north train when what I am about to tell you took place. It happened one wet and stormy autumn evening just about dusk. How well I remember the time! My journey for the day was over, and the train was just drawing up to the platform at Park End Station—Park End is a very busy place now, as I dare say you are aware, and it was a busy place even then—when I heard a sudden sharp cry of "Man down!" from some of the porters. The very same moment, as it seemed, my van, which was at the tail end of the train, gave a strange sort of jolt, as though the wheels had been lifted off the metals and had gone over something soft. I turned cold from head to foot, and, letting go the handle of my brake, was out of my van in a couple of seconds. There the poor fellow was, sure enough, lying about a yard away from the hindmost wheels, a heap of clothes and broken bones. In attempting to get out before the train had come to a stand-still, he had slipped down between the carriages and the platform. One carriage and my heavy brake-van had gone over him. I was the first man that leaped down on to the line to lift him up. We got him on to the platform as tenderly as we could, a ring of porters, guards, and passengers formed round us. A couple of lanterns held aloft lighted up the ghastly scene. He whom I held in my arms was a man between fifty and sixty years old; his sandy hair and his sandy beard were fast turning gray. He had a sharp foxy-looking face, like that of a man keen at a bargain, and well able to take care of his own interests. He was plainly dressed in black and gray, but with a certain stamp about him which showed that he was both a gentleman and a man well to do.

Poor fellow! he was very near his end. He had given utterance to no cry when he first fell, and one or two low moans were all that now told his agony. His lips moved as though he wanted to speak to me, but only a faint murmur came from them. I bent my ear close to his mouth, but even then I could not make out what he wanted to say. He groaned and shut his eyes, and I thought he was gone; but in a moment or two his eyes opened, and again he tried to speak, but in vain. Then, for about as long a time as it would take me to count twenty, his gaze met mine with an expression in it of such yearning anxiety and terrible despair as I have never seen since, and hope never to see again. Then a sudden spasm crossed his face, changing its whole expression; he flung one arm out quickly, his head fell back, and he was dead.

A stretcher was brought, on which the body was carried to the dead-house at the hospital, there to await the inquest. The dead man had no luggage with him, except a small black bag; but there were papers about him sufficient to prove his identity. His name was Muxloe, and he lived in London. He was a bachelor, and had chambers in the Temple; and his business, as far as I could make out, seemed a sort of cross between that of a lawyer and a money-lender. After the inquest, at which I was called as one of the chief witnesses, the body was claimed by the relatives, and I thought that I had seen and heard the last of Mr. Muxloe.

I went about my work as usual, but I could not get out of my memory that look of terrible despair which had flashed from the dead man's eyes into mine during that last minute of his life. It haunted me by day and it haunted me by night, when I was at work and when I was asleep. Do what I would, I could not get that ghastly face, with its strange yearning gaze, out of my mind. Poor as I was, I would have given much to know what it was that Mr. Muxloe was so despairingly anxious to tell me.

A month or more passed away, and although the poor dead gentleman was often in my thoughts, I had quite recovered my cheerfulness, when the strangest thing happened to me. I was acting as guard that week to the 9 A.M. down express. We had stopped at Claywoods, a station about thirty miles north of Park End; I had got out of my van as usual to see after the passengers; I had made every thing right, and was just about to give the starting-signal with my whistle, when, as I walked alongside the train, glancing into a compartment here and there, whom should I see sitting in one of the carriages, as plainly as ever I saw any thing in my life, but the dead man, Mr. Muxloe!

You might have knocked me down with a feather, as the saying is. My blood turned cold to see in his eyes that same strange look of which I have already spoken. It was a look that went through me, and chilled my heart with horror. How I contrived to give the signal for the train to start and got back into my van, I never knew; but we had got half a dozen of miles from Claywoods before I seemed to come to my proper senses. All that I could do, as soon as I was fit to think more calmly, was to doubt the evidence of my own eyes. I was an utter disbeliever in ghosts or apparitions of any kind. I would not believe that I had seen any thing out of the common way in the present case; I chose rather to think that I had been a victim to some freak of my imagination—that Mr. Muxloe had been so much in my thoughts of late, that I had come at length to believe that I saw Mr. Muxloe again in proper person.

I had quite persuaded myself that such must be the case by the time we drew up at our next station; still, it was not without a little shrinking of the nerves that I walked quickly past the carriage where I had seen the ghost, or whatever it was. There was no ghost there now—and I laughed a little spiteful laugh to myself. In fact, two old ladies had just had the door of the very compartment opened for them, and were being thrust in with their boxes and bundles. I saw the old ladies comfortably seated, and shut the door on them myself; and as I did so, I unthinkingly read off the number of the carriage in which they had taken their places—that number was B 88.

There seemed to me a familiar ring about the words B 88, and I kept repeating them over to myself after the train was fairly under way again, puzzling my memory to think where I had heard them before. At last it all flashed across my mind: B 88 was the number of the carriage from which Mr. Muxloe was in the act of alighting when he missed his footing and fell! The number had been brought up among other evidence at the inquest, and had there impressed itself on my memory. There was something odd about the affair that I didn't half like; perhaps the apparition was my death-token, and had been sent to warn me. For the remainder of that day my thoughts were far from comfortable.

Next day I was ordered away in charge of a special, and I did not go out any more that week with the 9 A.M. express. The week following it was my turn to go out with the 9.15 P.M. mail; it was a train that, as a rule, carried very few passengers. White Ash was one of the stations, and at it we stopped for three minutes to pick up and set down post-office bags. We were just on the point of starting again, and I had just taken my usual look along the length of the train to see that every thing was secure, when—as you will already have guessed—I was again startled by seeing the ghost of Mr. Muxloe sitting all alone in the middle compartment of a first-class carriage. That carriage was the hateful B 88!

The light from the roof shone down full and clear on the dead man's face: it was stony and expressionless, except for the vivid light in those deep-set eyes, which gazed into mine with that same terrible yearning of which I have spoken before, as though it had some dread secret on its mind, and could obtain no rest till it had revealed it to me. I was still looking—breathless, spell-bound—and I seemed to have been looking for minutes instead of seconds, when it slowly uplifted a lean forefinger and beckoned me to go to it. This was more than I could bear; I fainted clean away on the platform. When I came to myself, the train had been sent forward in charge of another guard, and I was lying in one of the waiting-rooms, where the station-master and his daughter had been doing their best to bring me round.

Well, my nerves were so upset that it was almost a week before I was fit to go on duty again. I had plenty of time, while sitting at home, to turn the whole affair over and over in my mind. I came to the conclusion that it was very likely I should see Mr. Muxloe again—perhaps often again. But, arguing from all I had heard and read about ghosts, they had no power given them to harm one; all they could do was to appear unexpectedly at strange times and places, and so make themselves as unpleasant as possible. The upshot of it was that, having made up my mind that I should see Mr. Muxloe again, I tried to so nerve myself as to be able to look on him without being overmuch afraid.

After I got to work again, you may be sure that I looked carefully, before starting on each journey, to see whether that confounded B 88 formed part of my train. I had got an idea that I should never see Mr. Muxloe except in connection with that particular carriage, and, as the event proved, I was right.

The first time that I found B 88 made up as part of my train was about five days after my recovery. There it was, one morning when I went on duty, staring at me as brazen as you please. I seemed to pick it out instinctively from all the other carriages. I won't say that my heart didn't flutter a little when I first marked it. I kept my eye on it, and was not a little pleased to see a gentleman and his two sons get into it about two minutes before starting. A glance at their tickets showed me that they had booked through to a point about fifty miles beyond where I gave up charge of the train. Not being able to have the carriage to himself, Mr. Muxloe did not, on that occasion, put in an appearance.

Two days later, B 88 was again included in my train. This time the middle compartment remained unoccupied. From the moment that fact was clear to me, I felt sure that I should see Mr. Muxloe before the end of my journey. Knowing this, you might, perhaps, ask me what need there was for me to go near that particular carriage at all—or, even if I had to pass it, why I could not keep my eyes turned another way. If such questions were put to me, my only answer would be, that I couldn't for the life of me keep away from the carriage. As often as the train came to a stand my feet seemed to drag me past it against my will, and then my eyes would turn and look, whether I wished them or not. Well, I did see Mr. Muxloe several times before the end of that journey. We stopped at four stations—the train was an express one—and four separate times did I see him. But if I had seen him a thousand times, I felt that I could never become familiar with him—never regard him with any thing but a mixed feeling of the deepest awe and aversion—a feeling too intense for me to describe to you in any words. He seemed to be always on the look-out for me, and for nobody else. The moment I came in sight of him his terrible eyes would meet mine, and then my heart would shrink within me, and every nerve in my body would quiver with dread unspeakable. Always, too, he beckoned me with his long lean forefinger, but I took good care never to obey the summons.

I don't want to trouble you with too many details. It is enough to say that every time I took out B 88 as a part of my train, and every time the middle compartment was unoccupied, so sure was I to see the ghost of Mr. Muxloe. You see, it was a thing I dared not talk about, for fear the Company should say that a man who was in the habit of seeing ghosts was not fit to be guard of a train, and should send me about my business in consequence. I did, however, talk about the ghost once or twice to my wife, and got called a fool for my pains. But what else could a married man expect? Wives, as a rule, don't like other people to call their husbands fools, but they don't object to make use of that objectionable little word themselves.

Well, Sir, time went on, and my life almost became a burden to me. I was a haunted man, and I had no means of getting rid of my tormentor. I went off my feed. I no longer enjoyed my dinners as I had been used to do. My evening pipe no longer soothed me. I began to go more into company, and to frequent the bar parlor of an evening oftener than was good for me. You see, I could not bear the company of my own thoughts. I never liked to sit by myself after dark. Even my sleep was broken, and disturbed with dreams of that terrible ghost.

It was soon after Mr. Muxloe first began to trouble me in this way that I made up my mind to ascertain whether he could be seen by any one besides myself. One day, when he had traveled with me all the way from Park End to the end of my journey, and we had drawn up for the collection of tickets, says I to one of the collectors, who had passed *his* compartment as though it were empty, and having my eye on the ghost all the time—says I, "Bill, you have forgotten to collect that old gent's ticket in the middle compartment of B 88."

"Have I?" says Bill, and with that he goes back and opens the door of B 88. "Why, you duffer, the compartment's empty," says he next moment, giving the door an extra bang.

"Empty, is it?" says I, innocent like. "Ah! now I recollect, the old gent got out at the last station." But the dread that was upon me deepened when I found that the apparition could be clearly no one but myself.

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Four, or it may be five, months had gone by from the date of Mr. Muxloe's death, when my health broke down—so much so, that I was ordered away for a month to my native air. Change of air and rest, the doctor said, would probably make a man of me again. I had not given him the least hint as to the real cause of my illness; I was afraid I should only be laughed at for my pains.

Well, I went away down north, and there I picked up appetite and strength wonderfully. Mr. M. never troubled me once; indeed, I had not expected that he would do so, B 88 being far away from me. So it fell out that by the end of my holiday I had grown so strong and hearty as almost to be able to laugh at myself as a whimsical fool who had allowed himself to be frightened by a shadow. I fully made up my mind that rather than let myself get into such a low nervous way again, I would give up my situation as guard, and set up in some other line of life. So the end of my holiday came, and I started back home one cold frosty afternoon in early springtime, looking forward with pleasure to seeing my old woman and the two lads again, and wondering how my mates at the station had been getting on while I had been away.

It was eight o'clock, and had long been dark, when I reached Carnhope Junction—that is, the junction with our own line, a place eighty miles from Park End. The guard who had charge of the train from Carnhope was an old mate of mine. For the first twenty miles I traveled with him in his brake, and we had a quiet smoke and a chat together. Then, feeling inclined for a snooze, I left him and got into an empty second-class compartment. Here I wrapped myself well up, and was asleep in three minutes. I must have slept for about an hour, when I awoke with a start, and could not make out for a minute or two where I was. I was still rubbing my eyes, and looking round with a gape, when I saw something that brought me to my senses with a shock, as if I had been suddenly thrust overhead in ice-cold water—inside the door of the carriage in which I was sitting was marked up the fatal number B 88!

All the feelings and fears which I had flattered myself had vanished forever came back in a rush as I read over the number to myself in a frightened whisper. The thought that B 88 would form part of the train in which I should travel back home after my holidays had never entered into my calculations. I had never thought to look at the carriages before getting into the train at Carnhope Junction, and, in consequence of this neglect, a strange fate had led me into the very place of all others where I would least have wished to be. B 88 was a composite carriage—that is to say, the middle compartment was a first-class one, while the two end compartments were second-class. It was in one of these latter compartments that I was now sitting. The middle first-class compartment was the one haunted by the ghost of Mr. Muxloe.

I hardly know how to describe to you the feeling that now took possession of me. It was neither more nor less than an intense longing to leave the compartment in which I was sitting and make my way, by means of the foot-board outside the carriage, as far as the window of the next compartment, then peep in, and see whether the ghost were already there waiting for me. I tried to fight against this insane desire—I did fight against it with all my strength, but in vain. There was some power within me that I found it impossible to resist. I was like a man walking in his sleep, whose actions are beyond his own control—except that I knew quite well what I was about, and in all respects but one was as collected, and as much in my proper senses, as ever I had been in my life.

I could not stop to argue with myself; I could not stop to reflect. The impulse that was upon me grew stronger with every moment's delay. I had opened the carriage door and was out on the foot-board, with the cold night air blowing keenly around me, almost before I knew that I had stirred from my seat. We were going along at a tidy pace—about thirty miles an hour—but I had no fears as to my safety—I had passed along the foot-boards when the trains were at full speed too often for that.

Very few steps brought me close to the window of the middle compartment. The window was open, and I could see every thing inside as plainly as I can now see you who are sitting beside me. There was only one passenger in the compartment—Muxloe.

Yes; there he sat, with his dreadful eyes staring straight into mine—looking bluer, colder, more ghost-like than ever. Then his long lean forefinger was slowly raised, beckoning me to enter. All power of resistance had been taken from me. Slowly I opened the door, and slowly I got inside—never taking my eyes from off his for a moment—then I shut the door behind me, and sat down opposite to him. The night was a cold one, but I was strong and hearty, and had scarcely felt it; but the moment I sat down opposite the ghost, I became conscious of a coldness far exceeding any that I had ever experienced before. I became chilled to the very marrow. The air of the compartment seemed as though it had swept over a thousand icebergs. My hair seemed to lift, and my whiskers to crisp and tangle, with the intense cold; and I found afterward that my watch had stopped at the very moment of my entering the carriage. I sat down and waited for what might happen next.

My companion's hand had gone down on to his knee when I opened the carriage door. He now sat opposite to me, neither stirring nor speaking, doing nothing, in fact, but gaze with mournful intensity straight into my very soul. The cold grew more extreme, if such a thing were possible. A numbness that had begun with my feet was now creeping slowly up my body. I could feel it creep and spread little by little, stealing gradually upward to my heart, and slowly freezing the life out of me. I had no power to move a muscle; I sat like a man turned to stone. At length the cold touched my heart, or seemed to do so. A death-like faintness crept over me. The light in the roof grew dimmer; the figure opposite me lost its sharpness of outline, becoming faded and indistinct. But through every thing I could feel those piercing eyes fixed immovably on mine, till at length life itself seemed to be rubbed slowly and softly out, and I knew nothing more.

I knew nothing more—that is, till I came to my senses in a dream, and, strange to say, I knew from the first moment that my dream was nothing more than a dream. I found myself in an old-fashioned, oak-paneled room, which, years gone by, had evidently been a state apartment in some aristocratic mansion. It was now, however, furnished in a spare and meagre manner with a few articles of commonplace furniture. In the huge fire-place, the sides of which were inlaid with blue and white Dutch tiles, a few dying cinders had been raked carefully together. It was night, for the wide window-place was curtained, and the large room was dimly lighted by a couple of candles, each of them held by a griffin's claw in bronze, that protruded from the wall, one on each side of the chimney-piece. But all these were details that I seemed to feel rather than to see. My attention was at once concentrated on the occupants of the room—two in number. One of them was a young man about five-and-twenty years old, with sandy hair and beard, and a keen foxy-looking face—none other, in fact, than Mr. Muxloe himself as he must have appeared when a young man. The other inmate of the room was a man both younger and handsomer than Mr. Muxloe, but he was at that moment lying dead across the hearth, with ghastly face and wide-staring eyes, and with a ragged wound in his forehead. Close by the dead man lay a heavy riding-whip. Mr. Muxloe was down on one knee, with one hand clasped tightly in the other, gazing with a sort of frenzied horror at the terrible piece of work before him. It was a look that has come back to me in my dreams many a time since then. "My friend—the only friend I ever had," I heard him mutter, "and yet I, of all men, must be his murderer!" He pressed his hands to his eyes, and great sobs shook him from head to foot. After a time he grew calmer, and then he rose sadly to his feet. "There is no help for it," he said; "I can not face the world—I dare not risk the gallows."

He went out, but returned presently with a spade, a pickaxe, and one or two other implements from the garden. Then he turned back the faded carpet, and proceeded with workmanlike dexterity to take up a portion of the oaken flooring. In the ground thus exposed to view he dug a deep and narrow trench, throwing up the earth on to the boards as he did so. It was a work that took some time, and long before he had done it, great beads of sweat rolled down his haggard face. But they fell unheeded, and he never ceased digging till the hole was to his mind. Then he got out of it, and rested for a little while. But presently he was up and examining the contents of a dusty old box that lay neglected in one corner of the room. From this box he produced a sheet of parchment, and, going to a table on which stood pen and ink, he proceeded slowly, and with much deliberation, to write out a statement, which, having finished, he signed and dated. Next, from a cupboard he brought a small tin canister. As soon as the writing was dry, he folded the parchment, and shut it up in the canister. Next, from the same cupboard he brought a large traveling-cloak, which he proceeded to spread out at the bottom of the trench. Then, but not without some inward shrinking, as I could see, he went up to the body and raised it in his arms; but, before placing it in the hole he had dug, he kissed it tenderly on the forehead twice. "Oh, Arthur! Oh, my friend," he murmured, "if by the sacrifice of my life I could bring back a smile to those white lips, I swear to Heaven that I would gladly die this minute. To think that I should make a murderer of myself for any woman's sake—least of all, for her!"

In three minutes more the body was in the rude grave that had been dug to receive it, the canister and the riding-whip had been laid beside it, some folds of the traveling-cloak had been thrown over the whole, and Mr. Muxloe, spade in hand, was standing with anguished face, gazing his last on the man whom his fierce passions had blotted so suddenly out of existence.

I saw no more. I think it must have been the loud whistling of the engine as we shot into Fell Side tunnel that awoke me so suddenly. Anyhow, at this point I did awake, and found myself still sitting in the middle compartment of B 88, but with no Mr. Muxloe opposite to me—I was alone. My limbs were so numbed and stiff with cold that for a few minutes I seemed to have no use in them. Gradually some warmth crept back into my veins, and as soon as I felt that my strength and nerve were equal to the task, I made the best of my way back to my own compartment. We were but five miles from Park End by this time. A few minutes later I was on the platform with the old woman and the youngsters, all shaking me by the hand at once. It is almost worth one's while to leave home for a time, just to see how pleased the missis and the bairns are to get one back again.

I said nothing to any body about what I had seen and gone through in B 88. I kept it shut up close in my own mind, but I could not help thinking it all over at least twenty times a day. That scene in the oak-paneled room was so deeply impressed on my memory, that, after all these years, I can recall every feature of it as clearly as if it had happened but yesterday. Had it been a scene in real life, I should doubtless have half forgotten it years ago; but the surrounding circumstances were so strange, and out of the common way, that, if I should live to be a hundred, it would all be as fresh in my memory as it was the morning after it happened.

A week came and went without my seeing or hearing any thing more of Mr. Muxloe. One evening, as I was going off duty, I was met and stopped by a gentleman dressed all in black.

"Can you tell me," said he, "whether your Company has a guard of the name of Preston in its employ?"

"My name is John Preston, at your service, Sir," answered I.

"Then you are probably the man I want," said he. "My name is Keppel, and I am a nephew of the Mr. Muxloe who was so unfortunately killed at this station about six months ago. I was out of England at the time, and was obliged to depend on a brief newspaper report for the details of the occurrence. I am greatly desirous of having full particulars from some one who was on the spot at the time. If you be the man I take you for, it was you who lifted up my uncle from the spot where he fell, and it was in your arms that he died."

"I am the man you mean, Sir; and to any information I can give you, you are quite welcome."

"Then here is my address; and if you will come to my house for an hour this evening, you shall have no cause to regret having obliged me." I promised to be at his house by nine o'clock; and with that we parted.

I was there to my time. The house was in the outskirts of the town, and stood in its own grounds. It was too dark for me to see much of the outside, but the moment I got in-doors I saw that the whole place was very old. I was admitted by a servant, who, after telling me that Mr. Keppel would be down in two or three minutes, threw open a side-door, and showed me into a long, low, old-fashioned room—into no other room, in fact, than the oak-paneled room of my dream! I knew it again in a moment, although it was now furnished very differently, and I sank into a chair all of a tremble. Yes, there was the very oak-paneling, with its quaint, zigzag, carved pattern; there the wide old fire-place, inlaid with blue and white Dutch tiles; there the huge window-place, in which half a dozen people might have sat with comfort. I recognized them all.

I could not describe to you the cold, sickening feeling that crept over me as I looked round. Had that grewsome tragedy, as seen by me in my dream, ever been really enacted in that room? Did the murdered man's bones still lie uncoffined under the boards of that old floor? I shuddered like a frightened child as I put these questions to myself.

Fortunately, I had time to pull myself together a bit before Mr. Keppel came into the room. He was very kind and affable, and had the decanters and a cold fowl brought out before ever he asked me a question. Just then I could not eat, but a stiff tumbler of brandy and water helped me to get my nerve back again. After that Mr. Keppel began to question me, and I gave him a full, true, and particular account of all the circumstances, so far as I knew them, in connection with his uncle's death. He was greatly interested. But when I had got through every thing that he wanted to know, and he had nothing farther to ask me, I plucked up heart of grace, and determined to tell him how Mr. Muxloe had appeared to me several times since his death, and of my strange dream in B 88.

I never saw any one more astonished than Mr. Keppel was by the time I had finished my story. For a little while he seemed almost too overcome to speak. At last he said: "If what you say be true—and I have no reason to doubt your word—it apparently points to one of those mysteries which seem purposely sent now and then as if to baffle the utmost exercise of human reason. This house, which now belongs to me, was certainly my uncle's property for a great number of years. Although he lived for the most part in London, he used to come down here for one or two days almost every month, ostensibly for the sake of the excellent fishing with which the neighborhood abounds. He would never let the house, although he might have had tenants by the score. One old woman had the sole charge of it when he was away, and waited upon him when he was here. There is one fact in connection with my uncle's residence here which seems in some measure to bear out the most singular point of your narrative: this very room in which we are sitting—in which, according to your account, a dreadful tragedy took place many years ago—was never, so long as I can remember, made use of by my uncle. It was always kept locked and shuttered; and often as I was here during my uncle's lifetime, I never saw inside the door of this room till after his death. Enough, however, for the present. I must have time to think this strange story of yours carefully over. Come and see me at eight the evening after to-morrow, if you have no better engagement."

Punctual to the time, I was there. I was shown into the oak-paneled room. There I found Mr. Keppel, two gentlemen, and Donald the gardener.

"I have told these two gentlemen, who are particular friends of mine," said Mr. Keppel, "all that you told me the other evening. We have consulted together, and have decided, not without hesitation, to investigate the matter, so far as it is in our power to do so after so great a lapse of time. As a matter of course, our first step is to ascertain whether any one has been buried in the way described by you under the flooring of this room. Donald here, who is discretion itself, will proceed to make the necessary search. Be good enough to point out the exact spot, as nearly as you can remember it, where you saw the body put away."

I had no difficulty in doing this—every thing was fixed too clearly in my memory for that. So Donald set to work under my directions. I took off my coat, and gave him a helping hand, and, while the three gentlemen looked quietly on. I need not trouble you with details. It will be sufficient to say that before long we came upon a skeleton, intermixed with some fragments of clothing and some rusted jewelry. Near at hand were the remains of what had at one time been a riding-whip, loaded with lead, while no great distance away was the rusted tin canister which I felt certain from the first that we should not fail to find.

Mr. Keppel opened the canister, and drew from it a strip of parchment. We all crowded round the table. After glancing through the paper himself, he proceeded to read aloud what was there written. This is what was written:

"PARK END, *November* 9, 18—; 11 P.M.

"I, John Muxloe, of the Inner Temple, barrister at law, having this night done a deed which, if made public, would in all probability bring me to the gallows, hereby solemnly depose to the truth of the under-mentioned facts:

"At nine o'clock this evening, being at that time busy over my law-books, I was disturbed by a knock at the front-door. My servant having left me to attend the death-bed of her mother, I was constrained to open the door myself. The person who knocked was my friend, Arthur Clevedon, the dearest friend I had on earth. He had his riding-boots on, and was splashed with mud. In one hand he carried a heavy whip. He walked past me without a word of greeting into the oak-paneled room, and I followed, wondering what could possibly be the matter with him. His first words to me were: 'John Muxloe, you are an infernal villain!' I was thunderstruck.

"'Those are very hard words, Arthur,' I said. 'You must be either crazy or drunk.'

"'Neither one nor the other,' he answered. 'I repeat that you are an infernal villain, and I have come here to horsewhip you.'

"I laughed a little scornfully. 'It is possible for two people to play at that game, *amigo mio*,' I said. He was poising his riding-whip in his hand, and his eyes looked as if they would burn me through. 'Arthur my friend,' I said, suddenly softening, 'what is it?—what is the meaning of these hard words? As true as there is a heaven above us, I do not understand you!'

"'Liar and scoundrel, you understand me but too well!' he answered. Then he gave vent to a wild torrent of words, in which he accused me of having surreptitiously stolen away the affections of a certain lady, whose name need not be mentioned here, I being aware at the same time that her troth had already been plighted in secret to him. Never was there a more unfounded accusation! It is true that the lady had promised to become mine, but—and I swear it here most solemnly—I had not the remotest idea that Arthur Clevedon had ever been any thing more to her than an ordinary friend. She had deceived him and hoodwinked me, for what purpose was known to her own false heart alone. All this I tried to tell Arthur, but he would not hear me. Once again he called me a liar, and as he did so he lashed me across the face with his whip. With a cry of rage, I sprang at his throat. I know scarcely any thing of what followed till I saw him lying dead at my feet, with the blood streaming from a great wound in his forehead. I had smitten him down with his own heavy whip.

"All this happened but one short hour ago, but what an hour has that been to me! and what other terrible hours has the future in store for me! But I dare not look forward. Another thing I dare not do: I dare not let the world know the deed I have this night done. My story would never be believed. They would say I had murdered him; they would hang me! No; I must keep my own counsel; I must lock up the secret forever in my own breast. I have dug a hole under the flooring of this room in which to dispose of the body. By its side I shall place this document, so that in case this night's dark deed should ever be brought to light in time to come, all dispute and inquiry may be obviated. Should it ever be brought to light during my lifetime, I shall have but one resource. I should kill myself.

"Oh, Arthur! dearest friend that ever man had, how I— But I can write no more for tears. My eyes are blinded, my heart weeps tears of blood. In that world beyond the grave where all that is dark here is made clearer than day, we may perhaps meet again. Then will thy hand clasp mine in friendship as of old—only it will be a friendship that will last forever. Then wilt thou know how innocent I was of wronging thee in thought, word, or deed. Till that time shall come—farewell! JOHN MUXLOE."

The reading of this strange document filled every one present with horror and surprise. It was of course considered a confirmation of the statement I had made to Mr. Keppel. Nothing more was done that night. Mr. Keppel said he must have time to consider what steps it would be most advisable to take under such peculiar circumstances.

The result may be stated in very few words. The bones were taken up, placed in a coffin, and interred with the customary solemnities in consecrated ground. The world was never told that it had been discovered whose bones they were, but I think it not unlikely that Mr. Keppel made some private communication to the friends of Mr. Clevedon. But be that as it may, the affair was quietly hushed up, and the real facts of the case never spread beyond a very limited circle.

I need scarcely add that Mr. Muxloe never troubled me again; but, on the other hand, Mr. Keppel did not lose sight of me. He has been a good friend to me in twenty different ways between then and now.

And so ends this full, true, and particular account of the only ghost I ever saw, or wish to see, till the time comes when I shall be a ghost myself.

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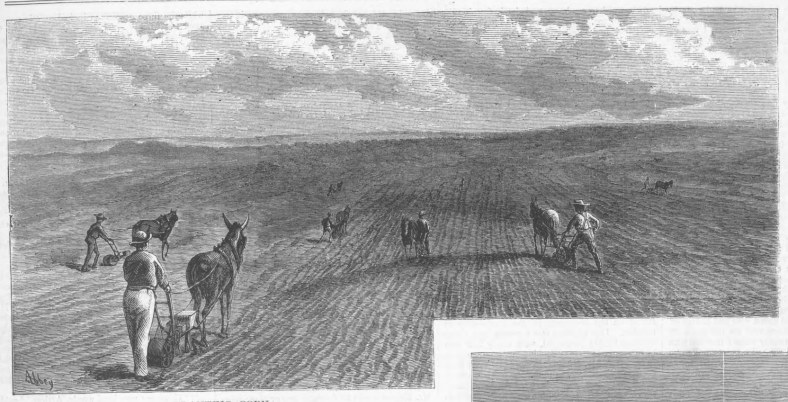
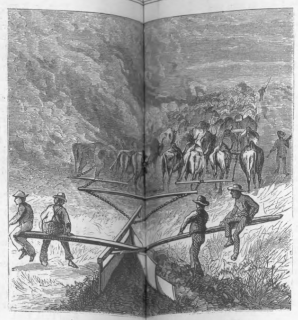


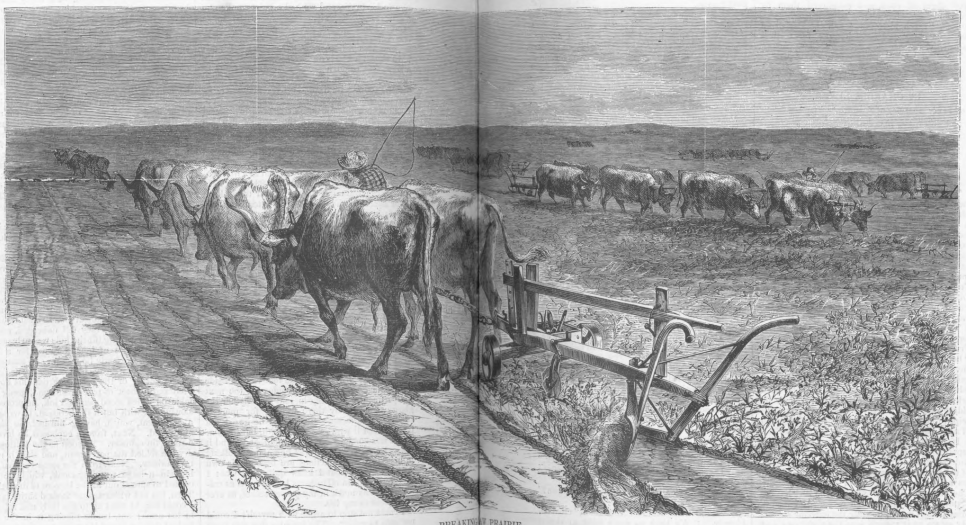
PLANTING CORN.



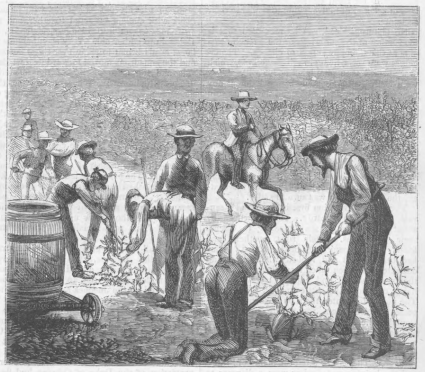
A DITCHING PLOW.

CULTIVATING CORN.

FARM GANG.

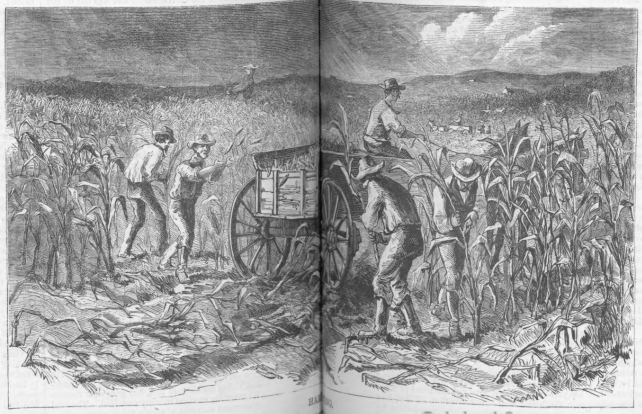


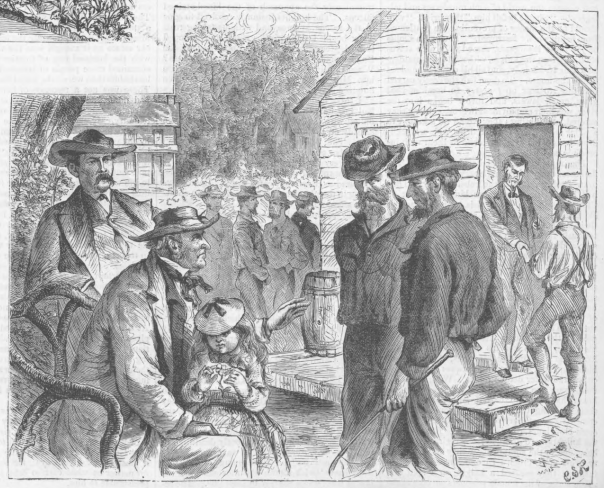
BREAKING PRAIRIE.



HEDGE GANG.

SUNDAY IN "BURR OAK" GROVE.





M. L. SULLIVANT AND HIS CAPTAINS AT EVENING.

FARMING IN THE GREAT WEST—THE "BURR OAK" FARM, ILLINOIS, COMPRISING SIXTY-FIVE SQUARE MILES.—FROM SKETCHES BY THEO. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 897.]

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JACQUES BONHOMME.

IN 1358, two years after the English victory at Poitiers, the French peasants were suffering the most incredible miseries. English and French armies alternately plundered the smiling vineyards and fair fields of France. Whether the château escaped or not, the cottage was sure to suffer. The French king was a prisoner in England; greedy nobles became the autocrats of the provinces. Moreover, besides the English archers and the French cross-bowmen, gangs of disbanded soldiers overran the land, robbing and murdering wherever they could force a way. The life of these thieves was spent in planning ambuscades, and surprising castles and fortified towns. The peasant, whether plodding patient at the plow, in his boat, with his sheep, or in the market-place, was equally the prey of these wretches. The motto on the banner of one of the leaders of these robbers—"The friend of God, and enemy of all mankind"—indicates pretty clearly that the only law that bound such men was Rob Roy's simple old rule,

"That they should take who had the power,
And they should keep who can."

The Estates that met in Paris in 1357 refused to supply the Dauphin with money till he had promised to remedy the following evils under which they were then groaning, an enumeration of which gives some sense of the boundless misery of those times. He swore to appropriate no money consecrated to the public good, to refuse letters of pardon to men guilty of atrocious crimes, to no longer sell or farm out the offices of justice, to seek out and punish prevarications in the chamber of accounts, to re-establish a good coinage, to make no alteration in it without the consent of the Three Estates, to forbid all seizures for royal service, and to compel collectors accused of malversation to render in their accounts.

No picture, indeed, can be presented that is too sombre of the sufferings of the French peasants at this unhappy period of history. The laborers were serfs, living in miserable huts, which every armed man plundered at his will. They were loaded with taxes, and were liable at any moment to have their wives and daughters torn from them by the mounted banditti who fought under the French or the English flag. Their lives were spent in ceaseless labor from which they did not profit, and to resist their masters was only to incur the penalty of long imprisonment or violent death. To-day the French knights seized their oxen for King John; to-morrow the English knights carried off their sheep for King Edward. Whoever conquered, whoever was beaten, the poor peasant was sure to suffer.

The wild insurrection first broke out at Beauvais, a town in Picardy. It commenced by about a hundred peasants meeting to discuss their grievances. Their sons, brothers, and friends were groaning in castle prisons. They had been beaten and robbed; their wives and daughters had been taken from them; they were the most debased and unhappy serfs possible, living only to drive cattle and till the ground. The nobles tormented them by imposts, the burgesses despised them, the soldiers robbed and wounded them.

These men of Beauvais, these rude churls, with their dusty feet fresh from the mill and the plow, had sworn to have a savage and reckless revenge. They argued that the nobles of France and the knights and squires were a disgrace to the land, and that it would be meritorious in the eyes of God to make a clear sweep of them all, and cleanse the world of such murderers and pillagers! "Shame befall him," they cried, "who should be the means of preventing the gentlemen from being wholly destroyed." Then with shouts of joy these insurgents, armed only with staves shod with iron and knives, with wild cries, murdered a knight, his lady, and all his children, and set fire to the house. To demolish the costly carved furniture, to tear up tapestry, to break stained glass, crush jewels, and throw books into the river, was their employment in every château they entered. Sometimes they would tie a knight to a pillar while they murdered his wife and children before his eyes, or tortured them with incredible barbarity.

The inundation rose higher and higher. The flames of every fresh castle served as a beacon to draw fresh recruits to the rebel banner. They had by this time chosen as king a peasant of Clermont, in the Beauvaisis, named Jacques Bonhomme, the most cruel and merciless among their bands. This savage we find moving mysteriously through the whole war, performing no special deeds, a mere name of terror, but still no doubt the real leader of the movement—a strong-willed, relentless, red-handed murderer, driven to ferocious madness by we know not what cruelties and oppressions. The Jacques were now six thousand in number, and wherever they went, burning, plundering, and committing every form of diabolical wickedness, more peasants joined them. The plowman left his plow on their approach, the fisherman his nets, the blacksmith his forge, the milker his milk, the weaver his loom, the vine-dresser his vines, the shepherd his sheep, and, shouting for Jacques Bonhomme, on, on the wider deluge rolled. Wherever these men came the castles broke into flame; their heavy hammers no barred gate could resist; their headlong attack no arrows could stop; no stones from military engines, no cannon, no cross-bow bolts repulsed them. Every where the knights were dragged from their castles and beheaded in the sight of those they loved. Cruelty grew more cruel. In one almost incredible instance they roasted a knight on a spit, and made some of the female prisoners partake of the flesh, after which they killed them. All through the Beauvaisis they spread; at Corbie, Amiens, and Montdidier they burned and destroyed abbeys, and gathered about sixty good houses and strong castles. In the bishoprics of Noyon, Laon, and Soissons they destroyed upward of a hundred castles and good houses of knights and squires. From Brie and its neighborhood every lady, knight, and esquire that had the means of escape fled to Meaux, to preserve themselves from insult and murder. Into that town, high above the Marne, there crowded a frightened herd of houseless people, dreading every moment to hear the shouts of their fierce pursuers. There seemed no help possible from God or from man. Even chivalry was cowed, and bent its proud head. The Duchess of Normandy and the Duchess of Orleans were among the fugitives that were pent up like deer huddled together at the approach of wolves. In the counties between Paris, Noyon, and Soissons, and in all the territory of Coucy, there was the same panic and hopeless terror.

But the reaction soon came. The great seigneurs and knights and esquires of castles still untouched began to see that the earthquake was after all but partial. It was not quite the end of the world yet. Hell was not invading earth, as it had at first seemed. The Jacques were flesh and blood; they bled when the sword struck them and the lance pierced. Their leader was ruthless and determined, but he was no general or heaven-born conqueror. He merely led on these locusts to pasture after pasture. If a castle did resist, stones crushed these wretches, and boiling oil scalded them. They were often trodden under the feet of despairing and desperate men.

At last the knights took heart, the trumpets sounded, and the men in mail sprang on their horses and displayed their banners, eager to face the monsters who had tried to exterminate all who wore golden spurs. The gentlemen of Beauvaisis, Corbie, Vermandois, and all the lands of Picardy not as yet red with blood or black with cinders gathered together, and sent swift messengers into Flanders, Hainault, and Bohemia to gather aid. Very soon helmets and lance-heads began to shine over those horizons, and the squadrons moved forward against Beauvais and the close masses of the mysterious Jacques Bonhomme. Wherever they met these marauders, assailing castle gates or reveling outside burning houses, the eager knights rode at them with fury, and hewed them down without remorse. They hung the trees with their bodies. In one fight alone, near Clermont, in the Beauvaisis, the King of Navarre cut to pieces three thousand of the Jacques, whose army had now increased to the number of more than a hundred thousand. The prisoners, led bound to the king, and being asked the reason of their wickedness, replied, "We know not. We did it because we saw others do it; and we had hoped by this means to destroy all the nobles and gentlemen in the world." This was socialism of the primeval kind.

While all this was going on—the tide turning against the Jacques, who could not resist the charges of heavy-armed men—there came some sudden aid to the knights from friends who looked on the Jacques as mere scum, to be ridden down at once and without mercy. The Earl of Foix and the Captal of Buch, two gallant knights, were returning from a crusade against the heathen, when they heard at Cholons, to their passionate indignation, that the Duchess of Normandy, the Duchess of Orleans, and three hundred other ladies, under the protection of the Duke of Orleans, had fled to Meaux to escape the insurgent peasantry. There, like a flock of timid doves, the women watched tremulously the approach of the blood-stained falcons. The knights instantly resolved to spur to the rescue at once, and without taking rest. They buckled their girdles tight, and galloped toward Meaux. True, the Captal was on the English side; but what of that in such a cause? When the sixty lancers and their followers rode into Meaux, the two duchesses and the three hundred scared ladies received them with smiles and tears and cries of joy; for the murderers had just heard of the treasures at Meaux, and, united with the rebels at Valois and Paris, were already on the march, eager for cruelty and rapine. The Jacques were about nine thousand in number on starting, and their force augmented at every farm and lane-end they passed. A close mass of stalwart, intractable, savage swordsmen and axemen, they came toward Meaux, exulting in the plunder and revelry they were shortly to share and to enjoy.

They approached Meaux without suspicion, relying on their vast numbers, and on the terror excited by their untamable ferocity. They disdained all reconnoitring and the arts of regular warfare. Their only rule was to break in, burn, and kill. The town stood before them silent with terror. Pale men threw open the gates humbly to them; they entered. In a minute the streets as far as the market-place were full of these hungry savages. The ladies who were lodged in the market-place—which is nearly surrounded by the river Marne—were exceedingly terrified at the first rush toward them of this vast herd of wild beasts. But the knights were ready. Calmly riding out through the gate of the market-place, they came under the banners of the Earl of Foix, the Duke of Orleans, and the Captal of Buch, and arrayed themselves to guard the entrance. There, like statues, they sat on their chargers in their glittering mail, the chronicler tells us, waiting the approach of the shouting and screaming rabble. At last a trumpet signal woke the apparently dead men to life. In one broad, striking wave the knights bore forward on the threatening crowd, that drew back "with a crab-like movement" as the lances went down sharply in keen line. The retreat grew more broken and confused; some turned, others struggled to prevent their comrades turning. The lances clove in among them, the swords fell. The Jacques, taken by surprise, turned at last and fled. Upon the frightened wretches, trodden under foot or falling, the chargers dashed, striking with their hoofs at the bristling weapons. At the same time the men-at-arms of Meaux, rushing from behind their barriers, came at the flying men, and struck them down like sheep, driving them out of the town and into the river, or slaughtering them in heaps. In all there were slain of the misguided men that day upward of seven thousand, Froissart tells us, and not one would have escaped if the knights and esquires had not grown weary of killing.

But the men-at-arms had not finished the work of vengeance till they turned their horses' heads from Meaux, for they now set fire to the town, and burned all the Jacques they could find in it. The peasants never collected again in large masses after this disaster, and young Enguerrand de Coucy, who afterward married a daughter of Edward the Third, destroyed without mercy the wandering hordes of insurgents wherever he met them.

Jacques Bonhomme, the captain, being taken alive, was sent to the Dauphin, who, in cruel contempt for his having assumed the title of king, made the executioners crown the doomed man with the red-hot circle of a three-legged iron trivet, and after that Le Roi Jacques Bonhomme was straightway hanged. The residue of the Jacques sought the aid of the King of Navarre; but he, true to his order, marched upon them at once, and massacred them by thousands. "They almost all perished," says a modern French historian, "and the fields and plains of many provinces became for a time deserts."

LORD KILGOBBIN.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

Author of "That Boy of Norcott's," "The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly," "Sir Brooke Fossbrooke," "A Day's Ride," "One of Them," "Gerald Fitzgerald," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE EXCURSION.

THE little village of Cruhan-bawn, into which they now drove, was, in every detail of wretchedness, dirt, ruin, and desolation, intensely Irish. A small branch of the well-known bog-stream, the "Brusna," divided one part of the village from the other, and between these two settlements so separated there raged a most rancorous hatred and jealousy, and Cruhan-beg, as the smaller collection of hovels was called, detested Cruhan-bawn with an intensity of dislike that might have sufficed for a national antipathy, where race, language, and traditions had contributed their aids to the animosity.

There was, however, one real and valid reason for this inveterate jealousy. The inhabitants of Cruhan-beg—who lived, as they said themselves, "beyond the river," strenuously refused to pay any rent for their hovels; while "the cis-Brusnaites," as they may be termed, demeaned themselves to the condition of tenants in so far as to acknowledge the obligation of rent, though the oldest inhabitant vowed he had never seen a receipt in his life, nor had the very least conception of a gale-day.

If, therefore, actually, there was not much to separate them on the score of principle, they were widely apart in theory, and the sturdy denizens of the smaller village looked down upon the others as the ignoble slaves of a Saxon tyranny. The village in its entirety—for the division was a purely local and arbitrary one—belonged to Miss Betty O'Shea, forming the extreme edge of her estate as it merged into the vast bog; and, with the habitual fate of frontier populations, it contained more people of lawless lives and reckless habits than were to be found for miles around. There was not a resource of her ingenuity she had not employed for years back to bring these refractory subjects into the pale of a respectable tenantry. Every process of the law had been essayed in turn. They had been hunted down by the police, unroofed, and turned into the wide bog; their chattels had been "canted," and themselves—a last resource—cursed from the altar; but, with that strange tenacity that pertains to life where there is little to live for, these creatures survived all modes of persecution, and came back into their ruined hovels to defy the law and beard the Church, and went on living—in some strange, mysterious way of their own—an open challenge to all political economy, and a sore puzzle to *The Times* commissioner when he came to report on the condition of the cottier in Ireland.

At certain seasons of county excitement—such as an election or an unusually weighty assizes—it was not deemed perfectly safe to visit the village, and even the police would not have adventured on the step except with a responsible force. At other periods the most marked feature of the place would be that of utter vacuity and desolation. A single inhabitant here and there smoking listlessly at his door—a group of women, with their arms concealed beneath their aprons, crouching under a ruined wall, or a few ragged children, too miserable and dispirited even for play, would be all that would be seen.

At a spot where the stream was fordable for a horse, the page Larry had already stationed himself, and now walked into the river, which rose over his knees, to show the road to his mistress.

"The bailiffs is on them to-day," said he, with a gleeful look in his eye; for any excitement, no matter at what cost to others, was intensely pleasurable to him.

"What is he saying?" asked Nina.

"They are executing some process of law against these people," muttered Donogan. "It's forgotten your name some heritage of freedom an old story in Ireland; but I had as soon you had been spared the sight."

"Is it quite safe for yourself?" whispered she. "Is there not some danger in being seen here?"

"Oh, if I could but think that you cared—I mean ever so slightly," cried he, with fervor, "I'd call this moment of my danger the proudest of my life!"

Though declarations of this sort—more or less sincere as chance might make them—were things Nina was well used to, she could not help marking the impassioned manner of him who now spoke, and bent her eyes steadily on him.

"It is true," said he, as if answering the interrogation in her gaze. "A poor outcast as I am—a rebel—a felon—any thing you like to call me—the slightest show of your interest in me gives my life a value, and my hope a purpose I never knew till now."

"Such interest would be but ill-bestowed if it only served to heighten your danger. Are you known here?"

"He who has stood in the dock as I have is sure to be known by some one. Not that the people would betray me. There is poverty and misery enough in that wretched village, and yet there's not one so hungry or so ragged that he would hand me over to the law to make himself rich for life."

"Then what do you mean to do?" asked she, hurriedly.

"Walk boldly through the village at the head of your pony, as I am now—your guide to Croghan Castle."

"But we were to have stabled the beast here. I intended to have gone on foot to Croghan."

"Which you can not now. Do you know what English law is, lady?" cried he, fiercely. "This pony and this carriage, if they had shelter here, are confiscated to the landlord for his rent. It's little use to say *you* owe nothing to this owner of the soil: it's enough that they are found among the chattels of his debtors."

"I can not believe this is law."

"You can prove it—at the loss of your pony; and it is mercy and generous dealing when compared with half the enactments our rulers have devised for us. Follow me. I see the police have not yet come down. I will go on in front and ask the way to Croghan."

There was that sort of peril in the adventure now that stimulated Nina and excited her; and as they stoutly wended their way through the crowd, she was far from insensible to the looks of admiration that were bent on her from every side.

"What are they saying?" asked she; "I do not know their language."

"It is Irish," said he; "they are talking of your beauty."

"I should so like to follow their words!" said she, with the smile of one to whom such homage had ever its charm.

"That wild-looking fellow, that seemed to utter an imprecation, has just pronounced a fervent blessing; what he has said was, 'May every glance of your eye be a candle to light you to glory!'"

A half-insolent laugh at this conceit was all Nina's acknowledgment of it. Short greetings and good wishes were now rapidly exchanged between Donogan and the people, as the little party made their way through the crowd—the men standing bareheaded, and the women uttering words of admiration, some even crossing themselves piously, at sight of such loveliness as, to them, recalled the ideal of all beauty.

"The police are to be here at one o'clock," said Donogan, translating a phrase of one of the by-standers.

"And is there any thing for them so seize on?" asked she.

"No; but they can level the cabins," cried he, bitterly. "We have no more right to shelter than to food."

Moody and sad, he walked along at the pony's head, and did not speak another word till they had left the village far behind them.

Larry, as usual, had found something to interest him, and dropped behind in the village, and they were alone.

A passing countryman, to whom Donogan addressed a few words in Irish, told them that a short distance from Croghan they could stable the pony at a small "shebeen."

On reaching this, Nina, who seemed to have accepted Donogan's companionship without farther question, directed him to unpack the carriage and take out her easel and her drawing materials. "You'll have to carry these—fortunately not very far, though," said she, smiling; "and then you'll have to come back here and fetch this basket."

"It is a very proud slavery—command me how you will," muttered he, not without emotion.

"That," continued she, pointing to the basket, "contains my breakfast, and luncheon or dinner, and I invite you to be my guest."

"And I accept with rapture. Oh!" cried he, passionately, "what whispered to my heart this morning that this would be the happiest day of my life?"

"If so, fate has scarcely been generous to you." And her lip curled half-superciliously as she spoke.

"I'd not say that. I have lived amidst great hopes, many of them dashed, it is true, by disappointment; but who that has been cheered by glorious day-dreams has not tasted moments at least of exquisite bliss?"

"I don't know that I have much sympathy with political ambitions," said she, pettishly.

"Have you tasted—have you tried them? Do you know what it is to feel the heart of a nation throb and beat—to know that all that love can do to purify and elevate can be exercised for the countless thousands of one's own race and lineage, and to think that long after men have

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will survive to say that there once lived one who loved his country?"

"This is very pretty enthusiasm."

"Oh, how is it that you, who can stimulate one's heart to such confessions, know nothing of the sentiment?"

"I have my ambitions," said she, coldly—almost sternly.

"Let me hear some of them."

"They are not like yours, though they are perhaps just as impossible." She spoke in a broken, unconnected manner, like one who was talking aloud the thoughts that came laggingly; then, with a sudden earnestness, she said, "I'll tell you one of them. It's to catch the broad bold light that has just beat on the old castle there, and brought out all its rich tints of grays and yellows in such a glorious wealth of color. Place my easel here, under the trees; spread that rug for yourself to lie on. No—you won't have it? Well, fold it neatly, and place it there for my feet: very nicely done. And now, Signor Ribello, you may unpack that basket and arrange our breakfast, and when you have done all these, throw yourself down on the grass, and either tell me a pretty story, or recite some nice verses for me, or be otherwise amusing and agreeable."

"Shall I do what will best please myself? If so, it will be to lie here and look at you."

"Be it so," said she, with a sigh. "I have always thought, in looking at them, how saints are bored by being worshiped—it adds fearfully to martyrdom, but, happily, I am used to it. 'Oh, the vanity of that girl!' Yes, Sir, say it out: tell her frankly that if she has no friend to caution her against this besetting wile, that you will be that friend. Tell her that whatever she has of attraction is spoiled and marred by this self-consciousness, and that just as you are a rebel without knowing it, so should she be charming and never suspect it. Is not that coming nicely," said she, pointing to the drawing; "see how that tender light is carried down from those gray walls to the banks beneath, and dies away in that little pool, where the faintest breath of air is rustling. Don't look at me, Sir, look at my drawing."

"True, there is no tender light there," muttered he, gazing at her eyes, where the enormous size of the pupils had given a character of steadfast brilliancy, quite independent of shape, or size, or color.

"You know very little about it," said she, saucily; then, bending over the drawing, she said, "That middle distance wants a bit of color: you shall aid me here."

"How am I to aid you?" asked he, in sheer simplicity.

"I mean that you should be that bit of color, there. Take my scarlet cloak, and perch yourself yonder on that low rock. A few minutes will do. Was there ever immortality so cheaply purchased! Your biographer shall tell that you were the figure in that famous sketch—what will be called, in the cant of art, one of Nina Kostalergi's earliest and happiest efforts. There, now, dear Mr. Donogan, do as you are bid."

"Do you know the Greek ballad, where a youth remembers that the word 'dear' has been coupled with his name—a passing courtesy, if even so much, but enough to light up a whole chamber in his heart?"

"I know nothing of Greek ballads. How does it go?"

"It is a simple melody, in a low key." And he sang in a deep but tremulous voice, to a very plaintive air,

"I took her hand within my own,
I drew her gently nearer,
And whispered almost on her cheek,
'Oh, would that I were dearer.'
Dearer! No, that's not my prayer:
A stranger, e'en the merest,
Might chance to have some value there;
But *I* would be the dearest."

"What had he done to merit such a hope?" said she, haughtily.

"Loved her—only loved her!"

"What value you men must attach to this gift of your affection, when it can nourish such thoughts as these! Your very willfulness is to win us—is not that your theory? I expect from the man who offers me his heart that he means to share with me his own power and his own ambition—to make me the partner of a station that is to give me some pre-eminence I had not known before, nor could gain unaided."

"And you would call that marrying for love?"

"Why not? Who has such a claim upon my life as he who makes the life worth living for? Did you hear that shout?"

"I heard it," said he, standing still to listen.

"It came from the village. What can it mean?"

"It is the old war-cry of the houseless," said he, mournfully. "It's a note we are well used to here. I must go down to learn. I'll be back presently."

"You are not going into danger?" said she; and her cheek grew paler as she spoke.

"And if I were, who is to care for it?"

"Have you no mother, sister, sweetheart?"

"No, not one of the three. Good-by."

"But if I were to say—stay?"

"I should still go. To have your love, I'd sacrifice even my honor. Without it—" he threw up his arms despairingly and rushed away.

"These are the men whose tempers compromise us," said she, thoughtfully. "We come to accept their violence as a reason, and take mere impetuosity for an argument. I am glad that he did not shake my resolution. There, that was another shout, but it seemed in joy. There was a ring of gladness in it. Now for my sketch." And she reseated herself before her easel. "He shall see when he comes back how diligently I have worked, and how small a share anxiety has had in my thoughts. The one thing men are not proof against is our independence of them." And thus talking in broken sentences to herself, she went on rapidly with her drawing, occasionally stopping to gaze on it, and humming some old Italian ballad to herself. "His Greek air was pretty. Not that it was Greek; these fragments of melody were left behind them by the Venetians, who, in all lust of power, made songs about contented poverty and humble joys. I feel intensely hungry, and if my dangerous guest does not return soon I shall have to breakfast alone—another way of showing him how little his fate has interested me. My foreground here does want that bit of color. Why does he not come back?" As she rose to look at her drawing, the sound of somebody running attracted her attention, and turning, she saw it was her foot-page Larry coming at full speed.

"What is it, Larry? what has happened?" asked she.

"You are to go—as fast as you can," said he; which being, for him, a longer speech than usual, seemed to have exhausted him.

"Go where? and why?"

"Yes," said he, with a stolid look, "you are."

"I am to do what? Speak out, boy! Who sent you here?"

"Yes," said he again.

"Are they in trouble yonder? Is there fighting at the village?"

"No." And he shook his head, as though he said so regretfully.

"Will you tell me what you mean, boy?"

"The pony is ready," said he, as he stooped down to pack away the things in the basket.

"Is that gentleman coming back here—that gentleman whom you saw with me?"

"He is gone; he got away." And here he laughed in a malicious way that was more puzzling even than his words.

"And am I to go back home at once?"

"Yes," replied he, resolutely.

"Do you know why—for what reason?"

"I do."

"Come, then, like a good boy, tell me, and you shall have this." And she drew a piece of silver from her purse, and held it temptingly before him. "Why should I go back, now?"

"Because," muttered he, "because—" and it was plain, from the glance in his eyes, that the bribe had engaged all his faculties.

"So, then, you will not tell me?" said she, replacing the money in her purse.

"Yes," said he, in a despondent tone.

"You can have it still, Larry, if you will but say who sent you here."

"*He* sent me," was the answer.

"Who was he? Do you mean the gentleman who came here with me?" A nod assented to this. "And what did he tell you to say to me?"

"Yes," said he, with a puzzled look, as though once more the confusion of his thoughts was mastering him.

"So, then, it is that you will not tell me?" said she, angrily. He made no answer, but went on packing the plates in the basket. "Leave those there, and go and fetch me some water from the spring yonder." And she gave him a jug as she spoke, and now she reseated herself on the grass. He obeyed at once, and returned speedily with the water.

"Come now, Larry," said she kindly to him; "I'm sure you mean to be a good boy. You shall breakfast with me. Get me a cup, and I'll give you some milk; here is bread and cold meat."

"Yes," muttered Larry, whose mouth was already too much engaged for speech.

"You will tell me by-and-by what they were doing at the village, and what that shouting meant—won't you?"

"Yes," said he, with a nod. Then suddenly bending his head to listen, he motioned with his hand to keep silence, and, after a long breath, said, "They're coming."

"Who are coming?" asked she, eagerly; but at the same instant a man emerged from the copse below the hill, followed by several others, whom she saw by their dress and equipment to belong to the constabulary.

Approaching with his hat in his hand, and with that air of servile civility which marked him, old Gill addressed her. "If it's not displazin' to ye, miss, we want to ax you a few questions," said he.

"You have no right, Sir, to make any such request," said she, with a haughty air.

"There was a man with you, my lady," he went on, "as you drove through Cruhan, and we want to know where he is now."

"That concerns you, Sir, and not me."

"Maybe it does, my lady," said he, with a grin; "but I suppose you know who you were traveling with?"

"You evidently don't remember, Sir, whom you are talking to."

"The law is the law, miss, and there's none of us above it," said he, half-defiantly; "and when there's some hundred pounds on a man's head there's few of us such fools as to let him slip through our fingers."

"I don't understand you, Sir, nor do I care to do so."

"The sergeant there has a warrant agninst him," said he, in a whisper he intended to be confidential; "and it's not to do any thing that your ladyship would think rude that I came up myself. There's how it is now," muttered he, still lower. "They want to search the luggage, and examine the baskets there, and maybe, if you don't object, they'd look through the carriage."

"And if I should object to this insult?" broke she in.

"Faix, I believe," said he, laughing, "they'd do it all the same. Eight hundred—I think it's eight—isn't to be made any day of the year!"

"My uncle is a justice of the peace, Mr. Gill; and you know if he will suffer such an outrage to go unpunished."

"There's the more reason that a justice should not harbor a Fenian, miss," said he, boldly; "as he'll know when he sees the search-warrant."

"Get ready the carriage, Larry," said she, turning contemptuously away, "and follow me toward the village."

"The sergeant, miss, would like to say a word or two," said Gill, in his accustomed voice of servility.

"I will not speak with him," said she, proudly, and swept past him.

The constables stood to one side, and saluted in military fashion as she passed down the hill. There was that in her queen-like gesture and carriage that so impressed them, the men stood as though on parade.

Slowly and thoughtfully, as she sauntered along, her thoughts turned to Donogan. Had he escaped? was the idea that never left her. The presence of these men here seemed to favor that impression; but there might be others on his track, and if so, how in that wild bleak space was he to conceal himself? A single man moving miles away on the bog could be seen. There was no covert, no shelter any where. What an interest did his fate now suggest! and yet a moment back she believed herself indifferent to him. "Was he aware of his danger," thought she, "when he lay there talking carelessly to me? was that recklessness the bravery of a bold man who despised peril?" And if so, what stuff these souls were made of! These were not of the Kearney stamp, that needed to be stimulated and goaded to any effort in life; nor like Atlee, the fellow who relied on trick and knavery for success; still less such as Walpole, self-worshipers and triflers. "Yes," said she, aloud, "a woman might feel that with such a man at her side the battle of life need not affright her. He might venture too far, he might aspire to much that was beyond his reach, and strive for the impossible, but that grand bold spirit would sustain him, and carry him through all the smaller storms of life, and such a man might be a hero, even to her, who saw him daily. These are the dreamers, as we call them," said she. "How strange it would be if *they* should prove the realists, and that it was *we* should be the mere shadows! If these be the men who move empires and make history, how doubly ignoble are we in our contempt of them!" And then she bethought her what a different faculty was that great faith that these men had in themselves from common vanity; and in this way she was led again to compare Donogan and Walpole.

She reached the village before her little carriage had overtaken her, and saw that the people stood about in groups and knots. A depressing silence prevailed over them, and they rarely spoke above a whisper. The same respectful greeting, however, which welcomed her before met her again; and as they lifted their hats, she saw, or thought she saw, that they looked on her with a more tender interest. Several policemen moved about through the crowd, who, though they saluted her respectfully, could not refrain from scrutinizing her appearance and watching her as she went. With that air of haughty self-possession which well became her—for it was no affectation—she swept proudly along, resolutely determined not to utter a word, or even risk a question as to the way.

Twice she turned to see if her pony were coming, and then resumed her road. From the excited air and rapid gestures of the police, as they hurried from place to place, she could guess that up to this Donogan had not been captured. Still, it seemed hopeless that concealment in such a place could be accomplished.

As she gained the little stream that divided the village, she stood for a moment uncertain, when a countrywoman, as it were divining her difficulty, said, "If you will cross over the bridge, my lady, the path will bring you out on the high-road."

As Nina turned to thank her, the woman looked up from her task of washing in the river, and made a gesture with her hand toward the bog. Slight as the action was, it appealed to that Southern intelligence that reads a sign even faster than a word. Nina saw that the woman meant to say Donogan had escaped, and once more she said, "Thank you—from my heart I thank you!"

Just as she emerged upon the high-road, her pony and carriage came up. A sergeant of police was, however, in waiting beside it, who, saluting her respectfully, said, "There was no disrespect meant to you, miss, by our search of the carriage—our duty obliged us to do it. We have a warrant to apprehend the man that was seen with you this morning, and it's only that we know who you are, and where you came from, prevents us from asking you to come before our chief."

He presented his arm to assist her to her place as he spoke; but she declined the help, and, without even noticing him in any way, arranged her rugs and wraps around her, took the reins, and motioning Larry to his place, drove on.

"Is my drawing safe? have all my brushes and pencils been put in?" asked she, after a while.

But already Larry had taken his leave, and she could see him as he flitted across the bog to catch her by some short-cut.

That strange contradiction by which a woman can journey alone and in safety through the midst of a country only short of open insurrection filled her mind as she went, and thinking of it in every shape and fashion occupied her for miles of the way. The desolation, far as the eye could reach, was complete — there was not a habitation, not a human thing, to be seen. The dark brown desert faded away in the distance into low-lying clouds, the only break to the dull uniformity being some stray "clamp," as it is called, of turf, left by the owners from some accident of season or bad weather, and which loomed out now against the sky like a vast fortress.

This long, long day—for so without any weariness she felt it—was now in the afternoon, and already long shadows of these turf-mounds stretched their giant limbs across the waste. Nina, who had eaten nothing since at early morning, felt faint and hungry. She halted her pony, and taking out some bread and a bottle of milk, proceeded to make a frugal luncheon. The complete loneliness, the perfect silence, in which even the rattling of the harness as the pony shook himself made itself felt, gave something of solemnity to the moment as the young girl sat there and gazed half terrified around her.

As she looked, she thought she saw something pass from one turf-clamp to the other, and watching closely, she could distinctly detect a figure crouching near the ground, and, after some minutes, emerging into the open space, again to be hid by some vast turf-mound. There, now—there could not be a doubt—it was a man, and he was waving his handkerchief as a signal. It was Donogan himself—she could recognize him well. Clearing the long drains at a bound, and with a speed that vouched for perfect training, he came rapidly forward, and leaping the wide trench, alighted at last on the road beside her.

"I have watched you for an hour, and, but for this lucky halt, I should not have overtaken you after all," cried he, as he wiped his brow and stood panting beside her.

"Do you know that they are in pursuit of you?" cried she, hastily.

"I know it all. I learned it before I reached the village, and in time—only in time—to make a circuit and reach the bog. Once there, I defy the best of them."

"They have what they call a warrant to search for you."

"I know that, too," cried he. "No, no!" said he, passionately, as she offered him a drink. "Let me have it from the cup you have drunk from. It may be the last favor I shall ever ask you—don't refuse me this."

She touched the glass slightly with her lips, and handed it to him with a smile.

"What peril would I not brave for this!" cried he, with a wild ecstasy.

"Can you not venture to return with me?" said she, in some confusion, for the bold gleam of his gaze now half abashed her.

"No. That would be to compromise others as well as myself. I must gain Dublin how I can. There I shall be safe against all pursuit. I have come back for nothing but disappointment," added he, sorrowfully. "This country is not ready to rise—they are too many-minded for a common effort. The men like Wolfe Tone are not to be found among us now, and to win freedom you must dare the felony."

"Is it not dangerous to delay so long here?" asked she, looking around her with anxiety.

"So it is—and I will go. Will you keep this for me?" said he, placing a thick and much-worn pocket-book in her hands. "There are papers there would risk far better heads than mine; and if I should be taken, these must not be discovered. It may be, Nina—oh, forgive me if I say your name! but it is such joy to me to utter it once—it may be that you should chance to hear some word whose warning might save me. If so, and if you would deign to write to me, you'll find three, if not four, addresses, under any of which you could safely write to me."

"I shall not forget. Good fortune be with you. Adieu!"

She held out her hand; but he bent over it and kissed it rapturously; and when he raised his head, his eyes were streaming, and his cheeks deadly pale. "Adieu!" said she again.

He tried to speak, but no sound came from his lips; and when, after she had driven some distance away, she turned to look after him, he was standing on the same spot in the road, his hat at his feet, where it had fallen when he stooped to kiss her hand.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE RETURN.

KATE KEARNEY was in the act of sending out scouts and messengers to look out for Nina, whose long absence had begun to alarm her, when she heard that she had returned and was in her room.

"What a fright you have given me, darling!" said Kate, as she threw her arms about her and kissed her affectionately. "Do you know how late you are?"

"No; I only know how tired I am."

"What a long day of fatigue you must have gone through! Tell me of it all."

"Tell me rather of yours. You have had the great Mr. Walpole here: is it not so?"

"Yes; he is still here—he has graciously given us another day, and will not leave till to-morrow night."

"By what good fortune have you been so favored as this?"

"Ostensibly to finish a long conversation or conference with papa, but really and truthfully, I suspect, to meet Mademoiselle Kostalergi, whose absence has piqued him."

"Yes; piqued is the word. It is the extreme of the pain he is capable of feeling. What has he said of it?"

"Nothing beyond the polite regrets that courtesy could express, and then adverted to something else."

"With an abruptness that betrayed preparation?"

"Perhaps so."

"Not perhaps, but certainly so. Vanity such as his has no variety. It repeats its moods over and over: but why do we talk of him? I have other things to tell you of. You know that man who came here with Dick; that Mr.—"

"I know—I know," cried the other, hurriedly; "what of him?"

"He joined me this morning, on my way through the bog, and drove with me to Cruhan."

"Indeed!" muttered Kate, thoughtfully.

"A strange, wayward, impulsive sort of creat-

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ure—unlike any one—interesting from his strong convictions—"

"Did he convert you to his opinions, Nina?"

"You mean, make a rebel of me. No; for the simple reason that I had none to surrender. I do not know what is wrong here, nor what people would say was right."

"You are aware, then, who he is?"

"Of course I am. I was on the terrace that night when your brother told you he was Donogan—the famous Fenian Donogan. The secret was not intended for me, but I kept it all the same, and I took an interest in the man from the time I heard it."

"You told him that you knew who he was?"

"To be sure I did, and we are fast friends already; but let me go on with my narrative. Some excitement, some show of disturbance at Cruhan, persuaded him that what he called—I don't know why—the Crowbar Brigade was at work, and that the people were about to be turned adrift on the world by the landlord, and hearing a wild shout from the village, he insisted on going back to learn what it might mean. He had not left me long when your late steward, Gill, came up with several policemen to search for the convict Donogan. They had a warrant to apprehend him, and some information as to where he had been housed and sheltered."

"Here—with us?"

"Here—with you. Gill knew it all. This, then, was the reason for that excitement we had seen in the village—the people had heard the police were coming, but for what they knew not; of course the only thought was for their own trouble."

"Has he escaped? Is he safe?"

"Safe so far that I last saw him on the wide bog, some eight miles away from any human habitation; but where he is to turn to, or who is to shelter him, I can not say."

"He told you there was a price upon his head?"

"Yes, some hundred pounds, I forget how much; but he asked me if I did not feel tempted to give him up and earn the reward."

Kate leaned her head upon her hand, and seemed lost in thought.

"They will scarcely dare to come and search for him here," said she; and, after a pause, added, "and yet I suspect that the chief constable, Mr. Curtis, owes, or thinks he owes us a grudge; he might not be sorry to pass this slight upon papa." And she pondered for some time over the thought.

"Do you think he can escape?" asked Nina, eagerly.

"Who, Donogan?"

"Of course—Donogan."

"Yes, I suspect he will; these men have popular feeling with them, even among many who do not share their opinions. Have you lived long enough among us, Nina, to know that we all hate the law? In some shape or other, it represents to the Irish mind a tyranny."

"You are Greeks, without their acuteness," said Nina.

"I'll not say that," said Kate, hastily. "It is true I know nothing of your people, but I think I could aver that for a shrewd calculation of the cost of a venture, for knowing when caution and when daring will best succeed, the Irish peasant has scarcely a superior anywhere."

"I have heard much of his caution this very morning," said Nina, supercilliously.

"You might have heard far more of his recklessness, if Donogan cared to tell of it," said Kate, with irritation. "It is not English squadrons and batteries he is called alone to face; he has to meet English gold, that tempts poverty, and English corruption, that begets treachery and betrayal. The one stronghold of the Saxon here is the informer; and mind, I, who tell you this, am no rebel. I would rather live under English law, if English law would not ignore Irish feeling, than I'd accept that Heaven knows what of a government Fenianism could give us."

"I care nothing for all this, I don't well know if I can follow it; but I do know that I'd like this man to escape. He gave me this pocket-book, and told me to keep it safely. It contains some secrets that would compromise people that none suspect, and it has besides some three or four addresses to which I could write with safety if I saw cause to warn him of any coming danger."

"And you mean to do this?"

"Of course I do; I feel an interest in this man. I like him. I like his adventurous spirit. I like that ambitious daring to do or to be something beyond the herd around him. I like that readiness he shows to stake his life on an issue. His enthusiasm inflames his whole nature. He vulgarizes such fine gentlemen as Mr. Walpole, and such poor pretenders as Joe Atlee, and, indeed, your brother, Kate."

"I will suffer no detraction of Dick Kearney," said Kate, resolutely.

"Give me a cup of tea, then, and I shall be more mannerly, for I am quite exhausted, and I am afraid my temper is not proof against starvation."

"But you will come down to the drawing-room; they are all so eager to see you," said Kate, caressingly.

"No; I'll have my tea and go to bed, and I'll dream that Mr. Donogan has been made King of Ireland, and made an offer to share the throne with me."

"Your Majesty's tea shall be served at once," said Kate, as she courtesied deeply and withdrew.

"'TRUE, THERE IS NO TENDER LIGHT THERE,' MUTTERED HE, GAZING AT HER EYES."

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How to Prevent Boiler Explosions and Loss of Life

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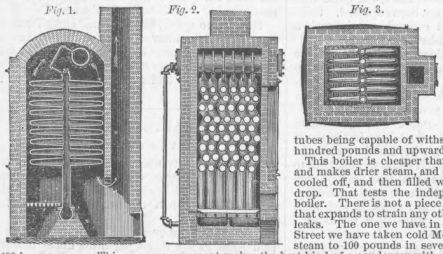
Fig. 1. Fig. 2. Fig. 3.



This Steam Generator has been in use for a considerable period in the extensive works of the inventor, and has given the most advantageous results in point of economy of fuel, rapid generation of steam, and dryness of steam. The element of safety is an important attribute of this boiler, the tubes being capable of withstanding a pressure of five hundred pounds and upward to the square inch.

This boiler is cheaper than any other boiler in use, and makes drier steam, and can be heated red hot and cooled off, and then filled with water, and not leak a drop. That tests the independent expansion of the boiler. There is not a piece of iron in its construction that expands to strain any other part, therefore it never leaks. The one we have in use at No. 69 Washington Street we have taken cold Monday morning and raised steam to 100 pounds in seven minutes. The boiler is 400-horse power. This same arrangement makes the best kind of a condenser with a little alteration. Can be made of cast or wrought iron. One I have in use is cast iron, and one of wrought iron.

In the engravings given above, Fig. 1 is a front view of the boiler surrounded by the brick-work, which is shown in cross-section; Fig. 2 is a vertical transverse section of the same; and Fig. 3 a horizontal section taken immediately below the steam-drum, or, in other words, between the steam-drum and the water-containing portion of the apparatus.

The boiler belongs to the class known as the sectional steam generators, and the material used in its construction is cast iron. The sections are composed each of a central vertical tube, having screwed into it on either side a series of hollow, tapering tubes, the outer ends of which are closed. At their lower ends the main or vertical tubes connect with a horizontal base-tube, plainly indicated in Figs. 1 and 2, and at their upper extremities communicate by a system of short curved pipes with the steam-drum above. A vertical pipe, external to the brick-work, connects one end of the steam-drum with the corresponding end of the case-tube, the object of this being to readily relieve the drum from any water that may be carried into the same. The furnace or grate is provided under the forward half of the boiler, or rather under the forward systems of its horizontal water-tubes, extending from the main or vertical tubes, as is more fully represented in Fig. 2.

As the heated gaseous products of combustion pass from the furnace they circulate to the best advantage among the tubes to rapidly transmit their heat to the boiler.

The water in the base-tube, before being fed to the other portion of the boiler, is heated to such a degree as to obviate the evils frequently experienced in other varieties of steam boilers from the sudden injection of cold water.

Not only is a large heating surface obtained, but the arrangement of the parts is such as to provide for great freedom of expansion and contraction from variations of temperature, the positive advantage of which need not be enlarged upon.

There is also the further advantage—characteristic of the sectional construction—that in the event of explosion the rupture will be confined to a small portion of the apparatus, and the danger to life and property be proportionately reduced. Peculiar facility is also obtained for externally cleaning the heating surfaces—which is done by passing between the tubes a T-shaped perforated pipe from a suitable hose, through which steam is thrown in forcible jets against said surfaces.

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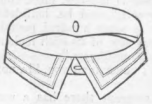

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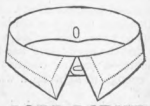

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temporary lawyers in the same State. They were all able men. But was there not a profound difference between the feeling of good citizens and honest men toward Governor ANDREW and Judge HOAR, and toward General BUTLER? What was the reason of the difference? And may not the very qualities which made the latter a sharp and unscrupulous lawyer have also made him efficient in certain military situations without necessarily inspiring either respect or confidence? It must not be forgotten that his services were not distinctively military, for nobody supposes General BUTLER to be a soldier. They were civil services under a military régime, and they did not inspire confidence in his character. Therefore the argument in his favor, drawn from the hatred of the rebels, does not seem to us very persuasive.

Since the war the General has been noted politically chiefly for favoring repudiation—and if certain Western Republicans have done the same, as our correspondent intimates, so much the worse for them—and for attempting to embroil us with England. For neither of these performances is he to be honored or trusted. Then he has professed interest in the temperance cause, and in the extension of suffrage to women, and in the laboring class, and in the Irish. That he does not sincerely hold the views which he expresses upon these subjects we have no right to say; but we do say that the universal, logical, and irresistible opinion is that he favors all these causes not from any profound conviction, but merely from policy. And this opinion is founded upon the impression which his whole career has produced upon the public mind. It is true that many other politicians inspire the same kind of distrust. But also it is true that some do not; and the duty of citizens like our Massachusetts friend is to support those who do not. JOHN A. ANDREW favored the non-extension of slavery; but every body knew that he did so from principle—not from a selfish regard to his own political advantage; and every body knew it not because he said so in speeches, but because his character said so. For it is character only that gives worth to words.

Our friend would certainly not support an unscrupulous man merely because he was able, and he says that if the General can be shown to be untrustworthy he will leave him. But if the consideration of his professional and political life and the reputation which attends them—if the sum total of his impression, which we call character, does not seem conclusive—single instances would probably be produced in vain. Yet let our correspondent look at this. In his Springfield speech General BUTLER said that he displaced General HAWLEY from command in the Army of the James for inefficiency and incompetence, and he was never again seen on the field. The truth is that the last communication in the field from BUTLER, as General of the Army of the James, to HAWLEY was a letter of commendation; that HAWLEY did not leave the Army of the James until two weeks after BUTLER had been sent home, as we all know, in disgrace; and that HAWLEY remained in service to the end of the war, was then honorably discharged, and received his brevet major-generalship for "honorable and meritorious services in the war." Now after the falsity of BUTLER'S statement at Springfield had been exposed he made another in correction of it at Worcester, which was as promptly refuted. We ask our friend if this is the kind of person who is likely to use the moral and religious sentiment of Massachusetts to smite wickedness in high and low places?

It is because General BUTLER'S career has been made up of just such details as this that he is considered unscrupulous and untrustworthy. Whatever his "smartness" may be, his character does not inspire respect. And it is no reply to say that other men are no better. Other men are better. Men are all sinners, but there is a very great difference between WASHINGTON and ARNOLD, between LINCOLN and AARON BURR. Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS is reported to have said in a speech at Salisbury Beach that BUTLER was the greatest statesman that Massachusetts has produced for many a year. If Mr. PHILLIPS be correctly reported, he has again illustrated his tendency to confide in professions rather than in character. But if Massachusetts wishes to lose the position which she has so long nobly maintained, let her surrender to such statesmanship as General BUTLER'S, and believe that character and general respect are of no value to public men. If there is no man of higher character, no man who is more respected than General BUTLER, who can be nominated by the Republicans of Massachusetts, the result of the election in that State will undoubtedly be more surprising—but for very different reasons—than that in California. It is our duty as Republicans to nominate men above all suspicion. If we do not, we ought to be defeated. If unscrupulous men are to be elected, let it not be by Republicans; for unscrupulous smart men ruin every party and every cause.

TAMMANY'S LOST CAUSE.

ON Saturday, September 16, Controller CONNOLLY, objecting to being made the scape-goat of the other members of the Tammany Ring, took measures to checkmate their designs. To this end, he sought the advice of Judge TILDEN and ex-Mayor HAVEMEYER. The latter gentleman gave his views in a carefully prepared letter, in which he advised Mr. CONNOLLY that inasmuch as he could not resign, on the assumption of his innocence of the charges brought against him, and also that, inasmuch as he had stated, in declining to resign at the request of Mayor HALL, that the official acts for which he had been impeached were "supervised and approved by the superior vigilance" of the Mayor, who, in his affidavit in the injunction case, had adopted and vindicated those acts, it would be a fresh betrayal of trust to surrender his office into the hands of a confederate.

"No man," says Mr. HAVEMEYER, in this letter, "selected by Mayor HALL can, without some other moral support from the community, have the public confidence. He will be compromised by a suspected understanding with the 'Rodin' of the 'Ring,' or by the acceptance of the favor. You practically make your own successors. As the law now stands, he can assume your office only by an arrangement, to which you are a party, to create a vacancy for him. The man you give place to ought not to be a tool of those implicated in the transactions which excite the public distrust and alarm. He should be the nominee of the citizens now seeking to protect the people. In that way alone can he have the confidence of the public, or improve the credit of the city.

"Fortunately the law affords a perfect solution of the case. By section 3 of chapter 574 of the Laws of 1871, you are authorized to appoint a Deputy Controller, who shall 'in addition to his other powers, possess every power and shall perform every duty belonging to the office of Controller, whenever the said Controller shall by due written authority, and during a period to be specified in such authority, designate and authorize the said Deputy Controller to possess the power and perform the duty aforesaid.'"

Mr. HAVEMEYER, therefore, advised Mr. CONNOLLY to forthwith appoint Mr. ANDREW H. GREEN as such Deputy Controller; to leave him to exercise the full powers of the office without conditions and without interference, with complete custody of all the books and papers of the office, and with the appointment of all persons whom he may think necessary to protect public property and interests, and to enable him to carry out the most searching investigation, and to aid the committee appointed for that purpose.

Mr. CONNOLLY immediately acted upon this advice, in which Judge TILDEN concurred. He notified Deputy Controller STORRS of his removal, and appointed Mr. GREEN to fill the vacancy until the 1st day of February, 1872, one month after the meeting of the State Legislature. Mr. GREEN accepted the appointment, was immediately qualified for the position, and took possession of the office.

This was plainly a direct blow at the other members of the Ring, and Mayor HALL, in order to ward it off, pretended to regard Mr. CONNOLLY'S act as a virtual resignation of his office, and immediately appointed General GEORGE B. M'CLELLAN to fill the vacancy. The Mayor had also obtained new light on the subject of his power to remove. In his letter to Mr. CONNOLLY, requesting that gentleman to resign, he said: "*I can not suspend any head of department, not even pending an investigation. I can only prefer charges to the Common Pleas, who alone can remove, after a considerable time for trial.*" Yet, in his letter accepting what he is pleased to consider Mr. CONNOLLY'S resignation, he states that he has been "advised that when the power of appointment to office is given without restriction upon, or without express statutory enactment regarding, the power of removal, the latter exists as an incident to the power of appointment, and that the process of impeachment is a merely co-ordinate but not conflicting power to remove in effect an impeached officer by procuring a vacancy." Therefore, to make assurance doubly sure, the Mayor not only accepts Mr. CONNOLLY'S "virtual resignation," but also removes him from office! The Mayor's letter to General M'CLELLAN, tendering him the office of Controller, is urgent and almost beseeching in tone, and concludes with these ominous words: "I am confident your acceptance of the Controllership will at once restore that public confidence in the financial administration of the city which is absolutely necessary, in my judgment, *to preserve not alone the public credit*, but the public peace." The words we have placed in italics indicate the desperate position in which the Tammany Ring has been placed.

Mr. GREEN is a Democrat, but not a partisan. He was formerly President of the Board of Education. On the establishment of the Central Park Commission he became one of the most active and influential members of that body, and to his taste and good management New York owes the most attractive features of the Park. He possesses the confidence of the honest men of all parties, and enters upon the duties of his office without regard to politics, and with the simple desire to serve his fellow-citizens.

General M'CLELLAN has declined the appointment; and Mr. GREEN having possession of the office, it may require legal measures to displace him, in which process weeks may be consumed before the conclusion is reached.

PERSONAL.

SIR CURTIS LAMPSON, of cable celebrity, has sent from London to his native town of New Haven, Addison County, Vermont, eight hundred volumes of valuable books, including rare works of reference, to form a nucleus for a public library.

—Earl RUSSELL is occupying his declining years in writing "The Foreign Policy of England from 1570 to 1870." Earl RUSSELL has been continuously in public life since 1813, and besides having filled nearly every office in the English ministry, he has made a creditable record in literature. Fifty-two years ago he wrote the "Life of William, Lord Russell," and since then memoirs of THOMAS MOORE and CHARLES JAMES FOX.

—TISCHENDORF, one of the most eminent of modern Biblical scholars, is now in Spain, where he thinks he has found new testimony in support of Bible history.

—Minister DELONG, who managed in the "effect way" to secure an audience, between Mr. SEWARD and the Emperor of Japan, the first audience ever accorded to a foreigner of private station, has recently compelled the British *chargé* at Yokohama to apologize for insulting remarks concerning Americans in general and himself in particular. He also compelled the English editor of the Japan *Mail* to publish an abject apology for publishing a scurrilous document purporting to have been issued from the American consulate.

—A recent number of the London *Saturday Review* contains an elaborate notice of Professor DRAPER'S "History of the American Civil War," reprinted in England by LONGMANS, GREEN, & Co. The writer, although he does not attempt to disguise his sympathy for "the lost cause," and affirms his belief that no thoroughly candid and impartial history of the war will ever be written, admits that no Northern author has approached so nearly the standard of historical candor, in treating of the causes which led to the rupture between the North and South, as Dr. DRAPER. He says:

"In that portion of the record in which the Northern side is generally most violently and most exclusively pressed upon the reader—the story of the long political struggle which preceded the appeal to arms, and in which the passions that rendered civil war inevitable were aroused, exasperated, and rooted in the hearts of the contending peoples—he makes an evident and studious effort to be not only accurate but liberal; not only to state the facts correctly, but to do justice to the motives and the convictions of men whom he regards as utterly and unpardonably wrong. He not only tells his tale as truthfully as he can, but he gives at great length and with great care the case of the South as presented to his own mind by the defenders of Southern institutions and the vindicators of Southern claims," etc.

The reviewer also acknowledges that Professor DRAPER'S narrative of military movements "is honorably distinguished by a desire to be candid, and to avoid abusive language," and that "he speaks of the Confederate chiefs and armies with the decorous and respectful hostility due to a brave and unfortunate enemy." That the work should thus impress a writer who sympathizes heartily with the South, and who makes an elaborate attempt to show that it constitutes the most ample vindication of the motives and acts of the Southern leaders before and during the war, is a very high tribute to Professor DRAPER'S candor as an observer of political events, and of the impartiality and trustworthiness of his record.

—Our readers will be glad to learn that the popular and distinguished novelist, WILKIE COLLINS, proposes, health and business engagements permitting, to make a lecturing tour through the United States the coming winter. Mr. COLLINS has had this visit in contemplation a long time, and last year was prevented from coming only by the positive prohibition of his medical adviser, who enjoined upon him a few months of absolute rest from literary labor. He prudently acted upon this advice, and is now, we learn, completely restored to health, and may look forward to many years of literary activity in a field in which he has achieved notable success and a popularity scarcely inferior to that attained by DICKENS in his palmiest days. Should he be able to make his contemplated visit to America, he will meet with a most hearty and flattering reception from the thousands who have learned to admire him through his novels, which have long formed one of the attractions of *Harper's Weekly*. Mr. COLLINS is now forty-seven, and in the very prime of his powers. His father was a landscape painter, famous for the beauty and finish of his pictures.

—Ex-Governor HAMILTON, of Texas, expresses an opinion that will apply in more localities than Texas when he says he never saw any members of the present State government steal any thing: but "when we see a poor, miserable chap who never had a hundred and fifty dollars in his life come to Austin, borrow money to pay his expenses, and presently find him losing a thousand dollars a night at faro, driving around in a fancy team, making liquor bills, wine bills, and all sorts of bills, and buying a buggy and fine horses to go home in, we know he is a thief as well as if we had seen him steal."

—In the telegraphic dispatches from Europe on the 13th of the present month was one dated at Salzburg on that day to the effect that it had been "decided by Prince BISMARCK, Count VON BEUST, and the other diplomatists who remained at Salzburg after the departure of the Emperors WILLIAM and FRANCIS JOSEPH, to suppress the International Society, and to settle finally the Schleswig question." The Schleswig question for half a century has been more or less a subject of European diplomacy. It was supposed to have been finally settled in 1852. We remember a little anecdote about it. While Lord Palmerston was Prime Minister he had necessarily to receive and be courteous to all sorts of public and Parliamentary bores. One evening at a social gathering a rather pompous, many-acred member of Parliament approached him and said, "My lord, I am a little curious to know something about that Schleswig-Holstein controversy." "Ah, indeed!" replied the old statesman, with his usual *bonhomie*. "Well, you see, my dear Sir, that was one of the most difficult and complicated questions that has troubled us this many a year; and there really were never but two men in England who thoroughly understood it—one was old Mr. MELLISH, of the Foreign-office, and the other is myself. Now old Mr. MELLISH, you know, is dead, and I, my dear Sir—*I have forgotten all about it!*"

—Mr. JENKINS, author of that clever satire on the social life of England, "Ginx's Baby," having heard that Captain VIVIAN, of the War-office, had accepted a permanent under-secretaryship, and thus created a vacancy in the representation of the Cornish borough of Truro, forthwith posted off to that borough, and immediately commenced a canvass against one AUGUSTUS SMITH, a millionaire, owner of the Scilly Isles, and that sort of thing. Mr. JENKINS means business, and whether successful or not in this attempt, proposes ultimately to be heard in Parliament.

—M. DUFAURE, the new Vice-President of France, is a man advanced in years, being seventy-three. He was educated for the bar, and practiced with distinguished success until he was thirty-six, since which he has been much in public life. In 1834, under the GUIZOT ministry, he became Councilor of State, and afterward Minister of Public Works. After the revolution of February, 1848, he was elected to the Chamber of Deputies, and in 1849 became Minister of the Interior. When LOUIS NAPOLEON, as President, resolved to usurp the whole power of the state, M. DUFAURE was one of the representatives who escaped seizure and imprisonment. He was not in the confidence of LOUIS NAPOLEON, and therefore not in prominent place during the imperial sway. Even now he is not understood to be a very ardent republican, and should he be called to succeed M. THIERS, France would have no especial cause to felicitate itself.

—The Grand Duke ALEXIS, who is now breasting the waves on his way to this country, displayed his gallantry to a lady some years ago in a way that should commend him to their good graces. He was on a boating excursion on Lake Onega. At no great distance from his barge a young Russian nobleman was rowing his sister in a small skiff. He seemed to be unskillful in the management of his oars, and, in consequence, his frail bark was capsized. Without a moment's hesitation the Grand Duke plunged into the water, and succeeded, not without great difficulty and at much personal peril, in rescuing the young girl. For this display of heroism he received a gold medal at the hands of his father, the Emperor, and still proudly wears this decoration on gala occasions as the noblest which decks his breast.

—Colonel JOHN FORSYTH, editor of the Mobile *Register*, is now in the North for rest and recreation. Colonel FORSYTH is one of the representative men of the South. His father before him was one of the ablest men of his section of the country. He was Attorney-General of Georgia at twenty-eight, member of Congress at thirty-two, and United States Senator at thirty-seven. In 1820, at the age of thirty-nine, he was our minister to Spain, and conducted the negotiations by which Florida was ceded to the United States. In 1827 he was Governor of Georgia, and in 1829 again sent to the United States Senate. He opposed the South Carolina movement of nullification from the beginning, and voted in favor of Mr. CLAY'S Compromise act. In 1834 he was appointed Secretary of State by General JACKSON, holding that position during the three remaining years of his administration, and during the four years of Mr. VAN BUREN'S term. He was not only a man of great abilities, but was distinguished for the dignity and elegance of his manners. Colonel JOHN FORSYTH inherits many of the qualities of his father. Without having filled so many high offices, he has, nevertheless, been a power in Southern politics and in national conventions. He was appointed minister of the United States to Mexico by President PIERCE. But his chief distinction has been acquired in the editorial conduct of the Mobile *Register*, one of the ablest journals of the South.

—Mr. CORNELIUS WALSH, just nominated as the Republican candidate for Governor of New Jersey, is a practical mechanic, and has acquired a fortune by his business. Thirty years ago, when working fourteen hours a day as a filer and polisher, he boarded with Major JOHN EDWARDS; and it was certainly one of the delightful compensations of life to see Major EDWARDS acting as vice-president of a thousand of New Jersey's best citizens assembled in convention to nominate a chief magistrate, and that the nominee should be the humble artisan who was his old-time boarder.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE Maine State election, which took place September 11, resulted in a decisive Republican triumph, Perham's majority over the Democratic candidate for Governor reaching 8000.

In California the Republicans have also been victorious. They have a majority in the Legislature on joint ballot, which will insure the election of a Republican United States Senator from that State.

The Illinois Episcopal Convention, held recently at Chicago, amended their constitution, so that now a clergyman of that denomination who shall resort to the civil courts for the purpose of avoiding ecclesiastical proceedings will be suspended from the functions of the ministry.

A band of Apaches, leaving their women and children at the Peace Commissioners' reservation in New Mexico, recently dashed into Camp Crittenden, Arizona, and ran off with sixty-three head of government cavalry horses.

From the official returns at Washington there is every reason to think that the cotton crop this season will be fully up to the yearly average.

It is announced that the President has selected Hon. W. M. Meredith, of Pennsylvania, and Hon. Caleb Cushing, of Massachusetts, as counsel of the United States before the Tribunal of Arbitration at Geneva, to be organized under the Treaty of Washington, and that these gentlemen have accepted the appointment.

Major Hodge, a paymaster of the United States army, has confessed to defalcations amounting to nearly half a million of dollars. He has been placed under arrest to await trial.

FOREIGN NEWS.

PRESIDENT THIERS has sent a message to the French Assembly, in which he dismisses the members for needed rest, and promises to labor in their absence for the reorganization of the country. He also instructs the Deputies to inquire of their constituents whether they are in favor of a monarchy or a republic. The document was very coldly received, and a committee of twenty-five was appointed by the Assembly to supervise the President's conduct during the recess.

The Mont Cenis Tunnel was formally opened on the 17th instant, in the presence of the representatives of France and Italy.

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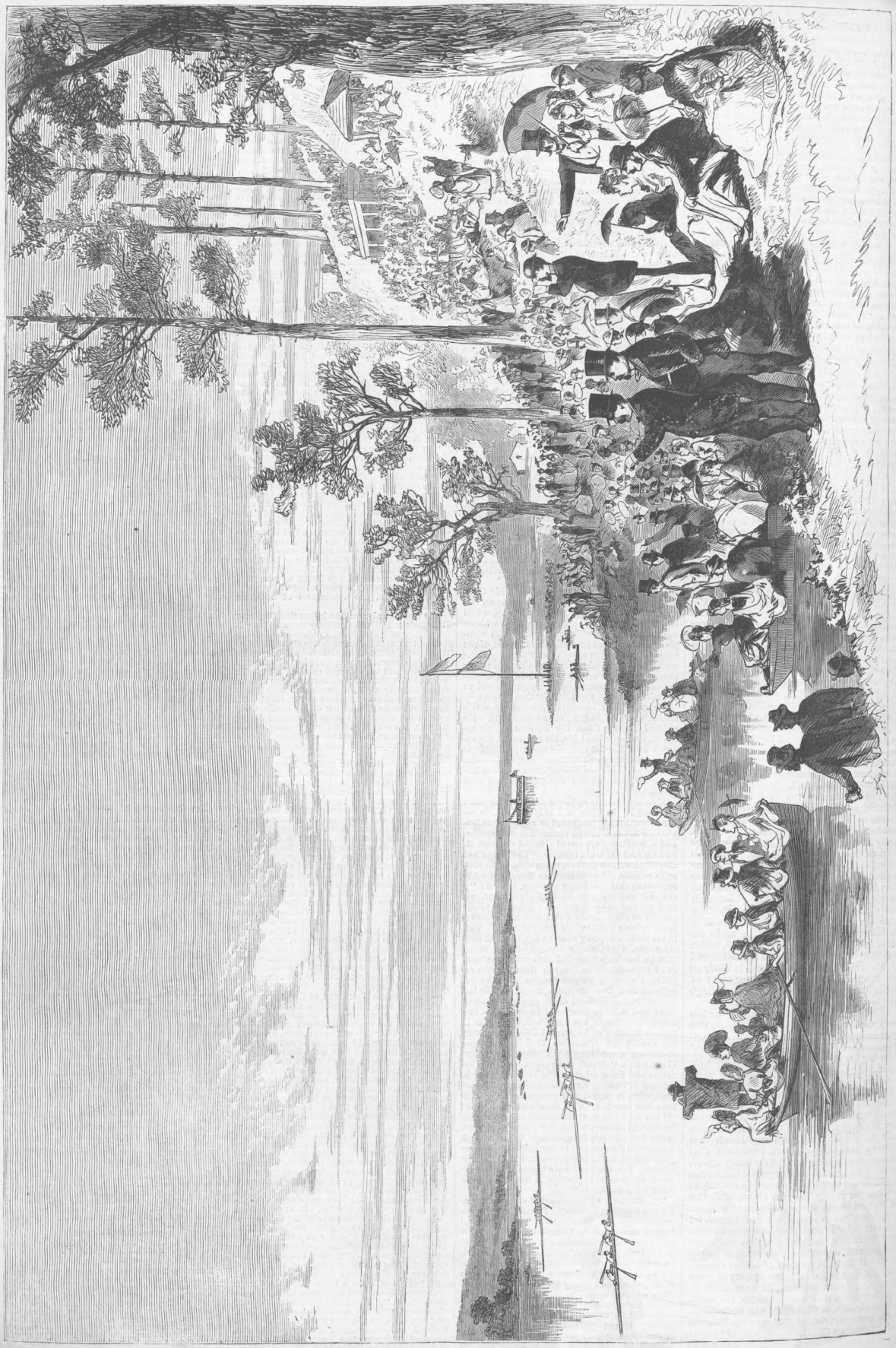

INTERNATIONAL FOUR-OARED BOAT-RACE ON SARATOGA LAKE, SEPTEMBER 11, 1871.—FROM A SKETCH BY THOMAS NAST.—[SEE PAGE 909.]

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THE SARATOGA BOAT-RACE.

On the opposite page we give an illustration of the spirited and brilliantly contested international boat-race which took place, September 11, on Saratoga Lake. Five crews were entered for the contest—the WARD brothers, the Tyne, the TAYLOR-WINSHIP, the BIGLIN, the Pittsburg, and the Poughkeepsie. Saratoga Lake, the scene of the race, is a beautiful sheet of water about four miles from the village. It extends about nine miles from north to south, and varies from half a mile to three miles in width. The grand stand was erected on the high bank on the western side of the lake, about a quarter of a mile from the southern end, and commanded an excellent view of the first and last mile of the course. The starting-point was directly opposite the grand stand, and the boats went two miles almost directly up the lake to stake boats, where each turned around a separate point, and returned to the place of starting. A high bank rises from the water along the western shore, and upon this were many points from which the boats could be seen through a portion of the course. Hundreds of carriages were drawn up along the top of this bluff, and thousands of people collected on its abrupt slopes hours before the time set for the start. Every position that afforded a good point of view was occupied by eager spectators.

The day for the race was in every respect propitious—clear, cool, and still. There was scarcely a ripple on the surface of the lake. The start was made at nineteen minutes past ten o'clock. It was soon evident that the WARD crew had the most flattering chance of success. In less than eleven minutes they rounded the stake boat in advance of their competitors, and rowed home in splendid style, pulling about thirty-nine strokes to the minute. They crossed the line in twenty-four minutes and forty seconds from the time of starting, leading the Tyne boat by about three lengths. The distance rowed was exactly four miles.

The WARD brothers who won this finely contested race, and carried off the principal prize, $2000, are a splendid set of men. Long ago they achieved an American reputation, which the result of this race will make world-wide. HENRY WARD, or "Hank," as he is familiarly called, is a large, powerful man, forty-three years of age, and weighing about 160 pounds. JOSHUA WARD is thirty-three years old. He is the brightest and most intelligent member of the crew. The other brothers are GILBERT and ELLIS, the first thirty, the second twenty-four years of age. For several weeks previous to the race the brothers practiced vigorously on the lake. The morning pull was a good stiff spurt of five miles, and after this tugging and perspiration in the hot sun there was rubbing and drying of the skin and a siesta until the second meal. This eaten, and time given for the important work of proper digestion of solid food, a second turn of the oars was taken at three o'clock, and the same distance rowed, with, perhaps, an aim at speed part of the way. More rubbing down and rest until supper followed, which, with more stretching of the muscles in a brisk walk under the trees and along the country road, made up the quantity of work required of the brothers. They do not drink coffee, and smoking is strictly prohibited.

Joshua. Henry. Gilbert. Ellis.

THE WARD BROTHERS, WINNERS OF THE SARATOGA INTERNATIONAL REGATTA.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BAKER & RECORD, SARATOGA SPRINGS.]

THE "UNION TORPEDO" EXPLOSION IN BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK.—FROM A SKETCH BY STANLEY FOX.—[SEE PAGE 918.]

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POOR MISS FINCH.

A Domestic Story.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," "Man and Wife," etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS

CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH.

DISCOVERIES AT BROWNDOWN.

IT is needless to tell you at what conclusion I arrived as soon as I was sufficiently myself to think at all.

Thanks to my adventurous past life, I have got the habit of deciding quickly in serious emergencies of all sorts. In the present emergency—as I saw it—there were two things to be done. One, to go instantly with help to Browndown: the other, to keep the knowledge of what had happened from Lucilla until I could get back again and prepare her for the discovery.

I looked at Mrs. Finch. She had dropped helplessly into a chair. "Rouse yourself!" I said, and shook her. It was no time for sympathizing with swoons and hysterics. The child was still in my arms, fast yielding, poor little thing, to the exhaustion of fatigue and terror. I could do nothing until I had relieved myself of the charge of her. Mrs. Finch looked up at me, trembling and sobbing. I put the child in her lap. Jicks feebly resisted being taken from me; but soon gave up, and dropped her weary little head on her mother's bosom. "Can you take off her frock?" I asked, with another shake—a good one this time.

The prospect of a domestic occupation (of any sort) appeared to rouse Mrs. Finch. She looked at the baby, in its cradle in one corner of the room, and at the novel, reposing on a chair in another corner of the room. The presence of these two familiar objects appeared to encourage her. She shivered, she swallowed a sob, she recovered her breath, she began to undo the frock.

"Put it away carefully," I said, "and say nothing to any body of what has happened until I come back. You can see for yourself that the child is not hurt. Soothe her, and wait here. Is Mr. Finch in the study?"

Mrs. Finch swallowed another sob, and said, Yes. The child made a last effort. "Jicks will go with you," said the indomitable little Arab, faintly. I ran out of the room, and left the three babies—big, little, and least—together.

After knocking at the study door without receiving any reply, I opened it and went in. Reverend Finch, comfortably prostrate in a large arm-chair (with his sermon-paper spread out in fair white sheets by his side), started up, and confronted me in the character of a clergyman that moment awakened from a sound sleep.

The rector of Dimchurch instantly recovered his dignity.

"I beg your pardon, Madame Pratolungo, I was deep in thought. Please state your business briefly." Saying those words, he waved his hand magnificently over his empty sheets of paper, and added in his deepest bass: "Sermon day!"

I told him in the plainest words what I had seen on his child's frock, and what I feared had happened at Browndown. He turned deadly pale. If I ever yet set my two eyes on a man thoroughly frightened, Reverend Finch was that man.

"Do you anticipate danger?" he inquired. "Is it your opinion that criminal persons are in or near the house?"

"It is my opinion that there is not a moment to be lost," I answered. "We must go to Browndown; and we must get what help we can on the way."

I opened the door, and waited for him to come out with me. Mr. Finch (still apparently preoccupied with the question of the criminal persons) looked as if he wished himself a hundred miles from his own rectory at that particular moment. But he was the master of the house; he was the principal man in the place—he had no other alternative, as matters now stood, than to take his hat and go.

We went out together into the village. My reverend companion was silent for the first time in my limited experience of him. We inquired for the one policeman who patrolled the district. He was away on his rounds. We asked if any body had seen the doctor. No; it was not the doctor's day for visiting Dimchurch. I had heard the landlord of the Cross Hands described as a capable and respectable man; and I suggested stopping at the inn and taking him with us. Mr. Finch instantly brightened at that proposal. His sense of his own importance rose again, like the mercury in a thermometer when you put it into a warm bath.

"Exactly what I was about to suggest," he said. "Gootheridge, of the Cross Hands, is a very worthy person—for his station in life. Let us have Gootheridge, by all means. Don't be alarmed, Madame Pratolungo. We are all in the hands of Providence. It is most fortunate for you that I was at home. What would you have done without me? Now don't, pray don't, be alarmed. In case of criminal persons—I have my stick, as you see. I am not tall, but I possess immense physical strength. I am, so to speak, all muscle. Feel!"

He held out one of his wiry little arms. It was about half the size of my arm. If I had not been far too anxious to think of playing tricks, I should certainly have declared that it was needless, with such a tower of strength by my side, to disturb the landlord. I dare not assert that Mr. Finch actually detected the turn my thoughts were taking—I can only declare that he did certainly shout for Gootheridge in a violent hurry the moment we were in sight of the inn.

The landlord came out; and, hearing what our errand was, instantly consented to join us.

"Take your gun," said Mr. Finch.

Gootheridge took his gun. We hastened on to the house.

"Were Mrs. Gootheridge or your daughter at Browndown to-day?" I asked.

"Yes, ma'am; they were both at Browndown. They finished up their work as usual, and left the house more than an hour since."

"Did any thing out of the common happen while they were there?"

"Nothing that I heard of, ma'am."

I considered with myself for a minute, and ventured on putting a few more questions to Mr. Gootheridge.

"Have any strangers been seen here this evening?" I inquired.

"Yes, ma'am. Nearly an hour ago two strangers drove by my house in a chaise."

"In what direction?"

"Coming from Brighton way, and going toward Browndown."

"Did you notice the men?"

"Not particularly, ma'am. I was busy at the time."

A sickening suspicion that the two strangers in the chaise might be the two men whom I had seen lurking under the wall forced its way into my mind. I said no more until we reached the house.

All was quiet. The one sign of any thing unusual was in the plain traces of the passage of wheels over the turf in front of Browndown. The landlord was the first to see them. "The chaise must have stopped at the house, Sir," he said, addressing himself to the rector.

"GET WELL, FOR MY SAKE."

Reverend Finch was suffering under a second suspension of speech. All he could say as we approached the door of the silent and solitary building—and he said *that* with extreme difficulty—was, "Pray let us be careful!"

The landlord was the first to reach the door. I was behind him. The rector—at some little distance—acted as rear-guard, with the South Downs behind him to retreat upon. Gootheridge rapped smartly on the door, and called out, "Mr. Dubourg!" There was no answer. There was only a dreadful silence. The suspense was more than I could endure. I pushed by the landlord, and turned the handle of the unlocked door.

"Let me go first, ma'am," said Gootheridge.

He pushed by me in his turn. I followed him close. We entered the house, and called again. Again there was no answer. We looked into the little sitting-room on one side of the passage, and into the dining-room on the other. Both were empty. We went on to the back of the house, where the room was situated which Oscar called his workshop. When we tried the door of the workshop it was locked.

We knocked, and called again. The horrid silence was all that followed, as before.

I tried the key-hole with my finger. The key was not in the lock. I knelt down and looked through the key-hole. The next instant I was up again on my feet, wild and giddy with horror.

"Burst open the door!" I screamed. "I can just see his hand lying on the floor!"

The landlord, like the rector, was a little man; and the door, like every thing else at Browndown, was of the clumsiest and heaviest construction. Unaided by instruments, we should all three together have been too weak to burst it open. In this difficulty, Reverend Finch proved to be—for the first time, and also for the last—of some use.

"Stay!" he said. "My friends, if the back garden gate is open, we can get in by the window."

Neither the landlord nor I had thought of the window. We ran round to the back of the house, seeing the marks of the chaise wheels leading in the same direction. The gate in the wall was wide open. We crossed the little garden. The window of the workshop—opening to the ground—gave us admission, as the rector had foretold. We entered the room.

There he lay—poor, harmless, unlucky Oscar—senseless, in a pool of his own blood. A blow on the left side of his head had, to all appearance, felled him on the spot. The wound had split the scalp. Whether it had also split the skull was more than I was surgeon enough to be able to say. I had gathered some experience of how to deal with wounded men when I served the sacred cause of Freedom with my glorious Pratolungo. Cold water, vinegar, and linen for bandages—these were all in the house, and these I called for. Gootheridge found the key of the door flung aside in a corner of the room. He got the water and the vinegar, while I ran up stairs to Oscar's bedroom and provided myself with some of his handkerchiefs. In a few minutes I had a cold-water bandage over the wound, and was bathing his face in vinegar and water. He was still insensible; but he lived. Reverend Finch—not of the slightest help to any body—assumed the duty of feeling Oscar's pulse. He did it as if, under the circumstances, this was the one meritorious action that could be performed. He looked as if nobody could feel a pulse but himself. "Most fortunate," he said, counting the slow, faint throbbing at the poor fellow's wrist—"most fortunate that I was at home. What would you have done without me?"

The next necessity was, of course, to send for the doctor, and to get help in the mean time to carry Oscar up stairs to his bed.

Gootheridge volunteered to borrow a horse, and to ride off for the doctor. We arranged that he was to send his wife and his wife's brother to help me. This settled, the one last embarrassment left to deal with was the embarrassment of Mr. Finch. Now that we were free from all fear of encountering bad characters in the house, the *boom-boom* of the little man's big voice went on unintermittingly, like a machine at work in the neighborhood. I had another of my inspirations—sitting on the floor with Oscar's head on my lap. I gave my reverend companion something to do. "Look about the room," I said: "see if the packing-case with the gold and silver plates is here or not."

Mr. Finch did not quite relish being treated like an ordinary mortal, and being told what he was to do.

"Compose yourself, Madame Pratolungo," he said. "No hysterical activity, if you please. This business is in My hands. Quite needless, ma'am, to tell Me to look for the packing-case."

"Quite needless," I agreed. "I know beforehand the packing-case is gone."

That answer instantly set him fussing about the room. Not a sign of the case was to be seen.

All doubt in my mind was at an end now. The two ruffians lounging against the wall had justified—horribly justified—my worst suspicions of them.

On the arrival of Mrs. Gootheridge and her brother we carried him up to his room. We laid him on the bed, with his neck-tie off and his throat free, and the air blowing over him from the open window. He showed no sign yet of coming to his senses. But still the pulse went faintly on. No change was discernible for the worse.

It was useless to hope for the doctor's arrival before another hour at least. I felt the necessity of getting back at once to the rectory, so as to be able to tell Lucilla (with all needful preparation) the melancholy truth. Otherwise, the news of what had happened would get abroad in the village, and might come to her ears, in the worst possible way, through one of the servants. To my infinite relief, Mr. Finch, when I rose to go, excused himself from accompanying me. He had discovered that it was his duty, as rector, to give the earliest information of the outrage at Browndown to the legal authorities. He went his way to the nearest magistrate. And I went mine—leaving Oscar under the care of Mrs. Gootheridge and her brother—back to the house. Mr. Finch's last words at parting reminded me once more that we had one thing at least to be thankful for under the circumstances, sad as they otherwise were.

"Most fortunate, Madame Pratolungo, that I was at home. What would you have done without me?"

CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.

EVENTS AT THE BEDSIDE.

I AM, if you will be so good as to remember, constitutionally French, and, therefore, constitutionally averse to distressing myself, if I can possibly help it. For this reason, I really can not summon courage to describe what passed between my blind Lucilla and me when I returned to our pretty sitting-room. She made me cry at the time; and she would make me (and perhaps you) cry again now, if I wrote the little melancholy story of what this tender young creature suffered when I told her my miserable news. I won't write it! I am dead against tears. They affect the nose; and my nose is my best feature. Let us use our eyes, my fair friends, to conquer—not to cry.

Be it enough to say that when I went back to Browndown Lucilla went with me.

I now observed her, for the first time, to be jealous of the eyes of us happy people who could see. The instant she entered she insisted on being near enough to the bed to hear us or to touch us as we waited on the injured man. This was at once followed by her taking the place occupied by Mrs. Gootheridge at the bed-head, and herself bathing Oscar's face and forehead. She was even jealous of *me*, when she discovered that I was moistening the bandages on the wound. I irritated her into boldly kissing the poor insensible face in our presence! The landlady of the Cross Hands was one of my sort—she took cheerful views of things. "Sweet on him, eh, ma'am?" she whispered in my ear; "we shall have a wedding in Dimchurch." In presence of these kissings and whisperings Mrs. Gootheridge's brother, as the only man present, began to look very uncomfortable. This worthy creature belonged to that large and respectable order of Englishmen who don't know what to do with their hands, or how to get out of a room. I took pity on him; he was, I assure you, a fine man. "Smoke your pipe, Sir, in the garden," I said; "we will call to you from the window if we want you up here." Mrs. Gootheridge's brother cast on me one look of unutterable gratitude, and escaped as if he had been let out of a trap.

At last the doctor arrived.

His first words were an indescribable relief to us. The skull of our poor Oscar was not injured. There was concussion of the brain, and there was a scalp wound—inflicted evidently with a blunt instrument. As to the wound, I had done all that was necessary in the doctor's absence. As to the injury to the brain, time and care would put every thing right again. "Make your minds easy, ladies," said this angel of a man. "There is no reason for feeling the slightest alarm about him."

He came to his senses—that is to say, he opened his eyes and looked vacantly about him—between four and five hours after the time when we had found him on the floor of the workshop.

His mind, poor fellow, was still all astray. He recognized nobody. He imitated the action of writing with his finger, and said, very earnestly, over and over again, "Go home, Jicks; go home, go home!"—fancying himself (as I suppose) lying helpless on the floor, and sending the child back to us to give the alarm. Later in the night he fell asleep. All through the next day he still wandered in his mind when he spoke. It was not till the day after that he began feebly to recover his reason. The first person he recognized was Lucilla. She was engaged at the moment in brushing his beautiful chestnut hair. To her unutterable joy he patted her hand and murmured her name. She bent over him; and, under cover of the hair-brush, whispered something in his ear which made the young fellow's pale face flush, and his dull eyes brighten with pleasure. A day or two afterward she owned to me that she had said, "Get well, for my sake." She was not in the least ashamed of having spoken to that plain purpose. On the contrary, she triumphed in it. "Leave him to me," said Lucilla, in the most positive manner. "I mean first to cure him; and then I mean to be his wife."

In a week more he was in complete possession of his faculties, but still wretchedly weak, and only gaining ground very slowly after the shock that he had suffered.

He was now able to tell us, by a little at a time, of what had happened in the workshop.

After Mrs. Gootheridge and her daughter had quitted the house at their usual hour he had gone up to his room, had remained there some little time, and had then gone down stairs again. On approaching the workshop he heard voices talking in whispers in the room. The

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idea instantly occurred to him that something was wrong. He softly tried the door, and found it locked—the robbers having no doubt taken that precaution to prevent their being surprised at their thieving work by any person in the house. The one other way of getting into the room was the way that we had tried. He went round to the back garden, and found an empty chaise drawn up outside the door. The circumstance thoroughly puzzled him. But for the mysterious locking of the workshop door it would have suggested to him nothing more alarming than the arrival of some unexpected visitors. Eager to solve the mystery, he crossed the garden; and, entering the room, found himself face to face with the same two men whom Jicks had discovered ten days previously lounging against the garden wall.

As he approached the window they were both busily engaged, with their backs toward him, in cording up the packing-case which contained the metal plates.

They rose and faced him as he stepped into the room. The act of robbery which he found them coolly perpetrating in broad daylight instantly set his irritable temper in a flame. He rushed at the younger of the two men—being the one nearest to him. The ruffian sprang aside out of his reach, snatched up from the table on which it was lying ready a short loaded staff of leather, called "a life-preserver," and struck him with it on the head before he had recovered himself and could face his man once more.

From that moment he remembered nothing until he had regained his consciousness after the first shock of the blow.

He found himself lying, giddy and bleeding, on the floor; and he saw the child (who must have strayed into the room while he was senseless) standing, petrified with fear, looking at him. The idea of making use of her—as the only living being near—to give the alarm, came to him instinctively the moment he recognized her. He coaxed the little creature to venture within reach of his hand, and, dipping his finger in the blood that was flowing from him, sent us the terrible message which I had spelled out on the back of her frock. That done, he exerted his last remains of strength to push her gently toward the open window, and direct her to go home. He fainted from loss of blood while he was still repeating the words, "Go home! go home!" and still seeing, or fancying that he saw, the child stopping obstinately in the room, stupefied with terror. Of the time at which she found the courage and the sense to run home, and of all that had happened after that, he was necessarily ignorant. His next conscious impression was the impression, already recorded, of seeing Lucilla sitting by his bedside.

The account of the matter thus given by Oscar was followed by a supplementary statement provided by the police.

The machinery of the law was put in action, and the village was kept in a fever of excitement for days together. Never was there a more complete investigation—and never was a poorer result achieved. Substantially, nothing was discovered beyond what I had already found out for myself. The robbery was declared to have been (as I had supposed) a planned thing. Though we had none of us noticed them at the rectory, it was ascertained that the thieves had been at Dimchurch on the day when the unlucky plates were first delivered at Browndown. Having taken their time to examine the house, and to make themselves acquainted with the domestic habits of the persons in it, the rogues had paid their second visit to the village—no doubt to commit the robbery—on the occasion when we had discovered them. Foiled by the unexpected return of the gold and silver to London, they had waited again, had followed the plates back to Browndown, and had effected their object—thanks to the lonely situation of the house, and to the murderous blow which had stretched Oscar insensible on the floor.

More than one witness had met them on the road back to Brighton, with the packing-case in the chaise. But when they returned to the livery-stables from which they had hired the vehicle, the case was not to be seen. Accomplices in Brighton had, in all probability, assisted them in getting rid of it, and in shifting the plates into ordinary articles of luggage which would attract no special attention at the railway station. This was the explanation given by the police. Right or wrong, the one fact remains that the villains were not caught, and that the assault and robbery at Oscar's house may be added to the long list of crimes cleverly enough committed to defy the vengeance of the law.

For ourselves, we all agreed—led by Lucilla—to indulge in no useless lamentations, and to be grateful that Oscar had escaped without serious injury. The mischief was done; and there was an end of it.

In this philosophical spirit we looked at the affair while our invalid was recovering. We all plumed ourselves on our excellent good sense—and (ah, poor stupid human wretches!) we were all fatally wrong. So far from the mischief being at an end, the mischief had only begun. The true results of the robbery at Browndown were yet to show themselves, and were yet to be felt in the strangest and the saddest way by every member of the little circle assembled at Dimchurch.

CHAPTER THE SIXTEENTH.

THE RESULT OF THE ROBBERY.

BETWEEN five and six weeks passed. Oscar was out of his bedroom, and was well of his wound.

During this lapse of time Lucilla steadily pursued that process of her own of curing him which was to end in marrying him. Never had I seen such nursing before—never do I expect to see such nursing again. From morning to night she interested him, and kept him in good spirits. The charming creature actually made her blindness a means of lightening the weary hours of the man she loved.

Sometimes she would sit before Oscar's looking-glass, and imitate all the innumerable tricks, artifices, and vanities of a coquette arraying herself for conquest, with such wonderful truth and humor of mimicry that you would have sworn she possessed the use of her eyes. Sometimes she would show him her extraordinary power of calculating, by the sound of a person's voice, the exact position which that person occupied toward her in a room. Selecting me as the victim, she would first provide herself with one of the nosegays always placed by her own hands at Oscar's bedside, and would then tell me to take up my position noiselessly in any part of the room that I pleased, and to say "Lucilla." The instant the words were out of my mouth the nosegay flew from her hand and hit me on the face. She never once missed her aim on any one of the occasions when this experiment was tried, and she never once flagged in her childish enjoyment of the exhibition of her own skill.

Nobody was allowed to pour out Oscar's medicine but herself. She knew when the spoon into which it was to be measured was full by the sound which the liquid made in falling into it. When he was able to sit up in his bed, and when she was standing at the pillow-side, she could tell him how near his head was to hers by the change which he produced, when he bent forward or when he drew back, in the action of the air on her face. In the same way she knew as well as he knew when the sun was out, and when it was behind a cloud, judging by the differing effect of the air at such times on her forehead and on her cheeks.

All the litter of little objects accumulating in a sick-room she kept in perfect order on a system of her own. She delighted in putting the room tidy late in the evening, when we helpless people who could see were beginning to think of lighting the candles. The time when we could just discern her flitting to and fro in the dusk in her bright summer dress—now visible as she passed the window, now lost in the shadows at the end of the room—was the time when she began to clear the tables of the things that had been wanted in the day, and to replace them by the things which would be wanted at night. We were only allowed to light the candles when they showed us the room magically put in order during the darkness, as if the fairies had done it. She laughed scornfully at our surprise, and said she sincerely pitied the poor useless people who could only see.

The same pleasure which she had in arranging the room in the dark, she also felt in wandering all over the house in the dark, and in making herself thoroughly acquainted with every inch of it from top to bottom. As soon as Oscar was well enough to go down stairs, she insisted on leading him.

"You have been so long up in your bedroom," she said, "that you must have forgotten the rest of the house. Take my arm, and come along. Now we are out in the passage. Mind! there is a step down just at this place. And now a step up again. Here is a sharp corner to turn at the top of the staircase. And there is a rod out of the stair-carpet, and an awkward fold in it that might throw you down." So she took him into his own drawing-room, as if it was he that was blind and she who had the use of her eyes. Who could resist such a nurse as this? Is it wonderful that I heard a sound suspiciously like the sound of a kiss, on that first day of convalescence, when I happened for a moment to be out of the room? I strongly suspected her of leading the way in that also. She was so wonderfully composed when I came back, and he was so wonderfully flurried.

In a week from his convalescence Lucilla completed the cure of the patient. In other words, she received from Oscar an offer of marriage. I have not the slightest doubt in my own mind that he required assistance in bringing this delicate matter to a climax—and that Lucilla helped him.

I may be right or I may be wrong about this. But I can at least certify that Lucilla was in such mad high spirits when she told me the news, out in the garden, on a lovely autumn morning, that she actually danced for joy; and, more improper still, she made me, at my discreet time of life, dance too. She took me round the waist, and we waltzed on the grass, Mrs. Finch standing by in the condemned blue merino jacket (with the baby in one hand and the novel in the other), and warning us both that if we lost half an hour out of our day in whirling each other round the lawn, we should never succeed in picking it up again in that house. We went on whirling, for all that, until we were both out of breath. Nothing short of downright exhaustion could tame Lucilla. As for me, I am, I sincerely believe, the rashest person of my age now in existence. (What is my age? Ah! I am always discreet about that; it is the one exception.) Set down my rashness to my French nationality, my easy conscience, and my excellent stomach—and let us go on with our story.

There was a private interview at Browndown, later on that day, between Oscar and Reverend Finch.

Of what passed on this occasion I was not informed. The rector came back among us, with his head high in the air, strutting magnificently on his wizen little legs. He embraced his daughter in pathetic silence, and gave me his hand with a serene smile of condescension worthy of the greatest humbug (say Louis the Fourteenth) that ever sat on a throne. When he got the better of his paternal emotion and began to speak, his voice was so big that I really thought it must have burst him. The vapor of words in which he enveloped himself (condensed on paper) amounted to these two statements. First, that he hailed in Oscar—not having, I suppose, children enough already of his own—the advent of another son. Secondly, that he saw the finger of Providence in every thing that had happened. Alas for me! my irreverent French nature saw nothing but the finger of Finch—in Oscar's pocket.

The wedding-day was not then actually fixed. It was only generally arranged that the marriage should take place in about six weeks.

This interval was intended to serve a double purpose. It was to give the lawyers time to prepare the marriage-settlements, and to give Oscar time to completely recover his health. Some anxiety was felt by all of us on this latter subject. His wound was well, and his mind was itself again. But still there was something wrong with him, for all that.

Those curious contradictions in his character which I have already mentioned showed themselves more strangely than ever. The man who had found the courage (when his blood was up) to measure himself, alone and unarmed, against two robbers, was now unable to enter the room in which the struggle had taken place without trembling from head to foot. He who had laughed at me when I begged him not to sleep in the house by himself, now had *two* men (a gardener and an in-door servant) domiciled at Browndown to protect him, and felt no sense of security even in that. He was constantly dreaming that the ruffian with the "life-preserver" was attacking him again, or that he was lying bleeding on the floor, and coaxing Jicks to venture within reach of his hand. If any of us hinted at his occupying himself once more with his favorite art, he stopped his ears and entreated us not to renew his horrible associations with the past. He could not even look at his box of chasing tools. The doctor—summoned to say what was the matter with him—told us that his nervous system had been shaken, and frankly acknowledged that there was nothing to be done but to wait until time set it right again.

I am afraid I must confess that I myself took no very indulgent view of the patient's case.

It was his duty to exert himself, as I thought. He appeared to me to be too indolent to make a proper effort to better his own condition. Lucilla and I had more than one animated discussion about him. On a certain evening when we were at the piano gossiping, and playing in the intervals, she was downright angry with me for not sympathizing with her darling as unreservedly as she did. "I have noticed one thing, Madame Pratolungo," she said to me, with a flushed face and a heightened tone: "you have never done Oscar justice from the first."

(Mark those trifling words. The time is coming when you will hear of them again.)

The preparations for the contemplated marriage went on. The lawyers produced their sketch of the settlement, and Oscar wrote (to an address in New York given to him by Nugent) to tell his brother of the approaching change in his life, and of the circumstances which had brought it about.

The marriage-settlement was not shown to me, but from certain signs and tokens I guessed that Oscar's perfect disinterestedness on the question of money had been turned to profitable account by Oscar's future father-in-law. Reverend Finch was reported to have shed tears when he first read the document. And Lucilla came out of the study, after an interview with her father, more thoroughly and vehemently indignant than I had ever seen her yet. "Don't ask what is the matter!" she said to me between her teeth. "I am ashamed to tell you." When Oscar came in, a little later, she fell on her knees—literally fell on her knees—before him. Some overmastering agitation was in possession of her whole being, which made her, for the moment, reckless of what she said or did. "I worship you!" she burst out, hysterically, kissing his hand. "You are the noblest of living men. I can never, never be worthy of you!" The interpretation of these high-flown sayings and doings was, to my mind, briefly this: Oscar's money in the rector's pocket, and the rector's daughter used as the means.

The interval expired; the weeks succeeded each other. All had been long since ready for the marriage, and still the marriage did not take place.

Far from becoming himself again, with time to help him, as the doctor had foretold, Oscar steadily grew worse. All the nervous symptoms (to use the medical phrase) which I have already described strengthened instead of loosening their hold on him. He grew thinner and thinner, and paler and paler. Early in the month of November we sent for the doctor again. The question to be put to him this time was the question (suggested by Lucilla) of trying as a last remedy change of air.

Something—I forget what—delayed the arrival of our medical man. Oscar had given up all idea of seeing him that day, and had come to us at the rectory, when the doctor drove into Dimchurch. He was stopped before he went on to Browndown, and he and his patient saw each other alone in Lucilla's sitting-room.

They were a long time together. Lucilla, waiting with me in my bed-chamber, grew impatient. She begged me to knock at the sitting-room door, and inquire when she might be permitted to assist at the consultation.

I found doctor and patient standing together at the window, talking quietly. Evidently nothing had passed to excite either of them in the smallest degree. Oscar looked a little pale and weary, but he, like his medical adviser, was perfectly composed.

"There is a young lady in the next room," I said, "who is getting anxious to hear what your consultation has ended in."

The doctor looked at Oscar and smiled.

"There is really nothing to tell Miss Finch," he said. "Mr. Dubourg and I have gone all over the case again, and nothing new has come of it. His nervous system has not recovered its balance so soon as I expected. I am sorry, but I am not in the least alarmed. At his age things are sure to come right in the end. He must be patient, and the young lady must be patient. I can say no more."

"Do you see any objection to his trying change of air?" I inquired.

"None whatever. Let him go where he likes, and amuse himself as he likes. You are all of you a little disposed to take Mr. Dubourg's case too seriously. Except the nervous derangement (unpleasant enough in itself, I grant), there is really nothing the matter with him. He has not a trace of organic disease any where. The pulse," continued the doctor, laying his fingers lightly on Oscar's wrist, "is perfectly satisfactory. I never felt a quieter pulse in my life."

As the words passed his lips a frightful contortion fastened itself on Oscar's face.

His eyes turned up hideously.

From head to foot his whole body was wrenched round, as if giant hands had twisted it, toward the right.

Before I could speak, he was in convulsions on the floor at his doctor's feet.

"Good God! what is this?" I cried out.

The doctor loosened his cravat, and moved away the furniture that was near him. That done, he waited, looking at the writhing figure on the floor.

"Can you do nothing more?" I asked.

He shook his head gravely. "Nothing more."

"What is it?"

"An epileptic fit."

THE CINCINNATI FOUNTAIN.

ON page 917 will be found an engraving of the elaborate and beautiful fountain which, through the beneficent liberality of two of her citizens—one of whom, however, does not survive to witness the fulfillment of his generous purpose—the Queen City of the West will soon count among her rarest attractions. Its history is briefly this. Two liberal-minded residents of Cincinnati—Messrs. DAVIDSON and PROBASCO—some years ago conceived the project of erecting in that city a public fountain which should be at once an ornament to the place and a practical benefit to the people. Their idea was to have the structure display, in some artistic and picturesque form, the beauty and the blessings of water. With this view Mr. PROBASCO visited Europe in 1866 to consult with eminent artists in regard to it, and at Munich, the art capital of Germany, made the acquaintance of Herr MILLER, the celebrated founder, in whom he found a ready and enthusiastic coadjutor. Many designs were laid before him, but Mr. PROBASCO, with excellent sense and taste, rejected every suggestion that implied obligation to ancient mythology and literature. He would have neither water-gods nor nymphs. At length Herr MILLER produced a design of his own—a dream which had been worked out for him by the artist KRELING—the fundamental idea of which was the portrayal of the blessings of water. The designer had asked himself what are the chief benefits which mankind owe to this element. They are commerce by navigation; emigration; water turns our mills to grind our corn; water gives us crops; with mineral waters we heal the sick; with other waters we preserve our health by bathing; with water we put out fire; on water frozen we amuse our childhood in skating and sliding. These and kindred ideas the artist has symbolized in enduring bronze.

The structure is surmounted by a beautiful figure, representing the genius of water, through whose outspread hands, extended to bless, falls an exquisitely fine shower, like gentle rain. Underneath, about the massive pedestal, stand four colossal groups, representing the most obvious benefits of water—a mechanic on a burning roof, imploring Heaven for rain; a farmer beside his plow, whose labor will have no fruit without the kindly showers; a young girl leading her sick father to the healing fountain; a mother taking her child to the bath.

Underneath these groups are four elegant basins, ornamented in the richest style of the *Renaissance*, from which thirty-six streams of water play into a circular moat at the base of the structure. The pediment, to which these basins are attached, is richly adorned with compositions in relief, representing the uses of water in the most varied forms of human industry—as in navigation, fishing, as motive power directly applied in various kinds of mills, and indirectly as steam. These compositions are exquisitely finished, while the meaning of every design may be discerned at a glance.

The base of the fountain is of fine Bavarian syenite, as is also the surrounding basin, or moat. This stone has a beautiful color, takes a very fine polish, and is almost indestructible by weather.

An inscription upon the capital, just underneath the figure of the genius, sets forth that the fountain is the gift to the People of Cincinnati from Mr. HENRY PROBASCO and Mr. TYLER DAVIDSON (his brother-in-law, now deceased). Other inscriptions on the pediment ascribe the design and model to the artist KRELING, and the work of casting to Herr MILLER.

Our engraving of this beautiful structure is from a photograph taken in Munich, where the fountain was for some time exhibited to admiring crowds. It is to be hoped that wealthy residents of other cities will be led to imitate the example of Mr. PROBASCO and Mr. DAVIDSON, and to distribute a little of their superfluous wealth in ways as useful and as conducive to the pleasure and cultivation of

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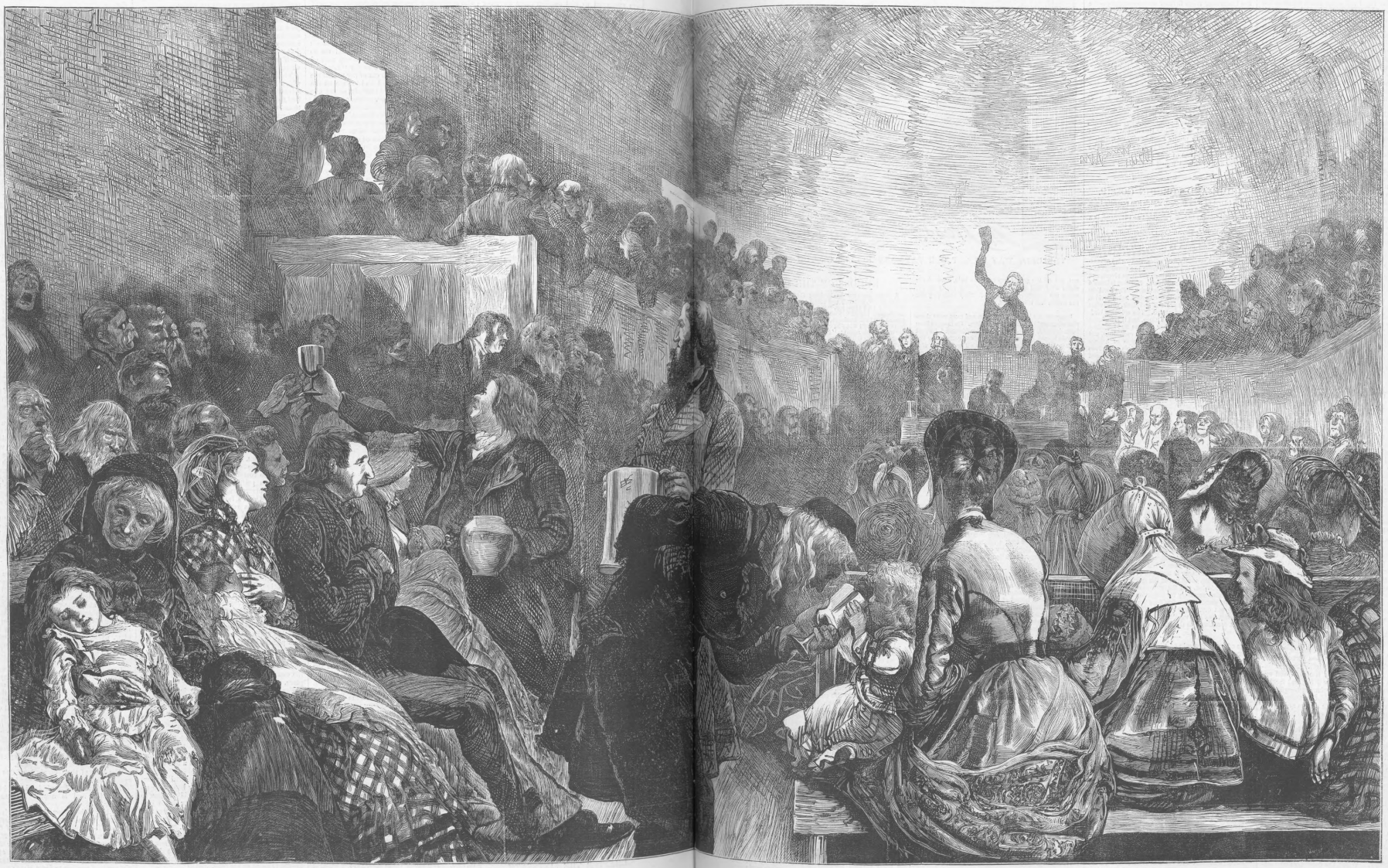

"SACRAMENT" IN THE MORMON TABERNACLE, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.—[See Page 914.]

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THE MORMON TABERNACLE.

THE Mormon Temple, or Tabernacle, as the "faithful" prefer to call their sacred edifice, is a large, showy structure, of very little pretension to architectural beauty. It is 250 feet long, with many sandstone columns supporting the roof, the concave of which forms an unbroken arch. There is room enough in the interior to seat 8000 people. An immense organ is placed at the further end of the Tabernacle, just in front of it the pulpit, on either hand the choir seats, while a few steps below the platform is the dais where sit the elders and apostles of the church. The exercises comprise a prayer, a hymn, the administering of bread and water to the "faithful," and finally the sermon by BRIGHAM YOUNG. He speaks simply, plainly, and strongly. He loves, especially if there are gentiles present, to dilate upon the trials of his people, and their coming to their valley barefooted and naked; of their success, and the proofs that they were a chosen people—showing here, as in private, the strange magnetic influence which he wields with so much effect upon the minds of his disciples.

The double-page illustration which we give this week shows the administration of the "Sacrament," large pewter vessels, of which several may be seen in front of the pulpit, being used for the purpose. All present, men, women, children, and babies in arms, partake. The peculiar great-coats which some of the men wear are fashioned out of colored blankets, intended originally for the reds; and it must be admitted that the white man wears his blanket with a difference which is not an improvement as regards taste. Although the red Indian is not the chivalrous, graceful warrior of COOPER, he is decidedly picturesque, and knows how to dress himself artistically. The white man gets hold of his blanket, cuts it up into a great-coat, and dresses himself inartistically.

"TOO THIN."

ON Saturday, September 9, Controller CONNOLLY was requested by the Joint Committee for the examination of the city and county accounts to produce before them on the following Tuesday the vouchers for the claims against the county presented for 1870, and paid by him. During Sunday night these vouchers disappeared under the following circumstances: The private watchman in the County Bureau office, in the new Court-house, where these important papers were kept, says that about six o'clock on Sunday evening he left his post to get his supper, leaving the office to watch itself. When he returned, about two hours afterward—he must have been very leisurely in taking supper—he discovered that a hole large enough to admit a man's arm had been made in the lower corner of the west window in the door opening from the hall into the County Bureau office. Although his suspicion that "something was wrong" was aroused by this discovery, the watchman made no examination and raised no alarm, although a police station is just within call of his post, but waited until the janitor of the building made his appearance, about eight o'clock next morning, to whom he naïvely remarked that he didn't "like the looks of it." The janitor immediately went into the County Bureau office, where he discovered that the doors of the middle case, under the long desk on the west side of that office, had been broken open, and that several packages of documents had been taken therefrom.

Still nothing was done until the arrival of the Controller and his deputy, about one o'clock in the afternoon. Informed by the janitor of what had occurred, they examined the forced case, and found that all but seven packages of the vouchers for the paid claims against the city for 1870 were gone. These vouchers were in large packages, and were mixed up with packages of vouchers for paid claims against the county for 1869, none of which were missing.

Appearances indicate that access was gained to the office as follows: The glass was partially cut with a diamond, and then forced out by a sharp, quick blow. Through the hole thus made the inside catch of the lock was reached, and the door easily opened. The bolt of the lock to the case containing the vouchers was forced back, and the lock wrenched almost off. Several experts examined the glass and the case, and expressed the opinion that the cutting and forcing were not the work of an experienced burglar.

The news spread like wild-fire through the city. Crowds gathered in the streets and about the bulletins of the newspapers, excitedly discussing the latest rumors, and asking, "Who stole the vouchers?" Public suspicion pointed strongly in one direction, and Mayor HALL, unable to resist the pressure of public sentiment, lost no time in writing to the Controller that the "exigency" required his retirement from the head of the Finance Department, in order that another gentleman might be appointed who would be enabled to investigate the affair and restore public confidence. Mr. CONNOLLY, in a letter which is admirable for its cool impudence, declined to resign, plainly told the Mayor that both were in the same boat, and that if one went overboard the other must follow suit.

No fresh discoveries have been made in regard to the disappearance of the vouchers, but the impression is strengthened that but one set of persons in the city could have committed this singular robbery. When the detectives who examined the premises were asked whether it was not very strange that the thief or thieves had opened only those two lockers containing the vouchers that were wanted, and there was not a mark of a jimmy on any other article of furniture in the room, they smiled, and replied that it was evident the rascals were well informed as to the lockers they intended to open. The faces of the crowds that entered the office to examine the cut window and damaged lockers were a study. Having gratified their curiosity, they invariably turned away with a sneering smile or laugh of derision, while many audibly exclaimed, "Too thin!"—a sentiment which Mr. NAST has admirably illustrated in his cartoon on our front page this week.

So much for the stolen vouchers. There is, however, another feature of Mr. CONNOLLY'S case. A suit was recently commenced before Judge BARNARD, of the Supreme Court, to enjoin the Controller from further disbursement of the public funds. A temporary injunction was immediately granted, and a day set to hear counsel on the question whether it should be made perpetual. Mayor HALL pretended to be very much amused by this proceeding. He characterized it as "one of Judge BARNARD'S jokes," and professed to believe the motion for a perpetual injunction would be denied. The Judge's "joke" has, however, proved to be no laughing matter for CONNOLLY. To every body's surprise, the injunction, after elaborate argument on both sides, was declared perpetual; and the Judge, while lightly animadverting on the acts of TWEED, SWEENY, and HALL, spoke in the severest manner of the Controller's administration of the affairs of his office. Whether this action indicates a desire to regain public confidence, or whether it is merely a shrewd dodge to save a part of the Ring by the sacrifice of one member of the fraternity, are questions which time alone can determine.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE island of New Guinea, which has recently been brought before the public in connection with negotiations respecting it between England and Holland, is a spot of peculiar interest to adventurous travelers, because very little is known to us concerning it. Comprising two hundred thousand square miles, and about fourteen hundred miles in length, it is yet an unexplored region, within whose boundaries no white man has penetrated, probably, fifty miles. Snow-clad mountains of great height are visible from the northern and southern coasts; doubtless there are large rivers, and the coast abounds in thick forests. Nothing is known of the inhabitants of the vast interior. The dwellers on the coast live at war with each other, being divided into petty tribes. They are tall and dark, somewhat resembling the negro in features. The splendid bird-of-paradise comes from New Guinea, and it is believed to be the home of many other curious and beautiful birds. Here dwell also kangaroos and crocodiles, and other strange and interesting specimens of animal tribes. Rice, sago, yams, fruits, and spices of various kinds grow on this island, whose climate is moist and warm. Doubtless it is rich in vegetable productions. But our certain knowledge respecting this vast island is very limited. Its mysterious interior should awaken the curiosity of some Livingstone or Du Chaillu.

About sixty different newspapers were started in Paris during the Commune, from March 18 to May 21. Some of these died a swift death, after having issued a single number. Only two of them exist at present. The names of many of these papers are curious, as, for example, The *Hyphen*, the *Little Bell, Cain and Abel*, *The Good Sense*, *The Wasp*.

Curious five-year-old boys they have in Detroit. One specimen called at a house in the city a few days ago, and said that he was from Chicago, that his parents were both dead, and that he would like to have a home. He looked neat and intelligent, and the family decided to adopt him. Three days after, when he showed himself in the front yard for the first time, he was seen and claimed by his mother, who lives a few blocks away, and who had hunted the city over for the lad.

London contains a population of about 3,500,000; almost four times as many as New York city.

The Persian government showed great indifference and oppression in many cases during the late famine. The following instance is mentioned: The proprietor of a large garden could not at the moment pay the increased tax levied, and the governor of the district had the water necessary for irrigation cut off and led to another garden. In a few days the first garden had nothing but dry, yellow plants. The water was still kept away, and in a month all the lemon and orange trees it contained, to the number of 12,000, were dry fire-wood.

An educated Brahmin of Hindostan read with deep interest sundry articles on women which were published in the London *Saturday Review*. Interpreting the language literally, he mistook the cynical views of English society and highly-colored representations of English customs as statements of facts. The *Review* spoke of the sale of Belgravian daughters, and reported the condition of the marriage market. So the Brahmin, desirous to follow the customs of enlightened England, actually sold one of his daughters at auction for forty-five pounds sterling.

An English country gentleman—Mr. Hyford Barr by name—has a novelty in his private park, in the shape of a "snakery" which he has established, and wherein he keeps a large number of innocent species of snakes. Every one to his taste.

There is a "House of Refuge"(?) in New Orleans, where boys have been punished to the extent of 240 lashes. The bodies of these poor victims were literally covered with bruises when an examination was made into the state of things. The superintendent and his assistant have been arrested. Much nearer this city is a so-called "Home," from which a boy lately escaped with a block of wood weighing sixteen pounds chained and riveted to his neck. Comment is needless.

Two persons bearing the character of "undoubted veracity" witnessed a rare ride the other day—a wasp riding on a green worm. How far he had ridden they did not know; but after they saw him they watched him a distance of twenty-five feet. Occasionally the worm would stop, lie motionless as though he was dead, when the wasp, after a little, would spur him up, and he would go on. After a while the worm ceased to move, and the wasp dismounted and quickly ran and removed a little stone about two inches from where the worm lay, and then seizing the worm by the head, drew it into the hole. Presently the wasp came out, put on the gravel top over the hole, covered the stone over, and seemed to be getting ready to fly, when the observers killed him. They then dug out the worm, but it was dead.

Long articles have been written and numerous theories advanced respecting the cholera. Its ravages have been detailed, its peculiar character discussed, its past travels traced, and much advice given concerning the prevention of it. On two points all writers on this subject seem to agree—that certain stringent measures of disinfection are essential wherever cholera actually exists; and also, what is of immediate practical importance in every city, that every locality should be put in such a sanitary condition that, if cholera comes, its spread will be limited. This disease is likely to spread just in proportion to the existence of certain local facilities. The history of cholera shows plainly enough that a prudent and enlightened action of the Board of Health in every city, combined with watchful care on the part of every householder, would, if commenced in season, prevent the disease from becoming epidemic. The strictest cleanliness is the greatest safeguard the people can use. Special measures, of course, are adopted by the authorities of every city, when this dreaded disease is on its march, to prevent its invasion. But none of these make less imperative the one grand essential—namely, *cleanliness*, which the inhabitants of every city have a right to demand for their own protection.

A steamer of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, the *Alaska*, recently brought from Hong-Kong to San Francisco about two millions of pounds of tea—a most remarkable cargo. The annual consumption of tea in the United States is about forty-two millions of pounds. Years ago our tea took a tedious voyage around the Cape of Good Hope; now only a few weeks are required to transport it to San Francisco, and thence to New York.

Justin M'Carthy writes of a curiosity which was recently shown him by a London publisher in the shape of a large solid wooden box, a cube of about two feet every way, and bound at the corners with iron. The box was addressed, in painted letters, to the publishing house, and contained—what did it contain? A service of plate, a present of books, a few dozens of wine? Nothing of the sort; only the MS. of a novel which he was requested to publish! The novel was written in small and neat characters, in a series of bound volumes of the ledger and day-book style, and these volumes were numerous enough to fill completely the treasure-chest which had been so carefully provided for their reception. The publisher stated that any one of these closely written volumes would make an ordinary three-volume novel (English style), so far as words and pages were concerned. Moreover, it is said that the author or authoress of this yet unpublished work of fiction is *not* a lunatic, but a sane person, in the ordinary acceptation of the term.

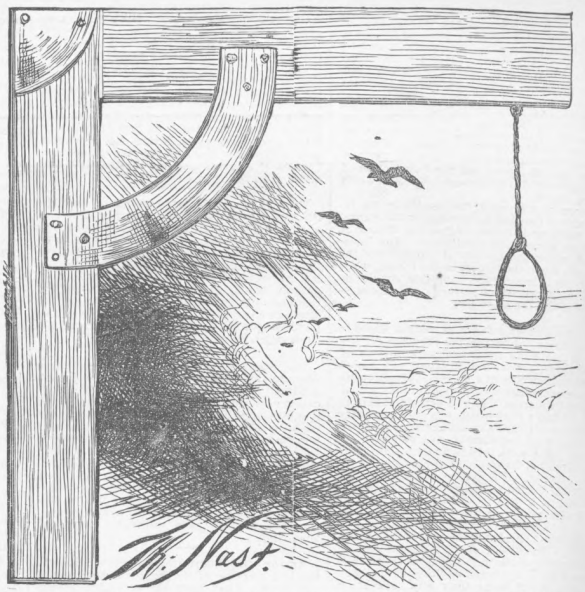
The Baden-Baden "towel costume" is said to be the greatest novelty in traveling dresses, being literally made of the rough brown bath toweling which we know as Turkish.

An English savant is so much agitated on the subject of the final fate of the earth, if not of the sun also, that he has written a book to ask, "Will the earth become a sun-spot?" The question is open for discussion.

Not many ministers nowadays possess the wonderful eloquence in reading hymns that Dr. Nettleton did. It is said that on one occasion he commenced reading the familiar hymn, 'Behold a stranger at the door!" and, as with a sudden uncontrollable impulse, the whole congregation turned their heads to look. Effective reading of hymns and the Scriptures in church services is a great power.

The "Grecian bend," the "Alexandra limp," the "Saratoga droop," and the "Kangaroo jump" make a pretty quartette of terms descriptive of modern styles of walking.

The preparation of kindling-wood for the market is a recognized department of the coal and wood trade. Some of the pine used is brought from Long Island, but most of it is Virginia pine.



THE ONLY WAY TO GET OUR TAMMANY RULERS ON THE SQUARE.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A THIN, cadaverous-looking German, about fifty years of age, entered the office of a health-insurance company and inquired, "Ish te man in vot inshures de people's helts?" The agent politely answered, "I attend to that business, Sir." "Veil, I vants nine helts inshured: vot you charge?" "Different prices," answered the agent; "from three to ten dollars a year; pay ten dollars a year, and you get ten dollars a week in case of sickness." "Veil," said mein Herr, "I vants ten dollar vot." The agent inquired the state of his health. "Vell, I ish sick all te time. I's shust out te bed two tree hours a tay, and te doctor says he can't do noting more good for me." "If that's the state of your health," returned the agent, "we can't insure it. We only insure persons who are in good health." At this mein Herr bristled up in great anger. "You must tink I's a pig fool! vot you tink I come pay you ten dollar for inshure my helt ven I vos vell?"

A Chicago paper says of a contemporary that "it has doubled its circulation: another man takes a copy now."

In Indiana a local paper attributes a scarcity of small change to its being sent to the heathen through church collections.

Isn't it queer that contractors should be engaged to widen streets?

A baker has invented a new kind of yeast. It makes bread so light that a pound of it weighs only twelve ounces.

THE CHURCH-YARD OF LOVE—Marriage.

A wholesale house advertises: "Wanted—women to sell on commission." Gals, there's your chance.

Two teachers were discussing the efficacy of corporal punishment in education. "I can speak from large experience," said one. "I have always used it in my school, and every one knows that my scholars are the cream of our aristocracy." "The whipped cream, if you please," rejoined his opponent.

THE COMING MAN—Jack Frost.

"Sam, how do you like that knife I sold you last week?" "So so. It's not very sharp; yet you managed to shave me with it."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

A COMMITTEE of the British Association, which was largely instrumental in securing the passage of an act of Parliament for the preservation of sea-fowl and their eggs, now proposes to have the law extended to other species, including such of the wading and swimming birds as are fit for human food. Attention was called by the committee to the case of the very rare bird known as Pallas's sand-grouse, a native of Eastern Asia, which has occasionally visited Western Europe in immense numbers, and where it would probably have established itself but for the extermination following its appearance.

The Fourth Annual Report of the Trustees of the Peabody Museum of American Archæology and Ethnology has made its appearance, and presents a gratifying picture of the progress of this great establishment. The most important additions during the year have been a collection of stone implements from Cape Cod presented by Mr. SAMUEL H. RUSSELL, a series of duplicates from the CHRISTIE collection of London, and specimens obtained from explorations in Tennessee by Mr. DUNNING, and in Central America by Dr. BERENDT. These are supplemented by numerous single donations of more or less value. In the course of some critical observations upon the specimens received by the Museum attention is called to the great value of a collection of crania and human bones obtained from certain mounds in Kentucky by Mr. S. S. LYON, in the course of explorations made under the combined auspices of the Smithsonian Institution and of the Peabody Museum. The peculiarities of the crania of the American Indians have already been referred to by various writers, but some curious facts are detailed in the report in regard to other portions of the skeleton. Thus the ulna and radius, as compared with the humerus, were found to be much larger in the mound Indians, while the length

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of the tibia, as compared with the femur, is longer in the whites. In quite an unusual number of Indian skeletons the two fossæ at the lower end of the humerus were found to communicate, producing a perforation. This feature, rarely met with in the white races, occurs quite frequently in the mound remains, while in the black race it appears to be still more frequent.

An additional peculiarity of the mound bones consists in the flattening of the tibia, which, until the date of the present publication, has not been recorded as occurring in America, although remains from the dolmens of France, the quaternary drift of Clichy, and the burial-caves of Cro-Magnon and Gibraltar exhibit this in a very marked degree.

As regards the pelvis, the breadth in the Indian races is found to be less than in the whites, while the three diameters of the brim of the true pelvis are greatest in the Indians. The transverse diameter and the size of the outlet of the pelvis are much the largest in the Indian, while the sacrum is less curved, supplying conditions which in the process of parturition are more favorable to the Indian women.

We have already referred at various times to enterprises on the part of the Peruvian government in exploring the less-known portions of that country, and we find in late South American journals details of a movement looking toward the examination of the regions of the Ucayale and Urubamba. The object of the expedition is to find a port which will open up to the department of Cuzco a communication with the main branch of the Amazon, and thence to the Atlantic. The work is to be under the direction of Mr. TUCKER, favorably known in similar enterprises before. The present plan is for Don RAYMUNDO ESTRELLA and another commissioner to start from the port of Illapani in two large canoes, and make their way by the Urubamba to Iquitos, which is the Peruvian naval station on the Amazon. This is for the purpose of obtaining such a knowledge of the rivers as may fit them to serve as pilots to the steamer which is to ascend the Ucayale and explore the Urubamba. They are to make their way back about thirty leagues from Cuzco.

By the Report of the Commissioners of the Herring Fisheries of Scotland for 1870, just published, we learn that the season in question proved the best known upon the coast of Scotland, the yield having amounted to over 833,000 barrels, as compared with 804,000 for 1867, the next largest. The blockade of the Baltic ports by the French had a depressing influence, without which it is supposed the catch would have been much larger. The cod and ling fishery was also improved, the increase amounting to ninety-seven hundred-weight. In the various fisheries about 15,000 boats, manned by nearly 46,000 men and boys, were employed. The total estimated value of the boats, nets, lines, etc., was over $4,700,000.

A writer in *Land and Water*, calling attention to the great number of porpoises in India, proposes to utilize them in the interest of the arts by the construction of some cheap form of bomb lance, which is to be shot into them from a boat by means of a shoulder gun. The chief value of porpoises consists in the oil, skin, and head, and in the leather, which is of the strongest character, and fitted for all uses where extreme tenacity is required.

The daily papers of August 29 contain the latest reports from Captain HALL and his steamer *Polaris*, in the form of a telegraphic dispatch from the United States ship *Congress*, dated at St. Johns, Newfoundland, August 28. It will be remembered that this vessel was detailed by the Secretary of the Navy to carry supplies of provisions and coal to be stored in Greenland for the use of the arctic expedition. She left St. Johns on her outward trip on the 3d of August, reaching Disco on the 10th, passing hundreds of immense icebergs on the way. The *Polaris* was found at Disco, having reached that place only six days in advance, although she started long before the *Congress*.

Captain HALL and his party were in good spirits and sanguine of success. The *Congress* reports that Captain HALL left Disco on the 17th of August for the north, where communication with him will, of course, be uncertain for some time to come, unless the object of the expedition in reaching the north pole can be accomplished in time to return during the present year. It is understood that instead of going by way of Jones Sound, as was the original intention, Captain HALL will proceed along the eastern side of Smith Sound. By all accounts the water is much more open than for many years past, there being comparatively little drift-ice to bar progress. To the surprise of the officers of the *Congress*, the summer temperature of Greenland was found to be quite elevated, and there was a luxuriant vegetation to be seen around the settlement of Disco.

We have already adverted to the offer of Mr. JOHN HAMPDEN, of England, to forfeit five hundred pounds sterling in case he failed to prove to the satisfaction of an impartial referee that the earth is flat, and not round. The challenge was accepted by Mr. ALFRED R. WALLACE, an eminent naturalist, and, as might have been expected, the case was decided against Mr. HAMPDEN. Since that time Mr. WALLACE has been much annoyed by scurrilous attacks both upon himself and wife at the instigation of Mr. HAMPDEN, and he has been obliged to seek protection in the courts; and as the result Mr. HAMPDEN has been compelled to pay damages to the amount of six hundred pounds sterling.

The Panama papers speak of the great success which several whaling ships are now meeting with in the Bay of Panama, quite a number of whales having been killed there every day for some time past. It is stated that at the time the steamship *Chile* passed Payta a school of small whales were there in such abundance that the boats were afraid to leave the harbor.

We have already referred to the hydrographical and other explorations in Alaska by Mr. WILLIAM H. DALL, under the patronage of the Coast Survey; and we now learn that he left San Francisco for the north at the end of August, bound direct to Iliuliuk Harbor, Oonalaska, there to go into winter-quarters. It was his intention, according to his instructions, to make use of every favorable opportunity to survey the vicinity of that port, and in March to proceed westward, sounding and surveying as far as Kamtchatka, and then turning north and eastward to Cape Romanzoff, to return to Oonalaska, and thence proceed homeward. The vessel obtained for the expedition, although small, is conveniently adapted for its purpose, and can carry provisions for six months; and it is expected that fresh supplies will be forwarded from San Francisco in March next. The party, besides Mr. DALL, consists of Professor HARRINGTON, the astronomer, Captain W. G. HALL, sailing master, with two mates and five men.

Dr. SCLATER, at the late meeting of the British Association, presented a report of the committee for the founding of zoological stations in different parts of the globe; the idea being to establish these at points selected with reference to their expressing the peculiarities of zoological character where extensive collections in natural history can be made. It is proposed that one of these stations be at Torquay, on the southern coast of England; and a grant of five hundred pounds sterling was asked from the Association for this purpose.

The sea-fowl protection bill, passed some years ago by the British Parliament, has already produced striking results in the great multiplication of sea-fowl on the coast of England; and it is now quite a common complaint among the residents of certain district that the birds are so numerous that they destroy, to a great extent, the young fish, including the fry of the herring, mackerel, and salmon. It is proposed, therefore, to relax somewhat from the stringency of the law, so as to allow the taking of a certain number for food, feathers, and oil; this permission, as is contended, being necessary to keep the species down to a reasonable degree of abundance.

Among other interesting communications to the late meeting of the British Association is one by Mr. KENT upon the zoological results of the dredging expedition of the yacht *Norna*, off the coast of Spain and Portugal, in 1870; great credit being given to her owner, Mr. MARSHALL HALL, for thus utilizing a summer's excursion in the interest of science. Many interesting collections were obtained, embracing new forms of the group of silicious sponges, to which *Euplectella*, or "Venus's flower-basket," and *Hyalonema*, or the "glass rope sponge," belong. These were obtained at from 400 to 800 fathoms, off Cezimbra, at the mouth of the Sadao River, and included specimens of *Hyalonema* scarcely to be distinguished from the well-known Japan species. A species of *Pheus* (*P. contrarius*) was found identical with a common fossil of the Norwich Crag, and other invertebrates obtained more nearly related to Japanese and Chinese species than to any known Atlantic or Mediterranean forms.

The material obtained during the cruise was readily separable into two portions: the first, that collected from the shore-line down to a depth of 100 fathoms, which presented an interblending of Mediterranean species with those inhabiting a more temperate coast of Europe; the second, embracing those taken at a depth of more than 400 fathoms, remarkable for their northern or colder water character and affinities.

It is much to be desired that some of the owners of the many powerful steam and sailing yachts in the United States may be induced to follow the example of Mr. HALL, as the field of exploration outside of a few miles from shore, along the Atlantic coast, is almost entirely unworked, with the exception of what has been done by the United States Coast Survey; and this, however rich in results, covering but a small portion of the ground. During the summer season a week or two might be spent off the coast, at distances varying from twenty to a few hundred miles, with perfect ease and safety; and by means of apparatus costing but little, and with the companionship of some man of science, always readily obtainable, it would be a more rational occupation than that of junketing in harbors, or sailing races for the mere purpose of ascertaining which of several boats is the swiftest.

THE PRIESTS AND THE CHILDREN.

By EUGENE LAWRENCE.

No more alarming fact appears in the condition of our city—not even the gross corruption of its rulers and the total decay of public morality—than that its free-school system has received a fatal blow. Its children are ceasing to attend school. Each year the usual increase in attendance has been three or four thousand, but since 1869 it has scarcely been as many hundred. Population advances, but the number of pupils in the public schools remains nearly unchanged. Should this condition of things continue, it is easy to see that in a few years the system of general education must sink into decay, and wholly fail to supply that basis of intelligence and virtue upon which all free governments must rest.

To destroy our free schools, and perhaps our free institutions, has been for many years the constant aim of the extreme section of the Romish Church. The Romish Church has become identified with the society of LOYOLA; the Jesuits rule at Rome; the daring and aggressive spirit of that singular body has found a suitable instrument in the Irish Catholics; the Irish Catholics govern New York. Such is the unhappy condition of our free city that the priestly influence which has been cast off with abhorrence in all foreign lands—except, perhaps, in distracted France—has thrown its blight upon the very sources of our advancing intelligence and prosperity. In Italy a vigorous free-school system has been introduced in defiance of the intrigues of the priests or the anathemas of the pope. In Rome itself, beneath the shadow of the Vatican, education is open to all. Spain is slowly imitating Italy. And it is scarcely three years since fifteen hundred school-masters, the most valuable and progressive portion of the Austrian population, met in an assembly at Vienna and demanded from their government the perfect freedom of the public schools. Their request was granted; education was relieved from the intolerable burden of priestly interference; the pope in vain hurled anathema or allocution against the rising intelligence of the people.

But while Vienna, Madrid, or Rome have, with signal courage, defied the spiritual and temporal power of their former tyrants, the Irish Catholics, the last adherents of the infallible pope, have made haste to lay New York at his feet. Of all the great capitals ours is the only one that is priest-ridden. The Jesuits and the Irish appoint our Mayor and Controller, our judges and Police Commissioners, the Board of Aldermen, the Board of Education; and the results of this Catholic rule have become apparent in such enormous peculation, such a wide system of daring robbery, such a rapid growth of crime, such rulers and such officials, as have scarcely been known in the worst governed capitals of Europe. The poor are ground down by an intolerable taxation; corrupt officials, in uncounted numbers, plunder the people at will; the Romish Church grasps its full share of the spoil. In Madrid, Rome, and Florence, so recently the centres of priestly intolerance, the indignant people have confiscated the ill-gotten gains of the Church, sold monasteries, convents, Jesuit colleges and abbey lands, and applied their proceeds to the relief of the embarrassed nation. In New York, within a few years, Romish colleges and convents, churches, hospitals, cathedrals, have sprung up in startling numbers, and were paid for, either secretly or openly, from the already bankrupt treasury of the city. Already we need a HENRY VIII. to break up our monasteries, and may well imitate the example of Italy or Spain.

Yet, had our priestly rulers spared our children, we might have exercised some patience. They might take our money, did they leave us any hope for the new generation. There is—or there was—no more cheering sight than one of our crowded public schools, where a thousand children might often be seen, happy, hopeful, intelligent; learning from careful teachers neatness, good order, and self-control, as well as grammar or spelling, and, whether taken from the cellar or the dram-shop, being swiftly transformed into decency and morality. The public school was a centre of light and progress in the least reputable quarters of the city. Nor has any expense or foresight been spared to make this part of our civic institutions as perfect as we could devise. Nowhere are finer school buildings, more costly appliances, or the inventions of eminent educators more zealously applied. Its common-school system has done more for the well-being and good order of our city than all its courts and judges, police or prisons: for the welfare of every community rests upon the education of its children.

But bitter is the hatred with which our Catholic rulers have ever looked upon the public school. Accustomed to control the ignorant masses of Ireland or of unreformed Italy and Spain, fearful that their people, if educated, would revolt from their tyranny, at least in political matters, the foreign priests and their American converts have for twenty years waged a ceaseless war against the cause of education. Their papers teemed with denunciations of the common-school system. They demanded that the method of instruction introduced by our ancestors as the foundation of their free institutions, and rapidly advancing toward perfection beneath the labors of eminent educators—a HENRY BARNARD or a HORACE MANN—should be at once abandoned; that denominational schools should be established, in which might be taught, at the public expense, the politics of the Dark Ages or the worship of Mary; where republican institutions might be denounced, the foundations of freedom sapped and undermined at will; where sect should be trained in hostility against sect, and possibly a tone of morality inculcated such as that which has now made the civic government of New York a shame and a reproach to freemen.

They pursued their assault with persistent audacity. Their first pretext was that, by law, some passages from the Holy Scriptures were directed to be read each morning in the public school. The more liberal Catholics never objected to so profitable a regulation; but the Jesuitical faction exclaimed against it as a fearful insult. They required that the Bible should be wholly disused in popular education; that the principle of papal Rome should be adopted by American educators. They even boldly violated the express law, and in several Catholic schools the Bible has never been read for twenty years. Next they complained of history—not certainly without some cause, for history must be scarcely less unpalatable to the Jesuit than the Bible; and so successful were they in their appeal that the grievance was redressed, and the study of history, it is stated by a teacher, has sunk to nothing in the New York schools. Textbooks have been rewritten; truth often modified or suppressed; yet still our foreign rulers were never content. With their growing strength they gained the control of the Board of Education. That body, which had once been made up of intelligent and honest citizens, was now composed, in great part, of the ignorant and often the vicious; of disreputable men who had gained influence in corrupt politics; of the least worthy section of the ruling party. The schools at once began to decline. Teachers were sometimes appointed wholly unfit for their duties, and from their small salaries a considerable bribe was often exacted by their avaricious patrons. The office of teacher was, in fact, put up for sale. The discipline of the schools grew imperfect; the Protestant teacher was often made to feel the impertinences of his ignorant masters.

Triumphant and vigorous, the extreme faction next resolved to create a rival system. They established private schools in different parts of the city; they boldly demanded that they should be supported from the public funds. Nothing could now resist the influence of the priests. The city officials hastened to serve their masters, and a law was passed by which a certain revenue was appropriated to the maintenance of private schools. The common-school system was, in fact, abandoned in principle, and seminaries established, wholly sectarian in character, where, at the expense of the city, children might be taught the doctrines of LOYOLA, or a blind obedience to a foreign Church.

And now came the final blow. The priests had determined to take the control of the common schools from the people, and place it in the hands of a body of men wholly under their influence. If this were done, they modestly suggested, there would be an end of all controversy. In the Board of Education there were still several honest men, elected by the people, who were conscientious and resolute, who gave trouble, who must be put out of the way. This could be accomplished only by abolishing the board altogether. The winter of 1871 came—the most memorable for painful and disgraceful incidents in the history of the city of New York. It was the culmination of the triumph of our priestly rulers. A band of men, united at least in interest, ruled the city, and even the State, with a despotic power seldom equaled, who owed their offices to the priests. A new charter was created making that power almost perpetual. The wealth of the city was wasted in enormous salaries to judges, officials, and countless dependents, the faithful servants of the Romish Church; and every Catholic institution, from the Protectory to the Foundling Asylum, rejoiced in its share of the plunder of the impoverished city.

In this turmoil of extravagance and corruption the Board of Education was swept away, and its powers lodged in a new board of twelve men appointed by the Mayor. It is stated that nearly all its members hold office under the city government; that the people have lost all control over the public schools; that no one can be appointed a teacher who is without influence with the ruling faction; that the Bible is being rapidly excluded from all the Catholic schools; that an effort is apparent in several wards to drive away the Protestant teachers; that in one school the children were found celebrating the Catholic feast of the Ascension; that since 1869 there has been a steady decline in the numbers of the pupils, in the discipline and value of the schools. So faithful to its Romish masters is the new board that it has excluded from its list of schoolbooks most of the publications of an eminent publishing house because their periodicals have spared neither the pope nor his New York vassals; nor can it be doubted that the total ruin of our common-school system must be the final result of the continuance of our present rulers in power.

To save the children from the priests, therefore; to preserve from desecration or decay that generous system of instruction devised by our fathers, which can alone teach equality and fraternity among all citizens; to save the foundations of our freedom—must now be the aim of every honest man. Against the enemies of the children, who will not help us? We claim the aid of every Protestant yet unbribed; of every liberal Catholic who has seen with joy the emancipation of Austria, Italy, or Spain from a spiritual tyranny; of every German who, in his country's danger, felt the sincerity of republican sympathy; of the Irishman who has discovered with gratitude and joy that here at least he may find a peaceful home, equality, and freedom, that his children may here rise by industry and virtue to any station they may deserve to win, that here he need feel himself no stranger. We claim the aid of the cultivated Romish priest to restrain the fanaticism of his unreflecting brethren, to check them in their mad crusade against the cherished institutions of their adopted home.

We might appeal even to the Romish Church itself to stifle the zeal of its political agitators before they lead it to its ruin. We have no hostility, as citizens, to any sect or any creed. We rebuke only the guilty. But for any sect or any party that forces upon us unworthy rulers, that seeks to embarrass the progress of education, that corrupts the sources of our civilization, and fosters among us the dishonesty and the empty show of European courts, we are certain a fearful retribution will be found in the general indignation of the people. The common-school system is dear to every American; the school-master is rising every day to new importance in the nation. He who offends either can not hope to escape unpunished.

One happy result may flow from our disasters. The fate of New York under its priestly rulers will serve as a warning to every city, town, or village from the Atlantic to the Pacific. No one need any longer turn to history to observe the effect of Romish influence. It lies before him: our treasury rifled; our credit shaken; the poor laborer asking vainly for his honest wages day after day; the rich official reveling in disreputable gains; an enormous debt heaped upon us we know not how; our schools decaying, our teachers cowering before their Catholic masters; our press, when it ventures to complain, threatened with violence or insulted by offered bribes; the interests of the city neglected, its honorable reputation gone. We may trust, too, that from our disasters and our humiliation a new spirit may arise among our people; that economy, honesty, simplicity may return to us; that every vestige of the priestly rule may be swept away; and that the citizen of New York may yet be suffered to speak the truth with as little danger of personal violence in his own city as if he were in Rome, Madrid, or Vienna.

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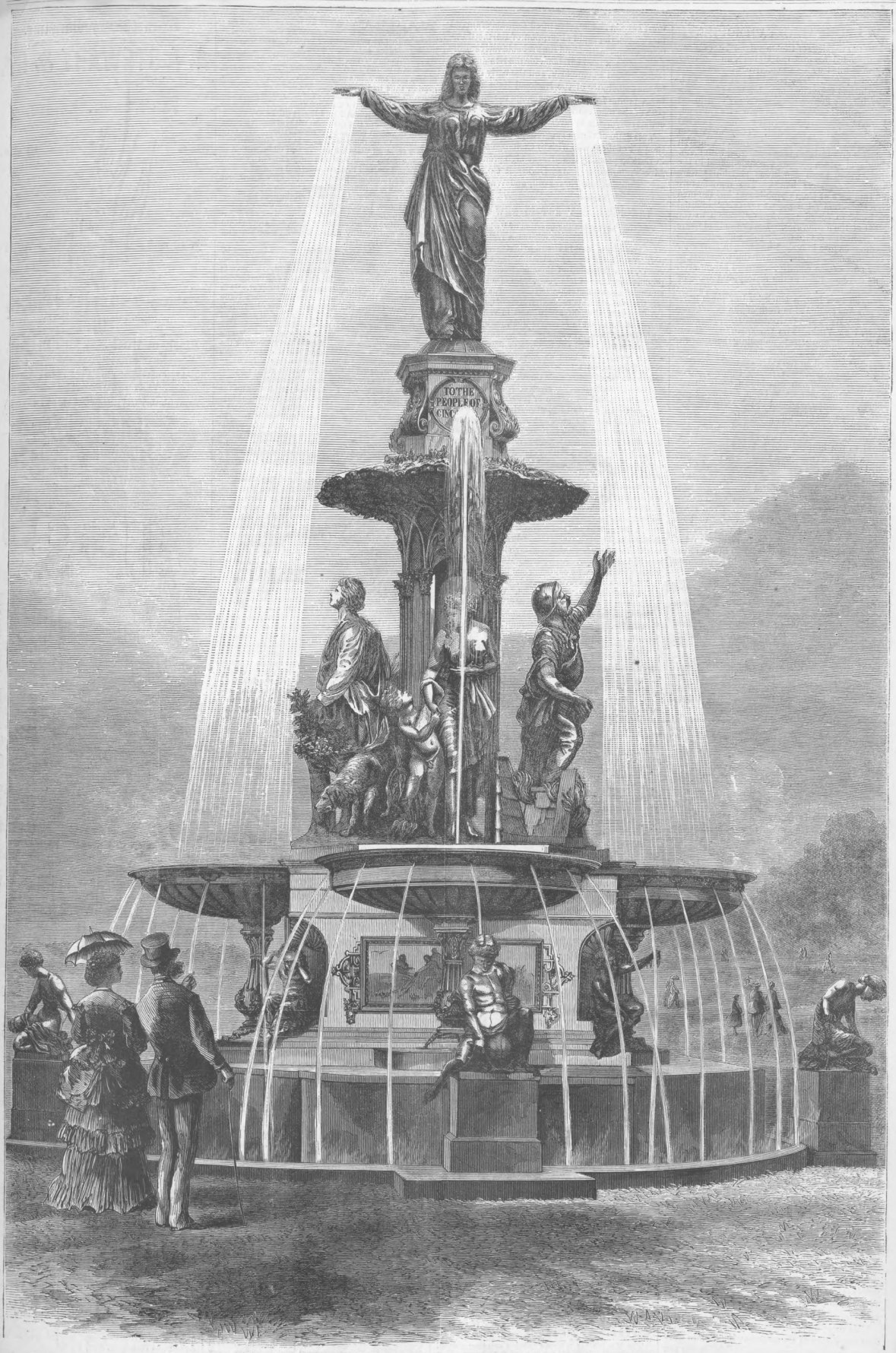

THE NEW FOUNTAIN PRESENTED TO THE CITY OF CINCINNATI.—[SEE PAGE 911.]

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A CRIMINAL CATASTROPHE.

DURING the siege of Richmond the James River was defended against the Union gun-boats by torpedoes filled with an explosive mixture of exceptional power. The secret of the compound, the principal ingredient of which was nitro-glycerine, became known to parties who put it to use in the manufacture of toy torpedoes for children, by whom they were prized for the fearful racket they made when exploded. They were soon discovered to be highly dangerous. Children met with dreadful accidents in playing with them. The life of grown persons was endangered in the street, where these dangerous playthings were thrown by careless hands. The manufacture and sale were at length prohibited; but the men who had obtained a patent for this "infernal machine" in disguise paid no attention to the action of the authorities. Under the firm name of "KLUEBER & GOLDSCHMIDT" they carried on the manufacture in a shed building in East New York, whence they distributed the torpedoes to every part of the country. Several severe accidents have occurred at the factory, but none of a fatal character.

On the 14th inst. a truck load of these terrible toys was stationed in front of the store-house of MESSRS. KLUEBER & GOLDSCHMIDT, Beekman Street, New York. The truckman was assisting Mr. GOLDSCHMIDT in unloading them, when, it is supposed, a box containing several hundred torpedoes slipped to the sidewalk and exploded. Mr. GOLDSCHMIDT was fatally injured. The unfortunate truckman was blown upon an adjoining awning and street lamp, and hung suspended there, his head and shoulders projecting beyond the edge of the awning. He had scarcely a shred of clothing left upon him, and was shockingly mangled, and died soon after his removal to the hospital. A lad of fourteen, who was sitting at a cellar-way near by, was instantly killed; and an old man of seventy-six, who was passing at the time, was so badly injured that he died soon afterward. Several others were seriously wounded. A pitiable spectacle was exhibited by the truck horses. One had the lower jaw broken by a fragment of wood, and both were covered with deep gashes in the sides and haunches. No one had the humanity to kill them, and they stood for two hours in the street before an agent of Mr. BERGH could be procured to say what should be done with them. They were then led away to a stable.

The building before which the torpedoes were unloading was very much shattered, and there was scarcely a whole pane of glass left in the windows on either side of the street the distance of a block from where the explosion took place. The truck was flattened to the pavement, portions of it were scattered over the street, and not a single wheel was left entire. Providentially the street was comparatively clear at the time, or the loss of life would have been greater. A street car filled with passengers had passed the building but a moment before; a delay of a few seconds might have added scores to the list of fatalities. Our illustration on page 909 shows the scene of this terrible catastrophe immediately after the explosion.

CONVERTING U. S. FIVE-TWENTIES.

MESSRS. JAY COOKE & Co. have issued the following financial circular relative to the general conditions of the loan market, and the exchanging of government bonds for railroad securities:

Office of JAY COOKE & Co.,
NEW YORK, *September* 20, 1871.

The signal success of the New Five per Cent. Government Loan foreshadows the early funding of the entire Public Debt at 5 per cent. or a less rate, and indicates that the average rate of interest on loanable capital in this country will not henceforward be much above 6 per cent., the tendency being to an equalization of rates between America and Europe.

The present holders of Five-Twenties must, therefore, decide whether it is not best to make *at once* such a change of investment as will enable them to realize as *profit*, or add to their capital, the present average premium of 14 per cent., while at the same time largely increasing their annual income.

To holders of United States Securities who wish to improve the present most favorable opportunity for changing their investment at a large profit we strongly recommend Northern Pacific Seven-Thirty First-Mortgage Bonds (principal and interest payable in gold), now selling at par in currency. They are in large and rapidly increasing demand, and with their high rate of interest, ample security, and their convertibility into the Lands of the Company at 10 per cent. premium, they constitute a most desirable investment, and can hardly fail to advance considerably above par at an early day.

The holder of a $1000 *Five-Twenty bond who exchanges it* NOW *for Northern Pacifics thereby increases his principal by* 14½ *per cent., receiving* $1145 *in Northern Pacifics for* $1000 *in Five-Twenties. He also permanently increases the yearly interest income on his investment more than* 38 *per cent., or from* $60 *in gold to* $83 22 *in gold.*

This most unusual opportunity for the profitable conversion of Government Bonds into Corporate Securities of undoubted reliability can not long continue. The increasing abundance of loanable capital both at home and abroad, the almost certain rise in value of all desirable railroad mortgages, the rapid absorption of Northern Pacific Seven-Thirties, and the probable early substitution of a six per cent. bond for the remainder of the Northern Pacific loan, and the early funding of the remainder of the National Debt at lower rates, promise very soon to change the entire aspect of the loan market which is just now so peculiarly favorable to investors.

This state of things suggests prompt action on the part of those who wish to exchange securities in time to profit by the present high premium on Five-Twenties. JAY COOKE & Co.,
Philadelphia, New York, and Washington.

THE JEWELERS' ART IN NEW YORK.

THE time was when the question of "who read an American book?" scarcely elicited a reply. As to American art (at least in regard to that most æsthetic portion of it, the setting and fashioning of precious stones, with the detail of their ornamentation), our productions, until of late years, were of a singularly crude and unclassified character. Most of us can recollect the time when, about jewelry, ideas of quantity, to the disregard of quality, were most in vogue. Our ladies, as far as art in *bijouterie* went, were satisfied with the mediocre. (Twenty years ago, if a five-dollar gold piece was rolled out to three or four times its size, it would have been an acceptable ornament.) Now, however, all this is changed, and they have learned to be critical in their taste. Purchasers look not only at the designs, but give a critical examination to the work, and an article of jewelry defective in any way, even on the back, displaying coarse workmanship, is severely criticised, and often rejected. Ideas of beauty in design are sought after. The quantity of the precious metals used is not so much cared for as delicacy in the details of execution. We do not purchase because the ornament is simply massive, but because a skillful artificer has fashioned it with taste. The mounting of stones in every branch of the jewelers' art may be compared to the effects of a picture in its frame. The whole should be harmoniously blended, so that nothing can shock or jar the display. To arrive at the present state of perfection has been a difficult task. Public taste had to be directed, and purer models introduced, which gradually eliminated what was bad and glaring. Artists and workmen in all the various branches were educated, and the jewelers' art in America has been revolutionized. The results have fully rewarded the labor expended. We were never made so fully conscious of this advance in taste as when we visited the establishment of Messrs. STARR & MARCUS, No. 22 John Street (which, unlike other stores, we found situated up stairs), and saw their rich collection of jewels, in Brooches, Pendants, Necklaces, and Bracelets, which for happiness of conception and admirable workmanship fully rival the most *recherché* works of European jewelers.—[*Com.*]

SOLID GOLD AND SOLID SILVER.

WE sell Waltham Watches in Gold and Silver Cases only, but at prices so low that there is no longer any inducement to purchase the worthless watches with which the country has been flooded. For full particulars and prices, send for our Illustrated Price-List, and mention *Harper's Weekly*.—HOWARD & CO., No. 865 Broadway, New York.—*The new "Boy's Watch" is now ready.*—[*Com.*]

PYLE'S O.K. Soap, Saleratus, and Cream-Tartar, first-class household articles that will speak for themselves on trial, sold by all first-class Grocers. JAMES PYLE, Manufacturer, 350 Washington St., N. Y.—[*Com.*]

THOSE of our readers who desire their hair to take the same color as when young should use Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.—[*Com.*]

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GEO. TALLCOT, 96 Liberty St., New York.

THE CAUSE AND CURE OF CONSUMPTION.—The primary cause of Consumption is derangement of the digestive organs. This derangement produces deficient nutrition and assimilation. By assimilation I mean that process by which the nutriment of the food is converted into blood, and thence into the solids of the body. Persons with digestion thus impaired, having the slightest predisposition to pulmonary disease, or if they take cold, will be very liable to have Consumption of the Lungs in some of its forms; and I hold that it will be impossible to cure any case of Consumption without first restoring a good digestion and healthy assimilation. The very first thing to be done is to cleanse the stomach and bowels from all diseased mucus and slime, which is clogging these organs so that they can not perform their functions, and then rouse up and restore the liver to a healthy action. For this purpose the surest and best remedy is Schenck's Mandrake Pills. These Pills clean the stomach and bowels of all the dead and morbid slime that is causing disease and decay in the whole system. They will clear out the liver of all diseased bile that has accumulated there, and arouse it up to a new and healthy action, by which natural and healthy bile is secreted.

The stomach, bowels, and liver are thus cleansed by the use of Schenck's Mandrake Pills; but there remains in the stomach an excess of acid, the organ is torpid and the appetite poor. In the bowels the lacteals are weak, and requiring strength and support. It is in a condition like this that Schenck's Seaweed Tonic proves to be the most valuable remedy ever discovered. It is alkaline, and its use will neutralize all excess of acid, making the stomach sweet and fresh; it will give permanent tone to this important organ, and create a good, hearty appetite, and prepare the system for the first process of a good digestion, and ultimately make good, healthy, living blood. After this preparatory treatment, what remains to cure most cases of Consumption is the free and persevering use of Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup. The Pulmonic Syrup nourishes the system, purifies the blood, and is readily absorbed into the circulation, and thence distributed to the diseased lungs. There it ripens all morbid matters, whether in the form of abscesses or tubercles, and then assists Nature to expel all the diseased matter in the form of free expectoration, when once it ripens. It is then, by the great healing and purifying properties of Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup that all ulcers and cavities are healed up sound, and my patient is cured.

The essential thing to be done in curing Consumption is to get up a good appetite and a good digestion, so that the body will grow in flesh and get strong. If a person has diseased lungs, a cavity or abscess there, the cavity can not heal, the matter can not ripen, so long as the system is below par. What is necessary to cure is a new order of things—a good appetite, a good nutrition, the body to grow in flesh and get fat; then Nature is helped, the cavities will heal, the matter will ripen and be thrown off in large quantities, and the person regain health and strength. This is the true and only plan to cure Consumption, and if a person is very bad, if the lungs are not entirely destroyed, or even if one lung is entirely gone, if there is enough vitality left in the other to heal up, there is hope.

I have seen many persons cured with only one sound lung, live and enjoy life to a good old age. This is what Schenck's Medicines will do to cure Consumption. They will clean out the stomach, sweeten and strengthen it, get up a good digestion, and give Nature the assistance she needs to clear the system of all the disease that is in the lungs, whatever the form may be.

It is important that, while using Schenck's Medicines, care should be exercised not to take cold; keep in-doors in cool and damp weather; avoid night air, and take out-door exercise only in a genial and warm sunshine.

I wish it distinctly understood that when I recommend a patient to be careful in regard to taking cold while using my medicines, I do so for a special reason. A man who has but partially recovered from the effects of a bad cold is far more liable to a relapse than one who has been entirely cured, and it is precisely the same in regard to consumption. So long as the lungs are not perfectly healed, just so long is there imminent danger of a full return of the disease. Hence it is that I so strenuously caution pulmonary patients against exposing themselves to an atmosphere that is not genial and pleasant. Confirmed consumptives' lungs are a mass of sores, which the least change of atmosphere will inflame. The grand secret of my success with my medicines consists in my ability to subdue inflammation instead of provoking it, as many of the faculty do. An inflamed lung can not with safety to the patient be exposed to the biting blasts of winter or the chilling winds of spring or autumn. It should be carefully shielded from all irritating influences. The utmost caution should be observed in this particular, as without it a cure, under almost any circumstances, is an impossibility.

The person should be kept on a wholesome and nutritious diet, and all the medicines continued until the body has restored to it the natural quantity of flesh and strength.

I was myself cured by this treatment of the worst kind of Consumption, and have lived to get fat and hearty these many years, with one lung mostly gone. I have cured thousands since, and very many have been cured by this treatment whom I have never seen.

About the 1st of October I expect to take possession of my new building at the northeast corner of Sixth and Arch Streets, where I shall be pleased to give advice to all who may require it.

Full directions accompany all my remedies, so that a person in any part of the world can be readily cured by a strict observance of the same.

J. H. SCHENCK, M.D.,
Philadelphia.

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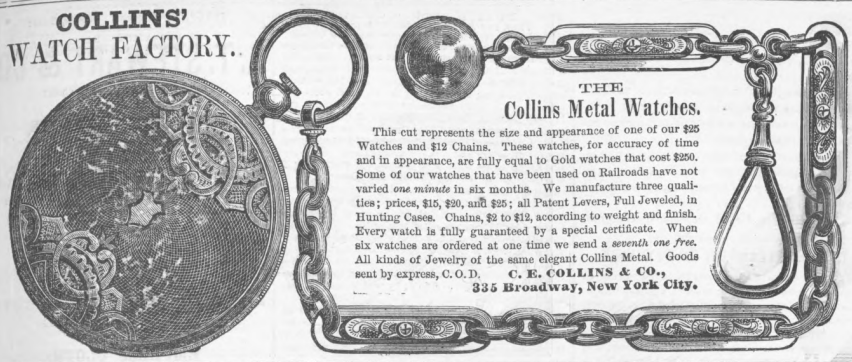

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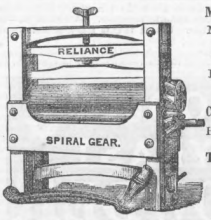

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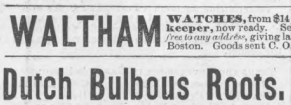

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LORD KILGOBBIN.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

Author of "That Boy of Norcott's," "The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly," "Sir Brooke Fossbrooke," "A Day's Ride," "One of Them," "Gerald Fitzgerald," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"O'SHEA'S BARN."

THERE were many more pretentious houses than "O'Shea's Barn." It would have been easy enough to discover larger rooms and finer furniture, more numerous servants and more of display in all the details of life; but for an air of quiet comfort, for the certainty of meeting with every material enjoyment that people of moderate fortune aspire to, it stood unrivaled.

The rooms were airy and cheerful, with flowers in summer, as they were well heated and well lighted in winter. The most massive-looking but luxurious old arm-chairs, that modern taste would have repudiated for ugliness, abounded every where; and the four cumbrous but comfortable seats that stood around the circular dinner-table—and it was a matter of principle with Miss Betty that the company should never be more numerous—only needed speech to have told of traditions of conviviality for very nigh two centuries back.

As for a dinner at "the Barn," the whole county-side confessed that they never knew how it was that Miss Betty's salmon was "curdier," and her mountain mutton more tender, and her woodcocks racier and of higher flavor, than any one else's. Her brown sherry you might have equaled—she liked the color and the heavy taste—but I defy you to match that marvelous port which came in with the cheese, and as little, in these days of light Bordeaux, that stout-hearted Sneyd's claret, in its ancient decanter, whose delicately fine neck seemed fashioned to retain the bouquet.

The most exquisite compliment that a courtier ever uttered could not have given Miss Betty the same pleasure as to hear one of her guests request a second slice of "the haunch." This was, indeed, a flattery that appealed to her finest sensibilities; and, as she herself carved, she knew how to reward that appreciative man with fat.

Never was the virtue of hospitality more self-rewarding than in her case; and the discriminating individual who ate with gusto, and who never associated the wrong condiment with his food, found favor in her eyes, and was sure of reinvitation.

Fortune had rewarded her with one man of correct taste and exquisite palate as a diner-out. This was the parish priest, the Rev. Luke Delany, who had been educated abroad, and whose natural gifts had been improved by French and Italian experiences. He was a small, little, meek man, with closely-cut black hair and eyes of the darkest; scrupulously neat in dress, and, by his ruffles and buckled shoes at dinner, affecting something of the abbé in his appearance. To such as associated the Catholic priest with coarse manners, vulgar expressions, or violent sentiments, Father Luke, with his low voice, his well-chosen words, and his universal moderation, was a standing rebuke; and many an English tourist who met him came away with the impression of the gross calumny that associated this man's order with under-bred habits and disloyal ambitions. He spoke little, but he was an admirable listener, and there was a sweet encouragement in the bland nod of his head, and a rare appreciation in the bright twinkle of his humorous eye, that the prosiest talker found irresistible.

There were times, indeed—stirring intervals of political excitement—when Miss Betty would have liked more hardihood and daring in her ghostly counselor; but Heaven help the man who would have ventured on the open avowal of such opinion, or uttered a word in disparagement of Father Luke.

It was in that snug dinner-room I have glanced at that a party of four sat over their wine. They had dined admirably; a bright wood fire blazed on the hearth, and the scene was the emblem of comfort and quiet conviviality. Opposite Miss O'Shea sat Father Delany, and on either side of her her nephew Gorman and Mr. Ralph Miller, in whose honor the present dinner was given.

The Romish bishop of the diocese had vouchsafed a guarded and cautious approval of Mr. Miller's views, and secretly instructed Father Delany to learn as much more as he conveniently could of the learned gentleman's intentions before committing himself to a pledge of hearty support.

"I will give him a good dinner," said Miss O'Shea, "and some of the '45 claret; and if you can not get his sentiments out of him after that, I wash my hands of him."

Father Delany accepted his share of the task, and assuredly Miss Betty did not fail on her part.

The conversation had turned principally on the coming election, and Mr. Miller gave a flourishing account of his success as a canvasser, and even went the length of doubting if any opposition would be offered to him.

"Ain't you and young Kearney going on the same ticket?" asked Gorman, who was too new to Ireland to understand the nice distinctions of party.

"Pardon me," said Miller, "we differ essentially. *We* want a government in Ireland—the Nationalists want none. *We* desire order by means of timely concession and judicious boons to the people. They want disorder—the display of gross injustice—content to wait for a scramble, and see what can come of it."

"Mr. Miller's friends, besides," interposed Father Luke, "would defend the Church and protect the Holy Father"—and this was said with a half interrogation.

Miller coughed twice, and said, "Unquestionably. We have shown our hand already—look what we have done with the Established Church."

"You need not be proud of it," cried Miss Betty. "If you wanted to get rid of the crows, why didn't you pull down the rookery?"

"At least they don't caw so loud as they used," said the priest, smiling; and Miller exchanged delighted glances with him for his opinion.

"I want to be rid of them, root and branch," said Miss Betty.

"If you will vouchsafe us, ma'am, a little patience. Rome was not built in a day. The next victory of our Church must be won by the downfall of the English establishment. Ain't I right, Father Luke?"

"I am not quite clear about that," said the priest, cautiously. "Equality is not the safe road to supremacy."

"What was that row over toward Croghan Castle this morning?" asked Gorman, who was getting wearied with a discussion he could not follow. "I saw the constabulary going in force there this afternoon."

"They were in pursuit of the celebrated Dan Donogan," said Father Luke. "They say he was seen at Moate."

"They say more than that," said Miss Betty. "They say that he is stopping at Kilgobbin Castle!"

"I suppose to conduct young Kearney's election," said Miller, laughing.

"And why should they hunt him down?" asked Gorman. "What has he done?"

"He's a Fenian—a head-centre—a man who wants to revolutionize Ireland," replied Miller.

"And destroy the Church," chimed in the priest.

"Humph!" muttered Gorman, who seemed to imply, Is this all you can lay to his charge? "Has he escaped?" asked he, suddenly.

"Up to this he has," said Miller. "I was talking to the constabulary chief this afternoon, and he told me that the fellow is sure to be apprehended. He has taken to the open bog, and there are eighteen in full cry after him. There is a search-warrant too arrived, and they mean to look him up at Kilgobbin Castle."

"To search Kilgobbin Castle, do you mean?" asked Gorman.

"Just so. It will be, as I perceive you think it, a great offense to Mr. Kearney, and it is not impossible that his temper may provoke him to resist it."

"The mere rumor may materially assist his son's election," said the priest, slyly.

"Only with the party who have no votes, Father Luke," rejoined Miller. "That precarious popularity of the mob is about the most dangerous enemy a man can have in Ireland."

"You are right, Sir," said the priest, blandly. "The real favor of this people is only bestowed on him who has gained the confidence of the clergy."

"If that be true," cried Gorman, "upon my oath I think you are worse off here than in Austria. There, at least, we are beginning to think without the permission of the Church."

"Let us have none of your atheism here, young man," broke in his aunt, angrily. "Such sentiments have never been heard in this room before."

"If I apprehend Lieutenant Gorman aright," interposed Father Luke, "he only refers to the late movement of the Austrian Empire with reference to the Concordat, on which, among religious men, there are two opinions."

"No, no, you mistake me altogether," rejoined Gorman. "What I meant was, that a man can read and talk and think in Austria without the leave of the priest; that he can marry, and, if he like, he can die without his assistance."

"Gorman, you are a beast," said the old lady, "and if you lived here you would be a Fenian."

"You're wrong too, aunt," replied he. "I'd crush those fellows to-morrow if I was in power here."

"Mayhap the game is not so easy as you deem it," interposed Miller.

"Certainly it is not easy when played as you do it here. You deal with your law-breakers only by the rule of legality: that is to say, you respect all the regulations of the game toward the men who play false. You have your cumbrous details, and your lawyers, and judges, and juries, and you can not even proclaim a county in a state of siege without a bill in your blessed Parliament, and a basketful of balderdash about the liberty of the subject. Is it any wonder rebellion is a regular trade with you, and that men who don't like work, or business habits, take to it as a livelihood?"

"But have you never heard Curran's saying, young gentleman? 'You can not bring an indictment against a nation,'" said Miller.

"I'd trouble myself little with indictments," replied Gorman. "I'd break down the confederacy by spies; I'd seize the fellows I knew to be guilty and hang them."

"Without evidence, without trial?"

"Very little of a trial, when I had once satisfied myself of the guilt."

"Are you so certain that no innocent men might be brought to the scaffold?" asked the priest, mildly.

"No, I am not. I take it, as the world goes, very few of us go through life without some injustice or another. I'd do my best not to hang the fellows who didn't deserve it, but I own I'd be much more concerned about the millions who wanted to live peaceably than the few hundred rapscallions that were bent on troubling them."

"I must say, Sir," said the priest, "I am much more gratified to know that you are a lieutenant of lancers in Austria than a British minister in Downing Street."

"I have little doubt myself," said the other, laughing, "that I am more in my place; but of this I am sure, that if we were as mealy-mouthed with our Croats and Slovacks as you are with your Fenians, Austria would soon go to pieces."

"There is, however, a higher price on that man Donogan's head than Austria ever offered for a traitor," said Miller.

"I know how you esteem money here," said Gorman, laughing. "When all else fails you, you fall back upon it."

"Why did I know nothing of these sentiments, young man, before I asked you under my roof?" said Miss Betty, in anger.

"You need never to have known them now, aunt, if these gentlemen had not provoked me; nor, indeed, are they solely mine. I am only telling you what you would hear from any intelligent foreigner, even though he chanced to be a liberal in his own country."

"Ah, yes," sighed the priest, "what the young gentleman says is too true. The Continent is alarmingly infected with such opinions as these."

"Have you talked on politics with young Kearney?" asked Miller.

"He has had no opportunity," interposed Miss O'Shea. "My nephew will be three weeks here on Thursday next, and neither Maurice nor his son has called on him."

"Scarcely neighbor-like that, I must say," cried Miller.

"I suspect the fault lies on my side," said Gorman, boldly. "When I was little more than a boy I was never out of that house. The old man treated me like a son. All the more, perhaps, as his own son was seldom at home, and the little girl Kitty certainly regarded me as a brother; and though we had our fights and squabbles, we cried very bitterly at parting, and each of us vowed we should never like any one so much again. And now, after all, here am I three weeks, within two hours' ride of them, and my aunt insists that my dignity requires I should be first called on. Confound such dignity, say I, if it lose me the best and the pleasantest friends I ever had in my life!"

"I scarcely thought of *your* dignity, Gorman O'Shea," said the old lady, bridling, "though I did bestow some consideration on my own."

"I'm very sorry for it, aunt; and I tell you fairly—and there's no unpoliteness in the confession—that when I asked for my leave, Kilgobbin Castle had its place in my thoughts as well as O'Shea's Barn."

"Why not say it out, young gentleman, and tell me that the real charm of coming here was to be within twelve miles of the Kearneys?"

"The merits of this house are very independent of contiguity," said the priest; and as he eyed the claret in his glass it was plain that the sentiment was an honest one.

"Fifty-six wine, I should say," said Miller, as he laid down his glass.

"Forty-five, if Mr. Barton be a man of his word," said the old lady, reprovingly.

"Ah," sighed the priest, plaintively, "how rarely one meets these old full-bodied clarets nowadays! The free admission of French wines has corrupted taste and impaired palate. Our cheap Gladstones have come upon us like universal suffrage."

"The masses, however, benefit," remarked Miller.

"Only in the first moment of acquisition, and in the novelty of the gain," continued Father Luke, "and then they suffer irreparably in the loss of that old guidance, which once directed appreciation when there was something to appreciate."

"We want the priest again, in fact," broke in Gorman.

"You must admit they understand wine to perfection, though I would humbly hope, young gentleman," said the father, modestly, "to engage your good opinion of them on higher grounds."

"Give yourself no trouble in the matter, Father Luke," broke in Miss Betty. "Gorman's Austrian lessons have placed him beyond *your* teaching."

"My dear aunt, you are giving the imperial government a credit it never deserved. They taught me as a cadet to groom my horse and pipe-clay my uniform, to be respectful to my corporal, and to keep my thumb on the seam of my trowsers when the captain's eye was on me; but as to what passed inside my mind, if I had a mind at all, or what I thought of pope, kaiser, or cardinal, they no more cared to know it than the name of my sweetheart."

"What a blessing to that benighted country would be one liberal statesman!" exclaimed Miller; "one man of the mind and capacity of our present premier!"

"Heaven forbid!" cried Gorman. "We have confusion enough, without the reflection of being governed by what you call here 'healing measures.'"

"I should like to discuss that point with you," said Miller.

"Not now, I beg," interposed Miss O'Shea. "Gorman, will you decant another bottle?"

"I believe I ought to protest against more wine," said the priest, in his most insinuating voice; "but there are occasions where the yielding to temptation conveys a moral lesson."

"I suspect that I cultivate my nature a good deal in that fashion," said Gorman, as he opened a fresh bottle.

"This is perfectly delicious," said Miller, as he sipped his glass; "and if I could venture to presume so far I would ask leave to propose a toast."

"You have my permission, Sir," said Miss Betty, with stateliness.

"I drink, then," said he, reverently—"I drink to the long life, the good health, and the unbroken courage of the Holy Father."

There was something peculiarly sly in the twinkle of the priest's black eye as he filled his bumper, and a twitching motion of the corner of his mouth continued even as he said, "To the Pope."

"The Pope," cried Gorman, as he eyed his wine—

"'Der Papst lebt herrlich in der Welt.'"

"What are you muttering there?" asked his aunt, fiercely.

"The line of an old song, aunt, that tells us how his Holiness has a jolly time of it."

"I fear me it must have been written in other days," said Father Luke.

"There is no intention to desert or abandon him, I assure you," said Miller, addressing him in a low but eager tone. "I could never—no Irishman could ally himself to an administration which should sacrifice the Holy See. With the bigotry that prevails in England, the question requires most delicate handling; and even a pledge can not be given except in language so vague and unprecise as to admit of many readings."

"Why not bring in a bill to give him a subsidy, a something per annum, or a round sum down?" cried Gorman.

"Mr. Miller has just shown us that Exeter Hall might become dangerous. English intolerance is not a thing to be rashly aroused."

"If I had to deal with him, I'd do as Bright proposed with your landlords here. I'd buy him out, give him a handsome sum for his interest, and let him go."

"And how would you deal with the Church, Sir?" asked the priest.

"I have not thought of that; but, I suppose, one might put it into commission, as they say, or manage it by a board, with a first lord, like the Admiralty."

"I will give you some tea, gentlemen, when you appear in the drawing-room," said Miss Betty, rising with dignity, as though her condescension in sitting so long with the party had been ill rewarded by her nephew's sentiments.

The priest, however, offered his arm, and the others followed as he left the room.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

AN EARLY GALLOP.

MAURICE KEARNEY had risen early, an unusual thing with him of late; but he had some intention of showing his guest Mr. Walpole over the farm after breakfast, and was anxious to give some preliminary orders to have every thing "ship-shape" for the inspection.

To make a very disorderly and much neglected Irish farm assume an air of discipline, regularity, and neatness at a moment's notice, was pretty much such an exploit as it would have been to muster an Indian tribe, and pass them before some Prussian martinet as a regiment of Guards.

To make the ill-fenced and misshapen fields seem trim paddocks, wavering and serpentining furrows appear straight and regular lines of tillage, weed-grown fields look marvels of cleanliness and care, while the lounging and ragged population were to be passed off as a thriving and industrious peasantry, well paid and contented, were difficulties that Mr. Kearney did not propose to confront. Indeed, to do him justice, he thought there was a good deal of pedantic and "model-farming humbug" about all that English passion for neatness he had read of in public journals; and as our fathers—better gentlemen, as he called them, and more hospitable fellows than any of us—had got on without steam mowing and threshing, and bone-crushing, he thought we might farm our properties without being either blacksmiths or stokers.

"God help us!" he would say. "I suppose we'll be chewing our food by steam one of these days, and filling our stomachs by hydraulic pressure. But for my own part, I like something to work for me that I can swear at when it goes wrong. There's little use in cursing a cylinder."

To have heard him among his laborers that morning it was plain to see that they were not in the category of machinery. On one pretext or another, however, they had slunk away one by one, so that at last he found himself storming alone in a stubble-field, with no other companion than one of Kate's terriers. The sharp barking of this dog aroused him in the midst of his imprecations, and looking over the dry-stone wall that inclosed the field, he saw a horseman coming along at a sharp canter, and taking the fences as they came, like a man in a hunting-field. He rode well, and was mounted upon a strong wiry hackney—a cross-bred horse, and of little money value, but one of those active cats of horseflesh that a knowing hand can appreciate. Now, little as Kearney liked the liberty of a man riding over his ditches and his turnips when out of hunting season, his old love of good horsemanship made him watch the rider with interest and even pleasure. "May I never!" muttered he to himself, "if he's not coming at this wall." And as the inclosure in question was built of large jagged stones, without mortar, and fully four feet in height, the upper course being formed of a sort of coping in which the stones stood edgewise, the attempt did look somewhat rash. Not taking the wall where it was slightly breached, and where some loose stones had fallen, the rider rode boldly at one of the highest portions, but where the ground was good on either side.

"He knows what he's at!" muttered Kearney, as the horse came bounding over and alighted in perfect safety in the field.

"Well done! whoever you are," cried Kearney, delighted, as the rider removed his hat and turned round to salute him.

"And don't you know me, Sir?" asked he.

"Faith, I do not," replied Kearney; "but somehow I think I know the chestnut. To be

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sure I do. There's the old mark on her knee, how ever she found the man who could throw her down. Isn't she Miss O'Shea's Kattoo?"

"That she is, Sir, and I'm her nephew."

"Are you?" said Kearney, dryly.

The young fellow was so terribly pulled up by the unexpected repulse—more marked even by the look than the words of the other, that he sat unable to utter a syllable. "I had hoped, Sir," said he at last, "that I had not outgrown your recollection, as I can promise none of your former kindness to me has outgrown mine."

"But it took you three weeks to recall it, all the same," said Kearney.

"It is true, Sir, I am very nearly so long here; but my aunt, whose guest I am, told me I must be called on first; that—I'm sure I can't say for whose benefit it was supposed to be—I should not make the first visit:—in fact, there was some rule about the matter, and that I must not contravene it. And although I yielded with a very bad grace, I was in a measure under orders, and dared not resist."

"She told you, of course, that we were not on our old terms; that there was a coldness between the families, and we had seen nothing of each other lately?"

"Not a word of it, Sir."

"Nor of any reason why you should not come here as of old?"

"None, on my honor; beyond this piece of stupid etiquette, I never heard of any thing like a reason."

"I am all the better pleased with my old neighbor," said Kearney, in his more genial tone. "Not, indeed, that I ought ever to have distrusted her, but for all that— Well, never mind," muttered he, as though debating the question with himself, and unable to decide it, "you are here now—eh! You are here now."

"You almost make me suspect, Sir, that I ought not to be here now."

"At all events, if you were waiting for me you wouldn't be here. Is not that true, young gentleman?"

"Quite true, Sir, but not impossible to explain." And he now flung himself to the ground, and, with the rein over his arm, came up to Kearney's side. "I suppose, but for an accident, I should have gone on waiting for that visit you had no intention to make me, and canvassing with myself how long you were taking to make up your mind to call on me, when I heard only last night that some noted rebel—I'll remember his name in a minute or two—was seen in the neighborhood, and that the police were on his track with a warrant, and even intended to search for him here."

"In my house—in Kilgobbin Castle?"

"Yes, here in your house, where, from a sure information, he had been harbored for some days. This fellow—a head-centre or leader, with a large sum on his head—has, they say, got away; but the hope of finding some papers, some clew to him here, will certainly lead them to search the Castle, and I thought I'd come over and apprise you of it at all events, lest the surprise should prove too much for your temper."

"Do they forget I'm in the commission of the peace?" said Kearney, in a voice trembling with passion.

"You know far better than me how far party spirit tempers life in this country, and are better able to say whether some private intention to insult is couched under this attempt."

"That's true," cried the old man, ever ready to regard himself as the object of some secret malevolence. "You can not remember this rebel's name, can you?"

"It was Daniel something—that's all I know."

A long, fine whistle was Kearney's rejoinder, and after a second or two he said: "I can trust you, Gorman; and I may tell you they may be not so great fools as I took them for. Not that I was harboring the fellow, mind you; but there came a college friend of Dick's here a few days back—a clever fellow he was, and knew Ireland well—and we called him Mr. Daniel, and it was but yesterday he left us and did not return. I have a notion now he was the head-centre they're looking for."

"Do you know if he has left any baggage or papers behind him?"

"I know nothing about this whatever, nor do I know how far Dick was in his secret."

"You will be cool and collected, I am sure, Sir, when they come here with the search-warrant. You'll not give them even the passing triumph of seeing that you are annoyed or offended?"

"That I will, my lad. I'm prepared now, and I'll take them as easy as if it was a morning call. Come in and have your breakfast with us, and say nothing about what we've been talking over."

"Many thanks, Sir, but I think—indeed, I feel sure—I ought to go back at once. I have come here without my aunt's knowledge; and now that I have seen you and put you on your guard, I ought to get back as fast as I can."

"So you shall when you feed your beast and take something yourself. Poor old Kattoo isn't used to this sort of cross-country work, and she's panting there badly enough. That mare is twenty-one years of age."

"She's fresh on her legs—not a curb nor a spavin, nor even a wind-gall about her," said the young man.

"And the reward for it all is to be ridden like a steeple-chaser!" sighed old Kearney. "Isn't that the world over? Break down early, and you are a good-for-nothing. Carry on your spirit and your pluck and your endurance to a green old age, and maybe they won't take it out of you!—always contrasting you, however, with yourself long ago, and telling the by-standers what a rare beast you were in your good days. Do you think they had dared to pass this insult upon *me* when I was five-and-twenty or thirty? Do you think there's a man in the county would have come on this errand to search Kilgobbin when I was a young man, Mr. O'Shea?"

"I think you can afford to treat it with the contempt you have determined to show it."

"That's all very fine now," said Kearney; "but there was a time I'd rather have chucked the chief constable out of the window and sent the sergeant after him."

"I don't know whether that would have been better," said Gorman, with a faint smile.

"Neither do I; but I know that I myself would have felt better and easier in my mind after it. I'd have eaten my breakfast with a good appetite, and gone about my day's work, whatever it was, with a free heart and fearless in my conscience! Ay, ay," muttered he to himself, "poor old Ireland isn't what it used to be!"

"I'm very sorry, Sir; but though I'd like immensely to go back with you, don't you think I ought to return home?"

"I don't think any thing of the sort. Your aunt and I had a tiff the last time we met, and that was some months ago. We're both of us old and cross-grained enough to keep up the grudge for the rest of our lives. Let us, then, make the most of the accident that has led you here, and when you go home you shall be the bearer of the most submissive message I can invent to my old friend, and there shall be no terms too humble for me to ask her pardon."

"That's enough, Sir. I'll breakfast here."

"Of course you'll say nothing of what brought you over here. But I ought to warn you not to drop any thing carelessly about politics in the county generally, for we have a young relative and a private secretary of the Lord Lieutenant's visiting us, and it's as well to be cautious before him."

The old man mentioned this circumstance in the cursory tone of an ordinary remark, but he could not conceal the pride he felt in the rank and condition of his guest. As for Gorman, perhaps it was his foreign breeding, perhaps his ignorance of all home matters generally, but he simply assented to the force of the caution, and paid no other attention to the incident.

"His name is Walpole, and he is related to half the peerage," said the old man, with some irritation of manner.

A mere nod acknowledged the information, and he went on:

"This was the young fellow who was with Kitty on the night they attacked the Castle, and he got both bones of his fore-arm smashed with a shot."

"An ugly wound," was the only rejoinder.

"So it was, and for a while they thought he'd lose the arm. Kitty says he behaved beautifully, cool and steady all through."

Another nod, but this time Gorman's lips were firmly compressed.

"There's no denying it," said the old man, with a touch of sadness in his voice—"there's no denying it, the English have courage; though," added he, afterward, "it's in a cold, sluggish way of their own, which we don't like here. There he is now, that young fellow that has just parted from the two girls. The tall one is my niece. I must present you to her."

CHAPTER XL.

OLD MEMORIES.

THOUGH both Kate Kearney and young O'Shea had greatly outgrown each other's recollection, there were still traits of feature remaining, and certain tones of voice, by which they were carried back to old times and old associations.

Among the strange situations in life, there are few stranger, or, in certain respects, more painful, than the meeting after long absence of those who, when they had parted years before, were on terms of closest intimacy, and who now see each other changed by time, with altered habits and manners, and impressed in a variety of ways with influences and associations which impart their own stamp on character.

It is very difficult at such moments to remember how far we ourselves have changed in the interval, and how much of what we regard as altered in another may not simply be the new stand-point from which we are looking, and thus our friend may be graver, or sadder, or more thoughtful, or, as it may happen, seem less reflective and less considerative than we have thought him—all because the world has been meantime dealing with ourselves in such wise that qualities we once cared for have lost much of their value, and others that we had deemed of slight account have grown into importance with us.

Most of us know the painful disappointment of revisiting scenes which had impressed us strongly in early life: how the mountain we regarded with a wondering admiration had become a mere hill, and the romantic tarn a pool of sluggish water; and some of this same awakening pursues us in our renewal of old intimacies, and we find ourselves continually warring with our recollections.

Besides this, there is another source of uneasiness that presses unceasingly. It is in imputing every change we discover, or think we discover in our friend, to some unknown influences that have asserted their power over him in our absence, and thus when we find that our arguments have lost their old force, and our persuasions can be stoutly resisted, we begin to think that some other must have usurped our place, and that there is treason in the heart we had deemed to be loyally our own.

How far Kate and Gorman suffered under these irritations I do not stop to inquire, but certain it is that all their renewed intercourse was little other than snappish reminders of unfavorable change in each, and assurances more frank than flattering that they had not improved in the interval.

"How well I know every tree and alley of this old garden!" said he, as they strolled along one of the walks in advance of the others. "Nothing is changed here but the people."

"And do you think we are?" asked she, quietly.

"I should think I do! Not so much for your father, perhaps. I suppose men of his time of life change little, if at all; but you are as ceremonious as if I had been introduced to you this morning."

"You addressed me so deferentially as Miss Kearney, and with such an assuring little intimation that you were not either very certain of *that*, that I should have been very courageous indeed to remind you that I once was Kate."

"No, not Kate—Kitty," rejoined he, quickly. "Oh yes, perhaps, when you were young, but we grew out of that."

"Did we? And when?"

"When we gave up climbing cherry-trees, and ceased to pull each other's hair when we were angry."

"Oh dear!" said he, drearily, as his head sunk heavily.

"You seem to sigh over those blissful times, Mr. O'Shea," said she, "as if they were terribly to be regretted."

"So they are. So I feel them."

"I never knew before that quarreling left such pleasant associations."

"My memory is good enough to remember times when we were not quarreling—when I used to think you were nearer an angel than a human creature—ay, when I have had the boldness to tell you so."

"You don't mean *that?*"

"I do mean it, and I should like to know why I should not mean it?"

"For a great many reasons—one among the number, that it would have been highly indiscreet to turn a poor child's head with a stupid flattery."

"But were you a child? If I'm right, you were not very far from fifteen at the time I speak of."

"How shocking that you should remember a young lady's age!"

"That is not the point at all," said he, as though she had been endeavoring to introduce another issue.

"And what is the point, pray?" asked she, haughtily.

"Well, it is this—how many have uttered what you call stupid flatteries since that time, and how have they been taken?"

"Is this a question?" asked she. "I mean, a question seeking to be answered?"

"I hope so."

"Assuredly, then, Mr. O'Shea, however time has been dealing with *me*, it has contrived to take marvelous liberties with *you* since we met. Do you not know, Sir, that this is a speech you would not have uttered long ago for worlds?"

"If I have forgotten myself as well as you," said he, with deep humility, "I very humbly crave pardon. Not but there were days," added he, "when my mistake, if I made one, would have been forgiven without my asking."

"There's a slight touch of presumption, Sir, in telling me what a wonderful person I used to think you long ago."

"So you did!" cried he, eagerly. "In return for the homage I laid at your feet—as honest an adoration as ever a heart beat with, you condescended to let me build my ambitions before you, and I must own you made the edifice very dear to me."

"To be sure, I do remember it all, and I used to play or sing, 'Mein Schatz ist ein Reiter,' and take your word that you were going to be a Lancer—

> In file arrayed,
> With helm and blade,
> And plume in the gay wind dancing.

I'm certain my cousin would be charmed to see you in all your bravery."

"Your cousin will not speak to me, for being an Austrian."

"Has she told you so?"

"Yes; she said it at breakfast."

"That denunciation does not sound very dangerously; is it not worth your while to struggle against a misconception?"

"I have had such luck in my present attempt as should scarcely raise my courage."

"You are too ingenious by far for me, Mr. O'Shea," said she, carelessly. "I neither remember so well as you, nor have I that nice subtlety in detecting all the lapses each of us has made since long ago. Try, however, if you can not get on better with Mademoiselle Kostalergi, where there are no antecedents to disturb you."

"I will; that is, if she let me."

"I trust she may, and not the less willingly, perhaps, as she evidently will not speak to Mr. Walpole."

"Ah, indeed, and is *he* here?" He stopped and hesitated; and the full, bold look she gave him did not lessen his embarrassment.

"Well, Sir," asked she, "go on: is this another reminiscence?"

"No, Miss Kearney; I was only thinking of asking you who this Mr. Walpole was."

"Mr. Cecil Walpole is a nephew or a something to the Lord Lieutenant, whose private secretary he is. He is very clever, very amusing—sings, draws, rides, and laughs at the Irish to perfection. I hope you mean to like him."

"Do you?"

"Of course, or I should not have bespoken your sympathy. My cousin used to like him, but somehow he has fallen out of favor with her."

"Was he absent some time?" asked he, with a half-cunning manner.

"Yes, I believe there was something of that in it. He was not here for a considerable time, and when we saw him again we almost owned we were disappointed. Papa is calling me from the window, pray excuse me for a moment." She left him as she spoke, and ran rapidly back to the house, whence she returned almost immediately. "It was to ask you to stop and dine here, Mr. O'Shea," said she. "There will be ample time to send back to Miss O'Shea; and if you care to have your dinner-dress, they can send it."

"This is Mr. Kearney's invitation?" asked he.

"Of course; papa is the master at Kilgobbin."

"But will Miss Kearney condescend to say that it is hers also?"

"Certainly, though I'm not aware what solemnity the engagement gains by my co-operation."

"I accept at once, and if you allow me I'll go back and send a line to my aunt to say so."

"Don't you remember Mr. O'Shea, Dick?" asked she, as her brother lounged up, making his first appearance that day.

"I'd never have known you," said he, surveying him from head to foot, without, however, any mark of cordiality in the recognition.

"All find me a good deal changed!" said the young fellow, drawing himself to his full height, and with an air that seemed to say—"and none the worse for it."

"I used to fancy I was more than your match," rejoined Dick, smiling. "I suspect it's a mistake I'm little likely to incur again."

"Don't, Dick, for he has got a very ugly way of ridding people of their illusions," said Kate, as she turned once more and walked rapidly toward the house.

THE FULTON STREET PRAYER-MEETING.

THE new chapel for the Fulton Street daily noon prayer-meeting, of which our artist has given an interior view, was opened January 23, 1871, in the fourteenth year of the "meeting." It is a central interior room in the new Consistory building of the Collegiate Reformed [Dutch] Church. The old Consistory building, in which the prayer-meeting originated, was taken down near the last of 1869, the prayer-meeting being transferred, meanwhile, to the old "North" Church adjoining—now the southernmost, by a mile, of all the Dutch, or rather "Reformed Protestant" churches in the city. The present Consistory building was completed in the summer of 1870, and is a handsome modern structure of five stories, of Dorchester stone, extending through from Fulton to Ann street, with a forty-feet front on each street.

The new room is in all respects a great improvement. It accommodates comfortably three hundred persons, and, extending as it does from the second floor of the building to the roof, it draws its light straight from heaven, and has a lofty area overhead for the reverberation of its voices and the diffusion of exhalations. Want of ventilation and of room for sound were trying drawbacks in the original situation. The din of the street on each side was an almost intolerable disturbance. The new room is completely inclosed by the offices fronting on Fulton and Ann streets, and no sound from the street intrudes.

The patriarchal old Church with which the Fulton Street meeting is locally connected was the earliest ecclesiastical body formed in New York by the original Dutch settlers. It dates from 1626 and the loft over a horse-mill as to its services, and as to its organization, from 1633, when the first minister, the Rev. EVERARDUS BOGARDUS, came over from Holland. Its successive ancient places of worship were built—the first about the above date, of wood, near Old Slip; the second, of stone, 1642, on the Battery; the third in old Garden Street, 1692; the fourth, in 1729, in Nassau Street, corner of Liberty, eventually called the Middle Church, and now used as the Post-office; the fifth, the sole survivor, at present "North" Church, on William (then "Horse-and-Cart Lane"), Ann, and Fulton streets, built in 1769; the sixth, the Garden Street church, rebuilt of stone in 1807, and styled the South Church, finally destroyed in the great fire of 1835. The principal modern places of worship owned and occupied by the same society are on Lafayette Place and Fourth Street, on Fifth Avenue and Twenty-ninth Street, and on Fifth Avenue and Forty-eighth Street. In addition to these churches, this wealthy close corporation—rivaling Trinity in the resources which have accrued from the appreciation of its real estate by the growth of the city—has aided in establishing some of the other Reformed churches (as they now call themselves) of the city, and maintains its ancient parochial school, now flourishing in Twenty-ninth Street, with two or three hundred pupils; also a prosperous mission church and pastor on the same locality; the Knox Memorial Mission Church and pastor (German and English), on Ninth Avenue; the Seventh Avenue Mission Church and pastor; and a number of mission chapels in other quarters. The regular service in the Dutch language was discontinued in the Collegiate churches in the beginning of the present century; but the venerable Dr. DE WITT, who learned the language for the purpose, still sustains the custom by an occasional sermon in the Holland tongue, and it is also kept up regularly by a minister from Holland in the lecture-rooms of the Fourth Street Church, and of the Twenty-ninth Street Mission.

So much for the good old Knickerbocker institution on whose premises the Fulton Street meeting was born. Early in the memorable year of commercial disaster, 1857, a committee had been appointed by the Consistory to devise measures for increasing the efficiency of the ministrations of the North Church to the spiritual wants of its neighborhood, and an appropriation was made for employing a missionary and for other expenses. Mr. JEREMIAH C. LANPHIER, then a business man, was selected for the work, upon

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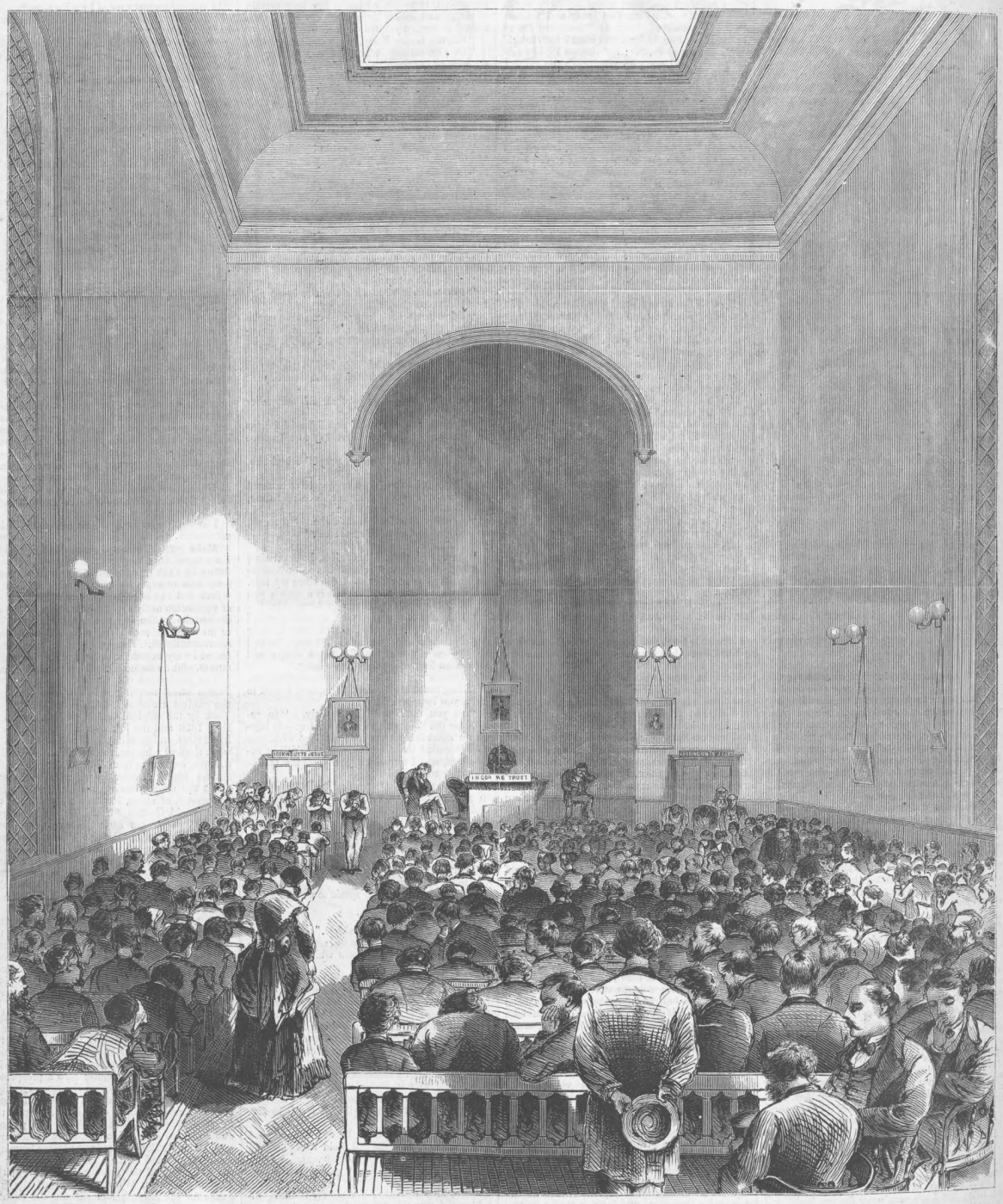
which he entered on the 1st of July, 1857. One of Mr. LANPHIER'S peculiarities, which any one may notice to this day who frequents the neighborhood of his little study, adjoining the new prayer-meeting chapel, was a way he had of taking people aside and praying with them. This habit about the Consistory rooms in business hours not unnaturally led him to the idea of gathering a number of persons in from the street at once for the same purpose, taking advantage of the hour when mechanics, cartmen, etc., usually stop for dinner. To have submitted such a proposition to any body at that time would have been fatal to it. It was then alike unheard of, preposterous, and fanatical. Some sense of the hopelessness of obtaining any sanction for his queer notion constrained Mr. LANPHIER to leave consultation out of the question, and try it on his own responsibility, to see what would come of it. Having obtained permission to use the committee-room in the third story, with an express stipulation that the Church should be in no way committed by or connected with the novel meeting, he got a handbill printed and circulated in the neighborhood, inviting a prayer-meeting at twelve o'clock, noon, on Wednesday, September 23, 1857.

No one save the waiting missionary was present. But at half past twelve one person came in. Before the close of the hour six were present. On the next Wednesday there were twenty persons in attendance, and on the third Wednesday twice as many. The spirit of the meeting was fervent. Enthusiasm in the novel movement began to rise. GEORGE P. EDGAR (a young man of intensely ardent and impetuous temperament, who afterward started the John Street meeting and many other good movements) proposed that noon meetings be held daily, and the proposition was unanimously agreed to.

The meeting was now transferred to the lecture-room on the second floor, and grew apace. It soon overflowed its quarters, and branch meetings were extemporized daily in the rooms both above and below, all of them, and frequently the stairs and passages, being thronged. Similar meetings multiplied all over the city in the following winter and spring, and the daily newspapers were filled with stirring accounts of the unprecedented proceedings in such places as Burton's Theatre, Barnum's Museum, John Street Methodist Church, Jayne's Hall, Philadelphia, etc. There were at one time not less than twenty daily prayer-meetings in progress at once in different parts of this city; and every other city and large town of the United States, almost without exception, and many in the British Provinces, in Europe, and even in Asia and the islands of the Pacific, sustained at least one, and generally a number, of these daily meetings. In Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Cincinnati, London, and we believe a few other cities which we can not name with certainty from memory, the daily prayer-meeting has survived, as in Fulton Street, New York, throughout the thirteen years that have since elapsed. In New York, Mr. LANPHIER continued to act as its representative, its chorister, and the director of its simple necessary machinery, and so continues to act to this day, the committee of the Consistory, from a very early date, having taken the new institution under its patronage and general direction.

The peculiarities of the Fulton Street meeting are, in brief, as follows: business-like punctuality to the precise hour, between twelve and one o'clock; the liberty and custom of coming and going at all moments; the five-minute rule; the exclusion of controverted topics; a great use of congregational singing; and, above all, its "œcumenical" character as a place of actual resort for Christians from all parts of the globe, and of all shades of opinion in matters second to the one fact of salvation by Christ, and especially as a place of resort from all Christendom for the prayers of Christians in behalf of special objects of religious solicitude. Requests of this sort and representatives in person from Europe and more distant continents, as well as from every part of our own, are ordinary features of the meeting. It is, in fact, flooded and burdened with requests for prayer, and those very seldom trivial or egotistical, to a degree which usually taxes the address of the leader more than any other thing to obtain due attention for each one. A large number are from ministers and churches for revivals of religion. On the other hand, notices of the attainment of objects previously sought in prayer are constantly pouring in. The total of requests received since the institution of the meeting must be numbered by hundreds of thousands.



THE FULTON STREET PRAYER-MEETING.—[SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.]

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A DROP OF WATER UNDER THE PEOPLE'S MICROSCOPE.—POLITICAL ANIMALCULÆ.

HOW AUNT AVICE CHAPERONED HER NIECE.

"I SAY, look here, Aunt Avice! here's a pretty go!" said Hugh Wayland, bursting into the Mountfield drawing-room, where his aunt was reading by the fire, one winter afternoon.

"Oh, Aunt Avy! such a dreadful disappointment, I don't know what can be done!" said Ella Marlowe, Hugh's cousin, one of the daughters of the house, as she threw herself on the rug at her aunt's feet, her pretty face clouded with vexation, while Hugh leaned his shoulders on the mantel-piece, a picture of disgust.

"What is the matter?" asked Miss Wayland, in a tone of sympathy rather than of alarm: she was used to Ella's terrible misfortunes.

"It is really dreadful this time," answered the girl; "only think! mamma says she can not go to the Downhurst ball, for old Aunt James is so ill, and won't do without her; and so we are not to go after all—and Hugh and Uncle George came on purpose!"

"It is all about a chaperon; such nonsense! as if Ella would do any thing she ought not. My father and I are going, and though he plays whist all night, I can take care of her. Lots of girls go about with their brothers, you know," urged Hugh, who was eighteen, and much younger and more scatterbrained than Ella at seventeen, while both were of an age to feel that a ball was a very serious and important matter.

"But then you are not really her brother, and I think she must have a more efficient chaperon than you could be at her first public ball," answered Miss Wayland.

"Well, if she must. I thought any old woman would do, but Aunt Frances says she will not let her go with any old woman. She has got her new dress and all her fallals, too; it is too bad!"

"We thought so much of this ball," said Ella; "it will be the last this winter, and I did want to go. Of course we should not mind so much if Aunt James were really ill, but I do not believe she is worse than usual, and it is always half fidget."

"Your mother would go if she could, I am sure, Ella; but I am very sorry for you both: it is a great pity," said Aunt Avice.

"It is more than a pity—it is a shame and a nuisance, and bother and bore, and the heaviest affliction that has befallen me since I lost my turquoise locket the same day that Pepper died!" said Ella.

"What crushes me is that Aunt Frances coolly told me I could go," said Hugh. "Just as though it would be any fun without Ella. It added a needless insult to our sorrows: she might as well have proposed to send my new dress-shirt without me in it."

"Well, then, Hugh, the little frills would command individual attention," said Ella, laughing. "Come along and have a romp with the children—it does our hard fate no good to lament over it; but I knew you would be sorry for us, Aunt Avy."

When the two victims had left the room, Miss Wayland did not take up her book again, but sat still a little, making up her mind. It was growing dusk, and only the fire lighted up her pretty little figure and small, delicately featured face. She was carefully and handsomely dressed in black silk, with a little bit of white lace twisted into the knot of carnation-colored ribbon in her hair. She was only six-and-thirty, and her light brown hair was abundant and fashionably dressed; but she always wore the white lace as becoming her years, while from time beyond Ella's memory carnation had been her favorite color. Her complexion and eyes were dark for the color of her hair, giving her rather a singular and piquant expression; and though she looked her age, it was not because her small, regular features were sharpened, or her face lined or faded, but from her quiet manner and the settled, patient look about her mouth. She was as pretty as she had ever been, for in her youth she had never been round, rosy, or blooming, and was too small to have commanded attention to a style of good looks that, if she had been three times magnified, would have made her a handsome woman. Since her father's death, Miss Wayland had lived with her widowed sister—a home that suited her better than Beaconhill, under the new *régime* of her brother's wife. If Mrs. Marlowe had been asked why her sister had never married, she would have said—"Oh, Avice was always devoted to papa, and was such a quiet little thing that one never thought of her marrying till it seemed too late. She had offers, though, and I think would have accepted Robert Ayrton, but he was only a lieutenant then, and papa did not fancy him, or like the idea of her going to India. She would have nothing to say to Sir Francis Kelmore, which was a pity, for he was nice enough, and Kelmore would have been a charming place for the girls to visit."

Miss Wayland's meditations were interrupted by her sister's entrance.

"Here you are, Avice! I have sent for our tea here, for I am tired, and there is such a noise in the school-room."

"Ella and Hugh have been here, to tell me about the ball."

"Ah, yes, poor children! I am sorry they should be so disappointed; but Mrs. Walker is certainly worse, and though I should not really neglect her, I find her feelings would be terribly hurt if I went to this ball."

Mrs. Walker was Mr. Marlowe's aunt; she lived in the village near Mountfield, and for a long time had claimed and received a daughter's care from her nephew's widow.

"Is there no one else to take Ella?" asked Miss Wayland.

"No one that I care to ask, and I do not like her to go with only George and Hugh. I am sorry she should be disappointed, but she is young enough to wait for another year."

"If you like, I will go with them."

"You, Avice!" and Mrs. Marlowe paused, astonished, while her memory took her back to balls long ago, at their old home, when little Avice was always sought after for her beautiful dancing. One particularly, when she was chaperoning her sister, during a visit to Beaconhill after her marriage, and she had been too much taken up with her husband and her old friends to notice how much Avice danced with Robert Ayrton, and their father had been vexed. Mr. Ayrton went to India not long after that, then their mother died, and their father fell into bad health.

"I will take great care of her, Frances."

Mrs. Marlowe came back from the past to answer her sister.

"Oh yes; but, really, I have not left off thinking that you require a chaperon yourself, Avice. It does not seem so long since I was scolded because of you and your doings."

"Why, Frances, it is more than thirteen years since I was at a ball! If I am to be useful in this way it is time I began, before I forget the customs of society; they have been modified a good deal as it is."

"But will you not dislike it, Avy? It is like putting you on the shelf at once, and I know it will bring back so much to you—"

"That need not trouble you now," said Avice, in her quiet voice; "it was so long ago. I am very glad to do it, Frances, and it will please the children; let me tell them."

Ella and Hugh were delighted, and warmly thanked Aunt Avice for her unexpected kindness; they waltzed about her and sang impromptus in her honor.

"Oh, Uncle George!" exclaimed Ella to Mr. Wayland, "here's a bit of fun! we are going to the Downhurst ball, after all; Aunt Avice is to take care of me, and Hugh is to take care of you, and it will be famous!"

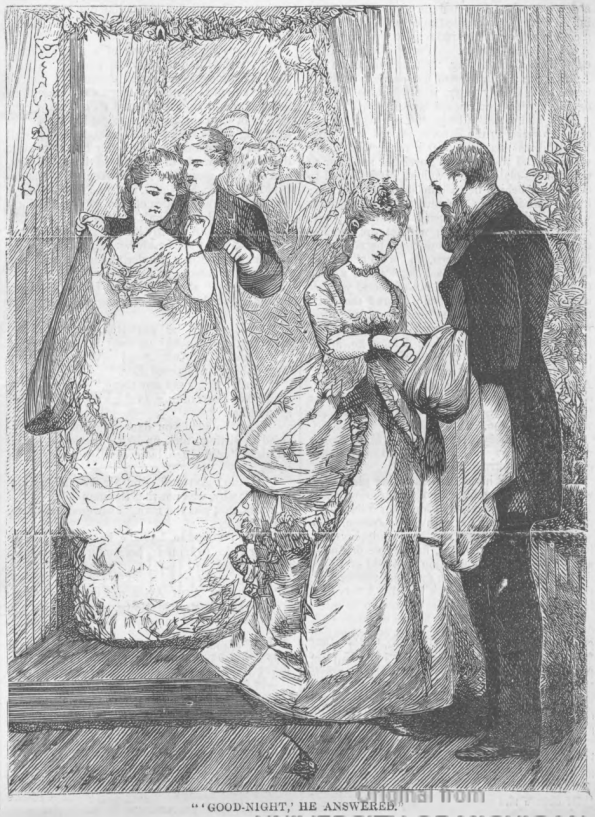
"Will it, indeed? and pray who takes care of Aunt Avice, Miss Ella? Play one of the old waltzes, please, Frances," and Mr. Wayland spun his sister round the room, and then gave Ella a turn; declaring, with what breath he had left, that the elder lady was incomparably the better partner. "She is lighter, quicker, and more finished in her style; you are never likely to equal her, young woman, with your bend and your sweep, and your twisted, overweighted head; though if you took care of your feet and forgot the rest of you, you might have a chance."

"What about your dress, Aunt Avice?" asked Ella. "Do not go in one of those eternal black silks!"

"I am going to have a new one: you shall see."

"Make yourself pretty, auntie," said Hugh; "I am very particular."

When the ball-night came, Hugh's particularity was chiefly expended on his own person and the little frills aforesaid. Ella was ready first, and duly exhibited her white tulle and rose-buds, with her fresh blooming face, to the household. The maids and the children were delighted, the boys scornful, while Fanny, the next in age to Ella, was very appreciative and rather wistful. Uncle George came next, bald, round, and com-



"'GOOD-NIGHT,' HE ANSWERED."

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fortable, with the largest camellia in the greenhouse in his button-hole; just like a market-gardener, his son said, when he too appeared, an exquisite design in black and white, but with a pucker of care on his smooth young face, occasioned by a difficulty he had met with in the arrangement of his own miniature bouquet. Then there was a cry for Aunt Avice. She had been a little shy about the family criticisms, and would show her dress to no one beforehand; she was sorry for this when the chorus began—

"Oh, Aunt Avy!"

"Upon my word, Avice!"

"It is lucky I could not go, Avice, or we should have missed this."

"In this style, two and ten: a most elegant article, madam!" said Hugh, with a shopman's flourish over his aunt.

"I did not expect to be quite so fine; I am afraid it is too like a fancy ball," said Miss Wayland, timidly, with an unwonted color on her clear brown cheek.

"Every one 'costumes' now; it is perfect," said Ella, encouragingly.

The dress began with a skirt of pale buff silk; the upper skirt was sprinkled with carnations on the same creamy ground; the bodice was edged with carnation ribbon; there was the usual knot of the same in her light wavy hair, but a small diamond spray replaced the white lace, and there was another sparkle on the red ribbon round her throat.

"It is the very model of a young chaperon," said Mrs. Marlowe. "I hope both you and Ella will make a successful *début*."

The ball was an annual one, for the benefit of the Downhurst Dispensary; it had great ladies for patronesses and baronets for stewards, and all the neighborhood went, as to a great social ceremony, independent of any interest in the dancing. Mr. Wayland insisted on going through the first quadrille with his sister, then found her a seat on the chaperons' benches, near some of her friends, and went off to his whist. Ella's card was soon well filled, and Hugh held several anxious consultations with his cousin as to the most judicious arrangement of his. Miss Wayland kept her card to serve as a programme of the music; the waltzes thrilled her a little; but when one or two of her old partners found her out, she would not dance, but sat chatting with her friends, watching the changing, rustling crowd, or thinking a little of old times, when her father and mother watched her, and George, and Frances. It did not seem so very long ago; but now it was for George's boy and Frances's girl, and it was she who looked on.

Presently Ella missed a dance and came to sit by her aunt.

"It is delicious, Aunt Avy; I do so like it! it would have been dreadful to have missed it! I wish you were dancing too."

"That is the sort of person I should have to dance with," said Miss Wayland, indicating a stout, red-faced man, standing in a sort of stupor near the door of the card-room. "Who is your next partner?"

"Hugh, and then a stranger. Mrs. Parvin introduced him, but I could not hear his name; he is quite medieval, but looks nice."

"Come along, Ella," said Hugh, with cousinly absence of ceremony; and the pair went off, looking, in their single-minded enjoyment, as pleasant a couple as any in the room; but this was Aunt Avice's partial opinion. After the dance, Hugh came back alone, saying, "Come and get an ice, Aunt Avice; Ella is with her partner, a highly respectable elderly party, who will take fatherly care of her if we do not get back in time."

They had to wait a little, and the vestibule became crowded as the dancers poured in. Miss Wayland was standing near a table, wedged in, when a hand was stretched over her shoulder to take an ice-plate from a waiter. It belonged to a tall man behind her whom she could not see; it was withdrawn in a moment, but she knew it well, though she had not seen it for thirteen years. She would have known it without the peculiar signet-ring, but with it there could be no doubt. It was a large hand, brown, and wide across the back, but with well-shaped fingers and a long thumb; a hand well used out-of-doors, yet not unfamiliar with tool and pen; a hand that thirteen years ago had clasped hers for a bitter farewell. "I must go," its owner had said, "there is no help for it, little Avice; I must go, and I can not say one hopeful word of meeting again, but surely we need not quite forget each other." And she had seen it again, Robert Ayrton's hand, and she dared not turn to see his face, for he must have forgotten, and she had begun to think she was forgetting too.

"Are you ready, Aunt Avice? Miss Fergus won't wait for any one, and I had no end of bother to work an introduction to her."

So Hugh took his aunt back to her place, and went off to find the favorite of the evening, while Miss Wayland waited—not long, for Ella's partner came to deposit her with her chaperon. He was the medieval party she had so flippantly alluded to; he was, perhaps, forty-three or four—a tall man with a complexion that told of India, dark hair beginning to turn gray and retract from the temples, and a large dark beard. A very fine-looking man, though a little too old to be interesting to a girl like Ella, for he was certainly middle-aged; he was altered in almost every line and feature, but he was Robert Ayrton, and Avice Wayland knew him instantly. She had had full five minutes for preparation, so the stately little lady who stepped forward to give him her hand was far more collected than he was; he stammered, he fairly blushed through his Indian brown, and could not conceal his astonishment.

"He is certainly married," she thought; "he is wondering how to tell me. He need not be afraid, and make such a spectacle of himself."

"How cool she is!" he thought, resentfully. "Of course she means to forget all that folly; most likely she has forgotten it; perhaps she is married: I think she must be!"

If she were married, he was, of course, an injured man, in that she had been able to console herself; so Major Ayrton, thinking he would make the most of it and plant a little thorn or two of reproach in her faithless bosom, took a melancholy tone as he answered her.

"I have only been a fortnight in England; thirteen years is not a lifetime, but it seems long enough for most of a man's friends to forget him."

"Surely not!"

"Yes; I came with the Carmichaels, and I find lots of people I used to know, looking very much the same, yet no one knew me but one man, who knew I was expected. I am very grateful to you for recognizing me, but perhaps you too knew I was coming?"

"Oh no! I did not; but I knew you, though you are altered, as we all must be, in so many years."

"You are not altered—not much, at least; it is times that are changed; why, I do not even know what to call you."

"Nor I you," she said, parrying the awkward question.

"One or two very old and faithful friends remember that my name is Robert, but most people prefer to keep me at a distance, and say 'Major Ayrton.'"

"He is very cross," thought poor Aunt Avice; "what shall I do with him? If he would mention his wife at once, we might have a comfortable chat.

"She must be married. I had better drop the sentimental," he thought.

"Oh, Miss Wayland! will you take care of my poor broken fan?" said a young lady who was going to dance. He caught the name, once so familiar, and mollified directly, taking a seat and assuming a more reasonable tone, saying,

"I shall know all about it in time, but it is trying to have all the changes of thirteen years come upon one in a heap. How is it that I find you here? do you not live at Beaconhill now?"

"No; I stay there very often, but my home is at Mountfield, with my sister—you know—"

"Yes, yes, I know; I have gathered a good deal of your family history from the papers, and chance friends. I knew that Mrs. Marlowe had lost her husband. I suppose it was her daughter I danced with just now? I remember the little creature you used always to be petting. Is your sister here to-night?"

"No, but George and his son are, and I am chaperoning Ella."

"You!"

"Yes; why not? Times change with us all, you see."

"But you are not—not qualified! Surely that young lady called you Miss Wayland?" he said, looking very blank.

"So I am," she answered, demurely, enjoying his surprise.

"And you think yourself old enough to be a duenna, and sit up here while I dance with your niece! Is that it? I never heard any thing so ridiculous! I can not stand it, however; come and dance this waltz with me."

She protested, but he would not listen.

"You must indeed. Why, I see you like carnations still, and you are as like one as ever. It is quite absurd to pretend you can not dance; come, Avice!"

This was hardly the tone of a married man, but if he had had three wives looking on in a row, she thought she would dance that dance; and so she did, in spite of Hugh's open-mouthed astonishment; and they found that wherever the weight of the thirteen years might lie, it was not dragging at their feet. He hovered about her all the rest of the evening, and they had two more dances and a world of talk, of old times and new, and the long space that lay between. He was introduced to Mr. Wayland, who had not previously known him, and the idea of the wife waxed fainter in Avice Wayland's mind. What she was thinking of she did not exactly know, except that Robert Ayrton was there beside her again, and, but for the beard and Ella's wondering face, the thirteen years might have been a dream.

"Good-by," she said at the ball-room door, trying not to show how sorry she was that it was over.

"Good-*night*," he answered, smiling down upon her, and not looking sorry in the least.

"What is it, Aunt Avy? What have you been doing?" whispered Ella.

"Hush! don't say any thing," said her aunt, giving her a sort of hug, as she wrapped her cloak around her.

"I am so glad you danced, Aunt Avice, instead of sitting stuck up like a beetle on a wall all night," said Hugh, benevolently, as they drove home.

"Ayrton? Ayrton?" said Mr. Wayland, musingly; "why, was not that the man—"

"Yes, that was the man," answered his sister, quite sharply.

He said no more, but she heard him whistle once or twice to himself, before he went to sleep in his corner.

"Well, did Aunt Avice make a good chaperon?" asked Mrs. Marlowe, next day, at the breakfast that had managed to run into luncheon.

"Oh, famous! never bothered a bit, and staid ever so late," said Hugh; but Ella blushed scarlet, and Aunt Avice looked terribly uncomfortable.

Mrs. Marlowe feared that Ella had been in some way transgressing; but Mr. Wayland said, with twinkling eyes:

"You should have lent her your black velvet gown, Frances; that carnation affair was far too killing for a chaperon."

Mrs. Marlowe was a woman of tact and prudence, so she dropped the subject till she had her sister to herself.

"What has been the matter, Avice? I hope Ella is not getting fast?"

"Oh no! It is not Ella, it is all my fault; I am very sorry, but I have been so foolish!" and Miss Wayland told her sister all the story, much as if it were a guilty confession.

"And what do you mean to do?"

"There is nothing to do; I am not likely to see him again; and, Frances, you must stop George's teasing, for I am sure Ella guesses. Oh dear! I will never go to a ball again; there is actually a hole in my shoe, and I feel quite disgraced."

"Nonsense! How could you know you would meet the man that night, of all nights? It was very foolish of me to allow you to call yourself a chaperon. I wish I had gone and taken you."

The next day brought Major Ayrton for a call, twenty miles at least; and Mrs. Marlowe was not surprised when the day after that brought him for a proposal. Miss Wayland's old maid, who had been with her more than those thirteen years, remarked that a burnt stick was soon lighted; and so it was. Robert Ayrton's old love had quite won him back. He did not say much about constancy, for he was wonderfully touched to find that little Avice had never been able to persuade herself to care for any one else, and one or two efforts for matrimony he had made in the mean time seemed to spoil the romance of the thing, and he was very glad now that he had failed. Still she took a good deal of persuading, was full of doubts and fears, and held out for two hours, in the morning-room, making excuses, more to herself than to him; but, of course, she had to give in; and Major Ayrton's last words to her that day were, "We will have a house at Dover; there are plenty of balls there, and you shall chaperon your niece to as many as you please."

NIAGARA AND LOVERS.

PLACE aux dames! Niagara is a favorite resort of lovers before, during, and after the honey-moon, as well as of lovers whose courtship may be interrupted by unkind Fate, and predestined never to attain the blissful consummation of marriage. "And all mankind," as the eloquent and philosophic Emerson observes, "loves a lover. Though," he goes on to say, "the celestial rapture falling out of heaven seizes only upon those of tender age, and although we can seldom see after thirty years a beauty overpowering all analysis or comparison, yet the remembrance of these visions outlasts all other remembrance. No man ever forgot the visitation of that power to his heart which created all things new; which was the dawn in him of music, poetry, and art; which made the face of nature radiant with purple light, and made the morning and the night a varied enchantment." So, for these reasons, and with, I hope, a proper amount of respect and gallantry for the beautiful sex, I turn to the autographs and the observations of lovers, whether they be gentlemen or ladies. Not that my readers will be very amply rewarded. No doubt the true lovers, the real ladies and gentlemen, have something better to do and to think of than to scrawl their names and their thoughts in public places for the relief of their own hearts, or for the after-amusement of strangers. Wise people, whether lovers or not, keep their private emotions sacred; but fools of both sexes love to babble and to scribble. The first lover thus records his experience:

> On Table Rock we did embrace,
> And then we stood both face to face;
> The moon was up, the wind was high,
> I looked at she, and she at I.

Language failed him after this effort, and he could say no more. The next gentleman must have had a difference with his lady-love. At all events, he eases his mind by the profound reflection:

> Great is the mystery of Niagara's waters,
> But more mysterious still are some men's daughters.

Another swain, deeply enamored, but more of a wag than a poet, writes from his heart, and with a daring rhyme:

> Next to the bliss of seeing Sarah,
> Is that of seeing Niagara.

A disconsolate one, jilted perhaps, or, it may be, divorced, records her sorrows in prose. "I have come," she says, "to Niagara too late. Five years ago I was a creature of enthusiasm, poetry, and devotion. Now I am feelingless, heartless, soulless. The once gushing fountains of youthful emotion have been broken up by the withering blast of adversity. The flowers of my life are blighted, and all is dull—all is tame. I laugh at Niagara! What care I for the thunder of its waters? Great God! how should I have enjoyed this sight once!" The signature to this outburst of disappointment is "Bit," to which some critic of the sterner sex has appended this comment, "Yes, bit with affectation!"

A happy lover enters what he perhaps thought a very original remark: "How lonely and desolate the life of man would be without woman!" To this a critic, who signs himself "Quip," appends the query, "What has woman to do with the Falls?" A third tourist, signing himself "Crank," replies, "If woman has not to do with the Falls, I should like to know who has. She made the first Fall herself." The next is evidently the production of a much later period in married life than the moon of honey:

> Once on a time, with naught to do at home,
> My wife and I determined we would roam;
> But to decide upon the route
> Admitted much domestic doubt.
> If I said east, she said 'twas best
> That we should travel to the west;
> So, after many arguments and brawls,
> She brought me nolens volens to the Falls.

The thunderous roar of the waters is so loud, when heard either from the Table Rock, or from the Tower on Goat Island, that silence, if not imposed by the majesty of the scene, is rendered necessary by the difficulty of making one's self heard above the din of waters. This fact, of course, does not escape the notice of the amiable cynics who like to make a harmless jest upon the ladies. One of them writes:

> Niagara, it has been sung,
> Can speak so loud without a tongue,
> You hear its voice a mile hence.
> But I a greater wonder know:
> A pretty woman who, although
> She has a tongue, keeps silence.

Socrates, who hints that he has no Xantippe of his own, declares what he would do if he were in such an unhappy condition:

> If I were annoyed with a termagant wife,
> Whose tongue was the bane of my every-day life,
> To try to get rid of her pestilent clatter,
> I'd live on the brink of this great fall of water.

The last quotation, out of scores that might be made, is the more creditable effusion of a happy lover:

> In after-years, when memory comes
> To cheer us in our happy homes,
> A voice amidst the social cheer
> Shall speak of what we witnessed here.
> No time, no change, no chance shall seve
> The links that bind our hearts forever.

HOOK AND THACKERAY.

I HAD often met Hook in society, says Planche, in his "Recollections," without being introduced to him; but our acquaintance and intimacy dated simultaneously from the evening of a dinner at Horace Twiss's, in Park Place, St. James's, the precise period of which has escaped me, but not the circumstances connected with it. It was a very merry party. Mr. John Murray (the great Murray of Albemarle Street), James Smith, and two or three others remained till very late in the dining-room, singing and giving imitations. Hook being pressed to sing another of his wonderful extemporary songs, consented, with a declaration that the subject should be John Murray. Murray objected vehemently, and a ludicrous contention took place, during which Hook dodged him round the table, placing chairs in his path, which was sufficiently devious without them, and singing all the while a sort of recitative, of which I remember only the commencement:

> "My friend John Murray, I see, has arrived at the head of the table,
> And the wonder is, at this time of night, that John Murray should be able.
> He's an excellent hand at a dinner, and not a bad one at a lunch;
> But the devil of John Murray is that he never will pass the punch."

It was daybreak—broad daylight, in fact—before we separated. I had given an imitation of Edmund Kean and Holland in Mathurin's tragedy of "Bertram," which had amused Hook; and as we were getting our hats he asked me where I lived. On my answering, "At Brompton," he said, "Brompton! why, that's in my way home—I live at Fulham. Jump into my cabriolet, and I'll set you down." The sun of a fine summer morning was rising as we passed Hyde Park Corner. "I have been very ill," said Hook, "for some time, and my doctors told me never to be out-of-doors after dark, as the night air was the worst thing for me. I have taken their advice. I drive into town at four o'clock every afternoon, dine at 'Crockford's,' or wherever I may be invited, and never go home till this time in the morning. I have not breathed the night air for the last two months." From that day to the latest of his life Hook's attachment to me was so remarkable that, knowing his irresistible passion for hoaxing and practical jokes of all descriptions, I was at first a little alarmed occasionally at the peculiar and marked attention he paid to me, accompanied as it was by a respect which, from one of his age and celebrity, was as singular as—if sincere—it was flattering. That it *was* sincere I had many gratifying proofs, some of which I still treasure, in his handwriting. His fame as an *improvisatore* is a matter of social history; but I can not refrain from giving one instance of his powers, which is as creditable to his heart as his head. There had been a large party at the house of some mutual friends of ours and Hook's neighbors at Fulham. It was late, but many still remained, and before separating another song was requested of him. He was weary, and really suffering, but good-naturedly consented on condition that somebody would suggest a subject. No one volunteering, he said, "Well, I think the most proper subject at this hour would be 'Good-night.'" And accordingly he sat down to the piano, and sang several verses, each ending with "Good-night," composed with his usual facility, but lacking the fun and brilliancy which had characterized his former effusions. Some oddity of expression, however, in the middle of one of his verses elicited a ringing laugh from a fine handsome boy, son of Captain the Hon. Montague Stopford, who was staying with his parents in the house, and who had planted himself close to the piano. Hook stopped short, looked at him admiringly for an instant, then, completing the verse, added with an intensity of expression I can never forget,

> "You laugh, and you are quite right,
> For yours is the dawn of the morning,
> And God send you a good-night!"

The effect was electrical, and brought tears into the eyes of more than one of the company, while cheer upon cheer arose in recognition of that charming and touching burst of feeling.

My acquaintance with Thackeray commenced some time before he joined "The Garrick," and while I was the guest of his cousin, Captain Thomas James Thackeray, in the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, during one of my many visits to Paris. He was at that time a slim young man, rather taciturn, and not displaying any particular love or talent for literature. Drawing appeared to be his favorite amusement, and

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he often sat by my side while I was reading or writing, covering any scrap of paper lying about with the most spirited sketches and amusing caricatures. I have one of Charles IX. firing at the Huguenots out of the windows of the Louvre, which he dashed off in a few minutes beside me on the blank portion of the yellow paper cover of a French drama. A member of "The Garrick" who was specially unpopular with the majority of the members was literally *drawn* out of the club by Thackeray. His figure, being very peculiar, was sketched in pen and ink by his implacable persecutor. On every pad on the writing-tables, or whatever paper he could venture to appropriate, he represented him in the most ridiculous and derogatory situation that could be imagined, always with his back toward you, but unmistakable. His victim, it must be admitted, bore this desecration of his "lively effigies" with great equanimity for a considerable period; but at length one very strong—perhaps too strong—example of the artist's graphic and satirical abilities, combined with the conviction that he was generally objectionable, induced him to retire from the club, and leave the pungent pen of Michael Angelo Titmarsh to punish more serious offenders than bores and toadies.

LOVE'S WORSHIP.

THEY tell me that thou art not such
As I have always thought;
That I have worshiped thee too much,
Not judged thee as I ought;
That love is blind, and can not see
Specks in the sun or fault in thee.

They said that many bend the knee
To idols falsely bright,
And so I might adore in thee
A spirit not of light;
That reason's scale alone could show
What all my love could never know;

That I must nothing hold as true
Until its truth was proved,
And give examination due
And doubt before I loved,
And after that continue still
To think that good might yet be ill.

But doubt expireth in the birth
Where faith hath once been given,
Whether of thee I love on earth,
Or Him who reigns in heaven:
'Tis not a lover who can dare
To question where he offers prayer.

No! I will look on thee alone,
Although it make me blind,
Not on the shadow that is thrown
Upon a baser mind;
For earthly waters troubled are,
And break in pieces every star.

EVE.

I.

"COME back to me! come back to me, Eve, my Eve!"

Oh, vain cry of my life! Yet again and again the words fall from my lips, finding their echo in my inmost soul.

* * * * * *

Lying at full length on the soft gray sands of the lovely Kentish coast, with an old worn fishing smack serving for protection from the broad noonday glare and the fervency of an August sun; with tired lazy eyes, that, half shut, winked and blinked as through their lashes they watched the languid and monotonous flapping of a white sail, that shone silvery under the golden beams many a mile out on the deep blue main—neither sleeping, nor dreaming, nor thinking, but simply enjoying the luxury of sheer idleness and perfect repose to fullest bent; then suddenly awakening from my state of conscious coma to the sound of voices issuing from the other side of the tiny bark that shaded me from the fiery eyes of the sun-god, and from human sight as well.

"Eve, wake up, child! This is one of your queer days, assuredly."

And the tones, which were a woman's, betokened a certain decision of character in the speaker, in spite of a kindliness that pervaded the accents as they fell on the quiet air.

"Dreaming, Eve! always dreaming the hours away! What in the world can you find to dream about?"

"Oh, hush, Helen! Can you ask?" And a strange attraction for me rose up suddenly in my breast in that low, full, and most melodious voice. It seemed to thrill me through and through. I held my breath, and listened with strained ear for the voice to come again.

"Helen, do you never feel, in such a scene as this, a sort of lifting up, as it were, from the dull earth, as though every thing around you was calm, and at peace and rest, and your own soul, rid for a while of mortal coils, was free to soar up, up into regions as delicious, as beautiful—"

And the enthusiastic tones paused, as if at a loss for a fit simile wherewith to describe the bright Elysium of her fertile and fervid imagination.

"As yourself!" laughed her companion. And her prosaic and commonplace reply evidently dispersed to the four winds of heaven Eve's romantic visions, for she too rang out a peal of sweet childish merriment.

Her voice had had a wondrous charm for me, but with the silver laugh on my ears indolence vanished at once, and I resisted no longer the prompting of inclination; so, lifting my head up from its sandy pillow, I took a furtive survey of my neighbors, and looked for the first time on my *Fate*.

Let me jot down her lineaments from memory. Methinks no skillful brush and palette could delineate them more faithfully.

A broad straw hat shaded the low white brow and small oval face, that was enframed in sunkissed hair falling in bright wreaths down to her very waist. Eyes of truest blue, with a pensive look in the pellucid pupils; straight, clear-defined brows, and marvelous lashes, and tiny features, with a pair of exquisitely cut lips, so fresh, so red, so smiling; but even as I gazed the laughter on them was suddenly hushed, and replaced by an expression of fear. Wringing her hands, she sprang hastily to her feet, and rushed to the edge of the beach, crying out,

"Helen, look! Harry is drowning!"

With a bound I reached the water, just in time to plunge in and seize with one strong arm a little white waif, with pallid face and clinging rings of golden hair, that the great salt waves were carrying off in triumph on their huge shoulders as a propitiatory offering to Neptune in his palace of coral.

Then, breathless, and dripping like a gigantic water-spaniel, I deposited my small burden safe in the girl's white outstretched arms, that closed on the restored treasure like a vise, while the true blue eyes shot a silent thanksgiving upward. Then they looked at me humidly, gratefully, while the pretty lips, from which all the bright scarlet had completely faded, quivered very piteously.

"My mother will bless you forever," she tried to articulate plainly in her agitation. "My little brother is the pet; and if any thing had happened to him, she would never, never have smiled again. Oh, I can not thank you enough!"

And she gave me the tribute of an eloquent glance instead, amidst a shower of big glistening tears, that rained down on the little face that she kept pressing close against her breast, as if fearful that some new danger might arise to snatch it away.

"You have nothing to thank me for," I said, as quietly as I could, hoping by measured accents to soothe her emotion a little; but I never felt less calm in all my life. Outwardly I stood still and impassive; inwardly my soul was trembling and shaking under the power of the first breath of passion that had come to stir it. "I am only too thankful I was by to help you. Let me carry him home," I suggested. I pitied the girl, who could barely support the feathery weight she held; but I knew my offer was not suggested by mere compassion for her physical weakness.

I felt a violent, uncontrollable desire to pursue the acquaintance Dame Fortune had thrown in my path, and nothing on earth could have induced me to give up the chance of looking again and again on the sweet face before me. Meanwhile Helen, whom I had rightly judged in my own mind to be of a sensible and practical turn, had quietly vanished from the scene of disaster on the recovery of the child, in order to accelerate the needful preparations for averting further mischief to him in his semi-drowned condition.

"Harry has a very great antipathy to strangers when he is in his senses—even to those who look kind and good," she added, apologetically; "but I think I may venture to give him in charge of you in his present state of unconsciousness."

And she bent anxiously over him for a moment; then she lifted up a very white face, and faltered out slowly, with big startled eyes looking wildly in my own,

"Surely he is not dead, after all, is he?"

I did not wonder in the least at her terrible surmise, for the little one's features were cold and set, as though Death had imprinted his seal upon them, and his fingers were tightly clinched and interlaced together; but I was skilled enough in medical art to know that such appearances might naturally arise from the violent fright his mind must have received when he found himself drifting helplessly, hopelessly away farther and farther from *terra firma*, cradled on the summit of the waves, that must have appeared mountains high to such a wee sprite as he was.

"It is only the effects of alarm that he is suffering from; he will be all right presently," I reassured her, in earnest tones; and she seemed to have faith in me at once, for the troubled look on her face changed into an expression of serenity, and, pressing one kiss on his cheek, she put him gently and confidingly into my arms.

Side by side, slowly and silently, we walked toward her home over the sandy shore; and as ever and anon the sea gave a low murmur behind us, I saw her wince and tremble at the recollection that that sullen roar might have been a requiem for the child she loved so well. I was not shy by nature nor unsociable in disposition, but now I could not for the life of me think of one appropriate sentence to break the silence. It seemed to me as though any commonplace remark would be an insult to her whom my soul had suddenly deified into an object of worship. Suddenly a pale apparition, with silvered hair and sable garments, caught the boy from me, and sitting down with him on the sands, sobbed great sobs that made my heart bleed and my eyes grow strangely dim.

"Mamma, mamma, please don't!" pleaded my companion; and down upon her knees fell the slight form, while two serious orbs gazed imploringly up into the mother's face.

I stood beside and looked on, feeling that henceforth the sight would never leave me—knowing that those tearful accents would one day breathe the fiat of my earthly destiny, that those blue eyes had already become the day-stars of my whole life.

"There is no cause for anxiety," I ventured to remark, after a little while, trusting to stem the torrent of grief that was adding to the impromptu bath the poor little child had already received. "Might I advise his being placed in a warm bed at once, as the quickest and surest mode of complete restoration?"

Mrs. Lindon visibly started at the sound of my voice, and stared up at me with a bewildered air. She had evidently never even noticed my proximity, in the midst of her alarm for the pet lamb of the flock.

"The gentleman who jumped into the water and saved Harry," murmured the kneeling figure in her ear.

A pair of hands, very attenuated, but white as snow, were extended at once to clasp mine in a strong grasp, and a pair of anxious, wistful eyes shone up full of earnest warmth and gratitude into my own.

"God forever bless you!" she said, in a faltering voice, and these few almost inaudible words comprised all the thanks she gave me; but somehow I felt, from the moment they were uttered, that, besides the blessing and the hand-clasp, she had given me a place in her heart.

There is no feeling that familiarizes people so quickly as genuine sorrow. Joy may be a more sociable sentiment, but it utterly lacks the openness and unreserve engendered by real grief of any kind. Moreover, there is an inward instinct in human nature that detects true sympathy at a glance. Hilarity and a smiling countenance are easily put on, but it is hard work even to the most hypocritical to force *bona fide* tears into the eye.

It was not very strange, then, that on the evening of the day that might have been marked down in black letters in the chronicles of the Lindons, as the date of a watery grave, that I found myself in a flower-decked drawing-room, a favored guest. The picture which that evening presented will never fade from the tablets of my memory. It lives there now in colors as fresh and as vivid as though I had looked upon it but yestere'en.

The big bay-window opening on to a broad expanse of rippling sea; the pleasant twilight gleam casting into deep shadow the dark-clad figure of my hostess as, seated within a far recess, she bent yearningly over the child she had nearly lost, with all the wonderful infinity of a mother's love depicted on her face.

Helen Carden, with a soul above romance, and affecting to disdain *in toto* all such puerilities as dashing waves and crimson-tinted skies, presided at the distant tea-board. And leaning anent the casement near, a maiden fair and sweet, with snowy flowing dress and a pure white rose in her bosom, toward whom my gaze wandered in spite of me, and, once reaching its goal, was loath, indeed, to quit again.

After a while, as the shades of evening fell lower over the earth, converse became fragmentary. It seemed easier to look than to speak. Tongue-tied, my eyes revealed my feelings well; for, through the deepening gloom, I could see a lovely flickering color tinge soft rounded cheeks, and a conscious but not unkindly light in tender azure eyes.

Later I knew that I had been no arrogant dreamer, puffed up by foolish pride, when I fancied, even on that first evening, that a little palm had trembled like a birdling within my fervent clasp, and that two red lips had slightly trembled when they said a low good-night.

Later I knew that Eve loved me at first sight as passionately and truly as I loved her, and that after our meeting there were no more quiet scenes for her in which she desired to be lifted out of earth.

Earth had become unutterably pleasant. A mortal's power had changed it into the sweet Elysium that her fancy had been wont to picture and to long for!

II.

Three weeks had glided swiftly by since the first glance that had sealed my life's destiny, since the first moment in which my darling had taken my heart from me by storm. And my sweet sovereign reigned autocratically over her dominion, for closer bondage but riveted more closely the rosy links of the chain in which her power and will had bound me.

Her blue eyes were my heaven—and such a heaven!—promising in their serene, clear depth peace and rest infinite to him who might bask in their holy light forever. It was quite enough of bliss to sit by her dear side day after day upon the lonely beach, with the glorious swelling billows murmuring a loud consent to our courting; to sit there with her hand fast locked in mine, her rosy lips shyly smiling now and then as our glances chanced to meet. Eve was truth and warmth, but she was reticent too—loath to show her feelings, as all maidens should be. Only sometimes nature would peep out beneath womanly reserve under the wondrous power of mutual love.

"Gerald!" In all my life I had never dreamed that such music was to be found upon earth, until my name, spoken by her mouth, came laden with irrepressible melody. Ay, and her lips lingered over it too, as though it was pleasant sounding to her ears as well.

If it had pleased her to say "Gerald" continuously, and nothing more, I could have listened unwearyingly and with eagerness to the one word, detecting fresh music in the repetition, and content with such delicious tautology.

"Gerald!" she said, lifting up a sparkling, impassioned look to my face, unveiling just for an instant the fervency of the soul within, "you are the guardian angel of us all! You dropped down from the skies just in time to save Harry from death and my mother from despair, and to give *me* life! For, Gerald, it *is* fresh life to be so very, very happy as I am now!"

And with this little outpouring of her heart, long shining tresses bestrewed my breast, and looking down, I saw only the tiny tip of a little pink ear as its owner's head nestled closely to me. My love! my queen! Even then, in those moments, she seemed too pure and sacred a thing for human passion. I never dared to press an ardent caress on her mouth. I only longed to kneel to her, to breathe my worship in language fit for the hearing of a saint. I never dreamed of letting my kisses fall but on fair, dainty hands. And in the bright dawn of love, amidst the glorious sunshine of my existence, I was subject to an undefinable dread. I would find myself almost unconsciously gathering Eve closer in my arms, nearer to my heart, with a strange, a horrible presentiment that I should not hold her there for long. O God! it was fearful to picture that bright child, full of health, rich in beauty, hand in hand with the awful image of Death; yet again and again the vision rose up before me when her eyes shone bluest and her laugh pealed merriest—in the zenith of her loveliness, amidst her gentle caresses, that one terrible fancy came to madden me. I trembled each hour lest my treasure should be wrested from me; that, before the flower of love should have fully bloomed, the blossom would be wrenched away from my grasp. I idolized her blindly and devotedly, and perhaps one reason for the unlimited adulation of my soul was that hitherto mine had been a lonely and a loveless life. My father and my mother died when I was a child, and even a recollection of their faces had faded from my mind. The old-fashioned miniature, which was an heir-loom, brought back no memories when I gazed upon it. I had no near of kin; and, above all, no woman's face had ever entered my heart. Fate had preserved my soul fresh and intact for the one being that I wanted for my wife. Eve stood in the light of every relative to me, and I felt for her the protecting attachment of a parent, the steadfast honest affection of a brother, the reverence of a devotee for his saint, the passionate love of a man to whom she was all in all upon earth!

She too had been fancy-free till we met. She told me that her heart and soul had never owned another master, and I believed her—believed her because I could have staked my life on her truth and on her unerring fidelity. It was I, and I alone, whose power had stirred the soul of my Undine into being; it was my presence that had changed the statue, beautiful but cold as marble, into a living, breathing, loving woman; and it was my magic touch that could call up both warmth and color.

Not marvelous, then, that like a second Pygmalion I adored the exquisite work of my own hands, that I trembled with impatience to have Eve for my very own.

I was but a miserable short-sighted mortal—or down on my knees, with ardent pleading on my lips, I should have prayed Heaven to stay the flight of time, to lengthen each winged moment into years.

III.

Life became too beautiful with Eve as my wife, and in the utter fullness of earthly bliss perhaps I forgot to supplicate Heaven for its continuance, or else I was not good enough to live with an angel by my side. Any way, in a little while after my marriage my angel's wings began to droop, and her sparkling brightness to fade. Though she was pure and holy, and much like her sister spirits above, yet her heart was in the keeping of a mortal, and an earthly love held her so desperately in its grasp, that even ruthless Death had compassion, and stayed his hand a while. Day by day she dimmed visibly, became paler and paler, the blue eyes growing holier, the form slighter. Yet she lingered beside me, and I hoped madly against hope. After a little while we took a tiny baby and laid it in her breast, and my pulse throbbed high as I noted the cheek of my little one's mother flush once more with its wonted bloom, and a bright light of yore flash from the erewhile languid eyes.

"*Our* child," she whispered, mildly, as she pressed it to her. "Oh, my God! let me live for it and for him—my Gerald, my husband!" And she turned all her glance of love upon my face, and strove to clasp my neck with her weak arms, but she gently fainted away instead.

My poor little wife—so good, so submissive—this was the first time her lips had breathed a reluctance to do *His* will; the first time she had showed an unwillingness to die!

I looked at her, lying there so white and so still, and, with the mist in my eyes, rebellion came into my heart. I dared to question the wisdom and justice that would snatch her away from me—she who thought no ill, who worked no woe, whose nature was perfect, and whose path was full of peace and happiness. Why, oh why, I asked, should she be taken, when the wretched, the outcast, the miscreant, to whom death is a boon, are left to linger on and on upon the face of this earth?

IV.

Urgent business called me away from home for a while; but though loath to quit the nest that held my darling bird, I felt happier and more hopeful than I had done for many a long day. Eve had regained both color and strength marvelously; and when I bent down for my parting look I marked, with a high-throbbing heart, the hues of health upon her cheek, and the renewed elasticity of the form I pressed so close within my arms. It was our first parting since we had knelt side by side before the altar; and a few natural tears stood in my wife's blue eyes, but she dashed them away with a pretty gesture, and held up two rosy lips with a smile upon them toward me; and those sweet lips had to cry "*Peccavi!*" full many a time ere they were released again.

Impatient to find myself again with Eve, I accomplished the work I had to do a day or so earlier than I anticipated, and I walked home unexpectedly. Creeping noiselessly up the stairs,

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I passed in at the half-open door of my wife's room.

True, I was a husband over whom twelve months had rolled, but no lover in the ardor and zenith of his first passion could have experienced the feelings that lived within me.

Nervous trepidation knocked loudly at my heart; my soul was sick with longing to look upon her once again; my brow burned with the hot flush of anxiety to find her well and happy as when I had seen her last.

Eve stood near her mirror, her pure profile only reflected; and under the strong light from one of the windows the too faithful glass showed up to my awe-struck gaze a face so changed that I grew mad and dizzy as I looked.

Her hair fell as of yore in long light masses over her shoulders. She wore a snowy flowing dress, like the one I had seen her in on the first evening of our meeting, and her favorite necklet of pearls fell upon her bosom.

Her eyes had a rapt, far-off expression in them, and a strange mournful little smile hovered on the corners of her mouth; and she was white, *so* white, with an awful, unearthly pallor that spread from brow to neck.

I could not look longer; I knew in that moment quite as surely as though the curtain of eternity had been suddenly lifted up before my eyes that an unseen hand was drawing her away, up, up, into realms where I could not reach her.

With a bound I was by her side, holding her to me in maniacal frenzy and terror.

A cry of gladness issued from her lips, and the color mantled over her face, as, clasping my hands in hers, she lifted up to me her bright, dancing eyes.

The next moment she fell forward against my breast, and looking down, I saw—O God!—great crimson drops oozing, oozing slowly, sluggishly, from my wife's pale lips. I saw Eve's life-blood staining her snow-white dress. No more! no more! The faintness of death came over me, and with my wife still in my arms I fell into unconsciousness.

V.

In the west, clad in crimson and gold, the sun was slowly descending behind a fleecy cloud. The lambent air blew gently in through the open casement, and fanned my wife's pale brow. She lay for a long, long while silent, and her eyes, larger than ever in their deep setting of bister shade, gazed upward at the clear blue sky.

A longing, powerful and uncontrollable, came over me to hear her speak, but for some time I dared not break in upon her waking reverie; for as she lay, with parted lips and dreamy look, I thought she was holding converse with invisible beings, between whom and me a great gulf intervened.

At last I could refrain no longer—my ears seemed aching for her low, sweet voice to come again; so almost unconsciously I repeated Helen Carden's words.

"EVE STOOD NEAR HER MIRROR, HER PURE PROFILE ONLY REFLECTED."

I knew them by heart. Had they not been said when I first looked on my darling's face?

"Dreaming, Eve! always dreaming the hours away! What in the world can you find to dream about?"

She turned to me with an angel smile, and whispered faintly, "I remember, Gerald; Helen said that the day we met—when you saved Harry, and won my heart! But oh! Gerald, my own husband, my dreams are sadly altered since then. My soul can no longer throw off its mortal coils, and soar up into other regions; for I love the earth, for it holds *you*, Gerald, and my child. Oh, Gerald, Gerald! hold me fast, *fast* in your arms! Don't, *don't* let me go!" she screamed out, and with a sudden accession of strength she threw herself off the couch into my arms.

My wife! my Eve! Her long hair fell in tangled masses over her white neck; her eyes for a minute sought mine eagerly, wildly, and her fingers laced themselves within my own firmly and passionately. Then the little hands relaxed their hold, her snowy lids drooped heavily over the sweet blue eyes. I stooped mechanically, and pressed the rose-bud mouth to catch the parting breath, and laid my hand on her heart just to feel the last, last throb it gave. Then I laid her quietly down, for I knew that the blue eyes would never greet my coming again, or the red lips smile on my face. There was no violence in my grief; but a few days later, when I buried my dead wife, I buried my dead happiness in the same grave.

* * * * * *

Right away in a quiet suburb of the great metropolis, away from the din and trouble of human life, a rustic cemetery lies at the end of a broad road that is fringed on either side by ancient trees—a church-yard peaceful and pleasant, planted carefully by loving hands, and tended by sorrowing hearts. The long, green grass nods and waves its feathery head above each grave at the slightest breath of the summer wind, and flowers bloom and blush under the flickering light and shade of graceful willows, that bend low, as though to kiss the still white faces lying at their feet.

In a secluded corner, railed in, and with soft masses of moss and thick tufts of violets clinging to its base, a white tablet stands, surmounted by a tiny cross, and upon it are these words:

In hoc signo spes mea!
Sacred to the Memory of Eve Dering,
Aged 18.

This is where my darling sleeps; sleeps calmly all through the warm, bright summer hours, and the sweet evening gloaming; sleeps with the soft moonlight forming quaint arabesques over her little grave; and through the dull dark wintry days, deaf to the howling of the dreary blast, to the gay lullaby of the blithesome birds, to the sound of my passionate grieving!

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IMPORTANT NOW IS
FACT the SECOND: The Publishers offer a special premium to all *New* Subscribers for the 31st Annual Volume (*i. e.*, for all of 1872), who subscribe during this month of September—which offer will save **25** per cent. It is as follows:
Every New Subscriber for Volume 31 (that is, for all of 1872) whose Subscription is received during this month of September, will receive the paper from that time to the END OF 1872. . . . That is, he will get the paper FIFTEEN MONTHS for one year's subscription! or he will get the THREE MONTHS FREE.
Circulation—Terms.—The circulation of the AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST (about 150,000) is so large that it can be furnished for the low price of **$1 50 a year;** four copies for $5; ten copies for $12; twenty or more, $1 each. Single Numbers, 15 cents each.
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What has been said above under **FACT the FIRST**, concerning the character of AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST and its Publishers' purposes, is also true of
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EDWARD EGGLESTON,
who now gives his entire service to our publications, will begin in HEARTH AND HOME, in the number of September 30th, a story sharply illustrative of Western life, *illustrated*, entitled
"The Hoosier Schoolmaster,"
the scene being laid in "Hoopole" County, Indiana.
Newsmen should order largely to meet the demand.
Every head of a FAMILY would DO WELL to buy this week's number of HEARTH AND HOME for EIGHT CENTS. They would DO BETTER to subscribe for it THREE MONTHS for ONE DOLLAR, or ONE YEAR for THREE DOLLARS.
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The subscription price of **Hearth and Home** is $3 a year. One copy each of **American Agriculturist** (Monthly) and **Hearth and Home** (Weekly) will be sent one year for $4, and 32 cents extra when to go to British America.
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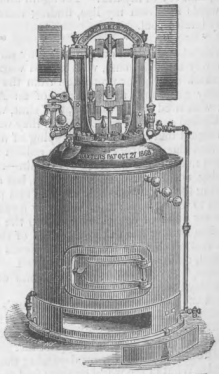
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

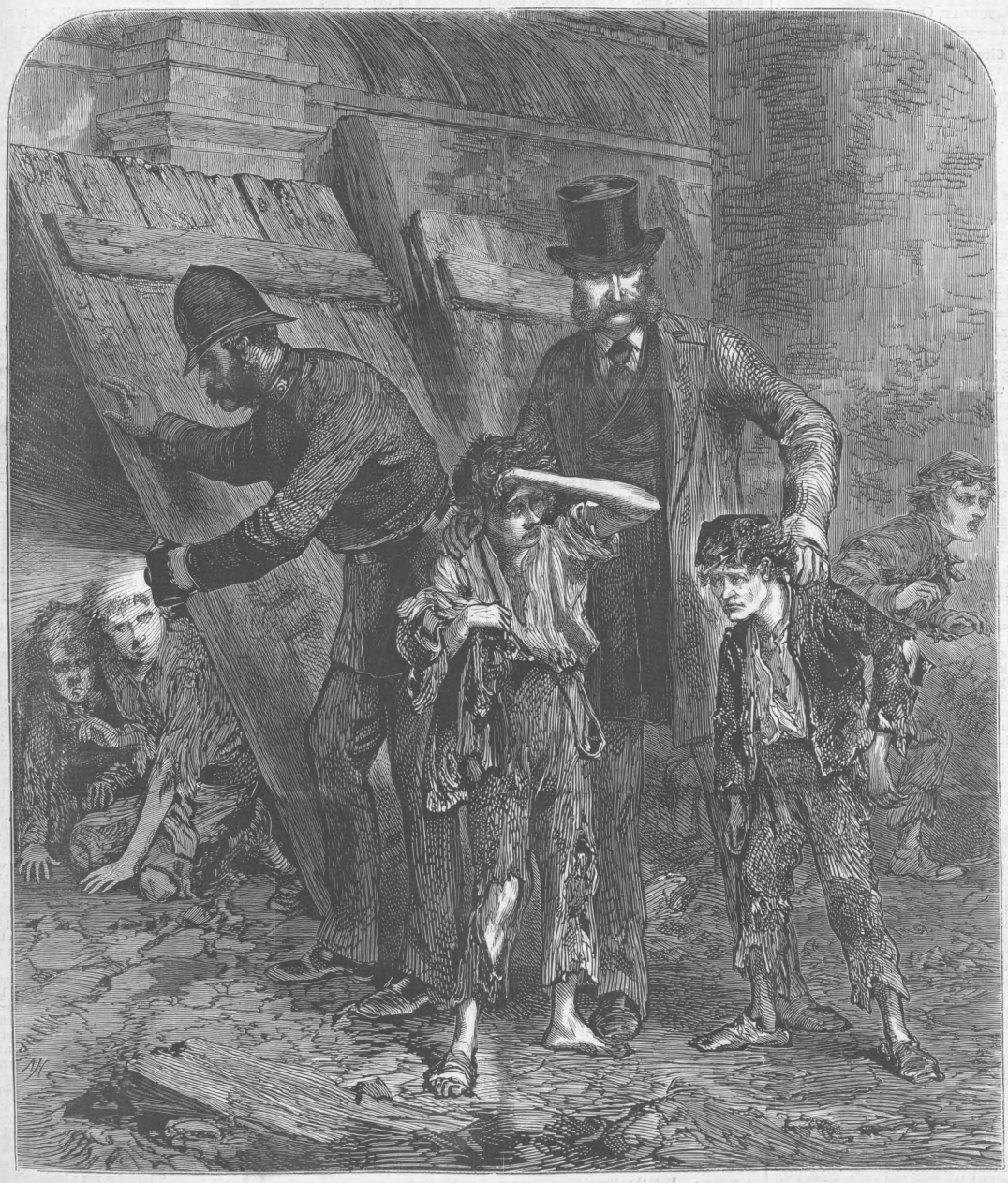
VOL. XV.—No. 771.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1871. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1871, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

A SCHOOL-BOARD CAPTURE.

THE English Elementary Education Act contains several features which perhaps might be to advantage incorporated in our own school laws. Among other sensible provisions there is one, to be put in force at the discretion of the local school boards, for compelling the attendance at school of children not otherwise learning or working. The justice and wisdom of such legislation had been established by sound argument and sad practical experience, which proved that the community suffers a huge amount of mischief in every way from the idleness and ignorance, too readily seduced to positive crime, so frightfully prevailing among the poor, neglected youth of large towns. In London society has been obliged in self-defense to resolve on the application of a forcible treatment to remedy this growing evil, and the operations of the School Board of that city have already been extended to the apprehension of vagrant boys and their committal to the industrial schools.

The officer employed by the board in this service is an ex-policeman, well acquainted with the haunts and habits of juvenile vagrants. He knows exactly when and where to lay hold upon those most in need of attention. He has been accustomed now and then to seek them, with a police constable to aid him, at a very early hour of the morning, some time before daybreak, in those nooks and corners of the great city where they are apt to lie down and find the wretched shelter of the outcast—in railway arches or beside the abutment piers of bridges, or in the sheds of building-yards, or in the cellars of un-



A LONDON SCHOOL-BOARD CAPTURE.

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finished houses, or wherever the homeless offspring of destitute poverty may stealthily creep.

The illustration on our first page this week shows such a capture at three o'clock in the morning. The abject figures, the tattered and dirty attire, the cowering attitudes—half terrified, half guilty—the faces prematurely sharpened by want, and probably also by wickedness, of these poor little fellows can not be overdrawn. They will certainly be much better off when delivered to the tender mercies of a judicious school-master than they have ever been while left to enjoy their fatal freedom,

When wild in *streets* the noble savage ran.

In Prussia this system has been in force for many years, and with the best results. In that country no person can grow up ignorant of the elementary branches of education, as every boy and girl is compelled to attend school a certain part of every year, and the consequence is that Prussia has no ignorant class of people within her borders. The whole nation is intelligent. The practical worth of this national characteristic was signally displayed during the late war with France, when an educated and intelligent people came into conflict with one not less brave but less educated and less intelligent as a nation, and defeated them as no nation was ever defeated before. It is worth while to inquire whether similar legislation could not be advantageously adopted in the several States of this Union.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1871.

Circulation 135,000 Copies.

"POOR MISS FINCH,"

a new and beautifully illustrated serial story, by

WILKIE COLLINS,

author of "The Woman in White," "The Moonstone," etc., was commenced in HARPER'S WEEKLY for September 2.

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☞ *In the varied and interesting Eight-page* SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *will be found a powerful Political Cartoon, entitled*

THE MODERN LAOCOÖN,

illustrating the power of the Press in the crushing of the Tammany Ring; a page of humorous illustrations, selected from NAST'S *forthcoming* ALMANAC *for* 1872; *a splendid Historical Picture,*

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THE EVIL AND THE REMEDY.

MR. GREELEY has written an interesting paper in the *Galaxy* upon the "one-term principle," advocating the ineligibility of the President for re-election. It is a discussion which is of greater point, however, at the beginning than at the end of any particular Presidential term, because at the end the mischief suggested will have been done. The change proposed is one of the devices to avoid the dangers of political corruption, the argument being that a President who wishes to be renominated will devote his first term to securing a second, and will make appointments to office to serve his personal interests, and not the public welfare. But the *Nation*, in considering the subject, very properly remarks that the remedy of a "one-term principle" is inadequate to the evil. In truth, the difficulty is not the abuse of patronage, but patronage itself. If a President abuses his appointing power, it is in strict obedience to the established tradition, and to a very general and serious conviction, that the offices belong to the party. And even in the abuse a President never acts independently, but in concert with party leaders, and with a view to the unity of the party upon which he depends for re-election. And this is the chief evil—the theory that civil appointments to the inferior offices are to be made for the benefit of a party, and not for the public welfare.

If a President were ineligible for a second term, he would still use the patronage for the benefit of his party and of his own candidate for the succession. During his first term General JACKSON manipulated the public service for himself: during his second, for his friend VAN BUREN. The injury to the country by direct corruption and by demoralization is as great and baneful whether the patronage is used for the benefit of a party or for that of a party candidate. And the reason that the President would not be independent is not only his own party and personal preferences, but that Congress, which has practically usurped the executive prerogative of appointment, would defeat his administration if he did not yield to its will. If, therefore, the one-term principle is to be applied to the President, still more should it be applied to Congress. But even this extension of the proposition would not reach the difficulty. The remedy must be adapted to the disease: and the civil service reform, which Mr. GREELEY wisely extols in his article, and which the *Tribune* ably advocates, and upon the true ground, strikes at the very root of bitterness in our politics. "Abolish patronage altogether," says the *Tribune*; "give the place to the best man, and let him stay in it as long as he discharges the duties faithfully." And the Republican Conventions of New Jersey and Maryland, echoing those of Ohio and Wisconsin, declare that appointments to office should be determined by "fitness and character, and that removals should be made for cause only." This is better than a one-term principle. For what is the real difficulty?

A Presidential election is now a fierce contest for plunder. It is a struggle for the control of the three or four hundred millions of dollars which are to be yearly raised and spent. The objective point of the election, therefore, is the offices, through which this money is collected and disbursed; and it has become the popular creed that the successful party has "a right" to the offices. Thus party interest has taken the place of the public welfare as a political motive; and the civil service being regarded as the spoils of victory, it is logically held that those who have fought hardest shall be most richly rewarded. So fixed is this feeling that to advocate the reform of a system at once so fatal to private honesty and to the public welfare—a system which is intrinsically inconsistent with the progress and permanence of popular government—is derided as disloyalty to party, or mere theoretical folly. It is not believed possible to organize a party or to act effectively as partisans without the prospect of plunder. In mere military armies, indeed, pillage is now forbidden, and to attempt to stimulate the fidelity or activity of an officer or soldier by promising him "booty and beauty" is to insult him grossly. But in the political army we know generals of division and field-marshals who gravely assert that faithful and efficient service is not to be expected without the promise of illimitable loot.

The plain peril of the country, then, being the ferocity of party spirit, and that ferocity being excited by the hope and prospect of patronage, which is the decorous name for plunder, it is very evident what the remedy must be. It is the destruction of patronage. Destroy that, and the motive for the justly alarming fury of every Presidential election is removed; and with the removal comes greater economy and honesty in the public service. If the honorable member from the pot-house declares that patronage can't be abolished, he may be reminded that the youngest men in this country heard exactly the same remark from the same quarter, and from much higher quarters, in regard to slavery. But we see what we see. Many political evils are great, but none are yet proved to be insuperable. What is practicable and economical and reasonable in other countries, as they advance toward our fundamental principles, is not visionary or foolish here. Indeed, the most ridiculous of all figures is an American citizen who professes to believe our own political system superior to all others, and who holds it to be an integral part of that system that an election shall be a desperate fight for plunder.

An election is properly a decision by the people that a certain political policy, under officers necessary to its enforcement, shall prevail. It is not a decision that honest and efficient porters and clerks and watchmen and book-keepers shall lose their places. Now this is a difficulty which is not remedied by electing a President for one term only. In that case, indeed, he will not remove those officers in the hope of securing his own re-election, but he will remove them to propitiate party leaders, and in obedience to presumed party exigencies, and to secure support for his measures in Congress. With a one-term principle the civil service would still be a system of political barter. The present theory of administration would be unchanged. On the other hand, when the system is reformed, Congress will resume its legitimate function of legislation, and the occupation of the President will not be the attempted settlement of endless quarrels between the ins and outs, but the prompt and economical administration of the government by officers appointed for their character and capacity. And such a President certainly ought not to be made ineligible. If the present civil service system is to continue forever, the one-term principle would not even touch the difficulty which it seeks to remove. But the Republican Conventions and the *Tribune* have touched it in proposing the abolition of patronage.

THE LESSON OF THE DAY IN NEW YORK.

THE contest in the city of New York between public virtue and official rascality, of which we spoke last week, still continues as we write, but with fair prospects of a good result. Indeed, it seems now as if we were to owe to the courage and skill of a single journal a vindication of the great principle of our popular system in the very place where the failure of that principle had been almost conceded. It was generally acknowledged that popular government in the city of New York was a failure, and the reason alleged was that intelligence and conscience could not contend with unscrupulous smartness and money; and certainly the facts seemed to justify the despair. That unscrupulous smartness and money had established in the city an imperial despotism as coarse and brutal as it was absolute. It contemptuously smoothed up the public parks for the people with the money it stole from them; and so utter was the popular subjugation that even intelligent men could be heard congratulating themselves that their masters permitted them to have clean paths and hyacinths about the City Hall. The despotism owned judges, commissions, and newspapers. The journals that boasted loudest of their independence wore the heaviest chains of the empire; and honest men despised the press because of the flippant venality of such papers. The silence which the imperial Ring could not buy it sought to impose by terror.

Some few papers, however, still withstood its hand: and that its evil power might be perfect, one of its members—the present Mayor—suggested last spring what was known as the Code Amendment, the consequence of which would have been that when he or his confederates were guilty of any peculiarly enormous offense the Ring courts would justify it; and if one of the hostile papers exposed it to public condemnation, the editor would be summarily held at the mercy of the judge. This last iniquity the Governor, although he was the creation of the Ring, declined to sanction, and he is understood to have been under suspicion from that moment. So hopeless was relief that there were those who began to excuse the monstrous and virtually irresponsible power by suggesting that the Ring government was not so bad after all. Possibly there had been some sharp practice, but who is perfect? Probably the Ring leaders, being now gorged with booty, would be willing to live cleanly. LAIS was, perhaps, tired of debauchery, and would marry and settle down an honest woman.

The situation of the city of New York six months ago was the most fatal argument against popular government, because it was the proof that all the worst vices and forms of a despotism were compatible with a popular system even in a new country, and with its enormous advantages. To-day that argument has apparently lost its force. "At precisely twelve o'clock," says the account of an old sea-fight, "a single shot from the admiral's ship began the battle." The New York *Times* published the story of INGERSOLL'S payments, exposure followed exposure, indignation kindled indignation. The whole city, the whole country, were roused, and in less than two months men of all parties had combined; the vulgar New York empire had its Sedan, like its vulgar French prototype: its newspaper organs were left mowing and gibbering. An honest man was in the Controller's office, and with a committee of citizens was scrutinizing the accounts. Those who had yielded to the tyranny were disgraced forever, and those who had steadily opposed it felt their faith in the intelligence and conscience of the people renewed and reassured.

There could be no more significant spectacle than the futile wriggling of the chiefs of the imperial conspiracy against the people. The Mayor was simply silly, and the Corporation Counsel, who airily remarked in a Tammany speech last year that the real force in every government was a Ring, advised the foolish Mayor that "expediency and sound policy" suggested that he should not try to save this particular Ring which the hand of the people was breaking. "Such," says the moralist, "are the vicissitudes of human destiny." Six months ago this Tammany Ring was a supreme tyranny, so firmly planted that it was supposed nothing short of civil war could overthrow it. It was even suggested by some zealous but short-sighted citizens that a vigilance committee should be appointed to root out the offenders, as the city of San Francisco was once cleared of public miscreants. But the appeal of a newspaper to the public honor and heroism has demonstrated that even in this city, exceptionally peopled, and in which party discipline is most inexorable, there is patriotism, courage, and skill enough to right enormous wrongs without civil tumult or appeal to force; thereby, as we now trust the issue will prove, vindicating the power of our popular system to deal successfully, lawfully, and peacefully with the most desperate civil tyranny and corruption. In the history of the press this will not be accounted the least of its great services.

OLD AND NEW ST. PAULS.

DURING the discussion before the nomination of Governor in Massachusetts there was a very general misunderstanding of the occasional reference to the former political sympathies of General BUTLER. "What if he was a Democrat before the war!" was the indignant exclamation. "Were not hundreds of the best Republicans formerly Democrats? Wasn't PAUL a full-grown man when he persecuted the Christians? Did not two-thirds of the later Free-soil party work zealously at an earlier day for CLAY or POLK, both of them slave-holders? Suppose that BUTLER was a Democrat, and denounced JOHN BROWN as a scoundrel, and tried to push his friends into the power of the slave lords, and wanted JEFFERSON DAVIS for President, did he not hang MUMFORD, and occupy Baltimore, and keep New York quiet at the election of '64? Let us give thanks that he and others like him were converted from error, and brought forth works meet for repentance."

This is all very well, but it is not to the point. It is no reproach to a saint that he was once a sinner. But the point to ascertain is his saintship. PAUL was certainly a good Christian, although he had persecuted the confessors; and, to mention no other of equally honored names, Mr. BRYANT is one of the most representative of Republicans, although he was formerly a Democrat. The difficulty with PAUL BUTLER, however, is too deep for the remonstrance to dispose of. It is simply a difficulty of character. He was a sinner by common consent. But is he a saint? If PAUL as a Jew had not been respected, PAUL as a Christian would never have been a saint. And if he is not reproached as a Jew, it is because he was strictly honest; and when he became a Christian, it was trust in his honesty which saved him from suspicion. But the Lowell and Essex PAUL was not respected before his conversion, and why should he be after? His vehemence and protestation and assertion are of no importance. What is wanted is character, not a gale of wind; and this the modern PAUL can not supply. In one word, General St. PAUL BUTLER does not inspire confidence. Why, then, should we be told of his red-hot radicalism?

But if the earlier PAUL, having changed from a "desartless" Jew to a suspicious Christian, had attempted to carry an election by taunting the oldest and most courageous Christians with shrinking from martyrdom—if he had said, "When I came to throw you to the lions, and to bore your eyes with hot gimlets, you flinched like cowardly rascals," and if it were all a barefaced lie, would it have been unfair to remind the people not only that it was false, but that the man who said it *was* one of the chief persecutors, and had *not* become a saint by joining the winning side? For ourselves, when General BUTLER—whose respect for JOHN BROWN and the cause of the slave those may trust who will—slanders the courage of the most unfaltering of the original antislavery men, we shall not cease to remember, not only that at the time when he charges that they flinched he was a "grown man" trying to throttle the genius of liberty and to crush the conscience of his State, but that he was also a grown man whom honest men did not respect.

That is the difference between the ancient and the modern PAUL. When it is alleged that the latter voted for JEFFERSON DAVIS for President, the implication is that he would vote for him now if he thought it for his personal advantage. No Republican cares whether his fellow-Republican was a Whig or a Democrat if he only trusts his sincerity. But if he doubts that, he doubts his Republicanism. And nothing was more remarkable in the warm contest that preceded the Massachusetts Convention than the utter indifference to character which was betrayed by so many good men. Apparently if JEFFERSON DAVIS should only vehemently profess to be a radical, they would give glory to God for St. PAUL number three, and vote for him for President as persistently as St. PAUL number two voted for him at Charleston in 1860. Massachusetts BUTLER Republicans may study the consequences of confiding in "smart" and "knowing" and "dashing" men in politics in the career of the Tammany Ring in New York. We wonder if the Republicans who are so proud of General BUTLER'S radicalism ever heard of the generosity of Grimenius? Let them ponder the story:

"Grimenius was a lovely lad;
He gave away twice what he had;
The balance then divided he
Between the old town pump and me."

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HAVE WE CATILINES AMONG US?

"If you allow a single successful political or religious thief and swindler to go unpunished and shine before the people, his nefarious example will paralyze and counterbalance the work of ten thousand churches!" So says a German commenting upon the revelations in the Tammany Ring: and we remember what one of the most eloquent of orators said, recognizing the same truth, that he might denounce vice in the abstract forever without effect, but if he remarked that when he said moral meanness and cowardice, he meant the Honorable Peter Quince, his words made the most salutary impression upon young men. There are plenty of men who say of certain notorious persons, "Oh no; he isn't very honest, but he is awful smart;" and the manner and tone of the remark show plainly enough that admiration of the smartness is a much deeper feeling than censure of the dishonesty.

But every real rascal is smart. There can be no great and successful knave without ability. A man can not even be a murderer without some bravery. And if smartness is to condone rascality in our estimates of men, we shall, of course, be glad to see our children scoundrels. If a skillful pickpocket should live in a splendid style, drive a flashing equipage, hire bands of music, and blaze at a watering-place with vulgar ostentation, should we all smile, and swear that he carried himself jauntily, and that if he were not very honest, yet he did empty his neighbors' pockets with irresistible impudence? But that is what we do, whether we suppose that we would do so or not. There are many young men who would be perfectly willing to pick pockets if they could enrich themselves so enormously. They would not, indeed, care to make the same show in living; but their willingness to commit the crimes that give the means of such living comes from the good-humored, contemptuous toleration of the offenders.

There was a judge in New York who was justly of the worst reputation. Of course he pushed for recognition whenever he could; and one day a gentleman saw him at a public table with a distinguished lawyer. The judge sent his wine to the distinguished lawyer, who filled his glass, bowed, and before the whole company drank the health of the unjust judge. The gentleman afterward asked the lawyer if he was socially intimate with the judge. "Sir," replied the lawyer, indignantly, "I wouldn't have him in my house." "Why, then, do you drink his wine at a public table?" "Ah!" replied the lawyer, shrugging his shoulders, "we don't know what may happen, and we'd better be on good terms with the bench." Now as the lawyer's son saw that a man lost no social recognition by being a scoundrel, he would certainly be strongly tempted not to think ill of scoundrelism. There are men socially branded through life for attempting to cheat at cards. But there are others who constantly cheat in stocks who are socially recognized. Why do gentlemen permit themselves to be associated with knaves in the one case whom they condemn in the other? Is it upon the theory that to steal ten dollars is contemptible, but to swindle millions is imposing and admirable?

There are men whom we could all name who are notoriously dishonest. There may be a great deal of circumlocution in saying it, but that is the substance of the matter when said. For their own purposes these men, engaging in great enterprises, associate honest and reputable men with them as blinds and decoys, trusting that the sure profit of the operation will bribe the honest men to acquiescence. How many honest and reputable men we could all name who are taken in this open trap! And when they step into it they betray youth and ruin character. When business men suffer their names to be associated as directors with noted rascals, whatever their position and however concealed the rascality—or when lawyers consort socially with shysters and dishonest professional brethren, however rich or clever or conspicuous those brethren may be, they all conspire against society as CATILINE conspired against Rome, but unwittingly. They are the corruptors of youth; and their example, as the German observer truly says, counterbalances the teachings of ten thousand churches.

GIN.

WE believe that the "Anti-dram-shop Party," as it prefers to be called, polled last year in this State less than two thousand votes. Of course that number does not include all who are in favor of temperance legislation, even to the point of prohibition. The small actual vote was due to want of proper organization, and to the general feeling that, great as are the unhappiness and loss produced by intemperance, it is impossible, in the present state of feeling in the country, to rally a great party upon that sole issue. The aggregate temperance vote of this State is estimated, by those familiar with the subject, at not less than two hundred thousand; and that no more imposing political organization is made by them seems to show their unwillingness to abandon their present party allegiance for the doubtful chance of separate action. Of course that is a risk which must often be taken. We are only now saying that facts show the time for the temperance secession not to have arrived.

Meanwhile the question of prohibition is one of expediency merely. The substantial point is conceded when it is universally agreed that licensing is desirable and proper. The Massachusetts Democratic Convention recently resolved that it regarded the prohibitory law as "an odious interference with personal liberty." But why is the sale of liquor restrained by license? Because society has a right to protect itself to any degree from the unnecessary burdens which it thinks would be laid upon it by the free sale of intoxicating liquor. If, then, it should choose to relieve itself of the burden still further, its right to do so could be denied only for reasons that would invalidate licensing. A license which adds to the cost of a glass of rum is, in the words of the Massachusetts resolution, an odious interference with the liberty of the drinker to buy his drink upon the same terms with his food. It is liable to the same kind of objection which the free-traders urge against a protective tariff.

But the restriction of the license is not likely to be abolished. Indeed, in England, the whole question is urgently pressed upon the consideration of thoughtful men by the ever growing and threatening problem of pauperism, behind which lies the other question—the seed of the social revolution of the future—that of the relation of capital and labor. Indeed, the facts of the case in England, as presented by Mr. BIGELOW in his late pamphlet upon hereditary monarchy in France, are very impressive. Thus, if the average of the four years before 1870 of expenditures for intoxicating drinks in England were maintained during 1870, the amount for the last five years would be £564,952,750. And deducting the sixty-four odd millions for the reasonable and salutary demand, it leaves twenty-five hundreds of millions of dollars spent for liquor in five years—which raised the poor and police rates last year to £13,541,827, which withdraws from productive industry 186,096 persons, or one from every thirty-three houses in the kingdom, "to deal its damnation out to the consumers, and which enfeebles, degrades, and corrupts the race." Mr. BIGELOW adds that when Germany demanded £500,000,000 sterling as indemnity it was thought the monstrous extortion of a conqueror; yet England deliberately accepts an equal burden, not once in a century, but for every five years.

These figures begin to startle. The London *Times* warns the publicans that they must submit to some kind of restrictive legislation. It asserts that "the evils, direct and indirect, of intemperance are so manifest as to hurry one public man after another into a policy of repression at all hazards," and says that "the present consumption of intoxicating liquors is twice what it ought to be, and that the present profits of the trade simply express public loss, and are incompatible with public welfare." While five hundred millions of pounds are lost in liquor every five years, paupers increase in England at the rate of about two millions of persons; and should the present rate continue, in another ten years one-sixth of the present ratio of population in the United Kingdom will be paupers. These are the facts which make the situation of England so grave, and which justify the expectation of decided "temperance legislation" by Parliament.

PERSONAL.

THE HON. MILLARD FILLMORE has been spending a few days among his old friends in this city. Although he has exceeded by one year the Scriptural threescore-and-ten, he is nevertheless in full health. It is just fifty years since Mr. FILLMORE removed to Buffalo and commenced the study of law. For four years previously he had been an apprentice to the wool-carding business. His political career commenced with his election to the State Assembly in 1829. In 1832 he was elected to Congress, in which body he served eight years. In 1847 he was elected Controller, and in 1848 Vice-President. In July, 1850, by the death of President TAYLOR, he became President, his term expiring March 4, 1853. In every relation of life Mr. FILLMORE has enjoyed the respect of his fellow-citizens. Politically no taint of "irregularity" or jobbery ever attached to him. In private life no man has been more irreproachable.

—M. CATACAZY, the Russian minister, has engaged the whole southern part of the Clarendon Hotel as the quarters of the Grand Duke ALEXIS and suit during their stay in this city. This part of the hotel was formerly a private dwelling, and can, if necessary, be entirely separated from the remainder of the building. Cunning workmen are now engaged in furbishing up the apartments in style suitable for so tremendous a prince as he is conceded to be. The grand committee on reception are looking after the court-plastering, tables, beds, and things of cognate necessity. He is to be made perfectly comfortable, regardless, etc., etc., etc.

—Of Parson BROWNLOW the Knoxville *Chronicle* says: "He was out yesterday enjoying the fine autumn atmosphere by taking a drive around town in his carriage. His many friends will be pleased to hear of his continued good health. While Democratic politicians who want his place in the Senate are waiting for his demise with ill-concealed impatience, he clings to life with tenacity, seeming to regard it as a sacred duty to disappoint them."

—An interesting archæological expedition is about to be made to Asia Minor, under the direction of Professor CURTIUS, assisted by an officer of high rank in the engineers. As it is proposed to explore some parts of the coast which are seldom visited, the imperial government of Germany will lend a gun-boat for the occasion. Professor ADLER will accompany the expedition as architect. He has been commissioned to draw up the plans for the restoration of the Church of the Knights of St. John at Jerusalem, which the sultan presented to the King of Prussia two years ago. Professor CURTIUS will commence his investigations at the plain of Troy. He does not propose to extend them beyond two months.

—Governor SEWARD has been having as pleasant a time in Paris as his physical infirmities could permit. His intellect is as clear as ever, but his bodily vigor is giving way. He is so badly paralyzed in both arms that he can not help himself at table.

—JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE professes to have entirely abandoned politics, and is now one of the hardest-working lawyers in Kentucky, with a very remunerative practice.

—Of the present condition of Mr. JOHN BRIGHT, Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY says: "His physical and mental state is simply this. He is as well as he ever was, and will remain so as long as he is content to wholly abstain from any mental exertion whatever. But if he should once break this condition, and begin even to think of political affairs, his mind would be gone again in a week. He is like a man who has sprained his arm; who has recovered from that injury sufficiently to use his knife and fork; but who, should he attempt to wield a cricket bat, would find his arm drop useless by his side. The bodily health of Mr. BRIGHT is perfectly good; his mental health is also perfectly good on the condition that he does not use his mind. There is no prospect that he will ever reappear in public life; his career is over. This is the second mental attack to which he has been subjected, and his physicians have told him that he could not recover from a third one."

—An American gentleman of high social position, recently returned from Europe, who has long been on terms of intimacy with LOUIS NAPOLEON, says that the ex-emperor believes in his early restoration, that the government of M. THIERS is regarded as a mere make-shift, and that his death at this time would be followed by another revolution. GAMBETTA is looked upon as an ambitious, intriguing, able man. BAZAINE waits for history to justify him.

—Among recent college changes we notice the following at Princeton: Dr. WELLING has resigned the chair of English literature to accept the presidency of Columbian College, District of Columbia. His successor has not been appointed. Rev. T. W. HUNT, formerly tutor of *belles-lettres*, resigned to go abroad to complete his studies, and Mr. E. M. TURNER, tutor of Greek, has been appointed his successor. Mr. W. C. ROMMELL, of the class of '68, and a member of the Theological Seminary, has been appointed Greek tutor.

—A gentleman who has recently visited Monticello, famous as the residence of THOMAS JEFFERSON, says the mansion is nothing but a heap of ruins, rotting and tumbling into decay. The estate comprises about 350 acres, and is now in litigation, having been confiscated by the Confederate government, and bought in by a citizen of Charlottesville. The stone over Mr. JEFFERSON'S grave is a ruin, like the house, relic hunters having chipped into it until the very shape of the original obelisk is destroyed.

—Pope PIUS, notwithstanding having overlapped the Catholic legend that "no pope shall exceed the years of Peter," continues to be in excellent health, and promises well for some years of occupancy of the papal throne. Should he live twenty years longer he would then only reach the age of his grandfather. It is a saying in his family that "a MASTAI FERRETTI dies young when he dies at ninety years."

—The Emperor of Brazil, when in London, promised the sisters of GOTTSCHALK that he would look after the manuscripts, literary and musical, of their deceased brother. It is known that GOTTSCHALK left a thousand pages of autobiography, and as he was both intelligent and agreeable, and mixed on very friendly terms with clever people in every phase of society, he could scarcely fail to have jotted down much that would interest people.

—EMILE OLLIVIER has expatriated himself from France avowedly never to return. He has put up his sign in Turin as a lawyer, and by the practice of his profession hopes to gain a livelihood. Although only forty-six, M. OLLIVIER has achieved distinction at the bar and in the Chamber of Deputies. He has published numerous judicial works, and was chosen by the ex-emperor as arbitrator of the difficulties which arose relative to the isthmus of Suez, and it was upon his report that the final decision was founded.

—It is perhaps a little singular that among the several portraits of JAMES FENIMORE COOPER—by the late Mr. ELLIOTT and others—none have, on the whole, represented him as he appeared in his later years so satisfactorily to his friends as one lately finished by an amateur, a comparative novice in the art—Rev. ALBERT BIGELOW, of Buffalo. This gentleman, long a pastor in Western New York, and now secretary of that district of the American Seamen's Friend Society, having been obliged by ill health and partial loss of hearing to suspend pastoral labor, and having a strong natural taste for the fine arts, took up the brush as a pastime in his hours of recreation. Falling in with FRANK CARPENTER, who painted the Lincoln "Emancipation Proclamation," he was greatly encouraged by valuable hints from Mr. C., who sat to him for his own portrait. His success in this led to a request from a connection of Mr. COOPER'S that he would copy one of the family portraits of that author, which had been painted from BRADY'S photograph and other sources. After examining these Mr. BIGELOW proposed, at his own risk, to try an original instead of a copy, which was gladly accepted, as in several respects superior to any yet painted, having a placid expression of thoughtful repose, which it has been found impracticable to fully preserve in the transfers from the canvas to the photograph and engraver's block.

—A Sir EDWARD SULLIVAN, who seems to have something like a prejudice against the Premier of England, has taken the pains to contrast him with the Premier of Prussia, and puts it in print in this style: "Never since God placed man on the earth have two such antagonistic specimens of conspicuous genius ever contended in the political arena as the Prime Ministers of Prussia and England. Bold, outspoken, tenacious, jovial, concise, inflexible in argument as in purpose; imbued with hard common-sense, and with a fixed will that nothing changes; going straight to his point with a determination that no opposition can divert—Prince BISMARCK offers the complete opposite in every respect to the restless enthusiast who, impulsive as a woman, unstable as water, startles friends and foes alike with the fierce petulancy of incessant conversions."

—Speaking of Lord JOHN RUSSELL, we have seen nothing in the way of courtly description superior to the following, in the New York *Standard:* "Any body who ever saw Lord JOHN RUSSELL might well believe he was destined to reach the age of METHUSELAH. He's a little, weazen-faced, withered, shrunken-up old chap, and, in his big baggy clothes, reminds one of a hazel-nut shriveled in its shell. But he is as full of life as an egg is of meat; and perhaps one of the most remarkable proofs of this vitality is the vigor with which he habitually uses his nasal organ just before rising to speak. After having taken several reefs in an enormous bandana handkerchief, he envelops his nose in its folds, applies both hands, and gives such an unapproachable blast, accompanied by a spasmodic movement of the whole body, that it seems as if his little frame would fly apart in all directions from the sheer violence of the convulsion. When he sits down he retires beneath the shadow of a monstrous brimmed hat, cocks his knees up against the desk or table in front of him, buries his head in his breast, and, to all appearances, becomes the very embodiment of profound resignation."

—The library of Mr. A. T. STEWART'S new residence is one of its most attractive rooms. It occupies the entire Fifth Avenue front, and is 24 by 47 feet in size. It contains eight massive book-cases of American and French walnut, surmounted with allegorical figures representing, respectively, Sculpture, Commerce, Agriculture, Science, Poetry, Music, War, and Art. Two library tables and twelve arm-chairs, finished in harmony with the book-cases, complete the adornments of this beautiful apartment.

—A memoir of the late Chief Justice TANEY, of the United States, who administered the oath of office to nine Presidents and Vice-Presidents, is in preparation by a member of the bar of Maryland. Judge TANEY, younger than LUTHER MARTIN—younger, though not much, than WIRT, and PINCKNEY, and WALTER JONES—he was a contemporary of all, and the names of JOHNSON and WALLIS, and STEELE and CARLISLE, and BRADLEY and others, in our day, are those of still active men who remember him at the bar. As the contemporary of WIRT and PINCKNEY, he may be strictly described—and yet, if tradition speak sooth, how different were the three! All great, all learned, all full of the accomplishments of the law, two of them eloquent, and one of striking and showy literary pretension—there was but one of the three who had the peculiar intellectual tone which fitted him to be a great judge. He was fifty-eight when put upon the bench, and for nearly thirty years presided over the highest tribunal of the United States.

—Elder EVANS feels aggrieved that *Harper's Weekly* should have copied from a London illustrated paper the picture to be found in our number for September 23, entitled "Elder FREDERICK EVANS at Home." We copied the picture in good faith, knowing it to be from the hand of a distinguished artist, and supposing it to be a veritable sketch from life. Elder EVANS assures us, however, that it is simply a caricature, and that it was drawn with malicious intent.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE remains of President Lincoln were, on September 19, removed from their temporary vault to a permanent one in Oak Ridge Cemetery, Springfield, Illinois. The bodies of the two deceased children were also removed. No ceremonies were observed. Robert Lincoln was present, with several personal friends.

A movement has recently been made to enlist the entire Masonic fraternity of the country in finishing the Washington National Monument.

At a recent sale of arms and ammunition at Camp Douglas, Salt Lake City, the Mormon adjutant-general of militia purchased 1000 stand of arms and 150,000 fixed cartridges.

The funeral of the late Professor Mahan, of West Point, who recently committed suicide in a moment of temporary insanity, took place September 24. Professor Mahan was in his seventieth year.

Two thousand Indian warriors are said to be moving on the Plains. They have turned back the surveying party of the Northern Pacific Railroad. "Sitting Bull" is said to be at the head of this formidable array of Braves.

FOREIGN NEWS.

PRESIDENT THIERS is seriously indisposed.

Rochefort has been condemned to penal servitude for life.

A manifesto from the Count de Paris will shortly appear, adopting the Bourbon programme of the Count de Chambord.

Queen Victoria is suffering from an attack of rheumatism.

The General Transatlantic Company's steamship *Lafayette* was burned on Saturday, September 23, at her dock at Havre, where she had just arrived from New York. Her cargo was totally destroyed.

The Jesuits and certain agents of republicanism have been expelled from Rome by the Italian government.

The Roman Catholic residents of the town of Solothurn, Switzerland, have established a separate municipal government.

Twelve hundred Spanish troops have just been sent to Cuba, where the mortality among the soldiers is alarming.

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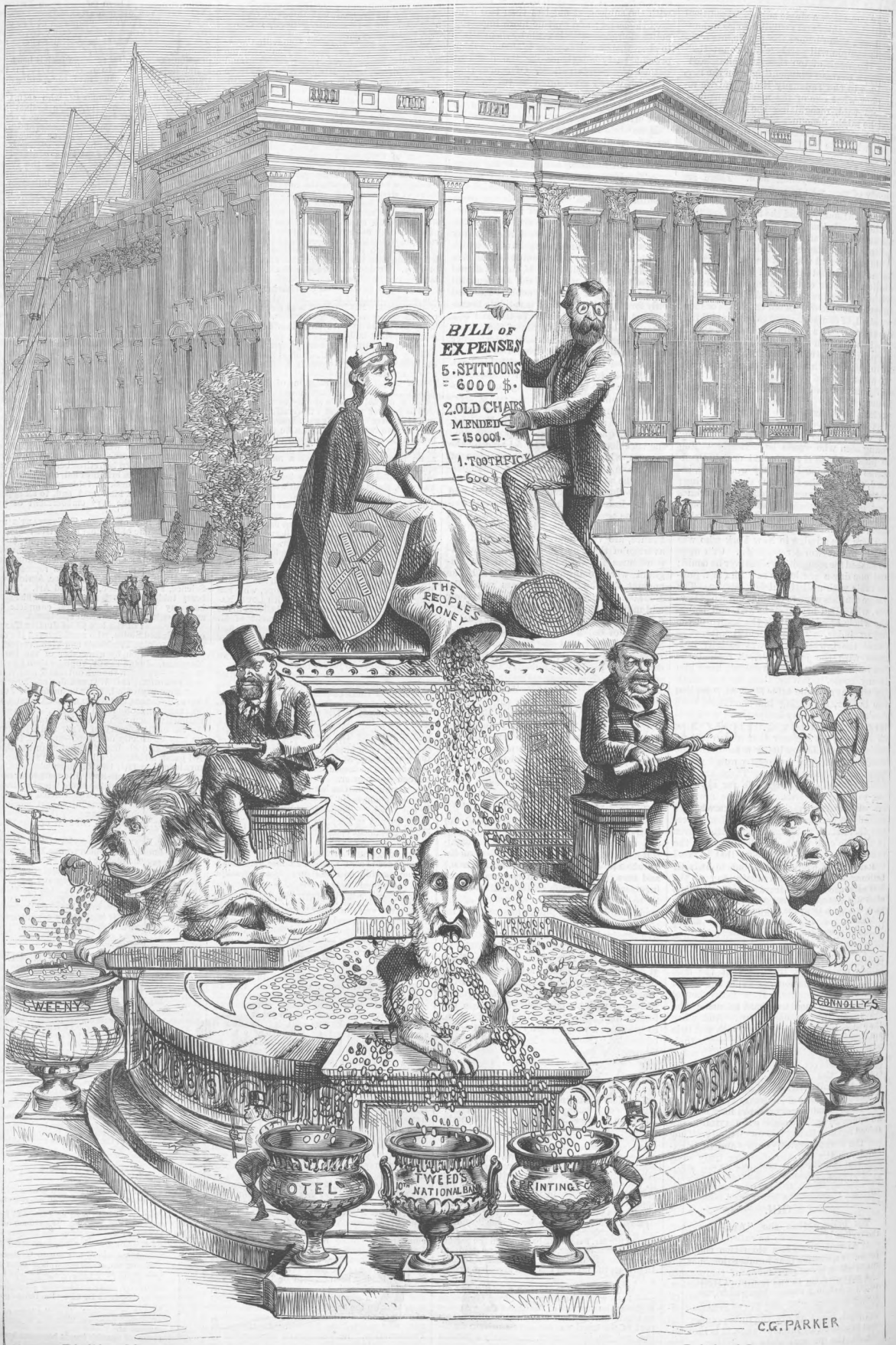

DESIGN FOR A PROPOSED MONUMENTAL FOUNTAIN IN THE CITY HALL PARK.

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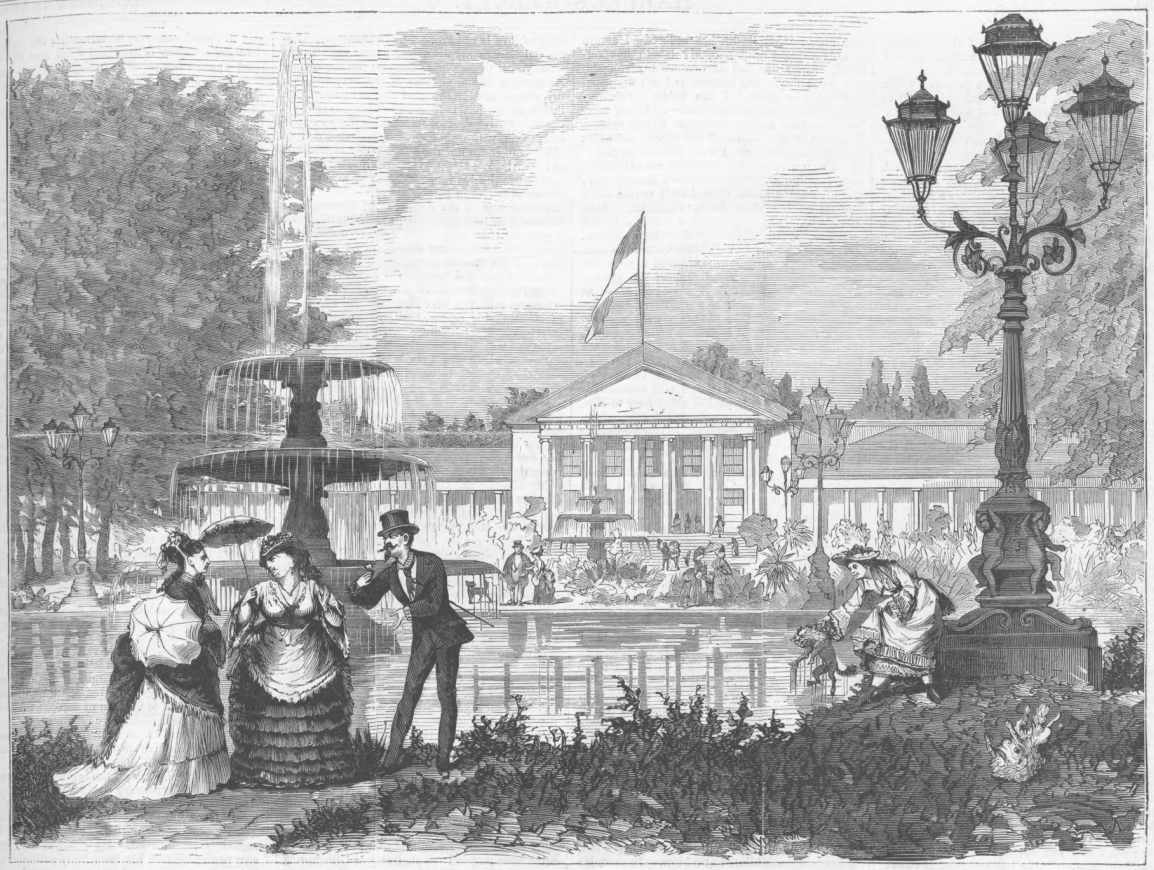

THE CURSAAL, OR GAMBLING HOUSE, WIESBADEN.—[SEE PAGE 938.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1871, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.]

POOR MISS FINCH.

A Domestic Story.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," "Man and Wife," etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS

CHAPTER THE SEVENTEENTH

WHAT DOES THE DOCTOR SAY?

BEFORE another word had been exchanged between us Lucilla entered the room. We looked at each other. If we could have spoken at that moment, I believe we should both have said, "Thank God, she is blind!"

"Have you all forgotten me?" she asked. "Oscar! where are you? What does the doctor say?"

She advanced into the room. In a moment more she would have stumbled against the prostrate man still writhing on the floor. I laid my hand on her arm and stopped her.

She suddenly caught my hand in hers. "Why did you tremble," she asked, "when you took me by the arm? Why are you trembling now?" Her delicate sense of touch was not to be deceived. I vainly denied that any thing had happened: my hand had betrayed me. "There is something wrong!" she exclaimed. "Oscar has not answered me."

The doctor came to my assistance.

"There is nothing to be alarmed about," he said. "Mr. Dubourg is not very well to-day."

She turned on the doctor with a sudden burst of anger.

"You are deceiving me!" she cried. "Something serious has happened to him. The truth! tell me the truth! Oh! it's shameful, it's heartless of both of you, to deceive a wretched blind creature like me!"

The doctor still hesitated. I told her the truth.

"Where is he?" she asked, seizing me by the two shoulders, and shaking me in the violence of her agitation.

I entreated her to wait a little; I tried to place her in a chair. She pushed me contemptuously away, and went down on the floor on her hands and knees. "I shall find him," she muttered; "I shall find him in spite of you!" She began to crawl over the floor, feeling the empty space before her with her hand. It was horrible. I followed her, and raised her again by main force.

"Don't struggle with her," said the doctor. "Let her come here. He is quiet now."

I looked at Oscar. The worst of it was over. He was exhausted—he was quite still now. The doctor's voice guided her to the place. She sat down by Oscar on the floor, and laid his head on her lap. The moment she touched him the same effect was produced on her which would be produced (if our eyes were bandaged) on you or me when the bandage was taken off. An instant sense of relief diffused itself through her whole being. She became her gentler and sweeter self again. "I am sorry I lost my temper," she said, with the simplicity of a child. "But you don't know how hard it is to be deceived when you are blind." She stooped as she said those words, and passed her handkerchief lightly over his forehead. "Doctor," she asked, "will this happen again?"

"I hope not."

"Are you sure not?"

"I can't say that."

"What has brought it on?"

"I am afraid the blow he received on the head has brought it on."

She asked no more questions: her eager face passed suddenly into a state of repose. Something seemed to have come into her mind—after the doctor's answer to her last question—which absorbed her in herself. When Oscar recovered his consciousness she left it to me to answer the first natural questions which he put. When he personally addressed her she spoke to him kindly but briefly. Something in her at that moment seemed to keep her apart even from *him*. When the doctor proposed taking him back to Browndown she did not insist, as I had anticipated, on going with them. She took leave of him tenderly—but still she let him go. While he yet lingered near the door, looking back at her, she moved away slowly to the further end of the room; self-withdrawn into her own dark world—shut up in her thoughts from him and from us.

The doctor tried to rouse her.

"You must not think too seriously of this," he said, following her to the window at which she stood, and dropping his voice so that Oscar could not hear him. "He has himself told you that he feels lighter and better than he felt before the fit. It has relieved instead of injuring him. There is no danger. I assure you, on my honor, there is nothing to fear."

"Can you assure me, on your honor, of one other thing," she asked, lowering her voice on her side: "can you honestly tell me that this is not the first of other fits that are to come?"

The doctor parried the question.

"We will have another medical opinion," he answered, "before we decide. The next time I go to see him a physician from Brighton shall go with me."

Oscar, who had thus far waited, wondering at the change in her, now opened the door. The doctor returned to him. They left us.

She sat down on the window-seat, with her elbows on her knees and her hands grasping her forehead. A long moaning cry burst from her. She said to herself bitterly the one word—"Farewell!"

I approached her, feeling the necessity of reminding her that I was in the room.

"Farewell to what?" I asked, taking my place by her side.

"To his happiness and to mine," she answered, without lifting her head from her hands. "The dark days are coming for Oscar and for me."

"Why should you think that? You heard what the doctor said."

"The doctor doesn't know what I know."

"What you know?"

She paused before she answered me. "Do you believe in Fate?" she said, suddenly breaking the silence.

"I believe in nothing which encourages people to despair of themselves," I replied.

She went on without heeding me.

"What caused the fit which seized him in this room? The blow that struck him on the head. How did he receive the blow? In trying to defend what was his and what was mine. What had he been doing on the day when the thieves entered the house? He had been working on the casket which was meant for me. Do you see those events linked together in one chain? I believe the fit will be followed by some next event springing out of it. Something else is coming to darken his life and to darken mine. There is no wedding-day near for *us*. The obstacles are rising in front of him and in front of me. The next misfortune is very near us. You will see! you will

"MR. FINCH STOPPED, HORROR-STRUCK AT HIS CONDITION."

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see!" She shivered as she said those words; and, shrinking away from me, huddled herself up in a corner of the window-seat.

It was useless to dispute with her, and worse than useless to sit there and encourage her to say more. I got up on my feet.

"There is one thing I believe in," I said, cheerfully. "I believe in the breeze on the hills. Come for a walk!"

She shrank closer into her corner and shook her head.

"Let me be!" she broke out, impatiently. "Leave me by myself!" She rose, repenting the words the moment they were uttered; she put her arm round my neck, and kissed me. "I didn't mean to speak so harshly," said the gentle, affectionate creature. "Sister! my heart is heavy. My life to come never looked so dark to my blind eyes as it looks now." A tear dropped from those poor sightless eyes on my cheek. She turned her head aside abruptly. "Forgive me," she murmured, "and let me go." Before I could answer she turned away to hide herself in her room. The sweet girl! How you would have pitied her—how you would have loved her!

I went out alone for my walk. She had not infected me with her superstitious forebodings of ill things to come. But there was one sad word that she had said in which I could not but agree. After what I had witnessed in that room, the wedding-day did, indeed, look further off than ever.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTEENTH.

FAMILY TROUBLES.

In four or five days more Lucilla's melancholy doubts about Oscar were confirmed. He was attacked by a second fit.

The promised consultation with the physician from Brighton took place. Our new doctor did not encourage us to hope. The second fit following so close on the first was, in his opinion, a bad sign. He gave general directions for the treatment of Oscar, and left him to decide for himself whether he would or would not try change of scene. No change, the physician appeared to think, would exert any immediate influence on the recurrence of the epileptic attacks. The patient's general health might be benefited, and that was all. As for the question of the marriage, he declared without hesitation that we must for the present dismiss all consideration of it from our minds.

Lucilla received the account of what passed at the visit of the doctors with a stubborn resignation which it distressed me to see. "Remember what I told you when the first attack seized him," she said. "Our summer-time is ended; our winter is come."

Her manner, while she spoke, was the manner of a person who is waiting without hope—who feels deliberately that calamity is near. She only roused herself when Oscar came in. He was, naturally enough, in miserable spirits under the sudden alteration in all his prospects. Lucilla did her best to cheer him, and succeeded. On my side, I tried vainly to persuade him to leave Browndown, and amuse himself in some gayer place. He shrank from new faces and new scenes. Between these two unelastic young people, I felt even my native good spirits beginning to sink. If we had been all three down in the bottom of a dry well in a wilderness, we could hardly have surveyed a more dismal prospect than the prospect we were contemplating now. By good luck Oscar, like Lucilla, was passionately fond of music. We turned to the piano as our best resource in those days of our adversity. Lucilla and I took it in turns to play, and Oscar listened. I have to report that we got through a great deal of music. I have also to acknowledge that we were very dull.

As for Reverend Finch, he talked his way through his share of the troubles that were trying us now at the full compass of his voice.

If you had heard the little priest in those days you would have supposed that nobody could feel our domestic misfortunes as *he* felt them, and grieve over them as *he* grieved. He was a sight to see on the day of the medical consultation, strutting up and down his wife's sitting-room, and haranguing his audience—composed of his wife and myself. Mrs. Finch sat in one corner, with the baby and the novel, and the petticoat and the shawl. I occupied the other corner, summoned to "consult with the rector." In plain words, summoned to hear Mr. Finch declare that he was the person principally overshadowed by the cloud which hung over the household.

"I despair, Madame Pratolungo—I assure you, I despair—of conveying any idea of how *I* feel under this most melancholy state of things. You have been very good; you have shown the sympathy of a true friend. But you can not possibly understand how this blow has fallen on Me. I am crushed. Madame Pratolungo" (he appealed to me, in my corner), "Mrs. Finch" (he appealed to his wife, in *her* corner), "I am crushed. There is no other word to express it but the wo.' I have used. Crushed." He stopped in the middle of the room. He looked expectantly at me—he looked expectantly at his wife. His face and manner said, plainly, "If both these women faint, I shall consider it a natural and becoming proceeding on their parts, after what I have just told them." I waited for the lead of the lady of the house. Mrs. Finch did *not* roll prostrate, with the baby and the novel, on the floor. Thus encouraged, I presumed to keep my seat. The rector stil waited for us. I looked as miserable as I could. Mrs. Finch cast her eyes unreverentially at her husband, as if she thought him the noblest of created beings, and silently put her handkerchief to her eyes. Mr. Finch was satisfied. Mr. Finch continued: "My health has suffered—I assure you, Madame Pratolungo, My health has suffered. Since this sad occurrence my stomach has given way. My balance is lost; my usual regularity is gone. I am subject—entirely through this miserable business—to fits of morbid appetite. I want things at wrong times—breakfast in the middle of the night; dinner at four in the morning. I want something now." Mr. Finch stopped, horror-struck at his condition, pondering with his eyebrows fiercely knit, and his hand pressed convulsively on the lower buttons of his rusty black waistcoat. Mrs. Finch's watery blue eyes looked across the room at me in a moist melancholy of conjugal distress. The rector, suddenly enlightened after his consultation with his stomach, strutted to the door, flung it wide open, and called down the kitchen stairs with a voice of thunder, "Poach me an egg!" He came back into the room, held another consultation, keeping his eyes severely fixed on me, strutted back in a furious hurry to the door, and bellowed a counter-order down the kitchen stairs, "No egg! Do me a red herring!" He came back for the second time, with his eyes closed and his hand laid distractedly on his head. He appealed alternately to Mrs. Finch and to me, "See for yourselves. Mrs. Finch! Madame Pratolungo! see for yourselves what a state I am in. It's simply pitiable. I hesitate about the most trifling things. First I think I want a poached egg; then I think I want a red herring; now I don't know what I want. Upon my word of honor as a clergyman and a gentleman, I don't know what I want! Morbid appetite all day; morbid wakefulness all night: what a condition! I can't rest. I disturb my wife at night. Mrs. Finch! I disturb you at night. How many times—since this misfortune fell upon us—do I turn in bed before I fall off to sleep? Eight times? Are you certain of it? Don't exaggerate! Are you certain you counted? Very well: good creature! I never remember—I assure you, Madame Pratolungo, I never remembet—such a complete upset as this before. The nearest approach to it was some years since—at my wife's last confinement but four. Mrs. Finch! was it at your last confinement but four? or your last but five? Your last but four? Are you sure? Are you certain you are not misleading our friend here? Very well. good creature! Pecuniary difficulties, Madame Pratolungo, were at the bottom of it on that last occasion. I got over the pecuniary difficulties. How am I to get over this? My plans for Oscar and Lucilla were completely arranged. My relations with my wedded children were pleasantly laid out. I saw my own future; I saw the future of my family. What do I see now? All, so to speak, annihilated at a blow. Inscrutable Providence!" He paused, and lifted his eyes and hands devotionally to the ceiling. The cook appeared with the red herring. "Inscrutable Providence," proceeded Mr. Finch, a tone lower. "Eat it, dear," said Mrs. Finch, "while it's hot." The rector paused again. His unresting tongue urged him to proceed; his undisciplined stomach clamored for the herring. The cook uncovered the dish. Mr. Finch's nose instantly sided with Mr. Finch's stomach. He stopped at "Inscrutable Providence," and peppered his herring.

Having reported how the rector spoke in the presence of the disaster which had fallen on the family, I have only to complete the picture by stating next what he did. He borrowed two hundred pounds of Oscar, and left off commanding red herrings in the day and disturbing Mrs. Finch at night immediately afterward.

The dull autumn days ended, and the long nights of winter began.

No change for the better appeared in our prospects. The doctors did their best for Oscar—without avail. The horrible fits came back, again and again. Day after day our dull lives went monotonously on. I almost began now to believe, with Lucilla, that a crisis of some sort must be at hand. "This can not last," I used to say to myself—generally when I was very hungry. "Something will happen before the year comes to its end."

The month of December began; and something happened at last. The family troubles at the rectory were matched by family troubles of my own. A letter arrived for me from one of my younger sisters at Paris. It contained alarming news of a person very dear to me—already mentioned in the first of these pages as my good Papa.

Was the venerable author of my being dangerously ill of a mortal disease? Alas! he was not exactly that, but the next worst thing to it. He was dangerously in love with a disreputable young woman. At what age? At the age of seventy-five! What can we say of my surviving parent? We can only say, This is a vigorous nature; Papa has an evergreen heart.

I am grieved to trouble you with my family concerns. But they mix themselves up intimately, as you will see in due time, with the concerns of Oscar and Lucilla. It is my unhappy destiny that I can not possibly take you through the present narrative without sooner or later disclosing the one weakness (amiable weakness) of the gayest and brightest and best-preserved man of his time.

Ah, I am now treading on egg-shells, I know! The English spectre called Propriety springs up rampant on my writing-table, and whispers furiously in my ear, "Madame Pratolungo, raise a blush on the Cheek of Innocence, and it is all over from that moment with you and your story." Oh, inflammable Cheek of Innocence, be good-natured for once, and I will rack my brains to try if I can put it to you without offense! May I picture good Papa as an elder in the Temple of Venus, burning incense inexhaustibly on the altar of love? No: Temple of Venus is Pagan; altar of love is not proper—take them out. Let me only say of my evergreen parent that his life from youth to age had been one unintermitting recognition of the charms of the sex, and that my sisters and I (being of the sex) could not find it in our hearts to abandon him on that account. So handsome, so affectionate, so sweet-tempered; with only one fault, and that a compliment to the women, who naturally adored him in return! We accepted our destiny. For years past (since the death of Mamma) we accustomed ourselves to live in perpetual dread of his marrying some one of the hundreds of unscrupulous hussies who took possession of him; and, worse if possible than that, of his fighting duels about them with men young enough to be his grandsons. Papa was so susceptible! Papa was so brave! Over and over again I had been summoned to interfere, as the daughter who had the strongest influence over him, and had succeeded in effecting his rescue, now by one means and now by another; ending always, however, in the same sad way, by the sacrifice of money for damages—on which damages, when the woman is shameless enough to claim them, my verdict is, "Serve her right!"

On the present occasion it was the old story over again. My sisters had done their best to stop it, and had failed. I had no choice but to appear on the scene—to begin, perhaps, by boxing her ears; to end, certainly, by filling her pockets.

My absence at this time was something more than an annoyance—it was a downright grief to my blind Lucilla. On the morning of my departure she clung to me as if she was determined not to let me go.

"What shall I do without you?" she said. "It is hard, in these dreary days, to lose the comfort of hearing your voice. I shall feel all my security gone when I feel you no longer near me. How many days shall you be away?"

"A day to get to Paris," I answered; "and a day to get back—two. Five days (if I can do it in the time) to thunder-strike the hussy and to rescue Papa—seven. Let us say, if possible, a week."

"You must be back, no matter what happens, before the new year."

"Why?"

"I have my yearly visit to pay to my aunt. It has been twice put off. I must absolutely go to London on the last day of the old year, and stay there my allotted three months in Miss Batchford's house. I had hoped to be Oscar's wife before the time came round again—" she waited a moment to steady her voice. "That is all over now. We must be parted. If I can't leave you here to console him and to take care of him, come what may of it—I shall stay at Dimchurch."

Her staying at Dimchurch while she was still unmarried meant, under the terms of her uncle's will, sacrificing her fortune. If Reverend Finch had heard her, he would not even have been able to say "Inscrutable Providence;" he would have lost his senses on the spot.

"Don't be afraid," I said; "I shall be back, Lucilla, before you go. Besides, Oscar may get better. He may be able to follow you to London, and visit you at your aunt's."

She shook her head with such a sad, sad doubt of it that the tears came into my eyes. I gave her a last kiss, and hurried away.

My route was to Newhaven, and then across the Channel to Dieppe. I don't think I really knew how fond I had grown of Lucilla until I lost sight of the rectory at the turn in the road to Brighton. My natural firmness deserted me; I felt torturing presentiments that some great misfortune would happen in my absence; I astonished myself—I, the widow of the Spartan Pratolungo!—by having a good cry, like any other woman. Sooner or later we susceptible people pay with the heart-ache for the privilege of loving. No matter: heart-ache or not, one must have something to love in this world as long as one lives in it. I have lived in it—never mind how many years—and I have got Lucilla. Before Lucilla I had the Doctor. Before the Doctor—ah, my friends, we won't look back beyond the Doctor!

CHAPTER THE NINETEENTH.

SECOND RESULT OF THE ROBBERY.

The history of my proceedings in Paris can be dismissed in very few words. It is only necessary to dwell in detail on one among the many particulars which connect themselves in my memory with the rescue of good Papa.

The affair this time assumed the gravest possible aspect. The venerable victim had gone the length of renewing his youth in respect of his teeth, his hair, his complexion, and his figure (this last involving the purchase of a pair of stays). I declare I hardly knew him again, he was so outrageously and unnaturally young. The utmost stretch of my influence was exerted over him in vain. He embraced me with the most touching fervor; he expressed the noblest sentiments; but in the matter of his contemplated marriage he was immovable. Life was only tolerable to him on one condition. The beloved object, or death: such was the programme of this volcanic old man.

To make the prospect more hopeless still, the beloved object proved, on this occasion, to be a bold enough woman to play her trump card at starting.

I give the jade her due. She assumed a perfectly unassailable attitude: we had her full permission to break off the match—if we could. "I refer you to your father. Pray understand that *I* don't wish to marry him if his daughters object to it. He has only to say, 'Release me;' from that moment he is free." There was no contending against such a system of defense as this. We knew as well as she did that our fascinated parent would *not* say the word. Our sole chance was to spend money in investigating the antecedent indiscretions of this lady's life, and to produce against her proof so indisputable that not even an old man's infatuation could say, This is a lie.

We disbursed; we investigated; we secured our proof. It took a fortnight. At the end of that time we had the necessary materials in hand for opening the eyes of good Papa.

In the course of the inquiry I was brought into contact with many strange people—among others with a man who startled me, at our first interview, by presenting a personal deformity which, with all my experience of the world, I now saw, oddly enough, for the first time.

The man's face, instead of exhibiting any of the usual shades of complexion, was hideously distinguished by a superhuman—I had almost said a devilish—coloring of livid blackish-*blue!* He proved to be a most kind, intelligent, and serviceable person. But when we first confronted each other his horrible color so startled me that I could not repress a cry of alarm. He not only passed over my involuntary act of rudeness in the most indulgent manner—he explained to me the cause which had produced his peculiarity of complexion, so as to put me at my ease before we entered on the delicate private inquiry which had brought us together.

"I beg your pardon," said this unfortunate man, "for not having warned you of my disfigurement before I entered the room. There are hundreds of people discolored as I am in the various parts of the civilized world; and I supposed that you had met in the course of your experience with other examples of my case. The blue tinge in my complexion is produced by the effect on the blood of Nitrate of Silver—taken internally. It is the only medicine which relieves sufferers like me from an otherwise incurable malady. We have no alternative but to accept the consequences for the sake of the cure."

He did not mention what his malady had been; and I abstained, it is needless to say, from questioning him further. I got used to his disfigurement in the course of my relations with him; and I should no doubt have forgotten my blue man in attending to more absorbing matters of interest if the effects of Nitrate of Silver as a medicine had not been once more unexpectedly forced on my attention in another quarter, and under circumstances which surprised me in no ordinary degree.

Having saved Papa on the brink of—let us say, his twentieth precipice, it became necessary to stay a few days longer and reconcile him to the hardship of being rescued in spite of himself. You would have been greatly shocked if you had seen how he suffered. He gnashed his expensive teeth; he tore his beautifully manufactured hair. In the fervor of his emotions I have no doubt he would have burst his new stays—if I had not taken them away and sold them half price, and made (to that small extent) a profit out of our calamity to set against the loss. Do what one may in the detestable system of modern society, the pivot on which it all turns is Money. Money, when you are saving Freedom! Money, when you are saving Papa! Is there no remedy for this? A word in your ear. Wait till the next revolution!

During the time of my absence I had, of course, corresponded with Lucilla.

Her letters to me—very sad and very short—reported a melancholy state of things at Dimchurch. While I had been away the dreadful epileptic seizures had attacked Oscar with increasing frequency and increasing severity. The moment I could see my way to getting back to England I wrote to Lucilla to cheer her with the intimation of my return. Two days only before my departure from Paris I received another letter from her. I was weak enough to be almost afraid to open it. Her writing to me again, when she knew that we should be reunited at such an early date, suggested that she must have some very startling news to communicate. My mind misgave me that it would prove to be news of the worst sort.

I summoned courage to open the envelope. Ah, what fools we are! For once that our presentiments come right, they prove a hundred times to be wrong. Instead of distressing me, the letter delighted me. Our gloomy prospect was brightening at last.

Thus, feeling her way over the paper in her large childish characters, Lucilla wrote:

"DEAREST FRIEND AND SISTER,—I can not wait until we meet to tell you my good news. The Brighton doctor has been dismissed, and a doctor from London has been tried instead. My dear, for intellect there is nothing like London. The new man sees, thinks, and makes up his mind on the spot. He has a way of his own of treating Oscar's case: and he answers for curing him of the horrible fits. There is news for you! Come back, and let us jump for joy together. How wrong I was to doubt the future! Never, never, never will I doubt it again. This is the longest letter I have ever written.

"Your affectionate LUCILLA."

To this a postscript was added, in Oscar's handwriting, as follows:

"Lucilla has told you that there is some hope for me at last. What I write in this place is written without her knowledge—for your private ear only. Take the first opportunity you can find of coming to see me at Browndown, without allowing Lucilla to hear of it. I have a great favor to ask of you. My happiness depends on your granting it. You shall know what it is when we meet. OSCAR."

This postscript puzzled me.

It was not in harmony with the implicit confidence which I had observed Oscar to place habitually in Lucilla. It jarred on my experience

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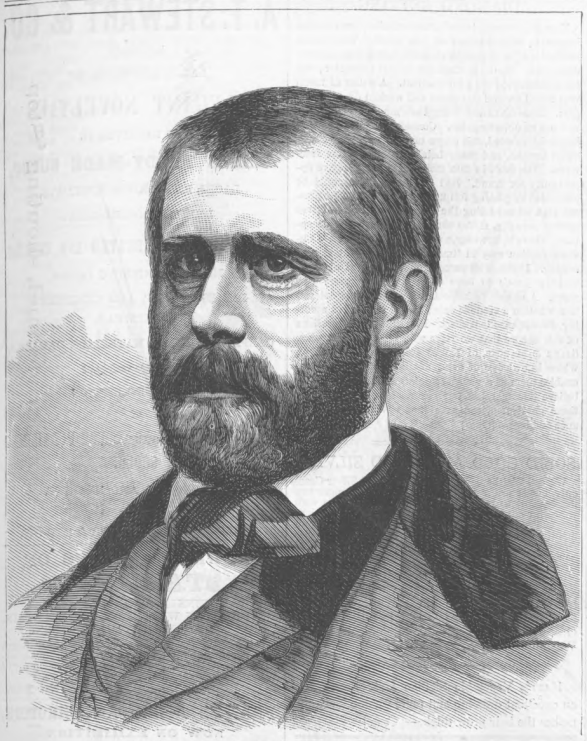
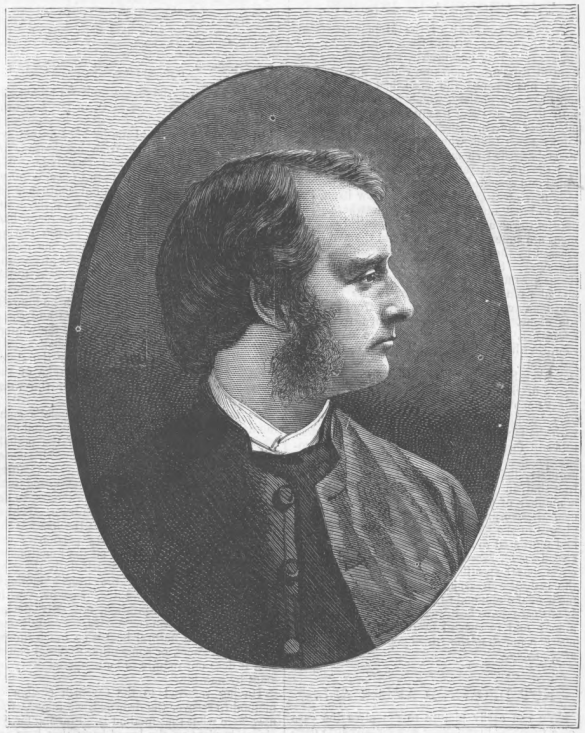


ANDREW H. GREEN, THE NEW DEPUTY-CONTROLLER.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY, 785 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.]



REV. ELIPHALET NOTT POTTER, D.D., PRESIDENT OF UNION COLLEGE.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY R. E. CHURCHILL, 520 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.]

THE NEW DEPUTY-CONTROLLER.

THE appointment of Mr. ANDREW H. GREEN, whose portrait is given on this page, to the important position of Deputy-Controller, was one that gave satisfaction to every honest citizen of New York, irrespective of party connections. His high repute, the character of his public services as a member of the Board of Education and as a Park Commissioner, were guarantees for the faithful and sagacious discharge of the delicate and responsible duties of his new position. Probably the appointment of no other man could have met with more general approval.

The peculiar circumstances under which Mr. GREEN was appointed were fully detailed in the last number of *Harper's Weekly*. The Mayor's attempt to interfere with the arrangement met with deserved reprobation from the honest journals of his own party as well as from the Republican press. Mr. GREEN possesses the full confidence of the public; and while he controls the finance bureau his reputation will command the credit necessary for its current expenses. He will prevent the removal or destruction of tell-tale records; he will guard against further misappropriations of the public money; and no one doubts that he will diligently investigate the present condition of the Treasury and the debt, and spare no effort to collect evidence against the men who have so shamelessly defrauded the people.

DR. POTTER, PRESIDENT OF UNION COLLEGE.

THE Rev. ELIPHALET NOTT POTTER, D.D., the newly elected President of Union College, is now a clergyman at Troy, and was formerly Professor of Ecclesiastical History at the Lehigh University. He is a very young man for the place, being but little over thirty years of age. He is a grandson of the Rev. Dr. NOTT, who was president of the college for nearly sixty years, and under whom it obtained the greatest success. He is a son of the late Bishop POTTER, who was himself distinguished for his interest and great services in the cause of education.

The newly elected president is the youngest of six brothers, the others of whom are CLARKSON N. POTTER, a lawyer of eminence practicing in this city, and the member of Congress from the Tenth District; HOWARD POTTER, of the house of BROWN BROTHERS & CO.; General ROBERT B. POTTER, of the Ninth Army Corps; EDWARD T. POTTER, an eminent architect; and the Rev. Dr. HENRY C. POTTER, of Grace Church.

He will bring to his important position the prestige of success, and the best wishes of a vast body of alumni firm in the belief that their college has always turned out the most practical and successful men in the country. A man of rare classical attainments and experience, he will doubtless fulfill the most sanguine expectations of his friends.

GREAT HAWK AND SMALL MORMON.—[SEE PAGE 939.]

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THE CHOLERA IN MOSCOW.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Manchester (England) *Examiner*, writing from Moscow, August 12, says: "This has been a black summer for Central Russia. The same warm, dry weather which has ripened the corn has fostered the spread of the cholera, which has clung persistently to Moscow and its environs ever since the middle of March. Such a summer has not been known since 1866, when the fashionables of St. Petersburg fled *en masse* before the destroyer, and the hospital returns were like the lists of killed and wounded after a battle. The epidemic is now abating slightly in Moscow itself, but only to break out with fresh fury elsewhere. The district towns and villages of the central government are suffering grievously, and the evil is increased by the ignorance and superstition of the peasantry. So strong is their aversion to place themselves under medical treatment, or to be removed from their own houses to the hospital, that many cases have proved fatal from this reason alone. This prejudice springs from two causes: 1. The fatalist belief, innate in the Russian, that he must die when his time comes, and not before. 2. The fact that the remedies which tell favorably when applied to the softer inhabitants of the towns often produce a deleterious effect upon the rugged organization of the *bona fide* 'Mujik'—a phenomenon which, coupled with the fact that the majority of provincial doctors are foreigners, is in the eyes of the ignorant peasant a sufficient proof of poisoning. So strongly, indeed, has this absurd idea taken root that, in the reign of the Emperor Nicholas, a number of German physicians in one of the central governments, who had excited the suspicions of the peasantry, were actually set upon and murdered to a man. At present, as I have already said, Moscow itself is beginning to recover, but the pestilence has left its mark. Since the 13th March, when the first serious development of the epidemic took place, no fewer than 1738 deaths have been registered by the hospitals alone; and in several of the adjacent villages nearly a fourth of the entire population has been swept away."

NOT DROWNED AFTER ALL.

WE can easily picture to ourselves the case of a timorous man falling accidentally into deep water. With him there would be no struggling, no coming up to the surface and going down again; the shock having thrown him into a swoon, he would go down with his lungs full of air; in fact, in the best state possible for existing under water, as, from the air within, but a small portion of fluid would find its way by the mouth and nostrils toward the stomach, which could only compress the air a little round the heart and lungs. These, through his being insensible, are only acting feebly, while gradually, from the cold, his legs, arms—in fact, all except those organs on which life principally depends—are numbed and dead.

The heart and lungs, however, of the unconscious being manage to retain their vitality from the air that surrounds them, on the top of which floats the water, which one inhalation would carry downward, and cause instant death. A man thus situated might remain immersed not only for a quarter or half an hour, but for a dozen of hours, and when the body was brought to the surface, if proper precautions were taken and proper attention given, it might be restored to life.

As a proof that we are not basing our arguments on supposition, we will give two or three anecdotes of individuals who recovered, under proper treatment, after being not only hours but days under water. These, however, although well authenticated, must, at this stage, be received with a certain amount of reserve, as the incidents narrated occurred about two hundred years ago; but we may feel assured that there must be a considerable degree of truth and marvelousness in the facts, when they happen to have been noted down and published by different physicians, who were strangers to each other.

Dr. Joel Langelot, an eminent Swedish physician in the last century, communicated the following extraordinary account to the "Secretary of the Academy of the Curious," in Germany:

"When I was at Tronningholm, where the Queen of Sweden has a palace, I saw a gardener, about sixty-five years of age, and still pretty vigorous, who, eighteen years before, going over the ice, without sufficient caution, to assist a man that was drowning, fell himself in the water at a part where it was eight ells deep, and remained full sixteen hours under the ice, his body in an erect position, before the place was discovered where he was.

"I questioned the man if he had any recollection of what had occurred, and he told me he had a kind of indistinct idea of being frightened when he tumbled in, of his limbs becoming stiff with cold, and then all was a blank. He informed me also that the doctor told him afterward, when he was taken out of the water, a great bubble of air issued out of his mouth, and it was this, without doubt, that kept him from being suffocated. He likewise described how he was at once covered over with a sheet, and in this condition warmed gently before a fire, adding that 'drowned persons never recover when exposed too soon to the open air.'"

Dr. Boerhaave, in his "Academical Lectures," published at Leyden in 1760 by his pupil, Van Eems, relates the same case of this gardener, from the authority of John Nicholas Pechlin.

A more surprising instance was related to Dr. Langelot by the keeper of the Royal Library at Stockholm, M. Tilasius, the worthy doctor styling it "a still more extraordinary fact," and he got the Royal Librarian to certify in a note, as follows:

"A woman in the province of Dalia, in Sweden, by name Margaret Larsdotter, fell three different times of her life into water. The first time, when she was very young, she remained three days under water, but the two other times she had more speedy assistance. This woman died, aged seventy-five, in 1672.

(Signed) M. TILASIUS,
"Royal Librarian of Stockholm."

But now comes the most wonderful tale of all, and which had better be given in Dr. L.'s own words:

"Still, what was told me by M. Burnam, on his return to Stockholm from his journey in West Gothland, seems quite incredible. He says that having by chance been to hear a funeral sermon on the death of an old gentleman of seventy, by name Laurence Jona, of the town of Boness, and parish of Pithovia, the rector had assured the assembly that this person having fallen, at the age of seventeen, into the water, was not drawn out until seven weeks afterward, and yet had the good hap to be brought to life by the same means as are practiced in Sweden."

Dr. L. continues that, "although he himself was aware of the example of insects and some birds remaining in a torpid state all the winter, yet can hardly believe the fact possible."

Nor do we; and only account for the statement by putting it down to a mistake of the clergyman's, who had made use of the word "weeks" instead of days or hours.

As might be expected, Dr. Langelot's communications caused a considerable stir and controversy among the philosophers of the period. Some were incredulous; others believed his statements, and received them as facts. Dr. Godfrey Schubert, physician, of Bregents, accepting them as such, endeavored, in a series of letters, to account for their seeming improbabilities. Taking his ground on the principle that the heart is the first living and the last dying portion of our bodies, he argued, next, that all the functions of the system corporeal, and particularly those of the lungs, depended on the heart's motions. "A person may therefore live," says he, "without any sensible respiration, not only during some hours, but even some days, because it may happen that the natural heat is so much diminished by sickness, or some other external cause, that it does not require to be tempered every instant by new air."

Having referred to the Swedish custom or method to recover the drowned, we may as well now state what that method is. Starting for the object in view on the broad basis that heat applied suddenly to any animal in a state of insensibility from cold would be a fatal mistake, and that to expose a body suddenly to the influence of the atmosphere, which for hours had been shrouded from the air, would be equally so, they proceed in their efforts, strictly acting up to their opinions. The instant a body is taken out of the water it is covered completely over with sheets or blankets, and, thus guarded from the atmosphere, it is gradually moved into a warmer place, where it is plied with hot flannels, friction, and the like for several hours. When the motion of blood in the body, which had been so long stagnant, gives signs of returning, their exertions are continued cautiously until the person comes round, when cordials and other medicines are given to complete the cure.

"CLOTHES MAKE THE MAN."

UNDER the figure of an allegory, a father bequeaths to his three sons, Peter, Martin, and Jack (by whom are typified the Roman, Lutheran, and Calvinistic sectaries), a coat each (signifying the doctrine and faith of Christianity), which, he tells them, will influence their future fortunes, according as they wear them, well or ill. He also leaves them a "Will" (by which is intended the New Testament) that will instruct them in every particular as to the wearing and management of their coats. Under the allegory of these coats he makes a fine satirical digression, which evidently suggested to Mr. Carlyle the subject of his celebrated work, "Sartor Resartus." Swift originated the idea that every nature is recognized and estimated by its vestment or clothing; that the universe is but a "large suit of clothes, which invests every thing; that the earth is invested by the air; the air is invested by the stars; and the stars are invested by the primum mobile." He adds:

"To conclude from all, What is man himself but a micro-coat, or rather, a complete suit of clothes with all its trimmings? As to his body there can be no dispute; but examine even the acquirements of his mind, you will find them all contribute in their order toward furnishing out an exact dress: to instance no more, is not religion a cloak, honesty a pair of shoes worn out in the dirt, self-love a surtout, vanity a shirt?—and so on. These postulata being admitted, it will follow in due course of reasoning that those beings which the world calls improperly suits of clothes, are in reality the most refined species of animals; or, to proceed higher, they are rational creatures, or men. For, is it not manifest that they live and move and talk and perform all other offices of human life? are not beauty and wit and mien and breeding their inseparable proprieties? In short, we see nothing but them, hear nothing but them. Is it not they who walk the streets, fill up Parliament, coffee, and play houses? It is true, indeed, that these animals, which are vulgarly called suits of clothes or dresses, do, according to certain compositions, receive different appellations. If one of them be trimmed up with a gold chain and a red gown and a white rod and a great horse, it is called a Lord Mayor; if certain ermines and furs be placed in a certain position, we style them a judge; and so an apt conjunction of lawn and black satin we entitle a bishop."

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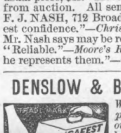

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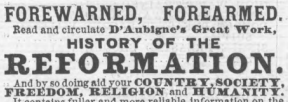

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"AMAZEMENT SEIZED ALL · THE GENERAL VOICE PROCLAIMED *THE RING* JUSTLY DOOMED TO DIE, SINCE IT HAD WITHSTOOD THE WILL OF THE *GODDESS OF JUSTICE*."—VIRGIL ADAPTED.

THE MODERN LAOCOON.

OUR artist has made an adaptation of the famous group of statuary in the Vatican representing Laocoön and his sons struggling in the serpents' coils, as an apt and striking illustration of the power of the newspaper press, displayed in crushing the infamous Ring which has so long held almost undisputed control of New York. It is only a short time—it seems but yesterday—since the "Boss," as he was called by his admirers, insolently defied public opinion, and when complaint was made of his conduct, coolly remarked, "Well, what are you going to do about it?" He would probably like to know, about this time, what *he* is "going to do about it!" For what public opinion and the courts have failed to do has been accomplished by a vigorous crusade by a portion of the press of this city against the intrenched corruptionists of the Tammany Ring.

There is no more signal instance in modern history of the power of moral influence exerted through the columns of an honest and independent press. When every other means had failed, when honest men of all parties had lost all hope of shaking off the shackles of the Ring for years to come, a single bold onslaught carried dismay and discomfiture into their ranks. Men who appeared to have lost all sense of shame, as well as even the remembrance of public virtue, quailed before the exposure of their villainies. The facts were so much worse than the report, so patent and undeniable, that even the effrontery of the Ring was at a loss. At first they affected to treat the whole matter as a joke, as something that would soon "blow over." Then they gave out that an easy explanation would soon appear, which would show that the exposures were no exposures at all. But week after week went by without bringing forth the promised explanation, and it became apparent that the guilty parties were only waiting in hopes that the storm *would* blow over as they had prophesied. They imagined that a system of masterly inactivity would accomplish their ends, and pleased themselves with the delusion that nothing practical would come of it.

The honest press of the city seeing, however, that its opportunity had come at last, let no chance escape for dealing a blow at the Ring. Roused at length to the necessity of action, the Tammany magnates exhibited all the madness that usually characterizes those whom the gods wish to destroy. Their most foolish movement was the attempt to frighten one of their chief assailants among the newspapers by threatening to despoil its owners of their property—an attempt which met with the ignominious failure it deserved. Then came the "burglary" of the vouchers, the nice little plan to have Controller CONNOLLY sacrifice himself to save his confederates, and finally Mayor HALL'S futile effort to counteract the Controller's defensive strategy, by which the duties and responsibilities of his office were transferred to one whose name represents what has for years been the "rarest work of God" about the City Hall—an honest man.

This great work, this achievement of reform in the very citadel of corruption, is due entirely to the efforts of the honest press of New York, and it may well feel proud of its triumph. It is due to the New York *Times* to say that it was the first among the daily newspapers to grapple with the enemy; and though able auxiliaries afterward joined in the conflict, and rendered signal service in the common cause, it for some time stood alone. In connection with this subject we may be permitted to refer with pardonable pride to the effective cartoons of NAST and others, whose keen shafts have been directed against Tammany from the vantage-ground of *Harper's Weekly*. We may safely say that they have not proved the least effective weapons directed against the "unholy alliance," otherwise known as the Ring. Indeed, Mr. TWEED has been heard to affirm that he didn't care half so much for what was written as what was drawn about him. In conjunction, these allies have proved too strong for him and his confederates, and have driven them discomfited from the field to their intrenchments, where they will probably soon be clamoring for terms; but the only terms they will get will be those offered by GRANT to the commander of Fort Donelson—"unconditional surrender."

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SHIPWRECK.

On the smiling sea was never a curl,
On the bright sky never a frown;
Never an omen of coming fate,
When my beautiful bark, with her costly freight,
In the glory of noon, went down.

Boldly launched from a quiet shore;
Well framed with storms to cope;
By Youth and Courage nobly manned;
The sails were woven by Love's own hand,
The rudder was held by Hope.

The merciless sun shone full and fair,
The pitiless waves were calm;
No whisper of woe in the wooing breeze,
The gulls poised over the sleeping seas,
The treacherous air was balm.

With happy laughter, with joyous dreams,
We glided in fearless faith;
Then—the sullen jar on the sunken rock;
The grinding crash, the horrible shock;
The headlong plunge to death.

A moment's whirl of boiling foam,
A shriek through the slumberous day
Then, smooth blue waters and calm blue skies,
And the startled birds, with their keen dark eyes,
Intent on their darting prey.

The bright sea dimpled, the bright sun shone,
With nor cloud nor white crest flecked;
A thousand barks sailed gayly past,
A thousand flags light shadows cast,
Where my beautiful boat was wrecked.

Wrecked, with its hopes, its loves, its trusts,
Sunk deep to the sea-weeds brown:
The great world turns, and the great waves break—
What should either heed of the moan we make
When a life or a ship goes down?

AMY'S LOVER.

IT was five o'clock—five o'clock on a dull November afternoon—as I, Elizabeth Lacy, the wretched companion of Lady Cunningham, of Northampton Lodge, in the town of Rockledge, stood gazing from the dining-room windows at the gray curtain of fog which was slowly but surely rising between my vision and all outward things, and thinking how like it was in color and feeling and appearance to my own sad life. I have said that I was the "wretched" companion of Lady Cunningham: is it very ungrateful of me to have written down that word? I think not; for if a wearisome seclusion and continual servitude have power to make a young life miserable, mine had fairly earned its title to be called so. I had withered in the cold and dispiriting atmosphere of Northampton Lodge for four years past, and had only been prevented rupturing my chains by the knowledge that I had no alternative but to rush from one state of bondage to another. To attend upon old ladies like an upper servant—to write their letters, carry their shawls, and wait upon them as they moved from room to room—this was to be my lot through life; and if I ever dreamed that a brighter one might intervene, the vision was too faint and idealistic to gild the stern realities which were no dreams.

Five years before I had been the child of parents in good circumstances, and loved and made much of, as only daughters generally are. My father, who held the comfortable living of Fairmead, in Dorsetshire, had always managed to keep up the household of a gentleman, and my poor, delicate mother and myself had enjoyed every luxury consistent with our station in life. She had had her flower garden and her poultry and her pony-chair, and I my pets and my piano and —my lover. Ah! as I stood at the wire-blinded windows of Lady Cunningham's dining-room that sad November afternoon and recalled these things, I knew by the pang which assailed me at the thought of Bruce Armytage which loss of them all had affected me most. My father and mother, who from my youth up had so tenderly loved and guarded me, were in their graves, and with them had vanished all the luxuries and possessions of my early days. But though I stood there a penniless orphan, with no joy in my present and very little hope in my future, the tears had not rushed to my eyes until my memory had rested on Bruce Armytage, and then they fell so thickly that they nearly blinded me; for mingled with his memory came shame as well as regret, and to a woman perhaps shame is the harder feeling of the two. His conduct had been so very strange, so marvelously strange and unaccountable to me, that to that day I had found no clew to it. When he first came down and took lodgings in Fairmead—for the purpose of studying to pass his examination for the law, he said—he had seemed so very, very fond of me that our engagement followed on the avowal of his love as a matter of course. But then his family interfered; they thought, perhaps, that he ought to marry some one higher than myself, though my father was a gentleman, and no man can be more. At any rate, *his* father wrote to say that Bruce was far too young (his age was then just twenty) to fix upon his choice for life, and that no regular engagement must be made between us until he returned from the two years' foreign tour he was about to make.

My father and mother said that old Mr. Armytage was right, and that in two years' time both I and my lover would be better able to form an opinion on so serious a matter. Bruce and I declared it was all nonsense, that fifty years of separation could make no difference to us, and that what we felt then we should feel to our lives' end. And they smiled, the old people, while our young hearts were being tortured, and talked about the evanescence of youthful feelings while we drank our first draught of this world's bitterness. My parents were not unkind, but they were unsympathetic; they rather hoped, upon the whole, that I should forget Bruce Armytage; and, in order to accomplish their end, they pretended to believe it. But he went with the most passionate protestations upon his lips that as soon as he returned to England no earthly power should keep us separate; and he never came back to me again! My father and mother had died rather suddenly, and within a few months of each other; our home had been broken up; and at the age of nineteen I had been sent forth upon the world to earn my own living; and, at the age of three-and-twenty, I was at the same trade, neither richer nor poorer than at first, but with all my faith in the constancy and honor of mankind broken and destroyed; for Bruce Armytage had never found me out, or, as far as I knew, inquired after me. His family had permitted me to leave Fairmead and enter on my solitary career without a word of remonstrance or regret; since which time I had had no communication with them, though at that period my pride would not have forbidden my sending an account of my trouble to Bruce, believing that he cared for me. Correspondence between us during his foreign tour had been strictly prohibited, and I had no means of ascertaining his address. For a while I had expected he would write or come to me; but that hope had long died out, and the only feeling I had left for him was contempt—contempt for his fickleness and vacillation, or the pusillanimity which could permit him to give up the woman he had sworn to marry because his father ordered him to do so. No! filial obedience carries very little weight with the heart that is pitted against it; and as I thought of it and bira I bit my lip, dashed my hand across my eyes, and hoped the day might yet come when I should be able to show Bruce Armytage how greatly I despised him.

At this juncture the house-maid came bustling into the room with a little note for me—a dear little cocked-hat note—which seemed to speak of something pleasant, and at the writer of which I had no need to guess, for I had but one friend in Rockledge who ever sent such notes to me.

"Waiting for an answer," said the bearer, curtly; and I tore it open and devoured its contents:

"DEAR LIZZIE,—I think you will be *very much* surprised to hear that your little friend Amy is engaged to be married! However, it is quite true, although the business was only settled this morning; and the young gentleman has promised to spend the evening with us, and to bring a cousin whom he is anxious to introduce. Will you come and take tea with us also? The doctor has only just told me that Lady Cunningham dines out to-night, or I should have sent before. Do come, Lizzie. Amy is crazy to see you and tell you all her secrets, and you know that you are always sure of a welcome from

"Your affectionate friend,
"MARY RODWELL."

The perusal of this little epistle threw me into a perfect whirl of excitement and delight, which would have appeared extraordinary to any one who had not been acquainted with the maddening monotony of my daily existence. These Rodwells, the family of the good old doctor who attended Lady Cunningham, were my only friends in Rockledge, the only people with whom I ever caught a glimpse of a happy domestic life, such as had been once my own. To spend the evening at their large, old-fashioned house, which rang from basement to attic with the sound of happy voices, was the only dissipation by which my days were ever varied, and a relaxation all the more precious because, on account of Lady Cunningham's requirements, it came so rarely to me. And on the afternoon in question, when I had allowed myself to become absorbed by fanciful thought, the cordial and unexpected invitation warmed my chilled spirits like a draught of generous wine. All things seemed changed for me: I no longer saw the gray fog nor remembered my mournful past, but in their stead pictured to myself the brightly lighted, crimson-curtained room at Dr. Rodwell's house, and heard the ringing laughter and merry jests of his many boys and girls. In a moment I had shaken off my despondency—my eyes sparkled, my heart beat: I was in a flutter of anticipation at the pleasure in store for me.

"Is there any answer, miss?" demanded the house-maid, who had been waiting while I read my note.

"Yes, yes; I will go, of course. Say I will be there in half an hour," I replied; for my evening, in consequence of Lady Cunningham's absence, was at my own disposal. "And, Mary, please bring me up a jug of hot water; I am going to take tea with Mrs. Rodwell."

"Well, I'm very glad of it, miss; it's a shame you shouldn't have a holiday oftener than you do," returned my sympathizing hearer as she departed with my answer.

With a hasty vote of thanks to Mary for her kind speech, I ran up stairs to my own bedroom to make the few preparations needful for my visit. I knew that Mrs. Rodwell would not desire me to dress; but to arrange my hair anew with a blue ribbon woven in it, and to change my dark merino body for a clear muslin Garibaldi, made me look fresh and smart, without taking up too much of the precious time I had to spend at her house. Besides, were there not to be some gentlemen present? At that thought my mind reverted to the wonderful news of Amy's engagement, and I could scarcely proceed with my toilet for thinking of it. Little Amy! younger by five years than myself, who had always appeared so shy and modest and retiring—was it possible she could have had a lover without my knowing it? And now to be actually engaged! going to be married at her age! It almost seemed incredible, until I remembered with a sudden sigh that I had been no older myself when Bruce Armytage proposed to me, and had been able to keep my secret very well until the necessity for doing so was over.

But I would not let such thoughts engross me now, for I had no wish to carry a long face to Mrs. Rodwell's house; and so I hurried on the remainder of my things, and, wrapping myself up warmly in a dark cloak, hurried bravely out into the evening air. It was then six o'clock, and the fog was denser than before; but what cared I for outer dullness any longer? My imagination ran on before me, vividly picturing the cheerful scene in which I should so soon mingle, and my feet tripped after it, joyous as my heart. I had not far to go, and my eagerness shortened the way; so that in a few minutes I was rapping at Dr. Rodwell's hall door and scraping my feet upon his scraper. How quickly it was opened by little Amy herself! And what a mixture of bashfulness, pleasure, and self-importance was in her blushing face as I threw my arms around her neck and warmly congratulated her.

"Come up stairs, Lizzie," she entreated in a whisper; "come up and take off your things, and I'll tell you all about it."

We were soon in her own room—that cozy room in which she and her younger sister, Mattie, slept, and which bore so many evidences of their mother's tender care and thought for them.

"And so you are really engaged to be married, Amy?" I exclaimed as the door closed behind us. "That was a very astounding piece of intelligence to me, who had never heard the faintest whisper of such a thing before."

"You forget you have not been near us for a month," she answered, laughing; "but the truth is, Lizzie, it was all so uncertain till this morning that mamma said it would be very unwise to mention it to any body; so that you were the first recipient of the news, after all."

"Well, I suppose I must be satisfied with that. And when did you meet him, Amy?"

"Last month, up in London, while I was staying with my aunt Charlesworth."

"And it is a settled thing, then?"

"Oh yes! His parents have consented, and are coming to Rockledge on purpose to call on us. And—and *he* came down this morning to tell papa; and I believe we are to be married in the spring."

"So soon?" I ejaculated, thinking how easily some people's courtships ran.

"Yes," replied Amy, blushing; "and he is here this evening, you know, with his cousin, who is staying at Rockledge with him. He talked so much about this cousin! but oh, he is not *half* so nice-looking as himself; and—and I hope you will like him, Lizzie dear," kissing me affectionately as she spoke, "for I have told him so much about you."

"I am sure I shall, Amy," I replied, as I returned her caress. We were on the staircase at the time, descending to the dining-room. "I assure you I am quite impatient to see your hero. By-the-bye, dear, what is his name?"

"Armytage." And then, seeing my blank look of amazement, she repeated it—"Armytage. Have you never heard the name before? I think it's such a pretty one. Amy Armytage," she whispered finally in my ear, as, laughing merrily, she pushed me before her into the dining-room.

It was all done so suddenly that I had no time to think about it, for before the echo of her words had died away I was in the midst of the family group, being warmly kissed by Mrs. Rodwell and Mattie and Nelly and Lotty, and shaken hands with by the dear, kind old doctor and his rough school-boys.

"Well, Lizzie dear," exclaimed my motherly hostess, as she claimed me for a second embrace, "this is quite an unexpected treat to have you here to-night: I thought we were never going to see you again. But you look pale, my child; I am afraid you are kept too much in the house. Doctor, what have you been about, not to take better care of Lizzie? You should give her a tonic, or speak to Lady Cunningham on the subject."

But the good old doctor stuck both his fingers into his ears. "Now I am not going to have any talk about pale looks or physic bottles to-night," he said; "the time for doctoring to-day is over. Miss Lizzie, you just come and sit between Tom and me, and we'll give you something that will beat all the tonics that were ever invented. Here, Mattie, pass the scones and oat-cakes down this way, will you? If you children think you are going to keep all the good things up at your end of the table, you are very much mistaken;" and with no gentle touch my hospitable friend nearly pulled me down into his own lap.

"Now, doctor!" exclaimed Mrs. Rodwell, with an affectation of annoyance, "I will not have you treat my guests in this way. Lizzie has come to see *me*, not *you*, and she sits by no side but mine. Besides, you have not even given me time to introduce the gentlemen to her. Lizzie, my dear, we must all be friends here this evening. Mr. Bruce Armytage, Mr. Frederick Armytage—Miss Lacy. And now, doctor, we'll go to tea as soon as you please."

I had known from the moment of my entering the room that there were strangers in it, but I had not dared to glance their way. Amy's announcement of her lover's name had come too unexpectedly to permit me to form any fixed idea upon the subject, excepting that it was the same as mine had borne; and yet when Mrs. Rodwell repeated it, with the familiar prefix, strange to say, I seemed to hear it with no second shock, but to have known the bitter truth all along.

Not so, however, Bruce Armytage; for Mrs. Rodwell's introduction was scarcely concluded before I heard his voice (unforgotten through the lapse of years) exclaim, "Miss Lacy!" in a tone of surprise which could not but be patent to all.

Cold and pulseless as I had felt before, the mere tones of his voice sent the blood rushing from my heart to my head, till the room and the tea-table and the group of living figures swam before my dazzled eyes. I felt my weakness, but I determined all the more that no one else should guess at it, and mentally stamped upon my heart to make it steady against the moment when its energies should be required.

"You have met Mr. Armytage before, Lizzie?" said Mrs. Rodwell, with a pleasant astonishment.

Then I lifted my eyes and looked at him. Good God! What is the vital force of this feeling, called love, which Thou hast given to us, far oftener to prove a curse than a blessing, that after years of separation, coldness, and neglect, it has the strength to spring up again, warm and passionate as ever, at the sight of a face, the tone of a voice, or the touch of a hand? Has nothing the power to trample life out of it? Will it always revive when we think it most dead, and turn its pale, mutilated features up to the glare of day? Shall our mortal dust, even when coffined in the mould, stir and groan and vainly strive to make itself heard, as the step of one whom we have loved passes sorrowfully over the fresh grass beneath which we lie?

I lifted up my eyes, and looked upon Bruce Armytage, to be able to say truly if I had met him before. Yes, it was he, but little altered during our five years of separation, excepting that he had passed from a boy to a man. He colored vividly beneath my steady gaze; for a moment I thought he was about to seize my hand, but my eyes forbade him, and he shrank backward.

"Mr. Armytage and I *have* met before," I said, with a marvelous quietness, in answer to Mrs. Rodwell's previous question—"when I was living in my old home at Fairmead; but that is so many years ago that we are nothing but strangers to each other now."

At these words any purpose which he might have entertained of claiming me as an old acquaintance evidently died out of Bruce Armytage's mind; for, retreating a few paces, he bowed coldly to me, and took a seat, where his proper place now was, by Amy's side.

"Oh, not strangers, my dear—oh no!" exclaimed Mrs. Rodwell, who had taken my answer in its literal sense. "You must all be friends together here, you know, if it is only for Amy's sake. Mr. Frederick Armytage, will you be so kind as to pass the muffins up this way? Thank you! Now, Lizzie, my dear, you must make a good tea."

I sat down between my host and hostess, triumphant on the subject of the manner in which I had acquitted myself, and feeling strong enough for any future trial; but before many minutes had elapsed I was overtaken by a sickly and oppressive sensation for which I was quite unable to account. The hot flush which had risen to my face while speaking to Bruce Armytage died away, leaving a cold, leaden weight upon my breast instead; my pulses ceased their quick leap, and took to trembling; the rich dainties which the doctor and his wife heaped upon my plate nauseated me even to contemplate; and a whirring confusion commenced in my head, which obliged me to rally all my forces before I could answer a simple question. The noise and laughter of the tea-table seemed to increase every minute; and if one might judge from the incessant giggling of Amy, Mattie, Nelly, and Lotty, the two gentlemen at the other end were making themselves very agreeable. I tried to eat: I tried to force the buttered toast and plum-cake and rich preserves down my throat, but there was something there which utterly prevented my swallowing them.

"Lizzie, my dear, are you not well?" inquired Mrs. Rodwell, presently. The friendly interrogation saved me. I had just been relapsing into a state of weakness which might have resulted in hysteria: her words recalled me to myself. Should all the table know that I was grieving? Or, rather, should he—he who had deserted me and had forsworn himself, who now sat by the side of his newly betrothed—guess that his presence had the slightest power to affect me? Good Heavens! where was my pride? where the contempt which I had hoped to have an opportunity of showing for him? I almost sprang from my chair at the thought.

"Not well, dear Mrs. Rodwell!" I exclaimed, speaking as fast and as shrilly as people generally do under the circumstances; "why, what can make you think so? I never felt better in my life. But, really, you do so oppress me with good things that it is quite impossible I can do justice to them all and talk at the same time. No, doctor, not another piece of cake. I couldn't, really; thank you all the same. You know there is a limit to all things, though you never seem to think so where I am concerned."

While my voice thus rang out harshly and unnaturally across the table, I felt that the dark eyes of Bruce Armytage were regarding me from the other end, and I wished I had the courage to stare him down, but I had not. By-and-by, however, when he was again engaged in conversation, I tried to let my eyes rove in his direction as though I were an uninterested hearer, but the moment that they reached him he raised his own as if by intuition, and my lids dropped again. I hated myself for this indecision, though I felt it was but nervousness, and that were we alone together but for five minutes I should have strength of mind to look him in the face, and tell him what I thought of his behavior. As it was, however, it was a great relief to me when the doctor gave the order to march, and the whole party adjourned to the drawing-room. As soon as we had entered it Amy left her lover's side and flew to mine.

"Oh, Lizzie," she whispered as we sat in a corner together, "do tell me what you think of him! I am dying to hear. Is he not very handsome?"

"Very handsome," I answered, with closed lips.

"Much better-looking than his cousin?"

"Yes, certainly; there is no comparison between them!" which was true, inasmuch as Frederick Armytage, with his fair hair and blue eyes,

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was a washed-out, sickly looking creature by the side of his dark, stalwart cousin Bruce.

"I knew you would say so, Lizzie; I was sure you would agree with me. But just fancy your having met Bruce before! Where was it, and when? I couldn't ask you a lot of questions at tea-time, but you made me so curious."

"Amy," I said, suddenly—for I felt this was a subject on which she must not be inquisitive—"when I knew Mr. Bruce Armytage I was living at home with my dear father and mother at Fairmead, and you must be aware that an allusion to those days can not be a pleasant allusion to me. So, please, like a dear girl, don't ask me any more questions about it, or let me remember that I ever saw your friend before I met him here to-night."

"I won't," said Amy, submissively. "Poor dear Lizzie!" and she stroked my hand with her soft little palm.

"And do not mention me to him either. Our acquaintance was but a brief one: he can have no interest left in the matter."

"Oh, but he has, though, Lizzie"—with a shy upward glance. "He was talking about you all tea-time; his cousin and I thought he would never stop. He asked where you were, and what you were doing, and seemed so sorry when I told him of Lady Cunningham, and what a cross old thing she is, and said several times that he could not get over the surprise of having met you here to-night."

"Indeed! He has a more retentive memory than I have; you can tell him so next time he speaks of me." I answered so haughtily that little Amy looked timidly up in my face, and I remembered suddenly that I was speaking of her lover. "There is your mamma beckoning to you, Amy; and Mattie and Tom are clearing away the chairs and tables. I suppose they want a dance. Tell them I shall be charmed to play for them;" and then, seeing that Bruce Armytage was crossing the room with a view to seeking Amy, I quickly left my seat, and taking possession of the music-stool, commenced to rattle off a polka. Soon they were all busily engaged in dancing, and the noise occasioned by their feet and voices almost prevented my hearing the conversation which Mrs. Rodwell, who had taken up a station with her knitting close to the piano, addressed to me.

"You were very much surprised to hear our news, Lizzie, I'm sure," she began, as she bent toward my ear.

"Very much surprised, Mrs. Rodwell—never more so."

"Ah!" with a sigh, "dear Amy is full young—only eighteen last October, you know, Lizzie; but I think she'll be happy. I'm sure I trust so. He is a very steady young man, and they are to live in Rockledge, which is a great comfort to me."

"In Rockledge!" Was I to undergo the pain of continual intercourse with him, or the alternative of quitting my present situation? "Did I hear you rightly, Mrs. Rodwell?"

"Yes, my dear. His papa, who appears to be a very pleasant old gentleman, has decided to set him up in an office here, that Amy may not be separated from her family. So thoughtful of him, Lizzie, is it not?" Very! I remembered the pleasant old gentleman's conduct on a similar occasion more immediately concerning myself, and could scarcely trust my voice to answer her.

"You have heard that Mr. Armytage is in the law, have you not?" I nodded my head: I had heard it. "A nice profession—so gentlemanly; and he is a fine-looking young man too; don't you think so? I have heard that some people prefer his cousin's looks to his; but beauty is such a matter of taste, and Amy is quite satisfied on the subject. You may stop playing now, my dear, for they have all done dancing. Nelly, child, how hot you are! Come away at once from the draught of the door."

"A waltz, a waltz, Lizzie!" they all shouted, as they surrounded the piano.

"Perhaps Miss Lacy is tired," suggested the deep voice of Bruce Armytage. I had been going to plead for a brief respite, but at that sound the desire for repose fled, and without a look in his direction I returned to the instrument and began to play the dance they had asked for. But I had not been so occupied long before I became aware that some one among them continued to hover about the piano, and felt by intuition that it was Bruce Armytage. At that discovery my fingers flew faster and more gayly, and I regarded the notes before me with a fixed smile, while, in order to keep up my courage, I kept repeating to myself: "He deserted me: he left me for no fault of mine. My father and mother died, and he never came near me in my sorrow. He is fickle, base, dishonorable—unworthy of regard." I tried to set the notes of the waltz that I was playing to the words, "Fickle, base, dishonorable!" but they refused to be so matched, and only seemed to repeat, instead, "I loved him, I loved him, I loved him;" and then a blurred mist came before my eyes, and I had to play from memory; for Bruce Armytage had taken up his station at the back of the piano, and was looking me full in the face.

"It is a long time since we met, Miss Lacy," he remarked, presently, but in so low a voice that, had my hearing not been sharpened by anger at his daring to address me, I do not think I should have caught the words.

"Do you think so?" I answered, carelessly, for I felt that I must say something.

"How can you ask? Have the last five years passed so pleasantly as to leave no evidence of the flight of time?"

"Considering," I replied, panting with indignation at what appeared to me such thorough indifference to my feelings—"considering, Mr. Armytage, that during the years you speak of I have lost both my dear parents, I should think you might have spared me the allusion."

"Forgive me. I did not mean to wound you. But if the loss of your parents is the only loss you have to regret during those five years, you are happier than some, Miss Lacy. Death is natural; but there are griefs (the loss of love and hope, for instance) almost too unnatural to be borne."

How dared he, how dared he—he who had treated me in so cruel and unnatural a manner himself, who had but just plighted his faith afresh to my friend—quietly stand there, looking me in the face with his dark, searching eyes, and taunt me with the barrenness of the life which he had made sterile? Much as I had loved him—much as I feared I loved him still—I could have stood up at that moment and denounced him to them all as a traitor and a coward. But I thought of Amy, dear little innocent, confiding Amy, and I was silent.

"*I* have not lost them," I answered him, quietly. "Therefore I can not sympathize with your allusion. The death of my dear parents was more than sufficient trouble for me: all else of solace that this world can give me is mine."

"Do you mean to tell me—" he commenced, quickly.

"I mean to tell nothing," I replied, in the same cold tones. "I am not in the habit of discussing my private affairs with strangers. Had you not better go to Amy? I see that she is sitting out this dance."

Upon which he gravely inclined his head in acquiescence, and left me to myself.

"Lizzie, Lizzie, how fast you have been playing! We are all out of breath," exclaimed Mattie, as she and Tom danced up to my side. "Get up, there's a good girl, and let me take your place: we are going to have a game of 'Magical Music.' Tom, will you go out first? That's right. Now, girls, what shall we hide? Oh, papa's keys; they will do, and then, if he wants them, he will take quite an interest in coming and joining in the game himself."

I resigned my seat, and stole a hasty glance at the other end of the room. Mrs. Rodwell was busily engaged upon her knitting, and Bruce was sitting on an ottoman close by Amy's side; so, gasping for fresh air and one moment's solitude, and unperceived by the laughing group of children, I left the apartment and ran hastily up to the bedroom which I had first entered. The gas was lighted there, and the fire burned warmly on the hearth, but in my present state of feeling neither warmth nor light was what I most desired. I felt as though I were choking—as though, if no relief were at hand, I must scream aloud or dash my head against the wall, for my nerves were overstrung, and the demon of hysteria was gaining strength with every minute, and I almost feared would win the victory. But pride came to my assistance—that mighty supporter of human weakness—and flying to the window, I raised the sash and leaned my head out of it, drinking in deep draughts of the foggy night air. And as I did so, watching the bustle in the street below and the calm stars in the sky above, I felt strength return to me—strength, not to avoid suffering, but to suffer in patience. The tears rose to my eyes and fell quietly over my cheeks, and as they fell they seemed to dissolve the hard, dry lump which had settled in my throat and threatened to deprive me of breath. I thought of Bruce Armytage as I had known him in the past, and my tears fell fast for the loss I had sustained in him; but I thought of him also as I saw him in the present, and pride and jealousy made me dash them from my eyes, and resolve that if I died—yes, if I died of grief and love and longing combined—he should never have the gratification of knowing that I had retained one particle of my old affection for him. With which intent I hurried on my walking things, determined not to expose myself any longer to the danger of betrayal; but before I had finished doing so Mrs. Rodwell was in the room, all anxiety to know what had occasioned my sudden absence.

"What is the matter, Lizzie? Did you feel the heat of the room? Why, my dear child, you are never going? It is only just nine o'clock!"

"Yes, dear Mrs. Rodwell, I think I had better do so. Lady Cunningham will not be late to-night, and you know how particular she is about my being at home before her. Please let me go."

"Well, dear, it must not be so long again before we see you. We must try and get up a few parties this winter, as it will be Amy's last in the home circle. And mind, Lizzie, that you are to be one of her bride-maids; she insists upon it."

"Ah! She is very kind, as you all are; but we will talk of that when the time comes. Good-night, dear Mrs. Rodwell. Kiss the girls for me: I won't go into the drawing-room, such a figure as I am."

But Mrs. Rodwell accompanied me down the stairs, conversing as she went:

"I am sorry the doctor is from home, my dear; he would have seen you round to Northampton Lodge; but he is never to be depended on from one hour to another, you know."

"Oh, it is of no consequence, Mrs. Rodwell; I am used to going alone."

"But I don't half like your doing it, Lizzie: the night is so very dark, and—"

"Allow me to have the pleasure of accompanying Miss Lacy, Mrs. Rodwell," said the voice of Bruce Armytage. We had reached the drawing-room floor by that time, and he stood on the threshold of the open door.

"No, no!" I exclaimed, as I shrank backward; "I do not desire it: I would rather go alone;" and with a hasty kiss on Mrs. Rodwell's cheek, I ran down the remaining stairs and out at the hall door. The wind was blowing fresh and cold as I turned into the open air, and the night was very dark, but I thought of nothing but his offer to accompany me, and I hurried onward. Did he wish to add insult to injury?

But I had not gone far when I heard the sound of footsteps running after me; and I had hardly realized it was indeed himself before he was by my side, apologizing for his presence by the excuse that Mrs. Rodwell had desired him to overtake me and see me home. Would I forgive what might otherwise seem an intrusion to me? I was too indignant to vouchsafe him any answer.

We walked on in silence side by side for several minutes—I with my head bent down, and holding my thick cloak around me, and he vainly endeavoring to look me in the face. At last, as though making a great effort, he cleared his throat, and said:

"I suppose, after the manner in which you spoke to me at the piano this evening, my pride ought to forbid my attempting any further explanation with you; but in this case I have one feeling more powerful than pride, Miss Lacy, and I must ask you what you meant by saying that all that this world could give of solace was yours?"

"I meant what I said," I answered, abruptly; "or rather, that I require no pity from you or any other stranger. Our paths in life are widely enough divided now: let each walk in his own track, without interfering with the other."

"That is easier said than done, perhaps," he replied: "it is difficult in this world for people to forget what they have been."

"It does not appear so to me."

"Ah, perhaps you are differently, more happily, constituted than most. They told me so long ago, though I did not believe them. Will you consider an old friend impertinent for asking if that from which you derive your solace now is the same from which you derived it then? and if so, why I still find you unsettled in life?"

"You are speaking in riddles," I replied. "I do not understand you."

"Your present engagement—is it the same which separated us? Do not be afraid to tell me the truth, Lizzie: I have borne a good deal in my lifetime, and am proof against suffering."

His voice was so tender and kind, so much like the voice which I remembered in the old days of our love, that it won me to listen to him quietly. "My engagement!" I echoed, in surprise. "What are you talking of? I have never been engaged—never since—" And then I halted, fearing what my revelation might suggest to him.

"What do you tell me?" he exclaimed. "What object have you in deceiving me? Were you not engaged, even before your parents' death, to young Hassell, of Fairmead, and was it not by his father's means that your present situation was procured for you? I little thought to meet you here," he added, bitterly. "I imagined you were married long ago, or I should have been more careful of my own feelings. And now you are engaged for the third time! How easily life runs for some people!"

"Who could have told you such a falsehood?" I said, turning to him. "It is true that old Mr. Hassell stood my friend when I had not one in the world, and that he found my present situation for me; but as to being engaged to his son, why, he is a married man—he married my own cousin."

"Could the mistake have arisen so?" said Bruce Armytage, as he seized my hand. "Oh, Lizzie, do not be angry: think what I have gone through! When I returned home from that wretched foreign tour, during which I was not allowed to correspond with you, the first news which I heard from my own family was that your father and mother had died some eighteen months before, and that you were engaged to Robert Hassell, and living with some old lady (no one could tell me where) until the time for your marriage arrived. I would not believe them; I rushed down to Fairmead myself to make inquiries, and reached there on the very day of young Hassell's wedding with Miss Lacy. Do you think I was a coward not to stop and see the bride, believing her to be yourself? Perhaps I was; but I flew from the spot as though I had been haunted; and I suffered—ah, Lizzie, I can not tell how much! It is so fearful, so awful a thing to teach one's self to believe the heart in which we have trusted to be faithless and unworthy."

"I know it," I said, in a low voice, which was nearly choked by my tears.

"How I have lived since that time I can hardly tell you," he continued, as he pressed my hand. (I knew it ought not to remain in his, but it was so sweet to feel it there.) "I have had very little hope, or peace, or happiness, though I have struggled on through it all, and made myself a name in my profession. And then to meet you again to-night so unexpectedly, still free, but promised to another, myself and my love so evidently forgotten, and to feel that it has been but a chance that separated us! Oh, Lizzie, it is almost harder than it was at first!"

"I am not engaged," I answered, sobbing; "you chose to take my words at the piano as meaning so, but it was your mistake, not mine. I have lived much in the manner you describe yourself to have done—not very happily, perhaps, and finding my best relief in work. But I am glad to have met you, Bruce—glad to have heard from your own lips what parted us; and I thank you for this explanation, though it comes too late."

"But why too late, my dearest?" he exclaimed, joyfully. "Why, if you are free to accept my hand, and can forgive all that has made us so unhappy in the past, should we not bury our mutual trouble in mutual love? Oh, Lizzie, say that you'll be mine—say that you'll be my own wife, and help me to wipe out the remembrance of this miserable mistake!"

I thought of Amy. I looked at him with astonishment. I recoiled from him almost with disgust. Was I to accept happiness at the expense of that of my dear friends, of the only creatures who had shown me any affection during my long years of exile from him? Oh no. I would rather perish in my solitude. The very fact that he could propose it to me made him sink lower in my estimation.

"Bruce," I exclaimed, "you must be mad, or I am mad so to tempt you from your duty. Think of all your offer involves—of the distress, the disappointment, the shame it would entail on those who have been more than friends to me; and consider if it is likely I could be so dishonorable to them as to take advantage of it."

"I don't understand you, my darling," he said, with a puzzled look.

"Not understand?" I reiterated, in surprise, "when your engagement to Amy Rodwell was only settled this morning, and the preliminaries for your marriage are already being talked of! Would you break her heart in the attempt to heal mine? Bruce, we must never see each other again after this evening."

"Oh, Lizzie, Lizzie!" he said, shaking his head, "we are playing at dreadful cross-purposes. Did it never enter into your wise little pate to inquire *which* Mr. Armytage was going to marry Amy Rodwell? I can assure you I have no desire or intention to risk getting a pistol-shot through my heart for stepping into my cousin Frederick's shoes."

"And is it really—is it really, then, *Frederick* whom she is going to marry?" I exclaimed, breathless with the shock of this new intelligence. "Oh, how can she?"

"It is indeed," he answered, laughing. "Lizzie, did you seriously think that it was I? Why, what a taste you must give me credit for, to choose that pretty little piece of white-and-pink china, after having had the chance of such a woman as yourself? And now what is my answer?"

What it was I leave for my readers to guess.

CLOVES.

CLOVES are the unopened flowers of a small evergreen tree that resembles in appearance the laurel or the bay. It is a native of the Molucca or Spice Islands, but has been carried to all the warmer parts of the world, and it is now cultivated in the tropical regions of America. The flowers are small in size, and grow in large numbers, in clusters, to the very end of the branches. The cloves we use are the flowers gathered before they are opened, and while they are still green. After being gathered they are smoked by a wood fire, and then dried in the sun. Each clove consists of two parts—of a round head, which is the four petals, or leaves, or flowers rolled up, inclosing a number of small stalks or filaments; the other part of the clove is terminated with four points, and is, in fact, the flower-cup of the unripe seed-vessel. All these parts may be distinctly seen if a few cloves are soaked for a short time in hot water, when the leaves of the flower soften, and readily unroll. Both the taste and the smell of cloves depend on the quantity of oil they contain. Sometimes the oil is separated from the cloves before they are sold, and the odor and taste are, in consequence, much weakened.

THE RULE OF THE ROAD.

IN London drivers and riders, unlike walkers, keep on the *left* side of the road. Couplets and quatrains in considerable number have been composed to impress the rule on the memory of those persons who can call to mind a particular maxim with more readiness if it be stated in a rhyming form.

The rule of the road is a paradox quite,
In riding or driving along;
If you keep to your left, you are sure to go right;
If you keep to your right, you go wrong.

Traveled persons who have compared notes on this subject tell us that the English plan of keeping to the left hand of the carriage-way is adopted in Italy and in Italian Switzerland; whereas France, Belgium, and Germany adopt the rule of keeping to the right. Much debate has thence arisen. Why do nations differ in the matter, and which is the better of the two plans? Those who prefer the French mode urge that it is better to adopt the same rule, whichever it may be, for the carriage-ways as for the footways, in order not to burden the memory with conflicting phraseology. They also contend that the right is really the best, seeing that it gives more scope and sweep to the whip of the driver in cases of starting, bolting, or jibing; his right hand is more free, because more distant from the right hand of drivers coming in the opposite direction. But the English advocates say "No" to this. They urge that by adopting their plan each driver can see at a glance, by looking down for a moment, whether the passing wheels have space to keep clear of each other; the opposite drivers being near, each can the better assist the other in steering the craft properly. "No," say the French advocates; "he is a queer driver who wants to look down at his wheel; let him keep his whip-hand clear and he can guide his team." Of course, when the driver sits exactly in the middle of the front of the vehicle, the actual distance between driver and driver is exactly the same in either method; but the free whip-hand for the Frenchman is an advantage not to be despised. It has been suggested that the English plan probably originated in Italy, in days when diligences and post-coaches were liable to be attacked by highwaymen or brigands. The postilions carried fire-arms, to be managed with the right hand; they sat on the left-hand horse and drove on the left-hand side of the road, in order to have full command of the right hand in moments of difficulty or danger.

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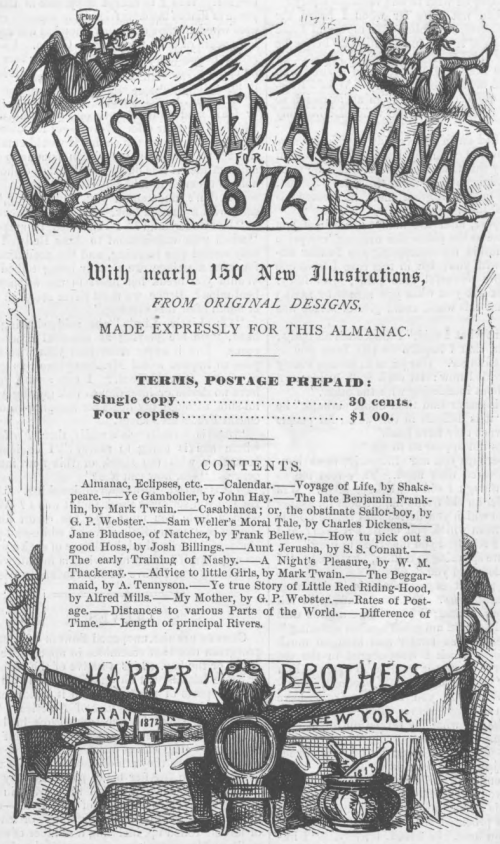
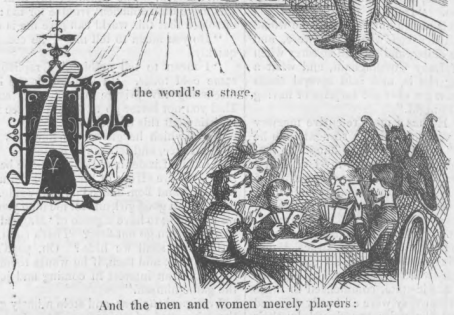


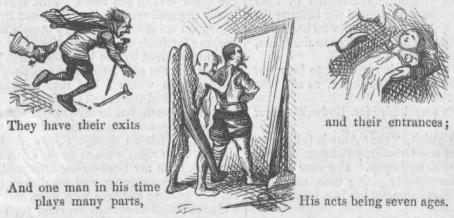
[FROM NAST'S ALMANAC FOR 1872.]

SHAKSPEARE'S VOYAGE OF LIFE.

All the world's a stage.



And the men and women merely players:



They have their exits and their entrances;

And one man in his time plays many parts,

His acts being seven ages.

MY MOTHER.—[FROM NAST'S ALMANAC FOR 1872.]

A helpless babe, who nursed me then,
And gave me paregoric when
I wept with pain, till well again?
My Mother.

Who let me do just what I chose,
And dressed me up in fancy clothes,
And taught me how to wipe my nose?
My Mother.

And when I cut my finger, who
Brought salve to soothe and cure it too,
And checked my juvenile boo-hoo?
My Mother.

And when he kicked with all his might,
And threw me higher than a kite,
Who fainted and fell down with fright?
My Mother.

And when her precious infant smiled,
Who called me "angel," "darling child,"
And laughed and wept in transport wild?
My Mother.

And watched me still with anxious care,
And washed my face, and curled my hair,
And set me in my little chair?
My Mother.

And when at school I made my way,
Who heard my lessons day by day,
Of Puget Sound and Baffin's Bay?
My Mother.

Who gently said it was not right
To set the dog and cat to fight,
Or laugh at such a wicked sight?
My Mother.

And when the colic vexed me sore,
Who then at midnight walked the floor,
And in her arms her baby bore?
My Mother.

And who my youthful body bent
Across her knee—oh, sad event!—
And spanked me to her heart's content?
My Mother.

And when my pony just in play
Ran off, and carried me away,
Who viewed the scene with great dismay?
My Mother.

Though she is old and all alone,
And I to be a man have grown,
Who calls me still her boy—her own?
My Mother.

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LADY JANE GREY AND BISHOP GARDINER.

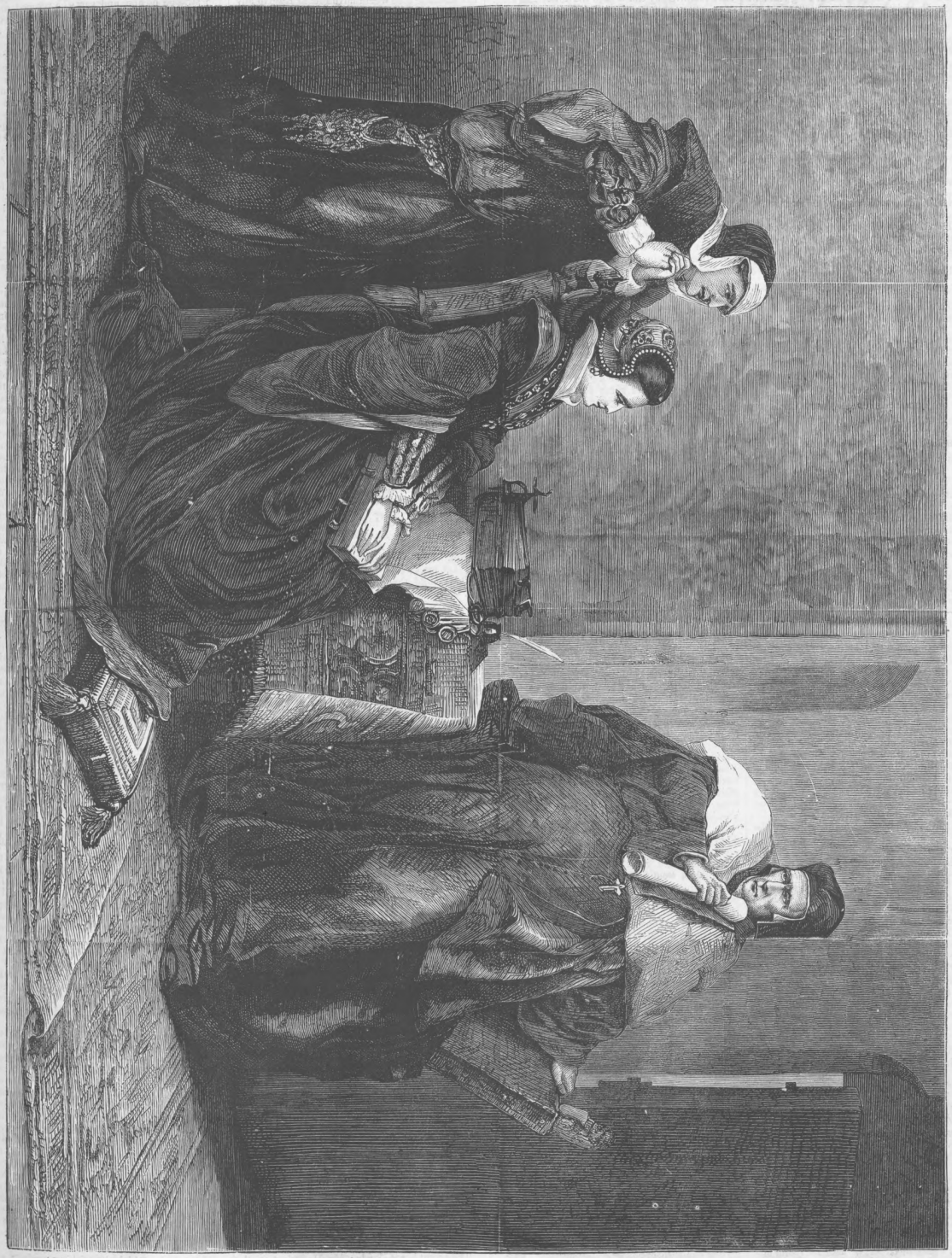
IN explanation of the engraving from Mr. FOLINGSBY'S fine historical painting given on this page, it will suffice to remind the reader that several attempts were made to induce Lady JANE GREY to recant during her confinement in the Tower, consequent on the various abortive efforts to place her on the throne. On the death of EDWARD VI. the Duke of Northumberland had assumed the illegitimacy of the young deceased king's sisters, MARY TUDOR and ELIZABETH (with, it is said, that king's authority, though contrary to HENRY VIII.'s will), and had claimed the crown for Lady JANE GREY, the wife of his son GUILDFORD, Lord Dudley, in virtue of her being descended from a younger sister of King HENRY. The duke was, however, so unpopular, especially with the Catholics, that his daughter-in-law was deposed in eight days, and Princess MARY set up in her place. Lady JANE is here in the power of MARY, and shortly will be led to the scaffold, as well as her husband, her father (the Duke of Suffolk), and her father-in-law (Northumberland), by command of her ruthless rival.

Our sympathy for the hapless lady is increased by knowing that she was not a willing party to the ambitious plot of her relatives, and also by all that we know of her character. She is represented to have been remarkably beautiful and intelligent, yet to have preserved all the unaffected graces proper to her sex and age. She was educated by AYLMER, afterward Bishop of London, and, although barely seventeen when she was beheaded, she could write and speak Greek and Latin, and knew more or less of some other languages.

Protestants are naturally ready to believe that she worsted in argument the Romish ecclesiastics who sought to make her a convert; but really the statements of her biographers to this effect are not at all incredible when we read her literary remains, collected and published by Sir N. HARRIS NICHOLAS. FECKENHAM, the queen's chaplain and confessor, certainly found in the young scholar a most formidable disputant. There are few things more terse and logical than the "conference dialogue-wise touching her faith and religion," held with FECKENHAM, which she wrote and signed four days before her execution. "Divers learned Roman Catholics of fame and reputation," including two bishops, are said to have tried the patience and fortitude which did not forsake her on the scaffold to the very utmost during the days and hours preceding her death, by artifice, by flattery, by threatenings, by promises of life. But all was of no avail. Of one thing we are quite certain—that the young martyr's conscience would not allow her to purchase life at the sacrifice demanded by the cruel, bigoted queen.

Whether Lady JANE would, indeed, ultimately have saved her head by recanting is hard to say. Bishop GARDINER is reported to have been among the number of her disputants; and this is not improbable, though the common story is somewhat apocryphal. STEPHEN GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester, was a fitting emissary for such an errand, as he was a tool well prepared for MARY'S subsequent persecutions. He had been secretary to Cardinal WOLSEY, and he had consented to be employed in the matter of HENRY VIII.'s divorce from Queen CATHERINE; he had opposed the Reformation, and been imprisoned in EDWARD VI.'s reign; but he was released and made Lord Chancellor by Queen MARY.

In the picture the artist doubtless intends to



LADY JANE GREY'S VICTORY OVER BISHOP GARDINER.—[FROM THE PAINTING BY G. F. FOLINGSBY.]

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suggest by the book lying open in her lap that Lady JANE has been drawing her arguments from the Bible or her favorite Greek Testament; while we may assume the ponderous tome held by the bishop to contain the writings of one of the Church saints or fathers. The parchment roll he holds in the other hand we may set down as MARY'S warrant offering the conditional pardon. The standing female is Lady THROCKMORTON, who was in attendance on Lady JANE, and imprisoned with her for treason.

The painter of this admirable picture, Mr. G. F. FOLINGSBY, is an English artist long resident in Munich, Bavaria.

MY SORROW-TREASURE.

NOR sadder am I nor more glad
Than other men whose ways I cross;
I have my times, as they, to sigh,
A dullness sometimes in my eye,
And every day a memory.

I would not rid me of my pain
For all this world can offer me;
So time-bound is its hold and thrall,
So long we two have shared our all,
So long we have kept company.

Kind friends, indeed, would probe my soul,
Would draw its secrets into day:
And "Hope!" says one, "for still you can;"
"Forget!" another cries, "nor scan
Those pages long since laid away."

Ay, laid away as flowers are laid
(Scarce touched in laying by the hand),
Reaped from the all-unruffled bed,
Cold from the forehead of the dead,
And bitter sweet as love untold.

Will you not spare me, then, my hoard,
My Eden with the guarded gates?
I can not pass, nor you, nor you—
Leave me my peep-hole to look through,
My quickset, broken hedge of thorns.

CHASED BY WOLVES.

A STORY OF CLAIRVOYANCE.

IT was a race for life. Following hard upon the fleet skater were a troop of wolves as fleet. Charles Vance heard their breathing, the short, impatient sniffs, the regular patter of sharp feet upon the ice, like a click. The scene lay in Canada. The moon sailed through drifting clouds, now partially obscured, then bursting forth in a flood of silvery light. At one side was the dense pine forest, broken by clumps of leafless oak or hickory, and winding in and out as it followed the course of the river; on the other, the wide, snow-covered plain. A mile yet before a house would be reached, and in that time—

Brave as he was, Mr. Vance shuddered. At twenty-eight there was so much of life before him. He had reached a point where fortune began to smile upon him; and for the past six months his leisure hours had been bright with glowing air-castles, which all had Rose Ardley for their day-dream. For her sake it was that he had undertaken this perilous journey.

Faster! faster! This turn showed him the fierce gleaming eyes that repeated themselves until there seemed to be hundreds. Rays of lurid light flashed out; lolling scarlet tongues that thirsted for a draught of blood and a dainty morsel of flesh. A misstep, a half-hidden hillock of ice to trip the unwary traveler, a moment lost, and he would be in the power of these ravenous animals. No wonder his pulses quivered, or that he shrank from so horrible a fate.

More than once he had gone up and down the river for pleasure. More than once there had been a gay party—girls in their pretty skating costumes: but sweetest of all was Rose, her golden curls blown about by the wind, her cheeks brilliant, her purple eyes dilating with enjoyment. Bright and coquettish was she, fond of teasing him until his patience was almost exhausted; but a sweet, loving girl in the midst of it. At midsummer she was to be his wife. He had extorted that promise from her, though he would fain have taken her long before. And yet only the other morning they had fallen into a trifling dispute about this very visit. She wanted him to go up for this Thursday evening. He did not see his way clear to do it conveniently.

"Thursday is pay-day," he had said, alluding to his works and workmen. "I never can get away on Thursday nights until dark. My horse has fallen lame, too, Rose. I can not ride him after to-day."

"You once thought skating up the river a mere pastime," replied Miss Ardley; and her tone was a trifle sharp and haughty.

"In the daytime, and with company. That makes a difference."

"Oh, very well; if you care so little to come, there's no more to be said." And she turned away with an air of superb indifference.

"Rose, it is not that. I can come up Friday, and stay until Monday."

"But Thursday night is Eleanor's birthnight. I thought of the pleasure *to her* to have you among her guests. Don't put yourself out, however."

Charles Vance was not a man likely to be canonized for either meekness or patience; and she was purposely trying him. He felt vexed.

"I'll come if I can," concluded Mr. Vance, shortly. His tone was cold, and his eyes wandered over the waste of snow.

"Very well," she gayly said. "I shall expect you, mind. Good-by." And she kissed to him the tips of her dainty fingers.

He strode down the path, unhitched his horse with a jerk, and went riding over the road, never once glancing back. Perverse Rose Ardley was privately peeping after him, rather enjoying than not the semi-quarrel.

"I'll not go; she shall not get me there on Thursday evening," he answered to himself in his annoyance. But ere Thursday evening came his resolve was broken, after the manner of lovers, and he meant to go.

"I must skate up," he said. "The night's clear and frosty."

"Hope there'll be no wolves abroad, Master Vance," said the brawny Englishman, Hugh, one of his workmen and warm admirers. "Stainsly shot one over by the bridge the other morning. You'd better take a pistol."

"I'll trust to luck and my good skates," answered Mr. Vance, laughingly, rather ridiculing the notion of "wolves."

He started. The night, as he had observed, was clear and frosty, very bright and cold. Half his journey had been accomplished, when he heard a shrill, sharp cry echoing from the woods. Then another, as if in answer, and one at a distance. For a moment his blood curdled in his veins. What were these cries? Ah, what!—what but the wolves?

Nearer came the cry, and nearer, as if the dreadful animals scented their victim. He glided over the ice like lightning, his strides quickened by the first click he heard from his pursuers. On, first as rapidly as possible in a straight line, for not a second was to be lost. Every nerve and limb was strained to its utmost tension. A mile, perhaps; and if he had to double— A horrible flash of despair almost paralyzed him. That was certain death. Why had he been so heedless as to disregard sage Hugh's warning? But he had never seen a wolf during his sojourn in these Canadian wilds.

Faster! faster! Turns that frightfully lengthened his journey, but gave him a moment's respite, for his pursuers were by this means thrown off their track, and were some time in recovering their speed. The moon shone out brightly. Every tree seemed outlined against the sky with painful distinctness; here a gnarled old oak that had been riven with some fierce bolt; there a clump of gleaming evergreens that mocked him in their security. And now the river widened. Hardly a week before he and Rose Ardley had enjoyed a gay frolic of skating on this very spot. Was she still vexed with him? Oh, if she could but know!

In imagination their red tongues seemed to touch him. One of them seemed to hurt himself in some way, for there came a sharp howl of pain. The pursuit was stopped for an instant, and then they came on the faster. Charles Vance's limbs were weak, his pulses throbbing from exhaustion, his very brain reeled. The fiery eyes seemed to scorch him with their lurid glare, and now he could hear the rapid, expectant breath. So near safety, and yet— A despairing cry broke from his lips. Rose! Rose! Farewell to her, to happiness, to all.

Rose Ardley, the centre of a gay group of cousins and friends, was this self-same evening doing her utmost to be attractive. She was fascinating at all times and seasons, but when she used a little effort, could make herself doubly so. She had forgiven Charles Vance a dozen times since that last angry morning. He would be sure to come early, she complacently told herself, and be duly penitent. After all, Charles Vance was a brave, noble fellow. She thought she would not flirt one bit that night with any body else. The guests all arrived. All but Mr. Vance. Rose wondered. Had he been really vexed, and was he staying away to punish her? Well, let him stay. *She* should not mope or wear the willow. Love-lorn girls were always absurd.

So Rose Ardley was the gayest of the gay. They had a quadrille: some of the elder ones sat down to cards. Dr. Caltran, a deeply scientific man and great mesmerist, and three or four others, went into a discussion on that wonderful subject—clairvoyance. The doctor had been relating certain remarkable incidents, when it was proposed that a test should be given then. Who would become a subject?

No one appeared inclined at first, but Miss Caltran finally acquiesced, and took her seat in a chair in a small room they adjourned to. The doctor had succeeded in sending her to sleep, when Rose looked in. Her attention was immediately arrested, and she watched the experiment with much eagerness.

"Would any one like to put any questions?" asked Dr. Caltran.

There ensued a silence. Eleanor Ardley broke it.

"Rose will. Rose is always ready for any thing." And Miss Rose acquiesced at once.

"I don't know what to ask, or what I would most like to hear," she said, with a gay laugh.

"Ask about Charley. Ask what keeps him away. You can tease him well when you know that."

"But—is there really any truth in it, Dr. Caltran?" and Rose's deep eyes were luminous with some feeling akin to curiosity.

"It is true that the medium can in many cases seem to enter a person's mind, and answer in a remarkable fashion," was the reply. "Many failures are recorded and mistakes made, but I think they are due to our imperfect knowledge of the science. Suppose you try, Miss Rose; no one can suspect you of collusion."

Quite a circle began to gather round. Miss Caltran appeared to be in a tranquil slumber; her lips were just parted, suggesting her white, even teeth, which were very handsome.

"Well," said Rose, daringly.

"Place your hand in hers," directed the doctor. "Now think intently of the subject in which you wish her to feel interested, and then ask your question."

A thousand thoughts filled Rose Ardley's brain in an instant, but that of Charles Vance was the most prominent. What should she say? for delicacy seemed to hold her back on this subject.

"Make haste," cried Eleanor. "What is Charley Vance doing? Has he gone to sleep and forgotten to come here? Or has he gone visiting elsewhere?"

Rose colored. "I think I will not ask—" But a chorus of eager voices interrupted her.

"Play fair now, Rose. No backing out."

"Are you afraid?"

It was her cousin Kate who asked this, and the sarcastic tone would have roused Rose to any effort. In a strange flutter of nerve and brain she began.

"Don't get excited," said Dr. Caltran, smiling cheeringly.

Rose's mood was too uncertain at first to sway Miss Caltran (at least so the doctor said); she moved uneasily, and vainly essayed to speak. He approached to tranquilize her. It was some time before any coherent answers could be obtained, and then Rose was wrought up to a strange pitch. Some sudden presentiment concerning her lover filled her mind with apprehension. As if translating the young girl's emotion, Miss Caltran began slowly:

"Your friend is in great danger—great danger. He is flying as if for his life, first this way and then that way," making a tortuous motion with her hand. "He is on the river—the ice—and something follows him fast. Hark! do you hear a sharp cry?"

Rose turned deathly white in spite of her strongest efforts.

"Is he coming here?" she asked, scarcely knowing what she said.

"O Heavens! they are gaining upon him fast. He goes like the wind, but they too are fleet."

As Miss Caltran said this—and it must be remarked that her words throughout were labored and slow—she sighed deeply and evinced great agitation. Her breath was *long* and painful.

"Now they are up with him—now! Oh, save him! save him! Hark to their cries!"

"Oh, by Heaven, what fools we are!" suddenly exclaimed George Ardley, a light breaking on him. "I see it all. Vance has skated up on the river and been followed by a pack of wolves! One was killed a day or two ago, and several have been seen prowling round. Run for your lives, friends. Get something and come to his assistance."

Rose stood spell-bound. For a moment the room swam round; stars appeared to fill every space.

George thrust on his cap and coat, and slung his rifle over his shoulder. Two or three followed suit, and the rooms were in a whirl of confusion.

"Let me go too," Rose almost shrieked.

"My child, there may be some mistake," said Dr. Caltran, soothingly, alarmed at the consequences of his sister's vision. "Do, pray, be calm."

"No, there is no mistake," she answered, hysterically. "I told him to skate up—his horse was lame—I dared him to come. Oh, merciful Heavens, forgive me!"

She was in a perfect agony of despair. The horrible vision her cousin George's words conjured up made a more vivid one in her brain. Her face, that had been so brilliant a short time before, was now the picture of anguish. She could not help thinking that if any evil had befallen him it was clearly her fault. How many times she had tormented him almost beyond endurance—been cool, capricious, laughed at his tenderness and his love! Arraigning her heart for judgment, she found it had been bitterly cruel to him—to the one man for whom she would give her life if occasion required. In the confusion and crowd she passed quietly up stairs, got her shawl and hood, and stole out unseen. Along she sped like a shadowy wraith, and was on the river as soon as the men with their rifles.

Hark! what was that? A sickening, despairing cry; a wail of mortal agony. Rose recognized it for *his* voice—for they were close upon him now.

Yes, the cry came from Charles Vance. With that one despairing burst he gave up hope, and turned upon his horrible pursuers. In the moonlight his eyes glared back to those fierce balls, and there was a deathly pause. The suddenness amazed the unreasoning brutes, but the foremost crouched to spring.

A ball went whizzing by, so closely that Mr. Vance felt the hot air upon his cheek. Then a yell ensued, ending in a howl of maddening pain. Another report, another; footsteps, voices. Yet he did not stir.

"Oh, Charles! Charles!" and the next instant Rose lay senseless at his feet.

At first he could not think, could not speak; the utter surprise and sense of deliverance overwhelmed him. He knelt down on the ice, trembling in every limb, and the rest came thronging around. The discomfited enemy were retiring with savage cries, leaving two of their number dead behind them.

"What is it all?" began Mr. Vance. "I—I can not imagine—"

"Do not try," interrupted George Ardley. "It is the strangest thing that ever happened. Can you walk home? I'll see to Rose." And he picked her up as though she had been a baby.

They went home slowly: Mr. Vance's strength was all but exhausted. Angry mutterings followed them from afar, but there was no real danger now. Rose, reviving to consciousness, struggled away from her cousin's protection.

"Let me walk; I am quite well now," she said, with a touch of her old imperiousness. And she got to Mr. Vance's side.

"Oh, Charles, I have been so selfish and cruel! Will you ever forgive me?"

Charles's answer was to take her arm within his and press it to his side. She broke down with a sob.

"Hush, my darling! God has interposed to save me. But still I do not understand how or why you should all have come."

"Oh, Charles, it is the strangest tale! You will hardly believe it—you, who have laughed at—"

"Don't spoil the story, Rose," said George Ardley from behind. "We'll have it all out when we get home."

Was Dr. Caltran surprised when he heard of the strange escape, and saw the rescued man? He made no sign. Miss Caltran, the clairvoyante, was herself then, save for an intense, dull headache.

"They had gained on me so fast that it seems as if I could not have held out a minute longer," said Mr. Vance to the doctor. "Besides the short distance on the river, there was the dark walk up to the house, and my courage was utterly giving way."

Rose burst into tears. "Charles, as long as I live I will never be capricious again," she whispered; "no, not even when I am your wife: I will try to be a blessing to you instead of a trouble."

And he kissed the sweet lips for their fond confession.

So it all ended well. But the wonderful escape of Charles Vance from the peril of the wolves is talked of in Canada to this day.

THE TRICHINÆ.

THE trichinæ at first were found exclusively in the muscles of animals, and always in innumerable quantities. They were inclosed in a kind of cyst, so that it seemed impossible to say by what way they had been introduced, or how they could escape. Later discoveries have shown that in the first, or larva period, they are always in the muscles; in the second, or adult period, in the intestines. How, then, do they pass from one to the other? In 1859 two learned Germans, Leuckart and Virchow, set themselves the task of elucidating this question. Their discoveries made plain the following facts. The trichinæ, so long as they remain in their cyst, or inclosure, never increase or issue from the muscles; but if the animal in which they are be eaten by another—as a dog or cat eating a mouse—in a few hours the flesh is dissolved by digestion, and the larva, being set free, obtains its proper home for development. On the third or fourth day it attains its full growth, lays its embryos in the mucus, and these, in their turn, push through the tissues to reach the muscles. These minute beings need no assistance, like many worms, to attain their object; their extremely diminutive size suffices for them to travel and insinuate themselves into the layers of organic tissues. Each having reached its destination, it grows in size for about twenty days. The cyst is formed round it, completely inclosing it. Here it remains in a latent state of life, like the chrysalis in its cocoon, during many years—according to some observations eight years—and at length perishes, should nothing arise to draw it from its living prison.

There are certain conditions necessary to its development: should it be eaten by a reptile, a fish, or an insect, the larva does not find the heat which must draw it from its death-like trance, and it passes through the digestive canal without alteration. If a bird swallow it, the embryo awakes from its inertia, but its young can find no muscular fibre suitable for its habitation. The mammiferous animal alone supplies the necessary habitat, and this, again, must be of the right kind or age. The adult or old dog has muscles of too tough a nature for the embryos to penetrate, while in the puppy there is every facility for its development. The fox is, like the dog, preserved from the trichinæ. Thus the occasions for its transmission from one animal to another would be very rare if the larva had as short a life as its mother. Infallibly the species would soon disappear; but the cyst protects it from many enemies. It resists the coldness of death, and remains in the corpse; it bears a frost of sixteen degrees below zero, as well as the putrefaction of the flesh which envelops it. Acid, alkaline, and saline substances, which kill it in the adult state, have no effect upon it; and it becomes the food of animals who are great flesh-eaters, such as the pig, the rat, the mouse, and the cat.

The morbid phenomena occasioned by the trichinæ are proportioned to the cycle it passes through. Its presence in the digestive organs produces derangement of the system for about a month; the passage of the embryos to the exterior organs brings on violent muscular pains, fever, and the symptoms of a serious illness, which is sometimes mistaken for acute rheumatism or typhoid fever. If the patient does not die, by degrees he returns to his proper state of health when the trichinæ are imprisoned in the muscles. It may be imagined that when thousands of these little creatures are piercing their way in long furrows through the different organs, dividing and dragging the fibres, that very severe irritation and inflammable phenomena will appear; but when the migration is completed no one would know that he was the prey of myriads of creatures.

The suffering which the trichinæ produce, and the fatal effects which are occasionally the consequence, the absence of any known remedy, and the facility with which the disease may be contracted, have inspired many people with a legitimate dread. This fear, which is quite justified in Germany, need not gain ground in other countries. The rarity of the trichinæ in the United States arises from the difference of our culinary habits from that of the Germans: the flesh of raw pork is not in use among us, and our mode

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of cooking entirely destroys the trichinæ. Besides this, the larva dies a natural death after six weeks or two months of keeping; and the salting or smoking process materially hastens it. But even in Germany the danger may be exaggerated. The larva is the only agent in its transmission, and how many obstacles prevent its propagation: imprisoned in its cell, from which it can not issue spontaneously or propagate its species, it inevitably perishes, unless taken into another animal's stomach. Neither birds, fishes, reptiles, nor invertebrate animals can give it life: only among the mammiferous classes does it find a home, and of these we must except all great flesh-eaters, and certainly all herbivorous animals. We can only receive it from the pig, and the pig is not likely to eat any thing but the cat, the rat, and the mouse; for wild animals subject to the disease are not to be found in the farmstead, and it would be a rare case if their flesh were eaten by the pig. And this being the only mode of trichinal infection, its circle must long remain a very restricted one. Cats and mice do not emigrate far, and therefore it could only be to the neighbor farms that they could transport the parasites attached to their flesh. It can not invade distant countries, like pestilence or cholera, with its subtile and invisible miasma; nor even like the worm of Medina, whose dried larva may be carried in the sand of the desert by a whirlwind, or transported into distant countries by large streams. These considerations may suffice to re-assure the timid spirits who have feared so serious a disease.

It is possible, by very simple means, to cause the entire disappearance of the trichinæ from the places where they exist. The dead bodies of all animals which might by chance communicate them to the pig should be carefully buried. In Paris, by means of attention, an analogous result was produced as regards another species. At the close of the last century an epidemic of lumbrical worms appeared very frequently, complicating and increasing the malignity of other diseases. This has entirely disappeared, becoming more and more rare up to 1825. The reason is that the use of filters has become universal, and the worm which was in the water usually drunk could not pass through. If such were the result obtained as regards one of our parasites, by simple hygienic means, the same might be insured for a more dangerous one, when the means of preservation are known, and when public and private interests alike demand it.

BY NIGHT.

GLIMMER of moonlight upon the river,
Glistening shimmer of silvery sheen,
Float from thy fairy-land toward me ever—
Message of love from the huntress-queen;
Clothing with light the tremulous water,
Trellised with ripples of baby waves—
Laughter of heaven, like that of the daughter
Of earth, whose beauty my soul enslaves—
Artemis' message, and Aphrodite's,
Wooing my heart that was won before,
A tremor of love thy delicate light is,
Thy wavelet welcome, my bosom the shore!

LORD KILGOBBIN.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

Asthor of "That Boy of Norcott's," "The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly," "Sir Brooke Fossbrooke," "A Day's Ride," "One of Them," "Gerald Fitzgerald," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XLI.

TWO FAMILIAR EPISTLES.

THERE were a number of bolder achievements Gorman O'Shea would have dared rather than write a note; nor were the cares of the composition the only difficulties of the undertaking. He knew of but one style of correspondence—the report to his commanding officer, and in this he was aided by a formula to be filled up. It was not, then, till after several efforts he succeeded in the following familiar epistle:

"KILGOBBIN CASTLE.

"DEAR AUNT,—Don't blow up or make a rumpus; but if I had not taken the mare and come over here this morning, the rascally police with their search-warrant might have been down upon Mr. Kearney without a warning. They were all stiff and cold enough at first: they are nothing to brag of in the way of cordiality even yet—Dick especially—but they have asked me to stay and dine, and I take it it is the right thing to do. Send me over some things to dress with, and believe me, your affectionate nephew,

"G. O'SHEA.

"I send the mare back, and shall walk home to-morrow morning.

"There's a great Castle swell here, a Mr. Walpole, but I have not made his acquaintance yet, and can tell nothing about him."

Toward a late hour of the afternoon a messenger arrived with an ass-cart and several trunks from O'Shea's Barn, and with the following note:

"DEAR NEPHEW GORMAN,—O'Shea's Barn is not an inn, nor are the horses there at public livery. So much for your information. As you seem fond of 'warnings,' let me give you one, which is, To mind your own affairs in preference to the interests of other people. The family at Kilgobbin are perfectly welcome—so far as I am concerned—to the fascinations of your society at dinner to-day, at breakfast to-morrow, and so on, with such regularity and order as the meals succeed. To which end I have now sent you all the luggage belonging to you here.

"I am, very respectfully, your aunt,

"ELIZABETH O'SHEA."

The quaint, old-fashioned, rugged writing was marked throughout by a certain distinctness and accuracy that betokened care and attention; there was no evidence whatever of haste or passion, and this expression of a serious determination, duly weighed and resolved on, made itself very painfully felt by the young man as he read.

"I am turned out—in plain words, turned out!" said he aloud, as he sat with the letter spread out before him. "It must have been no common quarrel—not a mere coldness between the families—when she resents my coming here in this fashion." That innumerable differences could separate neighbors in Ireland, even persons with the same interests and the same religion, he well knew, and he solaced himself to think how he could get at the source of this disagreement, and what chance there might be of a reconciliation.

Of one thing he felt certain. Whether his aunt were right or wrong, whether tyrant or victim, he knew in his heart all the submission must come from the others. He had only to remember a few of the occasions in life in which he had to entreat his aunt's forgiveness for the injustice she had herself inflicted, to anticipate what humble pie Maurice Kearney must partake of in order to conciliate Miss Betty's favor.

"Meanwhile," he thought, and not only thought, but said, too—"meanwhile, I am on the world."

Up to this, she had allowed him a small yearly income. Father Luke, whose judgment on all things relating to Continental life was unimpeachable, had told her that any thing like the reputation of being well off or connected with wealthy people would lead a young man into ruin in the Austrian service; that with a sum of 3000 francs per annum—about £120—he would be in possession of something like the double of his pay, or rather more, and that with this he would be enabled to have all the necessaries and many of the comforts of his station, and still not be a mark for that high play and reckless style of living that certain young Hungarians of family and large fortune affected; and so far the priest was correct, for the young Gorman was wasteful and extravagant from disposition, and his quarter's allowance disappeared almost when it came. His money out, he fell back at once to the penurious habits of the poorest subaltern about him, and lived on his florin-and-half per diem till his resources came round again. He hoped—of course he hoped—that this momentary fit of temper would not extend to stopping his allowance.

"She knows as well as any one," muttered he, "that though the baker's son from Prague, or the Amtmann's nephew from a Bavarian Dorf, may manage to 'come through' with his pay, the young Englishman can not. I can neither piece my own overalls, nor forswear stockings, nor can I persuade my stomach that it has had a full meal by tightening my girth-strap three or four holes.

"I'd go down to the ranks to-morrow rather than live that life of struggle and contrivance, that reduces a man to playing a dreary game with himself, by which, while he feeds like a pauper, he has to fancy he felt like a gentleman. No, no; I'll none of this. Scores of better men have served in the ranks. I'll just change my regiment. By a lucky chance, I don't know a man in the Walmoden Cuirassiers. I'll join them, and nobody will ever be the wiser."

There is a class of men who go through life building very small castles, and are no more discouraged by the frailty of the architecture than is a child with his toy-house. This was Gorman's case; and now that he had found a solution of his difficulties in the Walmoden Cuirassiers, he really dressed for dinner in very tolerable spirits. "It's droll enough," thought he, "to go down to dine among all these 'swells,' and to think that the fellow behind my chair is better off than myself." The very uncertainty of his fate supplied excitement to his spirits, for it is among the privileges of the young that mere flurry can be pleasurable.

When Gorman reached the drawing-room he found only one person. This was a young man in a shooting-coat, who, deep in the recess of a comfortable arm-chair, sat with *The Times* at his feet, and to all appearance as if half dozing.

He looked around, however, as young O'Shea came forward, and said, carelessly, "I suppose it's time to go and dress—if I could."

O'Shea making no reply, the other added, "That is, if I have not overslept dinner altogether."

"I hope not, sincerely," rejoined the other, "or I shall be a partner in the misfortune."

"Ah, you're the Austrian," said Walpole, as he stuck his glass in his eye and surveyed him.

"Yes; and you are the private secretary of the Governor."

"Only we don't call him Governor. We say Viceroy here."

"With all my heart, Viceroy be it."

There was a pause now, each, as it were, standing on his guard to resent any liberty of the other. At last Walpole said, "I don't think you were in the house when that stupid stipendiary fellow called here this morning?"

"No; I was strolling across the fields. He came with the police, I suppose?"

"Yes, he came on the track of some Fenian leader—a droll thought enough any where out of Ireland to search for a rebel under a magistrate's roof; not but there was something still more Irish in the incident."

"How was that?" asked O'Shea, eagerly.

"I chanced to be out walking with the ladies when the escort came; and as they failed to find the man they were after, they proceeded to make diligent search for his papers and letters. That taste for practical joking that seems an instinct in this country, suggested to Mr. Kearney to direct the fellows to my room; and what do you think they have done? Carried off bodily all my baggage, and left me with nothing but the clothes I'm wearing!"

"What a lark!" cried O'Shea, laughing.

"Yes, I take it that is the national way to look at these things; but that passion for absurdity and for ludicrous situations has not the same hold on us English."

"I know that. You are too well off to be droll."

"Not exactly that; but when we want to laugh we go to the 'Adelphi.'"

"Heaven help you if you have to pay people to make fun for you!"

Before Walpole could make rejoinder, the door opened to admit the ladies, closely followed by Mr. Kearney and Dick.

"Not mine the fault if I disgrace your dinner-table by such a costume as this," cried Walpole.

"I'd have given twenty pounds if they'd have carried off yourself as the rebel!" said the old man, shaking with laughter. "But there's the soup on the table. Take my niece, Mr. Walpole. Gorman, give your arm to my daughter. Dick and I will bring up the rear."

CHAPTER XLII.

AN EVENING IN THE DRAWING-ROOM.

THE fatalism of youth, unlike that of age, is all rose-colored. That which is coming, and is decreed to come, can not be very disagreeable. This is the theory of the young, and differs terribly from the experiences of after-life. Gorman O'Shea had gone to dinner with about as heavy a misfortune as could well befall him, so far as his future in life was concerned. All he looked forward to and hoped for was lost to him: the aunt who, for so many years, had stood to him in place of all family, had suddenly thrown him off, and declared that she would see him no more; the alloyance she had hitherto given him withdrawn, it was impossible he could continue to hold his place in his regiment. Should he determine not to return, it was desertion; should he go back, it must be to declare that he was a ruined man, and could only serve in the ranks. These were the thoughts he revolved while he dressed for dinner, and dressed, let it be owned, with peculiar care; but when the task had been accomplished, and he descended to the drawing-room, such was the elasticity of his young temperament, every thought of coming evil was merged in the sense of present enjoyment, and the merry laughter which he overheard as he opened the door obliterated all notion that life had any thing before him except what was agreeable and pleasant.

"We want to know if you play croquet, Mr. O'Shea?" said Nina as he entered. "And we want also to know, are you a captain, or a drill-master, or a major? You can scarcely be a colonel."

"Your last guess I answer first. I am only a lieutenant, and even that very lately. As to croquet, if it be not your foreign mode of pronouncing cricket, I never even saw it."

"It is not my foreign mode of pronouncing cricket, Herr Lieutenant," said she, pertly, "but I guessed already you had never heard of it."

"It is an out-of-door affair," said Dick, indolently, "made for the diffusion of worked petticoats and Balmoral boots."

"I should say it is the game of billiards brought down to universal suffrage and the million," lisped out Walpole.

"Faith," cried old Kearney, "I'd say it was just foot-ball with a stick."

"At all events," said Kate, "we purpose to have a grand match to-morrow. Mr. Walpole and I are against Nina and Dick, and we are to draw lots for you, Mr. O'Shea."

"My position, if I understand it aright, is not a flattering one," said he, laughing.

"We'll take him," cried Nina at once. "I'll give him a private lesson in the morning, and I'll answer for his performance. These creatures," added she, in a whisper, "are so drilled in Austria, you can teach them any thing."

Now, as the words were spoken, Gorman caught them, and drawing close to her—"I do hope I'll justify that flattering opinion." But her only recognition was a look of half-defiant astonishment at his boldness.

A very noisy discussion now ensued as to whether croquet was worthy to be called a game or not, and what were its laws and rules—points which Gorman followed with due attention, but very little profit; all Kate's good sense and clearness being cruelly dashed by Nina's ingenious interruptions, and Walpole's attempts to be smart and witty, even where opportunity scarcely offered the chance.

"Next to looking on at the game," cried old Kearney at last, "the most tiresome thing I know of is to hear it talked over. Come, Nina, and give me a song."

"What shall it be, uncle?" said she, as she opened the piano.

"Something Irish I'd say, if I were to choose for myself. We've plenty of old tunes, Mr. Walpole," said Kearney, turning to that gentleman, "that rebellion, as you call it, has never got hold of. There's 'Cushla Macree' and the 'Cailan deas cruidhte na Mbo.'"

"Very like hard swearing that," said Walpole to Nina; but his simper and his soft accent were only met by a cold blank look, as though she had not understood his liberty in addressing her. Indeed, in her distant manner and even repelling coldness, there was what might have disconcerted any composure less consummate than his own. It was, however, evidently Walpole's aim to assume that she felt her relation toward him, and not altogether without some cause; while she, on her part, desired to repel the insinuation by a show of utter indifference. She would willingly, in this contingency, have encouraged her cousin, Dick Kearney, and even led him on to little displays of attention; but Dick held aloof, as though not knowing the meaning of this favorable turn toward him. He would not be cheated by coquetry. How many men are of this temper, and who never understand that it is by surrendering ourselves to numberless little voluntary deceptions of this sort, we arrive at intimacies the most real and most truthful.

She next tried Gorman, and here her success was complete. All those womanly prettinesses, which are so many modes of displaying graceful attraction of voice, look, gesture, or attitude, were especially dear to him. Not only they gave beauty its chief charm, but they constituted a sort of game whose address was quickness of eye, readiness of perception, prompt reply, and that refined tact that can follow out one thought in a conversation just as you follow a melody through a mass of variations.

Perhaps the young soldier did not yield himself the less readily to these captivations that Kate Kearney's manner toward him was studiously cold and ceremonious.

"The other girl is more like the old friend," muttered he, as he chatted on with her about Rome, and Florence, and Venice, imperceptibly gliding into the language which the names of places suggested.

"If any had told me that I ever could have talked thus freely and openly with an Austrian soldier I'd not have believed him," said she at length, "for all my sympathies in Italy were with the National party."

"But we were not 'the Barbari' in your recollection, mademoiselle," said he. "We were out of Italy before you could have any feeling for either party."

"The tradition of all your cruelties has survived you; and I am sure if you were wearing your white coat still, I'd hate you."

"You are giving me another reason to ask for a longer leave of absence," said he, bowing courteously.

"And this leave of yours, how long does it last?"

"I am afraid to own to myself. Wednesday fortnight is the end of it; that is, it gives me four days after that to reach Vienna."

"And, presenting yourself in humble guise before your Colonel, to say, 'Ich melde mich gehorsamst.'"

"Not exactly that, but something like it."

"I'll be the Herr Oberst Lieutenant," said she, laughing; "so come forward now, and clap your heels together, and let us hear how you utter your few syllables in true abject fashion. I'll sit here and receive you." As she spoke she threw herself into an arm-chair, and, assuming a look of intense hauteur and defiance, affected to stroke an imaginary mustache with one hand, while with the other she waved a haughty gesture of welcome.

"I have outstaid my leave," muttered Gorman, in a tremulous tone. "I hope my Colonel, with that bland mercy which characterizes him, will forgive my fault, and let me ask his pardon." And with this, he knelt down on one knee before her and kissed her hand.

"What liberties are these, Sir?" cried she, so angrily that it was not easy to say whether the anger was not real.

"It is the latest rule introduced into our service," said he, with mock humility.

"Is that a comedy they are acting yonder," said Walpole, "or is it a proverb?"

"Whatever the drama," replied Kate, coldly, "I don't think they want a public."

"You may go back to your duty, Herr Lieutenant," said Nina, proudly, and with a significant glance toward Kate. "Indeed, I suspect you have been rather neglecting it of late." And with this she sailed majestically away toward the end of the room.

"I wish I could provoke even that much of jealousy from the other," muttered Gorman to himself, as he bit his lip in passion. And certainly, if a look and manner of calm unconcern meant any thing, there was little that seemed less likely.

"I am glad you are going to the piano, Nina," said Kate. "Mr. Walpole has been asking me by what artifice you could be induced to sing something of Mendelssohn."

"I am going to sing an Irish ballad for that Austrian patriot who, like his national poet, thinks 'Ireland a beautiful country to live out of.'" Though a haughty toss of her head accompanied these words, there was a glance in her eye toward Gorman that plainly invited a renewal of their half-flirting hostilities.

"When I left it, *you* had not been here," said he, with an obsequious tone, and an air of deference only too marked in its courtesy.

A slight, very faint blush on her cheek showed that she rather resented than accepted the flattery; but she appeared to be occupied in looking through the music-books, and made no rejoinder.

"We want Mendelssohn, Nina," said Kate.

"Or at least Spohr," added Walpole.

"I never accept dictation about what I sing," muttered Nina, only loud enough to be overheard by Gorman. "People don't tell you what theme you are to talk on; they don't presume to say, 'Be serious, or be witty.' They don't tell you to come to the aid of their sluggish natures by passion, or to dispel their dreariness by flights of fancy; and why are they to dare all this to *us* who speak through song?"

"Just because you alone can do these things," said Gorman, in the same low voice as she had spoken in, "I must trust to myself."

"Can I help you in your search, dearest?"

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said Kate, coming over to the piano.

"Might I hope to be of use?" asked Walpole.

"Mr. O'Shea wants me to sing something for *him*," said Nina, coldly. "What is it to be?" asked she of Gorman.

With the readiness of one who could respond to any sudden call upon his tact, Gorman at once took up a piece of music from the mass before him, and said, "Here is what I've been searching for." It was a little Neapolitan ballad of no peculiar beauty, but one of those simple melodies in which the rapid transition from deep feeling to a wild, almost reckless, gayety imparts all the character.

"Yes, I'll sing that," said Nina; and almost in the same breath the notes came floating through the air, slow and sad at first, as though laboring under some heavy sorrow. The very syllables faltered on her lips like a grief struggling for utterance, when, just as a thrilling cadence died slowly away, she burst forth into the wildest and merriest strain, something so impetuous in gayety that the singer seemed to lose all control of expression, and floated away in sound with every caprice of enraptured imagination. When in the very whirlwind of this impetuous gladness, as though a memory of a terrible sorrow had suddenly crossed her, she ceased; then, in tones of actual agony, her voice rose to a cry of such utter misery as despair alone could utter. The sounds died slowly away, as though lingeringly. Two bold chords followed, and she was silent.

None spoke in the room. Was this real passion, or was it the mere exhibition of an accomplished artist, who could call up expression at will as easily as a painter could heighten color? Kate Kearney evidently believed the former, as her heaving chest and her tremulous lip betrayed; while the cold, simpering smile on Walpole's face, and the "brava, bravissima" in which he broke the silence, vouched how he had interpreted that show of emotion.

"If that is singing, I wonder what is crying," cried old Kearney, while he wiped his eyes, very angry at his own weakness. "And now will any one tell me what it was all about?"

"A young girl, Sir," replied Gorman, "who, by a great effort, has rallied herself to dispel her sorrow and be merry, suddenly remembers that her sweetheart may not love her; and the more she dwells on the thought, the more firmly she believes it. That was the cry, 'He never loved me,' that went to all our hearts."

"Faith, then, if Nina has to say that," said the old man, "Heaven help the others!"

"Indeed, uncle, you are more gallant than all these young gentlemen," said Nina, rising and approaching him.

"Why they are not all at your feet this moment is more than I can tell. They're always telling me the world is changed, and I begin to see it now."

"I suspect, Sir, it's pretty much what it used to be," lisped out Walpole. "We are only less demonstrative than our fathers."

"Just as I am less extravagant than mine," cried Kilgobbin, "because I have not got it to spend."

"I hope Mademoiselle Nina judges us more mercifully," said Walpole.

"HE KNELT DOWN ON ONE KNEE BEFORE HER, AND KISSED HER HAND."

"Is that song a favorite of yours?" asked she of Gorman, without noticing Walpole's remark in any way.

"No," said he, bluntly; "it makes me feel like a fool, and, I am afraid, look like one too, when I hear it."

"I'm glad there's even that much blood in you," cried old Kearney, who had caught the words. "Oh dear! oh dear! England need never be afraid of the young generation."

"That seems to be a very painful thought to you, Sir," said Walpole.

"And so it is," replied he. "The lower we bend, the more you'll lay on us. It was your language, and what you call your civilization, broke us down first; and the little spirit that fought against either is fast dying out of us."

"Do you want Mr. Walpole to become a Fenian, papa?" asked Kate.

"You see, they took him for one to-day," broke in Dick, "when they came and carried off all his luggage."

"By-the-way," interposed Walpole, "we must take care that that stupid blunder does not get into the local papers, or we shall have it circulated by the London press."

"I have already thought of that," said Dick, "and I shall go into Moate to-morrow and see about it."

"Does that mean to say that you desert croquet?" said Nina, imperiously.

"You have got Lieutenant O'Shea in my place, and a better player than me already."

"I fear I must take my leave to-morrow," said Gorman, with a touch of real sorrow, for in secret he knew not whither he was going.

"Would your aunt not spare you to us for a few days?" said the old man. "I am in no favor with her just now, but she would scarcely refuse what we would all deem a great favor."

"My aunt would not think the sacrifice too much for her," said Gorman, trying to laugh at the conceit.

"You shall stay," murmured Nina, in a tone only audible to him; and by a slight bow he acknowledged the words as a command.

"I believe my best way," said Gorman, gayly, "will be to outstay my leave, and take my punishment, whatever it be, when I go back again."

"That is a little my morality," said Walpole, in a half-whisper to Kate, but to be overheard by Nina. "We poor civilians don't understand how to keep a debtor and creditor account with conscience."

"Could you manage to provoke that man to quarrel with you?" said Nina, secretly to Gorman, while her eyes glanced toward Walpole.

"I think I might; but what then? *He* wouldn't fight, and the rest of England would shun me."

"That is true," said she, slowly. "When any is injured here, he tries to make money out of it. I don't suppose you want money?"

"Not earned in that fashion, certainly. But I think they are saying good-night."

"They're always boasting about the man that found out the safety-lamp," said old Kearney, as he moved away; "but give me the fellow that invented a flat candlestick!"

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XV.—No. 772.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1871. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

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THE GRAND DUKE ALEXIS.

THE announcement that the Russian fleet, with the Grand Duke ALEXIS, sailed on the 26th of September from Falmouth for New York has created quite a lively stir in the fashionable circles of this country, and extensive preparations have been made to give him a reception suited to his rank, and expressive of the mutual good-will that prevails between the United States and Russia. The arrangements in this city are on a scale of splendor and magnificence never before witnessed here; and in every part of the country through which the imperial party propose traveling similar preparations are in progress.

Here the most imposing spectacle will be the reception of the Russian squadron in the Lower Bay, which will be participated in by the United States naval Squadron of Reception, the fleets of the combined yacht clubs in these waters, consisting of the New York, the Brooklyn, the Atlantic, and Bayonne clubs, and the steamers of the Committee of Reception. The combined yacht fleets will form in two divisions of escort on the starboard and port side of the Russian squadron as it steams up toward the city, convoyed by the United States men-of-war, the steamers of the Committee of Reception, and an immense fleet of excursion boats containing invited guests.

Besides the naval display, there will probably be a review of the whole First Division of the National Guard and a parade of a division of the Steam Fire Department in honor of the distinguished guest. Immediately upon his arrival in this city he will proceed to Washington, where he will be presented to the President of the United States by the Russian minister. This point of etiquette fulfilled, and after having received the hospitalities of the government of the United States, the imperial party, consisting of the Grand Duke and a very large number of distinguished Russians, both young and old, will return to New York, and the brilliant programme arranged by the Committee of Reception will be carried out. An entire day will be devoted to an inspection of the fortifications in the harbor, and the navy-yard and public institutions will be included in the round of excursions which have been planned for the gratification of the imperial party. They will also visit West Point, where the cadets will be reviewed by the Grand Duke.

The grand banquet and ball at the Academy of Music, it is expected, will be the crowning act of hospitality extended to the young sailor. No expense has been spared to make it the most gorgeous spectacle of the kind that has ever been held at the Academy.

The entire southern wing of the Clarendon Hotel has been rented by the Russian minister as the residence of the Grand Duke and his party during their stay in this city. As this portion of the hotel, until recently an elegant private residence, can be made entirely separate from the rest of the building, the party will be as secluded as they could wish.

Leaving New York after a sojourn of three or four days, the party will go West, visiting all the principal cities along the route between New York and San Francisco. It is proposed to organize a grand buffalo hunt on the Plains, near Fort Laramie, under the direction of Lieutenant-General SHERIDAN and the United States officers of cavalry stationed in the far West. It will be recollected that a similar entertainment was organized by General MACGRUDER for the Prince of Wales, who was, however, unable to participate in the novel sport. The imperial visitor from Russia, it is confidently asserted, will accept the proffered invitation.

An interesting incident of the Grand Duke's visit will be the presentation of the FARRAGUT portrait, intended as a present to the Emperor of Russia. The plan is to make it a national and not a local testimonial, and the list of subscribers contains the names of prominent citizens from every section of the country.

The Grand Duke is now in his twenty-second year, having been born in January, 1850. He is the third son of the Emperor, and is cultivated and intelligent. Like Prince BISMARCK, he is said to be very proud of a decoration given him in recognition of his gallantry in saving a person from drowning, under circumstances of great personal danger. As the person thus rescued was a lady, he ought to be a favorite with the fair, whom only the brave deserve. That he is decidedly good-looking can be seen from his portrait on this page.

At this season of the year the voyage across the Atlantic is apt to be long, owing to the prevalence of heavy westerly winds, and it is not likely that the Russian fleet will come in sight of Sandy Hook before the middle of October. Our people will give him a warm and friendly reception, and send him back, it is to be hoped, with new ideas of the strength and the beneficence of liberal republican institutions.

THE GRAND DUKE ALEXIS, OF RUSSIA.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH FURNISHED BY C. D. FREDERICKS & CO., 587 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.]

GAMBLING AT MONACO.

NOTHING can be prettier than the modern village of Monaco, Italy, which lies at the foot of the cliff on which stood the old robber town of the same name, with its gardens, rich in fountains and statues and tropical plants, which surround the neat Parisian square of buildings. The hotel is splendidly decorated, and its *cuisine* claims to be the best in Europe. There is a pleasant café, the doors of the Casino itself stand hospitably open, and strangers may wander without a question from hall to reading-room, or listen in the concert-room to an excellent band which plays twice a day. The salon itself, the terrible "Hell" which one has pictured with all sorts of Dantesque accompaniments, is a pleasant room, gayly painted, with cozies all round it, and a huge mass of gorgeous flowers in the centre.

Nothing can be more unlike one's preconceived ideas than the gambling itself, or the aspect of the gamblers around the tables. Of the wild excitement, the frenzy of gain, the outbursts of despair which one has come prepared to witness, there is not a sign. The games strike the by-stander as singularly dull and uninteresting; one wearies of the perpetual deal and turn-up of the cards at rouge-et-noir, of the rattle of the ball as it dances into its pigeon-hole at roulette, of the monotonous chant of "Make your game, gentlemen," or "The game is made." The croupiers rake in their gains or poke out the winnings with the passive regularity of machines; the gamblers sit round the table with the vacuous solemnity of undertakers. The general air of the company is that of a number of well-to-do people bored out of their lives, and varying their boredom with quiet nods to the croupier and assiduous prickings of little cards.

The boredom is apparently greatest at rouge-et-noir, where the circle is most aristocratic, and thousands can be lost and won in a night. Every body looks tired, absent, inattentive; nobody takes much notice of his neighbor or of the spectators looking on; nobody cares to speak; a finger suffices to direct the croupier to push the stake on to the desired spot, a nod or a look to indicate the winner. The game goes on in a dull uniformity; nobody varies his stake; a few napoleons are added or subtracted from the heaps before each as the minutes go on; sometimes a little sum is done on a paper beside the player; but there is the same impassive countenance, the same bored expression everywhere. Now and then one player gets quietly up, and another sits quietly down. But there is nothing startling or dramatic, no frenzies of hope or exclamations of despair, nothing of the gambler of fiction with "his hands clasped to his burning forehead," and the like. To any one who is not fascinated by the mere look of rolls of napoleons pushed from one color to another, or of gold raked about in little heaps, there is something very difficult to understand in the spell which a gaming-table exercises.

Roulette is a little more amusing, as it is more intelligible to the looker-on. The stakes are smaller, the company changes oftener, and is socially more varied. There is not such a dead, heavy earnestness about these riskers of five-franc pieces as about the more desperate gamblers of rouge-et-noir; the outside fringe of lookers-on bend over with their stakes to back "a run of luck," and there is a certain quiet buzz of interest when the game seems going against the bank. There is always a certain going and coming; over-dressed girls lean over and drop their stake and disappear; young clerks bring their quarter's salary; the casual visitor "doesn't mind risking a few francs" at roulette.

But even the excitement of roulette is of the gravest and dullest order. The only player who seems to throw any kind of vivacity into his gambling is a gaudy little Jew, with heavy watch-chain, who vibrates between one table and another, sees nothing of the game save the dropping of his stake at roulette, and then rushing off to drop another stake at rouge-et-noir, and finds time in his marches to spare a merry little word to a friend or two. But he is the only person who seems to know any body. Men who sit by one another year after year seem never to exchange a word.

There is not even the air of reckless adventure to excite one. The player who dashes down his all on any part of the table and trusts to fortune is a mere creature of fiction; the gambler of fact is a calculator, a man of business, with a contempt for speculation, and a firm belief in long-studied combination. Each has his little card, and ticks off the succession of numbers with the accuracy of a ledger. It is in the careful study of these statistics that each believes he discovers the secret of the game, the arrangement which, however it may be defeated for a time by inscrutable interference of ill luck, must in the end, if there is any truth in statistics, be success-

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ful. One looks in vain for the "reckless gambler" one has read about and talked about, for "reckless" is the very last word by which one would describe the ring of business-like people who come day after day with the hope of making money by an ingenious dodge. Their talk, if one listens to it over the dinner-table, turns altogether on this business-like aspect of the question. Nobody takes the least interest in its romantic or poetic side, in the wonderful runs of luck, or the terrible stories of ruin and despair which form the stock in trade of the novelist; the talk might be that of a conference of commercial travelers.

Most of the talkers announce themselves frankly as men of business. No doubt at Monaca, as elsewhere, there is the usual aristocratic fringe—the Russian prince who flings away an estate at a sitting, the half-blind countess from the Faubourg St. Germain, the Polish dancer with a score of titles, the English "milord." But the bulk of the players have the look and air of people who have made their money in trade. It is well to look on at such a scene, if only to strip off the romance which has been so profusely showered over it. As a matter of fact, nothing is more prosaic, nothing meaner in tone, nothing more utterly devoid of interest, than a gambling-table; and the fascination which it exercises over some minds is incomprehensible to those who regard it without permitting themselves to take part in the play.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1871.

Circulation 135,000 Copies.

☞ *In the Eight-page* SUPPLEMENT *furnished gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *our readers will find an admirable Cartoon by* NAST, *in which some of the follies of*

The Rising Generation

of young men are depicted in the forcible style which characterizes his pictures; an interesting illustrated Memoir of MISS CATHARINE SEDGWICK; *a fine view of* WEST LAUREL HILL CEMETERY, *near Philadelphia; the continuation of* "LORD KILGOBBIN;" *and other features of interest.*

WAGGERY IN POLITICS.

MR. TILDEN, the chairman of the Democratic State Committee of New York, is a wag. With exquisite humor he selects the moment when the most flagrant political corruption in our history is exposed in the city where the Democratic party has an unquestioned ascendency to declare that "the present demoralization has happened under the ascendency of the Republican party." The phrase is cunningly chosen, for it is true that the Republican party controls the country. But to insinuate that it is therefore responsible for the swindling of Democrats in New York is as excellent jesting as it would be to state that it was during the Presidency of WASHINGTON that GENET insulted the Government, and as if WASHINGTON were really responsible. But after this delicate insinuation Mr. TILDEN proceeds boldly to declare that "there is no doubt the tendency of the principles and measures of the Republican party is unfavorable to purity in government." Mr. TILDEN is a humorist. He knows that every intelligent man in the country who hears a Democrat gravely making this remark at this time in the city of New York will shout, with Mr. Squeers, "Here's richness!"

With all other honest men Mr. TILDEN sees and deplores the corruption of our politics. In the present movement of purification in the city he has taken an energetic and effective part, so active and shrewd, indeed, that the *World*, the chief paper of his party in the city, sneered at him. We wish Mr. TILDEN and his friends success in their attempts to cleanse the Augean stable of their party. But why should they interrupt the good work to declare that the defilement proceeds from the Republicans? Even the Albany *Argus* confesses that the Democrats were the buyers in the Legislature. They were the active, positive corrupting power. But the source of the evil is far behind. "Purity in government" in this country was assailed before any of the present Tammany Ring were in active life. The corruption in our politics is due to three chief causes, and each of them is identified with the Democratic party.

The first of these causes was the deliberate and dogged support of slavery. The ground of the fathers upon the subject was that slavery was rapidly disappearing, and they would not admit the word slave into the Constitution. But from the moment that slavery became profitable its systematic defense began. It was defended economically, politically, socially, morally, and religiously, and the defender was the Democratic party. Its position was an insult to God and man. It falsified the fundamental principle of the government, and sacrificed all the vital securities of liberty. The Democratic argument for a generation was a revolting sophistry. Its policy depended upon appeals to the basest and cruelest prejudices. Ignorance and cupidity were the conditions of its success. The party, mastered by the great slave lords, became a mere instrument for confirming and perpetuating slavery by degrading the national conscience. This demoralization became so evident in 1848 that many of the best men left the party. But it did not change its course. It would rule or ruin, and at last, for the sake of slavery, attempted the forcible destruction of the Union.

The second cause of the corruption of our politics was the prostitution of the civil service to party patronage. This was the work of the greatest of Democratic Presidents, General JACKSON. He wholly changed the practice of the government. HENRY CLAY, in the Senate, denounced the innovation as full of fatal perils for the country. WILLIAM L. MARCY, a Democrat, whom Mr. TILDEN mentions as an example of political morality, replied to Mr. CLAY, and announced the maxim upon which the Democratic President was then acting—"to the victors belong the spoils." From that time to this it has been the rule. It has filled the public service with intrigue and incompetency. It has caused the absorption of the executive prerogative by the Legislature. It has destroyed the first great balance of the Constitution. It has made the national election a mere grab game for plunder. And for this vast and incalculable demoralization the Democratic party is responsible.

The third cause of the corruption of our politics is the reckless pandering to the ignorance of the foreign population and to the political priesthood. The significant but contemptible illustration of this spirit is the conduct of the Democratic Mayor of New York in wearing a suit of green clothes upon St. Patrick's Day, and in surrendering the rights of American citizens to the threat of a religious mob. It has been the policy of the Democratic party to buy the "Irish vote" at any price. If the Democratic leaders thought that the suppression of the right of peaceful assembly and free speech, or conniving at the overthrow of the public-school system, or sneering at "niggers" would secure that vote, they did not hesitate. So wholly identified was the party with these degrading and demoralizing tendencies, and with all the dangerous elements of a great community, that when we have sometimes remonstrated with honest men for allowing certain theories to serve them as excuses for supporting the party, they have replied, "But what would become of us if some good men did not remain to try and hold the party in check?"

These are the great obvious causes of the corruption of our politics. The inflation and speculation that have followed the war, the chances of contracts during the war, the general relaxation of moral fibre which necessarily succeeds a war, are all to be included also. But these are due to the war, which was the effort to withstand the logical consequences of Democratic ascendency. It had depended upon the party patronage, and upon its servility to foreign ignorance and ecclesiastical ambition, to corrupt and intimidate the country in order to perpetuate slavery. The Republican party was the uprising of the country against this conspiracy of iniquity. Does Mr. TILDEN suppose that if the desperate course of the Democratic party had not been checked in 1860 by the election of Mr. LINCOLN and a Republican administration, the moral character of the country would have been purer to-day than it is? Does he believe that if M'CLELLAN had been elected upon the Democratic surrender platform of '64, or SEYMOUR upon the Democratic repudiation platform of '68, that "purity in government" would have been promoted?

The last national Democratic platform declared for a violation of the national faith. The Democratic General EWING, in the present Ohio canvass, renews the proposition. Does Mr. TILDEN think that a great party can gravely recommend rascality without developing knavery in its ranks? Or does he suppose that in the greatest State of the Union—where Mr. WILLIAM M. TWEED has long been Democratic dictator, buying the Legislature, forcing the Governor to sign the Erie bill, plundering the people of the city with contemptuous audacity, enriching himself and his Ring beyond reckoning—a gentleman can arise and remark that the Republican party is the great author of corruption, without filling the land with uproarious laughter? It is the Democratic party that fostered slavery; that prostituted the civil service; that pandered to ignorance and ecclesiastical wiles; that plunged us into war, which has occasioned speculation, extravagance, and a wild greed of riches at any cost; and therefore, says Mr. TILDEN, "there is no doubt the tendency of the principles and measures of the Republican party is unfavorable to purity in government." Mr. TILDEN is a wag.

A DISSOLVING VIEW OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

THE constant reference in newspaper paragraphs to the health of Chief Justice CHASE, and the reports of interviews in which he expresses his views of the political situation, and the letters written by him to politicians and committees, show that he is still looking toward the White House. A recent letter to the *Tribune*, in speaking of Mr. CHASE and his candidacy, says, very truly, that the situation is no longer what it was in 1868. Indeed, it is very different. Up to that time Mr. CHASE had been a Republican leader. From the first he had been faithful, and while others faltered, he had never swerved. As late as the autumn of 1867 he was considered by many of the shrewdest Republican politicians as the undoubted candidate in 1868. They relied upon his political experience and ability, his identification with the radical policy of the party, his popularity among the colored voters in the Southern States, his unshaken fidelity to the party, and also upon his skill as a political manager and his influence upon the national banking interest. There was no other equally conspicuous Republican, they said, and Mr. CHASE is a statesman. He is the natural choice of the party.

This was a very common view among the managers, who, as is so often the case, omitted the considerations that lie beyond party routine. In February of 1868 it was very evident that these politicians were mistaken, and that General GRANT was to be the candidate. Mr. CHASE is a politician also, and he saw it. It was plain that he saw it when the impeachment trial began, because, although he did nothing for which he could be technically and formally blamed, the Republican leaders felt that they had lost his sympathy. As July approached, when the Democratic Convention was to meet, there were obscure hints of a new departure—of a conference at which Mr. SEYMOUR had urged Mr. CHASE as the Democratic candidate. Presently it was known that there was a determination to nominate him if possible at Tammany Hall. It was believed that the Democratic situation was so desperate that the party principles and traditions might be thrown overboard, and the country carried in a fog for the Democratic candidate. The risk was great, but it was better than ruin.

The theory was preposterous, but it was seriously held by many persons, who still believe that if Mr. CHASE had been nominated by the Democrats he would have been elected. Do they also think that if Mr. SEYMOUR should now announce that, upon the whole, he found that he had more sympathy with Republicans than with Democrats, he would be a good candidate to put the result of 1872 beyond question? So resolute was the purpose of some Democrats to nominate Mr. CHASE, that Mr. SEYMOUR, the president of the Convention, had prepared a speech in which to nominate or second him. It was read to a friend, and it was in his pocket when he accepted the nomination for himself. For Mr. CHASE that was a *dies iræ*. His chance was gone forever. His nomination then would have been a stratagem which can not be repeated. The hope of the surprise was to secure Republican votes. But what Republican votes could be expected in 1872 for a Democratic candidate of 1868, who, during the intervening four years, has not been recognized as a Republican, and who openly expresses his sympathy with the Democratic party as the party of progress and reform? The question for the Democratic Convention of 1872 in regard to Mr. CHASE will be, not how many Republican votes he can divert from the Republican candidate, but whether he is a more available Democrat than Mr. HENDRICKS, or Mr. SEYMOUR, or Mr. PENDLETON.

Our political history does not furnish a more instructive lesson than that of the career of the Chief Justice. He rose steadily, in sympathy with the upward political movement of the country, and one of its chiefs, to be the permanent head of one of the three great branches of the government. But the overmastering desire of the Presidency has left him fallen from the respect of those who fought with him the glorious fight, and has not won for him the confidence of his old foes. The Democrats point to the present relations of Mr. SEWARD and Mr. CHASE with the Republican party as illustrating the renunciation of the principles and policy of that party by those who know them best. Of men less known this might be plausibly affirmed. But it is impossible in the case of two public men so conspicuous. Had the Republican party nominated Mr. SEWARD in 1860 or 1864, or Mr. CHASE in 1868, the former would hardly have gladly prophesied an anti-Republican majority of 40,000 in New York in 1866—when the Republican majority was 30,000—and the latter would probably not feel that the welfare of the country requires the defeat of the Republicans. As there are notorious men in New York and elsewhere who constantly show that money may cost much too high a price, so there are men who have rendered great services to their country, but who now prove to the most reluctant heart that honorable political distinction may be sought at a total sacrifice of respect and confidence.

THE NEXT GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS.

THE contest for the nomination for Governor of Massachusetts ended most harmoniously. General BUTLER, who had so strenuously nominated himself for a month before the Convention met, found that he was not wanted by the party. When he discovered that fact, the General was shrewd enough to bow politely, and say, "As you please, gentlemen," and declare that he would not destroy himself by bolting. Mr. RICE had previously withdrawn his name, and so had Dr. LORING, so that the contest was between Mr. WASHBURN and General BUTLER. Late at night Mr. WILLIAM B. WASHBURN, of Greenfield, was nominated by 643 votes, to 464 for General BUTLER, and nine scattering. The result was received not only with immense applause in the hall, but by the hearty approval of all good citizens of the commonwealth.

It is a nomination upon which Massachusetts and the Republican party are to be congratulated. Mr. WASHBURN has been for some years the representative in Congress of one of the western districts of the State. His service has been noiseless, but most efficient and faithful, and his constituents have constantly refused to permit him to retire. He is universally respected, and his modest, spotless character, tried ability, and quiet devotion to duty are precisely the distinctions which are most to be sought in public men, and which contrast curiously with the claims, the methods, and the career of General BUTLER. It is just the kind of nomination which, under the circumstances, Massachusetts should have made. It rebukes Butlerism in every form. It shows that the party, in its native seat, is still true to the principles which have given it so long and so proud a dominance. It still demands unsullied character in the candidate, and unbounded trust in that character from his fellow-citizens. And the Republicans of Massachusetts know that in calling Mr. WASHBURN to the seat of JOHN A. ANDREW, they summon a man whom that illustrious leader would have most warmly welcomed.

THE RING MEETING.

THE class who do not read newspapers, who believe that every politician who treats them to free whisky is their friend, who are ready for a row upon the most fanciful provocation, who think a man who secretly steals a million and ostentatiously gives a few thousands of it for charity is a friend of the poor man, is very large in the city of New York, as it is in all great cities. Ignorance is simple and gullible. Any body who ever took the trouble to read FERNANDO WOOD'S speeches at ward meetings a few years ago, or who is familiar with the history of demagoguery any where, will not be surprised by the late TWEED meeting in New York. In a city where such a man could not collect such a crowd his career would be impracticable, because in the last extremity he depends upon their muscle. A demagogue believes in muscle, if not in morality. He holds the mob as a rod in pickle for those who oppose and denounce him. The censure of newspapers and the contempt of honorable men do not disturb him, because he thinks that money will buy the silence of the papers, and that honorable men will not refuse to associate with him for public purposes, and will not dare to decline his private invitations.

Nobody has ever accused Mr. TWEED of ill nature. He is a good-humored skeptic of every thing but the power of money. His view of a difference with him, or of a denunciation of venality, is merely that it is, in the slang of his friends, "a put-up job"—that it is only a holding out for more money. Experience so often confirms his theory that it is not surprising that it is his cardinal point of faith. In the spring of 1870 there was a loud Democratic denunciation of Mr. TWEED and his associates. In April of that year Mr. CREAMER, of New York, said in the Legislature, "I know that a determined effort will be made by this gang of public robbers, who have heretofore controlled the city of New York and the Legislature and other departments of the government, to defeat any action of the government calculated to disturb them." The *World* supported the assault in the most vehement manner it could command. There was even an organization to overthrow the Ring. But presently Mr. TWEED, good-humoredly pocketed the whole opposition; and except for the

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pluck of a Republican journal, he would be to-day, as he was a few months ago, the undisputed head of the Democratic party of New York.

Certainly it is not surprising that an ignorant crowd should assemble in the city of New York to shout and drink in honor of Mr. TWEED and at his expense; that they should declare him the noblest Roman extant, and nominate him for the Senate, as they would gladly nominate him dictator for life; nor is it any more surprising that he should address this crowd as the friends of his childhood, proudly challenge the fullest and closest investigation of his life and official career, and declare that every man who holds office must expect to be maligned, reviled, and traduced. If any body supposed that the exposures in the press and the indignation meeting and the Committee of Seventy would deprive Mr. TWEED and the Ring of all support, he is very ill prepared for the contest upon which the people of New York have entered. In our system there will always be a struggle between demagogues and honest men, and the victory will not be with honesty nor with liberty if we suppose that exposures will do the work.

There was one omission among the inscriptions upon the banners at the TWEED meeting, which we now supply. With a kind of prophetic insight THEODORE WINTHROP, who would have been a gallant soldier in this battle as in the one in which he nobly fell, wrote, in "Cecil Dreeme," what would have been most appropriately wrought in gold letters over the platform of the great TWEED meeting:

"It was one of those epochs when mankind is in a slough of despond, and must have a lift from Hercules. It was a time when society, that drowsy Diogenes, was beginning to bestir itself after a careless slumber, and holding up the lantern of public opinion to find honest men, suddenly revealed a mighty army of rogues. Rogues every where; scurvy rogues in mean places, showy rogues in high places; rogues cheating for cents in cheap shops, rogues defrauding for millions in splendid bank parlors; princely rogues claiming princely salaries for unprofitable services, and puny rogues, corrupted by such example, stealing the last profits to eke out their puny pay, and give them their base pleasures; potent rogues buttoning up a million's worth of steamships or locomotives in their fob, and rogues as potent for ill on a smaller scale keeping back the widow's mite, and storing the orphan's portion with the usurer. Rogues every where! and the great, stern, steady eye of public opinion, at last fully open, and detecting each rogue in the place he had crept or strode into, marking him there in his dastard shame or haughty bravado, and branding him *Thief*, so that all mankind could know him."

HONEST CANDIDATES ONLY.

THE determination of a great many persons to vote only for honest men at the next election is a good sign in a bad time. It shows, indeed, the conviction that corruption is universal; but it shows also an independence which can remedy corruption. It is undoubtedly true, as we have said before, that great reforms can be effected only by great parties. But to do pure work a party must be pure, and to keep it pure its best men must not hesitate to refuse to follow it to do wrong. Now to elect dishonest or doubtful men is to do wrong. An open attack upon the very principles of the government is not so fatal to it as the corrosion of dishonesty. To a sincere Republican, who believes that his party comprises the mass of intelligent and well-meaning citizens, and that its tendencies and principles are good, a dishonest Republican is as much more repugnant than an honest Democrat, as a Copperhead was worse than a rebel. Such dishonesty is treachery in the camp. And when such men are nominated, to vote for them is to stab the party.

We know very well what is always said under such circumstances, that the other party is no better, and that it is only a choice of rascals. But there is no choice among rascals. The success of any of them is equally disastrous, and the only safe way is to oppose rascality. It was very well understood in Massachusetts that if General BUTLER had been nominated for Governor, thousands of the best Republicans in the State would have voted for Mr. ADAMS, the Democratic candidate. One of the delegates in the Convention, Mr. BABBITT, was charged by BUTLER with having said that he would vote for ADAMS if BUTLER were nominated; and Mr. BABBITT immediately rose in the Convention, and said that he would state publicly to the Convention, and "in the face and eyes of BENJAMIN F. BUTLER," that he had said so, and that he would vote for JOHN QUINCY ADAMS before he would vote for BUTLER. Mr. BABBITT may not have meant to vote at all; but there were a great many Republicans who would have voted for ADAMS, upon the ground that the election of BUTLER would have been a greater injury to the party and the cause than the election of ADAMS. They were right; for if the Republicans of the model Republican State had deliberately preferred a demagogue to a man of honor and principle, what hope of greater purity in government could have been consistently entertained of the Republican party?

This must not be forgotten in New York. The present political campaign is essentially one of honesty against corruption. That there is corruption in our own party we Republicans can not deny, and to sustain unfit candidates when it is in our discretion to nominate honorable candidates is suicidal folly. Let it be understood, therefore, that only unsuspected men will be supported at the polls. Let it be distinctly declared by influential Republicans in Chautauqua, for instance, that they will vote for an honest Democrat rather than for Mr. BEMUS. Let it be understood in the city that the Republicans will unite with honest Democrats to defeat the Tammany candidates. All good men must make common cause against the great and imminent peril, and that is the corruption which is every where apparent.

THE NEW YORK REPUBLICAN TICKET.

THE nominations made by the New York Republicans are such as should be heartily supported by all honest men in the State. This year's campaign is against political corruption. It is a battle for honesty and purity, and the Republicans have nominated able, active, earnest, and honest men as their leaders. Their characters and their antecedents are their credentials. The people of New York may be sure that if these men are elected their great trust will not be abused, the money of the people will not be squandered, dishonesty and extravagance will be checked, and past and present iniquities in public administration severely scrutinized and pursued. The nominations show that the party fully comprehends the crisis, and, despite its divisions, is still true to its principles and precedents.

Of the stormy session of the Convention we say nothing, because nothing can now be wisely said. The *Tribune*, which represents those who withdrew from the hall, promises the heartiest support of the candidates, while it will doubtless continue its warfare upon those to whose action it attributes the bolt. Meanwhile we believe that the great mass of the Republican party of New York, knowing how much is at stake in this election, and seeing that victory is thrust into our hands, will exult in the conviction that those with whose names it will conquer are men whose election the honest men of the Democratic party may safely favor, should those honest men be driven from their own Convention. Such men will, we may presume, prefer honest Republicans to Tammany Democrats, and will either directly or indirectly, by voting or abstaining from voting, help to secure the defeat of the Tammany Ring.

THE ELECTION IN PHILADELPHIA.

THE citizens of Philadelphia should seize the opportunity, at the ensuing election, to range themselves on the side of municipal reform, by electing the very excellent candidates for city officers presented on the Republican ticket. The Democratic party, however loud in the profession of honest intentions, can not be trusted. Wherever it obtains control it inaugurates the Tammany Ring *régime*, the only difference being that outside of New York its operations are on a less magnificent scale of villainy. A Republican victory this month in Philadelphia would not only insure that city against municipal corruption, but encourage those who are fighting Democratic "Rings" in New York and other cities. It would have more than a local importance. Its good effects would be felt in every city where the conflict between corruption and reform is in progress.

The Republicans of Philadelphia have put in nomination some of their most eminent and worthy citizens, who, if elected, will insure them an honest city government, faithfully and economically administered. Their candidate for Mayor, Mr. W. S. STOKELEY, is a gentleman of high standing in the community, and thoroughly familiar with municipal affairs, having been for ten years a member of the city councils, and having presided over both branches during the war. The office of Mayor is especially important in Philadelphia, as he has the appointment of all the men on the Police Department. At present nearly the whole force consists of Irish Roman Catholics.

The Republican candidate for City Treasurer, Mr. PETER A. B. WIDENER, is a gentleman of extensive business experience and sound judgment. From long personal acquaintance we believe him to possess the ability to fill with credit any position requiring financial knowledge, and his probity is above suspicion. The candidate for City Solicitor, General COLLIS, though still a young man, has had a varied and extensive experience. He served through the whole war, commencing as a private soldier and ultimately attaining the rank of Brevet Major-General. He is a member of the Philadelphia bar, and a gentleman of acknowledged ability and high personal character. The candidate for District Attorney, Hon. WILLIAM B. MANN, has also had a wide experience in official life. He held the important office of chief or deputy prosecuting attorney for seventeen or eighteen years, and discharged the duties of his position with ability and unquestioned integrity. The other names on the ticket are also unexceptionable; and if the honest citizens of Philadelphia would perform their whole duty by themselves and the friends of reform in other cities, they should not fail to elect their candidates by so large a majority as to bury the Democratic party in that city out of sight.

PERSONAL.

MR. WILLIAM M. MEREDITH, one of the counsel of the United States at the arbitration to be held at Geneva, is seventy-two years of age. He graduated with distinction from the University of Pennsylvania in 1812. He represented Philadelphia in the State Legislature from 1824 to 1828, and from 1834 to 1849 was president of the Select Council of the city. On the accession of President TAYLOR he was appointed Secretary of the Treasury, and held that place until the death of the President, in July, 1850. From 1861 until 1867 he was Attorney-General of Pennsylvania. As an able and ready legal debater he has few equals and scarcely a superior in the country. He is also a man of varied erudition, and a most agreeable person socially.

—Mrs. E. LYNN LINTON, whose fictions are among the most interesting published in HARPER'S Library of Select Novels, had a narrow escape recently from drowning. She fell into a river during some country ramble. She is a very clever woman—with the gentlest tongue and the sharpest pen.

—Perhaps one of the reasons that enables the Rev. Mr. THRALL to secede from the Episcopal Church and set up on private account is that he can afford it. He is a gentleman of wealth, and owns the church edifice in which he officiates. His people have strong personal attachment for him, and do pretty much every thing he suggests. It is easy for one to burst the clerical bonds when one has plenty of six per cents to back it up.

—The London *Publishers' Circular* says: "Mr. T. NAST is widely celebrated—and has been so for years—as the JOHN GILBERT or GARVARNI of America. Students of art will notice in the thin, delicate lines of American draughtsmen on wood an approach rather to French than to English art."

—Mr. JAMES E. HARVEY, for several years United States minister to Portugal, and for the past year editor of the Washington *Patriot*, has been compelled by ill health to retire from that position. Mr. HARVEY is a writer of superior ability, and a gentleman of varied erudition. For some years during his mission to Portugal Congress refused to insert his pay in the Diplomatic Appropriation bill; but Secretary SEWARD stood his friend, and finally Mr. HARVEY was successful in obtaining the total.

—CALEB CUSHING, who somehow seems to be a necessity to the government in managing its more important legal cases, is understood to have expressed the opinion that San Domingo is destined at an early day to be annexed to the United States.

—The King of Italy has named Count FREDERIGO SELOPIS as fourth arbitrator of the *Alabama* claims. The Italian press are unanimous in speaking of him as admirably fitted for the place.

—DAVID BARKER, who has poetical fame in Maine, the land of his fathers, is an aged man, but ambitious. Desiring to do the State service, he ran for and was elected, a few weeks since, to the Maine Legislature. He wrote as follows to the Bangor *Whig* on the evening of the election: "As a candidate for Representative the Democrats fought me desperately, but few like men; yet I licked them by eighty-six majority, and made the following rhymes amidst the storm of battle:

"With bleaching locks and fading sight,
This sage advice I give to you—
Use brains enough to shun a fight,
Or pluck enough to fight it through."

—Chief Justice CHASE has gone to visit GERRIT SMITH, at Peterborough, Madison County. It is gratifying to know that the Judge's health is improving. During the summer he has traveled mostly over the northern hemisphere, and visited all the known springs in the country. From the daily recurring paragraphs and telegrams relative thereto, the unfortunate dweller in other countries might become impressed with the idea that the bodily condition of the Judge is the topic that chiefly engrosses the anxiety of the American people. There is reason to believe that such a supposition is not entirely consistent with fact. For many years the oft infirmities of ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS constituted a steady line of national anxiety; but since the editing of that Atlanta paper has failed to take him off, the general tremor seems to have alighted on the central figure of the Federal judiciary. Let us hope that Mr. SMITH and Peterborough will do him good.

—So far as salary is concerned, President THIERS is a little better cared for than our President. The Assembly has recently increased his salary to $120,000 a year, with $32,500 for contingent expenses. He is lodged, washed, warmed, and lighted free. The total amount of his pay as chief executive is said to be about $500,000.

—Mr. JOHN E. HOLBROOK, who died recently in Charleston, South Carolina, at the age of seventy-seven, was distinguished as a scholar and naturalist. He was the author of several valuable works on fishes and reptiles, and for several years Professor of Anatomy in Charleston Medical College.

—LOUIS NAPOLEON shows no abatement of his proverbial restlessness and intrigue for power. A conspiracy for his restoration has been discovered, in which PIETRI, ex-Prefect of Paris, is implicated. M. THIERS is in great anxiety, not only on account of the exposure of the plot, but is in constant fear of assassination.

—The Rev. JOSEPH RICHARDSON, who died at Hingham, Massachusetts, a few days since, at the great age of ninety-four, lived an eventful life. He survived every person who was a member of his parish at his settlement, and at his death was older than any other native citizen. He graduated at Dartmouth College in 1802. He was a member of the Massachusetts Convention to revise the Constitution in 1820–21; a member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives in the political years 1821–22 and 1822–23. In 1823 he was elected to the Senate from Plymouth County, and re-elected in 1824, and again in 1826. In the latter year he was elected a member of Congress from Plymouth District, and re-elected in 1828. At the close of his second Congressional term he retired from political life, and was succeeded by Hon. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS. Mr. RICHARDSON devoted the remainder of his life, until prevented by the infirmities of age, to his parochial duties. His publications have been numerous in the form of books, essays, sermons, orations, and speeches.

—GARIBALDI again comes to the front by accepting, formally, the presidency of the united democratic societies of Italy.

—HORACE WILSON and M. M. SCOTT, of San Francisco, have been added to the corps of American professors in the Japanese Imperial College at Yeddo.

—The person from whom the late Governor ANDREW is said to have imbibed his antislavery convictions was the Rev. ASA RAND, who died recently at Ashburnham, Massachusetts, at the age of eighty-eight. He was for some years editor of the Boston *Recorder*.

—His Excellency President THIERS shows no decadence of spunk. During the last meeting between him and Prince GORTSCHAKOFF the latter asked M. THIERS from whom he came, and was answered "from France." "Rather vague," said the Prince, smiling. "I hope you don't imagine," said THIERS, "that I come in the name of GAMBETTA and JULES FAVRE. I am an ex-minister of LOUIS PHILIPPE, and represent a republic."

—Senator WILSON, since his return from Europe, has had a friendly gathering of people at home, and told them of his European experiences. He says: "The late war, about which so much was written, turns out to be a small affair compared with ours. The Prussians lost but 18,000 killed, and the French army had 300,000 taken prisoners. The Germans are slow—great drinkers, but powerful physically. They don't drink whisky, but beer. They don't invite friends to visit them at home, but at the beer-gardens. There is the best music to be found in the world at Vienna, at the Gardens—STRAUSS's Band. Full 40,000 soldiers were set at liberty after the review at Munich, and I only saw three or four drunk. They all desire to emigrate to this country, but are too poor to come. They get $2 60 per week for twelve or thirteen hours' work. No eight-hour law there, but an American would do twice as much work in the same time. They are very slow and steady." Senator W. visited the Houses of Lords and Commons, dined with many of the members, and refused more invitations than he accepted. He thinks the House of Commons the most orderly body in the world, having strict parliamentary law and usages. Forty constitute a quorum.

—Mr. WILLIAM BLACK's delightful novel, "A Daughter of Heth," recently issued by HARPER & BROTHERS, has had an astonishing sale in England, six editions having been called for.

—Lord JOHN RUSSELL recently made a speech at the conference of the "National Union for the Suppression of Intemperance" that may well startle the moral sense of Great Britain. He asserted that during the five years ending with 1870 the temperate British people spent for intoxicating liquors the sum of 514,842,345 pounds sterling—about twenty-five hundred millions of dollars. This amount is about three times as large as the annual income of all the railways of the United Kingdom, twice as large as the capital of all the savings-banks, half as large again as the national revenues for the whole time, and fifty times as large as the collective income of all the religious and philanthropic societies in the country. The worst part of it is that the greater part of this enormous sum is paid by the working classes. The calculations are made from the amount of liquors which pay duty.

—It has transpired that Mrs. FRANCIS BRODERIP, lately deceased in England, was the lady who five years ago gave anonymously $100,000 to the Middlesex Hospital.

—It is stated that General ROBERT ANDERSON is rapidly failing in health in Europe, with no hope of recovery, and that his circumstances are any thing but affluent. It is forty-six years since the hero of Fort Sumter graduated with honor at West Point. His record in the Florida war, his gallantry in the war with Mexico, and the bullet that he received in the attack on Molino del Rey were fitting preludes to the noble part he bore in the first dawn of the rebellion, and his splendid conduct at Sumter.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE New York Republican State Convention, at Syracuse, on Thursday, September 29, made the following nominations: for Secretary of State, G. Hilton Scribner; for Controller, N. K. Hopkins; for Attorney-General, Francis C. Barlow; for State Engineer, William B. Taylor, of Oneida County; for Canal Commissioner, Alexander Barkley; for State-Prison Inspector, Thomas Kirkpatrick.

A terrible fire has been raging on the coast of Lake Michigan, between Manitowoc and Annapee, the flames lapping up every thing, and sweeping houses, barns, stores, and piers in their course. The losses in Kewaunee County, Wisconsin, will reach $250,000. The farmers are burying their household goods in the ground to save them.

The receipts of internal revenue for the month of September were $10,632,615 47, against $12,901,903 56 for the same month last year. The receipts for the quarter ending September 30, 1871, are $36,146,469 54, against $51,774,786 87 for the same quarter last year. The receipts for the current fiscal year thus far are fully up to the estimates of the Secretary of the Treasury.

Mayor Hall has attempted the suppression of a weekly illustrated paper, which contained a caricature of the King, by threatening to take away the license of every street stand where it was sold.

William F. Havemeyer has brought suit against J. H. Ingersoll, on behalf of the tax-payers, to recover $6,000,000.

FOREIGN NEWS.

A LEAGUE is forming in Germany for the expulsion of the Jesuits.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* contradicts a sensational report that Mr. Disraeli had made severe statements concerning the Queen.

It is reported that the Emperor of Austria wishes to abdicate.

The foreign embassadors of the kingdom of Bavaria are to be recalled, and the country represented as a portion of the German empire.

The Court of Arbitration on the *Alabama* claims at Geneva, Switzerland, will not meet for two months. The Brazilian arbitrator has not yet been appointed.

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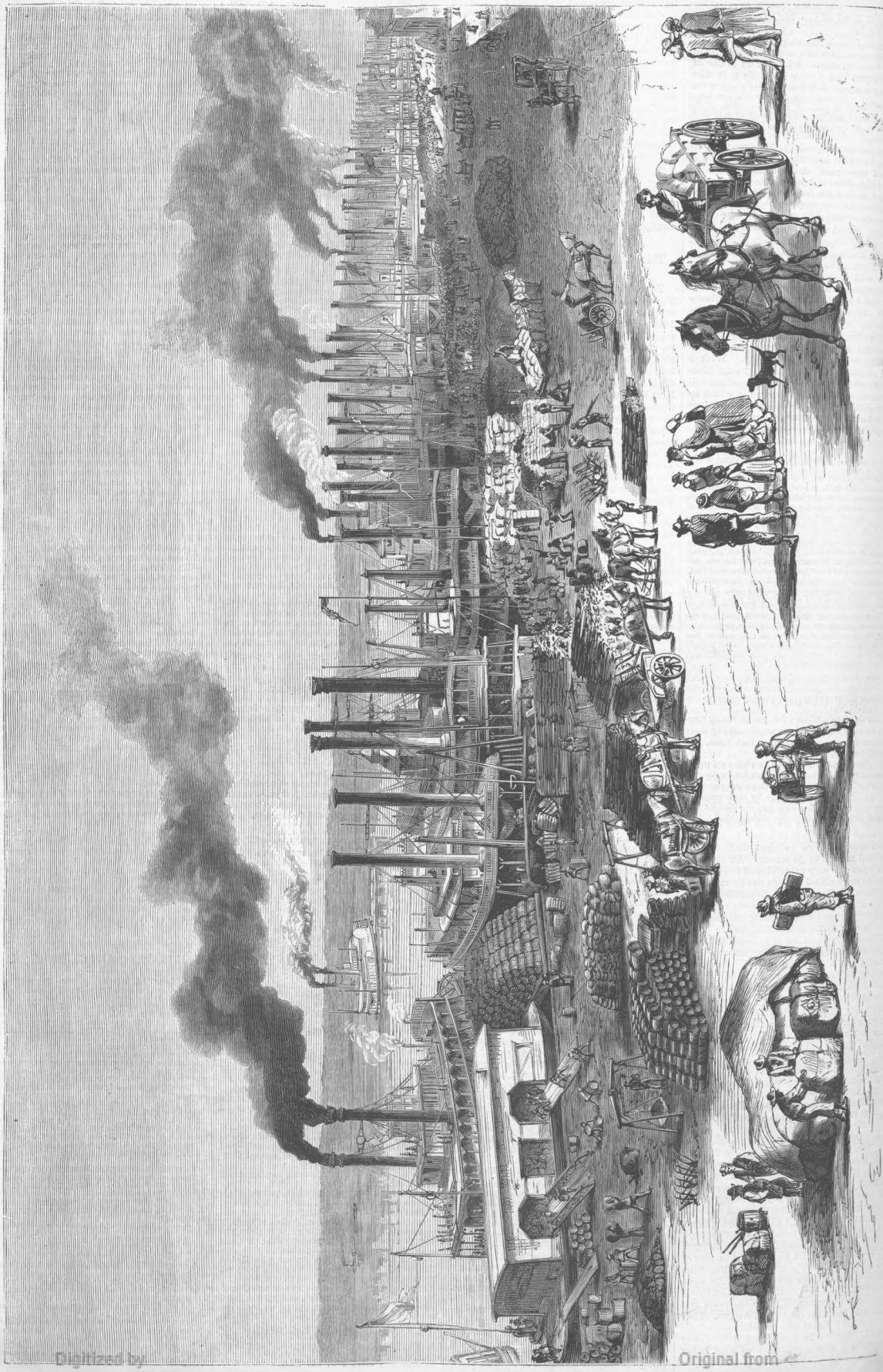

THE LEVEE AT ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY R. BENECKE, ST. LOUIS.—[SEE PAGE 957.]

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THE ST. LOUIS LEVEE.

THE beautiful city of St. Louis is built on two terraces, the lower one rising abruptly from the bed of the Mississippi to a height of about twenty feet, the second making a more gradual ascent of about forty feet, and then spreading out into a wide stretch of level country. The city extends about eight miles along these terraces, and back four or five into the plain. It is regularly laid out, the long streets on the lower terrace running parallel with the curve of the river, while elsewhere they are usually at right angles with those running westward from the river-bank.

The site of St. Louis was formerly that of an Indian trading post. In 1764 a company of French merchants, having obtained from the Director-General of Louisiana the exclusive right of trading with the Indians on the Mississippi, selected this as the most eligible position on the river, and erected there a large block-house and several stores. For many years it was only a fur-trade post. The first brick house in the town was built in 1813. Four years afterward the first steamboat landing was made there. In 1822 St. Louis received its charter as a city, though still having but little over 5000 inhabitants. The growth of its present prosperity dates from the development of the magnificent regions of the Northwest, which first assumed importance about 1825.

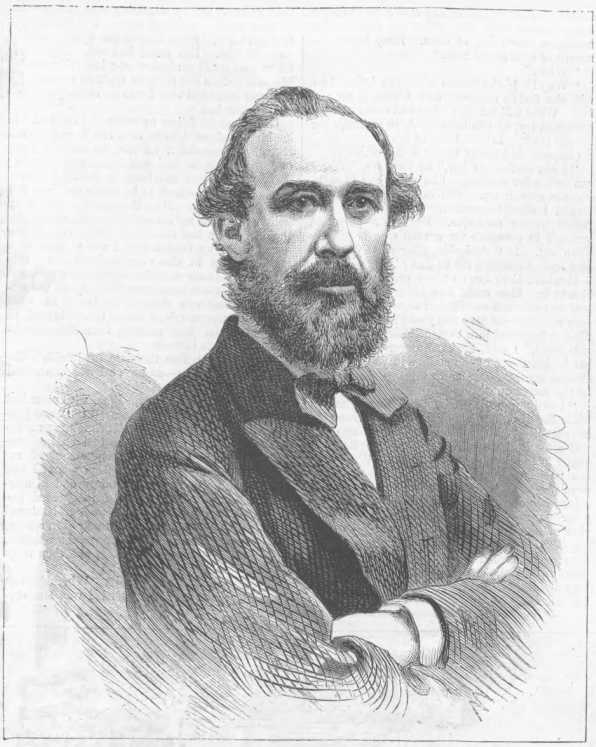
Our illustration on page 956 represents the levee, where the steamboats plying up and down the river make their landings. It extends for miles along the river-bank, and, as our illustration shows, presents a very lively appearance. The Western steamboats are better subjects for the artist's pencil than those to which we are accustomed, being more picturesque in form, and the character and costumes of crew and passengers being often outlandish and curious.

HON. NEWTON BOOTH.

NEWTON BOOTH, the Republican Governor elect of California, is now forty-five years of age, having been born at Salem, a town of Southern Indiana, in the year 1826. When he was sixteen years of age his parents moved to Terre Haute, in the same State, and that place was his home until he went to California in 1850. He was a graduate of Asbury University, Indiana, in 1846, and several years later he was admitted to the bar. Upon his arrival in the Golden State he fixed his residence in Sacramento, and became a partner in a wholesale grocery house, with which he has been associated ever since, with the exception of three years, from 1856 to 1859, spent in the Eastern States.

Mr. BOOTH took no active part in politics before the war, except in the time of the Know-Nothing furore, when he canvassed several counties in opposition to that organization. He became an ardent Union man upon the announcement of the secession movement. In 1862 the Republicans of Sacramento elected him to the State Senate, and he filled his place with credit. He served for only one session, as, under the Constitutional amendments which went into effect in 1863, all the members of the Legislature were elected that year.

Mr. BOOTH was mentioned in 1867 as a proper person for Republican nominee for Governor, and in 1871 a majority of the delegates were instructed expressly or impliedly by their respective counties to vote for him, and the State Convention nominated him by acclamation. His nomination was received with general favor, every Republican newspaper organ in the State and nearly all the independent press pronounced for him, and he was elected by a large majority.



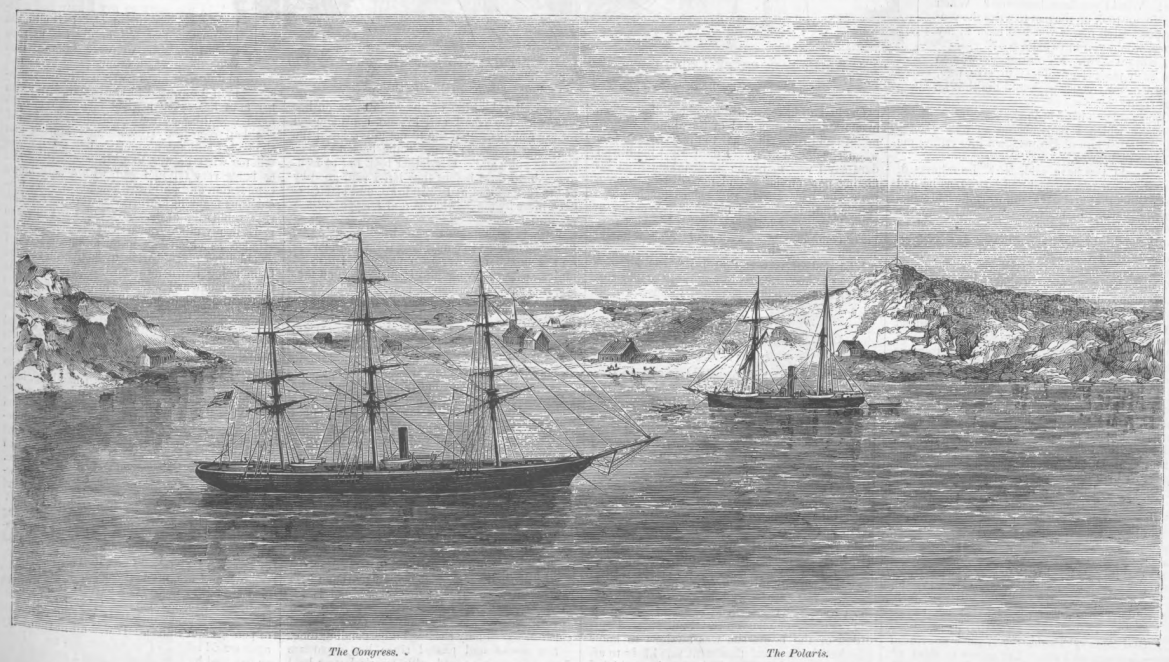
HON. NEWTON BOOTH, GOVERNOR ELECT OF CALIFORNIA.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADLEY & RULOFSON, SAN FRANCISCO.]

CAPTAIN HALL'S POLAR EXPEDITION.

WE have received from Captain C. F. HALL, commanding the United States Naval North Polar Expedition, an interesting account of the voyage of the *Polaris* from New York to the island of Disco, off the western coast of Greenland, where the party waited the arrival of the supply-ship *Congress*, commanded by Captain DAVENPORT, before setting sail for the northwest passage which they hope to discover. The *Polaris* arrived at Godhaven, in the island of Disco, on the 4th of August, and six days afterward the *Congress* steamed into the little bay.

The work of transferring stores from one vessel to the other was at once commenced; and on the 17th of August, amidst the cheers of the crew of the *Congress*, and a salute of twenty-one guns from her heavy batteries, the *Polaris* steamed out of Disco Harbor bound to the northward. Captain DAVENPORT states that the original plan of Captain HALL has been somewhat changed, and that, instead of pursuing the Jones Sound route, he will keep to the west side of Smith Sound, as the probability is that he would encounter pack-ice to the southward and westward. The season, it is reported, is very open, and it is the impression aboard the *Congress* that the *Polaris* will be able to push very far north this year. All the officers and men of the *Polaris* were in excellent spirits, and appeared to be confident of success. "With a full supply of provisions," writes Captain HALL, August 17, "and an abundance of coal, we are in readiness to encounter the unknown dangers of still undiscovered seas, of ice-fields to be crossed, and all the toils and hardships of the arctic regions. No rest to the explorer until he has conquered!"

The illustration on this page, representing the *Polaris* and the *Congress* in the harbor of Disco, is from a sketch taken on the spot by Lieutenant ARNOLD, of the *Congress*. The landscape is barren though picturesque, but Captain DAVENPORT states that the weather was pleasant and enjoyable.



The Congress. *The Polaris.*

THE "POLARIS" AND "CONGRESS" AT GODHAVEN, DISCO ISLAND, OFF THE COAST OF GREENLAND.
[FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUTENANT ARNOLD, OF THE "CONGRESS."]

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POOR MISS FINCH.

A Domestic Story.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," "Man and Wife," etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE NINETEENTH.

(*Continued.*)

SECOND RESULT OF THE ROBBERY.

I STARTED to my feet, looked at him, and dropped back into my chair.

My mind reverted, the instant I recovered myself, to the effect produced on me when the blue man in Paris first entered my presence. In informing me of the effect of the medicine he had (you will remember) concealed from me the malady for which he had taken it. It had been left to Oscar, of all the people in the world, to enlighten me—and that by a reference to his own case! I was so shocked that I sat speechless.

With his quick sensibilities, there was no need for me to express myself in words. My face revealed to him what was passing in my mind.

"You have seen a person who has taken Nitrate of Silver!" he exclaimed.

"Have *you?*" I asked.

"I know the price I pay for being cured," he answered, quietly.

His composure staggered me. "How long have you been taking this horrible drug?" I inquired.

"A little more than a week."

"I see no change in you yet."

"The doctor tells me there will be no visible change for weeks and weeks to come."

Those words roused a momentary hope in me. "There is time to alter your mind," I said. "For Heaven's sake reconsider your resolution before it is too late!"

He smiled bitterly. "Weak as I am," he answered, "for once my mind is made up."

I suppose I took a woman's view of the matter. I lost my temper when I looked at his beautiful complexion, and thought of the future.

"Are you in your right senses?" I burst out. "Do you mean to tell me that you are deliberately bent on making yourself an object of horror to every body who sees you?"

"The one person whose opinion I care for," he replied, "will never see me."

I understood him at last. That was the consideration which had reconciled him to it!

Lucilla's horror of dark people and dark shades of color of all kinds was, it is needless to say, recalled to my memory by the turn the conversation was taking now. Had she confessed it to him, as she had confessed it to me? No!

I remembered that she had expressly warned me not to admit him into our confidence in this matter. At an early period of their acquaintance she had asked him which of his parents he resembled. This led him into telling her that his father had been a dark man. Lucilla's delicacy had at once taken the alarm. "He speaks very tenderly of his dead father," she said to me. "It may hurt him if he finds out the antipathy I have to dark people. Let us keep it to ourselves." As things now were, it was on the tip of my tongue to remind him that Lucilla would hear of his disfigurement from other people; and then to warn him of the unpleasant result that might follow. On reflection, however, I thought it wiser to wait a little and sound his motives first.

"Before you tell me how I can help you," I said, "I want to know one thing more. Have you decided in this serious matter entirely by yourself? Have you taken no advice?"

"I don't want advice," he answered, sharply. "My case admits of no choice. Even such a nervous, undecided creature as I am can judge for himself where there is no alternative."

"Did the doctors tell you there was no alternative?" I asked.

"The doctors hesitated to tell me. I had to force it out of them. I said, 'I appeal to your honor to answer a plain question plainly. Is there any certain prospect of my getting the better of the fits?' They only said, 'At your time of life, we may reasonably hope so.' I pressed them closer. 'Can you fix a date to which I may look forward as the date of my deliverance?' They could neither of them do it. All they could say was, 'Our experience justifies us in believing that you will grow out of it; but it does *not* justify us in saying when.' 'Then I may be years growing out of it?' They were obliged to own that it might be so. 'Or I may never grow out of it at all?' They tried to turn the conversation. I wouldn't have it. I said, 'Tell me honestly, is that one of the possibilities in my case?' The Dimchurch doctor looked at the London docter. The London man said, 'If you will have it, it *is* one of the possibilities.' Just consider the prospect which his answer placed before me! Day after day, week after week, month after month, always in danger, go where I may, of falling down in a fit—is that a miserable position? or is it not?"

How could I answer him? What could I say?

He went on:

"Add to that wretched state of things that I am engaged to be married. The hardest disappointment which can fall on a man falls on me. The happiness of my life is within my reach, and I am forbidden to enjoy it. It is not only my health that is broken up; my prospects in life are ruined as well. The woman I love is a woman forbidden to me while I suffer as I suffer now. Realize that, and then fancy you see a man sitting at this table here, with pen, ink, and paper before him, who has only to scribble a line or two, and to begin the cure of you from that moment. Deliverance in a few months from the horror of the fits; marriage in a few months to the woman you love. That heavenly prospect in exchange for the hellish existence that you are enduring now. And the one price to pay for it, a discolored face for the rest of your life—which the one person who is dearest to you will never see! Would you have hesitated? When the doctor took up the pen to write the prescription—tell me, if you had been in my place, would you have said, No?"

I still sat silent. My obstinacy—women are such mules!—declined to give way, even when my conscience told me that he was right.

He sprang to his feet in the same fever of excitement which I remembered so well when I had irritated him at Browndown into telling me who he really was.

"Would you have said, No?" he reiterated, stooping over me, flushed and heated, as he had stooped on that first occasion, when he had whispered his name in my ear. "Would you?" he repeated, louder and louder—"would you?"

At the third reiteration of the words the frightful contortion that I knew so well seized on his face. The wrench to the right twisted his body. He dropped at my feet. Good God! who could have declared that he was wrong, with such an argument in his favor as I saw at that moment? Who would not have said that any disfigurement would be welcome as a refuge from *this*?

The servant ran in, and helped me to move the furniture to a safe distance from him. "There won't be much more of it, ma'am," said the man, noticing my agitation, and trying to compose me. "In a month or two, the doctor says, the medicine will get hold of him." I could say nothing on my side—I could only reproach myself bitterly for disputing with him and exciting him, and leading perhaps to the hideous seizure which had attacked him in my presence for the second time.

The fit, on this occasion, was a short one. Perhaps the drug was already beginning to have some influence over him? In twenty minutes he was able to resume his chair, and to go on talking to me.

"You think I shall horrify you when my face has turned blue," he said, with a faint smile. "Don't I horrify you now when you see me in convulsions on the floor?"

I entreated him to dwell on it no more.

"God knows," I said, "you have convinced me—obstinate as I am. Let us try to think of nothing now but of the prospect of your being cured. What do you wish me to do?"

"You have a great influence over Lucilla," he said. "If she expresses any curiosity, in future conversations with you, about the effect of the medicine, check her at once. Keep her as ignorant of it as she is now."

"Why?"

"Why! If she knows what you know, how will she feel? Shocked and horrified, as you felt. What will she do? She will come straight here, and try, as you have tried, to persuade me to give it up. Is that true, or not?"

(Impossible to deny that it was true.)

"I am so fond of her," he went on, "that I can refuse her nothing. She would end in making me give it up. The instant her back was turned I should repent my own weakness, and return to the medicine. Here is a perpetual struggle in prospect for a man who is already worn out. Is it desirable, after what you have just seen, to expose me to that?"

It would have been useless cruelty to expose him to it. How could I do otherwise than consent to make his sacrifice of himself—his *necessary* sacrifice—as easy as I could? At the same time, I implored him to remember one thing.

"Mind," I said, "we can never hope to keep her in ignorance of the change in you when the change comes. Sooner or later, some one will let the secret out."

"I only want it to be concealed from her while the disfigurement of me is in progress," he answered. "When nothing she can say or do will alter it, I will tell her myself. She is so happy in the hope of my recovery! What good *can* be gained by telling her beforehand of the penalty that I pay for my deliverance? My ugly color will never terrify my poor darling. As for other persons, I shall not force myself on the view of the world. It is my one wish to live out of the world. The few people about me will soon get reconciled to my face. Lucilla will set them the example. She won't trouble herself long about a change in me that she can neither feel nor see."

"I SAW HER FAIR CHEEK LAID INNOCENTLY AGAINST THE LIVID BLACKISH-BLUE OF *HIS* DISCOLORED SKIN."

Ought I to have warned him here of Lucilla's inveterate prejudice, and of the difficulty there might be in reconciling her to the change in him when she heard of it? I dare say I ought. I dare say I was to blame in shrinking from inflicting new anxieties and new distresses on a man who had already suffered so much. The simple truth is—I could not do it. Would you have done it? Ah, if you would, I hope I may never come in contact with you. What a horrid wretch you must be!

The end of it was that I left the house—pledged to keep Lucilla in ignorance of the cost at which Oscar had determined to purchase his cure.

CHAPTER THE TWENTIETH.

GOOD PAPA AGAIN!

THE promise I had given did not expose me to the annoyance of being kept long on the watch against accidents. If we could pass safely over the next five days, we might feel pretty sure of the future. On the last day of the old year Lucilla was bound by the terms of the will to go to London, and live her allotted three months under the roof of her aunt.

In the short interval that elapsed before her departure she twice approached the dangerous subject.

On the first occasion she asked me if I knew what medicine Oscar was taking. I pleaded ignorance, and passed at once to other matters. On the second occasion she advanced still further on the way to discovery of the truth. She now inquired if I had heard how the physic worked the cure. Having been already informed that the fits proceeded from a certain disordered condition of the brain, she was anxious to know whether the medical treatment was likely to affect the patient's head. This question (which I was, of course, unable to answer) she put to both the doctors. Already warned by Oscar, they quieted her by declaring that the process of cure acted by general means, and did *not* attack the head. From that moment her curiosity was satisfied. Her mind had other objects of interest to dwell on before she left Dimchurch. She touched on the perilous topic no more.

It was arranged that I was to accompany Lucilla to London.

Oscar was to follow us when the state of his health permitted him to take the journey. As betrothed husband of Lucilla, he had his right of entry during her residence in her aunt's house. As for me, I was admitted at Lucilla's intercession. She declined to be separated from me for three months. Miss Batchford wrote, most politely, to offer me a hospitable welcome during the day. She had no second spare room at her disposal; so we settled that I was to sleep at a lodging-house in the neighborhood. In this same house Oscar was also to be accommodated when the doctors sanctioned his removal to London. It was now thought likely—if all went well—that the marriage might be celebrated, at the end of the three months, from Miss Batchford's residence in town.

Three days before the date of Lucilla's departure these plans—so far as I was concerned in them—were all overthrown.

A letter from Paris reached me, with more bad news. My absence had produced the worst possible effect on good Papa. The moment my influence had been removed he had become perfectly unmanageable. My sisters assured me that the abominable woman from whom I had rescued him would most certainly end in marrying him, after all, unless I reappeared immediately on the scene. What was to be done? Nothing was to be done but to fly into a rage, to grind my teeth, and throw down all my things, in the solitude of my own room, and then to go back to Paris.

Lucilla behaved charmingly. When she saw how angry and how distressed I was she suppressed all exhibition of disappointment on her side, with the truest and kindest consideration for my feelings. "Write to me often," said the charming creature; "and come back to me as soon as you can." Her father took her to London. Two days before they left I said good-by at the rectory and at Browndown, and started—once more by the Newhaven and Dieppe route—for Paris.

I was in no humor (as your English saying is) to mince matters in controlling this new outbreak on the part of my evergreen parent. I insisted on instantly removing him from Paris, and taking him on a Continental tour. I was proof against his paternal embraces; I was deaf to his noble sentiments. He declared he should die on the road. When I look back at it now, I am amused at my own cruelty. I said, "En route, Papa!" and packed him up, and took him to Italy.

He became enamored at intervals, now of one fair traveler and now of another, all through the journey from Paris to Rome. (Wonderful old man!) Arrived at Rome—that hot-bed of the enemies of mankind—I saw my way to putting a moral extinguisher on the author of my being. The Eternal City contains three hundred and sixty-five churches and (say) three million and sixty-five pictures. I insisted on his seeing them all—at the advanced age of seventy-five years! The sedative result followed exactly as I had anticipated. I stupefied good Papa with churches and pictures, and then I tried him with a marble woman to begin with. He fell asleep before the Venus of the Capitol. When I saw that I said to myself, Now he will do; Don Juan is reformed at last.

Lucilla's correspondence with me—at first cheerful—gradually assumed a desponding tone.

Six weeks had passed since her departure from Dimchurch; and still Oscar's letters held out no hope of his being able to join her in London. His recovery was advancing, but not so rapidly as his medical adviser had anticipated. It was possible—to look the worst in the face boldly—that he might not get the doctor's permission to leave Browndown before the time arrived for Lucilla's return to the rectory. In this event he could only entreat her to be patient, and to remember that though he was gaining ground but slowly, he was still getting on. Under these circumstances Lucilla was naturally vexed and dejected. She had never (she wrote), from her girlhood upward, spent such a miserable time with her aunt as she was spending now.

On reading this letter I instantly smelt something wrong.

I corresponded with Oscar almost as frequently as with Lucilla. His last letter to me flatly contradicted his last letter to his promised wife. In writing to my address he declared himself to be rapidly advancing toward recovery. Under the new treatment, the fits succeeded each other at longer and longer intervals, and endured a shorter and shorter time. Here, then, was plainly a depressing report sent to Lucilla, and an encouraging report sent to me.

What did it mean?

Oscar's next letter to me answered the question.

"I told you in my last" (he wrote) "that the discoloration of my skin had begun. The complexion which you were once so good as to admire has disappeared forever. I am now of a livid ashen color—so like death that I sometimes startle myself when I look in the glass. In about six weeks more, as the doctor calculates, this will deepen to a blackish-blue; and then 'the saturation' (as he calls it) will be complete.

"So far from feeling any useless regrets at having taken the medicine which is producing these ugly effects, I am more grateful to my Nitrate of Silver than words can say. If you ask for the secret of this extraordinary exhibition of philosophy on my part, I can give it in one line. For the last ten days I have not had a fit. In other words, for the last ten days I have lived in Paradise. I declare I would have cheerfully lost an arm or a leg to gain the blessed peace of mind, the intoxicating confidence in the future—it is nothing less—that I feel now.

"Still, there is a drawback which prevents me from enjoying perfect tranquillity even yet. When was there ever a pleasure in the world without a lurking possibility of pain hidden away in it somewhere?

"I have lately discovered a peculiarity in Lucilla which is new to me, and which has produced a very unpleasant impression on my mind. My proposed avowal to her of the change in my personal appearance has now become a matter of far more serious difficulty than I had anticipated when the question was discussed between you and me at Browndown.

"Have you ever found out that the strongest antipathy she has is her purely imaginary antipathy to dark people and to dark shades of color of all kinds? This strange prejudice is the result, as I suppose, of some morbid growth of her blindness, quite as inexplicable to herself as to other people. Explicable, or not, there it is in her. Read the extract that follows from one of her letters to her father, which her father showed to me, and you will not be surprised to hear that I tremble for myself when the time comes for telling her what I have done.

"Thus she writes to Mr. Finch:

"'I am sorry to say I have had a little quarrel with my aunt. It is all made up now, but it has hardly left us such good friends as we were before. Last week there was a dinner-party here; and among the guests was a Hindoo gentleman (converted to Christianity) to whom my aunt has taken a great fancy. While the maid was dressing me I unluckily inquired if she had seen the Hindoo—and hearing that she had, I still more unfortunately asked her to tell me what he was like. She described him as being very tall and lean, with a dark brown complexion and glittering black eyes. My mischievous fancy instantly set to work on this horrid combination of darkness. Try as I might to resist it, my mind drew a dreadful picture of the Hindoo, as a kind of monster in human form. I would have given worlds to have been excused from going down into the drawing-room. At the last moment I was sent for, and the Hindoo was introduced to me. The instant I felt him approaching my darkness was peopled with brown demons. He took my hand. I tried hard to control myself—but I really could not help shuddering and starting back when he touched me. To make matters worse, he sat next to me at dinner. In five minutes I had long, lean, black-eyed beings all round me; perpetually growing in numbers, and pressing closer and closer on me as they grew. It ended in my being obliged to leave the table. When the guests were all gone my aunt was furious. I admitted my conduct was unreasonable in the last degree. At the same time I begged her to make allowance for me. I reminded her that I was blind at a year old, and that I had really no idea of what any person was like, except by drawing pictures of them in my imagination, from description, and from my own knowledge obtained by touch. I appealed to her to remember that, situated as I am, my fancy is peculiarly liable to play me tricks, and that I have no sight to see with, and to show me—as other people's eyes show *them*—when they have taken a false view of persons and things. It was all in vain. My aunt would admit of no excuse for me. I was so irritated by her injustice that I reminded her of an antipathy of her own, quite as ridiculous as mine, an antipathy to cats. She, who can *see*

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that cats are harmless, shudders and turns pale, for all that, if a cat is in the same room with her. Set my senseless horror of dark people against her senseless horror of cats—and say which of us has the right to be angry with the other?"

Such was the quotation from Lucilla's letter to her father. At the end of it Oscar resumed, as follows:

"I wonder whether you will now understand me, if I own to you that I have made the worst of my case in writing to Lucilla? It is the only excuse I can produce for not joining her in London. Weary as I am of our long separation, I can not prevail on myself to run the risk of meeting her in the presence of strangers, who would instantly notice my frightful color, and betray it to her. Think of her shuddering and starting back from *my* hand when it took hers! No! no! I must choose my own opportunity, in this quiet place, of telling her what (I suppose) must be told—with time before me to prepare her mind for the disclosure (if it must come), and with nobody but you near to see the first mortifying effect of the shock which I shall inflict on her.

"I have only to add, before I release you, that I write these lines in the strictest confidence. You have promised not to mention my disfigurement to Lucilla, unless I first give you leave. I now, more than ever, hold you to that promise. The few people about me here are all pledged to secrecy as you are. If it is really inevitable that she should know the truth—I alone must tell it; in my own way, and at my own time."

"If it must come," "if it is really inevitable"—these phrases in Oscar's letter satisfied me that he was already beginning to comfort himself with an insanely delusive idea—the idea that it might be possible permanently to conceal the ugly personal change in him from Lucilla's knowledge.

If I had been at Dimchurch, I have no doubt I should have begun to feel seriously uneasy at the turn which things appeared to be taking now.

But distance has a very strange effect in altering one's customary way of thinking of affairs at home. Being in Italy instead of in England, I dismissed Lucilla's antipathies and Oscar's scruples, as both alike unworthy of serious consideration. Sooner or later time (I considered) would bring these two troublesome young people to their senses. Their marriage would follow, and there would be an end of it! In the mean while I continued to feast good Papa on holy families and churches. Ah, poor dear, how he yawned over Caraccis and cupolas! and how fervently he promised never to fall in love again, if I would only take him back to Paris!

We set our faces homeward a day or two after the receipt of Oscar's letter. I left my reformed father resting his aching old bones in his own easy-chair; capable perhaps, even yet, of contracting a Platonic attachment to a lady of his own time of life, but capable (as I firmly believed) of nothing more. "Oh, my child, let me rest!" he said, when I wished him good-by, "and never show me a church or a picture again as long as I live!"

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIRST.

MADAME PRATOLUNGO RETURNS TO DIMCHURCH.

I REACHED London in the last week of Lucilla's residence under her aunt's roof, and waited in town until it was time to take her back to Dimchurch.

As soon as it had become obviously too late for Oscar to risk the dreaded meeting with Lucilla, before strangers, his correspondence had, as a matter of course, assumed a brighter tone. She was in high spirits once more, poor thing, when we met, and full of delight at having me near her again. We thoroughly enjoyed our few days in London, and took our fill of music at operas and concerts. I got on excellently well with the aunt until the last day, when something happened which betrayed me into an avowal of my political convictions.

The old lady's consternation, when she discovered that I looked hopefully forward to a coming extermination of kings and priests, and a general redistribution of property all over the civilized globe, is unutterable in words. On that occasion I made one more aristocrat tremble. I also closed Miss Batchford's door on me for the rest of my life. No matter! The day is coming when the Batchford branch of humanity will not possess a door to close. All Europe is drifting nearer and nearer to the Pratolungo programme. Cheer up, my brothers without land, and my sisters without money in the Funds! We will have it out with the infamous rich yet. Long live the Republic!

Early in the month of April Lucilla and I took leave of the Metropolis, and went back to Dimchurch.

As we drew nearer and nearer to the rectory, as Lucilla began to flush and fidget in eager anticipation of her reunion with Oscar, that uneasiness of mind which I had so readily dismissed while I was in Italy began to find its way back to me again. *My* imagination now set to work at drawing pictures—startling pictures of Oscar as a changed being, as a Medusa's head too terrible to be contemplated by mortal eyes. Where would he meet us? At the entrance to the village? No. At the rectory gate? No. In the quieter part of the garden which was at the back of the house? Yes! There he stood, waiting for us—alone.

Lucilla flew into his arms with a cry of delight. I stood behind and looked at them.

Ah, how vividly I remember—at the moment when she embraced him—the first shock of seeing the two faces together! The drug had done its work. I saw her fair cheek laid innocently against the livid blackish-blue of *his* discolored skin. Heavens! how cruelly that first embrace marked the contrast between what he had been when I left him, and what he had changed to when I saw him now! His eyes turned from her face to mine, in silent appeal to me while he held her in his arms. Their look told me the thought in him, as eloquently as if he had put it into words. "You, who love her, say—can we ever be cruel enough to tell her of *this*?"

I approached to take his hand. At the same moment Lucilla suddenly drew back from him, laid her left hand on his shoulder, and passed her right hand rapidly over his face.

For an instant I felt my heart stand still. Her miraculous sensitiveness of touch had detected the dark color of my dress on the day when we first met. Would it serve her this time as truly as it had served her then?

She paused after the first passage of her fingers over his face, with the breathless attention to what she was about which, in my own case, I remembered so well. A second time she passed her hand over him—considered again—and turned my way next.

"What does his face tell *you*?" she asked. "It tells *me* that he has something on his mind. What is it?"

We were safe—so far! The hateful medicine, in altering the color, had not affected the texture, of his skin. As her touch had left it on her departure, so her touch found it again on her return.

Before I could reply to Lucilla, Oscar answered for himself.

"Nothing is wrong, my darling," he said. "My nerves are a little out of order to-day; and the joy of seeing you again has overcome me for the moment—that is all."

She shook her head impatiently.

"No," she said, "it's not all." She touched his heart. "Why is it beating so fast?" She took his hand in hers. "Why has it turned so cold? I must know. I *will* know! Come indoors."

At that awkward moment the most wearisome of living men suddenly proved himself to be the most welcome of living men. The rector appeared in the garden to receive his daughter on her return. Infolded in Reverend Finch's paternal embraces, harangued by Reverend Finch's prodigious voice, Lucilla was effectually silenced—the subject was inevitably changed. Oscar drew me aside out of hearing, while her attention was diverted from him.

"I saw you!" he said. "*You* were horrified at the first sight of me. *You* were relieved when you found that her touch told her nothing. Help me to keep her from suspecting it for two months more—and you will be the best friend that ever man had."

"Two months?" I repeated.

"Yes. If there is no return of the fits in two months, the doctor will consider my recovery complete. Lucilla and I may be married at the end of the time."

"My friend Oscar, are you contemplating a fraud on Lucilla?"

"What do you mean?"

"Come! come! you know what I mean! Is it honorable first to entrap her into marrying you—and then to confess to her the color of your face?"

He sighed bitterly.

"I shall fill her with horror of me if I confess it. Look at me! look at me!" he said, lifting his ghastly hands in despair to his blue face.

I was determined not to give way—even to that.

"Be a man!" I said. "Own it boldly. What is she going to marry you for? For your face that she can never see? No! For your heart that is one with her own. Trust to her natural good sense—and, better than that, to the devoted love that you have inspired in her. She will see her stupid prejudice in its true light when she feels it trying to part her from *you*."

"No! no! no! Remember her letter to her father. I shall lose her forever if I tell her now."

I took his arm, and tried to lead him to Lucilla. She was already trying to escape from her father; she was already longing to hear the sound of Oscar's voice again.

He obstinately shrank back. I began to feel angry with him. In another moment I should have said or done something that I might have repented of afterward if a new interruption had not happened before I could open my lips.

Another person appeared in the garden—the man-servant from Browndown, with a letter for his master in his hand.

"This has just come, Sir," said the man, "by the afternoon post. It is marked 'Immediate.' I thought I had better bring it to you here."

Oscar took the letter and looked at the address. "My brother's writing!" he exclaimed. "A letter from Nugent!"

He opened the letter, and burst out with a cry of joy which brought Lucilla instantly to his side.

"What is it?" she asked, eagerly.

"Nugent is coming back! Nugent will be here in a week! Oh, Lucilla, my brother is coming to stay with me at Browndown!"

He caught her in his arms and kissed her, in the first rapture of receiving that welcome news. She forced herself away from him without answering a word. She turned her poor blind face round and round, in search for me.

"Here I am!" I said.

She roughly and angrily put her arm in mine. I saw the jealous misery in her face as she dragged me away with her to the house. Never yet had Oscar's voice, in *her* experience of him, sounded the note of happiness that she heard in it now! Never yet had she felt Oscar's heart on Oscar's lips as she felt it when he kissed her in the first joy of anticipating Nugent's return!

"Can he hear me?" she whispered, when we had left the lawn, and she felt the gravel under her feet.

"No. What is it?"

"I hate his brother!"

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

SOME of our readers are probably aware of the important archæological discoveries made a few years ago in the island of Cyprus, by Mr. L. DI CESNOLA, United States consul at that island, and of the interest which they excited throughout the civilized world. These consisted in the finding of a buried city, and of numerous graves of the ancient Phœnicians and other early races of the island of Cyprus, previously entirely unknown. Excavations were prosecuted by him at great expense, and resulted in the accumulation of an enormous mass of treasures of art of gold, silver, bronze, pottery, etc. Various government authorities and public museums of Europe have, it is understood, opened negotiations for the acquisition of the entire collection, and it was stated that an offer had been made from Boston for their purchase; but nothing definite appears to have been accomplished. It is said that of the various offers, one on the part of the French government was most satisfactory, but that the consummation of the purchase was prevented by the late war.

It is much to be hoped that it is not too late to secure these art treasures to the United States, the value of which will be shown by the following enumeration of the specimens of the collection, especially when we bear in mind that many of them are most exquisite specimens of art, and all are of undoubted authenticity and great antiquity.

Antique Greek, Phœnician, and Roman glass-ware unguentaries, bottles, bracelets, tear-bottles....	1200
Phœnician, Assyrian, Egyptian, and Greek vases from three feet in height to two inches.....	4000
Greek, Roman, and Byzantine lamps, with and without bass-reliefs and inscriptions	1400
Bronzes of every kind, strigiles, paterœ, fibulæ, speculas, spear-heads, etc.....	420
Phœnician, Greek, and Cypriote (?) inscriptions..	96
Stone statues of every size (Temple of Venus)....	204
Stone heads of every size (Temple of Venus).....	700
Terra cotta statuettes, votive offerings, etc.....	320
Gold objects, cylinders, scarabees, etc.....	130
	8560

These were obtained by excavating at least 8000 graves, and from the Temple of Venus at Golgos, the discovery of which by Mr. CESNOLA was scarcely inferior in archæological importance to that of ancient Nineveh by Mr. LAYARD. In this were found numerous inscriptions in an unknown Semitic language (Cypriote?).

In the New York *Herald* we find a report of Captain SELFRIDGE, of the Darien Surveying Expedition, addressed to the President of Colombia, which presents the same conclusions in regard to the proposed canal as those already communicated by the *Herald* reporter accompanying the expedition, and published in that paper. President SALGAR is informed by Captain SELFRIDGE that the expedition, composed of two vessels of the United States navy, left New York in January, 1870, and arrived in the Bay of Caledonia in the month of February following—a vessel of the Pacific squadron having been sent to co-operate on the Pacific coast.

From the port of Caledonia and from the port of Sarsardi observations were made on two lines, which terminated on the coast of the Pacific in the confluences of the rivers Sabana and Lara. Both these, however, were found to be impracticable for a ship-canal; the Cordilleras being at no point less than 1000 feet in altitude, while the breadth of the mountain rendered the construction of tunnels impossible, even if there had been enough water to furnish the necessary lockage.

The expedition then sailed for the Bay of San Blas, in the latter part of April, 1870, and surveyed a route which, across the narrowest part of the isthmus, measured only twenty-six miles, from the Atlantic to the navigable river Bayamo. The results were equally unfavorable along this line, the lowest level of the Cordilleras being found to be 1134 feet, with heights of 800 feet on either side; and the construction of a canal by this route was considered even more impracticable than by those just referred to.

In consequence of the approach of the rainy season the expedition ceased its labors, and sailed for New York on the 10th of June, 1870.

The surveys were again resumed on the part of the United States in December, and reached the month of the Atrato River on the 30th of the same month. The explorations of 1871 were intended to embrace routes which follow certain tributaries of the Atrato, as well as a line said to have been discovered by M. DE PUYDT, a Frenchman, who maintained that at no point was there an elevation of more than about 250 feet. Careful exploration, however, with an exact mercurial barometer, showed an altitude of 750 feet in the valley of Tunela before reaching the Cordilleras. The expedition then directed its principal efforts to the exploration of a line beginning at the Atrato, and following the valley of the Paranchita (a tributary of the Cacarica), crossing the Cordillera of Cué, down stream, and from that point to Penoguma, and thence to a navigable point. The total length proved to be fifty-five miles, the route being generally known as that of Tuyra.

Another line was surveyed, extending from the Bay of Cupica, in the Pacific, and following the valley of the Napipi to its mouth. A third route, by way of the river Bojaya, was heard of, but too late to make examination; and it was thought that the results of an inquiry there would not be any more satisfactory, at least, than the route by the Napipi, both rivers running very near each other.

Further prosecution of the work during the past season was impracticable, on account of the approach of the rainy season and the general exhaustion of the parties; but data enough were obtained, it is thought, to give a definite conclusion in regard to the subject of inquiry. Both the Tuyra and Napipi routes are believed by Captain SELFRIDGE to be practicable, although a canal along the former would probably cost $140,000,000, and one along the latter $110,000,000. Neither is quite satisfactory, however, and it is a question whether any attempt will be made to realize the much talked of project on the Isthmus of Darien.

In the progress of the expedition a vast amount of light was thrown upon the general geography and physical character of the country, the natural history being illustrated by collections in the departments of botany and zoology. Captain SELFRIDGE concludes his report by reminding the government of Colombia that the route by Nicaragua will be a formidable rival to any other more southern one, and that, unless very favorable conditions are offered, it is more than likely that the canal will ultimately be built through Nicaragua.

To such of our readers as desire an exhaustive work upon the birds of Europe, we can recommend that entitled "The History of the Birds of Europe," by Messrs. SHARP and DRESSER, of London, four parts of which have already appeared. This embraces not simply the fauna of Europe, but that of such adjacent portions of North Africa and Western Asia as have the same general fauna. The attention which has been paid by the authors both to the specific character of the birds of Europe and the details of their biography qualifies them in an eminent degree for the work which they have undertaken.

The first general meeting of the German Society for the Study of Anthropology, Ethnology, and the Prehistoric Condition of Man was to be held at Schwerin, in Mecklenburg, on the 22d of September.

In previous numbers of the *Weekly* we have given an account of certain deep-water explorations in the great lakes, which resulted in the detection of species of crustaceans and of fishes new to science, and belonging to marine rather than to fresh-water types. This, of course, does not prove the occurrence of other marine conditions at the bottom of the lakes, such as salinity of the water, etc., although it may perhaps excite a suspicion to that effect. Additional researches have been prosecuted during the present season in this direction, two parties being engaged in them—namely, Mr. JAMES W. MILNER, of Waukegan, and Mr. SIDNEY J. SMITH, of Yale College, the former working principally in Lake Michigan, and the latter under the auspices of the Engineer Department, in Lake Superior. Both these gentlemen have carried on their labors at depths exceeding one hundred fathoms, and have determined the existence of various novel forms of animal life, of which due mention will be made hereafter.

The Asiatic Society of Bengal is now memorializing the government of India in regard to the subject of deep-sea dredging in the Indian waters. They express great confidence that such examinations will furnish data illustrating the modification of certain supposed laws regulating animal and vegetable life in countries essentially different, and will doubtless supply much important material for the study and explanation of many yet obscure facts in zoology and geology, physics, etc. An examination of the Bay of Bengal is suggested over a line crossing from new Juggernauth Black Temple to Cape Negrais, to be followed by another from near Madras to the Andamans or Nicobars, and another from Ceylon to the coast of Sumatra. They recommend that three persons acquainted with the mode of inquiry shall accompany each expedition, and they express their belief that an annual grant of 2000 rupees, placed at the disposal of the dredging committee, will be sufficient for the accomplishment of the desired object.

Professor J. D. WHITNEY, in a recent communication to the Academy of Sciences of San Francisco upon the use of the barometer in determining altitudes, remarked upon the effect which temperature exerts upon the instrument, and stated that the difference between the cold of winter and the heat of summer would sometimes, in the same instrument, involve a difference in the estimate of a given height of as much as seventeen feet. He hoped in time to have tables prepared which should give the allowances that must be made for each day of the year, and for different times in the day, an observation at 9 A.M. sometimes giving a different result from one taken at 2 P.M. at the same altitude on the same day. He also expressed his dissatisfaction with the aneroid barometer as a means of measuring altitudes, although he had experimented with the best that were offered in the market. He found them reliable for a certain time only, and they appeared to have spells of irregularity from which they recovered very slowly. He did not find any upon which he could rely for heights above 1000 feet.

We have already referred to a memorial on the part of the German Fishery Association, addressed to Chancellor BISMARCK, in reference to the maintenance and continuance of the great establishment of Huningen, on the Rhine, which was founded by NAPOLEON III., at great expense, for the purpose of restocking the French waters. The memorial urged very strongly the propriety of continuing this establishment under its new régime, and expressed the hope that a competent German pisciculturist might be placed in charge. We learn that this has been acceded to, and that the enterprise will be continued with especial reference to increasing the supply of salmon and trout in the Rhine, into which river it is proposed to turn every year, for a limited period, large numbers of young fish, at least five months old. A grant of ten thousand thalers for 1871, and one of twelve thousand for 1872, is asked for, with the understanding that the final policy in regard to the establishment is to be decided upon after the expiration of these dates.

A gentleman who has spent a good deal of time in Florida is decidedly of the opinion that the wild turkey of that State is quite different from that of the North, and that it maintains a much closer relationship to the New Mexican turkey (*Meleagris mexicana*). According to his statement, the head of the wild turkey of Florida is red, like that of the domestic, its color in the Northern species of wild turkey being blue. The flesh also is white, as in the domestic turkey, and the tip of the tail fulvous instead of chestnut. The hunters from Mississippi who visit lower Florida notice this difference in the color of the heads of the Florida and Mississippi turkey, and consider them distinct. The gentleman in question is not familiar with the wild turkey of Northern Florida, and confines his remarks to those on the southern portion of the gulf coast of the State.

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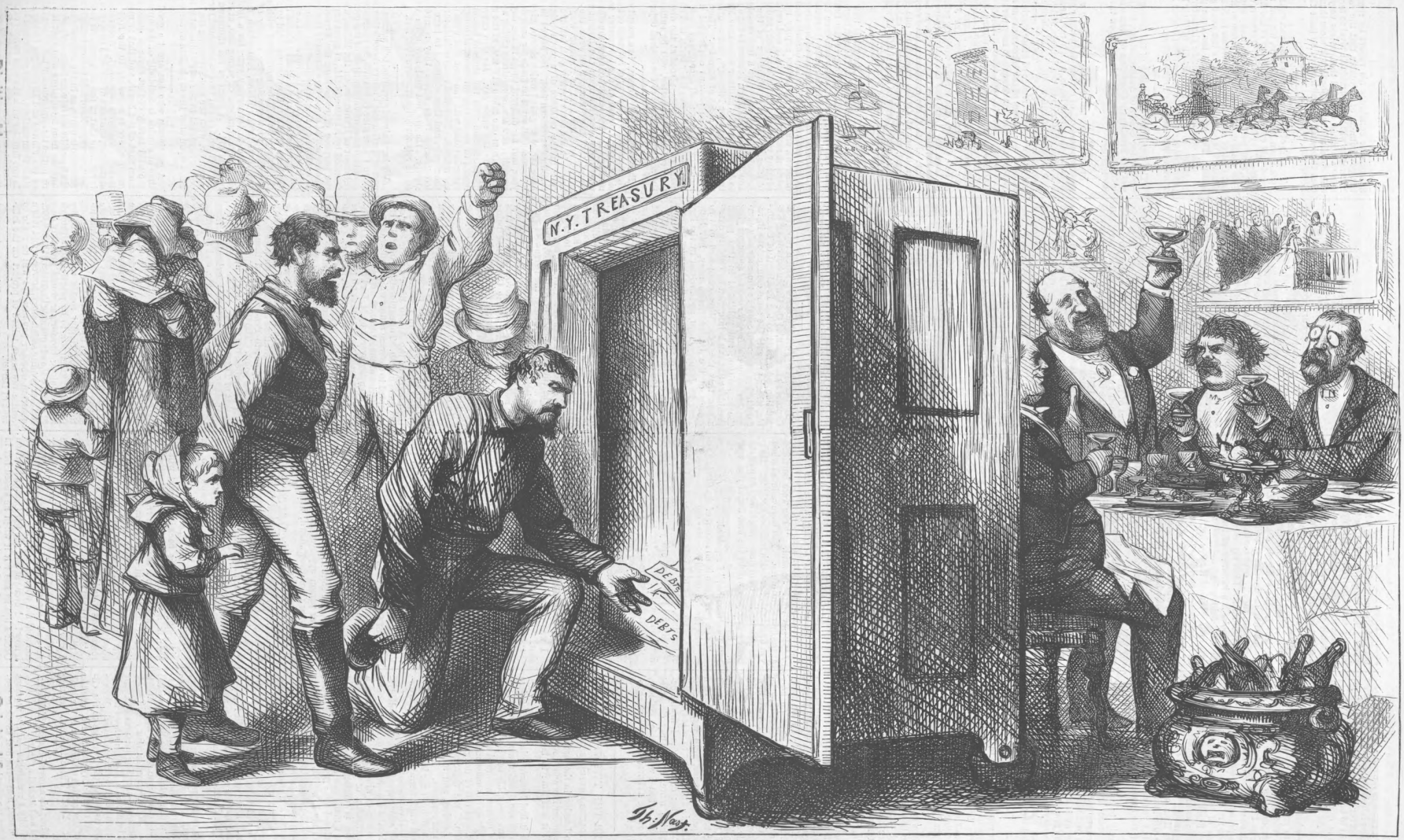
EMPTY. "WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?" FULL.



EMPTY TO THE WORKMEN. THE FOUR MASTERS THAT EMPTIED IT.

THE CITY TREASURY.

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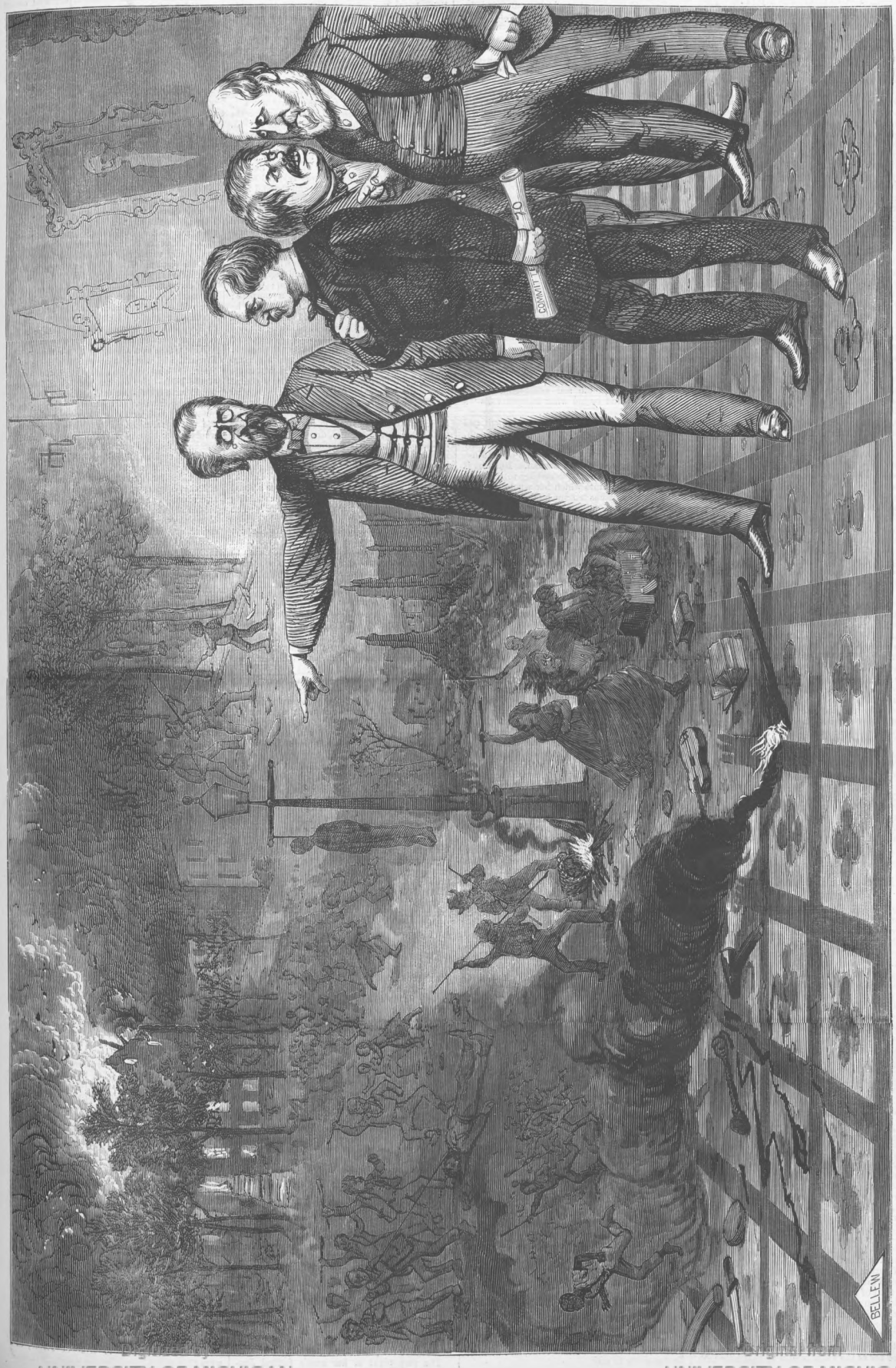

"A WARNING."—"Remember what 'Our Friends' did in 1863—and think what They may do if you make us Mad."—[See Page 962.]

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INCITING TO RIOT.

OUR readers have not forgotten that in Mayor HALL'S letter to General M'CLELLAN, urging that gentleman to accept the position of Controller, there was an ominous threat of a resort to mob violence in case the Tammany Ring saw no other way of escape from the predicament in which they found themselves after the disclosure of their unlawful practices. Several of their newspaper organs took up the strain, and published articles which were nothing less than inflammatory appeals to the laborers who had been employed on the public works of the city to mob the men through whose instrumentality the operations of the Ring had been suspended. A temporary delay in paying the laborers was artfully seized upon as evidence of an intention to cheat honest working-men out of their wages, and take the bread from the mouths of their wives and little ones; and they were advised to take the law into their own hands and right themselves.

The authors of these incendiary articles knew full well that if the working-men acted upon their malign advice, the result would be the re-enactment of the dreadful scenes of July, 1863, when, for several days, the mob held possession of New York city, and perpetrated outrages of which the very recital still makes one's blood run cold. Our cartoon on page 961 will serve to recall some of the incidents of those days, as well as to explain what Mayor HALL meant when he wrote to General M'CLELLAN that his acceptance of the offered position might be necessary to preserve the peace of the city.

It will be remembered that the outbreak occurred on the morning of July 13, 1863. At the outset it was merely a demonstration against the draft, which was then in progress; but soon the excitement spread through the city, and as the militia were absent in Pennsylvania, the only guardians left for the public peace were the regular police and a few hundred regulars in the forts. These were too few to protect the dozen miles between the extremities of the city. The mob, dispersed in one quarter, would reassemble at another, and for four days the city seemed given up to their control.

The outrages committed during this time were numerous and aggravated. Negroes were assaulted, beaten to death, mutilated, and hung; building after building was sacked and burned; gangs of desperadoes patrolled the streets, levying contributions, and ordering places of business to be closed. A colored orphan asylum, sheltering some hundreds of children, was sacked and burned.

After the first day the riot, which was at first directed against the draft, took a new turn. The entire mass of scoundrelism in the city seemed to have been let loose for indiscriminate plunder. Women, half-grown boys, and children were foremost in the work of robbery, and no man felt safe from attack. The police force did their duty manfully, aided at first by the few troops at the disposal of the authorities, and subsequently by the regiments who began to return from Pennsylvania. In the street fights which occurred many of the defenders of law and order lost their lives, while a far larger number of the rioters were killed. Gradually the bands of rioters were dispersed, and the peace of the city was restored. Several hundred persons were killed, and property to an immense amount was destroyed.

Such was the entertainment of which the Tammany Ring proposes a repetition in case they find themselves too closely pressed by the friends of municipal reform, and of a government cheaply and honestly administered.

JENNIE'S SUMMONS TO ROME.

BY JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

IF ever there was in woman a "fiery soul, which, working out its way, fretted the pigmy body to decay, and o'er-informed the tenement of clay," such a soul seemed to be lodged in the graceful form of pretty, dark-eyed Jennie Elspeth. No positive trouble, no active ill, oppressed the girl. She had, indeed, no parents living; but then both had been dead so many years, had left her when she was so young, that their loss could hardly be supposed to bear very bitterly on the life of a girl who was now in her twentieth year. She was not poor; she had quite enough to live on of her own, not counting the property of Miss Marian Elspeth, the elderly maiden aunt with whom she had always lived, and whose money would in all probability come into Jennie's little white hands. Jennie had many friends. Even women were fond of her, although she had a quick temper and scornful ways occasionally. She had many admirers, and she might have been the belle of the little community, only that she positively would be nothing of the kind. She insisted on going her way alone, declining amusement and, so far as she could, repelling admiration.

Jennie Elspeth and her aunt lived in a pretty, pleasant New England village. It had risen up or dropped down among beautiful hills, and near a stream, which, wandering through groves of pine, gradually broadened out until at last, a noble river, with cities on its shore, it reached the sea. If Jennie loved the picturesque—and she did—there was surely enough of beauty in the surroundings of her village to have made her heart all gladness. But of late years this beauty of nature spoke in vain to the eyes of the unsatisfied girl. It never reached her heart. She was fond of long, lonely walks, along the plank-roads when the weather was not good, and in the woods during summer and the fall; but she noted little of the beauty around her. Her mind's eye was turned inward, and contemplated her own loneliness, her own dissatisfaction.

See her as she walks briskly up that hilly path leading toward the woods this bright, breezy, rather cold evening of May, when summer is beginning to glow in most other States, but when it is yet only chilly spring in this northern region of New England. What a pretty girl she is, with her bright cheeks radiant with health and the glow of exercise, and her clustering dark hair, which somehow never can be put out of order, or, rather, when it is in disarray looks just as well as if it were fresh from the hands of the *friseur*. Like every thing else that goes to make up the womanly beauty of Jennie's face and form, it is her own. Observe her walk, so firm, vigorous, elastic—how utterly unlike, in its easy energy and natural grace, the movement of the belles of the cities and of fashion, who always seem to walk as if they were set in motion by the impulse of a screw-propeller. Jennie walks like one of Wordsworth's girls—"nymph-like, she is fleet and strong;" and one can easily imagine that she could, if she would, "down the rocks leap along like rivulets in May."

With beauty, health, goodness, a safe and quiet home, picturesque scenes around her, kind friends near her, Jennie Elspeth chafes and frets and is unhappy; she complains of destiny, and hates the hills and the river and the trees, and is weary of the sun, and sickens at the routine of her calm, contracted existence.

One reason is that Jennie has a Southern, tropical nature imprisoned in a New England body and its surroundings. Nature seems to make these mistakes somehow in the cases of individuals and of nations. Look across the ocean to Ireland, and there you will see a country whose primary misfortune is that a joyous, impulsive, emotional Southern population have been mislaid somehow on Northern soil, under cold Anglo-Saxon rule, and beside what Disraeli calls "a melancholy ocean."

This want of congruity in temperament and locality is one great cause why Jennie Elspeth, even now, on this breezy hill-side, is internally railing at fate, and wishing she were either a living, active man or a dead woman. But this is not all. The girl wants something to think of, something to do, into which her whole soul can be thrown. She has too much talent and energy for her common occupations, and she has not that genius which can cut out its own path and find its own materials any where. Her mind will not shrink and stunt itself down to fit the little world in which she lives, and it is not able to create a new world of and for itself. She chafes against the little proprieties and narrow, rigid rules and small economies and petty scandals of the place. She can not bring herself into raptures over the Sunday sermon. She thinks its doctrine narrow, and its style stupid; and she is ashamed of the people who go on discussing the various oratorical merits of the Reverend Mr. Budgett as if he were Massillon, or at least Beecher or Chapin. She can not believe that the whole duty of man, in a moral sense, is to abstain from beer and tobacco. She is, in fact, perhaps without knowing it, one of the artist tribe by nature—of that class who, even if they never paint a picture, write a book, or carve a statue, are yet artists by virtue of their inborn love and homage for all that is beautiful and poetic in art. So, though she does her work at Dorcas meeting and sewing section as well as the best, it is a mere duty and drudgery to her. Her heart is not in the work, and she hates it, even though she knows it is right for her to do it, and will do it accordingly.

Suddenly turning a corner into a pretty green lane, the breeze saucily blowing her hair about her face, and for the moment confusing her, Jennie almost rushes into the arms of two gentlemen. They begin to apologize; she stammers something, and tries to get her curls away from her eyes; and both the gentlemen seem to her to be strangers. In that quiet place the sight of a strange face is almost as surprising as the footprint on Robinson Crusoe's sand. In an instant of time Jennie has taken a mental photograph of the face of one of the gentlemen. It is dark, grave, resolute, handsome: the eyes are deep, calm, and thoughtful. Jennie feels a vague conviction that she will see that face often in her dreams.

The other gentleman she has hardly looked at, and has certainly not seen. But he looks at her, and exclaims,

"Why, Jennie Elspeth!—Miss Elspeth, surely! Don't you know me—Robert Lawton?"

Jennie knew Robert Lawton in a moment, though she had not seen him for years. Robert's record had long been considered a decidedly bad one in that locality. His mother used to be a very dear friend of Jennie's aunt, and thus Jennie had known him well while they were both young. Robert would drink wine and brandy and smoke pipes, and didn't attend church with any regularity, and would draw caricatures of the minister and all the ruling elders. When the war broke out Robert went to the front among the first, and was made prisoner and carried off to Libby Prison, where he endured some cruel, wasting, corroding years, and whence he came out at last to find that the mother who loved him better than her own life had died, not knowing whether or not her son had found a soldier's grave—her only consolation in death being that if Robert had thus been taken from her, he had fallen in the nation's cause and in gallant company. Then Robert Lawton, a much soberized young man, went to Europe, and, so far as his birth-place was concerned, was wholly lost for some years.

Jennie was delighted to see him. Any event, any thing new, would almost inevitably have presented itself as a pleasant excitement. But this sudden reappearance of an old friend was in itself a genuine pleasure. So she told him; and she asked him several breathless questions about himself, and whence he had come, and whether he was going to stay.

"To stay?" he said. "Oh no." His way of living lay in Europe. He had come to travel in the States with his friend, and he had been seized with a longing to see the old place, where he supposed every body had forgotten him.

"For shame! Aunt hasn't forgotten you, and you must come and see her. And I never forgot you—never!"

As she spoke the words rather energetically, she found that the dark, quiet eyes of the stranger were fixed on her, and she could not help blushing a little. Robert Lawton then, for the first time, presented his friend, Mr. Louis Savard. Miss Jennie had a faint recollection of having somewhere heard or seen the name before.

They all walked together to Jennie's house, and it was, for some of them at least, a delightful evening. Aunt Marian was rejoiced to see the son of her old friend again, and she and Robert talked long over the past and the present. Jennie was left to entertain Mr. Savard as best she could. She proposed to sing to him, and actually sat to the piano; but they got into talk which seemed to her "far above singing," and the piano remained silent. Mr. Savard had apparently lived the only kind of life which Jennie thought worthy of human heart and energy. He was of French Huguenot extraction; he had traveled much, and always with a purpose; he had fought for Italy in 1859 and 1860; he had come out to America in 1861 to bear a hand in the war for freedom and the Union; he had been in Libby with Robert Lawton. Since then he had devoted himself to educational projects. Jennie remembered now having seen his name on certain books and pamphlets which had made a mark, and having read an account of a course of lectures which he had delivered, by special invitation, in Boston. She was especially impressed by the all-pervading, powerful, quiet faith which showed itself in him, so unlike her own querulous, ill-assured, dissatisfied yearnings and aspirations. His calm conviction of the reality and the value of the business of every body's life sent a new courage and hope through her, even while it made her feel ashamed of herself. His life, his conversation, his very glance seemed to inspire her as though with the old ennobling watch-word of the Church, *Sursum corda!* The girl's heart was indeed lifted up.

But the evening—the rich, thrilling, happy, hopeful evening—came to an end. Two other evenings followed; and then the friends were to leave the place. As they all stood on the threshold the night of parting, in the moonlight, and about to separate, Jennie put her hand into that of Mr. Savard, and looked up to him earnestly—she could not help herself—and asked,

"Shall we never meet any more?"

A man of a different stamp might have been flattered by the tone and manner of this impulsive question, might have misconstrued it and presumed upon it, or perhaps laughed at poor Jennie's earnestness, and thought lightly of her. But Louis Savard pressed her hand warmly and kindly, and answered,

"We shall meet again, I promise you."

Her eyes brightened, and in a moment the friends were gone, and she had never learned whither they were going or where they lived. All she knew of Robert Lawton was that he was returning to Europe. Of Louis Savard she did not even know so much.

But from that night Jennie Elspeth's life was changed. All the vague discontent was gone, and in its place had come a passionate yearning, a vehement unrest, a sleepless longing for love. She had found an ambition, a purpose, a reason for living. She was alone no longer, a waif no longer, for she had found love, and it filled her heart. She dreamed of Louis Savard night after night. "Even if I never should see him again," she often said to herself, "it is my privilege to love him—nothing can prevent that. But I shall see him again: *he* said so."

One strange peculiarity belonged to all her dreams of him. The scene and surroundings of the dream were always the same. Sometimes she only saw him pass before her; sometimes he and she sat or walked together, and talked long and earnestly; sometimes, on awaking, she blushed to remember that she had dreamed of him as her acknowledged lover. But the place was the same—majestic ruins, fallen columns, a stately dome, purple hills for a background. Some grand old European city, perhaps: but how did the place present itself always the same in the mind of Jennie Elspeth, who had never been in Europe?

Suddenly fate struck poor Jennie a heavy blow. One sunny morning she missed Aunt Marian from the garden, where aunt always used to walk before breakfast. Jennie went up to her room and knocked, and got no answer. She went in, and found Aunt Marian lying white and placid in her bed. Jennie's last relative and friend was dead. Jennie was alone in the world. A week or two of stupefaction, and then of agony, passed away, and Jennie awoke to the routine of life again.

She had many friends, and she received kind offers of a home. She had a sufficiency of money. She resolved to go away somewhere, any where, for the old home was odious to her, and she longed to begin some active career. In her narrow village life, she said to herself passionately, there was nothing for a woman to do; nothing worth a woman's doing. She would go away and be a teacher, an artist, a writer, an expounder of woman's mission—something, any thing, which seemed to have at once work and dignity in it; something which might satisfy her that she, a woman, was working in companionship—though all unknown—with Louis Savard. The last and only tie which bound her to her birth-place was rudely snapped when Marian Elspeth's coffin was laid in earth; and now she would leave the place forever.

The very night of her aunt's funeral Jennie dreamed a dream which, in her wild *exalté* condition, she regarded as a revelation and a command from destiny. Again, amidst the familiar surroundings, she saw Louis Savard, and he smiled and beckoned to her, and said, "Come!" She cried out eagerly because his figure was fading, and begged him to tell her where; and she seemed rather to read the word on his lips than to hear it spoken—the word "Rome."

She woke with a start and a cry. Yes, that was the city of her dreams—Rome. Rome itself was the place which had been shown to her. How could she have ever failed to know it? In Rome, then, she would find her destiny. There she had been ordered to go. The girl began to regard herself as one on whose behalf the powers above had condescended to make a special revelation.

Only think of the murmur, the wonder, the angry remonstrances that arose in Jennie's circle of friends and acquaintances when it became known that she had resolved to go alone to Europe, and to live in Rome! Really it needed all the influence of the dreams and the faith in the special revelation to keep up her courage and her resolve. But if you can only persuade yourself that you are a child of destiny, you may do any thing. Jennie smiled calmly at remonstrance, and set out for Rome as Joan of Arc might have started for Rheims or Charlotte Corday for Paris. Had she needed stimulant to keep her courage up, she would have found it in her renewed dreams.

Now please don't imagine that our pure New England girl was setting out on a chase for a lover. She had not the faintest idea of any thing of the kind. Her dreams and her self-delusion would have been mean and miserable indeed, if they had pointed to such an end as this. Jennie never supposed or hoped, or even wished, that she might meet Louis Savard in Rome. She would never have gone had she believed that he was to be found there. No: her delusion, such as it was, took another form. She had wrought herself into the belief that she was to be ennobled and guided in some way by her love for Savard, and that his presence in her dream was ordained as a sanction and authority for the step she was bidden to take. She solemnly believed that in Rome she would find the starting-point of a new career, and that the mysterious influence of Savard would guide her there, as it was guiding her in New England. Other and meaner or mere personal hopes and thoughts she did not cherish, and would have honestly scorned.

Her resolve sustained her as Enoch Arden's did him—at least until she reached Rome. There, it must be owned, her heart sank within her. Every thing looked so prosaic, so unheroic, so mean, beggarly, and commonplace! She had yearned to be there; had throbbed with a sort of divine foreboding that there, at the very gates, she was to find the guidance to a better, fuller, more active and fruitful life than that she had before been leading; and now she was in Rome, and no guidance appeared. Life seemed there the same as every where else—narrow, grasping, egotistical, and vulgar. Trade was trade and money was money in Rome as well as elsewhere. Fashion and idleness and frivolity were as pert on the Pincian Hill as on Broadway, New York. Nay, the very ruins of the past and the art of the present, which are Rome's soul and spirit, seemed ignoble in the eyes of the disappointed girl. The ruins were but show places; the art was a more or less sordid trade. Days and days passed away as dull and devoid of purpose or light as though they were dragging along in the New England village. Jennie resolved to do something or other, though now all unguided by inner revelations, and she could think of nothing better than to try to learn the sculptor's art. She became a pupil of a clever and kindly countrywoman of her own, who was settled there; and she lived in the same house with this lady, and tried to get up artistic enthusiasm—tried to kindle the fire on the cold hearth of her disappointed and dispirited heart.

Strange phenomenon for which she could by no means account—while she was in the New England village she always dreamed of Louis Savard in Rome; now, here in Rome, she dreamed of Louis Savard, and saw him in her dreams with the New England village and its scenery around him! Yes, she hardly now passed a night here in the shadow of Rome's immortal ruins without dreaming that she stood once more near her old home, and that Louis Savard was there to welcome her!

So the days and evenings wore away, until there came one evening to be always remembered. Jennie sat alone in the studio of her friend, who was absent, and she watched the sinking sunlight, and thought of the home and the hopes that had faded out of her young life. A step was heard on the threshold, and a deep musical voice pronounced inquiringly the name of her friend, and the sound thrilled to Jennie's heart, and, turning round, she saw Louis Savard standing before her.

Her surprise was hardly so great as his, but her emotions were all undisguisedly joyful, while on his face there was an evident, an unmistakable shadow of disappointment, and even of pain. There was a constraint in his manner which soon chilled her.

"How soon," Mr. Savard asked—and there was embarrassment in every word he spoke—"how soon, Miss Elspeth, are you returning?"

"Returning! where, Mr. Savard?"

"To the States—to your home?"

"Oh, I have no home. I thought, perhaps, you might have known, or heard from some one—I have no home any more. My aunt is dead, and I have no relative alive; and I have come to live here with my friend."

"To live—actually to live—in Rome, always?"

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"Here, or somewhere else, where there are no memories—"

"Then you have really left your old home forever?"

"I think so—for a long time, at least. Why should I care to return there any more?"

Her eyes filled with tears. At that moment, when she could hardly have kept up the conversation any longer, her friend fortunately returned, and Jennie escaped abruptly to her own apartment, and was miserable there over her loneliness and Savard's strange manner. Why had he thus looked and spoken? Was it a crime that she had left her home? Or was her presence so unwelcome that he could not even conceal his displeasure at meeting her?

"Jennie dear," said her friend, tapping at the door, "won't you come down for a few moments? Mr. Savard wants to speak to you."

Jennie opened the door. "I will come, dear, if you like," she said, drearily—"if he wants me."

"He wants to know if he can take any message home for you."

"Home! where?"

"Don't you know that he is going back in a day or two to your old home to live there? I thought he had told you. There is a new university to be opened there, and he has accepted the presidency."

Jennie started. Strange news, indeed. Were her dreams, then, thus to be confirmed—those which pictured him in Rome, and those which sent him back to New England?

She went down stairs, and Mr. Savard told her in a few words what her friend had already made known. He had accepted the office of president of the new university, and he was to live in the old place—her birth-place—which she had forsaken.

"I am afraid my manner must have surprised you a little just now," he said. They happened to be again alone, the owner of the studio having quitted it for a few moments. "But, Miss Elspeth, I was sadly disappointed—I may speak frankly, may I not?—I was sadly disappointed to find that I could not look forward to a renewal over there of the acquaintanceship which began there."

"I was disappointed too," Jennie said, simply.

"Were you? But you can have no idea how much I was disappointed. I associated you in my mind with the place where I first saw you, and the prospect of meeting you there again was so pleasant that you must forgive me if I was not very glad to find you here in Rome."

Jennie did not tell him then why she had come to Rome. He told her that he had only just arrived in the city from Naples, where he had been staying with Robert Lawton, and where he received the offer from America, which he had decided on accepting. Jennie's friend and companion soon came in, and the talk became general, until Savard left.

He intended to stay only two days more in the city, but he spent nearly all that time in her company. When the time was approaching to say "farewell," Savard said to her, half sadly, half jestingly,

"Do you know, Miss Elspeth, that *you* are the chief cause of my leaving Europe?"

"Indeed! Tell me how?" She was almost on the brink of the confession that he was the chief cause of her coming to Europe.

"I thought of you so much and so often that I welcomed the offer which invited me back to what I supposed to be still your home. You may laugh at me if you will—and I am now a good deal ashamed of my folly, and vexed at it—but I dreamed over and over again that you invited me back to New England!"

"Can that be possible?" asked Jennie, eagerly, and coloring with an emotion he could not yet understand.

"Possible, indeed, and certain. I—who am going to teach science and philosophy—I accepted that mission in obedience to an idle dream! What fools some of us are who think ourselves wise!" Savard added, bitterly.

"Oh, Mr. Savard, this is the strangest thing in life—the strangest thing I ever heard of! I came to Rome for no other reason in the world than because I dreamed again and again that you invited me here!"

He gazed at her earnestly.

"Are you serious? Is this indeed so, Miss Elspeth—Jennie?"

In a few eager, trembling words she told him of her dream; and he told her how, since he first met her, he had thought of her always; how he had dreamed of her; how, in the dream, she had invited him back to New England; how, when the offer of the presidency of the new university reached him in Florence, he had welcomed it as a sort of providential opportunity; how he had prepared to go back, that he might meet her; and how bitter was his disappointment when, at the first stage of his journey thither, he found her in Rome.

"I can't explain it all," said Jennie, looking downward. "I never believed in dreams and such nonsense; but this seems very strange."

"Perhaps not so very strange in my case," said Savard. "I thought of you so much by day that it was not wonderful I should have thought of you by night. Your image really did invite me back night and day."

"But why did I dream of you, and believe that you were in Rome?"

"Perhaps some vague recollection of Lawton's having told you that we had lived in Rome for some years. That might explain why you dreamed of me as living here. But why you should have dreamed of me at all—that, Miss Elspeth, I can not explain."

"Why did you dream of me?"

"Because from the first hour we passed together I loved you!"

He took her hand and pressed it, unresisted, to his lips.

"And I," Jennie murmured, not daring to look up—"I suppose I dreamed of you—because—oh, I don't know—and I won't tell!"

Which inconsistent and incompatible sort of explanation appeared somehow perfectly to satisfy Louis Savard. When Jennie's friend and instructress came in she was not long in perceiving that the relationship between the two had markedly changed in her absence. Louis Savard postponed his journey to America for a few weeks, and then took Jennie with him as his wife. For her, she longed to return to the place which once seemed to her so dreary, blank, and objectless, but which she now thinks the dearest spot on all the earth, the place providentially appointed for her to fulfill her destiny. She leaves Rome without a sigh; but, despite all her husband's science and philosophy, she chooses to cherish the faith that there was something marvelous in their double dreamings, and that it was the kindly whispering of some voice from spaces unfathomed by human ken which bade her to go on her pilgrimage to the Eternal City. And when her husband suggests that, after all, if she had staid at home he would have come to her just the same, she stops his mouth, and becomes unanswerable.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

FLORIDA should bear the palm; and a scientific resident of that genial, sunny State may claim the gratitude of nations—when proof makes a theory a *fact!* The problem of cholera has been studied out by this enterprising investigator; and he announces that both that disease and yellow fever are caused by animalcule floating in the air, which could be dispersed by a system of concussion, and the epidemic crushed out of every infected atmosphere. A ton of gunpowder is estimated to be sufficient to eradicate all trace of yellow fever from such a city as Charleston. Ten days is time enough to accomplish the desired result, the work being done in the night, commencing at nine o'clock. At each explosion five pounds of powder are to be used. This is the proposed plan; and at the last accounts the inventor of this system was ready to commence operations upon Charleston to prove the value of his discovery.

Rumor says that New Orleans is slowly sinking: in one locality a batture of about 750 feet long by 120 feet wide has sunk seven feet below the ordinary level. Borings have been made to investigate the strata; but at a depth of fifty feet nothing more stable than sand was found, the mixture of clay being very slight. The query is—What can be done?

The Smithsonian Institution has received a bequest of a silver punch-strainer! A lady of Wilmington, recently deceased, bestowed it by will. The story of the strainer is said to be briefly this: Dr. B. Franklin and the grandfather of the lady above mentioned were printer boys in Boston, and saved a silver dollar each from their first earnings by selling newspapers in that city. They had these dollars made into punch-strainers, and exchanged with each other, so that this strainer is made out of the dollar earned by Dr. Franklin.

Iowa considers women fitted for some positions of trust, else she would not have appointed Mrs. Ida North State Librarian.

Liquor is not allowed to be sold in the new town of Greeley, Colorado; but an enormous and mysterious amount of "ammonia" is sold by the druggists. Evidently Greeley needs a Board of Supervisors, or aldermen, or some energetic policemen, or other officials. Of course underhand work is never allowed in a town where there are the regular officials!

The removal of the Pension-office from the Patent-office building to the Seaton House is making quite a breeze in Washington. The ground of objection seems reasonable—that the Seaton House is not fire-proof, and that in consequence many valuable papers upon which rest the claims of soldiers and their families for pensions will be exposed to destruction.

Under the influence of President Chamberlain, of Bowdoin College, a sort of scientific course is to be introduced into that institution. Two new courses have been established to supply an acknowledged want—one of four and the other of two years, in which the dead languages and other disciplinary studies are largely supplanted by such studies as are "directly useful and practical." The first course almost eliminates Greek and Latin, and aims to give instruction in the modern languages and the sciences, including the application of the latter to the liberal and mechanic arts, so that graduates from this department may be able to enter directly upon their life work. The course of two years is for "advanced study in the line of either department of the college, or in specialties, or in preparation for a learned profession." Both courses culminate in distinct schools of Letters, Science, Engineering, Medicine, and Law.

An English farmer possesses a novelty in the form of a cow with a wooden leg. The animal having lamed one of her hind-legs, a skillful veterinary surgeon tried the experiment of amputation. The operation was successful. A wooden leg was provided, and the cow walks about very comfortably.

"Kangaroo venison" is a new meat. It is imported in tins, like Australian mutton; and those who have tried it give a favorable account of its quality.

In Switzerland the telegraph has superseded the post to a much greater extent than in England or in Scotland. The wires go every where, and a message of ten words costs only ten cents.

A French chemist recommends grinding tea like coffee before pouring hot water upon it. He asserts that by this process it will be made to yield nearly double the amount of exhilarating qualities.

The Empress Eugénie recently sailed from Southampton for Lisbon to pay a visit to her mother, the Countess Montijo. Eugénie is, by-the-way, in better health and spirits than at any time since the great catastrophe. Our lady readers may perhaps be interested to know that at the time of embarkation her Majesty was attired in black, with a pouf à la Titiens—*i. e.*, a skirt turned up in front and gathered in thick folds behind over a flounced petticoat, the whole fully trimmed with fringe and velvet. She carried in her left hand a small green parasol, and in the right one of those long *sarbacane* canes which she introduced at Biarritz some three or four years ago, reaching about a foot above her head. A little fanny round hat, with a deep scarf of black lace surrounding the crown and falling down the back, with a bunch of small feathers in front, formed the whole of her costume; and were it not that the face is much aged, and the hair unmistakably submitted to dye, but little change would be apparent. In the figure there is none. Her Majesty is much thinner, but preserves the activity and even grace of youth in her movements. She has wisely discarded the fashion of much paint. But the ladies of her suit persist in hiding their beauty behind a thick mask of red and white and blue. The King of Spain sent a telegram to Eugénie before her departure asking what honors she desired to be rendered to her on Spanish soil. Her Majesty, in reply, said that it was her wish to travel in the strictest privacy.

It is rumored that the ex-Emperor Napoleon has requested his American banker to select him a suitable residence in this country, and that an agent has just gone to England with photographs of eligible estates which may be purchased.

According to a report from the government department at Washington, about fifty-nine million sheets of official paper have been manufactured, and so careful a record has been kept of what becomes of them all that in some instances pieces as small as the half of a ten-cent note have been made a special item of account. In contrast with the lax state of our city accounts, this is remarkable.

Cholera first appeared on this side the Atlantic in Quebec, on June 8, 1832. On June 21 of that year it had reached New York city.

The recent death of a young woman in Brooklyn, from the effects of chloroform administered preparatory to a dental operation, indicates that there are dangers attending the use of that drug which can not be foreseen even by experienced physicians.

It has been predicted—and with reason—that the immense weight of false hair worn by ladies of the present day will result hereafter in an entire lack of any growth of the natural article. The vigor of the hair-cells will be hopelessly destroyed. This is, however, a matter of no kind of consequence. Art exceeds nature. Jute is made up into chignons and switches in astonishing quantities. Cotton thread and silk and sundry other articles serve the same purpose. If one is deprived of her natural head-covering, a very moderate sum of money will procure a substitute, such as it is. Doubtless it will keep the scalp warm, if that is the point. A few ladies still have a prejudice in favor of simply what hair they can grow themselves, but the majority think this is very unreasonable. Every one to her own taste in this free country.

That small pupil in Bridgeport, Connecticut, who promptly informed his teacher that the surface of the earth consisted of land and water, was rewarded by being asked the converse of the original question—namely, "What, then, do land and water make?" He immediately responded, "*Mud*," which is very true; and uncommonly poor mud it is when the constituent elements unite in the streets of our city.

One Professor Jevons has demonstrated that at the present rate of progress in population, manufactures, and coal mining in England, all the workable mines will be exhausted in 110 years, when England would be left without fuel, all her factories would stop, her commerce be ended, and her people, or a large portion of them, starve. Taking into account some possible diminution of the ratio of increase, he thinks that the stock may last 276 years, or possibly even 360 years. That puts off the evil day.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A LITTLE shaver was told by his mother the other evening at the table that he could not have any meat, as it was not good for him, when he somewhat astonished her by quoting a verse from a Sunday-school lesson, that "man could not live by bread alone," and added, "Now, ma, I don't think little boys can either." The juvenile had the best of that argument.

A CURRENT IMPRESSION—A five-dollar bill.

LIFE-INSURANCE ILLUSTRATED.

THAT GENIAL PHILOSOPHER, JOSH BILLINGS, SAYS A LARGE POLICY OF LIFE INSURANCE DOESN'T EXACTLY MAKE A MAN'S CORPSE SMILE AT HIS WIDOW, BUT IT HELPS AMAZINGLY TO GET ANOTHER FELLOW TO DO IT FOR HIM.

A traveling gentleman passing a farm in Vermont saw a boy at work in a corn field by the road-side, and being of an inquiring turn of mind, he stopped his horse and thus addressed the youth: "My son, whose farm is this?" "Dad's," was the laconic reply. "Does your father raise any stock?" "Yes, lots uv 'em." "What kind?" continued the stranger. "Corn stocks, mostly," was the reply, as he proceeded to "hoe" a hill of the articles.

A Colorado store-keeper solaces his customers with FyNe KUT 2. bak O.

An irascible old gent, who formerly held the position of justice of the peace, was one day accosted in the street by a youth in a manner that did not come up to his honor's idea of the respect due him. "Young man," said he, "I fine you five dollars for contempt of court." "Why, judge," said the offender, "you are not in session." "This court," replied the judge, thoroughly irritated, "is always in session, and consequently always an object of contempt."

When may a watch be said to be very improvident?—When it loses time.

FOOLISH SONG—Stupid-ditty.

MISER'S LOVE-SONG—Cupid-ditty.

"Look here, squire, where was you born?" said a persistent Yankee to a five-minutes acquaintance. "I was born," said the victim, "in Boston, Tremont Street, No. 44, left-hand side, on the first day of August, 1810, at five o'clock in the afternoon; physician, Dr. Warren; nurse, Sally Benjamin." Yankee was answered completely. For a moment he was stuck. Soon, however, his face brightened, and he quickly said, "Yeas; wa'al, I calculate you don't recollect whether it was a frame or brick house, dew ye?"

"Bill, I eat a good deal of fish now; they say it's good for the brain." "It is? Well, John, I'll buy you a whale."

"I say, milkman, you give your cows too much salt." "Why, how do you know how much salt I give them?" "I judge from the appearance of the milk you bring us lately. Salt makes the cows dry, and then they drink too much water, and that makes their milk thin, you know."

When can not a toper stand upright?—When he's in-knee-briated.

A husband advertises thus: "My wife Maria has strayed or been stolen. Whoever returns her will get his head broke. As to trusting her, any body can do so if they see fit; for as I never pay my own debts, it's not likely I'll pay hern."

What should you keep after you have given it to another?—Your word.

"A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF SHALL NOT STAND."

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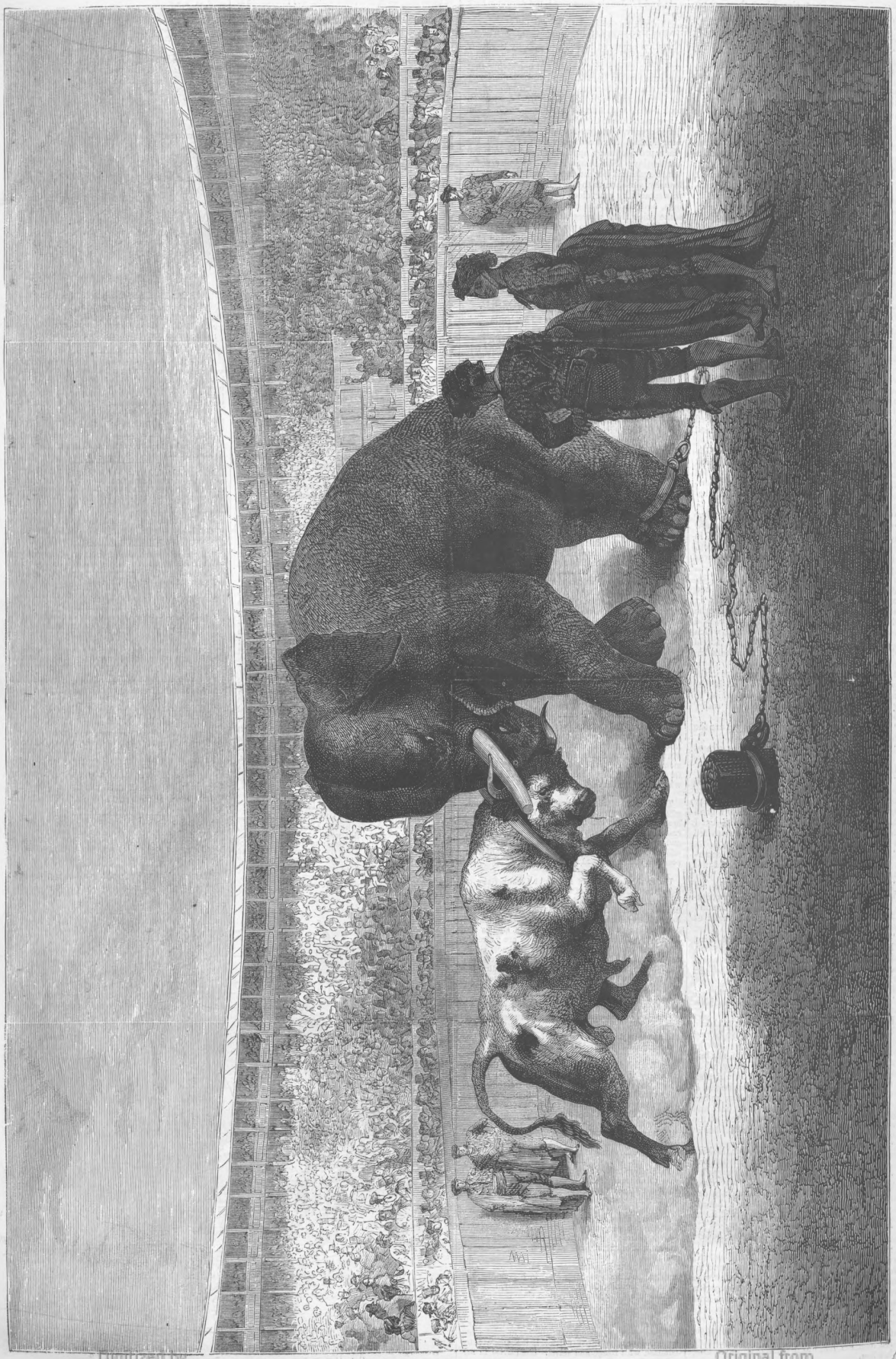

FIGHT BETWEEN ELEPHANT AND BULLS AT MADRID.—[SEE PAGE 966.]

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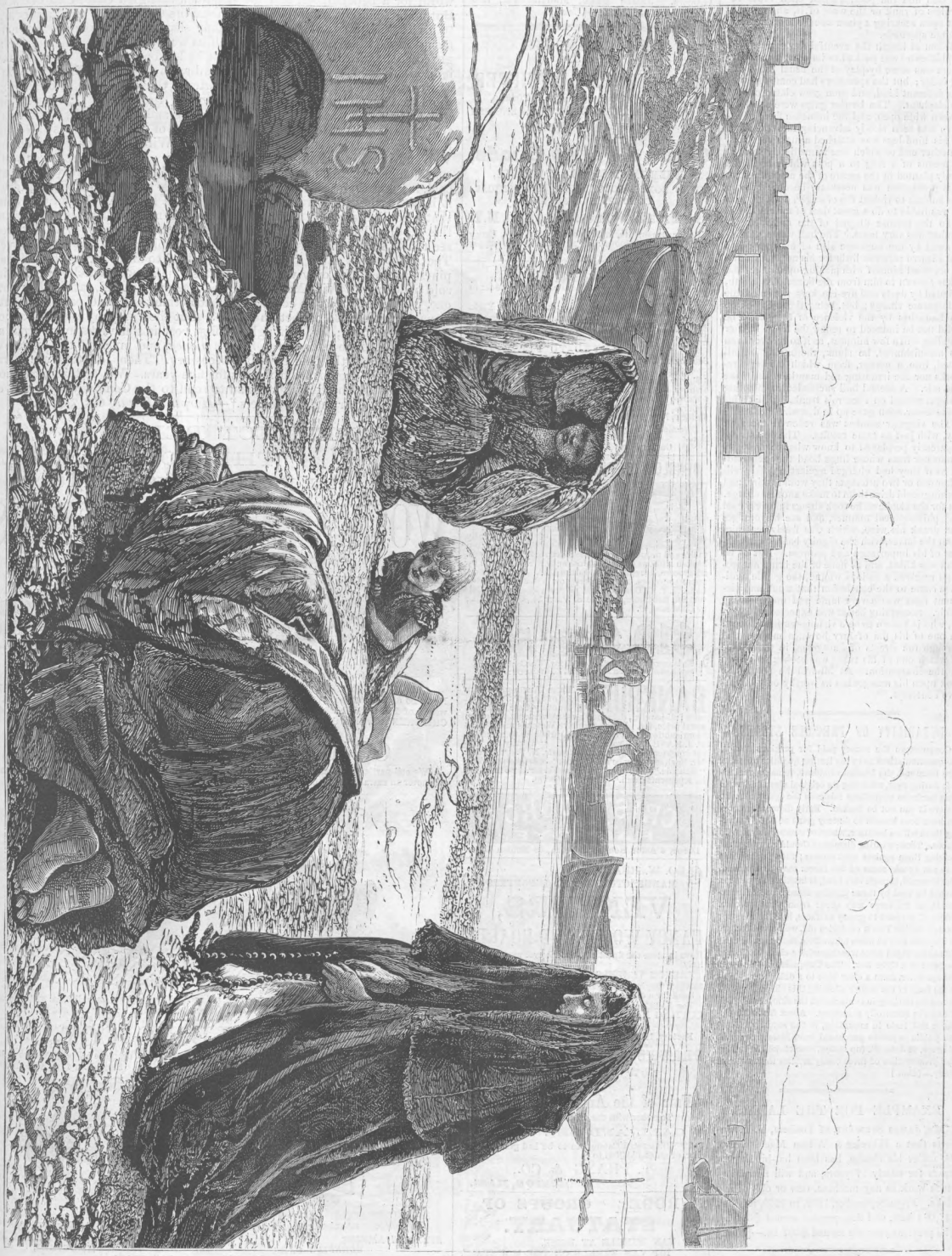
PILGRIMS TO THE HOLY WELL.

AMONG the most celebrated of the many holy wells of Ireland are those in the vicinity of Galway, of which an illustration is given on this page. Judging from its position on the map, this city ought to be a place of first-rate commercial importance. It possesses an excellent harbor, and it exactly faces New York, being the most westerly city in Europe. In point of mercantile activity it should be the Liverpool of the sister kingdom, yet in this respect it is far surpassed by Belfast, Dublin, and Cork. Yet Galway is a very ancient city, and was at a very remote period regarded as a position of importance. This is indicated by the supposed derivation of its name, *Gaillimh*, meaning, in Irish, "tribes of merchants." In the fourteenth century its commerce surpassed that of Limerick, and is said to have suffered more severely than other places from the jealous, narrow-minded policy, both in matters of trade and religion, which characterized the British government in the last century. At all events, it is not likely that the decay of Galway trade is due to a cause assigned by a certain French merchant, who declared that formerly his countrymen used to send their wine to Galway to render it drinkable, but now they had learned the secret at Bordeaux.

There is much to interest the visitor to Galway, especially in the magnificent coast scenery. The population, too, which partakes strongly of the old Milesian stamp, still retains some of the picturesque features of olden times. In the Claddagh, a suburb entirely inhabited by fishermen — who form an independent community governed by their own laws—the ancient costume, which reminds the traveler of Spain, may still be seen. The holiday dress of the men consists of a blue jacket, blue plush breeches, with a red handkerchief round the neck; while the women wear a blue mantle and a red body-gown, and petticoat. These fisher-folk are devout Catholics, and we may fairly suppose that the pilgrims at the holy well hail from the Claddagh.

We are informed that the well in question is on the sea-shore, within a foot or two of high-water mark. The women were most attentive to their devotions, counting their beads with the greatest assiduity, but the half-grown girl and the child would occasionally stop and take a good look at any passer-by. The fame of these wells, says Mrs. S. C. HALL, is undoubtedly coeval with the introduction of Christianity, while that of some probably preceded it, the early Christian teachers having, it is believed, merely changed the object of worship, leaving the altars of idolatry unbroken and undisturbed. Such holy wells are to be found in nearly all the parishes of the kingdom; they are generally betokened by rude crosses immediately above them, by fragments of cloth, and bits of rags of all colors, hung upon the neighboring bushes and left as memorials. Sometimes the crutches of convalescent visitors are bequeathed as offerings, and not unfrequently small buildings for prayer and shelter have been raised above and around them.



PILGRIMS TO THE HOLY WELL NEAR GALWAY, IRELAND.

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ELEPHANT AND BULL FIGHT.

OUR illustration on page 964 represents a combat which took place at Madrid, in Spain, between the celebrated elephant Pizarro and a wild bull. The excitement among the populace of the Spanish capital, for days previous to the fight, was tremendous. The price of seats in the amphitheatre rose to a fabulous figure, and the ticket-office was besieged by a crowd of buyers, in which the nobility and the commonalty, the rich and the poor, hustled each other regardless of rank or the want of it, and only intent upon securing a place whence to witness the strange spectacle.

When at length the eventful day arrived, the amphitheatre was packed to its utmost capacity. There was some by-play of the usual bull-fighting order; but the spectators had come for sport of a different kind, and soon grew clamorous for the elephant. The barrier gates were at length thrown wide open, and the immense form of Pizarro was seen slowly advancing into the ring. To his hind-legs was attached a massive chain, the other end of which was immediately secured by means of a ring to a post which had been firmly planted in the centre of the amphitheatre. This precaution was necessary because Pizarro was subject to violent fits of anger, during which he was liable to do a great deal of mischief.

To the intense disgust of the audience, the combat was very tame. The bull was apparently awed by the immense size of his opponent; and Pizarro cared so little for his antagonist that he occupied himself with picking up oranges and cakes thrown to him from the boxes. At length, irritated by darts and fire-crackers, the bull made a desperate charge; but, being thrown back on his haunches by the violence of the shock, he could not be induced to renew the fight. After standing still a few minutes, as if to recover from his astonishment, he slunk, thoroughly intimidated, into a corner, from which neither fireworks nor the irritating red mantle could make him stir. A second bull succeeded in inflicting a slight wound on Pizarro's trunk, but, like his predecessor, soon gave up in despair.

The singular combat was renewed the next day, with just as tame results. The bulls were apparently perplexed to know what to make of a monster from whose huge head they rebounded as if they had charged against a solid wall. After one or two attempts they would retire, and nothing could drive them to make another charge. As for the elephant, he took things in a very cool and philosophical manner, and ate his oranges and drank his wine, which was freely sent him from the boxes, with the dignity befitting a monster of his importance and prowess. But as no man was killed, and as none of the brute antagonists received a serious wound, the gentle audience came to the conclusion that a bull and elephant fight was a very tame and uninteresting affair. Something better was expected of Pizarro, who is known to be a vicious-tempered beast. In one of his fits of fury he once made a raid through the streets of Saragossa, in the course of which one of his tusks was broken, as shown in the illustration. At Madrid he seemed to look upon his antagonists as worthy only of passive contempt.

DURABILITY OF PRECIOUS STONES.

CONSIDERING the money paid for precious stones, the question arises as to the lasting qualities of gems. The Diamond, the hardest of stones, remains unalterable during ages, retaining its original size and lustre. This hardness sometimes misleads the ignorant, who believe it can not be broken. Early diamond searchers have been known to destroy gems of size by striking them with a hammer, when, of course, they flew to pieces. Those wearing diamonds should guard against striking them against hard objects; though the stone may not break, some of the facets may be abraided. The Emerald, though very hard, is brittle. Precaution should be used by those wearing these beautiful ornaments, as fractures may occur from want of care. Pearls, if exposed to greasy surfaces, lose their lustre; though Indian Pearls centuries old, well cared for, are as lustrous now as when taken from the ocean. Pearls should be wiped after wearing with a clean cloth, and inclosed in a tight box. The Turquoise is known to change color, from a clear blue to a dull green. This is the fault of the wearer allowing this charming stone to remain too long in contact with the skin, from which it absorbs some oily substance. Apart from the elegance and taste in mounting, is the security offered the public in jewels purchased from Messrs. STARR & MARCUS, 22 John St. (up stairs), who make the setting and preservation of these costly articles their especial study.—[*Com.*]

EXAMPLE FOR THE LADIES.

MR. JAMES STEWART, of Yonkers, N. Y., reports that a Wheeler & Wilson Machine, No. 38, under his charge, has been hat-binding by steam for nearly 17 years, and will now do as much work as any machine, new or old, of any make. From September, 1868, to 1869, it bound 137,088 hats, and the operator earned $654 17. The previous year she earned $507 48.—[*Com.*]

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HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer is no new preparation for the public to experiment with; its success is unparalleled for restoring gray hair to its natural color, promoting its growth, and producing new hair on bald heads.—[*Com.*]

PYLE'S O.K. Soap, Saleratus, and Cream-Tartar, first-class household articles that will speak for themselves on trial, sold by all first-class Grocers. JAMES PYLE, Manufacturer, 350 Washington St., N. Y.—[*Com.*]

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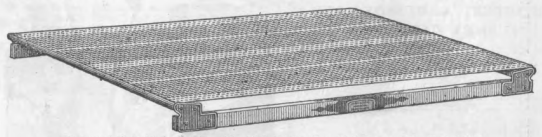

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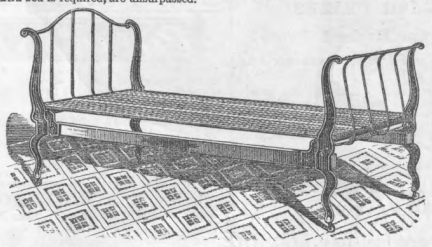

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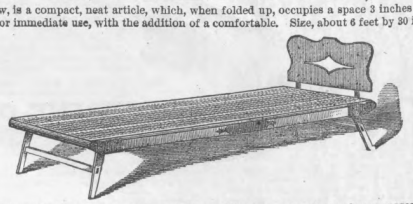

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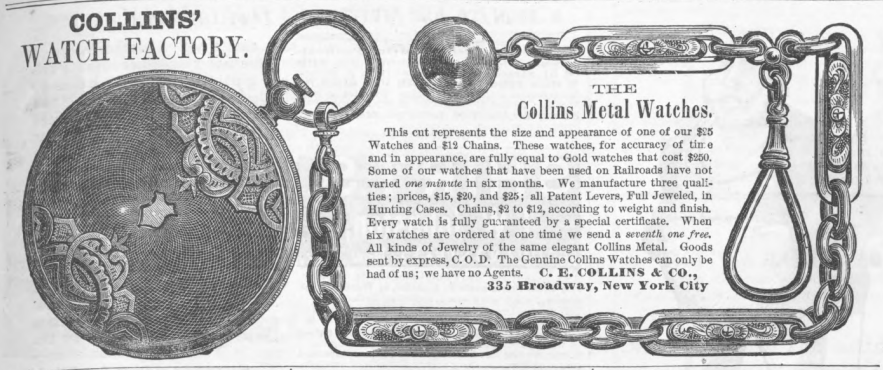

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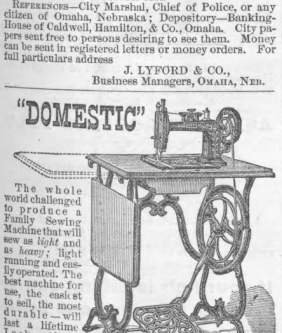

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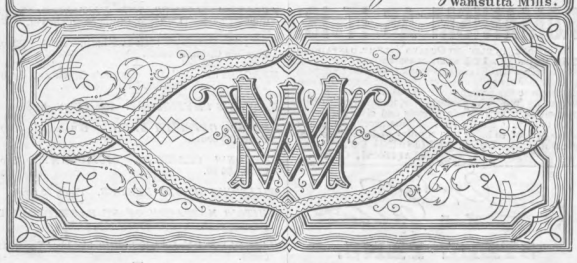

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The goods are of the full width represented, and not on a basis of 35 inches for a yard.

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ONLY TO KNOW.

ONLY to see your face again;
Only to touch your hand;
Only to hear your voice again
Ere I go to the silent land!
Only to know you will one day see,
When the sun is sinking low,
A shady nook, near a sunlit brook,
Where the soft winds come and go.
Only to know you will think one day,
Though never the thought you tell,
"Ah! for a love that I threw away;
For this one loved me well!"

Only to know that an old sad song,
A sound of a breeze-borne chime,
Your heart takes back with a faint regret
To a far-off, happy time—
To a time that seems like a sweet life gone,
Never to come again;
And the after-years, and my own sad tears,
Are all that now remain.
I sit and think—ah! many a day—
Though never the thought I tell,
"Ah! for a love that I threw away;
For, oh, I loved you well!"

OUR RISING GENERATION.

IT is said that among the subjects discussed by BISMARCK and VON BEUST at the recent Gastein Conference, where these astute statesmen settled upon the policy to be followed by their imperial masters, that of the International Society received the most grave consideration. This society aims at the establishment of equality, the overthrow of royalty and aristocracy, and the general amelioration of the condition of the under stratum of mankind by the overturn of all existing forms of society and government. It is, in fact, the Commune on a grand scale. In the eyes of European statesmen it is the Red Spectre, in whose train appear all the horrors of anarchy and revolution. We have no doubt they exaggerate the dangers to be apprehended, although they could hardly overestimate the strength and extent of the organization, whose ramifications extend through every part of Europe, and even to the New World. It is not so black as it has been painted. The great mass of its adherents are industrious working-men, who are only anxious to have a better chance in life.

In America there is especially no occasion to regard the progress of the Internationals with much alarm, as here the two elements that constitute its strength in Europe are wanting—the aristocracy and the brutalized, down-trodden working classes, who see no hope for the future except in the overthrow of the former. There they want to turn the world upside down to bring themselves right side up. Here, on the contrary, nothing could be more favorable to the working classes than the existing order of political and social institutions. Having no fixed barriers between class and class—having, in fact, no such thing as "class," in the European sense, there is nothing to be overthrown. The son of the working-man of one generation may be a millionaire before his father has the grime of labor washed out of his hands; and frequently the son of the millionaire is reduced to earn his livelihood by manual toil. Such changes neutralize the bad influence of social distinctions, and constitute one of the great safeguards of the public peace; as, instead of trying to level down, those who are for the moment undermost are, if ambitious, doing their best to raise themselves to the level of their more fortunate neighbors. While such a state of things continues we need not dread the advent of Communism in this country.

But we are threatened by a grave danger of another kind, which Mr. NAST has happily depicted in the striking cartoon to be found on page 969. The rising generation is largely infected with the fallacy that money must be made by short-cuts to fortune, instead of by the surer but longer road of patient industry. The example of the Tammany Ring has been very pernicious in this respect. Their success has helped to fill young men with the notion that money, however acquired, will secure social position. "I wouldn't like to make my money as TWEED has," was said in the writer's hearing a few day's since, "because I want to be able to hold my head up wherever I go." "I tell you what," answered the speaker's companion, "if you had all TWEED's money you could hold up your head as high as you please, no matter how you came by it." This is the too general sentiment of the day.

The remedy for this state of affairs lies, as the *Times* recently remarked in a very sensible article on this subject, in the trade-education of the young. Nearly every lad and young man confined in any of our city prisons will confess that the want of a trade was the cause of his downfall. What the *Times* says of the safeguards afforded by a trade-education is true and forcible. A lad who is apprenticed to a mechanical occupation, or who understands a trade, feels himself a member of a respectable craft, and his own self-respect is increased. If a member of a union, or soon to be one, he knows that when thrown out of occupation he has friends to fall back upon, and funds to draw from. The peculiar feeling of abandonment which drives so many boys to crime is neutralized by this connection with a large body of artisans. Then the thorough knowledge of a trade gives every young man a singular sense of independence, and keeps him out of temptation to making a living dishonestly. No man in this city could have a feeling of more perfect independence than a first-rate young carpenter, or plumber, or house-builder. There can hardly be a doubt, too, that the superior intellectual character of the trades, as compared with the more drudging occupations, is a safeguard from crime. On the broad scale—omitting individual exceptions—whatever cultivates the brain and occupies the higher faculties tends so far to diminish crime.

But too many of the rising generation are not only in haste to get rich, but have a repugnance to any toilsome means of making money. Boys, like their City Hall elders, prefer "jobs" and "tricks" to steady work at a trade or business. They want a short road to fortune. Too many are ready to leave a trade for a street job, and this for a thieving expedition or a burglary, while the vast majority even of such as are honest and willing to work prefer the comparative ease and gentility of the counting-room to the more manly occupation of a trade or the farm. Mr. NAST's picture is perfectly true—the road to sham gentility is always crowded, while that which leads to an honorable competency by means of honest toil is like the road to heaven, which shows, as the old hymn says,

"But here and there a traveler."

If any one doubts the truth of the other portion of the picture, let him ask the advertising clerks of any of our large daily papers, and he will find that for one answer to an advertisement for a skilled mechanic, there will be two hundred to a call for a clerk. This is certainly a strange and deplorable state of things for a country where no stigma rests upon any kind of honest work, and it will bring worse evils than the Commune in its train. It replaces the servile classes of the Old World with a vicious class, infinitely more dangerous to society.

Here is a chance for doing good, which ought to be seized by clergymen and teachers in Sunday-schools. Let them imitate Mr. NAST's excellent example, and enforce the dignity of labor, the ignobleness of an idle life. Let them try to bring back Young America to the doctrine in which our fathers believed, that honesty, morality, and industry make every condition of life honorable in the sight of God and all true men. If the teachers of the young perform their duty faithfully in this matter, there will be less crime, less vice, less poverty in the next generation.

WEST LAUREL HILL CEMETERY, PHILADELPHIA.

WE no longer have grave-yards, as in the olden time; cemeteries have superseded them. Even small country villages have caught the infection of modern ideas, and instead of the old-fashioned "God's acre," where those who had been friends and neighbors in life were not separated in death, we see imitations of Greenwood, Laurel Hill, or Mount Auburn, with their drives, walks, and avenues; their select lots, railed in with stone or iron; their costly monuments, adorned with sculpture; and with other devices to rob the thought of death of somewhat of its gloom. In many respects the change is a beneficial one, especially in the matter of healthfulness. In large cities like New York and Philadelphia the custom of interring the dead within the city limits had already become injurious to health in the neighborhood of the grave-yards when rural cemeteries were first devised. There was another objection to intermural burials. In large cities people die so fast that it doesn't require many years to fill up a grave-yard of any respectable dimensions, and the time was coming when we must either carry the dead outside of the city limits for interment, or resort to the Paris custom of selling graves for a limited period. There a grave means not a resting-place where the mortal remains may undisturbed await the dawn of the last Great Day: it is only a hole to rot in. When the corpse's lease is out the skeleton is dug up and carted off to the Catacombs, where it is thrown into one of the many heaps of bones that encumber that ghastly receptacle. As Americans could never come to this, and the custom of burning the dead appears to be almost equally repugnant to the national sense of propriety, rural cemeteries became a necessity.

But when, about thirty-five years ago, the idea of such cemeteries was broached, it encountered great opposition. This soon gave way, however; and now, as we said at the beginning of this article, every large city, and almost every growing and ambitious village in this country, has its cemetery. Many of our leading cities have more than one. There are half a dozen or more within driving distance of New York; and now Philadelphia has lately consecrated that of "West Laurel Hill," of which we give an illustration on page 973, in addition to the old "Laurel Hill" Cemetery, which many of our readers have doubtless visited, and of which we all have heard.

The new cemetery, planned by Mr. J. J. SMITH, of Philadelphia, the founder of the old burial-place, is situated at such a distance from the city as to preclude the danger of the ground being required for building purposes. It is likewise bounded on the east by the valley and river of the Schuylkill, and on its northern and southern sides by ravines so deep and precipitous as to insure that no engineering skill will ever pierce it with roads or streets. In fact, it consists of a delightfully undulating plateau, situated on a bluff projecting into the Schuylkill, thus constituting it a promontory bounded on three sides by the deep valleys already mentioned. On the west, or fourth side, the grounds of the cemetery extend to Belmont Avenue, which is a main thoroughfare leading *via* Lancaster Avenue, from Market Street Bridge. This Belmont Avenue bisects the West Fairmount Park, and a drive in the latter will be found to have a pleasing termination by a round through the cemetery grounds. The distance from the Park is scarcely a mile, and the visitor will be amply repaid by the views, which are displayed with excellent engineering skill, from the plateau already mentioned.

MEMORIES OF DISTINGUISHED AUTHORS.

CATHARINE MARIA SEDGWICK.*

BY ALFRED H. GUERNSEY.

CATHARINE SEDGWICK is, in a double sense, the first American female novelist. Her earliest work, "A New England Tale," was written half a century ago; this was followed in a few years by "Redwood," "The Linwoods," and "Hope Leslie." No novel of an earlier date by an American woman is worthy of remembrance; and of the hundreds since published, we believe there is not one which will in the next generation find as many readers as "Hope Leslie." Her minor tales, such as "Home," "The Poor Rich Man," and "Live and Let Live," are also the earliest, and we do not hesitate to say the best, among those whose aim is to illustrate social duties and the morals of every-day life. She died four years ago, having almost touched fourscore years, leaving behind her a memory honored by the wise and good, and loved by three generations of friends and kindred. It is fitting that there should be a memorial of a life so beautiful. Sufficient materials for this are found in her own recollections of her childhood, and in letters to father, brothers, sisters, nieces, and great-nieces, extending in an almost continuous series for sixty-six years. The first of these, written by the girl of eleven, is to her father; the last, to her niece, by the venerable woman of seventy-eight, did not reach its destination till the hand that penned it was cold in death.

Something more than two centuries and a quarter ago Robert Sedgwick was sent by Oliver Cromwell as Commissioner to Jamaica. After the restoration of the Stuarts the island could not well be a desirable home for a Puritan, and the "Governor," as his descendants were wont to style him, came to Connecticut, and took up his residence at Hartford. For two generations we find no mention of the Sedgwicks. Then we find John Sedgwick settled on a large farm upon the bleak Cornwall hills. He had a younger brother, Theodore, to whom he stood in place of father; and in order to raise money to educate the lad at Yale College, he set up a tavern.

Theodore Sedgwick, known as the "Judge," the first of three in direct descent who have honored the name, after leaving college began the study of theology, which he soon exchanged for that of law. Before he was twenty-one he married Eliza Mason, who within a year died of the small-pox. During his long life Theodore Sedgwick fondly cherished the memory of the wife of his youth. One night, not long after her death, the thought came to his mind, "If I could but see her once more as she was, in her every-day dress, I should be comforted." At the moment a soft light filled the room, and the figure of his wife stood by the bedside, dressed as she was wont to be, even to the buckles in her shoes. He gazed a moment, then sprang up. The light vanished, and the vision was gone. "If," he was wont to say, "I had the least particle of superstition, I should believe that my wife had appeared to me." He supposed it to have been a dream; but every year afterward the same dream, or vision, recurred. His daughter well remembered the tender expression upon his face when he used to say, "I have had my dream."

Tender as was his love, it did not prevent him from marrying again within about a year. Pamela Dwight, the second wife, the mother of his seven children, belonged to the aristocracy of the region. Indeed, her family were opposed to the match on account of the inferior social station of the young lawyer. After a successful practice in his profession he was elected to Congress, and for many years, as Representative and Senator, he was the most prominent member from New England. He was especially honored and trusted by Washington. The care of their Stockbridge home devolved upon the wife, whose health in time gave way. She was subject to attacks of insanity, and died in 1807 at the age of fifty-four, leaving four sons and three daughters, of whom Catharine, born in 1789, was the youngest but one. The lives of these seven children, all of whom lived far beyond middle life, present a striking example of family affection.

Some years before the death of his wife Theodore Sedgwick retired from Congress, and was appointed Judge of the Supreme Court of the State. His fortune was ample for the time, his house was the finest in the region, and his hospitalities unbounded. Of regular education, except that imbibed almost unconsciously, Catharine had little. She writes:

"What would the children now think of a girl of eight spending a whole summer working a wretched sampler, which was not even a tolerable specimen of its species? But even as early as that my father, whenever he was at home, kept me up and at his side till nine o'clock in the evening, to listen to him while he read aloud to the family Hume, or Shakspeare, or Don Quixote, or Hudibras. Certainly I did not understand them; but some glances of celestial light reached my soul, and I caught from his magnetic sympathy some elevation of feeling, and that love of reading which has been to me an 'education.' I was not more than twelve years old—I think but ten—when, during one winter, I read 'Rollin's Ancient History.' The walk to our school-house was often bad, and I took my lunch, and in the interim between the morning and afternoon school I crept under my desk and read and munched, and forgot myself in Cyrus's greatness. I was a favorite with my school-mates, partly, I fear, because I had what phrenologists term an excessive love of approbation, and partly that I had, more than the rest, the means of gratifying them. On Saturday it was usual to appoint two of the girls to sweep the school-house and set it in order, and these two chose a third. I was usually distinguished by the joint vote of my compatriots, and why? I had unlimited credit at the 'store,' where my father kept an open account, and, while the girls swept, I provided a lunch of Malaga wine and raisins, or whatever was to be had that suited the 'sweet tooth' of childhood. I well remember my father's consternation when he looked over the semi-annual bill, and found it dotted with these charges, 'per daughter Catharine,' in country fashion.

"My father was richer than his neighbors. His income supplied abundantly the wants of a very careless family and an unmeasured hospitality; but nothing was ever given to mere style, and nothing wasted on vices. I don't remember that I had a silk frock before I was fourteen years old. I wore 'stuffs' in winter—such fabrics as, in the present advanced condition of manufactures, a factory girl would hardly wear. One villainous stuff called 'bird's-eye,' for school wear, I particularly remember; and calicoes and muslinets and muslins for summer. But thus limited in quality and variety, I was allowed any number; and I remember one winter, when I was about nine or ten, I bought, at my own discretion, three or four new dresses in the course of the winter. The town-bought morocco slippers were few and far between; but I was permitted to order a pair of calf-skin shoes as often as I fancied I wanted them; and our village shoe-maker told me in after-life that his books showed fifteen pairs made for me in one year. No disrespect to either his fabrication or his leather; the shoes were burned, or water-soaked, or ran down at the heel—sad habits occasioned by the want of female supervision. My dear mother, most neat and orderly, was often ill or absent; my sisters were married; my father took no cognizance of such matters, and I had a natural carelessness which a lifetime of consciousness of its inconvenience and struggle against it has not enabled me to overcome."

Catharine was a child during the fierce political struggle which marked the decline of the Federal and the growth of the Democratic party. Judge Sedgwick was an earnest Federalist, and though one of the most kindly hearted of men, was wont to designate the other party as "Jacobins," "Sans-culottes," and "Miscreants." He would likely have fully indorsed the clergyman who, in a fast-day sermon, declared that, "while he would not say that all Democrats were horse-thieves, yet there was not a horse-thief who was not a Democrat."

Religious animosity ran as high as political. Judge Sedgwick, though he had once begun to study for the ministry, was not a "professor," but his wife and elder daughters were thoroughly imbued with the sternest doctrines of Calvinism. Parson West, who for sixty years was the minister at Stockbridge, was a type of the New England clergyman of his day, "stern as an old Israelite in his faith, gentle and kindly in his life as Uncle Toby." Miss Sedgwick describes him in a few graphic sentences:

"He was not, I think, above five feet in height. His person was remarkably well made and erect, and I think the good polemic was slightly vain of it; for I remember that his garments always fitted accurately, and nice hose, in summer always of black silk, displayed a handsome calf and ankle, and his shining black shoes and silver buckles impressed even my careless eye. His features were graceless, and there was nothing approaching comeliness of form or expression but an eye ever ready to flow with gentle pity and tender sympathy. His hair was cut as if a bowl had been inverted on his head, and the foretop cut by its rim. His knock at the door was as recognizable as his voice. The door being opened to him, he came in, and taking off his hat, he saluted each member of the family, down to the youngest, with the exact ceremony and something of the grace of a French courtier. He then walked up to the table between the two front windows, deposited the three-cornered beaver, put his gloves in his hat and his silver-headed cane in the corner, and then taking a little comb from his pocket, he smoothed down his thin locks, so that every hair lay in its appointed place. Then the dear little gentleman sat down, and compressed the geniality of his nature into the social hour that followed, being during that hour uniformly served with the fitting type of that geniality, a good glass of wine. These visits always occurred once a week.

"I dreaded him, and certainly did not understand him, in my youth. He was then only the dry, sapless embodiment of polemical divinity. It was in my mature age and his old age that I discovered his Christian features, and found his unsophisticated nature as pure and gentle as a good little child's. He stood up in the pulpit for sixty years, and logically proved the whole moral creation of God (for this he thought limited to the earth, and the stars made to adorn man's firmament) left by Him to suffer eternally for Adam's transgression, except a handful elected to salvation; and yet no scape-grace, no desperate wretch within his ken, died without some hope for his eternal state springing up in the little doctor's merciful heart. Some contrite word, some faint aspiration, a last slight expression of faith on the death-bed, was enough to save this kind heart from despair of any fellow-creature."

The inhabitants of Berkshire were homogeneous in character and race, saving that for a while there were a few negro families, once slaves. Of one of these negroes, Mumbet (Mamma Bet), long the chief of Judge Sedgwick's kitchen and nurse of his children, his daughter has given an admirable account, from which we abridge a few sentences:

"Mumbet had a clear and nice perception of justice, and a stern love of it, an uncompromising honesty in word and deed and conduct, of high intelligence, that made her the unconscious moral teacher of the children she tenderly nursed. I do not believe that any amount of temptation could have induced her to swerve from the truth. In my childhood I clung to her with instinctive love and faith, and the more I knew and observe of human nature the higher does she rise above others, whatever may have been their instruction and accomplishments. Her judgment and her will were never subordinated by mere authority; but when she went to her own little home she was weak-like old Eli, the victim of her affections, and was weakly indulgent to her riotous and ruinous daughters. Even protracted suffering and old age could not break down her spirit. I well remember that, during her last illness, when I daily visited her little hut—and then independent home—I said then, and my sober after-judgment ratified it, that I felt awed as if I had entered the presence of Washington. When the clergyman said to her, with the proud assurance of his spiritual office, 'Are you not afraid to meet your God?' 'No, Sir,' she replied, 'I am not afeared. I have tried to do my duty, and I am not afeared.' 'We must sobbing over my own dead mother, she said,' 'We must be quiet; don't you think I am grieved?' Our hair has grown white together.' Her virtues are recorded,

* Life and Letters of Catharine M. Sedgwick. Edited by Mary E. Dewey. Harper & Brothers.

* "Absent"—alas! under medical care for insanity.

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with a truth that few epitaphs can boast, on the stone we placed over her grave."*

Through all the years of Catharine's childhood there was but one Irishman in Stockbridge, and he was a Protestant. In fact, the Irish were almost unknown in the region until 1830. About that time Deacon Ingersoll, the village hatter, died, and his widow rented the little one-story building which had served him as a shop to Billy Brogan. In course of time the Catholics so far increased that mass was to be celebrated for their benefit, and Billy's domicile was selected for the purpose, as being the largest among them. Great was the pious indignation of the deacon's widow. "What! mass in the deacon's shop!" she exclaimed; "the shop turned into a cathedral! No; I'd rather burn it!"

This was the transition period in domestic economy. The old, well-trained slaves had disappeared; their descendants were lazy, shiftless, and unfaithful. One had to ride the country round to find a girl who would consent to do household work; and when she came it was only for a short time, and "just to accommodate." In Judge Sedgwick's case the difficulty was aggravated by the fact that the "help" did not sit down to the family table. "Now, Cath*arine*," said one good woman, for whose daughter, as "help," Miss Sedgwick was negotiating, "we're all made out of the same clay, we've got one Maker and Judge, and we've got to lie down in the grave side by side. Why can't you sit down to the table together?" "We," writes Miss Sedgwick, "were vexed and fretted, and thought the people presuming, impertinent, and stupid. But stupid they were not. They had something better before them than domestic subordination and household service." We find our housekeepers now crying out about the faults of their servants; they complain that they can hire only "stupid foreigners." Quite likely their complaints are, at least, "founded on fact;" perfect beings are probably as rare in the kitchen as in the parlor. But if it is so hard to get along with Bridget and Margaret, we imagine that it would be still harder to get along without them. In Catharine Sedgwick's case, at all events, the evil was not wholly unmixed with good. For a while, in early womanhood, she was at the head of the family establishment, and she had learned practically how to discharge the duties of the post. All her life long she prided herself—and not without good reason—upon her skill as cook. The sisters of Catharine both married while she was a child.

"I was but seven," she writes, half a century afterward, "when my sister Eliza was married, and I remember that wedding evening as the first tragedy in my life. I had always slept with her, and been her assigned charge. I remember where the bride and groom stood, and how he looked to me like some cruel usurper. When the long consecrating prayer was half through, I distinctly remember the consciousness that my sister was going away from me with the force of a blow, and I burst into loud sobs and crying. After the service my father took me in his arms and tried to quiet me; but I could be neither comforted nor quieted, so I stole out into the east room, where all the servants did their best to suggest consolations. Then came my new brother-in-law. How well I remember recoiling from him and hating him when he said, 'I'll let your sister stay with you this summer!' He let her! I was undressed, and cried myself to sleep, and waked crying the next morning. One of the finest passages in Fanny Kemble's 'English Tragedy' was, as she told me, suggested by this passage between me and Dr. Pomeroy, which I had related to her."

"And so," adds she, "from that time to this, weddings in my family have been to me days of sadness; and yet by some of them I have gained treasures that no earthly balance or calculation can weigh or estimate." The account of the wealth of happiness that came to her through some of these marriages, notably those of each of her four brothers, and those of their children, runs like a golden thread through more than sixty years of these recollections and letters.

We pass briefly over Catharine's girlhood. Her second sister, Frances, married, and went to New York, where her eldest brother, Theodore, was studying law. He soon went to Albany, where he entered upon the practice of his profession. In due time two brothers, Harry and Robert, commenced business in New York, leaving at home only Charles, the youngest child of all. In 1807 her mother died; and notwithstanding the sincere love of her father, which had lasted for more than thirty years, within a little more than a twelvemonth he married a third time. "She was," writes Catharine, "a Boston woman of highly respectable family, an agreeable exterior, and an attractive vivacity. Like most second marriages where there are children, it was disastrous. The poor lady was put into a life for which she was totally unfitted. She knew nothing of the business of country domestic life. We were all matured—I was eighteen, Charles sixteen, and the rest all married or away from home." During the four years of this marriage, Catharine resided mainly with one or another of her brothers or sisters, in whose families she so early took the part of "Aunt Kitty," which she enacted in after-life. Within a month after the death of Judge Sedgwick his wife returned to her friends, and the children saw her no more. Their ways in life had parted.

Why Catharine Sedgwick remained unmarried we are not told. She was unusually attractive in person, manners, and disposition. She certainly, as we gather from a hint here and there, did not remain single either from want of opportunity to change her estate, or from lack of appreciation of domestic life. Thus, in a letter to her sister, written at the age of thirty, speaking of a rejected suitor: "I find that Mr. B—— has written to you. He deserves and he needs all the tenderness of your friendship. I hope, if you have not already, you will soon write to him. Say every thing you can to stimulate his mind to exertion and activity. I beg you to persuade him that the object of his pursuit was not worth the regret of such a noble mind as his." And again, eight years after, when her literary reputation had been secured, there was a report that "she was about to engage herself to a gentleman to whom her brother Theodore thought there were serious objections." He wrote: "In regard to your present situation, it is certainly a singularly happy one. The sincere, tried, and devoted affection of all the older members of the family, the tender and filial reverence and attachment of the younger, the admiration and respect of a large circle of friends, serve to bind you to that spot and confine you within that circle in which all those blessings are enjoyed. To this I can not but add that I look forward to the exertion of your literary talents as a great national blessing, and that I can not willingly anticipate any contingencies which may deprive us of it." In her Journal, dated six months later (May, 1828), there are evident allusions to this matter. We quote, with large omissions, from this Journal:

"Again Spring is here, the season of life and loveliness, the beautiful emblem of our resurrection into life eternal. I will not say, with the ungracious poet, that I turn from what Spring brings to what she can not bring; but alas! I find there is no longer that capacity for swelling, springing, brightening joy that I once felt. Memory has settled her shadowy curtain over me; Hope now seems to turn from me; and if I now and then catch some glimpses of her averted face, she looks so serious, so admonitory, that I almost believe that her sister, Experience, with an eye of apprehension and lips that never smile, has taken her place. All is not right with me, I know. I still build on sandy foundations; I still hope for perfection where perfection is not given. The best sources of earthly happiness are not within my grasp. It is difficult for one who began life, as I did, the primary object of affection to many, to come by degrees to be first to none, and still to have my love remain in its entire strength, and craving such returns as have no subtitute. Others are not conscious—at least I believe they are not—of any diminution of their affection for me, but others have taken my place, naturally and of right, I allow it. It is the necessity of a solitary condition, of an unnatural state. He who has given us our natures has set the solitary in families, and has, by an array of motives, secured this sweet social compact to His children. From my own experience I would not advise any one to remain unmarried. My own experience has been a singularly happy one. My feelings have never been imbittered by those slights and taunts that the repulsive and neglected have to endure. There has been no period of my life to the present moment when I might not have allied myself respectably, and to those sincerely attached to me, if I would. In the families of all my brothers I have an agreeable home. My sisters are all kind and affectionate to me, my brothers generous and invariably kind; their children all love me; I have troops of friends, some devotedly attached to me; and yet the result of all this happy experience is that there is no equivalent for those blessings which Providence has placed first, and ordained that they should be purchased at the dearest sacrifice."

Catharine Sedgwick's career of authorship began late, and almost accidentally. It grew, indeed, from a change in her own religious feelings. She had been trained in New England religious orthodoxy. At the age of twenty, while residing in New York, she joined the Presbyterian church under the care of Dr. John M. Mason, with which she remained connected for ten years. But in the mean while she had begun to incline to the Unitarian faith, as set forth by Dr. Channing. A society of this denomination was formed, with which her brothers became connected. She, soon after, did likewise.

"You know," she wrote to her sister in 1821, "that I never adopted some of the articles of the creed of that Church, and some of those upon which the Doctor is most fond of expatiating, and which appear to me both unscriptural and very unprofitable, and, I think, very demoralizing. On some important points I think the Doctor is all wrong. Still it was so painful to me to give up the privilege and happiness of church membership that, until I thought it became an imperative duty to leave it, I remained one of that congregation. I know that I have risked much, for I have many friends whose confidence and affection constitute a large part of my happiness, who have not religion enough to think there is any religion beyond the pale of orthodoxy."

This feeling on the part of some of her friends took an odd shape. One excellent aunt, who was greatly attached to her, said to her one day, as they were parting, after Catharine had become an avowed Unitarian, "Come and see me as often as you can, dear, for you know after this world we shall never meet again."

Miss Sedgwick had now reached the age of thirty-two. She had never written, or thought of writing, a line for publication. "My dear brother Theodore," she wrote, "makes a most extravagant estimate of my powers. It is one thing to write a spurt of a letter, and another to write a book." Her first book was, indeed, almost as unpremeditated as a letter. She gives the following account of its origin: "I began that little story for a tract, and because I wanted some pursuit, and felt spiritless and sad, and thought I might perhaps lend a helping hand to some of the humbler and unnoticed virtues. I had no plans, and the story took a turn that seemed to render it quite unsuitable for a tract, and after I had finished it I was persuaded to publish it. I claim for it nothing of literary merit. I have some consolation in the conviction that the moral is good, and that to the young and simple in country towns, if into the hands of any such it should fall, it may be of some service."

The success of this unpretending story, "A New England Tale," was decided. Its author had almost unconsciously lit upon the secret of her power, which lay in a thorough knowledge of the strength and weaknesses of New England character. Herein lies the chief literary merit of all her works of fiction. Bating a tendency, which now and then crops out, for sentimentalism, her characters are throughout of genuine New England flesh and blood; whether, in the olden times, fighting against the world, the devil, and the Indians, or, in after-times, refined, and moving in the circles of cultivated life, they possess a truth and individuality which have assured permanency to her novels.

We do not propose to speak at length of the writings of Miss Sedgwick. The "New England Tale" was published in 1822. In 1824 it was followed by "Redwood," and in 1827 by "Hope Leslie," the most popular of her novels. At this time the first great domestic calamity fell upon the family. Harry, the most gifted of her brothers, became blind, and afterward insane, in which condition he lingered for some years, until released by death. "Clarence," styled by some the "most romantic and wittiest of her novels," but which failed to reach the popularity of her former ones, was written in 1830. Then, in 1835, appeared "The Linwoods," which Bryant considers to be the best of her novels, properly so called. From 1835 to 1838 she wrote several smaller tales, designed to set forth and inculcate the duties of ordinary domestic life. Three of these little books, "Home," "Live and Let Live," and "The Poor Rich Man and the Rich Poor Man," rank deservedly among the best works of their class in any language. After this, for nearly twenty years, she wrote no works of fiction, except a few magazine stories. Her last novel, "Married or Single," published in her sixty-seventh year, was written under many sorrows. Charles Sedgwick, saving herself the last survivor of her father's family, had just died. Of this novel she wrote to her niece, in April, 1857:

"My book gets on very well—from eighteen to twenty-one pages a day. I have the miserable feeling of incompetence for my task; and sometimes, when my feeble interest in the future of my offspring is overcome, and my old desire of success gets the better of me, I feel worried and anxious and utterly discouraged. A great deal of the whole needed copying, and much of it to be copied by myself; so you may imagine that I have worked, and am working, pretty hard—up to the last ounce of strength. But I am very well; and if there is no fatal mistake, omission, or transposition of pages or chapters, from my weak memory, I shall be content. The book can't hurt any body, and may be to some like a sprinkle in a dry time—lay the dust for a little while. But there are moments when the full sense of my loneliness comes over me. When I think of all those whose hearts beat for me, and more than mine, at the publication of my early books, all gone, and he who shared and lightened every anxiety, and blessed all happiness, then my strength all goes, and I stop. But better thoughts come—grateful thoughts for what remains to me."

"Married or Single" shows little trace of the weariness under which it was written, and certainly none of decaying powers. Indeed, to use the words of Bryant, "The novel is by some preferred to any of her previous ones." In the long interval between the composition of "Live and Let Live" and "Married or Single" she wrote the memoir of Lucretia Davidson, and the "Letters from Abroad," describing a tour in Europe during the years 1839 '40. Her latest work, written in 1858, was a brief memoir of Joseph Curtis, a noble philanthropist of New York, with whose efforts for the poor and lowly she had sympathized for a quarter of a century.

Theodore, the eldest brother, died during the absence of Catharine in Europe, whither she had accompanied her brother Robert, whose health had failed, and who died soon after their return. Her home was for the remainder of her life alternately in New York and with her brother Charles, in Lenox, Massachusetts; and at Woodbourne, near Boston, toward the close of her life, with his daughter Kate, the wife of William Minot. To this favorite niece a large portion of the letters in this memorial are addressed.

At Lenox, where for many years her summers were mainly spent, her "wing" in the house was an enchanting residence. In front was a broad terrace, bright with flowers, overlooking a wide valley; and here, from time to time, assembled the most cultivated men and women of the country.

"When she gave her frequent breakfast-parties," so writes her memorialist, "which all who had the good fortune to be her guests must remember as among the most fascinating banquets in their memory, alike for the place, with its summer-morning beauty fresh upon it, the delicacy of the viands, the piquant or interesting talk that was sure to arise, and the radiant cordiality of the hostess, she would be in her garden by six o'clock to gather fruits and flowers for the table, and unconscious inspirations of health and happiness for herself, of which she dispensed the latter, at least, as liberally as the more tangible harvest of her borders. Then, after arranging the table and paying a visit to her tiny kitchen, where the more delicate dishes received the touch of her own skillful hand, she would make a rapid toilet, and appear, untired as the day, to greet her guests with that exquisite grace and sweetness which made old and young, grave and gay, literary celebrities, distinguished foreigners, fashionable people from town, and plain country friends, all feel a delight in her presence. Her vivacity, shrewdness, and tact in conversation were never more charming than in these Arcadian repasts. She prided herself upon her cookery, and with reason. 'Cookery is the only accomplishment of which I am vain,' she said. A New England life, especially in the country, makes a strong draft upon all the executive faculties of man or woman, and Miss Sedgwick fully and cheerfully accepted all its obligations. She could make cake as well as books, and provide for all household exigencies as ingeniously as she could construct a story."

But Catharine Sedgwick was not merely the accomplished woman whose life lay in pleasant places. She took upon herself some of the sternest duties of life, and performed them until the weakness of age forced her to lay aside the self-imposed task. In 1845 she became a member of the newly formed "Woman's Prison Association," of which she was in the following year chosen president. She fulfilled the duties of the post until 1863, when she resigned on account of physical incapacity; but at the urgent request of her associates her name was retained as first directress until her death. One of these associates, the daughter of Isaac T. Hopper, thus writes of her:

"We were soon brought into close companionship by visits to the prisons and kindred institutions, especially the Tombs, Blackwell's, and Randall's Island. The hospital claimed much of her interest, perhaps because there her tenderest sympathies were enlisted. In her visitations she was called upon to kneel by the bedside of the sick and dying. The sweetness of her spirit and the delicacy of her nature, felt by all who came within her atmosphere, seemed to move the unfortunate to ask this office from her, and it was never asked in vain. So tenderly shrinking was she that she sought opportunities for such ministrations when no ear heard, no eye beheld her, and many an erring sister was soothed and comforted as she passed through the dark valley by the heavenly voice of this angel of mercy. At the Isaac T. Hopper Home she labored faithfully for this class of humanity, and for many successive years during her sojourn in this city, attended by her niece Helen, with her favorite dog, she devoted Sunday afternoons to a Bible class, and to the reading of such books as met the needs of the inmates."

Her sketch of the life of Bianca Milesi Majori, and a paper on "The Ladies of the Sacred Heart," published in 1858 in *Harper's Magazine*, show how near to her heart lay the efforts for the needy and outcast; while her charming story, "The White Hills in October," in the same periodical for the previous year, when she was in her sixty-eighth year, is as sparkling and fresh as were her writings of thirty years' earlier date.

Of the years of which we have spoken we propose to gather a few brief memorials. About 1820 a young lawyer of Barrington, who had gained some reputation as a poet, became acquainted with the Sedgwicks. "He has," wrote Miss Sedgwick to her brother, "a charming countenance, and very modest but not bashful manners." A friend was then engaged in getting up a volume of hymns, and Catharine asked the young poet to contribute to the collection. "I wrote," so writes, within a few weeks, this poet, "several hymns for this collection. Two of these are included in the collection of my poems, one beginning with the line,

'Deem not that they are blest alone,'

and the other with the line,

'When he who from the scourge of wrong.'

They were kindly received, and I was encouraged by her in my hopes of literary success." This young man was named William Cullen Bryant. Two years later we find another incidental mention of this young man, who had in the mean while taken up his residence in New York:

"We have had a great deal of pleasure from a glimpse of Bryant. I never saw him half so happy or half so agreeable. I think he is much animated with his prospects. Heaven grant that they may be more than realized! I sometimes feel some misgivings about it, but I think it is impossible that in the increasing demand for our native literature a man of his resources, who has justly the first reputation, should not be able to command a competency. He has good sense, too, good judgment, and moderation. He seems so modest that every one seems eager to prove to him the merit of which he appears unconscious."

Twenty years later we find less favorable mention of another great name in American literature:

"Fenimore Cooper dropped in. I rather think the light with which we see the world emanates from ourselves. He moves in a belligerent spirit, waging war with classes, boarding and broadsiding his fellow-creatures. He maintained that his own country was below France, Italy, and even England in civilization, intellectual development, morals, and manners. Being in the presence of Mrs. Banyer and Miss Jay, who sanctify the very names of Christian and saint, he attacked the whole class with man-of-the-world slang. With all this, he was good-humored, and talked strongly and amusingly. He is a perfect John Bull in shape, dimensions, action, even to the growl."

In 1821 Miss Sedgwick, with others of the family, made a jaunt to Niagara. Her notes, some of which were afterward worked up into a child's book of travel, read strangely now. At Albany they hired post-coaches to go as far as Utica. At Schenectady they saw "all along the opposite bank of the river a multitude of men at work on the canal. We are told more than a thousand are between this place and Albany. The canal, when completed, must be one of the most stupendous monuments of the enterprise, industry, and resolution of man." After leaving Batavia "the country has quite a new look, here and there log-houses, and fields full of stumps." Buffalo "had risen like a phenix from the devastation of the war. There are 1200 inhabitants, three congregations, a beautiful Episcopal church, a bank, court-house, and several fine brick houses, some of them quite as large as any in Albany." At Oneida they heard of a person who made some noise thirty years later. He is mentioned as

"The clergyman who presides over the spiritual interests of the poor natives. He is a far-away cousin of ours, though some Indian blood is mingled in his veins with a fairer current. He is descended from a daughter of a Parson Williams, of Deerfield. She was taken by the savages during one of their incursions into the newly formed settlements of our pious ancestors. She was so young that she soon lost all recollection of her parents. Many years after, when peace was established with our wild neighbors, her friends made a fruitless effort to recover her. She had married an Indian, and chosen his country for her country, and his God for her God; and, like the tender and true-hearted Ruth, she has been the mother of a servant of the Lord. Mr. Williams (for he bears the name of his maternal ancestor) is said to labor with great zeal and some success among the remnant of his tribe."

Charles Sedgwick, the youngest and last surviving brother, died in 1856. In a few years all her sisters-in-law, who were sisters in love, passed away. The first of these to go was Mrs. Harry Sedgwick, who died in 1859; the last was the widow of Charles, widely known by her school at Lenox, and by her novels, "Allen Prescott" and "Walter Thornley," the last written five years before her death. She died in 1864. Catharine was now the sole survivor of four brothers and their wives, and of two sisters and their husbands. From the memorials of the last seven years of her life we extract a few sentences:

April, 1860.—"My last day at Woodbourne! Sydney Smith well says that it is one of the pains of old age that whatever we do carries with it the melancholy thought of being 'for the last time.' Surely my experience of the infinite bounty and goodness of God should fill my heart with gratitude for the past and trust for the future. I have had the love and tender care of every member of this dear family, and troops of affectionate friends; no serious illness or overcasting sorrow among them. I have had the

* This epitaph, written by Charles Sedgwick, reads thus:

"ELIZABETH FREEMAN, known by the name of MUMBET, died December 28, 1829. Her supposed age was eighty-five years. She was born a slave, and remained a slave for nearly thirty years. She could neither read nor write; yet in her own sphere she had no superior nor equal. She neither wasted time nor property; she never violated a trust nor failed to perform a duty. In every situation of domestic trial she was the most efficient helper and the tenderest friend. *Good mother, farewell.*"

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CATHARINE MARIA SEDGWICK, ÆTAT. 62.
[FROM A DRAWING BY FREDRIKA BREMER.]

prime enjoyment of Mrs. Kemble's readings, and her society, and many social pleasures."

July, 1860.—"We have had a great occasion in our own dear valley—the laying of the corner-stone of a Catholic church just under the shadow of Laurel Hill. It was a great day for J——, and whatever makes her happier has my fullest sympathy. Think of my living to see a close procession of Irish Catholics from one end of the village to the other, when I remember the time, forty years ago, when there was but one Irishman in Stockbridge—in the county probably—and he a Protestant! Ah, the good old times when Mrs. Ingersoll declared the deacon's shop should not be turned into a cathedral, moved thereto by mass being held at the latter's shop for half a dozen poor Irish!"

October, 1860.—"I have just dismissed my little Irishers, and come to my always pleasant Sunday office [of writing to her niece]; but I fear it will be ill performed to-day, as Grace and I are going to 'Uncle' Stephen Tucker's funeral. The dear old man died peacefully on Friday, after having gathered in the last fruits of his faithful waiting on Mother Earth. Since his strength has failed him to upheave the sods, he has filled to the last his little garden plot, opening the ground with his hoe, the only instrument his weak hands could manage. 'Aunt Visy' sowed the seeds, his poor rheumatic fourscore body refusing to bend beyond a certain angle. Visy says, 'Why, he set up his tune every morning, and kept on humming it till he had done his work; he enjoyed himself.' Talk of gifts! What gift that God ever gave excelled in worth to the receiver this cheery spirit, springing out of the peace of conscience and good-will to man? He was not a 'professor,' but I believe he has entered the kingdom of Heaven without the diploma of 'the Congregational church in Stockbridge, Massachusetts.'"

January, 1861.—"I came to Kate's just before Christmas. I have come to be considered by her children as a component part of the institution—a female manifestation of Santa Claus. You who knew me in my life of variety and excitement will hardly credit the monotony and fair contentment of my present life. As I look at the great pines around us, bending their branches to the ground, as they do now under a load of snow, and looking like large tents made of broad white plumes, with the brilliant blue sky above them and stainless snow below, I feel the living ministry there is in Nature."

June, 1861.—"It is very uncomfortable to be all the time conscious of the working of your machine, and expecting that at any moment the chord will snap. We cling to life: it is the law of our being; and it is my continual prayer to trust, to be delivered from care and anxiety, to be thankful for the continuance of my powers and faculties to this time, to be fortified by the love of Christ, and unfaltering faith in Him, and in God's mercy through Him, to meet the summons that must soon come. I *am* cowardly. I am glad to be done with the subject. I quite agree with Emerson, 'If you have a cold, or have had a fever, or a sunstroke, or a thunder-stroke, never speak of it.'"

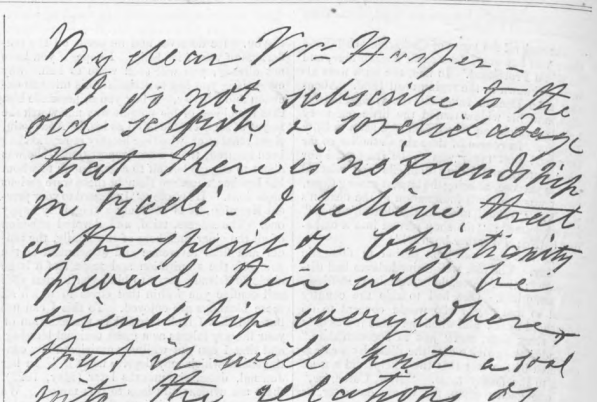
Throughout the letters of this period occur frequent allusion to the war. From one of these we quote, for the sake of the persons mentioned in it. It is written to her niece, Mrs. Minot:

July 9, 1862.—"I have written to you (ideally) twenty letters since the mail came yesterday, and brought to your mother the first dispatch from Will since the *week of battles*. It was written late at night, after his first sleep after seventy-six hours of vigil, with the exception of three-quarters of an hour, after marches and fastings to men and horses too horrible to think of; and yet it is a connected and admirable account, and concludes with, '*All right now*; the men restored to hope, except the few *vauriens*, and I am ready to give the last drop of blood in my body to my country.' There is a pathetic description of the death of 'Sam,' General Sedgwick's favorite horse, who was pierced by three bullets when he was on him. You will be proud of your brother, dear Kate, and thankful, most thankful are we all, that he and dear Cousin John have passed through such dangers in safety."

The "Will" of this letter was William Dwight Sedgwick, son of Charles Sedgwick, and brother of Mrs. Minot. He had entered the army, risen to the rank of major, and in five weeks from the date of this letter fell at the battle of Antietam. He lay, mortally wounded, on the field for seven and a half hours. While thus lying he took from his bosom his little diary, and wrote in it, "I have tried to do my duty." "So," wrote Catharine, "I am content that my beloved brother's son should die." The "Cousin John" was the grandson of that "Uncle John" to whom the first Theodore Sedgwick was indebted for his education. He was that "General Sedgwick" who, nine months later, was to fall at Spottsylvania.

Early in 1863 the end of all earthly things approached. Catharine had paid her last regular visit to Lenox, where the loved widow of her brother Charles still lived. Returning to Woodbourne in the inclement spring, she was seized with an attack of epilepsy, which rendered her unconscious for four-and-twenty hours. From this she revived, and even made two more visits to the old home at Stockbridge. But the chords of life were broken; a few notes here and there give something of their old harmony. To Orville Dewey, a friend of many years, who was one day to preach her funeral sermon, she wrote (February, 1864): "I am better, though from the nature of my illness always in dread.....I dread, but not in fear, for I never so felt the goodness and love of God, and from the memory of His mercies springs trust. I hate to shut my eyes on the pleasant light," Perhaps the last book she ever tried to read was Dr. Dewey's "Problem of Human Destiny." To the author she wrote, July, 1864: "I am not now in condition to read such a book; but with caution, chapter by chapter, paragraph by paragraph, I may read it, and be instructed, encouraged, consoled—lifted out of myself by it; and I may hold it in my hand, and thank God that the writer is my friend."

Slowly but surely she grew weaker, and her letters were mainly written from dictation, though she would send a line or two in her own hand to some friend, as a greeting and remembrance from one whom no sickness could make forgetful. The last wholly written by herself bears the date of December 10, 1864. It is addressed to Dr. Dewey. She tells how she had received a call from Whittier, who "has a face and manner fitting his high gifts and mission;" how her "heroic sister," the wife of her brother Charles, "has passed on—a blessed relief in all senses—most blessed to her, if we can believe, as Jeremy Taylor says, that Death gives more than it takes away;" how she had a "visit from T——, a charming man, resembling in face and mind my brother Charles. I loved him 'peremptorily,' and should without other cause. Does not," she adds, "Choate deserve a crown for that saying, 'Thank Heaven, there are not many that we hate *peremptorily*?'"



SPECIMEN OF HANDWRITING OF CATHARINE M. SEDGWICK.

Thenceforth, as her memorialist writes, "her bodily powers were more affected than those of her mind. The disease made very gradual inroads upon the brain; and when these became more manifest, her loss of judgment took the very characteristic form of increased and less discriminating admiration of every thing around her. And so, in the beautiful retirement which she loved, surrounded by the tenderest ministrations, and without much acute suffering, her life wore gently away to its close." The last letter, save one, was to Dr. Dewey, dated June 24, 1867:

"Since yesterday morning I have not expected to outlive the longest days; but I must use this prolonged time to bless my dear friend for the life-long blessing of his friendship. I have suffered these last days from the cowardice of my cowardly nature, from the imperfection of my faith and love; but I have enjoyed much from the tenderness of my friends, from the transcendent beauty of Nature, from its revelations of love. I have longed to hear your voice in prayer for me—sure it would have strengthened me. But though I have not heard it, our gracious Father has. I have more mercies than I can remember."

The last letter of all—apparently incomplete—bears date of July 19, 1867. It was written to her niece, Mrs. Charles Butler. She writes:

"I was in a wretched state when I received your last letter. I was hypochondriacal; but it dispelled hypochondria, and threw the blue-devils on the other side. I have been very poorly of late, and have driven out to-day for the first time for several days, and feel much better for it....I have a balcony out of Kate's window in the pine wood, where I lie all day, and where the mercies and love of God are continually pressing upon my senses. But 'tis hard work to be sick and helpless and useless...."

This was the last. Her memorialist writes: "The mortal weariness was now to end. Before this letter reached its destination the tired body was at rest, and the spirit freed. Mercifully unconscious of the final parting, Catharine Sedgwick crossed that narrow sea which had formerly seemed so terrible to her timid, shrinking physical nature. She had, indeed, that trust in God which is truly willing to take all things from His hand; but she was too much like Bunyan's tender-spirited Mercy not to have rather a trembling hope than confidence, and it is sweet to think that she was spared all fear or suffering at the last."

Catharine Sedgwick died on the 31st of July, 1867, aged seventy-seven years and seven months. All that was mortal of her was laid in the burial-ground at Stockbridge, not far from what had been the home of her childhood and youth, and one of the homes of her mature years.

THE SEDGWICK HOUSE, STOCKBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS.

THE GRAVE OF CATHARINE M. SEDGWICK.

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VIEW FROM WEST LAUREL HILL CEMETERY, NEAR PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.—FROM A SKETCH BY T. MORAN.—[SEE PAGE 970.]

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THE WISHING GATE.

HIGH soars the lark to greet the morn;
The woodruff softly calls his mate;
A maiden, 'mid the ripening corn,
Stands musing at the wishing gate.
Ah, welladay!
Fair maiden, may
Kind fairies on thy wishes wait!

Wish not for riches—they secure
Blisses that lose too soon their zest;
But wish thy heart may e'er be pure,
As now it beats in thy young breast;
Wish that thy love be blessed with love
No turn of fortune may abate;
Serene as now the skies above
Shine on thee at the wishing gate.
Then welladay!
Fair maiden, may
Kind fairies on thy wishes wait!

Wish that the heart thou fain wouldst win,
With thine to mate through woe or weal,
Ne'er make thee deem perhaps 'twas sin
Thus to the wishing gate to steal.
Wish those that to thy love are born
May tread along a path as straight
And pied with flow'rs as that this morn
Thou cam'st by to the wishing gate.
Then welladay!
Fair maiden, may
Kind fairies on thy wishes wait!

Wish that though time thy charms may fade,
Affection still shall deck thy life;
And e'en above the blooming maid
Shall be beloved the faithful wife.
But what lithe form is that I see
Spring to thy side with joy elate?
What bode those looks, so proud and free,
Bent on thee at the wishing gate?
Ah, welladay!
Methinks they say—
Kind fairies on thy wishes wait.

A LESSON FOR WIVES.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, General Grant, and I see some strange things in my nephew Peter M'Lean's house. I see them from the sofa on which I lounge of evenings, not to mention also at the table; General Grant sees them from his elevated place on the top of Peter's book-case, and he looks at them with Parian marble or plaster of Paris eyes that have no speculation in them; George Washington looks upon them, I am sure, without interest, as he is engaged in delivering his farewell address to an army composed entirely of officers in the costliest character of perfectly fitting uniforms, which I am satisfied was not the style of all our soldiers at the end of the Revolutionary war, however much it may resemble those of the present age of shoddy. But *I* am not such an indifferent observer: I am deeply interested in seeing how the woman of my choice—that is, my choice for Peter (I have never chosen a woman for myself yet)—will confirm or destroy my convictions of her ability to properly play the rôle of "the wife." That is not exactly what I want to say—that is, I did not want to say it in that sentimental way; but I am not accustomed to writing for the papers, and, like all new beginners, I have a bad habit of falling into commonplaces. I don't think I have said exactly what I meant to say now, but you will understand.

The fact is that there is come a crisis in the lives of my nephew and his wife, and I want to see how she is going to manage it. The crisis is a very simple one; it comes at some time to most married lives, and much of the misery of that state is due to the fact that wives do not always know how to manage it. The crisis is that one which results from the change common and natural to all humanity, when the passion of the lover changes into the purer but quieter affection of the husband in possession. I doubt if any young unmarried readers and married folks yet in their honey-moon will understand what I allude to, but those who have been wedded a few years will comprehend it. It is usual for every lover to swear that though there have been instances where the affection of husbands has become less demonstrative after a year or two of married life, *his* case will prove an exception; and it is because his young wife, who loves him just as intensely, does not comprehend that he is mistaken, and must of necessity grow less demonstrative, just as fire will go out if more coal is not supplied, that they are so often unhappy. I think my little lady is too sensible to wreck her happiness on this rock, and I have looked forward to this crisis with eager interest.

She and Peter have been married three years now, and he is just beginning to grow cold. I don't mean that he is less fond of Nellie, but he doesn't tell her so as often as he used to. He is not as persistently devoted to her as he was two years, and even a year ago. I don't mean that he does not love her as intensely, but that he don't tell her so as often. He used to kiss her frequently before me; he has changed his ideas on that subject, as I knew he would, and now thinks that it is unnecessary, not to say improper, to be too demonstrative before folks. Of late he has even taken to dining out without Nellie, and a couple of weeks ago he joined a club!

The idea of American gentlemen, with American habits, belonging to a club! It's preposterous. Their whole education unfits them for enjoying club life; and the institution would have no existence if our society did not possess an insane desire to imitate foreign society. With hardly a taste, idea, or principle, social, religious, or political, in common with the English or French, we are always imitating them—weakly, of course; and so appear to the foreigners who come in contact with us like parvenus rather than gentlemen. And the most pernicious of our imitations is the social and political club: we shall have religious clubs eventually.

Peter has joined a social club, and he wrote a note from the office to-day saying he would be home to an early dinner this afternoon in order to attend a club meeting this evening. There is to be some sort of a reception of some sort of a person—disreputable character, I suppose, as ladies are not to be present.

Nellie did not get the note until about three o'clock. She handed it to me without a word of comment, and rang the servant's bell at the same time.

"Peter's an ass!" I exclaimed, on reading it, and finding she said nothing.

"Oh, Uncle John!" she cried, "ain't you ashamed to talk so of your own blood relations? What am I to think of you?"

"You might think the same of me—and think just right too—if I neglected you in this way," I answered, a little timidly, for I wanted to draw her out without making her think I was in earnest. She did not answer for some seconds, appearing to be in meditation; I think she was waiting, however, for the appearance of the servant, who came in answer to the bell before Nellie spoke again.

"Dinner at five to-day, Jane," she said, "and the nicest you can get up." When the girl had disappeared she added, "I don't think you do Peter justice. He does not neglect me, I am sure."

"He's not as fond of you—"

"Now I think he *is*, Uncle John; and I must say I don't like you to tell me he ain't. He's hardly—well, not quite so *noisy* as he used to be; but then you used to preach to us when we were in our honey-moon that we would get over our foolish billing and cooing."

"Well, you have."

"And now you blame us for being economical of our demonstrations. I don't believe he loves me any less; and I am sure I love him more to-day than I knew how to then. He doesn't neglect me because he goes out sometimes without me; and I don't complain of it, and you must not say any thing to him about his going out. Do you hear?"

"Yes, ma'am, I do; and I'll promise to faithfully obey." And very glad I was to promise, for I felt sure she was going to play the wise wife.

We did not discuss Peter any more, and relapsed into the silence which the arrival of his note had broken. But we had not long to chew the cud of our fancies. I don't know whether they were bitter or sweet to Nellie, but mine were pleasant enough. The door-bell rang about half past four, and, instead of Peter, in came Mrs. Perkins, Peter's partner's wife, a very elegant but rather high-strung woman. She was evidently in one of her ill humors, with which we were only too familiar, and I at once anticipated a scene.

"Good-evening, my dear," she said, when the servant had shown her into the sitting-room, where we sat before the comfortable fire. "Good-evening, Uncle John." She always called me Uncle John, though there was no relationship between us. Her father and I had been business partners for years. At his death he left his share of the business to Perkins, and I retired in favor of my nephew Peter. "I have come in to condole with you," she added, to Nellie.

"Indeed! And what for?"

"I suppose you are left a widow for the evening. My husband has gone to his confounded club, and he writes me that Mr. M'Lean is going with him. He adds that he will not be back until eleven, and that he will dine at the club."

"Peter is coming home to dinner," answered Nellie. "I expect him every moment. I am just warming his dressing-gown and slippers for him; and now you are come, I'll have a nice, cozy dinner set here instead of the dining-room, and we'll all have a nice time of it."

And the lively little woman rang the bell, and gave orders to serve dinner in the sitting-room.

"Well, if Mr. M'Lean can come home to dinner, I don't see why my husband can't."

"Oh, business may keep him later to-day than usual," said Nellie.

"Oh no; it's nothing of the sort. He says so rather often of late, but it's all a fib. Your husband doesn't stay too."

"But he comes late sometimes; we have to wait half an hour for him frequently. He says it's the busy season."

"So it is, so it is," I said. "This is the busiest season of the year. I am glad to see Peter late to dinner occasionally, for I know then that things are going well."

"And then, besides, there are so many things to keep a business man that we don't think of," argued the noble little woman of my choice.

"Oh, that's all gammon, Nellie," said Mrs. Perkins, "and you don't believe it. My husband has said those very words to me a thousand times, and called me inconsiderate because I did not credit it."

"Why, it's business, of course, my dear; if it wasn't for business, you know, they wouldn't go away at all."

"It isn't business which is keeping them to-night, is it?"

Nellie had no answer to this. Mrs. Perkins saw her advantage, and would have launched out into further arguments and assertions, and perhaps indulged in a tirade against husbands who neglected their wives, if the servant had not at this time begun to set the table. She was discreet enough not to talk before the servants: I am sorry she was not wise enough to talk less before us. She had not time to commence her talk after the servant had finished before Peter's key was heard in the lock, and Nellie ran rapidly to the door to meet him.

"Ah, little woman," we heard Peter say in his cheery voice, "am I late?"

"Oh no," she answered; "dinner is not served yet; but it's ready, and you won't be delayed. Here is Mrs. Perkins," she added, as they entered the door. I saw Peter drop his arm from about her waist, and Nellie took her hand from his shoulder, as they did so. "Here is Mrs. Perkins, come to dine with us."

"How d'ye do, Mrs. Perkins?" said Peter. "Glad to see you. How d'ye do, uncle? All well, I hope? Any news, Nellie?"

"No, I believe not. The gas man came with his bill, which I paid—$3 75; and I had to have the plumber to open those pipes again. They are *such* a nuisance."

"Well, I am sorry, my dear, but I don't see how I can improve them. Nothing else?"

"No, I believe not. Here's your chair."

"If you have finished your domestic affairs," said Mrs. Perkins, trying to conceal a little the contempt she had for these little things, and also the chagrin she felt that her husband had not come home to her, "will you tell me if you know where my husband is?"

"I left Perkins at the store deep in accounts with old Chamberlain. You remember Chamberlain, of Chamberlain & Gould, uncle, don't you?—St. Louis people. Perkins has sold him a big bill, and is closing up with him this evening. Didn't you get a note from him? He wrote by the messenger. He is to take Chamberlain to the club to-night—reception of John Dutton, big English steamship king. *You* know of him, uncle. I'm going myself. Can't you come?"

I had no inclination, and said so.

"Peter," said his wife, all of a sudden, "if you are going, you'll want to stay late, and you had better take a good rest before you go. Here are your slippers and gown. Your feet must be tired, cased in those heavy boots all day. Take off your boots, and let me have them blacked, and your coat brushed. I've had your gown airing, and you won't catch cold."

She did not give him time to demur; but while he was vainly striving to "edge in a word sideways," she went on:

"Mrs. Perkins will excuse your changing before her. Won't you, my dear? Of course: we are all old married folks now. There! Don't they feel easier now? Let me take your coat now. Here's your gown. I'm sure you will have a good rest now."

"They *are* comfortable, I must say," said Peter, lying back in his easy-chair and stretching his legs. "This is enough to come home for, without the addition of the dinner, which I already smell not so very far off."

"It shall be served immediately," said his wife. "You shall not be delayed at all. What time do you go to the club?"

"It will be time enough to begin dressing at six or half past."

"Oh, then you can chat with Mrs. Perkins an hour before you go. Talk to her while I see that dinner is ready. She is dying to hear you say something about Mr. Perkins." And Nellie ran for a minute or two to the kitchen.

"Oh, Perkins is all right," said Peter, thus urged. "You know what a capital clerk he was, uncle. Well, he is a better partner. He is carrying the concern on his shoulders, I may say, and he is very deep in business matters just now."

"So it would seem," said Mrs. Perkins, "if we are to believe the statements of the business men themselves. You support each other in your fibs."

"Fibs! You certainly don't suppose Perkins is fibbing?"

"White lies—only to deceive his poor trusting wife," she returned, trying to laugh merrily, but not succeeding very well.

"When he stays out of an evening, and says he was at the club or down town on necessary business, you don't think he is really fibbing?"

"Oh, you know you men do fib to deceive us poor wives!"

"I wonder if Nellie really thinks that of me, Nellie," he added, as his wife came into the room again, "Mrs. Perkins is asserting that you wives never believe your husbands' business excuses."

"Of course I don't," said Mrs. Perkins; "and I don't believe Nellie does."

"I don't know," answered Nellie. "You never have any excuses to make, you know, Peter."

"Oh yes, I do. Quite often I am late, or dine out, and go out, as I am going this evening. It isn't business exactly. I confess I have some curiosity to see this great ship manager. He must be a great man, for he has built up a wonderful business in his day and generation. But I do sometimes make excuses."

"Not excuses, Peter. You sometimes write me not to expect you; but you do it so that I sha'n't be disappointed in looking for you, not because you think an apology necessary."

"That's very true, my dear. Of course I write only because I fancy you will be uneasy."

"So I would, Peter; but not angry, I hope."

"Nor suspicious either?"

"Of course not. I should first have to think you were willing to deceive me, and that I know you are not."

Mrs. Perkins had no opportunity to comment on this revelation of mutual confidence and consideration, for dinner was served at this moment. I think she was puzzled at this time for a reply; perhaps she was also confused at hearing herself thus rebuked out of her friend's mouth. During the meal, which Nellie, by a little effort, made so pleasant, Peter enjoyed himself more than usual, and laughed heartily and repeatedly at her little sayings and doings. He is very proud as well as fond of his wife; and though often when only she and I are present he relapses into thoughtful silence, and is quite absent-minded, he is always attentive and interested when company is present, and takes great care to draw her out and show her off.

And she is a woman who shows to advantage, not only in person, but manners and conversation; and on this evening, by a little effort, I had my eyes and ears open, and I fancied I detected an effort on her part to be as entertaining as possible, not only to Mrs. Perkins, but to her husband.

And wonderfully she succeeded, too. She talked little domestic matters—nothing high-flown and distant and grandiloquent, but the little bits of domestic and social gossip in which all men are interested, and to listen to which is often a positive relief after a day of dollars and cents, or dry-goods and groceries. And in listening and replying to her and her friend's remarks, with an occasional word from myself, the dinner hour passed rapidly away, an hour after that sped quickly by, and Peter's wife suggested to him that it was time to dress for the club.

"Now, Nellie M'Lean!" exclaimed Mrs. Perkins, "I think you are really stupid. Mr. M'Lean would have forgotten all about the club; I am sure he had already forgotten it."

"And therefore I reminded him of it," said Nellie. "I know Peter wouldn't go if he did not expect to enjoy it, and I wouldn't have him miss an evening's enjoyment for the world. Of course I would like him to stay at home, since I can't go, if I thought he would enjoy home as much; but I know he is curious to see Mr. Dutton, and I don't want to see him disappointed. Will you go dress now, Peter? Mrs. Perkins will excuse you: won't you?"

"Oh, there's time yet, my dear," said Peter. "I'll rest a while longer."

"Oh, wise young wife!" thought I.

I think Mrs. Perkins was half inclined to think so too, from the way she looked at Nellie as she again sat down by Peter's side, and took his hand in hers, and played with it while she talked as lively as ever.

It was eight o'clock when Peter M'Lean jumped up from his chair and said he really must dress. If I could by any means have stopped the pendulum of the clock on the mantel, so that it could not have struck eight, I don't think he would have thought again of the club, for it was the striking of the clock, and not his wife, which reminded him of his engagement this time. He did get up this time, and saying he had half a mind not to go at all, he went out of the room, with many apologies to Mrs. Perkins, to dress. Nellie, of course, went with him, and I had a favorable opportunity of studying the effect of this lesson on Mrs. Perkins.

She remained in deep thought for several minutes. She had woman's wit enough to understand Nellie's tactics, and she was evidently reflecting on what she had seen and heard. But, a little fearful that she did not fully appreciate the moral, I ventured suddenly to ask her if she had ever read or seen the play of "A Woman killed by Kindness."

"My goodness! what a funny question!" she exclaimed. "No. What is it about?"

"Nor 'Rule a Wife and have a Wife?'"

"No," she said, more seriously. "But why, Uncle John?"

"They are very clever, sensible things, to come from a man; but I fancy Nellie could have told him more about ruling a husband and having a husband than he knew about ruling wives."

"She does get along nicely with Peter," she said. "Doesn't she?"

"Very—and it's just so all the time. The fact is, Mrs. Perkins, Peter is a man killed by kindness."

She was silent for a moment.

"I know what you mean, Uncle John," she said at length, half angrily.

"I am glad you do," I answered.

"You mean that Mr. Perkins ain't."

"Well, you know best about that, my dear; and since you say he ain't, I believe you. But I think you will find that it's the easiest way to rule any spirited man worth having for a husband, such as I think Perkins is."

She had neither inclination nor time to answer this, for Peter and Nellie came into the room again—he dressed very handsomely, and with his hat in his hand. He was making his apologies to Mrs. Perkins, and about to leave, when the door-bell rang. The servant answered the summons, and admitted a gentleman, who was at once shown to the sitting-room.

"Why, it's Mr. Perkins!" exclaimed Nellie.

"Why, George!" cried his wife, running up to him and kissing him.

"Hallo, Perkins," said Peter: "home so soon?"

"Yes; I came home, found my wife was here, and posted after her."

"But the club! Sit down, sit down. How about the club?"

"Oh, a swindle! Chamberlain and I went there. The place was so crowded that we got a late dinner, and not the choicest at that. When the reception hour and the distinguished guest came we found the place so crowded that we looked and felt what vulgar fractions we were, going along with many hundred others to make up a contemptible whole. The guest was a little dried up old Englishman, and nothing like our beau ideal of a great merchant. Then the introductions began, and the amount of toadying and stupid, unmeaning and unmeant compliments was so disgusting that Chamberlain, with his usual Western brusqueness, said he wouldn't condescend to be introduced, and left. And so did I too. Don't you go."

And Peter did not. Perkins sat down. He

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and his wife chatted with the choice of my heart and her husband for an hour, during which Mrs. Perkins was unusually loving and kind, and then they went home. Then I thought it was time for me to go, and leave my young folks to themselves; but it was not until I had seen Peter back again into his gown and slippers, and domestic as a cat.

P.S.—I wrote all the above a year ago, at the time the circumstances occurred. I have nothing to add but the fact that M'Lean & Perkins, dealers in wholesale dry-goods, 1000½ Church Street, are not now represented in any social club; and that I do not know of any two husbands more thoroughly and discreetly ruled by kindness in the whole of this great city of New York than they are.

LORD KILGOBBIN.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

Author of "That Boy of Norcott's," "The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly," "Sir Brooke Fossbrooke," "A Day's Ride," "One of Them," "Gerald Fitzgerald," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XLIII.

SOME NIGHT-THOUGHTS.

WHEN Gorman reached his room, into which a rich flood of moonlight was streaming, he extinguished his candle, and, seating himself at the open window, lighted his cigar, seriously believing he was going to reflect on his present condition, and forecast something of the future. Though he had spoken so cavalierly of outstaying his time and accepting arrest afterward, the jest was by no means so palatable now that he was alone, and could own to himself that the leave he possessed was the unlimited liberty to be houseless and a vagabond, to have none to claim, no roof to shelter him.

His aunt's law agent, the same Mr. M'Keown who acted for Lord Kilgobbin, had once told Gorman that all the King's County property of the O'Sheas was entailed upon him, and that his aunt had no power to alienate it. It is true the old lady disputed this position, and so strongly resented even allusion to it, that, for the sake of inheriting that twelve thousand pounds she possessed in Dutch Stock, M'Keown warned Gorman to avoid any thing that might imply his being aware of this fact.

Whether a general distrust of all legal people and their assertions was the reason, or whether mere abstention from the topic had impaired the force of its truth, or whether—more likely than either—he would not suffer himself to question the intentions of one to whom he owed so much, certain is it young O'Shea almost felt as much averse to the belief as the old lady herself, and resented the thought of its being true as of something that would detract from the spirit of the affection she had always borne him, and that he repaid by a love as faithful.

"No, no. Confound it!" he would say to himself. "Aunt Betty loves me, and money has no share in the affection I bear her. If she knew I must be her heir, she'd say so frankly and freely. She'd scorn the notion of doling out to me as benevolence what one day would be my own by right. She is proud and intolerant enough, but she is seldom unjust—never so willingly and consciously. If, then, she has not said O'Shea's Barn must be mine some time, it is because she knows well it can not be true. Besides, this very last step of hers, this haughty dismissal of me from her house, implies the possession of a power which she would not dare to exercise if she were but a life-tenant of the property. Last of all, had she speculated ever so remotely on my being the proprietor of Irish landed property, it was most unlikely she would so strenuously have encouraged me to pursue my career as an Austrian soldier, and turn all my thoughts to my prospects under the Empire."

In fact, she never lost the opportunity of reminding him how unfit he was to live in Ireland or among Irishmen.

Such reflections as I have briefly hinted at here took him some time to arrive at, for his thoughts did not come freely, or rapidly make place for others. The sum of them, however, was that he was thrown upon the world, and just at the very threshold of life, and when it held out its more alluring prospects.

There is something peculiarly galling to the man who is wincing under the pang of poverty to find that the world regards him as rich and well off, and totally beyond the accidents of fortune. It is not simply that he feels how his every action will be misinterpreted and mistaken, and a spirit of thrift, if not actual shabbiness, ascribed to all that he does, but he also regards himself as a sort of imposition or sham, who has gained access to a place he has no right to occupy, and to associate on terms of equality with men of tastes and habits and ambitions totally above his own. It was in this spirit he remembered Nina's chance expression, "I don't suppose *you* want money!" There could be no other meaning in the phrase than some foregone conclusion about his being a man of fortune. Of course, she acquired this notion from those around her. As a stranger to Ireland, all she knew, or thought she knew, had been conveyed by others. "I don't suppose *you* want money," was another way of saying, "You are your aunt's heir. You are the future owner of the O'Shea estates. No vast property, it is true; but quite enough to maintain the position of a gentleman."

"Who knows how much of this Lord Kilgobbin or his son Dick believed?" thought he. "But certainly my old playfellow Kate has no faith in the matter, or, if she have, it has little weight with her in her estimate of me.

"It was in this very room I was lodged something like five years ago. It was at this very window I used to sit at night, weaving Heaven knows what dreams of a future. I was very much in love in those days, and a very honest and loyal love it was. I wanted to be very great, and very gallant and distinguished, and, above all, very rich; but only for *her*, only that *she* might be surrounded with every taste and luxury that became her, and that she should share them with me. I knew well she was better than me—better in every way: not only purer, and simpler, and more gentle, but more patient, more enduring, more tenacious of what was true, and more decidedly the enemy of what was merely expedient. Then, was she not proud? not with the pride of birth or station, or of an old name and a time-honored house, but proud that whatever she did or said among the tenantry or the neighbors, none ever ventured to question or even qualify the intention that suggested it? The utter impossibility of ascribing a double motive to her, or of imagining any object in what she counseled but the avowed one, gave her a pride that accompanied her through every hour of life.

"Last of all, she believed in *me*—believed I was going to be one day something very famous and distinguished: a gallant soldier, whose very presence gave courage to the men who followed him, and with a name repeated in honor over Europe. The day was too short for these fancies, for they grew actually as we fed them, and the wildest flight of imagination led us on to the end of the time when there would be but one hope, one ambition, and one heart between us.

"I am convinced that had any one at that time hinted to her that I was to inherit the O'Shea estates, he would have dealt a most dangerous blow to her affection for me. The romance of that unknown future had a great share in our compact. And then we were so serious about it all—the very gravity it impressed being an ecstasy to our young hearts in the thought of self-importance and responsibility. Nor were we without our little tiffs—those lovers' quarrels that reveal what a terrible civil war can rage within the heart that rebels against itself. I know the very spot where we quarreled; I could point to the miles of way we walked side by side without a word; and oh! was it not on that very bed I have passed the night, sobbing till I thought my heart would break, all because I had not fallen at her feet and begged her forgiveness ere we parted? Not that she was without her self-accusings, too; for I remember one way in which she expressed sorrow for having done me wrong was to send me a shower of rose leaves from her little terraced garden; and as they fell in shoals across my window, what a balm and bliss they shed over my heart! Would I not give every hope I have to bring it all back again; to live it over once more; to lie at her feet in the grass, affecting to read to her, but really watching her long black lashes as they rested on her cheek, or that quivering lip as it trembled with emotion? How I used to detest that work which employed the blue-veined hand I loved to hold within my own, kissing it at every pause in the reading, or whenever I could pretext a reason to question her! And now, here I am in the self-same place, amidst the same scenes and objects. Nothing changed but *herself!* She, however, will remember nothing of the past, or, if she does, it is with repugnance and regret; her manner to me is a sort of cold defiance, not to dare to revive our old intimacy, nor to fancy that I can take up our acquaintanceship from the past. I almost fancied she looked resentfully at the Greek girl for the freedom to which she admitted me—not but there was in the other's coquetry the very stamp of that levity other women are so ready to take offense at; in fact, it constitutes among women exactly the same sort of outrage, the same breach of honor and loyalty, as cheating at play does among men, and the offenders are as much socially outlawed in one case as in the other. I wonder am I what is called falling in love with the Greek—that is, I wonder have the charms of her astonishing beauty, and the grace of her manner, and the thousand seductions of her voice, her gestures, and her walk, above all, so captivated me that I do not want to go back on the past, and may hope soon to repay Miss Kate Kearney by an indifference the equal of her own? I don't think so. Indeed, I feel that, even when Nina was interesting me most, I was stealing secret glances toward Kate, and cursing that fellow Walpole for the way he was engaging her attention. Little the Greek suspected when she asked if 'I could not fix a quarrel on him,' with what a motive it was that my heart jumped at the suggestion! He is so studiously ceremonious and distant with me; he seems to think I am not one of those to be admitted to closer intimacy. I know that English theory of 'the unsafe man,' by which people of unquestionable courage avoid contact with all schooled to other ways and habits than their own. I hate it. 'I am unsafe,' to his thinking. Well, if having no reason to care for safety be sufficient, he is not far wrong. Dick Kearney, too, is not very cordial. He scarcely seconded his father's invitation to me, and what he did say was merely what courtesy obliged. So that, in reality, though the old lord was hearty and good-natured, I believe I am here now because Mademoiselle Nina commanded me, rather than from any other reason. If this be true, it is, to say the least, a sorry compliment to my sense of delicacy. Her words were, 'You shall stay,' and it is upon this I am staying."

As though the air of the room grew more hard to breathe with this thought before him, he arose and leaned half-way out of the window.

As he did so, his ear caught the sound of voices. It was Kate and Nina, who were talking on the terrace above his head.

"I declare, Nina," said Kate, "you have stripped every leaf off my poor ivy-geranium; there's nothing left of it but bare branches."

"There goes the last handful," said the other, as she threw them over the parapet, some falling on Gorman as he leaned out. "It was a bad habit I learned from yourself, child. I remember, when I came here you used to do this each night, like a religious rite."

"I suppose they were the dried or withered leaves that I threw away," said Kate, with a half irritation in her voice.

"No, they were not. They were oftentimes from your prettiest roses, and as I watched you I saw it was in no distraction or inadvertence you were doing this, for you were generally silent and thoughtful some time before, and there was even an air of sadness about you, as though a painful thought was bringing its gloomy memories."

"What an object of interest I have been to you without suspecting it," said Kate, coldly.

"It is true," said the other, in the same tone; "they who make few confidences suggest much ingenuity. If you had a meaning in this act and told me what it was, it is more than likely I had forgotten all about it ere now. You preferred secrecy, and you made me curious."

"There was nothing to reward curiosity," said she, in the same measured tone; then, after a moment, she added, "I'm sure I never sought to ascribe some hidden motive to *you*. When *you* left my plants leafless, I was quite content to believe that you were mischievous without knowing it."

"I read you differently," said Nina. "When *you* do mischief, you mean mischief. Now I became so—so—what shall I call it, *intriguée*, about this little 'fetich' of yours, that I remember well the night you first left off and never resumed it."

"And when was that?" asked Kate, carelessly.

"On a certain Friday, the night Miss O'Shea dined here last; was it not a Friday?"

"Fridays, we fancy, are unlucky days," said Kate, in a voice of easy indifference.

"I wonder which are the lucky ones?" said Nina, sighing. "They are certainly not put down in the Irish almanac. By-the-way, is not this a Friday?"

"Mr. O'Shea will not call it among his unlucky days," said Kate, laughingly.

"I almost think I like your Austrian," said the other.

"Only don't call him *my* Austrian."

"Well, he was yours till you threw him off. No, don't be angry. I am only talking in that careless slang we all use when we mean nothing, just as people employ counters instead of money at cards; but I like him; he has that easy flippancy in talk that asks for no effort to follow, and he says his little nothings nicely, and he is not too eager as to great ones, or too energetic, which you all are here. I like him."

"I fancied you liked the eager and enthusiastic people, and that you felt a warm interest in Donogan's fate."

"Yes, I do hope they'll not catch him. It would be too horrid to think of any one we had known being hanged! And then, poor fellow, he was very much in love."

"Poor fellow!" sighed out Kate.

"Not but it was the only gleam of sunlight in his existence: he could go away and fancy that, with Heaven knows what chances of fortune, he might have won me."

"Poor fellow!" cried Kate, more sorrowful than before.

"No, far from it; but very 'happy fellow,' if he could feed his heart with such a delusion."

"And you think it fair to let him have this delusion?"

"Of course I do. I'd no more rob him of it than I'd snatch a life-buoy from a drowning man. Do you fancy, child, that the swimmer will always go about with the corks that have saved his life?"

"These mock analogies are sorry arguments," said Kate.

"Tell me, does not your Austrian sing? I see he understands music; but I hope he can sing."

"I can tell you next to nothing of my Austrian—if he must be called so. It is five years since we met, and all I know is how little like he seems to what he once was."

"I'm sure he is vastly improved; a hundred times better mannered; with more ease, more quickness, and more readiness in conversation. I like him."

"I trust he'll find out his great good-fortune—that is, if it be not a delusion."

For a few seconds there was a silence—a silence so complete that Gorman could hear the rustle of a dress as Nina moved from her place, and seated herself on the battlement of the terrace. He then could catch the low murmuring sounds of her voice as she hummed an air to herself, and at length traced it to be the song she had sung that same evening in the drawing-room. The notes came gradually more and more distinct, the tones swelled out into greater fullness, and at last, with one long-sustained cadence of thrilling passion, she cried, "Non mi amava—non mi amava!" with an expression of heart-breaking sorrow, the last syllables seeming to linger on the lips as if a hope was deserting them forever. "Oh, non mi amava!" cried she, and her voice trembled as though the avowal of her despair was the last effort of her strength. Slowly and faintly the sounds died away, while Gorman, leaning out to the utmost to catch the dying notes, strained his hearing to drink them in. All was still, and then suddenly, with a wild roulade that sounded at first like the passage of a musical scale, she burst out into a fit of laughter, crying "Non mi amava," through the sounds, in a half frantic mockery. "No, no—non mi amava," laughed she out as she walked back into the room. The window was now closed with a heavy bang, and all was silent in the house.

"And these are the affections we break our hearts for!" cried Gorman, as he threw himself on his bed, and covered his face with both his hands.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE HEAD CONSTABLE.

THE chief constable, or, to use the irreverent designation of the neighborhood, the head peeler, who had carried away Walpole's luggage and papers, no sooner discovered the grave mistake he had committed, than he hastened to restore them, and was waiting personally at the Castle to apologize for the blunder, long before any of the family had come down stairs. His indiscretion might cost him his place, and Captain Curtis, who had to maintain a wife and family, three saddle-horses, and a green uniform with more gold on it than a field-marshal's, felt duly anxious and uneasy for what he had done.

"Who is that gone down the road?" asked he, as he stood at the window, while a woman was setting the room in order.

"Sure it's Miss Kate taking the dogs out. Isn't she always the first up of a morning?" Though the captain had little personal acquaintance with Miss Kearney, he knew her well by reputation, and knew, therefore, that he might safely approach her to ask a favor. He overtook her at once, and in a few words made known the difficulty in which he found himself.

"Is it not after all a mere passing mistake which, once apologized for, is forgotten altogether?" asked she. "Mr. Walpole is surely not a person to bear any malice for such an incident."

"I don't know that, Miss Kearney," said he, doubtingly. "His papers have been thoroughly ransacked, and old Mr. Flood, the Tory magistrate, has taken copies of several letters and documents, all of course under the impression that they formed part of a treasonable correspondence."

"Was it not very evident that the papers could not have belonged to a Fenian leader? Was not any mistake in the matter easily avoided?"

"Not at once, because there was first of all a sort of account of the insurrectionary movement here, with a number of queries, such as, 'Who is M——?' 'Are F. Y—— and M'Causland the same person?' 'What connection exists between the Meath outrages and the late events in Tipperary?' 'How is B—— to explain his conduct sufficiently to be retained in the Commission of the Peace?' In a word, Miss Kearney, all the troublesome details by which a ministry have to keep their own supporters in decent order are here hinted at, if not more, and it lies with a batch of red-hot Tories to make a terrible scandal out of this affair."

"It is graver than I suspected," said she, thoughtfully.

"And I may lose my place," muttered Curtis, "unless, indeed, you would condescend to say a word for me to Mr. Walpole."

"Willingly, if it were of any use; but I think my cousin, Mademoiselle Kostalergi, would be likelier of success, and here she comes."

Nina came forward at that moment with that indolent grace of movement with which she swept the greensward of the lawn as though it were the carpet of a saloon. With a brief introduction of Mr. Curtis, her cousin Kate in a few words conveyed the embarrassment of his present position, and his hope that a kindly intercession might avert his danger.

"What droll people you must be not to find out that the letters of a viceroy's secretary could not be the correspondence of a rebel leader!" said Nina, superciliously.

"I have already told Miss Kearney how that fell out," said he; "and I assure you there was enough in those papers to mystify better and clearer heads."

"But you read the addresses, and saw how the letters began, 'My dear Mr. Walpole,' or 'Dear Walpole?'"

"And thought they had been purloined. Have I not found 'Dear Clarendon' often enough in the same packet with cross-bones and a coffin?"

"What a country!" said Nina, with a sigh.

"Very like Greece, I suppose," said Kate, tartly; then suddenly, "Will you undertake to make this gentleman's peace with Mr. Walpole, and show how the whole was a piece of ill-directed zeal?"

"Indiscreet zeal."

"Well, indiscreet, if you like it better."

"And you fancied, then, that all the fine linen and purple you carried away were the properties of a head-centre?"

"We thought so."

"And the silver objects of the dressing-table, and the ivory inlaid with gold, and the trifles studded with turquoise?"

"They might have been Donogan's. Do you know, mademoiselle, that this same Donogan was a man of fortune, and in all the society of the first men at Oxford when—a mere boy at the time—he became a rebel?"

"How nice of him! What a fine fellow!"

"I'd say what a fool," continued Curtis. "He had no need to risk his neck to achieve a station; the thing was done for him. He had a good house and a good estate in Kilkenny; I have caught salmon in the river that washes the foot of his lawn."

"And what has become of it? Does he still own it?"

"Not an acre—not a rood of it; sold every square yard of it to throw the money into the Fenian treasury. Rifled artillery, Colt's revolv-

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ers, Remingtons, and Parrott guns have walked off with the broad acres."

"Fine fellow—a fine fellow!" cried Nina, enthusiastically.

"That fine fellow has done a deal of mischief," said Kate, thoughtfully.

"He has escaped, has he not?" asked Nina.

"We hope not—that is, we know that he is about to sail for St. John's by a clipper now in Belfast, and we shall have a fast steam-corvette ready to catch her in the Channel. He'll be under Yankee colors, it is true, and claim an American citizenship; but we must run risks sometimes, and this is one of those times."

"But you know where he is now? Why not apprehend him on shore?"

"The very thing we do not know, mademoiselle. I'd rather be sure of it than have five thousand pounds in my hand. Some say he is here, in the neighborhood; some say he is gone south; others declare that he has reached Liverpool. All we really do know is about the ship that he means to sail in, and on which the second mate has informed us."

"And all your boasted activity is at fault," said she, insolently, "when you have to own you can not track him."

"Nor is it so easy, mademoiselle, where a whole population befriend and feel for him."

"And if they do, with what face can you persecute what has the entire sympathy of a nation?"

"Don't provoke answers which are sure not to satisfy you, and which you could but half comprehend; but tell Mr. Curtis you will use your influence to make Mr. Walpole forget this mishap."

"But I do want to go to the bottom of this question. I will insist on learning why people rebel here."

"In that case, I'll go home to breakfast, and I'll be quite satisfied if I see you at luncheon," said Kate.

"Do, pray, Mr. Curtis, tell me all about it. Why do some people shoot the others who are just as much Irish as themselves? Why do hungry people kill the cattle and never eat them? And why don't the English go away and leave a country where nobody likes them? If there be a reason for these things, let me hear it."

"By-by," said Kate, waving her hand as she turned away.

"You are so ungenerous," cried Nina, hurrying after her. "I am a stranger, and would naturally like to learn all that I could of the country and the people: here is a gentleman full of the very knowledge I am seeking. He knows all about these terrible Fenians. What will they do with Donogan if they take him?"

"Transport him for life; they'll not hang him, I think."

"That's worse than hanging. I mean—that is—Miss Kearney would rather they'd hang him."

"I have not said so," replied Kate; "and I don't suspect I think so, either."

"Well," said Nina, after a pause, "let us go back to breakfast. You'll see Mr. Walpole; he's sure to be down by that time, and I'll tell him what you wish is, that he must not think any more of the incident; that it was a piece of official stupidity, done, of course, out of the best motives; and that if he should cut a ridiculous figure at the end, he has only himself to blame for the worse than ambiguity of his private papers."

"I do not know that I'd exactly say that," said Kate, who felt some difficulty in not laughing at the horror-struck expression of Mr. Curtis's face.

"Well, then, I'll say, this was what I wished to tell you, but my cousin Kate interposed, and suggested that a little adroit flattery of you, and some small coquetries that might make you believe you were charming, would be the readiest mode to make you forget any thing disagreeable, and she would charge herself with the task."

"Do so," said Kate, calmly; "and let us now go back to breakfast."

"NINA CAME FORWARD AT THAT MOMENT."

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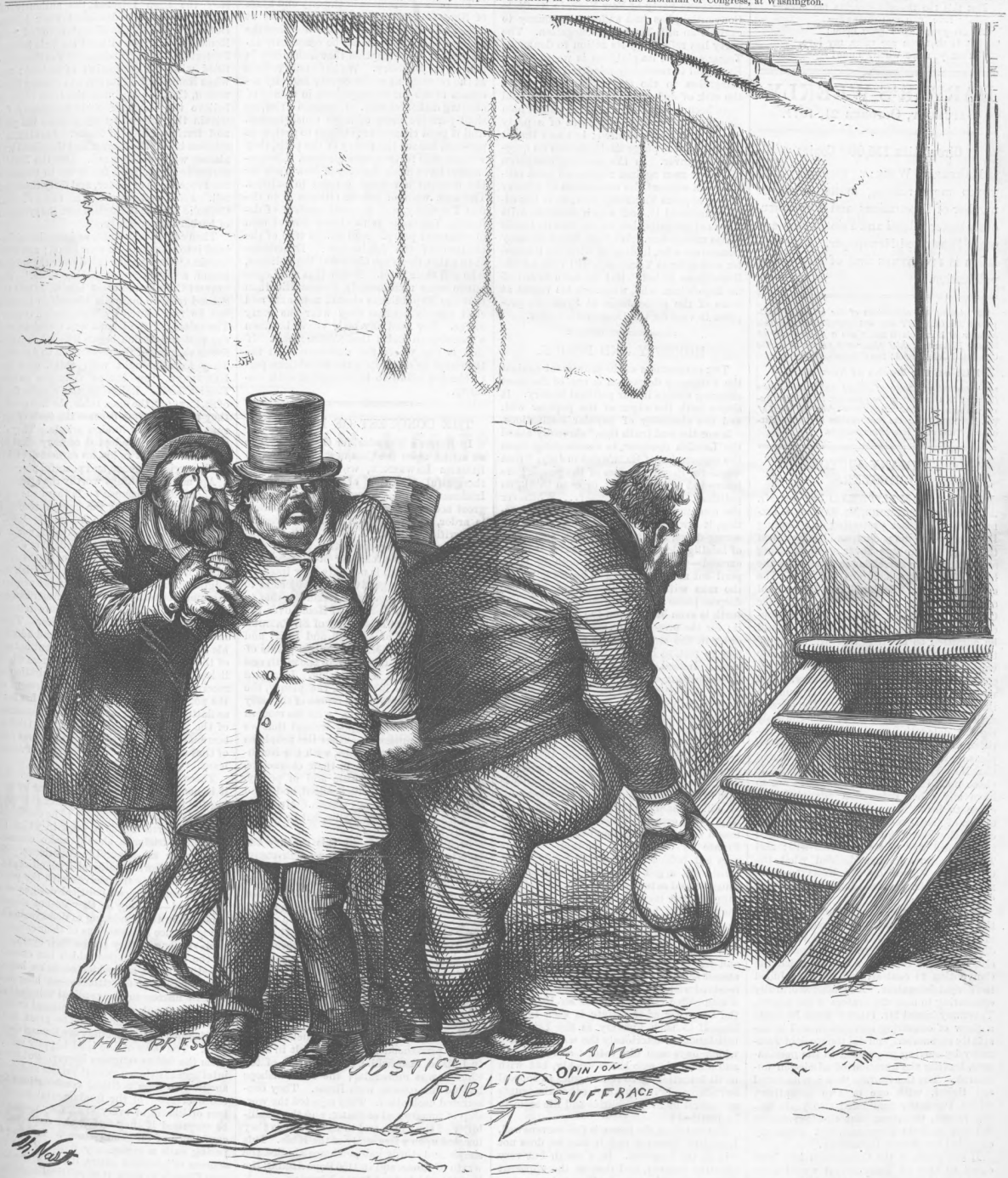

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"We presume it is strictly correct to say that the one consequence of thieving which —— would now dread is a violent death. Public scorn, or even the penitentiary, has little terrors for them."

"We do not know how the affair may end, but we [illegible] if —— close their careers in peace, and ease, and affluence, it will be a terrible blow to political and private morality."—*The Nation.*

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MY MINIATURE.

My miniature! a dainty face,
Incased in dainty locket,
Suspended from my watch's chain,
Across my waistcoat pocket!
As oft I steal, in each dull day,
A look at your glad features,
If sad, the happiest I become
Of living happy creatures.

My miniature! a pretty charm,
Whose spell ne'er fails to brighten
The dullest day—the heaviest care
Your bonny face to lighten.
And when I *solus* sit and think
Of you, and of you only,
My solitude a peep at you
Dispels—I'm no more lonely!

My miniature! what is it though
Life's worries surely try me,
I have you close, my darling, now
In face and features by me!
But this the thought delights me most—
My love, can you divine?—
As oft your face I gaze upon:
It is that you are mine, my love,
That you are wholly mine!

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one representing groups of sailors and dock laborers listening to a sermon in the open air, the other a humorous scene in a dock eating-house—from the pencil of SOL. EYTINGE, JUN.; *the continuation of* "LORD KILGOBBIN;" *and other interesting features.*

THE TAMMANY VICTORY AT ROCHESTER.

MR. WILLIAM M. TWEED has put Mr. HORATIO SEYMOUR, Mr. SAMUEL J. TILDEN, and the other protesting or reforming Democrats into his pocket, and has buttoned them up. There was never so humiliating and ridiculous a surrender so close upon the heels of the most sonorous defiance. The reform Democrats declared that they would expel Tammany ignominiously from the Convention. They proclaimed that the honest and intelligent men of the party should be admitted as the true representatives of the New York city Democracy, and the whole world was to see that the party was not responsible for the sins of Tammany. And what was the result? Tammany came to the Convention. Directly upon the organization it announced that it was the only regular delegation, and the only one entitled to a seat, but that it would of its own pleasure waive its unquestionable right, and that New York should be unrepresented. It chose not to take its seat. It chose not to have any other delegation admitted. It chose to leave the city of New York, the centre of the Democratic vote, unrepresented in the State Convention. It declared that it did this of its own free-will; and Tammany having thus decided what the Convention should do, Mr. HORATIO SEYMOUR and Mr. SAMUEL J. TILDEN bleated "Amen!"

It is now asserted that the only object of the decent Democracy was to exclude Tammany from the Convention, and that they did it. But it is not true. Tammany declined to take the seat which it defied the Convention to contest, and itself excluded the decent delegation. And, after scornfully consenting to hear the orators of the reform, Tammany hissed Mr. TILDEN when he made a show of censuring corruption, and he instantly succumbed, and did the work of Tammany by moving to proceed to the nomination, leaving the question of admission unsettled. The Convention then renominated the ticket, with one or two exceptions, which Tammany nominated two years ago. We repeat, therefore, that the Convention did not exclude Tammany, but Tammany excluded the decent Democracy.

If the pluck of the Convention had been equal to that of Tammany, it would have said that if Tammany chose to stay out, it was its own affair, but that it certainly should not come in, and that the honest and decent Democracy of New York should be represented by the delegates it had chosen. Why did not the Convention do this, which, as Mr. ABRAHAM R. LAWRENCE said, was the honorable course to pursue? Because it feared the revenge of Tammany. That is the only reason. It feared that Tammany would defeat the party in November in order to show that its support is indispensable to victory. And in what plight does this conclusion leave the Democratic gentlemen who have cried out against the Tammany frauds? Simply, that while they denounce the stealing of money by the Ring, they wink at the stealing of votes to secure a Democratic majority. Tammany has never won a more complete victory than at Rochester; and those who acquiesced in it from fear of a defeat in the November election, have merely succeeded in identifying their party with the Tammany frauds.

When the war upon Tammany began, we were reproached for implicating the Democratic party in the dishonesty. But the Democratic party of New York, in its State Convention, has just suffered Tammany to exclude an anti-Tammany delegation. The party has refused by its action to denounce Tammany, and its platform is waste paper. Even had it resolutely admitted the decent delegation to the Convention, and taken the risk of defeat at the election, it would have been questionable whether honest men should vote for any candidates of a party which is so deeply tainted; but now that it has declined to purge itself, there is no question whatever. In the pending campaign of honest men against rogues, all good citizens will support the candidates of a party which opposes Tammany now, as it has always opposed it, and which denounces its frauds at the ballot-box no less than its frauds at the money-box. We have heard of many Democrats who, in disgust with the Rochester surrender to Tammany, will vote for the Republican ticket. But we have heard of no Republican who, whatever his regret at some of the proceedings at Syracuse, proposes to vote for the Democratic ticket.

HONESTY AND POLICY.

THE earnestness of the movement against the Tammany despotism is one of the most cheering events in our political history. It shows both the vigor of the popular will, and the elasticity of popular institutions. "Is not the real truth this," shrewdly asked the London *Spectator*, in commenting upon the suppression of HALL'S riot in July, "that whenever they [the mass of the people] are interested enough to act, or even think, on politics.... they are supreme?.... Whenever the community rises in a kind of insurrection, it always wins, always puts down the wrong-doers, always establishes some sort of intelligible order; but whenever it is unexcited—whenever, that is, nothing is in peril but morality—then it leaves power to the man with the longest head and the deepest purse and the fewest scruples." The truth is even better than the *Spectator* states it; for the present movement is not to keep order in the streets, but to rescue morality, and to restore honesty to the city government. Indeed, the real advantage of this great uprising of the community against the mean and odious despotism of Tammany Hall is its vindication of the certainty of moral laws, which we are constantly told by the slaves of the Ring have nothing to do with politics.

In a certain superficial sense this is, of course, true; but in an intelligent community any persistent outrage upon morality is sure to bring its revenge, and the community will probably suffer in paying the penalty. Our own civil war is one memorable lesson upon that point, and the conquest of France by Germany is another. We are very apt, indeed, to slight the lesson. It is constantly urged that money is the only tangible and actual good; that it is folly to suppose that men are not venal and false; that we must be even with the devil; and that the rascality of people differs only in kind and degree. The example of a man like FISK is cited with a kind of despair; and the suggestion that any thing but the merest selfishness inspires political action is received with a pleasant smile of incredulity. A man called respectable, like Mr. HOFFMAN, the Governor of the State, is seen to lend himself to such knavery as the Erie bill; legislation is notoriously the will of a Ring which buys men like cattle; and respected and honorable merchants weakly, but with no ill intention, give their names to conceal swindling. Is it any wonder that the taunts at "moral ideas" in politics and life seem to be justified?

Nevertheless, the lesson is forever renewed. Rascality, however rich it may be, does not win in the long-run. In a rough but very effective manner, and despite the apparent success of single scoundrels and the martyrdom of single saints, honesty is the best policy. It is this moral conviction which underlies the republican system. It is the persuasion that an intelligent people will not be long or forever misled, and that by providing a flexible machinery of government you secure a normal and peaceful method of righting evident wrongs. Intelligence and pluck are the conditions of a sound working of that machinery; and as they still exist in New York, we are liable to no other than such contemptible despotisms as we now see crumbling in Tammany Hall. No despotism falls, indeed, without a struggle. Nobody doubts the willingness of the Ring to try a riot, and that willingness springs from its total incredulity of any but the most mercenary motives in the movement against it. HALL hinted a riot in his letter to General M'CLELLAN; an organ of the Ring deliberately incited it; and the members fell out among themselves as to the author of the proposition. But no fear of a riot will retard the movement against Tammany; and should the Ring decide to appeal to force, the contest may be bloody, but the defeat of the Ring is already sure.

The present situation in the city and State of New York, therefore, should produce at least two good results—a resolution that the popular intelligence shall be constantly increased, and a perception that dishonesty in politics is bad policy. We have only to look at the revelations of the county and city accounts to see the consequences in money of electing dishonest men. If there is a riot, we shall perceive more of those consequences. And if good citizens are obliged to protect at personal hazard the purity of the polls, they will see still further consequences. Circumstances have made the city of New York for the moment a neutral ground in politics. The first wish of honest citizens is to defeat Tammany, and the only method of defeating Tammany is to choose honest men of whatever party. And this is true of the election of the Legislature. Experience shows that there are dishonest Republicans, who sell their votes. Better that the Legislature were unanimously Democratic than that the Republicans should nominate and elect rascals because they wear the party badge. Nor need any body waver between a Republican and a Democratic rascal. If that is any where the alternative, let the Democrat be elected, for the Republican party can not afford to be identified with rascality.

THE CONQUEST OF IRELAND.

IN *Harper's Magazine* for October there is an article upon the Conquest of Ireland, by EUGENE LAWRENCE, which deserves the thoughtful attention of every intelligent Irishman. Mr. LAWRENCE is a scholar of great accomplishment, with the true historic ardor, and who deals with the original authorities. His style glows with the enthusiasm of strong conviction, and in this article he writes a chapter of history little known, and which is not only very interesting, but very suggestive. His object is to show that the tragedy of Ireland is due to the victory of ecclesiastical Rome over the pure and simple Christianity of St. PATRICK and the schools of Armagh and Iona; and the picture which Mr. LAWRENCE paints of the supremacy of that faith in the ninth and tenth centuries is very alluring. It is hard to associate the innocence, the plenty, the intelligence, the perpetual repose of the early Erin, "island of the saints," with the modern starving, unquiet, unhappy Ireland that we know. Our author describes the people as a race of pastoral Spartans, with the Northern strain of sentiment in their characters, passionate lovers of music and of poetry. They were brave and independent, and ruled by kings of their own election. Mr. LAWRENCE'S description is idyllic, but he follows closely his authorities.

St. PATRICK, whom in this century the Irish ignorantly honor, was born in Brittany, the son of a priest. In his youth he was a slave in Ireland, watching sheep upon the hills of Antrim, and worshiping God. Freed from his bondage, he returned to his native France, and, after due education as a priest, went back to Ireland and preached the pure apostolic faith of the churches of Jerusalem and Ephesus. Schools and monasteries every where arose, and Irish scholars founded the colleges of CHARLEMAGNE. Upon the island of Iona, in the sixth century, COLUMBA, the missionary, built churches and schools that taught Europe; and it was not until late in the seventh century that the influence of the Italian priesthood began to be felt in Iona. In Ireland, meanwhile, the condition of the Church was millennial; the Irish bishops had no intercourse with Rome. They consecrated each other. They rejected the worship of images and of MARY, and the infallibility of the Pope, and in their schools they insisted upon a free study of the Bible. This simple and sturdy independence kindled the wrath of Rome, and in 1156 Pope ADRIAN the Fourth sold Ireland to the Normans.

With this act began the woes of Ireland. The Normans extinguished freedom and intelligence [illegible] ure faith taught by St. PATRIC [illegible] ed by the corruption of Rom [illegible] e Second of England, stimulated by the Irish traitor DERMOT MACMORROUGH, became the hand of the papacy to smite the island. RODERIC O'CONNOR, of Connaught, the last king of Celtic Ireland, long withstood the Norman assault. He surrounded Dublin, driving the foe to extremity; but the Normans desperately sallied forth, and returned masters of the country. HENRY summoned a council of the Church of St. PATRICK at Cashel. But the bishops of Ulster and Connaught refused to attend, and the ecclesiastical supremacy of Rome was established against the protests of the PATRICK priesthood. Then a line of palisades and forts, known as the pale, was built, and the endless massacres began. HENRY persuaded Pope ALEXANDER the Third to excommunicate the Irish who still resisted the Roman see, and this led to the complete isolation of the race.

Until the beginning of the sixteenth century the Irish rejected the authority of Rome, which had desolated their island. But when HENRY the Eighth revolted from Rome, the English without the pale became Protestants, and Protestantism was thus identified with the oppression of Ireland; and when Rome bent all its force to destroy ELIZABETH, the Jesuits found the Irish eager to believe the worst of their hereditary foe within the pale, and they became the glad and terrible allies of Rome. ELIZABETH'S soldiers broke the league, and the island was almost wholly conquered. But the Jesuits persuaded their Irish followers to massacre the Protestants of Ulster, and forty thousand fell. From that moment the name of Irish Catholic became to English ears the synonym of barbarous malignity.

Then came CROMWELL, and smothered Ireland into silence in its own blood; and from his time "the English ruled over the subject island, a severe and exacting caste." The bravest Celts fled to other lands. JAMES the Second tried to maintain himself in Ireland, but he was routed by WILLIAM of Orange. The misery of the island was complete, and the vast emigration began which has transferred so many of the population to America. They have brought with them, says Mr. LAWRENCE, "an insane devotion to the Romish see." Rejecting the simple faith of St. PATRICK, the open Bible, the free school, they have too often become the tools of corrupt politicians or foreign priests. They do not bring to their adopted country what St. PATRICK brought to his, an earnest devotion to liberty, intelligence, and peaceful progress.

Are not these things worthy the attention of thoughtful Irishmen? Is there one such who is not grieved by the general result of the Irish immigration to America? We do not forget GALLATIN and EMMETT, nor any of the worthy representatives, dead or living, of the country of BURKE and of GOLDSMITH. But it is not to be denied that the Irish immigration has been one of the most perplexing and menacing elements in American development. It has been the sure reliance of the demagogue and the traitor. There have been noble and generous and admirable Irish citizens in the country, but not one of the great steps of human progress which it has taken was due to the inspiration or received the support of the Irish element of the population. Yet no other class has been so flattered, until at last the chief magistrate of the greatest of American cities tried to surrender to a mere threat of the worst part of that class the most sacred rights of Americans.

These are not pleasant things to say. But it is not by faintly echoing lies, but by telling the truth, that the unquestionable evils of the Irish immigration are to be corrected. And that correction is a work in which all honorable Irishmen should make common cause with all honorable Americans. So long as the more intelligent Irish citizens in America identify themselves with the perilous and un-American political designs of a priesthood—so long as they do not sternly frown upon the pandering of demagogues to the ignorance and passions of their countrymen—so long as they refuse their sympathy to the spirit of justice which has emancipated the slave, and which seeks an honorable equality of all citizens—so long will they be untrue to the cardinal principle of the government, and of the political society which they have chosen. The great body of Irishmen in this country are Roman Catholics. The laws of the land happily secure them the fullest religious liberty. But when intelligent Irishmen permit priests and demagogues to form political combinations for the overthrow of the fundamental guarantees of liberty of every kind, they must not be surprised if they forfeit the respect and confidence of all good citizens. And in exposing such a conspiracy with all the resources of pictorial satire, it is not the Roman Church as such, it is political ambition hiding itself under the mitre and the chasuble, which is denounced. If, as Mr. LAWRENCE holds, ecclesiastical Rome has conquered Ireland, she will not be suffered, even with the aid of her captive, to conquer America.

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A LOOK AT THE FIELD.

Two of the most positive and effective speeches lately made were those of Senator TRUMBULL and Governor PALMER in the Illinois Republican Convention. They have been represented as upon very cool terms with their party, and quite ready for any good excuse for withdrawing. They have been classed with Senators SUMNER and SCHURZ as so strongly opposed to the President as to forget the party, and the Democratic papers have been painfully polite to all the four gentlemen. That Mr. SUMNER should be any thing but a Republican, is merely a ludicrous suggestion. That the Democratic Delilah can have no hope of Mr. SCHURZ, his speeches at Chicago and Nashville plainly show. And now Mr. TRUMBULL and Governor PALMER rise and say, that if the people believe the party which tried to ruin and dishonor the government to be the right one to administer it, they will vote for the Democratic candidates; but if they think that the party which saved the government and abolished slavery, and under which liberty of every kind and all great civil rights are now secure, is the party to trust, they will vote for the Republican ticket.

This is unmistakable, and it represents the conviction of thousands of men in the country who are not ardent party men. They see that the country goes steadily forward in its career of prosperity; that angry questions are peacefully settled; that the disturbances which follow every war are dealt with as they occur; that the colossal corruption now exposed in New York is not heartily repudiated by the Democratic party. In fine, they see that the dangerous and disorganizing elements in the country are mainly within the Democratic party; and while they do not deny corruption among the Republicans, and even, in their judgment, grave errors of administration, they yet see at the head of affairs honesty, intelligence, and patriotism. They believe in the honest, patriotic executive purpose, and do not suffer impatience, or even indignation, to blind them to the probable consequences of Democratic ascendency. They criticise, censure, exhort, condemn; but it is for the purification of their own party, not for the benefit of those whom Governor PALMER, of Illinois, describes as "those misty gentlemen called Democrats."

Even in New York, where the division has not been healed, as we had hoped it would be, and as we think it should have been, at the Convention, the *Tribune* and Mr. HUTCHINGS, who is a recognized leader among those who withdrew, are careful to insist that nothing shall be done to injure the party, but that the nominations of the Convention shall be heartily supported. The character of these nominations will doubtless be maintained in those which are yet to be made. We have elsewhere expressed our opinion of the class of Republicans who sell their votes. These are the men who bring disaster to a party by showing that it ought to be beaten. These are the men whose votes bought by Tammany have made possible much of the Tammany knavery. But the objective Republican point in the nominations and elections for the Legislature should be the repeal of the Tammany charter. And as the Democratic State Convention has not denied the claim of Tammany to be the regular city organization of the party, Tammany will nominate the regular Democratic ticket in the city. If the Republicans nominate men of character and ability beyond suspicion or question, honest Democrats, who seek first of all political purification in the city, ought in reason to sustain such candidates. They can not properly refuse, upon the general ground of the great Democratic majority in the city, unless they can show that in the particular district the reform Democrats outnumber the Republicans. The Democrats have undoubtedly a majority in the city, but it is a majority which put the Tammany Ring in power. Where the reform Democrats are plainly stronger, there should be a union against the common enemy; but these Democrats must not ask to count the enemy's strength upon their side.

THE PLEDGE OF THE REPUBLICANS.

THE Republican party, by the resolutions of all its conventions of this year, is pledged to a reform of the civil service, and there are Republicans enough who are profoundly convinced of its necessity to hold the party closely to its pledge. Party platforms, indeed, are not generally considered to be very important or very decided expressions of opinion. The excellence of a political platform, like HOLMES'S "Katydid," is to say an undisputed thing in such a solemn way! It is generally intended for the rear rank, and to comprehend all reluctant folk and stragglers. The revenue planks, for instance, in all party platforms at this time are wonderful to behold. Each party is in favor of the utmost this and that which is consistent with the other—a most elastic condition. No platform trusts the future, or appeals to the heroism of its party. It is a melodious recital of what has been done, and a sonorous declamation of fine principles and purposes, but as vaguely outlined as the heroes of Ossian and the Children of the Mist. Yet, for the very reason that no platform strongly declares a disputed policy, whatever it does recommend must be assumed to be the fully matured policy of the party.

It is this which gives significance to the Republican declaration in favor of a thorough reform of the civil service. The demand comes from Wisconsin and Ohio, from Maryland and New Jersey, from Massachusetts and New York. It springs from the constant and repulsive experience of every man active in politics, and from the wise reflection of every thinker upon our society and government. At a time when party lines almost seem to be fading in a general popular rising of honesty against dishonesty, it is seen that one of the chief sources of corruption is the patronage of the civil service. And when a great party in a great State is angrily rent asunder, and its national supremacy is consequently threatened, its members see only too plainly that the bolt which rives it is this shameful system. Nor can any statesman or student consider the facts of that system without perceiving that the fraud which it engenders not only debauches elections and demoralizes legislative action, but that it fatally wounds the independence of the executive.

President GRANT is the only President who has heartily denounced this system, and urged upon Congress a reform. He has not, indeed, said, as he might truly have said, that Congress has usurped the executive function. But he knows it, and Congress knows it, and every high officer of administration knows it, and every intelligent observer knows it. Now, by the clause of the act of March 3, 1871, authorizing the President to establish rules and regulations for the greater efficiency of the service, Congress has, indeed, as the Attorney-General says in his late letter, and as Mr. DAWES said at the time in the House, granted no power which the President does not already possess; but it did suggest to him to resume the power which Congress has perverted and absorbed. The situation, then, is simply this: a Republican President urges the reform; a Republican Congress authorizes him to proceed in it; and the Republican party, in its various State conventions, calls upon him to do the work thoroughly. Yet, whatever the President may do, it is very possible that no reform can be made truly thorough without the aid of Congress. It is, therefore, of the utmost importance that every Republican member to be hereafter elected shall be sound upon this point. There is none more indispensable. The National Convention will, of course, demand the reform; and then let fidelity to it be a cardinal test of Republicanism, and let every candidate be held fast to the test.

But, meanwhile, whatever is done must be done by the President, and he has the authority of the party to do it adequately. The Republicans of Maryland and New Jersey, who, although their States are not certainly Republican, yet share in the national patronage, demand that not only shall honest and competent persons be appointed to office, but that they shall be removed only for cause. Indeed, there is no reform of the service, however radical, which can be effected by rules and regulations, that Congress and the party have not authorized. No honest Republican, therefore, can complain, upon the common party ground, if the President should decide to change substantially both the methods of admission to the civil service and of removal from it. And should he make such a change as reason and experience and the situation of the country dictate, he would associate his name as honorably with a peaceful victory over corruption as it is already blended with the military suppression of rebellion.

PERSONAL.

MR. E. PESHINE SMITH, who has just been appointed legal adviser of the Japanese government, is one of those men who by sheer force of ability are put in places requiring rare powers of mind, sound judgment, and good executive talent. A more modest man than E. PESHINE SMITH could not be found in the public service. His professional career at the bar commenced at Rochester. Subsequently he removed to Buffalo, and assumed the editorship of the *Daily Commercial Advertiser*. Afterward he was appointed reporter of the Court of Appeals. Mr. SEWARD, who possessed in a high degree the faculty of finding out good men for subordinates, had long known Mr. SMITH, and promptly invited him to the State Department as an assistant in legal matters, and in that position he has remained to the present time. He is alert in mind and body, always at work, bright, ready, and affable, and the very man for the honorable place to which he has been appointed.

—There is a small vein of waggery running in ex-President FILLMORE. Recently he was invited to deliver an address before a Western agricultural society, but declined for the following reason: "I once," said he, "knew something of agriculture, but I was inveigled not long since into reading a series of essays on farming, published in New York, and now I know no more about it than FERNANDO WOOD or Governor HOFFMAN."

—So far as it regards Mr. WILLIAM INK, of New Hampshire, who is now 103 years old, Mr. WATTERSON, the editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, says that if his parents had even dreamed that he was going to be so hard to rub out, they would doubtless have named him Indelible.

—Bishop SELWYN, who comes over from England on a fraternal, and, in some sort, a semi-official, visit to the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, now in session in Baltimore, is the ninety-first Bishop of Lichfield. He is sixty-two years of age, and enjoys great popularity among the clergy and laity of England. He was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, and rowed in the first boat-race against Oxford. He was consecrated Bishop of New Zealand at the age of thirty-two, and was translated to the see of Lichfield in 1867. The value of the see is about $22,500 per annum. The Episcopalians are making much of his lordship, as one "worthy and well qualified, and who has wrought faithfully in the preceding degrees."

—Hon. JEREMIAH S. BLACK, the first Attorney-General and last Secretary of State under President BUCHANAN, comes out in the York (Pennsylvania) *Gazette* in a strong editorial denouncing the operations of the New York "Ring."

—Dr. GARDNER, medical officer of Glasgow, a city containing five hundred thousand inhabitants, says that the population is divided into about one hundred thousand households, which include the members of the family and the lodgers they may take. Nearly one-third of these households occupy a single room—a state of things not conducive to decency and morality. Glasgow is a very productive city, the birth rate being 40, while in Liverpool it is 38, and in London 33.

—M. THIERS has recently experienced a great relief in a sad loss—the death of his maiden sister at Coburg at the age of seventy-two. She never happened to agree with her brother about matters and things, and therefore their relations were any thing but pleasant, although for many years she had been living on a small pension granted by M. THIERS. He had another sister, Madame PERSIN, who used to express for the distinguished statesman terms of the most distant respect. When she died, some years since, THIERS *bonmots* ran all over Paris. To some one who thought to console him for the loss, he replied, "Sometimes a family gains by a family loss." Madame PERSIN hated insecurity; and when THIERS was at the height of his power as minister of LOUIS PHILIPPE, she set up a *table d'hôte* in the Passage Sandrier, with a floating banner outside the window, on which was inscribed, "Pension Bourgeoise, tenue par Madame PERSIN, sœur de M. THIERS." She did this merely because her brother refused her a large sum of money with which to go into business. The banner was soon gracefully furled by the courtesy of the police.

—Mr. N. L. JEFFRIES succeeds Mr. JAMES E. HARVEY as editor of the Washington *Patriot*. He is a gentleman of ability and culture, and during the administration of President JOHNSON filled the office of Register of the Treasury.

—The gentlemen of the press seem to be assuming more and more, on the platform and in the political arena, that rank to which their abilities and position entitle them. In the Twenty-sixth Senatorial District, formerly represented by Judge FOLGER, the Republicans have put in nomination S. C. CLEVELAND, Esq., editor of the *Yates County Chronicle*, Penn Yan. The district being Republican by from 1500 to 2000 majority, his election is a matter of course. In the Democratic State Convention just held at Rochester, two of the most influential members are from the profession—JOSEPH WARREN, of the Buffalo *Courier*, and WILLIAM CASSIDY, of the Albany *Argus*. Both gentlemen are, and for several years have been, members of the State Committee, and are a power in the affairs of the party. In Boston the lecture season was opened on the 3d instant by Governor HAWLEY, of Hartford, Connecticut, one of the ablest and most trenchant writers of that State. A column might be filled with the names of editorial gentlemen who are to appear in public in some way during the autumn and winter.

—Among the notable events of recent occurrence in Europe, it may be mentioned that the King of Greece (second son of the King of Denmark, and brother of the Princess of Wales) has gone to Russia, where he proposes to remain until next summer. He is only twenty-six, and is not remarkable for any thing. His wife, however (Princess OLGA, daughter of the Grand Duke CONSTANTINE), has youth (she is but twenty), beauty, tact, and talent, is much beloved by the people, and will probably manage matters better with husband absent than present. There are several kings and emperors at present out of the business, and his Majesty of Greece might be added to the number without seriously afflicting the people.

—Secretary BOUTWELL is understood to have directed that the corner-stone of the new post-office in this city shall be laid by the Masonic fraternity.

—The new Grand Vizier of Turkey, MAHMOUD PASHA, is a protégé of the late Grand Vizier, and has won distinction in the public service of his country. He is about sixty years of age, speaks no foreign language, and has never traveled in Europe. Personally he is a great favorite with the Sultan, the daughter of whose brother-in-law is his wife. He is said to have the calm and penetrating mind of ALI PASHA, and is not biased by any preference either in social or religious matters. Being well acquainted both with European institutions and with the defects of those of his own country, he desires to remedy these defects by introducing such reforms on the European model as would be compatible with Eastern custom; but he is strongly opposed to any violent change in this direction, which he thinks would cause such an agitation in the various nationalities as to lead to a civil war, and the consequent disruption of the empire. He looks upon a reform of the judicial administration as the most pressing of all, and as the proper basis of any future reforms which it might be thought necessary to introduce; and he will probably urge these views in the Ministerial Council, where he now has a vote. Being very popular both among his own countrymen and the members of the corps diplomatique, he possesses great influence at the Turkish court.

—An American—Mr. HARRIS FOSLER—is said to have offered, at his own expense, to rebuild the Tuileries. The architect's estimates are about $1,550,000.

—Colonel FORNEY, in his latest chapter of pleasant "Anecdotes of Public Men," gives the following sketch of one of Philadelphia's most eminent surgeons, Dr. GEORGE M'CLELLAN, father of General GEORGE B. M'CLELLAN: "Dr. M'CLELLAN was one of the most devoted of Whigs, and one of HENRY CLAY'S sincerest friends. His lectures at our great Philadelphia Medical College, in which he was an eminent professor, were models of terse statement and lucid analysis. His influence in society was large and commanding. Shortly after the defeat of Mr. CLAY, in 1844, I was the guest of my friend Hon. MORTON M'MICHAEL, the present editor of the Philadelphia *North American*, who then resided in Filbert Street, near Broad, in that city. Like Dr. M'CLELLAN, he had fervently supported the Kentucky statesman. At that time I was the editor of the Democratic organ at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, and bore a very near relation to JAMES BUCHANAN. Politics had never interfered with my intimacy with Mr. M'MICHAEL, which, beginning when we were both very young, has continued without pause to this hour. One day, after dinner, there was a quick, sharp ring at the door-bell, when my host said, with a laugh, 'Look out! there is Dr. M'CLELLAN;' and with that the distinguished surgeon came bustling in. The defeat of Mr. CLAY was still keenly felt by the Whigs, though my generous and genial friend M'MICHAEL did not allow his hospitality to be less because I had opposed him. But Dr. M'CLELLAN could not restrain his feelings. He held BUCHANAN responsible for the vote of Pennsylvania, and, though most courteous to me, did not spare the Wheatland leader. We soon got over our little difference, however, and closed the controversy in a glass of wine. The doctor possessed rare traits. Abounding in anecdote and information, he was an unrivaled wit and conversationalist. His son, Dr. J. H. B. M'CLELLAN, and his grandson, young Dr. GEORGE, both in fine practice in Philadelphia, have inherited his high professional skill, and in a considerable degree his lively and vivacious nature."

—Mr. JUSTIN M'CARTHY writes from England to our sprightly contemporary, the *Evening Mail*, that Queen VICTORIA "is liable to sudden and severe attacks of nervous excitability, which often render it impossible for her to receive visitors or to appear in public. The slightest noise, such as a tap at the door, if suddenly made, will sometimes so shatter her Majesty's nerves as to render her for a while incapable of attending to any affairs, or even carrying on any conversation. This nervous condition it is which causes sinister and alarming rumors to float about in society foreshadowing the possibility of the sovereign's total seclusion from official life. Perhaps there is no present danger of any fatal termination to the malady from which the Queen suffers, and that thus far the reassuring paragraphs are right enough, but there are other possibilities which people fear and don't talk much about." Mr. M'CARTHY says "there is not much warm popular national attachment to the Queen. The vast majority of the people have no more of the old-fashioned sentiment of loyalty in them than the people of New York city." But she is universally believed to be a good woman, and there is no wish for a termination of her reign and the succession of her son.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE September statement of the public debt shows a reduction of $13,458,620 51 during that month.

A Jewish congregation is forming in Chicago who will observe the first day of the week as their Sabbath, instead of Saturday.

The official returns show that the vote just cast in California was the largest ever polled in the State. It is very nearly 130,000. The largest vote before this was for President, in 1860, when 118,840 were polled.

The mackerel fishery has been a total failure this season.

Acting on the advice of friends, Mr. J. H. Keyser, whose plumbing bills for the new Court-house and other county buildings for two years amounted to over $2,000,000, has assigned $600,000 to Mr. Jackson S. Schultz, in trust, to await the investigation of the charges against him. He denies their truth, and asserts that his signature to many of the vouchers was forged.

The Committee on Uniformity in the Usages of Public Worship, appointed by the Triennial Episcopal Convention at New York in 1868, have reported to the Convention now in session at Baltimore in favor of instituting a canon of a decidedly Low-Church character.

Terrible fires are raging in Wisconsin, destroying lives and property. At the village of Pensaukle thirty people were burned to death.

Chicago was visited on Saturday night, October 7, by a destructive fire, which swept away several entire blocks of buildings.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE agent of the British claims has issued a notice requesting claimants, subjects of Great Britain, to send in their statements.

Victor Hugo recently wrote a letter to President Thiers, appealing earnestly for executive clemency in the case of M. Henri Rochefort. M. Thiers, in his reply, said that the Pardons Commission alone could modify the sentence of the military tribunal. The latest intelligence is, his sentence has been commuted from imprisonment for life to banishment from French territory.

Fifty thousand emigrants sailed from Liverpool during the last three months.

A manifesto from the ex-Emperor Napoleon on the subject of the French political situation is about to be issued.

Professors in the University of Rome will hereafter be required to take the oath of allegiance to Italy, or discontinue their functions. Twenty professors refuse to take the oath.

The province of Khorassan, in Persia, which has suffered from famine, has been invaded by the Afghans, and 40,000 people taken away into slavery.

A meeting of Protestants in session at Darmstadt, Germany, has adopted resolutions that it is the interest of Germany to oppose the doctrine of infallibility as inimical to the sovereign of the state, and to suppress the Jesuits.

The Japanese government has abolished the order of the Daimios, reducing them to the level of the common people, and confiscating their territorial possessions.

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THE NEW YORK SEAMEN'S EXCHANGE.

IT is from our commercial marine, and from those hardy sailors engaged in our fisheries, that our navy is supplied with its best materials. Every movement, therefore, which tends to the moral and mental elevation of sailors is of national importance, and claims the sympathy of all good citizens.

In our American metropolis an organized and well-conducted movement has resulted in the "New York Seamen's Association," of which Captain C. C. DUNCAN is president, Mr. ELWOOD WALTER, vice-president; Mr. MOSES S. BEACH, treasurer; and the Rev. S. H. HALL, secretary. This association has been organized under a charter granted by the State Legislature. The mission of this organization is thus explained in its published prospectus:

The objects of this association shall be the moral, mental, and social improvement of seamen, to elevate their character and efficiency as a class, and to protect them from impositions and abuses at home and abroad.

To build up such an organization of respectable seamen as will command the respect of the community, enable ship-owners to protect themselves from the imposition of worthless and disorderly characters claiming to be seamen, but disgracing the name, and secure for their vessels reliable and efficient crews; while at the same time the seaman will be enabled to select good ships and good officers, and thus secure good treatment.

To accomplish these objects the following means are proposed:

To provide an exchange, reading-room, library, and savings-bank which shall be open to all seamen on the payment of a small annual subscription.

To issue certificates of membership, and of character and capacity.

To assert and maintain perfect liberty in the selection of boarding-houses, shipping-offices, and voyages.

To refuse to pay or to receive "bonus-money" for ships, or "blood-money" for men, by which custom both ship-owners and seamen are sufferers.

To supply vessels with crews without the intervention of any shipping-master should it become necessary.

To discourage the system of advanced wages as the source of many evils and but few benefits.

To keep a record of the name, age, character, and capacity, so far as can be ascertained, of every member of this association; also of the vessels in port, their class, owners or agents, and the voyages on which they are bound.

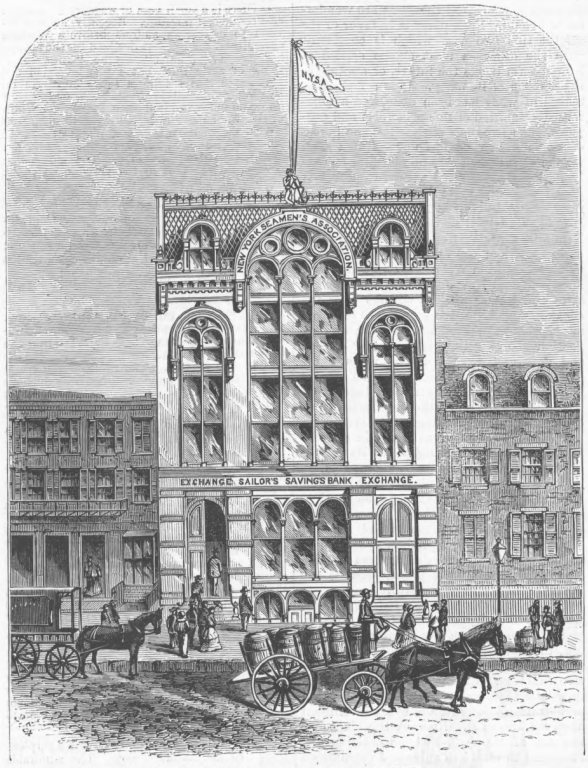
To establish means by which seamen can receive afternoon and evening lessons in the common English branches and navigation.

To encourage and assist every sailor in his efforts to improve his character and to save his hard-earned money for the benefit of himself and his family, and on all suitable occasions to give him such advice and information as his circumstances may seem to require.

It is proposed that a building suitable for the uses of the association, and one which shall at the same time prove attractive to those for whose benefit it is intended and an ornament to the city, shall be erected without unnecessary delay.

The cost of such a building is estimated at about $100,000, and the arrangements of the institution are intended to be such as will afford the means for defraying the current expenses of the association, thereby making it self-sustaining.

It is believed that such an object and such a plan need only to be known to meet with all the encouragement and assistance which it is proposed to ask at the hands of a generous public.



NEW YORK SEAMEN'S EXCHANGE BUILDING.

The building referred to, and of which we give an illustration on this page, is the New York Seamen's Exchange, fronting on Water and Cherry streets. The plans for this edifice include an exchange for the transaction of business in the interests of seamen, with library and reading-rooms and school-rooms; also offices for an intelligence bureau and a savings-bank, besides a hall capable of accommodating one thousand persons for religious services, temperance meetings, lectures, concerts, etc.—the whole to be for the four thousand sailors constantly in port what the Christian Association rooms are for the young men of our cities, an attractive and popular place of resort. It is contemplated that the Sunday evening services will be conducted by volunteers from the best of New York and Brooklyn clergymen. Mr. HOOK, of Boston, is now building the organ for this hall. The savings-bank is on the Cherry Street front, and was chartered by the State Legislature last winter. The size of the building is 121 by 51 feet; there will be four stories and a basement.

Of the $100,000 which it is estimated will be the expense of the edifice, two-thirds are already secured, and the balance, it is believed, will be found as needed.

An appropriate supplement to our illustration of the Exchange building is the effective and characteristic picture on the same page, drawn by SOL EYTINGE, JUN. It is hardly necessary to explain to our readers that by "shanghaiing sailors" is meant the nefarious habit now and hitherto so prevalent of kidnapping sailors and taking them off while drunk to ships just about to sail. Mr. EYTINGE's picture shows the necessity for the existence of such an organization as the Seamen's Association.

THE SMITHFIELD MARTYRS' MEMORIAL CHURCH.

THE Smithfield Martyrs' Memorial Church, in St. John Street, Clerkenwell, London, of which we give an illustration on page 981, is one of the handsomest structures of the kind in that metropolis, and in many particulars unique. The style of architecture is early Gothic, and the designs are by Mr. BLACKBURNE, F.S.A. Seventeen statues of the principal martyrs have been placed on the outside, together with five bass-reliefs of scenes of martyrdom, and medallions of TYNDAL, WYCLIFFE, and others; and round the walls of the inside of the building are richly ornamented scrolls, in which are recorded the names, accusations, dates of death, and dying words of the sixty-six persons who were burned at Smithfield. The new district to which the church is assigned has been taken from St. James's, Clerkenwell, and contains a population of about eight thousand, many of whom are of the very poorest. Hitherto Clerkenwell has contained only one church for a population of more than twenty-five thousand. The new church will afford accommodation for one thousand persons, half the seats to be free. The vicar-designate is the Rev. B. OSWALD SHARP.

Smithfield, which is now in the heart of London, was once a favorite walk of the London citizens outside of the city walls. It may well be called the Place of Martyrs. The first martyr burned here was WILLIAM SAUTRE, in the reign of HENRY IV., 1401–2; the last was BARTHOLOMEW LEGAT, March 11, 1612. The site of the stake was discovered, in 1849, opposite the patients' entrance to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, near Duke Street. Here, in the reign of MARY (1553–58), two hundred and seventy-seven persons were burned to death. Boiling to death was sometimes inflicted in this place. Here Sir WILLIAM WALLACE was executed on the evening of St. Bartholomew's Day, 1305. Here, in 1381, WAT TYLER was met by King RICHARD II., and was stabbed by Sir W. WALWORTH, the Mayor. JACK CADE assembled his fellow-rebels here in 1450. Royal jousts were

SHANGHAIING SAILORS.—[DRAWN BY SOL EYTINGE, JUN.]

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THE SMITHFIELD MARTYRS' MEMORIAL CHURCH, ST. JOHN STREET, CLERKENWELL, LONDON.

held in this place by EDWARD III., and these sports were continued by RICHARD II. and HENRY IV.; and here Bartholomew Fair was held down to 1853.

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POOR MISS FINCH.

A Domestic Story.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," "Man and Wife," etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SECOND.

THE TWIN BROTHER'S LETTER.

LITTLE thinking what a storm he had raised, poor innocent Oscar—paternally escorted by the rector—followed us into the house, with his open letter in his hand.

Judging by certain signs visible in my reverend friend, I concluded that the announcement of Nugent Dubourg's coming visit to Dimchurch—regarded by the rest of us as heralding the appearance of a twin brother—was regarded by Mr. Finch as promising the arrival of a twin fortune. Oscar and Nugent shared the comfortable paternal inheritance. Finch smelled money.

"Compose yourself," I whispered to Lucilla as the two gentlemen followed us into the sitting-room. "Your jealousy of his brother is childish jealousy. There is room enough in his heart for his brother as well as for you."

She only repeated obstinately, with a vicious pinch on my arm, "I hate his brother!"

"Come and sit down by me," said Oscar, approaching her on the other side. "I want to run over Nugent's letter. It's so interesting! There is a message in it to you." Too deeply absorbed in his subject to notice the sullen submission with which she listened to him, he placed her on a chair, and began reading. "The first lines," he explained, "relate to Nugent's return to England, and to his delightful idea of coming to stay with me at Browndown. Then he goes on: 'I found all your letters waiting for me on my return to New York. Need I tell you, my dearest brother——'"

Lucilla stopped him at those words by rising abruptly from her seat.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

"I don't like this chair!"

Oscar got her another—an easy-chair this time—and returned to the letter.

"'Need I tell you, my dearest brother, how deeply you have interested me by the announcement of your contemplated marriage? Your happiness is my happiness. I feel with you; I congratulate you; I long to see my future sister-in-law—'"

Lucilla got up again. Oscar, in astonishment, asked what was wrong now.

"I am not comfortable at this end of the room."

She walked to the other end of the room. Patient Oscar walked after her, with his precious letter in his hand. He offered her a third chair. She petulantly declined to take it, and selected another chair for herself. Oscar returned to the letter:

"'How melancholy, and yet how interesting it is, to hear that she is blind! My sketches of American scenery happened to be lying about in the room when I read your letter. The first thought that came to me on hearing of Miss Finch's affliction was suggested by my sketches. I said to myself, "Sad! sad! my sister-in-law will never see my Works." The true artist, Oscar, is always thinking of his Works. I shall bring back, let me tell you, some very remarkable studies for future pictures. They will not be so numerous, perhaps, as you may expect. I prefer to trust to my intellectual perception of beauty rather than to mere laborious transcripts from Nature. In certain moods of mine (speaking as an artist) Nature puts me out.'" There Oscar paused, and appealed to me. "What writing!—eh? I always told you, Madame Pratolungo, that Nugent was a genius. You see it now! Don't get up, Lucilla. I am going on. There is a message to you in this part of the letter. So neatly expressed!"

Lucilla persisted in getting up; the announcement of the neatly expressed message to be read next produced no effect on her. She walked to the window, and trifled impatiently with the flowers placed in it. Oscar looked in mild astonishment, first at me, then at the rector. Reverend Finch—listening thus far with the complimentary attention due to the correspondence of one young man of fortune with another young man of fortune—interfered in Oscar's interests to secure him a patient hearing.

"My dear Lucilla, endeavor to control your restlessness. You interfere with our enjoyment of this interesting letter. I could wish to see fewer changes of place, my child, and a more undivided attention to what Oscar is reading to you."

"I am not interested in what he is reading to me." In the nervous irritation which produced this ungracious answer she overthrew one of the flower-pots. Oscar set it up again for her with undiminished good temper.

"Not interested!" he exclaimed. "Wait a little. You haven't heard Nugent's message yet. Listen to this! 'Present my best and kindest regards to the future Mrs. Oscar' (dear fellow!), 'and say that she has given me a new interest in hastening my return to England.' There! Isn't that prettily put? Come, Lucilla! own that Nugent is worth listening to when he writes about *you!*"

She turned toward him for the first time. The charm of the tone in which he spoke those words subdued her in spite of herself.

"I am much obliged to your brother," she answered, gently, "and very much ashamed of myself for what I said just now." She stole her hand into his, and whispered, "You are so fond of Nugent, I begin to be almost afraid there will be no love left for me."

Oscar was enchanted. "Wait till you see him, and you will be as fond of him as I am," he said. "Nugent is not like me. He fascinates people the moment they come in contact with him. Nobody can resist Nugent."

She still held his hand, with a perplexed and saddened face. The admirable absence of any jealousy on his side—his large and generous confidence in *her* love for *him*—was just the rebuke to her that she could feel; just the rebuke also (in my opinion) that she had deserved.

"Go on, Oscar," said the rector, in his deepest notes of encouragement. "What next, dear boy? what next?"

"Another interesting bit, of quite a new kind," Oscar replied. "There is a little mystery to stir us up on the last page of the letter. Nugent says: 'I have become acquainted (here, in New York) with a very remarkable man, a German who has made a great deal of money in the United States. He proposes visiting England early in the present year; and he will write and let me know when he has arrived. I shall feel particular pleasure in presenting him to you and your future wife. It is quite possible that you may have special reason to congratulate yourselves on making his acquaintance. For the present no more of my new friend until we meet at Browndown.'—'Special reason to congratulate ourselves on making his acquaintance!'" repeated Oscar, folding up the letter. "Nugent never writes in that way without a reason for it. Who can the German gentleman be?"

Mr. Finch suddenly lifted his head, and looked at Oscar with a certain appearance of alarm.

"Your brother mentions that he has made his fortune in America," said the reverend gentleman. "I hope he is not connected with the money market! He might infect Mr. Nugent with the spirit of reckless speculation which is, so to speak, the national sin of the United States. Your brother, having no doubt the same generous disposition as yours—"

"A far finer disposition than mine, Mr. Finch," interposed Oscar.

"Possessed, like you, of the gifts of fortune," proceeded the rector, with mounting enthusiasm.

"Once possessed of them," said Oscar. "Far from being overburdened with the gifts of fortune now!"

"What!!!" cried Mr Finch, with a start of consternation.

"Nugent has run through his fortune," proceeded Oscar, quite composedly. "I lent him the money to go to America. My brother is a genius, Mr. Finch. When did you ever hear of a genius who could keep within limits? Nugent is not content to live in my humble way. He has the tastes of a prince—money is nothing to him. It doesn't matter. He will make a new fortune out of his pictures; and, in the mean time, you know, I can always lend him something to go on with."

Mr. Finch rose from his seat with the air of a man whose just anticipations have not been realized—whose innocent confidence has been scandalously betrayed. Here was a prospect! Another person in perpetual want of money going to settle under the shadow of the rectory! Another man likely to borrow of Oscar—and that man his brother!

"I fail to take your light view of your brother's extravagance," said the rector, addressing Oscar with his loftiest severity of manner, at the door. "I deplore and reprehend Mr. Nugent's misuse of the bounty bestowed on him by an all-wise Providence. You will do well to consider before you encourage your brother's extravagance by lending him money. What does the great poet of humanity say of lenders? The Bard of Avon tells us that 'loan oft loses both itself and friend.' Lay that noble line to heart, Oscar! Lucilla, be on your guard against that restlessness which I have already had occasion to reprove. I find I must leave you, Madame Pratolungo. I had forgotten my parish duties. My parish duties are waiting for me. Good-day! good-day!"

He looked round on us all three, in turn, with a very sour face, and walked out. "Surely," I thought to myself, "this brother of Oscar's is not beginning well! First the daughter takes offense at him, and now the father follows her example. Even on the other side of the Atlantic, Mr. Nugent Dubourg exercises a malignant influence, and disturbs the family tranquillity before he has shown his nose in the house!"

Nothing more that is worth recording happened on that day. We had a very dull evening. Lucilla was out of spirits. As for me, I had not yet had time to accustom myself to the shocking spectacle of Oscar's discolored face. I was serious and silent. You would never have guessed me to be a Frenchwoman, if you had seen me for the first time on the occasion of my return to the rectory.

The next day a small domestic event happened which must be chronicled in this place.

Our Dimchurch doctor, always dissatisfied with his position in an obscure country place, had obtained an appointment in India which offered great professional advantages to an ambitious man. He called to take leave of us on his departure. I found an opportunity of speaking to him about Oscar. He entirely agreed with me that the attempt to keep the change produced in his former patient by the Nitrate of Silver from Lucilla's knowledge was simply absurd. It would come to her ears, he said, before many days were over our heads. With that prediction, addressed to my private ear, he left us. The removal of him from the scene was, you will please to bear in mind, the removal of an important local witness to the medical treatment of Oscar, and was, as such, an incident with a bearing of

"WHY DO YOU CALL OSCAR 'THE BLUE MAN?'"

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its own on the future, which claims a place for it in the present narrative.

Two more days passed, and nothing happened. On the morning of the third day the doctor's prophecy was all but fulfilled through the medium of the wandering Arab of the family, our funny little Jicks.

While Lucilla and I were strolling about the garden with Oscar, the child suddenly darted out on us from behind a tree, and, seizing Oscar round the legs, hailed him affectionately at the top of her voice as "The Blue Man!" Lucilla instantly stopped, and said, "Who do you call 'The Blue Man?'" Jicks answered, boldly, "Oscar." Lucilla caught the child up in her arms. "Why do you call Oscar 'The Blue Man?'" she asked. Jicks pointed to Oscar's face, and then, remembering Lucilla's blindness, appealed to me. "You tell her," said Jicks, in high glee. Oscar seized my hand, and looked at me imploringly. I determined not to interfere. It was bad enough to remain passive, and to let her be kept in the dark. Actively, I was resolved to take no part in deceiving her. Her color rose; she put Jicks down on the ground. "Are you both dumb?" she asked. "Oscar, I insist on knowing it—how have you got the nickname of 'The Blue Man?'" Left helpless, Oscar (to my disgust) took refuge in a lie—and, worse still, a clumsy lie. He declared that he had got his nickname in the nursery, at the time of Lucilla's absence in London, by one day painting his face in the character of Blue-beard to amuse the children! If Lucilla had felt the faintest suspicion of the truth, blind as she was, she must now have discovered it. As things were, Oscar annoyed and irritated her. I could see that it cost her a struggle to suppress something like a feeling of contempt for him. "Amuse the children, the next time, in some other way," she said. "Though I can't see you, still I don't like to hear of your disfiguring your face by painting it blue." With that answer she walked away a little by herself, evidently disappointed in her betrothed husband for the first time in her experience of him.

He cast another imploring look at me. "Did you hear what she said about my face?" he whispered.

"You have lost an excellent opportunity of speaking out," I answered. "I believe you will bitterly regret the folly and the cruelty of deceiving her."

He shook his head, with the immovable obstinacy of a weak man.

"Nugent doesn't think as you do," he said, handing me the letter. "Read that bit there—now Lucilla is out of hearing."

The paragraph to which he pointed only contained these lines: "Your last letter relieves my anxiety about your health. I entirely agree with you that any personal sacrifice which cures you of those horrible attacks is a sacrifice wisely made. As to your keeping the change a secret from the young lady, I can only say that I suppose you know best how to act in this emergency. I will abstain from forming any opinion of my own until we meet."

I handed Oscar back the letter.

"There is no very warm approval there of the course you are taking," I said. "The only difference between your brother and me is that he suspends his opinion, and that I express mine."

"I have no fear of my brother," Oscar answered. "Nugent will feel for me and understand me when he comes to Browndown. In the mean time this shall not happen again."

He stooped over Jicks. The child, while we were talking, had laid herself down luxuriously on the grass, and was singing to herself little snatches of a nursery song. Oscar pulled her up on her legs rather roughly. He was out of temper with her, as well as with himself.

"What are you going to do?" I asked.

"I am going to see Mr. Finch," he answered, "and to have Jicks kept for the future out of Lucilla's garden."

"Does Mr. Finch approve of your silence?"

"Mr. Finch, Madame Pratolungo, leaves me to decide on a matter which concerns nobody but Lucilla and myself."

After that reply there was an end of all further remonstrance from me, as a matter of course. Oscar walked off with his prisoner to the house. Jicks trotted along by his side, unconscious of the mischief she had done, singing another verse of the nursery song. I rejoined Lucilla, with my mind made up as to the line of conduct I should adopt in the future. If Oscar did succeed in keeping the truth concealed from her, I was positively resolved, come what might of it, to enlighten her, before they were married, with my own lips. What! after pledging myself to keep the secret? Yes. Perish the promise that makes me false to a person whom I love! I despise such promises from the bottom of my heart.

Two more days slipped by—and then a telegram found its way to Browndown. Oscar came running to us, at the rectory, with his news. Nugent had landed at Liverpool. Oscar was to expect him at Dimchurch on the next day.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-THIRD.

HE SETS US ALL RIGHT.

I HAVE thus far quite inadvertently omitted to mention one of the prominent virtues of Reverend Finch. He was an accomplished master of that particular form of human persecution which is called reading aloud; and he inflicted his accomplishment on his family circle at every available opportunity. Of what we suffered on these occasions I shall say nothing. Let it be enough to mention that the rector thoroughly enjoyed the pleasure of hearing his own magnificent voice.

There was no escaping Mr. Finch when the rage for "reading" seized on him. Now on one pretense, and now on another, he descended on us unfortunate women, book in hand, seated us at one end of the room, placed himself at the other, opened his dreadful mouth, and fired words at us, like shots at a target, by the hour together. Sometimes he gave us poetical readings from Shakspeare or Milton; and sometimes Parliamentary speeches by Burke or Sheridan. Read what he might, he made such a noise and such a fuss over it—he put his own individuality so prominently in the foremost place, and he kept the poets or the orators whom he was supposed to be interpreting so far in the background—that they lost every trace of character of their own, and became one and all perfectly intolerable reflections of Mr. Finch. I date my first unhappy doubts of the supreme excellence of Shakspeare's poetry from the rector's readings; and I attribute to the same exasperating cause my implacable hostility (on every question of the time) to the policy of Mr. Burke.

On the evening when Nugent Dubourg was expected at Browndown—and when we particularly wanted to be left alone to dress ourselves, and to gossip by anticipation about the expected visitor—Mr. Finch was seized with one of his periodical rages for firing off words at his family after tea. He selected "Hamlet" as the medium for exhibiting his voice on this occasion; and he declared, as the principle motive for taking his elocutionary exercise, that the object he especially had in view was the benefit of poor Me.

"My good creature, I accidentally heard you reading to Lucilla the other day. It was very nice, as far as it went—very nice indeed. But you will allow me—as a person, Madame Pratolungo, possessing considerable practice in the art of reading aloud—to observe that you might be benefited by a hint or two. I will give you a few ideas. (Mrs. Finch! I propose giving Madame Pratolungo a few ideas.) Pay particular attention, if you please, to the Pauses, and to the management of the Voice at the end of the lines. Lucilla, my child, you are interested in this. The perfecting of Madame Pratolungo is a matter of considerable importance to *you*. Don't go away."

Lucilla and I happened, on that evening, to be guests at the rectory table. It was one of the regular occasions on which we left our own side of the house, and joined the family at (what Mr. Finch called) "the pastor's evening meal." He had got his wife; he had got his eldest daughter; he had got your humble servant. A horrid smile of enjoyment overspread the reverend gentleman's face as he surveyed us from the opposite end of the room, and opened his vocal fire on his audience of three.

"'Hamlet:' Act the First; Scene the First. Elsinore. A Platform before the Castle. Francisco on his post" (Mr. Finch). "Enter to him Bernardo" (Mr. Finch). "Who's there?" "Nay, answer me: stand, and unfold yourself." (Mrs. Finch unfolds herself—she suckles the baby, and tries to look as if she was having an intellectual treat.) Francisco and Bernardo converse in bass—Boom-boom-boom. "Enter Horatio and Marcellus" (Mr. Finch and Mr. Finch). "Stand, ho! Who is there?" "Friends to this ground." "And liegemen to the Dane." (Madame Pratolungo begins to feel the elocutionary exposition of Shakspeare, where she always feels it, in her legs. She tries to sit still on her chair. Useless! She is suffering under the malady known to her by bitter experience of Mr. Finch, as the Hamlet-Fidgets.) Bernardo and Francisco, Horatio and Marcellus, converse—Boom-boom-boom. "Enter Ghost of Hamlet's Father." Mr. Finch makes an awful pause. In the supernatural silence we can hear the baby sucking. Mrs. Finch enjoys her intellectual treat. Madame Pratolungo fidgets. Lucilla catches the infection, and fidgets too. Marcellus-Finch goes on. "Thou art a scholar, speak to it, Horatio." Bernardo-Finch backs him: "Looks it not like the King? Mark it, Horatio." Lucilla-Finch inserts herself in the dialogue: "Papa, I am very sorry; I have had a nervous headache all day; please excuse me if I take a turn in the garden." The rector makes another awful pause, and glares at his daughter. (Exit Lucilla.) Horatio looks at the Ghost, and takes up the dialogue: "Most like; it harrows me"—Boom-boom-boom. The baby is satiated. Mrs. Finch wants her handkerchief. Madame Pratolungo seizes the opportunity of moving her distracted legs, and finds the handkerchief. Mr. Finch pauses—glares—goes on again—reaches the second scene. "Enter the King, Queen, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, Voltimand, Cornelius, and Lords Attendant." All Mr. Finch! Oh, my legs! my legs! all Mr. Finch, and Boom-boom-boom. Third scene. "Enter Laertes and Ophelia." (Both Rectors of Dimchurch; both with deep bass voices; both about five feet high, pitted with the small-pox, and adorned round the neck with dingy white cravats.) Mr. Finch goes on and on and on. Mrs. Finch and the baby simultaneously close their eyes in slumber. Madame Pratolungo suffers such tortures of restlessness in her lower limbs that she longs for a skilled surgeon to take out his knife and deliver her from her own legs. Mr. Finch advances in deeper and deeper bass, in keener and keener enjoyment, to the Fourth Scene. ("Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.") Mercy! what do I hear? Is relief approaching to us from the world outside? Are there footsteps in the hall? Yes! Mrs. Finch opens her eyes; Mrs. Finch hears the footsteps, and rejoices in them as I do. Reverend Hamlet hears nothing but his own voice. He begins the scene: "The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold." The door opens. The rector feels a gust of air, dramatically appropriate, just at the right moment. He looks round. If it is a servant, let that domestic person tremble! No—not a servant. Guests—heavens be praised, guests. Welcome, gentlemen—welcome! No more Hamlet to-night, thanks to You. Enter two Characters who must be instantly attended to—Mr. Oscar Dubourg, introducing his twin brother from America, Mr. Nugent Dubourg.

Astonishment at the extraordinary resemblance between them was the one impression felt by all three of us as the brothers entered the room.

Exactly alike in their height, in their walk, in their features, and in their voices. Both with the same colored hair and the same beardless faces. Oscar's smile exactly reflected on Nugent's lips. Oscar's odd little semi-foreign tricks of gesticulation with his hands, exactly reproduced in the hands of Nugent. And, to crown it all, there was the complexion which Oscar had lost forever (just a shade darker perhaps) found again on Nugent's cheeks! The one difference which made it possible to distinguish between them, at the moment when they first appeared together in the room, was also the one difference which Lucilla was physically incapable of detecting—the terrible contrast of color between the brother who bore the blue disfigurement of the drug, and the brother who was left as Nature had made him.

"Delighted to make your acquaintance, Mrs. Finch. I have long wished for this pleasure. Thank you, Mr. Finch, for all your kindness to my brother. Madame Pratolungo, I presume? Permit me to shake hands. It is needless to say I have heard of your illustrious husband. Aha! here's a baby. Yours, Mrs. Finch? Girl or boy, ma'am? A fine child—if a bachelor may be allowed to pronounce an opinion. *Tweet—tweet—tweet!*"

He chirruped to the baby as if he had been a family man, and snapped his fingers gayly. Poor Oscar's blue face turned in silent triumph toward me. "What did I tell you?" his look asked. "Did I not say Nugent fascinated every body at first sight?" Most true. An irresistible man. So utterly different in his manner from Oscar, except when he was in repose, and yet so like Oscar in other respects. I can only describe him as his brother completed. He had the pleasant, lively flow of spirits, the easy, winning, gentleman-like confidence in himself which Oscar wanted; and then what excellent taste he possessed! He liked children; he respected the memory of my glorious Pratolungo! In half a minute from the time when he entered the room, Nugent Dubourg had won Mrs. Finch's heart and mine.

He turned from the baby to Mr. Finch, and pointed to the open Skakspeare on the table.

"You were reading to the ladies?" he said. "I am afraid we have interrupted you."

"Don't mention it," said the rector, with his loftiest politeness. "Another time will do. It is a habit of mine, Mr. Nugent, to read aloud in my family circle. As a clergyman and a lover of poetry (in both capacities) I have long cultivated the art of elocution—"

"My dear Sir, excuse me: you have cultivated it all wrong!"

Mr. Finch paused, thunderstruck. A man in his presence presuming to have an opinion of his own! a man in the rectory parlor capable of interrupting the rector in the middle of a sentence! guilty of the insane audacity of telling him, as a reader, with Shakspeare open before them, that he read wrong!

"Oh, we heard you as we came in!" proceeded Nugent, with the most undiminished confidence, expressed in the most gentleman-like manner. "You read it like this." He took up "Hamlet," and read the opening line of the Fourth Scene ("The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold") with an irresistibly accurate imitation of Mr. Finch. "That's not the way Hamlet would speak. No man in his position would remark that it was very cold in that bow-wow manner. What is Shakspeare before all things? True to nature—always true to nature. What condition is Hamlet in when he is expecting to see the Ghost? He is nervous, and he feels the cold. Let him show it naturally; let him speak as any other man would speak under the circumstances. Look here! Quick and quiet—like this: 'The air bites shrewdly'—there Hamlet stops and shivers—pur-rer-rer! 'it is very cold.' There! That's the way to read Shakspeare."

Mr. Finch lifted his head into the air as high as it could possibly go, and brought the flat of his hand down with a solemn and sounding smack on the open book.

"Allow me to say, Sir—" he began.

Nugent stopped him again, more good-humoredly than ever.

"You don't agree with me? All right. Quite useless to dispute about it. I don't know what *you* may be. *I* am the most opinionated man in existence. Sheer waste of time, my dear Sir, to attempt convincing Me. Now just look at that child!" Here Mr. Nugent Dubourg's attention was suddenly attracted by the baby. He twisted round on his heel, and addressed Mrs. Finch. "I take the liberty of saying, ma'am, that a more senseless dress doesn't exist than the dress that is put in this country on infants of tender years. What are the three main functions which that child—that charming child of yours—performs? He sucks, he sleeps, and he grows. At the present moment he isn't sucking, he isn't sleeping—he is growing with all his might. Under those interesting circumstances what does he want to do? To move his limbs freely in every direction. You let him swing his arms to his heart's content, and you deny him freedom to kick his legs. You clothe him in a dress three times as long as himself. He tries to throw his legs up in the air as he throws his arms, and he can't do it. There is his senseless long dress entangling itself in his toes, and making an effort of what Nature intended to be a luxury. Can any thing be more absurd? What are mothers about? Why don't they think for themselves? Take my advice—short petticoats, Mrs. Finch. Liberty, glorious liberty, for my young friend's legs! Room, heaps of room, for that infant martyr's toes!"

Mrs. Finch listened helplessly; lifted the baby's long petticoats, and looked at them; stared piteously at Nugent Dubourg; opened her lips to speak; and, thinking better of it, turned her watery eyes on her husband, appealing to *him* to take the matter up. Mr. Finch made another attempt to assert his dignity—a ponderously satirical attempt this time.

"In offering your advice to my wife, Mr. Nugent," said the rector, "you must permit me to remark that it would have had more practical force if it had been the advice of a married man. I beg to remind you—"

"You beg to remind me that it is the advice of a bachelor? Oh, come! that really won't do at this time of day. Dr. Johnson settled that argument at once and forever a century since. 'Sir,' he said to somebody of your way of thinking, 'you may scold your carpenter when he has made a bad table, though you can't make a table yourself.' I say to you, 'Mr. Finch, you may point out a defect in a baby's petticoats, though you haven't got a baby yourself!' Doesn't that satisfy you? All right. Take another illustration. Look at your room here. I can see in the twinkling of an eye that it's badly lit. You have only got one window; you ought to have two. Is it necessary to be a practical builder to discover that? Absurd! Are you satisfied now? No! Take another illustration. What's this printed paper here on the chimney-piece? Assessed taxes. Ha! Assessed taxes will do. You're not in the House of Commons; you're not Chancellor of the Exchequer; but haven't you an opinion of your own about taxation in spite of that? Must you and I be in Parliament before we can presume to see that the feeble old British Constitution is at its last gasp?"

"And the vigorous young Republic drawing its first breath of life!" I burst in, introducing the Pratolungo programme (as my way is) at every available opportunity.

Nugent Dubourg instantly wheeled round in my direction, and set *me* right on *my* subject, just as he had set the rector right on reading "Hamlet," and Mrs. Finch right on clothing babies.

"Not a bit of it!" he pronounced, positively. "The 'young Republic' is the rickety child of the political family. Give him up, ma'am. You will never make a man of him."

I tried to assert myself as the rector had tried before me—with precisely the same result. I appealed indignantly to the authority of my illustrious husband.

"Doctor Pratolungo—" I began.

"Was an honest man," interposed Nugent Dubourg. "I am an advanced Liberal myself; I respect him. But he was quite wrong. All sincere republicans make the same mistake. They believe in the existence of public spirit in Europe. Amiable delusion! Public spirit is dead in Europe. Public spirit is the generous emotion of young nations, of new peoples. In selfish old Europe private interest has taken its place. When your husband preached the republic, on what ground did he put it? On the ground that the republic was going to elevate the nation. Pooh! Ask me to accept the republic on the ground that I elevate Myself—and, supposing you can prove it, I will listen to you. If you are ever to set republican institutions going in the Old World—*there* is the only motive power that will do it!"

I was indignant at such sentiments. "My glorious husband—" I began, again.

"Would have died rather than appeal to the meanest instincts of his fellow-creatures. Just so! There was his mistake. That's why he never could make any thing of the republic. That's why the republic is the rickety child of the political family. *Quod erat demonstrandum*," said Nugent Dubourg, finishing me off with a pleasant smile, and an easy indicative gesture of the hand which said, "Now I have settled these three people in succession, I am equally well satisfied with myself—and with them!"

His smile was irresistible. Bent as I was on disputing the degrading conclusions at which he had arrived, I really had not fire enough in me at the moment to feed my own indignation. As to Reverend Finch, he sat silently swelling in a corner; digesting as he best might the discovery that there was another man in the world, besides the Rector of Dimchurch, with an excellent opinion of himself, and with perfectly unassailable confidence and fluency in expressing it. In the momentary silence that now followed, Oscar got his first opportunity of speaking. He had, thus far, been quite content to admire his clever brother. He now advanced to me, and asked what had become of Lucilla.

"The servant told me she was here," he said. "I am so anxious to introduce her to Nugent."

Nugent put his arm affectionately round his brother's neck, and gave him a hug. "Dear old boy! I am just as anxious as you are."

"Lucilla went out a little while since," I said, "to take a turn in the garden."

"I'll go and find her," said Oscar. "Wait here, Nugent. I'll bring her in."

He left the room. Before he could close the door one of the servants appeared, to claim Mrs. Finch's private ear on some mysterious domestic emergency. Nugent facetiously entreated her, as she passed him, to clear her mind of prejudice, and consider the question of infant petticoats on its own merits. Mr. Finch took offense at this second reference to the subject. He rose to follow his wife.

"When you are a married man, Mr. Dubourg," said the rector, severely, "you will learn to leave the management of an infant in its mother's hands."

"There's another mistake!" remarked Nugent, following him, with unabated good-humor, to the door. "A married man's idea of another man as a husband, always begins and ends with

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his idea of himself." He turned to me as the door closed on Mr. Finch. "Now we are alone, Madame Pratolungo," he said, "I want to speak to you about Miss Finch. There is an opportunity before she comes in. Oscar's letter only told me that she was blind. I am naturally interested in every thing that relates to my brother's future wife. I am particularly interested about this affliction of hers. May I ask how long she has been blind?"

"Since she was a year old," I replied.

"Through an accident?"

"No."

"After a fever? or a disease of any other sort?"

I began to feel a little surprised at his entering into these medical details.

"I never heard that it was through a fever or other illness," I said. "So far as I know, the blindness came on unexpectedly, from some cause that did not express itself to the people about her at the time."

He drew his chair confidentially nearer to mine. "How old is she?" he asked.

I began to feel more than a little surprised, and I showed it, I suppose, on telling him Lucilla's age.

"As things are now," he explained, "there are reasons which make me hesitate to enter on the question of Miss Finch's blindness either with my brother or with any members of the family. I must wait to speak about it to *them* until I can speak to good practical purpose. There is no harm in my starting the subject with *you*. When she first lost her sight, no means of restoring it were left untried, of course?"

"I should suppose not," I replied. "It's so long since, I have never asked."

"So long since," he repeated; and then considered for a moment.

His reflections ended in a last question:

"She is resigned, I suppose—and every body about her is resigned—to the idea of her being hopelessly blind for life?"

Instead of answering him, I put a question on my side. My heart was beginning to beat rapidly, without my knowing why.

"Mr. Nugent Dubourg," I said, "what have you got in your mind about Lucilla?"

"Madame Pratolungo," he replied, "I have got something in my mind which was put into it by a friend of mine whom I met in America."

"The friend you mentioned in your letter to your brother?"

"The same."

"The German gentleman whom you propose to introduce to Oscar and Lucilla?"

"Yes."

"May I ask who he is?"

Nugent Dubourg looked at me attentively, considered with himself for the second time, and answered in these words:

"He is the greatest living authority and the greatest living operator in diseases of the eye."

The idea in his mind burst its way into my mind in a moment.

"Gracious God!" I exclaimed, "are you mad enough to suppose that Lucilla's sight can be restored, after a blindness of one-and-twenty years?"

He suddenly held up his hand, in sign to me to be silent.

At the same moment the door opened, and Lucilla (followed by Oscar) entered the room.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

FORTUNATE is that family whose milkman is honest, and supplies an unadulterated article. The temptation to water milk begins with the farmers who own the cows. A quart or two added to each can of milk does not so greatly alter the general appearance of the whole. Then, on its way to the city, whatever cream rises is frequently skimmed off and sold separately. Dealers do not usually pretend to supply their customers with cream, but the milk is so blue and watery that it seems unfit for coffee; so cream is ordered at four or five times the price of milk. Sometimes this is skimmed from milk sold afterward as good, pure milk; sometimes it is manufactured from condensed milk; and sometimes, we are glad to say—though the cases are rare, we fear—the cream is genuine, and obtained in a legitimate manner. True, it is not such an article as used to appear on the tables of well-to-do farmers in olden times: *they* would have called it only rich milk. But it is an improvement on the milk "of the period." If drivers find their supply running short, it is easy, they think, to add a little water to make it "hold out." Thus families are robbed, and children more than robbed—they are often starved. The remedy of this evil is, to a great extent, in the hands of the consumers. If your milkman will not bring you a good article, try another dealer; try a third, and a fourth, until you obtain what you want. Of course this is some trouble; but if people generally would take this trouble for a while, there would be an abundance of good, pure milk in the market. The quality of articles usually found in a market indicates what quality is ordinarily demanded; or, at least, that with which the customers are satisfied.

Florence, Naples, and Milan are favorable places for American students of music. Many who have acquired a public reputation have been wholly or partially instructed in the Italian school. There are now in Florence two young ladies from Boston, one from Portland, and one from Cincinnati, under special training. Two of these ladies will appear in opera during the coming winter in Italian theatres.

The New York Evening High School opened last week with eleven hundred pupils. There were over fifteen hundred applications, but all could not be admitted, for lack of room. A large proportion of the pupils are young men engaged in business during the day, but who know the value of knowledge well enough to study enthusiastically.

A scientific gentleman who was recently making geological researches at Hell Gate made also a curious entomological discovery. On breaking a piece of rock by a blow of his hammer, out from the very heart of the solid mass came a sprightly spider. He did not seem in any wise shocked at his sudden release from his dark prison, but apparently delighted, and began to run away as fast as ever he could. The geologist, however, had no notion of losing such a prize, and impaled him on a pin. The spider had better have remained in his rocky dungeon.

A fortunate farmer of Paynesville, Missouri, gathered from one apple-tree this year fifty-five thousand apples, which made forty-five bushels. One apple from this prolific tree weighed twenty-one and a half ounces.

One hundred thousand francs have been offered as a prize by the French Academy of Sciences for an effectual remedy against cholera. Essays on the subject are pouring in with great rapidity.

The American Musical Fund Society, lacking money for its benevolent work, proposes to give an annual subscription concert, chiefly using the best music composed in the United States. In order to secure the best music, it offers seven prizes for the best songs, solos, symphonies, etc., which may be sent in. The programmes of the annual concerts will be made up largely from the compositions selected by competent judges.

There are now about five hundred looms in Dublin engaged in the manufacture of Irish poplin. Not more than half a dozen manufacturers are engaged in the trade, which, though prosperous, is circumscribed. No similar material presents the same exquisitely fine texture as Irish poplin, which is due largely to the fact that manufacturers use only the very finest materials. The bright, rich colors of the fabric are said to be produced by the quality of the water used in dyeing. A great stimulus was given to the Irish poplin trade by her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales wearing a poplin which was specially manufactured for her for the occasion of her entry into London. The good effects produced by this graceful act of consideration have ever since been experienced in a very gratifying way. It is the fact that for years there has not been an Irish poplin weaver unemployed. The Princess Louise, on her wedding tour, wore a shining traveling dress, woven by Irish hands on the banks of the Liffey. Pim's poplin factory is the largest in Dublin, its trade being for the greater part wholesale. Two hundred and fifty weavers are constantly employed, as well as thirty dyers, fifty-six silk winders, and many assistants.

Balloon accidents are becoming frightfully common. One occurred lately at Paoli, Indiana, which thrilled the spectators with horror. While the aeronauts were getting into the car the ropes gave way, and the balloon shot up with great velocity. One of the two voyagers let go, and fell to the earth uninjured; but the other clung to the ropes until a height of about a mile or more had been reached, when he too let go his hold. His descent was frightful. Striking the earth, his head was mashed into an indistinguishable mass, and the body was crushed and bruised horribly. The body made a hole in the ground eight inches deep, and rebounded four feet from where it struck. The wife and children of the unfortunate aeronaut were horrified witnesses of this scene.

Sheridan Knowles was a most eccentric individual, and many amusing anecdotes are related of him. On one occasion an opera was produced at Covent Garden, the story of which turned upon the love of a young count for a gypsy girl, whom he subsequently deserts for a lady of rank and fortune; and in the second act there was a fête in the gardens of the count's château in honor of the bride elect. Mr. Binge, who played the count, was seated in an arbor near to one of the wings, witnessing a ballet. Knowles, who had been in front during the previous part of the opera, came behind the scenes, and, advancing as near as he could to Binge without being in sight of the audience, called to him in a loud whisper, "Binge!" Binge looked over his shoulder. "Well, what is it?" "Tell me. Do you marry the poor gypsy, after all?" "Yes," answered Binge, impatiently, stretching his arm out behind him, and making signs with it for Knowles to keep back. Knowles caught his hand, pressed it fervently, and exclaimed, "God bless you! You are a good fellow!"

Table etiquette should be founded in common-sense, though it is not always so. Certain articles of food can not be thoroughly enjoyed if eaten with the use of knife, fork, or spoon. Hence good usage has sanctioned the use of the fingers in certain cases. While our ideas of propriety would be shocked at seeing one take the bone of a beefsteak or a mutton-chop in his fingers, we are not at all horrified when the little bones of a bird are treated in that way, since the meat can only be obtained easily and enjoyed thoroughly by picking them. It is much the same with green corn. Though gnawing the corn from the cob is not an elegant operation for an outside spectator to witness, it is very satisfactory to the individual most interested. Indeed, so generally is it conceded that corn may be eaten from the cob, that silversmiths now make silver handles, which are to be thrust into the large end of the cob, and allow it to be held without soiling the fingers.

Among the numerous remedies proposed for preventing boiler explosions, only one seems to be absolutely safe—that is, to fill the boilers with ice-water, and set them in a cool place.

It has been ascertained that in all lunatic asylums the class of inmates most numerous are farmers, and merchants are next. The reason assigned for this is that they, in an unusual degree, exercise one faculty of the brain, by which an inflammatory action is excited, and that organ becomes diseased at length. To a certain extent there is great safety to the mind in a variety of employments.

Punch takes up the cudgels in favor of woman, and with some justness remarks: "What in woman is called curiosity, in a man is grandiloquently magnified into the spirit of inquiry."

Sir Walter Scott found the companionship of his dogs in his study pleasant and helpful to his work. A faithful drawing of the Edinburgh "den," where the great genius conjured his most potent spells, would show Scott seated at his plain desk thoughtfully bending over his papers, while the immense form of Maida, his shaggy favorite, is stretched at length before the fire. Perched on the highest round of the book-ladder crouches Hense, the beautiful cat, waiting to take her place by the footstool whenever it shall please her rival to saunter forth for a walk. To one or other of these pets Scott was ever tossing a friendly or comic ejaculation, by way of keeping up their spirits till he could take time for a frolic. He believed they understood every word he said, and there did seem to be a sort of clairvoyance between them. Who can tell how much his elastic freshness, power of work, and sweetness of nature were kept in tone by his unbending himself, and "leaning from his human" toward these dumb favorites?

On an average every French revolution costs 12,000,000 francs in recoinage alone. The question is being agitated of giving up a stamp that must be changed with every change of government, and substituting a simple coin stamp, such as "La France," which might be lasting.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A TRAVELER in Texas writes that Austin is a very beautiful place, and though lacking the ordinary means for illuminating the streets, has hit upon a very original method. He says: "So soon as the sun goes down, you see a red-haired girl come out and place herself on each corner of the street. We then turn loose the lightning-bugs, and the two make it as light as day. I have been brought up twice before the authorities for hugging the lamp posts, and fined heavily."

A man bought a horse on condition that he should pay half down, and be in debt for the remainder. A short time after, the seller demanded payment of the balance. The other answered, "No; it was agreed that I should be in your debt for the remainder: how can that be if I pay it?"

Why are free sittings in church very immoral?—Because you are by them made good for nothing.

The following quaint and instructive epitaph was once placed upon a tombstone:

"Our life's a wintry day;
Some only breakfast, then away!
Others to dinner stay, and are full fed:
The oldest man but sups and goes to bed.
Large in his debt who lingers out the day;
He that goes soonest has the less to pay."

CHANGED.

My love she wore a simple dress,
Her hair in waving curls;
They call'd her lovely black-eyed Bess,
Queen rose among the girls.
I left her, far away to roam;
She vowed she'd ne'er forget;
But every thing, alas! had changed
Before again we met.

My love she had become a "blonde"
When next I saw her face;
And where the curls once graced her head,
Rats, frizzes, chignons, lace.
She was the belle of skating rinks,
The joy of a fast set:
I sigh'd, "Do you remember me?"
She winked and cried, "You bet!"

A full-bearded young grandfather recently had his hirsute appendage shaved off, showing a clean face for the first time for a number of years. At the dinner-table his three-year-old granddaughter noticed it, "gazed long with wondering eye," and finally ejaculated, "Grandfather, whose head you got on?"

THE BEST 'BUS—Kissing a pretty girl.
BEST RE-BUS—Kissing her a second time.
A TERRIBLE BLUNDERBUSS—Kissing the wrong girl.

An Illinois constable made a return on the back of a paper thus: "I executed this subpœny by trying to read it to John Mack, but he was drivin' cattle on horseback, and run faster than I could, and kept up such a hollerin' I don't know whether he heered or not. This is the best I could do, and don't know whether the subpœny is served according to law or not."

Why is flirtation like plate powder?—Because it brightens up spoons.

A lady in Paris recently gave a concert at her house. "Do you like Rossini?" said she to one of her male guests. "Rossini—indeed I do; he is my favorite composer." "Are you familiar with his 'Barber'" (of Seville)? "Oh dear, no," was the reply; "I always shave myself."

A classic invalid, upon being asked if he was ill, promptly replied, "Sic sum."

PORTRAITS OF THE MAYOR'S GRAND JURY.

CZAR OF ALL THE ROWDIES.

"CAITIFF, R-R-R-EMOVE THOSE SLANDEROUS PRINTS, OR T-R-R-R-R-EMBLE FOR THY LIFE! BEWA-R-R-RE!! AH—HA-A!"

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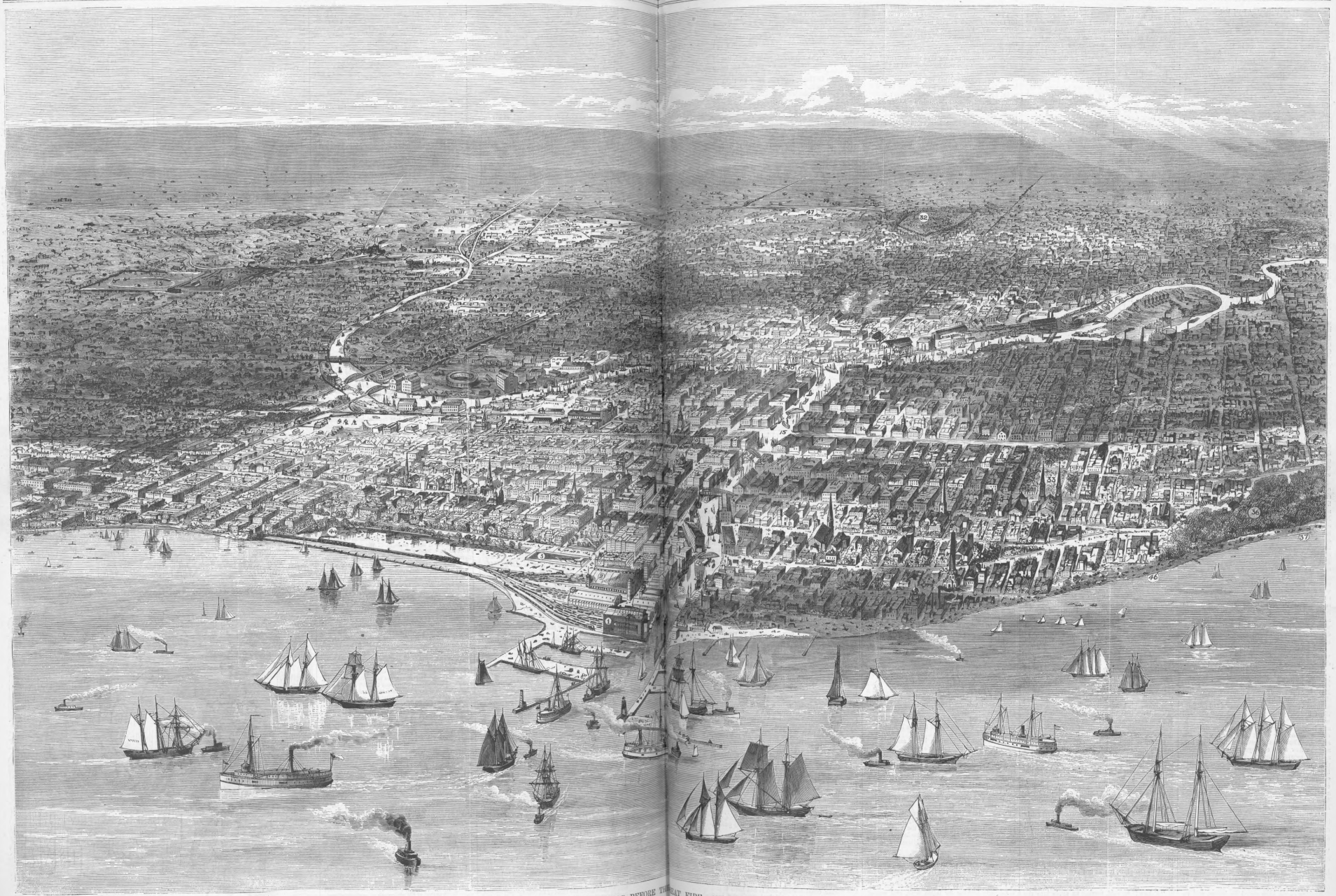

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF CHICAGO AS IT WAS BEFORE THE GREAT FIRE.—Drawn by Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 990.]

1. Central Elevator.
2. Great Central Depôt.
3. White Stocking Base-ball Ground.
4. Booksellers' Row.
5. Tremont House.
6. Sherman House.
7. Court-house.
8. Board of Trade.
9. Post-office.
10. Chicago *Tribune*.
11. Crosby Opera-house.
12. Rush-street Bridge.
13. State-street Bridge.
14. Clark-street Bridge.
15. Lasalle-street Tunnel.
16. Wells-street Bridge.
17. Michigan Southern; C., R. I., and P.
18. Site of Ogden House.
19. Bigelow House.
20. Palmer House.
21. Bartlett's Church (Plymouth Congregational).
22. First Baptist Church.
23. Michigan-avenue Hotel.
24. Terrace Row.
29. C., Cin., and Ind. Cent. Depôt.
30. Chicago and Northwestern.
33. Washington Square.
34. Dr. Colyer's Church.
35. Water-works.
36. Lincoln Park.
37. Lake Shore Drive.
38. Chicago River.
39. North Branch.
40. South Branch.
41. Entrance of Chicago River into Canal.
42. Union Stock-yards.
43. Dexter Park.
44. Lake Park.
45. South Side.
47. West Side.
48. Briggs House.
49. Grain Warehouses, near where the first fire began.

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HARVEST APPLES.

THE letter said "come," and with a sigh of relief I laid it upon the table before me, and looked out into the dusty streets.

I was a working-woman in the city of New York. Whether I trimmed bonnets for Madame La Mode, measured off laces for mademoiselle her daughter, kept books, read proofs, set type, or even wrote editorials for the *Starry Host*, is a matter of no consequence. Suffice it to say, I was tired. In my dreams I "babbled of green fields." I longed for one long summer vacation of freedom and rest. But where should I go? Like Joanna Gayworthy, I found the world "too full of other people." I wanted nature, not men and women.

At length I bethought me of a distant cousin, Hiram Gardner by name, who lived in a low, brown farm-house away up among the Green Mountains; and forthwith I wrote to him, asking if he would receive me as a boarder for three months. This letter was the answer:

"Come right along, Cousin Winifred," he wrote, "and stay as long as you can make yourself contented. Not as a boarder, though. Thank God, I am not so poor as to feel obliged to take money from my own kith and kin for a few weeks' board and lodging. My wife and Hope will be glad to see you."

So, in a flurry of delight, I packed my trunk, telegraphed to Cousin Hiram, and in two days' time stood on the platform of the dépôt at Highland watching the receding train as it thundered down the valley.

As for Hope—little Hope Gardner—what shall I tell you about her? I had my own ideas about "country girls;" I thought of sunburn and freckles, coarse hands and ungainly feet, in that connection. But one glance at Hope as she stood in the flickering shadows of the great elm that overhung the low, wide, roomy house overthrew all my preconceived opinions. Eyes that were of the very tint of the violets I loved—hair that, guiltless of crimping-pins, fell in great golden waves below her waist, and there coiled itself up in a profusion of tiny curls; brow so fair that you saw the net-work of blue veins at the temples; cheeks softly tinted with a wild-rose bloom; face of a delicate oval, redeemed from gentle insipidity by the sweet firmness of the well-cut lips, and by eyebrows and lashes many shades darker than the hair; slight girlish figure, clad in a simple, graceful costume that would have passed unchallenged any where. Such was the picture that greeted my eyes as Cousin Hiram's pair of handsome grays swept round the corner, and Hope came forward to meet me.

Before many weeks had passed I began to discover the trail of the serpent in my newly found Eden. I had thought my cousin Hiram one of the most favored of mortals; but Mordecai sat at the king's gate, and the soul of Haman was troubled.

It was the old, old story—older than the days of the Montagues and Capulets—almost as old as the days of Adam and Eve. There had been first ambitions and rivalries, then harsh words and bitter recriminations, hatreds and revenges. Now all had settled down into a deep and silent enmity. Hiram Gardner and Thomas Remington lived upon adjoining farms; could have clasped hands across the narrow aisle as they sat in their pews on Sunday; met each other daily in streets, at the post-office, in the market-place. But they never spoke, never recognized each other by glance or sign. Yet they were both good men—men who should have loved each other. Perhaps deep down in either heart there was a regret for the past, a longing for reconciliation. Perhaps if either one had been unfortunate or in distress, the other might have been willing to be the first to bury the hatchet and smoke the calumet of peace. But both were prosperous, both were honored; and the demon of pride kept them apart, ruling their natures as with a rod of iron.

Yet a faint line across the meadows showed where a well-worn foot-path had once run from door-way to door-way.

I think that my coming to Highland was a pleasure to Hope. Perhaps it brought some element into her quiet life that was needed there. But after the first excitement of my arrival had died away, and I had insensibly glided from the position of guest into that of member of the family, I began to perceive that all was not well with her. There was at times a look of pain and longing in her eyes. There were drooping curves about her sweet lips even when she smiled. There was a nervous unrest about her, and she flew from employment to employment as if to escape thought. I noticed that when these moods were upon her her mother watched her furtively, and her father's brow darkened strangely. Yet his manner toward her was inexpressibly tender. She was, indeed, the very apple of his eye—this "Hope" that had been born to him after all his other children had been laid under the sod.

"I shall not go to church to-day," said Cousin Rhoda, one Sunday morning. "Melissa's mother is not well, and I have told her she may go home."

"Neither shall I go," said Cousin Hiram. "I sprained my wrist yesterday, and it is growing very painful."

"Let us walk, then, Cousin Winifred," said Hope, her eyes brightening. "We can go 'across lots,' and it shortens the distance by half."

Nothing could have suited me better, and we were soon on our way. No flower that bloomed in the meadow or down by the winding river-banks was fairer or sweeter than Hope Gardner that day. All the freshness, the purity, the sweetness, the repose of that still Sabbath morning seemed embodied in her.

The minister was reading the first hymn, when a firm, quick tread sounded up the aisle. Even before I had time to think I felt a sudden shiver in the arm that lay against mine, and saw the hand that held one-half of the hymn-book tremble. A remarkably fine-looking young man passed by and took a seat in the pew just in front of us, on the other side of the aisle. It was Mr. Remington's pew.

Impelled by I know not what subtile instinct of womanly sympathy, I glanced at Hope from behind my veil, expecting to see precisely what I did see—evidences of sudden and profound emotion. A quick pallor drove all the color from her face for an instant; then the rich blood swept back again, and her cheeks grew crimson.

She scarcely glanced at the new-comer, but kept her eyes fixed upon old Dr. Merrill, apparently absorbed in his thirdlys and fourthlys. As soon as the benediction was pronounced, however, she took my arm hastily and pressed forward toward the door.

If she was anxious to escape from any one, to elude any one, her design was defeated. There was a crowd near the door, and our progress was obstructed. As we waited in the porch I felt a presence behind us, and a low voice that could scarcely have reached less sensitive ears whispered,

"Look at me, Hope! Speak to me! Give me one word, for God's sake!"

She clung to my arm with a close clasp, trembling like a leaf. For one instant her face grew radiant as she lifted her eyes to meet the passionate glances that sought her own so eagerly. But she spoke no word. He leaned forward, with another whisper upon his lips. Suddenly she turned with an air of decision.

"Cousin Winifred—Miss Ethridge—this is Mr. Willard Remington."

I bowed; the gentleman bowed. Then the crowd broke and parted at the steps, and we all went our several ways.

Hope wept silently half the way home, and I walked, statue-like, beside her. At last I could bear it no longer.

"What is it, Hope?" I asked. "Tell me all about it, dear."

"Oh, there is nothing to tell!" she said, wearily. "Only I am very wretched, and so is —somebody else."

Of course. It was merely another old story. Romeo and Juliet this time. It was not necessary to ask the cause of the trouble. I knew it too well already.

"Is this Mr. Thomas Remington's son?" I asked, to make assurance doubly sure.

"Yes." And after a little she told me all there was to tell: how they had loved each other for years in boy and girl fashion long before this dreadful feud arose; how, as boy and girl, they had given each other up on account of the family troubles; how Willard went West to seek his fortune as a lawyer; how both imagined that they had forgotten the early love, and that the old wounds were healed; how he had come home a year ago; and how the first word, the first look, exchanged between them, had revivified the old affection, and proved to them that instead of dying it had been gaining strength through all these silent years. But it was of no use, she said: they could never marry. And now Willard had come on again, when it was only torture to both of them to meet, and she did not know how she could bear it.

After that, day by day I watched the struggle that was going on in Hope Gardner's heart—a struggle under which she grew pale and still and cold. I knew that the lovers met sometimes in the little summer-house at the foot of the garden, or down by the river-side. So persistent a wooer as this new Romeo could hardly fail to bring about as much as that. Yet the stolen interviews brought little of joy to either of them, if one could judge of the weary eyes and set, still face that Hope always brought back with her.

One night I waylaid Cousin Hiram as he was coming in from the orchard. He looked worn and depressed. Indeed, a shadow rested upon the whole house.

"Were you coming in?" I asked. "I was just going up to the 'Spreading Tree' to see if the harvest apples were ripe."

"Not yet, I guess," he said, turning about. "But I'll go with you. Apples are late this year," he added, reflectively.

The large tree, renowned for its wide-spreading branches, was laden with fruit even to the topmost bough—great balls of green and gold, that were slowly reddening in the sunshine.

"Hard as Rock Dunder," said my companion, making a slight indentation upon one of them with his thumb. "They will not be fully ripe in a fortnight."

I had not lured him there, out of sight of the house, to talk about apples.

"Cousin Hiram," said I, suddenly, while my heart seemed to spring to my throat—"Cousin Hiram, do you know that Hope loves Willard Remington?"

I was frightened before the words had fairly passed my lips. I had broached, I well knew, a tabooed subject. People were not in the habit of talking to Hiram Gardner about the Remingtons. I ventured one glance at his face. It was stern and dark, and his breath came in quick, labored gasps. Presently he turned on his heel, and was about to leave me. But, having put my hand to the plow, it was not my nature to look back. I ran after him, and repeated my question.

"Pshaw!" he said, tossing an apple into the air with the toe of his boot, "that's all over long ago. There was some nonsense or other between them when they were mere children, I believe."

"You believe! Do you not *know*, Cousin Hiram, that Hope loves him to-day?"

"Well, what is to be done about it? What if she does?" he asked, turning upon me like a lion at bay. "Do you suppose I can ever humble myself enough to give my daughter to that man's son? I'd see her die first! But there's no danger; girls don't die of broken hearts, except in novels."

"Do not be too confident, Cousin Hiram," I said. "Can you not see that she *is* dying? I do not say that you will be compelled to lay her under the sod this year or next. Something will be left, probably, that will move about your house in a pale, still way; something that will work, and speak sometimes, and—suffer; something with sad, weary eyes, and an air of hopeless patience. But your Hope, your bright, joyous, loving child, your sunbeam, your song-bird, will be dead—dead as her brothers and sisters in the grave-yard yonder!"

He shivered from head to foot that soft, balmy summer night, and his mouth worked in a sudden spasm of pain. But I went on pitilessly:

"It is killing her mother too: can you not see it? Can you not see how her eyes follow Hope, how she grieves over her, how her own cheek pales whenever Hope's grows white, how—"

"Stop!" he cried. "Do you think I am blind, Winifred, or a fool? Do you think I have no eyes? Do you think I am in this position from mere willfulness? But women never can look at things from a man's stand-point. How can I help myself? I don't want to mar Hope's life, I don't want to make her wretched; yet what can be done? I can't undo the work of the last seven years, and I can't let Hope marry the son of the only man on earth, I verily believe, who hates me—and whom I hate. That's the long and the short of it, Winifred. We're in a bad fix, but it can't be helped."

"But you don't hate Willard?"

"No—I like him. He's a fine, manly young fellow; sure to make his mark in the world, if he is a Remington. I have no fault to find with him."

"Then, oh, Cousin Hiram—" I began. But he interrupted me, laying a heavy hand upon my arm.

"There's no use talking, Winifred. You can tell me nothing that I do not know already. I am as sorry for all this as you can be. Is not Hope my own child? But I am a man, and I can not go back on my own record. I never shall consent to this marriage, unless some voice speaks to me out of a thunder-cloud and says 'Do it.'"

A sudden thought struck me as I glanced up at the laden boughs of the apple-tree.

"Then if a miracle were wrought in their favor, your pride might be persuaded to yield?" I said, doubtless with a little tinge of bitterness.

He answered, angrily:

"When a sign is sent to me direct from Heaven, I'll give Hope to Willard Remington; but not before."

I sat up late that night; but early the next morning, when the gray dawn was just brightening in the east, I stole softly past Hope's door, down the stairs, that creaked perversely despite all my caution, opened the hall door as silently as a dream, and flew down the garden path and over the wall into the orchard.

For some days things went on from bad to worse. One evening Hope threw a light cloud over her head, and wandered off toward a little clump of hemlocks down by the falls. I knew well enough where she was going, and what she was going for. Probably her father knew also. But if so, he did not interfere. He could trust her.

I was in the hall when she came in. Her face was white as marble, and just as set and cold. Her eyes were tearless, but heavy and bloodshot. She went up stairs to her room, and I went to mine. She had never spoken to me of Willard Remington since that Sunday at church, and I respected her silence.

The next day, at the post-office, I heard that he had gone back to his Western life.

This was Tuesday. The next Thursday we were all out in the porch when a neighbor, who was going by, stopped for a chat, leaning with both arms upon the gate.

"By-the-bye," he said, "have you heard of the accident on the New York Central? Cars ran off a bridge into fifteen feet of water, and a third of the passengers were killed. Willard Remington was on board, and they say he is among the missing."

Hope raised one hand to her head, with a faint scream, and fell to the floor as if a ball had pierced her heart.

We carried her into the house and laid her upon the bed in her mother's room. It was an hour before she gave signs of returning consciousness. Then, when the pale lips began to quiver a little, and there was a slight tremulous motion of the eyelids, Cousin Rhoda said, in a hushed voice:

"Go away now, both of you. When she comes to she will want to see no face but her mother's. Hiram Gardner, if your pride has killed our child, may God forgive you!"

We went out of the back-door, and followed the little foot-path that led to the orchard, till we stood under the tree where the harvest apples were fast crimsoning. Cousin Hiram's face was very grave.

"Winifred," he said, "I wonder if the sign from Heaven was sent to me long ago, and my blind eyes could not see it? This is too much like the voice out of the thunder-cloud."

I passed round to the other side of the tree, apparently looking for fallen fruit, and waited for him to follow me, which he did presently.

"Look there, Cousin Hiram!" I said, tremblingly, while my face flushed. "Look there!"

"Look where?" he asked. "I do not see any thing."

I took a long stick from the ground and pointed to a great crimson apple that swung from the nearest bough, yet far above our heads. There, in letters of pale green upon a ruby ground, were the words, "Willard"—"Hope."

He started violently. "My God! Winifred, what does that mean?" And the man's lips were white as ashes.

"It means," I answered, perhaps with lips as colorless as his, for the very depths of my being were stirred—"it means that if Willard is alive he belongs to Hope, and you have no right to keep them apart."

For full five minutes he stood beside me with his face buried in his hands. Then he looked up, with a faint smile playing about his resolute lips.

"There is some hocus-pocus about this, Winifred. We don't have miracles in the nineteenth century. However, I accept the omen. I am going over to Mr. Remington's to ask if Willard was on the train, or if he has been heard from. Don't touch that apple."

An hour afterward Cousin Hiram came home, and walked straight through the sitting-room into the bedroom where Hope still lay with closed eyes, speechless, motionless—a white statue that scarcely breathed. He bent down and kissed her lips.

"I have been over to Mr. Remington's, Hope," he said. "Willard has just telegraphed. He was not on the train. Open your eyes, my child, and look at me. I want you to send this apple to Willard, and tell him it means that you belong to him, and he to you."

She just kissed him; that was all.

Three years afterward I went up to Highland to meet Hope, who was home on a visit. We were all out under the spreading apple-tree.

"Now tell us all about it, Winifred," said Cousin Hiram. "I know you can explain the mystery of the apple if you choose."

"No," I answered, laughing; "that would spoil all the romance. But if you ever want a miracle performed in behalf of your little granddaughter here, all you have to do is to give me a sharp pair of scissors, some tissue-paper, and a few drops of mucilage."

"One thing more, I reckon," added Cousin Hiram. "In my opinion you would need a half-ripe harvest apple."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

MANY of our readers have become quite familiar during the past few months with the name of cundurango, a tree found in Ecuador, the young stems and roots of which are claimed to be a specific cure for cancer and other diseases. A quantity of this was sent by the government of that country to the State Department, in Washington, to be experimented upon by some physicians of that city, and the result of the inquiry having been satisfactory, a special expedition was sent out to obtain an increased supply. Much controversy has arisen, however, as to the real virtue of the plant, many physicians denouncing the whole movement as savoring of quackery and humbug. The precise botanical relationships and character of the plant have been until recently unknown; but we now learn from the *Andes*, of Guayaquil, of July 29, in a communication from Dr. BUYON, that it belongs to the order *Eupatoriaceæ*, and species *Mikania guaco* of ENDLICHER, and that its name of cundurango, in the Quichna language, means vine of the condor. It is the same plant that is called guaco in Colombia. According to the tradition of the country, when the condor is bitten by a poisonous serpent it swallows the leaves of the guaco plant, and experiences no harm. In Colombia there are said to be three varieties of the guaco —green, purple, and white—the purple variety being intensely bitter, the white less so and more aromatic, while the green has more astringency.

Dr. BLISS, of Washington, is understood to be the great champion of the cundurango, and claims to have accomplished several notable cures upon prominent personages, and considers it to be as reliable a specific in cancer and scrofula and other blood diseases as cinchona and its alkaloids have proved to be in zymotic diseases. It is quite certain that for many years this plant has been brought forward in tropical America as an invaluable cure for a variety of diseases. As the *Mikania guaco* is found abundantly in South America, it can readily be obtained without going into the interior of Ecuador, should it answer all the expectations of its partisans.

Dr. ROBERT BROWN, in a communication on the "Interior of Greenland," states that the result of all the attempted explorations of the interior goes to show that this is one huge *mer de glace*, of which the outlets and overflow are the comparatively small glaciers on the coast, though, when compared with the glacier system of the Alps, they are of gigantic size. The outskirting land is, to all intents and purposes, merely a circlet of islands of greater or less extent. There are, in all probability, no mountains in the interior—only a high plateau, from which the unbroken ice is shed on either side to the east and west, the greater slope being toward the west. No mountains have been seen in the interior, the prospect being generally bounded by a dim, icy horizon. Dr. BROWN considers Greenland susceptible of being crossed from side to side with dog or other sledges, provided the party start under experienced guides, and sufficiently early in the year.

At a late meeting of the California Academy of Sciences, Mr. WILLIAM H. DALL made a communication in regard to the result of certain experiments in the way of transplanting the Eastern oyster (*O. virginica*) to Shoalwater Bay, in Washington Territory. A company lately organized has undertaken to raise this oyster for the Pacific coast market, and it has been found that the young of the original specimens thus transplanted lose to a large extent the smoothness and whiteness which is characteristic of the Eastern, and assume those of the California oyster (*O. conchaphila*) when well developed. He stated that a similar fact had been noted in regard to the English oyster (*O. edulis*), which,

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when transplanted by the French to beds in the Mediterranean, exhibited in the young a strong resemblance to the native Mediterranean oyster (*O. cochlear*).

The *Athenæum* announces the death, on the 26th of August, of Mr. JAMES DE CARLE SOWERBY, at the ripe age of eighty-four. This gentleman was well known as a naturalist; still better, however, as an artist, his illustrations of shells, plants, and other objects of natural history being considered of superior excellence, and gracing the pages of many of the more important works on natural history published in England for many years past. It was in the branches of conchology and botany that he was most prominent; in the latter department mainly in connection with what is known as "Sowerby's English Botany," intended to give a life-size colored figure of every British plant; and of which eighty-one fasciculi, or ten volumes, are already published, at a cost of over $10,000 per set.

The contract for the new telescope which Congress at the late session authorized the National Observatory to procure has been given to Mr. ALVAN CLARKE, of Boston, the well-known manufacturer of astronomical apparatus. It is to be of twenty-six inch aperture, and to be completed, according to contract, in about two years. It is understood that Mr. CLARKE will visit Europe for the purpose of carefully examining the principal telescopes there before completing the one in question, and it is expected that when erected it will prove to be one of the finest in the world.

Dr. SCLATER, in further reference to his plan of zoological stations in different parts of the globe, advises their establishment in connection with the astronomical observatories about to be started for the purpose of taking observations of the transit of Venus in 1874. The Astronomer Royal of England proposes to have such expeditions to the following places: (1) Oahu, Sandwich Islands; (2) Kerguelen's Island; (3) Rodriguez; (4) Auckland, New Zealand; (5) Alexandria. At the first three of these stations a corps of scientific observers must be stationed for at least a year before the transit; Dr. SCLATER proposes that naturalists be sent with them, with suitable means of research, for the purpose of carrying on their investigations.

Professor COPE has lately published in the Indianapolis *Journal* an account of a visit to the Wyandotte Cave, and of the animal life occurring within its limits. He reports this cave to be as well worthy the popular favor as the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, since, although lacking the large bodies of water of the latter, it is fully equal and even superior to it in the number and beauty of its stalactites. The gypsum regions in the more remote parts of the cave are especially beautiful, this substance occurring in amorphous masses of great purity, or in the form of loose crystals resembling snow.

Fourteen species of animals were found in this cave, consisting of a blind fish similar to, if not identical with, that of the Mammoth Cave, seven species of insects, two of spiders, one of centipedes, and three crustaceans. Several of these species, as might be imagined, are destitute of eyes, such organs being unnecessary to them in their subterranean abode.

A hand-book of British Fungi, by Mr. M. C. COOKE, the well-known editor of "Hardwicke's Science Gossip," has lately been published in London in two volumes, and contains full descriptions of all the species, and illustrations of the genera, with a special reference to the history and determination of the edible and poisonous species. A work of this kind, prepared by so competent a writer as Mr. COOKE, is likely to prove of much value, not only to the botanist, but also to the practical inquirer, and it is greatly to be regretted that some of our authorities on such subjects do not undertake a similar work.

It is understood that Dr. M. A. CURTIS, of Hillsborough, North Carolina, our most eminent fungologist, has had on hand for many years the materials for such a work on the edible fungi of North America, and that he has been unable to find a publisher willing to undertake it. It is somewhat remarkable that his quest has been unsuccessful, as there would seem to be little doubt of ample patronage for a book that should, and doubtless would, meet an extensive demand.

We are informed by *Nature* that the British government has agreed to the request of the British Association with regard to the proposed eclipse expedition, and that an important series of observations may consequently be looked for along a line extending from the Neilgherry Hills, in India, to Cape York, in Australia. The observation in India will be intrusted to Mr. POGSON, Colonel TENNANT, and Captain HERSCHEL, while Mr. LOCKYER will probably take charge of the Ceylon station. Java will be cared for by the Dutch government, with, perhaps, the assistance of Mr. JANSSEN; and a strong expedition will possibly be sent out from Sydney and Melbourne. The necessary instruments are to be forwarded at once to Australia and India. The assistance of the government will be rendered not only in money, but in transportation and equipage and the like. It is also understood that the British government will undertake photographic observations of the approaching transit of Venus.

From the Alaska *Herald* we learn that M. ALPHONSE PINART had reached Nushigak on the 31st of May, where he was received very cordially by the authorities. While there he made numerous photographic pictures of the scenery, and gathered collections in ethnology and paleontology. He left Nushigak on the 16th of June, on board the steamer *John Bright*, for the Yukon River, and expected to reach the interior in time to attend the great July fair held by the Yukon Indians. He devotes especial attention to the departments of ethnology and philology.

THE TUNNEL OF THE ALPS.

THE ceremonial opening of the grand railway tunnel, seven miles and a half long, which passes quite through the Graian range of the Alps, between Savoy and Piedmont, took place on Sunday, September 17. It will be sufficient to recapitulate briefly the story of this great undertaking, and to give some particulars of what has latterly been accomplished.

The little kingdom of Sardinia, as it existed in 1856, comprising Piedmont, Savoy, Genoa, and the island from which the collective state was named, with an aggregate population of five millions, has the whole and sole honor of this great achievement. It is not to Italy or to France, but to the small sub-alpine state that stood between them, with a population speaking many local dialects in the mountain valleys, but partaking, as a race, of one character—as robust, honest, patient, and loyal, as laborious, ingenious, and sagacious, as the Scottish nation—that the merit of the work belongs. Count CAVOUR was the author of the great Alpine tunnel, in so far as he was the man by whose enlightened and energetic resolution it was brought into existence.

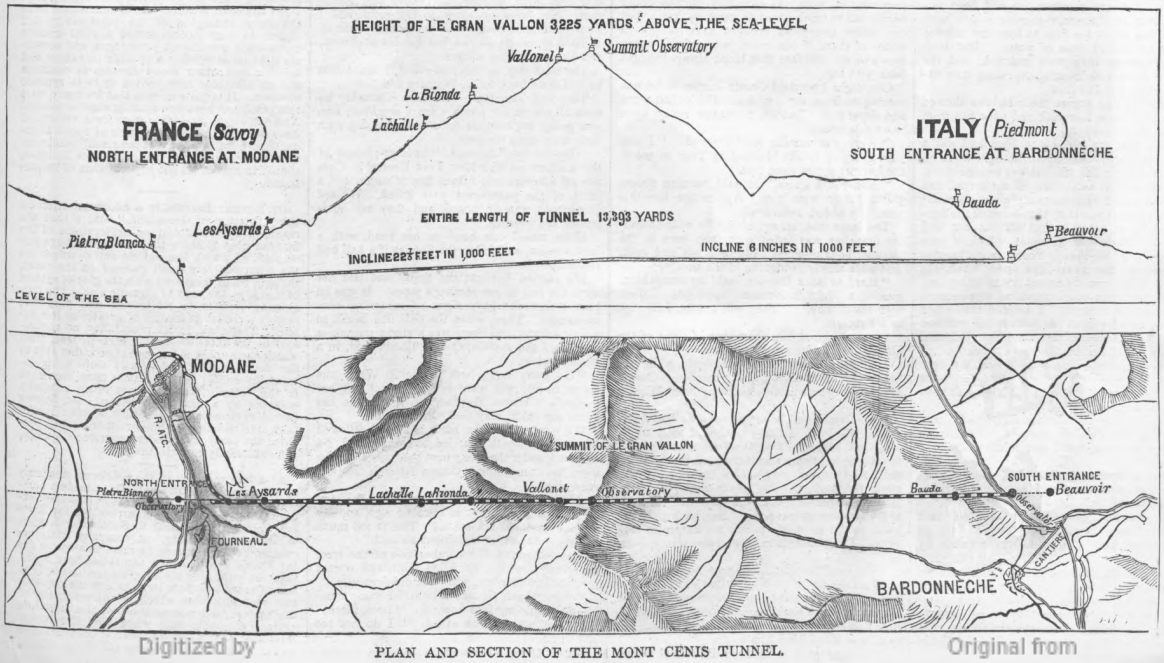
The practicability of a railway passing the Alps had been discussed in 1842, by the Savoy Chamber of Agriculture and Commerce at Chambéry. It was then proposed by a Piedmontese road-contractor, JOSEPH MÉDAIL, of Bardonnèche, who had been meditating ten years, since 1832, on the possibility of boring through the mountain from Bardonnèche to Modane for a common road. The Sardinian government in 1842 ordered surveys to be made by Signor SISMONDA, a Piedmontese geologist, and M. MAUS, a Belgian engineer, which resulted in the choice of the line actually taken—viz., between Le Grand Vallon and part of an adjacent mountain, called Fréjus, where the Alpine barrier is of least thickness. But the design was abandoned, in consequence of the military disasters of the kingdom in 1848 and 1849, till it was revived by Count CAVOUR'S government in 1856. The Minister of Public Works, Signor PALEOCAPA, a distinguished professor of physical science at the University of Turin, then bestowed his study on the subject; and to him, jointly with CAVOUR, must be ascribed the credit of this undertaking.

The merit of inventing and applying the instrumentality by which its execution was effected belongs to three men—SOMMEILLER, a native of the Vallée de Sixt, in Savoy; GRANDIS and GRATTONI, natives of Piedmont. They were fellow-students, under Professor PALEOCAPA, at the University of Turin, and they were sent by the Sardinian government to learn railway engineering in Great Britain. They returned to Piedmont in 1850, when their first endeavor was to devise some modification of the atmospheric system, which they had seen in action on the Croydon and South Devon lines, to work the steep inclines of the Turin and Genoa Railway over the Apennines. It occurred to them that there would be some economy in using water-power to condense the air in the tube behind the train to be propelled, instead of using a pump worked by steam-power to exhaust the air in front of it. Now it happened that in 1855 Mr. BARTLETT, an English engineer, patented a machine for perforating rock, in mining, by a pointed iron bar, to be darted forth out of a tube, like an air-gun, charged with condensed air. The object was, of course, merely to bore small holes a few inches in diameter to be filled with gunpowder for blasting. Mr. BARTLETT'S machine, however, was to be worked by a steam-engine used to compress the air. Now the three young Piedmontese engineers had already got at the notion of using water-power—the weight and pressure of a falling stream—to condense air in an iron tube. They saw at once that Mr. BARTLETT'S atmospheric borer could be most conveniently charged with its force of condensed air by their method of compression by water. This was the very instrumentality that was wanted to bore through the Alps for the proposed tunnel. They went to PALEOCAPA with it, and he took them to CAVOUR. The thing was as good as done when CAVOUR'S mind took it in, for he never failed to do whatever he saw might be done with advantage. He instantly provided SOMMEILLER with a seat in Parliament, that the engineer might explain the plan for himself. A government bill was forthwith brought in and passed, authorizing experiments to be made, at the public cost, by SOMMEILLER, GRANDIS, and GRATTONI. The experiments, at San Pier d' Arena, near Genoa, were perfectly successful. A contract was made with the Victor Emanuel Railway Company, granting a subsidy of 20,000,000 francs toward the cost of the work. CAVOUR, in that session of 1856, laid the whole scheme before Parliament, and obtained its legislative confirmation. The works were actually commenced in August, 1857, when the king attended in person. But they went on slowly during the first five or six years.

The tunnel is popularly but incorrectly called the Mont Cenis Tunnel, whereas it is fifteen miles away from Mont Cenis, to the southwest. Referring to the plan engraved on this page, it will be perceived that the approach line to the Savoy mouth of the tunnel, shown at the left hand of the plan, makes a remarkable bend, passing up the valley of the Arc to Modane, then turning round and descending the same valley, parallel to its former course, to reach the mouth of the tunnel at Fourneau. This was needful to gain the requisite elevation, the tunnel being 400 feet above the bottom of the valley, 150 feet above the Mont Cenis road at Modane, and 3709 feet above the sea level. Entering the tunnel, its level is found to rise with an average incline of 1 in 45, or 117 feet 4 inches per mile, to a point just midway, 429 feet above the height of the Savoy entrance. From this point, descending to the Italian side, the incline is very slight, about 1 in 2000, serving only to let the moisture run off the floor. The exact length is 7½ English miles and 242 yards, which is 4½ miles longer than the longest railway tunnel previously constructed in Europe—one at Lanerthe, on the Paris, Lyons, and Mediterranean line. The transverse section displays the outline of the mountain mass, called Le Grand Vallon, through which the tunnel is pierced. The highest point of this mountain is 9600 feet above the sea level; but the greatest height of the mass perpendicularly over the tunnel is 5307 feet. There are, of course, no perpendicular shafts from the surface to the tunnel. The geological composition of the mass along the tunnel line is, first, a thickness of 2350 yards of schist; then 396 yards of quartz, 2954 yards of compact limestone; and the remainder, on the Italian side, is all schist, which was easier to cut than the quartz or the limestone. The dimensions of the tunnel, as excavated, are 25 feet 3½ inches wide at the base; 26 feet 2¾ inches at the broadest part, with a semicircular top; 24 feet 7 inches high at the Modane end, but 11¾ inches higher at the Bardonnèche end. Its roof and walls are cased with masonry. At the Bardonnèche end the vault is of brick, and the sides are of stone; at the Modane end the whole lining is of stone.

The entire work has been executed under the direction of Signor GRATTONI, Commander of the Order of St. Maurice and St. Lazarus, who is chief engineer. His former colleagues, Signor GRANDIS and M. SOMMEILLER, have not lived to see the completion of their great work. In subordination to GRATTONI, the superintending engineer of the Modane section is Signor COPELLO; of the Bardonnèche portion, Signor BARELLI. These gentlemen are Italians, and the work has been done by Piedmontese laborers; but the cost in money has been divided between Italy and France, amounting probably to more than six millions sterling, inclusive of the approach lines.

The excavation has been done simultaneously from both ends of the tunnel by boring and then blasting the face of the rock. It is in the use of air as a motive power for the perforating tools that the novelty of the Alpine tunnel operations consists. Air was compressed to six atmospheres by means of hydraulic pressure obtained from the mountain streams in the neighborhood of the tunnel. The piercing instrument was a steel drill driven by a piston, worked itself by compressed air from a movable press. The compressed air was conveyed in a cast iron tube of 7.84 inches inside diameter, and 39 inches thick. The tube was made in lengths of from 6 feet to 8 feet. Safety-valves were placed in this tube, and whenever the pressure became more than six atmospheres, air escaped, and was conveyed by other tubes to the scene of operations in the middle of the mountain, and supplied the workmen with fresh air. The quantity of water consumed was 35.317 cubic feet per second, there being a fall of 144 feet. The method of operation in order to pierce the rock was as follows: Seven drills pierced a series of holes in



PLAN AND SECTION OF THE MONT CENIS TUNNEL.

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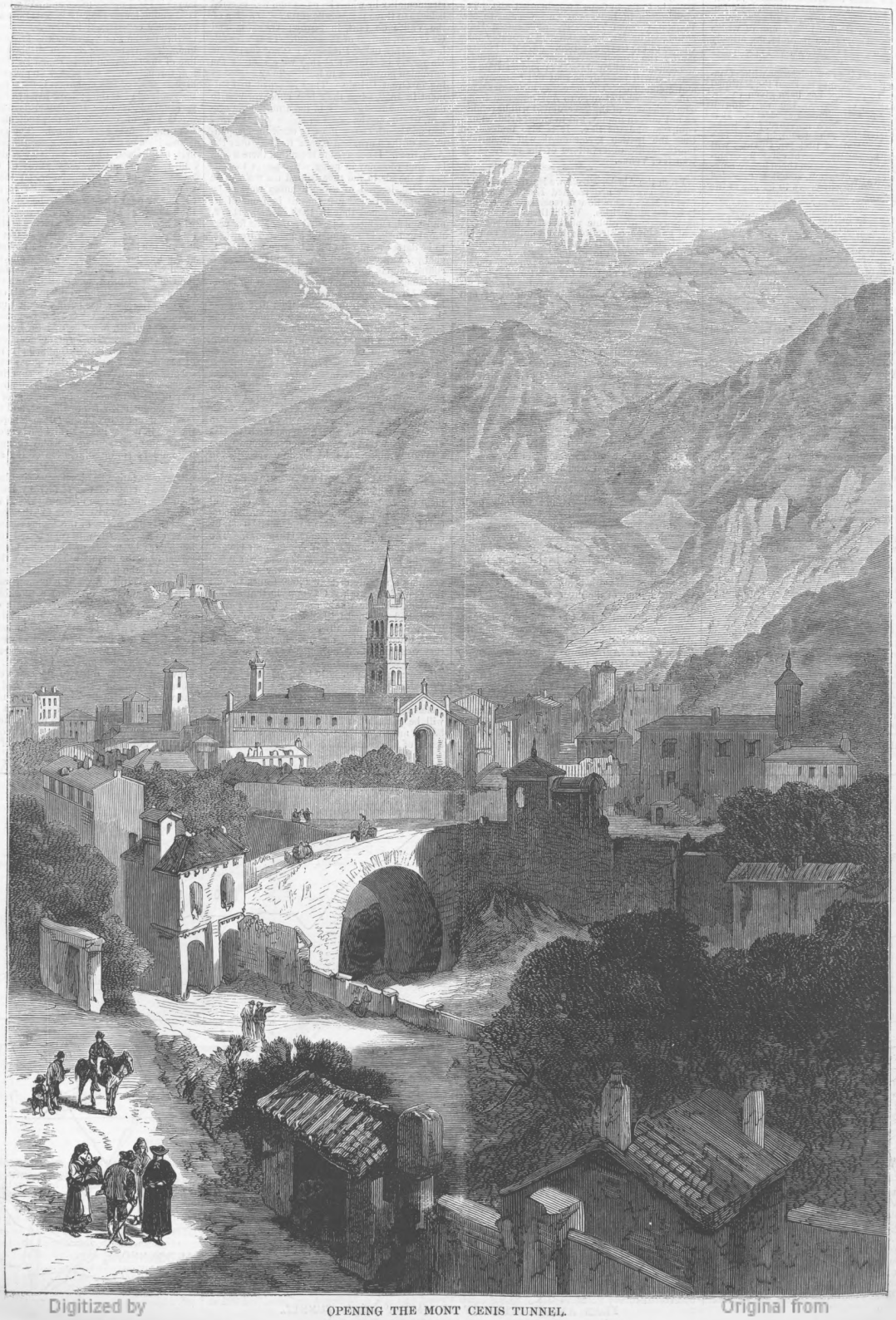
the rock. These holes were about a yard in depth, 1 inch to 3 inches in diameter; only the smaller ones were filled with powder, the larger were simply made in order to diminish the resistance of the stone. These seven holes took from five to seven hours to perforate, according to the nature of the rock. When the holes had been made they were dried thoroughly by means of blasts of compressed air, and then charged. The mines were successively exploded, beginning with those in the centre of the vault. Then the fragments were cleared away in trucks. In the twenty-four hours the progress was from two yards to three yards, according to the hardness of the rock.

It was on the day after last Christmas-day that the two separate parties of engineers and workmen, boring into the mountain from opposite sides, at length met each other half-way through. There was scarcely half a yard difference in the axis lines of the two portions of the tunnel. That it should have been executed with so slight a variation, where no perpendicular shafts could be opened to the surface of the ground above, is one of the greatest triumphs of modern engineering skill.

The day of the opening and the following Monday and Tuesday were devoted to the official congratulations and popular festivities. The Italian ministers of state, SELLA, VISCONTI VENOSTA, DE VINCENZI, and CASTAGNOLA; the presidents of the Senate and Chamber of Deputies; M. LEFRANC, the French embassador; Signor NIGRA, the Italian embassador in France; M. FERDINAND DE LESSEPS, the Swiss embassador, and other persons of distinction, were present. The tunnel had been safely and comfortably traversed by special trains on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday morning. It was found that the passage could be made in twenty-one minutes, and there was no inconvenient degree of heat or want of air to breathe. The company were entertained with a banquet on Sunday in a grand pavilion erected for the purpose at Bardonnèche. In the city of Turin there were other demonstrations of joy, and the statue of PALEOCAPA was unveiled by the Prince of Carignan. The little town of Susa, at the foot of Mont Cenis, will henceforth lie quite out of the traveler's road; but we give a view of the place for the sake of its proximity to the Alpine tunnel, and its past historical associations.



OPENING THE MONT CENIS TUNNEL.

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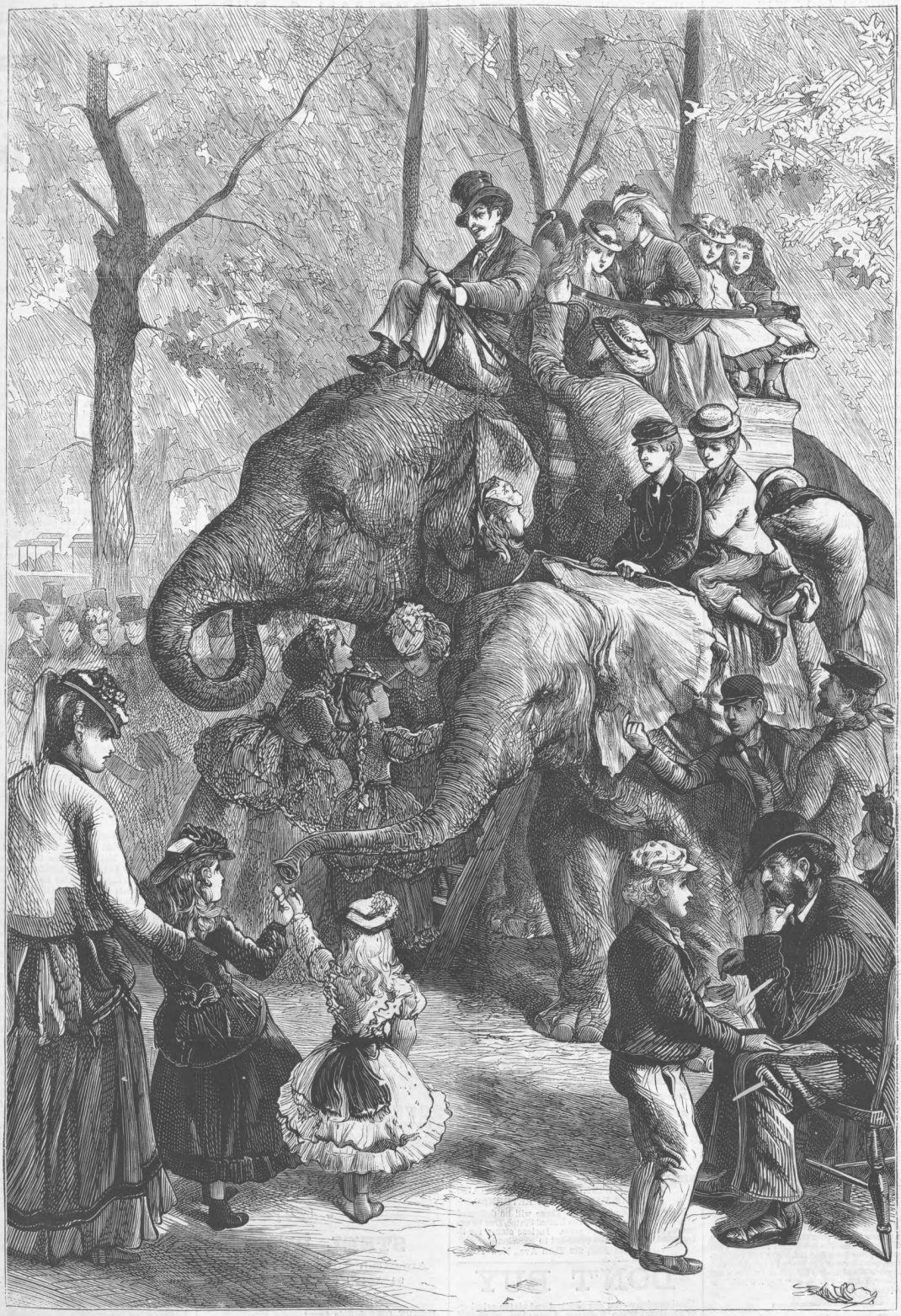

RIDING THE ELEPHANT IN THE LONDON ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

AN ELEPHANT RIDE.

ONE of the pleasantest of London resorts is the gardens of the Zoological Society in Regent's Park, with their gorgeous flower beds, trim lawns, retiring paths between the shrubberies or beneath the trees, and wonderful collection of beasts, birds, fishes, and reptiles which is there displayed to curious inspection. Every Monday these gardens are open to the working classes, at a trifling admission fee, who probably take more eager notice of the strange animals, and speculate with a more inquiring mind upon their habits and ways of life, than the class who have been "educated" to a mood of indifference, except that the children have in no social position yet learned the creed of Nil admirari, and their frank expressions of joyful surprise are the best part of the treat to their elder companions. To see them assembled round the mighty elephants, at the hour appointed for riding up and down the broad path, where the huge soft feet are wont to pace with a noiseless tread, is an interesting and pleasing exhibition of fresh youthful humanity, which should be more attractive to the kindly observer than any exotic variety of bestial existence. The ambitious little candidates for a seat upon the grand creature's lofty back, which to their eyes must appear forty or fifty feet in height, shows as great an amount of courage in daring to mount him as in any action or adventure of their short past lives; and when the stately, gentle monster begins his safe and easy march, with half a company of infantry in possession of his vast body, which seems a moving hill, the glorious exultation of that moment is not to be surpassed. Yet we remark two or three of the smaller girls who look a little frightened, and it is to be hoped that none will feel as though seasick, which is a disagreeable experience sometimes caused by the heaving motion of the beast they are to ride. Perched on the head of the animal, in a ridiculous attitude, sits Mr. Dick Swiveller, an idle young man, who ought to know better than to occupy the place of children. The boys astride of the junior elephant seem quite accustomed to this riding; but their steed is frisky, and unfairly excited by the little girls' offerings of cakes and buns, so that the keeper must twitch his ear to make him stand quiet. Gee up, Elephant! Now we're off, and on we go!

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CHICAGO AS IT WAS.

On the opening pages of this number of *Harper's Weekly* our readers will find a pictorial map of the beautiful city of Chicago as it stood before the terrible conflagrations which commenced Saturday night, the 7th of October. At the hour at which we are compelled to put our paper to press only fragmentary particulars of the great disaster which has befallen our sister city have come to hand, but next week we shall lay a full account before our readers.

The first fire broke out in a planing establishment in what is known as the Western Division of the city, near the site occupied by the large grain warehouse owned by VINCENT, NELSON, & CO., one of the largest in Chicago, which will be found indicated on the view. The wind was fresh from the south, and the flames were driven so rapidly before it that the efforts of the firemen to arrest its progress were for a long time fruitless. In half an hour from the time the alarm was given the whole district was in a blaze, and four entire blocks of buildings were destroyed, involving, with many houses of the poorer class, a very large amount of valuable business property.

Scarcely had the firemen, after hours of arduous toil, succeeded in obtaining mastery over this fire, when another alarm was sounded. This was at nearly ten o'clock Sunday evening, and the scene was again the Western Division. The flames spread with amazing rapidity before the strong wind, sweeping from block to block in spite of the most active exertions of the firemen, and making their way into the very heart of the city, over a space of more than five miles. A dispatch from Chicago, dated 9 A.M. Monday morning, stated that the entire business portion of the city was destroyed, including all the banks, the railroad dépôts, express and telegraph offices, all the newspaper buildings except that of the *Tribune*, six grain elevators, the Court-house, the Chamber of Commerce, the Sherman House, and the Water-works. It was estimated that at least ten thousand buildings had been consumed, and the fire was still raging. The wind was blowing a gale, and to this was added the calamity of a scarcity of water, owing to the destruction of the Water-works. Whole blocks of buildings were blown up with powder in the effort to arrest the flames. The amount of property destroyed is estimated by millions.

The outbreak of this terrible conflagration found Chicago one of the fairest and most flourishing cities of the Union. No other city could show more elegant private residences, more substantial warehouses and stores, more commanding public edifices, or more beautiful streets and avenues. One night has changed all this. A destruction almost as complete as that which once swept over old London has fallen upon it. Thousands upon thousands of people have been driven from their homes, and deprived of their means of livelihood. So great was the immediate suffering among them that the Mayor of the city telegraphed to other cities for food and other means of succor; and as the necessity must continue for some time, it will be incumbent upon all her sister cities to see that supplies are forwarded in such abundance that the horrors of the present calamity shall not be aggravated by lack of food.

CUNDURANGO.

THE President of Ecuador, in his message to the Congress of that republic, for 1871, says:

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EXAMPLE FOR THE LADIES.

MISS C——, of Troy, N. Y., with a Wheeler & Wilson Machine, earned, in three years and eleven months, $2308 92: stitching 638,652 collars, the length of seam being 380,602 yards, and the number of stitches 117,102,300, an average of 100,000 a day and 12,500 an hour. This stitching was all done by foot-power, and the machine is still in perfect order. It had no extra care, but was simply oiled and cleaned daily. This amount of stitching by hand, at 30 stitches a minute, would have been more than 20 years' work.—[*Com.*]

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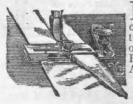
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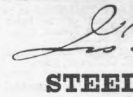
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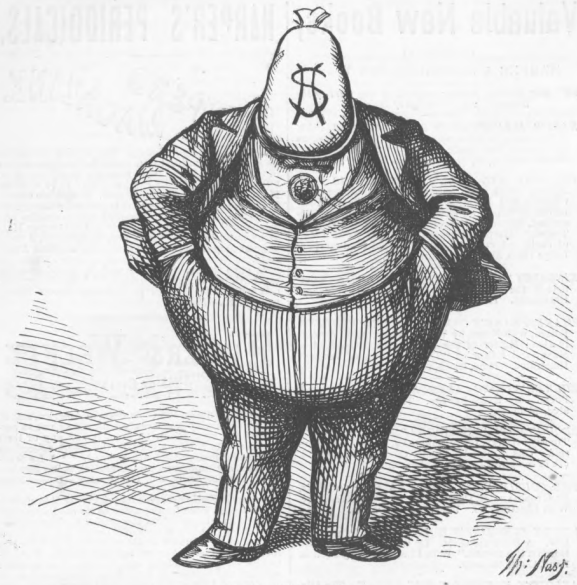

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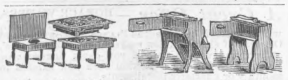

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MURAT HALSTEAD.

MURAT HALSTEAD, chief editor and proprietor of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, was born in Ross Township, Butler County, Ohio, September 2, 1829. The family homestead is one of the oldest in Southern Ohio. In 1804 Mr. HALSTEAD's grandfather removed from Currituck County, North Carolina, intending to locate in the famous Blue Grass region of Kentucky. The insecurity of land titles in that State changed his purpose; he crossed the Ohio, and established his family near the mouth of the Big Miami River. Fairly "washed out" by the memorable flood of 1805, he removed to higher ground, and located on the farm which still remains in possession of the family.

The best school of the boy is at home. MURAT's mother taught him to read and write. He led the ordinary life of a country lad—laboring on the farm in the summer, and going to the public school in the winter. The pastor of the church in the neighboring village of New London, the Rev. B. W. CHIDLAW, taught a select school. Here, at ten years of age, MURAT was instructed in the mysteries of composition, and engaged in the debates usual to village lyceums. Mr. CHIDLAW had a well-selected library, and its treasures of ancient and modern literature were open to the youth of the country-side. The subject of this sketch eagerly availed himself of it. At the age of nineteen MURAT, having struggled for some time with English grammar, conquered McGUFFY and RAY, and devoted some months of good intentions to algebra, geometry, and surveying, entered the Farmers' College, College Hill, then a flourishing institution seven miles from Cincinnati, where boys rapidly acquired a distaste for farm life and labor. During college days he devoted his leisure to sketch-writing for newspapers published in the villages of Hamilton and Rossville. His first real literary venture, however, was a story, which he sent, not without misgivings as to its fate, to the Cincinnati *Gazette*. It was accepted by the then literary editor, WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER, the poet, and duly published.

After graduating, in 1851, he appeared in Cincinnati, and in nearly all the newspapers. In those days no newspaper was thought complete without its literary department. This he invaded with a stream of fictitious narrative. The perils of the pioneers of Southern Ohio multiplied under his prolific pen; he slaughtered the aborigines as the Versaillists the Communists of Paris, and rescued distraught damsels as heroically as the Red-cross Knight of the "Faëry Queen."

To these literary labors he added an effort to start a weekly newspaper, two numbers of which actually appeared. The outside of the third number was printed, but progress was checked by inebriety in the mechanical department, and the enterprise was abandoned. No regular position on the daily papers having been offered, he went into winter-quarters in 1851–52 with the late WILLIAM T. COGGESHALL. They rented an inexpensive attic, and there the two young men wrought with great industry. COGGESHALL meditated mild romances of the moral domestic school, and HALSTEAD, in addition to the slaughter of the savages, elaborated letters for a score of rural papers in Ohio and Indiana. The experience was profitable, the pay small.

Presently Mr. JOHN D. CALDWELL offered a place to Mr. HALSTEAD on the *Atlas*, which was accepted, but in a short time given up to act temporarily as assistant local on the Cincinnati *Enquirer*. This position not fully occupying his time, he began to contribute to the *Columbian and Great West*, then a literary weekly of high standing in the West. This led to an engagement as assistant editor proffered by the proprietor, Mr. WILLIAM B. SHATTUCK, now of New York city.

The late M. D. POTTER was then managing the *Daily Commercial*, and in 1853 engaged Mr. HALSTEAD's services. It happened, during Mr. POTTER's absence from the city and the sickness of his partner, Mr. R. H. LEE, that the direction of the paper fell into Mr. HALSTEAD's hands. He at once introduced a feature in its management that presently wrought a great revolution in Western journalism. It was a systematic abstract and compilation of the important news found in the exchange papers. Cincinnati is a central point, and as the telegraph furnished but a meagre outline of the news, and frequently nothing more than imperfect market reports, the *Commercial* grew in demand as a newspaper. The success of this change was decided, and it was not long before the poets were crowded out of their favorite corners, the feuilletonists banished from conspicuous places, and the daily papers made more truly than before abstract and brief chronicles of the times. No one appreciated this innovation more than Mr. POTTER, and on the reorganization of the office, in 1854, Mr. HALSTEAD was enabled to secure a partnership interest in it.

A little later and there was a sudden and remarkable development in the newspaper business, especially in Cincinnati. Mr. RICHARD SMITH became the manager of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, and made it a real newspaper. The competition between the two rival dailies became sharp. Requisition was made upon all resources for the collection and prompt diffusion of news. Special correspondents and reporters were sent to every point of news importance with instructions to use the wires freely, and charter special trains if necessary. The result was that Cincinnati soon became noted above all her sister cities of the West for the enterprise and ability of her newspapers. The same determination to distance each other was evinced during the war, and the corps of correspondents of the *Commercial* and *Gazette* was as efficient and able as that employed on any newspaper in the United States.

As has been stated, Mr. HALSTEAD is now the chief editor and proprietor of the *Commercial*, and has given to it the best energies and years of his life. It is a melancholy fact that of all the gentlemen identified with the daily newspapers of Cincinnati when he began his career, but four remain connected with it—Mr. C. D. MILLAR, of the *Commercial*; G. M. D. BLOSS and Hon. JAMES J. FARAN, of the *Enquirer*; and Hon. E. D. MANSFIELD, of the *Gazette*. The others are either dead or scattered.

Mr. HALSTEAD has made himself a representative of vigilance and success in newspaper management. He is an indefatigable worker. When at home no edition of his paper goes to press without his personal supervision. He has, as he has himself described it, "a nose for news," and a certain large suggestiveness which gives impulse as well to his office associates as to correspondents at home and abroad. His management is broad and liberal. No difference of views is allowed to exclude a communication, fairly written, upon any question of public interest. As a writer Mr. HALSTEAD is direct, outspoken, manly, and sometimes more forcible than elegant. Belonging to no association or society, civic or religious; independent of parties, asking no favors of them, and wanting no office; thoroughly centred in and wholly satisfied with his profession—he is in a position to express himself with the greatest freedom concerning men and measures. He has waged remorseless war on dishonesty in office; and the hordes of peculating politicians who, in the names of Republicanism and Democracy, organize for plunder, give him the benefit of distance.

Mr. HALSTEAD is a muscular Christian, broad-shouldered and strong-armed. Few men can go through the amount of labor he performs each day without rapid loss of physical and intellectual power; yet it produces no apparent effect upon him, and such is his exuberant vigor that he has come to regard deterioration of bodily or mental powers under sixty as an unnatural decline.

MURAT HALSTEAD.

DINNER-TIME.

A WELL-KNOWN proverb tells that the rich may dine when they like, but the poor must dine when they can; and although this question of dinner-time is a most important one both to rich and poor, it has been solved in a very different way at different times of the world's history.

As modern nations become more highly civilized, their hours gradually grow later and later; but even if various reasons could be given to account for this declination, it is, nevertheless, a great evil, which no one has been either willing or able to stop. Some few men have chosen to keep to primitive hours, but by so doing they have been forced to leave society, and in consequence society has soon dropped them out of her memory.

The ancients were more natural in their habits than we are: thus, the Roman citizen rose with the lark, and went to bed when darkness came on, and it was only the rich who could afford to live by candle-light. Those idle persons among them who did so were called by Seneca, in contempt, *lucifugæ*.

Fashion now forces her votaries to reverse the proper order of things, by dining at night and supping in the morning. Dr. Franklin, when matters were not so bad as they are now, tried good-humoredly to show the people of France the advantages to be gained by the adoption of early hours; and he calculated that in the city of Paris alone 96,075,000 francs, or nearly four million pounds, would be saved every year by the economy of using sunshine instead of candles from the 20th of March to the 20th of September. The Emperor of Brazil, in his recent visit to London, appears to have been sadly puzzled by the late hours. One day he visited Lincoln's Inn between six and seven in the morning, and was surprised not to find any lawyers there. Another day he started off from his hotel before breakfast to Kew Gardens, and returned for that meal at eight A.M.

Our forefathers had done half a day's work by the time their descendants think of rising, so that candles and gas may in one sense be said to have demoralized the world. The House of Commons originally met at six or seven o'clock in the morning, but after a time the hour of meeting was delayed to nine. About two hundred years ago, noon for meeting, and six P.M. for parting, were considered very late hours by some; and one hundred years ago, Speaker Onslow deplored in bitter terms the laziness of members who considered themselves unable to assemble before two o'clock in the afternoon. The time at which British legislators meet now is four P.M.

When men dined at an hour that many now think the proper time for getting up, they were ready for their amusements much earlier than we now take them. Accordingly, the theatres were opened early in the afternoon in the reign of Elizabeth; and when Whalley edited the plays of Ben Jonson, in 1756, the performances commenced at four P.M. Another class of entertainment, which is now unnaturally late, was carried on in the last century during reasonable hours: balls then began at six or seven o'clock in the evening, and ended at eleven and twelve; but now they begin at the hour when they formerly ended.

Dinner-time is as much the era of the social as noon is of the natural day, and *l'après dîner* is almost the only date in Cardinal De Retz's "Memoirs of the Fronde." As all time before dinner is considered as morning, however late the meal may be taken, a notice of the changes in its time will be a good test of early and late hours.

England is now, and always has been, later in its habits than France. Louis XII. dined at half past nine in the morning, but at the same period in England the court hour was eleven; and when that king married the daughter of Henry VII., he gave up his regular habits, and took to English customs, in gallantry to his young bride. In consequence, historians tell us that he fell a victim to late hours, and died soon after his marriage.

Louis XIV. dined at twelve; while his contemporaries, Cromwell and Charles II., were dining at one. An old monastic triplet gives the dinner hour as early as it could well be fixed:

Lever à cinq, diner à neuf,
Souper à cinq, coucher à neuf,
Fait vivre d'ans nonante et neuf.

A subsequent proverb shifts the time for all the operations an hour later:

Lever à six, diner à dix,
Souper à six, coucher à dix.

From the Northumberland Household Book (1512) we learn that the family rose at six, breakfasted at seven, dined at ten, supped at four P.M., and shut their gates at nine.

When traveling in little frequented parts of Germany, we often find English customs of centuries ago flourishing there at the present day. Eleven and twelve o'clock are very usually the hours for dinner in all parts of that empire. In England the court dinner hour remained at eleven from the reign of Edward IV. to that of Henry VII., but the middle and lower classes dined at nine or ten. The fashionable hour in Henry VIII.'s reign came to be twelve, when Sir Thomas More dined, and it remained fixed there for many years. It is still the working-man's time, and is likely so to remain for centuries, as it appears to be nature's own time. Fashion may make laws as she will, and call meals by various names, but at midday most persons feel the necessity of taking food.

When the dinner was eaten early in the morning it was not always the practice to take a previous meal, so that, in point of fact, the old dinner was a knife-and-fork breakfast, such as is common now on the Continent. In Cotton's *Angler* the author says: "My diet is a glass of ale as I am dressed, and no more till dinner." Viator answers: "I will light a pipe, for that is commonly my breakfast too."

In 1700 the dinner hour had shifted to two o'clock; at that time Addison dined during the last thirty years of his life, and Pope through the whole of his. Very great people dined at four as early as 1740, and Pope complains of Lady Suffolk's dining at that late hour; but in 1751 we find the Duchess of Somerset's hour was three. This, however, only shows that slightly different dinner hours were prevalent at the same period; and we know that when the Duchess of Gordon asked Pitt to dine with her at seven, his excuse was that he was engaged to sup with the Bishop of Winchester at that hour. In 1780 the poet Cowper speaks of four as the then fashionable time; and about 1804–5 an alteration took place at Oxford, by which those colleges that dined at three began to dine at four, and those which dined at four postponed their time to five. After the battle of Waterloo, six o'clock was promoted to the honor of being

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the dinner hour. Now, we have got on to eight and nine; the epigram tells us,

> The gentleman who dines the latest
> Is in our street esteemed the greatest;
> But surely greater than them all
> Is he who never dines at all.

We have seen that, within four hundred years, the dinner hour has gradually moved through twelve hours of the day—from nine A.M. to nine P.M. Nature, however, will revenge herself on fashion, and have her own way in the long-run; for as the dinner hour becomes gradually later, it must inevitably return to the early hours of past centuries, and the Irishman's description of his friend's habits will be literally true of us, for we shall not dine till—to-morrow.

LORD KILGOBBIN.

By CHARLES LEVER.

Author of "That Boy of Norcott's," "The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly," "Sir Brooke Fossbrooke," "A Day's Ride," "One of Them," "Gerald Fitzgerald," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XLV.

SOME IRISHRIES.

THAT which the English irreverently call "chaff" enters largely as an element into Irish life; and when Walpole stigmatized the habit to Joe Atlee as essentially that of the smaller island, he was not far wrong. I will not say that it is a high order of wit—very elegant, or very refined; but it is a strong incentive to good-humor—a vent to good spirits; and, being a weapon which every Irishman can wield in some fashion or other, establishes that sort of joust which prevailed in the mêlée tournaments, and where each tilted with whom he pleased.

Any one who has witnessed the progress of an Irish trial, even when the crime was of the very gravest, can not fail to have been struck by the continual clash of smart remark and smarter rejoinder between the bench and the bar; showing how men feel the necessity of ready-wittedness, and a promptitude to repel attack, in which even the prisoner in the dock takes his share, and cuts his joke at the most critical moment of his existence.

The Irish theatre always exhibits traits of this national taste; but a dinner-party, with its due infusion of barristers, is the best possible exemplification of this give and take, which, even if it had no higher merit, is a powerful ally of good-humor, and the sworn foe to every thing like over-irritability or morbid self-esteem. Indeed I could not wish a very conceited man, of a somewhat grave temperament and distant demeanor, a much heavier punishment than a course of Irish dinner-parties; for even though he should come out scathless himself, the outrages to his sense of propriety, and the insults to his ideas of taste, would be a severe suffering.

That breakfast-table at Kilgobbin had some heavy hearts around the board. There was not, with the exception of Walpole, one there who had not, in the doubts that beset his future, grave cause for anxiety; and yet to look at, still more to listen to them, you would have said that Walpole alone had any load of care upon his heart, and that the others were a light-hearted, happy set of people, with whom the world went always well. No cloud!—not even a shadow to darken the road before them. Of this levity—for I suppose I must give it a hard name—the source of much that is best and worst among us, our English rulers take no account, and are often as ready to charge us with a conviction, which was no more than a caprice, as they are to nail us down to some determination, which was simply a drollery; and until some intelligent traveler does for us what I lately perceived a clever tourist did for the Japanese, in explaining their modes of thought, impulses, and passions to the English, I despair of our being better known in Downing Street than we now are.

Captain Curtis—for it is right to give him his rank—was fearfully nervous and uneasy, and though he tried to eat his breakfast with an air of unconcern and carelessness, he broke his egg with a tremulous hand, and listened with painful eagerness every time Walpole spoke.

"I wish somebody would send us the *Standard*, when it is known that the Lord Lieutenant's secretary has turned Fenian," said Kilgobbin. "Won't there be a grand Tory outcry over the unprincipled Whigs?"

"The papers need know nothing whatever of the incident," interposed Curtis, anxiously, "if old Flood is not busy enough to inform them."

"Who is old Flood?" asked Walpole.

"A Tory J. P., who has copied out a considerable share of your correspondence," said Kilgobbin.

"And four letters in a lady's hand," added Dick, "that he imagines to be a treasonable correspondence by symbol."

"I hope Mr. Walpole," said Kate, "will rather accept felony to the law than falsehood to the lady."

"You don't mean to say—" began Walpole, angrily; then, correcting his irritable manner, he added, "Am I to suppose my letters have been read?"

"Well, roughly looked through," said Curtis. "Just a glance here and there to catch what they meant."

"Which I must say was quite unnecessary," said Walpole, haughtily.

"It was a sort of journal of yours," blundered out Curtis, who had a most unhappy knack of committing himself, "that they opened first, and they saw an entry with Kilgobbin Castle at the top of it, and the date last July."

"There was nothing political in that, I'm sure," said Walpole.

"No, not exactly, but a trifle rebellious all the same; the words 'We this evening learned a Fenian song, "The time to begin," and rather suspect it is time to leave off; the Greek better-looking than ever, and more dangerous.'"

Curtis's last words were drowned in the laugh that now shook the table; indeed, except Walpole and Nina herself, they actually roared with laughter, which burst out afresh, as Curtis, in his innocence, said, "We couldn't make out about the Greek, but we hoped we'd find out later on."

"And I fervently trust you did," said Kilgobbin.

"I'm afraid not; there was something about somebody called Joe, that the Greek wouldn't have him, or disliked him, or snubbed him—indeed I forget the words."

"You are quite right, Sir, to distrust your memory," said Walpole; "it has betrayed you most egregiously already."

"On the contrary," burst in Kilgobbin, "I am delighted with this proof of the Captain's acuteness; tell us something more, Curtis."

"There was then 'From the upper castle yard, Maude,' whoever Maude is, 'says, "Deny it all, and say you never were there," not so easy as she thinks, with a broken right arm, and a heart not quite so whole as it ought to be.'"

"There, Sir—with the permission of my friends here—I will ask you to conclude your reminiscences of my private papers, which can have no possible interest for any one but myself."

"Quite wrong in that," cried Kilgobbin, wiping his eyes, which had run over with laughter. "There's nothing I'd like so much as to hear more of them."

"What was that about his heart?" whispered Curtis to Kate; "was he wounded in the side also?"

"I believe so," said she, dryly; "but I believe he has got quite over it by this time."

"Will you say a word or two about me, Miss Kearney?" whispered he again; "I'm not sure I improved my case by talking so freely; but as I saw you all so outspoken, I thought I'd fall into your ways."

"Captain Curtis is much concerned for any fault he may have committed in this unhappy business," said Kate; "and he trusts that the agitation and excitement of the Donogan case will excuse him."

"That's your policy now," interrupted Kilgobbin. "Catch the Fenian fellow, and nobody will remember the other incident."

"We mean to give out that we know he has got clear away to America," said Curtis, with an air of intense canning. "And to lull his suspicions we have notices in print to say that no further rewards are to be given for his apprehension, so that he'll get a false confidence, and move about as before."

"With such acuteness as yours on his trail, his arrest is certain," said Walpole, gravely.

"Well, I hope so, too," said Curtis, in good faith for the compliment. "Didn't I take up nine men for the search of arms here, though there were only five? One of them turned evidence," added he, gravely; "he was the fellow that swore Miss Kearney stood between you and the fire after they wounded you."

"You are determined to make Mr. Walpole your friend," whispered Nina in his ear; "don't you see, Sir, that you are ruining yourself?"

"I have been puzzled to explain how it was that crime went unpunished in Ireland," said Walpole, sententiously.

"And you know now?" asked Curtis.

"Yes; in a great measure, you have supplied me with the information."

"I believe it's all right now," muttered the Captain to Kate. "If the swell owns that I have put him up to a thing or two, he'll not throw me over."

"Would you give me three minutes of your time?" whispered Gorman O'Shea to Lord Kilgobbin, as they arose from table.

"Half an hour, my boy, or more if you want it. Come along with me now into my study, and we'll be safe there from all interruption."

CHAPTER XLVI.

SAGE ADVICE.

"So then you are in a hobble with your aunt," said Mr. Kearney, as he believed he had summed up the meaning of a very blundering explanation by Gorman O'Shea; "isn't that it?"

"Yes, Sir; I suppose it comes to that."

"The old story, I've no doubt, if we only knew it—as old as the patriarchs: the young ones go into debt, and think it very hard that the elders dislike the paying it."

"No, no; I have no debts—at least, none to speak of."

"It's a woman, then? Have you gone and married some good-looking girl, with no fortune and less family? Who is she?"

"Not even that, Sir," said he, half impatient at seeing how little attention had been bestowed on his narrative.

"'Tis bad enough, no doubt," continued the old man, still in pursuit of his own reflections; "not but there's scores of things worse: for if a man is a good fellow at heart, he'll treat the woman all the better for what she has cost him. That is one of the good sides of selfishness; and when you have lived as long as me, Gorman, you'll find out how often there's something good to be squeezed out of a bad quality, just as though it were a bit of our nature that was depraved, but not gone to the devil entirely."

"There is no woman in the case here, Sir," said O'Shea, bluntly, for these speculations only irritated him.

"Ho, ho! I have it then," cried the old man. "You've been burning your fingers with rebellion. It's the Fenians have got a hold of you."

"Nothing of the kind, Sir. If you'll just read these two letters. The one is mine, written on the morning I came here: here is my aunt's. The first is not word for word as I sent it, but as well as I can remember. At all events, it will show how little I had provoked the answer. There, that's the document that came along with my trunks, and I have never heard from her since."

"'DEAR NEPHEW,'"—read out the old man, after patiently adjusting his spectacles—"'O'Shea's Barn is not an inn'— And more's the pity," added he; "for it would be a model house of entertainment. You'd say any one could have a sirloin of beef or a saddle of mutton; but where Miss Betty gets hers is quite beyond me. 'Nor are the horses at public livery,'" read he out. "I think I may say, if they were, that Kattoo won't be hired out again to the young man that took her over the fences. 'As you seem fond of warnings,'" continued he, aloud —"'Ho, ho! that's at *you* for coming over here to tell me about the search-warrant; and she tells you to mind your own business; and droll enough it is. We always fancy we're saying an impertinence to a man when we tell him to attend to what concerns him most. It shows, at least, that we think meddling a luxury. And then she adds, 'Kilgobbin is welcome to you,' and I can only say you are welcome to Kilgobbin—ay, and in her own words—'with such regularity and order as the meals succeed.'—'All the luggage belonging to you,' etc., and 'I am very respectfully, your Aunt.' By my conscience, there was no need to sign it! That was old Miss Betty all the world over!" and he laughed till his eyes ran over, though the rueful face of young O'Shea was staring at him all the time. "Don't look so gloomy, O'Shea," cried Kearney; "I have not so good a cook, nor, I'm sorry to say, so good a cellar, as at the Barn; but there are young faces, and young voices, and young laughter, and a light step on the stairs; and if I know any thing, or rather, if I remember any thing, these will warm a heart at your age better than '44 claret or the crustiest port that ever stained a decanter."

"I am turned out, Sir—sent adrift on the world," said the young man, despondently.

"And it is not so bad a thing after all, take my word for it, boy. It's a great advantage now and then to begin life as a vagabond. It takes a deal of snobbery out of a fellow to lie under a hay-stack, and there's no better cure for pretension than a dinner of cold potatoes. Not that I say you need the treatment—far from it—but our distinguished friend Mr. Walpole wouldn't be a bit the worse of such an alterative."

"If I am left without a shilling in the world?"

"You must try what you can do on sixpence—the whole thing is how you begin. I used not to be able to eat my dinner when I did not see the fellow in a white tie standing before the sideboard, and the two flunkies in plush and silk stockings at either side of the table; and when I perceived that the decanters had taken their departure, and that it was beer I was given to drink, I felt as if I had dined, and was ready to go out and have a smoke in the open air; but a little time, even without any patience, but just time, does it all."

"Time won't teach a man to live upon nothing."

"It would be very hard for him if it did. Let him begin by having few wants, and work hard to supply means for them."

"Work hard! Why, Sir, if I labored from daylight to dark I'd not earn the wages of the humblest peasant, and I'd not know how to live on it."

"Well, I have given you all the philosophy in my budget, and, to tell you the truth, Gorman, except so far as coming down in the world in spite of myself, I know mighty little about the fine precepts I have been giving you; but this I know, you have a roof over your head here, and you're heartily welcome to it; and who knows but your aunt may come to terms all the sooner because she sees you here?"

"You are very generous to me, and I feel it deeply," said the young man; but he was almost choked with the words.

"You have told me already, Gorman, that your aunt gave you no other reason against coming here than that I had not been to call on you; and I believe you—believe you thoroughly. But tell me now, with the same frankness, was there nothing passing in your own mind? had you no suspicions or misgivings, or something of the same kind, to keep you away? Be candid with me now, and speak it out freely."

"None, on my honor. I was sorely grieved to be told I must not come, and thought very often of rebelling; so that, indeed, when I did rebel, I was in a measure prepared for the penalty, though scarcely so heavy as this."

"Don't take it to heart. It will come right yet. Every thing comes right if we give it time; and there's plenty of time to the fellow who is not five-and-twenty. It's only the old dogs, like myself, who are always doing their match against time, are in a hobble. To feel that every minute of the clock is something very like three weeks of the almanac flurries a man when he wants to be cool and collected. Put your hat on a peg, and make your home here. If you want to be of use, Kitty will show you scores of things to do about the garden; and we never object to see a brace of snipe at the end of dinner, though there's nobody cares to shoot them; and the bog trout, for all their dark color, are excellent eating, and I know you can throw a line. All I say is, do something, and something that takes you into the open air. Don't get to lying about in easy-chairs and reading novels; don't get to singing duets and philandering about with the girls. May I never, if I'd not rather find a brandy-flask in your pocket than Tennyson's poems!"

CHAPTER XLVII.

REPROOF.

"SAY it out frankly, Kate," cried Nina, as with flashing eyes and heightened color she paced the drawing-room from end to end with that bold, sweeping stride which in moments of passion betrayed her. "Say it out. I know perfectly what you are hinting at."

"I never hint," said the other, gravely; "least of all with those I love."

"So much the better. I detest an équivoque. If I am to be shot, let me look the fire in the face."

"There is no question of shooting at all. I think you are very angry for nothing."

"Angry for nothing! Do you call that studied coldness you have observed toward me all day yesterday nothing? Is your ceremonious manner—exquisitely polite, I will not deny—is that nothing? Is your chilling salute when we met—I half believe you courtesied—nothing? That you shun me, that you take pains not to keep my company, never to be with me alone, is past denial."

"And I do not deny it," said Kate, with a voice of calm and quiet meaning.

"At last, then, I have the avowal. You own that you love me no longer."

"No, I own nothing of the kind: I love you very dearly; but I see that our ideas of life are so totally unlike, that, unless one should bend and conform to the other, we can not blend our thoughts in that harmony which perfect confidence requires. You are so much above me in many things, so much more cultivated and gifted—I was going to say civilized, and I believe I might—"

"Ta—ta—ta," cried Nina, impatiently, "These flatteries are very ill-timed."

"So they would be, if they were flatteries; but if you had patience to hear me out, you'd have learned that I meant a higher flattery for myself."

"Don't I know it? don't I guess?" cried the Greek. "Have not your downcast eyes told it? and that look of sweet humility that says, 'At least I am not a flirt?'"

"Nor am I," said Kate, coldly.

"And I am! Come, now, do confess. You want to say it."

"With all my heart I wish you were not!" And Kate's eyes swam as she spoke.

"And what if I tell you that I know it—that in the very employment of the arts of what you call coquetry, I am but exercising those powers of pleasing by which men are led to frequent the salon instead of the café, and like the society of the cultivated and refined better than—"

"No, no, no!" burst in Kate. "There is no such mock principle in the case. Your are a flirt because you like the homage it secures you, and because, as you do not believe in such a thing as an honest affection, you have no scruple about trifling with a man's heart."

"So much for captivating that bold hussar," cried Nina.

"For the moment I was not thinking of him."

"Of whom, then?"

"Of that poor Captain Curtis, who has just ridden away."

"Oh, indeed!"

"Yes. He has a pretty wife and three nice little girls, and they are the happiest people in the world. They love each other, and love their home—so, at least, I am told, for I scarcely know them myself."

"And what have I done with *him?*"

"Sent him away sad and doubtful—very doubtful if the happiness he believed in was the real article after all, and disposed to ask himself how it was that his heart was beating in a new fashion, and that some new sense had been added to his nature, of which he had no inkling before. Sent him away with the notes of a melody floating through his brain, so that the merry laugh of his children will be a discord, and such a memory of a soft glance that his wife's bright look will be meaningless."

"And I have done all this? Poor me!"

"Yes, and done it so often that it leaves no remorse behind it."

"And the same, I suppose, with the others?"

"With Mr. Walpole, and Dick, and Mr. O'Shea, and Mr. Atlee, too, when he was here, in their several ways."

"Oh, in theirs; not in mine, then?"

"I am but a bungler in my explanation. I wished to say that you adapted your fascinations to the tastes of each."

"What a siren!"

"Well, yes—what a siren; for they're all in love in some fashion or other; but I could have forgiven you these had you spared the married man."

"So that you actually envy that poor prisoner the gleam of light and the breath of cold air that comes between his prison bars—that one moment of ecstasy that reminds him how he once was free and at large, and no manacles to weigh him down? You will not let him even touch bliss in imagination? Are *you* not more cruel than *me?*"

"This is mere nonsense," said Kate, boldly. "You either believe that man was fooling *you*, or that you have sent him away unhappy; take which one of these you like."

"Can't your rustic nature see that there is a third case, quite different from both, and that Harry Curtis went off believing—"

"Was he Harry Curtis?" broke in Kate.

"He was dear Harry when I said good-by," said Nina, calmly.

"Oh! then I give up every thing; I throw up my brief."

"So you ought, for you have lost your cause long ago."

"Even that poor Donogan was not spared, and Heaven knows he had troubles enough on his head to have pleaded some pity for him."

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"And is there no kind word to say of *me*, Kate?"

"Oh, Nina, how ashamed you make me of my violence when I dare to blame you! But if I did not love you so dearly I could better bear you should have a fault."

"I have only one, then?"

"I know of no great one but this—I mean, I know of none that endangers good-nature and right feeling."

"And are you so sure that this does? Are you so sure that what you are faulting is not the manner and the way of a world you have not seen? that all these levities, as you would call them, are not the ordinary wear of people whose lives are passed where there is more tolerance and less rain?"

"Be serious, Nina, for a moment, and own that it was by intention you were in the approach when Captain Curtis rode away, that you said something to him, or looked something—perhaps both—on which he got down from his horse and walked beside you for full a mile."

"All true," said Nina, calmly. "I confess to every part of it."

"I'd far rather that you said you were sorry for it."

"But I am not; I'm very glad—I'm very proud of it. Yes, look as reproachfully as you like, Kate! 'very proud was what I said."

"Then I am indeed sorry," said Kate, growing pale as she spoke.

"I don't think, after all this sharp lecturing of me, that you deserve much of my confidence; and if I make you any, Kate, it is not by way of exculpation, for I do not accept your blame. It is simply out of caprice—mind that, and that I am not thinking of defending myself."

"I can easily believe that," said Kate, dryly.

And the other continued: "When Captain Curtis was talking to your father, and discussing the chances of capturing Donogan, he twice or thrice mentioned Harper and Fry—names which somehow seemed familiar to me; and on thinking the matter over when I went to my room, I opened Donogan's pocket-book and there found how these names had become known to me. Harper and Fry were tanners in Cork Street, and theirs was one of the addresses by which, if I had occasion to warn Donogan, I could write to him. On hearing these names from Curtis, it struck me that there might be treachery somewhere. Was it that these men themselves had turned traitor to the cause? or had another betrayed them? Whichever way the matter went, Donogan was evidently in great danger; for this was one of the places he regarded as perfectly safe.

"What was to be done? I dared not ask advice on any side. To reveal the suspicions which were tormenting me required that I should produce this pocket-book, and to whom could I impart this man's secret? I thought of your brother Dick, but he was from home, and even if he had not been, I doubt if I should have told him. I should have come to you, Kate, but that grand rebukeful tone you had taken up this last twenty-four hours repelled me; and, finally, I took counsel with myself. I set off just before Captain Curtis started, to what you have called waylay him in the avenue.

"Just below the beech-copse he came up; and then that small flirtation of the drawing-room, which has caused you so much anger and me such a sharp lesson, stood me in good stead, and enabled me to arrest his progress by some chance word or two, and at last so far to interest him that he got down and walked along at my side. I shall not shock you by recalling the little tender 'nothings' that passed between us, nor dwell on the small mockeries of sentiment which we exchanged—I hope very harmlessly—but proceed at once to what I felt my object. He was profuse of his gratitude for what I had done for him with Walpole, and firmly believed that my intercession alone had saved him; and so I went on to say that the best reparation he could make for his blunder would be some exercise of well-directed activity when occasion should offer. 'Suppose, for instance,' said I, 'you could capture this man Donogan?'

"'They very thing I hope to do,' cried he. 'The train is laid already. One of my constables has a brother in a well-known house in Dublin, the members of which, men of large wealth and good position, have long been suspected of holding intercourse with the rebels. Through his brother, himself a Fenian, this man has heard that a secret committee will meet at this place on Monday evening next, at which Donogan will be present. Molloy, another headcentre, will also be there, and Cummins, who escaped from Carrickfergus.' I took down all the names, Kate, the moment we parted, and while they were fresh in my memory. 'We'll draw the net on them all,' said he; 'and such a haul has not been made since '98.' The rewards alone will amount to some thousands.' It was then I said, 'And is there no danger, Harry?'"

"Oh, Nina!"

"Yes, darling, it was very dreadful, and I felt it so; but somehow one is carried away by a burst of feeling at certain moments, and the shame only comes too late. Of course it was wrong of me to call him Harry, and he, too, with a wife at home, and five little girls—or three, I forget which—should never have sworn that he loved me, nor said all that mad nonsense about what he felt in that region where chief constables have their hearts; but I own to great tenderness and a very touching sensibility on either side. Indeed, I may add here, that the really sensitive natures among men are never found under forty-five; but for genuine, uncalculating affection, for the sort of devotion that flings consequences to the winds, I'd say, give me fifty-eight or sixty."

"Nina, do not make me hate you," said Kate, gravely.

"Certainly not, dearest, if a little hypocrisy will avert such a misfortune. And so, to return to my narrative, I learned as accurately as a gentleman so much in love could condescend to inform me, of all the steps taken to secure Donogan at this meeting, or to capture him later on if he should try to make his escape by sea."

"You mean, then, to write to Donogan and apprise him of his danger?"

"It is done. I wrote the moment I got back here. I addressed him as Mr. James Bredin, care of Jonas Mullory, Esq., 41 New Street, which was the first address in the list he gave me. I told him of the peril he ran, and what his friends were also threatened by, and I recounted the absurd seizure of Mr. Walpole's effects here; and, last of all, what a dangerous rival he had in this Captain Curtis, who was ready to desert wife, children, and the constabulary to-morrow for me; and assuring him confidentially that I was well worth greater sacrifices of better men, I signed my initials in Greek letters."

"Marvelous caution and great discretion," said Kate, solemnly.

"And now come over to the drawing-room, where I have promised to sing for Mr. O'Shea some little ballad that he dreamed over all the night through; and then there's something else—what is it? what is it?"

"How should I know, Nina? I was not present at your arrangement."

"Just so, Kate—sensibilities permitting; and, indeed," she said, "I remember it already. It was luncheon."

THE TOPOGRAPHICAL INSTINCT.

THERE are several circumstances connected with the manifestation of this power which are worthy of note. *Imprimis*, persons who can find their way about every where are generally excessively tidy, methodical, and minutely particular sort of people. They always carry about postage stamps nicely folded in the corner of a pocket-book, whose contents are arranged with exemplary neatness. They commonly bear about with them two pocket-handkerchiefs, the second kept particularly clean and ready to be used as a duster. If you borrow stamps or sixpence, they never forget it, and if they do not actually request payment, they look unutterable things at you askance until you balance the account, which, as a rule, they prefer to have done in kind. Scraps of cotton on the carpet are their horror: a picture hung awry throws them into agonies. If you wear slippers in their presence, they hate you; and if you lay down letters and papers in their way, they are morally sure to put them away in some out-of-the-way place, where you will never think of looking for them. It is needless to add that to untidy, careless, muddling people these paragons of propriety are particularly unpleasant, and all the more so because the former respect and envy their faculty of order as much as they detest its remorseless operation to their own humiliation and personal discomfiture. People of this generally objectionable class are the very best of mortals to take out with one; not on a pedestrian tour, for then the height of enjoyment is to lose one's self, but when some unknown district has to be visited and traveled, and time is precious. Set a man with ten cents' worth of postage stamps, an ever-pointed pencil that screws up, a penknife that will cut, the perpetual possibility of giving change for a dollar, and with a second pocket-handkerchief, and a pair of folding compasses in his pocket, in the midst of the most perplexing neighborhood, and he will find his way any where. Perhaps when the psychological philosopher has unriddled the mystery of topographical intelligence he will explain how it comes to be associated with touchiness of temper and tidiness of habit, and why methodically minded people are almost invariably of small and wiry physique, and take an unconscionable time in wearing out.

THE WONDERS OF A POND.

MR. J. G. WOOD, author of several very entertaining books on natural history, has lately written a pleasant account of his investigations into the animal life of a small fresh-water pond, known as "Mrs. Coates's Bath," on account of the purpose for which it was originally intended. We have not room for the whole article, and have therefore selected some of the most interesting portions.

There were plenty of newts in the pond. These are really very pretty creatures, especially in the breeding season, when the males put on their nuptial splendors. Like many birds, they only assume their best dress for a short period, and when that brief period is over they can scarcely be distinguished from their more sombre mates. The chief and most conspicuous portion of the nuptial dress of the male newt is a sort of fin which runs along the back, and looks something like a cockscomb. It is deeply notched and toothed at the upper edge, and, as it is extremely delicate, it waves about in the water in graceful accordance with the movements of the animal. My little boy took some of these newts home, and, in the innocence of his heart, showed them to the gardener. The man was horribly frightened. He jumped back, and absolutely yelled with terror. He, keeping at a safe distance from the dread beasts, told the boy that "the effet was the most pizenous thing as is," and that he had known lots of people lie down in the grass at hay-making time, when they were bitten by effets, and then they swelled up, and went on swelling till they died. Fortunately the boy was too well taught to believe the man, and his terrors and warnings only afforded the keenest amusement.

As to aquatic insects, the water swarms with them, and the number of water-beetles alone that I found there is prodigious.

There was the great water-beetle in plenty. This, in common with all of its kind, is not an eligible inhabitant of an aquarium. If two or three be placed in a vessel with other inhabitants of the water, they immediately begin eating their fellow-prisoners, and, having finished all the smaller creatures, attack each other, the strongest killing and eating the weakest. I have before me a very fine male Dyticus in a pickle-bottle, where I was compelled to banish him in consequence of his voracity. I feed him mostly on blue-bottles, which he seizes between his powerful fore-legs, and devours in a very short time. At first he was rather puzzled with the flies, they not being his usual prey, but he now knows how to manage them, and a fly scarcely touches the surface of the water, when it is seized and borne below, held firmly in the jaws of its captor.

It is an insect full of wonders, and contains in itself the elements of more than one mechanical invention. In the first place, it is a living diving-bell. Like all insects, it breathes atmospheric air by means of tubes, which permeate the whole of the body. The apertures by which these tubes communicate with the air lie on the upper part of each side, under the wing-cases. Now these wing-cases, or elytra, are convex, while the upper part of the body is flat, so that there is a space between the wing-cases and the body. Every now and then the beetle comes to the surface of the water, protrudes the end of the body, draws in a supply of air into the space between the elytra and the body, and dives again, the elytra fitting so closely to each other and to the sides that the air can not escape. Sometimes, if the beetle be not alarmed, it will remain at the surface, with its head downward, and its body balanced by its extended swimming-legs, and on a calm day quite a number of water-beetles may be seen thus suspended. The swimming-legs which have just been mentioned are themselves very wonderful examples of structure. They are so made that the only movements which they can perform are those of swimming, and they are fringed with stiff hairs so set that when the leg is struck against the water the hairs stand out and act like the blade of an oar; while, when the limb is drawn back for the next stroke, they are drawn through the water from the root to point, and so offer the least possible resistance.

The first pair of legs of a male Dyticus are worthy the closest possible examination. On the feet of each of them is a round disk, which, when magnified, is seen to be made of three joints, flattened and dilated. Their under surface is covered with a vast array of suckers, one of which is very large, two of moderate size, and all the rest very small and set on footstalks. With these suckers they can hold so tightly that they can crawl up a pane of glass by their aid, and hold so firmly that a rather sharp pull is required before they can be detached.

Owing to the great length and peculiar jointing of the swimming-legs, the beetle is a bad walker, though it is a good flyer and a better swimmer. If placed upon the ground, it crawls awkwardly about, and seems to have little power of directing its course. Should it fall on its back on a smooth surface, it gives a series of wild kicks with its long hind-legs, the action being precisely the same as in swimming, and both legs being used simultaneously. If the surface be perfectly smooth, such as a plate or a piece of glass, the insect only spins round and round, and after a short time seems to be seized with despair, and lies perfectly motionless. Though the beetle can do no harm, and may be taken in the hand without fear, I do not recommend indiscriminate handling, and this for two reasons. In the first place, it is wonderfully strong, and has a way of forcing itself backward through the hands, so that a double-headed spike at the base of the swimming-legs is apt to prick the fingers rather smartly. In the next place, when held, it ejects a whitish fluid, which issues from the junctions of the head, the thorax, and the abdomen, and which has a strong and very unpleasant odor.

Perhaps the reader may think that there is not much to be seen in the common whirlwig, or whirligig beetle, which may be seen in vast numbers on the surface of the water, performing its mazy dance in any sheltered spot. Summer or winter seems to be the same to the whirlwig, and even in the cold days of winter a gleam of sunshine will bring out the whirlwig beetles in any spot wherever the ice is not formed, and they will dart about as merrily as if the July sun were pouring its hot beams on them. I need not say that there are plenty of these beetles, because there is scarcely a piece of water larger than a puddle in which they may not be found. A depression in the ground which has been dry for months, and suddenly filled with water by a rainstorm, will have whirlwigs in it before many hours have passed. The fact is that these beetles, like those which I have just described, have large and powerful wings, and can use them with great ease. They can take a flight from the surface of the water—a fact which I believe has not hitherto been noticed, or, at all events, not published.

While stooping over the water, and admiring the rapid movements of the whirlwig beetles, one of them suddenly darted up, struck me on the nose, and fell back again into the water. If the beetle were half as much astonished as I was, it must have been very much surprised indeed. Wishing to see how this feat was achieved, I took a number of the beetles, and put them into an aquarium, thinking—and, the result proved, rightly—that they would soon be tired of their limited space, and would take to wing. After whirling about for a little time some of them crawled up the glass sides of the aquarium, while others darted into the air and took to flight. They did it by striking the water violently with both swimming-feet at the same moment, and thus jerking themselves several inches into the air. Almost simultaneously with the spring, they spread their wide wings and flew away.

There is an old fairy tale about three sisters who had respectively one, two, and three eyes, the elder and the youngest treating their sister very contemptuously because she had two eyes, like people in general. Now a whirlwig beetle goes one step more singular, for it has four eyes, two above and two below—two to see below the water and two to see above it. Of course the beetle has in reality a vast number of eyes, like most insects, but those eyes are divided into four masses instead of two. The reason is this. The insect is continually scurrying about on the surface of the water, watching for prey, and if its eyes were constructed in the ordinary fashion it would only be able to see either above or below the surface, according as its eyes happened to be placed. In order to be able to see distinctly any object below the surface of the water, its eyes must be submerged; and in the eyes of this little beetle we find the principle of that well-known instrument, the water telescope. This is used for the purpose of looking into the water, and is simply a tube with a plain glass fixed water-tight into one end. When the glass is pushed under the surface of the water, and the eye applied to the upper part of the instrument, objects can be plainly seen, the vision not being obstructed by ripples on the surface of the water.

In "Mrs. Coates's Bath" are numberless water-boatmen of various species and in all stages of existence. We will, however, content ourselves with the commonest and largest species. The insect derives the popular name of water-boatman from the fact that it lies on its back, the sharp edge of which makes a very good imitation of a boat-keel, and rows itself by its long swimming-legs, which are nearly straight, and, with their bristle-fringed ends, look exceedingly like oars. In fact, we have no oars that can in any respect approach in efficiency the swimming-legs of the water-boatmen, with their invariably correct action, and their self-feathering blades. The name of Notonecta, or back-swimmer, is given to the insect in consequence of the habit of turning on its back when it swims.

These insects are not beetles, though they are often thought to be so. They belong to another order of insects altogether, and will give very tangible proofs of this fact if carelessly handled. Any one who has caught one of the predacious beetles may expect a sharp nip with the jaws if he does not take care of himself. But the water-boatman, in common with the rest of its kin, is furnished with a sharp and strong proboscis, which it will drive deeply into the fingers of its captor if it gets a chance. Like the whirlwig, the water-boatman is able to take flight directly from the surface of the water, and does so in a very similar manner, leaping out of the water by a violent stroke of its swimming-legs, and then spreading its wings before it falls back again. When on the wing, it flies with a deep humming sound, very like that which is produced by the humble-bee.

Its respiration is carried on much in the same way as that of the water-beetle already described. On a calm day, if "Mrs. Coates's Bath" be approached cautiously, so that a heavy step does not communicate itself through the land to the water, and that no shadow be thrown upon the insects, whole fleets of water-boatmen of all sizes may be seen floating with their heads downward, the swimming-legs spread wide by way of balancers, and the tips of their bodies just protruding from the surface. A hasty step, however, a sudden movement, or a shadow, even of a passing bird, thrown on the water, will alarm the insects, and they will scurry off in all directions.

By watching these insects very carefully in a bottle, and keeping that bottle constantly before my eyes on my desk, I have been enabled to observe the course which the air takes in respiration, the partly translucent wing-cases enabling the bubbles to be traced as they pass like globules of quicksilver under the wing-cases and finally into the water. The air is taken in at the end of the tail, and introduced into the space between the wing-covers and the body. It is then gradually drawn forward until it reaches the base of the wing-covers, and is then forced out just where the wing-covers fit against the breast. When the insect is perfectly quiet the process may be seen going on with perfect regularity, the air being taken in near the tail, working its way under the wing-covers, and at last squeezed out near the breast, when it ascends in bubbles to the surface. In this position the water-boatmen are accustomed to wash themselves. They are as cleanly as cats, and perform the operation of washing in a very similar manner, leaving not a limb nor a part of the body untouched. Sometimes they will rest *on* the surface of the water, but this time with their backs upward, their wing-cases half opened, and their wings partly unfurled. I never saw them assume this attitude except when the sun was shining directly on them, but I have in that case seen thirty or forty at a time sunning themselves in this curious attitude, which has all the effect of a disguise, and makes them look quite different insects.

I am sorry to say that water-boatmen are very predatory characters, and that they have a great fancy for preying upon the water-gnats, as they are called—those slight, dark-colored, long-legged insects that run about on the surface of the water as if they were on land. They seize on the unfortunate insect, clasp it tightly to them with their fore-legs, drive their beaks deeply into its body, and suck out all its juices, afterward rejecting the body, which to the eye seems to have undergone no change at all, and only to have been killed by the wound. The water-boatman takes from five minutes to a quarter of an hour to suck a single water-gnat, and carries it about most pertinaciously, not even loosening its hold if alarmed and forced to dive.

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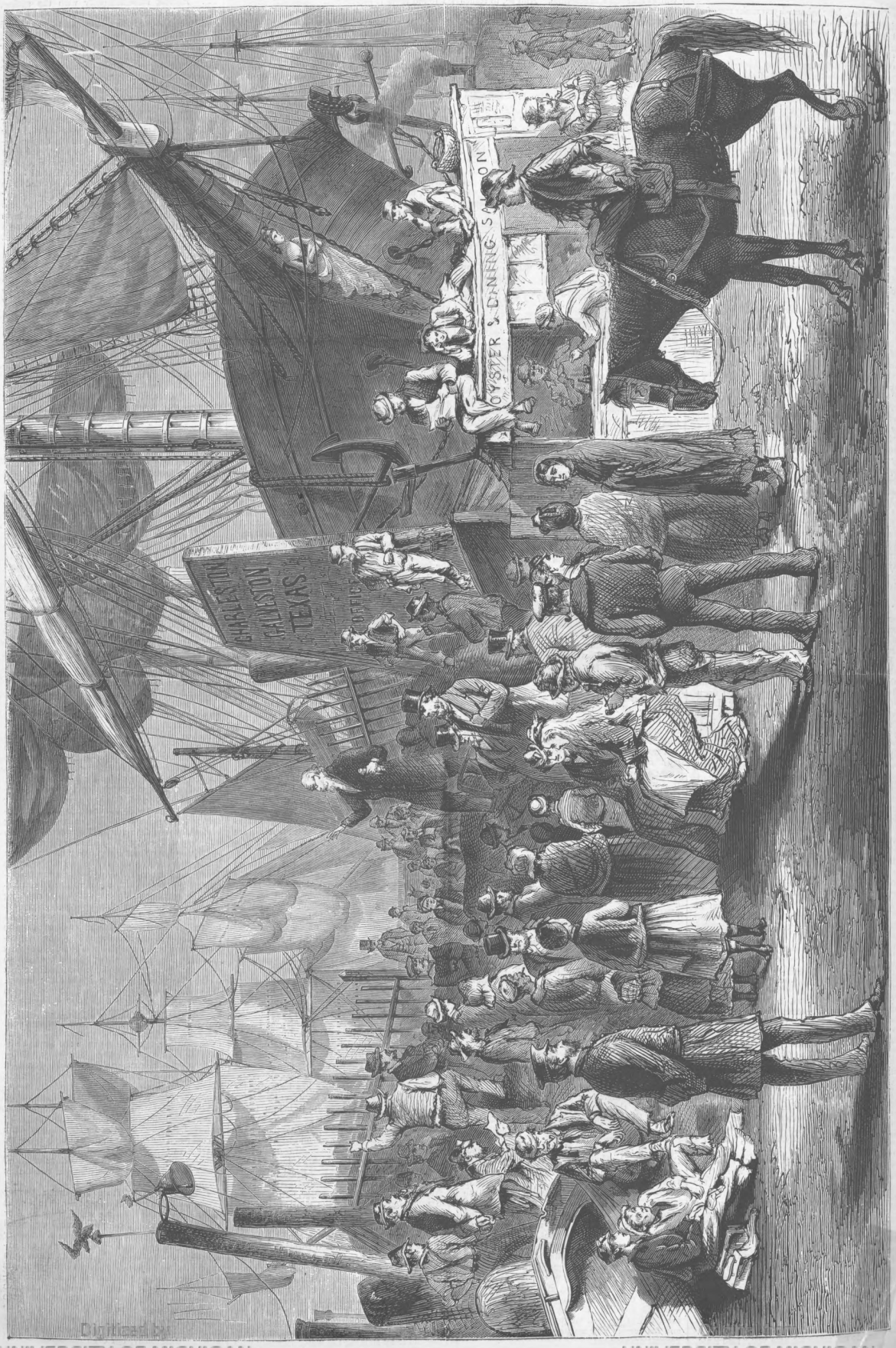

ALONG THE NEW YORK DOCKS—PREACHING IN THE OPEN AIR.—DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.—[SEE PAGE 998.]

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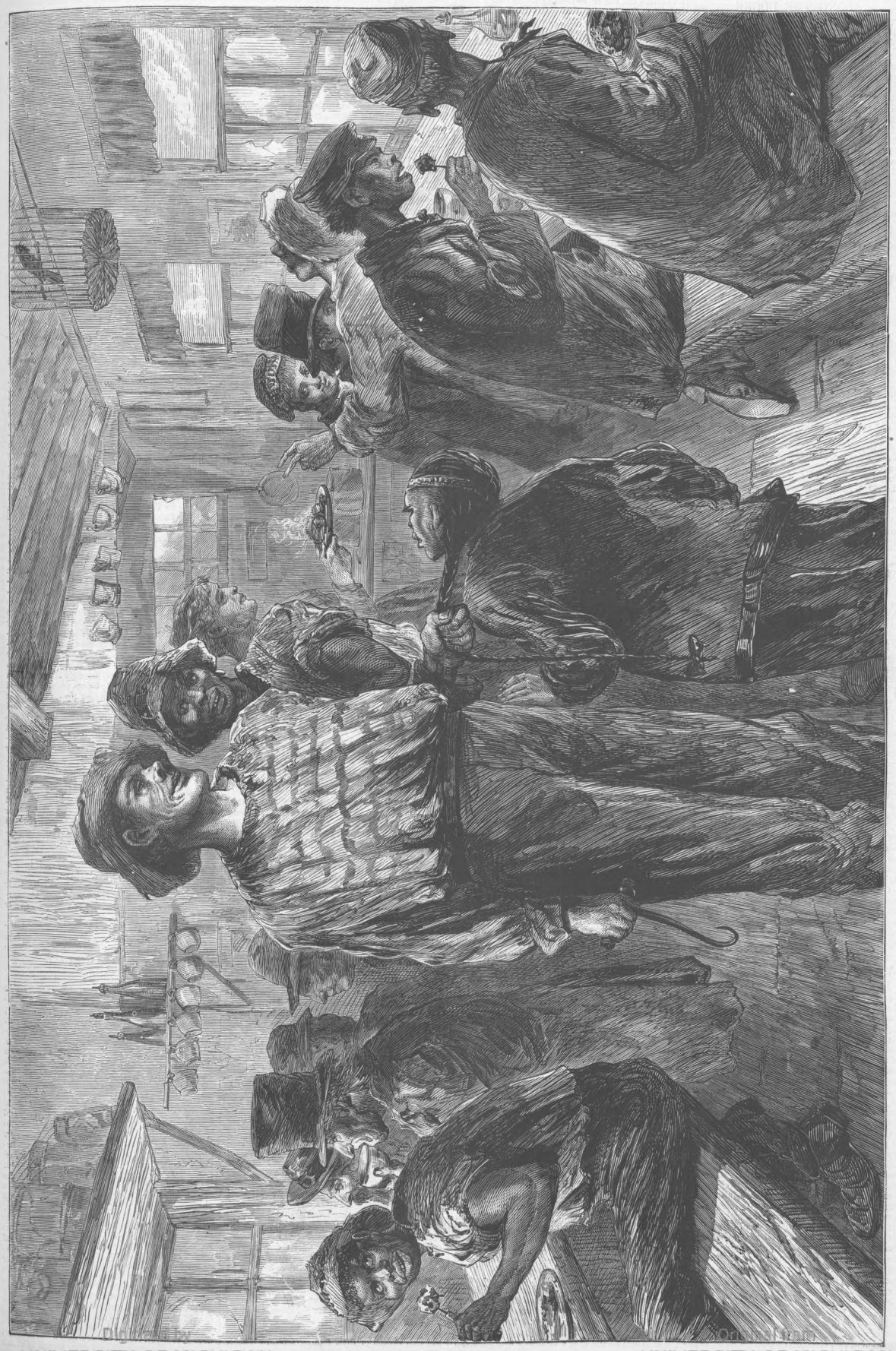

ALONG THE NEW YORK DOCKS—AN UNARISTOCRATIC INTERNATIONAL RESTAURANT.—DRAWN BY SOL EYTINGE, JUN.—[SEE PAGE 998.]

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ALONG THE DOCKS.

WE give this week two very interesting though very opposite illustrations of certain phases of New York life, with which few of our readers can be familiar. Even to people who spend their lifetime in the city the docks are mainly a *terra incognita*, of which they may catch a glimpse from a street-car window, perhaps, or from the deck of a river steamer, but to which they are really as complete strangers as they are to Kamtchatka or Patagonia.

One of these illustrations represents a scene which might have been frequently witnessed last summer on a fine Sunday on the docks in the lower part of New York—a minister of the Gospel preaching in the open air to an audience composed of sailors, stevedores, dock loungers of both sexes and every age of life, from the ragged little boot-black to the gray-haired man whose days were drawing near to a close. This is genuine missionary work. Few of these people could be induced to seek the Gospel, and the Gospel must seek them. The great Founder of Christianity himself set the example by preaching not only in the synagogues, but in the fields and by the sea-side—wherever He found people anxious to hear the truth. In every large city like New York there are thousands upon thousands of men, women, and children who never enter a church. Perhaps they do not live near one, perhaps they stay away because their clothes are ragged, or because Sunday is their only day of rest from work. But they never refuse to listen to those whose Christianity prompts them to seek out their less-favored fellow-beings and tell them of their higher needs and lead them into better ways of life. None can know the amount of good accomplished by these missionaries to the poor.

The other illustration shows the interior of a low restaurant, kept by an Irishwoman, in the lower part of the city, where a curious medley of nationalities was always to be found. Irishmen jostled against "niggers;" Chinamen, Frenchmen, Germans, mingled in perfect harmony. The good-natured, broad-breasted, jolly-faced hostess was a stranger to national antipathies. She sold victuals to every one who could pay for them, and was not sufficiently hard-hearted to turn away the poor devils who sometimes came begging for a meal.

The style of cooking and serving the meals was rather promiscuous, but the majority of her customers, like the prodigal who would "fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat," cared more for quantity than for quality or style. If the soup or the stew was abundant and hot and coarsely palatable, it mattered little to them where the ingredients were obtained; but outsiders may be interested to learn that the larger restaurants every evening sell to those of a humbler caste the waste and refuse of their tables. The bit of steak, or roast, or vegetable you may leave on your plate at some first-class eating-house, is not, as is sometimes horribly suggested, served to you the next day in some undistinguishable compound with a French name; it is sold as stated, and appears on the rude counter of some dock restaurant in the shape of soup or Irish stew, or beef-pie, of which the customers partake with a hearty relish, undisturbed by qualms of suspicion. Prices at these eating-houses are very low. Not long since a poor fellow begged the writer for some "change to get a dinner—only ten cents, Sir." "Why, what sort of a dinner can you get for ten cents?" was the natural question. "Well, Sir," was the reply, "for ten cents I can get a *good* dinner; but"—with hesitation—"if you'll make it fifteen, I can get a *bully* good dinner." Here was evidently the lower end of the scale of prices, from DELMONICO'S to the slop eating-house.

Our illustration is from the pencil of SOL EYTINGE, Jun., who made a careful study of his subject. Every figure and face in the picture is drawn from life, and each character tells its own story so well that to enlarge upon it would be superfluous.

AN ESCAPE FROM THE BASTILE.

M. MASERS HENRI DE LA TUDE, the son of a Knight of St. Louis, and Lieutenant-Colonel of the Orleans dragoon regiment, was born in the year 1725 at the château of Croisiail, near Montagnac, in Languedoc, in the diocese of Agde. La Tude's father, made King's Lieutenant of Sedan in 1733, brought him up as became the son of an old soldier of rank and position. In 1749 La Tude was sent to Paris to complete his military education as an engineer.

Louis the Fifteenth had succeeded to the throne in 1715. The European war, which had ended at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1747, left the French with a shattered fleet, and twelve hundred millions added to their debt. The debased king, wallowing in pleasure at the Parc aux Cerfs, abandoned every thing to his vain and ambitious mistress, Madame De Pompadour, the daughter of a government contractor, whom the nobles of the court hated, despised, and yet feared. The clergy, intent on hotly persecuting the Jansenists, were exercising the most despotic power, encouraged by this Roxana of the hour, who had just dismissed M. Machault, an honest and enlightened minister, who had endeavored to equalize taxation, and to encourage free internal trade in corn. The king had already begun to act on the fatal principle laid down by himself in a subsequent speech to his Parliament: "We hold our crown from God alone; legislative power belongs to the king only, without dependence and without partition."

It was at this period of corruption that the young military student, eager to plunge into the struggle of life, arrived in Paris. Clever, ambitious, and not overscrupulous, La Tude resolved to climb the hill of fortune by a short and dangerous cut. A smile of Madame De Pompadour secured gold, rank, favor, success to him on whom it rested. By a wild, ill-planned scheme, as daring as it was rash, La Tude resolved to win that smile, and to secure a place at the sultana's side. The proud nobles, the Jansenists, and the strict and religious of all parties hated her with an intense and insatiable malignity. One day La Tude heard some young men over their wine gasconading that they would rid France of the harpy. La Tude had been told that the fear of poison imbittered the life of this woman, who declared that every day at Versailles was a "battle." He at once devised an incoherent project, full of shallow and short-sighted cunning. He filled a letter with some harmless powder, and posted it to Madame De Pompadour. He then rode to Versailles, obtained an audience of the favorite, revealed the conversation he had heard, informed her he had seen a parcel posted to her, communicated his suspicions respecting it, cautioned her to be on her guard, and assured her in lavish terms of the anxiety he felt, and the great satisfaction he experienced in being able to give her intelligence so important to herself and all France, to whom she was so dear. The vain woman, living amidst false friends and open enemies, was pleased with the zeal of the young student, and, after expressing her gratitude for the attention, politely offered him her service. He left the palace, and turned his face toward Paris, enraptured at the success of his stratagem. He had won that smile that secured wealth, power, and all for which he longed. Mathematics were only for dusty pedants; for him now, by day, the perpetual sunshine that gold-lace forever spreads through Versailles corridors; by night the sparkling starlight of court diamonds, and an opening heaven of fair and welcoming faces. So youth's dreams arise; so they pass away. The next post brought the alarming packet. The supposed poison was tried by the court physicians on several animals, old court favorites, grown old and useless. The Pompadour, with Diaforious, and some other of Molière's medical friends, stood round, in breathless expectation to see the creatures drop dead; but no—by all the saints of Paris, no! on the contrary, they waddled, gamboled, crawled, and fawned upon the cruel hands held out to them, and no harm resulted in any way—no harm but to the young Languedoc student. He had won the smile, now he felt the frown. The sky over Versailles darkened as he rode to Paris exulting; then the lightning struck him.

On the 1st of May, 1749, a stern knocking came to La Tude's door, rough hands snatched away his sword, sharp cords tied his wrists; the next morning the poor, unsuccessful, detected cheat awoke in the Bastile. The fool's paradise had changed to a dark cell, whence no voice could reach the ears of justice. The world was dead to him, and he to the world. At three-and-twenty, with a brain full of hope and ambition, he was buried alive.

In the September of the same year La Tude, treated as a mere indiscreet lad, was removed to the castle of Vincennes, where M. Berrier, the Lieutenant-General of the Police, showed him every possible indulgence. He was allotted the best room, and permitted to walk two hours every day in the gardens of the château. From his windows he could see over all Paris. Below his rooms stretched a private garden, in which another favored prisoner, a Jansenist curé, was allowed to walk with his pupils, the son of the Marquis of Châtelet's steward and the child of one of the turnkeys, and there also he was allowed to receive visitors. The sight of the two boys playing inspired La Tude with longings for liberty, and roused his ingenuity, naturally of rather a secretive kind. Exactly at two o'clock every day the elder turnkey awaited him in the garden, while the junior unlocked his door to give him temporary liberty. La Tude commenced his scheme by getting into a habit of running down fast into the garden before the junior turnkey had time to lock the upper door and follow him. On the 25th of June, 1750, the plot was ripe. Tripping down stairs as soon as the junior turnkey came, La Tude instantly slammed the door at the bottom of the staircase, in order to muffle the man's cries and to gain time. He then knocked boldly at the outer gate, and cried to the sentinel:

"Deuce take it! above two hours monsieur le curé has been waiting for the Abbé de St. Sauveur" (one of the visitors). "Have you seen the puppy pass this way? Has he been gone long? I am on the hunt after him, and he shall pay me for this trouble."

The soldier at once opened the gate, and La Tude passed through. Another soldier, to whom he put the same hurried question, replied he knew nothing about it, and let him proceed. The third sentry, on the further side of the drawbridge, said he had not seen the abbé. La Tude replied, "I shall soon find him," and, capering like a school-boy, at four paces from the last sentinel he set up a run and brushed by him, the man not suspecting a young and beardless lad, so gay and careless, to be an escaped prisoner. In the mean time the turnkey who was locked in thundered at the door, and shouted to his companion from the garden, who instantly guessed the trick La Tude had put upon them. The first sentry, being questioned, declared he did not know La Tude by sight, and had thought he was a friend of the abbé's who had been to see the curé.

Six days after this escape, La Tude, with perfect innocence and trustfulness, through the king's physician-in-ordinary, surrendered himself to Louis the Fifteenth. He was immediately conducted to the Bastile. M. Berrier soon after came and told La Tude that the confidence he had placed in the king's clemency and goodness of heart was not misplaced. He had merely been sent to the Bastile in order to find out how he escaped from Vincennes, as only prisoners of the first quality were sent there, and it was important that the guards should be faithful. The young man describing his escape, stern M. Berrier condescended to smile, and affably asked La Tude if he had not always treated him with kindness. "As a father," was the reply; and M. Berrier then promised to give him his liberty in a few days, directly he had spoken to the marchioness. But the Pompadour was implacable in her hatred. She was angry that La Tude had trusted the king's compassion rather than hers. She felt that the story would be another morsel for her enemies, and might make even the king suspect her of cruelty. La Tude was at once thrown into a dungeon, and left there eighteen months. At the end of that time he was brought up and placed in a common room with another of the marchioness's victims, named D'Alégre. Endless letters to M. Berrier at last brought an answer. The amiable Lieutenant of Police assured La Tude that his heart was not callous, that he sympathized with his misfortunes, and that he would have been long since set free but that the woman held the reins entirely in her own hands. Any indulgence asked he would grant, and at the first change of public events both La Tude and D'Alégre were assured they should be the first persons restored to liberty, and compensated for their lost time and sufferings. Two years and six months already in darkness and solitude had been crushed out of La Tude's life, and these bland promises fell unheeded upon his ear. The Pompadour, clever and witty, might retain her hold over the king for another fifteen years; by that time his life would be half gone, and he would return to the world a boy in mind, no career open to him, his friends dead, and the world heedless of one whom it had forgotten. What hope could there be? He was shut in by walls six feet thick, and of enormous height; four iron grates at every window, and up every chimney; sentries on every tower; deep trenches full of stagnant water: he had no friends to bring saws or files, no money to bribe turnkeys.

From this cruel purgatory, with walls like huge cliffs, and girt in by enemies, did La Tude resolve to escape. It required an amount of foresight, energy, and perseverance almost supernatural. No scissors, knives, or edge-tools were allowed to a prisoner in the Bastile; nor, for a hundred louis, would a turnkey have brought any culprit even a quarter of a yard of thread. No news from the outer world, not even of a king's death, reached the eight towers. The officers, surgeons, and turnkeys of the prison had but one changeless formula: "Good-morning! Good-evening! Do you want any thing?" La Tude's father or brother might have pined for years in the room over his head, and he would never have known it. A trunk of clean linen was all he had to help him to liberty. D'Alégre laughed as he pointed with a smile to that useless store; but after seven years of thought La Tude slowly hammered out a scheme. Step by step, inch by inch, he resolved, with the patience of a coral insect, to work this scheme out. He knew too well what he required; fourteen hundred feet of cord, two ladders—one of wood, thirty feet long, another of rope, one hundred and eighty feet. It would be necessary somehow to remove the heavy iron grates from the passage of the chimney, and to bore a hole, in one night, through a wall many feet thick, at the distance of only twelve or fifteen feet from a cruelly vigilant and unbribable sentinel. With their bare hands the two must do all this. But this was not all: they must also conceal the two ladders in a small cell that was strictly searched by the turnkeys and officers many times a week. To every suggestion La Tude's less sanguine friend replied, "Impossible! pshaw, impossible!" Impossible? To energy all things are possible.

La Tude had observed that in No. 3 of the Tower de la Comte—the room over his own—there was a prisoner who never made any noise, never audibly moved his chair or table, never even coughed. He went to mass on the Sundays and Wednesdays when La Tude and his friend did. He descended first and returned last. It being necessary to examine his room, La Tude arranged a simple but effectual plan. On the return from mass D'Alégre was to pull out his handkerchief and let it fall down stairs. One day he did so, then asked the turnkey to go down and fetch it. The moment the man was gone La Tude darted up stairs, drew the bolt of No. 3, and glanced in: the room was nine or ten feet high. He then measured quickly three steps of the staircase, and counted the number of steps to his own cell. He saw at once that the ceiling of his cell had been made double, and five feet thick, to muffle sound; and guessed that in all probability a similar hollow space would be found between the floor of his own cell and the ceiling of that below. When they were bolted into No. 2 La Tude's eyes sparkled; he clutched his friend's arm, and cried,

"Patience, courage, and we shall escape! The floor is hollow; we can hide our rope there."

"Rope?" said his friend; "but we could not get ten feet to save our lives."

"In that post-chaise trunk," said La Tude, pointing to the trunk, "there are twelve dozen shirts, sixteen pairs of silk stockings, twelve dozen under-stockings, five dozen drawers, six dozen napkins; unraveling these, we shall have more rope than we want." D'Alégre brightened up, but again asked how the iron bars in the chimney were to be removed, as they had no chisels, no crow-bars. "The hand made all instruments, and the head planned them," said La Tude; "while we have those we can not be at a loss for resources." Then he pointed out the iron hinges of their folding tables. These, sharpened on the tiled floor, and put into handles, became working chisels; the steel for lighting their fire could be made into a knife, which would shape tool handles, and serve for a thousand other purposes. They talked about nothing else all day. Hope whispered encouragement to these poor prisoners, rendered preternaturally cunning by seven years of slavery. After supper, when the place was safe for the night (one great security in these cases), they pulled a hinge off the table, and, digging a tile out of the floor, dug toward the ceiling below. In six hours they found there were two floors below, three feet apart. They then carefully replaced the tile, which presented no appearance of having been disturbed. Next day they broke the fire steel, made a knife, and cut two handles in which to insert the sharpened hinges. After that they slowly unraveled two of the shirts, drawing out thread after thread. These strings, knit together, they formed into clews of an equal length, and then divided them into two clews, fifty threads to each sixty feet. They then twisted these clews, and formed a rope about fifty-five feet long, to be from time to time added to by more unraveled linen slowly woven in the long hours of the dreary nights. Then came the hard task of wrenching the iron bars out of the chimney. To accomplish this they fastened their rope-ladders with heavy weights, and, supported on them, worked at the bars. In a few months every bar was loosened and ready to be removed, but still left in its original socket.

It was hard work. Every day the two men descended with bleeding hands, and so bruised that they could not recommence work below till after an hour or two's rest. The bars removed, there was still a wooden ladder required to ascend from the moat to the sentinel's gallery, the only way to the governor's garden, and beyond that to liberty. They had no saw to cut the fire-wood, eighteen inches long, daily supplied to them. The hinges would not saw through billets. In a few hours these ingenious men, with an iron candlestick and the other half of the fire steel, had made an excellent saw, which in twenty minutes would cut through a log as thick as a man's leg. With knife and saw they pared and shaped the billets into steps for the ladder, with joints to fix in one another, and holes to receive the cross-bars. They also made a pair of compasses, a square, a reel, blocks, and every requisite for their escape, all of which were, of course, concealed between the two convenient floors. They had also given every one of their implements a secret name, such as Faunus for the saw, Polyphemus for the floor, Jacob for the ladder, Dove for the rope, Anubis for the reel, Tubal-cain for the hinges; and the rule was that the man nearest the door, hearing the turnkey's foot on the stairs, instantly called out the cipher for the special object to be concealed, as the turnkeys sometimes by daytime entered the room unexpectedly. There not being wood enough, the ladder was only a pole twenty feet long, in which were twenty bars, thrust through six inches on each side, every round being pegged in and bound with thread to prevent its slipping. At last the ladder and rope were both ready, and hidden snug in the cave of Polyphemus. It was evident to La Tude that the rope-ladder would so vibrate, as they descended the vast perpendicular wall, as to turn the man using it giddy with fear. They therefore wove a second rope, three hundred feet long, or twice the height of the tower. This rope was to pass through a fixed pulley, and by this second rope the man above and below would be able to regulate and aid his comrade's descent, and render it steadier and less perilous. They also made shorter cords to lash the block to a cannon, or some safe projection. Altogether they had four hundred feet of cord. They then made, week after week, two hundred steps for the rope-ladder, and, to prevent the cords rattling against the towers, they bound them with strips from the lining of their bed-gowns and under-waistcoats. These preparations cost them eighteen months' work, nearly night and day.

All these things were needed to ascend the chimney and the platform of the tower, thence to descend one hundred and eighty feet to the moat, and climb up from there to the parapet into the governor's garden; then again to descend into the great outer moat, and to climb over the gate of St. Antoine. With all these precautions one thing was indispensable, and that was something no care could secure—a suitable night; for if rain, storm, and darkness lured them out, and then it grew fine, the sentinel would be sure to see them, and they would either be shot or dragged back to solitary dungeons, there to pine till the detested woman died. But even for this difficulty La Tude in some degree provided. He calculated that the overflow of the Seine had corroded the mortar of the outer wall, and that it could be perforated with a rude gimlet he could manufacture from the screw of his bedstead, and so he might, with iron bars, force a passage into the outer street. Making, therefore, wrappers for these iron bars, and in spite of the water being four feet deep in both moats, they resolved to start on the evening of February 25, 1756. La Tude, knowing they would get soaked in the moats, took with him the singular incumbrance of a portmanteau filled with two complete suits of clothes. Next day, immediately after dinner, they fitted up the rope-ladder, and hid it under their beds, that it might not be seen by the turnkey who brought in supper. They then fitted up the cross-staff ladder, and made up their other implements into bundles; and as the officer had searched them both that morning, they felt safe. They also removed the iron bars from the chimney, and put them into wrappers. They took with them a bottle of spirits, in case they should have to work in the water. The moment had arrived. Directly the turnkey, who had brought supper, closed the door, La Tude, though he had rheumatism in one arm, began to climb

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the chimney, but with no sack over his head, and no wrappers for the elbows and loins, such as sweeps then used. Blinded with soot, flayed at the elbows and knees, black, and streaming with blood, he emerged at last. Says M. La Tude, to use his own words:

"Finally I got to the top of the chimney, where I placed myself astride, and from thence unwound a ball of pack-thread that I had in my pocket, and to the end of which my companion had agreed to fasten the strongest rope that held my portmanteau; by this means I drew it up, and lowered it on the platform. I returned the rope, to which my companion tied the wooden ladder. I drew up, in the same manner, the two iron bars, and the rest of the parcels for which we had occasion. When I had these, I again let down my pack-thread to raise the rope-ladder, drawing up to myself the superfluous length, that by the end my companion might mount the chimney with more facility than I had done; and at his signal I fastened it. He ascended with ease; we finished drawing up the remainder, and suspended the whole in such a manner across the chimney that we descended both at once on the platform, serving for a counterpoise to each other.

"Two horses would not have been able to remove all our luggage. We began with rolling up our rope-ladder, which made a coil five feet high and a foot thick, and we wheeled this kind of millstone to the tower of the Treasury, which we thought most favorable for our descent. We fastened this ladder securely to a piece of cannon, and then let it gently down into the trench. In the same manner we fastened our block, passing through it the rope three hundred and sixty feet long; and when we had moved aside all our other parcels, I tied my thigh securely to the rope of the block, got on the ladder, and, in proportion as I descended its steps, my comrade let out the rope of the block; but, notwithstanding this precaution, every time I moved my body resembled a kite dancing in the air, so that, had this happened by daylight, of a thousand persons who might have seen me reeling, not one but would have given me over for lost; yet I arrived safe and sound in the trench. Immediately my companion lowered to me my portmanteau, the iron bars, the wooden ladder, and all our equipage, which I placed in the dry, on a little rising above the surface of the water, at the foot of the tower. My companion next fastened the rope of the block, at the other end, above his knee, and, when he had given me a signal of his being on the ladder, I performed the same manœuvre below which he had done for me above to sustain me in the air, and prevent a fall. I took the further precaution to place the last step under my thighs, by sitting on it, to spare him the disagreeable vibration which I had experienced. He got down to me, though, during the whole time, the sentinel could not be above thirty feet from us, walking on the corridor, as it did not rain; which prevented our mounting thither, to get into the garden, according to our first plan. We were therefore obliged to make use of our iron bars. I took the gimlet, and carried one of the bars on my shoulder, and my companion the other. Neither did I forget to pocket the bottle of usquebaugh; and we proceeded directly to the wall that parts the trench of the Bastile from that of the gate of St. Antoine, between the garden and the governor's house. There was in this place a small trench, six feet wide, and about the same depth, which wetted us up to the armpits.

"At the moment that I began with my gimlet to bore a hole between two stones, to insert our levers, the major's round passed us, with the great lantern on a long pole, but ten or twelve feet, at most, over our heads. To conceal ourselves we stood up to the chin in water, and when they were gone I soon made two or three small holes with my gimlet, and in a short time we got a large stone out. From that instant I pledged myself to D'Alégre for our success, drank a draught on the occasion, and made him take another. We then attacked a second and a third stone. The second watch passed us, and we again slipped into the water up to our chin. We were obliged to perform this ceremony regularly every half hour that we were disturbed by that cursed watch. Before midnight we had displaced two wheelbarrows of stones."

Once when La Tude stood by the rubbish the sentinel stopped and spat twice on his head. La Tude fancied he had been seen, but the sentinel passed on in his patrol. D'Alégre then proposed a nip of spirits, and, freshened by that, they worked for several hours at the breach till it grew large enough. The wall was four and a half feet thick. La Tude instantly made D'Alégre get through, while he fetched the portmanteau. They left their ladders, etc., gladly behind, stepped down into the dry moat, and were free.

Yet even here dangers still awaited them. Sixty steps from the moat, on the road to Bercey, the two men, carrying the portmanteau between them, fell in the darkness into an aqueduct six feet deep and five feet wide. D'Alégre, frightened, in his first alarm dropped the portmanteau and clung to La Tude, who, jerking him off, clung to the other side, and dragged out his friend by the hair of his head. Afterward they scrambled out the portmanteau, which luckily floated. The horrors of that dreadful night had ended. The two friends embraced each other, and fell on their knees to thank God for their deliverance from so many perils. All had gone well. The clothes had escaped the wet, and, cold and shivering, the two men helped each other to dress. As they emerged from the moat it struck four o'clock. They took the first hackney-coach they met; and La Tude, not finding his friend M. Silhouette, Chancellor of the Duke of Orleans, at Versailles, they both fled for refuge to the Abbey of St. Germain des Prez. After hiding a month he and D'Alégre, disguised as peasants, made separately for the frontier. D'Alégre was arrested at Brussels; La Tude, in June, at Amsterdam.*

Reconsigned to the Bastile, La Tude was thrown into a dungeon, chained hand and foot, and had only straw for a bed. Still ingenious, hopeful, and persevering, the poor prisoner made a flageolet out of a reed, and tamed the rats which frequented his cell. He also wrote on cakes of dried bread, with his blood, schemes of reform that might be useful to the government and excite their pity. Père Griffet, the confessor of the Bastile, at last touched by his sufferings, procured him paper and ink to write petitions. In 1758 he devised a plan for adding to the army twenty-five thousand men. In the same year he proposed to prevent bankruptcies by establishing public granaries. This plan was somehow to add twelve millions to the French revenue. In 1762 he wrote to Madame De Pompadour, who was still inflexible: "I have suffered fourteen years; let all be buried forever in the blood of Jesus. Madame, be a woman, feel some pity for my tears, and those of a poor, desolate mother seventy years old." But the woman had no mercy; she turned away her cruel face, and passed on to the ball-room, that echoed with music—music that drowned the recollection of such men's groans. Restless at invention, La Tude now contrived to write on scraps of paper, which blew from his barred window to the house of some ladies in the Rue de St. Antoine, who, one April morning in 1764, showed at their window a piece of paper, on which was written, in large characters:

YESTERDAY, THE 17TH, DIED MADAME THE MARQUISE DE POMPADOUR.

La Tude at once wrote to the minister, asking for his liberty. On his refusing to name his informant he was again thrown into a dungeon, and in August was removed in chains to Vincennes. One foggy day in November, 1765, La Tude, while walking in the fosse, pushed through his guards, disarmed a sentinel, and escaped. Trusting to the mercy of the minister, Choiseul, with untiring hopefulness, La Tude was seized and reconsigned to his Vincennes dungeon. On the accession of Louis the Sixteenth, Malesherbes became interested in La Tude, but was told that he was mad. La Tude was then sent to Charenton for two years, finally released, and banished from Paris. Foolish enough to return, he was thrown into the Châtelet, and in 1777 sent to a dungeon in Bicêtre. At the prison deliverances at the birth of the dauphin, the Cardinal Rohan (afterward entangled with the fatal diamond necklace) found La Tude ten feet under-ground, his beard a foot and a half long, his clothes rags, his food bread and water; but, assured he was mad, the cardinal passed on to his court intrigues. A memorial of La Tude's sufferings, written by him at the request of a president of the Tournelle, was lost by a careless or drunken commissionnaire. Providence, however, threw it into the hands of a Madame Le Gros, who found it lying in the mud in the Rue des Fosses, St. Germain l'Auxerrois. She was a warm-hearted and energetic woman, and set herself heart and soul to the task of releasing this victim of despotism. She won the wife of the Swiss of the Cardinal Rohan, then his secretary, at last the gay cardinal, then M. La Tour Dupin, next Madame Neckar. The revolution was letting light into many dungeons. La Tude was at last liberated, March the 18th, 1784, but banished, with a small pension, to Montagnac. Of this exile brave Madame Le Gros also obtained the revocation, and the same year the French Academy bestowed on her the Montyon prize of virtue. After the capture of the Bastile La Tude became the lion of the hour, and a text for patriotic speeches. His papers, ladders, and tools were exhibited, with his portrait, in a court of the Louvre. In 1792 he received a gift from the Assembly of three thousand francs, and in 1793 obtained a judgment against the heirs of Madame De Pompadour of sixty thousand livres, but of this sum he never touched more than ten thousand livres. He wrote his Memoirs, and in 1799 a plan of financial reform, and a scheme of saving the Republic in three months. The idol of a day then sank into entire oblivion, and died in 1805, aged eighty. After all, the dungeon does not seem adverse to longevity.

The most affecting paragraph of this poor man's autobiography is the following, and it reads like a cry from the wretch Sterne saw counting the notches on the stick:

"I have groaned thirty-five years of my life in prison. Yet, while I implore the compassion of mankind, I can hardly persuade myself that I am of the same species, it is so long since I have lived among them.....Yes, I have languished twelve thousand and sixty-three days in different prisons. In those days, which appeared so long, I lay stretched on straw without covering, tormented by odious reptiles, reduced to a mere pittance of bread and water. I have groaned three thousand and sixty-seven days in the damp gloom and infection of dungeons, and twelve hundred and eighteen of those days, or rather endless nights, of horror, my hands and feet have been bruised and torn by fetters. Such a length of torments would be thought a punishment too excessive for the most guilty criminal. Yet I was but a youth, who had appeared for a moment in society, and was allowed by all to have been the most gentle, patient, and resigned of men."

After narratives of suffering like these, can there be people who still ask, with inquiring wonder, "What were the causes of the French Revolution?"

* Poor D'Alégre was destined to a sad end. In 1777 La Tude was taken to the mad-house at Charenton and shown his friend, who was incurably insane. La Tude reminded him of their wonderful escape, but his only reply was, "No; I am God."

GUTTER CHILDREN.

IN a previous number of the *Weekly* we gave an illustration of the practical working of the new school regulation in London for the arrest of vagrant children, with the view of sending them to reformatory places of education; this week we give, on page 1000, a representation of the interior of a department of the Ragged School, in Field Lane, London, which is kept up on the voluntary system. This institution, which was begun several years ago on a small scale, has been extended to a large establishment, where, besides boys' and girls' ragged schools and refuges for the destitute, we find mothers' classes, industrial classes, elder boys' classes, Bible classes, church services, a youths' institute, and a penny bank. With the exception of the money required for building, which had to be borrowed, the funds consist entirely of voluntary subscriptions, donations, and bequests, and there is no funded property upon which to fall back in time of necessity.

It is impossible here to go into a detailed description of the establishment, but we may take the Girls' Day School, the subject of the illustration, as a specimen of the whole. The educational course is not of an ambitious type: a great point is made of sewing, as it is considered that the future welfare of the girls depends to a great extent upon their being good seamstresses; cleanliness is another article of the Field Lane creed; ragged dresses are mended, and, where necessary, clothes supplied. A good deal is done in the way of contributions in kind, soup, meat, and broken victuals being given, by which the children are fed. In many instances the girls are considered by their parents to have finished their education at ten years of age, and are then removed to do their share of bread-earning; and although we may not agree with the parents, we must admit that much has been accomplished for the girls' future welfare by that time.

SOLOMON'S THRONE.

A SUBSCRIPTION was recently set on foot for the purpose of erecting a golden throne to the Pope. It was to be—as the prospectus said—"a wonderful throne, such as had been erected, by the dint of many presents, to Solomon the King." The Pope's modesty, however, frustrated the object of his admirers, for he resolutely declined the offer. It would, however, have been somewhat interesting to see how the committee would have carried out the building of a throne "like unto Solomon's." The sources of authentic information on the subject are rather scarce, but there is a story to be found in one of the late Aramaic versions of the Bible, which gives a gorgeous and seemingly minute description of the wondrous throne of the "wisest of the wise." We are told that:

"It was this great King Solomon who bade the regal throne to be wrought. He had it covered with the fine gold of Ophir; it was founded upon gleaming marble, and was inlaid with onyx stones, emeralds, crystals, pearls, and all manner of precious stones. No king ever possessed a like work of art, and no empire could produce a throne the like of it.

"And in such manner was it made. It had six steps, and upon each there stood twelve lions of gold over against twelve eagles of gold—a lion always against an eagle, and an eagle always against a lion. In such wise that the left paw of the lion lay opposite the right wing of an eagle, and the left wing of the eagle to the right paw of the lion. The entire number of the lions was seventy-two, and that of the eagles was seventy-two. At the top there was a round seat for the king. And there were also other creatures on the six steps leading upward. On the first there crouched a golden ox, and over against him another golden lion. On the second a golden wolf over against a golden lamb. On the third a golden camel against a golden hopoe. On the fourth a golden eagle against a golden peacock. On the fifth a golden cat against a golden cock. On the sixth a golden hawk against a golden dove. On the height of the throne there was another golden dove, which held a hawk between her feet. Above these stood a golden candlestick, exquisitely adorned with bowls, branches, knobs, flowers, snuffers, snuff dishes, and all that was requisite. And out of it went on one side seven arms, upon which the seven fathers of the world were represented, to wit: Adam, the first man, Noah, Shem the Great, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and Job. On the other side there went out other seven branches, upon which were to be seen the seven pious ones of the world, to wit: Levi, Kehath, Amram, Moses, Aaron, Eldad, and Medad, also Hur the Prophet. Over the candlestick was fixed a beautiful golden jar filled with the costliest oil, from which the lights were kindled in the temple, and below the jar stood a golden cask, also filled with the costliest oil, from which the lamps of the candlesticks were replenished. Upon the cask there was the figure of Eli, the high-priest, and on two olive branches issuing from it were to be seen engraven Hophni and Phineas, his two sons. Out of the two olive branches there issued two golden lamps, upon which were depicted the two sons of Aaroñ, Nadab and Abihu. There were two seats near the golden cask, one for the high-priest, the other for his *locum tenens*.

"Around the throne were ranged seventy golden chairs, upon which the seventy Sanhedrim took their seats to pronounce judgment before King Solomon. Two huge gold fishes were fixed at each side of Solomon's head, so that his head should sit firmly, and over the throne four-and-twenty golden vines spread their shadows over the king's countenance. Whenever Solomon wished to proceed to some place, the throne moved under him by itself, through the cunning workmanship that was in it. When he placed his foot upon the first step the golden bull drew him up to the second, from the second he was drawn up by the wolf to the third, and so on till he reached the sixth, when the eagles flew down, lifted the king up, and seated him upon his seat. The works inside the throne were moved by a gigantic sea-monster made of silver. And when the kings of the earth heard the tale of Solomon's royal throne they all assembled and bowed down before the king, and said, 'A throne like unto this has never yet been made for any king, nor has any nation ever produced the like of it.' The kings, seeing the splendor of this throne, threw themselves on their faces and praised the Maker of the Universe.

"When King Solomon had mounted it and sat down, the great eagle arose, seized the golden crown, and placed it upon his head. Then the great sea-monster began to move the wheels within. The lions and eagles arose up of a sudden, and surrounded the king's anointed person, while the golden dove flew down, opened the tabernacle, took out the Book of the Law, and placed it into the king's lap, so that it might be fulfilled as it is written: 'This Book of the Law shall remain with the king, and he shall read therein all his life, in order that he and his sons may long reign over Israel.' Often the high-priest appeared to salute the king, when the elders sat both to the right and left of him to pronounce judgment unto the people. Now when witnesses appeared to give false witness before Solomon the wheels began to move, and, lo! the bulls bellowed, the lions roared, the wolves howled, the tigers growled, the birds whistled, the cats mewed, the peacocks shrieked, the cocks crowed, the hawks croaked, and there was heard altogether a mighty and fearful noise, the which deprived these false witnesses of all their courage, and they said unto themselves, 'Let us rather give righteous witness, or else the whole world will be destroyed through our sin.' As often as the king mounted the throne the lions also scattered sweet-smelling waters around.....

"A throne like unto this was not possessed by any other king. But when Israel sinned, Nebuchadnezzar, the wicked King of Babel, grew powerful, made war upon the Israelites, and destroyed the land of Israel. He gave the city of Jerusalem over to pillage, burned the Holy Temple, and carried the Israelites into captivity to Rablah, the land of Chamath. He also carried away with him the throne of Solomon. And as this wicked one was about to mount its steps, so as to sit down thereon, he did not know that it was by cunning wheel-works that the throne was mounted. He placed his foot upon the first step, and instantly the golden lion stretched out his right paw and hit the king's left hip, so that he grew lame for the rest of his days.

"After Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babel, came Alexander the Macedonian, who took away the throne of King Solomon, and carried it to Egypt. There King Shishak once saw this throne, more splendid than any other, and he too desired to sit upon it. But he, also, knew not of the wheels within, and when he placed his right foot upon the first step, lo! the lion, stretching out his left paw again, with one blow upon the king's right hip lamed him also, so that his name became Pharaoh-Necho, which means the Limping. Then came the son of Antiochus, who made war against the land of Egypt, destroyed it, conquered the throne of the Great King, and carried it away in a ship. There one foot of the throne got detached from its golden chain, and all the artificers of the world were collected together to mend it, but they could not; and so it has remained even unto this day. Then the kingdom of the Great King was destroyed, and Cyrus the Persian became possessed of the throne. What has become of it now no man knoweth."

THE VENUS OF MILO.

OUR readers may be interested in knowing how this remarkable work of art came into the possession of the French, who got it honestly. The story goes that in 1820 a Greek peasant in the island of Milo, or Melos, in digging up his garden, found the statue, broken into three fragments. He informed the French consul of his discovery, and offered to sell his treasure-trove for a small sum. M. Brest, the functionary in question, knew little about the fine arts, and consequently referred to Captain Duval d'Ailly, who was lying off the island in his French Majesty's ship the *Emulation*. This officer proposed to purchase the goddess and remove her at once; but this naval and rather hasty manner of doing business was not in accordance with M. Brest's usual diplomatic method, and he insisted on writing to the Marquis de Rivière, the French embassador at the Sublime Porte, before concluding his bargain. Fancy poor Consul Brest being left with Venus on his hands! Consul Brest's letter was lost on its way to Constantinople, but it was decreed that the statue should find its way to the Louvre all the same. M. Dumont d'Arville, sent out to conduct a hydrographical survey, arrived in the island, was shown the marble, recognized its value, and sent a special courier to the Marquis de Rivière. The embassador, on his part, lost no time, and sent Count Marcellus to Milo, with full powers; but, alas! by the time the count reached his destination Venus had been shipped on board a Turkish brig, and was about to sail for Constantinople. The primate, appealed to and even menaced, ordered the statue to be disembarked and sold by auction, and Count Marcellus, of course, picked up the prize and immediately started with it to Paris. The statue, bought in the name of the Marquis de Rivière, was transferred to Louis XVIII., who presented it to the nation.

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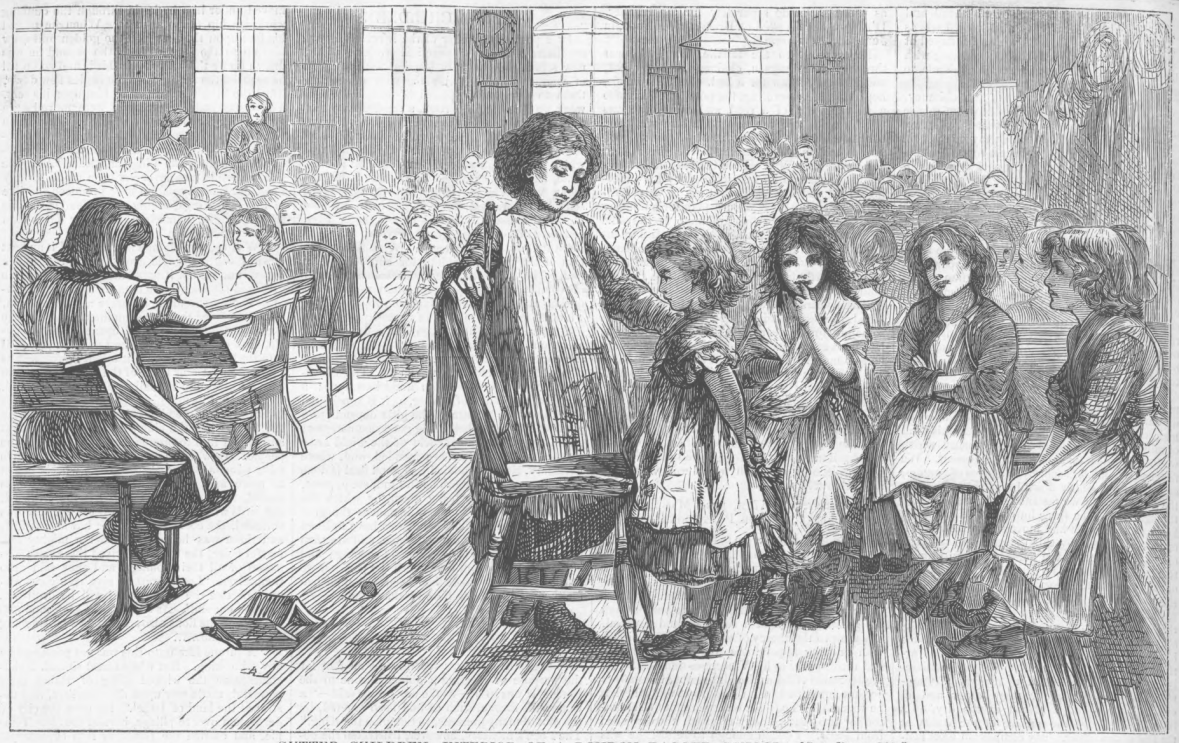

GUTTER CHILDREN—INTERIOR OF A LONDON RAGGED SCHOOL.—[SEE PAGE 999.]

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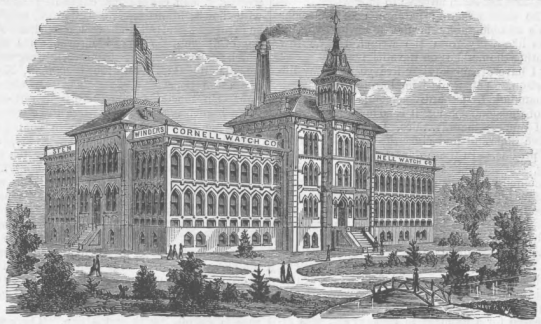

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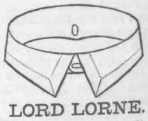

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THE GREAT FIRE IN CHICAGO—GROUP OF REFUGEES IN THE STREET.—DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.—[SEE PAGE 1010.]

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"THE REHEARSAL," *engraved from a celebrated painting in the London International Exhibition;* "LORD KILGOBBIN;" *the* "ROMANCE OF MISS TURNPENNY," *etc.*

THE AUTUMN ELECTIONS.

THE result of the elections in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Iowa, following close upon those in California and Maine, shows that profound distrust of Democratic ascendency which can not surprise any candid observer, and which makes ridiculous all the talk about new parties and exhausted issues. The public welfare is never an exhausted issue; and when the question is between a party whose character and career are so perfectly well known as those of the Democratic organization, and the Republican, it is a simple question whether the public welfare will be more promoted by general honesty and intelligence than by the reverse. Public opinion in this country does not, at this moment, divide upon party policy so much as upon party character. People ask themselves whether Democratic ascendency is so sure a guarantee of peace and prosperity as Republican; and they answer the question, not by comparing certain political theories, but by looking at the facts.

And the importance of one fact can not be overestimated. There is a very general and a very sound conviction that in this country, of so great extent and of so various population, where the people directly govern, there is no real or permanent security except in general intelligence, and a careful regard for all the forms as well as all the rights of freedom. When, therefore, a great party is seen allying itself with ignorance, and pandering to religious prejudice and ecclesiastical ambition, it is judged by those facts, and not by what is very well described as gab. For if the opinion of the country were influenced by party platforms, it would be only perplexed between the finest professions of the loftiest virtue upon both sides. And it is this consideration which disposes of what may be called the personal argument. There are, undoubtedly, rascals in the Republican ranks, and able and honest men among the Democrats; but individuals disappear before great tendencies. It will not be denied, for instance, that Mr. CHARLES O'CONOR, who seems to be now accepted as the ideal Democrat, is a man of high character and ability; but it is evident to every body who chooses to look that it is Mr. WILLIAM M. TWEED who has long been the Democratic dictator in New York, and that even now, in the full, foul glare of the Tammany frauds, Mr. CHARLES O'CONOR can not persuade a Democratic Convention to recognize an honest delegation against Mr. TWEED'S will.

The Albany *Argus* is very angry with what it calls our malicious perversions of fact in regard to the Democratic party, which, it declares, for sixty years before the rebellion almost constantly controlled the government, made the great territorial acquisitions, fought the foreign wars and paid the consequent debts, and by wise legislation encouraged the growth of material prosperity. Without stopping to remind the *Argus* that the Democratic party, as we know it, properly began with General JACKSON, it is undeniable that the great governmental dogma of that party was State rights so asserted as to furnish the justification of secession, and that for a generation before the war the chief policy and purpose of the party were the protection of slavery. Two consequences followed: fidelity to the Union was destroyed wherever the Democratic party had undisputed control; and the appeals to ignorance and hate, made necessary by the infamous purpose of the party, debauched and demoralized the public mind.

Then came the war, which but for the Democratic theory and policy would have been impossible. The *Argus* affects to think it a foolish slander that the Democrats obstructed or retarded the suppression of the rebellion. It might as well affect to believe that the Tories of '76 were not hostile to the Revolution. If an old Tory was a Son of Liberty, we agree that the Copperheads were loyal. The *Argus* is in the councils of its party. It knows what was hoped when Mr. SEYMOUR was elected Governor of New York during the war, and the country knows what the Democratic National Convention declared in 1864.

If the Democratic party wishes to monopolize the glory of the Mexican and Indian wars, and of slave-hunting in the Free States, it shall have it all. But the truth remains that the present Democratic party is the same party which preached State sovereignty and protected slavery; which resisted emancipation, equal civil rights, and equal suffrage; which declared for surrender during the war, and for repudiation after it; whose chief leaders in the Southern States are the bitterest of unrepentant rebels, and whose most powerful organization in the country—that of Tammany Hall—is identified with the most monstrous corruption in our history, and is yet able to control the State Convention of its party. This is the Democratic party with which the country deals to-day, and it is because such a party has justly forfeited the confidence of intelligent and honest men that it is so generally deserted and condemned.

The New Departure was merely an effort of the Democratic party to escape its own identity, and to become a new party. But a sinner does not become a saint by changing his shirt. If the results of the war were to be accepted, and the policy of the settlement maintained, the question between the two parties became one of administration merely. Which would be more faithful to the settlements, and the more economical and honest? Was it probably the party of slavery and the rebellion, of repudiation, of the ecclesiastical hostility to the public school system, and of the Tammany frauds? That is the question which the country is answering at every election, and to which it is preparing its answer for 1872.

THE SILVER LINING OF THE CLOUD.

THE silver lining of the black Chicago cloud is evident. It is the response of this country and of England to the catastrophe that has befallen the great and prosperous city. While the fire was yet burning, meetings of sympathizing crowds assembled in the largest cities and little towns, and every railroad in the country was bearing succor to the suffering, and the lightning of the telegraph could not speak swiftly enough the promises of aid. If the calamity is unprecedented, the spirit it evokes is ennobling. There was but one feeling. It was not a Western city that was stricken, nor certain interests that were threatened, but it was friends and brothers who were suffering. That was the universal emotion. The grief of Chicago is the sorrow of the country, and private citizens and public bodies are rivals in generosity. All the admiration and wonder and pride which the busy and thriving city—the miracle of the West—awakened were as poor, compared with the spontaneous sympathy which followed its destruction, as the ashes and the ruins measured with the beautiful and stately buildings of the city.

The skill to deal with the first aspect of the emergency, that of physical relief, will not be wanting; and that of reorganizing industry and rebuilding the city is sure. Fire nor flood can quench the indomitable spirit that made Chicago, and will remake it greater than before. Already the same genius and energy which looked at its site thirty and forty years ago, and foresaw the city that we knew, is undoubtedly studying the wilderness of ruin now and calmly forecasting the future. Moreover, that so immense a destruction of actual wealth does not more seriously cripple the activity or affect the courage of the country, is an inspiring proof both of its sound condition and of its cheerful confidence. The cloud is indeed black and terrible: since the war no event has so startled and saddened the nation. But the dark brightened even in the very first moment of our consciousness of it, and almost instantly the brightness had conquered the gloom.

What practical lessons we shall learn from the calamity in regard to security of building, we have yet to ascertain. That a city of brick and stone upon the edge of a lake should be destroyed by fire, seems to accuse our mechanical skill. Some engineer will resolve that it shall not happen again, and he will keep his resolution. The city that raised itself from the prairie, that turned a river backward, and although almost below the level of the lake, drained itself thoroughly, that drew to itself with fabulous skill the clearest water, that made highways under its river, and that sought new impossibilities to smile them away, is not a city that calamity can daunt or fire twice destroy. But it is not the future of Chicago that now appeals to us; it is its homeless, suffering people. We may imagine the utmost wretchedness, and yet fail to picture the simple truth. Indeed, this is the moment for the hand, as well as the heart. The land is answering the young man's question, "Who is my neighbor?" as the Master himself answered it; and no American had ever more right to be proud of his country than at the moment when it is soothing the suffering of Chicago and correcting the corruption of New York.

PRESIDENT WHITE AND THE SYRACUSE CONVENTION.

NOW that the excitement which attended the Syracuse Convention has somewhat subsided, and our party friends of whatever sympathy are better able to judge dispassionately, there is one point to which we wish to draw attention. The President of the Convention, ANDREW D. WHITE, of Cornell University, is known in this State and elsewhere as of the most spotless character, and as a man who would no more condescend to unworthy political intrigues than to any other kind of dishonor. But in the heat of the conflict, on the very morning after the Convention, the *Tribune* declared that, much as it had loved and honored Mr. WHITE, it was constrained to say that he had allowed himself to be an agent in committing an outrage of which no respectable presiding officer was ever before guilty. Such words of such a man as ANDREW D. WHITE, and addressed to the Republicans of the United States, are, however unjust, a serious misfortune. They leave a momentary shade, if not a sting; and while to those who personally know President WHITE, and who are also friendly to the *Tribune*, but who are not familiar with the facts, they are very painful, to those who do not know him they represent him in the most odious and, as we believe, unjust light. This is the more to be regretted because of Mr. WHITE'S connection with the Cornell University, to whose interests he has devoted himself with the utmost earnestness, generosity, sagacity, and success. If he really deserves the judgment of the *Tribune*, it is impossible that the institution over which he presides should not suffer. The blow is, therefore, further reaching than was meant. But we hope to be able to show to our readers, and even to the *Tribune*, which we very well know would not be unfair to Mr. WHITE, that his conduct has been very seriously misrepresented.

Mr. WHITE is known to be friendly to the administration of General GRANT, and he is a personal friend of Senator CONKLING; but his character and his position have inclined him to peace in the party. To this result his private efforts have constantly tended; and it was in the hope of doing his share in promoting harmony that he went to the Convention. In the same spirit he utterly refused to be nominated as temporary chairman until he was assured that both delegations from the city should be admitted to the Convention and equally represented in the State Committee—a course which the Convention subsequently adopted. But when he found that the arrangement proposed was not acceptable to one of the city delegations, he urged strongly, privately and publicly, that the point of regularity should be waived—in which view we certainly heartily agree with him. In the same spirit, and with the most friendly and sincerely impartial purpose, he made his speech upon taking the chair. He counseled harmony, because with all his heart he meant harmony, and was resolved that, so far as lay in his power, harmony should be secured.

But it is stated that in appointing the committees he perpetrated an outrage by virtually excluding the minority. Every body who is practically familiar with the organization of a great political convention in this State knows that the very first duty of a temporary chairman is to appoint certain committees, upon which every part of the State must be represented. There are very few men in the State whose personal knowledge of delegates and of varying opinions within the party is such that they could at once form a proper committee. President WHITE is not a professional politician, and he has not this kind of knowledge. He could not know the personal preferences of the delegates, and to have prepared and submitted a list of proposed members of committees to both sides was plainly impracticable. He therefore did what every chairman does under such circumstances; what the old Whigs and Republicans always did; what, undoubtedly, Mr. POTTER did at the Rochester Democratic Convention: he advised with friends whom he believed to be thoroughly trustworthy, and appointed committees composed of delegates whom he believed to be fair men, and not unreasonable partisans of either side. Even had he done no more than look for some Senatorial label upon each member, he must, by all good Parliamentary practice, have given the greater number upon the committees to what is called the majority; and in that case is it probable that any other report would have been presented than the one which was adopted? We regret with the chairman and with the *Tribune* that the point of regularity was not waived in the report. But the opinion of the Convention was plainly expressed after a fair debate; and if the Convention erred, we do not think that the chairman is to be blamed.

So, in the rulings of the chairman, the Convention will bear witness that he decided almost every point, if not every one, in favor of the retiring delegates, including some, perhaps technically correct, which were raised against their right to be heard. Indeed, Mr. RUFUS F. ANDREWS, who subsequently vigorously denounced the chairman, thanked him openly in the Convention for his fairness, declaring that he was the first one who had given him (Mr. ANDREWS) a fair chance. And when the delegation from the city had retired, the chairman stretched all his authority to delay putting a motion to recognize the other delegation as the only legitimate representation from the city, until it was withdrawn, and a motion was made to adjourn in the hope of an adjustment in the morning. On the second day of the Convention the chairman refused to consider the retiring delegation as permanently withdrawn, and directed their names to be called upon every question.

We can not agree with the *Tribune* that this is a dishonorable record. We are very sure, indeed, that no one who really knows President WHITE believes that his conduct was unworthy himself. Happily, spotless character is still an impenetrable armor. There is, indeed, no need for him personally to break the silence which he has maintained, relying upon the *Tribune's* sense of justice, upon the candor of those of every party and every sect to whom he is no stranger, and upon the scrutiny of the constituency of his life-long neighbors which he has before served as a representative. But those who do not doubt may yet have been so pained by the sharp censure of the *Tribune* as to be glad of these few words of explanation.

A FRUITLESS DENIAL.

THERE is no doubt that there are many honest Democrats who are as sincerely hostile to the Tammany Ring as Republicans; but it does not follow that the Tammany Ring did not exclude the honest city Democratic delegation from the Rochester Convention. If that Convention of the Democratic party of the State had resolved that the party should repudiate Tammany, why did it not begin the work in the only conclusive manner—namely, by seating the reform delegation? No Democrat will deny that the city of New York was unrepresented in the Convention; nor can he deny what the records show, that it was unrepresented because the Convention passed a resolution which Tammany introduced. That is what the Republican journals mean by the triumph of Tammany at Rochester. The Convention did not exclude the Tammany delegation, but suffered that to exclude the reform delegation. All the newspaper frenzy in the world does not change that fact. And whoever supports the Rochester nominations, supports a party which refused to defy Tammany.

It is true that the Convention adopted Mr. CASSIDY'S resolution changing the basis of "regularity" in the city. But that is a provision for the future, and the contest before the Convention was of to-day. The Convention—the supreme authority of the party—instead of declaring that vast and intolerable corruption should not under any circumstances be considered regular, admitted that it was regular, deprived the honest part of the party in the city of all voice in its councils, and did not, by its resolution, pronounce against the regularity of the local nominations which Tammany would make. Moreover, the temper of the Convention was shown in the State nominations. It was evident that the party in the State came to Rochester mainly intent upon the renomination of the old officers, who were acceptable to Tammany, and who were first nominated when its ascendency was undisputed. It was clear, also, that the difficulty in the city was regarded by the rural delegates as a fight of factions, like the old Tammany and Mozart quarrels. And as Tammany has kept in its liberal pay a horde of Democratic politicians throughout the State, whose business was to control the primaries and secure Tammany delegations, those delegates were not

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at all disposed to bite the hand that fed them.

It is the merest folly, therefore, for honest Democrats to deny that the action of the Convention showed sympathy with Tammany. It is possible that, in the face of the storm of popular wrath against the Ring, even the delegates in its pay might have thought it unwise to admit the Tammany delegation had it demanded seats. But that was evidently a question of policy only; and when Tammany itself waived the claim, the Convention not only did not question it, but meekly accepted the course which Tammany dictated, because, as we said last week, it did not dare to defy the Ring. The reform delegation, in its address, thinks that a partial success was gained. But the vital point of the contest was whether the reform sentiment was strong enough to cut loose from Tammany, by seating the reform delegation, and nominating candidates who would co-operate in the most stringent measures against the Ring. Upon this point the reformers were totally routed.

Of course every good citizen is glad to see that the reform delegation is disposed to recommend great independence in voting. Mr. TILDEN declared that he should vote against Mr. TWEED's candidates, and if that was irregularity, the Ring might make the most of it. There are a great many of his party who agree with Mr. TILDEN; and there must, therefore, be but two tickets in the city—that of honest men and that of Tammany. The grounds of union, of course, at any particular point, must be the relative strength of the parties. Reform Democrats will hardly claim that because the city is Democratic when the party is united, it would necessarily be effectively so when the party is divided. And if they insist that the necessity of overthrowing Tammany precedes all other questions, they will, of course, be ready to support Republicans for that purpose wherever in any district the Republican strength is greater than their own. Upon this point honest and earnest men of both parties will not differ; and we have a right to expect that, for the first time in many years, the election in the city of New York will be a contest of honest men and knaves.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

THERE have been for some time rumors of a new political combination, by which certain disaffected Republicans should unite with the Democrats, and nominate a new candidate for the Presidency upon a platform of specific reform. The latest form of the rumor is that Judge DAVID DAVIS, of the Supreme Court of the United States, is to be the man, and that Senator HENDRICKS, of Indiana, the most probable Democratic candidate, is warmly supporting the project. This seems hardly probable so far as the Senator is concerned, for Mr. HOFFMAN having disappeared from the field, there seems to be really no proper Democratic competitor of Mr. HENDRICKS; and it would argue a high degree of self-sacrifice if he should withdraw for the new candidate of a coalition. That such a coalition has been projected is, however, not a secret. It has been thought that Mr. SCHURZ and the Western Germans, General COX and his friends in Ohio, the Republican revenue reformers, and the discontented at large would not be unwilling to ally themselves in a new movement. That they would take the field, however, as a third party has not been supposed. The expectation has been that some ground of union would be found with the Democrats.

It is for this very reason, however, that no such movement will probably be made. The Democrats are very willing that discontented Republicans should join them under any pretense whatever. But neither Mr. VALLANDIGHAM, the most orthodox, nor Mr. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, the most heterodox of Democrats, has ever proposed that the party should be fused in a new organization. It might change its professions, but it must remain the old Democratic party. The alternative before the country would then be merely the Democratic party plus a certain number of Republicans, and the Republican party; and that is an alternative which neither Mr. SCHURZ nor any of the Western Republicans are likely to offer. That is to say, that the moment for a new party has not arrived; and the opinion of the country undoubtedly is that there is more prospect of desirable reform in continued Republican dominance than in the risk of Democratic success.

That some of the Democratic leaders would be very glad of a new combination by which the party might seem to clear itself of its traditions, is very possible. There were such in 1868, and then, as now, they looked to the Supreme bench and to an old Republican for a candidate. But a party logic which those leaders did not comprehend frustrated, as it always will frustrate, their most sagacious plans. Mr. CHASE was a commanding figure, but the inevitable question was, "Who is INGERSOLL'S Co.?" It would be the same now. Judge DAVIS is an excellent man—very excellent. But who is behind Judge DAVIS? And *what* is behind Judge DAVIS? A contemplative and curious public, which has been a good deal agitated during the last dozen years, would certainly ask such questions. And when it beheld the familiar form, unchanged in all but name, the inquisitive public would probably smile. Mr. SCHURZ is one of the Republicans who have inspired great expectations in the Democratic breast. But he says that he prefers the Republican party to the Democratic. He is, indeed, a revenue reformer. Then you belong with us, say the receptive Democrats. He is a civil service reformer. That is our hobby, murmur the same gentlemen. And so with every point. But they do not say, "Let us each leave our party, and form a new one."

These rumors are only signs of the extremity to which the Democratic party is reduced. They belong to the category of the New Departure. They are, in a word, dodges. Certainly, so far as can be seen, there is great general satisfaction with Republican rule; and the conviction becomes more profound that it will be continued, and under the same auspices. The full Republican strength of the country will undoubtedly support the Republican candidate next year; and it is an honest feeling in the mass of the party, wholly independent of official influences, that the President will be the candidate. The power of patronage is great, and it has been often abused. It is alleged that it is abused by the President now for his own purposes. But even were this to be admitted to the utmost—were it true, as is sometimes asserted, that General GRANT uses his patronage solely to secure his renomination—it would be in vain without the confidence of the party at large. JOHN TYLER and ANDREW JOHNSON were as unscrupulous in the abuse of patronage as any men could be; but to what result? It is said in New York, for instance, that the Custom-house controlled the Syracuse Convention, and that after Mr. CONKLING'S speech no delegate who was an office-holder dared to record his name for the compromise of Mr. WARD, and that thus the Convention was virtually coerced by patronage to the support of the Administration. But even supposing that to be true, is it seriously questioned that General GRANT would be the candidate of the majority in any truly representative body of New York Republicans?

It is because of that general confidence, which every man may privately test for himself among his Republican friends, that the President will be the candidate of the party, although there are individual Republicans of the highest character who may regret it. We remember very well that as late as January, 1864—four months before Mr. LINCOLN'S renomination—we were told by the ablest and honestest of party friends that it was madness to renominate a man under whom every thing "drifted." But as Mr. LINCOLN said of the whisky which General GRANT was reported to drink, that he would like to send some to the other Generals, so, if "drifting" produces such results as we have seen, let us drift further. As the time approaches for the nomination we shall be surprised if there is not much the same unanimity as in the National Conventions of 1864 and 1868. And the Republican candidate will not take the field against a new party, but against the familiar old INGERSOLL & Co.

☞ In the next number of HARPER'S WEEKLY we shall devote a large proportion of our space to illustrations of the GREAT FIRE IN CHICAGO, drawn from photographs and sketches by our special artists, taken on the spot while the smoke of the conflagration still hung over the smouldering embers. The pictures will include several panoramic views showing the complete desolation of the city, and scenes and incidents of the fire.

PERSONAL.

MR. SEWARD had one of those home welcomes on the 12th inst. which his neighbors always give him when he returns from a long absence; and, as usual, he made them an appropriate little speech. He told them that this time they met not to part again, and that he only went away last year because at that time "rest was rust." "I have," said he, "seen not all the nations, but some of the nations of every race on the earth. I have looked the whole human family in the face, taken by the hand and conversed with my fellow-man in his lowest degradation and in his highest stages of civilization. I have found no nation so distant and no race so low that the character of an American citizen did not secure to me not merely safety, but also respect, consideration, and affection." Mr. SEWARD can scarcely be said to have made a private journey around the globe, for, from the day he left San Francisco to the day of his departure from Europe, it was, in all essential points, a royal progress.

—Brooklyn has some men notable alike for pluck and liberality. When their Common Council met last week, and it was proposed that the city should send $100,000 to Chicago, it was found that a little delay would be necessary in order to go through with the requisite forms in the Council. Thereupon Mayor KALBFLEISCH and Judge MCCUE, thinking that the poor people of Chicago might meanwhile be suffering for food, resolved to give their personal checks for $50,000 each, and meet the emergency. In this city the number of ten-thousand and five-thousand dollar subscriptions is quite creditable. The Stock Exchange gives $50,000. Among the tens are HENRY CLEWS, WILLIAM E. DODGE, the Singer Manufacturing Company, ROBERT BONNER, JAY COOKE & CO., FISK & HATCH, H. B. CLAFLIN & CO., VERMILYE & CO., Equitable Life-Insurance Co., Adams Express Co. Among the five-thousand-dollar subscriptions are DUNCAN, SHERMAN, & CO., Bank of Commerce, DENNISTOUN & CO., GARNER & CO., C. P. HUNTINGTON, New York Life-Insurance Co., North American Life-Insurance Co., Fifth Avenue Hotel ($7000), A. BELMONT, the BARINGS, the ROTHSCHILDS, BROWN, SHIPLEY, & CO. In Boston: Northern Dispatch Freight Line, WILLIAM GRAY, JORDAN, MARSH, & CO., C. F. HOVEY & CO., H. H. HUNNEWELL & SONS, KIDDER, PEABODY, & CO., GEORGE C. RICHARDSON. But the crowning honor of all the individual subscriptions belongs to A. T. STEWART, whose donation of $50,000 stands out by itself in the annals of benevolence to sufferers by fire.

—DU CHAILLU has already been distinguished for having the *entrée* to the highest society of whatever country he may happen to be in. In the interior of Africa he was on terms of "respectful tenderness" with the most select of the De Gorillas, and with the various thinly clad emperors who roast themselves and their victims under the equator. In England the oldest and toughest geographers, as well as literary, philosophical, and political notabilities, had him at their houses, like one of the family; and as for the ladies—the *young* ladies—there really never was such a man! At last dates he was in Sweden, where the king had "gone for him," and where noblemen gave themselves up wholly to his racy, sparkling talk; his real energies, meanwhile, being privately bent upon the preparation of a work on Norway, Sweden, and Lapland, soon to be published by the HARPERS.

—General WADE HAMPTON, one of the few men who led the leaders of the South during the rebellion, is so feeble from nervous prostration that his friends fear he can not recover. His wife also lies very low from a late attack of paralysis.

—Judge LAMONT, who has received the Republican nomination for Judge of the Supreme Court in the Eighth Judicial District, and whose election follows as a matter of course, has already served a brief term on the bench, and is much respected by the bar and people of the district. He succeeds Judge RICHARD P. MARVIN, who has now served two terms of eight years each on the bench, and who had previously served the people of Chautauqua in the State Legislature, and represented them in Congress from 1837 to 1841.

—Minister CATACAZY denies indignantly the reports of his having spoken disrespectfully of Secretary FISH or Mrs. FISH. He says that those reports are calumnies that have been intentionally and systematically circulated by a foreign minister who was at his table. Nevertheless, the extreme position which Mr. FISH and the President have assumed toward him vindicates the opinion that Mr. CATACAZY has certainly done something to justify the demand for his prompt recall to Russia.

—Mr. BUTT, who has lately come forward in Ireland as a "Home Rule" advocate, was formerly, like Mr. GLADSTONE, a Tory of the Tories. He is, in point of practice, the leader of the Irish bar, and a man of marked ability. In one respect he is thoroughly Irish—getting into debt.

—JUAREZ, who has just been re-elected President of Mexico, is partly, if not wholly, of Indian blood, but he has done more for the pacification of Mexico than any Spanish American. He is a man more substantial than brilliant. He has much common-sense, and appears to be inspired with a desire to uplift his unhappy country. Mexico, however, is in any thing but a state of repose. She is as much infested with rebels and robbers as ever.

—An American gentleman who has recently visited Mr. RUSKIN says he is now busying himself with the foundation of a separate mastership for the teaching of drawing at the University of Oxford—the establishment of a sort of little Brook Farm, or Utopia, for English working-men. A man better and purer than Mr. RUSKIN does not exist, but there is no man more crotchety, and there are few men more wrong-headed. Physical weakness and domestic misfortune will account, perhaps, for many of the whimsies and perversities of RUSKIN'S career. Apart from his own special domain of art criticism he is never to be relied upon. He sometimes seems more like an idiot than a sane and highly cultivated man. He has, indeed, the oddest and the rarest faculty for drawing perfectly wild conclusions from the plainest and most obvious facts. But he has done great service in his day; in no wise more than in endeavoring to induce people to open their eyes and look at nature.

—For five-and-thirty years Mr. FRANKLIN CHASE has filled the office of United States consul at Tampico. He has sold out his large interests there, and comes back, replete with wealth and honor, to enjoy such pleasures and comforts as are obtainable by persons having character and cash.

—For full forty years the name of HENRY A. WISE has been as frequently before the public, in one way or another, as that of any man in Virginia. His last public effort is a letter to the people of the South, maintaining that their first want is to have reliable and exact information diffused in Europe in reference to Southern territory and population, to the end that European capitalists, farmers, and laborers may come in and occupy the land. Governor WISE is now sixty-five years old. He entered Congress in 1833, and served until 1844, when he went as minister to Brazil, and remained until 1847. In 1843 he was nominated minister to France, but as the Senate did not confirm him, he kept on in Congress. From 1855 to 1860 he was Governor of Virginia, and in the rebellion served as a brigadier-general. As a warrior he was not a success. No man was ever more enthusiastically devoted to the honor and interest of his State than Governor WISE; and although regarded by many as a hot-tempered and somewhat erratic man, yet in private life he was always irreproachable.

—Dean HOWSON, who has been received with so much cordiality by the Episcopal clergy of this country, and who, with Bishop SELWYN, was honored with special courtesies at the opening of the General Convention of the Episcopal Church at Baltimore, just before leaving Chester addressed the people in the cathedral to the effect that the cathedral had been the subject of especial interest to Americans. They would probably be surprised if they knew all that he could tell them on that point. Not far from where he then stood was a monument to a Governor of New York; in the chapter-house was a memorial of the battles fought between the English and the Americans; and in the north transept was a monument to their most noted bishop, the erection of which was set on foot in America. There was a constant stream of American visitors to the cathedral. When, therefore, they were doing their best to carry out the objects of the cathedral system, they were fostering among the Americans a feeling of respect for the English Church.

—The three persons who just now happen to be filling the theatrical and operatic eye of New York—Miss CUSHMAN, CHARLES MATHEWS, and THEODORE WACHTEL—are each more than sixty years of age; and each "draws like sixty."

—In connection with the visit of the Russian Grand Duke may be mentioned a pleasant trifle of gossip in circulation in Washington, to the effect that a young scion of the Russian nobility managed to run away from home some eighteen or twenty years ago, and in his wanderings reached America. Here he got out of money, and was reduced to the utmost extremity, being compelled to sell the few valuables he had to get bread—having no letters, and being a stranger in a strange land. In want, and almost in rags, the prodigal was desirous of returning home, and in desperation threw himself on the kindness of a lady whom he had met in society. Having but little ready money, she gave him a valuable jewel, which he was to dispose of and use the proceeds. Full of gratitude, the young man departed, vowing that should he reach his home she should be amply compensated. Several years passed and the lady heard nothing of him. At length one day a package reached her through the Russian legation at Washington, containing a set of fine emeralds, and cape and muff of magnificent furs, with an autograph letter from the Russian she had aided, stating that he had reached his home, and was now in a situation to acknowledge the debt he owed her. Here the matter ended. This lady is the mother of several blooming daughters, and is quite in a flutter of late by discovering that her Russian *protégé* has, through the death of those near to him, become the owner of titles and estates, and, further, that he is one of the suit of the Grand Duke ALEXIS. Who knows what may come of it? say the quidnuncs.

—The readers of the publications of HARPER & BROTHERS may be interested to know that ANTHONY TROLLOPE has arrived at Melbourne, having written an entirely new novel on the voyage. After he has visited all the British colonies in Australia, he will return to Europe by way of San Francisco and New York.

—At the great age of ninety-four the father of Mr. JOHN B. GOUGH has been gathered to his fathers. His decease took place at Upper Holloway, a suburb of London, September 24. He had been confined to his room for only three weeks prior to his death.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE work of reconstructing Chicago has already begun. Many of the merchants have made arrangements for clearing off the ruins from their lots, and commencing the erection of new buildings. A thorough system for distributing the money, food, and clothing which have been sent from almost every part of the world has been organized, so that none shall be unwisely or unworthily expended. The Mayor on Saturday, October 14, issued a proclamation setting forth that order and security of life were restored, and that all the sufferers by the fire were sheltered and provided with food. He, however, says that vast numbers will be wholly dependent on the benevolence of their fellow-creatures for food and shelter during the coming winter. The dispatches indicate that the prospects for the revival of business grow brighter every day. The banks, it is estimated, will be in a condition to realize three-fourths of their loans.

The State elections in Ohio and Pennsylvania, October 10, resulted in substantial Republican victories. In the former State the Democrats were defeated by a majority of over 25,000, while the Legislature is estimated to be Republican on joint ballot by twelve to fifteen majority. In Pennsylvania the Republican majority was over 10,000.

The fires consequent on the prolonged drought in Northern Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Western Canada were at last accounts still raging, with fearful destruction to lives and property. Farm-houses, and villages are swept away, and the people who are burned to death or die of privation are counted by hundreds. The town of Windsor, Ontario, was partially destroyed. The loss in this town is estimated at over $150,000.

Another foolish and wicked raid upon Canadian territory in the Red River country was recently made by the Fenian "General" O'Neil. The vagabonds were pursued by United States soldiers and captured. The leaders are supposed to have relied on support from the French half-breeds. They have also been intriguing with the laborers on the Northern Pacific Railway. A raid at another point is spoken of, and every able-bodied man in the province is under arms.

FOREIGN NEWS.

PRESIDENT THIERS has announced to the Legislative Committee the signing of the Customs Treaty for Alsace and Lorraine, which recognizes the principle of reciprocity, stipulates that the fourth half milliard of the indemnity shall be paid before the end of March next, that evacuation shall begin a fortnight after the treaty is ratified, and that Germany shall cede to France a small strip of territory.

A majority of the members elected to the French Chambers are supporters of the present administration, and friendly to the President. About one-ninth of the number returned are Bonapartists.

It is asserted that many congregations of Roman Catholic orders are about to leave Rome for England and America, to found convents.

Political excitement is on the increase in Spain.

A treaty regulating consular relations and guaranteeing trade-marks is about to be concluded between North Germany, Great Britain, and the United States.

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CHICAGO IN FLAMES.—THE RUSH FOR LIFE OVER RANDOLPH-STREET BRIDGE.—FROM A SKETCH BY JOHN R. CHAPIN.—[SEE PAGE 1016.]

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OCTAVIUS V. CATTO.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY MESSRS. BROADBENT & PHILLIPS, PHILADELPHIA.]

OCTAVIUS V. CATTO.

WE give on this page the portrait of Mr. OCTAVIUS V. CATTO, a worthy colored citizen of Philadelphia, who was shot by a ruffian on the night of the late election in that city. He was master of the Institute for Colored Youth, and was highly esteemed by all who knew him. Shortly after three o'clock on election day, having closed his school, he was quietly proceeding homeward, when he was rudely accosted by a white man, who leveled a pistol at his head. Mr. CATTO endeavored to pass on, taking advantage of the shelter afforded by a passing street-car, but was again accosted by the same ruffian, who then fired at him three times. One ball took effect in his left breast, passing through the heart; another struck him in the left shoulder. He fell immediately. Several citizens carried him into a station-house, where he died a few minutes afterward. Mr. CATTO was a quiet, well-educated man, and the murder was entirely unprovoked.

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POOR MISS FINCH.

A Domestic Story.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," "Man and Wife," etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FOURTH.

HE SEES LUCILLA.

THE first impression which Poor Miss Finch produced on Nugent Dubourg was precisely the same as the first impression which she had produced on me.

"Good Heavens!" he cried. "The Dresden Madonna! The Virgin of San Sisto!"

Lucilla had already heard from me of her extraordinary resemblance to the chief figure in Raphael's renowned picture. Nugent's blunt outburst of recognition passed unnoticed by her. She stopped short, in the middle of the room—startled, the instant he spoke, by the extraordinary similarity of his tone and accent to the tone and accent of his brother's voice.

"Oscar," she asked, nervously, "are you behind me? or in front of me?" Oscar laughed, and answered "Here!"—speaking behind her. She turned her head toward the place in front of her, from which Nugent had spoken. "Your voice is wonderfully like Oscar's," she said, addressing him timidly. "Is your face exactly like his face too? May I judge for myself of the likeness between you? I can only do it in one way—by my touch."

Oscar advanced, and placed a chair for his brother by Lucilla's side.

"She has eyes in the tips of her fingers," he said. "Sit down, Nugent, and let her pass her hand over your face."

Nugent obeyed him in silence. Now that the first impression of surprise had passed away, I observed that a marked change was beginning to assert itself in his manner.

Little by little, an unnatural constraint got possession of him. His fluent tongue found nothing to talk about. His easy movements altered in the strangest way until they almost became the movements of a slow, awkward man. He was more like his brother than ever, as he sat down in the chair to submit himself to Lucilla's investigation. She had produced, at first sight—as well as I could judge—some impression on him for which he had not been prepared; causing some mental disturbance in him which he was for the moment quite unable to control. His eyes looked up at her, spell-bound; his color came and went; his breath quickened audibly when her fingers touched his face.

"What's the matter?" said Oscar, looking at him in surprise.

"Nothing is the matter," he answered, in the low absent tone of a man whose mind was secretly pursuing its own train of thought.

Oscar said no more. Once, twice, three times Lucilla's hand passed slowly over Nugent's face. He submitted to it silently, gravely, immovably—a perfect contrast to the talkative, lively young man of half an hour since. Lucilla employed a much longer time in examining him than she had occupied in examining me.

While the investigation was proceeding, I had leisure to think again over what had passed between Nugent and me on the subject of Lucilla's blindness before she entered the room. My mind had by this time recovered its balance. I was able to ask myself what this young fellow's daring idea was really worth. Was it within the range of possibility that a sense so delicate as the sense of sight, lost for one-and-twenty years, could be restored by any means short of a miracle? It was monstrous to suppose it: the thing could not be. If there had been the faintest chance of giving my poor dear back the blessing of sight, that chance would have been tried by competent persons years and years since. I was ashamed of myself for having been violently excited at the moment by the new thought which Nugent had started in my mind; I was honestly indignant at his uselessly disturbing me with the vainest of all vain hopes. The one wise thing to do in the future, was to caution this flighty and inconsequent young man to keep his mad notion about Lucilla to himself—and to dismiss it from my own thoughts at once and forever.

Just as I arrived at that sensible resolution, I was recalled to what was going on in the room by Lucilla's voice, addressing me by my name.

"The likeness is wonderful," she said. "Still, I think I can find a difference between them."

(The only difference between them was in the color and cast of complexion and in the contrast of manner—both these being dissimilarities which appealed more or less directly to the eye.)

"What difference do you find?" I asked.

She slowly came toward me, with an anxious, perplexed face, pondering as she advanced.

"I can't explain it," she answered, after a long silence.

When Lucilla left him, Nugent rose from his chair. He abruptly—almost roughly—took his brother's hand. He spoke to his brother in a strangely excited, feverish, headlong way.

"My dear fellow, now I have seen her, I congratulate you more heartily than ever. She is charming; she is unique. Oscar! I could almost envy you, if you were any one else!"

Oscar was radiant with delight. His brother's opinion ranked above all human opinions in his estimation. Before he could say a word in return, Nugent left him as abruptly as he had approached him; walking away by himself to the window—and standing there, looking out.

Lucilla had not heard him. She was still pondering, with the same perplexed face. The likeness between the twins was apparently weighing on her mind—an unsolved problem that vexed and irritated it. Without any thing said by me to lead to resuming the subject, she returned obstinately to the assertion that she had just made.

"I tell you again I am sensible of a difference between them," she repeated—"though you don't seem to believe me."

I interpreted this uneasy reiteration as meaning that she was rather trying to convince herself than to convince me. In her blind condition it was doubly and trebly embarrassing not to know one brother from the other. I understood her unwillingness to acknowledge this—I felt (in her position) how it would have irritated *me*. She was waiting—impatiently waiting—for me to say something on my side. I am, as you know already, an indiscreet woman. I innocently said one of my rash things.

"I believe whatever you tell me, my dear," I answered. "You can find out a difference between them, I have no doubt. Still, I own I should like to see it put to the proof."

Her color rose. "How?" she asked, abruptly.

"Try your touch alternately on both their faces," I suggested, "without knowing beforehand which position they each of them occupy. Make three trials—leaving them to change their places or not, between each trial, just as they please. If you guess which is which correctly three times following, there will be the proof that you can really lay your hand on a difference between them."

Lucilla shrank from accepting the challenge. She drew back a step, and silently shook her head. Nugent, who had overheard me, turned round suddenly from the window, and supported my proposal.

"A capital notion!" he burst out. "Let's try it! You don't object, Oscar—do you?"

"I object?" cried Oscar, amazed at the bare idea of his opposing any assertion of his will to the assertion of his brother's will. "If Lucilla is willing, I say Yes with all my heart."

The two brothers approached us, arm in arm. Lucilla, very reluctantly, allowed herself to be persuaded into trying the experiment. Two chairs, exactly alike, were placed in front of her. At a sign from Nugent, Oscar silently took the chair on her right. By this arrangement the hand which she had used in touching Nugent's face would be now the hand that she would employ in touching Oscar's face. When they were both seated I announced that we were ready. Lucilla placed her hands on their faces, right and left, without the faintest idea in her mind of the positions which the two relatively occupied.

After first touching them with both hands, and both together, she tried them separately next, beginning with Oscar, and using her right hand only. She left him for Nugent; again using her right hand—then came back to him again—then returned to Nugent—hesitated—decided—tapped Nugent lightly on the head.

"Oscar!" she said.

Nugent burst out laughing. The laugh told her, before any of us could speak, that she had made a mistake at the first attempt.

"Try again, Lucilla," said Oscar, kindly.

"Never!" she answered, angrily stepping back from both of them. "One mystification is enough."

Nugent tried next to persuade her to renew the experiment. She checked him sternly at the first word.

"Do you think, if I won't do it for Oscar," she said, "that I would do it for you? You laughed at me. What was there to laugh at? Your brother's features are your features; your brother's hair is your hair; your brother's height is your height. What is there so very ridiculous—with such a resemblance as that—in a poor blind girl like me mistaking you one for the other? I wish to preserve a good opinion of you, for Oscar's sake. Don't turn me into ridicule again, or I shall be forced to think that your brother's good heart is not yours also!"

Nugent and Oscar looked at each other, petrified by this sudden outbreak; Nugent, of the two, being the most completely overwhelmed by it.

I attempted to interfere and put things right. My easy philosophy and my volatile French nature failed to see any adequate cause for this vehement exhibition of resentment on Lucilla's part. Something in my tone, as I suppose, only added to her irritation. I, in my turn, was checked sternly at the first word. "You proposed it," she said; "you are the most to blame." I hastened to make my apologies (inwardly remarking that the habit of raising a storm in a tea-cup is a growing habit with the rising generation in England). Nugent followed me with more apologies on his side. Oscar supported us with his superior influence. He took Lucilla's hand, kissed it, and whispered something in her ear. The kiss and the whisper acted like a charm. She held out her hand to Nugent; she put her arm round my neck and embraced me with all her own grace and sweetness. "Forgive me," she said to us, gently. "I wish I could learn to be patient. But, oh, Mr. Nugent, it is sometimes *so* hard to be blind!" I can repeat the words; but I can give no idea of the touching simplicity with which they were spoken—of her innocently earnest anxiety to win her pardon. She so affected Nugent that he too—after a look at Oscar which said, "May I?"—kissed the hand that she offered to him. As his lips touched her she started. The bright flush which always indicated the sudden rising of a thought in her mind flew over her face. She unconsciously held Nugent's hand in her own, absorbed in the interest of realizing the new thought. For a moment she stood, still as a statue, consulting with herself. The moment passed, she dropped Nugent's hand and turned brightly to me.

"Will you think me very obstinate?" she asked.

"Why, my love?"

"I am not satisfied yet. I want to try again."

"No! no! At any rate, not to-day."

"I want to try again," she repeated. "Not in your way. In a way of my own that has just come into my head." She turned to Oscar. "Will you humor me in this?" It is needless to set down Oscar's reply. She turned to Nugent. "Will you?"

"Only say what you wish me to do!" he answered.

"Go with your brother," she said, "to the other end of the room. I know where you are each of you standing at this end. Madame Pratolungo will lead me to the place, and will put me just within reach of both your hands. I want each of you in turn (arrange by a sign between yourselves which is to begin) to take my hand, and hold it for a moment, and then drop it. I have an idea that I can distinguish between you in that way—and I want very much to try it."

The brothers went silently to the other end of

"NUGENT WAS SITTING ALONE ON THE LOW WALL IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE, SMOKING A CIGAR."

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the room. I led Lucilla, after them, to the place in which they stood. At my suggestion Nugent was the first to take her hand, as she had requested, to hold it for a moment, and then to drop it.

"Nugent!" she said, without the slightest hesitation.

"Quite right," I answered.

She laughed gayly. "Go on! Puzzle me if you possibly can."

The brothers noiselessly changed places. Oscar took her hand, standing exactly where Nugent had stood.

"Oscar!" she said.

"Right again," I told her.

At a sign from Nugent, Oscar took her hand for the second time. She repeated his name. At a sign from me the brothers noiselessly placed themselves one on either side of her—Oscar on the left, Nugent on the right. I gave them the signal, and they each took one of her hands at the same moment. This time she waited a little longer before she spoke. When she did speak she was right once more. She turned, smiling, toward the left side, pointed to him as he stood by her, and said, "Oscar!"

We were all three equally surprised. I examined Oscar's hand and Nugent's hand alternately. Except the fatal difference in the color, they were, to all intents and purposes, the same hands—the same size, the same shape, the same texture of skin; no scar or mark on the hand of one to distinguish it from the hand of the other. By what mysterious process of divination had she succeeded in discovering which was which?

She was unwilling, or unable, to reply to that question plainly.

"Something in me answers to one of them and not to the other," she said.

"What is it?" I asked.

"I don't know. It answers to Oscar. It doesn't answer to Nugent—that's all."

She stopped any further inquiries by proposing that we should finish the evening with some music in her own sitting-room, on the other side of the house. When we were seated together at the piano-forte—with the twin brothers established as our audience at the other end of the room—she whispered in my ear,

"I'll tell *you!*"

"Tell me what?"

"How I know which is which, when they both of them take my hand. When Oscar takes it, a delicious tingle runs from his hand into mine, and steals all over me. I can't describe it any better than that."

"I understand. And when Nugent takes your hand, what do you feel?"

"Nothing!"

"And that is how you found out the difference between them down stairs?"

"That is how I shall always find out the difference between them. If Oscar's brother ever attempts to play tricks upon my blindness (he is quite capable of it—he laughed at my blindness!), that is how I shall find him out. I told you before I saw him that I hated him. I hate him still."

"My dear Lucilla!"

"I hate him still!"

She struck the first chords on the piano with an obstinate frown on her pretty brow. Our little evening concert began.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIFTH.

HE PUZZLES MADAME PRATOLUNGO.

I was far from sharing Lucilla's opinion of Nugent Dubourg.

His enormous self-confidence was, to my mind, too amusing to be in the least offensive. I liked the spirit and gayety of the young fellow. He came much nearer than his brother did to my ideal of the dash and resolution which ought to distinguish a man on the right side of thirty. So far as my experience of them went, Nugent was (in the popular English phrase) good company, and Oscar was not. My nationality leads me to attach great importance to social qualities. The higher virtues of a man only show themselves occasionally on compulsion. His social qualities come familiarly in contact with us every day of our lives. I like to be cheerful: I am all for the social qualities.

There was one little obstacle in those early days which set itself up between my sympathies and Nugent.

I was thoroughly at a loss to understand the impression which Lucilla had produced on him.

The same constraint which had, in such a marked manner, subdued him at his first interview with her, still fettered him in the time when they became better acquainted with one another. He was never in high spirits in her presence. Mr. Finch could talk him down without difficulty if Mr. Finch's daughter happened to be by. Even when he was vaporing about himself, and telling us of the wonderful things he meant to do in Painting, Lucilla's appearance was enough to check him, if she happened to come into the room. On the first day when he showed me his American sketches (I define them, if you ask my private opinion, as false pretenses of Art, by a dashing amateur)—on that day he was in full flow, marching up and down the room, smacking his forehead, and announcing himself quite gravely as "the coming man" in landscape painting. "My mission, Madame Pratolungo, is to reconcile Humanity and Nature. I propose to show (on an immense scale) how Nature (in her grandest aspects) can adapt herself to the spiritual wants of mankind. In your joy or your sorrow Nature has subtile sympathies with you, if you only know where to look for them. My pictures—no! my poems in color—will show you. Multiply my works, as they certainly will be multiplied, by means of prints, and what does Art become in my hands? A Priesthood! In what aspect do I present myself to the public? As a mere landscape painter? No! As Grand Consoler!" In the midst of this rhapsody (how wonderfully he resembled Oscar in *his* bursts of excitement while he was talking!)—in the full torrent of his predictions of his own coming greatness—Lucilla quietly entered the room. The "Grand Consoler" shut up his port-folio, dropped Painting on the spot, asked for Music, and sat down, a model of conventional propriety, in a corner of the room. I inquired afterward why he had checked himself when she came in. "Did I?" he said. "I don't know why." The thing was really inexplicable. He honestly admired her; one had only to notice him when he was looking at her to see it. He had not the faintest suspicion of her dislike for him; she carefully concealed it for Oscar's sake. He felt genuine sympathy for her in her affliction: his mad idea that her sight might yet be restored was the natural offspring of a true feeling for her. He was not unfavorable to his brother's marriage—on the contrary, he ruffled the rector's dignity (he was always giving offense to Mr. Finch) by suggesting that the marriage might be hastened. I heard him say the words myself: "The church is close by. Why can't you put on your surplice and make Oscar happy to-morrow after breakfast?" More even than this, he showed the most vivid interest—like a woman's interest rather than a man's—in learning how the love-affair between Oscar and Lucilla had begun. I referred him, so far as Oscar was concerned, to his brother as the fountain-head of information. He did not decline to consult his brother. He did not own to me that he felt any difficulty in doing so. He simply dropped Oscar in silence, and asked about Lucilla. How had it begun on her side? I reminded him of his brother's romantic position at Dimchurch, and told him to judge for himself of the effect it would produce on the excitable imagination of a young girl. He declined to judge for himself; he persisted in appealing to me. When I told the little love-story of the two young people, one event in it appeared to make a very strong impression on him. The effect produced on Lucilla (when she first heard it) by the sound of his brother's voice dwelt strangely on his mind. He failed to understand it; he ridiculed it; he declined to believe it. I was obliged to remind him that Lucilla was blind, and that love, which, in other cases, first finds its way to the heart through the eyes, could only, in her case, first find its way through the ears. My explanation, thus offered, had its effect: it set him thinking. "The sound of his voice!" he said to himself, still turning the problem over and over in his mind. "People say my voice is exactly like Oscar's," he added, suddenly addressing himself to me; "do you think so too?" I answered that there could be no doubt of it. He got up from his chair with a quick little shudder, like a man who feels a chill, and changed the subject. On the next occasion when he and Lucilla met, so far from being more familiar with her, he was more constrained than ever. As it had begun between these two, so it seemed likely to continue to the end. In my society he was always at his ease; in Lucilla's society, never!

What was the obvious conclusion which a person with my experience ought to have drawn from all this?

I know well enough what it was, now. On my oath, as an honest woman, I failed to see it at the time. We are not always (suffer me to remind you) consistent with ourselves. The cleverest people commit occasional lapses into stupidity—just as the stupid people light up with gleams of intelligence at certain times. You may have shown your usual good sense in conducting your affairs on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday in the week; but it doesn't at all follow from this that you may not make a fool of yourself on Thursday. Account for it as you may, for a much longer time than it suits my self-esteem to reckon up I suspected nothing and discovered nothing. I noted his behavior in Lucilla's presence as odd behavior and unaccountable behavior—and that was all.

During the first fortnight just mentioned the London doctor came to see Oscar.

He left again, perfectly satisfied with the results of his treatment. The dreadful epileptic malady would torture the patient and shock the friends about him no more: the marriage might safely be celebrated at the time agreed on. Oscar was cured.

The doctor's visit—reviving our interest in observing the effect of the medicine—also revived the subject of Oscar's false position toward Lucilla. Nugent and I held a debate about it between ourselves. I opened the interview by suggesting that we should unite our forces to persuade his brother into taking the frank and manly course. Nugent neither said Yes nor No to that proposal at the outset. He, who made up his mind at a moment's notice about every thing else, took time to decide on this one occasion.

"There is something that I want to know first," he said. "I want to understand this curious antipathy of Lucilla's, which my brother regards with so much alarm. Can you explain it?"

"Has Oscar attempted to explain it?" I inquired on my side.

"He mentioned it in one of his letters to me; and he tried to explain it, when I asked (on my arrival at Browndown) if Lucilla had discovered the change in his complexion. But he failed entirely to meet my difficulty in understanding the case."

"What is your difficulty?"

"This. So far as I can see, she fails to discover intuitively the presence of dark people in a room, or of dark colors in the ornaments of a room. It is only when *she is told* that such persons or such things are present that her prejudice declares itself. In what state of mind does such a strange feeling as this take its rise? It seems impossible that she can have any conscious associations with colors, pleasant or painful—if it is true that she was blind at a year old. How do you account for it? Can there be such a thing as a purely instinctive antipathy, remaining passive until external influences rouse it, and resting on no sort of practical experience whatever?"

"I think there may be," I replied. "Why, when I was a child just able to walk, did I shrink away from the first dog I saw who barked at me? I could not have known at that age, either by experience or teaching, that a dog's bark is sometimes the prelude to a dog's bite. My terror, on that occasion, was purely instinctive, surely?"

"Ingeniously put," he said. "But I am not satisfied yet."

"You must also remember," I continued, "that she has a positively painful association with dark colors on certain occasions. They sometimes produce a disagreeable impression on her nerves through her sense of touch. She discovered in that way that I had a dark gown on on the day when I first saw her."

"And yet she touches my brother's face, and fails to discover any alteration in it."

I met that objection also—to my own satisfaction, though not to his.

"I am far from sure that she might not have made the discovery," I said, "if she had touched him for the first time since the discoloration of his face. But she examines him now with a settled impression in her mind, derived from previous experience of what she has felt in touching his skin. Allow for the modifying influence of that impression on her sense of touch—and remember, at the same time, that it is the color and not the texture of the skin that is changed—and his escape from discovery becomes, to my mind, intelligible."

He shook his head; he owned he could not dispute my view. But he was not content, for all that.

"Have you made any inquiries," he asked, "about the period of her infancy before she was blind? She may be still feeling, indirectly and unconsciously, the effect of some shock to her nervous system in the time when she could see."

"I have never thought of making inquiries."

"Is there any body within our reach who was familiarly associated with her in the first year of her life? It is hardly likely, I am afraid, at this distance of time."

"There is a person now in the house," I said. "Her old nurse is still living."

"Send for her directly."

Zillah appeared. After first explaining what he wanted with her, Nugent went straight to the inquiry which he had in view.

"Was your young lady ever frightened when she was a baby by any dark person, or any dark thing, suddenly appearing before her?"

"Never, Sir! I took good care to let nothing come near her that could frighten her—so long, poor little thing, as she could see."

"Are you quite sure you can depend on your memory?"

"Quite sure, Sir—when it's a long time ago."

Zillah was dismissed. Nugent—thus far unusually grave and unusually anxious—turned to me with an air of relief.

"When you proposed to me to join you in forcing Oscar to speak out," he said, "I was not quite easy in my mind about the consequences. After what I have just heard, my fear is removed."

"What fear?" I asked.

"The fear of Oscar's confession producing an estrangement between them which might delay the marriage. I am against all delays. I am especially anxious that Oscar's marriage should not be put off. When we began our conversation I own to you I was of Oscar's opinion that he would do wisely to let marriage make him sure of his position in her affections before he risked the disclosure. Now—after what the nurse has told us—I see no risk worth considering."

"In short," I said, "you agree with me."

"I agree with you—though I *am* the most opinionated man living. The chances now seem to me to be all in Oscar's favor. Lucilla's antipathy is not what I feared it was—an antipathy firmly rooted in a constitutional malady. It is nothing more serious," said Nugent, deciding the question, at once and forever, with the air of a man profoundly versed in physiology—"it is nothing more serious than a fanciful growth, a morbid accident, of her blindness. She may live to get over it—she would, I believe, certainly get over it if she could see. In two words, after what I have found out this morning, I say as you say—Oscar is making a mountain out of a mole-hill. He ought to have put himself right with Lucilla long since. I have unbounded influence over him. It shall back your influence. Oscar shall make a clean breast of it before the week is out."

We shook hands on that bargain. As I looked at him—bright and dashing and resolute; Oscar, as I had always wished Oscar to be—I own, to my shame, I privately regretted that we had not met Nugent in the twilight on that evening walk of ours which had opened to Lucilla the gates of a new life.

Having said to each other all that we had to say—our two lovers being away together, at the time, for a walk on the hills—we separated, as I then supposed, for the rest of the day. Nugent went to the inn to look at a stable which he proposed converting into a studio: no room at Browndown being half large enough for the first prodigious picture with which the "Grand Consoler" in Art proposed to astonish the world. As for me, having nothing particular to do, I went out to see if I could meet Oscar and Lucilla on their return from their walk.

Failing to find them, I strolled back by way of Browndown. Nugent was sitting alone on the low wall in front of the house, smoking a cigar. He rose and came to meet me, with his finger placed mysteriously on his lips.

"You mustn't come in," he said; "and you mustn't speak loud enough to be heard." He pointed round the corner of the house to the little room at the side, already familiar to you in these pages. "Oscar and Lucilla are shut up together there. And Oscar is making his confession to her at this moment."

I lifted my hands and eyes in astonishment. Nugent went on:

"I see you want to know how it has all come about. You shall know. While I was looking at the stable (it isn't half big enough for a studio for Me!) Oscar's servant brought me a little pencil note, entreating me, in Oscar's name, to go to him directly at Browndown. I found him waiting out here, dreadfully agitated. He cautioned me (just as I have cautioned you) not to speak loud. For the same reason too. Lucilla was in the house—"

"I thought they had gone out for a walk," I interposed.

"They did go out for a walk. But Lucilla complained of fatigue; and Oscar brought her back to Browndown to rest. Well, I inquired what was the matter. The answer informed me that the secret of Oscar's complexion had forced its way out, for the second time, in Lucilla's hearing."

"Jicks again!" I exclaimed.

"No—not Jicks. Oscar's own man-servant this time."

"How did it happen?"

"It happened through one of the boys in the village. Oscar and Lucilla found the little imp howling outside the house. They asked what was the matter. The imp told them that the servant at Browndown had beaten him. Lucilla was indignant. She insisted on having the thing inquired into. Oscar left her in the drawing-room (unluckily, as it turned out, without shutting the door), called the man up into the passage, and asked what he meant by ill-using the boy. The man answered, 'I boxed his ears, Sir, as an example to the rest of them.' 'What did he do?' 'Rapped at the door, Sir, with a stick (he is not the first who has done it when you are out), and asked if Blue Face was at home.' Lucilla heard every word of it through the open door. Need I tell you what happened next?"

It was quite needless to relate that part of the story. I remembered too well what had happened on the former occasion in the garden.

"I understand," I said. "Of course she insisted on an explanation. Of course Oscar compromised himself by a clumsy excuse, and wanted you to help him. What did you do?"

"What I told you I should do this morning. He had counted confidently on my taking his side—it was pitiable to see him, poor fellow! Still, for his own sake, I refused to yield. I left him the choice of giving her the true explanation himself, or of leaving me to do it. There wasn't a moment to lose; she was in no humor to be trifled with, I can tell you! Oscar behaved very well about it—he always behaves well when I drive him into a corner. In one word, he was man enough to feel that he was the right person to make a clean breast of it—not I. I gave the poor old boy a hug to encourage him, pushed him into the room, shut the door on him, and came out here. He ought to have done it by this time. He *has* done it! Here he comes!"

Oscar ran out, bare-headed, from the house. There were signs of disturbance in him as he approached us, which warned me that something had gone wrong before he opened his lips.

Nugent spoke first.

"What's amiss now?" he asked. "Have you told her the truth?"

"I have tried to tell her the truth."

"Tried? What do you mean?"

Oscar put his arm round his brother's neck, and laid his head on his brother's shoulder, without answering a word.

I put a question to him on my side.

"Did Lucilla refuse to listen to you?" I asked.

"No."

"Has she said any thing, or done any thing—"

He lifted his head from his brother's shoulder, and stopped me before I could finish the sentence.

"You need feel no anxiety about Lucilla. Lucilla's curiosity is satisfied."

"Is she satisfied with *you?*"

He dropped his head back on his brother's shoulder, and answered, faintly, "Perfectly satisfied."

Nugent and I gazed at one another in complete bewilderment. Lucilla had heard it all; Lucilla was on the same good terms with him as ever. He had that incredibly happy result to communicate to us, and he announced it with a look of humiliation, in a tone of despair! Nugent's patience gave way.

"Let us have an end of this mystification," he said, putting Oscar back from him, sharply, at arms-length. "I want a plain answer to a plain question. She knows that the boy knocked at the door and asked if Blue Face was at home. Does she know what the boy's impudence meant? Yes or no?"

"Yes."

"Does she know that it is you who are Blue Face?"

"No."

"No!!! Who else does she think it is?"

As he asked the question Lucilla appeared at the door of the house. She moved her blind face inquiringly first one way, then the other.

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"Oscar!" she called out, "why have you left me alone? where are you?"

Oscar turned, trembling, to his brother.

"For God's sake forgive me, Nugent!" he said. "She thinks it's YOU."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

A REPORT has recently been made to the Legislature of Massachusetts, by Mr. RICHARD L. PEASE, of Edgartown, upon the numbers and present condition of the Indians now occupying the southwestern point of Martha's Vineyard, known as the district of Gay Head, prepared with special reference to the change in the policy of the State concerning these Indians, as well as several other remnants of the descendants of the aboriginal inhabitants. This change consisted in the abolition of the original condition of wardship, and their conversion into citizens having equal privileges with other members of the Commonwealth. This was determined upon not merely on account of the former political anomaly, but because these people are not really Indians in any sense of the word; since, by repeated intermarriages with whites, negroes, Sandwich Islanders, etc., they have been transformed into a mixed race, totally different from the aboriginal inhabitants.

The whole number of the so-called Indians at Gay Head, according to the report, is 237; most of the men being seamen, farmers, and laborers, and a few engaged in mechanical pursuits.

They are an industrious, hard-working community, living in comfortable houses, and as anxious to make money as their neighbors of purer blood. In the original political condition of these people the lands were all held in common; but measures are now being taken to divide them, under the provisions of the act by which Gay Head is made a township.

The herring fisheries of England continue to be very satisfactory for the present season, several stations reporting a larger catch than had ever before been known. In many instances, more fish having been taken than could be cured; in consequence of the want of workmen, and even of salt, hundreds of barrels were lost, used as manure, or thrown away. The accusation brought against the sea-fowl, as materially affecting the supply of herring in consequence of their multiplying so greatly under the protection afforded by act of Parliament, is believed to be entirely invalid in view of this immense abundance of the fish; and the proposition to amend the law in regard to the killing of these birds by reducing the period of their protection is earnestly opposed by numerous writers.

According to Dr. SCLATER, the celebrated Madagascar explorer, GRANDIDIER, has lately returned from his third voyage with natural history collections of great interest. Among these are full series of several species of *Lemuridæ*, as well as other remarkable mammals. Deposits were found in Southern Madagascar containing remains of *Æpyornis maximus*, or the giant ostrich.

The death has been announced at Norfolk, Massachusetts, on the 8th of September, of Dr. JOHN EDWARDS HOLBROOK, of South Carolina, a gentleman of great prominence in the United States as a naturalist. Born at Beaufort, South Carolina, in 1794, Dr. HOLBROOK graduated at Brown University, and since 1824 has occupied the position of Professor of Anatomy in the State University of South Carolina. He is chiefly known from the extent and magnificence of his works upon the reptiles of North America, and upon the fishes of South Carolina. Of these the first-mentioned appeared in its completed form in 1842, occupying five quarto volumes, and giving figures and descriptions of all the species of reptiles then known in the United States—about one hundred and sixty in number. Some volumes had been previously published and canceled by the author in consequence of their supposed imperfection. The advance in our knowledge of American reptiles since that time may be learned from the fact that we are at present acquainted with not far from five hundred species.

The work on the fishes of South Carolina was equally difficult to bring to a conclusion satisfactory to its author, several numbers having been canceled and replaced. The publication, indeed, was never entirely finished, the commencement of the civil war having interfered with its completion, although, as it stands, it embraces the only available series of illustrations of the greater part of the Southern species. It is said that a eulogium upon Dr. HOLBROOK is to be delivered before the Boston Society of Natural History by Professor AGASSIZ at some future day.

REV. DR. HUME communicated a paper to the Geological Section of the British Association, at its late meeting, "On the Coal Beds of Panama," with reference to their economical value. Analysis proved the coal to contain about seventy-five per cent. of carbonaceous matter, the remaining portion being water and ash; it had a fair heating and a large illuminating power. There are four points where the coal reaches the surface, of the thickness of nine to twelve feet, and with intervening streaks of shale and clay twenty-five feet; the quality improves in value at greater depths. He pointed out the great importance of this coal in the event of a canal being made through the isthmus. The Panama *Star and Herald*, however, in referring to these beds, considers their value to have been much exaggerated, and states that they are really worth very little as combustibles, whatever interest they may possess in a geological point of view.

DR. FINSCH, of Bremen, has lately published in the "Memoirs of the Zoological and Botanical Association of Vienna" the monograph upon the genus *Certhiola*, or American creeper, upon which he has been long engaged. These birds are peculiar to the West Indies, Mexico, and certain parts of South America, a single species being abundant in the Bahamas, and found occasionally in Florida. They are familiar and well-known birds in the countries inhabited by them, feeding upon the juices of fruits, and upon insects attracted to the latter. The species exhibit but little variation in form and color, and it may be questioned whether they do not all constitute simple geographical races of one primitive form. If so, however, they illustrate very well the plasticity of species, in the fact that while nearly all the West India Islands, with the exception of Cuba, are inhabited by them, the same form is scarcely to be met with on even two of the adjacent islands, the local influences being sufficient to modify them so as to render the birds of each locality readily recognizable by the naturalist.

The German Fishery Association has undertaken the task of initiating and prosecuting a minute investigation in regard to the German Seas, with special reference to ascertaining the depth, the percentage of saline and gaseous substances, the temperature and currents of the water, the peculiarities of the bottom, and the fauna and flora. A special commission has been named for the investigation of the waters in the vicinity of Kiel, consisting of Professors MÖBIUS, KARSTEN, and HENSEN, with Dr. MEYER as president. The Minister of Marine has placed a suitable vessel at the command of the expedition, and examinations are now in progress.

Stimulated probably by the attractive accounts of the abundance of game of all kinds lately published in the New York *Evening Post*, Messrs. HALL and RICE, of Worcester, have procured traps and other equipments, and started for the interior of Newfoundland, where they expect to spend the winter in trapping bears, beaver, otter, and other animals. They expect to obtain an Indian guide, and to establish themselves in the wilderness, and then to prosecute a vigorous campaign of several months in hunting and capturing these animals.

A recent number of PETERMANN'S *Mittheilungen* gives the latest intelligence from Dr. NACHTIGAL. From this we learn that he was still detained at Kuka at the date of his latest communication (January, 1871), on the shores of Lake Tchad. The rains during the summer of 1870, and the famine consequent upon that, were very severe, only equaled in the memory of the natives by those of the year during which Dr. BARTH resided in the country; so that the people began to imagine a connection between the visitations of Christians and an excessive rainfall. Dr. NACHTIGAL had intended to proceed southward at the end of September, but his force of attendants had been so reduced by fever as to render this impossible, and consequently his farther movements were delayed. In the mean time the doctor had been busy in making meteorological observations, in studying the chronic diseases of the neighborhood, and in obtaining information in regard to the geography, etnology, and history of the surrounding country.

Professor MÖBIUS, in his "Fauna of the Bay of Kiel," remarks that the sea animals of that locality may be divided into those of the region of the sandy shore, the green sea-grass (eelgrass), the decayed, rotting sea-grass, the red algæ, and the black mud; and he considers that this is a fair type of the physical character of similar bodies of water. It is in this black mud, resulting from the decomposition of the grasses, that the greater number of animals harbor, and upon which they feed, furnishing, in turn, subsistence to the various forms of carnivorous animals. The quantity of organisms occupying such a muddy bottom is perfectly startling, since single casts of the dredge will bring up almost living masses of cases of worms, crustaceans, etc.; and it is upon these that large numbers of our coast fish feed almost exclusively.

The *Alaska Herald* reports the arrival at San Francisco of a cargo of cod-fish from the Aleutian Islands, of excellent quality, and which met with a ready sale at 7¼ cents per pound.

A paper has been recently published by STREINTZ upon the question whether the moon exercises any appreciable influence upon meteorological phenomena, based upon a discussion of twenty years' observation at the Greenwich Observatory. He gives it as the result of his investigations that the moon, in our latitude, exercises *no* influence upon the barometer, upon rains, nor upon the wind, which can be appreciated by the most careful observation within the last twenty years; and that if any such influence occur, it must be extremely slight.

It is said that the attempt to send ice to India by the Suez Canal has proved a failure, and that out of ninety tons shipped, only four arrived.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A PRAIRIE ON fire is a scene which can be fully realized only by those who have witnessed it. A whole section of country one broad sheet of destructive flame, sweeping away by its resistless current mile after mile of grass, grain in field and grain in stack, including houses and barns, is a fearful sight. Many settlers in Indiana and Minnesota were desperately "fighting fire" on Western prairies, or hopelessly fleeing before it, at the very time that Chicago was being devoured by the same relentless foe. The losses have been immense, many having escaped only with their lives.

Some one suggests that when the process of chromatic printing is perfected, all newspapers will be printed in colors. The criminal reports will naturally be in gilt, sensational articles could be crimson, or other flaming hue, while such as are of a morbid tinge could be blue. Any thing of a jaundiced character would be yellow; bitter personal attacks might take the color of gall; the shipping reports would be printed in ultramarine; and, finally, the whole sheet would be *red*.

Mete Kingi is a noble savage—one of the Maori representatives in the General Assembly of New Zealand. This is one of his speeches; in fact, the best one he has ever made: "England is a great nation. The Maoris are a great people. The English have called us to this great house. We sit here. They have pounded my cow at Wanganui. I have spoken."

According to a scientific Frenchman, the ordinary tea-drinker imbibes during a year leather enough to make a pair of boots. Proof: A decoction of tea contains tannin, as tannic acid, in solution; milk contains albumen; and as these two substances are the chief ingredients of leather, and as they actually unite and form leather when brought into contact with each other, the drinker of tea makes a sort of shoe-maker's shop of himself, or herself, as the case may be.

It is not likely that any one will be more careful about addressing and stamping his letters for knowing that 310,094 letters were received at the Dead-letter Office during September—but such was the fact, nevertheless.

"Now, gentlemen," said an energetic Connecticut auctioneer, as he produced a statuette of the "Greek Slave," "how much am I offered for this beautiful Madonna?"

An impudent fellow, who fancied great people never spoke except to say something great, saw Mr. Tennyson and his family examining the pictures in the Royal Academy. He followed the little group closely, expecting to hear the Poet Laureate say something worthy of record. After passing through several rooms in silence, the Laureate turned to the lady with him and said, "Take care of the children while I go and have a glass of beer." His curious pursuer was satisfied, and made a frantic exit.

Two hundred Laplanders are reported to have just arrived in Paris. A French journal gives a curious reason for their appearance in the city. It says: "These people, although complete savages, have been stirred with pity on hearing of the misfortunes of our country, and have undertaken this long journey for the sole purpose of judging with their own eyes of the barbarous usage we have sustained at the hands of the Prussians."

Patagonia will receive the blessing of smokers, as large deposits of meerschaum clay have been discovered therein. Hitherto the supply of this material for pipes has been limited; and many who have fancied their pet pipe was real "hydrous silicate of magnesia" have been laboring under a delusion: it was only common clay colored, or something else equally common. So the Patagonian discovery will rejoice their hearts.

About one-fourth of the Freshman Class at Bowdoin College have entered the scientific course, and others are still undecided which course to take. Several young women, graduates of the Brunswick High School, have applied for admission to a select course of study. Their request will doubtless be granted. It has been customary for years for women to attend many of the college lectures.

Chicago is kerosene's greatest victim. Portland was the victim of a fire-cracker. Will Chicago henceforth banish kerosene, as Portland banished fire-crackers?

The track of the Northern Pacific Railroad is now completed (250 miles) across the State of Minnesota, the grade being wholly finished; and the track-layers are approaching the Red River at the rate of three miles a day. Regular trains are running over the completed sections.

A gentleman who recently addressed a boys' grammar school in our city made this pithy and suggestive remark: "Good boys will grow up and be good men; bad boys will grow up and become voucher thieves."

Among the many private picture-galleries in New York, Mr. William H. Aspinwall's is probably the largest and most valuable. Mr. Belmont and Mr. A. T. Stewart have also large and valuable collections. Other notable galleries are those of Messrs. R. M. Olyphant, W. T. Blodgett, John Taylor Johnston, James Lenox, Marshall O. Roberts, R. L. Stuart, Jonathan Sturges, Robert Hoe, Cyrus Butler, Richard Butler, and the late A. M. Cozzens. To several of these galleries visitors are admitted by courtesy of the owners.

Rogers, the defaulting cashier of Pejepscot National Bank, in Brunswick, Maine, has been sentenced to six years' imprisonment at hard labor in the State-prison. The sentence was mitigated in consequence of the prisoner having made no attempt to conceal his crime or to evade punishment. The Portland *Transcript* remarks that although his sentence was a painful spectacle, "it was also a triumph of even-handed justice, of which it is to be lamented that the country has not had more examples. His plea of inadequate compensation and of the neglect of proper supervision on the part of the bank directors, though it might awaken a feeling of commiseration, could afford no justification for his crime. It was deliberately perpetrated and long continued. Our courts, in dealing with this and similar cases, have set an example which it is to be hoped will be followed in other States. The crime of defalcation would never have become so common as it now is if its perpetrators had not so often been suffered to go free of punishment."

The residents of the eastern part of Yorkshire, England, are apprehensive that their country will one day or other be washed away entirely. This calamity is not likely to happen just at present; but it is estimated that there is an average loss of two or three yards along the entire coast every year, and that about thirty acres of land disappear annually between Spurn Point and Flamborough Head alone. There was once an important sea-port called Ravenspurn on this coast, which returned a member to the Parliament of Edward I.; but in 1399 there was but little of it left, and at the close of the next century the ground on which it once stood had totally disappeared. Several villages which appear on old maps have been destroyed by the encroachments of the waves, and Kilnsea, which lost its church in 1826, is likely soon to be swept away altogether.

It is said that John Stuart Mill retained the manuscript of his "Subjection of Woman" some years before daring to publish it. Finally his step-daughter, Miss Helen Taylor, a woman of unusual ability, succeeded in getting the book before the public.

A correspondent of *London Society* relates the following:

"I knew an important crown official whose business hours were from ten to three. He had to sign his name to papers; and as a great deal depended upon his signature, he was very cautious and chary how he gave it. After three o'clock struck no beseeching powers of suitors or solicitors could induce him to do a stroke of work. He would not contaminate the quality of his work by doing too much of it. He would not impair his rest by continuing his work. And so he fulfilled the duties of his office for exactly fifty years before he retired on full pay from the service of the country."

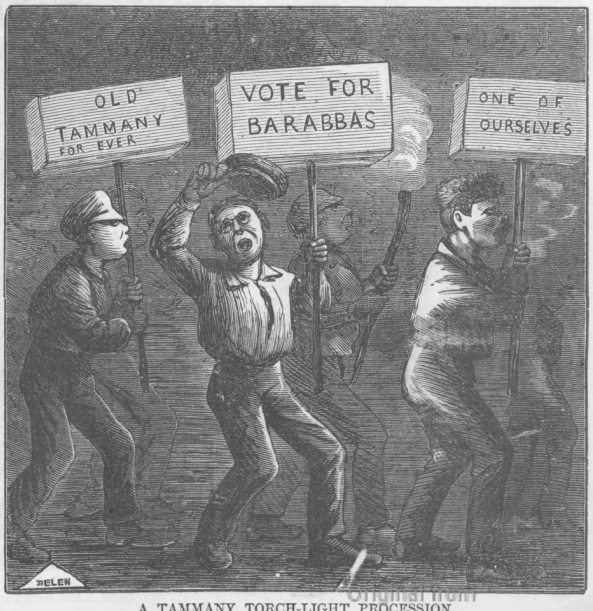
The lesson is obvious: systematic work and systematic rest will enable one to perform a large amount of labor with comfort and safety. Overstrain the brain or body, and the mischief resulting is often irreparable.

The steady increase in the receipts of the annual exhibitions of the National Academy of Design, from its first exhibition in 1826 until the present time, is a pleasant indication of progress in art, and in the appreciation of it. In 1826 the receipts amounted to $300. It is estimated that they will amount to nearly $10,000 the present year.

Among the papers which were found at the Elysée is a petition, dated 1849, from a pension-hunter to Louis Napoleon, then President of the republic, who is prayed by the petitioner to "continue to me the pension which I have received for the last ten years from the infamous and execrable Louis Philippe." A grateful pensioner that!

It is well known that Miss Cushman, whose artistic career is awakening peculiar interest just now, originally designed to sing in opera. But her rich contralto voice failed her, and her hopes were disappointed. Yet the dramatic stage gained what the operatic lost. Miss Cushman's last appearance in this city, previous to the present autumn, was in March, 1861. Long before that time she had established a high reputation in London, whither she went quite unknown. But her marked ability was speedily recognized. For many years past she has resided much of the time in Italy.

The use of the word "journal" as applied to other than daily publications has been criticised as an unjustifiable perversion of its original meaning, which is *diurnal*. Many words in our language, however, have come to signify something very different from that indicated by the derivative word. When good usage sanctions any special application of a word, that makes it correct. One of Webster's definitions of "journal" is "a periodical publication giving an account of passing events."



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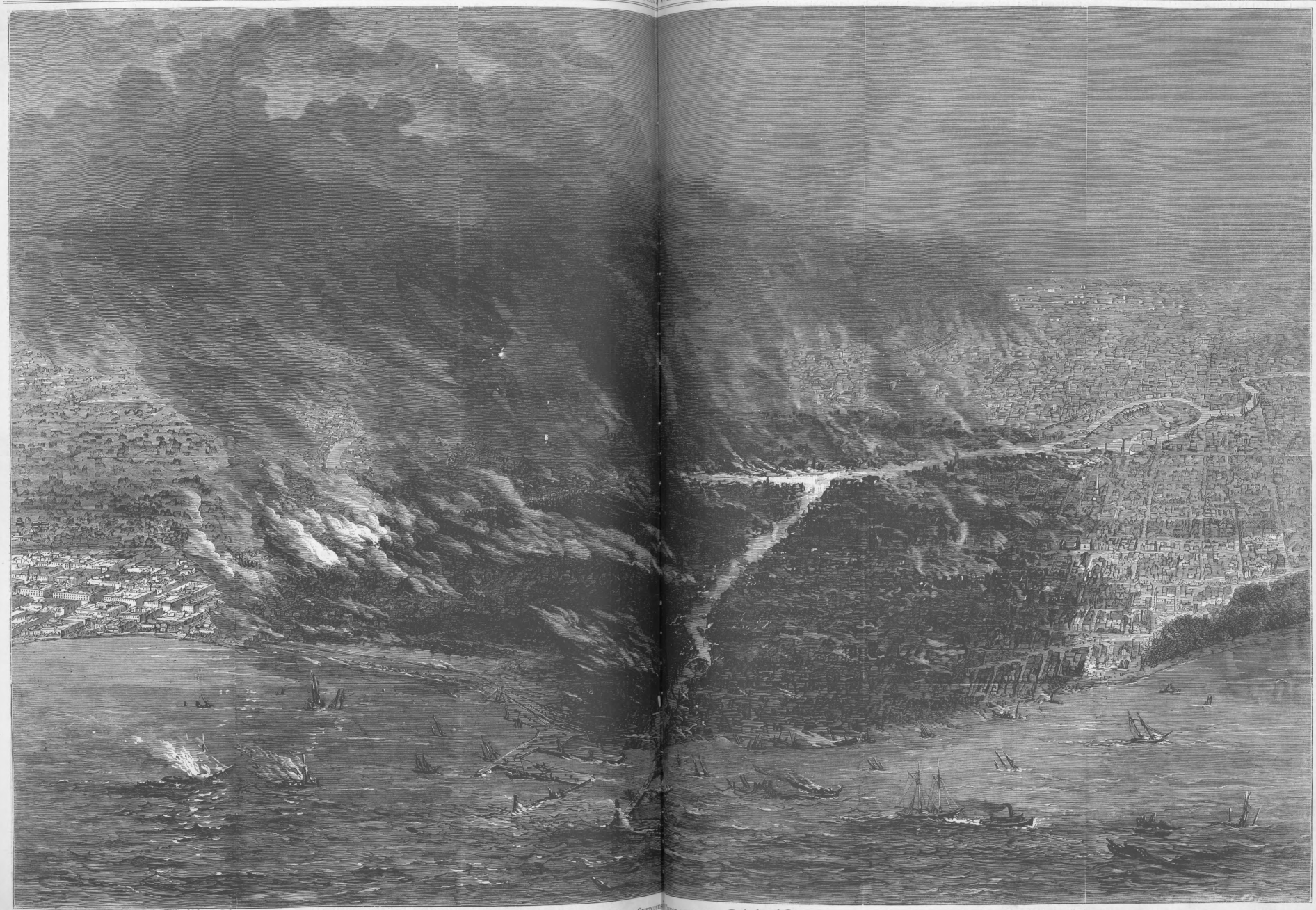

CHICAGO IN RUINS.—FROM SKETCHES BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 1010.]

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CHICAGO IN ASHES.

IT is difficult, at a distance from the scene, to form a conception of the extent of the dire calamity which has befallen Chicago. For days the newspapers were filled with dreadful tidings of the fierce and swift progress of the flames, blown by the winds of heaven from house to house; of terror-stricken men, women, and children flying from burning homes, and spreading out, a helpless, starving, half-naked multitude, on the open prairie; but, as a writer in the *World* has well remarked, "there is little to be said of such a calamity which the imagination of every reader can not build for himself upon the simple statement that a great city has been swept away in a day. The catalogue of individual ruin is the Directory of Chicago. Let any man figure to himself what he would endure if he were stripped not only of every thing that may make him conventionally 'respectable' or eminent, but of the wherewithal to supply the first conditions of physical existence—food and shelter—and all his neighbors stripped of all that could alleviate his sufferings, and he will form a notion, faint and far off indeed, but far truer than description, however ample, could give him, of what has befallen, and for many days to come will befall, myriads of men as capable as himself to suffer and to enjoy."

With the help of our artists, who were instantly dispatched to Chicago when the extent of the calamity became known, we shall endeavor to lay before our readers an intelligible account of this terrible conflagration, which in less than three days swept a great city almost out of existence.

The fire had an ignoble beginning. Late on Sunday evening, October 8, a woman went into a stable on Dekoven Street, near the river, on the west side, to milk a cow, carrying with her a kerosene lamp. This was kicked over by the cow, and the burning fluid scattered among the hay and straw. A single fire-extinguisher on the premises, or the immediate application of water, would have confined the flames to the quarter where the fire began; but the engines were waited for, and when they arrived the firemen, stupefied by their exposure and exertions at a large fire the previous night, worked with less than their usual readiness and skill. The flames soon obtained headway. A high wind fanned them into fury, and they became uncontrollable. They sprang from house to house and from square to square, until the district burned over the day before was reached. In the other direction the flames crossed the river north of Twelfth Street to the south side, and threatened the business portion of the city.

The full extent of the danger was then for the first time realized; the firemen, already worn out and exhausted, worked like heroes, and the Mayor and other officials bestirred themselves to take measures for the protection of the city. But the opportunity was lost. The time when thorough organization could have blown up buildings, or prepared for the emergency, had been allowed to pass, and it was now a fight for life. The wind blowing a stiff gale had possession of the flames, and the beautiful buildings, Chicago's glory, lay before them. Harrison, Van Buren, Adams, Monroe, and Madison streets were soon reached, the intervening blocks from the river to Dearborn Street, on the east, being consumed; and within an incredibly short space of time nearly a mile of brick blocks was consumed, as if by magic.

It being Sunday evening, this part of the city was nearly deserted. Proprietors and employés were at home, utterly unconscious of what was taking place. Those who saw the light of this fire supposed it was the remains of Saturday night's fire, and, having confidence in the Fire Department, were unconcerned; but between eleven and twelve o'clock a rumor got abroad that the fire was in the business portion of the city. Then every body was on the alert, and from the southern part of the city a stream of people poured toward the scene of the conflagration. By this time nearly all the public buildings were either consumed or in flames. The air was filled with burning brands, which, carried north and east by the wind, kindled new fires wherever they fell. The fire-engines were powerless. The streams of water appeared to dry up the moment they touched the flames. An attempt was made to blow up the buildings; but this availed little, as the high wind carried the flaming brands far across the space thus cleared away.

To add to the horrors of the scene, the wooden pavements took fire, driving the firemen from stations where their efforts might have been continued for many precious minutes. Nothing could long resist the terrible heat of the flames. They seemed to strike right through the most solid walls. Buildings supposed to be fire-proof burned like tinder, and crumbled to pieces like charred paper. Block after block was consumed. The red-hot coal shot higher and higher, and the flames spread further and further, until that part of the city lying north of Lake Street was a vast sea of fire. At one time the people were so hemmed in by the circle of flame that thousands were in danger of perishing, and escaped only by a precipitate retreat. The hotels were hurriedly emptied of their guests, who swarmed into the streets with whatever they could carry away. Those who could do so made their way to the yet unburned bridges, and escaped across the river, while others fled to the lake shore, and found a safe line of retreat to the southern part of the city. This, it must be borne in mind, was in the night-time, but the city and the country and lake for miles around were illuminated with a lurid light.

When morning dawned at length there was but one block of buildings left in what the day before had been the most flourishing business part of the city. The magnificent Court-house, the Board of Trade building, the Sherman House and other hotels, and hundreds of stores and offices, were in ruin. The *Tribune* block alone remained unharmed. A wide space had been burned around it, and its safety was supposed to be assured. A patrol of men, under Mr. SAMUEL MEDILL, swept off live coals and put out fires in the side walls; and another patrol, under the direction of the Hon. JOSEPH MEDILL, watched the roofs. Up to four o'clock in the morning, writes the correspondent of the *World*, the reporters had sent in detailed accounts of the fire. At five o'clock the forms were sent down. In ten minutes the two eight-cylinders in the press-room would have been throwing off the morning paper. Then the front basement was discovered to be on fire. The plug on the corner was tapped, but there was no water. The conflagration which had for some time been raging on the north side had destroyed the Water-works. There was not a drop of water in the city. The pressmen were driven from their presses. The attachés of the office said good-by to the handsomest newspaper office in the Western country, and tearfully withdrew to a place of safety. In a very short time the office was enveloped in fire, and by ten o'clock the whole block was a mass of blackened ruins. M'VICKAR'S fine theatre, the Crosby Opera-house, which was to have been reopened Monday evening, the office of the Pullman Car Company, the great Union Railroad Dépôt at the foot of Lake Street, all the banks, and many of the finest churches in the city, had already been destroyed. It is reported that a number of prisoners confined in the basement of the Court-house were burned to death.

By the destruction of the Water-works, on the north side of the river, early in the day, the efficiency of the Fire Department was fatally impaired. It was impossible, owing to the smoke and fire, to get to the lake or river. So intense was the heat that the sluggish river seemed to boil, and clouds of steam rose from its surface to mingle with the smoke from the flames.

Early in the forenoon of Monday it became evident that nothing could save the city, and all the streets leading southward and westward from the burning quarter were crowded with men, women, and children, all flying for life, and attempting to save something from the general wreck. The number is vaguely estimated at 75,000. Every sort of vehicle was pressed into service. With the selfishness which on such occasions comes uppermost in some natures, the truckmen charged enormous prices for transporting trunks, boxes, and packages, and turned a deaf ear to all who could not pay the money down. Thousands of persons, inextricably commingled with horses and vehicles, poor people of all colors and shades and of every nationality—from Europe, China, and Africa—mad with excitement, struggled with each other to get away. Many were trampled under foot. Men and women were loaded with bundles, to whose skirts children were clinging, half-dressed and barefooted, all seeking a place of safety. Hours afterward these people might have been seen in vacant lots, or on the streets far out in the suburbs, stretched in the dust. These are the homeless and destitute, who now call on the rich world for food and clothing.

Many pitiful sights were witnessed in the course of this terrible scramble for life. There were mothers and fathers who, leaving children in places of supposed safety, had gone to save clothing and valuables from their burning houses, and returned to find their little ones swept away, and were seeking them in vain among the maddened crowd. There were men and women whom terror had made insane. An eye-witness tells of one poor woman of middle age, bending under a heavy load of bundles, who struggled through the crowd singing the Mother Goose melody,

> "Chickery, Chickery, Crany Crow,
> I went to the well to wash my toe!"

Among the saddest incidents of this calamity was the appearance in the streets of hundreds of men and boys in a state of beastly drunkenness. In the North Division the liquor saloons were broken open, and their contents flung into the streets, where they were eagerly seized upon by the maddened crowd, who seem to have felt the same impulse that leads sailors on a sinking ship to drown their terrors in the delirium of intoxication. There can be hardly any doubt that many of these poor wretches found their death in the flames from which they were helpless to escape. Several hundred persons sought refuge on a barge, and were towed out into the lake, where they remained all night. The loss of life can not yet be definitely ascertained, but will probably reach several hundred.

Thus the dreadful day wore on, and night drew near. The principal business portion of the city, and the North Division from the river to Lincoln Park, had been swept by the flames, comprising an area of more than five square miles. As the awful day drew to its close, thousands of anxious eyes watched the clouds of smoke that hung over the scene of desolation, dreading lest a change of wind might drive the flames upon that portion of the city which was still unburned, and fervent were the prayers for rain.

No pen can describe the horrors of the night. A hundred thousand people encamped in the fields and in Lincoln Park. The weather was tempestuous and cold. A heavy rain the day previous had drenched the turf, which the trampling feet of the thousands of fugitives from the fire had soon beaten into a morass. And there, on the bleak prairie, shelterless and half naked, delicate women slept with their babes clasped to their breasts, or moaned in unspeakable anguish throughout the dreadful night, longing for day and yet dreading its dawn. What hearts were broken during that awful watch in cold and darkness and terror, what lives of lingering sickness and pain prepared, can never be known. It would seem as if such distress might soften the most obdurate heart; yet even there armed patrols were needed to guard the helpless from robbery and the baser passions of desperate ruffians, who, under cover of the general panic and disorganization, sought to inaugurate a new reign of terror. Houses were broken open and pillaged all over the town. Rape and arson and murder were not unfrequent; and it became necessary to form vigilance committees, who promptly disposed of the culprits by hanging or shooting. Fortunately General SHERIDAN was at his post. The city was placed under martial law, and wretches caught in the act of pillaging or setting fire to buildings—for, incredible as it may seem, men became incendiaries in the midst of the burning town—were executed on the spot. In some cases the citizens, maddened by the sight of pillage or arson, fell upon the miscreant and beat him to death. The number summarily executed is estimated at above fifty. Among the ruffians so disposed of were four desperadoes well known to the police of every city in the Union—BARNEY AARON, BILL TRACY, JIM MUNDAY, and JIM BROWN—as vile a set of scoundrels as ever picked a pocket or cut a throat.

During the whole of the night of the 9th the fire continued to burn on the north side; but the wind went down, and shortly after midnight rain commenced falling, and by daylight the flames were under control. Freed from anxiety in regard to the further spreading of the flames, the citizens took measures for the protection of property and for the care of the thousands who were homeless and shelterless. The first night few could be provided with shelter, and the most harrowing scenes were witnessed on every hand. Several children were born into the world in the midst of the storm, only to die. There were invalids of every age and condition of life, who had been taken from their beds and carried where death came to them less swiftly but not less surely than in the fiery flood.

In response to the cry for help that went up from the stricken city, instant and abundant relief was sent from every part of the Union. The general government sent thousands of tents and army rations. Societies and private citizens sent money, clothing, and provisions. Railroad companies dispatched special trains laden with these gifts. From Canada and from Europe came expressions of sympathy and proffers of assistance. Wherever the news was carried it awakened the best impulses of human nature. But it must be borne in mind that more is wanted than temporary relief. Of the thousands of people who have been thrown out of employment and deprived of their homes, just at the commencement of winter, many will require assistance for weeks and months to come, and this assistance must be afforded by the country at large.

The spirit and courage exhibited by the business people of Chicago is above all praise. The smoke still hung over their ruined city, when they met and resolved upon measures that would restore its fame and magnificence, and maintain its credit unimpaired. The newspapers, with their accustomed enterprise, immediately resumed publication as best they could, and generous assistance was afforded by the press of other cities, in the shape of type, paper, etc. Temporary buildings were erected in every direction, and in less than a week after the cessation of the fire hundreds of houses were ready for occupation. The spirit of prostration gave way to one of confidence and hope. Every business man who could hire a shed resumed business. One hundred thousand dollars was subscribed toward rebuilding the Chamber of Commerce, and the work will be commenced at once. With this spirit animating her citizens, Chicago will soon recover from this great calamity, more magnificent and beautiful than she was before the fire.

ACCOUNT BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

We have received the following intensely interesting and graphic account of the great fire from our special artist, Mr. JOHN R. CHAPIN, whose sketches are given on pages 1004 and 1013:

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

I confess that I felt myself a second NERO as I sat down to make the sketch which I send herewith of the burning of Chicago. In the presence of such a fearful calamity, surrounded by such scenes of misery and woe, having within a brief hour barely escaped with my life from the burning hotel, knowing that under my eye human life was being destroyed, wealth swept away, and misery entailed upon untold thousands of my fellow-men, nothing but the importance of preserving a record of the scene induced me to force my nervous system into a state sufficiently calm to jot down the scenes passing before me.

No man can describe a battle so well as he who was far away from it. I shall not, therefore, pretend to give a description of any thing more than that which I witnessed; and I trust that I shall be forgiven the use of the personal pronoun in view of the necessity of narrating my own experience in order to convey my impressions to others.

I arrived in Chicago for the first time on Saturday, the 7th inst., and stopped at the Sherman House. During the afternoon of that day a friend drove me around through the business portion of the city to show me the magnificent buildings which covered the area now a heap of ashes. Stopping here and there to admire the stately Court-house, the magnificent proportions of the Michigan Southern Railroad Dépôt, or the Grand Pacific Hotel, we passed into Wabash, Calumet, and other avenues skirting the lake, to view the long rows of beautiful residences which wealth, culture, and refinement had erected on the edge of the lake, all of which are now embraced in an immense heap of brick, stone, and ashes. At the *Tribune* buildings we were shown through that immense structure—constructed in a manner precisely similar to your own building—that we might see how completely *fire-proof* it was. We visited the Board of Commerce, Western Union Telegraph, and numerous other magnificent buildings, until, tired at last, we returned to the hotel to sup and talk of the wealth, extent, rapid growth, and enterprise of Chicago—that great city of the West, that fabulous city of yesterday.

An alarm of fire during the evening caused no anxiety, for it was a thing of frequent occurrence. Yet the morning brought us intelligence that twenty acres in the southwestern part of the city had been swept as with the besom of destruction. We, together with thousands of others, went out in the afternoon to see the ruins. In the evening, returning from church with a young and dear friend, we parted at the hotel door with a promise to meet on the morrow. In a few hours we were houseless wanderers, and did not meet again. Retiring to my room, I read until half past ten, and at that hour went to bed and to sleep. I had heard the alarm of fire at ten o'clock; but, notwithstanding a high wind—a gale, indeed—was blowing, I felt no uneasiness, but dropped off to slumber with a mind filled with engagements for the morning, which were never to be fulfilled. I had slept about two or three hours when I was awakened by a rattling of a key in my door, as though some one was trying to enter. Calling out "Who's there? what do you want?" and receiving no answer, I again fell asleep, but was again awakened by the sound of the tramping of feet and confusion in the hall, and by a dull roar, which I supposed was the sound of wheels on the Nicholson pavement. Listening for a few moments, and thinking it must be near morning, I composed myself to sleep again, but was restless, and my mind became gradually filled with a dread for which I could not account. At length, to assure myself, I rose and went to the window, threw open the blinds, and gazed upon a sheet of flame towering one hundred feet above the top of the hotel, and upon a shower of sparks as copious as drops in a thunder-storm. Fortunately I did not loose my presence of mind, but packed my valise and dressed myself—hurriedly it is true—but saved even my watch under my pillow, and, leaving my room, rushed into a scene of dire confusion and dismay. The guests were hurrying through the halls, and dragging trunks and other baggage down the stairways, rushing frantically about, partially dressed and wild with excitement, every one intent upon himself, and all filled with that indescribable horror which can only be felt in gazing into the jaws of that terrible fire-fiend whose power is so grandly irresistible, and before whom individuality sinks to nothingness. Reaching the office, I went to the coat-room to obtain my overcoat; but finding it closed, and thinking time too valuable to be wasted at such a moment, I left the building and hurried into the street. Hesitating but an instant to gaze into the face of the awful but sublime monster that was pursuing me, I turned and fled through the fiery shower—whither I knew not—but away from the fire. Coming to the river, I recognized to the left of me the entrance to the tunnel on Washington Street, and hastened toward it. It was filled already with a crowd of fugitives, all flying, with their backs and arms loaded with what they had gathered in the despair of the moment, seeking a place of safety. The scenes witnessed among this crowd were painful, and in many instances humorous and ludicrous in the extreme—or would have been under other circumstances. Helping now a poor mother who was struggling along with an infant and half a dozen older children, anon assisting an old woman staggering under her burden of household stuff, we at length reached the other side, and emerged into a place of safety.

Here for the first time I realized the magnitude of the danger and the awful nature of the calamity. As far as the eye could see toward the south the flames extended in one unbroken sheet, while they were advancing, a wall of fire from one to two hundred feet in height, with terrible rapidity. One glance was sufficient to convince the most hopeful that the city was doomed. A gale of wind was blowing from the southwest, and urging the fire onward over the wealthiest and handsomest portion of the place. No human power could stay its progress, and no effort was made. The slightest change of wind to the southward would have driven the sparks across to the west side, and, falling among the frame buildings of which that portion is mainly composed, would have cut off the escape of tens of thousands toward the prairie. Dripping with perspiration from my exertions, yet feeling the chill of the blast, I dared not stand for a moment, but wandered from street to street, until I met a gentleman, his wife, and three children, who, like myself, had been driven out shelterless, who kindly directed me to the Mallory House, where I was permitted to change my clothing; and now, more warmly clad, I started out to help, if I could, all that I could. I soon found myself on the Randolph Street Bridge, the point whence my sketch was taken. No language which I can command will serve to convey any idea of the grandeur, the awful sublimity, of the scene. For nearly two miles to the right of me the flames and smoke were rising from the ruins and ashes of dwellings, warehouses, lumber-yards, the immense gas-works; and the view in that direction was bounded by an elevator towering one hundred and fifty feet in the air, which had withstood the fire of the night before, but which was now a living coal, sending upward a sheet of flame and smoke a thousand feet high.

Following the line of fire northward, the next prominent object was the Nevada House, a large

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brick hotel of six or seven stories in height by about 100 feet square. For a long time this stood surrounded by the fire, and it seemed likely to resist the attack of the flames; but soon a slight column of smoke climbed up the farther corner, a light tongue of flame followed, and in three minutes thereafter the whole structure was toppling to the ground. Before us we looked upon a sight which it is impossible to describe. Every one knows how inadequate is human language to express the grandeur of Niagara—we can only *feel* it. And yet Niagara sinks into insignificance before that towering wall of whirling, seething, roaring flame, which swept on, on —devouring the most stately and massive stone buildings as though they had been the cardboard playthings of a child. Looking under the flame, we could see the buildings on either side of Randolph Street, whose beauty and magnificence and whose wealth of contents we had admired the day before, in the centre of the furnace. A moment, and a flickering flame crept out of a window, another and another followed, a sheet of fire joined the whirling mass above, and they were gone. One after another they dissolved like snow on the mountain, until the fire had reached the corner just before us. Loud detonations to the right and left of us, where buildings were being blown up, added to the falling of the walls and the roaring of the flames—the moaning of the wind, the shouting of the crowd, the shrill whistling of the tugs as they endeavored to remove the shipping out of the reach of danger—made up a frightful discord of sounds which will live in memory while life shall last. Vehicles of every kind and character were crossing and recrossing the bridge, bringing away goods of all kinds, and sometimes of the most ludicrous description. Fabulous prices were asked and paid for any thing on wheels. Wagons and carts without horses, but drawn by men, wheelbarrows, hand-carts, trucks, and every available means of transit, were called into requisition. One party had a platform store truck with three wheels, on which they had piled desks, chairs, cushions, and office furniture to a height of six or eight feet. In trying to get off the track the whole load slid off, and an immense express wagon, dashing along, went over the pile and crushed it into splinters. Here comes a steamer! Back rushes the crowd, and four splendid horses, followed by an engine, whose driver was either wild with excitement or crazy drunk, dashed across the bridge, and, wheeling to the right, took up a position on the edge of the dock. Here they commenced dipping the water up in pails, which were sure to strike bottom side down, and when they did get a pail full, in pulling it up it was sure to spill two-thirds; and thus they were trying to fill a washtub, out of which they took suction to get a stream on about two thousand tons of coal. After working in this way with the energy of despair about an hour, some one called across the river, "Why in h—ll don't you put your suction into the river?" They had apparently never thought of that. They dropped the hose and got a stream.

Crossing the bridge, we viewed the fire as it swept on, devouring warehouse after warehouse on Lake Street. One after another succumbed in rapid succession but the last one—the corner of which is seen to the left of the large building in the centre of the picture—and every body hoped and prayed it might be saved. But after the others on that front had all fallen, it was seen to smoke near the cornice, and in a few moments —less time than it takes to write it—it was blazing from every window; and after extending its fiery arms to and embracing the frame building of STERNS & Co., opposite, it, too, fell to earth, a shapeless mass of brick and stone. The large building in the centre is the only one saved in the space from the river to the lake, and from two miles to the right of us to four miles to the left.

Across Lake Street the surging fire extends, and laps the cornices of the tall warehouses filled with wealth. The signs smoke, then blaze, and catch the window-frames, and in another moment the interior is a mass of fire, which rushes upward to join the mad whirl of the storm above. Now it has reached the river; and if the bridge can be saved, it can be confined to its present limits. Anxious eyes watch the bridge yonder. The crowd surge back and forth—and "Ah! there's a stream! It will be saved!" A few moments of suspense, and some one says, "The elevator is on fire." "No; that's the reflection of the fire." Every eye is turned that way with the utmost anxiety. The smoke is so dense that we can hardly see. It blows aside, and what was the reflection of the fire is now a lurid glare of flame. It is doomed. Two, three minutes more, and it is a monstrous pyramid of flame and thick, black smoke, solid as stone. "My God! look there! there are men on the *top*." "No!" "Wait a moment until the smoke clears away." "Yes, there are—three, *five*. They're lost! See! they are suffocating. They have crept to the corner. O God! is there no help for them? What are they doing? They are drawing something up; 'tis a rope." They fasten it; and just as the flames burst out around them the first one slides over the parapet and down, followed by one after another until the whole are saved, thank God! A universal cry of relief goes up from the crowd, and we turn to other points. On the north side the flames, now having more digestible food than brick and stone, go leaping, dancing, and surging away over miles of territory, "growing by what they feed upon," until, as far as the eye can see to the right and left, all is flame and smoke.

Let those of your readers who are familiar with New York imagine Broadway to be the river, and the East River to be the lake; then imagine the *whole* of the city from the Battery to Grand Street in flames—one-half of that space covered with such buildings as the *Herald* building, *Times* building, City Hall, and such blocks as STEWART'S, the Metropolitan and St. Nicholas hotels, all burning with such a blaze as swept upward from Barnum's Museum; add to this a gale of wind as severe as any you ever experience in the city—and they can form some faint conception of the scene which I have been attempting to describe, but to which no human language can do justice.

And who shall attempt to depict the scenes of misery, the agony of suffering, among that mass of people which was surging back and forth, to and fro, in every direction, on the west side? In every door-way were groups and families, on the curbs, in the gutters, every where—in the dépôts, in the stores, wherever there was shelter, and where there was none—they could be seen huddled around their little all that the flames had spared, with misery depicted on their countenances and with despair in their hearts. I leave these scenes to more powerful pens than mine, for I too had my load of painful anxiety to bear. Where was the young friend with whom I had parted the night before? He had been burned out, and was homeless. 'Twas in vain to seek him among those thousands: I might pass and repass him a hundred times in the crowds in the streets; and late in the afternoon I was reluctantly compelled, for the sake of my family, who knew I had been stopping at the Sherman, to leave for some place whence I could telegraph of my safety. Seeking out the Indianapolis Dépôt, I purchased my ticket and awaited the opportunity to depart. Hour after hour passed in the presence of scenes of misery, the fire all the time spreading northward, until, at 7.25 P.M., we started away from the doomed city out on to the prairie. As we got away and looked back we could realize the extent of the territory, and I send you a sketch of the scene as it appeared from the windows of the train. Forty miles away we still saw the brilliant flames looming above the doomed city. JOHN R. CHAPIN.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

OUR illustrations this week, referred to in general terms in the preceding article, deserve special attention. That on page 1004 represents the terrible rush for life over Randolph-street Bridge, so graphically described in our correspondent's letter. On the left of the picture will be noticed the incident of five men escaping from a burning roof by means of a rope. The double-page illustration will enable our readers to form some conception of the sombre desolation that hung over the city as the night of Monday drew on. Three of the illustrations on page 1013 show the general character of the buildings which have been swept away by the fire. They are drawn from photographs furnished through the courtesy of Messrs. ANTHONY, of this city. Probably no city in the Union possessed a greater number of elegant public and private buildings than Chicago; and of these only one, the residence of Mr. WILLIAM B. OGDEN, remains in the burned district. It owed its safety to its isolation in spacious open grounds. The pathetic sketch by Mr. REINHART, printed on our front page, conveys a more graphic idea than can be expressed in words of the privations and sufferings endured by the multitudes who sought refuge in the parks and fields from the devastating flames.

CHACUN DEUX.

"AH, what a silence! It is wretched, this place! The very flies are afraid to buzz because of the dead!" And the speaker, an airy little French grisette, shrugged her pretty shoulders dolorously.

Her companion—also a "daughter of the people," but more freshly colored and heavily moulded in form and feature—leaning upon a table with her head bowed on her arms, lifted a pair of black eyes lazily.

"What then? We have seen worse places, you and I; and may see them again," she added, half to herself.

"Go to sleep, Lise," said her impatient companion. "Better be asleep than croaking. See, it is sunset," she added, more vivaciously, pushing back the heavy shutter at her side. "Time for Jean and Pierre."

Lise yawned as the brilliant level rays of light struck across the room, and, sitting up, began to coil the heavy hair that had fallen from beneath her cap, while the first speaker folded her arms and looked gravely out at the narrow court below and the crowded buildings beyond.

"Père François was a good man," she said, musingly. "He loved his 'jeunes amis.' He will keep his word, Lise, to us all—Pierre and Jean, and you and me."

Lise answered with a careless "It may be," emphasized by a shrug of the shoulder and a curl of the lip. "And if he does not?" she queried.

"And if he does not keep it," said the little grisette, "Pierre and Jean will do well enough. For you and me—there is nothing for us but—"

"The streets," finished Lise, laconically. "Well, we came from the streets, my poor Marie."

Marie turned her face to the sunlight with a sharp shiver.

"And he never meant us to go back, Lise, never! Did he not take us, as children, that we might grow and please his age? He would not leave his young friends without a sou, and with no home but the miserable streets. But, ma foi! what do I say? Pierre and Jean will care for us—they are like brothers."

Lise did not answer at once, but sat moodily drawing one long tress of hair through her fingers.

"It may be," she said at last, concisely. "He once vowed it to the Mother of Saints. It may be. Come, shall we have supper?"

Marie, glad of any change, assented, and together they descended a steep staircase, and entered a kitchen, where a wizened cook was bending over the fire. They entered just in time to hear the fragment of a song, hummed in an under-voice by a sturdy, bright-eyed young peasant, who tossed his cap on a nail as he came through the door.

"À Sainte Blaise, à la Zuecca,
Vous étiez, vous—"

"Be still, Jean!" cried Marie. "How can you sing while Père François lies unburied?"

Jean, who had already plunged his head into a basin of water, emerged from it half refreshed and half regretful, and commenced to towel himself vigorously.

"Ah, that is true! May the holy saints forgive me! I am a sad fellow to be merry. But Pierre there is sorry enough for both of us."

Pierre, the fourth of the dead man's young friends, smiled dubiously as he threw off his mason's blouse.

"And have we not reason to be sorry?"

"Mon Dieu! how do I know? It may be we are, even now, rich. What then? Let us have some tea, Lise."

Lise laughed half contemptuously as she gave it.

"And why should we be sorry, then?" continued Jean.

"Why not?" said Pierre, gravely.

"Why not, indeed?" echoed Lise, nodding indulgently. "Wait till you hear the will, mon ami, and do not be too sure of riches."

"For me," cried Jean, with a laugh, "I am sure only of a half-holiday. Monsieur the notary comes to-morrow at eleven to read the will, and Pierre and I shall not go to the Rue Pavière. As for you and Marie, to-morrow, at least, you shall be ladies."

"Ah," sighed little Marie, "it would be grand to be always a lady!"

"And have every day a fête day! Never you mind, Mignonne! I shall show you fête days if you never see a sou of Père François's money. Are you not my little sister?"

Lise shook her head.

"She is not your sister, nor Pierre's," she said, sharply. "To-morrow, if Père François has been niggard of his money, we shall go our ways—you and Pierre, I and Marie. We must live, and live honestly, Marie and I."

"Live?" said Pierre; "but where and how?"

"And why not here?" asked Jean.

"Ah, there are ways enough, mon ami, and places enough. Paris is a great city."

Jean's voluble expostulation, Pierre's grave questioning, availed nothing. Lise still shook her obstinate head, and reiterated her obstinate declaration:

"We shall go where we came from—to the Sisters or the streets."

Jean, losing patience at last, pushed his cup away, and rose noisily.

"Mon Dieu! Keep your plans till to-morrow, Lise; and you, Mignonne, save your tears till they are needed. The will is to come yet, my friends: wait for to-morrow!"

At ten the next morning the remains of Monsieur François were laid in the little cemetery of the Rue de H——. He had few mourners. His "jeunes amis," his cook Babette, his dog, and a few aged paupers whom he had befriended, and Monsieur Livournay, the notary, with his assistant, made up the funeral train. They came back from the church to the deserted house, and gathered in the dingy little office of "Père François." Here the notary, seated behind a desk, drew a package from his pocket, broke the seals, and gravely read:

"The last will and testament of Jules François, merchant, Rue Anselm, Paris. Signed Anno Domini 1855, and witnessed by Pantin Livournay, notary, Jean Larét, secretary, and Martine Babette, cook."

The will, strangely enough, began with little details, bits of legacies to be left here and there —twenty livres to a lame sweeper of crossings, fifty francs monthly to a sick seamstress, etc. His dog he left to Gaspard Rideau, charpentier; his house and furniture to Martine Babette, his faithful servant.

The notary cleared his throat, and his listeners bent eagerly forward.

"And as for my four young friends, Jean Berton, Pierre Dubois, Lise Arbret, and Marie Vale, give to each two of them thirty thousand livres as a small token of remembrance. All the—"

The notary paused and glanced back at what he had read, doubtfully. His auditors waited.

"Well, monsieur?" said Jean, impatiently.

"But I do not understand—"

"It is very plain. He gives each one of us—"

"But, monsieur, if I read it literally, it is not each one, but each two, *chacun deux*, that are to have the thirty thousand livres. The letters are connected; there is no apostrophe; it can not be *chacun d'eux*."

There was a universal exclamation of astonishment, and the four listeners crowded around the reader. Jean, holding the will in his hand, knitted his brows above a passage he was not scholarly enough to read.

"But, monsieur, it is a mistake. How could the money be left in this way? To each two—and which two? Would he not have told us?"

The puzzled notary, glancing at the words before him, made no answer.

"It is a mistake!" echoed Lise, angrily, bending her black brows on the lawyer. "What more plain? He left us alike thirty thousand livres."

"But, my good girl," persisted the notary, "that is impossible."

"How?" asked the immobile Pierre.

"He has but seventy thousand livres. Of these he wills sixty thousand as legacies, and gives ten thousand in charity to the 'Maison pour les enfants des pauvres.'"

Blank silence followed. The notary conferred in a low voice with his assistant. Jean again studied the will. Marie waited with bent head, and Lise angrily plucked her dress. Pierre stood a little apart from the others, musing in silence, with hands clasped behind him. Presently the notary touched him on the shoulder so suddenly that he was startled from his reverie.

"Pardon, mon ami," said the man of law, in a low voice. "I wish to ask a question. I knew little of Père François, and nothing of the contents of the will before this morning. You four—heirs of the dead man—are not of one family?"

"No, monsieur."

"Ah! Not even cousins?"

"Surely not. Père François is the only relation we ever knew."

"And not—affianced? Pardon! this so strange will suggested the question."

Pierre's start, and the amazement in his honest blue eyes, was a better answer than his "Mais non, certainement, monsieur."

The shrewd notary, having put the idea in Pierre's head which he thought lacking, turned away with a hasty, "Pardon! Ah! I was wrong," and hastily refolded the will which the reluctant Jean handed to him. Taking refuge in professional brevity, he answered the tide of questions which beset him by appointing a meeting at his office in two days' time, and, meanwhile, a consideration of the matter. With this he departed.

For two hours after, Pierre and Jean paced the sunny court in deep consultation; and Lise and Marie, taking refuge from Babette's tongue in the solitude of their chamber, wearied themselves with conjectures and plans.

The day wore itself away, and when Babette's punctual bell summoned them to supper, four dubious faces were seen at the table. Even the buoyant Jean was unwontedly grave, and Pierre scarcely raised his eyes from his plate; Marie could hardly restrain her tears, and Lise poured the tea grimly.

"If I had been Père François," said Jean, breaking an egg, "I would have saved all this trouble, and willed my money wisely. I would have written—"

"You would have written what you meant," interposed Lise, shortly, "and given each one his share. But it matters not. Marie and I shall take half, you and Pierre half also, and we will leave this house, which is Babette's."

"Ay; but why you and Marie, and Pierre and I? Perhaps Père François meant—"

"Père François! Père François!" cried Lise, impatiently. "Who knows what he meant? Marie and I must go our ways, and how can we share better?"

Lise turned away her head to hide the flush which her own question brought to her cheek.

"It shall be as you and Marie wish," said the quiet Pierre; "but—"

"And you will see the notary to-morrow?"

"Ah, you are in haste to lose your brothers!" said Jean, dissatisfiedly. "How do you know we can do as we will? And what does Marie say?" he added, in lower tones. "Will she go away?"

"Marie—" began Lise.

"Ah, but I want to persuade Marie. Why should she share with you, and not with me?" Jean went on, daringly taking the little hand on Marie's lap in his own. "Think, Marie; thirty thousand livres means fêtes and fine dresses and less work than play. What merry days we might have, Marie!"

Marie, with her eyes covered, and a slow flush creeping over the round cheek that was left visible, answered nothing. Jean, leaning nearer yet, whispered,

"Stay with me, Marie! We are not brother and sister."

And Marie, with tears falling plentifully on the bright ribbons at her breast, neither withdrew her hand nor rebuked Jean because his lips touched her cheek. Lise looked on, angry, and puzzled what to say.

"Marie," she began, warningly; but straightforward Pierre, leaning across the table, interposed:

"Marie and Jean will marry; why not you and I? Then we need not divide; the money will be for both."

"Bah!" said Lise. "Why should we be fools because they are?" Then, seeing that Marie and Jean had eyes and ears for no other than themselves, and noting Pierre's downcast looks, she was silent a moment.

"I can not but share with you. Marie prefers Jean," she said at last.

But Pierre, hurt by her words, rejoined coldly, "I have my trade, and you have nothing. Take the money. I have no need of it."

Lise, with averted face, dissented.

No. She could not do that.

"As you please. Keep the money for me, then."

"No, nor that."

"Ah, well!" said patient Pierre; "we must then divide. You have said we shall not marry."

Lise, contrary to the last, again shook her head.

No. She had not said that.

"And shall we, then, Lise?"

"Ah, bah! if we must."

The notary, Livournay, was by no means surprised to receive a visit from Jean and Pierre at an early hour the next morning. Placing his pen behind his ear, he listened blandly to Jean's brief account of the settlement of yesterday's question.

"Excellent!" said the little notary. "Charming! See, now, how a little mistake may help the happiness of others!"

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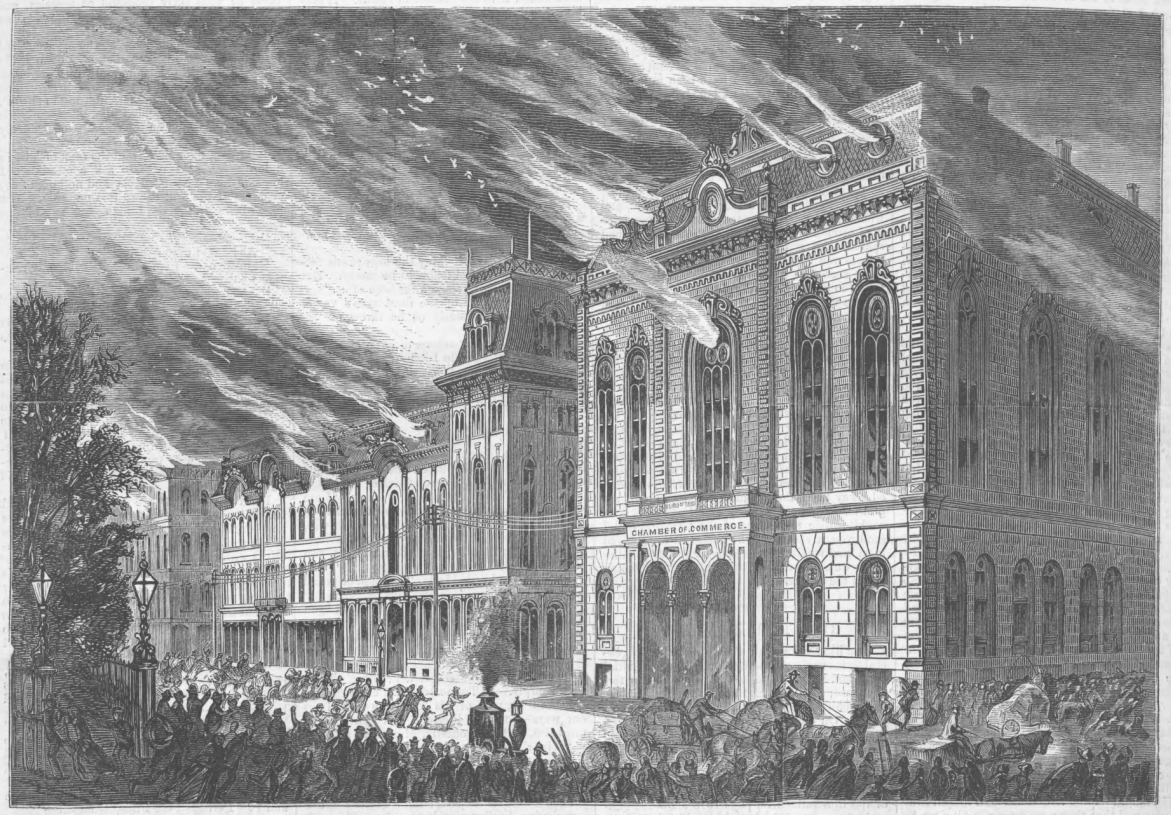

CHICAGO IN FLAMES—BURNING OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.—[SEE PAGE 1010.]

CHICAGO IN FLAMES—BURNING OF THE CROSBY OPERA-HOUSE.—[SEE PAGE 1010.]

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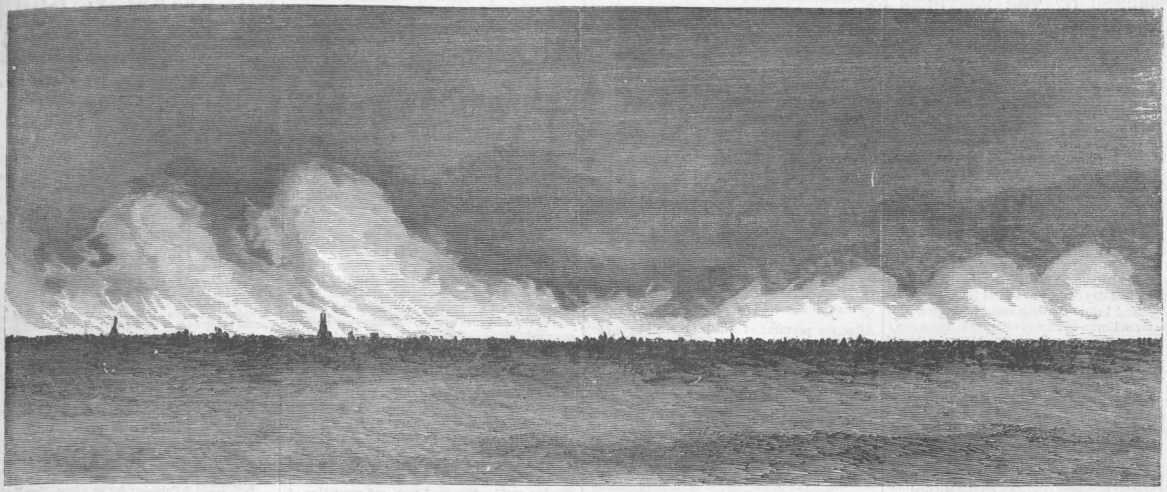
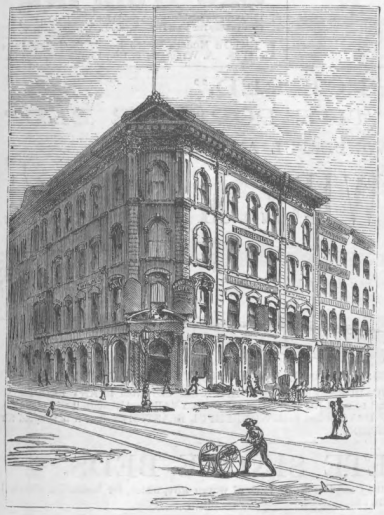


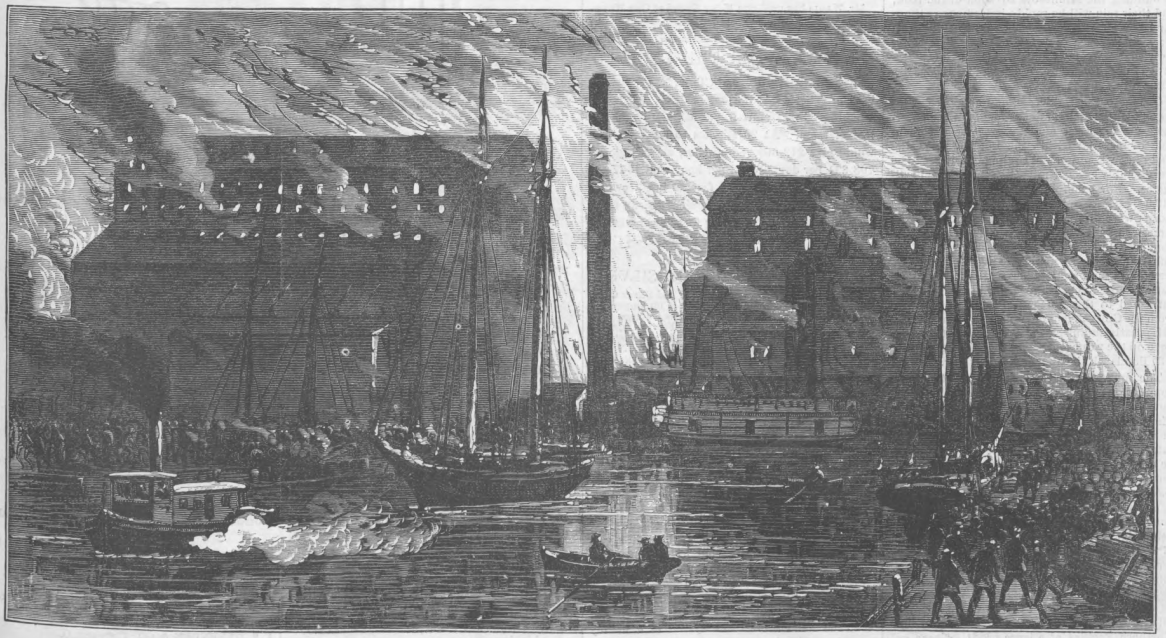
THE GREAT CONFLAGRATION, AS SEEN FROM THE PRAIRIE.—[Sketched by John R. Chapin.]



THE "TRIBUNE" BUILDING.

THE PALMER HOUSE.

THE SHEPARD BLOCK, DEARBORN STREET.



BURNING OF THE CENTRAL GRAIN-ELEVATORS AT THE MOUTH OF THE CHICAGO RIVER.—[From a Sketch by H. Smith.]

THE BURNING OF CHICAGO.—[See Page 1010.]

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PROGRESS OF THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

MESSRS. JAY COOKE & Co., the financial agents of the Northern Pacific Railroad, furnish the following gratifying facts regarding the prosperous progress of this enterprise:

The track is now about completed across the State of Minnesota, 250 miles, the grade being wholly finished, and the track-layers approaching the Red River at the rate of three miles a day. Regular trains are running over the completed sections.

In the latter part of September contracts were let for the construction of the Dakota division, extending 200 miles westward, from the crossing of the Red River to the crossing of the Missouri, in central Dakota. This division is to be finished by the first day of July next, and 50 miles are to be graded before the beginning of winter. In the mean time a section of 65 miles is under construction between the Columbia River and Puget Sound, in Washington Territory, where tracklaying is rapidly progressing.

It will be remembered that the Northern Pacific Company last year purchased both the Main Line and Branch of the St. Paul and Pacific Road. Within the last three months the Main Line has been completed, through a noble country, to the Red River at Breckenridge. Contracts were last week let for the continuation of the Branch from its present terminus at Watab, on the Mississippi River, 70 miles northward, to Brainerd, where it will join the trunk line of the Northern Pacific. Finally, contracts have been let for the construction of a branch road from St. Cloud (75 miles north of St. Paul) to Pembina, on the British border, a distance of 375 miles. This line is to be completed within fifteen months of the present time. It will drain the richest portions of the Red River Valley, open direct communication with the British settlements of Winnipeg and the rich Saskatchewan Basin. It will also serve as the southeastern arm of the Northern Pacific Road, reaching to St. Paul and Minneapolis, and thus connecting with Chicago and the trunk lines to the east.

The completion of these contracts will give the Northern Pacific Company, at the close of next year, 900 miles of road in the fertile and prosperous State of Minnesota; it will carry the trunk line of the great thoroughfare nearly one-third of its distance across the continent, and will bring to the Northern Pacific Road the large and profitable traffic of Montana and the Government transportation of the upper Missouri.

It is anticipated that this business alone, without waiting for through trade, will meet the interest on the cost of the finished portion of the road. The Hudson's Bay Company has already leased docks and warehouses at Duluth, preparatory to doing the whole of its immense business over the Northern Pacific Line.

Settlers are occupying the lands along the route with surprising and gratifying rapidity.

About the 1st of January next nearly Two Million Acres of the finest lands in Minnesota will be placed in market by the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, and the proceeds of their sale will be used to purchase and cancel the Company's 7-30 Bonds. The Company's lands in Minnesota will much more than pay the cost of building the Minnesota Division of the road, and their sale will be rapid—indeed, many thousand acres have already been sold to actual settlers, in advance of being offered. The Company's lands west of Minnesota, through Dakota, prove to be of superb character, and will speedily come into market.

Owing to the rigid economy and perfect integrity with which all departments of the enterprise are managed, and the great reduction in cost of material within the last few years, the cost of construction and equipment proves to be considerably less per mile than the original estimates. For example, locomotives which cost $19,000 each when the Union and Central Pacific Roads were built are now sold at $12,000; best American rails, which during the war sold at about $100 per ton, now cost the Northern Pacific Company only about $70 per ton; right of way, and stone and timber material, which are usually large items in the cost of a new road, are furnished to the Northern Pacific gratuitously from the Government domain. The bearing that this greatly diminished cost of construction must have on the value and security of the Company's 7-30 Bonds will be apparent to any one.

The money is being furnished for the early completion of the Northern Pacific Road by the now rapid sale of its First-Mortgage 7-30 Bonds. Their absorption by investors has been very rapid during the last three months, and at the present rate of increase of sales the Company will soon be enabled to reduce the rate of interest on the remainder of its loan, or advance the price of the 7-30 bonds above par. These bonds have established their character as a first-class security, good evidence of which is the fact that they are being largely taken as an investment by many of the Savings Banks of New England and conservative moneyed institutions of other States. Since the success of the United States Five per Cent. Loan very many holders of Five-Twenties have taken advantage of the favorable opportunity to exchange their Government Bonds for Northern Pacifics, at a large profit. These exchanges are increasing in volume in all parts of the country.

Steadily, and with even greater rapidity than was anticipated by its projectors, this great thoroughfare is advancing across the continent, opening as it progresses the finest belt of undeveloped country in America. Every phase of the enterprise is in the most satisfactory condition, its complete success was long since assured, and its early completion is now a certainty.

OFFICE OF THE

HANOVER FIRE INSURANCE CO.,

No. 120 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,
October 12th, 1871.

IN view of the intense feeling existing relative to the standing of Fire Insurance Companies, we take pleasure in saying to our friends and the public that we have telegraphed to our agents to draw at sight in settlement of all losses by the Chicago fire as fast as they are adjusted. After the payment of which we shall have our Capital intact and a surplus of over $125,000, leaving our Cash Assets over $525,000.

Cash Capital	$400,000
Surplus, Oct. 1st, 1871	350,000
Gross Assets	$750,000
Loss at Chicago not to exceed	225,000
Cash Assets, Oct. 11th, 1871, over..	$525,000

We shall be happy to receive your favors.

B. S. WALCOTT, *President*.
I. REMSEN LANE, *Secretary*.

MR. CHARLES W. HASSLER'S

Success in business is an instance of what perseverance, intelligence, and integrity may accomplish. Mr. HASSLER has devoted his personal attention to the specific branch of the Banking and Brokerage business relating to Railroad Bonds, and there is probably no one better posted than he is in all that appertains to them. His well-known advertisement, "Railroad Bonds—Whether you wish to buy or sell, write to CHARLES W. HASSLER, No. 7 Wall Street, New York," has attracted attention in all parts of the country, and largely increased his business. "Write to" him if you wish any thing in his line.—*Henry Ward Beecher's Christian Union*, Sept. 7th, 1871.

WHAT JAMES M. WEHLI THINKS.

A. WEBER, Esq.: *Dear Sir*,—Before leaving London Madame PAREPA drew my attention to your Pianos, which were then unknown to me. Permit me now to congratulate you upon the success of your instruments, which you kindly placed at the disposal of Miss KELLOGG and myself during her concert tour. They have been greatly admired by the public every where, and the press has unanimously pronounced them the *finest* Pianos in the United States. I fully *indorse that opinion*. For perfect action, pure, brilliant, and powerful tone, and durability, they HAVE NO RIVAL ANY WHERE, and I believe I have seen during my long public career the Pianos of every noted Piano manufacturer in the world. Believe me yours very truly,

New York, *May* 25, 1871. JAMES M. WEHLI.

Mr. WEHLI has used one *Weber Grand* at ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY CONCERTS.—[*Com.*]

EXAMPLE FOR THE LADIES.

MRS. MARY R. HUBBARD, Troy, N. Y., earned, with a Wheeler & Wilson, in 1868, $731 47; stitching 31,092 shirt-fronts, equal to 886,122 feet of seam. At 20 stitches to the inch, this would give 212,669,280 stitches, an average of 708,891 per day, 88,612 per hour, and 1477 per minute, or sixty times as fast as hand-sewing. Sixty years in ONE! Her machine has run three years by steam and three by foot-power without repair, and is as good as when bought.—[*Com.*]

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WE sell Waltham Watches in Gold and Silver Cases only, but at prices so low that there is no longer any inducement to purchase the worthless watches with which the country has been flooded. For full particulars and prices, send for our Illustrated Price-List, and mention *Harper's Weekly*.—HOWARD & CO., No. 865 Broadway, New York.—*The new "Boy's Watch" is now ready*.—[*Com.*]

FOREIGN APPRECIATION OF AMERICAN CHEMISTS.—P. H. MALMSTEN, Professor of Chemistry and Medicine at Serafimer Hospital, Stockholm, writes, "I have tested Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer, and can say that it will beautifully restore gray hair to its natural color."—[*Com.*]

PYLE'S O.K. Soap, Saleratus, and Cream-Tartar, first-class household articles that will speak for themselves on trial, sold by all first-class Grocers. JAMES PYLE, Manufacturer, 350 Washington St., N. Y.—[*Com.*]

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BURNETT'S KALLISTON, for bites of Mosquitoes and other insects, neutralizes the poison.—[*Com.*]

CAMEOS.—To describe these wonderful productions—and they occupy the highest position in the marvels of glyptic art—is to give almost the entire history of the world's esthetics. As lasting as precious stones, owing to the indestructible character of the material on which they are wrought, the most exquisite productions of Greek and Roman art have come down to us in as great perfection as when they left the artists' hands. A cameo is to be regarded as a picture, and subject to precisely the same standards of criticism; a sard onyx, or sardonyx, is the canvas, and on this hard and unyielding substance the artist exerts his skill. Two painters may use the same material, select the same model, but while one produces a miracle of beauty and truthfulness the work of the other is wanting in grace, delicacy, and sentiment. Take a cameo conceived in good taste and executed with skill, without the jeweler's art it fills the eye with beauty: take a poor production, mount it as elaborately as you please, and, notwithstanding its costly surroundings, it is no better than a wretched daub in an elaborate frame. Aside from the delicate perception of the beautiful, so necessary in all art, nothing can exceed the patient skill of the worker in cameos. Months elapse before any notable progress is made in the picture. Formerly subjects taken from the antique were only employed; but modern taste has widened the field, and portraits of historic characters, reproductions of the heads from the great masters of painting and sculpture, are much appreciated. Most especially in cameos did we find the establishment of Messrs. STARR & MARCUS, of No. 22 John St., N. Y., up stairs, replete with the choicest productions of this beautiful art. We would notably call attention to a bracelet, a copy of the wonderful prize of the Parthenon, a Mary Queen of Scots, and a sleeping cupid. The good taste and perception of what is pure and chaste in art evinced in the selection was only equaled by the exquisite settings with which these miracles were adorned.—[*Com.*]

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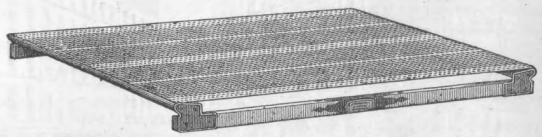

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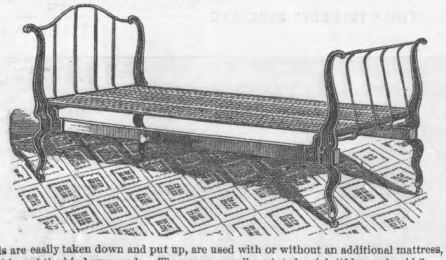

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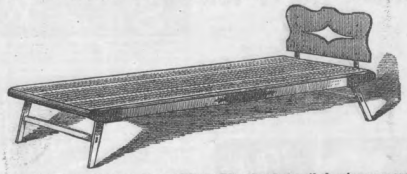

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☞ *Read the quotation from* "EVERY SATURDAY" *beneath the engraving on page* 1016.

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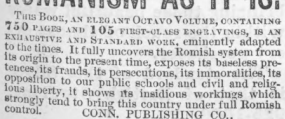


Furnished to the United States Government and the principal Hospitals. The best and cheapest.
A. GLANZ, Sole Agent, 194 William St., New York.

CURL YOUR HAIR!
A BOTTLE OF MAGNETIC CURLIQUE sent **Free** for 50 cents. It curls straight hair in beautiful curls on the first application, and will remain in curl ten days.
Address B. BYRON & CO., Garrettsville, Ohio.

BILLIARD TABLE at HOME for $20! Full size Cues and Balls. No Extra Room required! Diagram mailed Free. ABBOT & NICHOLLS, 95 Liberty St., New York.

Office of the PHENIX INSURANCE COMPANY,
No. 173 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK, *October 11th*, 1871.
We are happy to inform the public that the Phenix Insurance Company of Brooklyn will pay ALL her losses in the Chicago fire out of her net surplus over all liabilities, leaving her sound and anxious for business.
Our condition on October 1st, 1871, was as follows:

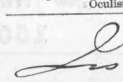
Cash Capital	$1,000,000 00
Gross Surplus	858,755 45
	$1,858,755 45
Loss, etc., adjusted but not due, Oct. 1st, 1871	93,736 33
	$1,765,019 12
Chicago losses will not exceed, in any event	$350,000 00
And we are firmly of the opinion that the loss will not exceed	$300,000 00

The Phenix Insurance Company of Brooklyn are to-day sound and solvent, and will pay all their loss in the Chicago fire out of their net surplus. They dispatched a corps of Adjusters to the scene of disaster yesterday evening, with instructions to settle all losses and pay the same in CASH.
We congratulate our patrons and ourselves on our good fortune.
STEPHEN CROWELL, President.

BUILDING PAPER
OF THREE GRADES.
TARRED SHEATHING,
For outside of Studding, under Clap-boards. A non-conductor of cold, heat, and dampness.
Prepared Plastering BOARD,
A cheap and perfect substitute for lath and plaster; makes a smooth, warm, and substantial wall, at less than half the usual cost.
DOUBLE THICK ROOFING
and Quarts Cement make a good water and fire proof roof for less than $3 50 per square.
Samples and circulars sent free by
ROCK RIVER PAPER CO.,
B. E. HALE, Chicago; or
22 & 24 Frankfort Street, N. Y.

DON'T BUY
Until you have seen our new bed and platen printing-press, styled **The Young America,** warranted the best cheap printing-press in the world for the amateur and the general job printer. Address, for circular, ADAMS PRESS CO., 53 Murray St., N. Y., and 9 Province St., Boston.

PORTABILITY combined with great power in FIELD, MARINE, TOURISTS', OPERA, and general out-door day and night double perspective glasses; will show objects distinctly at from two to six miles. Eye-glasses and Spectacles of the greatest transparent power, to strengthen and improve the sight without the distressing result of frequent changes. Catalogues sent free on receipt of 3-cent stamp. SEMMONS,
Oculists' Optician, No. 687 Broadway.


STEEL PENS.
American Branch of House,
91 JOHN ST., New York.
JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS.
HENRY OWEN, Sole Agent.

EMBOSSED DOG COLLARS.

An improved style of Dog Collar, made of Oroide, and embossed with fancy patterns, which prevents their becoming tarnished or scratched. Also, German silver, silver-plated, and bronzed.
Manufactured by W. T. & J. MERSEREAU,
62 Duane Street, N. Y.
Sold by all first-class dealers.

THEA-NECTAR
IS A PURE
BLACK TEA,
with the *Green-Tea Flavor.* Warranted to suit all tastes. *For sale every where.* And for sale wholesale only by the **Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co.,** 8 Church St., N. Y. P. O. Box **5506.** *Send for Thea-Nectar Circular.*

GLYCERINE CAKE.
RAWOLLE'S TOILET GLYCERINE CAKE is unequaled for Washing, Shaving, Shampooing, Tooth Soap, and Baby Wash; produces a clear, soft, white skin, and prevents pimples and chapping. Warranted over one-half pure Glycerine. For sale by druggists. MARX & RAWOLLE, Manufacturers of Glycerine, 179 William St., New York.

A Great Offer.—HORACE WATERS, 481 Broadway, N. Y., will dispose of One Hundred PIANOS, MELODEONS, and ORGANS, of six first-class makers, including Waters', AT EXTREMELY LOW PRICES, FOR CASH, DURING THIS MONTH, or will take a portion cash and balance in monthly or quarterly installments.

Removes tarnish quickly, without injury to the goods. Sold by Jewelers, Druggists, Grocers, Furnishing Stores &c. S. M. MILLER, Sole Proprietor, 35 Liberty Street, N.Y. Send stamp for sample.

Paralysis.
Paralytics should send stamp for our New Circular on the Nature and Cure of Paralysis. **Full Instructions for Home Treatment.** Address R. N. TOOKER, M.D., 117 East Fifth St., Cincinnati, O.

DO YOUR OWN PRINTING.
Cheapest and Best Portable Presses.
MEN AND BOYS MAKING MONEY.
Price of Presses, $8, $12, $16; Offices, $15, $20, $30. Send for a circular to LOWE PRESS CO.,
15 Spring Lane, Boston, Mass.

DRUNKARD STOP DR. BEERS' 10 TO 40 DAY CURE; INTEMPERANCE IN ALL ITS FORMS, INCLUDING OPIUM HABIT. TEN YEARS' EXPERIENCE. PERFECTLY PAINLESS. SEND STAMP FOR EVIDENCE.

ROSES, ROSES, ROSES.—*The largest Stock in the Country.* NEW WHOLESALE CATALOGUE OF DESIRABLE NURSERY STOCK *for Fall Planting.* FREE. THE DINGEE & CONARD CO., Harmony Grove Nurseries, West Grove, Chester Co., Pa.

VINEGAR—how made—of Cider, Wine, or Sorgo, in 10 hours. F. SAGE, Cromwell, Conn.

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RIP VAN WINKLE AT HOME.
RIP VAN WINKLE ON THE MOUNTAIN.
RIP VAN WINKLE RETURNED.
Price of the Series, **$36.** These will be delivered at any railroad station in the United States, free of expense, on receipt of the price. Inclose stamp for illustrated catalogue and price-list to
JOHN ROGERS, 212 Fifth Ave., New York.

Combination STENCIL ALPHABET and Figures.
It is one of the most useful inventions of the age for Merchants and Business Men.

It is an exceedingly rapid method of marking boxes for shipment, show-cards, price-lists, &c.
Patented Aug. 11, '68. Send for a Circular.
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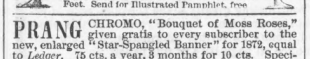
Economy the order of the day. Household articles made from paper, durable and cheap. Pails, Milk-Pans, Wash-Bowls, Fruit-Dishes, &c. Send for Price and Descriptive Lists. JENNINGS BROTHERS, Manufacturers, 302 Pearl St., N. Y. City.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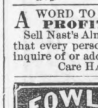
PRANG CHROMO, "Bouquet of Moss Roses," given gratis to every subscriber to the new, enlarged "Star-Spangled Banner" for 1872, equal to *Ledger.* 75 cts. a year, 3 months for 10 cts. Specimens FREE. Address BANNER, Hinsdale, N. H.

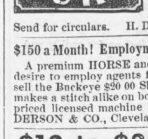
Whitney's Neats-Foot Harness Soap.
(STEAM REFINED.)
Trade-Mark.

It Oils, Blacks, Polishes, and Soaps at the same time. For Sale by Harness Makers, Grocers, and Druggists every where. Manufactured by
G. F. WHITNEY & CO., Lexington, Mass.

RIFLES, Shot-Guns, Revolvers, Gun Material. Write for Price-List, to GREAT WESTERN GUN WORKS, Pittsburgh, Pa. Army Guns, Revolvers, &c., bought or traded for. *Agents wanted.*


LOOK! One package of Prof. Hill's Magic Compound will force the beard to grow thick and heavy on the smoothest face (without injury) in 21 days, in every case, or money refunded; 25 cents a package, postpaid; three for 50 cents. Address H. BYRON & CO., Garrettsville, Ohio.

A WORD TO THOSE WHO WISH
A PROFITABLE EMPLOYMENT.
Sell Nast's Almanac and other desirable publications that every person will buy. For further particulars, inquire of or address AVERY BILL,
Care HARPER & BROTHERS, 331 Pearl St., N. Y.



Warranted a perfect cure for all kinds of PILES, LEPROSY, SCROFULA, CANCER, SALT-RHEUM, DYSPEPSIA, CATARRH, NEURALGIA, and all diseases of the SKIN AND BLOOD. Entirely vegetable. Send and receive back your money in all cases of failure. No failures for 31 years. $1 a bottle; sold every where.
Send for circulars. H. D. FOWLE, Chemist, Boston.

$150 a Month! Employment! Extra Inducements!
A premium HORSE and WAGON for Agents. We desire to employ agents for a term of seven years, to sell the Buckeye $20 00 Shuttle Sewing Machines. It makes a stitch alike on both sides, and is the best low-priced licensed machine in the world. W. A. HENDERSON & CO., Cleveland, Ohio, or St. Louis, Mo.

$12 to $24 A DAY.
Agents wanted in every County in the United States to sell a newly patented article of great utility and absolutely needed in every household. For further particulars, address THE CHAMPION M'F'G CO, Cleveland, Ohio.

5000 AGENTS WANTED. Samples sent free by mail, with terms to clear from $5 to $10 per day. Two entirely new articles, salable as flour. Address N. H. WHITE, Newark, New Jersey.

$650 PER MONTH.—Our Agents are making the above amount right along. Full description circulars sent free.
WELLS & CO., 429 Broome St., N. Y.

$250 a Month easily made with Stencil and Key-Check Dies. Secure Circular and Samples, *free.* S. M. SPENCER, Brattleboro, Vt.

$425 A MONTH! Horse and carriage furnished. Expenses paid. H. B. SHAW, Alfred, Me.

$300 A MONTH and expenses to good canvassers. Samples free. C. M. Linington, Chicago.

WATCH FREE, to Agents, to introduce an article that sells in every house. S. GILLILAND, Pittsburgh, Pa.

$50 A Week to Agents, male or female. Business honorable. L. L. GARSIDE, Paterson, N. J.

$10 A DAY with **Stencil Tools.** Samples free. Address A. E. GRAHAM, Springfield, Vt.

A. T. STEWART & CO.
are offering
A Large Assortment of
PARIS AND BERLIN MADE SUITS IN SILKS, POPLIN, SATINE AND VELVET FABRICS, HANDSOMELY TRIMMED AND VERY STYLISH, $25 EACH AND UPWARD.
Richly Embroidered Velvet, Cashmere, and Cloth
SACQUES AND POLONAISES,
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Real India Camel's-Hair Shawls,
From $50 each upward.
LADIES' AND MISSES'
PARIS-MADE HATS,
FEATHERS, FLOWERS, &c., &c.
Very choice and elegant
MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S PARIS AND LONDON MADE
DRESSES,
IN VELVET, SILK, POPLIN, &c., Most tastefully and stylishly trimmed.
AN IMMENSE STOCK OF
FALL AND WINTER SILKS,
Cloth Colors, with
VELVETS TO MATCH,
At Unusually Low Prices.
HOSIERY and UNDERGARMENTS.
Alexandre's Celebrated Kid Gloves,
1, 2, 3, 4, and 6 Buttons, &c., &c.,
Forming the LARGEST, CHOICEST, & CHEAPEST ASSORTMENT in this city.
A visit of inspection is requested.
BROADWAY, 4TH AVE., 9TH & 10TH STS.

GEO. W. READ & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS
VENEERS,
FANCY WOODS AND BOARDS,
Have in store the finest assortment ever seen, particularly
FRENCH VENEERS, HUNGARIAN ASH, &c.,
to which they invite the particular attention of the trade.
Send for a catalogue and price-list.
For SALE, one of the best and largest VENEER-CUTTING MACHINES in the country.
170 and 172 Centre St.
Factory, 186 to 200 Lewis St.

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A DAUGHTER OF HETH. By WILLIAM BLACK, Author of "Love or Marriage?" "Kilmeny," "In Silk Attire," &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

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The Volumes of the MAGAZINE commence with the Numbers for June and December of each year. Subscriptions may commence with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to begin with the first Number of the current Volume, and back Numbers will be sent accordingly.

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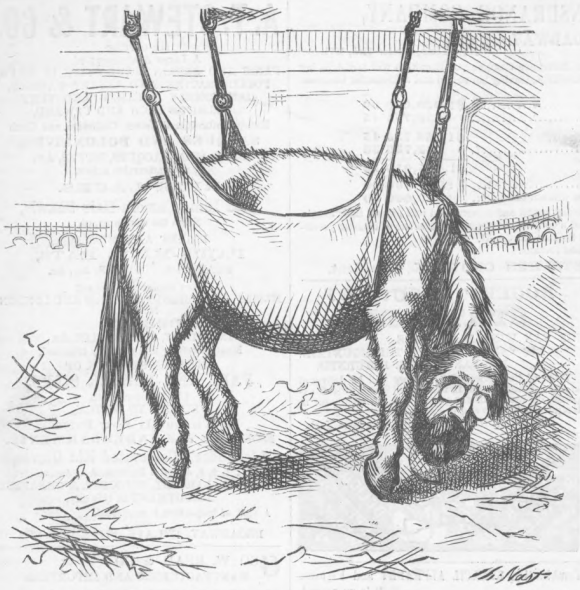


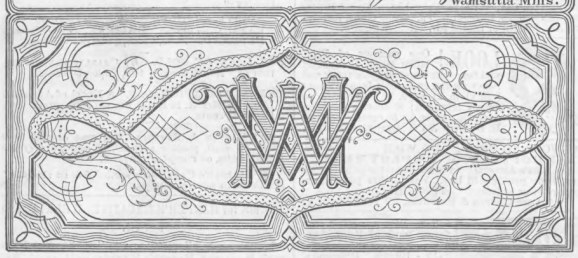
"OUR MARE STILL LIVES."

THE BED OF THE FUTURE.

Nowhere does a man seek for more ease than when he retires wearied to his bed-chamber at night, and endeavors to forget his troubles in sleep. It is not astonishing, then, that when we are told that a fertile brain has discovered something which has put to flight all the horrors of "feathers," whilst retaining their yielding softness; which, by a little manipulation, can be made to suit those who like to be buried in down, as well as those whose tastes are more ascetic; which, in fact, invites sweet sleep—healthy, refreshing, luxurious; when we are told all this, it is not surprising that we hasten to make the invention of this benefactor of humanity the success it deserves to be. This fortune has attended the Woven Wire Mattress, manufactured at Hartford, Conn. First offered to the public a year and a half ago, it has been at once hailed as the greatest boon to the sleepless, the weary, the invalid, and the hard-worker, which modern science has produced. Many of the leading hospitals have already adopted it as contributing greatly to the convalescence of patients, and it is destined unquestionably to come into general use. Let the readers of this paper write to the Woven Wire Mattress Co., at Hartford, Conn., for further information.—*Every Saturday*, Oct. 14, 1871. ☞ Read the illustrated notice on page 1014 of this paper.

NOTICE.—Buyers of Goods under the names of *Wamsutta Prints, Checks, Lindseys, Cambrics, Ticks,* and *Silesias,* are hereby informed that all such goods are not manufactured at the Wamsutta Mills. We limit our Name and the Wamsutta Ticket to our **Bleached Shirtings and Sheetings.** We have, in addition to our former Trade-Mark, adopted the following, which will in all cases appear with this notice.

NEW BEDFORD, MASS., *June 1st*, 1867. *Thos. Bennett Jr. Agent* Wamsutta Mills.



OFFICE OF WAMSUTTA MILLS, NEW BEDFORD, *September 1st*, 1871.

It has been the constant endeavor of our Company for more than twenty years to improve the quality of the goods of our manufacture; so that our fabrics are fully equal to any in the market. We have just completed a New Mill, supplied with machinery of the most approved kinds, and have also added to the machinery in the mills previously built all the latest improvements; so that we are now making our goods finer, heavier, and handsomer than ever before.

The goods are of the full width represented, and not on a basis of 35 inches for a yard.

All the Standard Goods bear our Ticket and the above Trade-Mark, and may be relied on for quality and quantity, and as of our manufacture.

The Agents for the sale of our goods to Jobbers and Wholesale Dealers are

ALMY & COMPANY, New York, 65 Leonard Street, cor. Church.
" " Boston, 38 Franklin Street.
CADBURY, THOMAS, & CO., Philadelphia, 221 Chestnut Street.
CHASE, STEWART, & CO., Baltimore, 27 German Street.

JOSEPH GRINNELL, *President.*
ANDREW G. PIERCE, *Treasurer.* THOS. BENNETT, JR., *Agent.*

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT.

TREAT THE HUMAN MACHINE GENTLY.

The winding passage thirty feet in length through which the main portion of the waste matter of the system is discharged is lined with a membrane as delicate as silk and as sensitive as a network of nerves can make it. Neither constipation, colic, diarrhœa, dysentery, nor any other bowel complaint can be cured by abusing and convulsing this tender membrane with a furious purgative. The best and safest remedy in such cases is that mild balsamic and delightful tonic laxative,

TARRANT'S EFFERVESCENT SELTZER APERIENT,

which heals, tones, and invigorates the irritated intestines, while it relieves them from the morbid humors which provoke abdominal disease.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

MARTIN KALBFLEISCH'S SONS,
(ESTABLISHED 1829),
MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS,
Fulton & Cliff Sts., New York.

Acids of all kinds, Alum, Blue Vitriol, Copperas, Ammonia, Ether, Salts of Silver, Gold, Tin, Copper, Iron, Lead, Nickel, Mercury, Potassium, Sodium, &c. Fine and Photographic Chemicals generally.

☞ Price Current by mail to any address.

THE EXPEDITIOUS CALCULATOR,

A book showing at a glance, without calculation, the solid contents of any Cubical Box, Package, or Stone; of Casks, and of round Timber. With a cut Index. Mailed free on receipt of price, $2 25. New Edition just issued. BLUNT & CO., 16 Burling Slip, N. Y. P.O. Box 1585.

BUILDERS and all who contemplate building, supplied with descriptive circular of "Village Builder." Address A. J. BICKNELL & CO., Publishers, 27 Warren St., N.Y.

CHICAGO FIRE.

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FROM THE

ANDES,

ALEMANNIA,

AND

ENTERPRISE

INSURANCE COMPANIES,

SHOW THEM TO BE

ALL RIGHT.

Their comparatively SMALL LOSSES (owing to the fact that they had been doing business in Chicago only a few months, and that rates were inadequate to the risks) will be

PROMPTLY ADJUSTED AND PAID,

leaving their entire capital unimpaired.

PRINDLE & MANGAM, Agents,
150 BROADWAY, N. Y.

DIRECT FROM ROME.

Roman Sashes,

SCARFS AND TIES.

New Goods, Just Opened.

UNION ADAMS & CO.,
No. 637 Broadway.

AGENTS WANTED To sell our Sliding-Guage Button-Hole Cutter. Cuts to any size desired. Will sell every where at sight. 200 per cent. profit; samples prepaid, 25c. *Crescent E. H. C. Co., 723 Jayne St., Philadelphia, Pa.*

FEATHER BRUSHES.

All brushes bearing the "Star" brand are warranted superior to any other Feather goods now offered.

BRADLEY & SMITH, 251 Pearl St., New York, Largest Brush House in the United States (as per Internal Revenue Reports).

STARR & MARCUS,
No. 22 JOHN ST.
(UP STAIRS), N. Y.,
MAKE A SPECIALTY OF THE
GORHAM M'F'G COMPANY'S
STERLING SILVER-WARE.

Especial attention is requested to the many new and elegant pieces manufactured expressly to our order the past year, and quite recently completed.

An unusually attractive assortment of novelties in fancy silver, cased for wedding gifts, of an inexpensive character.

The works of the Gorham Company are very extensive, enabling them to employ the most accomplished talent in designing, skill in producing, and the best labor-saving machinery and method of manufacture, thus reducing the cost and bringing these beautiful wares within the reach of almost every purchaser.

The standard of this Silver is that of British Sterling, 925-1000.

SHIRTS.
J. W. Johnston,
260 GRAND STREET, New York,

Also, Hosiery and Men's Furnishing Goods. Six superior Dress Shirts made to measure, of Wamsutta XX muslin, for $15 and upward, according to the linen.

☞ Six fine Dress Shirts of Masonville Muslin for $12.
☞ Six good " " Harris " " $9.

To gentlemen residing outside of New York a good fit will be guaranteed by sending the following measurements in inches: Size of Collar worn; measure from centre of Shoulder along arm to Knuckle of small finger; around Chest, Waist, and Wrist. State number of Plaits; if for Studs, Spirals, or Buttons; style of Cuff.

☞ The Trade supplied with Dress Shirts to Order.

$290 For first-class Piano—Sent on trial—No Ag'ts. Address U.S. PIANO CO., 865 B'dway, N.Y.

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THE NEW CITY HALL AT DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

THE new City Hall, just completed, at Detroit, Michigan, furnishes a good example of what a public building should be, and in what manner it ought to be built. Taken in connection with the as yet unfinished Court-house in New York, it furnishes matter for profitable, if not pleasant, consideration. The Detroit City Hall occupies the centre of an open space about as large as our Madison Square. It is built of a light sandstone, quarried near Cleveland, Ohio. It is fire-proof throughout, the beams being of iron, and the floors laid upon brick arches. It is in the so-called Italian style, three stories high, besides basement and Mansard-roof. Each side is properly a front, all being treated in a harmonious manner, the opposite fronts being precisely alike. The dimensions are 200 feet by 90; height from street to cornice, 66 feet; from street to summit of tower, 180 feet. It has thus just about one-half the area of the New York Court-house; but as there is no space thrown away, as in the rotunda of our Court-house, and as both basement and Mansard may be partially used for offices, if required, the actual available room is fully two-thirds of that in our Court-house.

THE NEW CITY HALL AT DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

The foundation of the building was laid in 1867, at a cost, in round numbers, of $64,000. The contract for building was taken for $379,000, with a bonus for completion at an earlier date than agreed upon. Before the building was finished it was decided to add to the original design a Mansard-roof, at a further cost of $35,000. The foundation having been completed, the corner-stone was laid August 6, 1868. The building, completely furnished, was taken possession of by the city in July, 1871.

The illustration which we give furnishes a fair view of the general aspect of the exterior, although it necessarily fails to represent the fine workmanship which characterizes every part. The whole structure is solid and massive, the treatment of the stone varying somewhat in each story. The fitting up, including furniture and carpets, is certainly better than in our Court-house. The rooms appropriated to the several courts are finer in appearance, and better adapted to the purposes designed than the corresponding ones in our Court-house. There is not a single room or hall which needs to be artificially lighted from sunrise to sunset.

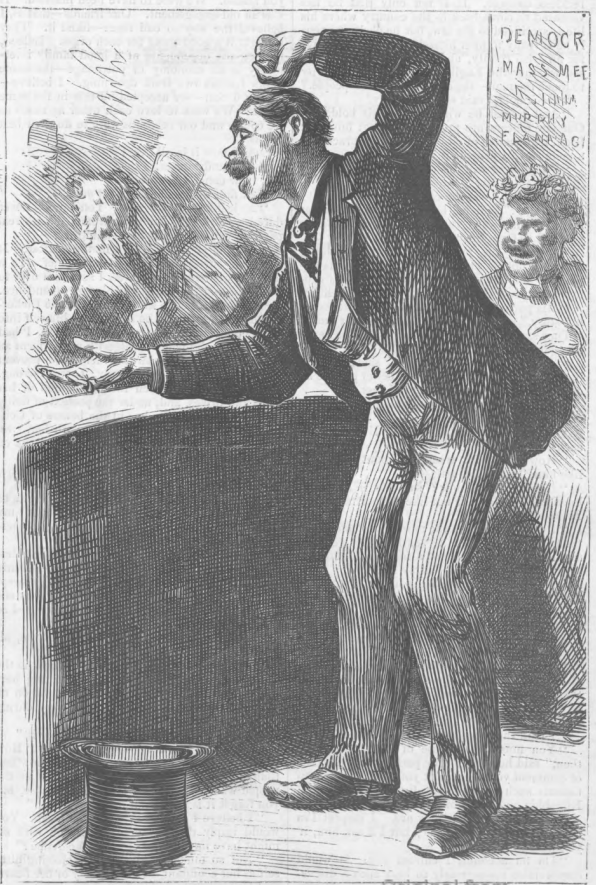
The building is completely finished and furnished throughout, even to clock and bell. The bills have all been sent in, audited, and paid, with the exception of a part of a sum of $21,000 for ornamenting the grounds, and the whole of this is included in the statement which we give. The following table, furnished by the Comptroller of the city, exhibits to a dollar the entire cost of the building and its furniture and fitting up:

Foundation	$64,027 09	
Contract for building	379,518 00	
Change of roof	35,000 00	
Bonus for early completion	8,000 00	
Extras	11,401 00	
Total cost of building		$492,946 09
Heating apparatus	$20,400 00	
Sidewalks around hall	7,000 00	
Ornamenting grounds	21,000 00	
Clock	2,850 00	
Bell	2,781 00	
Furniture	35,775 65	
Gas fixtures	4,175 90	
Carpets	5,306 26	
Total cost of fitting up, etc.		$99,288 81
Entire cost of building and fitting		$592,234 90

Some of these items invite comparison with the corresponding ones in our New York Court-house. We paid $750,000 for plumbing and gas-work. Assuming that the heating apparatus should be included in the charge for plumbing, Detroit paid $24,500. Our furniture cost $1,575,000; Detroit has, indeed, about half as much in quantity, but paid for it only $35,000. So that, according to the respective bills, furniture in New York costs just twenty-two and a half times as much as it does in Detroit. In carpeting the discrepancy is still greater. For this we paid $356,000; Detroit, using something more than half the quantity, paid $5300. That is, for each yard of carpeting used by us we paid between thirty and forty times more than it should have cost us. It is stated, under oath, by men whose business it is to furnish carpets, that they would engage to supply for $12,000 just the quality and quantity for which our Ring and its tools have received $356,000. Under the head of "repairs" to a building yet unfinished, we have paid about two and a quarter million dollars. The only charge at all analogous in the Detroit finished building is eleven thousand dollars for "extras." Such items as Mr. GARVEY's bills of $531,000 for "plastering," and those of $320,000 for "painting and decorating," are in the Detroit building mere incidentals, not separately reckoned, in the contractor's account of $414,000, all told.

In a word, for less than $600,000 Detroit has a City Hall, completed and furnished, of nominally a half but really of quite two-thirds the dimensions of our Court-house. Their building is finer in design and built of better material than our Court-house. We have already paid fully $12,000,000, and all we have to show for it is an unfinished structure, mean in design, poor in material and construction, looking dilapidated before the roof was put on; with court-rooms in which the jury can hardly hear the judge or witnesses; with halls which must be artificially lighted at mid-day; and every way a disgrace to architect, contractors, and superintendents. Could we to-day evenly exchange our twelve million unfinished monstrosity for a counterpart of the Detroit building, which has cost less than a twentieth part of that sum, we should be gainers. Of the twelve millions which

AFLOAT—ON DECK.



ASHORE—IN A SNUG BERTH, AS A TAMMANY OFFICE-HOLDER.

AFLOAT AND ASHORE.—[SEE PAGE 1019.]

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we have paid for our Court-house, not less than nine millions have been absolutely stolen, while fully another million has been wasted by the stupidity and incompetence of those who had the work in charge. Were our Court-house to be this day absolutely destroyed, it could (which Heaven forbid should be done) be replaced, exactly as it stands, for two millions of dollars.

New York has, indeed, twelve times the population of Detroit; but this fact hardly affords a reason why we should pay thirty or forty times as much for a yard of carpeting. TWEED, HALL, CONNOLLY, and SWEENY, GARVEY, MILLER, INGERSOLL, and KEYSER, may possibly be metropolitan luxuries, for the enjoyment of which we should be content to pay a fair price; but at the rate they have cost us, we have been paying quite too dear. We suppose we must make up our minds to economize. There can be no better point at which to begin than to dispense with our costly Ring.

LORD KILGOBBIN.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

Author of "That Boy of Norcott's," "The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly," "Sir Brooke Fossbrooke," "A Day's Ride," "One of Them," "Gerald Fitzgerald," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

HOW MEN IN OFFICE MAKE LOVE.

"Is it true they have captured Donogan?" said Nina, coming hurriedly into the library, where Walpole was busily engaged with his correspondence, and sat before a table covered not only with official documents, but a number of printed placards and handbills.

He looked up, surprised at her presence, and by the tone of familiarity in her question, for which he was in no way prepared, and for a second or two actually stared at without answering her.

"Can't you tell me? Are they correct in saying he has been caught?" cried she, impatiently.

"Very far from it. There are the police returns up to last night from Meath, Kildare, and Dublin; and though he was seen at Naas, passed some hours in Dublin, and actually attended a night meeting at Kells, all trace of him has been since lost, and he has completely baffled us. By the Viceroy's orders I am now doubling the reward for his apprehension, and am prepared to offer a free pardon to any who shall give information about him who may not actually have committed a felony."

"Is he so very dangerous, then?"

"Every man who is so daring is dangerous here. The people have a sort of idolatry for reckless courage. It is not only that he has ventured to come back to the country where his life is sacrificed to the law, but he declares openly he is ready to offer himself as a representative for an Irish county, and to test in his own person whether the English will have the temerity to touch the man—the choice of the Irish people."

"He *is* bold," said she, resolutely.

"And I trust he will pay for his boldness! Our law officers are prepared to treat him as a felon, irrespective of all claim to his character as a member of Parliament."

"The danger will not deter him."

"You think so?"

"I know it," was the calm reply.

"Indeed!" said he, bending a steady look at her. "What opportunities, might I ask, have you had to form this same opinion?"

"Are not the public papers full of him? Have we not an almost daily record of his exploits? Do not your own rewards for his capture impart an almost fabulous value to his life?"

"His portrait, too, may lend some interest to his story," said he, with a half-sneering smile. "They say this is very like him." And he handed a photograph as he spoke.

"This was done in New York," said she, turning to the back of the card, the better to hide an emotion she could not entirely repress.

"Yes, done by a brother Fenian long since in our pay."

"How base all that sounds! How I detest such treachery!"

"How deal with treason without it? Is it like him?" asked he, artlessly.

"How should I know?" said she, in a slightly hurried tone. "It is not like the portrait in the *Illustrated News*."

"I wonder which is the more like," added he, thoughtfully, "and I fervently hope we shall soon know. There is not a man he confides in who has not engaged to betray him."

"I trust you feel proud of your achievement."

"No, not proud, but very anxious for its success. The perils of this country are too great for mere sensibilities. He who would extirpate a terrible disease must not fear the knife."

"Not if he even kill the patient?" asked she.

"That might happen, and would be to be deplored," said he, in the same unmoved tone. "But might I ask whence has come all this interest for this cause, and how have you learned so much sympathy with these people?"

"I read the newspapers," said she, dryly.

"You must read those of only one color, then," said he, slyly; "or perhaps it is the tone of comment you hear about you. Are your sentiments such as you daily listen to from Lord Kilgobbin and his family?"

"I don't know that they are. I suspect I'm more of a rebel than he is; but I'll ask him, if you wish it."

"On no account, I entreat you. It would compromise me seriously to hear such a discussion, even in jest. Remember who I am, mademoiselle, and the office I hold."

"Your great frankness, Mr. Walpole, makes me sometimes forget both," said she, with well-acted humility.

"I wish it would do something more," said he, eagerly. "I wish it would inspire a little emulation, and make you deal as openly with *me* as I long to do with *you*."

"It might embarrass you very much, perhaps."

"As how?" asked he, with a touch of tenderness in his voice.

For a second or two she made no answer, and then, faltering at each word, she said, "What if some rebel leader—this man Donogan, for instance—drawn toward you by some secret magic of trustfulness—moved by I know not what need of your sympathy—for there is such a craving void now and then felt in the heart—should tell you some secret thought of his nature—something that he could utter alone to himself, would you bring yourself to use it against him? Could you turn round and say, 'I have your inmost soul in my keeping. You are mine now—mine—mine?"

"Do I understand you aright?" said he, earnestly. "Is it just possible, even possible, that you have that to confide to me which would show that you regard me as a dear friend?"

"Oh, Mr. Walpole!" burst she out, passionately, "do not by the great power of *your* intellect seek the mastery over *mine*. Let the loneliness and isolation of my life here rather appeal to you to pity, than suggest the thought of influencing and dominating me."

"Would that I might. What would I not give or do to have that power that you speak of?"

"Is this true?" said she.

"It is."

"Will you swear it?"

"Most solemnly."

She paused for a moment, and a slight tremor shook her mouth; but whether the motion expressed a sentiment of acute pain or a movement of repressed sarcasm, it was very difficult to determine.

"What is it, then, that you would swear?" asked she, calmly, and even coldly.

"Swear that I have no hope so high, no ambition so great, as to win your heart."

"Indeed! And that other heart that you have won, what is to become of it?"

"Its owner has recalled it. In fact, it was never in *my* keeping but as a loan."

"How strange! At least, how strange to me this sounds. I, in my ignorance, thought that people pledged their very lives in these bargains."

"So it ought to be, and so it would be, if this world were not a web of petty interests and mean ambitions; and these, I grieve to say, will find their way into hearts that should be the home of very different sentiments. It was of this order was that compact with my cousin—for I will speak openly to you, knowing it is her to whom you allude. We were to have been married. It was an old engagement. Our friends—that is, I believe, the way to call them—liked it. They thought it a good thing for each of us. Indeed, making the dependents of a good family intermarry is an economy of patronage—the same plank rescues two from drowning. I believe—that is, I fear—we accepted all this in the same spirit. We were to love each other as much as we could, and our relations were to do their best for us."

"And now it is all over?"

"All—and forever."

"How came this about?"

"At first by a jealousy about *you*."

"A jealousy about *me!* You surely never dared—" and here her voice trembled with real passion, while her eyes flashed angrily.

"No, no—I am guiltless in the matter. It was that cur Atlee made the mischief. In a moment of weak trustfulness, I sent him over to Wales to assist my uncle in his correspondence. He, of course, got to know Lady Maude Bickerstaffe. By what arts he ingratiated himself into her confidence I can not say. Indeed, I had trusted that the fellow's vulgarity would form an impassable barrier between them, and prevent all intimacy; but, apparently, I was wrong. He seems to have been the companion of her rides and drives, and, under the pretext of doing some commissions for her in the bazars of Constantinople, he got to correspond with her. So artful a fellow would well know what to make of such a privilege."

"And is he your successor now?" asked she, with a look of almost undisguised insolence.

"Scarcely that," said he, with a supercilious smile. "I think, if you had ever seen my cousin, you would scarcely have asked the question."

"But I have seen her. I saw her at the Odescalchi Palace at Rome. I remember the stare she was pleased to bestow on me as she swept past me. I remember more—her words as she asked, 'Is this your Titian girl I have heard so much of?'"

"And may hear more of," muttered he, almost unconsciously.

"Yes, even that, too; but not, perhaps, in the sense you mean." Then, as if correcting herself, she went on, "It was a bold ambition of Mr. Atlee's. I must say I like the very daring of it."

"*He* never dared it, take my word for it."

An insolent laugh was her first reply. "How little you men know of each other, and how less than little you know of us! You sneer at the people who are moved by sudden impulse, but you forget it is the squall upsets the boat."

"I believe I can follow what you mean. You would imply that my cousin's breach with *me* might have impelled her to listen to Atlee?"

"Not so much that as, by establishing himself as her confidant, he got the key of her heart, and let himself in as he pleased."

"I suspect he found little to interest him there."

"The insufferable insolence of that speech! Can you men never be brought to see that we are not all alike to each of you; that our natures have their separate watch-words; and that the soul which would vibrate with tenderness to this, is to that a dead and senseless thing, with no trace or touch of feeling about it?"

"I only believe this in part."

"Believe it wholly, then, or own that you know nothing of love—no more than do those countless thousands who go through life and never taste its real ecstasy nor its real sorrow; who accept convenience, or caprice, or flattered vanity as its counterfeit, and live out the delusion in lives of discontent. You have done wrong to break with your cousin. It is clear to me you suited each other."

"This is sarcasm."

"If it is, I am sorry for it. I meant it for sincerity. In *your* career ambition is every thing. The woman that could aid you on your road would be the real helpmate. She who would simply cross your path by her sympathies or her affections would be a mere embarrassment. Take the very case before us. Would not Lady Maude point out to you how, by the capture of this rebel, you might so aid your friends as to establish a claim for recompense? Would she not impress you with the necessity of showing how your activity redounded to the credit of your party? She would neither interpose with ill-timed appeals to your pity or a misplaced sympathy. *She* would help the politician, while another might hamper the man."

"All that might be true, if the game of political life were played as it seems to be on the surface, and my cousin was exactly the sort of woman to use ordinary faculties with ability and acuteness; but there are scores of things in which her interference would have been hurtful, and her secrecy dubious. I will give you an instance, and it will serve to show my implicit confidence in yourself. Now with respect to this man, Donogan, there is nothing we wish less than to take him. To capture means to try—to try means to hang him—and how much better, or safer, or stronger are we when it is done? These fellows, right or wrong, represent opinions that are never controverted by the scaffold, and every man who dies for his convictions leaves a thousand disciples who never believed in him before. It is only because he braves us that we pursue him, and in the face of our opponents and Parliament we can not do less. So that while we are offering large rewards for his apprehension, we would willingly give double the sum to know he had escaped. Talk of the supremacy of the law—the more you assert that here, the more ungovernable is this country by a party. An active attorney-general is another word for three more regiments in Ireland."

"I follow you with some difficulty; but I see that you would like this man to get away, and how is that to be done?"

"Easily enough, when once he knows that it will be safe for him to go north. He naturally fears the Orangemen of the northern counties. They will, however, do nothing without the police, and the police have got their orders throughout Antrim and Derry. Here—on this strip of paper—here are the secret instructions: 'To George Dargan, Chief Constable, Letterkenny district. Private and confidential.—It is, for many reasons, expedient that the convict Donogan, on a proper understanding that he will not return to Ireland, should be suffered to escape. If you are, therefore, in a position to extort a pledge from him to this extent—and it should be explicit and beyond all cavil—you will, taking due care not to compromise your authority in your office, aid him to leave the country, even to the extent of moneyed assistance.' To this are appended directions how he is to proceed to carry out these instructions; what he may, and what he may not do; with whom he may seek for co-operation, and where he is to maintain a guarded and careful secrecy. Now, in telling you all this, Mademoiselle Kostalergi, I have given you the strongest assurance in my power of the unlimited trust I have in you. I see how the questions that agitate this country interest you. I read the eagerness with which you watch them; but I want you to see more. I want you to see that the men who purpose to themselves the great task of extricating Ireland from her difficulties must be politicians in the highest sense of the word, and that you should see in us statesmen of an order that can weigh human passions and human emotions, and see that hope and fear and terror and gratitude sway the hearts of men who, to less observant eyes, seem to have no place in their natures but for rebellion. That this mode of governing Ireland is the one charm to the Celtic heart, all the Tory rule of the last fifty years, with its hangings and banishments and other terrible blunders, will soon convince you. The priest alone has felt the pulse of this people, and we are the only ministers of England who have taken the priest into our confidence. I own to you I claim some credit for myself in this discovery. It was in long reflecting over the ills of Ireland that I came to see that where the malady has so much in its nature that is sensational and emotional, so must the remedy be sensational too. The Tories were ever bent on extirpating—*we* devote ourselves to 'healing measures.' Do you follow me?"

"I do," said she, thoughtfully.

"Do I interest you?" asked he, more tenderly.

"Intensely," was the reply.

"Oh, if I could but think *that!* If I could but bring myself to believe that the day would come, not only to secure your interest, but your aid and your assistance in this great Task! I have long sought the opportunity to tell you that we, who hold the destinies of the people in our keeping, are not inferior to our great trust; that we are not mere creatures of a state department, small deities of the Olympus of office, but actual statesmen and rulers. Fortune has given me the wished-for moment; let it complete my happiness; let it tell me that you see in this noble work one worthy of your genius and your generosity, and that you would accept me as a fellow-laborer in the cause."

The fervor which he threw into the utterance of these words contrasted strongly and strangely with the words themselves; so unlike the declaration of a lover's passion.

"I do—not—know," said she, falteringly.

"What is that you do not know?" asked he, with tender eagerness.

"I do not know if I understand you aright, and I do not know what answer I should give you."

"Will not your heart tell you?"

She shook her head.

"You will not crush me with the thought that there is no pleading for me there."

"If you had desired in honesty my regard you should not have prejudiced me; you began here by enlisting my sympathies in your Task; you told me of your ambitions. I like these ambitions."

"Why not share them?" cried he, passionately.

"You seem to forget what you ask. A woman does not give her heart as a man joins a party or an administration. It is no question of an advantage based upon a compromise. There is no sentiment of gratitude, or recompense, or reward in the gift. She simply gives that which is no longer hers to retain! She trusts to what her mind will not stop to question—she goes where she can not help but follow."

"How immeasurably greater your every word makes the prize of your love."

"It is in no vanity that I say, I know it," said she, calmly. "Let us speak no more on this now."

"But you will not refuse to listen to me, Nina?"

"I will read you if you write to me;" and with a wave of good-by she slowly left the room.

"She is my master, even at my own game," said Walpole, as he sat down, and rested his head between his hands. "Still, she is mistaken: I can write just as vaguely as I can speak; and if I could not, it would have cost me my freedom this many a day. With such a woman one might venture high, but Heaven help him when he ceased to climb the mountain!"

CHAPTER XLIX.

A CUP OF TEA.

It was so rare an event of late for Nina to seek her cousin in her own room, that Kate was somewhat surprised to see Nina enter with all her old ease of manner, and, flinging away her hat carelessly, say, "Let me have a cup of tea, dearest, for I want to have a clear head and a calm mind for at least the next half hour."

"It is almost time to dress for dinner, especially for you, Nina, who make a careful toilet."

"Perhaps I shall make less to-day, perhaps not go down to dinner at all. Do you know, child, I have every reason for agitation, and maiden bashfulness besides? Do you know I have had a proposal—a proposal in all form—from—but you shall guess whom."

"Mr. O'Shea, of course."

"No, not Mr. O'Shea, though I am almost prepared for such a step on his part—nor from your brother Dick, who has been falling in and out of love with me for the last three months or more. My present conquest is the supremely arrogant, but now condescending, Mr. Walpole, who, for reasons of state and exigences of party, has been led to believe that a pretty wife, with a certain amount of natural astuteness, might advance his interests, and tend to his promotion in public life; and with his old instincts as a gambler, he is actually ready to risk his fortunes on a single card; and I, the portionless Greek girl, with about the same advantages of family as of fortune—I am to be that queen of trumps on which he stands to win. And now, darling, the cup of tea, the cup of tea, if you want to hear more."

While Kate was busy arranging the cups of a little tea-service that did duty in her dressing-room, Nina walked impatiently to and fro, talking with rapidity all the time.

"The man is a greater fool than I thought him, and mistakes his native weakness of mind for originality. If you had heard the imbecile nonsense he talked to me for political shrewdness, and when he had shown me what a very poor creature he was, he made me the offer of himself! This was so far honest and above-board. It was saying, in so many words, 'You see, I am a bankrupt.' Now I don't like bankrupts, either of mind or money. Could he not have seen that he who seeks my favor must sue in another fashion?"

"And so you refused him?" said Kate, as she poured out her tea.

"Far from it—I rather listened to his suit. I was so far curious to hear what he could plead in his behalf, that I bade him write it. Yes, dearest; it was a maxim of that very acute man, my papa, that, when a person makes you any dubious proposition in words, you oblige him to commit it to writing. Not necessarily to be used against him afterward, but for this reason—and I can almost quote my papa's phrase on the occasion—in the homage of his self-love, a man will rarely write himself such a knave as he will dare to own when he is talking, and in that act of weakness is the gain of the other party to the compact."

"I don't think I understand you."

"I'm sure you do not; and you have put no sugar in my tea, which is worse. Do you mean to say that your clock is right, and that it is already nigh seven? Oh dear! and I, who have

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not told you one-half of my news, I must go and dress. I have a certain green silk with white roses which I mean to wear, and with my hair in that crimson Neapolitan net, it is toilet *à la* minute."

"You know how it becomes you," said Kate, half slyly.

"Of course I do, or in this critical moment of my life I should not risk it. It will have its own suggestive meaning, too. It will recall *ce cher* Cecil to days at Baia, or wandering along the coast at Portici. I have known a fragment of lace, a flower, a few bars of a song, do more to link the broken chain of memory than scores of more labored recollections; and then these little paths that lead you back are so simple, so free from all premeditation. Don't you think so, dear?"

"I do not know, and, if it were not rude, I'd say I do not care."

"If my cup of tea were not so good I should be offended, and leave the room after such a speech. But you do not know, you could not guess, the interesting things that I could tell you," cried she, with an almost breathless rapidity. "Just imagine that deep statesman, that profound plotter, telling me that they actually did not wish to capture Donogan — that they would rather he should escape!"

"He told you this?"

"He did more; he showed me the secret instructions to his police creatures—I forget how they are called—showing what they might do to connive at his escape, and how they should—if they could—induce him to give some written pledge to leave Ireland forever."

"Oh, this is impossible!" cried Kate.

"I could prove it to you if I had not just sent off the veritable bit of writing by post. Yes, stare and look horrified if you like; it is all true. I stole the piece of paper with the secret directions, and sent it straight to Donogan, under cover to Archibold Casey, Esq., 9 Lower Gardner Street, Dublin."

"How could you have done such a thing?"

"Say how could I have done otherwise. Donogan now knows whether it will become him to sign this pact with the enemy. If he deem his life worth having at the price, it is well that *I* should know it."

"It is, then, of yourself you were thinking all the while?"

"Of myself and of him. I do not say I love this man; but I do say his conduct now shall decide if he be worth loving. There's the bell for dinner. You shall hear all I have to say this evening. What an interest it gives to life, even this much of plot and peril! Short of being with the rebel himself, Kate, and sharing his dangers, I know of nothing could have given me such delight."

She turned back as she left the door, and said, "Make Mr. Walpole take you down to dinner to-day; I shall take Mr. O'Shea's arm, or your brother's."

The address of Archibold Casey, which Nina had used on this occasion, was that of a well-known solicitor in Dublin, whose Conservative opinions placed him above all suspicion or distrust. One of his clients, however—a certain Mr. Maher—had been permitted to have letters occasionally addressed to him to Casey's care; and Maher, being an old college friend of Donogan's, afforded him this mode of receiving letters in times of unusual urgency or danger. Maher shared very slightly in Donogan's opinions. He thought the men of the National party not only dangerous in themselves, but that they afforded a reason for many of the repressive laws which Englishmen passed with reference to Ireland. A friendship of early life, when both these young men were college students, had overcome such scruples, and Donogan had been permitted to have many letters marked simply with a D., which were sent under cover to Maher. This facility had, however, been granted so far back as '47, and had not been renewed in the interval, during which time the Archibold Casey of that period had died, and been succeeded by a son with the same name as his father.

When Nina, on looking over Donogan's note-book, came upon this address, she saw, also, some almost illegible words, which implied that it was only to be employed as the last resort, or had been so used—a phrase she could not exactly determine what it meant. The present occasion —so emergent in every way—appeared to warrant both haste and security; and so, under cover to S. Maher, she wrote to Donogan in these words:

"I send you the words in the original handwriting, of the instructions which regard you. You will do what your honor and your conscience dictate. Do not write to me; the public papers will inform me what your decision has been, and I shall be satisfied, however it incline. I rely upon you to burn the inclosure."

A suit at law, in which Casey acted as Maher's attorney at this period, required that the letters addressed to his house for Maher should be opened and read; and though the letter D. on the outside might have suggested a caution, Casey either overlooked or misunderstood it, and broke the seal. Not knowing what to think of this document, which was without signature, and had no clew to the writer except the postmark of Kilgobbin, Casey hastened to lay the letter as it stood before the barrister who conducted Maher's cause, and to ask his advice. The Right Hon. Paul Hartigan was an ex-Attorney-General of the Tory party—a zealous, active, but somewhat rash member of his party; still in the House, a member for Mallow, and far more eager for the return of his friends to power than the great man who dictated the tactics of the Opposition, and who with more of responsibility could calculate the chances of success.

Paul Hartigan's estimate of the Whigs was such that it would have in no wise astonished him to discover that Mr. Gladstone was in close correspondence with O'Donovan Rossa, or that Chichester Fortescue had been sworn in as a head-centre. That the whole cabinet were secretly papists, and held weekly confession at the feet of Dr. Manning, he was prepared to prove. He did not vouch for Mr. Lowe; but he could produce the form of scapular worn by Mr. Gladstone, and had a fac-simile of the scourge by which Mr. Cardwell diurnally chastened his natural instincts.

If, then, he expressed but small astonishment at this "traffic of the government with rebellion" —for so he called it—he lost no time in endeavoring to trace the writer of the letter, and ascertaining, so far as he might, the authenticity of the inclosure.

"It's all true, Casey," he said, a few days after his receipt of the papers. "The instructions are written by Cecil Walpole, the private secretary of Lord Danesbury. I have obtained several specimens of his writing. There is no attempt at disguise or concealment in this. I have learned, too, that the police-constable Dargan is one of their most trusted agents; and the only thing now to find out is, who is the writer of the letter; for up to this all we know is, the hand is a woman's."

Now it chanced that when Mr. Hartigan—who had taken great pains and bestowed much time to learn the story of the night attack on Kilgobbin, and wished to make the presence of Mr. Walpole on the scene the ground of a question in Parliament—had consulted the leader of the Opposition on the subject, he had met not only a distinct refusal of aid, but something very like a reproof for his ill-advised zeal. The Honorable Paul, not for the first time disposed to distrust the political loyalty that differed with his own ideas, now declared openly that he would not confide this great disclosure to the lukewarm advocacy of Mr. Disraeli; he would himself lay it before the House, and stand or fall by the result.

If the men who "stand or fall" by any measure were counted, it is to be feared that they usually would be found not only in the category of the latter, but that they very rarely rise again, so very few are the matters which can be determined without some compromise, and so rare are the political questions which comprehend a distinct principle.

What warmed the Hartigan ardor, and, indeed, chafed it to a white heat on this occasion, was to see by the public papers that Daniel Donogan had been fixed on by the men of King's County as the popular candidate, and a public meeting held at Kilbeggan to declare that the man who should oppose him at the hustings should be pronounced the enemy of Ireland. To show that while this man was advertised in the *Hue and Cry*, with an immense reward for his apprehension, he was in secret protected by the government, who actually condescended to treat with him; what an occasion would this afford for an attack that would revive the memories of Grattan's scorn and Curran's sarcasm, and to declare to the senate of England that the men who led them were unworthy guardians of the national honor!

AFLOAT AND ASHORE.

Young Barney O'Toole was a broth of a boy,
Who crossed over the sea with the bold Pat Malloy;
They landed at night—it was rainy and dark—
And next day got a job to work out in the Park.
Said Barney to Pat: "Sure of labor I'm sick—
I'm tired of digging and swinging the pick:
The man who will toil for his bread is a fool—
I was born for a judge," said young Barney O'Toole.

Then he lit up his pipe, and he put on his coat,
And he ran for an office. They counted the vote,
And they figured it out by the Tammany rule,
And who was elected but Barney O'Toole!
Then he bought a new coat and a diamond so fine,
And a lad for five cents gave his boots a nice shine;
Then he talked about court, legislation, and school,
For he now was a statesman, bold Barney O'Toole.

We take the foregoing verses from a little work recently published, bearing the title of "Hibernia; or, Ireland the World Over," as the most appropriate legend for Mr. SHEPPARD'S two capital sketches, printed on page 1017. Both artist and poet took their inspiration from life, as every one knows who has taken the pains to read the revelations in the newspapers of the manner in which Tammany has of late years made citizens and office-holders of the raw material from the Emerald Isle.

The immigrant comes over an honest, simple-minded working-man. He lands at Castle Garden with the intention of settling down to the steady labor to which he had been accustomed at home. But, instead of going into the country, he gets employment about the saloons of New York, or on the public works, where he hears all the talk of the Tammany runners and politicians; and if he is quick-witted and shrewd, it doesn't take long to develop him into one of the same class. He soon becomes a bar-room brawler, and if he has a ready gift of speaking, he rises to be the leader of a ward club, and ultimately to office. Hundreds of examples could be adduced in illustration of our sketches. As a rule, the Irish are more forward in pushing themselves into politics and office than immigrants of any other nationality, because the Democratic party have found them more serviceable than any other class of foreigners. The Germans generally settle into some kind of useful employment immediately on arriving here. The great majority go West, and become farmers or mechanics. The Irish immigrant, on the contrary, clings to New York, and seeks employment, rather than independent means of livelihood. With all his good qualities—and they are many —he is easily made the tool of a party. This is, doubtless, owing in part to the wrongs the race has suffered for so many generations in his own country; and as time wears on, and the corrupting power of Tammany is broken up, better influences will doubtless bring about a change in the character of our Irish fellow-citizens. They will meddle less in politics when they learn that their worst enemies are the men who thrust them forward merely to serve selfish and corrupt ends; and the day that sees the Irish race emancipated from this servility will be a happy day for them, as it will be for the rest of our people.

"REHEARSAL."

THE painting of which we give an engraving on page 1021 is said to be one of the most humorous in the International Exhibition at London—humorous not by force of coarse exaggeration, but simply from close and subtile observation. So truthfully has the painter rendered the monkish character, so happily has he caught the gestures and expressions of the several faces, that you can not help fancying you actually hear the notes emitted from those practiced lungs and wide-gaping or firmly set lips. After letting the eye rest long on these brown-frocked Capuchins pouring forth their plain Gregorian or more florid choral harmonies, silence seems at last to break upon you as a surprise, so effectually has the imagination been excited. We defy our readers to look long at the group to the left, taking their parts in some new chant or antiphonal responses, without trying to realize the kind of voice belonging to each figure. At this very moment, incontinently, we arrest our scribbling to see if we can not mimic the fine, full, fat notes —ripe, round, and sound, like old wine—of the basso profondo. But the basso is plainly unapproachable, and it is equally evident that he would brook no competitor, could one be found. As yet, however, let us hint, gentle reader, we have not reached the portliness and mellowness of his age. The baritone is more within our compass. But the voice of the thin young man who is taking this part is, we suspect, not quite to be depended upon. We believe that if one were to accompany him he would be now and then found to slip into the gruffest of juvenile basses. The energy of the tenor is capitally depicted. Look at the ferocious knitting of his shaggy eyebrows and at the tension of the circular orifice into which he has composed his mouth for the production of a high note—that mode of delivery being, however, apt to engender a nasal twang. Very good, also, is the mild youth beyond, soaring, with his fresher *timbre*, easily to the alto, in a voice probably something between a boy's treble and a man's falsetto. As we have intimated, the energy of the tenor is admirable; and, besides doing his very best, he is evidently a tenore robusto. But it is all of no avail; he can not maintain his rightful pre-eminence. There is something wrong in the "rehearsal"—something, therefore, which threatens to mar the final performance. Perfect harmony is not attainable, it seems, even within the secluded and hallowed precincts of monastic fraternities. Where the fault lies it is easy to see—we had almost said to hear. It is to be seen by the agonized, appealing look of the leader of the choir, standing at the desk which supports the great illuminated service-books of the monastery, with his hand raised, beseeching moderation. It is also to be seen by the queer expression—half-annoyed, half-amused—of the ecclesiastic to the extreme right; and even the violoncello-player assumes a deprecatory air, as though he felt his own powerful instrument partially extinguished. The burly basso is clearly quite overpowering. The thunders which roll from the mighty cavern of his chest are more than a match for the resonant raspings echoed from the vaulted depths of the violoncello; and even the stentorian tenor sings till he is very red in the face in vain. Seated at his ease, with his fat hands complacently folded on his mountainous stomach, and with his eyes religiously fixed on the music-book, the good padre is perfectly oblivious to every thing but the delight of exercising his powerful lungs to their full capacity.

M. A. ROBERT, the distinguished Belgian painter of this very ably executed picture, was a pupil of the Academy of the Fine Arts at Brussels. For five years he sojourned in Italy, and became favorably known by his pictures illustrating scenes of monastic life. He returned to his native country with his picture of "Lucas Signorelli Painting his dead Son," which, with another important work from the same hand, is now in the Musée National at Brussels. Subsequently the artist has won considerable reputation as a portrait painter; but recently he has again turned his attention to subjects similar to that we have engraved, and also to other branches of *genre* painting. M. ROBERT is a member of the Royal Academy of Belgium.

A SINGULAR BIRD.

ONE of the most singular of the bird species is the bower-bird, a native of Australia. There is quite a lengthy description of it in Darwin's valuable work, "The Descent of Man"—which has occasioned so much talk—from which we learn that the bird is a queer architect, having peculiar habits of constructing its nest, differing both in method and result from the architectural practices of any other winged creature. The bird first builds on the ground a platform of sticks varying in thickness from six to eight inches. This is matted and twined like basket-work. From the sides of this platform the frame-work of the bower is erected. The bower, like the platform on which it rests, and which serves as its flooring, is composed of sticks, most of them large branches from trees and bushes, with smaller branches and twigs intertwined. A structure of considerable solidity is thus obtained. The bower is generally built to the height of about a foot and a half. Its length is sometimes as much as four feet. A covered passage-way, open at both ends, and sufficiently durable to withstand the rain-storms of a season, is the result of the labors of this ingenious and industrious bird. It is also given to decoration at times. At the end which seems to serve as the principal entrance, or front-door, is to be found a curious collection of shells, bones, and sometimes gaudy feathers; the former picked up wherever found, the latter filched from the plumage of some other bird. These curious ornaments seem to be arranged with a sort of system, showing that their presence is due to premeditated design on the part of the bird. Both the male and female take part in building the bowers, although the male is the principal worker. The love antics of these birds are as peculiar as the architecture of their houses. When in sportive moods the male bird will chase the female through the bower and around it, the female running away from him, and pretending to escape from his society.

LIVING TAPESTRY.

A STRANGE TALE.

THE following adventure happened in Bath, England, many years ago, and the lady who narrated it to the writer was (in those days) a young girl staying in the house. It was in the palmy days of Bath, when that now fallen city rivaled London in brilliancy and dissipation, and when all the rich, the gay, and the high-born of England congregated there in the season, and graced the balls and assemblies. Mrs. R——, once the belle of the court of George III., but at this period gradually retiring from general society, possessed one of the largest of the old houses, and gave in it entertainments which were the most popular of the day. She was celebrated for three things (once for four, but the fourth—her beauty —was of the days gone by): these things were, her fascination, her benevolence, and—a set of the most matchless and perfect amethysts. Her house contained tapestried chambers. The walls of the one in which she slept were hung around with designs from heathen mythology, and the finest piece in the room was that which hung over her dressing-table. It represented Phœbus driving the chariot of the sun. The figures and horses being life-size, it filled up the space between the two windows, and the horses were concealed behind the old-fashioned Venetian looking-glass, while Phœbus himself, six feet high, looked down by day and by night on his mistress at her toilet.

One evening Mrs. R—— had an unusually large party at home. She wore all her amethysts. On retiring to her room, about four o'clock in the morning, she took off her jewels, laid them on her table, and dismissed her weary maid, intending to put them away herself; but before doing so knelt down, as usual, to say her prayers. While engaged in her devotions it was a habit with her to look upward, and the face of Phœbus was generally her point of sight, as it were, and the object on which her eyes most easily rested. On this particular night, as usual, she raised her eyes to Phœbus. What does she see? Has Pygmalion been at work? Has he filled those dull silk eyes with vital fire? Or is she dreaming? No. Possessed naturally of wonderful courage and calmness, she continued to move her lips as if in silent prayer, and never once withdrew her gaze; and still the eyes looked down upon hers. The light of her candles shone distinctly on living orbs, and her good keen sight enabled her, after a cleverly managed scrutiny, to see that the tapestry eyes of Phœbus had been cut out, and that, with her door locked and every servant in bed in their distant apartments, and all her jewels spread out before her, she was not alone in the room.

She concluded her prayers with her face sunk in her hands. We can well imagine what those prayers must have been. She knew there was some one behind that tapestry; she knew that bells and screams were equally useless; and she lay down in her bed as usual and waited the issue, her only omission being that she did not put away her jewels. "They may save my life," she said to herself, and she closed her eyes. The clock struck five before a sound was heard, and then the moment arrived. She heard a rustle, a descent from behind the tapestry, and a man stood at her dressing-table. He took off his coat, and one by one he secured the jewels beneath his waistcoat. What would be his next move? Would it be to the bedside or to the window? He turned and approached her bedside; but by that time she had seen enough, and again closed her eyes and resigned herself to the Providence whose protection she had been craving.

The man was her own coachman. Apparently satisfied by a brief glance under his dark lantern that he had not disturbed her, he quietly unlocked the door and left her. For two hours—they must have seemed two days—she allowed the house to remain unalarmed, her only movement having been to relock the door which her living Phœbus had left ajar. At seven in the morning she rang her bell, and ordered the carriage round just after breakfast. All this was according to her usual habits. On the box was the man who had cost her a night's rest and most probably all her jewels. However, she drove off; she went straight to the house of a magistrate.

"Seize my coachman!" said she; "secure him and search him. I have been robbed, and I hardly think he has had time to disencumber himself of the jewels he has taken from me."

She was obeyed, and she was right. The amethysts were still about him, and he gave himself up without a struggle.

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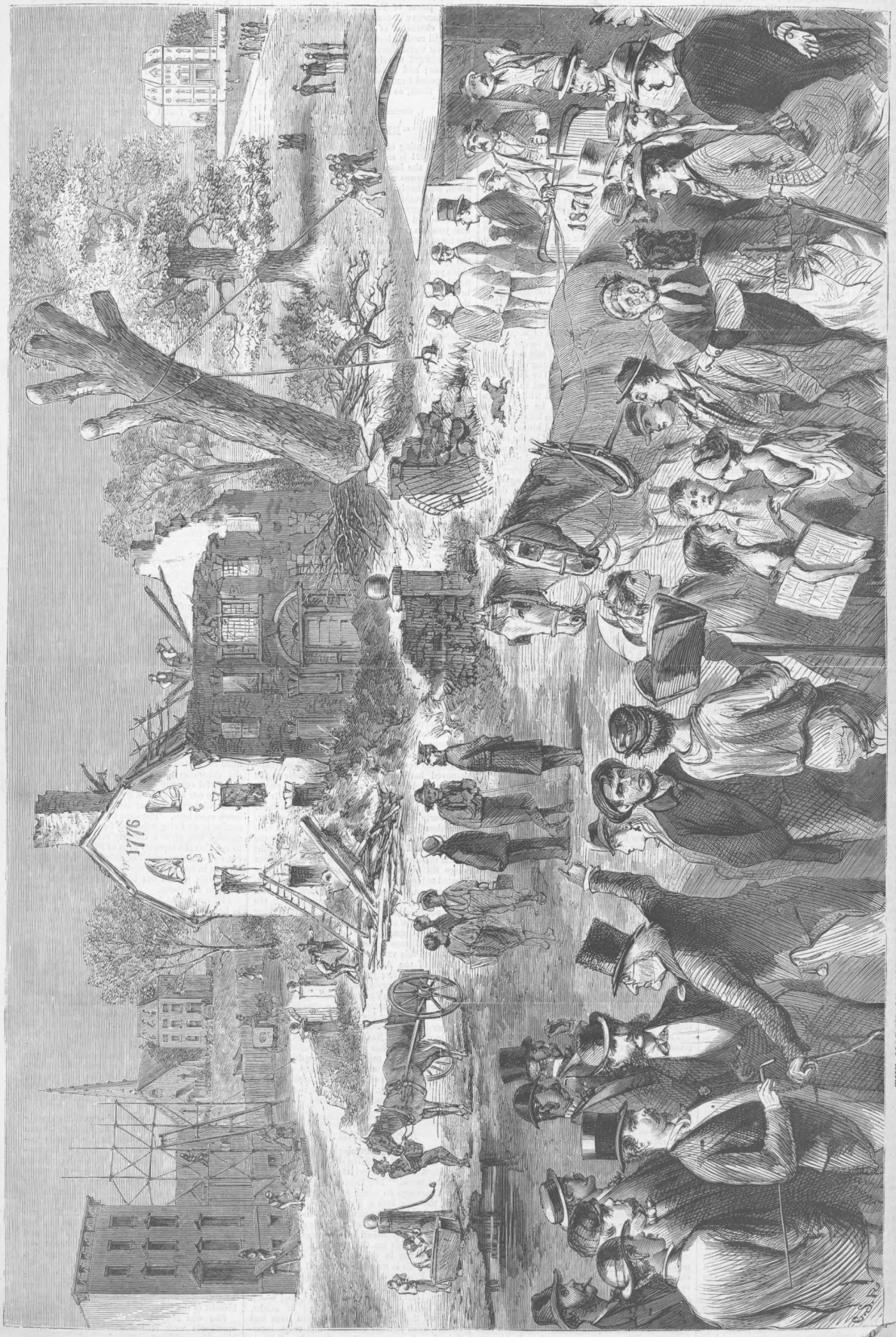

THE MARCH OF MODERN IMPROVEMENT—DESTRUCTION OF OLD BUILDINGS IN UPPER NEW YORK.—DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.—[SEE PAGE 1022.]

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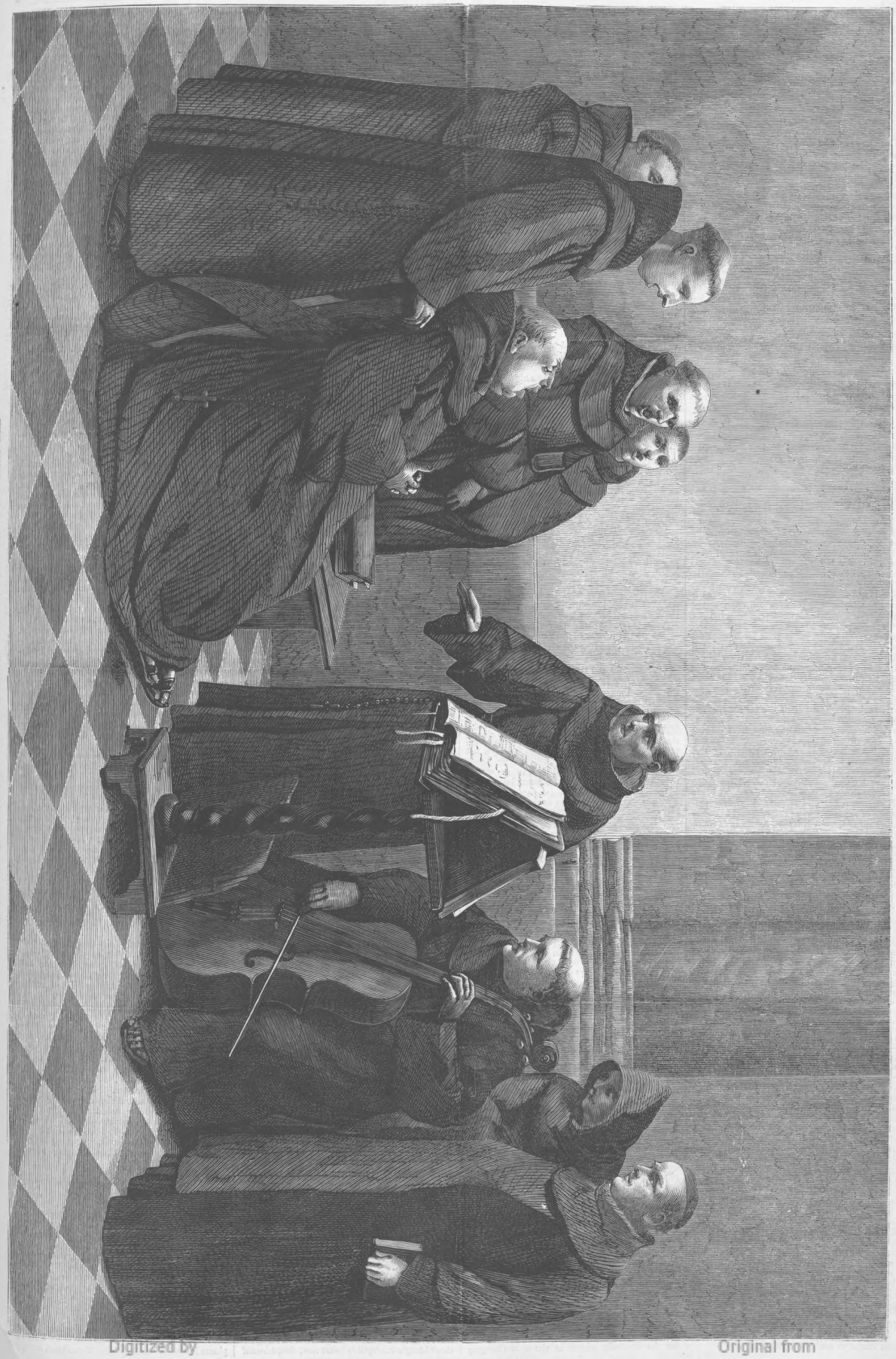

THE REHEARSAL.—FROM A PAINTING IN THE LONDON INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.—[SEE PAGE 1019.]

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THE BLIND SLEEPER.

LET her sleep on:
Her heart is weary of the dark;
Let her sleep on:
Who knows? In dream-land she may see
Bright scenes, that in her waking flee;
So let her be.

Let her sleep on:
Her lips, so patient, part in smiles;
Let her sleep on:
Who knows? She dreams perchance of sight;
Shall we awake her to life's night?
No, let her be.

Let in the air,
And place these roses at her side;
The od'rous air
Will fan her cheek, till in her dream
She scents rose-gardens, it may seem;
So let her dream,

And let her hear
A lulling music floating by,
To please her ear;
Haply she loved the tender strain,
And lives some happy hours again:
Let her sleep on,

And let her dream
Some pitying angel wafts aloof
Her hopeless pain.
Her sightless eyes are dry of tears,
She feels no more the cross she bears;
Oh, blessèd dream!

I dare not stay;
A coward at her side I stand,
And dare not stay
Lest I, who view the patient face
Illumined by this hour of grace,
See its despair.

MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

MODERN progress shows no reverence for the old or the picturesque. It spares neither the work of human hands nor natural scenery. The old romantic city of Nuremberg is torn down to make way for railroad dépôts, modern shops, and palatial hotels. There was at one time talk of leveling the lofty rock on which stands the noble castle of Edinburgh, and nothing saved it but the outcry of execration which the proposal roused from a few people of taste.

Our own country exhibits many striking examples of this spirit. The good people of Boston, who first leveled the breastworks of Bunker Hill to obtain a foundation for the Monument, now talk of abolishing the Monument to give place to stores! In the same way many venerable structures have disappeared from our own city, as depicted by our artist in the fine sketch on page 1020. The site of the picturesque old mansion, with its Revolutionary traditions, is wanted for a modern building, and down it must go; and with it disappears another of the few links that still connect us with the past. But this is one of the inevitable consequences of progress and improvement. Comfort, cleanliness, and convenience are of more importance to society than the merely picturesque, and it is only against the needless destruction of the memorials of the past that a protest should be entered. That of the old Hancock House in Boston, for example, was an inexcusable act of vandalism which can never be repaired.

THE ROMANCE OF MISS TURNIPSEED.

"YES, my dear doctor, I fully sympathize with your desire that our children marry; but I fear we can not accomplish it. Mira is romantic, like most young girls, and would hardly recognize virtues which she did not discover for herself. These young people are as contrary as mules. Show them what you wish them to do, and doing just the opposite becomes at once the paramount object of life."

"Why can't we use this mulish characteristic for the good of the rascals?" asked the doctor.

"That's a lucky thought!" said the first speaker, springing from his seat. This gentleman was Mr. Turnipseed. He ought to have been a farmer, one would say; but he was not, any more than the well-known firm, "Catchem & Cheatham," of Boston, were lawyers, which every body said they should have been. Mr. Turnipseed was a retired cotton merchant, and Dr. Hazeltine was his old-time friend. They were both widowers, and their children had thus far never met. Sidney, the doctor's son, had been educated abroad, where he had lived since his tenth year, the time when the friendship of the doctor and his queer-named friend began. It was more than fifteen years since then, and the son of Dr. Hazeltine had just returned. He was at that time absent on an amateur hunting and trapping excursion in Canada with some young fellows whom he had met in his travels. At the quiet village of Yonkers, Sidney, on his return, had pined, and constantly talked of returning to Europe. This was what the good doctor wished to prevent, and he wisely thought that his son could only be kept at home by a wife, and such collateral domestic attractions as wives are expected to produce.

When Mr. Turnipseed sprang from his seat, as we have said, his face was radiant with a scheme suggested by the doctor's words.

"That's a lucky thought!" he had exclaimed. "If these rascals, as you call them, could meet as entire strangers, ten chances to one they would cotton to each other at once."

"Your daughter has left the 'Sacred Heart,' you tell me. Where is she now? She is a charming girl and a sensible one, though she may be romantic, as you say. In my last visit to your house in Brooklyn she was at home, you remember, and her aunt, your sister, told me of her qualities at home and at school. Where did you say she is now?"

"She is visiting an old 'Sacred Heart' friend who is now married," said Mr. Turnipseed.

"We might manage it," said the doctor, "by sending Sid to bring her home; but then, how to keep him from knowing who she is?"

"Not the slightest danger," replied Mr. Turnipseed. "Mirabel Turnipseed is never Mirabel Turnipseed away from home. I doubt even that her dearest friend knows her true name. Mira has a foolish prejudice against her family name—an unaccountable prejudice. I have never been able to convince her that Turnipseed is in itself just as good a name as Montgomery or Buckingham, and to the ear quite as pleasant. It is no use reasoning with her. The little children in her first school called her Mustardseed, and every kind of seed, until she grew half frantic at times. She was perfectly happy when I gave my consent to her entering the 'Sacred Heart' under her own name much bedeviled. Still farther to please her, I never signed my letters, as those, you know, are always opened by the superiors at such schools. I only subscribed myself 'Your father.'"

Leaving the doctor and his friend concocting plans for the welfare of their children, let us go and see how one of them, at least, is "flying in the face of Providence" by losing his heart to an entire stranger. This one was Sidney, who had wearied of Canada and hunting, and was proceeding straight toward home. He had got as far as Lake Winnipiseogee, and, as he sat on the deck of the little steamer *Lady of the Lake*, he smoked his cigar leisurely, glancing at the western hills, and still more leisurely re-read a letter that he had that day received from his father. It ran thus:

"MY DEAR SON,—I am rejoiced that you are coming home, and hope soon to see you married and 'settled,' as the saying is. You surely have done your share of roaming. Here's a beautiful house for a woman, and I want only a corner of it during the rest of my life, and will even relinquish that for the wife I have in my mind for you, should she desire it; or I will build her another house, if she don't like this. You know, of course, upon whom my heart is set for your wife. She is not handsome, perhaps, according to the modern notions, but she has perfect manners, and does honor to her bringing up. She is modest and industrious—"

"I wish," said Sid to himself, "that a fellow could appreciate industry in a sweetheart. Just the qualities he never ought to think of are just those that lead him captive;" and he glanced at a young lady's lap, where lay a charming sketch of the northern hills beyond the lake, to which she was rapidly adding the last touches. "What a perfect hand!" he thought; but he read on:

"—Industrious and rich, though she might be as poor as the gleaner Ruth, and still I should want her for your wife. Her father, an old and dear friend, is now with me, and his daughter will be here soon; and seriously, my boy, I want you to fall in love with her, though I don't think that indispensable. As an old physician, who has seen much of life, and studied it earnestly for forty years, I give you my sincere opinion that I have seen more real happiness from reasonable marriages than from those resulting from the crazy dreams of affinity, counterparts, first love, and all the sickly fancies of youth at pairing time."

"Good God!" exclaimed Sid, in an undertone, "how prosily the doctor treats love!"

"Reason, my boy, should control all our actions, especially those which fix the family relations. No sensible man wants to be happier than he is when he looks on the face of his first-born, provided only that first sight shows him that the child has the necessary complement of parts and limbs, and the mother is a person to command respect. If he has never had much tenderness for his wife before, he is sure to feel it then; and I don't say his love may not be better and stronger for coming so late.

"Now, Sidney, there is a fearful amount of nonsense about young people, and I want you to escape the sloughs it leads into, as you escaped measles, chicken-pox, and other childish diseases in your juvenile days. There are certain psychological laws that are very little understood. You can not doubt that if your lot should be cast in a country where there was only one nubile young woman, nature would be sure to bring you two together in a strong union—I will say provided only that she had a sweet breath and was clean in her person. I don't believe any other conditions are absolutely indispensable to love."

"I can't stand it!" exclaimed Sid, and he lighted a cigar. "How can the old philosopher look upon the glorious sentiment of love with no more apparent feeling than an entomologist shows when with his cruel nippers he pulls out limb after limb of some beautiful moth?" After a few puffs Sidney read on:

"See what a famous writer says in his paper on caste in India: '*It is certainly a curious fact, which psychologists have still to explain, that people very seldom fall in love where marriage is absolutely impossible.*' Now there is a thing for you to ponder over. It shows at least that no one man is ever born for any one woman.

"Well, I fear to tire you, so will stop. You know my old friend Turnipseed. It is his daughter Mirabel that I want you to marry."

"Mirabel Turnipseed!" exclaimed the young man, with great disgust. "Well, some man ought to marry her to relieve her from her hideous name! If I had as much gallantry as pity, I'd do it myself." He continued reading:

"See her, at all events. I need not say at this late hour, with the prestige of twenty odd years of having your own way, that I expect you to give up your will to mine. I only ask you to try to marry, not for a day, but for all your life. Am I unreasonable?

"A. J. HAZELTINE, M.D."

The relations existing between Dr. Hazeltine and his son were quite those of elder and younger friends. Sid could not but treat seriously any wish or any reasoning of his father; but as he feasted his poetic imagination upon the sweet girl artist near him, an ideal Gorgon, gaunt and "industrious," ycleped Mirabel Turnipseed, came between him and the charming reality. She had finished her sketch and placed it in a dainty port-folio. Oblivious to every thing around her, she sat dreamily gazing at the ever-changing landscape before her. Her eyes were very beautiful, all her features clearly cut, and her mouth like wet coral. He, too, was in a most susceptible mood, and truly the scene was enchanting. The smooth surface of that gem of lakes, at a little distance from the boat, clearly reflected the golden and crimson clouds as they rolled back from the western hills, while, near, it shimmered them into an inextricable maze of light and color. Sidney stood apart, leaning over the gunwale of the boat, dividing his emotions between the lady and the wondrous beauty of the scene. The artist grew upon him, and when the *Lady of the Lake* steamed out from Wolfsborough, where she touched to land three or four passengers, he found himself and his baggage on the pier, though his ticket was bought for Centre Harbor.

Very much like a fool he felt, when a good-looking country lad appeared on the scene, and before the slightest shadow of a pretext could be found by Sidney for speaking to her, the lad conducted her to a carriage and whirled her away. Under the circumstances, Sidney did what any enamored lonely bachelor would have done. He opened his cigar-case; and, the weed once fairly lighted, he sauntered along the road which the lady of his thoughts had taken. Meanwhile he had ordered his baggage to be taken "to the hotel," not dreaming in his ignorance that there could be more than one in so small a place. He laughed to himself after passing two or three more or less pretentious inns, wondering which one he had patronized, and concluded to look after his traps, which, in his case, were something more than figurative, as you might have seen had you looked into his trunk, hastily packed in the wilds of Canada. Sid stopped a moment before deciding which of these hotels probably contained his worldly goods, and just then a light country wagon came up the road bearing a single gentleman. (If he was married, blame the language, not me.)

"Bert Halstead, by Jove!" And the next minute the two gentlemen were grasping each other's hands in a most enthusiastic manner.

"Why, Sid, you seem lost here, like a babe in the woods. Come! jump in. Your baggage at the hotel? What on earth did you go there for? True, I forgot you did not know where I lived. You would have looked me up to-morrow, I trust?"

"Of course," replied Sidney, rather embarrassed, and not caring to confess that in stopping at Wolfsborough he had not the remotest remembrance of the fact that Halstead lived in the town. This was an old college friend of Sid's. Many a glass of beer had they discussed together while students in a famous German university. Halstead had returned two years before, and since then had married the very paragon of women, as Sid judged from Bert's effusive letters.

The baggage happened to be found in the first hotel at which Sidney inquired for it, and then the two young men drove off at a very rapid pace, considering the quantity of boulders sprinkled over the road in true New Hampshire style.

"Now this is jolly of you, old boy," said Albert—"this surprise. Nathalie will be delighted to see you. You have changed wonderfully in these two years. I think it's those English whiskers you have grown. Your mustache, too, half a yard long! Well, you'll do, confound you! Sid, you always were as *distingué* as Satan in appearance. Nathalie adores blonde men, so you'll be a favorite."

"Are you disposed to flatter me, or Mrs. Halstead?" asked Sidney, laughing.

"Oh, you know, Nathalie is a brunette, like most French girls, and they say we are attracted to our opposites."

Sidney was greatly disposed to be thoughtful; but Bert was in a rattling mood, and as the wheels bumped over the rough road, kept up a constant fire of words. Among other things, he informed Sid that there was a charming girl, an old friend of his wife's, now visiting them. Sid wanted to think of the young girl who had so fascinated him. Where was she? What steps could he take to find out; and then what means use to get acquainted with her? Her face and form were continually before him; and the more he tried to believe he ought not to think of her at all, remembering that his duty was to reserve himself intact for Miss Turnipseed, the more life seemed a blank without her. Despite his father's philosophy, this girl, he said to himself, was born for him, was his destiny, else why had her simple presence been potent enough in its influence to convert his whole being into a mirror to reflect her image?

"There's my box, Sid," said Albert, not without pride, as they approached a turn in the road, on the inner corner of which, and standing back on a natural terrace some twenty rods, was an exceedingly pretty country house. Descriptions of scenery are generally tiresome, I know; but I can't avoid hoping that the reader will try to reproduce this scene. The slope, or terrace, green as an emerald, was dotted with choice evergreen trees, and the carriage road around the front of the house was skirted toward the terrace with a beautiful flower garden and shrubbery.

Bert stopped as he drove around before the veranda, and waited in silence, while Sidney cast his eyes down over the terrace, across the beech-bordered road, just beyond which glistened the silver surface of Lake Winnipiseogee. The house stood on a projection of land around the end of which the road ran. Beyond the lake and toward the northwest rose majestic hills; and farther on, lost in the clouds and in the distance, a mighty chain of mountains.

"Oh, Bert!" exclaimed Sid, with unaffected emotion, "this is the loveliest and the grandest spot I ever beheld! No wonder you spend your summers here. I think I would never leave it if it were my home." And in imagination Sidney's susceptible heart saw, felt, himself the owner of that glorious spot—himself and the lady who already possessed his heart. There was not time to indulge the sweet reverie. The door opened, and Mrs. Halstead appeared. She was a small, dark lady, and wore a very elegant, loosely flowing dress. A beautiful dress, thought Sid, but queer for the evening. Halstead kissed her forehead tenderly, and inquired for her health. That ceremony completed, he presented his friend. Mrs. Halstead received Sidney in the most gracious manner. "Let us consider ourselves friends at once," she said, speaking perfect English, with a faint suggestion of a foreign accent; for, though educated in this country, she had spent her early years in France. "Because," she continued, "my husband loves you very dearly, as you know, and because you have chosen to come like a friend, without ceremony."

Sidney was charmed with the pretty lady, and he "spoke the fitting words," like Lord Byron's hero of "The Dream;" but his conscience smote him anew that his motive for being in Wolfsborough had been so totally foreign to all thoughts of the Halsteads. He commenced to speak glowing words of the place.

"Oh! it is very beautiful, Mr. Hazeltine. It is sublime, as you say. What will you think if I tell you it oppresses me? It is because I think that I am not big enough in heart or brain to take it all in." And excusing herself to attend to the supper, she entered the house.

"There, Sid!" exclaimed Bert, "you have unearthed the skeleton of the household sooner than I expected. I revel in this place; Nathalie pines. In the city she is contented; but here she talks of France. It is the only thing about which we are not in perfect sympathy. The place is for sale for two thousand dollars. We shall never live in it again after this summer."

"Two thousand dollars for such a paradise? Are you jesting?"

"No; perfectly serious."

"Then consider it mine, Bert;" and the friends shook hands on the bargain. Sidney had never felt so elated with any possession in his life. He walked down over the terrace like one in a dream. The night had fallen, but the moon rode high in the heavens, and the whole scene was one of enchantment. A pleasant voice caused him to turn—and there, standing before him in that incomparable spot, was the very lady of his thoughts. Her head was bare, and her soft brown curls rose and fell with the gentle breeze. For a moment Sidney stood silent and motionless. It was like dreaming of paradisial bliss, and waking to find it all reality.

"I am sent to bring you in to supper, Mr. Hazeltine," she said, with a pleasant smile. "Excuse me for disturbing your pleasant reveries. Mrs. Halstead insisted upon my coming and introducing myself. I am her visitor, Bel Stockbridge. Receive my welcome also." And she gave him her hand.

I fear it can hardly be said, this time, that Sidney "spoke the fitting words." For the first time in his life he felt really awkward, but in a moment he recovered himself.

"You are very gracious, Miss Stockbridge. This is a propitious meeting. I have seen you before, to-day."

"Indeed! I am not conscious of it."

"No; you were absorbed, first in your crayon sketch, and afterward with the sunset. You were in too exalted a mood to be conscious of the existence of a mere mortal."

"Ah! on the steamer. Truly the sunset was magnificent enough to absorb my whole attention. I am sure I did not see you, for I have a good memory of faces. Allow me to congratulate you on becoming the owner of this beautiful place. Nathalie laughed when she found you had purchased it without even asking the quantity of land, or any thing about its quality; but I doubt if she would release you from the bargain, if Mr. Halstead would."

"I did not buy the land," said Sidney, smiling. "I bought the view. The land is thrown in."

"It is, I think," said Miss Stockbridge, "the most enchanting spot I ever saw. I never could weary of it." And as she spoke she turned and looked again over the silver water slumbering in the soft moonlight. Sidney looked at her, mentally resolving that he would give her the opportunity of testing her belief that she would never tire of the place. They walked back to the house rather slowly, and the conversation turned to their hostess. Sidney remarked that his friend had made a happy choice in his wife.

"Yes," said Miss Stockbridge, "she is my dearest friend, and every way admirable. We are old school cronies. I owe all my facility in speaking French to her. She would not address me in English, and the teachers all encouraged her to persecute me, until finally I conquered my dislike to speaking it. How long do you stay in Wolfsborough, Mr. Hazeltine?"

Sid would have answered, "Just as long as you do," had he spoken his thought; but he said, instead,

"Only a few days."

"It will depend upon whether you enjoy yourself, doubtless; but I think you will. We have rides on horseback and fishing and boating, when the weather is fine; and in-doors, books and music. Mrs. Halstead is an accomplished singer, though Madame Corbier, the nurse, discourages her singing."

"Nurse?" queried Sidney; and then reflecting that there might have been a baby which he had not heard of, he kept silent on the subject. Miss Stockbridge suddenly became interested in geology, and picking up a pebble from the walk, was surprised to find it so curiously veined with mica.

After tea there was a row on the lake. The boat was fitted out in Sybaritic style by Bert to please Nathalie. Sidney did all the rowing, except

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once when Miss Stockbridge took the oars for a few moments. He watched her "feather" them, wondering how and where she had learned this extra-feminine accomplishment. He was a most skillful oarsman himself, and greatly enjoyed watching her. Mrs. Halstead was silent, and Albert gave all his attention to her. The beauty of the scene oppressed her, she said, and her husband remarked that she was too sensitive for such wild scenes; so he arranged and rearranged her cushions, and finally she went quietly to sleep. Later in the evening they had music, in which all joined. Sidney had never enjoyed a quartette like this one. He supported the tenor, and Miss Stockbridge the contralto, and the four voices blended admirably. Nathalie sang with great taste and skill; but Bel, when she sang, seemed a part of the song itself, so thoroughly did the music inspire her. Here, in the drawing-room, appeared the mysterious "nurse"—a middle-aged French lady, who had evidently seen better days. She was very easy in her manners, and a great talker, though she spoke English abominably. Curiosity is a quality quite monopolized by women, according to the other sex; but it is a great mistake: a fair share is owned by men, and Sidney was no exception to the rule. He found himself again wondering, if there was a baby in the house, how this nurse could leave it so long; and then he reflected that it might be dead. In that case, why had not his communicative friend Halstead told him of the fact, and why was not Mrs. Halstead in mourning? Finally he concluded that it must have been a very young child, and there dismissed the subject from his thoughts.

Days passed in this mountain Eden, and all was as quiet and charmingly happy as heart could wish. Mrs. Halstead, being a happy married woman, considered Bel an unfortunate creature, because she was single. Bert had a general belief that all women were match-makers; but he laughed at Nathalie, who, he said, constantly "threw Sid and Bel at each other's heads;" yet he very soon found himself playing the same rôle; and often, when there was a general understanding that the four were bound for an excursion on the lake, or through the woods for flowers, he would suddenly discover that he must go down to the village, or Nathalie was not quite well, and he would stay with her, or take her to ride later in the day. In all these instances the puppets in Nathalie's drama reluctantly (?) departed alone. Very soon they learned their parts so well that no pulling of wires was necessary, and then the malicious Nathalie generally found it convenient to make one of their party wherever they went. Still, when Albert was present, the lovers had ample time for *tête-à-têtes*, for no man more idolized his wife than did Bert Halstead, and, when present, the whole universe to him was merged in Nathalie.

On the afternoon of one of these happy days—the day on which Sidney had worn for the first time a swimming costume, made all by Bel's fair hands—he received a letter from his father. In one part of this letter were these words:

"I am alarmed, my son, at the manner in which you speak of your new friend, Miss Stockbridge. You say she is going to leave soon. I am glad of it, for I fear you will stay as long as she does. You are altogether too susceptible, and too inflammable. You have promised me that you will at least see Mira, and to not marry until a year afterward. During that time I trust the best thing that can be will be done. Don't sink your shaft too deep where you are uncertain of the soil. Come home soon, I pray you. Miss Turnipseed—"

"O Lord!" groaned Sid. "What a task it will be to bring the doctor round! He's got Turnipseed on the brain."

"—Miss Turnipseed will be here before long. Of course she knows nothing of all this. She does not even know of your existence, so far as her father and I are aware, but I think, my boy, you can win her. Women all take kindly to you. You have the noblest art in the world for winning them, and that is the art of treating them as equals. Nothing flatters a sensible woman like this. The toy, angel, baby, goddess theory is 'played out,' to use a bit of modern slang.

"I am much pleased with your purchase. You give so graphic a description that I want to see it myself; and when you marry Mirabel Turnipseed—"

Sid thrust the letter back into its envelope, and, lighting a cigar, strolled out on the hills.

That evening occurred the last row on the lake. They went out when the sun was setting, and after a while Bel took the oars, and Sidney sat at her feet. There was a sadness over both, for the hour of separation drew near; but Bel concealed hers, as women generally do. The life of women is often a continued study to conceal motives and emotions, and among the best of them it has not unfrequently become second nature.

"You are unhappy to-night, Mr. Hazeltine," she said, after rowing slowly in silence for a time.

"I am happy, Miss Stockbridge, since I am in your presence; unhappy, because I am so soon to leave you. You tell me your father is coming for you early next week, and I should like to meet him; but I am obliged to go to-morrow, or the day after at farthest. You know—for I have told you—that my friend Halstead believes I came to this place only to see him and his charming wife, while, in fact, I had forgotten their existence when I followed you ashore, simply because you drew me irresistibly. Since then I know you have learned in a hundred ways that I love you. Henceforth without you even this place would be unendurable, like all others. I dare not ask you if you can ever love me. How should a beautiful and talented woman care for any of us? What is there in me for you to care for? But I could make up for all my imperfections, Bel, by the mighty love I have to lay at your feet—a love that is without bound, and will endure while life lasts. I never believed in asking a woman's heart. I have always thought she would give it freely, if it was hers to give." Sidney spoke in the most tender, respectful manner. Like all men of real nobility, his passion humbled him. It made him like a child in the presence of this woman, whom he scarcely had any hope to win.

"You are worthy of any girl in the world, Mr. Hazeltine: my heart tells me that; but I have been all the time conscious that you have tried to not care for me. There is some secret which I can not fathom—something which makes it wrong for you to love me."

"Not wrong, Bel. That can never be. It is true that my father has set his heart on my marrying a certain lady who is, doubtless, a thousand times too good for me. I have often talked to him as though I should not oppose his wishes, not caring specially for any other lady, and being anxious to please so excellent a father. I do not even know but that the lady herself expects it. I have written to him about you frankly, not mentioning your name, of course. I have told him that I had not asked your love, and did not expect I had power to win it, but failing, I should not marry at all. He begs me to come and see him, wishes me to see the lady before I decide, and says he will ask no more, only that— I can't dwell upon it. It pains me. If he were like any other father, I could treat him less gently. He's a very charming man, Bel. He makes every body *love* to please him; but he knows I am fully determined, and I can not see why he insists upon my seeing the lady. I am only sorry he has not seen you. When he does, he will understand my reasons for opposing his wishes. You say nothing. Have you no word for me?"

"You have not met the lady, you say. Go and see her. She may be very different from what you think her. She may be, and probably is, every way better than I am. Go, and for your father's sake try to love her. If you do not succeed—I will see you again. Take the oars and row back, please, and if you care for me as you say, do not speak of this again."

Sidney did not fail to see and feel the emotion in Bel's face and in her voice. He pressed her hands to his lips impassionedly, and held them there until she drew them away from maidenly shame. Then, taking the oars, he rowed to the shore in silence.

The next morning there was an unusual confusion in the house. The French nurse flitted here and there, but spoke to no one, which was, for her, very unusual. Breakfast was extraordinarily late, but just as it was announced, Halstead appeared in the sitting-room with a beaming face, and said,

"I have a surprise for you, Sidney!"

"Ah! what is it?" asked the guest, thinking it must be something very unusual and very grand to induce his friend to call him Sidney, which he had never done before in his life.

"Hold on a minute, and I'll tell you," he said, and rushed out of the room. He was gone some minutes, and Sidney became anxious to know what had happened. At last Halstead appeared on the threshold and stopped short. He held in his arms a diminutive package, done up in a piece of elaborately embroidered white flannel. Sid approached and looked at a little high-colored face in the blanket, winking and blinking its eyes in the light, and moving its lips in all sorts of droll grimaces.

"Good God! Bert, where did you get that?" exclaimed Sidney, in great astonishment. The pronoun "that" evidently hurt the young papa, and he turned away from the unsympathizing barbarian.

"Don't go, Bert. Do let me see the fellow. I've a great mind to take him." This pronoun evidently appeased Bert, for he gave the little stranger into the hands of Sid, who took him, very gingerly, indeed, and commenced laughing inextinguishably. At last it occurred to him that he was expected to congratulate his friend, and as a preliminary asked, rather awkwardly,

"This is your baby, of course?"

Bert smiled cynically.

"Albert, allow me to felicitate you with all my heart." And with the baby on one arm he approached and grasped his friend's hand enthusiastically. From that moment Bert recovered his gay spirits.

"You see, Bert, you took me so by storm, and a baby is such an inscrutable thing to a bachelor. One day it is nowhere in the universe, and the next it springs on you full armed, like Minerva from the brain of Jupiter, and looks for all the world as if it was as ancient as the sphinx of Egypt. I don't know any thing about babies. I never even saw one at this advanced age; but I can see this is a nice, strong fellow. I suppose they say he looks like you; but I'll be hanged if he looks like any thing under the heavens, or any where else. That's lucky for you, though. You can 'bow down' and worship him without breaking the second commandment." And Sid laughed anew to see the diminutive thing "square off," as he called the baby's frantic effort to do something with his arms. Finally he remembered the words of his father's letter, and congratulated Bert over again, and inquired for the mother. Bert declared that she was "getting on splendidly." Here Bel entered, and taking the baby, commenced to talk to it and caress it as if she had done nothing else all her life. Sid thought she had never looked so beautiful. The baby seemed as much at home in her arms as the infant in Raphael's famous Madonna of the Chair, which the living picture recalled.

What happiness this child seemed to bring every body, especially the father! and Sid hardly knew what to say when he learned from Bert that it was already named Albert Sidney, in honor of the guest. Later in the day he was permitted to pay his respects to the mother. She, too, was radiant, and confidently advised him to marry, that he might understand more fully the happiness that had fallen on her household with the advent of the adored infant.

The excitement did not last long for the bachelor; that day, however, and the next, though he scarcely saw any thing of Bel, he got on very well, even though there was every where and in every thing a suggestion of baby. The nurse was full of important care and anxiety. Among so many *children*, as she called the family, indiscriminately, the baby would be killed. She was specially horrified when "Monsieur Hazeltine" proposed to take it down to the lake and give it a swim. The third day Sidney bade the happy household good-by. "I am out of place here, Bert," he said. "Your superabundant bliss makes me feel like a shivering, starving outcast in sight of a palace full of banqueters. I don't envy you, old fellow; believe that. You deserve it all."

His parting with Bel had been very unsatisfactory—only a few words spoken in the sitting-room while his friend Bert was getting the horse ready. The one subject on which Sid wished to speak had been tabooed by Bel on the night of their last row on the lake, and he had tacitly accepted the conditions. He had agreed to write to her from Worcester, where he was to stop a few days. Further, there were no future plans, and they separated abruptly, like those who can not trust themselves to talk. He then joined Bert in the stables, and discussed the "points" of a very promising colt. Some time was taken up with this, and when they drove out and passed the front of the house, Bel was discovered sitting near the edge of the veranda sewing. Sidney touched his hat to her as the horse trotted by, and the impulse to go back and speak to her became irresistible a moment later, when they had reached the road at the end of the terrace. Accordingly he asked his friend to stop while he returned to the house for a moment. Bel was still on the veranda, which was raised on that side some feet from the ground, and her daintily slippered feet peeped out from beneath her white morning-gown. Sidney looked up into her face. Why had he returned? There was nothing to say. In fact, the tears of both were very near the surface, and neither uttered a word during the few seconds that Sidney stood there. He had hoped, perhaps expected, some token from Bel; but he was disappointed, and bending over, he kissed her feet with almost rude vehemence, and quickly turned away.

"Sidney!"

Again he was before her; silent still, but his face was transformed by that single word. Springing down from the veranda, she gave him both hands, and said:

"I fear you think I have treated you very coldly; but, in truth, I can not drive from my mind the fact that you are expected to marry another, and I did not wish to encourage you in the least until you had been fully tested—until, at least, you had seen the lady; for, as I said, I do not doubt that she could win you against me if she had an equal chance. I know you are sorry in your heart to go against your good father's wishes."

"True, my dear friend; but why discuss that? It is written that I *am* to go against his wishes, and I have no fear of the results."

"Well, you must not keep Albert waiting. You say you are to stop a week in Worcester. Write me from there, and then again when you have seen the lady. I shall not forget you," she added, looking up into his face, "because I can not, if I would." Then the parting ended with a kiss, "folded down," as Mrs. Browning says, "in perfect purple state."

"Be sure that I shall write, Bel," were Sidney's last words there among the roses and jasmines, whose breath long after lingered in his memory mingled with the sweeter perfume of love-hallowed lips.

For some days Bel was in a state of beatitude. She could think of nothing but her marvelous fortune in winning the deep, earnest love of a noble, handsome gentleman, and an ideal lover. But as the days wore on the roses began to fade in her lips and cheeks, for the letter from Sidney never came. She grew wretched beyond measure, and weary of the scenery even which she had so loved. She grew weary of all things except the baby Sidney, and watching and tending him, or carrying him out on the terrace when the weather permitted, was her only solace. Nathalie endeavored by every means to inspire her friend with hope. "There is some mystery, Bel, about this silence," she would say. "It would be criminal in you to distrust a man like Sidney. Men love so tenderly and so faithfully. They tell us such falsehoods about them, dear; but don't you allow yourself to doubt. There is more of the flirt in you or me in one day, serious women though we are, than in Albert or Sidney in their whole lives."

"You judge from your own happy experience, Nathalie; but I will not contradict you. If he has forgotten me utterly, why, I can die, as many a better woman has done. I shall never find another to take *his* place."

And all this weary sorrow, sleepless nights, and fading lips arose from one of those foolish *contretemps* that will sometimes happen even to the most practical and cool-headed. Sidney had written as he promised. It was a short, impassioned letter, praying only that Bel would trust him to work out her happiness and his. A single sentence will show that he was not likely to forget the last moments he had spent with Bel. "Since that 'spirit in my feet' led me back to you, darling, I have been every moment conscious of my lips. The chrism of love is upon them, and they feel proudly worthy to utter your name." The letter had been folded, enveloped, sealed, and then deliberately addressed, "Miss Bel Stockbridge, Wolfsborough, *Vermont*," instead of New Hampshire. It would have been laughable, had it not cost the peace of mind of a good and charming girl, that a man of the world—a practical man, too, like Sidney—could have committed such a stupid a blunder. But the evil was done; and when many days passed and no answer came, he began to reflect, after the manner of men, on the fickleness of women in general, and the lack of all real passion in Bel particularly. Finally he decided to go home, and, after an interview with Miss Turnipseed, convince his father of the utter folly of the proposed marriage, and then make one more effort to win back the wavering heart of Bel. Still he made no haste to return. Meanwhile Mr. Turnipseed and the doctor coolly turned the matter over, and the former decided to go and bring Miss Turnipseed to Yonkers. She was in Brighton, Massachusetts, and her father found her any thing but improved by the trip, and immediately commenced to recommend matrimony—man's sovereign cure for all feminine ills. Miss Turnipseed at first insisted upon going home to Brooklyn; for her aunt, the housekeeper, had commenced to weary of "keeping house for nobody," as she had said in her last letter to Mira. Had Sidney known that Miss Turnipseed was quite as averse to meeting the "cut and dried" husband whom her father had ready for her as that young man was to meet Miss Turnipseed, he would have looked forward to the encounter with less repugnance. He constantly pictured to himself in that lady a lank and sour spinster, quite ready and willing to gobble him up without question, and he foresaw that his gallantry was to be put to a cruel test. However, the sooner over the better, he thought, and so timed his return that he reached Yonkers only a few hours after the arrival of Mr. and Miss Turnipseed.

After dinner Miss Turnipseed had had a conversation with her father, in which she had shown utter repulsion to the idea of marriage, and he had answered, quite savagely for him,

"Don't have a fit, Mira. The marriage is not likely to take place, for it seems that young Hazeltine is quite in love with some one he has met in his travels. At least you need not fear his abducting you, after the manner of your heroes of romance."

It was late in the afternoon when the good Dr. Hazeltine went to the railway station to meet his son. On the way home Sidney said:

"I feel that I am playing the most ludicrous rôle imaginable. If you knew how much it costs me to gratify this whim of yours, you would not take my acquiescence so coolly. I do not wish to offend you, Sir, but you and Mr. Turnipseed seem to be experimenting with us with about as much sentiment as if we were pet dogs or race-horses. However, forgive my ill humor. It will soon be over."

For the rest of the day both were silent, and the doctor was very nervous, indeed, for him. During the lunch which awaited Sidney the doctor kept his son company, and introduced Mr. Turnipseed. Sidney made every effort to be agreeable, and talked freely on any topic but one, and that was his purchase of the Halstead place. The old gentleman, on the contrary, seemed to dwell on the subject, and proposed that they should all go there, including Miss Turnipseed, of course, to spend a week after the Halsteads left. "What do you say, Sidney?" asked the doctor.

"I think, father, that I have had enough of the place for the rest of my life, and I am quite willing to relinquish my right, title, and interest in it to the first bidder."

"All right!" exclaimed Mr. Turnipseed. "I like the accounts of the place amazingly. I will have it for my daughter. As she is of a romantic turn, and is going to be an old maid, it will be a fine place for her to moon in during the dog-days."

Sidney winced, thinking of the loved one he had so lately hoped to see the mistress of that enchanting spot, and he repressed a sigh as he rose and followed his father into the drawing-room, where Miss Turnipseed was discovered breaking the seal of a letter which had just arrived. At sight of each other the persecuted victims of an odious matrimonial scheme rushed madly into each other's arms, and Miss Turnipseed sobbed aloud. The cruel parents walked out into the garden, chuckling over the success of the snare they had laid; for Mirabel Stockbridge Turnipseed was, of course, Bel Stockbridge, and none other.

Explanations were soon made. Bel looked up through her tears as she released herself from Sidney's arms, saying, "I quite forgot that I was angry with you, and meant to receive you very coldly. Why did you not write me from Worcester, as you promised?"

"Of course I wrote. How could you doubt it, Bel? Why, you have the letter now in your hand." It was, in fact, the lost letter. It had traveled over Vermont quite leisurely, and at last turned up in the right place, with the words, "Try Wolfsborough, New Hampshire," written on it by some enterprising post-office official, and Nathalie had promptly forwarded it to her friend.

After about an hour, which seemed a minute to the happy lovers, the two old gentlemen came in, overflowing with joy, and commenced to tease the victims. Mr. Turnipseed persisted in the validity of his purchase of the Halstead place. Sidney was determined to convey it directly to Bel, and so it was finally decided. The Halsteads insisted upon having the wedding at their place, which they had christened "*Mirabel Terrace.*" In August the whole party were on the spot, and the two fathers were scarcely less happy than the bride and bridegroom elect. Their dearest wishes were accomplished. The ceremony took place one glorious evening at sunset, on the very spot of the terrace where the lovers had first met. Bel looked inexpressibly lovely in her white robes as she stood there under the golden and crimson clouds that rolled majestically over the fair waters of Lake Winnipiseogee, and lingered in bridal splendor over the happy scene.

Thus ended the romance of Miss Turnipseed.

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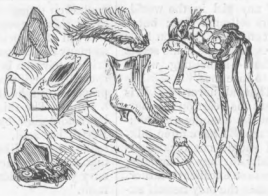
THE "STOCK" TO BE INVESTED IN.

THE "BUYERS."

THE "SELLER."

PARTY "SOLD."

THE EFFECT "ON THE STREET."

RESULTS.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A LADY having accidentally broken her smelling-bottle, her husband, who was very petulant, said to her, "I declare, my dear, every thing that belongs to you is more or less broken." "True," replied the lady; "for even you are a little cracked."

Said a gardener to a friend who had a very rubicund countenance, "Pray gaze over my garden wall for a little while; my cucumbers are very backward."

A white-haired old negro preacher in New Orleans thus addressed one of the meetings of the dissatisfied colored folks recently: "What are you grumbling about? Yer all better off dan ye eber spected to be. Did yer tink when Massa Linkum guv ye yer freedom he was gwine to buy tickets in the Louisiana State Lottery for yer besides?"

"How do you feel with such a shocking-looking coat on?" said a young clerk, of more tailors' bills than good sense, one morning. "I feel," said old Roger, looking at him steadily with one eye half closed, as if taking aim at his victim—"I feel, young man, as if I had a coat on which has been paid for. I hope you may enjoy the luxury some time."

Tennyson is not a heathen, though he is "wedded to his Idyls."

Two little boys sat listening eagerly while their grandmother was telling them the Bible story of Elijah going to heaven in a whirlwind with a chariot of fire, when little Willie interrupted her with, "Oh, Sammy! wouldn't you have been afraid?" Sammy hesitated a moment, and then replied, "No, not if I had the Lord to drive."

ADVICE TO MOTHERS—A switch in time saves nine.

In the *European Magazine* for March, 1796, there is this "epitaph" on a water-drinker:

"Here lies Ned Rand, who on a sudden
Left off roast beef for hasty-pudding;
Forsook old stingo, mild and stale,
And every drink for Adam's ale;
Till flesh and blood, reduced to batter,
Consisting of mere flour and water,
Which, wanting salt to keep out must,
And heat to bake it to a crust,
Mouldered and crumbled into dust."

Why is a carpenter's wife an unhappy woman?—Because her husband is always a-jawin' 'er.

A parsimonious sea-captain, answering the complaints of his men that the bread was bad, exclaimed: "What! complain of your bread that is made from flour? What do you think of the Apostles? They ate 'shew bread,' made from old boots and shoes."

"I am glad," said the Rev. Dr. Young to the chief of the Little Ottawas, "that you do not drink whisky, but it grieves me to find that your people use much of it." "Ah, yes," replied the chief—and he fixed his eye impressively on the doctor, which communicated the reproof before he uttered it—"we Indians use a great deal of whisky, but we do not make it."

"This is capital ale," said an old toper; "see how long it keeps its head!" "Ay," said a by-stander; "but consider how soon it takes away yours!"

The following notice appears on a bridge at Denver, Colorado: "No vehicle drawn by more than one animal is allowed to cross this bridge in opposite directions at the same time."

An Irish student was once asked what was meant by posthumous works. "They are such works," said Paddy, "as a man writes after he is dead."

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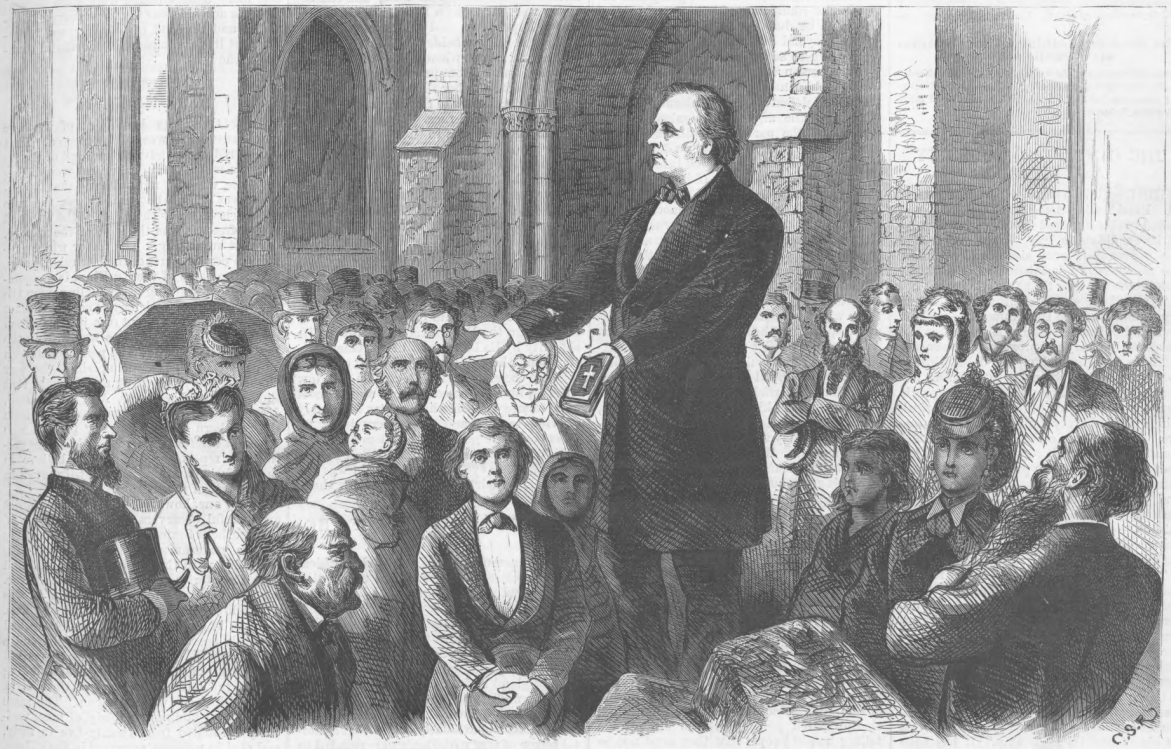

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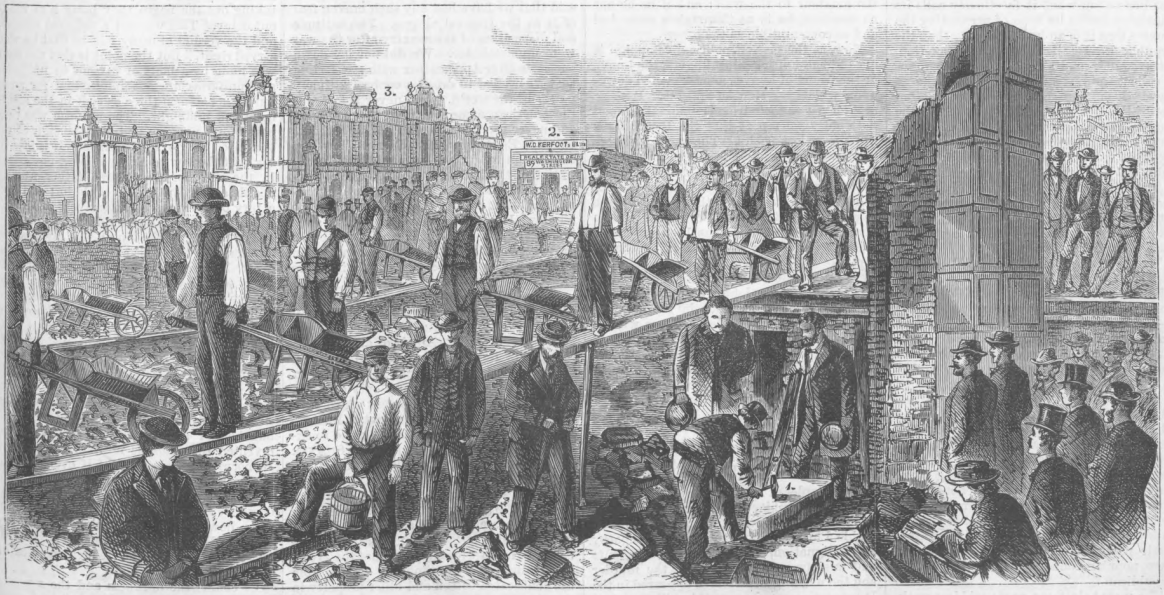

CHICAGO IN RUINS—LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE FIRST BUILDING AFTER THE FIRE.—PHOT. BY THOMAS S. SWEENEY.—[SEE PAGE 1028.]

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THE CAMPAIGN OF HONESTY AND KNAVERY.

THE Republican party, which made its first Presidential nomination in 1856, and polled twelve hundred thousand votes, elected its candidate in 1860, and has controlled the government ever since, except under the treacherous administration of ANDREW JOHNSON. During that time the party has maintained the government, abolished slavery, established the Union upon the rock of civil and political equality, and now, amidst universal industry and prosperity, is reducing taxation and diminishing the debt, while it peacefully settles the most threatening foreign questions. Meanwhile the Democratic party, whose relation to the war is historical, which resisted every humane and wise measure of settlement, and could find nothing constitutional but slavery and injustice, has been steadily forced to profess acquiescence in all that it has opposed as revolutionary and void. Its most sagacious leaders see that the public mind is resolved upon maintaining the Republican policy, and they endeavor to accommodate themselves to the actual situation.

Their professions, of course, do not remove the profound popular distrust of that party, because it is remembered that its most unscrupulous and dangerous element always controlled it. As in the State of New York the Tammany Ring has been the absolute master of the party, so that the Legislature merely registered the will of Mr. TWEED, so in the country the interest of the great slave-masters was the policy of the party. With the destruction of slavery the party has lost its object and its leadership. It has been engaged for seven or eight years in reviling the Republicans and protesting against their measures; and its only chance of future success lies not in what it facetiously calls its principles, but in its hope of persuading the country that it is an honester party than the Republican. It rails at Republican taxation, extravagance, and swindling, and promises to collect the revenues more wisely and to spend them more economically. In other words, the Democratic party appeals to the country upon its character. The Democrats, or many of them, declare that they will respect the national settlement which the Republicans have made, and acquiesce honestly in the situation. They do not propose to abolish the tariff; they say they will not attempt repudiation; but they declare that they will respect the Union and the Constitution, and lighten the public burden.

That is, indeed, not a universal declaration of the party. It is divided; but we take the most promising aspect of the situation. The question, then, for the country is—assuming that the settlement is to remain, that the debt is to be honestly paid, that equal rights are every where to be maintained, that foreign and domestic revenues are to be collected; in a word, assuming that the whole question is one of administration only—which party can most wisely be trusted for that purpose? Evidently the moment that the country believes that the question really is one of administration only, it will decide according to its conviction of the comparative honesty of the parties. It is becoming, therefore, very much a question of character rather than of policy: and is the character of the Democratic party such that it is likely to win more popular confidence than that of the Republican?

The recent elections, as we said last week, are decisive evidence upon that point. At the very moment that the more wily Democratic chiefs were hoping that professed acquiescence would disarm public suspicion, the Tammany frauds were exposed. Events have shown that many honorable Democrats refused to acknowledge longer the leadership of the men who were guilty; but it is none the less true that the controlling power of the Ring-masters in the party is so great that they could exclude the honest Democrats from their State Convention. Those honest Democrats will make common cause with honest Republicans against the Ring at the city elections in November; but it is doubtful if they could prevail in an unaided contest. They are not the party. That is to say, that at the point where the Democratic party has the most indisputable ascendency its dishonesty is so conspicuous and defiant that the whole country is appalled, and yet the better men in the party can not alone break its power.

The paramount duty of Republicans, therefore, if these views are correct, is to show in every way that their party still deserves the confidence of honest men. And this is to be done by nominating only candidates beyond all suspicion, and by stoutly refusing to support all others. If a suspicious person is regularly nominated by the Republicans, let Republicans take care that he is defeated, nor be alarmed by the threats or the arguments against such a course. If the party discipline and order are pleaded, the reply is that no decent man will be disciplined and ordered into supporting doubtful candidates. If it is said that the other side is as bad, and that a Republican rascal is better than a Democratic, the reply is that no rascal can be trusted, and that the Republican party can not afford to be identified with rascality. If in this particular election it is urged that we endanger the choice of a United States Senator, the reply is that the choice is not endangered by those who decline to support suspicious candidates, but by those who nominate them. And, in general, let it be distinctly understood by every Republican who is balancing between a doubtful Republican of the kind that Tammany wishes to see and an honest Democrat of the kind that Tammany hates, that every argument which is used to persuade him to-day will be a hundredfold stronger to-morrow. If we are to be whipped in by such arguments to support a doubtful and hesitating virtue to-day, they will scourge us to vote for thorough scoundrelism to-morrow.

Does any Republican think that a Legislature of Republicans like Mr. WINANS would be more advantageous to the State or to the party than a Legislature of honest Democrats? Yet, if we ought to vote for a single WINANS, we ought equally to vote for a whole Assembly of them. And could there be any surer way of defeating the party? There is no duller blunder than the supposition that the schemers and tricksters and unscrupulous men of a party are its shrewdest managers, and that honor and decency are impracticable in politics. There are shallow-pated politicians who are always telling honest people that they must not be too nice, that they must fight fire with fire. Do these sages expect to burn the devil's fingers? The genuine rascal always drives the amateur to the wall: and if he be not an amateur, he is as thorough a scoundrel and as contemptible as the other.

Now, as the present political campaign is one of honest men against knaves, the knave or the friend of knaves must be voted down, upon whichever side he appears. If there are knaves or their friends nominated upon both sides, we repeat that the Republicans must not elect theirs. The great point to carry in the election is the repeal of the Tammany charter, and the choice of State officers who will pursue Tammany and all other public iniquities to the end. Now the Republican State ticket is composed of men against whom no word has been or can be truly spoken. The Democratic ticket is acceptable to Tammany. It was nominated by a Convention which was controlled by Mr. TWEED in the lobby. That should be enough for all men. But in the city the Democrats will be divided. There will be the Tammany ticket and the ticket of honest men. In supporting the latter the Republicans will maintain the character of their party, and in helping to overthrow the Tammany domination, and purify State politics, they will be doing the highest patriotic duty.

THE MURDER OF CATTO.

THE murder of Mr. CATTO, a colored teacher in Philadelphia, whose portrait appeared in this paper last week, the meeting of honorable Philadelphians to express sympathy and indignation, and the sneering comments and misrepresentation both of the murder and the meeting which have appeared in the Democratic papers, are striking illustrations of what can only be called the essential meanness of that party. Here was a man sprung of a race which had been held in the worst slavery, and whose very color was a badge of social degradation in a country which professes to honor men simply as men—and a white man knows how hard is the struggle of life when, as in his case, there are no factitious disadvantages; but a man who, like CATTO, quietly braving all the cruel obstructions which contempt, ignorance, prejudice, and hatred throw in his way, devotes himself to the elevation and instruction of his younger brethren in misfortune, and who by his superior intelligence, industry, and stainless character wins the respect and confidence of the best men around him, is worthy of an admiration which is seldom due to a white man under the same circumstances.

Such a man, closing his school in the afternoon upon election day, and quietly walking homeward, is accosted by a white bully, who insults him, levels a pistol, and shoots him on the spot. It would seem as if there could be but one feeling of shame and indignation among all decent men; but the assassin was, of course, a Democrat, his victim was a Republican, and the Democratic papers teem with ribaldry at the fuss made over a dead negro, when scores of white men are murdered without public excitement. It is, we repeat, another illustration of the unspeakable meanness of the Democratic party toward the colored race. That party struggled to hold the race in the most loathsome slavery, and to secure that end it sought the destruction of the government. Baffled in every foul design against them, it can now only encourage the Ku-Klux which harries the colored people in the Southern States, and jeer and insult them even in their bloody graves when murdered by drunken or merely devilish Democrats in the North.

This is the party some of whose Northern leaders affect to acquiesce in the settlement of the war, and which promises to maintain and defend the rights of all citizens more surely than the Republicans! It proved its sincerity by its bitter hostility to emancipation and the civil and political equality bills, by the slaughters at Memphis and New Orleans, by its incessant gibes at the most unfortunate class in the country honorably striving to rise, and now shows it by its sneers over the grave of this honorable and modest citizen of Philadelphia, whose offense in Democratic eyes is that his skin was not white. By their works ye shall know them.

THE GENERAL'S VIEW OF THE TREATY.

THE generous gifts of England to Chicago, the escape of the *Hortou*, the celebration of the opening of the British and American railroad at Bangor, and the Philadelphia speech of the irrepressible General BUTLER were almost simultaneous events. The President of the United States and the Governor-General of Canada expressed the hearty hope that England and America would be drawn closer in undisturbed friendship; but General BUTLER sighs over the surrender that we have made, and evidently thinks that a mortal terror of war with England persuaded us to sign the treaty. Now, much as every honest and thoughtful man would deplore a war with England, it certainly can not be truly said that we have had any such craven fear of it as the General alleges. The attitude and disposition of the country after the war were unmistakable. We did not lay down our arms after Appomattox with any feeling that we needed to dread a contest with any power in the world. And never before was the American name so universally respected, and never was the power of the nation more feared. England surely did not show any disposition to exasperate us. In the negotiation of the REVERDY JOHNSON treaty every thing that we asked was instantly granted; and when we flung that treaty out of the window, England said, with patient good humor, and with no spirit of defiance or provocation, that if she could only ascertain what we wanted, she was very willing to agree.

Indeed, General BUTLER concedes that England did not wish war with us; but he will have it that Mr. HOAR and Judge NELSON and their associates quaked at the bare thought of the ramping lion, and made an agreement by which we get nothing whatever. The General, if he were only disposed to be lenient to the pale cravens who signed away our pride and honor, might at least remember that they persuaded England to express regret—something which Mr. SUMNER denounced as a fatal omission in the JOHNSON treaty, and something which Dr. FRANKLIN could not obtain at the Treaty of Versailles. Why our negotiators trembled, the General does not clearly set forth. Indeed, his clear statements are misstatements, as usual. He says, for instance, that the Treasury realized forty millions of dollars from the confiscated cotton and other property in the Southern States. In fact, the whole amount realized was about twenty-six millions, of which some seven millions were restored to the owners; and for the rest, if any Englishman held a lawful claim, he had adequate standing in the courts. So that for this matter only the tribunal was changed.

The only object which the General seems to have had in the speech was to make a little cheap notoriety by an appeal to what he evidently believes to be the chronic hatred of England in the American breast. And, oddly enough, the affair of the *Hortou*, in which Gloucester, his political residence, was deeply interested, occurred at the same time. But that is an event of which our self-respect and our precedents will, apparently, require us to give an explanation. We can not help thinking that in welcoming the iron bond between the British possessions and the United States, and in the prompt charity of its great cities toward our suffering city of the West, the President and his cabinet, and the New England Governors, with the Governor-General of Canada and England herself, were doing a nobler and more truly humane work than General BUTLER acusing our Commissioners of cowardice and England of bullying, and insisting that it was a miserable, moribund country at the best.

THE KU-KLUX.

THAT the bitter hostilities of the war would survive it, was to be expected. That the hatred of the government and of the influences which were victorious would long continue, was only natural; and that its consequences should be turned upon the race whose slavery was the cause of the war, and whose freedom was the sign of the victory, was not surprising. The terror which prevails in certain parts of the late rebel States, under the name of the Ku-Klux, is undeniable. Yet how strong party feeling upon the subject is at the North may be seen in the fact that when the statement of a just man from one of the Southern States was read in the Senate, that fifty thousand persons had been murdered by the Ku-Klux since the war closed, it was asserted by an opponent that there had not been one. And we are still, despite railroads and telegraphs, so far from the Southern States, that few persons who have not carefully read or heard the unquestionable reports are willing to believe in the confusion and terror that still prevail in many parts of that region.

If any one, however, will talk with quiet and careful observers from the interior of the Southern States, who are really friendly to the government, yet who would live peaceably with their neighbors, he will find that the stories of the Ku-Klux are true. An indirect proof of it is in such a tale as the following, which we know to be true. A negro in one of the Southern States had violently assaulted both a black girl and a white woman. He was brought to the jail by a crowd of whites and blacks, including among the latter the father of the girl, at three o'clock in the afternoon. The same night about midnight a body of men, variously estimated from twenty-five to forty, and clad in uniform, appeared in the village, awakened the keeper of "the store," ordered him to give them a piece of rope, then summoned the jailer to deliver the keys, and taking out the negro, they hung him without delay. This was not a political offense, and the verdict of many will be that he was served right. But the point is that the man was hung by a body of persons in uniform, and uniforms are not improvised for such purposes between three o'clock in the afternoon and midnight. The uniform was prepared for a purpose, and was the sign of an organized body of lawless men. It is idle to say that the law would have been powerless in the case, for the colored father was as hostile as any white man could be; and had a jury been composed exclusively of the offender's own race, he would have suffered.

The significant fact in all this lawlessness and terror is that it is chiefly political. The masked blow of the Ku-Klux always falls upon some loyal man, black or white, and always upon a Republican. Democrats are unharmed. It is not a terror for those who attempted to destroy the government during the war, but for those who sustained it. The conclusion is irresistible that it is an organization of Democrats. This fact is made still more unquestionable by the denials and sneers of Northern Democrats. They call it rawhead and bloody-bones, a bugaboo of scared radicals, and a device invented to authorize military coercion of Democratic districts. But if every victim in the Southern States who is taken from his home and scourged, or mangled, or murdered were a Democrat instead of a Republican, how the land would ring with the cry that a radical Administration abandoned innocent citizens to the tender mercies of savages!

Of course the darkness and the mystery with which the Ku-Klux is enveloped serve both to exaggerate and to conceal the truth. Some foolish fellow will foolishly threaten a

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neighbor, who will laugh at him for his pains and publish his threat, and it will then be said that such folly is a specimen of the Ku-Klux. But the long list of terrible outrages which are authenticated, the suffering privately revealed and proved by the scarred person, but which even the sufferer will not publish, lest murder should follow scourging —these things are not ridiculous. They argue a state of society which is simply intolerable, and for whose continuance all who scornfully affect to disbelieve are morally responsible. If the Democratic party were resolved that the Ku-Klux should disappear, it would be heard of no more. If it were as anxious to restore and confirm the tranquillity of the Southern States as it is to throw the odium of military despotism upon a government which seeks to protect innocent citizens from cruel lawlessness, that lawlessness would cease. The country will not forget that the Democratic party sustains the Ku-Klux by affecting to deny its existence; that the terror which is undeniable in certain parts of the Southern States is Democratic; and that the party whose leaders refuse to assist the authorities in maintaining order hopes to elect a President and obtain control of the government.

THE GOVERNOR AND THE RING.

THE response of Governor HOFFMAN to the Committee of Seventy was very significant. He promised to do all that he could, and to ask the Attorney-General to consult with Mr. CHARLES O'CONOR upon the extent of his powers. This last promise was very suggestive. It was not so merely because of that counselor's eminence in his profession, but because Mr. CHAMPLAIN, the Attorney-General, is known to be acceptable to the Tammany Ring, while Mr. O'CONOR has defied it. The answer of Governor HOFFMAN shows that he has probably broken with the Ring. This, if it be so, is a subject of congratulation. It can not save the Governor's political fall, but it breaks it with a certain degree of good feeling. Mr. HOFFMAN made the fatal mistake of intrusting his political fortunes to the most unscrupulous clique of his party. It made him Governor by fraud, and its control of him was so absolute that he was forced to do many things for which he undoubtedly begs the charity of oblivion.

But at the time of the riots in July, when the Mayor, Mr. OAKEY HALL, prostituted his office to serve the basest passions, and to strike at the most sacred rights of American citizens, the Governor declared that those rights should be maintained. This was the sign of breaking with the Ring, and his reply to the Committee of Seventy shows that the breach is not healed. If the Ring, as is very probable, seeks to make trouble at the election, the chief executive of the State will not be its accomplice. In all these facts there is a lesson which is worth observing. It is that all is *not* fair in politics, and that an aspiring politician can not safely consort with political sharpers. For some months Mr. HOFFMAN was considered to be the probable Democratic candidate for the Presidency. The State of New York and plenty of money were supposed to be the conditions of Democratic success. The Tammany organization was the most complete and the most powerful in the party. The Ring at its head would guarantee the State of New York for the candidate, and would furnish money enough—stolen, as now appears, from the people of the city—for the campaign elsewhere. It would ask only to name the candidate, and its man was one whom it believed to be its humble servant.

That Mr. HOFFMAN felt his dependence upon such men and such means to be a harassing slavery, may well be believed. But in politics sophistry and blindness are always conveniently at hand. That he winced at the necessity of signing the Erie bill, his message upon the subject showed. That he sometimes heartily wished himself free of the odious alliance, need not be doubted. But he had entered upon public life with nothing but his profession behind him, and the hopes and blandishments of the career led him on. Whether the bill by which Mr. OAKEY HALL hoped to muzzle that part of the press which he and his accomplices could not frighten or bribe first revealed to him the real character and fatal tendency of the Ring, we do not know. But he refused to sign it, and an essential part of the plot of the Tammany conspirators against the property and the rights of the people was baffled. This was followed by the Governor's refusal to support HALL'S surrender to the mob in July. And this, in turn, by the declaration that ample military preparation should be made for the preservation of the public peace against the designs of Tammany, and that his official conduct would be guided by the advice of a lawyer who is unsparing in his hostility to the Ring.

All this is the more creditable to the Governor as it is fatal to the political hopes he had cherished. He was so closely allied with Tammany that to defy its power was to defeat himself. But he has had enough self-respect and regard for his high office to look only at his duty and the public welfare. He has done something to remove from his name the stain that association with Tammany had given it; and his action in this great crisis has undoubtedly commended him to the kinder consideration of the best men of his own party, as it has to the judgment of his political opponents.

AN EXTRAORDINARY SUCCESS.

OF HARPER'S WEEKLY for the present week 300,000 copies have been ordered. One house—the American News Company—ordered considerably over 50,000 copies; the New England News Company, of Boston, ordered 40,000 copies; the Western News Company, whose place of business is Chicago, ordered from the ruins of their office 30,000 copies. Thus these three houses alone ordered over 120,000 copies.

To produce in time this extraordinary edition the forms or pages which contain illustrations are electrotyped, and four different casts are taken of them, to be worked on as many rapid steam-power presses, which are kept going night and day during five days. The plain sides are printed on other and more rapid presses. It is probable that no other house in the country could print, in the required time, such an edition, which is really equal, the Supplement being reckoned, to 450,000 copies of the paper.

For some time past the circulation of HARPER'S WEEKLY has been so steadily and rapidly increasing that the publishers have been unable to keep up with the demand, and on a number of occasions have not been able to fill the actual orders received for it.

This success of HARPER'S WEEKLY is an evidence of the manner in which the American people appreciate true courage and independence in a journal. The WEEKLY has made incessant war upon the Tammany Ring, regardless of the fact that its course procured its publishers the enmity of the corrupt leaders among the Democrats, who took their revenge, not only in this city, but in California and elsewhere, by excluding the excellent school-books of Messrs. HARPER from the common schools. But that which displeased the corruptionists has won for HARPER'S WEEKLY the confidence of the great public, and has been one of the features which has brought the paper to its present extraordinary circulation. Its conductors have aimed to make not only a model illustrated paper, giving promptly and in the best style accurate and artistic pictures of the leading events of the day, but they have made, also, a journal conducted on sound and just principles, faithful to liberty, to honesty, and sound morals, and independent in the truest sense of the word. Its editorials are always able and thoughtful, and its literary matter is as valuable as its artistic work.

The low price at which, in these days, the best productions of artists and writers are furnished to the public is curiously shown by such a journal as HARPER'S WEEKLY. If we count the WEEKLY with its Supplement, which is now regularly given, each number contains the equivalent of 88 pages of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, or of an octavo volume of 300 or 400 pages printed in open type. And yet this mass of matter, illustrated by the ablest and most popular artists, is sold for ten cents. Only a very large circulation could remunerate a publisher for such an outlay as is represented in the pictures, editorials, tales, and other literary matter of every number of HARPER'S WEEKLY.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE is only second in its circulation to HARPER'S WEEKLY. Its regular monthly sales now reach over 130,000 copies.

It is certainly an extraordinary fact that, reckoning the population of the United States at 40,000,000, and the combined circulation of HARPER'S WEEKLY and MAGAZINE at 400,000, it would seem that one in every hundred of the population actually buys either the MAGAZINE or the WEEKLY. What an immense educational power this is; and how fortunate for the country that this great influence is in the hands of able, conscientious, and patriotic men!—*New York Times.*

PERSONAL.

AFTER the conflagration at Chicago, ROBERT COLLYER, the eloquent preacher, told his people, as they worshiped beside the ruins of their burned church, that he had once preached for seventy-five cents a year, and was ready for their sakes to do it again; and that, if the worst came, he could still make as good a horseshoe as any blacksmith in Chicago—a practical illustration of his own lecture on "Clear Grit."

—Mr. Superintendent MILLER, of the Insurance Department, who recently returned from Europe after three months' absence, met with a cordial reception from the Board of Underwriters. The announcement of his determination to render every aid to companies temporarily embarrassed by the Chicago fires, and, if necessary, to go to the Legislature for additional power to relieve, met with warm approval. The compliments paid to the ability and integrity of the Superintendent were the more valuable coming as they did from prominent underwriters who, in political sentiment, were opposed to him.

—In one of his recent entertaining sketches and anecdotes of public men, Colonel FORNEY speaks of the peculiar dialect of the negro, and names several speakers of the South, eminent for oratory, whose pronunciation was strongly marked by it. JAMES M. MASON, of Virginia, seemed to delight in the African accent. But there was no better specimen than the late THOMAS H. BAYLY, for many years the representative in Congress from the Accomac district. He was a man of some force and education, and yet would address "Mr. Speakah," and refer to the honorable member who has just had the "flo." KEITT, of South Carolina, LINN BOYD, of Kentucky, and HOWELL COBB, of Georgia, had the same peculiarity, as have HENRY A. WISE, THOMAS S. BOCOCK, and JEFF DAVIS.

—Mr. THURLOW WEED, after having been for a quarter of a century the Warwick of his party, and now living in elegant retirement, has finally brought himself to the point of being regularly pensioned off by the government for services rendered. In 1812 he served as a soldier on the frontier of this State, and by a recent act of Congress the 1812 men are placed on the pension roll. He is now fortunately placed beyond further want by the $8 per month, which comes just in time to be of service in his old age; for, with the generosity which has always characterized him, he at once dedicated the avails of his pension to the needs of an old comrade, to whom the check received from Washington on Saturday was paid on Monday.

—In the year 1791 BENJAMIN FRANKLIN bequeathed to Boston and Philadelphia $5000 each, to be loaned in small sums to mechanics. He calculated the fund would reach in one hundred years over $650,000, and gave directions as to its investment. The Boston fund amounts now to $142,038 90, and is well invested. The Philadelphia fund has been less thriftily managed, and amounts to less than $50,000.

—A pleasant story comes fresh from Spain of King AMADEUS, and how he astonished the gentlemen in attendance on him. While out in Tarragona Bay he began to strip off his clothes. The General asked the King what he was going to do. "I am going to have a swim," called out AMADEUS the First, and straightway, to the terror of his companion, he threw a somersault into the Mediterranean. Nothing worse came of the adventure than the shock given to the sensibilities of the General, who is represented as having been in the direst state of consternation while his Majesty was disporting himself in the waves. Considering the difficulty the Spaniards might experience in procuring another king if either a sudden cramp or a disloyal shark had complicated the affairs of government by interfering with the bath of AMADEUS, the anxiety manifested by the General on this occasion may be excused. Besides, it is well known that in Spain etiquette goes so far as to insist that a queen has no legs, and that a king must be always a monarch, and never a mere man. A king was once toasted to death before a fire in Spain because the proper functionary could not be found to move his chair; but the Spaniards should remember that AMADEUS is an exotic, and does not, perhaps, share their views of cold water, and would probably have his swim despite the remonstrances of any Hidalgo or descendant of the Cid in his dominion.

—The two oldest churches in New York are Trinity and the Collegiate Dutch Church. In faith they differ more than in practice. Only one thing have they in common—the parsons wear gowns while preaching. These two are, moreover, the richest religious corporations in the State. Dr. DIX, the rector of Trinity, is popularly spoken of as a High-Church ritualist. The Dutch dominies are Calvinistic, conservative, and evangelical. Yet the best of feeling has existed between these corporations for two hundred years. They lent each other their churches in troublesome times, and the Dutch gave Trinity a helping hand when she settled her first lector. The gift of an organ to the Dutch showed the kindly feeling of the Episcopal parish. On each anniversary of the Fulton street daily prayer-meeting the profuse decoration of flowers in the old Dutch church has been the gift of the rector of Trinity. On the fourteenth anniversary, celebrated the other day, the rector sent over a bushel basket full of the richest flowers to decorate the pulpit, communion-table, and walls of the old Dutch church. That is so like Dr. DIX!

—The Mayor of Chicago, the Hon. R. B. MASON, upon whom so vast a responsibility now rests as the dispenser of a world's charities—an outpouring of money, food, and clothing such as Christendom has never hitherto witnessed—was born in Berkshire County, Massachusetts. He was educated a civil engineer, and was chief engineer of the New York and New Haven Railroad during its construction. He has always maintained a high character for integrity. Ex-Mayor BRIGGS, of Springfield, Massachusetts, who has known him for twenty-five years, says, "Chicago in her great misfortune is indeed fortunate in having for chief municipal officer a man of such unspotted character as ROSWELL B. MASON."

—When President GRANT was at Pittsburg, a few days ago, he made to the citizens a neat speech—brief, of course—in which he said: "I hope that the day is not far distant when our citizens will look upon the executive as President of the whole country, and not as the representative of any party or section. I shall take the opportunity of visiting your workshops, which I recognize as the source of wealth not only to the artisan and the city, but to the whole nation. I hope the time will soon come when the wants of the whole country will be supplied by the products of home industry."

—It is creditable to the publishing interest that the largest individual tax in Charlestown, Massachusetts, is paid by MOSES A. DOW—$7700. He acquired his fortune by publishing the *Waverley Magazine.* Only the good Dow's, not the rowdy-dows, make large fortunes by paper and types.

—As one of the signs of the unrest that exists in the public affairs of France, it may be mentioned that the fifty-first anniversary of the birth of the Count de Chambord (HENRY V.) was celebrated on the 29th of September by most of the wealthy Legitimist families of France. Along the Loire the demonstrations were specially cordial.

—Mr. JAMES GRANT, in his new book on the "Newspaper Press of London," expresses the belief that the profits of the London *Times* are £460,000 per annum. When Mr. GRANT edited the *Morning Advertiser*, Lord Brougham and Sir DAVID BREWSTER wrote for him. Lord Palmerston, in his day, furnished through his secretary editorials and news. One of the "past metropolitan daily papers," the *Representative*, started in 1825 by MURRAY, the publisher, was edited by Mr. DISRAELI. The offices of this journal were fitted up in a state of splendor without parallel. The reception-room especially—the visitors to which were expected to be mostly of the aristocracy—was furnished in a gorgeous style. It was expected that Mr. DISRAELI would encourage Mr. MURRAY'S aristocratic friends to make frequent calls by according them a courteous reception; "but," says Mr. GRANT, "Mr. DISRAELI did not then, any more than he does now, or did at any intervening period of his history, enjoy any remarkable reputation for affability of manners." The reception-room of the *Representative* was but little visited, and this led to a coolness between the proprietor and editor. The paper never had a circulation worthy the name, while the advertisements were few and unprofitable. The *Representative* expired after a feeble and unhappy existence of six months, the loss to Mr. MURRAY, according to Mr. GRANT'S estimate, being £15,000. It is mistakenly believed that this was the first journal with which Mr. DISRAELI was connected. Some few years before, when he had not much exceeded his majority, and while his "Vivian Grey" was before the public, he had a journal of his own, called the *Star Chamber*, which consisted of an uncompromising denunciation of what he regarded as the vices and follies of fashionable society, mingled with unsparing severity in his notices of some of the leading works of the day. Mr. CYRUS REDDING used to say that Mr. DISRAELI gave a eulogistic review in this publication of "Vivian Grey." The *Star Chamber* never excited the slightest interest, and never had any circulation. It died when it reached the end of the second volume.

—Since the death of DEAN RICHMOND the nominal leader of the Democratic party of the State has been Mr. SAMUEL J. TILDEN, of this city. That position is tacitly accorded to whoever, for the time being, is chairman of the State Committee. Mr. RICHMOND held the position some fifteen or twenty years. After his decease Mr. TILDEN was chosen his successor. In the present State Committee will be found the names of men who have been members for many years, among them WILLIAM CASSIDY, editor of the Albany *Argus*; JOSEPH WARREN, editor of the Buffalo *Courier*; HENRY A. RICHMOND, who succeeded to the place occupied by his father; DELOS DE WOLF, an opulent banker of Oswego; ELMORE P. ROSS, of Auburn, one of the men who organized the Merchants' Union Express Company, and after a tough struggle with the American won the battle, and was admitted into partnership; GEORGE MAGEE, of Schuyler, who inherited a large fortune from his father, the late JOHN MAGEE; ISAAC M'CONIHE, of Troy, formerly Mayor and Postmaster of that city; S. T. ARNOT, of Chenango; and GEORGE W. CUYLER, of Wayne. All these have for many years been members of the Committee.

—"Uneasy lies the head where sits the" hat of a President, is especially the fact with M. THIERS, who is said to be constantly guarded by the police and soldiers. He has become the subject of strange fancies with respect to a conspiracy against his own person.

—Grace Greenwood has taken to manual labor. In a recent letter she says: "I drove a spike on the Denver and Rio Grande Railway. It was a cruel tax," she says, "on my 'muscular Christianity.' The newspaper report said that I 'drove the spike home triumphantly,' but I really thought it 'wouldn't go home till morning.'" Now, out in that region, when one wishes a man or woman to drink with him, he asks, "Will you drive a spike?" and whether Grace Greenwood did it metaphorically or otherwise is one of the great moral questions of the day. The observation about going home in the morning would strengthen the suspicion of those who like to put a wrong construction on phrases.

—ASSI, BILLIORAY, PASCHAL GROUSSET, JOURDE, ROGERE, and all the other members of the Commune, or Central Committee, who were sentenced to transportation to a fortified place, have been sent to Fort Boyard, opposite the island of Aix, at the mouth of the river Charente, to await the sailing of the transport which is to take them to their definitive place of imprisonment. This has not yet been announced, and all that is known regarding it is that it will not be Cayenne. GROMIER, another member of the Commune, and a writer in the *Vengeur*, has recently died in the hospital at Versailles.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

ON Friday night, October 20, the prosecuting attorney of Chicago was shot and fatally wounded by one of the special fire patrols, whose hail he refused to answer.

The statement that the wooden pavement in Chicago took fire and was burned, which was circulated through the press, turns out to be erroneous. The streets thus paved now form a net-work of clean, smooth thoroughfares through the burned district, which will prove exceedingly valuable in rebuilding.

The collector of Gloucester, Massachusetts, has notified Secretary Boutwell of the arrival of the schooner *Horton* at that port. He says that she came peaceably away from Guysboro', Nova Scotia, but that, as her papers have been seized, she wishes new ones issued.

Immense fires are reported in the district of Woodland, Campbell County, Kentucky, and a similar calamity to that of the destruction of Peshtigo is threatened.

A wagon-load of Union torpedoes exploded in San Francisco recently. The driver was instantly killed, and one of his legs blown a distance of several hundred feet. The windows of houses in the neighborhood were shattered by the concussion.

President Grant has issued a proclamation suspending the writ of *habeas corpus* in the counties of Spartanburg, York, Marion, Chester, Laurens, Newberry, Fairfield, Lancaster, and Chesterfield, South Carolina, on account of the Ku-Klux outrages in those portions of that State.

FOREIGN NEWS.

A GREAT republican meeting was held October 16 in Madrid, and resolutions opposing the present government, and all forms of government not republican, were adopted. The boldest sentiments, even to sympathy with the International Society, were uttered by the speakers.

An address has recently been issued by representative working-men in England, demanding separation of church and state. The address announces that meetings of working-men will be held throughout the country in support of the movement.

It is reported that the last German polar expedition discovered a polar sea free of ice and swarming with whales.

Juarez has been re-elected President of Mexico by Congress, the vote being yeas, 108, and no opposition votes offered.

The telegraphic cable between Barbadoes and Demerara has been successfully laid.

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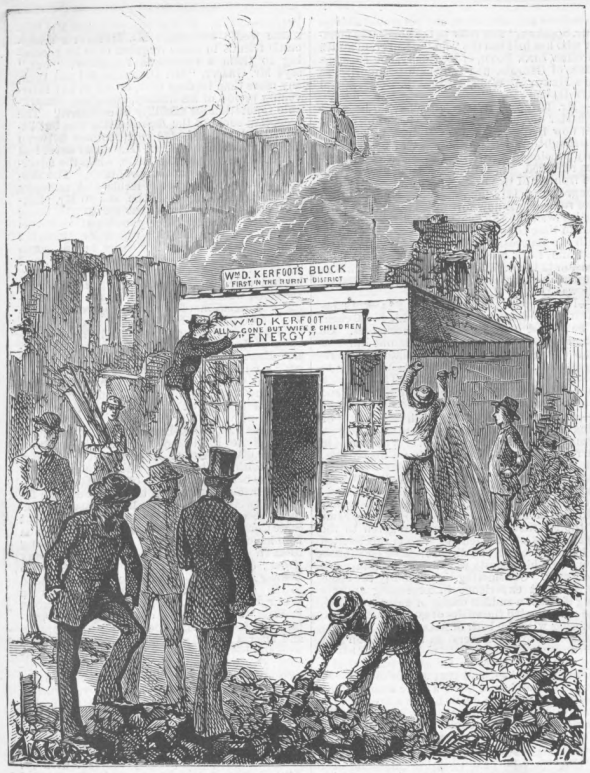


CHICAGO IN RUINS—KERFOOT'S BLOCK.—[SKETCHED BY T. R. DAVIS.]

CHICAGO IN RUINS—GETTING WATER FROM THE ARTESIAN WELL.—[SKETCHED BY T. R. DAVIS.]

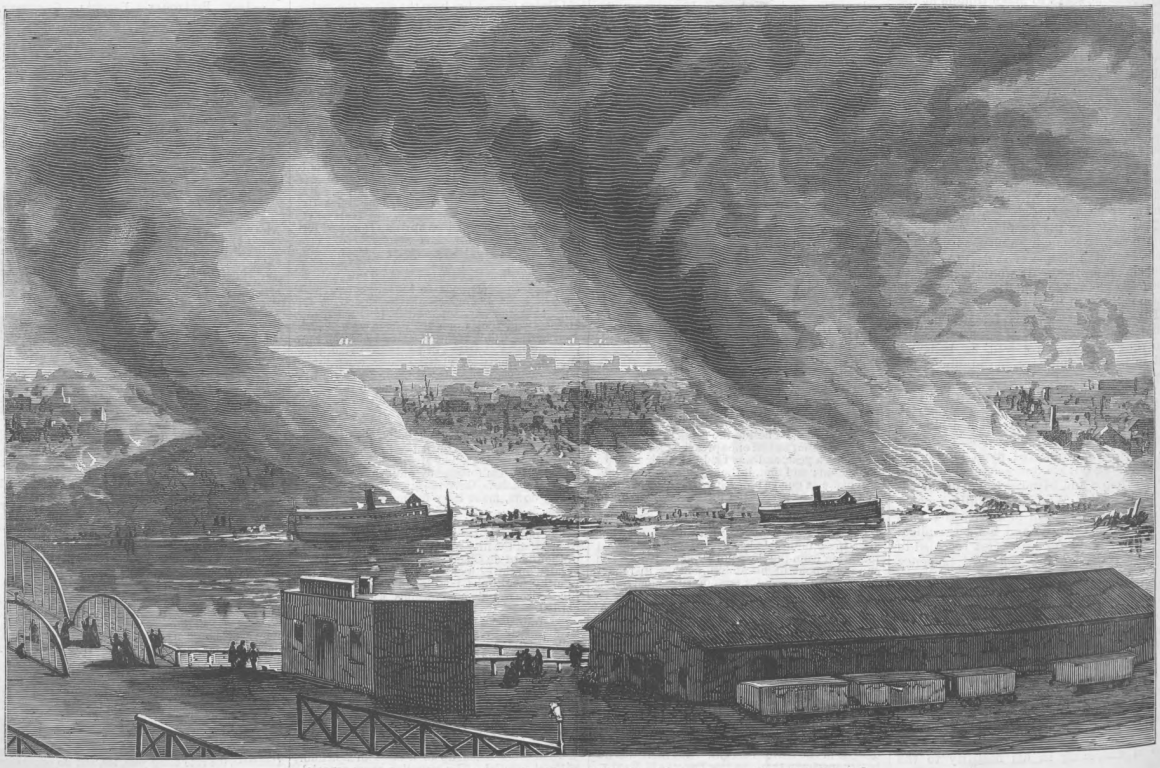
CHICAGO IN RUINS.

Two weeks ago we gave our readers a broad view of the beautiful Garden City as it was before the great fire. Last week our series of sketches presented the greatest disaster of modern times—Chicago in flames. In the present number we give graphic pictures of her desolation. Happily these last will present but a short period of her history. The work of restoration has already begun, and will be pushed forward with a celerity and vigor of which the world has seen no example.

The burned district comprised an area of about three and a half square miles, containing about twenty-two hundred acres—about one-sixth of the city tract. They were very costly acres, and the sweeping devastation has destroyed within their boundaries more than twice the value of all that remains.

Our artists in this number help the reader to a complete idea of this desolation. From the stand-point chosen for one of the double-page panoramic views—the roof of Congress Street, a small boarding hotel on Congress Street, between Wabash and Michigan avenues—the observer looks out upon what was, a few days ago, the busy centre of the busiest city on the continent outside of New York. At our feet the ruin commences with the shapeless débris of Terrace Block—eleven splendid marble dwellings, once the principal adornment of the lake front. To the southernmost dwelling, that of Hon. J. Y. SCAMMON, was attached a choicely kept garden, extending across the block between Wabash and Michigan avenues. Congress Hall is now the improvised Custom-house. The adjoining small Michigan Avenue Hotel is the largest hotel left in the city. In the cherished shrubbery workmen are busy erecting temporary quarters for the wholesale grocery store of one of Mr. SCAMMON'S tenants, burned out below Randolph Street. Wabash Avenue was recently the street of churches. The ruins of several of these late beautiful structures are shown—the First Presbyterian, St. Paul's Universalist, Trinity, and, farther away, the Second Presbyterian and the Cathedral of St. Mary. The long railroad pier stretches in front of the park basin, but it terminates in a tract shorn of all dépôt structures.

From where we stand we look into the ruins of the Court-house, of Honore's Building, the Custom-house, the *Tribune* building. Further to the left are the stately broken façades of the Pacific Hotel and the Bigelow House. Be-



CHICAGO IN RUINS—BURNING COAL HEAPS.—[SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.]

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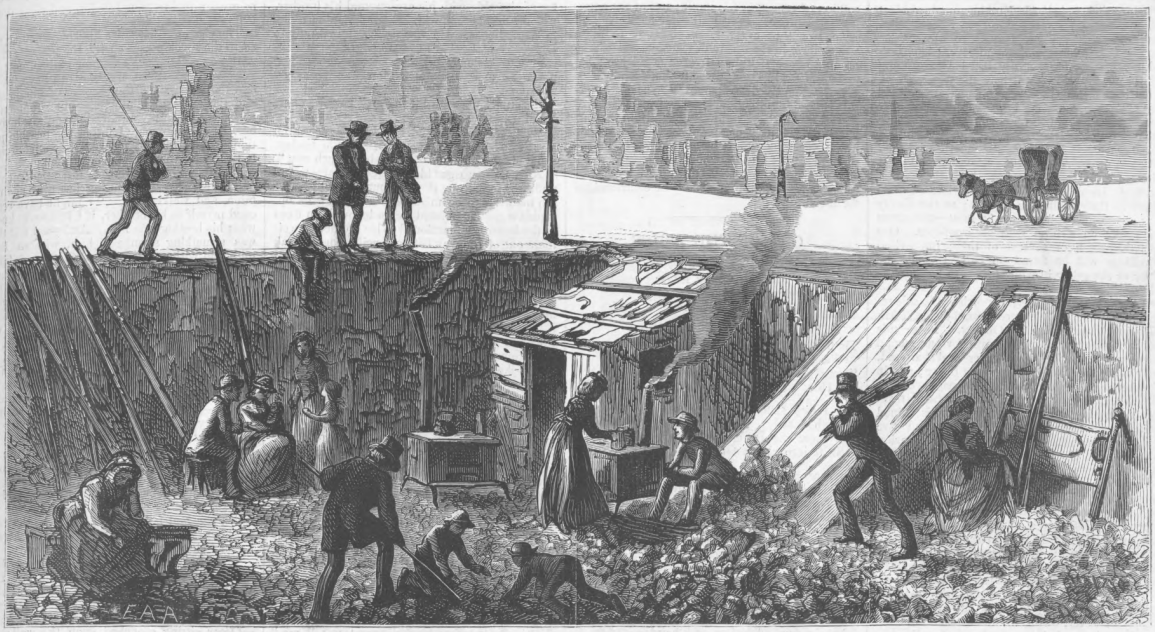
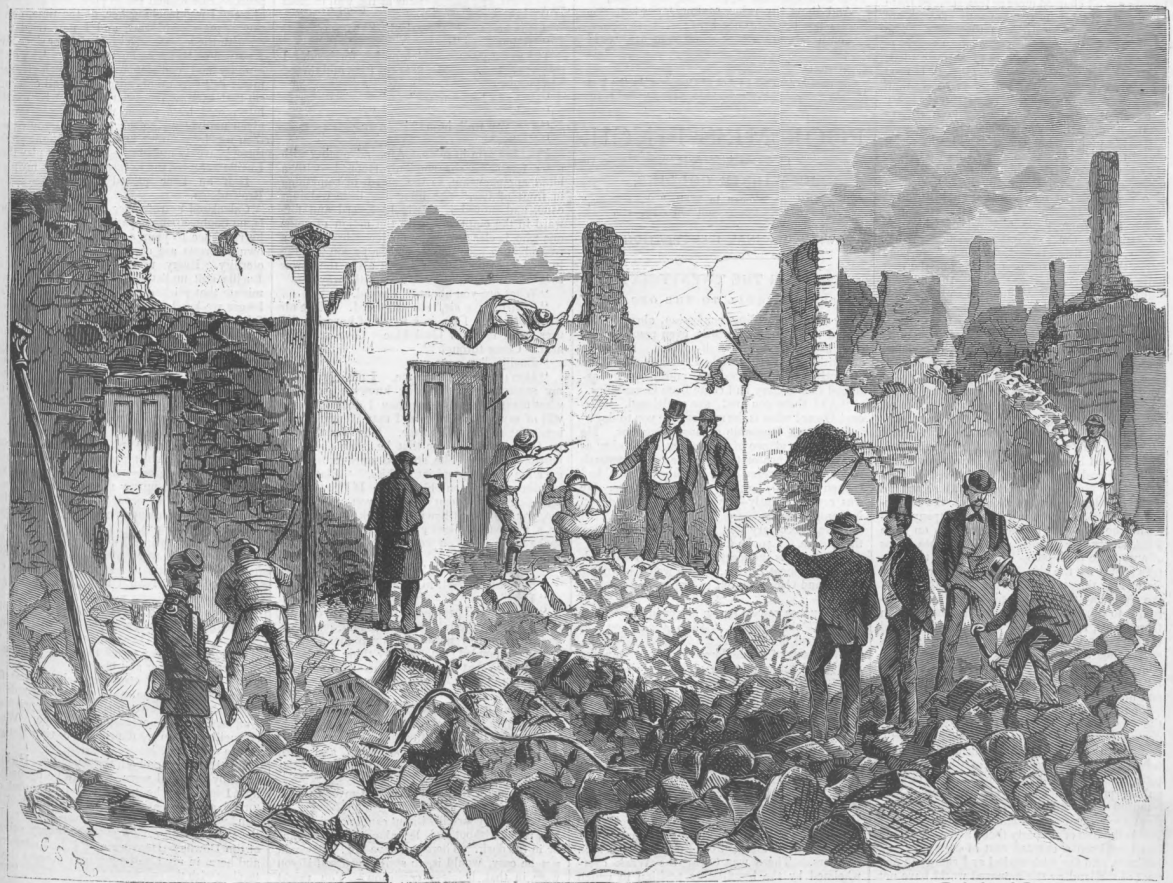


CHICAGO IN RUINS—IMPROVIZED SHANTIES ON THE NORTH SIDE.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

tween them, and throughout the wide area, all smaller buildings have disappeared. The wooden structures were destroyed utterly, and their ashes blown away. All in front of us northward to the river is ruin and desolation, and beyond the river we see, three miles and a half away across the treeless and vacant plain, the woods of Wright's Grove.

Come with us to the other scene chosen by the artist. We drive down Wabash Avenue. Not long ago it was gay in its turn-outs, and notable by its great wholesale stores. Now its late most familiar corners are indistinguishable, or only to be made out by landmarks traced with difficulty. We turn into State Street. Here was FIELD & LEITER'S white marble dry-goods palace. There was Booksellers' Row—a range of great bookstores equaled in no other city in the world. One thing strikes us with astonishment. Two days have only elapsed since the fire, yet so thorough was the unopposed work of destruction that every thing combustible has disappeared. From the débris and from the street pavement ashes, dust, every thing the winds could carry, have been blown away. We pause to note how the walls of white marble, the buff limestone of Illinois, the red and olive sandstones of Ohio and Marquette, the speckled granite of Minnesota, and the blue Lockport limestone of New York have suffered almost alike in the fire, whose force is compared by numerous eye-witnesses to that of a blow-pipe. Every thing the power of wind and flame could level has been leveled; every thing it could lift has been swept away. The débris and bare standing walls show few traces of stain. The furious fire consumed its own smoke. All about us are the regular and special guardians of the peace, among them many soldiers. In these heaps of débris lie the treasures of the city, for every bank and all its best places of business were destroyed.

We go forward, pass the tall ruins of the scarred City Hall, cross into the West Division—for the main river has no bridges, and even the Lasalle-street Tunnel suffered in its approaches by the fire. A constant line of horse and foot throngs Lake-street Bridge. We turn into the North Division, shown in the upper panoramic view, and



CHICAGO IN RUINS—OPENING BANK VAULTS—MERCHANTS' SAVINGS, LOAN, AND TRUST COMPANY, CORNER LAKE AND DEARBORN STREETS.
[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

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here again we notice how the flames licked up every thing that could burn. Nothing remains. Most of the structures were wood, with plank sidewalks, and the lots are many of them as free of traces of human habitation as if they had never been builded upon. Even the sward has burned up and blown away. Here and there the iron-work of a sewing-machine, or a solid piano frame burned out of its case, tell of the industry or taste of some banished household. Where are the seventy-five thousand people that only a few days ago filled the homes and haunts of the North Division? We see a new use for these heavy street grades rising from six to eight feet above the natural surface. Dwellings are being improvised here and there in their sheltering corners; so the shanty has two walls of masonry at least—the street pavement on a level with the roof-tree. Our artist's sketch of several of these improvised dwellings will be found on page 1029. The floor of the cellar in which they are built is the old prairie level.

We are now standing just north of the sole remaining house in the burned district of the North Division, that of M. D. OGDEN. From this point of view we look southward for our second panorama of desolation. Roofless and shattered, here is the beautiful Church of the Unity; and in another sketch, printed on our front page, we show the Rev. ROBERT COLLYER holding Sabbath service among his stricken flock within this ruined sanctuary. Rare was the spectacle, and rare must have been the improvement of this occasion by that most eloquent of preachers. But it can not be a present question of rebuilding, for, if restored to-day, the Church of the Unity has but one human habitation within a mile of it. Our sketch of the ruin of the North Division tells its own story. It is of interest now as a record of a disaster that will be told to the remotest generation of men. It will be doubly interesting as a memento when, a few years hence, our artists take up their pencils to show the rehabilitated city.

Among the many privations to which the inhabitants were subjected was that of a limited supply of water, owing to the destruction of the water-works, and those who lived at a distance from the lake-side suffered greatly in consequence. Many hundreds went a long way, with pans, pails, tubs, kettles, etc., to get water from the large Artesian well in Lincoln Park, from which 550 gallons flow per minute. The water is slightly mineral, but not unpleasant to the taste.

The illustration on page 1036 shows a crowd of fugitives from the fire passing through the "Potter's Field"—on foot, on horseback, in every kind of vehicle—pursued by the rapid flames, which devastated the very abodes of the dead. The portion where the fire was most destructive was that which the Germans have chiefly appropriated, which lies nearest to the town. The legend of the cheap wooden monuments always begins, "*Hier ruhet*," "*here rests*." These headboards are all charred more or less, some of them are burned entirely away; the votive flowers are burned down to the earth in their pots. The mounds of the graves themselves are sometimes half torn away by the violence of the fiery wind, and there are acres where the grass is burned down to the ground. But a far sadder sight than the desecration of the dead is the evidence every where afforded that even this was not a sanctuary for the living. The whole place is strewn with fragments of household goods and gods, abandoned to the dead as the living found that place after place was too hot to hold them. Potsherds, tables, chairs, bedding, and all the *impedimenta* of a poor German family one stumbles over at every turn.

We turn from these pictures of Chicago's desolation to the gratifying evidence of her energy. The first illustration on our front page shows the laying of the corner-stone of the first building commenced after the fire—that of Kendall's Bank, corner of Washington and Dearborn streets. It was laid October 16 by MORTIMER & TAPPER, contractors. The localities designated by figures are (1) the corner-stone; (2) Kerfoot's Block; (3) ruins of the City Hall. "Kerfoot's Block" is merely a rough shanty, about twelve feet by eight, knocked together the morning after the fire by the gentleman whose name it bears, on the site of his former place of business. His sign bears the inscription, "WM. D. KERFOOT: all gone but wife, children, and energy." This example of good heart and pluck was followed by thousands, and really gave tone to the general sentiment of the citizens.

Another illustration, on page 1029, shows the work of digging out the safes of the "Merchants' Savings, Loan, and Trust Company," opposite the Tremont House. Another, on page 1028, shows the burning of the immense heaps of anthracite coal, comprising most of the winter's supply for the city. The largest coal-yards were along the east bank of the South Branch of the river, and the burning piles were from twenty-five to thirty feet in height. The flames from these heaps, reflected from the clouds, furnished the only illumination of the city during the nights succeeding the destruction of the gas-works, when the streets were patrolled by armed guards for the protection of the citizens against thieves and murderers.

The story of this calamity is not all told in the tale of millions lost. In the course of the destruction of two hundred millions of property, of fifteen thousand buildings burned in the sixteen hours of the great fire of Chicago, what tongue can tell the human suffering in this appalling process of sudden dispossession of one hundred thousand of the population of the city from their homes and their places of business? Nor is the loss of property theirs alone. Chicago has long been a coveted seat of enterprise and business, and few with capital and energy in any part of the land or the moneyed world have not taken a venture therein. The loss of incomes, the defeat of investments, the shrinkage or loss of securities, in this wiping out of two hundred million of values, is felt in all parts of the country and Europe. It will all come back again in time, if not to every loser, certainly to those who believe in the future of Chicago. It will be made a better city than it ever could have become but for this fire. A better building system, a more shapely development, a spirit of enterprise and determination, literally tried as by fire, will bring all these results. The brightest feature of the picture is one no artist pencil can show—the generous sympathy of the world in the desolation of Chicago, which has opened to its suffering children all hearts and all purses in the instant magnificent rivalry of contributions for their relief.

OUT OF THE ASHES.

BY HOWARD GLYNDON.

OH, fallen with the falling leaves,
And level with the dust, as they!
Thy beauty, City of the Lake,
Is but a thing of yesterday.

Thou wondrous blossom of the West!
We were so passing proud of thee:
"See," said we to the elder world,
"How cities grow when men are free!"

Thy senior sisters, looking on
With dazed, half-unbelieving eyes,
Saw thee, like Hercules of old,
Swift into ripe estate arise.

And seeing thee so fair, how high
The hearts of all thy children were,
We would not blame them if to-day
They bowed their faces in despair;

Or, newly risen from troubled sleep,
Stared, with uncomprehending eyes,
On homesteads smouldering, black and bare,
Beneath the mild October skies;

Where, here and there, but yesterday
Towered up such sumptuous witnesses
Of their devoted hearts and hands—
God help them in this sore distress!

And, saying this, the Nation takes
These houseless children of the West
Into her motherly embrace,
And hides the homeless in her breast.

Not houseless while our homes have room!
Not homeless—all our doors are wide!
The welcome that we send to-day
Is tinctured with exulting pride.

For who has heard one craven cry,
Though thousands wander, lorn and pale?
Oh, strong young city, sorest tried,
There's bravery even in thy wail!

To where thou sitt'st we bring the world,
And show thy ruins, saying, "See!
She is not broken, only bent;
For hearts are strong when men are free!"

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1871, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.]

POOR MISS FINCH.

A Domestic Story.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," "Man and Wife," etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SIXTH.

HE PROVES EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

At that astounding confession, abruptly revealed in those plain words, even resolute Nugent lost all power of self-control. He burst out with a cry which reached Lucilla's ears. She instantly turned toward us, and instantly assumed that the cry had come from Oscar's lips.

"Ah! there you are!" she exclaimed. "Oscar! Oscar! what *is* the matter with you to-day?"

Oscar was incapable of answering her. He had cast one glance of entreaty at his brother as Lucilla came nearer to us. The mute reproach which had answered him, in Nugent's eyes, had broken down his last reserves of endurance. He was crying silently—crying like a woman—on Nugent's breast.

It was necessary that somebody should break the silence. I spoke first.

"Nothing is the matter, my dear," I said, advancing to meet Lucilla. "We were passing the house, and Oscar ran out to stop us and bring us in."

My excuse roused a new alarm in her.

"Us?" she replied. "Who is with you?"

"Nugent is with me."

The result of the deplorable misunderstanding which had taken place instantly declared itself. She turned deadly pale under the horror of feeling blindly that she was in the presence of the man with the blue face.

"Take me near enough to speak to him but not to touch him," she whispered. "I have heard what he is like. (Oh, if you saw him, as I see him, *in the dark!*) I must control myself. I must speak to Oscar's brother, for Oscar's sake."

She seized my arm and held me close to her. What ought I to have said? What ought I to have done? I neither knew what to say nor what to do. I looked from Lucilla to the twin brothers. There was Oscar the Weak overwhelmed by the humiliating position in which he had placed himself toward the woman whom he was to marry, toward the brother whom he loved! And there was Nugent the Strong, master of himself—with his arm around his brother, with his head erect, with his hand signing to me to keep silence. He was right. I had only to look back at Lucilla's face to see that the delicate and perilous work of undeceiving her was not work to be done at a moment's notice, on the spot.

"You are not yourself to-day," I said to her. "Let us go home."

"No!" she answered. "I must accustom myself to speak to him. I will begin to-day. Take me to him—but don't let him touch me!"

Nugent disengaged himself from Oscar—whose unfitness to help us through our difficulties was too manifest to be mistaken—as he saw us approaching. He pointed to the low wall in front of the house, and motioned to his brother to wait there out of the way before Lucilla could speak to him again. The wisdom of this proceeding was not long in asserting itself. Lucilla asked for Oscar the moment after he had left us. Nugent answered that Oscar had gone back to the house to get his hat.

The sound of Nugent's voice helped her to calculate her distance from him without assistance from me. Still holding my arm, she stopped and spoke to him.

"Nugent," she said, "I have made Oscar tell me—what he ought to have told me long since." (She paused between each sentence, painfully controlling herself, painfully catching her breath.) "He has discovered a foolish antipathy of mine. I don't know how; I tried to keep it a secret from him. I need not tell you what it is."

She made a longer pause at those words, holding me closer and closer to her; struggling more and more painfully against the irresistible nervous loathing that had got possession of her. He listened, on his side, with the constraint which always fell upon him in her presence more marked than ever. His eyes were on the ground. He seemed reluctant even to look at her.

"I think I understand," she went on, "why Oscar was unwilling to tell me"—she stopped, at a loss how to express herself without running the risk of hurting his feelings—"to tell me," she resumed, "what it is in you which is not like other people. He was afraid my stupid weakness might prejudice me against you. I wish to say that I won't let it do that. I never was more ashamed of it than now. I, too, have my misfortune. I ought to sympathize with you, instead of—"

Her voice had been growing fainter and fainter as she proceeded. She leaned against me heavily. One glance at her told me that if I let it go on any longer she would fall into a swoon. "Tell your brother that we have gone back to the rectory," I said to Nugent. He looked up at Lucilla for the first time. "You are right," he answered. "Take her home." He repeated the sign by which he had already hinted to me to be silent, and joined Oscar at the wall in front of the house.

"Has he gone?" she asked.

"He has gone."

The moisture stood thick on her forehead. I passed my handkerchief over her face, and turned her toward the wind.

"Are you better now?"

"Yes."

"Can you walk home?"

"Easily."

I put her arm in mine. After advancing with me a few steps she suddenly stopped—with a blind apprehension, as it seemed, of something in front of her. She lifted her little walking-cane, and moved it slowly backward and forward in the empty air, with the action of some one who is clearing away an incumbrance to a free advance—say the action of a person walking in a thick wood, and pushing aside the lower twigs and branches that intercept the way.

"What are you about?" I asked.

"Clearing the air," she answered. "The air is full of him. I am in a forest of hovering figures, with faces of black-blue. Give me your arm. Come through!"

"Lucilla!"

"Don't be angry with me. I am coming to my senses again. Nobody knows what folly, what madness it is, better than I do. I have a will of my own: suffer as I may, I promise to break myself of it this time. I can't and won't let Oscar's brother see that he is an object of horror to me." She stopped once more, and gave me a little propitiatory kiss. "Blame my blindness, dear, don't blame *me*. If I could only see— Ah, how can I make you understand me, you who don't live in the dark?" She went on a few paces, silent and thoughtful, and then spoke again. "You won't laugh at me if I say something?"

"You know I won't."

"Suppose yourself to be in bed at night."

"Yes?"

"I have heard people say that they have sometimes woke in the middle of the night, on a sudden, without any noise to disturb them. And they have fancied (without any thing particular to justify it) that there was something, or somebody, in the dark room. Has that ever happened to you?"

"Certainly, my love. It has happened to most people to fancy what you say when their nerves are a little out of order."

"Very well. There is *my* fancy, and there are *my* nerves. When it happened to you, what did you do?"

"I struck a light, and satisfied myself that I was wrong."

"Suppose yourself without candle or matches, in a night without end, left alone with your fancy in the dark. There you have Me! It would not be easy, would it, to satisfy yourself if you were in that helpless condition? You might suffer under it, very unreasonably, and yet very keenly for all that." She lifted her little cane, with a sad smile. "You might be almost as great a fool as poor Lucilla, and clear the air before you with this!"

The charm of her voice and her manner added to the touching simplicity, the pathetic truth, of those words. She made me realize, as I had never realized before, what it is to have, at one and the same time, the blessing of imagination and the curse of blindness. For a moment, I was absorbed in my admiration and my love for her. For a moment, I forgot the terrible position in which we were placed. She unconsciously recalled it to me when she spoke next.

"Perhaps I was wrong to force the truth out of Oscar," she said, putting her arm again in mine, and walking on. "I might have reconciled myself to his brother, if I had never known what his brother was like. And yet I felt there was something strange in him, without being told, and without knowing what it was. There must have been a reason in me for the dislike that I felt for him from the first. We won't pursue it. Even if I had not made Oscar speak, the truth would have come out sooner or later. Do you know that I have been a little, a very little, disappointed in Oscar since I made this discovery? Do you remember his acknowledging in the garden that he had painted his face, in the character of Blue-beard, to amuse the children? It was not delicate, it was not affectionate—it was not like *him*—to show such insensibility as that to his brother's shocking disfigurement. He ought to have remembered it, he ought to have respected it. There! we will say no more. We will go in-doors and open the piano and try to forget!"

How would it end? When she was told—as told she must be—of the dreadful delusion into which she had fallen, what would be the result to Oscar? what would be the effect on herself? I own I shrank from pursuing the inquiry.

When we reached the turn in the valley I looked back at Browndown for the last time. The twin brothers were still in the place at which we had left them. Though the faces were indistinguishable, I could still see the figures plainly—Oscar sitting crouched upon the wall; Nugent erect at his side, with one hand laid on his shoulder. Even at that distance the types of the two characters were expressed in the attitudes of the two men. As we entered the new winding of the valley which shut them out from view I felt (so easy is it to comfort a woman!) that the commanding position of Nugent had produced its encouraging impression on my mind. "He will find a way out of it," I said to myself. "Nugent will help us through!"

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SEVENTH.

HE FINDS A WAY OUT OF IT.

WE sat down at the piano, as Lucilla had proposed. She wished me to play first, and to play alone. I was teaching her, at the time, one of the *Sonatas* of Mozart, and I now tried to go on with the lesson. Never, before or since, have I played so badly as on that day. The divine serenity and completeness by which Mozart's music is, to my mind, raised above all other music that ever was written can only be worthily interpreted by a player whose whole mind is given undividedly to the work. Devoured as I then was by my own anxieties, I might profane those heavenly melodies—I could not play them. Lucilla accepted my excuses, and took my place.

Half an hour passed without news from Browndown.

Calculated by reference to itself, half an hour is, no doubt, a short space of time. Calculated by reference to your own suspense, while your own interests are at stake, half an hour is an eternity. Every minute that passed, leaving Lucilla still undisturbed in her delusion, was a minute that pricked me in the conscience. The longer we left her in ignorance, the more painful to all of us the hard duty of enlightening her would become. I began to get restless. Lucilla, on her side, began to complain of fatigue. After the agitation that she had gone through, the inevitable reaction had come. I recommended her to go to her room and rest. She took my advice. In the state of my mind at that time, it was an inexpressible relief to me to be left by myself.

After pacing backward and forward for some little time in the sitting-room, and trying vainly to see my way through the difficulties that now beset us, I made up my mind to wait no longer for the news that never came. The brothers were still at Browndown. To Browndown I determined to return.

I peeped quietly into Lucilla's room. She was asleep. After a word to Zillah, recommending her young mistress to her care, I slipped out. As I crossed the lawn I heard the garden gate opened. In a minute more the man of all others whom I most wanted to see presented himself before me in the person of Nugent Dubourg. He had borrowed Oscar's key, and had set off alone for the rectory to tell me what had passed between his brother and himself.

"This is the first stroke of luck that has fallen to me to-day," he said. "I was wondering how I should contrive to speak to you privately. And here you are—accessible and alone. Where is Lucilla? Can we depend on having the garden to ourselves?"

I satisfied him on both those points. He looked sadly pale and worn. Before he opened his lips I saw that he too had had his mind disturbed and his patience tried since I had left him. There was a summer-house at the end of the garden, with a view over the breezy solitude of the Downs. Here we established ourselves; and here, in my headlong way, I opened the interview with the one formidable question, "Who is to tell her of the mistake that she has made?"

"Nobody is to tell her."

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That answer staggered me at the outset. I looked at Nugent in silent astonishment.

"There is nothing to be surprised at," he said. "Let me put my point of view before you in two words. I have had a serious talk with Oscar—"

Women are proverbially bad listeners, and I am no better than the rest of them. I interrupted him before he could get any farther.

"Did Oscar tell you how the mistake happened?" I asked.

"He could no more tell me than you can. He owns—when he found himself face to face with her—that his presence of mind completely failed him: he didn't himself know what he was saying at the time. *He* lost his head, and *she* lost her patience. Think of his nervous confusion in collision with her nervous irritability, and the result explains itself: nothing *could* come of it but misapprehension and mistake. I turned the thing over in my mind after you had left us; and the one course to take that *I* could see was to accept the position patiently, and to make the best instead of the worst of it. Having reached this conclusion, I settled the matter (as I settle most other difficulties) by cutting the Gordian knot. I said to Oscar, 'Would it be a relief to your mind to leave her present impression undisturbed until you are married?' You know him—I needn't tell you what his answer was. 'Very well,' I said. 'Dry your eyes and compose yourself. I have begun as Blue Face. As Blue Face I will go on till further notice.' I spare you the description of Oscar's gratitude. I proposed, and he accepted. There is the way out of the difficulty as I see it."

"Your way out of the difficulty is an unworthy way and a false way," I answered. "I protest against taking that cruel advantage of Lucilla's blindness. I refuse to have any thing to do with it."

He opened his case and took out a cigar.

"Do as you please," he said. "You saw the pitiable state she was in when she forced herself to speak to me. You saw how her disgust and horror overpowered her at the end. Transfer that disgust and horror to Oscar (with indignation and contempt added in *his* case); expose him to the result of rousing those feelings in her, before he is fortified by a husband's influence over her mind, and a husband's place in her affections—if you dare. I love the poor fellow, and *I* daren't. May I smoke?"

I gave him his permission to smoke by a gesture. Before I said any thing more to this inscrutable gentleman I felt the necessity of understanding him—if I could.

There was no difficulty in accounting for his readiness to sacrifice himself in the interests of Oscar's tranquillity. He never did things by halves—he liked dashing at difficulties which would have made other men pause. The same zeal in his brother's service which had saved Oscar's life at the Trial, might well be the zeal that animated him now. The perplexity that I felt was not roused in me by the course that he had taken, but by the language in which he justified himself, and, more still, by his behavior to me while he was speaking. The well-bred, brilliant young fellow of my previous experience had now turned as dogged and as ungracious as a man could be. He waited to hear what I had to say to him next with a hard defiance and desperation of manner entirely uncalled for by the circumstances, and entirely out of harmony with his character so far as I had observed it. That there was something lurking under the surface, some inner motive at work in him which he was concealing from his brother and concealing from me, was as plainly visible as the sunshine and shade on the view that I was looking at from the summer-house. But what that something was, or what that inner motive might be, it baffled my utmost sagacity to guess. Not the faintest idea of the terrible secret that he was hiding from me crossed my mind. Innocent of all suspicion of the truth, there I sat opposite to him, the unconscious witness of that unhappy man's final struggle to be true to the brother whom he loved, and to master the devouring passion that consumed him. So long as Lucilla falsely believed him to be disfigured by the drug, so long the commonest consideration for her tranquillity would, in the estimation of others, excuse and explain his keeping out of her presence. In that separation lay his last chance of raising an insurmountable barrier between Lucilla and himself. He had already tried uselessly to place another obstacle in the way—he had vainly attempted to hasten the marriage, which would have made Lucilla sacred to him as his brother's wife. That effort having failed, there was but one honorable alternative left to him—to keep out of her society until she was married to Oscar. He had accepted the position in which Oscar had placed him as the one means of reaching the end in view without exciting suspicion of the truth, and he had encountered, as his reward for the sacrifice, my ignorant protest, my stupid opposition, set as obstacles in his way! There were the motives—the pure, the noble motives—which animated him, as I know them now. There is the right reading of the dogged language that mystified me, of the defiant manner that offended me, interpreted by the one light that I have to guide my pen—the light of later events!

"Well?" he said. "Are we allies, or not? Are you with me, or against me?"

I gave up attempting to understand him, and answered that plain question plainly.

"I don't deny that the consequences of undeceiving her may be serious," I said. "But, for all that, I will have no share in the cruelty of keeping her deceived."

Nugent held up his forefinger warningly.

"Pause and reflect, Madame Pratolungo! The mischief that you may do, as matters stand now, may be mischief that you can never repair. It's useless to ask you to alter your mind. I only ask you to wait a little. There is plenty of time before the wedding-day. Something may happen which will spare you the necessity of enlightening Lucilla with your own lips."

"What can happen?" I asked.

"Lucilla may yet see him as we see him," Nugent answered. "Lucilla's own eyes may discover the truth."

"What! have you not abandoned your mad notion of curing her blindness yet?"

"I will abandon my notion when the German surgeon tells me it is mad. Not before."

"Have you said any thing about it to Oscar?"

"Not a word. I shall say nothing about it to any body but you until the German is safe on the shores of England."

"Do you expect him to arrive before the marriage?"

"Certainly. He would have left New York with me, but for one patient who still required his care. No new patients will tempt him to stay in America. His extraordinary success has made his fortune. The ambition of his life is to see England, and he can afford to gratify it. He may be here by the next steamer that reaches Liverpool."

"And when he does come, you mean to bring him to Dimchurch?"

"Yes—unless Lucilla objects to it."

"Suppose Oscar objects? She is resigned to be blind for life. If you disturb that resignation with no useful result, you may make an unhappy woman of her for the rest of her days. In your brother's place, I should object to running that risk."

"My brother is doubly interested in running the risk. I repeat what I have already told you. The physical result will not be the only result, if her sight can be restored. There will be a new mind put into her as well as a new sense. Oscar has every thing to dread from this morbid fancy of hers as long as she is blind. Only let her eyes correct her fancy—only let her see him as we see him, and get used to him, as we have got used to him, and Oscar's future with her is safe. Will you leave things as they are for the present, on the chance that the German surgeon may get here before the wedding-day?"

I consented to that; being influenced, in spite of myself, by the remarkable coincidence between what Nugent had just said of Lucilla, and what Lucilla had said to me of herself earlier in the day. It was impossible to deny that Nugent's theory, wild as it sounded, found its confirmation, so far, in Lucilla's view of her own case. Having settled the difference between us in this way, for the time being, I shifted our talk next to the difficult question of Nugent's relations toward Lucilla. "How are you to meet her again," I said, "after the effect you produced on her at the meeting to-day?"

He spoke far more pleasantly in discussing this side of the subject. His language and his manner both improved together.

"If I could have had my own way," he said, "Lucilla would have been relieved, by this time, of all fear of meeting with me again. She would have heard from you or from Oscar that business had obliged me to leave Dimchurch."

"Does Oscar object to let you go?"

"He won't hear of my going. I did my best to persuade him—I promised to return for the marriage. Quite useless! 'If you leave me here by myself,' he said, 'to think over the mischief I have done, and the sacrifices I have forced on you, you will break my heart. You don't know what an encouragement your presence is to me; you don't know what a blank you will leave in my life if you go!' I am as weak as Oscar is, when Oscar speaks to me in that way. Against my own convictions, against my own wishes, I yielded. I should have been better away—far, far better away."

He said those closing words in a tone that startled me. It was nothing less than a tone of despair. How little I understood him then! how well I understand him now! In those melancholy accents spoke the last of his honor, the last of his truth. Miserable, innocent Lucilla! Miserable, guilty Nugent!

"And now you remain at Dimchurch," I resumed, "what are you to do?"

"I must do my best to spare her the nervous suffering which I unwillingly inflicted on her today. The morbid repulsion that she feels in my presence is not to be controlled—I can see that plainly. I shall keep out of her way, gradually withdrawing myself, so as not to force my absence on her attention. I shall pay fewer and fewer visits at the rectory, and remain longer and longer at Browndown every day. After they are married—" He suddenly stopped; the words seemed to stick in his throat. He busied himself in relighting his cigar, and took a long time to do it.

"After they are married," I repeated: "what then?"

"When Oscar is married, Oscar will not find my presence indispensable to his happiness. I shall leave Dimchurch."

"You will have to give a reason."

"I shall give the true reason. I can find no studio here big enough for me—as I have told you. And even if I could find a studio, I should be doing no good if I remained at Dimchurch. My intellect would contract, my brains would rust, in this remote place. Let Oscar live his quiet married life here. And let me go to the atmosphere that is fitter for me—the atmosphere of London or Paris."

He sighed, and fixed his eyes absently on the open hilly view from the summer-house door.

"It's strange to see *you* depressed," I said. "Your spirits seemed to be quite inexhaustible on that first evening, when you interrupted Mr. Finch over 'Hamlet.'"

"HIS EYES WERE ON THE GROUND. HE SEEMED RELUCTANT EVEN TO LOOK AT HER."

He threw away the end of his cigar, and laughed bitterly.

"We artists are always in extremes," he said. "What do you think I was wishing just before you spoke to me?"

"I can't guess."

"I was wishing I had never come to Dimchurch!"

Before I could return a word on my side, Lucilla's voice reached our ears, calling to me from the garden. Nugent instantly sprang to his feet.

"Have we said all we need say?" he asked.

"Yes—for to-day, at any rate."

"For to-day, then—good-by!"

He leaped up, caught the cross-bar of wood over the entrance to the summer-house, and, swinging himself on to the low garden wall beyond, disappeared in the field on the other side. I answered Lucilla's call, and hastened away to find her. We met on the lawn. She looked wild and pale, as if something had frightened her.

"Any thing wrong at the rectory?" I asked.

"Nothing wrong," she answered, "except with Me. The next time I complain of fatigue, don't advise me to go and lie down on my bed."

"Why not? I looked in at you before I came out here. You were fast asleep—the picture of repose."

"Repose? You never were more mistaken in your life. I was in the agony of a horrid dream."

"You were perfectly quiet when I saw you."

"It must have been after you saw me, then. Let me come and sleep with you to-night. I daren't be by myself if I dream of it again."

"What did you dream of?"

"I dreamed that I was standing, in my wedding dress, before the altar of a strange church; and that a clergyman, whose voice I had never heard before, was marrying me—"

She stopped, impatiently waving her hand before her in the air. "Blind as I am," she said, "I see him again now!"

"The bridegroom?"

"Yes."

"Oscar?"

"No."

"Who, then?"

"Oscar's brother. Nugent Dubourg!"

(Have I mentioned before that I am sometimes a great fool? If I have not, I beg to mention it now. I burst out laughing.)

"What is there to laugh at?" she asked, angrily. "I saw his hideous, discolored face—I am never blind in my dreams. I felt his blue hand put the ring on my finger. Wait! The worst part of it is to come. I married Nugent Dubourg willingly—married him without a thought of my engagement to Oscar. Yes! yes! I know it's only a dream. I can't bear to think of it, for all that. I don't like to be false to Oscar even in a dream. Let us go to him. I want to hear him tell me that he loves me. Come to Browndown. I'm so nervous, I don't like going by myself. Come to Browndown!"

I have another humiliating confession to make—I tried to get off going to Browndown. (So like those unfeeling French people, isn't it?)

But I had my reason, too. If I disapproved of the resolution at which Nugent had arrived, I viewed far more unfavorably the selfish weakness on Oscar's part, which had allowed his brother to sacrifice himself. Lucilla's lover had sunk to something very like a despicable character in my estimation. I felt that I might let him see what I thought of him if I found myself in his company at that moment.

"Considering the object that you have in view, my dear," I said to Lucilla, "do you think you want *me* at Browndown?"

"Haven't I already told you?" she asked, impatiently. "I am so nervous—so completely upset—that I don't feel equal to going out by myself. Have you no sympathy for me? Suppose *you* had dreamed that you were marrying Nugent instead of Oscar?"

"Ah, bah! what of that? I should only have dreamed that I was marrying the most agreeable man of the two."

"The most agreeable man of the two! There you are again—always unjust to Oscar."

"My love! if you could see for yourself, you would learn to appreciate Nugent's good qualities as I do."

"I prefer appreciating Oscar's good qualities."

"You are prejudiced, Lucilla."

"So are you!"

"You happen to have met Oscar first."

"That has nothing to do with it."

"Yes! yes! If Nugent had followed us instead of Oscar; if, of those two charming voices which are both the same, one had spoken instead of the other—"

"I won't hear a word more!"

"Tra-la-la-la! It happens to have been Oscar. Turn it the other way, and Nugent might have been the man."

"Madame Pratolungo, I am not accustomed to be insulted! I have no more to say to you."

With that dignified reply, and with the loveliest color in her face that you ever saw in your life, my darling Lucilla turned her pretty back on me, and set off for Browndown by herself.

Ah, my rash tongue! Ah, my nasty foreign temper! Why did I let her irritate me! I, the elder of the two—why did I not set her an example of self-control? Who can tell? When does a woman know why she does any thing? Did Eve know, when Mr. Serpent offered her the apple, why she ate it? Not she!

What was to be done now? Two things were to be done. First thing: to cool myself down. Second thing: to follow Lucilla, and kiss and make it up.

Either I took some time to cool—or, in the irritation of the moment, Lucilla walked faster than usual. She had got to Browndown before I could overtake her. On opening the house door I heard them talking. It would hardly do to disturb them—especially now I was in disgrace. While I was hesitating, and wondering what my next proceeding had better be, my eye was attracted by a letter lying on the hall table. I looked (one is always inquisitive in those idle moments when one doesn't know what to do)—I looked at the address. The letter was directed to Nugent, and the post-mark was Liverpool.

I drew the inevitable conclusion. The German oculist was in England!

HON. CORNELIUS WALSH.

THIS gentleman, who has been nominated for Governor of New Jersey by the Republican party of that State, was born in England in 1817. At the age of six he was brought to this country by his parents, and passed his youth in Belleville and Paterson, New Jersey. In 1839 he commenced business, as a trunk manufacturer, in Newark, and by energy and business capacity rose to a position of wealth and influence. His skill in mechanics enabled him early in his career to invent and apply machinery in his business which greatly facilitated his progress.

MR. WALSH, whose portrait is given on page 1037, is a gentleman of fine presence and ready address. He has an acute intellect, and is an excellent judge of men. Three years ago his name was prominently connected with the gubernatorial nomination; but, with a wish to thoroughly unite the party, he withdrew in favor of JOHN J. BLAIR. This year his nomination was received with great enthusiasm, and it is conceded by all parties that if elected he would make an efficient Governor. He is every where highly esteemed for his liberality and benevolence.

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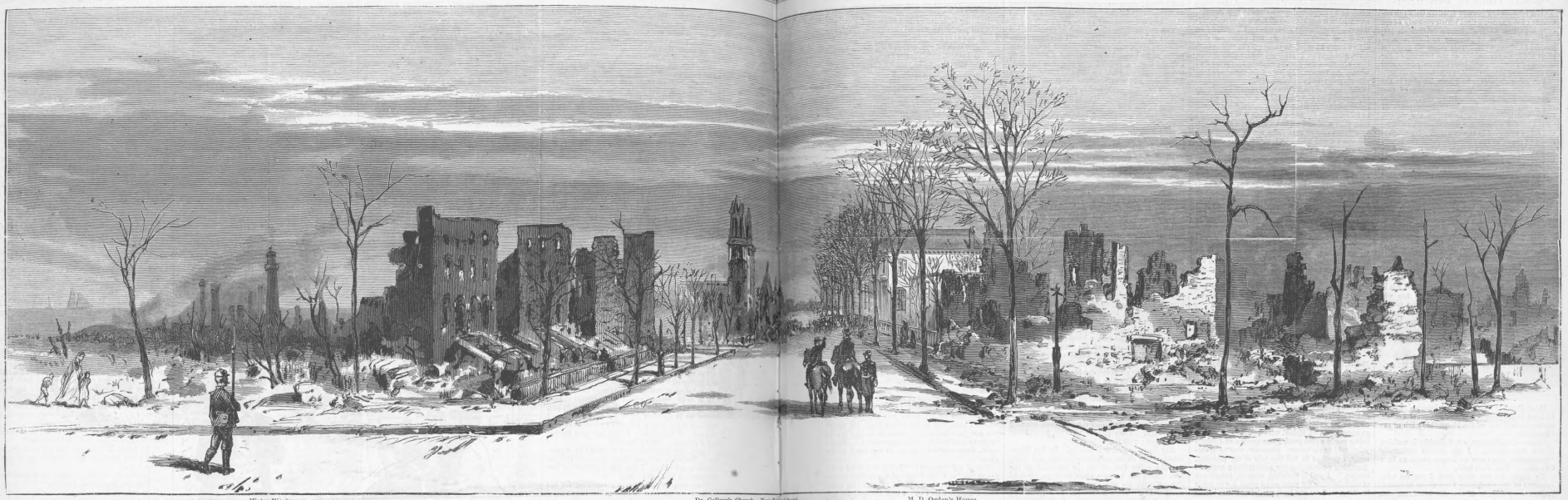
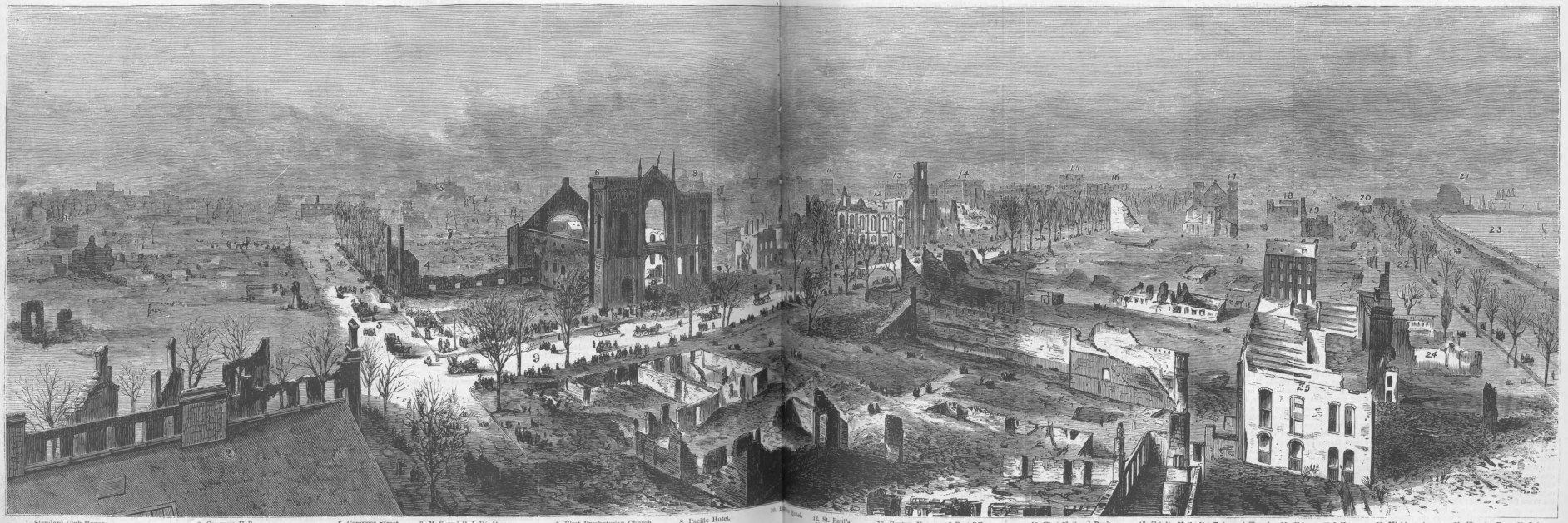


RUINS OF THE NORTH DIVISION, LOOKING SOUTH, DOWN NORTH WELLS STREET.—[From a Sketch by Theo. R. Davis.]



RUINS OF THE SOUTH DIVISION—VIEW FROM THE ROOF OF CONGRESS HALL, ON CONGRESS STREET, NEAR WABASH AVENUE, LOOKING NORTH.—[From Photographs by our Special Photographer, Thomas S. Sweeney, Cleveland, Ohio.]

THE RUIN AND DESOLATION OF CHICAGO.—[See Page 1028.]

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GREAT FIRES IN THE WEST.

OUR readers are already familiar with the accounts of the terrible fires which recently swept over a portion of Wisconsin, involving an immense destruction of property and the loss of several hundred lives. This week we give, on page 1037, an illustration of the burning of the village of Peshtigo, which was entirely destroyed on Sunday evening, October 8.

For some days fires had been burning in the neighboring woods. Toward evening of that Sunday the wind increased to a hurricane, and the whole forest became suddenly a mass of flame, which completely enveloped the village. Those of the inhabitants who escaped describe the scene as awful in the extreme. No attempt could be made to save property, and the terror-stricken people fled for safety to the river, where they stood up to the neck in water, and still exposed to danger from the flames that reached far out from the shore, and from the brands that fell in every direction. Many perished in the river, many in the streets, and many who had sought to escape over a bridge were precipitated by its breaking into the water and were drowned. In less than an hour from the time it was struck by the tornado, the village of Peshtigo was annihilated. Full one hundred people perished either in the flames or the water, and all the property was swept out of existence. In the "Sugar Bush" (a neighboring settlement), divided into what is known as the Upper, Middle, and Lower Bush, over two hundred and fifty people were burned to death. It is supposed that the loss of life in the whole district devastated by the fire will reach at least seven hundred, while the suffering consequent upon the destruction of the newly gathered crops and whole settlements can hardly be conceived.

THE GIBRALTARS:

A STORY IN FOUR LETTERS.

LETTER I.

RALPH DE WINT TO JOHN BLODGETT.

CULPEPPER, *September* 5.

MOST PUISSANT,—The undersigned begs leave to hand in his resignation as co-member and associate-in-ordinary of the Honorable Club of the Gibraltars.

Cause—a misnomer. A Gibraltar is nothing if not impregnable. I am proved eminently "pregnable," *ergo* can no longer claim to be a Gibraltar. You shall hear.

To begin, let me state that I am no whit ashamed of the confession I am about to make. Neither do I despair of one day beholding you on your marrow-bones with a much worse tale in your mouth! You consider yourself the bulwark of bachelorhood, and Fred, who is a noodle, believes in you no end. My opinion has always been that you are most likely of us three to make a fool of yourself matrimonially. Depend upon it, for all your sneers and your stiff upper lip, and the grim letter you will presently indite me, and that habit you have of thanking Heaven that you are not as other fallible men, Destiny in shape of woman awaits you somewhere round the corner, and will one day avenge us upon you thoroughly. May yours truly only live to see that day!

Having thus freed my mind, I'll proceed to my tale, like a true though renegade son of the club, and in accordance with By-law No. 6.

You've heard me speak of Jack Allen, my old chum of the Ninth Nebraska. He turned up down here the other day, General Allen now, with a post under the Freedmen's Bureau, and quarters at this place. Being a brick, he's gone into the thing thoroughly, and, besides his regular duties, is over head and ears in night-schools, model farming, and free lectures to the darks. Well, he was delighted to see me, and insisted I should come and stay with him, which I did. That was three weeks ago—and here I am still!

The day after I came he proposed riding over to see one of his out-schools—or, rather, not exactly his, he said, but a private enterprise got up by some Philadelphia ladies, which the Bureau sort of bossed and extended an ægis over. We had a glorious six-mile gallop. When we reached the place it turned out the forlornest kind of a little slab village, deep in the woods, and couched within the hollow of an old deserted rebel earth-work; the population all blacks, Allen told me, except the teachers, who were single women and semi-Quakers—excellent old females, but plain, unfortunately plain.

He made this statement just as we were mounting the rude steps of the "slab" school-house, and having made it, he opened the door and walked in. School was in session, and whole rows of little Cuffies turned their shining faces, and showed their teeth at the sight of us. But I stood stock-still on the threshold, unable to move or speak, for behind appeared—

No; I can't give an idea of it! *Coup de soleil* is mild in comparison. I was looking for caps, sharp noses, spectacles perhaps—all the component parts which go to make the "excellent women, unfortunately plain"—and instead there stood revealed—a pair of angels!

Two lovely, radiant girls, in plain gray gowns and aprons of snowy whiteness, looking, with their dusky scholars about them, like twin lilies in a field of—hardhack! Poetical, you see. I don't care. A stone would be poetic under like circumstances. The dazzle, the shock of sharp contrast, turned me into one. I positively could not move for a moment; then I whirled furiously round on the villain Jack, but he avoided my eye, and began presenting me to the visions in gray with such an ecstatic twinkle and chuckle that I could hardly forbear knocking him down on the spot.

Philadelphians, the beauties turned out to be, of Quaker extraction both, and dear friends. Longing after work, as half the good women in the country were when the war closed, they came down and established themselves in this desolate spot within a few months of Lee's surrender. It was risky business at first, what with scarce food and latent bush-whacking; but somehow they didn't come to grief, as most people would have done, and held on bravely till things grew better. Brave!—the word doesn't express half what they were. And there they have been these five long years—not, mind you, because there was any need in the case, for both have nice homes and plenty of friends, and one (not *the* one, though) a large independent fortune—but just because they longed to be useful. By George! I tell you it makes a man glow and feel all hot with pride and happiness just to know that there are such women in the same world with him!

I needn't go on, I suppose. Of course, after such an introduction, all was up with me. I found a pearl, tried for it, hold it, and make no apologies to you, my fellow-numskulls. She (her name is Grace, by-the-way—Grace Brown) is going home in the spring to "get ready"—as if, bless her! she were not perfect and complete now—and I shall buckle to my profession and "get ready" also, as far as unworthy man may. Some day or other, and somewhere or other, we shall have a home of our own, and in it—so Grace says—is to be a special room reserved for infirm Gibraltars. Come along, my boy! bring your shattered bulwarks, and end your days with us. "A Christian family—lodging—attendance—no extras—washing thrown in." Think of it.

I have communicated with Fred. Write and congratulate. I salute your High Mightiness, and remain Yours, as ever,

RALPH DE WINT, Ex-Gibraltar.

LETTER II.

FRED DELANO TO JOHN BLODGETT.

BOSTON, *September* 8.

DEAR JACK,—This is a joint letter to you and Ralph, of whose whereabouts I am somewhat uncertain. I have a long story to tell, too long to write out twice; so, when you have read and derided it and me as much as seems to you proper, be so good as to forward to him.

That I have no sympathy to expect from you, old Tough and Leathery, I am but too well aware: as well look for treacle from an ancient gum-tree. And Ralph, who piques himself on being made equal parts gutta-percha and lemon juice, will be no better. However, true to agreement, I proceed to tell the tale of my undoing, "nothing extenuating nor setting down aught in malice." I call it undoing, observe, purely out of consideration for your stand-point, for to me it is *doing*, without the least particle of "un"—the best doing of my life.

Pride must have a fall. Mine came not *off*, but *on* the top of a Plymouth stage, six weeks ago exactly.

We left the Pemigewasset House early of a warm morning, a stageful inside, and the usual load of people and trunks without. I happened to secure a top perch. Directly below sat the most beautiful girl I ever saw—blonde, perfectly dressed, and as evidently from New York as if the name of that city had been stamped on each fold of her dainty garments.

She had with her a very ordinary "pa," and a friend of her own age, whom, from a certain direct simplicity of manner and garb, I set down as Bostonian. My supposition was confirmed. An artful peep at the baggage revealed trunks marked "Doubleday, New York," and "Ellis, Boston;" and the conversation of the fair passengers before long supplied the Christian names—Rose and Antoinette. Antoinette was the beauty.

And a real beauty she was. I don't know that I ever saw any thing finer and more cameo-like than the outline of her face, framed in golden hair all looped and fluffed in a ravishing way, with here and there a glittering curl falling softly over her shoulder. The toilet, too, exactly what I like—ornate, fanciful, delicate in tint, suggesting ease, luxury, all the graceful perquisites of beauty rather than use. You know I hate—or rather *used* to hate—a woman who savors of every-day. Altogether the fair New Yorker beside her companion was like some dainty bird-of-paradise contrasted with a quiet domestic fowl. Though, when you came to look, the young lady from the Hub had a nice, bright little face enough; but then, you see, I didn't happen to look particularly just then.

As you've been up in that region, you know the beautiful road through the Pemigewasset Valley. It was splendid that day, the mountains standing out sharp and blue against a hot, dreamy sky, and a breeze all the way. I never enjoyed a ride more; but the driver said there was a storm in the air.

My plan had been to leave the stage at the entrance of the Notch, do the Flume and Pool, and follow on to the Profile House later in the day. I had about given it up in my own mind since seeing the fair Antoinette, but to my joy she and her father announced a like intention, and we agreed to form one party, and have a wagon sent for us in the afternoon. The stage, therefore, set us down on the piazza of the Flume House and rolled away, while we proceeded on our walk as sociably as possible, I carrying the beauty's shawl, and otherwise disporting myself like an old acquaintance.

We chatted and we scrambled, and partook of an impromptu lunch of doughnuts, and all went merry as a marriage bell, until, just as we were under the big boulder at the very top of the Flume, a sudden rumble of thunder broke the quiet, and we became aware of a dark cloud. Of course we started for shelter with all possible haste, but before we reached the road it was pouring in torrents, and by the time the house was gained we were wet as drowned rats. I never saw it rain so hard in my life! Drenched and dripping, we crowded into the hall, and lo and behold! there was another party quite as wet as we—twenty of them at least—who had been caught in the same way at the Pool.

You can imagine the charms of the situation in that rickety old structure. It has been burned down since you were there, and just rebuilt so far as to leave the second floor a rough loft, and the lower a collection of shapeless chicken-coops, partitioned off by laths. There were a few chairs, and a map of the White Mountains by way of adornment, and in the back regions a sort of kitchen, but nothing comfortable or comforting in the way of furniture, fire, or food. I assure you it was dismal enough, especially for the ladies.

And here it was that the lovely Antoinette ceased to be the heroine of the drama, and the mettle of my Boston girl began to show. I call her *mine*, observe, scorning disguises from this time forward, although up to this point I flatter myself I have brought you as cleverly along as any novelist of the day, and without giving the least hint of the dénouement. Yes, my beauty ceased just here to be beautiful. It was not the bedraggled forlornity of her dress—absurdly as it looked after its wetting—which disenchanted me, but the stress of vexation with which she viewed the ruin, the petulant, aggrieved mood produced by our common misfortune, the selfish helplessness of her whole attitude, the entire unconsciousness of other people's discomfort, and the way in which she snubbed and scolded her miserable and equally wet "pa." It was all his fault, she declared; he was always getting her into such scrapes; he ought to be ashamed of himself! The luckless old gentleman bore these reproaches with the stoicism peculiar to the American parent. "Now, Netty! now, Netty!" he said, feebly, once or twice; but when the tirade finally ended with a burst of tears, he succumbed utterly, clasped his hands behind his dispirited old back, and began to walk up and down the room in dejected silence. I assure you our hearts all ached for him.

Meantime, like the rose just washed in the shower, my peerless little Bostonian only shone the brighter for being rained upon. Before we guessed what she was at, back she came from somewhere with an armful of wood, and was down on her knees before the fire-place, coaxing it to burn. Then it was, "Netty, your boots are soaked; pull them off, dear."

But Netty pouted and refused. So her friend attacked the shoes, unbuttoned them, and fairly put the sulky feet to dry in the glow of the fire. Next she found a chair for "pa," helped him off with his wet overcoat, and seated him comfortably. Then I saw her in a quiet way going about among the rest. A pleasant, cordial glow appeared in her manner which was not there before; she grew bright and easy while caring for others. Every one felt the charm; even the awkward country help seemed to move quicker when she spoke, brought tea, bread, milk, and buzzed and flew about her sunny looks as flies do in a warm window-pane when it rains.

Meantime the storm was getting to be something tremendous. I never heard any thing like the wind; trees were blown down, the crazy house shook and trembled, the Pemigewasset was reported rising, the bridges in danger, and all chance of getting away was evidently over for the night. Every one was frightened more or less, and only too glad of shelter, such as it was; so we proceeded to make ourselves comfortable as best we might be where comfort was none. The one carpeted floor was given up to the ladies. Miss Doubleday, rolled by her friend and anxious parent in every conceivable wrap, was deposited in a corner, from which from time to time plaintive whines became audible. Her long-suffering pa, poised on two legs of his chair, slept, finally snored. I didn't even try for slumber—being a wide-awake by nature—but lit a cigar, and amused myself with watching the dear little sprite from Boston as she flitted about, planning, contriving, settling people in good places, and taking care generally of every body — except herself. Something about her face and manner reminded me of my mother, Jack. You remember her, don't you? You saw her once.

Some time after midnight I lost sight of her for a while, and growing restless, I wandered out into the hall. There she sat on the staircase with a baby in her arms, and a tired-out woman sleeping beside her, with head in her lap. The baby was asleep too, luckily, for otherwise we shouldn't have had the talk we had. Boys, it was that talk did for me! It had been brewing all the evening, but somehow the things she said—not remarkable things, but nice and womanly and sweet, the sort of things a fellow wants his wife and sister to say—and the look of her eyes and the weary expression of her dear little face went right to my heart. Talk of balls and parties, indeed, as places for young people to get acquainted! Why, you might dance round dances with a girl year in and out, and never get so near, or find out what she really was half so well, as I did in that one night's vigil.

By morning I was over head and ears. Of course we went up together to the Profile, and equally of course I didn't leave her there, but followed on to Crawford's, the Glen, Conway, and finally here. It's only two days, however, since the actual dénouement took place, and Rose's mother says that was shamefully premature. But I don't know what a fellow is to do who has got to be back at his business by the 15th *except* be premature. Any way, Rose didn't think so, and the matter is all settled.

Boys, wait till you see her. Inveigh as much as you like over my defection: only see her, and I'll bet my head you'll "defect" yourselves on the next opportunity. I have told her all about you and our—well, *preposterous* association, and though it made her laugh a great deal, she's quite prepared to be the best of friends, if you meet her half-way. You should hear her laugh—just like little bells; and she's real Boston, I can tell you, and up in all the ologies, in spite of being so sweet and jolly.

Write, both of you, and say if I haven't made out my case. Yours ever,

FRED DELANO.

LETTER III.

JOHN BLODGETT TO RALPH DE WINT.

NEW YORK, *September* 10.

MY DEAR RALPH,—I have your letter, and by the same mail the inclosed effusion from Fred, written in the style of a gushing boarding-school miss. I reserve comment on either until some calmer moment, and content myself with hoping that your present raptures may last. As I have never concealed my sentiments on the subject, you will hardly expect congratulations from me. The sentimental was left out when nature put me together; I must endure the fact as well as I may, and solacing myself with the poor comfort of consistency, remain the sole surviving Gibraltar.

Of course your withdrawal is a blow, as far as my personal comfort goes. I've no idea of tying myself to the kite-tail of your loves; so when I return to town, a month from now, I shall break up our establishment and retire to other quarters. Meantime I am going to Sharon. Why Sharon? That I do not know exactly. Estabrook has come back from his vacation. I must go somewhere; and they say it is the dullest place on the continent, and all the people have gone away, which is exactly what my present mood relishes. Therefore, *vale*.

Thank your fair Quakeress for her message. I've had such before from my friends' wives—before they were married.

Yours truly, J. B.

LETTER IV.

MISS ESSIE BARILLE TO MRS. ARDEN.

SHARON, *October* 6.

CHÉRIE,—I have treated you shockingly of late as to writing, and so on; but you are going to forgive me, because I have a piece of news for you, and on my honor you are the first to whom I have told it, excepting ma. Of course you are guessing already what it is, and are all ready to spell it out. "En-gage-ment." That's right, dear—perfect: go up to the head of the class!

Yes, I am engaged! Sharon has done it for me at last, so I am bound to speak well henceforward of the horrid place, though you know how I always hated it. I was enraged enough at having to come this year, for the Salettes had made up a yacht-party, with Eugene Astor and Emily Finch, and if Cousin Jule hadn't chosen to fall ill just at the wrong time, *she* could have come with ma, as usual, and I should have gone with them. But, you see, we never know; so it's no use fussing when things go wrong.

I was so cross about it that when we first got here I made myself disagreeable to every one, left off crimps, and just lay on the bed most of the time reading novels and sulking. In fact, there was nobody in the house worth a crimp; the season was on its very last legs—and you know how horrid these second-rate little places become when that takes place.

Then Mr. Blodgett came. (Isn't it a horrid name? "John Blodgett"—so prim and precise!) I didn't notice him at all at first, and he looked as offish as I felt; so we didn't get on, though, of course, he was introduced, and all that. But when he had been here about a week I got a letter from Jane Calhoun, telling me about her cousin Miss Ellis's engagement to a very nice Mr. Delano, whom they met this summer in the mountains.

"By-the-way," she wrote, "do you happen to know a Mr. Blodgett who is now at Sharon? If so, do tell us what he is like. We are dying to hear, for he is a great friend of Mr. Delano's, and he and Rose are in the greatest twitter to learn how he takes the news of their engagement. It seems that they, with one other young man, belong to a club called 'the Gibraltars'—so named because its members consider themselves impervious to female charms generally. Did you ever hear of such idiots? And the oldest of them is but thirty-two! That's Mr. Blodgett. He seems to be the leading spirit of the three; and though Fred laughs, Rose says she can see that he is quite nervous as to what he will say."

This passage made me look a little more curiously at Mr. Blodgett, and I began to think him "foeman worthy of my steel." He's really fine-looking, dear, and his air is not bad—*comme il faut*, if not exactly *distingué*. And then—which stimulated my pique—he didn't seem to care a pin to pursue my acquaintance. So, to make a long story short, I donned my armor and "went for that heathen Chinee," expecting a tough conflict. My dear, on the contrary, this famous Gibraltar proved as easy a fortress as I ever met. He melted like butter before my eyes! I had a presentiment that the "violet-primrose" tack would be a failure, so I didn't even attempt it, but took the *rôle* of *belle femme du monde* with right principles, and some latent religious feeling thrown in.

I should judge he had lived all his life with *goody* women, and was tired of their *fadaises*, so rapidly did he swallow my bait. Why, I didn't even bring up the heaviest artillery (*you* know what I mean), but just kept to the ordinary siege guns. My Gibraltar loved to talk, aimed at the cynical, but was too soft-hearted to do it well. I met him gracefully on both tacks. In ten days I had carried the out-works down to the least redoubt. A fortnight showed the very citadel in distress. Up to this time it was all play, of course; but just then I heard something which changed play to earnest. My dear, it is

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the Blodgett, who came in for the great Desbrow estate! Think of that! Of course the game became serious. Finding him ripe for it, I just cut off supplies for forty-eight hours, and removed my forces to the castle next in order at the breakfast-table. Desperate at being no longer the object of attack, the garrison rose in revolt, flung down the impregnable draw-bridge, hung out red flags, white flags, all-colored flags, opened the portcullis, and cried for quarter. Of course I granted it, received the offered keys with the air of Queen Philippa at Calais, spared the lives of the principal inhabitants, and, mounted on a high horse, rode triumphantly into *my* city, and was received with high masses, pealing of bells, *feux de joie*, and installed thenceforward governess and most puissant lady-paramount over it and all its dependencies.

Two of these said dependencies I may say I dread—namely, the other members of the Gibraltar Club. It required all my influence and diplomacy to induce Mr. Blodgett to write them of our engagement. He evidently shrank from it, in the most singular manner; and yet, strange to say, both these fellow-idiots of his have done exactly what he has done—that is, fallen in love with girls they hadn't known a month. Why he should dread them I can't conceive; but he does; and till the mighty confession is replied to I do not feel my reign secure.

Adieu, carissima. We return on Wednesday, and plunge at once into shopping. My fortress demands that I shall establish permanent residence in January. Write speedily.

Tout à toi, ESSIE.

P.S.—Two jubilant telegrams from Mr. Delano and Mr. De Wint. Hurrah! That's the last, I *hope*, of the Gibraltars.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE geological expedition to the Rocky Mountain region under the charge of Dr. HAYDEN, to which we have already made brief allusion, according to the last accounts from it, had reached Fort Hall, Idaho, on the 18th of September. After completing the survey of the Yellow Stone Valley they left Fort Ellis on the 5th of September, passing down Gallatin Valley to the Three Forks, and thence by the Jefferson to its very source, exploring many of its branches, and pursuing a direction nearly parallel to that which the party had traversed in the June previous.

The valleys of the Gallatin, Madison and Jefferson forks of the Missouri, with all the little branches, were found occupied by industrious farmers and miners—a contrast quite striking to the doctor, who, twelve years ago, in exploring that same region, met with not a single white inhabitant.

The Rocky Mountain Divide was crossed at the head of Horse Plain Creek, from which the party passed over into Medicine Lodge Creek, following this down into the Snake River Plain. An interesting fact observed was the occurrence of two species of trout in great quantity in streams such as Medicine Lodge, Comas, and other creeks, all sinking into the plains after a course of from fifty to seventy-five miles. The trout appeared to be of the same two species in all, although the waters had no apparent connection.

The party expected to leave Fort Hall, and to proceed to Fort Bridger by way of Soda Springs, Bear Lake, and Evanston, and there to disband, the scientific party returning to the East.

An interesting work, entitled "Wanderings through Venezuela, along the Orinoco, through British Guiana, and along the Amazon, in the years 1849 to 1868, by Dr. CARL APPERN," has just appeared in Germany—being details of adventures, abstracts of which have been published from time to time in *Ausland*. Few books of modern travel, with the exception, perhaps, of Professor AGASSIZ'S work on Brazil, contain such a vast fund of information regarding the natural history and ethnology of the regions traversed; and its perusal will well repay the reader. Among other objects referred to by Dr. APPERN is the *Mikania guaco*, a plant which has lately come into notoriety under the name of *cundurango*. This, he states, is gathered with great eagerness by the natives, as being a perfectly effective remedy against the bite of poisonous serpents. The plant is either dried, and a decoction prepared, or else digested, when still fresh, in strong alcohol, and given to the patient. The author, however, says that he has found better results in snake bites, in his own experience, with liquid muriate of ammonia, which is to be partly rubbed into the wound, and partly taken internally, in the proportion of one tea-spoonful diluted in rum or water.

In a lately published number of the *Mittheilungen* Dr. PETERMANN gives an account of the exploring expedition of ROSENTHAL, of Bremen, into the Siberian Arctic Sea. This gentleman has been distinguished for some years past by his zeal in prosecuting a trading business in the high north, and for the extent to which he has connected with this inquiries into the natural history and physics of that region. The results obtained in Spitzbergen by Dr. BESSELS in the voyage of one of his vessels (the *Albert*) are well known. During the past year he sent out the *Bremenkorb*, manned by Norwegian sailors, and under the command of the Norwegian Captain MELSAM, to prosecute the seal fishery in the north, an experiment attended with such success that, after a short absence, the vessel returned with 6500 seals. During the present year Herr ROSENTHAL chartered the *Germania*, the well-known German exploring ship, and has sent her out, under the command of Captain MELSAM and his party, accompanied by Messrs. VON HEUGLIN and AAGARD, with an outfit and provisions for fifteen months, and all the necessary astronomical and physical apparatus. The vessel is to proceed direct to Nova Zembla, passing the Strait of Matotshkin into the Kara Sea, so as to reach the mouth of the Obi, and there to establish a harbor and refuge for heavy weather. From this point operations were to be carried on as far as possible toward the northeast, so as to reach the northernmost cape of Asia, as well as the islands of New Siberia. In returning, the most northern portions of the mainland of Asia were to be visited, and as many landings made as possible, especially near the mouths of the Obi and Yenisei. Physical observations were to be made on an extended scale, and large collections of objects of natural history gathered. Even should only a portion of this plan be carried out, such as the exploration of the region about the mouths of the Obi and Yenisei, much good will have been accomplished. But it is not improbable that the entire programme will be completed.

The expedition left Bremen on the 25th of June, and proceeded first to Tönsberg, and then to Tromsoe, from which point the latest advices, dated July 21, were transmitted. The expedition was to continue its voyage on the 25d of July, since which time no letters have been received.

We have already referred to the explorations which Messrs. PAYER and WEYPRECHT were about to make to King Charles Land (Gillies Land), and to the east of Spitzbergen; and in a late number of PETERMANN'S *Mittheilungen* we find further particulars of their enterprise. Subscriptions from various parties in Germany have been made to the amount of 6000 thalers, in addition to which instruments, ammunition, and weapons were supplied by the Austrian government and the Vienna Academy of Sciences. An entirely new vessel of suitable strength, of fifty-five tons burden, sixty feet long and fifteen broad, having six feet draught, cutter rigged, named the *Isbjörn* (or the *Polar Bear*), was chartered at Tromsöe for 1500 species thalers, including the pay of captain and crew of five men; in addition to which three experienced seamen were hired at twenty species thalers per month. The vessel was strengthened by a thin sheathing of iron reaching two feet above and two feet below the water-line. The total cost for the season for vessel and crew was to be about 2832 Prussian thalers, and it was to be completely ready for sea on the 15th of June.

According to Dr. PETERMANN, this expedition is first to attempt to penetrate into the polar sea northeast of North Cape, between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla. It was in this direction that Dr. EMIL BESSELS, on the ROSENTHAL steamer *Albert*, found a temperature of 4.6° R. at a latitude of 74° 45', and longitude of 31° east: and it is probable that this warm current continues sufficiently far to the north to facilitate greatly the movements of these travelers.

Mr. RUTHERFORD, of New York, our most eminent American amateur astronomer, and especially known for his magnificent photographs of celestial bodies, has lately presented to Mr. BROTHERS, the English astronomical photographer, three superb negatives of the moon—one representing her in the first quarter, one when full, and one in the third quarter; and it is proposed to publish these in a volume containing about one hundred pages of descriptive letterpress. The work will also contain a map of the moon as we see her, and a chart, on the stereographic projection, showing the true shape and the relative dimensions of all the chief lunar features. The letterpress, map, and stereographic chart will be prepared by Mr. PROCTOR; the photographs by Mr. BROTHERS. The work will be got out on a magnificent scale, and sold at a guinea and a half to subscribers.

A new manual of zoology, by Mr. L. R. SCHMARDA, of Vienna, is now in the press, and will probably be a work of considerable value. This gentleman is well known for many scientific publications; and more especially for one in three volumes upon the geographic distribution of animals.

The death of Dr. MILLER, a well-known European cryptogamic botanist, has just been announced in the journals.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

IT is a well-known historic fact that the ancient destruction of the forests of the Cevennes left large, rich tracts near the mouth of the Rhone exposed to violent northwest winds. Consequently the culture of the orange and olive became impossible in places where they were previously grown. In Italy the clearing of the Apennines is believed to have seriously altered the climate of the valley of the Po, allowing hot, blighting winds to sweep over it. In France the removal of the old forests of the Vosges sensibly injured the climate of the plains of Alsace. The diminution of the rain-fall is a well-known consequence of the disappearance of forests. Therefore, looking beyond the immediate and dire misfortunes resulting from the forest fires which have devastated the West, it is painful to contemplate the change of climate which may follow in these sections, and the severe blow which the agricultural interests of the country may thereby receive. Hitherto the Western States and Territories have been subject to severe droughts from time to time; and if sweeping annual fires destroy the forests, the deficiency of rain in different localities will probably be in proportion to the deficiency of timber. Moreover, those sections which have been noted for uniform and salubrious climate will necessarily lose their present reputation. Can nothing be done for the preservation of our forests?—nothing for the prevention of these sweeping fires, so destructive to the gains and hopes of the farmer?

Among great conflagrations of modern times, that known as the great fire of London, in September, 1666, has been pre-eminent. It lasted four days; 13,000 houses were destroyed, besides eighty-nine churches and many public buildings; 400 streets were laid waste, and 200,000 people rendered houseless and destitute. In 1842 about one-third of the city of Hamburg, Germany, was burned: the fire raged four days, destroying 1747 houses. New York has had her full share of great conflagrations. In 1776 no less than 500 buildings were consumed at one time; in December, 1835, on a bitterly cold night, 600 valuable buildings, mostly warehouses, were consumed; in September, 1839, over forty buildings were burned; and in July, 1845, more than 300 stores and dwelling-houses in the lower part of the city were laid in ruins. Albany suffered from a great conflagration in 1848, at which time 600 buildings, with steamboats and piers, were destroyed. St. Louis had a great fire in May, 1849. In 1850 Philadelphia lost 350 buildings; and in 1865 a terrible conflagration occurred in the same city, originating among several thousand barrels of coal oil. A large portion of San Francisco (2500 buildings) was consumed in 1851. Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, lost 1100 buildings in April, 1845. About half the city of Charleston, South Carolina, was desolated by fire in 1833, 1158 buildings being destroyed. The great fire in Portland on July 4, 1866, is yet fresh in the memory of all: nearly half the city was laid in ruins. These are but a few of the greater fires among many great ones which have occurred in our country.

A Salem gentleman stood watching the immense audience which, at the close of one of the late meetings of the American Board in that city, poured out from Mechanic Hall. "I tell you," exclaimed he, turning to a friend, "there's a good deal of timber in the American Board!"

Two newspaper folders in the mailing-room of the Boston *Journal* recently engaged in a friendly competition in their business. The winner in the little game they played folded 1501 papers in one hour, there being four folds to each paper. The loser folded 1460 in the same time.

Twine becomes an important item of expense, when we consider that 10,565,000 yards were required to tie up the letters sent from the London Post-office to country places last year.

The young Duchess of St. Albans, whose recent death caused so much sadness among all who knew her, was a daughter of Queen Victoria's friend and private secretary, General Grey. She was greatly beloved by the Queen, who sent to her grave a wreath of immortelles, with the words, "A last tribute of love." The duchess was only twenty years of age, and possessed a singularly lovely character.

"Personals" in India journals are exceedingly interesting. For example: "We are very glad to learn that the marriage of Mr. Rughoonathdas Madhowdas, a Kupola Bunia merchant of Bombay, with Dhuncoorbal, the daughter of Shet Gudhurdas Mohundas, and the widow of Luchmichand Dhurumsey, was celebrated at Chinchpoogly."

Fishing at Ausauauquotausongomongetongo Lake, in Oxford County, Maine, is reported as first-rate. We recommend those who desire to go there before starting to write the name of the place on a card. That can be shown when necessary, and thus avoid danger of accident to the organs of speech.

Chicago lawyers have suffered severely. Law libraries and law offices were mostly swept away in the conflagration. Papers respecting suits pending in the county courts, judgments, and indictments were lost; so also probably many, if not all, records of deeds and mortgages.

There are now five hundred Japanese in this country engaged in studying our language, our institutions, and our customs. Not long ago the minister from Japan made a statement at Yale College to the effect that the English language was universally used in all the new schools of the country, and that eventually, by the influence of the schools, most of the Japanese would use the English tongue.

Twenty marriage licenses were issued in the midst of all the destruction and misery at Chicago during the week following the fire.

Paul Konewka, whose exquisite silhouettes are so much admired, was in the habit of carrying about with him black paper and scissors, and, with these materials, cutting out the likeness of whatever struck him, with marvelous quickness and dexterity.

The *Cornell Era* cynically inquires: "Suppose two Cornell students, dissatisfied with the Ithaca institution, should present themselves at Vassar and ask to be admitted to the lectures and recitations, to be permitted to occupy seats designed for the other sex, and to embarrass the ladies of the classes at Vassar by their presence—what would be the result?"

Montreal showed itself in earnest in contributing to the immediate relief of Chicago. Private citizens promptly forwarded their gifts of money to the treasurer of Chicago, and $10,000 worth of necessaries were dispatched at once to the suffering. A Montreal paper remarked, in connection with the great disaster: "With regard to the city in its corporate capacity contributing, say $50,000, it has been said to do this would be in violation of law. This is true; but charity is above law. The Legislature, which is soon to meet, would doubtless pass a short measure to legalize the appropriation; and the deed would scarcely fail to meet the approbation of the citizens generally."

"Ah!" exclaimed Brigham Young to a friend, on receiving ten boxes containing silk dresses and cashmere shawls for his thirty wives, "if you knew the cost of those goods you would not believe for a moment that I practiced polygamy as an earthly pleasure."

At the British Science Association at Edinburgh a paper was read on the "Importance of forming Provincial Museums," which might be connected with public libraries, and thus be useful to the common people. In connection with the discussion of this subject Miss Lydia Becker, a member of the School Board of Manchester, remarked that it had always seemed to her to be a matter of extreme importance to introduce such habits of observation as would follow from the introduction of natural science into elementary schools. She believed there was no portion of the population who were more likely to be interested in the matter than the children who attended these schools. They came there with their minds fresh and open to receive those impressions which were given in childhood, and they were very apt scholars. She thought it was of as much consequence to teach girls natural science as boys. With regard to the principles of physiology and the laws of health, she thought that if any difference was to be made between the sexes, the girls should be first considered in the matter, as so much of the health of the population depended on the intelligence of women in these matters.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THERE was a deacon in New Hampshire by the name of Day, by trade a cooper. One Sunday he heard a number of boys in front of his house, and went to stop their Sabbath-breaking. Assuming a grave countenance, he said to them: "Boys, do you know what day this is?" "Yes, Sir," replied one of the boys; "Deacon Day, the cooper!"

The lady of a mariner about to sail on a distant voyage sent a note to the clergyman of the parish expressing the following meaning: "A husband going to sea, his wife desires the prayers of the congregation." Unfortunately the good matron was not skilled in punctuation, nor had the minister quick vision. He read the note as it was written: "A husband going to see his wife desires the prayers of the congregation."

A letter with the following poetical direction was received at a Missouri post-office not long since:

"Carry me along safe and sound,
To Mary A. M—— I am bound,
Missouri Valley, early or late,
Harrison County, Iowa State."

What does a grocer do with all his things before he sells them?—Gives them a weigh.

An old Scottish woman, wishing to cross the River Forth, hesitated to enter the ferry-boat because a storm was brewing. The boatman asked if she would not trust in Providence. "Na, na," said she, "I would na trust in Providence as long as there is a bridge at Stirling."

The attention of two drummers was attracted to a peculiar chimney on a house in Virginia, and asked a flaxen-haired urchin if it "drawed well." "Yes," replied the boy, "it draws the attention of all the fools that pass this road."

Oarsmen resemble Indian chiefs when they feather their sculls.

A man on the day he became one hundred years old went to have a pair of shoes made, remarking that he wanted them built substantial, with plenty of hob-nails. The store-keeper suggested that he might not live to wear such a pair of shoes out, when the old gentleman retorted that he commenced this one hundred years a good deal stronger than he did last one!

Did you ever see a vegetarian or a teetotaler in "good animal spirits?"

"Plase, Sir," said an Irishman to a traveler, "would yez be so obliging as to take me great-coat here to Boston wid yez?" "Yes," said the man in the wagon; "but how will you get it again?" "Oh, that's mighty aisy, so it is," said Pat, "for shure I'll remane inside uv it."

THE NATIONAL HAND OF FELLOWSHIP.

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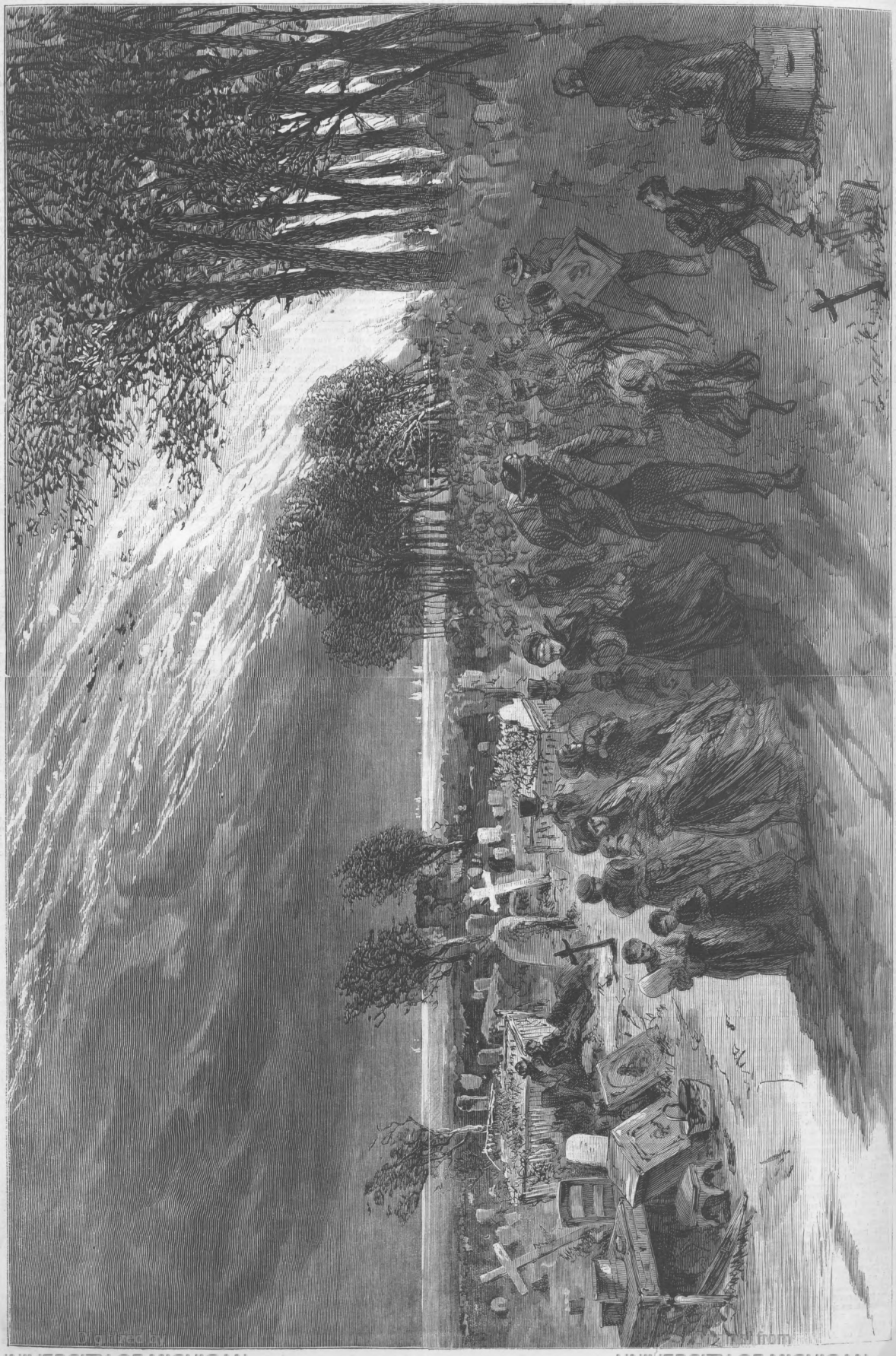

THE BURNING OF CHICAGO—RUSH OF FUGITIVES THROUGH THE POTTER'S FIELD TOWARD LINCOLN PARK.—FROM A SKETCH BY THEO. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 1028.]

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HON. W. B. WASHBURN.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY WHIPPLE, BOSTON.]

HON. CORNELIUS WALSH.—[SEE PAGE 1031.]

HON. WILLIAM B. WASHBURN.

THIS gentleman, the nominee of the Republican party for Governor of Massachusetts, has a long and most honorable public record. He was born January 31, 1820, in Winchenden, Massachusetts. Left an orphan at an early age, his youth was one earnest, persistent struggle for an education and a livelihood. Fitting for college at the Groton Academy, he entered Yale in the year 1840, and was graduated with honor four years later. His inclinations were toward a professional life, but the force of circumstances led him into business and politics.

His advent to public life was in the year 1850, when he was sent to the State Senate. In 1854 he was a member of the House. In 1856 he joined the Republican party, then just organized, and has acted with it conscientiously and consistently ever since. In 1862 he was elected to

THE GREAT FIRE AT PESHTIGO.—FROM A SKETCH BY G. J. TISDALE.—[SEE PAGE 1034.]

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Congress by the people of his district, and has been returned to his seat there every two years since then. In March, 1863, when he first took his seat in Congress, he was assigned to a place on the Committee on Invalid Pensions. In his second Congress (1865–67) he served upon the Committee on Claims, at that time one of the most important committees, and one requiring in its members much sagacity and prudence.

Mr. WASHBURN, of whom we give a portrait on page 1037, is a consistent Christian, an honest politician, an irreproachable man. He will carry into the gubernatorial seat—for his election is a foregone conclusion—the integrity and ability which have marked his career in Congress, and the quiet dignity and manliness which characterized his conduct during the stormy canvass which ended in his triumphant nomination.

AN ERROR.—Many suppose THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL to be devoted exclusively to a *specialty*—PHRENOLOGY. To prove this an error, and that it is one of the *most comprehensive, practical*, and *useful* MAGAZINES, it will be sent to any address, *three months*, for 50 CENTS. Oct., Nov., and Dec. Nos. will be sent FREE to all who subscribe at once for 1872. Only $3 00 a year; with *either* of Harper's, $6 00. Address S. R. WELLS, 389 Broadway, New York.—[*Com.*]

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EXAMPLE FOR THE LADIES.

MRS. ELIZABETH A. MONAGHAN, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has used her Wheeler & Wilson Machine since 1861. During the war she stitched forty blouses a day of eight hours, averaging about $16 a week; since then she has stitched from thirty to thirty-six linen coats a day. Last year, in three months, she stitched 1274 linen coats, earning $186 46, besides doing her own housework and tending her baby. She would use no other machine.—[*Com.*]

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THE Troy, N. Y., *Times* says the sprightly look of many of our older citizens is owing *solely* to the use of Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.—[*Com.*]

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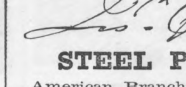

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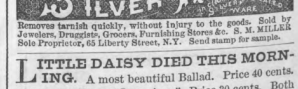

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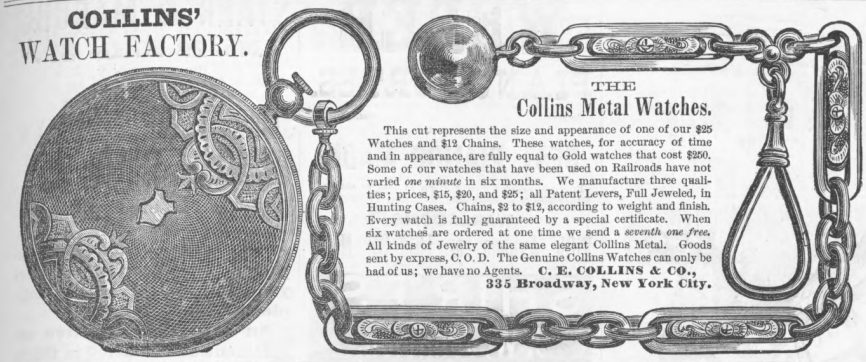

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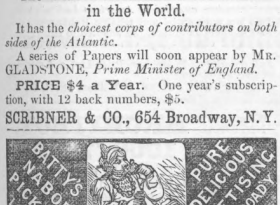

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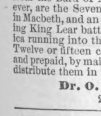

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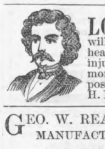

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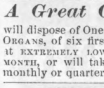

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THE GOOD-FOR-NOTHING, IN MISS COLUMBIA'S PUBLIC SCHOOL.

DAME BRITANNIA. "Yes; the very same Boy that has given me so much trouble in my School. Well, MISS COLUMBIA, '*Now you know how it is yourself!*'"

[See "THE POPE AND THE TEACHER," Page 1042.]

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THE POPE AND THE TEACHER.

BY EUGENE LAWRENCE.

OF that wide contest in which the Romish Church seems resolved to engage with all civil governments, the most important element is the question of education. An infallible pope might vainly hurl anathema or allocution against a nation that had never been instructed in obedience to the papal see; but if he can convert every where the school-teacher into the priest, he may at least hope to preserve a powerful influence in modern politics. The kings and rulers of Europe have, one by one, gradually thrown off all allegiance to the Romish see. Nations long noted for their bigoted devotion to the interests of Rome are now become more active in opposition to its tyranny than the rulers or the people of Protestant lands. Catholic Italy has destroyed the temporal power. The Jesuits, whose daring policy controlled the decrees of the recent Council of the Vatican, have been driven from the city of Rome. Spain, where only a few years ago imprisonment or banishment awaited the Protestant missionary, now invites a free religious discussion. Even Austria, whose government seemed based upon superstition, abolishes the Concordat, and treats with contempt those minatory appeals by which the pope seeks to arouse its Catholic population to rebellion and to disturb the peace of the progressive empire.

The cause of the swift fall of the papal power is the rapid spread of knowledge. Science has avenged GALILEO, and brought into contact with modern civilization the dark places of the earth. Rome itself was invaded by the railroad and the telegraph, in defiance of the dull opposition of GREGORY or PIUS. Spain and Italy have yielded to the assaults of the school-master and the engineer; and for the first time since HILDEBRAND all Western Europe is set free from the political usurpation of an Italian priest.

Had the Vatican Council assented to the demands of the people for a new education; had it welcomed the teacher, the man of letters or of science, to its Church as the firmest friends of a reformed faith; had it softened the harshness of a priestly rule—it might, at least, have preserved for the papacy the sympathy of its ancient allies; it might have temporized with Austria, or pacified Italy and Spain. But it chose to rise to a height of assumption from which even the Council of Trent had shrunk in prudent alarm. It decreed the superiority of the pope to all civil governments, threatened persecution, denounced the progress of modern reform. The new governments and the new systems of education were included in its anathemas; every faithful adherent of the Romish see is, in effect, called upon to rise in defense of its spiritual despotism, and overturn every institution that stands in the path of the infallible Church.

This, at least, is the interpretation put upon the decrees of the council in all Catholic lands. It is stated that in Germany a fierce excitement has arisen, quite unparalleled in modern history; that cities are torn by religious strife, families divided, neighbors and friends at variance; that even tolerant Prussia, secure in a military rule, has been driven to break up or restrain its Catholic schools, or force upon them liberal teachers; that the mischievous activity of the Jesuits has made them once more a terror to pacific Germans; that the hidden designs of the papal faction are awakening sincere alarm in the kings and people of the Continent. It is suggested that the future policy of the extreme Romanists will be to excite revolution and promote anarchy, to arouse the flames of discord in every progressive nation, to stimulate the evil instincts of men, and point to the horrors they have themselves occasioned as the just judgments from above upon the enemies of the vicegerent of Heaven.

How far these dark anticipations now stirring the German mind may be fulfilled in the event, we do not seek to determine; they suffice to show what is the aspect which the Romish Church now presents to the statesmen of Europe. It has become more than ever before an object of dread. It has identified itself with the society of the Jesuits; and all the dark intrigue and cunning policy, all the unscrupulous morals and unsparing cruelty, all the fatal blindness and fierce audacity, which history imputes to that ambitious order must hereafter be associated with the political designs of Rome.

Such is the foreign power which is asking or urging us, in no modest tone, to throw down one of the bulwarks of our republican institutions—to destroy our common-school system, and introduce a method of instruction that has failed notoriously in every European country. In France and England denominational schools have left the greater part of the people uneducated. In Austria the government has been forced to remove its children from the control of the priests. The Italian schools are all under the ban of the pope. In Germany, where a liberal form of Catholicism prevails, and where the state exercises a rigorous control over the system of education, the government has already learned to look with alarm upon the disloyal influence of its Romish teachers. In Holland, where a system prevails nearly similar to our own, education has risen to its highest excellence, and has proved the firmest ally of religion, morality, and general prosperity.

With us the common school, more than any other influence, has confirmed the advance of freedom. It has linked together, by a golden tie of intelligence and good sense, the East and the West. It is blending into one united and vigorous nation the various races that have met together on the broad territory that spreads from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The common-school system is as useful and as effective in the rich wheat fields of Minnesota, on the shores of the Columbia, or in the new cities of the California coast, as in Massachusetts or Pennsylvania; it teaches every where the same lesson of fraternity and equality; offers every where the same standard of mental culture; softens the tendency to sectional differences; repels the European ideas of caste; dissolves the bitterness of opposing creeds; and, with a mighty power, holds together the foundations of the republic. Happy would it have been for the Southern States had they early recognized the political value of the teacher. Slavery might then have been peacefully laid aside, and a dreadful retribution escaped. But the slave-holders were always the bitterest foes of the common school, and, when they rose in rebellion, fell crushed and powerless before the intellectual agent they had despised.

A similar fate awaits the mental tyranny of the Romish Church. Yet the struggle will, no doubt, be a long one both in Europe and America. It will chiefly be felt in populous cities. One of the most curious passages in history is the control which the extreme faction of the Romish priesthood has long held in New York. It is safe to say that for twenty years the politics of our city have been usually governed by the priest; that an Italian faction has selected the rulers of the metropolis of the New World. The result is sufficiently appalling. Romish bishops and priests, selected by the pope, have aimed incessant blows, from the pulpit or through the elections, at our common schools. Their vigor has been impaired, their morals tainted. It is estimated that twenty thousand children, chiefly Irish, have been shut out from the schools by the influence of the priests or the deficiencies of our system; that while in Berlin or Amsterdam no child is left without instruction, in New York the vagrant horde of ignorant and vicious youth is every year increasing. The ban of the pope has chiefly fallen upon the unlucky Irishman. Always the chosen victim of the Italian priest, he is forbidden in New York or Cincinnati to send his children to the public schools. He is condemned by his foreign masters to perpetuate in the New World the ignorance and the folly they had entailed upon him in the Old.

In New York the priests and the slave-holders ruled for many years harmoniously together. The votes of the Romish section of our citizens during the rebellion were uniformly aimed against the government; and even the gallantry of SHERIDAN can scarcely efface the memory of the general disloyalty of his countrymen. History must always record that, in the most disastrous moments of the war, the unreflecting Romanists rose to pillage the city, and apparently to deliver it into the hands of the slave-holders; that a succession of riots and disorders has arisen among the ignorant multitude to whom the priests have refused the education of freemen; that the rulers they have placed in office have committed enormous crimes, and that the utter ruin of the city was only averted by a sudden discovery of their guilt. Such facts are lessons. They show the urgent need of enforcing a thorough system of education upon our foreign population; of teaching them loyalty to the government, the value of honesty, and the duty of gratitude.

A new period of advance seems opening upon us. We have destroyed slavery, and with it have passed away many delusions and many crimes. We have seen the French empire sink amidst its corruptions, and the temporal power of the pope perish with the decaying glories of France. Our own country resounds with the clamor of industry; he who labors is certain to reap a full reward; immense regions of unbounded fertility are opening to the new generation, and from the toiling throngs arises a cry for honesty and justice, by which alone industry can secure its honorable gains. Virtues long forgotten are once more sought for; the shocking aspect of vice, cowering, revengeful, yet shameless, amidst its heaps of gold, is more than ever repulsive. We believe that the new generation will be possessed of a mental and moral vigor unknown to the past; will refresh its strength with active labor; will rise to the refinement of a well-ordered mind. But that it may do so it will need all the aid of the public schools. The land must be sown thickly with busy school-houses. The teacher must stand at the head of the advancing generation. From the Atlantic to the Pacific the lessons of history and of reason must flow in an unfailing tide, and all men be taught that the vices and follies of the past should be the scorn of freemen.

In fortunate Holland, we are assured by Baron CUVIER and Mr. NICHOLS, there is neither physical nor mental want: no beggars are seen in the streets of its cities; no man that can labor will consent to live in dependence. There is no one in all Holland of sane mind that has not received a careful education. Its teachers are cultivated to the highest pitch of mental and moral excellence; are held in the most sincere esteem as the chief benefactors of the state; are admitted to be the source of general prosperity and content. The schools are attended by both Catholics and Protestants in unbroken harmony. Religious discussion is carefully excluded from the course of education, and rival sects forget their differences in their common thirst for knowledge. No penalty is imposed to oblige parents to send their children to the schools; but whoever neglects to do so is deprived of all aid from the public charities. A similar provision might be added with advantage to our own system; and we may trust the time is not distant when in every American city the teachers will be as accomplished, the schools as nearly perfect, the bitterness of sectarianism as little felt, as in Haarlem or Amsterdam.

But to the demand of an Italian priest that we should abandon our national system of education there can be but one reply—the common schools shall be maintained. Public policy alone would forbid us to yield to the arts of that dangerous faction which in Europe is making religion a source of civil strife, and which in our own city has brought more than European corruption and crime. But the strength of the common-school system lies in the general favor of the people. Its benefits are felt through the growing population of the Northwest, on the shores of the Pacific, amidst the golden cliffs of Nevada. It follows the settler as he makes new paths in the wilderness. It will throw its protecting shield over the future millions who are to throng the vast and tempting region from St. Paul to the mouth of the Columbia, where a whole nation might be lost in the opulent solitude. It will be cherished in the Eastern cities as the surest bulwark against the rising flood of European ignorance and barbarism. It will become dear to all classes and creeds. Nor is it incredible that the Catholics of the New World will at length hear with indifference the anathemas of the pope against modern education, and become as resolute and bold as the Catholics of Italy or Spain in defense of freedom and progress.

DOWN STREAM.

BY DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

BETWEEN Holmscote and Hurstcote
The river-reaches wind,
The whispering trees accept the breeze,
The ripple's cool and kind:
With love low-whispered 'twixt the shores,
With rippling laughters gay,
With white arms bared to ply the oars,
On last year's first of May.

Between Holmscote and Hurstcote
The river's brimmed with rain,
Through close-met banks and parted banks
Now near now far again:
With parting tears caressed to smiles,
With meeting promised soon,
With every sweet vow that beguiles,
On last year's first of June.

Between Holmscote and Hurstcote
The river's flecked with foam,
'Neath shuddering clouds that hang in shrouds
And lost winds wild for home:
With infant wailings at the breast,
With homeless steps astray,
With wanderings shuddering tow'rd one rest,
On this year's first of May.

Between Holmscote and Hurstcote
The summer river flows
With doubled flight of moons by night
And lilies' deep repose:
With lo! beneath the moon's white stare
A white face not the moon,
With lilies meshed in tangled hair,
On this year's first of June.

Between Holmscote and Hurstcote
A troth was given and riven;
From heart's trust grew one life to two,
Two lost lives cry to Heaven:
With banks spread calm to meet the sky,
With meadows newly mowed,
The harvest paths of glad July,
The sweet school-children's road.

A DEAD-LOCK, AND ITS KEY.

"A NOTE for *you*, ma'am. No answer."

I was resting in my own room, after riding—it was six o'clock, too early to dress for dinner, too late to dress twice after taking off my habit—sleeping over a book, and comfortable in my white dressing-gown. I was bored by the interruption. The note was no more than this:

"DEAR SALEEN,—I must stay where I am, and you must go by yourself to the Lesters'—you won't mind. I saw Jack, and he said there was no party, as it would be troublesome, with the wedding to-morrow, and the dining-room is given up to the breakfast. I've sent back the brougham. Thine, FRED."

Fred is my brother, and was invited, like myself, to dine quietly with these Lesters, whose pretty daughter was to be married next day to a friend of ours—specially Fred's and mine—Sir John March, commonly called "Jack."

"What keeps Fred?" was my passing thought; then I read a little longer, dressed, and drove to Portman Square. As I turned the corner, I saw visible preparations and signs of the morrow's wedding at the Lesters' door. A cart with flowers was unloading; an awning was being put up over the balcony and hall door; men in white aprons came and went. As the brougham drew up I could see through the open door the bustle and stir within. At home in the house, I opened the dining-room door to see what progress was being made with the tables. Several maid-servants and some of the confectioner's men were arranging the ornaments and flowers; the cake, with its conventional erection, stood conspicuous. My friends' maid was putting moss into the flower-baskets, and decorating the high dishes containing the more durable part of the feast. "Well, Barker," I was beginning, when I caught the woman's eyes. She was doing her work with a strange gravity, and her face was full of horror and pain. When she saw me, she let fall the flowers in her hand.

"Oh, ma'am! oh, Miss Sarah! you've come."

"Of course I've come," I answered. "What is the matter?"

"You haven't seen them, ma'am, have you?"

"Seen who?—the ladies? No; I came straight in here to look at the tables. Is there any thing wrong? I suppose we're to dine in the library for to-day? How nice it all looks!"

"Nice! Oh, ma'am, it's a mockery; it's awful! To see it all, and to go on as if—as if— O Lord!" and the woman sat down, and rocked herself to and fro, with the tears running down her face.

I was thoroughly alarmed now. "Barker, *is* there any thing wrong? Is any one ill, or dead? Don't frighten me like this. I'll go and see them if you won't speak out;" and I went to the door. I just saw that Barker had descended to the floor, and that her head was on the chair, which she clutched, sobbing aloud.

I met the butler and another man crossing the hall, both with scared, solemn faces, and went on to the morning-room, on the same floor. There all looked much as usual. The pride of the house and of my friends' rather valuable collection of antiquities stood facing the door—a huge cabinet, with massive clamped doors, and richly cut brass-work—*ciselé* as only genuine brass-work of old time can be; curiously inlaid wood-work; marvelous locks, which no one but its owner understood, and no one else dared meddle with. It was a very old friend, the great *armoire;* playing with the children of the house in my own childhood, I knew it, inside and outside, by heart. A mystery and a wonder then—an interest later—always a thing to admire and wonder at even now.

It had three doors. The centre one, about four feet wide, and certainly six inches thick, shut in another, which again inclosed, with a space of about eight inches of waste room, a set of six drawers, of different sizes, and a sort of cupboard above them. We used to stand as little children between the drawers and the inner door, and wonder, supposing we were shut in, whether we could breathe long in that narrow inclosure, or be heard by any one without, supposing—awful thought!—we were forgotten, or the outer door were shut. I remember thinking of it in bed at night, as nervous children will think of such things, till I was cold with horror. Both these two doors shut with a catch which was not a lock; but we children were forbidden ever to open or shut them, except when Mr. Lester was present. It was doubtful if any one else knew how to open them, for no one ever tried. The two side doors opened with curious keys, which stood in the locks, chained to the armoire. They were valuables in themselves. The great key of the centre door, worth a hundred pounds or more, was considered too sacred for common eyes, and lay in a velvet-lined case in Mr. Lester's own keeping—brought out only occasionally to show to those who could appreciate such things.

It stood there in the summer twilight, looming darkly in the quiet room, darker than the rest of the house, as back-rooms in London often are. Chilly, it seemed to me, in my thin white dress, coming from the hall full of sunset light. Turning to leave the room, I saw a man lying prone on his face upon the sofa; so still and so straight and so strange in his attitude that I could only stare for a minute, and wonder whether he was asleep or dead. His hands were over his ears, grasping his hair, as if in pain; and I noticed the soles of his boots turned quite up, as one notices trifles in the midst of alarm or bewilderment. The nails in his boots showed he was not dressed for dinner. His hat was lying on the floor on its side. His face I could not see; but I knew it was Jack March, and I touched his arm in wonder.

"Jack, are you awake? Are you asleep? What is it?" I asked, with growing alarm. Was I to find something strange in every room I entered in this house? "Jack!" I said, again. He turned, and I saw his wild, haggard face, that looked at me with vague eyes that seemed not to see; and then he put his head down with a moan, and covered his ears once more, as if to shut out sight and sound. The room felt darker and chillier for this silent figure; and the gaunt old armoire seemed bigger and more oppressive. I ran out of the room in a sort of panic. Up stairs, the drawing-room door stood open. The glow of the sunset was over the room, bright with flowers and pictures; and the open windows showed the balconies lined with red cloth, and ready for the guests next day. Silence here, and silent figures, two of them—one crouched upon the floor, with arms outstretched upon a sofa; another lying half across an ottoman—the bride's mother and sister. As I came in and spoke, now fairly bewildered and frightened, Mrs. Lester rose up with a despairing wail.

"Saleen, Saleen!" She stood shaking and crying out my name.

"Dear Mrs. Lester," I said, taking the poor woman's cold hands, "come and sit down and tell me what has happened. Kate!" I called to the girl on the floor, "come and give me that cushion." She came mechanically, and helped her mother to the arm-chair. "Now tell me, if you can—" But Mrs. Lester's head had fallen back upon the cushion, and she had fainted. The girl roused herself.

"No wonder," she said; "she has eaten nothing all day; and then all this. It's too awful, Saleen. I shall go mad if I think; and papa has never come back!"

"Where is your father?"

"I don't know. We sent down to the club and to the House: they can't find him. And we've searched his room, and it's not there. It's nowhere. And Jack is nearly wild; and we daren't break it open."

"It! What, child? Can't you say what you are talking about? *I* shall go mad next. *What* can't you find? And what ails you all?"

"Saleen, it's Mary. Mary is in there, and the key is gone, and papa is away; and she's dying there—suffocating;" and the girl flung herself on the floor with wild sobs and tears. Mrs. Lester lay forgotten in her swoon; Kate rolled in unavailing misery on the carpet. I fled down stairs. The servants were as busy as ever. I knew it all now.

"Good God!" I said to the butler, who was

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carrying in a tray of glass, "are you going on with all this useless folly, and that girl dying in the next room? Is no one going to try to save her?"

Davis stood still and looked at me pityingly; he shook his head sadly, and went on.

I rushed into the street: a policeman was standing near the carts. "Come here," I said. "You"—to another man—"go and get a blacksmith. Run for your life! Tell them to bring tools to open locks and unscrew every thing. Run!—And you get a hatchet; get any thing: come and break open the great cabinet." I gasped to the servants, who came out to see what it all meant: "Don't lose a moment. Great Heaven! the time that has been lost already!" They obeyed me, dispersing hither and thither. It seemed hours before the men came back with tools. "Try the hinges first. Are there screws?" There was that chance; and they worked at them, removing several heavy curious nails and screws, but seeming no nearer the object; the door was fast and firm. "Oh, break it down!" I screamed at last; "break it with the hatchet. What does any thing matter, but her life—her life!"

"Her life!" said some strange voice close to me, and there stood Jack March, swaying like a drunken man, with scared eyes and wild hair. Was his reason gone or going?

"Don't!" he shouted to a workman who was lifting the hatchet to break in the door. "Not up there. Her head." And then he stooped his ear to the key-hole, listened intently a minute, raised his hand as if to demand silence, and, the intelligence fading out of his face, he rose with a discordant laugh and walked away. "Bah!" he said: "her life against Lester's cabinet—her life against a key." We did not even look round to see where he went stumbling through the hall, where he fell in a fit upon the floor.

Fearing to injure that imprisoned figure—living or dead, who could tell?—we left the door, and proceeded to break into the middle compartment from the wings. The grand old workmanship resisted: there seemed no weak point, no crevice, no possibility of breaking into the huge thing without fear of harm to *that* which it held locked and fast, within a few inches of our light and air and living life, done to death by a bit of clever machinery, the work of a dead hand. I would not think of beautiful Mary Lester as she might be, must be, if another hour went by. All this time no questions were asked. I never knew till afterward how it had all happened; how her father, only an hour or so earlier, exhibiting his wonderful cabinet to a connoisseur in such matters, had gone up stairs with his friend to show the key he prized so much, leaving the cabinet door open, intending to return; how Mary and the children, a younger brother and sister, had come in; and how the unusual sight of the open door had attracted them; how she looked in, and told the little ones she had not stood inside it "so" since she was as little as they were, and, laughing, tried to stand in the old place. "I am not too big even now, am I?" she said; and the children ran to see, and pushing the doors against her, the spring caught, and shut her in with death and suffocation; while they went shouting to the others that sister Mary was "in there shut up," and they "couldn't let her out."

No, they could not let her out. Mr. Lester and his friend had gone off with the key, to show it to some one who had doubted its date—so it appeared from one of the boys who now came in. He had heard them talking on the stairs as they went out.

"He said: 'Jarvis knows nothing about it; he has never seen it,'" said the boy, sobbing. "I heard him. I know he said Jarvis."

"That will be Colonel Jarvis, in Charles Street, ma'am," said Davis. "Maybe, if we sent there—"

There were voices outside, and Barker looked in with a white face of horror.

"It's master coming in," she said, in a sort of whisper.

We all stood back. Who would tell him? Who was to say, Your girl is behind that immovable door?

But the boy, frightened enough at his father at other times, went up to him, trying to speak quietly. "The key, Sir. Quick, for God's sake!"

"Key! What—what's all this? Good God! Sir"—seizing a servant by the collar, and flinging him to one side, like a cat—"do you know what you're doing, meddling with that cabinet? Why, it's worth thousands! God bless me! what does all this mean?" He was purple with anger. "Don't stand staring. Sarah Heriot," he thundered, "you are not a fool. Be good enough to explain this—this—"

I went up to him sick with horror. "The key is wanted," I managed to say. "There is some one inside—dying."

"Some one—dying—in there! Who? What! Who is it, girl?" He shook me by the shoulder till I winced with pain.

"Oh, the key, the key! Never mind any thing else, Sir. Only open it quick, and lose no more time."

He looked sharply round. Mrs. Lester and Kate were standing at the door, with their terrified, miserable faces. He took in the rest of us with a glance.

"Where's Mary?" he said, suddenly. No one spoke. "Why the devil don't you answer me? *Who* is shut in there? How could any one be there? Trash! But his face was growing ashy gray, and his lips whitened as he spoke. "Ah, my God! I never shut the door! It is not *Mary*, not my girl that's—" He pointed with a shaking hand to the heavy door. "And—I haven't the—key!"

He made one rush into the street. The servants standing about were swept right and left, as he tore past them down Orchard Street into Oxford Street. They could see the hatless, fleeing figure disappearing in the distance.

Mrs. Lester came into the hall. The doctor and others were busy about poor Jack March, who lay on the dining-room sofa, with closed eyes, happily unconscious. The timid mistress of the house stood by the staircase, her face, her voice, her whole appearance changed and aged in the last hour.

"He has gone for the key; he can't be back," she said, speaking like a woman in a dream, "not for half an hour." She looked round stupidly and smiled. "He will kill me, you know; but the cabinet *shall* be broken open—broken to pieces! Never mind. Fancy *waiting* for the key!" she laughed. "Break it down, I tell you! *I* give the order. Do you hear me?"

Two workmen came from the side door, where a fresh and useless attempt had been made to remove the panel without injury to the front or to the imprisoned girl.

"We might loosen the wood-work, and strike it out, mum; and go on taking out screws, same time."

"Do it."

Sharp blows upon chisels now, and several screws removed from lock and hinges.

"Strike at the hinges with the hatchet," came Mrs. Lester's altered voice, hard and wiry, usually so low and hesitating. "Cut them through; it *can* be done—it *shall*."

They struck with a will; the hatchet edge was pressed to the weakest part, and heavy blows from a mallet upon that. The hatchet edge was turned, and a dint made; some of the work injured and broken—but no more.

"Cut through the panel," suggested Kate. "Surely wood can be broken."

"It's all lined with iron, mum," said Davis; "it is as good as a safe. But we might try."

Three telling blows. The room suddenly darker, a chill sough of wind from the window, and the door swung to with a bang. Every one looked round. A growl of distant thunder, and a faint flash of lightning accounted for it next moment. More blows, and a long ominous roll, and the lightning playing across the great armoire; then an avalanche of rain and hail—all strange and incongruous on this fine evening. The room was nearly dark. One of the men spoke: "Is there a step-ladder in the house?" It was brought. "I'll try the top, with your leave, ma'am. Ah, if I had a light now!" He was given a taper from the library table. "Bill"—to his companion—"look here; hold the light, and keep a hand on the side." He lifted the hatchet, and gave a swinging blow—another—an awful clap of thunder, and the next flash showed every white face to the other. Quick steps in the hall, and the door flung wide; a wild, wet figure threw the key among us, and fell in a heap on the floor. With a wrench, the man on the ladder tore off the upper moulding, and half the roof of the armoire. Mrs. Lester took up the key, fumbled with the lock, let it fall with a shriek. Barker caught it from her, put it in, and turned it. "Open it," she whispered to one of the men; "*I* can't." She turned away, sick with dread. It was opened, showing nothing but the terrible inner door, whose spring was only known to the master, lying senseless on the floor.

"Take off more here," one of the men shouted; "it will give air till the door's got open."

Good thought. They worked savagely.

Mrs. Lester was on her knees by her husband. "Oh, get brandy! Get him to speak! He could tell us how!" They did what they could. "William! Oh, speak to me! How can I open it, the spring—the inner door?"

The white lips moved, and the head with its dripping hair rolled to one side, but no sound came. The men worked wildly now. All thought of sparing the beautiful front and brass-work was forgotten. They tore and hammered at the inner door, whose smooth polished surface presented no crevice or join where to strike first—where to insert a chisel or direct a blow. As they worked, consciousness returned to Mr. Lester: he half sat up, supporting himself against the door; but no words came, though his lips moved, and his eyes looked with intense eagerness at the destruction of his precious armoire. He lifted his hand and looked mutely at his wife. She put her head down to his lips. "What is it? What shall I tell them to do?" He beat his hand upon the floor.

Kate sprung forward: "I know! I know! Strike on the floor, at the foot of the inner door! Oh, I remember, it was there!"

Davis felt with his hand all along the polished surface of the lowest shelf. "Here, press here; give me a hammer." He felt a slight rise, and struck gradually all about the spot Kate showed him. A deafening clap of thunder, and a flash, blinding us for the moment, and we all crowded close, and then came a creak, drowned in the awful thunder.

"It's open," said one of the men.

Kate slid to the floor, twisting my dress about her head.

Davis turned from the door. "I daren't look," he said. "Do you," to the carpenter's man. "Open it gently."

Barker stretched forward, turned round, tried to say something, and burst out crying.

"I can't see," said the man, with a strange, thick voice. "Bring the light, some one." For ten awful seconds there was silence in the dim room, then a cry and a heavy fall.

"Saleen," said a voice close to me, "do you know it's a quarter past seven, and you are due at the Lesters' at half past; and not even dressed? Here's your book fallen down."

I had been asleep over an hour.

If I felt like a conspirator at the Lesters' pleasant dinner, it is not surprising, but I did not mention my dream.

HOW OUR ANCESTORS TRAVELED.

CARTS and chariots of a rude construction have been used from very early times, but carriages that can in any way be considered as the precursors of our present elegant vehicles were not invented or brought into use until the Middle Ages; and for many years after the first introduction of coaches they were only used by ladies, and by them only upon state occasions. Kings and knights considered all kinds of carriages as effeminate machines, and scorned to be seen within them. Judges and lawyers rode the circuits, physicians visited their patients on horseback, and popes, bishops, and abbots ambled on quiet horses or mules. As late as the reign of Francis I. there were only three coaches in Paris. One of these belonged to the queen, another to Diana of Poitiers, and the third to René de Laval, a corpulent nobleman, who was unable to ride on horseback.

Many ladies objected to riding in carriages, and frequently used asses or rode pillion. Even queens adopted the latter mode of traveling, and there is an amusing story that illustrates this practice in the eleventh century. Bartholomew, the founder of the Leslie family (Earls of Rothes), was a noble Hungarian, who came to Scotland with Queen Margaret, in 1067, as her chamberlain. Her majesty used to ride on a pillion behind him, and on one occasion, while crossing a river, the queen nearly fell off, and Bartholomew cried out, "Grip fast." She replied, "Gin the buckle bide;" for there was only one buckle to the belt by which she held on. After this his exclamation was given as the family motto, and two more buckles were added to the belt. Passing over several centuries, we shall find that Queen Elizabeth rode into the City on a pillion behind her Lord Chancellor. But ladies also rode alone, and side-saddles were in use in England during Saxon times, as is shown by manuscript illuminations and seals, so that Stow is in error when he attributes their introduction to Anne of Bohemia. About the year 1640 the wife of Henry, last Earl of Cumberland, rode on horseback the whole way from London to Londesborough, and took eleven days on the journey.

Traveling in the Middle Ages was very dangerous, owing to the insecurity of the roads, which were infested by robbers and sturdy beggars, and travelers therefore associated themselves together for the purpose of protection. Margaret Paston, in a letter to her husband in London, asks him to pay a debt for one of their friends, because, on account of robbers, it was not safe to send money up from Norfolk.

Carriages met with great opposition at their first introduction, and laws were made to suppress their use. As early as the year 1294 Philip the Fair of France issued an ordinance for suppressing luxury, in which the wives of citizens are forbidden the use of carriages. Beckmann tells us that there is preserved in the archives of the county of Mark an edict in which the feudal nobility and vassals are prohibited from using coaches under pain of incurring the punishment of felony. Duke John of Brunswick published an order in 1588, roundly rating his vassals for neglect of horsemanship, and forbidding them to appear or travel in coaches. A few years after this the English Parliament took up the discussion of the subject, but on the 7th of November, 1601, the bill to restrain the excessive use of coaches within the realm of England was rejected.

Coaches were for many years used only on state occasions, and for purposes of pomp, when a gorgeous show was made by their hangings and trappings, and by the number of horses which drew them. Gradually, however, they came into more frequent use; and Taylor, "the water poet," fixes the date (1564) when they were first introduced into England, and names the introducer as one William Boonen, a Dutchman, who was Queen Elizabeth's coachman. He says: "A coach was a strange monster in those days, and the sight of them put both horse and man into amazement. Some said it was a great crab-shell brought out of China, and some imagin'd it to be one of the pagan temples in which the canibals adored the divell; but at last those doubts were cleared, and coach-making is become a substantiall trade." Taylor's date is not correct, for, according to Holinshed, Queen Mary rode through London to Westminster in 1553, "sitting in a chariot of cloth of tissue drawn with six horses;" and we also find that Sir T. Hoby offered the use of his coach to Lady Cecil in 1556. Although coaches were of modern introduction, Shakspeare refers to them in the wonderful description of Queen Mab, put into Mercutio's mouth:

"Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers."

At this time coaches were a rarity; and although Henry IV. of France was assassinated in one, he usually rode on horseback; in fact, he had only one coach for himself and his queen. He once wrote to a friend, "I can not wait upon you to-day, for my wife is using my coach." To such straits were even kings put in olden times! A very few years passed before carriages had become a common luxury, and in Moryson's "Itinerary" (1617) we are told, "Sixtie or seventy yeeres agoe coaches were very rare in England, but at this day pride is so farre increased as there be few gentlemen of any account (I meane elder brothers) who have not their coaches, so as the streets of London are almost stopped up with them. Yea, they who onely respect comlinesse and profit, and are thought free from pride, yet have coaches, because they find the keeping thereof more commodious and profitable then of horses, since two or three coach-horses will draw four or five persons, besides the commodity of carrying many necessaries in a coach."

Vehicles on wheels are of considerable antiquity, but coaches were originally very different from what they afterward became. At first they were open at the top, but in the course of time a canopy was added. As glass windows were not introduced into carriages until many years after their first introduction, they were long closed up with shutters. Aubrey tells us that the first glass coach that came into England was the Duke of York's, when Charles II. was restored. When Queen Elizabeth visited Warwick, in 1572, the bailiff is said to have approached near to her coach, and she caused "every part and side of the coach to be opened that all her subjects might behold her, which most gladly they desired."

When Prince Charles of England left Spain, in 1623, at the time of his courtship with the Infanta Maria, Olivarez, the Prime Minister of King Philip IV., gave him, among other things, three sedan-chairs. About 1630 this conveyance was in general request; and in 1634 Sir Sanders Duncombe procured a license allowing him the sole privilege, for fourteen years, of using, putting forth, and letting for hire, "within the cities of London and Westminster, and the suburbs and precincts thereof, certain covered chairs, the like whereof being used in many parts beyond the seas for carrying of people in the streets, prevents the unnecessary use of coaches in those places." In a contemporary tract the sedan-chair is described as follows: "The one was in a suite of greene, after a strange manner windowed before and behind with isenglasse [talc], having two handsome fellowes in greene coats attending him; the one ever went before, the other came behind; their coates were laced downe the back with a greene lace suitable, so were their halfe sleeves, which perswaded me at first they were some cast suites of their master's; their backs were harnessed with leather cingles, cut out of a hide as broad as Dutch collops of bacon."

Hackney-coaches were first introduced into London at the principal inns about the year 1625; and in 1634 the first public stand was established. G. Garrard describes the circumstance, in a letter to Lord Strafford, as follows: "I can not omit to mention any new thing that comes up amongst us, tho' never so trivial; here is one: Captain Baily—he hath been a sea-captain, but now lives on the land, about this city, where he tries experiments—he hath erected, according to his ability, some four hackney-coaches, put his men in a livery, and appointed them to stand at the 'May Pole' in the Strand, giving them instructions at what rates to carry men into several parts of the town, where all day they may be had. Other hackney men, seeing this way, they flocked to the same place, and perform their journeys at the same rate. So that sometimes there is twenty of them together, which disperse up and down, that they and others are to be had every where as watermen are to be had by the water-side. Every body is much pleased with it; for, whereas before coaches could not be had but at great rates, now a man may have one much cheaper."

Post-chaises were invented in 1664, but were not so frequently used as post-horses. In the last and present centuries they were largely employed, until the introduction of railways. A post-chaise was a close-bodied carriage on four wheels, made to hold three people in the inside, all looking forward, and with a glass front like a chariot. It was drawn by two horses, and driven by a postboy, who rode on one of them. Occasionally in by-roads it was necessary to have four horses. The cost of posting was large, and persons often advertised for a fellow-traveler to share the expense. In January, 1785, appeared the following advertisement in the Belfast *News Letter:* "A gentleman intends setting off for London by way of Portpatrick the beginning of next week, and would be glad of a partner in a chaise."

In the days when George III. was king and George IV. was Prince of Wales, fashionable men ran mad with the desire to outrival each other in the splendor of the vehicles they drove. The phaeton and curricle were two of the chief favorites, but the former was at first a most unsightly object. It was sometimes driven with two horses and sometimes with four. The old chariot-and-four is altogether a thing of the past; but it occasionally did great things in its day, as when Lord Londonderry spoke in the House of Lords one night, and was two hundred and fifty miles off, at his own door in Durham, on the next night. One of the oldest carriages constructed to accommodate two persons was the Berlin, which took its name from the city, and was invented by Philip de Chiese, colonel and quartermaster in the service of Frederick William, Elector of Brandenburg. The *vis-à-vis* was once a very fashionable carriage, which held two persons, who sat opposite each other. Carriages to hold two or more were companionable, but Dr. Darwin found that he lost much time by being sociable; so he built a carriage to hold only one person, in order that he might not be expected to ask any one to accompany him in his drives. He composed his poetry in it as he went to his more distant patients, and his disappointed friends called it a "sulky."

Omnibuses were first brought into use at Paris in 1827, and two years afterward twelve omnibuses were started in London by J. Shillibeer, a coach-builder. When we mention the cabs and omnibuses that now swarm the streets of the chief cities of Europe and America, we find that we have suddenly arrived at the present time; and so, as we have left the period of antiquated traveling far behind us, we must bring our notes to a close, with the hope that the stuffy omnibuses and dirty cabs may soon be as completely things of the past as some other conveyances we have discoursed upon in the foregoing article.

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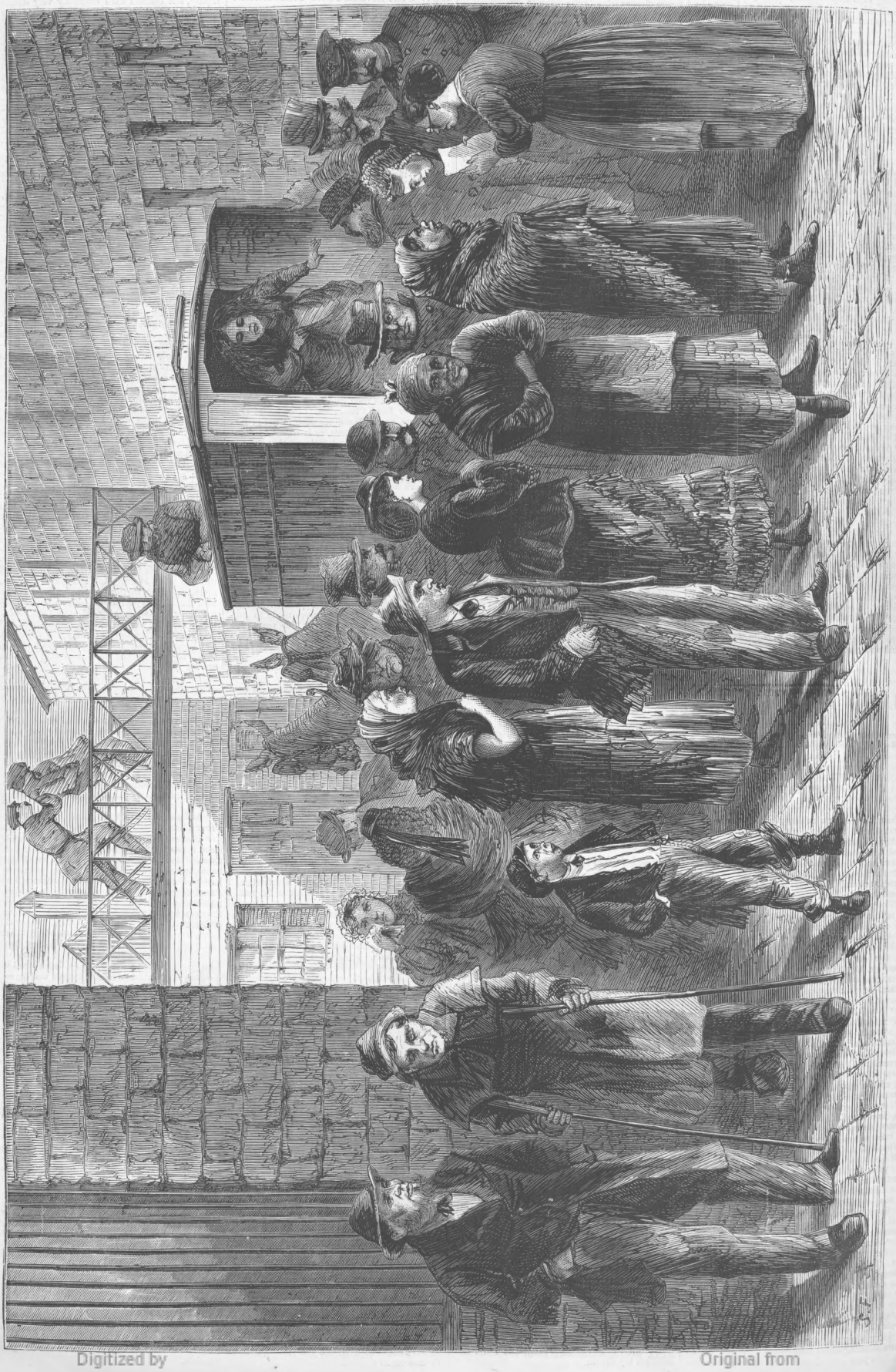

A PRISON VAN DISCHARGING AT THE TOMBS.—DRAWN BY STANLEY FOX.—[SEE PAGE 1047.]

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SCENE ON THE DUMPING DOCK FOOT OF GOUVERNEUR STREET, EAST RIVER.—[SEE PAGE 1047.]

LORD KILGOBBIN.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

Author of "That Boy of Norcott's," "The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly," "Sir Brooke Fossbrooke," "A Day's Ride," "One of Them," "Gerald Fitzgerald," etc., etc.

CHAPTER L.

CROSS PURPOSES.

WHETHER Walpole found some peculiar difficulty in committing his intentions to writing, or whether the press of business which usually occupied his mornings served as an excuse, or whether he was satisfied with the progress of his suit by his personal assiduities, is not easy to say; but his attentions to Mademoiselle Kostalergi had now assumed the form which prudent mothers are wont to call "serious," and had already passed into that stage where small jealousies begin, and little episodes of anger and discontent are admitted as symptoms of the complaint.

In fact he had got to think himself privileged to remonstrate against this, and to dictate that—a state, be it observed, which, whatever its effect upon the "lady of his love," makes a man particularly odious to the people around him, and he is singularly fortunate if it make him not ridiculous also.

The docile or submissive was not the remarkable element in Nina's nature. She usually resisted advice, and resented any thing like dictation from any quarter. Indeed, they who knew her best saw that, however open to casual influences, a direct show of guidance was sure to call up all her spirit of opposition. It was, then, a matter of actual astonishment to all to perceive not only how quietly and patiently she accepted Walpole's comments and suggestions, but how implicitly she seemed to obey them.

All the little harmless freedoms of manner with Dick Kearney and O'Shea were now completely given up. No more was there between them that interchange of light "persiflage" which, presupposing some subject of common interest, is in itself a ground of intimacy.

She ceased to sing the songs that were their favorites. Her walks in the garden after breakfast, where her ready wit and genial pleasantry used to bring her a perfect troop of followers, were abandoned. The little projects of daily pleasure, hitherto her especial province, were changed for a calm, subdued demeanor, which, though devoid of all depression, wore the impress of a certain thoughtfulness and seriousness.

No man was less observant than old Kearney, and yet even he saw the change at last, and asked Kate what it might mean. "She is not ill, I hope," said he; "or is our humdrum life too wearisome to her?"

"I do not suspect either," said Kate, slowly. "I rather believe that, as Mr. Walpole has paid her certain attentions, she has made the changes in her manner in deference to some wishes of his."

"He wants her to be more English, perhaps," said he, sarcastically.

"Perhaps so."

"Well, she is not born one of us, but she is like us all the same, and I'll be sorely grieved if she'll give up her light-heartedness and her pleasantry to win that Cockney."

"I think she has won the Cockney already, Sir."

A long low whistle was his reply. At last he said, "I suppose it's a very grand conquest, and what the world calls 'an elegant match;' but may I never see Easter, if I wouldn't rather she'd marry a fine dashing young fellow over six feet high, like O'Shea there, than one of your gold-chain-and-locket young gentlemen who smile where they ought to laugh, and pick their way through life, as a man crosses a stream, on stepping-stones."

"Maybe she does not like Mr. O'Shea, Sir."

"And do you think she likes the other man? or is it any thing else than one of those mercenary attachments that you young ladies understand better, far better, than the most worldly-minded father or mother of us all?"

"Mr. Walpole has not, I believe, any fortune, Sir. There is nothing very dazzling in his position or his prospects."

"No. Not among his own set, nor with his own people—he is small enough there, I grant you; but when he comes down to ours, Kitty, we think him a grandee of Spain; and if he was married into the family, we'd get off all his noble relations by heart, and soon start talking of our aunt, Lady such a one, and Lord somebody else, that was our first cousin, till our neighbors would nearly die out of pure spite. Sitting down in one's poverty and thinking over one's grand relations, is for all the world like Paddy eating his potatoes and pointing at the red herring—even the look of what he dare not taste flavors his meal."

"At least, Sir, you have found an excuse for our conduct."

"Because we are all snobs, Kitty; because there is not a bit of honesty or manliness in our nature; and because our women that need not be bargaining or borrowing—neither pawnbrokers nor usurers—are just as vulgar-minded as ourselves; and, now that we have given twenty millions to get rid of slavery, like to show how they can keep it up in the old country, just out of defiance."

"If you disapprove of Mr. Walpole, Sir, I believe it is full time you should say so."

"I neither approve nor disapprove of him. I don't well know whether I have any right to do either—I mean so far as to influence her choice. He belongs to a sort of men I know as little about as I do of the Choctaw Indians. They have lives and notions and ways all unlike ours. The world is so civil to them that it prepares every thing to their taste. If they want to shoot, the birds are cooped up in a cover, and only let fly when they're ready. When they fish, the salmon are kept prepared to be caught; and if they make love, the young lady is just as ready to rise to the fly, and as willing to be bagged as either. Thank God, my darling, with all our barbarism, we have not come to that in Ireland."

"Here comes Mr. Walpole now, Sir; and, if I read his face aright, he has something of importance to say to you."

Kate had barely time to leave the room as Walpole came forward with an open telegram and a mass of papers in his hand.

"May I have a few moments of conversation with you?" said he; and in the tone of his words, and a certain gravity in his manner, Kearney thought he could perceive what the communication portended.

"I am at your orders," an-

"NINA KOSTALERGI WAS BUSILY ENGAGED IN PINNING UP THE SKIRT OF HER DRESS."

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swered Kearney, and he placed a chair for the other.

"An incident has befallen my life here, Mr. Kearney, which, I grieve to say, may not only color the whole of my future career, but not impossibly prove the barrier to my pursuit of public life."

Kearney stared at him as he finished speaking, and the two men sat fixedly gazing on each other.

"It is, I hasten to own, the one unpleasant, the one, the only one, disastrous event of a visit full of the happiest memories of my life. Of your generous and graceful hospitality, I can not say half what I desire—"

"Say nothing about my hospitality," said Kearney, whose irritation as to what the other called a disaster left him no place for any other sentiment; "but just tell me why you count this a misfortune."

"I call a misfortune, Sir, what may not only depose me from my office and my station, but withdraw entirely from me the favor and protection of my uncle, Lord Danesbury."

"Then why the devil do you do it?" cried Kearney, angrily.

"Why do I do what, Sir? I am not aware of any action of mine you should question with such energy."

"I mean, if it only tends to ruin your prospects and disgust your family, why do you persist, Sir? I was going to say more, and ask with what face you presume to come and tell these things to *me?*"

"I am really unable to understand you, Sir."

"Mayhap, we are both of us in the same predicament," cried Kearney, as he wiped his brow in proof of his confusion.

"Had you accorded me a very little patience, I might, perhaps, have explained myself."

Not trusting himself with a word, Kearney nodded, and the other went on: "The post this morning brought me, among other things, these two newspapers, with pen-marks in the margin to direct my attention. This is the *Lily of Londonderry*, a wild Orange print; this the *Banner of Ulster*, a journal of the same complexion. Here is what the *Lily* says: 'Our county member, Sir Jonas Gettering, is now in a position to call the attention of Parliament to a document which will distinctly show how her Majesty's ministers are not only in close correspondence with the leaders of Fenianism, but that Irish rebellion receives its support and comfort from the present Cabinet. Grave as this charge is, and momentous as would be the consequences of such an allegation if unfounded, we repeat that such a document is in existence, and that we who write these lines have held it in our hands and have perused it.'

"The *Banner* copies the paragraph, and adds, 'We give all the publicity in our power to a statement which, from our personal knowledge, we can declare to be true. If the disclosures which a debate on this subject must inevitably lead to will not convince Englishmen that Ireland is now governed by a party whose falsehood and subtlety not even Macchiavelli himself could justify, we are free to declare we are ready to join the Nationalists to-morrow, and to cry out for a Parliament in College Green, in preference to a Holy Inquisition at Westminster.'"

"That fellow has blood in him," cried Kearney, with enthusiasm, "and I go a long way with him."

"That may be, Sir, and I am sorry to hear it," said Walpole, coldly; "but what I am concerned to tell you is, that the document or memorandum here alluded to was among my papers, and abstracted from them since I have been here."

"So that there *was* actually such a paper?" broke in Kearney.

"There was a paper which the malevolence of a party journalist could convert to the support of such a charge. What concerns me more immediately is, that it has been stolen from my dispatch-box."

"Are you certain of that?"

"I believe I can prove it. The only day in which I was busied with these papers I carried them down to the library, and with my own hands I brought them back to my room and placed them under lock and key at once. The box bears no trace of having been broken, so that the only solution is a key. Perhaps my own key may have been used to open it, for the document is gone."

"This is a bad business," said Kearney, sorrowfully.

"It is ruin to *me*," cried Walpole, with passion. "Here is a dispatch from Lord Danesbury commanding me immediately to go over to him in Wales, and I can guess easily what has occasioned the order."

"I'll send for a force of Dublin detectives. I'll write to the chief of the police. I'll not rest till I have every one in the house examined on oath," cried Kearney. "What was it like? Was it a dispatch—was it in an envelope?"

"It was a mere memorandum—a piece of post paper, and headed, 'Draught of instruction touching D. D. Forward to chief constable of police at Letterkenny. October 9th.'"

"But you had no direct correspondence with Donogan?"

"I believe, Sir, I need not assure you I had not. The malevolence of party has alone the merit of such an imputation. For reasons of state, we desired to observe a certain course toward the man, and Orange malignity is pleased to misrepresent and calumniate us."

"And can't you say so in Parliament?"

"So we will, Sir, and the nation will believe us. Meanwhile, see the mischief that the miserable slander will reflect upon our administration here, and remember that the people who could alone contradict the story are those very Fenians who will benefit by its being believed."

"Do your suspicions point to any one in particular? Do you believe that Curtis—"

"I had it in my hand the day after he left."

"Was any one aware of its existence here but yourself?"

"None—wait, I am wrong. Your niece saw it. She was in the library one day. I was engaged in writing, and as we grew to talk over the country, I chanced to show her the dispatch."

"Let us ask her if she remembers whether any servant was about at the time, or happened to enter the room."

"I can myself answer that question. I know there was not."

"Let us call her down and see what she remembers," said Kearney.

"I'd rather not, Sir. A mere question in such a case would be offensive, and I would not risk the chance. What I would most wish is, to place my dispatch-box, with the key, in your keeping, for the purposes of the inquiry, for I must start in half an hour. I have sent for post-horses to Moate, and ordered a special train to town. I shall, I hope, catch the eight-o'clock boat for Holyhead, and be with his lordship before this time to-morrow. If I do not see the ladies, for I believe they are out walking, will you make my excuses and my adieux; my confusion and discomfiture will, I feel sure, plead for me? It would not be, perhaps, too much to ask for any information that a police inquiry might elicit; and if either of the young ladies would vouchsafe me a line to say what, if any thing, has been discovered, I should feel deeply gratified."

"I'll look to that. You shall be informed."

"There was another question that I much desired to speak of," and here he hesitated and faltered; "but perhaps, on every score, it is as well I should defer it till my return to Ireland."

"You know best, whatever it is," said the old man, dryly.

"Yes, I think so. I am sure of it." A hurried shake-hands followed, and he was gone.

It is but right to add that a glance at the moment through the window had shown him the wearer of a muslin dress turning into the copse outside the garden, and Walpole dashed down the stairs and hurried in the direction he saw Nina take, with all the speed he could.

"Get my luggage on the carriage, and have every thing ready," said he, as the horses were drawn up at the door. "I shall return in a moment."

CHAPTER LI.

AWAKENINGS.

WHEN Walpole hurried into the beech alley, which he had seen Nina take, and followed her in all haste, he did not stop to question himself why he did so. Indeed, if prudence were to be consulted, there was every reason in the world why he should rather have left his leave-takings to the care of Mr. Kearney than assume the charge of them himself; but if young gentlemen who fall in love were only to be logical or "consequent," the tender passion would soon lose some of the contingencies which give it much of its charm, and people who follow such occupations as mine would discover that they had lost one of the principal employments of their lifetime.

As he went along, however, he bethought him that as it was to say good-by he now followed her, it behooved him to blend his leave-taking with that pledge of a speedy return which, like the effects of light in landscape, bring out the various tints in the richest coloring, and mark more distinctly all that is in shadow. "I shall at least see," muttered he to himself, "how far my presence here serves to brighten her daily life, and what amount of gloom my absence will suggest." Cecil Walpole was one of a class—and I hasten to say it is a class—who, if not very lavish of their own affections, or accustomed to draw largely on their own emotions, are very fond of being loved themselves, and not only are they convinced that as there can be nothing more natural or reasonable than to love them, it is still a highly commendable feature in the person who carries that love to the extent of a small idolatry, and makes it the business of a life. To worship the men of this order constitutes in their eyes a species of intellectual superiority for which they are grateful, and this same gratitude represents to themselves all of love their natures are capable of feeling.

He knew thoroughly that Nina was not alone the most beautiful woman he had ever seen; that the fascinations of her manner, and her grace of movement and gesture, exercised a sway that was almost magic; that in quickness to apprehend and readiness to reply she scarcely had an equal; and that, whether she smiled, or looked pensive, or listened, or spoke, there was an absorbing charm about her that made one forget all else around her, and unable to see any but her; and yet, with all this consciousness, he recognized no trait about her so thoroughly attractive as that she admired *him*.

Let me not be misunderstood. This same sentiment can be at times something very different from a mere egotism—not that I mean to say it was such in the present case. Cecil Walpole fully represented the order he belonged to, and was a most well-looking, well-dressed, and well-bred young gentleman, only suggesting the reflection that to live among such a class pure and undiluted would be little better than a life passed in the midst of French communism.

I have said that, after his fashion, he was "in love" with her, and so, after his fashion, he wanted to say that he was going away, and to tell her not to be utterly disconsolate till he came back again. "I can imagine," thought he, "how I made her life here; how, in developing the features that attract *me*, I made her a very different creature to herself."

It was not at all unpleasant to him to think that the people who should surround her were so unlike himself. "The barbarians," as he courteously called them to himself, "will be very hard to endure. Nor am I very sorry for it; only she must catch nothing of their traits in accommodating herself to their habits. On that I must strongly insist. Whether it be by singing their silly ballads—that four-note melody they call 'Irish music'—or through mere imitation, she has already caught a slight accent of the country. She must get rid of this. She will have to divest herself of all her 'Kilgobbinries' ere I present her to my friends in town." Apart from these disparagements, she could, as he expressed it, "hold her own;" and people take a very narrow view of the social dealings of the world who fail to see how much occasion a woman has for the exercise of tact and temper and discretion and ready-wittedness and generosity in all the well-bred intercourse of life. Just as Walpole had arrived at that stage of reflection to recognize that she was exactly the woman to suit him and push his fortunes with the world, he reached a part of the wood where a little space had been cleared, and a few rustic seats scattered about to make a halting-place. The sound of voices caught his ear, and he stopped; and now, looking stealthily through the brush-wood, he saw Gorman O'Shea as he lay in a lounging attitude on a bench and smoked his cigar, while Nina Kostalergi was busily engaged in pinning up the skirt of her dress in a festoon fashion, which, to Cecil's ideas at least, displayed more of a marvelously pretty instep and ankle than he thought strictly warranted. Puzzling as this seemed, the first words she spoke gave the explanation.

"Don't flatter yourself, most valiant soldier, that you are going to teach me the 'Czardasz.' I learned it years ago from Tassilo Esterhazy; but I asked you to come here to set me right about that half-minuet step that begins it. I believe I have got into the habit of doing the man's part, for I used to be Pauline Esterhazy's partner after Tassilo went away."

"You had a precious dancing-master in Tassilo," growled out O'Shea. "The greatest scamp in the Austrian army."

"I know nothing of the moralities of the Austrian army, but the count was a perfect gentleman, and a special friend of mine."

"I am sorry for it," was the gruff rejoinder.

"You have nothing to grieve for, Sir. You have no vested interest to be imperiled by any thing that I do."

"Let us not quarrel, at all events," said he, as he arose with some alacrity and flung away his cigar; and Walpole turned away, as little pleased with what he had heard, as dissatisfied with himself for having listened. "And we call these things accidents," muttered he; "but I believe fortune means more generously by us when she crosses our path in this wise. I almost wish I had gone a step further, and stood before them. At least it would have finished this episode, and without a word. As it is, a mere phrase will do it—the simple question as to what progress she makes in dancing will show I know all. But do I know all?" Thus speculating and ruminating, he went his way till he reached the carriage, and drove off at speed, for the first time in his life really and deeply in love!

He made his journey safely, and arrived at Holyhead by daybreak. He had meant to go over deliberately all that he should say to the Viceroy, when questioned, as he expected to be, on the condition of Ireland. It was an old story, and with very few variations to enliven it.

How was it that, with all his Irish intelligence well arranged in his mind—the agrarian crime, the ineffective police, the timid juries, the insolence of the popular press, and the arrogant demands of the priesthood—how was it that, ready to state all these obstacles to right government, and prepared to show that it was only by "outjockeying" the parties he could hope to win in Ireland still—that Greek girl, and what he called her perfidy, would occupy a most disproportionate share of his thoughts, and a large place in his heart also? The simple truth is, that though up to this Walpole found immense pleasure in his flirtation with Nina Kostalergi, yet his feeling for her now was nearer love than any thing he had experienced before. The bare suspicion that a woman could jilt him, or the possible thought that a rival could be found to supplant him, gave, by the very pain it occasioned, such an interest to the episode that he could scarcely think of any thing else. That the most effectual way to deal with the Greek was to renew his old relations with his cousin, Lady Maude, was clear enough. "At least I shall seem to be the traitor," thought he; "and she shall not glory in the thought of having deceived *me*." While he was still revolving these thoughts he arrived at the Castle, and learned, as he crossed the door, that his lordship was impatient to see him.

Lord Danesbury had never been a fluent speaker in public, while in private life a natural indolence of disposition, improved, so to say, by an Eastern life, had made him so sparing of his words that at times, when he was ill or indisposed, he could never be said to converse at all, and his talk consisted of very short sentences strung loosely together, and not unfrequently so ill-connected as to show that an unexpressed thought very often intervened between the uttered fragments. Except to men who, like Walpole, knew him intimately, he was all but unintelligible. The private secretary, however, understood how to fill up the blanks in any discourse, and so follow out indications which, to less practiced eyes, left no foot-marks behind them.

His excellency, slowly recovering from a sharp attack of gout, was propped by pillows, and smoking a long Turkish pipe, as Cecil entered the room and saluted him. "Come at last," was his lordship's greeting. "Ought to have been here weeks ago. Read that." And he pushed toward him a *Times*, with a mark on the margin: "To ask the Secretary for Ireland whether the statement made by certain newspapers in the North of a correspondence between the Castle authorities and the Fenian leader was true, and whether such correspondence could be laid on the table of the House?"

"Read it out!" cried the Viceroy, as Walpole conned over the paragraph somewhat slowly to himself.

"I think, my lord, when you have heard a few words of explanation from me, you will see that this charge has not the gravity these newspaper people would like to attach to it."

"Can't be explained—nothing could justify—infernal blunder—and must go."

"Pray, my lord, vouchsafe me even five minutes."

"See it all—balderdash—explain nothing—Cardinal more offended than the rest—and here, read." And he pushed a letter toward him, dated Downing Street, and marked private. "The idiot you left behind you has been betrayed into writing to the rebels and making conditions with them. To disown him now is not enough."

"Really, my lord, I don't see why I should submit to the indignity of reading more of this."

His Excellency crushed the letter in his hand, and puffed very vigorously at his pipe, which was nearly exhausted. "Must go," said he, at last, as a fresh volume of smoke rolled forth. "That I can believe—that I can understand, my lord. When you tell me you cease to indorse my pledges, I feel I am a bankrupt in your esteem."

"Others smashed in the same insolvency—inconceivable blunder—where was Cartright?—what was Holmes about? No one in Dublin to keep you out of this cursed folly?"

"Until your lordship's patience will permit me to say a few words, I can not hope to justify my conduct."

"No justifying—no explaining—no! regular smash, and complete disgrace. Must go."

"I am quite ready to go. Your Excellency has no need to recall me to the necessity."

"Knew it all—and against my will, too—said so from the first—thing I never liked—nor see my way in. Must go—must go."

"I presume, my lord, I may leave you now. I want a bath and a cup of coffee."

"Answer that!" was the gruff reply, as he tossed across the table a few lines signed, "Bertie Spencer, Private Secretary."

"I am directed to request that Mr. Walpole will enable the Right Honorable Mr. Annihough to give the flattest denial to the inclosed."

"That must be done at once," said the Viceroy, as the other ceased to read the note.

"It is impossible, my lord; I can not deny my own handwriting."

"Annihough will find some road out of it," muttered the other. "*You* were a fool, and mistook your instructions; or the *constable* was a fool, and required a misdirection; or the *Fenian* was a fool, which he would have been if he gave the pledge you asked for. Must go all the same."

"But I'm quite ready to go, my lord," rejoined Walpole, angrily. "There is no need to insist so often on that point."

"Who talks—who thinks of *you*, Sir?" cried the other, with an irritated manner. "I speak of myself. It is *I* must resign—no great sacrifice, perhaps, after all—stupid office, false position—impracticable people. Make them all Papists to-morrow, and ask to be Hindoos. They've got the land, and not content if they can't shoot the landlords!"

"If you think, my lord, that by any personal explanation of mine I could enable the minister to make his answer in the House more plausible—"

"Leave the plausibility to himself, Sir," and then he added, half aloud, "He'll be unintelligible enough without *you*. There, go and get some breakfast. Come back afterward, and I'll dictate my letter of resignation. Maude has had a letter from Atlee. Shrewd fellow, Atlee—done the thing well."

As Walpole was near the door, his Excellency said, "You can have Guatemala, if they have not given it away. It will get you out of Europe, which is the first thing, and with the yellow fever it may do more."

"I'm profoundly grateful, my lord," said he, bowing low.

"Maude, of course, would not go, so it ends *that*."

"I am deeply touched by the interest your lordship vouchsafes to my concerns."

"Try and live five years, and you'll have a retiring allowance. The last fellow did, but was eaten by a crocodile out bathing." And with this he resumed his *Times*, and turned away, while Walpole hastened off to his room, in a frame of mind very far from comfortable or reassuring.

THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON.

To find a parallel to the conflagration which has desolated Chicago we must go back to the great fire of London, the most graphic account of which is preserved in the diary of John Evelyn. It originated at two o'clock Sunday morning, September 2, 1666, and raged for five successive days and nights. At that time London houses and stores were built chiefly of wood, with pitched roofs; and in the vicinity where the fire broke out, which was close to the river-side, the stores were mainly filled with materials employed in the equipment of shipping—mostly, therefore, of a highly combustible nature. The supply of water was defective; and through the weakness of the Lord Mayor, who declined to

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allow buildings to be blown up without obtaining the consent of the owners, the flames soon obtained fearful headway. All through Sunday the wind increased in fury, and the fire spread with almost inconceivable rapidity. Mr. Evelyn writes in his diary:

"*September* 3. The fire continuing, after dinner I took coach, with my wife and son, and went to the Bankside, in Southwark, where we beheld that dreadful spectacle—the whole city in dreadful flames near ye water side; all the houses from the Bridge, all Thames Street, and upwards towards Cheapeside downe to the Three Cranes, were now consumed.

"The fire having continued all this night (if I may call that night which was as light as day for ten miles round about, after a dreadful manner), when conspiring with a fierce eastern wind in a very drie season, I went on foot to the same place, and saw the whole south part of ye city burning from Cheapeside to the Thames and all along Cornehill (for it kindled back against the wind as well as forward). Tower Street, Fenchurch Street, Gracious Street, and so along to Bainard's Castle, and was now taking hold of St. Paule's Church, to which the scaffolds contributed exceedingly. The conflagration was so universal, and the people so astonished, that, from the beginning—I know not from what, despondency or fate—they hardly strived to quench it, so that there was nothing hearde or seene but crying out and lamentation, running about like distracted creatures, without at all attempting to save even their goods, such a strange consternation there was upon them—so, as it burned both in length and breadth, the churches, public halls, Exchange, hospitals, monuments, and ornaments, leaping after a prodigious manner from house to house and streete to streete, at greate distance one from ye other; for ye heate, with a long set of fair and warme weather, had even ignited the air, and prepared the materials to conceive the fire, which devoured after an incredible manner houses, furniture, and every thing. Here we saw the Thames covered with goods floating, all the barges and boates laden with what some had time and courage to save, as on ye other, ye carts, &c., carrying out to the fields, which for many miles were strewed with moveables of all sorts, and tents erecting to shelter both people and what goods they could get away. Oh, the miserable and calamitous spectacle! such as haply the world had not seene the like since the foundation of it, nor to be outdone till the universal conflagration. All the sky was of a fiery aspect like the top of a burning oven, the light seene above forty miles round about for many nights. God grant my eyes may never behold the like, now seeing above ten thousand houses all in one flame; the noise and cracking and thunder of the impetuous flames, ye shricking of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of towers, houses, and churches, was like an hideous storme, and the aire all about so hot and inflamed that at last one was not able to approach it, so that they were forced to stand stille and let the flames burn on, which they did for neere two miles in length and one in bredth. The clouds of smoke were dismall, and reached, upon computation, neere fifty miles in length. Thus I left it in the afternoone burning—a resemblance to Sodom or the last day. London was, but is no more!

"*September* 4. The burning still rages, and it was now gotten so far as the Inner Temple, olde Fleete Streete, the Olde Bailey, Ludgate Hill, Warwick Lane, Newgate, Paule's Chain, Watling Streete, now flaming and most of it reduced to ashes; the stones of Paule's flew like granados, ye melting lead running downe the streetes in a streame, and the very pavements glowing with fiery rednesse, so as no horse or man was able to tread on them, and the demolitione had stopped all the passages, so that no help could be applied. The eastern wind still more impetuously drove the flames forward. Nothing but ye almighty power of God was able to stop them, for vaine was ye helpe of man.

"*September* 5. It crossed towards Whitehalle; oh, the confusion there was then at that Court! It pleased his Majesty to command me among the rest to looke after the quenching of Fetter Lane, and to preserve, if possible, that part of Holborne, while the rest of ye gentlemen tooke their several posts, and began to consider that nothing was so likely to put a stop but the blowing up of so many houses as might make a wider gap than any had yet been made by the ordinary method of pulling them down by engines."

* * * * * *

After an exceedingly graphic description of the dying down of the wind and the gradual abatement of the flames, the old diarist tells of the thousands who sought refuge in the fields about the city. He says:

"The poore inhabitants were dispersed about St. George's Fields and Moorfields, as far as Highgate, and several mylles in circle; some under tents, some under miserable hutts and hovels, many without a rag or any necessary utensils, bed, or board, who from delicatenesse, riches, and easy accommodation in stately and well-furnished houses were reduced now to extreamest misery and poverty."

* * * * * *

Afterward he continues:

"I then went towards Islington and Highgate, where one might have seene 200,000 people of all ranks and degrees dispersed and lying along by their heapes of what they could save from the fire, deploring their losse; and though ready to perish from hunger and destitution, yet not asking one penny for relief, which to me appeared a stranger sight than any I had yet beheld."

This might almost be taken as it stands as a description of the great fire which has temporarily reduced the chief city of the West from grandeur and opulence to deepest poverty and distress.

THE IVIED COTTAGE.

SHE dwells in an ivied cottage
Half hidden by chestnut-trees,
Whose leaves betimes when they waver
Have a sound like moaning seas;
And oft in the quiet evening
I've walked by that cottage door,
And seen, through the open window,
The sunshine picture the floor.

And there, in that lonely cottage,
Lives a maiden with blue eyes,
That seem to her artless beauty
What stars are unto the skies.
She walks with a grace that's nameless,
And ne'er a moment seems lone:
The chastened charm in her features
Pure as a lily half blown!

She sits by the open window,
And plies her needle and thread,
When winds are swinging the roses,
And the sun is setting red.
When the winds have swung the roses
They ripple her dainty curls,
That fall in a glossy cluster
On shoulders whiter than pearls.

Near to that cottage I've lingered
In the long, long summer eves,
And sighed to talk to the maiden
As low as the fluttering leaves:
To tell her I love her beauty;
But all my wishes are vain—
My heart, my heart is the maiden's,
Yet hers I never may gain.

PRISON VAN UNLOADING.

OUR illustration on page 1044 represents a prison van, or "Black Maria," discharging in the court-yard of the Tombs the human freight it has picked up on its morning round to the police stations. These vans hold about twenty-five persons, and into them are crammed every sort of criminal, from the hardened wretch who has well deserved the gallows which waits for him to the young boy or girl arrested for some trivial offense, which perhaps merits no greater punishment than a severe reprimand. This is a serious wrong. These youthful offenders ought not to be thrust among professional criminals, from whom they will learn more evil during an hour's ride than they ever dreamed of before. Society owes them, for their sake as well as its own security, protection against contaminating influences.

RAG-PICKERS ON A DIRT HEAP.

THERE is not much romance in the life of a rag-picker. Up in the morning early, before the streets have been swept or the ash-barrels emptied, hooking up every bit of rag or paper that catches the eye; and then, when the sun is up and the rag-bag filled, away to some damp, unwholesome-smelling cellar, where grim-visaged old hags, witch-like in appearance, claw over and assort the spoils. That is all, for the greater number of the poor wretches, whose daily energies are spent in getting rags enough together to pay for a night's lodging. Food they never think of buying. That is either begged of the charitable or fished out of the débris of the kitchen which often finds its way into the ash-barrel.

The various dumping-grounds along the rivers form rich placers for these poor wretches, who will dig and scratch for hours amidst rubbish of every sort, that gives forth a stench that no human being ought to be able to endure. Our sketch on page 1045 shows a group of these unfortunate people overhauling the huge rubbish heap at the foot of Gouverneur Street, East River. The faces are all portraits, having been sketched from life by one of our artists, who was struck with their appearance as he was accidentally passing by.

A CANOE ON THE ZUYDER-ZEE.

"ROB ROY," with whose famous canoe voyages our readers are familiar, is now navigating the lakes and canals of Holland, and writing delightful letters to the London *Times*. From one of these we take the following pleasant description of one or two Dutch towns:

"At Amsterdam I sailed into the midst of the annual regatta, a lively, sparkling sight on the merry waters of the River Y (pronounced eye), with flags streaming, bells jingling, steamers hissing forth their white steam wreaths, and skiffs and yachts scudding about every where—in fact, like other regattas, where a great deal is going on, and nobody seems to know exactly what is going on.

"The Rob Roy then tried to sail over the shallows called the Pampas, to reach a curious island in the Zuyder-Zee (pronounced always Soodersee. the South Sea). But finally, striking across the country by a series of canals, we entered the famed village of Broek, which Albert Smith called the cleanest place in the world. It is true that some 'show houses' are marvelously clean, and that an edict of the Mayor and Corporation directs all men riding to dismount and lead their horses here, and no one to smoke before sunrise or after sunset, and the cows' tails to be tied up in their stalls, and the trees to be painted in front of each house. But entering this village by the rear, and in canals, one soon perceives the hollowness of its great pretensions and the nastiness of its reeking sewers. Further on is Monnikendam (the Monk's Dam), bosomed in thick foliage and the richest pasture, like so many more nooks selected well by the pious celibates in every land.

"A thunder-storm and down-pours of rain lulled me to rest in the Rob Roy's limited stateroom, but scores of boys stood chattering in the dark and wet long into the night, amazed at the lone traveler. Next morning the burgomaster visited the scene, and a worthy gentleman with spectacles read aloud from a newspaper a full account of the boat, stopping at each paragraph to certify the description by the reality. Before a favoring breeze the canoe sailed over the sea to the famed isle of Marken, which is well worth a visit, and is unique in several ways. A thousand people live here on a small area under the sea level. Their houses are in seven groups, all built of wood except three. Two pear-trees are the only forest, and a dozen geraniums the only flowers. Standing on the little cemetery, you see ships sailing all around you and all above your head. Let one breach be made in that sea-wall, and all the land will melt into the muddy ooze of the rolling Zuyder-Zee.

"The 'Preester' here is the sole element of intelligence, with Schiller and Goethe on his bookshelves, a cigar in his mouth, and on his table a new English book translated into Dutch, 'John Plowman's Talk,' by C. H. Spurgeon. All the men and boys are fishers. They have one hundred and fifty little sloops in their Lilliputian port. Their trowsers are two bags, such as the Turks wear at Smyrna. Their church has votive offerings hung from the ceiling, model ships, fisher's nets, and fish skipping about in miniature over the clumsy pews.

"White caps cover the women's heads down to the eyebrows, and black curls come from below the front and turn upward at the forehead. A long tress of hair hangs at the ear of each unmarried girl, and two for those who have husbands. About their bosoms are curiously wrought bodices. The stuff for these is no longer manufactured, so the dress is devised by will, and your niece wears the mantle of her great-grandmother.

"The interior of the wooden houses is very peculiar. One large room holds one or more families, and it has a peat fire in the middle, and no opening for smoke, or light, or air.

"In the few richer dwellings there is an excess of ornament, all of one nicknack type—china, brass, and carved work. In one of these houses I found an old lady of eighty-seven; the walls of the house were entirely covered by about three hundred delft plates, pans, and saucers, all suspended by strings; by black sculptured cabinets, brass candlesticks, 'samplers' of last century, barometers without mercury, clocks that last told time in 1820, pictures of Van Tromp's battles, cats, tin cans, and a heap of odd things, each with a history to it. The people move about in boats from house to house along little canals six feet wide, with swing bridges turning on a pivot and weighted at one end. Their notion of England seemed to be this—'It is an island, certainly larger than Marken.' I left these people a number of Dutch publications and pictures, but what pleased them most was the 'Werkman,' a Dutch version of the well-known 'British Workman.'

"From hence a delightful sail of some hours along the coast brought the Rob Roy again to the mouth of the River Y. In the quiet evening the spires and windmills of eight different towns on the other side of the Zuyder-Zee were raised by refraction above the horizon, so as to be clearly seen from my canoe, although the towns themselves were nearly all in reality out of sight. This curious and defective optical effect is said to be most powerful in the River St. Lawrence. I have seen it there several times, but never so vividly as here on this great Dutch lake.

"The coast is embanked in the same manner all around the west of Holland, with a sloping stone dike crowned by grass, and a feasible road, which gives a homely and harmless appearance to the sea-shore, but also something of monotony. So it is for hundreds of miles, and yet never are you out of sight of houses, and then, on a hundred canals, long villages line the banks and dot the horizon every where, and great towns stud the wide-spread flat, and closer by the larger rivers—all of them containing what is numbered by our census as the population of London alone.

"The independence one feels in canoe traveling makes it peculiarly suited to Holland and the seas that circle the Low Countries. What with preserved meats from Morel's in Piccadilly, and cream from the Dutch dairies, fine white bread from the last village, one hundred pounds of fresh-water, and lamps for cooking and lighting, bed, tarpaulin for wet nights, anchor, compass, and dog—there is a sense of self-contained moving residence, always in fresh air, always in new scenes, which gives a zest to a cruise which can be altered in a hundred ways by a turn of your wrist on the tiller, and which is sure to prove interesting in a new country wherever the wind may blow you to. Fleets of fishing boats sailed up the Y alongside me, their crews singing cheerily because their creels were full. Huge Indiamen bowled along before the breeze, bringing goods from Java. Black clouds teemed forth from steamers pressing forward with instant beat of their paddle-floats, and all were converging to Amsterdam as they turned the square white lighthouse reared at the outer points among green reeds.

"At length the tide deepens, and narrows with more swiftness to pass the new barrier which is daily closing in the vast inland bay that spreads in front of the ancient city. When that barrier shall have been closed, quite sure then Amsterdam will be upon an artificial lake, kept always at one level, and forming the wide end of the great canal which is to cut Holland in two, and to turn the stream of floating riches westward into the North Sea. Before we proceed further along this wonderful—indeed, gigantic—work the crew of the Rob Roy feels entitled to a regular sleep in a four-post bed, a walk on *terra firma*, and a read of the *Times*. All these can be had in great comfort at the 'Bible Hotel;' so I sail up to its kitchen door, and house my little yacht where the coffee-room hangs over the water.

"Above the entrance of the hotel is a large effigy of the Book of Books, from which the ancient hostelry takes its unusual name. The windows, too, have painted glass picturing an open Bible. The worthy landlord brings us a copy of the first Dutch Bible ever printed, and which was printed in this house in June, 1514. It is in excellent preservation, bound in wood, and with some hundreds of quaint wood-cuts on its broad pages. Since 1695 the house has been used as a hotel, and up to thirty years ago there was this text over the door, 'Drink no longer water, but use a little wine,' etc. Perhaps the injunction is no more needed, but the house may well be recommended for many good qualities, especially to the canoeist, for its easy approach by water, just as Van Hee's Toelast Hotel, at Niewe Diep, is also on a canal, and has a good master, who can talk good English, and give you good advice and good dinners.

* * * * * *

"Kampen, whence I write, is a charming town on the River Yssel, near Friesland. I do not know a prettier street in all Europe than that which winds along under trees and arches here, amidst quaint towers and natty little houses, perfect in their brick-work, and proud of their bright windows. I brought my canoe here to attempt the excursion to the strange island of Urck, which lies in the very middle of the Zuyder-Zee, and quite out of the way to any where else. Amply have I been rewarded for the somewhat venturous cruise to that little dot of land. The place is quite unique—a sort of mound of clay like a fortification far away from land, and yet keeping 1700 people in happy, contented life, but in a very peculiar manner of living. The beach was crowded by the population as the Rob Roy approached. They had seen her white sails for hours buffeting the waves, and the din and bustle, especially of the ladies of Urck, were beyond that of any occasion in former voyages; yet it was friendly and intelligent. These ladies wear a close-fitting white cap, and the men, chiefly sailors, are most neatly clad, with large gold studs at their necks, and silver buckles of enormous size on their shoes, while the little boys have huge silver buttons on their waistbands even in their fat childhood. The burgomaster and the worthy minister lavished their kindness upon me. They had read in the papers of the canoe visiting the other islands, and the first question they asked was for the 'hundt,' my little terrier Rob. Alas! I had to tell them that he was drowned two days ago, having fallen from a steamboat at night unobserved, and the very thought of his long and wretched death is painful. Only those who have had such a dog in such places as Rob has been can truly sympathize with his master in such a bereavement.

"Urck is about one mile in length, the raised part is only a few acres in extent. All the houses are here, and they are tastefully grouped round a village green. The houses are of brick and wood. The people are lively, well clad, healthy, and strong. The church is full on Sunday, and the school is crowded every day. I was soon put into a '*logement*,' where a good old lady gave me coffee in a tea-kettle and a cup full of some sort of gum for soup. Fresh-water (caught from the sky) was raised out of a deep cistern, and a cuckoo clock sang forth the hour. The crowd of gazers followed me round their island home all day, and peered into the window of my room even through the smallest chinks. One big sailor came respectfully when I was in the curious cupboard called here a bed, and sat smoking his pipe and simply staring, amazed. These people all live within a few inches of the waves, and their interest in a voyager who comes alone to visit them is of course most natural. Our conversation was animated, but unintelligible.

"The 'mooder,' or landlady, brought in two raw potatoes in her hand to ask if I would like some food, and every word spoken by the guest was repeated and discussed in loud tones by the crowd assembled in the kitchen. To reach this island in bad weather is dangerous. Even in this glorious summer I had to pass one night in my boat on the banks of the Yssel in going out, and then at sea the land was quite invisible, all round being so very low. But on my return voyage there was a favoring breeze, though the sea was high, and the Rob Roy ran the twenty miles at a rapid pace. The island of Schokland, closer to the shore, is a long narrow strip, and I went to see it, but there are no people there except the light-house men, and really it is not worth the trouble and danger of the trip.

"The Zuyder-Zee is almost fresh-water in most parts, and very muddy in color. It is exceedingly shallow, and one can anchor in almost any part; but this shallow water has always the worst 'sea' in bad weather, and even in calm days this sea seems never at rest.

"Holland, however, is just the place for a canoe voyage, as the rivers, lakes, canals, islands, and seas are all approachable on the shores, having no cliffs or rocks, and almost every where you can find a house.

"The Dutch seamen are a hardy race, and very kind to the traveler. Every sailor doffed his hat to me in passing, even in the smallest creek, and much of my time has been spent in returning a universal salute, though that is not easy in my costume of a red night-cap."

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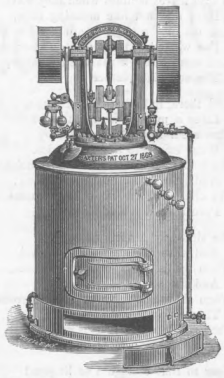

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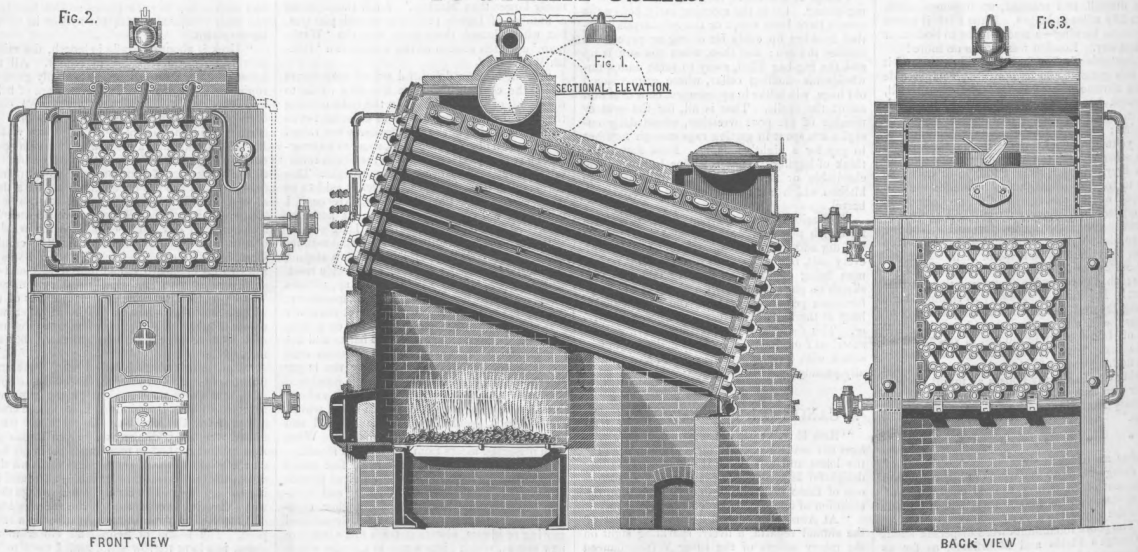

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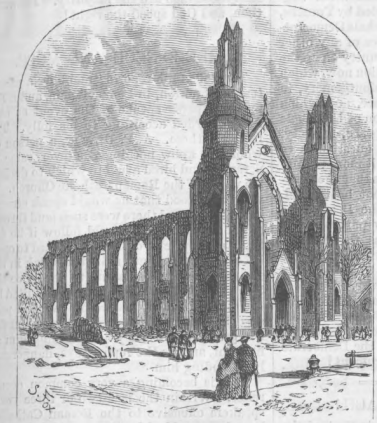

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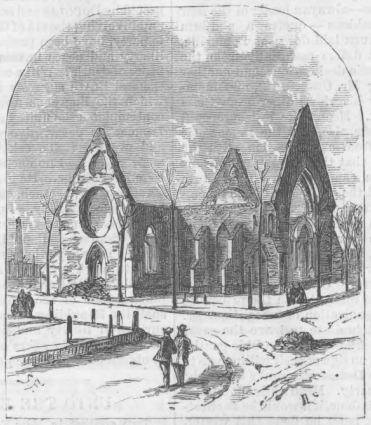

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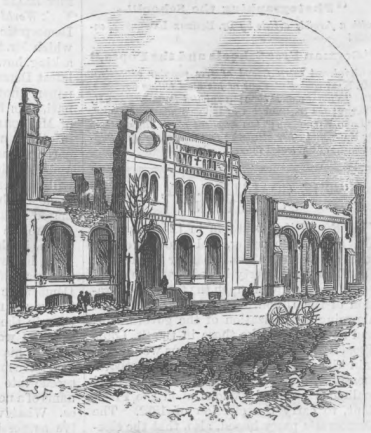

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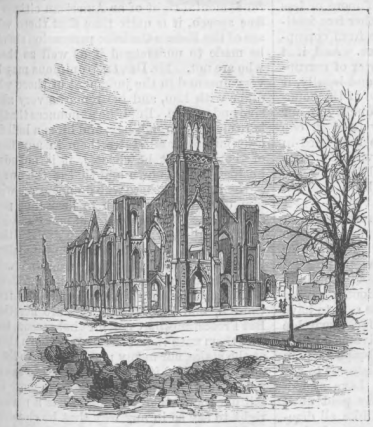

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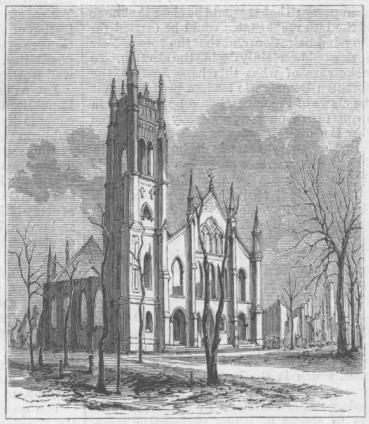

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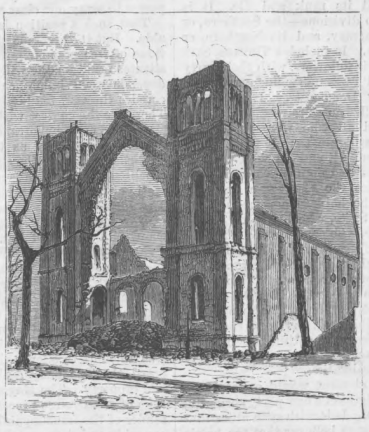

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"THE COALITION, AY, THE COALITION!"

THE political situation in the country is silently changing, and it deserves the most careful attention. Earlier in the year the Democratic party hoped by the natural reaction consequent upon the formal restoration of the Union, by denunciations of the alarming centralization of the government, and suggestions, like those in the St. Louis *Republican*, that the Republicans would sustain General GRANT in the most despotic measures, and by the most incessant and malicious personal attacks upon the President, to carry the election of 1872. The Democratic party hoped, also, that the elections of this year, which, as the third year of an administration, is always its weakest, would show a serious decline in the Republican party; that it would be clear that none of the late rebel States could be carried for the administration, and that the vote of New York would certainly decide the election. To make sure of what this hope foretold, the Northern Democratic leaders proposed that the claws of the party should be sheathed in a soft fur of phrases, and they devised the New Departure.

But as the year ends it becomes plain that the Democratic party has no probable chance of success; that all its plans have failed, and that all its hopes are frustrated. The elections have shown increasing strength for the Republicans. The Southern States can not be considered united in opposition. The appalling Tammany frauds, committed by the absolute dictators of the Democratic party in New York, and by the fruits of which they had hoped to secure that State, have aroused the wrath of the whole country; while the New Departure has resulted in a mere party schism, being as scornfully and sincerely rejected by the Bourbon element, which is the logical and controlling force of the party, as it is evasively and apologetically sustained by those who profess to accept it. The Democratic argument against centralization and consolidation has failed before two considerations which satisfy the country—the virtual anarchy which unquestionably prevails in many parts of the Southern States, and the trusted personal character of the President. The Democratic promise of greater purity and economy of administration disappears in the yawning gulf of the Tammany disclosures, while the success of the party would be, in the popular judgment, and truly, the victory of the Ku-Klux, the actual triumph of the spirit of the rebellion.

The year ends, therefore, with the conviction that the Democratic party as now organized can not elect a President, and, should it be defeated, must necessarily suffer an organic change. To save itself, the party must undertake a new combination, and appeal to the country upon entirely new grounds. This is its present policy, and it should be distinctly understood. The country being really divided between the two parties, and the Democratic party not being of itself strong enough to carry the election, in what way can it unite with Republicans enough to turn the scale? This is the question. There are, as is known, various groups of Republicans who are strenuously opposed to the renomination of the President. But the elections seem to place the renomination beyond question. These groups will, therefore, be restless and dissatisfied. Can they be approached? Mr. SUMNER and his friends, Mr. SCHURZ and his friends, the Ohio group, and all those who look with doubt upon certain tendencies of Republican legislation, and who, as the Democrats suppose, despair of specific reforms under President GRANT—can these be combined into a common opposition?

The Democratic chiefs hope so, and they look to Missouri for the dawn. General BLAIR, who was for summary measures with the Southern Legislatures in 1868, has made a speech at Montgomery, which is "a feeler." He asks why the Democratic party should not "accept" a candidate who is sound upon certain points which his Republican colleague, Mr. SCHURZ, has declared to be vital and paramount. Simultaneously with his speech the St. Louis *Republican*, the Democratic paper of the State, says that "with a liberal and patriotic Republican made President," and a majority of "liberals and Democrats" in Congress, although the result would not be "a full Democratic triumph," yet it would be an "inestimable improvement on the present order of things." Mr. MONTGOMERY BLAIR loudly cries "Amen." The New York *World* also—always a leader of the new Democratic fashions — quotes a platform which Mr. SCHURZ laid down at Louisville, asking how it differs essentially from the latest Democratic declarations, and another paper, quoting Mr. GROESBECK, of Cincinnati, asks how his views differ from those of Mr. SCHURZ. Meanwhile it is proposed in other quarters, also, that the Democratic party refrain from a nomination, with the understanding that the liberal Republicans will suggest a candidate and a platform upon which all the opponents of the renominated President can unite.

Here are the materials of a powerful coalition, if there were the organizing mind. That, however, as the experience of the last few years shows, is not to be found in the Democratic party. On the other side, Mr. SCHURZ is more interested in the principles than in the organization of a coalition, Mr. SUMNER would hesitate to leave the great body of his old friends, and the Ohio gentlemen have made no sign of their willingness to secede into the Democratic ranks under the name of a new party. Meanwhile time presses. Whatever is done, if it would be as effective as possible, must be done this winter. The only organization at hand is the Democratic, and its action would not be ratified by the Republican element of a new movement. Yet we see no indication of any other organization arising, and the difficulties of a coalition are evidently many and depressing. Its possibility, however, and its elements are well worthy consideration.

Let us suppose the discontent of certain Republicans to be well founded. Let us suppose that they reasonably chide the Republican party for lagging in reforms which are imperative, and in relying upon achievements already accomplished. Let us assume that these Republicans—as we have no reason to doubt—sincerely wish that the rights of every citizen should be protected, that law and order should be maintained, that an efficient system of education should be established, that the civil service system should be radically reformed, that a profound faith in free institutions and a constitutional government should be encouraged—the simple question for them and for all of us who wish the same great and beneficent results is, what is the promise of all this in a coalition such as is suggested? Would such a combination secure it all more surely than the Republican party?

The question is answered by looking at the elements of the proposed coalition in detail. The first element is the Democratic party, its traditions, its purposes, its spirit, its leaders, and its rank and file. It is grouped in two divisions—the Southern, or Bourbon Democracy, and its Northern, or New Departure. It includes TOOMBS, STEPHENS, and their followers, with their party opponents, and TWEED, Tammany, and the anti-Tammany Democrats. It embraces substantially all who were rebels and have acquiesced, and all who were rebels and who at heart still are so; all the Copperheads of '63 and '64, and all who were in favor of the war and opposed to carrying it on. It includes the class who hate the government, who hold to paramount allegiance to the State, who hunt and harass the colored race, who compose the Ku-Klux, who perpetuate anarchy, who are indifferent to education, who pander to priestcraft and the ignorance of the resident foreign immigrants, and who are strongest in the centres of the worst population. This is one element of a possible coalition; and the other is the Republicans who think their party too slow in great reforms, or inclined to dangerous centralization.

Yet the first element would certainly be nineteen-twentieths of a new party springing from a coalition. Is it with such allies that any reasonable man believes that the battle of respect for equal rights, of larger liberty, of increasing intelligence, and of American civilization is to be won? Does any one suppose that in such a combination the one-twentieth in numbers would control? Assume that it began with an ex-Republican as its candidate. That would be merely the price paid by the Democratic party for aid in recovering power. The coalition would be the organized Democratic party which we know and have known, *plus* certain discontented Republicans. For the elections show that the movement in the Republican ranks would be the desertion of a company, not the disintegration of an army. On the other hand, the Democrats would join without a straggler. *Non tali auxilio!* Not so is the fight of Republican progress to be fought.

If that is to be advanced by a new coalition, it must be a combination which would draw only the best men from the Democracy, and leave the party organization intact. It must be a coalition like that between the Free-soil Democrats and the conscience Whigs. It must be a coalition against the tendencies and repulsive to the leaders of the Democratic party. Would a combination suggested by DOUGLAS and accepted by TOOMBS, and involving the aid of the whole Democratic party, have been productive of any other liberty and peace in this country than the peace of death? Will a coalition now, which General BLAIR suggests in Montgomery, in which the Bourbons acquiesce, and which contemplates the united action of the whole Democratic party, give us peace, security, and progress? To ask the question is to answer it. And no one sees it more plainly than Mr. SCHURZ. He knows that the Democratic party, as such, can not be trusted. He says so frankly. But the Democratic managers do not wish a new party. They wish disaffected Republicans to come to them. They hope that fine words will serve their turn. They would like to pull out the chestnuts with Republican paws. The simple question of the coalition, therefore, is, shall the Republicans who wish for surer securities of liberty and progress than they think their party offers help the Democrats to obtain control of the government?

UNTO THE BREACH!

THE contest in New York is that of the whole country. It involves a great deal more than the punishment of individual swindlers, and the recovery of more or less money. The question is whether free institutions can rescue themselves from corruption without a struggle of force. And, if it be possible, if the utmost power of corruption can be baffled peacefully and legally, it will be the noblest vindication of the popular system in history. The quality of our government was never fairly tried in one way until the Rebellion; it is now tried in another by the contest in New York. The swindlers who have mastered the city are skillful and shrewd. They have counted upon ignorance as their great ally. Their theory has been that the poorest and most numerous class pay no taxes, and have no friendship for those who are rich enough to pay them. The swindlers have propitiated this class by flattering them as especially the people, and by ostentatiously giving money. Last year TWEED was said to have given fifty thousand dollars for charitable purposes. Just now he has advanced twenty thousand to pay the small-pipe men in the Croton works. The swindlers say to the workmen, whose money they have stolen, that all laborers were regularly paid until the "reform" began, and thus, like all demagogues in every age, they surround their crimes with the sympathy of the ignorant, and rely in the last extremity upon their power to array one class against another.

That such a position is strong is undeniable. But it threatens the essential conditions of free popular government. It substitutes fraud for the will of the people. It depends upon ignorance and passion. It corodes the very foundations of our system. Therefore the contest with it, like that with slavery, is more important than party issues alone. Party, now as then, is concerned only as it relates to the struggle. As in the rebellion, the question is not of the administration of government, but of its existence. There is no government in the city and State of New York, if the swindlers succeed, but the will of a gang of thieves. No personal right, no property, nothing is secure under such a mastery. The amendments to the code which the Ring sought secretly to procure last spring, and which, discovered by chance, were baffled by the indignant demand upon the Governor not to sign the bill—a demand with which he complied—was an effort to silence the press which exposed the Tammany designs upon liberty and property. The Mayor's conduct at the time of the Orange procession was the surrender of the fundamental right of peaceful assembly and free speech to the menace of an ignorant and passionate mob. And while the Tammany Ring was crushing the rights of the people with one hand, it was stealing their money with the other.

It is with this powerful and organized and desperate corruption that the people are about to close in a contest at the ballot-box. The Ring will exhaust every effort to repeat and stuff and count falsely. Its seizure and destruction of the box, should the result seem to declare against Tammany, will depend wholly upon what it believes to be its chance of success. It would no more hesitate at a riot than at a theft. And the contest, although its most acrimonious point is in the city, really extends through the State. Even should the Ring carry the city, it may be defeated in the State. Let the people rally, therefore, as they did ten years ago when Sumter fell. Let it be understood that rights and principles as precious are now in danger. Let us elect a Legislature which will repeal the Tammany charter, and replace it with one which is not framed by thieves to make stealing easy. It is the cause of all men who believe that honesty is the only security of good government. And those men are the majority. Forward, then, and God speed the right!

FREE SPEECH AND MOBS.

THE telegraph reports "mobbing a minister" at Scranton, in Pennsylvania, and a Republican paper speaks of the event as of a fool rewarded according to his folly. The facts are these. A. P. DEVLIN, a person of whom we know nothing whatever, came to Scranton and hired a hall in which to declare his views of the Roman Catholic Church. It was understood that he would speak strongly against it, and there were such loud threats of the mischief that would follow if he did that the proprietor of the hall refused to open it. DEVLIN then attempted to speak in the street, and upon beginning to denounce the Roman Catholic Church he was assaulted by the mob, which threatened his life, and pursued him as he attempted to escape under the protection of the police, stoning him as he went, and, as the report says, dangerously wounding him.

This is becoming a very common occurrence. Within the last two or three years speakers offensive to the Roman Catholics have been mobbed by them, as if their opinions were sacred, and not to be criticised but at personal peril. Now, as the very first and fundamental right of an American citizen is free speech, it is quite time that those who are of the Roman Catholic persuasion should be made to understand it as well as those who are not. Mr. DEVLIN'S opinions may be very unsound in the judgment of those who differ with him, and his remarks very abusive and untrue. But if he announces that he is to state them publicly, and hires a hall for that purpose, and states them in any form of rhetoric that he chooses, it is nobody's business but his own and that of the owner of the hall; and those who do not agree with him, or who do not wish to hear him, may stay away. There are a great many Trinitarian preachers who constantly declare that Unitarianism is no better than infidelity. But that does not justify Unitarians in breaking Trinitarian heads. And the Roman Catholic Church asserts that it is the only true Church, and that Protestants are heretics. But Protestants may not, for that reason, torture them with thumb-screws, nor burn them at the stake, nor in any manner disturb their meetings. And if any body wishes to say in public that the Pope of Rome is no more infallible than other people, he has a perfect right to say so in any way that he chooses; and if any body tries by force to silence him, the government exists to protect him.

To say that a man who is mobbed even for the most violent expression of opinion is a fool punished according to his folly, is to surrender the citadel of American liberty. For who is to judge? In all political and religious meetings of every kind we have all heard the most foolish sentiments uttered in phrases of the most fiery extravagance. But in defending such expressions the government defends the essential condition of human progress, which is free speech. Where there is free speech there will often be foolish speech. But the assumption of a mob to stifle any speech whatever is the worst kind of despotism, to be resisted and overthrown at all hazards.

The shameful surrender of the most precious rights of American citizens by OAKEY HALL, the Mayor of New York, to the mere menace of a Roman Catholic mob last summer is naturally followed by such events as the mobbing of DEVLIN. The people who engage in mobs are not generally readers of newspapers, and have no knowledge of the principles of liberty. Recently, also, in the cases that have attracted public attention, they have been chiefly Roman Catholics; and it is therefore a peculiar duty of the priests of that denomination to impress upon their congregations the truth that under the American government DEVLIN has the same right to say in any manner he prefers what

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he thinks of Roman Catholics that they have to say what they think of Protestants and Jews.

UNION IS STRENGTH.

IF the Tammany Ring had been able to direct the political movements of the reform party in such a manner as to insure a Tammany triumph, it would have divided the opposition. This is the most familiar and obvious policy of an enemy. Divide and smite in detail. That is the Tammany order of the day; and at this moment it seems doubtful whether the reform party comprehends the situation. It is, however, very simple and very evident. Tammany unites upon certain candidates. Its line is unbroken. Its forces are perfectly in hand. There is no doubt in any mind (so-called) of any Tammany voter how he shall vote. The plain duty of the reform party, Republicans, Democrats, and every division within those parties, is to unite upon certain candidates, and oppose an equally unbroken front to the enemy.

Now perfect magnanimity is not always to be expected in politics. If Tammany is to be defeated, it must be by an alliance of honest Republicans and honest Democrats. Neither could win alone. This fact was conceded by the reform Democracy in nominating the Republican General SIGEL for Register, and this should be satisfactory. Exactly to balance unknown quantities was impossible; and we hope the effort will not be made. If there are two honest candidates for the Legislature of different parties in any district, the more glory to him, Republican or Democrat, who withdraws in favor of the other. In the effort to adjust the claims of each side precisely the battle may be lost. Tammany asks nothing better in every district than two honest party candidates against the single agent of the Ring. Let the enemy teach those who mean reform. We agree that where the Republican element is strongest it ought to prevail in the choice of a candidate, and that we must not forget the election of United States Senator, in which the State Senate now to be elected will take part. But we are not in the habit of counting upon Republican Senators from the city, and should there be the double honest nomination of which we speak in any district, let no Republican insist that it be divided. This, here and now, is the true policy. What may happen we do not know. "My advice was good," said PHOCION, "although we were beaten."

LOOK OUT FOR LEAKS!

IN the contest with Tammany, which is the struggle of honesty with knavery, it should not be surprising that some who were trusted to be true to the end should be bought off. In every war there are traitors. The power of Tammany has been so firmly intrenched, it has obtained such absolute control of every department of the city government, its favor has been deemed so indispensable by every political aspirant in the city, that its prestige is enormous, and its overthrow not to be accomplished by the most powerful blasts upon innumerable rams' horns. Nothing but battering-rams can bring it down. The exposure of a rascality which was universally understood, although the proof had been wanting, leaves untouched the basis of the power of the Ring, which is the support of those who do not read newspapers, and who believe only what they wish to believe. The better part of the Democratic party in the city has always been overborne by this element. The Ring conquered because of its dependence upon this class, and the whole party machinery was in its hands.

Now there are a great many persons who believe that in a struggle between honest men and knaves the knaves will always win. And as the knaves know this disposition of mind, they profit by it, and at the proper time offer the bribe which brings the doubter to the side which he believes will win. Moreover, the tendency of political life is to persuade people that the ordinary laws of morality and honor are not binding in politics; so that a man sells himself as openly as a piece of meat is sold in the market, and yet supposes that, somehow, he is not dishonored. Again, the same tendency leads him to hold out for a higher price; and he is a zealous reformer until he is offered the sum upon which he has set his heart, and then he becomes rich and despicable at the same moment. This is a familiar truth in politics, and it is this which put the sting into Dr. JOHNSON'S definition of a patriot.

It should not surprise any body, therefore, that we have seen the Tammany Ring buy up certain conspicuous and vociferous reformers. But it would be a great pity that any one should be depressed in consequence, or suppose that virtue has been corrupted. There is just as much honesty as there was before; but the fair face has been torn off dishonesty. That is all. The honest side is all the stronger when its false allies have withdrawn. TWEED'S good-natured contempt for principle, which he supposes to be cant and affectation, is, of course, strengthened by such defection; but, on the other hand, they rouse the public to a truer perception of the threatening situation, and confirm the resolution that it shall be changed. It shows, also, that in such movements nothing really counts but character. Knaves will not overthrow knavery. If, therefore, we can not have men of character as representatives of a reform movement, the effort will be futile. To say that we must not look too curiously at motives is to say that we must not look too curiously at a vessel in which we propose to embark. Those who are careless whether they go to the bottom or not may act upon that principle; but sensible men will inspect the vessel.

Besides, defections in one point are not a breach of the whole line. In the contest with Tammany there are two points to gain. They are the legal conviction of the Ring, and its political defeat. Neither of these is seriously affected by the bribery of certain men. And even if the legal conviction be impossible, the political defeat is a more radical remedy of the evil. But a political defeat of the Ring is not merely the election of a Republican Legislature; it is the election of an honest Legislature. There are venal Republicans, as we have all learned to our cost. There are Republican candidates already nominated for the Senate and for the Assembly whom the Ring would very gladly see elected. The duty of every honest man is to vote in such a manner that the honest candidate for the Legislature shall be elected. If both are honest, each honest voter will vote for his party candidate; if not, he will vote against him.

LEGISLATIVE PURITY.

By THURLOW WEED.

WHAT WAS DONE TO PRESERVE THE PURITY OF LEGISLATION IN 1826.

IN 1826, JASPER WARD, a Senator from the county of Westchester, was charged with having been bribed to vote for a bank charter. A committee of investigation was appointed. At the conclusion of the investigation several of General WARD'S colleagues, believing that the testimony against him did not call for his expulsion, avowed their readiness to sustain him; but they at the same time said to General WARD that their efforts would be wholly unavailing if the chairman of the committee (SILAS WRIGHT) should report against him. General WARD, therefore, made a strong appeal to Mr. WRIGHT, his personal and political friend. Mr. WRIGHT, after listening attentively to all the accused Senator could say, remarked that he had carefully examined and weighed the testimony in all its aspects and bearings, anxiously hoping to reach a conclusion in which his sense of public duty would not conflict with his personal feelings. He added that were he sitting as a judge or juror in that case, the testimony would be insufficient to justify a verdict of guilty; but that there was a wide distinction between legislative and judicial proceedings; and that in his judgment the facts and circumstances proven affected the character of the accused so unfavorably as to require the Senate, in vindication of its dignity and purity, to adopt the resolution which he should submit on the following morning, unless General WARD'S resignation was received before that order of business was reached. That resolution (which was handed to General WARD), it is scarcely necessary to say, was in favor of his expulsion from the Senate. Nor is it necessary to add that General WARD'S resignation will be found recorded on the journal of the Senate.

WHAT WAS NOT DONE TO PRESERVE THE PURITY OF LEGISLATION IN 1868.

In 1868, the charges of bribery and corruption against ABNER C. MATTOON, of Oswego, were so rife that a committee of investigation became indispensable. Mr. HALE, of Essex, was its chairman. The testimony, when reported to the Senate, proved unequivocally and overwhelmingly that the accused was shamelessly and rapaciously guilty. This, in effect, if not in express language, was admitted by the committee in their report; and yet no expulsion was recommended by the committee, and no action taken by the Senate. The accused Senator, who sold his vote as often as he could find a purchaser, was permitted to occupy his seat in a now disgraced Senate until the expiration of his term!

The progress of bribery and corruption since 1868 has been fearfully rapid. During the last two years the traffic in votes has been open, shameless, and almost universal. Resolutions calling for the appointment of committees of investigation have been offered and adopted as deliberate *strikes* against wealthy corporations. The Legislature since 1868 has been in the condition of a patient whose stomach is too weak to throw off contents which are diseasing and corrupting the whole body. Every thing, therefore, depends upon the result of the present conflict with flagrant and overshadowing corruption. If honest men enough to expose and punish legislative bribery and municipal robbery are chosen to the next Legislature, we may look for a salutary reform. Otherwise, the cloud which lowers over our plundered city will darken the whole State. The only possible chance of success in this city depends upon the wisdom and patriotism of Republicans. If our political friends, in their organizations and as individual Republicans, seeking nothing for themselves, act cordially with the tax-payers and reform Democrats, enough can be secured to save the city. And while such a course will be magnanimous and creditable, it costs really nothing; for there is not a Republican in the whole city, of ordinary intelligence, who does not know that, as elections have been and are conducted, there is not the ghost of a chance for any one Republican, nominated and running as a Republican candidate, to be elected.

PERSONAL.

THE return of Mr. GEORGE W. CHILDS from Europe has been made the subject of many pleasant paragraphs from gentlemen of the press, who know and appreciate not merely his talent as the manager of a powerful journal, but his proverbial and large-hearted generosity. Mr. CHILDS is one of those exceptional persons who is really in a state of unrest unless doing something to promote the interests and comfort of those about him, or in helping on some scheme of general benevolence. Such men never go unappreciated. During his recent visit abroad Mr. CHILDS was the recipient of especial courtesies from those in the very front of the intellectual and social life of England, particularly from Mr. JOHN WALTER, proprietor of the London *Times*, from the Duke and Duchess of Buckingham, and from others equally notable in the literary, social, and scientific world. Yet the heartiest welcome of all was from the editorial profession of his own country on his return, and from the writers and workers on his journal, whose affection and enthusiasm for their chief really know no bounds.

—The Rev. Dr. THOMPSON, who for a quarter of a century has been known, and honorably known, as pastor of "the Tabernacle" Presbyterian church of this city, and who has won fame not more in the pulpit than in authorship, and who is known as one of the closest students and ripest scholars of the country, has resigned his pastoral charge, from physical inability, and proposes hereafter, in retirement, to devote himself to the study of Egyptology, for which purpose he will soon leave for Germany and Egypt. A pleasant incident in connection with his resignation was the action taken by the trustees of the Tabernacle, who presented him, from the funds of the church and private subscriptions, the sum of $52,000—an instance of personal regard and liberality without a parallel in the history of any church in this country, if not in the world.

—The newspaper men of Chicago have exhibited the proverbial courage and enterprise of their order since the great fire. On the Sunday morning following the calamity Mr. ALFRED COWLES, publisher of the *Tribune*, arrived in the city from New York, merry as a lark. When he met Mr. MEDILL they embraced. "JOE," said COWLES, "how long will it take us to get the town back?" "From five to seven years will, I think, see every thing in order as it was," said MEDILL. "We shall have $50,000,000 of insurance money; our railways centring here have invested in our fortunes from $300,000,000 to $400,000,000; nature and geography are with us; we have enough brick left to begin a good deal of a city, and we shall have extensions and credit unlimited." This from a man who thinks his firm has lost $800,000!

—JOHN BRIGHT is at last to go through with the ceremonial to which most prominent men have now to submit—accept a testimonial. Mr. BRIGHT is one of the very few politicians of England for whom the people, not the partisans, have a solid and enduring respect. He has always been consistent, manly, patriotic; never ashamed of his business pursuits, and regarding with lofty disdain the pretentious snobs of the nobility, who do discredit to their order, are obstructers of true progress, and, as a general thing, social nuisances.

—The Rev. Dr. M'COSH, president of Princeton College, following out the idea so strenuously advocated in these columns, has expressed the opinion that the competitive system, applied to the filling of government offices, would not only result in better public servants, but contribute materially to the cause of higher education in schools and colleges.

—General W. B. THOMAS, of Philadelphia, is the one supremely fortunate man in the world who owns a steam flouring mill capable of grinding one million five hundred thousand bushels of grain a year, or twelve hundred barrels a day.

—The Hon. THOMAS EWING, who died in Ohio on October 26, at the advanced age of seventy-eight, first entered political life in 1830 as United States Senator from Ohio, and remained in the Senate until 1837. He was a member of President HARRISON'S cabinet, as Secretary of the Treasury, in 1841. On the accession of President TAYLOR, in 1849, he took charge of the new Department of the Interior; but in 1850 he again entered the Senate, and remained until 1851, when he retired from active political life. He was a delegate to the "Peace Congress" of 1861, and a delegate to the Philadelphia National Union Convention, but took no part in its proceedings.

—Mr. ROBERT FAUNTLEROY died recently in Australia. He is supposed to have been a son of HENRY FAUNTLEROY, a London banker, who was executed in London on the 30th of November, 1824, and was the last man to undergo capital punishment in Great Britain for forgery. His forgeries exceeded in magnitude any that up to that time had been committed in Christendom.

—Mr. WILLIAM M. EVARTS, late Attorney-General of the United States, has recently visited England, where he was the recipient of marked courtesies from the bench and bar. A London paper says that he likes London so well that he is seriously considering the subject of opening a branch law office in that city in connection with his New York firm, adding London to his field of practice.

—It has been said that the trouble between Secretary FISH and Minister CATACAZY was the result of some social misunderstanding, together with impertinence in reference to some business claim. There is good reason to suppose that the real cause of Mr. CATACAZY'S recall was because of his alleged interference at the time the Joint High Commission was considering and framing the treaty, when, it is stated, the Russian minister inspired and procured the publication of articles to operate against the treaty. It is also charged that he betrayed state secrets, which were communicated to him in an official character, and did all in his power to embarrass the efforts for peace between Great Britain and the United States.

—Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS has made Baltimore his residence. A few evenings since he appeared on the stage of Harmonia Hall, in company with Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON, to listen to WADE HAMPTON'S lecture on the life and character of ROBERT E. LEE. The lecture was a glowing eulogy of the Confederate chief, in which he was pronounced superior to NAPOLEON, WELLINGTON, and all other generals of modern times. He asserted that "LEE never had more than 45,000 men, and never lost a battle, and the nearest he ever came to it was at Gettysburg, which was a drawn battle," and much more to the same effect, which was received with applause.

—General SHERIDAN has greatly endeared himself to the people of Chicago by the courage, common-sense, and simplicity of his conduct during their late ordeal. He did more to restore the public peace, reassure public confidence, and drive from the city the horde of thieves and scoundrels that flocked to it from the East and West than did all other men in authority. He positively refused to proclaim martial law, and never for a moment placed the military power in the city above the civil. He initiated the blowing up of buildings to check the flames, and in many instances carried the powder and set the fuse himself.

—Mr. CHARLES NORDHOFF appears in the *North American Review*, just issued, as the author of an article making suggestions for reform in the government of this city. He thinks this might be accomplished by a charter giving us a mayor elected by the people for a short term, appointing all subordinates, including controller, but for his own term of office only, and being directly responsible for their good conduct; a one-house Legislature of at least a hundred members, who should pass only general laws, and have no administrative or executive functions, but who should hold the purse-strings; and a life judiciary.

—Professor AGASSIZ professes to be clearly of the opinion that Maine was the first formed land of the New World, that there the solid land first appeared, and there the "Laurentian Hills" stood above the waters, and first showed to the world a rising continent.

—Among all the touching incidents connected with the calamity at Chicago, not one exceeds in sadness that which was related by the Rev. Dr. THOMPSON, who was in attendance upon the General Convention of the Episcopal Church at Baltimore. On the morning after the fire Dr. THOMPSON arose and asked the Convention to excuse his further presence at its sessions. Duty called him to Chicago. *Not only his own church and parsonage in that city, but the residences of every member of his parish had been consumed by the fire.* History affords no other instance of a church and every member of it having been rendered houseless and homeless in a single night.

—Mr. BABBAGE, the eminent mathematician, recently deceased in London at the age of seventy-nine, was the author of "Logarithmic Tables from 1 to 108,000," and other scientific works, nearly all of which were composed and published before he was forty years of age.

—One of those very aged men who connect the past with the present—Mr. JAMES M'COSH—has just died in Cincinnati, at the age of eighty-three. He came to the place where Cincinnati now stands, with his father, from Scotland in 1795. That city of 275,000 inhabitants has grown up under his very eye. He was the contemporary of the ST. CLAIRS, the BURNETS, the HARRISONS, and the LONGWORTHS.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE cutting out of the schooner *Horton* from a Nova Scotian port is regarded at the Dominion capital as a mere violation of the customs regulations. The Secretary of the Treasury has declined to issue new papers to the schooner until he has received full particulars of the transaction. The London *Times* suggests an impartial commission to settle any international question arising out of the affair.

The Committee of Judges of the United States and State courts in Chicago is preparing a bill to perpetuate titles. The business prospects in that city are looking more and more favorable, and the treasurer reports receipts of money for the sufferers amounting to $1,486,986.

President Grant has appointed Thursday, November 30, as a day of national thanksgiving.

Governor Hoffman has issued a proclamation appointing the 23d day of November as a day of thanksgiving.

Twenty-five hundred women of Utah have petitioned the President in favor of polygamy. The petitioners urge the removal of the federal officials in Utah, whom they accuse of being "intent on the destruction of our honest, happy, industrious, and prosperous people," or, at least, the stopping of the "disgraceful court proceedings."

General Robert Anderson, of Fort Sumter fame, died at Nice, France, on the 26th of October. His remains will be brought home by the *Guerriere*.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE reorganization of the Russian army just ordered by the Czar, by the creation of a "landwehr" after the Prussian system, virtually brings every man into the military ranks, making the war footing of the army 1,600,000 men and 51,000 officers, exclusive of sixty-six regiments of Cossacks, and a reserve of three-quarters of a million in peace.

The ex-Emperor Napoleon has declared that the reports from France of a Bonapartist conspiracy and intended descent on the coast are without foundation. Claiming to be the legitimate sovereign of France, he deprecates violence for the restoration of his dynasty, and thinks the French people should settle the government question by a plebiscite.

Sir Roderick L. Murchison, the distinguished President of the Royal Geographical Society of England, died in London October 21, aged seventy-nine years.

The Brazilian Senate has passed the Emancipation bill by a large majority, and the edict is to take effect immediately.

A memorial was recently read in the Spanish Cortes announcing that the cost of the war in Cuba during the past year had been about $62,000,000, and that the colonial deficit for the year would amount to about $11,000,000.

The Pope has agreed to accept the bishops appointed by the King of Italy, but will not acknowledge Döllinger or any of his advocates.

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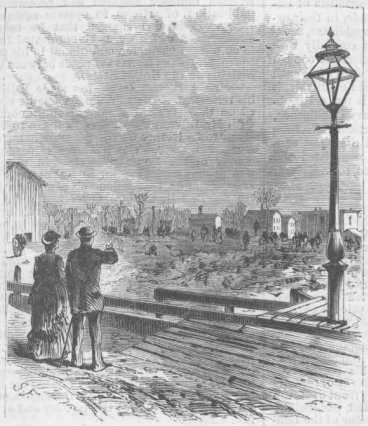

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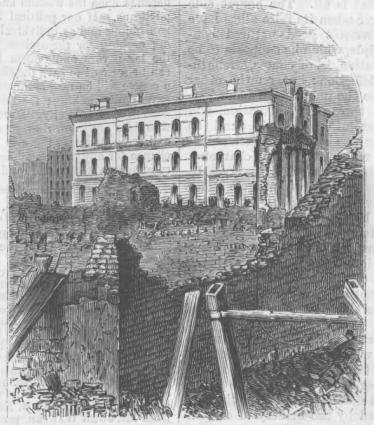
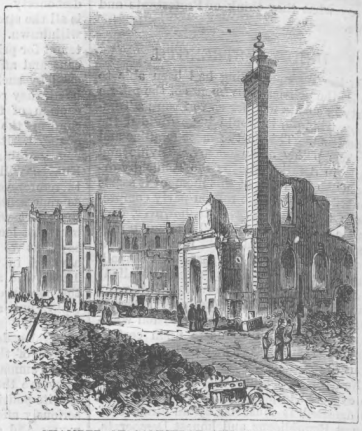


POST-OFFICE AND CUSTOM-HOUSE.



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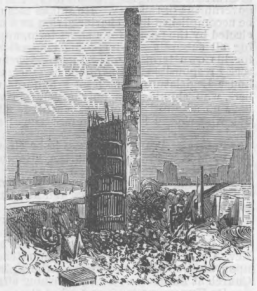

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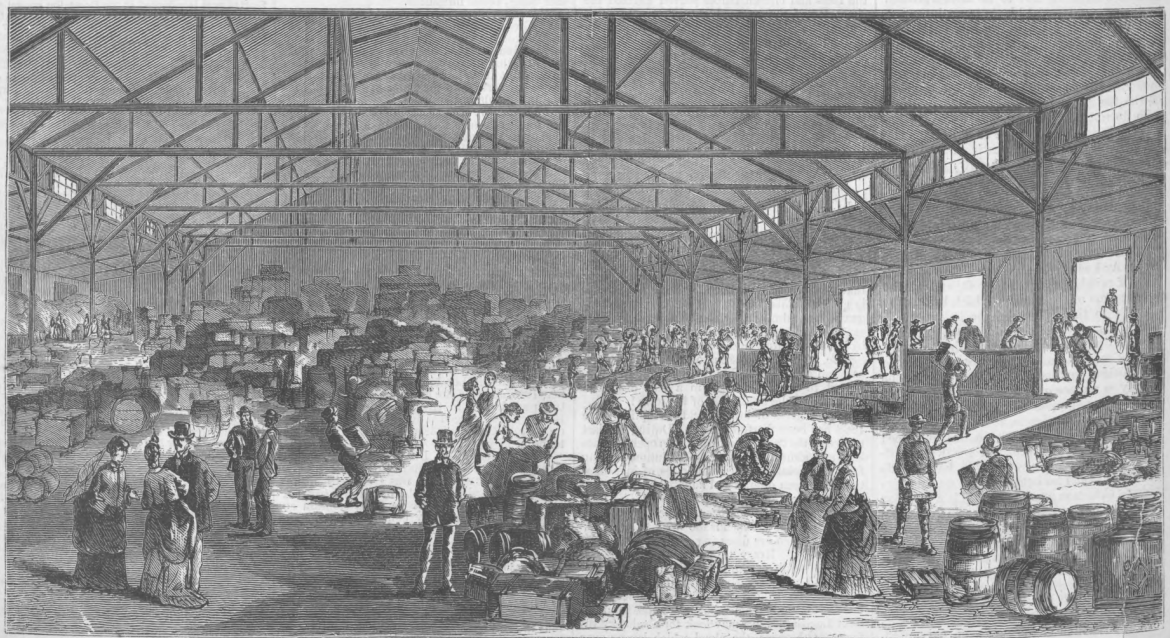

THE WEST SIDE RINK, CHICAGO—GENERAL DÉPÔT OF SUPPLIES FOR THE SUFFERERS BY THE FIRE.—FROM A SKETCH BY T. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 1058.]

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REBUILDING CHICAGO—VIEW AT THE CORNER OF LAKE AND LA SALLE STREETS, LOOKING TOWARD THE LAKE.
FROM A SKETCH BY THEO. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 1058.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1871, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.]

POOR MISS FINCH.

A Domestic Story.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," "Man and Wife," etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-EIGHTH.

HE CROSSES THE RUBICON.

I was still in doubt whether to enter the room or to wait outside until she left Browndown to return to the rectory, when Lucilla's keen sense of hearing decided the question which I had been unable to settle for myself. The door of the room opened, and Oscar advanced into the hall.

"Lucilla insisted that she heard somebody outside," he said. "Who could have guessed it was you? Why did you wait in the hall? Come in! come in!"

He held open the door for me, and I went in. Oscar announced me to Lucilla. "It was Madame Pratolungo you heard," he said. She took no notice either of him or of me. A heap of flowers from Oscar's garden lay in her lap. With the help of her clever fingers she was sorting them to make a nosegay as quickly and as tastefully as if she had possessed the sense of sight. In all my experience of that charming face it had never looked so hard as it looked now. Nobody would have recognized her likeness to the Madonna of Raphael's picture. Offended—mortally offended with me—I saw it at a glance.

"I hope you will forgive my intrusion, Lucilla, when you know my motive," I said, "I have followed you here to make my excuses."

"Oh, don't think of making excuses!" she rejoined, giving three-fourths of her attention to the flowers, and one-fourth to me. "It's a pity you took the trouble of coming here. I quite agree with what you said in the garden. Considering the object I had in view at Browndown, I could not possibly expect you to accompany me. True! quite true!"

I kept my temper. Not that I am a patient woman; not that I possess a meek disposition. Very far from it, I regret to say! Nevertheless, I kept my temper—so far."

"I wish to apologize for what I said in the garden," I resumed. "I spoke thoughtlessly, Lucilla. It is impossible that I could intentionally offend you."

I might as well have spoken to one of the chairs. The whole of her attention became absorbed in the breathless interest of making her nosegay.

"*Was* I offended?" she said, addressing herself to the flowers. "Excessively foolish of me, if I was." She suddenly became conscious of my existence. "You had a perfect right to express your opinion," she said, loftily. "Accept *my* excuses if I appeared to dispute it."

She tossed her pretty head; she showed her brightest color; she tapped her nice little foot briskly on the floor. (Oh, Lucilla! Lucilla!) I still kept my temper. More, by this time (I admit), for Oscar's sake than for her sake. He looked so distressed, poor fellow—so painfully anxious to interfere, without exactly knowing how.

"My dear Lucilla!" he began. "Surely you might answer Madame Pratolungo—"

She petulantly interrupted him with another toss of the head—a little higher than the last.

"I don't attempt to answer Madame Pratolungo! I prefer admitting that Madame Pratolungo may have been quite right. I dare say I am ready to fall in love with the first man who comes my way. I dare say if I had met your brother before I met you I should have fallen in love with *him*. Quite likely!"

"Quite likely—as you say," answered poor Oscar, humbly. "I am sure I think it very lucky for *me* that you didn't meet Nugent first."

She threw her lapful of flowers away from her on the table at which she was sitting. She became perfectly furious with him for taking my side. I permitted myself (the poor child could not see it, remember) the harmless indulgence of a smile.

"You agree with Madame Pratolungo," she said to him, viciously. "Madame Pratolungo thinks your brother a much more agreeable man than you."

Humble Oscar shook his head in melancholy acknowledgment of this self-evident fact. "There can be no two opinions about that," he said, resignedly.

She stamped her foot on the carpet, and raised quite a little cloud of dust. My lungs are occasionally delicate. I permitted myself another harmless indulgence—indulgence in a slight cough. She heard the second indulgence, and suddenly controlled herself the instant it reached her ears. I am afraid she took my cough as my commentary on what was going on.

"Come here, Oscar," she said, with a complete change of tone and manner. "Come and sit down by me."

Oscar obeyed.

"Put your arm round my waist."

Oscar looked at me. Having the use of his sight, he was sensible of the absurd side of the demonstration required of him—in the presence of a third person. *She*, poor soul, strong in her blind insensibility to all shafts of ridicule shot from the eye, cared nothing for the presence of a third person. She repeated her commands, in a tone which said, sharply, "Embrace me—I am not to be trifled with!"

Oscar timidly put his arm round her waist—with an appealing look at me. She issued another command instantly.

"Say you love me."

Oscar hesitated.

"Say you love me!"

Oscar whispered it.

"Out loud!"

Endurance has its limits. I began to lose my temper. She could not have been more superbly indifferent to my presence if there had been a cat in the room instead of a lady.

"Permit me to inform you," I said, "that I have not (as you appear to suppose) left the room."

She took no notice. She went on with her commands, rising irrepressibly from one amatory climax to another.

"Give me a kiss!"

Unhappy Oscar—sacrificed between us—blushed. Stop! Don't revel prematurely in the greatest enjoyment a reader has—namely, catching a writer out in a mistake. I have not forgotten that his disfigured complexion would prevent his blush from showing on the surface. I beg to say I saw it under the surface—saw it in his expression. I repeat, he blushed.

I felt it necessary to assert myself for the second time.

"I have only one object in remaining in the room, Miss Finch. I merely wish to know whether you refuse to accept my excuses."

"Oscar, give me a kiss!"

He still hesitated. She threw her arm round his neck. My duty to myself was plain—my duty was to go.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Dubourg," I said, and turned to the door. She heard me cross the room, and called to me to stop. I paused. There was a glass on the wall opposite to me. On the authority of the glass, I beg to mention that I paused in my most becoming manner. Grace tempered with dignity; dignity tempered with grace.

"Madame Pratolungo!"

"Miss Finch?"

"This is the man who is not half so agreeable as his brother. Look!"

She tightened her hold round his neck, and gave him—ostentatiously gave him—the kiss which he was ashamed to give *her*. I advanced, in contemptuous silence, to the door. My attitude expressed disgust accompanied by sorrow; sorrow accompanied by disgust.

"Madame Pratolungo!"

I made no answer.

"This is the man whom I should never have loved if I had happened to meet his brother first. Look!"

She put both arms round his neck, and gave him a shower of kisses all in one. The door had been imperfectly closed when I had entered the room. It was ajar. I pulled it open—walked out into the hall—and found myself face to face with Nugent Dubourg, standing by the table, with his letter from Liverpool in his hand! He must have certainly heard Lucilla cast my own words back in my teeth—if he had heard no more.

I stopped short; looking at him in silent surprise. He smiled, and held out the open letter to me. Before we could speak we heard the door of the room closed. Oscar had followed me out (shutting the door behind him) to apologize for Lucilla's behavior to me. He explained what had happened to his brother. Nugent nodded, and tapped his open letter smartly. "Leave me to manage it. I shall give you something better to do than quarreling among yourselves. You will hear what it is directly. In the mean time, I have got a message for our friend at the inn. Goodheridge is on his way here to speak to me about altering the stable. Run and tell him I have other business on hand, and I can't keep my appointment to-day. Stop! Give him this at the same time, and ask him to leave it at the rectory."

He took one of his visiting cards out of the case, wrote a few lines on it in pencil, and handed it to his brother. Oscar (always ready to go on errands for Nugent) hurried out to meet the landlord. Nugent turned to me.

"The German is in England," he said. "Now I may open my lips."

"At once!" I exclaimed.

"At once. I have put off my own business

"THE TIME IS COMING, MY DARLING, WHEN I MAY SEE YOU."

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(as you heard) in favor of this. My friend will be in London to-morrow. I mean to get my authority to consult him to-day, and to start to-morrow for town. Prepare yourself to meet one of the strangest characters you ever set eyes on! You saw me write on my card. It was a message to Mr. Finch, asking him to join us immediately (on important family business) at Browndown. As Lucilla's father, he has a voice in the matter. When Oscar comes back, and when the rector joins us, our domestic privy council will be complete."

He spoke with his customary spirit; he moved with his customary briskness: he had become quite himself again since I had seen him last.

"I am stagnating in this place," he went on, seeing that I noticed the change in him. "It puts me in spirits again, having something to do. I am not like Oscar; I must have action to stir my blood — action to keep me from fretting over my anxieties. How do you think I found the witness to my brother's innocence at the Trial? In that way. I said to myself, 'I shall go mad if I don't do something.' I did something —and saved Oscar. I am going to do something again. Mark my words! Now I am stirring in it, Lucilla will recover her sight."

"This is a serious matter," I said. "Pray give it serious consideration."

"Consideration?" he repeated. "I hate the word. I always decide on the instant. If I am wrong in my view of Lucilla's case, consideration is of no earthly use. If I am right, every day's delay is a day of sight lost to the blind. I'll wait for Oscar and Mr. Finch; and then I'll open the business. Why are we talking in the hall? Come in!"

He led the way to the sitting-room. I had a new interest now in going back. Still Lucilla's behavior hung on my mind. Suppose she treated me with renewed coldness and keener contempt? I remained standing at the table in the hall. Nugent looked back at me over his shoulder.

"Nonsense!" he said. "I'll set things right. It's beneath a woman like you to take notice of what a girl says in a pet. Come in!"

I doubt if I should have yielded to please any other living man. But, there is no denying it, some people have a magnetic attracting power over others. Nugent had that power over me. Against my own will—for I was really hurt and offended by her usage of me—I went back with him into the room.

Lucilla was still sitting in the place which she had occupied when I withdrew. On hearing the door open, and a man's footsteps entering, she, of course, assumed that the man was Oscar. She had penetrated his object in leaving her to follow me out, and it had not improved her temper.

"Oh!" she said. "You have come back at last? I thought you had offered yourself as Madame Pratolungo's escort to the rectory." She stopped, with a sudden frown. Her quick ears had detected my return into the room. "Oscar!" she exclaimed, "what does this mean? Madame Pratolungo and I have nothing more to say to each other. What has she come back for? Why don't you answer? This is infamous! I shall leave the room!"

The utterance of that final threat was followed so rapidly by its execution that before Nugent (standing between her and the door) could get out of her way she came in violent contact with him. She instantly caught him by the arm, and shook him angrily. "What does your silence mean? Is it at Madame Pratolungo's instigation that you are insulting me?"

I had just opened my lips to make one more attempt at reconciliation, by saying some pacifying words to her, when she planted that last sting in me. French flesh and blood (whatever English flesh and blood might have done) could bear no more. I silently turned my back on her, in a rage.

At the same moment Nugent's eyes brightened as if a new idea had struck him. He gave me one significant look—and answered her in his brother's character. Whether he was possessed at the moment by some demon of mischief, or whether he had the idea of trying to make Oscar's peace for him before Oscar returned, is more than I can say. I ought to have stopped it, I know. But my temper was in a flame. I was as spiteful as a cat and as fierce as a bear. I said to myself (in your English idiom), She wants taking down a peg; quite right, Mr. Nugent; do it. Shocking! shameful! no words are bad enough for me: give it me well. Ah, Heaven! what is a human being in a rage? On my sacred word of honor, nothing but a human beast! The next time it happens to You, look at yourself in the glass, and you will find your soul gone out of you at your face, and nothing left but an animal—and a bad, a villainous bad animal too!

"You ask what my silence means?" said Nugent.

He had only to model his articulation on his brother's slower manner of speaking, as distinguished from his own, to be his brother himself. In saying those few first words he did it so dextrously that I could have sworn—if I had not seen him standing before me—Oscar was in the room.

"Yes," she said, "I ask that."

"I am silent," he answered, "because I am waiting."

"What are you waiting for?"

"To hear you make your apologies to Madame Pratolungo."

She started back a step. Submissive Oscar was taking a peremptory tone with her for the first time in his life. Submissive Oscar, instead of giving her time to speak, sternly went on.

"Madame Pratolungo has made her excuses to *you*. You ought to receive them; you ought to reciprocate them. It is distressing to see you and hear you. You are behaving ingratefully to your best friend."

She raised her face, she raised her hands, in blank amazement: she looked as if she distrusted her own ears.

"Oscar!" she exclaimed.

"Here I am," said Oscar, opening the door at the same moment.

She turned like lightning toward the place from which he had spoken. She detected the deception which Nugent had practiced on her with a cry of indignation that rang through the room.

Oscar ran to her in alarm. She thrust him back violently.

"A trick!" she cried. "A mean, vile, cowardly trick played upon my blindness! Oscar! your brother has been imitating you; your brother has been speaking to me in your voice. And that woman who calls herself my friend—that woman stood by and heard him, and never told me. She encouraged it; she enjoyed it. The wretches! Take me away from them. They are capable of any deceit. She always hated you, dear, from the first—she took up with your brother the moment he came here. When you marry me, it mustn't be at Dimchurch; it must be in some place they don't know of. There is a conspiracy between them against you and against me. Beware of them! beware of them! She said I should have fallen in love with your brother if I had met him first. There is a deeper meaning in that, my love, than you can see. It means that they will part us if they can. Ha! I hear somebody moving! Has he changed places with you? Is it *you* whom I am speaking to now? Oh, my blindness! my blindness! O God! of all your creatures the most helpless, the most miserable, is the creature who can't see."

I never heard any thing in all my life so pitiable and so dreadful as the frantic suspicion and misery which tore their way out from her in those words. She cut me to the heart. I had spoken rashly—I had behaved badly; but had I deserved this? No! no! no! I had *not* deserved it. I threw myself into a chair and burst out crying. My tears scalded me; my sobs choked me. If I had had poison in my hand, I would have drunk it, I was so furious and so wretched; so hurt in my honor, so wounded at my heart.

The only voice that answered her was Nugent's. Reckless what the consequences might be—speaking in his own proper person from the opposite end of the room—he asked the all-important question which no human being had ever put to her yet.

"Are you sure, Lucilla, that you are blind for life?"

A dead silence followed the utterance of those words.

I brushed away the tears from my eyes, and looked up.

Oscar had been—as I supposed—holding her in his arms, silently soothing her, when his brother spoke. At the moment when I saw her she had just detached herself from him. She advanced a step toward the part of the room in which Nugent stood, and stopped, with her face turned toward him. Every faculty in her seemed to be suspended by the silent passage into her mind of the new idea that he had called up. Through childhood, girlhood, womanhood, never once, waking or dreaming, had the prospect of restoration to sight presented itself within her range of contemplation until now. Not a trace was left in her countenance of the indignation which Nugent had roused in her hardly more than a moment since. Not a sign appeared indicating a return of the nervous suffering which the sense of his presence had inflicted on her earlier in the day. The one emotion in possession of her was astonishment—astonishment that had struck her dumb; astonishment that had waited, helplessly and mechanically, to hear more.

I observed Oscar next. His eyes were fixed on Lucilla—absorbed in watching her. He spoke to Nugent without looking at him; animated, as it seemed, by a vague fear for Lucilla, which was slowly developing into a vague fear for himself.

"Mind what you are doing!" he said. "Look at her, Nugent—look at her!"

Nugent approached his brother circuitously, so as to place Oscar between Lucilla and himself.

"Have I offended you?" he asked.

Oscar looked at him in surprise. "Offended with you," he answered, "after what you have forgiven and what you have suffered for my sake?"

"Still," persisted the other, "there is something wrong."

"I am startled, Nugent."

"Startled—by what?"

"By the question you have just put to Lucilla."

"You will understand me, and she will understand me, directly."

While those words were passing between the brothers, my attention remained fixed on Lucilla. Her head had turned slowly toward the new position which Nugent occupied when he spoke to Oscar. With this exception, no other movement had escaped her. No sense of what the two men were saying to each other seemed to have entered her mind. To all appearance, she had heard nothing since Nugent had started the first doubt in her whether she was blind for life.

"Speak to her," I said. "For God's sake, don't keep her in suspense *now!*"

Nugent spoke.

"You have had reason to be offended with me, Lucilla. Let me, if I can, give you reason to be grateful to me before I have done. When I was in New York I became acquainted with a German surgeon who had made a reputation and a fortune in America by his skill in treating diseases of the eye. He had been especially successful in curing cases of blindness given up as hopeless by other surgeons. I mentioned your case to him. He could say nothing positively (as a matter of course) without examining you. All he could do was to place his services at my disposal when he came to England. I, for one, Lucilla, decline to consider you blind for life until this skillful man sees no more hope for you than the English surgeons have seen. If there is the faintest chance still left of restoring your sight, his is, I firmly believe, the one hand that can do it. He is now in England. Say the word, and I will bring him to Dimchurch."

She slowly lifted her hands to her head, and held it as if she was holding her reason in its place. Her color changed from pale to red—from red to pale once more. She drew a long, deep, heavy breath, and dropped her hands again, recovering from the shock. The change that followed held us all three breathless. It was beautiful to see her. It was awful to see her. A mute ecstasy of hope transfigured her face; a heavenly smile played serenely on her lips. She was among us, and yet apart from us. In the still light of evening, shining in on her from the window, she stood absorbed in her own rapture —the silent creature of another sphere! There was a moment when she overcame me with admiration, and another moment when she overcame me with fear. Both the men felt it. Both signed to me to speak to her first.

I advanced a few steps. I tried to consider with myself what I should say. It was useless. I could neither think nor speak. I could only look at her. I could only say, nervously,

"Lucilla!"

She came back to the world—she came back to *us*—with a little start, and a faint flush of color in her cheeks. She turned herself toward the place from which I had spoken, and whispered,

"Come!"

In a moment my arms were round her. Her head sank on my bosom. We were reconciled without a word. We were friends again, sisters again, in an instant.

"Have I been fainting? have I been sleeping?" she said to me, in faint, bewildered tones. "Am I just awake? Is this Browndown?" She suddenly lifted her head. "Nugent! are you there?"

"Yes."

She gently withdrew herself from me, and approached Nugent.

"Did you speak to me just now? Was it you who put the doubt into my mind whether I am really doomed to be blind for life? Surely I have not fancied it? Surely you said the man was coming, and the time coming?" Her voice suddenly rose. "The man who may cure me! the time when I may see!"

"I said it, Lucilla. I meant it, Lucilla!"

"Oscar! Oscar!! Oscar!!!"

I stepped forward to lead her to him. Nugent touched me, and pointed to Oscar, as I took her hand. He was standing before the glass, with an expression of despair which I see again while I write these lines—he was standing close to the glass, looking in silence at the hideous reflection of his face. In sheer pity, I hesitated to take her to him. She stepped forward, and, stretching out her hand, touched his shoulder. The reflection of *her* charming face appeared above *his* face in the glass. She bent gayly over, with both hands on him, and said, "The time is coming, my darling, when I may see You!"

With a cry of joy, she drew his face up to her and kissed him on the forehead. His head fell on his breast when she released it: he covered his face with his hands, and stifled, for the moment, all outward expression of the pang that wrung him. I drew her rapidly away, before her quick sensibilities had time to warn her that something was wrong. Even as it was, she resisted me. Even as it was, she asked, suspiciously, "Why do you take me away from him?"

What excuse could I make? I was at my wit's end.

She repeated the question. For once Fortune favored us. A timely knock at the door stopped her just as she was trying to release herself from me. "Somebody coming in," I said. The servant entered as I spoke with a letter from the rectory.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-NINTH.

PARLIAMENTARY SUMMARY.

OH, the welcome interruption! After the agitation that we had suffered we all stood equally in need of some such relief as this. It was absolutely a luxury to fall back again into the commonplace daily routine of life. I asked to whom the letter was addressed. Nugent answered, "The letter is addressed to me; and the writer is Mr. Finch."

Having read the letter, he turned to Lucilla.

"I sent a message to your father, asking him to join us here," he said. "Mr. Finch writes back to say that his duties keep him at home, and to suggest that the rectory is the fitter place for the discussion of family matters. Have you any objection to return to the house? And do you mind going on first with Madame Pratolungo?"

Lucilla's quick suspicion was instantly aroused.

"Why not with Oscar?" she asked.

"Your father's note suggests to me," replied Nugent, "that he is a little hurt at the short notice I gave him of our discussion here. I thought —if you and Madame Pratolungo went on first —that you might make our peace with the rector, and assure him that we meant no disrespect, before Oscar and I appeared. Don't you think yourself you would make it easier for *us*, if you did that?"

Having contrived in this dextrous way to separate Oscar and Lucilla, and to gain time for composing and fortifying his brother before they met again, Nugent opened the door for us to go out. Lucilla and I left the twins together in the modest little room which had witnessed a scene alike memorable to all of us for its interest at the time, and for the results which were to come of it in the future.

Half an hour later we were all assembled at the rectory.

Our adjourned debate—excepting one small suggestion emanating from myself—was a debate which led to nothing. It may be truly described as resolving itself into the delivery of an Oration by Mr. Finch. Subject, the assertion of Mr. Finch's dignity.

On this occasion (having matters of more importance on hand) I take the liberty of cutting the reverend gentleman's speech by the pattern of the reverend gentleman's stature. Short in figure, the rector shall be here, for the first time in his life, short in language too.

Reverend Finch rose and said—he objected to every thing. To receiving a message on a card instead of a proper note. To being expected to present himself at Browndown at a moment's notice. To being the last person informed (instead of the first) of Mr. Nugent Dubourg's exaggerated and absurd view of the case of his afflicted child. To the German surgeon, as being certainly a foreigner and a stranger, and possibly a quack. To the slur implied on British Surgery by bringing the foreigner to Dimchurch. To the expense involved in the same proceeding. Finally, to the whole scope and object of Mr. Nugent Dubourg's proposal, which had for its origin rebellion against the decrees of an all-wise Providence, and for its result the disturbance of his daughter's mind—"under My influence, Sir, a mind in a state of Christian resignation: under Your influence, a mind in a state of infidel revolt." With those concluding remarks, the reverend gentleman sat down—and paused for a reply.

A remarkable result followed, which might be profitably permitted to take place in some other Parliaments. Nobody replied.

Mr. Nugent Dubourg rose—no! sat—and said he declined to take any part in the proceedings. He was quite ready to wait until the end justified the means which he proposed to employ. For the rest, his conscience was at ease; and he was entirely at Miss Finch's service. (Memorandum in parenthesis: Mr. Finch might not have got off so easily as this but for one circumstance. I have already mentioned it as part of the strange constraint which Lucilla innocently imposed on Nugent that her father could always talk him down in her presence. She was present on this occasion. And Reverend Finch reaped the benefit.)

Mr. Oscar Dubourg, sitting hidden from notice behind his brother, followed his brother's example. The decision in the matter under discussion rested with Miss Finch alone. He had no opinion of his own to offer on it.

Miss Finch herself, appealed to next: Had but one reply to give. If her whole fortune was involved in testing her chance of recovering her sight, she would cheerfully sacrifice her whole fortune to that one object. With all possible respect for her father, she ventured to think that neither he nor any one possessing the sense of vision could quite enter into her feelings as the circumstances then were. She entreated Mr. Nugent Dubourg not to lose one unnecessary moment in bringing the German surgeon to Dimchurch.

Mrs. Finch, called upon next. Spoke after some little delay, caused by the loss of her pocket handkerchief. Would not presume to differ in opinion with her husband, whom she had never yet known to be otherwise than perfectly right about every thing. But, if the German surgeon *did* come, and if Mr. Finch saw no objection to it, she would much like to consult him (gratis, if possible) on the subject of "baby's eyes." Mrs. Finch was proceeding to explain that there was happily nothing the matter, that she could see, with the infant's eyes at that particular moment, and that she merely wished to take a skilled medical opinion, in the event of something happening on some future occasion, when she was called to order by Mr. Finch. The reverend gentleman, at the same time, appealed to Madame Pratolungo to close the debate by giving frank expression to her own opinion.

Madame Pratolungo, speaking in conclusion, remarked:

That the question of consulting the German surgeon appeared (after what had fallen from Miss Finch) to be a question which had passed beyond the range of any expression of feeling on the part of other persons. That she proposed, accordingly, to look beyond the consultation at the results which might follow it. That, contemplating these possible results, she held very strong views of her own, and would proceed to give frank expression to them as follows. That, in her opinion, the proposed investigation of the chances which might exist of restoring Miss Finch's sight involved consequences far too serious to be trusted to the decision of any one man, no matter how skillful or how famous he might be. That, in pursuance of this view, she begged to suggest (1) the association of an eminent English oculist with the eminent German oculist; (2) an examination of Miss Finch's case by both the professional gentlemen, consulting on it together; and (3) a full statement of the opinions at which they might respectively arrive to be laid before the meeting now assembled, and to become the subject of a renewed discussion, before any decisive measures were taken. Lastly, that this proposal be now submitted in the form of a resolution, and forthwith (if necessary) put to the vote.

Resolution, as above, put to the vote.

Majority—Ayes.

Miss Finch.
Mr. Nugent Dubourg.
Mr. Oscar Dubourg.
Madame Pratolungo.

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Minority—Noes.

No (on the score of expense), Mr. Finch.

No (because Mr. F. says No), Mrs. Finch.

Resolution carried by a majority of two. Debate adjourned to a day to be hereafter decided on.

By the first train the next morning Nugent Dubourg started for London.

At luncheon, the same day, a telegram arrived reporting his proceedings in the following terms:

"I have seen my friend. He is at our service. He is also quite willing to consult with any English oculist whom we may choose. I am just off to find the man. Expect a second telegram later in the day."

The second telegram reached us in the evening, and ran thus:

"Every thing is settled. The German oculist and the English oculist leave London with me by the twelve-forty train to-morrow afternoon."

After reading this telegram to Lucilla I sent it to Oscar at Browndown. Judge for yourself how *he* slept, and how *we* slept, that night!

PRISONERS OF NATURE.

THE more a fact varies from the ordinary laws of nature, the more it merits the attention of the philosopher and amateur. When once sufficiently confirmed, however contrary it may be to prevailing opinions, it is entitled to a place in the ranks of knowledge. The most obstinate skepticism can not destroy its certainty, and can only afford a proof of the presumption which leads us to deny whatever we are incompetent to explain. The following phenomena are of this kind. They are such as have occurred in the course of reading, and have been collected in the hope that some one, whose studies may have been directed to such objects, will enlarge the list. The more they are multiplied, the greater light will probably be thrown upon them, and it will perhaps one day be a matter of surprise that we have been so long ignorant of their cause. These phenomena are instances of living animals being found inclosed in solid bodies.

The first case on record occurred in 1683, when M. Blondel reported to the Academy that at Toulon oysters fit to eat were frequently found inclosed in pieces of stone. Two years later M. De Cassini mentions a similar fact, on the authority of M. Duraffe, embassador at the Porte, who assured him that stones were frequently found there in which were inclosed little animals called dactyles. Some workmen in a quarry at Boursire, in Gotha, having detached a large piece of stone from the mass, found, on breaking it, a live toad. They were desirous of separating the part that bore the shape of the animal, but it crumbled into sand. The toad was of a dark gray, its back a little speckled; the color of its belly was brighter. Its eyes, small and round, emitted fire from beneath a tender membrane which covered them; they were of the color of pale gold. When touched on the head with a stick it closed its eyes, as if asleep, and gradually opened them again when the stick was taken away. It was incapable of any other motion. The aperture of the mouth was closed by means of a yellowish membrane. Upon pressing it on the back, it discharged some clear water and died. Under the membrane which covered the mouth were found, both in the upper and lower jaw, two sharp teeth, which were stained with a little blood. How long it had been inclosed in this stone, is a question that can not be solved.

In 1764 some workmen employed in a quarry in Lorraine informed M. Grignon that they had found a toad in a mass of stone forty-five feet below the surface of the earth. This eminent naturalist went immediately to the spot, but could not perceive, as he assures us in his treatise on the fabrication of iron, any vestige of the prison of this animal. A small cavity was visible in the stone, but it bore no impression of the body of the toad. The creature that was shown him was of moderate size, of a gray color, and seemed to be in its natural state. The men informed M. Grignon that this was the sixth that had been found in these mines within the space of thirty years. M. Grignon considered the circumstance as worthy of more particular attention, and promised a reward to any person who should find him another instance of a toad so inclosed in a stone that it had no means of getting out. Six years after a toad was brought to him inclosed in two hollow shells of stone, in which it was said to have been found; but on examining it closely, M. Grignon perceived that the cavity bore the impression of a shell-fish, and consequently concluded it to be apocryphal.

In the trunk of an elm, about the size of a man's body, three or four feet above the root, and exactly in the centre, was found, in 1719, a live toad, of a moderate size, but rather thin, and occupying but a very small space. As soon as the wood was cut it came out, and skipped away very alertly. No tree could be more sound, and no place could be discovered through which it was possible for the animal to have penetrated. This led the recorder of the fact to suppose that the spawn from which it originated must, by some unaccountable accident, have been in the tree from the very first moment of its vegetation. The toad had lived in the tree without air, and, what is still more surprising, had subsisted on the substance of the wood, and had grown in proportion as the tree had grown.

Another instance may be cited, which is related in a letter dated 1780, and written from the neighborhood of St. Mascent. The writer states that, a few days previously, he ordered an oak-tree of a tolerable size to be cut down and converted into a beam that was wanted for a building which he was then constructing. Having separated the head from the trunk, three men were employed in squaring it to the proper size. About four inches were to be cut away on each side. The writer was present during the transaction. Great was his astonishment when he saw them throw aside their tools, start back from the tree, and fix their eyes on the same point with a kind of amazement and terror. He instantly approached, and looked at the part of the tree which had fixed their attention. His surprise equaled theirs on seeing a toad, about the size of a hen's egg, incrusted in a manner in the tree at the distance of four inches from the centre, and fifteen from the root. It was cut and mangled by the axe, but still moved. He drew it with difficulty from its abode, or rather prison, which it filled so completely that it seemed to have been compressed. He placed it on the grass; it appeared old, thin, languishing, decrepit. He afterward examined the tree with the greatest care, to discover how it had glided in; but the tree was perfectly whole and sound.

These facts, but particularly the paper of M. Guettard, induced M. Herissan to make experiments calculated to ascertain their certainty. In February, 1771, he inclosed three live toads in as many cases of plaster, and shut them up in a deal box, which he also covered with a thick coating of plaster. In April, 1774, having removed the plaster, he opened the box and found the cases whole. On breaking the cases, he discovered that two of the toads were alive, but that the third had died, a martyr to scientific investigation. The defunct toad was larger than the others, and had been more compressed in its case. A careful examination of this experiment convinced those who had witnessed it that the animals were so inclosed that they could have no possible communication with the external air, and must have existed during this lapse of time without the least nourishment. The Academy prevailed on M. Herissan to repeat the experiment. He inclosed again the two surviving toads, and placed the box in the hands of the secretary, that the Academy might open it whenever they should think proper. But this celebrated naturalist was too deeply interested in the subject to be satisfied with a single experiment: he made, therefore, the two following. First, in April of the same year he placed two live toads in a basin of plaster, which he covered with a plate of glass, that he might observe them frequently. In the following month he presented this apparatus to the Academy. One of the toads was still living; the other had given up the ghost on the preceding night. Secondly, on the same date as the first, he inclosed another toad in a glass bottle, which he buried in sand, that it might have no communication with the external air. This animal, which he presented to the Academy at the same time as the other, was perfectly well, and even croaked whenever the bottle in which it was confined was shaken.

But toads are not the only animals which have the power of living for a considerable time without nourishment and communication with the external air. Two living worms were found in Spain in the middle of a block of marble which a sculptor was carving into a lion for the royal family. These worms occupied two small cavities, to which there was no inlet that could possibly admit the air. They subsisted, probably, on the marble, as they were of the same color. This fact was verified by Captain Ulloa, a famous Spaniard, who accompanied the French Academicians in their voyage to Peru for the purpose of ascertaining the figure of the earth. A beetle of the species called Capricorn was found in a piece of wood in the hold of a ship at Plymouth, which had no external mark of any aperture. We read in the *Affiches de Provence*, June, 1772, that an adder was found alive in the centre of a block of marble thirty feet in diameter. It was folded nine times round in a spiral line; it was incapable of supporting air, and died a few minutes after. Upon examining the stone, not the smallest trace was to be found by which it could have glided in or received air.

If it is a difficult question to say how animals live in such a state of captivity, it is equally difficult to account for their getting into durance vile. Various theories have been advanced, but none of them so satisfactory but that savants have still to discover the mystery connected with these Prisoners of Nature.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE British committee in charge of the arrangements for observations of the eclipse of 1871 have invited several American savants to accompany the party at the expense of the British government; among them Professor YOUNG, of Dartmouth College. Professor ZÖLLNER, so well known for his discoveries in regard to the physical constitution of the sun, has also been asked to join the expedition.

The Royal Society of Victoria is moving also in the same direction, as the eclipse will be total over a zone about eighty miles wide, passing across the peninsula of Cape York, the Gulf of Carpentaria, and Arnheim's Land, to the north of Port Darwin. For the purpose of enabling scientific men in the Australian colonies to observe the phenomenon, the Royal Society of Victoria proposes to charter a commodious and powerful steamer to carry a party to Cape Sidmouth, or such other point within the limits of totality as may be found most suitable. It is not proposed that the party shall be limited to members of the Royal Society, but that it shall be open to the public generally in that and the other colonies. To secure, however, that no ineligible persons are admitted to the party, the names of all who are desirous to join must be submitted to the committee appointed for the purpose by the Royal Society. Communications have already been made to the neighboring colonies, and many favorable answers have been received. It will be necessary for the expedition to start not later than the last week in November, and it will occupy about three weeks. If possible, arrangements will be made to visit Feejee on the return voyage.

The Academy of Sciences of Paris has lately elected M. BELGRAND to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Professor A. DUMERIL, the eminent naturalist, whose decease we announced some time ago.

We regret to hear of the death of Mr. ROBERT RUSSEL, a Scottish meteorologist of eminence, and one who during a visit to this country some years ago made many friends. A farmer by birth and training, his whole life was occupied with his profession, and especially in its connection with meteorological phenomena. He published numerous papers on the subjects of his investigations, and his work upon the climate and agriculture of North America, printed after his return from the United States, has been considered of much value.

It would appear that the proposed French expedition to the north pole, by way of Behring Straits, initiated by Mr. GUSTAVE LAMBERT, has not been abandoned in consequence of the death of that gentleman. The enterprise has been taken up by the Geographical Society of Paris, and a vessel, *The Boreal*, is, it is said, at Havre, now ready to start. A Mr. LAMBERT will, after all, have charge of the expedition.

Captain JOHN M. DOW, the popular commander of one of the steamers of the Panama Railroad Company, has recently sent to the Zoological Society of London two living frigate-pelicans, almost the first ever seen alive in Europe. Captain Dow is well known for his love of natural history, and his zeal not only in making collections himself for various museums, but also for the important help he has been enabled to render to travelers in Central America.

Few geographical researches of modern times have been more interesting than those carried on in Madagascar by M. A. GRANDIDIER, whether we consider our previous ignorance of the region in question or the number of striking and important scientific novelties brought to light. We have already referred to the return of this gentleman from his third expedition, the first having been commenced in 1865. On this occasion he attempted to reach the heart of the island, but in vain; and in the following year he explored the southern region, but did not reach the mountains. In 1869–70, however, he traversed the entire breadth of the island three times, from west to east, through its whole extent, making various lateral excursions to interesting points, and visiting the peak of the mountain Ankaararatre, the highest summit in Madagascar. According to the report just presented by M. GRANDIDIER to the Academy of Sciences of Paris, Madagascar comprises two distinct regions —the northern, which is mountainous, and that to the south and east, which is flat. He ascertained that there are five chains of mountains, which have generally the same direction—namely, from northeast to southwest. These are separated by sandy and arid plains, intersected by shallow ravines. After crossing the fourth chain a region is reached of which the general level is from 1000 to 1200 meters in height, extending to the Indian Ocean, a vast sea of mountains, with no level lands except a few small valleys used for the cultivation of rice.

The eastern coast is intersected at almost every step with rivers and torrents; and the northwestern provinces pour into the sea a large number of important rivers. On the southern and western regions, however, the case is quite different, there being distances of fifty leagues without the smallest brook. The reputation possessed by Madagascar for luxuriant vegetation and fertile soil, according to M. GRANDIDIER, is by no means merited, its provinces being neither rich nor productive. The secondary plains are sterile, and the population is confined to the immediate banks of the watercourses. The entire mass of the granitic mountains, situated to the west of the eastern slope, is naked and arid, and there is no vegetation excepting here and there little bunches, growing in the ravines. In the opposite direction, however, there is some degree of fertility; and there is a line of forests extending from north to south, which connect with those of the west, forming around the island a narrow girdle, including a dry and desert region in its centre.

M. GRANDIDIER made numerous astronomical, meteorological, and magnetical observations. He also studied closely the ethnology of the inhabitants, having taken a great many measurements upon the living body, and having collected notes of the habits, language, and traditions of the people. His natural history collections embrace over fifty new species of vertebrates, together with numerous insects and plants. Large numbers of alcoholic specimens were also gathered, for the purpose of further investigation into the anatomy and structure of the entire animal.

Few establishments devoted to geographical research are more industrious in fulfilling their mission than the Imperial Russian Geographical Society of St. Petersburg, as shown by the bulletins of progress published monthly by its secretary. Among other enterprises recently enumerated as now under prosecution are, first, the ethnographical researches of KUSNEROW in the northwestern portion of the Russian Empire; second, investigations of the regions along the southern and southwestern bank of Lake Onega; third, geological investigations in Finland and Sweden; fourth, investigations into the production of grain, and the grain trade of Russia in the interior provinces of the country; fifth, an ethnographical expedition into the region of the Southern Ussuri; sixth, an expedition among the Tschuchchis; seventh, a scientific expedition along the Angara, for the purpose of investigating the water-falls of this river; eighth, a number of miscellaneous enterprises of less moment; and, finally, the important journey of Count MICKLUCHO MACLAY, to which we have referred in a previous article. This, as already stated, has for its object the investigation of the islands of the Pacific Ocean; and the latest advices were received from Valparaiso on the 30th of May last. The corvette *Witjas*, carrying the party, was then on its way to New Guinea, which they hoped to reach within three months. The occasion of a brief halt of the vessel at Valparaiso was taken to visit Santiago, and thence the northern portion of the province of Aconcagua, this being a mountain 6894 meters in height, and considered for a long time to be volcanic, but, as was ascertained by the investigations of PISCIS, having no volcanic peculiarities whatever.

The authority of HENDRIK HUDSON'S journal is cited to prove the former existence of salmon in the Hudson River, and as an argument in favor of the feasibility of stocking its waters with this fish. Mr. J. CARSON BREVOORT, of Brooklyn, a gentleman of great research in such matters, maintains, however, that the fish referred to by HUDSON is really the weak-fish, or squeteague (*Otolithus regalis*), as it was taken in large numbers by this early voyager in the middle of September, in seines, somewhere in the lower part of the bay, and at a time when and place where no true salmon could be thus captured. An inexperienced observer might very easily call a weak-fish a salmon; the general resemblance being so close that the name of salmon-trout is, even now, generally applied to the Southern variety of the weak-fish. The pike-perch, or wall-eyed perch (*Lucioperca americana*), is also called salmon in the Susquehanna River, with much less resemblance to the genuine article than the weak-fish.

The sum of $1200 has been subscribed for the purpose of stocking the Lehigh River with black bass, and a committee, composed of gentlemen from Allentown and Bethlehem, has proceeded to the Potomac to procure the fish. Although large numbers of black bass have already been placed in the Delaware River, it is thought best to supply its tributaries as well.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"GIVE me a pound of oysters," said a man to an oyster vendor who was going by. "I sell by measure, not by weight," said the oysterman. "Then give me a yard of them," said the man. The oysterman shook his head dubiously and passed on.

What kind of a drum is that which is always best when it can not be beaten?—A conundrum.

Some ingenious Yank has invented a process by which maple-sugar can be made out of common New Orleans molasses, flavoring it by steaming maple-wood. The next thing we are looking for is a process whereby they will make honey from cod-liver oil, flavoring it with bees-wax.

A Frenchman said of Shakspeare, "Ven you find any zing you no understan', it is always somezing fine."

Hail a street-car in bad weather, and it will stop to aid you; but hail a friend in your adversity, and see what notice he will take of you.

A writer on school discipline says, "Without a liberal use of the rod it is impossible to make a boy smart."

A jolly Jack tar, having strayed into a show at a fair to have a look at the wild beasts, was much struck with the sight of a lion and a tiger in the same den. "Why, Jack," said he to a messmate, who was chewing a quid in silence, "I shouldn't wonder if next year they were to carry about a sailor and a marine living peaceably together!" "Ay," said his married companion, "or a man and his wife!"

A VEIN PURSUIT—Mining.

"A lady was lately hugged to death in Minnesota" —another illustration of the "power of the press."

Rev. Dr. —— goes in for elegance of paraphrase. In ringing the changes upon "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear," he did a fine thing last Sunday. "He that is accessible to auricular vibration, let him not close the gates of his tympani," said the doctor.

"I always sing to please myself," said a gentleman who was humming a tune in company. "Then you are not at all difficult to please," said a lady who sat next to him.

A SAD DOG—One who tarries long at his whine.

A certain attorney, who was remarkable for coming into court with dirty hands, observed "that he had been turning over Coke." "Coke!" exclaimed a waggish brother: "I should think it was coal, by the looks of your hands."

George Sand has written a new novel, entitled the "Rolling Stone." It is Sand's Stone.

In one of his plays Addison makes an undertaker upbraid a mute who had laughed at a funeral: "You rascal, you, I have been raising your wages for the last two years on condition that you appear more sorrowful; and the higher wages you receive, the happier you look."

A HEARTY GENTLEMAN—Sir Loin.

A POSITIVE GENTLEMAN—Cer-tain.

A SUSPICIOUS GENTLEMAN—Sur-mise.

A COWARDLY GENTLEMAN—Sur-render.

We commend the following prescription to all who are afflicted with this disease:

"Pray, doctor, give me, if you please,
Some medicine for my disease:
My health and courage are all gone,
And I am weak and feeble grown."

The doctor felt her pulse, and said,
"There is no cause for fear or dread;
You've no disease, be not distressed;
You need no medicine, but rest."

"I've no disease! why, how you talk!
Just see my tongue; it's white as chalk;
Look at it, doctor—look, indeed—
And say, in truth, what does it need?"

"If you will keep it still and quiet,
'Tis all it needs; pray, madam, try it.
You overtask it at the best,
And, like the body, it needs rest."

At a so-called spiritual sitting in Hartford recently there was present a woman who mourned the loss of her consort, and, as the manifestations began to appear, the spirit of the departed Benedick entered upon the scene. Of course the widow was now eager to engage in conversation with the absent one, and the following dialogue ensued:

WIDOW. "Are you in the spirit world?"

THE LAMENTED. "I am."

WIDOW. "How long have you been there?"

THE LAMENTED. "Oh, some time."

WIDOW. "Don't you want to come back and be with your lonely wife?"

THE LAMENTED. "Not if I know myself. It's hot enough around here."

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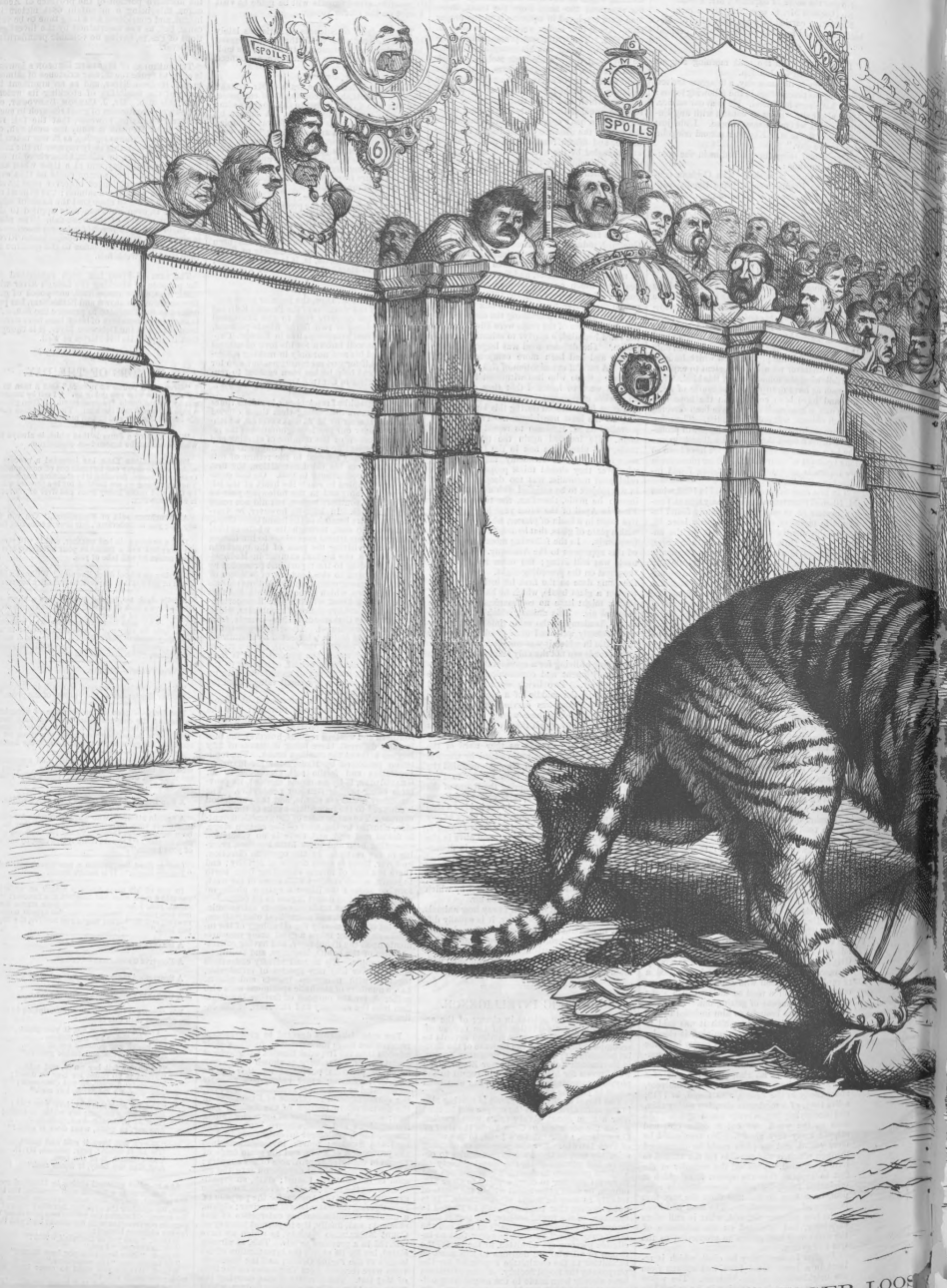

THE TAMMANY TIGER LOOS

—"What are you going to do about it?"

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THE SLEEPING LION.

LIGHTLY, O friend of the starry eye—
Lightly tread as you pass me by!
Carefully guard your smiling lip,
Watch the touch of your finger's tip.

Once too often your eyes may lance
Into my own their thrilling glance;
Once too often your light hand press
My own in its gentle friendliness.

For deep in my heart a lion sleeps,
Years long is the watch he keeps,
Hungry and wild of will is he,
And strong as the storm that sweeps the sea.

At the sound of your step he, dreaming, starts;
Your eyes—they smite him like jeweled darts!
Beware of the spells on my soul you cast,
Lest you waken this Lion of Love at last!

CHICAGO.

CHICAGO was noted among American cities for the number and elegance of its churches. The great majority of these edifices were within the burned districts, and, as a glance at our first page this week will show, little now remains of them but a few broken walls, towers, and arches to show what they must have been before the conflagration, and also to indicate what they will be again when Chicago shall have been rebuilt. Our illustrations are from photographs courteously furnished by Mr. THOMAS T. SHAW, of Chicago, who was indefatigable in taking views both during and since the fire.

The smaller illustrations on page 1052 show the ruins of a number of prominent buildings in the track of the fire. One of them shows the site of the stable where the conflagration was kindled, on Dekoven Street, West Side. There, where the picture was taken, but too small to be apparent in the sketch, were still lying the remains of the cow whose vicious kick upset the fatal kerosene lamp which occasioned all the mischief. Mr. JOHN HAY, in a letter to the New York *Tribune*, gives the following interesting account of the aspect of this locality a day or two after the fire:

"I found Dekoven Street at last—a mean little street of shabby wooden houses, with dirty door-yards and unpainted fences falling to decay. It had no look of Chicago about it. Take it up bodily and drop it out on the prairie, and its name might be Lickskillet Station as well as any thing else. The street was unpaved, and littered with old boxes and mildewed papers, and a dozen absurd geese wandered about with rustic familiarity. Slatternly women lounged at the gates, and bare-legged children kept up an evidently traditional warfare of skirmishing with the geese. On the south side of the street not a house was touched. On the north only one remained. All the rest were simply ashes. There were no piles of ruin here. The wooden hovels left no landmarks except here and there a stunted chimney too squat to fall. But of all the miserable plain stretching out before me to the burning coal-heaps in the northern distance, I was only interested in the narrow block between Dekoven and Taylor streets, now quite flat and cool, with small gutter-boys marching through the lots, some kicking with bare feet in the light ashes for suspected and sporadic coals, and others prudently mounted on stilts, which sunk from time to time in the spongy soil, and caused the young acrobats to descend ignominiously and pull them out. This was the Mecca of my pilgrimage, for here the fire began. One squalid little hovel alone remained intact in all that vast expanse. A warped and weather-beaten shanty of two rooms, perched on thin piles, with tin plates nailed half-way down them, like dirty pantalets. There was no shabbier hut in Chicago, nor in Tipperary. But it stood there safe, while a city had perished before it and around it. It was preserved by its own destructive significance. It was made sacred by the curse that rested on it—a curse more deadly than that which darkened the lintels of the house of Thyestes; for out of that house last Sunday night came a woman with a lamp to the barn behind the house, to milk the cow with the crumpled temper, that kicked the lamp, that spilled the kerosene, that fired the straw, that burned Chicago. And there to this hour stands that craven little house, holding on tightly to its miserable existence.

"I stood on the sidewalk opposite, as in duty bound, calling up the appropriate emotions. A strange, wrinkled face on a dwarfish body came up and said, 'That's a dhreadful sight.' I assented, and he continued, in a melancholy croon: 'Forty year I've lived here, and there wasn't a brick house but wan, and that was the Lakeside House, and it's gone now; an' av ye'll believe me, Soor, I niver see a fire loike that.' I believed him thoroughly, and he went away. My emotions not being satisfactory from a front view of the shanty, I went around to the rear, and there found the Man of the House sitting with two of his friends. His wife, Our Lady of the Lamp—freighted with heavier disaster than that which Psyche carried to the bedside of Eros—sat at the window, knitting. I approached the Man of the House, and gave him good-day. He glanced up with sleepy, furtive eyes. I asked him what he knew about the origin of the fire. He glanced at his friends, and said, civilly, he knew very little; he was waked up about nine o'clock by the alarm, and fought from that time to save his house. At every sentence he turned to his friends and said, 'I can prove it by them,' to which they nodded assent. He seemed fearful that all Chicago was coming down upon him for prompt and integral payment of that $200,000,000 his cow had kicked over. His neighbors say this story is an invention, dating from the second day of the fire. There was something unutterably grotesque in this ultimate atom feeling a sense of responsibility for a catastrophe so stupendous, and striving by a fiction, which must have heavily taxed his highest powers of imagination, to escape a reckoning he was already free from,

> "'Like his fellows the midge and the nit,
> Through minuteness, to wit.'"

MRS. LEARY tells, however, another story. The Chicago *Journal* gives the following report of a conversation with her:

REPORTER. "Are you the lady of the house?"
MRS. LEARY. "I am, Sir."
REPORTER. "Have you lived here long?"
MRS. LEARY. "Going on five years."
REPORTER. "Do you own this place?"
MRS. LEARY. "I do."
REPORTER. "Did the fire start in your barn?"
MRS. LEARY. "It did."
REPORTER. "What was in it?"
MRS. LEARY. "Five cows, a horse, and about two tons of hay in the loft."
REPORTER. "Is your husband an expressman?"
MRS. LEARY. "Indade, he is not. We all knocked our living out of those five blessed cows, and I never had a cint from the parish, in all my life, and the dirty *Times* had no business to say it, bad cess to it."
REPORTER. "How about that kerosene lamp story?"
MRS. LEARY. "There is not a word of truth in the whole story. I always milked my cows by daylight, and never had a lamp of any kind or a candle about the barn. It must have been set afire. Two neighbors at the far end of the alley saw a strange man come up about half past nine in the evening. He asked them was the alley straight through. They told him it was, and he went through. It was not five minutes till they saw the barn on fire. Before we had time to get out the horse or any of the cows, it was all gone, and the fire was running in every direction. The boys turned to and saved the house. I hope to die if this isn't every word of it true. If you was a priest I wouldn't tell it any different."

All further questioning was useless. The woman had nothing more to say upon the subject.

The lower illustration on the same page gives a view of the interior of the West Side Rink, now the great central dépôt for the distribution of the supplies forwarded for the sufferers from every part of the United States, Canada, and Europe, and without which hundreds must have perished of cold and hunger. It was feared at first that too much might have been done in this way, and that many worthless characters might be encouraged to live in idleness and dependence instead of going to work for themselves; but it is believed that this will be prevented by the thorough system of relief adopted by those in charge of the distribution of supplies.

The directors of the Chicago Relief and Aid Society, under whose auspices the work of charity is carried on, report that they receive numerous inquiries as to what is most needed by the sufferers in Chicago at present. Many letters say that persons are desirous of contributing articles who can not well send money. In reference to all such proposed contributions, the society wish to say that nothing is so much needed now as beans, potatoes, and onions. They are advised by the Sanitary Committee that the people must have these articles, if they expect to escape sickness. The society are informed that many farmers would be glad to contribute these articles, and they ask all persons who can to ship beans, or onions, or potatoes to them. By a little proper attention car-loads may be made up at different places for shipment. The society also want straw beds of the usual size for two persons, and friends in the country are requested to furnish as many as they can. The ticking should be of strong material, filled with straw or prairie hay. The society are feeding and caring for over 40,000 people at the present time, with a very small stock of vegetables on hand and but little coming in.

Our sketch on page 1053 illustrates the energy of the Chicago people in meeting the heavy disaster which has befallen their city. They have gone to work with undaunted hearts, and the determination not only to obliterate within the next five years every trace of the fire, but to make their city still more magnificent and prosperous than it was before.

"MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE."

BY JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

SOME people think, perhaps, that the regular old conventional uncle of the comic novel and drama is a mere artistic figment, like Clown and Pantaloon, or a faded anachronism as unsuited to our time as a Saracen or a Knight Templar. But Paul Middlemist, barrister at law, of the Temple, London, had just such an uncle; the regulation uncle—testy, rich, snobbish, vulgar, and at bottom good-natured; the uncle whom you may see at the Adelphi, in London, or Wallack's, in New York. Mr. Theophilus Middlemist, the elder, did not exactly wear a blue coat with brass buttons, and yellow nankeen trowsers, as the dramatic uncle always does, for even Theophilus Middlemist would have seen that such garments were a little out of date; but he did carry a thick stick, and he lived in the country, and his money was the object of his nephew's great expectations—all just as in some pleasant old comedy.

Theophilus Middlemist had been a chandler in London, and had made a fortune, and retired to the country. He had been fond, in a sort of way, of his brother, Paul Middlemist's father, long since dead; and he brought up young Paul as though the boy were his own son. He resolved that Paul should be a professional man and a gentleman, and therefore sent him to study law in the Temple. Above all things else, Theophilus Middlemist was an honest old British snob. He revered respectability; he fell down and worshiped rank. He would not knowingly have done a mean thing for all the world; but to pay homage to a man or woman of rank seemed to him a noble privilege and a sacred duty. To have a title was, in his mind, much the same as being canonized. He gave Paul to understand that he must seek, beyond every thing else, the companionship of his social superiors. Money should not fail any ambition of Paul's so long as it could help him to mix with rank and fashion. But the uncle always declared that if Paul did not make himself a gentleman, he would find himself a beggar, so far as the honest earnings of his elderly relative were concerned.

Now it may be that had another course of training been followed with Paul, he too might have turned out a worshiper of rank and a snob. Perhaps the inherent manhood of his nature would have kept him all right in any case. Let us hope it would. But whatever may be the possibilities, it is certain that his uncle's simple and naked snobbery had the effect of opening Paul's eyes, from a very early age, to the meanness and vulgarity of all such sentiments. He winced under his uncle's weakness, and was sorry and ashamed because of the British foible which disfigured a character so honest and, on the whole, so deserving of respect.

In due time Paul was called to the bar. In that profession, however, many are called, but few are chosen. Paul had no briefs. The attorneys did not come near him. He was reported to be lazy, which he certainly was not, and literary, which he certainly was, and each report tended more and more to ruin his chances. He was handsome, gay, careless, generous, and he didn't get on. He drew pretty freely on his uncle's purse; and he satisfied his conscience as well as he could by assuring himself that his failure was the uncle's own fault. "Why must he make me a gentleman?" Paul would ask, with a laugh. "I should have got on capitally, I dare say, at the Australian diggings. Why didn't he let me go out to the United States and fight for the North? I might have been Lieutenant-General Middlemist by this time. I dare say I should have been. Or why didn't he allow me to encourage the advances of the public-house keeper's fat widow? She used to look unutterable things at me; and she had lots of money. And now she has married the bar-man, who isn't within three inches of my height; and they have sold their business and keep a carriage."

All this was Paul's fun. The latter part was especially his fun, for he was talking to sweet Lydia Ranthorpe, sister of Tom Ranthorpe, Paul's daily companion in Essex Court, Temple; and Paul was madly in love with Lydia. Now Lydia and her brother were very poor. Tom Ranthorpe came up to London with little more than his good spirits to feed and clothe him; and pending his making his way to be Attorney-General or Lord Chancellor, he wrote as often as he could find acceptance for newspapers and magazines; and Lydia and he had pleasant little lodgings at Forest Hill. Ranthorpe had his name painted up along with that of Middlemist on the door of the chambers in Essex Court; but he did not live there, as Paul did. Every night regularly he went home, late or early, to Forest Hill; and often, when no amusement of any kind kept him in town, and he went home early to a cup of tea with Lydia, Paul went with him. Soon Mr. Paul began to find all the joys of London life vapid and dull when compared with an hour of Lydia's company. And so, utterly reckless of his uncle's certain wrath and resistance, Paul chose to fall in love with Lydia. To make matters worse, she chose to fall in love with him. To deepen the darkness of the situation, Tom Ranthorpe, instead of wisely remonstrating, and sternly opposing to such folly his influence as a friend and his authority as a brother, chose to be delighted with the whole affair. The consequence of all this was that Lydia and Paul were engaged before they had well thought of what they were doing, and, for aught any one could tell to the contrary, might make up their minds to be married any day.

"Seems to me, Paul, your uncle's a confounded old mercenary humbug," Tom Ranthorpe remarked one evening as they talked over the whole situation with that charming frankness which usually characterized their conversation.

"No," said Paul, thoughtfully, as he stroked the mustache which his position as a captain of volunteers authorized him, a learned advocate, to wear—"no, it isn't that. The dear old boy isn't mercenary. It isn't money he wants me to get so much as rank. Confound it, Tom, why aren't you the younger son, or even the second cousin, of a lord? It wouldn't matter if Lydia hadn't a sixpence, if she were only the Honorable Lydia Ranthorpe. My uncle would give half his fortune, I verily believe, to help me to run away with the seventh daughter of the poorest peer in England, even though the flight involved the loss of every penny that might possibly have been hers."

"Honorable Lydia Ranthorpe! Why, there *is* an Honorable Lydia Ranthorpe," said Tom, musingly. "We read her name the other day among the list of presentations at court, and we were amused at the coincidence. I haven't the slightest doubt we belong to the same family."

"I'm afraid the relationship is not quite clear and certain," Paul remarked, with a shake of the head, "and I don't see that it helps us any the farther."

"I don't know," Tom replied. "I am quite with Falstaff in valuing highly a commodity of good names. One doesn't know when something may come of it. You are going down to your uncle's place to-morrow?"

"Yes; it's a terrible bore, just now especially; but it can't be helped."

"No; it may serve us, perhaps. I don't quite see my way yet. But, while I am thinking about the whole affair, I have one thing to impress upon you: if you receive a marked newspaper from London, be sure to leave it lying somewhere under your uncle's eye; and do the same with any letter of Lydia's that reaches you in an envelope from me. Come, promise! swear!" and Tom Ranthorpe fell into an attitude of intense dramatic heroism.

"But why? what do you mean?"

"'Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,'" replied Tom, in the language of Macbeth, "'till thou applaud the deed.' I don't know yet. It may all come to nothing; but I have an idea. About, my brains! Good-by, old fellow. Go and see Lydia."

With this parting injunction Paul Middlemist promptly complied. Next day he went down to the country, and was warmly received by his uncle.

A day or two after his arrival he received a marked copy of the *Morning Post* directed in what seemed to be a woman's hand. The mark had reference to a dinner-party at Windsor Castle, where, among the guests of her Majesty the Queen, was mentioned the name of the "Honorable Lydia Ranthorpe." Paul obeyed injunctions, and left the paper, in American phraseology, "lying around."

The eagle eye of the elder Middlemist lighted on the paper; indeed, the good man always reverentially studied the *Morning Post*. He was naturally attracted to the marked passage, and he wondered why it should have been marked for Paul's especial benefit by a woman. "The Honorable Lydia Ranthorpe!" he murmured. "Can she be an acquaintance of my boy's?" He flew to his copy of the "Peerage," and there he found "Lydia Maria Christina Ranthorpe," eldest daughter of Lord Viscount Ranthorpe, and niece of the Most Noble the Marquis of Huntingden. Likewise he found that the Honorable Lydia was twenty-eight years of age. Theophilus Middlemist liked to read of such people.

The very next day he saw a letter, open, lying on his nephew's table, evidently left behind by him when he went out to ride with one of the sons of a neighbor. "Careless fellow!" Middlemist senior observed, and his eye glanced rather curiously at the paper. "And from a woman, too! Well, the lad has no secrets, evidently."

The old gentleman must have been quite convinced of this, for he took up the letter and read it through. It was very short—a dainty, pretty little *billet*, and it ran thus:

"DEAREST PAUL,—I am very unhappy without you, although we have been staying at Windsor, and trying to enjoy the delightful place. But I only think of you. Oh, how I *hate* the *miserable prejudices* and conventionalities of *the world* and of society! Tom writes, and I incline this line only to say that I hope you are well, and are making the best of your holiday—if it be one—and that you will soon come back to your own LYDIA."

Lydia! Windsor! and the *Morning Post!* and the Honorable Lydia Ranthorpe dining with the Queen! and the description in Debrett's "Peerage!" Could it be possible? Could Paul Middlemist, his nephew, really have fascinated a lady of rank and fashion? But who was "Tom?" Doubtless her brother or cousin. He turned to Debrett again. No, there was no brother. It must surely be a cousin: there were ever so many names of male Ranthorpes. Anyhow, that was a matter of no consequence. "Tom" might be what Mr. Middlemist would have called a mutual friend of the lady and Paul. There could be no reasonable doubt whatever that "Lydia," who wrote the letter, was the Honorable Lydia Ranthorpe of the *Morning Post* and Windsor Castle.

"May I ask, Sir," the elder slyly said to his nephew that evening, "who is the Lydia whose letters you leave so carelessly about? I might have read the whole letter if I had felt inclined to pry into your secrets. Who is the fair Miss Lydia? Is her name a secret?"

Paul looked becomingly confused.

"Oh, Lydia—yes, to be sure! No, there's no mystery at all. Miss Ranthorpe, uncle—a very charming girl; relative of a particular friend of mine, Tom Ranthorpe."

"A charming girl, indeed?—eh, Paul? Any thing very serious there?"

Paul looked down, sighed, and pressed his hand to his forehead. He was beginning to see Tom Ranthorpe's joke now, and didn't object to humoring it.

"Serious, uncle? Alas! no. Family difficulties—cursed distinctions of rank and wealth—elderly guardian—social wants that sin against the strength of youth. Let us not speak of it;" and Paul swallowed hastily a glass of wine, finding himself barely competent to keep up much longer a blending of the style of Mr. Alfred Jingle and the forlorn lover in "Locksley Hall."

"Well, I don't know," the good-natured uncle began. "These are leveling days, Paul, my boy; and money can do something, and—"

"Uncle," said Paul, solemnly, "let us change the subject." And it was changed accordingly, and the uncle was left nearly wild with curiosity.

"Gad!" Theophilus Middlemist grumbled to himself that night, as he swallowed his soda-water and brandy previous to going to bed, "boys now haven't half the courage and spirit that were common in my younger days. Here's a handsome young fellow, and a lady of title and fashion, daughter of a viscount—a lady who dines with the Queen, by Jove! falls in love with him—downright in love with him—and tells him so, and he only moans out some feeble stuff about inequalities of rank, and so forth! Why doesn't he run away with her to Scotland? Hang the money! I'd let him have money enough. I wish I were a young man, and that

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the Honorable Miss Somebody had only fallen in love with *me!*"

Next day the uncle made several sly allusions, and let off various jokes and hints and taunts designed to stimulate his nephew into some darling measure. More than once, too, he gently suggested that if Paul would make him his confidant, something might, perhaps, be done. But Paul only preserved a silence gloomier than ever, and shook his head with a profounder solemnity.

Greatly was Mr. Middlemist's surprise enhanced when, soon after, he received a letter from one of the most aristocratic clubs in London, and signed, "Thos. G. Adolphus Ranthorpe." With tremulous eagerness he read:

"DEAR SIR,—Although I can hardly say I have the pleasure of knowing you personally, yet as the intimate friend of your nephew, and as the near relative of one in whom he is deeply interested, I feel that I may take the liberty of thus suddenly addressing myself to you. There is a subject of some importance on which I should much wish to have some conversation with you, but of which I hardly care to write. Doubtless you sometimes run up to town, and I should be particularly glad if, the first day you can make it convenient to do so, you would give me an opportunity of talking with you. I shall be found at the club every day up to three o'clock, and shall be happy," etc., etc.

Next day, to the surprise of his nephew, Mr. Middlemist flew to town, and straightway made for the club to which he had been invited. On the steps of the building he saw a handsome, dark young man in close conversation with a fair-haired and fair-bearded youth. The former looked keenly at our worthy elder as he panted up the steps, and, politely advancing toward him, said,

"Mr. Middlemist, I think? Had the pleasure of seeing you once before, although, perhaps, you don't remember me. My name's Ranthorpe. Allow me to introduce my friend;" and either Middlemist's ears deceived him, or he was presented to a living lord. Middlemist could hardly speak with confusion and delight.

"Will you excuse me for one moment?" Ranthorpe said; and he drew his fair-haired companion aside, and engaged hastily in conversation with him. Middlemist was burning to know whether he really had been introduced to a peer of the realm, and, if so, what the name of the peer was, for he had failed to catch it as spoken by Ranthorpe. One of the club servants, gorgeous in livery, stood near, and the moment was opportune. Middlemist hastily asked "the name of that gentleman."

"Which gentleman?" the pampered menial loftily inquired.

"The gentleman talking to Mr. Ranthorpe."

"Why, Lord Eglamour, to be sure," the bloated minion replied, disdainful of the ignorant churl to whom the person of one of the most resplendent young noblemen was unknown. Middlemist could have clasped the hand of the scornful liveried hireling—could have pressed it to his bosom. He had, then, been presented to Lord Eglamour! Nay, Eglamour, now springing lightly into his cab, actually nodded a friendly salute to our venerable acquaintance as he drove away.

"Now, my dear Middlemist," Ranthorpe said, as he put his arm familiarly under that of Theophilus—"for I must treat you as a friend, you know—if you will just walk a few steps with me—"

"Certainly! certainly! any where," answered the delighted Briton. Oh, if all his rural neighbors could only have been in Pall Mall to see him in such goodly company!

"Well, then, my dear Middlemist, you know, of course, my friendship for your nephew; and you know the relationship in which I stand to Lydia Ranthorpe."

"Perfectly, perfectly," affirmed Mr. Middlemist, although he was by no means clear as to the relationship.

"Very good. Now, you see, you and I are men of the world. Paul Middlemist is a devilish fine fellow, and all that, and Lydia Ranthorpe is a charming girl; and they have been making love awfully, and I'm afraid I've been to blame for encouraging them. You see, my dear Middlemist, I'm afraid it won't do. There are elders who would never consent—never—if they knew how things stood. There is an elderly male relative, Sir, who would be inflexible as adamant. Paul talks of running away with her, and, on my word, the girl is so infatuated about him that she would go off to-morrow if he were to ask her. But, to be frank with you, she has next to nothing absolutely her own; and he has nothing: and what's the use? Will the love they are so rich in make a fire in the kitchen, and so on? I thought it right to put you up to this, as a man of sense and judgment. And I only ask you to use your influence and authority and advice, and so forth. I pledge you to nothing except that, of course, you will never betray my confidence. And, let what will come of it, now my mind is free."

"My dear Sir," began the bewildered and delighted Middlemist, "how shall I express my gratitude for this remarkable, this generous, this—in fact, this—"

"Not one word, Middlemist; not one word more, if you please. We have both said enough—perhaps I've said rather too much: devilish delicate affair, you know! And the best thing we can do now is to make no further allusion to it. Assume that a bird of the air has whispered something to you, and let us two go on as if we had never exchanged a syllable on the subject. And now, my dear Middlemist, you must come and have luncheon with me and two or three other fellows. No, I can take no denial or excuse: you really *must*. I want to make you acquainted with some pleasant friends, whom I think you will be glad to know."

The rejoicing and bewildered Middlemist enjoyed his luncheon immensely, although he could hardly eat a morsel for pride and happiness. Never had he been in the company of such swells before. There were (let us borrow our names for the sake of illustration) Lord Pendennis, the Earl of Warrington, Sir Clive Newcome, the Honorable Fred Bayham, and several others, every one having a title, and yet all as gracious to old Middlemist as though he were one of themselves. They talked about Paul Middlemist as if he were their brother; and one or two rallied Lord Pendennis somewhat inconsiderately on his having been supplanted by Paul in the affections of a certain fair Lydia. His lordship, however, bore the quizzing with all the bland good humor of a polished English nobleman. Not the faintest flicker of a doubt ever crossed Middlemist's mind as to the genuineness of the whole affair. Why should not Lord Pendennis be as genuine as Lord Eglamour, and of the latter there was no question.

When the party was breaking up, Tom Ranthorpe pressed Middlemist's hand and whispered: "Remember my warning! Prevent this foolish love-affair from going any farther. Interpose in time, or don't blame me afterward!"

Middlemist murmured rapturous thanks, and made for the railway station in a condition of chuckling ecstasy.

Tom Ranthorpe and his brilliant company had a jolly evening together. But as Cinderella, when the clock has struck twelve, changes from splendor to rags, so now did his lordship and the earl, and the honorable and the rest, come down to be a merry gathering of briefless barristers and struggling artists. They had been playing a little comedy, in fact, got up by Ranthorpe for the beguilement of "the old snob, Middlemist." They were not overscrupulous. They thought every thing fair in love, and they assumed that they were thus advancing the dearest interests of their friend Paul. Let it be said, in justice to that gentleman, that he knew nothing about the practical joke. Neither, of course, did Lydia. When her brother took her for a day or two to Windsor—where they lived in a modest lodging, and did not even see her Majesty as she "drove on the slopes"—Lydia had not the remotest suspicion that she had been taken there only in order that, writing thence to Paul, she might thus clearly identify herself in the mind of Paul's uncle with her namesake at court. The marked paper was sent by Tom, addressed in his best attempt at a woman's hand, and Lydia never knew any thing about it.

The appearance on the scene of Lord Eglamour was a splendid chance, giving the whole thing, apparently, a stamp of irresistible reality. Lord Eglamour was the one only nobleman with whom Ranthorpe was acquainted, and it was the inspiration of true genius which bade Tom, when from afar he saw the elder Middlemist come plowing up Pall Mall, to seize the button of the young nobleman, detain him in earnest conversation about nothing, and whisper to him that Middlemist was one of the oddest old boys alive—a delightful character, to be humored in every thing for the sake of the fun to be made out of him. This procured for Middlemist his lordship's pleasant and affable salute, and decided the venerable uncle's destiny.

Old Middlemist reached home beaming with delight, wine, pride, and self-glorification. He was resolved that Paul must marry Lydia Ranthorpe, even though, as Mr. Neefit, in Trollope's late novel, says so elegantly of his daughter, she had "nothing but her smock."

"Paul, my boy!" his uncle exclaimed that very night, as they were parting at bed-time—Paul was returning to town next day—"I know the whole affair; I know it all. And if you haven't the spirit to marry that lovely Lydia Ranthorpe in spite of the world, why, damme, Sir, I'll disown you!"

"But, my dear uncle, have you considered?"

"No, Sir, I haven't! I won't consider any thing! And I'm ashamed of you to talk of considering in such a case! Marry the girl, Sir—run away with her, if you like—and bring me my niece, Lydia, here, or never let me see your face again!"

Paul was too obedient a nephew to remonstrate any longer, although his conscience a little misgave him when, next morning, his uncle mysteriously pressed a check for a handsome amount into his hand. He feared some trick must have been played somehow; but when he saw Ranthorpe, the latter, amidst bursts of laughter, pledged him his word that he had never made any false representation whatever to Theophilus Middlemist touching his sister's place in society, and that he had, in fact, warned the good man against the marriage. So Paul did not feel bound to make any further inquiry. He was weary of waiting, and meant to have married Lydia at once in any case, whether his uncle liked it or not; and his doubts and scruples now had reference not to the question of marriage, whereon his mind was made up, but as to accepting his uncle's money to pay the expenses of the honey-moon.

There was no need of running away. Paul and Lydia were quietly married, and, after a short trip in Scotland, Paul brought his pretty, winning wife to charm his old uncle, which she did unaffectedly. Before a week was over the elder Middlemist fairly adored her.

Of course the whole thing came out. It was revealed first by Lydia herself, quite innocently and artlessly; and even in the first moment of his anger the old man could not but see that she had had no part whatever in the little comedy. Tom Ranthorpe took all the blame to himself, and exonerated even Paul from any serious participation in the plot, which, however, Tom manfully defended as entirely justifiable in the interest of two loving hearts.

"But, Sir," exclaimed the bewildered Middlemist, "you told me of some elderly relative who wouldn't consent."

"Don't you see, my dear Middlemist?—your-self! I meant yourself all the time!"

"But you led me to think it was her relative—her father."

"The Right Honorable Lord Ranthorpe?" interrupted Tom, with a burst of laughter. "No, I didn't, my dear Sir; you led yourself to think it. I warned you against allowing the thing to go on, and told you you mustn't blame me for any thing that might happen."

There was nothing more to be said, and old Middlemist made the best of it. But it was long before he could be reconciled fully to Ranthorpe, or would consent to meet Lord Pendennis and the Earl of Warrington, and the rest of that joyous company. One day, however, at a flower show, some one pointed out to him the Honorable Lydia Ranthorpe—the real honorable aristocrat of Windsor Castle—and he saw a lean, miserable creature, yellow as a guinea, and angular as Rosinante. He went home, kissed Mrs. Paul cordially, and thanked Heaven for what had happened, adding that it would have only punished him justly for his mean snobbishness if his nephew had really married some hideous woman of title who would have looked down with scorn and contempt on her husband's poor old uncle.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE destruction of a vast number of valuable fruit-bearing and ornamental trees is one of the losses by fire which time only can restore to Chicago and many other Western towns. A timely suggestion, however, has been made, which, if adopted in season, will be very useful. In many instances the vitality of the roots has not been impaired. By cutting off the trees close to the surface of the ground before winter, and covering the wounds with a heavy coat of grafting-wax, the life will be preserved until next spring, when they will, in a majority of cases, send up strong shoots and grow rapidly. Some varieties of trees will not sprout; but fruit trees, grape-vines, berry bushes, and valuable shrubbery will sprout again if cut close to the ground before cold weather comes. The burned and heated portions of the wood should be removed until a live surface is laid bare, when a warm coating of grafting-wax should be applied. This should be covered with brown paper or cloth, and several inches of fine earth overlay the whole. A suitable grafting-wax may be made of equal parts of resin or pitch and tallow, or one part of linseed-oil and two of coarse resin. In the spring the soil should be removed, leaving only about an inch over the stump.

A memorial to the late Charles Dickens, who was born at Portsmouth, is to be raised in that town.

Another royal authoress is the ex-Empress Eugénie, who has been for some time engaged on a life of Mary Queen of Scots, which will shortly be published.

Professor Blot, of culinary renown, is of opinion that mixed coffee is the best. He prefers a mixture of Java, Mocha, and Maracaibo. His method of making is to use a coffee-pot with a filter. Put the coffee—varying the amount according to the quantity and strength you desire—into the filter and pour boiling water over it, and the beverage is made.

All attempts to remove the bar in the Mississippi below New Orleans by dredging seem ineffectual. It still remains a serious obstacle to navigation. A recent report of the United States engineer in charge of operations there states that by several months' labor a channel had been cut with a minimum depth of eighteen and a half feet. A storm came on, and in a few hours entirely filled up this channel; but a subsequent survey showed that during the same storm an unusual rush of water had torn out a new channel in another locality quite as deep and as navigable as the one constructed by dredging has ever been.

A lady living in Chicago writes to *Harper's Weekly* a sad story of individual suffering from the awful calamity which has overtaken that city. She closes by saying:

"Although we are not among the 'burned out,' yet we feel the terrible calamity, as does every family in Chicago. Hundreds of families are in our circumstances. I know your paper will contain valuable illustrations of our fire: but half the sad events will never be made public. One of the saddest features is the suffering among women in delicate health. It is estimated by a responsible physician of our city that five hundred babes were born on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday among the sufferers. Forty were born in Lincoln Park on Tuesday. Events of the most heart-rending character are being brought to light. One poor woman on the North Side was in bed with a babe a few hours' old when the house caught fire. The inmates in their flight forgot the poor woman and her babe. She rose from her bed, wrapped a sheet around herself and child, and made her way to the street. There she was found dead, with the babe in her arms."

A traveler in Utah gives a clear description of some peculiar features of the scenery in that section of country—peculiarities of which it is difficult to give an Eastern reader any idea. For example, what are called the *buttes* are impressive and picturesque. By the word *butte* (pronounced so as to rhyme with *mute*) the traveler to the far West learns to understand a mass of red sandstone rising abruptly in the midst of a level plain to a height sometimes of 2000 feet, often as broad at the top as at the base, and level above, it may be, as a floor; or carved, as it rises, into most fantastic shapes, that project from its edges and overshadow the desert below. This sandstone, moreover, is not firm in contour, but seems loose and friable, and is worn and rounded and gullied by wind and rain so that its shapes stand half disclosed in a veil of shifting sand, which is sent whirling before its sharp, uncovered features in every gust of the summer wind. These buttes seem like nothing so much as the ruins of vast mountains, sculptured into strange devices by the weather's restless chisel; and on the level desert they tower aloft, like the frolicsome creations of some weird and mighty architect. So strong is their resemblance oftentimes to well-known objects of men's devising that we can hardly believe them the chance work of the elements.

A defiant tricolored flag still floats from the spire of the cathedral at Metz, and is most irritating to the Prussians. A large reward was promised to the man who would haul it down; but not one Frenchman would consent to make the attempt, and no German dared. An inhabitant of the town writes to say that the governor having doubled the sum promised, a Baden workman essayed to gain the prize; but after arriving within about three meters of the famous banner he was obliged to descend, amidst the laughter and enthusiastic cheering of the crowd collected on the Place d'Armes.

The proprietor of one of the most important coach-building establishments in Paris, being unable to find a sufficient number of good workmen in that city, has made arrangements to employ 1500 German operatives, and they have just gone to Paris.

The most industrious of all American artists in Italy is said to be Harriet Hosmer. Even in the summer, when every one feels entitled to recreate, she lives in her studio.

Newspaper reporters in Warsaw do not have a comfortable time of it. Not long ago the superintendent of the police, not liking an item in one of the newspapers of Warsaw, ordered the reporter who had written it to be flogged and imprisoned for a week, with only bread and water for diet.

In India, when a native preacher is temporarily called from his post of duty, or laid aside by sickness, his wife proves a helpmate. She takes his place, preaches the sermon, and conducts the services.

It is fortunate that the battle of Bunker Hill was not fought where it was originally designed to be, and that the monument glorying in the name of Bunker Hill was located on another eminence; because, otherwise, the people of Charlestown would be forced to pull down the monument, or else select another hill to reduce in size. Bunker Hill is to be graded down forty-six feet, which, with the fourteen feet it has already lost, will make it sixty feet lower than its original height at the summit. A large Catholic church must be lowered, and a cemetery containing 8000 corpses is to be removed. The whole cost of the undertaking is estimated at $3,271,771. The earth removed goes to fill up flats, and will add about 150 acres to the territory of Charlestown. The number of buildings it will be necessary to lower is 473.

About daylight on that fatal Monday morning Robert T. Lincoln, only surviving son of the late President Lincoln, entered his law office in Chicago after the flames had attacked the building, opened the vault, and piled upon a table-cloth the most valuable papers, then slung the pack over his shoulder, and escaped amidst a shower of falling fire-brands. He walked up Michigan Avenue with this load on his back, and stopped at the mansion of John Young Scammon, where they breakfasted with a feeling of perfect security. Lincoln went home with his papers, and before noon the house of Scammon was in ruins, the last which was sacrificed by the lake-side.

The easiest way to preserve grapes is to hang the bunches up in a room where the air is not subject to much change, and is pure and dry. If not below the freezing-point, the cooler the air the better the grapes will keep.

The Czar of Russia has ordered that women be permitted to become druggists and chemists, be eligible to fill positions as clerks and accountants; and, more than this, they are henceforth to be allowed to practice as surgeons, and, of course, to qualify themselves by preliminary studies.

During the bombardment of Strasburg a shell burst through one of the beautiful painted windows of the cathedral, flew across the nave, and, smashing in the organ pipes, lodged in the organ itself. Had it burst, the destruction not only of the organ but of the cathedral must have been inevitable. Strange to say, the shell remained imbedded in the heart of the instrument without exploding. The missile has now been extracted, and is mounted on a marble pedestal in the cathedral, and an inscription informs visitors of this remarkable occurrence.

A deputation of fifty school-teachers and several members of Parliament have presented to the Education Department of London a memorial in which occurs the following clause: "Your memorialists respectfully beg to draw attention to a hardship suffered by girls' schools. In these schools three afternoons in the week are usually occupied in needle-work, but the girls are expected to pass an examination in the standards of the same difficulty as boys, whose whole time is devoted to intellectual work." Let the English girls have justice.

Photographers have a romantic side to their labors. They oftentimes venture into most dangerous places to obtain a desired view. Not long ago a photographer of Montana, while developing a picture of the Great Falls of the Yellow Stone, left his instrument standing on the edge of the canon. Returning, he found it in a thousand fragments, sliding down amidst stones and earth into the river. An artist connected with the Hayden geological expedition writes that at several places in the vicinity of Yellow Stone Falls they were compelled to cling to the roots of overhanging trees, and while they were thus supported, steadied the legs of the camera, which seemed particularly restive. As the perpendicular walls of this great canon vary from one to two thousand feet, some self-possession must be needed to gaze into its dizzy depths—an immense cleft in the earth's crust about half a mile in width, through which runs a large river, falling over seven hundred feet, as it enters, and still continuing to rush, roaring, for nearly fifty miles.

The power of precedent and example is wonderful. Two or three years ago the greatest astonishment was expressed because the Duke of Argyle sent two of his sons to try their fortunes in the commercial world. Since then a large number of the younger sons of the nobility have followed this example of the Campbells. The younger son of an English earl has just joined one of the large breweries. Another junior of a noble house is on his way to China as a tea traveler, leaving a brother to learn the tea trade at the house he represents, for which privilege he is glad to pay the same premium as the sons of plebeians. In more than a dozen of the great houses in London there are representatives of the nobility, whose duties differ from that of the other apprentices only in this, that they do not sleep on the premises. They have the same hours and the same work as the sons of the working-men who are their companions, but the rules of the house are relaxed to allow them to go home at night and mingle in circles of fashion with their elder brothers and sisters. In some houses the sons of noblemen and very rich men are rapidly monopolizing the places that used to be open to every one. They pay enormous premiums to acquire a practical knowledge of a business or trade.

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Boss. "You have the *Liberty* of *Voting* for any one you please; but we have the *Liberty* of *Counting in* any one we please."

"Do your Duty as Citizens, and leave the rest to take its course."—*New York Times.*

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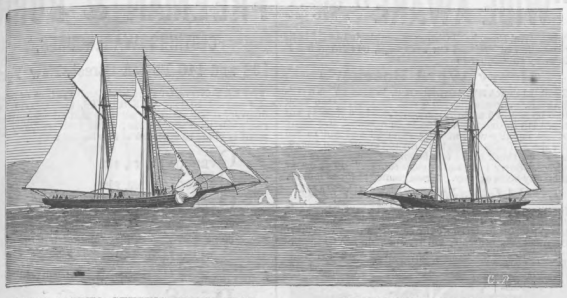
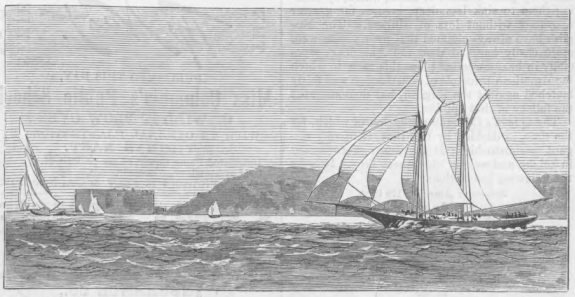


1. THE SAPPHO GETTING UNDER WAY.

THE LIVONIA UNDER WAY.



2. THE LIVONIA.

THE SAPPHO AFTER THE LIVONIA—11.34.

THE RACE FOR THE QUEEN'S CUP.

THE decisive race for the Queen's Cup, so gallantly won by the yacht *America* in 1851 from the flower of the English yachts, was sailed on Monday, October 23, between the *Livonia* and the *Sappho*. Our artist was a witness of the friendly contest from the start to the close; and on this page records the triumph of the American yacht in a series of pictures which show the position occupied by each of the competing vessels at different hours during the progress of the race.

The start was from the anchor, and the representative of the *Livonia* won the choice of position. By ten o'clock the waters of the bay off the Quarantine Landing were crowded with all kinds of craft to witness the race. The day was all that could be desired, the air was quite warm, and the sky almost cloudless. At 11.16 the signal to make ready was given, and at 11.22 the whistle was blown for the start. The *Livonia* had lowered her foretop-mast as if she anticipated heavy weather. The wind was moderate from west-southwest, and the tide at the last of the ebb.

The *Livonia* got much the best of the start, as men had been sent aloft, who, at the sound of the whistle, jumped out of the rigging, clinging to the jib-stays, and thus running the headsails up with celerity. The crew of the *Sappho* displayed remarkable coolness, and the *Livonia's* jibs were half up before the *Sappho* began: every thing moved with the most perfect system; and although the *Livonia* soon filled and got well under way, the work went along deliberately upon the deck of the American champion. It was fully five minutes after the signal, or three and a half minutes after the *Livonia* crossed the line, that the *Sappho* got her sails drawing perfectly. The *Livonia* was leading by fully three-fourths of a mile, and under jib, stay-sail, jib-headed maintop-sail, and fore and main sails, was doing her utmost to maintain her position. The *Sappho*, in addition to her main and fore sails, carried her three lower jibs and fore and main gaff top-sails.

From the very start, as soon as she got way on, the *Sappho* began to gain upon her antagonist. The *Livonia* passed the fort on the lower point of Staten Island at 11.36.30, the *Sappho* at 11.38. So the yachts went on, passing Buoy 15, the *Livonia* at 11.41, *Sappho* 11.42; Buoy No. 13, *Livonia* 11.49, *Sappho* 11.49.30.

As the yachts approached Buoy No. 11 the *Sappho* attempted to pass to windward of her antagonist; but finding that this could not be done, she drew up until her jib-boom was nearly over the *Livonia's* taffrail, and keeping broad off to get good way on, she luffed and passed through the lee of the *Livonia* as if the latter had been at anchor. At 11.58 the *Sappho* passed Buoy No. 9, and at 11.58.45 the *Livonia* passed the same point. Passing Buoy No. 7 the *Sappho* had a clear lead of five lengths.

The Buoy No. 10 was now on the lee bow of the yachts, and they kept off. The *Sappho* set her jib top-sail and the *Livonia* set her maintop-mast stay-sail. The former passed the buoy at 12.15.12, the latter at 12.16.58.

By this time the wind had moderated, and from this point to the light-ship was dead aft. Both yachts boomed out their mainsails to port and their foresails to starboard, and ran wing and wing. The *Sappho* jibed round the light-ship at 1.32.58; the *Livonia* at 1.45.22, as shown in the accompanying illustrations.

The race back to the stake-boat showed in a still more remarkable manner the superiority of the American over the English yacht. It was the subject of general remark that the *Livonia* did not sail within two points as close in the wind's eye as the *Sappho*, while her inferiority in the matter of speed, supposing her to have been properly handled, was so conclusively proved that even Mr. ASHBURY can hardly fail to be convinced of the fact.

The wind continued blowing freshly; and the *Sappho*, fairly outrunning the steamers, came in at the home stake-boat at 3.59.05. The *Livonia* arrived at the stake-boat at 4.25.41. The following table will give a clear idea of the race:

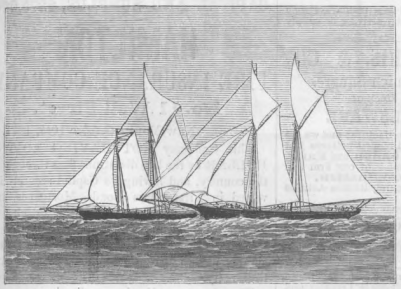
OFFICIAL TIME—START, 11.21.

YACHT.	S.W. SPIT.	LIGHT-SHIP.	S.W. SPIT.	RETURN.
Sappho	12.15.12	1.32.58	3.12.04	3.59.05
Livonia....	12.16.58	1.45.22	3.34.30	4.25.41

	ACTUAL TIME.	CORRECTED TIME.
Sappho.....	4.38.05	4.46.17
Livonia.....	5.04.41	5.11.44

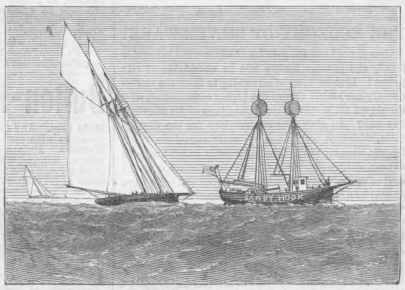
Thus the American yacht beat the English in actual time twenty-six minutes and thirty-six seconds, and as corrected for allowances twenty-five minutes and twenty-seven seconds. Adding to these the three minutes lost at the start, makes the victory of the *Sappho* twenty-eight minutes and twenty-seven seconds.

The possession of the Queen's Cup is not the only question decided by the race. There is an essential difference in the principles of construction adopted by the yacht-builders of England and America, and this contest has proved the superiority of the American mode. The English yachts are narrow and of deep draught, stiffness in heavy weather being secured by means of ballast—so much dead weight to be dragged through the water. American yachts, on the contrary, secure steadiness and

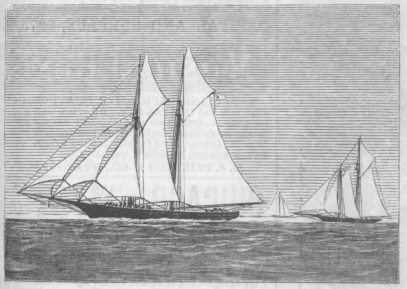


3. NECK AND NECK—11.53.

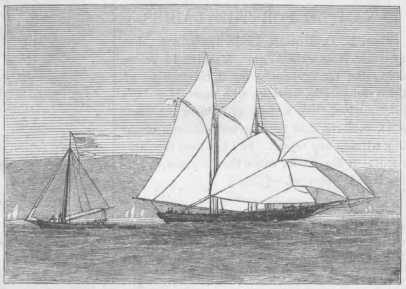
THE QUEEN'S CUP.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD.]



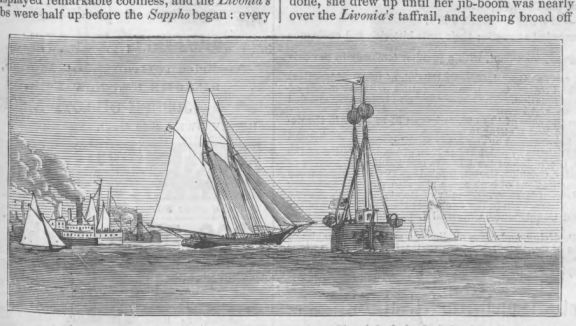
6. THE LIVONIA ROUNDING THE LIGHT-SHIP—1.45.22.



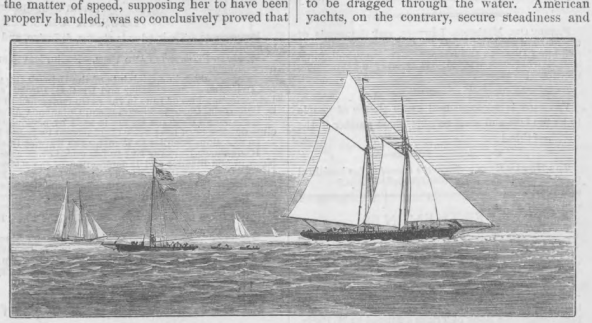
4. THE SAPPHO LEADS—12.02.



7. THE SAPPHO AT THE HOME STAKE—3.59.05.



5. THE SAPPHO ROUNDING THE LIGHT-SHIP—1.32.58.



8. THE LIVONIA AT THE HOME STAKE—4.25.41.

THE YACHT RACE FOR THE QUEEN'S CUP.

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safety by great breadth of beam, which, by causing them to sink less deep, insures far greater buoyancy without loss of stiffness. The English have always claimed that their yachts were more easily handled than the American, especially in heavy weather; but this race, in which the American principle of construction was fairly matched against the English, has demonstrated the fallacy of that opinion.

The Queen's Cup, the possession of which, for the time, is decided by this race, is of very elegant workmanship. It is twenty-seven inches in height, and weighs 135 ounces Troy. It bears the following inscriptions:

Schooner *America*, 170 tons,
COMMODORE JOHN C. STEVENS.
Built by GEORGE STEERS,
of New York,
1851.

100 GUINEA CUP,
Won August 22, 1851, at Cowes, England,
By Yacht *America*,
at the
ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON REGATTA,
Open to all Nations;
Beating—

CUTTERS.		SCHOONERS.	
Volante,	48 Tons.	*Beatrice*,	161 Tons.
Arrow,	84 "	*Wyvern*,	205 "
Alarm,	193 "	*Ione*,	75 "
Mona,	82 "	*Constance*,	218 "
Bacchante,	80 "	*Gypsy Queen*,	160 "
Freak,	60 "	*Brilliant*,	392 "
Eclipse,	50 "		

Presented to the
NEW YORK YACHT CLUB,
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Open to all Foreign Clubs,
by the Owners,
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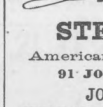

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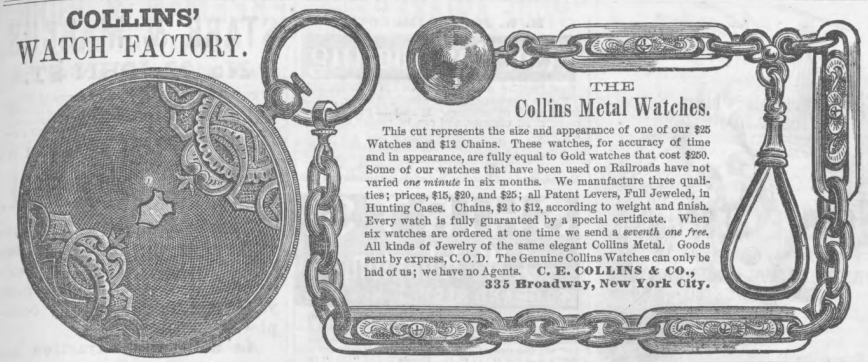

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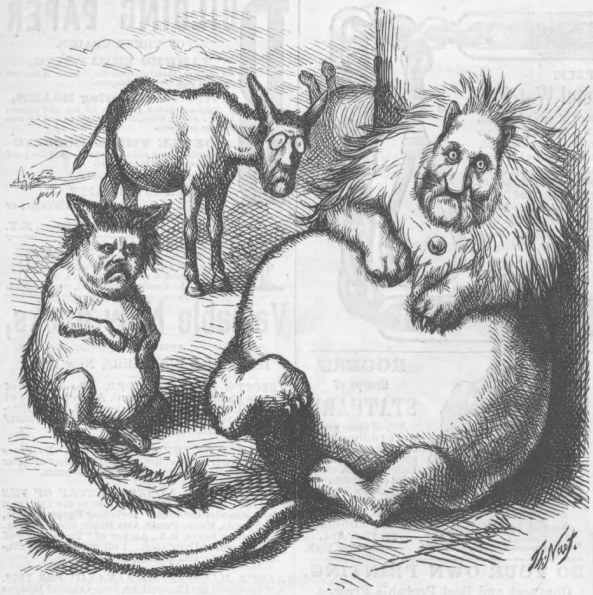

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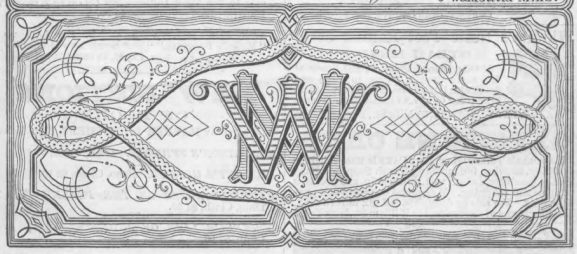

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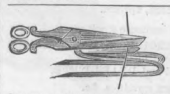

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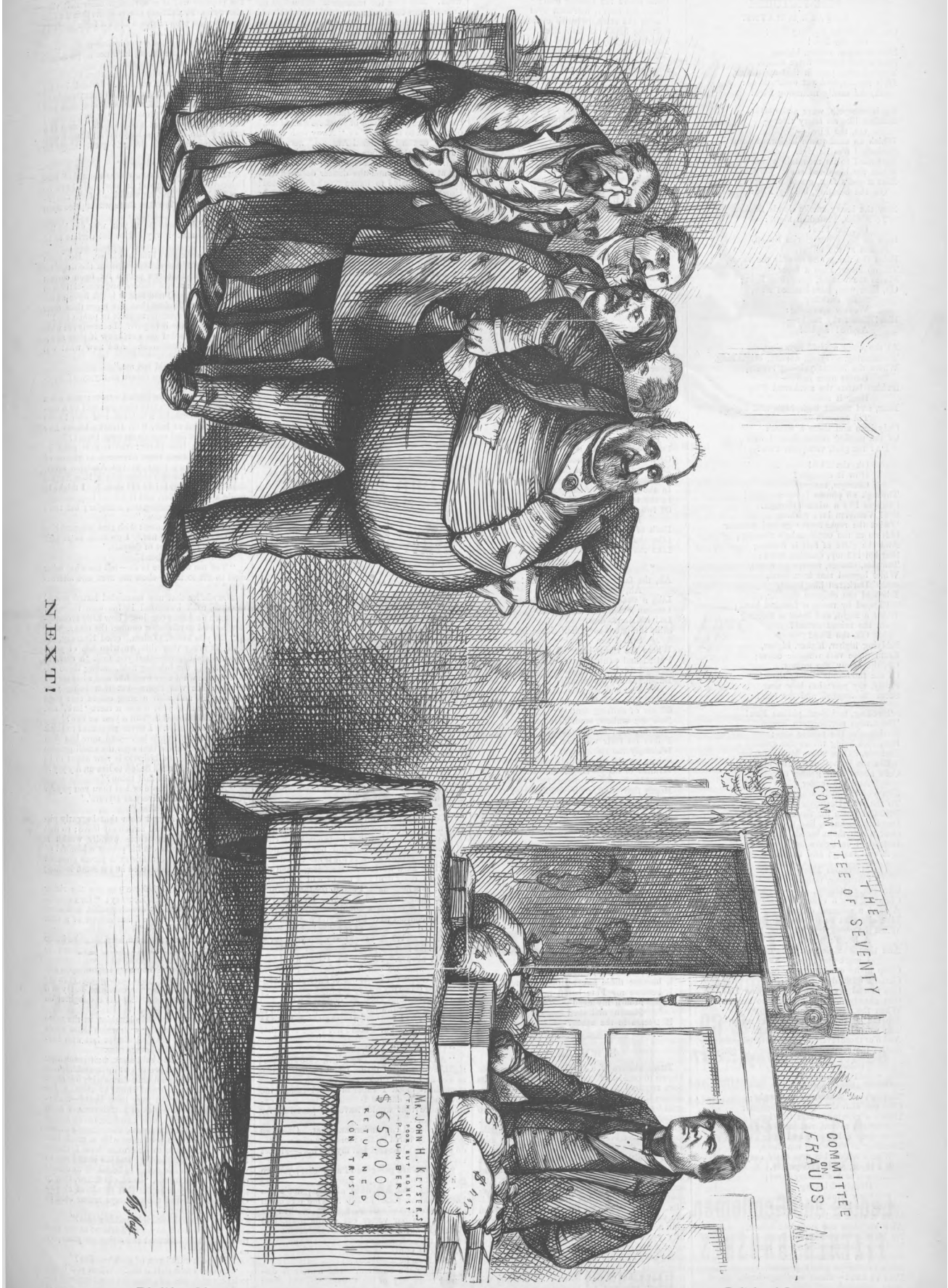

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FIRE-PICTURES.

BY PAUL H. HAYNE.

Oh, the rolling, rushing Fire!
Oh, the Fire!
How it rages, wilder, higher,
Like a hot heart's fierce desire,
Thrilled with passion that appalls us,
Half appalls, and yet enthralls us:
Oh, the madly mounting Fire!

Up it sweepeth, wave and quiver,
Roaring like an angry river—
Oh, the Fire!—
Which an earthquake backward turneth,
Backward o'er its river courses,
Backward to its mountain sources,
While the blood-red sunset burneth,
Like a god's face, grand with ire:
Oh, the bursting, billowy Fire!

Now the heavy smoke-clouds thicken
To a dim, Plutonian night:
Oh, the Fire!
How its flickering glories sicken,
Sicken at the blight!
Pales the flame and spreads the vapor,
Till no larger than a taper
Flares the waning, struggling light;
Oh, thou wan, faint-hearted Fire,
Sadly darkling,
Weakly sparkling:
Rise! assert thy might—
Aspire! aspire!

At the word a vivid lightning,
Threatening, swaying, darting, bright'ning,
Where the loftiest yule-log towers,
Bursts once more—
Sudden bursts the awakened Fire.
Hear it roar,
Roar, and mount high, high, and higher,
Till beneath
Only here and there a wreath
Of the passing smoke-cloud lowers;
Ha! the glad, victorious Fire!

Oh, the Fire!
How it changes!
Changes, ranges
Through all phases fancy-wrought!
Changes like a wizard thought.
See! Vesuvian lava rushing
'Twixt the rocks!—the ground asunder
Shivers at the earthquake's thunder;
And the glare of hell is flushing
Startled hill-top, quaking town;
Temples, statues, towers go down,
While beyond that lava flood,
Dark red like blood,
I behold the children fleeting,
Clasped by many a frenzied hand;
What a flight, and *what* a meeting
On the ruined strand!
Oh, the Fire!
Eddying higher, higher, higher,
From those vast volcanic cones;
Oh, the agony, the groans,
Of the thousands stifling there!
Fancy, say you; but how near
Seem the anguish and the fear!

Swelling, turbulent, pitiless Fire!
'Tis a mad northeastern breeze
Raving o'er the prairie seas;
How like living things the grasses
Tremble, as the storm-breath passes,
Ere the flames' devouring magic
Coils about their golden splendor,
And the tender
Glory of the mellowing fields
To the wild Destroyer yields;
Dreadful waste for flowering blooms,
Desolate darkness, like the tomb's,
Over which there broods the while,
Instead of daylight's happy smile,
A pall malign and tragic.

Marvelous Fire!
Changing, ranging
Through all phases, fancy-wrought,
Changing like a charméd thought.
A stir! a murmur deep,
Like airs that rustle over jungle reeds,
When the gaunt tiger breathes, but half asleep:
A bodeful stir!
And then, the victim of his own pure deeds,
I mark the mighty Fire
Clasp in its cruel palms a martyr-saint,
Christ's faithful worshiper:
One mortal cry affronts the pitying Day,
One ghastly arm uplifts itself to heaven:
When the swart smoke is riven,
Ere the last sob of anguish dies away,
The worn limbs droop and faint,
And o'er those reverend hairs, silvered and hoary,
Settles the semblance of a crown of glory!

Tireless Fire!
Still it changes!
Changes, ranges
Through all phases, fancy-fraught;
Changes with the speed of thought:
Here's a glowing, warm interior,
A Dutch tavern, rich and rosy
With deep color—sill and floor
Dazzling as the white sea-shore,
Where within his arm-chair cozy
Sits a toper, stout and yellow,
Blinking o'er his steamy bowl;
Hugely drinking,
Slyly winking,
As the pot-house Hebe passes
With a clink and clang of glasses:
Ah! 'tis plain the stout old fellow,
As his wont is, waxes mellow,
Nodding 'twixt each dreamy leer,
Swaying in his elbow-chair,
Next to one—a portly peasant,
Pipe in hand—whose swelling cheek,
Jolly, rubicund, and sleek,
Puffs above the blazing coal;
While his heavy, half-shut eyes
Watch the smoke-wreaths evanescent
Eddying lightly as they rise,
Eddying lightly and aloof
Toward the great black oaken roof.

Dreaming still, from out the Fire
Faces, grinning and grotesque,
Flash an eerie glance upon me;
Or once more, methinks, I sun me
On the breadths of happy plain
Sloping toward the Southern main,
Where the inmost soul of Shadow
Wins a golden heat,
And the hill-side and the meadow
(Where the vines and clover meet
Twining round the virgins' feet,
While the natural arabesque
Of the foliage grouped above them
Droops, as if the leaves did love them,
Over brow and lips and eyes)
Gleam with hints of paradise.

Ah, the Fire!
Gently glowing,
Fairly flowing,
Like a rivulet rippling deep
Through the meadow-lands of Sleep,
Bordered, when its music swells,
By the languid lotus bells
And the twilight asphodels,
Mingled with a richer boon
Of queen lilies, each a moon
Orbéd into white completeness.
Oh, the perfume, the rare sweetness
Of those grouped and fairy flowers,
Over which the love-lorn Hours
Linger, not alone for *them*,
Though the lotus swings its stem
With a lulling stir of leaves,
Though the lady-lily laves
Coy feet in the crystal waves,
And a silvery under-tune
From some mystic wind-song grieves,
Dainty-sweet, amid the bells
Of the twilight asphodels;
But because a charm more rare
Glorifies the mellow air,
In the gleam of lifted eyes,
In the tranquil ecstasies
Of two lovers, leaf-embowered,
Lingering there,
Each of whose fair lives hath flowered,
Like the lily petals, finely,
Like the asphodels, divinely!

* * * * * *

Ah, the faint and flickering Fire!
Ah, the Fire!
Like a young man's transient ire,
Like an old man's last desire,
Lo! it falters, dies.
Still, through weary, half-closed lashes,
Still I see
Where the ruddy-breasted flame
Pulsed and panted, went and came;
Still I see,
But brokenly, but mistily,
Fall and rise,
Rise and fall,
Ghosts of shifting fantasy;
Now the embers, smouldered all,
Sink to ruin; sadder dreams
Follow on their vanished gleams;
Wailingly the spirits call,
Spirits on the night-winds solemn,
Wraiths of happy Hopes that left me
(Cruel! why did ye depart?),
Hopes that sleep, their youthful riot
Mergéd in an awful quiet,
With the heavy grief-moulds pressed
On each pallid, pulseless breast
In that grave-yard, called the Heart,
Stern and lone,
Needing no memorial stone,
And no blazoned column.
Let them rest!
Let them rest!
Yes, 'tis useless to remember
May-morn in the mirk December.
Still, O Hopes! because ye were
Beautiful and strong and fair,
Nobly brave and sweetly bright,
Who shall dare
Scorn me, if through moistened lashes,
Musing by my hearth-stone blighted,
Weary, desolate, benighted,
I, because those sweet Hopes left me,
I, because my Fate bereft me,
Mourn my dead—
Mourn, and shed
Hot tears in the ashes?

STROLLERS.

THE orchestra of a strolling theatre has been known to consist of one fiddle only, and he has been required to combine with his musical exertions the discharge of secretarial duties, enlivened by occasional appearances on the stage to strengthen casts or help to fill up the scene. The strollers' band is often of uncertain strength, for when the traveling company meets with misadventure, the orchestra are usually the first to prove unfaithful. They are the Swiss of the troupe. The receipts fail, and the musicians desert. They carry their gifts elsewhere, and seek independent markets. The fairs, the race-courses, the country inn doors, attract the fiddler, and he strolls on his own account when the payment of salaries is suspended. A veteran actor was wont to relate his experiences of fifty years ago as a member of the Stratford-upon-Avon company, when the orchestra consisted only of a fife and tambourine, the instrumentalists performing, as they avowed, "not from notes, but entirely by ear." Presently the company removed to Warwick for the race week. But here the managerial difficulties increased—no band whatever could be obtained! This was the more distressing in that the performances were to be of an illegitimate character: a "famous tight-rope dancer" had been engaged. The dancer at once declared that his exhibition without music was not to be thought of. One of the company thereupon obligingly offered his services. He could play upon the violin—four tunes only. Now, provided an instrument could be borrowed for the occasion, and provided, moreover, the tight-rope artist could dance to the tune of "There's nae luck," or "Drink to me only," or "Away with melancholy," or the "National Anthem," here was a way out of the dilemma, and all might yet be well. Unfortunately a violin was not forthcoming at any price, and the dancer declared himself quite unable to dance to the airs stated! How was faith to be kept with the public? At the last moment a barrel-organ was secured. The organist was a man of resources. In addition to turning the handle of his instrument, he contrived to play the triangles and the Pan-pipes. Here, then, was a full band. The dancer still demurred. He must be assisted by a "clown to the rope," to chalk his soles, amuse the audience while he rested, and perform other useful duties. Another obliging actor volunteered his help. He would, "by special desire, and on this occasion only," appear as a clown. So having played Pangloss in the "Heir-at-Law," the first piece, he exchanged his doctorial costume for a suit of motley, and the performance "drew forth," as subsequent play-bills stated, "universal and reiterated bursts of applause from a crowded and elegant audience." The experiment of the barrel-organ orchestra was not often repeated. The band of the Leamington Theatre was lent to the Warwick House, the distance between the establishments being only two miles. The Leamington audience were provided with music at the commencement of the evening only; the Warwick play-goers dispensed with orchestral accompaniments until a later period in the performances.

LORD KILGOBBIN.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

Author of "That Boy of Norcott's," "The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly," "Sir Brooke Fosbrooke," "A Day's Ride," "One of Them," "Gerald Fitzgerald," etc., etc.

CHAPTER LII.

"A CHANCE AGREEMENT."

As Dick Kearney and young O'Shea had never attained any close intimacy, a strange sort of half jealousy, inexplicable as to its cause, served to keep them apart; it was by mere accident that the two young men met one morning after breakfast in the garden, and on Kearney's offer of a cigar, the few words that followed led to a conversation:

"I can not pretend to give you a choice Havana, like one of Walpole's," said Dick, "but you'll perhaps find it smokable."

"I'm not difficult," said the other; "and as to Mr. Walpole's tobacco, I don't think I ever tasted it."

"And I," rejoined the other, "as seldom as I could—I mean, only when politeness obliged me."

"I thought you liked him?" said Gorman, shortly.

"I? Far from it. I thought him a consummate puppy, and I saw that he looked down on us as inveterate savages."

"He was a favorite with your ladies, I think?"

"Certainly not with my sister, and I doubt very much with my cousin. Did *you* like him?"

"No, not at all; but then he belongs to a class of men I neither understand nor sympathize with. Whatever *I* know of life is associated with downright hard work. As a soldier, I had my five hours' daily drill and the care of my equipments; as a lieutenant, I had to see that my men kept to their duty, and whenever I chanced to have a little leisure I could not give it up to *ennui*, or consent to feel bored and wearied."

"And do you mean to say you had to groom your horse and clean your arms when you served in the ranks?"

"Not always. As a cadet, I had a soldier-servant—what we call a 'Bursche'—but there were periods when I was out of funds, and barely able to grope my way to the next quarter-day, and at these times I had but one meal a day, and was obliged to draw my waist-belt pretty tight to make me feel I had eaten enough. A Bursche costs very little, but I could not spare even that little."

"Confoundedly hard, that."

"All my own fault. By a little care and foresight, even without thrift, I had enough to live as well as I ought; but a reckless dash of the old spendthrift blood I came of would master me now and then, and I'd launch out into some extravagance that would leave me penniless for months after."

"I believe I can understand that. One does get horribly bored by the monotony of a well-to-do existence: just as I feel my life here—almost insupportable."

"But you are going into Parliament; you are going to be a great public man."

"That bubble has burst already; don't you know what happened at Birr? They tore down all Miller's notices and mine; they smashed our booths, beat our voters out of the town, and placed Donogan—the rebel Donogan—at the head of the poll, and the head-centre is now M.P. for King's County."

"And has he a right to sit in the House?"

"There's the question. The matter is discussed every day in the newspapers, and there are as many for as against him. Some aver that the popular will is a sovereign edict that rises above all eventualities; others assert that the sentence which pronounces a man a felon declares him to be dead in law."

"And which side do you incline to?"

"I believe in the latter; he'll not be permitted to take his seat."

"You'll have another chance, then?"

"No; I'll venture no more. Indeed, but for this same man, Donogan, I had never thought of it. He filled my head with ideas of a great part to be played, and a proud place to be occupied; and that, even without high abilities, a man of a strong will, a fixed resolve, and an honest conscience might, at this time, do great things for Ireland."

"And then betrayed you?"

"No such thing: he no more dreamed of Parliament himself than you do now. He knew he was liable to the law, he was hiding from the police, and well aware that there was a price upon his head."

"But if he was true to you, why did he not refuse this honor? why did he not decline to be elected?"

"They never gave him the choice. Don't you see it is one of the strange signs of the times we are living in that the people fix upon certain men as their natural leaders, and compel them to march in the van, and that it is the force at the back of these leaders that, far more than their talents, makes them formidable in public life?"

"I only follow it in part. I scarcely see what they aim at, and I do not know if they see it more clearly themselves. And now what will you turn to?"

"I wish you could tell me."

"About as blank a future as my own!" muttered Gorman.

"Come, come, *you* have a career: you are a lieutenant of lancers; in time you will be a captain, and eventually a colonel, and who knows but a general at last, with Heaven knows how many crosses and medals on your breast?"

"Nothing less likely: the day is gone by when Englishmen were advanced to places of high honor and trust in the Austrian army. There are no more field-marshals like Nugent than major-generals like O'Connell. I might be made a drill-meister, and if I lived long enough, and was not superannuated, a major; but there my ambition must cease."

"And you are content with that prospect?"

"Of course I am not. I go back to it with something little short of despair."

"Why go back, then?"

"Tell me what else to do—tell me what other road in life to take—show me even one alternative."

The silence that now succeeded lasted several minutes, each immersed in his own thoughts, and each doubtless convinced how little presumption he had to advise or counsel the other.

"Do you know, O'Shea," cried Kearney, "I used to fancy that this Austrian life of yours was a mere caprice—that you took 'a cast,' as we call it in the hunting field, among those fellows, to see what they were like and what sort of an existence was theirs—but that being your aunt's heir, and with a snug estate that must one day come to you, it was a mere 'lark,' and not to be continued beyond a year or two?"

"Not a bit of it. I never presumed to think I should be my aunt's heir—and now less than ever. Do you know that even the small pension she has allowed me hitherto is now about to be withdrawn, and I shall be left to live on my pay?"

"How much does that mean?"

"A few pounds more or less than you pay for your saddle-horse at livery at Dycers'."

"You don't mean that?"

"I do mean it, and even that beggarly pittance is stopped when I am on my leave; so that at this moment my whole worldly wealth is here," and he took from his pocket a handful of loose coin, in which a few gold pieces glittered amidst a mass of discolored and smooth-looking silver.

"On my oath, I believe you are the richer man of the two," cried Kearney; "for except a few half crowns on my dressing-table, and some coppers, I don't believe I am master of a coin with the Queen's image."

"I say, Kearney, what a horrible take-in we should prove to mothers with daughters to marry!"

"Not a bit of it. You may impose upon any one else—your tailor, your boot-maker, even the horsey gent that jobs your cabriolet, but you'll never cheat the mamma who has a daughter on sale."

Gorman could not help laughing at the more than ordinary irritability with which these words were spoken, and charged him at last with having uttered a personal experience.

"True, after all!" said Dick, half indolently. "I used to spoon a pretty girl up in Dublin, ride with her when I could, and dance with her at all the balls; and a certain chum of mine, a Joe Atlee—of whom you may have heard—undertook, simply by a series of artful rumors as to my future prospects, now extolling me as a man of fortune and a fine estate, to-morrow exhibiting me as a mere pretender with a mock title and mock income, to determine how I should be treated in this family; and he would say to me, 'Dick, you are going to be asked to dinner on Saturday next;' or, 'I say, old fellow, they're going to leave you out of that picnic at Powles Court. You'll find the Clanceys rather cold at your next meeting.'"

"And he would be right in his guess?"

"To the letter! Ay, and I shame to say that the young girl answered the signal as promptly as the mother."

"I hope it cured you of your passion?"

"I don't know that it did. When you begin to like a girl, and find that she has regularly installed herself in a corner of your heart, there is

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scarcely a thing she can do you'll not discover a good reason for, and even when your ingenuity fails, go and pay a visit; there is some artful witchery in that creation you have built up about her—for I heartily believe most of us are merely clothing a sort of lay figure of loveliness with attributes of our fancy—and the end of it is, we are about as wise about our idols as the South Sea savages in their homage to the gods of their own carving."

"I don't think that!" said Gorman, sternly. "I could no more invent the fascination that charms me than I could model a Venus or an Ariadne."

"I see where your mistake lies. You do all this, and never know you do it. Mind, I am only giving you Joe Atlee's theory all this time; for, though I believe in, I never invented it."

"And who is Atlee?"

"A chum of mine—a clever dog enough—who, as he says himself, takes a very low opinion of mankind, and, in consequence, finds this a capital world to live in."

"I should hate the fellow."

"Not if you met him. He can be very companionable, though I never saw any one take less trouble to please. He is popular almost every where."

"I know I should hate him."

"My cousin Nina thought the same, and declared from the mere sight of his photograph that he was false and treacherous, and Heaven knows what else besides, and now she'll not suffer a word in his disparagement. She began exactly as you say you would, by a strong prejudice against him. I remember, the day he came down here, her manner toward him was more than distant, and I told my sister Kate how it offended me, and Kate only smiled and said, 'Have a little patience, Dick.'"

"And you took the advice? You did have a little patience?"

"Yes; and the end is, they are firm friends. I'm not sure they don't correspond."

"Is there love in the case, then?"

"That is what I can not make out. So far as I know either of them, there is no trustfulness in their dispositions; each of them must see into the nature of the other. I have heard Joe Atlee say, 'With that woman for a wife, a man might safely bet on his success in life.' And she herself one day owned, 'If a girl was obliged to marry a man without sixpence, she might take Atlee.'"

"So—I have it; they will be man and wife yet!"

"Who knows! Have another weed?"

Gorman declined the offered cigar, and again a pause in the conversation followed. At last he suddenly said, "She told me she thought she would marry Walpole."

"She told *you* that? How did it come about to make *you* such a confidence?"

"Just this way: I was getting a little—not spooney, but attentive, and rather liked hanging after her, and in one of our walks in the wood—and there was no flirting at the time between us—she suddenly said, 'I don't think you are half a bad fellow, lieutenant.' 'Thanks for the compliment,' said I, coldly. She never heeded my remark, but went on. 'I mean, in fact, that if you had something to live for, and somebody to care about, there is just the sort of stuff in you to make you equal to both.' Not exactly knowing what I said, and half, only half in earnest, I answered, 'Why can I not have one to care for?' And I looked tenderly into her eyes as I spoke. She did not wince under my glance. Her face was calm, and her color did not change, and she was full a minute before she said, with a faint sigh, 'I suppose I shall marry Cecil Walpole.' 'Do you mean,' said I, 'against your will?' 'Who told you I had a will, Sir?' said she, haughtily; 'or that if I had, I should now be walking here in this wood alone with you? No, no,' added she, hurriedly, 'you can not understand me. There is nothing to be offended at. Go and gather me some of those wild flowers, and we'll talk of something else.'"

"How like her!—how like her!" said Dick, and then looked sad and pondered. "I was very near falling in love with her myself," said he, after a considerable pause.

"She has a way of curing a man if he should get into such an indiscretion," muttered Gorman; and there was bitterness in his voice as he spoke.

"Listen! listen to that!" and from the open window of the house there came the prolonged cadence of a full, sweet voice, as Nina was singing an Irish ballad air. "That's for my father: 'Kathleen Mavourneen' is one of his favorites, and she can make him cry over it."

"I'm not very soft-hearted," muttered Gorman, "but she gave me such a sense of fullness in the throat, like choking, the other day, that I vowed to myself I'd never listen to that song again."

"It is not her voice—it is not the music; there is some witchery in the woman herself that does it!" cried Dick, almost fiercely. "Take a walk with her in the wood, saunter down one of these alleys in the garden, and I'll be shot if your heart will not begin to beat in another fashion, and your brain to weave all sorts of bright fancies, in which she will form the chief figure, and though you'll be half inclined to declare your love, and swear that you can not live without her, some terror will tell you not to break the spell of your delight, but to go on walking there at her side and hearing her words just as though that ecstasy could last forever."

"I suspect you are in love with her," said O'Shea, dryly.

"Not now, not now: and I'll take care not to have a relapse," said he, gravely.

"How do you mean to manage that?"

"The only one way it is possible—not to see her, nor to hear her; not to live in the same land with her. I have made up my mind to go to Australia. I don't well know what to do when I get there; but whatever it be, and whatever it cost me to bear, I shall meet it without shrinking, for there will be no old associates to look on and remark upon my shabby clothes and broken boots."

"What will the passage cost you?" asked Gorman, eagerly.

"I have ascertained that for about fifty pounds I can land myself in Melbourne, and if I have a ten-pound note after, it is as much as I mean to provide."

"If I can raise the money, I'll go with you," said O'Shea.

"Will you? is this serious? is it a promise?"

"I pledge my word on it. I'll go over to the Barn to-day and see my aunt. I thought, up to this, I could not bring myself to go there, but I will now. It is for the last time in my life, and I must say good-by, whether she helps me or not."

"You'll scarcely like to ask her for money," said Dick.

"Scarcely—at all events I'll see her, and I'll tell her that I'm going away, with no other thought in my mind than of all the love and affection she had for me—worse luck mine that I have not got them still."

"Shall I walk over with— Would you rather be alone?"

"I believe so; I think I should like to be alone."

"Let us meet, then, on this spot to-morrow, and decide what is to be done?"

"Agreed," cried O'Shea; and with a warm shake-hands to ratify the pledge, they parted; Dick walking toward the lower part of the garden, while O'Shea turned toward the house.

HOME TRAINING.

THE training of any man, even the wisest, can not fail to be powerfully influenced by the moral surroundings of his early years. He comes into the world helpless, and absolutely dependent upon those about him for nurture and culture. From the very first breath that he draws his education begins. When a mother once asked a clergyman when she should begin the education of her child, then four years old, he replied: "Madam, if you have not begun already, you have lost those four years. From the first smile that gleams upon an infant's cheek your opportunity begins."

The child is, as it were, laid at the gate of a new world, and opens his eyes upon things all of which are full of novelty and wonderment. At first it is enough for him to gaze; but by-and-by he begins to see, to observe, to compare, to learn, to store up impressions and ideas; and under wise guidance the progress which he makes is really wonderful. Lord Brougham has observed that between the ages of eighteen and thirty months a child learns more of the material world, of his own powers, of the nature of other bodies, and even of his own mind and other minds, than he acquires in all the rest of his life. The knowledge which a child accumulates, and the ideas generated in his mind, during this period are so important that if we could imagine them to be afterward obliterated, all the learning of a senior wrangler at Cambridge or a first-classman at Oxford, would be as nothing to it, and would literally not enable its object to prolong his existence for a week. Homes, the nurseries of children who grow up into men and women, will be good or bad according to the power that governs them. Where the spirit of love and duty pervades the home, where head and heart bear rule wisely there, where the daily life is honest and virtuous, where the government is sensible, kind, and loving—then may we expect from such a home an issue of healthy, useful, and happy beings, capable, as they gain the requisite strength, of following the footsteps of their parents, of walking uprightly, governing themselves wisely, and contributing to the welfare of those about them.

One good mother, said George Herbert, is worth a hundred school-masters. In the home she is "loadstone to all hearts, and loadstar to all eyes." Imitation of her is constant—imitation, which Bacon likens to "a globe of precepts." But example is far more than precept. It is instruction in action. It is teaching without words, often exemplifying more than tongue can teach. In the face of bad example the best of precepts are of but little avail. The example is followed, not the precepts. Indeed, precept at variance with practice is worse than useless, inasmuch as it only serves to teach the most cowardly of vices—hypocrisy. Even children are judges of consistency, and the lessons of the parent who says one thing and does the opposite are quickly seen through. The teaching of the friar was not worth much who preached the virtue of honesty with a stolen goose in his sleeve.

Woman, above all other educators, educates humanly. Man is the brain, but woman is the heart of humanity; he its judgment, she its feeling; he its strength, she its grace, ornament, and solace. Even the understanding of the best woman seems to work mainly through her affections. And thus, though man may direct the intellect, woman cultivates the feelings, which mainly determine the character. While he fills the memory, she occupies the heart. She makes us love what he can only make us believe, and it is chiefly through her that we are enabled to arrive at virtue.

The respective influences of the father and the mother on the training and development of character are remarkably illustrated in the life of St. Augustine. While Augustine's father, a poor freeman of Thagaste, proud of his son's abilities, endeavored to furnish his mind with the highest learning of the schools, and was extolled by his neighbors for the sacrifices he made with that object "beyond the ability of his means," his mother, Monica, on the other hand, sought to lead her son's mind in the direction of the highest good, and with pious care counseled him, entreated him, advised him to chastity, and, amidst much anguish and tribulation because of his wicked life, never ceased to pray for him until her prayers were heard and answered. Thus her love at last triumphed, and the patience and goodness of the mother were rewarded not only by the conversion of her gifted son, but also of her husband. Later in life, and after her husband's death, Monica, drawn by her affection, followed her son to Milan to watch over him; and there she died when he was in his thirty-third year. But it was in the earlier period of his life that her example and instruction made the deepest impression upon his mind, and determined his future character.

There are many similar instances of early impressions made upon a child's mind springing up into good acts late in life, after an intervening period of selfishness and vice. Parents may do all that they can to develop an upright and virtuous character in their children, and apparently in vain. It seems like bread cast upon the waters and lost. And yet sometimes it happens that long after the parents have gone to their rest—it may be twenty years or more—the good precept, the good example set before their sons and daughters in childhood, spring up and bear fruit.

One of the most remarkable of such instances was that of the Reverend John Newton, of Olney, the friend of Cowper the poet. It was long subsequent to the death of both his parents, and after leading a vicious life as a youth and as a seaman, that he became suddenly awakened to a sense of his depravity; and then it was that the lessons which his mother had given him when a child sprang up vividly in his memory. Her voice came to him, as it were, from the dead, and led him gently back to virtue and goodness.

Another instance is that of John Randolph, the American statesman, who once said, "I should have been an atheist if it had not been for one recollection—and that was the memory of the time when my departed mother used to take my little hand in hers, and cause me on my knees to say, 'Our Father who art in heaven!'"

Napoleon Bonaparte was accustomed to say that "the future good or bad conduct of a child depended entirely on the mother." He himself attributed his rise in life in a great measure to the training of his will, his energy, and his self-control, by his mother at home. "Nobody had any command over him," says one of his biographers, "except his mother, who found means, by a mixture of tenderness, severity, and justice, to make him love, respect, and obey her: from her he learned the virtue of obedience."

The greater part of the influence exercised by women on the formation of character necessarily remains unknown. They accomplish their best work in the quiet seclusion of the home and the family, by sustained effort and patient perseverance in the path of duty. Their greatest triumphs, because private and domestic, are rarely recorded; and it is not often, even in the biographies of distinguished men, that we hear of the share which their mothers have had in the formation of their character, and in giving them a bias toward goodness. Yet are they not on that account without their reward. The influence they have exercised, though unrecorded, lives after them, and goes on propagating itself in consequences forever.

We do not often hear of great women, as we do of great men. It is of good women that we mostly hear; and it is probable that by determining the character of men and women for good they are doing even greater work than if they were to paint great pictures, write great books, or compose great operas. "It is quite true," said Joseph de Maistre, "that women have produced no *chefs-d'œuvre*. They have written no 'Iliad,' nor 'Jerusalem Delivered,' nor 'Hamlet,' nor 'Phædre,' nor 'Paradise Lost,' nor 'Tartuffe;' they have designed no Church of St. Peter's, composed no 'Messiah,' carved no 'Apollo Belvedere,' painted no 'Last Judgment;' they have invented neither algebra, nor telescopes, nor steam-engines; but they have done something far greater and better than all this, for it is at their knees that upright and virtuous men and women have been trained—the most excellent productions in the world."

De Maistre, in his letters and writings, speaks of his own mother with immense love and reverence. Her noble character made all other women venerable in his eyes. He described her as his "sublime mother"—"an angel to whom God had lent a body for a brief season." To her he attributed the bent of his character, and all his bias toward good; and when he had grown to mature years, while acting as embassador at the court of St. Petersburg, he referred to her noble example and precepts as the ruling influence in his life.

One of the most charming features in the character of Samuel Johnson, notwithstanding his rough and shaggy exterior, was the tenderness with which he invariably spoke of his mother—a woman of strong understanding, who firmly implanted in his mind, as he himself acknowledges, his first impressions of religion. He was accustomed, even in the time of his greatest difficulties, to contribute largely out of his slender means to her comfort; and one of his last acts of filial duty was to write "Rasselas" for the purpose of paying her little debts and defraying her funeral charges.

George Washington was only eleven years of age—the eldest of five children—when his father died, leaving his mother a widow. She was a woman of rare excellence, full of resources, a good woman of business, an excellent manager, and possessed of much strength of character. She had her children to educate and bring up, a large household to govern, and extensive estates to manage—all of which she accomplished with complete success. Her good sense, assiduity, tenderness, industry, and vigilance enabled her to overcome every obstacle; and as the richest reward of her solicitude and toil, she had the happiness to see all her children come forward with a fair promise into life, filling the spheres allotted to them in a manner equally honorable to themselves and to the parent who had been the only guide of their principles, conduct, and habits.

The biographer of Cromwell says little about the Protector's father, but dwells upon the character of his mother, whom he describes as a woman of rare vigor and decision of purpose; "A woman," he says, "possessed of the glorious faculty of self-help when other assistance failed her; ready for the demands of fortune in its extremest adverse turn; of spirit and energy equal to her mildness and patience; who, with the labor of her own hands, gave dowries to five daughters sufficient to marry them into families as honorable but more wealthy than their own; whose single pride was honesty, and whose passion was love; who preserved in the gorgeous palace at Whitehall the simple tastes that distinguished her in the old brewery at Huntingdon; and whose only care, amidst all her splendor, was for the safety of her son in his dangerous eminence."

We have spoken of the mother of Napoleon Bonaparte as a woman of great force of character. Not less so was the mother of the Duke of Wellington, whom her son strikingly resembled in features, person, and character; while his father was principally distinguished as a musical composer and performer. But, strange to say, Wellington's mother mistook him for a dunce; and, for some reason or other, he was not such a favorite as her other children, until his great deeds in after-life constrained her to be proud of him.

The Napiers were blessed in both parents, but especially in their mother, Lady Sarah Lennox, who early sought to inspire her sons' minds with elevating thoughts, admiration of noble deeds, and a chivalrous spirit, which became embodied in their lives, and continued to sustain them until death in the path of duty and of honor.

Canning's mother was an Irishwoman of great natural ability, for whom her gifted son entertained the greatest love and respect to the close of his career. She was a woman of no ordinary intellectual power. "Indeed," says Canning's biographer, "were we not otherwise assured of the fact from direct sources, it would be impossible to contemplate his profound and touching devotion to her without being led to conclude that the object of such unchanging attachment must have been possessed of rare and commanding qualities. She was esteemed by the circle in which she lived as a woman of great mental energy. Her conversation was animated and vigorous, and marked by a distinct originality of manner and a choice of topics fresh and striking, and out of the commonplace routine. To persons who were but slightly acquainted with her, the energy of her manner had even something of the air of eccentricity."

Curran speaks with great affection of his mother as a woman of strong, original understanding, to whose wise counsel, consistent piety, and lessons of honorable ambition, which she diligently enforced on the minds of her children, he himself principally attributed his success in life. "The only inheritance," he used to say, "that I could boast of from my poor father was the very scanty one of an unattractive face and person, like his own; and if the world has ever attributed to me something more valuable than face or person, or than earthly wealth, it was that another and a dearer parent gave her child a portion from the treasure of her mind."

When ex-President Adams was present at the examination of a girls' school at Boston, he was presented by the pupils with an address which deeply affected him; and in acknowledging it he took the opportunity of referring to the lasting influence which womanly training and association had exercised upon his own life and character. "As a child," he said, "I enjoyed perhaps the greatest of blessings that can be bestowed on man—that of a mother who was anxious and capable to form the characters of her children rightly. From her I derived whatever instruction (religious especially, and moral) has pervaded a long life—I will not say perfectly, or as it ought to be; but I will say, because it is only justice to the memory of her I revere, that in the course of that life, whatever imperfection there has been, or deviation from what she taught me, the fault is mine, and not hers."

The Wesleys were peculiarly linked to their parents by natural piety, though the mother, rather than the father, influenced their minds and developed their characters. The father was a man of strong will, but occasionally harsh and tyrannical in his dealings with his family; while the mother, with much strength of understanding and ardent love of truth, was gentle, persuasive, affectionate, and simple. She was the teacher and cheerful companion of her children, who gradually became moulded by her example. It was through the bias given by her to her sons' minds in religious matters that they acquired the tendency which, even in early years, drew to them the name of Methodists. In a letter to her son Samuel Wesley, when a scholar at Westminster in 1709, she said, "I would advise you as much as possible to throw your business into a certain *method*, by which means you will learn to improve every precious moment, and find an unspeakable facility in the performance of your respective duties." This "method" she went on to describe, exhorting her son "in all things to act upon principle;" and the society which the brothers John and Charles afterward founded at Oxford is supposed to have been in a great measure the result of her exhortations.

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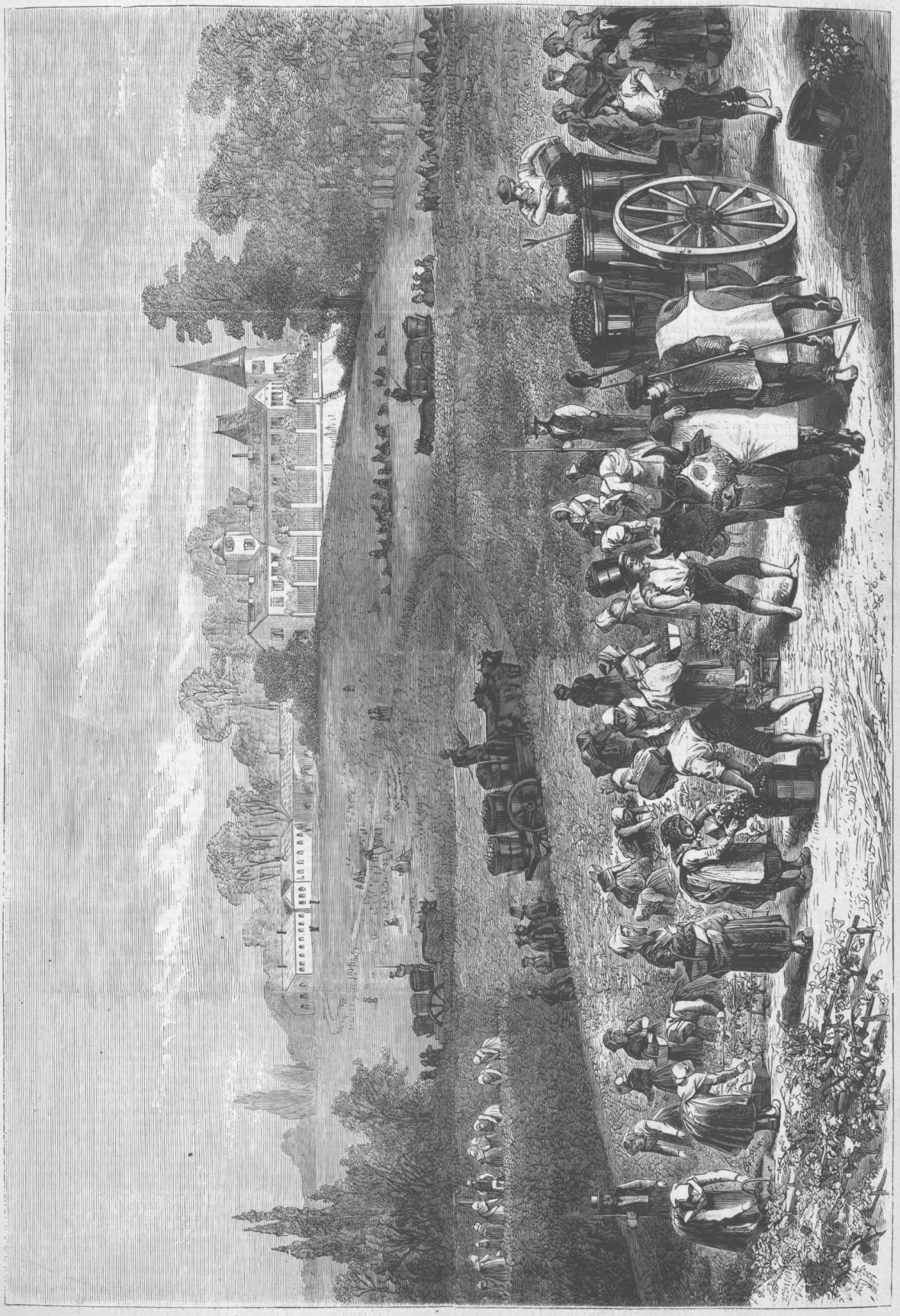

THE VINTAGE IN MEDOC, FRANCE.—THE VINEYARDS OF CHÂTEAU LAFITTE.—[SEE PAGE 1070.]

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corpse in the house. I tell him a mistaken sense of loyalty makes him too fastidious. Keeping a dead wife for six months! It's altogether preposterous, you know. I believe I have prevailed upon him, however, to bury her; and why not to-morrow?" He spread out his thin left hand, on one of the fingers of which sparkled a large diamond solitaire.

If my blood had chilled before, it curdled now. Cousin Dyas had stopped his walk abruptly, and stood like a statue, his great eyes fastened on Pitkin's face. The doctor looked vexed; so did his wife, who was on the point of speaking, when in came Pepperpot, followed by a retinue of blacks of all shades and sizes, their eyes rolling, their wool in a state of insubordination, as if each particular kink protested against this midnight invasion.

"Why don't you change the cloth, you rascal?" demanded Pitkin, as the servants placed the dishes.

"Wash no habn't come home, Sah," replied the head giant, with his deadly frown.

"Oh, that comes of having no woman here," muttered Pitkin.

"Doc, what kind of a den is this, anyhow?" queried Cousin Dyas, as Pitkin got up to order the black fellows.

"Never mind now," muttered Dr. Parmalee. "Shultas is a good fellow, but lax in discipline—sick, you see. I'm sorry I didn't get his letter." At that moment Shultas came in.

"Now, ladies, I shall have the honor of escorting you up stairs."

The doctor's wife and I followed him. The grand staircase had once been beautiful; now it was defaced with whitewash.

"I beg you will not mind any noises you may hear," said the host, pausing at the door; "those rooms on the opposite side of the hall are filled with bats."

A cry of horror escaped me. Mrs. Parmalee covered it by a careless laugh.

"I know what Java is of old," she said; and we were left alone.

A candle stood under its shade on a table rudely and hastily draped. A glass fronted us, in which my face looked not only pale but distorted, by reason of imperfections on the surface of the mirror.

The room was very large, and brightened by four tall windows that overlooked a wide veranda. The bed, an enormous four-poster, was covered by a flowing mosquito net. The floor was bare and white. A few chairs in poor preservation, a few antique chests black with age, a table or two, a huge basket, full of linen, a bundle in one corner, completed its meagre furnishing.

"Well!" said the doctor's wife, and sat down, laughing. The woman had no nerves.

"For Heaven's sake, don't laugh!" I rejoined. "This is the most forlorn hope of an establishment I have seen yet."

She took me to the window.

Great splashes of dew silvered the leaves of a cabbage-palm that grew near the balcony; flowers, scarlet, yellow, and white; patches of level emerald; the canal, glistening like hoar-frost; a hut under a magnolia-tree—the whole vivid splendor of the night revived my flagging spirits.

"It's a horrible place, though. What did they mean by that story? A dead woman in the house! I won't sleep here; not a wink. *Is* that man's dead wife down cellar?"

"Yes; and I thought he had more sense," said the doctor's wife, glooming. "She was there the last time we came here; had just died, poor soul! Then he thought of returning to England in a month. It is a queer story," she went on, under her breath. "There's a magnificent octoroon somewhere near here—her name is Celia Terry—well educated and worth money. He loves her; she won't live as his mistress; he don't want to lose caste by making her his wife. Poor wretch! I don't see but he is in as bad a fix as he can be—what with his ague and his unrequited love. But there is the bell!"

"I can't eat! I won't go down! I shall die!" I cried, catching my breath.

"Come, come! no nervosities: you'll have hysteria next," said the doctor's wife, handing me her smelling-salts. "Since we are here, let's make the best of it. Depend upon it, you'll feel better to-morrow."

I pass over the supper; it was more than fair, with its delicious fruits, cold meats, and custards. Pepperpot, the giant, helped us, scowling all the time, and looking ready to eat us up.

The doctor and Cousin Dyas were to sleep in a small room adjoining ours, with the door open. Fortunately the locks were in good repair. The bats thundered in the walls; unearthly cries sounded in every quarter; a white owl looked in at the window like a death's-head. My nerves were so thoroughly shaken that I was ready for any amount of ghostly experience. We had lighted two night-wicks, but the moon shone them into darkness, so that they seemed to float uselessly in their cups of aromatic oil.

Worse than all, the fine flowing net was a sham. The bed swarmed with mosquitoes, and the gauzy curtains were full of rents and holes.

Clearly there was to be no sleep for me that night. Sometimes I sat up, fighting the insects with my handkerchief, and almost envying the doctor's wife, who slept serenely, with her large lace veil fastened over her face by the four corners of the pillow.

The ceiling of the room had a strange, peculiar fascination for me. In the centre was a corniced square, much discolored. It looked to me like a trap-door. In the weird moonlight it seemed continually moving to and fro; but that, of course, was fancy.

I thought of that dead woman down stairs; I heard footsteps—tramp, tramp—sounds as of human voices in the atmosphere.

Suddenly something happened.

The board within the cornice *did* move. My strength deserted me utterly. I tried to touch the doctor's wife. I strove to speak to her. In vain: I was like a dead woman.

Another moment and a light rope-ladder was thrown down. It touched one of the bed-posts, and rattled a little. An icy perspiration broke out on me from head to foot. I thought I was dying, but still my eyes retained the power of vision.

A light figure clothed in white swung at the opening above me, clutching at the boards, then at the rope. It struggled for a footing, swinging round with the exertion, and then, slowly descending, caught at the bed-post, and stood upright, panting for breadth.

It was a woman, a dark, beautiful woman. Her long, glossy hair, uncoiled and curling, covered her as with a robe. Her eyes were lustrous and dewy; her arms were bare, and superbly shaped. Never in all my life, before or since, have I seen a face to compare with that—the swimming, dark orbs, the proud lips dashed with vermilion, the rich, creamy complexion.

She stood there looking at me; I lay powerless, gazing at her. But one word escaped her as she clasped her hands in a passionate cry:

"Lady!"

The blood rushed back to my heart.

"Who are you?" I whispered.

"I am Celia Terry."

"What are you doing here?"

"Oh, it is dreadful—dreadful!" she murmured, not seeming to hear me. "I have been so deceived!"

"Miss Terry!" said another voice.

It was the doctor's wife. She was leaning on her elbow, wide awake.

"Mrs. Parmalee!" cried the girl, with a start.

"How came you here?"

"Don't look so angry, Mrs. Parmalee. If you knew what I know! Oh, you thought his wife was in that dreadful box down stairs. It's a miserable deception. I knew he never acted like an innocent man. I have noticed this sliding panel; I saw this rope-ladder in the shed where he keeps his seeds. I *knew* I saw a human face at the cobwebbed window at the end of the room above this. I found that the roofs were easy to climb, though I didn't dare come back that way. Mrs. Parmalee, I dragged this rope-ladder after me; something told me what he used it for. Mrs. Parmalee, that man's wife is up there! Oh, God help her!" The girl shook from head to foot.

The doctor's wife gazed from her face to mine. Her very lips were white.

"I never dreamed that of Shultas," she said, shivering.

"It is true!—that poor soul up there! Oh, Mrs. Parmalee, I can't trust myself to tell you; I can't indeed."

"And he was going to bury—what—to-morrow?"

"I think in my soul he had not dared go on with that farce," said the girl. "Now what shall I do with the ladder? *She* has not strength to unhook it."

"Let it stay," said the doctor's wife. "Now how will you return?"

"By the balcony; I can get down easily on the cabbage-tree."

"Then go, for I intend to have this matter investigated. And Shultas would have married you!"

"That is all over—the wretch!" she muttered between her teeth.

The doctor's wife dressed herself, and so did I. Then she waked her husband, and there was a consultation.

Cousin Dyas volunteered to ascend the ladder; he was agile and used to climbing. He came back in a cold horror, and took the doctor by himself to tell what he had seen.

We did not lie down again. It seemed as if morning would never come. In that strange hush that in tropical countries precedes the dawn we strained our ears to listen, but could not hear a sound overhead. Our fancies were not pleasant.

As Dr. Parmalee had predicted, Shultas was too unwell to rise at the usual hour that morning. We locked our room, and took the key. Then we strolled round to the back of the house and peered down into the cellar. Through the grating we saw the metallic case. He was killing her by inches; he was waiting for her to die. Before this, no doubt, he had hoped to marry the octoroon.

It was evident that Pitkin was not in the hideous secret. He talked over the matter of the coming ceremony as he played—and he really played surprisingly well.

"Pepperpot, tell the niggers to get that hole dug," he said, significantly, to the giant, after breakfast.

At twelve Shultas came down, carefully dressed, but shaking. I need not say with what loathing we met him.

"I hope you slept comfortably?" he said.

"You must avail yourselves of every pleasure possible to this poor place. I have put twenty-five men on the lawn and garden: it will be quite trim here by to-morrow. Those fellows mow well."

He stood looking out of the window.

"Pepperpot will take you to the coffee-field; it's all out in scarlet now. Then there's the pine-apple plantation; that's a curiosity to strangers. I don't know"—he shook harder as he turned from the window—"but I shall take your advice, doctor. I believe I have fully made up my mind to marry. It's—it's rather a peculiar case, you know. I suppose I shall be overlooked and neglected; but, as I said, I've fully made up my mind to that. One should secure one's happiness, you know."

I felt myself growing white. Cousin Dyas left the room abruptly; Mrs. Parmalee clutched my dress. Cousin Dyas came back again.

"Shultas, what did your wife die of?" asked the doctor, suddenly. "I have never heard, I think."

"This cussed atmosphere, I fancy. Beg your pardon, ladies," said Pitkin, gravely.

"She died of—well, I suppose, apoplexy. There was no doctor; nobody but niggers in the house—and—decay set in so soon (you know all about that, doctor) that, as I could get no female help, I placed her in a box myself. That's the way we poor devils have to do here. I got a metal coffin as soon as I could. She never wanted to be buried in this heathenish place; so—I—keep her, hoping every month to be able to carry her back. Why, if you believe me, at the funeral—for we had the show of one—I could only find a nigger preacher to conduct the service. Fact, upon my word."

His word! and he stood there, his lips black with lies.

"Shultas," said the doctor, rising, "can I see you up stairs?"

The doctor's voice was so changed that I started, and Pitkin, in the midst of a delicate pianissimo passage, held his bow suspended.

Shultas never answered. He turned a livid gray, and his teeth rattled harder. The doctor had reached the door. Shultas crept after him, utterly ignoring our presence, his great, cavernous eyes fastened upon Dr. Parmalee. And so together they passed out of our sight.

We three listened, professedly, for an hour to the rapt and delighted Pitkin, but really agonizing to catch the sound of returning footsteps. Cousin Dyas walked the floor, fanning himself with a huge dried palm leaf.

Pepperpot came in and replaced the dirty cloth with one clean and shining. Pitkin played on.

Then entered the doctor. He looked pale and grave.

"Ladies, you will be ready to leave in an hour," he said. "I have found some boatmen to take us back."

"*Not* going!" said Pitkin, with a flourish of his bow. "Why, the funeral—I mean the burying—"

"Can I see you alone for a minute, Sir?" asked the doctor; and his voice was so strangely solemn that the violin suddenly laid on its back and snapped an E string.

Well, we got ready in silence and in haste. The doctor said but little as we walked to the landing. Pitkin watched us off with a wretched, frightened face. He knew all; and the last object we saw on the Java Plantation was poor Pitkin, elbows disconsolately bowed and hands in his pockets.

Then the doctor told us that poor Mrs. Shultas was really dead, and that she must have died that night.

"I left that wretch half dying," he said; "and if I thought there was a month's life in him I would blaze the whole matter abroad. He has lost every thing. The plantation is going to the dogs, and Miss Terry knows all. That cuts him to the quick. I counseled with Pitkin and Pepperpot (that's a grand negro), and the poor murdered creature will at last be put in the metallic case and be buried to-day. So the service, whatever it is, will be no mockery."

We were flying along the cool, green water as fast as six stalwart black arms could stroke.

"See! We missed that last night," said the doctor.

It was an open sward to the right, where stood a little box of a house half concealed by wonderful vines and flowering shrubs.

"Stop! back water!" shouted the doctor, as we were passing this sylvan paradise.

Somebody was running down the pretty path from the cottage. It was the octoroon, more gloriously beautiful than ever. Cousin Dyas sat transfixed.

"It is all over up there," said Dr. Parmalee.

"All over?" she mournfully questioned.

"Yes; Mrs. Shultas is dead, and he is not much better." She shuddered, and put her hand over her eyes. Another moment and she was composed.

"Can you keep a secret?" asked the doctor.

"I can," she said, solemnly.

"Then, in God's name! say nothing of the past. It can do no good. Farewell!"

We all added "farewell" save Cousin Dyas, who made a motion, as the boat moved again, to jump ashore or throw himself overboard—at least the doctor's wife accused him of one intention or the other.

"You couldn't marry her, so don't make a fool of yourself," she added, laughing; whereat Cousin Dyas said, Give him the chance and she would see.

The Governor's *fête* was postponed. Ultimately it came off; but Shultas only survived it a month.

As for the beautiful octoroon, she married a thriving shop-keeper, a Portuguese, and went down to Georgetown to live. The last I heard from her she was both rich and happy.

Java Plantation is falling into ruins, as it should.

A DUTCH CANAL.

ROB ROY, from whose journal in Holland we gave an interesting chapter last week, writes the following account of his visit to one of the vast engineering works for which the inhabitants of that country are celebrated:

"The North Holland Canal, which was cut to save a roundabout from Amsterdam by the Zuyder-Zee, is more than fifty miles long, and enables large ships to enter Holland at its extreme northern end. But this canal is too long, too narrow, too tortuous, and too shallow for the increasing length and depth of our largest merchant vessels. To save time, then, and much trouble and transshipment, the new canal opens to the west instead of the north. It is fifteen miles in length instead of fifty-two. Its depth is twenty-six feet available instead of sixteen feet, and no bends or sudden turns obstruct the passage any where.

"At present the work is precisely in that condition most interesting to inspect, being just beyond the state in which any doubt can remain as to ultimate success. Very likely this success will sap the other canal, and reduce Nieuw Diep to a marine dépôt; perhaps it will also draw the golden tide from Rotterdam, but perhaps, too, the merchants there will shift their quarters to the better *entrepôt* of Amsterdam, and yet, perhaps, indeed, when all is done, a certain German prince will stretch out his iron hand and ask for the new road, and very graciously thank those who made it for him.

"First of all, locks are being placed on the east to inclose an artificial lake about twelve miles long, at one end of which rests Amsterdam, and a deep channel is dredged along this lake, with two banks gradually rising into solid tow-paths. Minor canals, in all about twelve miles long, are left on either side to communicate with the little towns now on the shores of the Y, but all this intermediate area of water will be pumped out, and so nearly 12,000 acres will thus be reclaimed. No one can say how much this new territory will sell for, but an acre I asked about at random was valued at £100.

"The dredging is far better done than it was on the Suez Canal. The machinery has been steadily improved and simplified, and the latest and best appliance was only completed a few days ago. This consists of a tube resting near the ooze at the bottom, and containing a shaft with a centrifugal pump, which draws up the sand and water bodily—about half of each in the mixture—and forces it along wooden pipes floated along the surface of the water and flexibly jointed by leather hides. The slush is thus poured through a conduit about three hundred feet long and one foot broad, which resembles a huge black snake coiled and asleep on the water, and with its tail turned over the bank at the side. Through this tail, even when it is raised eight feet above the level, a copious fluid rushes, black as ink, but fertile for the next hundred generations of cheese-making Hollanders. So simple is this plan that already it is being applied to the great banks of the Danube, and I saw boxes full of the hide joints being sent to the Sulina mouth. Not many, but still some, curiosities have been found in the ground dug up or dredged for the canal. An enormous mammoth's skull and huge bones of the same fill one end of Mr. Freeman's office, and these ought to be in the British Museum, and could, I believe, be readily forwarded if properly applied for. One human skull has been dredged out nine feet below low-water mark, and I am enabled to bring it home. The size is large, the frontal part very small, the forehead being scarcely more than an inch in height. One or two pottery pieces have also been found, and, of course, plenty of shells. As no gravel has appeared in the matter dredged from below, it seems plain that the idea is erroneous which has long suggested that an ancient mouth of the Rhine once led through Holland at this spot.

"The banks thus formed are gradually raised above the surface to the average of three feet, and then a layer of stiff clay is placed over the sand. On this is spread a sort of matting of loose reeds which grow profusely in every lagoon. Long twigs of the willow-like tree named 'rys' are then laid down, and stakes about four feet long are driven through them in rows, while a regular twisted wattling of 'rys' is securely worked into these, and the whole assumes a most business-like aspect, utterly different from the loose, unprotected sand banks of the Suez Canal, which latter the water, the wind, and their own weight all conspire to ruin. Better than all the rest, a plant called 'helm,' which grows naturally on the sand hills, is being planted like cabbage rows upon the new-formed banks, and this rapidly takes root, and binds all together. This plan is to be tried on the Suez Canal, but probably the climate and the larger proportion of salt-water in the Egyptian sand may prevent the 'helm' from growing there. At the end of the lake we reach the four miles of solid sand and elevated ground which had to be cut through before the western shore of Holland is attained. The deepest cutting is not more than 100 feet, and is a mere matter of digging and carrying away. At length we come to the locks close to the sea. These are of enormous size, 500 feet long and 60 feet broad, with a depth over the silt of 30 feet. The stone-work facing of these is beautifully fitted, and the 25,000,000 of Dutch bricks here laid are a model of brick-laying. The width of the canal from centre to centre of the towing-path is about 500 feet, but at the edge of the main channel only 200 feet, and 80 feet at the bottom; but this gives ample room for the largest vessels to pass each other. Now we are in the thick of the 'dunes' or sand hills, Holland's western wall. They are not bare, but rather jungly in their look, and hares and rabbits, and curlew and spoonbills, are plentifully found by the sportsman on these wilds. Climbing this barrier, we can look down on the two gigantic pier arms that stretch forth boldly into the stormy sea, and which keep steadily lengthening every week, and gradually bending in their ends to form the grand entrance to the new-born port. Nearly one-half of these piers are already finished, and this not by casting in the huge blocks promiscuously, as at Port Said, but by placing every one on its proper bed, well fitted to its neighbors, and bound by iron ties, so as to form a smooth-faced, upright sea-wall. The blocks thus placed are made of concrete and Portland cement, in weight about ten tons each, just as at Port Said, and thousands of them are still on the shore waiting to be run along the pier, and then to be hoisted up by the iron neck of the great steam 'Titan' which will swing them into their final beds."

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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ROMISH AVARICE.

BY EUGENE LAWRENCE.

M. COQUEREL—no incompetent authority—thinks the Romish Church the source of the grave troubles of his country, of the misfortunes of Italy and Spain. He repeats only the lesson of history; yet he could scarcely have been prepared to find in America the same fatal influence blighting the hopes of freemen. Of all the vices of the papal see not the least constant and dangerous has been avarice. Its passion for accumulating lands and endowments has disturbed and oppressed society in every European nation, impoverished England until, under HENRY VIII., it confiscated all the possessions of its priests, hastened the French revolution by enormous peculations, weighed down Italy and Spain until their suffering people have seized upon the wide domains of the papacy, exasperated Germany, and covered Mexico and South America with apparently endless misfortunes.

The same career of priestly rapacity has begun in our own city, and has advanced with more than European vigor. No savage king or servile despot of the Middle Ages was ever more bountiful to his Romish allies than our Democratic rulers. In Europe the wealth of the ruling sect was the slow growth of centuries. In New York two decades have sufficed to enrich the Romish Church from the public treasury. While taxation has risen to an intolerable severity, while the city debt has been steadily increasing until suddenly it is discovered that we are in a condition of almost hopeless insolvency, while enormous frauds have consumed the earnings of the poor and diminished the profits of the industrious, the lavish endowments of a foreign priesthood have never ceased, and millions have been squandered to maintain Catholic institutions, to preserve the integrity of the Romish faith.

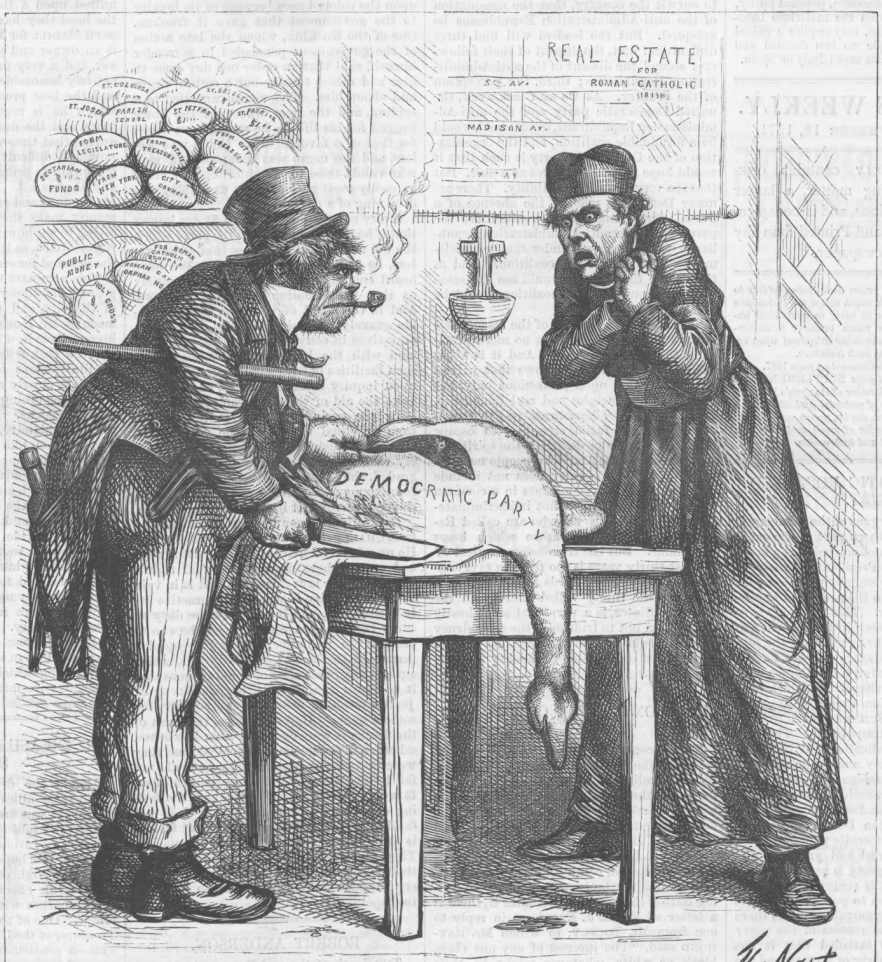
How numerous these sectarian charities have become, how many Romish asylums, protectories, and private almshouses line the streets of our city, not many know; but every one is familiar with the large sums required for their support. An orphan house occupies a block of the most costly land of the city. The property on which it stands was granted on a perpetual lease, for a nominal rent, in 1846 or '47; it is maintained, in part, by a large yearly appropriation. Its annual cost to the city can not be less than one hundred thousand dollars, including the interest upon the value of the land; yet it is safe to say that all its inmates might be maintained in the public institutions, or lodged, at a moderate cost, in some country home. A cathedral of unusual size has sprung up next to the orphan asylum. It occupies a block of ground of enormous value. Grave suspicions rest upon the manner in which this land was obtained, and it would be well for its owners to satisfy the public mind by exhibiting their title. Fortunately for the city, one of the leases of the orphan asylum contains a clause of revocation, and was, no doubt, intended to enable the people to recall the grant whenever they should think proper to do so. Of the "Protectory," whose large endowment and excessive yearly cost every citizen is conscious of, it can only be said that all its beneficiaries might be cheaply provided for in the city institutions. The foundling asylum received half a million in land and money from the unstinted liberality of our present rulers. Its death rate is extraordinary: the public charities are prepared to supply its place, perhaps with more encouraging results.

We have noticed these institutions as the chief examples of their class; they are surrounded by a throng of similar charities, controlled by the Romish priesthood. For the honest laborers in the cause of humanity we have a lasting sympathy. We should rejoice to see the Romish Church pour forth its wealth in saving its poor from want, and softening the ills of its suffering people. But when it extracts such extravagant sums from an overburdened community, controls the city by a political party, and endows itself from the liberality of an unscrupulous faction, its charity is converted into selfish avarice, and it enters once more upon that course of ambitious greed which has forced every European nation to recall its gifts to the priesthood. Charity, we must remember, was the pretext under which Rome engrossed the fairest lands of Germany, and spoiled Italy and Spain.

If the Romish priesthood had possessed discretion, they would have carefully avoided any recurrence, in the New World, to that dishonest policy which has enraged against them the people of the Old. They would have come among us as o..e of many sects. They would have claimed no superiority except in humility and good deeds. They would have laid aside ambition; would have joined in no political movements; would have proved by an open reform that they had repented of their evil deeds in past history; were prepared to win a new reputation in all future ages. Unhappily they have entered boldly upon the opposite course. All that is bad in their past policy they would revive: the gentle teachings of FÉNELON, the ominous remonstrances of DÖLLINGER and HYACINTHE, they neglect. "The Catholic press of the United States," says, in effect, a foreign review, "is more bigoted and more hostile to freedom than the European: it teaches rebellion, persecution, and the final fall of the republic." The Romish Church has become once more an active political party. Its adherents vote on that side which promises them the largest share of power. It aims to rule in our wealthy cities. It has already become a source of discord and moral decay. It has suffered its officials to plunder the public without stint so long as it is allowed to share in the spoil. It has no word of reproof for its dishonest adherents. It must prepare in future to be treated as a political faction rather than a Christian sect; to be studied with keen accuracy by the patriot; reviewed by the swift insight of letters; pointed at by a HYACINTHE or a COQUEREL as a ceaseless cause of human woe; must deserve the rebukes of modern civilization, and sink beneath the scorn of the community it has rifled and betrayed.

As a political faction it can scarcely hope for any lasting success. It may hold New York in its grasp a few years longer. It may disturb the peace of quiet towns with riots and disorder. It may place in office men shameless and corrupt. But the same unpopularity that has followed the priestly rulers of Europe must attend them here, and any party that trusts for its victories to the support of a foreign Church will dwindle to a small minority. In Europe the firmest opponents of the Romish rule are Catholics who prefer the interests of their country to the advancement of the Church. The people of Italy, while still professing the faith of Rome, maintain their free schools, their liberal institutions, and have destroyed the temporal power in defiance of the anathemas of an infallible pope. It is a promising trait in our own politics that many intelligent and honest Catholics have denounced that dangerous policy upon which their Church has entered, would accept no bribes from dishonest rulers, and inculcate obedience to the laws.

Still, however, there must be a vigorous struggle, and it will demand all the watchful zeal of the patriotic to expel from our midst the corrupting influence of Romish politics. Only a year ago the nation was in signal danger. Possessed of New York, controlling its revenues, guiding the policy of the whole Democratic



KILLING THE GOOSE THAT LAID THE GOLDEN EGG.

"A certain man had the good fortune to possess a Goose that laid him a Golden Egg every day. But dissatisfied with so slow an income, and thinking to seize the whole treasure at once, he killed the Goose; and cutting her open, found her—just what any other goose would be."—ÆSOP.

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party, the papal faction seemed secure of its aim; its leaders aspired to the Presidency; its lavish corruption controlled the Legislature of New York; the Democracy of the West had been purchased with bribes; and, radiating from the metropolis, as if from a centre of moral and mental decay, the Romish influence was spreading from city to city. Few dared then to denounce the priests, who, like so many of their predecessors, connived at immorality for their own ends, ruled over the public schools, and extorted great sums from the officials they had placed in power; few would see the cause of the total decay of public virtue, or the shameless vices of our rulers. It seemed as if New York had already sunk into the moral degradation of a Romish city. The spirit of independence was gone; the Romish press suggested that a republic was never lasting. A sudden shock aroused us; it was discovered that fraud, perjury, forgery, were common practices with our city officials; a general cry for honesty and reform has arisen among us; and if the vast sums of which we have been plundered, and the unequaled crimes that have been committed by our public officials, prove sufficient to teach vigilance, economy, and a pure republicanism in the future, they will not have been suffered or lost in vain. We have been snatched from more fatal ills.

Yet our danger still hovers around us: the priestly faction is still unbroken, and still remorseless and revengeful; the Jesuit stands behind the guilty men, his benefactors, teaching them defiance; the Romish party seeks to retain them in office; the Romish press suggests the fall of the republic. To save all that we have inherited of freedom, education, political purity, and republican vigor from the malarious influence of the foreign priest, may require a united movement of the people no less decided and rapid than that which has saved Italy or Spain.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1871.

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THE DEMOCRATIC HOPE AND DOUBT.

THE leaders and organs of the Democratic party in the Northern part of the country appear tacitly to acknowledge the hopelessness of electing a President by their organization. They are suggesting union with all who are opposed to the present Administration and its policy. This tendency is so strong that we have seen in Democratic papers exhortations to the members of the party in the Ohio Legislature to vote for ex-Secretary COX as Senator, if by alliance with liberal Republicans they could elect him. The sudden admiration shown by the same papers for Senators SUMNER and SCHURZ is as amusing as it is transparent. The dull platitudes about "radicalism" in the same organs, and their petty and futile personal attacks upon the President, reveal a deep and disheartening consciousness that the mind and heart of the American people are turned away from the Democratic party. But we see in no Democratic paper an effort to explain the universal and profound distrust with which its party is regarded.

Until that distrust is removed the party can not hope to return to power. But it is a distrust which is irremovable; nor is there any probability of the success of the party until the country is satisfied that it has ceased to be the old party of slavery and the rebellion. It seems to have been supposed by many of the leaders that it was only necessary to use certain forms of expression in order to recover popular confidence; that it would be enough to say that every thing was accepted to satisfy the country that Democratic ascendency was as safe as that of any party. That was the exquisite folly of the New Departure. For mere words avail no more in public than in private relations. Nobody is deceived when a blackguard affects courtesy, or a swindler pronounces in favor of honesty. Whatever the Democratic party, or certain papers and leaders in its name, may say, the great facts of its history, traditions, dogmas, and membership remain.

When it declared that it had an inexpressible respect for the Constitution, for instance, it is notorious that it included the great body of those who sought the destruction of the Union and of those who sympathized with the attempt. When it professed peculiar regard for liberty, the country knows that its great policy was the maintenance of slavery, and that to-day every Ku-Klux assassin hunting and shooting negroes and Union men is a Democrat. When it promises honest and economical administration, it is not forgotten that the doctrine "To the victors belong the spoils"—the very principle of political corruption—was first preached and practiced by the Democratic party. These are but illustrations of facts which are most familiar to the American people. They do not cease to be significant because in the exigency of an election some Democratic leaders insist that by-gones shall be by-gones. They are not by-gones. Every body knows that they are not by-gones. There is not an intelligent man in the land who does not know that the national success of the Democratic party would be the menace of incalculable evils. And the reason is that, whatever is said, the composition and the spirit of the party are substantially the same.

Naturally the pride and obstinacy of the leaders disincline them to the thought of disbanding. And, indeed, no party formally disbands. The old Federal and Whig parties were merged in others: they simply disappeared. And as the Democratic name and organization must, in the opinion of the leaders, be maintained, they propose, as a trick to outwit the country, that the nomination of the anti-Administration Republicans be accepted. But the leaders will find three difficulties: first, the dissent of their followers; second, the dissent of the anti-Administration Republicans; third, the perception of the country. As we said last week, the united Democratic party and the anti-Administration Republicans, if combined, would be a formidable coalition, and the organization of the Democratic party is such that it would hope to throw its force as a unit. But that is a very doubtful possibility. There are many Democrats who, in the absence of a formal party nomination, would leave the party, while the anti-Administration Republicans would very well understand what element would control the coalition. And as the rest of the country would see the same thing, the purpose of a coalition would be utterly baffled.

The last new departure of the Democratic party seems, therefore, to be no more promising than all the others. And it is a significant fact, because it shows that parties are not founded upon professions only, but upon actual principles and real tendencies. These incessant "departures" of the Democrats are only futile struggles to escape identity. The name describes the spirit and purpose which the American people naturally suspect. The country does not include all who are called Democrats in a common denunciation, as it does not indiscriminately approve or praise all who are called Republicans, or every measure which bears that name. But the tremendous contest of the last thirty years is too fresh in every aspect for us to accept words for things. The Ku-Klux, the thinly veiled anarchy in the Southern States, is a perpetual and ghastly admonition not to trifle with the ascendency of the Republican party, which has proved by the most costly tests its fidelity to liberty and justice.

THE CONVENTION OF COLORED CITIZENS.

THE recent convention of the colored people of the Southern States, in Columbia, South Carolina, was notable and interesting as another demonstration of the earnest wish of that class of citizens to promote the best understanding of their feelings and purposes. In a little pamphlet called "Indices," which Mr. SINCLAIR TOUSEY has recently published, containing many brief papers indicating the current of patriotic feeling during the war and just after it, there is a letter of Mr. H. J. RAYMOND in reply to one from Mr. TOUSEY, in which Mr. RAYMOND said, "The interest of any one class, black or white, whatever might be their condition, would always be of secondary interest to me." Mr. RAYMOND meant nothing unkind. He thought that the objections to class legislation, as it is called, covered the question of special care of the freedmen, and that they must take their chance with the rest. But the abnormal condition of that class, which had been produced by the government, rightfully demanded, and for the highest reasons of justice and the public welfare, that there should be a special treatment, and that fact was recognized in the continuance of the Freedmen's Bureau.

Since that time the special care has ceased, but the peculiar hardship of the colored population has continued. The great truth of their position is well stated in the report of their Columbia convention. After saying that they do not ask to be treated with peculiar favor, the report continues: "While we have, as a body, contributed our labor in the past to enhance the wealth and promote the welfare of the community, we have, as a class, been deprived of the acquisition of labor and experience, the return that civilization makes for the labor of the individual." It is a cruel injustice to forget this. The slaves were freed in the midst of war. They had no education, no money, no land. They were ignorant and dependent children, and their old masters regarded them bitterly as the cause of their humiliation, and the living monuments of the Yankee triumph. The black codes at the end of the war showed what the feeling was toward them; and against every kind of opposition, despised and contemned, they began their exodus from slavery and degradation toward the promised land of civilization and equality.

That they have borne themselves well, no one will deny. That, with every disadvantage and discouragement, the slaves of yesterday have shown themselves to be citizens more orderly and valuable than the majority of the master race that sneered at them, is indisputable. That to-day the anarchy which undermines society in many of the Southern States is not due to them, but to the "enlightened" and "conservative" and "superior" master class, is notorious. Indeed, they are the objects of the malignant hatred of the Ku-Klux. The "chivalry" that sold babes and mothers at the auction block now wreaks its expiring vengeance upon the colored race because of its loyalty to the government that gave it freedom. One of the Ku-Klux, whom the late action of the government persuaded to surrender himself, said that an order one day came to him and others to take out a certain negro and shoot him. The victim was tied to a sapling, and the man who told the story begged for his life as he would have asked for that of a favorite dog. But it was useless, and the negro was shot: and the man who vainly tried to save him told the story as coolly as if he had been describing the drowning of a day-old kitten.

Every colored man in those States knows that if he conspicuously aids the party which the old master class hates as that of its victors, he is in peril of his life. We have heard enough in authentic ways to satisfy us that the situation is not exaggerated. And in the midst of it all the colored people gravely and calmly ask by their representatives in convention that they, in common with the laboring whites, may have such facilities of education as Congress may upon inquiry think expedient, and they invoke the aid of the American people to destroy the prejudice which excludes them from an equal chance in the various mechanical industries. And knowing that every race suffers when any part of it is degraded, they pray that the influence of the country may be directed to the abolition of slavery wherever it lingers.

Naturally the convention asked a word from CHARLES SUMNER, which he gladly sent. He urged the colored people to insist always and every where upon their equal rights, guaranteed by law. He said, "It is in vain to teach equality if you do not practice it." It is well said, and it indicates the duty of every honorable man to do what he can to destroy the prejudice. If public opinion permitted the same kind of discrimination against any other class of equal citizens that it tolerates against this, the sentiment of justice would be obscured, and equality become a name. If, for instance, the Irish or the Germans were excluded from hotels and schools and public conveyances because they were Germans or Irish, the stigma could not fail to hurt them and to harm the rest of us. It would introduce and perpetuate the feeling of caste, which is cruel to a class and fatal to popular government. That feeling is the great foe of the colored population. They are conscious of it, as the appeal of their Southern convention shows. And every honest white American citizen will help to dispel it.

ROBERT ANDERSON.

THE death of General ROBERT ANDERSON recalls one of the most memorable events in our history, in which he was a chief actor. It was only ten years ago, although it seems to have occurred in another age, so vast have been its consequences. What he did was so well done that the country was content that he should do no more. It was easy, when the results of his action appeared in the mighty resolution of the people, to say that his duty was plain, and that he could not have done otherwise. But at the time it was a simple and heroic regard for duty, which, as immediately appeared, was by no means to be universally shown, and which was of incalculable service. The brave defense of the fort and the flag touched the deepest chord of patriotism—developed, indeed, a feeling in the country which surprised itself. If there had been many another officer in ANDERSON'S place—scores and scores that we learned to know—he would have surrendered before BEAUREGARD made the demand, and the peaceful occupation of the fort would have perplexed the country.

It was because it was not peaceful—it was because the resistance of ANDERSON developed the rebellion as a war upon the government—that his service was so illustrious. Personally it was said to be hard. Family ties, traditions of many kinds, indifference to the real contest, were all said to have tended to pervert his judgment. It was possibly only the instinct of the soldier for his flag. But where was the same instinct in LEE, in BEAUREGARD? One deed made Major ANDERSON famous, and henceforth he is part of our history. He was the earliest hero of a war in which heroes afterward were a glorious host; and he must not die without a thought of grateful remembrance over his grave from those whom his deed thrilled, and who enjoy the great results to which it opened the way. And as one by one the soldiers of the war depart, we shall be freshly reminded of our duty firmly to maintain what they heroically won.

THE UNION MAYOR OF CHICAGO.

THE citizens of Chicago, devoting themselves to rebuilding their city, have no heart nor time for party differences, and have united upon a ticket for city officers. At the head they have placed the name of JOSEPH MEDILL for Mayor; and as Mr. MEDILL is an owner and editor of the Chicago *Tribune*, and a very firm Republican, it is a peculiarly honorable tribute to his character, and the best proof of the confidence with which he is regarded. The term is two years, and the duties of Mayor of Chicago during that time will be of the most important and difficult character. Mr. MEDILL'S platform is a promise to do the best he can, and that is all. But his sound judgment, his firmness and energy, his honesty and humanity, make that enough; and it is interesting to see how a vast common misfortune restores men, as it were, to first principles—the demand for character, not for pledges.

This nomination of Mr. MEDILL in Chicago, and his support by the whole population of the city, and the nomination that was made of Mr. HORATIO SEYMOUR for Assemblyman from New York—a nomination which the New York *Tribune* supported—are curious as illustrations of the time. They show that it is clearly seen that there may even now be something more important than mere party divisions. In the presence of a great common calamity, like a destructive fire or a corruption like that of Tammany, strict partisan allegiance is relaxed. It is a good sign; and the advice of Mr. O'CONOR is the advice of all honorable citizens at such a time. When the contest is simply between honest men and rogues, the honest men must not divide upon any pretext, unless they wish the rogues to win. Such a union has a further humanizing effect. When a man has voted for a candidate of another party expressly upon the ground of his honesty, he differs from him politically with more generosity. He does not think him a bad man because of party difference. And party spirit is in its nature so ferocious that every thing which ameliorates it, or which illustrates its mitigation, is a great public gain.

THE TREASURER OF THE UNITED STATES.

AMONG the desperate resources of the Democratic allies of Tammany, when the corruption was first exposed, was an attempt to turn the tables by charges of Republican rascality. Intimations were even darkly made in the hope of entangling the name of a very high officer of the government; but the sole effect was to cover the anonymous charges with instant and utter contempt. One of these assaults was upon the Treasurer of the United States, General SPINNER—a gentleman whose name is the synonym of honor and financial skill, and who has long filled without the least shadow of real reproach one of the most arduous and responsible positions in the financial service of the country. The papers that thought the storm of indignation against the Tammany Ring would blow over shouted that it was "positively known that every department of the government is reeking with corruption, and that millions of the public money have been abstracted from the treasury." There was an imposing quotation of figures, and the hope was to throw suspicion upon General SPINNER.

The Treasurer was then in Europe, and upon his return the article was shown to him, and he has thought it to be his duty to publish a card, in which he considers the charges in detail, and explains in the simplest and most satisfactory manner every thing which he does not plainly expose as malignantly false. Of course the charges

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were not believed to be true by those who made them. They were intended as a counter cry to the public voice of wrath against the Tammany thieves, and to produce a little party capital. They made a good enough MORGAN until after the election. But General SPINNER properly thought that the specific nature of the charges demanded an explanation. Yet a public officer of so pure a character naturally felt some indignation at the necessity, and his words warm into eloquence as he ends his letter. There is a just and honorable pride in his reference to himself, and his concluding sentence is one that we ought all to lay to heart. We quote the last part of General SPINNER'S card:

"General charges against my official character, or against the management of the office given me in charge, I have never noticed. These charges were, however, made so maliciously specific that even fair-minded men who did not know me, nor the facts nor the character of those who published them, might be led to believe that there might be some foundation in truth in them.

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"Another reason was, because I hold that the people have a right not only to believe, but to know, that their servants who administer their public affairs, or who have the custody and disposition of their money, are faithful and honest. When I first entered public life, more than forty years ago, I made it a law to myself never to do an official act that I was not willing every body should see me do. This rule I have never broken in a single instance, and so long as God continues to give me strength to adhere, I never will break it. I have now held this office more than ten years, and in that time have perhaps had all opportunities, and what would to some have been such temptations for making money as have rarely been put within the reach of any man.

"I might easily have become rich by speculation in stocks by my foreknowledge of the Government's intentions in advance of others. I have never used this knowledge for my own or the interest of any other person since I have been in the office, and have never engaged in any speculations, nor in any business whatever. I have given my whole time and attention, night and day, to the utter neglect of my own, to the care of the public business and interest; and in consequence am now, at that age that is the time allotted to man in this world, as poor in pecuniary things as I was on the day I came into this office. I have but little to leave to my children save an honest reputation, and that it is my purpose to keep, and, if necessary, to defend even to the extent of appealing to the criminal courts of the country for the correction of its libelers. I have never taken, nor permitted others to take, from the Treasury a single cent, nor any greater amount, except by authority of law.

"If there are wrongs in this office, or here in the Department, or if there have been any since I have been in it, I have been in entire ignorance of them, and feel quite sure that none others (except such as have been officially reported, and whenever reported the parties implicated have been pursued, and, when caught, were convicted and punished) have existed or do now exist. It may be doubted which does the most to undermine confidence in our republican institutions—permitting thieving officials to escape punishment, or the apathy with which the public mind receives infamous charges against trusted public officers."

ENGLISH TORIES AND REPUBLICANS.

THE leading English Tories, who were said to have made an agreement with the republicans for certain radical political changes, have thought the report of sufficient importance to contradict it formally. All important statements made upon the authority which gave currency to this story must, therefore, be received with great caution. There is no doubt of peculiar excitement in political circles in England, and of great interest among the people, arising from the reported condition of the Queen, and the want of general confidence in the Prince of Wales, or even of respect for him. The long widowed seclusion of the Queen, the strange stories which have been occasionally told of her, the words of Mr. DISRAELI—who undoubtedly said "mental" or "moral" incapacity, although he declines to explain which it was—and the fact that the Queen is the granddaughter of GEORGE the Third, indicate that there is something extremely unsatisfactory in her mental condition. The later reports of her refusing to accede to a Regency, or to consent to the marriage of one of her children, may be inaccurately told, but the belief with which they are received shows how deep the conviction is that they may be true.

There is no doubt that many of the most sagacious Englishmen believe that they are living in the last days of the monarchy. Indeed, the idea of a radical change in the form of the government has become so familiar that its accomplishment is not likely to be necessarily attended with a convulsion. The treatment of the House of Lords upon the question of the army purchase shows how entirely its hold upon the popular feeling is relaxed. The Constitution of England implies a government of King, Lords, and Commons. The victory of the Commons over the King has long been complete. That over the Lords has been sealed with the popular approval. And the Commons themselves have twice surrendered to the people—in the Reform bill of 1832 and in the late enlargement of the suffrage. The change, agreeably to the British genius, proceeds silently but swiftly. And it is agreeable to know that as yet not even the most pronounced radicals think that it must necessarily be violent.

THE MORMON TRIALS.

IF BRIGHAM YOUNG has really fled from Utah, as is reported, it is probable that another hegira of the Mormons will follow. It will not, however, be easy for them to leave the pleasant places which they have so long occupied in the valley of the Salt Lake, and to turn from their fruitful Egypt into the desert. But there seems to be no successor of YOUNG who can command the people by his personal power, and his departure would seem to involve that of the Saints, or their gradual dispersion. It is curious, should such be the result, that it is due to a law of their own upon the very subject which has most divided them from other modern civilized communities. The conviction of the Mormon husband upon the suit of one of his wives was effected under a statute of the Mormon Legislature, which the Court in its charge to the jury interpreted in accordance with the universal law of Christendom, which does not recognize polygamy. The plea that what the law holds to be a crime is held by the Mormon to be a religious duty, of course could not prevail in a court. A jury would hardly refuse to convict a man who picked a pocket, upon his plea that his religious faith enjoined a community of goods. Whether the people in a certain ward of a city should be allowed to practice bigamy because they called it a religious duty, is a question which would have but one answer.

Of the policy of the trials in the Mormon city there may perhaps be two opinions. Those who think that the moral influence of the usual Christian view is powerful enough to destroy polygamy without alienating the polygamists, and those who feel that it is an honest faith with the Mormons, which will be only confirmed by what they will regard as persecution, will regret that the trials have occurred. But it can not be denied that there is an irrepressible conflict between the two forms of society, and that when they come actually into contact, one must yield to the other. When the state proclaims religious liberty it evidently does not mean liberty to break the laws.

WOODEN PAVEMENT AND FIRE.

IT was naturally supposed after the fire at Chicago that the wooden pavement must have been a chief agent in the rapid spreading of the fire, and it has been understood that it was so. But the question is one of general interest to all who wish a durable and quiet pavement, no less than to those who are pecuniarily concerned in the manufacture and sale of the blocks. If the fact be as has been alleged, it is a very serious if not fatal argument against the use of the block pavement in cities. But we find in the Chicago *Tribune* that it is very doubtful if a stone pavement "would have stood the siege better." It says that the block pavement still stands in good order, excepting in places where it has been injured, but by no means destroyed, by the showers of brands and cinders and avalanches of red-hot bricks which fell upon it. The *Tribune* says that the heaviest of stone sidewalks were calcined and ruined.

But it has nothing to say in defense of the plank sidewalks. Indeed, it declares that they were "simply damnable." The wooden blocks in the burned district upon the South Side are in perfect order, and there is very little throughout the whole burned district which must be relaid. Indeed, it is so smooth and in such good order that it will be very serviceable in the process of rebuilding. These are pleasant things to hear, since there was, undoubtedly, a very general feeling that the fire was communicated by the pavement, because it is supposed to be soaked in tar and to be perilously inflammable. But the *Tribune* states distinctly that it has vindicated itself satisfactorily, although we were, in the absence of accurate information, of another opinion. The first reports were, of course, not to be trusted; and if the block pavement is relaid in Chicago, of which we shall take care to inform ourselves, the objection, which has been always latent, will be disposed of forever.

MISS COLUMBIA'S PUBLIC SCHOOL.

MR. NAST has illustrated recent events in "Miss Columbia's School" with that comic art in which he has no rival. Every sketch, however small, is suggestive, and a few lines often contain an important lesson. There is no weakness in his accessories, no line but has its meaning. Here are "our neutral friends," Louis and John, rejoicing over the battle between the Northern and the Southern boys, and Austria and Prussia looking on; then John lets loose the *Alabama*, and Louis sends an army of frogs to invade Mexico, and both are made to repent of their misdeeds. Next we have a dream. The locomotive of infallibility attempts to ride over Columbia's domain, and the Irish boys lay the rails. The "Cat's Paw," in which the Jesuit persuades the Irishman to seize the school funds, is one of the best pictures, and the unlucky cat is plainly burning its paws.

Comic satire could have no more fertile subject than our city administration. Our rulers plundering the people, sharing their gains with the "Church," excluding the books of Protestant booksellers from the schools, abandoning the streets of the city to the wild hordes of Irish on St. Patrick's Day, forbidding the Orange parade, discountenancing the Italian, scarcely noticing the German, and, when convicted of enormous frauds, exclaiming, "What can you do with us?" have never escaped the artist. In the "Fight in Dame Europa's School" the Irishman stands behind NAPOLEON. The "Welcome to New Cork" is a sketch of our city rulers rushing in mad haste to greet a ship-load of exiles from Erin. The "Bill-Poster" recalls the memorable proclamation against the Orange procession.

To strike the guilty and amend the follies of the age is the proper aim of the pencil as well as the pen. There are comic sketches on the walls of Pompeii, and the monks and priests of early Europe carved each other in hideous or grotesque images of stone. It is the high praise of Mr. NAST that he aims only at truth, never descends to coarseness or impropriety, abounds in novelty, and is never dull. These pleasant satires—from the first aiming of the infallible canon against the temple of liberty to the final explosion of the antiquated engine; the melancholy end of the Irish, who, being transported back to their own green isle, are at last found to have exterminated each other; the solitary shores of Erin, the peaceful triumph of Columbia—will amuse long after their purpose is accomplished.

PERSONAL.

COLONEL CHARLES GORDON GREENE, of the Boston *Post*, has just returned from his trip to Europe, and has met, of course, a right cordial reception from his friends in and out of the profession. Colonel GREENE has outlived most of those who commenced editorial life with him; and during the eighty or ninety years of his management of the *Post* he has endeared himself to all of the more youthful journalists of the United States by his kindly and gracious course toward them. In one particular Colonel GREENE is honorably distinguished: he has never forgotten the dignity of his profession; has always known where he stood; always manfully maintained what he believed to be right, and never smirched his fair fame by having to do with tricksters and jobbers. No editor in the country stands higher as a gentleman than CHARLES GORDON GREENE.

—Mr. T. A. HOYT, who, on the 17th ult., was re-elected First Vice-President of the New York Gold Exchange, was the Rev. THOMAS A. HOYT in 1860-61, and pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Louisville, Kentucky. During the war he was arrested for certain acts of disloyalty, and thrown into Newport Barracks. His disloyalty in Louisville finally became so demonstrative that General BOYLE, then commanding there, sent him out of Kentucky. Mr. HOYT is a native of South Carolina, and, out of regard to his supposed wishes, General BOYLE offered him a passport through the Union lines to go to his Palmetto friends, but he declined this also, preferring to take refuge among the "enemies of his native South." He came to New York, and finally turned up in the Gold-room. Another clergyman, the Rev. S. S. LAWS, D.D., who was permitted to retire from Missouri for disloyalty, came to this city, and went into the Gold Exchange, and for a time was its president. He is now out of the business. Mr. HOYT preached a first-class rebel sermon on President BUCHANAN'S fast-day, in January, 1861, containing a large quantity of "war to the knife." Fortunately the country still continues to exist, and Brother HOYT and the rest of us in New York are permitted to follow the peaceful and ennobling pursuits of avarice.

—Cardinal ANTONELLI is reported to be seriously ill at Rome. Although only sixty-five years old, he has for twenty-one years past been not merely Prime Minister of the Pope, but may be said to have influenced, if not inspired, during that time most of the public movements of the papal government. He is a man of great abilities, and a thorough conservative. It is understood to be by the advice of Cardinal ANTONELLI that the Pope continues to dwell in Rome with all the dignity of a sovereign and a sovereign's income, paid to him out of the public treasury of Italy. It has been said that when VICTOR EMANUEL occupied Rome the Pope was disposed to leave, but that ANTONELLI insisted on his remaining and taking the money, which has been paid with scrupulous punctuality.

—We commend to aspirants for Senatorial honors from this city the remarks of Mr. GLADSTONE during his recent visit to Scotland. Disclaiming the compliment paid to him by the Provost of Aberdeen, that the course of his life had been "onward and upward," he preferred to say that he desired that his course might be resolutely "onward" to the accomplishment of the duties he had set himself, and "upward" in an honest, if feeble, effort to purge himself from the intrusion of those lower motives which degrade the high vocation of a statesman.

—Baron GEROLT, for so many years Prussian minister to this country, has written a work on "America," the publication of which is announced in Leipsic. It will be awaited with interest by the people of the United States and by the publicists of Europe.

—There is one man in Chicago whose name should be heralded throughout the land for the daring and persistence he displayed during the fire. It was by him, to use his own words, that Chicago was saved from the necessity of "returning to the tomahawk, pre-emption, and possession," by his extraordinary luck and pluck in preserving from the fire his record books, containing indices, digests of records, judgment dockets, abstracts of title, etc., which, with the aid of proper legislation, will enable his firm to establish the title of every tract of land in the city of Chicago. He went through fear, fire, and water to save the books, and succeeded.

—JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, from being the candidate of the Democratic party of Massachusetts, has been interviewed and formally catechised by the women suffragans of Massachusetts as to how he stands on that p'int. He replies: "After careful thought and some study, I am firmly and unequivocally opposed to woman suffrage, and shall feel it my duty, in the very improbable contingency of my ever occupying any considerable public office, to stand by the old immemorial division of activities and functions which seems to me to be at the foundation of society."

—The Hon. J. PROCTOR KNOTT, the witty member of Congress from Kentucky, may be said to have become substantially famous, judging by the following superscription of a letter received at the Lebanon post-office a few days ago. It came from Greensburg:

"To lebernon Kaintucky.
"Too Mr prok nut, hoo is a lovyer thar and who lives thar
"ef this is not got up send her bak."

—As a warning to those who are seeking the place of Admiral GUEYDON, of the French navy, that marine hero, at a dinner recently given him in Paris, said: "Do not be anxious, gentlemen, to succeed me, for I bequeath only misfortune to my successors. At the outset of my maritime career I commanded a small brig. I gave up that command upon being promoted, and the next year my successor was lost in the vessel which I had commanded. Afterward I commanded the brig *Génie*, and in that vessel my successor came into collision with another, which nearly cost him his life. Subsequently I was appointed Governor of Martinique, and my successor in that post died there insane. I was then appointed Major-General at Brest, and my successor there was found dead in his bed. I am now Governor-General of Algeria, and I really tremble for my successor; and for his sake, rather than my own, I hope to retain my post for a long time to come."

—Unlike certain potentates who reign not a thousand miles from New York, the Mikado of Japan seems to be an exceedingly wise and judicious monarch, and his example may be profitably imitated by certain other rulers of greater pretensions and refinement. In a recent order to some of his ministers he says: "In performing your duties do away with all useless matters, cleave to retrenchment, cut off all unnecessary expenses, and abrogate all troublesome laws. Do you, my servants, carry out this my mind."

—Of Mr. J. F. BAILEY, an involuntary exile from New York for doing certain irregular things with the funds of the government, the Washington *Star* of the 26th ult. says: "He is living in Montevideo, in good health and apparently in possession of ample means. He is not engaged in the introduction of American manufactures into that country, as has heretofore been represented, but was living a life of elegant leisure, so far as our informant could observe or ascertain. He had for a long time occupied quarters in the Oriental Hotel, one of the most elegant and expensive establishments in the city; but within a short time had leased a house for occupancy in connection, it was understood, with the American minister resident there, with whom he appeared to be on friendly and intimate terms. The explanation given to and believed by the friends of Mr. BAILEY in Montevideo of his absence from the United States is that he found it to be necessary as an officer of the government to expend, in ferreting out frauds against it, large sums of public money which he had been unable to replace, and consequently was advised to withdraw temporarily from the country for fear of embarrassing the administration or party in power, or of compromising it with the people."

—Cardinal BONAPARTE, the youngest of the cardinals, is a second cousin of NAPOLEON III., being the grandson of LUCIEN BONAPARTE, Prince of Canino, and a prelate much respected by his clerical brethren. He is modest and unassuming, and although a recognized candidate for the tiara, bears himself with dignity, taking little part in the more stirring events of the time. Before the downfall of LOUIS NAPOLEON the French emperor hoped that his cousin would be enthroned in St. Peter's. Events have probably settled that question against him. He inherits the stern integrity and positiveness of his grandsire, who preferred obscurity and almost penury to becoming the slave of the first NAPOLEON'S will.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE public debt was reduced $8,905,491 84 during October.

At the request of a number of citizens Governor Hoffman has changed the day fixed in his proclamation for Thanksgiving to the 30th inst., to conform with that of President Grant.

The Milwaukee Relief Committee, on behalf of the sufferers by the terrible fires in the northern part of Wisconsin, have published a circular setting forth that enough clothing for all ages among the sufferers is received or in transit, but that money will be needed for provisions, building material, farm implements, and stock.

Fourteen thousand families, or about sixty-three thousand persons of all ages and sexes and colors, are now receiving aid from the Chicago Aid and Relief Society.

An official statement shows that the brandy manufactured in the United States from fruit distillation last year was 2,109,733 gallons. Of this quantity California made 156,683, Kentucky 229,232, New Jersey 411,596, New York 128,662, North Carolina 374,790, and Virginia 297,317 gallons.

Thirty-three American whaling ships are reported to have been crushed in the arctic ice this season and destroyed. So extensive a calamity has never before befallen the whaling fleet.

It is reported that about $15,600 of the Relief Fund sent to Chicago has been appropriated by one of the aldermen attached to the Board of Relief.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Working-men's Committee of Berlin, Prussia, have summoned a congress of workmen to meet in that city to organize a general strike for a reduction of the daily term of labor to nine hours, and for a general increase of wages.

A convention for the sale of the Dutch colonies in Sumatra and Guinea to Great Britain has been signed by the representatives of both countries.

Numerous arrests of conspirators have been made at Barcelona, Spain, and strong proofs of their guilt have been brought to light. Stores of arms, bombs, and other war material have been discovered. The men arrested are, for the most part, members of the International Society.

The Roman Catholic envoy to Constantinople has returned to Rome, having been unable to obtain from the Sultan any guarantee for the protection of his Christian subjects.

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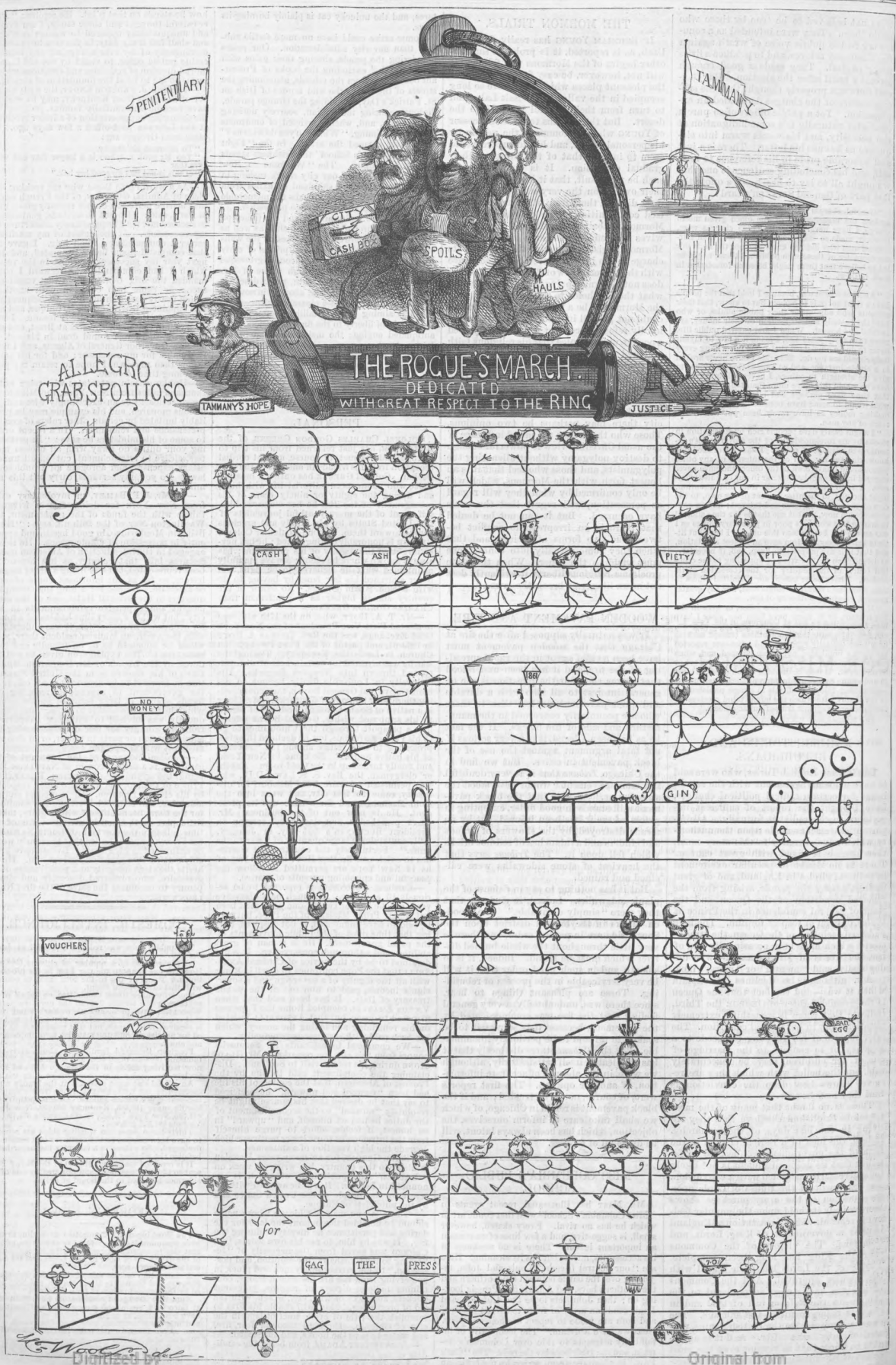

THE ROGUE'S MARCH.—*Arranged for the Piano-forte by* M. WOOLE.

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PYTHON SWALLOWING A BOA.—[SEE PAGE 1079.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1871, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.]

POOR MISS FINCH.

A Domestic Story.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," "Man and Wife," etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE THIRTIETH.

HERR GROSSE.

SEVERAL circumstances deserving to be mentioned here took place in the early part of the day on which we expected the visit of the two oculists. I have all the will to relate them, but the capacity to do it completely fails me.

When I look back at that eventful morning I recall a scene of confusion and suspense, the bare recollection of which seems to upset my mind again, even at this distance of time. Things and persons all blend distractedly one with another. I see the charming figure of my blind Lucilla, robed in rose-color and white, flitting hither and thither, in the house and out of the house—at one time mad with impatience for the arrival of the surgeons; at another, shuddering with apprehension of the coming ordeal, and the coming disappointment which might follow. A moment more, and, just as my mind has seized it, the fair figure melts and merges into the miserable apparition of Oscar, hovering and hesitating between Browndown and the rectory, painfully conscious of the new complications introduced into his position toward Lucilla by the new state of things, and yet not man enough, even yet, to seize the opportunity and set himself right. Another moment passes, and a new figure—a little strutting, consequential figure—forces its way into the foreground before I am ready for it. I hear a big voice booming in my ear, with big language to correspond. "No, Madame Pratolungo, nothing will induce me to sanction by my presence this insane medical consultation, this extravagant and profane attempt to reverse the decrees of an all-wise Providence by purely human means. My foot is down—I use the language of the people, observe, to impress it the more strongly on your mind—MY FOOT is down!" Another moment yet, and Finch and Finch's Foot disappear over my mental horizon just as my eye has caught them. Dampe Mrs. Finch and the baby, whose everlasting programme is suction and sleep, take the vacant place. Mrs. Finch pledges me with watery earnestness to secrecy, and then confides her intention of escaping her husband's supervision if she can, and bringing British surgery and German surgery to bear both together (gratis) on baby's eyes. Conceive these persons all twisting and turning in the convolutions of my brains, as if those brains were a labyrinth, with the sayings and doings of one confusing themselves with the sayings and doings of the other—with a thin stream of my own private anxieties (comprehending luncheon on a side-table for the doctors) trickling at intervals through it all—and you will not wonder if I take a jump, like a sheep, over some six hours of precious time, and present my solitary self to your eye, posted alone in the sitting-room to receive the council of surgeons on its arrival at the house.

I had but two consolations to sustain me.

First, a Mayonnaise of chicken of my own making on the luncheon-table, which, as a work of Art, was simply adorable—I say no more. Secondly, my green silk dress, trimmed with my mother's famous lace—another work of Art, equally adorable with the first. Whether I looked at the luncheon-table, or whether I looked in the glass, I could feel that I worthily asserted my nation; I could say to myself, Even in this remote corner of the earth the pilgrim of civilization searching for the elegant luxuries of life looks and sees—France supreme!

The clock chimed the quarter past three. Lucilla, wearying for the hundredth time of waiting in her own room, put her head in at the door, and still repeated the never-changing question,

"No signs of them yet?"

"None, my love."

"Oh, how much longer will they keep us waiting!"

"Patience, Lucilla—patience!"

She disappeared again with a weary sigh. Five minutes more passed, and old Zillah peeped into the room next.

"Here they are, ma'am, in a chaise at the gate!"

I shook out the skirts of my green silk, I cast a last inspiriting glance at the Mayonnaise. Nugent's cheerful voice reached us from the garden, conducting the strangers. "This way, gentlemen—follow me." A pause. Steps outside. The door opened. Nugent brought them in.

Herr Grosse, from America. Mr. Sebright, of London.

The German gave a little start when my name was mentioned. The Englishman remained perfectly unaffected by it. Herr Grosse had heard of my glorious Pratolungo. Mr. Sebright was barbarously ignorant of his existence. I shall describe Herr Grosse first, and shall take the greatest pains with him.

A squat, broad, sturdy body, waddling on a pair of short bandy-legs; slovenly, shabby, unbrushed clothes; a big, square, bilious-yellow face, surmounted by a mop of thick iron-gray hair; dark beetle-brows; a pair of staring, fierce, black, goggle eyes, with huge circular spectacles standing up like fortifications in front of them; a shaggy beard and mustache of mixed black, white, and gray; a prodigious cameo ring on the forefinger of one hairy hand; the other hand always in and out of a deep silver snuff-box like a small tea-caddy; a rough, rasping voice; a diabolically humorous smile; a curtly confident way of speaking; resolution, independence, power, expressed all over him from head to foot—there is the portrait of the man who held in his hands (if Nugent was to be trusted) the restoration of Lucilla's sight!

The English oculist was as unlike his German colleague as it is possible for one human being to be to another.

Mr. Sebright was slim and spare, and scrupulously (painfully) clean and neat. His smooth light hair was carefully parted; his well-shaved face exhibited two little crisp morsels of whisker about two inches long, and no hair more. His decent black clothes were perfectly made; he wore no ornaments, not even a watch-chain; he moved deliberately; he spoke gravely and quietly; disciplined attention looked coldly at you out of his light gray eyes, and said, Here I am if you want me, in every movement of his thin, finely cut lips. A thoroughly capable man, beyond all doubt—but defend me from accidentally sitting next to him at dinner, or traveling with him for my only companion on a long journey!

I received these distinguished persons with my best grace. Herr Grosse complimented me in return on my illustrious name, and shook hands. Mr. Sebright said it was a beautiful day, and bowed. The German, the moment he was at liberty to look about him, looked at the luncheon-table. The Englishman looked out of window.

"Will you take some refreshment, gentlemen?"

Herr Grosse nodded his shock head in high approval. His wild eyes glared greedily at the Mayonnaise through his prodigious spectacles. "Aha! I like that," said the illustrious surgeon, pointing at the dish with his ringed forefinger. "You know how to make him—you make him with creams. Is he chickens or lobsters? I like lobsters best, but chickens is goot too. The garnish is lofely—anchovy, olive, beetroots; brown, green, red on the fat white sauce. This I call a heavenly dish. He is nice-cool in two different ways—nice-cool to the eye, nice-cool to the taste. Soh! we will break into his inside. Madame Pratolungo, you shall begin. Here goes for the liver-wings!"

In this extraordinary English—turning words in the singular into words in the plural, and banishing from the British vocabulary the copulative conjunction "and"—Herr Grosse announced his readiness to sit down to lunch. He was politely recalled from the Mayonnaise to the patient by his discreet English colleague.

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Sebright. "Would it not be advisable to see the young lady before we do any thing else? I am obliged to return to London by the next train."

Her Grosse—with a fork in one hand and a spoon in the other, and a napkin tied round his neck—stared piteously, shook his shock head, and turned his

"HE BENT FORWARD, WITH HIS FACE CLOSE TO LUCILLA'S."

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back on the Mayonnaise, with a heavy heart at parting.

"Goot. We shall do our works first: then eat our lunches afterward. Where is the patients? Come-begin-begin!" He removed the napkin, blew a sigh (there is no other way of expressing it), and plunged his finger and thumb into his tea-caddy snuff-box. "Where is the patients?" he repeated, irritably. "Why is she not close-handy in here?"

"She is waiting in the next room," I said. "I will bring her in directly. You will make allowances for her, gentlemen, I am sure, if you find her a little nervous?" I added, looking at both the oculists. Silent Mr. Sebright bowed. Herr Grosse grinned diabolically, and said, "Make your mind easy, my goot creature. I am not such a brutes as I look!"

"Where is Oscar?" asked Nugent, as I passed him on my way to Lucilla's room.

"After altering his mind a dozen times at least," I replied, "he has decided on not being present at the examination."

I had barely said the words before the door opened, and Oscar entered the room. He had altered his mind for the thirteenth time—and here he was, as the result of it!

Herr Grosse burst out with an exclamation in his own language at the sight of Oscar's face. "Ach Gott!" he exclaimed, "he has been taking Nitrates of Silvers. His complexions is spoilt. Poor boys! poor boys!" He shook his shaggy head—turned—and spat compassionately into a corner of the room. Oscar looked offended; Mr. Sebright looked disgusted; Nugent thoroughly enjoyed it. I left the room, and closed the door behind me.

I had not taken two steps in the corridor when I heard the door opened again. Looking back directly, I found myself, to my amazement, face to face with Herr Grosse—staring ferociously at me through his spectacles, and offering me his arm.

"Hosh!" said the famous oculist, in a heavy whisper. "Say nothing to nobody. I am come to help you."

"To help me?" I repeated.

Herr Grosse nodded vehemently—so vehemently that his prodigious spectacles hopped up and down on his nose.

"What did you tell me just now?" he asked. "You told me the patients was nervous. Goot! I am come to go with you to the patients, and help you to fetch her. Soh! soh! I am not such a brutes as I look. Come-begin-begin! Where is she?"

I hesitated for a moment about introducing this remarkable embassador into Lucilla's bedroom. One look at him decided me. After all, he was a doctor—and such an ugly one! I took his arm.

We went together into Lucilla's room. She started up from the sofa on which she was reclining when she heard the strange footsteps entering side by side with mine.

"Who is it?" she cried.

"It is me, my dears," said Herr Grosse. "Ach Gott! what a pretty girls! Here is jost the complexions I like—nice-fair! nice-fair! I am come to see what I can do, my pretty miss, for this eyes of yours. If I can let the light in on you—hey? you will lofe me, won't you? You will kees even an ugly Germans like me. Soh! Come under my arm. We will go back into the odder rooms. There is anodder one waiting to let the light in too—Mr. Sebrights. Two surgeon-optic to one pretty miss—English surgeon-optic; German surgeon-optic—hey! between us we shall cure this nice girls. Madame Pratolungo, here is my odder arms at your service. Hey! what? You look at my coat sleeve. He is shabby-greasy—I am ashamed of him. No matter! You have got Mr. Sebrights to look at in the odder rooms. He is spick-span, beautiful-new. Come! Forwards! Marsch!"

Nugent, waiting in the corridor, threw the door open for us. "Isn't he delightful?" Nugent whispered behind me, pointing to his friend. Escorted by Herr Grosse, we made a magnificent entry into the room. Our German doctor had done Lucilla good already. The examination was relieved of all its embarrassments and its terrors at the outset. Her Grosse had made her laugh—Herr Grosse had set her completely at her ease.

Mr. Sebright and Oscar were talking together in a perfectly friendly way when we returned to the sitting-room. The reserved Englishman appeared to have his attraction for the shy Oscar. Even Mr. Sebright was struck by Lucilla. His cold face lit up with interest when he was presented to her. He placed a chair for her in front of the window. There was a warmth in his tone which I had not heard yet when he begged her to be seated in that place. She took the chair. Mr. Sebright thereupon drew back, and bowed to Herr Grosse, with a courteous wave of his hand toward Lucilla which signified, "You first!"

Herr Grosse met this advance with a counter wave of the hand, and a vehement shake of his shock head, which signified, "I couldn't think of such a thing!"

"Pardon me," entreated Mr. Sebright. "As my senior, as a visitor to England, as a master in our art."

Herr Grosse responded by regaling himself with three pinches of snuff in rapid succession—a pinch as senior, a pinch as visitor to England, a pinch as master in the art. An awful pause followed. Neither of the surgeons would take precedence of the other. Nugent interfered.

"Miss Finch is waiting," he said. "Come, Grosse, you were first presented to her. You examine her first."

Herr Grosse took Nugent's ear between his finger and thumb, and gave it a good-humored pinch. "You clever boys!" he said. "You have the right word always at the tips of your tongue." He waddled to Lucilla's chair, and stopped short with a scandalized look. Oscar was bending over her, and whispering to her with her hand in his. "Hey! what?" cried Herr Grosse. "Is this a third surgeon-optic! What, Sir? you treat young miss's eyes by taking hold of young miss's hand? You are a Quack. Get out!" Oscar withdrew—not very graciously. Herr Grosse took a chair in front of Lucilla, and removed his spectacles. As a short-sighted man, he had necessarily excellent eyes for all objects which were sufficiently near to him. He bent forward, with his face close to Lucilla's, and parted her eyelids alternately, with his finger and thumb, peering attentively first into one eye, then into the other.

It was a moment of breathless interest. Who could say what an influence on her future life might be exercised by this quaint, kindly, uncouth little foreign man? How anxiously we watched those shaggy eyebrows, those piercing goggle eyes! And, O Heavens! how disappointed we were at the first result! Lucilla suddenly gave a little irrepressible shudder of disgust. Herr Grosse drew back from her, and glared at her benignantly with his diabolical smile.

"Aha!" he said. "I see what it is. I snuff, I smoke, I reek of tobaccos. The pretty miss smells me. She says in her inmost heart—Ach Gott, how he stink!"

Lucilla burst into a fit of laughter. Herr Grosse, unaffectedly amused on his side, grinned with delight, and snatched her handkerchief out of her apron pocket. "Gif me scents," said this excellent German. "I shall stop up her nose with her handkerchiefs. So she will not smell my tobacco-stinks—all will be nice-right again—we shall go on." I gave him some lavender-water from a scent bottle on the table. He gravely drenched the handkerchief with it, and popped it suddenly on Lucilla's nose. "Hold him there, miss. You can not for the life of you smell Grosse now. Goot! We may go on again."

He took a magnifying-glass out of his waistcoat pocket, and waited till Lucilla had fairly exhausted herself with laughing. Then the examination—so cruelly grotesque in itself, so terribly serious in the issues which it involved—resumed its course: Herr Grosse glaring at his patient through his magnifying-glass; Lucilla leaning back in the chair, holding the handkerchief over her nose.

A minute or more passed, and the ordeal of the examination came to an end.

Herr Grosse put back his magnifying-glass with a grunt which sounded like a grunt of relief, and snatched the handkerchief away from Lucilla. "Ach! what a nasty smell!" he said, holding the handkerchief to his nose with a grimace of disgust. "Tobaccos is much better than this." He solaced his nostrils, offended by the lavender-water, with a huge pinch of snuff. "Now I am going to talk," he went on. "See! I keep my distance. You don't want your handkerchiefs—you smell me no more."

"Am I blind for life!" asked Lucilla. "Pray, pray, tell me, Sir! Am I blind for life?"

"Will you kees me if I tell you?"

"Oh, do consider how anxious I am! Pray, pray, pray tell me!"

She tried to go down on her knees before him. He held her back firmly and kindly in her chair.

"Now! now! now! you be nice-goot, and tell me this first. When you are out in the garden, taking your little lazy lady's walks on a shiny-sunny day, is it all the same to your eyes as if you were lying in your bed in the middles of the night?"

"No."

"Hah! You know it is nice-light at one time? you know it is horrid-dark at the odder?"

"Yes."

"Then why you ask me if you are blind for life? If you can see as much as that, you are not properly blind at all!"

She clasped her hands, with a low cry of delight. "Oh, where is Oscar?" she said, softly. "Where is Oscar?" I looked round for him. He was gone. While his brother and I had been hanging spell-bound over the surgeon's questions and the patient's answers, he must have stolen silently out of the room.

Herr Grosse rose and vacated the chair in favor of Mr. Sebright. In the ecstasy of the new hope now confirmed in her, Lucilla seemed to be unconscious of the presence of the English oculist when he took his colleague's place. His grave face looked more serious than ever as he, too, produced a magnifying-glass from his pocket, and, gently parting the patient's eyelids, entered on the examination of her blindness, in his turn.

The investigation by Mr. Sebright lasted a much longer time than the investigation by Herr Grosse. He pursued it in perfect silence. When he had done, he rose without a word, and left Lucilla as he had found her, rapt in the trance of her own happiness—thinking, thinking, thinking of the time when she should open her eyes in the new morning, and see!

"Well?" said Nugent, impatiently addressing Mr. Sebright. "What do *you* say?"

"I say nothing yet." With that implied reproof to Nugent, he turned to me. "I understand that Miss Finch was blind—or as nearly blind as could be discovered—at a year old?"

"I have always heard so," I replied.

"Is there any person in the house—parent, or relative, or servant—who can speak to the symptoms noticed when she was an infant?"

I rang the bell for Zillah. "Her mother is dead," I said, "and there are reasons which prevent her father from being present to-day. Her old nurse will be able to give you all the information you want."

Zillah appeared. Mr. Sebright put his questions.

"Were you in the house when Miss Finch was born?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Was there any thing wrong with her eyes at her birth, or soon afterward?"

"Nothing, Sir."

"How did you know?"

"I knew by seeing her take notice, Sir. She used to stare at the candles, and clutch at things that were held before her, as other babies do."

"How did you discover it when she began to get blind?"

"In the same way, Sir. There came a time, poor little thing! when her eyes looked glazed like, and try her as we might, morning or evening, it was all the same—she noticed nothing."

"Did the blindness come on gradually?"

"Yes, Sir—bit by bit, as you may say. Slowly worse and worse one week after another. She was a little better than a year old before we clearly made it out that her sight was gone."

"Was her father's sight, or her mother's sight, ever affected in any way?"

"Never, Sir, that I heard of."

Mr. Sebright turned to Herr Grosse, sitting at the luncheon-table resignedly contemplating the Mayonnaise. "Do you wish to ask the nurse any questions?" he said.

Herr Grosse shrugged his shoulders, and pointed backward with his thumb at the place in which Lucilla was sitting.

"Her case is as plain to me as twos and twos make fours. Ach Gott! what do I want with the nurse?" He turned again longingly toward the Mayonnaise. "My fine appetites is going! When shall we lonch?"

Mr. Sebright dismissed Zillah with a frigid inclination of the head. His discouraging manner made me begin to feel a little uneasy. I ventured to ask if he had arrived at a conclusion yet. "Permit me to consult with my colleague before I answer you," said the impenetrable man. I roused Lucilla. She again inquired for Oscar. I said I supposed we should find him in the garden—and so took her out. Nugent followed us. I heard Herr Grosse whisper to him, piteously, as we passed the luncheon-table, "For the lofe of Heaven, come back soon, and let us lonch!" We left the ill-assorted pair to their consultation in the sitting-room.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-FIRST.

"WHO SHALL DECIDE WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE?"

WE had certainly not been more than ten minutes in the garden when we were startled by an extraordinary outbreak of shouting in broken English proceeding from the window of the sitting-room. "Hi-hi-hoi! hoi-hi! hoi-hi!" We looked up, and discovered Herr Grosse frantically waving a huge red silk handkerchief at the window. "Lonch! lonch!" cried the German surgeon. "The consultations is done. Come-begin-begin!"

Obedient to this peremptory summons, Lucilla, Nugent, and I returned to the sitting-room. We had, as I had foreseen, found Oscar wandering alone in the garden. He had entreated me, by a sign, not to reveal our discovery of him to Lucilla, and had hurried away to hide himself in one of the side walks. His agitation was pitiable to see. He was totally unfit to be trusted in Lucilla's presence at that anxious moment.

When we had left the oculists together I had sent Zillah with a little written message to Reverend Finch, entreating him (if it was only for form's sake) to reconsider his resolution, and be present on the all-important occasion to his daughter of the delivery of the medical opinions on her case. At the bottom of the stairs (on our return) my answer was handed to me on a slip of sermon paper. "Mr. Finch declined to submit a question of principle to any considerations dictated by mere expediency. He desired seriously to remind Madame Pratolungo of what he had already told her. In other words, he would repeat, and he would beg her to remember this time, that his Foot was down."

On re-entering the room we found the eminent oculists seated as far apart as possible one from the other. Both gentlemen were engaged in reading. Mr. Sebright was reading a book. Herr Grosse was reading the Mayonnaise.

I placed Lucilla close by me, and took her hand. It was as cold as ice. My poor dear trembled pitiably. For *her*, what moments of unutterable suffering were those moments of suspense before the surgeons delivered their sentence! I pressed her little cold hand in mine, and whispered, "Courage!" Truly, I can say it (though I am not usually one of the sentimental sort), my heart bled for her.

"Well, gentlemen," said Nugent, "what is the result? Are you both agreed?"

"No," said Mr. Sebright, putting aside his book.

"No," said Herr Grosse, ogling the Mayonnaise.

Lucilla turned her face toward me—her color shifting and changing, her bosom rising and falling more and more rapidly. I whispered to her to compose herself. "One of them, at any rate," I said, "thinks you will recover your sight." She understood me, and became quieter directly. Nugent went on with his questions, addressed to the two oculists.

"What do you differ about?" he asked. "Will you let us hear your opinions?"

The wearisome contest of courtesy was renewed between our medical advisers. Mr. Sebright bowed to Herr Grosse: "You first." Herr Grosse bowed to Mr. Sebright: "No—you!" My impatience broke through this cruel and ridiculous professional restraint. "Speak both together, gentlemen, if you like!" I said, sharply. "Do any thing, for God's sake, but keep us in suspense! Is it, or is it not, possible to restore her sight?"

"Yes," said Herr Grosse.

Lucilla sprang to her feet, with a cry of joy.

"No," said Mr. Sebright.

Lucilla dropped back again into her chair, and silently laid her head on my shoulder.

"Are you agreed about the cause of her blindness?" asked Nugent.

"Cataracts is the cause," answered Herr Grosse.

"So far, I agree," said Mr. Sebright. "Cataract is the cause."

"Cataracts is curable," pursued the German.

"I agree again," continued the Englishman—"with a reservation. Cataract is *sometimes* curable."

"*This* cataracts is curable!" cried Herr Grosse.

"With all possible deference," said Mr. Sebright, "I dispute that conclusion. The cataract in Miss Finch's case is *not* curable."

"Can you give us your reasons, Sir, for saying that?" I inquired.

"My reasons are based on surgical considerations which it requires a professional training to understand," Mr. Sebright replied. "I can only tell you that I am convinced—after the most minute and careful examination—that Miss Finch's sight is irrevocably gone. Any attempt to restore it by an operation would be, in my opinion, an unwarrantable proceeding. The young lady would not only have the operation to undergo, she would be kept secluded afterward, for at least six weeks or two months, in a darkened room. During that time, it is needless for me to remind you that she would inevitably form the most confident hope of her restoration to sight. Remembering this, and believing as I do that the sacrifice demanded of her will end in failure, I think it most undesirable to expose our patient to the moral consequences of a disappointment which must seriously try her. She has been resigned from childhood to her blindness. As an honest man, who feels bound to speak out, and to speak strongly, I advise you not further to disturb that resignation. I declare it to be, in my opinion, certainly useless, and possibly dangerous, to allow her to be operated on for the restoration of her sight."

In those uncompromising words the Englishman delivered his opinion.

Lucilla's hand closed fast on mine. "Cruel! cruel!" she whispered to herself, angrily. I gave her a little squeeze, recommending patience, and looked in silent expectation (just as Nugent was looking too) at Herr Grosse. The German rose deliberately to his feet, and waddled to the place in which Lucilla and I were sitting together.

"Has goot Mr. Sebrights done?" he asked.

Mr. Sebright only replied by his everlasting, never-changing bow.

"Goot! I have now my own word to put in," said Herr Grosse. "It shall be one little word—no more. With my best compliments to Mr. Sebrights, I set up against what he only thinks what I—Grosse—with these hands of mine have done. The cataracts of miss there is a cataracts that I have cut into before, a cataracts that I have cured before. Now look!" He suddenly wheeled round to Lucilla, tucked up his cuffs, laid a forefinger of each hand on either side of her forehead, and softly turned down her eyelids with his two big thumbs. "I pledge you my word as surgeon-optic," he resumed, "my knife shall let the light in here. This lofable-nice girls shall be more lofable-nicer than ever. My pretty Feench must be first in her best goot health. She must next gif me my own ways with her—and then one, two, three—ping! my pretty Feench shall see!" He lifted Lucilla's eyelids again as he said the last word—glared fiercely at her through his spectacles—gave her the loudest kiss, on the forehead, that I ever heard given in my life—laughed till the room rang again—and returned to his post as sentinel on guard over the Mayonnaise. "Now," cried Herr Grosse, cheerfully, "the talkings is all done. Gott be thanked, the eatings may begin!"

Lucilla left her chair for the second time.

"Herr Grosse," she said, "where are you?"

"Here, my dears."

She crossed the room to the table at which he was sitting, already occupied in carving his favorite dish.

"Did you say you must use a knife to make me see?" she asked, quite calmly.

"Yes, yes. Don't you be frightened of that. Not much pains to bear—not much pains."

She tapped him smartly on the shoulder with her hand.

"Get up, Herr Grosse," she said. "If you have your knife about you, here am I—do it at once!"

Nugent started. Mr. Sebright started. Her daring amazed them both. As for me, I am the greatest coward living, in the matter of surgical operations performed on myself or on others. Lucilla terrified me. I ran headlong across the room to her. I was even fool enough to scream.

Before I could reach her Herr Grosse had risen, obedient to command, with a choice morsel of chicken on the end of his fork. "You charming little fools," he said, "I don't cut into cataracts in such a hurry as that. I perform but one operations on you to-day. It is this!" He unceremoniously popped the morsel of chicken into Lucilla's mouth. "Aha! Bite him well. He is nice-goot! Now, then! Sit down all of you. Lonch! lonch!"

He was irresistible. We all sat down at table.

The rest of us ate. Herr Grosse gobbled. From Mayonnaise to marmalade tart. From marmalade tart back again to Mayonnaise. From Mayonnaise forward again to ham sandwiches and blanc-mange; and then back once more (on the word of an honest woman) to Mayon-

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naise! His drinking was on the same scale as his eating. Beer, wine, brandy — nothing came amiss to him: he mixed them all. As for the lighter elements in the feast—the almonds and raisins, the preserved ginger and the crystallized fruits—he ate them as accompaniments to every thing. A dish of olives especially won his favor. He plunged both hands into it, and deposited his fistfuls of olives in the pockets of his trowsers. "In this ways," he explained, "I shall trouble nobody to pass the dish—I shall have by me continually all the olives that I want." When he could eat and drink no more, he rolled up his napkin into a ball, and became devoutly thankful. "How goot of Gott," he remarked, "when he invented the worlds to invent eatings and drinkings too! Ah!" sighed Herr Grosse, gently laying his outspread fingers on the pit of his stomach, "what immense happiness there is in This!"

Mr. Sebright looked at his watch.

"If there is any thing more to be said on the question of the operation," he announced, "it must be said at once. We have barely five minutes more to spare. You have heard my opinion. I hold to it."

Herr Grosse took a pinch of snuff. "I also," he said, "hold to mine."

Lucilla turned toward the place from which Mr. Sebright had spoken.

"I am obliged to you, Sir, for your opinion," she said, very quietly and firmly. "I am determined to try the operation. If it does fail, it will only leave me what I am now. If it succeeds, it gives me a new life. I will bear any thing and risk any thing on the chance that I may see."

So she announced her decision. In those memorable words she cleared the way for the coming Event in her life and in our lives which it is the purpose of these pages to record.

PYTHON AND BOA.

THE incident of which we give an illustration on page 1077 occurred as follows: It was dinner-time in the reptile house of the London Zoological Gardens, and a rabbit, encircled in the folds of a boa, had just uttered its last squeak. Then the boa began to swallow his prey, but before it had entirely disappeared down his maw a python shot forth, moving swiftly round a glass shade placed in the centre of the cage, seized on the half-ingulfed rabbit, and not only swallowed it, but the boa also, all but a few inches of his tail. A keeper named HOLLAND, being immediately summoned, boldly seized the python, and forced him to disgorge, though not without receiving some severe bites. He accomplished this difficult operation thus: seizing the python behind the head, he shook it till about a foot of the boa's tail projected from its mouth. He then threw the python down, whereupon it opened its mouth of its own accord, and helped its comrade to wriggle out. The boa's tail quivered about, and the python pulled back like a mad thing, lashing about in every direction with its tail. Meanwhile HOLLAND swiftly hauled out the boa, blinding the angry python by clapping his cap over its head. The whole affair was over in less time than it takes to tell it, but the keeper, nevertheless, deserves grateful recognition for his pluck and promptitude. He says that large snakes have often bowled him over, or pushed him against the wall, and recommends that if a snake comes at you, you must seize him, and by passing your hand up and down, prevent him from coiling round you. The boa, which is about six feet long, seemed little the worse for his temporary imprisonment.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

STATISTICS of industrial losses in Paris consequent upon the war with Prussia are startling. The number of boot and shoe makers before the war was estimated at 34,000; of these 10,000 were Germans and Belgians, who have found openings for their industries elsewhere; of the remaining 24,000 French workers 12,000 have been killed, or are in prison or exile, leaving only 12,000 to ply their trade. The making of ladies' shoes was formerly a specialty in Paris, but circumstances seem to be forcing this industry into other countries. In ordinary times the tailors of Paris numbered 30,000; now 10,000 of these are missing. Almost all other industries have suffered in a similar manner. Parisian jewelry, both real and artificial, was celebrated all the world over. Many skilled artificers have been induced to go to London, Brussels, and even to come to New York. The receipts of the best hotels in Paris give evidence that the number of strangers and visitors has greatly diminished. Guides and interpreters have almost disappeared; cafés are not doing their ordinary business; and the closed shutters of numerous shops tell their own tale. Yet to the outward eye of many visitors the city seems the same old bright, gay, sunshiny Paris as they stroll through certain sections which bear no external marks of the devastations of war. But any extended investigations reveal what cruel wounds the once fair city has suffered.

The *Shoe and Leather Reporter* says that probably the severest strain to which the Eastern boot and shoe trade has ever been subjected will result from the Chicago calamity. At this season of the year Western and Southern dealers accumulate large stocks of goods, which they are enabled to do owing to a system of long credit. In the fall of the year, also, the freight lines, engaged in transporting millions of tons of produce from the West to the Eastern markets, reduce their tariff for return freights so low as to make it an object for the Western merchants to take advantage of the low rates, the difference between September and February being usually 200 per cent. in favor of the former month. Owing to these several influences, there can be no doubt but that Chicago had on hand at the time of the conflagration the largest stock of goods ever before at any one time in her possession. It is estimated that the destruction of boots and shoes will easily foot up a total loss of not less than $10,000,000 in value. Every shoe house in the East will feel the effect of this heavy loss. Many of them certainly must suffer severely.

The postal cards which go through the British mails for a half-penny are cream-colored, and the size of an ordinary letter envelope. On one side are printed the directions for superscription, the English coat of arms, and the Queen's head; the other side is left blank for the message or letter. For brief letters containing no privacy they are certainly convenient.

London has opened a new business—a regular trade in wild animals, which is really brisk. Lions and tigers may be bought either at wholesale or retail.

A ludicrous incident of the Bangor railway celebration was the putting of the words, "Welcome to the President" upon the county jail by a Boston decorator employed for the occasion. The jail is a handsome building, and conspicuously situated, and the decorator did not know the special purposes to which it was dedicated. He was somewhat chagrined to learn his blunder, and hastily pulled the motto down just before the President passed by.

The home of Artemus Ward, at Waterford, Maine, is advertised for sale.

Every where may be found harpies who will, if possible, turn to their own greedy gain a common misfortune. Chicago had her share of such. The following anecdote of General Sheridan illustrates the manner in which some of these unscrupulous dealers were forced to limit their avarice. Having heard that a certain hotel-keeper on the Southeast Side was extortionate in his prices, General Sheridan disguised himself and visited the Individual, asking him what he "charged by the day."

"Ten dollars," was the response.

"Could you not run it at $2 50?"

"No, we charge ten dollars per day," was the reply.

"Well," answered Sheridan, "if you do not take your sign down, and replace the $10 with $2 50, *we will run it for you.*"

Whatever followed few knew, but $2 50 per day was the charge from that hour.

We should have fewer military organ-grinders if the example of one Marcus Ainsworth, of Calais, Vermont, were properly appreciated. Although possessed of but one arm, Marcus dug eighty bushels of potatoes in one day. He deserves not only a pension but a prize.

A medical officer of the English army writes to the London *Times* supporting the theory that the cholera is generated by the vast assemblages at Hindoo religious gatherings on the banks of the Ganges. There are sometimes 300,000 Hindoos gathered on these occasions, and a severe epidemic is almost invariably generated. Instances are mentioned to substantiate this theory.

A curious statement, said to have been prepared from authentic statistics, appears in the French papers, showing that during a year's occupation of Champagne the German army of occupation consumed no less than 2,550,000 bottles of the famous vintage of that country.

The "Heathen" Chinese of San Francisco contributed thirteen hundred dollars for Chicago.

The Belgians, like the French, are not very strong on the geography of foreign countries, and we are not surprised to find quoted in a recent number of the *Indépendance Belge*, under the head of "Punishment in the Prisons of *China*," a sensational letter to the New York *Times* describing certain atrocities said to be practiced at *Sing Sing*.

Seldom has there been a season so abounding in fruit of every variety. Our markets are literally choked with the superabundance. Grapes have been especially fine and sweet this year, and numerous varieties are yet plenty. Luscious pears are seen on fruit stands at almost every street corner. Apples—golden, green, and rosy ones—make attractive contrasts, and the display of this fruit is large.

We are pleased to see that Professor M'Graw, of the Detroit Medical College, imparted to the last graduating class some of his excellent ideas in regard to the general aspect of a physician's office. He says: "I have been in doctors' offices where a skull grinned from one corner, ghastly anatomical plates hung from the walls, and splints, suggestive of broken bones, were placed conspicuously in every corner. What a delightful resting-place for a sick woman—visions of death, disease, and injury greeting her on every side! Now, gentlemen, make your offices pictures of comfort and cheerfulness. Banish from them every sign of your professional occupation, so that your patients may enter them not only without disgust, but with actual elevation of heart." If there is any place which should be made bright and cheerful, and contain something interesting and amusing to the mind, it is the room where patients are often compelled to wait an hour. We have often seen them, weary and restless, with nothing to do but to gloomily reflect on the ills their flesh is heir to, growing each moment more impatient, and feeling evidently twice as sick as when they first entered the unattractive room. Without exception, the pleasantest physician's office we ever entered was that of Dr. D——, a well-known practitioner of Boston. Books, flowers, paintings, engravings, rare and beautiful curiosities, handsome carpets and furniture, luxurious sofas and easy-chairs: with these the rooms were filled; and our time of waiting seemed neither long nor tedious. All physicians can not afford such abounding luxuriance; but there is no reason why pleasant books and magazines and cheerful pictures should not be found in the waiting-room of every physician.

Dr. Hall does not approve of the old-fashioned doctrine which formerly was instilled into the minds of children—namely, that they should spring out of bed the instant they awoke in the morning. He says that "up to eighteen years every child should be *allowed* ten hours to be in bed. They may not require ten hours' sleep, but time should be allowed to rest in bed, after the sleep is over, until they feel as if they had rather get up than not. It is a very great and mischievous mistake for persons, old or young, especially children, and feeble or sedentary persons, to bounce out of bed the moment they wake up; all our instincts shrink from it, and fiercely kick against it. Fifteen or twenty minutes spent in gradually waking up, after the eyes are opened, and in turning over and stretching the limbs, do as much good as sound sleep, because these operations set the blood in motion by degrees, tending to equalize the circulation; for during sleep the blood tends to stagnation, the heart beats feebly and slow; and to shock the system by bouncing up in an instant and sending the blood in overpowering quantities to the heart, causing it to assume a gallop, when the instant before it was in a creep, is the greatest absurdity. This instantaneous bouncing out of the bed as soon as the eyes are opened will be followed by weariness long before noon."

When Rochefort heard his sentence of imprisonment for life in a colonial fortress he was much excited. Upon being taken back to his cell he broke into loud sobs, threw himself on the floor, and tore his hair. His lamentations could be heard in every part of the building for several hours. Finally the ex-editor of *La Lanterne* fainted, and it was some time before he awoke again to consciousness.

A new discovery has been made in regard to grape leaves—namely, that from them yeast may be made, which in some respects is superior to hop yeast—the bread rising sooner, and not possessing that peculiar taste to which many object in hop yeast.

There are scores of advertisements in our newspapers of wonderful remedies, the secret of which will be imparted on the receipt of a few postage stamps or a small sum of money. In general these things are all humbugs. Nineteen-twentieths of the unwary who are caught by them find themselves hoaxed, as was the simple country youth who believed an advertisement which offered, on receipt of fifty cents, to show any one how to write without pen or ink. He sent his fifty cents, and received the simple direction, "*Write with a lead-pencil.*" Occasionally a more useful answer comes. Not long since a dyspeptic was beguiled by an advertisement to send to a New York individual a dollar, for which sum a cure for dyspepsia was promised. He received a printed slip with these words, "Stop drinking and hoe in the garden." The man was angry at first, then laughed, and finally stopped drinking and "hoed in the garden." In a short time he was as well as ever. There is more in this cure than would appear at first sight.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

AN alderman was heard the other day putting the following specimen of what may be called "corporation" logic: "All human things are hollow; I'm a human thing, therefore I'm hollow. It is contemptible to be hollow, therefore I'll stuff myself as full as I am able."

"Eighteen ladies will lecture this winter," says an exchange. Is that all?

A young lady went into a music store and asked the clerk if he had "Loving Eyes." He replied, "I'm told so by the girls."

Another poor girl has died in Virginia from the use of tobacco, at the age of one hundred. She was an orphan.

The Rev. George Moore, of Edinburgh, was riding, one snowy day, muffled up in a Spanish cloak, and with a woman's shawl tied around his neck and shoulders. These garments, flapping in the wind, startled the horse of a "commercial traveler" who met the divine, and who, irritated at the plunging of his steed, exclaimed, "You would frighten the devil, Sir!" "Maybe," answered Mr. Moore; "for it's just my trade."

PERMANENT HEAD-QUARTERS—The shoulders.

"Thou hast loved me and left me—for twenty-five cents," is the inscription upon some sheet music in the window of a New York dealer.

A POPULAR LOAN—Cologne.

Why is every Boston boy sure to make a noise in the world?—Because he is a little Hub bub in himself.

A stoical Scotchman was addressed by his sick wife, "Oh, John, I sha'n't leave this bed alive!" "Please theeself, Betty, and thee'll please me," returned John, with great equanimity. "I have been a good wife to you, John," persisted the dying woman. "Middlin', Betty, middlin'," responded the matter-of-fact husband.

Money is a great lever in the affairs of man; so great a lever that some of us can never keep it.

People afflicted with corns should go to Cincinnati, where the streets are said to be filled with foot-pads.

"Boy, why did you take an armful of my shingles on Sunday?" "Why, Sir, mother wanted some kindling-wood, and I didn't want to split wood on Sunday."

Thiers likens himself to "an umbrella on which it has been raining for forty years." Isn't it time he was shut up?

"THE BEST POLICY"—That with the largest bonus.

A man out West read that dry copperas put into a bed of ants would cause them to leave, and put some in his mother-in-law's bed to see if she wouldn't go. He says she was there at last accounts.

WANTED TO KNOW IMMEDIATELY—What is "the milk of human kindness" per quart?

At a trial not long since one of the witnesses, an old lady of some eighty years, was closely questioned by the opening counsel relative to the clearness of her eye-sight. "Can you see me?" said he. "Yes," was answered. "How well can you see me?" persisted the lawyer. "Well enough," responded the lady, "to see that you're neither a negro, an Indian, nor a gentleman."

LABOR IN VEIN—Working in a coal mine.

An epitaph in a rural church-yard reads thus: "Here lies Bernard Lightfoot, who was accidentally killed in the forty-fifth year of his age. This monument was erected by his grateful family."

HOW TO GET A LONG WELL—Dig it deep.

A veteran shoe-maker says that, although his clerks are very talkative during the day, they are always ready to shut up at night.

"IF A CANDLE DRIPS TOO MUCH, EXTINGUISH IT."—*Domestic Economy.*

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THE TRINKHALLE AND SPA HOMBURG.—[See Page 1082.]

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THE HOMBURG SPA.

THE double-page illustration in this number of the *Weekly* shows the aspect of the crowd of idlers and invalids frequenting the "Trinkhalle," or pump-room, of this famous watering-place. Here are the young and old, the refined and vulgar, the strong and sickly, but not the poor; for this is no healing Pool of Siloam for those most in need of relief and least able to pay for it. There is much to be said, no doubt, concerning the salutary effects of different springs, which contain various solutions of the muriates and carbonates of lime, soda, or magnesia, or the oxides or sulphates of iron and other metals; the former being good for bathing, the latter for drinking. Both sorts are found abundantly accessible in these famous German watering-places —Homburg, Wiesbaden, Ems, and Schwalbach—which are most agreeably situated amidst the picturesque scenery of the Taunus Mountains or the Lahn Valley. But it is probable that the change of air, the change of scene, the simpler habits of life (if people are wise), the early rising and retiring, the walking or riding exercise, and the lighter fare of the Continental cuisine may do them as much good as the alkali, or the sulphate, or whatever other chemical ingredient is perceptible in the mineral waters of the place.

Like our own watering-places, Homburg will undoubtedly continue to be a place of fashionable resort for invalids requiring change of air and diet, even when the gambling-house is closed, as it will be after the season of 1872, by a law of the new German empire.

THE BALLAD OF BOSS BILLEE.

It was four pirates of Gotham City,
They went a-sailing out to sea
In a long, low, black, brass-mounted schooner,
Which carried the name of Tammanee.
There was Rueful Richard and Cunning Peter,
And Joky Oakey and Boss Billee.

Now when they had been some years a-sailing
It blowed a regular jamboree;
And overboard fell Rueful Richard,
A-leaving his debts to his deputee.
"Push him under," says Joky Oakey;
"It takes all our craft to carry three."

Now when they had sailed a little further
There came a big ship up on their lee,
And the skipper hollered through his trumpet,
"Whoever the devil may you be?"
Then Joky Oakey snapped his fingers:
"What will you do about it?" says he.

The skipper he called to Charles O'Conor,
"Just hand that big chap up to me."
So Charles he reached down into the schooner
And jerked Boss Bill out suddenlee;
And the last that was seen of Master William
The skipper had him over his knee.

When Joky Oakey saw this happen,
He fell a-weeping bitterlee:
"Ah, were I again but an honest peddler
Of second-hand puns and poetree!
Alas! there isn't in all Joe Miller
A joke for this catastrophe."

To Joky Oakey said Cunning Peter,
"With your expressions you are too free."
Said Joky Oakey to Cunning Peter,
"I guess you don't realize, Peter B.,
That we have lost, in William's pockets,
The grog and the grub for all we three!

"And what is to hinder Charles O'Conor,
Whenever the skipper shall agree,
From reaching again down over the gunnel
And catching hold of my green coatee,
To lock me up in a County Court-house,
Or uninhabited Armoree?"

"Do as I tell you," said Cunning Peter,
"We are both in one boat, you see:
Let us surrender to Richard O'Gorman,
And tell him to smite us tenderlee.
Better be smote by Richard O'Gorman
Than swing at O'Conor's main-cross-tree!"

—*From the Tribune.*

HIS LITTLE LESSON.

AMONG the half dozen American girls who bore off the palm of beauty that winter in Rome she was the very prettiest—a triumph sufficient to turn almost any feminine head at nineteen, though it affected Milly Anderson less than her rivals would have believed.

She had been in Europe some twelve months, under the care of old Miss Josephine Southbrooke, who acted as her guardian since the odd change in Milly's life which made her an heiress in the world's opinion, as report, of course, magnified her fifty thousand dollars into a fortune three times that amount. It had all happened less than two years previous, but before the money came Milly had dreamed her little dream and seen her romance rudely destroyed, as most of us are obliged to do before youth is any where near gone.

Laurence Southbrooke was a younger brother of old Miss Josephine—a staid bachelor of forty when he first went down with his sister to pass the summer in the beautiful Pennsylvania valley where Milly had spent the quiet seventeen years which then made up her life. She was living with some relatives who were in every respect uncongenial, and not overfond of her, besides; and Milly taught the village school that season to escape the feeling of dependence, which had become unendurable. Shy, stiff Laurence took it into his head to fall absurdly in love with her, and as it was the first time, old as he was, that he had indulged in such weakness, of course he took the disease in its severest form. But he was too reticent and undemonstrative for any body to perceive how much he had the matter at heart, and not even his sister really knew that he proposed to Milly, and was refused.

He seemed fairly ancient in the girl's eyes, and she wondered at his folly—a little cruel in her treatment of his affection, as the very young are apt to be before they learn what love is worth. Then she drifted away into the full beauty of her dream, for Albert Marston came into the neighborhood, an idle young poet, always raving of the wonderful books he meant to write, and wasting the present in any pleasure which fell in his way, as such natures usually do.

The winter passed, spring came, and summer. Marston made ready to leave his relatives and go to South America. Milly found herself in the eyes of her little world regarded as a jilted, disappointed creature; and there were plenty of severe elderly virgins who did not scruple even to assail her reputation, after the charming habit of the race.

Between the ache at her heart and the blow to her pride, Milly nearly went mad. She was not a girl to sit down and die, as a good many weak women might have done. She determined to go away out West, beyond the reach of enemies and the friends who were more to be dreaded, with their reproofs and condolences. She was absolutely trying to obtain a situation as teacher somewhere in Nebraska, when, without any warning, Destiny lifted her out of poverty and the necessity of painful cares in regard to the future. Some railway and manufacturing company, in which Mr. Southbrooke was largely interested, bought a farm that Milly owned; coal had been discovered thereon, and before she could realize it she was the possessor of what at first seemed a colossal fortune. Then Miss Josephine Southbrooke came to her and proposed that she should become Milly's guardian, and take her to Europe. The old maid had not been very cordial during the past months: she knew that the girl had caused her brother suffering; but when Milly's fickle admirer left her to bear heart-ache and slanders, the spinster's generous nature relented at once and completely. It may be, too, that the idea of pleasing her brother helped her more easily to ignore the past.

So for a year the two women had wandered about the Continent, and now the Carnival found them settled in Rome, and Milly at the height of her pleasant successes. Laurence Southbrooke joined them in the dear old city, and Milly felt that she was making acquaintance with him anew, he was so different from what he had appeared to her ignorant girlish eyes in the days when he first came within reach of her quiet life. No brother could have been kinder or more thoughtful; still as the weeks went on Milly grew fretted by a certain impalpable barrier which seemed to keep them apart, and which no efforts of hers succeeded in breaking down.

"I suppose he thinks I'm silly and frivolous," grumbled Milly to herself, "and my head turned by this change of fortune, and all the nonsense of these ridiculous men: he ought to be ashamed of himself not to know me better."

Then, womanlike, she made herself appear more carried away than ever by worldly pleasures, got herself the name of being an intolerable flirt, was more worshiped in consequence, and so all the sooner exhausted the small excitements of her youthful sovereignty.

A rich Bostonian dared his fate, and was refused; at least half a dozen brother Americans followed suit: and when each was discarded in turn, people said that the heartless creature had set her mind on a title and coronet.

"It certainly looks like it," Miss Southbrooke observed to her brother one morning, after repeating for his benefit a quantity of gossip and advice which had been poured in her ears by sister spinsters and jealous mothers with daughters to be provided for. "I declare, the charge of a young lady is a more serious business than I anticipated."

"Milly must choose for herself," Laurence answered. "She is gentle and affectionate with you—always good-natured, careful not to make us trouble. I think it is all we could have a right to ask."

He spoke so calmly, even unconcernedly, that the old maid wondered to herself if he had really gotten over his fancy for the girl, but she asked no questions; that was a subject upon which there had never been the slightest confidence between them. I suppose away down in her heart Miss Josephine must always have guarded a shade of rancor against Milly for having brought Laurence pain or disappointment, but the wonderful old woman never showed it by word or look, and Milly had long since decided that the spinster was entirely ignorant of his temporary fascination.

It had ended thoroughly enough, Milly thought, and was a little indignant thereat. Before he joined them she fancied that little affair would make their first meeting difficult, and fluttered herself a good deal. Her trouble was wasted, and he did the elder brother so successfully that she was inclined to be vexed, for all she had beforehand been so full of remorse at the thought of having caused him suffering.

One night, at a grand ball given by Prince Torlonia, our little American was so much admired and surrounded that it really might be considered her crowning triumph, and in the midst of it she came face to face with a ghost, as most of us have done at one time or another in the course of our pilgrimage. The saddest, dreariest ghost, too, human eyes can ever see—that of a dead love! She was in the midst of a waltz when she caught sight of it, but made no sign, though she was conscious that the eyes followed her every where, at first with an expression of incredulity, which changed to wonder and admiration—those marvelous dark eyes whose passionate light had so often thrilled her soul in the old time.

Miss Josephine was not well this evening, and had consigned Milly to the care of a friend, and as the girl's partner led her back to Mrs. Walworth at the conclusion of the dance, she found that lady gayly conversing with the phantom, who looked handsome and melancholy enough to have been the shade of Hamlet himself.

"My dear," cried the widow at once, "here is my most abominable of cousins waiting to be presented to you. He says you have forgotten him, though he tells me a long story that I didn't listen to about having known you; so let me name—"

"Mr. Marston doesn't need an introduction," interrupted Milly: "I never forget my old friends. How nice it is to meet you here, of all places! But, dear me! don't act so dazed. I think it is I who ought to be introduced. Bless me, Mrs. Walworth, you must have made a mistake! It can't be Mr. Marston meant. He certainly doesn't behave as if he knew me!"

Would any mortal have dreamed that her first impulse had been to run away and hide her eyes from the phantom of her old love, with its dismal waking, its horrible pain? The widow began to laugh and jest too. Albert Marston tried to subdue his unaccustomed awkwardness and constraint, and say the words suitable to the occasion, but it was very difficult. This Milly, radiant in costly silk and laces, with pearls gleaming on her neck and arms, and with her ease of manner, her woman-of-the-world air, was so unlike the shy girl who had looked up to him in loving humility, and yet so much the same, with her fleeting smiles, her changeful face, that he was completely taken aback, and wondered at his own folly and presumption in scarcely having considered her his equal in the old days.

It was a night of odd bewilderment and confusion to him. He kept near Milly as much as was possible; but though she treated him with the utmost cordiality, she was surrounded by such a crowd of admirers that he was poorly satisfied with his share of her attention and gracious words.

Late in the evening he did find her free for one waltz. In the midst of it, while he was whispering his delight at this meeting in that musical voice whose slightest utterance had once possessed such fascination for her, she looked up and saw Laurence Southbrooke watching them. He had promised to come and see her home, and it was part of his creed never to forfeit his word, even where the slightest matter was concerned. Milly gave him a smile and a quick amical sign as she floated past. He smiled in return, but there was a troubled look in his eyes which carried her back to that summer day when she had so carelessly refused the offer of his love. It was not like Milly to be intentionally cruel, but to-night she really seemed so. Her spirits rose to an unusual height, and for the next hour she did nothing but tease Laurence every time she got within his reach; and Albert Marston told himself that, if this newly revived passion for Milly grew, he need not fear a rival in the staid old bachelor, and was patronizingly cordial to him in consequence.

The first news Miss Josephine had of the meeting with Marston reached her from the lips of Mrs. Walworth, who came the next morning to see how Milly was after the fatigues of the ball.

"To think of your knowing my cousin!" began the widow at once; "and he is crazy about you. He's such a nice fellow, too, and so handsome—isn't he, Milly? Miss Southbrooke, did this wicked girl tell you of the new victim she made last night?"

"No," replied the spinster, rather curtly. "Milly knows I'm old-fashioned in my ideas, and don't believe in girls making victims."

"Oh, but there will be cakes and ale still, though you may be virtuous," cried the widow, unblushingly twisting Shakspeare to suit her purpose. "And I assure you any girl might be a little proud of victimizing Albert Marston."

"Who?" demanded Miss Josephine, in an awful voice, forgetful of etiquette and proper breeding.

"My cousin, young Marston. Didn't you meet him when Milly did in America?"

"I know his name," replied the spinster, stiffly.

Milly was conscious that the ancient vestal's eyes were fixed full upon her in wonder and wrath; but she said, with a charming innocence, which seemed a horrible insolence to her guardian, "You will know him, I hope. I asked him to come and see us. It's so nice to meet one's old friends."

Miss Josephine could not trust her temper an instant longer. She rose and left the room, with a scant farewell to Mrs. Walworth and a parting glare at Milly.

"What ails her this morning?" asked the widow. "She marches off as if her corset was made out of the fender; but she's a good soul, in spite of her oddities."

"She's the best woman that ever breathed," cried Milly, hotly—"worth twenty thousand like you and me!"

"Bless me! I haven't slandered her. You needn't be so sharp. What is the matter with every body this morning? Be good, and come off your pedestal. I want you to go to Clarisse's with me. I must have a new dress for the Doria ball."

The two plunged straight into millinery and laces; and Milly, having a genius for adornment, devised an attire for her friend which would be perfection. Presently they went in search of that most expensive and autocratic of modistes, whose very name must always remain a sound of horror and dread to every unfortunate masculine that has taken his womenkind to spend a season in Rome.

It had been agreed several days previous that the Southbrookes and Milly were to go this very Wednesday to the Spada Palace, but Milly came home so late from her shopping expedition that luncheon was over, Miss Josephine sitting in her shawl and bonnet, more upright and rigid than any thing but a statue ever did before, and her brother immersed in a newspaper by the window.

"I'm dreadfully late," said Milly. "Please don't be vexed, Miss Jo. I couldn't get away from Lina Walworth."

"I am afraid the tea is cold," returned Miss Jo, with lofty politeness.

"Oh, I don't care for any. I'll just eat a bit of bread, and we will start."

"A bit of bread for a girl who has danced till two o'clock in the morning!" exclaimed the spinster; then recollecting the *rôle* she had determined to assume, added, "of course you are the best judge; I never give advice."

Milly understood what it all meant; Miss Jo was tacitly declaring that she washed her hands of her young friend and her concerns. A creature with no more dignity or self-respect than she was displaying in regard to Albert Marston deserved neither mercy nor care.

There was an odd, provoking smile on Milly's lips, which she was careful to hide from her guardian, as she sat down at the luncheon-table. Mr. Southbrooke rose and brought her a glass of wine, speaking for the first time.

"If you are too tired to go, we'll put off the expedition," he said, kindly.

"I'm not a bit tired," she answered, "not a bit. I only hope Miss Josephine won't eat me. I never saw her really cross before."

"You have!" exclaimed the spinster; and long after she acknowledged that only the bliss of being downright rude kept her from bursting a blood-vessel. "Twenty times you have! I'm as good-natured as ever I was in my life, only you and Laurence go off to balls, and come home at indecent hours crookeder than two sticks, and then lay the blame on me! Bah! I'm sick of human nature—I wish I was a camelopard! As for fools, I do think Lina Walworth is the biggest one I ever saw in a petticoat, and I've seen big enough, the Lord knows."

Laurence laughed a little, and Milly tried to keep from joining him, but it was useless: laugh she must, if Miss Jo boxed her ears on the instant.

"If we are going at all, we'd better be off, I should think," said the spinster. "Laurence, if your brain has softened you'd be safer in bed! As for Milly, the tone and manner she is adopting of late are any thing but becoming to a young lady."

"Josephine!" pronounced her brother. The word was very softly spoken, but it brought the good soul back to her senses. Milly paid no attention to her lecture, and the three drove away, in a rather subdued mood; but before they reached the Spada Miss Jo relented, and was sweet as honey. Once in the gallery, her wrath rose to boiling heat again, for the first persons they met were Mrs. Walworth and Albert Marston. Miss Jo's reception of them was about what one would imagine Lady Macbeth's manner might have been at a Scotch dinner-party. However, nobody concerned was greatly troubled by her stateliness. Marston took possession of Milly, and separated her as much as he could from the rest of the party. The widow fastened herself to Southbrooke's arm, and as she was a charming conversationalist, with a carefully cultivated appreciation of art, he was not greatly to be pitied. They both tried to talk to Miss Josephine, but she was very terse and crisp in her answers—unreasonably as angry with her brother as she was with the others. He did not appear either indignant or grieved at Milly's conduct, and though she would have despised the weakness if he had, she could not forgive him for keeping her in a state of uncertainty and trouble.

This day was the commencement of a very uncomfortable month for Miss Josephine, though she was obliged carefully to govern both words and conduct. She knew that her brother watched her, and would resent the least change in her manner toward Milly; besides, after her first feeling of anger, she was too much grieved at the destruction of her private hopes in regard to the pair to have any room in her mind for harsher sentiments.

Milly went on in the most beautiful unconsciousness, apparently, that any thing was amiss; treated the spinster with even more demonstrative affection than usual, and never scrupled to rally Laurence upon his growing love of solitude, and the silent moods into which he gradually subsided. The Carnival ended, there were no more balls or dinners to keep people up till impossible hours, so during the pleasant sunshiny days there was leisure for sight-seeing. But all the beauties of nature or art soon became loathsome to Miss Josephine, because, wherever they went, Albert Marston either accompanied them on the expedition or managed to encounter them in any gallery or church in which they set foot.

The quiet Lenten days floated slowly past, bringing neither peace nor rest to poor Laurence, though he bore his burden, as became a man, in silence, with a patience which amounted to heroism. As Easter grew near it became too hard to bear; and one morning, at the breakfast-table, he looked up from a pile of letters he was reading, and said,

"I am thinking of running over to Vienna; the Macphersons are there, and seeing him will make it easier for me to stay in Europe until autumn: he is going home, and can attend to some matters for me."

"I'd be willing to start for America to-morrow," exclaimed Miss Jo, setting the tea-pot down so heavily that the table shook. "And why shouldn't we go to Vienna with you?"

"I shall be busy all the time; it would not be pleasant for you—"

"You are not good at excuses," interrupted

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Milly, laughing. "The truth is, you have got one of your morose bachelor fits on, and want to be alone. Miss Jo, do let him have his way; we will go to Naples and Venice with Mrs. Walworth and her party."

The spinster could have throttled the young lady with pleasure, but Laurence was watching; so she leaned back in her chair, shut her lips close, and breathed like a person who had just run too fast up a steep hill.

"That was what I meant to propose to you," Laurence said to Milly.

"How very good of you to think about it!" cried Milly. "Go off and amuse yourself by all means; we're of no consequence, being only women."

To free her mind, fall in a fit, or run away: one of the three courses was open to Miss Jo. She chose the latter; and, once in the solitude of her room, she sat down and cried as heartily as if she had been fifteen instead of fifty. Laurence talked a while on unimportant topics; then a servant brought in a note for Miss Milly, and he took refuge in a newspaper while she was reading it.

"Excuse me for interrupting you," said Milly, rather loftily. "I have an invitation from Mrs. Walworth for us to go with her party to Albano to-day. Do you wish to go?"

"I have seen the villa so many times—"

"That you don't care to see it again," broke in Milly. "That settles the matter so far as you are concerned. I'll send the note up to Miss Josephine to see if she likes the idea."

Presently the servant came back to say that Miss Josephine had a headache, and begged Milly to go without her. Milly's cheeks got scarlet, and her eyes flashed ominously.

"I'm so glad to feel that I am no restraint on your doing just as you please," said she; "it puts me completely at my ease."

"I am sure, if you wish it, Josephine would go," Southbrooke answered. "For my own part, I only meant to say—"

"Excuse me: there's no necessity for discussing the matter further," cried Milly. "I am going to the villa, and you to stay at home—it's all settled. A pleasant day to you!"

She was absolutely insolent in her careless disregard of the pained look in his face. He rose to leave the room. As he reached the door she called:

"Apropos to going and staying, when are you off for Vienna?"

"Next Tuesday," he answered, setting that date without reflection. "You will have a lovely morning for your drive. Good-by."

He closed the door without receiving any other answer than a careless wave of the hand: she was deep in her note again. Laurence walked slowly across the great antechamber, thinking a thousand dreary thoughts in an instant; above all, and saddest of all, coming the weak question, what good was his life? what hope had the future? what but vexation and bitterness were his fortune, his reputation, any good that Fate had offered, since she denied him the one happiness which could have sweetened and made valuable the other gifts?

"Mr. Southbrooke," he heard Milly call suddenly.

He looked back. She had opened the door of the breakfast-room, and was standing in the shadow of the crimson curtains, making such a pretty picture, in her light draperies, that he thought of St. Cecilia and Raphael's Madonnas, and half a dozen other famous creatures whom she was not a bit like.

"I beg your pardon?" he said, questioningly, moving toward her.

"Don't be so English," returned she, irritably. "Say, What do you want? American fashion."

"Say, what do you want?" he repeated, smiling at her through the trouble that dimmed his eyes.

"I want you to wait till Easter-Monday before you start for Vienna," she answered.

"Easter-Monday be it; the delay is of no consequence," he said. "You have some reason that you will tell me, I suppose?"

"I shouldn't be surprised if you found out the reason for yourself, returned she, and swept back into the breakfast-room with a bitter little laugh. The mocking sound rang in Laurence's ears during his long solitary walk, and made him deaf and blind to every thing but the sharp pain at his heart. It was all plain to him; before Easter he was to be told that Milly no longer required his sister's guardianship; she had made her choice, and would leave them to become Marston's wife. He was to hear the Easter bells ring out, see the sun of that blessed season shine forth, and know that for the murdered hopes and love lying in the chill tomb of his soul there could be no resurrection.

The days passed on. Miss Jo was so wretched with a feverish cold that she staid at home a great deal, but would not permit Milly or her brother to keep her company, and the young lady had constantly expeditions on foot, into which she dragged Laurence without scruple. Every night there was an opera or a concert, or somebody gave a reading, or did something else fiendish, and Milly must go, and Laurence accompany her to watch Albert Marston's assumption and confident graces, which he had a small, spiteful satisfaction in assuming whenever Southbrooke was present. Truth to say, the young man was any thing but as certain as he appeared; Milly's treatment puzzled him excessively. She was cordial and pleasant; but though their intercourse seemed to lookers-on a violent flirtation, he was astonished to find how she kept him at a distance, and gave him no inducement really to hope that his suit was a thing she expected to hear renewed.

Finally his atrocious vanity helped to a solution of the mystery. She had not forgotten his former treatment of her; she wanted the little revenge of holding him in suspense until he absolutely spoke the fatal words—asked her outright to marry him. He was violently in love with her now—what he dignified by that name, at least, and it certainly was the strongest sentiment he was capable of feeling, next to his love for himself.

He meant this week to put his fate to the test, and lay in wait for opportunities, which Milly skillfully deprived him of. He began to think it was Southbrooke's fault. The man kept hanging about her lately—he was doing his best to ward off any explanation. A bright idea at last occurred to the young poet: he would punish the stiff old fellow properly for his impertinence. Southbrooke should be made the bearer of the tidings, should be forced to tell Milly with his own lips of Marston's proposal. He had confided his story to his cousin—indeed, his present devotion was patent to all beholders. Mrs. Walworth encouraged him to believe that he had only to speak, and Milly would relent; and as the pretty widow heartily detested Southbrooke, she was delighted with the plan for humiliating him.

It was the day before Easter. Marston was announced to Laurence as he sat alone in his private sitting-room.

"I wouldn't have bothered you," said the young man, rather cavalierly, as he entered, looking so handsome and youthful that Laurence for an instant felt a vague pang of envy rise in his heart, "but the matter about which I wish to consult you is of a good deal of importance to me."

"Pray be seated," returned Southbrooke, courteously. "If I can oblige you in any way, you may count on my doing so."

"That's sweeping. Will you stick to it?" asked Marston, laughing, till Laurence caught the insolence intended, and his fingers tingled with a desire to throw him out of the window.

"I never go back from my word," he said, quietly. "Pray sit down."

"Thanks," said the visitor, and sat down directly opposite, looking full in Southbrooke's face with cruel eyes, which meant to lose no jot of the pain his words would cause. "Perhaps you can guess what brings me here?"

"I have very little fancy," replied Laurence. "You had better tell me outright. Not advice, I am sure, because I have often heard you say you hated that."

"I want you to do me a favor. As Milly's guardian, I suppose, too, it's *en règle* to come to you first."

Southbrooke's eyes never wavered; not a muscle of his face changed. "Wait," he said; "let us have every thing quite clear. It is my sister who is Miss Anderson's guardian. Perhaps you would like to see her?"

"No, no," replied Marston, hastily, for he stood rather in awe of the old maid. The opening was not so successful as he had expected. Southbrooke decidedly had the best of it. The young man's difficult temper was rising; he made his *grand coup* abruptly. "The truth is, I come as a suitor for Miss Anderson's hand."

"Then it would be best to go to Miss Anderson," returned Laurence. "All I can do for you is to inquire if she is at home."

"You can do more than that," he continued, more and more vexed, and determined to sting before he was through. "I may as well be frank. In the old days I treated Milly a little cavalierly. I never actually told her I loved her. We were both poor then, and I was *criblé de dettes*—"

"I think that explanation ought only to be made to her," interrupted Laurence, gravely. "If I know her at all, she would be deeply offended at your saying this to me."

The blood rushed to Marston's face. He had not explained himself as he meant to do. To receive a lesson, in addition to feeling that he appeared a vain fool, was more than his pride could endure. "It is always better to be perfectly candid," said he. "The fact is, I have every reason to think Milly will consider my proposal favorably. I should have had my answer before this, only somehow since I made up my mind to speak, you have never left us alone for a moment. I don't suppose it was intentional; but I thought it better to put the whole case plainly before you."

"Mr. Marston," returned Laurence, "for your own sake, I am very glad that you were not guilty of the meanness of attributing such petty plots to me. For mine, the explanation was not necessary; only, now that you have made it, I owe it to myself to show you that, so far from standing in your way, I am ready to aid you to the utmost of my power—"

Before he could finish there was a tap at the door, and Milly half opened it to call, "Miss Jo wants to see you before you go out, Laurence."

Then she saw his visitor, and added, "You here, Mr. Marston? I thought you would be dead after the fatigues of yesterday."

"Please come in," said Laurence, gravely. "Mr. Marston's errand was to you."

She entered the room and sat down, while the young man exclaimed, shaken out of his assurance, and stammering like a school-boy,

"Wait, Southbrooke. You place me in a very odd position. I owe it to—"

"I owe it to myself to be set right with both of you," continued Southbrooke, while Milly leaned calmly back in her chair and looked from one to the other. "Possibly Miss Anderson may have fancied the same thing of me that you did."

"No! no!" cried Marston, hurriedly; "I said distinctly I did not think it."

"This is all very confusing," observed Milly, sweetly. "Pray let me hear. I am quite able to tell what I have or have not thought."

"Mr. Marston came to me with the offer of his hand for you," Laurence went on, in spite of a broken attempt at expostulation from the young man. "He told me that he should have spoken to you during this past week, but that I was so constantly about you he had no chance. I wish distinctly to state, as I did to him, that if either of you were capable of supposing me guilty of such conduct, I should be sorry, for your own sakes."

He stopped. Milly did not speak. Marston tried a dozen speeches, and broke down in each.

"Well?" Milly said at last, turning toward Southbrooke with a sudden flush on her cheeks and a bright light in her eyes.

"Nay," said he, "I have done my part. Mr. Marston must tell his own story. I will leave you that he may do so."

"There is no necessity," returned Milly. "It's a little mistake on my old friend Albert's part: he has no story to tell."

"Oh, Milly, how can you speak like that!" broke in Marston. "You know I love you. Let me tell you—the whole world may hear! I did love you even in the old days when I went away in silence. I couldn't speak then. Forgive me all that. Don't let any shadow trouble the present."

"This is more poetical than clear," answered Milly. "You mean that you think I suffered at your going away, and harbor resentment? My dear friend, let me set your mind completely at rest. I like you very much, but there is neither love nor anger in my heart toward you; there never was either."

"Milly! Milly!" he fairly groaned.

"I thought my conduct from the first would have shown it. You force me to speak now in a way that I am sorry to do, but I have no alternative."

"You did care, Milly—you are not in earnest—you can't deny that you did care," he cried, so nearly out of his senses that he scarcely knew what he said.

"Oh yes," replied Milly, "but not in the way you fancied. I was a silly, ignorant child in those days, and you were my first admirer. I have learned what love really means since then."

"I don't understand. Who—what—"

"What taught me?" she asked, as he broke down again. "Having the love of a true, honest man offered me, and wickedly throwing it away. Laurence, this is a morning of confessions; but I am not ashamed. I owed you this much at least." She hid her face in her hands. When she looked up Marston was gone. Laurence Southbrooke held her close to his heart, and the dull, actual world had floated away out of sight for both her and him.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

AMONG the disastrous results of the recent fire at Chicago, one not referred to in the public papers was the entire destruction of the building and collections of the Academy of Sciences of that city. This institution, first started by the energy of the late ROBERT KENNICOTT, Esq., and carried to its late condition of prosperity under the charge of Dr. WILLIAM STIMPSON, had already taken a front rank among the learned establishments of the country. Its publications embraced material of the utmost value, while its museum ranked at least as high as the fifth in the United States. Although believed to be fire-proof, the building, like others of the same character in Chicago, presented but little resistance to the flames, and every thing within the walls was destroyed. The loss included, besides the collections in natural history of the Academy, a large number of marine invertebrates belonging to the Smithsonian Institution, which had been forwarded to Dr. STIMPSON for investigation. The private cabinet of this gentleman, and a large mass of valuable manuscript belonging to him, embracing extended memoirs upon the mollusca, radiata, and crustacea of North America, with numerous illustrations, were entirely destroyed.

After a seven years' tour of exploration in South America, Dr. A. HABEL, a former resident of Hastings-on-the-Hudson, has returned to New York, where he is assiduously engaged in preparing the results of his labors for the press. Among the regions traversed by this gentleman may be mentioned the greater part of Central America, the Cordilleras of the Andes in Colombia, Ecuador, and Peru, and finally the Chincha Islands and the Galapagos. During this whole period Dr. HABEL was diligently occupied in gathering information in regard to the natural and physical history of the countries mentioned, especially in the departments of ethnology, meteorology, and zoology. He has already made some communications on the subject of his travels to the Academy of Sciences at Paris, and other learned bodies, and we look forward to his detailed report with anticipations of much interest. The guano deposits of the Chinchas were thoroughly explored by the doctor, who found them to be of a much more complicated structure than has hitherto been supposed.

Mr. MESTRE, the secretary of the Academy of Sciences of Havana, has lately offered in its behalf certain prizes for memoirs on subjects of medicine and natural history, indicating a gratifying condition of scientific activity in Cuba. Competition is open to persons of all nations, although the memoirs are to be written in the Spanish language. Among the prizes mentioned by Mr. MESTRE is one of three hundred dollars, proposed by the president of the society, Dr. GUTIERREZ, for the best paper upon a certain beetle which is very destructive to the sweet-potato. A full account of the animal and its habits is required, and the best method of protecting the plants against its ravages. The ZAYAS premium of one hundred dollars is offered for a paper upon the hygiene of children—to be written as an aid to mothers. Competition for these prizes is to close on the 1st of March, 1872.

A very important step in scientific education has recently been taken by the British government. A number of science teachers from various parts of England, Scotland, and Ireland were assembled in London for the purpose of attending practical classes arranged for their instruction under the auspices of the Science and Art Department, their expenses being defrayed by the government. In the section of biology thirty-nine students presented themselves; the course occupied six weeks, and the students attended every day (with the exception of Sundays). Each morning a lecture, occupying from an hour to an hour and a half, was given by Professor HUXLEY, and the remainder of the day was occupied in dissection, microscopic work, and demonstrations, in carrying out which Professor HUXLEY was assisted by Professor MICHAEL FOSTER, Professor RUTHERFORD, and Mr. RAY LANKESTER. The reports of the work and lectures daily sent in by the members of the class, many of whom had previously never used a microscope or dissected a single organ or organism for themselves, was entirely satisfactory; and the spirit and enthusiasm displayed throughout proved how greatly the value of the course was appreciated. Two microscopes were offered as prizes for the best work done, and the best record of lectures; and one of these was gained by a lady, and the only one in the class.

The aquarium at the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, near London, is now in full working order, under the management of Mr. W. A. LLOYD. The ground occupied by the aquarium and its adjuncts is nearly 600 feet long and 70 feet broad. The sea-water reservoir contains 80,000 gallons, and the fresh-water tanks 20,000 gallons, in all 100,000 gallons, weighing 1,000,000 pounds. The main aeration of the water is effected by mechanical agitation, and by the growth of sea-weeds on the rocks. The animals at present in the aquarium are sea-anemones, (about twelve species and 3000 individuals), tube-worms (four species), star-fishes (three species), sea-urchins, lobsters, crawfish, edible crabs, spider-crabs, swimming crabs, and various other crabs, prawns (two species), barnacles, oysters, mussels, cockles, scallops, whelks, periwinkles, dog-winkles, topes, cuttles (two species), skates, angel-fish, lance, pipe fish, lump-fish, sucking-fish, sole, plaice, cod, whiting-pout, whiting, rockling, wrasse (four species), goby (three species), blenny (three species), dragonet, gunnel, gray mullet, sea-bream, sea-scorpion (two species), poggy, gurnard, weaver, bass, and many other species of fish. A few of the animals consume green sea-weed, but the food of by far the larger number is animal, consisting of shrimps (alive or dead), crabs, mussels, oysters, and fish, but never butcher-meat. A full and very interesting account of this magnificent object, with drawings, appears in *Nature* for October 12.

Letters have been received from Dr. CARPENTER, who recently proceeded in the *Shearwater* to the Straits of Gibraltar, in order to investigate more thoroughly the phenomena of the current through the straits. He states that, in conjunction with Captain NARES, of the *Shearwater*, he has been able to accomplish a further series of researches, which place beyond all doubt the outflow of dense Mediterranean water into the Atlantic over the ridge, or marine water-shed, between Cape Trafalgar and Spartel, beneath the surface inflow of Atlantic water.

Mr. WILLIAM CROOKES, F.R.S., publishes in the October number of *The Quarterly Journal of Science* (London) a fresh series of experiments on the so-called "psychic force," mostly performed in the presence of the well-known "spiritualistic medium," Mr. D. D. HOME. Mr. CROOKES states that "these experiments confirm beyond doubt the conclusions at which he arrived in his former paper (published in the July number of the same journal), namely, the existence of a force associated in some manner not yet explained with the human organization, by which force increased weight is capable of being imparted to solid bodies without physical contact." Mr. CROOKES believes that this force is possessed by all human beings, although he has witnessed its exhibition in the case of but very few. Mr. CROOKES's previous account had not been received with great favor by the scientific world in England, the Royal Society and the British Association having both declined to take up the subject.

A gap has been made in the ranks of American naturalists by the death of the Rev. WILLIAM HINCKS, for many years Professor of Natural History at the University of Toronto, and previously holding a corresponding position in Queen's College, Cork. We owe a number of articles upon the botany and geology of Canada to his pen; among which was the announcement of a supposed new species of American swan, named by him *Cygnus passmori*, but which is now believed to be simply an immature stage of the trumpeter swan.

At a recent meeting of the French Academy of Sciences M. FAYE expressed a hope that a series of pendulum experiments would be conducted on the top of Mont Cenis, as well as in the central part of the tunnel recently completed, in order to test the effect of the mass of the mountain on the time of the oscillations.

According to *Nature*, geological science has met with a severe loss in the death of GERLACH, on the 8th of September last, in consequence of injuries received in falling from the mountains of the Upper Valais during the course of one of his explorations. This gentleman is well known for valuable works relating to explorations of the Swiss Alps.

The London journals announce the arrival at the Zoological Gardens in that city of a living specimen (since deceased) of the Panama tapir, described a few years ago as new, under the name of *Elasmognathus bairdii*, and of which an excellent figure is published in the *Field*. Although several specimens have been sent from Panama, designed for the London gardens, this is the first that reached England alive. It is not a little noticeable that this tapir, the largest and most remarkable of the several species inhabiting South America, should have remained undescribed until within a few years past.

The list of working men of science in America has lately been increased by the appointment of Dr. ALLEYNE NICHOLSON, late lecturer on natural history in the Medical School of Edinburgh, to the chair of natural history in the University of Toronto, made vacant by the death of Professor HINCKS.

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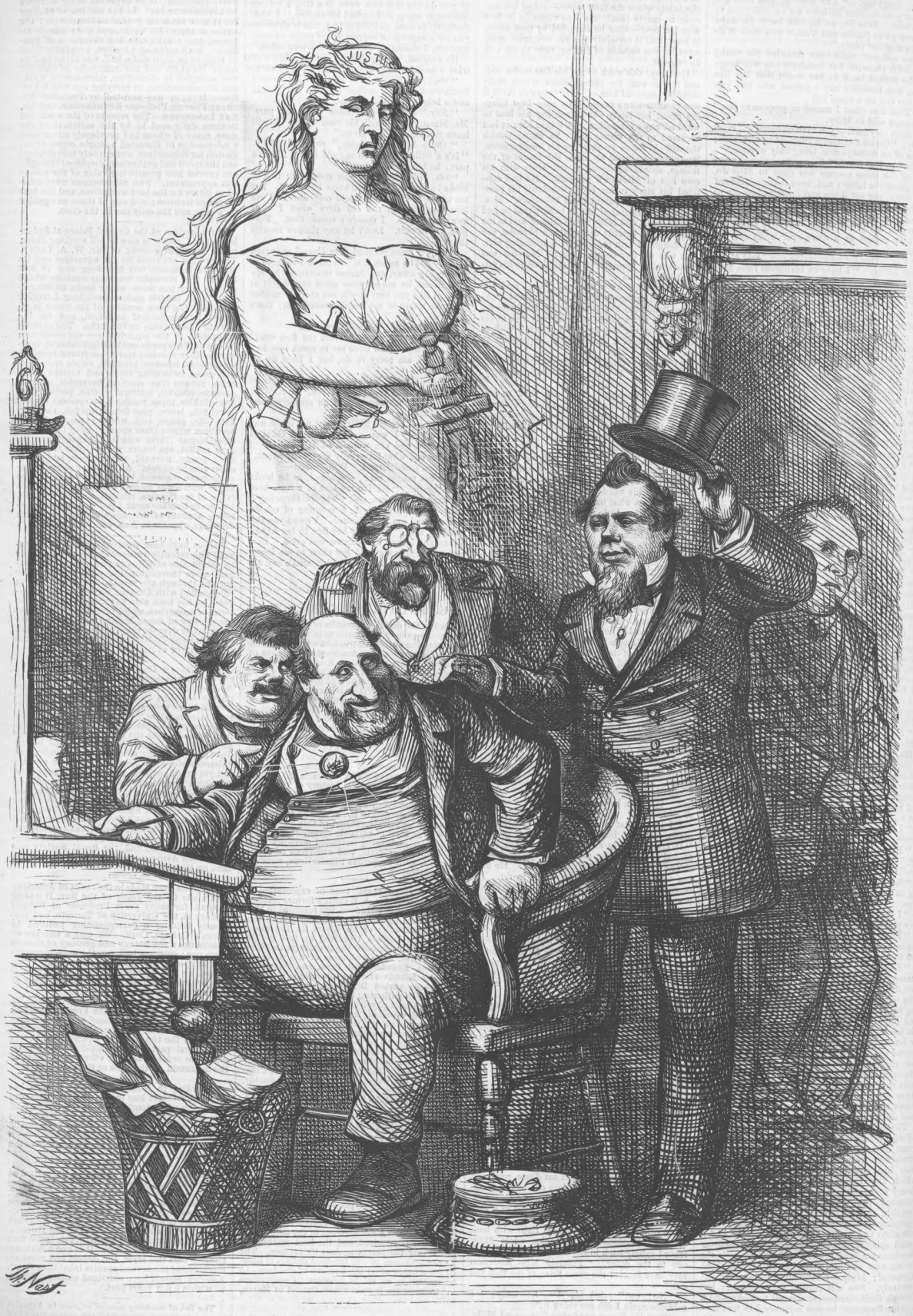

THE ARREST OF "BOSS" TWEED—ANOTHER GOOD JOKE.

THE SHADOW OF JUSTICE. "I'LL MAKE SOME OF YOU CRY YET."

"Sheriff BRENNAN merely nodded to Mr. TWEED, bade him 'Good-day,' and laying his hand tenderly on his shoulder, said, laughingly, 'You're my man!' It seemed like a deliciously cool joke, and, judging from the faces, it was."—*New York Tribune.*

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A SCHOOL AT ROME.

THE illustration on this page shows the great advance which has been made in Rome since the occupation of that city by the Italian government. It is a scene in a school-room—not a place where, as until recently, only narrow-minded theories were propounded, and the early lessons of life taught from a prejudiced and one-sided point of view, but a school where universal knowledge and liberal ideas are inculcated. There is little need for explanation; we most of us know the feelings of a "new boy" at school, and we will only hope that our little friend, a new boy under a new *régime*, may reap the full benefits of the advantages with which both he and his elders have been so recently endowed as the first-fruits of national liberty.

The Italian government certainly deserves great credit for its energy in establishing public schools, of which fourteen day and eight night have been opened since last November, and, although at first, owing to the strenuous opposition of the clerical party, few scholars attended, these schools now contain 6291 scholars, of whom 3224 were sufficiently advanced to compete at the recent examinations. This occasion was made a day of public festivity and rejoicing in the Italian capital. There was a magnificent gathering of children on the slope of the Capitol Mount—such a gathering as Rome never witnessed before—to celebrate the release of popular education from the clutches of the priesthood, and to show what the free government has been able to do in a single year; and the children testified their gratitude to VICTOR EMANUEL by patriotic songs and loud hurrahs.

This great movement is not confined to Rome. Nearly every city in Italy has eagerly seized the opportunity to establish free public schools. Even Naples, whose people were lower and more debased than those of any other Italian city, has caught the infection, and even the lazaroni have been seized by a mania for learning to read and write which perfectly astounds the priesthood. The government is fully awake to the importance of encouraging this new-born enthusiasm, in which it recognizes its only chance of safety against the intrigues of the Church. The large cities, following the example of countries where free institutions have had a longer existence, have set their schools on a solid foundation. Turin expends about $200,000 a year on free public instruction, Naples about $100,000, and Florence and Milan about as much as Turin.

When we consider that only a twelvemonth since there was not a single free school in Rome, and that the emancipation of Naples, Florence, and Milan dates but a short time further back, we can realize the magnitude of the work which has been accomplished. The government and the people join hand in hand to carry on the good work. May no priestly intrigue ever bring them under the old bondage again!

A PUBLIC SCHOOL IN ROME—THE NEW BOY.

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Bankers and Financial Agents of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad Co.,
No. 5 NASSAU ST., NEW YORK.

THE rails are being laid on the Western Division of 100 miles of the Extension of this great East and West Trunk Line, which in a short time will be ready for travel and traffic, and to commence the transportation of Kanawha coal to the Ohio River. The earnings of the Eastern Division of 227 miles, as a local road, awaiting the completion of the Middle Division of 100 miles, will reach this year nearly $800,000.

The total cost of the entire road, and the large equipment required for its mineral and through traffic, will be fully $30,000,000. The total amount of the FIRST-MORTGAGE Bonds, which we are now selling, is FIFTEEN MILLION DOLLARS, of which only about four millions remain unsold, the proceeds of which, with the cash on hand, will be ample for the completion of the entire line. The inducements they offer to investors are: a perfect security; great popularity, and a high price when the road is finished; the same rate of interest as FIVE-TWENTIES; principal and interest both payable in United States gold coin in New York City; their present low price (93 and accrued interest), 20 per cent. less than Five-Twenties, with equally certain payment of interest and principal.

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EXAMPLE FOR THE LADIES.

MRS. MARY O. LEWIS, of Tremont, Westchester County, N. Y., reports her personal earnings, by stitching only, with a Wheeler & Wilson Machine, as follows: Earned in 29 months, $7800; average per month, $269; per day, $10 76; earned in one day of 18 hours, $30; earned in one month, $350, an average per day of $14; earned in 12 months, $3745, averaging per day $12 50. She has used the sewing machine 17 years, and is now, and was during that time, in robust health.—[*Com.*]

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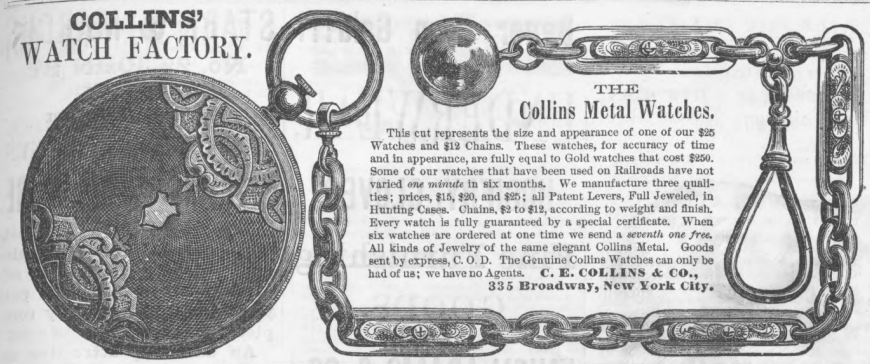

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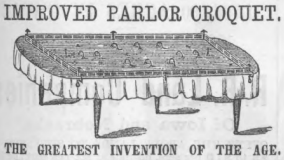

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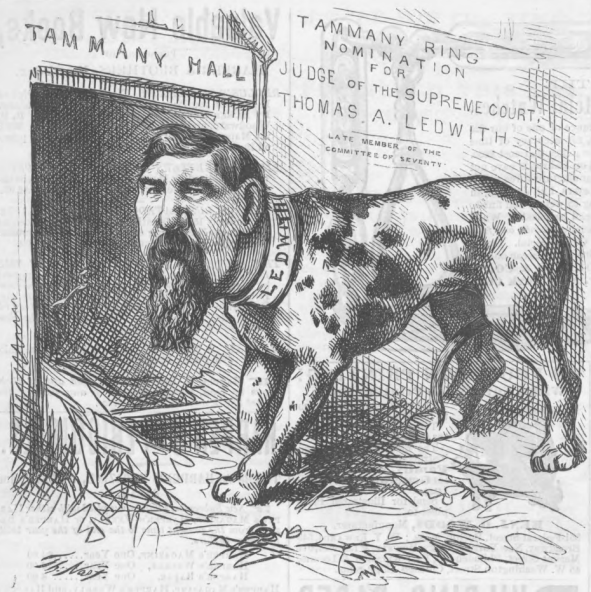

"A DOG RETURNETH TO HIS VOMIT."
(Prov., xxvi., 11; 2 Pet., ii., 22.)

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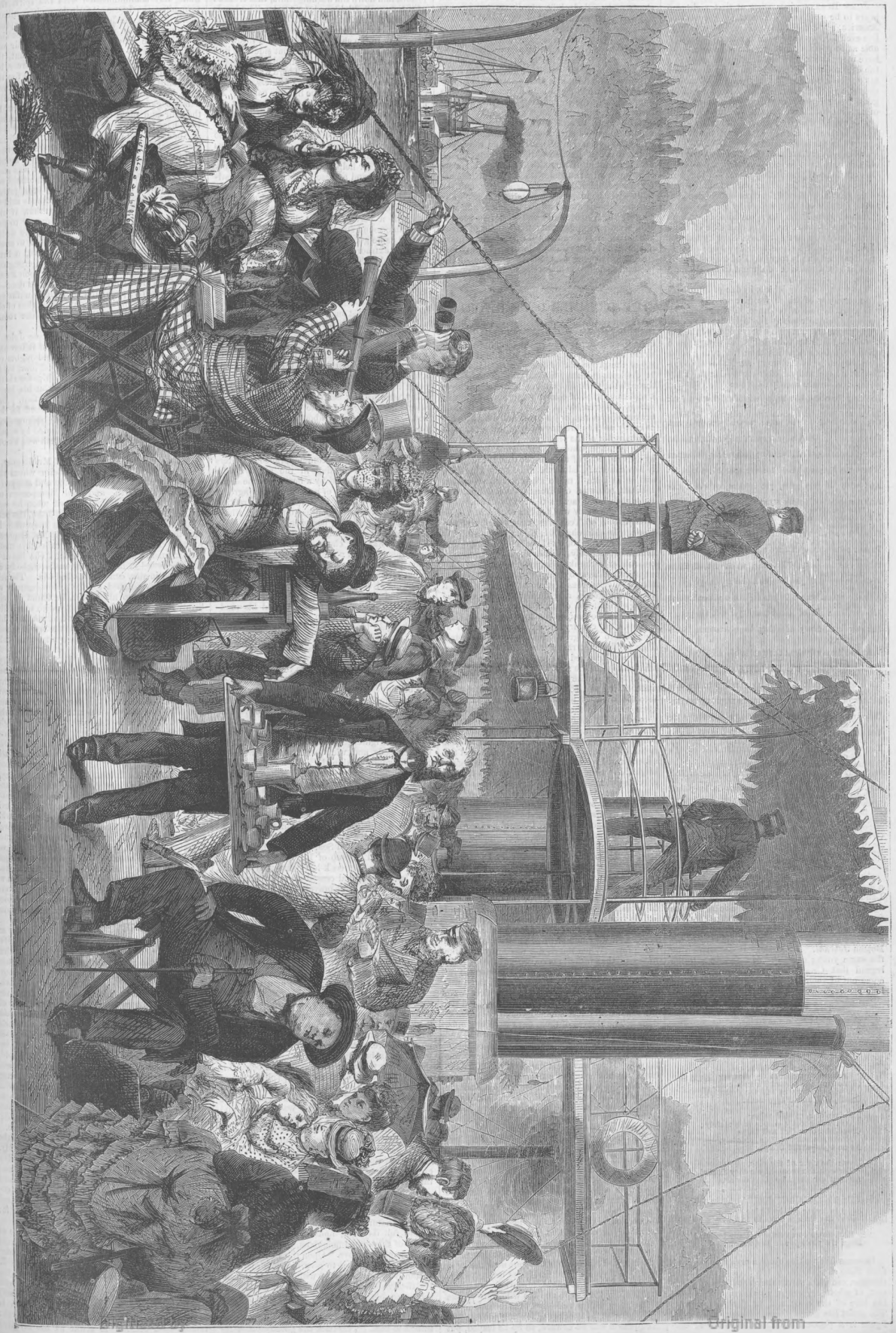

ON THE DECK OF A RHINE STEAMER.—[SEE PAGE 1090.]

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THE CASTLED RHINE.

JOHN RUSKIN gives what at first sight appears to be a whimsical reason for not visiting America. "I could not endure," he says, "to live even for two months in a country so miserable as to possess no castles." Americans who have made the tour of the Rhine will appreciate the sentiment which keeps the great master of art criticism within sight of the splendid memorials of a glorious past. Boast as we may of the greatness and grandeur of our own country, most of us come back from the Old World with a feeling of regret that we have no antiquity. The future is all well enough in its way, but it isn't our own in the sense that the past is ours. We sometimes hear Americans rail at old castles and old times, but the feeling is never quite sincere. One of the most practical specimens of the great West, with whom the writer once made the tour of the Rhine, professed the most unbounded contempt for the country, especially for the ruins. "Ruins! ruins!" he once exclaimed; "don't talk to me about ruins. I'm *that* sick of them that I'd give a dollar this minute to see a good new barn." But in his secret soul he adored castles, and treasured up photographs and engravings of them to give a touch of sentiment to his Western home.

The voyage up the Rhine, in one of those cozy little steamers of which we give an illustration this week, is full of romance. Every bend of the beautiful river brings new splendors to sight. Perhaps we can not give a better idea of the impressions made by this delightful voyage on a mind fresh from America than by quoting some lines written by an American student while stopping at a hotel in Frankfort-on-the-Main. They have never before been published:

Looking from the Landsberg windows, down a dark and narrow lane,
In the old imperial city on the borders of the Main,
Over shattered gables, over weather-stained and crumbling walls,
Down upon the broken pavement, where the sunlight never falls—
There, in old imperial Frankfort, famous for its Roman Hall,
Where the Emperors hold forever speechless Diet on the wall,
And with life-like gaze, yet lifeless, overlook the ancient town
And the desolate empty square where they kneit to take the crown—
I, a wanderer from the New World to the Old, sat still and mused,
While the strange sights of my journey, into fleeting visions fused,
Passed before my eyes once more. 'Twas the ebbing time of light,
When day lapses into evening, when the soul has clearer sight,
Wakes to finer thought, despite a dim unconsciousness of thought,
And the actual swims before it, like a vision out of naught:
Like a vision out of naught, and yet not altogether strange,
Memory and fancy blending in mysterious interchange.

Vanished from my sight the gables old and rent, and darksome lane—
I was dreaming, I was wandering, on the glorious Rhine again.
River of Romance! thy rushing sounded in my ears once more
Echoes of the minne-singer and the strolling troubadour;
With thy grandest of cathedrals, beckoning with uplifted hand
For the master-builder worthy of the master-soul that planned;
Thy crag-rooted robber castles, mighty still though half o'erthrown,
Ruinous but beautiful, all with ivy overgrown;
With thy vineyards, that full scanty foot-hold find among the stones,
And whose fragrance stirs the marrow in long-dead heroic bones;
With thy Mainz, no longer golden and resplendent in the sun,
Founded in the early ages, when the new time had begun
(While the Ark still loomed gigantic from the crags whereon it sat),
By the grandsons of old NOAH, wandering west from Ararat.

As the young American is evidently growing a little misty, we will leave him sitting in the old Landsberg to muse over the memory of his voyage; but in explanation of the line about the fragrance of the grapes, and its strange effect on the bones of the old heroic dead, we will quote a short poem which we cut from an old copy of the Boston *Journal*. We suspect it was written by the same young student. It refers to a Rhine legend that CHARLEMAGNE and his warriors come out of their graves at vintage-time to inhale the fragrance and bless the wine:

THE VINTAGE GHOSTS.

It was night upon the Rhine,
In the ripe month of September,
When the old heroic line
In their musty graves remember
The red blood of the lusty vine.

Lone, on the deserted deck,
I sat watching from the steamer
(Following the wizard Fancy's beck,
I, whom comrades call the dreamer)
Castle, cliff, and craggy neck.

Slowly o'er a crested ridge
Dim and ghostly shapes rose stately;
Cloud-like over cliff and ledge
Moved, in solemn train, sedately,
As on some aerial bridge.

Down the river of the vine,
Through the moon-lit air they floated,
And my ear caught strains divine,
As from minstrels airy-throated,
Sung in honor of the Rhine:

Sung in honor of the Rhine
And the vintage soon to follow.
Shades of old heroic line,
Hail, flown forth from caverns hollow!
Bless the vintage and the wine!

It seems like waking from a dream to descend from these airy heights to the deck of our Rhine steamer, crowded as it is with tourists of every sort, of whom not one in a hundred has a genuine love of the river and its glorious legends. The artist has given a scene from life. Every figure is a portrait. Doubtless many of our readers remember turning aside from just such scenes to fix their attention on the vine-clad slopes and castled cliffs. Ordinary tourists are not a pleasant set of people to travel with. They are always in the way. Their very presence is annoying, even when they have the civility not to disturb you with conversation. But this is one of the inconveniences of modern travel which have to be endured. Fortunately the view from the deck of a Rhine steamer is so fascinating that one can easily forget surrounding annoyances in the contemplation of the glorious scenery through which he is gliding.

To descend to still more prosaic matters, let us add that these steamers are admirably adapted to the navigation of the river and the wants of the crowd of sight-seers they carry during the summer and autumn months. The deck is narrow, but well arranged with seats and benches for the accommodation of passengers; and the table—which in pleasant weather is generally set on deck—is abundant, well served, and reasonably inexpensive. If one wishes to see the Rhine without undergoing the fatigue of much pedestrianism, he can not do better than make one or two voyages up and down stream in these steamers, stopping at night in any one of the pleasant little towns along the shore.

THE DRUMMER OF TEDWORTH.

ONE of the favorite ghosts of modern spiritualists is the "crockery-breaking ghost." This peculiar being apparently returns from the other world merely to play practical jokes in the interest of the proprietor of the nearest china-shop. It discloses nothing, lets no ray of light pass through the dark doors of death, merely indulges a malicious kind of coarse humor, and makes itself as disagreeable as it well can. A trail of broken dishes marks its path, and its visits are as costly as they are unworthy of the supernatural character of the visitor.

An instance somewhat analogous, often cited by the credulous of the present day, is the ghostly Drummer of Tedworth. The story runs thus, and in its time it made many a brave Cavalier shudder, many an old Ironside look behind him as he rode home across the lonely down. The scene of the story was the house of a Mr. John Mompesson, of Tedworth, near Salisbury, England. In March, 1661, this gentleman, who was a magistrate, ordered the arrest of a vagrant drummer (probably a real or sham old Cromwellian soldier)—drunken, impudent, and bragging, we may presume, by the fact that he accompanied his clamorous demands for alms with a noisy, outrageous, and deafening devil's tattoo on an old battered drum, which he would swear had smelled powder in five hundred battles, skirmishes, and cavalry affairs, from the rush at Edgehill to the great break-up at Worcester. This troublesome rascal was at last drubbed, secured, and dragged before the Wiltshire squire, who set him in the stocks or otherwise punished him, and gave the not-to-be-endured drum, in spite of the old soldier's vociferous entreaties, into the hands of his bailiff. There seemed no great cruelty in the case, and the sturdy beggar limped sulkily away, perhaps to steal a drum in the first barrack town, perhaps to die in the next ditch, or among the furze-bushes of the nearest down. There did not seem much to interest the supernatural world in the matter. The beggar might have gone on living, drunken, but reasonably happy, for years. No one could have presumed that Asmodeus, Mephistopheles, or any other of the sulphurous fraternity would have troubled themselves about a sham soldier's drum, or, indeed, that the beggar himself was warlock enough to have evoked such assistance. The result, however, proved that Beelzebub himself took up the matter very seriously, and poor Mr. Mompesson had a dreadful life of it. He would soon have given all the drums in England to have let that poor broken-down beggar alone.

About the middle of April, 1661, just as Mr. Mompesson was getting his valises, pistols, and saddle ready, preparing to start for London, the bailiff shut up the beggar's drum in the squire's house as a waif and stray of justice that no one cared for. When the squire was away, and the house in that rather nervous, sensitive state in which a house always is when under a female regent and in the absence of the master, there was one night an alarm of thieves. Voices were heard or were imagined, hands roughly tried the windows, heavy feet shuffled round some backdoor. The thieves of those days were brigands, who thought nothing of murder and arson, and would boldly besiege a house that resisted them. Roads were bad, justice was slow, assistance was far off. There was great danger if the attacking force was bolder or more numerous than the defenders. It was just a question which had the toughest heads, and whose skin would endure the most sword-cuts. The old disbanded troopers of both sides made desperate highwaymen, and they had not by any means forgotten how to rifle pockets and cut throats. There was, therefore, great alarm at Squire Mompesson's about these rascals. They were discussed in the parlor, in the buttery, in the stable, in the still-room; and no doubt Mrs. Mompesson was more pleased even than a good wife generally is to hear the hoofs of her husband's horse beat a gallop up the London road. The squire would look graver as he stopped his news of the king's doings, and heard of the danger that had threatened all he valued and loved. Be sure the first night he ground his sword sharper, looked to his pistol priming, and placed both weapons near the head of the great plumed and cushioned bed. No disturbance came that night, however; but three nights after, the squire and his wife were awoke by alarming sounds, rude thrusts at the oak doors, and loud, defiant knocks challenging admittance. Mompesson was no coward, so up he leaped, put on his slippers, struck a light, snatched up his pistols, and down the warning stairs, that creaked as if they were frightened, he went. The hands were still beating angrily at the hall door; so he, angry and ready to give whoever was there sudden death in the shape of two bullets, threw the door open and held his lantern out sideways into the darkness, at which he pointed his weapon. But no savage face met his. There was no one—nothing but the vast, mute darkness, that receded continually before the light he carried. As he stood there the knocking began again at another door. Sure now of where the impudent thieves were, and eager to attack them, Mompesson flung back the bolts and dashed open the second door, expecting a rush of furious men as he did so, and calling, probably, to his tardy serving-men for help. But again there was only the darkness, and a sense of alarm and superstitious, creeping horror now began to steal over him. He went round the house and examined every door and window. There was nothing; yet still a certain distant, hollow, and unaccountable sound struck his ear.

Just as he got back into bed, and was talking over the extraordinary occurrence with his wife, a remarkable thumping and drumming broke out on the very top of the house, which, conveniently for these spiritual demonstrations, was built almost entirely of wood. It was now but too evident to Mompesson that sword and pistol were ineffectual against such an intruder, and that the spirit of the beggar drummer was bent on taking a ghastly and terrible revenge.

The noise generally returned when every thing was shut up and the house was settling down to sleep. After a month's knocking at outer doors and in the open air, the sounds grew bolder, and came into the room where the fatal drum lay. They were usually heard four or five nights in seven, beginning when the family was safe in bed, and continuing for about two hours—that is to say, till the drummer himself (probably some artful servant or accomplice concealed behind a panel) grew tired. The disturbance usually commenced with what contemporaneous writers vaguely call "a hurling in the air over the house," and concluded by a beating of the drum as at the breaking up of a guard. This agreeable nocturnal visitor continued his distracting drummings for two months, during all which time Mr. Mompesson, perspiring profusely with fear, listened to it nightly with strained ears. Whoever was the cheat, the ghostly drummer had evidently been a soldier, for he played well-known old Cavalier points of war, and the different tattoos.

During Mrs. Mompesson's subsequent confinement, and three weeks after, the drummer, no doubt from sheer compassion, ceased his maddening parchment music. After this the old malice again broke out, and the ghostly drummer raged again, worse than before, particularly tormenting the children—an unworthy occupation even for a devil. In the dark their bedsteads were shaken, so that people in the room expected they would fall to pieces. Those who touched the beds at the time this was going on could feel the shaking, but could not feel any ghostly blows at any special point. Then came dreadful scratchings under the children's beds, as if by some terrible creature with iron claws. Sometimes the frightened children would be lifted up in their beds, and, whatever room they went to, the annoyance continued.

The drummer and his crew became at last so unbearable that a clergyman was sent for to exorcise these untoward spirits. When he arrived, grave and important, and had been duly refreshed with good sherry, he knelt down at the children's bedsides and read suitable prayers, sufficient to have started any respectable ghost post-haste to the Red Sea. The spirit was, evidently, a good Church of England ghost, for it withdrew into the cock-loft while the prayers were being read, and ceased all scratchings and liftings of beds. But prayers over, the drummer grew more outrageous than ever, and defied all religious purgations. In the presence of an aghast company the chairs walked about the room by themselves, and the children's shoes were thrown over people's heads. Every loose thing in the chamber began to fly about, and even a bedstaff was gently thrown at the astonished minister, on whose legs it fell soft as a lock of wool, and sank to the ground without rolling.

Mr. Mompesson, perceiving that the evil spirit especially persecuted his poor children, sent them to lodge at a neighbor's house, taking his eldest daughter, a child of ten, into his own chamber, which the drummer had not disturbed for a month before. As soon, however, as the child was snug in bed, relying on its safety in its father's room, the cruel drummer again began his pranks, answering questions by raps on the drum. It was also noted, with horror, that the terror at the knocking spread like an infection to even the animals; for when the noise was loudest, and burst out with the most sudden and surprising violence, no dog about the house would move, though the rapping was so violent and boisterous and rude that it could be heard, like some gigantic death-watch, far across the fields, and even awakened neighbors of the Mompessons in the village, which was at some distance.

On the 1st of November, 1662, the spirit displayed himself in a new character. A serving-man, who was in the children's room listening to the supernatural sounds then raging, suddenly, in the full daylight, and in the presence of a crowd of frightened neighbors, observed two of the floor-planks move. Upon this he half mockingly asked the spirit to give him one of them. Instantly the board glided within a yard of him. He then said, defiantly, and proud of the response to his wish, "Let me have it in my hand," upon which it pushed close to him. He thrust it back several times, but each time it returned to him. This trick the ghostly plank repeated twenty times, till Mr. Mompesson, disliking any communication with the spirit that tormented the house, "forbade such familiarities." That same day a sulphurous smell spread through the room, proving clearly to those simple Wiltshire people that the whole affair was diabolical in its origin. Soon after that, the neighbor's house in which the children were, being full of visitors, beds were made up for the little ones in the parlor, which no ghostly sounds had yet disturbed. Very soon here invisible hands began in the darkness to pluck them by the hair and night clothes, but no drummings were heard.

About the end of December, 1662, the drummer seemed to grow tired, but there was next nightly heard a noise like the jingling of money and tossing and clashing of coins. It was soon remembered that Mr. Mompesson's mother had, the day before these sounds began, been joking about the money fairies were sometimes said to leave to favored persons, saying that, if the drummer would only leave some money to pay for the trouble he had caused them, she would forgive him. After this the spirit took to small mischievous tricks. On Christmas-eve, a little before day, one of the younger boys, getting out of bed in the half-darkness, was hit upon a sore part of his heel with the latch of the door—a latch, moreover, peculiarly difficult to unfasten. The night after Christmas-day the clothes of old Mrs. Mompesson were thrown about the room, and her Bible was hidden in the ashes.

The spirit then began to persecute John, a servant of Mr. Mompesson, "a stout fellow and of sober conversation." For several nights together hands tore the bed-clothes off him, or, if he held them fast, struggled with him for them. Sometimes his shoes were thrown at his head, or he was held as if bound hand and foot. But he always found that when he reached for his sword and struck round with it he became free, a certain proof, to any one not blinded by superstition, that the spirit was mere flesh and blood, after all.

A short time after this a son of Mr. Bennet, a neighbor of Mr. Mompesson's, with whom the drummer had once worked, came and stopped a night at Tedworth, and told Mompesson of threats the drummer had uttered when he was arrested. His servant slept with John, the persecuted. That night, as soon as they were in bed, the drum was beat violently in Mr. Bennet's room, upon which he rose and called his man. The moment the man had gone John heard a rustling sound in his chamber, and somebody, as if dressed in silk, came to his bedside. The fellow instantly reached for his sword, usually so efficacious, but, to his horror, he found it held firmly from him, and it was only with much difficulty and tugging that he at last got it in his grasp; and as soon as he had, the spirit, whose incorporeal essence seemed always to dread cold steel, at once left him.

The spirit was versatile. Early in January, 1663, there began to be a singing in the chimney before the spirit appeared. One night lights like corpse-candles were seen about the tormented house. A blue and glimmering flame came into Mr. Mompesson's chamber, and those who saw it felt a pain in the eyes. After the light some one, apparently without shoes, was heard coming up the stairs. The light was seen four or five times in the children's rooms, and the doors were opened and shut at least ten times. When they were opened half a dozen persons seemed to enter and walk round the room, and Mr. Mompesson himself heard the rustling of silk. At last the spirit openly avowed his evil design. During the knocking a gentleman, who with Sir Thomas Chamberlain and others was present, said, boldly, "Satan, if the drummer set thee to work, give three knocks, and no more." Three knocks, and no more, were then at once distinctly given. The gentleman knocked again after that to see if it would answer him as usual, but it did not. He then bid it, if it were the drummer, to give four knocks, and no more, that night, which it did, and left the house quiet all the night after.

On Saturday morning, January the 10th, an hour before day, the ghost beat outside Mr. Mompesson's chamber, then went to the other end of the house, where some gentlemen visitors were, played four or five tunes at their door, then passed away. The next night, a blacksmith from Tedworth sleeping with John, the servant, there was a noise in the room as of shoeing a horse, and something came like a pair of pincers, and snapped at the smith's nose half the night. It was now universally allowed in Wiltshire that the vagrant drummer had bewitched Mr. Mompesson's house and household, and countless visitors came to see the place and hear the sounds. The possibility of their being caused by some knavish servant, acquainted with secret passages in the walls or roof, seems to have been entirely ignored, except by a few stubborn skeptics, who, from the beginning, declared the whole affair to be a rank imposture.

New manifestations soon appeared as the tricksters grew more daring. One morning Mr. Mompesson, rising to go a journey, heard a great noise below, where the children lay, and running down with a pistol in his hand, heard the cry of "a witch! a witch!" but on his entrance all became quiet. The ghost that feared cold steel seems also to have had a respect for hot lead.

One night, after playing many apish tricks at the foot of Mr. Mompesson's bed, the ghost went to one of his daughters' beds, and passed under it several times, lifting up the bed as it passed. There were three kinds of noises heard in the bed, and on thrusting at the ghost with a sword it seemed to shift and avoid the thrust, but still continued the movement. The night after it came panting like a tired dog. On a servant taking up a bedstaff to strike at the invisible

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intruder, the staff was snatched out of her hand and thrown away; and when visitors came up to see the room there was a sulphurous smell and a heat, though it was sharp winter at the time. The spirit kept up this panting and scratching for an hour and a half, then went into the next chamber and knocked a little, and seemed to rattle a chair. This was done for two or three nights together. After this the old lady's Bible was again found in the wood ashes. The next night the Mompessons strewed ashes over the room to see what foot-prints would be left, and the next morning found, to their horror, the print of a great claw, some unintelligible letters, and many circles and scratches.

About this time a distinguished visitor came to Tedworth, no less a person than the Reverend Joseph Glanvil, chaplain in ordinary to his most worthless majesty Charles the Second, a Fellow of the Royal Society, and an intimate friend of Baxter and Mr. Boyle. He came, full of credulity, to investigate the case and report on the remarkable phenomena.

"I went to bed," he says, "the night I was there, about eight of the clock, when a maid-servant, coming down from the children, told us that it was come. The neighbors that were there, and two ministers who had seen and heard it divers times, went away, but Mr. Mompesson, I, and a gentleman that came with me, went up. I heard a strange scratching as I went up the stairs, and, when we came into the room, I perceived it was just behind the bolster of the children's bed, and seemed to be against the tick. It was as loud a scratching as one with long nails could make upon a bolster. There were two little girls in the bed, between seven and eight years old, as I guessed. I saw their hands out of the clothes, and they could not contribute to the noise that was behind their heads. They had grown used to it, and had still somebody or other in the chambers with them, and, therefore, seemed not to be much affrighted. I standing at the bed's head thrust my hand behind the bolster, stretching it to the place where the noise seemed to come, whereupon the noise ceased there, but was heard in another part of the bed; but when I had taken out my hand it returned, and was heard in the same place as before. I had been told it would imitate noises, and made trial by scratching several times upon the sheet, as five and seven and ten, which it followed, and then stopped at my number. I searched under and behind the bed, turned up the clothes to the bed-cords, pushed the bolster, sounded the wall behind, and made all the search I possibly could to find if there were any trick, contrivance, or common cause of it. The like did my friend; but we could discover nothing. So that I was then verily persuaded, and am so still, that the noise was made by some demon or spirit. After it had scratched about half an hour or more it went into the middle of the bed under the children, and there seemed to pant, like a dog out of breath, very loudly. I put my hand upon the place, and felt the bed bearing up against it as if something within had thrust it up. I grasped the feathers to feel if any thing living was in it. I looked under and every where about to see if there were any dog or cat, or any such creature, in the room, and so we all did, but found nothing. The motion caused by the panting was so strong that it shook the room and windows very sensibly. It continued thus more than half an hour, while my friend and I staid in the room, and as long after, as we were told. During the panting I chanced to see something (which I thought was a rat or mouse) moving in a linen bag that hung up against another bed that was in the room. I stepped and caught it by the upper end with one hand, with which I held it, and drew it through the other, but found nothing at all in it. There was nobody near to shake the bag, or if there had, no one could have made such a motion, which seemed to be from within, as if a living creature had moved it.....It will then be said by some that my friend and I were under some affright, and so fancied noises and sights that were not. This is the eternal evasion. But if it be possible to know how a man is affected when in fear, and when unconcerned, I certainly know, for my own part, that during the whole time of my being in the room and in the house I was under no more affrightment than I am now while I write this relation. And if I know that I am now awake, and that I see the objects that are before me, I know that I heard and saw the particulars I have told. There is, I am sensible, no great matter for story in them, but there is so much as convinceth me that there was somewhat extraordinary, and what we usually call preternatural, in the business."

That same night Mr. Glanvil and his friend slept in the haunted chamber, and slept well; but about four o'clock in the morning a great knocking came, just without their chamber door. Glanvil started up, and asked who was there several times, but the knocking still continued. At last, mustering courage, Mr. Glanvil said:

"In the name of God, who is it, and what would you have?"

To which a voice answered, "Nothing with you."

Taking it to be a servant who had mistaken the door, Mr. Glanvil then lay down and went to sleep. But on telling Mr. Mompesson at breakfast, he was assured that no servant slept near that room or had business there, and that none of the servants were up till after daybreak. Nor did the supernatural events of that night end there; for presently one of Mr. Glanvil's servants came and told him that his horse was all in a sweat, and seemed to have been ridden all night. The groom being asked, said it had been well fed and dressed as usual. But that day, after a mile or two only over plain down, the horse fell lame, and died in two or three days after the completion of the journey.

The disturbances now grew worse than ever. Lights came in the morning into the children's chamber, and voices cried "A witch! a witch!" for a hundred times together. Another time, in the daylight, Mr. Mompesson, seeing some wood move in the chimney of the room where he was, discharged a pistol at it, and (no doubt hitting the rat that caused the movement) soon after found several drops of blood on the hearth and on the stairs. For two or three nights after that the ghost was quiet; then it came again, and began to torment a little child just taken from nurse. It would not let the child sleep for two nights together, and if candles came into the room they were carried away high up the chimney, or thrown under the bed. The ghost nearly frightened the child to death by leaping upon it, so that again the children had all to be removed. The next night something, about midnight, came up the stairs and knocked at Mr. Mompesson's door; but he lying still, it went up another pair of stairs to the man's chamber, and to John it appeared, in what shape and proportion he could never correctly describe, but large, and with two red, glaring eyes fixed steadily upon him: of that he was sure. It then quietly disappeared.

Another night, when strangers were present, it purred like a cat in the children's bed, and lifted up the clothes and the children, though six men held them down. The children were then removed to a second bed, that the first might be ripped open, but the annoyance began again worse than before. This continued four hours, till the children, getting their legs bruised against the bed-posts, had to rise and sit up all night. At other times ashes were strewn in the bed; and one night a long pike-iron was placed in Mr. Mompesson's bed, and in his mother's a naked knife, upright.

In April, 1663, a gentleman staying with the Mompessons found one morning that all the money in his pocket had turned black in the night, and a few days after Mr. Mompesson discovered his favorite horse in the stable with one of its hind-feet jammed in its mouth. Later in the month, for several nights together, Tedworth House was beset with seven or eight ghostly shapes, which, when a gun was discharged, shuffled away together into an arbor and disappeared.

In the mean time the real drummer had been going from bad to worse, and was at last committed to Gloucester jail for stealing. While in that place of durance a Wiltshire man came to the prison from curiosity, and the warlock asked what news there was in Wiltshire. The visitor said, "No news."

"No?" quoth the drummer. "Did you not hear of the drumming at a gentleman's house at Tedworth?"

"Yes, I've heard enough of that," said the Wiltshire man.

"Ay," replied the drummer; "I've plagued him, and he shall never be quiet till he hath made me satisfaction for taking away my drum."

Upon this being reported to Mr. Mompesson the man was taken and tried for a wizard at Salisbury. The drummer was indicted under the act (first James the First, chapter twelve) against any one who fed, employed, or rewarded any evil spirit. The grand jury found a true bill, but the petty jury acquitted him, though it was proved that he had boasted of books he had bought from an old wizard. While in prison the drummer sent to Mr. Mompesson to say if he would give him leave to work for him as a harvest-man he did not question that he could do him good in the matter of the noises. To this the Wiltshire squire, with discreet horror of wizards and witches, prudently replied that he knew the man could do him no good in any honest way, and therefore he would none of him.

Soon after this Mr. Hill, a friend of Mr. Mompesson, told the story of the drummer to a Somersetshire quack doctor. This man assured him that Tedworth House had become a rendezvous of witches, and that for a hundred pounds he would undertake to rid the house of all disturbances. He then, to prove his power, took up a looking-glass that was in the room, and asked Mr. Hill whom he desired to see. Mr. Hill replied his wife, who was then many miles distant. He looked, and at once saw in the glass the exact image of his wife working at her needle.

"The gentleman himself," says Glanvil, "averred that to me, and he is a very sober, intelligent, and credible person."

After about two years' vexation the ghostly Tedworth drummer finally laid down his obnoxious instrument.

Mr. Mompesson was much annoyed at the time by reports that the noises were the result of mere imposture, and wrote a public announcement denying that he had ever made any such confession. He really seems to have been an honest man, fully impressed with a belief in the supernatural character of the visitation. Mr. Glanvil says of him: "He is a gentleman of whose truth in this account I have not the least ground of suspicion, he being neither vain nor credulous, but a discreet, sagacious, and manly person, neither crazy nor imaginative." He suffered by the affair in his name, estate, and general peace of his family. Skeptics called him an impostor. Many others declared his misfortune to be the judgment of God against him for some notorious wickedness or impiety. His estate was injured by the concourse of visitors, and servants could hardly be induced to live with him. The king himself sent gentlemen to hear the noises, but nothing was seen or heard that night—a fact which delighted the disbelievers.

The whole story is a very remarkable instance of a long-sustained, apparently purposeless, yet successful imposture, and is a good example of the superstitions prevalent in the reign of Charles the Second. The noise seems to have been the result of some secret conspiracy of servants, whose intimate knowledge of the nooks and crannies of the house probably rendered them able to constantly vex and alarm the inmates, especially when the notion of ghosts and witches had been once started and confirmed by the rapping. The rats, with which the old wooden house was no doubt full, probably played a subordinate but important part in the same supernatural visitation. Addison afterward wrote a comedy on this vexatious imposture.

THE VINTAGE OF MEDOC.

SOME account of the vine-growing district of Medoc, near Bordeaux, was given last week, to accompany the sketch of the Château Lafitte vineyard, which produces one of the best varieties of claret wine. The subject of the illustration in this number, on page 1092, is the place in which the grapes are pressed, in the *cuves*, or vats, provided for that use; this building is called the *cuvier*, and is an essential adjunct to the vineyard.

The best bunches are carefully picked out, and the best grapes of each bunch, to yield an unpressed liquor. They are put into a large vat, called the *cuve-mère*, where they are laid to the depth of fifteen or twenty inches; a gallon or two of Cognac brandy is then poured over the first layer, and a second layer of choice grapes is put in, followed by another large dose of brandy, or some other spirit, to excite the vinous fermentation. The *cuve-mère*, when quite filled, is closed so as to exclude the air, and, covered with blankets or wrappers, is left to its own working about a month, after which the liquor is drawn off. The ordinary grapes, meantime, as fast as they are brought in and picked, are pressed by the feet of men, dancing briskly to the liveliest tune a couple of fiddlers can play. The whole mass is then cast into the vats, where the fermenting process naturally takes place. The vats are emptied as soon as the liquor is cold, which is after the lapse of from eight to ten or twelve days. A certain portion of the more highly fermented wine from the *cuve-mère* is added to that in each barrel taken from the ordinary *cuves*.

Six months after the vintage, in March of the next year, the wine is racked, or transferred to a fresh cask, and sometimes fumigated with sulphur, to check acetous fermentation. This operation is repeated before the great heats of summer, and probably a third time in the following October, care being taken to do it in fine, clear weather. It is usual to strengthen the wines of Bordeaux with a mixture of good Hermitage, and Rousillon is also employed for this purpose with the second-rate clarets. No other admixture is justifiable or can be attempted without destroying the wholesome and agreeable qualities of the wine.

THE BETTER PART OF VALOR.

THERE is an old French verse which illustrates that favorite excuse of all cowards: "The man that fights and runs away shall live to fight again." Mr. Robert Bell, in his edition of Butler's poems, published in 1855, made a foot-note of a wonderful collection of epigrams on this matter. Butler has the well-known couplet,

> "For those that fly may fight again,
> Which he can never do that's slain."

On this Mr. Bell remarks that Demosthenes, when reproached for running away from Philip of Macedon, replied, "A man than runs away may fight again." Scarron has,

> "Qui fuit, peut revenir aussi,
> Qui meurt, il n'en est pas ainsi."

In Nicholas Udall's version of the Latin apothegms of Erasmus, A.D. 1542, there is,

> "That same man that renneth awaie
> Maie again fight an other daie."

And in the "Musarum Deliciæ," A.D. 1656, there is,

> "He that is in battle slain
> Can never rise to fight again;
> But he that fights and runs away
> May live to fight another day."

The prudence of Demosthenes has borne much fruit.

THE DISGUISE OF WOMEN.

IN the island of Cos, as Sir John Mandeville tells us, there still lived, in his time—that is to say, during the fourteenth century—the daughter of that eminent physician, Hippocrates, M.D., who had then been dead, if history lieth not, nearly two thousand years. The goddess Diana, for some reason of hers unknown to Sir John Mandeville, had changed her by magic art into the form and figure of a loathly dragon a hundred fathoms in length. She inhabits—for one may suppose that she is still there—an old castle in the island, whence she comes out two or three times every year, but does no harm to any body. And she is doomed to remain in that form until some knight be found bold enough to kiss her on the mouth, disguised and hideous as she is. This once done, she shall turn again into a woman. Not long before Sir John visited the island a knight of Rhodes undertook the adventure. Mounting his charger he rode boldly into the castle where she lay; but when the dragon lifted her head the knight's courage left him, and he turned to escape; whereupon the dragon tossed him, horse and all, into the sea. This accident brought the adventure into disrepute. But there was another—a young man who knew not of the dragon. He, wandering about the island, came upon the castle, and entering it, discovered her on one of those rare days when she was permitted—in the strictest privacy—to resume her own shape in order to comb her hair. She told the youth, who was not yet a knight, that if he would go away and get knighted, and then come back and have the courage to kiss a harmless dragon on the mouth, she and all her wealth would be his. He went, was made a knight, and returned to the adventure. But, alas! when the dragon came out—so loathly and misshapen—his courage failed him too, and he fled in haste. She, when she saw that he turned not again, began to cry as a thing that hath much sorrow; and then she returned to her cave. Here she sits still, waiting for the knight to come who shall dare to kiss her on the mouth.

Sir John, of course, never expected that any one would believe this story, which we are to take as the work of an old bachelor, a misogynist, and as a very subtle allegory. It treats, under the veil of a local fable, of the disguise of women. Woman, he tells us, is doomed by the goddess Fashion ever to appear in some shape other than her natural one. She appears—occasionally, that is, when she goes into society—always in this disguise, and never doing any harm to people. In her own castle—that is, at home—she puts on her natural shape; but to the outer world she can never appear as she really is until a knight has been found bold enough to kiss her on the mouth. Then the woman's form appears; the disguise drops off; she stands before her deliverer, and reveals the precious secrets of her soul. Then the flowers of love and sympathy grow up and bloom in the sunshine of love, and the real self—starved and imprisoned hitherto—springs into the light of a freer and brighter air.

Modern damsels do not, it is true, assume the disguise of a loathly dragon. That is because Fashion is kinder than she was wont to be. But under other shapes they hide themselves just as well from the knights of these days. Every young lady belongs to one of a few types, under the disguise of which she goes out to dinner and into society. She is, perhaps, the young lady disguised as a butterfly, who always talks of balls and operas and concerts, leading one to believe—which is quite absurd—that all her thoughts are that way directed. Or she is, in the semblance of a dove, the religious young lady: she has given up her mind to early services, vestments, and confession, or to the spiritual welfare of Quashee and Sambo. The idea that any one is going to believe that is more absurd than the other. Or, perhaps, got up as an owl, she is the young lady who goes in for study, and displays more knowledge than the admirable Crichton. Now she can not possibly like it, or hope to persuade me that she would not much rather appear in her real shape. Or, sometimes, one has the luck to take in to dinner the young lady, disguised as a magpie, who loves to talk on the very confines of those mysterious regions where young ladyhood is not supposed to penetrate. Then, under the influence of fear, anxiety, and confusion, you find the dinner slip away with a rapidity quite startling.

They are all alike in one respect. Whenever there is a new book of any importance, they are all quite sure to have read it. Darwin, for instance. I have not read that author, and do not intend to, because I care nothing at all about ancestral honors. But I always pretend to an acquaintance with the book among my disguised young ladies; and, curiously enough, *I have never yet been found out!*

All this is the disguise of society. Why should girls be afraid of showing themselves to the world as they show themselves to their brothers? They may, if they like, spoil the curve of a lovely head by piling up a heap of false hair; or they may ruin a figure like that of the Venus of Milo by tight lacing—the dear little idiots; or they may inflict torture on themselves worse than any endured by an Indian Yogi by wearing heels three inches high, and so being unable to stand upright. All this they may do if they please. I am not a married man, and have no right to interfere. But what I have a right to complain of is that I can never get the damsels of society to show themselves as they are—to be natural—unless I go through that preliminary performance which the young lady of Cos wanted so badly. And then how do I know how she will turn out, and what she will be like? I am afraid. I am a lineal descendant of the knight who ran away, and I confess that I am afraid. Is there no other way? Perhaps this is the reason why, as Mr. Weller, senior, informed the world, more widows are married than single women.

SEVENTEEN HUNDRED YEARS IN THE OVEN.

ONE house in Pompeii had evidently been in a state of repair when the volcano-storm buried it. Painters and decorators and cleaners were masters of the situation. The household gods were all in disorder, and the family, if not out of town, must have been undergoing that condition of misery which spring cleanings and other like infections inevitably entail. Painters' pots and brushes and workmen's tools were scattered about. Tell-tale spots of whitewash starred wall and floor. Such domestic implements as pots and kettles had been bundled up in a corner all by themselves, and the cook was nowhere. Dinner, however, had not been forgotten. A solitary pot stood simmering (if it ever did simmer) on the stove. And (start not, for it is true) there was a bronzed dish in waiting before the oven, and on the dish a suckling pig all ready to be baked. But the oven was already engaged with its full complement of bread; so the suckling pig had to wait. And it never entered the oven, and the loaves were never taken out till after a sojourn of seventeen hundred years! They had been cooking ever since November 29, A.D. 79. M. Fiorelli has them now in his museum at Pompeii, twenty-one of them, rather hard, of course, and black, but in a perfect state of preservation.

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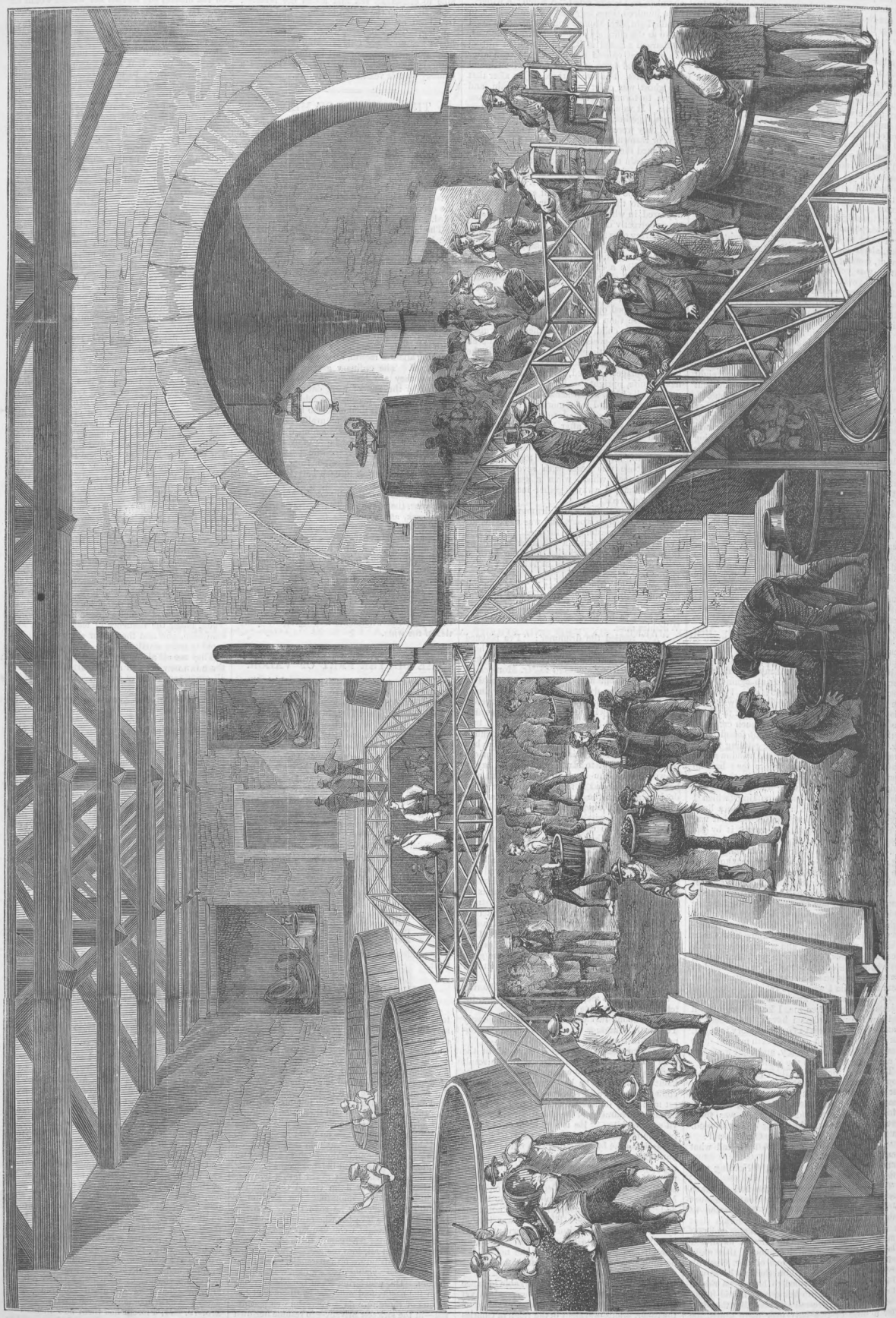

THE VINTAGE OF MEDOC.—PRESSING OUT THE GRAPES.—[SEE PAGE 1091.]

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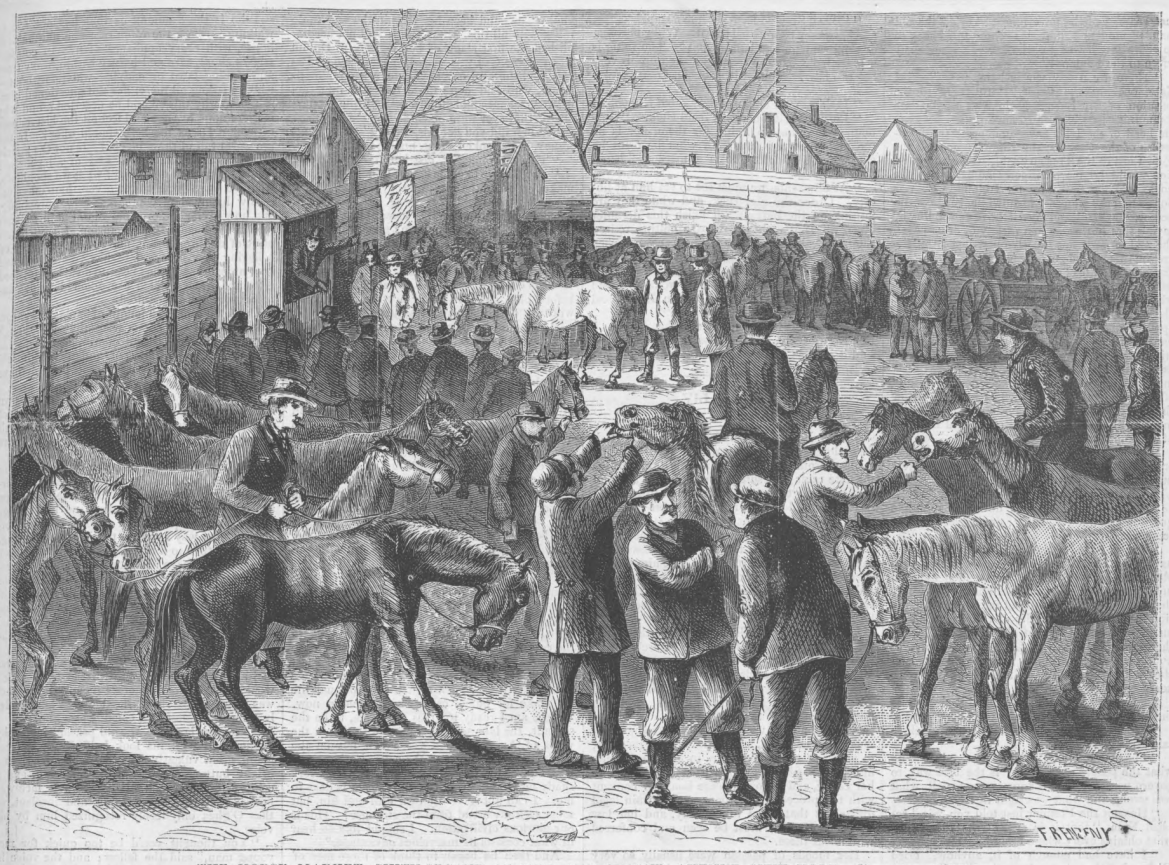


THE HORSE MARKET, SIXTY-SECOND STREET AND SECOND AVENUE, NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 1095.]

LORD KILGOBBIN.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

Author of "That Boy of Norcott's," "The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly," "Sir Brooke Fossbrooke," "A Day's Ride," "One of Them," "Gerald Fitzgerald," etc., etc.

CHAPTER LIII.

"A SCRAPE."

WE have all of us felt how depressing is the sensation felt in a family circle in the first meeting after the departure of their guests. The friends who have been staying some time in your house not only bring to the common stock their share of pleasant converse and companionship, but, in the quality of strangers, they exact a certain amount of effort for their amusement which is better for him who gives than for the recipient, and they impose that small reserve which excludes the purely personal inconveniences and contrarieties, which unhappily in strictly family intercourse have no small space allotted them for discussion.

It is but right to say that they who benefit most by, and most gratefully acknowledge, this boon of the visitors are the young. The elders, sometimes more disposed to indolence than effort, sometimes irritable at the check essentially put upon many little egotisms of daily use, and oftener than either, perhaps, glad to get back to the old groove of home discussion, unrestrained by the presence of strangers: the elders, I say, are now and then given to express a most ungracious gratitude for being once again to themselves, and free to be as confidential and outspoken and disagreeable as their hearts desire.

The dinner at Kilgobbin Castle on the day I speak of consisted solely of the Kearney family, and except in the person of the old man himself, no trace of pleasantry could be detected. Kate had her own share of anxieties. A number of notices had been served by refractory tenants for demands they were about to prefer for improvements under the new land act. The passion for litigation so dear to the Irish peasant's heart—that sense of having something to be quibbled for so exciting to the imaginative nature of the Celt—had taken possession of all the tenants on the estate, and even the well-to-do and the satisfied were now bestirring themselves to think if they had not some grievance to be turned into profit, and some possible hardship to be discounted into an abatement.

Dick Kearney, entirely preoccupied by the thought of his intended journey, already began to feel that the things of home touched him no longer. A few months more and he should be far away from Ireland and her interests, and why should he harass himself about the contests of party or the balance of factions, which never again could have any bearing on his future life? His whole thought was what arrangement he could make with his father by which, for a little present assistance, he might surrender all his right on the entail, and give up Kilgobbin forever.

As for Nina, her complexities were too many and too much interwoven for our investigation, and there were thoughts of all the various persons she had met in Ireland, mingled with scenes of the past, and, more strangely still, the people placed in situations and connections which by no likelihood should they ever have occupied. The thought that the little comedy of every-day life, which she relished immensely, was now to cease for lack of actors made her serious—almost sad—and she seldom spoke during the meal.

At Lord Kilgobbin's request that they would not leave him to take his wine alone, they drew their chairs round the dining-room fire; but, except the bright glow of the ruddy turf and the pleasant look of the old man himself, there was little that smacked of the agreeable fireside.

"What has come over you girls this evening?" said the old man. "Are you in love, or has the man that ought to be in love with either of you discovered it was only a mistake he was making?"

"Ask Nina, Sir," said Kate, gravely.

"Perhaps you are right, uncle," said Nina, dreamily.

"In which of my guesses—the first or the last?"

"Don't puzzle me, Sir, for I have no head for a subtile distinction. I only meant to say it is not so easy to be in love without mistakes. You mistake realities and traits for something not a bit like them, and you mistake yourself by imagining that you mind them."

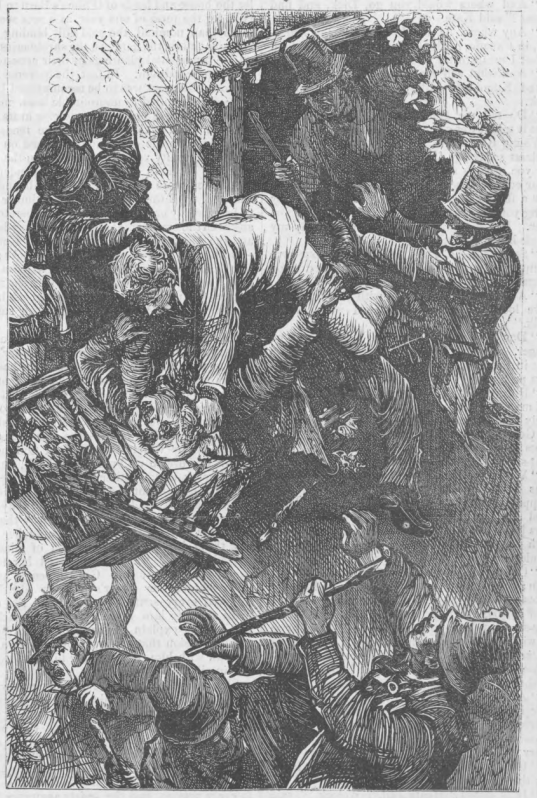
"I don't think I understand you," said the old man.

"Very likely not, Sir. I do not know if I had a meaning that I could explain."

"Nina wants to tell you, my lord, that the right man has not come forward yet, and she does not know whether she'll keep the place open in her heart for him any longer," said Dick, with a half-malicious glance.

"That terrible cousin Dick! nothing escapes him," said Nina, with a faint smile.

"Is there any more in the newspapers about



"THE BALCONY CREAKED AND TREMBLED, AND AT LAST GAVE WAY."

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that scandal of the government?" cried the old man, turning to Kate. "Is there not going to be some inquiry as to whether his Excellency wrote to the Fenians?"

"There are a few words here, papa," cried Kate, opening the paper. "In reply to the question of Sir Barnes Malone as to the late communications alleged to have passed between the head of the Irish government and the head-centre of the Fenians, the Right Honorable the First Lord of the Treasury said, 'That the question would be more properly addressed to the noble lord the Secretary for Ireland, who was not then in the House. Meanwhile, Sir,' continued he, 'I will take on myself the responsibility of saying that in this, as in a variety of other cases, the zeal of party has greatly outstripped the discretion that should govern political warfare. The exceptional state of a nation, in which the administration of justice mainly depends on those aids which a rigid morality might disparage—the social state of a people whose integrity calls for the application of means the most certain to disseminate distrust and disunion—are facts which constitute reasons for political action that, however assailable in the mere abstract, the mind of statesmanlike form will at once accept as solid and effective, and to reject which would only show that, in overlooking the consequences of sentiment, a man can ignore the most vital interests of his country.'"

"Does he say that they wrote to Donogan?" cried Kilgobbin, whose patience had been sorely pushed by the Premier's exordium.

"Let me read on, papa."

"Skip all that, and get down to a simple question and answer, Kitty; don't read the long sentences."

"This is how he winds up, papa. 'I trust I have now, Sir, satisfied the House that there are abundant reasons why thiscorrespondence should not be produced on the table, while I have further justified my noble friend for a course of action in which the humanity of the man takes no lustre from the glory of the statesman'—then there are some words in Latin—'and the right hon. gentleman resumed his seat amidst loud cheers, in which some of the Opposition were heard to join.'"

"I want to be told, after all, did they write the letter to say Donogan was to be let escape?"

"Would it have been a great crime, uncle?" said Nina, artlessly.

"I'm not going into that. I'm only asking what the people over us say is the best way to govern us. I'd like to know, once for all, what was wrong and what was right in Ireland."

"Has not the Premier just told you, Sir," replied Nina, "that it is always the reverse of what obtains every where else?"

"I have had enough of it, anyhow," cried Dick, who, though not intending it before, now was carried away by a momentary gust of passion to make the avowal.

"Have you been in the cabinet all this time, then, without our knowing it?" asked Nina, archly.

"It is not of the cabinet I was speaking, mademoiselle. It was of the country." And he answered haughtily.

"And where would you go, Dick, and find better?" said Kate.

"Any where. I should find better in America, in Canada, in the far West, in New Zealand—but I mean to try in Australia."

"And what will you do when you get there?" asked Kilgobbin, with a grim humor in his look.

"Do tell me, Cousin Dick, for who knows that it might not suit me also?"

Young Kearney filled his glass, and drained it without speaking. At last he said, "It will be for you, Sir, to say if I make the trial. It is clear enough I have no course open to me here. For a few hundred pounds, or, indeed, for any thing you like to give me, you get rid of me forever. It will be the one piece of economy my whole life comprises."

"Stay at home, Dick, and give to your own country the energy you are willing to bestow on a strange land," said Kate.

"And labor side by side with the peasant I have looked down upon since I was able to walk."

"Don't look down on him, then—do it no longer. If you would treat the first stranger you met in the bush as your equal, begin the Christian practice in your own country."

"But he needn't do that at all," broke in the old man. "If he would take to strong shoes and early rising here at Kilgobbin, he need never go to Geelong for a living. Your great-grandfathers lived here for centuries, and the old house that sheltered them is still standing."

"What should I stay for—" He had got thus far when his eyes met Nina's, and he stopped and hesitated, and, as a deep blush covered his face, faltered out, "Gorman O'Shea says he is ready to go with me, and two fellows with less to detain them in their own country would be hard to find."

"O'Shea will do well enough," said the old man; "he was not brought up to kid-leather boots and silk linings in his great-coat. There's stuff in *him*, and if it comes to sleeping under a hay-stack or dining on a red herring he'll not rise up with rheumatism or heart-burn. And, what's better than all, he'll not think himself a hero because he mends his own boots or lights his own kitchen fire."

"A letter for your honor," said the servant, entering with a very informal-looking note on coarse paper, and fastened with a wafer. "The gossoon, Sir, is waiting for an answer; he run every mile from Moate."

"Read it, Kitty," said the old man, not heeding the servant's comment.

"It is dated 'Moate Jail, 7 o'clock,'" said Kitty, as she read:

"'DEAR SIR,—I have got into a stupid scrape, and have been committed to jail. Will you come, or send some one to bail me out? The thing is a mere trifle, but the "being locked up" is very hard to bear. Yours always, G. O'SHEA.'"

"Is this more Fenian work?" cried Kilgobbin.

"I'm certain it is not, Sir," said Dick. "Gorman O'Shea has no liking for them, nor is he the man to sympathize with what he owns he can not understand. It is a mere accidental row."

"At all events, we must see to set him at liberty. Order the gig, Dick, and while they are putting on the harness I'll finish this decanter of port. If it wasn't that we're getting retired shop-keepers on the bench we'd not see an O'Shea sent to prison like a gossoon that stole a bunch of turnips."

"What has he been doing, I wonder?" said Nina, as she drew her arm within Kate's and left the room.

"Some loud talk in the bar parlor, perhaps," was Kate's reply, and the toss of her head as she said it implied more even than the words.

CHAPTER LIV.

"HOW IT BEFELL."

WHILE Lord Kilgobbin and his son are plodding along toward Moate with a horse not long released from the harrow, and over a road which the late rains had sorely damaged, the moment is not inopportune to explain the nature of the incident, small enough in its way, that called on them for this journey at night-fall. It befell that when Miss Betty, indignant at her nephew's defection, and outraged that he should descend to call at Kilgobbin, determined to cast him off forever, she also resolved upon a project over which she had long meditated, and to which the conversation at her late dinner greatly predisposed her.

The growing unfertility of the land, the sturdy rejection of the authority of the Church, manifested in so many ways by the people, had led Miss O'Shea to speculate more on the insecurity of landed property in Ireland than all the long list of outrages scheduled at Assizes, or all the burning haggards that ever flared in a wintry sky. Her notion was to retire into some religious sisterhood, and, away from life and its cares, to pass her remaining years in holy meditation and piety. She would have liked to have sold her estate, and endowed some house or convent with the proceeds, but there were certain legal difficulties that stood in the way, and her law agent, M'Keown, must be seen and conferred with about these.

Her moods of passion were usually so very violent that she would stop at nothing; and in the torrent of her anger she would decide on a course of action which would color a whole lifetime. On the present occasion her first step was to write and acquaint M'Keown that she would be at Moodie's Hotel, Dominick Street, the same evening, and begged he might call there at eight or nine o'clock, as her business with him was pressing. Her next care was to let the house and lands of O'Shea's Barn to Peter Gill, for the term of one year, at a rent scarcely more than nominal, the said Gill binding himself to maintain the gardens, the shrubberies, and all the ornamental plantings in their accustomed order and condition. In fact, the extreme moderation of the rent was to be recompensed by the large space allotted to unprofitable land, and the great care he was pledged to exercise in its preservation; and while nominally the tenant, so manifold were the obligations imposed on him, he was in reality very little other than the caretaker of O'Shea's Barn and its dependencies. No fences were to be altered, or boundaries changed. All the copses of young timber were to be carefully protected by palings as heretofore, and even the ornamental cattle—the short-horns, and the Alderneys, and a few favorite "Kerries"—were to be kept on the allotted paddocks; and to old Kattoo herself was allotted a loose box, with a small field attached to it, where she might saunter at will, and ruminate over the less happy quadrupeds that had to work for their subsistence.

Now though Miss Betty, in the full torrent of her anger, had that much of method in her madness to remember the various details whose interests were the business of her daily life, and so far made provision for the future of her pet cows and horses and dogs and Guinea-fowls, so that if she should ever resolve to return she should find all as she had left it—the short paper of agreement by which she accepted Gill as her tenant was drawn up by her own hand, unaided by a lawyer, and, whether from the intemperate haste of the moment or an unbounded confidence in Gill's honesty and fidelity, was not only carelessly expressed, but worded in a way that implied how her trustfulness exonerated her from any thing beyond the expression of what she wished for and what she believed her tenant would strictly perform. Gill's repeated phrase of "whatever her honor's ladyship liked" had followed every sentence as she read the document aloud to him, and the only real puzzle she had was to explain to the poor man's simple comprehension that she was not making a hard bargain with him, but treating him handsomely and in all confidence.

Shrewd and sharp as the old lady was, versed in the habits of the people, and long trained to suspect a certain air of dullness, by which, when asking the explanation of a point, they watch, with a native casuistry, to see what flaw or chink may open an equivocal meaning or intention, she was thoroughly convinced by the simple and unreasoning concurrence this humble man gave to every proviso, and the hearty assurance he always gave "that her honor knew what was best: God reward and keep her long in the way to do it!"—with all this, Miss O'Shea had not accomplished the first stage of her journey to Dublin when Peter Gill was seated in the office of Pat M'Evoy, the attorney at Moate, a smart practitioner, who had done more to foster litigation between tenant and landlord than all the "grievances" that ever were placarded by the press.

"When did you get this, Peter?" said the attorney, as he looked about, unable to find a date.

"This morning, Sir, just before she started."

"You'll have to come before a magistrate and make an oath of the date; and, by my conscience, it's worth the trouble."

"Why, Sir, what's in it?" cried Peter, eagerly.

"I'm no lawyer if she hasn't given you a clear possession of the place, subject to certain trusts, and even for the non-performance of these there is no penalty attached. When Counselor Holmes comes down at the Assizes I'll lay a case before him, and I'll wager a trifle, Peter, you will turn out to be an estated gentleman."

"Blood alive!" was all Peter could utter.

Though the conversation that ensued occupied more than an hour, it is not necessary that we should repeat what occurred, nor state more than the fact that Peter went home fully assured that if O'Shea's Barn was not his own indisputably, it would be very hard to dispossess him, and that, at all events, the occupation was secure to him for the present. The importance that the law always attaches to possession Mr. M'Evoy took care to impress on Gill's mind, and he fully convinced him that a forcible seizure of the premises was far more to be apprehended than the slower process of a suit and a verdict.

It was about the third week after this opinion had been given when young O'Shea walked over from Kilgobbin Castle to the Barn, intending to see his aunt and take his farewell of her.

Though he had steeled his heart against the emotions such a leave-taking was likely to evoke, he was in no wise prepared for the feelings the old place itself would call up; and as he opened a little wicket that led by a shrubbery walk to the cottage he was glad to throw himself on the first seat he could find, and wait till his heart could beat more measuredly. What a strange thing was life—at least that conventional life we make for ourselves—was his thought now. "Here am I ready to cross the globe, to be the servant, the laborer, of some rude settler in the wilds of Australia, and yet I can not be the herdsman here, and tend the cattle in the scenes that I love, where every tree, every bush, every shady nook, and every running stream is dear to me. I can not serve my own kith and kin, but must seek my bread from the stranger! This is our glorious civilization. I should like to hear in what consists its marvelous advantage."

And then he began to think of those men of whom he had often heard, gentlemen and men of refinement, who had gone out to Australia, and who, in all the drudgery of daily labor—herding cattle on the plains, or conducting droves of horses long miles away—still managed to retain the habits of their better days, and by the instinct of the breeding, which had become a nature, to keep intact in their hearts the thoughts and the sympathies and the affections that made them gentlemen.

"If my dear aunt only knew me as I know myself, she would let me stay here and serve her as the humblest laborer on her land. I can see no indignity in being poor and faring hardly. I have known coarse food and coarse clothing, and I never found that they either damped my courage or soured my temper."

It might not seem exactly the appropriate moment to have bethought him of the solace of companionship in such poverty, but somehow his thoughts *did* take that flight, and, unwarrantable as was the notion, he fancied himself returning at night-fall to his lowly cabin, and a certain girlish figure, whom our reader knows as Kate Kearney, standing watching for his coming.

There was no one to be seen about as he approached the house. The hall door, however, lay open. He entered and passed on to the little breakfast parlor on the left. The furniture was the same as before, but a coarse fustian jacket was thrown on the back of a chair, and a clay pipe and a paper of tobacco stood on the table. While he was examining these objects with some attention a very ragged urchin of some ten or eleven years entered the room with a furtive step, and stood watching him. From this fellow all that he could hear was that Miss Betty was gone away, and that Peter was at the Kilbeggan market, and though he tried various questions, no other answers than these were to be obtained. Gorman now tried to see the drawing-room and the library, but these, as well as the dining-room, were all locked. He next essayed the bedrooms, but with the same unsuccess. At length he turned to his own well-known corner—the well-remembered little "green room"—which he loved to think his own. This too was locked; but Gorman remembered that by pressing the door underneath with his walking-stick he could lift the bolt from the old-fashioned receptacle that held it, and open the door. Curious to have a last look at a spot dear by so many memories, he tried the old artifice, and succeeded.

He had still on his watch-chain the little key of an old marquetry cabinet, where he was wont to write; and now he was determined to write a last letter to his aunt from the old spot, and send her his good-by from the very corner where he had often come to wish her "good-night."

He opened the window and walked out on the little wooden balcony, from which the view extended over the lawn and the broad belt of wood that fenced the demesne. The Slieb Bloom Mountain shone in the distance, and in the calm of an evening sunlight the whole picture had something in its silence and peacefulness of almost rapturous charm.

Who is there among us that has not felt in walking through the room of some uninhabited house, with every appliance of human comfort strewn about, ease and luxury within, wavy trees and sloping lawn or eddying waters without—who, in seeing all these, has not questioned himself as to why this should be deserted? and why is there none to taste and feel all the blessedness of such a lot as life here should offer? Is not the world full of these places? Is not the puzzle of this query of all lands and of all peoples? That ever-present delusion of what we should do, what be, if we were aught other than ourselves—how happy, how contented, how unrepining, and how good: ay, even our moral nature comes into the compact—this delusion, I say, besets most of us through life, and we never weary of believing how cruelly fate has treated us, and how unjust destiny has been to a variety of good gifts and graces which are doomed to die unrecognized and unrequited.

I will not go to the length of saying that Gorman O'Shea's reflections went thus far, though they did go to the extent of wondering why his aunt had left this lovely spot, and asking himself again and again where she could possibly have found any thing to replace it.

"My dearest aunt," wrote he, "in my own old room, at the dear old desk, and on the spot knitted to my heart by happiest memories, I sit down to send you my last good-by ere I leave Ireland forever.

"It is in no mood of passing fretfulness or impatience that I resolve to go and seek my fortune in Australia. As I feel now, believing you are displeased with me, I have no heart to go further into the question of my own selfish interests, nor say why I resolve to give up soldiering, and why I turn to a new existence. Had I been to you what I have hitherto been—had I the assurance that I possessed the old claim on your love which made me regard you as a dear mother—I should tell you of every step that has led me to this determination, and how carefully and anxiously I tried to study what might be the turning-point of my life."

When he had written thus far, and his eyes had already grown glassy with the tears which would force their way across them, a heavy foot was heard on the stairs, the door was burst rudely open, and Peter Gill stood before him.

No longer, however, the old peasant in shabby clothes, and with his look half shy, half sycophantic, but vulgarly dressed in broadcloth and bright buttons, a tall hat on his head, and a crimson cravat round his neck. His face was flushed, and his eye flashing and insolent, so that O'Shea only feebly recognized him by his voice.

"You thought you'd be too quick for me, young man," said the fellow; and the voice in its thickness showed he had been drinking, "and that you would do your bit of writing there before I'd be back, but I was up to you."

"I really do not know what you mean," cried O'Shea, rising; "and as it is only too plain you have been drinking, I do not care to ask you."

"Whether I was drinking or no is my own business; there's none to call me to account now. I'm here in my own house, and I order you to leave it, and if you don't go by the way you came in, by my soul you'll go by that window!" A loud bang of his stick on the floor gave the emphasis to the last words; and whether it was the action or the absurd figure of the man himself overcame O'Shea, he burst out in a hearty laugh as he surveyed him. "I'll make it no laughing matter to you," cried Gill, wild with passion; and, stepping to the door, he cried out, "Come up, boys, every man of ye: come up and see the chap that's trying to turn me out of my holding."

The sound of voices and the tramp of feet outside now drew O'Shea to the window, and, passing out on the balcony, he saw a considerable crowd of country people assembled beneath. They were all armed with sticks, and had that look of mischief and daring so unmistakable in a mob. As the young man stood looking at them, some one pointed him out to the rest, and a wild yell, mingled with hisses, now broke from the crowd. He was turning away from the spot in disgust when he found that Gill had stationed himself at the window, and barred the passage.

"The boys want another look at ye," said Gill, insolently; "go back and show yourself: it is not every day they see an informer."

"Stand back, you old fool, and let me pass," cried O'Shea.

"Touch me if you dare; only lay one finger on me in my own house," said the fellow; and he grinned almost in his face as he spoke.

"Stand back," said Gorman; and, suiting the action to the word, he raised his arm to make space for him to pass out. Gill, no sooner did he feel the arm graze his chest, than he struck O'Shea across the face; and though the blow was that of an old man, the insult was so maddening that O'Shea, seizing him by the arms, dragged him out upon the balcony.

"He's going to throw the old man over," cried several of those beneath, and, amidst the tumult of voices, a number soon rushed up the stairs and out on the balcony, where the old fellow was clinging to O'Shea's legs in his despairing attempt to save himself. The struggle scarcely lasted many seconds, for the rotten wood-work of the balcony creaked and trembled, and at last gave way with a crash, bringing the whole party to the ground together.

A score of sticks rained the blows on the luckless young man, and each time that he tried to rise he was struck back and rolled over by a blow or a kick, till at length he lay still and senseless on the sward, his face covered with blood and his clothes in ribbons.

"Put him in a cart, boys, and take him off to the jail," said the attorney, M'Evoy. "We'll

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be in a scrape about all this if we don't make *him* in the wrong."

His audience fully appreciated the counsel, and while a few were busied in carrying old Gill to the house—for a broken leg made him unable to reach it alone—the others placed O'Shea on some straw in a cart, and set out with him to Kilbeggan.

"It is not a trespass at all," said M'Evoy. "I'll make it a burglary and forcible entry, and if he recovers at all, I'll stake my reputation I transport him for seven years."

A hearty murmur of approval met the speech, and the procession, with the cart at their head, moved on toward the town.

A HORSE MARKET.

THERE is an unoccupied lot at the corner of Sixty-second Street and Second Avenue, some fifteen or twenty feet above the level of the street, where, every Wednesday and Saturday, old, disabled, or incurably vicious horses are sold either at private sale or at auction. The sight is not a pleasant one; nor is it agreeable to reflect that these valuable servants of man, after years of faithful toil, should be knocked down to new and generally worse masters, who are bound to get their money's worth out of them before they are finally sent to the bone-boilers. Our artist gives an illustration of one of these sales on page 1093.

The customers at these sales are generally a very hard set of men. Licensed vendors of truck and rags, too poor to buy a sound animal, cartmen who perhaps want a horse for a special job, and would just as lief kill him in a week, and farmers from the neighboring country in search of an extra horse for haying or harvesting, are the principal bidders on these occasions. It is rare to see a horse that fetches more than fifteen or twenty dollars: the average price is three to five. The transactions are always numerous, and it is really surprising that so many sick, old, and disabled horses can be got together and disposed of twice a week.

PHANTOM ARMIES.

ON the 29th of January, 1719, a Scottish gentleman, named Alexander Jaffray, Laird of Kingswells, was riding across a piece of wide and waste moorland to the westward of Aberdeen, when, about eight o'clock in the morning, he beheld—to his great alarm and bewilderment, as he states in a letter to his friend, Sir Archibald Grant, of Monymusk (printed by the Spaulding Club)—a body of about seven thousand soldiers drawn up in front of him, all under arms, with colors uncased and waving, and the drums slung on the drummers' backs. A clear morning sun was shining; so he saw them distinctly, and also a commander, who rode along the line, mounted on a white charger.

Dubious whether to advance or retire, and sorely perplexed as to what mysterious army this was, the worthy Laird of Kingswells and a companion, an old Scottish soldier who had served in Low Country wars, reined in their horses, and continued to gaze on this unexpected array for nearly two hours; till suddenly the troops broke into marching order, and departed toward Aberdeen, near which, he adds, "the hill called the Stockett tooke them out of sight."

Nothing more was heard or seen of this phantom force until the 21st of the ensuing October, when upon the same ground—the then open and desolate White-myres—on a fine clear afternoon, when some hundred persons were returning home from the yearly fair of Old Aberdeen, about two thousand infantry, clad in blue uniforms faced with white, and with all their arms shining in the evening sun, were distinctly visible; and after a space, the same commander on the same white charger rode slowly along the shadowy line. Then a long "wreath of smoak apiered, as if they had fired, but no noise" followed.

To add to the marvel of this scene, the spectators, who we have said were numerous, saw many of their friends, who were coming from the fair, pass *through* this line of impalpable shadows, of which they could see nothing until they came to a certain point upon the moor, and looked back to the sloping ground. Then, precisely as before, those phantoms in foreign uniform broke into marching order, and moved toward the Bridge of the Dee. They remained visible, however, for three hours, and only seemed to fade out or melt gradually away as the sun set behind the mountains. "This will puzzle thy philosophy," adds the laird at the close of his letter to the baronet of Monymusk; "but thou needst not doubt of the certainty of either."

Scottish tradition, and even Scottish history, especially after the Reformation, record many such instances of optical phenomena, which were a source of great terror and amazement to the simple folks of those days; and England was not without her full share of them, either; but science finds a ready solution for all such delusions now. They are chiefly peculiar to mountainous districts, and may appear in many shapes and in many numbers, or singly, like the giant of the Brocken—the spectator's own shadow cast on the opposite clouds, and girt with rings of concentric light—or like the wondrous fog-bow so recently seen from the Matterhorn.

Almost on the same ground where the Laird of Kingswells saw the second army of phantoms, and doubtless resulting from the same natural and atmospheric causes, a similar appearance had been visible on the 12th of February, 1643, when a great body of horse and foot appeared as if under arms on the Brigmman Hill. Accoutred with matchlock, pike, and morion, they looked ghost-like and misty as they skimmed through the gray vapor about eight o'clock in the morning; but on the sun breaking forth from a bank of cloud they vanished, and the green hill slopes were left bare, or occupied by sheep alone. Much about the same time another army was seen to hover in the air over the Moor of Forfar. "Quhilkis visons," adds the Commissary Spaulding, "the people thocht to be prodigious tokens, and it fell out owre trew, as may be seen hereafter."

Indigestion, heavy dinners, and heavier drinking had doubtless much to do in creating some of the spectral delusions of those days; and inborn superstition, together with a heated fancy, were often not wanting as additional accessories. But in the gloomy and stormy autumn that preceded the march of the Scottish Covenanters into England omens of all kinds teemed to a wonderful extent in the land. When Alaster Macdonnel, son of Coll the Devastator, as the Whigs named him, landed from Ireland, at the Rhin of Ardnamurchan, in Morven, to join the Scottish cavaliers under the Marquis of Montrose, then in arms for the king, it was alleged that the *hum* of cannon-shot was heard in the air, passing all over Scotland from the Atlantic to the German Sea; that many strange lights appeared in the firmament; and that, on a gloomy night in the winter of 1650, a spectre drummer, beating in succession the Scottish and English marches, summoned to a ghostly conference, at the castle gate of Edinburgh, Colonel Dundas of that ilk, a corrupt officer, who, on being bribed by gold, afterward surrendered to Cromwell the fortress, together with some sixty pieces of cannon.

All the private diaries and quaint chronicles of late years published by the various literary clubs in England and Scotland teem with such marvels, but the latter country was more particularly afflicted by them; omens, warnings, and predictions of coming peril rendering it, by their number and character, extremely doubtful whether Heaven or the *other place* was most interested in Scottish affairs.

In 1638 fairy drums were heard beating on the hills of Dun Echt, in Aberdeenshire, according to the narrative of the parson of Rothiemay; in 1643 we hear of the noise of drums "and apparitions of armyes" at Bankafair in the same county. "The wraith of General Leslie in his buff coat and on horseback, carrying his own banner with its bend *azure* and three buckles *or*, appeared on the summit of a tower at St. Johnstown. Science now explains such visions as the aerial Morgana, produced by the reflection of real objects on a peculiar atmospheric arrangement; but then they were a source of unlimited terror."

A folio of "Apparitions and Wonders," preserved in the British Museum, records that, at Durham, on the 27th of September, 1703, when the evening sky was serene and full of stars, a strange and prodigious light spread over its north-western quarter, as if the sun itself was shining; then came streamers which turned to armed men ranked on horseback. J. Edmonson, the writer of the broadsheet, adds: "It was thought they would see the apparition better in Scotland, because it appeared a great way north; the same," he continues, gravely, "was seen in the latter end of March, 1704," and the battle of Hochstadt followed it. This must refer to the second battle fought there, which we call Blenheim, when Marshal Tallard was defeated and taken prisoner by Marlborough. But this wonderful light which turned to armed men at Durham was outdone by a marvel at Churchill, Oxfordshire, where (in the same collection) we find that, on the 9th January, 1705, *four suns* were all visible in the air at once, "sent for signs unto mankind," adds the publisher, Mr. Tookey of St. Christopher's Court, "and having their significations of the Lord, like the handwriting unto his servant Daniel."

In 1744 a man named D. Stricket, when servant to Mr. Lancaster, of Blakehills, saw one evening, about seven o'clock, a troop of horse riding leisurely along Souter Fell, in Cumberland. They were in close ranks, and ere long quickened their pace. As this man had been sharply ridiculed as the solitary beholder of a spectre horseman in the same place in the preceding year, he watched these strange troopers for some time ere he summoned his master from the house to look too. But ere Stricket spoke of what was to be seen, "Mr. Lancaster discovered the aerial troopers," whose appearance was as plainly visible to him as to his servant. "These visionary horsemen *seemed* to come from the lowest part of Souter Fell, and became visible at a place named Knott; they moved in successive troops (or squadrons) along the side of the Fell till they came opposite to Blakehills, where they went over the mountain. They thus described a kind of curvilinear path, their first and last appearances being bounded by the mountain." They were two hours in sight; and "this phenomenon was seen by *every person* (twenty-six in number) in every cottage within the distance of a mile."

During the middle of the last century a toll-keeper in Perthshire affirmed on oath, before certain justices of the peace, that an entire regiment passed through his toll-gate at midnight; but as no such force had left any town in the neighborhood, or arrived at any other, or, in fact, were ever seen any where but at his particular turnpike, the whole story was naturally treated as a delusion; though the Highlanders sought in some way to connect the vision with the unquiet spirits of those who fought at Culloden—for there, the peasantry aver, that "in the soft twilight of the summer evening solitary wayfarers, when passing near the burial mounds, have suddenly found themselves amidst the smoke and hurly-burly of a battle, and could recognize the various clans engaged by their tartans and badges. On those occasions a certain Laird of Culduthil was always seen amidst the fray on a white horse, and the people believe that once again a great battle will be fought there by the clans; but with whom, or about what, no seer has ventured to predict."

Shadowy figures of armed men were seen in Stockton Forest, Yorkshire, prior to the war with France, as the Leeds *Mercury* and local prints record; and so lately as 1812, much curiosity and no small ridicule were excited by the alleged appearance of a phantom army in the vicinity of hard-working, prosaic Leeds, and all the newspapers and magazines of the time show how much the story amused the skeptical, and occupied the attention of the scientific.

It would appear that between seven and eight o'clock on the evening of Sunday the 28th October, Mr. Anthony Jackson, a farmer, in his forty-fifth year, and a lad of fifteen, named Turner, were overlooking their cattle, which were at grass in Havarah Park, near Ripley, the seat of Sir John Ingilly, when the lad suddenly exclaimed, "Look, Anthony; what a number of beasts!"

"Beasts? Lord bless us!" replied the farmer, with fear and wonder; "they are *men!*" And as he spoke there immediately became visible "an army of soldiers dressed in white uniforms, and in the centre a personage of commanding aspect clad in scarlet." These phantoms (according to the Leeds *Mercury* and Edinburgh *Annual Register*) were four deep, extended over thirty acres, and performed many evolutions. Other bodies, in dark uniforms, now appeared, and smoke, as if from artillery, rolled over the grass of the park. On this Jackson and Turner, thinking they had seen quite enough, turned and fled.

Like the spells of the Fairy Morgana, which were alleged to create such beautiful effects in the Bay of Reggio, and which Fra Antonio Minasi saw thrice in 1773, and "deemed to exceed by far the most beautiful theatrical exhibition in the world," science has explained away or fully discovered the true source of all such spectral phenomena. The northern aurora was deemed by the superstitious, from the days of Plutarch even to those of the sage Sir Richard Baker, as portentous of dire events; and the fancies of the timid saw only war and battle in the shining streamers; but those supposed spectral armies whose appearance we have noted were something more, in most instances, than mere *deceptio visus*, being actually the shadows of *realities*—the airy reproductions of events bodily passing in other parts of the country reflected in the clouds, and imaged again on the mountain slopes, or elsewhere, by a peculiar operation of the sun's rays.

WOMEN IN FRANCE.

PARENTAL authority has always been carried to its utmost limit in France. Young men, however, have begun to free themselves somewhat from its power, while unmarried women, of all ages from infancy upward, are still subject to its almost unrestricted control; where the law does not support it, the weight of public opinion gives it a moral force against which resistance is almost impossible.

Next to the authority of parents comes the influence of the Catholic religion, which is still allowed to exercise an enormous power over the minds of Frenchwomen. To keep a human being naturally gifted with reason and intelligence in a condition of slavery to two such powers as these, the most essential thing is to crush the reason and stunt the intellect, parental authority being evidently designed by nature to take the place first and then assist the reason and intellect while in a state of infancy and childhood, but to cease with their full development, as priestly authority had its use in the infancy and youth of civilization. French parents confide the education of their daughters either entirely to the hands of the Church, or, at any rate, permit it such a control and supervision as almost entirely to answer the same purpose. Thus, as the priests are permitted to regulate what books shall or shall not be used in girls' schools, even when those schools are not, as they generally are, convents, the consequence is that while they are trained in a few outward graces, and taught a few superficial accomplishments, they are debarred from all really useful knowledge. Any thing that could shake their belief in the dogmas of the Church, and so weaken their submission to its authority, is studiously kept from them. And above all, they are guarded from every thing that could give them any sense or appreciation of their own capacities as women, and rights as human beings. That this control over the education of women given to the priests does not proceed from any slavish submission on the part of the educated portion of the population generally to the authority of the Church of Rome is manifest from the fact that in no other country in Europe, nominally Catholic, has the Catholic religion been so completely cast off by the male half of the population. The majority of Frenchmen who possess any education being avowed free-thinkers, it is plain that Frenchmen, while abjuring the control of the Church over their own thoughts and actions, assent to, approve of, and support its sway over the minds and actions of the women of their country as the most effectual means of securing their mental subjugation to themselves.

Frenchwomen obtain a partial freedom by marriage, but, as we all know, liberty is of very little use to those who have not been taught how to use it. And marriage, as even the advocates of the fullest and freest equality in it admit, involves personal restraints and obligations peculiar to itself. The imposition of these restraints and obligations is generally the last consummating act of French parental tyranny, imposed, as they are, quite regardless of the wishes or inclinations of one of the principal parties to the contract. The education and training, then, bestowed upon a French girl are but the fitting preparations for securing her submission to this final decree of the infallible authority of her home. Of men she knows nothing in any sense of the word. She has never associated with any beyond the narrowest limits of her home circle, and even in that she is kept as much apart from her brothers as possible, while her father speaks to her and treats her very much as she does her pet canary. Of the man she is to marry she knows as little as of any, possibly even less than of some. She may be somewhat versed in the arts of *coquetterie*, but of the physical conditions of marriage, with such an education as this, it is needless to say she knows nothing. This ignorance explains the willingness with which a French girl of sixteen or seventeen will submit to her father's behests, and contract a marriage that a woman of ripe years and understanding would shrink from with repugnance. But this "*innocence*" of the "*jeune personne*" so studiously cultivated and fostered in France, combined, as it is, with careful teaching, both by precept and example, of the arts of coquetry, is not innocence at all in the real sense of the word, but simple ignorance. This is plain by the conduct of Frenchwomen as soon as they obtain the partial liberty with the enlightenment and understanding that comes to them through entrance into the marriage state. It is amazing the rapidity with which the bashful "*jeune fille*," who scarcely ventured to raise her eyes, and never dared to open her lips in company, turns into the gay, daring woman of the world, who stretches her license to its utmost limit. It is in this phase of her career that she most generally falls under our notice—and under our disapprobation. But we must not overlook what are too often the conditions of the marriage state itself to a Frenchwoman when she enters on it. One is the fact that for the man to whom she has bound herself to be faithful she has not previously contracted any affection, and thus she is deprived of one very powerful incentive to fidelity. Another is that there are two sides to conjugal fidelity, upon one of which society—particularly French society—looks much more leniently than it does upon the other. Thus it is more merciful to a husband keeping a mistress than to a wife having a lover, at the same time that, with the charming inconsistency of its inexorable laws, it ordains that the mistress shall be kept out of its sight and out of its company, while the wife, if she would hold her position as such at all, must parade her lover before it on every possible occasion—the discovery of a secret amour being social ruin to a woman who, notwithstanding satirists and moralists, may hold her place in the world for a long time, perhaps forever, if she only make her cavalier and his devotion conspicuous enough.

Love has generally as little to do with a Frenchman's marriage as it has with a Frenchwoman's; the only difference being that, in his case, it is a matter of free-will and choice to contract such a marriage, while in hers it is not. A Frenchman, if he be poor, generally marries simply to replenish his purse; if he be rich, to beget legitimate children to inherit his fortune and perpetuate his name. That such love as he is capable of is already bestowed upon a woman whose poverty prevented her from satisfying the first condition, and the meanness of whose birth and position would incapacitate her for fulfilling the second with the distinction he would wish, is no barrier to him in the matter. Nor is his marriage, when concluded, any barrier to his continuing to indulge his passion for the woman who has excited and is able to sustain it. If she at any time ceases to do so, some other is found to supply her place, that other not being at all of necessity, and as a matter of fact being very rarely, the wife who bears his name and who is the mother of his heir.

That Frenchmen prefer unlawful to lawful connections is explainable by the fact that marriage, however weak and slavish a woman may be rendered by education, gives her some legal rights that, howsoever ignorant she may have been kept, she must know and may exercise; while a woman—called by a miserable irony a mistress—whose position is dependent solely on the caprice of her master will be utterly submissive and subservient to him. At the same time these women who sacrifice all personal dignity, freedom, and honor to become the slaves of men's passions and the toys of their caprice do obtain a position in France not accorded to them in any other country in Europe. But what is that position at its best? To be a petted, pampered slave, an admired, cherished toy, and nothing more.

And yet, wretched as this position is at its best, it is the one in which in France a woman is at the acme of her glory: she leads the fashion, that highest distinction in France; she is the recipient of all the adoration and affection that a Frenchman is able to spare from himself. And he can spare her a good deal, as she contributes perhaps more than any thing else to his personal gratification. There is some dull respectability in the position of a wife, but there is nothing else, unless she manage to assimilate it with that other—unless she combine being the wife of one man with being the mistress of another: under such circumstances, that she does it sometimes is scarcely to be wondered at. For the virtuous unmarried woman there is no position, no influence, no social recognition whatever. She must serve some man as his wife or his mistress to be of any value, or obtain any place whatever in the social system of France. The contempt for "old maids" is a feeling fast dying out in England and America before an enlightenment that recognizes a place and a work in the world for every one independently of the condition of their sex or the exercise of its functions; while in France the "*vieille fille*" is still the object of the greatest social obloquy and contempt—an individual whose existence is scarcely tolerated outside the walls of a convent.

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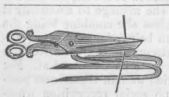

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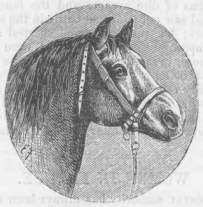

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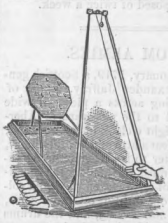

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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"WHAT ARE YOU LAUGHING AT? TO THE VICTOR BELONG THE SPOILS."

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MATINS.

BY JOHN HAY.

THE trembling pulses of the dawn
Fill with faint gold the violet skies,
And on the moist day-smitten lawn
The peace of morning lies.

A blessed truce of woe and sin,
A glad surcease of care's annoy,
The waking world has pleasure in
Its matin light and joy.

And all the joy that fills the air,
And all the light that gilds the blue,
I see it in your eyes and hair,
I know it, love, in you.

O'er lips and eyes and golden floss
There floats a charm I can not reach—
A wealth of love, a threat of loss,
Beyond my subtlest speech.

The amethyst flush will fade above
Into the dust-dim glare of noon;
The love of youth, the youth of love,
Will fade and pass as soon.

Kiss close, beloved! for never yet
Could love its bloom unchanging keep;
There are no hearts but they forget,
There are no eyes but sleep.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1871.

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THE VICTORY OF THE PEOPLE.

THE significance of the political victory in New York can scarcely be exaggerated. Both the great parties were interested in the contest, but the popular system itself was more interested. The city of New York had always been considered to be, as it undoubtedly is, an exceptional community. The popular principle might fail there, it was thought, and yet not be vitally touched. It was a city, it was alleged, largely composed of a doubtful foreign population, of a character to be swayed by wholly personal and mercenary considerations, and not by great principles nor by reason. The majority, it was often asserted, was a rabble, ruled by demagogues at their pleasure. There can be no hope for the city of New York, it was said, except in a Vigilance Committee, which is a forcible revolution, or a radical limitation of the suffrage. This was unquestionably the feeling of very many grave and sensible persons when the sun rose on the morning of election day—a day which has probably greatly deepened their respect for human nature, and their confidence in the appeal to the people.

First of all, the result is the triumph of a free and fearless press. In surveying the field let no one forget that its glory is largely due to the courage, the fidelity, and the ability of one great journal, the New York *Times*. The battle was, in fact, at the outset a contest between that fundamental principle of a popular government, the freedom of the press, and that ancient and fatal foe of republics, corruption. The mean tyranny of Tammany had bought and frightened and silenced many organs of public opinion, as they were called, and it was sure that if it could only muzzle those that still spoke independently, its power was absolutely secure. It knew that the tongue, the pen, and the pencil are stronger and more durable than adamant or brass, and that there is no tyranny, however ruthless and coarse and inexorable, that those little wands can not destroy. Therefore it wished to paralyze them all. It struck at the free press in its infamous code amendments, and in dastardly blows at private business, but it struck in vain. A great journal, unbought and unterrified, led the assault, which grew more and more terrible, until this vilest although formidable despotism of the Tammany Ring, the reckless tyranny of thieves and blackguards, fell before the wrath of honest citizens.

It is not difficult to refine upon the result, and to perceive that all motives were not pure nor all hands clean. But the chief lesson is this, that in a system founded upon popular consent great evils in a manner tend to cure themselves by developing hostilities among themselves. In other words, knavery can not always be united. It is distrustful and blind, and its dissatisfied element will combine with honesty and intelligence to work a reform. If it be said—and there is great force in the remark—that a victory for absolute honesty and intelligence is not won by such an alliance, the reply is, that in political contests we may wisely be content with something less than victories of absolute right, if only intrenched wrong is hurled from power. The moral stimulus that follows is of incalculable benefit.

But the victory has been won only by the most unprecedented activity and zeal and union of all honest men in the city. They have learned their power, and let us hope that they have also learned the conditions of its efficiency. If we would have a free government, we must pay the price, and the price is care and thought and trouble and labor and sacrifice. TWEED and the Tammany Ring ruled the city because thousands of intelligent and refined persons hated politics, and thought that no gentleman could touch them without contamination, and recoiled from the name of politician, and thought that the Tammany Ring was no worse than those who would break it. But the Tammany Ring and all similar political rings make politics disgusting and repulsive for this very purpose. They wish to disgust and to repel honest and decent men, for then they are sure of having their own unclean way. And every honest man who suffers himself to be repelled, who refrains from an active share in politics, who never goes to the primaries nor to the conventions, betrays honesty and his country, and bends himself and others to such a miserable yoke as that which has just been spurned.

Let those who have now for the first time actively engaged in politics remember that this victory is won for the year only, not for next year nor for future years. It has merely shown how victories may be won. The same interest and attention and zeal, the same willingness to bear and forbear, the same rigorous resolution that votes shall be honestly cast and honestly counted, will save the future as it has saved the present. Those who now for the first time have done what every American citizen ought always to do, have learned also for the first time what they have always heard without comprehending—that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. It will be the fault of no class but that of honest and intelligent men if another tyranny as foul as that of Tammany ever again enslaves the city.

EXCUSING THE KU-KLUX.

THE KU-KLUX troubles in parts of the Southern States, and the tone and spirit of the Democratic orators and papers in the Northern States in speaking of them, unpleasantly suggest the days before the war, when slavery did what it would, and the same orators and papers obsequiously cried Amen. The recent meeting in Baltimore over which Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON presided, and at which he and Mr. WILLIAM PINCKNEY WHITE, since elected Governor of Maryland, were the chief speakers, was a remarkable illustration of the tone and spirit of which we speak. The facts of the Southern situation are familiar. It is merely idle to suppose that a few disturbances and occasional disorders have been exaggerated into the story of the organization and operations of the Ku-Klux. There are murders and abuses of every kind in the Northern States; and they have no peculiar significance, because it is known that they are not the result of a general, secret, organized conspiracy. If that were suspected, the situation here would be very different. Now the fact of such a conspiracy is not only suspected, but it is known in the Southern States. It may be magnified by mystery. But its crimes, all showing an intelligible method, are verified in detail. Indeed, it is unnecessary to insist upon this truth; for Mr. WILLIAM PINCKNEY WHITE himself asks, in his Baltimore speech, "Was it to be expected that peace and order were to reign every where through States where all the intelligent and educated were excluded from the ballot-box?" etc. The statement is incorrect, because Mr. WHITE knows that the existing disabilities do not affect voting, but it is a sufficient confession of the fact of disorder.

Yet Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON begins his remarks upon the subject by depicting the Southern situation as entirely peaceful. He cites what may be called technical illustrations: the forts are in the quiet possession of the government; each State is represented in Congress; each has its Governor, Legislature, and Judiciary; our ships are safe in Southern ports—in other words, no State has seceded into an attitude of open rebellion, as in 1861. But when Mr. JOHNSON says that there is "a general acknowledgment of the authority of the United States and of the duty of allegiance," he says what is, at the most, only formally true. There are those in the Southern States who sincerely believed that secession was a right, who fought for it bravely, and who have honorably acquiesced in the result. If we had to deal with them only, there would be no trouble. But the characteristic feeling, as we gather it from the best authorities, is one of passive submission to the inevitable. The government is regarded as a despotism and tyranny to which general armed resistance is impracticable. But this is the very sentiment out of which a midnight organization of the more reckless spirits would be developed, which the others, knowing that they were not themselves threatened, would not trouble themselves to repress. It is not candid, therefore, for Mr. JOHNSON to describe the situation as he does. He represents the President's proclamation as directed against a wholly peaceful and loyal section of the country; and although he says that the courts sit tranquilly for judgment, he remembers to forget that the juries, if not drawn from the Ku-Klux, are largely composed of the passive class of which we have spoken, and that no Ku-Klux outrage is remedied by the local law.

We are not now considering the causes of this situation, nor the character of the remedies which Congress has authorized. We are merely stating the facts which Mr. JOHNSON suppressed, just as the Democratic orators *ante bellum* used to conceal the truth in regard to slavery. The question of the Ku-Klux legislation was this: Is there no constitutional remedy for citizens of the United States who in any State are deprived, by negligence to enforce the law, of the most sacred rights? Suppose the Ku-Klux in any State to be the majority, and Ku-Klux courts refuse to convict the authors of crimes against a certain class of the community, is there no remedy but the voluntary withdrawal of that class to some other State? But if that class is persecuted not by its own fault, but by the action of the United States, and is a class which has not the means of emigration, but which is poor and uneducated, and inexperienced in every way, must the United States, which have exposed it to this suffering, merely inform this class that it must suffer as patiently as it can? Is this not substantially acquiescing in the black codes that followed the war—the Ku-Klux harrying the black race because of its color and loyalty, and the courts sanctioning the persecution by refusing to convict? Is this the protection which the United States is authorized and bound to give directly to all its citizens?

Mr. JOHNSON, indeed, was not addressing the Supreme Court, nor the Senate of the United States: he was speaking to a mass-meeting; but he was morally bound to state the case fairly, whatever his constitutional argument might have been, and this he failed to do. Mr. WHITE, who followed him, is a rhetorician. He too said that the war was long past; and with the instinct of a sincere secessionist the present Democratic Governor of Maryland spoke of the army of the rebellion as standing "as heroically and firmly against overwhelming numbers as did the brave Spartans at the pass of Thermopylæ." He then proceeded, not to deny the existence of the Ku-Klux, but, as we have already quoted, virtually to justify it as the natural result of the situation. He denounced the military despotism which superseded law in the disturbed districts; but he failed to state that it was Ku-Klux law which was superseded. He sneered at the President's peaceful Indian policy, declaring that while he is "soft as a mother's smile" to the red savages, he "knows no law of kindness for his white brethren at the South." And what, in the name of humanity and justice, is the law of kindness of Mr. WHITE and his political white brethren toward the loyal Union black and white men at the South? We used to have this cant of Christian love from the apologists of slavery before the war; and now it falls from the same lips to screen the Ku-Klux midnight assassins. Mr. WHITE concluded his speech by bewailing the apathy of good citizens over "the infractions of the Constitution," having just compared to the brave heroes of Thermopylæ the men who tried not to "infract," but to smother that Constitution in the blood of its defenders.

The significance of all this is unmistakable. The tendency of such speeches as those of Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON and Mr. WHITE is to prolong the disorder and exasperate the bitterness of feeling which prevail in many parts of the Southern States. The pretense is regard for the Constitution and for the safeguards of liberty, and the necessary consequence is the encouragement of crime and of those who would gladly trample upon the Constitution, and who wish no liberty except that of oppression. The Baltimore meeting is a fair illustration of the kind of canvass which will be conducted next year against the Republicans. The only "people" recognized in the Southern States will be the active Ku-Klux and their passive supporters. There will, however, be one advantage for the country, and that is, that in the discussion the constitutional principles of the Ku-Klux legislation will be fairly presented to public consideration, as they have not yet been, and will be fully understood by the people, as they are not now. Even those Republicans who were disposed, with us, to question the propriety of that legislation will, perhaps, agree that they had not fairly perceived the constitutional authority of that legislation.

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY AND TAMMANY.

THE question in the late New York election which has most interested the country is the relation of the Democratic party in this State to the Tammany Ring. Some of the Democratic papers have incessantly declared that the contest was a purgation of the Democratic party by its own leaders and agencies, and that the party was therefore entitled to the confidence of the country. Its position and action were contrasted with those of the Republicans, who, it was said, were stolidly following leaders who were denounced as equally corrupt with the Tammany Ring. Let us look for a moment at the relation between the Democratic party and the Ring.

The character of that cabal has long been understood. Charges of the utmost corruption were openly made and universally believed. They were as much believed last year as this, but the plain proof had not yet been presented. The Legislature of last winter was nearly tied. But Tammany had absolutely controlled the State Democratic Convention, and in the city the Democrats who voted at all voted chiefly for the Tammany candidates. The Ring owned the majority of the Legislature. It was notorious that it bought certain Republicans, but it did not buy the Republican party; and the important point in this inquiry is, not whether individual Republicans were bribed, but whether the Democratic members in any considerable numbers rebelled. Nobody asserts it. The Tammany Ring absolutely controlled its party in the last Legislature, as it had in the last Democratic Convention.

Moreover, when the proof of all the charges made was presented, and there could be doubt no longer, it was presented by a Republican paper. The Democratic papers, notably the *World*, sneered and defied, while the *Argus* could only sullenly say that if the Ring stole money, it was to buy Republicans. Even down to the appointment of Mr. GREEN as Deputy-Controller the *World* sneered at Mr. TILDEN and Mr. HAVEMEYER, and it was the rising tide of popular wrath, not at all Democratic zeal, as such, which led to the decisive step of the formation of the Committee of Seventy. Doubtless honest men like Mr. TILDEN and Mr. O'CONOR were very glad to seize the occasion to throw off the incubus of the Ring, but doubtless, also, they did not begin the movement. The Democratic State Convention of this year declined to receive the reform delegation from the city, and although it did not seat the Tammany delegation, it permitted that delegation to exclude the other, and to leave the city of New York, which is the seat of its majority, unrepresented; and the Convention then, refusing to nominate Mr. O'CONOR, nominated candidates who had been previously approved by the Ring.

The most that can be said, therefore, is that there were honest Democrats enough to join the Republicans in a union for the overthrow of the Ring. It is true that the Republicans alone could not have done it; but what would have been the fate of the reforming Democrats alone? It is idle to attempt to misrepresent the recent movement as a rising of the Democratic party of New York, as such, to cast off Tammany. Mr. O'CONOR and Mr. TILDEN and Mr. SEYMOUR took part in the general movement. But it was not the Democratic party that put the care of the city into the hands of Mr. O'CONOR and Mr. EVARTS, but it was the force of the movement which the Democratic party did not begin. The victory, we repeat, could not have been won in the city without the cordial union of men of both parties. Therefore, in the city, the result is not a party triumph. But the fact remains that the exposure was made by a leading Republican paper, and was most vigorously urged by the whole Republican press. While, on the other hand, the *World*, which claims to be the chief Democratic newspaper, resisted and sneered until denial was so absurd that, as usual, it ate all its words, and finding that it could not hope to persuade people that Mr. TWEED had grown rich in legitimate business, denounced him as a public robber.

Meanwhile the same foolish paper, vociferously supporting a State ticket which Tammany had nominated two years ago and still approved, railed at the Republicans for sustaining candidates against none of whom

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was a word ever breathed implying Tammany sympathy or alliance, because they were supported by what was called the Custom-house, the head of which had been charged by the *Tribune* with fraud and Tammany taint. But if the charges of the *Tribune*, which were not proved, were to be considered as tainting the Republican State ticket with Tammany, how much more should the proved frauds of the Ring have tainted the Democratic State ticket with the same corruption!

But the people have decided. We refer to the facts only that in the heat of the happy result the truth may be recorded. The great event is the work of honest men of both parties. Henceforth let those honest men take care that there is no Tammany Ring of either party.

THE NEXT DUTY.

DURING all the contest which resulted in the election the important point to be gained was not only the punishment of the members of the Ring for stealing, but the prevention of future thefts by the destruction of the system which they had established. This point has been gained beyond all question. Not only is the Ring routed, and its majority lost in the Legislature, but the veto of its old agent, the Governor, has been paralyzed. The reformers have obtained the absolute control of legislation, and, with the power, the responsibility. They can do what they will, and they must, therefore, will wisely. They can make such a charter for the city as they please, and it is essential that they should be governed by the most sagacious counsels.

The Legislature which will meet at the opening of the new year is the most important body of the kind which has assembled in this State for a very long time. It will be a strictly Republican Legislature; for it was inevitable that the party organization opposed to that which Tammany has so long controlled should gain the advantage of the coalition against Tammany. That is well understood. The State of New York, indeed, upon a full and honest vote, is undoubtedly Republican; but we all know that it is not exclusively as Republicans that we have won this great victory. It is in the light of that truth that the party should undertake municipal reform and the formation of a new charter. The policy as well as the glory of the party lies in framing a charter which, in the simplest and most intelligible way for every voter, will remedy the evils which sharp experience has revealed in the city government. And in this work the best Democrats in the Legislature will doubtless gladly co-operate. Mr. TILDEN, for instance, is a gentleman who is entirely familiar with the subject, and who has been conspicuous in the revolution. His counsel should and will have great weight with all candid legislators of every party.

The situation and the history of the last few years of the city government impose upon the Legislature and upon all good citizens the duty of reflection upon the true principles of a sound municipal system. The election shows that the people of the city wish a good and honest government. It shows that with care and union and efficient organization the good citizens are the majority. They will approve, therefore, a system, however radical its differences from the old systems may be, which will give them, for instance, fair security that the necessary duties of the municipality will be efficiently performed, and which will enable them to see constantly the accounts of the receipts and expenditures of the treasury. The election relieves us all of the conviction that in such a city as this the popular system is a failure; and without fearing any radical change of detail that may be made, we may all feel deeper confidence in the principle. The press will doubtless contribute its share of wise suggestion toward the new charter; and it will demand what it will help the Legislature to give—a simple and efficient municipal government.

THE UNITED STATES AND JAPAN.

THE invitation to Japan of General CAPRON, late chief of the Department of Agriculture in this country, and of General WILLIAMS, a distinguished expert in the internal revenue system, and the flattering manner in which General CAPRON has been received in Yeddo, are facts full of suggestive interest for Americans. There are already many Japanese in this country engaged in careful observation and study of the character and working of our system; and Mr. MORI, the Japanese chargé d'affaires, is a gentleman whose intelligence and earnest interest in the elevation and improvement of his country have made the best possible impression upon all who have met him. At several of our colleges the Japanese students are not the least distinguished for diligence and proficiency. At the Yale commencement Mr. MORI mentioned that Dr. WOOLSEY'S work upon International Law was carefully studied in Japan; and under the auspices of the Mikado, himself a young man, it is evident that a new era has opened in Japan, in which we Americans have an especial stake, and which if we are wise we shall turn to our great advantage.

The first step for us will be the cultivation of the most friendly relations by the utmost care in the selection of those who will represent us in that country. We must not send jobbers and charlatans. The immediate commercial advantages of a close and friendly intercourse with Japan are so conspicuous and immense that they must not be sacrificed. All the modern useful inventions of this country would find an almost boundless market in that new world. And the feeling with which we are regarded will depend, therefore, in a very great degree upon the character of our official agents, or of those who are invited from among us to official positions. It is in this view that the selection of General CAPRON and of General WILLIAMS is most fortunate. They go to meet a friendly disposition, and they carry, in their character and ability, that which will satisfy it. Hitherto the English ascendency has been virtually supreme among the foreign interests; but the official presence of Mr. MORI in this country, and the warm sympathy with which he presses upon his government the cultivation of amity with the United States by the most efficient means, show that the hold of England is not indisputable.

The intelligent movement toward the friendship of this country has been greatly quickened by the result of the revolution in Japan, which has established the supremacy of the Mikado, and has abolished parts of the old Japanese feudalism. The accounts of this subject from the mission of General CAPRON are most interesting, confirming as they do the impressions derived from the Japanese legation here. There is a general tendency toward liberal reforms. This is good; but the question which they suggest is whether they are the demand of the people or are the desire only or chiefly of the ruling and upper classes. In every old and highly monarchical land there is always the suspicion that liberal reform may be only a fashion of thought among the aristocracy, as with JOSEPH the Second and certain noblemen at the close of the last century; or that it may not be rooted in the popular intelligence, as in the reforms in Spain under FLORIDA BLANCA and ARANDA. BUCKLE, upon a review of their action, says what is certainly true, that "no reform can produce real good unless it is the result of public opinion, and unless the people themselves take the initiative."

Upon this point, however, there is a presumption in favor of Japan arising from its system of education. A letter from one of the suit of General CAPRON says: "A stupid Japanese is difficult to find, an uneducated one certainly is rare, at least here in the city. The meanest 'cooly' who carries your baggage or draws you in a jinriksha can both read and write." This correspondent speaks of the assiduity with which English is studied, reminding the reader of the zeal of the freedmen to learn. Indeed, Mr. MORI is of opinion that English may be made the familiar foreign language of his country. The tendency which these facts indicate is the natural result of steam and the telegraph. Countries are ceasing to be foreign in any remote and insuperable manner. COWLEY'S queer conceit that "on the lunar world" we might "securely pry" is becoming sober truth. The test of statesmanship will be a sagacious use of the great opportunities which are thus opened to us. A generous and truly friendly reception of the overtures of Japan, consequent upon the most ample and intelligent inquiry, is plainly what the situation both invites and facilitates.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

HARPER'S WEEKLY has never done better service for truth and justice than it is doing now. It has given the battle with Tammany a popular power which, without pictorial illustration, it never could have had. One of NAST'S cartoons gathers up the force of many editorials: that of the present week, representing the destruction of the republic by Tammany corruption, is very effective. The intensity of its feeling is all through relieved by touches of humor. As an ancient city magistrate, TWEED sits in his official chair, presiding over the contest of the arena. Instead of the conventional eagle, at the top of the standard is a fireman's hat, marked "68"—a touch of fun at the beginning of TWEED'S public life. The tiger, symbol of the American Club, is used in a manner to produce the effect of a telling retort. This is, however, only one of many engravings in the same number in which NAST carries home to the popular feeling the arguments of orators and editors.

We can have hope for the republic so long as the people are instructed by such a paper. And it gives us pleasure to record the fact that 120,000 copies of a recent number of the WEEKLY were ordered by three news companies. Through this immense circulation the contest with our corrupt city officers has attained the magnitude of a national question, and may be the means of municipal reform throughout the Union. For, after all, "Tammany" is but an aggravated case of a disease every where prevalent among us.

The country owes much to HARPER'S WEEKLY for its defense of our public schools against the schemes of the Roman Catholic hierarchy. Here again NAST'S tireless pencil has made the issue plain to the humblest understanding. The fertility of this artist is amazing. Without a sign of exhaustion, he produces, week after week, illustrations of current events in which humor, sarcasm, and intense indignation against wrong are fused together. Mr. NAST is always easily understood. Plain people who would never read long arguments find all their force condensed in one of his pictures.

Such a periodical as HARPER'S WEEKLY is a public benefaction. The Messrs. HARPER are doing an educational work so important that we can only think of the absence of their periodicals as an irreparable national loss.—*From the Methodist.*

PERSONAL.

GENERAL GEORGE B. WILLIAMS, formerly of Indiana, and Deputy-Commissioner of Internal Revenue, has been appointed by the Japanese government, at a salary of $10,000 per annum, to assist in the organization and administration of an internal revenue system in that country. He departs on his mission in January.

—The Hon. MORTON M'MICHAEL is the first gentleman in America, at the head of a paper, who has had the satisfaction of being at the helm on the one hundredth anniversary of its existence, and the eight-seventh of its continuous daily publication. The Philadelphia *North American* is one of the ablest and highest toned of our journals, and has had among its editors and contributors many of the brightest intellects of the country. Mr. M'MICHAEL is not only able as a journalist and public speaker, but as a presider at important public meetings, political or social, is probably without an equal in the United States.

—It is not improbable that Mr. SEWARD may occupy himself for some months to come in preparing a sketch of his remarkable journey around the world, and that afterward, as leisure and health may permit, he may prepare for publication a sketch of the public men with whom he has associated, and the public measures with which he has had to do, since he entered public life forty-three years ago.

—Mr. A. B. WOOD has accepted the position tendered to him by the Japanese government, to take charge of the diplomatic and consular affairs of that empire.

—The library of Lafayette College, Pennsylvania, is indebted to M. DE LESSEPS, the engineer of the Suez Canal, for a complete set of the reports and documents relating to that great enterprise. The gift consists of twenty-three volumes, with maps and plans.

—Mr. Secretary BOUTWELL'S statement that the public debt of the nations is about $22,000,000,000 is criticised by the editor of the New York *Evening Post*, who, after careful ciphering, makes the amount at this time about $17,400,000,000. Add to this the debt of the United States, and the productive industry of Christendom will be found to be mortgaged to capitalists for about $19,000,000,000. Public debts are unknown in Asia, and there are none in Africa, except in Egypt.

—The Rev. Dr. SPRAGUE, formerly of Albany, but now living in retirement at Flushing, possesses the largest and most valuable collection of autographs of any person in the United States, and it is probably unsurpassed by any collection in Europe. They are arranged, classified, and numbered. Those of the Revolutionary period are perfect—WASHINGTON, his staff, his generals, his cabinet, with every eminent American of that age. He has the entire originals of the ARNOLD treason, with the identical letter of "John Anderson." These autographs, valued at not less than $100,000, are chronologically arranged and indexed, so that any one can be turned to in a moment. Dr. SPRAGUE has traveled every where, heard nearly every one speak or preach who has made any mark in this century, and is full of incidents of ROBERT HALL, ROWLAND HILL, WILBERFORCE, and their associates.

—CHARLES SPRAGUE, poet and banker, of Boston, celebrated his eightieth birthday on the 26th October last. He became cashier of the Globe Bank, Boston, forty-six years ago, and has continued in that position ever since. The best known of his poems is an ode on SHAKSPEARE, delivered at the Boston Theatre in 1823, and pronounced by PRESCOTT, the historian, and RUFUS W GRISWOLD, to be the best of its kind written since the days of POPE. Besides this, he took five prizes for odes delivered at the opening of different theatres, all equally good. He is equally respected by poets and business men, especially by the latter, for, since he became its cashier, the Globe Bank has never failed to make a dividend.

—The name of DANIEL DREW is pretty sure to be connected one way or another with any great operation in Wall Street. In the recent grand scrimmage between the "bulls" and "bears" Mr. DREW is said to have had an immense "short" interest, and that since the Chicago fire his profits have been a clear half million of dollars.

—Bishop TUTTLE, of the missionary diocese comprising Utah, Montana, and Idaho, is of the opinion that to extirpate Mormonism will be a very tough job. He thinks that the completion of the Northern Pacific Railroad will be the greatest help in the work, as the increased influx of miners and people from the East will crowd out the followers of YOUNG, and eventually deprive them of influence and power. The Episcopalians have now a fine church at Salt Lake City, which cost about $50,000, and from its tower may be heard the only bell that calls the citizens to worship on Sunday.

—Count MOLTKE has received as a present from Kaiser WILLIAM two of the captured French guns, to be placed in front of his country-seat in Silesia.

—Mr. DANIEL DOUGHERTY, one of the most brilliant men of the Philadelphia bar, last week delivered a lecture in the "Bay State Course" in Music Hall, Boston, and for two hours delighted one of the most critical audiences of that city. His subject was "Orators and Oratory," and the journals are quite warm in commendation of his effort. As an advocate Mr. DOUGHERTY has no superior at the bar of Pennsylvania.

—Lord Dufferin is to be made an earl. He is equally noted in yachts and literature, is always going somewhere and writing something, and has, moreover, rendered such service to his party that the government requite it with a coronet.

—Reading, Pennsylvania, goes down to posterity with two items of distinction: Senator CARL SCHURZ once taught school there, and BAYARD TAYLOR was clerk in a grocery store. Two more completely self-made men could hardly be found in the country.

—The SPRAGUE brothers—Senator WILLIAM and Colonel AMASA—are probably the largest cotton-mill owners in the world. It was the ambition of their great-grandfather, who built the first cotton-mill in Providence, to run 100 looms, and at his death 60 were in operation. The present firm runs 6000 looms, manufacture 5000 pieces of cloth per day, and print 2500. The largest individual mill in the United States belongs to them, and is located at Baltic, is 964 feet long, five stories high, contains 2000 looms, and runs 76,000 spindles. They own two mills at Quidneck, Rhode Island, of 36,000 spindles; at Arctic, one mill of 25,000 spindles; at Natick, four mills of 43,000 spindles; at Central Falls, four mills of 33,000 spindles, constituting the United States Flax Mill; and at Maine, two mills of 35,000 spindles. These different mills are surrounded by villages formed of houses occupied by the operatives, churches for their attendance, and a large store to supply their necessities, all erected at the same time as the mills. In Baltic the firm own every lot of land bordering both banks of the Shetucket River for ten miles, extending through Windham, Sprague, and South Windham to Willimantic.

—General ROBERT TOOMBS, who has probably the most extensive practice of any member of the bar of Georgia, was recently in attendance at court in Atlanta. He has great personal popularity, and the moment he leaves his room at the hotel is surrounded by a crowd, all eager to be in his presence and listen to his conversation. His speeches at the bar are said to be fine specimens of forensic eloquence. Yet he is not a close student, spends little time among law books, and gives the preparation of his cases to others. It is in the court-house that his talent is conspicuous, and there he literally overrides all opposition, and carries his point by adroit management and vehement eloquence.

—Mr. DELANE, the present editor of the London *Times*, does not write much, but he dines ably, being hand in glove with the Prince of Wales, Lord Granville, Mr. GLADSTONE, Mr. DISRAELI, and with most of the political and aristocratic notabilities.

—The elevation of M. THIERS to the Presidency animates the *littérateurs* and interviewers of France in hunting up anecdotes and incidents of a personal character. A writer in the *Gaulois* has this pleasant paragraph: "About 1827 M. COSTE, chief editor of the *Temps*, and M. LOUIS BELLOT passed, every night, on leaving their office about two o'clock in the morning, before a house in the fifth story of which a light was always burning. Their curiosity was greatly excited, and they often stopped to speculate upon the character of the occupant of that lofty room. One night they could no longer resist the temptation to ask who was the owner of that constant light, and M. COSTE rung the bell. The *concierge* opened the door, and answered the question as to who occupied the fifth story: 'It is a poor young man from the Midi,' he replied—'very poor, laborious, and an obstinate digger into his books, although only destined to be a journalist.' On learning that he had to do with one of the profession, M. COSTE insisted upon mounting the stairs. They found the young man at his work; they conversed with him; and, at last, M. COSTE engaged him to make his *début* in his journal. The young man's name was ADOLPHE THIERS."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

ON Tuesday, November 7, elections occurred in the States of New York, Massachusetts, Wisconsin, Illinois, Maryland, New Jersey, and Virginia. The Republicans carried New York, gaining two-thirds of both branches of the Legislature by about 15,000 majority, defeating, with the aid of the Reform Democrats, every Tammany candidate for Senator except Tweed. In Massachusetts Washburn was elected Governor by a large majority over the Democratic candidate, and Illinois and Wisconsin also went strongly Republican. In New Jersey the Democrats elected their candidate for Governor, but the Legislature is Republican. Maryland and Virginia went Democratic by reduced majorities.

Out of about $3,500,000 subscribed to the Chicago Relief Fund, $2,050,000 have been received by the Executive Committee. The cost of temporary buildings, with the necessary furniture, for the protection of the burned-out poor, will be about $1,200,000, leaving $2,250,000 to meet the demands for food, clothing, fuel, and general expenses.

United States Commissioner Spencer has discharged the Fenian Generals O'Neil and Curley, on the ground that, although the offense was clearly established, no proof was adduced that the expedition was organized in Minnesota.

It is reported, semi-officially, from Washington, in explanation of the terrible spread of small-pox in our Eastern cities, that the infected buffalo-skins bought and captured from the Indians two years ago, having disappeared from quarantine, have been sold to the public. The prevalence of the virulent disease is attributed to this.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ON the arrival of Victor Emanuel at Rome he will occupy the state apartments in the Quirinal Palace, which are now in course of preparation for him.

In all the principal towns of the North of England the workmen are following the example of the Newcastle engineers, by demanding a reduction of the time of labor to nine hours per day. The iron-workers of Middlesborough, the shipwrights of Stockton, the dyers of Leeds, and many other large bodies of workmen have already insisted upon the reduction. The whole of the employés of Messrs. Laird, the great ship-builders of Birkenhead, have resolved to insist upon the reduction of the hours of labor to nine.

It is reported that M. Thiers has assigned the Castle of Pau, in France, to the Pope, who will probably take refuge there when Victor Emanuel settles for good in Rome.

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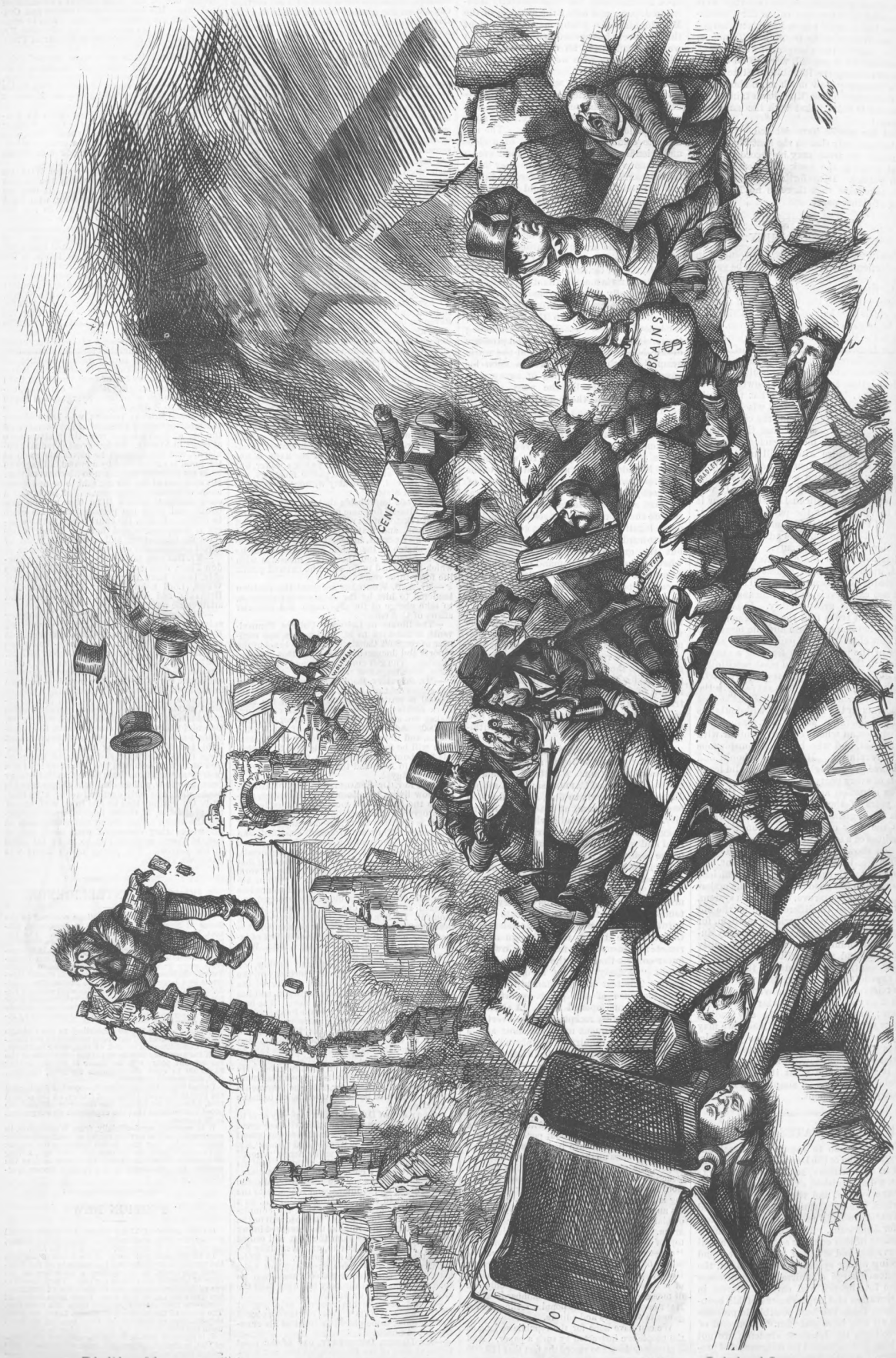

SOMETHING THAT DID BLOW OVER—NOVEMBER 7, 1871.

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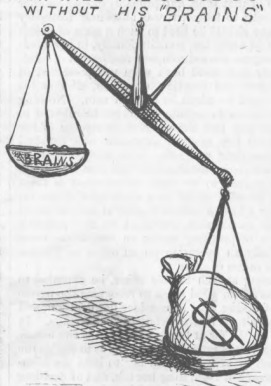
"THE REASONS WHICH HAVE PROMPTED THIS ACTION - THESE REASONS ARE OF AN OVERWHELMING CHARACTER."

"THE FACT SHALL NOT BE MADE KNOWN UNTIL AFTER THE ELECTION."

"I HEREBY TENDER MY RESIGNATION."

WHAT WILL THE JUDGE DO WITHOUT HIS "BRAINS"



"I SEVER MY CONNECTION"

THE POLITICAL SUICIDE OF PETER "BRAINS" $WEENY.

"THE TIMES HAVE BEEN THAT WHEN THE BRAINS WERE OUT, THE MAN WOULD DIE, AND THERE AN END." SHAKSPEARE.

THE "HEAD" AND "BRAIN" GONE, THE BODY GOES TO

Th. Nast.

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POOR MISS FINCH.

A Domestic Story.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," "Man and Wife," etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-FIRST.

(*Continued.*)

"WHO SHALL DECIDE WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE?"

MR. SEBRIGHT answered her, in Mr. Sebright's discreet way.

"I can not affect to be surprised at your decision," he said. "However sincerely I may regret it, I admit that it is the natural decision in your case."

Lucilla addressed herself next to Herr Grosse.

"Choose your own day," she said. "The sooner the better. To-morrow, if you can."

"Answer me one little thing, miss," rejoined the German, with a sudden gravity of tone and manner, which was quite new in our experience of him. "Do you mean what you say?"

She answered him gravely on her side. "I mean what I say."

"Goot. There is times, my lofe, to be funny. There is also times to be grave. It is gravetimes now. I have my last word to say to you before I go."

With his wild black eyes staring through his owlish spectacles at Lucilla's face, speaking earnestly in his strange broken English, he now impressed on his patient the necessity of gravely considering and preparing for the operation which he had undertaken to perform. I was greatly relieved by the tone he took with her. He spoke with authority: she would be obliged to listen to *him*.

In the first place he warned Lucilla, if the operation failed, that there would be no possibility of returning to it and trying it again. Once done, be the results what they might, it was done for good.

In the second place, before he would consent to operate, he must insist on certain conditions, essential to success, being rigidly complied with on the part of the patient and her friends. Mr. Sebright had by no means exaggerated the length of the time of trial which would follow the operation, in the darkened room. Under no circumstances could she hope to have her eyes uncovered, even for a few moments, to the light, after a shorter interval than six weeks. During the whole of that time, and probably during another six weeks to follow, it was absolutely necessary that she should be kept in such a state of health as would assist her, constitutionally, in her gradual progress toward complete restoration of sight. If body and mind both were not preserved in their best and steadiest condition, all that his skill could do might be done in vain. Nothing to excite or to agitate her must be allowed to find its way into the quiet daily routine of her life until her medical attendant was satisfied that her sight was safe. The success of Herr Grosse's professional career had been due, in no small degree, to his rigid enforcement of these rules, founded on his own experience of the influence which a patient's general health, moral as well as physical, exercised on that patient's chance of profiting under an operation—more especially an operation on an organ so delicate as the organ of sight.

Having spoken to this effect, he appealed to Lucilla's own good sense to recognize the necessity of taking time to consider her decision, and to consult on it with relatives and friends. In plain words, for at least three months the family arrangements must be so shaped as to enable the surgeon in attendance on her to hold the absolute power of regulating her life, and of deciding on any changes introduced into it. When she and the members of her family circle were sure of being able to comply with these conditions, Lucilla had only to write to him at his hotel in London. On the next day he would undertake to be at Dimchurch. And then and there (if he was satisfied with the state of her health at the time) he would perform the operation.

After pledging himself in those terms, Herr Grosse puffed out his remaining breath in one deep guttural "Hah!" and got briskly on his short legs. At the same moment Zillah knocked at the door, and announced that the chaise was waiting for the two gentlemen at the rectory gate.

Mr. Sebright rose—in some doubt, apparently, whether his colleague had done talking. "Don't let me hurry you," he said. "I have business in London; and I must positively catch the next train."

"Soh! I have my business in London too," answered his brother oculist—"the business of pleasure." (Mr. Sebright looked scandalized at the frankness of this confession, coming from a professional man.) "I am so passion-fond of musics," Herr Grosse went on, "I want to be in goot times for the opera. Ach Gott! musics is expensive in England! I climb to the gallery, and pay my five silver shillingses even there. For five copper pences, in my own country, I can get the same thing—only better done. From the deep bottoms of my heart," proceeded this curious man, taking a cordial leave of me, "I thank you, dear madam, for the Mayonnaise. When I come again, I pray you more of that lofely dish." He turned to Lucilla and popped his thumbs on her eyelids for the last time at parting. "My sweet-Feench, remember what your surgeon-optic has said to you. I shall let the light in here—but in my own way, at my own time. Pretty lofe! Ah, how infinitely much prettier she will be when she can see!" He took Lucilla's hand, and put it sentimentally inside the collar of his waistcoat, over the region of the heart, laying his other hand upon it as if he was keeping it warm. In this tender attitude he blew a prodigious sigh, recovered himself with a shake of his shock-head, winked at me through his spectacles, and waddled out after Mr. Sebright, who was already at the bottom of the stairs. Who would have guessed that this man held the key which was to open for my blind Lucilla the gates of a new life!

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-SECOND.

ALAS FOR THE MARRIAGE!

WE were left together: Nugent having accompanied the two oculists to the garden gate.

Now that we were alone, Oscar's absence could hardly fail to attract Lucilla's attention. Just as she was referring to him, in terms which made it no easy task for me to quiet her successfully, we were interrupted by the screams of the baby, ascending from the garden below. I ran to the window and looked out.

Mrs. Finch had actually effected her desperate purpose of waylaying the two surgeons in the interests of "baby's eyes." There she was, in a skirt and a shawl—with her novel dropped in one part of the lawn, and her handkerchief in the other—pursuing the oculists on their way to the chaise. Reckless of appearances, Herr Grosse had taken to his heels. He was retreating from the screeching infant (with his fingers stuffed into his ears) as fast as his short legs would let him. Nugent was ahead of him, hurrying on to open the garden gate. Respectable Mr. Sebright (professionally incapable of running) brought up the rear. At short intervals Mrs. Finch, close on his heels, held up the baby for inspection. At short intervals Mr. Sebright held up his hands in polite protest. Nugent, roaring with laughter, threw open the garden gate. Herr Grosse rushed through the opening and disappeared. Mr. Sebright followed Herr Grosse; and Mrs. Finch attempted to follow Mr. Sebright—when a new personage appeared on the scene. Startled in the sanctuary of his study by the noise, the rector himself strutted into the garden, and brought his wife to a sudden stand-still, by inquiring in his deepest bass notes, "What does this unseemly disturbance mean?"

The chaise drove off; and Nugent closed the garden gate.

Some words, inaudible to my ears, passed between Nugent and the rector—referring, as I could only suppose, to the visit of the two departing surgeons. After a while Mr. Finch turned away (to all appearance offended by something which had been said to him), and addressed himself to Oscar, who now reappeared on the lawn, having evidently only waited to show himself until the chaise drove away. The rector fraternally took his arm; and, beckoning to his wife with the other hand, took Mrs. Finch's arm next. Majestically marching back to the house between the two, Reverend Finch asserted himself and his authority alternately, now to Oscar and now to his wife. His big booming voice reached my ears distinctly, accompanied in sharp discord by the last wailings of the exhausted child.

In these terrible words the Pope of Dimchurch began:

"Oscar! you are to understand distinctly, if you please, that I maintain my protest against this impious attempt to meddle with my afflicted daughter's sight.—Mrs. Finch! *you* are to understand that I excuse your unseemly pursuit of two strange surgeons in consideration of the state that I find you in at this moment. After your last confinement but eight you became, I remember, hysterically irresponsible. Hold your tongue. You are hysterically irresponsible now.—Oscar! I decline, in justice to myself, to be present at any discussion which may follow the visit of these two professional persons. But I am not averse to advising you for your own good. My Foot is down. Put *your* foot down too.—Mrs. Finch! how long is it since you ate last? Two hours? Are you sure it is two hours? Very good. You require a sedative application. I order you, medically, to get into a warm bath, and stay there till I come to you.—Oscar! you are deficient, my good fellow, in moral weight. Endeavor to oppose yourself resolutely to any scheme, on the part of my unhappy daughter or of those who advise her, which involves more expenditure of money in fees, and new appearances of professional persons.—Mrs. Finch! the temperature is to be ninety-eight, and the position partially recumbent.—Oscar! I authorize you (if you can't stop it in any other way) to throw My moral weight into the scale. You are free to say 'I oppose This, with Mr. Finch's approval: I am, so to speak, backed by Mr. Finch.'—Mrs. Finch! I wish you to understand the object of the bath. Hold your tongue. The object is to produce a gentle action on your skin. One of the women is to keep her eye on your forehead. The instant she perceives an appearance of moisture she is to run for me.—Oscar! you will let me know at what decision they arrive up stairs in my daughter's room. Not after they have merely heard what *you* have to say, but after My Moral Weight has been thrown into the scale.—Mrs. Finch! on leaving the bath, I shall have you only lightly clothed. I forbid, with a view to your head, all compression, whether of stays or strings, round the waist. I forbid garters—with the same object. You will abstain from tea and talking. You will lie, loose, on your back. You will—"

What else this unhappy woman was to do, I failed to hear. Mr. Finch disappeared with her round the corner of the house. Oscar waited at the door of our side of the rectory until Nugent joined him on their way back to the sitting-room in which we were expecting their return.

After an interval of a few minutes the brothers appeared.

Throughout the whole of the time during which the surgeons had been in the house I had noticed that Nugent persisted in keeping himself scrupulously in the background. Having assumed the responsibility of putting the serious question of Lucilla's sight scientifically to the test, he appeared to be resolved to pause there, and to interfere no further in the affair after it had passed its first stage. And now again, when we were met in our little committee to discuss, and possibly to combat, Lucilla's resolution to proceed to extremities, he once more refrained from interfering actively with the matter in hand.

"I have brought Oscar back with me," he said to Lucilla, "and I have told him how widely the two oculists differ in opinion on your case. He knows also that you have decided on being guided by the more favorable view taken by Herr Grosse—and he knows no more."

There he stopped abruptly, and seated himself apart from us, at the lower end of the room.

Lucilla instantly appealed to Oscar to explain his conduct.

"Why have you kept out of the way?" she asked. "Why have you not been with me at the most important moment of my life?"

"Because I felt your anxious position too keenly," Oscar answered. "Don't think me inconsiderate toward you, Lucilla. If I had not kept away, I might not have been able to control myself."

I thought that reply far to dextrous to have come from Oscar on the spur of the moment. Besides, he looked at his brother when he said the last words. It seemed more than likely—short as the interval had been before they appeared in the sitting-room—that Nugent had been advising Oscar, and had been telling him what to say.

Lucilla received his excuses with the readiest grace and kindness.

"Mr. Sebright tells me, Oscar, that my sight is hopelessly gone," she said. "Herr Grosse answers for it that an operation will make me see. Need I tell you which of the two I believe in? If I could have had my own way, Herr Grosse should have operated on my eyes before he went back to London."

"Did he refuse?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

Lucilla told him of the reasons which the German oculist had stated as unanswerable reasons for delay. Oscar listened attentively, and looked at his brother again before he replied.

"As I understand it," he said, "if you decide on risking the operation at once, you decide on undergoing six weeks' imprisonment in a darkened room, and on placing yourself entirely at the surgeon's disposal for six weeks more after that. Have you considered, Lucilla, that this means putting off our marriage *again* for at least three months?"

"If you were in my place, Oscar, you would let nothing, not even your marriage, stand in the way of your restoration to sight. Don't ask me to consider, love. I can consider nothing but the prospect of seeing You!"

That fearlessly frank confession silenced him. He happened to be sitting opposite to the glass, so that he could see his face. The poor wretch abruptly moved his chair, so as to turn his back on it.

I looked at Nugent, and surprised him trying to catch his brother's eye. Prompted by him, as I could now no longer doubt, Oscar had laid his finger on a certain domestic difficulty which I had had in my mind from the moment when the question of the operation had been first agitated among us.

(The marriage of Oscar and Lucilla—it is here necessary to explain—had encountered another obstacle, and undergone a new delay, in consequence of the dangerous illness of Lucilla's aunt. Miss Batchford, invited to the ceremony as a matter of course, had most considerately sent a message begging that the marriage might not be deferred on her account. Lucilla, however, had refused to allow her wedding to be celebrated while the woman who had been a second mother to her lay at the point of death. The rector (with an eye to rich Miss Batchford's money) had supported his daughter's decision, and Oscar had been compelled to submit. These domestic events had taken place about three weeks since; and we were now in receipt of news which not only assured us of the old lady's recovery, but informed us also that she would be well enough to make one of the wedding-party in a fortnight's time. The bride's dress was in the house; the bride's father was ready to officiate—and here, like a fatality, was the question of the operation unexpectedly starting up, and threatening another delay yet for a period which could not possibly be shorter than a period of three months! Add to this, if you please, a new element of embarrassment as follows. Supposing Lucilla to persist in her resolution, and Oscar to persist in concealing from her the personal change in him produced by the medical treatment of the fits, what would happen? Nothing less than this: Lucilla, if the operation succeeded, would find out for herself—before instead of after her marriage—the deception that had been practiced on her. And how she might resent that deception, thus discovered, the cleverest person among us could not pretend to foresee. There was our situation, as we sat in domestic parliament assembled, when the surgeons had left us!)

Finding it impossible to attract his brother's attention, Nugent had no alternative but to interfere actively for the first time.

"Let me suggest, Lucilla," he said, "that it is your duty to look at the other side of the question before you make up your mind. In the first place, it is surely hard on Oscar to postpone the wedding-day again. In the second place, clever as he is, Herr Grosse is not infallible. It is just possible that the operation may fail, and that you may find you have put off your marriage for three months to no purpose. Do think of it! If you defer the operation on your eyes till after your marriage, you conciliate all interests, and you only delay by a month or so the time when you may see."

Lucilla impatiently shook her head.

"If you were blind," she answered, "you would not willingly delay by a single hour the time when you might see. You ask me to think of it. I ask *you* to think of the years I have lost. I ask *you* to think of the exquisite happiness I shall feel when Oscar and I are standing at the altar, if I can *see* the husband to whom I am giving myself for life! Put it off for a month? You might as well ask me to die for a month. It is like death to be sitting here blind, and to know that a man is within a few hours' reach of me who can give me my sight! I tell you all plainly, if you go on opposing me in this, I don't answer for myself. If Herr Grosse is not recalled to Dimchurch before the end of the week—I am my own mistress—I will go to him in London!"

Both the brothers looked at me.

"Have you nothing to say, Madame Pratolungo?" asked Nugent.

Oscar was too painfully agitated to speak. He softly crossed to my chair; and, kneeling by me, put my hand entreatingly to his lips.

You may consider me a heartless woman if you will. I remained entirely unmoved even by this. Lucilla's interests and my interests, you will observe, were now one. I had resolved, from the first, that she should not be married in ignorance of which was the man who was disfigured by the blue face. If she took the course which would enable her to make that discovery for herself, at the right time, she would spare me the performance of a very painful and ungracious duty, and she would marry, as I was determined she should marry, with a full knowledge of the truth. In this position of affairs it was no business of mine to join the twin brothers in trying to make her alter her resolution. On the contrary, it was my business to confirm her in it.

"I can't see that I have any right to interfere," I said. "In Lucilla's place—after one-and-twenty years of blindness—I too should sacrifice every other consideration to the consideration of recovering my sight."

Oscar instantly rose, offended with me, and walked away to the window. Lucilla's face brightened gratefully. "Ah!" she said, "*you* understand me!" Nugent, in his turn, left his chair. He had confidently calculated, in his brother's interests, on Lucilla's marriage preceding the recovery of Lucilla's sight. That calculation was completely baffled. The marriage would now depend on the state of Lucilla's feelings after she had penetrated the truth for herself. I saw Nugent's face darken as he walked to the door.

"Madame Pratolungo," he said, "you may, one day, regret the course that you have just taken. Do as you please, Lucilla—I have no more to say."

He left the room, with a quiet submission to circumstances which became him admirably. Now, as always, it was impossible not to compare him advantageously with his vacillating brother. Oscar turned round at the window, apparently with the idea of following Nugent out. At the first step he checked himself. There was a last effort still left to make. Reverend Finch's "moral weight" had not been thrown into the scale yet.

"There is one thing more, Lucilla," he said, "which you ought to know before you decide. I have seen your father. He desires me to tell you that he is strongly opposed to the experiment which you are determined to try."

Lucilla sighed wearily. "It is not the first time that I find my father failing to sympathize with me," she said. "I am distressed—but not surprised. It is *you* who surprise me!" she added, suddenly raising her voice. "You, who love me, are not one with me, when I am standing on the brink of a new life. Good Heavens! are my interests not your interests in this? Is it not worth your while to wait till I can *look at you* when I vow before God to love, honor, and obey you? Do you understand him?" she asked, appealing abruptly to me. "Why does he try to start difficulties? why is he not as eager about it as I am?"

I turned to Oscar. Now was the time for him to fall at her feet and own it! Here was the golden opportunity that might never come again. I signed to him impatiently to take it. He tried to take it—let me do him the justice now which I failed to do him at the time—he tried to take it. He advanced toward her; he struggled with himself; he said, "There is a motive for my conduct, Lucilla—" and stopped. His breath failed him; he struggled again; he forced out a word or two more: "A motive," he went on, "which I have been afraid to confess—" he paused again, with the perspiration pouring over his livid face.

Lucilla's patience failed her. "What is your motive?" she asked, sharply.

The tone in which she spoke broke down his last reserves of resolution. He turned his head suddenly so as not to see her. At the final moment—miserable, miserable man!—at the final moment he took refuge in an excuse.

"I don't believe in Herr Grosse," he said, faintly, "as you believe in him."

Lucilla rose, bitterly disappointed, and opened the door that led into her own room.

"If it had been you who were blind," she answered, "*your* belief would have been *my* belief, and *your* hope *my* hope. It seems I have

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expected too much from you. Live and learn! live and learn!"

She went into her room and closed the door on us. I could bear it no longer. I got up, with the firm resolution in me to follow her and say the words he had failed to say for himself. My hand was on the door, when I was suddenly pulled back from it by Oscar. I turned and faced him in silence.

"No!" he said, with his eyes fixed on mine, and his hand still on my arm. "If I don't tell her, nobody shall tell her for me."

"She shall be deceived no longer—she must and shall hear it," I answered. "Let me go!"

"You have given me your promise to wait for my leave before you open your lips. I forbid you to open your lips."

I snapped the fingers of my hand that was free in his face. "*That* for my promise!" I said. "Your contemptible weakness is putting her happiness in peril as well as yours." I turned my head toward the door, and called to her. "Lucilla!"

His hand closed fast on my arm. Some lurking devil in him that I had never seen yet leaped up and looked at me out of his eyes.

"Tell her," he whispered, savagely, between his teeth, "and I will contradict you to your face! If you are desperate, I am desperate too. I don't care what meanness I am guilty of! I will deny it on my honor; I will deny it on my oath. You heard what she said about you at Browndown. She will believe *me* before *you*."

Lucilla opened her door, and stood waiting on the threshold.

"What is it?" she asked, quietly.

A moment's glance at Oscar warned me that he would do what he had threatened if I persisted in my resolution. The desperation of a weak man is, of all desperations, the most unscrupulous and the most unmanageable—when it is once roused. Angry as I was, I shrank from degrading him, as I must now have degraded him if I matched my obstinacy against his. In mercy to both of them, I gave way.

"I may be going out, my dear, before it gets dark," I said to Lucilla. "Can I do any thing for you in the village?"

"Yes," she said; "if you will wait a little, you can take a letter for me to the post."

She went back into her room, and closed the door.

I neither looked at Oscar nor spoke to him when we were alone again. He was the first who broke the silence.

"You have remembered your promise to me," he said. "You have done well."

"I have nothing more to say to you," I answered. "I shall go to my own room."

His eyes followed me uneasily as I walked to the door.

"I shall speak to her," he muttered, doggedly, "at my own time."

A wise woman would not have allowed him to irritate her into saying another word. Alas! I am not a wise woman—that is to say, not always.

"Your own time?" I repeated, with the whole force of my contempt. "If you don't own the truth to her before the German surgeon comes back, your time will have gone by forever. He has told us, in the plainest terms, when once the operation is performed nothing must be said to agitate or distress her for months afterward. The preservation of her tranquillity is the condition of the recovery of her sight. You will soon have an excuse for your silence, Mr. Oscar Dubourg!"

The tone in which I said those last words stung him to some purpose.

"Spare your sneers, you heartless Frenchwoman!" he broke out, angrily. "I don't care how I stand in *your* estimation. Lucilla loves me. Nugent feels for me."

My vile temper instantly hit on the most merciless answer that I could make to him in return.

"Ah, poor Lucilla!" I said. "What a much happier prospect hers might have been! What a thousand, thousand pities it is that she is not going to marry your brother instead of marrying *you*!"

He winced under that reply as if I had cut him with a knife. His head dropped on his breast. He started back from me like a beaten dog, and suddenly and silently left the room.

I had not been a minute by myself before my anger cooled. I tried to keep it hot; I tried to remember that he had aspersed my nation in calling me a "heartless Frenchwoman." No! it was not to be done. In spite of myself I repented what I had said to him.

In a moment more I was out on the stairs to try if I could overtake him.

I was too late. I heard the garden gate bang before I was out of the house. Twice I approached the gate to follow him. And twice I drew back in the fear of making bad worse. It ended in my returning to the sitting-room, very seriously dissatisfied with myself.

The first welcome interruption to my solitude came, not from Lucilla, but from the old nurse. Zillah appeared with a letter for me: left that moment at the rectory by the servant from Browndown. The direction was in Oscar's handwriting. I opened the envelope, and read these words:

"MADAME PRATOLUNGO,—You have distressed and pained me more than I can say. There are faults, and serious ones, on my side, I knew. I heartily beg your pardon for any thing that I may have said or done to offend you. I can not submit to your hard verdict on me. If you knew how I adore Lucilla, you would make allowances for me—you would understand me better than you do. I can not get your last cruel words out of my ears. I can not meet you again without some explanation of them. You stabbed me to the heart when you said this evening that it would be a happier prospect for Lucilla if she had been going to marry my brother instead of marrying me. I hope you did not really mean that? Will you please write and tell me whether you did or not? OSCAR."

Write and tell him! It was absurd enough—when we were within a few minutes' walk of each other—that Oscar should prefer the cold formality of a letter to the friendly ease of a personal interview. Why could he not have called and spoken to me? We should have made it up together far more comfortably in that way—and in half the time. At any rate, I determined to go to Browndown, and be good friends again, viva voce, with this poor, weak, well-meaning, ill-judging boy. Was it not monstrous to have attached serious meaning to what Oscar had said when he was in a panic of nervous terror! His tone of writing so keenly distressed me that I resented his letter on that very account. It was one of the chilly evenings of an English June. A small fire was burning in the grate. I crumpled up the letter, and threw it, as I supposed, into the fire. (After-events showed that I only threw it into a corner of the fender instead.) Then I put on my hat, without stopping to think of Lucilla, or of what she was writing for the post, and ran off to Browndown.

Where do you think I found him? Locked up in his own room! His insane shyness—it was really nothing less—made him shrink from that very personal explanation which (with such a temperament as mine) was the only possible explanation under the circumstances. I had to threaten him with forcing his door before I could get him to show himself and take my hand.

Once face to face with him, I soon set things right. I really believe he had been half mad with his own self-imposed troubles when he had threatened giving me the lie at the door of Lucilla's room.

It is needless to dwell on what took place between us. I shall only say here that I had serious reason, at a later time—as you will soon see—to regret not having humored Oscar's request that I should reconcile myself to him by writing, instead of by word of mouth. If I had only placed on record, in pen and ink, what I actually said in the way of making atonement to him, I might have spared some suffering to myself and to others. As it was, the only proof that I had absolved myself in his estimation consisted in his cordially shaking hands with me at the door when I left him.

"Did you meet Nugent?" he asked, as he walked with me across the inclosure in front of the house.

I had gone to Browndown by a short-cut at the back of the garden, instead of going through the village. Having mentioned this, I asked if Nugent had returned to the rectory.

"He went back to see you," said Oscar.

"Why?"

"Only his usual kindness. He takes your views of things. He laughed when he heard I had sent a letter to you, and he ran off (dear fellow!) to see you on my behalf. You must have met him if you had come here by the village."

On getting back to the rectory I questioned Zillah. Nugent, in my absence, had run up into the sitting-room; had waited there a few minutes alone, on the chance of my return; had got tired of waiting, and had gone away again. I inquired about Lucilla next. A few minutes after Nugent had gone she had left her room, and she too had asked for me. Hearing that I was not to be found in the house, she had given Zillah a letter to post, and had then returned to her bed-chamber.

I happened to be standing by the hearth looking into the dying fire while the nurse was speaking. Not a vestige of Oscar's letter to me (as I now well remember) was to be seen. In my position, the plain conclusion was that I had really done what I supposed myself to have done—that is to say, thrown the letter into the flames.

Entering Lucilla's room, soon afterward, to make my apologies for having forgotten to wait and take her letter to the post, I found her, weary enough after the events of the day, getting ready for bed.

"I don't wonder at your being tired of waiting for me," she said. "Writing is long, long work for *me*. But this was a letter which I felt bound to write myself if I could. Can you guess who I am corresponding with? It is done, my dear! I have written to Herr Grosse!"

"Already!"

"What is there to wait for? What is there left to determine on? I have told Herr Grosse that our family consultation is over, and that I am entirely at his disposal for any length of time he may think right. And I warn him, if he attempts to put it off, that he will be only forcing on me the inconvenience of going to him in London. I have expressed that part of my letter strongly, I can tell you! He will get it to-morrow by the afternoon post. And the next day—if he is a man of his word—he will be here."

"Oh, Lucilla! not to operate on your eyes?"

"Yes—to operate on my eyes!"

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE establishment now known as the Government Printing-office, at Washington, was organized in 1860. Previous to that time Congressional reports, and other public documents, were printed sometimes by contract and sometimes by printers chosen by ballot in both Senate and House of Representatives. Of course the work was often done in a very unsatisfactory manner. Before the commencement of the present century, the government printing and binding was a matter of comparatively little importance. Probably the sum annually expended for printing, about the year 1792, did not exceed one thousand dollars. During the year 1870 about seventy-five thousand reams of paper were required for public printing, which cost an aggregate of nearly half a million of dollars; and the yearly disbursements for the purchase of material and compensation of service amounts to more than a million and a half. Nevertheless, under the necessities of our thriving country, this department makes, by its economies, a large annual saving to the government. Some idea of the work to be done may be gained from the statement that in the press-room of the Government Printing-office there are twenty-six Adams presses, fourteen Hoe cylinder presses, thirteen small jobbing presses, and one Bullock press, making an aggregate of fifty-four presses.

The Bullock press, which prints both sides of the sheet at the same time, is used exclusively for printing the Agricultural Report, a work of some seven hundred pages, with an annual edition of two hundred and twenty-five thousand volumes. In the press-room are stationed two steam-engines of fifty-horse power, four hydraulic presses, two cutting-machines; and two elevators ply between the different stories of the building. In the bindery there are twenty-nine presses, twenty-five machines for cutting, paging, numbering, etc., and nineteen ruling-machines constantly in operation. About one thousand persons are employed in this department, two hundred and fifty of whom are compositors.

Like other journals, the Chicago *Evening Post* lost every thing—office, presses, type, paper, and all materials. Nevertheless, not one issue of the paper failed. It happened on this wise: Two of the *Post* compositors, driven to the West District by the fire, found a little job office, about Monday noon, open and completely deserted, the occupants having rushed to the fire, then raging and seething over the doomed city. One instantly wrote out an account of the fire as far as it had progressed, and the other put it in type, and they clapped above it the old familiar words, *The Evening Post*, made it up in a page about six by eight inches, and exultantly printed it.

In the palace of Tzarko Selo, near St. Petersburg, are the rooms of the late Emperor Alexander, which, in conformity with a custom common among the nobility of Russia, have been kept exactly as he left them when he departed for Taganrog, where he died. His writing-table and cabinet are in confusion, as if he had just made use of the various articles which are scattered around. On a chair, as if thrown down carelessly, is a worn military surtout.

Boston cautions its citizens against a prodigal use of water, lest there be a water famine. The amount now consumed equals an average of seventy gallons per day for every man, woman, and child in the city.

An exchange says that Andrew Johnson's daughter, Mrs. Patterson, who used to preside at the White House, has just taken the premium for the best butter at a county fair held in Tennessee.

It is well known that certain inhuman horse-trainers make use of an attachment to the bit which so tortures the animal that he rears and plunges, and appears a magnificent stepper. An ingenious German has made himself celebrated for his ability to train horses with a peculiarly proud gait. The secret of his success was long unknown. Now it is ascertained that he put magnifying goggles upon the horse. Small stones looked like big ones, and the horse, in his efforts to surmount the supposed obstacles, acquired a grand tread.

The paper currency of Japan is made exclusively from the bark of a tree called *mitsumata*, which is expressly reserved for this purpose. The bark of the kaja-tree, which resembles our common willow, is extensively employed for making the different peculiar kinds of paper and papier-maché, in the manufacture of which the Japanese excel. More than 260 varieties of paper are made in Japan, for book-making, letter-writing, drawing, the manufacture of umbrellas, fans, mats, handkerchiefs, hats, coats, lanterns, artificial flowers, and for sundry curious and special purposes.

The *Herald of Health* approves of cheese—that is, if it is not too old. It says good cheese is even more nutritious than eggs. Americans use cheese as a relish, but rarely as an article of nourishment. The English working classes use bread and cheese very largely as an article of diet.

All house plants, it is said, flourish better for being watered with water several degrees warmer than the atmosphere in which they are grown. Mr. R. G. Williams, of the Vermont State Normal School, gives to the Department of Agriculture his testimony on this subject, as follows:

"Last winter we had about one hundred plants in the house, and usually gave them warm water, and very frequently water that was much too warm for the hand; some water at or very near the boiling-point has been poured into the saucers of the pots and just on the sides. We have about forty persons in the family, from different parts of the country, and their testimony is that they never saw so fine geraniums, heliotropes, fuchsias, verbenas, passion-flowers, oleanders. These plants show very marked improvement; others have flourished finely under the treatment."

Tennessee has some women of pluck. Recently a woman of that State got her husband released from prison by walking 150 miles, to Nashville, with a child in her arms, and asking the Governor to pardon him.

The present royal house of Russia has produced several princes of rare ability, the chief of whom was doubtless Peter the Great. Michael Fedorovitch Romanoff was the first emperor of the present family.

The Club des Opiophiles is the appellation of a club in Paris which owes its existence to the necessity of escaping from the sorrowful realities of the present times in France. A magnificent mansion in the vicinity of the Arc de Triomphe has been furnished with the most exquisite taste. On a large gallery, all festoons and astragals, are arranged a number of most enticing boudoirs, the principal piece of furniture in which is a most luxurious couch. At the head of each couch is a small night lamp, intended to set fire to the opium which the smoker inhales. There is, besides, a servant for each smoker, to assist him in all the details. Each member is to note down in a register the sensations he experiences during the trance produced by the effects of the opium. These will constitute the memoirs of the club, and will be published every year.

An English engineer has recently built a novel railway in Turkey, mules being the propelling power. A single rail is laid on sleepers, and the carriage has wheels in the centre on the same longitudinal line. Through the car runs a balancing-pole, the two ends of which, projecting three feet or more, are secured to saddles on the backs of mules. The animals will thus be one at each side of the load. It would be impossible for the cart to turn over, and all the weight in the cart, if evenly distributed, would bear upon the rail.

Crude sign-boards and curious signs were improvised after the Chicago fire, announcing whither various establishments had fled. The following is a specimen: "Owing to the recent warm snap, Jones & Smith have removed to ——."

The new Emperor of Germany and Von Moltke, chief of staff, have given their official sanction to the public observance of the Sabbath by ordering that the general parades of the German armies be held hereafter on Wednesday instead of Sunday.

Prince de Polignac recently married Mlle. De Bagneux. The "happy couple"—to use a time-honored phrase—started for Dieppe to spend the honey-moon. Arrived at Rouen, they found the train for Dieppe would not start for two hours, and therefore determined to go on to Havre instead. But, lo and behold! on their arrival there, passports were called for.

"I have no passports," quoth the bridegroom. "I am Prince de Polignac."

"Mighty fine," retorted the policeman; "we know that joke, my friend—it's rather stale. Come along."

The bride wept, the bridegroom entreated, and prevailed on the police superintendent to send a telegram to the father-in-law: "A man calling himself Prince de Polignac, just arrested at Havre, says he is your son-in-law. Is it the case?"

Back came the answer: "The man must be an impostor. My daughter and son-in-law have gone to Dieppe."

And thereupon the happy couple were hauled off to the lock-up, where they had to spend their wedding night. The following day the matter was cleared up.

An exchange remarks that no more dress frill is required now at receptions and weddings than for church or for ordinary visiting, which is one of the most sensible of late fashions.

Certain milkmen who cross the Brooklyn ferries in the early morning hours have been seen just before going on the ferry-boat to fill a milk-can with water from the hydrant in the ferry-house. During the passage across the river this harmless liquid was impartially distributed among the other cans on the milk-cart.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

An old lady complaining of the bad quality of a ham to the provision dealer, the latter assured her it was a regular Westphalia. "That it is, indeed!" exclaimed the dame, "and the worst failure I ever had!"

The sting of a bee carries conviction with it. It makes a man a bee-liever at once.

Too polite to interfere with the slumbers of adjacent bears, a Michigan hunter recently remained in a tree all night.

A darkey in attempting to cross a hatchway fell through, and his head struck a big piece of stone-coal, breaking it fine. On looking up, he saw his employer, and, fearing he had done something wrong, exclaimed, sorrowfully, "Golly, massa, I's real sorry I broke dat coal!"

It is at the approach of dinner-time that we feel most sensibly the "emptiness of things below."

The best way for a man to train up a child in the way he should go is to travel that way sometimes himself.

The following is an old sailor's direction to a dentist, "Tis the aftermost grinder aloft on the starboard quarter."

Why is the coupling-chain of a locomotive like love?—Because it's a tender attachment.

There is a story going of an English tourist who entered a restaurant, and by a few scraps of French was able to order a dinner. He wished some mushroom—preserved *ceps*—very delicious and large. Not knowing the name, he demanded a sheet of paper and a pencil. The waiter understood him in a second, disappeared for ten minutes, and returned with a splendid —umbrella!

THE GARDENER'S MOTTO—Lettuce plant.

"That is unremitting attention," the student said, when his father forgot his usual allowance.

The champion snorer lives in Pequog, Massachusetts. His wife, awaking from a sound sleep the other night, began to shake her slumbering lord smartly to make him stop snoring. Just then came several very loud rolls of thunder, and desisting from her attempt, she resigned herself quietly to sleep, remarking, "It is only thundering, after all; I thought you were snoring!"

"My lord," said the foreman of an Irish jury, when giving in the verdict, "we find the man who stole the horse not guilty."

A lisping mother, who had presented her infant at the baptismal font for christening, on being asked by the clergyman, "What name?" responded, in a whisper, "Lathy, Thir," when, to the horror of the whole congregation and the consternation of the mother, he christened the baby—Lucifer.

A little boy defines snoring as "letting off sleep."

Why are Cashmere shawls like people who are totally deaf?—Because you can not make them here.

"Bridget, I told you to have my hot water the first thing in the morning." "Shure, Sir," replied Bridget, "didn't I bring it up and lave it at the dure last night, so as to have it in time?"

What is higher when the head is off?—The pillow.

What kind of a bat flies without wings?—A brickbat.

What is the lightest place in Ireland?—Cork.

Is a pawnbroker a man of principal?—Yes; it is his interest to be so.

A country pedagogue had two pupils, to one of whom he was partial, and to the other severe. One morning it happened that these two boys were both late, and were called to account for it. "You must have heard the bell, boys; why did you not come?" "Please, Sir," said the favorite, "I was dreamin' that I was goin' to Californy, and I thought the school-bell was the steamboat-bell as I was goin' in." "Very well," said the master, glad of any pretext to excuse his favorite. "And now, Sir," turning to the other, "what have you to say?" "Please, Sir," said the puzzled boy, "I—I—was waiting to see Tom off."

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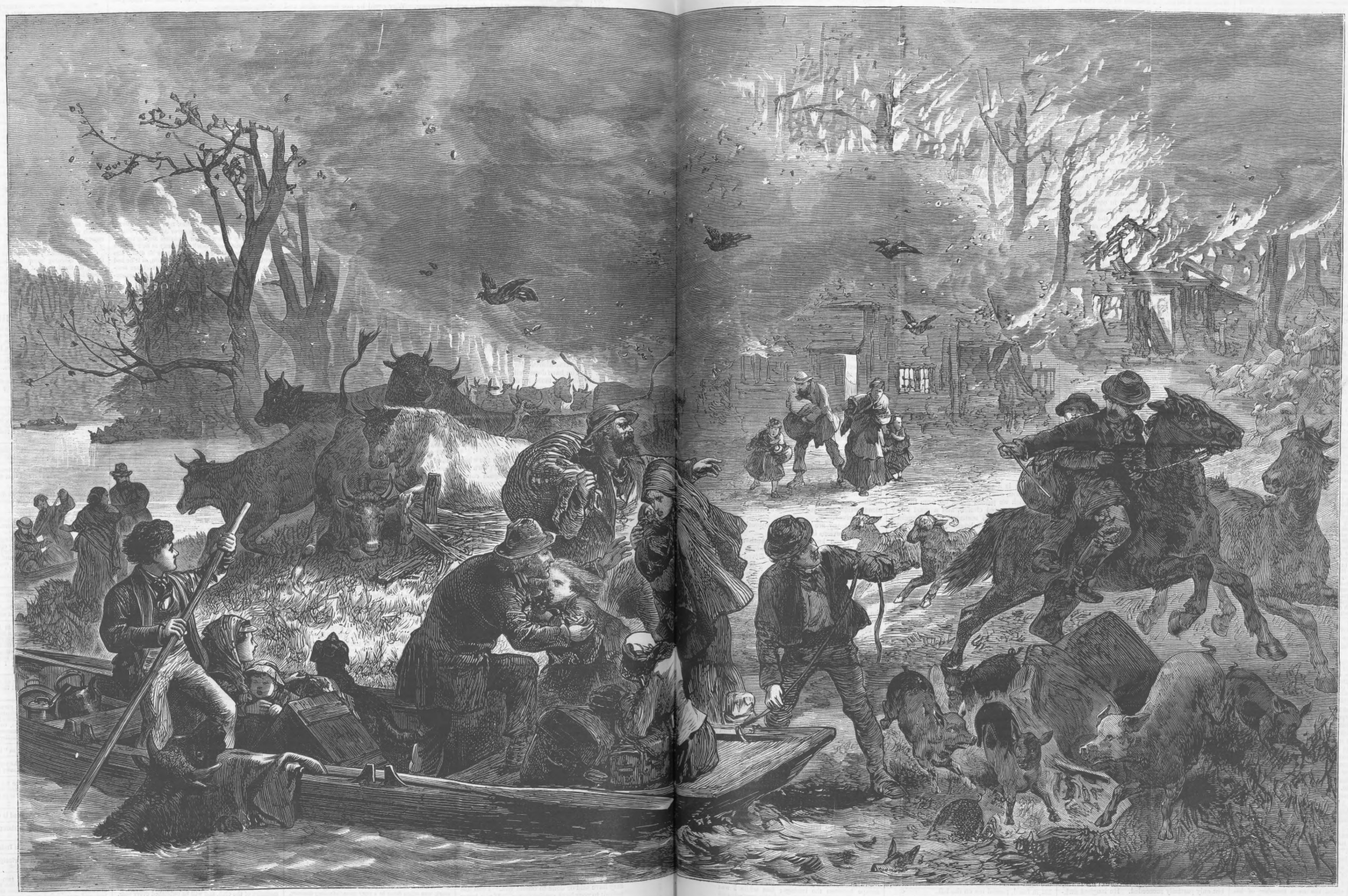

FOREST FIRES IN THE WEST—THE BURNING OF PESHTIGO.—[See Page 1109.]

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HOW I LOST THE HEIRESS.

I AM about to disclose a story which, I consider, places in a very shady category indeed all persons concerned in it except one. That one is a young gentleman of elegant manners, of attractive person, of many accomplishments, of high character. If you wish to know the name of this young gentleman, I may tell you that his name is Giggleswick—George Giggleswick—and I may add that George Giggleswick is no other than myself.

I purpose to lay the following facts before the public, because I feel that I ought to receive sympathy. I have suffered much. And yet I am not a scoundrel. I never took a purse, much less cut a throat. Nobody has ever had to say on my behalf that I am a kleptomaniac, or any thing of that sort. I am not in the habit of reeling out of public-houses; you would not meet me openly perambulating the Haymarket at late hours. I regard myself, in short, as a respectable young man. And yet during the last year, till I can bear it no longer, I have been exposed to the ridicule of every body who knows me. And ridicule is a punishment as terrible as any. Does not Byron say that by means of it Voltaire shook thrones? And I have been exposed to more than ridicule. I hesitate to say it, but I have been regarded by all my acquaintances during the above-mentioned time with hearty contempt. Yes, in this moral, virtuous, religious England of the nineteenth century, I have thus suffered entirely through the machinations of certain unprincipled persons, whose conduct I shall here proceed publicly to expose.

It is now nearly a twelvemonth since to me, sitting alone one evening in my lodgings (I am engaged in business in the great manufacturing town of Cotherbham), there entered my friend Apthorne Vyse. Recognizing him in the doorway, I felt rather uncomfortable; for I had lately been compelled to act in a manner which, I admit, may have caused annoyance as well as chagrin toward a young lady in whom I had heard that he took a very tender interest. It struck me, seeing him enter, that he might have heard of the matter, and have come to represent her resentment.

This young lady was a very attractive girl, with an exquisite figure for dancing, and one of those piquantly pretty faces which you see in Frank Stone's pictures. I had met her at a ball about a fortnight before, and had been, I confess, much struck with her. I had honored her with so conspicuous a preference as to dance several dances with her, and even, for the sake of having her as a partner, had attempted the Caledonian Quadrilles—a dance of a complicated character, and with which I am imperfectly acquainted. On the morning after the ball I should have paid her the farther attention of a call, but understood that she quitted town by an early train. Accordingly I dispatched to her town residence—with which she had acquainted me in the course of the evening—a letter, on the envelope of which I wrote, "To be forwarded." Its contents were as follows:

"MY DEAR MISS CARFAX,—It is seldom that a person of any principle is justified in pursuing or attempting to form a matrimonial engagement in a manner which, being hurried, is therefore inconsiderate. But there are, my dearest Miss Carfax, exceptions to every rule. When beauty is supereminent, it carries away even the most steadily constituted mind; but when excellence is combined with beauty, as it is in you, there is at once an additional excuse for the loss of one's deliberative balance, and a strong assurance that in the event, the beatific event, of the fervid vows of the lover being acceded to, no ill consequence will result to the precipitate adorer. I say 'to the adorer,' for I adore you. Let me state my condition and prospects. I am employed in an important, not to say a confidential, capacity in one of the first of the merchants' houses in this town. My salary is at present not so high as it will, from the inevitable process of gradual augmentation, eventually be." (My salary, I may here say, was £120 a year—a small one upon which to propose marriage; but I flatter myself I expressed myself on this head both conscientiously and cleverly.)

"I inclose a sonnet, and I am, my dearest Maud, devotedly yours, GEORGE GIGGLESWICK."

Upon the ensuing day (up to which time I had received no answer—important letters usually require long consideration) I again wrote as follows:

"Mr. Giggleswick presents his compliments to Miss Maud Carfax, and begs to withdraw his letter of yesterday. He feels, on more mature consideration, that such matters ought not to be entered upon too hastily; and he farther is conscious that his present limited income does not allow him to contemplate seriously a matrimonial engagement."

But it is time that I should return to my evening visitor, postponing such explanations as may hereafter be necessary of the causes which led me to supplement my first letter by one which, I admit, seems a strange contradiction.

I allow I was agreeably relieved to find that he was not hostile. I had apprehended that he might have become acquainted with that contradictory behavior of mine, which I shall shortly explain, and that his visit was likely to be a provocative one. I looked hard at Apthorne Vyse as he entered, anxious to see whether his face—a dark, handsome one—wore the frown which I have heard one of his many female admirers say would have become it well. But I was reassured. He held out his hand to me in a friend's ordinary manner, and said,

"I've come to ask you to play over at Guffleton to-morrow."

It was the beginning of the cricket season; and as cricket was the subject that was usually in the mouths of us young fellows just then, I at once understood the object of Apthorne's visit, which was to enlist me as a member of his eleven. He was captain of the Nomad Nothingarians, a wandering cricket club of some status. I always have had a proper regard for position in all matters. I believe my enemies say that I am "cocksy about my cricket"—a low expression. However, I have always been most accommodating to Apthorne about these matters, and on this occasion also I consented to give him my services. He said he would call for me in the morning, and we could go to Guffleton by train together; and having made this appointment, he left me.

Next morning, I regret to say, the pleasure of my breakfast was spoiled. I was sitting at it, with my long green cricket bag duly packed at my side, ready for a start, when the servant brought in a letter. I hesitate to give the contents of that letter, in such strong contrast was its violent language with the calm and temperate style of the compositions which I have just now laid before the public. However, here it is:

"SIR,—After the disgracefully ungentlemanlike manner in which you have behaved to a young lady whom, as my signature will evince, I have a right to represent, I take leave to inform you that I shall horsewhip you on the first favorable opportunity. I shall endeavor to make arrangements to secure such an opportunity, and I am, Sir, yours obediently,

"ARCHIBALD CARFAX."

"I shall be out of his reach to-day, at any rate," I said to myself, glancing at the long cricket bag as I laid the letter down.

I felt nervous, I confess, as well as indignant. I had never spoken to this bullying Mr. Archibald Carfax in my life; but I had seen him once at the ball, where I heard his name mentioned, and so identified him with a large and remarkably stout young man, with whose waltzing I had been amused, as he had been at my quadrilling; for I noticed him stop laughing abruptly when I looked his way as the set ended, which it did a little sooner, I fancy, than it would have done in the ordinary course of things, in consequence of some trifling mistake or other made by myself. I feel, however, that this is the best opportunity for explaining at once the origin of such points as may require explanation in the three letters which I have just now produced to the public; and I may remark, in parenthesis, that it is not every one who would state a case as candidly as I do. I am no special pleader. I state my adversary's dealings as well as my own, and only make such comments as I consider would naturally be made by a dispassionate observer.

Well, then, to account for the first letter. I had heard from two or three quarters that Maud Carfax was the possessor of some very solid attractions. The poets (a class of persons for whom I have the profoundest contempt; for very few of them make any money, and they grumble more even than the farmers)—the poets may talk as they like about love, but my views are essentially different from theirs. What one of the gentlemen to whom I have referred says about knowledge—viz.,

"She is the second, not the first"—

is, in my opinion, equally true of love. I have no space to pursue the subject, or I might here take the opportunity of instilling my views, which, I flatter myself, steer that middle course so strongly recommended by the best authorities between the enthusiastic son or daughter and the calculating parent or guardian. I think, however, that I have now sufficiently accounted for my first letter.

The occasion of my second was as follows: After having dispatched my first, I began to feel, as we frequently do after committing ourselves to an important step, a little nervous. Had I not, I asked myself, been too precipitate? Had I acted with the consideration that was due to myself in proposing marriage to this young lady, having no evidence stronger than hearsay that the fortune was considerable? Had I not allowed my romantic feelings to get the better of my prudential?

After sitting in my arm-chair for a whole morning engaged in reflection, I decided to consult my medical man. Three weeks ago I had been indisposed, having experienced an unpleasant sensation in the thoracic cavity, temporarily relieved, indeed, by a jujube, but which might possibly return with augmented force, and should by all means be provided against by anticipatory treatment. I farther reflected that medical men know as much about their neighbors as most people, and that it was a peculiar practice of my own particular medical man, Mr. Barber, to interweave his advice with a padding, as a literary man might say, of all the gossip of the neighborhood.

Thus, then, when I had waited some time in the consulting parlor of Mr. Barber, there entered to me that practitioner. His usual practice with patients (some people like it) is to run up to them and shake both their hands. While questioning them or giving them advice he has a tendency to dance more or less round them, smiling.

"My dear Mr. Giggleswick, so sorry to see you," he said, on this occasion. "A good deal of illness about just now. Mrs. Harcourt Fuffin, one of my most esteemed patients—Mrs. Harcourt Fuffin is going to be married again. A Mr. Clegg."

"Indeed," I replied. "Didn't see Mrs. Fuffin at the ball the other night, Mr. Barber."

"My information, just given, may account for Mrs. Harcourt Fuffin's absence," Mr. Barber returned, dropping my hand, and, in acknowledgment of the ball, perhaps, performing a sort of faint pirouette in front of me.

"Miss Maud Carfax was the belle," I said.

"Miss—whom did you say, my dear Sir?"

"Miss Maud Carfax."

At this statement Mr. Barber seemed amused. He made desperate efforts to control his mirth, but only partially succeeded. He laughed awkwardly.

"She's very pretty," I said.

"A little *embonpoint*," Mr. Barber replied, his mouth twitching again. "But it improves some people. I trust, my dear Mr. Giggleswick, that we have nothing serious the matter with us. *Would* you protrude your tongue for a moment?"

"I suppose you don't admire Miss Carfax?" I said.

"Oh dear, yes, my dear Sir; a charming person," the doctor said, sniggering again in spite of himself.

"Well," I said, "I see you don't much admire her looks. But you can not deny that she has some very substantial attractions."

"Good, my dear Sir, good," said the doctor; "I don't deny that for a moment."

"Fifteen thousand pounds—some in the funds, some in mortgages, some in railway debentures; and a very safe way of putting out one's money," I said.

"Fifteen thousand pounds! My dear Sir," the doctor broke in, "to my certain knowledge Maud Carfax hasn't fifteen pence. How can you expect it? Look at the family—all those brothers." And Mr. Barber performed a *pas seul* on the hearth-rug, or at least something very like one. "But, my dear Sir," he exclaimed, stopping in the middle of it, "I fear we had too good reason for our visit. We are ill; we have suddenly turned pale; we—"

"Are you sure?" I interrupted.

"My dear Sir," the doctor said, with dignity, "am I, to your knowledge, the man to injure a young lady's matrimonial prospects by false statements? Miss Maud Carfax told my second cousin, who visits there, that she hadn't a penny, and never would have one, and that she didn't care who knew it. So my statement is not a breach of confidence. She is a good-hearted—girl," said the doctor, hesitating at the substantive, "and has only one fault—she takes snuff."

I was at the door before this speech was done. I positively, in my consternation, forgot the thoracic ailment respecting which I had come to consult Mr. Barber. I am not sure whether, in my consternation and confusion, I said as much as "Good-morning." I heard Mr. Barber behind me, as I forestalled him in opening the front-door, being quick in getting away—

"My dear Sir, try a sedative. I will send the boy with one shortly."

I have now, I think, accounted for the second and third letters, and my narrative has reached the point of time at which Apthorne Vyse, according to appointment, called on me, that we might together seek the tented plain of Guffleton.

My mind being somewhat occupied just now, I had not troubled myself much to make farther inquiries about my opponents of to-day; and, indeed, your cricketer of the period cares very little against whom he plays, so long as he has an opportunity of playing against somebody. On our journey down this morning (we went by the second train, Apthorne telling me that most of the men from our way had gone by the first) I questioned him very little on the above-mentioned head. Nor was he very communicative upon this point. He told me there would be a strongish team against us.

Who was their best man, I asked.

Apthorne didn't know; thought they were a very even lot, all pretty fair, and no "tail" to the eleven. We were slackening speed for the station: I had better get my bag down from the tray.

Guffleton is a pretty village; several houses of pretension, one especially large one, with a lodge, which we passed going up from the station, an ivy-covered church, and a good many Elizabethan cottages scattered over a smiling fertile level. It was a bright morning, and the cricket ground looked well as we approached it, walking from the station.

"There's our tent," Apthorne said—"that on the nearest side of the field;" and he pointed with a bat which he was carrying to a marquee, above which fluttered in the air, on a flag, the inscription "N. N.," being the initials of the Nomad Nothingarians.

"You had better go in and dress at once. I see our fellows are getting out into the field. Guffleton must have won the toss."

And so saying, Apthorne vaulted over some iron hurdles, as the most direct access to our tent, which stood in the corner of the field opposite to the large one of the Guffleton Cricket Club. I followed Apthorne. He was already dressed for the game, and was consequently out in the field, performing the duties of his captaincy, while I was still engaged with the contents of my bag. Presently he came running in.

"Now, Giggleswick, clap on those spiked soles. They're only waiting for you to send their first two men in."

At last, suitably attired, I came forth from the tent, the last but not the least of the Nomad Nothingarians. I went out into the field, observed with respectful admiration, of which I felt a pleasing consciousness, by a ring of spectators, many of them well-dressed, which was now forming round the ground. The rest of my eleven were already in their various positions in the field.

"You take point and mid-on," Apthorne said, from his own post of wicket-keeper. "Point, first over."

I took my position for the first over as point, with my back to the Guffleton tent.

"It seems to me," I said, "that these duffers are longer in sending their men in than we shall be in getting them out."

"Hush," Apthorne said; "they're close behind you." And as he spoke, to my considerable confusion—for they must have overheard me—a stout cricketer, bat in hand, passed me on the right-hand side, and another stout cricketer, bat in hand, passed me on the left.

The latter proceeded to the wicket at which the first over was to be bowled, and, arriving, turned round, for the first time showing me his face, while he said to the umpire,

"Guard, please."

A thrill of terror ran through me. He was Maud Carfax's brother!—the very man who had written the note I had only that morning received, in which he had so amiably alluded to a horsewhip. Yes, that was the man I had seen at the ball. I recollected him only too well.

But while this passed through my mind he had taken "guard." "Play!" called the umpire, and one of our men delivered the first ball. It was clear to the "off," and the batsman attempted to "cut" it, but getting a little too much under it, merely tipped it up, an easy catch, into my hands. But the catch was not an easy one to me in my present alarm and confusion, and I dropped it. I saw, but heeded not, the aggrieved looks of the rest of the fieldsmen. I heard, but heeded not, the laughter of the ring of spectators. An exclamation even reached my ears—I believe it was "Butter fingers!" But I was regardless.

However, my enemy did not appear to recognize me, at least at present; but when once he had "got his eye in," and had leisure to glance about him, I felt convinced he would perceive me. I wished he would make a run and get to the other wicket, where he would be farther off. I glanced at the other wicket. Powers of magic! shades of Merlin and Michael Scott! Why, he was there already in a flash! There, at the other wicket, was the man I had seen at the ball, the stout large man who had written the threatening epistle. I looked back. No, there were two of them!

I did not know whether I was standing on my head or on my heels, and I missed stopping another ball that shot along the ground my way as disgracefully as I had missed catching the one which had come to me through the air. I rubbed my eyes. Was I dreaming? Simultaneously at each wicket stood the large stout brother of Maud Carfax, who had stated that he should diligently provide himself with an opportunity of horsewhipping me. I must be dreaming. I had read Edgar Allan Poe's tale of a double lately, and I was surely in bed and dreaming about it. But at this moment one of the batsmen gave another chance to another fieldsman, who, not having on his mind what I had, opened his hands successfully. The batsman was "out," and walked away from the wicket without recognizing me. I felt a trifle relieved. One enemy had gone away. But to my horror, looking down toward the Guffleton tent, I saw him coming back again, the very same stout large man, my bitter foe. He drew nearer and nearer.

"How uncommonly like to each other all these brothers are!" said the man who was fielding next me.

A light, which had been gradually dawning upon me, now broke clear. I had not seen the person whom I dreaded more than once, and having no very accurate knowledge of his features, was unable to distinguish which was he of three brothers. From my not having been at present recognized, I was compelled to conclude that the third brother, now arriving, was the Nemesis I had to dread. But after a tremulous three or four minutes, I was rejoiced to find that he, too, took no notice of me. Presently his partner "ran out." "They will be eliminated by degrees," I said to myself, not unhopefully, as he passed by me from the wicket. To my unutterable horror, he was replaced by a fourth brother, respecting whom I went through the same terrible emotions as those which I have before described.

"How many are there of these brothers?" I asked my previous informant.

"Don't you know? Didn't Apthorne tell you?" he said. "Why, it is the whole fun of the fair. We're playing against eleven brothers."

I went cold all over.

"And are they—are they all exactly like each other?" I asked.

"Exactly."

They were so, and I leave the reader to guess the condition I was in till the tenth wicket fell. Each successive batter might be Archibald, and of course, on account of the exhaustive process which was going on, the possibility was more likely each time a wicket fell. I fancy some gray hairs I have are due to that cricket-match, and that, pending its termination, I grew thinner. I remained, however, not recognized. There are some enthusiastic members of the Nomad Nothingarians, but I question whether their collective was equal to my individual delight when the innings of Guffleton ended. Up to that period I had failed to find out which of the eleven stout brothers was the man I had seen in the ball-room. There must, of course, have been a great interval between the ages of the eldest and the youngest; but they all equally possessed those black whiskers and that robustness, not to say corpulence, which makes a young man seem older, and that easy-going semi-sporting look which makes the attacks of Time upon middle-aged gentlemen less obvious. And, as I have before observed, I had only seen my *bête noire* once, and in a ball-room, where age, we know, is a thing unusually uncertain. However, it certainly seemed very strange that my doubts had not been cleared up by the one of the eleven who had written the letter. Surely he must have taken pains to familiarize himself with my personal appearance. I had forgotten to mention that I contrived to find out that the eleven, one and all, had the same accent, the same slight thickness of speech, and that I recollected this peculiarity in the one observation I had overheard of my enemy at the ball. I meditated escape between the innings; but while I was looking down the fields toward the station, and waiting for a suitable opportunity of quietly disappearing by the remotest corner of the field, I felt myself touched on the shoulder, and, turning, saw Apthorne.

"You'll go in first with me," he said.

"Well, I—I—I—"

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"Should have thought you'd got over that nervousness about going in first by this time. I'll take the first over," Apthorne said. "We shall only play one innings each," he went on, "and we'll cut the dinner. I'll take you to a house I know for a quiet meat-tea."

I assented to this proposal gladly, as it would remove me from observation. It was the best thing next to escape, and escape now, with Apthorne's eye upon me, was impossible. Already I saw in the distance the eleven fat brothers taking up their positions in the field.

"Get your pads on," Apthorne said.

So I went into the dressing-tent again, and shortly emerged with my bat. It was a terrible ordeal, arriving at my wicket before the eyes of the eleven fat brothers, all, of course, surveying me. Every moment I expected a *dénouement*. I trembled as I took guard, giving the umpire about thrice as much trouble as he usually has in the matter, and momentarily expected a rush upon me, from near "point" or distant "long leg," from "slip" behind or "long on" in front, of the actual fat brother of my fears. But not one of them made any sign. I played my innings—a short one, for which I was not sorry—and, indeed, in spite of a cricketer's objection to injure his own reputation, I went so far as to play it in as random a fashion as I could; and I was soon "out." "Out," too, immediately afterward was Apthorne; and he reached the tent, where I was taking off my pads, and sat down by me.

"It's four o'clock now," he said, looking at his watch, "and as I suppose I shall be expected to put in some sort of an appearance at the regular feed, what do you say to going off at once and getting the meat-tea forward? If you like you can take the train home after."

I jumped at the proposal.

"By all means," I said, and, starting up, I took a run and jumped the iron hurdles that lay behind our tent. I turned round after alighting, and saw Apthorne smiling. He quietly came up and vaulted over the railing after me, as he had done before me in the morning. We were now on the high-road, and I walked fast enough at his side till we stopped at the lodge gate of the large house which I have mentioned before as having noted on my way up.

"This is the place," Apthorne said, briefly, as he swung open the gate before the lodge-keeper, who saw us entering, had time to reach it. And we walked side by side up an avenue edged with rustling poplars, and widening into a bay of gravel before some large stone steps, above which rose the house—a handsome brick-built mansion, with stone dressings. We went up the steps, and Apthorne, when the bell was answered, walked in without making any inquiry whatever of the servant in livery. We were being shown into the drawing-room, when a voice that made me start—for it had the character of the voices of the eleven fat brothers—invoked us from the far end of the hall; it was, however, a lady's voice.

"Come into the dining-room, Mithter Vyse," it said, "and bring your friend. You shall have tea in five minutes."

Just as I discovered a head protruding from a distant door, and inferred it to be the proprietor of the voice, the head drew itself in, and I followed Apthorne in its direction. On entering the dining-room I obtained a full view of the owner of the voice. She was standing on the hearth-rug to receive us. She was very large, very stout, very plain—in age about, I should say, forty-five. A cold shudder ran through me when I perceived that she bore a strong resemblance to the eleven representative cricketers of Guffleton. Apthorne, meanwhile, murmured an introduction, enunciating my name very distinctly, but dropping his voice when he pronounced hers.

I was in the agonies of composition of a remark suitable to the occasion, when the door opened and another person entered, of the male sex. I glanced at him; and if my hair did not stand on end, as did that of Proculus Julius when, returning from Alba Longa after dinner, he met the ghost of Romulus, why nobody's hair ever did so erect itself. I saw before me at last, indubitably, that brother of Maud Carfax whom I had seen at the ball.

Every one knows, I should think, how, when we are not quite certain that a face is thoroughly known to us, we are perplexed by thinking we recognize the acquaintance in question, when we see only one who much resembles him. From this cause had arisen my embarrassment respecting the eleven fat brothers. But every one also knows, when we actually do meet the person whom we have been incessantly and erroneously supposing ourselves to meet, how absurd our former identifications appear, and how clear our present one. Looking now at the man who faced me, I wondered I could have felt a single alarm that morning, much more eleven successive terrors. I bowed with as much composure as I could summon to the new-comer. Very rudely, he did not acknowledge my salute in the least, but sat down at the table. Looking up from it intently at me, he put his hand into his coat-pocket, and drew forth and laid on the table before him a—horsewhip.

He then spoke to me, with the same thickness of accent as the rest of his confounded family.

"You received a letter from me this morning, Sir."

I was very much confused, and even alarmed, and did not know what to reply to this. In answer, I sat down at that angle of the table most remote from his own position.

"I repeat the sentiments of that letter," pursued its writer, in his rude way. "I presume that you revoked your offer to Miss Maud Carfax from some idea that the favorable report you had heard about her property—hearsay which probably provoked your first offer—was an incorrect rumor. Now, Sir, let me tell you that Miss Maud Carfax is in actual possession of a large property, and is heiress to a larger."

I looked at him incredulously, remembering the remarks of Mr. Barber. He looked at Apthorne.

"Is it not so, Apthorne?" he asked.

"I believe," Apthorne said, "that Miss Maud Carfax—her least attraction in my eyes—is, in point of property, very well off indeed."

"I am sorry, Sir," I began; "I am sure I admire your sister very much. She is to me the personification of grace, the quintessence of female loveliness."

Here the two men simultaneously began to laugh, and the lady produced a snuff-box and used it.

"Well, now, Mr. Giggleswick," said the gentleman on the other side of the table, taking up the horsewhip and slowly winding the lash round the handle, "you have your friend Apthorne Vyse's word, which every one would believe, that Miss Maud Carfax is an heiress. I was disposed to let you off very lightly for the impertinence you have shown to her—the gross impertinence. It is quite possible"—here he looked at the lady—"that my sister's feelings may be drawn toward you."

"Archibald!" the lady said, remonstratingly.

Archibald and Apthorne laughed.

"Now I propose," the former went on, "that you should simply rewrite your first letter in all essentials, revoking thus your second; but as my sister is a very punctilious person, and as I know her weak side, I will dictate the letter myself."

"I think I would rather—" I began, hesitatingly.

Archibald unrolled the lash of the horsewhip; Apthorne rang the bell.

"Arrange writing materials in front of this gentleman," Archibald said to the servant who entered.

The servant did this, and on his retirement Archibald began to dictate.

"DEAREST MISS CARFAX."

"Yes," I said, writing it down.

"It is with feelings of the deepest admiration, united with the greatest affection, that I ask you to be my wife."

"'Ask you to be my wife'—yes," I said.

"The moral susceptibilities of my nature," Archibald resumed, "are as much aroused by your virtues, as my refined, my æsthetic sympathies are by your beauty—a beauty that surpasses my most romantic visions."

"Don't be such a fool, Archibald!" said the lady, coloring as well as laughing.

"'My most romantic visions,'" I said, diligently writing.

"It is indeed fortunate," Archibald continued, "that if you honor me with your hand, I shall have, not only a peerless wife, but twelve incomparable brothers-in-law. To be united in the bonds of affinity with so exemplary a person as Mr. Archibald Carfax is my earnest aspiration."

"I don't see the good of bringing in the rest of the family," I observed, pausing.

"You had better," said Archibald, toying with the horsewhip. He repeated the passage, and I took it down.

"Now," said he, "sign, address, and put the date."

I did so.

"And give me the letter."

"Stop!" I said, "there's a little thing that might go some way—a sonnet that I sent. Has your sister got it?"

"No," said Archibald; "you had better rewrite it, by all means, if you can recollect it."

"It is odd she hasn't it already," I said; "but I can write it down again in a few minutes." And I immediately proceeded to do so from memory, upon which it had been impressed by the labor of composition. I don't put it down here. It was too affectionate, too romantic; the style of an Amadis addressing his Diana.

He took the letter and read it out, sonnet and all, slowly and distinctly, to my farther discomcertment. On concluding, he looked at the lady between whom and himself there existed so strong a family likeness, and said,

"Do you accept this offer?"

"Stop," Apthorne put in; "take time, Miss Carfax. Don't lose your action for breach."

"I—I—" I said, looking amazedly from one to the other—"have not proposed to this lady, but to your sister."

"This lady is my sister," Archibald returned, touching the horsewhip as it lay on the table before him.

"But to your other sister, to Miss Maud Carfax—a young lady of fortune," I exclaimed.

"Don't expose the meanness of your character," observed Apthorne.

"You have proposed, Sir, to Miss Maud Carfax, a lady without a farthing, my sister; and I hold your written offer in my hand, referring to me as her brother."

"You told me your sister had a fortune," I shrieked—"capital in debentures!"

"I did not. I told you Miss Maud Carfax had a fortune."

"Well," I said, "and I have proposed to her."

"My good fellow," Archibald resumed, very quietly and slowly, "there are two Misses Maud Carfax, one is my sister and the other my cousin, and you have proposed to the wrong one."

"It's a vile plant!" I cried out. "I'll indict the three of you for a conspiracy!"

"If you don't drop that style, I shall pick up the horsewhip," Archibald said, in his brutal way.

"We've had some very good fun out of you to-day," observed Apthorne. "You had better, I think, take the earlier evening train."

"And a glass of sherry and a chop before you go, Mr. Giggleswick," Miss Carfax said, helping herself to snuff again. "You needn't fear me. I here publicly refuse your offer of marriage, while I thank you for the complimentary terms in which it is made."

I went away without partaking of their hospitality. I had spirit enough to do that. But the revenge of these wretched creatures has not stopped here. That obese old Miss Carfax keeps my letter and sonnet, and has shown it to all her confidential friends. Each of them, of course, has spread its contents wider, and, in short, for the last year I have been the laughing-stock. Last Valentine's Day I received forty-seven valentines; they were all copies of one, and sent, no doubt, by a single idiot who had nothing better to do. They represented a very stout, large, and distinctly middle-aged female, and at her feet, in an absurd Romeo-like attitude, a small thin man (I myself am neither tall nor fat), and underneath was the very sonnet I had recopied and given to that person calling himself a gentleman, Archibald Carfax.

To explain would be useless; the remedy would be at least as bad as the disease. I don't know, though. The thing has come down to the boys in the street; I hear them sniggering behind, and calling after me. Life is a burden. I must unbosom my grief in some manner, and I have hereby done so.

That deceitful, ungentlemanly fellow, Apthorne Vyse, is going to be married to the rich and pretty Miss Maud Carfax. I have not seen him since the events I have recorded, nor, since then, have I played cricket. I believe Mr. Barber erred in ignorance, not knowing that *two* Misses Carfax were named Maud; but he is no longer my medical attendant.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

WE are in receipt of a circular letter from Dr. PETERMANN, the eminent geographer of Gotha, containing more detailed information in regard to the polar discoveries lately referred to by the daily papers in the form of a brief telegram. It will be remembered that in recent articles we have given an account, among other arctic expeditions, of one under the direction of Messrs. PAYER and WEYPRECHT, on the vessel called the *Ice Bear*, which sailed from Tromsöe, in Norway, during the past summer. The expedition returned to Tromsöe on the 3d of October, and dispatched a telegram to Dr. PETERMANN, stating that in September they had found an open sea between 42° and 60° east longitude from Greenwich, and that they had followed this as far as the 79th degree of north latitude and 43d east longitude. Without giving any reason for not proceeding farther, they state that their route was, probably, much the most favorable one for reaching the pole, connecting, as they imagined it to do, with the open polar sea north of Siberia, and toward the east.

An unintelligible portion of the dispatch of these gentlemen was supposed to intimate that King Charles Land, east of Spitzbergen and near Gillies Land, extended south to 77° 12'. Dr. PETERMANN considers this information as of the utmost importance; especially in view of the fact that reports from all the other polar expeditions of the present year indicate a very unfavorable state of the ice. Full accounts of these other expeditions will be published in a forthcoming number of the *Mittheilungen*.

Dr. PETERMANN thinks the favorable condition of the ice for navigation in these seas is caused by the action of the Gulf Stream; and he refers to his map of 1870 (lately reproduced by the United States Hydrographic Bureau, under Captain WYMAN), in which he lays down the Gulf Stream, between 75° and 76°, as having a temperature, according to Dr. BESSELS, of over 41°; while an arrow, inserted there to indicate the direction of the stream, points exactly to the 79th degree of north latitude and 49th of east longitude.

The German surveying ship *Pomerania* returned from her cruise in the Baltic in August last, having been occupied during the summer in making soundings of the sea bottom, in dredging, and in noting the temperature of the water at different depths. The greatest depth between Gothland and Windau was found to be 720 feet, being less than previously estimated. At a depth of from 600 to 720 feet, at the latter end of July, the temperature was only 33° to 36.5° Fahrenheit. No marine plants were met with in this cold area, and only a few annelids were dredged up. Life was very abundant to the depth of about 300 feet, while plants were seldom found at a depth of more than thirty feet.

In a previous number of the *Weekly* we announced the intended visit to the United States of Mr. GWYN JEFFREYS, the eminent British marine zoologist and naturalist, well known as an author, and from his connection with the British dredging expeditions. This gentleman arrived in the United States toward the end of August, and after spending some time in Cambridge and Newport, visited Professor BAIRD, United States Commissioner of Fisheries, at Wood's Hole, Massachusetts, where on several occasions he accompanied the parties engaged in the investigation of the marine zoology of the adjacent region. After a short stay at Burlington, New Jersey, and at Philadelphia, he proceeded to Chicago, where he spent considerable time in examining the collections in zoology in charge of Dr. WILLIAM STIMPSON, and which, unfortunately, have been since destroyed by the great Chicago fire. After a short visit in Montreal, Mr. JEFFREYS returned to England.

Late advices from England bring us information of the death of two prominent men of science. One of them, Mr. CHARLES BABBAGE, who died on the 20th of October, and the other, Sir RODERICK IMPEY MURCHISON, who died on the 23d.

Mr. BABBAGE was a mathematician of great eminence, and rendered much service to his branch of science in various ways. Among the occupations of a long and busy life was the construction of a calculating machine, which, however, we believe, was not completed at the time of his death, although so far finished as to exhibit specimens of its work. He contributed numerous papers to scientific journals, and was the author of one of the series of the celebrated Bridgewater Treatises. At the time of his death Mr. BABBAGE was in his seventy-ninth year.

Sir RODERICK MURCHISON attained distinction in a different line of science—namely, that of geography and geology. He was born in Scotland on the 19th of February, 1792, and was consequently seventy-nine years of age at the time of his decease. In early life he was an officer in the British army, and served with distinction in the Peninsular campaign; but shortly after his marriage, in 1815, he disposed of his commission, and occupied himself more and more with scientific pursuits. As a geologist he in time took a very high rank, and is known for the number and magnitude of the articles on this subject from his pen. The most important of these are two works on the Silurian system, and one on the geology of Russia in Europe and the Ural Mountains. He was much interested in the subject of geography, and during his connection with the Royal Geographical Society of London did much to extend the bounds of science. At the time of his death he was director of the Geological Survey of Great Britain and Ireland, and head of the School of Mines in Jermyn Street. Few scientific men in Great Britain have occupied a more prominent position before the public than Sir RODERICK MURCHISON.

A prize of $1000 is offered by the marine secretary of the British Board of Trade for the most efficient and simple green light for the starboard side of ships, that shall fulfill the conditions of being of sufficient power to be seen on a dark night, in a clear atmosphere, for a distance of two miles, uniformly, over an arc of ten points of the compass, from right ahead to two points abaft the beam. Lamps intended to compete for the prize should be sent in before the 18th of December next.

Dr. CARPENTER has lately been employed on board the *Shearwater* in continuing the researches commenced last summer upon the Gibraltar current, and has succeeded in establishing beyond a doubt the existence of the outward under-current as already indicated. Dr. CARPENTER will proceed in the *Shearwater* to Egypt, for the purpose of prosecuting in the eastern basin of the Mediterranean the inquiries carried on last year in the western basin.

The death is announced in *Nature* of Captain BASEVI, of the Royal Engineers, and deputy superintendent of the great Trigonometrical Survey of India. We have already referred to the pendulum experiments carried on by this gentleman in India, having for their special object the determination of the mass of the earth in that region, and we regret to hear of the untimely interruption of these important observations. As far as the results of his labors are known, it would appear that the local variations of gravity which are superposed on the great law of increase from the equator to the poles, though apparently irregular when examined singly, are subject to laws which are highly interesting and curious, and are well worthy of investigation. At the northern extremity of the arc the results indicate a deficiency of density as the stations approach the Himalayan Mountains, while at the southern extremity they show an increase of density as the stations approach the ocean: thus both groups of results point to a law of diminution of density under mountains and continents, and an increase under the bed of the ocean.

While this applies to altitudes of 7000 feet and under, it remained to determine the conditions at greater heights, and arrangements were made to experiment on some of the table-lands of the interior of the Himalayas of 14,000 to 17,000 feet in height. After this was done the pendulums were to be taken back to England, and swung at the base stations of Greenwich and Kew, stopping at Aden, on the Suez Canal. In this way the gravity at Aden would be directly compared with that at certain points of the coast and continental stations of the Indian peninsula, while the plains of Egypt would be compared with the Himalayan Mountains. In the prosecution of this research Captain BASEVI reached a spot in Ladak, where, at an altitude of 15,500 feet, he completed a satisfactory series of observations, which show a very gross deficiency of density. After applying the usual reductions to sea level, etc., it was found that the force of gravity at that point did not exceed the normal amount for the parallel of six degrees to the south, as determined by previous observations with the same pendulums.

Wishing to have one more independent determination at a high altitude, Captain BASEVI continued his journey to a point on the borders of the Chinese territories at an altitude of about 16,000 feet. Here, however, his labors were abruptly closed by disease, which had been impending for some time, and but a short period elapsed before his death occurred.

The latest advices from Captain HALL'S expedition were dated at Upernavik, September 5, being somewhat later than the information brought back by the *Congress*. After parting with the *Congress* at Disco, Captain HALL sailed nearly north until he reached the harbor of Proven, where he landed and endeavored to obtain dogs. In this, however, he was not very successful, procuring only eighteen, most of which were not well fitted for service. From Proven the *Polaris* proceeded to Upernavik, arriving there on the 30th of August. He left this port on the 5th of September, and continued on his polar journey.

The editors of the *American Naturalist*, with commendable enterprise, publish a double number for September, containing the proceedings of the American Association for the Advancement of Science at the meeting held at Indianapolis in August last. The address of the retiring president, Dr. T. STERRY HUNT, upon the Geognosy of the Appalachian Chain and the Origin of Crystalline Rocks, is given in full, together with abstracts of a large number of the papers read in the Section of Natural History. It may be proper to remark that some exception has been taken to the views of Dr. HUNT, and that vigorous rejoinders have already appeared, or will appear, from several of the leading geologists of the country. Among the most important and original communications before the Section of Natural History was that by Professor COPE, presenting a new system for the classification of fishes, and another by Professor GILL upon the classification of the mammals.

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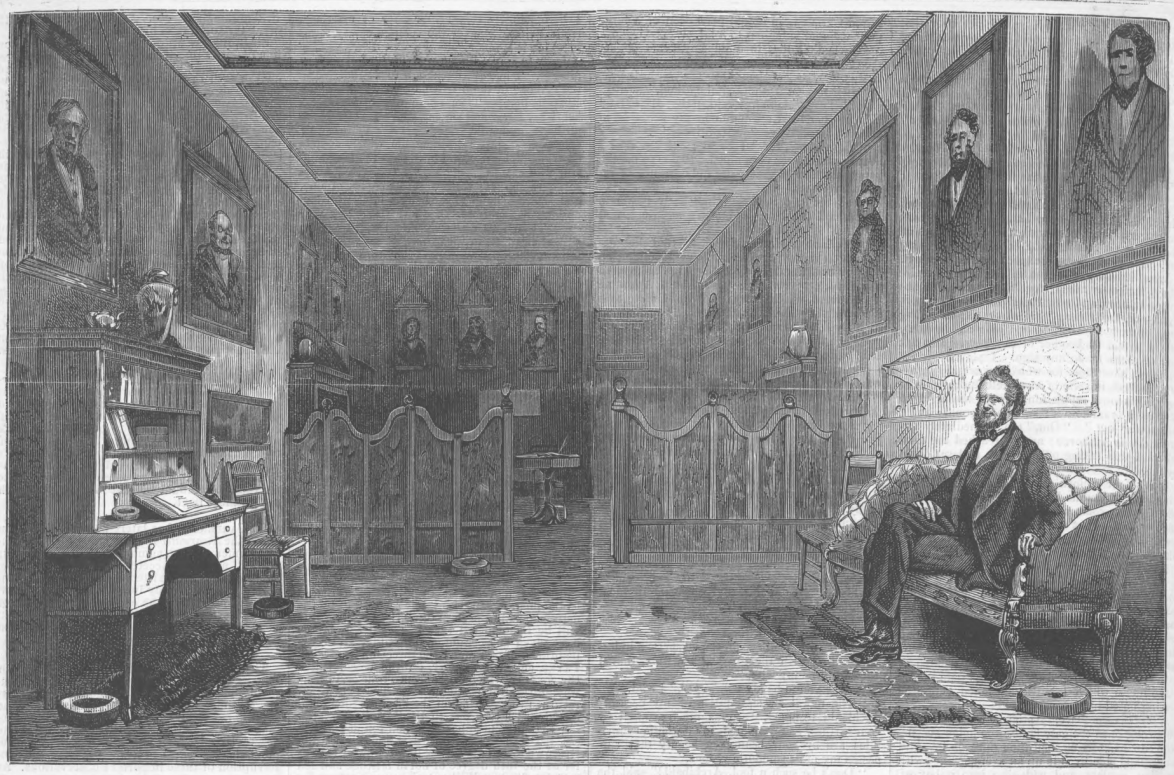
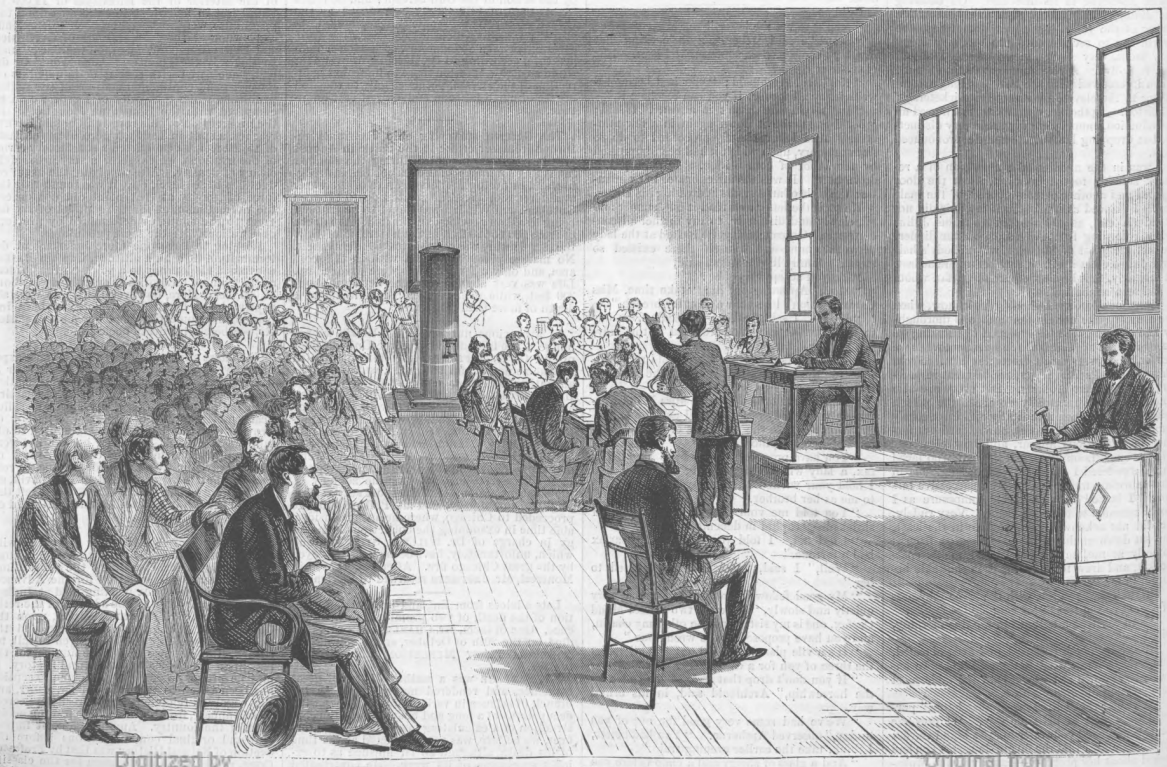


THE MORMON TROUBLES—BRIGHAM YOUNG IN HIS STUDY.

TROUBLOUS TIMES IN UTAH.

THE reported flight of BRIGHAM YOUNG from the Territory over which he has held despotic sway for so many years, indicates the breaking up of the "peculiar institution" which made Utah a plague-spot on the map of our country. The "Gentiles," as our readers already know, had commenced prosecution against him, on the charge of having a greater number of wives than is allowed by the laws of Christian countries. He had also fallen into disfavor with his own followers on account of his sharp practice in respect to the Pacific Railroad bonds. When he found that he could not prevent the construction of the road, he determined to extract a profit out of it. Accordingly he contracted for and built that portion of it which passed through his Territory. When it was built, however, he found a difficulty in getting his money, and consequently was unable to pay the poor Mormons who had left their farms and workshops at his bidding to work on the road. Instead of money he gave them railway bonds, which at the time had fallen to about 35. Then, as trustee of the Church, he accepted those bonds in the payment of tithes and the like. The bonds having steadily risen, it is said that BRIGHAM YOUNG, the private individual, bought them from BRIGHAM YOUNG, the trustee of the Mormon Church, not at their current value, but at the price at which they had been paid in, and that by this juggle he realized a very handsome profit.

The upper engraving on this page shows the cabinet or office in which the Prophet transacts his public business. This is a somewhat spacious apartment, divided into two by a wooden screen or half-high partition. It is plainly but comfortably furnished, the walls being hung with portraits of leading "saints" in black ebony frames. The lower engraving represents a scene at the trial of THOMAS HAWKINS for the same offense with which BRIGHAM YOUNG is charged. The accuser was the first wife of HAWKINS, to whom she was married in England many years ago. She seems to have lived comfortably enough with him, even after he had taken two other wives unto himself, until recently, when, finding that the others engrossed most of his attentions and his money, she brought a suit for divorce and alimony. The trial was piquant and brief, and the verdict in favor of the woman.



THE MORMON TROUBLES—TRIAL OF THOMAS HAWKINS.

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FOREST FIRES IN THE WEST.

SIMULTANEOUSLY with the news of the burning of Chicago came the intelligence of vast conflagrations in the forests and prairies in the States of Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. These terrible fires have probably destroyed many times the number of those who fell victims of the burning of Chicago, though the damage to property is much less in actual value.

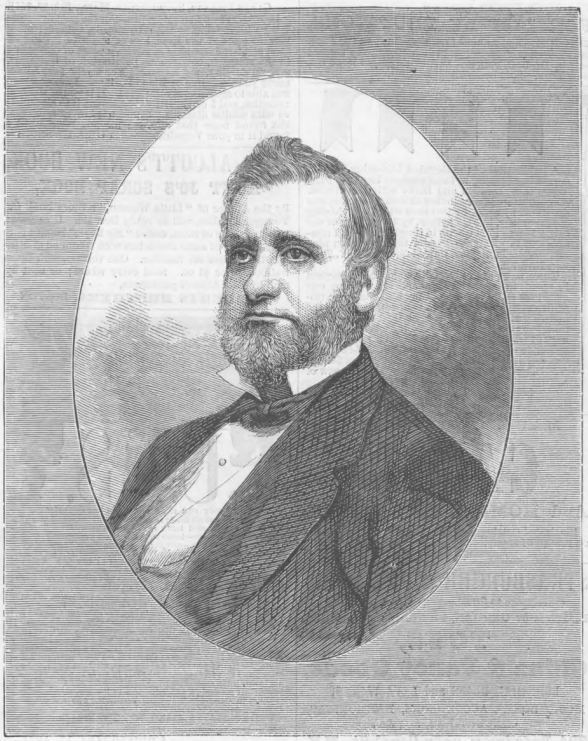
The worst calamity occurred in the State of Wisconsin, where, in the woods between Green Bay and Fox River, a conflagration raged many days, laying waste a strip of country thirty miles wide in Shawana and Oconto counties. The towns of Marinette, Peshtigo, and Little Sturgeon Bay were destroyed. At Peshtigo 320 lives were lost, seventy-five at Little Sturgeon, and hundreds more in other places, while many families were driven out of house and home. Farm buildings, fences, and bridges all over the country were swept away. Thousands of square miles of valuable pine forests were destroyed. Bears and other wild beasts were driven in dismay from the woods, and were flying about in every direction. All supplies of food for man and beast have been destroyed, and starvation during the coming winter stares them in the face. The double-page illustration in this number of the *Weekly* gives a graphic idea of the terrors of this unexampled conflagration.

It has been estimated that in the State of Wisconsin the fire extended over an area of 150 square miles, through a region of pine and hardwood timber, which was thickly settled. The drought in August had dried up springs, streams, and vegetation, and parched the ground to such a depth below the surface that the soil itself burned, and living trees were falling from the action of the fires which undermined them. All outstanding property was swept away, there being no water available to stop the fires. Barns and their contents, hay-stacks, corn, wood, and other property, with hundreds of miles of fences, were burned. The hardest fights against the flames were made at the saw-mills located among the pine forests of Green Bay region, but many of them have been burned.

WOMEN AT THE POLLS.

FIVE adventurous women of this city marched boldly to the polls on last election day, and demanded to be allowed to vote. Among them was Mrs. VICTORIA WOODHULL, who, fresh from an interview on the house-top with the roving spirit of DEMOSTHENES, drove up early to the polls in a fine carriage. This lady was more determined and more demonstrative than her sister reformers. She was not to be bluffed off without an argument. Her lawyer was at hand, but she required no prompting. When her right to vote was denied, she planted herself on the Constitution of the United States, and insisted that the inspector should read the clause on which she founds her claim. The objection that no copy of that document was at hand was immediately met by the production of a pocket edition with which the fair claimant had come provided. The Republican inspector was inclined to receive her vote, but his Democratic colleague was immovable. He would not even look at the Constitution, and finally put an end to the scene by telling the persistent lady that she "obstructed the polls, and must get out." Miss TENNIE C. CLAFFLIN met with the same rebuff; and then, seeing that their efforts were fruitless, the ladies departed. Our artist has delineated this serio-humorous rencontre in the sketch on this page.

The only one of the five who succeeded in voting was a Mrs. MILLER, who afterward openly boasted that she had cast a ballot for TWEED. The *World* suggests that if this is a fair sample of the use which women will make of the ballot, the opposition to their demand will be stronger than ever, and humorously expresses the fear that Mrs. MILLER may have "chosen some untrustworthy Greek—ALCIBIADES, perhaps, or possibly PISISTRATUS—as her guide and counselor." DEMOSTHENES is wholly occupied by his prior engagement with Mrs. WOODHULL, but the *World* suggests the names of several other distinguished Grecian spirits who might be glad to undertake the task of directing Mrs. MILLER'S political conscience.



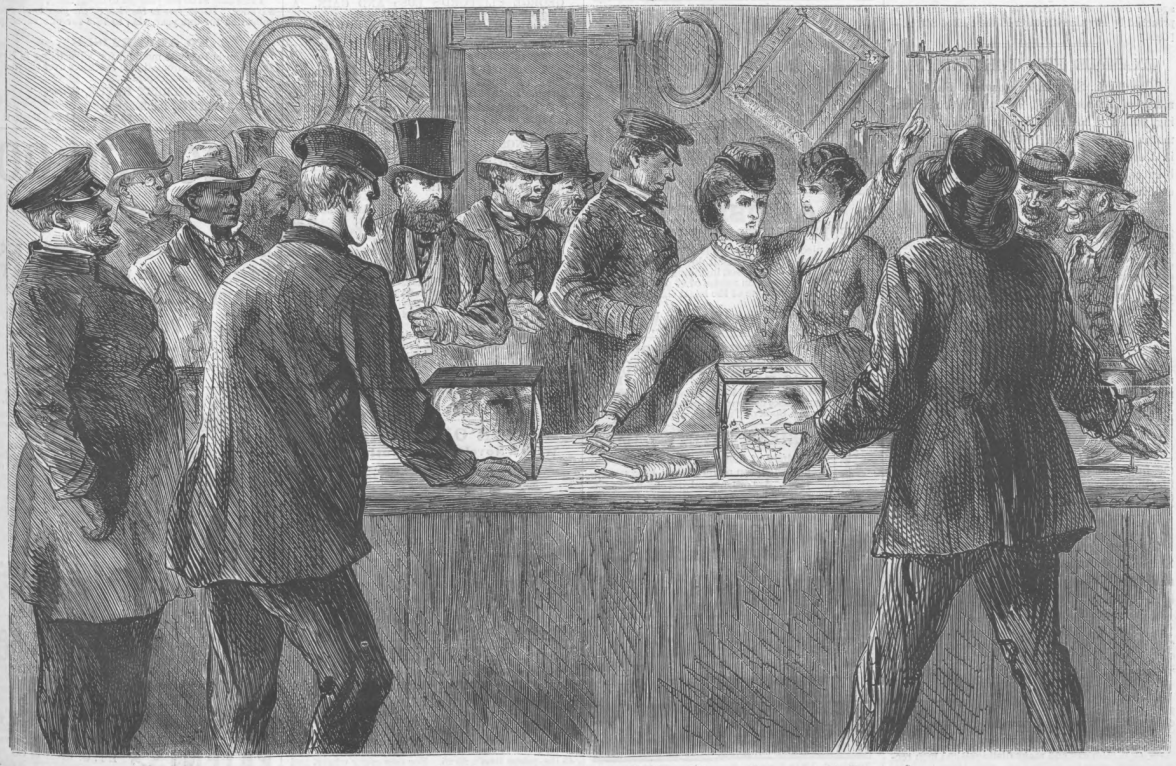
THE HON. JOEL PARKER, GOVERNOR ELECT OF NEW JERSEY.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY C. D. FREDERICKS & COMPANY.]

THE HON. JOEL PARKER.

WE give on this page a portrait of this gentleman, who has just been chosen for the second time to fill the gubernatorial chair of New Jersey. Mr. PARKER owes his election more to the personal esteem in which he is held by his fellow-citizens than to the strength of the Democratic party, the Republicans having a numerical majority in the State. He was first elected Governor in 1862, and proved himself to be an honest and able administrator of affairs, and so truly patriotic that in several of the strongly "Copperhead" counties of New Jersey he was burned in effigy by members of his own party.

HUMAN MISERY IN LONDON.

M. TAINE, in his notes upon England, gives an equally terrible account of the two extremes of human life as they appear in the most neglected and poorest districts of London. Speaking of Shadwell, he describes "small streets, dusty courts, infected by a smell of rotten rags, and tapestried with poor clothing and linen hung out to dry. The children swarm. At one moment," says M. Taine, "I had fourteen or fifteen round me, dirty, barefooted, the little sister carrying the baby in her arms, the nursling of a year old, with its bald white head. Nothing can be more distressing to see than these white bodies, these flaxen tangles, these pasty cheeks plastered with dirt of long standing. They come running up, showing the gentleman to each other with curious and greedy gestures. The motionless mothers look out from the door-ways with lack-lustre eyes. The narrow dwelling may be seen within, often one single room in which all is heaped together in the foul air. The houses often consist but of one story; they are low and narrow hovels in which to sleep and die. What an abode in winter, when the window remains shut through continuous weeks of rain and fog! And that this brood may not die of hunger, the father must not drink, must never be without work, must never be ill. Here and there is a heap of street sweepings. Women were working among the rubbish. One of them, who is old and faded, had a short pipe in her mouth. They raised themselves from their work to look at me, showing brutalized, disquieting faces, like female Yahoos: perhaps that pipe, with a glass of gin, is the last idea which comes uppermost in their idiotic brain. Could any thing be found therein above the instincts and appetites of a savage or a beast of burden? A miserable black cat, lank, lame, and bewildered, watched them out of the corners of its terrified eyes, and stealthily searched about a dust-heap; the old woman followed it with looks as wild as its own, mumbling as she did so, and evidently calculating that it represented two pounds or so of meat!" M. Taine thinks the street boys of this part of London more wretched-looking and more repulsive than the Parisian "voyou," and attributes this to the "climate being worse, and the gin more murderous." But the same story is true of most large cities. Our own New York could supply M. Taine with pictures quite as terrible in their repulsive misery as those which he has drawn of the London slums.



MRS. WOODHULL ASSERTING HER RIGHT TO VOTE.—[FROM A SKETCH BY H. BALLING.]

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NOVELTY PRINTING-PRESS.

THE annals of inventions may be searched in vain for one more useful than the printing-press refered to below. It calls into activity the highest human powers, and familiarity with it affords the means, should misfortune compel such a step, of gaining a livelihood by its use. It renders incalculable service by furnishing, at a nominal cost, a way of publicity which would otherwise be disregarded—*the best way of advertising, because the most direct.* The outfit of an insurance, banker's, or merchant's office can not be reckoned complete without one of these presses.

OFFICE OF THE WINNESHEIK INSURANCE COMPANY,
FREEPORT, ILL.

BENJ. O. WOODS, 351 Federal Street, Boston, Mass.:

Dear Sir,—Two years ago I purchased of you one of your $50 Novelty Printing-Presses. Since purchasing the same it has been in almost constant use, and I can safely assert that it has paid for itself at least six times over. Our office boy, aged about 15, has had the control of it, and has printed almost all the blanks used by the company. He has frequently printed from 500 to 1000 circulars per hour, and the work has been equal to that of our best job offices. We have experienced no difficulty from its getting out of repair, which, I learn, is a common fault with other cheap presses, and I can not see that it has sustained any wear or tear. This letter-head and envelope inclosing the same were printed on your press from electrotype plates.

I think you would be conferring a favor on insurance companies by forwarding circulars and samples of your work to every one in the country, as by the use of the press they could save thousands of dollars annually.

I know this is uncalled for, but when I see a good thing I do not think it proper to keep it to myself, but desire to have others receive the benefit of it. Wishing you success, I am truly yours,

[*Com.*] WM. TREMBOR, *Secretary.*

TASTE AND UTILITY.

NOTHING marks with greater certainty the gentility of a family than the character of the ornaments which enter into its everyday life. For example, flaring gilt frames on paintings of mediocre ability, flashy furniture, and extravagant table display point out the family which is parvenue as distinctly as overdress does the lady or gentleman. A true man avoids loudness in personal or household adornments. There are some persons who pride themselves upon the display of their silver. Their dinner and tea services are got up in the most extravagant style, with no regard to taste or adaptation to the purposes of the various articles in use. RUSKIN says that whatever is most convenient for use is always most beautiful, filling the eye with its grace and elegance. The Grecian vase is considered the model of beauty, and is introduced wherever good taste exists, because its contour is always graceful. Its organic simplicity of shape will bear ornamentation to almost any extent, and yet not verge upon the vulgar. In the manufacture of silver-ware the Old World has an advantage over us, because their wealth has grown slowly, and the taste of its possessor has kept pace with it. In the United States, where fortunes are made so rapidly, there will be luxurious articles purchased, and there may not be the taste to select the most artistic patterns. The "Gorham" Manufacturing Co. has addressed itself to the preparation of artistic designs and the manufacture of a high grade of articles of use and luxury. At the establishment of Messrs. STARR & MARCUS, No. 22 John St. (up stairs), N. Y., there is a beautiful display of silver-ware for table use. Besides the certainty of having pure silver, there is a grace and finish about the work which argues well for the advance of our country in a taste for the fine arts. The Gorham Co. avoid all that is offensive to refinement; what they seek after and attain is the adaptation of patterns to the uses of the ware. In all their varieties and patterns you can discover the brain work of a cultivated artist; and with all these advantages is combined an economy of production unapproached by any manufacturer in the United States.—[*Com.*]

EXAMPLE FOR THE LADIES.

MRS. M. L. SLOPER, Cottonwood Falls (formerly of Leavenworth), earned, in dress-making, with a Wheeler & Wilson Machine, in 6½ months, $13,340; in 1866 she earned $4250; in December, 1867, $435. The machine has been constantly employed since 1861 without a cent for repairs.—[*Com.*]

THE "HOME CIRCLE" is one of the best and cheapest illustrated story papers in the United States, brimful of good things every week. Only $2 a year, besides a beautiful magazine given free a whole year to every subscriber. Splendid premiums for clubs, such as costly gold watches and silver-ware. Single copies, 5 cts., for sale every where. Sample copies sent free by addressing the publisher, F. GLEASON, No. 42 Summer St., Boston, Mass.—[*Com.*]

IMPORTANT TO AUTHORS.

MESSRS. D. LOTHROP & CO., Boston, announce that MSS. for a S. S. Book for the Premium of $1000 will be received until March 15, 1872, and offer an additional prize of $500 for the next best MS.—[*Com.*]

PYLE'S O.K. Soap, Saleratus, and Cream-Tartar, first-class household articles that will speak for themselves on trial, sold by all first-class Grocers. JAMES PYLE, Manufacturer, 350 Washington St., N. Y.—[*Com.*]

OUR druggists keep for sale Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer, the best preparation ever made for restoring the vitality and color of the hair.—[*Com.*]

PERFECTLY SAFE and worthy of *entire confidence* is the remedy known as *White Pine Compound.* It is very efficacious in Coughs, Colds, Pulmonic Affections, and all affections of the Kidneys.—[*Com.*]

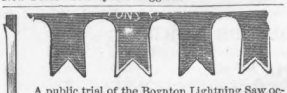
THE YOUTH'S COMPANION—a paper that has grown into excellence by experience, and into an unequaled circulation by *acknowledged* excellence.—[*Com.*]

DR. O. W. HOLMES and many distinguished men recommend *Whitcomb's Asthma Remedy.*—[*Com.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR PIMPLY ERUPTIONS,

Black Heads, and Blotched Disfigurations on the Face, use PERRY'S COMEDONE AND PIMPLE REMEDY. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond St., New York. Sold by all Druggists.



A public trial of the Boynton Lightning Saw occurred last evening at the American Institute Fair, Supt's G. F. Dawson and Blake acting as timers. A chestnut stick, nine inches extreme diameter, was sawed off by hand, by two men with the lightning cross-cut saw, in 8¾ seconds, by 3⅝ strokes of the saw. It was next sawed 16 times in two in 2 minutes and 18 seconds, or faster than a cord in nine minutes, including lost time.—*Editorial N. Y. Tribune,* Nov. 1st.

These Saws are universally conceded to surpass in speed, in ease, and in simplicity. If any one questions it, let him accept my $600 challenge (toward expenses of a public contest), and have the matter settled. New enlarged Dust-Spaced Saws for sale by the Hardware Trade of America. Agents wanted where the Hardware Trade do not sell the genuine saw. Infringers prosecuted. A 6-ft. Cross-Cut and a Wood Saw shipped on receipt of $6.

N.B.—None genuine without the name on saw of
E. M. BOYNTON,
Sole Proprietor and Manufacturer,
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Parlor Ornaments, latest novelties in Toys, Fancy and Ornamental Goods constantly arriving to supply the general demand.

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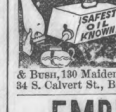

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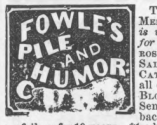

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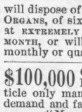

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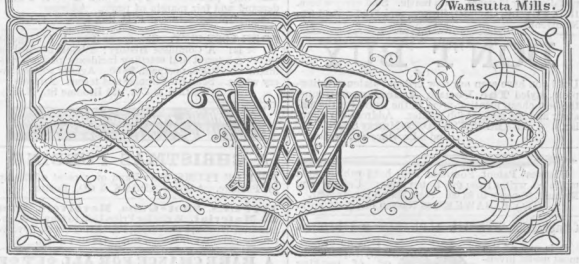

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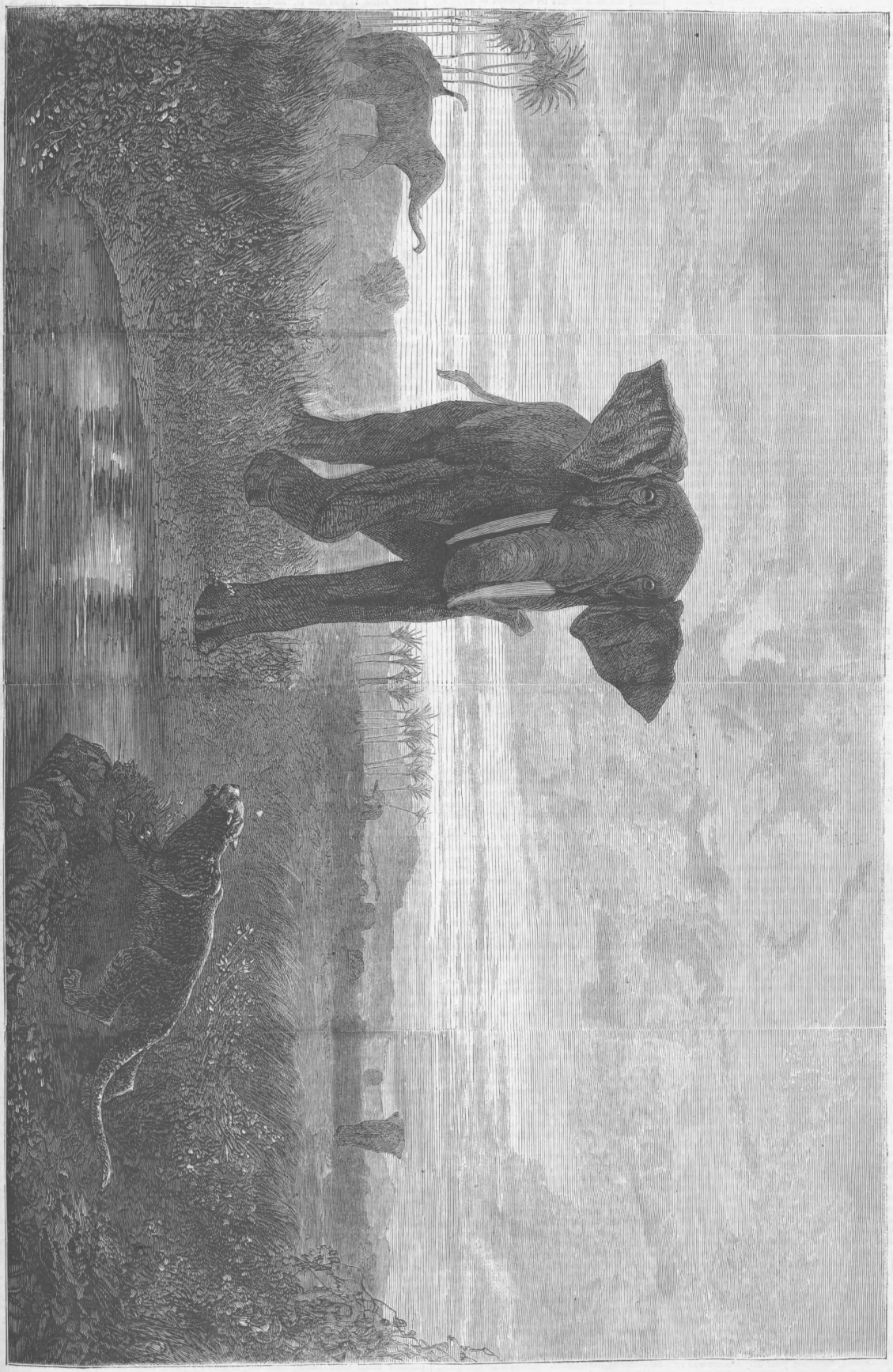

"IN THE INDIAN DESERT."—FROM THE PICTURE BY DECAMPS.—[SEE PAGE 1114.]

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"THE INDIAN DESERT."

THE illustration on page 1113, from a painting by the eminent French master, DECAMPS, whose place has hardly been filled in the French school since his death, about ten years back, belongs to the early part of the artist's career, when he distinguished himself as a painter of Oriental subjects. It is a strange scene which the artist places before us—strange, it may seem, as a glimpse of the antediluvian or pre-Adamite earth, or even, almost, of those still remoter periods in the geologist's chronology when the world was a "desert," when gigantic saurians floundered in the primeval mud, when the mammoth roamed the universal wilderness, and behemoth and the dragons had their living prototypes. It is late evening or early morning, when the denizens of the Indian desert seek the cool water-courses to slake their burning thirst. Now slink forth the leopard and the tiger from the tangled covert of the jungle, and the cumbrous elephant frisks over the plain from the shades of the forest. Two of the wild creatures meet at the stream that is equally coveted by both. Neither will give way, but each distrusts the other. The elephant has wandered a little from his herd; the leopard prowls alone, like the beast of prey that he is.

If DECAMPS has not, like some of the old masters, made the joints of the elephant's hind-legs bend the wrong way, and if he has made him prick his ears after an authentic fashion, he has, we suspect, somewhat exaggerated the size of his eyes. In imaginative treatment, however, the picture is above all cavil. How terrifically the great, black, towering mass of the elephant looms against the faint light of the horizon! How extreme is the contrast between the two creatures in every particular! The one comparatively small, but of strength all compact, and armed at all points: lithe, swift, and ferocious, he may in a moment, with a dash and spring, gain the mastery. The other, an erect colossus, slow but sagacious, unwieldy, but possessed of a ponderous, irresistible force, one blow from whose tusks, or trunk, or feet would be instant death. Those who are best acquainted with DECAMPS's skill in technicalities will best understand how much this subject must gain with the coloring, the variety of textures, and subtile truth of effect of the original picture.

WISELY AND WELL.

My love has set me on no pedestal;
He sees all faults in me;
He brings me nameless tenderness,
Counsel, and comfort in distress,
But no idolatry.

Since life, nor death, nor fate, nor chance, nor time,
Nor all the powers that be,
Can turn his heart from loving mine,
I need not seek to rise and shine
As his divinity.

He places honor first, duty and God;
My place is after these:
I would not it were otherwise,
I do not claim what he denies;
Be all as he doth please.

Upon his arm I lean, and am at rest,
For who so strong as he?
Though happiness is in his sight,
His absence still is a delight,
For then he trusts in me.

Dear human love—God-given in my need,
I lose no heaven for thee:
Over the stones, my trusty guide,
Through the strait gate, up the hill-side
I pass, thou leading me.

IN SIR RUPERT'S ROOM.

I.

I FELT so young and inexperienced to enter on an engagement of trust and responsibility, such as I knew that of a governess to be, that when I drove to my first situation I saw nothing of the beauty which surrounded me. I went through the wide-spreading park, and saw nothing of the rich vast extent of green, of its silvery gleaming waters, of its giant spring-clad trees. I could only sit quite still in the corner of the long luxurious carriage, and clasp my hands, and cry in my heart that I would try with all my might to make my pupil love me, and to do well whatever I should have to do. And when Crayden Abbey came in sight at last, I looked upon its thick red walls and heavy stacks of chimneys, thinking, in a vague and dreamy way, that it was a very grand old place, but still wondering, above all, Would my pupil love me? Could I do all that I ought to do?

In a long oak-wainscoted room, with four narrow stone-mullioned windows down one side, I sat, after my solitary tea, waiting for the promised visit from my pupil. I had waited for a considerable time when Lady Hurst brought her in to me.

And such a winsome child she was! Ah, little Dolly, 'tis twenty long, long years since you came in to me that night, and, leaving your mother's side, threw two little arms about my neck, and pressed two warm red lips upon my own; but from that moment I, who had been feeling so inexpressibly lonely in the big strange house until you came, took your little image into the inmost depths of my heart; and through those twenty years it has lain there undisturbed, loved and cherished always, with a more sacred, if a sadder love, dear, than could have been if you were now a happy and a beautiful young mother in your turn.

"This is Dolly, Miss May," said Lady Hurst, laying her white ringed hand with ineffable tenderness on the child's bright hair, which fell to her waist in rich, wide, natural waves—"this is Dolly; and I would not let her come before, because I knew you would have no rest after her coming, and, therefore, your only chance was to take it before."

She left Dolly with me then, and went to dinner; but later, when the child was gone to bed, she came in again, and sat down before the fire, telling me all I should be expected to do in my new position, and speaking kind and encouraging words to me. We talked a long time of my little pupil; and the mother's voice, naturally rather chill and haughty, thrilled with unutterable pride and tenderness. And while I watched the fire-light play upon her rich dress and gleaming jewels, I wondered many things about this mother's life, so wrapped and folded was it round her youngest child.

"Perhaps Dolly may be a little too much indulged among us all," she ended, smiling a contradiction of her words, "but I hope not; though, being our only little girl, and several years younger than her brothers, and the only one always at home with us, she is perhaps more thought of. Besides which, she is such a little winning thing, and such a pet with us all. I fear that her father is really inclined to spoil her. His loving indulgence would be dangerous for another child, but I hope it will do Dolly no harm."

The voice was so very content, so very confident, that I could not help smiling too.

"My reason for wishing for so young a governess," resumed Lady Hurst, "was this: I want you sometimes kindly to join in the child's play, as there are few children near us of her age and position. I am sure that you will sometimes amuse as well as instruct your little pupil; and I hope we shall be able to make you happy in your new home."

Need I tell how gladly I promised to do so, or how grateful I felt that night, as I stood at one of my narrow, deep-set windows, looking over the wide fair moon-lit park, and thinking how kind had been my reception, and how truly and dearly I could love my little pupil?

"I will take you over the house now, Miss May, if you would like," said Dolly after breakfast next morning, in her quaint little half-shy, half-patronizing way. "Would you?"

I told her I should like it very much; and we went together, sometimes walking, sometimes running, along the intricate, endless-seeming passages, and in and out of the high, richly furnished rooms; and Dolly told me what they were called, and who occupied them, and the history of many a rare and valuable curiosity. What a grand old house it was! I felt as if I never should be able to venture alone about it. I knew that if Dolly had not been with me then I should have lost myself irrecoverably. Even when she only darted on before me into one of the rooms or up one of the staircases, I felt so bewildered that I hastened after her lest I should lose sight of my little guide.

"Shall we go on to the unused part, Miss May?" she asked, her light feet dancing at my side; "or shall you be frightened?"

"I don't think I shall be frightened in this very clear daylight, Dolly," I said, with great apparent deliberation. "Are there ghosts about, then?"

"Oh, plenty of ghosts," she laughed, softly, "plenty. But we'll go on, as you say so. We'll go into Sir Rupert's room, Miss May—shall we?"

"Oh yes," I said, readily. "Which is Sir Rupert's room?"

"I'll show you," rejoined Dolly, a little gravely; "we shall come to it presently."

We turned into a long arched corridor, lighted by small high windows, round which the ivy grew so thick that, though it was carefully cut, its depth, shadowing the narrow windows, made the noonday light in there a rather heavy and oppressive gloom.

"There are no inhabited rooms down here," Dolly said; "and no one comes here except Sir Rupert's ghost, as the boys say. But, of course, we don't believe that sort of thing, do we?"

"Only as the boys' joke," I answered, promptly, having a firm conviction that governesses ought not to allow their pupils to encourage a belief in ghosts.

"No; of course there are no ghosts *really*," said Dolly, with a little bit of awe in her lustrous eyes. "Yet, do you know that none of the servants will pass the end of this corridor after dark?"

"Very silly of them," I put in, conclusively.

"Yes, it is silly," replied Dolly, thoughtfully; "and yet, do you know, Miss May, I was frightened too, a good while ago."

"Were you really?" I inquired, gazing with feigned astonishment into the beautiful little upturned face.

"Yes, I was indeed. I never liked to come any where near here except in broad daylight, and with somebody. But Hugh and Harry laughed at me, so I left it off. But I can never leave off believing one thing. Sometimes, Miss May, I've heard—noises in Sir Rupert's room; and, though the boys laugh more than ever at that, and say it is my fancy, I know it isn't. I couldn't fancy odd noises such as I never heard before, could I, Miss May?"

"You might change natural and innocent sounds, by your fancy, into mysterious ones, dear," I said, dropping the subject. "Is this Sir Rupert's room, then?"

"Yes."

We were entering a large, very dimly lighted chamber, with a high dark wainscot, from the rich carvings of which hung heavy cobwebs, stretching from group to group of fruit and leaves and flowers; while the delicate moulding between was lost and buried in the undisturbed dust of many years. A grand old oaken bed stood opposite us; but the hangings were moth-eaten and colorless, like the soft dust-laden carpet, over which the child stepped lightly and unwillingly, holding my hand all the time, and pulling me on when I wanted to stop and look at the curious and beautiful workmanship around me.

"Come," she whispered; "don't stand just here among the—stains."

"Let us sit down, then," I said, "in this deep window-seat, and you will tell me why this is called Sir Rupert's room."

"This is the worst place of all to sit in. But never mind, if you like it," said Dolly, with an odd little attempt at fearlessness. "Are we to sit on this great cushion? The moths *are* eating it quickly, aren't they? Oh, I haven't been in here before for such a time; and—and I think we won't mind going into the inner room to-day, will we?"

"I think we have seen quite enough for one day," I answered, seeing she was anxious for that reply. "Which is the inner room? Is that great door the entrance to it?"

"Yes. In there is a kind of dark closet, and when you are inside you can pull a handle, and the wainscot on this side slides over the door and hides it entirely. But papa says the machinery is all rusty now, and will not move. That's the key of the door hanging up beside it; but papa goes in sometimes, so that isn't rusty. I don't think there's any thing inside except all the big old pictures out of this room piled against the wall there."

"I see, dear; and who was Sir Rupert?"

"Oh, I'll tell you all the story, if you like," said Dolly, in a low, serious voice, as she nestled beside me on the deep window-seat in the gloomy room. "This house, you know, Miss May, was quite old in those times when King Charles was fighting against his people, and his people fighting against him; and my great-great-great-grandfather was one of those people who"—here the little lips grew rather tight and stern—"went against his king. He ought not to have been living in this house really, because Sir Rupert was the oldest brother; but Sir Rupert hadn't any wife or children, and didn't care to live any where particularly, but liked to go about with the king and the soldiers—of course he fought on the right side—so he sold this Abbey to his brother, who had it full of servants and people that were all Puritans. Then there was that terrible battle, you know, when King Charles was beaten, and all the Cavaliers had to hide away wherever they could. And late that night my great-great-great-grandfather opened the window and let poor Sir Rupert creep into the house to find a shelter. They were on different sides, you see, about Oliver Cromwell and King Charles, but, of course, they loved each other, because they were brothers—though papa says all brothers didn't love each other in those days—and Mr. Hurst brought Sir Rupert up here, and brought him nice things to eat and drink, and never told any one. He locked that outer door upon him, and felt he was quite safe here; but if he heard any alarm, he was to keep in the little room and slide back the panel. Of course poor Sir Rupert felt himself safe in his brother's house, and used to come out of his closet a good deal and walk about here. But one evening, just as he was coming out to breathe a little fresh air, he saw a man, a horrible Puritan servant with short hair, jump in softly from the window-sill, and stand there, and tell him Cromwell's soldiers were behind. Sir Rupert knew that the man who had betrayed him was one of his brother's servants; he knew his brother couldn't fight against his own side, even for him; and he knew that he couldn't kill a whole troop. So he—he just raised his pistol, Miss May, and shot the man dead on—on that very spot at our feet where the stain is; for he had never ventured to go farther in after he had seen Sir Rupert's figure in the door-way. Do you know that these rooms are so far away from the cheerful part of the house, and the walls are so thick, that nobody heard the shot, and Sir Rupert was standing quite still there, and the dead man was lying quite still here, when Mr. Hurst came in on one of his visits. They had not said one word to each other, but one brother was holding out his hand sorrowfully, and the other was holding his forgivingly, and both were very, very sad, when a crowd of soldiers followed their guide through this window. Oh, Miss May, mustn't it have been a dreadful, dreadful sight—especially to Mr. Hurst, who knew he couldn't prevent them taking his brother? But they did *not* take him, Miss May, after all. There was a terrible fight here—here on this very floor—and they left Sir Rupert dead in the door-way, just where he had been all the time. Certainly it was his own fault that he was killed, as he wouldn't let them take him alive, and he had fired the first shot, too; but it was a shameful thing for so many to fight against one. Before he died he had killed two of them, Miss May—two more besides his brother's servant. Now you know why the carpet is so stained. Oh, isn't it a terrible story? And it is that very fight that I can sometimes hear—scuffling and struggling—and oh! all so distinct. Let us go now; shall we?"

I saw that the child had wrought herself into a painful state of excitement in telling the story; and so, while I soothed and quieted her, we left the room together.

II.

The months passed so smoothly, pleasantly, and uneventfully in my new home, that Christmas seemed to come upon me almost unawares. I was very happy, in spite of that lonely-heartedness which is always, I think, inseparable from a governess's life; and I loved my little pupil so dearly that, even if I had had a happy home to go to for that happy time, I could hardly have borne to leave her. Hugh and Harry were at the Abbey now for their Christmas vacation, and they and Dolly and I had grown to be very firm and merry friends together. They were bold, daring boys, pleasant and good-natured; but I never wondered that the gentle, brilliant, beautiful child, my little one, should be the idol of the house. Day by day she seemed to grow deeper and deeper into all our hearts—if she possibly could grow deeper into her mother's than she must have been from her birth. I used to notice, even with a trembling fear, how that mother's calm face would brighten with a wonderful warm light at only the distant sound of the light step or gleeful voice, and how Sir Hugh's rapid, impetuous tones would soften tenderly, and his quick eyes fill with a deep and quiet love, at touch of the tiny caressing fingers.

Great days there were at Crayden Abbey through that Christmas-time, and at all the other great houses within reach of us, where there were children to come home and to be entertained. And at all these parties I was proud and glad to see how my little one, in her radiant childish beauty, reigned a fairy queen among other children. What her mother felt, seeing this, I could often guess—guess sometimes with a pang of bitter pain.

Of course there were many nights that winter-time when Sir Hugh and Lady Hurst went out alone, and the boys and Dolly and I had the big old house to ourselves. A merry, noisy, echoing place we made of it then, you may be sure.

On this night that I am going to tell of Sir Hugh and Lady Hurst were to dine at a distance—so far off that they started quite early in the afternoon. Dolly stood in the hall, talking to her father and me, while we waited for Lady Hurst to come down stairs.

"Take care of your little sister, my lads," said Sir Hugh, as the boys dashed in and pulled up suddenly, for they still stood in a little wholesome awe of their father; "and take care of Miss May too; and enjoy yourselves as much as you can; and don't expect us till you see us, for our coming home appears to me extremely uncertain. Here's mamma; another kiss, my beauty."

This was to Dolly, who sprang into his arms, and laid her little bright head upon his shoulder.

"Good-by, papa; I'll take care of them all."

This was one of Dolly's favorite jokes, and we always laughed at it, just as if we had never heard it before.

"That's right, dear. Now I shall know they are all safe," said Sir Hugh, his eyes full of a smile that was good to see, as he felt the warm little cheek against his own. "Good-by, my treasure! good-by, my best little treasure!"

Lady Hurst sailed down the broad oak stairs, holding up her white velvet skirt in one hand, and a rare and brilliant bouquet in the other. Dolly had taken her fur cloak from the maid, and now came forward with it. But when she held it up, daintily and demurely, her mother dropped the frail flowers and the rich white dress, and kneeling down upon it on the marble pavement, to bring her face on a level with the child's, clasped her closely to her.

"Dolly darling, the little arms are too short yet; put them round mother's neck instead."

As she knelt so, the child fast in her embrace, the flowers crushed and unheeded at her feet, the father looking down upon them both with a curious glad pride and tenderness, a strange incomprehensible fear stole over me, a fear of their leaving me alone with the care of their darling, and for a minute the responsibility seemed greater than I could bear. Only for that minute did I feel it, though. When we all stood together to watch the carriage out of sight, we were the gayest little party possible.

"Miss May, will you consent to hide-and-seek?" asked Hugh, beginning at once to follow his father's advice, and enjoy himself.

"Yes, willingly, if Dolly and Harry like it."

"Oh yes, we like it!" they both cried at once; and I said we would begin at once, as it would not be light very long, and then we could play fire-light games in the school-room.

They answered delightedly, and we raced each other along the passages, while the echo of our rapid footsteps and our laughter went before.

It was a grand house for hide-and-seek; and I enjoyed the game as thoroughly as the children did.

"Just one more find—just one more, please, Miss May," pleaded Dolly, when I, feeling the short winter afternoon was drawing in, proposed to change the game. "I have a plan, and I want just one more hide, please," she went on, her little feet dancing, as they always did when she was earnest and excited: "I have a plan: just one more hide, please. Hugh, it's your turn to seek."

She watched Hugh out of sight with impatient eyes; then she whispered her plan:

"Miss May, you and I will hide in Sir Rupert's room. Hugh will never, never guess it; because—because he knows I'm a little bit frightened of being there—at least, that I used to be. So he will never look there, and never find us, never, and our side will win. Would you mind, though?"

I mind, if she did not!

"Then come now, quick. Harry will lock us in, won't you, Harry? and hang the key up again where it is now; then hide yourself somewhere, as far away as possible. Oh, what a good thought it is! Hugh *never* will guess."

The light feet ran down the gloomy, darkening corridor, I following closely, for Dolly had fast hold of my dress all the time. We went gayly together into the great high room, walking heedlessly over those faded stains on the colorless carpet. When Harry took down the key, and I saw how large and massive it was, an odd little shudder crept over me; but before I could speak he had opened the door, and Dolly, half curiously, half timidly, stepped in, still holding me so that I could not but follow immediately. Harry hung the key upon its hook again, and then ran off.

Dolly still held me in the darkness, and I was very glad. I felt almost afraid of her passing from my touch as well as from my sight. Presently we grew accustomed to the blackness; and Dolly even whispered, laughing softly, that it would be greater fun still if we could slide the panel back, so that neither Hugh nor Harry could find us. For my own part, I felt relieved that we could not; and I said I fancied Hugh would hardly be able to find us as it was.

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"I don't really think he will," cried Dolly, in her gleeful voice. "I don't seem a bit afraid now; do you?"

"No; but I want to feel what the place is like. Let me go a moment, pet."

But when I moved my hand along the walls I felt nothing but dust and cobwebs, until it came against the pile of old pictures propped there. Dolly's groping fingers had just seized mine again, when we could hear the noisy opening of the door at the other end of the long outer room, and we guessed rightly that Harry was found, and that Hugh had a good idea of our hiding-place.

"Stop, stop a moment!" exclaimed Dolly, in an excited whisper: "I'll go behind the big pictures. I won't mind the dirt."

Before I had time to stop her or help her she was, I suppose, safely hidden under the boards and canvas, for her voice had a half-muffled sound when she told me she was "all right now."

At that instant I heard the key put into the lock, and through the open door-way came a little light at last.

"Miss May, I declare!" shouted Hugh, pulling me triumphantly from the narrow room. "Now where's Dolly? Not far off, I'll be bound."

He was just going back to seek Dolly, when Harry, guessing her stratagem, and pleased to delay his brother's triumph, pulled him back, turned the key upon his sister, and, with it in his hand, ran off, shouting that our side was not beaten yet.

This, of course, assured Hugh that Dolly was hidden in the closet; and he turned and followed, crying that this was unfair, as it certainly was. But Harry had had a good start, and was the better runner too.

"Dolly, my darling," I cried, wishing with all my heart that I was locked into the darkness with her, "come close to the door and talk to me. You will not mind being by yourself a very little time. Hugh is gone for the key; he will be back in a few minutes."

I heard a movement of the boards, and I waited.

"Come close to me, with only the door between us, Dolly."

"I can not," answered a distant, muffled voice; "the things have slipped, and I can not get out now till you come and move them. I don't mind, Miss May dear. I'm not afraid—don't you mind."

I ran to the other door, and called and listened, but I heard no sign of the boys' return.

"Do you hear them coming now?" questioned Dolly's distant voice, when I had regained my old position.

"Not yet, dear; but they must come in a few minutes."

And again I ran and shouted; but the dismal corridor only echoed my own frightened tones, and gave me back no answer.

"Dolly dear," I cried again through the key-hole, only wanting to hear her speak—"Dolly, I am here."

Then the little weak voice answered me,

"Miss May dear, I feel so strange, just as if I couldn't breathe. And I hear odd sounds—do you?"

"No, darling, nothing. Perhaps you hear the boys."

"N-no. Will they come soon?"

"I think so, pet; I am going to hasten them now. I shall only be a minute or two away."

"Don't go yet," the child pleaded; "wait a little minute. Hugh is sure to come. It is *so* dark."

Then I put my mouth to the key-hole, and spoke to my little one again.

"Do you hear me, darling?"

"Yes."

"Then, Dolly dear, if I sing your favorite hymn, will you sing it with me? We should be more companions so; and it would do us good and cheer us."

She began the hymn at once, without waiting to answer me; and I joined her, singing as loudly as I could, glad that my plan had succeeded so well. But presently I missed the little smothered voice, and I stopped, calling out to ask her why it was.

"I can't, Miss May"—the answer seemed more faint and distant now, though my ear was at the key-hole; "I feel as if I could do nothing. Don't go."

"I must, my darling," I cried, in untold fear: "I must go for Harry."

I fled along the passages, calling at every step, stopping at every door and window with the same cry—"Hugh! Harry! boys!"

At last, through one of the staircase windows, I saw them, and I darted from the house and followed. I was just in sight of them, when I saw Hugh seize Harry, who laughingly held the key up at arms-length out of his brother's reach. As Hugh sprang to grasp it, Harry flung it from him heedlessly—flung it in one moment over the stone wall of the kitchen-garden; but none but myself could see that it fell into the old deep unused well. I saw the key drop, though I did not hear it; and I looked for one helpless moment down the shaft, while Harry's cry was half laughter, and Hugh's angry exclamation pierced me where I stood. Then I ran wildly back to the house, seeing nothing and hearing nothing by the way. I sped in through one of the servants' entrances, shouting as I ran, to tell them to send men to Sir Rupert's room with tools to break the door. I knew they heard and understood me, though I never stopped to say it; and I fled on breathlessly up the stairs and along the corridor, crying now, in my passionate, eager fear, that I was coming to rescue my darling. But this I knew. I cried below my breath, in the death-like muffled fear which was clinging round my heart.

"Here I am, my pet," I whispered, bending to the key-hole; "you shall be let out in a moment now."

But no answer came from my imprisoned child.

"Speak to me, Dolly dear," I cried, my voice shrill and tremulous; "just one word."

And I listened with beating heart for the distant voice. But no answer, not even a faint, faint word, came back to me.

"I am so lonely here without you, pet."

No answer still.

Then I beat at the door wildly, crying—literally shrieking—for help. I heard footsteps hurrying up the distant stairs, and I called to the servants to make haste, breaking off in that cry to plead again with my little one for just one word.

"Dolly! darling! Dolly! Dolly!—answer me one word, my dearest."

The steps came on through the passage and into the room, and a crowd of curious or troubled faces gathered round me. Some one took my hands from the door, and I started back, uttering brokenly my thanks and gratitude.

One heavy blow upon the door broke it a little, but did not open it. My glad, exultant cry pierced the thick panels.

"*Now* we are coming, Dolly dear, *now* we are coming;" and while they tried a second time in vain, I wrung my hands, still crying with all my useless strength, "Now, darling, *now* you are to come to me."

The door burst open; then I felt suddenly blinded and bewildered by looking into the darkness beyond, and I crept back a little way. The men clustered into the narrow closet. Hugh and Harry, foremost of them all, were groping in the dark as they called their little sister's name.

With a new and sudden strength I pushed the crowding forms aside, and took the heavy pictures easily in my shaking hands, and moved them away as if they had been of feather's weight. Then, even in the deep gloom, I could see her—I often see her so, even now, in my troubled dreams.

With the little white figure in my arms, the long bright hair hanging against me—one tangled, clotted mass touching my hand with a touch that wrung my heart with a sharp and shuddering agony—I came out from the darkness.

I think they all drew back from me as I bore her through them; but the crowd of horror-stricken faces followed me afar off as I tottered from that gloomy room with my darling.

My darling! Ah, it was too hard just yet to think that this little bleeding form, in its soiled and stained white dress, was not my little one, but that she lived already another life than ours, far, far away from us all, in a white robe that never should be stained nor spotted more.

I laid her on her own little bed in the softened lamp-light; I washed the little white shoulder that had been so cruelly bitten; I washed and brushed the soft, rippling hair; and then I sat beside her, and my eyes were aching, aching, as they were fixed upon the little white, still face.

I know not who came or went; I know not if any one staid with me; I know not how many hours I sat so; but at last, late—very late—in the winter night, whose chill I could not feel, I knew that the door had opened for the mother to come in. I heard each footstep, as if it fell upon my own heart, while she came up to the side of the little bed opposite me.

I slowly lifted my heavy eyes, in which all life and light seemed to have died forever, from my little one's face to the one that bent above it—a face I could hardly have recognized. My lips moved; I was trying to tell the mother how I had killed her child; but no sound came. I fancied I was speaking fast and loud, but though the words were framed by my tight stiff lips, no sound followed. Looking across the bed, the mother strangely, coldly signed to some one to take me away. They raised me, and led me toward the door, while the figures all melted slowly and mistily from around me, leaving nothing distinct but that wild, cold look with which I had been sent from my darling's side. My feet tottered, my head swam. I suppose I drew back as they forced me on; I suppose I would not let them take me away. I know I fancied I was dying too, and wanted to die there beside the child whom I had killed; but at that instant Sir Hugh, his face fierce and cruel in its anguish, shut the door with his own hand against me. Then, through the closed door, there followed me one thrilling, agonized cry—a cry like which I never have heard cry since, like which I hope that I may die before I hear a cry again; and then all the dreary world was blotted from me in a sudden, heavy, lasting darkness.

Many and many a winter day I spent in my own room, apart from all sound in the great silent Abbey, too ill and weak to move, after the terrible blindness had left me. Sometimes a pitying face would look in upon me, sometimes a pitying word be said, but never a loving one, never a tender one. I did not wonder that only the servants came to see me. I knew how hard it would be for any one who had loved Dolly to bear to look upon my face. So, one early, early morning, as soon as I was able to walk, I crept away to my darling's grave, and from there, when the sun had risen, I crept farther out into the wide cold world, which seemed to me just then only a vaster, lonelier grave than the one on which my burning, fevered cheek had rested.

I did not know until long afterward that I had been alone at Crayden Abbey with the servants through all those weeks; that Lady Hurst and Sir Hugh had left it after the funeral; for the mother's heart was broken, and they feared her life or reason going, if she staid in the memory-haunted place. That is twenty years ago, as I said; and Sir Hugh and Lady Hurst have never returned to England. Mr. Hugh and his wife and children live at the old place now; but the long gloomy passage has been built up, and there is no entrance now to Sir Rupert's room. Sir Hugh's grandchildren have not even heard of its existence, nor do they ever hear the "scuffling, struggling sounds," which must have frightened my darling to death in that rat-haunted darkness, even before the savage bite was given—the sounds that she used to say she heard in that past time, when she fancied Sir Rupert's ghost fought still at times with his betrayer.

Twenty years! and I have never told this tale before. I do it simply now, without preface or appendix. It matters not where I lived before those few months which I have told of, and which seem to hold my entire life; it matters not where I have lived since. The name I have given here is not my own; yet is my little story true—most sadly, pitifully true.

THE HOLLY, LAUREL, AND YEW.

THE white rime sits on the silvered bough,
The red-berried holly, the green-spiked yew;
The shining laurel is frosted now,
And the hours of the daylight are short and few.

But kind hearts beat by the bright fireside,
And soft eyes sparkle by candle-light;
And we draw the curtains at eventide,
Shut out the shadows, and welcome night.

The snow-flakes fall through the darkened air,
But never a morsel for that care we;
And, it may be, we have silver to spare,
And can give to the homeless a penny fee.

Ah! brighter then shines the homestead fire,
And dearer seem the dear faces all,
If we stretch out our hand to pull out of the mire
A brother who into it chances to fall!

As we would be done by, let us do;
A blessing shall be on our labors still;
And the evergreens—holly and laurel and yew—
Be the emblems green of our hearts' good-will!

AUSTRALIAN SALT LAKES.

AN interesting description of the salt lakes of Australia is given by a writer in the Sydney *Empire*, who, speaking of the salt lakes and mineral springs on the Paroo, says: "These wells are a real curiosity to many, if not to all. Mounds of earth rise about ten or fifteen feet over the surface, no doubt thrown up by the force of the water; they form a kind of oasis in the wilderness, and have saved the lives of many a weary wanderer. These mounds can be seen for miles. The water is very clear and soft. It is impregnated with magnesia, soda, and alum. It is very palatable to drink, and I think very wholesome. The water does not flow after touching the surface, but as soon as it overflows the fort-like basin sinks into the earth. The alum and soda crack under your feet, as you walk around these wells, like frozen snow. Sand-storms occasionally set in with great violence, sweeping along and drifting like snow; but in this they differ, that nothing is proof against the penetrating propensity of the sand. It enters your eyes, your nose, your mouth, your ears; even your very skin seems gritty from it, and every thing is covered with it. It enters all culinary matters, so that while it lasts you are continually eating, drinking, and wearing sand. As an instance, the first evening I entered the Paroo one of the sand-storms set in, and after viewing one of those beautiful clear lakes, in which we thought we could quench our thirst, having had nothing to drink since the morning, what was our surprise, I might almost say despair, to find that the water was salt as brine. The driving sand beat with such fury that we could not see each other on the road. Our party numbered five, and I took the bridle and saddle off my horse and let him go to shift for himself. I lay down, putting the saddle between myself and the storm for shelter. The morning at last came, and I found about five miles distant my party, horse, and water."

HUMORS OF THE STAGE.

IT is curious how many of the incidents and details of theatrical representation escape the notice of the audience. And here we are referring less to merits than to mischances. Good acting may not always obtain due recognition; but then how often bad acting and accidental deficiencies remain undetected! "We were all terribly out, but the audience did not see it," actors will often candidly admit. Although we in front sometimes see and hear things we should not, some peculiarity of our position blinds and deafens us to much. Our eyes are beguiled into accepting age for youth, shabbiness for finery, tinsel for splendor. Garrick frankly owned that he had once appeared upon the stage so inebriated as to be scarcely able to articulate, but "his friends endeavored to stifle or cover this trespass with loud applause," and the majority of the audience did not perceive that any thing extraordinary was the matter. What happened to Garrick on that occasion has happened to others of his profession. And our ears do not catch much of what is uttered on the stage. Young, the actor, used to relate that on one occasion, when playing the hero of the "Gamester" to the Mrs. Beverley of Sarah Siddons, he was so overcome by the passion of her acting as to be quite unable to proceed with his part. There was a long pause, during which the prompter several times repeated the words which Beverley should speak. Then "Mrs. Siddons, coming up to her fellow-actor, put the tips of her fingers upon his shoulders, and said, in a low voice, 'Mr. Young, recollect yourself.'" Yet probably from the front of the house nothing was seen or heard of this. Players will thus sometimes prompt each other through whole scenes, interchange remarks as to necessary adjustments of dress, or instructions as to "business" to be gone through, without exciting the attention of the audience.

Mrs. Fanny Kemble, in her Journal of her Tour in America, gives an amusing account of a performance of the last scene of "Romeo and Juliet," not as it seemed to the spectators, but as it really was, with the whispered communications of the actors. Romeo, at the words "Quick, let me snatch thee to thy Romeo's arms," pounced upon his playfellow, plucked her up in his arms "like an uncomfortable bundle," and staggered down the stage with her. Juliet whispers, "Oh, you've got me up horridly! That 'll never do; let me down. Pray let me down!" But Romeo proceeds, from the acting version of the play, be it understood:

"There, breathe a vital spirit on thy lips,
And call thee back, my soul, to life and love!"

Juliet continues to whisper: "Pray put me down; you'll certainly throw me down if you don't set me on the ground directly." "In the midst of 'cruel, cursed fate,' his dagger fell out of his dress. I, embracing him tenderly, crammed it back again, because I knew I should want it at the end." The performance thus went on:

ROMEO. Tear not my heart-strings thus!
They break! they crack! Juliet! Juliet!
(*Dies.*)

JULIET (*to corpse*). Am I smothering you?

CORPSE. Not at all. But could you, do you think, be so kind as to put my wig on again for me? It has fallen off.

JULIET (*to corpse*). I'm afraid I can't, but I'll throw my muslin veil over it. You've broken the phial, haven't you? (*Corpse nodded.*)

JULIET (*to corpse*). Where's your dagger?

CORPSE (*to Juliet*). 'Pon my soul I don't know.

The same vivacious writer supplies a corresponding account of the representation of "Venice Preserved," in which, of course, she appeared as Belvidera. "When I went on I was nearly tumbling down at the sight of my Jaffier, who looked like the apothecary in "Romeo and Juliet," with the addition of some devilish red slashes along his thighs and arms. The first scene passed off well, but oh! the next, and the next, and the next to that! Whenever he was not glued to my side (and that was seldom) he stood three yards behind me; he did nothing but seize my hand and grapple it so hard that, unless I had knocked him down (which I felt much inclined to try), I could not disengage myself. In the senate scene, when I was entreating for mercy, and struggling, as Otway has it, for my life, he was prancing round the stage in every direction, flourishing his dagger in the air. I wish to Heaven I had got up and run away; it would have been natural, and have served him extremely right. In the parting scene—oh, what a scene it was!—instead of going away from me when he said 'Farewell forever!' he stuck to my skirts, though in the same breath that I adjured him, in the words of my part, not to leave me, I added, aside, 'Get away from me—oh, do!' When I exclaimed, 'Not one kiss at parting!' he kept embracing and kissing me like mad; and when I ought to have been pursuing him, and calling after him, 'Leave thy dagger with me!' he hung himself up against the wing, and remained dangling there for five minutes. I was half crazy. I prompted him constantly, and once, after struggling in vain to free myself from him, was obliged, in the middle of my part, to exclaim, 'You hurt me dreadfully, Mr. ——.' He clung to me, cramped me, crumpled me—dreadful! I never experienced any thing like this before, and made up my mind that I never would again."

Yet the ludicrous imperfections of this performance passed unnoticed by the audience. The applause seems to have been unbounded, and the Jaffier of the night was even honored by a special call before the curtain.

A famous Lady Macbeth, "starring" in America, had been accidentally detained on her journey to a remote theatre. She arrived in time only to change her dress rapidly and hurry on the scene. The performers were all strangers to her. At the conclusion of her first soliloquy, a messenger should enter to announce the coming of King Duncan. But what was her amazement to hear, in answer to her demand, "What is your tidings?" not the usual reply, "The king comes here to-night," but the whisper, spoken from behind a Scotch bonnet, upheld to prevent the words reaching the ears of the audience, "Hush; I'm Macbeth! We've cut the messenger out—go on please!"

Another disconcerted performer must have been the provincial Richard the Third to whom the Ratcliffe of the theatre—who ordinarily played harlequin, and could not enter without something of that tripping and twirling gait peculiar to pantomime—brought the information, long before it was due, that "the Duke of Buckingham is taken!" "Not yet, you fool," whispered Richard. "Beg pardon. Thought he was," cried Harlequin Ratcliffe, as, carried away by his feelings or the force of habit, he threw what tumblers call "a Catherine-wheel," and made a rapid exit.

FOUR PINS.

THERE is or was a Polish lady, the Countess of K——, living in Paris. She wears a very singular brooch or breastpin. Encircled by twenty precious stones, on the ground of a dark blue stone, and covered by glass in front, is—what do you suppose? A portrait? No. A lock of hair? No. What then? Just *four common pins* bent together in form of a star! Why does she wear such a singular thing as this? Her husband, a Polish nobleman, was put in prison because he was thought to be a secret enemy of the government. He was put into a dark, deep dungeon, far down under the ground. He had no light. He could not tell when it was day or when it was night. He had no one to speak to, for no one was allowed to go near him but the keeper of the

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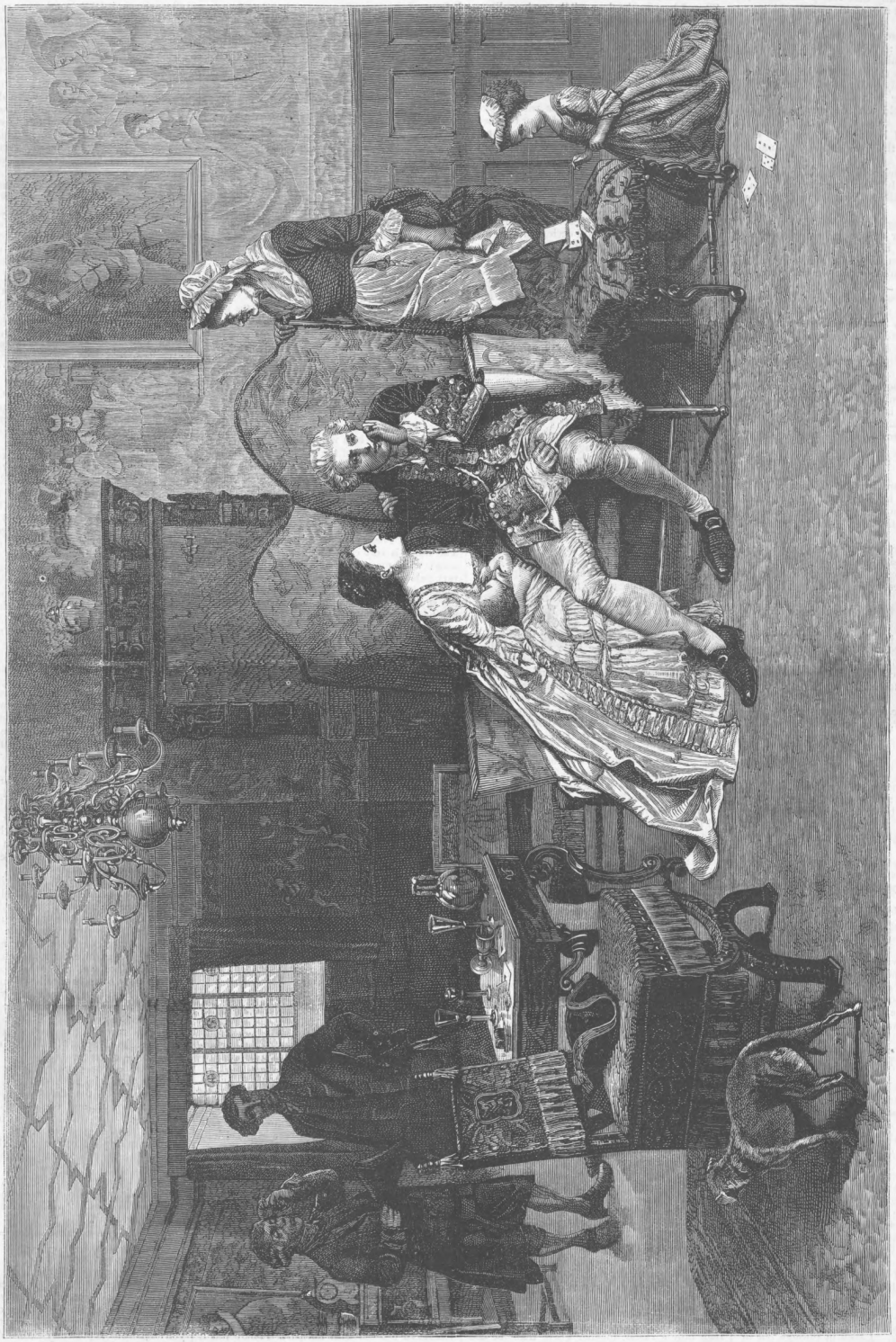
prison, and he was not allowed to speak to him. He had nothing to do; days, weeks, and months passed, and he was still in his dungeon; he was not brought to trial. Poor man! how miserable he was! He thought he should lose his mind; he felt his reason beginning to give way. Oh, if he only had something to do!

Feeling over his coat one day, he found four pins, and he wept for joy. But you say, *Four pins!* *And what use were they to him?* Why, he just took them from his coat, and threw them on the floor of his dungeon, and then he went down on his hands and knees and felt all over the floor till he found them. When he found them he scattered them on the floor again, and, could you have gone into his dungeon, you would have found him on his hands and knees groping for his four pins! It was all his work. And when, after six years' imprisonment, his cell was opened to set him at liberty, they found him groping in the dark for his pins. And he would not leave his prison without taking his four pins with him. They were his best friends, because they had given him something to do; and his countess had them made up into a breastpin, which she valued more than gold. They had preserved her husband's reason.



"RUIN."—[FROM THE PICTURE BY C. GREEN.]

"RUIN."

THE late exhibition of the Royal Academy in London contained a fine picture by Mr. C. GREEN, an artist of considerable note, of which we give an engraving on this page. The costumes and furniture belong to the last century, but the incident—the ruin of a gambler and spendthrift—belongs to every age, and the moral is one of universal application. The passion for "play" is limited to no country. Its votaries are to be found in every clime, and every where they pursue their fatal pastime with the same blinded fascination.

This man has lost his last stake. The room in which he sits, oblivious of every thing save his own ruin, contains the evidence of the last night's revelry and debauch—the wine, the cards, the dice—through which his wits and fortune were lost. He takes no notice of the long-suffering wife who attempts to comfort him—as if in such a crisis as this the heaviest part of the burden did not fall upon her—none of the two bailiffs who stand modestly but watchfully in the background, while the dog sniffs cautiously at the unwonted visitors.

The fine house has fallen as suddenly as the fragile one which the little girl has built with the fateful cards, and in a day or two all the rich old furniture, the cabinets, tapestry hangings and settees, the great brass chandelier, and the carved chairs, will be wrangled over by Jew brokers, and sold for a quarter of their value. The friends of the gambler—those who helped to ruin him—will spend an hour or so at the sales, and pick up a few knickknacks, and then the great house will know other tenants. The present master, bereft alike of fortune, character, and friends, fallen into the by-ways of life, and lacking the moral stability to reform as well as the hardihood to rid himself of existence, will most likely lie in jail the greater part of his days. Even to the last he will play at pitch-penny with his wretched comrades of the prison, since he can no longer throw life dice for guineas.

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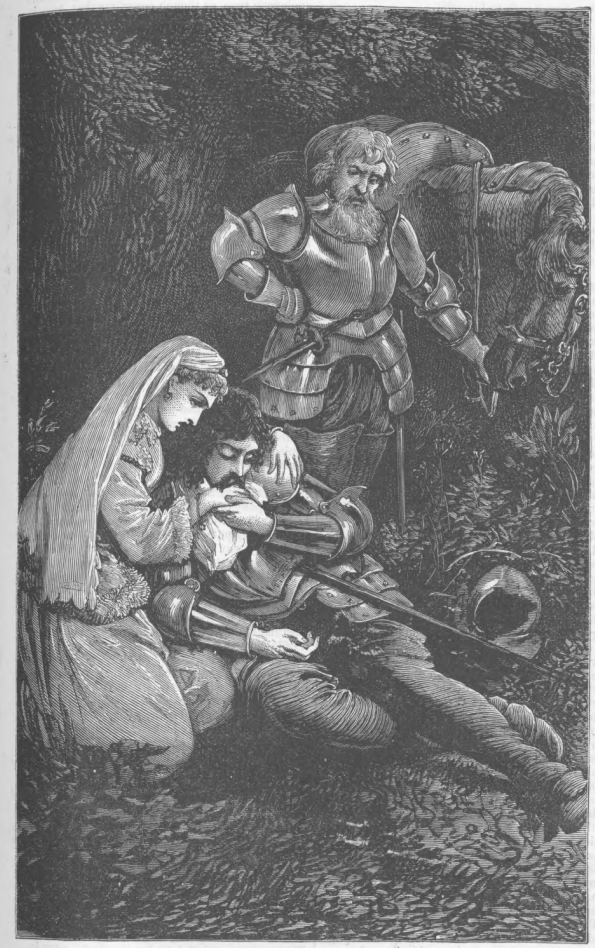


"ONE KISS ON THE WHITE HAND THAT STROVE TO STANCH THE GUSHING WOUND."

DALTON'S TRUST.

Out through bonnie Wensleydale Rupert's summons rung;
Nortons, Scropes, and Powletts to the winds their banners flung;
Daltons, Marmions, and Fitzhughs swift to the challenge sprung.
Masham, Marske, and Middleham sent their tale of men;
Thoresby, Hawes, and Sedbergh rose to battle then;
Wensleydale called soldiers out, well-told hundreds ten.
On to fatal Marston Moor, for "Church and King and Crown,"
They marched by Tanfield's towers gray, they marched by Norlaze down;
And the minster bells rang merrily as they passed through Ripon town.
"Great our King and true our cause," Mabel Mowbray said;
"Yet my all of hope and joy rests on my father's head:
What were Church and throne to me, if his life were sped?"
Dalton's boy had lingered there for a parting word;
Vassals owned his brother's rule—his naught but steed and sword;
Yet gay and gallant as the best, young Frank of Sleningford.
"Trust me for him, lady mine, trust him all to me;
Heart is stout, and hand is strong; spent they both shall be
Ere the Mowbray's good gray head down 'mid the spears I see."
By the flashing waves of Ure youth and maiden stood;
Soft his wooing whisper blent with the murmuring flood;
Round them both the morning sun glowed from Hackfall wood.
"Mabel, one word ere I go." The maiden smiled and blushed,
The sweet lips moved; the lover's heart leaped to her low "I trust."
The charger wheeled; the long white plume was lost in clouds of dust.

* * * * * * *

Sullen to the Northern Sea swept the reddened Ouse,
When the sun had set in clouds, content such sight to lose—
Royalty to people's rights had paid its deadly dues.
'Neath an old ancestral oak leaned the maiden wearily;
Up the Ure the slow mist crept, wreathing chill and eerily;
Down the vale from Jervaulx pile clang of bells came dreurily.
Suddenly she raised her head, sound of hoofs to heed,
Tramp of horses, hardly pressed, spurred to desperate speed;
Every stroke rang keen and clear, like cry of bitter need.
Clattering down the winding hill on two horsemen rode;
The crimson Mowbray cognizance o'er old Sir Hubert flowed;
Broken and stained the comrades held a sable feather showed.
"He has brought thee back thy father, wench; the lad would have his way,
Else had I died mid England's best, nor mourned this fatal day.
He took a pikeman's thrust for me— What, Frank! hold up, I say!"
One flashing smile, one whispered phrase, "My trust redeemed," the sound;
One kiss on the white hand that strove to stanch the gushing wound:
'Tis but her gallant lover's corpse upon the blood-stained ground.

* * * * * * * *

Old names decay, old stories die, as names and stories must;
But still the Dalton faith is known as steadfast, true, and just;
Still old men show that oak, and tell the tale of "Dalton's Trust."

THE FATAL TRYST.

IN one of my wanderings through the beautiful County Kerry I put up for a few nights at a farmer's house situated in a somewhat isolated locality, quite out of the beaten track of the tourist. My temptation was the presence of an excellent trout stream in the neighborhood; for, being what the penny-a-liners would call an enthusiastic follower of the "gentle piscatorial craft," I would sacrifice much comfort in the matter of eating, drinking, and sleeping, if I could secure for myself some hours of my favorite sport.

The stream was narrow, but deep and rapid. I could in some parts have easily crossed it with a running jump; but there was spanning it a rustic bridge, and at a little distance from the bridge a pool, which I soon found to be a favorite haunt for my "speckled captives." The first day I appeared upon the banks of the stream with my rod and flies I noticed that the few people who went to and fro across the bridge seemed to regard me with peculiar interest. I confess I was rather aggrieved to find that there was a sort of public path over the fields through which the stream ran; not because I had any dislike to being looked at, but because I feared the sound of footsteps and the flutter of garments would disturb the trout.

But the looks of these occasional passers-by puzzled me. I was not aware that there was any thing in my appearance likely to excite any remarkable degree of reverence, and yet almost every peasant girl or woman who came over the fields and the bridge would cross herself most devoutly, after dropping me a shy courtesy.

The time of year was May, and the afternoon was bright, and even hot for the season; so, feeling a little tired, about three o'clock I laid aside my rod, and sat down under a tree to eat my luncheon. As I sprang the cork from a bottle of soda-water, I happened to look in the direction taken by the former, and I observed that it was cleverly caught by a small, black-haired, black-eyed urchin who was sitting watching me from a little distance.

"Hullo!" I said; "are you shot?"

He grinned into prominent view a set of magnificent teeth, and jumping up, came forward, pulling the peak of his cap as he walked.

"Be gorra, yer honor, ye don't want much iv a schrew wid that bottle," he said. Then picking it up from beside me, he turned it about curiously, and seemed much impressed by the fact that it would not stand. "What is it at all at all?" he said at length.

"Did you ever hear of Champagne?" I asked.

"Ay, did I; but that's not it."

"How do you know?"

"Shure, wasn't I there beyant in the Victoria Hotel, at Killarney, for a shtart? And didn't I often see the big bottles wid the shinin' paper round thim? But dickens a dhrain iver kem to me, though I nearly bruk me nick turnin' up the bottle on me head."

"And what were you at the Victoria?" I asked. "Boots, I suppose?"

"Ay, and shoes too; for many's the shoe ould Micky Donoghue, the head hostler, flung afther me whin I'd laugh at his crooked eye. But I'd be there yit," he added, reflectively, "only for the happy pairs."

"The what?" I asked, stupidly, really not knowing what he meant.

"Brides and grooms honey-mooning, yer honor. Be gorra, I was sick iv thim shreelin' about arm in arm, not lookin' foreninst thim whin they'd go out; so I just quit."

"I understand, then, you went of your own free-will. What is your name?"

"Tim, yer honor—Tim Maloney. Tim Smart the neighbors calls me; but it's meself doesn't know why."

"Well, Tim," I said, handing him the remains of my paper of sandwiches, "I am sorry I have no Champagne to offer you, for I think it would entitle you to your nickname for a time at least. And now that those clouds have come up, I'll try my favorite pool near the bridge."

Tim made no answer; but when I got up and walked down to the brook he followed me, and stood watching me as I adjusted my rod and flies. Then he said, suddenly,

"Yer honor's a stranger in these parts, belike?"

"Yes," I said; "in this neighborhood I am quite a stranger; other parts of Kerry I know well enough. Why do you ask?"

"Becase av ye warn't, ye wouldn't fish in that pool, nor ate the laste taste iv a trouteen out iv it."

"And why not, Tim, may I ask?"

"Be gorra, there's no wan to hindher ye from axin', or fishin' aidher, for that matther; but every one's talkin' iv ye, and wontherin' ye're not afeared."

"Of what, Tim—a ghost?"

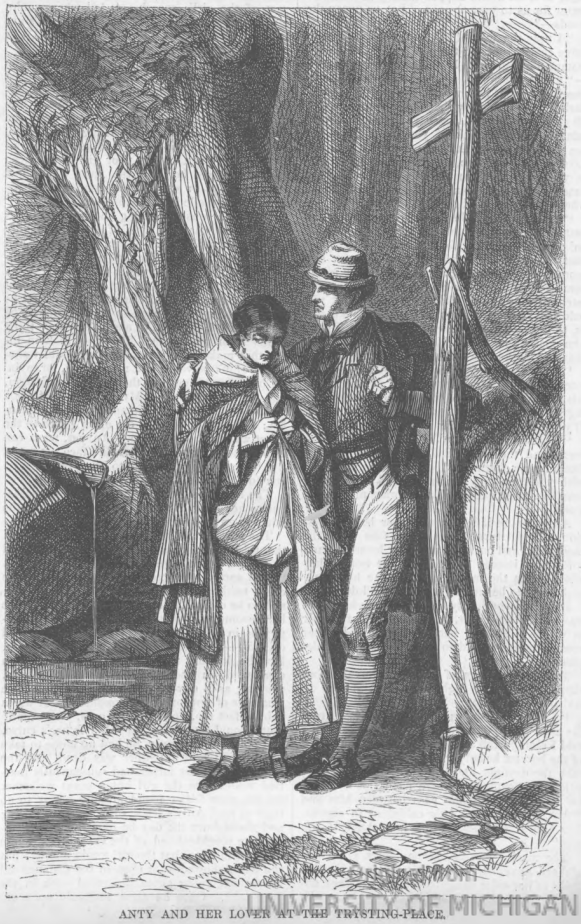
"Musha, thin, it's meself doesn't know much about it, only what I hear tell among the neighbors—an ould story now in the factions betune the Murphys and the O'Connells. But shure, av yer honor's intherested, me ould gran there above knows the whole story as pat as a spellin'-book."

Before Tim left me I had arranged to pay his "gran" a visit, and from her lips I heard the tale which I am now about to tell.

Within the memory of many besides that most respectable personage, "the oldest inhabitant," faction fights were of frequent occurrence in all parts of Ireland at fairs and "patterns." Coats would be trailed, sticks flourished, taunting words spoken, and before the sun went down blood was shed, and many a woman's tender heart broken. But even after these awful and sanguinary encounters became happily more rare the revengeful spirit remained unbroken, and an undying hate was kept up by the heads of the rival factions—a hate which too often led to consequences not less tragic than the battle upon the fair green, or in the more hallowed precincts of a holy well.

Old John O'Connell—or "Jack the Pig," as he was called, from his obstinate temper—was a prosperous farmer, who had spent all his life where his ancestors had spent their lives before him, in a snug homestead situated not twenty miles from the town of ——, County Kerry. His family consisted of his wife and two daughters. The elder, Anty, was a beautiful girl of about nineteen at the time the incidents which make my tale took place.

Mrs. O'Connell loved her husband with that faithful devotion so constantly found among Irishwomen of the peasant class; but her love was largely mingled with fear, for Jack the Pig carried his obstinacy into every relation of life; and many hundred times had his wife and daughters quailed before his denunciations of people and things, whom and which in their secret hearts they considered not only harmless but desirable. Furious and most vehement was he upon the subject of the ancient feud between the O'Connells and the Murphys; and poor Anty, who inherited from her mother a timid nature, never forgot the rude violence of his manner, nor the cutting scorn of his words, when, one afternoon at the market-town of ——, he came suddenly upon her as she stood in a group of young men and girls of her acquaintance, carry-



ANTY AND HER LOVER AT THE TRYSTING-PLACE.

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ing on a brisk conversation, or what, had she been a young lady, would have been called a "flirtation," with one of the hated opposite faction, young John Murphy, a handsome, manly-looking fellow, whose bright honest face betrayed all the pleasure he found in the companionship of the beautiful Anty O'Connell.

But, alas, the inherited hatred of an old man, and his unthinking disregard of the natural attraction which will ever exist between a handsome man and a beautiful young woman, will not prevent the inevitable result of that mutual attraction; and the love which grew up, they knew not how, between young Murphy and Anty O'Connell was, if possible, more ardent and more impatient of all restraint from the consciousness that it was a forbidden thing. A secret understanding was the climax, and secret meetings between the lovers took place with a frequency and an amount of security which might have tended to quiet that awful dread of discovery by her fierce old father which poor timid Anty could never wholly shake off. Her pretty little sister Honor, a girl of about fifteen, was her sole confidante; for to tell her gentle and rather broken-spirited mother that she loved one of the hated Murphys—loved him with all the depth of her nature—would, she knew, be the next thing to telling her father; for poor Mrs. O'Connell was one of those women who half tell a secret by showing that they have a secret to tell.

As for Anty's lover himself, he would gladly have come boldly forward to ask for the girl's hand in marriage, had he been able to lay down a guinea on his side for every guinea of Anty's fortune; or, if he had had the gold on his side, he would have been only too glad to take the woman he loved without any dowry from her hard father. But, in spite of his love for her, his pride as a Murphy would not allow him to sue for a comparatively rich wife. So he persevered in maintaining the clandestine courtship, and trusted to time, to chance, to his "luck," and, above all, to the old man's love for his daughter, to bring about his happiness.

One lovely night in August, when a brilliant moon at her full threw exquisitely soft lights and deep shadows over the quiet fields, Anty and her lover met at their usual trysting-place—a tree near a holy well. Under that old tree they had spent many happy hours—happy because they were together, and able for a time to forget the uncertainty of the future. But at length, after a silence longer than usual—for silence is very often between lovers the most eloquent speech—Anty spoke, and her voice was trembling with intensity of feeling.

"Don't be angry with me, John agra," she whispered; "but this way we're goin' on won't bring us luck. I can't help thinking my father suspects me. Sure he might follow me any night, and then— Oh, John asthore machree, think of what would happen then! It would be better for us to part at once. Let us unsay the words—"

"Unsay the words!" John interrupted, with fierce energy, putting the girl from him for one instant, only to clasp her more closely the next —"unsay the words we swore to one another kneeling by that holy well? Never, Anty! Oh, darlint, an' is this my thanks for never heedin' all the hard words I know your people say of mine? Don't I think of your sweet face, my heart's jewel? an' that keeps my arm down. Look up, mavourneen, an' don't drown the light in yer eyes wid them salt tears. Sure a good time will come soon an' sudden: it's not always when we expect good luck that we find it."

"Yeu're right, John; an' I do hope for the best, an' pray to the blessid Virgin for it night an' day. An' it was for the best I spoke, only just to unsay the words, an' not to meet any more in this way until, maybe, my father might come round a bit. He's been bitther entirely lately on account of that bit iv a lawsuit wid ould Pat Murphy of the mill; an' even my mother, that has a good word for every one, joined him last night in spakin' agin ivery Murphy that ever broke this world's bread."

"And you agreed with her, Anty?" again interrupted the impetuous young man. "You felt it was time then to give up any one belonging to the poor creatures that's down already. If you had ever cared for me—"

"But I do care, John," she interrupted, in her turn; and the soft, pleading voice calmed him like a magic charm. "I'd rather beg my bread with you from one end of Ireland to the other than live like a queen with any other man in the world."

And then, as if ashamed of her bold confession, the girl turned her sweet face from the moonlight, and buried it upon her lover's breast.

So then, instead of unsaying the words, they knelt beside the rude cross near the holy well, and swore to be true to each other till death.

But when poor Anty returned home her heart was heavier than ever, and the excellent humor in which she found her often stern old father seemed rather to add to than to lessen her depression.

Taking advantage of a short interval before supper that same night, Honor contrived to whisper to her sister:

"I think father suspects something, Anty. He axed me so often where ye war; an' when I said I seen ye talking to Nelly Casey at the end of the boreen, he only grunted, an' said we might take the daylight for gostherin'; an', oh, Anty, ould Jim Scanlan was here agen this evening, an' I heard your name pass between him and father. But there! he's callin' us to supper. For God's sake don't cross him, Anty, if you can."

The meal began in silence. Mrs. O'Connell glanced anxiously at the pale face and startled looks of her elder daughter; but if old Jack observed any thing unusual in her appearance, he made no sign. On the contrary, he was, as I have said, in remarkably good spirits; and the reason of his unwonted geniality presently appeared.

"Anty acushla," he said, "I've news for you that 'll put a speck iv color in yer cheeks—they're paler nor they ought to be, my girl; an' ye must put a grand polish on yer hair, an' wear yer best Sunda' coat to-morrow. There's a chap comin' that will be proud iv ye; an' well he may, an' you iv him, for a finer boy there isn't in the three parishes—ay, ye may toss yer head, Honor, but I'm spakin' the truth. I'm not goin' to keep my little colleens mowlderin' at home. Hould up yer heads, girls—there's money bid for ye; an' them that knows what's what can tell that ould Jack the Pig has something in his house besides smoke. An' now I know ye're dyin' this minnit to know who I'm manin'; so whisper—it's young Mat Scanlan ye're to have."

"Anty, what ails ye?" inquired her father, sternly, when she had somewhat recovered; "I never saw her go off like that afore."

"A wakeness kem over her," Honor ventured to remark in a trembling tone.

"A wakeness!" repeated the old man, scoffingly. "I'll have no wakenesses comin' over my girls! It's their own way they want, that's what it is; but they're in the wrong box av they think they'll git round me. I'm not goin' to give them my hard earnin's unless they plaise me in the only thing I want them to plaise me in."

Poor Anty, who had recovered by this time, got up and fell at her father's feet, and clasping her trembling hands, cried, piteously,

"Don't give me any thing, father dear; I want nothing but to be let stay here an' work for you and mother while I live; but don't, for God's sake, don't ask me to marry Mat Scanlan. I'd rather die than be his wife! Oh, father, don't kill me outright—your poor Anty! Sure you wouldn't drive me to perjure myself?"

"I'll drive ye to do my biddin', or you'll lave my house wid my curse upon your head. I know what ye're afther, you desateful, mane-spirited crature! To think iv yer demanin' yerself to look at a Murphy, much less to spake to him! Get out!" and he pushed her rudely from him.

"I'll give him up, father; I'll never spake to him or meet him agin—I'll swear I won't—if you'll not bring Mat Scanlan here. I hate him, father! I could kill him if he touched me;" and the girl's slight figure grew rigid, and some of her father's fierce spirit seemed for an instant to flash into her eyes.

"I'll go bail you'll naidher meet nor spake to the dirty spalpeen while ye're undher my roof," returned the old man, quite ignoring the latter part of the girl's speech. "An' when you're married to Mat, let him look afther ye; he's not the sort iv chap to stan' much gammon, I can tell ye. An' now let me ate my supper."

Anty choked back her tears as well as she could; but she said no more. Past experience had taught the womankind in that little household the utter uselessness of resistance. She was too miserable to sleep, so she spent the greater part of that night in writing to her lover. It was not a farewell letter, and yet every word she wrote seemed to the poor girl like a fresh barrier between her and the past, which had been so happy in spite of the clouds that shadowed it and made it so incomplete.

The letter was not a long one either, but its composition was a matter of time; for Anty was not, at her best, an expert penwoman, and the expression of acute feelings upon paper seemed retarded by their excess in the writer.

"My father has found out something about us," she wrote; "but I think if he knew all he would not have been even so aisy wid me as he was; but oh, John, I'd a'most do any thing rather than rouse him. There's a look in his eye that makes my heart drop down wid wakeness. Don't be vexed wid me, alanna, for sayin' it; but I daren't go near the well this week agin, nor for long enough. My father's bent upon makin' a match betune me and young Mat Scanlan; but I tould him I'd die afore I'd go to the priest wid the likes iv him. An' yet, what can I do av he forces me? I couldn't face the world wid his curse upon me, an' to bring bad luck on you too, John darlint."

The letter wound up with two wild appeals—one to her lover to rescue her at any cost; the other to go away and leave her to her fate.

The faithful and trusty little Honor contrived that this letter should reach John Murphy's hand in safety; but the receipt of the heart-broken epistle sorely perplexed the young man. He could neither rescue his love nor give her up; and to be obliged to stand quietly apart and see her become the wife of Mat Scanlan—a man notorious in the parish for his brutal temper and evil life—was little short of maddening. Oh, how he loathed the poverty which kept him chained down under his father's humble roof, working as a day-laborer, and with no chance whatever of improving his condition! It was a painful fact too, not to be got over, that even if Anty would consent to brave her father's curse, and marry him secretly, he had no home to take her to. His own mother was dead, and the woman whom his father had subsequently married would give the girl but a scant welcome. So the poor fellow found nothing better to do than to read Anty's letter over and over again; and throughout the day he hung about the immediate neighborhood of the O'Connells' house in the vain hope that the girl would appear; but she never showed—not even in the distance did he see her going about her usual work in the farm-yard. Once he came suddenly upon old Jack himself, who scowled upon the half broken-hearted intruder, and muttered savagely, and with a coarse oath to himself,

"I'll put a spoke in yer wheel wid Mat Scanlan, my gay chap!"

But could Murphy have looked into the O'Connells' kitchen that same evening, the "last straw" would have been added to his misery. In obedience to her father's stern command, Anty was dressed in her best Sunday "coat;" but no command could put color into her wan cheeks, nor bring back the lustre of happiness to her dark eyes. She was more changed within the past four-and-twenty hours than she would have been if ten additional years of her ordinary life had passed over her head.

There were two guests present—old Jim Scanlan and his son Matthew—Anty's destined husband. He was, strictly speaking, a handsomer and a finer man than poor John Murphy: in height and make he was a perfect giant; but his face wanted the bright, frank, honest expression of his rival's, and there were many who could bear testimony to the fury of Mat's temper when he was roused—and to rouse him was, unhappily, but too easy a matter. And it was a man such as he was but too well known to be—and a furious temper was not the worst charge that could be brought against him—that O'Connell was about to force his gentle, timid child to marry; and to arrange the preliminaries of the match the father and son had come to the house that night.

Supper was over; Mrs. O'Connell and Honor were engaged at one end o the long deal table washing up the "things." The two fathers sat at the other end, nearest to the fire, each with a tumbler of whisky-punch before him, and both were talking eagerly—angrily a stranger might have thought. But the rudeness of their speech and the apparent fierceness of their gesticulations did not betoken anger; they were only the overflow of satisfaction which the two hard and crafty old men felt at the excellence of the bargain they were driving with each other. The lover was not consulted in any way in the transaction. He was left free to do his part by making himself agreeable to his intended bride, and to carry out his object he had seated himself by her side upon the "settle," which was close to the wall that in Irish cabins, even of the better sort, projects inside the door, so as to form a sort of screen to shelter those who sit round the fire from draughts.

Anty was knitting a stocking, and her fingers moved swiftly, nervously, and unceasingly, as though she found some protection in the occupation, which could be continued mechanically, and yet which gave her an excuse for keeping her eyes steadily turned away from the man beside her. Mat was at first very well satisfied with his position, and he remained for a time quiet enough, addressing to her such remarks as he thought best suited to the occasion. He admired Anty's beauty; but old Jack's guineas were of more worth in his estimation than a soft glance from her eyes would have been, had she cared to bestow even one such glance upon him. Still she was to belong to him with the guineas, and her evident indifference, if not actual repugnance, was very aggravating. He knew he was considered the "likeliest boy" in the parish by all the rustic beauties, and it wounded his vanity that the acknowledged belle of the district should treat him with disdain.

She went on knitting rapidly, her pale face growing paler, as it seemed, every moment; and her voice was so low, as she occasionally made a short answer to Mat's remarks, that he could with difficulty catch what she said. But he persevered doggedly in the prescribed jargon of rustic love-making; and had he confined himself to mere words he might at least have obtained a hearing; but he suddenly grew bolder, and slipping his arm around her waist, he tried to kiss her. The action seemed at once to inspire her with sudden strength of muscle and will. She broke from his embrace, flung her knitting into his face, and rushed away up the steep, ladder-like staircase leading to the sleeping-room above. The old men were far too intent upon their bargaining to note what had occurred. Mrs. O'Connell and Honor cast frightened glances at the figure of the repulsed lover, who remained still upon the settle, with a dark frown upon his face; but presently, after kicking the cat and the dog, who were sleeping peacefully upon the hearth, and trying to excite them to mortal combat, he folded his arms and fell, or pretended to fall, asleep.

So nearly another hour went by, and then, the punch and the discussion as to settlements being finished, O'Connell rose, saying,

"An' now, boys and girls, manin' Mat an' Anty, me an' Jim havin' finished our part in the business to our entire satisfaction, it only remains for us to give ye both our blessin', and to fix the day for his riverence to spake the words. We'll have no balderdash iv bans publishin', but just get a special— But, thunder an' agres!"—as his eyes fell upon the sleeping figure of the bridegroom elect—"what's this for? There's yer boy fast be the eye, Jimmy Scanlan. An' Anty—Where is Anty? where is she, I say?" he added, furiously, turning first to his terrified wife, and then to Honor. "Another wakeness kem over her, I suppose," he said, with a derisive chuckle, as the latter muttered something to the effect that the kitchen was hot that close night, and that Anty had gone away to the cooler room up stairs.

Up the steep stairs strode the angry father, and presently the sound of his voice speaking sharply was heard, mingled with the faint remonstrances of his unhappy daughter. But the interview was a short one. In less than ten minutes he came down again, leading, or rather dragging after him, the trembling girl, whose eyes were now blurred and red from the rush of scalding tears.

"She's a poor frightened fool, that doesn't know when she's well off," said O'Connell in an apologetic tone, as though conscious that Anty's conduct must need some excuse in the eyes of the father and son. "But you must bring her to raison yerself, Mat. It's a purty thing to see a slip iv a girl settin' her back up agin her own father. Give him yer hand, or, by the powers, I'll make ye," he added, seizing poor Anty's arm fiercely.

Mat went forward triumphantly.

"For the love of God be kind to her, the crathur!" the poor mother ventured to whisper in his ear.

It was a strange betrothal. Anty had no power to resist, but her heart seemed to die within her as she heard that day week named for her marriage with the man she loathed. She was obliged, too, in this instance, to submit to his hateful kisses, and then to sit by his side while a fresh brew of punch was made, and while her health, with that of Mat's, was drunk, amidst much hand-shaking and congratulations.

Could poor Anty have seen the restless figure which, throughout the whole of the intolerable evening, paced up and down within the view of any one emerging from her father's house, how much more miserable she would have been!

The week passed rapidly away. The bride elect could actually begin to count the few hours which had now to pass before her bondage began, if, indeed, it had not begun from the night she found herself pledged to marry Mat Scanlan; for from that moment all liberty of action seemed denied to her, and if she ventured even just beyond the precincts of the farm-yard, as though summoned by witchcraft he would be at her side. One evening, when he seemed to prefer the company of her father to that of herself, and when she saw them both comfortably seated with the unfailing punch before them, she slipped out, and sped away to the trysting-tree by the well, hoping and yet fearing to meet John Murphy there. But the familiar spot was deserted, although, had she only known it, the poor fellow was just setting out for his nightly visit to the place where he had known so much happiness. Fortunately for the girl, however, his house was a mile from the well, and long ere he reached it Honor came flying after her sister to warn her that she had been missed, and that Mat was on his way to look for her where, as it appeared, he had some reason to suspect she would be found. With a groan of despair, poor Anty hurried back; but suspicious looks met her from Mat, who had just taken enough of whisky to make him irritable, and some muttered words which fell from him made her poor heart quail.

When Sunday came she went to mass as usual with the rest of the family; but such a close watch was kept upon her that she could only exchange a fleeting look with Murphy. Honor contrived to linger behind the others as they left the chapel, and from her lips the poor fellow heard that the wedding-day was fixed. "But tell him," Anty had said, and her sister reluctantly gave him the message, "that, if I died for it, I'll see him once more, to say good-by, before I go to that man's house. Tell him to be at the well every night from this until after Wednesday; and if I can't come before, I'll be there on Wednesday. Mat can only kill me if I'm caught, and I wish he would."

The unhappy girl had grown reckless in her misery. Twice she appealed to her father at least to delay the marriage, but he would not hear her; and at last, having, as it seemed, exhausted all her powers of weeping, she found herself standing before the altar with Mat Scanlan.

"May God forgive you, father, for this morning's work!" she said, in a hard, bitter tone, as, the ceremony over, old Jack, with a sudden softening of heart, approached to kiss her. She said no more, but during the festivities, which lasted throughout the entire day, she maintained the same hard, defiant aspect.

By six o'clock in the evening there was a large assembly of the friends and neighbors of both families at O'Connell's house to celebrate the marriage; and the arrival of two fiddlers gave promise of a dance to the younger members of the company. "Jack the Pig, for once in his life, did the thing dacent," as more than one of the guests observed, to whom the character of the host was well known. An excellent supper was spread in the large kitchen, and the health of the "happy couple" was toasted amidst much stamping of feet, and cries of "Here's to ye, Mat!" "More power to ye, Mrs. Scanlan!" and many other expressions of kindly feeling, more forcible than refined.

How the pale bride sat out that feast and merry-making she never knew. At times the room seemed to swim round, and the burly form of her husband grew almost gigantic through a mist of tears. When the tables were put away, the fiddlers struck up a country-dance, and the young men claimed their partners. It was the correct thing for the bride and bridegroom to open the ball together; so Mat, as in duty bound, led Anty to the place of honor at the top of the room. "When it's over, will ye let me be quiet till—till we go?" she whispered, imploringly; and, touched with a momentary feeling of compunction at the expression of dumb agony in her eyes, he consented. Accordingly, when the dance was over, he led her, at her own request, to a seat near the open door, and went himself to find another partner.

The fun grew fast and furious, punch and raw whisky circulated freely, and the bridegroom was the life of the party; and if the men envied him his beautiful bride, still more did the women envy Anty her good fortune in having handsome Mat Scanlan for her husband. But, as the fiddlers played, and the dancers danced, no one except Honor noticed that the bride had disappeared. Yes, at the moment

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when the revelry in celebration of her wedding was at its height, Anty was standing beneath the trysting-tree, clasped to John Murphy's heart, and weeping her very heart out on his bosom.

In that moment of agonizing farewell tears had come to her relief, and she wept as she had never wept before. She had kept her word, for the wild delusion possessed her that when she had said that last farewell to the man she loved, she would be a faithful wife to the husband of her father's choice. But that it was a delusion she knew now—clasped in her lover's arms, with the passionate kisses falling upon her upturned face. The vows spoken that morning were utterly forgotten.

"We'll go, mavourneen," he whispered. "Darlin' of my heart, you're free still. Shure yer foot never crossed his doore, nor bit or sup of his share never touched yer lips. Something will rise up for us; an' shure av we have to beg our way to America, we'll beg it together."

"But oh, John, my poor mother! It will break her heart."

"Betther hers nor yours, asthore. Shure you're wasted to nothin' in my arms; an' may my two hands dhrop off af I don't work for ye day an' night, sooner than let that villain lay a finger on ye agin!"

"Hush!" said Anty, raising her head suddenly to listen. "What's that?"

"Only the wind, darlin'. Don't tremble like that, my lanna."

"John, you should not tempt me. I came out to say good-by to ye, an' I'll say it an' go back. I couldn't break my poor mother's heart. Oh, asthore macree, why isn't there more light, to let me see yer face plain? It may be I'll never see it again."

As she stood back from him, still holding his hands, she heard, in the intense stillness around, a step coming swiftly toward them, and at the same moment an agonized voice shouted,

"Anty! Anty!"

It was Honor who called.

Anty gave one hurried look behind her, and, closely following her sister, she saw the figures of her father and her husband, both armed with sticks, and both shouting to Honor to stand back.

The gentle voice of her young sister might have staid the terrified Anty; but the cries of the men only inspired her with the strength of despair. She broke from Murphy, who would have held her and defended her with the might of love against the right of duty. But love and duty were alike forgotten by her at that moment, and she flew like an antelope across the field.

"For the love of God, father, don't frighten the life out of her!" cried Honor. "Keep back, Mat, and maybe she'd turn. Anty, it's only me. Come back to mother!" shouted the poor girl, in desperation. But Anty only fled the faster.

"To disgrace her family this way!" muttered the old man, grasping his shillalah more tightly in his rigid hand—"to disgrace me an' mine! But she'll sup sorrow!"

"Father, father!" cried Honor again, in irrepressible terror, as a sudden thought struck her, "she's makin' for my aunt's house, an' the footbridge is broke; and, oh, father, the narrow strame is deep enough to drown ten men!—Mat, howld hard, will ye, an' let me call again!"

But Mat knew of the broken bridge and the danger, and had already sped off to intercept the flying figure. By taking a short-cut he got before her, and reached the margin of the rapid stream some seconds before she came up. She did not see him, and a piercing cry broke from her as her headlong speed was suddenly arrested by his powerful grasp. She struggled furiously to get free, for to her at that moment death itself seemed preferable to his jealous vengeance. But as she struggled, another panting figure rushed to her side, and Mat went reeling backward, stunned by a blow from Murphy's clinched hand. He quickly recovered himself, however, flung aside poor Anty—who would now, if possible, have directed all his fury to herself—and grappled his rival; and then a close and furious fight ensued between the two men.

Mat had the advantage of height and size, and ere long it was evident how this battle, fought beneath the light of the quiet stars, would end. At a little distance stood Honor, holding back her father, who would fain have joined the fray against Murphy. But the fatal ending came only too soon. Anty was standing as if turned to stone, just where her infuriated husband had flung her, and between her and the deep river there was not a foot of ground; but at length, seeing Murphy evidently giving way, and Mat gathering up all his strength for one final and crushing blow on his rival's head, with a wild cry she rushed between the combatants. The full force of Mat's heavy hand fell upon her temple, and without a groan she fell back into the stream and disappeared. The fight was indeed over.

O'Connell rushed forward, and almost together he and Murphy plunged into the water. Scanlan stood sullenly upon the bank. His hand had done the fatal deed, and he made not the slightest effort to undo it. Murphy was a good swimmer, and he dived more than once, but came up again with nothing but the weeds clinging round him; and then seeing poor old O'Connell struggling and about to sink, he seized him, and with a violent effort rescued him from sharing his unhappy daughter's fate. The next morning the body of the beautiful and once light-hearted girl was found in a deep pool, into which the current of the stream must have carried her, while the angry voices of her husband and lover were still ringing in her ears.

For the honor of the family the affair was hushed up. Murphy alone knew that the blow from Mat's hand had been the cause of poor Anty's death; but for the sake of the dead woman, who had, in fact, given her life for his, he held his peace; but he boldly appeared at her wake, and bitterly reproached the gray-haired and now miserable father, whose cold and calculating obstinacy had driven poor Anty to despair.

And so ends my true and tragic tale. The country people call the pool in which Anty's body was found the "Bride's Grave" to this day; and so great is the superstitious awe and reverence with which they regard the spot that I was looked upon as almost guilty of sacrilege for having thrown a fly over it. Nor do the young girls of the district deem it lucky to meet their sweethearts under the shade of the tree by the holy well, which is known by the name of the "Fatal Tryst."

SOUL FOR SOUL.

By FLORENCE MARRYAT.

O EYES, that pierce me through and through,
And draw my very soul away,
Your sunshine may not fill my life,
Nor turn my darkness into day.
Dear eyes, you are not made for me—
Must I from your enchantments flee?

O voice, whose cadence, rich and low,
Stirs my frail being to its core;
Whose accents thrill my soul with hope,
Which reason quenches evermore.
Dear voice, I dare not love thy tone—
Thou never canst be mine alone.

O hand, that lies so warm in mine,
Whose hold is firm as hold of death,
I shrink from thine assuring clasp,
Although it speaks of love and faith.
Dear hand, that touch is not for me;
Unloose thine hold—let me go free.

O lips, that bent to greet my own,
And seal them with a promise true,
Can pledge so sacred have been sin?
Must I too bid farewell to you?
Dear lips, for this world 'twere too sweet
That you and I should often meet.

O heart, that understands so well
All that my heart longs to disclose,
Upon that faithful resting-place
This wearied head will ne'er repose.
Dear heart, how gladly would I bear
One-half the griefs that rankle there!

O soul, that sprung to meet my own
As though it recognized its lot,
Must my soul's portals close on thee?
Could it exist where thou wert not?
Ah, no! Fate here forbids control;
Take all, but leave me soul for soul!

LORD KILGOBBIN.

By CHARLES LEVER.

Author of "That Boy of Norcott's," "The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly," "Sir Brooke Fossbrooke," "A Day's Ride," "One of Them," "Gerald Fitzgerald," etc., etc.

CHAPTER LV.

TWO J. P.'S.

IT was the Tory magistrate, Mr. Flood—the same who had ransacked Walpole's correspondence—before whom the informations were sworn against Gorman O'Shea, and the old justice of the peace was, in secret, not sorry to see the question of land tenure a source of dispute and quarrel among the very party who were always inveighing against the landlords.

When Lord Kilgobbin arrived at Kilbeggan it was nigh midnight; and as young O'Shea was at that moment a patient in the jail infirmary, and sound asleep, it was decided between Kearney and his son that they would leave him undisturbed till the following morning.

Late as it was, Kearney was so desirous to know the exact narrative of events that he resolved on seeing Mr. Flood at once. Though Dick Kearney remonstrated with his father, and reminded him that old Tom Flood, as he was called, was a bitter Tory, had neither a civil word nor a kind thought for his adversaries in politics, Kearney was determined not to be turned from his purpose by any personal consideration, and being assured by the innkeeper that he was sure to find Mr. Flood in his dining-room and over his wine, he set out for the snug cottage at the entrance of the town where the old justice of the peace resided.

Just as he had been told, Mr. Flood was still in the dinner-room, and with his guest, Tony Adams, the rector, seated with an array of decanters between them.

"Kearney—Kearney!" cried Flood, as he read the card the servant handed him. "Is it the fellow who calls himself Lord Kilgobbin, I wonder?"

"Maybe so," growled Adams, in a deep guttural, for he disliked the effort of speech.

"I don't know him, nor do I want to know him. He is one of your half-and-half Liberals that, to my thinking, are worse than the rebels themselves! What is this here in pencil on the back of the card? 'Mr. K. begs to apologize for the hour of his intrusion, and earnestly entreats a few minutes from Mr. Flood.' Show him in, Philip, show him in; and bring some fresh glasses."

Kearney made his excuses with a tact and politeness which spoke of a time when he mixed freely with the world, and old Flood was so astonished by the ease and good-breeding of his visitor that his own manner became at once courteous and urbane.

"Make no apologies about the hour, Mr. Kearney," said he. "An old bachelor's house is never very tight in discipline. Allow me to introduce Mr. Adams, Mr. Kearney—the best preacher in Ireland, and as good a judge of portwine as of theology."

The responsive grunt of the parson was drowned in the pleasant laugh of the others, as Kearney sat down and filled his glass. In a very few words he related the reason of his visit to the town, and asked Mr. Flood to tell him what he knew of the late misadventure.

"Sworn information, drawn up by that worthy man, Pat M'Evoy, the greatest rascal in Europe, and I hope I don't hurt you by saying it, Mr. Kearney. Sworn information of a burglarious entry and an aggravated assault on the premises and person of one Peter Gill, another local blessing—bad luck to him. The aforesaid—if I spoke of him before—Gorman O'Shea having, *suadente diabolo*, smashed down doors and windows, palisadings and palings, and broken open cabinets, chests, cupboards, and other contrivances. In a word, he went into another man's house, and when asked what he did there, he threw the proprietor out of the window. There's the whole of it."

"Where was the house?"

"O'Shea's Barn."

"But, surely, O'Shea's Barn being the residence and property of his aunt, there was no impropriety in his going there?"

"The informant states that the place was in the tenancy of this said Gill, one of your own people, Mr. Kearney. I wish you luck of him."

"I disown him. Root and branch: he is a disgrace to any side. And where is Miss Betty O'Shea?"

"In a convent or a monastery, they say. She has turned abbess or monk; but, upon my conscience, from the little I've seen of her, if a strong will and a plucky heart be the qualifications, she might be the Pope!"

"And are the young man's injuries serious? Is he badly hurt? for they would not let me see him at the jail."

"Serious, I believe they are. He is cut cruelly about the face and head, and his body bruised all over. The finest peasantry have a taste for kicking with strong brogues on them, Mr. Kearney, that can not be equaled."

"I wish, with all my heart, they'd kick the English out of Ireland!" cried Kearney, with a savage energy.

"Faith, if they go on governing us in the present fashion, I do not say I'll make any great objection. Eh, Adams?"

"Maybe so!" was the slow and very guttural reply, as the fat man crossed his hands on his waistcoat.

"I'm sick of them all, Whigs and Tories," said Kearney.

"Is not every Irish gentleman sick of them, Mr. Kearney? Ain't you sick of being cheated and cajoled, and ain't *we* sick of being cheated and insulted? They seek to conciliate *you* by outraging *us*. Don't you think we could settle our own differences better among ourselves? It was Philpot Curran said of the fleas in Manchester that if they'd all pulled together, they'd have pulled him out of bed. Now, Mr. Kearney, what if we all took to 'pulling together?'"

"We can not get rid of the notion that we'd be outjockeyed," said Kearney, slowly.

"We *know*," cried the other, "that we should be outnumbered, and that is worse. Eh, Adams?"

"Ay!" sighed Adams, who did not desire to be appealed to by either side.

"Now we're alone here, and no eavesdropper near us, tell me fairly, Kearney, are you better because we are brought down in the world? Are you richer—are you greater—are you happier?"

"I believe we are, Mr. Flood, and I'll tell you why I say so."

"I'll be shot if I hear you, that's all. Fill your glass. That's old port that John Beresford tasted in the Custom-house Docks seventy odd years ago, and you are the only Whig living that ever drank a drop of it!"

"I am proud to be the first exception, and I go so far as to believe—I shall not be the last!"

"I'll send a few bottles over to that boy in the infirmary. It can not but be good for him," said Flood.

"Take care, for Heaven's sake; if he be threatened with inflammation. Do nothing without the doctor's leave."

"I wonder that the people who are so afraid of inflammation are so fond of rebellion," said he, sarcastically.

"Perhaps I could tell you that too—"

"No, do not—do not, I beseech you; reading the Whig ministers' speeches has given me such a disgust to all explanations, I'd rather concede any thing than hear how it could be defended! Apparently Mr. Disraeli is of my mind also, for he won't support Paul Hartigan's motion."

"What was Hartigan's motion?"

"For the papers, or the correspondence, or whatever they called it, that passed between Danesbury and Dan Donogan."

"But there was none."

"Is that all you know of it? They were as thick as two thieves. It was 'Dear Dane' and 'Dear Dan' between them. 'Stop the shooting. We want a light calender at the summer Assizes,' says one. 'You shall have forty thousand pounds yearly for a Catholic college, if the House will let us.' 'Thank you for nothing for the Catholic college,' says Dan. 'We want our own Parliament and our own militia: free pardon for political offenses.' What would you say to a bill to make landlord-shooting manslaughter, Mr. Kearney?"

"Justifiable homicide, Mr. Bright called it years ago; but the judges didn't see it."

"This Danesbury 'muddle,' for that is the name they give it, will be hushed up, for he has got some Tory connections, and the lords are never hard on one of their 'order,' so I hear. Hartigan is to be let have his talk out in the House, and as he is said to be violent and indiscreet, the Prime Minister will only reply to the violence and the indiscretion, and he will conclude by saying that the noble Viceroy has begged her Majesty to release him of the charge of the Irish government, and though the cabinet have urgently entreated him to remain and carry out the wise policy of conciliation so happily begun in Ireland, he is rooted in his resolve, and he will not stay; and there will be cheers! and when he adds that Mr. Cecil Walpole, having shown his great talents for intrigue, will be sent back to the fitting sphere—his old profession of diplomacy—there will be laughter, for, as the minister seldom jokes, the House will imagine this to be a slip, and then, with every one in good humor—but Paul Hartigan, who will have to withdraw his motion—the right honorable gentleman will sit down, well pleased at his afternoon's work."

Kearney could not but laugh at the sketch of a debate given with all the mimicry of tone and mock solemnity of an old debater, and the two men now became, by the bond of their geniality, like old acquaintances.

"Ah, Mr. Kearney, I won't say we'd do it better on College Green, but we'd do it more kindly, more courteously, and, above all, we'd be less hypocritical in our inquiries. I believe we try to cheat the devil in Ireland just as much as our neighbors; but we don't pretend that we are archbishops all the time we're doing it. There's where we differ from the English."

"And who is to govern us," cried Kearney, "if we have no Lord-Lieutenant?"

"The Privy Council, the Lords Justices, or maybe the Board of Works, who knows? When you are going over to Holyhead in the packet, do you ever ask if the man at the wheel is decent, or a born idiot, and liable to fits? Not a bit of it. You know that there are other people to look to this, and you trust, besides, that they'll land you all safe."

"That's true," said Kearney, and he drained his glass; "and now tell me one thing more. How will it go with young O'Shea about this scrimmage: will it be serious?"

"Curtis, the chief constable, says it will be an ugly affair enough. They'll swear hard, and they'll try to make out a title to the land through the action of trespass; and if, as I hear, the young fellow is a scamp and a bad lot—"

"Neither one nor the other," broke in Kearney; "as fine a boy and as thorough a gentleman as there is in Ireland."

"And a bit of a Fenian, too," slowly interposed Flood.

"Not that I know; I'm not sure that he follows the distinctions of party here; he is little acquainted with Ireland."

"Ho, ho! a Yankee sympathizer?"

"Not even that; an Austrian soldier, a young lieutenant of Lancers, over here for his leave."

"And why couldn't he shoot, or course, or kiss the girls, or play at foot-ball, and not be burning his fingers with the new land laws? There's plenty of ways to amuse yourself in Ireland without throwing a man out of window. Eh, Adams?" And Adams bowed his assent, but did not utter a word.

"You are not going to open more wine?" remonstrated Kearney, eagerly.

"It's done. Smell that, Mr. Kearney," cried Flood, as he held out a fresh-drawn cork at the end of the screw. "Talk to me of clove pinks and violets and carnations after that? I don't know whether you have any prayers in your Church against being led into temptation."

"Haven't we?" sighed the other.

"Then all I say is, Heaven help the people up at Oporto: they'll have more to answer for even than most men."

It was nigh dawn when they parted, Kearney muttering to himself as he sauntered back to the inn, "If port like that is the drink of the Tories, they must be good fellows with all their prejudices."

"I'll be shot if I don't like that rebel," said Flood as he went to bed.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S TREATMENT OF LOVE.

SCOTT'S treatment of love is all his own. He never lifts from the brow of beauty that white veil of modesty which heightens the loveliness it only half reveals. The passion which so many other poets have degraded is exalted and refined by the chivalry and honor and tenderness and sweetness breathed into it by the muse of Scott, which has created the loftiest and the purest ideals of pure and passionate womanhood ever bodied forth by any poet's imagination. Scott laid all nature under tribute for images of tenderness and sweetness and beauty to set forth the tenderness of woman's heart—its abiding truth, its unfailing sweetness. Beyond all other minstrels he has created an imperishable body for the purest and most ethereal ideals of love, and he has breathed an immortal spirit of purity into the most passionate emotions of the human heart. With him love at its loveliest and its loftiest is a divine thing; it is the universal link that best binds us to each other and all to God; it is the impassable barrier which separates us from the brute creation:

"Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above;
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.
* * * * * *
True love's the gift which God has given
To *man alone* beneath the heaven.
It is not fantasy's hot fire,
Whose wishes soon as granted fly.
It liveth not in fierce desire;
With dead desire it doth not die.
It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,
In body and in soul can bind."

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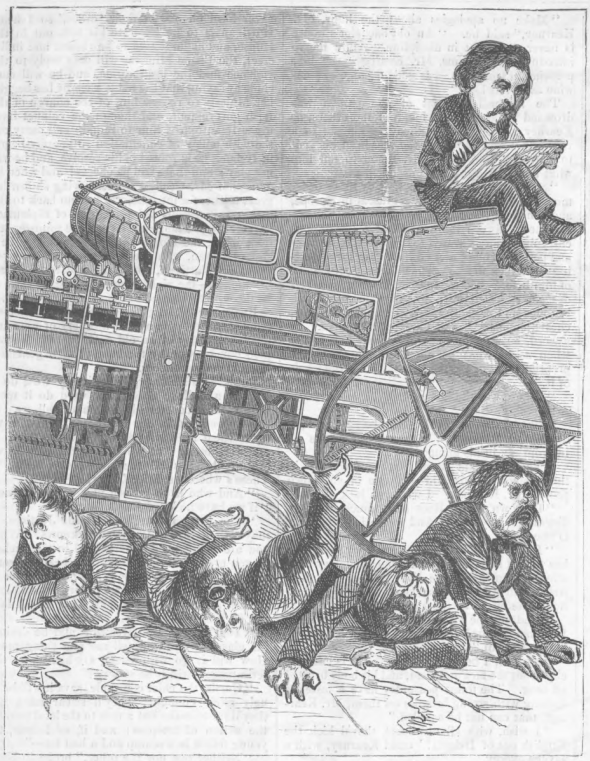

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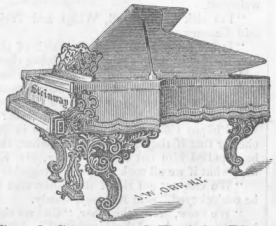

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XV.—No. 779.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1871. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

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THE TAMMANY TIGER STRUNG UP.—[FROM A SKETCH BY CHARLES J. FAGAN.]

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1871.

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PRESIDENTIAL PROSPECTS.

AS the year ends there is little doubt that the candidate of the Republican party will be the next President. It is probably the conviction of all sagacious observers that, by whatever party or combination elected, he will, in any case, be a Republican. It is clear that the Democratic party, after its apparent revival since the war, has no hearty hold upon the people. In Massachusetts, where the labor reformers and the temperance parties nominated candidates, the proof of the unity of the Republican party was prodigious, and probably the real majority in that State of the party which Mr. PHILLIPS declares to be dead is not less than a hundred and twenty thousand, if it were fully polled. In New Jersey, where the Democratic candidate for Governor was elected by more than four thousand majority, it is doubtful if the majority of votes cast for the Legislature is not Republican, showing that purely personal considerations affected the vote for Governor, and that the State will declare for the Republican Presidential candidate. Even in Maryland the result shows a Republican activity and growth which are full of hope and promise. Indeed, if it is remembered that this is the third year of the Presidential term, which is traditionally the weakest year, the general defeat of the Democratic party is more significant than any which it has ever encountered.

The evidence of this is seen in the conviction of the Democratic leaders, which is not concealed, that the only hope lies in a union with certain Republicans, and the nomination of what is called a moderate, or conservative, Republican. We have already mentioned that this plan has been suggested by various Democratic orators and papers in different parts of the country, and that it is undoubtedly the subject of very grave consideration. There is little to add to what we have said about it. The Democratic party would enter such a coalition as the lion, and it would have the lion's share. The Republicans who entered it would only bring the Democrats into power. Nor could such a coalition change the real tendencies of the two parties. Its success would restore the ascendency of the Bourbon element in the Southern Democratic party, because the moderates, who now apparently control it, as in Georgia, where Mr. TOOMBS and Mr. STEPHENS consider themselves temporarily beaten, would immediately, with the party again in power, yield to the positive leaders. The new Administration would immediately remove every disability, and the Bourbons, turning upon the moderate Democrats who have acquiesced and been pardoned, would say that by receiving a pardon the moderates had confessed a crime, while they, the Bourbons, without confession, had regained every right. Such a position, if the party were in control of the national government, would at once restore to the Bourbons their lost leadership. Much of this untoward result would be obviated, however, as it was in Missouri, if the Republicans should remove all disabilities; and the Republican party is strong enough, even if it is not wise enough, to be magnanimous.

What the American people oppose in the Democratic party are the theories and hates which preceded and which have survived the war. That the Republicans have done all that they might have done to mollify those feelings, we certainly do not say. They have not done all that we wish they had. But that they can justly be held responsible for the angry and morbid situation in many parts of the Southern States, is an absurd assertion. It is their misfortune, but it is not their fault, that there have been so much incompetency and corruption in many of the new State governments. Yet their policy of reconstruction was the true policy. If it introduced unfortunate elements into the politics of those States, it was, nevertheless, inevitable, and it is to a situation which the Democratic ascendency had produced that the misfortune is due. The Democratic party is fatally associated with principles and practices which well-nigh ruined all that is most precious to the American people. They do not forget it. They do not trust the party, and in this generation they will not trust it again.

This distrust is too deep to be at present removed. The facts are too recent, the wounds too fresh; and a coalition, of which the Democratic party would be the chief element, would be opposed like the party itself. The popular intelligence and resolution which baffled ANDREW JOHNSON, and which have indicated the American principle in the New York election, would be aroused to overwhelming strength against such a coalition as is suggested. The people, who thoroughly understand the war and its results, would no more suffer the enemy to return under such a mask, however Republican might be its name, than they suffered it under ANDREW JOHNSON, who was elected by Republicans: and the prospect, therefore, seems to be a continued Republican ascendency, until the present Democratic party has disappeared, or until both parties crumble, and recombine in other forms. But the condition of this ascendency is Republican unity, and the question is, whether, as is alleged by many intelligent Republicans, some of them long honored and trusted, the candidacy of the President would fatally disturb that harmony.

In answering this question the one point to determine is that of general confidence. If the great mass of the Republican party are, upon the whole, satisfied with the results of the administration, and believe General GRANT to be an honest man aiming to do his duty, it will be of no use to declare to them that he is not so good a representative of certain party ideas and tendencies as some whom the objectors believe that they could name. Now of the fact of this confidence we do not believe that there is any doubt whatever. Every effort to implicate the President personally in questionable transactions has been not only a total failure, but a contemptible failure. The people would not have voted as they have during the autumn if they thought the President to be a thief or a speculator prostituting his office. The assertion that he degrades the civil service is effectually answered by the fact that he is the only President who has seriously addressed himself to a radical reform of the present system, and will fight it out upon the line of that reform.

That appointments have been made which many of the best Republicans regret, is true; but it is not true that the *personnel* of this administration compares unfavorably with that of any other. Thus the gentlemen appointed upon the San Domingo Commission, upon the Commission that negotiated the Treaty of Washington, and those who have been sent to the Geneva Court of Arbitration are such as WASHINGTON would have called to similar duties in his day. To hold the President personally responsible for all the infamies of the civil service, with which he is now preparing to deal, because he has seen what they are, is to hold him responsible for a system to which all our later Presidents have submitted, and which none but he has ever thought of disturbing.

To this general confidence in the honesty and purpose of the President must be added the feeling for the soldier who is chiefly associated with the overthrow of the rebellion. This is a feeling which is not due to a political beating of the war drum—it is a natural emotion. Beyond this there is the same general confidence in the honest purpose of his Cabinet, which is probably one of the most harmonious councils ever gathered about a President. Then the results of the administration—the lessening debt and diminishing taxation at home, and the happy settlement of the great questions abroad, deepen and confirm that confidence. All these things are identified with the head of the Administration; and as no candidate can be mentioned who is really "stronger," in the party sense, and as a secession of any great number of Republicans to restore the Democratic party to power is not very probable, we do not believe that the renomination of the President would seriously threaten the unity of the Republican party, or endanger Republican success.

THE TAMMANY JUDGES.

THE revolution which has overthrown Tammany will not have done even its immediate work until it has purified the bench. In every free country the courts of law are the last peaceful resort, and when they fail, there is nothing before it but anarchy. The character of some of the judges in New York has long been known as that of the Tammany Ring was known. Of them also, as of the Ring, it was said that whatever the suspicion might be, nothing was proved. But the proof against Tammany has been produced, and with results. The proof against the judges will not, we hope, be long wanting, and that also will then be produced, and with similar results. Indeed, it is unquestionable that so vital and momentous a revolution was never accomplished so swiftly and so peacefully. It was only last spring that, in an article upon the empire of the Ring, we described the ingenious net of despotism in which the city and State were entangled. No part was wanting. Judges to whom liberty and right instinctively appeal wore the chains of Tammany over their ermine; and the amendments to the code sought to clothe the venal judges with absolute power over the freedom of the citizen.

Two years ago, when the Ring charter was only designed, a Democratic lawyer, over whom Tammany had thrown its blandishments, said that if the Republican majority in the Legislature would only impeach certain judges, the best part of the Democratic party would sustain the impeachment. Even the *World* spoke of judges who sell injustice for a price. An article in the *North American Review*, in July, 1867, understood to be written by Mr. SHEARMAN, who has since appeared as one of the Erie counsel, exposed with masterly fidelity some of the secrets of the corrupt bench and the conduct of Ring judges. The letters of General BARLOW to Mr. DAVID DUDLEY FIELD made certain terrible assertions, which have never been refuted. The public consciousness of the corruption of certain judges was a whip of fire in the hands of the Ring, for those with whom it was enraged knew that it held judges in pay like hounds in a leash.

And now that public justice and morality have overtaken the master, let it not spare the man. The mean and mercenary Tammany tyranny was openly and notoriously corrupt. The Ring smiled at the idea of principle, or the suggestion of honesty and honor. But the Tammany judges sat, as it were, veiled. It is not easy to believe in a bench of scoundrels. They sat in seats with which the sentiment of a free country associates essential dignity and rectitude. Their power was enormous. They could give the sanctity and finality of law to theft and every kind of corruption. Nobody doubts that they gave it. Nobody doubts that the monstrous schemes of the Ring were pursued so recklessly because it relied upon the judges whom it had bought with stolen money. Meanwhile the reputation of the New York bench, however pure and able many of its magistrates, has been fatally sullied by these men. "New York law" is a phrase of contempt. No honest judge in the country would think of alluding to a Tammany magistrate except as a warning and an illustration of what should never be seen in the courts until we are ready to lose all our liberties, and to slay justice upon its own altar.

The duty of the Bar Association is plain. It is an association of lawyers whose professed object is the purification of their profession in this city. In this city, as those lawyers know, are corrupt judges. Before those judges those lawyers daily appear. They, more even than the rest of their fellow-citizens, are aware of the methods and details and rewards of the judicial corruption. So long as they are silent, they connive. So long as, knowing the fountain to be poisoned, they do not warn all men away, they betray the innocent to destruction. If the Bar Association proposes to allow its outraged manly and professional honor to exhale in resolutions, it will be overwhelmed with general contempt. We do not believe that it will. The meeting recently held showed some determined purpose. And if that association, in concert with the people and the Legislature, shall promptly cause the impeachment of the Tammany judges, instead of a name it will become a power. The public will know that there is an unsparing eye fixed upon the bench, and a remedial hand always ready, and corrupt judges will feel the admonishing terror of a justice that they can not escape.

WOMEN AS CITIZENS.

CHIEF JUSTICE CARTTER, of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, has recently decided that, by the Fourteenth Amendment of the Constitution, women are made citizens in the fullest sense, but that, as there is no natural right to vote, the suffrage must be considered a franchise to be regulated by law; and, therefore, that women can not vote until they are specially enabled. Another local court in Washington many years ago unanimously asserted that one of the privileges and immunities mentioned in the Constitution was "to enjoy the elective franchise as regulated and established by the laws or Constitution of the State in which it is to be exercised." The advocates of equal political power for the two sexes hail the late decision as a triumph, upon the ground that voting is one of the chief privileges and immunities of citizens, notwithstanding the judge's dictum.

The Constitution now declares that every person born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to its jurisdiction, is a citizen not only of the United States, but of the State in which he resides. If, there-

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fore, the right of suffrage be one of the privileges and immunities mentioned, no State or local law can constitutionally prevent women from voting.

This, of course, brings the question to a very simple point. That Congress, in adopting the Amendment, did not mean to authorize women to vote, is unquestionable. But it is a political axiom in the history of our Anglo-Saxon race that every statute may be justly interpreted to favor liberty, if the text will fairly allow it, although it has been notoriously intended to restrain and limit it. Now the confessed purpose of the Fourteenth Amendment was to enlarge liberty; and if it should prove to have done more than was meant, the greater enlargement can not be refused. The spirit of the Constitution toward slavery was that of the law of Venice to Shylock. It gave him the pound of flesh —no more, no less. But toward liberty its spirit is that of the father to his returning son, "All that I have is thine."

It is conceded that there are two classes of persons known to the law—citizens and aliens. What is the difference between them? When the alien becomes by naturalization a citizen, is not the only real difference in his condition the fact that he is then a voter? And is he a voter solely because of the State law? If the State law denied the right of voting to all persons with red hair, would it be urged that the law was valid, because the Constitution only forbids disfranchisement on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude? And if disfranchisement for reasons so wholly arbitrary as the color of the eyes or hair would be overruled as repugnant to the spirit of the Constitution, which requires equal rights—that is to say, no test which, in the nature of things, can not be satisfied by a large part of the community—is not the disfranchisement of equal citizens for the reason of sex alone equally repugnant to that spirit?

These are questions which the opinion of Judge CARTTER will commend to the grave consideration of thoughtful persons every where, and there is little reason to doubt that it justifies the feeling that it is a triumph of the cause of equal suffrage.

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

IN speaking of the Democratic party we necessarily use a name which includes many persons of whom what we say of the party itself can not be truly affirmed. When we say, for instance, that the Democratic policy was inhuman, we do not mean nor reasonably imply that every individual member of that party is cruel; as, when we speak of the ambitious and dangerous political purposes of the Roman Church, we do not, in any just sense, accuse all adherents of that Church of hostility to our institutions. A party is, in some points, but by no means entirely, like an army. It has a general movement, to which every soldier must conform, and the general direction of its march is determined by circumstances which the single soldier can not control, and to which he must submit. In a country like ours the active political forces are organized in two bodies, and it is the tendency and spirit of each which are criticised when the name is mentioned.

Many persons call themselves Democrats because they approve the democratic principle. But the history of the Democratic party shows little regard for the principle. For a generation the organization known by that name was a body whose chief policy was the protection, extension, and perpetuity of human slavery. The central fact in the history of the party is not that it advocated a revenue tariff, opposed the United States Bank, and was jealous of the limits of government, but that it cherished slavery and caused the civil war. The democratic principle is fair play for all men. The Democratic policy was slavery. It is folly to try to escape this truth by saying that the North foisted slavery upon the country, and that the Constitution guaranteed the right of property in man. If all this had been admitted, the Democratic policy would logically have been the restriction of slavery in every way, drawing a line of fire around it, as General DIX said, that, like the scorpion, it might sting itself to death. This would have been, assuming that nothing more could have been done, the natural policy of a real democratic party—of a party that really sought fair play. But this was precisely the policy that the party rejected, because it was controlled by the slave-masters; and it was precisely the policy which the party bitterly opposed as unfraternal when it appeared as the Republican policy.

This organized apology for slavery, and justification of it, and passionate hatred of its opponents, are the chief roots of our political demoralization. Nor will any Democrat who knows the facts deny that his party is strongest to-day in those parts of the country where there is the most ignorance, and where the cruel faith and feeling of the time when slavery was supreme survive. He would not assert that the Ku-Klux, for instance, are Republicans; nor that they intimidate Democrats from the polls. The truth is that the Democratic party does not now represent, and never has represented, the democratic idea. Assuming that the Republicans are as corrupt, and that in the dishonesty of administration they have bettered the Democratic example, it nevertheless remains true that the Republican is the only party in our history which has ever asserted and put in practice the democratic principle of equal human rights.

And the latent hostility to that principle survives, organized, in the Democratic party. We are told to let by-gones be by-gones. We are reminded that the year 1871 is not the year 1860. We are asked if there is to be no end of the old battles, and if we really suppose that the Democrats wish to restore slavery. We are pointed to Republican corruption and centralization. The reply is simple: granting it all, is the Democratic party as we know it, and as it shows itself every day, more likely to protect and defend liberty, or to administer the government more honestly? Certainly we do not suppose that all good men are in the Republican party, nor that a Democrat may not be honest and patriotic. But we certainly say that those men sustain a party to which the most dangerous classes in the country belong, and whose policy, were the party successful, would be directed—as it always has been, as it was in its last National Convention—by the more positive and mischievous of its leaders. The return of that party to power would be the menace of incalculable evils, because it would intrust the administration of the government, under a changed Constitution, to those who hate the changes and resisted them, and who have stigmatized them as revolutionary and void. If there were even a promise of greater purity of administration simply, it might be some mitigation of the natural alarm at the prospect of Democratic ascendency. But the traditions, the spirit, the composition, the theories, the declarations, the arts of the party summon every citizen who does not think that a change of name is a change of things to work faithfully until the party which was the body-guard of human slavery in this republic is not only utterly defeated, but disbanded.

PERSONAL.

MR. JAMES T. FIELDS remarked, in a recent lecture in Boston on "Cheerfulness," that WASHINGTON IRVING was one of the most cheerful men he had ever known, and that CHARLES DICKENS had such portable faculties of good cheer that wherever he went he carried happiness with him.

—When Boston entertains its stranger, it does it handsomely. Thus, when Colonel FORNEY and DANIEL DOUGHERTY, of Philadelphia, were in Boston recently, the very Honorable SAMUEL HOOPER, M.C. from that commonwealth, gave them a grand fish and game dinner at Tapp's, just outside the walls of Boston, at which assisted AGASSIZ, LONGFELLOW, CHARLES SUMNER, and all the judges of the courts; and the way in which the New England judge eats and slakes is one of the wonders that have passed into history. The Pennsylvania men survived the event, and have returned in safety to their families.

—In court and diplomatic circles abroad some importance is attached to the recent visit made in state by the Queen of Holland to Pope PIUS. It is the first thing of the kind that has been done; and the fact that she staid and chatted two hours with the good old gentleman indicates that she had a right pleasant time.

—The most aristocratic of all democrats in the United States—Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS—having been ferreted out by an interviewer, said: "I have given thirty years of my life—and I rejoice to have been permitted to give them—to the redemption of a race. If I am spared another ten years, I hope I shall be permitted to give them to the redemption of every man who works with his hands." Mr. PHILLIPS sees what is becoming daily more apparent, that the great public question that is speedily to confront the politician is the labor question.

—Mr. GEORGE JONES, the publisher of the New York *Times*, has been associated with that paper from the day it was founded, and his business capacity and excellent management were largely instrumental in the establishment of its fortunes. When the *Times's* vigorous war on the Ring began to tell against that corrupt body, several overtures to sell out were made to him; but he declined them all, and by a persistent, manly, and courageous course has placed his paper at the head of daily journalism in this country. Its attacks upon the immense power of the Ring would have entitled it to this position even if the struggle had not ended in a splendid victory.

—Sir RODERICK IMPEY MURCHISON appointed Professor GEIKIE, of Edinburgh, his literary executor, and bequeathed him $5000. Professor G. will write his life. The descent of the late Sir RODERICK is a curious illustration of the changes which take place in the feelings and pursuits of a people in the course of generations. The baronet was descended on both sides from famous Highland Scotch families, who espoused the cause of the STUARTS against the present reigning family. His great-uncle was killed at the battle of Sheriff Muir in 1715. An uncle defended two Scotch towns for six years after that battle against the forces of GEORGE the First and GEORGE the Second. Sir RODERICK'S father went to India, and served under WARREN HASTINGS, to whom, in a great measure, are due the prosperity and splendor of the British Indian empire. Sir RODERICK went over the same country as a geologist, preferring the career of a scientific man to that of a military, to which latter he had been educated.

—Surgeon WILLIAM MAXWELL WOOD, who has recently retired from the head of the Medical Bureau of the Navy Department, has attained distinction outside of his profession. When the early history of California annexation comes to be written, it will be found that to Surgeon WOOD as much as, if not more than, to any other man are we indebted for that event. To rare intellectual powers he adds the highest culture, and in the literature of his profession he has attained distinguished eminence.

—Mr. JAMES BROOKS, in one of his Japaneasy letters, writes that the national food is fish. There is not an ocean or river creature that the Japs do not eat; and most of the fish sold are not deceased fish, but alive and wriggling. So much is thought of the watery creatures that on a certain festival day every family that has had a boy born during the year hangs out a great painted fish to boast of it.

—Speaking of old age: HORACE BINNEY, born in Philadelphia January 4, 1780, graduated at Harvard College in 1797, is still living. Lords Eldon, Stowell, Mansfield, Lyndhurst, and Brougham died between the ages of eighty-six and ninety-two. Lyndhurst, the oldest, was ninety-one years, four months, and twenty-one days; but Mr. BINNEY is ninety-one years and nearly eleven months. SUGDEN, Lord St. Leonard's, born February, 1781, is still living. When Dr. ROUTH, for more than sixty-three years president of Magdalen College, Oxford, was nearly one hundred, some one remarked to him, "That is a pretty good old age." "Yes," replied the doctor, "but there was a Dissenting minister who died at one hundred and seven; and," continued the old gentleman, "I should like the Church to win."

—Mr. GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND, who has been doing the Mormons, has no hesitation in expressing the opinion that "most of the Mormon men look as if they wanted a new razor and a square meal."

—Mr. DISRAELI'S latest success is his election as Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow over Professor RUSKIN, who was emulous of that distinction.

—"Twenty years ago," says an exchange, "LELAND STANFORD arrived in California with only one shirt to his back. Since then, by close attention to business, he has contrived to accumulate over 10,000,000." Why retain so many shirts?

—The prevalent notion is that the Hon. CALEB CUSHING is a bachelor. It is a mistake. He was married early in life, and lost his wife many years ago. She was a woman of fine intellect and culture. Her letters from Spain, written during their residence there, were published, and are very charming reading. With Mr. CUSHING and Mr. EVARTS to represent us at Geneva, there need be no apprehension but that the interests of the country will be ably cared for.

—Mr. THEODORE A. HAVEMEYER has received the appointment of Austrian consul-general for the port of New York. Mr. HAVEMEYER is one of the most intelligent as well as one of the most extensive of the younger business men of New York—a good linguist and thorough gentleman. He married a daughter of the late Sir CHALES DE LOOSEY, for many years Austrian consul-general here, and one of the ablest and most useful of the foreign representatives of Austria. The emperor could scarcely have selected a gentleman more competent for the duties of the position, or more acceptable to the mercantile interest of New York.

—Chatty people in Washington assert with pleasing earnestness that there is to be a wedding in the cabinet—Secretary ROBESON to Mrs. ATTORNEY-GENERAL HOAR'S sister, Mrs. A. Mrs. A. is not only fine-looking and accomplished, but one of the finest vocalists in Washington society. Moreover, very lively, fascinating, and popular.

—There is no instance in history where one individual has given so much money for philanthropical purposes to the suffering of other countries as Mr. A. T. STEWART. Soon after the breaking out of the war of the rebellion he sent $10,000 to the distressed cotton-weavers of Lancashire, in England. Soon afterward he sent out a ship freighted with provisions for the relief of the starving people of Ireland. At the outbreak of our war with the South he subscribed for the government $30,000. The year previous to the recent Franco-German war there was great dearth of food in Southeastern Prussia, and to the sufferers Mr. S. sent $10,000, gold, for which BISMARCK sent him an autograph letter of thanks. Toward the end of the war between France and Germany Mr. STEWART sent a ship with $50,000 worth of flour to Havre, to be distributed among the suffering and poor. Afterward he sent 100,000 francs to Paris for the benefit of disabled French soldiers, and a like amount to Berlin for the Germans. His $50,000 to Chicago appropriately crowns the column.

—The first man in England that had "copy-money"—*i. e.*, a price for the copyright of a literary work—was Dr. HAMMOND, rector of Penshurst, in Kent. The book was called "Annota on the New Testament." HAMMOND, being a warm royalist, was one of the most noted among the numerous divines who lost their benefices under the government of CROMWELL. His clerical career being thus cut short, he thenceforth devoted his activity to the investigation of the literature and antiquities of the Bible, in which, in his own age, he had no rival.

—The trifles for which men will risk life are especially noticeable in the disputes that lead to duels. In 1787 a duel occurred in this city between Lieutenant FEATHERSTONEHAUGH, of the Seventy-sixth, and Captain M'PHERSON, of the Forty-second British regiment, in regard to the manner of eating an ear of corn, one contending that the best eating was from the cob, and the other that the grain should be cut off from the cob before eating. Lieutenant FEATHERSTONEHAUGH lost his right arm, the ball from his antagonist's pistol shattering the limb dreadfully, so much so that it had to be amputated. GRAHAM, Major NOAH'S assistant editor on the *National Advocate*, lost his life in 1827, at the dueling ground at Hoboken, with BARTON, the son-in-law of EDWARD LIVINGSTONE, in a simple dispute about "what was trumps" in a game of cards. Colonel MONTGOMERY was shot in a duel about a dog, Colonel RAMSEY in one about a servant, Mr. FEATHERSTONE in one about a recruit, STERNE'S father in one about a goose, and another gentleman in one about an acre of anchovies; one officer was challenged for merely asking his opponent to enjoy the second goblet, and another was compelled to fight about a pinch of snuff; General BARRY was challenged by a Captain SMITH for declining wine at dinner on a steamboat, although the general had pleaded as an excuse that wine invariably made him sick; and Lieutenant COWTHER lost his life in a duel because he was refused admittance to a club of pigeon-shooters.

—HON. GALUSHA A. GROW has turned his back on politics, and become president of the Houston and Great Northern Railroad of Texas, which is owned chiefly by capitalists of this city. Although only forty-eight years of age, he has had a brilliant public career, having been elected to Congress from Pennsylvania in 1850, when only twenty-seven years old, and served with honor up to the assembling of the Thirty-seventh Congress, when he was chosen Speaker.

—The Lord Bishop of Lichfield, Dean HOWSON, and an English clergyman or two were publicly breakfasted, a few days ago, at the Union League House in Philadelphia, by Bishop STEVENS, Bishop ODENHEIMER, Bishop-elect HOWE, and Bishop MORRIS. Many of the clergy were there—Low-Church, Broad-Church, High-Church, and high-and-dry church. The speaking was good, and it was all good. At the public breakfast given to the same Britons at DELMONICO'S, a few mornings since, the representatives of the press were most expressly and specially snubbed, and consequently nobody knows any thing about what *was* done. We hope they didn't "carry on" too much, or do any thing very bad.

—Count BENEDETTI is about to figure in a new rôle. He is of Greek descent, and when consul in Egypt married a young Greek lady, who passed as the daughter of M. ANASTASIS, a wealthy merchant in Alexandria. It was, however, generally known that Madame BENEDETTI was a Greek slave of great beauty, who had been taken very young into Egypt, after the war in the Morea. M. ANASTASIS, who had no family, and purchased her, adopted and brought her up, and on his death he left her the whole of his fortune, which amounted to several millions of francs. The relations of the deceased protested against the will, but did not venture to dispute it under the empire, the husband of Madame BENEDETTI possessing great influence. At present, however, a nephew of M. ANASTASIS has taken up the subject, and placed it in the hands of two advocates of Paris.

—Mr. JOHN HAY has been delivering, with marked success, in Boston, Washington, and elsewhere, a lecture on the "Progress of Democracy in Europe." Mr. HAY is one of the most industrious and painstaking of the younger and rising men of the day. Besides being one of the most industrious and cleverest on the staff of the *Tribune*, he is constantly writing books, poetry, magazine articles, etc., and does a good deal of heavy work in society.

—Our readers will be glad to learn that their old friend PAUL DU CHAILLU has returned from the arctic seas. During the seven months of his absence from this country he has traveled through Sweden, Norway, and Lapland; passed through many striking adventures, and observed many strange and interesting customs, of which he is ready to talk to the numerous audiences who are looking forward to his lectures this winter.

—San Francisco is to have a splendid season of Italian opera this winter, the stars of the troupe being Miss CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG and Miss KATE MORENSI. These charming singers, who adorn the stage with the most attractive qualities of personal beauty and the highest and most refined culture in their art, have been associated before, as lovers of Italian opera in this city will remember. Miss MORENSI, like Miss KELLOGG, has a foreign as well as a home reputation, having appeared with great acceptance in the chief capitals of Europe, and in Cuba and South America.

—Bishop COLENSO, who seems to have somewhat subsided from public notice of late, is about to publish a new part of his "Commentary on the Pentateuch and Joshua."

—Sir HENRY HOLLAND, it is said, has finally consented to publish, in enlarged form, a volume of "Recollections of Past Life," of which a few copies only were printed a year or two ago for his own family and private friends.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE Grand Duke Alexis arrived in safety at New York on the morning of November 19, after a tedious and stormy voyage. A grand reception was given him.

About 3 o'clock A.M. of November 16 the people of Hyde Park, Pennsylvania, were startled out of their sleep by a rumbling noise and a trembling of the earth, which continued until about twenty acres of land, thickly covered by buildings and handsome dwellings, sank about two feet. Defects in the construction of the mines which run under the town are assigned as the cause of this alarming catastrophe.

Three negroes, under arrest on the charge of murdering a white family near Henryville, Indiana, were taken from the jail at that place on the morning of November 17 by a mob of about 150 men, and immediately hanged.

A new revolution is in progress in Mexico, led by Porfirio Diaz, a defeated candidate for the Presidency. The movement is said to be very formidable.

Two New York savings-banks—one presided over by W. M. Tweed, the other by Police Commissioner Smith—have suspended, to the great distress of many poor families.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Sultan of Turkey has directed his Minister of Works to inaugurate a comprehensive system of public improvements throughout the Ottoman Empire.

The Moscow *Gazette*, semi-official, counsels Russia to demand the neutralization of Denmark and the restoration of Northern Schleswig, in order to curtail the power of Prussia on the Baltic Sea.

The expulsion of nuns of various nationalities and the forcible suppression of religious houses by the Italian government are said to form the grounds of a protest which the Pope is about to address to the European powers.

The reported intention of the Pope to leave Rome is confirmed by the Duc d'Harcourt, French embassador to the Papal court. He says the Holy Father will leave when a bill is presented in the Italian Parliament convening that body in session in the Holy City.

A terrible gunpowder explosion has occurred in the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, Germany, three soldiers being killed and many wounded.

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TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

NEW YORK. "NOW YOU SEE WHAT I DID ABOUT IT. GO AND DO LIKEWISE."

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SKETCHES IN RUSSIA.—[SEE PAGE 1127.]

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RESIGNATIONS.

THERE is no soul, however slim and sinuous,
Can slip through every knot;
There is no Ring, howe'er it seem continuous,
But has some weakest spot.

The air is full of stately resignations
And dignified remarks:
Some scorn, in view of recent revelations,
To beautify the Parks.

Some can not find in politics a reason
For teaching boys to spell;
And others will lay down, we fear, in season,
Pavements and sewers as well.

Not as a Ring shall we again behold them;
For when, at last, the thing
Has reached the climax Seventy Seers foretold them,
They will not be a Ring,

But a fair row of names upon the docket
And faces in the docks;
Of hands no longer in the public pocket,
And feet in public stocks.

Let us be patient; these severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise!

Perchance the loss of Hilton, Bell, and Peter,
Or even the Mayor and Boss,
Might be construed, when scanned by heavenly meter,
A riddance, not a loss!

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1871, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.]

POOR MISS FINCH.

A Domestic Story.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," "Man and Wife," etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-THIRD.

THE DAY BETWEEN.

THE interval-day before the second appearance of Herr Grosse, and the experiment on Lucilla's sight that was to follow it, was marked by two incidents which ought to be noticed in this place.

The first incident was the arrival, early in the morning, of another letter addressed to me privately by Oscar Dubourg. Like many other shy people, he had a perfect mania, where any embarrassing circumstances were concerned, for explaining himself, with difficulty, by means of his pen, in preference to explaining himself, with ease, by means of his tongue.

Oscar's present communication informed me that he had left us for London by the first morning train, and that his object in taking this sudden journey was to state his present position toward Lucilla to a gentleman especially conversant with the peculiarities of blind people. In plain words, he had resolved on applying to Mr. Sebright for advice.

"I like Mr. Sebright" (Oscar wrote) "as cordially as I detest Herr Grosse. The short conversation I had with him has left me with the pleasantest impression of his delicacy and his kindness. If I freely reveal to this skillful surgeon the sad situation in which I am placed, I believe his experience will throw an entirely new light on the present state of Lucilla's mind, and on the changes which we may expect to see produced in her if she really does recover her sight. The result may be of incalculable benefit in teaching me how I may own the truth most harmlessly to her as well as to myself. Pray don't suppose I undervalue your advice. I only want to be doubly fortified, before I risk my confession, by the advice of a scientific man."

All this I took to mean, in plain English, that vacillating Oscar wanted to quiet his conscience by gaining time, and that his absurd idea of consulting Mr. Sebright was nothing less than a new and plausible excuse for putting off the evil day. His letter ended by pledging me to secrecy, and by entreating me so to manage matters as to grant him a private interview on his return to Dimchurch by the evening train.

I confess I felt some curiosity as to what would come of the proposed consultation between unready Oscar and precise Mr. Sebright; and I accordingly arranged to take my walk alone, toward eight o'clock that evening, on the road that led to the distant railway station.

The second incident of the day may be described as a confidential conversation between Lucilla and myself on the subject which now equally absorbed us both—the momentous subject of her restoration to the blessing of sight.

She joined me at the breakfast-table, with her ready distrust newly excited, poor thing, by Oscar. He had accounted to her for his journey to London by putting forward the commonplace excuse of "business." She instantly suspected (knowing how he felt about it) that he was secretly bent on interfering with the performance of the operation by Herr Grosse. I contrived to compose the anxiety thus aroused in her mind by informing her, on Oscar's own authority, that he personally disliked and distrusted the German oculist. "Whatever else he may do in London," I said, "make your mind easy, my dear. I answer for his not venturing near Herr Grosse."

After a long silence between us, following on those words, Lucilla raised her head from her second cup of tea, and abruptly referred to Oscar in another way—a way which revealed to me a new peculiarity of feeling belonging exclusively to the strange temperament of the blind.

"Do you know one thing?" she said. "If I had not been going to be married to Oscar, I doubt if I should have cared to put any oculist, native or foreign, to the trouble of coming to Dimchurch."

"I don't think I understand you," I answered. "You can not surely mean to say that you would not have been glad, under any circumstances, to recover the use of your eyes?"

"That is just what I do mean to say," she rejoined.

"What! you, who have been blind from your infancy, don't care to see?"

"I only care to see Oscar. And what is more, I only care to see *him* because I am in love with him. But for that, I really don't feel as if it would give me any particular pleasure to use my eyes. I have been blind so long, I have learned to do without them."

"Impossible! My dear Lucilla, I really can not believe you are in earnest in talking in that way!"

She laughed, and finished her tea.

"You people who can see," she said, "attach such an absurd importance to your eyes! I set my touch, my dear, against your eyes, as much the most trustworthy and much the most intelligent sense of the two. If Oscar was not, as I have said, the uppermost feeling with me, shall I tell you what I should have infinitely preferred to recovering my sight—supposing it could have been done?" She shook her head with a comic resignation to circumstances. "Unfortunately, it can't be done!"

"What can't be done?"

She suddenly held out both her arms over the breakfast-table.

"The stretching out of *these* to an enormous and unheard-of length. That is what I should have liked!" she answered. "I could find out better what was going on at a distance with my hands than you could with your eyes and your telescopes. What doubts I might set at rest, for instance, about the planetary system, among the people who can see, if I could only stretch out far enough to touch the stars!"

"This is talking sheer nonsense, Lucilla."

"Is it? Just tell me which knows best in the dark—my touch or your eyes? Who has got a sense that she can always trust to serve her equally well through the whole four-and-twenty hours? You or me? But for Oscar—to speak in sober earnest this time—I tell you I would much rather perfect the sense in me that I have already got than have a sense given to me that I have *not* got. Until I knew Oscar I don't think I ever honestly envied any of you the use of your eyes."

"You astonish me, Lucilla!"

She rattled her tea-spoon impatiently in her empty cup.

"Can you always trust to your eyes, even in broad daylight?" she burst out. "How often do they deceive you in the simplest things! What did I hear you all disputing about the other day in the garden? You were looking at some view?"

"Yes, at the view down the alley of trees at the other end of the church-yard wall."

"Some object in the alley had attracted general notice—had it not?"

"Yes, an object at the further end of it."

"I heard you up here. You all differed in opinion, in spite of your wonderful eyes. My father said it moved. You said it stood still. Oscar said it was a man. Mrs. Finch said it was a calf. Nugent ran off and examined this amazing object at close quarters. And what did it turn out to be? A stump of an old tree, blown across the road in the night! Why am I to envy people the possession of a sense which plays them such tricks as that? No! no! Herr Grosse is going to 'cut into my cataracts,' as he calls it—because I am going to be married to a man I love; and I fancy, like a fool, I may love him better still if I can see him. I may be quite wrong," she added, archly. "It may end in my not loving him half as well as I do now!"

I thought of Oscar's face, and felt a sickening fear that she might be speaking far more seriously than she suspected. I tried to change the subject. No! Her imaginative nature had found its way into a new region of speculation before I could open my lips.

"I associate light," she said, thoughtfully, "with all that is beautiful and heavenly, and dark with all that is vile and horrible and devilish. I wonder how light and dark will look to me when I see?"

"I believe they will astonish you," I answered, "by being entirely unlike what you fancy them to be now."

She started. I had alarmed her without intending it.

"Will Oscar's face be utterly unlike what I fancy it to be now?" she asked, in suddenly altered tones. "Do you mean to say that I have not had the right image of him in my mind all this time?"

I tried again to draw her off to another topic. What more could I do, with my tongue tied by the German's warning to us not to agitate her in the face of the operation to be performed on the next day?

It was quite useless. She went on, as before, without heeding me.

"Have I no means of judging rightly what Oscar is like?" she said. "I touch my own face; I know how long it is, and how broad it is; I know how big the different features are, and where they are. And then I touch Oscar, and compare his face with my knowledge of my own face. Not a single detail escapes me. I see him in my mind as plainly as you see me across this table. Do you mean to say, when I see him with my eyes, that I shall discover something perfectly new to me? I don't believe it!" She started up impatiently, and took a turn in the room. "Oh!" she exclaimed, with a stamp of her foot, "why can't I take laudanum enough or chloroform enough to kill me for the next six weeks, and then come to life again when the German takes the bandage off my eyes!" She sat down once more, and drifted all on a sudden into a question of pure morality. "Tell me this," she said. "Is the greatest virtue the virtue which it is most difficult to practice?"

"I suppose so," I answered.

She drummed with both hands on the table, petulantly, viciously, as hard as she could. "Then, Madame Pratolungo," she said, "the greatest of all the virtues is—Patience. Oh, my friend, how I hate the greatest of all the virtues at this moment!"

That ended it—there the conversation found its way into other topics at last.

Thinking afterward of the strange things which Lucilla had said to me, I derived one consolation from what had passed at the breakfast-table. If Mr. Sebright proved to be right, and if the operation failed after all, I had Lucilla's word for it that blindness, of itself, is not the terrible affliction to the blind which the rest of us fancy it to be—because we can see.

Toward half past seven in the evening I went out alone, as I had planned, to meet Oscar on his return from London.

At a long straight stretch of the road I saw him advancing toward me. He was walking more rapidly than usual, and singing as he walked. Even through its livid discoloration the poor fellow's face looked radiant with happiness as he came nearer. He waved his walking-stick exultingly in the air. "Good news!" he called out at the top of his voice. "Mr. Sebright has made me a happy man again!" I had never before seen him so like Nugent in manner as I now saw him when we met and he shook hands with me.

"Tell me all about it," I said.

He gave me his arm; and, talking all the way, we walked back slowly to Dimchurch.

"In the first place," he began, "Mr. Sebright holds to his own opinion more firmly than ever. He feels absolutely certain that the operation will fail."

"Is that your good news?" I asked, reproachfully.

"No," he said. "Though, mind, I own to my shame there was a time when I almost hoped it would fail. Mr. Sebright has put me in a better frame of mind. I have little or nothing to dread from the success of the operation, if by any extraordinary chance it should succeed. I remind you of Mr. Sebright's opinion merely to give you a right idea of the tone which he took with me at starting. He only consented under protest to contemplate the event which Lucilla and Herr Grosse consider to be a certainty. 'If the statement of your position requires it,' he said, 'I will admit that it is barely possible she may be able to see you two months hence. Now begin.' I began by informing him of my marriage engagement."

"Shall I tell how Mr. Sebright received the information?" I said. "He held his tongue, and made you a bow."

Oscar laughed. "Quite true," he answered. "I told him next of Lucilla's extraordinary antipathy to dark people, and dark shades of color of all kinds. Can you guess what he said to me when I had done?"

I owned that my observation of Mr. Sebright's character did not extend to guessing that.

"He said it was a common antipathy in his experience of the blind. It was one among the many strange influences exercised by blindness on the mind. 'The physical affliction has its mysterious moral influence,' he said. 'We can observe it, but we can't explain it. The special antipathy which you mention is an incurable antipathy, except on one condition—the recovery of the sight.' There he stopped. I entreated him to go on. No! He declined to go on until I had finished what I had to say to him first. I had my confession still to make to him—and I made it."

"You concealed nothing?"

"Nothing. I laid my weakness bare before him. I told him that Lucilla was still firmly convinced that Nugent's was the discolored face instead of mine. And then I put the question—What am I to do?"

"And how did he reply?"

"In these words: 'If you ask me what you are to do in the event of her remaining blind (which I tell you again *will* be the event), I decline to advise you. Your own conscience and your own sense of honor must decide the question. On the other hand, if you ask me what you are to do in the event of her recovering her sight, I can answer you unreservedly in the plainest terms. Leave things as they are, and wait till she sees.' Those were his own words. Oh, the load that they took off my mind! I made him repeat them—I declare I was almost afraid to trust the evidence of my own ears."

I understood the motive of Oscar's good spirits better than I understood the motive of Mr. Sebright's advice. "Did he give his reasons?" I asked.

"You shall hear his reasons directly. He insisted on first satisfying himself that I thoroughly understood my position at that moment. 'The prime condition of success, as Herr Grosse has told you,' he said, 'is the perfect tranquillity of the patient. If you make your confession to the young lady when you get back to Dimchurch, you throw her into a state of excitement which will render it impossible for my German colleague to operate on her to-morrow. If you defer your confession, the medical necessities of the case force you to be silent until the professional attendance of the oculist has ceased. There is your position! My advice to you is to adopt the last alternative. Wait (and make the other persons in the secret wait) until the result of the operation has declared itself.' There I stopped him. 'Do you mean that I am to be present on the first occasion when she is able to use her eyes?' I asked. 'Am I to let her see me without a word beforehand to prepare her for the color of my face?'"

We were now getting to the interesting part of it. You English people, when you are out walking and are carrying on a conversation with your friend, never come to a stand-still at the points of interest. We foreigners, on the other hand, invariably stop. I surprised Oscar by suddenly pulling him up in the middle of the road.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

"Go on!" I said, impatiently.

"I can't go on," he rejoined. "You're holding me."

I held him tighter than ever, and ordered him more resolutely than ever to go on. Oscar resigned himself to a halt (foreign fashion) on the high-road.

"Mr. Sebright met my question by putting a question on his side," he resumed. "He asked me how I proposed to prepare her for the color of my face."

"And what did you tell him?"

"I said I had planned to make an excuse for leaving Dimchurch, and, once away, to prepare her by writing for what she might expect to see when I returned."

"What did he say to that?"

"He wouldn't hear of it. He said, 'I strongly recommend you to be present on the first occasion when she is capable (if she ever *is* capable) of using her sight. I attach the greatest importance to her being able to correct the hideous and absurd image now in her mind of a face like yours, by seeing you as you really are at the earliest available opportunity.'"

We were just walking on again when certain words in that last sentence startled me. I stopped short once more.

"Hideous and absurd image?" I repeated, thinking instantly of my conversation of that morning with Lucilla. "What did Mr. Sebright mean by using such language as that?"

"Just what I asked him. His reply will interest you. It led him into that explanation of his motives which you inquired for just now. Shall we walk on?"

My petrified foreign feet recovered their activity. We went on again.

"When I had spoken to Mr. Sebright of Lucilla's inveterate prejudice," Oscar continued, "he had surprised me by saying that it was common in his experience, and was only curable by her restoration to sight. In support of those assertions he now told me of two interesting cases which had occurred in his professional practice. The first was the case of the little daughter of an Indian officer—blind from infancy, like Lucilla. After operating successfully, the time came when he could permit his patient to try her sight—that is to say, to try if she could see sufficiently well at first to distinguish dark objects from light. Among the members of the household assembled to witness the removal of the bandage was an Indian nurse who had accompanied the family to England. The first person the child saw was her mother—a fair woman. She clasped her little hands in astonishment, and that was all. At the next turn of her head she saw the dark Indian nurse, and instantly screamed with terror. Mr. Sebright owned to me that he could not explain it. The child could have no possible association with colors. Yet there, nevertheless, was the most violent hatred and horror of a dark object (the hatred and horror peculiar to the blind) expressing itself unmistakably in a child of ten years old! My first thought, while he was telling me this, was of myself, and of my chance with Lucilla. My first question was, 'Did the child get used to the nurse?' I can give you his answer in his own words. 'In a week's time I found the child sitting in the nurse's lap as composedly as I am sitting in this chair.' That is encouraging, isn't it?"

"Most encouraging—nobody can deny it."

"The second instance was more curious still. This time the case was the case of a grown man—and the object was to show me what strange fantastic images (utterly unlike the reality) the blind form of the people about them. The patient was married, and was to see his wife (as Lucilla is one day to see me) for the first time. He had been told before he married her that she was personally disfigured by the scar of a wound on one of her cheeks. The poor woman—ah, how well I can understand her!—trembled for the consequences. The man who had loved her dearly while he was blind might hate her when he saw her scarred face. Her husband had been the first to console her when the operation was determined on. He declared that his sense of touch, and the description given to him by others, had enabled him to form, in his own mind, the most complete and faithful image of his wife's face. Nothing that Mr. Sebright could say would induce him to believe that it was physically impossible for him to form a really correct idea of any object, animate or inanimate, which he had never seen. He wouldn't hear of it. He was so certain of the result that he held his wife's hand in his, to encourage her, when the bandage was removed from him. At his first look at her he uttered a cry of horror, and fell back in his chair in a swoon. His wife, poor thing, was distracted. Mr. Sebright did his best to compose her, and waited till her husband was able to answer the questions put to him. It then appeared that his blind idea of his wife and of her disfigurement had been something so grotesque and horribly unlike the reality that it was hard to know whether to laugh or to tremble at it. She was as beautiful as an angel, by comparison with her husband's favorite idea of her—and yet, because it *was* his idea, he was absolutely disgusted and terrified at the first sight of her! In a few weeks he was able to compare his wife with other women, to look at pictures, to understand what beauty was, and what ugliness was; and from that time they have lived

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together as happy a married couple as any in the kingdom."

I was not quite sure which way this last example pointed. It alarmed me when I thought of Lucilla. I came to a stand-still again.

"How did Mr. Sebright apply this second case to Lucilla and to you?" I asked.

"You shall hear," said Oscar. "He first appealed to the case as supporting his assertion that Lucilla's idea of me must be utterly unlike what I am myself. He asked if I was now satisfied that she could have no correct conception of what faces and colors were really like, and if I agreed with him in believing that the image in her mind of the man with the blue face was in all probability something fantastically and hideously unlike the reality. After what I had heard, I agreed with him as a matter of course. 'Very well,' says Mr. Sebright. 'Now let us remember that there is one important difference between the case of Miss Finch and the case that I have just mentioned. The husband's blind idea of his wife was the husband's favorite idea. The shock of the first sight of her was plainly a shock to him on that account. Now Miss Finch's blind idea of the blue face is, on the contrary, a hateful idea to her—the image is an image that she loathes. Is it not fair to conclude from this that the first sight of you as you really are is likely to be, in her case, a relief to her instead of a shock? Reasoning from my experience, I reach that conclusion; and I advise you, in your own interests, to be present when the bandage is taken off. Even if I prove to be mistaken—even if she is not immediately reconciled to the sight of you—there is the other example of the child and the Indian nurse to satisfy you that it is only a question of time. Sooner or later she will take the discovery as any other young lady would take it. At first she will be indignant with you for deceiving her; and then, if you are sure of your place in her affections, she will end in forgiving you. There is my view of your position, and there are the grounds on which I form it! In the mean time my own opinion remains unshaken. I firmly believe that you will never have occasion to act on the advice that I have given to you. When the bandage is taken off, the chances are five hundred to one that she is no nearer to seeing you then than she is now.' These were his last words—and on that we parted."

Oscar and I walked on again for a little way in silence.

I had nothing to say against Mr. Sebright's reasons; it was impossible to question the professional experience from which they were drawn. As to blind people in general, I felt no doubt that his advice was good, and that his conclusions were arrived at correctly. But Lucilla's was no ordinary character. My experience of her was better experience than Mr. Sebright's: and the more I thought of the future, the less inclined I felt to take Oscar's hopeful view. She was just the person to say something or do something, at the critical moment of the experiment, which would take the wisest previous calculation by surprise. Oscar's prospects had never looked darker to me than they looked at that moment.

It would have been useless and cruel to have said to him what I have just said here. I put as bright a face on it as I could, and asked if he proposed to follow Mr. Sebright's advice.

"Yes," he said. "With a certain reservation of my own, which occurred to me after I had left his house."

"May I ask what it is?"

"Certainly. I mean to beg Nugent to leave Dimchurch before Lucilla tries her sight for the first time. He will do that, I know, to please me."

"And when he has done it, what then?"

"Then I mean to be present—as Mr. Sebright suggested—when the bandage is taken off."

"Previously telling Lucilla," I interposed, "that it is you who are in the room?"

"No. There I take the precaution that I alluded to just now. I propose to leave Lucilla under the impression that it is I who have left Dimchurch, and that Nugent's face is the face she sees. If Mr. Sebright proves to be right, and if her first sensation is a sensation of relief, I will own the truth to her the same day. If not, I will wait to make my confession until she has become reconciled to the sight of me. That plan meets every possible emergency. It is one of the few good ideas that my stupid head has hit on since I have been at Dimchurch."

He said those last words with such an innocent air of triumph that I really could not find it in my heart to damp his ardor by telling him what I thought of his idea. All I said was, "Don't forget, Oscar, that the cleverest plans are at the mercy of circumstances. At the last moment, an accident may happen which will force you to speak out."

We came in sight of the rectory as I gave him that final warning. Nugent was strolling up and down the road on the look-out for us. I left Oscar to tell his story over again to his brother, and went into the house.

Lucilla was at her piano when I entered the sitting-room. She was not only playing, but (a rare thing with her) singing too. The song was, poetry and music both, of her own composing. "I shall see him! I shall see him!" In those four words the composition began and ended. She adapted them to all the happy melodies in her memory. She accompanied them with hands that seemed to be mad for joy—hands that threatened every moment to snap the chords of the instrument. Never, since my first day at the rectory, had I heard such a noise in our quiet sitting-room as I heard now. She was in a fever of exhilaration which, in my foreboding frame of mind at that moment, it pained and shocked me to see. I lifted her off the music-stool, and shut up the piano by main force.

"Compose yourself, for Heaven's sake," I said. "Do you want to be completely exhausted when the German comes to-morrow?"

That consideration instantly checked her. She suddenly became quiet, with the abrupt facility of a child.

"I forgot that," she said, sitting down in a corner, with a face of dismay. "He might refuse to perform the operation! Oh, my dear, quiet me down somehow. Get a book and read to me."

I got the book. Ah, the poor author! Neither she nor I paid the slightest attention to him. Worse still, we abused him for not interesting us—and then shut him up with a bang, and pushed him rudely into his place on the book-shelf, and left him upside down, and went to bed.

She was standing at her window when I went in to wish her good-night. The mellow moonlight fell tenderly on her lovely face. "Moon that I have never seen," she murmured, softly, "I feel you looking at me! Is the time coming when *I* shall look at *You*?" She turned from the window, and eagerly put my fingers on her pulse. "Am I quite composed again?" she asked. "Will he find me well to-morrow? Feel it! feel it! Is it quiet now?" I felt it—throbbing faster and faster. "Sleep will quiet it," I said, and kissed her and left her.

She slept well. As for me, I passed such a wretched night, and got up so completely worn out, that I had to go back to my room, after breakfast, and lie down again. Lucilla persuaded me to do it. "Herr Grosse won't be here till the afternoon," she said. "Rest till he comes."

We had reckoned without allowing for the eccentric character of our German surgeon. Excepting the business of his profession, Herr Grosse did every thing by impulse, and nothing by rule. I had not long fallen into a broken, unrefreshing sleep, when I felt Zillah's hand on my shoulder, and heard Zillah's voice in my ear.

"Please to get up, ma'am! He's here—he has come from London by the morning train."

I hurried into the sitting-room.

There, at the table, sat Herr Grosse, with an open instrument-case before him; his wild black eyes gloating over a hideous array of scissors, probes, and knives, and his shabby hat hard by with lint and bandages huddled together anyhow inside it. And there stood Lucilla by his side, stooping over him—with one hand laid familiarly on his shoulder, and with the other deftly fingering one of his horrid instruments to find out what it was like!

THE END OF THE FIRST PART.

RUSSIAN CHARACTERISTICS.

In view of the interest in the great empire of Russia awakened among American readers by the visit of the Grand Duke ALEXIS to this country, we give on page 1125 a series of illustrations, from which our readers may obtain an accurate impression of the characteristics which most forcibly strike a traveler in that country.

Our first illustration shows the Transcaucasian private escort of the czar. This is composed of Lesghins, Mingrelians, warriors from the Caucase, and from the wandering tribes of Turkestan: singular types, where the white regularity of the Caucasic race contrasts with the yellow tones and flat features of the Mongolian race—caps of lamb-skin or fur turbans, floating robes and arsenal belts, cimeters and kandjiars, lances or iron maces of the Middle Ages.

Besides a soldier belonging to these legions, we give in our illustrations four different types of princes belonging to this escort. Only yesterday these very princes were the sworn enemies of the emperor of whom they now form the pretorian guard. Their costumes are remarkably rich and handsome. The fur caps, as may be seen, affect different shapes. Some are round, some pointed, some wider toward the top; some are black, some brown, white, or gray. The robes, very long in the skirts, vary also in color: some are blue, some red. The sleeves are double. The trowsers are of a blue cloth, large at the knees, narrow round the ankles, and fall in the shape of spatterdashes, very ample in form, over boots of red leather. The sword is curved in the Oriental style.

THE COSSACKS.

This corps of the Russian army first acquired its reputation in 1814, when the great French armies of the First Empire were fleeing from burning Moscow. It was the Cossacks who, during that most sadly eventful retreat, were employed in the pursuit of the French. With untiring activity, without mercy or pity, did they follow up and, without respite, attack the famished, half-naked "débris" of that splendid army of 500,000 men which started from France so beautifully equipped, so light at heart, so full of hope and ambition, to conquer the Russian capital. Savage warriors were those Cossacks—with their shabby uniforms, with their hairy countenances, their flat, broad features, with their arms of past days—flying about on their little disheveled horses round the wretched French soldiers like so many ravenous birds of prey.

In regard to the rest of the Russian army we must confine ourselves to a simple mention of the different arms composing it: There are the Pavlov Guards, the Semeonov Guards, and the Pavlogradski Guards; the Sum Hussars, the Ishuguxey Hussars; the Chasseurs à Cheval, the sharp-shooters on foot, the Cuirassiers and Grenadiers and Pioneers and Engineers; the Horse Artillery, the Foot Artillery, the Dragoons, the Lancers, the Hussars of the Emperor, the Horse-Guards, the regiments of Moscow, the regiments of Finland, the sailors of the Guard, the regiments of Ismailofski, the Sappers, etc., etc. The Russian army is, next the imperial French army, the most handsomely dressed in Europe.

THE CLERGY.

The Russian clergy are divided into the white and black clergy. The former are the secular, the latter the cloistered, clergy. The appellations are derived from their respective dresses; the one party being clothed from head to foot in black, the other performing divine service in white robes bordered with gold.

The following is the description of the dress of the black clergy: The head is covered with a tall cylindrical black cap, round which flutters a long piece of black gauze, which lies down like a lady's veil when thrown back. The principal garment is a long, full tunic, made generally of black velvet. The handsome curling bands with which the monks are universally decorated harmonize admirably with this dress. As the monks all wear black, the secular priests, almost without exception, choose brown for their ordinary dress. When they are officiating as ministers of religion, it is, of course, different. On their heads they wear high brown or red velvet caps, trimmed with handsome fur, and carry excessively long brown sticks studded with wrought silver knobs.

RUSSIAN CARRIAGES AND SLEDGES.

In Russia, besides the ordinary trains or sledges which are used for traveling during the long and severe winters, the people employ nearly all the vehicles which are known to the rest of Europe. In the great cities the upper circles of society are every day adopting the habits of the French. The truly national Russian carriages are generally small and uncovered, the traveler sits alone, and the driver occupies a position in front. Among the vehicles most commonly employed, and which are the most remarkable in form, are three—namely, the drosky, the teleka, and kabitka. We show in our illustration a couple of sledges. The single-horsed one is principally used for trotting purposes. It is very simple in its structure, and exceedingly light. The Russians possess a very fine breed of trotters, almost equal to our own American trotters. They are a tall, well-limbed, splendidly appointed race of animals, full of activity, fire, and speed. The performances of several specimens of this race proved, indeed, very remarkable at the last equine exhibition in Paris. The general form of the other sledge is that of a wheelless cradle or chaise, with a pair of shafts attached. In town, imperial carriages alone can have six horses. The nobles can harness four. The "bourgeoise," tradesmen, and all not noble, are restricted to three, but generally employ two horses.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

DR. BESSELS, the director of the scientific corps of Captain HALL'S steamer *Polaris*, in a letter addressed to the president of the National Academy of Sciences, dated Godhaven, August 16, states that he had already made some important observations in regard to the physics of the northern seas, such as a peculiar coloration of the water and an unexpectedly high specific gravity, the maximum of density noticed being 1.028. His experiences with his colleagues, Mr. BRYAN, the astronomer, and Mr. MEYER, the meteorologist, have been very satisfactory; the former gentleman having made a number of successful azimuth observations, and the latter approving himself an excellent mathematician and an accomplished observer, and an honor to the Signal Service, from which he was detailed for duty with Captain HALL. This information may perhaps serve in some measure to relieve the apprehensions expressed by Dr. DAVID WALKER, in his *Overland Monthly* article on Captain HALL'S expedition, in regard to the scientific results of the voyage.

It is with great regret that we have to announce the recent death, in Boston, of Rev. J. A. SWAN, on the 31st of October last, at the age of forty-eight. Mr. SWAN has been long known among his New England friends for his love of natural history and his skill in the use of the microscope; and during his residence at Kennebunk, although a devoted pastor in that village, he found time to make numerous important explorations and observations in the natural history of the vicinity. Failing in health a few years ago, he visited Europe, and on his return was appointed to the responsible post of secretary of the Boston Society of Natural History, in connection with Professor A. HYATT, succeeding Mr. SCUDDER in charge of the business of the society. Apart from his scientific accomplishments, Mr. SWAN was endeared to all his friends by personal qualifications of the rarest merit.

Among the important works in natural history lately announced by the London publishers is one on the poisonous snakes of India, by Dr. FAYRER, an author to whom we have made frequent reference in connection with his experiments upon antidotes for snake poison. Another work is a manual of the anatomy of vertebrated animals, by Professor HUXLEY.

A new planet was discovered on the night of September 13 last, at Marseilles, by M. BORELLI, and named by him Lomia. This constitutes the 115th in the series of asteroids found between Mars and Jupiter.

The cultivation of edible fungi is being pursued with considerable vigor in England. An exhibition of fungi, especially of the edible and the poisonous species, was recently held in the grounds of the Royal Horticultural Society, which is described as being far the best that has yet taken place. Several new species were exhibited, and prizes were offered for the best collection. The visitors, who were very numerous, showed the greatest possible interest in the plants exhibited.

Telegraphic advices from the West bring the news of a serious disaster to the whaling fleet of the arctic seas, no less than thirty-three vessels having been destroyed, valued, with their cargoes, at a million and a half of dollars. Fortunately no lives were lost, although much suffering was experienced in consequence of the crowded quarters in which the crews of the vessels were obliged to huddle themselves. According to the reports brought in, the entire fleet had been working northward, with varying success, and in considerable numbers, in Behring Sea, and followed the whales into the Arctic Ocean, where fair success was met with, until about the 1st of September, when the ice came driving down, and in the course of a week or two a number of vessels were sunk, and others crushed by the ice or driven ashore. The catch destroyed amounted to 13,065 barrels of whale oil, and 965 barrels of sperm, and 100,000 pounds of bone. Most of the vessels were owned in New Bedford, where the loss will be keenly felt.

Professor ANDRÉ POEY, in a late number of *Nature*, gives a figure of what he considers to be a new form of cloud, observed by him only twice in his life, once at Washington, and once in Wisconsin. For fuller details he refers to the paper on the classification of clouds published last year in the *Rural New Yorker*, accompanied by figures and a description of this new phenomenon.

We learn from *Nature* that the English eclipse expedition sailed on the 26th of October in the *Mirzapore*, and expected to arrive at Point de Galle on the 27th of November. Professor RESPIGHI, of Rome, well known for his researches upon the physics of the sun, was to accompany the party.

According to the Harrisburg *Telegraph*, the Swatara Creek, a tributary of the Susquehanna, has lately been stocked with a large number of black bass, which will probably in time aid in supplying the Susquehanna River with an abundance of this valuable fish.

We have before us the recently published report of Commissioner R. W. RAYMOND upon statistics of mines and mining in the States and Territories west of the Rocky Mountains for the year 1870. This forms a stout volume of nearly 600 pages, illustrated by a number of plates and sections, embodying the result of a laborious personal examination, and that of several assistants. The report contains a detailed account of the present condition of the mining industry in California, Nevada, Oregon, Idaho, Montana, Utah, Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado, and Wyoming, together with interesting statements in regard to improved metallurgical processes, such as especially relate to the treatment of auriferous ores, the chlorination and smelting of silver ores, etc. There are also chapters on narrow-gauge railways and their adaptation to mining regions, the mining law, the geographical distribution of mining districts, the origin of gold ingots and gold-dust, and the bullion product.

The Commissioner congratulates the country upon an increased prosperity in the mining industry, as seen not only in an augmented bullion product, but an improved tone in the business itself, and relief from more or less of the irritating and burdensome questions that have hitherto been connected with the mining interest. Although the excitements which so frequently carry off the miners and settlers of one region into a new locality have been comparatively rare, yet there have been a few of special note. Among these mentioned by Mr. RAYMOND are those caused by the discovery of gold in Southern California, near San Diego; the discovery of silver in the Burro Mountains, and the rumors of rich placers on Peace River, far into the interior of British Columbia; the bars of Snake River; several localities in Nevada, and others in Utah; the silver mines in the Caribou district of Colorado, etc. The work is too encyclopedic in its character to permit of an abstract in our pages, and we refer our readers to it for an exhaustive treatment, in an intelligible form, of the subject in question.

The annual report of the Light-house Board for the year preceding September, 1871, has just been printed as a department document, and gives a general account of the present condition of the service, with recommendations for its improvement. In consequence of the detaching of Admiral SHUBRICK from the chairmanship, the vacant office has been filled by an election to it of Professor JOSEPH HENRY, secretary of the Smithsonian Institution.

The British government is carrying the system of competitive examination for appointments in all the departments under its control to an extreme pitch. There are at the present time vacancies for a junior assistant in the herbarium at Kew, and for a clerk in the office of the Royal Gardens at Kew. The principals of these establishments had in their eye young men whom they wished should receive the appointments; but the government officials insist that they shall be thrown open to public competition, the examination to be such as clerks in any of the other offices would have to go through, the merest smattering of botany being added. No account will thus be taken of many qualifications equally important with literary ones—punctuality, neatness, an obliging demeanor, etc.; and the door is closed for the employment of young men of scientific tastes who may not have much literary acquirements. The British Museum is not yet under the control of the same department of the government, and the principals of that establishment are still permitted to nominate candidates for the subordinate posts, after which they have to submit to a qualifying examination.

A heavy rain occurred on the 31st of May last in the great desert of Atacama, Chili, a phenomenon hitherto almost entirely unknown in that region of the world.

The Society of the Friends of Science, in Posen, propose, on the 19th of February, 1873, to celebrate the 400th birthday of the eminent astronomer NICHOLAS COPERNICUS, at his birth-place, in the village of Thorn. In addition to the festivities of the occasion, they propose to publish an accurate biography of their countryman, and to prepare a monumental album, as also to strike an appropriate medal. A prize of 500 thalers is offered for the best biography that can be prepared before the 1st of January, 1873, to be based only upon authentic documents.

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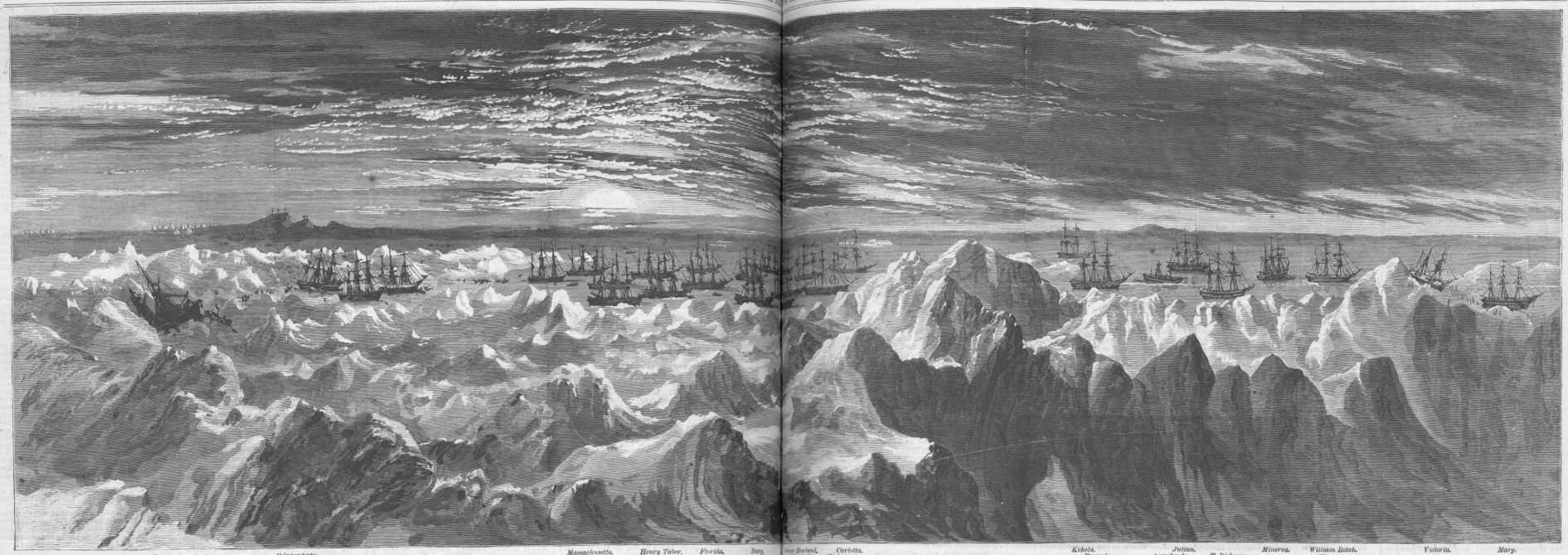
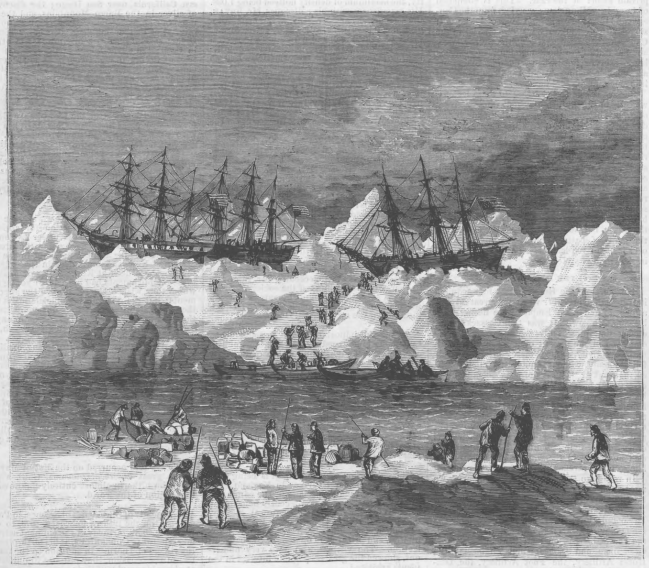
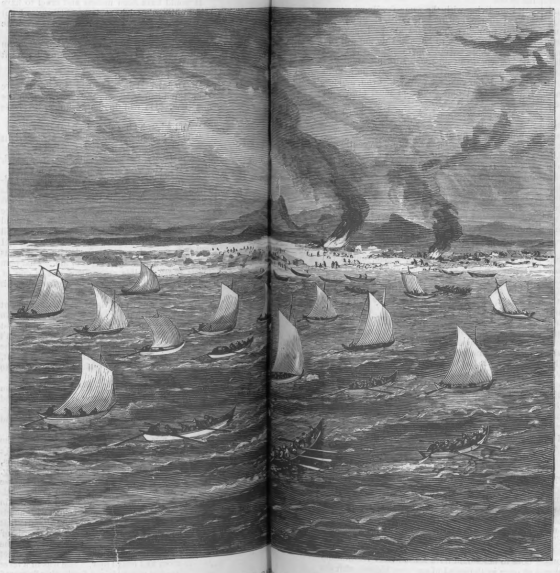


GENERAL VIEW OF THE AR WHALING FLEET IN THE ICE.



ABANDONING THE BARKS "GEORGE," "GAYHEAD," AND "CONCORDIA" IN THE ICE OFF POINT BELCHER, SEPTEMBER 14, 1871.



THE RENDEZVOUS AT ICY C BOATS EFFECTING A LANDING.

DESTRUCTION OF THE WHALING-FLEET IN THE ARCTIC OC

FROM SKETCHES BY CAPTAIN KELLY, OF THE "GAYHEAD."—[SEE PAGE 1130.]

BARKS "ARCTIC" AND "PROGRESS" RECEIVING THE CREWS OF THE WRECKED AND ABANDONED SHIPS SOUTH OF ICY CAPE.

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CRUSHED AMONG ICEBERGS.

OF the arctic whaling fleet, forty in number, which proudly sailed on their perilous voyage from San Francisco and Honolulu last season, thirty-three have been crushed in the ice, and their crews have barely escaped with life through many hardships and perils. The tidings of this catastrophe were brought to Honolulu on the 23d October; and on that and the following day no fewer than 1200 shipwrecked mariners were landed upon the Hawiian shores.

The particulars of this crushing blow to the whaling enterprise of America may be gathered from the following details, supplied to us by Mr. THOMAS G. THRUM, of Honolulu, to whom also we are indebted for the several graphic sketches of some of the frighful situations of the fleet and its distressed crews which appear in our opening pages this week.

Early in May the whalers arrived at the south of Cape Thaddeus, where they found the ice; but it was so closely packed that they were unable to make much headway northward, and the wind was strong from the northeast for most of the month.

June commenced with light and variable winds and foggy weather, but the ice opened somewhat, and the ships made up in sight of Cape Navarine, where five or six whales were taken, and many more were heard spouting among the heavy ice, but they soon left. Toward the middle of June the ice opened, enabling the fleet to pursue their way north, picking up a few whales in crossing the Anadir Sea. When the ships made Cape Behring, the whales had mostly passed through the straits; the fleet had also passed through by the 30th June. They now commenced catching walrus, but with small success in comparison with former seasons. In the latter part of July strong winds prevailed from southeast and northeast, breaking up the walrus hunting; so the fleet pressed to the northeast for Icy Cape. Finding the ice disappear from the east shore south of Cape Lisburne, the fleet pushed to eastward, following the ice, the main body of which was in latitude 69° 10′, in to the east shore, where they found a clear strip of water running along the land to northeast, and in this water the whalers worked up to a few miles off Icy Cape. Here some of them anchored, being unable to proceed further through the ice lying on Blossom Shoals, the wind at the same time blowing strong from the northeast. The wind moderated, and the ice started off the shoals about the 6th of August. In a few days most of the fleet reached north of Blossom Shoals, and the weather being favorable, they worked up to northeast, making Wainwright Inlet, where they captured a large number of whales, though many more were lost, the ice being very heavy and densely packed; but notwithstanding this, the prospects appeared good, and promised a large season's catch. The ships all anchored or made fast to heavy ground-ice, and whaling was continued smartly for several days, when, about the 11th August, a large number of the boats that had been cruising in the open ice were caught in it by a shifting wind setting the ice on shore. This wind was from the west, and the ships were compelled to get under way to save themselves from being jammed. They worked inshore under the lee of the ground-ice, and it was only with the utmost difficulty that they succeeded in saving the boats, having to haul them for long distances over the ice, which now set steadily on shore; and, to avoid being stove, the ships got into shoal water. On the 13th the ice stopped, having at last grounded, leaving an open space of water along the land up to Point Belcher. The boats were kept off whaling continually, and plenty of whales were heard and seen among the heavy ice, but were inaccessible.

Up to the 25th of August the ships remained safely anchored and tied up to the ice, waiting for a strong northeaster to open up the ice off the land. On that day a strong northeast gale set in, and the ice opened and went off shore. On the 27th the weather was good, whales plentiful, and many were taken; and as it was considered that the ice was going off permanently, the ships all got under way, and began whaling in earnest.

They had fine weather and light, variable winds on the 28th; but on the 29th a southwest wind, light in the morning, freshened so toward the evening that the ice set inshore, and caught some of the ships in the pack, while the rest barely succeeded in retreating inshore ahead of the ice, where they anchored in from three to four fathoms of water, the ice still coming in, and small ice packing round the ships. By the strong current which ran to the northeast the large, heavy floe-ice grounded in the shoal water, and inside of this many of the ships lay, while those which could not get in kept working in, as they found it possible, to prevent staving. Storms and winds from south to northwest, with snow, now visited the devoted vessels, many of which were so close together as not to have room enough to swing clear of each other.

And now a series of disasters began, which culminated in the almost total destruction of the arctic whaling fleet.

On the 2d of September the brig *Comet* was completely crushed in the heavy ice, her crew hardly escaping to the other vessels. The ice, too, began to set on shore heavily, and the open space of water became gradually narrower, and the possibility of the vessels getting out grew less and less. Still our brave mariners cherished strong hopes that a northeast gale would yet open a way for their passage. Indeed, though day after day went without any sign of the ice opening, the brave men were more anxious about the loss of time than their apparent danger—so unwilling were they to believe that the ice would not go off shore, as in all their former experience it had done under similar circumstances. Nothing, however, could be viewed but ice off shore to the utmost range of vision, and the only clear water to be seen was that inshore, and which had become narrowed to from two hundred yards to half a mile wide, where the ships were lying, some packed in the ice, others in open water extending from Point Belcher to about two or three miles south of Wainwright Inlet. The wind continued from southeast to southwest, always light from southeast, and fresh from southwest, causing the ice to pack more closely together every day.

On the 7th the bark *Roman* had been crushed by the ice. She had been caught while cutting a whale, and had drifted helplessly with the ice so far as Sea-horse Islands, and was there caught between two immense floes of ice, one of them being aground, and the other, a tremendous floe of several miles in length, thundered against the fated vessel from off shore, crushing her to atoms. The officers and crew fortunately escaped over the ice to the other ships, saving hardly any thing but their lives.

These several disasters were alone enough to strike the fleet with consternation, but worse was slowly but surely approaching; and on the 8th the fleet beheld the bark *Awashenks* shattered between the stupendous floe and ground ice, and again received a fugitive crew who had lost their all.

The jeopardy in which they were situated now forced itself upon the gallant mariners; and as the season was rapidly advancing toward its close, and the ice increased daily in the open water, the danger of being frozen in seemed imminent. The masters all met to consult upon the situation, and arrange some means for the rescue of their crews, in the event of its becoming impossible to remove the ships from their pent-up position. The masters concluded to make preparations for the final escape, but indulged in sanguine hopes that the ice would yet open, and obviate the necessity for abandoning the ships which were so dear to them. In the first place, they lightened the brig *Kohola*, to get her over the bar at Wainwright Inlet, on which there was five or six feet of water. Her oil and stores were then landed on the deck of the *Charlotte*, of San Francisco, but the *Kohola* was then found to draw nine feet of water. After taking her down the coast close to the beach, an attempt was made to take her over the shoal water, but unsuccessfully, on account of her draught, and the project had to be given up. Then an expedition of three boats was fitted out and went down the coast, under the command of Captain D. R. FRASER, who succeeded in finding the vessels *Arctic*, *Progress*, *Midas*, *Lagoda*, *Chance*, *Daniel Webster*, and *Europa*, which had kept out of the ice, and he found their masters willing to stay and wait for the crews of the distressed vessels as long as their anchors would hold out.

Indulging in their cherished hope that the ice would yet open and let them out, the masters and crews remained steadfast to the distressed vessels, and Captain REDFIELD, of the brig *Victoria*, repeated upon his vessel the experiment which had been tried upon the *Kohola*, but without effect.

As on the night of the 9th September the clear water round the ships began to freeze over and the weather became calm, it was deemed well to lose no time in forwarding supplies of provisions to the vessels waiting in the south before the passage by boats was cut off by the ice, and so compel them to travel on the ice to those vessels. The boats were coppered round the bows to protect them from damage by the ice, which had already accumulated in the open space, and the provisions were sent south. This measure was adopted with much reluctance by the brave-hearted men, because it appeared so much like an ultimate abandonment of their vessels, and that was a thing hard for them even to entertain. Still they knew that in case their ships escaped the destruction then impending, those provisions could be reconveyed to their vessels; and it was this reflection that buoyed them up in their sad task, and they "hoped against hope" to the very last.

After waiting what was to them a long, dreary while, until the 13th September, another meeting of the masters took place, when the painful conclusion was arrived at that in order to save the lives of their crews they would be obliged to abandon their vessels, as it was quite impossible to winter there, the supply of provisions being insufficient for three or four months, which is less than a third of the length of winter in those regions. The masters also concluded that as the ships lay in the open sea, exposed to the weather, the probability was strong that they would all be destroyed by the ice, although they were ready to stay any length of time by their ships that they could exist upon the provisions, if sure of a vessel to take them off in the last extremity. Consider the case as they would, they could not see any prospect of saving the ships if they staid by them, and unless they made their escape while they could do so, starvation and death seemed the only alternative. Accordingly, with heavy hearts, and feelings which none but those who have been similarly situated can describe or realize, all the ships' companies, at the preconcerted signal—colors set at the mast-heads—got ready to leave their vessels on the 14th; and on that day at four P.M. every ship's company had left their vessels and proceeded on their way south, carrying only such provisions and clothing as were positively needful.

During their progress southward they found that the ice had increased to an extent greater than they had imagined, and felt satisfied that, even though they had succeeded in taking the brigs over the bar at Wainwright Inlet, they would never have got them into the clear water in the south. On the night of the 14th they camped on the beach, and at daylight on the 15th they went on their way to Icy Cape, the wind blowing strong from the south. When they came in sight of the waiting ships they were indeed grateful to that Providence which had guided them, and preserved means for their rescue from the frightful perils and hardships through which they had passed. They experienced great difficulty in getting off to the ships, owing to the rugged sea and necessarily deep loading of the boats. The *Arctic*, *Midas*, and *Progress* each lost an anchor in trying to hold on to receive the crews who went on board the seven vessels then standing by for the rescue, as promised to Captain FRASER. The boats were cut adrift, as the crowded state of the ships precluded them from saving one of them. On the 16th September—the last boat's crew having been taken on board—the seven vessels weighed anchor, the wind blowing strong from northwest, and proceeded southwest for Plover Bay, where they touched, and took in water and wood sufficient for the voyage to the Hawaiian Islands. They reached Plover Bay on the 24th, and sailed thence the 25th September for Honolulu.

The distance traveled by the boats after the abandonment, until reaching the rescuing vessels south of Icy Cape, was about seventy miles; the ice to seaward being one compact mass, and the water along the beach being a very narrow strip, for the entire distance very shoal.

AGLAË.

By JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

I HOLD Fulton Street, New York, to be the most absolutely unpoetic, anti-romantic sweet known to civilized men. It seems a place where it would be impossible for the "violet of a legend" to blow, for any thing sentimental, or dramatic, or æsthetic to happen, for any adventure to find a scene, except such adventure as the collision of a "stage" with a wagon, or the fall of a cart-horse, or the running down of a stray passenger. Yet there was something which had a little affinity to old romance in the feelings which shot through the heart of George Sternhold one day as, hurrying up Fulton Street, he passed suddenly a pale face and a pair of dark eyes.

He had only had a mere glance at the pale face and the dark eyes, and yet the glance quite overcame him. Surprise, emotion, old memories, came rushing on him. He came to a full stop in the crowded street, and, coming to a full stop, came, of course, into collision with several hurrying wayfarers, who had in no wise counted on his sudden pause. He looked anxiously back through the crowd—and, yes, the owner of the pale face and dark eyes had stopped too, and was looking back after him.

Yet even then he did not hasten toward the girl who had stopped in the crowd. He moved toward her slowly, as one not yet assured whether she was really the person he supposed, or not quite certain what his reception might be if she were.

She stood and waited. She was a handsome girl, with colorless cheeks and slender, shapely form. She was plainly dressed, and her expression was one of sadness. She was looking after Sternhold with a face that spoke of surprise and melancholy.

He came up to her at last, shouldering many people out of his way in order to approach her. As he came near, the lingering doubt which had kept possession of his mind thus far wholly disappeared.

"Aglaë!" he exclaimed. What a name to be spoken in Fulton Street, quite near the market, in the region of boot-shops, hardware stores, and whisky-vaults!

"George!" said the girl, in a sad, strange tone; and then their hands touched mechanically.

"I never expected to meet you here, Aglaë."

"Nor I you, George; else I would not have come here," she added, firmly, although with apparent reluctance, as if unwilling to give him pain.

"No," he said, with some bitterness, "you need not tell me that. Now that we have met we may speak a few words to each other. Where were you going?"

"I was crossing to Brooklyn."

"May I go across with you? We can exchange a few words on the boat. Do you object?" he asked, impatiently.

"Oh no, I don't object."

He turned, and they walked in silence to the ferry. They went on board the boat, and walked out to the forepart of it. It was not a time of day when the boats are overcrowded, and the two were left nearly alone.

"Aglaë, how did you come here? Why did you come? How long have you been here?" He poured out these questions almost vehemently.

"George, why did *you* come here, and how long have you been here? Did we not promise each other that an ocean should always be between us, and did you not say that you would never return to America?"

"Yes; but did you not say you were going to Australia?"

"I did go to Australia."

"And you came here?"

"I came here, yes, because the kind people to whom I owe my means of living, and who have always sheltered me, came here. I could not leave them. I have to earn my bread, George."

"Of course, of course. Need you tell me that? You would not allow me to help you."

She shook her head.

"*I* came here," he said, "because I could not help it, I suppose. Why does a ghost come back and haunt dismal old ruins, where no one who ever knew him, or cared a straw for him in the flesh, still lingers? I came here because I was sick and weary of knocking about Europe, a lonely and miserable wretch. No matter; I shall go away again. I shall go back to Europe—or to Australia, perhaps."

The boat was approaching the Brooklyn shore.

"I expect some friends to meet me," Aglaë said, timidly, but with significance.

"Very well; then, of course, I shall go with you no farther. But I want to see you again, and to speak with you, Aglaë. No; I will listen to no denial. I have a right to speak with you, since we have met. Where can I see you?"

"Can our meeting do any good, George?"

"I don't care. Let it do good or evil, I must speak with you again."

"We live," she said, slowly, "near Madison Square. I will walk in the square to-morrow at two o'clock, and meet you there—for once."

Then they parted. Tears were actually bursting from her eyes as she allowed her hand to rest a moment in his. George Sternhold entered the boat to return to New York, and became absorbed in thought.

"I have always," he said to himself, "laughed at people who talked in high-flown words of destiny and fate and such fancies. Yet might not one believe in an inexorable and capricious destiny if he knew that the very first week of my return to New York I should have met her, whom I believed to be away in Australia, she having every reason to believe me away in Europe? Well, I must go away again. I must not stay to interfere with her. Poor girl—poor Aglaë! And yet she seems calmer and happier than I am. Why should she not be? She is the victim, not the criminal. To-day she came on me, with her dark, melancholy eyes, like a haunting ghost."

The young man was soon back again in crowded Fulton Street, through which he carried the light of passion and disappointment and romance, even as Diogenes carried his lantern through the streets of Athens, only that Diogenes wished his lamp to be seen, and ostentatiously showed it; whereas George Sternhold would have concealed his from his closest friend, or his brother, if he had one.

Sternhold had no father or mother, sister or brother, living. He came from one of the Western States, his father being of German extraction. He had some money, and had long lived a wandering life. Now he had only just returned to New York; and it was in New York that he had first seen Aglaë.

He spent a restless evening and night, and a restless forenoon next day. He dressed somewhat carefully, however, for his walk in Madison Square. He was first on the ground; but it was not long before he saw Aglaë approaching him. A sudden pang shot through him as he observed how thin her face was, and how poorly she was dressed. The diamond ring or the diamond pin he wore would have bought all her clothes many times over.

They shook hands again, and walked side by side for a while without speaking. At last Aglaë broke the silence:

"You wished to speak to me, George?"

"I wished to know how you are living, Aglaë, and if you are happy, and—and what you wish me to do."

"I am living with the same family who were so kind to me, and took me with them when—when I wanted a home. I am as happy as I could expect or ask to be, and I do not ask you to do any thing except what you know is necessary, except to avoid me. I do not want you to leave New York, George; I have no wish to drive you from your home. It was you, and not I, who insisted that an ocean must always lie between us."

"You are very good, Aglaë—your heart was always good."

She glanced up at him wistfully.

"But I am going away again," he continued, in an excited tone. "I ought not to stay, you know. I should only be interfering with you, and marring your projects and your way of life, and making you unhappy; and so I must go. I was wholly wrong, Aglaë—"

She made a slight gesture, as if she were about to protest, but he hurried on, overwhelming her intended interruption—

"I was wholly wrong, but that is no reason why I should make you unhappy. So I am going away to-morrow, unless, Aglaë, unless you have overcome your scruples, and will take steps to set yourself wholly free. It can be done, and, at any sacrifice to myself, it shall be done, if you desire it, and I think you may fairly and rightly desire it."

"I think I do desire it, George" (she brought the words out with a tremor and a great choking gulp). "I think it would be best for both of us—for you much more than for me."

"Then it has really come to this!" the young man broke in, with a look of bitter anger.

"Better it came to this, George—the sooner the better. We made a great mistake. Once I thought we could not repair it, and that we ought not to try. But I have lately come to think differently. You are quite too young to be doomed to this sort of life any more."

"And you, Aglaë, you feel, I suppose, that you ought not to be doomed to it any longer. Is not that the reason for your change of purpose?"

She glanced at him sadly and reproachfully, and was about to make some answer, when the dialogue was suddenly broken in upon by a lady and gentleman who were crossing the square, and who came to a full stop on seeing them. The lady was a handsome woman of middle age or more; the gentleman was handsome and young. The resemblance his eyes and features bore to her would have settled their relationship at once in the mind of any one blessed with the faculty of observation.

"George Sternhold, I do declare!" exclaimed the lady, holding out both hands to the young man she named. "Why, you roving creature,

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I thought you were thousands of miles away! When did you come back? This is my son. I believe you never met him before. He has only just come home from Egypt. And how on earth did you come to know my dear young friend Aglaë Roden?"

This lady, Mrs. Denbigh by name, was one of George's best and oldest friends, and had been a school-fellow of his mother's, whom she dearly loved. She was now, it seemed, an intimate friend of the Thurston family—the family with whom Aglaë lived. Her son and Aglaë were well acquainted already, it would appear; and when Mrs. Denbigh took George's arm and began to pour out inquiries as to his past, present, and future, Aglaë and young Theodore Denbigh fell behind and talked in a low tone. Through all the animated, eager, kindly questionings of Mrs. Denbigh George strained his sense of hearing and his attention to the utmost, in the hope that some of the words which were passing between Aglaë and the young man might reach him. His efforts were all in vain: he could hear nothing.

"Now I can't let you off, George," said the kindly lady, as she prepared to leave him, "until you promise to come and dine with me to-day. Aglaë Roden is coming; and, of course, my son will be there: and no one else. So we can talk over your affairs, and learn what you are going to do with yourself for the future. You know the house pretty well already—it is the old house. We have not changed, although fashion is moving farther and farther up town every day. You will come?"

Aglaë cast a pleading glance at George, as if to beg of him not to come. It only needed this to determine him. He went, and dined with his friend, his friend's son, and Aglaë. They had, apparently, a very delightful evening. Aglaë sang, and Theodore Denbigh turned the leaves of her music for her; while George, who could not sing, talked apart with his hostess, and tried in vain to keep his anxious eyes from wandering to the piano. Once Aglaë and Theodore sang a duet.

"How charmingly their voices blend!" said Mrs. Denbigh.

"Delightfully," said George, grimly.

"Don't you like my son, George? I do so want you to like him very much, and to be his friend. I think him a splendid young fellow."

"Do you, really?" asked George, not knowing what he was saying.

"Do I really? Why, of course I do. Don't you? Doesn't every body?"

"Aglaë does, I suppose—I mean Miss Roden," murmured George.

"Of course she does. How could any girl help thinking it? Is she not a sweet, good girl? She ought to get married soon; and oh, I do so hope she will find some man worthy of her, capable of appreciating her! I don't believe there are a dozen young men in New York fit to receive the gift of such a heart. How did you come to know her, George? You never told me."

So the evening wore away; and George walked home, and Aglaë was sent home in the carriage. George had not a chance of exchanging a word with her unheard. But he sat down that very night and wrote her a few lines of a letter, which he sent to her next day. This was the letter:

"I am not blind, Aglaë, and I understand why you should wish to be free. You shall be free. I will at once begin to take the proper steps. I do not blame you, and I only ask you to forgive me. GEORGE."

In a few hours he received the following answer:

"You *are* blind, George; but do as you will. Only give me a little time to think. I want to be certain whether I ought not first to tell all to my dear and kind friends. Do nothing, then, I beseech of you, for just two weeks. My mind is bewildered, and I can not think calmly of any thing now. Forgive you? Oh, surely you ought to know—Heaven knows—how truly and entirely I forgive you. AGLAE."

George passed a whole hour, now reading this letter over and over, and then covering his face with his hands and thinking. Then he went out and called, first on Mrs. Denbigh and next on the Thurstons, eagerly hoping that he might see Aglaë. But he did not see her.

From that time he haunted every place where she could be seen. He courted the intimacy of the Thurstons, who were always very glad to welcome him, and he dined with them constantly. There he met Aglaë often; and there, too, he often met young Theodore Denbigh, who hung after the girl as if he were her shadow, and would not be repelled, although she plainly discouraged and tried to avoid him now. Every body could see whither that handsome youth's destiny was leading him; and George Sternhold heard a good deal said about the subject, which it was a bitter trial to bear.

"I am delighted at it," said Mrs. Thurston to him one evening. "He is a fine young fellow, and she is the best girl in the world. She is very poor; his mother is rich, has no other child, and is only too willing that her fortune shall make him happy with any woman he loves."

"Then she will marry him, you think?" asked George between his teeth.

"Marry him—marry Theodore Denbigh? Why, of course she will. What girl could desire any thing better?"

"True," said George, with a spasmodic smile and a bitter heart-pang. "Of course; you are quite right."

Mrs. Thurston looked wonderingly, keenly at him, and changed the conversation.

Next day George said to himself, "I can bear this no longer. I must see her alone, and speak with her."

So he went to Mrs. Thurston's and asked, not for any of the family, but for Miss Roden. He sent up his card, and waited in the reception-room, his heart beating wildly, and his lips quivering. Presently he saw Theodore Denbigh come down stairs, pass the door of the reception-room, and leave the house. George ran to the window and looked after him. Denbigh's face wore a crimson flush, and he appeared to be deeply agitated.

Presently a servant came down and brought Miss Roden's compliments, and her regrets that she was not well enough that day to receive Mr. Sternhold.

George went home, convulsed with anger and disappointment, and wrote three successive letters—one full of bitter reproaches, one of pathetic, passionate appeal, and one of cold and studied politeness and formality. Each was addressed to Aglaë, but each in turn he had the good sense to tear up after reading it over.

Next day he received a few lines from Mrs. Denbigh begging of him to come at once and see her. He went to her house immediately. Mrs. Denbigh was alone, very much agitated, apparently, and with eyes that had hardly yet ceased from tears.

"Oh, George, I am so glad you have come! I am in trouble to-day; we are all in trouble. My poor, dear, darling Theodore had set his whole heart and soul on marrying Aglaë Roden, and I so wished it, too; and the poor boy has poured out his love to her, and she has rejected him, and he is in despair."

A ghastly tremor passed over George's face. He tried once or twice to speak, and could not. At last he got out some hard and toneless words.

"Perhaps she will relent; perhaps she only wants a little time. Tell Theodore he has only to wait."

"Ah, no! I have been to her to-day. I have reasoned with her, pleaded for him, begged of her. She says she can not marry him; and I have sent for you, George, because, when I insisted on knowing the reason why, she bade me ask *you*, and said you could tell me."

George started to his feet.

"What does all this mean, George Sternhold? Have you been deceiving me? You knew of my poor boy's love for this girl—have you been secretly trying to supplant him? For shame, if you have, treacherous friend! Come, speak out and tell me. Have you been making love to this woman? Is she in love with you?"

"No," he replied, sternly; "she is not in love with me, and I have not been making love to her—lately. If any one has been humiliated and wronged in all this, I have been. Aglaë is not in love with me, Mrs. Denbigh, but she is none the less my wife! We were privately married at Bonn fifteen months ago, and we separated soon after, no matter for what. She has refused your son only because she is still my wife. I am about to set her free by means of a divorce, which can be had easily enough, God knows, by the accursed laws of some of our States. It is only a question of time. Let your son wait. When she is rid of me she will doubtless marry him, if he will. And he may, for, as sure as Heaven, there is no spot or stain on her. I, who was not worthy of her, and whom she justly casts away, must, in common justice and decency, say so much of her. Even though she has been my wife, she is pure and good enough for your son, or for the best man that ever lived."

Mrs. Denbigh listened, amazed, bewildered, to the passionate utterances of the excited young man. She forgot her own distress and that of her son in the presence of the wild agony which was marked in the face and echoed in the voice of poor George Sternhold.

"George, my dear boy," she said at last; "dear son of my best and oldest friend, this is a strange, sad story. I will not ask you to tell me the whole of it, or any more of it now; but I have something to tell *you*. Do nothing rashly; and if you love your wife, as I think you do, go to her and tell her so. For if I know any thing whatever of a woman's feelings, Aglaë loves you dearly, George, to-day."

Some two years before this time it was that George Sternhold first saw Aglaë Roden. She was then a poor orphan girl trying to teach her way into a living. And the task was the more bitter to her because she had never been prepared for it. Her father was a merchant engaged in the Greek trade, and at one time very flourishing; her mother, who had long been dead, was a Greek. Mr. Roden lived for many years in splendid style, then got into difficulties, then tried more audacious and reckless speculation, then broke into enterprises which might be called criminal, then was exposed and disgraced, and killed himself. George Sternhold pitied and loved Aglaë; but his mother was alive; he was wholly dependent on her, and he did not venture to tell her of his love for the daughter of the disgraced merchant, who had first ruined and then killed himself. Aglaë was offered an engagement to teach at a school in Bonn, on the Rhine, and went there; and George, traveling in Europe soon after, found her out, and renewed his love-suit, and easily won her whole heart, and at last persuaded her to marry him privately. Some mad whim made him absurdly jealous of her, utterly without cause, as he soon found out. This was within a month after their marriage, and he loaded her with insane reproaches, taunted her with having drawn him into a marriage, flung himself into open and reckless dissipation; and then recovering his reason, knowing how utterly he had wronged and misunderstood his wife, despairing of forgiveness, and believing himself unworthy even to touch her hand, he went to her and told her they must separate. If he had but asked for her forgiveness! If he had but said a word of love! She was only too anxious to forget all and forgive all. But he looked on himself and his offenses with pitiless eyes; believed himself lost beyond reparation; persuaded himself that the only atonement he could make to her was to leave her. And so they parted. Her marriage had been kept a complete secret. She had always retained her own name. And when George left her, those who had observed their intimacy only supposed that two lovers had quarreled and parted. It so happened that the Thurston family—New York people, engaged in commerce in Australia—made the acquaintance of Aglaë at Bonn, and offered to take her with them to Melbourne. She welcomed a change that seemed to bear her quite away forever from all her old life; and she left Europe, while George declared that he would return no more to America. After his mother's sudden death, however, he changed his mind. He wandered back, penitent and sad, to New York, and there the first week of his arrival he came face to face with Aglaë.

Long and earnestly Mrs. Denbigh talked with Sternhold the day he made his avowal to her. The true-hearted woman thought little for the moment even of her son's disappointment in her earnest wish to bring this sundered pair together.

"Shall I go to her and plead for you, George, my dear?" asked she at last.

"No, Mrs. Denbigh," the young man replied, firmly; "though I thank you for the good-will. I owe it to her to plead to her myself, and ask her for pardon and love. Even if she still casts me off, I shall always love her."

"She will not cast you off," Mrs. Denbigh said, decisively. "She loves you, and only longs to throw herself into your arms."

And so it proved. Aglaë needed no pleading. When he told her he loved her, that was enough for her. She poured out upon him a tender love which never had changed. They were publicly married in New York, and are happy; and perhaps in time poor Theodore Denbigh will get over his disappointment, and fall in love with some one who can give him a heart, which Aglaë Sternhold had not to give.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE disastrous effects of a panic are strikingly exemplified in the terrible and fatal accident which recently occurred in the African Baptist Church at Louisville, Kentucky. Between six and seven hundred persons were gathered at the Sunday evening service. The sermon was concluded, and the congregation were about to unite in singing a familiar hymn, when a peculiar crashing, crackling sound was heard. Though the audience were startled, all might have been well had not some thoughtless person, crying out that the church was falling, rushed for the door. The panic that followed was fearful. The narrow stairways were instantly crowded with a struggling, shrieking, surging mass; the weak were trampled down by the strong; eager to escape from some unknown danger, the frenzied people fought their way to the door, or tore out the windows and jumped to the ground. In vain the pastor and a few others, who retained their presence of mind, sought to quell the tumult. When, at length, the frantic mass were without the building eleven dead bodies lay in and near the vestibule—nine women and two children, nearly all apparently suffocated. Several others were severely injured, and over seventy-five more or less bruised. An examination of the building showed that one of the pillars which supported the floor had fallen from its place, and caused the floor to sway down about two inches. The floor in that part of the house was very loose and shaky, but as the other pillars remained firm, it does not seem probable that even the weight of the great crowd in the church at the time would have caused it to give way, and if the congregation had remained seated, or dispersed quietly, not a single one would have been injured.

The Czar of all the Russias cares little for outward pomp: he is a man of remarkable simplicity in all his modes of life. He wanders through the crowded streets of St. Petersburg alone; and in the country, if accompanied at all, goes out generally with some member of his family. He often drives himself, there being neither outriders nor guards.

It is comforting to know that our new territory, Alaska, has other uses than the producing of seals and icebergs. The quality of coal mined in Alaska is said to be excellent, and the beds almost inexhaustible. These coal beds are found near the sea-coast, and also on adjacent islands. It is believed that when arrangements are perfected coal can be delivered in San Francisco at a cost of less than six dollars a ton. The value of accessible coal mines on the Pacific coast will be very great.

The friends of religious liberty may draw encouragement from the result of the efforts of the Evangelical Alliance to obtain from the Emperor of Russia a greater degree of religious toleration in the Baltic provinces. The American delegation was most courteously treated by Prince Gortschakoff, the representative of the czar. At the close of the interview Dr. Schaff, in behalf of the deputies, asked the prince whether they might expect a written reply, and whether he had any objection to their giving publicity to the views expressed by him on this occasion. To this he replied: "I am now seventy-three years old, and have learned by long experience that much writing is apt to prevent acting. I put to paper as little as possible. But you are at perfect liberty to publish the proceedings of this interview; and," he added, with some emphasis, pressing the hand of the deputy, "I authorize you to inform the world that the emperor and myself are in full sympathy with religious liberty, and shall do all in our power to promote it."

A Baltimore court has just rendered a decision by which negroes are allowed to ride in the street cars of that city.

One of the latest patented machines in London is for splitting beans. Coffee-dealers purchase it.

The book-trade of Chicago was enormous—about five millions of dollars annually—and included every department of the business. The finest group of bookstores in the world was the marble block destroyed in Chicago.

The following incident—which comes to us from a private source—illustrates the spirit of many of the carmen during the fatal fire in Chicago. A law publisher, finding that his stereotype plates were in danger, succeeded in getting them out upon the sidewalk. There were about two cart-loads. He offered a carman five hundred dollars a load to take them to a place of safety. The publisher's name was well known, and he was perfectly good for the amount promised. But the carman refused to take the loads unless the money was paid down at the time; and as the publisher did not carry thousand-dollar bills in his pocket, the plates melted on the sidewalk.

A Southern paper having discussed the question propounded by a New York paper, "Shall the next President of the United States be a woman?" concludes as follows: "We nominate Powers's 'Greek Slave.' She has three of the qualifications, at least—a marble brow, a finely chiseled nose, and a silent tongue."

Some weeks ago Colonel Downing, chief of the Cherokee nation, married a wealthy and cultivated lady of Philadelphia. There is some romance connected with this royal marriage. Several years ago the lady met the handsome chief—then a married man—in the Quaker City, and became deeply interested in him and his distant people. With the resolution of devoting her life and wealth to the advancement of the Cherokees, she removed to Tahlequah, where she has since lived, active in promoting the religious and educational welfare of the nation. Some years ago she adopted young Lewis Downing, son of the chief, a bright and promising boy, and has since watched over his training and education with more than motherly care. A year ago she built, ostensibly for him, an elegant residence overlooking the beautiful village, and furnished it with artistic taste. A few months since occurred the death of Mrs. Downing, a full-blood Cherokee; and now the chief has led to the altar his old admirer.

A more unpropitious season for working the Louisiana sugar crop has not been encountered, it is alleged, for many years. The prospect is gloomy for sugar-planters in that section, and for the large interests involved with, and depending upon, their industry.

Pius IX., it is said, refuses to emerge from his gloomy retirement in the Vatican. He has been told that his life is not safe if he appears in the streets of Rome, and he has lent a credulous ear to these absurd tales. It is becoming more and more difficult to see the art treasures of his great palace. Visitors in Rome are often unable to gain admittance to the museum of statuary, which is open only once a week, and then only for a few hours; and access to the paintings of the Vatican is becoming next to impossible.

A Texas exchange relates a story of a party of surveyors who stopped one night at a log-cabin on the Brazos. Their hostess invited them to supper. Being seated at the table, she asked them in turn if they would have sugar in their coffee.

"Yes," they replied.

"Make mine very sweet," said one.

"And mine too," said another.

The lady smilingly acknowledged the wishes of each of her guests, and proceeded to pour out the coffee. Suddenly stopping, she looked gravely around the table, and said,

"*But, gentlemen, I hain't got a bit of sugar!*"

It is needless to say they took coffee without sweetening.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A YOUNG man from the country, out walking with a young lady, cudgeled his brains for some interesting topic of conversation to amuse her with, but in vain; he could hit upon nothing until they met several cows, when the swain said, with much simplicity of manner, "Now isn't it strange what a motherly appearance a cow has?" To which the lady replied, "I do not think it strange, Sir, that a cow should have a motherly appearance to a calf."

A good-natured traveler fell asleep in a train, and was carried far beyond his destination. "A pretty good joke this, isn't it?" said he to a fellow-passenger. "Yes, but a little too far-fetched," was the rejoinder.

Why is a pig like a miser?—Because he is no good until he is dead.

"Don't you think my son resembles me?" asked an apothecary, as he introduced his greasy-faced boy to the witty Dr. H——. "Yes," replied the doctor, pretending to scan the physiognomy of each—"yes, I think I see your *liniments* in his countenance."

Bald-headed men take a joke more easily than others, because they are not at the trouble of getting it through the hair.

An Episcopal clergyman, who rather likes a joke, was engaged to read the service for a brother minister, and was hurrying to church, a little belated, on Sunday morning. A friend, struck by his uncommon speed, inquired, "Sir, why so fast?" "In order," said he, "that he who runs may read."

SONG OF THE OYSTER—"Keep me in my little bed."

"Autumn," says a writer, "is the time to read big books, because that season turns the leaves."

FEE SIMPLE—Money given to a quack doctor.

Why is the crow a brave bird?—Because he never shows the white feather.

It does not prove that a pawnbroker is of an inquisitive turn of mind because he wants to know the name and address of every body.

An exchange has discovered that more married than single persons get divorced. It must have taken hard study to make this discovery.

PAPER CUFFS—Newspaper attacks.

"Mother, this book tells about the angry waves of the ocean. Now what makes the ocean get angry?" "Because it has been *crossed* so often, my son."

A California editor has bought a mule, and a brother editor chronicles it as a remarkable instance of self-possession.

A lady had her dress trimmed with "bugles" before going to a ball. Her little daughter wanted to know if the bugles would blow when she danced. "Oh no," said mother, "papa will do that when he sees the bill!"

An outside passenger by a coach had his hat blown over a bridge, and carried away by the stream. "Is it not very singular," said he to a gentleman who was seated beside him, "that my hat took that direction?" "Not at all," replied the latter; "it is natural that a *beaver* should take to the water."

Why is a man searching for the philosopher's stone like Neptune?—Because he is a sea-king what never did exist.

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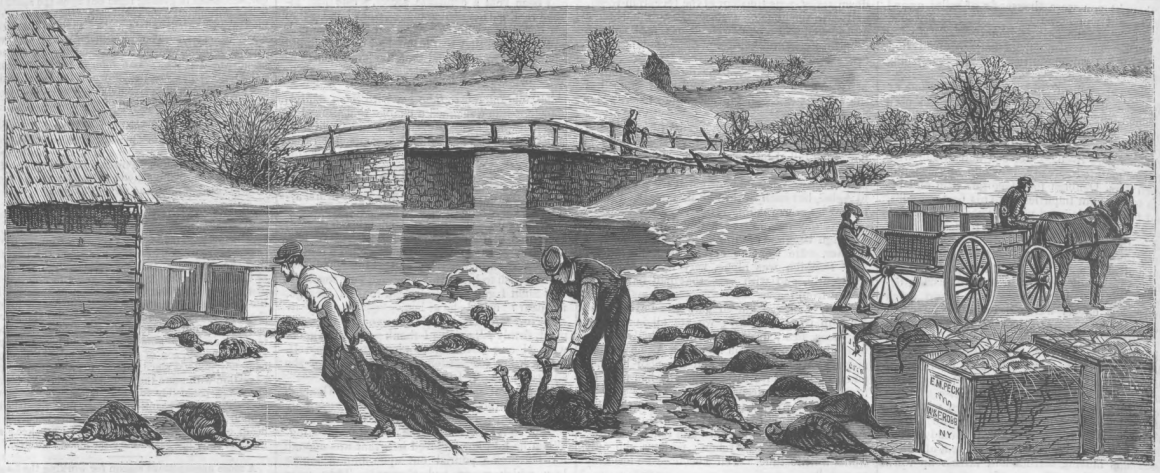
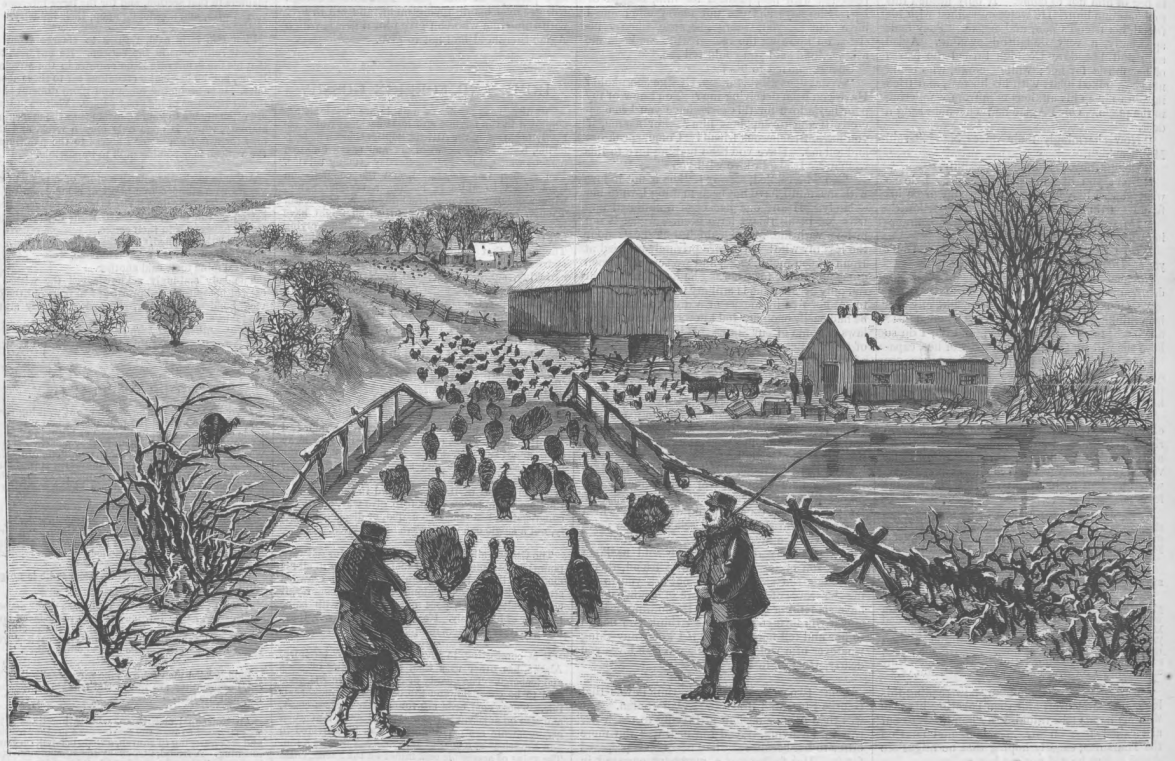


KILLING THE TURKEYS.



DRIVING TURKEYS TO THE PICKING-HOUSE.

THE PICKING-HOUSE.

BUYING THE TURKEYS.

OUR THANKSGIVING BIRD.—FROM SKETCHES BY THEO. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 1133.]

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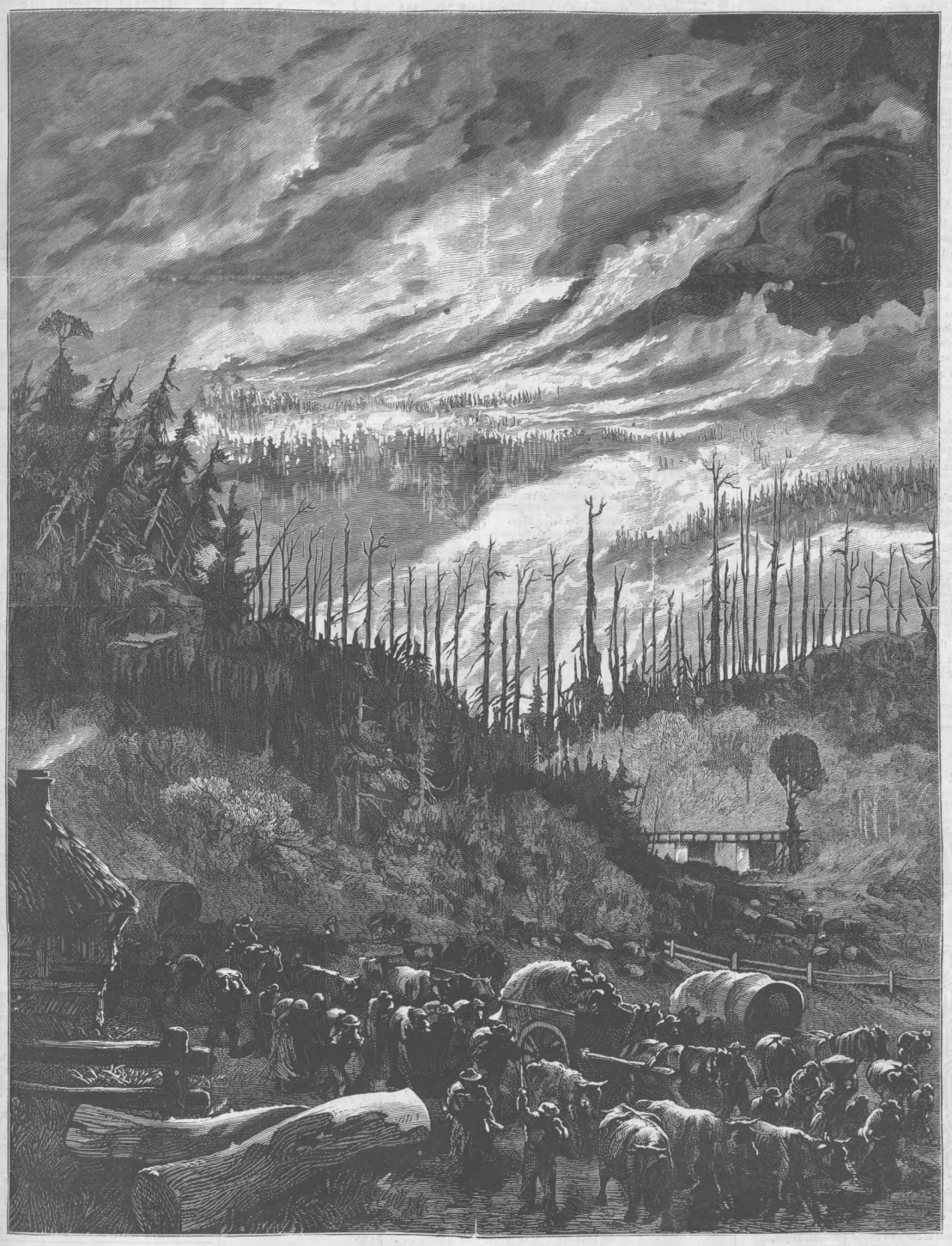
THE WESTERN FIRES.

WE give on this page another illustration of the terrible fire which raged through the Western forests a few weeks ago, of which we have already presented our readers with several graphic sketches. This picture gives an idea of the vast extent of the conflagration, as well as the force and fury with which it swept over miles and miles of woodland and prairie. The loss of life and property can even yet be only vaguely estimated. A lady, writing from Green Bay, Wisconsin, the sad story of Peshtigo, mentions that one family from Richmond, Maine, were all swept away, except one daughter who happened to be at Green Bay. Of another family from Connecticut only one child is left. There were in Peshtigo four families named NEWBERRY, numbering twenty persons, and of them all only one child lives; all the others perished. The lady writes that all surviving sufferers agree in one statement—namely, that this was no ordinary fire; that almost instantaneously there seemed to be a perfect rain of fire, from which escape was almost impossible, the sparks falling thick and fast as drifting snow. One man will tell you that, seeing falling sparks, he thought he would wet the roof of his house. Suddenly, with a fearful rush and roar, there passed just over his head, so closely that he shrank from it in mortal terror, a cloud of midnight blackness, about as large round as a hogshead, and perhaps twenty feet in length, rolling over and over with whirlwind velocity. When a few yards away it burst, like the bursting of a shell, and the very air seemed all aflame. He hurried his family out of the house and toward the river: not a moment to spare: every thing was on fire in an instant, and no breathing-time was allowed the panting fugitives.



THE FOREST FIRES IN THE WEST.

OUR THANKSGIVING BIRD.

THE immediate vicinity of Newtown, Fairfield County, Connecticut is chiefly peopled by persons interested in the turkey *crop*. The choicest birds sent to the New York markets are from this point.

The turkey is not successfully reared in great numbers. A small flock well fed, and permitted to rove among hill and forest, will bring to its owner more profit than a large flock confined and fed upon corn and kitchen refuse. The largest dealers do not raise large flocks themselves. They make it a point to produce fine birds rather than great numbers. Each dealer has suitable houses for picking, and ice-houses for keeping or shipping the poultry, which is collected from the small farmers of the neighborhood. Our sketches are of Mr. E. M. PECK's poultry-house, and give an excellent idea of the *modus operandi* in any of the establishments. Mr. PECK scours the country, buying only the choice turkeys, paying (live weight) from twelve to fifteen cents per pound. The turkeys are carried to his farm in a wagon, fed for a few days, and then driven to the pen which adjoins the picking-house. Here they are fed a light provender of corn meal, to reduce the "crop," and make the bird shapely for market. The turkey butcher takes the birds from this pen, three at a time, places his foot upon their legs, and makes a small cut in the large vein of the neck. This produces almost instant death; at the same time it permits the bird to bleed freely, which poultrymen say is necessary to secure fine meat. The birds are then taken into the house, when the feathers are picked from the legs (as the skin of the "drumstick" is too tender to be "scald-picked"). The next move is to immerse the bird in water kept nearly at the boiling-point, after

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which it is passed to a table, where, for a cent and a half per bird, women remove the feathers. A skilful picker will dispose of seventy-five turkeys per day. The poultry is next arranged upon shelves to cool slowly, then packed in large boxes (with ice, if the weather is too warm), and shipped to New York. A single shipment of fifteen tons has been made at once, and, during a single week, Mr. E. M. PECK has slaughtered thirteen hundred birds, averaging fourteen pounds in weight each, making nearly a ton of turkey meat.

Connecticut is *par excellence* the turkey State of the Union; Rhode Island follows, and next comes New York. Some of the finest turkeys sent to this market are the frozen turkeys from Vermont. These do not come in until spring, and command a high price, on account of their fine quality.

The extent of the poultry trade in New York is but little known. One of our leading houses, that of E. & A. ROBBINS, disposes of upward of 50,000 turkeys during the season, and others sell from 18,000 to 20,000 each, making an aggregate of nearly 2,000,000 pounds of turkey gobbled by Gothamites every season.

EXAMPLE FOR THE LADIES.

MRS. E. E. NORTON, Newcastle, Pa., has used her Wheeler & Wilson Machine almost constantly since 1863; has earned and made the clothing of her family (nine children) with it, earning $2 50 a day the year round, besides attending to her household duties; has done every description of sewing, even to piecing quilts; has made three fine shirts a day, or three pairs of pantaloons in a day; and used the same needle a year at a time; and the machine now is as good as new.—[*Com.*]

GENERAL DEBILITY.

In this complaint the good effects of the VEGETINE are realized immediately after commencing to take it; as debility denotes deficiency of the blood, and VEGETINE acts directly upon the blood. There is no remedy that will restore the health from debility like the VEGETINE.—[*Com.*]

PYLE'S O.K. Soap, Saleratus, and Cream-Tartar, first-class household articles that will speak for themselves on trial, sold by all first-class Grocers. JAMES PYLE, Manufacturer, 350 Washington St., N. Y.—[*Com.*]

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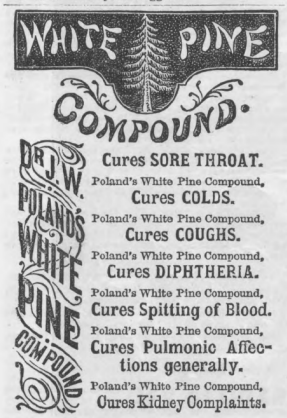

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From cool Chocorua stealing;
There 's iron in our Northern winds;
Our pines are trees of healing."
JOHN G. WHITTIER.

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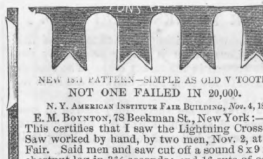

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E. M. BOYNTON, 78 Beekman St., New York:—SIR, This certifies that I saw the Lightning Cross-Cut Saw worked by hand, by two men, Nov. 3, at this Fair. Said men and saw cut off a sound 8 x 9 inch chestnut log in 33 seconds; and 16 cuts of same, *continuously*, in 2 minutes and 18 seconds, or at a rate of a cord of wood in less than nine minutes. I am satisfied that, for all purposes of cross-cutting large and small timber, your cross-cuts and wood saws have no rival in speed, ease, and simplicity.

I believe their universal use would save a vast amount of money and time, and lighten the toil of millions of men. J. W. BLAKE,
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A 6-foot Cross-Cut and a Wood Saw sent on receipt of Six Dollars.

Most of the large Hardware Jobbing Houses in America now handle my goods.

Agents wanted where the hardware trade do not sell the genuine, which has my name and warrant on each saw. E. M. BOYNTON,
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PANAMA, *November* 13, 1871.

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The virtues of this valuable plant in curing scrofulous, cancerous, and syphilitic diseases have been established beyond all doubt. The cures that have been effected up to the present seem almost miraculous, and have induced us, as well as some others of the profession, to prepare extracts and syrups from it. On account of its rather disagreeable taste, and for preserving better its peculiar properties, we have preferred the form of a concentrated syrup.

Our position on the Isthmus, and vicinity to the mountains and habitat of the Cundurango plant, enable us to prepare the extract from the perfectly fresh and moist bark, which unfortunately, by all accounts, loses its curative properties when dry.

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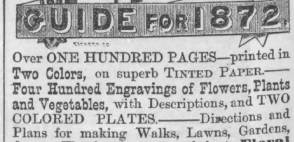

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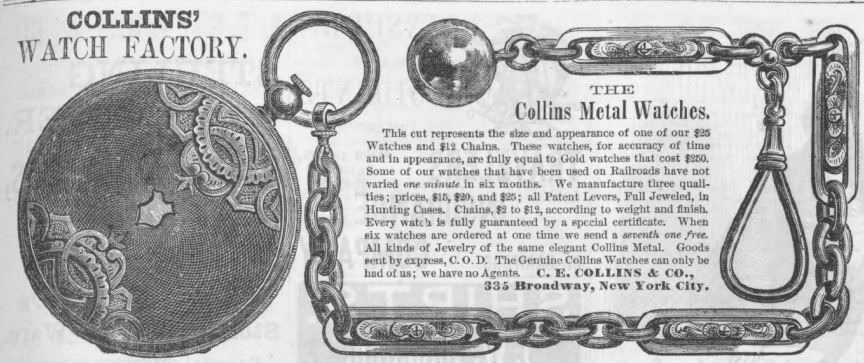

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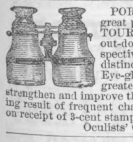

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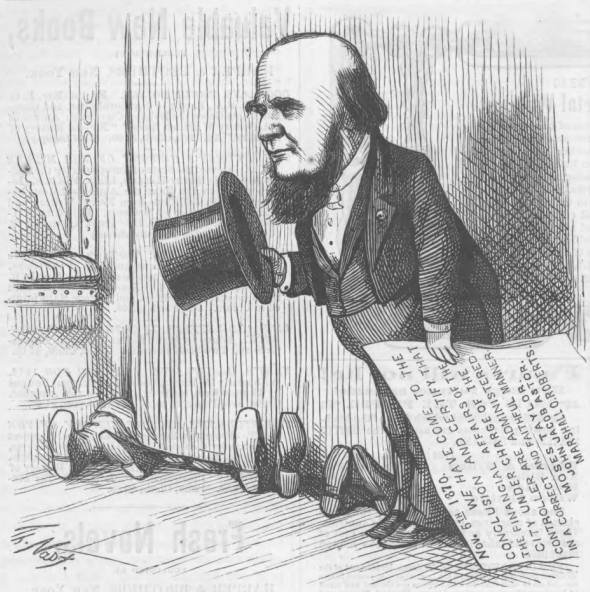

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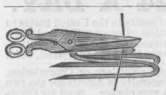

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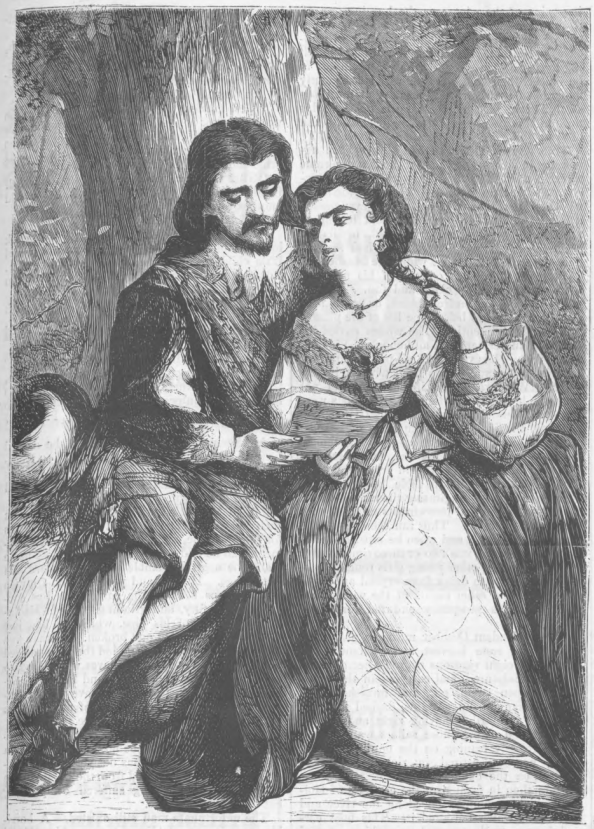

"WITH ALL FULLNESS OF HEART."

LOVE AND SONG.

WHETHER or no
The wise men go
To prove that love is a waste of life—
A waste of breath
And a mock at death—
Here's love's quit in the one word, Wife.

This I think as I look
On the picture that shines
In the only free nook
From the gloom of the pines:
Two lovers at ease
In the fair summer woods,
With only the trees
To whisper their moods,
And only the birds
To whistle their strains
As songs without words
To the gorges and plains;

Two lovers that sing
With all fullness of heart,
While the echoes so cling
That they die when they part.
The bold cavalier
Made meek as the dove,
The maid without fear
By the courage of love,
The song without passion,
The love without guile:
Will the young world smile
At this old-world fashion?
Or what will be said
By the shrewd criticasters
On this love-scene portrayed
By one of the masters?

"The scene is unreal,
The sentiment rude;
Our present ideal
Is nothing so crude!
Such fanciful myths
Are over and by;
The Browns and the Smiths
Have more in their eye—
They neither coo tamely,
Nor scorn with a toss
That chief matter, namely,
The profit and loss;
And as for affection,
It dies with the years,
Or leaves a reflection
Of follies and tears!"

How can I heed
So wretched a creed?
I scorn your scorn of the love of a life,
The while I prolong
The love of a song,
With a song of love to a womanly Wife.

RAUNSBROOK.

THE Raunsbrook race is very true,
The Raunsbrook blood is very blue,
The Raunsbrook name stands high:
Eight hundred years, from sire to son,
The noble lineage had run;
And many a deed of valor done,
And many a meed of victory won,
Had proved their chivalry.
When Cœur de Lion waged crusade,
The Raunsbrook lieges nothing stay'd,
With bow and spear, with targe and blade,
When battling for the right;
And Paynim champions found no rest
Till, vanquish'd, they the power confess'd
Of all who bore the dreaded crest—
A raven black as night!
And later still, when rebels rose,
And Charles was press'd by subject foes,
Their loyalty was true;
And many a Roundhead forced to flee
At Atherton and Copredy
The Raven's valor knew.

But changed are Raunsbrook's fortunes since
Those days of steel-clad war,
When, spurring by their cherish'd prince,
They hurl'd defiance far!
'Tis gold, not steel, now gains the day;
'Tis gold that wins a favor'd way
To honor and to fame;
And an escutcheon free from blot
Or stainless shield availeth what
When poverty is shame?
And Raunsbrook wealth hath freely flow'd
In many a year gone by,
In alms through all the land bestow'd,
And hospitality:
Till open doors and open hand
Have drain'd the riches from the land;
Have streak'd the old Earl's cheek with care,
And tinged with gray his failing hair.
High on the hill-side o'er the mere
Doth Raunsbrook Castle proudly rear
Its ivy-mantled walls—
As on the gray embattled keep,
And on the turrets stern and steep,
The wintry evening falls.
King Frost hath closed his grasp of steel,
And o'er the ice-bound tide
The torch-lit skaters gayly wheel,
And raise their laughter, peal on peal,
As cheerily they glide.

'Tis New-Year's Eve: let all be gay,
All fear of sorrow cast away,
All dull thoughts banish'd far;
Let mirth be seen in ev'ry face,
No gloomy silence here have place
The merriment to mar;
For Raunsbrook's doors are open thrown,
And Raunsbrook's wide-spread tables groan
With hospitable cheer,
And hearty welcome there is shown
To peasant and to peer.

But Lady Florence sits apart,
With aching eyes and heavy heart;
She shuns the pleasure-seeking crowd,
She shuns the laughter long and loud,
And pensive sits on cushion'd chair,
Or restless paces here and there
Within her silent room,
Where the faint fire-light flickering falls,
Scarce lighting up the panel'd walls,
Scarce scattering the gloom;
And ever and anon she takes
A painted miniature, which makes
Her whole face glow with love:
Kissing the senseless image there,
She lifts her hands in silent prayer
To Him that dwells above,
That He will end her cheerless pain,
And bring the loved one back again.

Five years ago—five years to-day—
She gave her maiden heart away
To one that loved her well.
Five years ago! No wealth had he;
And yet one eve, upon the lea,
He dared his love to tell.
And hand in hand they silent gazed
To where the crimson sunset blazed,
Ere 'neath the mere it sank;
And as he clasp'd her to his breast,
In faltering accents she confess'd
Without him life were blank.

Short time they met—the Earl was stern:
"Go, youth!" he said; "thy suit I spurn,
Thy rash presumption blame.
Go, girl! forget thy passing whim:
Go!" But his eyes with tears were dim,
Which all unbidden came.
His daughter's grief he could not brook,
He could not bear her loving look,
He could not hear her heart-drawn sighs,
Or see, unmoved, her pleading eyes.

"Sir Ronald!"—as the old man spoke,
The harshness of his manner broke,
Like clouds beneath the sun—
"Sir Ronald, I have had my day;
My life is drifting fast away,
My race is nearly run.
And if my words but now were hard,
Forgive me that my sorrow marr'd
The courtesy I owed to thee,
The candor that thou show'dst to me.
And if I bid thee garner well
Within thy breast what I shall tell,
Think not that I thine honor doubt,
But saddest secrets oftenest out.

Hear, then! Afar across the lea,
Farther than wandering eye can see,
O'er hill and vale and fertile plain,
Spreads Raunsbrook's once-renown'd domain:
There generous Nature lavish yields
Her harvest from a thousand fields,
And the proud forests rear on high
Their lordly branches to the sky;
And there did Raunsbrook once reside,
His wealth as peerless as his pride.
But now"—and here the old Earl's tone
Trembled with weakness scarce its own—
"The vices of a heedless court,
Where spendthrift nobles reck'd at naught;
The envious pride of folly bred,
That follow'd where a monarch led;
The lavish love of rich display,
Whose pomp grew costlier every day—
Have ruin brought on many a hold,
And 'minish'd even Raunsbrook's gold,
Till"—and his head was bowed with shame—
"The land is mine in naught but name!
Five years may yet my freedom run,
Then sets forever Raunsbrook's sun;
And the old castle must, alas!
To stranger-hands unhallow'd pass.
Or—see the curse of poverty—
My darling's lord must wealthy be;
For bridal gold alone can save
My gray hairs from an exile's grave.
But this believe: hadst thou or I
The dross I spent so heedlessly,
Glad would I do as she has done,
And, as she chose, choose you my son!"

The young man raised his brightening eye:
"Lord Earl," he spake right dauntlessly,
"I bless thee for thy kindly tone;
And what thou showest of thine own
Hath made my grief seem light to bear,
When weigh'd with thy far heavier care.
But be the future dark as night,
The end is not all hopeless quite:
In other climes, 'neath other sun,
The hoped-for goal may yet be won.
And, Florence sweet!"—Sir Ronald turn'd
To where her cheeks with blushes burn'd—
"Let me but think that thou art true,
Let me but have thee in my view,
And nothing may seem hard to do.
Nay, do not droop those lovely eyes;
For who could fail, if such the prize?
And nay, my darling, do not weep;
But as the long hours ceaseless sweep
O'er thy young head forget me not,
But let thy fancy some time rest
On the far-distant lonely spot

"THE PRICELESS SCROLL THEN QUICKLY THREW
WHERE ON THE HEARTH THE WOOD-FLAME GREW."

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Where I am toiling." Then he press'd
One burning kiss upon her brow—
Once, twice, he clasp'd her to his breast;
And then, with steps that falter'd slow,
Still lingering, turn'd to go.

Five years their course had slowly sped,
Still Lady Florence was unwed;
But grave had grown her joyous eye,
Her laughter rang less merrily;
Her slackening step was not so light,
Her paling cheek was not so bright;
And oft an uncheck'd tear would mar
The beauty famed, e'en now, afar;
For not one word from o'er the sea
Had come to soothe her solitude;
But still her love burn'd like a star,
And often would she hopeful brood
On what had been and what might be.
And he—the Earl—was aging fast:
The look that once was proudly cast
On all before it now was cow'd;
The haughty head was often bow'd;
Nor seldom, as he wander'd o'er
The fields he loved in days of yore,
Did the deep sigh proclaim the grief
Which found not e'en in time relief.
He thought, as drew the end more near,
Each well-loved spot had grown more dear:
The river flow'd with merrier tone,
The hall in grander beauty shone,
More proudly loom'd the tower;
And as he on the terrace stood,
And gazed upon the old oak wood,
Each well-known trunk, each cherish'd glade,
Each spot he loved in childhood, made
More sad that parting hour.

"And must I leave thee? Is it so?
Can follies past no pardon know?
Can nothing yet my parting stay?
Is this the last, the bitter day?
Ye walls, my earliest fancy loved;
Ye paths, where my young footsteps roved
For many a happy year;
Thou frozen tide, whose crystal wave
In summers past my limbs would lave;
Ye snow-clad meads, thou happy plain,
Where oft I pluck'd the golden grain,
Why are ye now so dear?
And who is he whose trade-won gold—
If rumor have no falsehood told—
O'er Raunsbrook hath unwelcomed sway,
And drives its lord in shame away?
In vain they urged, 'Seek other land,
In pity hold thy grasping hand;'
In vain they show'd the southern shires,
Whose warmer sunlight never tires.
'What care I? Let the price be paid;
For Raunsbrook shall be mine!' he said.
And now my guests within my hall—
Mine still, though not for long—
For the last time hold festival,
With music, dance, and song.
And I must join the merry laugh,
The song applaud, the wine-cup quaff,
As though my heart were joyous yet,
As though my fate I could forget;
And help to greet the year which brings
Sorrow and exile on its wings."
The old man turn'd; and through the night
His step was gay, his smile was bright,
And, 'mid the happy revelry,
The gayest reveler seem'd he.

The morn is come, the room is set,
The poor man and the rich are met,
The owners old and new.
The stranger's mien is full of grace:
A beard of darkest hue
Half hides the expression of a face
Where pride and pow'r alike have place;
His olive cheek and sunburnt brow
Life spent in warmer climate show;
While the knit forehead's pensive air
Shows years of unrelenting care.
The Earl scarce deign'd to raise his eye,
But bow'd with distant courtesy,
And bade the stranger sit—
Not seeing the half-mocking glance,
Not marking o'er his countenance
The light smile passing flit.

"Lord Earl"—the stranger's voice was low,
He spake as though his speech were pain;
Or did he foreign accent feign?
And one hand hid his bended brow,
The other press'd his watch-chain, where
A crystal sheathed a tress of hair—
"Lord Earl, I know thy haughty race
For centuries have loved this place,
And gladly would I find a way
To bid thy parting footsteps stay;
And hear, I pray, what I suggest—
It is the simplest and the best—
And not impute to arrogance
The hope my tongue dares scarce advance.
Thy daughter's face is very fair,
Her young life is not fit for care,
And thou wouldst see with bitter pain
Her battle with the world's disdain.
'Twere better far that she should stay,
To soothe thy life's declining day;
And thus thou mightest yet remain
The honor'd lord of thy domain,
And *bridal gold avail to save*
Thy gray hairs from an exile's grave."
An angry frown the Earl's brow wore:
"And dares thy pride thus high to soar,
That having bought my home, my land,
Thou barterest for my daughter's hand?
Time was thou shouldest trembling feel
The power of my avenging steel;
But I am aged, and weak, and worn,
And e'en such insult must be borne.
But give me pen, and let me sign
The deed that makes the castle thine;
So shall I not unwilling go
Where such disgrace I may not know."
The deed was signed. The stranger took
The parchment with defiant look;
The priceless scroll then quickly threw
Where on the hearth the wood-flame grew;
And warding off the eager hands
That sought its rescue from the brands,
He watch'd the gaunt flame curling round
Its victim with a hungry sound.
Then turning to the Earl, he said:
"Thus art thou free from burden made,
Thus Raunsbrook's land once more is thine;
And I again a suitor stand,
A suppliant for thy daughter's hand.
Yet think not that I seek to claim—
As recompense for act of mine,
Done for past reverence of thy name,
And from my wish not now to see
Unhoused thy old nobility—
Some lowering of the haughty pride
That did thy curt refusal guide!
One prayer I make—and one alone—
In one thing let thy grace be shown:
Let but thy child be free to choose;
And if herself my suit refuse,
As forth my lonely way I take,
Then though my heart her answer break,
Perchance e'en so shall be
Some solace in the cheering thought,
That my long enterprise hath bought
Freedom for her and thee!"
"And who art thou, that thou dost feel
Such interest in my woe and weal?
No! to my hearth though ruin come,
Yet is my race not sunk so low
That I my castle and my home
To stranger's clemency should owe.
Yet if thy latest act be due
Not to rich lust, but honor true,
Though for mine own, my daughter's sake,
Thy sacrifice I may not take,
Yet at her feet thou mayest lay
The suit thou hast preferr'd to-day.
How scant the grace, how small the boon,
I fear me thou wilt find too soon;
For many a suitor hath implored
The hearing she could not accord,
And vainly urged her to forget
The love on which her heart is set,
And him who in a distant land
Is toiling still to win her hand.
If so fared those she knew the best,
What hope for thy unknown request?
But if thy wish is still to plead
Thy hope, thou mayest yet succeed.
Come!" and he led the way, nor heard
From the press'd lips the low-breathed word,
"Heaven bless her for her loyalty!
Now know I she is true to me."

Few those to whom the op'ning year
Brings no effect of hope or fear,
Whose mind is not then oftener cast
Or on the future or the past.
To Florence, as she lay and thought,
The past year had no gladness brought,
The future seem'd with sorrow fraught:
A banish'd love, a ruin'd sire!
Will Fate's disfavor never tire?
Such her mind's broodings, as she lay
Smileless and still that wintry day.
What wonder that her heart was sore?
What wonder that her cheek was wet?
And that the burden which she bore
Seem'd too distressing to forget?
Then came her father to reveal
The promise to the stranger made.
"Well know I what thy heart must feel;
But gentle be thy words," he said;
"For great his generosity,
And mighty is his love for thee!"
He came—she look'd—ah! what disguise
Can hide the loved from loving eyes?
"'Tis Ronald!" loud her joy outrung,
As eager to his side she sprung,
And round his neck her white arms flung.
How can I tell the ecstasy
Which brighten'd in her glistening eye?
How can I tell each loving word
Which welcomed love to love outpour'd?
How can I paint the glad surprise
Which halved the old Earl's sympathies?
Enough, that through the happy life
Which Ronald lived beside his wife,
When closer still was drawn the tie
Which bound their hearts in unity,
Where'er they cast their loving lot,
That New-Year's Day was ne'er forgot.

ONLY A NIGGER.

TOWARD the end of the year 1772 a large vessel from Amsterdam deposited on the quay of Paramaribo a young man called Jansen Houtwyn—a poor man, who had come out in search of fortune, and with a determination to obtain it.

In the good times of which we write, to make a fortune was no very difficult thing in the colonies; and all energetic men who were courageous enough to visit the isles, or whom prudent families had sent there to do penance for their frolics, were great fools if, sooner or later, they were not in a condition to play the rôle of the rich uncle in the comedy.

Whoever had lost sight of Jansen Houtwyn from that moment, and encountered him twelve years later, would certainly never have recognized in the wealthy planter of the Comwine—proprietor of 1500 slaves, member of council, and colonial magistrate, eclipsing the most luxurious in his horses and equipages—they would never have recognized, I repeat, in this superb *parvenu*, the humble young man who on his arrival esteemed himself fortunate in obtaining a place as sub-officer on the plantation of which he was now the master.

For two years his trials had been severe—watching the negroes in the plantations from dawn of day until night, exposed to the drowning rains of the winter or the burning sun of the dry season, a prey to the fever of the country, or devoured by mosquitoes, and condemned to spare diet. But his zeal and understanding having drawn attention, he was promoted to be officer, then book-keeper; was subsequently made chief manager, with a salary of ten thousand francs; and finally, on the death of his master, became proprietor of the plantation, and of every thing we have mentioned above.

Thus Jansen Houtwyn had always been advancing in riches and honors; but, at the same time, to tell how he had acquired them, his account had been engrossed on high, and the angel who kept the heavenly books had never passed a day of those twelve years without having to register the wail of some whipped, mutilated, tortured slave, whose dolorous cry had reached him, or some act of lust which he blushed on recording. The debit column of his account, then, was lamentably black and full. The opposite column was entirely blank, or nearly so.

But in the world below, the life of the planter was judged differently. The whites envied his opulence, and esteemed it an honor to be invited to his fêtes. His voice was all-preponderant in council—not a nod of his head without importance. Who was there, indeed, that did not court the hospitality of Jansen? His feasts were long and splendid; his guests drank from crystal and gold the wines of the Cape and of France, of Greece and the Canaries. Young female slaves, chosen from among the most beautiful and voluptuous, half veiled in transparent tissues, circulated round the table, bearing dishes of the two worlds, or agitating the air with fans. The noise of musical instruments mingled with the riot of the table. Thus ran the days of the planter in the city; and when he repaired to his plantation—which was two or three times a year—he again found other young girls round his table, other wines to drink from crystal and golden goblets, and other nights of the wildest dissipation. This prosperity endured for many years.

One resplendent October morning, at the period of the cane harvest, a handsome boat, manned by eight vigorous negroes, her gunwale curiously sculptured, and carrying in the afterpart an open cabin, gilt, and furnished with white Indian muslin curtains, dashed into the road of Paramaribo, moving right and left of the anchored ships, whose sailors watched her pass, carelessly leaning on the nettings. Four young negroes, attired in rich liveries, and perched on the cabin top, executed on horns the airs then in fashion at the concerts of Holland, which resounded far along the river and the forests which bordered it. This boat carried Jansen, softly couched on cushions stuffed with banian leaves and cased in fine matting. She traversed the river obliquely, and along the bank facing the city as far as the top of Fort Amsterdam, then turned suddenly to the right, and entered the Cottica, which at this place mingles its waters with the lukewarm ones of the Surinam.

The boat flew under the redoubled strokes of the rowers. The rich habitations, the fields of sugar-cane, of cotton, of green coffee, the inundated grounds and their mangrove foliage, shifted and vanished on the two banks, like the changing scenes of a movable panorama. Soon she entered the limpid waters, the smiling solitudes, of the Comwine, startling the silence of the deserts with the noise of her paddles. Houses became more rare, the vegetation wilder, and on the third day after her departure she deposited her master on an immense plantation that lay quite isolated in the heart of the forest.

Jansen came, according to his custom, to inspect the harvest workings. His principal manager hastened forward to receive him and to assist him in landing; accompanied him, but in hand, to a superb mansion surrounded by vast dependencies, behind which might be seen at a distance the huts of the negroes, ranged in a triple line, and forming by their united assemblage a village.

Jansen entered, listening to long recitals from his manager, and paused on the threshold to cast a *coup-d'œil* on his property, where all was movement and work. In the distance verdant squares of cane were being cleared rapidly under the sickles of the slaves. Heavy barges slowly navigated the canals; others were unloading at a mill, which swallowed their cargoes. Piles of crushed cane were drying in the sun; under the sheds were crowded long rows of barrels already filled with the products of the harvest.

The next morning, on his rising, the planter, seated majestically in an arm-chair, his meagre and bilious face shaded by a large felt hat edged with gold, and smoking a pipe with the gravity of an Indian rajah, administered justice under his gallery. A band of chubby-faced negro boys had just passed before him, under the direction of an old negress, crying three times, "Good-morning, master!" and striking their hands. The manager made his appearance, wearing a sombre air.

"The harvest has hardly commenced," he said, "and already your negroes complain at being made to work twenty hours out of the twenty-four. This day one of them has dared to make representations to me."

"Representations!" cried Jansen, bounding on his seat, and his eyes flashing. "Make him come and receive a hundred blows with the whip—here, in my presence."

A few instants afterward a negro of tall figure appeared—a man who, by placing a hand on the planter, might have crushed him. He stopped before his master, and regarded him with a calm look.

"Michael—"

The negro knit his brows.

"The whites call me Michael," he said. "In my own country my name is Fadlalah."

"I said one hundred blows," replied the planter; "now it is two hundred. Michael—"

"Thank you, master," interrupted Fadlalah, smiling.

"That makes it two hundred and fifty! Michael, thou hast already been a runaway."

The negro lifted his head.

"Yes, master; I went once *en marron* in the wood. I met a tiger in the wood, and the tiger trembled in my hands. When the tiger fell he was a dead tiger." And the slave displayed arms and hands that might well cause dread.

"That will be three hundred!" Jansen cried, furiously. "Lie down, miscreant! If you add another word—"

Fadlalah remained immovable.

"Master, Fadlalah is strong, and can work long without sleep; but Fadlalah has a wife and little children who can not keep up like him. Leave them a little sleep. Fadlalah will work in their place, and remain always a good negro."

"Thy wife—thy children?" said Jansen, with a bitter laugh; and turning toward the manager, he added, "To-morrow you will man a boat and have them conducted to Paramaribo for sale, though I lose two hundred francs by the bargain."

"Mercy, master, mercy!" cried the negro, falling on his knees, and stretching his hands toward the planter. "My children have done nothing. Do not punish them for Fadlalah! Mercy, master!"

And seeing his prayer was useless, he dashed forward, bounding like a jaguar, to fall on Houtwyn; but the manager and three robust negroes of the house precipitated themselves on him and knocked him down.

Jansen had paled, as much from surprise at such unheard-of audacity as from fear. It was for the first time, and with unspeakable astonishment, that he had seen—he, Jansen, whose name made the negroes tremble!—a slave beard him to the face. He rose and paced to and fro with hurried steps beneath the gallery, his lips contracted with fury, and grinding between his fingers the stem of his pipe, which he had just dashed on the ground and broken. It was a fine business, truly! At this period the law punished with the loss of a limb all slaves who dared to raise their hands to a white; and Fadlalah, delivered over to justice, would have been fortunate to save his life at the price of an arm or a leg. But the planter desired more than this.

The family of the negro was sold, himself reduced in a short time to be nothing more than a thing for which a name has not yet been invented—a living body released from the hands of the executioner after having suffered every thing but the finishing stroke.

The unfortunate man still existed. A horrible struggle was established between himself and his master, to which was left, the one to punish, the other to brave the punishment. His energies yielded at last to a torture borrowed from hell, and which Surinam has more than one time witnessed. Bloody, and covered with ulcers hideous to see, he was chained near a sugar-furnace, with no other nourishment but water and unripe bananas—nourishment with which the most robust man would not be able to prolong his existence beyond a month. There, exposed to the devouring heat of the furnace, which night and day reflected its red glare on his wasted limbs, twisting himself without power to shelter any part of his body from this slow and frightful punishment, Fadlalah felt that his courage was failing him. But madness came to his aid. Thought abandoned his exhausted brain, or, floating in tranquil delirium, only threw an uncertain light, like that of a dying lamp. His end appeared inevitable and at hand.

The rain set in late that year. The harvest had been superb, and the planter had time to finish it without losing any thing. His negroes, it is true, had had no repose night or day, and some of them were nearly dead; but he had made two hundred barrels of sugar more than usual, and, all losses calculated, he was the gainer, and had to spare. He departed, then, in all his glory, giving at the same time, in a momentary fit of humanity, the order to set his negro at liberty.

One year passed away—one year of splendor and joy for the planter, but of which each day was to be without an anniversary for him. The cup was full; the hand of Belshazzar was greedy. His slave had been released from his fetters. Madman! why had he not left him to perish? One the more had not weighed much in the balance. Fadlalah, free and better nourished, had recovered, little by little, his strength. His muscles exhibited themselves anew on his athletic limbs; only the seat of intelligence seemed forever broken in his large and strong head. Was this imbecility real, or feigned by the negro? That was never known. They treated him gently enough, for he had lost all desire for flight. At his own request he was installed fisherman to the plantation, and left to himself. He at least earned his nourishment by this occupation. As for vengeance, the poor idiot, without doubt, thought little of that. His companions in slavery had never conducted themselves better; the domestic animals wandered peacefully about without one ever being found dead from an unknown cause. There was, then, nothing to fear on the part of Fadlalah.

The sugar-canes yellowed once more; the boat of the planter appeared anew in the Comwine. A fortnight was passed at the plantation in the accustomed manner.

At last the hour of retribution sounded—the account of Jansen was about to be balanced on high. He was seen one evening, on rising from table, to take his gun, and to repair, accompanied only by his little favorite negro, to the banks of the creek near the plantation canoes. Fadlalah returned from fishing at his usual hour, and was ordered by Jansen to conduct him to a neighboring plantation. The negro was seen to get into

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a boat, to detach her from those by which she was surrounded, and to conduct her to the bank, in order that his master might embark without inconvenience.

Jansen entered the boat, and, stretching himself under a tent in the after-part, drew one of the curtains to soften the light of the moon, whose rays fell on his face. The little negro seated himself at the tiller, and Fadlalah, leaning his paddle against the shore, pushed, by a single effort, the boat into the midst of the Comwine.

It was one of those nights which no human language is able to paint—a night amidst the wilderness of the Guyane. The moon hovered about the sleeping forests, covering the summits with a silver carpet, and transforming their trunks into phantoms. Save far-off voices, the little stifled cries of birds, the shudderings of crested palms in the air, the beatings of a heron's wings in the mangroves, nature was all repose. Fireflies played like light phosphorus among the brambles; the air was lukewarm with swamp odor.

The plantation is already far off. For a quarter of an hour the boat has glided rapidly, silent as a night-bird, on the smooth surface of the creek. But Fadlalah is resting himself. His paddle plunges no longer, save at intervals, in the waves. From time to time he rests on his knees, and then he seems a prey to expectation, or he turns his head and bends it—rash man!—to look into the asylum of his master. Are his powers exhausted? or does he wish to renew acquaintance with the whip of the commander? Once, even, he rose. His woolly head and one stealthy arm penetrated the tent, and he has dared to take from it something, which he deposits with precaution in the creek. The object has disappeared without other noise than an imperceptible murmur.

At the bend of one point the Comwine buries itself in a straight line under thick shadow, to reappear in brilliant light at the extremity of the canal. Fadlalah has recovered his accustomed vigor. He renews again the strokes of his paddle. The boat speeds for some instants in the darkness, and stops with the reappearance of the light. A submerged savanna stretches, lost to view, on the right of the creek; the forest trees project their grand shadows on its surface. Here and there rises a disheveled tuft of bamboos, or the slender stalk of a palm, on the crest of which squats a monkey, who scratches himself and makes grimaces at the moon.

This time Fadlalah has deposited his paddle on the seat of the canoe, and has risen to the full height of his stature. Nevertheless, he appears undecided. With crossed arms he contemplates in silence the tent where his master sleeps. His white eyes have resumed their former expression; on his lips there hovers a strange smile, which will be fatal to some one. He turns from the side of the sheet of water, and raises a soft and plaintive cry: then listens. All is silent. He commences more softly and more plaintively than the first time: then listens again. Far off in the savanna a noise is heard, like that of a body falling into the water, and a similar cry to his own responds to him. Fadlalah makes a sign of joy.

"Ah! the alligator still knows Fadlalah."

Ten different times he repeats his call, and ten times he is answered. But now it is no longer one isolated voice. Right and left, far and near, similar barking cries issue from the reeds, multiply and re-echo each other in their approach to the boat. The savanna is all awake. Monsters in scaly armor, astir in all parts, plunging or swimming, are showing their green uncovered backs. In five minutes afterward, twenty gaping snouts are to be seen above the water at two steps from the boat.

The curtain of the tent is roughly opened.

"What is it I hear there?" cried the planter, whom the noise and the stoppage of the boat had awoke from his slumber.

"Silence, master! Yonder in the savanna the alligator calls his little ones. Poor alligator! Like Fadlalah, he has lost his young!"

"Will you paddle, scoundrel?" cried Jansen, foaming with wrath.

"Silence, master! The alligator knows Fadlalah the fisherman, and Fadlalah no longer knows a master. The moon makes the alligator silent; but Fadlalah knows how to make him speak always."

The planter, beside himself with rage, made an attempt to bound from the tent; but the negro, stretching out his hand, caused him to fall back like a feeble infant.

"Ah, scoundrel! darest thou raise thy hand against thy master? My gun, Quaco—give me my gun. You are free, my good Quaco, if you give me my gun this instant!"

Quaco made an assenting movement; but his gaze encountering that of Fadlalah, he quitted the helm all in a tremble, and squatted himself under the platform of the tent.

The planter sought for his gun, but it was labor lost. It was half a league off, at the bottom of the creek. Fadlalah regarded him in silence; then Jansen Houtwyn saw that it was all over with him, that his hour had come. He threw a terrified look on the negro, who appeared to him to be ten feet high. Cold shiverings coursed through all his frame, and the eye of the negro glared on him like that of a rattlesnake on a little bird. He drew back mechanically, and crouched himself in a huddled posture in a corner of the tent, his mouth gaping, his eyes strangely open. Perhaps in this moment he thought of his past life; but it was without recommending his soul to God.

The alligators raised their lugubrious cries and gnashed their jaws.

"Silence, my alligators; the master is not ready. Poor master!"

Fadlalah again remained immovable some minutes. At last, stretching his arms under the tent, he drew from it, without effort, the planter, who was almost unconscious, and, taking him in his arms as a mother does her nursling, he caressed him.

"You, Monsieur Jansen, you always good master! It was not you who took from Fadlalah his little ones—oh no, was it? Fadlalah good formerly; now Fadlalah mad, Fadlalah wicked, oh!"

He burst into a loud laugh, and dropped the planter into the water.

Nothing could be distinguished. It was a horrible *mêlée*—a grazing of scales, of iron fishbones, a vortex of water, of foam in the air, that shook the frail boat like a tempest on the sea. The rest passed under the surface. Nothing appeared above save a cloud of blood, which the peaceful Comwine bore away on its current. The negro followed it for an instant with his eyes, then, seating himself on the thwart, he took his paddle, and in two strokes reached the opposite bank of the river. He sprang on shore, and fled into the wood.

Eight days afterward the following placard was posted in the Grand Square and in the principal streets of Paramaribo:

"By order of the Judiciary Council of this colony, it is made known that 2000 florins will be granted to any white, 1000 florins to any mulatto or free negro, and liberty to any slave, who shall deliver, dead or alive, a man named Michael, otherwise called Fadlalah, slave of the Honorable M. Jansen Houtwyn, during his life member of this council, and who was assassinated by the said Michael, called Fadlalah." [Then followed a description of the culprit.] "The commanders of the military posts of the Saramecа, of the Cottica, of the Maroni, and other rivers will convey this notice to the Indians of their respective districts. The premium for the said Indians will be 500 florins in money or in merchandise, at their choice.

"The Secretary of the Council, D. VORMS."

Two years passed without any one appearing to claim the reward. At the end of that time, during the rainy season, an Arrowouka Indian from the banks of the Saramecа presented himself one morning at the house of M. Daniel Vorms, and demanded an audience. When ushered into the presence of the honorable secretary, he made him the Indian salute without proffering a word, and opening a rush basket which he had brought, he drew from it by the hair a black head, which seemed recently cut off; on which the skillful magistrate, seeing at the first glance that this head had but one ear, and bore other signs familiar to him—"It is," he said, "the head of the negro Michael, the assassin of our friend and colleague the regretted M. Houtwyn. Let this brave Indian receive the promised reward."

HORSES ON THE STAGE.

WHEN Don Adriano de Armado, the fantastical Spaniard of "Love's Labor Lost," admits that he is "ill at reckoning," and can not tell "how many is one thrice told," his page, Moth, observes, "How easy it is to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you." This is, without doubt, an allusion to a horse called Marocco, trained by its master, one Banks, a Scotchman, to perform various strange tricks. Marocco, a young bay nag of moderate size, was exhibited in Shakspeare's time in the court-yard of the Belle Sauvage Inn, on Ludgate Hill, the spectators lining the galleries of the hostelry. A pamphlet, published in 1595, and entitled "Maroccus Exstaticus, or Bankes Bay Horse in a Traunce; a Discourse set down in a merry Dialogue between Bankes and his Beast," contains a wood-print of the performing animal and his proprietor. Banks's horse must have been one of the earliest "trained steeds" ever exhibited. His tricks excited great amazement, although they would hardly now be accounted very wonderful. Marocco could walk on his hind-legs, and even dance the Canaries. At the bidding of his master, he would carry a glove to a specified lady or gentleman, and tell, by raps with his hoof, the numbers on the upper face of a pair of dice. He went through, indeed, much of what is now the regular "business" of the circus horse. In 1600 Banks amazed London by taking his horse up to the vane on the top of St. Paul's Cathedral. Marocco visited Scotland and France, and in these countries his accomplishments were generally attributable to witchcraft. Banks rashly encouraged the notion that his nag was supernaturally endowed. An alarm was raised that Marocco was possessed by the Evil One. To relieve misgivings and escape reproach, Banks made his horse pay homage to the sign of the cross, and called upon all to observe that nothing Satanic could have been induced to perform this act of reverence. A rumor at one time prevailed that the horse and his master had both, as "subjects of the Black Power of the world," been burned at Rome by order of the Pope. More authentic accounts, however, show Banks as surviving to Charles the First's time, and thriving as a vintner in Cheapside. But it is to be gathered from Douce's "Illustrations of Shakspeare" that of old certain performing horses suffered miserably for their skill. In a little book, "Le Diable Bossu," Nancy, 1708, allusion is made to an English horse, whose master had taught him to know the cards, being burned alive at Lisbon in 1707; and Grainger, in his "Biographical History of England," 1779, states that, within his remembrance, "a horse, which had been taught to perform several tricks, was, with its owner, put into the Inquisition."

Marocco was but a circus horse; there is no evidence to show that he ever trod the stage, or took part in theatrical performances. It is hard to say, indeed, when horses first entered a regular theatre. Pepys chronicles, in 1668, a visit "to the King's Play-house, to see an old play of Shirley's, called 'Hide Park,' the first day acted [revived], where horses are brought upon the stage." He expresses no surprise at the introduction of the animals, and this may not have been their first appearance on the scene. He is content to note that "Hide Park" is "a very moderate play, only an excellent epilogue spoken by Beck Marshall." The scene of the third and fourth acts of the comedy lies in the Park, and foot and horse races are represented. The horses probably were only required to cross the stage once or twice.

A representation of Corneille's tragedy of "Andromeda," in 1682, occasioned great excitement in Paris, owing to the introduction of a "real horse" to play the part of Pegasus. The horse was generally regarded as a kind of Roscius of the brute creation, and achieved an extraordinary success. Adorned with wings, and hoisted up by machinery, he neighed and tossed his head, pawed and pranced in mid-air, after a very lively manner. It was a mystery then, but it is common enough knowledge now, that the horse's histrionic skill is founded upon his appetite. Kept without food for some time, the horse becomes naturally moved at the sight of a sieve of corn in the side-wings. His feats, the picking up of gloves and handkerchiefs, even the pulling of triggers, originate but in his efforts to find oats. By-and-by his memory is exercised, and he is content to know that after the conclusion of his "business" he will be rewarded with oats behind the scenes. The postponement of his meals attends his failure to accomplish what is required of him. Of old, perhaps, some cruel use of whip and spur may have marked the education of the "trick-horse." But for a long time past the animal's fears have not been appealed to, but simply his love of food. Horses are very sagacious, and their natural timidity once appeased, they become exceedingly docile. An untrained horse has often shown himself equal to the ordinary requirements of the equestrian manager after only four days of tuition.

Pope satirized the introduction of horses in Shakspeare's "Henry the Eighth," revived with great splendor in 1727, when a representation was given of the coronation of Anne Boleyn, and the royal champion, duly mounted and caparisoned, proclaimed his challenge. But for many years the appearances on the stage of equine performers were only of an occasional kind. It was not until the rebuilding of Astley's, in 1803, that the equestrian drama became an established entertainment. An extensive stage was then added to the circus, and "horse spectacles," as they were called, were first presented. A grand drama, called the "Blood-red Knight," produced in 1810, resulted in a profit to the proprietors of some eighteen thousand pounds—a handsome sum, seeing that the season at that time only extended from Easter to the end of September.

The triumphs of Astley's excited the envy of the Covent Garden managers. Colman's drama of "Blue-Beard" was reproduced, with Mr. Johnson's imitation elephant, and a troop of real horses. The performance was presented on forty-four nights—a long run in those days. There was, of course, much wrath excited by this degradation of the stage. A contemporary critic writes: "A novel and marked event occurred at this theatre on this evening [18th of February, 1811], which should be considered as a black epocha forever by the loyal adherents to wit and the muses. As the Mussulmans date their computation of years from the flight of Mohammed, so should the hordes of folly commence their triumphant register from the open flight of common-sense on this memorable night, when a whole troop of horses made their first appearance in character at Covent Garden." The manager was fiercely denounced for his unscrupulous endeavors "to obtain money at the expense of his official dignity." Another critic, alleging that "the dressing-rooms of the new company of comedians were under the orchestra," complained that "in the first row of the pit the stench was so abominable, one might as well have sitten in a stable." Still the "equestrian drama" delighted the town. "Blue-Beard" was followed by Monk Lewis's "Timour the Tartar," in which more horses appeared. Some hissing was heard at the commencement of the new drama, and placards were exhibited in the pit condemning the horses; but in the end "Timour" triumphed over all opposition, and rivaled the run of "Blue-Beard." It is to be remembered, especially by those who insist so much on the degeneracy of the modern theatre, that these "horse spectacles" were presented in a patent-house during the palmy days of the drama, while the great Kemble family was still in possession of the stage of Covent Garden.

Of late years a change has come over the equestrian drama. The circus flourishes, and quadrupeds figure now and then upon the stage, but the "horse spectacle" has almost vanished. The noble animal is to be seen occasionally on the boards, but he is cast for small parts only, is little better than a four-footed supernumerary. He comes on to aid the pageantry of the scenes; even opera does not disdain his services in this respect. A richly caparisoned charger performs certain simple duties in "Masaniello," in "Les Huguenots," "L'Etoile du Nord," "Martha," "La Juive," and some few other operas. The late M. Jullien introduced quite a troop of cavalry in his "Pietro il Grande;" but, this homage to horseflesh notwithstanding, the world did not greatly prize the work in question. The horse no longer performs "leading business." Plays are not now written for him. He is no longer required to evince the fidelity and devotion of his nature by knocking at street doors, rescuing a prisoned master, defending oppressed innocence, or dying in the centre of the stage to slow music. Something of a part seemed promised him when the popular drama of "Flying Scud" was first represented; at least, he supplied that work with its title. But it was speedily to be perceived that animal interests had been subordinated to human. More prominent occupation by far was assigned to the rider than to the horse. A different plan of distributing parts prevailed when the "High-mettled Racer" and kindred works adorned the stage. A horse with histrionic instincts and acquirements had something like a chance then. But now! he can only lament the decline of the equestrian drama. True, the circus is still open to him; but in the eyes of a well-educated performing horse a circus must be much what a music-hall is in the opinion of a tragedian devoted to five-act plays.

SUICIDES.

IT is a fact at first sight strange that in Paris, normally the gayest of cities, the number of suicides is greater than in any other part of the world. In every seventy-two deaths that there occur one is suicidal. In London the proportion is less than one in 200; while in New York there is but one in 712. Vienna is about the same as London in this matter. Of course the anomaly presented by Paris may be well explained upon the principles of meeting extremes. In every community there is a mean or average moral condition, and it is certain that the departures from this mean proceed just as far on one side as on the other. Thus the greatest misery must be found where there is the greatest pleasure. A French hygienist has been trying to explain the enormous suicidal tendency of the people of his capital, and he argues at length in support of three alleged causes: these are, 1, the influence of political passions (*morbus democraticus*, the Germans call it); 2, the enfeeblement of religious ideas; 3, madness induced by alcoholism. He has a few facts on his side, and his three suppositions are very general ones. But it occurs to us that any broad explanation ought to unite the extreme conditions; and we should much like to see the ultimate cause of the misery shown to be by some link allied to the ultimate cause of the pleasure.

FIVE MILLIARDS.

THE French papers have lately been giving some curious statistics on the subject of the enormous indemnity, five milliards of francs, which France has to pay to Prussia for being beaten in the late war. From them we gather the following particulars:

Five milliards, in pieces of five francs, weigh twenty-five millions of kilogrammes. (A kilogramme is about 2¼ pounds English.) It would require, therefore, to transport them all together by railroad, a train composed of 2500 trucks, each carrying about 10,000 kilogrammes.

If, instead of conveying them by rail, ordinary wagons drawn by two horses were employed, 18,000 of such would be requisite, which, placed in single file close together, would occupy a length of 40 leagues (120 miles).

Suppose the five-franc pieces which make up the five milliards to be placed in a line touching each other, they would then occupy a length of 7400 leagues—about eleven-twelfths of the whole distance round the globe.

In pieces of one franc, this length would be 115,000 kilomètres—(5 kilomètres make 3 English miles)—or 23,000 leagues, about a quarter of the distance from the earth to the moon.

The greatest speed which has been attained by a locomotive has scarcely surpassed 100 kilomètres an hour: this makes one feel giddy; the Indian mail is nothing in comparison to it: well, then, it would require about forty-eight days for a locomotive going at this speed, without stopping, to pass over the line thus formed by these pieces of one franc.

Piled up one upon the other, the five-franc pieces would form a column of 2700 kilomètres, or 540 leagues, high. Supposing this column, having its base in Paris, was to fall over in the direction of Berlin, the part which would fall at Berlin would scarcely be the third of the column; the last pieces would fall beyond St. Petersburg; some few, detaching themselves from the column during its fall, might, owing to centrifugal force, be scattered as far as the centre of the White Sea.

The weight of five milliards in gold is about 1,600,000 kilogrammes, or nearly ten times the weight of the column which stood in the Place Vendôme; it would require, therefore, 130 wagons, taking 10,000 kilogrammes each, to transport it. In gold pieces of twenty francs, placed in a straight line, it would reach from Paris to Marseilles, a distance of 512 kilomètres.

Since the birth of our Lord a milliard of minutes has not yet elapsed. If, then, during the last 1870 years, a man had put down, day and night, without stopping, five francs every minute, he would not yet have completed the sum exacted from France by the ministry of William the Victorious. Several hundreds of millions would still remain.

A skillful bank clerk can count about 40,000 francs in five-franc pieces in an hour. Supposing that he began at the age of thirty years to count the five milliards alone, what would be his age when he had reached the end of his task, if he worked for 300 days in the year for eight hours a day without intermission? He would be eighty-two years old. He would have required fifty-two years to finish this monotonous work of drudgery, "after which probably all that would remain to be done would be to confine in a lunatic asylum this victim of the rapacity of M. De Bismarck." If a clerk were to count out the pieces franc by franc, four to each second, and continue working day and night incessantly, 400 years would elapse before he put down the last piece.

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THE RED RIVER.

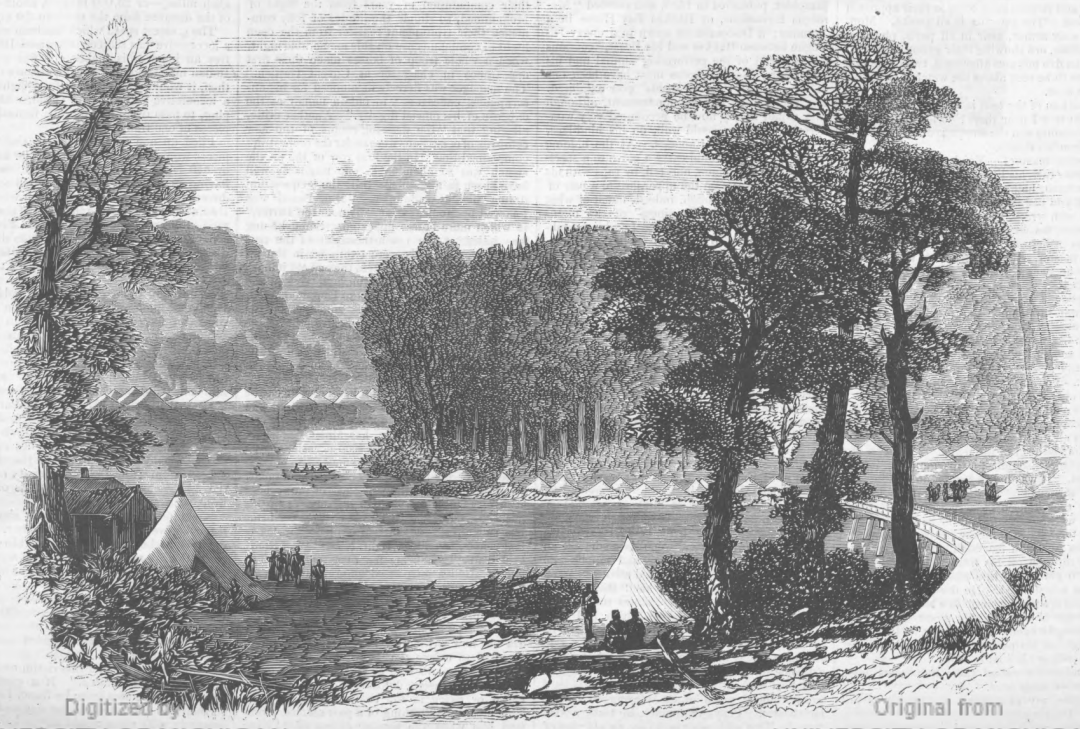
THE unsuccessful raid into the British province of Manitoba recently attempted by a Fenian party has again attracted public attention to the region of the Red River, whither a military expedition was sent last year from Canada to put down the revolt of the French-Indian half-castes, who objected to annexation to the Dominion of Canada. An interesting account of this expedition has lately appeared, from the pen of Captain G. L. HUYSHE, a gentleman well qualified to be its historian. From this work we learn that the fighting force under command of Sir GARNET WOLSELEY numbered about 1200 soldiers, two-thirds being Canadian militia, and the remainder regular troops. This force was conveyed by steamers from Collingwood across Lake Huron and Lake Superior, landing at Thunder Bay, whence it had to traverse 600 miles of wilderness to Fort Garry, on the Red River, which flows into Lake Winnipeg. The starting-point for the longest and most difficult part of the route was Lake Shebandowan, which is situated near the confluence of the Matawan and Shebandowan rivers, about fifty miles inland from the western shore of Lake Superior. The troops began to move from this place on July 16, in the boats so far as they could find navigable water; elsewhere over rough ground (the rocks or the forest), dragging their boats and carrying their stores by hand; but they reached Fort Garry in five weeks, after prodigious labors, very skillfully directed and very cheerfully borne. There was no fighting to be done, the rebels having surrendered the fort and fled into the United States territory, which is distant but a few miles to the south. The descriptions that Captain HUYSHE gives of the country through which the expedition passed—Rainy Lake and Rainy River, Fort Frances, the Lake of the Woods, and Winnipeg River, which flows into Lake Winnipeg at Fort Alexander—show a picturesque diversity of scenes and incidents. We present two illustrations, engraved from his own sketches—one representing the head-quarters camp at the Matawan Bridge before the start from Shebandowan; another, the toilsome job of a "portage," where the boats must be hauled, upon log rollers, over a road cut through the woods from one lake or river to another. There were forty-seven such portages between Lake Shebandowan and Fort Garry. The boats were stoutly built, twenty-five or thirty feet long, and six or seven feet wide. The guns weighed 200 pounds each, the barrels of pork each two hundred-weight, the flour barrels 120 pounds, the biscuit barrels 100 pounds, and these heavy burdens were carried on the backs of the men. Some of them used "portage-straps," consisting of a band of leather three and a quarter inches broad, which rests upon the forehead, while its two ends are fastened round the package behind, which is held in its place by the hands. Others preferred letting the burden rest on a pair of slings between two poles, which were supported by two men, each man walking between the poles as in a sedan-chair, and either holding them in his two hands, or suspending them by straps to his shoulders. The men endured their great fatigues and continual exposure to the wet in the most praiseworthy manner; none of them complained, and none suffered in health. It is worthy of remark that they had not a drop of alcoholic or fermented liquor all the way; tea or coffee, with sugar, was the only stimulant allowed. Their daily rations were—of biscuits one pound, of salt pork one pound, and one-third of a pint of beans, or one-quarter of a pound of potatoes. Upon this fare, alike for officers and soldiers, and upon the teetotal principle with regard to drink, they worked fifteen hours a day as hard as any men ever could work. They were "constantly wet through, wet sometimes for days together." Yet, we are told, "they looked as healthy and cheery as possible, and there was not a sick man among them."

THE RED RIVER COUNTRY—CROSSING A PORTAGE.

FRENCH SERVANTS.

A RICH Parisian tradesman, who lived in a great house and spent tons of money, was concluding before the siege a negotiation with a servant who had just left the Duc de la Rochefoucauld-Bisaccia. Every thing was agreed on, and the master was on the point of saying, "Very well, then, come on Monday," when the man interrupted him with this communication: "There is one thing that I must observe to monsieur: having lived with Monsieur le Duc, I am accustomed to high society; and though I have now consented to take the direction of the house of monsieur, I must warn monsieur that I can announce no visitor without a title; consequently monsieur will have the goodness to understand that I shall usher in every body as a count or a marquis, even though it be the boot-maker or the father-in-law of monsieur."

Another had a mania for directing all the acts of his mistress. If she were going to give a ball, he would say, "Madame would do well not to give that ball; madame is not rich, and madame knows that balls are very expensive." If, on the contrary, she were going to a ball elsewhere, the argument would be: "Is it prudent for madame to go to a ball? Madame is not accustomed to wear low dresses; madame might catch a cold and die." Another time madame will say to him, "Who rang the bell just now?" He answers, "It was madame's mother, who had something very pressing to say to madame; but as I was sure it would tire madame, I told madame's mother that madame was not at home."



THE RED RIVER COUNTRY—CAMP AT MATAWAN BRIDGE.

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THE DREADED GUEST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC.

A BLEAK December night nearly a hundred years ago. Hard frost, and a keen, biting wind blowing the thick-drifting snow-flakes into the faces of those few foot passengers who still tramp the half-deserted city streets; a frost so hard that the fast-falling snow does not change to mud and slush all in a moment, after the usual manner of London snow, but lies crisp and white upon road and pavement, and crowns the steep roofs and gables with mountainous heaps of whiteness, which overhang the parapets, and threaten pedestrians with the fall of miniature avalanches.

There are retired nooks and corners of this crowded London city where the snow might lie almost as pure and undefiled as in some silent Alpine gorge known only to the eagle and the chamois: notably one narrow little street, scarcely better than a court or alley, in the region of Moorfields—an eminently respectable street in its way, tenanted by two or three working jewelers, a Dutch merchant in some small way of trade, the chief clerk in a great colonial house under the shadow of the Monument, and Dr. Prestwitch.

One feeble oil-lamp glimmers at the entrance to this quiet little street—which leads nowhere, by-the-way, Dr. Prestwitch's house facing the explorer and barring his farther progress, except through Dr. Prestwitch's hall door—one dim, blear-eyed little lamp, which does not do much toward the illumination of the street in a general way. But to-night there is the lightness and brightness of the snow which lies thick upon the paved footway between the two rows of tall, narrow houses, unmarked by a single footfall. The occupants of Little Bell Street are a sober, steady-going people, and there has been no traffic, not so much as the opening or shutting of a door, since eight o'clock this evening.

It is now eleven.

As an auxiliary to the public lamp, Dr. Prestwitch burns a little colored lamp of his own under the wooden shell that surmounts his door-way—a relic of former splendor, when great people lived in the city, and fashionable bachelors or small gentry with large pretensions may have occupied Little Bell Street; a lamp which announces his profession to the world at large, keeps him in the eye of the public, as it were, and which has more than once brought him a chance patient—some ruffian bruised and mangled in a street fight, a child run over in a neighboring thoroughfare, a black eye, or a sprained ankle.

There is one tall, narrow window upon each side of Dr. Prestwitch's tall, narrow door, and in the extreme left corner of Dr. Prestwitch's house there is a passage, scarcely wide enough to admit one person of bulky figure, leading to Dr. Prestwitch's back premises—the surgery where he compounds his medicines and spreads his plasters, and a bleak, bare room, with a long deal table on trestles, and a smaller leaden table fitted with a sink. This room is very rarely used by the doctor, never entered by the doctor's family, and has a dampish odor.

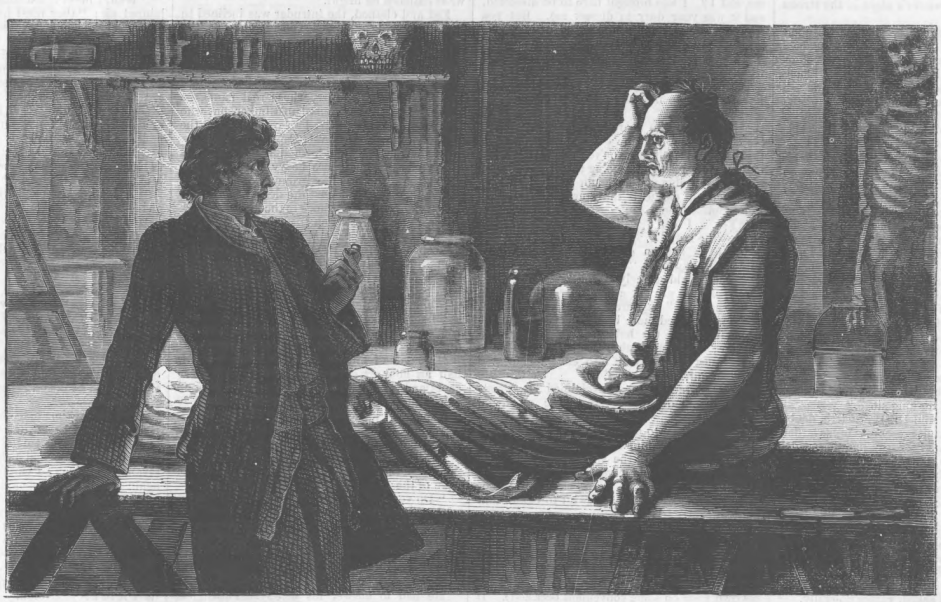
In the time of this December snow-storm Dr. Prestwitch was quite a young man; a young man with a bright, eager face, dark, curling hair, which he did not often disguise with powder and pomatum, and a bright, eager manner; a man who had given hostages to Fortune in the shape of a pretty little wife and three small children, and who was perhaps rather too anxious to succeed in life. It is doubtful whether this young surgeon had any legal right to the title of doctor, but the neighborhood of Little Bell Street had made him a doctor by common consent. The brass plate upon his stout oak door described him simply as "Mr. Prestwitch, Surgeon."

He had not a large practice, and the task of supporting that small household was a hard one, simple as were the needs of the pretty little wife and the three small children. They had one servant, a fat, overgrown girl, with a shock of red hair, and a countenance in which good temper did duty for all other charms—a stupid, honest creature, who heartily loved the doctor's wife and children, and thought the doctor himself the greatest man of his age. The daily meals in that respectable house in Little Bell Street were apt to be meagre in quantity and inferior in quality, but Barbara Snaffles—commonly called Bab—was a faithful soul, who would have shared the diet of Count Ugolino and his sons without a murmur, if duty had demanded such patience.

As it was, she had a fair share of whatever was eaten or drunken in the house, and was treated more like a member of the family than was, perhaps, consistent with the dignity of a professional man's household.

On this particular December night she was sitting darning stockings upon one side of the hearth in the every-day parlor—a small paneled chamber, furnished in the scantiest way, but with a certain air of neatness, and even comfort, nevertheless—while her mistress occupied the other. A handful of fire burned cheerily in the old-fashioned grate—such a roomy old grate, with such a capacity for the consumption of fuel, but pinched and contracted by an artful contrivance of brick-work upon each side. The red worsted curtains, a trifle scanty even for the narrow window, but very comfortable-looking notwithstanding, had been drawn to their extremest stretch; the honest mahogany table had been vigorously polished by Bab after the removal of the tea-things, the one candle was kept carefully snuffed, the cat reposed luxuriously against the open-work side of the bright brass fender, and this room, altogether humble as it was, bore the unmistakable aspect of home.

The doctor was in his surgery reading. He was a studious young man, and in the dearth of more profitable employment devoted his evenings to the study of medical science. It had been a matter of no small regret to him that he had been unable to advance very far in the practical study of that branch of his profession which seemed to him the most important—the study of anatomy. The cost of a subject for his experiments rendered this part of his science almost a sealed book to the poor and hard-working student, who could not afford to avail himself of the services of those gangs of desperate ruffians who were continually violating the sanctity of the grave by their unholy traffic.



RESUSCITATION OF THE DREADED GUEST.

Martin Prestwitch had a friend, however, in the house-surgeon of Newgate, and that gentleman, who had a surfeit of subjects sometimes, had promised to send him the first defunct criminal he should be able to dispose of in a friend's favor. There were outstanding claims to be considered first, for the jail was in those days the only legitimate resource for the student; but whenever there should be a subject *to spare*, it was to be for Martin Prestwitch.

He had been reading hard in an old book upon anatomy this evening, and his fingers itched to be using the scalpel.

"I'm afraid Jack Tylney has forgotten his promise," he said, presently, with a sigh.

He was wrong. Mr. Tylney, the Newgate surgeon, had not forgotten the obligation that was upon him. His promise was destined to be kept that very night. The first footsteps to defile the snow that had remained untrodden through all the quiet evening hours were the footsteps of two men carrying a ghastly burden.

They took it first to the hall door, where one of them stooped to read the name upon the brass plate, and then knocked—a cautious, mysterious-sounding knock.

The door was opened almost immediately by the faithful Barbara, who scented a possible patient in this untimely summons; but at the sight of that ghastly burden—it was muffled in a sack; but there are some things that will not be hidden—she fell back with a start.

"Lord save us! what's that?" she cried.

"A subject for Dr. Prestwitch—the man that was hung for coining at Newgate this morning."

"What!" exclaimed Bab. "Do you mean to say it's a dead body?"

"Yes, miss," one of the bearers answered, with a grin. "Not to make too many bones about it, it's a stiff un—with Mr. Tylney's compliments to Dr. Prestwitch."

"Take the dreadful thing round to the surgery," said Barbara, aghast. "Master's in there reading. Take it down that passage. I'll come and open the door directly minute.—And to think that any one can wish to have such a thing!" she ejaculated, as she shut the front-door.

She had heard her master talk of that subject which Jack Tylney was to send him.

She opened the surgery door and told the doctor what had come for him, and then opened the door leading into the passage, where the men were waiting. Martin Prestwitch was all on the alert in a moment. He took his candle, led the way into that damp-smelling room set apart for such a purpose as this, and so rarely used. The horror was carried in there and laid upon the long deal table, Barbara Snaffles standing on the threshold all the time and peering in, fascinated by the ghastly sight. Then Martin Prestwitch and the men came out, and the doctor dismissed them with a shilling to buy drink—one of his few shillings.

He locked the door of his dissecting-room, while Barbara stood a little aloof, open-mouthed, devouring the scene with her big round eyes.

"Ask your mistress to make me some of her good coffee, Bab," said the doctor. "I shall sit up late to-night; and be sure she knows nothing of this business," he added, pointing to the locked door.

"Lord bless you! no, Sir; not for the world. I don't want to turn that poor dear's whole mask of blood, as mine was turned just now when I saw that orful thing in a sack."

Barbara gave a gulp, and made a wry face as she spoke.

"You had better come and say good-night to missus, Sir, if you want her to go to bed."

"Ay, to be sure," answered Martin Prestwitch, at all times an affectionate husband, but just at this moment somewhat distracted by the thought of that inanimate clay lying upon his table.

He went into the parlor, where his industrious little wife was singing softly to herself as she put the finishing touches to a triumph of ingenuity and economics in the shape of a frock for the biggest of the three small children, made out of a cast-off petticoat of her own.

"See, Martin," she cried, looking up at him with her bright, loving face; "won't Molly look nice in that?"

"Very nice, dear; but you oughtn't to sit up so late, sewing for Molly. It's nearly twelve o'clock."

"That's the very last stitch, Martin; and it's just as late for you, Sir, as it is for me: and you've not had a morsel of supper, either. There's the bit of beefsteak pudding that was left at dinner. Bab has warmed it nicely, and there it is, waiting for you, down in the fender."

"I'll eat it by-and-by, dear; but I've no appetite for supper just yet. I want you to make me a cup of coffee—as strong as you like."

"What, Martin! you're not going to sit up over your fusty old books again?" cried the little wife, dolefully.

It was a common thing for the doctor to sit poring over his medical books deep into the night, and Mary Prestwitch had often crept down stairs in the gray morning to find him still studying one of those dismal volumes, with his candle burned down to the socket.

"Yes, Mary, my dear; I want to sit up an hour or so longer. There's a very interesting case I am reading up—a case that will be useful to me in my practice; and you know, love, how much depends upon my getting on in my profession."

Mary gave a little nod and a sigh. Yes, indeed, it was vital to that small household that the surgeon's efforts should be crowned with success. Only that evening Mrs. Prestwitch and Bab had been calculating the amount of the Christmas bills—Christmas brings so little for struggling householders except bills—and wondering whether the trades-people would be content with such small sums as Dr. Prestwitch could give them on account.

"They know that we are honest, Bab," said the anxious wife; "thank Heaven, they know that! We have lived in this house five years, and paid our way somehow. I don't think they will find it in their hearts to be hard upon us."

Martin Prestwitch kissed his wife, and sent her off to bed directly she had made the coffee, during which operation there was heard a great clattering of bolts and bars from the indefatigable Barbara, who took as much pains to secure all these fastenings as if her master's house had been the most tempting field for an enterprising burglar. It was just midnight when the little woman tripped up stairs, with Barbara behind her, and all the clocks of the City seemed to be booming out the hour as Dr. Prestwitch went to his dissecting-room, carrying a steaming jug of coffee in one hand and a candle in the other. He had to put his jug on the floor while he unlocked the door, for there were no superfluous tables or sideboards in the passages of that sparsely furnished abode. The room struck cold as some ice-bound region on that bleak winter night, and the doctor's first labor was to light a fire. There were, happily, some wood and coals in the cupboard near the fire-place, and with these and an old newspaper Martin Prestwitch set to work. The task was not an easy one: the grate was damp, the smoke came down the chimney, and well-nigh choked him; but the doctor's patience and energy got the better of these difficulties, and when he rose from his kneeling position before the dingy hearth the fire was burning cheerily. He refreshed himself with a cup of coffee before proceeding to his more serious labor, and set the jug down upon the hearth, to keep the remainder of that comfortable beverage warm. Then he set to work in real earnest.

There is no need to enter upon the details of that ghastly performance. Before he had reached more than the preliminary stage of his labor, Dr. Prestwitch came to a full stop, suddenly, with the knife in his hand, arrested by a conviction that had come upon him like a flash of lightning, and set his heart beating with an awful fear.

Another moment, one rapid movement of that skillful hand which held the knife, and he might have been a murderer.

The creature was not dead!

Martin Prestwitch bent down with his ear against the felon's naked chest, and listened.

Yes, there it was, weak and suppressed, but still palpable to the professional ear—the action of the heart.

In the next moment the doctor was at work with the approved means of those days for the revival of suspended animation. It was a slow business, but he was rewarded at last. The coiner gave a great sigh, muttered something that sounded like an oath, and then opened his blood-shot eyes, and stared with a bewildered gaze at his benefactor, the man who had given him back his forfeited life.

"Where the —— am I?" he asked; "I thought they were going to hang me. Was there a reprieve?"

"No, there was no reprieve. Mr. Ketch must have bungled over his work, I suppose."

The coiner sat upright, and looked about him; and at this moment it occurred to Martin Prestwitch that he had perhaps been guilty of a kind of felony in giving back life to a man whom the law had doomed to death. The law was a critical thing in those days, involving such a large amount of execution that Dr. Prestwitch was by no means sure that such an act as assisting in a felon's evasion of the gallows might not be in itself a hanging matter.

But the deed was done; and there sat the coiner, a stalwart, square-built ruffian of near six feet high—a man who could have annihilated the slim surgeon.

"Can't you give a man something to drink?" asked the coiner. "My throat's like a lime-kiln."

Dr. Prestwitch handed him the coffee-jug, which he emptied at a draught.

"Cat-lap!" said the coiner, contemptuously; "but it's done me good. And now, do you mean to tell me as they hung me this morning? I remember standing on the drop, and feeling the sleet and hail pelting against the night-cap they'd pulled over my face; and I think at pi

the blessed cold days I can call to mind, this blessed morning was the coldest. Do you mean to tell me as they made a botch of it, and let me off?"

"So it appears," replied Dr. Prestwitch, gently; for although a man of some moral courage, he felt himself at a disadvantage in this tête-à-tête—"so it appears. All I know is that you were brought here about an hour ago, and introduced to my notice as an individual who had paid the last penalty of the law."

"Brought here? What for?"

"Well—for—in short, for scientific purposes. My name is Prestwitch, and I am a professor of medicine and surgery."

"WHAT!" roared the restored sufferer; "were you going to cut me up?"

The coiner looked so ferocious as he asked this question that Dr. Prestwitch felt as if his last moment had come.

"Don't excite yourself, my good friend," he remonstrated, mildly. "If things had been as I had every reason to suppose, you would not have felt the slightest inconvenience. The legitimate ends of science would have been promoted without any suffering on your part. How much happier would you have been in that respect than the dogs and rabbits whose vivisection has served to demonstrate the theories of some of our great anatomists! As it is, however, you have some reason to be grateful to me, as you owe me your life."

Dr. Prestwitch glanced toward the door, thinking there was no real necessity that this interview should be prolonged farther, and that this terrible guest of his might be going. Then, all at once, it dawned upon him that there was an obstacle to the coiner's departure. With the exception of the sacking that had muffled him when he was brought to Little Bell Street, he was garmentless; and the sacking was scarcely a costume for a cold winter's night in the streets of London.

"Grateful!" muttered the man. "I don't know as life's much of a favor to a poor devil that doesn't know where to get a mossel of bread; that's marked down by a pack of bloodhounds, and if he doesn't get hung to-day, is pretty safe to get hung to-morrow. You can't give me back my tools, I suppose? I had as pretty a set of moulds and presses as was ever seen, in a cellar down by Lambeth Pallis, for my business, which was a good un until a pal peached upon me. Howsomedever, I make no doubt you meant kindly, and here's my hand upon it."

With that the scoundrel extended a dingy-looking paw, very broad and muscular, the doctor observed, and Martin Prestwitch was fain to accept the friendly invitation, and shake hands with the coiner.

"And now, doctor," said the man, wrapping the sacking round him as closely as he could, and planting himself in the single chair by the fire, which he stirred in a manner that showed no mercy to the doctor's coals—"and now, doctor, since we begin to understand each other, I'll trouble you for something to eat. I had some breakfast at six o'clock this morning—for I wasn't a-going to be put off my feed by Jack Ketch—but I've had nothing since."

"I'll go and see," said Dr. Prestwitch, doubtfully, knowing the slender resources of his larder.

He remembered the beefsteak pudding, which had been put aside for his own supper, and which he could gladly have eaten just now, and he presently returned to the dissecting-room with this savory mess, and a great hunch of bread and cheese. The coiner devoured both, and then looked about him with the air of a man who could have eaten half an ox or so, and to whom this light refreshment seemed about as substantial as a handful of lollipops.

"You haven't got any more of that there puddin', I suppose?" he asked, rather dolefully.

"Not a morsel."

"Nor a slice of cold beef, or any thing in that way?"

"I am sorry to say there is no cold joint in the house."

"And I'm sorry to hear it. You ain't out of bread and cheese, though, I dare say; and I must make up with that. So if you'll bring me the loaf and the cheese, I shall be thankful. Don't take the trouble to cut it. It ain't likely as a gentleman such as you would be able to take the measure of *my* appetite."

Dr. Prestwitch sighed as he went away to comply with this request, distressed to think how bare a look the larder would have next morning at breakfast-time. The quartern loaf was shrunk already, the family cheese was only the remnant of a pale-complexioned specimen of the Dutch kind; but it was impossible to refuse submission to the demands of such a guest; so Martin Prestwitch carried these provisions to the coiner, and laid them on the table before him, with a plate and knife.

"Your house don't seem to be too well supplied with victuals, doctor," said the man, eying the pale-faced cheese with no special favor.

"I am not a rich man," Martin Prestwitch answered, humbly. "I find it a hard thing to live."

"Humph!" muttered the coiner; "that's a common complaint, I suppose. I've had my ups and downs—the fat of the land to-day, and a dry crust to-morrow; and now I've got to begin life again, with the brand of the law upon me, every man's hand against me, and no more mercy to expect from any of 'em than if I was a hunted rat. I should like to know how I'm to set about getting my living when I leave this house to-morrow morning."

Dr. Prestwitch breathed a little more freely. It was some relief to him to learn that this unexpected visitor did contemplate departing in the morning. What a blessed thing it would be to have him gone! It seemed to the perplexed surgeon as if the burden of this nameless criminal's presence had been weighing him down for months.

The coiner made a fierce dart at the pale cheese, and hewed alternate wedges from that and the loaf in a half-absent manner until both were demolished, grumbling to himself the while about the hardness of life, when a poor creature might not manufacture a few guineas for himself without becoming liable to the stiffest penalties of the law.

"And how I'm to begin work again, with all my tools gone, and not a pal as I can trust in, is more than I know," muttered the coiner, audibly.

"I really think, my good friend," Dr. Prestwitch suggested gently, "that in your case I should emigrate. A foreign country—a new country especially, like Nova Scotia—might offer a fair field for"— Dr. Prestwitch did not like to say "coining," but concluded with a polite periphrasis—"your particular line of business."

"Emigrate!" exclaimed the coiner, contemptuously. "How the deuce"—his actual expression was considerably more forcible; but Dr. Prestwitch, who was always a mild man, used to tell this story in the mildest language, only hinting that his guest's vocabulary had been something beyond the common in the way of rude vernacular vigor—"how the deuce is a man to emigrate who hasn't sixpence toward his passage-money? And a nice outfit I've got for emigration!" added the coiner, with a shiver, looking down at the sacking in which he was hugging his burly limbs. "If you want me to emigrate, doctor, you must find the rhino."

"I!" cried Martin Prestwitch, turning a shade paler, though he had been pale enough before. "My good man, what are you dreaming of?"

"Yes, *you:* you brought me back to life, and you're bound to provide for me. I didn't ask you to come any of your reviving dodges over me, did I? I was brought here to be dissected, and it was your duty to dissect me. But you scientific parties are never satisfied without trying your blessed experiments!"

"Good gracious me!" exclaimed Dr. Prestwitch, completely confounded by this blatant ingratitude. "Here is an extraordinary creature! I restore him to life, and he looks upon me as his enemy!"

"I didn't ask to be restored, did I?" grumbled the coiner. "Life's no favor to such as me! Howsomedever, you've revived me, and now you must keep me going; and, in the first place, I'll trouble you for a suit of clothes."

"A suit of clothes!" murmured the surgeon, in a helpless tone.

"Yes. I can't walk about like this; it's against the laws."

"I have not an extensive wardrobe," said Martin Prestwitch; "and even if I had, my garments would scarcely fit you."

"Well, you are but a poor thread-paper of a man, certainly," answered the coiner, who had perhaps devoured more beef in a week than the surgeon was in the habit of consuming in a quarter; "but any clothes are better than none, and I must screw myself into 'em somehow; so turn 'em out, Mr. Doctor."

"Good gracious me!" exclaimed Dr. Prestwitch again, dolefully; "it's like an awful dream."

He went away to do his visitor's bidding. It did really seem to him almost as if he had been walking in his sleep, the victim of some grewsome vision. A cold perspiration bedewed his forehead as he crept up stairs, candle in hand, to search for garments wherewith to clothe that midnight intruder.

He chose the biggest things he could find—a bottle-green riding-coat with a fur collar, that had belonged to his father (a good and substantial garment, which he had cherished with care, intending to have it cut down and adapted for his own wear on some convenient occasion). It went to his heart to part with this treasure, and he felt the fineness of the cloth with a slow, regretful hand, as he flung the garment over his arm. He found a pair of leather knee-breeches that had belonged to the same esteemed parent—a bulkier man than himself; and with these, a clean linen shirt, and a rusty black brocaded waistcoat of his own, garnished with copper lace, he went down stairs.

"I can only *lend* you the coat," he said, as he laid the garments before the coiner; "the breeches and waistcoat you are welcome to keep."

The unknown looked at the things with a somewhat contemptuous expression of countenance, and then proceeded to invest himself in them, splitting the shirt sleeves with his brawny arms, and straining the leathern breeches of the defunct Prestwitch senior with his ponderous legs. The waistcoat he split up the back with a knife, and laced up the opening dextrously with a bit of whip-cord which the doctor procured for him. The coat fitted him comfortably, and concealed all deficiencies; but even then there remained his extremities still unclad—his great bare feet and muscular legs—for which Martin Prestwitch must needs find shoes and stockings. With that bottle-green coat and fur collar the man was too well dressed to go out barefoot.

"As soon as the shops are open, I'll slip out and buy you a pair of shoes and stockings," said the doctor; "but for mercy's sake, man, keep quiet while I'm gone. I wouldn't have my wife know of your being in the house for worlds."

"I'll keep quiet enough," growled the coiner. "These togs are no great shakes; but I feel myself more like a Christian in 'em than I felt in that old sack; and, I say, doctor, you'll give me a trifle of money to set me going again, won't you?"

"Money!" exclaimed Martin Prestwitch. "Why, my good creature, I'm as poor as a church mouse!"

"Come, that won't do," said the coiner. "You doctors make no end of money helping your patients out of this world. It's only fair you should spend a little on a patient that you've helped *into* the world."

The doctor again urged his poverty, but it was no use. His arguments, however reasonable, prevailed nothing against that direful visitant.

"It's no good humbugging, doctor," said the man. "I don't leave this house without a fi-pun note."

It did happen that Martin Prestwitch possessed the sum of seven pounds ten, amassed by what supreme efforts of economy he and his narrow household only could have told, and honestly set aside for the payment of the Christmas quarter's rent. To part with any of this would be like shedding his heart's blood; but he felt himself utterly unable to cope with this dreadful creature, whom he had given back to the living world; and if the coiner had asked him for his heart's blood instead of a five-pound note, it seemed to Martin Prestwitch that he must needs have given it.

So, after a longish parley, and a desperate endeavor to defend his treasure on the doctor's part, Martin Prestwitch stole up stairs once more in the dead night-time, and crept like a robber to his little board, from which he took the five-pound note demanded by his tormentor. He looked at a little Dutch clock in the kitchen before he went back to the dissecting-room—watch he had none—and saw that it wanted still a quarter to three o'clock. The long, dismal winter's night was not half gone yet, and Dr. Prestwitch did not know how much more that resuscitated felon might ask of him before it was done. To think of going to bed was worse than idle; sleep or rest was an impossibility, with that baleful creature upon the premises. Dr. Prestwitch seated himself by the fire, opposite his visitor, and prepared to wait for morning with what patience he might.

Fed and clothed, the intruder was inclined to be social, and expanded considerably as the night wore on, favoring Dr. Prestwitch with numerous glimpses of his past history, exhibiting a career at once adventurous and felonious. Sense of right and wrong seemed altogether wanting to this creature, whose real name, he told the doctor, was Jonathan Blinker, but who had been known to fame by several aliases, the most familiar of which was Captain Flashman.

Day dawned at length—a dull gray winter's morning, the atmosphere heavy with unfallen snow, the bright white ground looking even whiter than it was against the dense leaden sky. When the little Dutch clock in the kitchen struck seven, Martin Prestwitch turned the key of the dissecting-room door, and conjured Mr. Blinker to keep silence; and for one whole hour the two men sat without speaking, Mr. Blinker dozing by the expiring fire, the surgeon listening to Barbara Snaffles's movements as she bustled about, performing her morning duties. Then came the shrill small voices of the children, and then his wife's gentle tones inquiring for the doctor at the dissecting-room door.

"You don't mind being locked in here for half an hour or so, while I go and get those shoes and stockings, do you?" asked Martin of Mr. Blinker, in a whisper.

The coiner looked at him doubtfully.

"You ain't going to sell me, are you?" he said. "You wouldn't go and peach upon a poor devil that you've brought back to life? You wouldn't let me swing a second time for the sake of the reward?"

"Do you take me for a scoundrel?" exclaimed Martin, with suppressed indignation.

"No, I don't, and I'll trust you," answered the other, promptly.

So Dr. Prestwitch went out, and locked the door behind him, to secure his secret from the exploring eyes of Barbara Snaffles.

He had to answer his wife's remonstrances and tender upbraidings. How could he sit up all night, to the peril of his precious health? He told her that his studies had been especially interesting, and the night had slipped away unawares.

"What! didn't it seem long, Martin," she exclaimed, "all those hours down in that cold, dreary room?"

"No, indeed, my love; I never was more comfortable," answered the doctor, with audacious mendacity.

"You ate a good supper, anyhow, Sir," said the familiar Barbara. "Only think, mum; there isn't a mossel of yesterday's quartern, and the Dutch cheese is clean gone!"

Martin Prestwitch slunk off without attempting an answer to this accusation. He muttered something about seeing a patient in the next street, put on his hat, and went out.

It would not do to trifle with Mr. Blinker. The shops must be open by this time, and the coiner might be shod and dispatched. The doctor cheapened a pair of roomy second-hand shoes on a cobbler's stall, and bought a pair of comfortable worsted stockings, of the size which his anatomical eye taught him was likely to suit Mr. Blinker. The half hour had scarcely expired when he turned the key in the dissecting-room door. The coiner was asleep, with his head reposing comfortably upon the operating table.

The shoes and stockings were an admirable fit; and when Dr. Prestwitch had farther provided an old hat, Mr. Blinker presented a tolerably respectable appearance. There was still the question of disguise; but the doctor, after some little search in his surgery, found a pair of green spectacles, which made a considerable alteration in Jonathan Blinker's physiognomy. When these had been assumed, the doctor looked out, saw that the ground was clear, that no inquisitive Barbara or anxious wife was lurking in the shadow of an adjacent door-way, and then ushered Mr. Blinker into the court, rejoiced beyond all measure to be rid of him, even at the cost of a five-pound note and that excellent bottle-green coat.

On the threshold Mr. Blinker turned round.

"I shall give you a look in soon, doctor, to tell you how I get on."

"Oh, don't, if you please," the surgeon cried, piteously. "It would never do for you to come here. You see, my family look upon you in the light of a body, and I don't see how they are to be brought to regard you from any other point of view."

"I sha'n't come to see your family," replied Jonathan Blinker; "I shall come to see you."

With this awful threat he stalked away, looking gigantic in the narrow alley. The doctor closed the door with a groan, and went to the parlor, where the meagre breakfast was neatly laid on the round table by the small bright fire, and where the anxious wife was ready to take alarm at Martin's haggard face.

But Mary Prestwitch's anxious looks were not half so embarrassing as the searching glances of Barbara Snaffles, who regarded the surgeon with a morbid curiosity, as a man who had just left an abnormal employment. She lingered in the room while he ate his breakfast, handing him his coffee-cup and hovering over his solitary egg.

"Is *it* there still?" she asked him, in a stage whisper, while Mrs. Prestwitch was engaged with the three hungry children, the youngest of which was still dependent upon the maternal breast for the most primitive kind of nourishment.

"What do you mean by *it?*" Dr. Prestwitch asked, impatiently.

"Him! The body!"

"No, girl; it's gone."

"Gone? What! you've done with it already?"

"Yes."

"And they've fetched it away?"

"Yes, they've fetched it away."

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Barbara, with an injured air: "they must have been in a hurry. I thought I should have seen it this morning. I've seen a many in my time—drowned and otherwise—and I never missed one before. I make no doubt I shall dream of him."

"Dream of him! Nonsense, girl."

"Not having seen him, I make no doubt I shall dream of him," said Barbara, with an air of conviction. "I never missed one before—not if it was three streets off, and the family as it belonged to a'most strangers to me; and to have had one in the same house, and not seen him, seems right-down stupid like."

"Good gracious me!" cried the doctor; "the girl is a perfect vampire!"

"Was it them two as brought him as fetched him away?" Miss Snaffles inquired, curiously.

"Of course," answered the doctor.

"And are they going to bury him in Newgate?"

"I suppose so. There, Bab, go and mind your work, and don't worry me any more about the man. He's gone; that's enough for you."

Heartily did Martin Prestwitch wish that his visitor of last night had indeed been carried away to be safely interred within the prison walls. That farewell threat of Jonathan Blinker's weighed heavy on his soul.

For the first time since he had lived in Little Bell Street Dr. Prestwitch was behindhand with his Christmas rent, to the bewilderment of his faithful wife, who had helped him to save the seven pounds ten so carefully scraped together against the landlord should claim his due.

"It's gone, Mary," the doctor said, dismally, "or at least five pounds ten of it. You see, my dear, I was obliged to part with it."

"But what for, Martin? What could you want five pounds ten for?—you, who never spend money."

"Surgical instruments, my love; a man's first duty is to his profession."

And again Martin Prestwitch hated himself for having lied to the wife of his bosom.

The landlord was displeased, but not implacable. Dr. Prestwitch was a careful tenant, and had shown himself an honest man; so, after grumbling a little, the landlord gave him a month's grace, and went his way.

Jonathan Blinker kept his promise. In the wintry gloaming a great hulking man in a bottle-green coat with a fur collar might have been often seen entering the doctor's surgery from the narrow side-alley, with a furtive, surreptitious air. Here Dr. Prestwitch held converse with him, and was fain to provide some small sum of money against his coming. In time these donations took the form of a weekly allowance, and the accomplished Captain Flashman became a regular pensioner upon the doctor. He always used the same argument when claiming this bounty: Dr. Prestwitch had revived him of his own volition, and was therefore bound to aliment him—to keep him "going," as the captain called it.

Dr. Prestwitch submitted to this imposition with much bitterness of spirit, and many a groan breathed in the solitude of his surgery. He was a man of a gentle and somewhat timorous nature, and he felt himself quite unequal to resist such a claimant; so week by week the poor fellow's brain was racked by the consideration of how he was to provide for Jonathan Blinker. Nor was it money only that his tormentor demanded from him. The ex-coiner was of a hungry temperament, and took it in bad part if there was not some trifling snack provided for him when he paid his weekly visit: whereby the surgeon was fain to have recourse to divers small stratagems in order to set aside the remains of a beefsteak pie or to secure the blade-bone of a shoulder of mutton for the refection of his oppressor. The devoted Barbara did not fail to note the disappearance of these viands, and to remark upon the fitfulness of her master's appetite.

For a long time this secret burden weighed

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Martin Prestwitch down to the dust. Life had been a hard struggle before, but it was infinitely harder now, when the small weekly scrapings which he might have saved were all absorbed by the omnivorous Blinker. He woke sometimes in the dead of the night, startled from sleep by the memory of his tormentor, and lay broad awake for hours, brooding over his difficulties.

Mr. Blinker had taken care to impress upon him that the thing he had done was against the law, and that he was liable to some severe penalty for having assisted in the evasion of a condemned felon. Being too benevolent a man to betray his incubus, and not valorous enough to face the difficulties of the case, Dr. Prestwitch submitted to be imposed upon, and received his pensioner as meekly as if Jonathan Blinker had been a creditor armed with a righteous claim against him.

Things went on in this dismal manner for some time, and then there came a gradual change for the better in the doctor's circumstances. Patients dropped in upon him, or sent for him, much oftener than of old. Now it was a summons to attend the birth of some denizen of a slum in St. Giles's, anon he was called to the death-bed of some ancient inhabitant of the Mint; sometimes he was sent for to repair the damages caused by a faction fight in the purlieus of Field Lane, or to operate upon the fractured ribs of some muscular member of the dangerous classes in Bedfordbury. On all these occasions he found that he had been recommended by Jonathan Blinker, who had described him as a perfect master of surgery and physic; and on all these occasions Dr. Prestwitch had reason to suspect that his new clients belonged to the criminal classes. But patients are patients, and these people paid the doctor promptly and liberally when flush of money, and showed themselves honorable whenever he gave them credit. The juvenile population in these quarters was perpetually being increased; and the ladies being uniformly pleased with gentle Martin Prestwitch, one matron recommended him to another, until the gentleman who was usually described among them as "Blinker's doctor" found his practice was really picking up, and his financial position becoming easier.

There were still, however, those dreaded visits of Jonathan Blinker; and it seemed to Dr. Prestwitch as if his whole life was pervaded by that bulky figure in the bottle-green coat, very shiny about the cuffs and elbows and very mangy as to the fur collar by this time. And yet he felt that on the whole he was bound to be grateful to his tormentor, for the ultimate result of the business had been advantageous to himself. He did even try to make some show of gratitude; while Jonathan, on his part, was positively affectionate to his benefactor, declaring himself ready to serve him in any manner, at the hazard of a second suspension *per col.* even.

"There's nothing I wouldn't do for you, doctor," he said. "I'd coin for you if I had a new set of tools, or the money to buy 'em. There!"

The doctor, of course, entreated him to dismiss all ideas of coining from his brain, and to set about leading an honest life; but on this Mr. Blinker would only shake his head dubiously, as not perceiving the relevancy of the proposition.

So things went on for nearly three years. The doctor's three small children had been recruited by an infantine brother, and now numbered four, with the possibility of a fifth looming in the distance. The doctor's practice was better, but it was not a good one, and could not by any means be called an aristocratic or even a genteel practice; nor had the doctor any prospect of being able to remove to a more fashionable locality than Little Bell Street. He could pay the butcher and the baker, however, and had no need to worry himself about his rent; and this, to a man of such modest desires, was enough for contentment.

Mr. Blinker had been his pensioner all this time, and Barbara Snaffles had become quite familiar with the weekly visitor in the bottle-green coat, dimly visible in the gloaming; for whatever the season of the year, Mr. Blinker came only in the twilight. She believed in him firmly as a patient in the corn-chandlery line—Dr. Prestwitch had told her he was a corn-chandler—afflicted with some chronic disease, and one of her master's most profitable customers.

The third year was closing in when the evening and hour of Mr. Blinker's accustomed visit came round without bringing that gentleman to Little Bell Street. It was the first time he had failed to appear with Tuesday evening's dusk since the foundation of this institution, and Dr. Prestwitch passed the remainder of the evening in a state of almost feverish restlessness, with the ex-coiner's allowance in his pocket. Could any thing have happened to Jonathan Blinker? Could it be that this infliction had come to a sudden end?

A second Tuesday came round, and again Mr. Blinker was missing; a third, and then a fourth, with the same result. Dr. Prestwitch felt a wild, half-guilty hope that he should never see Jonathan Blinker again. Yet he was somewhat sorry to think that evil had befallen the missing man, nevertheless; for the surgeon was of a kindly disposition, and the creature had loved him.

Six weeks went by, and there were still no tidings of Mr. Blinker. The surgeon read the police news, expecting to see some record of calamity to his felonious acquaintance; but the scanty news sheet of the day contained no information of the missing Jonathan. If he had suffered, he had suffered under some alias unknown to the doctor. At the end of the six weeks, and while Dr. Prestwitch's wonderment was yet at its height, there came a mysterious brown paper parcel, addressed to the doctor in a queer, cramped hand that he had never seen before. It was a small oblong package, very carefully corded and sealed, yet in a straggling flimsy manner; and it arrived in the evening, while Martin Prestwitch was enjoying a pleasant interval of repose in the bosom of his family.

The surgeon of Little Bell Street was not the recipient of many parcels. Gifts and offerings of friendship were not showered upon him, even at the most festive season. Christmas brought him no monster turkeys, the new year no costly frivolities for his children in the way of sugar-plums; and his little ones had grown out of infancy without so much as a sponsorial fork and spoon among the four of them. The advent of a parcel, therefore, was a sufficient cause for excitement in the small family circle. The loving little wife's bright eyes grew brighter with pleasure, the two elder children hustled each other at their father's knees in their eagerness to see the parcel opened; and Barbara Snaffles stood open-mouthed and open-eyed at her master's elbow.

The parcel felt very heavy—almost like plate, Dr. Prestwitch thought—and, oh! what an acceptable gift a dozen or so of silver forks and spoons would have been in that humble household! He broke the seals and unfastened the cord with hands that were tremulous with excitement. Inside the brown paper there was a small deal box, roughly made, and with the lid nailed down. There was some work and some delay in raising the lid; but when it was lifted Mary Prestwitch thought the sight she beheld an all-sufficient reward for a hundred times as much trouble.

Comfortably reposing between two layers of cotton-wool appeared a quantity of golden guineas, their yellow brightness pleasingly relieved by a background of crown pieces, fresh from the mint.

"Oh, Martin!" cried the little woman, with clasped hands, "who can have sent us so much money? Thanks be to God, whoever it is!"

For a few moments Dr. Prestwitch did indeed believe that some unknown benefactor had taken compassion upon his poverty, and that the glistening counters before him were genuine coin of the realm. Only moments; and then the image of Jonathan Blinker arose before his dazzled eyes, and he felt assured that these bright reproductions of King George's image were the handiwork of the coiner.

He pushed away his wife's hand as she stretched it out to take one of the guineas.

"Don't excite yourself, Molly," he said, gently. "It isn't real money. It's only some one playing off a practical joke upon me."

"Not real money? Oh, Martin!" exclaimed the wife, with something like a sob.

"No, my love. They look very well, certainly, but there's not a genuine guinea among them; and if you or I were to try to pass one of them, it would be at the hazard of our necks."

"I wouldn't mind trying, though," said the reckless Barbara, "at Bartlemy Fair."

"Bab, I'm ashamed of you!" cried the doctor.

He took up one of the delusive coins between his finger and thumb, and felt the edges with the air of a man learned in metallurgy.

"Examine the milling, my dear," he said, handing the false guinea to his wife. "That is the test."

Mary Prestwitch burst out crying as she looked at the bright simulacrum. It was a bitter disappointment. Five minutes ago she had fancied that a shower of riches had descended upon them; and now it seemed as if the thought of their poverty was a keener pang than it had ever been before.

"Are they really false, Martin?" she asked, piteously.

"As false as any that ever a man was hung for coining," replied the doctor.

He had just come upon a scrap of paper that lurked at the bottom of the box—a brief scrawl from Jonathan Blinker:

"Honerd Sirr," wrote the felon, "I ave gott sum tooles and biggun work agen. I send a fu spessimints, wich may bee yusefull. Thay wold parse in yr nayburode. Yrs to comand, J. B."

Martin Prestwitch tossed this missive into the fire.

"Oh, Martin, who is it that has played this wicked trick?" asked his wife; "and what was there in that note?"

"Nothing that I could make out, Molly. Don't fret, my darling. I don't suppose the person meant unkindly."

"Not mean unkindly? And to disappoint us like that! Oh, Martin!"

The Christmas snow lay in the retired nooks and by-ways of the great city once more, and the doctor was fourteen years older than at the beginning of this story. But he still lived in Little Bell Street, and still worked very hard to provide for his wife and children. The fact was, he had so many of them that his household expenses for the last fourteen years had been steadily on the increase. He did not grumble at this, however. He could ill have spared one of that merry band.

His circumstances had improved somewhat year by year, but never so much as to justify his removal to a more fashionable neighborhood. His patients belonged to the lower classes, and if he had left Little Bell Street, he must have left his practice behind him. So a whole nosegay of blooming flowers had grown up in that dingy old house, more or less under the dominion of Barbara Snaffles. "Old servants are such hard masters," says Charles Reade; and certainly Barbara ruled the doctor's household with a rod of iron.

There was a great commotion in the family this Christmas. The eldest girl, her mother's namesake, Molly, was going to be married—going to be transplanted into a sphere of life much loftier than that in which her father and mother had their being; for she had been lucky enough to win the affections of a fashionable young doctor, whose father was a physician with a large West End practice; a very proud and pompous gentleman, not a little disposed to consider that his only son was throwing himself away upon pretty Molly Prestwitch.

They were to be married upon the last day of the old year, and poor Molly had had hard work to prepare her simple wedding outfit, with the aid and counsel of Barbara Snaffles. Gentle little Mrs. Prestwitch was something of a cipher in the household, like most mild-tempered women whose lives are taken up with the rearing of children. She was content to look on and see the indefatigable Barbara manage for herself and her family, and it seemed to her that every thing Mistress Snaffles did was wise.

On Christmas-day there was to be a great festival in Little Bell Street. Young Mr. Clemmory—Molly's intended—was to dine with his future father-in-law; and the great Dr. Clemmory himself, of Saville Row, had condescended to accept Martin Prestwitch's invitation to partake of his modest Christmas fare. The fare was to be by no means unworthy of the distinguished guest, however; for Barbara had been up to her eyes in preparations for the last week, and had cheapened one of the finest geese in Leadenhall Market for the feast, which, with a haunch of mutton, a boiled round of beef, and a veal pie, the doctor and his wife agreed would make a very pretty little dinner. They were to dine at three in the afternoon—quite a patrician hour—but young Clemmory had informed them that his father never dined earlier; and as the appointed time drew near, Barbara's nervousness increased to a feverish intensity. She felt that her reputation as a cook and a manager was staked upon this cast.

A little before three Dr. Clemmory and his son arrived, the West End physician a ponderous man, with a fat voice, a powdered wig, a pair of handsome legs in black silk stockings, and a gold-headed cane. The small wainscoted parlor seemed hardly capacious enough for such grand company; and Mrs. Prestwitch was quite fluttered by the importance of her guest.

It was nearly dinner-time, and they were all assembled in the parlor: Molly the younger radiant and blooming in a white muslin frock, with a coral necklace round her slender throat; two younger girls, who looked like smaller repetitions of Molly; three boys, more or less in the hobbledehoy stage of existence, all in clean shirt frills, but showing a little more bony wrist below their coat cuffs than was in accordance with the reigning fashion—poor people's children grow so fast. It was on the stroke of three; Mrs. Prestwitch was wondering how the goose would turn out; whether the haunch of mutton would be roasted to that perfection of culinary art which such a man as Dr. Clemmory had a right to expect in any joint set before him; and whether Barbara would emerge triumphantly from the plum-pudding ordeal, and walk unscathed through the mince-pie furnace. The house was small, and the narrow entrance hall had been odorous with dinner for the last hour or more.

Before the neighboring clocks began to strike the hour, there came a loud double knock at Dr. Prestwitch's door. The surgeon and his wife started and stared at each other aghast. They had invited no other guest; and the advent of a dropper-in upon such an occasion would be an unmixed calamity. Every fork and spoon had been pressed into the service of the day, every inch of the dinner-table was engaged.

The West End physician was laying down the law in his pompous voice, talking about the king and my Lord North and those contumacious Americans; but every other tongue was silent, and Dr. and Mrs. Prestwitch were straining their ears to the utmost to hear the opening of the street-door, and Barbara's parley with the unexpected visitor. There was a long pause: it was not an easy thing for Bab to leave her dinner at the supreme moment of "dishing-up," and it would have been ill manners for a member of the family to leave the room in order to open the street-door. There was a prolonged pause, therefore, during which the church-clocks chimed three with a solemn sound, and the individual who had knocked gave a loud, husky h'm, a sound that sent a cold shiver through Martin Prestwitch, he scarce knew why.

At last the door was opened, and a voice that turned the surgeon's blood to ice was heard inquiring for Dr. Prestwitch. Then a pair of creaking shoes walked down the passage, the parlor door was flung open, and Barbara announced Mr. JONATHAN BLINKER!

It was the coiner, dressed in a brand-new bottle-green coat and breeches, and a scarlet waistcoat elaborately adorned with gold-lace; the coiner grown stout and red-faced and prosperous-looking; the coiner in a snow-white frilled shirt, and with a new three-cornered hat under his arm.

There was a dead silence. Martin Prestwitch's countenance assumed a sickly hue; the great man from Saville Row stopped suddenly in his lecture, and stared at the new-comer as if waiting for an introduction. Mrs. Prestwitch and the children stared also, but were inclined to consider Mr. Blinker's jovial red face in a favorable aspect. He looked an eminently respectable gentleman of the agricultural class.

"How d'ye do, doctor?" he said, unabashed by the assembly in which he found himself. "I've just come back from America, and I thought I'd give you a look up before I went any where else, even though it was Christmas-day; and I don't mind cutting my Christmas beef with you, if you've no objections."

What could Martin Prestwitch do—a weak soul at the best, and especially feeble where Jonathan Blinker was concerned? He faltered out a half-audible introduction: "Dr. Clemmory, Mr. Blinker; Mr. Clemmory, Mr. Blinker." The physician bowed with an urbane stateliness; good-natured George Clemmory shook hands with the stranger.

"Your arrival is somewhat of a coincidence," said Dr. Clemmory; "we were discussing the aspect of American affairs when you knocked."

Barbara announced dinner before Mr. Blinker could reply. By a rapid and judicious manœuvring of the knives and forks she had contrived to prepare a cover for the uninvited guest, and the coiner took his place among the rest of the company, to the horror of Martin Prestwitch, who knew not what revelations might be made before the meal was finished, and who felt that his face was palpably bedewed with cold perspiration.

The banquet was a success. Dr. Clemmory ate like an alderman, and praised the goose and the haunch until Barbara's countenance glowed with an honorable pride. Mr. Blinker made himself eminently agreeable, talking jovially with the youngsters at his end of the table, and leading the laughter for all Dr. Clemmory's jokes with a stentorian peal. It is true that he put his knife in his mouth a good deal, and supped up his gravy in a painfully audible manner; but people were not so refined in those days, and a prosperous agriculturist might do as much as this without creating a scandal. Altogether things were much better than Martin Prestwitch had expected, and as the evening wore on he began to breathe freely.

After dinner there was a dessert of nuts and oranges. How happy George Clemmory and pretty Molly Prestwitch seemed roasting chestnuts at the fire in the dimly lighted parlor, with all those young brothers and sisters, while their parents conversed more gravely in the dining-room, where there was a steaming bowl of punch! Under the influence of punch the West End physician became wonderfully expansive, and patronized Jonathan Blinker in the most genial manner.

"I like a man of that stamp," he said, afterward, in confidence to Martin Prestwitch; "an honest, jovial fellow, cast in a good mould, Sir—cast in a good mould. There's genuine metal there, Dr. Prestwitch; you can hear the ring of it. The man is sterling coin, Sir."

Martin Prestwitch shivered, and could only reply with a sickly smile.

Before the night was out Dr. Clemmory was obviously the worse or the better for liquor, and had become almost maudlin in his expressions of regard for the ex-coiner. Mr. Blinker had drunk more, but the strong drink had no effect upon him. When the physician's coach came to fetch him away from Little Bell Street he volunteered to set Mr. Blinker down at his inn before driving home, an offer which was accepted, to the horror of Martin Prestwitch.

If Dr. Clemmory had taken a fancy to Mr. Blinker, that worthy, on his part, had taken a fancy to the junior members of the Prestwitch family. He insisted upon kissing the three girls under the mistletoe when he wished them good-night, and wound up by kissing Barbara Snaffles in the passage. He squeezed Martin Prestwitch by the hand upon the threshold, and said, in a confidential voice,

"I think you've been glad to see me, doctor, and I take it kindly. I've not forgot past favors. I've made a bit of money out yonder in the shipping line, and I've left every penny of it to you."

It was the truth; and the bit of money turned out to be a large fortune, which Dr. Prestwitch inherited three years afterward from the grateful Blinker, who expired in the odor of sanctity at his own house at Clapton, sincerely regretted by the young Prestwitches, to whom he had been a kind of fairy godfather, showering benefits and gifts upon them during those concluding years of his life. To the last day of his existence Dr. Clemmory was wont to speak of Mr. Blinker as a model of probity, and the very flower of successful traders and self-made men.

SUDDEN DEATH.

No man dies suddenly. Death surprises no man, but gives all men sufficient warning and notice.....Do ye complain of sudden death, that have carried death about ye ever since ye were born? that have been entertained with daily spectacles of carcasses and funerals? that have heard so many sermons upon the subject, and read so many good books on the frailty of life and the certainty of death? Do ye not know that every moment that ye live brings ye nearer to your end? Your clothes wear out; your woods and your houses decay; and yet ye look that your bodies should be immortal! What are the common accidents and diseases of life but warnings to provide yourself for a remove?

"WERRY NICE BOOTS."

ONCE on a time Lord John Russell called a cab in the evening to carry him from the House of Commons to Chesham Place. To the cabman he gave a coin; but when, with proper care, he balanced his accounts that night, he found 10*s.* short. He rightly concluded that he had given his driver a sovereign for a shilling. On the following day he asked the waterman in Palace Yard whether he remembered the cabman. The cabman was found. Lord John reminded him of what had occurred. The cabman knew all about it, and acknowledged his rascality. Lord John suggested the immediate return of the money. "Can't be done, your lordship," says the cabman, grinning. "Can't! why not?" rejoins the immortal Whig. "Why, my lord, I thought a great nobleman like you of course meant to give me the money as compensation for the honor of driving you; so, as my boots was blessed old, I went and bought a pair—and here they are," pointing to his somewhat shapely legs. "They're werry nice boots, my lord. Some calls 'em Wellingtons; I calls 'em Russells."

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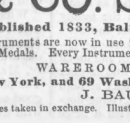

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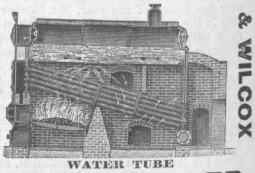

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XV.—No. 780.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1871. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1871, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

THE GRAND DUKE ALEXIS.

As mentioned in the last number of the *Weekly*, the Grand Duke ALEXIS arrived at this port on the night of November 18. The following day being the Sabbath, and Monday proving stormy and boisterous, the landing and reception took place on Tuesday, November 21.

The day was clear and resplendent, more like the middle of October than of November, and at an early hour the streets through which the grand procession was to pass were filled with eager crowds. Every available point was occupied, on the sidewalks, in the windows, and on the steps and porches of shops and private houses. Many thousands of people must have kept their feet for hours for the pleasure of seeing a rather handsome young man in uniform ride by in a carriage. They were not impelled, however, solely by that common curiosity which makes people all over the world run after royalty. The welcome was not so much to the Prince himself as to the representative of a power which, however separated from us by form of government, has always been our firm and steadfast ally. Americans will never forget that she stood our friend at a time when she might have joined hands with European powers that were eager for the destruction of the republic, and by her firmness held the others in check.

On this and another page our artists have pictured for us some of the most interesting incidents of the landing and the reception of the Grand Duke: the departure from the Russian frigate *Svetlana*, the reception on board the *Mary Powell*, and the scene at the grand stand at Union Square.

The reception on board the steamer *Mary Powell;* which had been chartered for the occasion, was interesting and impressive. The steamer left the foot of Vestry Street, North River, at twelve o'clock, noon, and steamed down toward the American and Russian war vessels lying off the Battery. On board were the Russian Minister CATACAZY, the Reception Committee, and a large number of invited guests. On coming alongside of the United States frigate *Congress*, she received on board Vice-Admiral ROWAN and several other naval officers of high rank and distinction. A barge from the *Svetlana* then came alongside to conduct Minister CATACAZY and suit on board that vessel. The minister ascended the gangway of the *Svetlana*, and informed the Grand Duke that the Reception Committee awaited him on the steamer. The Grand Duke, attired in full-dress black uniform, and wearing the Imperial Cross of the Royal Family and the medal of his regiment, descended into the barge in company with Vice-Admiral POSSIET, Captain KREMER, Captain SCHANTZ, Minister CATACAZY, and suit. The boat approached the starboard ladder of the *Mary Powell*, and the members of the Executive Committee, headed by W. H. ASPINWALL, General M'DOWELL, and Vice-Admiral ROWAN, stood ready to receive his Imperial Highness. The entire Reception Committee were arranged in double column through the lower saloon, up the stairway, and into the centre of the after-part of the upper cabin. The Grand Duke stepped lightly up the ladder, hat in hand, and took the arm of WM. H. ASPINWALL. Minister CATACAZY followed, accepting the same courtesy from General M'DOWELL; and Vice-Admiral POSSIET came next, leaning on the arm of Vice-Admiral ROWAN. The suit and personal attendants of the Duke followed. The party ascended the stairway and halted in the centre of the open space reserved for the ceremony of the reception. Major-General DIX then greeted the Grand Duke, and made an appropriate and cordial speech of welcome, to which the Prince appeared to listen with great interest. He replied in English as follows:

"General Dix, ladies and gentlemen: I beg to express my warmest thanks for the kind feelings to which, on behalf of the people of this great city, you have given expression. They prove that the bonds which exist between Russia and the United States are as strong as they are lasting, and that nothing can sever them. I shall only pass rapidly through New York at present, my first wish being to pay my respects to the President at Washington, whose high character is greatly appreciated by the people of Russia; but on my return to New York I shall have great pleasure in accepting the kind hospitality which has been so generously expressed. Ladies and gentlemen, I heartily thank you."

The Prince spoke fluently, and with only a slight foreign accent. At the conclusion of his address he stepped forward and offered his hand to General DIX, after which the general introductions began, the Grand Duke bowing to each lady and gentleman as they were presented. After some time passed in this manner, during which the steamer made the circuit of the bay, the Grand Duke and suit, Vice-Admiral POSSIET, Minister CATACAZY and suit, together with all the officers of the United States Reception Fleet, were conducted to the dining-room, where lunch was served. The steamer meanwhile steamed slowly toward pier No. 1 North River, where the landing was to take place, as described on another page.

RECEPTION OF THE GRAND DUKE ALEXIS ON BOARD THE "MARY POWELL."—[DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.]

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"MIDDLEMARCH," a new serial story by GEORGE ELIOT, to commence in HARPER'S WEEKLY for December 16.

"MISS OR MRS.?" by WILKIE COLLINS, illustrated with striking full-page engravings from original drawings, to commence December 23.

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We congratulate the readers of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, and BAZAR on the rich and tempting intellectual repast provided for their enjoyment, and upon the rare privilege of sitting down to their monthly or weekly feast of fancy and flow of soul with such a select and excellent company of entertainers as GEORGE ELIOT, WILKIE COLLINS, ANTHONY TROLLOPE, CHARLES LEVER, Professor DE MILLE, B. L. FARJEON, GUSTAVE DORÉ, Miss MULOCK, Miss BRADDON, M. D. CONWAY, PORTE CRAYON, BAYARD TAYLOR, R. H. STODDARD, JOHN HAY, HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD, EUGENE LAWRENCE, Dr. I. I. HAYES, THOMAS NAST, SOL EYTINGE, Jun., CHARLES PARSONS, W. L. SHEPPARD, JULES TAVERNER, and many others of high rank in the world of letters and art. In securing this unprecedented array of splendid names, the Publishers are only carrying out their original design, and fulfilling what they conceive to be the legitimate duty of the conductors of widely circulated and popular periodicals. They intend that wherever their periodicals circulate they shall exert a healthful influence in every department of literature and art; and that in the future, as in the past, they shall be not only unsurpassed but unapproachable in the sphere of illustrated journalism.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1871.

☞ *Persons desiring to renew their Subscriptions to* HARPER'S PERIODICALS *will much oblige the Publishers by sending in their Names as early as convenient* BEFORE THE EXPIRATION OF THEIR PRESENT SUBSCRIPTIONS. *This will obviate the delay attendant upon re-entering names and mailing back Numbers.*

For Terms, etc., see Advertisement on page 1159.

☞ *In the Eight-page* SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *the reader will find another very interesting page of Russian Sketches; a very characteristic illustration, appropriate to the season, entitled*

Thanksgiving Dinner in a New England Farm-House;

a street scene in New York; an illustrated Story; and other artistic and literary attractions.

ALEXIS AND HIS WELCOME.

ONE of the accounts of the reception of the Russian Prince in New York stated that "ALEXIS certainly received such an ovation as no man on earth ever received before from New Yorkers between the Battery and Union Square." That is strong language, for New Yorkers have heretofore offered a similar "ovation" to the Japanese TOMMY and the Prince of Wales, and it seemed as if we had exhausted all the resources of parading all the soldiers, and packing the windows and house-tops and street lanterns with spectators, and shouting until we could shout no more in honor of the hero of the hour. Certainly nobody grudges the handsome young Russian his enthusiastic welcome, under the stress of which, according to the report, he bore himself with good-humored dignity. There was, of course, in itself something very comical in the eager interest of a great city and country in a youth of whom nothing whatever can be said but that he is an emperor's son; and it was very natural to say that Yankees love a lord. But the truth is, that such an excitement for such a cause is not so insignificant as it appears to those whom it affects with impatience and contempt.

If any body, for instance, were disposed to sneer at the affair as illustrating the essential snobbery of a vulgar society, the ludicrous climax of the reception, namely, the introduction of Mr. JIM FISK to the Prince, should have restored entire good humor. That, of course, turned the idea of social exclusiveness into utter ridicule. It may have vaguely occurred to the more solemn gentlemen of the committee that there was something inexpressibly absurd in elaborate preparations, and a long procession under chiming bells and waving flags, and amidst shouting and rejoicing throngs, to end in a presentation of Mr. JIM FISK. But Fate kindly provides those reliefs. "The best families," of which the reporters respectfully spoke, the select society admitted by cards to certain front seats in the proceedings, were thus drolly brought to grief by the anticlimax. Certainly nobody should be troubled by the social aspect of the reception, which, with its culmination, nobody can think of without inextinguishable laughter.

Nor is the interest in the arrival of the Prince to be explained as a tribute to an ancient ally and friend. Russia was friendly to us during the war, but it was not the kind of friendship that inspires popular enthusiasm; and our relations with the country are too remote to give Russia any more hold of the popular heart than Japan. The affair is very simple, and has very little to do with the Prince. Nobody need draw conclusions from it unfavorable to our national character or manners. If it had been a Crim Tartar, or a king of the Cannibal Islands, or a white elephant, the excitement would have been precisely the same. It was the chance of a holiday spectacle that gathered the people—a spectacle of which they themselves were the chief part. The event had been so carefully "written up," the preparations had been so elaborate, and the mere delay of the fleet had so excited public attention, that the rest was inevitable. It was not snobbery, nor honor to our ally, nor interest in the Prince: it was the opportunity of a holiday that filled the streets; and as enthusiasm is contagious, the Prince's welcome was what GRANT'S, or SHERMAN'S, or some other real hero's might have been, after a great war or a great debate, in which a country had been saved and civilization advanced.

And now that the public reception has passed, however foolish private society may be, it can not be more foolish than that to which the young man is accustomed. Let nobody be troubled. He will find among us ladies as lovely and well-bred as he ever saw, partners in the dance as graceful as he ever knew. At dinners he will drink wine as delicate, and eat food as exquisitely cooked, as in any country where the host did not begin life as a boy sweeping out an office, nor the hostess her housekeeping by being her own maid-of-all-work. The feeling which is flattered to be near him because he is a prince, is precisely the feeling which speaks of "our best families." It is the dear old soul of the snob which is universal, and which, when there is no prince, is happy with rich and fashionable people. It is not because we love a lord, but because we like to enjoy ourselves, that we welcome the Russian with such enthusiasm.

THE ENGLISH QUEEN AND THE REPUBLICANS.

THE speech of Sir CHARLES DILKE at Newcastle-on-Tyne, in England, and the constant reports of meetings at which the Queen is freely criticised, are signs too significant to be disregarded. The remarks of the English press upon the speech show that it is not thought to be unimportant. Those, however, who say that Sir CHARLES is not to be confounded with BRADLAUGH and BEALE forget that it is because of those men that he speaks. That is to say, the feeling which they represent among the working classes has become so general that Sir CHARLES is sure of an immense popular support when he ventures upon a strain so contemptuous of monarchy. Mr. BAGEHOT, in his work upon the English Constitution, says that the monarchy is intrenched in popular superstition. It is surrounded by a glamour, and the mass of the people imagine the monarch to be a mystic personage crowned and clad in ermine and purple, holding a sceptre, and governing: and he adds that they are wholly ignorant of the fact that the king is a name merely, and that the government is conducted by a committee of the House of Commons.

If this be so, the first duty of the friends of monarchy is to maintain the glamour, and to surround the person of the monarch with pomp and state of every kind. To such a popular imagination of the government as BAGEHOT describes a secluded widow in weeds can not be a queen. But the glamour is, in fact, swiftly disappearing. The speech of Sir CHARLES DILKE is a rude blow to dispel it. The moral of the speech is, in a word, that even granting the Queen to be a necessary officer in a good system, she is yet a ridiculously overpaid officer. Sir CHARLES laughs at ceremonies. He set his audience roaring over the catalogue of dignitaries which he recited: "Lord high almoner, sub-almoner, hereditary grand almoner, master of the buck-hounds, clerk of the check, clerk of the closet, exons in waiting; and last, but not least, the hereditary grand falconer, the Duke of St. Albans, who might, perhaps, with advantage, if he is to retain his salary of £1500 a year, be created hereditary grand pigeon-shooter in ordinary." No wonder the audience laughed. It is an excellent joke. Sir CHARLES ridicules the ceremony of the crown. But, "Sire, your Majesty's self is but a ceremony."

The difference between Sir CHARLES DILKE'S speech and that of EDMUND BURKE upon similar abuses a century ago is that BURKE, like the English people, was penetrated with the sentiment of loyalty. Indeed, EDMUND BURKE was the high-priest and poet of British loyalty. He aimed at reforms in the crown expenses in order to secure the crown. But Sir CHARLES, in laughing at them, ridicules the crown itself. For loyalty is gone in England. The divinity that hedges a monarch, and consequently the monarchy, has disappeared. The form of government has therefore become a mere matter of pecuniary calculation. The value of the crown is a sum in simple addition. While BURKE would have purged the royal household of abuses as he would have cut off the suckers that hampered a noble tree, Sir CHARLES DILKE says that if it can be shown that a republic would be free from the corruption of a monarchy, he and the middle classes would say, Let it come.

That this is the feeling of a very large class of intelligent Englishmen, as well as of the mass of the less educated, is beyond question. It is not relieved by any thing in the character of the prospective monarch, and is, as we see in the speech of Sir CHARLES DILKE, but slightly tempered by the fact that the present monarch is a woman. There is no probability that this feeling will disappear or decline, and it must therefore deepen and increase. It will be strongly stimulated by the recent peaceful emancipation of the city of New York from the Tammany Ring. There was a general impression that the republican system was a conspicuous failure in the chief American city, and that general failure was but a result of longer time. So long as the impotence of the people to deal with organized political corruption seemed to be proved, the example of America was as good a Tory argument against republicanism in England as slavery used to be. But a victory of the people any where is a popular triumph every where. Sir CHARLES DILKE exposes the expense of the household details of monarchy. But that is a small item, both in kind and quantity, in the sum of its cost.

A VOICE FROM VIRGINIA.

MR. A. H. H. STUART, of Virginia, has made his contribution of advice to the Democratic party in its extremity, and it is, that in the Presidential campaign of next year the name of Democrat and Conservative be dropped, and that "the high and holy purposes" of the Democratic party be indicated by the name of "Constitutional party." This proposition has a fine old Beleveret flavor. Our platform, said that famous party, is the Union, the Constitution, and the enforcement of the laws. But it may truly be said of Mr. STUART'S method of Democratic victory made easy that the name he suggests is as appropriate as those that he would discard. A party which, while defending and extending human slavery, called itself Democratic, and while actively in one part of the country, and passively in the other, trying to overthrow the government, called itself Conservative, may also, when foiled in the attempt to destroy the Constitution, solemnly call itself Constitutional. The motley host called the Democratic party is quite as constitutional as it is democratic, and as conservative as it is constitutional.

Mr. STUART proposes to rebuild "the Temple of Liberty," and advises union with Messrs. SCHURZ, TRUMBULL, COX, of Ohio, GRATZ BROWN, and WILLIAM M. EVARTS for that purpose. They are very excellent men, but they are hardly ready to become cat's-paws. They probably do not wish the renomination of the President; but to suppose them, therefore, willing to bring the Democratic party into power, as a less disastrous alternative, is fatally to accuse their patriotism and good sense. For in all the rumor of coalition, of new parties, of plotting and planning and conspiring, there is one constant fact which can never be overlooked, and which should be constantly stated—namely, that the coalition is a desperate device of the Democratic party to save itself. New parties are formed only when old issues are so obsolete that the force of the new disintegrates both parties. The Republican party was a union of old Whigs and Democrats upon a wholly new platform. It was not the Whig party reinforced by discontented Democrats and called by a new name. The Whigs who joined repudiated their old party platform, and the Democrats did likewise, and the old organizations of both parties continued.

But there is no such situation now. For what is the commanding issue which necessarily dissolves both of the great parties? Nobody pretends that there is any. Reverence for the Constitution is not an issue, because both parties profess the utmost regard for it; and what imaginable security could the Democratic party give of higher respect for it than the Republicans, when the whole country knows that the Southern Democrats drew their swords because they could not impose a meaning hostile to liberty upon the Constitution? What object that was ever dear to any Republican does he hope to gain by weakening his own party to strengthen the Democratic? It is not true that both parties are dissolving, and that a new party is inevitable. The New York *World*, which favors the coalition, says frankly that there is no real line of division between Republicans like Mr. SCHURZ and the Democratic party. It does not say and it does not mean that its party should disband; and its argument is intended to show Mr. SCHURZ that if he has left the Republicans, he must join the Democrats.

The elections, also, show a Republican union and firmness which indicate the deep conviction of the American people that Republican ascendency is the guarantee of peace and progress. It is the plain significance of those elections which has so startled the Democratic chiefs that they are lost in perplexity as to their future course, and have issued proposals to all dissatisfied persons. It is by the Republican party that the reforms most desired are to be accomplished. We see with regret honorable men who despair of the party. But we believe that as the time for action approaches they will recover something of their old faith, and decide—even if it seem to them no more—for the party which has saved liberty, rather than that which has served slavery.

THE NEW CITY CHARTER.

THE new charter of the city of New York should be very simple and intelligible, embodying the results of experience. It is impossible, for instance, in our system, that good men should be elected, if there are a crowd of unknown persons for whom the elector must vote. How many of the young men who at the late election did such memorable and effective service at the polls ever before relied upon the candidates for whom they voted, or knew any thing about them, as men fit for their places? And they had this confidence at this time because the reformers assured themselves of the personal

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character of the candidates, and the young men depended upon the reformers. But this can not always be so. There can not always be the same stirring of the community to its depths; and although there is no doubt that the good impetus of this autumn will be felt for many a year, it is not something upon which we ought permanently to count, for the system which required it is essentially vicious. We do not mean that there is any excuse for a want of practical and personal interest in politics, but only that there is no excuse for those who take such an interest if they permit the vicious system to continue.

The error began with the Constitution of 1846. The principle of that Constitution, and the theory of the men who made it, was that, as all power resides in the people, every individual function of government must be imposed by a direct act of the people. By this dogma any method of reaching results which the people might see to be preferable to the one that they practiced was virtually prohibited. It was treason to the people, for instance, to declare that a great many officers should be appointed by others who are elected, instead of being elected directly by the people. Indeed, demagogery was the natural fruit of our present Constitution. "The people" were made as tyrannical as kings are reputed to be. And every rascal who bought votes and stuffed ballot-boxes declared that he confided in the people, who are always good and great. Now it is true that the popular judgment of great principles and tendencies is usually correct, but the popular knowledge of individuals is often very slight; and one of the difficult practical problems of our system is the method of selecting candidates.

This must be made as easy as possible in the new charter. We must not rely upon a perpetual heroic public virtue. Men will usually take some trouble if they can see how a good result will follow; but they will take none if they can not. If, for instance, as Mr. NORDHOFF suggests, the system of the national government should be adopted in the city, there would be a general knowledge of a candidate for Mayor, as there is of a Presidential candidate, and those who would not interest themselves in the nomination of fifty persons, of whom they could know nothing, would gladly join to nominate one man whom they knew, and who should appoint the fifty, and be responsible for them. The municipal legislature, like the national, might be elected, with the minority fairly represented in larger and smaller districts. The project of a legislature elected by taxpayers is impracticable, because no satisfactory line of division can be drawn between those who are tax-payers and those who are not; nor is there any good reason why the expenditure for the common advantage should be controlled by any class. The principle that those who supply the money for public purposes, even if they could be properly ascertained, should alone direct its use, is one which leads to the most perplexing but logical results.

But one cardinal condition of any improved municipal government must be a proper system of filling the subordinate offices. The principle of a reformed civil service must be applied to city administration. Patronage must be practically abolished here, as in the larger sphere; and nowhere is it so practicable as here, if there is the resolute purpose that it shall be. With this there should be a constant public inspection of the accounts, and a direct hold of the people upon offending officers of high degree. Indeed, the vital points of a proper charter are not many. Any elaborate system, however, devised merely for party ascendency, must fail. The welfare of the city in the future depends very much upon the subordination of party politics to a common interest. The moment was never so auspicious. But the great result of the victory would be lost should it be turned only to partisan uses.

JENKINS AND THE PRINCE.

JENKINS always disappoints. He leads us to the very door of the enchanted chamber, and there his incantation fails. When Father HYACINTHE came, Jenkins, who had reported his apostrophes to the stars and the ocean upon the passage, and who attended him with eager and comprehensive eyes to his chamber, forgot to tell us how many towels hung upon his rack, and what soap he used in washing his hands. Now those are the important facts for Jenkins. What Father HYACINTHE might say about the moon or the Pope can be imagined; but who, save Jenkins, could tell us whether the excellent father's boots were half-soled or not? or whether, and if whether, when, he made use of a fine-tooth comb? There were not the details, also, of the father's tooth-brush which we had a right to expect from a Jenkins who has a proper sense of his function in human society; and the total omission of any reference to the Hyacinthine nasal habits during sleep, or—we beg Jenkins's pardon—when wrapped in Elysian slumbers, was an instance of sad negligence or actual want of comprehension of the public expectation.

These faults we had hoped to see repaired when fate offered so great an opportunity as the arrival of an actual grand duke. We are all accustomed to the most awful grandeurs of rank upon the stage, but not in the street: and what can be a more ennobling subject of contemplation than the furniture and carpet and spittoons of a room in which a prince—"a certain high personage," as the older newspapers used to say, catching their breath—dines or sleeps? To gratify this noble curiosity is the generous purpose of Jenkins. But the theme is, perhaps, too oppressively august. For, speaking with respectful awe of the house in which the Prince deigned to pass a day in Washington, he says, "The hall is wide and roomy, fitted up with hat-racks," etc. Do princes, then, wear hats? Do imperial highnesses, indeed, cover their heads like other men? Jenkins invites us, as it were, upon the threshold, to meditate this great question. Then he whispers, to lead us on to still higher thoughts, that "the parlors communicate by folding-doors," and that "the carpet of the front-room has a gray ground with neat flowers." He says nothing of the carpet of the "rear room," and we are left to fancy that it may be a neat ground with gray flowers. But our friend recovers himself in the dining-room, which "has a Brussels carpet of blue and gray."

These are truths which will be contemplated with reverential pleasure, and when we are told, further, that "the table-linen all bears Madame CATACAZY'S coronet and the initials O. C. (OLGA DE CATACAZY)," and that "the china (Dresden) also bears the same inscription," our cup of happiness (Sèvres) fairly runs over. Then we are admitted, by the wand of Jenkins, to the chamber, or, as he gracefully calls it, the apartment, of the Prince. We learn that "the floor is covered with a Persian rug," and that "the furniture includes a rose-wood armoire with full-length mirror," and "a French bedstead resembling a couch," with "a pretty antique bureau of LOUIS XIV.'s time." This is edifying, but it is also vexatious. It is too general. As in the case of Father HYACINTHE, there is a cruel injustice of omission of all details of the toweling and tooth-powder; and Jenkins, breathing a diplomatic air, is wisely silent about the boot-jack. Besides, what satisfaction is there in knowing that "all the furniture is covered with chintz," if we are told nothing of the dress of the high being who sits upon it? To what purpose should we be told of the dress of the furniture, if we are to hear nothing of the PRINCE'S dress?

This is where our artist fails. Any body could tell us of a room, and of its carpets and furniture, and of the outer apparel of the most royal and imperial of princes. But Jenkins falls below his own ideal until he interviews the august under-clothing of our imperial ally. It is idle to linger upon Persian rugs, or to dally upon a French bedstead resembling a couch, if we are to be rudely turned away without a glimpse of imperial under-clothing, called socks. Are they merino, Jenkins, or linen, or, perhaps, linen and cotton mixed? And what is the pattern? And in colder weather—say in January—does he exchange them for heavy woolen? and, Jenkins, are they ribbed? It is the imperfection of his work of which we complain. There is no allusion to slippers—none to the toes of boots! Why should Jenkins be so silent about the latter, about something that he has felt so often and knows so well?

HAZING.

THE Secretary of the Navy has recently expelled six pupils from the Annapolis Academy for hazing. It was a most proper punishment of one of the meanest acts of which half a dozen boys can be guilty toward another. We understand, also, that hazing was never so rife as it has been at Harvard College since the opening of the new academic year. Now if the young gentlemen of that institution suppose it to be a manly or amusing business, they should be swiftly undeceived, for there is nothing more cowardly than a gang of bullies outraging a single victim. Hazing, as some of our readers may not understand, is just that. Half a dozen Sophomores go to the room of a single Freshman, and compel him to do their foolish pleasure; and if he resists, they thrash him, or pull his clothes off, and lay him in bed and pour dirty water over him. He is one to five or six, and of course they can do what they will. But sometimes, as in one late instance at Harvard, the Freshman smites one of the Sophs, and lays him sprawling upon the ground.

Hazing is not a sign of frolic boyishness nor of high spirits, but of an unmanly fear of an equal contest. If a single Soph undertook to cope with a single Freshman, and to show him life, there would be the chance which every man has against a single blackguard. But to sneak in squads to hold another fellow and pour slops upon him is simply dastardly, and an offense against honor and manhood of which every one of the sneaks should be heartily ashamed. There are a great many secret societies in the colleges, which are supposed to foster the sentiments of a generous rivalry of courtesy and manly excellence. If they wish to be directly useful, let them brand hazing, as it deserves, with the name of the cowardice which it really is. Let every such society require of every member that he show in his conduct and by his influence that he is a gentleman, for no gentleman is guilty of hazing.

Hazing is an amusement like that of the Spanish boors who tossed Sancho Panza in a blanket, and only fat-witted persons find pleasure in it. In every class the noble and generous men are never the hazers, and when you find a hazer, you find a fellow whom all such men despise. If a gang of pickpockets hustles a passenger upon the street, or a sneak-thief makes off with a man's coat from the hall, or he is assaulted in his room by a crowd of roughs, he very properly makes complaint at the police-office, and turns them over to the law. It is not, we believe, generally pleaded in their behalf that they are gallant youth with exuberant spirits, and that boys will be boys. Bullies and sneaks, in college or out of college, are not good-natured perpetrators of droll mischief. They are nuisances and pests. The Secretary of the Navy has done only his duty toward all the honorable pupils at Annapolis; and he is a poor-spirited collegian any where who will not give the proper authorities the opportunity to do the cause justice.

PERSONAL.

IT may possibly interest out-of-town readers of the *Weekly* to know that the gentlemen to whom the Committee of Seventy have intrusted the work of framing a new charter for this city are General DIX, EDWARDS PIERREPONT, SAMUEL B. RUGGLES, HENRY G. STEBBINS, ROBERT B. ROOSEVELT, Judge EMOTT, WILLIAM F. HAVEMEYER, and ex-Governor SALOMON. These gentlemen are now putting the matter into shape, and in such shape that the Legislature will, in all probability, give it the force of law before the first day of February next.

—One of the *causes célèbres* of the day is now pending in the Surrogate's Court of this city—the will of LOUIS BONARD, a man who is said to have been a believer in the doctrine of metempsychosis. Dr. HAMMOND, late Surgeon-General, gives it as his testimony that a man's religious belief, no matter what it is, is no ground for inferring insanity, and that as to metempsychosis, it included among its believers such men as LIEBNITZ and LESSING, and that it was held by Brahmins and Buddhists, and by probably half the human race.

—The Rev. EDWARD EVERETT HALE, who has been spending a brief season in Chicago, writes back to the Boston *Advertiser* a vivid account of how things look to him. He thinks what is called the Chicago River is a mere tuppenny brook, reminding him of the satire of Mr. SAM DEXTER, of Boston, in the discussion of the original building of the Dover-street Bridge. Mr. DEXTER was told that in his speech he had not alluded to the maritime commerce of Roxbury. He bided his time, and when it came he said, "I am now, gentlemen, to consider the commerce of the Roxbury ditch." Such is the malignant spirit manifested by the Unitarian clergyman of Massachusetts in A.D. 1871 toward his burned brother of the West!

—Scientific men may be interested to know that Sir EDWARD SABINE has been engaged for a quarter of a century in working up tables and charts which will be a reduction of all that has been observed of terrestrial magnetism into a precise system. Alone with his wife, who is his constant assistant, in a quiet retreat, he is patiently doing a work of formidable proportions, which attracts no public attention, but which will be of exceeding value to science when complete. It will take two more years to complete the work.

—Senator WILSON, of Massachusetts, flatly refuses to have any connection with the Labor Reform party, believing the Republican party a better organization for the elevation of the working-man. He says: "Born in extreme poverty, and bound as an apprentice at an early age, he learned by bitter experience the trials and hardships the poor are doomed to suffer. He saw and felt the degrading influence of a system that held workmen in enforced toil, and hence he assisted to make a political party to emancipate the slave, and free him from the iron rule of his master. He did what he could to bring that party into power. Its work was not secure, and he can do nothing to endanger that work. He is constrained to stand by that party till the great work is secured and finished. If, however, working-men should deem it to be their interest to hold a convention, he hopes it will result in benefit to the republic."

—The Southern States are gradually sending to the United States Senate men "native and to the manner born." Northern men are gradually being dropped out, though of the twenty-eight members from the South twelve are members of that enterprising body of men known as "carpet-baggers." The newly elected Senator from Georgia, THOMAS M. NORWOOD, is forty-one years old, and a native of that State. He graduated at Emory College in the class of 1850, and commenced the practice of law at Savannah, where he has since resided. He was a member of the Georgia Legislature in 1861-62, and neither before nor since the war has held any other office. His father, a man of fortune, believed it proper for every body to learn some trade. Accordingly young NORWOOD learned how to make boots and shoes, and with his own hands made the boots he wore when he went to college. He is a close student and thinker, an able debater, and is said to be one of the best-informed men of his age in Georgia.

—DAVID PAUL BROWN, one of the very foremost men of the American bar, is still living in Philadelphia, at the age of seventy-seven, hale and hearty. He is frequently seen on the streets, almost as erect and graceful as when he thrilled court-rooms and was followed by crowds of admirers. He was always rather an exquisite in his dress, and to this day his blue coat and brass buttons, buff vest and light pantaloons, gloved hands, neat boots, and rather rakish hat, prove the youthfulness of his taste and the gayety of his disposition. He defends this peculiarity by saying that he had never known a man to speak well in clumsy boots, nor to have a clear mind with dirty hands and face.

—Unlike most gentlemen arriving in this country, certainly most unlike any prince, the first thing the Grand Duke ALEXIS did, after arriving at his hotel in this city, and brushing himself up a little, was to enter carriages with his suit and drive to the Greek chapel in Second Avenue near Fiftieth Street, and give thanks for his safe passage. Then he returned and dined like a gentleman.

—Mr. GEORGE H. BOKER, our newly appointed minister to Turkey, and a true "gentleman of letters," is a man of mark in appearance, being six feet high and of a manly and gracious presence. Although born to wealth, he is a worker. He has great mechanical skill, and a miniature workshop connected with his residence enables him to indulge this taste. By "all sorts and conditions of men" in Philadelphia he is held in high esteem.

—Among recent visitors at the White House were Mr. BOYLE, managing trustee of the estate of the Marquis of Bute, and Mr. LOUGHLANE, president of the Anglo-African steamship line. These gentlemen are arranging for the establishment of a line of steamers from Cardiff, Wales, to this city, and are seeing what can be done here and at Washington to forward the enterprise.

—Mr. GLADSTONE, in his recent speech to his constituents at Greenwich, told them a fact which most of them did not know, and which is not known to most people, viz., that his was the first liberal ministry in England that had ever subsisted for three years with a large majority. In his time there have been but three liberal governments with large majorities, those of Earl Grey, Lord Palmerston, and Earl Russell.

—Mr. WILLIAM MORRIS'S new poem, "Love is Enough," is soon to be published. It will be issued with illustrations and ornamental borders specially designed for it.

—One of the papers speaks of Madame CATACAZY'S receiving the young Russian Prince in a "dress of gold." The dress she wore on that occasion was of pale lemon-colored silk tissue, or *crêpe de Paris*. The corsage, however, was heavily embroidered in real gold.

—Among the many incidents in the many-sided career of General BUTLER, JAMES REDPATH tells this: General B., in one of his speeches in the late campaign, attacked Mr. SAUNDERS, the editor of the Springfield *Republican*. The editor rose to reply, and the people refused to hear him, and made a great uproar. He came up to BUTLER, greatly excited, and said: "General, they say you ordered the band to play if I attempted to speak." The General replied: "I suppose the audience has a right to decide upon the kind of brass they will listen to. But," he added, quietly, "you wrong me. My orders were, if you opened your mouth, to throw you out of the window."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

ON Monday, November 20, Controller Connolly resigned, and Mr. Andrew H. Green was appointed to fill the vacancy. Mr. Connolly was subsequently arrested on the charge of deceit and fraud, and held to bail in the sum of $1,000,000.

Mr. Thomas Murphy has resigned the position of Collector of the Port of New York, and is succeeded by General Chester A. Arthur.

The lower branch of the Legislature of Wyoming has repealed the act legalizing woman suffrage. It was a party measure—all the Democrats voting for, and all the Republicans against it. The upper branch has not acted on the measure.

A sad disaster occurred, November 22, on the Thames River, about five miles from Norwich, Connecticut. A fire, caused no one knows how, broke out before daybreak on board the steamer *City of New London*, and gained headway so rapidly that the passengers, numbering seven, and the officers and deckmen, numbering about thirty, were compelled to throw themselves into the water to escape death by fire. Seventeen lives were lost, and the steamer was totally destroyed.

The Hon. O. J. Dunn, Lieutenant-Governor of Louisiana, died, November 22, of congestion of the brain.

FOREIGN NEWS.

COUNT DE CHAMBORD, the head of the elder branch of the Bourbon family, has again, for the hundredth time, declined to renounce his right to the throne of France. It makes but little difference from a practical point of view.

By the end of next January France expects to have a new army, consisting of ten corps d'armée well armed and equipped, posted at the great military centres.

Great uneasiness is felt in Madrid over the cabinet crisis. The republican deputies of the Cortes have issued an address advocating the maintenance of order. Meanwhile the bakers and dyers in Valencia, who continue their strike, have assumed so threatening an attitude that more troops have been sent there.

Victor Emanuel made his entry into Rome November 22, and established himself in the Palace of the Quirinal, where he has taken up his permanent residence. He was received with great enthusiasm by the people. It now remains to be seen whether the Pope will carry out his rumored purpose to seek a refuge in France.

The Prince of Wales has been seriously ill with typhoid fever. At last accounts he was better, but not out of danger. Our readers will remember that his father, Prince Albert, died of this disease.

On the 24th of November a large number of the adherents of Louis Napoleon marched through the streets of Paris, shouting "Vive Napoleon!" They were not interfered with.

Mr. John Ruskin, the English art critic, though rejected at Glasgow, has been elected rector of another Scotch university, that of St. Andrew's.

The Belgian government recently appointed an unpopular man to be governor of Limbourg, and, in consequence, several serious riots have taken place in Brussels. The people demand the appointment of another governor, and the dismissal of the ministry.

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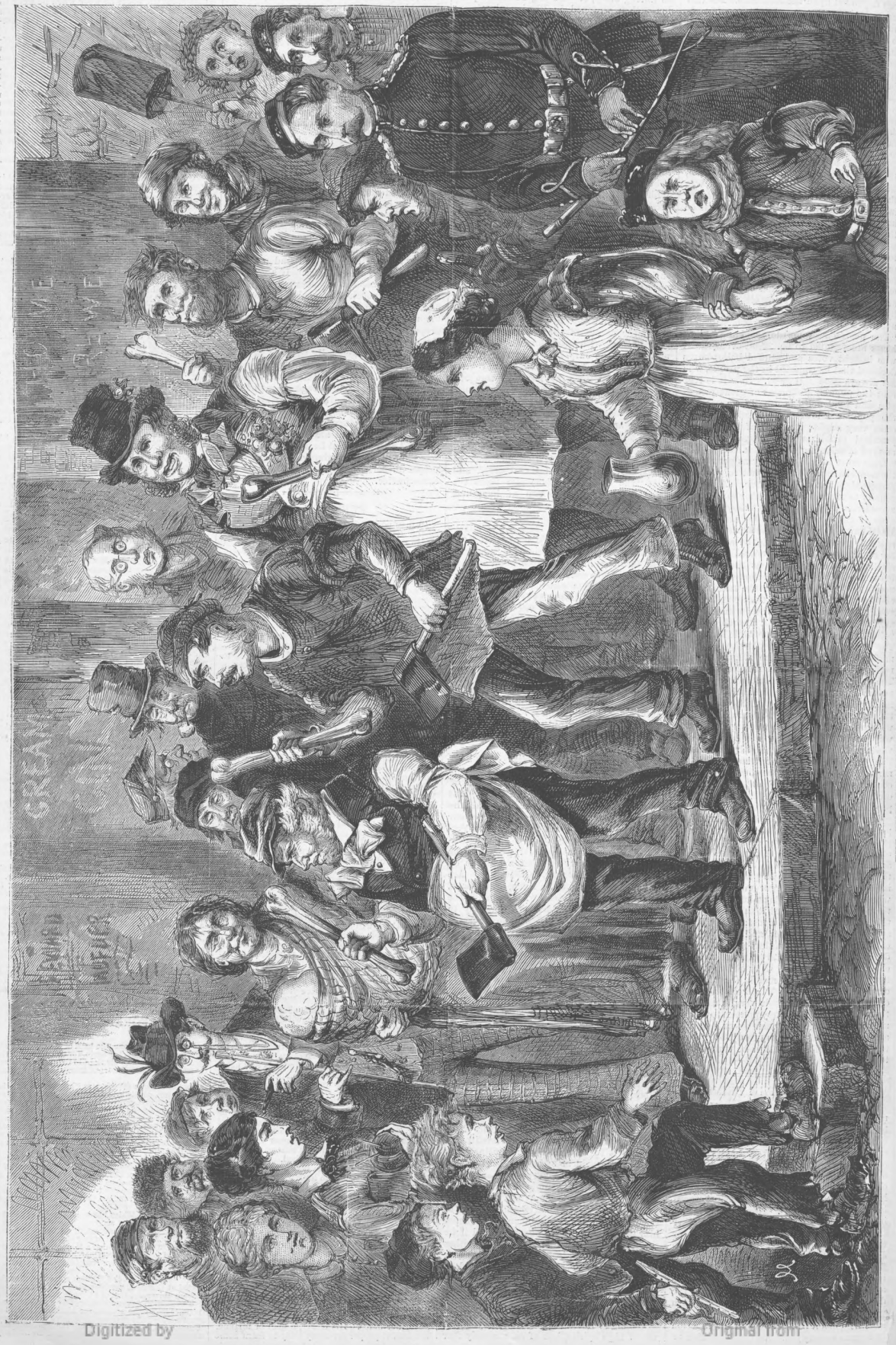

THE BUTCHER'S WEDDING.—DRAWN BY E. MULLER.—[SEE PAGE 1155.]

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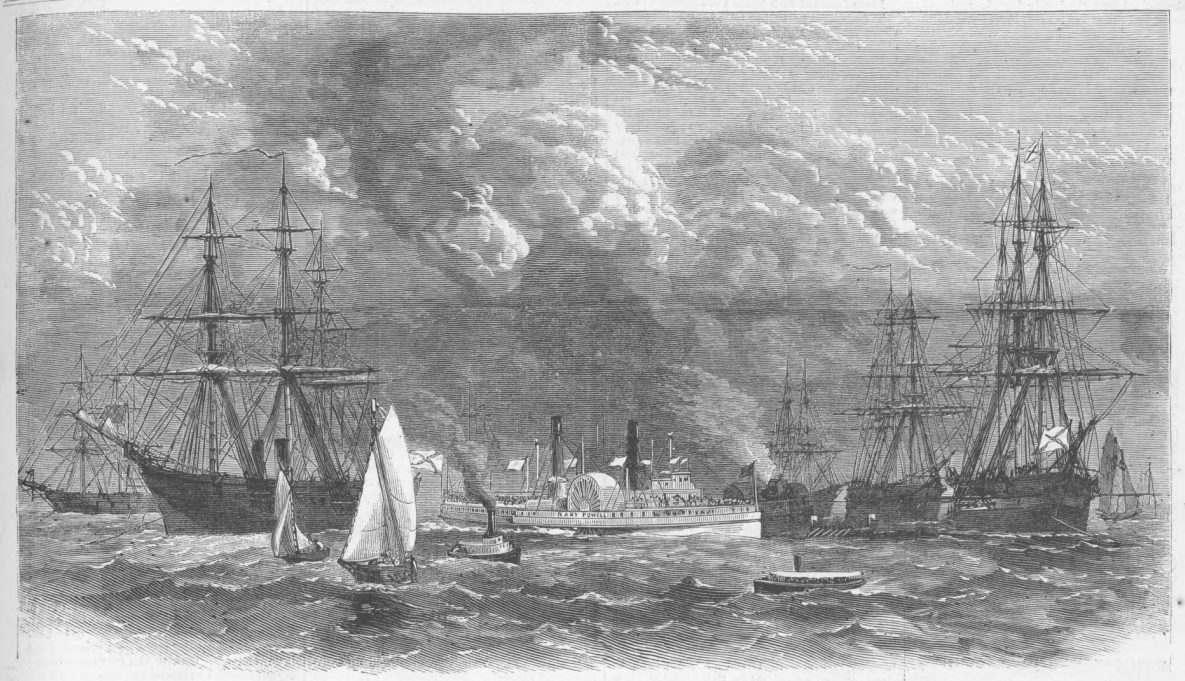


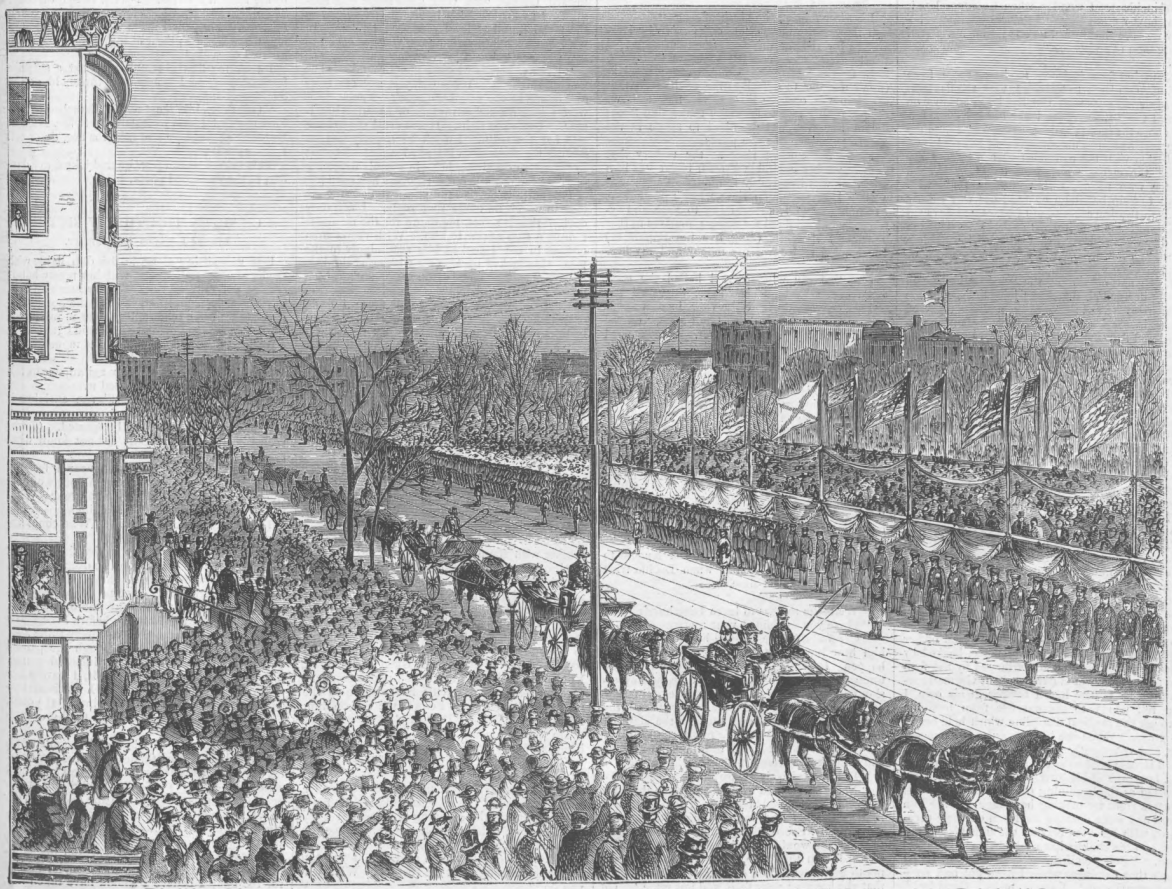
RECEPTION OF THE GRAND DUKE ALEXIS—DEPARTURE FROM THE FRIGATE "SVETLANA."

LANDING OF THE GRAND DUKE.

THE Grand Duke ALEXIS landed from the *Mary Powell* shortly after one o'clock. The pier was tastefully decorated with Russian and American flags, and all the available space for sight-seeing was occupied by eager spectators. The Prince, his suit, and the Reception Committee, immediately entered the carriages in waiting for them, passed up the pier, and turned into Broadway, the regiments of soldiers on either side falling into line, one after the other, behind the carriages, as the procession moved along. As it passed up Broadway the imperial visitor was greeted with the greatest enthusiasm on the part of the people who thronged the sidewalks and crowded the roofs and windows of buildings along the line of march. Cheers rose from the crowd, hats and handkerchiefs were waved, and the people seemed to vie with each other in doing honor to Russia's imperial representative. Flags and streamers floated upon the air in every direction, and many of the buildings on Broadway were tastefully decorated.

The Grand Duke alighted from his carriage at the Clarendon Hotel at three o'clock, and soon appeared upon one of the balconies, accompanied by the Russian minister and several other gentlemen. He removed his hat, bowed to the multitude, and was received with deafening cheers. The grand review of the troops then began. As the military passed the Clarendon Hotel and marched up Fourth Avenue, each commissioned officer saluted the Grand Duke, and the latter returned the salutes by removing his hat and slightly inclining his head. The Grand Duke expressed himself highly pleased with the military display, and when the Seventh Regiment passed remarked, "What fine company fronts those men present!" The grand stand in Union Square was finely decorated with national colors, and was occupied by many leading citizens and their families.

When the troops had all passed, the Grand



RECEPTION OF THE GRAND DUKE—PROCESSION PASSING THE GRAND STAND.—[SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.]

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Duke retired into the hotel; but the multitude cheered and called for him so loudly that he reappeared. He made no speech, however, but merely bowed his acknowledgment. About five o'clock the Prince ordered his carriage, and proceeded to the Greek church, on Second Avenue, where he attended service. At six o'clock he returned to the Clarendon Hotel, where he spent the evening quietly. He was serenaded, about eleven o'clock, by the band of the Ninth Regiment. Colonel FISK was subsequently admitted to the presence of the Prince, who thanked him for the music.

It is stated that, on being conducted to the ducal sleeping apartment in the Clarendon Hotel, the Prince peremptorily refused to sleep on the gorgeous bed prepared for his use, but preferred his own hammock, which had been conveyed to the hotel.

MARIE FEODOROVNA is the name of her Imperial Highness the Grand Duchess, sister of ALEXIS, whose birthday was celebrated in the Greek chapel, on the first Sunday after the arrival of the Grand Duke in New York.

The palace cars occupied by the Grand Duke and suit on the trip from New York to Washington, whither he proceeded the day following the reception, were very elegantly furnished. But ALEXIS himself, and every member of the royal party, were attired in plain citizen's dress; so that the gaping crowd at the Washington dépôt, who had looked for gold-lace and bright uniforms, were sadly disappointed, and the Imperial Prince escaped identification except by a fortunate few.

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POOR MISS FINCH.

A Domestic Story.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," "Man and Wife," etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

PART THE SECOND.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-FOURTH.

NUGENT SHOWS HIS HAND.

I CLOSED the First Part of my narrative on the day of the operation—the twenty-fifth of June.

I open the Second Part, between six and seven weeks later, on the ninth of August.

How did the time pass at Dimchurch in that interval?

Searching backward in my memory, I call to life again the domestic history of the six weeks. It looks, on retrospection, miserably dull and empty of incident. I wonder, when I contemplate it now, how we got through that weary interval—how we bore that forced inaction, that unrelieved oppression of suspense.

Changing from bedroom to sitting-room, from sitting-room back to bedroom, with the daylight always shut out, with the bandages always on except when the surgeon looked at her eyes, Lucilla bore the imprisonment—and, worse than the imprisonment, the uncertainty—of her period of probation with the courage that can endure any thing, the courage sustained by Hope. With books; with music, with talk—above all, with Love to help her—she counted her way calmly through the dull succession of hours and days till the time came which was to decide the question in dispute between the oculists—the terrible question of which of the two, Mr. Sebright or Herr Grosse, was right.

I was not present at the examination which finally decided all doubt. I joined Oscar in the garden—quite as incapable as he was of exerting the slightest self-control. We paced silently backward and forward on the lawn, like two animals in a cage. Zillah was the only witness present when the German examined our poor darling's eyes, Nugent engaging to wait in the next room and announce the result from the window. As the event turned out, Herr Grosse was beforehand with him. Once more we heard his broken English shouting, "Hi-hi-hoi! hoi-hi! hoi-hi!" Once more we beheld his huge silk handkerchief waving at the window. I turned sick and faint under the excitement of the moment—under the rapture (it was nothing less) of hearing those three electrifying words, "She will see!" Mercy! how we did abuse Mr. Sebright, when we were all reunited again in Lucilla's room!

The first excitement over, we had our difficulties to contend with next.

From the moment when she was positively informed that the operation had succeeded our once patient Lucilla developed into a new being. She now rose in perpetual revolt against the caution which still deferred the day on which she was to be allowed to make the first trial of her sight. It required all my influence, backed by Oscar's entreaties, and strengthened by the furious foreign English of our excellent German surgeon (Herr Grosse had a temper of his own, I can tell you!) to prevent her from breaking through the medical discipline which held her in its grasp. When she became quite unmanageable, and vehemently abused him to his face, our good Grosse used to swear at her, in a compound bad language of his own, with a tremendous aspiration at the beginning of it, which always set matters right by making her laugh. I see him again as I write, leaving the room on these occasions, with his eyes blazing through his spectacles, and his shabby hat cocked sideways on his head. "Soh, you little-spitfire-Feench! If you touch that bandages when I have put him on—Ho-Damn-Damn! I say no more. Good-by!"

From Lucilla I turn to the twin brothers next.

Tranquilized as to the future, after his interview with Mr. Sebright, Oscar presented himself at his best during the time of which I am now writing. Lucilla's main reliance, in her days in the darkened room, was on what her lover could do to relieve and to encourage her. He never once failed her; his patience was perfect; his devotion was inexhaustible. It is sad to say so, in view of what happened afterward; but I only tell a necessary truth when I declare that he immensely strengthened his hold on her affections in those last days of her blindness, when his society was most precious to her. Ah, how fervently she used to talk of him when she and I were left together at night! Forgive me if I leave this part of the history of the courtship untold. I don't like to write of it—I don't like to think of it. Let us get on to something else.

Nugent comes next. I would give a great deal, poor as I am, to be able to leave him out. It is not to be done. I must write about that lost wretch, and you must read about him, whether we like it or not.

The days of Lucilla's imprisonment were also the days when my favorite disappointed me for the first time. He and his brother seemed to change places. It was Nugent now who appeared to disadvantage by comparison with Oscar. He surprised and grieved his brother by leaving Browndown. "All I can do for you, I have done," he said. "I can be of no further use for the present to any body. Let me go. I am stagnating in this miserable place—I must and will have change." Oscar's entreaties, in Nugent's present frame of mind, failed to move him. Away he went one morning, without bidding any body good-by. He had talked of being absent for a week—he remained away for a month. We heard of him leading a wild life among a vicious set of men. It was reported that a frantic restlessness possessed him which nobody could understand. He came back as suddenly as he had left us. His variable nature had swung round, in the interval, to the opposite extreme. He was full of repentance for his reckless conduct; he was in a state of depression which defied rousing; he despaired of himself and his future. Sometimes he talked of going back to America, and sometimes he threatened to close his career by enlisting as a private soldier. Would any other person, in my place, have seen which way these signs pointed? I doubt it, if that person's mind had been absorbed, as mine was, in watching Lucilla day by day. Even if I had been a suspicious woman by nature—which, thank God, I am not—my distrust must have lain dormant, in the all-subduing atmosphere of suspense hanging heavily on me morning, noon, and night in the darkened room.

So much, briefly, for the sayings and doings of the persons principally concerned in this narrative, during the six weeks which separate Part the First from Part the Second.

I begin again on the ninth of August.

This was the memorable day chosen by Herr Grosse for risking the experiment of removing the bandage, and permitting Lucilla to try her sight for the first time. Conceive for yourselves (don't ask me to describe) the excitement that raged in our obscure little circle, now that we were standing face to face with that grand Event in our lives which I promised to relate in the opening sentence of these pages.

I was the earliest riser at the rectory that morning. My excitable French blood was in a fever. I was irresistibly reminded of myself at a time long past—the time when my glorious Pratolungo and I, succumbing to Fate and tyrants, fled to England for safety; martyrs to that ungrateful Republic (long live the Republic!) for which I laid down my money and my husband his life.

I opened my window, and hailed the good omen of sunrise in a clear sky. Just as I was turning away again from the view, I saw a figure steal out from the shrubbery and appear on the lawn. The figure came nearer. I recognized Oscar.

"What in the world are you doing there, at this time in the morning?" I called out.

He lifted his finger to his lips, and came close under my window before he answered.

"Hush!" he said. "Don't let Lucilla hear you. Come down to me as soon as you can. I am waiting to speak to you."

When I joined him in the garden I saw directly that something had gone wrong. "Bad news from Browndown?" I asked.

"Nugent has disappointed me," he answered. "Do you remember the evening when you met me after my consultation with Mr. Sebright?"

"Perfectly."

"I told you that I meant to ask Nugent to leave Dimchurch on the day when Lucilla tried her sight for the first time."

"Well?"

"Well—he refuses to leave Dimchurch."

"Have you explained your motives to him?"

"Carefully, before I asked him to go. I told him how impossible it was to say what might happen. I reminded him that it might be of the utmost importance to me to preserve the impression now in Lucilla's mind—for a certain time only—after Lucilla could see. I promised, the moment she became reconciled to the sight of me, to recall him, and in his presence to tell her the truth. All that I said to him—and how do you think he answered me?"

"Did he positively refuse?"

"No. He walked away from me to the window, and considered a little. Then he turned round suddenly and said, 'What did you tell me was Mr. Sebright's opinion? Mr. Sebright thought she would be relieved instead of being terrified. In that case, what need is there for me to go away? You can acknowledge at once that she has seen your face, and not mine.' He put his hands in his pockets when he had said that (you know Nugent's downright way), and turned back to the window as if he had settled every thing."

"What did you say, on your side?"

"I said, 'Suppose Mr. Sebright is wrong?' He only answered, 'Suppose Mr. Sebright is right?' I followed him to the window—I never heard him speak so sourly to me as he spoke at that moment. 'What is your objection to going away for a day or two?' I asked. 'My objection is soon stated,' he answered. 'I am sick of these everlasting complications. It is useless and cruel to carry on the deception any longer. Mr. Sebright's advice is the wise advice and the right advice. Let her see you as you are.' With that answer, he walked out of the room. Something has upset him—I can't imagine what it is. Do, pray, see what you can make of him! My only hope is in you."

I own I felt reluctant to interfere. Suddenly and strangely as Nugent had altered his point of view, it seemed to me undeniable that Nugent was right. At the same time, Oscar looked so disappointed and distressed that it was really impossible, on that day above all others, to pain him additionally by roundly saying No. I undertook to do what I could—and I inwardly hoped that circumstances would absolve me from the necessity of doing any thing at all.

Circumstances failed to justify my selfish confidence in them.

I was out in the village after breakfast, on a domestic errand connected with the necessary culinary preparations for the reception of Herr Grosse, when I heard my name pronounced behind me, and, turning round, found myself face to face with Nugent.

"Has my brother been bothering you this morning," he asked, "before I was up?"

I instantly noticed a return in him, as he said that, to the same dogged, ungracious manner which had perplexed and displeased me at my last confidential interview with him in the rectory garden.

"Oscar has been speaking to me this morning," I replied.

"About me?"

"About you. You have distressed and disappointed him—"

"I know! I know! Oscar is worse than a child. I am beginning to lose all patience with him."

"I am sorry to hear you say that, Nugent. You have borne with him so kindly thus far—surely you can make allowance for him to-day. His whole future may depend on what happens in Lucilla's sitting-room a few hours hence."

"He is making a mountain out of a mole-hill—and so are you."

Those words were spoken bitterly, almost rudely. I answered sharply on my side.

"You are the last person living who has any right to say that. Oscar is in a false position toward Lucilla, with your knowledge and consent. In your brother's interests you agreed to the fraud that has been practiced on her. In your brother's interests, again, you are asked to leave Dimchurch. Why do you refuse?"

"I refuse because I have come round to your way of thinking. What did you say of Oscar and of me in the summer-house? You said we were taking a cruel advantage of Lucilla's blindness. You were right. It *was* cruel not to have told her the truth. I won't be a party to concealing the truth from her any longer! I refuse to persist in deceiving her—in meanly deceiving her—on the day when she recovers her sight!"

It is entirely beyond my power to describe the tone in which he made that reply. I can only declare that it struck me dumb for the moment. I drew a step nearer to him. With vague misgivings in me, I looked him searchingly in the face. He looked back at me without shrinking.

"Well?" he asked, with a hard smile which defied me to put him in the wrong.

I could discover nothing in his face; I could only follow my instincts as a woman. Those instincts warned me to accept his explanation.

"I am to understand, then, that you have decided on staying here?" I said.

"Certainly!"

"What do you propose to do when Herr Grosse arrives, and we assemble in Lucilla's room?"

"I propose to be present among the rest of you at the most interesting moment of Lucilla's life."

"No! you don't propose that!"

"I do!"

"You have forgotten something, Mr. Nugent Dubourg."

"What is it, Madame Pratolungo?"

"You have forgotten that Lucilla believes the brother with the discolored face to be You, and the brother with the fair complexion to be Oscar. You have forgotten that the surgeon has expressly forbidden us to agitate her by entering into any explanations before he allows her to use her eyes. You have forgotten that the very deception which you have just positively refused to go on with will be, nevertheless, a deception continued, if you are present when Lucilla sees. Your own resolution pledges you not to enter the rectory doors until Lucilla has discovered the truth." In those words I closed the vice on him. I had got Mr. Nugent Dubourg!

He turned deadly pale. His eyes dropped before mine for the first time.

"Thank you for reminding me," he said. "I *had* forgotten."

He pronounced those submissive words in a suddenly lowered voice. Something in his tone, or something in the dropping of his eyes, set my heart beating quickly, with a certain vague expectation which I was unable to realize to myself.

"You agree with me," I said, "that you can not be one among us at the rectory? What will you do?"

"I will remain at Browndown," he answered.

I felt he was lying. Don't ask for my reasons: I have no reasons to give. When he said, "I will remain at Browndown," I felt he was lying.

"Why not do what Oscar asks of you?" I went on. "If you are absent, you may as well be in one place as in another. There's plenty of time still to leave Dimchurch."

He looked up as suddenly as he had looked down.

"Do you and Oscar think me a stock or a stone?" he burst out, angrily.

"What do you mean?"

"Who are you indebted to for what is going to happen to-day?" he went on, more and more passionately. "You are indebted to Me. Who among you all stood alone in refusing to believe that she was blind for life! *I* did! Who brought the man here who has given her back her sight? *I* brought the man! And I am the one person who is to be left in ignorance of how it ends. The others are to be present: I am to be sent away. The others are to see it: I am to hear by post (if any of you think of writing to me) what she does, what she says, how she looks, at the first heavenly moment when she opens her eyes on the world." He flung up his hand in the air, and burst out savagely with a bitter laugh. "I astonish you, don't I? I am claiming a position which I have no right to occupy. What interest can *I* feel in it? O God! what do *I* care about the woman to whom I have given a new life!" His voice broke into a sob at those last wild words. He tore at the breast of his coat as if he was suffocating, and turned and left me.

I stood rooted to the spot. In one breathless instant the truth broke on me like a revelation. At last I had penetrated the terrible secret. Nugent loved her.

My first impulse, when I recovered myself, hurried me at the top of my speed back to the rectory. For a moment or two I think I must really have lost my senses. I felt a frantic suspicion that he had gone into the house, and that he was making his way to Lucilla at that moment. When I found that all was quiet—when Zillah had satisfied me that no visitor had come near our side of the rectory—I calmed down a little, and went back to the garden to compose myself before I ventured into Lucilla's presence.

After a while I got over the first horror of it, and saw my own position plainly. There was not a living soul at Dimchurch in whom I could confide. Come what might of it, in this dreadful emergency, I must trust in myself alone.

I had just arrived at that startling conclusion; I had shed some bitter tears when I remembered how hardly I had judged poor Oscar on more than one occasion; I had decided that my favorite Nugent was the most hateful villain living, and that I would leave nothing undone that the craft of a woman could compass to drive him out of the place—when I was forced back to present necessities by the sound of Zillah's voice calling to me from the house. I went to her directly. The nurse had a message for me from her young mistress. My poor Lucilla was lonely and anxious: she was surprised at my leaving her; she insisted on seeing me immediately.

I took my first precaution against a surprise from Nugent, as I crossed the threshold of the door.

"Our dear child must not be disturbed by visitors to-day," I said to Zillah. "If Mr. Nugent Dubourg comes here and asks for her, don't tell Lucilla; tell *me*."

This said, I went up stairs and joined my darling in the darkened room.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-FIFTH.

LUCILLA TRIES HER SIGHT.

SHE was sitting alone in the dim light, with the bandage over her eyes, with her pretty hands crossed patiently on her lap. My heart swelled in me as I looked at her, and felt the horrid discovery that I had made still present in my mind. "Forgive me for leaving you," I said in as steady a voice as I could command at the moment, and kissed her.

She instantly discovered my agitation, carefully as I thought I had concealed it.

"You are frightened too!" she exclaimed, taking my hands in hers.

"Frightened, my love?" I repeated. (I was perfectly stupefied; I really did not know what to say!)

"Yes. Now the time is so near I feel my courage failing me. I forebode all sorts of horrible things. Oh, when will it be over? What will Oscar look like when I see him?"

I answered the first question. Who could answer the second?

"Herr Grosse comes to us by the morning train," I said. "It will soon be over."

"Where is Oscar?"

"On his way here, I have no doubt."

"Describe him to me once more," she said, eagerly. "For the last time before I see. His eyes, his hair, his complexion—every thing!"

How I should have got through the painful task which she had innocently imposed on me, if I had attempted to perform it, I hardly like to think. To my infinite relief, I was interrupted at my first word by the opening of the door, and the sudden appearance of a family deputation in the room.

First, strutting with slow and solemn steps, with one hand laid pathetically on the breast of his clerical waistcoat, appeared Reverend Finch. After him came his wife, shorn of all her proper accompaniments, except the baby. Without her novel, without her jacket, petticoat, or shawl, without even the handkerchief which she was always losing—clothed, for the first time in my experience, in a complete gown—the metamorphosis of damp Mrs. Finch was complete. But for the baby I believe I should have taken her,

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in the dim light, for a stranger! She stood (apparently doubtful of her reception) hesitating in the door-way, and so hiding a third member of the deputation, who appealed piteously to the general notice in a small voice which I knew well, and in a form of address familiar to me from past experience.

"Jicks wants to come in."

The rector took his hand from his waistcoat, and held it up in faint protest against the intrusion of the third member. Mrs. Finch moved mechanically into the room. Jicks appeared, hugging her disreputable doll, and showing signs of recent wandering in the white dust which dropped on the carpet from her frock and her shoes, as she advanced toward the place in which I was sitting. Arrived in front of me, she peered quaintly up at my face through the obscurity of the room, lifted her doll by the legs, hit me a smart rap with the head of it on my knee, and said,

"Jicks will sit here."

I rubbed my knee, and enthroned Jicks as ordered. At the same time Mr. Finch solemnly stalked up to his daughter, laid his hands on her head, raised his eyes to the ceiling, and said, in bass notes that rumbled with paternal emotion, "Bless you, my child!"

At the sound of her husband's magnificent voice Mrs. Finch became herself again. She said, meekly, "How d'ye do, Lucilla?" and sat down in a corner, and suckled the baby.

Mr. Finch set in for one of his harangues.

"My advice has been neglected, Lucilla. My paternal influence has been repudiated. My Moral Weight has been, so to speak, set aside. I don't complain. Understand me—I simply state sad facts." (Here he became aware of my existence.) "Good-morning, Madame Pratolungo; I hope I see you well?—There has been variance between us, Lucilla. I come, my child, with healing on my wings (healing being understood, for present purposes, as reconciliation)—I come and bring Mrs. Finch with me—don't speak, Mrs. Finch!—to offer my heartfelt wishes, my fervent prayers, on this the most eventful day in my daughter's life. No vulgar curiosity has turned my steps this way. No hint shall escape my lips touching any misgivings which I may still feel as to this purely worldly interference with the ways of an inscrutable Providence. I am here as parent and peace-maker. My wife accompanies me—don't speak, Mrs. Finch!—as step-parent and step-peace-maker. (You understand the distinction, Madame Pratolungo? Thank you. Good creature.) Shall I preach forgiveness of injuries from the pulpit, and not practice that forgiveness at home? Can I remain, on this momentous occasion, at variance with my child? Lucilla! I forgive you. With full heart and tearful eyes, I forgive you. (You have never had any children, I believe, Madame Pratolungo? Ah! you can not possibly understand this. Not your fault. Good creature, not your fault.) The kiss of peace, my child; the kiss of peace." He solemnly bent his bristly head, and deposited the kiss of peace on Lucilla's forehead. He sighed superbly, and, in a burst of magnanimity, held out his hand next to *me*. "My Hand, Madame Pratolungo. Compose yourself. Don't cry. God bless you!" Mrs. Finch, deeply affected by her husband's noble conduct, began to sob hysterically. The baby, disarranged in his proceedings by the emotions of his mamma, set up a sympathetic scream. Mr. Finch crossed the room to them, with domestic healing on his wings. "This does you credit, Mrs. Finch; but, under the circumstances, it must not be continued. Control yourself, in consideration of the infant. Mysterious mechanism of Nature!" cried the rector, raising his prodigious voice over the louder and louder screeching of the baby. "Marvelous and beautiful sympathy which makes the maternal sustenance the conducting medium, as it were, of disturbance between mother and child. What problems confront us, what forces environ us, even in this mortal life! Nature! Maternity! Inscrutable Providence!"

"Inscrutable Providence" was the rector's fatal phrase—it always brought with it an interruption; and it brought one now. Before Mr. Finch (brimful of pathetic apostrophes) could burst into more exclamations, the door opened, and Oscar walked into the room.

Lucilla instantly recognized his footsteps.

"Any signs, Oscar, of Herr Grosse?" she asked.

"Yes. His chaise has been seen on the road. He will be here directly."

Giving that answer, and passing by my chair to place himself on the other side of Lucilla, Oscar cast at me one imploring look—a look which said plainly, "Don't desert me when the time comes!" I nodded my head to show that I understood him and felt for him. He sat down in the vacant chair by Lucilla, and took her hand in silence. It was hard to say which of the two felt the position, at that trying moment, most painfully. I don't think I ever saw any sight so simply and irresistibly touching as the sight of those two poor young creatures sitting hand in hand, waiting the event which was to make the happiness or the misery of their future lives.

"Have you seen any thing of your brother?" I asked, putting the question in as careless a tone as my devouring anxiety would allow me to assume.

"Nugent has gone to meet Herr Grosse."

Oscar's eyes once more encountered mine, as he replied in those terms; I saw again the imploring look more marked in them than ever. It was plain to him, as it was plain to me, that Nugent had gone to meet the German with the purpose of making Herr Grosse the innocent means of bringing him into the house.

Before I could speak again, Mr. Finch, recovering himself after the interruption which had silenced him, saw his opportunity of setting in for another harangue. Mrs. Finch had left off sobbing; the baby had left off screaming; the rest of us were silent and nervous. In a word, Mr. Finch's domestic congregation was entirely at Mr. Finch's mercy. He strutted up to Oscar's chair. Was he going to propose to read "Hamlet?" No! He was going to invoke a blessing on Oscar's head.

"On this interesting occasion," began the rector, in his pulpit tones; "now that we are all united in the same room, all animated by the same hope, I could wish, as pastor and parent (God bless you, Oscar: I look on you as a son. Mrs. Finch, follow my example, look on him as a son.)—I could wish, as pastor and parent, to say a few pious and consoling words—"

The door—the friendly, admirable, judicious door—stopped the coming sermon, in the nick of time, by opening again. Herr Grosse's squat figure and owlish spectacles appeared on the threshold. And behind him (exactly as I had anticipated) stood Nugent Dubourg.

Lucilla turned deadly pale; she had heard the door open; she knew by instinct that the surgeon had come. Oscar got up, stole behind my chair, and whispered to me, "For God's sake, get Nugent out of the room!" I gave him a reassuring squeeze of the hand, and, putting Jicks down on the floor, rose to welcome our good Grosse.

The child, as it happened, was beforehand with me. She and the illustrious oculist had met in the garden at one of the German's professional visits to Lucilla, and had taken an amazing fancy to each other. Herr Grosse never afterward appeared at the rectory without some unwholesome eatable thing in his pocket for Jicks; who gave him in return as many kisses as he might ask for, and further distinguished him as the only living creature whom she permitted to nurse the disreputable doll. Grasping this same doll now with both hands, and using it head-foremost as a kind of battering-ram, Jicks plunged in front of me, and butted with all her might at the surgeon's bandy-legs; insisting on a monopoly of his attention before he presumed to speak to any other person in the room. While he was lifting her to a level with his face, and talking to her in his wonderful broken English—while the rector and Mrs. Finch were making the necessary apologies for the child's conduct—Nugent came round from behind Herr Grosse, and drew me mysteriously into a corner of the room. As I followed him I saw the silent torture of anxiety expressed in Oscar's face as he stood by Lucilla's chair. It did me good; it strung up my resolution to the right pitch; it made me feel myself a match, and more than a match, for Nugent Dubourg.

"I am afraid I behaved in a very odd manner when we met in the village," he said. "The fact is, I am not at all well. I have been in a strange feverish state lately. I don't think the air of this place suits me." There he stopped, keeping his eyes steadily fixed on mine, trying to read my mind in my face.

"I am not surprised to hear you say that," I answered. "I have noticed that you have not been looking well lately."

My tone and manner (otherwise perfectly composed) expressed polite sympathy, and nothing more. I saw I puzzled him. He tried again.

"I hope I didn't say or do any thing rude?" he went on.

"Oh no!"

"I was excited—painfully excited. You are too kind to admit it. I am sure I owe you my apologies?"

"No, indeed! You were certainly excited, as you say. But we are all in the same state to-day. The occasion, Mr. Nugent, is your sufficient apology."

Not the slightest sign in my face of any sort of suspicion of him rewarded the close and continued scrutiny with which he regarded me. I saw in his perplexed expression the certain assurance that I was beating him at his own weapons. He made a last effort to entrap me into revealing that I suspected his secret—he attempted, by irritating my quick temper, to take me by surprise.

"You are, no doubt, astonished at seeing me here," he resumed. "I have not forgotten that I promised to remain at Browndown instead of coming to the rectory. Don't be angry with me. I am under medical orders which forbid me to keep my promise."

"I don't understand you," I said, just as coolly as ever.

"I will explain myself," he rejoined. "You remember that we long since took Grosse into our confidence on the subject of Oscar's position toward Lucilla?"

"I am not likely to have forgotten it," I answered, "considering that it was I who first warned your brother that Herr Grosse might do terrible mischief by innocently letting out the truth."

"Do you recollect how he took the warning when we gave it to him?"

"Perfectly. He promised to be careful. But, at the same time, he gruffly forbade us to involve him in any more of our family troubles. He said he was determined to preserve his professional freedom of action, without being hampered by domestic difficulties which might concern *us*, but which did not concern *him*. Is my memory accurate enough to satisfy you?"

"Your memory is wonderful. You will now understand me when I tell you that Grosse asserts his professional freedom of action on this occasion. I had it from his own lips on our way here. He considers it very important that Lucilla should not be frightened at the moment when she tries her sight. Oscar's face is sure to startle her, if it is the first face she sees. Grosse has accordingly requested me to be present (as the only other young man in the room), and to place myself so that I shall be the first person who attracts her notice. Ask him yourself, Madame Pratolungo, if you don't believe me."

"Of course I believe you!" I answered. "It is useless to dispute the surgeon's orders at such a time as this."

With that I left him, showing just as much annoyance as an unsuspecting woman, in my position, might have naturally betrayed, and no more. Knowing, as I did, what was going on under the surface, I understood only too plainly what had happened. Nugent had caught at the opportunity which the surgeon had innocently offered to him as a means of misleading Lucilla at the moment, and (possibly) of taking some base advantage of her afterward. I trembled inwardly with rage and fear as I turned my back on him. Our one chance was to make sure of his absence, at the critical moment; and cudgel my brains as I might, how to reach that end successfully was more than I could see.

When I returned to the other persons in the room, Oscar and Lucilla were still occupying the same positions. Mr. Finch had presented himself (at full length) to Herr Grosse. And Jicks was established on a stool in a corner, devouring a rampant horse, carved in bilious-yellow German gingerbread, with a voracious relish wonderful and terrible to see.

"Ah, my goot Madame Pratolungo!" said Herr Grosse, stopping on his way to Lucilla to shake hands with me. "Have you made anodder lofely Mayonnaise? I have come on purpose with an empty-stomachs, and a wolf's-appetite in fine order. Look at that little Imps," he went on, pointing to Jicks. "Ach Gott! I believe I am in lofe with her. I have sent all the ways to Germany for gingerbreads for Jick. Aha, you Jick! does it stick in your tooths? Is it nice-clammy-sweet?" He glared benevolently at the child through his spectacles, and tucked my hand sentimentally into the breast of his waistcoat. "Promise me a child like adorable Jick," he said, solemnly, "I will marry the first wife you bring me—nice womans, nasty womans, I don't care which. Soh! there is my domestic sentiments laid bare before you. Enough of that. Now for my pretty-Feench! Come-begin-begin!"

He crossed the room to Lucilla, and called to Nugent to follow him.

"Open the shutters," he said. "Light-light-light, and plenty of him, for my lofely Feench!"

Nugent opened the shutters, beginning with the lower window, and ending with the window at which Lucilla was sitting. Acting on this plan, he had only to wait where he was, to place himself close by her—to be the first object she saw. He did it. The villain did it. I stepped forward, determined to interfere—and stopped, not knowing what to say or do. I could have beaten my own stupid brains out against the wall. There stood Nugent right before her, as the surgeon turned his patient toward the window. And not the ghost of an idea came to me!

The German stretched out his hairy hands, and took hold of the knot of the bandage to undo it.

Lucilla trembled from head to foot.

Herr Grosse hesitated—looked at her—let go of the bandage—and, lifting one of her hands, laid his fingers on her pulse.

In the moment of silence that followed I had one of my inspirations. The missing idea turned up in my brains at last.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE French wits have got hold of Gambetta. The latest joke about him is an allusion to his being every where defeated for the Conseils Généraux. It would make a very good conundrum: "Gambetta is only a drum," says one. "Why so?" asks the other. "Because he is beaten on every side."

A Harvard student defines flirtation to be "attention without intention."

NEW DESIGN FOR A MONEY-BOX, SPECIALLY ADAPTED TO THE USE OF WIDOWS AND ORPHANS.

To seek the redress of grievances by going to law is like sheep running for shelter to a bramble-bush.

A rich man asked a poor person if he had any idea of the advantages arising from riches. "I believe they give a rogue an advantage over an honest man," was the answer.

The Rev. Mr. Murray, spending an evening with a social party in Boston, was asked, together with some others, to drink something. "You drink, Mr. Murray?" "Oh yes; drink like a beast!" In the course of the evening, upon being asked to partake a second time, he declined. When reminded of what he had just said, he replied, "Yes; but a beast always stops when he gets enough."

A shrewd old lady compares her husband to a tallow-candle: he always sputters and smokes when he's put out.

A BLUNDER-BUS—Kissing the wrong girl!

A celebrated physician said to Lord Eldon's brother, Sir William Scott, rather more flippantly than became the gravity of his profession, "You know, after forty, a man is always either a fool or a physician." The baronet archly replied, in an insinuating voice, "Perhaps he may be both, doctor."

A grocer having a cask for sale had written on it, "For sail." A wag wrote underneath, "For freight or charter, apply at the bung-hole."

Baron Alderson, learned, gentle, and good, could make puns, and had much drollery. A jurryman once said that he was deaf in one ear. "Well, then," said Alderson, "you may leave the box, for it is necessary that jurymen should *hear both sides*."

Stubbs said to one of his debtors, "Isn't it about time you paid me that little bill?" "My dear Sir," was the consoling reply, "it is not a question of time, it is a question of money."

ELECTION FRUIT—The candy-date.

Edward Timan was married to a woman in Connecticut last week, and thereafter absconded. An exchange says, "Timan tied waits for no woman."

THE WORLD IN ARMS—The babies.

A waiter in a village tavern looked in blank amazement when a party of New Yorkers asked for a wine card, and protested that he knew not what they meant. "Well," said one of the party, impatiently, "have you any dry Sillery?" "I think not," replied the waiter, promptly, "but we have some cold cabbage."

THE GRAND DUKE'S RECEPTION.

COLUMBIA. "My long-lost ALEXIS! I am so glad you have come!"

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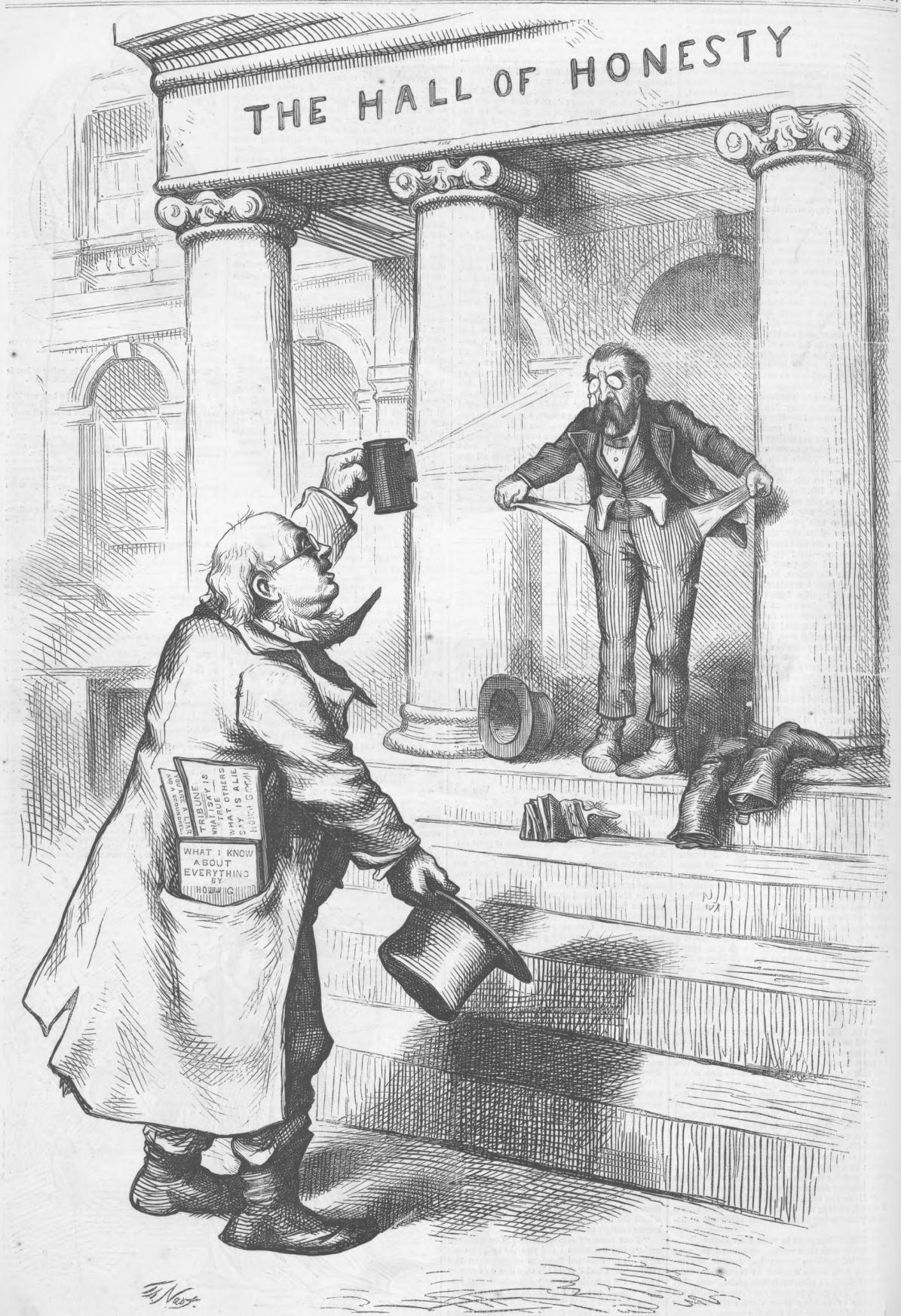

H. G. DIOGENES HAS FOUND THE HONEST MAN.

H. G. D. "Whoever says you ain't is 'a vulgar braggart and liar, chattering slander with as little sense of responsibility as a magpie.'"

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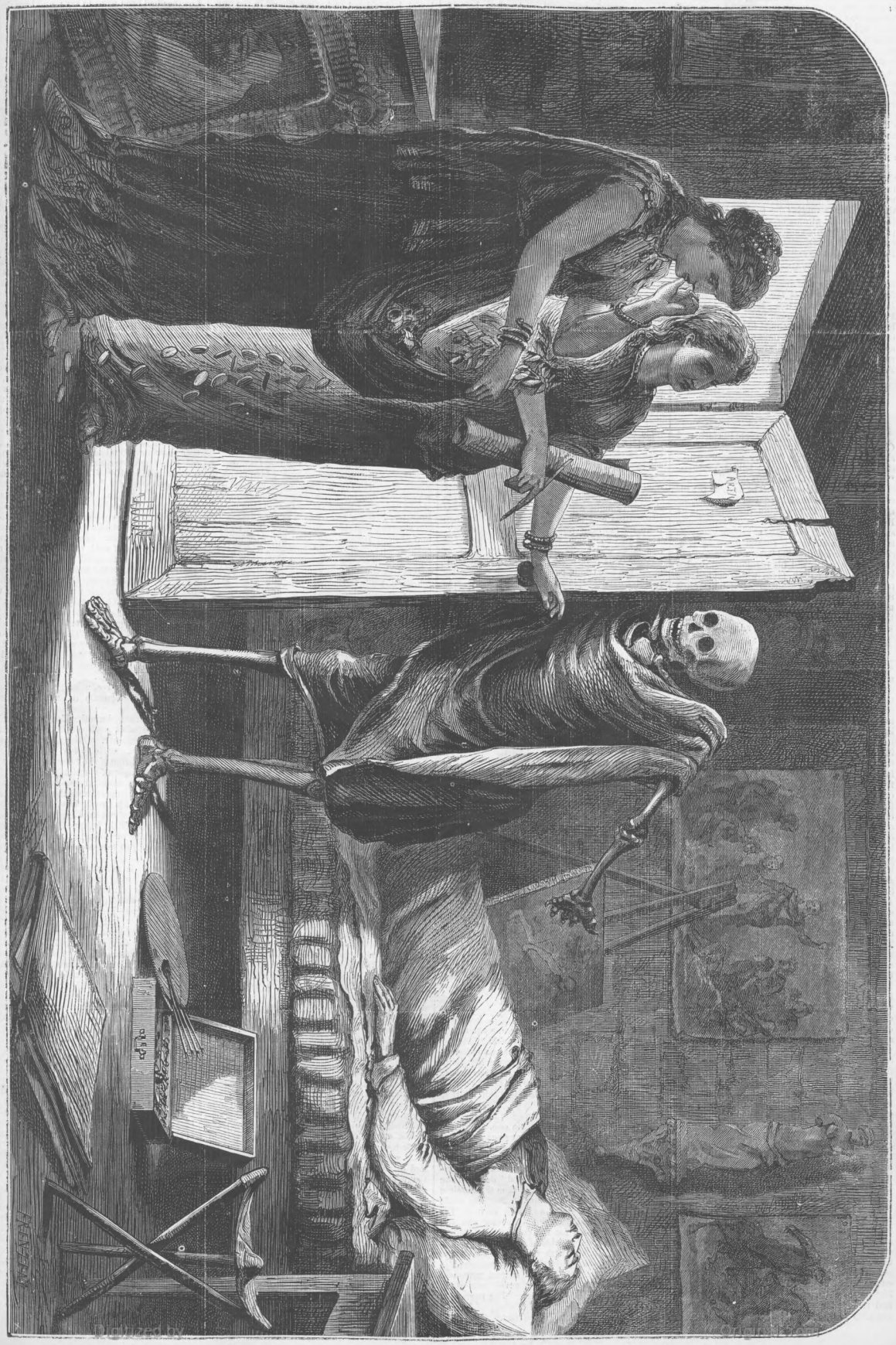

TOO LATE.—DRAWN BY PAUL FRENZENY.—[SEE PAGE 1154.]

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TOO LATE.

THERE is a tragedy in this picture. It tells the story of many lives, and suggests many a saddening question and haunting doubt. Why should there be so many unsuccessful men and women—so many, in art and literature, to whom fame and fortune never come? History is full of such instances, and they are constantly about us. Almost every body knows some one who is struggling against adverse circumstances, who, in spite of fair talents and industry, never makes headway against the current. In some cases, no doubt, this is the fault of the individual, who may be lacking in practical knowledge and that common-sense which is necessary to the proper direction of talent. In others it is the fault of the public, who fail to discern what is great and good until their appreciation is too late to be of service.

M. FRENZENY'S pathetic composition shows the interior of an artist's studio. The surroundings show that he was poor and friendless; but who can guess the hopes that once were his, through what struggles he passed, what short though splendid gleams of victory gladdened his pathway, or by what dark clouds of disappointment it was overshadowed? And his death? Perhaps, like CHATTERTON,

"The marvelous boy who perished in his pride,"

he grew impatient of neglect and poverty, and forced the gate-way of the other world just as Fortune, led by Fame, was knocking at his door. Perhaps want killed him, or toil. He may have loved in vain, because painted in vain, and some one more favored of fortune may have carried away the prize on which his heart was set. But, whatever his story, there he lies, and Fame and Fortune are nothing to him any more.

CINDERELLA SMITH.

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

"I DECLARE it's getting on night!" ejaculated Clementina Smith, in tones of vexation, as a long shadow fell athwart the buttery window, where she stood straining cranberry "jell" into moulds. "Well, we do beat all for short days."

Truly she might say so. The sun, as per almanac, did not, on this 24th day of November, set until 4.30 P.M. But here, on the east slope of Rattlesnake Mountain, where the old farm-house stood, he vanished, or seemed to vanish, about the middle of the afternoon, sucked down by irresistible attraction into the bosom of the western valley. No sooner did his flaming head dip below the crest of dark pines which topped the range than dense purple shadows began to stretch eastward over the country above which the mountain towered, carrying premature night on their wings. Confusion ensued for all such lazy souls as, in the spirit of the old adage,

"worked their best
When the sun is in the west."

But the Smiths were none of these. If Nature and the Rattlesnake did them despite at close of day, biting off the twenty-four hours and curtailing all afternoon operations, morning, on the contrary, came a bright, punctual visitor, flooding the rear-guard of the "wee sma' hours" with light and activity. By four in summer, by five in winter, open shutters, smoking chimneys, lowing cattle, sounds of household cheer, betokened the red farm-house awake and stirring. The long purple shadow, which swooped like eagle from eyrie, and clutched the homestead in daily embrace, always found the day's work put aside; fire glints from the ample chimney-place, dancing on Mrs. Smith's rapidly moving knitting-pins, on Clementina's stocking-block and cotton, Britomarte's glancing thimble, as she creased her long seam, and the bright hair of little Cinda, youngest and fairest, who sat with idle hands beside the blaze, and did nothing: "Lucinda Amarantha" baptismally, gentle reader. The Smiths all gloried in fine names, culled from the *Ledger* and *Ballou's Dollar Monthly*, but Lucinda's was shortened, as oppressive for daily use. "Cinnie," and "Darter," the old farmer called her; "Cinda," her mother and the girls. To me she was known as "Cinderella," from her soft, lazy prettiness, and certain petted chimney-corner ways she had; somewhat, too, from the fact that her stirring elder sisters, regarding less her good looks than the extreme disinclination for household work which characterized her, were somewhat inclined to look down upon and despise her. And certainly it *would* have been difficult to find a more useless person, practically speaking, than this little Cinderella.

Clem made beds. She swept and dusted and scoured in a way which would have caused the fairy Guigon's eyes to shine with pleasure. Her bread and biscuit were celebrated in all the region; nobody had such a knack at butter; nobody such a "hand" for smooth and flaky pie-crust. Not one of all the seven-and-twenty kinds of cake which figured alphabetically in her recipe-book—"almond," "bun," "cup," "cottage," "citron," "currant," etc., etc.—but came from the oven, at her spiriting, light, flavorous, perfect, and curved in the middle to that shapely round which is the joy of the cake-maker's heart. Preserves with her never "fomented;" her jelly never refused to form; sausage and head-cheese beneath her touch rose to the dignity of fine art; pork and beans awoke enthusiasm; absolute poetry lay couched in apple turn-overs. Over all the departments of the kitchen she reigned supreme, with sway undisputed and unquestioned by her appreciative subjects.

But if Clementina ruled the roast, Britomarte, on the other hand, was queen of the work-basket. She possessed that talent for making, mending, and remodeling clothes which in some women amounts to absolute genius. Her powers of adaptation seemed unlimited. In the language of the district, she could "make a sheet out of a pocket-handkerchief any day." No pattern was too complicated or too difficult for her imitation; her patch-work was unrivaled; her "white seam" wonderful. Arachne herself might have been proud of the web-like tracery, crossed and recrossed, which, uniting disrupted heels and toes, made ancient hosen look as well as new. She spun, she wove, diligent as Penelope, unremitting as Lucrece—the wise woman in Proverbs was not more praiseworthy or more industrious than she.

But Lucinda! No mortal thing did she or could she do—except look pretty, curl her hair, cuddle, coax, bask in sun and fire warmth like a drowsy kitten, pur like one, and occasionally inflict a minute scratch on whoso teased or withheld her. These few accomplishments, it must be confessed, she practiced to perfection. Much peering into oven doors had roughened Clementina's complexion, and tinged the tip of her nose with a permanent and unbecoming red; while poor Britomarte's years of sewing had rounded her spine, and sharpened and sallowed her naturally good features. But useless little Cinderella's skin was satin-soft, and tinted like a peach. No needle-pricks disfigured her small forefinger; no lines of worry puckered her brow. Plump, fair, rosy, she lived in the midst of the busy hive of home, consuming the honey of others, and bringing none into the store. Her father and mother scolded and indulged, and both indulgence and blame were borne with like serene indifference. She was equally aware and unconcerned of the opinions entertained of her demerits by those two busy Marthas who called her sister. Not that Clem or Brit envied her beauty or dreaded her as a rival. Oh dear, no! not at all. They simply ignored and scorned her. "A man hadn't need to have *more* than common-sense to see what a useless piece Cinda is," they remarked to each other, in moments of confidence. By which it will be perceived, first, that man, matrimonially considered, was still a topic of interest in the virgin communings of the elder sisters; and secondly, that their knowledge of the sex and its common-sense was, to say the least, rather Utopian than real.

On the special evening of which we treat an unusual bustle pervaded the peaceful precincts of the red farm-house. The hovering purple shadow brought consternation to others besides Clementina and her cranberries. The kitchen wore its morning rather than evening aspect. There was confusion, disarray. Mrs. Smith, at one table, was busily washing dishes. Brit, at another, was scouring candlesticks. Phil Haggerty, the hired man, passing through on regular patrol from "keeping-room" to wood-pile, was depositing armfuls of clean-split hickory beside the company fire; while Aunt Viny Jones, hired for the day, mopped away at the sink-room floor. All were astir except the farmer, settled back to rest in his wooden arm-chair, and Cinderella cuddled beside him, the sole unoccupied members of the busy group.

The clock struck four, and punctual Clem, bouncing in from the buttery, flung wide the oven door, and revealed within its generous glow long rows of good things and an ineffable smell.

"Now, ma, move, will you?" she cried, waspishly, "unless you want to get burned with these hot dishes!"

Out and in plunged the active shovel, and soon the pantry blossomed like the rose with steaming dainties—pies of every shade and flavor, from golden squash to translucent apple, cakes redolent of plums and sugar, fragrant spice-bread, tartlets whose foamy circlets a breath would seem enough to dissipate, crusty and delicate loaves of brown and white, chicken-pasties breathing odors of mingled Araby and dyspepsia. Clem stood before her work, flushed and erect, a smile of triumph on her face. Then she called out, "Come and see!"

There was a simultaneous clatter to the pantry. "Seems to me," said the farmer, who had not stirred from his chair, "the girls is making a great fuss this year over Thanksgiving, ain't they? What's the reason of it, Darter?"

"Darter" was the father's pet name for useless Cinda. She answered, demurely, with just a little flicker of a smile, "The parson is coming to dinner, you know, pa."

"Whew!" whistled her father. "So that's how it goes, is it? Why, when did Miss Lowther die? Let me see—'tain't quite a twelvemonth yet, I declare! Well! well! I call that crowding of a man, I do."

Cinda laughed again. She had her own thoughts about the matter, but it was not in her way to give them words. "Crowding" though it was, she entertained her private ambition to take a hand in the game of inveigling Mr. Lowther over the brink of a second matrimony. Why not? she said to herself. Clem and Brit were evidently after him, and it would be fun, at least, to see what she could do.

Little did Clem or Brit imagine this budding rivalry in the breast of the little one. To each this forthcoming festival was at once a festival and a tournament. The pastor had now been for eleven months and more that lone, lorn thing which all womankind feels bound to console. "A widower ain't no good," declared the village gossips, "and it's quite time the dominie should be looking about him." Nothing could be truer, thought Clem and Brit each in her secret heart; and each donned armor and polished her weapons for the conflict. Clem had always felt herself capable of undertaking a widower, especially one with children. Her lance, aimed straight at what she was accustomed to think the vulnerable spot in mortal man, was that triumphant chicken-pie, which now stood on the pantry shelf before her. The heart that could resist that, she thought, was proof; and, indeed, it was inimitably perfect. One thing only disturbed her felicity. Britomarte, whose yearnings after a "clergyman" had always been strong, had deemed it best to come doubly armed to the encounter, and besides the table-cloth of her own weaving, which was to grace the board, had insisted on having a hand in the dinner. She had made the apple-tarts. It was an unprecedented interference, for which Clem consoled herself by hoping they might turn out heavy. But no; tarts more perfect had never appeared on table. And there they stood, Mordecais at the gate of that lordly pie. It was certainly a mean invasion of her peculiar province, and Clem felt some sinkings of heart as she contemplated their iniquitous charms.

Only lazy Cinda made no preparation for the important to-morrow, but sat and purred in her chimney-corner, and went to bed earlier than usual.

But if she made none, Nature worked in her behalf, sending sleep, which deepened the blue of her eyes to gentian tint, glossed the sunny curls, and added to the fair cheeks just that tint of shell pink which was necessary to enhance their fairness. In all her life the girl never looked so pretty as on that morning. The old farmer noticed it; and as she stood before the tiny square of looking-glass which hung behind the kitchen door, tying her bonnet strings, he said to his wife, *sotto voce*,

"I declare! If she ain't as pretty as a pink!"

"S-s-h!" replied the dame, with a reproving glance. "Don't be setting the child up with such nonsense." But the mother noted, and was pleased, for all that.

I am inclined to fear that the excellent and prolonged discourse with which Mr. Lowther favored his congregation that day was rather lost on the inmates of the red house. Long before "thirdly" was reached Farmer Smith had nodded himself off to that blissful world where sermons are unknown. Mrs. Smith, less drowsy, but hardly less unconscious, was deep in a train of vagrant meditations, among which certain bundles of catnip, which threatened mustiness, and a son George, who died sixteen years before, were oddly mixed and jumbled. Britomarte, very smart, indeed, in a new pelisse shaped by her own clever fingers after the last fashionable model, was trimming an imaginary blue merino, which, if certain things should come to pass (and why should they not while life and hope lasted?), would be just the thing to "run round the parish" in—nice, but not too nice; exactly adapted to the situation and the circumstances. She tucked and pleated, hooked and buttoned, with infinite satisfaction; then rousing suddenly, with a horrified jump, became aware that she was smiling blandly in the very face of the dominie. But he, good man, proceeded tranquilly from seventhly to eighthly, unconscious of Britomarte's start, of Mrs. Smith's wandering thoughts, of Clem's absence (Clem had staid at home to "see to things"), of his deacon's slumbers—even of little Cinda, distractingly pretty as she chanced to look at that moment.

All human things come to an end in time, and so did that sermon. As the last quaver of the closing hymn died away, each housewife seemed to become aware of her own particular turkey, and there was a general squeeze toward the door. Many "How do you, neighbors?" were exchanged, but for all the hearty tones, promptitude was evidently the order of the day. In five minutes the congregation was scattered, going off by twos and threes over the frozen roads. From every farm-house, far and near, rose brisk curls of smoke, significant of forthcoming cheer. From each open door came a sizzle and fizzle of savory promise. Dinner-time was at hand—coming, but not yet come—and it behooved all men to make ready.

Clem was in her glory. As her father said, she *was* "some" on dinners. A splendid fire crackled in the best room. In the other stood the table, spread with snowy cloth, and ornamented in the middle with a resplendent "trifle," wonderfully compounded of custard, jam, and white of egg purpled with jelly. On either side rose moulds of red and amber blanc-mange. Each plate was flanked with a squadron of saucers containing, respectively, tomato, pickles, cranberry, apple-sauce, cold-slaw, and chicken-salad, while in their midst, convoy to these smaller craft, stood a plate, on which a mystic and many-segmented circle exhibited specimens of seven different species of pie. Every available inch of space on table was filled with nuts, apples, raisins, custards, doughnuts, and other toothsome wares, and a general savor of plenty and hospitality filled the air.

At last the hour came—the hour and the man! Mr. Lowther's thin, wistful face relaxed as he passed into the cheerful warmth of the "keeping-room."

"Well, this is comfortable, indeed, brother," he repeated more than once, rubbing his hands cheerfully. How Clem exulted!

There is embarrassment sometimes in our "granted prayers." Now that the worthy sisters had their prize actually secured and on their hands, a certain difficulty of entertaining him made itself felt. Some uneasy consciousness of their secret plans oppressed them. Clem bustled in and out to make it evident that *she* was the presiding genius of the feast; and Brit called after her, ostentatiously, "The snow-drop table-cloth, you know, Clem!" for which bit of display she was rewarded by a Parthian scowl from Clem, and total silence on the part of Mr. Lowther. She folded her unaccustomed hands on an idle lap, and couldn't think of any thing to say. Mr. Lowther wasn't a man given to conversation, and for some time a spell of stiffness seemed to rest over the room.

It was broken by the appearance of Cinda, who, ever since church, had been adorning herself up stairs. She came in attired in her best dress, a blue bow tucked cunningly into her pretty hair, a knot of scarlet leaves in her collar, and looking, as the astonished Brit thought to herself, "grown up." The dominie had always regarded her as a child. "That little chit of a Cindy will turn out a pretty girl some day," Mr. Lowther had been wont to say; and here the little chit was, tall, womanly, giving him a soft hand to shake, and looking into his with a pair of eyes which, through all his theological abstractions, he perceived to be exceedingly blue and sweet. The worthy man absolutely blushed as he rose from his chair, and a sudden tingle took possession of his veins. He was glad that just then Clem put her head into the door and announced,

"Dinner's ready!"

"Draw up and set to," said the hospitable farmer.

"Twere vain to tell what steeds gave o'er"

as the dinner proceeded, from its first cut of plump turkey to the last languid morsel of pastry.

"Clem's a real first-rate hand at pies, ain't she?" said her father, helping on the plans of his eldest; but before Mr. Lowther could utter his assent, there was that aggravating Brit, exclaiming,

"Now, pa, you mustn't give Clem all the praise, for I made the tarts. Do try one, Mr. Lowther, just to please me." And the dominie, nothing loath, transferred one of the tempting circles to his plate, and pronounced it capital.

"And what part of the dinner is your doing, Miss Cindy?" he asked.

"Oh, no part," responded Cinderella, sweetly, quite mindful of a sudden toss of Clem's head. "I don't know much about cooking, Mr. Lowther. I'm the youngest, you know, and just good for nothing but to cuddle down close by pa in the evenings, and fetch his slippers, and thread ma's needles for her while she sits and sews. I'm afraid I ain't much use; but then, you see, I'm the only baby they've got;" and she drooped her long eyelashes sadly.

"Now he sees just what a senseless little piece she is," thought Brit. But not at all. Mr. Lowther somehow found the eyelashes and the petted, pleading voice quite charming, and was saying within himself, "What a lovely little thing! and yet so womanly."

And so it went on. Coquettes, like poets, are things born, not made; and no flirt of a dozen seasons could have proceeded more artistically to the bewitchment of a victim than this inexperienced little Cinda. She seemed to know by instinct the use of each branch of female artillery, and used, in turn, all and each against her quarry. Smile, pout, attitude, voice—nothing was spared, nothing misapplied. By the evening's end the dazzled dominie was fairly in the toils, and went home to his lonely parsonage as foolishly in love as a boy of sixteen.

A radiance of gossip rested over the parish for the ensuing six weeks. The dominie—so rumor ran—was "sitting up with one of the Smith girls," which one, even the best informed old lady in the village dared not venture to say. Party feeling ran high.

"Clem's an active, stirring sort of body," said some; "the parson 'll be lucky if he gets her."

"But," clamored another faction, in antistrophe, "there ain't such a clever sewer in the State as Britomarte. Miss Lowther that was couldn't hold a candle to her. The dominie 'll never lack a button if she takes him in hand."

Nobody thought of mentioning Cinda!

At last one eventful Sunday arrived, upon which popular report, and the absence of Mr. Lowther from his usual place, betokened something unusual about to happen. The eyes of the audience fairly snapped with excitement when, in place of giving out the second hymn, the minister *pro tem.* arose slowly—a paper in his hand:

"Ahem! In accordance with the laws of the State, the following publishment is made: 'I publish the bans of marriage between the Rev. Jehiel Lowther and" (a pin could have been heard to drop) "'and—Lucinda Amarantha Smith. If any man know just cause or impediment why these two should not be joined together, let him speak now, or forever after hold his peace.'"

Hold his peace, indeed! The whole meeting-house was in a rustle. Even that sedate New England congregation could not repress all signs of excitement. Girls whispered, elderly bonnets leaned toward each other. All eyes were bent on the Smith pew, where Clem and Brit sat, grim and rigid, between their parents. The pause of wonderment was broken by the reading of the hymn,

"Lo, on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas, I stand."

"That's so," remarked Jack Styles, the joker of the village, to his next neighbor; and a faint giggle was audible in the choir.

"What on earth does it mean?" asked Mehetabel Throop, in a whisper, as Clem paced out of church at the close of the service.

"Mean? Nothing, except that men are natural born fools," replied that indignant spinster.

We fear the Rev. Jehiel's after-fate in some degree verified this sweeping assertion. Certain it is that Cinderellas are better suited to princes than poor men; and the poor dominie would fare badly sometimes were it not for his active sisters-in-law, who, lacking spheres of their own, condescend occasionally to supervise Cinda's. And the poor child is only too glad to slip out of her little drudgeries whenever they give her a chance. Whether she sometimes repents the rash triumph of that Thanksgiving night, or the dominie at furtive moments his bargain, we must leave to the imagination of our married readers. We tell the tale. The moral is out of our line.

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THE BUTCHER'S WEDDING.

IN the humorous page illustration on page 1148 our artist shows a very old English custom which has come down to our own day. When a butcher is married, the men who work with him, joined by others of the same craft, form a procession and march through the street on which he lives, making a rude sort of chime by knocking bones against their cleavers and axes. They are, of course, followed by all the idlers of the neighborhood, and the noise and license sometimes become intolerable. The frolic generally ends in a grand spree, the victim of the uncouth serenade paying for all the beer that is drunk in honor of his wedding.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

ON the evening of November 18 Professor HARKNESS, of the Washington Observatory, in connection with Professor HALL, succeeded in observing the spectrum of ENCKE'S comet. This was found to consist of two bright bands in the green, each of which was most intense in the middle of its breadth, and faded off toward each edge. Very satisfactory measures were obtained of the broadest and brightest of these bands, and they give for the wave lengths of the light at its two edges respectively about 504 and 498 millionths of a millimeter. They were not able to measure the position of the fainter band, but estimate its wave length as 511-millionths of a millimeter. With the optical power at their command they could not discover any trace of a continuous spectrum, and, as a careful examination of the comet with the equatorial failed to show any signs of a nucleus, it was perhaps safely inferred by them that the comet consists of a cloud of glowing gas. The case is somewhat different with TUTTLE'S comet, likewise under examination by them, in which a nucleus is distinctly appreciable.

The Anthropological Society of London invites assistance from ethnologists in securing photographic pictures of all the different tribes of men now inhabiting the globe. The plan proposed for these pictures is to have them on a black background of a definite size, and divided by distinctly visible lines into spaces of six inches square, in such a manner that all the pictures shall exhibit the dimensions of the individuals photographed, and be directly comparable. Portraits are to be taken of the subjects standing, and immediately before the black background. If the negatives are sent to the society in England, they will cause them to be printed by the carbon process, or upon collodion films, to be fixed between glass plates with Canada balsam.

A Norwegian company offers for sale a fish guano from the Lofoden Islands, prepared from the heads and backbones of the cod-fish, collected during the great winter fisheries off the Norwegian coast, principally by children and old and infirm persons who have no other means of subsistence. Formerly this matter was thrown into the sea as refuse, and materially affected the permanence and efficiency of the fisheries; but it is now carefully collected and hung in bundles on the rocks to dry. In June and July it is brought to the mills, where it is cut into pieces, dried artificially, and then ground between millstones. This article, prepared quite differently from the fish guano of the United States, is put up in bags, and finds a constant demand at about $45 a ton. It contains a great variety of ingredients fitting it for an excellent manure. The same company furnish what they call fish flour, which is made from the best dried cod-fish, by grinding them up, bones, skin, and all, to the fineness of sawdust or flour, in which form it is largely used in Scandinavia for various kinds of cookery. It is sometimes mixed with potatoes or other substances, and sometimes formed into cakes or biscuit. The fish is more readily packed and transported in this form than any other, and it is said to keep a long time without deterioration. We would commend this last-mentioned preparation to the attention of our people, as furnishing a hint toward a new article of trade in this country, and one that could be conveniently employed in cookery in a great variety of ways.

The Gulf of Naples has long been a favorite field of exploration for marine zoologists, on account of the great variety of animal life to be found in its waters, but much inconvenience has usually been experienced by foreign naturalists for want of the facilities necessary for prosecuting their researches. To obviate this, Dr. ANTON DÖHRN, of Stettin, an eminent conchologist, has lately obtained permission from the authorities of the city of Naples to erect in the Villa Reale, close to the sea, at his own expense, a large building to contain a great aquarium for the public, and extensive and convenient apartments for the use of naturalists of every country; the whole to remain his absolute property for thirty years, and as long after that as he may live. Dr. DÖHRN proposes to establish himself in the building, with several other German naturalists, and to conduct the administration of the entire establishment. He will there, at all times, be happy to welcome his scientific confrères, and to see that every facility for research is offered them. Some income will doubtless be derived from fees for admission of the general public to the aquaria, and all deficiencies will be made up by Dr. DÖHRN, who is understood to be that *rara avis*, a naturalist of means.

An annual report of receipts and expenditures, as well as of the discoveries made in the establishment, is to be made to an international committee, of whom are already named HELMHOLTZ, DUBOIS-REYMOND, HUXLEY, DARWIN, HAECKEL, LEUCKART, VON BENEDEN, etc. He has also invited Professor AGASSIZ to accept the representation in the committee for the United States, and thereby add the weight of his powerful name. Work on the building will begin forthwith under Dr. DÖHRN'S direction; his address at Naples being to the care of FRIEDRICH STOLTE, Consul-General of Germany, Piazza Medina.

In the Northern United States the richest marine fauna is to be found in the vicinity of Eastport, Maine, the adjacent region of the Bay of Fundy having become classic ground through the labors of STIMPSON, VERRILL, PACKARD, MORSE, WEBSTER, HYATT, etc. It is whispered that Mr. J. E. GAVIT, of New York, president of the American Bank-note Company, and at the same time an eminent microscopist, has it in contemplation with some friends to erect a building at Eastport, to be suitably endowed and maintained for life use of any naturalists who may wish to avail themselves of the facilities it may afford. We can only hope that so excellent an idea may be realized at an early day.

Arrangements are now making for an international exhibition at Vienna in 1873, one great feature of which will be the classification of the products of all countries in groups corresponding to their geographical positions. It is also expected that selections from the various museums of London, Paris, Berlin, Moscow, Lyons, Munich, etc., will be exhibited and compared, while it is also intended to represent a history of prices, a history of industry, and a history of natural productions, so that the world's progress in art, science, industry, and natural products will thus be brought in contrast. During the exhibition international congresses will be held for the discussion of important questions, to which either the exhibition itself may give rise, or for which it may furnish materials for illustration.

A committee of the Iron and Steel Institute of England, consisting of Mr. G. J. SNELUS, Mr. JONES, and Mr. J. LESTER, has been appointed to proceed to the United States to examine into and report upon DANK'S rotary puddling furnace, which, it is claimed, is a very efficient arrangement for lessening the severe labor of the iron puddler, and producing good iron.

With a commendable promptness the first volume of the annual report of the Commissioner of Patents for 1870 has made its appearance, and inaugurates the new order in regard to this document. Instead of publishing the specifications of the patents, with wood-cut illustrations, the present volume embodies, first, an alphabetical list of patentees during the year; second, an alphabetical list of the patents extended during the year; next, an alphabetical list of inventions and of reissues. It will be remembered that, at the present time, the patents are printed in detail, accompanied by photo-lithographic drawings of working size, 150 copies being published, some of them to be distributed, and sets placed for free public inspection in the various State and Territorial capitals, and in the clerks' offices of the District Court of the various judicial districts throughout the United States. The issue of additional copies is also authorized in proportion to the demand, to be sold at a price not exceeding the contract price for such drawings.

The acting commissioner is not entirely satisfied with the wisdom of the change, and thinks that the old plan might have been improved so as to be of great utility, and the publication of the patents and their illustrations on a large scale still kept up. Various recommendations are made bearing upon this subject, with which our readers will not generally feel specially interested. The total number of patents issued during the year 1870 amounted to 13,321, of which considerably the largest number were made out to citizens of New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Ohio, Illinois, Connecticut, Indiana, and Michigan, in the order mentioned.

It has been remarked by travelers in Holland that the river and sea fish in that country are of remarkable excellence of taste, and, apparently, possess much firmer flesh than those of other regions. This, however, results simply from the fact that the fish are always killed at the moment they are taken from the water, while in most other countries they are allowed to die slowly; and with the great tenacity of life possessed by these animals, many hours, and even several days in some cases, elapse before actual death ensues. This calls to mind the anomaly which prevails between our treatment of fish and other animals. The attempt to offer for sale birds or beasts that have died by what might be called a natural death, or that have been killed by drowning, would very soon be met by the action of the police authorities. But what corresponds to precisely the same treatment in fishes is allowed to pass as a matter of course. A slight consideration of the circumstances will soon convince us of the impropriety of this practice, and that the quicker we are in causing the death of fish, as well as other animals, the better for us. There is also some choice in the method of killing; this, in most cases, being by a violent blow on the head, or against the side of a boat, or by means of a stick. The practice in Holland, however, is to sever the spinal marrow and the arteries of the neck, just back of the head, by which means death ensues immediately, and the blood is allowed to escape from the body.

The difference in the taste of fish killed and of those allowed to die is most marked in species of vigorous habits and containing much blood, such as, for instance, our own blue-fish (*Temnodon saltator*). Many persons have been struck by the excellence of this fish, as served up at Nantucket or Edgarton, finding them so much superior to those which they have eaten in other localities. The practice of the fishermen in these waters is to cut the throat of the fish between the gills immediately after capturing them, thus allowing the blood to escape freely and in large quantity. Experience has shown that fish killed in this way, and bled, will retain their firmness and freshness very much longer than those allowed to die in the ordinary manner.

Number four of the finely illustrated series of catalogues of the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Cambridge, under direction of Professor AGASSIZ, has just appeared, and embraces a memoir on the deep-sea corals of the middle Atlantic Ocean by Count POURTALÈS, assistant of the United States Coast Survey. This gentleman has been engaged for a number of years in the prosecution of the investigation of the deep-sea fauna of the eastern coast of the United States, in behalf of the Coast Survey, and has made some very important discoveries in regard both to the fauna and to the physical geography of the Florida and West Indian seas. Of the richness of the deep-sea fauna in corals, and of the extent of Count POURTALÈS'S discoveries, some idea may be gathered from the fact that forty-nine species were obtained, of which all but eleven were first described by the author from his collections.

It is a little singular that there should be precisely the same number of living shallow-water corals found in the West Indies and on the coast of Florida. Most of these, however, have been known to naturalists for a number of years.

Among recent deaths in scientific circles may be mentioned that of Professor SCHWEIGGER-SEIDEL, of Leipsic, well known for his researches upon questions of histology, especially those connected with nerve-endings in the salivary glands, the lymphatic system, and the cornea. Also that of Dr. SCHLOENBACH, Professor of Geology of the Polytechnic Institute of Prague. The latter gentleman fell a victim to his zeal for science while making some geological explorations in the province of Servia, in the interest of the Geological Institute of Vienna.

We have already referred to the annual meetings of the British and American Associations for the Advancement of Science, and now have to chronicle that of the German Naturalists and Physicists at its forty-fourth annual reunion in Rostock. Although we have received no detailed report of the sessions, we learn that the meeting was not so numerously attended as usual, in consequence of the detention of members at home from various causes.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE emancipation ukase, which gave conditional freedom to the serfs of Russia, was issued more than ten years ago—in February, 1861. There were at that time 103,158 land-owners in European Russia, who employed 9,797,163 serfs on their estates, in addition to 900,971 household servants, who also formed a part of their property. The total number of serfs was upward of 22,000,000, many of the more intelligent of these being otherwise employed for the benefit of their masters, as artisans, merchants, etc. The land in the possession of these land-owners amounted to about 60,000,000 acres, nearly one-third of which was occupied by the cottages of the serfs. Under the emancipation decree, the land thus occupied by the serfs was to become their property after the payment, by installments, of a certain amount of compensation; and now, ten years after the issue of the decree, 6,474,613 peasants have become proprietors of more than one-fifth of the whole 60,000,000 acres. It is estimated that another period of ten years will elapse before the process of emancipation is completed. The general prosperity of the country has not suffered, but, on the contrary, been greatly increased, by this emancipation of the peasants. The popular idea that it has ruined the nobles, is quite unfounded. They still possess the greater portion of the land. Liberty is working out its natural results among the Russian peasants, who show themselves in many cases intelligent and exceedingly capable; and they regard their emperor, who has made them citizens and freemen, with child-like love and reverence. And with this freedom of her people Russia has acquired an internal strength unknown to her before.

Mr. Paul B. du Chaillu, who has recently returned from another foreign tour, says that the peasants of Sweden are well acquainted with the fact that some twenty millions of dollars have been stolen from the citizens of New York—and they are of opinion that no one will be sent to prison for it. Remarks of this kind were frequently heard by Mr. Du Chaillu while abroad. Such is the reputation America has gained.

Soon after the arrival of the Grand Duke Alexis in New York he dispatched the following message to his father by the cable:

Empereur de la Russie, St. Pétersbourg:

Entrée et reception cordiale, magnifique. Parade de la milice. Tout la ville en fête. ALEXIS.

TRANSLATION.

Emperor of Russia, St. Petersburg:

Entry, cordial and magnificent reception. Parade of the militia. General holiday in the city. ALEXIS.

The same dispatch was sent to the Empress of Russia, who is on a visit in the Crimea.

The future Chicago will be a city of bricks. Brick seems to be the only building material that comes out uninjured from a fiery furnace.

Fifteen additional dismissals have been recommended by the committee investigating the hazing practices at the Annapolis Naval Academy. A sample of the "harmless pleasantries" practiced was compelling one of the cadets to drink a mug of mixture composed of castor-oil, ink, mucilage, tooth-powder, and quinine. Another cadet was held out of a window in the fifth story until he was nearly dead. It is surely time for law to do away with such deeds.

"Hannah," a serial which has long held the interest of the readers of the *Bazar*, is now finished, and has been published in book form. The works of the well-known authoress, Mrs. Mulock-Craik, need no commendation—all are entertaining and finely written. "Hannah" does not fall below her previous writings in all those qualities which make up a thoroughly good novel. Evidently Mrs. Craik expected, in commencing her story, that the obnoxious law, peculiar to England, making marriage with a deceased wife's sister illegal, would be repealed before she drew the final scenes in her tale. This not having been the case, however, she disposes of her hero and heroine in a very natural manner, and quite in harmony with the feelings of the reader.

The celebrated laughing-gas has a rival in the Arabian laughing-plant. This is a shrub varying from six inches in height to three or four feet. It bears yellow flowers, and within the fruit are imbedded two or three black seeds. These seeds, when powdered and administered judiciously, produce effects similar to the laughing-gas. After an hour of intense excitement, the patient falls asleep, and upon awakening is totally unconscious of any thing that occurred while he was under the influence of the drug. An overdose is very dangerous.

A very disagreeable prophecy is that mentioned in an Indian paper as having been uttered by a famous astronomer of Rampore. He predicts that in the coming year a blaze of light, resembling a shooting-star, the like of which no mortal has yet seen, will be visible in the sky. It will dazzle the eyes of the people of particular places, and after remaining for twenty-four minutes, will vanish. The direction in which it will make its appearance will be the north pole, and accordingly the people of northern countries will see it distinctly. The effect of this meteor will be that the extent of the globe over which its light will fall will be visited by famine during the year, and a large number of the people will be destroyed, while vegetation will also be scanty. Unfortunately for the inhabitants of northern countries, the deductions of this astronomer are said to have been generally correct.

The leaves, which frost, rain, and wind have scattered bountifully over the woodland, may be made to do excellent service on the farm. They have good fertilizing qualities, and decay easily. Elm and oak leaves contain a large proportion of potash.

It is worth while for every body, especially for those who may not have a full supply of blankets for the coming winter, to know the value of newspapers for coverings. On a cold night, if two or three newspapers be spread upon the bed beneath the outside covering, the occupant of the bed will perceive a marked increase of warmth without any perceptible increase in the weight of bedding. So, also, if a spread newspaper be placed over the chest before the overcoat be buttoned up, it will be found a great protection against penetrating wind and cold.

The author of "The Daughter of Heth" is about to write a new serial story, which will embrace a series of adventures supposed to have taken place in a ride from London to Edinburgh. This journey was actually undertaken by Mr. Black in the autumn. He drove a small phaeton all the way from the British to the Scottish metropolis, putting up at way-side inns, and seeing as much as possible of the towns through which he passed and of the surrounding country.

The Amherst Agricultural College has been presented with sixty-seven new plants, mostly tropical, from the government botanical garden at Washington.

"Tamrour" is the name of a favorite Arabian pony belonging to the Prince Imperial. He is the smallest pony ever seen of that race. The animal is of a delicate cream-color, with long tail and flowing mane, the gift of an Arab sheik who revolted against French authority in Algeria, and was pardoned in the year 1868. He was bought at the late sale of the imperial stud by the Princess Mathilde, and immediately dispatched to Chiselhurst. The voyage did not agree with the pony, and when he landed at Dover he was not in good condition, though this was, doubtless, in part the result of previous neglect. The Prince Imperial is passionately attached to Tamrour, and, though too tall to ride him now, has declared, that of all things left behind in France, the pony was the most regretted.

Freedom and education go together. Brazil has no sooner abolished slavery than she calls for more school-books.

The president of one of the largest of the English insurance companies went to Chicago only a few days before the great fire, intending to establish an agency there. But he was much impressed by the precarious condition of the city. "You have some fine buildings," he said; "but they are surrounded by very bad ones. The first time circumstances combine against you, your whole city will burn up." He declined to establish an agency there; and he had scarcely left the country before his prediction was terribly verified.

An Irish girl having applied for the position of kitchen-girl in a Connecticut family, was asked if she understood how to use kerosene. "Use it, is it?" she exclaimed, in a tone of reproachful explanation: "give me a can of karyosane, and I'd never ask for the lift of a shavin'." Her qualifications were above the position.

It may not be generally known that salt-water, absorbed through the skin, appeases thirst almost as well as fresh-water taken inwardly. In proof of this, the *Court Journal* gives the following quotation from a "Narrative of Captain Kennedy's Losing his Vessel," which was published in 1869:

"I can not conclude without making mention of the great advantage I received from soaking my clothes twice a day in salt-water, and putting them on without wringing. It was a considerable time before I could make the people comply with this measure, although, from seeing the good effect produced, they afterward practiced it twice a day of their own accord. To this discovery I may with justice attribute the preservation of my own life and six other persons, who must have perished if it had not been put in use. The saline particles which remained in our clothes became incrusted by the heat of the sun and that of our bodies, lacerating our skins, and being otherwise inconvenient, but we found by washing and frequently wetting our clothes without wringing, twice in the course of a day, the skin became well in a short time. We uniformly found that thirst was relieved in a few minutes after bathing and washing our clothes, and at the same time we found ourselves as much refreshed as if we had received some actual nourishment."

Some curious investigator has been trying to find out how many great men smoked, and how many rejected the weed. Ben Jonson was a connoisseur in the art. Hobbes smoked after his early dinner pipes innumerable. Milton never went to bed without a pipe and a glass of water. Sir Isaac Newton was smoking in his garden at Woolsthorpe when the apple fell. Addison had a pipe in his mouth at all hours. Fielding both smoked and chewed. Shelley never smoked, nor Wordsworth, nor Keats. Coleridge, when cured of opium, took to snuff. Campbell loved a pipe. Sir Walter Scott smoked in his carriage, and regularly after dinner. Byron wrote about "sublime tobacco," but was not an excessive smoker. Goethe did not smoke, nor did Shakspeare. Carlyle, now past seventy, has been a sturdy smoker for years. Alfred Tennyson is a persistent smoker of some forty years. Dickens, Jerrold, and Thackeray all puffed. Lord Lytton loves a long pipe at night and cigars by day. Lord Houghton smoked moderately. The late J. M. Kemble, author of "The Seasons in England," was a tremendous smoker. Moore cared not for it; indeed, Irish gentlemen smoke much less than English. Wellington shunned it; so did Peel. Disraeli loved the long pipe in his youth, but in his middle age pronounced it "the tomb of love."

Apropos of smoking is an anecdote which we have read somewhere. A gentleman addicted to the habit was once warmly defending the cigar against the attacks of a lady friend. "You can not say it is injurious," said he, "for I have smoked my cigar for years, and here I am, alive, and seventy years old." "Well," retorted the lady, "if you had not smoked you might have been eighty!"

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TENNYSON'S NEW POEM.

First Published in America in Harper's Weekly.

THE LAST TOURNAMENT.*

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

ILLUSTRATED BY SOL EYTINGE, JUN.

"DANCED LIKE A WITHER'D LEAF BEFORE THE HALL."

DAGONET, the fool, whom Gawain in his moods
Had made mock-knight of Arthur's Table Round,
At Camelot, high above the yellowing woods,
Danced like a wither'd leaf before the Hall.
And toward him from the hall, with harp in hand,
And from the crown thereof a carcanet
Of ruby swaying to and fro, the prize
Of Tristram in the jousts of yesterday,
Came Tristram, saying, "Why skip ye so, Sir Fool?"

For Arthur and Sir Lancelot riding once
Far down beneath a winding wall of rock
Heard a child wail. A stump of oak half-dead,
From roots like some black coil of carven snakes
Clutch'd at the crag, and started thro' mid-air
Bearing an eagle's nest: and thro' the tree
Rush'd ever a rainy wind, and thro' the wind
Pierced ever a child's cry: and crag and tree
Scaling, Sir Lancelot from the perilous nest,
This ruby necklace thrice around her neck,
And all unscarr'd from beak or talon, brought
A maiden babe; which Arthur pitying took,
Then gave it to his Queen to rear: the Queen
But coldly acquiescing, in her white arms
Received, and after loved it tenderly,
And named it Nestling; so forgot herself
A moment, and her cares; till that young life
Being smitten in mid-heaven with mortal cold
Past from her: and in time the carcanet
Vext her with plaintive memories of the child:
So she, delivering it to Arthur, said,
"Take thou the jewels of this dead innocence,
And make them, an thou wilt, a tourney-prize."

To whom the King, "Peace to thine eagle-borne
Dead nestling, and this honor after death,
Following thy will! but, O my Queen, I muse
Why ye not wear on arm, or neck, or zone
Those diamonds that I rescued from the tarn,
And Lancelot won, methought, for thee to wear."

"Would rather ye had let them fall," she cried,
"Plunge and be lost—ill-fated as they were,
A bitterness to me!—ye look amazed,
Not knowing they were lost as soon as given—
Slid from my hands, when I was leaning out
Above the river—that unhappy child
Past in her barge: but rosier luck will go
With these rich jewels, seeing that they came
Not from the skeleton of a brother-slayer,
But the sweet body of a maiden babe.
Perchance—who knows?—the purest of thy knights
May win them for the purest of my maids."

She ended, and the cry of a great jousts
With trumpet-blowings ran on all the ways
From Camelot in among the faded fields
To furthest towers: and everywhere the knights
Arm'd for a day of glory before the King.

But on the hither side of that loud morn
Into the hall staggerd, his visage ribb'd
From ear to ear with dogwhip-weals, his nose
Bridge-broken, one eye out, and one hand off,
And one with shatter'd fingers dangling lame,
A churl, to whom indignantly the King,
"My churl, for whom Christ died, what evil beast
Hath drawn his claws athwart thy face? or fiend?
Man was it who marr'd Heaven's image in thee thus?"

Then, sputtering thro' the hedge of splinter'd teeth,
Yet strangers to the tongue, and with blunt stump
Pitch-blacken'd sawing the air, said the maim'd churl,
"He took them and he drave them to his tower—
Some hold he was a table-knight of thine—
A hundred goodly ones—the Red Knight, he—
Lord, I was tending swine, and the Red Knight
Brake in upon me and drave them to his tower;
And when I call'd upon thy name as one
That doest right by gentle and by churl,
Maim'd me and maul'd, and would outright have slain,
Save that he sware me to a message, saying—
'Tell thou the King and all his liars, that I
Have founded my Round Table in the North,
And whatsoever his own knights have sworn
My knights have sworn the counter to it—and say
My tower is full of harlots, like his court,
But mine are worthier, seeing they profess
To be none other than themselves—and say
My knights are all adulterers like his own,
But mine are truer, seeing they profess
To be none other; and say his hour is come,
The heathen are upon him, his long lance
Broken, and his Excalibur a straw.'"

Then Arthur turn'd to Kay the seneschal,
"Take thou my churl, and tend him curiously
Like a king's heir, till all his hurts be whole.
The heathen—but that ever-climbing wave,
Hurl'd back again so often in empty foam,
Hath lain for years at rest—and renegades,
Thieves, bandits, leavings of confusion, whom
The wholesome realm is purged of otherwhere,—
Friends, thro' your manhood and your fealty,—now
Make their last head like Satan in the North.
My younger knights, new-made, in whom your flower
Waits to be solid fruit of golden deeds,
Move with me toward their quelling, which achieved,
The loneliest ways are safe from shore to shore.
But thou, Sir Lancelot, sitting in my place
Enchair'd to-morrow, arbitrate the field;
For wherefore shouldst thou care to mingle with it,
Only to yield my Queen her own again?
Speak, Lancelot, thou art silent: is it well?"

Thereto Sir Lancelot answer'd, "It is well:
Yet better if the King abide, and leave
The leading of his younger knights to me.
Else, for the King has will'd it, it is well."

Then Arthur rose, and Lancelot follow'd him,
And while they stood without the doors, the King
Turn'd to him saying, "Is it then so well?
Or mine the blame that oft I seem as he
Of whom was written, 'a sound is in his ears'—
The foot that loiters, bidden go,—the glance
That only seems half-loyal to command,—
A manner somewhat fall'n from reverence—
Or have I dream'd the bearing of our knights
Less manful and less gentle than when of old
We swept the heathen from the Roman wall?
Or whence the fear lest this my realm, uprear'd,
By noble deeds at one with noble vows,
From flat confusion and brute violences,
Reel back into the beast, and be no more?"

He spoke, and taking all his younger knights,
Down the slope city rode, and sharply turn'd
North by the gate. In her high bower the Queen,
Working a tapestry, lifted up her head,
Watch'd her lord pass, and knew not that she sigh'd.
Then ran across her memory the strange rhyme
Of by-gone Merlin, "Where is he who knows?
From the great deep to the great deep he goes."

But when the morning of a tournament,
By these in earnest those in mockery call'd
The Tournament of the Dead Innocence,
Brake with a wet wind blowing, Lancelot,
Round whose sick head all night, like birds of prey,
The words of Arthur flying shriek'd, arose,
And down a streetway hung with folds of pure
White samite, and by fountains running wine,
Where children sat in white with cups of gold,
Moved to the lists, and there, with slow sad steps
Ascending, fill'd his double-dragon'd chair.

He glanced and saw the stately galleries,
Dame, damsel, each thro' worship of their Queen
White-robed in honor of the stainless child,
And some with scatter'd jewels, like a bank
Of maiden snow mingled with sparks of fire.
He look't but once, and veil'd his eyes again.

The sudden trumpet sounded as in a dream
To ears but half-awaked, then one low roll
Of Autumn thunder, and the jousts began:
And ever the wind blew, and yellowing leaf
And gloom and gleam, and shower and shorn plume
Went down it. Sighing wearidly, as one
Who sits and gazes on a faded fire,
When all the goodlier guests are past away,
Sat their great umpire, looking o'er the lists.
He saw the laws that ruled the tournament
Broken, but spake not: once, a knight cast down
Before his throne of arbitration cursed
The dead babe and the follies of the King:
And once the laces of a helmet crack'd,
And show'd him, like a vermin in its hole,
Modred, a narrow face: anon he heard
The voice that billow'd round the barriers roar
An ocean-sounding welcome to one knight,
But newly-enter'd, taller than the rest,
And armor'd all in forest green, whereon
There tript a hundred tiny silver deer,
And wearing but a holly-spray for crest,
With ever-scattering berries, and on the shield
A spear, a harp, a bugle—Tristram—late
From overseas in Brittany return'd,
And marriage with a princess of that realm,
Isolt the White—Sir Tristram of the Woods—
Whom Lancelot knew, had held sometime with pain
His own against him, and now yearn'd to shake
The burthen off his heart in one full shock
With Tristram ev'n to death: his strong hands gript
And dinted the gilt dragons right and left,
Until he groan'd for wrath—so many knights
That ware their ladies' colors on the casque,
Drew from before Sir Tristram to the bounds,
And there with gibes and flickering mockeries
Stood, while he mutter'd, "Craven crests! O shame!
What faith have these in whom they sware to love?
The glory of our Round Table is no more."

So Tristram won, and Lancelot gave, the gems,
Not speaking other word than "Hast thou won?
Art thou the purest, brother? See, the hand
Wherewith thou takest this, is red!" to whom
Tristram—half plagued by Lancelot's languorous mood—
Made answer, "Ay, but wherefore toss me this
Like a dry bone cast to some hungry hound?
Let be thy fair Queen's fantasy. Strength of heart
And might of limb, but mainly use and skill,
Are winners in this pastime of our King.
My hand—belike the lance hath dript upon it—
No blood of mine, I trow; but O, chief knight,
Right arm of Arthur in the battle-field,
Great brother, thou nor I have made the world;
Be happy in thy fair Queen as I in mine."

And Tristram round the gallery made his horse
Caracole; then bow'd his homage, bluntly saying,
"Fair damsels, each to him who worships each
Sole Queen of Beauty and of love, behold
This day my Queen of Beauty is not here."
Then most of those were mute, some anger'd, one
Murmuring "All courtesy is dead," and one,
"The glory of our Round Table is no more."

Then fell thick rain, plume droopt and mantle clung,
And pettish cries awoke, and the wan day
Went glooming down in wet and weariness:
But under her black brows a swarthy dame
Laught shrilly, crying "Praise the patient saints,
Our one white day of Innocence hath past,
Tho' somewhat draggled at the skirt. So be it.
The snowdrop only, flow'ring thro' the year,
Would make the world as blank as Winter-tide.
Come—let us comfort their sad eyes, our Queen's
And Lancelot's, at this night's solemnity
With all the kindlier colors of the field."

So dame and damsel glitter'd at the feast
Variously gay: for he that tells the tale
Liken'd them, saying "as when an hour of cold
Falls on the mountain in midsummer snows,
And all the purple slopes of mountain flowers
Pass under white, till the warm hour returns
With veer of wind, and all are flowers again:
So dame and damsel cast the simple white,
And glowing in all colors, the live grass,
Rose-campion, bluebell, kingcup, poppy, glanced
About the revels, and with mirth so loud
Beyond all use, that, half-amazed, the Queen,
And wroth at Tristram and the lawless jousts,
Brake up their sports, then slowly to her bower
Parted, and in her bosom pain was lord.

And little Dagonet on the morrow morn,
High over all the yellowing Autumn-tide,
Danced like a wither'd leaf before the Hall.
Then Tristram saying, "Why skip ye so, Sir Fool?"
Wheel'd round on either heel, Dagonet replied,
"Belike for lack of wiser company;
Or being fool, and seeing too much wit
Makes the world rotten, why, belike I skip
To know myself the wisest knight of all."
"Ay, fool," said Tristram, "but 'tis eating dry
To dance without a catch, a roundelay
To dance to." Then he twangled on his harp,
And while he twangled little Dagonet stood,
Quiet as any water-sodden log
Stay'd in the wandering warble of a brook;
But when the twangling ended, skipt again:
Then being ask'd, "Why skipt ye not, Sir Fool?"
Made answer, "I had liefer twenty years
Skip to the broken music of my brains
Than any broken music ye can make."
Then Tristram, waiting for the quip to come,
"Good now, what music have I broken, fool?"
And little Dagonet, skipping, "Arthur, the king's;
For when thou playest that air with Queen Isolt,
Thou makest broken music with thy bride,
Her daintier namesake down in Brittany—
And so thou breakest Arthur's music too."
"Save for that broken music in thy brains,
Sir Fool," said Tristram, "I would break thy head.
Fool, I came late, the heathen wars were o'er,
The life had flown, we sware but by the shell—
I am but a fool to reason with a fool—
Come, thou art crabb'd and sour: but lean me down,
Sir Dagonet, one of thy long asses' ears,
And hearken if my music be not true.

"'Free love—free field—we love but while we may:
The woods are hush'd, their music is no more:
The leaf is dead, the yearning past away:
New leaf, new life—the days of frost are o'er:
New life, new love to suit the newer day:
New loves are sweet as those that went before:
Free love—free field—we love but while we may.'

"Ye might have moved slow-measure to my tune,
Not stood stockstill. I made it in the woods,
And found it ring as true as tested gold."

But Dagonet, with one foot poised in his hand,
"Friend, did ye mark that fountain yesterday
Made to run wine?—but this had run itself
Spat—pish—the cup was gold, the draught was mud."
And Tristram, "Was it muddier than thy gibes?
Is all the laughter gone dead out of thee?—
Not marking how the knighthood mock thee, fool—
'Fear God: honor the king—his one true knight—
Sole follower of the vows'—for here be they
Who knew thee swine enow before I came,
Smuttier than blasted grain: but when the King
Had made thee fool, thy vanity so shot up
It frighted all free fool from out thy heart;
Which left thee less than fool, and less than swine,
A naked aught—yet swine I hold thee still,
For I have flung thee pearls and find thee swine."

And little Dagonet, mincing with his feet,
"Knight, an ye fling those rubies round my neck
In lieu of hers, I'll hold thou hast some touch
Of music, since I care not for thy pearls.
Swine? I have wallow'd, I have wash'd—the world
Is flesh and shadow—I have had my day.
The dirty nurse, Experience, in her kind
Hath foul'd me—an I wallow'd, then I wash'd—
I have had my day and my philosophies—
And thank the Lord I am King Arthur's fool.
Swine, say ye? swine, goats, asses, rams, and geese
Troop'd round a Paynim harper once, who thrumm'd
On such a wire as musically as thou
Some such fine song—but never a king's fool."

And Tristram, "Then were swine, goats, asses, geese
The wiser fools, seeing thy Paynim bard
Had such a mastery of his mystery
That he could harp his wife up out of Hell."

Then Dagonet, turning on the ball of his foot,
"And whither harp'st thou thine? down! and thyself
Down! and two more: a helpful harper thou,
That harpest downward! Dost thou know the star
We call the harp of Arthur up in heaven?"

And Tristram, "Ay, Sir Fool, for when our King
Was victor wellnigh day by day, the knights,
Glorying in each new glory, set his name
High on all hills, and in the signs of heaven."

And Dagonet answer'd, "Ay, and when the land
Was freed, and the Queen false, ye set yourself
To babble about him, all to show your wit—
And whether he were king by courtesy,
Or king by right—and so went harping down
The black king's highway, got so far, and grew
So witty that ye play'd at ducks and drakes
With Arthur's vows on the great lake of fire,
Tuwhoo! do ye see it? do ye see the star?"

"Nay, fool," said Tristram, "not in open day."
And Dagonet, "Nay, nor will: I see it and hear.
It makes a silent music up in heaven,
And I, and Arthur and the angels hear,
And then we skip." "Lo, fool," he said, "ye talk
Fool's treason: is the king thy brother fool?"
Then little Dagonet clapt his hands and shrill'd,
"Ay, ay, my brother fool, the king of fools!
Conceits himself as God that he can make
Figs out of thistles, silk from bristles, milk
From burning spurge, honey from hornet-combs,
And men from beasts—Long live the king of fools!"

And down the city Dagonet danced away.
But thro' the slowly-mellowing avenues
And solitary passes of the wood
Rode Tristram toward Lyonesse and the west.
Before him fled the face of Queen Isolt
With ruby-circled neck, but evermore
Past, as a rustle or twitter in the wood
Made dull his inner, keen his outer eye
For all that walk'd, or crept, or perched, or flew.
Anon the face, as, when a gust hath blown,
Unruffling waters re-collect the shape
Of one that in them sees himself, return'd;
But at the slot or fewmets of a deer,
Or ev'n a fall'n feather, vanish'd again.

So on for all that day from lawn to lawn
Thro' many a league-long bower he rode. At length
A lodge of intertwisted beechen-boughs
Furze-cramm'd, and bracken-rooft, the which himself

"BUT DAGONET, WITH ONE FOOT POISED IN HIS HAND."

All out like a long life to a sour end—
And them that round it sat with golden cups
To hand the wine to whomsoever came—
The twelve small damosels white as Innocence,
In honor of poor Innocence the babe,
Who left the gems which Innocence the Queen
Lent to the King, and Innocence the King
Gave for a prize—and one of those white slips
Handed her cup and piped, the pretty one,
'Drink, drink, Sir Fool,' and thereupon I drank,
Built for a summer day with Queen Isolt
Against a shower, dark in the golden grove
Appearing, sent his fancy back to where
She lived a moon in that low lodge with him:
Till Mark her lord had past, the Cornish king,
With six or seven, when Tristram was away,
And snatch'd her thence; yet dreading worse than shame
Her warrior Tristram, spake not any word,
But rode his hour, devising wretchedness.

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And now that desert lodge to Tristram lookt
So sweet, that halting, in he past, and sank
Down on a drift of foliage random-blown;
But could not rest for musing how to smooth
And sleek his marriage over to the Queen.
Perchance in lone Tintagil far from all
The tongueters of the court she had not heard.
But then what folly had sent him overseas
After she left him lonely here? a name?
Was it the name of one in Brittany,

Fall, as the crest of some slow-arching wave
Heard in dead night along that table-shore
Drops flat, and after the great waters break
Whitening for half a league and thin themselves
Far over sands marbled with moon and cloud,
From less and less to nothing; thus he fell
Head-heavy, while the knights, who watched him,
roar'd
And shouted and leapt down upon the fall'n:
There trampled out his face from being known,

"AY, AY, O AY!"

Isolt, the daughter of the King? "Isolt
Of the white hands" they call'd her: the sweet name
Allured him first, and then the maid herself,
Who served him well with those white hands of hers,
And loved him well, until himself had thought
He loved her also, wedded easily,
But left her all as easily, and return'd.
The black-blue Irish hair and Irish eyes
Had drawn him home—what marvel? then he laid
His brows upon the drifted leaf and dream'd.

He seemed to pace the strand of Brittany
Between Isolt of Britain and his bride,
And show'd them both the ruby-chain, and both
Began to struggle for it, till his Queen
Grasp'd it so hard, that all her hand was red.
Then cried the Breton, "Look, her hand is red!
These be no rubies, this is frozen blood,
And melts within her hand—her hand is hot
With ill desires, but this I gave thee, look,
Is all as cool and white as any flower."
Follow'd a rush of eagle's wings, and then
A whimpering of the spirit of the child,
Because the twain had spoil'd her carcanet.

He dream'd; but Arthur with a hundred spears
Rode far, till o'er the illimitable reed,
And many a glancing plash and sallowy isle,
The wide-wing'd sunset of the misty marsh
Glared on a huge machicolated tower
That stood with open doors, whereout was roll'd
A roar of riot, as from men secure
Amid their marshes, ruffians at their ease
Among their harlot-brides, an evil song.
"Lo there," said one of Arthur's youth, for there,
High on a grim dead tree before the tower,
A goodly brother of The Table Round
Swung by the neck: and on the boughs a shield
Showing a shower of blood in a field noir,
And therebeside a horn, inflamed the knights
At that dishonor done the gilded spur,
Till each would clash the shield, and blow the horn.
But Arthur waved them back: alone he rode.
Then at the dry harsh roar of the great horn,
That sent the face of all the marsh aloft
An ever upward-rushing storm and cloud
Of shriek and plume, the Red Knight heard, and all,
Even to tipmost lance and topmost helm,
In blood-red armor sallying, howl'd to the King.
"The teeth of Hell flay bare and gnash thee flat!—
Lo! art thou not that eunuch-hearted King
Who fain had clipt free manhood from the world—
The woman-worshiper? Yea, God's curse, and I!
Slain was the brother of my paramour
By a knight of thine, and I that heard her whine
And snivel, being eunuch-hearted too,
Sware by the scorpion-worm that twists in hell,
And stings itself to everlasting death,
To hang whatever knight of thine I fought
And tumbled. Art thou King?—Look to thy life!"

He ended: Arthur knew the voice; the face
Wellnigh was helmet-hidden, and the name
Went wandering somewhere darkling in his mind.
And Arthur deign'd not use of word or sword,
But let the drunkard, as he stretch'd from horse
To strike him, overbalancing his bulk,
Down from the causeway heavily to the swamp,
And sank his head in mire, and slimed themselves:
Nor heard the King for their own cries, but sprang
Thro' open doors, and swording right and left
Men, women, on their sodden faces, hurl'd
The tables over and the wines, and slew
Till all the rafters rang with woman-yells,
And all the pavement stream'd with massacre:
Then, yell with yell echoing, they fired the tower,
Which half that autumn night, like the live North,
Red-pulsing up thro' Alioth and Alcor,
Made all above it, and a hundred meres
About it, as the water Moab saw
Come round by the East, and out beyond them flush'd
The long low dune, and lazy-plunging sea.

So all the ways were safe from shore to shore,
But in the heart of Arthur pain was lord.

Then out of Tristram waking the red dream
Fled with a shout, and that low lodge return'd,
Mid-forest, and the wind amoug the boughs.
He whistled his good war-horse left to graze
Among the forest greens, vaulted upon him,
And rode beneath an ever-showering leaf,
Till one lone woman, weeping near a cross,
Stay'd him, "Why weep ye?" "Lord," she said,
"my man
Hath left me or is dead;" whereon he thought—
"What, an she hate me now? I would not this.
What, an she love me still? I would not that.
I know not what I would"—but said to her,—
"Yet weep not thou, lest, if thy mate return,
He find thy favor changed and love thee not"—
Then pressing day by day thro' Lyonesse
Last in a roky hollow, belling, heard
The hounds of Mark, and felt the goodly hounds
Yelp at his heart, but turning, past and gain'd
Tintagil, half in sea, and high on land,
A crown of towers.

Down in a casement sat,
A low sea-sunset glorying round her hair
And glossy-throated grace, Isolt the Queen.
And when she heard the feet of Tristram grind
The spiring stone that scaled about her tower,
Flushed, started, met him at the doors, and there
Belted his body with her white embrace,
Crying aloud "Not Mark—not Mark, my soul!
The footstep flutter'd me at first: not he:
Cat-like thro' his own castle steals my Mark,
But warrior-wise thou stridest through his halls
Who hates thee, as I him—ev'n to the death.
My soul, I felt my hatred for my Mark
Quicken within me, and knew that thou wert nigh."
To whom Sir Tristram smiling, "I am here.
Let be thy Mark, seeing he is not thine."

And drawing somewhat backward she replied,
"Can he be wrong'd who is not ev'n his own,
But save for dread of thee had beaten me,
Scratch'd, bitten, blinded, marr'd me somehow—
Mark?
What rights are his that dare not strike for them?
Nor lift a hand—not, tho' he found me thus!
But hearken, have ye met him? hence he went
To-day for three days' hunting—as he said—
And so returns belike within an hour.
Mark's way, my soul!—but eat not thou with him,
Because he hates thee even more than fears;
Nor drink: and when thou passest any wood
Close visor, lest an arrow from the bush
Should leave me all alone with Mark and hell.
My God, the measure of my hate for Mark,
Is as the measure of my love for thee."

So, pluck'd one way by hate and one by love,
Drain'd of her force, again she sat, and spake
To Tristram, as he knelt before her, saying,
"O hunter, and O blower of the horn,
Harper, and thou hast been a rover too,
For, ere I mated with my shambling king,
Ye twain had fallen out about the bride
Of one—his name is out of me—the prize,
If prize she were—(what marvel—she could see)—.
Thine, friend; and ever since my craven seeks
To wreck thee villanously: but, O Sir Knight,
What dame or damsel have ye kneeled to last?"

And Tristram, "Last to my Queen Paramount,
Here now to my Queen Paramount of love,
And loveliness, ay, lovelier than when first
Her light feet fell on our rough Lyonesse,
Sailing from Ireland."

Softly laught Isolt,
"Flatter me not, for hath not our great Queen
My dole of beauty trebled?" and he said
"Her beauty is her beauty, and thine thine,
And thine is more to me—soft, gracious, kind—
Save when thy Mark is kindled on thy lips
Most gracious; but she, haughty, ev'n to him,
Lancelot; for I have seen him wan enow
To make one doubt if ever the great Queen
Have yielded him her love."

To whom Isolt,
"Ah then, false hunter and false harper, thou
Who brakest thro' the scruple of my bond,
Calling me thy white hind, and saying to me
That Guinevere had sinned against the highest,
And I—misyoked with such a want of man—
That I could hardly sin against the lowest."

He answer'd, "O my soul, be comforted!
If this be sweet, to sin in leading-strings,
If here be comfort, and if ours be sin,
Crown'd warrant had we for the crowning sin
That made us happy: but how ye greet me—fear
And fault and doubt—no word of that fond tale—
Thy deep heart-yearning, thy sweet memories
Of Tristram in that year he was away."

And, saddening on the sudden, spake Isolt,
"I had forgotten all in my strong joy
To see thee—yearnings?—ay! for, hour by hour,
Here in the never-ended afternoon,
O sweeter than all memories of thee,
Deeper than any yearnings after thee
Seem'd those far-rolling, westward-smiling seas,
Watched from this tower. Isolt of Britain dash'd
Before Isolt of Brittany on the strand,
Would that have chill'd her bride-kiss? Wedded her?
Fought in her father's battles? wounded there?
The King was all fulfill'd with gratefulness,
And she, my namesake of the hands, that heal'd
Thy hurt and heart with unguent and caress—
Well—can I wish her any huger wrong
Than having known thee? her too hast thou left
To pine and waste in those sweet memories?
O were I not my Mark's, by whom all men
Are noble, I should hate thee more than love."

And Tristram, fondling her light hands, replied,
"Grace, Queen, for being loved: she loved me well.
Did I love her? the name at least I loved.
Isolt?—I fought his battles, for Isolt!
The night was dark: the true star set!—Isolt!
The name was ruler of the dark—Isolt?
Care not for her! patient, and prayerful, meek,
Pale-blooded, she will yield herself to God."

And Isolt answer'd, "Yea, and why not I?
Mine is the larger need, who am not meek,
Pale-blooded, prayerful. Let me tell thee now.
Here one black, mute midsummer night I sate
Lonely, but musing on thee, wondering where,
Murmuring a light song I had heard thee sing,
And once or twice I spake thy name aloud.
Then flash'd a levin-brand: and near me stood,
In fuming sulphur blue and green, a fiend—
Mark's way to steal behind one in the dark—
For there was Mark: 'He has wedded her,' he said,
Not said, but hiss'd it: then this crown of towers
So shook to such a roar of all the sky,
That here in utter dark I swoon'd away,
And woke again in utter dark, and cried,
'I will flee hence and give myself to God'—
And thou wert lying in thy new leman's arms."

Then Tristram, ever dallying with her hand,
"May God be with thee, sweet, when old and gray,
And past desire!" a saying that anger'd her.
"'May God be with thee, sweet, when thou art old,
And sweet no more to me!' I need Him now.
For when had Lancelot utter'd ought so gross
Ev'n to the swineherd's malkin in the mast?
The greater man, the greater courtesy.
But thou, thro' ever harrying thy wild beasts—
Save that to touch a harp, tilt with a lance
Becomes thee well—art grown wild beast thyself.
How darest thou, if lover, push me even
In fancy from thy side, and set me far
In the gray distance, half a life away,
Her to be loved no more? Unsay it, unswear!
Flatter me rather, seeing me so weak,
Broken with Mark and hate and solitude,
Thy marriage and mine own, that I should suck
Lies like sweet wines: lie to me: I believe.
Will ye not lie? not swear, as there ye kneel,
And solemnly as when ye sware to him,
The man of men, our King—My God, the power
Was once in vows when men believed the King!
They lied not then, who swore, and thro' their vows
The King prevailing made his realm:—I say,
Swear to me thou wilt love me ev'n when old,
Gray-haired, and past desire, and in despair."

Then Tristram, pacing moodily up and down,
"Vows! did ye keep the vow ye made to Mark
More than I mine? Lied, say ye? Nay, but learnt,
The vow that binds too strictly snaps itself—
My knighthood taught me this—ay, being snapt—
We run more counter to the soul thereof
Than had we never sworn. I swear no more.
I sware to the great King, and am forsworn.
For once—ev'n to the height—I honor'd him.
'Man, is he man at all?' methought, when first
I rode from our rough Lyonesse, and beheld
That victor of the Pagan throned in hall—
His hair, a sun that ray'd from off a brow
Like hillsnow high in heaven, the steel-blue eyes,
The golden beard that clothed his lips with light—
Moreover, that weird legend of his birth,
With Merlin's mystic babble about his end
Amazed me; then, his foot was on a stool
Shaped as a dragon; he seem'd to me no man,
But Michael trampling Satan; so I sware,
Being amazed: but this went by—the vows!
O ay—the wholesome madness of an hour—
They served their use, their time; for every knight
Believed himself a greater than himself,
And every follower eyed him as a God;
Till he, being lifted up beyond himself,
Did mightier deeds than elsewise he had done,
And so the realm was made; but then their vows—
First mainly thro' that sallying of our Queen—
Began to gall the knighthood, asking whence
Had Arthur right to bind them to himself?
Dropt down from heaven? wash'd up from out the
deep
They fail'd to trace him thro' the flesh and blood
Of our old Kings: whence then? a doubtful lord
To bind them by inviolable vows,
Which flesh and blood perforce would violate:
For feel this arm of mine—the tide within
Red with free chase and heather-scented air,
Pulsing full man; can Arthur make me pure
As any maiden child? lock up my tongue
From uttering freely what I freely hear?
Bind me to one? The great world laughs at it.
And worldling of the world am I, and know
The ptarmigan that whitens ere his hour
Woos his own end; we are not angels here
Nor shall be: vows—I am woodman of the woods,
And hear the garnet-headed yaffingale
Mock them: my soul, we love but while we may,'
And therefore is my love so large for thee,
Seeing it is not bounded save by love."

Here ending, he moved toward her, and she said,
"Good: an I turn'd away my love for thee
To some one thrice as courteous as thyself—
For courtesy wins woman all as well
As valor may—but he that closes both
Is perfect, he is Lancelot—taller indeed,
Rosier, and comelier, thou—but say I loved
This knightliest of all knights, and cast thee back
Thine own small saw, 'We love but while we may,'
Well then, what answer?"

He that while she spake,
Mindful of what he brought to adorn her with,
The jewels, had let one finger lightly touch
The warm white apple of her throat, replied,
"Press this a little closer, sweet, until—
Come, I am hunger'd and half anger'd—meat,
Wine, wine—and I will love thee to the death,
And out beyond into the dream to come."

So then, when both were brought to full accord,
She rose, and set before him all he will'd;
And after these had comforted the blood
With meats and wines, and satiated their hearts—
Now talking of their woodland paradise,
The deer, the dews, the fern, the founts, the lawns;
Now mocking at the much ungainliness,
And craven shifts, and long crane legs of Mark—
Then Tristram laughing caught the harp, and sang:
"Ay, ay, O ay—the winds that bend the brier!
A star in heaven, a star within the mere!
Ay, ay, O ay—a star was my desire;
And one was far apart, and one was near:
Ay, ay, O ay—the winds that bow the grass!
And one was water and one star was fire,
And one will ever shine and one will pass—
Ay, ay, O ay—the winds that move the mere."

Then in the light's last glimmer Tristram show'd
And swung the ruby carcanet. She cried,
"The collar of some order, which our King
Hath newly founded, all for thee, my soul,
For thee, to yield thee grace beyond thy peers."
"Not so, my Queen," he said, "but the red fruit
Grown on a magic oak-tree in mid-heaven
And won by Tristram as a tourney-prize,
And hither brought by Tristram, for his last
Love-offering and peace-offering unto thee."

He rose, he turn'd, and flinging round her neck,
Claspt it: but while he bow'd himself to lay
Warm kisses in the hollow of her throat,
Out of the dark, just as the lips had touch'd,
Behind him rose a shadow and a shriek—
"Mark's way," said Mark, and clove him thro' the
brain.

"I AM THY FOOL, AND I SHALL NEVER MAKE THEE SMILE AGAIN."

That night came Arthur home, and while he climb'd,
All in a death-dumb Autumn-dripping gloom,
The stairway to the hall, and look'd and saw
The great Queen's bower was dark,—about his feet
A voice clung sobbing till he question'd it,
"What art thou?" and the voice about his feet
Sent up an answer sobbing, "I am thy fool,
And I shall never make thee smile again."

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PRINCIPAL RACES OF THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE.

A COSSACK FAMILY GOING TO CHURCH.
RUSSIAN CHARACTERISTICS.—[SEE PAGE 1167.]

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DR. DEADSHOT AND HIS LITTLE CONSIGNMENT.

I.—THE AVATAR OF THE DOCTOR.

OUR vessel was ready to start; and Captain Benson, leaning over the side nearest the gate leading into the dock, was looking out eagerly for the last passenger. The cargo was in the hold, the fresh meat and vegetables had just arrived; we only staid for our one more passenger, and the *Black Hawk* would slip out of the dock gates, spread her broad white wings, and begin her long flight to Singapore.

The captain, naturally a bluff, irritable kind of man, was losing his temper fast, for the owners, angry at some unavoidable delay in the stowing, had insisted on our sailing on a Friday.

"If that fellow, whatever his name is, don't come in ten minutes more by the clock over the gate," burst out the captain, "though his fare is paid, off I go as sure as my name is Robinson. It's bad enough to have to sail on a Friday, without losing another twenty-four hours pottering about here. What is the d—— fellow's name, Mr. Rawlings?"

The first mate, who held the list of the passengers and cargo in his hand, being thus appealed to, ran down the paper with his rough brown finger.

"Deadshot (Julius Cæsar!), 14 St. Peter's Church-yard, Rotherhithe. Fifty-four barrels of the Immortal Patagonian Pills, for Singapore."

"Four minutes past twelve!" cried the captain to the man standing ready to seize the shore-rope when it should be flung to us. "Are you ready there, forward?"

"Ay, ay, Sir!" shouted the man.

"Stay, here he is—belay there!" cried the captain. At that very moment a black mourning coach, driven by a red-nosed man in black, and drawn by a long bony black horse with a long professional-looking tail, whirled through the gate, and drove smartly up toward the vessel.

The door flew open, and out stepped a tall lank person, with a long brown face, and green spectacles bestriding a long German professor's sort of nose. He was dressed in seedy black, and a long black cloak with a ram's-wool collar, and carried in his hand a large crape hat-band, a new pair of black kid gloves, and a pair of well-worn saddle-bags. After him scrambled out a black servant, carrying a medicine chest, and a round parcel suspiciously like a pestle and mortar.

"A thousand apologies, honored Sir," said Dr. Deadshot, for that eminent practitioner it soon proved to be—"a thousand apologies for my breach of etiquette. Detained by professional engagement; paying the last act of respect to a worthy patient who had lived for years—in fact, almost subsisted—on our glorious infusion of the Madagascar squill. Detained the coach to bring me round here. *Diluculo surgere salubrerimum est; emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.* Pardon my addressing you in a learned language, which use has made almost second nature. As Horace says, *Cras ingens iterabimus æquor*—To-morrow we traverse the great deep. My dear Sir, I am very proud to make your acquaintance."

So saying, the learned doctor strode up the plank that led into the vessel with the greatest *sang-froid*, and shook hands warmly with the captain and all the passengers.

"My fare, Sir, if you please!" shouted the driver of the sable vehicle.

The doctor looked round with mild astonishment, not unmixed with regret, at the man's somewhat stern and almost suspicious vehemence.

"Driver," said he—"driver of that grave but professional vehicle, you have deserved well of your country; behold your honorarium!"

The driver, beholding only a shilling, grew unbecomingly violent.

"You're a pretty fellow," said he, following his fare up into the vessel, "to bring me all the way from Kensal Green Cemetery to these 'ere docks for a shilling! Look here. I want five bob, that's what I want; five bob, that's my charge."

"Observe the violence," said the doctor, addressing us, "superinduced by a heated state of the epigastric region, caused by alcoholic excess.—The charge," he said, turning to the driver, "at first suggested by cupidity, has been urged with intemperance; on that ground I refuse to pay. Try one of my pills night and morning; agents, Sexton & Co., St. Paul's Church-yard.—Boatswain, remove this clamorous man.—For black eye, probably given you by sailor in act of removal, use our Perpetual Panacea Liniment, three and six the bottle; agents, Coffin & Co., Mile End Road. God bless you! and if forever, still forever, fare thee well."

"What's all this? We can have none of this disturbance here; put that man out of the ship!" cried the captain; and as the driver manifested a desire to inflict injury on the doctor, the driver was instantly hustled down the plank by three robust sailors.

"Don't take none of his stuff, any of you," shouted the driver from below, red with rage, and shaking his fist at us; "he's half filled one cemetery already! Yah, quack! yah, old bolus! Where's my four shillings? Cheat a poor driver! I'm ashamed of yer! I only wish I'd broken your scraggy old neck! Yah!"

II.—THE STATE CABIN.

The doctor soon became a favorite with the captain, officers, and passengers. He was chatty, talkative, amusingly pedantic, and full of a Micawberish self-conceit which was as amusing as his profound belief in his Patagonian pills.

"Well, doctor, and what have you been up to all the morning?" said the captain at dinner, the tenth day out. "We heard your pestle going as steady as a clock-beat."

"I'm trying, captain, to prepare a lozenge which shall contain within the compass of half a cubic inch the nourishment requisite for three hundred and sixty-five meals. The result of this discovery will be that armies will be able to carry with them the nourishment requisite for a whole campaign; that aeronauts will be able to cruise for several years without revisiting the earth; and that ships may use much of the room now devoted to provisions for more remunerative goods."

"I only wish, doctor, you could invent some pills to kill the infernal cockroaches," said the captain, behind whose chair I was standing; "that would be something like an invention! You projectors always fly too high. Every profession has its tricks. Now come, doctor, you don't really mean to tell us that there was ever really a Bishop of Barbadoes cured of an indisposition to all mental exertion by a liberal use of the Patagonian pills? Was there ever a Lord Sleepydon who restored his dilapidated liver of ten years' standing by Patagonian pills? And if the pills sell 14,000,000 boxes a year, pray what are you off to Singapore for?"

"Now, then, doctor," cried all the other passengers.

"Medicine, gentlemen," said the doctor, with exquisite gravity, helping himself to sherry as he spoke, "is a profession entered upon from other motives than mere cash. I tore myself from Rotherhithe to go to Singapore, induced by that inner voice that sends the patriot to the battle-field, the discoverer to the lonely pole, the geologist to the mountain crag, the philanthropist to the home of misery. I wish to spread this favored medicine wherever man has trodden. Wherever man has reared his hut, there the Patagonian pills shall search him out."

"Take some more wine, doctor," said the captain; "you must be out of breath. Do you ever take your own pills?"

"I take no medicine now," said the doctor, "thank God, except dry sherry, the Immortal Pills taken in early youth have so fortified my constitution against all disease. Do you know my ultimate aims, captain, in relation to the Patagonian pills?"

"No."

"Then I will tell you. The establishment in every nation of hospitals where these pills are to be given away gratis to all comers. I would prohibit the use of all other medicines, and should merely demand a small royalty on each box. Any medical man prescribing any other medicine should forfeit his permission to practice. The science thus simplified would make tremendous strides. Death might still knock, as Horace says, with equal hand at the *tabernas pauperum et regumque turres;* still the duration of human life would be, to say the least, doubled. In a century's time men of eighty would be thought in the first bloom of youth, and persons of one hundred and twenty in their prime. Thus the world would go on at a tremendous rate of progress; and all I should ask for would be a statue in every great city in the known globe, a small royalty on every box for the benefit of myself and my posterity, and my portrait on every lid, out of common gratitude to the inventor."

"Take some more wine, doctor," said the cruel captain. "Mr. Johnson, why do you keep the bottle at your elbow?"

"The secret of these pills," said the doctor, warming with his subject, "is that they at once lessen physical decay, and supply all it needs to replace loss by daily wear and tear. The result is an excess over daily expenditure. The hair ceases to fall—"

The captain fixed his eye on a bald region of the doctor's head.

"Yes, true; I began the pills a little too late. The pills prevent decay, but do not replace what is lost, Sir. They will not give a man, for example, brains, though they will prevent a diminution of cerebral force. The use of these pills should be compulsory. The benefited nation, taking so wise a precaution, would never reproach the well-intentioned government that advocated, urged, and finally enforced the scheme. Sickness would disappear, the sexton would bury his useless spade, every one's temper would improve, and universal litigation would change to universal benevolence. No more soldiers, no more lawyers, no more sextons, no more—"

Here the doctor rose to give force to his sentence, but finding himself unsteady, grasped at the table-cloth for assistance; the result of which was that he eventually nearly dragged down all the decanters and glasses, but was prevented by a simultaneous haul on the part of the captain opposite, and his right and left man; upon which the doctor challenged to mortal combat every one who denied the infallibility of the Royal Immortal Patagonian Pills, and calling out, "Steward, your arm," took hold of me, and with extreme gravity stalked to his cabin, where he instantly turned in.

III.—IN TROUBLE.

We had been three weeks out—the last week bad weather—when one evening the doctor startled every body on deck by expressing it as his opinion that the captain was a good deal out of his reckoning. The captain, who was lighting his cigar at the doctor's, puffed furiously at this, then broke out into a scornful laugh.

"Well, come, I like that, doctor! You know a good deal of languages—a plaguy sight more than I ever did or ever shall—you have invented this extraordinary pill that is to kill or cure every one, you tell a good story, you play the violin very handily; but when you come here and tell me how to navigate my vessel, that is coming it rather too strong."

The doctor made no reply, but tucked the violin under his chin, and playing a bar or two of "Caller herrin'," that *chef-d'œuvre* of Neil Gow's, laid the violin on his left knee, and began to screw up a refractory string.

"*Semper dormitat Homerus,*" he said at last, coolly; "excuse a quotation from the Latin language; as Pope finely says, 'To err is human, to forgive, divine.' I have been to Singapore before to disseminate the Royal Patagonians, which, unfortunately, did not go down with the Hindoos as I could have wished; I have also learned, at leisure moments, a little navigation; and I tell you, my worthy and excellent Palinurus, that we've got too far to the west."

"Too far to the deuce!" said the captain. "You'll perhaps tell me next you made an observation this very morning?"

"The very observation I was going to make," said the doctor. "The sun showed for a moment above meridian. It is from that observation I draw my data. It has been misty since then."

"Oh, indeed!" said the captain. "Perhaps you'd like to take the command?"

"If I took it, my dear Sir, I should instantly steer several points to the east; you'll excuse the freedom of my remark."

"Ever been in a gale round the Horn?" inquired the mate.

"Twice. The squills at Patagonia are of the finest description. There I found one ingredient of my pills—no, it was not squills, Mr. Rawlings. We're going to have a rough night of it."

The captain said nothing, but went on deck. He returned in ten minutes, looking rather grave.

"Rawlings," said he, "I have quite decided to steer a point to the east. We're a little out, somehow. The boatswain says there was a land bird on the rigging this morning, and there shouldn't have been. There ought to be no land nearer now than the Incognita Islands. Steward, you can bring the soup."

Dinner was just served, and I was rinsing a wine-glass at a side-table, when the vessel struck heavily on a reef. Such a crash! I thought it was all over with us, and that the vessel was going to break up at once.

The doctor was the only cool person.

"The great coral reef, half a mile off the southeastern of the Incognita Islands," he said; and gave the latitude and longitude. "Thought we were too far west. I'll take a glass of wine, and then take my turn at the pumps."

IV.—ON THE REEF.

The horror of that scene I will not describe: the rush of frightened men, the frantic toil at the pumps, the roar of the wind, the fury of the breakers that swept over us as the gale began to rise. We had jammed so firm on the reef that a sharp point of rock filled the hole it had made, and prevented the leak being instantaneously dangerous. If the sea only fell, and we could get out the boats, there was still hope to reach the nearest island, that now showed in a line of surf under the mist that rose for an instant at sunset, and then sank into the darkness. The boats would not live a moment in such a sea. If the vessel lifted off the rock, we should be drowned in a jiffy. We took our turn in gangs at the pumps, and worked like madmen. That was our only hope. About midnight my gang was relieved, and we were advised to turn in; so I and the doctor, quite worn out, went together to get a glass of spirits and any food we could find. As my cabin was under water, the doctor offered me a berth in his.

"If this gale continues," he said, tucking one long leg over the other, as he munched gravely at a biscuit and some cold meat, "there won't be a man of us alive in the morning. I know these islands pretty well by description. A brother of mine was once wrecked here, and was kept some months by the ignorant but hospitable inhabitants. He is now an agent for the Patagonian pills in Constantinople. I learned, indeed, a good deal of the language from him. Thank God, he will continue to spread the blessings of the pills over the world. In these emergencies I always take a Patagonian; I advise you, Davis, to do the same. I do not mind, at this juncture, mentioning that there is a strong narcotic ingredient in them, which, at all events, will render us unconscious that we are being drowned. I advise you to take a Patagonian; you'll be asleep in five minutes. We sha'n't be wanted yet. Good-night."

The doctor took a pill, and handed me one. In a few minutes we were both fast asleep.

V.—THE DAY AFTER THE STORM.

When I awoke all was quiet as the grave. I rubbed my eyes. The doctor was gone. The wind was down. There was no jangle of voices, no shout of command, no clank at the pumps. The sunlight fell brightly on the doctor's blue cloak with the ram's-wool collar that hung on a nail by the port-hole. The only sound was the quiet ripple of the sea against the sides of the vessel. I must have been dreaming. But no; there were the crumbs of the doctor's biscuit on the floor, and there were his saddle-bags.

In a moment I leaped up, and ran into the next cabin. There was no one—only an empty spirit-bottle and a telescope. As I stood there, dumb with astonishment at the apparent desertion of the vessel and the subsidence of the storm, I heard some one in the saloon playing "Hope told a flattering tale," followed by a bar or two of the "Bay of Biscay." I ran into the room, and found the doctor sitting alone, with all the dignity of a chairman, at the head of the long table. A decanter of sherry stood by his side, and he was all the better for the glass or two he had evidently taken.

"Davis," said he, "sole companion, partner of my fame, we are deserted. The scoundrels have left us here on the wreck all blooming alone. As I always sleep with one ear open, I heard them letting out the boats, and went to take my place and book one for you. They took off the money and the ship's papers, but, I need scarcely say, left the Patagonian pills—the greatest treasure of all, the incomparable pills—behind to perish. I waved my lily hand. The captain, worthy fellow, wanted to put back; but the sailors cried out that I was the Jonah that had done all the mischief, that I was old Harry himself, and other offensive language too numerous to mention. The mate also, in the second boat, would have waited for me; but that matchless rascal, my black servant, shouted that I had poisoned ever so many people at Stratford-le-Bow, and that I was running away from justice, which is an infernal lie; for the pills agreed with every body but one old church-warden, who revenged himself by never paying his bill. So here we are; but it's calm, my boy, and I am at the helm. It's only half a mile to shore; the materials for a raft are at hand; we can get the Royal Immortal Patagonian Pills out of the hold; and the inhabitants here restrict themselves, except on certain festivals, to a fish diet. Come, we must be stirring, for fear the wind rises again. I intend to represent myself to the inhabitants as a great magician, sent by the sea-gods to reign over them.—N.B. I have reason to suppose there is gold to be found in the island. I shall represent the pills as securing those who take enough of them from every mortal disease. My young friend, I shall sell every one of them for three hundred times its weight in gold-dust. Such is my programme. Come, to the raft—to the raft. If the resources of social life are cut off from us, the treasures of hope are still our own."

Nothing could damp the doctor's courage or restrain his loquacity. In a very short time we had constructed a serviceable raft of spars, to which we lashed all the valuables we could find, some provisions, and a suit of uniform that had belonged to one of the passengers. We then, by a good deal of wading in the hold, fished up fifteen barrels of the Patagonians, and lashed them to the sides of the raft. We managed to rig a small mast with a square-sail; and the doctor was delighted. As we drifted slowly toward land my extraordinary friend played "Rule Britannia," with all the unction of his eccentric nature.

As we approached the land a band of chiefs, dressed not unlike South Sea Islanders, with plumes of parrots' feathers and robes of matting, descended a sand-hill that sloped to the beach.

"Now's the time," said the doctor, never at a loss. "*Robur et æs triplex*, Davis, which means in English, 'Keep up your pluck. Give me that uniform. They must take me for a creature of another planet. They always choose their kings this way. The last they had was a black cook, from a Spanish wreck, who drank himself to death after a glorious reign of fat pork and incessant intoxication. That's right. Now the violin. The march from 'Artaxerxes' will impress them. All you have to do is to keep a good look-out, and fall on your nose, to show respect, every time I speak to you. Turn on the telescope now, and see what they are up to. I wish we had brought more pills. I only hope those rascals who deserted us are all drowned."

VI.—COCOROCO.

I turned the telescope on, and saw the six chiefs, the moment they observed us, throw down their spears and war-clubs, and prostrate themselves on the sand. I told the doctor this, and he instantly commenced a lively movement on the violin, expressive of joy. We had now got so near the land that we could leap ashore. Having first lashed a rope to the raft, and drawn it up safe, the doctor, in full fig, with cocked hat and resplendent epaulets, stepped on land, and commenced "Would you win the gentle creature?" from "Acis and Galatea," expressive of peace and good-will.

The chiefs advanced, crawling on hands and knees, and refused to rise till the doctor spoke to them in their own language, and announced himself as having come from a country east of the sun, and west of the moon, to bring them a precious medicine that saved from any wounds in battle all those who took enough of it.

The chiefs instantly hailed him with great applause, as one whom they venerated and feared, and were at once employed to carry the pills and the rest of our goods.

"All right, Davis," said the doctor, interpreting as it went on all that he said. "We'll get to windward of them now. Down on your nose directly I speak. I've slightly altered the programme of the pills, but they're good for every mortal thing. All we want is some of their gold, and time to get to the chief island of the group, where vessels from Singapore often touch. In my opinion we have made a very good first step."

One of the chiefs, running on before, just as we approached the principal town of the island—a huge circle of huts formed of matting, roofed with palm branches—soon came back, followed by an enormous procession of men, beating on drums and waving spears.

"My violin will produce an immense effect on them," said the doctor to me, "as I believe they have no instruments but those infernal drums, and a sort of flageolet they make out of a shark's back-bone; not a successful instrument.—N.B. I believe the pork here is very good, and though a meat difficult of digestion, we will try a roast leg this very night, or I'm not King of Cocoroco, or whatever else they call the misguided place. The only thing I dread here is the envy of the local medical man."

The doctor was right. From the very first the great physician of the place regarded us with suspicion, though we kept hard at work exchanging the pills for gold-dust. He was a little old malign one-eyed fellow, with a bad temper and a game-leg. He, however, never won over a single chief to his side, and was generally regarded as a mere infidel, for despising a person sent specially by Providence as a legislator and ideal from

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At the first great pow-wow, or congress, the doctor delivered a lecture on the pills that produced a profound sensation. He translated it to me afterward.

"Great people of Cocoroco," he said, "I have brought you the medicine and the music of the country beyond the sun. The pills not only beneficially affect the liver, brain, heart, stomach, and general digestive system, but they also drive off all disease, prevent any wounds being mortal, and, if taken in sufficient quantities, extend life to an almost illimitable duration. Forbidden by the laws of the land beyond the sun to disclose these secrets without reward, I hereby offer to play this divine instrument to any rich man of the island for a pound of gold-dust, and to barter every one of these pain-destroying, long-life-producing pills for two pounds of the same commodity. The pills that prevent any one dying at all, I only dispose of for one hundred pounds of gold-dust."

I could see the little doctor swelling with envy. He rose when the acclamations were over, and a tribute of three hundred pigs had been presented to the new king, and spoke:

"Men of Cocoroco," he said, "we are told much of these pills, brought by this stranger drifted upon our shore. Allipelago, the great sweet-cane planter, bought three of these pills, that prevent any one dying; one was for himself, and the others for his two wives."

"We know it," cried many voices.

"Allipelago, the same night, in his joy, gave a feast to all his tenants. At that feast Allipelago and Calipash, having drunk too much palm-wine, fell out, and fought with clubs."

The doctor looked at me, and said, "I don't much like this, Davis; I have always suffered from professional jealousy."

"They fought with clubs," went on the speaker, "and the result was the severe fracture of Allipelago's skull, who now lies dead as the herring that is red."

The doctor in his excitement paraphrased the doctor's remarks.

"Allipelago is outside the tent now; any one can see him, and this is the result of the stranger's pill. Men of Cocoroco, it was the Evil Spirit, and not the Good, that sent this man here. Seize him!"

But no one seized the doctor, who, after a bar or two of "Cease, rude Boreas," denounced his rival as worthy to be hung for a detractor and a cheat.

"There has been some mistake," he said, "gentlemen. My servant Davis here must have taken a pill from the wrong cask. Moreover, I doubt Allipelago's having taken the pill at all."

"I saw him swallow it," said the rival; "and he told me what he had given for it. If the pills have this virtue, let the doctor swallow one before us, and then fight our great warrior Sayeroo. Let him prove that Sayeroo's club is unable to wound the consumer of this vaunted medicine. Mark this supposed magician. You see, he wavers. Seize him! I denounce him!"

The people wavered. The doctor saw it, and, seizing his violin, was beginning, "I am the boy for bewitching them," when his rival tore the violin from his hands, and leaping on it, scrunched it to pieces.

"The spell is broken!" cried the doctor's enemy: "it all lay in that. He is harmless now. I knew from the beginning the Evil Spirit had sent him!"

"*Eheu fugaces*, Davis!" groaned the doctor, as they seized him. "Perhaps I asserted too much for the Royal Patagonians. I was hoping we should get away before any one died. The incomparable virtue of these pills will now be forever doubted in the island of Cocoroco. Of all the spiteful rascals—but I do think he was really afraid of the violin—oh, I should like to have the doctoring of that fellow!"

The doctor's eloquence and soft-sawder were all in vain. He had scarcely had time to fill his pockets with half a cask of pills and some gold-dust when we were both bound and led off toward the shore, not half a mile from where we had landed.

"They are going to drown us!" I cried to the doctor, half dead with fear.

"Oh no!" said he. "They proposed that at first; but now they talk of tying us up in two palm-trees for the night. To-morrow they will hold two great public dinners round us—a lemon and a knife and fork to each man. Then they'll light two big fires, and shake us down for roasting. But don't be afraid. A friend of ours, whose daughter I was going to marry, and whom the incomparable pills really cured of a bad fever, is going to be left as our sentinel. He is afraid of me, and I'll threaten him with every disease I can think of if he does not free us at night. If that won't do, you must persuade him to take a pill—I'll tell you how; if that sets him asleep, as it ought, we are safe. Here's the pill. Mind, produce it when I tell you, but not till then."

Our cruel enemy saw us mount the palm-trees with the greatest composure. Rings of lemons were placed round each tree, and fires laid ready for lighting. The sentinel the doctor had mentioned was placed to guard us, armed with spear and club.

"Men from the land beyond the sun," said the Archbishop of Cocoroco, waving his crozier at us, "you say you were sent to rule over us. If that was so, the sea will send a ship to-night to save you. If not, we shall offer you up to-morrow to the manes of Allipelago, and eat you afterward. I think perhaps that will be a warning to you. Good-night.—Badego, keep good ward."

This struck me as rather melodramatic language; but that was the doctor's mode of translating, and he was of a theatrical, Micawberish, and romantic turn of mind.

VII.—UP A TREE.

We were in a dreadful position—in a savage country, perched up in two trees, to be made a meal of in the morning. But, somehow or other, I had seen so much of the doctor's extraordinary shrewdness and readiness of resource that I felt that by some device he would extricate me and himself from this peril; and even when the chiefs left us alone with our guard just at moonrise, I could hardly repress a smile as I saw that lank figure in uniform curled up like a great roosting flamingo in the middle of the branches of a palm-tree. We were very near together, and were able to enter at once into conversation.

"I regret, Davis," said the doctor, "that I had not supplied myself with several articles that might have been useful at this juncture. If I had three things now—some squibs, some crackers, and some phosphorus—I would tell that Badego such enormous lies, and so frighten him, that he would instantly let us escape. I would first rub this cerebral covering called a cocked hat with phosphorus till his hair stood on end, I would let off a squib at every sentence till he went into fits, and then drop down a dozen crackers; and if that didn't make him believe in my being sent by Providence to rule over this country, what would? Davis, that march over the sandhills has made me, my boy, mighty athirst. I'll try to frighten this rascal. I will tell you what I say presently, so that you may know how I am getting on. *O tempora, O mores!* to think of the discoverer of the greatest blessing ever sold to mankind being at the mercy of an illiterate Cocorocan!"

The doctor then, seriously applying himself to work, threatened Badego that if he did not instantly let us escape, three hundred winged sharks would within half an hour come up from the sea, and destroy Badego and all his countrymen. That failing, a whirlwind, ten minutes after, would rise directly the doctor whistled; followed, in rapid succession, by an earthquake, a volcano, and three inundations. The solar Lord Chancellor and Minister of the Board of Trade were, he said, very angry at his detention, he was so great and useful a magician.

But Badego was inexorable.

"Chow bang no! No, yara! Boodle wing foo! Much threats no hurt," he replied, angrily; which meant, the doctor gloomily told me, that if he, the doctor, was so great a magician, he had better tell the ropes to drop off, and wish himself back in his own country. If he was so great a magician, he might have known that some men of his country had landed yesterday.

"Crass ignorance! Hear his lies!" said the doctor: "but now I'll try another tack. He has consulted me once or twice, and I know his weak points. Oh, if I could only get him to take a Patagonian! He is a hard-hearted brute, and ungrateful as the viper in the fable.—Badego," he said, in a wheedling voice, "your liver is disordered by too frequent draughts of rice-wine. You are old and shattered; you are gouty, and have a bad cough. You will not live three years. Would you like to know how to prolong your life?"

Badego shook with fear, and gradually came trembling up to the doctor's tree.

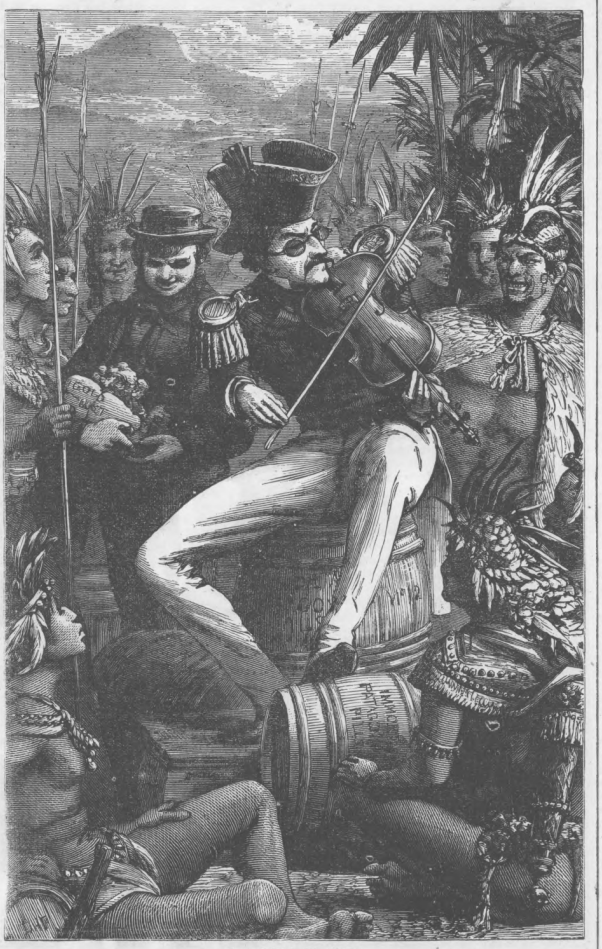
"You cured me, king," he said, "of one fever. Tell me what to do."

"Take a Patagonian pill. It will secure you from all disease, and give you a hundred years more of life. A boxful prevents you from dying at all, but there is only one hundred-year pill left."

"But Allipelago?" suggested Badego, who was evidently wavering.

"He had only taken fourteen, and they weren't the true sort, of which I had only one left, and that belonged to my friend here."

"Give me that, give me that, and I'll let you go."



THE DOCTOR'S SPELL.

"Davis," said the doctor, "he's swallowed the bait, so give him the Patagonian."

I gave it Badego, who at once swarmed up the tree after it, took it from the indicated pocket, and instantly swallowed it.

"Now, then, cut the ropes," said the doctor.

"Yang, yang! no, no! No so foolo; no, no, no!" replied the monster, dancing round the trees, club and spear in hand.

"Did you ever in your born days know such a scoundrel?" said the doctor. "But never mind. Look, he is getting giddy. He staggers.—Hullo, old boy!—Hurrah! he's down. Here goes!"

And in a moment more the doctor, who had long since secretly freed himself of the ropes, slipped down the tree with incredible agility, and tied the arms of the sleeping man. Then he swarmed up my tree and unloosed my fetters.

"Davis," said he, "the Patagonian pills shall still be disseminated in new countries. Those people he speaks of may be part of our crew. We'll make for that light I see down there by the shore. I've a good mind to put an end to this ungrateful rascal" (here he kicked him violently); "but no—let the brute live. They'll be sure to knock him on the head when they find us gone. Come; time presses, and we've had almost enough of Cocoroco."

VIII.—THE PILLS REALLY PROVE USEFUL.

At the corner of a belt of palm-trees, about half a mile off, a gruff voice shouted as we approached,

"Who goes there?"

"Davis," said the doctor, proudly, "that voice is the voice of Robinson, the boatswain, hoarse with rum, but harmonized by honesty. Hullo here, Robinson! We're friends—Dr. Deadshot, inventor of the Patagonian pill, and John Davis, late steward of the *Black Hawk*. Davis, be kind enough to join me in 'Rule Britannia.'"

Robinson, delighted at our escape, instantly led us to some rough tents, built up with spars and sails, where we found the captain and the crew—all very jolly, considering—except the doctor's black servant and the cook, who, drinking too much rum, had fallen out of the cutter and been drowned.

"Doctor," said the captain, "you find us in an awful fix. There is a Chinese junk a mile off, come here to buy opium, and they can't get any. They won't take us off but on one condition—ten pounds of opium; and we haven't saved even the medicine chest."

The doctor ruminated for a moment.

"Friend Palinurus," he exclaimed, "it is no time to hoard up in one's own bosom the secrets of science. The Patagonian pills, I may now disclose, are three parts opium, the remaining fourth being composed of herbs from Tierra del Fuego, and a mineral procured at enormous expense from the north pole. The casks now in the wreck will supply the honorarium for passage demanded by these proud and mercenary barbarians. Put off the boats, and let us seek the matchless treasure; not saying a word, not breathing, in fact, a syllable, about the adulteration, as they would, perhaps, irreverently call it."

The captain's jaw fell.

"Doctor," said he, "we have recovered a few things from the wreck, especially my chest, etc.; but last night the last fragment of the wreck disappeared, and nothing has since been washed on shore but one very acceptable cask of rum, which accounts for our present apparent contentment. These Chinese fools are off the day after to-morrow, and we are lost."

"Not so, my dear Sir," said the doctor, "I am proud to say. There are still under the fireplace of my house at Cocoroco eleven casks of the Royal Patagonians buried. We have but to obtain a guard of armed Chinese sailors, and the casks are easily recoverable. Every cask of Patagonians contains at least five pounds of the required drug; and so join us in 'A life on the ocean wave,' and respect the versatility of the scientific mind even when hard drove."

At the moment of the doctor's fourth glass the boatswain, followed by six of the men, entered the tent, and, with many rough bows and winks, said that the ship's company would be glad to drink the doctor's health, and many happy returns of the day.

"Ungrateful herd!" said the doctor, rising and shaking his right hand at them. "But I forgive you. The world is like that. Still, henceforth leave a place in the boat, my countrymen, for scientific men in distress; and may the toast of 'Never desert a friend in need' be ever remembered at your midnight repast. The discoverer of the Royal Immortal Patagonian Pills, when expiring, will have at least one proud satisfaction—that of thinking that if he has made some serious mistakes in medicine—and who has not?—he has at last nobly atoned for them by saving the band of twenty-eight" (there were only fourteen) "brave British seamen he now sees before him from the cruel and, when provoked, anthropophagous inhabitants of Cocoroco. Gentlemen and fellow-sailors, in proposing the health of our excellent captain, let me couple with it the army and navy forever—hurrah for the red, white, and blue! and though fathoms five our good ship lies, with old England on the lee, let us rejoice to think, yea, let it be our pride to remember, that, though beset by enemies, we never raised our hand against a woman, and never lost a feeling of love for the British Constitution. Three times three for the House of Lords, which has braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze! and if there should ever be danger on the deep, let us, shoulder to shoulder, march at the lead of Captain Rawlings—Benson, I should say—against the common enemy, with this one word upon our banners, 'The liberty of the Press, and the British Constitooshun forever!' Hoorah for the red, white, and blue!"

With apologies for the nervous excitement into which the danger had thrown him, the doctor retired, by zigzag, for the night, amidst three tremendous cheers.

"His jaw-tackle isn't injured," said Rawlings, "and he can take his tumbler, I see, as neat as ever. Well, never mind; he's got us out of a pretty hole, and he bears no malice—though we did not do quite the right thing by him. I like him for that. Come, Davis, you take another to wind up; then we can turn in."

The doctor's plan answered perfectly. An armed Chinese escort brought us the next morning safe to Cocoroco, the natives flying at our approach. We burned the town, captured the envious doctor, and sold him to the Chinese; carried off many dozen pigs, and all the eleven barrels of Patagonians, which, an hour later, were beaten into pound slabs of opium to pay for our passage.

We reached Singapore safely. A day or two after, the doctor—having prepared several casks of pills with incredible diligence, considering the difficulty of procuring Tierra del Fuego herbs and the north polar mineral—started for Central Asia, *via* Afghanistan, intending to establish an agency in Samarcand, and to paste his posters, in several languages, on the very wall of China itself.

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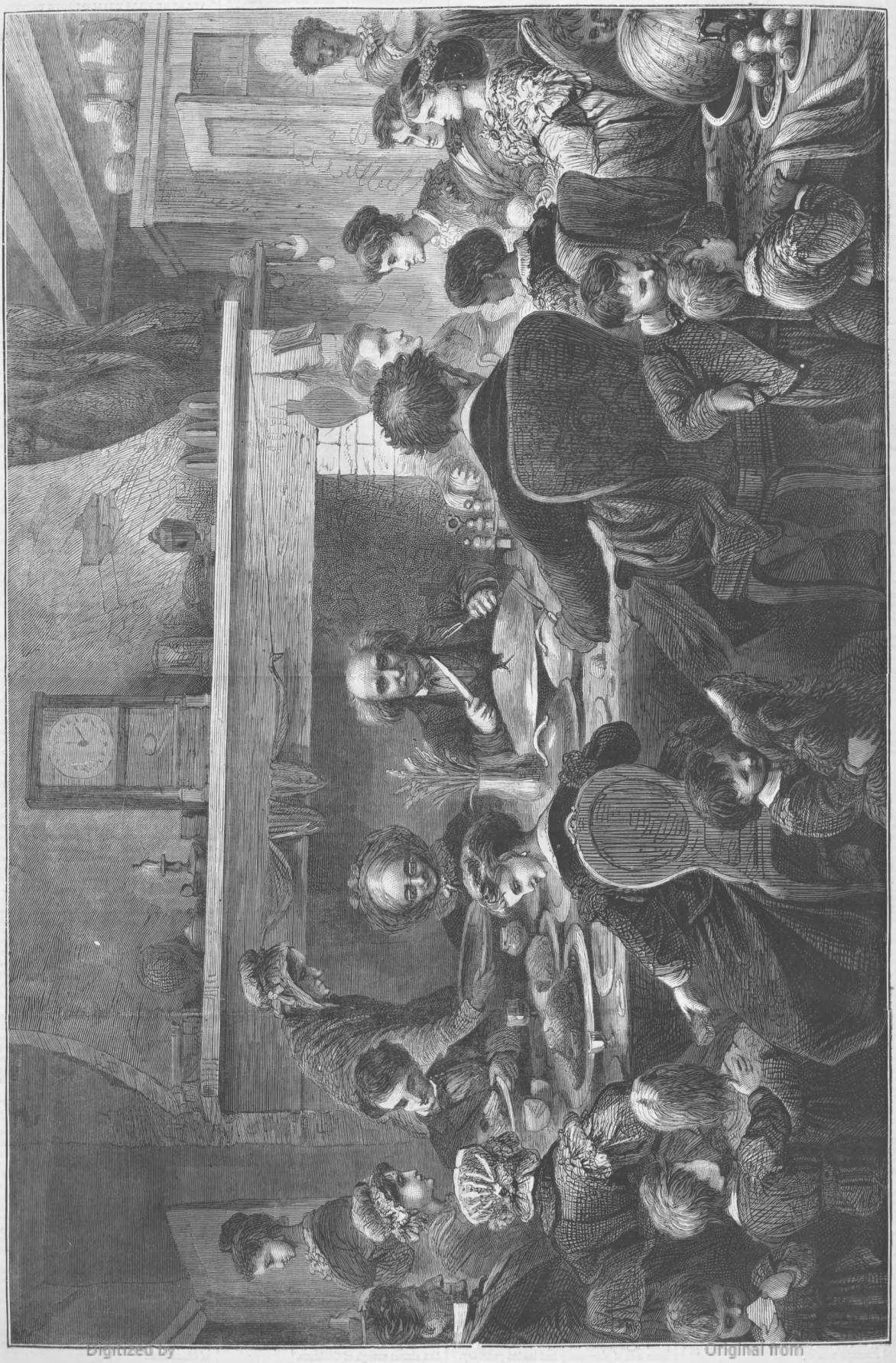

THANKSGIVING AT A NEW ENGLAND FARM-HOUSE.—[FROM A DRAWING BY F. A. CHAPMAN.]

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MISFORTUNE AND SYMPATHY—A STREET SCENE IN NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 1167.]

LORD KILGOBBIN.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

Author of "That Boy of Norcott's," "The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly," "Sir Brooke Fossbrooke," "A Day's Ride," "One of Them," "Gerald Fitzgerald," etc., etc.

CHAPTER LVI.

BEFORE THE DOOR.

THOUGH Lord Kilgobbin, when he awoke somewhat late in the afternoon, did not exactly complain of headache, he was free to admit that his faculties were slightly clouded, and that his memory was not to the desired extent retentive of all that passed on the preceding night. Indeed, beyond the fact—which he reiterated with great energy—that "old Flood, Tory though he was, was a good fellow, an excellent fellow, and had a marvelous bin of port-wine," his son Dick was totally unable to get any information from him. "Bigot, if you like, or Blue Protestant, and all the rest of it; but a fine hearty old soul, and an Irishman to the heart's core!" This was the sum of information which a two hours' close cross-examination elicited; and Dick was sulkily about to leave the room in blank disappointment, when the old man suddenly amazed him by asking: "And do you tell me that you have been lounging about the town all the morning, and have learned nothing? Were you down to the jail? Have you seen O'Shea? What's his account of it? Who began the row? Has he any bones broken? Do you know any thing at all?" cried he, as the blank look of the astonished youth seemed to imply utter ignorance, as well as dismay.

"First of all," said Dick, drawing a long breath, "I have not seen O'Shea: nobody is admitted to see him. His injuries about the head are so severe the doctors are in dread of erysipelas."

"What if he had? Have not every one of us had the erysipelas some time or other; and, barring the itching, what's the great harm?"

"The doctors declare that if it come they will not answer for his life."

"They know best, and I'm afraid they know why also. Oh dear, oh dear! if there's any thing the world makes no progress in, it's the science of medicine. Every body now dies of what we all used to have when I was a boy! Sore throats, small-pox, colic, are all fatal since they've found out Greek names for them, and with their old vulgar titles they killed nobody."

"Gorman is certainly in a bad way, and Dr. Rogan says it will be some days before he could pronounce him out of danger."

"Can he be removed? Can we take him back with us to Kilgobbin?"

"That is utterly out of the question; he can not be stirred, and requires the most absolute rest and quiet. Besides that, there is another difficulty: I don't know if they would permit us to take him away."

"What! do you mean refuse our bail?"

"They have got affidavits to show old Gill's life's in danger; he is in high fever to-day, and raving furiously; and if he should die, M'Evoy declares that they'll be able to send bills for manslaughter, at least, before the grand jury."

"There's more of it!" cried Kilgobbin, with a long whistle. "Is it Rogan swears that the fellow is in danger?"

"No; it's Tom Price, the dispensary doctor; and, as Miss Betty withdrew her subscription last year, they say he swore he'd pay her off for it."

"I know Tom, and I'll see to that," said Kearney. "Are the affidavits sworn?"

"No. They're drawn out. M'Evoy is copying them now; but they'll be ready by three o'clock."

"I'll have Rogan to swear that the boy must be removed at once. We'll take him over with us; and, once at Kilgobbin, they'll want a regiment of soldiers if they mean to take him. It is nigh twelve o'clock now, is it not?"

"It is on the stroke of two, Sir."

"Is it possible? I believe I overslept myself in the strange bed. Be alive now, Dick, and take the 2.40 train to town. Call on M'Keown, and find out where Miss Betty is stopping; break this business to her gently—for, with all that damnable temper, she has a fine womanly heart; tell her the poor boy was not to blame at all; that he went over to see her, and knew nothing of the place being let out or hired; and tell her, besides, that the blackguards that beat him were not her own people at all, but villains from an-

"JUST LOOK AT THE CROWD THAT IS WATCHING US ALREADY!"

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other barony that old Gill brought over to work on short wages. Mind that you say that, or we'll have more law and more trouble—notices to quit, and the devil knows what. I know Miss Betty well, and she'd not leave a man on a townland if they raised a finger against one of her name! There now, you know what to do: go and do it!"

To hear the systematic and peremptory manner in which the old man detailed all his directions one would have pronounced him a model of orderly arrangement and rule. Having dispatched Dick to town, however, he began to bethink him of all the matters on which he was desirous to learn Miss O'Shea's mind. Had she really leased the Barn to this man Gill; and if so, for what term? And was her quarrel with her nephew of so serious a nature that she might hesitate as to taking his side here—at least, till she knew he was in the right; and then, was he in the right? That was, though the last, the most vital consideration of all.

"I'd have thought of all these if the boy had not flurried me so. These hot-headed fellows have never room in their foolish brains for any thing like consecutive thought; they can just entertain the one idea, and till they dismiss that they can not admit another. Now he'll come back by the next train, and bring me the answer to one of my queries, if even that!" sighed he, as he went on with his dressing.

"All this blessed business," muttered he to himself, "comes of this blundering interference with the land laws. Paddy hears that they have given him some new rights and privileges, and no mock-modesty of his own will let him lose any of them, and so he claims every thing. Old experience had taught him that, with a bold heart and a blunderbuss, he need not pay much rent; but Mr. Gladstone—long life to him—had said, 'We must do something for you.' Now what could that be? He'd scarcely go so far as to give them out Minié rifles or Chassepôts; though arms of precision, as they call them, would have put many a poor fellow out of pain—as Bob Magrath said when he limped into the public-house with a ball in his back, 'It's only a "healing measure;" don't make a fuss about it.'"

"Mr. Flood wants to see your honor when you're dressed," said the waiter, interrupting his soliloquy.

"Where is he?"

"Walking up and down, Sir, forenent the door."

"Will ye say I'm coming down? I'm just finishing a letter to the Lord-Lieutenant," said Kilgobbin, with a sly look to the man, who returned the glance with its rival, and then left the room.

"Will you not come in and sit down?" said Kearney, as he cordially shook Flood's hand.

"I have only five minutes to stay, and with your leave, Mr. Kearney, we'll pass it here;" and, taking the other's arm, he proceeded to walk up and down before the door of the inn.

"You know Ireland well—few men better, I am told—and you have no need, therefore, to be told how the rumored dislikes of party, the reported jealousies and rancors of this set to that, influence the world here. It will be a fine thing, therefore, to show these people here that the Liberal Mr. Kearney and that bigoted old Tory, Tom Flood, were to be seen walking together, and in close confab. It will show them, at all events, that neither of us wants to make party capital out of this scrimmage; and that he who wants to affront one of us can not, on that ground at least, count upon the other. Just look at the crowd that is watching us already! There's a fellow neglecting the sale of his pig to stare at us, and that young woman has stopped gartering her stocking for the last two minutes in sheer curiosity about us."

Kearney laughed heartily as he nodded assent.

"You follow me, don't you?" asked Flood. "Well, then, grant me the favor I am about to ask, and it will show me that you see all these things as I do. This row may turn out more seriously than we thought for. That scoundrel Gill is in a high fever to-day—I would not say that just out of spite the fellow would not die. Who knows if it may not become a great case at the assizes? and if so, Kearney, let us have public opinion with us. There are scores of men who will wait to hear what you and I say of this business. There are hundreds more who will expect us to disagree. Let us prove to them that this is no feud between Orange and Green; this is nothing of dispute between Whig and Tory, or Protestant and Papist; but a free fight, where, more shame to them, fifty fell upon one. Now what you must grant me is leave to send this boy back to Kilgobbin in my own carriage, and with my own liveries. There is not a peasant cutting turf on the bog will not reason out his own conclusions when he sees it. Don't refuse me, for I have set my heart on it."

"I'm not thinking of refusing. I was only wondering to myself what my daughter Kitty will say when she sees me sitting behind the blue and orange liveries."

"You may send me back with the green flag over me the next day I dine with you!" cried Flood; and the compact was ratified.

"It is more than half past already," said Flood. "We are to have a full bench at three: so be ready to give your bail, and I'll have the carriage at the corner of the street, and you shall set off with the boy at once."

"I must say," said Kearney, "whatever be your Tory faults, lukewarmness is not one of them! You stand to me like an old friend in all this trouble."

"Maybe it's time to begin to forget old grudges, Kearney, I believe in my heart neither of us is as bad as the other thinks him. Are you aware that they are getting affidavits to refuse the bail?"

"I know it all; but I have sent a man to M'Evoy about a case that will take all his morning, and he'll be too late with his affidavits."

"By the time he is ready you and your charge will be snug in Kilgobbin. And another thing, Kearney—for I have thought of the whole matter—you'll take out with you that little vermin, Price, the doctor, and treat him well. He'll be as indiscreet as you wish, and be sure to give him the opportunity. There, now, give me your most affectionate grasp of the hand, for there's an attentive public watching us."

CHAPTER LVII.

A DOCTOR.

YOUNG O'SHEA made the journey from Kilbeggan to Kilgobbin Castle in total unconsciousness. The symptoms had now taken the form which doctors call concussion; and though to a first brief question he was able to reply reasonably and well, the effort seemed so exhausting that to all subsequent queries he appeared utterly indifferent; nor did he even by look acknowledge that he heard them.

Perfect and unbroken quiet was enjoined as his best, if not his only, remedy; and Kate gave up her own room for the sick man, as that most remote from all possible disturbance, and away from all the bustle of the house. The doctors consulted on his case in the fashion that a country physician of eminence condescends to consult with a small local practitioner. Dr. Rogan pronounced his opinion, prophetically declared the patient in danger, and prescribed his remedies; while Price, agreeing with every thing, and even slavishly abject in his manner of concurrence, went about among the underlings of the household, saying, "There's two fractures of the frontal bone. It's trepanned he ought to be; and when there's an inquest on the body I'll declare I said so."

Though nearly all the care of providing for the sick man's nursing fell to Kate Kearney, she fulfilled the duty without attracting any notice whatever, or appearing to feel as if any extra demand were made upon her time or her attention; so much so that a careless observer might have thought her far more interested in providing for the reception of the aunt than in cares for the nephew.

Dick Kearney had written to say that Miss Betty was so overwhelmed with affliction at young Gorman's mishap that she had taken to bed, and could not be expected to be able to travel for several days. She insisted, however, on two telegrams daily to report on the boy's case, and asked which of the great Dublin celebrities of physic should be sent down to see him.

"They're all alike to me," said Kilgobbin; "but if I was to choose, I think I'd say Dr. Chute."

This was so far unlucky, since Dr. Chute had then been dead about forty years, scarcely a junior of the profession having so much as heard his name.

"We really want no one," said Rogan. "We are doing most favorably in every respect. If one of the young ladies would sit and read to him, but not converse, it would be a service. He made the request himself this morning, and I promised to repeat it."

A telegram, however, announced that Sir St. Xavier Brennan would arrive the same evening, and as Sir X. was physician in chief to the nuns of the Bleeding Heart, there could be little doubt whose orthodoxy had chosen him.

He came at nightfall—a fat, comely looking, somewhat unctuous gentleman, with excellent teeth, and snow-white hands, symmetrical and dimpled like a woman's. He saw the patient, questioned him slightly, and divined, without waiting for it, what the answer should be. He was delighted with Rogan, pleased with Price, but he grew actually enthusiastic over those charming nurses, Nina and Kate.

"With such sisters of charity to tend me, I'd consent to pass my life as an invalid," cried he.

Indeed, to listen to him, it would seem that, whether from the salubrity of the air, the peaceful quietude of the spot, the watchful kindness and attention of the surrounders, or a certain general air—an actual atmosphere of benevolence and contentment around—there was no pleasure of life could equal the delight of being laid up at Kilgobbin.

"I have a message for you from my old friend Miss O'Shea," said he to Kate the first moment he had the opportunity of speaking with her alone. "It is not necessary to tell you that I neither know nor desire to know its import. Her words were these: 'Tell my godchild to forgive me if she still has any memory for some very rude words I once spoke. Tell her that I have been sorely punished for them since, and that till I know I have her pardon I have no courage to cross her doors.' This was my message, and I was to bring back your answer."

"Tell her," cried Kate, warmly, "I have no place in my memory but for the kindnesses she has bestowed on me, and that I ask no better boon from fortune than to be allowed to love her, and to be worthy of her love."

"I will repeat every word you have told me, and I am proud to be bearer of such a speech. May I presume, upon the casual confidence I have thus acquired, to add one word for myself—and it is as the doctor I would speak?"

"Speak freely. What is it?"

"It is this, then: you young ladies keep your watches in turn in the sick-room. The patient is unfit for much excitement, and as I dare not take the liberty of imposing a line of conduct on Mademoiselle Kostalergi, I have resolved to run the hazard with *you!* Let *hers* be the task of entertaining him: let *her* be the reader—and he loves being read to—and the talker, and the narrator of whatever goes on. To you be the part of quiet watchfulness and care, to bathe the heated brow or the burning hand, to hold the cold cup to the parched lips, to adjust the pillow, to temper the light, and renew the air of the sick-room, but to speak seldom, if at all. Do you understand me?"

"Perfectly; and you are wise and acute in your distribution of labor; each of us has her fitting station."

"I dared not have said this much to *her;* my doctor's instinct told me I might be frank with *you.*"

"You are safe in speaking to me," said she, calmly.

"Perhaps I ought to say that I give these suggestions without any concert with my patient. I have not only abstained from consulting, but—"

"Forgive my interrupting you, Sir X. It was quite unnecessary to tell me this."

"You are not displeased with me, dear lady?" said he, in his softest of accents.

"No; but do not say any thing which might make me so."

The doctor bowed reverentially, crossed his white hands on his waistcoat, and looked like a saint ready for martyrdom.

Kate frankly held out her hand in token of perfect cordiality, and her honest smile suited the action well.

"Tell Miss Betty that our sick charge shall not be neglected, but that we want her here herself to help us."

"I shall report your message word for word," said he, as he withdrew.

As the doctor drove back to Dublin he went over a variety of things in his thoughts. There were serious disturbances in the provinces—those ugly outrages which forerun long winter nights, and make the last days of October dreary and sad-colored. Disorder and lawlessness were abroad; and that want of something remedial to be done which, like the thirst in fever, is fostered and fed by partial indulgence. Then he had some puzzling cases in hospital, and one or two in private practice, which harassed him: for some had reached that critical stage where a false move would be fatal, and it was far from clear which path should be taken. Then there was that matter of Miss O'Shea herself, who, if her nephew were to die, would most likely endow that hospital in connection with the Bleeding Heart, and of which he was himself the founder; and that this fate was by no means improbable, Sir X. persuaded himself, as he counted over all the different stages of peril that stood between him and convalescence. "We have now the concussion, with reasonable prospect of meningitis; then there may come on erysipelas from the scalp wounds, and high fever, with all its dangers; next there may be a low typhoid state, with high nervous excitement; and through all these the passing risks of the wrong food or drink, the imprudent revelations, or the mistaken stimulants. Heigho!" said he at last; "we come through storm and shipwreck, forlorn hopes and burning villages, and we succumb to ten drops too much of a dark brown liquor, or the improvident rashness that reads out a note to us incautiously!

"Those young ladies thought to mystify me," said he aloud, after a long reverie. "I was not to know which of them was in love with the sick boy. I could make nothing of the Greek, I own, for, except a half-stealthy regard for myself, she confessed to nothing, and the other was nearly as inscrutable. It was only the little warmth at last that betrayed her. I hurt her pride, and as she winced, I said, 'There's the sore spot—there's mischief there!' How the people grope their way through life who have never studied physic nor learned physiology is a puzzle to *me!* With all its aid and guidance *I* find humanity quite hard enough to understand every day I live."

Even in his few hours' visit—in which he remarked every thing, from the dress of the man who waited at dinner to the sherry decanter with the smashed stopper, the weak "Gladstone" that did duty as claret, and the cotton lace which Nina sported as "point d'Alençon," and numberless other shifts, such as people make who like to play false money with Fortune—all these he saw, and he saw that a certain jealous rivalry existed between the two girls; but whether either of them, or both, cared for young O'Shea, he could not declare; and, strange as it may seem, his inability to determine this weighed upon him with all the sense of a defeat.

CHAPTER LVIII.

IN TURKEY.

LEAVING the sick man to the tender care of those ladies whose division of labor we have just hinted at, we turn to other interests, and to one of our characters, who, though to all seeming neglected, has not lapsed from our memory.

Joe Atlee had been dispatched on a very confidential mission by Lord Danesbury. Not only was he to repossess himself of certain papers he had never heard of, from a man he had never seen, but he was also to impress this unknown individual with the immense sense of fidelity to another who no longer had any power to reward him, and besides this, to persuade him, being a Greek, that the favor of a great embassador of England was better than rubles of gold and vases of malachite.

Modern history has shown us what a great aid to success in life is the contribution of a "light heart," and Joe Atlee certainly brought this element of victory along with him on his journey.

His instructions were assuredly of the roughest. To impress Lord Danesbury favorably on the score of his acuteness, he must not press for details, seek for explanations, and, above all, he must ask no questions. In fact, to accomplish that victory which he ambitioned for his cleverness, and on which his Excellency should say, "Atlee saw it at once—Atlee caught the whole thing at a glance," Joe must be satisfied with the least definite directions that ever were issued, and the most confused statement of duties and difficulties that ever puzzled a human intelligence. Indeed, as he himself summed up his instructions in his own room, they went no further than this: That there was a Greek, who, with a number of other names, was occasionally called Speridionides (a great scoundrel, and with every good reason for not being come at), who was to be found somewhere in Stamboul—probably at the bazar at nightfall. He was to be bullied, or bribed, or wheedled, or menaced to give up some letters which Lord Danesbury had once written to him, and to pledge himself to complete secrecy as to their contents ever after. From this Greek, whose perfect confidence Atlee was to obtain, he was to learn whether Kulbash Pasha, Lord Danesbury's sworn friend and ally, was not lapsing from his English alliance, and inclining toward Russian connections. To Kulbash himself Atlee had letters, accrediting him as the trusted and confidential agent of Lord Danesbury, and with the pasha Joe was instructed to treat with an air and bearing of unlimited trustfulness. He was also to mention that his Excellency was eager to be back at his old post as embassador, that he loved the country, the climate, his old colleagues in the Sultan's service, and all the interests and questions that made up their political life.

Last of all, Atlee was to ascertain every point on which any successor to Lord Danesbury was likely to be mistaken, and how a misconception might be ingeniously widened into a grave blunder; and by what means such incidents should be properly commented on by the local papers, and unfavorable comparisons drawn between the author of these measures and "the great and enlightened statesman" who had so lately left them.

In a word, Atlee saw that he was to personate the character of a most unsuspecting, confiding young gentleman, who possessed a certain natural aptitude for affairs of importance, and that amount of discretion such as suited him to be employed confidentially; and to perform this part he addressed himself.

The pasha liked him so much that he invited him to be his guest while he remained at Constantinople; and soon satisfied that he was a guileless youth, fresh to the world and its ways, he talked very freely before him, and, affecting to discuss mere possibilities, actually sketched events and consequences which Atlee shrewdly guessed to be all within the range of casualties.

Lord Danesbury's post at Constantinople had not been filled up, except by the appointment of a chargé d'affaires; it being one of the approved modes of snubbing a government to accredit a person of inferior rank to its court. Lord Danesbury detested this man with a hate that only official life comprehends, the mingled rancor, jealousy, and malice suggested by a successor being a combination only known to men who serve their country.

"Find out what Brumsey is doing; he is said to be doing wrong. He knows nothing of Turkey. Learn his blunders, and let me know them."

This was the easiest of all Atlee's missions, for Brumsey was the weakest and most transparent of all imbecile Whigs. A junior diplomatist of small faculties and great ambitions, he wanted to do something, not being clear as to what, which should startle his chiefs, and make "the Office" exclaim: "See what Sam Brumsey has been doing! Hasn't Brumsey hit the nail on the head! Brumsey's last dispatch is the finest state paper since the days of Canning!" Now no one knew the short range of this man's intellectual tether better than Lord Danesbury, since Brumsey had been his own private secretary once; and the two men hated each other as only a haughty superior and a craven dependent know how to hate.

The old embassador was right. Russian craft had dug many a pitfall for the English diplomatist, and Brumsey had fallen into every one of them. Acting on secret information—all ingeniously prepared to entrap him—Brumsey had discovered a secret demand made by Russia to enable one of the Imperial family to make the tour of the Black Sea with a ship of war. Though it might be matter of controversy whether Turkey herself could, without the assent of the other powers to the Treaty of Paris, give her permission, Brumsey was too elated by his discovery to hesitate about this, but at once communicated to the Grand Vizier a formal declaration of the displeasure with which England would witness such an infraction of a solemn engagement.

As no such project had ever been entertained, no such demand ever made, Kulbash Pasha not only laughed heartily at the mock-thunder of the Englishman, but at the energy with which a small official always opens fire, and in the jocularity of his Turkish nature—for they are jocular, these children of the Koran—he told the whole incident to Atlee.

"Your old master, Mr. Atlee," said he, "would scarcely have read us so sharp a lesson as that; but," he added, "we always hear stronger language from the man who couldn't station a gun-boat at Pera than from the embassador who could call up the Mediterranean squadron from Malta."

If Atlee's first letter to Lord Danesbury admitted of a certain disappointment as regarded Speridionides, it made ample compensation by the keen sketch it conveyed of how matters stood at the Porte, the uncertain fate of Kulbash Pasha's policy, and the scarcely credible blunder of Brumsey.

To tell the English embassador how much he was regretted and how much needed, how the partisans of England felt themselves deserted and abandoned by his withdrawal, and how gravely the best interests of Turkey itself were compro-

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missed for want of that statesmanlike intelligence that had up to this guided the counsels of the Divan: all these formed only a part of Atlee's task, for he wrote letters and leaders, in this sense, to all the great journals of London, Paris, and Vienna: so that when the *Times* and the *Post* asked the English people whether they were satisfied that the benefit of the Crimean war should be frittered away by an incompetent youth in the position of a man of high ability, the *Débats* commented on the want of support France suffered at the Porte by the inferior agency of England, and the *Neue Presse*, of Vienna, more openly declared that if England had determined to annex Turkey, and govern it as a crown colony, it would have been at least courtesy to have informed her co-signatories of the fact.

At the same time an Irish paper in the national interest quietly desired to be informed how was it that the man who made such a mull of Ireland could be so much needed in Turkey, aided by a well-known fellow-citizen, more celebrated for smashing lamps and wringing off knockers than for administering the rights of a colony; and by which of his services, ballad-writing or beating the police, he had gained the favor of the present Cabinet. "In fact," concluded the writer, "if we hear more of this appointment, we promise our readers some biographical memoirs of the respected individual, which may serve to show the rising youth of Ireland by what gifts success in life is most surely achieved, as well as what peculiar accomplishments find most merit with the grave-minded men who rule us."

A Cork paper announced on the same day, among the promotions, that Joseph Atlee had been made C.B., and mildly inquired if the honor were bestowed for that paper on Ireland in the last *Quarterly*, and dryly wound up by saying: "We are not selfish, whatever people may say of us. Our friends on the Bosphorus shall have the noble lord cheap! Let his Excellency only assure us that he will return with his whole staff, and not leave us Mr. Cecil Walpole, or any other like incapacity, behind him, as a director of the Poor Law Board, or inspector-general of jails, or deputy-assistant-secretary any where, and we assent freely to the change that sends this man to the East, and leaves us here to flounder on with such aids to our mistakes as a Liberal government can safely afford to spare us."

A paragraph in another part of the same paper, which asked if the Joseph Atlee who, it was rumored, was to go out as Governor to Labuan could be this man, had, it is needless to say, been written by himself.

The *Levan Herald* contented itself with an authorized contradiction to the report that Sir Joseph Atlee—the Sir was an ingenious blunder—had conformed to Islamism, and was in treaty for the palace of Tashkir Bey at Therapia.

With a neatness and a tact all his own, Atlee narrated Brumsey's blunder in a tone so simple and almost deferential that Lord Danesbury could show the letter to any of his colleagues. The whole spirit of the document was regret that a very well-intentioned gentleman of good connections and irreproachable morals should be an ass! Not that he employed the insufferable designation.

The Cabinet at home were on thorns lest the press—the vile Tory organs—should get wind of the case, and cap the blundering government of Ireland with the almost equally gross mistake in diplomacy.

"We shall have the *Standard* at us," said the Premier.

"Far worse," replied the Foreign Secretary. "I shall have Brunow here in a white passion to demand an apology, and the recall of our man at Constantinople."

To accuse a well-known house-breaker of a burglary that he had not committed, nor had any immediate thought of committing, is the very luckiest stroke of fortune that could befall him. He comes out not alone innocent, but injured! The persecutions by which bad men have assailed him for years have at last their illustration, and the calumniated saint walks forth into the world, his head high and his port erect, even though a crow-bar should peep out from his coat pocket, and the jingle of false keys go with him as he went.

Far too astute to make the scandal public by the newspapers, Atlee only hinted to his chief the danger that might ensue if the secret leaked out. He well knew that a press scandal is a nine-day fever, but a menaced publicity is a chronic malady that may go on for years.

The last lines of his letter were "I have made a curious and interesting acquaintance—a certain Stephanotis Bey, governor of Scutari, in Albania, a very venerable old fellow, who was never at Constantinople till now. The pasha tells me in confidence that he is enormously wealthy. His fortune was made by brigandage in Greece, from which he retired a few years ago, shocked by the sudden death of his brother, who was decapitated at Corinth, with five others. The bey is a nice, gentle-mannered, simple-hearted old man, kind to the poor, and eminently hospitable. He has invited me down to Prevesa for the pig-shooting. If I have your permission to accept the invitation, I shall make a rapid visit to Athens, and make one more effort to discover Speridionides. Might I ask the favor of an answer by telegraph? So many documents and archives were stolen here at the time of the fire of the embassy that, by a timely measure of discredit, we can impair the value of all papers whatever, and I have already a mass of false dispatches, notes, and telegrams ready for publication and subsequent denial, if you advise it. In one of these I have imitated Walpole's style so well that I scarcely think he will read it without misgivings. With so much 'bad bank paper' in circulation, Speridionides is not likely to set a high price on his own facility."

THANKSGIVING.

FATHER to a world of pilgrims,
Sire to all the saints in heaven,
Let our songs of praise mount higher,
Till just meed of thanks be given!

Heap the glowing fagots higher!
Pile the logs across the flame!
Heart and lips shall never tire,
Doing homage to Thy name.

Thanks for every earthly blessing;
For a land with bounty spread;
For the plains of peace outstretching
Over leagues of warrior dead;

For the calm of battle ended;
For the sun of freedom high,
Like a meteor encircling
All the splendor of the sky;

For the presence of Thy spirit,
In, around, below, above;
For the glory we inherit
In Thy priceless gift of love;

For the board so richly teeming
With the feast profusely spread:
Thou hast kindly, gracious Father,
Given us our daily bread.

Be all trespasses forgiven;
'Tis a day for joy and mirth:
Let Thy praise be sung in heaven,
And Thy will be done on earth!

RUSSIAN CHARACTERISTICS.

ON page 1161 our readers will find another page of illustrations relating to the people and customs of Russia. The only thing especially requiring explanation—beyond directing attention to the diversified types of the human race there represented—is the great Russian carriage, or kabitka. It is, indeed, less a carriage than a wagon, and is used principally for the carriage of goods. The trader, who has to transport his cloth or furs to the fairs and various parts of the country, has no other means of conveyance. The peasants also use them for the transportation of their commodities, and frequently drive about in them with their families. Three horses are put to these wagons—one in the shafts, the others at the sides. In the country the horses are decorated with bells, but in the towns this is not allowed, in consequence of the intolerable noise the use of such ornaments would occasion. The horses of well-to-do people are generally gayly harnessed with decorative red, blue, or yellow trimmings, according to taste. People with limited means content themselves with the most simple and unpretentious cord harness, like that represented in our engraving.

MISFORTUNE AND SYMPATHY.

THE little incident so well rendered by Mr. FRENZENY in the illustration on page 1165 scarcely requires explanation. A poor child, running to the milkman's, or perhaps to the beer shop, has let her pitcher fall on the pavement, and is crying over the fragments. That is all the spectator sees as he hurries by, scarcely thinking how the poor little creature will get scolded, or perhaps beaten, on going home. Happily all are not so thoughtless. The kind young lady, and the good-hearted mechanic, who are stopping to ask how she happened to let her pitcher fall, will not pass by without giving her something more substantial than mere words of sympathy.

PERSONALITIES.

A GREAT diner-out was Mr. Harness, whose memoirs have lately been published in England. He lived so much in the world that he might have become the social historian of his time, but for the fact that he kept no record of the life of which he was a most joyous part. What Mr. L'Estrange picked up from Harness's casual mention in conversation he publishes. Thereby we get within hearing of homely Archdeacon Paley, who made but one remark at a great visitation dinner, where he was looked up to as Sir Oracle, and the remark took this form: "I don't think these *puddins* are much good unless the seeds are taken out of the raisins." How the archdeacon loved his neighbor as himself was exemplified by his order at another clerical banquet, when he found himself in a draught: "Shut that window behind me," he called to one of the waiters, "and open one lower down, behind one of the curates!"

We need hardly say—and therefore, as is usual on such occasions, say it—that the best-authenticated anecdotes are the best worth reading. One of these tells us of Sheridan alluding lofitily, at a Theatrical Fund dinner, to his being "descended from the loins of kings." Dr. Spry, who was sitting next to Harness, said, "That is quite true. The last time I saw his father, he was King of Denmark." As good, in another way, is the indignation of the second Mrs. Sheridan, and the decrying of her husband as a "villain," when, as she said, "I discovered that all the love-letters he sent to me were the very same as those which he sent to his first wife."

But this was, in one sense, a compliment, and was more justifiable than a practice of Rogers's, who greatly disliked writing letters of condolence, and, when he had that melancholy duty to perform, generally copied one of Cowper's. Rogers himself was of a melancholy disposition. The fact is illustrated in the story of his favorite groom, who used to accompany him daily in his gig-driving when in the country. Bob gave his master warning, and on being asked the reason, he replied, "I've nothin' to complain on; but you are so dull in the buggy."

Clark Braxfield was a man of few words and strong business habits. In courting his second wife, his mode of procedure was entirely illustrative of the peculiarities of his character. Calling for the lady, he said to her, without preliminary remark, "Lizzie, I am looking out for a wife, and I thought you just the person that would suit me. Let me have your answer, yes or no, the morn, and nae mair about it." The lady next day replied in the affirmative. Perhaps he repented his precipitancy, for when a butler gave warning, on account of Mrs. Braxfield's scolding propensities, the judge replied, "Lord, mon, ye've little to complain o'; ye may be thankful ye're no married to her."

It is perhaps not very generally known that the late Sir John Burgoyne was privately known as a light *littérateur*. He was particularly happy in his "Vers de Société," of which many are still extant in young ladies' albums. Sometimes a vein of genial sentiment runs through the trifle, as in one ending with this pretty couplet:

"That eye, so languishing, so sweet, so mild,
At once of love the parent and the child."

Others are wholly of a humorous cast, the humor, for the most part, turning upon a play on words. The following refers to the approaching marriage of a young friend, Miss Knight, to a Mr. Squire:

"Happy the Squire who makes it his delight
To pledge his service to a worthy Knight."

This one requires no explanation:

"You wish me a happy New-Year as a toast,
And a kindly good act it appears;
But when you perceive I'm as deaf as a post,
You should wish me—two happy new ears!"

THE SEA-SERPENT.

A STARTLING circumstance has, according to the Limerick *Chronicle*, occurred at Kilkee, Ireland. The sea-serpent has actually appeared at that watering-place, to the dismay of the visitors, who had not reckoned on this pleasing addition to their little society. A short time since a party of several ladies and gentlemen, one of whom—fortunately for the serpent—is a "well-known clergyman in the north of Ireland," observed an enormous head, shaped somewhat like that of a horse, emerge from the water. Behind the head and on the neck was a kind of chignon, or, as the *Chronicle* describes it, "a huge mane of seaweed-looking hair, which rose and fell with the motion of the water." It may well be imagined that when the head fixed its glassy eyes on the group it excited for the moment feelings the reverse of comfortable. "One lady nearly fainted at the sight, and all had their nerves considerably upset by the dreadful appearance of this extraordinary creature." The well-known clergyman in the north of Ireland, however, preserved his presence of mind and was equal to the occasion, for he minutely inspected the interesting stranger, steadfastly returning its gaze, until, to the relief of all present, in a few minutes the gigantic head ducked and disappeared beneath the surface of the water. There can be little doubt that the sea-serpent, who has hitherto been too modest to disclose himself except to mariners on the lonely sea, has turned over a new leaf, and will in future make himself at home at various sea-side places; nor can any thing be more injudicious than to turn a cold shoulder upon him, or annoy him, on the other hand, by vulgar curiosity. He is evidently a most determined beast, of gigantic strength and stature, and it would be well, now that he shows a social tendency, to meet him respectfully, but with self-possession. His appearance, it is true, is against him, but, for aught we know, his disposition may be good; and, so far from there being any reason for ladies to faint away when he puts his head out of the water, there is, it is to be feared, far more reason to expect that the serpent himself will be overcome by faintness at some of the sights to be witnessed at many of the watering-places on the English and Irish coasts.

A CHINESE FAIRY TALE.

SEVEN HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

MANY years ago, during the Tang dynasty, there lived in the town of Peen-chow an old maid named San. No one knew where she came from. All that her neighbors could say about her was, that for the last thirty years she had kept the cake shop on the wooden bridge, and that during the whole of that time she had lived quite by herself, employing neither man-servant nor maid-servant, nor had any relative been known to visit her. But, notwithstanding this, report pronounced her to be rich. Her house was a large one, and she had mules in abundance. In order to save her guests part of the local carriage tax, she made it a practice not to receive their equipages, a proceeding which was highly approved of by them, and in consequence, of those who had once put up at her hostelry, many repeated their visits. Now it happened that about this time the Emperor "Great Harmony" sent General Chaou, surnamed the "Slender and Kind One," on an expedition to the eastern capital, and the general, passing through Peen-chow with his six or seven servants, put up for the night at the shop on the wooden bridge. The servants were soon accommodated in a common room, and the "Slender and Kind One" was lodged in a separate apartment adjoining the dwelling-rooms of San. San paid the greatest attention to her guests; and when night came on served them with wine, and helped them to drink it, making merry with all. The "Slender and Kind One" alone abstained from tasting the wine, but joined in the talking and laughing.

When the watchman announced the second watch, and when most of her guests were sleeping the sleep of drunkards, San betook herself to her domicile, barred the door, and put out the light. In the middle of the night, as the "Slender and Kind One" lay tossing from this side to that side, unable to sleep, he heard a noise in San's room, as though she were moving things about. His curiosity being excited, he peeped through a crevice, and saw her light a candle, and take out from a cloth-bound box a plow, a little wooden man, and a little wooden ox, each about six or seven inches high, and put them down in front of the fire-place. She then poured water on them, and they instantly began to move and live. The little man harnessed the little ox to the plow, and set to work plowing up the part of the room in front of the bed. When he had prepared enough ground, San gave him a sackful of wheat, which he sowed. In a very few minutes it sprouted through the ground, and grew up until it flowered, brought forth fruit, and ripened. The man then set to work to reap and thresh it, and presented to his mistress a crop of seven or eight pints of grain. This done, he was made to grind the corn in a small mill, and was then thrown, with his ox and his plow, into the box again. San now began her share of the work, and having well kneaded the flour, transformed it into baked cakes. At cock-crow the soldiers began to bestir themselves, but San was up before them, and had lighted their lamp and laid out the hot cakes in tempting array on the table. The "Slender and Kind One" was not very comfortable after what he had seen and heard; so he went outside the house, but, determined to see the end, he peeped through a crevice in the door. Suddenly, while he was watching his soldiers seated in a circle, in the act of devouring the nice hot cakes, he heard a sound as of neighing, and, to his horror, he saw them in an instant all transformed into mules. The change was no sooner effected than San drove them into the yard at the back of the shop.

The "Slender and Kind One" told no one what he had seen, but pondered much over the adventure in secret; and when, at the end of a month, he was returning by the same road, he again put up at the shop on the wooden bridge. But before entering the inn he provided himself with a number of cakes in size and form exactly like those he had seen so miraculously made. San professed herself delighted to see him, and, as he was the solitary guest, lavished attentions on him. When night came she diligently inquired his wishes. "I have business before me," said the "Slender and Kind One," "therefore call me at daybreak." "Without fail," said San; "but please to sleep soundly." About midnight the "Slender and Kind One" arose, and witnessed a repetition of what he had seen on the previous occasion. In the morning San was up early, and having laid out her guest's breakfast, she set before him the hot cakes he knew so well. While, however, she was away getting other things, the "Slender and Kind One" managed to exchange one of the cakes he had brought with him for one of San's, and, apologizing to her, said he had supplied himself with cakes of his own, and therefore should not want any of hers. San waited attentively on her guest, and when he had finished eating, brought him his tea. The "Slender and Kind One" then, addressing her, said, "Let me beg my hostess to try one of my cakes;" at the same time handing the one he had taken in exchange for his own. San accepted it with thanks; but had hardly tasted it when she fell down to the ground, neighing, and was instantly transformed into a fine, strong mule. The "Slender and Kind One" saddled her, and then went to search for the little wooden man and ox. He found them, but not knowing the spell, could do nothing with them. So he mounted the mule and returned home. His new acquisition carried him remarkably well, and made nothing of going one hundred miles a day. Four years after these events, the "Slender and Kind One" was riding on his mule to the Hwa yo Temple; he passed an old man at the side of the road, who, on seeing him, clapped his hands, and, laughing, said, "Why, San of the wooden bridge, how is it that you have come to this?" Then taking hold of the mule, he said to the "Slender and Kind One," "Although she was originally very much to blame, she has since done you good service: have pity on her, and allow me to set her free." With that he opened the mule's cheek, and out jumped the old maid, looking the same as ever. Then turning to the old man, she made him a grateful courtesy, and walked off. What became of her I don't know.

SPANISH CHARACTER.

THE Spaniard is thrifty from habit, and only showy at intervals, from ostentation. He will live on a floor, some stories up, eating the mild *puchero*, and drinking the *vin ordinaire* of his province; and suddenly bury his wife, with eight horses to the hearse, crowned with feathers and glittering with tinsel, accompanied by little boy-pages in sable top-boots. Grave in outward bearing, he is a child in his love of show or of a gossip; bragging always of Spain, he grudges a peseta for any public object, and privately assures his foreign friends that the condition of the country is deplorable. If he works, it is less from ambition than from a desire to secure the means of pottering through life in a narrow circle, with occasional outbursts of calculated display. The national temperament, indolent, but needing periodical excitement, having one side of torpid acquiescence and easiness, and another side of feverish vanity and ambition, would probably explain, could one know it well enough, much that seems so difficult to understand in the national politics. Spanish life rolls between stimulants and sedatives—gambling and tobacco—revolutions which are to amend every thing, and despotic relations welcomed as bringing peace.

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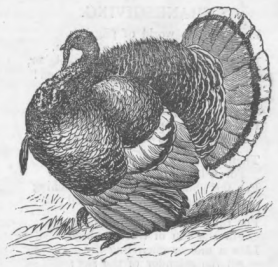

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XV.—No. 781.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1871. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

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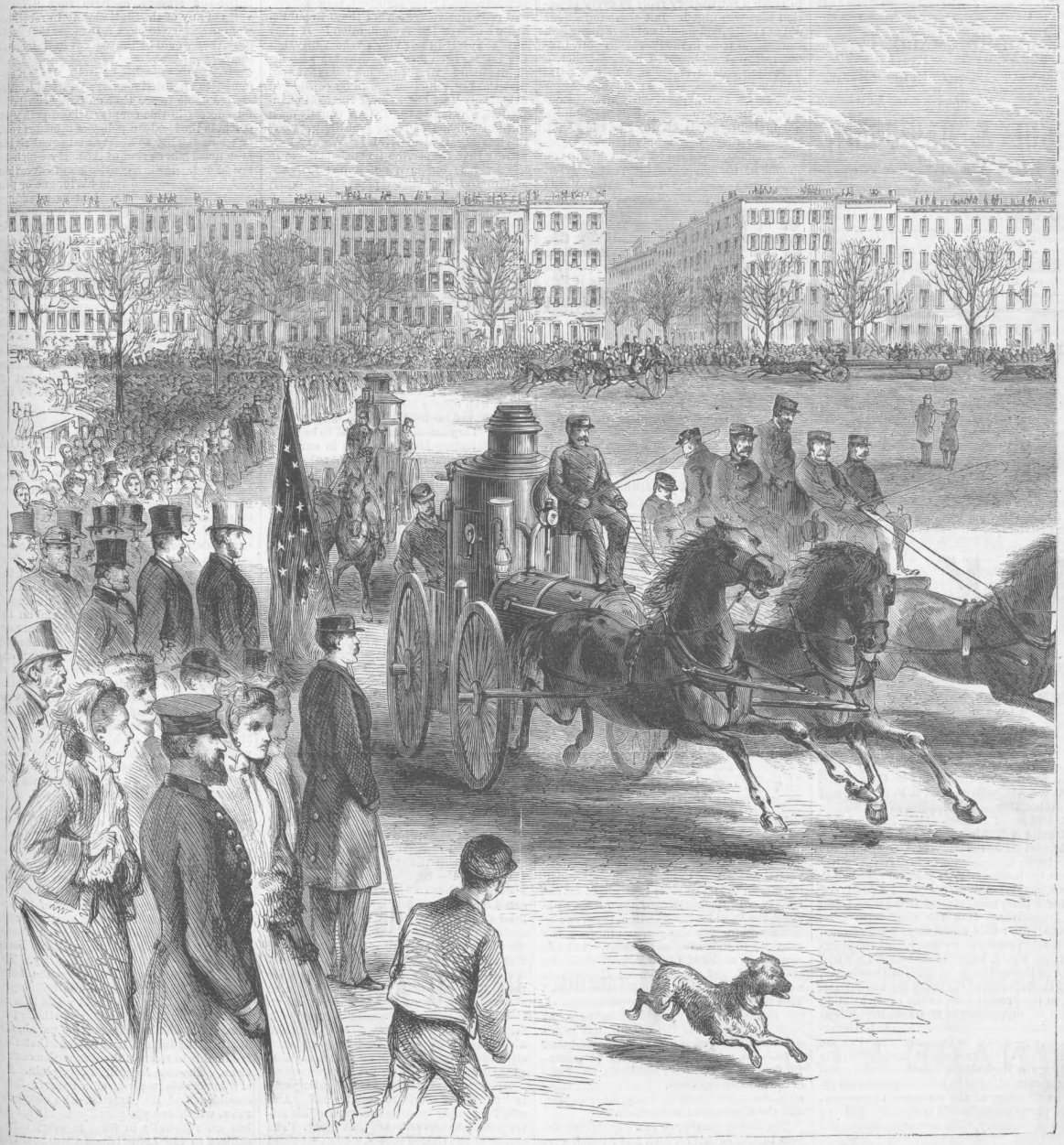
PRINCE ALEXIS AND THE N. Y. FIRE DEPARTMENT.

THE review of the Metropolitan Fire Department by the Grand Duke ALEXIS took place on the 28th ult., in Tompkins Square. Notwithstanding the severity of the weather, the square was crowded long before the hour named for the commencement of the review. The south side of the square was reserved for carriages, and a space inclosed by ropes was kept clear for the fine apparatus which comprised Engine Companies Nos. 3, 7, 8, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 26, 30, and 31, with Hook and Ladder Companies Nos. 5, 9, and 10. These were ranged on the north-east and west sides of the square, and in the centre of the south side was the platform erected for the accommodation of the Grand Duke and suit, and the Fire Commissioners. Near by was a music stand occupied by GRAFULLA'S band.

About half past one P.M. the Prince and suit, accompanied by Generals M'DOWELL and SHALER, and other gentlemen, arrived on the ground in carriages. Their appearance was hailed with hearty cheers, the band playing the Russian national anthem. The Prince, who wore a brown overcoat, blue pantaloons, and a white hat, ascended the platform, and as soon as the band had ceased playing, in company with the Fire Commissioners, passed around the square, and inspected each engine with its company drawn up beside it. The Grand Duke then returned to the platform, and the brigade passed in review before him, the officers saluting by raising their trumpets. After the apparatus had passed once round at a walk they halted, and



THE REVIEW OF THE METROPOLITAN FIRE BRIGADE BY THE GRAND DUKE ALEXIS.—[FROM A SKETCH BY C. S. REINHART.]

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then passed a second time at a trot, and again at a gallop. The review ended, all the officers of the several companies were introduced to the Prince, who shook hands with each, and expressed his pleasure and interest in the exhibition.

On the return of the party to the Clarendon Hotel it was proposed to give the Prince a practical illustration of the efficiency of the department. In company with the Fire Commissioners, he walked to the corner of Seventeenth Street, and the alarm-box being opened, he telegraphed "Fire in Union Square." The Prince then returned, but before he could reach the hotel balcony the noise of swiftly rolling wheels and galloping horses could be distinctly heard, and in a few seconds afterward several engines and ladder companies, followed by the insurance Patrol, dashed into the square. In about three minutes after the alarm had been sounded two streams were thrown on the Everett House, and within five minutes ladders were raised to the hotel windows, and men were on the roofs of the adjoining stables. The parade was a very interesting affair; there was not a hitch in the arrangements from the beginning to the close, and the Prince expressed himself as greatly impressed by the exhibition of the discipline and efficiency of the department.

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LOOKING ABOUT US.

IT is a little surprising to see with what readiness the passive policy of the St. Louis *Republican* is accepted by the leaders of the Democratic party. In speeches and letters and articles they declare that the paramount necessity is the defeat of General GRANT, and they profess themselves willing to support a Republican, to support any body who promises to unite the opposition. We have already stated that as the controlling element of that opposition must necessarily be Democratic, the result, if it could be successful, would be in substance a Democratic triumph. But from another point of view it does not seem to occur to the Democratic chiefs that a party which passes an election is a past party. A party which declines to contest the Presidency upon party grounds does so only because it is persuaded that it does not command public confidence. Its conduct shows its consciousness that its leaders, its principles, and its professions are so distrusted that contest is useless.

Yet the leaders probably trust in their party name and orgaxization so fondly as to believe that they can brave apparent dissolution. To nominate a regular Democratic ticket, and fail for the fourth time, would be necessarily fatal. But if, without formally disbanding, they could successfully support an opponent of General GRANT, they could then appropriate the victory as Democratic. This was the policy of Mr. B. F. BUTLER and the other Democratic leaders of the Buffalo Convention of 1848—a policy in which Mr. CHASE joined. Mr. VAN BUREN was nominated upon an antislavery platform; and the effort was instantly made to give the movement the name of Free Democracy, although the Convention was composed equally of Liberty party men, of Conscience Whigs, and of Democrats. Had the candidates been elected, the result would have been claimed as a real Democratic victory, and the Barnburners would have insisted that they had proved themselves to be the true Democracy, and that the rest of the party must acquiesce. So, in the present case, as the overwhelming mass of supporters of the anti-Republican candidate—even supposing him to be General GRANT—would be Democratic, and as the conditions of the movement would naturally indicate a Republican candidate of Democratic antecedents, the result would be claimed as a victory of the reformed Democracy. The party name would reappear, and the party ascendency, with new elements, would be restored.

It is true that such a combination could not be called precisely the Democratic party that we know. But it would contain all the worst elements of that party. Many Democrats would, undoubtedly, take the opportunity of the practical disbanding of the party to vote for the continued ascendency of an Administration which has so satisfied the country that organized party opposition is dissolving. And that fact alone might offer a text for the reflection of Republicans who contemplate entering into the coalition. Do they seriously think that the President disarms opposition by despotism or terror? Do they believe that if the people of the United States supposed the President to be venal, or unmindful of the Constitution and of law, they would show such confidence in his administration, knowing that a general Administration victory in the third year, when the President is named as the probable candidate, will be accepted as an approval of that nomination?

Where, indeed, is the evidence that there is general Republican dissatisfaction with the Administration? Are the extremity and imminent dissolution of the Democratic party such evidence? There has never been an Administration without an opposition in its own party. During the Presidency of Mr. LINCOLN there were sharper Republican criticism and hostility than there are now, and there was much that deserved sharp criticism. But the faith of the country was firm. It was not, indeed, always possible to make a satisfactory reply to every objection that was urged. But those objections did not touch, and should not have disturbed, the general trust in the President. Mr. LINCOLN, it was said, was a boor, a trifler, a hesitating antislavery man, a drifter. He told unhandsome stories; he had queer crotchets. And at last those who considered themselves to be especially Republican nominated General FREMONT at Cleveland. We knew those who thought that a vigorous and unsparing man like General BUTLER should be the choice of the party. What Republican does not recall those days? What Republican is not reminded of them now?

If the Democratic leaders feel so deeply the imminent peril of their party that they are even willing to accept a Republican candidate, it is plain that they expect the defeat and disbanding of the party if they can not have Republican aid. But what has any sincere Republican to gain by reviving the Democrats, even if he compasses the defeat of General GRANT? If the Democratic party should virtually disappear, the responsibility of the Republicans would be so great that only by the most signal and satisfactory measures of administration could they hope to save their own party from dissolution. Indeed, the objects which the dissatisfied Republicans hold most dear are, and for the reason just mentioned, very much nearer attainment under an absolute and unquestioned Republican supremacy than under any Administration which a coalition could bring into power. The policy of an Administration is determined by the general sentiment of the party; and what would be the general sentiment of a party of Democrats and dissatisfied Republicans it is not easy to imagine. "What wonderful patience you have with the Administration!" said one Republican to another. "Yes," was the reply, "but the credit of the country is secure; my taxes are diminishing; the constitutional rights of every citizen of the United States are every where protected by the United States, even if the States themselves fail to protect them; the name and power of my country were never so much respected abroad; we are honorably at peace with all the world, and where we are disturbed at home it is not the fault of the Administration. Why should I not have patience?"

THE "TRIBUNE" AND THE PRESIDENCY.

IN a recent article, under the head of "Presidential," the New York *Tribune* remarks: "We respectfully protest against the acrimony, the malevolence, the proscriptive venom manifested by certain journals which have been set on to clear the field of all intruders. If the majority have already decided the Presidential question, there can be neither harm nor danger in allowing the minority to indicate their dissent. Let the semblance, at least, of freedom of choice be maintained, and not drown all diversity in a hoarse clamor that no difference exists." This seems to us to be a misapprehension of the situation. For many months there has been a discussion of the Presidential nomination. In the spring the *Tribune* said that it thought such a discussion to be premature, and that it should not begin until after the autumn elections. That opinion, however, was not shared by many other papers, and the discussion has continued.

The larger number of the Republican papers in the country which have taken part in the debate have declared their preference for the renomination of General GRANT. Meanwhile the *Tribune*, while not directly alluding to the subject, has certainly done every thing that it could do, without openly opposing the Administration, to produce distrust of the President, with the intention of inducing the party to prefer some other candidate. Of course there is no question of its right to do this. It has not concealed its opposition to the renomination of the President. But it does not seem to have perceived that its tone in criticising him and his administration has been as much a discussion of the nomination as if it had directly addressed itself to that subject, and that it was certainly not the least sagacious course. The *Tribune* will certainly not complain that those who differ from it have sought in the usual manner to prevent what they believed would be the unfortunate results of the success of its counsels and course. As it deals heavy blows at its opponents, so its opponents have undoubtedly retorted as strongly as they could. And as the *Tribune* and those who agreed with it have not concealed their conviction that the renomination of the President would be disastrous to the party and to the country, so those who favor that nomination have plainly declared that they believed it would be advantageous to the country, and that it was in their judgment the wish of a great majority of the party.

What, then, does the *Tribune* mean by its protest against "the acrimony, malevolence, and proscriptive venom" of those Republicans who favor the renomination? If they have supported their views vehemently, has the *Tribune* been mealy-mouthed in presenting its own? And if the journals that support the renomination are to be considered as selfishly "set on" to clear the field of intruders, why is not the *Tribune* equally open to the suspicion of being selfishly "set on" to clear the field of rivals? We say here plainly that we ascribe no such motives to the *Tribune;* but is it not unjust to itself, and to the Republican papers that differ, when it denounces them as malevolent, proscriptive, and "set on" by some unworthy motive? It seems, unquestionably, as if the majority of the party had already decided the question of the renomination. The *Tribune* properly asks that a fair consideration be given to all our able and patriotic statesmen. It made the same plea in 1867–68, when it described General GRANT as a sashed and sworded sphinx. But before the Convention met, the sentiment of the party had decided the question. It knew the other candidates, but it preferred GRANT. It knows the others now, but it seems to prefer GRANT. The Republican chiefs who oppose him are either passive or look toward a fresh alliance and a new party. They are not understood to be hopeful of defeating his nomination in our own Convention, and the reason is that they feel it to be already decided by the party. It is idle, therefore, for the *Tribune* to speak of proscription and venom, and of "allowing the minority to indicate their dissent." The *Tribune* has been in the minority before, but it never failed to indicate its dissent in a way that commanded attention. It has the same opportunity now, and it is using it to the utmost, and has no need whatever to cry quarter.

MR. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS'S LATEST LETTER.

MR. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, as his frequent letters upon political subjects assure us, is a gentleman of infinite jest and most excellent fancy. His correspondence with Buncombe is large, and there is probably nobody in the country who enjoys it more than he. But even humor has its limits, and even the constituency of Buncombe has some commonsense. In his last letter Mr. ADAMS remarks that "a mere majority, even if it could be mustered, would not be permitted to elect a Democrat for next President. Nothing, then, remains but civil war or submission to the usurper; and it is difficult to decide which alternative will inflict more irreparable injury upon the habit of free government." Isn't this rather an extravagance of Mr. ADAMS's humor? Of course we expect to hear from an opposition party in a hopeless minority that the Constitution is violated and the country ruined until it gets into power. But when a Massachusetts politician, just defeated in his own town as a candidate for the Legislature, airily talks of civil war as a remedy for the unfavorable result of an election, he should be reminded that he is merely echoing the secessionists of 1860, and his profession of regard for liberty and constitutional rights becomes as contemptible as theirs.

Mr. ADAMS says that the Democratic party is "powerless alone to relieve us." And why? Simply because the spirit of his letter is believed to animate that party. The people of the United States, who understand both what liberty and constitutional methods and duties are, will have no more of this bloody threat of civil war from disappointed and defeated party leaders. Civil war has been tried, and it has failed to baffle the lawfully expressed will of the people. The rebellion was an insurrection against the lawful majority. Messrs. TOOMBS, and DAVIS, and MASON, and SLIDELL, and WIGFALL, and BENJAMIN said, as Mr. ADAMS says now, "Nothing, then, remains but civil war or submission to the usurper;" and they chose the war, which Mr. ADAMS now says is not worse than submission.

The rebel leaders called President LINCOLN a gorilla and a baboon; Mr. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS calls President GRANT "an ignoble incubus." The rebels called President LINCOLN a bloody tyrant; Mr. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS calls President GRANT "a usurper." How is he a usurper? He was elected by an actual and lawful majority of the votes cast, and that notwithstanding the frauds of Mr. ADAMS's party friends the Tammany Ring, and the coercion of the colored vote in some of the Southern States by Mr. ADAMS's political allies the Ku-Klux. Mr. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, at the end of the war, and in the protecting presence of Mr. MONTGOMERY BLAIR, in Faneuil Hall, went over to the party of Copperheads and ex-rebels, and now remarks that a Republican administration blunts "the keen sensibilities of popular liberty;" and joining the author of the Plaquemine frauds and the Tammany repeaters and ballot-box stuffers, declares that "if the votes of any of the States lately in rebellion were necessary to elect a Democratic candidate, they would be thrown out in the counting."

Mr. ADAMS mistakes himself. He is a humorist, not a statesman nor a political leader. He is unable to see that no party can hope for success in this country whose policy in defeat is the Mexican policy of armed revolt, or whose fidelity to liberty and equal rights is so uncertain as that of the party which he has joined. He is a gentleman of education and intelligence, and from his tongue or pen aspersions upon the President as intending an armed maintenance of his position against the popular will, which might be excusable from Ku-Klux orators in remote Southern districts, are disgraceful. The people of the country will observe that Mr. ADAMS, as an ex-Republican and the newest of the Democratic letter-writers, is deemed to be one of the most reasonable and advanced men of his party. Yet he does not hesitate to speak of the probable result of the election in the Southern tone of 1860. His letter justifies more fully than any thing which has been lately published that profound distrust of the Democratic party which is felt by the most intelligent and patriotic men.

THE HUNTER'S POINT QUESTION.

WHEN the village of Hunter's Point was incorporated, with other villages, as Long Island City, a Department of Education was formed, consisting of five members, of whom two were Roman Catholics, and the by-laws of the New York Department of Education were adopted. The twelfth of the series provides that there shall be reading from the Bible and singing of secular airs at the opening of the schools. The reading of the Bible was gradually omitted until it ceased. But upon the opening of the school on the 4th of September of this year, Mr. SIEBERG, the principal, began to read as prescribed by the rules. A few days later Mr. FRISEL, one of the trustees of the school, was present at the beginning of the day's duties, and formally protested against the reading, and succeeded, in the Board of Education, in having the reading suspended for one month. Mr. SIEBERG obeyed his instructions, and when the Board ordered the reading of the Commandments or of the Lord's Prayer at the opening of school, Mr. FRISEL again protested, and Mr. SIEBERG again obeyed.

The consequences of the protest will have been foreseen. Several of the scholars interrupted the reading with shouts and defiance. Some of the larger boys threatened the principal, who had them arrested, and they were quickly bailed. He was insulted and assaulted with missiles in the street. He received anonymous threats of the extremest violence if he persisted. Pupils were suspended and sent away, and some were brought back by their parents. Forty were expelled for disorder in one day. The principal continues to read what the Board of Education has ordered; the building is protected by the police; and while it is reported that some of the Roman Catholic parents, and even the priest of the parish, disapprove the tumult, it is evident that they are unable to restrain the riotous demonstrations. The case in itself is very plain. Every honorable parent, of whatever faith, should defend Mr. SIEBERG, who obeys the rules, which are not peculiar to his school, but are rightfully in force in every school subject to the Long Island City Board of Education or that of New York. If Mr. FRISEL is opposed to the rule, he may reason

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with the Board of which he is a member. If he can not persuade it, and is yet convinced that it is a violation of the rights of the citizen, he may appeal to the public. But it is not to be allowed—and Mr. FRISEL and all his friends should distinctly understand it—that when a man or a body of men do not like a law or a regulation, they should resort to riot to change it.

The Hunter's Point question is not whether the Bible should be read in the public schools, but whether a mob or the Board of Education should regulate the school exercises. We are not surprised to see that many of the Roman Catholic parents support the principal, for there are many of them undoubtedly who wholly disapprove the method of the attack upon the public-school system. They also see, perhaps, that the real point of the attack itself is not the Bible in the school, but the school. For if the Bible should be excluded, the attack would be continued under the cry that the schools were godless and irreligious. That, however, is another question. If the rule is to be changed, it is to be changed upon reflection and peacefully, not riotously and under a passionate appeal.

CUBA.

THE situation in Cuba suggests grave thoughts. That Spain has virtually lost the island can hardly be doubted. The Volunteers, who are not generally native Cubans, but a temporary trading population, have absolute control. Their rule is cruel and revolting. No recent event is more shameful than the murder of the eight students tried at the drum-head and shot for a boyish freak. The tragedy has all the elements of the gloomy, sullen, remorseless tyranny which a Spanish tyranny seems always to be. Among such assassins our own countrymen are, of course, not safe, and the Government has properly ordered ships for their relief in case of extremity. But when American citizens have acquired rights of any kind, of property or business, in another country, the Government can not permanently guard them by its own arms. The local authorities must protect them, or we must consider further.

So long as Spain maintained its authority in Cuba, the annoyances of civil war to which American citizens were subjected were the necessary inconvenience of a legitimate situation. We could not rightfully oppose Spain in the attempt to maintain her authority in her colony until it was evident, as in the case of the South American colonies, that it was merely a pretense, and not an actual attempt. Yet, while the effort lasted, we could, of course, insist that our own citizens should not be personally molested, reserving all our rights of action if they were. It would now seem as if the time has come when the attempt of Spain to retain Cuba is a mere pretense. The Captain-General is plainly mastered by the Volunteers. His representative abandoned the young men to their murderers, and the Captain-General himself seems not to have even thought of resisting their will.

The situation is, however, not simple. Not only is Spain unlikely to concede the independence of Cuba, but the Volunteers are not likely to demand it. They wish the name and prestige of Spain, while they hold the real power in the island. The hatred between the Volunteers and the Cubans is deep and deadly. But the Cubans effect nothing beyond holding a certain district in disturbance. What is called the Cuban government, even if it now exists, is nothing that can be recognized by other powers. The Volunteers, therefore, govern in the usurped name of Spain; and if Spain submits to the situation, she disappears as an element to be considered, and we must deal directly with the actual power.

If no tangible government presents itself for the protection of our interests and citizens upon the island, and yet such a government seems to be possible with our assistance, it would become, as diplomatists say, a very grave question what our duty might be. Very plainly, however, it can not be our duty either to request our citizens to withdraw from the island, and sacrifice all their interests, or to keep a fleet upon the coast of Cuba for their permanent protection. Meanwhile, if Congress would call for an exact statement of the situation, it would be a public benefit.

GENERAL SCHENCK AND THE EMMA MINE.

WE hope that before this paper is issued some satisfactory explanation will have been received from General SCHENCK, in London, of his connection with the Emma Mine. Certainly it is not like Americans, who are lovers of fair play, to insist that the worst aspect of the case must necessarily be the true one, although it is not easy to see how the General can dissipate the unpleasant impression that his conduct has been incompatible with his position. If he were interested in the mine as stockholder or director when he went to England as minister, there was no reason in the fact of his accepting the mission that he should relinquish his property. But if the company wished to profit by his official presence in England by appealing to the English public, General SCHENCK should at once have withdrawn his name from the list of directors. For there is nothing more positively settled, and for the most obvious and conclusive reasons, than that a diplomatic officer should not engage in trade or in the fulfillment of trusts that may involve litigation.

The presumption arising from the circular of the Emma Mining Company issued in London is, however, unfavorable to General SCHENCK, because it implies that he has consented to become a director since he has been minister. The words of the circular are "Major-General SCHENCK has, on account of the exceptional character of the undertaking, consented to act as one of the directors." This is hardly the manner in which he would be mentioned if he had been already a director; and as it is said in the same circular that three gentlemen, of whom General SCHENCK is one—the other two being Englishmen—"have consented to act as trustees for the share-holders until the property is duly transferred," it seems to be scarcely possible that the General has not made the very serious mistake of undertaking business transactions when, by reason of his official position, he is personally exempt from responsibility.

It is not, of course, required by any rule of the service, nor by any general consideration of propriety, that a diplomatic agent should, upon accepting his trust, sell his private property, or decline to retain a voice in the management of property in which he is associated with others. But the condition is imperative that he must not allow that associated management to be benefited by his official position upon any pretense whatever. There is no question in this case of the probity of General SCHENCK. Nobody alleges that he would intentionally lend his name to sustain "wild-cat" schemes. If the facts really be as they appear, there is, at most, an error of judgment. But even although it be an error with good intention, it is too grave an error to be overlooked. We have only to imagine Sir EDWARD THORNTON, the British minister in this country, authorizing the use of his name to advance stock speculations, to perceive the fatal impropriety of the act. We state the case as it appears, that General SCHENCK's explanation may be the more readily understood; and we ask for him the fair play which every American representative in other countries has a right to expect of his countrymen.

PERSONAL.

GENERAL CHESTER A. ARTHUR, whose gory epaulets were won as a member of Governor MORGAN's staff, comes again to the front as Collector of the Port of New York. He is the son of a clergyman, the Rev. WILLIAM ARTHUR, of Newtonville. Clergymen's sons are proverbial for being good men, caring more for piety than politics or pelf, and opposed to all proscription for opinion's sake. His predecessor, Mr. MURPHY, was conspicuous for this latter virtue; and it is confidently asserted that General ARTHUR will not emulate him therein, but elevate the standard of custom-house virtue to the fine pinnacle it obtained under the administration of G. WASHINGTON.

—The venerable GERRIT SMITH, of Peterborough, is now in his seventy-fifth year, yet so perfect is his memory that he can repeat most of the Psalms of David, and many other parts of the Sacred Volume.

—The name of "GEORGE, the Count JOANNES," is one of infrequent occurrence in the columns of this journal. But he made a neat hit the other day in the Supreme Court, before Judge BRADY, when alluding to the mandamus compelling the aldermen to count the vote of the aldermen elect. Said he: "Your honor, what the people of New York are looking for, in connection with these returns, is an *honest count—Ecce Homo!*"

—Mr. FELLOWS, Assistant District-Attorney of this city, last week stated that he had examined the records of the Court of General Sessions for the past fifteen years, during which time precisely 19,014 indictments had been found by the Grand Jury, and over 15,000 disposed of in open court; and that in all cases where the indictments were filed it was because complainants did not appear to prosecute.

—General GORLOFF, the temporary successor of M. CATACAZY at Washington, has some reputation as a soldier and scholar. He has written several works on military tactics. During his residence at Hartford, looking after the execution of the Russian contract for arms from the Colt Manufacturing Company, he has made himself quite popular, as Russians generally do. M. CATACAZY is about the only one who has developed a singular talent in the opposite direction.

—As counts seem just now to be in order, it may be well enough to mention that Count GUSTAV VON BLÜCHER, grand-nephew of him of Waterloo, has made application for reinstatement in the regular army of the United States, which position he resigned for the purpose of taking part in the Franco-Prussian war.

—General ROBINSON, of the Army of the Cumberland, was at one of those army reunions in Detroit, a few days since, and observed that when General SELFRIDGE and General BARNUM were stationed at Raleigh, there was some rivalry between them. One day BARNUM visited an insane asylum, and received quite an ovation. Whereupon SELFRIDGE, in hope of being similarly treated, and determined not to be outdone, took his band and *serenaded a deaf and dumb institution.*

—BISMARCK, it is said, has a greater desire to see and talk with General SHERMAN than with any American at present extant. General S. will go and see and talk with him, and they will be pretty sure to like each other.

—Mr. SUMNER has been much among business men during the summer and autumn, inquiring into the financial condition of the country. He is in favor of an immediate return to specie payments, and believes that New England folk, without regard to party, will sustain him in his efforts to bring it about.

—Sir CHARLES WENTWORTH DILKE, who has recently come into such notoriety in England for his bold advocacy of a republican form of government for that country, is only twenty-nine. He was educated at Cambridge, and is already an LL.D. He owns the *Athenæum*, a valuable newspaper property, which belonged to his father and grandfather before him. He is an M.P., and a rather smart young man.

—The Grand Duke took his Thanksgiving meal with Mr. WILLIAM H. ASPINWALL, and there made his initial acquaintance with the American turkey, the traditional pumpkin-pie, and the cosmopolitan plum-pudding, "both." Some dyspeptic person has written this about the G. D.:

> There was a reception committee
> Which was rather more wealthy than witty.
> When the Prince came ashore
> He remarked, "What a bore
> To be dogged by this self-made committee!"
>
> But after the Academy crusher,
> When asked, "Do you think that in Russia
> They'd give such a ball?"
> He replied, "Not at all!"
> This courteous young person from Russia.

—Maugre all the pomp and circumstance displayed by VICTOR EMANUEL in occupying the Quirinal as the official residence of the King of Italy, the Pope flaunts the banner of the cross from the Vatican, and, with face to the foe, announces that there he will remain. PIUS IX. was elected to his office on the 16th of June, 1846, and has now occupied the throne longer than any pope since the organization of that Church, and four months longer than it was occupied by St. PETER himself. He is still in fair health for so very old a man.

—Senator CHANDLER, of Michigan, is the largest farmer in that State. His place near Lansing contains about 3000 acres, of which 1400 are fenced in. Besides raising all sorts of crops, he goes extensively into stock-raising, and is eminent for cattle, sheep, horses, and things of that nature.

—Mrs. SMOCK, now in her ninety-third year, is still living at her home in Guernsey County, Ohio. She is the daughter

> "Of the Green Mountaineer—the Stark of *Bennington.*
> When on that field his band the Hessians fought,
> Briefly he spoke before the fight began:
> 'Soldiers! those German gentlemen are bought
> For four pounds eight and sevenpence per man,
> By England's king; a bargain, as is thought.
> Are we worth more? Let's prove it now we can;
> For we must beat them, boys, ere set of sun,
> Or MARY STARK'S A WIDOW.' *It was done.*"

—Mr. THOMAS BOESE is spoken of as likely to be appointed Clerk of the Superior Court, in place of Mr. JAMES M. SWEENY, whose failing health demands a Southern climate. Mr. BOESE was for many years Clerk of the Board of Education, but having become disagreeable to the Ring, was relegated to private life to give place to Mr. HITCHMAN, the present President of the Board of Fire Commissioners. Mr. BOESE will make an efficient and popular officer.

—The Emperor of Japan has, after four years of gradual approach, finally emancipated himself from the fearful formalities that have hitherto hedged the supreme ruler of that country. He now acts like other monarchs; presides at councils, receives foreign ministers, and drives daily about the capital in an American carriage-and-four. Moreover, he tells anecdotes, uses knife and fork, drinks Champagne, and wears our kind of pantaloons.

—Hon. GEORGE P. MARSH, United States minister to Italy, has arrived in Rome, and formally established the legation in that city. Heretofore the official residence has been in Florence. Mr. M. is of the opinion that King VICTOR EMANUEL will be able to maintain possession of Rome as the capital of his kingdom. Meanwhile the pope maintains *his* position as Supreme Pontiff, and regards the king as a carpet-bagger.

—It is by many supposed that the late THOMAS EWING, of Ohio, was a fine specimen of the large-minded but not highly cultivated man of the West. On the contrary, he was not only uncommonly familiar with English belles-lettres, but a fine scholar, and well grounded in modern languages. With English poetry, from CHAUCER to TENNYSON, he was as much at home as a professor. Not far from his family residence was a little brick office or study. It was there he mastered the Spanish language in a marvelously short space of time. He had a real estate case in St. Louis that involved several hundred thousand dollars. Nearly if not all of the old original records, or title-deeds, were written in the Spanish language. He at once saw the great importance of a thorough knowledge of the language as well as facts. He shut himself up for six weeks in his little brick study, as he himself said, and at the end of that time he was able to go into court and translate those Spanish documents, or records, with the best of them, and gained his case.

—Mayors differ. We have never had one in New York, or in any American city, who has gone out of his way to spend a few odd thousands for the entertainment of titled people. With us that style of expenditure generally falls upon opulent merchant, banker, lawyer, and pecunious person who liketh to see his name in newspaper, which we feel moved to say in view of the fact that a large English estate is about to be distributed in consequence of the death of Sir FRANCIS MOON, an ex-Lord Mayor of London. The deceased baronet, a print-seller, was the architect of two fortunes—the first by sagacity and thrift as a tradesman. After the burning of the Royal Exchange, and when it became desirable to lay out a more spacious site for the present building, the deceased gentleman obtained the lease of a piece of land immediately east of it. Upon this he erected a block of buildings for offices, which, owing to their eligible situation, at once commanded high rents. These rents have since been periodically advanced, and the block now realizes a net rent of £5000 per annum. The title and the estates go to the son of the deceased baronet, a clergyman of the Church of England. Sir FRANCIS MOON had sufficient self-denial to retire from business when the sale of first-class line engravings became no longer possible. But even here his lucky star prevailed, as he sold the site of his shop in Threadneedle Street to a banking company for five times the money it had cost him. The deceased was made a baronet for the magnificent reception which he gave the Emperor and Empress of the French at the Mansion House, when they visited London in state.

—Mr. JUSTIN M'CARTHY, speaking of the brilliant men now engaged on the Paris press, says GAUTIER is most eccentric, vectious, and original; an esteemed man, an inspired poet, and a tolerable painter; a man who prides himself upon his linguistical abilities, and his talent as a neologist; who is constantly coining new and odd words, regardless of all the rules of etymology. ARSENE HOUSSAYE is the most delicately immoral of modern journalists; but as he is very wealthy, he has abandoned his former Bohemian life, publishes his own books, which spread like wildfire, and is chiefly famous in Paris as being possessor of the finest, longest, silkiest white beard known, and also by the splendor and originality of his evening receptions and various entertainments. Poor DUMAS was born a feuilleton writer; any chapter of his works not historical might serve for that purpose, and many of his novels, including "The Three Musketeers" and "Count of Monte Christo," were printed in the feuilleton of the *Siècle* before publication in book form, while his sprightly, analytical, satirical articles in the paper he founded some years ago, *Le d'Artagnan*, proved that his real vocation was that of a journalist. BALZAC, EUGENE SUE, George Sand, and many other great writers, never could concentrate their genius into the narrow limits of a feuilleton; but the leading literati of the day invariably began their reputation by contributing to this little corner of the newspapers in preference to reviews or magazines.

—THOMAS H. BENTON, of Missouri, was in his day and generation rather hard on politicians; but they proved too much for him, as they have for many another great man. What he said in a speech on the Texas treaty is especially applicable to the mere politician of our day, and particularly to the horde of political cormorants who have just been extinguished with the downfall of Tammany. Said Colonel BENTON: "And here, Mr. President, history appears in her grand and instructive character as philosophy teaching by example; and let us not be senseless to her warning voice. Superficial readers believe it was the *military* men who destroyed the Roman republic. No such thing. It was the *politicians* who did it! Factious, corrupt, intriguing politicians! destroying public virtue in their mad pursuit of office! destroying their rivals by crime! deceiving and debauching the people for votes! and bringing the elections into contempt by the frauds and violence with which they were conducted."

—ISAAC PITMAN, the inventor of phonography, is still alive in England, and besides attending to his phonographic business, owns and conducts a large printing establishment, and edits the *Phonetic Journal*. He is a vegetarian, a teetotaler, an anti-tobaccoer, and a Swedenborgian, and in each of these he is continuously "at it."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

SECRETARY BOUTWELL'S report of the public debt for the month of November shows a reduction of $5,462,080. Coin balance, $96,256,554; currency balance, $10,123,589; coin certificates, $24,928,140.

The Forty-second Congress reassembled at noon on the 4th instant. For the first time in eleven years all the States were represented in the House of Representatives.

Ex-Controller Connolly was unable to procure bail to the required amount, and he was accordingly lodged in Ludlow Street jail.

Mr. Tweed has been restrained by an order issued by Judge Brady from disposing of his property. The order also calls upon Mr. Tweed to show cause at a special term of the Supreme Court in Albany why he should not be absolutely enjoined.

The property of the Americus Club has been seized by the sheriff of Fairfield County, Connecticut, for a debt of $7500. It is reported that a bill exists to the amount of $53,000 for furniture supplied to the club.

The Los Angeles (California) Grand Jury found thirty-five indictments against persons engaged in the recent massacre of Chinese residents, and severely censured the municipal authorities for their inefficiency in the matter.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE grave of Gonzalo Castanon, at Havana, was recently desecrated by some young medical students. The outrage occasioned great excitement in that city, and the Volunteers demanded the lives of the culprits. They were tried by court-martial, and eight of them sentenced to be shot, and immediately executed. The popular excitement continued unabated, and several American war vessels have been dispatched to Havana to look after American interests in case of further disturbance.

The disturbances at Havana have been the subject of grave deliberations in the Spanish cabinet. It is reported that more stringent measures will be taken to suppress the insurrection.

The illness of the Prince of Wales continues, and excites the gravest apprehensions.

The Italian Parliament met in Rome November 27. Victor Emanuel, in his speech from the throne, said that the Eternal City would continue to be the seat of the pontificate.

General Rossel and two other leaders of the Commune, Ferre and Bourgeois, were shot at Paris on the 28th ult., in the presence of 3000 troops of the line. Rossel fell dead at the first discharge, but the others writhed on the ground until they were pistoled. They all met their hard fate most courageously. The executions have produced a profound sensation in Paris.

The people of Brussels have compelled the resignation of the obnoxious ministers. Quiet was not, however, restored. On the 26th ult. violent communistic disturbances took place in the streets of that city. The police were unable to quell the riot, and a company of sixty civic guards, when ordered to charge upon the people, reversed their muskets and refused to obey. At last advices mobs held possession of the streets, and the excitement was intense.

Prince Bismarck is again seriously indisposed. He was unable to be present at the late opening of the Prussian Diet.

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LET THE GOOD WORK (HOUSE-CLEANING) GO ON.

Miss Columbia. "UNCLE SAM, YOU KEEP ON CLEANING THE BALLOT-BOX, WHILE I GIVE THIS A SCRUBBING—GODDESS KNOWS, IT NEEDS IT!"

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G. H. BOKER.

THE appointment of literary men to important political positions forms in this country the exception to the general rule, which is to give such appointments to professed politicians. The rare departures from this practice, as in the case of IRVING, EVERETT, HAWTHORNE, BANCROFT, MOTLEY, HOWELLS, and two or three others, have been more than justified. They completely exploded the foolish notion that because a gentleman has written a book he can do nothing else, and have shown that gentlemen who can write books can do many things besides. They have proved that men of letters can be men of affairs—a fact which nobody has ever doubted except the professed politicians, who want all the good places.

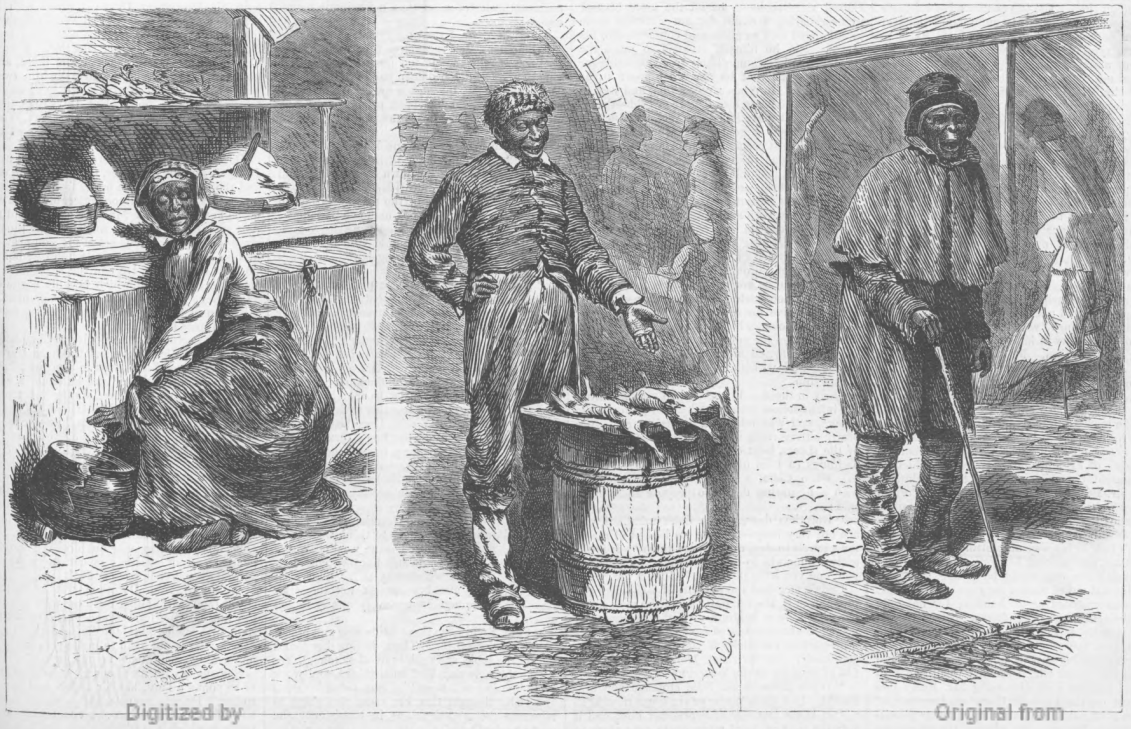
The recent appointment of Mr. GEORGE H. BOKER, of Philadelphia, as our minister to Turkey, is a graceful recognition of this truth. We say graceful advisedly, for Mr. BOKER belongs to a class of writers whom the world is least disposed to consider men of business—the poets. There are poets whose temperaments unfit them to occupy places of national trust, but Mr. BOKER is not of the number. Poetry has probably been to him, as it was to COLERIDGE, "its own exceeding great reward;" but it has not been the business of his life, as it was WORDSWORTH'S and is TENNYSON'S. We sometimes regret this, for we think highly of Mr. BOKER'S poetry. His earliest laurels were gained in a field of letters which has not been cultivated here with much success—the field of the poetic drama. We have enough dramatists of one sort and another, but no dramatic poet except Mr. BOKER. His first play, the tragedy of "Calaynos," published in 1848, his twenty-fifth year, was a fortunate venture for the young writer; for it laid the foundation of his reputation as a poet among his own countrymen, and introduced him to English audiences as an American dramatist. "Calaynos" was produced in London, at the Sadler's Wells Theatre, if our memory serves, that excellent actor PHELPS sustaining the part of the wronged and maddened Moor; and afterward at the provincial theatres, where it had a great success. It was produced in America, of course. Two years later came "Anne Boleyn," which was followed by "The Betrothal," "Leonor de Guzman," and "Francesca da Rimini," all of which were successfully played. Mr. BOKER'S last tragedy, "Königsmarke," has not yet been tested on the stage.

The early poetical productions of Mr. BOKER, although they bear the unmistakable stamp of his genius, are interpenetrated by the spirit of the old English dramatists. Not so his later poems, which are thoroughly American in character. They relate, for the most part, to the great civil war through which we have passed, and which weighed so heavily upon us while it lasted. Mr. BOKER'S heart was in the struggle from the beginning. He rejoiced over our victories, he smarted under our defeats; and, like the poet that he is, celebrated both with equal fervor. He was not content to put himself on record by one or two poems, but poured out his patriotism in burning odes and lyrics. It is not impossible that other American poets might have written as much as Mr. BOKER (better they could not), but the fact remains that none did. We question whether any other American poet, with the exception, perhaps, of Mr. BRYANT, could have done for the Union what Mr. BOKER did in his civil capacity. A Democrat by conviction up to the breaking out of the rebellion, and a conservative by birth and education, he forgot himself and his antecedents, and enrolled himself among the lovers of his country, "one and indivisible." He attached himself to the Union League of Philadelphia, the mother league, as it is justly called, and, as its secretary, was largely responsible for its action in the politics of the nation. In this, as in other matters, Mr. BOKER showed that a man of letters and a poet can be, if he chooses, a practical man of business.

GEORGE H. BOKER, UNITED STATES MINISTER TO TURKEY.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY F. GUTEKUNST, PHILADELPHIA.]

IN THE RICHMOND MARKETS.

EVERY one who has traveled in the Southern States will perceive the truth of the characteristic sketches by SHEPPARD, which we print on this page. All the figures are studies from life in a region where the picturesque still lingers in the lower walks; and our artist has caught their peculiarities with a descriptive skill and suggestiveness that render explanation impertinent. We feel as if we must have encountered these queer specimens of humanity ourselves in some odd corner of the world, and should know them again if they chanced to come across our path.



MARKET SCENES IN RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.—[DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.]

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MIDDLEMARCH:

A STUDY OF PROVINCIAL LIFE.

BY GEORGE ELIOT,

AUTHOR OF "ADAM BEDE," "ROMOLA," ETC.

Book I.

MISS BROOKE.

CHAPTER I.

"Since I can do no good because a woman,
Reach constantly at something that is near it."
—*The Maid's Tragedy:* BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

MISS BROOKE had that kind of beauty which seems to be thrown into relief by poor dress. Her hand and wrist were so finely formed that she could wear sleeves not less bare of style than those in which the Blessed Virgin appeared to Italian painters; and her profile as well as her stature and bearing seemed to gain the more dignity from her plain garments, which by the side of provincial fashion gave her the impressiveness of a fine quotation from the Bible—or from one of our elder poets—in a paragraph of to-day's newspaper. She was usually spoken of as being remarkably clever, but with the addition that her sister Celia had more common-sense. Nevertheless Celia wore scarcely more trimmings; and it was only to close observers that her dress differed from her sister's, and had a shade of coquetry in its arrangements; for Miss Brooke's plain dressing was due to mixed conditions, in most of which her sister shared. The pride of being ladies had something to do with it: the Brooke connections, though not exactly aristocratic, were unquestionably "good:" if you inquired backward for a generation or two, you would not find any yard-measuring or parcel-tying forefathers—any thing lower than an admiral or a clergyman; and there was even an ancestor discernible as a Puritan gentleman who served under Cromwell, but afterward conformed, and managed to come out of all political troubles as the proprietor of a respectable family estate. Young women of such birth, living in a quiet country house, and attending a village church hardly larger than a parlor, naturally regarded frippery as the ambition of a huckster's daughter. Then there was well-bred economy, which in those days made show in dress the first item to be deducted from when any margin was required for expenses more distinctive of rank. Such reasons would have been enough to account for plain dress, quite apart from religious feeling; but in Miss Brooke's case religion alone would have determined it; and Celia mildly acquiesced in all her sister's sentiments, only infusing them with that common-sense which is able to accept momentous doctrines without any eccentric agitation. Dorothea knew many passages of Pascal's "Pensées" and of Jeremy Taylor by heart; and to her the destinies of mankind, seen by the light of Christianity, made the solicitudes of feminine fashion appear an occupation for Bedlam. She could not reconcile the anxieties of a spiritual life, involving eternal consequences, with a keen interest in gimp and artificial protrusions of drapery. Her mind was theoretic, and yearned by its nature after some lofty conception of the world which might frankly include the parish of Tipton and her own rule of conduct there; she was enamored of intensity and greatness, and rash in embracing whatever seemed to her to have those aspects; likely to seek martyrdom, to make retractations, and then to incur martyrdom after all in a quarter where she had not sought it. Certainly such elements in the character of a marriageable girl tended to interfere with her lot, and hinder it from being decided according to custom, by good looks, vanity, and merely canine affection. With all this, she, the elder of the sisters, was not yet twenty, and they had both been educated, since they were about twelve years old and had lost their parents, on plans at once narrow and promiscuous, first in an English family, and afterward in a Swiss family at Lausanne, their bachelor uncle and guardian trying in this way to remedy the disadvantages of their orphaned condition.

It was hardly a year since they had come to live at Tipton Grange with their uncle, a man nearly sixty, of acquiescent temper, miscellaneous opinions, and uncertain vote. He had traveled in his younger years, and was held in this part of the county to have contracted a too rambling habit of mind. Mr. Brooke's conclusions were as difficult to predict as the weather: it was only safe to say that he would act with benevolent intentions, and that he would spend as little money as possible in carrying them out. For the most glutinously indefinite minds inclose some hard grains of habit; and a man has been seen lax about all his own interests except the retention of his snuff-box, concerning which he was watchful, suspicious, and greedy of clutch.

In Mr. Brooke the hereditary strain of Puritan energy was clearly in abeyance; but in his niece Dorothea it glowed alike through faults and virtues, turning sometimes into impatience of her uncle's talk or his way of "letting things be" on his estate, and making her long all the more for the time when she would be of age, and have some command of money for generous schemes. She was regarded as an heiress; for not only had the sisters seven hundred a year each from their parents, but if Dorothea married and had a son, that son would inherit Mr. Brooke's estate, presumably worth about three thousand a year—a rental which seemed wealth to provincial families still discussing Mr. Peel's late conduct on the Catholic Question, innocent of future gold fields, and of that gorgeous plutocracy which has so nobly exalted the necessities of genteel life.

And how should Dorothea not marry?—a girl so handsome and with such prospects? Nothing could hinder it but her love of extremes, and her insistance on regulating life according to notions which might cause a wary man to hesitate before he made her an offer, or even might lead her at last to refuse all offers. A young lady of some birth and fortune, who knelt suddenly down on a brick floor by the side of a sick laborer and prayed fervidly, as if she thought herself living in the time of the apostles—who had strange whims of fasting like a Papist, and of sitting up at night to read old theological books! Such a wife might awaken you some fine morning with a new scheme for the application of her income which would interfere with political economy and the keeping of saddle-horses: a man would naturally think twice before he risked himself in such fellowship. Women were expected to have weak opinions; but the great safeguard of society and of domestic life was, that opinions were not acted on. Sane people did what their neighbors did, so that if any lunatics were at large, one might know and avoid them.

The rural opinion about the new young ladies, even among the cottagers, was generally in favor of Celia, as being so amiable and innocent-looking, while Miss Brooke's large eyes seemed, like her religion, too unusual and striking. Poor Dorothea! compared with her, the innocent-looking Celia was knowing and worldly-wise; so much subtler is a human mind than the outside tissues which make a sort of blazonry or clock-face for it.

Yet those who approached Dorothea, though prejudiced against her by this alarming hearsay, found that she had a charm unaccountably reconcilable with it. Most men thought her bewitching when she was on horseback. She loved the fresh air and the various aspects of the country, and when her eyes and cheeks glowed with mingled pleasures she looked very little like a devotee. Riding was an indulgence which she allowed herself in spite of conscientious qualms; she felt that she enjoyed it in a pagan, sensuous way, and always looked forward to renouncing it.

She was open, ardent, and not in the least self-admiring; indeed, it was pretty to see how her imagination adorned her sister Celia with attractions altogether superior to her own, and if any gentleman appeared to come to the Grange from some other motive than that of seeing Mr. Brooke, she concluded that he must be in love with Celia: Sir James Chettam, for example, whom she constantly considered from Celia's point of view, inwardly debating whether it would be good for Celia to accept him. That he should be regarded as a suitor to herself would have seemed to her a ridiculous irrelevance. Dorothea, with all her eagerness to know the truths of life, retained very child-like ideas about marriage. She felt sure that she would have accepted the judicious Hooker, if she had been born in time to save him from that wretched mistake he made in matrimony; or John Milton, when his blindness had come on; or any of the other great men whose odd habits it would have been glorious piety to endure; but an amiable, handsome baronet, who said "Exactly" to her remarks even when she expressed uncertainty—how could he affect her as a lover? The really delightful marriage must be that where your husband was a sort of father, and could teach you even Hebrew, if you wished it.

These peculiarities of Dorothea's character caused Mr. Brooke to be all the more blamed in neighboring families for not securing some middle-aged lady as guide and companion to his nieces. But he himself dreaded so much the sort of superior woman likely to be available for such a position that he allowed himself to be dissuaded by Dorothea's objections, and was in this case brave enough to defy the world—that is to say, Mrs. Cadwallader, the rector's wife, and the small group of gentry with whom he visited in the northeast corner of Loamshire. So Miss Brooke presided in her uncle's household, and did not at all dislike her new authority, with the homage that belonged to it.

Sir James Chettam was going to dine at the Grange to-day, with another gentleman whom the girls had never seen, and about whom Dorothea felt some venerating expectation. This was the Reverend Edward Casaubon, noted in the county as a man of profound learning, understood for many years to be engaged on a great work concerning religious history; also as a man of wealth enough to give lustre to his piety, and having views of his own, which were to be more clearly ascertained on the publication of his book. His very name carried an impressiveness hardly to be measured without a precise chronology of scholarship.

Early in the day Dorothea had returned from the infant school which she had set going in the village, and was taking her usual place in the pretty sitting-room which divided the bedrooms of the sisters, bent on finishing a plan for some buildings (a kind of work which she delighted in), when Celia, who had been watching her with a hesitating desire to propose something, said:

"Dorothea dear, if you don't mind—if you are not very busy—suppose we looked at mamma's jewels to-day, and divided them? It is exactly six months to-day since uncle gave them to you, and you have not looked at them yet."

Celia's face had the shadow of a pouting expression in it, the full presence of the pout being kept back by a habitual awe of Dorothea and principle—two associated facts which might show a mysterious electricity if you touched them incautiously. To her relief, Dorothea's eyes were full of laughter as she looked up.

"What a wonderful little almanac you are, Celia! Is it six calendar or six lunar months?"

"It is the last day of September now, and it was the first of April when uncle gave them to you. You know, he said that he had forgotten them till then. I believe you have never thought of them since you locked them up in the cabinet here."

"Well, dear, we should never wear them, you know." Dorothea spoke in a full cordial tone, half caressing, half explanatory. She had her pencil in her hand, and was making tiny side plans on a margin.

Celia colored and looked very grave. "I think, dear, we are wanting in respect to mamma's memory to put them by and take no notice of them. And," she added, after hesitating a little, with a rising sob of mortification, "necklaces are quite usual now; and Madame Poinçon, who was stricter in some things even than you are, used to wear ornaments. And Christians generally—surely there are women in heaven now who wore jewels." Celia was conscious of some mental strength when she really applied herself to argument.

"You would like to wear them?" exclaimed Dorothea, an air of astonished discovery animating her whole person with a dramatic action which she had caught from that very Madame Poinçon who wore the ornaments. "Of course, then, let us have them out. Why did you not tell me before? But the keys, the keys!" She pressed her hands against the sides of her head, and seemed to despair of her memory.

"They are here," said Celia, with whom this explanation had been long meditated and prearranged.

"Pray open the large drawer of the cabinet, and get out the jewel-box."

The casket was soon open before them, and the various jewels spread out, making a bright parterre on the table. It was no great collection, but a few of the ornaments were really of remarkable beauty, the finest that was obvious at first being a necklace of purple amethysts set in exquisite gold-work, and a pearl cross with five brilliants in it. Dorothea immediately took up the necklace and fastened it round her sister's neck, where it fitted almost as closely as a bracelet; but the circle suited the Henrietta-Maria style of Celia's head and neck, and she could see that it did, in the pier-glass opposite.

"There, Celia! you can wear that with your Indian muslin. But this cross you must wear with your dark dresses."

Celia was trying not to smile with pleasure. "Oh, Dodo, you must keep the cross yourself."

"No, no, dear, no," said Dorothea, putting up her hand with careless deprecation.

"Yes, indeed you must; it would suit you—in your black dress, now," said Celia, insistingly. "You *might* wear that."

"Not for the world, not for the world. A cross is the last thing I would wear as a trinket." Dorothea shuddered slightly.

"Then you will think it wicked in me to wear it," said Celia, uneasily.

"No, dear, no," said Dorothea, stroking her sister's cheek. "Souls have complexions too: what will suit one will not suit another."

"But you might like to keep it for mamma's sake."

"No; I have other things of mamma's—her sandal-wood box, which I am so fond of—plenty of things. In fact, they are all yours, dear. We need discuss them no longer. There—take away your property."

Celia felt a little hurt. There was a strong assumption of superiority in this Puritanic toleration, hardly less trying to the blonde flesh of an unenthusiastic sister than a Puritanic persecution.

"But how can I wear ornaments, if you, who are the elder sister, will never wear them?"

"Nay, Celia, that is too much to ask, that I should wear trinkets to keep you in countenance. If I were to put on such a necklace as that, I should feel as if I had been pirouetting. The world would go round with me, and I should not know how to walk."

Celia had unclasped the necklace, and drawn it off. "It would be a little tight for your neck; something to lie down and hang would suit you better," she said, with some satisfaction. The complete unfitness of the necklace from all points of view for Dorothea made Celia happier in taking it. She was opening some ring-boxes, which disclosed a find emerald with diamonds, and just then the sun, passing beyond a cloud, sent a bright gleam over the table.

"How very beautiful these gems are!" said Dorothea, under a new current of feeling, as sudden as the gleam. "It is strange how deeply colors seem to penetrate one, like scent. I suppose that is the reason why gems are used as spiritual emblems in the Revelation of St. John. They look like fragments of heaven. I think that emerald is more beautiful than any of them."

"And there is a bracelet to match it," said Celia. "We did not notice this at first."

"They are lovely," said Dorothea, slipping the ring and bracelet on her finely turned finger and wrist, and holding them toward the window on a level with her eyes. All the while her thought was trying to justify her delight in the colors by merging them in her mystic religious joy.

"You *would* like those, Dorothea," said Celia, rather falteringly, beginning to think with wonder that her sister showed some weakness, and also that emeralds would suit her own complexion better than purple amethysts. "You must keep that ring and bracelet—if nothing else. But see, these agates are very pretty—and quiet."

"Yes! I will keep these—this ring and bracelet," said Dorothea. Then, letting her hand fall on the table, she said, in another tone, "Yet what miserable men find such things, and work at them, and sell them!" She paused again, and Celia thought that her sister was going to renounce the ornaments, as in consistency she ought to do.

"Yes, dear, I will keep these," said Dorothea, decidedly. "But take all the rest away, and the casket."

She took up her pencil, without removing the jewels, and still looking at them. She thought of often having them by her, to feed her eye at these little fountains of pure color.

"Shall you wear them in company?" said Celia, who was watching her with real curiosity as to what she would do.

Dorothea glanced quickly at her sister. Across all her imaginative adornment of those whom she loved there darted now and then a keen discernment, which was not without a scorching quality. If Miss Brooke ever attained perfect meekness, it would not be for lack of inward fire.

"Perhaps," she said, rather haughtily. "I can not tell to what level I may sink."

Celia blushed, and was unhappy: she saw that she had offended her sister, and dared not say even any thing pretty about the gift of the ornaments, which she put back into the box and carried away. Dorothea, too, was unhappy, as she went on with her plan-drawing, questioning the purity of her own feeling and speech in the scene which had ended with that little explosion.

Celia's consciousness told her that she had not been at all in the wrong: it was quite natural and justifiable that she should have asked that question, and she repeated to herself that Dorothea was inconsistent: either she should have taken her full share of the jewels, or, after what she had said, she should have renounced them altogether.

"I am sure—at least I trust," thought Celia, "that the wearing of a necklace will not interfere with my prayers. And I do not see that I should be bound by Dorothea's opinions, now we are going into society, though, of course, she herself ought to be bound by them. But Dorothea is not always consistent."

Thus Celia, mutely bending over her tapestry, until she heard her sister calling her.

"Here, Kitty, come and look at my plan; I shall think I am a great architect, if I have not got incompatible stairs and fire-places."

As Celia bent over the paper, Dorothea put her cheek against her sister's arm caressingly. Celia understood the action. Dorothea saw that she had been in the wrong, and Celia pardoned her. Since they could remember, there had been a mixture of criticism and awe in the attitude of Celia's mind toward her elder sister. The younger had always worn a yoke; but is there any yoked creature without its private opinions?

CHAPTER II.

"'Dime; no ves aquel caballero que hácia nosotros viene sobre un caballo rucio rodado que trae puesto en la cabeza un yelmo de oro?' 'Lo que veo y columbro,' respondió Sancho, 'no es sino un hombre sobre un asno pardo como el mio, que trae sobre la cabeza una cosa que relumbra.' 'Pues ese es el yelmo de Mambrino,' dijo Don Quijote."—CERVANTES.

"'Seest thou not yon cavalier who cometh toward us on a dapple-gray steed, and weareth a golden helmet?' 'What I see,' answered Sancho, 'is nothing but a man on a gray ass like my own, who carries something shiny on his head.' 'Just so,' answers Don Quixote: 'and that resplendent object is the helmet of Mambrino.'"

"SIR HUMPHREY DAVY?" said Mr. Brooke, over the soup, in his easy, smiling way, taking up Sir James Chettam's remark that he was studying Davy's "Agricultural Chemistry." "Well, now, Sir Humphrey Davy: I dined with him years ago at Cartwright's, and Wordsworth was there too—the poet Wordsworth, you know. Now there was something singular. I was at Cambridge when Wordsworth was there, and I never met him—and I dined with him twenty years afterward at Cartwright's. There's an oddity in things, now. But Davy was there: he was a poet too. Or, as I may say, Wordsworth was poet one, and Davy was poet two. That was true in every sense, you know."

Dorothea felt a little more uneasy than usual. In the beginning of dinner, the party being small and the room still, these motes from the mass of a magistrate's mind fell too noticeably. She wondered how a man like Mr. Casaubon would support such triviality. His manners, she thought, were very dignified; the set of his iron-gray hair and his deep eye-sockets made him resemble the portrait of Locke. He had the spare form and the pale complexion which became a student; as different as possible from the blooming Englishman of the red-whiskered type represented by Sir James Chettam.

"I am reading the 'Agricultural Chemistry,'" said this excellent baronet, "because I am going to take one of the farms into my own hands, and see if something can not be done in setting a good pattern of farming among my tenants. Do you approve of that, Miss Brooke?"

"A great mistake, Chettam," interposed Mr. Brooke, "going into electrifying your land and that kind of thing, and making a parlor of your cow-house. It won't do. I went into science a great deal myself at one time; but I saw it would not do. It leads to every thing; you can let nothing alone. No, no—see that your tenants don't sell their straw, and that kind of thing; and give them draining-tiles, you know. But your fancy-farming will not do—the most expensive sort of whistle you can buy: you may as well keep a pack of hounds."

"Surely," said Dorothea, "it is better to spend money in finding out how men can make the most of the land which supports them all than in keeping dogs and horses only to gallop over it. It is not a sin to make yourself poor in performing experiments for the good of all."

She spoke with more energy than is expected of so young a lady, but Sir James had appealed to her. He was accustomed to do so, and she had often thought that she could urge him to many good actions when he was her brother-in-

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Mr. Casaubon turned his eyes very markedly on Dorothea while she was speaking, and seemed to observe her newly.

"Young ladies don't understand political economy, you know," said Mr. Brooke, smiling toward Mr. Casaubon. "I remember when we were all reading Adam Smith. *There* is a book, now. I took in all the new ideas at one time—human perfectibility, now. But some say history moves in circles, and that may be very well argued; I have argued it myself. The fact is, human reason may carry you a little too far—over the hedge, in fact. It carried me a good way at one time; but I saw it would not do. I pulled up; I pulled up in time. But not too hard. I have always been in favor of a little theory: we must have Thought; else we shall be landed back in the dark ages. But talking of books, there is Southey's 'Peninsular War.' I am reading that of a morning. You know Southey?"

"No," said Mr. Casaubon, not keeping pace with Mr. Brooke's impetuous reason, and thinking of the book only. "I have little leisure for such literature just now. I have been using up my eye-sight on old characters lately. the fact is, I want a reader for my evenings; but I am fastidious in voices, and I can not endure listening to an imperfect reader. It is a misfortune, in some senses: I feed too much on the inward sources; I live too much with the dead. My mind is something like the ghost of an ancient, wandering about the world, and trying mentally to construct it as it used to be. in spite of ruin and confusing changes. But I find it necessary to use the utmost caution about my eye-sight."

This was the first time that Mr. Casaubon had spoken at any length. He delivered himself with precision, as if he had been called upon to make a public statement; and the balanced, sing-song neatness of his speech, occasionally corresponded to by a movement of his head, was the more conspicuous from its contrast with good Mr. Brooke's scrappy slovenliness. Dorothea said to herself that Mr. Casaubon was the most interesting man she had ever seen, not excepting even Monsieur Liret, the Vaudois clergyman who had given conferences on the history of the Waldenses. To reconstruct a past world, doubtless with a view to the highest purposes of truth—what a work to be in any way present at, to assist in, though only as a lamp-holder! This elevating thought lifted her above her annoyance at being twitted with her ignorance of political economy, that never-explained science which was thrust as an extinguisher over all her lights.

"But you are fond of riding, Miss Brooke," Sir James presently took an opportunity of saying. "I should have thought you would enter a little into the pleasures of hunting. I wish you would let me send over a chestnut horse for you to try. It has been trained for a lady. I saw you on Saturday cantering over the hill on a nag not worthy of you. My groom shall bring Coryden for you every day, if you will only mention the time."

"Thank you, you are very good. I mean to give up riding. I shall not ride any more," said Dorothea, urged to this brusque resolution by a little annoyance that Sir James would be soliciting her attention when she wanted to give it all to Mr. Casaubon.

"No; that is too hard," said Sir James, in a tone of reproach that showed strong interest. "Your sister is given to self-mortification, is she not?" he continued, turning to Celia, who sat at his right hand.

"I think she is," said Celia, feeling afraid lest she should say something that would not please her sister, and blushing as prettily as possible above her necklace. "She likes giving up."

"If that were true, Celia, my giving up would be self-indulgence, not self-mortification. But there may be good reasons for choosing not to do what is very agreeable," said Dorothea.

Mr. Brooke was speaking at the same time, but it was evident that Mr. Casaubon was observing Dorothea, and she was aware of it.

"Exactly," said Sir James. "You give up from some high, generous motive."

"No indeed, not exactly. I did not say that of myself," answered Dorothea, reddening. Unlike Celia, she rarely blushed, and only from high delight or anger. At this moment she felt angry with the perverse Sir James. Why did he not pay attention to Celia, and leave her to listen to Mr. Casaubon?—if that learned man would only talk, instead of allowing himself to be talked to by Mr. Brooke, who was just then informing him that the Reformation either meant something or it did not, that he himself was a Protestant to the core, but that Catholicism was a fact; and as to refusing an acre of your ground for a Romanist chapel, all men needed the bridle of religion, which, properly speaking, was the dread of a hereafter.

"I made a great study of theology at one time," said Mr. Brooke, as if to explain the insight just manifested. "I know something of all schools. I knew Wilberforce in his best days. Do you know Wilberforce?"

Mr. Casaubon said "No."

"Well, Wilberforce was perhaps not enough of a thinker; but if I went into Parliament, as I have been asked to do, I should sit on the independent bench, as Wilberforce did, and work at philanthropy."

Mr. Casaubon bowed, and observed that it was a wide field.

"Yes," said Mr. Brooke, with an easy smile, "but I have documents. I began a long while ago to collect documents. They want arranging, but when a question has struck me, I have written to somebody and got an answer. I have documents at my back. But now, how do you arrange your documents?"

"In pigeon-holes partly," said Mr. Casaubon, with rather a startled air of effort.

"Ah, pigeon-holes will not do. I have tried pigeon-holes, but every thing gets mixed in pigeon-holes: I never know whether a paper is in A or Z."

"I wish you would let me sort your papers for you, uncle," said Dorothea. "I would letter them all, and then make a list of subjects under each letter."

Mr. Casaubon gravely smiled approval, and said to Mr. Brooke, "You have an excellent secretary at hand, you perceive."

"No, no," said Mr. Brooke, shaking his head; "I can not let young ladies meddle with my documents. Young ladies are too flighty."

Dorothea felt hurt. Mr. Casaubon would think that her uncle had some special reason for delivering this opinion, whereas the remark lay in his mind as lightly as the broken wing of an insect among all the other fragments there, and a chance current had sent it alighting on *her*.

When the two girls were in the drawing-room alone, Celia said,

"How very ugly Mr. Casaubon is!"

"Celia! He is one of the most distinguished-looking men I ever saw. He is remarkably like the portrait of Locke. He has the same deep eye-sockets."

"Had Locke those two white moles with hairs on them?"

"Oh, I dare say! when people of a certain sort looked at him," said Dorothea, walking away a little.

"Mr. Casaubon is so sallow."

"All the better. I suppose you admire a man with the complexion of a *cochon de lait*."

"Dodo!" exclaimed Celia, looking after her in surprise. "I never heard you make such a comparison before."

"Why should I make it before the occasion came? It is a good comparison: the match is perfect."

Miss Brooke was clearly forgetting herself, and Celia thought so.

"I wonder you show temper, Dorothea."

"It is so painful in you, Celia, that you will look at human beings as if they were merely animals with a toilet, and never see the great soul in a man's face."

"Has Mr. Casaubon a great soul?" Celia was not without a touch of naïve malice.

"Yes, I believe he has," said Dorothea, with the full voice of decision. "Every thing I see in him corresponds to his pamphlet on Biblical Cosmology."

"He talks very little," said Celia.

"There is no one for him to talk to."

Celia thought privately, "Dorothea quite despises Sir James Chettam; I believe she would not accept him." Celia felt that this was a pity. She had never been deceived as to the object of the baronet's interest. Sometimes, indeed, she had reflected that Dodo would perhaps not make a husband happy who had not her way of looking at things; and stifled in the depths of her heart was the feeling that her sister was too religious for family comfort. Notions and scruples were like spilled needles, making one afraid of treading, or sitting down, or even eating.

When Miss Brooke was at the tea-table, Sir James came to sit down by her, not having felt her mode of answering him at all offensive. Why should he? He thought it probable that Miss Brooke liked him, and manners must be very marked indeed before they cease to be interpreted by preconceptions either confident or distrustful. She was thoroughly charming to him, but of course he theorized a little about his attachment. He was made of excellent human dough, and had the rare merit of knowing that his talents, even if let loose, would not set the smallest stream in the county on fire: hence he liked the prospect of a wife to whom he could say, "What shall we do?" about this or that; who could help her husband out with reasons, and would also have the property qualification for doing so. As to the excessive religiousness alleged against Miss Brooke, he had a very indefinite notion of what it consisted in, and thought that it would die out with marriage. In short, he felt himself to be in love in the right place, and was ready to endure a great deal of predominance, which, after all, a man could always put down when he liked. Sir James had no idea that he should ever like to put down the predominance of this handsome girl, in whose cleverness he delighted. Why not? A man's mind—what there is of it—has always the advantage of being masculine, as the smallest birch-tree is of a higher kind than the most soaring palm, and even his ignorance is of a sounder quality. Sir James might not have originated this estimate; but a kind Providence furnishes the limpest personality with a little gum or starch in the form of tradition.

"Let me hope that you will rescind that resolution about the horse, Miss Brooke," said the persevering admirer. "I assure you, riding is the most healthy of exercises."

"I am aware of it," said Dorothea, coldly. "I think it would do Celia good—if she would take to it."

"But you are such a perfect horsewoman."

"Excuse me; I have had very little practice, and I should be easily thrown."

"Then that is a reason for more practice. Every lady ought to be a perfect horsewoman, that she may accompany her husband."

"You see how widely we differ, Sir James. I have made up my mind that I ought not to be a perfect horsewoman, and so I should never correspond to your pattern of a lady." Dorothea looked straight before her, and spoke with cold brusquerie, very much with the air of a handsome boy, in amusing contrast with the solicitous amiability of her admirer.

"I should like to know your reasons for this cruel resolution. It is not possible that you should think horsemanship wrong."

"It is quite possible that I should think it wrong for me."

"Oh, why?" said Sir James, in a tender tone of remonstrance.

Mr. Casaubon had come up to the table, tea-cup in hand, and was listening.

"We must not inquire too curiously into motives," he interposed, in his measured way. "Miss Brooke knows that they are apt to become feeble in the utterance: the aroma is mixed with the grosser air. We must keep the germinating grain away from the light."

Dorothea colored with pleasure, and looked up gratefully to the speaker. Here was a man who could understand the higher inward life, and with whom there could be some spiritual communion; nay, who could illuminate principle with the widest knowledge: a man whose learning almost amounted to a proof of whatever he believed!

Dorothea's inferences may seem large; but really life could never have gone on at any period but for this liberal allowance of conclusions, which has facilitated marriage under the difficulties of civilization. Has any one ever pinched into its pilulous smallness the cobweb of prematrimonial acquaintanceship?

"Certainly," said good Sir James. "Miss Brooke shall not be urged to tell reasons she would rather be silent upon. I am sure her reasons would do her honor."

He was not in the least jealous of the interest with which Dorothea had looked up at Mr. Casaubon: it never occurred to him that a girl to whom he was meditating an offer of marriage could care for a dried bookworm toward fifty, except, indeed, in a religious sort of way, as for a clergyman of some distinction.

However, since Miss Brooke had become engaged in a conversation with Mr. Casaubon about the Vaudois clergy, Sir James betook himself to Celia, and talked to her about her sister, spoke of a house in town, and asked whether Miss Brooke disliked London. Away from her sister, Celia talked quite easily, and Sir James said to himself that the second Miss Brooke was certainly very agreeable as well as pretty, though not, as some people pretended, more clever and sensible than the elder sister. He felt that he had chosen the one who was in all respects the superior; and a man naturally likes to look forward to having the best. He would be the very Mawworm of bachelors who pretended not to expect it.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

WE have already made brief mention of the important announcement received from Messrs. PAYER and WEYPRECHT, dated at Tromsöe, of the discovery of open water between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla, in a region before this believed to be occupied entirely by ice; and have now the pleasure of furnishing some additional details received from these gentlemen by letter. Their report is addressed to the Association for Geography and Statistics, at Frankfort, and is dated at Tromsöe on the 19th of October. Postponing a more full account of their general adventures to a later period, they proceed at once to the announcement that in the space between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla, which had previously been supposed inaccessible (and which, indeed, the Russian, German, and Swedish expedition in 1868 had attempted to penetrate without success), they entered a region almost entirely free from any obstacles, and in which they reached a latitude of 79 degrees without any apparent impediment to their proceeding almost, if not quite, to the pole. As, however, the *Ice Bear* was merely a sailing vessel, and their provisions were running low, they dared not venture any farther, and accordingly returned.

They anticipate complete success, therefore, should the great expedition which is to be prosecuted next year follow in their course; and they remark that the key to the apparent failure of explorations in this region is to be found in the fact of their starting too early in the summer, and not remaining long enough in the autumn. They think that the Gulf Stream, the current of which is clearly indicated, toward the close of the summer breaks down the barrier of ice, and clears a way into the open polar sea beyond.

The fact of their having been in the path of the Gulf Stream they consider well established by the temperature of the water (exceeding by from three to five degrees C. that of the air), the frequency of clouds, and the abundance of fog and rainbows, the decided current to the northeast, the ultramarine blue of the water, so characteristic of the Gulf Stream, the extraordinary richness in lower animals, etc.

In the beginning of autumn they infer that the Gulf Stream leaves the coast of Nova Zembla and passes further to the west, or that it then expands so as to cover a greater area. Another important result of their examinations was the discovery of an enormous abundance of whales in the open sea—a fact which will, doubtless, induce our American whalers seriously to consider the propriety of endeavoring to secure the reward which is likely to crown the efforts of those who may enter this new Polynia at the proper season.

During the expedition of the *Ice Bear* a continued series of observations was taken upon the temperature, the density of the water at the surface and at various depths, the occurrence of drift-wood, the currents, deep-sea soundings, etc. Many objects of interest were taken from the bottom, and many valuable geological observations made.

Professor VERRILL has lately given, in the *Journal of Science*, an account of the researches in marine zoology prosecuted by him during the past summer at Wood's Hole, Massachusetts, in connection with investigations of Professor BAIRD respecting the food fishes of the coast of the United States; and in this he calls the attention of zoologists to some of the more important features of these examinations, promising a fuller account hereafter. One of these results consisted in ascertaining that, while the shores and shallow waters of the bays and sounds, as far as Cape Cod, are occupied chiefly by southern forms belonging to the Virginian fauna, the deeper channels and central parts of Long Island Sound, as far as Stonington, Connecticut, are inhabited almost exclusively by northern forms, or an extension of the Acadian fauna. Both the temperature observations at the surface and the deep-sea dredgings prove that there must be an offshoot of the arctic current settling into the middle of Vineyard Sound. Quite a number of interesting ascidians, both simple and compound, were met with by Professor VERRILL, several of them entirely new to science. Several new sponges were collected, and also a large number of crustaceans and mollusks previously unrecorded in that region. We would refer our readers to Professor VERRILL'S article in the September number of the *American Journal of Science* for these interesting facts.

PETER D. KNIESKERN, M.D., born in New York in 1798, died at Shark River, New Jersey, on the 12th of September last. This gentleman was well known to most of our naturalists from his zeal as a local collector of plants, and his readiness to assist his colleagues in supplying them with any objects belonging to his vicinity. From an obituary notice by Professor GRAY we learn that he left a valuable collection of the plants of Ocean and Monmouth counties, New Jersey, of great scientific value, and which, it is hoped, will be preserved complete in some of our public museums.

At various times throughout the past summer we have kept our readers advised of the preparation of the great exploring expedition upon which Professor AGASSIZ has been expecting to engage during the voyage of the Coast Survey steamer *Hassler* from Boston to San Francisco, by way of the Straits of Magellan. The expedition was originally to start as early as July or August; and in that event the exploration in question would have commenced off the coast of the United States. Owing, however, to unexpected delays, the vessel has but recently fitted out and reported at Boston, where she has been detained, undergoing alterations of her machinery. We have already noticed the general plan and objects of the expedition. The scientific corps, as will be remembered, consists of Professor and Mrs. AGASSIZ, Count POURTALÈS, ex-President HILL of Cambridge, Dr. WHITE, Mr. JAMES BLAKE, and Dr. STEINDACHNER, each gentleman having special charge of a particular department of the work, and interested in its successful accomplishment. The vessel itself is under the command of Captain P. C. JOHNSON, with Messrs. KENNEDY and DAY as lieutenants. Owing to the lateness of the season, the original plan of making extended explorations in the West Indies and off the eastern coast of South America has necessarily been modified, and the vessel will probably proceed almost directly to the Falkland Islands and the Straits of Magellan, there to commence the comprehensive investigations proposed, as otherwise a sufficient share of the summer season of the straits could not be secured. The Atlantic Ocean work thus given up will, in all probability, partly at least, be performed by the *A. D. Bache*, a consort of the *Hassler*, next year.

The opportunity offered by the recent visit to Hamburg for repairs of the corvette *El Medschidi*, belonging to the Sultan of Zanzibar, was embraced by the naturalists of that city to secure photographs of the types of humanity represented in the persons of the officers and crew, these embracing a remarkable series of illustrations of the various races from Africa to Southern Arabia. VIRCHOW, HARTMANN, and others all commend very highly the accuracy of the photographs, and indorse their ethnological value. There are fifty-four of the pictures prepared and published, with accompanying text, including an account of the race, age, size, color of the hair, eyes, lips, nails, and other physical peculiarities. Among the Arabian tribes there are several which can not be distinguished from the fairest Indo-Germanic, with the exception, of course, of the clothing and customs.

The English government expedition for observing the solar eclipse left Southampton on the 26th of October for Ceylon, with Mr. LOCKYER in charge, expecting to reach Point de Galle on the 27th of November. The party hope to meet the Indian observers, and to arrange a definite plan of observations, before the critical time arrives. A new series of instructions for the expedition was prepared by a committee of the British Association, and published in *Nature* on the 26th of October. Every necessary aid has been given to the party by the government, as well as by the steamship companies, and the valuable photographic apparatus of Lord LINDSAY has been supplied, with a photographer, by this gentleman. Mr. RESPIGHI was to join the expedition at Suez.

The third and last volume of the "Hand-List of the Genera and Species of Birds," by Mr. GEORGE ROBERT GRAY, of the British Museum, has lately been published, completing the work, and constituting a monument of patient and accurate research such as has seldom been presented to the scientific world. It is as nearly a complete list of the known species of birds as could be expected, even from one possessing all the resources of libraries and collections, and it includes also the numerous synonyms. The possession of this list will greatly facilitate the labors of all inquirers into the department of ornithology, and tend to relieve them from an enormous amount of personal labor and research.

The total number of species enumerated by Mr. GRAY amounts to 11,162, and, with additions in the appendix, will reach 11,200. The total number of names discussed, however, including those adopted, and those that are considered as synomyms, is over 46,000. The value of the book is rendered complete by an exhaustive index, both of generic and specific names, the two indexes together occupying 645 columns. At the present time no department of zoology possesses so complete an index to its names and authorities as this book, an approximation to it being furnished by Dr. GÜNTHER'S catalogue of fishes, likewise published by the British Museum. This, although containing a synopsis of the genera and species, is greatly lessened in value by the absence of such an index as that furnished by Mr. GRAY, though the promise is held out that, in a supplementary volume to the eight already published, this deficiency will be supplied.

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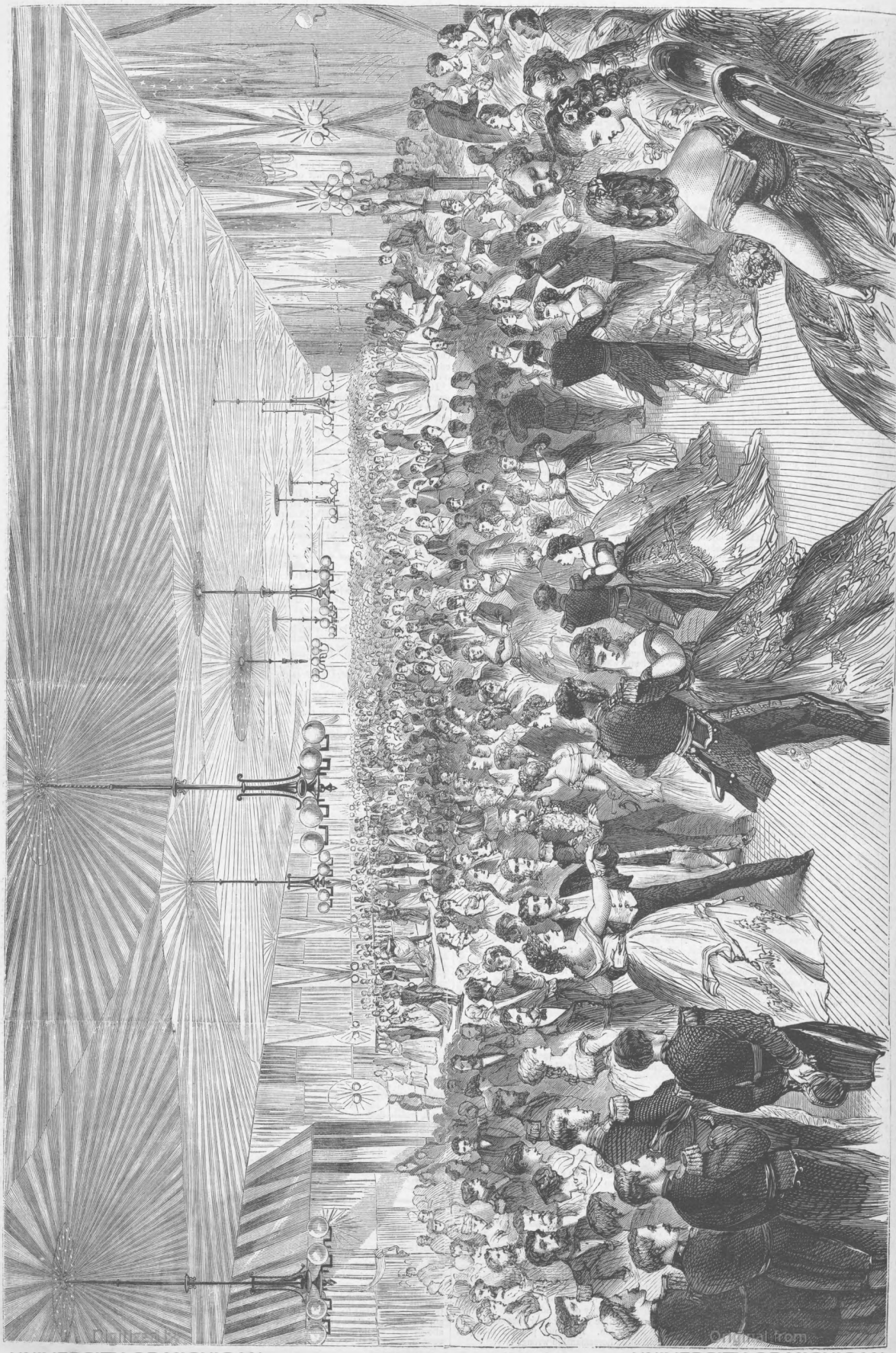

THE NAVAL BALL IN HONOR OF THE GRAND DUKE ALEXIS, AT THE BROOKLYN NAVY-YARD.—[SEE PAGE 1178.]

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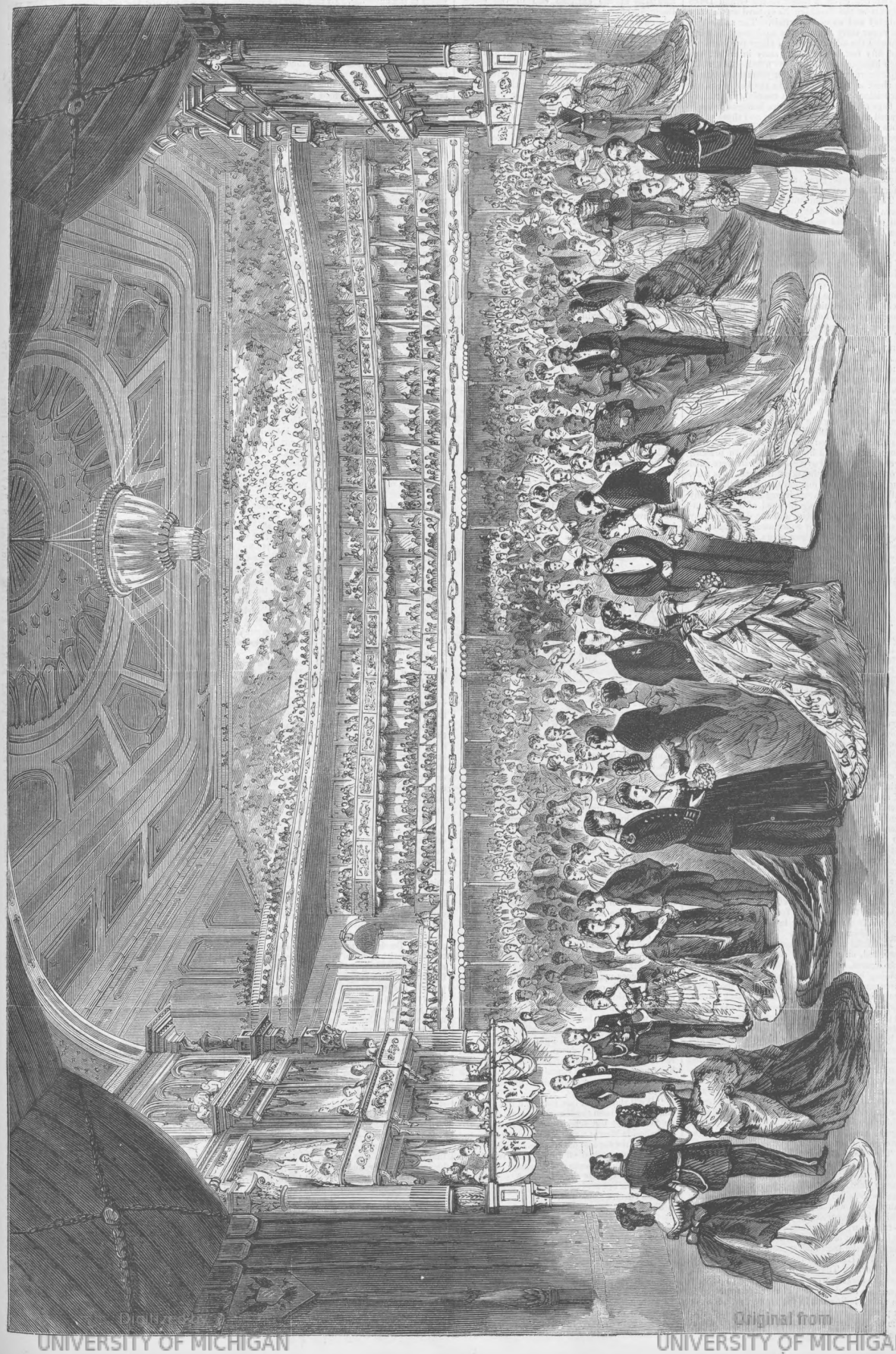

BALL AT THE NEW YORK ACADEMY OF MUSIC IN HONOR OF THE GRAND DUKE ALEXIS.—[SEE PAGE 1178.]

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THE NAVAL BALL.

THE ball given in honor of the Grand Duke ALEXIS at the Brooklyn Navy-yard was a very brilliant and successful affair. The sail-loft in the upper story of the large equipment building opposite the admiral's office, about two hundred and fifty feet in length by sixty in width, had been handsomely fitted up as a ball-room, while adjacent rooms were used for promenading, and as cloak and anterooms. In the ball-room the decorations were simple but tasteful, the national flags of Russia and America being alternately draped on one side of the room, and those of various nationalities on the other. The ceiling was decorated with rosettes of the American colors, the blue and stars forming the centre piece, with the stripes radiating outward. Appropriate ornaments, in the way of stars of cutlasses and bayonets, brass guns, and models of vessels, adorned the walls.

The Prince, accompanied by M. and Madame CATACAZY, arrived at the yard about half past ten o'clock, and was immediately conducted to the dais in the centre of the main hall, where he received a large number of guests, who were brought up and introduced by the chief officers of the yard. He then made the tour of the room with Mrs. SMITH, wife of the admiral; and this ceremonious part of the fête being over, the dancing began. The scene was brilliant in the extreme, the charming toilets of so many of the handsome New York and Brooklyn belles contrasting picturesquely with the evening costumes of the gentlemen and the rich uniforms of the American and Russian officers.

At midnight dancing was suspended, and the guests proceeded to an adjoining room, where an abundant and elegant supper was spread. This ended the festivities of the evening, and the disagreeable task of hunting for hats and coats began. The ladies' toilet-room was admirably managed, but terrible confusion reigned in that assigned to the gentlemen. Five hundred ticketed boxes had been prepared; but as there were more than thirteen hundred gentlemen present, over eight hundred overcoats and hats were piled promiscuously on the floor, ticketed, it is true, but in such a loose manner that when the guests called out their numbers it was found that many of the tickets had been brushed off. The confusion was indescribable, and the delay in many instances too great for endurance. Some of the guests, after waiting three hours, went away hatless and overcoatless. But notwithstanding every mishap, it was agreed that the ball was a great success, and every guest was delighted to have been present.

THE ACADEMY BALL.

THE most brilliant and elaborate ball that ever took place in the New York Academy of Music was that given on the 29th ult. in honor of the Grand Duke ALEXIS. The preparations were on a scale of magnificence worthy of the occasion. The parquet had been floored over, and the stage for some distance back from the proscenium was hung with light-colored silk tapestry. At the further end was a finely executed moonlight garden scene, with a rising terrace, a grove, and a labyrinth of foliage. The hangings on each side were of gray silk, striped with blue and gold, and terminated by a heavy golden fringe. Garlands of flowers hung from the ceiling, the intersections being kept in place by gilt buttons, and shields bearing the Russian and American coats of arms alternately. On the left of the garden scene was an opening through the silk hangings leading to the banqueting-room. The arrangement of these hangings was such as to represent an open tent, access to which was obtained by ascending three terraces in the LOUIS Quatorze style, one rising above the other. On the last terrace, or platform, was an ornamental balcony, the centre-piece of which was formed of a wide pediment surmounted by a vase of exotics. The curtains at the extreme ends were painted to represent the terraces as fading in the distance. Light was thrown on the landscape by four superb pendant chandeliers.

From the top of the proscenium a curtain was extended, on which was depicted a globe, and two figures, representing Russia and America, joining hands. To the right of Russia were three smaller figures, one representing the Northern or barbaric tribes, another a Cossack Tartar, and the third a modern Russian. Three figures at the right of Russia represented Commerce, Agriculture, and the Mechanical Arts—one rolling a bale of cotton, another striking an anvil, and the third holding a plow. On two large banners pendent from the ceiling were painted, somewhat roughly, it must be confessed, a full-length portrait of LINCOLN holding the Emancipation Proclamation, and at his feet a family of liberated slaves. On the other banner was a picture of the Czar ALEXANDER presenting the ukase abolishing serfdom in his dominions to a group of figures kneeling at his feet. The fronts of the proscenium boxes were decorated with garlands.

The Grand Duke arrived about half past ten, and was ushered in by the private entrance on Fourteenth Street—so quietly that few of the guests were aware of his presence until he had been some time seated in his box. For a few minutes he was the object of eager scrutiny, which he appeared to bear with extreme good nature as well as modesty—to learn to be stared at being part of the education of a prince. He then left the box, and appeared upon the floor with Mrs. HOFFMAN, the wife of the Governor, on his arm. The crowd was so dense that the floor managers were scarcely able to clear a space for the dancers. The Prince appeared to be rather indifferent in the matter, and evidently preferred promenading to dancing; and after the first quadrille, sauntered leisurely about the floor with a lady on his arm, and seemed to watch with great interest the playing of the fountains at the extreme end of the stage. Beautiful effects were produced by the play of colored lights on the jets of water.

The round dancing was greatly impeded by the crowd of promenaders, whom no efforts of the floor committee could keep back, and who followed the Prince around with a childishly persistent curiosity. He was simply dressed in a naval frock-coat with open lapels, with two stars on the breast. A gorgeously uniformed officer of the Hussars of the Imperial Guard attracted almost as much attention as the Prince himself. He wore a scarlet dolman richly embroidered with gold, and a jacket of sheep-skin trimmed with sable fur was hung from his shoulders. He was strikingly handsome, and more than one young lady expressed her opinion that he was a darling.

The banquet took place in Nilsson Hall, which had been brilliantly decorated and lighted for the occasion. At the head of the room a dais was erected for the table devoted to the Grand Duke and the principal guests. In the centre of this table was a magnificent silver épergne loaded with the choicest flowers, camellias, rare-tinted fuchsias, and roses of every variety. Curious plants occupied prominent positions, and the intervals were filled with ornamental confectionery, representing temples of the Czars ALEXANDER and NICHOLAS, and two Russian vessels composed of nougat and spun sugar. There were also monuments in chocolate of WASHINGTON, with flags of Russia and America, and two immense vases, ornamented with the Russian arms, composed of Charlotte-Russe. The *ménu* was printed in gold letters on white satin. During the banquet a superb band played a choice collection of operatic airs from a stand erected in the centre of the hall.

After supper dancing was resumed in the Academy, and, as many of the guests had left, the floor was less crowded than in the early part of the evening. The Prince danced several quadrilles, with various young ladies. He conversed in French, probably out of respect to the supposed accomplishments of his fair partners, although he speaks English with fluency and correctness.

The dancing continued till a very late hour, when every body went home in the best possible humor, and impressed with the conviction that the Academy ball was a social event to be remembered for a lifetime.

THE LULWORTH SMUGGLERS.

"Yo be to keep a sherp look-out at Weymouth, Jack, and soe be as yo get surspicious, I allow yo'd better leave the fish in the gutter, and run hoam like mad, for the schooner's proper sure to be here to-night."

"All right, father; the revenue chaps 'll bev their match in me." Saying which the lad left the cottage.

"Now then, Bessie, gee I a bit o' vittles, and I allow I'll turn in a bit. Jim Bolton be on watch, he be."

"Then yo'd best be on watch too," said Bessie, putting a white plate before her father. "Jim's gotten eyes for none but wemmen. If yo'd sent Garge, now, yo might have gone to bed quick enough. Garge be tarrible set against the girls. But if yo goe and sleep, I'll go up to Dungy and keep a look-out."

Harry Walters thought of this proposal, as he thought of all Bessie did, "a proper thing," and went peaceably up to bed.

At darking the girl ran into the cottage, rousing her father with the news that the schooner was tacking off Arish Mell, and Jim Bolton had gone to prepare the men to be ready at Mewps.

Nothing could have been timed better. The only coast-guard stations then were at Poole and Weymouth. One of those fogs which generally come in the early spring was creeping along the horizon: in an hour the sea would be like a vapor bath; the wind and tide were favorable; the fishermen had been on the look-out for a week; so, as a natural result, the value of the expected cargo had lost nothing. Another source of excitement arose from the fact of the schooner and her crew being strangers, and used to run their cargoes upon the Kent or Sussex coast—counties which completely eclipsed Dorset, both in the magnitude of the trade and the daring and recklessness shown by the famous band of smugglers, who, setting law at defiance, kept up a regular warfare with the revenue officers.

A recent hand-to-hand fight had spurred the government to send down an extra force, and rendered it impossible for the schooner to get her cargo run; so the captain was fain to try a new harbor, where a responsible agent was waiting to receive the goods.

"We'll show them how smart we Dorset chaps can be," had been the common saying. So, half an hour after the schooner came in sight, the rocks beside Mewps were dotted with figures; and so soon as the fog and darkness made it safe, half a dozen men pushed off to pilot the vessel over the line of sunken rocks which crosses the mouth of the bay. Quietly she slipped on, and following close on her heel came the fog, drawing like a white curtain round her.

She was a smart little schooner, drawing wonderfully little water. So, the sea being like glass, only throbbing with a groundswell, she was towed up within a few hundred yards of the shore, and then the work began in real earnest.

"We've only but two hours safe to do it in," said the leading man: "when the tide turns the breeze 'll get up and carry off the fog; so push on, lads, and show what Dorset chaps can do." In a couple of hours nearly half the cargo was safe, each man working like two—the tea and tobacco stowed away in a snug cave, long used as a hiding-place; the kegs of spirits sent off to neighboring cellars, some of which were in the vaults of the churches. By this time the fog had covered the downs, and lay there as if resting. Suddenly through the mist and silence came the shriek of a sea-gull, then another, and another.

Every man stopped working; every face turned in the direction of the signal, for such it was. Then down through the white cloud came a figure scrambling, jumping from rock to rock—and Bessie Walters, her face flushed, her hair loose, breathless and panting, stood by the men.

"Harry's gotten back fro' Weymouth," she said. "The revenue chaps ha' gotten word; the cutter's comin', and the soldiers too; and some on our own folk have blown the cave."

Her father pushed through the group.

"How far be they off?"

"Somewhere about two mile, I allow. Harry he run hisself most stupid."

"Then it's all up," said the captain. "So much for your d—d Dorsetshire. I ain't going to lose my ship, though. Which of you fellows will come on board and take us out?" No one answered. He looked round the men's faces, out of which the excitement had suddenly died, leaving a stolid, unmeaning look.

"I'll give five pounds to the man who'll take us out. I'll give ten pounds. Twenty I'll give. Thirty—forty—fifty—fifty pounds to the fellow who'll run us out of this cursed place. By G—! I believe you're all in the game, and brought us to sell us. I'll cheat you yet. If I can't do better, I'll burn the craft, rather than let a stick of her fall into such d—d wreckers' hands. Here, Charley, pull off." As he spoke, a rocket whizzed up in the offing, and the cutter was within a couple of miles, coming with the predicted breeze. A breathless pause, a muttered oath or two, as from the crest of cliff immediately above them rose the answering signal: the men knew they were trapped, their only remaining chance being to get round by Arish Mell, and so, striking inland, elude the soldiers; or, if the worst came to the worst, cut their way through, and trust to night and luck. Scarcely had the second rocket died out than a moaning sob came across the sea—the first tokens of the freshening breeze: in half an hour the curtain of mist would be rolled away, and—the schooner at the mercy of the revenue-cutter.

"It be bad, like, to let the craft be taken," said a man who had been watching the captain's boat. "I've a mind to go off with her—fifty pound's a tarrible lot of money." He looked hard at Bessie, and Bessie's cheeks grew redder, as she said, "Soe be as yo'll goe, Garge, I'll row you off."

There was no further words spoken; the man walked down to the boat, followed by Bessie. "Supposin' I get the money, Bessie?" asked George, as he looked round.

Bessie bade him hold his tongue till he got it; and nodded him good-night as he scrambled up the schooner's side.

But as she rowed back alone her face grew white and sad. "Poor Garge!" she thought; "I allow I'd be main happy if I took him—"

Her father was the only man left. A few words sufficed to send him off, Bessie remaining to watch proceedings.

George Harvel's presence and knowledge of the coast gave new spirit to the crew of the schooner. A boat was lowered to tow her out; her sails spread, and with a sort of leap she got under way. Too late. Like a hawk swooping on her prey came the cutter right across her bows. There was very little parley. Sullenly and desperately the smuggler held on her way. Suddenly the trumpet rang out,

"Haul to, or we shall fire."

"Fire away!" shouted the captain of the schooner. A spurt of fire sprang from the cutter's side, and a round shot crashed through the smuggler's jib, cutting half a dozen ropes in two. Still she held on. Swish came another shot, this time hitting the mainmast, and sending out a shower of splinters. They were within two hundred yards of each other now—the cutter coming on, evidently with the intention of boarding. Bessie held her breath—she was thinking of George Harvel. The crafts were close together. Bessie started up, and flung her arms overhead, with a cry of dismay, for the revenue men were boarding the smugglers. The air was filled with firing, curses, and shouts. A sudden thought flashed into the girl's bewildered brain. She ran down to the shore, pushed off her boat, and jumping in, rowed to the scene of action, never doubting she would see George somehow, and bring him off the ship. The sailors were too busy to notice the boat glide up. so Bessie lay to under the lee of the schooner, watching, with clinched teeth, two men, struggling for life or death, come to the bulwarks just over the boat; she could hear their panting breath, then the pistol-shot; and a body was hurled over the side; clutching desperately at the slippery wood, grasping at the last moment a loose rope, he swung down, almost touching the girl.

George Harvel—every thing—was forgotten. Here was a wounded, perhaps dying, man flung into her bosom. By the first passionate impulse her arms closed round him, and a wild thrill and throb rushed through heart and brain, depriving her of all power; and as the nerveless hand let go the rope, man and girl sank into the bottom of the boat. Bessie's loss of power was only momentary; with a rush, sense and thought came surging back. Struggling from under what she now supposed to be a dead body, she got on to her knees, and turning his face up, saw he was alive. Meantime the boat had been drifting; they were several yards to the westward of the ships, a distance which grew greater while, with both her hands forming a cup, she poured water over the man's head and face, and tearing off her apron, made a plug to stop the bleeding of the gun-shot wound.

At first she was too busy to notice his face; but when the bandage was tied she looked at it, and saw his lips moving, though his voice was too faint to sound over the noise of fight and roar of breaking waves. Her ear almost touched his lips before she caught the words.

"Hide me, hide me, and let me die in peace!"

For a minute Bessie sat staring at the black rocks and thinking, then a light crossed her eyes: she said to herself, "We may's well risk it; maybe there's no boats about, and he's a handsome young chap to be hanged. Garge maun look after himself, I allow."

Straightening herself, she got hold of the oars, and, pulling lustily, was soon past the big black rock that stands sentry over Mewps Bay. Beyond this she was comparatively safe, the next danger being that the revenue men might have left a boat watching the entrance to Lulworth Cove. Keeping out to sea, Bessie pulled on. There was no sign of a boat, though lights on shore warned her that the men were there. Now all was fair and clear; the tide was with her. Excitement lent extra strength to her arms. Shooting through the Durele Archway, she ran the boat on to the beach just in the quiet little nook behind the "Door," where the projecting rocks make a perfect haven, dragging the boat up as far as she could.

The man was moaning now, and as she couldn't lift him out, the only alternative was to make him shift for himself.

"Yo'll hev to land, young man. I allow it's difficult; but yo maun do it. There's a cave here yo can lie in till the cutter's men and soldiers are out o' the way."

He looked perplexed; then proposed she should row him back to Lulworth.

"Do you waant to be hanged, young man? it 'll be easier nor hiding of you up here—a-fetching vittles, a-nussen of yo, and puttin' up of yo' perverseness." The thud of a big gun came booming over the sea. Bessie drew a long breath, and gazed rather angrily at the man she had saved.

"Well," she said, "happen yo'll land now." For answer he got up, and scrambled, with many groans, out of the boat, dropping upon the shingle.

"You're a good lass, and if you're as pretty as your voice is sweet, I'll have the best of hiding away here."

"We'll see about that, my man. Yo're all tarred with the same stick. The moor a woman does for a man, the moor she'll hev to do. The verst sarcy word yo says to I, my fayther he cooms to nus yo. So yo best keep a civil tongue."

After which piece of counsel Bessie took the upper hand, treating him just like a refractory child; and he, being really badly hurt, was too ill to assert his own opinion. Indeed, for the week that passed while the wound was healing he was more frequently delirious than sane, and passed his waking hours raving about fighting and dying and angels, which last Bessie, woman-like, appropriated to herself.

The natural result of this nursing was that Bessie lost her heart—pity is, we know, near akin to love; and so it was. When the affair of the fight and the capture of the schooner and cargo had partially died away, one night Bessie brought her patient to her father's cottage. The neighbors, of course, knew pretty well who the lodger was; and it is difficult to keep a score of tongues quiet, however anxious the owners are to hide a secret. So it was that by some means or other the revenue officer left to keep a look-out at Lulworth began to get some inkling of the truth; and one day, meeting Bessie, questioned her rather closely as to her friend. Bessie was too sharp to tell any thing; and the name he went by ("Kit Roberts") could give no clew to his antecedents. That night, however, the officer came across Kit himself, and began chaffing him about Bessie. Boasting a little wildly of his knowledge on domestic matters, there was a row. The officer threatened—Kit retaliated. Then some of the older men stepped in, and separated them before blows had actually been struck. Harry Walters, however, came in in time to hear his daughter's name bandied about; and, it being Christmas-eve, the old man was not perfectly sober. So he gave the officer a bit of his mind, and, warming with the subject, ended by threatening to pitch him over the cliff if he ever said a word against Bessie again. Then Kit, who had been standing by, got the old man away, and for a few hours the matter was at rest.

Next morning Bessie started for East Lulworth, to attend high mass. The first portion of the service was over; the girl was kneeling, when a sudden faintness and confusion, followed by an indescribable thrill of horror and fear, came over her. For a few minutes she knelt on, trying to master it; then, fearing some dreadful illness was upon her, she rose and left the chapel, sitting down under one of the great trees in the beautiful park in which the chapel stands; but here the same impulse to move seemed to oblige her to go on, and leaving her almost without power of resistance.

"I can not go home this way," she thought; "I maan goa round by the Arish Mell; may be Kit will be there, and I'll be better when I see him." Then, as the remembrance of the officer's questions came into her memory, her fears grew more intense, until, losing all control, she ran swiftly on, angry with herself for having taken the longest way home, and picturing all manner of harm and danger to Kit.

On she went down the long, steep path leading to the ruined chapel of Bindon. Suddenly she stopped.

Surely that was Kit, walking along the cliffs—yes, going slowly, as if watching or waiting! Then he stood still, crouching down.

Bessie ran on now, if possible, faster, thinking

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she would surprise him by getting under the cliff, and so come on him unawares. Sure-footed as a goat, and knowing every rock and turn, the girl rounded the corner over the smuggler's cave, and crept along in the direction of the Fossil Forest. Presently she stopped and shrank back, standing close to a crevice in a fallen mass of rock; close and still, as if turned to stone herself, for there, within a hundred yards, wrapped in a night cloak and hood to keep off the keen east wind, stood the revenue officer, watching with his glass a passing vessel. Behind him, creeping like a panther down the steep cliff, was Kit Roberts!

A thousand sparks seemed flashing before Bessie's eyes; her lips opened; she tried to scream, but her voice was gone; she tried to start forward, but her knees gave way; and falling, she lay still, impelled by a horrible attraction to watch the murder; to see her lover, the man who in a few weeks was to be her husband, deliberately steal upon the officer, and with a sudden spring and blow, with his outstretched hands strike him over the cliff. She heard the murdered man's death yell, but no more; a cold hand seemed laid upon her heart, and sense left her.

When she recovered, Kit was sitting by her, his face white, and a terrible expression of fear and anger glaring out of his blood-shot eyes.

"How did you come here?" he asked, making no attempt to raise Bessie up or excuse himself.

Bessie told him; his face grew wilder. Springing up, he dragged her up too, almost crushing her wrists as he did so.

"There's only two ways to silence you, and by Heaven you shall take the alternative: follow HIM, or go with me to the priest at Dorchester, and be married. You came out of chapel to meet me; they'll hear we're off to Dorchester, and I'll be safe both from them and you."

* * * * *

Three days after, Bessie was a bride. The girl hardly knew how those days had passed. She had been kept prisoner in a small room at the top of a house in some back street in Dorchester. Kit had brought her something to eat twice or thrice a day. Sometimes he spoke a few kind words, sometimes only scowled, and staggered, half drunk, out of the room. The third day he brought her a gay bonnet and shawl, and took her to the chapel.

All this time Bessie had been in a sort of dream; but the sight of the priest, the altar, and the holy words she heard broke the spell. All her love for Kit came rushing back, intensified to almost an agony of passion by the knowledge of his crime and his danger. The old flash came back to her eyes, the old color to her cheek. Kit felt her hand clasp round his as they left the altar; and before they quitted the chapel she drew down his head to whisper,

"I will save you though I die for it."

Meantime the body of the coast-guard had been found. Harry Walters's threat was corroborated by a dozen voices, and the old man hurried off to jail. The village was in a ferment of wonder and excitement, for simultaneous with the murder was Bessie Walters's elopement with Kit Roberts.

The first news that met Bessie and her husband was that of her father's arrest.

Who can describe the girl's horror and misery, the perplexity which beset and crushed her—on the one hand, to see her father hung for a crime of which her husband was guilty; on the other, to denounce the true murderer, and save her father by the sacrifice of her husband?

There was one thread of hope: the evidence against Harry Walters was merely circumstantial. Those who had heard him swear vengeance against the officer were now ready to swear he was drunk, and that a more forgiving, peaceable man never lived. Then, again, there was really no evidence to prove that the man met his death by unfair means at all. It was quite possible he might have slipped, and fallen over the cliff.

Once Bessie saw her father; but she dare not go to him again: his very love, and sorrow for the trouble and shame this accusation against him was bringing upon her and her husband, made her misery almost unendurable.

As the time for the assizes drew near, rumor again became open-mouthed; and when the first day came on, and the list of cases for trial was published, it became evident that the very men who had sworn to stick by the poor old man, and prove him innocent in spite of fifty judges, would all, by the blatant evidence of their imagination, and their love for publicity, go against and try their best to hang their old friend and neighbor.

Harry's trial was second on the list. Bessie, nearly crazy with conflicting feeling, was told she should see him then, in case of things going badly, when, of course, an interview would be more difficult. Afraid to refuse, lest she should rouse suspicion, Bessie went. She was alone with her father—hiding her face on his breast or his arm, not daring to trust herself to look into his face, aged and lined more by these few weeks than by all the hard days' work and trials of fifty years of life.

"Don't yo fret, my darling. Yo know I be innocent as an unborn babby."

A great and exceeding bitter cry burst from Bessie's lips.

"Doan't say that. Oh! fayther, yo're killin' I. I must tell yo—I maun tell yo, or my heart will break. Kit did it, fayther—"

The old man sprang to his feet; he had been kneeling beside the seat she was on.

"He did it, fayther; I seed him!" And, seizing the arm that, with hand clinched, hung by her, she told him the story of her husband's crime and her misery.

When she had done he still stood, his hands clinched, his head drooping.

Suddenly he turned, and lifting her up in his arms, held her to his heart as he had done when, as a motherless child, she had come to him for comfort in her childish trials.

"Bessie, my darling, ye ar done right in telling me. I can die happy when I know why I die. No, my dear, yo've not to fret; it's yo I'm thinkin' for, not Kit. God 'll have to think for him. It's yo, darling—yo'll find it hard to hold your tongue; but you must, dear. I'm your fayther, and God has given me a right to command my child. My command is t' yo goa back to Kit, and help the Lord to make him a better man. I hadn't many years to live, Bessie. It's not much whether I goa this year or five years later; and I allow I won't be hardly judged in the other world for wot I'm doing now."

What was the girl to do? Kit was her husband; there was still a chance for her father. She went out of the prison, thinking she could be patient; but when daylight dawned upon her aching, sleepless eyes, she knew her fate was come.

Kit was sitting at the table writing when she got out of bed. She went over to him, and put her arms round him; he looked up in her face.

God knows what he saw there; perhaps the shadow of her doom or his. Whatever it was, it made him lay his head upon the table, and sob in the very bitterness of a man's despairing passion.

Bessie did not try to comfort him. She had her work to do. Kit sobbed on; then, turning, he came over to his wife, and laid his hand on her shoulder.

"You are right, Bessie; only you are not to do it. I'll do it myself." And he left her.

Bessie ran after him: he was gone. Rushing back to her room, she began dressing; life and death depended upon it—ay, indeed, life and death; for, even as she hurried down stairs, a crowd came to the door—a crowd with white, frightened faces—bearing in their midst a body!

Kit had shot himself. The paper he had been writing when Bessie gave him her last kiss was a full confession of his crime.

Harry Walters was released, but never showed his face in Lulworth. When Bessie was able to move, they emigrated; and no tidings of them, weal or woe, have ever reached their old home.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

IMMEDIATELY after the Chicago fire skillful men commenced making experiments in restoring defaced writing and printing on charred bonds, currency, and valuable papers. One of the greatest difficulties experienced has been to separate papers which were rolled or folded together. Cinders are brittle, and close rolls of them are likely to crumble into pieces before they can be separated. In view of this fact, some valuable directions are given by a Chicago newspaper in regard to the arrangement of papers in safes, and the treatment of them after a fire has occurred. These directions, in brief, are as follows:

First, before the fire.—Have a separate compartment in your safe large enough to spread out the papers at full size. Pack them in tight. Keep bills in packages similar to those in banks, never rolling or folding them up.

Second, after the fire.—Let your safe *alone* till it cools off thoroughly, and then never break it open. Pry it open with levers, jimmies, or screws. Never open it on a windy day, as many a book reduced to cinders has been blown away. When opened, take out the contents with the utmost possible care, preserving their position and condition as nearly as possible. Pack them in cotton, put them in a trunk, and transport them as carefully as possible to the place where they will be deciphered.

The new Congressional Library building, completed only about a year ago, is already too small for the constantly increasing volumes which claim a place in it. The library now contains 235,000 volumes, and not far from 5000 are annually added to the number. It has been suggested that the government purchase the squares north and south of the eastern portion of the Capitol grounds, and erect a building which shall accommodate not only the present and prospective wants of the Library of Congress, but also the Supreme Court of the United States, the Court of Claims, the Department of Justice, and government commissions.

A congregation of Israelites in Chicago have given up the Jewish Sabbath, and observe the Christian, on the first day of the week.

Times change. During the year 1841 there appeared in the New Orleans *Picayune* the following advertisement, prefixed by the usual cut representing a runaway slave:

$5 REWARD.—Run away from the subscribers, on the 23d of November last, the negro boy Oscar Dunn, an apprentice to the plastering trade. He is of griffe color, between twenty and twenty-one years of age, and about five feet ten or eleven inches high. All persons are cautioned not to harbor said boy under penalty of the law. WILSON & PATTERSON, corner of St. John and Common streets.

This same Oscar Dunn has been Lieutenant-Governor of Louisiana. His death was recently announced.

Georgia young ladies under eighteen have an incentive placed before them to excel in the culinary department. The directors of the Fair Association of Columbia have offered a prize of seventy-five dollars to the under-eighteen-year-old young lady who will cook the best dinner on the fair grounds with the following bill of fare:

Roast beef, chicken pie, corn-bread, plain biscuit, mashed potatoes, boiled rice, and one kind of pastry, to be selected by the cook. Provisions furnished by the directors; the young lady furnishes only an apron for work.

Just now it may be of some interest to our readers to refresh their memories in regard to the reigning sovereign of Russia and his family. Alexander II., Emperor of Russia, born April 17, 1818, son of Emperor Nicholas I. and of Princess Charlotte of Prussia; succeeded his father February 18, 1855; married April 16, 1841, to Maria, born August 8, 1824, daughter of Grand Duke Ludwig II. of Hesse-Darmstadt. Children: 1. Grand Duke Alexander, heir-apparent, born February 26, 1845; married November 9, 1866, to Maria Dagmar, daughter of King Christian IX. of Denmark; son, Nicholas, born May 18, 1868. 2. Grand Duke Vladimir, born April 10, 1847. 3. Grand Duke Alexis, born January 2, 1850. 4. Grand Duchess Maria, born October 5, 1853. 5. Grand Duke Sergius, born April, 1857. 6. Grand Duke Paul, born September 21, 1860. Sister of the emperor, Grand Duchess Olga, born August 30, 1822, married to Prince Charles (now King) of Würtemberg.

Alexis is the favorite son of the emperor, and almost invariably accompanies his father in his visits to the different provinces of the empire. He was present at the memorable interview which occurred at Ems last summer between his grand-uncle the Emperor Wilhelm of Germany and the Emperor of Russia, and only left his father after the interview with the Emperor of Austria in order to join his squadron, then about to sail from Cronstadt for the United States.

The first church in the burned district of Chicago has been erected by the enterprise and energy of Rev. M. M. Parkhurst, pastor of Grace Methodist Episcopal Church. It is located on the corner of Chicago Avenue and North Lasalle Street, and affords a very comfortable place of worship, though designed only for temporary use.

The color of the "period" is "Russian green;" the most stylish trimming for toilets is "Alexis garniture."

The newsboys of the Rivington-street Lodging-House contributed $16 in aid of the Chicago sufferers. The receipt of the money was acknowledged by the Rev. Robert Collyer in the following characteristic letter:

CHICAGO, *November* 17, 1871.

To the Boys at the Rivington-street Lodging-House:

MY DEAR FELLOWS,—Your great friend and mine, Mr. Williams, has sent me a letter from Mr. Calder, with one from himself and the $16 you gave to help Chicago through this hard pinch. I write this to thank you for what you have done, right out of my heart—to tell you that I think your subscription is one of the grandest that was ever made for any thing, because you must have so very little to spare; and whenever you get into a tight place this winter, I want you to feel you have helped some poor fellow out of a tighter.

Now I will tell you what I mean to do with this money. I mean to keep it all to itself, and whenever, as long as it lasts, I see any boy or girl I think needs a dollar, I will take one of yours to give them. I hope I shall make no mistake, and give it to the right sort—just to those who really need it, and not to those who are shamming. I should hate to be taken in; but if I am, I want you all to try and remember if you have ever taken a fellow in; and if you have, you must consider my mistake as your punishment, and never do it again. And so, boys, God bless you for your kind hearts and the way you put your hands deep down in your pockets. I am always yours,

ROBERT COLLYER,

"the very same chap that was preaching beside a burned church in *Harper's Weekly*, I am."

This letter produced immense gratification among the newsboys, who asked for a second reading of it, that they might wholly comprehend it. It was pronounced "a bully epistle." Most of them said they had seen the "chap" in *Harper's Weekly*.

A severe winter is predicted. Whether it will be so in this section of the country remains to be seen. It is true that the bitter cold has already invaded London. Many deaths have been reported as the direct result of the severe weather. And from Western plains come reports of men and cattle frozen to death. But experience proves that the state of the weather in one part of the world is not a reliable index for another part of the world. Yet when wintry blasts begin to blow there will be need here, as every where, for the charitable to extend help to the unfed, unsheltered poor, who have little ability to prepare for emergencies.

For a long time a law has existed in Russia forbidding the lending of money at a higher rate of interest than five per cent. This law had precisely the opposite effect to that which was intended, for as very few people could be found to lend money at a legal rate, a class of usurers sprang up who charged enormous sums to cover themselves against a risk of breaking the law. A ukase has now been issued under which the lending of money is permitted without restriction as to the rate of interest, and it is hoped that the competition which this will produce will considerably lower the rates hitherto charged.

We see it stated that smoking in the streets of Chicago is forbidden. This is merely a precautionary measure; but non-smokers, who have often been forced to walk behind inveterate smokers, will rejoice.

It is stated that Edwin Booth has acted Hamlet over twelve hundred times.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE BOSS'S DREAM OF THANKSGIVING.

[WHICH DID NOT COME TRUE.]

COME, send the sparkling Champagne round—
Glasses and bottles for four;
And bottles and glasses ten thousandfold
We can make on that Court-house floor.
Away with the rule of kings and queens,
And each kaiser's ill-won wealth;
But we'll always fill with a right good-will,
And drink to *our* Keyser's health.

Fill up again, old comrades, fill;
The "Charter" will stand it all:
"The mair the merrier," don't ye hear,
From our classical friend O'Hall?
Hip, hip, hurrah! let us drink away,
And empty one flowing bowl
To our good comrade in the furniture trade,
Our *Chair*-man, Ingersoll!

Of merry lives ours is the choicest one;
For there's no good monarch alive
Ruling his subjects at "two per cent."
And pocketing twenty-five.
Fill up, fill up, and drain one big cup
Ere we fly from the banquet, *Hall*,
To every man of the Garvey clan
Who plastered the Court-house wall.

Again fill up your beakers, boys,
I've a glorious toast to give:
"The Press"—I'm loath, but long may both
The *(B)Leader* and *Conscript* live!
Ah! Connolly winks, and Sweeny thinks
Of starting a *Park Gazette*.
There, I'll make amends with a joke, my friends—
We all may be Press(ed) men yet.

Now that we've cared for our friends so well,
Let us drink a toast or two
To our wily foes, who turn their nose
At Connolly, you, and you.
Hic, hic, I'm sick—your napkin, Dick;
Going round is the banquet, *Hall*;
I see some Seventy Shadows point
To "the writing on the wall!"

AUTUMN HUES—Cutting wood for winter.

No matter how prosperous their business may be, whalers and lard-makers always have trying times.

Shakspeare would never have asked "what's in an aim?" if he had been hit on the head with a brick.

Enraged parent: "Did you throw the half-brick at random?" Weeping boy: "No; I threw it at Johnny Williams." "And did you strike him on purpose?" "No; I struck him on the nose."

THE GRAND DUKE.

ISN'T HE A DUCK?

ISN'T HE A DEAR?

THE LION OF THE DAY.

THE GREAT RUSSIAN BEAR.

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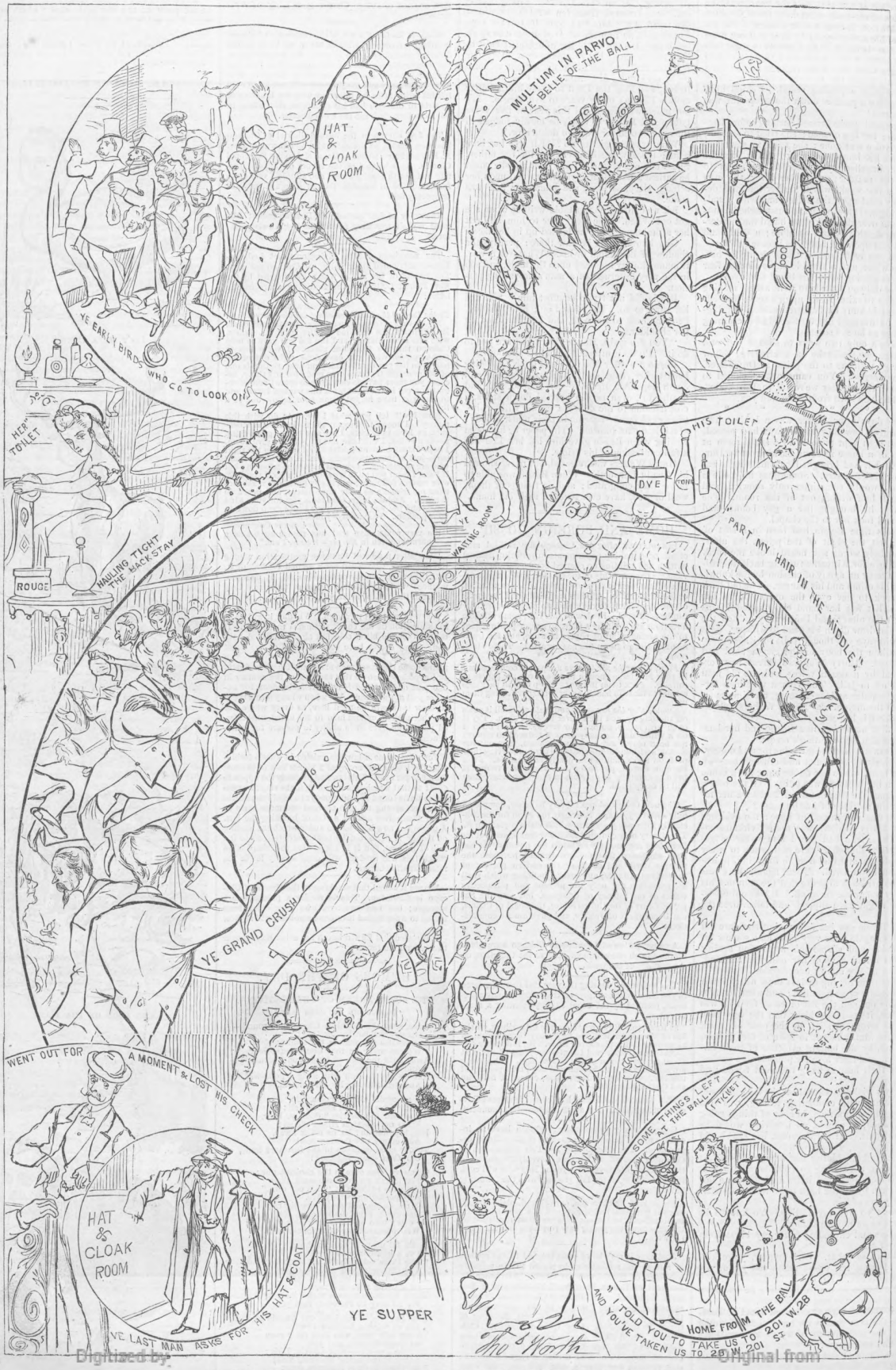

THE GRAND DUCAL BALL AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—[BY OUR COMIC ARTIST.]

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THE WRECK.

THE effective illustration on this page is very appropriate at this season of the year, when our long line of sea-coast, stretching from Nova Scotia to Mexico, is strewn with wrecks. The sacrifice of life and property by fires and other disasters on land is comparatively insignificant when compared with that on our lakes and sea-coasts. This is partly owing to official negligence. Long stretches of dangerous coast remain unguarded by light-houses, and the provisions for the rescue of shipwrecked seamen and passengers are inadequate to the service required.

In this respect we are far behind England.

We read in a recent number of the *Life-Boat* that during the past year 1865 vessels were wrecked on the coast of the United Kingdom, involving the loss of 774 lives. Nearly half of this loss resulted from ten wrecks, 180 being drowned in the *Cambria*, and 200 in nine other vessels. The number of lives saved during the year amounted to 4654, and of these a large portion were rescued by the life-boats of the National Life-boat Institution. Of the total number of wrecks "795 happened when the wind was such that a ship could carry her top-gallant sails, 141 when a ship ought to be well able to hold her course, and 492 with the wind at and above a strong gale."

The *Life-Boat* speaks of the facility with which incompetent persons obtain command of vessels as one of the most frequent causes of shipwreck. With reference to the losses on the English coasts it says: "We observe that 427 vessels were lost last year while under the command of masters who held certificates of competency; and that in 180 other cases the masters held certificates of service. But no less than 819 of the wrecked vessels were under the command of persons not possessing, and not required to possess, certificates of competency, in addition to 165 cases where it is not known whether or not the masters held certificates, and 274 where foreign masters not holding British certificates were employed. It is matters like these that call loudly for legislative interference."

The average number of American vessels lost in all parts of the world, is about forty-five a month, or more than one a day. In money, the average loss is $1,500,000 a month, or $50,000 a day. Enormous as these figures may seem, they form but a small portion of the total casualties of the world. Thus, in 1866, out of a total loss of 11,711 vessels, 571 were American; and in 1867 our loss was 536 out of a total loss of 12,513. A large proportion of these losses occur on our own coast, owing to the insufficient means of warning. The line of coast between

THE WRECK.—[DRAWN BY GRANVILLE PERKINS, ENGRAVED BY W. J. LINTON.]

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the light-houses is not systematically patrolled, as it should be, and no regular look-out to sea is kept for endangered vessels. The light-house keepers, not being subject to a strict government surveillance, are frequently negligent of their duties; and so remiss or so incompetent are the inspectors that, only a year or two ago, the officers of vessels sailing along the coast were requested to keep a watch upon the light-house keepers, and to report every instance of neglect. Many fearful disasters are traceable directly to the failure of the light-house keepers to perform their duty.

THE readers of *Harper's Weekly* will find the most complete assortment of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Underwear, Gloves, etc., etc.; also Robes de Chambre and House Coats, for Holiday Presents, at UNION ADAMS & CO.'s, 637 Broadway, near Bleecker St., N. Y.—[*Com.*]

EXAMPLE FOR THE LADIES.

MRS. E. J. STOUT, Elkader, Iowa, besides doing all the housework for a family of four persons, made last year, with a Wheeler & Wilson Machine, one hundred and fifty fashionable dresses, hemmed over 2000 yards of biased ruffling, and made quite a number of under-garments. This is about her average work a year, in all kinds of general sewing, for seven years, with no repairs to her machine.—[*Com.*]

THERE IS NO EXCUSE

For a lady appearing in society with her face covered with freckles, tan, and other disfigurements which the skin is liable to, while they can obtain a harmless toilet preparation for effectually removing all such blemishes. Ask your druggist for a bottle of Geo. W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth." You will be surprised and delighted with the effect it will produce. After using a short time it will leave the skin soft, smooth, clear, and radiant in beauty.
Depôt, 5 Gold St., N. Y.—[*Com.*]

THE STEM-WINDING E. HOWARD & CO. WATCHES can not be excelled by any made in the world. Not only do they require no key for winding, but the hands are also set by the stem. Examine them before buying. Office, 15 Maiden Lane, N. Y.—[*Com.*]

PYLE'S O.K. Soap, Saleratus, and Cream-Tartar, first-class household articles that will speak for themselves on trial, sold by all first-class Grocers. JAMES PYLE, Manufacturer, 350 Washington St., N. Y.—[*Com.*]

DU CHAILLU'S LECTURES.

M. DU CHAILLU'S services as a lecturer may be obtained by addressing the AMERICAN LITERARY BUREAU of New York, Boston, and Chicago.—[*Com.*]

HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer is a preparation of great merit, and is rapidly displacing all others for the hair.—[*Com.*]

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION.—A sort of CHAMBER'S JOURNAL for the young—a paper to elevate as well as please.—[*Com.*]

MOTHERS AND NURSES.—Burnett's Kalliston is admirable for the sensitive skin of infants.—[*Com.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR PIMPLY ERUPTIONS,

Black Heads, and Blotched Disfigurations on the Face, use PERRY'S COMEDONE AND PIMPLE REMEDY. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond St., New York. Sold by all Druggists.

SAVE YOUR LIFE
BY PROMPTLY USING
WINCHESTER'S
HYPOPHOSPHITES,
A Chemically pure preparation of
PHOSPHORUS,

Which is a most important constituent of the human body, existing largely in the Brain, Nervous System, Blood, and Bones. IT IS THE UNDUE WASTE OR DEFICIENCY OF THIS LIFE-GIVING AND LIFE-SUSTAINING ELEMENT WHICH IS THE IMMEDIATE CAUSE of

CONSUMPTION, NERVOUS DEBILITY, PARALYSIS, DYSPEPSIA, SCROFULA, &c.

The proper Remedy for the effectual treatment and cure of the above Diseases consists in restoring to the Brain, Nervous System, Lungs, and Blood their due proportion of PHOSPHORUS.

WINCHESTER'S
HYPOPHOSPHITES

is the only preparation which accomplishes this result; and it is an absolute cure for the Diseases above named.

Circulars, Information, and Advice Free.

Prepared only by J. WINCHESTER & CO., CHEMISTS, 36 JOHN STREET, New York, and sold by all Druggists.
Price $1 and $2 per Bottle.

TO TRAPPERS.—DEER WANTED.

Fifty (50) common red or black-tailed deer for breeding purposes, delivered to railroad in good condition. Address offers to office BLOOMING GROVE PARK, No. 102 Fulton Street, New York.

$10 from 50 cts
12 SAMPLES sent (postage paid) for Fifty Cents, that retail easily for Ten Dollars. R. L. WOLCOTT, N.Y.

AGENTS Wanted—Ladies or Gents, to make money at work for us in their spare moments or all the time. Particulars free. G. STINSON & CO., *Fine Art Publishers*, Portland, Maine.

FACES ON THE WALL.

BY HARRIET BEECHER STOWE,
Author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Minister's Wooing," &c.

ONCE there was a very good little girl, who, by reason of her goodness, knew where to find strawberries in the winter. In the same way, less perfect people, blessed by the generous fairies of memory and imagination, may sit, as I do now, in the midst of falling leaves and whistling winds, and call back the green grasses and the summer sun. I see yonder in the glen the darling of our house, the gold gleam in her brown hair, a chain of daisies in her hand, and in her eyes the roguish meditation of a kitten, weary for an instant only of its play, and thinking slyly on another spring. Thrown back upon the velvet grass, she is not resting, only pausing: from her bright glances to the tips of her tiny fingers, she is wide awake.

But now the merry play is over, and our pet nestles yonder on the sofa-cushion, tired at last in earnest. Slowly the lids fall, and the lingering smile dies out; but the flush in cheek and lip remains, like the glow after sunset. The gathered buttercups and daises are loosely held by the fair little hand; no shadows, even of dream-land, disturb the sweet brow's perfect peace. She is fast asleep.

In other words, two chromos hang upon the wall, bewitching child heads, in which every mother sees something of her own dear ones, never grown old, and never lost to her, however time or death may have dealt with them.

Nothing pleases more at first sight or gives pleasure longer than poetical pictures of children. "The little child" whom Jesus sets in the midst of every family is a joy that grows not old and fades not.

"Age can not wither—custom can not stale
Its infinite variety."

For this reason a happy picture of a child brings an enjoyment more lasting than any other, because it is a subject of which no one ever tires.

But these pictures, besides their constant charm for grown folks, are such as *children* can understand and love. Our little "Wide Awake" and "Fast Asleep" would give many a pleasant hour of companionable amusement and intercourse to the little people akin to them in age. The pictures that children's eyes rest on, as they are dropping off to sleep or as they awake in the morning, seem to them like living friends. All sorts of childish dreams and fancies make of the pictured face a real companion. Not only in the parlor or the sitting-room would they be an attractive and fitting embellishment, but they are a charming pair for the adornment of a nursery.

Undoubtedly these two pictures are portraits. There is a realistic faithfulness and truth about them that forbids the idea of their being fancy heads. They will remind many parents of little ones, either here or in heaven. Dickens says somewhere of his portraiture of little Nell that he has had letters from the farthest regions of the earth speaking of children who resembled her—so dear, and so early taken! He who paints one child well, paints thousands, and speaks to the tenderest feelings of innumerable hearts.

Of course there is a pleasure in possessing an original painting; but when the question lies between an original at five hundred dollars, and a chromo which can scarcely be distinguished from it at ten dollars—particularly when one has not the five hundred to spare—the choice is not very difficult. As to these two exquisite chromos, only a critical examination can distinguish between the copies and the originals which sold for many hundreds—which is certainly more than can be said of the best copies of most pictures painted by hand.

Blessings upon chromo-lithography, by which the successful painting of a master can be reproduced indefinitely, and can enter thousands of homes with its educating, quickening, reforming influences!

It is not alone into the dwellings of the great and wealthy that we follow this pretty pair with anticipations of delight. We see them in the cottages of the poor, in the log cabin of the backwoodsman, brightening the toil of the hard-working wife and mother, and receiving the almost adoring wonder of children who have never seen pictures before.

God bless the darlings—send the little comforters fast and far!

The charming *pair* of oil chromos, "Wide Awake" and "Fast Asleep," of whose real beauty and attractiveness Mrs. Stowe's graceful sketch can give but an imperfect idea—so pleasing are they to all who love art or children—have always sold in the picture stores for $10, and the original publisher has never been able to supply the great demand for them even at that price. And yet, although thousands of them have been sold in America at that high price, they are now within the reach of all, for they are

GIVEN AWAY

to every subscriber to *The Christian Union*, an unsectarian, literary, religious, and domestic weekly newspaper, edited by HENRY WARD BEECHER.

As to the *Christian Union*, the great success of that paper has been a marvel in the history of journalism, and the scholarly and critical New York *Nation* calls it "not only the ablest and best, but also the most popular of American religious periodicals."

This paper is now a large quarto of sixteen pages, *cut and stitched*. After the first of January it will be printed on a still larger sheet, folded in *twenty-four* pages, somewhat smaller than the present ones, also *cut and stitched*—a decided advantage possessed by no other religious weekly published. It contains contributions from eminent writers of *all* denominations, and has matter of interest for every member of the household, *young and old*. For the year 1872 Mrs. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE will write *exclusively* for the CHRISTIAN UNION (with the exception of *one* short story already engaged for another periodical).

The terms of subscription to this paper are, *For one year*, ONLY $3 00. This will entitle the subscriber to the paper and to the above *pair* of beautiful Oil Chromos. THE CHRISTIAN UNION, including the *Illustrated Holiday Number* (double size, 32 pp.), will be sent FREE until Jan. 1st, 1872, to all who *now* subscribe for the year 1872.

SPECIMEN COPIES of the paper will be mailed FREE of postage to any address on receipt of six cents by J. B. FORD & CO., Publishers, 27 Park Place, New York. For full particulars, see advertisement below.

WHY?

What is the reason that the Religious Weekly started two years ago, namely,

The Christian Union,

should have so suddenly achieved a success that makes all newspaper men wonder?

Reasons Why!

1st. HENRY WARD BEECHER is its Editor. His vigorous pen in *Editorials* and *Star Papers*, and Mr. Ellinwood's famed verbatim reports of his helpful *Lecture-Room Talks* in Plymouth Church, are an attraction to thousands of readers, who always want to know what he thinks on religious themes and the topics of the times. He is assisted by *an able editorial staff*.

2d. IT IS UNSECTARIAN in Religion, Independent in Political Discussion, and devoted to Morals, Reform, Home and Foreign News—both of Church matters and the world at large—Literature, Science, Art, Music, Agriculture, Trade, Finance, &c., &c., with contributions from *eminent writers of all denominations*.

3d. IT HAS SOMETHING FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE HOUSEHOLD—father, mother, boys and girls, young men and young women, *all* find something of interest. Admirable contributed and editorial articles discussing all the great topics of the day; fresh information on unhackneyed subjects; much matter of a high and pure religious tone; a Domestic Department, choice Poems, Household Stories, and Chat for the Little Ones; one of its chief attractions being Mrs. H. B. Stowe's fascinating Tales.

4th. It admits no Medical or other possibly objectionable advertisements, nor any thing to offend the purest or most fastidious, and is therefore a favorite *family* paper.

5th. ITS FORM is so Convenient for reading, binding, and preservation as to be a great special merit in its favor, apart from its superior literary attractions.

6th. A SUPERB WORK OF ART is GIVEN AWAY TO EVERY SUBSCRIBER, AND THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE IS

Only Three Dollars per Year.

Given Away for 1872!

TWO CHARMING AND POPULAR WORKS OF ART,
"Wide Awake & Fast Asleep,"
Two Exquisite French Oil Chromos,
the subjects of which are Life Size,
and can not fail to please all who love art or children,

Are GIVEN AWAY to every subscriber for 1872, whether it be a *New Subscription* or a *Renewal!* The subjects are *life size*. The pair, by a fortunate arrangement which one of the partners of this house was able to make in Paris during the late siege with the proprietors of the pictures, are furnished at a rate *entirely exceptional*; so that, although thousands of them have been sold in America **at $10**, and still are and will be sold at that price by the picture trade generally, they can be *given* to subscribers.

THE CHRISTIAN UNION,
Including the
ILLUSTRATED HOLIDAY NUMBER,
(Double Size, 32 pp.), will be sent
FREE until Jan. 1,
1872, *to all who* NOW *subscribe for the year* 1872.

The Terms of Subscription
are as follows:
For One Year, only $3 00.

This will entitle the subscriber to the paper and to the above *pair* of beautiful Oil Chromos, deliverable at the publication office. If the subscriber will add *ten cents* [$3 10] for expenses of wrapping, mailing, &c., the Chromos will be sent *free, by mail;* and if the subscriber prefers to send still 25 cents more [or $3 35 altogether], the copies so mailed will be strongly mounted on card-board, sized and varnished, all ready for framing. This is the method we recommend as the *most satisfactory, and the one which nearly all our subscribers order.*

Send money by *postal orders, drafts, or registered letters* direct to the Publishers, and you will receive your *papers* immediately and regularly. The Chromos will be mailed as rapidly as possible to subscribers in the order of their names on the subscription list.

☞ *FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED.* ☜

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J. B. FORD & CO., Publishers,
27 Park Place, New York.

WHITE PINE COMPOUND.

DR. J. W. POLAND'S WHITE PINE COMPOUND

Cures SORE THROAT.
Poland's White Pine Compound,
Cures COLDS.
Poland's White Pine Compound,
Cures COUGHS.
Poland's White Pine Compound,
Cures DIPHTHERIA.
Poland's White Pine Compound,
Cures Spitting of Blood.
Poland's White Pine Compound,
Cures Pulmonic Affections generally.
Poland's White Pine Compound,
Cures Kidney Complaints.

"For health comes sparkling in the streams,
From cool Chocorua stealing;
There 's iron in our Northern winds;
Our pines are trees of healing."
JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Prepared at the New England Botanic Depot,
37 Court St., Boston.
GEO. W. SWETT, M.D., Proprietor.

TOYS.

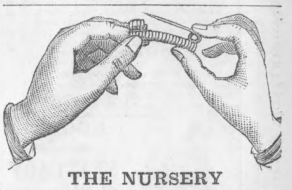
STRASBURGER & PFEIFFER,
394 BROADWAY, N.Y.,
IMPORTERS OF
GERMAN, FRENCH, & ENGLISH TOYS.

Our Holiday Exhibition

Will commence on **DECEMBER 5th,** which will surpass any thing of the like ever exhibited in this country.

SPECIALTIES

Imported for our Holiday Retail Trade, consisting of all the latest novelties to be found in the European market.



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'Favorite' Safety Pin.
PATENTED AUG. 29, 1871.
BEAUTY, ECONOMY, UTILITY, SAFETY.
The Best and Most Perfect Pin ever made.

It takes 22 inches of wire to construct one Pin. It overcomes objections constantly made by those using other pins. Unlike them, the wire is formed into a long and short spiral coil. The Pin is pointed at the end, and is of a triangular shape, which will allow it to easily penetrate one or more thicknesses of cloth. When confined, the sharp point is perfectly inclosed and secure, and can not become loosened except by hand manipulation. They give perfect satisfaction. Liberal inducements offered to the Trade. Local and Traveling Agents wanted every where. One Dozen Pins packed in a neat little box and sent postpaid to any address on receipt of One Dollar.
Address **T. B. DOOLITTLE & CO.,**
599 Broadway, New York.

MAGIC FOR the PARLOR. Send a stamp for a price-list. HARTZ CONJURING REPOSITORY, **743 Broadway, New York.** Hartz's Magic Euchre Pack, the most astounding card tricks can be done without practice. $2, post free, with a Book of Tricks arranged by M. Hartz.

UNQUESTIONABLY THE BEST
The Wakefield Earth Closet
26 BEEKMAN ST. NEW YORK

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.
COLOR BOXES
AND SETS OF
Mathematical Instruments
in largest variety at
KEUFFEL & ESSER'S, 116 Fulton St., N. Y.

BOYS
Boys' Waltham Watches. HOWARD & CO. 865 B'dway, New York.

Hawkes' Patent Fountain Holder—Nickel Plate, 50c.; Hard Rubber, $1 50 and $3 00. Writes like a lead pencil. Use any pen. By mail. Send stamp for circular. G. HAWKES, 55 Nassau St., N. Y.

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ORIGINAL OCTAVO EDITION OF OPERAS,

Price One Dollar; or, splendidly bound in scarlet cloth, gilt edges, Two Dollars. Now ready:

Fidelio,	Trovatore,
Fra Diavolo,	Oberon,
Don Giovanni,	Il Barbiere,
Norma,	Nozze di Figaro,
Lucia,	Rigoletto,
Lucrezia,	Somnambula.

To be continued monthly.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS, NEW AND OLD.

Edited by the Rev. H. R. Bramley, M.A., and John Stainer, M.A., Mus. D. Splendidly illustrated by the Brothers Dalziel, and elegantly bound in cloth, gilt edges, Four Dollars.

SACRED SONGS FOR LITTLE SINGERS.

Set to music by A. Randegger, and illustrated by the Brothers Dalziel. Handsomely bound in cloth, gilt edges, $2 50.

NATIONAL NURSERY RHYMES.

Set to music by J. W. Elliott, with 65 beautiful illustrations engraved by the Brothers Dalziel. Splendidly bound in cloth, gilt edges, Four Dollars.

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PIANO-FORTE CLASSICS,

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ORATORIOS.

All the popular works of the great Masters, 50c., 75c., and $1 each.

NOVELLO, EWER, & CO.,
751 Broadway, New York.

Send for circulars to S. C. CATLIN, Cleveland, O.

Three kinds of Ink, Mucilage Stand, Sponge Cup, and Pen Rack. By revolving glass air chamber A the Inks and Mucilage are forced up any desired height into, or drawn down out of, their dips in *one second of time*. The mucilage can be instantly locked at any point on the brush, independent of the Inks. Every time the Inks are raised in their dips the water in the Sponge Cup rises an equal height, keeping the Sponge constantly saturated. Frame is brass, silver-plated, and will last a lifetime. Glass parts are easily renewed if broken. Other styles on the same principle, which is undoubtedly the *best in the world*.

Protects the Pens. Keeps them clean and ready for immediate use. The Sponge remains wet three times as long as in ordinary Sponge Cups.

Ask your stationers to see them.

ROGERS'
Groups of
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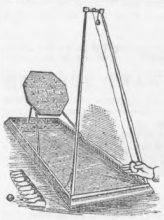

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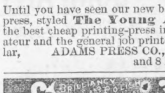

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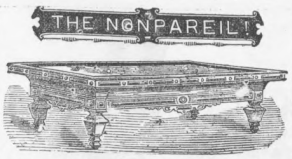

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and waited a little. She still held Nugent's arm. The sting of my indignation as I saw it roused me into doing something. I stepped forward to part them. Grosse stopped me. "No!" he said. "Don't make bad worse." I looked at Oscar for the second time. There he stood, as he had stood from the first moment when she appeared at the door—his eyes staring wildly straight before him; his limbs set and fixed. I went to him and touched him. He seemed not to feel it. I spoke to him. I might as well have spoken to a man of stone.

Herr Grosse's voice drew my attention, for a moment, the other way.

"Come!" he said, trying to take Lucilla back into her own room.

She shook her head, and tightened her hold on Nugent's arm.

"*You* take me," she whispered, "as far as the door."

I again attempted to stop it, and again the German put me back.

"Not to-day!" he said, sternly. With that he made a sign to Nugent, and placed himself on Lucilla's other side. In silence the two men led her out of the room. The door closed on them. It was over.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-SIXTH.

THE BROTHERS MEET.

A FAINT sound of crying found its way to my ears from the lower end of the room, and reminded me that the rector and his wife had been present among us. Feeble Mrs. Finch was lying back in her chair, weeping and wailing over what had happened. Her husband, with the baby in his arms, was trying to compose her. I ought, perhaps, to have offered my help; but, I own, poor Mrs. Finch's distress produced only a passing impression on me. My whole heart was with another person. I forgot the rector and his wife, and went back to Oscar.

This time he moved—he lifted his head when he saw me. Shall I ever forget the silent misery in that face, the dull, dreadful stare in those tearless eyes?

I took his hand. I felt for the poor, disfigured, rejected man as his mother might have felt for him. I gave him a mother's kiss. "Be comforted, Oscar," I said. "Trust me to set this right."

He drew a long, trembling breath, and pressed my hand gratefully. I attempted to speak to him again—he stopped me by looking suddenly toward the door.

"Is Nugent outside?" he asked, in a whisper.

I went into the corridor. It was empty. I looked into Lucilla's room. She and Grosse and the nurse were the only persons in it. I beckoned to Zillah to come out and speak to me. I asked for Nugent. He had left Lucilla abruptly at the bedroom door—he was out of the house. I inquired if it was known in what direction he had gone. Zillah had seen him in the field at the end of the garden, walking away rapidly, with his back to the village, and his face to the hills.

"Nugent has gone," I said, returning to Oscar.

"Add to your kindness to me," he answered. "Let *me* go too."

A quick fear crossed my mind that he might be bent on following his brother.

"Wait a little," I said, "and rest here."

He shook his head.

"I must be by myself," he said. After considering a little, he added a question. "Has Nugent gone to Browndown?"

"No. Nugent has been seen walking toward the hills."

He took my hand again. "Be merciful to me," he said. "Let me go."

"Home? To Browndown?"

"Yes."

"Let me go with you."

He shook his head. "Forgive me. You shall hear from me later in the day."

No tears; no flaming up of the quick temper that I knew so well! Nothing in his face, nothing in his voice, nothing in his manner, but a composure miserable to see—the composure of despair.

"At least let me accompany you to the gate," I said.

"God bless and reward you!" he answered. "Let me go."

With a gentle hand, and yet with a firmness which took me completely by surprise, he separated himself from me, and went out.

I could stand no longer—I dropped trembling into a chair. The conviction forced itself on me that there were worse complications, direr misfortunes, still to come. I was almost beside myself. I broke out vehemently with wild words spoken in my own language. Mrs. Finch recalled me to my senses. I saw her as in a dream, drying her tears, and looking at me in alarm. The rector approached, with profuse expressions of sympathy and offers of assistance. I wanted no comforting. I had served a hard apprenticeship to life; I had been well seasoned to trouble. "Thank you, Sir," I said. "Look to Mrs. Finch." There was more air in the corridor. I went out again, to walk about, and get the better of it there.

A small object attracted my attention, crouched up on one of the window-seats. The small object was Jicks.

I suppose the child's instinct must have told her that something had gone wrong. She looked furtively sideways at me round her doll: she had grave doubts of my intentions toward her. "Are you going to whack Jicks?" asked the curious little creature, shrinking into her corner. I sat down by her, and soon recovered my place in her confidence. She began to chatter again as fast as usual. I listened to her as I could have listened to no grown-up person at that moment. In some mysterious way that I can not explain the child comforted me. Little by little I learned what she had wanted with me when she had attempted to drag me out of the room. She had seen all that had passed in the bedchamber; and she had run out to take me back with her, and show me the wonderful sight of Lucilla with the bandage off her eyes. If I had been wise enough to listen to Jicks, I might have prevented the catastrophe that had happened. I might have met Lucilla in the corridor, and have forced her back into her own room and turned the key on her.

It was too late now to regret what had happened. "Jicks has been good," I said, patting my little friend on the head, with a heavy heart. The child listened, considered with herself gravely, got off the window-seat, and claimed her reward for being good, with that excellent brevity of speech which so eminently distinguished her: "Jicks will go out."

With those words, she shouldered her doll and walked off. The last I saw of her she was descending the stairs, as a workman descends a ladder, on her way to the garden—and from the garden (the first time the gate was opened) to the hills. If I could have gone out with her light heart, I would have joined Jicks.

I had hardly lost sight of the child before the door of Lucilla's room opened, and Herr Grosse appeared in the corridor.

"Soh!" he muttered, with a gesture of relief, "the very womans I was looking for. A nice mess-fix we are in now! I must stop with Feench. (I shall end in hating Feench!) Can you put me into a beds for the night?"

I assured him that he could easily sleep at the rectory. In answer to my inquiries after his patient, he gravely acknowledged that he was anxious about Lucilla. The varying and violent emotions which had shaken her (acting through her nervous system) might produce results which would imperil the recovery of her sight. Absolute repose was not simply necessary—it was now the only chance for her. For the next four-and-twenty hours he must keep watch over her eyes. At the end of that time—no earlier—he might be able to say whether the mischief done would be fatal to her sight or not. I asked how she had contrived to get her bandage off, and to make her fatal entrance into the sitting-room.

He shrugged his shoulders. "There are times," he said, cynically, "when every womans is a hussy, and every mans is a fool. This was one of the times."

It appeared, on further explanation, that my poor Lucilla had pleaded so earnestly (after the nurse had left the room) to be allowed to try her eyes, and had shown such ungovernable disappointment when he persisted in saying No, that he had yielded—not so much to her entreaties as to his own conviction that it would be less dangerous to humor her than to thwart her, with such a sensitive and irritable temperament as hers. He had first bargained, however, on his side, that she should remain in the bedchamber, and be content, for that time, with using her sight on the objects round her in the room. She had promised all that he asked—and he had been foolish enough to trust to her promise. The bandage once off, she had instantly set every consideration at defiance, had torn herself out of his hands like a mad creature, and had rushed into the sitting-room before he could stop her. The rest had followed as a matter of course. Feeble as it was at the first trial of it, her sense of sight was sufficiently restored to enable her to distinguish objects dimly. Of the three persons who had offered themselves to view on the right-hand side of the door, one (Mrs. Finch) was a woman; another (Mr. Finch) was a short, gray-headed, elderly man; the third (Nugent), in his height—which she could see—and in the color of his hair—which she could see—was the only one of the three who could possibly represent Oscar. The catastrophe that followed was (as things were) inevitable. Now that the harm was done, the one alternative left was to check the mischief at the point which it had already reached. Not the slightest hint at the terrible mistake that she had made must be suffered to reach her ears. If we any of us said one word about it, before he authorized us to do so, he would refuse to answer for the consequences, and would then and there throw up the case.

So, in his broken English, Herr Grosse explained what had happened, and issued his directions for our future conduct.

"No person is to go in to her," he said, in conclusion, "but you and goot Mrs. Zillahs. You two watch her, turn-about-turn-about. In a whiles she will sleep. For me, I go to smoke my tobaccos in the garden. Hear this, Madame Pratolungo. When Gott made the womens, he was sorry afterward for the poor mens—and he made tobaccos to comfort them."

Favoring me with this peculiar view of the scheme of creation, Herr Grosse shook his shock head, and waddled away to the garden.

I softly opened the bedroom door and looked in—disappearing just in time to escape the rector and Mrs. Finch returning to their own side of the house.

Lucilla was lying on the sofa. She asked who it was in a drowsy voice—she was happily just sinking into slumber. Zillah occupied a chair near her. I was not wanted for the moment—and I was glad, for the first time in my experience at Dimchurch, to get out of the room again. By some contradiction in my character, which I am not able to explain, there was a certain hostile influence in the sympathy that I felt for Oscar, which estranged me, for the moment, from Lucilla. It was not her fault—and yet (I am ashamed to own it) I almost felt angry with her for reposing so comfortably, when I thought of the poor fellow, without a creature to say a kind word to him, alone at Browndown.

Out again in the corridor the question faced me: What was I to do next?

The loneliness of the house was insupportable; my anxiety about Oscar grew more than I could endure. I put on my hat, and went out.

Having no desire to interfere with Herr Grosse's enjoyment of his pipe, I made my way through the garden as quickly as possible, and found myself in the village again. My uneasiness on the subject of Oscar was matched by my angry desire to know what Nugent would do. Now that he had worked the very mischief which his brother had foreseen to be possible—the very mischief which it had been Oscar's one object to prevent in asking him to leave Dimchurch—would he take his departure? would he rid us, at once and forever, of the sight of him? The bare idea of the other alternative—I mean, of his remaining in the place—shook me with such an unutterable dread of what might happen next that my feet refused to support me. I was obliged, just beyond the village, to sit down by the road-side, and wait till my giddy head steadied itself before I attempted to move again.

After a minute or two I heard footsteps coming along the road. My heart gave one great leap in me. I thought it was Nugent.

A moment more brought the person in view. It was only Mr. Gootheridge, of the village inn, on his way home. He stopped and took off his hat.

"Tired, ma'am?" he said.

The uppermost idea in my mind found its way somehow, ill as I was, to expression on my lips—in the form of a question addressed to the landlord.

"Do you happen to have seen any thing of Mr. Nugent Dubourg?" I asked.

"I saw him not five minutes since, ma'am."

"Where?"

"Going into Browndown."

I started up as if I had been struck or shot. Worthy Mr. Gootheridge stared. I wished him good-day, and went on as fast as my feet would take me, straight to Browndown. Had the brothers met in the house? I turned cold at the bare thought of it—but I still kept on. There was an obstinate resolution in me to part them, which served me in place of courage. Account for it as you may, I was bold and frightened both at the same time. At one moment I was fool enough to say to myself, "They will kill me." At another, just as foolishly, I found comfort in the opposite view. "Bah! They are gentlemen; they can't hurt a woman!"

The servant was standing idling at the front-door when I arrived in sight of the house. This, in itself, was unusual. He was a hard-working, well-trained man. On other occasions nobody had ever seen him out of his proper place. He advanced a few steps to meet me. I looked at him carefully. Not the slightest appearance of disturbance was visible in his face.

"Is Mr. Oscar at home?" I asked.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am. Mr. Oscar is at home—but you can't see him. He and Mr. Nugent are together."

I rested my hand on the low wall in front of the house, and made a desperate effort to put a calm face on it.

"Surely Mr. Oscar will see *me*?" I said.

"I have Mr. Oscar's orders, ma'am, to wait at the door, and tell every body who comes to the house (without exception) that he is engaged."

The house door was half open. I listened intently while the man was speaking. If they had been at high words together, I must have heard them, in the silence of the lonely hills all round us. I heard nothing.

It was strange, it was inconceivable. At the same time it relieved me. There they were together, and no harm had come of it so far.

I left my card, and walked on a little past the corner of the house wall. As soon as I was out of the servant's sight, I turned back to the side of the building, and ventured as near as I durst to the window of the sitting-room. Their voices reached me, but not their words. On both sides the tones were low and confidential. Not a note of anger in either voice—listen for it as I might! I left the house again, breathless with amazement, and so rapidly does a woman shift from one emotion to another) burning with curiosity.

After half an hour of aimless wandering in the valley, I returned to the rectory.

Lucilla was still sleeping. I took Zillah's place, and sent her into the kitchen. The landlady of the inn was there to help us with the dinner. But she was hardly equal, single-handed, to the superintendence of such dishes as we had to set before Herr Grosse. It was high time I relieved Zillah, if we were to pass successfully through the ordeal of the great surgeon's criticism as reviewer of all the sauces.

An hour more passed before Lucilla woke. I sent a messenger to Grosse, who appeared enveloped in a halo of tobacco, examined the patient's eyes, felt her pulse, ordered her wine and jelly, filled his monstrous pipe, and gruffly returned to his promenade in the garden.

The day wore on. Mr. Finch came to make inquiries, and then went back to his wife—whom he described as "hysterically irresponsible," and in imminent need of another warm bath. He declined, in his most pathetic manner, to meet the German at dinner. "After what I have suffered, after what I have seen, these banquetings—I would say, these ticklings of the palate—are not to my taste. You mean well, Madame Pratolungo. (Good creature!) But I am not in heart for feasting. Simple fare, by my wife's couch; a few consoling words, in the character of pastor and husband, when the infant is quiet. So my day is laid out. I wish you well. I don't object to your little dinner. Good-day! good-day!"

A second examination of Lucilla's eyes brought us to the dinner hour.

At the sight of the table-cloth Herr Grosse's good humor returned. We two dined together alone—the German sending in selections of his own making from the dishes to Lucilla's room. So far, he said, she had escaped any serious injury. But he still insisted on keeping his patient perfectly quiet, and he refused to answer for any thing until the night had passed. As for me, Oscar's continued silence weighed more and more heavily on my spirits. My past suspense in the darkened room with Lucilla seemed to be a mere trifle by comparison with the keener anxieties which I suffered now. I saw Grosse's eyes glaring discontentedly at me through his spectacles. He had good reason to look at me as he did: I had never before been so stupid and so disagreeable in all my life.

Toward the end of the dinner there came news from Browndown at last. The servant sent in a message by Zillah, begging me to see him for a moment outside the sitting-room door.

I made my excuses to my guest, and hurried out.

The instant I saw the servant's face my heart sank. Oscar's kindness had attached the man devotedly to his master. I saw his lips tremble, and his color come and go, when I looked at him.

"I have brought you a letter, ma'am."

He handed me a letter addressed to me in Oscar's handwriting.

"How is your master?" I asked.

"Not very well, ma'am, when I saw him last."

"When you saw him last?"

"I bring sad news, ma'am. There's a break-up at Browndown."

"What do you mean? Where is Mr. Oscar?"

"Mr. Oscar has left Dimchurch."

THE ORIGINAL SHYLOCK.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Jewish Chronicle* calls attention to the fact that the original of Shakspeare's Shylock was a Christian, and not a Jew. He quotes from the 11th book of Gregorio Leti's Biography of Sixtus V. in proof of this. A Roman merchant, named Sechi, heard that Admiral Francis Blake had conquered San Domingo, and communicated the news to a Jewish merchant named Cenedo. The latter was so confident in the falseness of the news that, after repeated protestations, he said, "I bet a pound of my flesh that the report is untrue." "And I lay a thousand scudi against it," rejoined the Christian, who caused a bond to be drawn up to the effect that in case the report should prove untrue, then the Christian merchant, Signor Paul M. Sechi, is bound to pay the Jewish merchant the sum of 1000 scudi; and, on the other hand, if the truth of this news be confirmed, the Christian merchant, Signor Paul M. Sechi, is justified and empowered to cut with his own hands, with a well-sharpened knife, a pound of the Jew's fair flesh, of that part of the body it might please him. When the news proved true, the Christian insisted on his bond; but the governor, having got wind of the affair, reported it to the pope, who condemned both Jew and Christian to the galleys, from which they could only be ransomed by paying a fine of 2000 scudi to the hospital of Sixtine Bridge.

THE KITE-CARRIAGE.

KITES afford the most striking evidence of the elevating power resulting from the swift motion of an inclined plane through the air, the fact being remembered always that, whatever supporting and elevating power is obtained when air moves horizontally with a certain velocity against an inclined plane, precisely the same supporting and elevating power will be obtained when the inclined plane is drawn or propelled horizontally with equal velocity through still air. The following passages from the "History of the Char-volant," or kite-carriage, bear significantly on the subject. The kite employed in the first experiments (made early in the present century) had a surface of fifty-five square feet. "Nor was less progress made in the experimental department when large weights were required to be raised or transposed. While on this subject, we must not omit to observe that the first person who soared aloft in the air by this invention was a lady, whose courage would not be denied this test of its strength. An arm-chair was brought on the ground, then, lowering the cordage of the kite by slackening the lower brace, the chair was firmly lashed to the main line, and the lady took her seat. The main brace being hauled taut, the huge buoyant sail rose aloft with its fair burden, continuing to ascend to the height of a hundred yards. On descending, she expressed herself much pleased with the easy motion of the kite, and the delightful prospect she had enjoyed. Soon after this another experiment of a similar nature took place, when the inventor's son successfully carried out a design not less safe than bold—that of scaling by this powerful aerial machine the brow of a cliff two hundred feet in perpendicular height. Here, after safely landing, he again took his seat in a chair expressly prepared for the purpose, and, detaching the swivel line which kept it at its elevation, glided gently down the cordage to the hand of the director. The buoyant sail employed on this occasion was thirty feet in height, and had a proportionate spread of canvas. The rise of the machine was most majestic, and nothing could surpass the steadiness with which it was manœuvred, the certainty with which it answered the action of the braces, and the ease with which its power was lessened or increased.....Subsequently to this, an experiment of a very bold and novel character was made upon an extensive down, where a wagon with a considerable load was drawn along, while this huge machine at the same time carried an observer aloft in the air, realizing almost the romance of flying."

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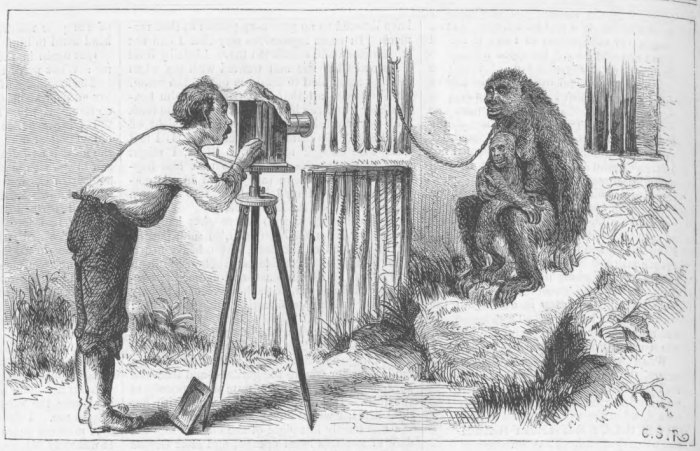
DU CHAILLU AND KING QUENGUEZA.



PHOTOGRAPHING GORILLAS.

THE LAND OF THE DWARFS.

By ALFRED H. GUERNSEY.

"In the month of July, 1863, if you had been in London, you might have seen, in St. Catharine's Dock, a schooner called the *Mentor*, a little vessel of less than 100 tons measurement; and if you had gone on board, you would have seen Paul du Chaillu busily superintending the taking of the cargo, and getting all things in readiness for the voyage. Captain Vardon was the commander of the vessel. Paul du Chaillu had an anxious look, for he was about to undertake a journey of explorations of about five years' duration, and had to think of many things. What an outfit it was! I will give you some idea of it."

Thus does Paul begin the book, of some leading features of which we propose to furnish a summary. The list of the outfit is a long one. We shall only mention a few of the principal articles.

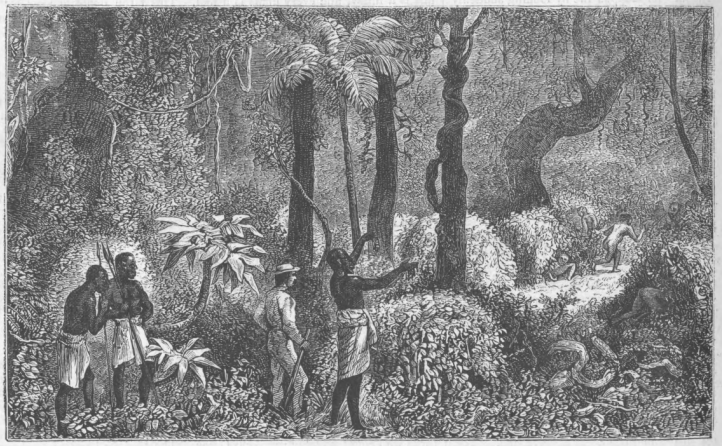
There were 72 pairs of Balmoral lace-boots, 24 pairs of shoes, 12 pairs of linen slippers, 12 pairs of leggings, 72 pairs of socks, 72 pairs of pantaloons of strong blue twill, 24 linen blouses, shirts (number not stated) of light-colored flannel, several dozen pocket-handkerchiefs. "No collars or neck-ties were necessary." Then came the medicines. "If," says Paul, "it had been only to take medicines for myself, the matter would have been simple enough; but I had to think of my followers and porters. Accordingly I purchased 75 ounces of quinine, 10 gallons of castor-oil, 50 pounds of Epsom salts, 2 quarts of laudanum. These were the medicines which would be most needed; but, besides these, I had pretty nearly all the drugs to be found at the apothecary's." There were 100 pounds of arsenic, to be used for preserving the skins of birds and animals. By way of arms, there were a double-barreled breech-loading rifle, throwing a two-ounce steel-pointed bullet, 12 muzzle-loading rifles and muskets, besides revolvers and big hunting-knives. "These," says Paul, "were for my own special use. Besides them, I took 250 cheap guns for my body-guard, and for presents to native kings." The ammunition comprised 15,000 cartridges for revolvers, 15,000 bullets for guns and rifles, and lead for 20,000 more, 1000 pounds of small shot, 50,000 percussion caps, 400 pounds of fine powder, and 2000 pounds of coarse powder. The scientific apparatus was very complete. In the list are found watches, sextants, telescopes, thermometers, compasses, rain-gauges, artificial horizons, an electro-magnetic machine, and last, but by no means least, "18 boxes containing photographic apparatus, with tent and chemicals for 10,000 photographs, the transportation of which alone would require twenty men."

These by no means formed the whole of the cargo. For among what may be styled merchandise there is mention of 5000 pounds of beads, several hundred pieces of cotton goods, pieces of silk, coats, waistcoats, shirts, 2000 red caps, umbrellas, hats, files, knives, forks, spoons, bells, looking-glasses, ear-rings, clocks, musical-boxes, etc., etc. Heavy goods also were not wanting. Among the presents given at one time to a native king are mentioned 100 iron bars 6 feet long, 50 copper plates 24 inches in diameter, 50 iron pots, 50 small brass kettles, 50 pine chests, and many other articles.

Du Chaillu's purpose, which, however, he confided to no one, was "to cross the continent of Africa near the equator from the west to the head waters of the Nile," and then to descend that river to its mouth. How far short he fell of accomplishing this, and why he was turned back, his narrative fully shows. He undertook the expedition wholly upon his own account. He says: "The abundant results of the sale of my 'Adventures in Equatorial Africa,' and the proceeds arising from the disposal of my gorillas and my collection of beasts, birds, insects, and shells, alone enabled me to undertake this new expedition; for not one dollar has ever been given by any scientific society to help me in any of my explorations; but I was very happy in expending a part of my means in the interest of science, and for the enlargement of our knowledge of unknown countries. Years had passed away since I had first gone to Africa; my parents were both dead, I was alone in the world, the world was before me, and I thought I could do no better than make another exploration. I only wish I could have done more; really I think I did the best I could."

A very natural and proper question will occur to every reader of this narrative: "Is it true, or a mere work of fancy?" The writer of this paper has the best reasons for full confidence that this and all the other narratives by Paul du Chaillu are absolutely and entirely true. I became acquainted with Du Chaillu when, in 1859, he returned to America, bringing with him that great collection of objects from Equatorial Africa, many of which were subsequently purchased by the British Museum. For months, during which Du Chaillu was engaged in the preparation of his first book, "Explorations and Adventures in Equatorial Africa," I saw him and his collection daily. This book was, indeed, fiercely assailed by English critics, but they all came signally to grief; for, as it happened, on the very points where his veracity was most sharply called in question, he was able to demonstrate the truthfulness of his statements. As to the narration given in this work of the second expedition in 1863-66, the evidence is equally satisfactory. Many of the objects collected have found place in the British Museum. Professor Owen, the highest living authority on such subjects, says: "The pains and skill which M. Du Chaillu has devoted, under the most difficult and trying circumstances, to obtain from the scenes of his explorations in Western Equatorial Africa materials for the advancement of natural history, have earned for him the respect and gratitude of every genuine lover and student of science for its own sake." In short, upon every point where confirmation of the truth of his account could, from the nature of the case, be given, Du Chaillu is abundantly confirmed; and I am confident that among the thousands of men in America and Europe who have known him for more than ten years, there is not one who does not place full credence in his perfect truthfulness.

I proceed to give some of the leading incidents of Du Chaillu's journey to the Land of the Dwarfs; and as I shall mainly use his own words, though with much abridgment, I put all in the first person, as though it were written by himself.



HUTS OF THE DWARFS.

CAPTURE OF THE IPI.

We sailed from London on the 5th of August, 1863. By the end of the month we were not far from the Tropic of Cancer. On the 7th of October the captain said that on the following day we should come in sight of land on the African shore. On the next morning I heard from the maintop the cry of "Land! land!" Two hours afterward, from the deck, I could discover the low lands of the Commi country. Nearer and nearer the coast we came, until we could see the white surf breaking with terrific force on the shore, and hear the booming sound of the angry waves as they dashed against the breakers. No canoes could ride through the surf, so no natives could come on board. In the evening we stood off the land and shortened sail, and afterward we cast anchor. The next morning we sailed again in a southerly direction, and at last we saw a canoe pass through the breakers. It came alongside, and the negroes shouted, in English, "Put down the anchor! Plenty of ivory; plenty of every thing. Load the ship in a fortnight!"

We had passed the river Fernando Vaz, having sailed too far south. The mouth of the river is very difficult to discover, being discernible only by the white surf combing over its bar, and by large flocks of fish-eating birds hovering in the air above it, and by a long white sandy point, forming the extremity of the land on the left bank.

As we approached the river two canoes left the shore and made for the vessel. In the first I recognized my friend Adjouatonga, whose villages occupied the mouth of the river. He

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climbed up the vessel's side, and went to shake hands with the captain, and then advanced upon me to do the same. I had not said a word, but upon my raising my hat, he recognized me, and cried out in his own language, "Are you Chally, or his spirit? for we heard that you were dead." I said, "I am Chally, your friend." The good fellow embraced me in a transport of joy. Four years had nearly gone by since I had left the Commi country. As the second canoe came nearer, I ordered Adjouatonga not to say a word. My heart leaped with joy, for in it were my own people from the good old African home of mine. Sholomba, the nephew of King Rampano, was there, my boy Macondai, and all my former canoemen. In a moment they were all on deck, and a wild shout of joy came from them: "Our white man has come back! Chally! Chally!" I was seized and almost pulled to pieces, for they all wanted to hug me at the same time.

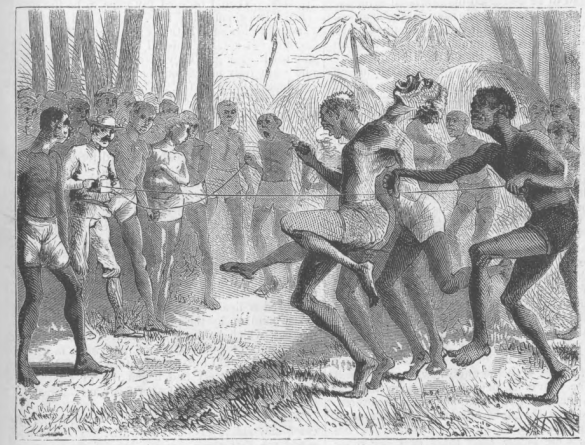
When we had come back to our senses, the next subject to be considered was how I was to get ashore. It was now the beginning of the rainy season, when the winds are less violent than in the dry season; but the surf had not subsided from the agitation of the heavy south winds of the dry season. The anchor was cast, and I left the *Mentor* in Adjouatonga's canoe. We approached the rollers, rested outside for a while, and then, at the proper moment, the frail canoe rose upon the huge crest of a wave, which bore us with lightning speed to the beach, where I was caught up by the natives, who were waiting for us, and carried safely to land. The news spread over the country that Chally had come back, and the people came trooping by land and water to see their old friend, and to hear about the stores of good things he had brought with him.

DINNER WITH THE DWARFS.

Huts were given to me in which to store my goods, and it was necessary for me to go on board the *Mentor*, and arrange the mode of disembarkation of my outfit and goods. We resolved to land every thing on the beach, through the surf, and then to carry them across to the river, and put them in canoes, which were to convey them to my new settlement, my former one of four years ago having been destroyed, nothing being left except a few bamboos and rotting poles. Rikimongani, the friend to whom I had intrusted the charge of the settlement, was no more. "He is dead," said the men; "the people were jealous that you loved him so well, and they did not want him to see you again, and they bewitched him. He fell ill and died. He used to say, 'One day we shall see a white sail, and Chally will be on board, and he will land, and come to see us again.'"

On the 14th of October I went to the schooner, and slept on board. The next morning three canoes came alongside to take off the cargo. My most precious things were lowered into the canoes, and Captain Vardon concluded to go on shore with me. The first two canoes went safely through the surf. The third, in which I had embarked, was less fortunate. In this canoe were sixteen oarsmen, the finest on the Commi coast, every man of whom could swim like a fish. We watched the heavy rollers as they came in. Usually there are six of them, after which comes a lull. We waited for this; then the oarsmen gave way with a will, and we rose on what seemed a gentle swell, which, surging higher and higher, began to form a crest, dashing us upon a great wave. The steering paddle was rendered useless, and the canoe, half filled with water, lay at the mercy of the next wave. This struck us broadside on, upsetting the canoe, and hurling us into the sea. When I rose to the surface, I was forty feet from the canoe, and the men were scattered far and wide in the foaming billows. The faithful negroes swam toward me, shouting, "To our ntangani" (white man). I felt myself sinking, and in another minute all would have been over with me. The crew swam around me, held me up until another wave would strike and scatter us. Back they swam, again and again, succeeding at last in ridding me of my shoes and coat, the pockets of which were filled with small but heavy articles. I caught a glimpse of Captain Vardon, who was struggling in the waves, and directed some of the men to swim to his help. They were just in time to save him.

Meanwhile canoe after canoe was launched from the shore, but only to be swamped in the breakers. The tide was all the while drifting us toward the beach. Finally we succeeded in reaching our capsized boat, to which we clung. At last a canoe reached us from the shore. The crew jumped overboard, giving us their places, while they swam alongside to keep it steady. When we neared the shore the natives dashed into the water, seized me in their arms, and bore me to the land, shouting, "The sea wanted to eat our white man!" I was partly stunned, and had swallowed a great deal of salt-water. Captain Vardon had a narrow escape: he was just sinking when my good boys clinched him.



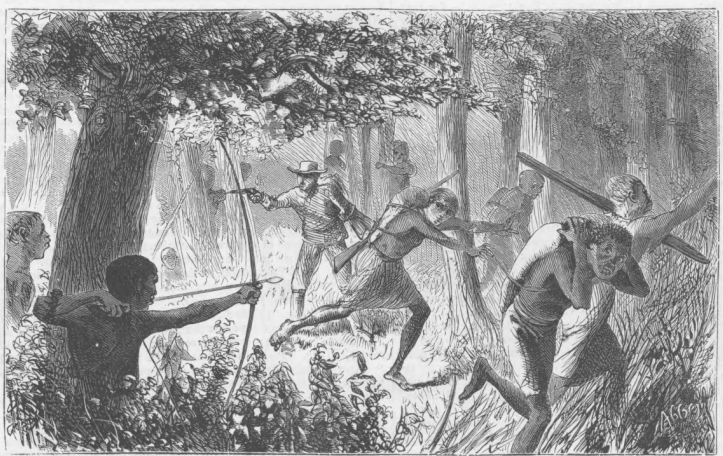
SHOCKING THE ASHANGOS.

FRIENDS IN THE DARKNESS.

Although life was saved, I had sustained a great loss. The worst was that my scientific instruments had gone to the bottom of the sea; and without these I could not carry out my design of making a thorough exploration across the continent. I must wait where I was until I could send to London for a new supply; and whether I should get them at all would depend upon whether Baring Brothers, the great bankers, would advance the necessary money. At best, a long time would be absolutely wasted, as far as my main purpose was concerned. It was, in fact, about nine months before the supplies reached me. How this time was spent is told in my book, "The Land of the Dwarfs." Only a few incidents will here be noted.

In a couple of days the surf subsided so that canoes could reach the *Mentor*. After four days' hard work the whole cargo was safely landed. There were in all seventy loads. The goods were safely carried to the spot where my new settlement was to be established. Among them were articles for presents to my old friend King Quengueza. There was a gorgeous blue coat—almost a gown—lined with red, and having a yellow fringe; a splendid plush waistcoat, with big brass buttons. There were no pantaloons, for his majesty could never see the use of this article. There was also a long cane with a huge gilt head. But when I produced a flat opera-hat, and by touching the springs threw it up into a tall stovepipe hat, the astonishment of the king knew no bounds; and he surveyed himself in a looking-glass with intense admiration. I can only mention a few of the more solid presents. There were 100 pieces of calico, 6 pieces of silk, 300 pounds of beads, 200 pairs of earrings, 100 bars of iron six feet long, 50 copper plates two feet in diameter, 50 small brass kettles, 50 iron pots, 50 guns, 50 kegs of powder, and so on. There were also 50 pine chests; and these were the delight of Quengueza, for the wealth of an African king is estimated by the number of his chests, which are always presumed to be filled with goods.

In four weeks my new settlement was built, to which I gave the name of Plateau, on account of the flatness of the surrounding country. On the 18th of January, 1864, the *Mentor* had loaded, and sailed for London. I sent a young chimpanzee, about three years old, whom we had named Tom. He had become very tame, and would eat any thing; so that I had good hopes that he would survive the voyage. He did reach London, and was presented in my name to the Crystal Palace, where he was placed in the conservatory, and was allowed to sell his cartes de visite at sixpence apiece. He did business on the cash principle. If any one took a picture without handing over the pay, Master Tom set up a great outcry, never ceasing until he got the money. The poor fellow met an untimely fate, having been burned to death in the fire of December 30, 1866, when the north wing of the palace, in which was the tropical department, was consumed.



THE FIGHT WITH ASHANGOS.

Among my hunting excursions was one in search of an animal which the natives call the ipi. The creature is very rare, and I had never seen one. I had been shown a large yellow scale, which formed part of a "monda," or fetich, and which, I was told, had come from an ipi. From this, and from descriptions of the animal, I perceived that it belonged to the family of pangolins, or ant-eaters. Day after day we hunted, but saw no traces of an ipi. At last one of my men gave a cluck, and pointed to a long, hollow tree lying on the ground, with a strange-looking track leading to it, and whispered in my ear the word "Ipi." The footprints all led to the tree. Running to the other end, I saw that there was no track there. And as I knew that the hollow was not large enough for it to turn round, I was sure that the ipi must be within. We cut down a small tree, to which we attached a flexible creeper, with a noose at the end. This was set at the farther end of the hollow trunk, and bent over so as to form a snare. Then we kindled a fire at the other end of the log, to smoke the creature out. As we expected, it made for the exit, and

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was caught, dangling, in the snare. It was a female, and measured four feet and a half in length, from nose to tail. The males are said to be much larger. It proved to be an entirely new species, to which the name of *Pholitidus africanus* has been given. It was stout and heavy, the tail being short in comparison with the body. The scales are very thick, and overhanging each other, like slates on the roof of a house. Its armor is so rigid that it can not bend its body sideways. It therefore makes its burrow with two entrances, and must always enter by one and leave by the other. But as the belly has no scales, the animal can roll itself up into a ball, the head being in the centre. Its food consists of ants, which it catches one by one with its long, prehensile tongue, which it can shoot out several inches. I had a curiosity to know how the ipi tasted, and had some of it for breakfast. It was good eating, though rather lean. The natives say that at some seasons it becomes very fat.

As the months passed on I was able to enlarge my acquaintance with the gorilla. In June I came upon a group of four old ones and a young one. They were in a clump of plantain-trees. They would pull down one of these, and devour the soft, juicy heart. Sometimes they would take only a single bite, and then leave it, much as a boy in walking through an orchard will take one bite from an apple, and then throw it away. A while afterward, on returning to Plateau, I was surprised by the present of a live gorilla, which some natives had captured. He was the largest one ever taken alive. He showed a most diabolical temper, and to bite somebody seemed to be the object of his existence. A few days after there was a great commotion in front of my hut. On going out I saw a huge female gorilla, bound hand and foot, alive, but fearfully wounded. She had at her breast a young female cub. Near her was a young male, a fierce-looking fellow. Next morning I succeeded in taking a photograph of the mother with her young one in her arms. But as for Tom, the young male, I could not get a good picture of him. The mother died that night. Her death was painfully like that of a human being, and her child clung to her to the last, and even tried to obtain milk after she was dead. The little one survived only four days. She would not take goat's milk, which was all I had to offer her.* She died gently; her legs and arms were wasted almost to nothing, and her ribs could be counted.

I hoped to preserve Tom, for he was old enough to eat berries and nuts. He throve well; and late in August, when a vessel was leaving for London, I put him on board as a passenger, giving the captain an order upon Baring Brothers for £100 for his passage, if delivered alive. I put on board a great supply of bananas, sugar-cane, and other food. These lasted for three weeks; when they were gone, pies, puddings, rice, and crackers were all tried in vain. He would not eat a mouthful, and in four days died of absolute starvation, and to the day of his death was as ugly as when he was captured. So ended the first, and, I believe, the last experiment at sending a live gorilla to Europe. His conduct, compared with that of his namesake, the chimpanzee, evinces the difference between the natures of these two species of animals, which are apparently so much alike.

On the 30th of June, while returning from an expedition, I saw a canoe coming up the river.* It brought me letters from Baring Brothers, who had forwarded me all I wanted. These great bankers and merchants had taken the trouble to send to Paul du Chaillu all he had asked for, without knowing when they would be repaid.

Two days after a native entered my hut in great consternation, saying that a smoking vessel with ten guns was in the river, and they feared it had come to make war. Soon the steamer *Leviathan* came puffing up. It was not, however, the monstrous vessel which we know by that name, but a flat-bottomed little steamer, forty feet long, originally built for a pleasure-boat on the Seine, which had been sent out to explore the rivers of Equatorial Africa. The ten guns existed only in the imagination of the natives. I am sorry to add that the *Leviathan* soon after foundered in a squall at the Gaboon.

Some further time was spent in completing the preparations for my great expedition. I summoned all the Commi chiefs to a grand palaver. I told them that I was about to set out toward where the sun rose, and I wanted men to go with me. We should go through a hundred tribes; cross rivers and mountains; the journey would be a long one; there might be hunger and peril: but at the end those who survived would find coats and hats, shirts and beads, and all the guns and powder they wanted, and then a vessel would be sent to bring them back. I wanted twenty-five men to go with me, but I wished no one to go by force — sent by their chiefs—but only brave men with strong hearts, who would not grumble when they were pinched for food. Great excitement prevailed for many days. The chiefs said, "We will not forbid any one to go with you. You have talked to us right; you have told us no lies. If a man comes back, he will come back rich." Many of the young men wanted to go with me, but their families objected. Those who finally agreed to go were fewer than I wanted. There was Igala, a warrior of great repute, a famous hunter and fetich-man; Rebouka, a big, strapping fellow, a good fighter, but an enormous eater; Igalo, a tall young man, full of spirit and dash; Macondai, my good boy, whom I had almost brought up—he was the only shore-boy whom Quenqueza had allowed to be with me in the Bakalai country in my previous visit; Mouitchi, a stout negro, with thick lips, big nose, and a face almost as flat as that of a gorilla; he had been a slave, but had received his freedom; now he wanted to be gone five years, and see the white man's country; Rapelina, a short young fellow, as strong as an ox, but inclined to be sulky and obstinate. There were also four other slave boys, Retonda, Ngoma, Rogueri, and Igala-Yengo, who wanted to see the white man's country, and were set free by their masters—various chiefs whose friendship I had acquired.

At length, on the 2d of October, 1864, we were ready for departure, and paddled up the river. In a few days we reached Goumbi, the capital of Quengueza's dominions. The old king gave us a royal welcome. None of his free people, he said, wanted to go with me, but one of his slaves was willing to go. "I want you," he added, "to go where you like. I am an old man, but I am strong; and though forty dry and forty rainy seasons have passed since I have been to the Ashira country, I will go there with you, and put you into the hands of my friend Olenda, the great Ashira king, and tell him to send you on."

On the 28th we left Goumbi, followed by a large number of canoes. "Good-by, Chally," shouted the people from the shore. "Come back to us, and take care of our king. We do not like him to go so far away with you, for he is old. But he loves you, and will accompany you a part of the way." At Obindji, after some delay, we were met by the Ashira men whom Olenda had sent, and we set out in their company. Quengueza made a formal speech to his men. "You must look upon Chally as your chief, and do as he bids you. If you see any where a bunch of plantains with ground-nuts by them, do not touch them: the people are on the watch to see what you will do. If the people of a village tell you to catch goats, or cut plantains for yourselves, tell them that strangers do not help themselves, that it is the duty of a host to do these things, and bring the presents to the house which has been given to the strangers. When a house has been given to you, go into no other; and if you see a seat, do not sit upon it, for there are seats where nobody but the owners may sit. And, above all things, beware of women; do not fall in love with any of them. I want you to get into no trouble."

The next day we emerged from the forest into the beautiful prairies of Ashira land, where Quengueza was warmly welcomed by his old friend Olenda, whom I had met in my former expedition. Olenda was, I think, the oldest man I ever saw; his people said that he had a powerful fetich to guard him against death; but his cheeks were sunken, his legs and arms very thin, and he had hardly strength to bear his own weight. But his sight and hearing were about as good as ever. He professed to like me very much, but he liked my goods quite as well. Once, when he seemed rather exacting about a present which I was to give him, I told him that I thought he liked me only on account of my goods. "Oh no," he replied; "I like you for yourself, but I like your goods also."

After a few days I determined to make a short trip to the north to see the great water-falls of Samba-Nagoshi, on the Rembo-Ngouyai (River Ngouyai), which I had vainly tried to reach on my former expedition. We set out on the 1st of December. I took with me only four of my faithful Commi boys; the rest of the party were Ashiras, among them being three of Olenda's grand-nephews. It took ten days to reach the falls, although the actual distance was hardly fifty miles. I was somewhat disappointed at the view of these falls. The rapids below them were grand, the river rushing furiously through a narrow gorge, the scene being rendered more magnificent by the luxuriant tropical foliage upon the banks. But the main fall was hardly fifteen feet high. I had brought my photographic apparatus, hoping to take views; but the weather was so cloudy that I could not succeed in getting a good picture.

December was far gone when I got back to Olenda's village. In the mean time some difficulties had arisen. I have elsewhere told how, four years before, I had visited the Apingi country, where I had been made a kind of king. After I had left that country the people knew not what had become of me. In the mean while several of my old Apingi friends had died, and it got to be believed that I had killed them by means of witchcraft. The "Spirit"—for that was the name by which they called me—they said, had destroyed these Apingi friends of mine. I loved my friends so much, they said, that I could not bear to part with them; and so, when I left a country, I killed my friends, and took their spirits away with me. Now the present chief of Apingi land, hearing that I had come back, sent a message to Olenda. "I do not want to see the Spirit; I do not want to follow him, as others have done, but prefer to stop at home and eat plantain; the present world is good enough for me." The Apingi messengers had left before my return. When I got back a great palaver was held, at which it was decided that I should go on through the country of the Otandos rather than through that of the Apingis.

But worse was to come. A terrible plague broke out among the Ashira people. They said it was caused by witchcraft. I soon found that it was the small-pox in its most virulent form. When it reached Olenda's village his favorite wife was the first victim. Before long half of Olenda's people were dead, and there were not well people enough to fetch food; and so famine succeeded to pestilence. I implored Quengueza to go back to his own country. For a time he refused, at length he took his departure, but not until I had succeeded in getting a good photograph of him. Thrice a gang of men had been sent to carry my baggage to the Otando country, and as many times the pestilence had swept away the greater number of them. I sent my Commi men to the neighboring villages in search of food, but they were threatened with death, and driven back by the people. One of the darkest days came just after the departure of Quengueza. My boy Retonda had died that day; Ngoma lay dying in my hut; Igala-Yengo lay sick in the next hut. Macondai and I were the only ones of our number who had escaped the plague.

Up to this time Olenda had been well. One might almost think that he had, as his people believed, a fetich which would preserve him from death. But one morning when I went to see him he complained that his head pained him, and that he was very thirsty. That day he lay down on his bed, never to get up again. For two days the fever increased, and a part of the time I was by his side. "Don't grieve, Chally," said he; "it is not your fault if I am sick; you have not made me ill." I left him at nine o'clock in the evening. Before morning, as I lay awake, I heard a cry of anguish sounding from house to house. Olenda was dead. He had passed away peacefully, as if he had gone to sleep. Before dying he had charged his people to take care of me. As many of his people as were alive came to the burial of Olenda. I followed his body to the grave. In it he was placed sitting, wearing a big coat, one of my presents to him. At his head was planted a big umbrella; at his side was placed a chest filled with the presents I had made him, together with plates, jugs, a pipe, and tobacco. A fire was kindled close by, which was to be kept burning for a long time. Food and water were also to be kept continually by his grave.

I must pass over the events of the weary days which followed. They were full of tidings of disaster. All the people who had come with Quengueza to the Ashira country were dead. Every Bakalai chief was dead. In some of their villages not a human being was left alive. My party of Commi men had been reduced from ten to seven; for Retonda had died, Rogueri had run away, after advising the Ashira to rob me, and Igala-Yengo, partially recovered, was going back, bearing letters from me. I thought the end of my explorations had come, and fully expected to be murdered by infuriated savages.

At length I succeeded in getting some porters, who, with my own men, made the number of our party thirty. No amount of pay could induce more to come. So on the 16th of March we set out, after giving away or destroying all the effects we could not take with us. There was no firing of guns as we left Olenda's village on our way to the Otando country. Here again I must omit much which I have fully detailed in my book. From the Otando region we passed into the country of the Aponos. This we started for on the 30th of May. The whole region was alive with wars and rumors of wars. At one place we found our way barricaded. Charms had been hung up to keep us off; but behind these were men armed with spears, swords, and bows and arrows. These men uttered curses against the Oguizi (spirit) who had brought the plague into their villages. "Do not come near us," they shouted; "do not try to enter our village, for there will be war." It seemed, indeed, as though a fight were imminent; but, by dint of immense palavering, we succeeded in getting on, passing from village to village, until, early in June, we were through the Apono country, and about to enter that of the Ishogos. I found myself among a people quite new to me. I will describe Igoumbié, one of the Ishogo villages, which shall serve as an example of many others. This village contained one hundred and ninety-one houses ranged along one street. These houses were larger than those of many other tribes. They were about twenty feet long and ten feet wide. Each had a door in the middle two or three feet wide, and a little higher. The height of the lower walls was four and a half feet, and the distance to the top of the roof eight or nine feet. The doors of the houses were very tasteful. Each owner seemed to vie with his neighbor in the choice of the prettiest patterns. Every door was carved and painted in different colors.

I could stay only a day in this pretty village, though the people seemed to take a liking to me, and when I left I heard them crying, "The Spirit has gone!" Then we plunged into the forest, passing village after village, the inhabitants of which were filled with astonishment and fear as we came and went. The paths led from village to village; when we came to one of these we had to go through the whole length of it. Some were perfectly deserted; in others the people had hidden themselves in their huts, and we saw none of them.

So on we passed through the great forest, until one morning when we came upon twelve strange little houses. Each of these was about as long as a man, and the height was just enough to keep the head of a man from touching the roof when he was seated. The shape of these houses was much like that of an orange cut in two. The frame-work was covered with large leaves, and there were little doors, eighteen inches high and twelve or fifteen broad. I looked at these dwellings with amazement, and asked Kombila—for this was the name of my present conductor—for what use these shelters were built.

"They are," he replied, "the houses of a small people called Obongos." "Why do you tell me such a story?" I replied. "How can people live in such places? Look at these little doors; a child must crawl on the ground to get into them." "The dwarfs have built them," said Kombila. "How can that be?" I asked: "where are the dwarfs? There are no plantain-trees around; no fires, no cooking-pots, no water-jugs." "Oh," he answered, "these Obongos are strange people. They never stay long in one place. They cook on charcoal, and drink with their hands, or with large leaves." "Then we are in the country of the dwarfs?" I queried. "Yes, we are in the country of the dwarfs. They are scattered in the forest. Their little villages are far apart. They are as wild as the antelope, and roam in the forest from place to place. They are like the beasts of the fields. They feed on serpents, rats, and mice, and on berries and nuts. Look at their huts."

I managed to crawl into one of these huts. Within were two little beds, curious-looking affairs. One was apparently for the husband, the other for the wife. Three or four sticks composed each. They were eight or ten inches wide, a little piece of wood on each bed forming the pillows. Between the two beds were the remains of a fire, with ashes and pieces of burned wood. These huts were apparently the habitations of human beings, but of a pigmy size. Had I really come upon the land of the dwarfs, whom Herodotus has described as living on the head waters of the Nile, of whom Strabo and Pomponius Mela have written, and of whose fights with the cranes Homer has sung? Could it be that I had discovered these people, spoken of thousands of years ago, just as I had come face to face with the gorilla, which Hanno had described many centuries before, but which no civilized man save myself had even pretended to have seen since his day? I could hardly believe it. "No," said I to myself; "these mean shelters have never been built by man; for the nshiego-mbouoé builds as good a house. Kombila tells me a story. These houses are built for a certain purpose, and he does not want to tell me the reason." So we left the so-called abandoned village of the dwarfs, and traveled on toward the east.

Again I must pass over many adventures. One, which occurred among a tribe called the Ashangos, I must relate. The Ashangos are a wild and warlike people. We reached one of their villages, called Niemboui, where we were kindly received. But there seemed to me to be a little doubt among the people, and I thought it expedient to give them an exhibition to convince them of my power. The chief, his queen, and the forty-three elders of the village were all assembled. I gave them presents of beads and trinkets. Then I ordered my guns to be fired. This filled them with fear. "He holds the thunder in his hand!" they exclaimed. Then I brought out a large musical box, wound it up, and set it agoing. They listened to the sound, and were fully persuaded that the devil was in the box, talking to me. Then I removed the musical box, brought out a powerful electric battery, and directed the king and the forty-three elders to stand in a line, holding on to the conducting wire. Then I gave a strong shock. The arms of the elders twisted back and forth, their bodies writhed, their mouths opened; but they had no power to leave hold of the wire. I stopped the current of the electric fluid; the wire dropped from the elders' hands, and they began to explain how they had felt. A wild shout went up, and all were convinced that I was the greatest "oguizi" that had ever come among them. "Great oguizi!" they implored, "do not be angry with us." I told them not to be afraid, and had another salvo fired from my guns, which produced a lively excitement. The exhibition was wound up by the production of a powerful magnet, which held up their knives and other implements of iron. Of this they were much afraid, and would not even venture to touch it. The electric battery had begun the work; the magnet completed it. I was fairly established in the confidence of the people.

The very next day I fell into talk with the chief and elders about the dwarfs. They assured me that there was a village of them not very far off in the forest, to which I should be conducted. "But," said they, "the party must be small; for the Obongos are shy and easily frightened; to see them you must take them by surprise." So in the morning we set off—I, three of my Commi men, and two Ashangos. After a while we came to the village of the dwarfs. A little patch of underwood had been cut away, in the centre of which were twelve little huts. It was evidently a settlement of living beings, for the smoke was curling up and the fires were alight. On one bed of embers there was a piece of snake roasting, on another two rats were being cooked; and here and there baskets of nuts and berries, some large fruits, bundles of dried fish, and calabashes of water. But not a dwarf was to be seen. We called aloud, but got no answer. We followed some of their tracks, but all in vain. "You can not overtake them," said the Ashangos, "for they can run through the jungle as fast as an antelope, and as silently as a snake. They are afraid of you, and are by this time far away."

I hung upon the branches of the trees some strings of bright beads, three legs of goat's meat, and a few other presents, hoping that when the dwarfs came back and saw what had been left for them they would become less timid. Next day we set off again, and upon reaching the village found it had been abandoned. We crept cautiously through the woods, and came upon another village. This too seemed deserted; but I thought I caught a glimpse of three little creatures creeping on their bellies through the low doors of their houses. We called out, but all was silent. I lay on my belly, thrust my head and shoulders into a hut, and felt all around with my hands, for it was quite dark within. At last I touched something warm. It was the leg of a human being, and that being a dwarf. "Don't be afraid," I said, in the Ashango language, which I had been told was understood by the Obongos; and I dragged the little creature out, she shrieking violently. It proved to be a little old woman, neither white nor black, but of a yellow mulatto color. Her face was as wrinkled as a baked apple, and the hair grew in little separate tufts all over her head. Putting in my hand again, I pulled out two other dwarfs, also women, but not so old as the first. The three captives began to dry and sing mournful songs, evi-

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dently thinking that their last hour had come. We soon succeeded in pacifying them, and they sat quietly looking at us. Then I heard a rustling in another hut, and found it filled with the tiniest children. It seems that they had been left in the village in care of the three women, while the rest went to gather fruits, nuts, and berries, and to look after their traps. The women seemed well proportioned, but their eyes were wild, their foreheads low and narrow, their cheek-bones prominent, their hair of a rusty black. The children were somewhat lighter in color. I gave them some meat, which they seized as any other children would do, and ran off with it. We waited a long time, hoping for the return of the others. At last I told the women that we would come back the next day, and bring them meat and beads.

I made several visits to the settlement, and in time got to be friendly with the Obongos, especially with Misounda, the old woman whom I had so rudely pulled out of her own house. Finally all the members of the community came to be quite familiar. At one time there was a feast, at which there were fifty-nine, men, women, and children. A few of them were under four feet in height, but the majority were from four feet two to four feet seven inches. They were stoutly built, with broad chests and long arms. Their legs were small but muscular.

I must put together in a few words the substance of some of the conversations which I had with these Obongos:

"Why don't you build villages, as other people do?"

"We never remain long in the same place. If we did, we should starve. When we have gathered all the nuts and berries, and trapped all the game in a neighborhood, we move off to some other part of the forest. We love to move; we love to be free, like the antelopes and gazelles."

"Why don't you plant for food, as other people do?"

"Why should we work, when there are plenty of fruits, nuts, berries, and game in the woods, fish in the rivers, and snakes, rats, and mice are abundant? And if we had villages, the big people would come and make war upon us, capture us, or kill us."

"Why don't you make clothing?"

"We can keep warm by the fire; and the big people give us their grass-cloth when they have done wearing it."

"Why don't you work iron, and make spears and axes to defend yourselves with?"

"We don't know how to work iron, and it's hard work. We make bows, and know how to poison arrows. We make traps to catch game, and we love to go hunting."

"Why don't you build bigger huts?"

"We don't want any bigger ones. These are good enough: they keep off the rain."

And so on. If perfect contentment is wisdom, the Obongos are quite as wise as bigger persons. I felt a great desire to learn how and where they bury their dead. To own the truth, I wanted the skeleton of one of these dwarfs to bring home with me. I would have been willing to have given a thousand dollars for one. But my Ashangos told me that it would be useless to ask. "They will not even tell us, who are their friends, where they bury their dead; for they are afraid we should get one of the skulls, which would be a fetich, by which we could always find out where they were in the forest." The Ashangos told me, however, that when a dwarf dies there is great sorrow, and the men go out and look for a tall tree, hollow at the top. If they find one, the corpse is brought, hauled up to the top, and dropped into the hollow, which is filled up with leaves and twigs. If they can not find such a tree, they go far into the forest, till they come to a brook, which they turn from its bed, in which they dig a deep hole, where they bury the body, and then turn the water back again. "And so," they said, "the water forever runs over the grave; and no man can ever tell where an Obongo is buried."

When my time for departure came I bid a farewell to these Obongos. In parting they shook hands with me, saying, "You will see more little dwarfs in the countries where you are going. Be kind to them, as you have been to us." If I had been able to accomplish the journey upon which I had started, I have no doubt that I should have come upon many more Obongos. For, to say nothing of the uniform testimony of the people themselves, the reports of their wide-spread existence are so numerous as to furnish a strong presumption that they have a basis of fact; and my own observation shows that they have an actual existence. My belief is that these Obongos are the very same people of whom Homer and Herodotus had heard; and that although they are still more dwarfish than the Bushmen of South Africa, and somewhat darker in color, they belong to the same race.

Thus does Paul du Chaillu take leave of the dwarfs, whose existence he has been the first civilized man to prove from actual observation. It is something for one man, after a lapse of almost 2500 years, to demonstrate the truthfulness of the "Father of History" upon two matters, the gorilla and the pigmies, which have been most called in question. Of the remainder of his journey, and its disastrous termination, we shall speak but briefly.

Going still eastward through Ashango land, the people grew more and more suspicious. Still Paul, with his unfailing tact, managed to conciliate them, until one unlucky day his faithful Igalo by an accidental shot killed a man and a woman, the sister of the queen. The people rose in tumult; a fierce fight, or rather series of running fights, ensued. Paul was wounded twice, once by a poisoned arrow, and again by a spear-thrust. Several of the Ashangos fell, shot dead. Paul lost almost every thing in the retreat, saving only his guns and ammunition, and his manuscript journals. On the first page of each of these he had written, "Copy of Du Chaillu's African Journal. Should death overtake me, and should these, my journals, find their way to a civilized country, it is my wish that Messrs. John Murray, of London, and Harper & Brothers, of New York, shall publish an account of my journey, if they feel inclined to do so." These journals were, however, saved by Paul, and furnish the groundwork of this account.

We pass over the incidents of the journey back to the sea, noting only one scene. Paul thought all was over with him. So he spoke to his faithful Igalo: "We have lost every thing but these books, in which I have written down all we have done. If I fall, take them with you to the sea, and when a vessel comes, give them to the captain, and tell him, 'Chally, our friend, is dead. He died far away, without fear, and told us to give these to the white man.'" The faithful Commi men exclaimed, "Chally, Chally, you are not to die. We will take you alive to our people. We will all go back to the seashore together. You shall see the blue ocean, and a vessel will come and carry you home." Then, shouldering their bundles and guns, they struggled through the entangled thicket until they came to a village. Through this they passed in silence, rejoicing that they had created no alarm, when all at once a bonfire blazed before them. "As we stood motionless," writes Paul, "a voice spoke out from the darkness: 'It is the Oguizi people. Go on; you will find the path smooth. There is no more war before you.' It was the voice of the old King of Niembouai-Olemba. Instead of a death-struggle, we had found friends."

So they marched back through the Ashira country, passing Olenda's village, where they did not stop, and finally regained the sea-shore. "I had," writes Paul, "gone safely through pestilence, fire, famine, and war, and when I looked at the sea once more, my heart rose in gratitude to that God who had so marvelously watched over me—the humble traveler in Equatorial Africa. I found at the mouth of the river an English trading vessel—the *Maranee*—and, six days after my arrival on the coast, at the close of the year 1866, I sailed for England. And thus I left the shores of Equatorial Africa, followed to the beach with the blessings and good wishes of its inhabitants."

"And now," writes Paul to his young readers in closing, "let us bid forever adieu to the regions of Equatorial Africa. Let us always be friends, and when I travel again in distant lands, I shall not fail to tell you what I have seen in my journeyings. Norway, Sweden, and Lapland are the countries where I am going to take you next."

The closing pages of Paul's "Land of the Dwarfs" were, indeed, written on the voyage to the far North. The dedication to Mr. Fletcher Harper, "not only as an acknowledgment of many kindnesses which I have received from you during the years in which you have been the publisher of my books, but also as a token of personal affection and esteem," was written in August from the North Cape, Norway. As we pen these lines Paul himself comes back from the north of Europe, having, as he tells us, met with things, almost at the pole, quite as interesting as he had before met with at the equator: which things, we trust, he will soon tell by tongue and pen.

LORD BYRON.

IN L'Estrange's "Life of the Rev. W. Harness" we find these anecdotes of Lord Byron:

At a time when Coleridge was in great embarrassment, Rogers, when calling on Byron, chanced to mention it. He immediately went to his writing-desk, and brought back a check for a hundred pounds, and insisted on its being forwarded to Coleridge. "I did not like taking it," said Rogers, who told me the story, "for I knew that he was in want of it himself." His servants he treated with a gentle consideration for their feelings which I have seldom witnessed in any other, and they were devoted to him. At Newstead there was an old man who had been butler to his mother; and I have seen Byron, as the old man waited behind his chair at dinner, pour out a glass of wine and pass it to him when he thought we were too much engaged in conversation to observe what he was doing. The transaction was a thing of custom; and both parties seemed to flatter themselves that it was clandestinely effected. A hideous old woman, who had been brought in to nurse him when he was unwell at one of his lodgings, and whom few would have cared to retain about them longer than her services were required, was carried with him, in improved attire, to his chambers in the Albany, and was seen, after his marriage, gorgeous in black silk, at his house in Piccadilly. She had done him a service, and he could not forget it. Of his attachment to his friends, no one can read "Moore's Life" and entertain a doubt. He required a great deal from them—not more, perhaps, than he, from the abundance of his life, freely and fully gave, but more than they had to return. The ardor of his nature must have been in a normal state of disappointment. He imagined higher qualities in them than they possessed, and must very often have found his expectations sadly balked by the dullness of talk, the perversity of taste, or the want of enthusiasm which he encountered on a better, or rather longer, acquaintance. But, notwithstanding, I have never yet heard any body complain that Byron had once appeared to entertain a regard for him, and had afterward capriciously cast him off.

Years after they had met for the last time, Lady Byron went with Mrs. Jameson to see Thorwaldsen's statue of her husband, which was at Sir Richard Westmacott's studio. After looking at it in silence for a few moments, the tears came into her eyes, and she said to her companion, "It is very beautiful, but not so beautiful as my dear Byron." However interrupted by changes of caprice or irritability, the general course of her husband's conduct must have been gentle and tender, or it never would, after so long a cessation of intercourse, have left such kindly impressions behind it. I have, indeed, reason to believe that these feelings of affectionate remembrance lingered in the heart of Lady Byron to the last. Not a fortnight before her death I dined in company with an old lady who was at the time on a visit to her. On this lady's returning home, and mentioning whom she had met, Lady Byron evinced great curiosity to learn what subjects we had talked about, and what I heard of them, "because I had been such a friend of her husband's." This instance of fond remembrance, after an interval of more than forty years, in a woman of no very sensitive nature—a woman of more intellect than feeling—conveys to my mind no slight argument in defense of Byron's conduct as a husband.

ROBIN REDBREAST.

ROBINS are famous for their longevity; we have known several who lived to a great age; and we have been told that one lived for the space of *fifteen* years in the cathedral of Salisbury, England, usually perching on one of the pinnacles of the great organ during the time of divine service, and accompanying the solemnity with its harmonious strains.

In Devonshire the redbreast is called the "Farewell Summer." In Wales he is considered, like Prometheus, the victim of his own philanthropy—of his love for the race of man. Not only the "Babes in the Wood," but mankind at large—if the Welsh legend be true—are indebted to these deserving favorites. How could any child help regarding the little bird "with bosom red" with affection, when assured that "far, far away is a land of woe, darkness, spirits of evil, and fire, and that day by day does the little bird bear in its bill a drop of water to quench the flame, and so near to the burning stream does he fly that his dear little feathers are scorched, and hence he is named 'Bron rhuddyn' [breast-burned, or breast-scorched]; and that to serve little children the robin dares approach the infernal pit, and that no good child will hurt the devoted benefactor to man. The robin returns from the land of fire, and therefore he feels the *cold* of winter far more than his brother birds. He shivers in the wintry blast; he is hungry, and so he chirps before your door. Oh, my child, then, in gratitude throw a few crumbs to poor Robin Redbreast."

The Yorkshire country people have a real horror of killing a robin, and with good reason; for they say, and firmly believe, that if a robin is killed, one of the cows belonging to the person will give bloody milk. And it is said for a fact that a young farmer at Borobridge was determined to try and see if this bit of "folk-lore" could be verified. With this intent, one day he shot a robin purposely; when lo! the next morning his uncle's best cow, a healthy beast of some twelve or thirteen years, gave half a pailful of red milk, and did so for three days in succession—morning and evening. The liquid was of a pink color, which, after standing in the pail, became clearer, and when poured out, there was found a deep red sediment at the bottom.

The same superstition is likewise prevalent in Switzerland. The robin there alone, of all birds, enjoys immunity from the gun of the Alpine herdsman, who believes the same tradition with John Brodie, of Yorkshire, respecting the cows, should a robin be killed on his pastures.

In France likewise the robin meets with mercy at the hands of the sportsman, who is generally any thing *but* sentimental; while the Breton peasant holds him in positive veneration. Mr. Chambers, in his "Book of Days," says, "The robin is fortunate in the superstitions which attach to him. 'There's a divinity doth hedge a robin,' which keeps him from innumerable harms."

In Suffolk, England, there is a saying, "You must not take robins' eggs; if you do, you will have your legs broken! and, accordingly, those eggs on long strings, of which boys are so proud, are never to be seen in that county; and one that kills a robin is sure to be unlucky."

"How badly you write!" was one day said to a boy in a parish school: "your hand shakes so that you can't hold your pen steadily. Have you been running?" "No," replied the lad; "it always shakes since a robin died in my hand: it is said if a robin dies in any one's hand, that hand will always shake."

Evil results, however, do not seem to have always followed the killing of a robin. "Who killed Cock Robin?" was the indignant and popular inquiry. "I," replied the sparrow, as bold as brass, without any apparent compunction of conscience—"I killed Cock Robin." As the sparrow did not even attempt to palliate his action by alleging the unhappy result to have been accidental, but even freely acknowledged with what weapon it had been effected, we fear that it was a willful murder. True, that

"All the birds of the air fell sighing and sobbing
When they heard of the death of poor Cock Robin."

Yet still in this case we do not learn from subsequent history that any retributive justice fell upon the shedder of poor Robin's blood.

It is said of the redbreast that if he finds the dead body of any rational creature, he will cover over the face at least, if not the whole body, with leaves. The burial covering, with leaves, of the Children in the Wood, and the play of "Cymbeline," are supposed to have given birth to the tradition; but this charitable office, however, which these productions have ascribed to Robin, is of very early date; for in Thomas Johnson's "Cornucopia" (1596) it is related that "the robin, if he finds a man or woman dead, will cover all his face with mosse; and some thinke that if the body should remaine unburied, that he would cover the whole body also."

Drayton, too, in the "Owl," ascribes to the robin the office of covering the dead:

"Covering with mosse the dead's unclosed eye,
The little redbreast teaches charitie."

Webster, also, in his "White Devil," speaks of his sexton-like propensities:

"Call for the robin redbreast and the wren,
Since o'er shady groves they hover,
And with leaves and flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men."

We find also in the "West Country Damosel's Complaint"—a ballad of the time of James or Charles I.—that the lover says, in allusion to his dead mistress:

"Come, come, you gentle redbreast now,
And prepare for us a tomb,
While unto cruel death I bow
And sing like a swan my doom."

THE PRINCE'S PLAYTHINGS.

THE correspondent of an English paper gives a very interesting account of the recent sale of the playthings of the Prince Imperial of France. After describing the sale of the effects belonging to the imperial household, he says:

"The Prince Imperial's toys and school-room belongings have been disposed of. It was hardly fair to bring his effects to the hammer. Many valuable objects presented to him during the sunshine of his sire's prosperity were lumped up in the civil-list property. A velocipede, very elegantly constructed, and with silver mountings, said to have been the one presented to the Prince Imperial by Alphonse of Spain, was bought by a wealthy petroleum merchant from Oil City, Pennsylvania. This purchaser intends to place the velocipede under a glass case upon his drawing-room chimney-piece as a 'reminder to his sons that richer men than ile-strikers can bust up.' There were cases of mathematical instruments in the school-room lots on which both fancy and money had been lavished. The steel parts were covered with Damascus arabesques. The toys were generally well preserved. Few of the playthings of early babyhood were produced. What were disposed of dated within the last eight or nine years. The mimic cannons were very neatly executed, and quite capable of killing a poodle at fifty yards. A world of pains had been evidently taken with the prince who was to have inherited the empire of the Napoleons to get into his head, by means of object lessons, the technicalities of Vauban and Cohorn. He was given toy fortresses with toy lunes and demi-lunes; toy ditches, toy counterscarps, toy positions—such as woods, hills, and streams, whose tin beds could be flushed; toy siege-guns, and endless hosts of toy combatants, capable of being fastened on movable slabs in regular or irregular order. Then he had raised plans of Chalons and of Luneville, with microscopic tents to pitch on the plateau of the Mourmelon. A fortress, supposed to be Cherbourg, with a glass sea in front, and a fleet manœuvred by means of loadstones, got crushed and broken, and was finally thrown into a heap of rubbish.

"The Prince Imperial was fond of marionettes. His Punch and Judy Theatre, the plaything that had seen most service, was beautifully got up. He was debarred by his rank from that wholesome rivalry with boys of his age which finds vent in out-door games and trials of strength and pluck. His little steam-press used to be very cleverly manipulated. In a case belonging to it there were some imaginary state papers—probably intended for a practical joke—the work of the young Napoleon. This press had grown rusty from long lying in the garde-meuble, and was, with many other things, knocked down as old iron. A charming box of small-sized carpenters' tools and polished walnut bench were also the worse for damp and dust. Among them were thrown in a bundle of ivory-handled turning instruments and some awkwardly turned pegtops, balls, and draughtsmen. Then there were lock-smiths' tools, made for little hands, and locks whose evident destination was to be taken to pieces and put together again. A few piles of books lay in a dark corner amidst a heap of rubbish. Thrown along with them were jointed maps in perfect condition—too perfect to have been used. Nearly a score of copy-books bore witness to the polyglot accomplishments of the prince. They contained German, French, English, and Italian exercises, in a fair round hand, and very cleanly written. Those in English had an Exeter Hall smack. They were in all cases highly moral, and in many instances Biblical. The empress objected to French Protestantism, but it would appear that she had nothing to say against heresy when it took a Britannic form.

"On the whole, there was little to object to in the training of the young prince, and, given his isolated and unnatural position, much to approve, if the toys and school-room belongings exhibited last week can be taken as a criterion. Possibly there was too much pains taken to make him think the first Napoleon the greatest man that ever lived, and soldiering the science of sciences for a boy destined to rule over 36,000,000 subjects. From all that I have been able to see of his toys, books, and other belongings, not many refinements of luxury were provided for him by his parents and tutors. Except in babyhood, the most costly things given him were by the Prefect of the Seine, the Princess Mathilde, the Duke de Mouchy, the Pacha of Egypt, and the Emperor and Empress of Russia. Few of their extravagantly expensive presents have found their way into the market."

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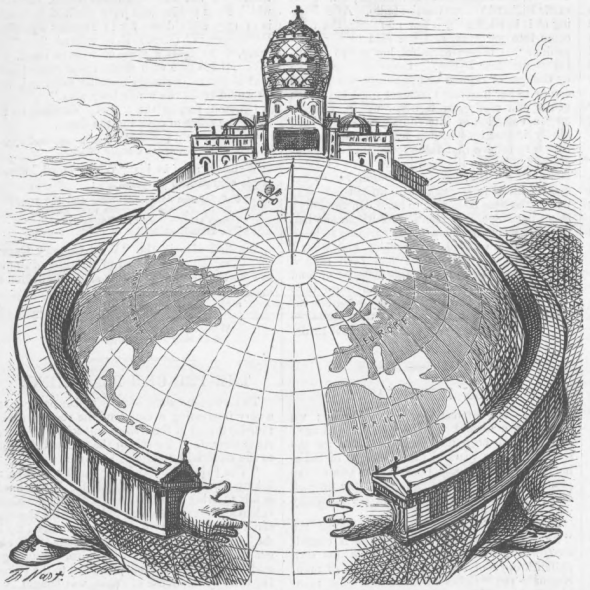

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

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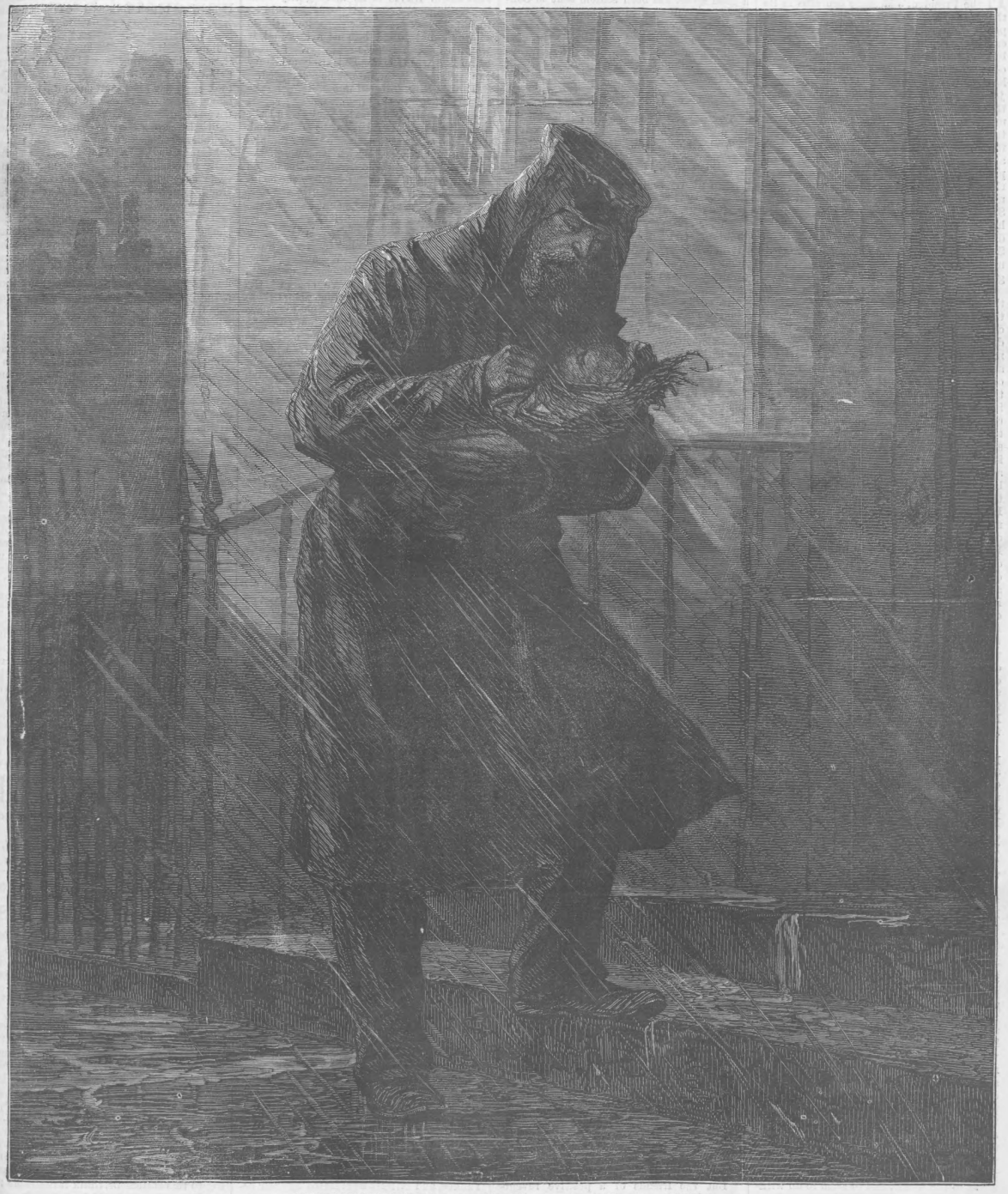

THE FOUNDLING.—DRAWN BY SOL EYTINGE, JUN.—[SEE PAGE 1203.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1871.

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THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

EVEN more agreeable than the facts which the President's Message contains is its thoroughly American tone. It speaks of the peaceful arbitration at Geneva as every honest citizen feels; and it is a soldier, taunted by party hostility as addicted to the methods of camps and armies, and who might have appealed to the traditional national jealousy of England, who quietly hopes that the result of the arbitration may be the metamorphosis of military hosts into industrial armies. The Senate-chamber, which for so long heard only specious Presidential apologies of slavery, and, more recently, sophistical Presidential pleas against equal rights, heard in this Message the recommendation that citizens of the United States be forbidden, so far as possible, from holding property in man elsewhere, and the declaration that all citizens of the United States should be protected by their government in the enjoyment of rights which the government has guaranteed.

It is in such declarations as these, and in the general humane spirit of the Message, that the profound political change in this country is seen. The old Democratic Presidential messages, which toward the end were mere special pleas for injustice and crime, seem as far removed from a message like this of General GRANT as the old Washington of the slave pen is removed from the free Washington of to-day. And when it is remembered that such a message undoubtedly expresses the popular sentiment, while the party that so long perverted that sentiment is dissolving, it is impossible not to take fresh courage, and to feel that no good word and no brave deed is lost. The very plainness of the Message, like the homely phrase of Mr. LINCOLN, inspires confidence. There is no mistaking the meaning, and the meaning commends itself to sympathy and approval. In a brief paragraph, for instance, the President states our position upon the Cuban question. There is no Buncombe in it. We abstain, he says, habitually from interference in the affairs of other powers, but our naval commanders are to protect the rights of American citizens, and the dignity of the flag: and all questions between Spain and the United States arising from the Cuban difficulty are to be treated in a spirit of conciliation. We shall be glad, also, to hear that there has been a warm expression of the regret with which this Government has heard of the inhuman excesses of the Volunteers.

The President's remarks upon amnesty probably surprised many persons. But the simple and direct way in which he states the case is very conclusive. When all are admitted to vote, it is foolish to exclude some from eligibility to office because they may have violated an oath, which they took because, being more esteemed than others, they held office. The others would doubtless have violated the oath had they had the opportunity. The President expresses his opinion very distinctly, and leaves the whole subject to Congress. He is equally direct in what he says of civil service reform. His aim, he says, has been to appoint honest and capable men to office. If he has sometimes failed, it is because of the evil system which has the weight of long usage upon its side. The appointing power must generally depend upon the certificates of others, and those certificates are given in the most irresponsible manner. The President truly says that if those who recommend candidates could be held to some kind of actual responsibility, it would produce much greater caution than is now observed. He accepts unreservedly the authority conferred upon him to inaugurate civil service reform, and promises a fair trial to the recommendations that may be made to him under the law. Of course what he says he means. He has not hitherto betrayed any trust confided to him, and those who have supposed that in the matter of this reform he is a wily politician trying to throw a tub to the whale, and to seem to do without doing, will be undeceived.

Upon the financial question, the reduction of taxation and the revision of the tariff, there will always be differences of opinion within the party; but the President's suggestions will undoubtedly be generally approved. The union of the telegraph and postal system is another open question which is not determined by party lines, as was shown by the debate in the House upon the reference of the subject. It involves a great many considerations besides the cost of the existing lines. The Mormon question also is one upon which honest differences must continue. That the laws against bigamy should be openly and flagrantly violated without restraint is not to be allowed. But when the question is complicated with religious feelings, the most expedient remedy becomes a subject of careful deliberation.

Upon all these points the President declares himself distinctly. There is something comical in the epithet "mysterious" when applied to a man who says so frankly what he honestly thinks. A plainer, more satisfactory, and more popular Message, in a good sense, has been seldom sent to Congress. It will be read and meditated every where in the country by all kinds of people, and we do not believe that it will diminish their respect for the President, nor their confidence in his purpose and sagacity.

CONGRESS.

THE present Congress is what is called a President-making Congress—a phrase which is a sharp criticism. But this year there seems to be little need of especial thought upon that subject, since, although there is perfect liberty to differ, so far as the Republican party is concerned the President is already made. If there are Republicans who wish for amnesty, the President is of their opinion. If there are others who wish for civil service reform, he has assumed the responsibility, and will abide the result of the trial. The San Domingo question he left last year with Congress, and has not returned to it. Mere personal discontent is not bond enough for a powerful party. The present Congress, therefore, will have little to do in President-making, and may devote itself to the legislation which the country requires.

The Secretary of the Treasury, who has not been in favor of sudden or serious reductions of taxation, repeats at the opening of his report the principle of his financial administration. He states that taxation has not been oppressive to individuals, and has not diminished the business of the country. Relief from taxation is desirable, yet it is still more desirable to sustain the high position of the public credit, to enable the government to raise large loans upon favorable terms hereafter, should it be necessary. This position can be maintained only by a rapid reduction of the debt, and there must be taxation enough to provide for that reduction. This has always been the financial policy of the Secretary, and he does not propose to relinquish it now. But he says that the last few years have been so unprecedentedly prosperous that it is practicable to dispense with all revenue from internal sources except that from stamps, spirits, tobacco, and malt liquors; and that upon the basis of the estimate for the next year, and with a reservation of fifty millions of dollars for payments on account of the public debt, including the amount due on the sinking fund, there would remain the possibility of a reduction, under the foreign and domestic revenue laws, of thirty-six millions of dollars.

He recommends, therefore, an abolition of all duties upon a large class of articles which are not produced in the United States—a suggestion which the President adopts. The composition of the Committee of Ways and Means leaves it a little doubtful, however, whether the protectionist principle of this recommendation will be fully adopted. The chairman of the committee, Mr. DAWES, is in favor of a mild tariff, but the tendency of the committee seems to be toward the principle of revenue reform. Some of the advocates of that policy in the House, however, must be more happily instructed than they were last year, or their own cause will be seriously harmed. They must learn that the true principle of a revenue reform tariff is not the reduction of duties upon those foreign products which are universally used by us, but which are not produced here, such as tea, coffee, etc., because such duties are the most equable of all customs taxation. The abolition of such a tax seems, indeed, to be the lightening of popular burdens; but the ground of the revenue reformer is that a tax falling upon all equally is more tolerable than a tax which directly benefits a class. If wages are higher here than elsewhere, duties which increase prices virtually reduce wages. On the other hand, it is a fact of experience that where wages are high the condition of the laborer is prosperous.

But the friends of a positive revenue reform policy must not expect it of this Congress. There is no question that public opinion at present favors the general principle announced by the President, that reduction of duties should be made upon those articles which can best bear it without disturbing home production or reducing the wages of American labor. While the necessary revenue is so large—and there is no question of the important part that customs taxes must bear in raising it—those taxes are likely to be adjusted upon that principle. We may expect, therefore, to see the income tax abolished and the internal revenue system simplified, the duties on salt and coal diminished, and a large number of singly unimportant articles put upon the free list. But more than this can hardly be done without a reversal of the Secretary's policy.

An amnesty bill will probably be passed. The President says that Congress may think best to make certain conspicuous exceptions. But there is no ground whatever upon which they can properly be made. The argument which he strongly urges against continued ineligibility is conclusive against exceptions. JEFFERSON DAVIS is no more guilty than less noted men, and to except him would be to invest him with factitious importance. It would not brand him as a criminal, it would canonize him as a martyr. Indeed, as no line which is not absolutely arbitrary can be drawn, it should not be attempted.

The Ku-Klux bill will undoubtedly be the subject of interesting debates. The report of the committee upon the subject and the minority report will soon be submitted. This law and the measures of the Administration under it are the chief points of the attack of the opposition, and the discussion should be ample enough to satisfy the country at least of the constitutionality and wisdom of the law, and of the expediency of the action taken by the Executive.

That all has been done which the situation requires, or that it has been well done, we are far from saying. We are speaking now only of the constitutional question. That the amendments have changed the Constitution in some important points there is little doubt in the minds of those who are most familiar with their intention, and who have most carefully studied them. It was intended that the rights guaranteed by the United States to all its citizens should not be left to the pleasure of the States in which those citizens reside, to be protected or disregarded as the States might elect. It was intended that there should no longer be an excuse for the charge that the United States in enforcing its laws, could by any possibility invade a State, because the national government is always in every State, and constantly dealing directly with every citizen. The amendments were intended to dispose forever of the sophistical theory of a league of States. These are facts which should be clearly developed in the debate, for the instruction of the country, that in the campaign of 1872 the argument for the enforcement of the Fourteenth Amendment may not be an apology, but an assertion.

Every Congress is a President-making Congress in this sense, that its conduct confirms or weakens the hold upon the country of the party that elected the Chief Magistrate.

THE SOUTHERN STATES.

THE President says that "the condition of the Southern States is, unhappily, not such as all true patriotic citizens would like to see." It is, in fact, what such citizens sincerely dislike to see. But the problem is not so simple as some intelligent critics assume. Of course the talk of the old guard of slavery about the frightful overthrow of liberty in those States by the "ignoble incubus" and "usurper," whom they used to call with the same propriety "butcher," troubles the country very little. It sustains him by increasing majorities, wisely deeming liberty somewhat safer with those who abolished slavery than with those who strove to perpetuate it. There is a very plain logic upon this subject in the American mind; and the Democratic critics, although too dull to see it, would yet help their cause by changing their point and method of assault.

We say that the problem is not simple. When the war ended we were of those who thought the better policy was to maintain for some time the complete national supremacy in the Southern States. But another policy prevailed, and we have to deal with its results. There were three classes of persons in those States—the old slave-holding proprietors, the poor whites, and the freedmen. The first two classes had been rebels, and the last had been honestly loyal. The first class comprised the persons of property and education, the traditional political leaders; the other two classes were ignorant and poor. The state of feeling was, of course, deplorable. The old proprietors and the poor whites were morbid with hate of the Yankee, and bitterly humiliated by their defeat. The easy contempt of the first for the late slaves had changed into a feeling of aversion, and a resolution, which was not surprising, to do what was possible still to hold them as inferiors. The jealousy which the poor whites felt for a class from which they were separated only by caste became hatred when caste disappeared.

The first attempt of the proprietary class was to recover political control of their States, and to remand the freedmen to virtual slavery. This could not be allowed; and by laws of prohibition, of disfranchisement, and ineligibility on the one hand, and of equal civil and political rights upon the other, it was defeated. The operation of these laws was necessarily deplorable in many ways, but the alternative was still more deplorable. Political power was taken from the old proprietors and given to the new men; but had it remained with the old proprietors, the condition of the new men would unquestionably have been such that the United States could not have tolerated it, and would have peremptorily changed the situation. Indeed, that was really very much the course of events, the original settlement being milder than that which followed. The Ku-Klux was, as the *Nation* says, naturally developed from this situation. Hate of the victorious Union, and of the freedmen who represented it, with the indignation at laws which were believed to submit the whites to the blacks, took expression in secret conspiracies which aimed at the control of the blacks and their friends by terror; and in certain parts of the Southern States the Ku-Klux has unquestionably produced anarchy.

Meanwhile the disabilities have been gradually removed, and the President now suggests that they be made to disappear entirely. But in the degree that this has taken place the situation has become worse in the Southern States. It is alleged that the exclusion of part of the old proprietary class from political power and from office has thrown the conduct of affairs into the hands of ignorant knaves, white adventurers, and ductile blacks. But the number of those actually disfranchised has long been very small, and the explanation does not suffice. Then it is said that where knaves legislate we must expect the Ku-Klux, and that it is useless to hunt the Ku-Klux if honest men do not control the government. But is it gravely meant that the United States must patiently see its citizens harried, whipped, murdered, and terrorized in certain States until honest men are elected to office there? If the difficulty is that there are dishonest and ignorant men in the Legislature, and if disabilities are removed and there is equal suffrage, so that the ordinary chances of a free government are provided for all, must honest citizens submit to be scourged and shot upon the plea that where Legislatures are corrupt public disorders must be expected? What can any honest citizen, white or black, do except vote for honest representatives? And if he and his friends can not carry the election, are they to be murdered because they have not been successful, while the United States tranquilly remark that the principles of free government require the sacrifice?

Nothing more preposterous can be imagined. If the old proprietors and the poor whites, all disabilities being removed, can elect honest officers, we shall all rejoice; but if they can not, they really must not expect to be allowed to shoot their political opponents. We have long favored the completion of amnesty. But amnesty has been for some time practically a fact, and it will be found that the completion will not remove the trouble: it will remove only one of the excuses of the trouble. A wise government will avoid every reasonable pretense for disorder; it will do what it can to secure equal rights; and it will then take care that disorder is not tolerated.

"PASSIVE" CANDIDATES.

LAST September Senator TRUMBULL made a speech at the Illinois State Convention, in which he ably vindicated the Republican party, and said that the alternative of the election was very simple—it was the support of all the elements of hostility to the government known as the Democratic party, or of the party which has made liberty more sure, and has secured the rights of the citizen every where in the country. It was, in fact, an eloquent and hearty plea for the Republican party against the vague assertions of its opponents. Yet the Senator's name has since been freely used in connection with the plans of a coalition against Republican success if the party should renominate General GRANT. He has been supposed to be willing to serve as paw to pull the Democratic chestnuts from the fire. A statement has, however, been recently made which shows that Senator TRUMBULL has not changed his opinion since his Illinois speech in September. He does not, according to this statement, think it desirable that the Republicans should be defeated, and he is of opinion that the time for a dissolution

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of parties has not arrived. He is further reported to have said that his personal relations with the President are very friendly, and that his defeat would produce a serious reaction throughout the Southern States.

If the Senator's views are correctly reported, and, as we have said, they are in unison with those of his speech, they dispose of a great deal of the gossip in regard to the discord of the Republican party. Personal preferences of candidates there must always be, but the attempt to magnify these into an intention or even willingness of every body who can not secure the nomination of his favorite to leave the party is futile. A great journal, like the *Tribune*, in its eagerness to prevent the renomination of a President, may, indeed, involve the party in the discredit which it throws upon the head of the party; but even the *Tribune* has frankly declared that it will support the candidate. Should General GRANT be that candidate, its course before the meeting of the Convention may deprive its support of all its force by the general conviction of its insincerity, but the paper will still hold a party position. If, then, so constant and open a hostility to General GRANT as that of the *Tribune* will not sever the relation of that paper to the party in the event of his renomination, it is easy to calculate the real value of the difference within the party.

Certainly no Republican has differed more decidedly from the Administration, or has criticised the President more severely, than Senator SUMNER. Indeed, it has been very amusing to observe how sedulously the Democratic papers, which have always foully slandered him, have for months been praising him. He, too, has been mentioned as a candidate of the Democratic coalition or passivity against the Republicans, should they renominate General GRANT. But in no word or act has Mr. SUMNER swerved from those high principles which have always inspired his public action, and which have earned for him the hate and the insults of the Democratic press. He has never faltered in cooperation with his party or in devotion to his country, whose truest interests he believes are promoted by that party. It is undoubtedly his conviction that there are men who should be nominated rather than the President, but he has never said, nor, as we believe, has he ever meant, that the renomination of the President should drive him from the party of whose history and fame his own name is so proud a part.

Indeed, of all the prominent Republicans who have been mentioned as possible leaders of a combination against the Republican party should it renominate General GRANT, Senator SCHURZ is, we believe, the only one who has plainly declared that he will not support him. He said in his speech at Chicago, "I can not, I shall not, indorse a violation of the Constitution in its most vital part by supporting, under any circumstances, the candidacy for re-election of the President who perpetrated it." Of course, in his position, and probably in his intention, not to support is to oppose. Should he or his friends, therefore, take part in the Convention, and withdraw if they find that they can not control it, and array themselves against the candidate, they will also have withdrawn from the party. Party relations are not dissolved without regret in many minds and bitterness in many others, but Mr. SCHURZ is so naturally a Republican that, in the case we contemplate, his old associates could hardly feel that they had really lost, or his new allies that they had truly gained, him.

The other gentlemen named for the leadership of the new movement, such as Mr. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS and General COX and Governor GRATZ BROWN, are not likely, with the exception of the latter, to accept so forlorn a hope. There would be many considerations. Not only would the controlling element be the old Democratic party, but very many Democrats, if the alternative were voting for a Republican, would vote for General GRANT. Moreover, the condition of the alliance would be that minor officers in the election, such as Governors and legislators, must be conceded to the Democrats. But a Missouri victory in the country at large could hardly be desired by any who are not already Democrats. A Republican victory which ends in sending the author of the BRODHEAD letter to the Senate of the United States is not easily comprehended.

There are—as, unfortunately, there always must be in such cases—grave doubts whether Mr. TRUMBULL has ever said precisely what is attributed to him in the report of the interview. But the general observations are certainly true, and none truer than the following: "The party is not really divided. Its internal discussions merely exhibit the exercise of individual free-will, and do it good, and not harm. It will act as a body, and I think will poll a larger vote than it did in 1868, no matter what frame-work or what candidates are opposed to it."

THE PRESIDENT AND THE CIVIL SERVICE.

THE New York *Tribune* says:

"What mockery to talk of civil service reform as something to be effected by device and legal amendment—by boards and regulations! One man has already the whole work completely in his power, and that man is U. S. GRANT."

If Congress should pass Mr. JENCKES's bill or any other for the reform of the civil service, we see no mockery in the suggestion that the service might be reformed. And if the President alone should adopt certain rules for the purpose of reform, we can still see no harm in Congressional action to give such rules the authority of law in addition to that which they derive from the President's pleasure. Moreover, if one man, as we admit, has the whole work completely in his power, and that man is the President, he can reform the service only by regulations, since he can not make laws. Why, then, is it mockery to say that he can do the work by regulations?

If the *Tribune* means that the way to reform the civil service is to reform it, as it says that the way to resume specie payments is to resume, and that the work is done if the President will appoint none but fit persons to office, we remind it that the President can not know personally those whom he appoints, and he must, therefore, depend either upon recommendations or upon examinations. The former is the present method, and the *Tribune* knows the value of the recommendations which are presented to the President and the Secretaries. We know, for instance, that the President was once vehemently urged to appoint a man to a responsible financial position. He was personally unknown to the President, but he had cords of certificates, and he was chiefly pressed by a conspicuous gentleman in the party. But counter certificates appeared, and fatal evidence of incapacity, bad habits, and probable dishonesty. The evidence was shown to the conspicuous gentleman, and he was asked what should be done. "Appoint him! appoint him!" was his reply.

But if the President can not trust recommendations of fitness—and no President can—then there remains no other course than to ascertain it by examinations. To do this there must be some method. Now a method can be established only by regulations, and regulations must necessarily be the result of careful consideration. The President in his Message plainly says that Congress has given him power to inaugurate a civil service reform. He acknowledges, with his critics, that he is the man to do it. But no one who understands the condition of the service supposes that regulations for reform can be improvised in a morning. And it is certainly unreasonable to accuse the President of merely promising and really intending to do nothing because he takes care that what he does shall be so matured as to have a fair prospect of securing the reform which the country desires.

PERSONAL.

ONE of the most popular preachers of the day is the Rev. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, pastor of the Brooklyn Tabernacle. His sermons, which possess the rare merit to bear reading as well as hearing, are published every week in the *Methodist*, a paper distinguished alike by the scholarly ability with which it is conducted and by the uniform fairness and courtesy that mark its treatment of every question under discussion in its columns. These sermons, which form so attractive and valuable a feature in the *Methodist*, are to be published in book form by Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS.

—Governor HAWLEY, of Connecticut, who has fairly won distinction as soldier, Governor, and editor, delivered a lecture in Brooklyn a few evenings since, in which he made the astounding charge that he knew, of his own knowledge, that a gentleman who is at present a member of the United States Senate paid $75,000 for his position. He also said that seventy per cent. of the Pennsylvania Legislature was venal; that the demoralization was mainly attributable to the log-rolling of large railroad bills, and that one railroad bill passed at the last session of the Pennsylvania Legislature cost $700,000. The point of Governor HAWLEY's statement is, Who is the $75,000 man? Coming from an ex-Governor of Connecticut, the United States Senate can scarcely avoid taking some action about it.

—An aristocratic prima-donna, the young Princess ENGALITSCHEFF, is about to make her *début* at the Italian Opera, at Moscow. Two other Russian princesses are already performing in public, one at Copenhagen and one in London. Then we have the Prince GALITZIN here, and that is something.

—A lady—Mrs. MARY A. LOUNMANN—has just become the purchaser of the famous Bull Run battle-field. The farm is known as the Hazel Plain, in Prince William County, Virginia. It contains 550 acres, and was sold at $8 per acre. On it were fought the first and second battles of Manassas. When the war commenced it was under a high state of improvement, and the dwelling-house upon it was one of the finest in the State; but the scourge devastated it, and the open fields and young pines and shattered mansion all now bear evidence of the bloody conflicts of which it was the scene.

—Dean HOWSON, of England, has been telling the Episcopalians of New York something about the movement in England for the revision of the Bible. There was no exclusive feeling in Great Britain in relation to who should act in the matter of revision, all sects and denominations being invited to participate in the work; and there was a great desire felt that the religious bodies in the United States should cordially join in the movement.

—To impute any thing like "irregularity" to a high official of Austria would be as absurd as to impute any thing of the sort to an official of New York. Yet Count VON BEUST has been unable to escape censure in that direction. It is reported that he was in some way connected with a banking concern that failed, and in the settlement and winding up of which he pocketed some 100,000 florins. His correspondence relating to it was privately shown to the emperor, who thought the count used his position to speculate in stocks, and for that reason the emperor asked him to resign. As an easy way of letting him down, he has been appointed embassador to England. A Vienna paper gives this sketch of the count: "His manners were polished and elegant as his notes and prepared speeches. He never forgot his dignity; but with all his polish and elegance, there was a magic charm about his manner which, it is said, even impressed his enemies. The incisive logic of his notes is replaced in private life by an almost unbounded amiability, the warmest devotion for his friends, and the most conciliatory spirit toward his opponents. Although overwhelmed with work, he had a word of advice, of comfort, or of assistance for every one. He took a personal interest in all the employés of his office, and often prepared for them surprises in the way of promotion or other distinctions. But he made them work as hard as himself; and it has been justly said that he united the industry of a bee with the patience of a beaver. He scarcely ever dictated an important dispatch but at night. He was very difficult to please, but he had the art of conciliating those whom he offended by his objections."

—Lord Napier, favorably known as British minister at Washington during a part of Mr. BUCHANAN's administration, subsequently as the representative of his government in the Netherlands, Russia, and Prussia, and later as Governor of Madras, is mentioned as likely to succeed Earl Mayo as Viceroy of India in 1873. The office has a salary of $125,000 a year, with palatial residences in Calcutta and princely country-seats. Other emoluments swell the income to $125,000 a year more, and the office is tenable for five or six years. He is only fifty-three years old, and is concededly one of the ablest men in the diplomatic corps of his country.

—Hon. CLARKSON N. POTTER, member of Congress from the Westchester district of New York, has introduced into the House of Representatives a joint resolution proposing to amend the Constitution so as to fix the term of office of the President and Vice-President of the United States at six years, and make them ineligible for re-election. Few new members of the House have come so promptly to the front, as floor members and efficient business members, as Mr. POTTER. His readiness, tact, and ability as a debater, his reputation at the bar, and his high social position have secured for him the influence and success which such qualities should secure in the great representative council of the nation.

—The name of the Hon. JOHN SHERMAN, of Ohio, has now more than usual prominence, from the fact that the Legislature of Ohio, to assemble in January next, will fill the vacancy that will occur on the 4th of March, 1873, when Mr. SHERMAN's term will expire. It seems to be conceded that Mr. SHERMAN will be re-elected, all efforts for combination against him having failed. Although only forty-eight years of age, Senator SHERMAN has been continuously in public life for the last seventeen years. In 1854 he was elected to Congress, re-elected in 1856, again re-elected in 1858, when he was a candidate for Speaker, and, after a prolonged contest, was defeated by only one or two votes. During that Congress he was chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means. In 1860 he was again returned to Congress; but in 1861, on the resignation of Senator CHASE, was chosen United States Senator for the term expiring in 1867. In January, 1866, he was re-elected to the Senate for the full term of six years, commencing in 1867. He has served as chairman of the committees on Finance and Agriculture, and on the committees on Patents and the Pacific Railroad. As a debater, parliamentarian, and practical man in committee he is one of the most indefatigable and able men in the Senate. He is a brother of the distinguished General-in-chief of the army.

—When oil was first "struck," on the 26th of August, 1859, few people imagined the vast wealth it was to bring to the country, and the millionaires it was to make. One of the notablest of these, JAMES TARR, died a few days ago at Meadville, Pennsylvania. The history of the "Tarr Farm," as oil producing, dates from June, 1861. It embraces 198 acres. In August, 1861, Mr. TARR sold half of it for $20,000 to CLARK & SUMNER, of New York. They sold one-third of their interest to some Rochester people for $35,000; but the rapid decline in the price of oil made them regret their purchase, and they resold to C. & S. for the price they gave. New wells were continually developed, and Mr. TARR accumulated a great fortune. In the fall of 1865, when gold was worth $2 50, he was offered $800,000 gold for the fee simple of the farm—equivalent to $2,000,000. He refused it. Oil is still a success as a steady business in the oil region. We know one gentleman whose income from that source is about $1000 per day.

—Mr. Speaker BLAINE has organized his committees, and, on the whole, satisfactorily. New York has a fair share and some important chairmanships. But Mr. Speaker BLAINE, do what he will, can never get his House at work betimes, as was done in the British House of Commons two centuries and a half ago. Among other standing orders, printed May 17, 1614, was this: "Ordered, That this House shall sit every day at seven o'clock in the morning, and enter into the great business at eight, and no new motion to be made after twelve. Ordered, That so soon as the clock strikes twelve Mr. Speaker do go out of the chair, and the House shall rise; and that, in going forth, no member shall stir until Mr. Speaker do go before, and then all the rest shall follow. Whosoever shall go out of the House before Mr. Speaker shall forfeit 10s.; but the reporters may go first." In 1693 it was "Ordered, That no member of the House do presume to smoke tobacco in the gallery, or at the table of the House, sitting at committees."

—GEORGE ODGER, one of the chief agitators in England for republican institutions, stated in a speech recently delivered at Bristol that, while wishing a republic, there was no member of the royal family whom he disliked. What he and those who thought with him were anxious should take place was, that when the throne next became vacant they should have a vote as to who should rule. One thing is certain, there are nearly one hundred republican leagues already formed in England, and the organization is daily extending and becoming more formidable.

—It is understood that the diplomatic representatives of foreign powers at this port—consuls and such—being among the "soreheads," as that expressive Americanism puts it, on account of the snubbing they have constantly received at the hands of the Reception Committee during the royal progress of the eminent G. Duke in this city, propose to go into print and express their views and griefs to this people. They "want to know, you know," what was meant by such conducts as those. It *was* a fine, airy old Committee, our New York Committee, composed, with three exceptions, of lawyer, merchant, banker, and public functionary. An editor or two were thrown in; but, as Mr. R. Van Winkle says, "they didn't count," for they did nothing. Boston did much better. Her notable men in literature, science, art, politics, commerce, manufactures, all took hearty and handsome part in the what-you-call-'ems, and did the thing up with a good taste and dash that entitles them to the palm. The moment the Boston Committee took snuff with the Grand Duke the rest of the entire population sneezed. And that was polite.

—The Paris correspondent of the *Tribune* writes as follows of the fate of a man whom Americans are especially bound to honor and respect:

"Sad, very sad for some of us, whose memory goes so far back as to the time when we (even we Americans) were glad for a word of comfort, or swift aid, from the foreigner—sad, I say, to such of us, bitterly so to your correspondent, is the cruel condemnation to deportation of our country's friend, ELISÉE RECLUS. In the early days of April, when nine-tenths of all the population of Paris was, if not favorable to the newborn, well-promising Commune, unfavorable to the questionably authorized Versailles government, ELISÉE RECLUS went out with thousands of other Frenchmen to fight for the Commune as representative of Frenchmen's want, against the Versailles government, representing, to him and his kind, negation of French name and progress. There is no question here of the logic of his reasoning, or of the wisdom of his action. The fact is, that he went as a simple soldier, was taken on the 5th of April, and finds now that the best that a so-called court-martial tribunal can do for him is to condemn him to transportation for life. M. ELISÉE RECLUS was one of the eminently ablest defenders of the Union cause in the French press in those dark days from 1862 to 1864, when we, even we, were glad to hear friendly voices, though speaking in foreign tongues."

ELISÉE RECLUS is not only a brave soldier, but one of the most distinguished *savants* of France. His important and interesting work on the Earth, just published by HARPER & BROTHERS, is one of the most valuable recent contributions to physical science.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS met December 4. The President's Message was read in both Houses. It is a plain, business-like document, and gives a succinct account of our foreign relations and domestic affairs. Its principal points are discussed in other columns of this paper. The business of the week ending December 9 was generally unimportant and preliminary to the work of the session. A resolution was introduced in the Senate by Mr. Blair (Democrat, Missouri) calling upon the President for information as to what law or authority there was for the declaration of martial law in South Carolina. A similar resolution was presented in the House of Representatives by Mr. Beck (Democrat, Kentucky).

In the House of Representatives the question of the Congressional apportionment, which has been under consideration for two years past, was again brought up, the subject of discussion being a bill introduced in the House last session fixing the representation at 280 members. The matter is one upon which there is great difference of opinion among the representatives from different sections of the country, and it is likely to lead to prolonged debate.

The President's Message was well received in England. The London *Times*, however, regrets the threatened abolition of the income tax without the adoption of a substitute. It thinks that finance, taxation, and free trade will be the questions upon which the great parties of the Union will next divide.

The report of the Secretary of the Treasury states that the customs revenue was greatly in excess of the estimates, while there was a diminished cost of collection over last year. The total expenditures for the year were $292,177,188 25, while the receipts from all sources for the same period were $383,323,944 89. The Secretary adheres to his opinion that the national debt should be paid off at the yearly rate of $50,000,000. He recommends the reduction of the duties on certain articles, especially salt, raw hides, and coal. He also recommends the abolishment of the shares in moieties received by certain officers, such, for instance, as the Collector of the Port of New York.

The Postmaster-General's report is full of departmental statistics and recommendations of proposed reforms. Among his propositions are that of an additional mail to Brazil, the payment of subsidies to steamship lines, and the adoption of the governmental postal telegraph and savings-bank systems.

The report of the Secretary of the Interior deals at some length with our Indian relations, Mr. Delano finally recommending that all the tribes in the country be collected into one monster reservation in the Indian Territory. The report also discusses at some length our railroads and the grants which they have received from Congress.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ALL the occupied portions of French territory have been declared in a state of siege by the Prussians, owing to the continued assaults upon the German troops.

Great Britain has completed the annexation of the South African diamond fields. There have been some splendid "finds" at the fields lately. Great loss of life and property has resulted from storms in the district.

The French fleet has been ordered to be made ready for cruising about the coasts of France, in order to prevent, as the *Figaro* supposes, "another return from Elba."

General Cluseret, the Communist leader, was not killed at Paris, as reported. He escaped, and a few days ago passed through this city on his way to Mexico, where he intends to join the Juarez forces.

As in the case of the brave and unfortunate General Rossel, the appeals of the Communists who have been condemned to death, on scanty and insufficient evidence, for the murder of Generals Thomas and Lecompte, have been rejected, and President Thiers is not likely to interfere on their behalf.

The Orleans princes have consented to defer their claims to seats in the National Assembly. President Thiers is said to be unable to withstand the powers opposed to him, and is believed to have privately agreed to relinquish his office in favor of the Duc d'Aumale.

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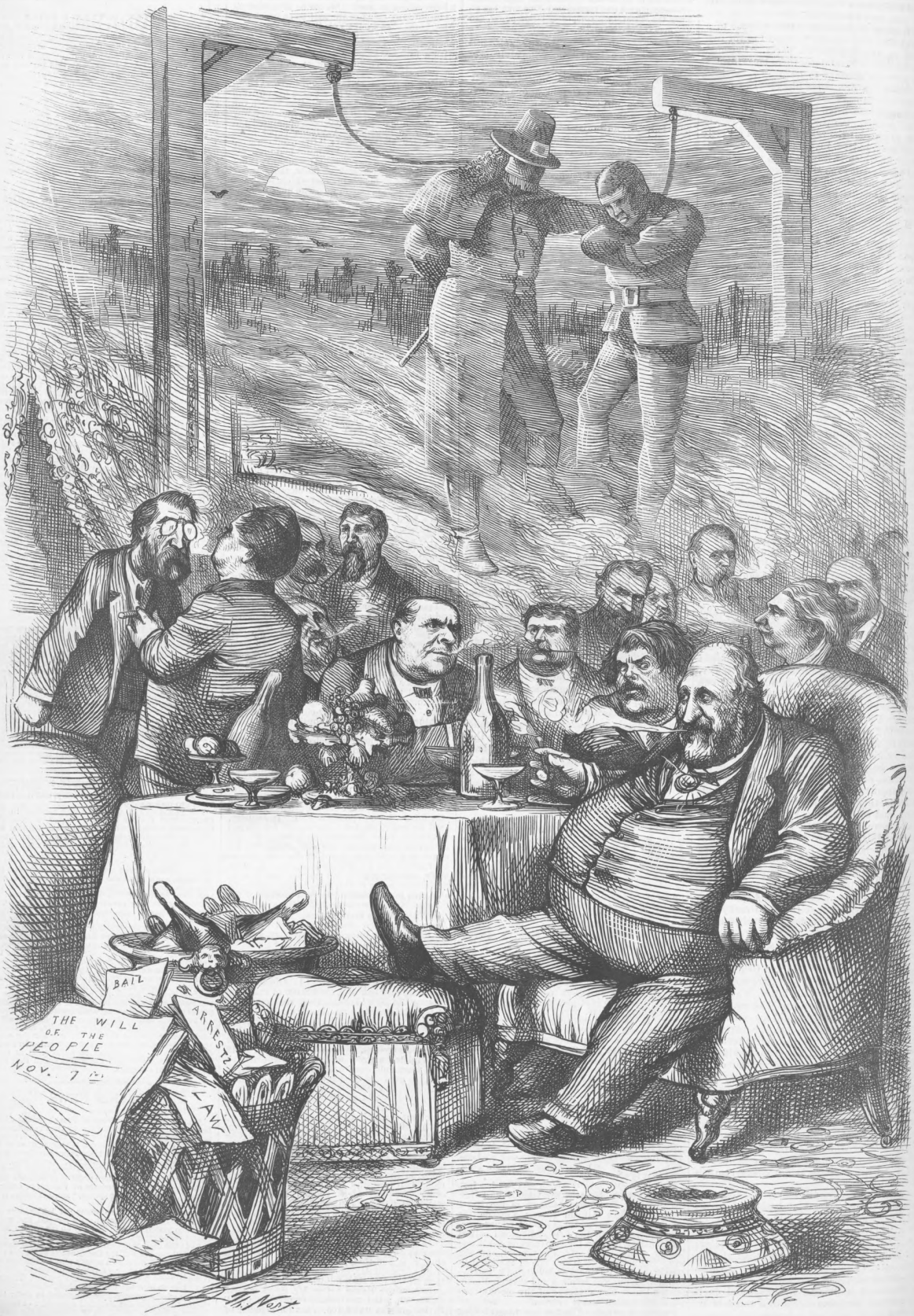

THE DEAD BEAT.

The Ghosts of Dick Turpin to Jack Sheppard. "THERE'S NO USE TALKING. TO THEM BELONGS THE PALM. THEY HAVE COMMITTED OUTDOSE US."

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ONCE.

ONCE, in your sight,
As May buds swell in the sun's warm light,
So grew her soul,
Yielding itself to your sweet control.

Once, if you spoke,
Echoing strains in her heart awoke,
Sending a thrill
All through its chambers sweet and still.

Once, if you said,
"Sweet, with love's garland I crown your head,"
Ah, how the rose
Flooded her forehead's pale repose!

Once, if your lip
Dared the pure sweetness of hers to sip,
Softly and meek
Dark lashes drooped on a white-rose cheek.

Once, if your name
Some one but whispered, a sudden flame
Burned on her cheek,
Telling a story she would not speak.

Once—ah, I sin,
Raising the ghost of what once has been!
Yet list, I pray,
To one plain truth that I speak to-day.

You do but wait
At a sepulchre's sealéd gate;
Her love is dead,
Bound hand and foot in its narrow bed.

Why did it die?
Ask of your soul the reason why;
Question it well,
And surely the secret it will tell.

But if your heart
Ever again plays the lover's part,
Let this truth be
Blent with the solemn mystery.

Pure flame aspires;
Downward flow not the altar fires;
And sky-larks soar
Up where the earth mists vex no more.

Now loose your hold
From her white garment's spotless fold,
And let her pass,
While both hearts murmur, "Alas! alas!"

HUNTER'S POINT.—COMPULSORY EDUCATION.

BY EUGENE LAWRENCE.

A TEACHER, directed by the law to read a portion of the Scriptures in his school, endeavors to perform his duty. The children of Romish parents, instructed by their elders, interrupt the exercise; the teacher still persists, and punishes one of the offenders. He is assailed by half-grown boys; denounced, it is stated, by the Romish priest; the keys of his school-house are taken from him by one of the trustees; the school-house is temporarily closed; the life of the brave teacher is threatened and in danger; and the peaceful citizens of a quiet town are overawed by the violence of the Romish faction.

Such is the recent affray at Hunter's Point. It would scarcely seem of any general importance did it not form part of a long series of acts of violence occurring in various portions of our own country and Europe, and proceeding always from that lawless and brutal population that seems to grow up necessarily under the shelter of the Romish Church; that threatens every where the peace of society, and forms a ready instrument of evil in the hands of the revengeful and the unscrupulous. No other religious sect among us offers such remarkable examples of fanatical cruelty; no other political faction, except, perhaps, in the Carolinas, commits such fearful deeds. Does an ardent missionary, as at Scranton or Ogdensburg, venture to declaim against the worship of Mary or the supremacy of the pope, he is beaten, maimed, and silenced. If an escaped nun attempts to relate her story, she is only saved from serious injuries or death by the zeal of her friends. Two innocent Bible distributors were recently the victims of infuriated Catholics. An eminent clergyman essayed to paint the moral and political dangers of Romanism; he was at once assailed with anonymous letters threatening assassination. If an author labors to revive historical scenes that do little credit to the humanity of the Papal Church, he must incur the risk of personal danger; the zealous publisher who dares to issue works that offend the Catholic taste becomes the mark for furious threats of terrible retribution; and there is plainly one subject among us upon which neither the press nor speech is free. The final outrage at Hunter's Point seems to show that even the public schools are no longer safe from not dissimilar dangers.

At Los Angeles the frightful massacre of helpless Chinese was the result of the fanatical cruelty of Irish and Mexican Catholics. The Germans and the Americans, we are expressly told, took no part in the bloody affray. An accomplished and intelligent colored man was recently butchered in Philadelphia, and his unoffending brethren have been the constant victims of brutal malignity.

The catalogue of startling but instructive facts might easily be enlarged. A portion of our Roman Catholic citizens have been accustomed for many years to defy the law in the name of religion. They have become the terror of the peaceable and the well-disposed. Crimes against the government and good order, which in every European community would have been suppressed with unsparing vigor, have been tolerated among us by officials elected by Romish votes. It is scarcely eight years ago that, in the midst of the great public danger, this corrupt and vicious population, not content with embarrassing the progress of the national armies by a political sympathy with the rebellion, openly rose in revolt, and for three days held possession of the city of New York. Every succeeding year has been marked by some new trace of strange malignity. In the Orange riot of 1870 women and children were assailed with volleys of stones and deadly missiles, and a harmless entertainment turned into a scene of bloodshed and death. In the Orange riot of 1871, conscious, perhaps, of their power over the guilty officials, of the fatal secrets that held them in the grasp of the priesthood, the Romish faction prepared again to take possession of New York, and rose in arms to dispute the authority of the law. Men were robbed by bands of thieves on Broadway, and wherever the Hibernians appeared shops were closed, and the prudent kept within-doors.

The rioters were repressed with signal severity. Yet, if our city is ever to be set free from these constantly recurring disorders—if a population as dangerous and as lawless as that of Paris is to be checked in its growth among us—the remedy will plainly never come from the Romish priests or the Catholic press. The former from their pulpits denounce the progress of free education; the latter incite their readers to new acts of rebellion, and defend the crimes against the public peace. And the question is now widely discussed in Europe and America whether cruelty is not taught or necessarily infused in the doctrines of the Romish Church; whether the triumph of the Jesuits has not condemned the great body of its adherents to become the blind instruments of a persecuting creed. It is certain that the canon of the recent council covers with anathemas all those who refuse to confess that the pope has the right to punish the heretic; nor can it be doubted that such inhuman teaching must fill with savage aspirations the ignorant and fanatical—must arouse the worst instincts of man.

To remove this dangerous class from our midst has now become the province of the legislator. It is no longer a question of sect or creed, even of party or of politics; the welfare of the community requires that some means be provided for preventing the constant return of Orange riots and Catholic mobs, of murderous assaults upon teachers in the discharge of their duty, and of ceaseless danger to the property and lives of honest men. We believe that many intelligent Catholics, no less than the Protestants, have felt a sincere indignation beneath the indiscreet rule of their priests, were shocked to discover that they had been blindly led into the support of men such as those who have recently plundered the city, and have never approved of the threats of violence with which every project of reform has been met and every reformer assailed. Yet it will demand many years of penitence and of patriotic self-denial before the Romish Church can ever relieve itself of the shame of having become the patron and the ally of the dangerous classes of our city and country, of having shut out from them the humanizing influence of the public school, of filling our jails and almshouses with its ignorant members, of inflicting sharp wounds upon the nation in the midst of its fierce struggle for life, or of robbing New York of its good name among cities, its honor as well as its money; and upon this path of penitence no member of the Romish priesthood seems yet disposed to enter. In fact, the last outrage seems to indicate designs against liberty more fatal than any they have yet suffered to appear. Happily the Catholic people of Europe, possibly of America, are no longer guided in their civil conduct by their priests.

For many of our political evils an effective remedy lies in compulsory education. To oblige every parent to send his children to school has been found, in various European states, the surest mode of dissipating the dangerous classes. Crime, riots, disorders, disappear before this simple appliance. And no system of education is any where successful without the compulsory provision. Northern Germany, Scandinavia, Denmark, and Holland, where it is difficult to find a person that can neither read nor write, and where even the poorest classes are singularly averse to crime, lead the nations in the perfection of their systems of instruction, and compel every child to go to school. The public schools of France have failed to reach the people, because this clause is not, or was not, a part of its system. England has recently borrowed it from Germany; France follows its example; and we may trust that our own country will not linger behind the European nations in its ardor for knowledge. Let every State, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, introduce the compulsory method of education, and we shall soon discover a rapid acceleration even in our already wonderful prosperity. But, above all, the compulsory system is necessary to preserve our crowded cities from decay. The ignorance and turbulence of its poorer classes, composed chiefly of the unlucky Irish, who are excluded from the public schools by the arts of the priest, have brought pecuniary loss to the city of New York estimated by thoughtful men at amounts that seem incredible. Commerce has been driven from our harbor, population has been checked, posterity burdened with a great debt, public morals fatally injured, because the children of the poor, and sometimes of the wealthy, have been left in ignorance, or educated to obey only the commands of a foreign church.

Had those ignorant parents who excited their children to riot and disorder at Hunter's Point been early taught a proper knowledge of their duties as men and citizens, they would scarcely have encouraged acts of violence which they would then have known would only end in an exemplary punishment, as well as the public shame of the religious body to which they belong. It is because they are ignorant that they are barbarous. Nor would the savage mob that assailed a zealous anti-papist at Scranton, or the rioters of Ogdensburg, or the miscreants of Los Angeles have planned their guilty deeds had they early learned at the common schools humanity and common-sense. But for the bold and self-sacrificing conduct of Mr. Sieberg, the teacher, and for which he deserves the promotion and the credit due to a faithful public servant, one important lesson would never have been taught at Hunter's Point. That is obedience to the laws. We trust that this foundation of all republican education will now be laid in a general punishment of all his assailants, and that it be made plain for the future that the ignorant, the cruel, or the vicious are no longer to be tolerated in a free community.

"DON'T BELIEVE IN THAT."

WHAT THE IRISH ROMAN CATHOLIC CHILDREN WILL BE TOLD TO DO NEXT.
"Kick it out *Peaceably!*"

MIDDLEMARCH:

A STUDY OF PROVINCIAL LIFE.

BY GEORGE ELIOT,

AUTHOR OF "ADAM BEDE," "ROMOLA," ETC.

Book I.

MISS BROOKE.

CHAPTER III.

"Say, goddess, what ensued, when Raphaël,
The affable archangel....
Eve
The story heard attentive, and was filled
With admiration and deep muse, to hear
Of things so high and strange."
—*Paradise Lost*, B. viii.

IF it had really occurred to Mr. Casaubon to think of Miss Brooke as a suitable wife for him, the reasons that might induce her to accept him were already planted in her mind, and by the evening of the next day the reasons had budded and bloomed. For they had had a long conversation in the morning, while Celia, who did not like the company of Mr. Casaubon's moles and sallowness, had escaped to the vicarage to play with the curate's ill-shod but merry children.

Dorothea by this time had looked deep into the unganged reservoir of Mr. Casaubon's mind, seeing reflected there in vague labyrinthine extension every quality she herself brought; had opened much of her own experience to him, and had understood from him the scope of his great work, also of attractively labyrinthine extent. For he had been as instructive as Milton's "affable archangel;" and with something of the archangelic manner he told her how he had undertaken to show (what, indeed, had been attempted before, but not with that thoroughness, justice of comparison, and effectiveness of arrangement at which Mr. Casaubon aimed) that all the mythical systems or erratic mythical fragments in the world were corruptions of a tradition originally revealed. Having once mastered the true position, and taken a firm footing there, the vast field of mythical constructions became intelligible, nay, luminous with the reflected light of correspondences. But to gather in this great harvest of truth was no light or speedy work. His notes already made a formidable range of volumes, but the crowning task would be to condense these voluminous, still-accumulating results, and bring them, like the earlier vintage of Hippocratic books, to fit a little shelf. In explaining this to Dorothea, Mr. Casaubon expressed himself nearly as he would have done to a fellow-student, for he had not two styles of talking at command: it is true that when he used a Greek or Latin phrase he always gave the English with scrupulous care, but he would probably have done this in any case. A learned provincial clergyman is accustomed to think of his acquaintances as of "lords, knyghtes, and other noble and worthi men, that conne Latyn but lytille."

Dorothea was altogether captivated by the wide embrace of this conception. Here was something beyond the shallows of ladies'-school literature: here was a living Bossuet, whose work would reconcile complete knowledge with devoted piety; here was a modern Augustine, who united the glories of doctor and saint.

The sanctity seemed no less clearly marked than the learning, for when Dorothea was impelled to open her mind on certain themes which she could speak of to no one whom she had before seen at Tipton, especially on the secondary importance of ecclesiastical forms and articles of belief compared with that spiritual religion, that submergence of self in communion with Divine perfection which seemed to her to be expressed in the best Christian books of widely distant ages, she found in Mr. Casaubon a listener who understood her at once, who could assure her of his own agreement with that view when duly tempered with wise conformity, and could mention historical examples before unknown to her.

"He thinks with me," said Dorothea to herself; "or, rather, he thinks a whole world of which my thought is but a poor twopenny mirror. And his feelings too, his whole experience—what a lake compared to my little pool!"

Miss Brooke argued from words and dispositions not less unhesitatingly than other young ladies of her age. Signs are small, measurable things, but interpretations are illimitable, and in girls of sweet, ardent nature, every sign is apt to conjure up wonder, hope, belief, vast as a sky, and colored by a diffused thimbleful of matter in the shape of knowledge. They are not always too grossly deceived; for Sindbad himself may have fallen by good luck on a true description, and wrong reasoning sometimes lands poor mortals in right conclusions: starting a long way off the true point, and proceeding by loops and zigzags, we now and then arrive just where we ought to be. Because Miss Brooke was hasty in her trust, it is not therefore clear that Mr. Casaubon was unworthy of it.

He staid a little longer than he had intended, on a slight pressure of invitation from Mr. Brooke, who offered no bait except his own documents on machine-breaking and rick-burning. Mr. Casaubon was called into the library to look at these in a heap, while his host picked up first one and then the other to read aloud from in a skipping and uncertain way, passing from one

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unfinished passage to another with a "Yes, now, but here!" and finally pushing them all aside to open the journal of his youthful Continental travels.

"Look here—here is all about Greece. Rhamnus, the ruins of Rhamnus—you are a great Grecian, now. I don't know whether you have given much study to the topography. I spent no end of time in making out these things—Helicon, now. Here, now!—'We started the next morning for Parnassus, the double-peaked Parnassus.' All this volume is about Greece, you know," Mr. Brooke wound up, rubbing his thumb transversely along the edges of the leaves as he held the book forward.

Mr. Casaubon made a dignified though somewhat sad audience; bowed in the right place, and avoided looking at any thing documentary as far as possible without showing disregard or impatience; mindful that this desultoriness was associated with the institutions of the country, and that the man who took him on this severe mental scamper was not only an amiable host, but a land-holder and *custos rotulorum*. Was his endurance aided also by the reflection that Mr. Brooke was the uncle of Dorothea?

Certainly he seemed more and more bent on making her talk to him, on drawing her out, as Celia remarked to herself; and in looking at her his face was often lit up by a smile like pale, wintry sunshine. Before he left the next morning, while taking a pleasant walk with Miss Brooke along the graveled terrace, he had mentioned to her that he felt the disadvantage of loneliness, the need of that cheerful companionship with which the presence of youth can lighten or vary the serious toils of maturity. And he delivered this statement with as much careful precision as if he had been a diplomatic envoy whose words would be attended with results. Indeed, Mr. Casaubon was not used to expect that he should have to repeat or revise his communications of a practical or personal kind. The inclinations which he had deliberately stated on the 2d of October, he would think it enough to refer to by the mention of that date, judging by the standard of his own memory, which was a volume where a *vide supra* could serve instead of repetitions, and not the ordinary long-used blotting-book which only tells of forgotten writing. But in this case Mr. Casaubon's confidence was not likely to be falsified, for Dorothea heard and retained what he said with the eager interest of a fresh young nature to which every variety in experience is an epoch.

It was three o'clock in the beautiful breezy autumn day when Mr. Casaubon drove off to his rectory, at Lowick, only five miles from Tipton; and Dorothea, who had on her bonnet and shawl, hurried along the shrubbery and across the park, that she might wander through the bordering wood with no other visible companionship than that of Monk, the Great St. Bernard dog, who always took care of the young ladies in their walks. There had risen before her the girl's vision of a possible future for herself to which she looked forward with trembling hope, and she wanted to wander on in that visionary future without interruption. She walked briskly in the brisk air, the color rose in her cheeks, and her straw bonnet (which our contemporaries might look at with conjectural curiosity as at an obsolete form of basket) fell a little backward. She would, perhaps, be hardly characterized enough if it were omitted that she wore her brown hair flatly braided, and coiled behind so as to expose the outline of her head in a daring manner at a time when public feeling required the meagreness of nature to be dissimulated by tall barricades of frizzed curls and bows, never surpassed by any great race except the Feejeean. This was a trait of Miss Brooke's asceticism. But there was nothing of an ascetic's expression in her bright, full eyes as she looked before her, not consciously seeing, but absorbing into the intensity of her mood the solemn glory of the afternoon, with its long swathes of light between the far-off rows of limes, whose shadows touched each other.

All people, young or old (that is, all people in those ante-reform times), would have thought her an interesting object if they had referred the glow in her eyes and cheeks to the newly awakened ordinary images of young love: the illusions of Chloe about Strephon have been sufficiently consecrated in poetry, as the pathetic loveliness of all spontaneous trust ought to be. Miss Pippin adoring young Pumpkin, and dreaming along endless vistas of unwearying companionship, was a little drama which never tired our fathers and mothers, and had been put into all costumes. Let but Pumpkin have a figure which would sustain the disadvantages of the short-waisted swallow-tail, and every body felt it not only natural, but necessary to the perfection of womanhood, that a sweet girl should be at once convinced of his virtue, his exceptional ability, and, above all, his perfect sincerity. But perhaps no persons then living—certainly none in the neighborhood of Tipton—would have had a sympathetic understanding for the dreams of a girl whose notions about marriage took their color entirely from an exalted enthusiasm about the ends of life, an enthusiasm which was lit chiefly by its own fire, and included neither the niceties of the *trousseau*, the pattern of plate, nor even the honors and sweet joys of the blooming matron.

It had now entered Dorothea's mind that Mr. Casaubon might wish to make her his wife, and the idea that he would do so touched her with a sort of reverential gratitude. How good of him—nay, it would be almost as if a winged messenger had suddenly stood beside her path, and held out his hand toward her! For a long while she had been oppressed by the indefiniteness which hung in her mind, like a thick summer haze, over all her desire to make her life greatly effective. What could she do, what ought she to do?—she, hardly more than a budding woman, but yet with an active conscience and a great mental need, not to be satisfied by a girlish instruction comparable to the nibblings and judgments of a discursive mouse. With some endowment of stupidity and conceit, she might have thought that a Christian young lady of fortune should find her ideal of life in village charities, patronage of the humbler clergy, the perusal of "Female Scripture Characters," unfolding the private experience of Sara under the Old Dispensation, and Dorcas under the New, and the care of her soul over her embroidery in her own boudoir—with a background of prospective marriage to a man who, if less strict than herself, as being involved in affairs religiously inexplicable, might be prayed for and seasonably exhorted. From such contentment poor Dorothea was shut out. The intensity of her religious disposition, the coercion it exercised over her life, was but one aspect of a nature altogether ardent, theoretic, and intellectually consequent: and with such a nature, struggling in the bands of a narrow teaching, hemmed in by a social life which seemed nothing but a labyrinth of petty courses, a walled-in maze of small paths that led no whither, the outcome was sure to strike others as at once exaggeration and inconsistency. The thing which seemed to her best she wanted to justify by the completest knowledge, and not to live in a pretended admission of rules which were never acted on. Into this soul-hunger as yet all her youthful passion was poured, the union which attracted her was one that would deliver her from her girlish subjection to her own ignorance, and give her the freedom of voluntary submission to a guide who would take her along the grandest path.

"I should learn every thing then," she said to herself, still walking quickly along the bridle-road through the wood. "It would be my duty to study that I might help him the better in his great works. There would be nothing trivial about our lives. Every-day things with us would mean the greatest things. It would be like marrying Pascal. I should learn to see the truth by the same light as great men have seen it by. And then I should know what to do when I got older. I should see how it was possible to lead a grand life here—now—in England. I don't feel sure about doing good in any way now: every thing seems like going on a mission to a people whose language I don't know: unless it were building good cottages—there can be no doubt about that. Oh, I hope I should be able to get the people well housed in Lowick! I will draw plenty of plans while I have time."

Dorothea checked herself suddenly with self-rebuke for the presumptuous way in which she was reckoning on uncertain events, but she was spared any inward effort to change the direction of her thoughts by the appearance of a cantering horseman round a turning of the road. The well-groomed chestnut horse and two beautiful setters could leave no doubt that the rider was Sir James Chettam. He discerned Dorothea, jumped off his horse at once, and, having delivered it to his groom, advanced toward her with something white on his arm, at which the two setters were barking in an excited manner.

"How delightful to meet you, Miss Brooke," he said, raising his hat and showing his sleekly waving blonde hair. "It has hastened the pleasure I was looking forward to."

Miss Brooke was annoyed at the interruption. This amiable baronet, really a suitable husband for Celia, exaggerated the necessity of making himself agreeable to the elder sister. Even a prospective brother-in-law may be an oppression if he will always be presupposing too good an understanding with you, and agreeing with you even when you contradict him. The thought that he had made the mistake of paying his addresses to herself could not take shape: all her mental activity was used up in persuasions of another kind. But he was positively obtrusive at this moment, and his dimpled hands were quite disagreeable. Her roused temper made her color deeply, as she returned his greeting with some haughtiness.

Sir James interpreted the heightened color in the way most gratifying to himself, and thought he never saw Miss Brooke looking so handsome.

"I have brought a little petitioner," he said, "or, rather, I have brought him to see if he will be approved before his petition is offered." He showed the white object under his arm, which was a tiny Maltese puppy, one of nature's most naïve toys.

"It is painful to me to see these creatures that are bred merely as pets," said Dorothea, whose opinion was forming itself that very moment (as opinions will) under the heat of irritation.

"Oh, why?" said Sir James, as they walked forward.

"I believe all the petting that is given them does not make them happy. They are too helpless, their lives are too frail. A weasel or a mouse that gets its own living is more interesting. I like to think that the animals about us have souls something like our own, and either carry on their own little affairs, or can be companions to us, like Monk here. Those creatures are parasitic."

"I am so glad I know that you do not like them," said good Sir James. "I should never keep them for myself, but ladies usually are fond of these Maltese dogs. Here, John, take this dog, will you?"

The objectionable puppy, whose nose and eyes were equally black and expressive, was thus got rid of, since Miss Brooke decided that it had better not have been born. But she felt it necessary to explain.

"You must not judge of Celia's feeling from mine. I think she likes these small pets. She had a tiny terrier once, which she was very fond of. It made me unhappy, because I was afraid of treading on it. I am rather short-sighted."

"You have your own opinion about every thing, Miss Brooke, and it is always a good opinion."

What answer was possible to such stupid complimenting?

"Do you know, I envy you that," Sir James said, as they continued walking at the rather brisk pace set by Dorothea.

"I don't quite understand what you mean."

"Your power of forming an opinion. I can form an opinion of persons. I know when I like people. But about other matters, do you know, I have often a difficulty in deciding. One hears very sensible things said on opposite sides."

"Or that seem sensible. Perhaps we don't always discriminate between sense and nonsense."

Dorothea felt that she was rather rude.

"Exactly," said Sir James. "But you seem to have the power of discrimination."

"On the contrary, I am often unable to decide. But that is from ignorance. The right conclusion is there, all the same, though I am unable to see it."

"I think there are few who would see it more readily. Do you know, Lovegood was telling me yesterday that you had the best notion in the world of a plan for cottages—quite wonderful for a young lady, he thought. You had a real *genius*, to use his expression. He said you wanted Mr. Brooke to build a new set of cottages, but he seemed to think it hardly probable that your uncle would consent. Do you know, that is one of the things I wish to do—I mean, on my own estate. I should be so glad to carry out that plan of yours, if you would let me see it. Of course it is sinking money; that is why people object to it. Laborers can never pay rent to make it answer. But, after all, it is worth doing."

"Worth doing! yes, indeed!" said Dorothea, energetically, forgetting her previous small vexations. "I think we deserve to be beaten out of our beautiful houses with a scourge of small cords—all of us who let tenants live in such sties as we see round us. Life in cottages might be happier than ours, if they were real houses fit for human beings from whom we expect duties and affections."

"Will you show me your plan?"

"Yes, certainly I dare say it is very faulty. But I have been examining all the plans for cottages in London's book, and picked out what seem the best things. Oh, what a happiness it would be to set the pattern about here! I think, instead of Lazarus at the gate, we should put the pig-sty cottages outside the park gate."

Dorothea was in the best temper now. Sir James, as brother-in-law, building model cottages on his estate, and then, perhaps, others being built at Lowick, and more and more elsewhere in imitation—it would be as if the spirit of Oberlin had passed over the parishes to make the life of poverty beautiful!

Sir James saw all the plans, and took one away to consult upon with Lovegood. He also took away a complacent sense that he was making great progress in Miss Brooke's good opinion. The Maltese puppy was not offered to Celia—an omission which Dorothea afterward thought of with surprise, but she blamed herself for it. She had been engrossing Sir James. After all, it was a relief that there was no puppy to tread upon.

Celia was present while the plans were being examined, and observed Sir James's illusion. "He thinks that Dodo cares about him, and she only cares about her plans. Yet I am not certain that she would refuse him if she thought he would let her manage every thing and carry out all her notions. And how very uncomfortable Sir James would be! I can not bear notions."

It was Celia's private luxury to indulge in this dislike. She dared not confess it to her sister in any direct statement, for that would be laying herself open to a demonstration that she was somehow or other at war with all goodness. But on safe opportunities she had an indirect mode of making her negative wisdom tell upon Dorothea, and calling her down from her rhapsodic mood by reminding her that people were staring, not listening. Celia was not impulsive: what she had to say could wait, and came from her always with the same quiet, staccato evenness. When people talked with energy and emphasis, she watched their faces and features merely. She never could understand how well-bred persons consented to sing and open their mouths in the ridiculous manner requisite for that vocal exercise.

It was not many days before Mr. Casaubon paid a morning visit, on which he was invited again for the following week to dine and stay the night. Thus Dorothea had three more conversations with him, and was convinced that her first impressions had been just. He was all she had at first imagined him to be: almost every thing he had said seemed like a specimen from a mine, or the inscription on the door of a museum which might open on the treasures of past ages; and this trust in his mental wealth was all the deeper and more effective on her inclination because it was now obvious that his visits were made for her sake. This accomplished man condescended to think of a young girl, and take the pains to talk to her, not with absurd compliment, but with an appeal to her understanding, and sometimes with instructive correction. What delightful companionship! Mr. Casaubon seemed even unconscious that trivialities existed, and never handed around that small-talk of heavy men which is as acceptable as stale bride-cake brought forth with an odor of cupboard. He talked of what he was interested in, or else he was silent, and bowed with sad civility. To Dorothea this was adorable genuineness, and religious abstinence from that artificiality which uses up the soul in the efforts of pretense. For she looked as reverently at Mr. Casaubon's religious elevation above herself as she did at his intellect and learning. He assented to her expressions of devout feeling, and usually with an appropriate quotation; he allowed himself to say that he had gone through some spiritual conflicts in his youth; in short, Dorothea saw that here she might reckon on understanding, sympathy, and guidance. On one—only one—of her favorite themes she was disappointed. Mr. Casaubon apparently did not care about building cottages, and diverted the talk to the extremely narrow accommodation which was to be had in the dwellings of the ancient Egyptians, as if to check a too high standard. After he was gone Dorothea dwelt with some agitation on this indifference of his; and her mind was much exercised with arguments drawn from the varying conditions of climate which modify human needs, and from the admitted wickedness of pagan despots. Should she not urge these arguments on Mr. Casaubon when he came again? But further reflection told her that she was presumptuous in demanding his attention to such a subject: he would not disapprove of her occupying herself with it in leisure moments, as other women expected to occupy themselves with their dress and embroidery—would not forbid it when— Dorothea felt rather ashamed as she detected herself in these speculations. But her uncle had been invited to go to Lowick to stay a couple of days: was it reasonable to suppose that Mr. Casaubon delighted in Mr. Brooke's society for its own sake, either with or without documents?

Meanwhile that little disappointment made her delight the more in Sir James Chettam's readiness to set on foot the desired improvements. He came much oftener than Mr. Casaubon, and Dorothea ceased to find him disagreeable since he showed himself so entirely in earnest; for he had already entered with much practical ability into Lovegood's estimates, and was charmingly docile. She proposed to build a couple of cottages, and transfer two families from their old cabins, which could then be pulled down, so that new ones could be built on the old sites. Sir James said, "Exactly," and she bore the word remarkably well.

Certainly these men who had so few spontaneous ideas might be very useful members of society under good feminine direction, if they were fortunate in choosing their sisters-in-law! It is difficult to say whether there was or was not a little willfulness in her continuing blind to the possibility that another sort of choice was in question in relation to her. But her life was just now full of hope and action; she was not only thinking of her plans, but getting down learned books from the library and reading many things hastily (that she might be a little less ignorant in talking to Mr. Casaubon), all the while being visited with conscientious questionings whether she were not exalting these poor doings above measure, and contemplating them with that self-satisfaction which was the last doom of ignorance and folly.

CHAPTER IV.

"*1st Gent.* Our deeds are fetters that we forge ourselves.
2d Gent. Ay, truly: but I think it is the world
That brings the iron."

"SIR JAMES seems determined to do every thing you wish," said Celia, as they were driving home from an inspection of the new building site.

"He is a good creature, and more sensible than any one would imagine," said Dorothea, inconsiderately.

"You mean that he appears silly."

"No, no," said Dorothea, recollecting herself, and laying her hand on her sister's a moment, "but he does not talk equally well on all subjects."

"I should think none but disagreeable people do," said Celia, in her usual purring way. "They must be very dreadful to live with. Only think! at breakfast, and always."

Dorothea laughed. "Oh, Kitty, you are a wonderful creature!" She pinched Celia's chin, being in the mood now to think her very winning and lovely—fit hereafter to be an eternal cherub, and if it were not doctrinally wrong to say so, hardly more in need of salvation than a squirrel. "Of course people need not be always talking well. Only one tells the quality of their minds when they try to talk well."

"You mean that Sir James tries and fails."

"I was speaking generally. Why do you catechize me about Sir James? It is not the object of his life to please me."

"Now, Dodo, can you really believe that?"

"Certainly. He thinks of me as a future sister—that is all." Dorothea had never hinted this before, waiting, from a certain shyness on such subjects which was mutual between the sisters, until it should be introduced by some decisive event. Celia blushed, but said at once:

"Pray do not make that mistake any longer, Dodo. When Tantripp was brushing my hair the other day she said that Sir James's man knew from Mrs. Cadwallader's maid that Sir James was to marry the eldest Miss Brooke."

"How can you let Tantripp talk such gossip to you, Celia?" said Dorothea, indignantly, not the less angry because details asleep in her memory were now awakened to confirm the unwelcome revelation. "You must have asked her questions. It is degrading."

"I see no harm at all in Tantripp's talking to me. It is better to hear what people say. You see what mistakes you make by taking up notions. I am quite sure that Sir James means to make you an offer; and he believes that you will accept him, especially since you have been so pleased with him about the plans. And uncle too—I know he expects it. Every one can see that Sir James is very much in love with you."

The revulsion was so strong and painful in Dorothea's mind that the tears welled up and

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flowed abundantly. All her dear plans were imbittered, and she thought with disgust of Sir James's conceiving that she recognized him as her lover. There was vexation too on account of Celia.

"How could he expect it?" she burst forth, in her most impetuous manner. "I have never agreed with him about any thing but the cottages; I was barely polite to him before."

"But you have been so pleased with him since then, he has begun to feel quite sure that you are fond of him."

"Fond of him, Celia! How can you choose such odious expressions?" said Dorothea, passionately.

"Dear me, Dorothea, I suppose it would be right for you to be fond of a man whom you accepted for a husband."

"It is offensive to me to say that Sir James could think I was fond of him. Besides, it is not the right word for the feeling I must have toward the man I would accept as a husband."

"Well, I am sorry for Sir James. I thought it right to tell you, because you went on, as you always do, never looking just where you are, and treading in the wrong place. You always see what nobody else sees; it is impossible to satisfy you; yet you never see what is quite plain. That's your way, Dodo." Something certainly gave Celia unusual courage; and she was not sparing the sister of whom she was occasionally in awe. Who can tell what just criticisms Murr the Cat may be passing on us beings of wider speculation?

"It is very painful," said Dorothea, feeling scourged. "I can have no more to do with the cottages. I must be uncivil to him. I must tell him I will have nothing to do with them. It is very painful." Her eyes filled again with tears.

"Wait a little. Think about it. You know he is going away for a day or two to see his sister. There will be nobody besides Lovegood." Celia could not help relenting. "Poor Dodo," she went on, in an amiable staccato. "It is very hard: it is your favorite *fad* to draw plans."

"*Fad* to draw plans! Do you think I only care about my fellow-creatures' houses in that childish way? I may well make mistakes. How can one ever do any thing nobly Christian, living among people with such petty thoughts?"

No more was said: Dorothea was too much jarred to recover her temper, and behave so as to show that she admitted any error in herself. She was disposed rather to accuse the intolerable narrowness and the purblind conscience of the society around her; and Celia was no longer the eternal cherub, but a thorn in her spirit, a pink-and-white nullifidian, worse than any discouraging presence in the "Pilgrim's Progress." The *fad* of drawing plans! What was life worth—what great faith was possible when the whole effect of one's actions could be withered up into such parched rubbish as that? When she got out of the carriage her cheeks were pale and her eyelids red. She was an image of sorrow, and her uncle, who met her in the hall, would have been alarmed, if Celia had not been close to her, looking so pretty and composed that he at once concluded Dorothea's tears to have their origin in her excessive religiousness. He had returned, during their absence, from a journey to the county town about a petition for the pardon of some criminal.

"Well, my dears," he said, kindly, as they went up to kiss him, "I hope nothing disagreeable has happened while I have been away?"

"No, uncle," said Celia; "we have been to Freshitt to look at the cottages. We thought you would have been at home to lunch."

"I came by Lowick to lunch—you didn't know I came by Lowick. And I have brought a couple of pamphlets for you, Dorothea—in the library, you know; they lie on the table in the library."

It seemed as if an electric stream went through Dorothea, thrilling her from despair into expectation. They were pamphlets about the early Church. The oppression of Celia, Tantripp, and Sir James was shaken off, and she walked straight to the library. Celia went up stairs. Mr. Brooke was detained by a message, but when he re-entered the library, he found Dorothea seated, and already deep in one of the pamphlets, which had some marginal manuscript of Mr. Casaubon's—taking it in as eagerly as she might have taken in the scent of a fresh bouquet after a dry, hot, dreary walk.

She was getting away from Tipton and Freshitt, and her own sad liability to tread in the wrong places on her way to the New Jerusalem.

Mr. Brooke sat down in his arm-chair, stretched his legs toward the wood fire, which had fallen into a wondrous mass of glowing dice between the dogs, and rubbed his hands gently, looking very mildly toward Dorothea, but with a neutral, leisurely air, as if he had nothing particular to say. Dorothea closed her pamphlet as soon as she was aware of her uncle's presence, and rose as if to go. Usually she would have been interested about her uncle's merciful errand on behalf of the criminal, but her late agitation had made her absent-minded.

"I came back by Lowick, you know," said Mr. Brooke, not as if with any intention to arrest her departure, but apparently from his usual tendency to say what he had said before. This fundamental principle of human speech was markedly exhibited in Mr. Brooke. "I lunched there, and saw Casaubon's library, and that kind of thing. There's a sharp air driving. Won't you sit down, my dear? You look cold."

Dorothea felt quite inclined to accept the invitation. Sometimes, when her uncle's easy way of taking things did not happen to be exasperating, it was rather soothing. She threw off her mantle and bonnet, and sat down opposite to him, enjoying the glow, but lifting up her beautiful hands for a screen. They were not thin hands or small hands, but powerful, feminine, maternal hands. She seemed to be holding them up in propitiation for her passionate desire to know and to think, which in the unfriendly mediums of Tipton and Freshitt had issued in crying and red eyelids.

She bethought herself now of the condemned criminal. "What news have you brought about the sheep-stealer, uncle?"

"What, poor Bunch?—well, it seems we can't get him off—he is to be hanged."

Dorothea's brow took an expression of reprobation and pity.

"Hanged, you know," said Mr. Brooke, with a quiet nod. "Poor Romilly! he would have helped us. I knew Romilly. Casaubon didn't know Romilly. He is a little buried in books, you know, Casaubon is."

"When a man has great studies, and is writing a great work, he must of course give up seeing much of the world. How can he go about making acquaintances?"

"That's true. But a man mopes, you know. I have always been a bachelor too, but I have that sort of disposition that I never moped, it was my way to go about every where and take in every thing. I never moped: but I can see that Casaubon does, you know. He wants a companion—a companion, you know."

"It would be a great honor to any one to be his companion," said Dorothea, energetically.

"You like him, eh?" said Mr. Brooke, without showing any surprise, or other emotion. "Well, now, I've known Casaubon ten years, ever since he came to Lowick. But I never got any thing out of him—any ideas, you know. However, he is a tiptop man, and may be a bishop—that kind of thing, you know, if Peel stays in. And he has a very high opinion of you, my dear."

Dorothea could not speak.

"The fact is, he has a very high opinion indeed of you. And he speaks uncommonly well, does Casaubon. He has deferred to me, you not being of age. In short, I have promised to speak to you, though I told him I thought there was not much chance. I was bound to tell him that. I said, my niece is very young, and that kind of thing. But I didn't think it necessary to go into every thing. However, the long and the short of it is, that he has asked my permission to make you an offer of marriage—of marriage, you know," said Mr. Brooke, with his explanatory nod. "I thought it better to tell you, my dear."

No one could have detected any anxiety in Mr. Brooke's manner, but he did really wish to know something of his niece's mind, that, if there were any need for advice, he might give it in time. What feeling he, as a magistrate who had taken in so many ideas, could make room for, was unmixedly kind. Since Dorothea did not speak immediately, he repeated, "I thought it better to tell you, my dear."

"Thank you, uncle," said Dorothea, in a clear, unwavering tone. "I am very grateful to Mr. Casaubon. If he makes me an offer, I shall accept him. I admire and honor him more than any man I ever saw."

Mr. Brooke paused a little, and then said, in a lingering, low tone, "Ah?.....Well! He is a good match, in some respects. But now, Chettam is a good match. And our land lies together. I shall never interfere against your wishes, my dear. People should have their own way in marriage, and that sort of thing—up to a certain point, you know. I have always said that, up to a certain point. I wish you to marry well, and I have good reason to believe that Chettam wishes to marry you. I mention it, you know."

"It is impossible that I should ever marry Sir James Chettam," said Dorothea. "If he thinks of marrying me, he has made a great mistake."

"That is it, you see. One never knows. I should have thought Chettam was just the sort of man a woman would like, now."

"Pray do not mention him in that light again, uncle," said Dorothea, feeling some of her late irritation revive.

Mr. Brooke wondered, and felt that women were an inexhaustible subject of study, since even he, at his age, was not in a perfect state of scientific prediction about them. Here was a fellow like Chettam with no chance at all.

"Well, but Casaubon, now. There is no hurry—I mean for you. It's true, every year will tell upon him. He is over five-and-forty, you know. I should say a good seven-and-twenty years older than you. To be sure, if you like learning and standing, and that sort of thing—we can't have every thing. And his income is good—he has a handsome property independent of the Church—his income is good. Still, he is not young, and I must not conceal from you, my dear, that I think his health is not overstrong. I know nothing else against him."

"I should not wish to have a husband very near my own age," said Dorothea, with grave decision. "I should wish to have a husband who was above me in judgment and in all knowledge."

Mr. Brooke repeated his subdued "Ah?—I thought you had more of your own opinion than most girls. I thought you liked your own opinion—liked it, you know."

"I can not imagine myself living without some opinions, but I should wish to have good reasons for them, and a wise man could help me to see which opinions had the best foundation, and would help me to live according to them."

"Very true. You couldn't put the thing better—couldn't put it better, beforehand, you know. But there are oddities in things," continued Mr. Brooke, whose conscience was really roused to do the best he could for his niece on this occasion. "Life isn't cast in a mould—not cut out by rule and line, and that sort of thing. I never married myself, and it will be the better for you and yours. The fact is, I never loved any one well enough to put myself into a noose for them. It is a noose, you know. Temper, now. There is temper. And a husband likes to be master."

"I know that I must expect trials, uncle. Marriage is a state of higher duties. I never thought of it as mere personal ease," said poor Dorothea.

"Well, you are not fond of show, a great establishment, balls, dinners, that kind of thing. I can see that Casaubon's ways might suit you better than Chettam's. And you shall do as you like, my dear. I would not hinder Casaubon; I said so at once; for there is no knowing how any thing may turn out. You have not the same tastes as every young lady; and a clergyman and scholar—who may be a bishop—that kind of thing—may suit you better than Chettam. Chettam is a good fellow, a good, sound-hearted fellow, you know, but he doesn't go much into ideas. I did, when I was his age. But Casaubon's eyes, now. I think he has hurt them a little with too much reading."

"I should be all the happier, uncle, the more room there was for me to help him," said Dorothea, ardently.

"You have quite made up your mind, I see. Well, my dear, the fact is, I have a letter for you in my pocket." Mr. Brooke handed the letter to Dorothea, but as she rose to go away, he added, "There is not too much hurry, my dear. Think about it, you know."

When Dorothea had left him, he reflected that he had certainly spoken strongly: he had put the risks of marriage before her in a striking manner. It was his duty to do so. But as to pretending to be wise for young people—no uncle, however much he had traveled in his youth, absorbed the new ideas, and dined with celebrities now deceased, could pretend to judge what sort of marriage would turn out well for a young girl who preferred Casaubon to Chettam. In short, woman was a problem which, since Mr. Brooke's mind felt blank before it, could be hardly less complicated than the revolutions of an irregular solid.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

IT might be more comfortable to speak of ice and ice-houses when midsummer heats are oppressive than when December's frosts are nipping our ears. It may be unfortunate that Nature does not make ice for us when we feel most to need it. But the prospect now is that she will give such a bountiful supply this season that there will be no lack when the sultry days of August, 1872, call for frequent cooling potations and hourly ices and creams. An inexpensive ice-house may be easily made; any farmer can construct his own without difficulty. Several families in a village might unite in storing their ice in one house. And if country people should once form the habit of providing this so-called luxury for their summer use, they would realize its value. The *Country Gentleman* gives, in substance, the following directions for making a very simple structure, which will serve a temporary purpose:

Lay some old rails or poles on a piece of ground sufficiently inclined to carry off water, fill the crevices with sawdust, and cover with old boards or slabs. Get from the saw-mill a few loads of slabs, take four about twelve feet long, notch the corners as for a log-house, set them on the platform, and you have a crib about ten and a half feet square by the width of the slab deep; fill this crib with sawdust and pack it down hard. Cut your ice so that it will pack close, lay it on the sawdust, put on another crib of slabs, and fill up and pack hard with sawdust all around, and so go on until you get up six or eight feet; then put a foot and a half of sawdust on top. Over this put a shed roof of slabs—one end of the slabs nearly to the ice, raising the other three feet. Ice will keep in such a house as well as in a more elaborate structure.

It is a common fallacy in regard to diet that brain-workers need less nutriment than muscle-workers. The changes of tissue in the brain that take place during study and thought are very important and very rapid, and must be replaced by abundant food.

An exchange predicts fearful times in the future for old bachelors: 1872 is leap-year; and with the general advance in woman's rights, no unmarried man over twenty-five will be safe.

Prussia is far behind the times—at least behind *American* times. An enthusiastic lady who made a speech at Halle in favor of woman's rights was sentenced the next morning by a police judge to two days' imprisonment on bread and water for advocating free-love doctrines.

In Denmark an arrangement is made by which children may attend school one part of the day and work the other part. A school-house—in Copenhagen, for example—is furnished for a thousand children; one session is held in the morning, a thousand attending; in the afternoon a second thousand children attend—both schools being under the same general management.

"Have you a copy of *Prometheus Unbound*?" inquired a customer of a clerk in a bookstore the other day.

"No," was the reply; "but we will order you a copy of *Prometheus*, and have it bound as cheaply as possible."

The Prince and Princess de la Moskowa, who were the companions in captivity of the Emperor Napoleon at Wilhelmshohe, and who also accompanied him to England, have returned to Paris.

It is said of Catharine M. Sedgwick—whose "Life and Letters" have just been published by the Messrs. Harper—that her love for children was peculiarly tender. She and every child who came near her seemed bound together by the strongest mutual attraction. It was a practice of hers, when her little nieces went to bed, to lie down beside them and tell them a story. Her stories, invented at the moment, were often continued from night to night; and in that case she was frequently reproved for mistakes in the names of the characters or the incidents of the story. A niece of hers says: "At seventy-five I have seen her sit on the floor and play 'Hunt the Slipper' with as much zest as any of the children." She encouraged the most affectionate familiarity of manner. A lovely little girl, one of her nieces, once exclaimed, on hearing some one say how much she *respected* Miss Sedgwick, "Rethpect Aunt Kitty! why, I couldn't rethpect Aunt Kitty!" Nothing could have delighted "Aunt Kitty" more than such evidence of that love which "casteth out fear."

Russian women, according to report, aspire to have a university of their own.

Remarkable stories about the sagacity of rats abound, and rats "of the period" seem to be improving on the wisdom of their ancestors. A lady of Brunswick, Maine, vouches for the truth of a tale as strange as any we have heard lately. The lady was greatly annoyed by rats in her cellar, where she kept, among other things, several dozens of bottles of preserves on shelves. She often found the corks out of some of the bottles, and an evident decrease of the preserves, a circumstance which puzzled her much. One day, as she was in the yard near the cellar window, she happened to spy an old gray rat run across the cellar and climb on the shelf. Standing on his hind-legs, with his fore-legs around the neck of the bottle, he nosed out the stopper, and drawing a quart box that was on the shelf to the side of the bottle, got up on it. He then turned about and dipped his tail full length into the preserves. Carefully drawing his tail out, he doubled himself up, and drew his tail through his mouth until he had removed all of the preserves. He went through this same process, and the lady watched this balling, for nearly half an hour, until the rogue had settled the preserves some two inches.

The Feejee *Times* is a good-sized, eight-page paper, containing excellent reading matter—largely taken from foreign journals—shipping news, and plenty of advertisements. It is well supported by the native people. Yet not many years ago only a degraded race of cannibals dwelt in the Feejee Islands. The printing-press follows the missionary.

Corporal punishment may now be inflicted by any Russian criminal judge upon a prisoner to the extent of one hundred lashes. But the czar has appointed a committee to examine into this matter of corporal punishment, and it is probable that after their report is made this penalty will be abolished.

The following dublous recommendation was all that an English servant could produce as a testimonial of "character:" "The bearer has been in my house a year—minus eleven months. During this time she has shown herself diligent—at the house door; frugal—in work; mindful—of herself; prompt—in excuses; friendly—toward men; faithful—to her lovers; and honest—when every thing had vanished."

The little kingdom of Sweden is making preparations to send out a new polar expedition next spring. Trips to the arctic regions are becoming all the style.

It is rumored that M. Henri Rochefort will be confined in the island of Saint Marguerite, on the coast of Provence, and that he is to occupy the cell in which the famous Man in the Iron Mask was imprisoned for several years.

One of the most noteworthy donations on Chicago's record is that from five hundred disabled soldiers in the "National Asylum" at Augusta, Maine. With sympathetic hearts they sent a contribution of $247 "for the relief of the sufferers by the late disastrous fire."

On the western coast of Africa is the state of Iberio. Kamboli is the king thereof. He is evidently a wise and prudent monarch, and has not postponed preparations for death. An envoy extraordinary from this country has recently brought to one of the principal cabinet-makers of Paris instructions for making a coffin for the king. It is to be three meters in length and a meter and a half in height, blue in color, polished and varnished, and the nails are to be of gold. It is to rest on four feet of massive silver. The interior will be lined with red velvet, and a magnificent cushion will be placed for the head to repose on. Six windows will be made in the lid, and windows are also to be placed in the sides. The maker has also received orders to place inside the coffin six bottles of old cognac, two pipes, and a chess-board and chess-men. These objects are destined to accompany his majesty on his voyage to the other world.

One hundred and twenty-one and three-fourths miles of sidewalk were destroyed by the Chicago fire.

The Lafayette College, Pennsylvania, has received from Baron Ferdinand de Lesseps a set of twenty-three volumes of reports and documents relating to the conception and execution of the Suez Canal. The volumes are illustrated by beautifully executed maps and plans.

The following comparison of the losses by great fires will be of interest to many: Chicago, 1871, $200,000,000; London, 1666, $35,000,000; New York, 1835, $20,000,000; Portland, 1866, $10,000,000; Pittsburg, 1845, $10,000,000; New York, 1845, $6,000,000; San Francisco, 1851, $2,500,000; Charleston, 1865, $2,000,000; St. Louis, 1849, $3,000,000; Albany, 1868, $3,000,000.

The Colorado *Tribune* discourses upon the unequaled climate of that section of our country. The dry, clear, bracing atmosphere of Colorado is highly recommended for consumptives. The purity of the air is remarkable, and imparts to one inhaling it unusual vigor. It is said that no one having tendencies to consumption, or in the early stages of the disease, crosses the plains to Colorado who is not immediately relieved. Nearly all pronounce themselves cured. Asthma and diseases of the liver are mitigated or cured in the climate of Colorado.

It so happened that the Emperor Napoleon was made very comfortable during his stay at the Imperial Hotel at Torquay. Before he went away he expressed a wish to see the cook—a Frenchman. When the cook appeared, Napoleon said that he wanted to tell him in person how much he had been pleased with the cooking. "I have not enjoyed my dinners so much any where since I left the Tuileries," said the emperor.

"Sire, I am honored," was the reply; "but will your majesty permit me to mention that I have had the honor of cooking hundreds of dinners for you and the empress; I was cook at the Tuileries until two years ago."

Russia is absorbing many of the skilled artists of France, for many of the working-men of Paris and other cities are packing up their effects and seeking new homes. Their hand is right to carry their talents to the best market. But Parisians are scarcely fitted to live enjoyably in the autocratic atmospheres of Russia.

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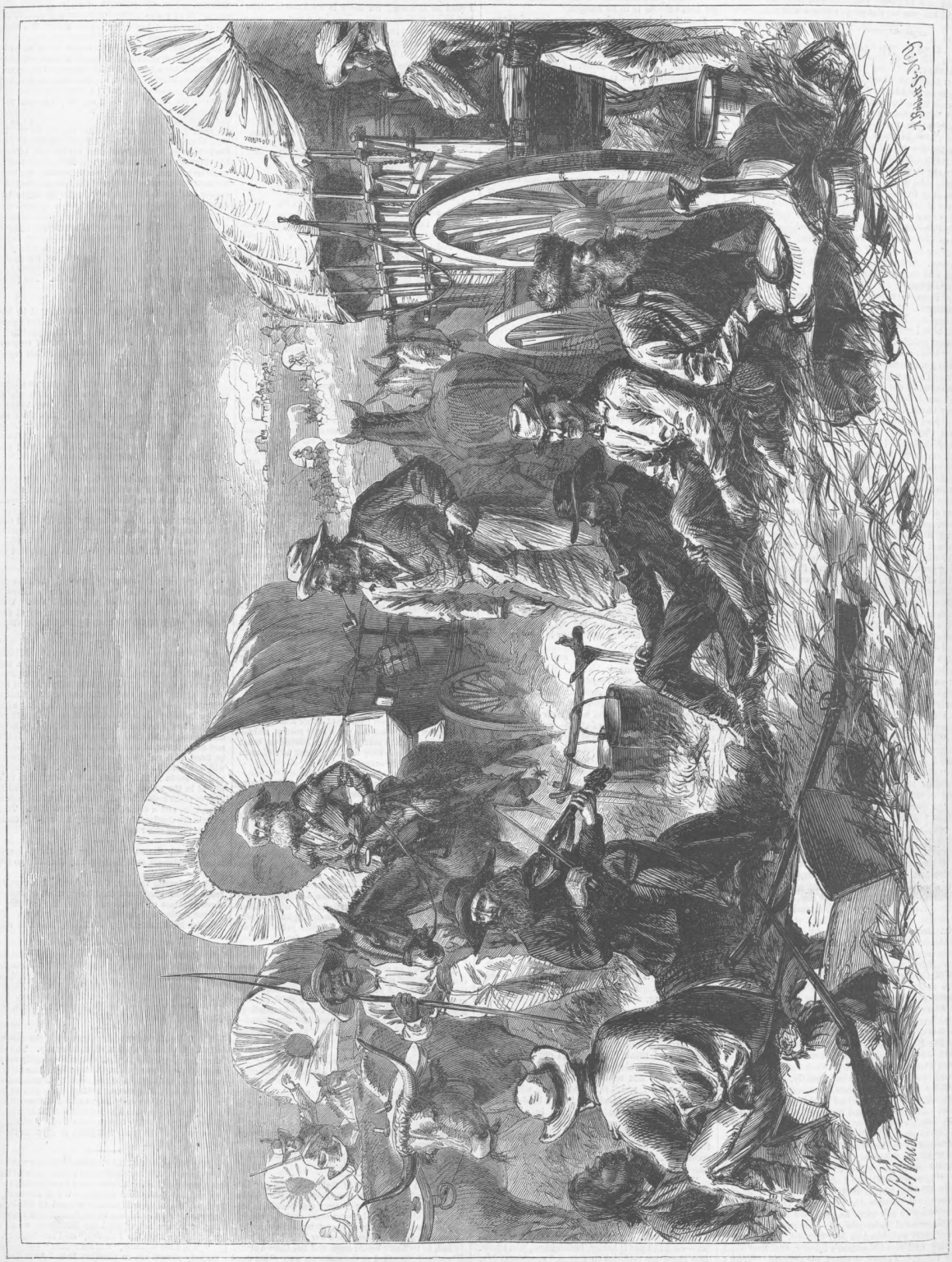
PILGRIMS OF THE PLAINS.

BEFORE the completion of the Pacific Railroad the journey across the plains was a very different undertaking from what it is now. It was full of peril, wild adventure, and exciting romance. Those who first ventured to explore the pathless wilderness must have left the last precincts of border civilization with the same feeling that COLUMBUS and his men for the first time saw the shores of their native country sink out of sight, while before them stretched the unknown, illimitable waste of waters. Their only guide was the compass. A net-work of devious Indian and buffalo trails perplexed rather than aided them in selecting their road, and at the same time kept them constantly alive to the perils which surrounded them. There was danger at every step. Every moment might bring their dusky enemies into sight, and compel them to fight for their lives with a foe whose cruelty was only exceeded by his wiliness and craft.

In time these matters somewhat mended. The trails most commonly pursued by the emigrant trains became magnificent roads, often from fifty to sixty yards in width, and were so frequently traversed by large and well-guarded trains as to be safe in comparison with what they had been. Occasionally, it is true, a strong band of Indians would swoop down upon a small or negligently guarded train, and stampede the cattle and teams, if they did not massacre the people; but these calamities bore a small proportion to the immense number of caravans that passed every year across the plains. The danger was, however, constant, and was only averted by unceasing vigilance on the part of the "pilgrims," as the emigrants were styled on the plains—not, however, for their saintly characteristics.

Our illustration on this page represents a halt of one of these trains for the night. The day's journey has been accomplished, and the corral, or camp, must be made up before darkness comes on. This is done by arranging the wagons in a circle, leaving but one opening, to guard against an Indian charge as well as to provide a place where the animals belonging to the train can be securely guarded and kept from straying. The camp cooking fires are lighted, and during the preparations for the meal, which includes both dinner and supper, the hearts of the weary wagoners are beguiled with cheering notes from the musician of the train. They are a hard, wild set, these wagoners. Living beyond the confines of civilization, and removed from all the softening influences of society, they form a class by themselves peculiar to the great plains. Constant exposure to peril makes them insensible to danger, and is also the cause of their utter recklessness of human life. Men who don't



PILGRIMS OF THE PLAINS.

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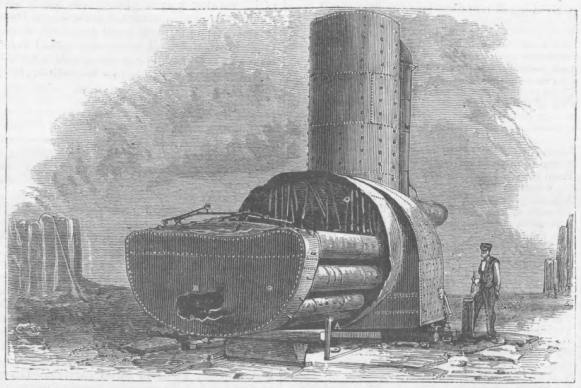
care for their own lives are not apt to be particular about others', and when they fight, it is, perhaps, less to save themselves than to kill somebody else. But in spite of this trifling moral defect they are a class worthy of great respect. As a general rule, they are men of their word, brave and generous, and if they undertook to carry you across the plains, you might feel sure they would die for you just as recklessly as they would kill you on the proper provocation.

BOILER EXPLOSIONS.

A SERIES of very interesting and important experiments has been going on at Sandy Hook, instituted by the united railroad companies of New Jersey, under the superintendence of Mr. F. B. STEVENS, with the view of obtaining light on the causes of boiler explosions. The experiments took place in grounds at the Hook belonging to the United States, where a large plot had been inclosed for the purpose by a high fence, as shown in one of the illustrations on this page. The boilers to be experimented with were nine in number, and were provided with the requisite pressure and water gauges. The former were expressly manufactured for the occasion, and had been carefully tested. Five pressure-gauges were placed near each boiler tried,

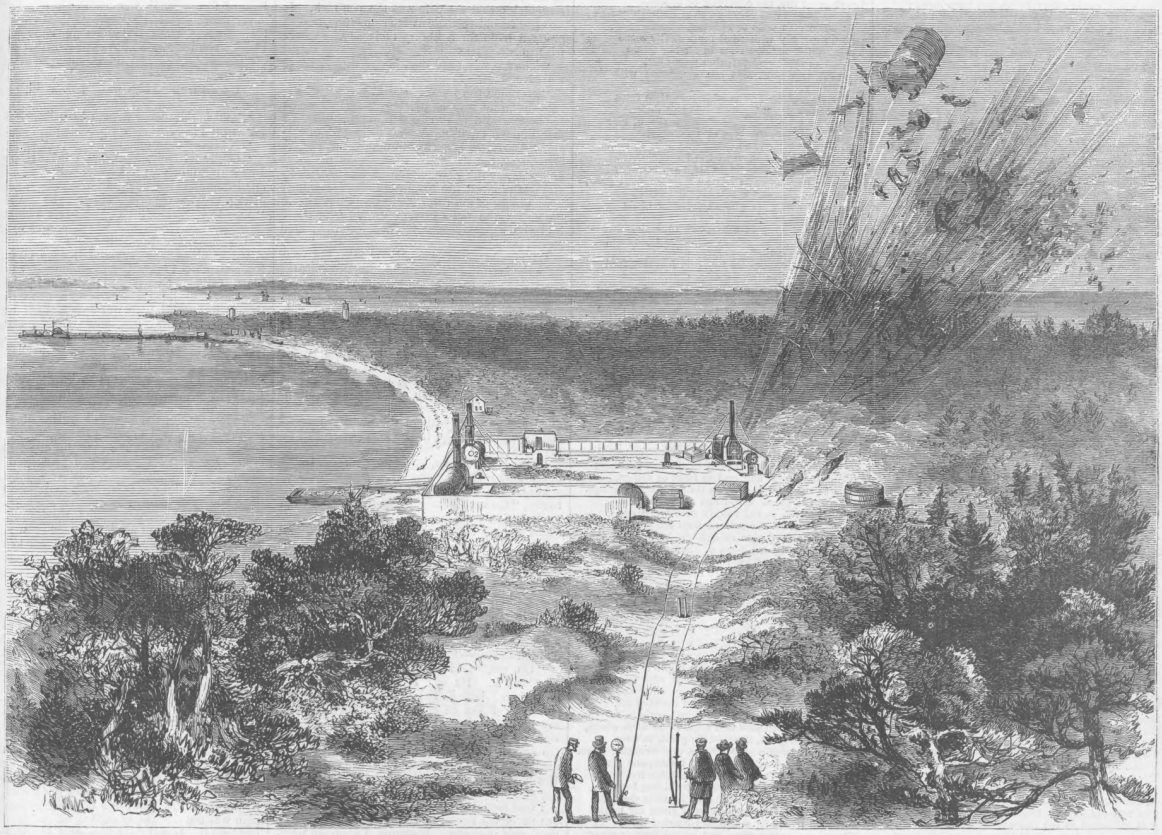


THE "WESTFIELD'S" BOILER.

In the final experiment the water level in the boiler was fifteen inches above the tubes when left by Mr. STEVENS and his workmen seven minutes before the explosion took place. The gauges indicated a gradual raising of the steam pressure until it reached fifty pounds to the square inch, when some of the braces gave way with a loud report; and when a pressure of 53½ pounds was attained, the boiler exploded with terrific violence. The steam-drum, and a portion of the top of the shell, forming a mass about four tons in weight, were hurled high into the air, and fell about 500 feet from the inclosure.

The boiler was literally torn into shreds, and only a mass of shattered tubes remained on the spot where it had been. The ground for a considerable space around the boiler was saturated with the water it had contained.

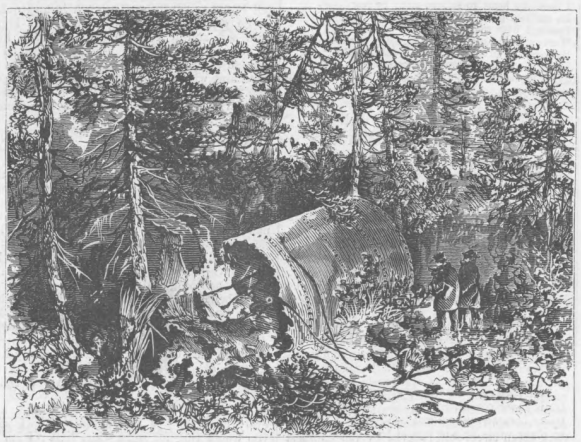
This experiment was witnessed by Messrs. B. F. ISHERWOOD and SIDNEY A. ALBERT, chief engineers of the United States navy, detailed by the Navy Department to witness and report upon these experiments, Captain W. W. WOOLSEY, superintendent of the Jersey City ferry, and other gentlemen connected either with the manufacture or the superintendence of steam-boilers; and all agreed that it entirely contradicted all existing theories in respect to explosions, for it showed that with neither an extraordinary pressure nor low water an explosion of the most violent character was possible in a boiler which had previously stood the test of hydrostatic pressure in a satisfactory manner.



EXPLOSION OF BOILER No. 3.

under the protection of two bomb-proofs; and two, tested to a pressure of 1500 pounds per square inch, were placed side by side at a safe distance from the boilers (about 250 feet on the first day, and 450 feet on the second day of the experiments), with which they communicated by a pipe of suitable length; while in this position their indications were compared with those of the tested pressure-gauges at the boilers, and found to agree. All of Mr. STEVENS's arrangements were judiciously made, and nothing was wanting to their accuracy and completeness.

The experiment we have selected for illustration was the trial of "Boiler No. 3," built by T. F. SECOR in 1845, and taken out of the steamer *Bordentown* in August last, after having been in use twenty-five years. When taken out the certificate allowed its use with thirty pounds of steam per square inch. It is a return tubular boiler, with one furnace extending the whole width. The boiler is twelve feet wide and fifteen feet five inches long. Its shell was rectangular, and its whole strength consisted in its interior braces. On the 2d of September it was tested under a hydrostatic pressure of sixty pounds per square inch, when twelve of the braces gave way. After being repaired it was again subjected to a hydrostatic test of thirty pounds per square inch, which it bore without fracture, and on the 16th of November it was further subjected to a steam pressure of forty-three pounds per square inch, which it again bore without injury.



FOUR-TON FRAGMENTS OF BOILER No. 3.

Mr. ISHERWOOD's report to the Secretary of the Navy embodies several important and interesting conclusions drawn from these experiments which will be of great practical value in determining the cause of steam-boiler explosions. It was shown, for example, that a pressure only moderately in excess of that generally allowed is sufficient to shatter a boiler to fragments; and that with only a wood fire (coal was not used) only thirteen minutes were required to raise the pressure from the inspector's working allowance of thirty pounds per square inch to the exploding pressure of 53½ pounds per square inch, showing that a few minutes' absence or neglect of the engineer, coupled with an overloaded or inoperative safety-valve, are all that are needed to produce the most destructive steam-boiler explosion.

These experiments, having thus conclusively disposed of several theories of steam-boiler explosion, and replaced vague conjecture and crude hypothesis with exact experimental facts, have narrowed the field for the search of truth, and made its discovery more probable. The public will watch with the greatest interest for the continuation of these trials, which involve questions of the highest importance to the community.

Our cut of the boiler of the *Westfield* shows the break made by the explosion last summer. The upper part of the boiler shell was entirely blown away.

THE EXPERIMENTAL BOILER CAMP AT SANDY HOOK.—[FROM SKETCHES BY T. R. DAVIS.]

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TRISTRAM AND ISEULT.

PRELUDE OF AN UNFINISHED POEM.

BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

Love, that is first and last of all things made,
The light that moving has man's life for shade,
The spirit that for temporal veil has on
The souls of all men woven in unison,
One fiery raiment with all lives inwrought
And lights of sunny and starry deed and thought,
And alway through new act and passion new
Shines the divine same body and beauty through,
The body spiritual of fire and light
That is to worldly noon as noon to night;
Love, that is flesh upon the spirit of man
And spirit within the flesh whence breath began;
Love, that keeps all the choir of lives in chime;
Love, that is blood within the veins of time;
That wrought the whole world without stroke of hand,
Shaping the breadth of sea, the length of land,
And with the pulse and motion of his breath
Through the great heart of the earth strikes life and death,
The sweet twain chords that make the sweet time live
Through day and night of things alternative,
Through silence and through sound of stress and strife,
And ebb and flow of dying death and life;
Love, that sounds loud or light in all men's ears,
Whence all men's eyes take fire from sparks of tears;
That binds on all men's feet or chains or wings;
Love, that is root and fruit of terrene things;
Love, that the whole world's waters shall not drown,
The whole world's fiery forces not burn down;
Love, that what time his own hands guard his head
The whole world's wrath and strength shall not strike dead;
Love, that if once his own hands make his grave
The whole world's pity and sorrow shall not save;
Love, that for every life shall not be sold,
Nor bought nor bound with iron nor with gold;
So strong that heaven, could love bid heaven farewell,
Would turn to fruitless and unflowering hell;
So sweet that hell, to hell could love be given,
Would turn to splendid and sonorous heaven.
Love, that is fire within thee and light above,
And lives by grace of nothing but of love;
Through many and lovely thoughts and much desire
Led these twain to the life of tears and fire;
Through many and lovely days and much delight
Led these twain to the lifeless life of night.
Yea, but what then? albeit all this were thus,
And soul smote soul and left it ruinous,
And love led love as eyeless men lead men,
Through chance by chance to deathward—ah, what then?
Hath love not likewise led them further yet,
Out through the years where memories rise and set,
Some large as suns, some moon-like warm and pale,
Some starry-sighted, some through clouds that sail
Seen as red flame through spectral float of fume,
Each with the blush of its own special bloom
On the fair face of its own colored light,
Distinguishable in all the host of night,
Divisible from all the radiant rest
And separable in splendor? Hath the best
Light of love's all, of all that burn and move,
A better heaven than heaven is? Hath not love
Made for all these their sweet particular air
To shine in, their own beams and names to bear,
Their ways to wander, and their wards to keep,
Till story and song and glory and all things sleep?
Hath he not plucked from death of lovers dead
Their musical sweet memories, and kept red
The rose of their remembrance in men's eyes,
The sunsets of their stories in his skies,
The blush of their dead blood in lips that speak
Of their dead lives, and in the listener's cheek
That trembles with the kindling pity lit
In gracious hearts for a sweet fever's fit,
A fiery pity enkindled of pure thought
By tales that make their honey out of naught,
The faithless faith that lives without belief
Its light life through, the griefless ghost of grief?
Yea, as warm night refashions the sere blood
In storm-struck petal, or in sun-struck bud,
With tender hours and tempering dew to cure
The hunger and thirst of day's distemperature
And ravin of the dry discoloring hours,
Hath he not bid relume their flameless flowers
With summer fire and heat of lamping song,
And bid the short-lived things, long dead, live long,
And thought remake their wan funereal fames,
And the sweet shining signs of women's names
That mark the months out and the weeks anew
He moves in changeless change of seasons through
To make the days up of his dateless year,
Flame from Queen Helen to Queen Guenevere?
For first of all the spherèd signs whereby
Love scores light from darkness, and most high
In the white front of January there glows
The rose-red sign of Helen like a rose:
And gold-eyed as the shore-flower shelterless
Whereon the sharp-breathed sea blows bitterness,
A storm-star that the sea-farers of love
Strain their wind-wearied eyes for glimpses of,
Shoots keen through February's gray frost and damp
The lamp-like star of Hero for a lamp;
The star that Marlowe sang into our skies
With mouth of gold, and morning in his eyes;
And in clear March across the rough blue sea
The spherèd sapphire of Alcyone
Makes bright the blown brows of the wind-foot year;
And shining like a sunbeam-smitten tear
Full ere it fall, the fair next sign in sight
Burns opal-wise with April-colored light
When air is quick with song and rain and flame,
My birth-month star that in love's heaven hath name
Iseult, a light of blossom and beam and shower,
My Singing sign that makes the song-tree flower;
Next like a pale and burning pearl beyond
The rose-white sphere of flower named Rosamond
Signs the sweet head of May-time; and for June
Flares like an angered and storm-reddening moon
Her signal sphere, whose Carthaginian pyre
Shadowed her traitor's flying sail with fire;
Next, glittering as the wine-bright jacinth-stone,
A star south-risen that first to music shone,
The keen girl-star of golden Juliet bears
Light northward to the month whose forehead wears
Her name for flower upon it, and his trees
Mix their deep English song with Veronese;
And like an awful sovereign chrysolite
Burning, the supreme fire that blinds the night
The hot gold head of Venus kissed by Mars,
A sunflower among small spherèd flowers of stars,
The light of Cleopatra fills and burns
The hollow of heaven whence ardent August yearns;
And fixed and shining as the sister-shed
Sweet tears for Phaethon disorbed and dead,
The pale bright autumn's amber-colored sphere,
That through September sees the saddening year
As love sees change through sorrow, hath to name
Francesca's; and the star that watches flame
The embers of the harvest overgone
Is Thisbe's, slain of love in Babylon,
Set in the golden girdle of sweet signs
A blood-bright ruby; last save one light shines
An eastern wonder of sphery chrysopras,
The star that made men mad, Angelica's;
And latest named and lordliest, with a sound
Of swords and harps in heaven that ring it round,
Last love-light and last love-song of the year's,
Gleams like a glorious emerald Guenevere's.
These are the signs wherethrough the year sees move,
Full of the sun, the sun-god which is love,
A fiery body blood-red from the heart
Outward, with fire-white wings made wide apart,
That close not and unclose not, but upright
Steered without wind by their own light and might,
Sweep through the flameless fire of air that rings
From heaven to heaven with thunder of wheels and wings
And antiphones of motion-moulded rhyme
Through spaces out of space and timeless time.
So shine above dead chance and conquered change
The spherèd signs, and leave without their range
Doubt and desire, and hope with fear for wife,
Pale pains, and pleasures long worn out of life.
Yea, even the shadows of them spiritless,
Through the dim door of sleep that seem to press,
Forms without form, a piteous people and blind,
Men and no men, whose lamentable kind
The shadow of death and shadow of life compel
Through semblances of heaven and false-faced hell,
Through dreams of light and dreams of darkness tost
On waves unnavigable, are these so lost?
Shapes that wax pale and shift in swift, strange wise,
Void faces with unspeculative eyes,
Dim things that gaze and glare, dead mouths that move,
Featureless heads discrowned of hate and love,
Mockeries and masks of motion and mute breath,
Leavings of life, the superflux of death—
If these things and no more than these things be
Left when man ends or changes, who can see?
Or who can say with what more subtle sense
Their subtler natures taste in air less dense
A life less thick and palpable than ours,
Warmed with faint fires and sweetened with dead flowers
And measured by low music? how time fares
In that wan time-forgotten world of theirs,
Their pale poor world too deep for sun or star
To live in, where the eyes of Helen are,
And hers who made as God's own eyes to shine
The eyes that met them of the Florentine,
Eyes heavenly ere they knew her, but when they knew
Heavenly past name of heaven their godhead grew,
Grew great and waxed and wonderfully lit
All time for all men with the shadow of it;
Ah, and these too felt on them as God's grace
The pity and glory of this man's breathing face—
For these too, these my lovers, these my twain,
Saw Dante, saw God visible by pain,
With lips that thundered and with feet that trod
Before men's eyes incognizable God—
Saw love and wrath and light and night and fire
Live with one life and at one mouth respire,
And in one golden sound their whole soul heard
Sounding, one sweet immitigable word.
They have the night, who had like us the day;
We, whom day binds, shall have the night as they.
We, from the fetters of the light unbound,
Healed of our wound of living, shall sleep sound.
All gifts but one the jealous God may keep
From our soul's longing, one he can not—sleep.
This, though he grudge all other grace to prayer,
This grace his closed hand can not choose but spare.
This, though his ear be sealed to all that live,
Be it lightly given or loathly, God must give.
We, as the men our memory sleeps upon,
We too shall surely pass out of the sun;
Out of the sound and eyeless light of things,
Wide as the stretch of life's time-wandering wings.
Wide as the naked world and shadowless,
And long-lived as the world's own weariness.
Us too, when all the fires of time are cold,
The heights shall hide us and the depths shall hold.
Us too, when all the years of time are dry,
The night shall lighten from her tearless eye.
Blind is the day and eyeless all its light,
But the large unbewildered eye of night
Hath sense and speculation; and the sheer
Limitless length of lifeless life and clear,
The timeless space wherein the brief worlds move
Clothed with light life and fruitful with light love,
With hopes that threaten, and with fears that cease,
Past fear and hope, hath in it only peace.
Yet of these lives inlaid with hopes and fears,
Spun fine as fire and jeweled thick with tears,
These lives made out of loves that long since were,
Lives made as ours of earth and burning air,
Fugitive flame, and winds of secret wings,
And clothed with joys and sorrows as with wings,
Some yet are good, if aught be good, to save
Some while from washing wreck and wrecking wave.
Was such not theirs, the twain I take, and give
Out of my life to make their dead life live
Some days of mine, and blow my living breath
Between the lips for their sake of their death?
So many and many ere me have given my twain
Love and live song and honey-hearted pain,
Whose root is sweetness and whose fruit is sweet,
So many and with such joy have tracked their feet,
What should I do to follow? yet I too,
I have the heart to follow, many or few
Be the feet gone before me; for the way,
Rose-red with remnant roses of the day
Westward, and eastward white with stars that break,
Between the green and foam is fair to take
For any sail the sea-wind steers for me
From morning into morning, sea to sea.

STORY OF AN INKSTAND,

WITH THE INKSTAND LEFT OUT.

"THAT inkstand? Yes, it has a history. I may as well tell it to you now as any other time, I suppose. You ought to be called the Great American History Extractor, or Romance Extractor; for if there is a particle of romance in any thing or any body in a place where you happen to be, you are sure to scent it out."

"Of all days, this is the most glorious one for a romance—the rain falling with that steady, monotonous drip, drip, drip; not a soul in the house but ourselves, and we so snug in this splendid old library."

Mag Hastings was indeed an indefatigable romance-hunter. She was always looking for situations where the romantic predominated. She would have succeeded as a dramatist, without a doubt. She was apparently as happy as mortal could be on the morning in question, nestled in the depths of my scarlet lounge, perfectly certain that she looked picturesque in her dark green street suit, relieved by the daintiest linen.

"Come here, pet!" said she; and a bunch of white wool, with a blue ribbon tied at one end of it, marking a spot where in a dog a neck would be, trotted mysteriously toward her. What propelling power there could be in the shaggy thing was a wonder I never could get over, but somehow it managed to spring into Mag's arms, and then the silence assured me that my story was expected.

The surroundings were favorable for story-telling, it is true. The room heavily wainscoted with dark wood; the cases of books of all times and of all varieties; the long windows richly draped with scarlet brocade, lined with exquisite lace; the thick soft carpet of mottled green; the Turkish lounges, the quaint chairs, luxuriously upholstered; the bronzes on the mantle and in niches and corners—bronzes that told old stories of mythology; the engravings on the wall; the little gems in oil selected for their wonderful coloring—an autumn scene, a burning ship, a group of German peasants; the glowing fire of sea-coal, and the polished hearth and fender—all appealed to the love of the beautiful and the picturesque, while the cold, unceasing rain, the bare, gaunt trees, the dripping shrubbery, and the blanched grass drove the thoughts within for solace and amusement.

The inkstand that Mag Hastings referred to was a pretty affair in Swiss carving. It represented two little peasants carrying water, the buckets suspended from a pole resting in a hand of each. Of course the water-pails were the ink receptacles, and the pole was the pen-rack. It was poetic and realistic at the same time, and as pretty a trifle for a library table as one would wish to see.

"The story is a sad one, Mag," said I. "It will give you the blues for the rest of the day."

"So much the better," she answered, with a true dramatic love of the horrible—"so much the better. I'd like to be stirred up a little. I fear I'm too comfortable. A little dash of imaginative sorrow is needed to relieve this perfect enjoyment. A little shade throws out the good points of any thing, you know. Isn't it so, pet?" and she pinched the little appendage dignified by the name of tail till a sharp yelp came out of the soft white mass in her arms. "There, I told you so, pet: now you'll know what true repose is."

"I should scold you, Mag," said I, "if it were the least use in the world. But you are incorrigible; so I will go on. Time will give you shadow enough, without doubt.

"When I was in Venice—" I commenced.

"In Venice!" exclaimed Mag, sitting bolt-upright, and giving the little dumpling of a poodle a push that brought out a most spiteful yelp. "When were *you* ever in Venice?"

"Why, you know, Mag, that I was abroad more than two years. In fact, I had just returned when you and I became acquainted," I replied, wondering a little at the unusual interest she appeared to take in the commencement of my story.

"Oh, I knew that," she replied. "But I never heard you say any thing about Venice;" again reclining and closing her eyes, as much as to say, "Go on. I am at a loss to conceive what made me so foolish as to disturb myself for so slight a thing as the mention of a foreign and defunct city."

"Well, when I was in Venice—I believe it was the second month of my stay there—Charles came in one day" (Charles is my husband) "from a long tramp about the Palazzo Loredan, the Ca' d' Oro—you know which I mean—the one built in the sixteenth century, in the Oriental style, and restored by Mademoiselle Taglioni, the celebrated dancer—"

"Oh yes," said Mag, impatiently, "I know all about it. Haven't I been there? wasn't I born there? haven't I always lived there? didn't the Doge of Venice christen me? didn't I draw my first breath on the Bridge of Sighs? and wasn't I one of Mademoiselle Taglioni's pupils? Go ahead, and tell what Charles said when he came back from his tramp about the Ca' d' Oro. But never mind the architecture; I'm not building at present."

I had seen Margaret in many strange moods, but never felt her to be so utterly incorrigible as upon this occasion. However, I resumed without appearing to remark it.

"Charles came in, and said, hastily, 'Nell, tell Pedro to get up a nice lunch just as quick as he can. I have brought an invalid home with me, and if I can I shall persuade him to remain a while with us. I have taken a strange fancy to the fellow, and should like to have him where we could take a little care of him. He will certainly die if somebody don't take an interest in him.' So I hurried around, and after a little Pedro and I—"

"Oh, never mind about the lunch!" interrupted Mag again, without opening her eyes, and with a little tremolo in her voice, which I could not understand. "Proceed with the man! Animals always interest me more than food."

"You would not call Austin Benedict an animal if you could see him once," I replied, a little indignantly, and was about to add that I didn't wish Charles mixed up with that species either, when over went the lap-dog on to the lounge, and Mag said, irritably:

"I believe *that* animal thinks I have nothing to do but to make my lap into a bed for his convenience. Go on, Nell. Austin Benedict! Austin Benedict is a good name. It has got the right kind of a ring to it. I'll bet my new solitaire against three cents that his character was as stony as his cognomen. A man called Austin Benedict would do what he considered to be right, if by so doing it killed him and every body he was acquainted with! I wish you would ring for some wine, Nell. I am as cold as death. Don't get up, though—and please go on."

"Yes," I resumed, "you are quite right about Mr. Benedict's character. I believe there is something in names. But for all that the fellow was dying for love."

"A very interesting case," said Mag, turning deathly pale. "Do you know the circumstances?" and then, with the slightest perceptible sneer, added, "A man must be very strong to admit such a thing about himself."

"Oh," I answered, "it was a long time before we got at the facts in the case; but one day, when I sat by him, and we all thought he couldn't last many hours, he told me the whole story."

"When you sat by him, and thought he couldn't last many hours, he told you the whole story!" repeated Mag, in a strange sort of a way. "Did he *die*?"

"No; he rallied again," I answered, almost out of breath at Mag's strange behavior. "It seems that he loved with his whole heart and soul a very beautiful and much-sought-after young lady. She *pretended* to love him. Her parents were opposed to the match: she proposed to defy her parents. The next news he receives comes in the form of a letter from her, telling him that she finds she does not care for him as she supposed, and asking to be freed from her engagement."

"He *did* receive such a letter, did he? Austin Benedict did receive such a letter?" and Mag arose from her recumbent position, and stood before me, pale as a corpse, but with the light of forty avenging angels in her eyes. "I never wrote that letter!" she exclaimed. "It is a forgery from beginning to end! Nell Harris, you took care of Austin Benedict in his last hours?" And now the proud head of Margaret Hastings was buried in my lap.

"I took care of him when he was ill," I replied.

"And he loved the woman he believed to be false to the last?"

"He loved the woman—"

"Oh, Nell! Nell! what shall I do? How can I ever live, now that I know he died with that cruel impression of me?" interrupted poor Mag, giving me no opportunity to explain myself. "You took care of him—you made him comfortable—you kissed him when he was dying; and I—loved and despised, I—"

It was about time for me to insist upon being listened to; so I said, "Stop a minute, Mag darling. I did do all I could for Austin Benedict's comfort, and have kissed him a good many times; but not when he was dying, Mag; for he hasn't passed away yet, unless he has accomplished that feat to-day, and—and—"

"What in the world is all this?" said Charles, who had entered softly with his latch-key.

"Where is Austin?" I asked, in a whisper; for Mag was so still I didn't know but that she was dead.

"Here!" said the dear fellow, bounding forward. He stopped suddenly at sight of the figure at my feet. "In the name of the angels! Nell, what is this? and whom have you got there?"

One little faint cry from Mag, and she was a dead weight in Austin Benedict's arms. That was answer enough.

Such a day as that was! Between swoons, explanations, and embraces my mind got to running upon lunatic asylums; but the sun set clear, and my reason remained unobscured. There was a wedding that same evening in the same library; and in all the happiness I ever witnessed—Charles's and mine thrown in—I know I never saw such perfect, unalloyed joy as exists between Mr. and Mrs. Austin Benedict. Mag didn't give me time to get to the inkstand, so you must imagine the history of that.

TELEGRAPHIC CABLES.

THE construction of a telegraphic cable is a very interesting process. The first step is making what is termed the core, or conducting agent, of copper wire. The earlier cables were generally made with one conductor of thick wire, but it was found that, to use a popular saying, this plan was the mistake of putting all the eggs into one basket. If this thick wire were to break—an accident to which it was very liable in the act of laying it—there would have been breach of continuity, the tongue which talks under the ocean would have been struck with paralysis. In order to avoid this, a strong central wire of the best copper is used, and round this a number of fine wires are twisted. By this method the fracture of the central or base wire is no longer of importance, as the small wires, even if there was a strain upon the cable, would carry the current. Indeed, we have seen cables that have been broken and dragged asunder many inches still telegraphically perfect, for this reason. The twisting of the fine wires round the central one is very similar to the making of ordinary rope. In order to insulate the conductor, thin slips of India rubber ribbon are carefully plaited over it. When the whole length has been thus plaited, in order to secure the edges the cable is passed through a tank of liquid India rubber, which cements them together. The core has now to be armored, when protection is required for deep or rough seas. This is done by laying stout iron wires longitudinally and parallel with the core; but these, again, have to be protected against the action of the salt-water, which is done by a plaiting of hemp, a coating of tar completing the process. When excessively rough or rocky shores have to be guarded against, the shore ends of the cable are protected by several additional layers of wire armor and hempen guards. When accidents happen to cables after they have been laid, the cable has to be fished up, and the fault found and spliced.

The finding of a fault in the deep ocean may appear to the reader a very difficult, nay, an impossible operation. For instance, to have to pay

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in the Atlantic cable, and examine it inch by inch, in order to discover possibly a mere pin-hole, would seem to be a very labor of Hercules. But science is equal to the task: the electrician sitting in his room at his instrument, by means of delicate appliances, can estimate to within a mile or two the distance at which the fault is to be found. Nevertheless, every precaution is taken to prevent these ultimate appeals to science; for the lifting of a deep-sea cable is no child's play, and the cost is great; consequently every precaution is taken to secure the perfect insulation of the cable while it is being manufactured. Before one of these marvelous talking wires is accepted by the purchaser it is required to test up to a certain given point; and in order to secure this there is an artisan rejoicing under the name of the fault-finder. When this insulation is used, the liquid percha is moulded on to the conducting wire as it is passed through a die, hydraulic pressure forcing the material round it in a hard, dense pipe, which looks very like chocolate. The wire thus insulated, as it is wound off, passes through the hands of this fault-finder, whose fingers, educated by practice, feel any little air-hole that may have occurred in laying on the gutta-percha. Directly this is found, a hot iron is applied to it, and it is stopped.

THE FOUNDLING.

NEARLY three thousand children born out of wedlock in a single year in the city of New York is the startling fact revealed by the statistics of the police; and this is, perhaps, an under-estimate of the number of these helpless waifs of humanity, since many, doubtless, are born into the world only to be made away with, who never fall under the notice of the authorities. What becomes of them?

Until very recently there were three ways of disposing of a child to be abandoned: 1. In a few instances, where the mother or both parents were able to follow the promptings of the heart, it was placed in charge of a nurse in a private family, and well cared for. 2. A very large number were taken to private institutions, kept by a class of immoral women, with the distinct understanding that they should not long survive. They soon died of starvation and cruel treatment, their bruised and attenuated little bodies bearing faithful and shocking testimony to the horrible barbarity of their murderers. 3. But by far the greater proportion were cast into the street to die or to be picked up, or were sent by strangers to the public charities. This class were formerly taken to an institution on Blackwell's Island, where they were hand-fed by careless and incompetent nurses. But few of these little creatures survived the first weeks of life, and scarcely one reached the first anniversary of its birth. It is stated that out of every hundred ninety-six died.

Within the last three or four years steps have been taken by the authorities and by private parties to provide better care for these abandoned children. The Commissioners of Public Charities have erected a new building for their reception, provided wet-nurses, and otherwise improved their surroundings; and the mortality, though still excessive, has sensibly diminished. The Foundling Institution established by the Roman Catholic Sisters has given shelter to many little outcasts, and is crowded to overflowing.

The most deserving of these institutions in this city is the New York Infant Asylum, founded by a truly Christian lady, the late Mrs. RICHMOND, and chartered by the Legislature in 1865. It is situated at No. 24 Clinton Place. Owing to the death of its founder, the affairs of the Asylum have not prospered in proportion to its deserts. The Protestant portion of the community should feel a special necessity in placing it upon a permanent basis. It is funished with a liberal charter, and is fully endowed with all the requisite powers to render it one of the most efficient charities of this city. At present there is no similar Protestant institution in New York, and the mothers of these little children, representing every religious denomination, are compelled either to enter the Asylum of the Roman Catholic Sisters, or abandon their children, and thus let them become inmates of the Randall's Island Nursery, or, finally, place them in the care of some irresponsible woman, in whose hands their lives are soon terminated by starvation and neglect. The New York Infant Asylum is under no sectarian control, but is to be under the charge of a Board of Lady Managers representing all the Protestant denominations, and of a similarly constituted Board of gentlemen, acting as trustees. It is designed for the reception and nurture of foundlings and infants abandoned by impoverished or dissolute parents, and to aid in preventing the wide-spread crime of infanticide, as well as to afford guidance and protection to the unfortunate mothers, and save them from the worst consequences of their fall. It is proposed to establish this beneficent institution on the broadest basis of practical Christian charity. A country home, with all its salubrious surroundings, will be secured, and every precaution will be taken, and every measure employed, to carry out the beneficent intentions of the charter, and to render the New York Infant Asylum a praise even among the many noble charities of the metropolis.

It is strange indeed that effort should be required to secure support for such an institution, and stranger still that many benevolent and Christian people who contribute liberally to faraway objects of charity should hesitate to assist in saving abandoned children, and in restoring the mothers to virtue and self-respect. They labor under the conviction—conscientious, no doubt—that to attempt to save foundlings would be to sanction a crime. This is a false, hard, and unchristian view. The mothers of children born out of wedlock, in the majority of instances, are at heart virtuous, the victims of cruel deception and desertion; and no one who has been brought much in contact with them, in the effort to save them, can fail to be impressed with the purity and innocence of their hearts. Institutions like the Infant Asylum, where mother and child are alike cared for, save many a young woman, who, if cast upon the street, would become the prey of those hyenas of society who are ever on the watch for victims. These institutions are also the most effectual check upon the crime of infanticide.

As is justly and forcibly stated in a recent appeal on behalf of the New York Infant Asylum, signed by a number of the leading physicians of this city, "It is an altogether mistaken opinion that mothers of illegitimate children have little natural affection for their offspring, on the contrary, they part with their children with the most marked evidences of intense sorrow. Whenever placed under such circumstances that they can nurse their children, they refuse to part with them, and will follow them into almost any institution which affords shelter and protection. The attendants upon institutions which have a reception-basket, where the mother may deposit her child unknown, but not unseen, relate daily instances of the most intense grief manifested by the mother as she is about to turn away forever from her babe, in many instances she returns repeatedly and fondles it before finally leaving. In general these foundlings have upon their persons some token by which they may hereafter be recognized. Such facts prove that these mothers are at this period extremely susceptible, and may be rescued from an impending life of crime if placed with their children under the home-like discipline of a well-ordered charity. Thus not only would the life of the child be saved, but the mother would also be saved. They prove also that the crimes of abandonment and infanticide are perpetrated only under the most aggravated states of mental and moral disturbance."

Foundlings should be the foster-children of society, the objects of our tenderest and most liberal charity. Let every happy mother who folds her little child to her breast, or watches its peaceful sleep in the cradle, look at the piteous illustration on our first page this week, and give a thought to the little abandoned waif which the policeman, making his round through the cold stormy night, has picked up from the door-step. Let her, in imagination, place her own little one out in that pitiless storm, and then let her ask her own heart for its answer to the cold question whether it is well to save the outcast! Then let her think of the poor mother, who, perhaps, is watching just round the corner to see that her baby gets no harm, and in the trembling hope that kindly hands will take it up and carry it where it may receive the warmth and food she can not give—let her put herself in that mother's place, and in the agony which she will suffer in the mere thought of doing so, she will learn the full import of the words which describe our Saviour's mission: He "came to save *that which was lost.*"

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

PROFESSOR HARKNESS reports that ever since November 18, ENCKE's comet has been getting steadily brighter, and its spectrum more distinct. On the evening of December 1 the spectrum consisted of three bright bands; the most refrangible one being very faint, the middle one by far the brightest, and the least refrangible one having a degree of brilliancy intermediate between that of the other two. The shape of each of these bands somewhat resembled an isosceles triangle, with its base turned toward the red end of the spectrum. In the case of the two brighter bands the light increased quite rapidly from the less refrangible edge of the band, until it attained its maximum at a point distant from that edge by about one-quarter of the whole breadth of the band, and thence it gradually faded away toward the more refrangible edge of the band. In the case of the most refrangible band, the light seemed to be of nearly equal intensity throughout its whole breadth. The positions of the two brighter bands were measured, and the resulting wave-lengths of the light, expressed in millionths of a millimeter, are approximately as follows: first band, less refrangible edge, 556, brightest part, 550 0; more refrangible edge, 534: second band, less refrangible edge, 515, brightest part, 510.9, more refrangible edge 499. The position of the faint band was estimated, and the resulting wave-lengths are, for the less refrangible edge, 458, and for the more refrangible edge, 443. At times he fancied he also saw a faint continuous spectrum, but could not satisfy himself that it really existed.

Both in appearance and wave-lengths this spectrum bears such a remarkable resemblance to that of the second comet of 1868 that PROFESSOR HARKNESS is strongly inclined to think their physical constitution must be identical. It will be remembered that the observations of DR HUGGINS showed that the spectrum of the latter comet was the same as that of olefiant gas.

Perhaps the strangest feature observed in connection with the spectrum of ENCKE's comet was the progressive shifting of the point of maximum brightness in its middle band. The observed wave-lengths of the light of this point, on different nights, are approximately as follows: November 18, 501.0, November 25, 505.7; November 26, 505.9; November 27, 510.0; November 29, 510.0; December 1, 510 9; December 2, 511.9. It should be stated that while these changes were going on the band increased in breadth.

The comet was examined carefully with a double-image prism, but without finding any traces of polarization in its light.

Attention has been called in the *Weekly* to the injuries to the Florida submarine cable, supposed to have been caused either by the bites of the sea-turtles, or from some kinds of fish; and we now learn that in China a similar difficulty has been experienced in consequence of the attacks of a minute crustacean. This is so small as scarcely to be appreciable to the naked eye, but can be readily defined under the microscope. Various breaks have been satisfactorily referred to the agency of these animals, which had imbedded themselves in the gutta-percha. It has become necessary, therefore, to envelop the cables in certain localities with an external supplementary layer of metallic wire, in order to prevent injury in this manner.

After unexpected delays, the new Coast-Survey exploring vessel, the *Hassler*, left Boston on the 4th of December, bound for California *via* the Straits of Magellan. The *personnel*, which is under the scientific direction of Professor AGASSIZ, and the plans of this expedition, have already been given.

The expedition to Moab, organized by Dr. GINSBURG, under the auspices of the British Association, is to leave England in January. Its object is to explore the geography, antiquities, and natural history of the region, the latter department being specially in charge of Rev. H. B. TRISTRAM, well known for his researches into the fauna of Palestine and the Sahara.

The Commissioner of Works and Public Buildings of London announces his intention of distributing to the working classes and poorer inhabitants of that city the surplus bedding-out plants in the London parks and in the Royal Gardens at Kew. To aid in this distribution the clergy, school committees, and others are requested to make application to the superintendents of the parks nearest their respective parishes, or to the director of the Kew Gardens; and they will receive early notice of the number of plants that can be allotted to each applicant, and of the time and manner of distribution.

The citizens of Newville, Pennsylvania, invite those of Carlisle to co-operate with them in certain measures looking toward the stocking of the Conedogwinit Creek with black bass. In their communication on the subject they state that the expense of obtaining them from the Potomac, at Harper's Ferry, and placing them in the creek, will amount to about $20 a hundred, and that the sum of $80 can be obtained for the purpose in Newville. They expect, with proper effort, to have the creek in question stocked in the course of three or four years, and thereby greatly to increase its attractions to the sportsmen of the neighborhood.

This body of water has been already well known to naturalists from the extensive bone-cave upon its banks, a few miles from Carlisle, from which many loads of fossil remains have been removed by scientific investigators. We are informed that, in the course of this examination, remains of all the vertebrate animals now known to inhabit Pennsylvania were found in great abundance, together with those of numerous species now entirely exterminated in the neighborhood, and of some others believed to be altogether extinct.

We greatly regret to find in a late number of the Panama *Star and Herald* a notice of the death of DR. BERTHOLD SEEMANN, well known in the history of science as a botanist and explorer. The doctor accompanied the *Herald* on its explorations to the north of Behring Straits, and published valuable papers on "Plants of the Esquimaux Land" and of Panama, collected by him. He was also for some time the editor of a leading botanical journal in London, and wrote numerous essays bearing upon his favorite branch of science.

For some years past Dr. SEEMANN has been especially interested in scientific explorations in Central America, to which region he made repeated visits, returning to England in the intervals. A very copious history of the Isthmus of Panama was published by him in the *Star and Herald*—an enterprising journal of Panama—and was to have been reproduced in book form, revised and corrected. Recently his interest has centred in the working of certain gold mines in Nicaragua, of which he was the director; and he also had the management of a large sugar estate near Panama. The full particulars in regard to Dr. SEEMANN's death were not known to the *Star and Herald* beyond its occurrence at the Javali mines, near Chontales, in Nicaragua, on the 10th of October last.

Advices from Portland, Oregon, under date of November 17, announce the arrival of Professor O. C. MARSH, with his party of Yale College students, from an extended geological and paleontological exploration in the Blue Mountains and the John Day Valley. As might have been anticipated from the previous discoveries of the Rev. THOMAS CONDON, of Portland, in the same region, under much less favorable auspices, very extensive collections of fossil animals were made, which, when placed, as intended, in the museum of Yale College with those previously gathered by Professor MARSH, will make a series of the extinct vertebrates of North America unequaled in any other cabinet.

The last number of *Nature*, under the head of "Science in America," gives a notice of the publications of the Essex Institute, at Salem, Massachusetts, and takes occasion to pay a merited compliment to American and American institutions in expressing its opinion of the value of the works in question. In the same article a comparison is drawn between the aid and support given to science in America by the government authorities, contrasting this with the practice in England, greatly to the disparagement of the latter.

The American Museum of Natural History, established at Central Park, New York, has had a most liberal offer made to it, which we trust some of our wealthy and public-spirited citizens will aid this deserving establishment in accepting. The collection of shells of Dr. JOHN C. JAY, formerly of New York, but now of Rye, is well known as one of the largest in the world; indeed, some years ago it was decidedly the finest in the United States; and although, with the lapse of years, the doctor has been less energetic in keeping it up to the present date, yet it forms a cabinet of magnificent extent, embracing, it is said, 14,000 species, 20,000 varieties, and 50,000 specimens, and costing many years of labor, and over $25,000 in money.

In addition to this, there is a library of 850 bound volumes, almost approaching completeness in its extent upon the subject of conchology. This has cost the doctor $10,000, many of the works having been purchased at a time, too, when they were cheaper than at present. The doctor now offers to sell this library to the Museum of Natural History for the sum of $10,000, and with it to present the entire collection of shells just referred to, so that the whole may go together, and form a complete section of the museum. We hope to be able to chronicle in an early number of the *Weekly* the acceptance of this munificent offer on the part of Dr. JAY.

The safe return of Mr. GWYN JEFFREYS from his visit to North America is mentioned in the English papers, with some account of his experiences, which were extremely pleasant to him. Every facility was given to him by the naturalists of this country for the examination of their collections, or those in their charge, and free permission was given him to carry back with him for study any specimens desired for that purpose. Quite fortunately this has been the means of preserving a number of them to science; since, among the collections belonging to the Smithsonian Institution and the Museum of Comparative Zoology of Cambridge, as well as to the Academy of Sciences at Chicago, some of the more valuable types of the molluscа lent to Mr. JEFFREYS had scarcely been removed from the city by him before the remainder of the collections, then in charge of Dr. STIMPSON, were destroyed by the Chicago fire.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A WITNESS under cross-examination, who had been tortured by a lawyer for several hours, at last asked for a drink of water. "There," said the judge, "I think you'd better let that witness go now, as you have pumped him dry."

When old Carlo sits in Sally's chair,
Oh! don't I wish that I were there?
When her fairy fingers pat his head,
Oh! don't I wish 'twas me instead?
When Sally's arms his neck imprison,
Oh! don't I wish my neck was his'n?
When Sally kisses Carlo's nose,
Oh! don't I wish that I were those?

A man having fallen into a slough, an Irishman standing by called to another for assistance. The latter, who was busily engaged in cutting a log, leisurely inquired, "How deep is he in?" "Up to his ankles." "Then there is plenty of time." "No, there is not," replied the first: "I forgot to tell you he's in head-first."

"Hello, dar, you darkey, what you ax for dat old blind mule, hey?" "Well, I dunno; guess I mout take thirty-five dollars." "Thirty-five dollars! I'll give you five." "Well, you may have him; I won't stand on thirty dollars—in a mule trade."

An exchange says, "Nobody has fallen from a balloon for a week back." It wouldn't be very good for a weak back, anyhow, if they did.

Monkeys are scarce in Michigan. A saddler in Detroit kept one for a pet, who usually sat on the counter. A countryman came in one day, the proprietor being in a back-room. The customer seeing a saddle that suited him, he asked the price. Monkey said nothing. Customer said, "I'll give twenty dollars for it," laying down the money, which monkey shoved into the drawer. The man then took the saddle, but monkey mounted him, tore his hair, scratched his face, and the frightened customer screamed for dear life. Proprietor rushed in and wanted to know what's the fuss. "Fuss!" said the customer—"what's fuss? I bought a saddle of your son, sitting there, and when I went to take it he wouldn't let me have it." The saddler apologized for the monkey, but assured him that he was no relation.

A wag lent a clergyman a horse, which ran away and threw him, and then claimed credit for "aid in spreading the Gospel."

A Western man was too lazy to work, and his neighbors, being tired of keeping, determined to drown him. Meeting the squire, his pity was touched. "Let him alone," he said; "I'll give a load of corn to keep him alive." The victim raised his head from the 'bus: "Shelled, squire?" "No." The head dropped again: "Drive on, boys!"

A cockney tourist met with a Scotch lassie going barefoot toward Glasgow. "Lassie," said he, "I should like to know if all the people in this part go barefooted?" "Part on 'em do, and the rest on 'em mind their own business," was the rather settling reply.

Chicago has had its Phil of Sheridan.

Few physicians like to prescribe anti-mony.

A suspension of pension frauds would be agreeable to the country.

An old lady, hearing somebody say that the *mails* were very irregular, said, "It was just so in my young days—no trusting any of 'em."

A WAITER'S CIVILITY—Sirvility.

We can remember poetry first-rate, but we can't always fasten the right poet to the right verses. Is it Montgomery who says:

"Leaves have their time to fall,
An' likewise so've I;
The reason, too, 's the same—
It comes o' gettin' dry.
But here's th' diff'rence 'twixt th' leaves an' me:
I falls more harder an' more frequentlee."

"I can marry any girl I please," said a young man, boastingly. "Very true," replied his waggish companion, "for you can't please any."

THE BEST WAY TO RAISE STRAWBERRIES—With a spoon.—H. G.

A clergyman at Council Bluffs charges by weight in marrying couples, the rate being four cents a pound for the groom and two for the bride.

A colored gentleman, during the recent cold weather, was asked if he didn't think it was below zero. "Below zero, chile! Zero done froze up long ago, an' there's no use talkin' any mo' 'bout him."

An honest face is said to be the best frontispiece.

"Gerty, my dear," said a teacher to one of her pupils, "you have been a very good little girl to-day." "Yes'm, I couldn't help being good; I had a stiff neck," said Gerty, with perfect seriousness.

As a lawyer and a doctor were walking arm in arm a wag said to a friend, "These two are just equal to one highwayman." "Why?" was the response. "Because they are a lawyer and a doctor—your money or your life."

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WARWICK CASTLE.

THIS magnificent specimen of feudal architecture, the seat of the Earl of Warwick, in Warwickshire, England, was irreparably damaged by fire on the 4th instant. The great hall, the dining hall, and other state apartments, were completely burned; and the destruction of pictures, statuary, and other works of art, was great and deplorable. The origin of the fire has not been stated.

Warwick Castle was not only interesting in itself, as the oldest feudal structure in the world still used as a residence, but contained an invaluable collection of works of art, the loss of which can never be repaired. Our readers will take a melancholy interest in the pictures herewith presented of this magnificent structure, and in the accompanying article, written only a few months since by Mr. S. C. Hall. It is painful to reflect that such a wealth of art should have been swept away.

The Castle of Warwick occupies the summit of a steep hill, which must greatly have aided its artificial defenses in the "olden time." The present approach to it is by a narrow passage cut through the solid rock, and extending from the main entrance to the porter's lodge, fronting the road to Leamington. Passing through this lodge, the visitor, after proceeding some distance along the rocky passage, enters the outer court-yard, "where the stupendous line of fortifications breaks suddenly upon the sight in all its bold magnificence." Of the two famous towers, that of Guy is on the right, while that of Cæsar is on the left; they are connected by a strong embattled wall, in the centre of which is the ponderous arched gate-way, flanked by towers, and succeeded by a second arched gate-way, with towers and battlements, "formerly defended by two port-holes, one of which still remains; before the whole is a disused moat, with an arch thrown over it at the gate-way, where was once a draw-bridge." Passing the double gate-way, the court-yard is entered. Thus seen, the castellated mansion of the most famous of the feudal barons has a tranquil and peaceful aspect; fronting it is a greensward, and the "frowning keep," which conceals all its gloomier features behind a screen of ivy and evergreen shrubs. Uninjured by time, and unaltered in appearance by modern improvements, except in being surrounded and made picturesque by trees and shrubs, it still stands, as of old, on the top of its mound. The "Bear Tower," with a flight of steps descending to a subterranean passage, leading no one knows whither, will be noticed, as also will "Guy's Tower."

From this inner court a flight of stone steps leads to the entrance to the Great Hall, which is of large size; its walls are decorated with arms and armor of various periods and descriptions, and with antlers and other appropriate objects. On one side of this hall are the state-rooms, and on the other the domestic apartments, forming a line of 333 feet in length. The hall, and indeed the whole of the interior, have been "subjected to the deleterious influence of the upholsterer," and are made gorgeous and beautiful in accordance with modern taste, while they have lost their original features and interesting characteristics. This work was, however, done some time ago, and it must remain as it is: comfort and convenience have been studied certainly; but all associations with the glory of ancient Warwick were rejected by the modern architect in his restoration of the apartments of the venerable castle. In the hall, however, there are many objects of rare interest; among others the helmet studded with brass worn by the Protector Cromwell; the suit of armor worn by Montrose; the doublet, "blood-spotted," in which Lord Broke was slain at Lichfield, in 1643; and the warder's horn. There is also here a breech-loading revolving musket, some hundreds of years old, probably, which, but for the evidence of Time, might seem a direct plagiarism on the revolver of Colonel Colt. The roof of the hall was designed by the architect Poynter.

The Red Drawing-Room contains many fine paintings and several articles of *virtu*.

The Cedar Drawing-Room is a remarkably elegant apartment, sumptuously furnished, and having a magnificent and, said to be, unique chimney-piece. In this room are many remarkably fine paintings, including "Charles I.," by Vandyck; "Circe," by Guido; the "Family of Charles I.," etc.; and some highly interesting bronzes, Etruscan vases. The main feature of—

The Gilt Drawing-Room is its superb geometric ceiling, which is richly painted and gilt—the walls being decorated in a corresponding manner. Among the paintings in this room may be noted the "Earl of Strafford," by Vandyck; "Algernon Percy," by Dodson; "Charles I.," "Henrietta Maria," and "Prince Rupert," by Vandyck; "Ignatius Loyola," by Rubens; "Robert Bertie, Earl of Lindsay," by Cornelius Jansen; "Robert Rich, Earl of Warwick," after Vandyck; a "Young Girl," by Murillo; "Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester," and many others.

The State Bedroom. The bed and furniture in this room are said originally to have belonged to Queen Anne, and were presented to the Warwick family by King George III. The walls are hung with Brussels tapestry of the date of 1604. The bed and hangings are of crimson velvet. Over the chimney-piece is a fine full-length portrait of Queen Anne by Sir Godfrey Kneller; the room also contains other interesting paintings and ornaments.

The Boudoir is a lovely little room, forming the extreme west end of the suit of rooms. The ceiling is enriched with the family crest and coronets, and there are among the paintings a portrait of Henry VIII., by Holbein; of the Duchess of Cleveland, Barbara Villiers, by Lely; "A Dead Christ," by Carracci; "A Boar Hunt," by Rubens; "Martin Luther," by Holbein; "A Sketch of the Evangelists," by Rubens; and examples of Gerard Dow, Teniers, Salvator Rosa, Hayter, Vandyck, Holbein (Anne Boleyn and Mary Boleyn being especially interesting), Andrea del Sarto, etc., etc.

The Compass-Room contains many fine old paintings, and much among its articles of *virtu* that will interest the visitor. In—

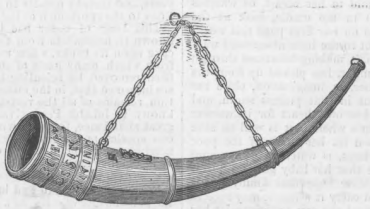
The Chapel Passage, too, are highly interesting paintings; and in the Chapel are some stained glass and interesting local relics.

The Great Dining-Room, built by Francis, Earl of Warwick, is a noble room, decorated with some fine antique busts and paintings. Among the latter will be specially noticed portraits of "Sir Philip Sidney," considered the best in existence, and bearing in the corner the words, "The Original of Sir Philip Sidney;" "Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester;" "Frederick, Prince of Wales;" "The Princess of Wales and George III. when an Infant;" and many family portraits. At the east end is the celebrated "Kenilworth Buffet," manufactured by Cookes, of Warwick, from an oak-tree on the Kenilworth estate, and representing in its panels various incidents connected with Queen Elizabeth's visit to that venerable pile, and presented to the present earl, on his marriage, by the town and county of Warwick.

The private apartments of the castle consist of a remarkably elegant suit of rooms, which are, of course, not shown to visitors. Of these, therefore, only a few words need be said. The Armory Passage and the Armory contain a rare assemblage of arms and armor of various ages and descriptions, and many antiquities and "curiosities," as well as mineralogical, geological, and other collections of great interest. In the Billiard-Room, the Oak Sitting-Room, the Earl's Room, and all the remaining apartments, are many remarkably fine paintings.

GUY'S AND THE CLOCK TOWER, FROM THE KEEP.

Throughout the state apartments, as well as the private rooms, is distributed a marvelous collection of treasures of Art—"superb garderobes, encoigneurs, cabinets, and tables of buhl and marqueterie of the most costly finish; splendid ormolu, crystal, china, and lava cups, flasks, and vases; Etruscan vases; marble and *pietra dura* tables; bronzes and busts displaying the utmost efforts of Art; costly bijouteries and rare antiques;" more especially a large collection of Limousin enamels are among the treasures which meet the eye at every turn in the interior of Warwick Castle.



THE WARDEN'S HORN.

It will be readily understood that the prospect from any of the windows is singularly beautiful; so beautiful, indeed, that if the stately castle lacked all other interest, a look over these grand woods, a fair stream consecrated by the bard of Avon, richly cultivated gardens, and rare trees of prodigious size, would amply compensate the visitor.

In the grounds are many charming objects and delicious spots, concerning some of which the visitor, naturally, will desire information. Of these Cæsar's Tower is one of the most sadly interesting, from the fact that beneath it is a dark and damp dungeon, in which many a sad heart has died out in solitude. On the walls are some touching inscriptions and rude carvings done by the miserable beings who have been incarcerated there. Among these the following is specially curious:

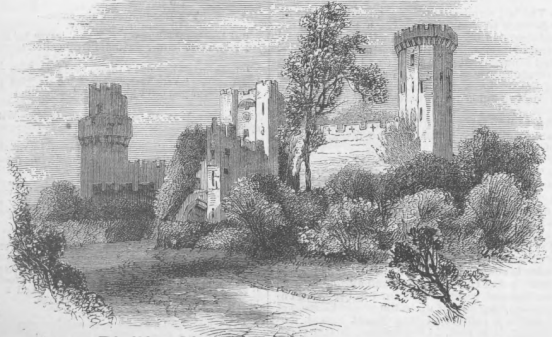
> MR/TER: IOHN: SMYTH: GVNER: TO: HIS: MAIESTYE: HIGHNES: WAS: A PRISENER IN THIS PLACE: AND: LAY HERE FROM 1642 TELL TH WILLIAM SIDIATE BOT THIS SAME AND IF MY PIN HAD BIN BETER FOR HIS SAKE I WOVLD HAVE MENDED EVERRI LETTER.

That was the last person known to have been confined in the dungeon. Besides this there are crosses, crucifixes, cross-bows, and other objects and inscriptions traceable on the walls.

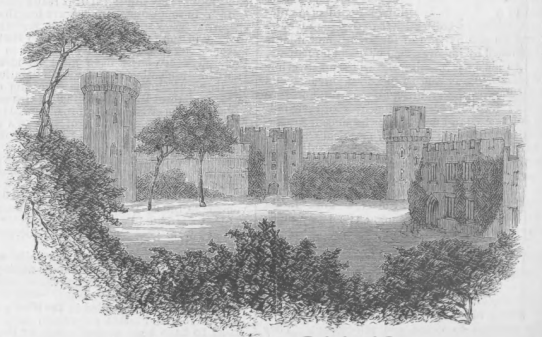
Guy's Tower (to which we have before alluded, and which forms our initial letter) contains several rooms appropriated to various purposes. Its summit is reached by a flight of 133 steps—a most fatiguing ascent, but amply repaid by the magnificent panoramic view obtained from the battlements. Hence "are seen the spires of the Coventry churches, the Castle of Kenilworth, Guy's Cliff, and Blacklow Hill; Grove Park, the seat of Lord Dormer; Shuckburgh and the Shropshire Hills; the Saxon Tower on the Broadway Hills; the fashionable spa of Leamington, which appears almost lying underneath the feet, and the wide extended park; while village churches, lifting up their venerable heads from amidst embowering trees, fill up a picture pleasing, grand, and interesting." In the various rooms will be noticed carvings and inscriptions which possess interest. From the Bear Court a portcullised door-way in the north wall opens to the moat, across which is a bridge leading to the pleasure-grounds and Conservatory. In this is placed one of the wonders of the "stately home"—the celebrated *Warwick Vase*, rescued from the bottom of a lake at Adrian's Villa, near Tivoli, by Sir William Hamilton, from whom it was obtained by the late Earl of Warwick. It has been copied a hundred times, and its form and character are known to every reader.

From the Conservatory, after crossing the lawn, the banks of the river are gained, and after passing the Pavilion, the visitor reaches a spot from which the immense height of the castle on its rocky base is best seen. Returning to the Hill Tower, the magnificent cedars of Lebanon and chestnuts will strike the eye; but the visitor will pass on to the top of the mount on which, in Saxon times, the stronghold of Ethelfleda was erected, and he will then find much for his mind to dwell upon.

In the Porter's Lodge are preserved a number of relics, said to have belonged to the "renowned Guy;" but as they represent so many periods, they must have appertained to "many Guys." The articles shown are "Guy's Porridge-pot;" "Guy's Sword," for taking care of which William Hoggeson, Yeoman of the Buttery, had a salary of 2*d*. a day, temp H. VIII.; parts of his armor, of which the "bascinet is of the time of Edward III.; and a breastplate partly of the fifteenth century, and partly of the time of James I.; the sword of the reign of Henry VIII.; the staff, an ancient tilting lance; the horse armor of the fifteenth century; the "flesh fork;" and other articles, among which are his fair "Felicia's slippers," which are a pair of footed stirrup-irons of the fifteenth century. The "rib of the dun cow," and a joint of the spine of the same, as well as the tusk and blade of a wild-boar, are also shown, and are still looked upon with wonder, as belonging to veritable animals slain by Guy. There are also other "curiosities" shown in this lodge, and visitors eagerly inspect them, often as greater attractions than matters more worthy. Into the wild old legend connected



THE CASTLE, FROM THE OUTER COURT.



THE INNER COURT, FROM THE KEEP.

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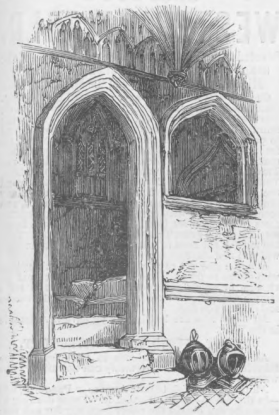


THE CONFESSIONAL.

with Guy, Earl of Warwick, it is not necessary here to enter at length. It was a popular legend in the Middle Ages, and his encounter with the Danish champion, Colbrand, as well as his victory over the dun cow, was a favorite subject of the wandering minstrel. Dugdale has given the narrative of his battle with Colbrand, which he seems inclined to believe to be true in the main features, although "the monks may have sounded out his praises hyperbolically." According to him, "in year three of King Athelstan, A.D. 826, the Danes having invaded England, cruelly wasted the countrys where they marcht, so that there was scarce a town or castle that they had not burnt or destroyed almost as far as Winchester," where the king resided, and to whom they sent a message requiring him to resign his crown to their generals, holding his power at their hands, and paying them yearly tribute for the privilege of ruling; or that the whole dispute for the kingdom be determined in a single combat by two champions for both sides. The king having chosen the latter alternative, enjoins a fast for three days, and in great anguish of heart that Guy, the famous warrior, is absent on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, prays Heaven for assistance. An angel appears to the king as he is on his bed, and directs him to arise early on the morrow, and take two bishops with him to the north gate of the city, and stay there "till the hour of prime," until the poor people and pilgrims arrive, among whom he must choose a champion, and the choice must fall on him who goes barefooted, with a wreath of white roses on his head. The king goes and meets the pilgrim, accosts him, and asks his championship, which he hesitates to give, excusing himself on the ground of his weakness with much travel, and exhorts him to seek fitter help. To this the king bitterly answers, "I had but one valiant knight, which was Earl of Warwick, called Guy, and he had a courageous servant, named Sir Herand de Ardene: would to God I had him here, for then should this duel be soon undertaken, and the war finished;" and as he spake these words the tears fell from his eyes. The pilgrim is moved, and ultimately consents; and after three weeks spent in prayer and preparation the battle begins. Colbrand "came so weightily harnessed that his horse could scarce carry him, and before him a cart loaded with Danish axes, great clubs with knobs of irons, squared bars of steel, lances, and iron hooks to pull his adversary to him." The giant uses a bar of steel in the combat, which lasts the whole day. Guy in the end proving victorious, and taking a farewell of the king, to whom he declares himself, goes toward Warwick, and thence to a hermit in its neighborhood, living with him till his death, and succeeding him in his cell until his own decease. The spot is still pointed out, and bears the name of Guy's Cliff.

It is a pretty legend—and one to which we direct the attention of artists—that while Guy was doing penance as a hermit, his lady was mourning his absence and praying for his return at the castle. It was her daily custom to bestow alms upon the suffering, sorrowful, and needy; and dole was, among others, frequently given to the husband by the unconscious wife. He was dying at length, and then made himself known to her by the transmission of a ring. So she watched and prayed and comforted beside his death-bed, surviving him but fourteen days; and they were both buried in the cave where the poor penitent had lived and died.

But this is not the only giant story connected with the family. Their well-known crest, or cognizance, is said to come from one Morvidus, an Earl of Warwick in the days of King Arthur, "who being a man of valour, slew a mighty gyant in a single duell, which gyant encountered him with a young tree pulled up by the root, the boughs being nog'd from it; in token whereof he and his successors, Earles of Warwick in the time of the Brittons, bore a ragged staff of silver in a sable shield for their cognizance." Other stories are the combat with and overcoming of the famous dun cow, the slaying of a ferocious lion, and "the greatest boar that man e'er saw," the killing of "the mighty dragon in Northumberland, that destroyed men, women, and children," and the killing of the fifteen armed knights. Such were the old fables with which our ancient family histories were obscured, or rendered romantic and wonderful to the subordinate classes.

Intimately connected with Warwick Castle and its former lords is the Beauchamp Chapel attached to St. Mary's Church. The chapel is one of the most exquisitely beautiful buildings remaining in England, and ought to be seen by every visitor to Warwick. It is placed on the south side of the choir of the church, from which it is entered by a descent of several steps beneath a door-way said to have been carved by a mason of Warwick in 1704, but probably being only a freshening and touching up, or restoration, of the original design. The size of the chapel is 58 feet in length, 25 in breadth, and 32 in height, and its design and finish are of the most chaste and beautiful and elaborate character. It was built in the reign of Henry VI., in accordance with the will of its founder, Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, who died in 1439. The foundation was laid in 1443, and in 1475 the chapel was consecrated, and the body of its founder with much solemnity laid therein. It is stated to have cost £2481 *13s. 7d.*, an enormous sum in those days, when the value of a fat ox was only 13*s. 4d.*; and the contracts for some of the work are still preserved. In the chapel is the monument of the founder, which is, with only one exception, the most splendid monument of its kind in the kingdom. It is an altar tomb of Purbeck marble, bearing the recumbent effigy of the great earl, in fine latten brass, gilt. His head, uncovered, rests upon a helmet, and at his feet are a bear and a griffin. The tomb is surmounted by one of the few "hearses" that yet remain in our churches. It consists of six hoops of brass, extended by five transverse brass rods, on which formerly was hung a pall, "to keep the figure reverently from the dust." Around the tomb, in niches, are fourteen figures in "divers vestures, called weepers," friends and relatives of the deceased, who mourn his loss. Between the weepers are smaller niches, raised upon pillars, containing whole-length figures of angels holding scrolls, inscribed "Sit deo laus in gloria, defunctis misericordia." The effigy of the earl is the finest of its class, and it is a perfect figure, the armor on the back, and all the details, being as highly and carefully finished as those on the front of the figure. For this effigy in brass, William Austen was paid (exclusive of cost of workmen, carriage, etc.) £40, and the goldsmith, Bartholomew Lambespring, was paid £13 for gilding it; the "weepers" cost in brass 13*s. 4d.* each, and the angels 5*s.* each; and the gilding of these, and preparing them for gilding, cost also a considerable sum—the contracts being of the highest interest, and very minute in every particular.

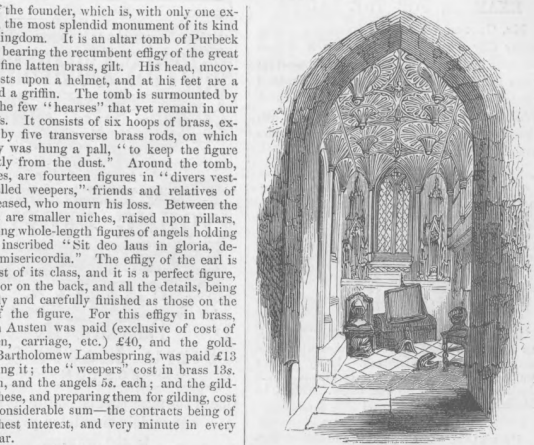
In the same chapel are monuments, etc., to Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, and his Countess Lettice, 1588; to Ambrose Dudley, Earl of Warwick, 1589; to Robert Dudley, Lord Denbigh, 1584; to Lady Katherine Leveson, and others.

The windows were filled with stained glass, for which the contract with John Prudde, of Westminster, is preserved; but it has undergone much change and mutilation: it still, however, especially that of the east window, is of great beauty. Adjoining the chapel is an exquisite little oratory, with a confessional near; of these we give engravings.

THE CASTLE, FROM THE BANKS OF THE AVON.

The Church of St. Mary is of considerable antiquity, and is mentioned in Domesday-Book. The Norman earl, Henry de Newburgh, formed the intention of uniting the endowments of St. Nicholas within the castle with St. Mary's, which was carried out by his son, whose grant of incorporation was executed in 1123. Probably the church was built about that time, as the crypt is of Norman character. In the reign of Edward III. Thomas Beauchamp ordained by his will, in 1369, that a choir should be erected; and many alterations have at one time or other been made. A great part of the church was burned down in 1694, and rebuilt at a cost of £5000, to which Queen Anne contributed £1000. In the crypt is preserved the ducking-stool.

One of the few remaining "antiques" that yet endure to the town we have selected for engraving—the East Gate; but, as will be seen, the base only can be considered ancient: it has been "transmogrified," yet is still striking and interesting. The Earl of Leicester's Hospital, founded by Robert Dudley in 1586, is a singularly beautiful and perfect specimen of the half-timber houses; it escaped the great fire that nearly destroyed the town in 1694. There



THE ORATORY.

are not many other ancient edifices in the venerable town.

Thus it will be readily understood that a day at Warwick supplies a rare treat, not only to the antiquary and the historian, but to the lover of Nature. The best views of the Castle (now, alas! in ruins) are obtained from the opposite side of the Avon, near a narrow stream crossed by a bridge, which is part of the main road; of the old bridge there are some remains, rendered highly picturesque by ivy and lichens that grow in profusion there, and near the old mill, the date of which is coeval with that of the Castle. Superb trees grow in the immediate grounds, huge chestnuts and gigantic cedars that have sheltered the stout earls time out of mind: the walls are gray with age; but it is a sober livery, that well suits the stronghold of the bold barons, and suggests the tranquillity of repose after the fever of battles, sieges, and deeds that can not fail to be summoned from history as one looks from the filled-up moat to the towers and battlements that still smile or frown upon the environing town they controlled or protected.

It demands but little imagination to carry the visitor of to-day back through long past centuries, from the moment we enter the picturesque yet gloomy passage cut through the rock, covered with ivy, lichens, and wild flowers in rich abundance, and pass under the portcullis that yet frowns above the porter's lodge: the whole seems so little changed by time that one might wait for the king-maker and his mighty host to issue through the gate-way, and watch the red rose or the white rose on the helmets of attendant knights; by no great stretch of fancy one might see the trembling Gaveston, the petted minion of a weak monarch, dragged forth to death: a hundred events or incidents are associated with these courts and towers, inseparably linked with British history; and it is impossible to resist a feeling of reverence approaching awe while pacing peacefully among them.

The "frowning keep," nearly hidden by the green foliage of surrounding trees, may be accepted as an emblem of the Castle, where tranquillity and peace are in the stead of fierceness and broil. Warwick, while it has lost little of its grandeur, has obtained much of grace from Time; Time which

> "Moulders into beauty many a tower,
> That when it frowned with all its battlements
> Was only terrible."

THE BEAUCHAMP CHAPEL.—MONUMENT OF THE FOUNDER.

THE EAST GATE.

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EXAMPLE FOR THE LADIES.

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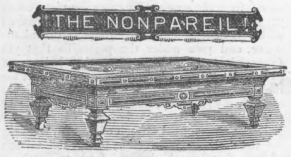

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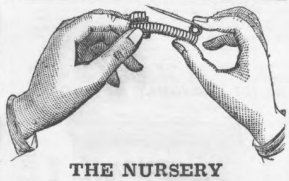

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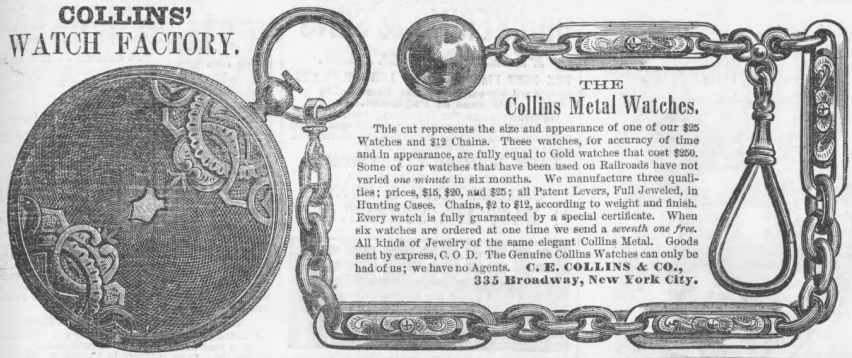

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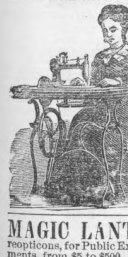

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THE DARWINIAN STUDENT'S AFTER-DINNER DREAM.—[SEE PAGE 1210.]

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A DARWINIAN REVERIE.

THE Darwinian theory of development has been provocative of much clever satire, both literary and pictorial; and whatever scientific men may think of it, unscientific people will always join in the laugh when they see it grotesquely and humorously caricatured, as in Mr. WOOLF'S drawing on the preceding page.

The student who sees this wonderful reverie pictured in the smoke of his meerschaum has doubtless bothered his scanty modicum of brains with the weighty problem until, like Lord Dundreary, he has come to the wise conclusion that "the devil himself couldn't find out that." His dinner and wine haven't done much to clear his muddled intellect, and as he blows the fragrant clouds from his lips, he dreamily sees the astonishing process of development which our clever artist has depicted. The oyster, the fork, the Champagne bottle, and the dishes leave the table together, and begin a wondrous change into something odd and strange. The oyster gradually assumes the form of a lovely girl of the period; the fork, that of a nice young man; the bottle, that of a "spiritual" adviser. The other articles assume different shapes, and pursue various processes of development, which the reader can readily trace out for himself. The after-history of the oyster and fork may also be traced without difficulty.

The strip underneath the main picture contains a capital touch of satire. Here the development process makes a retrograde movement, not altogether flattering to man's superior intellect.

MY OLD RED VIOLIN.

WHEN the gray light fades away,
When the wood-flames laugh and leap,
When the kitten stops her play,
When the babies are asleep—
Then I lie with happy tread
To a treasured nook within,
And from out its silken bed
Lift my old red violin.

Italy its birth-place fair;
Quaintly carved this monkish face—
Wrought with silver tendrils there,
Here embossed like Flemish lace;
Brown and black and yellow blend
Round the classic, hooded head;
And the graceful ovals bend,
Steeped in sunshine rich and red.

Grand old palaces it knew;
Thrilled their royal, jeweled throngs;
Touched by wondrous bards, who threw
All their sweet souls in its songs.
Slow and reverently I
Wake its sleeping pulse to life;
Make it sob and laugh and sigh,
Only for my winsome wife.

Shall I tell you how I found
Blithesome Bessy Loverin?
Simply by the wealth of sound
Of my old red violin:
She sang sweet in Bethel choir;
I played tender "Golden Hill;"
Rose the mournful strain yet higher,
When, lo! every voice was still.

Throbbing to no mortal pain,
Wailed the weird, reverberate string;
Waited all the church in vain,
Bessy wept and could not sing.
Blessed power that day was mine,
Pearl of pearls my bliss to win;
So I hold one gift divine
Through my old red violin.

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POOR MISS FINCH.

A Domestic Story.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," "Man and Wife," etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-SEVENTH.

THE BROTHERS CHANGE PLACES.

I VAINLY believed I had prepared myself for any misfortune that could fall on us. The man's last words dispelled my delusion. My gloomiest forebodings had never contemplated such a disaster as had now happened. I stood petrified, thinking of Lucilla, and looking helplessly at the servant. Try as I might, I was perfectly incapable of speaking to him.

He felt no such difficulty on his side. One of the strangest peculiarities in the humbler ranks of the English people is the sort of solemn relish which they have for talking of their own misfortunes. To be the objects of a calamity of any kind seems to raise them in their own estimations. With a dreary enjoyment of his miserable theme, the servant expatiated on his position as a man deprived of the best of masters; turned adrift again in the world to seek another service; hopeless of ever again finding himself in such a situation as he had lost. He roused me at last into speaking to him by sheer dint of irritating my nerves until I could endure him no longer.

"Has Mr. Oscar gone away alone?" I asked.

"Yes, ma'am, quite alone."

(What had become of Nugent? I was too much interested in Oscar to be able to put the question at that moment.)

"When did your master go?" I went on.

"Better than two hours since."

"Why didn't I hear of it before?"

"I had Mr. Oscar's orders not to tell you, ma'am, till this time in the evening."

Wretched as I was already, my spirits sank lower still when I heard that. The order given to the servant looked like a premeditated design not only to leave Dimchurch, but also to keep us in ignorance of his whereabouts afterward.

"Has Mr. Oscar gone to London?" I inquired.

"He hired Goodheridge's chaise, ma'am, to take him to Brighton. And he told me with his own lips that he had left Browndown never to come back. I know no more of it than that."

He had left Browndown never to come back! For Lucilla's sake, I declined to believe that. The servant was exaggerating, or the servant had misunderstood what had been said to him. The letter in my hand reminded me that I had perhaps needlessly questioned him on matters which his master had confided to my own knowledge only. Before I dismissed him for the night I made my deferred inquiry on the hateful subject of the other brother.

"Where is Mr. Nugent?"

"At Browndown."

"Do you mean to say that he is going to stay at Browndown?"

"I don't know, ma'am, for certain. I see no signs of his meaning to leave; and he has said nothing to that effect."

I had the greatest difficulty to keep myself from breaking out before the servant. My indignation almost choked me. The best way was to wish him good-night. I took the best way—only calling him back (as a measure of caution) to say one last word.

"Have you told any body at the rectory of Mr. Oscar's departure?" I asked.

"No, ma'am."

"Say nothing about it, then, as you go out. Thank you for bringing me the letter. Good-night."

Having thus provided against any whisper of what had happened reaching Lucilla's ears that evening, I returned to Herr Grosse to make my excuses, and to tell him (as I honestly could) that I was in sore need of being permitted to retire privately to my own room. I found my illustrious guest putting a plate over the final dish of the dinner, full of the tenderest anxiety to keep it warm on my account.

"Here is a lofely cheese-omelettes," said Grosse. "Two-thirds of him I have eaten my own self. The odder third I sweat with anxiety to keep warm for you. Sit down! sit down! Every moment he is getting cold."

"I am much obliged to you, Herr Grosse. I have just heard some miserable news—"

"Ach, Gott! don't tell it to me!" the wretch burst out, with a look of consternation. "No miserable news, I pray you, after such a dinner as I have eaten. Let me do my digestions! My goot-dear-creature, if you lofe me, let me do my digestions!"

"Will you excuse me, if I leave you to your digestion, and retire to my own room?"

He rose in a violent hurry, and opened the door for me.

"Yes! yes! From the deep bottoms of my heart I excuse you. Goot Madame Pratolungo, retire! retire!"

I had barely passed the threshold before the door was closed behind me. I heard the selfish old brute rub his hands, and chuckle over his success in shutting me and my sorrow both out of the room together.

Just as my hand was on my own door it occurred to me that I should do well to make sure of not being surprised by Lucilla over the reading of Oscar's letter. The truth is, that I shrank from reading it. In spite of my resolution to disbelieve the servant, the dread was now growing on me that the letter would confirm his statement, and would force it on me as the truth that Oscar had left us never to return. I retraced my steps, and entered Lucilla's room.

I could just see her, by the dim night-light burning in a corner to enable the surgeon or the nurse to find their way to her. She was alone in her favorite little wicker-work chair, with the doleful white bandage over her eyes—to all appearance quite content—busily knitting!

"Don't you feel lonely, Lucilla?"

She turned her head toward me, and answered in her gayest tones:

"Not in the least. I am quite happy as I am."

"Why is Zillah not with you?"

"I sent her away."

"You sent her away?"

"Yes! I couldn't enjoy myself thoroughly to-night unless I felt that I was quite alone. I have seen him, my dear—I have seen him! How could you possibly think I felt lonely? I am so inordinately happy that I am obliged to knit to keep myself quiet. If you say much more, I shall get up and dance—I know I shall! Where is Oscar? That odious Grosse—no! it is too bad to talk of the dear old man in that way, after he has given me back my sight. Still it *is* cruel of him to say that I am overexcited, and to forbid Oscar to come and see me to-night. Is Oscar with you, in the next room? Is he very much disappointed at being parted from me in this way? Say I am thinking of him—since I have seen him—with such new thoughts!"

"Oscar is not here to-night, my dear."

"No? then he is at Browndown, of course—with that poor, wretched, disfigured brother of his. I have got over my terror of Nugent's hideous face. I am even beginning (though I never liked him, as you know) to pity him, with such a dreadful complexion as that. Don't let us talk about it! Don't let us talk at all! I want to go on thinking of Oscar."

She resumed her knitting, and shut herself up luxuriously in her own happy thoughts. Knowing what I knew, it was nothing less than heart-breaking to see her and hear her. Afraid to trust myself to say another word, I softly closed the door, and charged Zillah (when her mistress rang her bell) to say for me that I was weary after the events of the day, and had gone to rest in my bedroom.

At last I was alone. At last I was at the end of my manœuvres to spare myself the miserable necessity of opening Oscar's letter. After first locking my door, I broke the seal, and read the lines which follow:

"KIND AND DEAR FRIEND,—Forgive me: I am going to surprise and distress you. My letter thanks you gratefully, and bids you a last farewell.

"Summon all your indulgence for me. Read these lines to the end: they will tell you what happened after I left the rectory.

"Nothing had been seen of Nugent, when I reached this house. It was not till a quarter of an hour later that I heard his voice at the door, calling to me, and asking if I had come back. I answered, and he joined me in the sitting-room. Nugent's first words to me were these:

"'Oscar, I have come to ask your pardon, and to bid you good-by.'

"I can give you no idea of the tone in which he said those words: it would have gone straight to your heart, as it went straight to mine. For the moment, I was not able to answer him. I could only offer him my hand. He sighed bitterly, and refused to take it.

"'I have something still to tell you,' he said. 'Wait till you have heard it; and give me your hand afterward—if you can.'

"He even refused to take the chair to which I pointed. He distressed me by standing in my presence as if he was my inferior. He said—

"No! I have need of all my calmness and all my courage. It shakes both to recall what he said to me. I sat down to write this intending to repeat to you every thing that passed between us. Another of my weaknesses! another of my failures! The tears come into my eyes again when my mind attempts to dwell on the details. I can only tell you the result. My brother's confession may be summed up in three words. Prepare yourself to be startled; prepare yourself to be grieved.

"Nugent loves her.

"Think of this discovery, falling on me after I had seen my innocent Lucilla's arms round his neck—after my own eyes had shown me how she rejoiced over her first sight of *him;* how she shuddered at her first sight of *me!* Need I tell you what I suffered? No.

"Nugent held out his hand, when he had done—as I had held out mine before he began.

"'The one atonement I can make to you and to her,' he said, 'is never to let either of you set eyes on me again. Shake hands, Oscar, and let me go.'

"If I had willed it so—so it might have ended. I willed it differently. It has ended differently. Can you guess how?"

I laid down the letter for a moment. It cut me with such keen regret—it fired me with such hot rage—that I was within a hair-breadth of tearing the rest of it up unread, and trampling it under my feet. I took a turn in the room. I dipped my handkerchief in water, and bound it round my head. In a minute or two I was myself again—I could force my mind away from my poor Lucilla, and return to the letter. It proceeded thus:

"I can write calmly of what I have next to tell you. You shall hear what I have decided, and what I have done.

"I told Nugent to wait in the room, while I went away and thought over what he had said to me by myself. He attempted to resist this. I insisted on his yielding. For the first time in our lives, we changed places. It was I who took the lead, and he who followed. I left him, and went out into the valley alone.

"The heavenly tranquillity, the comforting solitude, helped me. I saw my position and his in their true light. Before I got back I had decided (cost me what it might) on myself making the sacrifice to which my brother had offered to submit. For Lucilla's sake, and for Nugent's sake, I felt the certain assurance in my own mind that it was *my* duty, and not *his*, to go.

"Don't blame me; don't grieve for me. Read the rest. I want you to think of this with my thoughts—to feel about it as I feel at this moment.

"Bearing in mind what Nugent has confessed, and what I have myself seen, have I any right to hold Lucilla to her engagement? I am firmly persuaded that I have no right. After inspiring her with terror and disgust at the moment when her eyes first looked at me—after seeing her innocently happy in Nugent's arms—how, in God's name, can I claim her as mine? Our marriage has become an impossibility. For her own sake, I can not, I dare not, appeal to our engagement. The wreck of *my* happiness is nothing. The wreck of *her* happiness would be a crime. I absolve her from her engagement. She is free.

"There is my duty toward Lucilla—as I see it.

"As to Nugent next. I owe it entirely to my brother (at the time of the Trial) that the honor of our family has been saved, and that I have escaped a shameful death on the scaffold. Is there any limit to the obligation that he has laid on me, after doing me such a service as this? There is no limit. The man who loves Lucilla and the brother who has saved my life are one. I am bound to leave him free—I do leave him free—to win Lucilla by open and loyal means, if he can. As soon as Herr Grosse considers that she is fit to bear the disclosure, let her be told of the error into which she has fallen (through my fault), let her read these lines—purposely written to meet her eye as well as yours—and let my brother tell her afterward what has passed to-night in this house between himself and me. She loves him now, believing him to be Oscar. Will she love him still, after she has learned to know him under his own name? The answer to that question rests with Time. If it is an answer in Nugent's favor, I have already arranged to set aside from my income a sufficient yearly sum to place my brother in a position to begin his married life. I wish to leave his genius free to assert itself, untrammeled by pecuniary cares. Possessing, as I do, far more than enough for my own simple wants, I can dedicate my spare money to no better and nobler use than this.

"There is my duty toward Nugent—as I see it.

"What I have decided on, you now know. What I have done can be told in two words. I have left Browndown forever. I have gone, to live or die (as God pleases) under the blow that has fallen on me, far away from you all.

"Perhaps, when years have passed, and when their children are growing up round them, I may see Lucilla again, and may take, as the hand of my sister, the hand of the beloved woman who might once have been my wife. This may happen, if I live. If I die, you will none of you hear of it. My death shall not cast its shadow of sadness on their lives. Forgive me and forget me; and keep, as I keep, that first and noblest of all mortal hopes—the hope of the life to come.

"I inclose, when there is need for you to write to me, the address of my bankers in London. They will have their instructions. If you love me, if you pity me, abstain from attempting to shake my resolution. You may distress me—but you will never change me. Wait to write until Nugent has had the opportunity of pleading his own cause, and Lucilla has decided on her future life.

"Once more I thank you for the kindness which has borne with my weaknesses and my follies. God bless you—and good-by.

"OSCAR."

Of the effect which the first reading of this letter produced on me I shall say nothing. Even at this distance of time, I shrink from reviving the memory of what I suffered alone in my room on that miserable night. Let it be enough if I tell you briefly at what decision I arrived.

I determined on doing two things. First, on going to London by the earliest train the next morning, and finding my way to Oscar by means of his bankers. Secondly, on taking measures for preventing the villain who had accepted the sacrifice of his brother's happiness from entering the rectory in my absence.

The one comfort I had that night was in feeling that, on these two points, my mind was made up. There was a stimulant in my sense of my own resolution which strengthened me to make my excuses to Lucilla without betraying the grief that tortured me when I found myself in her presence again. Before I went to my bed I had left her quiet and happy; I had arranged with Herr Grosse that he was still to keep his excitable patient secluded from visitors all through the next day; and I had secured as an ally to help me in preventing Nugent from entering the house no less a person than Reverend Finch himself. I saw him in his study overnight, and told him all that had happened; keeping one circumstance only concealed—namely, Oscar's insane determination to share his fortune with his infamous brother. I purposely left the rector to suppose that Oscar had left Lucilla free to receive the addresses of a man who had dissipated his fortune to the last farthing. Mr. Finch's harangue, when this prospect was brought within his range of contemplation, was something to be remembered, but not (on this occasion) to be reported—in mercy to the Church.

By the train of the next morning I left for London.

By the train of the same evening I returned alone to Dimchurch, having completely failed to achieve the purpose which had taken me to the metropolis.

Oscar had appeared at the bank as soon as the doors were opened in the morning; had drawn out some hundreds of pounds in circular notes; had told the bankers that they would be furnished with an address, at which they could write to him, in due course of time: and had departed for the Continent, without leaving a trace behind him.

I spent the day in making what arrangements I could for discovering him by the usual methods of inquiry pursued in such cases; and took the return train to the country, with my mind alternating between despair when I thought of Lucilla, and anger when I thought of the twin brothers. In the first bitterness of my disappointment, I was quite as indignant with Oscar as with Nugent. With all my heart I cursed the day which had brought the one and the other to Dimchurch.

As we lengthened our distance from London, flying smoothly by the tranquil woods and fields, my mind, with time to help it, began to recover its balance. Little by little the unexpected revelation of firmness and decision in Oscar's conduct—heartily as I still deplored and blamed that conduct—began to have a new effect on my mind. I now looked back, in amazement and self-reproach, at my own superficial estimate of the characters of the twin brothers.

Thinking it over uninterruptedly, with no one in the carriage but myself, I arrived at a conclusion which strongly influenced my conduct in guiding Lucilla through the troubles and perils that were still to come.

Our physical constitutions have, as I take it, more to do with the actions which determine other people's opinions of us (as well as with the course of our own lives) than we generally suppose. A man with delicately strung nerves says and does things which often lead us to think more meanly of him than he deserves. It is his great misfortune constantly to present himself at his worst. On the other hand, a man provided

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with nerves vigorously constituted is provided also with a constitutional health and hardihood which express themselves brightly in his manners, and which lead to a mistaken impression that his nature is what it appears to be on the surface. Having good health, he has good spirits. Having good spirits, he wins as an agreeable companion on the persons with whom he comes in contact—although he may be hiding all the while, under an outer covering which is physically wholesome, an inner nature which is morally foul. In the last of these two typical men I saw reflected—Nugent. In the first—Oscar. All that was feeblest and poorest in Oscar's nature had shown itself on the surface in past times, to the concealment of its stronger and its nobler side. There had been something hidden in this super-sensitive man, who had shrunk under all the small trials of his life in our village, which had proved firm enough, when the greatness of the need called on it, to sustain the terrible disaster that had fallen on him. The nearer I got to the end of my journey the more certain I felt that I was only now learning (bitterly as he had disappointed me) to estimate Oscar's character at its true value. Inspired by this conviction, I began already to face our hopeless prospects boldly. As long as I had life and strength to help her, I determined that Lucilla should *not* lose the man whose best qualities I had failed to discover until he had made up his mind to turn his back on her forever.

When I reached the rectory I was informed that Mr. Finch wished to speak to me. My anxiety about Lucilla made me unwilling to submit to any delay in seeing her. I sent a message informing the rector that I would be with him in a few minutes, and ran up stairs into Lucilla's room.

"Has it been a very long day, my dear?" I asked, when our first greetings were over.

"It has been a delightful day," she answered, joyously. "Grosse took me out for a walk before he went back to London. Can you guess where our walk led us?"

A chilly sense of misgiving seized me. I drew back from her. I looked at her lovely, happy face without the slightest admiration of it—worse still, with downright distrust of it.

"Where did you go?" I asked.

"To Browndown, of course!"

An exclamation escaped me. ("Infamous Grosse!" spit out between my teeth, in my own language.) I could *not* help it. I should have died if I had repressed it—I was in such a rage.

Lucilla laughed. "There! there! It was my fault; I insisted on speaking to Oscar. As soon as I had my own way, I behaved perfectly. I never asked to have the bandage taken off; I was satisfied with only speaking to him. Dear old Grosse—he isn't half as hard on me as you and my father—was with us all the time. It has done me so much good. Don't be sulky about it, you darling Pratolungo! My 'surgeon-optic' sanctions my imprudence. I won't ask you to go with me to Browndown to-morrow; Oscar is coming to return my visit."

Those last words decided me. I had had a weary time of it since the morning; but (for me) the day was not at an end yet. I said to myself, "I will have it out with Mr. Nugent Dubourg before I go to my bed to-night!"

"Can you spare me for a little while?" I asked. "I must go to the other side of the house. Your father wishes to speak to me."

Lucilla started. "About what?" she inquired, eagerly.

"About business in London," I answered—and left her, before her curiosity could madden me (in the state I was in at that moment) with more questions.

I found the rector prepared to favor me with his usual flow of language. Fifty Mr. Finches could not have possessed themselves of my attention in the humor I was in at that moment. To the reverend gentleman's amazement, it was I who began—and not he.

"I have just left Lucilla, Mr. Finch. I know what has happened."

"Wait a minute, Madame Pratolungo! One thing is of the utmost importance to begin with. Do you thoroughly understand that *I* am, in no sense of the word, to blame—"

"Thoroughly," I interposed. "Of course they would not have gone to Browndown if you had consented to let Nugent Dubourg into the house."

"Stop!" said Mr. Finch, elevating his right hand. "My good creature, you are in a state of hysterical precipitation. I *will* be heard! I did more than refuse my consent. When the man Grosse—I insist on your composing yourself—when the man Grosse came and spoke to me about it, I did more, I say, infinitely more, than refuse my consent. You know my force of language. Don't be alarmed! I said, Sir! As pastor and parent, My Foot is down—"

"I understand, Mr. Finch. Whatever you said to Herr Grosse was quite useless; he entirely ignored your personal point of view."

"Madame Pratolungo—"

"He found Lucilla dangerously agitated by her separation from Oscar: he asserted what he calls his professional freedom of action."

"Madame Pratolungo—"

"You persisted in closing your doors to Nugent Dubourg. *He* persisted, on his side—and took Lucilla to Browndown."

Mr. Finch got on his feet, and asserted himself at the full pitch of his tremendous voice.

"Silence!" he shouted, with a smack of his open hand on the table at his side.

I didn't care. *I* shouted. *I* came down with a smack of my hand on the opposite side of the table.

"One question, Sir, before I leave you," I said. "Since your daughter went to Browndown you have had many hours at your disposal. Have you seen Mr. Nugent Dubourg?"

The Pope of Dimchurch suddenly collapsed, in full fulmination of his domestic Bulls.

"Pardon me," he replied, adopting his most elaborately polite manner. "This requires considerable explanation."

I declined to wait for considerable explanation. "You have *not* seen him?" I said.

"I have *not* seen him," echoed Mr. Finch. "My position toward Nugent Dubourg is very remarkable, Madame Pratolungo. In my parental character, I should like to wring his neck. In my clerical character, I feel it incumbent on me to pause, and write to him. You feel the responsibility? You understand the distinction?"

I understood that he was afraid. Answering him by an inclination of the head (I hate a coward!), I walked silently to the door.

Mr. Finch returned my bow with a look of helpless perplexity. "Are you going to leave me?" he inquired, blandly.

"I am going to Browndown."

If I had said that I was going to a place which the rector had frequent occasion to mention in the stronger passages of his sermons, Mr. Finch's face could hardly have shown more astonishment and alarm than it exhibited when I replied to him in those terms. He lifted his persuasive right hand; he opened his eloquent lips. Before the coming overflow of language could reach me I was out of the room, on my way to Browndown.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-EIGHTH.

IS THERE NO EXCUSE FOR HIM?

OSCAR'S dismissed servant (left, during the usual month of warning, to take care of the house) opened the door to me when I knocked. Although the hour was already a late one in primitive Dimchurch, the man showed no signs of surprise at seeing me.

"Is Mr. Nugent Dubourg at home?"

"Yes, ma'am." He lowered his voice, and added, "I think Mr. Nugent expected to see you to-night."

Whether he intended it or not, the servant had done me a good turn—he had put me on my guard. Nugent Dubourg understood my character better than I had understood his. He had foreseen what would happen when I heard of Lucilla's visit, on my return to the rectory, and he had, no doubt, prepared himself accordingly. I was conscious of a certain nervous trembling (I own) as I followed the servant to the sitting-room. At the moment, however, when he opened the door, this ignoble sensation left me as suddenly as it had come. I felt myself Pratolungo's widow again when I entered the room.

A reading-lamp, with its shade down, was the only light on the table. Nugent Dubourg, comfortably reposing in an easy-chair, sat by the lamp, with a cigar in his mouth and a book in his hand. He put down the book on the table as he rose to receive me. Knowing by this time what sort of man I had to deal with, I was determined not to let even the merest trifles escape me. It might have its use in helping me to understand him if I knew how he had been occupying his mind while he was expecting me to arrive. I looked at the book. It was "Rousseau's Confessions."

He advanced with his pleasant smile, and offered his hand as if nothing had happened to disturb our ordinary relations toward each other. I drew back a step, and looked at him.

"Won't you shake hands with me?" he asked.

"I will answer that directly," I said. "Where is your brother?"

"I don't know."

"When you *do* know, Mr. Nugent Dubourg, and when you have brought your brother back to this house, I will take your hand—not before."

He bowed resignedly, with a little satirical shrug of his shoulders, and asked if he might offer me a chair.

I took a chair for myself, and placed it so that I might be opposite to him when he resumed his seat. He checked himself in the act of sitting down, and looked toward the open window.

"Shall I throw away my cigar?" he said.

"Not on my account. I have no objection to smoking."

"Thank you." He took his chair—keeping his face in the partial obscurity cast by the shade of the lamp. After smoking for a moment he spoke again, without turning to look at me. "May I ask what your object is in honoring me with this visit?"

"I have two objects. The first is to see that you leave Dimchurch to-morrow morning. The second is to restore your brother to happiness by uniting him to his promised wife."

He looked round at me quickly. His experience of my irritable temper had not prepared him for the perfect composure of voice and manner with which I answered his question. He looked back again from me to his cigar, and knocked off the ash at the tip of it (considering with himself) before he addressed his next words to me.

"We will come to the question of my leaving Dimchurch presently," he said. "Have you received a letter from Oscar?"

"Yes."

"Have you read it?"

"I have read it."

"Then you know that we understand each other?"

"I know that your brother has sacrificed himself, and that you have taken a base advantage of the sacrifice."

He started, and looked round at me once more. I saw that something in my language or in my tone of speaking had stung him.

"You have your privilege as a lady," he said. "Don't push it too far. What Oscar has done, he has done of his own free-will."

"What Oscar has done," I rejoined, "is lamentably foolish, cruelly wrong. Still, perverted as it is, there is something generous, something noble, in the motive which has led *him*. As for your conduct in this matter, I see nothing but what is mean, nothing but what is cowardly, in the motive which has led *you*."

He started to his feet, and flung his cigar into the empty fire-place.

"Madame Pratolungo," he said, "I have not the honor of knowing any thing of your family. I can't call a woman to account for insulting me. Do you happen to have any *man* related to you, in or out of England?"

"I happen to have what will do equally well on this occasion," I replied. "I have a hearty contempt for threats of all sorts, and a steady resolution in me to say what I think."

He walked to the door, and opened it.

"I decline to give you the opportunity of saying any thing more," he rejoined. "I beg to leave you in possession of the room, and to wish you good-evening."

He opened the door. I had entered the house armed in my own mind with a last, desperate resolve, only to be communicated to him, or to any body, in the final emergency and at the eleventh hour. The time had come for saying what I had hoped with my whole heart to have left unsaid.

I rose on my side, and stopped him as he was leaving the room.

SAVED FROM THE WRECK.

OUR double-page illustration this week suggests a story of shipwreck, suffering, and heroism. A steamer, with its precious freight of human lives, has gone ashore in the night on some rock-bound coast. Half her boats have been stove in or have broken loose before she struck; nor is there room in those that are left for a quarter of the souls on board. The only thing to be done is "to throw out anchors and wait for the day." The prospect disclosed by that breaking day has nothing reassuring. The wind has been getting up, if any thing; there is a fierce green sea running; the ship, hard jammed forward and afloat astern, is laboring frightfully. Even the composed captain shakes his head at the idea of trusting to the boats to round those iron-bound headlands opposite, half hidden in the clouds of foam; and no wonder the passengers are pale or swooning, and the seamen swearing. Already, although all are destined to be saved, they have tasted the bitterness of death. Help from the land seems to be their sole chance of escaping, and nothing with oars or steam is out in response to their appeals with blue-lights and minute-guns.

But assistance comes with breaking day. The cliffs are crowded with people ready to risk their own lives to save those of the helpless people on the steamer. A cask, to which a line is attached, is thrown overboard; it is cast ashore by the waves, and the line, seized by skillful hands, is soon stretched from ship to shore. By means of this line a stout cable is drawn ashore, and a hardy seaman or life-boatman makes his way along it through the waves, dragging with him a second line, to which is attached a strong basket. This is slung to the cable by means of a block and tackle; and then, freighted with precious life, it is dragged ashore. Imagine to yourselves the supreme agony of that moment! It is a close wrestle with the elements. The sight of the basket swinging loosely from the fore-yard, and every now and then swept by the great green waves, might well deter them. Imagine mothers watching the trajectory of their children, or husbands of their wives, and the long queue of expectants struggling, not for a good place in church or theatre, but for the chance of escape from a horrible death. Figure the agonizing deliberation of the process at best, and multiply the real time occupied by the frenzied impatience of those who know that the slightest freshening of the fickle wind is their death-warrant.

The mother in our illustration could not be parted from her child. They have been drawn ashore together, drenched with salt-water, chilled to insensibility, half drowned, yet still living. Kind hands will soon lift them from the basket-chair, and take them to some house on the cliff, where they will be restored to consciousness, and warmed and cheered.

The sailor's life may be monotonous, but it is a wearing monotony of hardship; and if he learns to despise death or ignore it, it is only because constant familiarity has bred contempt. The stoutest ship may succumb in mid-ocean to sheer violence. There are latitudes, like those to the south of the Horn, where the tempests break wildly loose at certain seasons, and you have to lie out in the pitchy night on frozen yards among ice-bound sails, with the vessel swaying and heeling as she groans to the successive shocks of seas rolling from the pole. Destruction there is a risk you may confidently anticipate.

The greater number of disasters at sea, like that which forms the subject of our illustration, are slips between the cup and the lip, occurring literally within sight of the coast lights. We read in the telegraphic dispatch the curt sentence, "Bark so-and-so went ashore on the blank rocks, in a dense fog." That is the simplest and safest form of casualty, and yet it has provided for the crew abundance of excitement. The master is out in his reckoning, and only learns that he has made a mistake in the lights when he hears and feels a grating, rasping tremor beneath his feet, accompanied almost simultaneously by a dull, rending crash. It is too dark to see any thing down in the gloom when they tear off the fore-hatchways; but an ominous gurgling is heard. The pumps are manned, and although the month is December, and the thermometer several degrees below freezing-point, the men find work enough to keep them warm. They do not spare themselves in their short, sharp spells, but it is quickly apparent that they are overmatched. There is nothing for it but to take to the boat; and when they have emptied her of the sack of potatoes, the cask of tar, and other odds and ends which have been stowed away in her for convenience, it is high time they themselves tumbled in. Of course the boat was never intended for any thing but harbor use, and, although the men can see little of her by the dim light of the single lantern, the individual who officiates as carpenter remembers vividly the rough-and-ready fashion in which he cobbled her when in port the other day, the worm-eaten edge of the torn plank, and the way it gaped under the blunt points of his nails. As they attempt to push off against the suction of the water, the tinder of the gunwales grinds away against the rock, while a rowlock, snapping like touch-wood, paralyzes one of the oars. It is a good nine miles' pull before they can hope to beach their boat, and an ugly current is running between them and safety, as they chance to know too well. Their frail old tub, overladen and half crippled as she is, soon begins to open at the ill-payed seams; the water rising in her bottom would chill their feet, if these were not well-nigh frost-bitten already; yet they do manage to convince themselves of its presence when they put down their numbed hands in the darkness. Of course they forgot to take any thing to bale with, so the spare hands go to work as best they can with their sou'westers. Meantime they painfully force the water-logged boat inch by inch through cross-seas and hostile currents, with nothing to tell them what progress they are making; and perhaps it is just as well it should be so. Does any one fancy that that handful of castaways does not expend in the long hours of a single night enough passion to make the fortune of a dozen novels of action, could it be expressed? Yet these are comparatively simple elements for a sea romance.

INTRENCHED CAMPS.

THE experiences of the late war have taught the French the futility of their system of fortification, and the superiority of the artillery which modern science and enterprise can oppose to it. The new theory of defense is based not upon a system of forts or fortresses, but of vast intrenched camps. Rouen is accordingly to take the place of the surrendered fortress of Metz, and to become the great military establishment of France. The school of artillery will be located there, constructed for long-range guns, and a regular arsenal established. The situation of Rouen in every way marks its fitness for such a purpose. Its position on the right bank of the Seine, its proximity to the capital, from which it is only forty leagues distant, and above all the regular network of railways which surround it, give artificial advantages to a site already strongly fortified by nature. It is expected that the President of the republic will visit the place, and on his return will call upon the Chambers to vote 1,800,000 francs for the prompt carrying on of the necessary works. M. Thiers is not a man likely to neglect fortification of the capital. The line of forts that protect it will be pushed back considerably, and some important points, such as Chatillon, Hautes-Bruyeres, and Moulin-Saquot, will be fortified. It is expected that these works will render a future investment of Paris utterly impossible, and at the same time will allow of the establishment in the rear of an intrenched camp on a very large scale.

AN ANCIENT CEMETERY.

THE most ancient cemetery in Paris is at present being removed and dug up at the cost of the state, and under the direction of the government authorities. Its existence dates back to a period anterior to the sixth century, and, as we might expect, the work of exhumation has disclosed objects of the most valuable antiquarian interest. The cemetery was attached to the original Church of St. Peter and St. Paul, afterward known as Ste. Geneviève, and a little book, written in the ninth century, and entitled "The Miracles of Ste. Geneviève," describes it as extending all along the road which led to the route to Sens, up to and including the territory of the Church of St. Marcel. It is at that part of the cemetery that the works are now being carried on, and the workmen have come upon a series of coffins all belonging to the Merovingian epoch. The discovery of numerous skeletons, not in coffins, confirms an interesting point of antiquity connected with the adjoining church. The Church of St. Marcel was founded by Roland Comte de Bloye, nephew of Charlemagne, and its chapter for a long time held the right of administering justice over a large part of the Faubourg St. Marcel. It had its regular officers, its procureur fiscal, its bailiff, and its register. The gibbets, the most popular attributes of justice in those days, were permanent institutions, and, in fact, remained standing there till 1674, when a royal edict removed them to the Chatelet, which had just been created. In the church was the tomb of Peter Lombard, Bishop of Paris, so well known as the "Maître des Sentences," and in the cemetery itself were buried many men whose names are familiar to Europe—D'Agueseau and Du Moulin, the famous lawyers and jurisconsults; De Thou and Duchesne, the historians, and several members of the princely house of Conti; but the remains of these and other illustrious dead have been already exhumed, and were removed to the catacombs in 1794. The coffins which the workmen have discovered are in some cases of very old date—some of stone, some of composition, and some of baked clay. The ornaments upon one prove it to date from the seventh century, and the heads of the skeletons are all found turned to the east, according to the usage of the primitive church.

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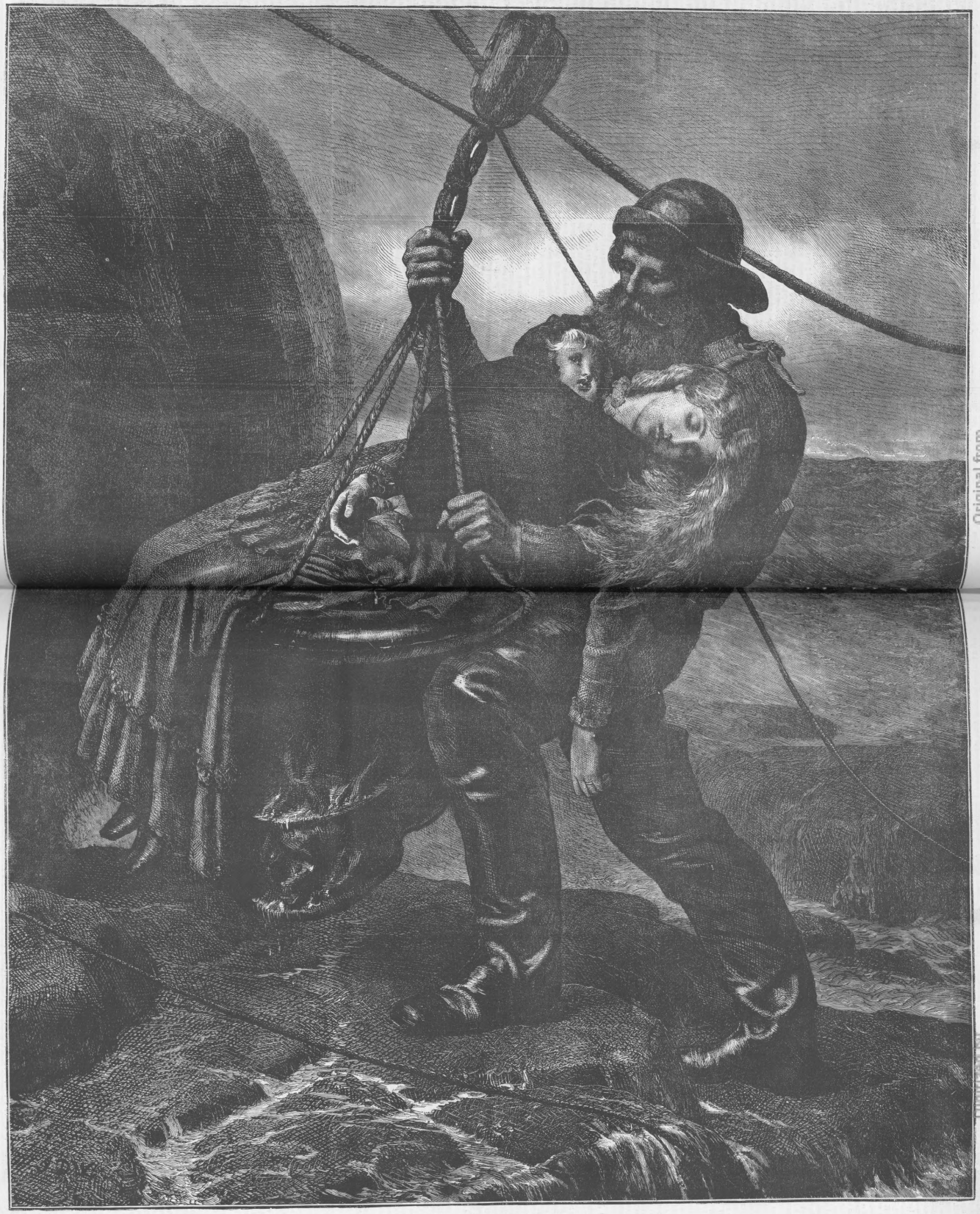

SAVED FROM THE WRECK.—[See Page 1211.]

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LORD KILGOBBIN.

By CHARLES LEVER.

Author of "That Boy of Norcott's," "The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly," "Sir Brooke Fossbrooke," "A Day's Ride," "One of Them," "Gerald Fitzgerald," etc., etc.

CHAPTER LIX.

A LETTER-BAG.

LORD DANESBURY read Atlee's letter with an enjoyment not unlike the feeling an old sportsman experiences in discovering that his cover hack—an animal not worth twenty pounds—was a capital fencer; that a beast only destined to the commonest of uses should actually have qualities that recalled the steeple-chaser—that the scrubby little creature with the thin neck and the shabby quarters should have a turn of speed and a "big jump" in him—was something scarcely credible, and highly interesting.

Now political life has its handicaps like the turf, and that old jockey of many cabinets began seriously to think whether he might not lay a little money on that dark horse Joe Atlee, and make something out of him before he was better known in "the ring."

He was smarting, besides, under the annoyances of that half-clever fellow Walpole when Atlee's letter reached him, and, though the unlucky Cecil had taken ill and kept his room ever since his arrival, his Excellency had never forgiven him, nor by a word or sign showed any disposition to restore him to favor.

That he was himself overwhelmed by a correspondence, and left to deal with it almost alone, scarcely contributed to reconcile him to a youth more smarting, as he deemed it, under a recent defeat than really ill; and he pointed to the mass of papers which now littered his breakfast-table, and querulously asked his niece if that brilliant young gentleman up stairs could be induced to postpone his sorrows and copy a dispatch.

"If it be not something very difficult, or requiring very uncommon care, perhaps I could do it myself."

"So you could, Maude, but I want you too: I shall want to copy out parts of Atlee's last letter, which I wish to place before the Foreign Office Secretary. He ought to see what his protégé Brumsey is making of it. These are the idiots who get us into foreign wars, or those apologetic movements in diplomacy which are as bad as lost battles. What a contrast to Atlee!—a rare clever dog, Atlee; and so awake not only to one, but to every contingency of a case. I like that fellow: I like a fellow that stops all the earths! Your half-clever ones never do that; they only do enough to prolong the race: they don't win it. That bright relative of ours—Cecil—is one of those. Give Atlee Walpole's chances, and where would he be?"

A very faint color tinged her cheek as she listened, but did not speak.

"That's the real way to put it," continued he, more warmly. "Say to Atlee, 'You shall enter public life without any pressing need to take office for a livelihood; you shall have friends able to push you with one party, and relations and connections with the opposition, to save you from unnecessary cavil or question; you shall be well introduced socially, and have a seat in the House before—' What's his age? five-and-twenty?"

"I should say about three-and-twenty, my lord; but it is a mere guess."

"Three-and-twenty, is he? I suspect you are right—he can't be more. But what a deal the fellow has crammed for that time!—plenty of rubbish, no doubt: old dramatists and such like; but he is well up in his treaties, and there's not a speaker of eminence in the House that he can not make contradict himself out of Hansard."

"Has he any fortune?" sighed she, so lazily that it scarcely sounded as a question.

"I suppose not."

"Nor any family?"

"Brothers and sisters he may have—indeed, he is sure to have; but if you mean connections—belongings to persons of admitted station—of course he has not. The name alone might show it."

Another little sigh, fainter than before, followed, and all was still.

"Five years hence, if even so much, the plebeian name and the unknown stock will be in his favor; but we have to wade through a few dreary measures before that. I wish he was in the House: he ought to be in the House."

"Is there a vacancy?" said she, lazily.

"Two. There is Cradford, and there is that Scotch place—the something-Burg, which, of course, one of their own people will insist on."

"Couldn't he have Cradford?" asked she, with a very slight animation.

"He might—at least if Brand knew him, he'd see he was the man they wanted. I almost think I'll write a line to Brand, and send him some extracts of the last letter. I will—here goes:"

"If you'll tell me—"

"DEAR B.,—Read the inclosed, and say have you any body better than the writer for your ancient borough of Cradford? The fellow can talk, and I am sure he can speak as well as he writes. He is well up in all Irish press iniquities. Better than all, he has neither prejudices nor principles, nor, as I believe, a five-pound note in the world. He is now in Greece, but I'll have him over by telegraph if you give me encouragement.

"Tell Tycross at F. O. to send Walpole to Guatemala, and order him to his post at once. G. will have told you that I shall not go back to Ireland. The blunder of my ever seeing it was the blackest in the life of yours,

"DANESBURY."

The first letter his lordship opened gave him very little time or inclination to bestow more thought on Atlee. It was from the head of the Cabinet, and in the coldest tone imaginable. The writer directed his attention to what had occurred in the House the night before, and how impossible it was for any Government to depend on colleagues whose administration had been so palpably blundering and unwise. "Conciliation can only succeed by the good faith it inspires. Once that it leaks out you are more eager to achieve a gain than confer a benefit, you cease to conciliate, and you only cajole. Now your lordship might have apprehended that, in this especial game, the Popish priest is your master and mine—not to add that he gives an undivided attention to a subject which we have to treat as one among many, and with the relations and bearings which attach it to other questions of state.

"That you can not, with advantage to the Crown, or, indeed, to your own dignity, continue to hold your present office is clear enough; and the only question now is in what way, consistent with the safety of the Administration and respect for your lordship's high character, the relinquishment had best be made. The debate has been, on Gregory's motion, adjourned. It will be continued on Tuesday, and my colleagues opine that if your resignation was in their hands before that day certain leaders of the Opposition would consent to withdraw their motion. I am not wholly agreed with the other members of the Cabinet on this point; but, without embarrassing you with the reasons which sway my judgment, I will simply place the matter before you for your own consideration, perfectly assured, as I am, that your decision will be come to only on consideration of what you deem best for the interests of the country.

"My colleague at the Foreign Office will write to-day or to-morrow with reference to your former post, and I only allude to it now to say the unmixed satisfaction it would give the Cabinet to find that the greatest interests of Eastern Europe were once more in the keeping of the ablest diplomatist of the age, and one of the most far-sighted of modern statesmen.

"A motion for the abolition of the Irish viceroyalty is now on the notice paper, and it will be matter for consideration whether we may not make it an open question in the Cabinet. Perhaps your lordship would favor me with such opinions on the subject as your experiences suggest.

"The extra session has wearied out every one, and we can with difficulty make a house.

"Yours sincerely, G. ANNIVET."

The next he opened was briefer. It ran thus:

"DEAR DANESBURY,—You must go back at once to Turkey. That inscrutable idiot Brumsey has discovered another mare's-nest, and we are lucky if Gortchakoff does not call upon us for public apology. Brunow is outrageous, and demands B.'s recall. I sent off the dispatch while he was with me. Leflo Pasha is very ill, they say dying, so that you must haste back to your old friend (query: which is he?) Kulbash, if it be not too late, as Apponyi thinks.

"Yours, G."

"P.S.—Take none of your Irish suit with you to the East. The papers are sure to note the names, and attack you if you should. They shall be cared for somehow, if there be any who interest you.

"You have seen that the House was not overcivil to you on Saturday night, though A. thinks you got off well."

"Resign!" cried he, aloud, as he dashed the letter on the table. "I think I would resign! If they asked what would tempt me to go back there, I should be sorely puzzled to name it. No; not the blue ribbon itself would induce me to face that chaos once more. As to the hint about my Irish staff, it was quite unnecessary. Not very likely, Maude, we should take Walpole to finish on the Bosphorus what he has begun on the Liffey."

He turned hastily to the *Times*, and threw his eyes over the summary of the debate. It was acrimonious and sneery. The Opposition leaders, with accustomed smoothness, had made it appear that the Viceroy's Eastern experience had misled him, and that he thought "Tipperary was a pashalic!" Imbued with notions of wholesale measures of government, so applicable to Turkey, it was easy to see how the errors had affected his Irish policy. "There was," said the speaker, "somebody to be conciliated in Ireland, and some one to be hanged; and what more natural than that he should forget which, or that he should make the mistake of keeping all the flattery for the rebel and the rope for the priest!" The neatness of the illustration took with the House, and the speaker was interrupted by "much laughter." And then he went on to say that, "as with those well-known ointments or medicines, whose specific virtues lay in the enormous costliness of some of the constituents, so it must give unspeakable value to the efficacy of those healing measures for Ireland to know that the whole British Constitution was boiled down to make one of them; and every right and liberty brayed in the mortar to furnish even one dose of this precious elixir." And then there was "laughter" again.

"He ought to be more merciful to charlatans. Dogs do not eat dogs," muttered his lordship to himself, and then asked his niece to send Walpole to him.

It was some time before Walpole appeared, and when he did it was with such a wasted look and care-worn aspect as might have pleaded in his favor.

"Maude told me you wished to see me, my lord," said he, half diffidently.

"Did I? eh? Did I say so? I forget all about it. What could it be? Let us see—was it this stupid row they were making in the House? Have you read the debate?"

"No, my lord; not looked at a paper."

"Of course not; you have been too ill, too weak. Have you seen a doctor?"

"I don't care to see a doctor; they all say the same thing. I only need rest and quiet."

"Only that! Why, they are the two things nobody can get. Power can not have them, nor money buy them. The retired tradesman—I beg his pardon, the cheese-monger: he is always a cheese-monger now who represents vulgarity and bunk stock—he may have his rest and quiet; but a minister must not dream of such a luxury, nor any one who serves a minister. Where's the quiet to come from, I ask you, after such a tirade of abuse as that?" And he pointed to the *Times*. "There's *Punch*, too, with a picture of me measuring out 'Danesbury's drops, to cure loyalty.' That slim youth handling the spoon is meant for *you*, Walpole."

"Perhaps so, my lord," said he, coldly.

"They haven't given you too much leg, Cecil," said the other, laughing; but Cecil scarcely relished the joke.

"I say, Piccadilly is scarcely the place for a man after that—I mean, of course, for a while," continued he. "These things are not eternal; they have their day. They had me last week traveling in Ireland on a camel; and I was made to say that 'the air of the desert always did me good!' Poor fun, was it not?"

"Very poor fun indeed!"

"And you were the boy preparing my chibouque, and I must say, devilish like."

"I did not see it, my lord."

"That's the best way: don't look at the caricatures; don't read the *Saturday Review*; never know there is any thing wrong with you; nor, if you can, that any thing disagrees with you."

"I should like the last delusion best of all," said he.

"Who would not?" cried the old lord. "The way I used to eat potted prawns at Eton, and peach jam after them, and iced guavas, and never felt better! And now every thing gives acidity."

"Just because our fathers and grandfathers would have those potted prawns you spoke of."

"No, no; you are all wrong. It's the new race—it's the new generation. They don't bear reverses. Whenever the world goes wrong with them, they talk as they feel, they lose appetite, and they fall down to a state like your—a—Walpole—like your own!"

"Well, my lord, I don't think I could be called captious for saying that the world has not gone over-well with me."

"Ah—hum. You mean— No matter. I suppose the luckiest hand is not all trumps. The thing is to score the trick: that's the point, Walpole—to score the trick!"

"Up to this I have not been so fortunate."

"Well, who knows what's coming? I have just asked the Foreign Office people to give you Guatemala: not a bad thing, as times go."

"Why, my lord, it's banishment and barbarism together. The pay is miserable. It *is* far away, and it *is* not Pall Mall, or the Rue Rivoli."

"No; not that. There is twelve hundred for salary, and something for a house, and something more for a secretary that you don't keep, and an office that you need not have. In fact, it makes more than two thousand; and for a single man, in a place where he can not be extravagant, it will suffice."

"Yes, my lord; but I was presumptuous enough to imagine a condition in which I should not be a single man, and I speculated on the possibility that another might venture to share even poverty as my companion."

"A woman wouldn't go there—at least, she ought not. It's all bush life, or something like it. Why should a woman bear that? or a man ask her to do so?"

"You seem to forget, my lord, that affections may be engaged and pledges interchanged."

"Get a bill of indemnity, therefore, to release you. Better that than wait for yellow fever to do it."

"I confess that your lordship's words give me great discouragement, and if I could possibly believe that Lady Maude was of your mind—"

"Maude! Maude! Why, you never imagined that Lady Maude would leave comfort and civilization for this bush life, with its rancheros and rattlesnakes! I confess," said he, with a bitter laugh, "I did not think either of you was bent on being Paul or Virginia."

"Have I your lordship's permission to ask her own judgment in the matter: I mean, with the assurance of its not being biased by you?"

"Freely, most freely do I give it. She is not the girl I believe her if she leaves you long in doubt. But I prejudge nothing, and I influence nothing."

"Am I to conclude, my lord, that I am sure of this appointment?"

"I almost believe I can say you are. I have asked for a reply by telegraph, and I shall probably have one to-morrow."

"You seem to have acted under the conviction that I should be glad to get this place."

"Yes; such was my conclusion. After that 'fiasco' in Ireland, you must go somewhere, for a time at least, out of the way. Now as a man can not die for half a dozen years and come back to life when people have forgotten his unpopularity, the next best thing is South America. Bogota and the Argentine Republic have whitewashed many a reputation."

"I will remember your lordship's wise words."

"Do so," said my lord, curtly, for he felt offended at the flippant tone in which the other spoke. "I don't mean to say that I'd send the writer of that letter yonder to Yucatan or Costa Rica."

"Who may the gifted writer be, my lord?"

"Atlee, Joe Atlee; the fellow you sent over here."

"Indeed!" was all that Walpole could utter.

"Just take it to your room and read it over. You will be astonished at the thing. The fellow has got to know the bearings of a whole set of new questions; and how he understands the men he has got to deal with!"

"With your leave I will do so," said he, as he took the letter and left the room.

GRACE ALLEN.

"WELL, she's a pretty birdie, and too young for William; so it is not so bad as it might have been," said Aunt Maria, gravely, to her maid. "But, mercy me! what a daft-like thing to leave a bit lassie like that to our Will to take care of! That there was an Aunt Maria at home to hold things together, and keep his house from falling about his ears, while Will was rambling about heathen parts, never entered poor Jack Allen's head; but then poor Jack—the Lord forgive me for speaking an ill word of the dead!—never had any head, so far as I know; and certainly to make my nephew, Will Magnus, guardian to a lass of sixteen was about the foolishest thing of a rare foolish life. However, we'll do the best we can for her, poor bit thing, and we can not do more; eh, Jane?"

"No, ma'am," said Jane, demurely, mentally calculating the extra trouble which the young lady just arrived would give, and wondering that her mistress had borne so patiently with what mistress and maid well knew would be an immense interruption to the method and regularity of their lives. For both Aunt Maria and Jane Crupper, her factotum, were spinsters of a certain age, and as such not naturally inclined to the companionship of a pretty girl of sixteen, who was sure, they both thought, to have less sense than folly, and to be no good in the house, take her how they would. But if old maids, both women were substantially kind and generous; so poor little Grace was bidden welcome, with a magnanimous resolve to make the best of every thing, and not to let mole-hills look too much like mountains.

Up stairs, whiles crying, whiles pondering, sat Grace Allen, poor Jack's orphaned child and William Magnus's ward. Grace had never known her mother, which was one among other reasons why the kind, soft heart of her father had yearned over her with such passionate tenderness, and why, had she been any one but Grace, she would have been spoiled ages ago. As it was, maybe she was just a shade spoiled on the outside, but then the heart of her was as pure as a bit of gold; and if she had been indulged, she had not learned to be selfish. Jack had brought her up on the principle of love, and, on the whole, his workmanship might be commended. Then she was pretty—very pretty: a fair-faced, brown-haired girl, tall for her years, with a skin like rose leaves and cream, as her old nurse used to say, and a look of wholesomeness, if not of great strength, about her; a girl of warm and steadfast affections, not passions; faithful, loyal, truthful, loving; but a creature that cried rather than stormed when things went ill, and sorrows and disappointments, which not even Jack nor Nursey could keep from her, fell on her young head.

This was one of them. She had been wretched enough six months ago, when she had lost her dear Nursey, who had been to her like a second mother; but what was even that to this other terrible grief, the loss of her good, tender father, her friend, her protector, her playmate, her beloved! No wonder that she cried, poor darling, if between whiles she pondered; and the shape her thoughts took chiefly was, "I wonder what kind of man my guardian is?" and "I wonder if I shall ever see Addy again, and if he will keep his promise and write to me?"

Addy was a young man standing in the registrar's books as Adolphus Cayley, the son of Color-Sergeant Cayley, of the regiment where poor Jack had been major. Moreover, he was Nursey's nephew: and not a gentleman. But he was a fine, handsome, gallant youth, learning now to be a civil engineer; a lad with brains and the knowledge of how to use them, and who, by the grace of natural refinement, quick perceptions, and some good fortune in early associations, had gained a quite passable amount of good-breeding, so that his manners, if not noticeably aristocratic, were by no means plebeian. And he had been much with Grace, both years ago, when they were little people playing with cowslip balls and daisy chains in the meadows, and later, when, grown girl and youth, they had not found the two ends of the village where they lived so far apart that they could not meet every day, nor the barriers of rank so insuperable that they could not learn to be friends—dear friends, such friends as a boy and girl, used to each other from childhood, and whose affections have not been diverted by interlopers, are by habit and that mysterious thing we call nature. Jack Allen had never interfered with the acquaintance. Bohemian as he was by inclination, and easy-tempered to a fault, so long as his little girl was pleased he was satisfied; and Nursey, who loved the bright, brave boy like her own—well, Nursey shut her eyes, and kept on repeating to herself, "They are only children," long after Addy, at the least, had learned enough of his own mind to know the contrary. So things had been in the past. What they would be in the future, with Aunt Maria's old-fashioned Scottish ideas about caste and maidenly dignity; with William Magnus's high notions of duty, and the care he ought to take of his dead friend's daughter; with Grace Allen's loyalty on the one side, and want of fight on the other; and with young Addy's personal pride to keep him to his point, and conventional sensitiveness to make him forbear to press that point—what they would

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be, with all these warring elements to perplex and distract, remained now to be seen. Meanwhile poor little Grace cried, and Aunt Maria and her maid Jane generously resolved to make the best of a bargain not wholly to their mind.

"My dear, who's your correspondent?' asked Aunt Maria, for her a trifle sternly, as, two or three weeks after her arrival at High Elm, Grace Allen's fair face flushed and dimpled with delight when the servant handed her a letter, addressed in a large, bold, well-written hand.

"Addy," replied Grace, laconically.

"Addy? but who is Addy?"

"Addy Cayley," repeated Grace.

"Two daft words don't make one wise answer," said Aunt Maria, smiling and knitting her brows at the same moment. "'Addy' first, and then 'Addy Cayley,' don't tell me much, lassie. Come, now, open out! Who and what is this Addy Cayley, who writes—eh, my heart! but he writes long letters!"

"I have not much to tell you, Aunt Maria," said Grace, demurely. "Addy Cayley is a boy I know; poor papa knew him, and Nursey, and he is with Mr. Tine, the engineer, and he's going to make railroads out in India some day, and I've known him all my life, and I can't tell you any more."

"What's his father?" asked Aunt Maria, coming to the point.

"Color-sergeant in poor papa's regiment," said Grace; and for the first time in her life she wished that Addy's father had epaulets like a major's.

"Color-sergeant! and in your poor papa's own regiment? Lassie, he's no fit companion for you," said Aunt Maria, warmly, speaking broad Scotch, as she always did when excited.

"Papa thought he was, and so did Nursey," said Grace, with a certain suggestive drawing in of her lips; a look that Aunt Maria was quick enough to read, and wise enough to not quite like, therefore not to wish to provoke too much.

"Ah, but you see, my dear, it's your guardian, and in his case I, who have you now between hands," she answered, soothingly. "Besides, what might be when you were a wee thing, is no just blate for a young lady in her teens; and I think, lassie, if you will reflect, a moment's consideration will show you that the son of a color-sergeant in your father's regiment is not just a fit friend for your father's daughter. But how came he to get such a good education?" and she turned over the envelope curiously. "How was it he didn't take to the ranks, like his father?"

"Poor papa helped him, and Nursey had some money, and another person, a Miss Mead, where his mother had been housekeeper, helped him too," said Grace; "so among them all he was sent to a good school, and now he is with Mr. Tine; for he is such a dear, clever boy," she added, innocently, "every one loves him, and every one wanted to help him. But papa and Nursey did the most; and papa liked me to be friends with him," she added, with the same drawing in of her lips, a little viciously this time.

"Well, my dear, we'll say no more about it now," said Aunt Maria, shutting her work-box with a resolute air, as if she shut up Grace and Addy and all relating to them inside it. "Your guardian is coming home next week, and we'll hear what he says. If he likes such an intimacy for his ward, well and good; he can suit himself. I don't approve of it, and so I tell you frankly; but then I am old-fashioned, and behind my day, I dare say. However, Will is master, and when he's at home I'm only mistress. Maybe you'll know the difference some day, little lassie," she added, patting the girl's flushed cheek kindly as she left the room.

"They sha'n't take me away from Addy, whatever they do," said Grace to herself; and then she sat down and answered the boy's letter, and, girl-like, told him all that had happened, with unintentional amplifications.

"I shall have to work hard," was Addy's unspoken commentary when he read her more than kind, and slightly less than exact outpour; "and I'll do it or die."

The week passed, and the day dawned the close of which was to see William Magnus, Grace Allen's guardian and Aunt Maria's nephew, once more at home to take the slack reins into his strong hands, and set those things straight which Aunt Maria's good nature for the one part, and fear of interfering in matters beyond her ultimate control for the other, used to let go crooked. There were tenants to look after, and rents to receive, and leases to renew; for Will Magnus had a supreme distrust of all professional services, and preferred to let his affairs come to a stand-still, in Aunt Maria's keeping, while he was rambling in foreign parts, to trusting them to any paid agent whatsoever. There was thus plenty for him to do at such times as he came home; and Aunt Maria was a little troubled to have this lassie and her silly affairs added to her favorite's burdens. But it had to be done, and to Will was left the task of coping with Addy Cayley.

Somehow Grace was desperately afraid of this guardian of hers. It is that way with young people when any one is held up to them as a bugbear; and Aunt Maria, being weak on all questions of authority, had the habit of putting forward her nephew as the ultima ratio impersonate, the bogie whom no one could withstand. So that when Grace was sent for in the gloaming to come down stairs and be introduced to her guardian, she entered the room with her foolish heart all in a flutter, and her cheeks with considerably more of the cream than the rose leaf in them.

"And you are poor Jack's little girl!" said a kind, frank, cheery voice; and Grace, lifting up her shy blue eyes, saw standing before her a medium-sized, not particularly handsome, but square-built, powerful-looking man, with a bronzed, genial face, and a pleasant smile, showing a row of small square teeth like ivory beneath the tawny gold of his bushy beard. Then Grace was no longer afraid. With the instinctive trust of a child, or an animal, she went straight up to her guardian, and laid both her hands on one of his broad outstretched palms. They were friends from that moment, to Aunt Maria's unfeigned surprise, and maid Jane's secret disapprobation.

"Miss Grace need not have been afraid or silly," she said, when discussing the subject in the sanctuary of the housekeeper's room, "but she might have been content with one hand, I think, and him a gentleman as she had never set eyes on before!"

If Jack Allen's daughter had studied under the cleverest and most rusée of instructresses, she could have done nothing wiser, so far as her guardian was concerned, than what she did when she frankly laid her hands on his, and claimed and accepted him as her friend. For the one besetting weakness of the strong man in whose care she had been left was that he liked to be loved, and valued trust more than any thing else in the world. He was one of those men who are what others make them: to the suspicious an enemy, to the loving and believing a hero, a protector, a friend. To Grace Allen, therefore, he was resolved to be henceforth her best and truest protector, her champion, care-taker—emphatically her friend.

William Magnus was given to making pets. Now it was a dog, now a horse; sometimes a child, sometimes a pursuit; and sometimes it was a woman. His fancies generally varied with each return home; so that Aunt Maria was not greatly surprised to see him give up all his other loves, even his pointer Fan and his bay horse Cub, for his new plaything, poor Jack Allen's daughter. He devoted himself to her. For her sake he abandoned certain savage ways which he had never been known to abandon until now. He wore a dress-coat for dinner, instead of a loose sack more like a cloak than a coat; he smoked one cigar where formerly he had smoked three; and he came into the drawing-room of an evening and talked, instead of keeping in his own peculiar den, where no one but himself ever entered. He became, indeed, almost a nuisance from the persistency with which he hung about the drawing-room; whereas, in former times, he had been more slippery than an eel, and as difficult to catch as a wild hawk. Aunt Maria noted all these changes, but said nothing. Will was master, as she had said, and she knew her own interests too well to oppose his inclinations, whatever they might have been. And then Grace was but a bit lassie yet, she argued to herself, and she had no reason to be afraid. And yet, why afraid? Will was his own master, and if he chose to fall in love with Grace and to marry her off-hand, who was there to say him nay, and why should he not? Yet somehow the prospect did not please Aunt Maria. Fine fellow, and strong and hearty, as Will was, he was forty if a day, while Grace was but sixteen yet, not even that one year riper, "sweet seventeen." And though the difference might not be very shocking now, yet it would be hereafter, when the one would be a handsome woman of thirty, in the very prime of her life and the full meridian of her beauty, and the other would be fifty-four or five, waning, if not rapidly, yet waning decidedly.

As for Grace, no prospective difficulties came to trouble her at present. She was happy, and quite content that things should go on as they were now for so long a time as—well, for as long as every one else was happy. There had been no talk of Addy, because the boy had not written to her again, and Aunt Maria had not liked to make mischief; so that possible disturbance was in present abeyance, and youth having the happy knack of trust and contentment, the girl was perfectly well satisfied with her lot as it was; and if ever she thought of the future at all, it was only as a vague dream of some very wonderful happiness in which Addy shared, and to which she gave no name. So the time passed on, and the spring melted into the summer, and the summer ripened into the autumn, and then Grace began to think that Addy's next letter was long in coming, and that she wished he would write to her again.

And her wishes bore fruit; for not long after she had begun to cry a little of nights to herself, the post brought her one day at breakfast a letter in the same broad, bold handwriting as before; and Aunt Maria's work was cut out for her.

"Aha, missy!" cried William Magnus, watching her vivid blush with an expression on his face not easy to read. And then he asked, as Aunt Maria had asked before, "Who's your correspondent?"

"Addy," answered Grace.

"Addy? And who's Addy?" laughing a little grimly.

"Addy Cayley," returned Grace, with the feeling that all this had been gone through before.

"Oh yes, Will," chimed in Aunt Maria; "that is a thing I wanted to tell you of, but I have had no opportunity until now. Do you approve of this young lad's writing to Grace?"

"I must first know all about him, and what it means," said William, with a grave look. "Come here, my little girl, and tell me who is this Addy Cayley of yours; and why does he write to you? and what does he say?"

He held out his hand, but Grace, instead of running up to him, as she would have done under any other circumstances on such an appeal, hung her head a little lower, and remained motionless. She did not want to show Addy's letter. It had been a long time coming, but now that it had come it was very sweet and very tender, and it said one or two things which, child as Grace was, she was not too young to understand; and then at the end it slid in, by way of key-note to the whole: "I think I can trust you, Grace, to believe in me, even if you have to wait a long time before I have made my fortune. But you know I shall make it some day, and I think you know, too, who it is that I would ask to share it, or, rather, who it is that I would give it all to. If you are in doubt, look in the glass, and it will tell you."

So this was what Grace did not want to show, all in a maze and tremor of trouble and delight as she was; and this was why she sat in her chair and hung down her head, instead of running up to her guardian as else she would have done.

"Will you not come to me, Grace?" asked Will, in a tone perhaps more pained than severe, but both together.

The girl rose slowly, and went forward with child-like reluctance; but though she went on this second appeal, she halted before she had got quite close to her friend. He put out his hand, and drew her up to his knee; for, with a magisterial kind of instinct, he was sitting all this time.

"Come, look up, bonny one," he said, kindly, putting his large hand under her chin, and lifting her face. "I do not like to see you so downcast as this, and for no reason. Tell me all about this Addy Cayley of yours. You are wise enough to know, little girl, that, as your guardian, I am entitled to know."

"There is nothing to tell," said Grace, part shy, part sullen.

"No? Then you must let me read his letter, that I may judge for myself."

"No, no!" cried Grace, vehemently. "I won't let you read the letter, Mr. Magnus! It is too bad of you to ask; it is too cruel, too horrible! Papa would not have done such a thing, and you shall not read it!" On which she thrust it into her pocket, and crushed it rebelliously in her hand in the depths; for indeed it seemed to her at this moment, trembling with love and virgin shame together, that it would have been worse than sacrilege to show it—it would have been gross, improper, treacherous, every thing most vile and terrible.

William Magnus was not a patient man. There had been a time when, kind and brave as he was, and frail as was his opponent, he would have taken from her by force what she refused now to his request; but a change had somehow come over him of late, and without another word, but with a curious pallor on his bronzed face, he rose from his seat and left the room, leaving Grace so far the conqueror; yet leaving her more unhappy than if she had yielded, as perhaps she ought to have done, and had given him the confidence he had claimed. And yet how could she show Addy's letter? You might as well have asked her to lay bare her heart as it beat in her bosom. She was unhappy because of her disobedience, truly, and yet she did not feel as if she ought to have been more tractable. Addy and her guardian; love and duty; fidelity and obedience. Oh, why is not the path made plainer for tender souls who would fain do right to every one all round, yet who, if they are loyal to one, must needs fail the other?

"Grace, I am surprised at you," said Aunt Maria, with vague displeasure; and she too got up and went away, not caring to venture on a question which she was dimly conscious had depths beyond her sounding.

So Grace sat down and cried, feeling as if her fairy palace had suddenly melted away, and had left her standing in the midst of ruins. And yet had not Addy said he loved her, and was she not bidden to wait? And wait she would, though she had to wait in sorrow and tribulation, and with only ruins for her soul's habitation for the rest of her life.

Meanwhile Will Magnus wandered about the garden, perplexed, disappointed, angry, and most miserable. Yes, most miserable. It seemed to him that no one in this wide world of suffering was so wretched as he was at this moment. He had known full well the truth of his own heart, but he had resolutely shut his eyes to the state of his feelings and the hostile chances of the future; and now he had to pay for his blindness. Yet she was such a child! He could not have acted differently. How could he, a man of forty, with the silver beginning to spread over his gold—how could he make love to a child not yet seventeen, and his own ward? And yet he loved her—better than his own life, better than his past, than his dignity, if not better than his honor. And she, whom all this time he had thought a mere bit of wax which he was moulding to his desire; she whom he fondly hoped he was leading, as yet unconsciously, to love him, so that when she was a woman and able to choose she would choose him of her own free-will—his child-love, his delight, his darling—she had already given her heart away; and what he thought he held safe in his own hands proved to be the mere outside appearance, no more. And now what could he do? Play the tyrant, and forbid her young lover ever to think of her again, or be magnanimous and give up his treasure to the earlier claimant? Yet why should he? She had shown no feeling for him; she must have known what he suffered; and she had placed no trust in him. And at this thought his anger began to rise. She had placed no trust in him—he who of all men prized and desired confidence. Why, then, should he show her kindness? And was it not his duty to look into this matter narrowly, and to forbid it absolutely, unconditionally, at least for the present, no matter who this young scoundrel might be? He was a scoundrel—Will Magnus made sure of that beforehand—else he would not have written to her, child as she was, without first asking permission of her guardians and care-takers. Yes, the sense of duty cleared off his perplexities: he would forbid the whole affair.

So, armed with this resolution, he turned back to the house, and entered the dining-room, as he had left it, by the window.

Here he found Grace sitting alone among the débris of the breakfast, looking, in his eyes, more like the picture of a naughty child sulking for a toy than the dignified presentment of a woman resolute to accept all manner of evil for love's sake.

"Grace," said Mr. Magnus, sternly. She looked up and read her doom. "I asked you just now to tell me who this young man is, to give me your confidence, to make me your friend; you refused; and now I ask no more. I want to know nothing; for whatever you were to tell me would not change my decision a hair-breadth. I positively, and with my whole authority, forbid any correspondence, any communication, between you and this young fellow—at least while you are under my control. So now you understand. If you disobey me, I will make you a ward in Chancery, where this precious scamp of yours will find matters even a little harder on him than I can make them. No remonstrances," as Grace was about to speak. "You had your opportunity; you neglected it; and now you must abide by your own choice of action. Mine is made; and nothing that you could say will alter my decision."

Saying which he again left the room; and before the evening had come he had left the house for two years' travel in the wilds of Abyssinia, giving Aunt Maria strict orders what to do and what to forbid should Grace prove disobedient or young Addy Cayley troublesome.

But Grace was a good girl in her own way. If she was rebellious in her fidelity, she was not disobedient in act; and as her guardian had forbidden her to write, so that she was unable to do so openly, she scorned to have recourse to any mean deception; so simply held on and trusted, and hoped that Addy would hold on and trust too. But it was weary work; and by the time the winter had fairly come the suspense and sorrow in which she lived had begun to tell upon her sadly, and the rose leaves were fast fading from her face, leaving her so pinched, pale, distressed, that Aunt Maria's kind heart bled for her, and she even ventured once on a half-hesitating petition to her nephew for leave to relax the severity of her jailership.

With poor Addy the case was almost as bad. No reply coming to his letter, he tortured himself with fears that Grace had taken it ill, held it presumptuous, and by her silence wished him to understand that he had no chance, no hope. The fever into which his perplexity threw him nearly cost the poor lad his life; but he rallied again after a severe fight, and turned to his work again, resolute if sad, with no cowardly despair or despondency; for if hope and love and poetry were gone, he had at least work, fame, and ambition still left.

Meanwhile Grace faded steadily away, till by the spring-time she looked more like dying than living. But she never complained. She simply wept and fretted, and could not eat, and grew weaker and thinner and paler; but she did not disobey her guardian's commands, and she did not cease to love and long for Addy.

Suddenly Will Magnus came home; no one knew why, and even he himself would have been troubled to give a reason intelligible to any one. But impelled by the restless dissatisfaction that had taken possession of him ever since his outbreak with Grace, he came back one day, as if he had dropped from the skies, and nearly killed his fragile ward by the suddenness of his arrival. She was lying on the sofa, drawn up in the bay of the window, half dozing from mere weakness, when all at once she became conscious of some one looking at her. She opened her large blue eyes with a start and a cry; and the next instant was lying in a dead faint in her guardian's arms, who, for a long time, sobbing bitterly, strong man as he was, hung over what he thought to be the corpse of the sweet child he had killed. But she was restored before it was too late; and, after infinite pains and difficulty, once more looked out into the glad life of earth.

Will was kneeling by her, holding her hands in his, when she finally recovered; careless of what Aunt Maria, of what Jane the maid, of what the doctor might think, kissing those pale, wasted little fingers, while his hot tears fell over them. Grace opened her eyes upon him. Feebly raising herself from the pillow, she slid one arm round his neck, and caressingly laid her cheek on his.

"Guardy dear," she whispered, putting up her other hand to his face, "send Addy to me. Let me see him again! Oh, let me see him again!" and then she fell back and fainted again.

But she had conquered. It was a struggle and a pain; but then life itself is but a struggle and a pain all through! Will felt the innocent ingratitude of the girl, perhaps, more than any thing else. Here was he breaking his heart over her, and the first use she made of her restored life was to beseech him for his rival. However, it had to be done. It was not in him to resist such an appeal, made so tenderly, so confidingly, with such an abandonment of self-restraint, such child-like trust in his goodness, appealing from him to himself. It had to be done, and it was done; and when the two young people were honestly and openly engaged—for all that Addy was but the son of a color-sergeant—then Will Magnus again, and for the last time, left home.

Not many months after, the consul at Zanzibar wrote to Aunt Maria a sad, if brief, account of how her nephew had died of fever almost immediately on his arrival in the country; and how, with his last breath, he had sent his love to "Grace Allen," and his dying prayers for her happiness.

So the strong bore the burden, that the weaker might be spared; and the man went down in the noonday of his power, that the younger lives might blossom and brighten in his stead.

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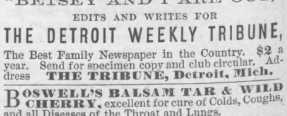

WILL. M. CARLETON,
AUTHOR OF
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EDITS AND WRITES FOR
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for their own pleasure; and while there could be no objection to permitting it occasionally, there could be no proper discrimination among all who would wish to parade, and the city must, therefore, be surrendered to any society that wished to promenade. But to contend that processions might be forbidden because foreigners should not bring to America their old national feelings, is idle. There is no Italian, however long an American, but will thrill at the name of Rome; no Frenchman whose imagination will not kindle with the Marseillaise and the tricolor; no Irishman who will not gayly smile to see the shamrock and the harp of Erin on a green flag. That they should import and revive the quarrels of their native countries, however to be regretted, is yet to be expected. Time alone, and some generations, will cool that heat in the blood. All that we can ask is that they shall keep the public peace, whether marching or looking on, and upon that we must insist without equivocation.

It probably surprised many persons that there should have been any expectation of trouble from the parade of those who sympathized with ROSSEL — whose execution was certainly one of those blunders which are also crimes. But it will be remembered that the Communists murdered the Archbishop of Paris, and it was probably supposed that this remembrance might breed an ill feeling upon the part of the adherents of his Church, which might end in trouble. If this were indeed the reason of the original prohibition of the procession, it would appear that those who were supposed to threaten the disturbance now were the same who threatened it last summer, and that in both cases it was a threat based upon religious considerations. Last summer it was a threat of Irish Roman Catholics against Irish Protestants, and this winter a threat of Roman Catholics, or a fear of their purpose, against those whom they would probably suppose to sympathize with the murder of a prelate.

If this were the fact, it is certainly a very significant one. It would be practically the betrayal twice in one year of a fundamental right of American citizens or residents to the fear of a religious mob. But is it to be understood that there shall be no parades except such as are approved by the unruly class of our Roman Catholic fellow-citizens? And how long, if they are to control processions in the streets, will it be before they control meetings in halls? It is a subject which ought not to be glozed over or lost from view; and we trust that the Legislature will be so instructed by the events of July and of December that it will take due measures to secure the equal rights of all citizens by providing officers who will enforce the laws to protect them.

AN IMPORTANT BILL.

THE bill reported to the House of Representatives by Mr. GEORGE F. HOAR, from the Committee on Education and Labor, is one of the most important ever offered in Congress. It proposes a commission of three persons, to be appointed by the President, and to serve for two years, unless their duties are sooner accomplished. The commission is to investigate the whole subject of wages and hours of labor, the division of the joint profits of labor and capital, the general condition of the laboring classes in the United States, and the effect upon them of existing laws, of commerce, finance, and currency. It is one of the oldest and most vital of questions. It has convulsed countries and overthrown nations. It is one which the progress of civilization forces upon consideration, and upon the wise treatment of which the welfare of the future depends.

The test of American statesmanship should be its ability to deal with this subject. The characteristic of our government is that it professes to be founded upon the consent of the people, and now, for the first time in history, it is appearing who the people are. It is in a certain sense not the fault of other epochs that they could never understand what the people were. The theory that the world was made for a few, and that the many existed for their convenience, was only disturbed by the solitary protest of some thinker, whose voice was like the voice of one crying in the stillness of the night in the wilderness. The French revolution, therefore, was doubtless the most bewildering of surprises, as well as the most terrible of tragedies, to those upon whom it burst, and it served by its tremendous course only to deepen in the minds of the elect few the conviction that the many, the multitude, the people, were a kind of formidable and malign power only to be controlled by the most constant and stringent force.

The history of Europe is one of the immense advantages which is furnished to America. Every European nation is entangled in so fast a net of traditions and ignorance and superstitions, and is so closely circumscribed in territory, that the threatening pressure to reform makes it almost impossible to reform wisely. The governments, therefore, unwilling or unable to understand, answer arguments with shot, and protests with shell. Yet, as no one who reads carefully the story of France before the old revolution denies the inevitability of the struggle, or hesitates to throw the responsibility for it upon those who were content to be simply selfish, and to be ignorant of the people or to despise them, so no one who studies the European situation now will suppose that it can be relieved by force, although force may upon both sides bitterly exasperate it. There are those who, like MACAULAY, seem to suppose that America is merely to repeat Europe: that we shall flourish in peace until population presses, and that then we too shall resort to force to keep order.

But the principle of our government is the popular will, and its declared purpose the establishment of justice and the promotion of the common welfare. The duty of American statesmanship is to justify the principle and accomplish the purpose. It is to reflect that the welfare of the great mass of the people is the chief interest of the country. It is further to reflect that the financial and industrial methods and systems of Europe have not secured that interest, but have disregarded it, and that merely to reproduce them in this country is to follow stupidly a blind leader into an open pit. The great fact—which no close observer of the European situation longer doubts—is, that the general intelligence of the race has so far advanced that they who possess the force which must finally determine a conflict know that they possess it. ROSSEL, who quietly and bravely dies by what are called republican bullets, is neither a brute, nor a malefactor, nor a wild enthusiast. He feels, even if he does not fully comprehend, his cause. He knows that it is what the old Continental Congress called our Revolution —"the cause of human nature."

Mr. HOAR'S bill is a proposition that America shall avoid the fate of Europe by establishing justice. It proposes that the questions which interest the great body of the American people shall not be dismissed as ignorant agitation or Utopian extravagance. It proposes to be dissatisfied with phrases about supply and demand and the laws of political economy, knowing that there must be something wrong in laws which leave the mass of men poor, ignorant, and dissatisfied. The bill does not assert nor imply that they are so here, but it would inquire how to prevent their becoming so. When there are universal suffrage and universal content together, there will be no trouble. But when a great majority are discontented, and can make their discontent law, and can by superior might enforce the law, there will be a serious situation. The importance of the subject is not to be exaggerated. So great an opportunity was never offered to humane and sagacious statesmanship; and we hope sincerely that Congress will fully appreciate and improve it.

PERSONAL.

THE cockneys of New York must not suppose that the only things that could interest a grand duke were balls, dinners, excursions, etc., which to him have been from childhood alike a daily business and a daily bore. Among the things that were new to him was his visit to the Bridgeport, Connecticut, cartridge factory, in company with Governor JEWELL. Pointing to several of the workmen, he asked the Governor, "Are these men what you call the common people?" The Governor replied that they were a fair specimen of the working classes in this country. "But do you mean to say that these get into official position?" further asked the imperial scion. "Perhaps not any of these men," rejoined Governor JEWELL; "but men of their class do; they are educated men, most of them—that is, they can all probably read and write, and most of them take and read the newspapers." "Do you know of any cases where such men have actually been elected to office?" again queried the curious ALEXIS. "Oh, certainly," the Governor said: "I myself worked in the shop as a tanner till I was twenty years of age;" and the announcement seemed to puzzle the Duke a good deal. Here was the Governor of a State, as well dressed and as well appearing as himself, who had actually worked in a shop, and this man was welcoming him in behalf of a hundred thousand voters. It was more of an enigma than the boy had ciphered on previously; but as he goes through the country he will ascertain, upon inquiring, that very many of the public men here have come direct from the workshop. In Massachusetts, where he was lately visiting, Governor CLAFLIN was a shoemaker, Senator WILSON was a cobbler also, and General BANKS was a machinist.

—"The Living Female Writers of the South" is the title of a volume recently published in Philadelphia, in which are given sketches of 183 ladies who have contributed creditably to the literature of the country. The book is dedicated to JOHN R. THOMPSON, of Virginia (now on the editorial staff of the New York *Evening Post*); JAMES WOOD DAVIDSON, of South Carolina; W. G. M'ADO, of Georgia; and CHARLES DIMITRY, of Louisiana—gentlemen who have done much, some of them at least, in encouraging the rising talent of the South, and in so placing their productions before the world as to insure them the just fame to which they are entitled.

—AARON A. SARGENT, who has just been elected to the United States Senate from California, was born in Newburyport, Massachusetts, in 1827, and served an apprenticeship as a printer. In 1849 he emigrated to California, studied law, and was admitted to the bar. In 1861 he was elected a member of Congress, and served as a member of the Select Committee on the Pacific Railroad, to which enterprise he was particularly devoted. He is a member of the present Congress, having beaten COFFROTH, Democrat, by 3140 votes. His term in the Senate will commence on the 4th of March, 1873.

—Ex-Senator WILLIAMS, of Oregon, who succeeds Mr. AKERMAN as Attorney-General, is in the very prime of life, being not yet fifty-two. He is a native of Columbia County, in this State. He was a judge in Iowa from 1847 to 1852. In 1853 he was made Chief Justice of Oregon, and in 1865 elected to the United States Senate. A man of fine abilities and sound judgment.

—The oldest member of the United States Senate, SIMON CAMERON, is a printer. There are only four Senators under forty: AMES, of Mississippi; CLAYTON, of Arkansas; OSBORN, of Florida; and SPENCER, of Alabama. There are five colored members of the House of Representatives: DE LARGE, RAINEY, and ELLIOTT, of South Carolina; TURNER, of Alabama; and WALLS, of Florida.

—General NOYES, who enters on his term of office as Governor on the 1st proximo, is not an old man for Governor, being only forty-five, with hair and beard as black as printer's ink. Although a lawyer of some distinction, he is probably indebted for his political success to the fact that he served gallantly in the late war, coming out of it with several laurels and one leg. His present slogan is, "GRANT and the Constitution! COLFAX (or somebody) and low taxes!"

—As age is adding rapidly to the infirmities of the present pope, speculation increases as to who is most likely to be his successor. The latest news is to the effect that the Cardinal Archbishop of Palermo is now the dignitary most likely to be agreed upon by the Sacred College.

—Colonel JOHN HAY, with his lecture on LINCOLN, seems to have become one of the most popular platform men of the season. He had an audience so large a few evenings since at Buffalo that the stage even had to be invaded to make room for his listeners. Our contemporary of the Buffalo *Courier* says it was an admirable performance, delivered in a clear and resonant voice, and with considerable oratorical effect, and that "the marks of the pleasure given the audience were not to be mistaken."

—DR. OLIVER DEAN, of Franklin, Massachusetts, has enrolled himself with the PEABODYS, GIRARDS, VASSARS, SMITHSONS, and other public benefactors by bequeathing $100,000 to the Dean Academy, which he founded, and on which during his life he had bestowed about $300,000. He also left $100,000 to Tufts College, to which he had previously been a liberal contributor. He was president and superintendent of the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company in Manchester, New Hampshire, and a man held in high esteem.

—The Grand Duke, while in Montreal, had the good fortune to be quartered at St. Lawrence Hall. The proprietor of that establishment, Mr. HENRY HOGAN, is one of the few gentlemen at the head of such establishments who deem it their first duty to make their guests as thoroughly comfortable and at home as if in their own houses, and we doubt not that the Grand Duke during his stay there realized in his own person the truth of SHENSTONE'S lines:

> "Whoe'er has traveled life's dull round,
> Where'er his stages may have been,
> May sigh to think he still has found
> The warmest welcome at an inn."

Old SAMUEL JOHNSON said, "There is nothing which has yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn;" and Archbishop LEIGHTON used often to say that if he were to choose a place to die in, it would be an inn. "There were HOGANS in those days."

—There are people who profess to regard Senator SUMNER as a sort of Boston man in literature and politics, rather than as a practical statesman for the times. But his plan for a return to specie payments is certain to arrest the attention of the country, and will probably command the support of most men who are out of debt, who pay taxes, and who are anxiously looking forward to something solid and settled about the finances. In introducing his bill Mr. SUMNER says: "I am not insensible to the credit obtained by a swift payment of the national debt, but this is superficial only. It does not enable us to refund our debt without extraordinary and abnormal effort. Let there be specie payments, and the debt will refund itself. The payment of the national debt is a feather in our cap; specie payments will be a fountain; and between these two measures there is just the difference between a feather and a fountain. Instead, therefore, of taxing the people for the sake of this feather, I would reduce taxes, and apply the irresistible energies of the government to make paper equal to coin."

—DU CHAILLU'S last book is always his best book, because the older he grows the richer and sounder and nuttier he grows, and each past experience among the queer people whom he is always going to see in the out-of-the-way nooks and corners of the world gives him a finer flavor. Probably there are a hundred thousand boys and girls in this well-spread-out country of ours who within the next twenty days will be able to tell you all about the dwarfs, of whom DU CHAILLU has just written so chattily and charmingly. Another curious thing about DU CHAILLU is that the books which he wrote years ago are almost as much in demand to-day as they were when first published. He can set up a cab on copy-money received in 1871 on books published ten years ago.

—HON. NELSON K. HOPKINS, who next week enters upon the important duties of the Controllership of this State, has not hitherto taken prominent part in the general politics of New York. But for five-and-twenty years past he has been known and esteemed of all men in Erie County for intelligence, good sense, modesty, unimpeachable integrity, and an industry and fidelity in the various local offices he has filled that not only qualify, but amply entitle him to the distinction upon which he now enters. It is among the agreeable incidents of politics that Mr. ASHER P. NICHOLS, the retiring Controller, and Mr. HOPKINS, his successor, are both from Buffalo, and though of opposing politics, have been life-long personal friends, and that each occupies a home position that never has been and never can be smirched by "the ways that are dark and the tricks that are vain" of mere professional politicians.

—Miss THACKERAY, one of the most popular and attractive of the younger novelists of England, has written a story entitled "Old Kensington," which is about to be published simultaneously in the *Cornhill Magazine* and in *Harper's Magazine*. She has been at work upon it several years, and competent literary authorities who have perused it pronounce it a marked improvement on her "Story of Elizabeth" and the "Village on the Cliff." Her taste, like her father's, is eminently pictorial, and her tableaux are evidently drawn from life.

—Ex-Senator ROSS, of Kansas, is about to start a weekly paper in Coffeyville, Kansas, to be called *Ross's Paper*. Mr. ROSS'S practical buffeting with the world commenced as foreman in the office of the Milwaukee *Sentinel*. Afterward he went to Kansas, and into politics. During the rebellion he attained the rank of major, and in 1866 became a United States Senator, serving until March 4, 1871.

—The new French minister to the United States, JULES FERRY, is only thirty-nine years old, yet has attained distinction as an advocate and journalist. He was one of the editors of the *Gazette des Tribunaux*, and subsequently of *Le Temps*, and displayed marked ability in articles on financial subjects. He acquired fame for his warfare against the administration of the city of Paris, exposing municipal corruption. His attacks provoked many warnings from the government; but he kept on, and fearlessly exposed the doings of HAUSSMANN, the "Boss" of the Parisian "Ring."

—Major BUNDY, our bright contemporary of the *Evening Mail*, has just been hung in effigy—on the w. ls of the picture-gallery of the Union League Club—an admirable likeness of him having been painted by Mr. THOMAS LE CLEAR.

—Heirs-apparent are in our day not noted for strong physique. Although Duke ALEXIS is robust enough, his eldest brother, the heir to the throne, has been an invalid almost from infancy. His son and heir is a feeble body. The only son of the Sultan is consumptive. The Count of Flanders, heir to the Belgian crown, is nearly dead from heart disease. The Crown Prince of Denmark is an invalid. The Austrian Prince RUDOLPH ditto. The Crown Prince of Germany is in vigorous health; but his friend and comrade, the Crown Prince ALBERT of Saxony, is sickly, and the heirs to the thrones of Mecklenburg, Baden, and Hesse are all feeble. Most of these princes are descendants of the most stalwart warriors of the olden time; but no heritage of strength, it seems, can be kept from decay under the enervating life of modern kings. The princes, like the institution of royalty itself, grow feebler with every generation.

—SPIELHAGEN, the German novelist, is coming to this country to lecture on SHAKSPEARE.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE most important business in Congress for the week ending December 16 was the passage of the Apportionment bill by the House of Representatives, which fixes the number of members at 283, distributed as follows:

Maine	5	Kentucky	10
New Hampshire	2	Tennessee	9
Vermont	2	Indiana	13
Massachusetts	11	Illinois	19
Rhode Island	2	Missouri	13
Connecticut	4	Arkansas	4
New York	32	Michigan	9
New Jersey	7	Florida	1
Pennsylvania	26	Texas	6
Delaware	1	Iowa	9
Maryland	6	Wisconsin	8
Virginia	9	California	4
North Carolina	8	Minnesota	3
South Carolina	5	Oregon	1
Georgia	9	Kansas	3
Alabama	7	West Virginia	3
Mississippi	6	Nevada	1
Louisiana	5	Nebraska	1
Ohio	20		

Mr. Akerman having resigned his position as Attorney-General, the President nominated ex-Senator Williams, of Oregon, to the vacant office. The Senate at once confirmed the nomination.

The Internationals of New York proposed a grand funeral parade on Sunday, December 10, in honor of the memory of General Rossel, lately executed in Paris. It was interdicted by the Police Commissioners. After considerable negotiation the interdict was removed, and the parade was allowed to take place on the following Sunday.

Mr. William M. Tweed was arrested on December 15 on the charge of felony and committed to the Tombs. The warrant for his arrest was granted by Recorder Hackett.

There will be no formal reception of the Grand Duke Alexis at Chicago, but General Sheridan will invite him to take part in a grand buffalo hunt on the Plains, which the prince will probably enjoy much better.

The Governor of Wyoming vetoed the recent bill depriving women of the right to vote in that Territory, and the veto has been sustained.

Admiral Poussiet has forwarded to Mr. Aspinwall a check for $5000 as a present from the Grand Duke Alexis to the poor of New York. The Grand Duke being a sailor, Mr. Aspinwall has decided to appropriate $1000 to the relief of destitute children of seamen. The remaining $4000 has been handed to the Society for the Improvement of the Condition of the Poor.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Captain-General of Cuba has relieved the Volunteers from garrison duty in Havana. Henceforth the forts, which completely dominate the city, will be held by regular troops—a measure which will prevent the recurrence of such excesses as have lately awakened the indignation of the civilized world.

The British government is determined to find out the strength and organization of the Internationals throughout the world. The Foreign-office has sent instructions to its entire diplomatic corps abroad to investigate this subject thoroughly, and to report thereon to the government.

The brother of the Grand Duke Alexis, the Czarowitz Alexander, recently became involved in a "private and social" quarrel with the Prince De Reuss, minister of the German Empire to Russia. Both lost their tempers, and the Czarowitz fell upon the embassador and smote him. Notwithstanding recent assurances of undying friendship between Russia and Germany, and the private character of the dispute, it is feared that the consequences may be grave.

Havana telegrams again assert that the Cuban insurrection is almost at an end. They give a terrible picture of the desolation of some of the fairest portions of the island.

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CHRISTMAS IN VIRGINIA.

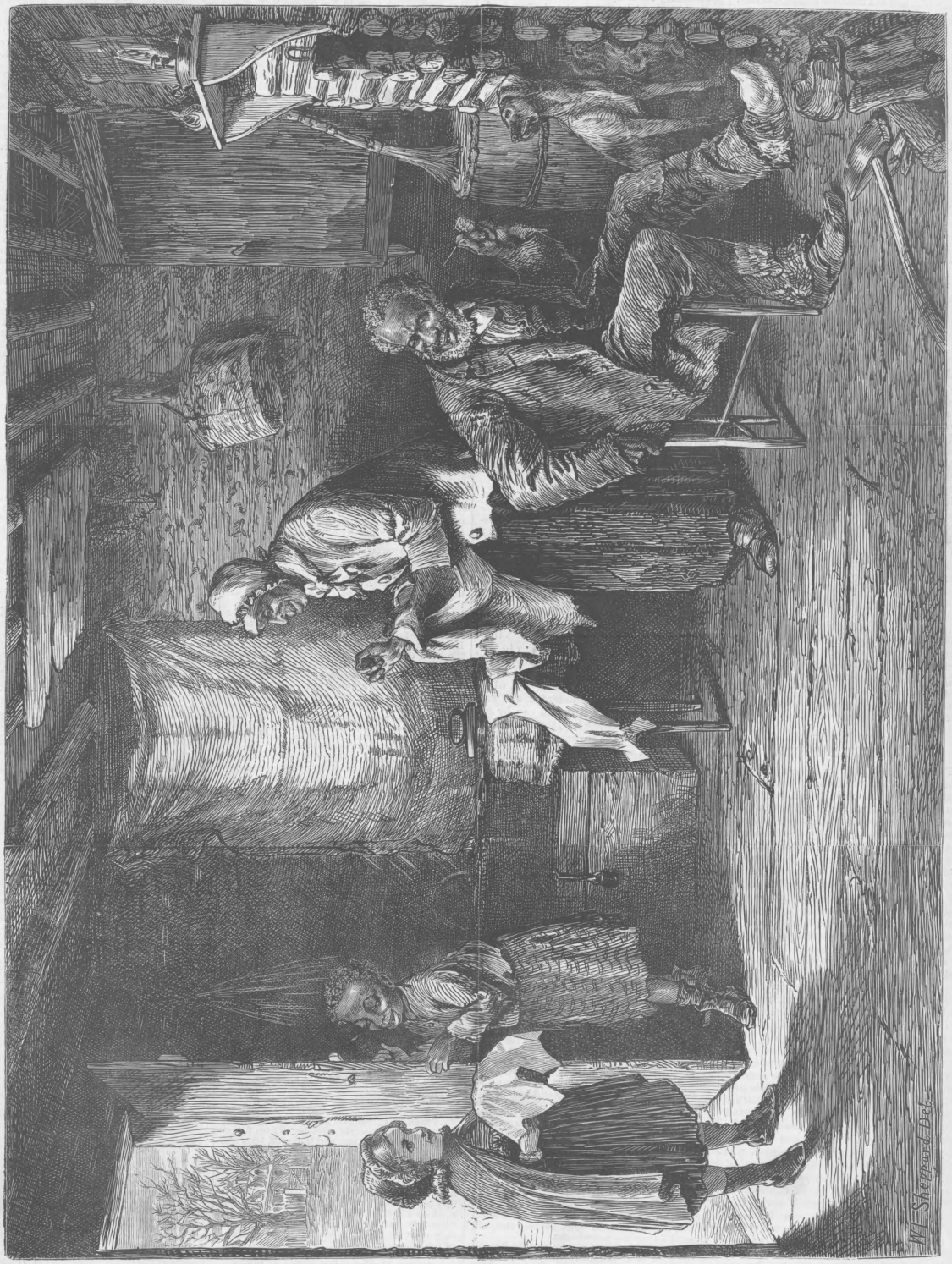
THIS pleasant picture would have been more generally applicable, we imagine, before the abolition of slavery than at present; though there are still large estates where the old servants maintain their dependent relation to their former owners, and would as soon think of cutting off their own heads as setting up for themselves. Such are the old couple to whose humble but comfortable cabin the little daughter from the "great house" has come in to wish them a "merry Christmas," and bring them something extra nice for their dinner. The old people were, perhaps, born on the estate. They may have lived all their simple lives within sight of the "great house," and were children with the grandparents of the little one who brings a gleam of Christmas sunshine through the door-way. They look upon themselves as belonging to the family, and the idea of going away or being sent away has never entered their simple brains.

Pretty and idyllic, is it not? Yet it represents a condition of society which is rapidly disappearing from a century which has but little sympathy with the idyllic poetry of life. In this practical age such an anomaly as a dependent peasantry could not be tolerated, nor can any sensible person wish that it should be. It must give way to something nobler and more enduring. The serf, the peasant, is every where rising above the level of his old condition, and asserting and winning his rights as a man; and though the world may lose a great deal of poetry and picturesqueness in the process, the substantial gain to humanity will be great and permanent.

"THE HEATHENS OF AMERICA."

NOT the least among the merits of the striking compositions from the trenchant and fertile pencil of Mr. NAST is that they always tell their own story with a force and directness which explanation only serves to weaken; and we refer now to his picture on the opposite page only for the purpose of reminding such of our readers as may have forgotten it of the action of the Roman Catholic Church by which this admirable cartoon was suggested.

A short time since the Roman Catholic Archbishop MANNING, of England, determined to send missionaries over to this country to labor among our newly emancipated negro population, in the expectation, no doubt, of finding them tractable and easily impressed by the imposing ceremonies of the Romish Church. The reason publicly given for this attempt to spread Romish doctrines among the negroes was, as England had been instrumental in bringing them to America and into slavery, she should now bear a part in bringing them to a knowledge of Christianity. The archbishop is rather late in the day. His missionaries will discover that others have taken the field before them, that the Christian religion is not altogether unknown among the negroes, and that the common schools have already taught them some lessons in history which they would never have received from their Roman Catholic friends; and we shall be much surprised if the sentiment of the intelligent colored population of the South is not exactly expressed by Mr. NAST'S cartoon. The Common School has got the start of the Propaganda, and will keep it.



CHRISTMAS IN VIRGINIA—A PRESENT FROM THE GREAT HOUSE.—[DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.]

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A ROMAN CATHOLIC MISSION FROM ENGLAND TO THE "HEATHENS" OF AMERICA.—[SEE PAGE 1220.]

DR. MANNING. "Of all the Nations on the Earth, England has been the most Guilty in regard to Slavery, and it was most fitting that the Reparation to the now Liberated Slaves should proceed from England."
THE HEATHEN AMERICAN. "No, thank you. We have just been Emancipated, and if England is responsible for Slavery in the United States, I don't care to jump from the English Frying-Pan into the English Fire."

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MIDDLEMARCH:

A STUDY OF PROVINCIAL LIFE.

BY GEORGE ELIOT,

AUTHOR OF "ADAM BEDE," "ROMOLA," ETC.

Book I.

MISS BROOKE.

CHAPTER V.

"Hard students are commonly troubled with gowts, catarrhs, rheums, cachexia, bradypepsia, bad eyes, stone, and collick, crudities, opilations, vertigo, winds, consumptions, and all such diseases as come by overmuch sitting: they are most part lean, dry, ill-colored....and all through immoderate pains and extraordinary studies. If you will not believe the truth of this, look upon great Tostatus and Thomas Aquinas' works; and tell me whether those men took pains."—BURTON'S *Anatomy of Melancholy*, P. I. s. 2.

THIS was Mr. Casaubon's letter.

"MY DEAR MISS BROOKE,—I have your guardian's permission to address you on a subject than which I have none more at heart. I am not, I trust, mistaken in the recognition of some deeper correspondence than that of date in the fact that a consciousness of need in my own life had arisen contemporaneously with the possibility of my becoming acquainted with you. For in the first hour of meeting you I had an impression of your eminent and perhaps exclusive fitness to supply that need (connected, I may say, with such activity of the affections as even the preoccupations of a work too special to be abdicated could not uninterruptedly dissimulate); and each succeeding opportunity for observation has given the impression an added depth by convincing me more emphatically of that fitness which I had preconceived, and thus evoking more decisively those affections to which I have but now referred. Our conversations have, I think, made sufficiently clear to you the tenor of my life and purposes—a tenor unsuited, I am aware, to the commoner order of minds. But I have discerned in you an elevation of thought and a capability of devotedness which I had hitherto not conceived to be compatible either with the early bloom of youth or with those graces of sex that may be said at once to win and to confer distinction when combined, as they notably are in you, with the mental qualities above indicated. It was, I confess, beyond my hope to meet with this rare combination of elements, both solid and attractive, adapted to supply aid in graver labors, and to cast a charm over vacant hours; and but for the event of my introduction to you (which, let me again say, I trust not to be superficially coincident with foreshadowing needs, but providentially related thereto as stages toward the completion of a life's plan), I should presumably have gone on to the last without any attempt to lighten my solitariness by a matrimonial union.

"Such, my dear Miss Brooke, is the accurate statement of my feelings; and I rely on your kind indulgence in venturing now to ask you how far your own are of a nature to confirm my happy presentiment. To be accepted by you as your husband and the earthly guardian of your welfare, I should regard as the highest of providential gifts. In return I can at least offer you an affection hitherto unwasted, and the faithful consecration of a life which, however short in the sequel, has no backward pages whereon, if you choose to turn them, you will find records such as might justly cause you either bitterness or shame. I await the expression of your sentiments with an anxiety which it would be the part of wisdom (were it possible) to divert by a more arduous labor than usual. But in this order of experience I am still young; and in looking forward to an unfavorable possibility I can not but feel that resignation to solitude will be more difficult after the temporary illumination of hope.

"In any case, I shall remain,

"Yours with sincere devotion,

"EDWARD CASAUBON."

Dorothea trembled while she read this letter; then she fell on her knees, buried her face, and sobbed. She could not pray; under the rush of solemn emotion in which thoughts became vague and images floated uncertainly, she could but cast herself, with a child-like sense of reclining, in the lap of a divine consciousness which sustained her own. She remained in that attitude till it was time to dress for dinner.

How could it occur to her to examine the letter, to look at it critically as a profession of love? Her whole soul was possessed by the fact that a fuller life was opening before her: she was a neophyte about to enter on a higher grade of initiation. She was going to have room for the energies which stirred uneasily under the dimness and pressure of her own ignorance and the petty peremptoriness of the world's habits.

Now she would be able to devote herself to large yet definite duties; now she would be allowed to live continually in the light of a mind that she could reverence. This hope was not unmixed with the glow of proud delight—the joyous maiden surprise that she was chosen by the man whom her admiration had chosen. All Dorothea's passion was transfused through a mind struggling toward an ideal life; the radiance of her transfigured girlhood fell on the first object that came within its level. The impetus with which inclination became resolution was heightened by those little events of the day which had roused her discontent with the actual conditions of her life.

After dinner, when Celia was playing an "air, with variations," a small kind of tinkling which symbolized the æsthetic part of the young ladies' education, Dorothea went up to her room to answer Mr. Casaubon's letter. Why should she defer the answer? She wrote it over three times, not because she wished to change the wording, but because her hand was unusually uncertain, and she could not bear that Mr. Casaubon should think her handwriting bad and illegible. She piqued herself on writing a hand in which each letter was distinguishable without any large range of conjecture; and she meant to make much use of this accomplishment to save Mr. Casaubon's eyes. Three times she wrote.

"MY DEAR MR. CASAUBON,—I am very grateful to you for loving me, and thinking me worthy to be your wife. I can look forward to no better happiness than that which would be one with yours. If I said more, it would only be the same thing written out at greater length; for I can not now dwell on any other thought than that I may be through life

"Yours devotedly,

"DOROTHEA BROOKE."

Later in the evening she followed her uncle into the library to give him the letter, that he might read it in the morning. He was surprised, but his surprise only issued in a few moments' silence, during which he pushed about various objects on his writing-table, and finally stood with his back to the fire, his glasses on his nose, looking at the address of Dorothea's letter.

"Have you thought enough about this, my dear?" he said at last.

"There was no need to think long, uncle. I know of nothing to make me vacillate. If I changed my mind, it must be because of something important and entirely new to me."

"Ah!—then you have accepted him? Then Chettam has no chance? Has Chettam offended you—offended you, you know? What is it you don't like in Chettam?"

"There is nothing that I like in him," said Dorothea, rather impetuously.

Mr. Brooke threw his head and shoulders backward as if some one had thrown a light missile at him. Dorothea immediately felt some self-rebuke, and said,

"I mean in the light of a husband. He is very kind, I think—really very good about the cottages. A well-meaning man."

"But you must have a scholar, and that sort of thing? Well, it lies a little in our family. I had it myself—that love of knowledge, and going into every thing—a little too much; it took me too far: though that sort of thing doesn't often run in the female line; or it runs under-ground like the rivers in Greece, you know—it comes out in the sons. Clever sons, clever mothers. I went a good deal into that at one time. However, my dear, I have always said that people should do as they like in these things, up to a certain point. I couldn't, as your guardian, have consented to a bad match. But Casaubon stands well: his position is good. I am afraid Chettam will be hurt, though, and Mrs. Cadwallader will blame me."

That evening, of course, Celia knew nothing of what had happened. She attributed Dorothea's abstracted manner, and the evidence of further crying since they had got home, to the temper she had been in about Sir James Chettam and the buildings, and was careful not to give further offense: having once said what she wanted to say, Celia had no disposition to recur to disagreeable subjects. It had been her nature when a child never to quarrel with any one—only to observe with wonder that they quarreled with her, and looked like turkey-cocks; whereupon she was ready to play at cat's-cradle with them whenever they recovered themselves. And as to Dorothea, it had always been her way to find something wrong in her sister's words, though Celia inwardly protested that she always said just how things were, and nothing else: she never did and never could put words together out of her own head. But the best of Dodo was that she did not keep angry for long together. Now, though they had hardly spoken to each other all the evening, yet when Celia put by her work, intending to go to bed, a proceeding in which she was always much the earlier, Dorothea, who was seated on a low stool, unable to occupy herself except in meditation, said, with the musical intonation which in moments of deep but quiet feeling made her speech like a fine bit of recitative,

"Celia dear, come and kiss me," holding her arms open as she spoke.

Celia knelt down to get the right level, and gave her little butterfly kiss, while Dorothea encircled her with gentle arms, and pressed her lips gravely on each cheek in turn.

"Don't sit up, Dodo, you are so pale to-night: go to bed soon," said Celia, in a comfortable way, without any touch of pathos.

"No, dear, I am very, very happy," said Dorothea, fervently.

"So much the better," thought Celia. "But how strangely Dodo goes from one extreme to the other!"

The next day, at luncheon, the butler, handing something to Mr. Brooke, said, "Jonas is come back, Sir, and has brought this letter."

Mr. Brooke read the letter, and then, nodding toward Dorothea, said, "Casaubon, my dear: he will be here to dinner; he didn't wait to write more—didn't wait, you know."

It could not seem remarkable to Celia that a dinner guest should be announced to her sister beforehand, but, her eyes following the same direction as her uncle's, she was struck with the peculiar effect of the announcement on Dorothea. It seemed as if something like the reflection of a white sun-lit wing had passed across her features, ending in one of her rare blushes. For the first time it entered into Celia's mind that there might be something more between Mr. Casaubon and her sister than his delight in bookish talk and her delight in listening. Hitherto she had classed the admiration for this "ugly" and learned acquaintance with the admiration for Monsieur Liret at Lausanne, also ugly and learned. Dorothea had never been tired of listening to old Monsieur Liret, when Celia's feet were as cold as possible, and when it had really become dreadful to see the skin of his bald head moving about. Why, then, should her enthusiasm not extend to Mr. Casaubon simply in the same way as to Monsieur Liret? And it seemed probable that all learned men had a sort of schoolmaster's view of young people.

But now Celia was really startled at the suspicion which had darted into her mind. She was seldom taken by surprise in this way, her marvelous quickness in observing a certain order of signs generally preparing her to expect such outward events as she had an interest in. Not that she now imagined Mr. Casaubon to be already an accepted lover: she had only begun to feel disgust at the possibility that any thing in Dorothea's mind could tend toward such an issue. Here was something really to vex her about Dodo: it was all very well not to accept Sir James Chettam, but the idea of marrying Mr. Casaubon! Celia felt a sort of shame mingled with a sense of the ludicrous. But perhaps Dodo, if she were really bordering on such an extravagance, might be turned away from it: experience had often shown that her impressibility might be calculated on. The day was damp, and they were not going to walk out, so they both went up to their sitting-room; and there Celia observed that Dorothea, instead of settling down with her usual diligent interest to some occupation, simply leaned her elbow on an open book and looked out of the window at the great cedar silvered with the damp. She herself had taken up the making of a toy for the curate's children, and was not going to enter on any subject too precipitately.

Dorothea was, in fact, thinking that it was desirable for Celia to know of the momentous change in Mr. Casaubon's position since he had last been in the house; it did not seem fair to leave her in ignorance of what would necessarily affect her attitude toward him; but it was impossible not to shrink from telling her. Dorothea accused herself of some meanness in this timidity: it was always odious to her to have any small fears or contrivances about her actions; but at this moment she was seeking the highest aid possible that she might not dread the corrosiveness of Celia's pretty, carnally minded prose. Her reverie was broken, and the difficulty of decision banished, by Celia's small and rather guttural voice speaking in its usual tone of a remark aside or a "by-the-bye."

"Is any one else coming to dine besides Mr. Casaubon?"

"Not that I know of."

"I hope there is some one else. Then I shall not hear him eat his soup so."

"What is there remarkable about his soup-eating?"

"Really, Dodo, can't you hear how he scrapes his spoon? And he always blinks before he speaks. I don't know whether Locke blinked, but I'm sure I am sorry for those who sat opposite to him if he did."

"Celia," said Dorothea, with emphatic gravity, "pray don't make any more observations of that kind."

"Why not? They are quite true," returned Celia, who had her reasons for persevering, though she was beginning to be a little afraid.

"Many things are true which only the commonest minds observe."

"Then I think the commonest minds must be rather useful. I think it is a pity Mr. Casaubon's mother had not a commoner mind: she might have taught him better." Celia was inwardly frightened, and ready to run away, now she had hurled this light javelin.

Dorothea's feelings had gathered to an avalanche, and there could be no further preparation.

"It is right to tell you, Celia, that I am engaged to marry Mr. Casaubon."

Perhaps Celia had never turned so pale before. The paper man she was making would have had his leg injured but for her habitual care of whatever she held in her hands. She laid the fragile figure down at once, and sat perfectly still for a few moments. When she spoke there was a tear gathering.

"Oh, Dodo, I hope you will be happy." Her sisterly tenderness could not but surmount other feelings at this moment, and her fears were the fears of affection.

Dorothea was still hurt and agitated.

"It is quite decided, then?" said Celia, in an awed under-tone. "And uncle knows?"

"I have accepted Mr. Casaubon's offer. My uncle brought me the letter that contained it; he knew about it beforehand."

"I beg your pardon, if I have said any thing to hurt you, Dodo," said Celia, with a slight sob. She never could have thought that she should feel as she did. There was something funereal in the whole affair, and Mr. Casaubon seemed to be the offisiating clergyman, about whom it would be indecent to make remarks.

"Never mind, Kitty; do not grieve. We should never admire the same people. I often offend in something of the same way; I am apt to speak too strongly of those who don't please me."

In spite of this magnanimity Dorothea was still smarting: perhaps as much from Celia's subdued astonishment as from her small criticisms. Of course all the world round Tipton would be out of sympathy with this marriage. Dorothea knew of no one who thought as she did about life and its best objects.

Nevertheless, before the evening was at an end she was very happy. In an hour's *tête-à-tête* with Mr. Casaubon she talked to him with more freedom than she had ever felt before, even pouring out her joy at the thought of devoting herself to him, and of learning how she might best share and further all his great ends. Mr. Casaubon was touched with an unknown delight (what man would not have been?) at this child-like, unrestrained ardor: he was not surprised (what lover would have been?) that he should be the object of it.

"My dear young lady—Miss Brooke—Dorothea!" he said, pressing her hand between his hands, "this is a happiness greater than I had ever imagined to be in reserve for me. That I should ever meet with a mind and person so rich in the mingled graces which could render marriage desirable was far indeed from my conception. You have all—nay, more than all—those qualities which I have ever regarded as the characteristic excellences of womanhood. The great charm of your sex is its capability of an ardent self-sacrificing affection, and herein we see its fitness to round and complete the existence of our own. Hitherto I have known few pleasures save of the severer kind: my satisfactions have been those of the solitary student. I have been little disposed to gather flowers that would wither in my hand, but now I shall pluck them with eagerness, to place them in your bosom."

No speech could have been more thoroughly honest in its intention: the frigid rhetoric at the end was as sincere as the bark of a dog or the cawing of an amorous rook. Would it not be rash to conclude that there was no passion behind those sonnets to Delia which strike us as the thin music of a mandolin?

Dorothea's faith supplied all that Mr. Casaubon's words seemed to leave unsaid: what believer sees a disturbing omission or infelicity? The text, whether of prophet or of poet, expands for whatever we can put into it, and even his bad grammar is sublime.

"I am very ignorant—you will quite wonder at my ignorance," said Dorothea. "I have so many thoughts that may be quite mistaken; and now I shall be able to tell them all to you, and ask you about them. But," she added, with rapid imagination of Mr. Casaubon's probable feeling, "I will not trouble you too much; only when you are inclined to listen to me. You must often be weary with the pursuit of subjects in your own track. I shall gain enough if you will take me with you there."

"How should I be able now to persevere in any path without your companionship?" said Mr. Casaubon, kissing her candid brow, and feeling that Heaven had vouchsafed him a blessing in every way suited to his peculiar wants. He was being unconsciously wrought upon by the charms of a nature which was entirely without hidden calculations either for immediate effects or for remoter ends. It was this which made Dorothea so child-like, and, according to some judges, so stupid, with all her reputed cleverness; as, for example, in the present case of throwing herself, metaphorically speaking, at Mr. Casaubon's feet, and kissing his unfashionable shoe-ties as if he were a Protestant pope. She was not in the least teaching Mr. Casaubon to ask if he were good enough for her, but merely asking herself anxiously how she could be good enough for Mr. Casaubon. Before he left the next day it had been decided that the marriage should take place within six weeks. Why not? Mr. Casaubon's house was ready. It was not a parsonage, but a considerable mansion, with much land attached to it. The parsonage was inhabited by the curate, who did all the duty except preaching the morning sermon.

CHAPTER VI.

"My lady's tongue is like the meadow blades,
That cut you stroking them with idle hand.
Nice cutting is her function: she divides
With spiritual edge the millet seed,
And makes intangible savings."

As Mr. Casaubon's carriage was passing out of the gate-way it arrested the entrance of a pony phaeton driven by a lady with a servant seated behind. It was doubtful whether the recognition had been mutual, for Mr. Casaubon was looking absently before him; but the lady was quick-eyed, and threw a nod and a "How do you do?" in the nick of time. In spite of her shabby bonnet and very old Indian shawl, it was plain that the lodge-keeper regarded her as an important personage from the low courtesy which was dropped on the entrance of the small phaeton.

"Well, Mrs. Fitchett, how are your fowls laying now?" said the high-colored, dark-eyed lady, with the clearest chiseled utterance.

"Pretty well for laying, madam, but they've ta'en to eating their eggs: I've no peace o' mind with 'em at all."

"Oh, the cannibals! Better sell them cheap at once. What will you sell them a couple? One can't eat fowls of a bad character at a high price."

"Well, madam, half a crown: I couldn't let 'em go, not under."

"Half a crown, these times! Come now—for the rector's chicken broth on a Sunday. He has consumed all ours that I can spare. You are half paid with the sermon, Mrs. Fitchett, remember that. Take a pair of tumbler-pigeons for them—little beauties. You must come and see them. You have no tumblers among your pigeons."

"Well, madam, Master Fitchett shall go and see 'em after work. He's very hot on new sorts: to oblige *you*."

"Oblige me! It will be the best bargain he ever made. A pair of church pigeons for a couple of wicked Spanish fowls that eat their own eggs! Don't you and Fitchett boast too much, that is all!"

The phaeton was driven onward with the last words, leaving Mrs. Fitchett laughing and shaking her head slowly, with an interjectional "Sure-

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ly, surely!"—from which it might be inferred that she would have found the country-side somewhat duller if the rector's lady had been less free-spoken and less of a skinflint. Indeed, both the farmers and laborers in the parishes of Freshitt and Tipton would have felt a sad lack of conversation but for the stories about what Mrs. Cadwallader said and did: a lady of immeasurably high birth, descended, as it were, from unknown earls, dim as the crowd of heroic shades—who pleaded poverty, pared down prices, and cut jokes in the most companionable manner, though with a turn of tongue that let you know who she was. Such a lady gave a neighborliness to both rank and religion, and mitigated the bitterness of uncommuted tithe. A much more exemplary character with an infusion of sour dignity would not have furthered their comprehension of the Thirty-nine Articles, and would have been less socially uniting.

Mr. Brooke, seeing Mrs. Cadwallader's merits from a different point of view, winced a little when her name was announced in the library, where he was sitting alone.

"I see you have had our Lowick Cicero here," she said, seating herself comfortably, throwing back her wraps, and showing a thin but well-built figure. "I suspect you and he are brewing some bad politics, else you would not be seeing so much of the lively man. I shall inform against you: remember you are both suspicious characters since you took Peel's side about the Catholic Bill. I shall tell every body that you are going to put up for Middlemarch on the Whig side when old Pinkerton resigns, and that Casaubon is going to help you in an underhand manner: going to bribe the voters with pamphlets, and throw open the public-houses to distribute them. Come, confess!"

"Nothing of the sort," said Mr. Brooke, smiling and rubbing his eye-glasses, but really blushing a little at the impeachment. "Casaubon and I don't talk politics much. He doesn't care much about the philanthropic side of things—punishments, and that kind of thing. He only cares about Church questions. That is not my line of action, you know."

"Ra-a-ther too much, my friend. *I* have heard of your doings. Who was it that sold his bit of land to the Papists at Middlemarch? I believe you bought it on purpose. You are a perfect Guy Faux. See if you are not burned in effigy this 5th of November coming. Humphrey would not come to quarrel with you about it, so I am come."

"Very good. I was prepared to be persecuted for not persecuting—not persecuting, you know."

"There you go! That is a piece of clap-trap you have got ready for the hustings. Now *do not* let them lure you to the hustings, my dear Mr. Brooke. A man always makes a fool of himself speechifying: there's no excuse but being on the right side, so that you can ask a blessing on your humming and hawing. You will lose yourself, I forewarn you. You will make a Saturday pie of all parties' opinions, and be pelted by every body."

"That is what I expect, you know," said Mr. Brooke, not wishing to betray how little he enjoyed this prophetic sketch—"what I expect as an independent man. As to the Whigs, a man who goes with the thinkers is not likely to be hooked on by any party. He may go with them up to a certain point—up to a certain point, you know. But that is what you ladies never understand."

"Where your certain point is? No. I should like to be told how a man can have any certain point when he belongs to no party—leading a roving life, and never letting his friends know his address. 'Nobody knows where Brooke will be; there's no counting on Brooke'—that is what people say of you, to be quite frank. Now do turn respectable. How will you like going to Sessions with every body looking shy on you, and you with a bad conscience and an empty pocket?"

"I don't pretend to argue with a lady on politics," said Mr. Brooke, with an air of smiling indifference, but feeling rather unpleasantly conscious that this attack of Mrs. Cadwallader's had opened the defensive campaign to which certain rash steps had exposed him. "Your sex are not thinkers, you know—*varium et mutabile semper*—that kind of thing. You don't know Virgil. I knew"—Mr. Brooke reflected in time that he had not had the personal acquaintance of the Augustan poet—"I was going to say, poor Stoddart, you know. That was what *he* said. You ladies are always against an independent attitude—a man's caring for nothing but truth, and that sort of thing. And there is no part of the country where opinion is narrower than it is here—I don't mean to throw stones, you know, but somebody is wanted to take the independent line; and if I don't take it, who will?"

"Who? Why, any upstart who has got neither blood nor position. People of standing should consume their independent nonsense at home, not hawk it about. And you! who are going to marry your niece, as good as your daughter, to one of our best men. Sir James would be cruelly annoyed: it will be too hard on him if you turn round now and make yourself a Whig sign-board."

Mr. Brooke again winced inwardly, for Dorothea's engagement had no sooner been decided than he had thought of Mrs. Cadwallader's prospective taunts. It might have been easy for ignorant observers to say, "Quarrel with Mrs. Cadwallader;" but where is a country gentleman to go who quarrels with his oldest neighbors? Who could taste the fine flavor in the name of Brooke if it were delivered casually, like wine without a seal? Certainly a man can only be cosmopolitan up to a certain point.

"I hope Chettam and I shall always be good friends; but I am sorry to say there is no prospect of his marrying my niece," said Mr. Brooke, much relieved to see through the window that Celia was coming in.

"Why not?" said Mrs. Cadwallader, with a sharp note of surprise. "It is hardly a fortnight since you and I were talking about it."

"My niece has chosen another suitor—has chosen him, you know. I have had nothing to do with it. I should have preferred Chettam; and I should have said Chettam was the man any girl would have chosen. But there is no accounting for these things. Your sex is capricious, you know."

"Why, whom do you mean to say that you are going to let her marry?" Mrs. Cadwallader's mind was rapidly surveying the possibilities of choice for Dorothea.

But here Celia entered, blooming from a walk in the garden, and the greeting with her delivered Mr. Brooke from the necessity of answering immediately. He got up hastily, and saying, "By-the-way, I must speak to Wright about the horses," shuffled quickly out of the room.

"My dear child, what is this?—this about your sister's engagement?" said Mrs. Cadwallader.

"She is engaged to marry Mr. Casaubon," said Celia, resorting, as usual, to the simplest statement of fact, and enjoying this opportunity of speaking to the rector's wife alone.

"This is frightful. How long has it been going on?"

"I only knew of it yesterday. They are to be married in six weeks."

"Well, my dear, I wish you joy of your brother-in-law."

"I am so sorry for Dorothea."

"Sorry! It is her doing, I suppose?"

"Yes; she says Mr. Casaubon has a great soul."

"With all my heart."

"Oh, Mrs. Cadwallader, I don't think it can be nice to marry a man with a great soul."

"Well, my dear, take warning. You know the look of one now; when the next comes and wants to marry you, don't you accept him."

"I'm sure I never should."

"No; one such in a family is enough. So your sister never cared about Sir James Chettam? What would you have said to *him* for a brother-in-law?"

"I should have liked that very much. I am sure he would have been a good husband. Only," Celia added, with a slight blush (she sometimes seemed to blush as she breathed), "I don't think he would have suited Dorothea."

"Not high-flown enough?"

"Dodo is very strict. She thinks so much about every thing, and is so particular about what one says. Sir James never seemed to please her."

"She must have encouraged him, I am sure. That is not very creditable."

"Please don't be angry with Dodo; she does not see things. She thought so much about the cottages, and she *was* rude to Sir James sometimes; but he is so kind he never noticed it."

"Well," said Mrs. Cadwallader, putting on her shawl, and rising, as if in haste, "I must go straight to Sir James and break this to him. He will have brought his mother back by this time, and I must call. Your uncle will never tell him. We are all disappointed, my dear. Young people should think of their families in marrying. I set a bad example—married a poor clergyman, and made myself a pitiable object among the De Bracys—obliged to get my coals by stratagem, and pray to Heaven for my salad oil. However, Casaubon has money enough; I must do him that justice. As to his blood, I suppose the family quarterings are three cuttle-fish sable, and a commentator rampant. By-the-bye, before I go, my dear, I must speak to your Mrs. Carter about pastry. I want to send my young cook to learn of her. Poor people with four children, like us, you know, can't afford to keep a good cook. I have no doubt Mrs. Carter will oblige me. Sir James's cook is a perfect dragon."

In less than an hour Mrs. Cadwallader had circumvented Mrs. Carter and driven to Freshitt Hall, which was not far from her own parsonage, her husband being resident in Freshitt and keeping a curate in Tipton.

Sir James Chettam had returned from the short journey which had kept him absent for a couple of days, and had changed his dress, intending to ride over to Tipton Grange. His horse was standing at the door when Mrs. Cadwallader drove up, and he immediately appeared there himself, whip in hand. Lady Chettam had not yet returned; but Mrs. Cadwallader's errand could not be dispatched in the presence of grooms, so she asked to be taken into the conservatory close by, to look at the new plants; and on coming to a contemplative stand she said,

"I have a great shock for you. I hope you are not so far gone in love as you pretended to be."

It was of no use protesting against Mrs. Cadwallader's way of putting things. But Sir James's countenance changed a little. He felt a vague alarm.

"I do believe Brooke is going to expose himself after all. I accused him of meaning to stand for Middlemarch on the Liberal side, and he looked silly and never denied it—talked about the independent line, and the usual nonsense."

"Is that all?" said Sir James, much relieved.

"Why," rejoined Mrs. Cadwallader, with a sharper note, "you don't mean to say that you would like him to turn public man in that way—making a sort of political Cheap Jack of himself?"

"He might be dissuaded, I should think. He would not like the expense."

"That is what I told him. He is vulnerable to reason there—always a few grains of commonsense in an ounce of miserliness. Miserliness is a capital quality to run in families; it's the safe side for madness to dip on. And there must be a little crack in the Brooke family, else we should not see what we are to see."

"What? Brooke standing for Middlemarch?"

"Worse than that. I really feel a little responsible. I always told you Miss Brooke would be such a fine match. I knew there was a great deal of nonsense in her—a flighty sort of Methodistical stuff. But these things wear out of girls. However, I am taken by surprise for once."

"What do you mean, Mrs. Cadwallader?" said Sir James. His fear lest Miss Brooke should have run away to join the Moravian Brethren, or some preposterous sect unknown to good society, was a little allayed by the knowledge that Mrs. Cadwallader always made the worst of things. "What has happened to Miss Brooke? Pray speak out."

"Very well. She is engaged to be married." Mrs. Cadwallader paused a few moments, observing the deeply hurt expression in her friend's face, which he was trying to conceal by a nervous smile, while he whipped his boot; but she soon added, "Engaged to Casaubon."

Sir James let his whip fall, and stooped to pick it up. Perhaps his face had never before gathered so much concentrated disgust as when he turned to Mrs. Cadwallader, and repeated, "Casaubon?"

"Even so. You know my errand now."

"Good God! It is horrible! He is no better than a mummy!" (The point of view has to be allowed for, as that of a blooming and disappointed rival.)

"She says he is a great soul.—A great bladder for dried pease to rattle in!" said Mrs. Cadwallader.

"What business has an old bachelor like that to marry?" said Sir James. "He has one foot in the grave."

"He means to draw it out again, I suppose."

"Brooke ought not to allow it: he should insist on its being put off till she is of age. She would think better of it then. What is a guardian for?"

"As if you could ever squeeze a resolution out of Brooke!"

"Cadwallader might talk to him."

"Not he! Humphrey finds every body charming. I never can get him to abuse Casaubon. He will even speak well of the bishop, though I tell him it is unnatural in a beneficed clergyman: what can one do with a husband who attends so little to the decencies? I hide it as well as I can by abusing every body myself. Come, come; cheer up! you are well rid of Miss Brooke—a girl who would have been requiring you to see the stars by daylight. Between ourselves, little Celia is worth two of her, and likely, after all, to be the better match. For this marriage to Casaubon is as good as going to a nunnery."

"Oh, on my own account—it is for Miss Brooke's sake I think her friends should try to use their influence."

"Well, Humphrey doesn't know yet. But when I tell him, you may depend on it he will say, 'Why not? Casaubon is a good fellow—and young—young enough.' These charitable people never know vinegar from wine till they have swallowed it and got the colic. However, if I were a man I should prefer Celia, especially when Dorothea was gone. The truth is, you have been courting one, and have won the other. I can see that she admires you almost as much as a man expects to be admired. If it were any one but me who said so, you might think it exaggeration. Good-by!"

Sir James handed Mrs. Cadwallader to the phaeton, and then jumped on his horse. He was not going to renounce his ride because of his friend's unpleasant news—only to ride the faster in some other direction than that of Tipton Grange.

Now why on earth should Mrs. Cadwallader have been at all busy about Miss Brooke's marriage; and why, when one match that she liked to think she had a hand in was frustrated, should she have straightway contrived the preliminaries of another? Was there any ingenious plot, any hide-and-seek course of action, which might be detected by a careful telescopic watch? Not at all: a telescope might have swept the parishes of Tipton and Freshitt, the whole area visited by Mrs. Cadwallader in her phaeton, without witnessing any interview that could excite suspicion, or any scene from which she did not return with the same unperturbed keenness of eye and the same high natural color. In fact, if that convenient vehicle had existed in the days of the Seven Sages, one of them would doubtless have remarked that you can know little of women by following them about in their pony phaetons. Even with a microscope directed on a water-drop we find ourselves making interpretations which turn out to be rather coarse; for whereas under a weak lens you may seem to see a creature exhibiting an active voracity into which other smaller creatures actively play as if they were so many animated tax-pennies, a stronger lens reveals to you certain tiniest hairlets which make vortices for these victims while the swallower waits passively at his receipt of custom. In this way, metaphorically speaking, a strong lens applied to Mrs. Cadwallader's match-making will show a play of minute causes producing what may be called thought and speech vortices to bring her the sort of food she needed.

Her life was rurally simple, quite free from secrets either foul, dangerous, or otherwise important, and not consciously affected by the great affairs of the world. All the more did the affairs of the great world interest her, when communicated in the letters of high-born relations: the way in which fascinating younger sons had gone to the dogs by marrying their mistresses; the fine old-blooded idiocy of young Lord Tapir, and the furious gouty humors of old Lord Megatherium; the exact crossing of genealogies which had brought a coronet into a new branch and widened the relations of scandal—these were topics of which she retained details with the utmost accuracy, and reproduced them in an excellent pickle of epigrams, which she herself enjoyed the more because she believed as unquestioningly in birth and no birth as she did in game and vermin. She would never have disowned any one on the ground of poverty: a De Bracy reduced to take his dinner in a basin would have seemed to her an example of pathos worth exaggerating; and I fear his aristocratic vices would not have horrified her. But her feeling toward the vulgar rich was a sort of religious hatred: they had probably made all their money out of high retail prices, and Mrs. Cadwallader detested high prices for every thing that was not paid in kind at the Rectory: such people were no part of God's design in making the world; and their accent was an affliction to the ears. A town where such monsters abounded was hardly more than a sort of low comedy, which could not be taken account of in a well-bred scheme of the universe. Let any lady who is inclined to be hard on Mrs. Cadwallader inquire into the comprehensiveness of her own beautiful views, and be quite sure that they afford accommodation for all the lives which have the honor to coexist with hers.

With such a mind, active as phosphorus, biting every thing that came near into the form that suited it, how could the Misses Brooke and their matrimonial prospects seem alien to Mrs. Cadwallader? especially as it had been the habit of years for her to scold Mr. Brooke with the friendliest frankness, and let him know in confidence that she thought him a poor creature. From the first arrival of the young ladies in Tipton she had prearranged Dorothea's marriage with Sir James, and if it had taken place would have been quite sure that it was her doing: that it should not take place, after she had preconceived it, caused her an irritation which every thinker will sympathize with. She was the diplomatist of Tipton and Freshitt, and for any thing to happen in spite of her was an offensive irregularity. As to freaks like this of Miss Brooke's, Mrs. Cadwallader had no patience with them, and now saw that her opinion of this girl had been infected with some of her husband's weak charitableness: those Methodistical whims, that air of being more religious than the rector and curate together, came from a deeper and more constitutional disease than she had been willing to believe.

"However," said Mrs. Cadwallader, first to herself and afterward to her husband, "I throw her over: there was a chance, if she had married Sir James, of her becoming a sane, sensible woman. He would never have contradicted her, and when a woman is not contradicted she has no motive for obstinacy in her absurdities. But now I wish her joy of her hair shirt."

It followed that Mrs. Cadwallader must decide on another match for Sir James, and having made up her mind that it was to be the younger Miss Brooke, there could not have been a more skillful move toward the success of her plan than her hint to the baronet that he had made an impression on Celia's heart. For he was not one of those gentlemen who languish after the unattainable Sappho's apple that laughs from the topmost bough—the charms which

> "Smile like the knot of cowslips on the cliff,
> Not to be come at by the willing hand."

He had no sonnets to write, and it could not strike him agreeably that he was not an object of preference to the woman whom he had preferred. Already the knowledge that Dorothea had chosen Mr. Casaubon had bruised his attachment and relaxed its hold. Although Sir James was a sportsman, he had some other feelings toward women than toward grouse and foxes, and did not regard his future wife in the light of prey, valuable chiefly for the excitements of the chase. Neither was he so well acquainted with the habits of primitive races as to feel that an ideal combat for her, tomahawk in hand, so to speak, was necessary to the historical continuity of the marriage tie. On the contrary, having the amiable vanity which knits us to those who are fond of us, and disinclines us to those who are indifferent, and also a good, grateful nature, the mere idea that a woman had a kindness toward him spun little threads of tenderness from out his heart toward hers.

Thus it happened that after Sir James had ridden rather fast for half an hour in a direction away from Tipton Grange, he slackened his pace, and at last turned into a road which would lead him back by a shorter cut. Various feelings wrought in him the determination, after all, to go to the Grange to-day as if nothing new had happened. He could not help rejoicing that he had never made the offer and been rejected; mere friendly politeness required that he should call to see Dorothea about the cottages; and now happily Mrs. Cadwallader had prepared him to offer his congratulations, if necessary, without showing too much awkwardness. He really did not like it: giving up Dorothea was very painful to him; but there was something in the resolve to make this visit forthwith, and conquer all show of feeling, which was a sort of file-biting and counter-irritant. And without his distinctly recognizing the impulse, there certainly was present in him the sense that Celia would be there, and that he should pay her more attention than he had done before.

We mortals, men and women, devour many a disappointment between breakfast and dinner-time; we keep back the tears and look a little pale about the lips, and in answer to inquiries say, "Oh, nothing!" Pride helps us; and pride is not a bad thing when it only urges us to hide our own hurts—not to hurt others.

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WITCHCRAFT IN [illegible]—[See Page 1226.]

Glendower. "I can call [illegible] FROM THE VASTY DEEP."
Hotspur. "Why, so can [illegible] CAN ANY MAN;
BUT WILL THEY COME [illegible] YOU DO CALL FOR THEM?"
King Henry IV., Part I., Act iii., Scene 1.

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WITCHCRAFT IN 1871.

MR. WALTER THORNBURY, the well-known English *littérateur*, has written an amusing letter to a London newspaper, which will serve to explain our double-page illustration this week. Rendered curious by the spiritualistic marvels which were currently reported of corpulent ladies being miraculously conveyed through the air, and of a gentleman being shot in a trance headforemost from an open window seventy feet from the ground, and then calmly returning in the moonlight, until his boots floated several inches above the window-sill—astounded by these wondcrs, Mr. THORNBURY determined to use his own eyes at a *séance*, and accordingly proceeded to a noted spiritualistic gathering-place, where he paid half a crown for admission. The walls were ornamented with some weird-looking pictures, there were some paper-gilt speaking-trumpets on the table, there was a piano-forte in one corner of the room, and the windows were carefully closed. About fourteen persons were present. Presently two professional mediums entered. They requested the visitors to join hands, the gas was turned down (this important operation is represented in the picture), and the *séance* began. At length one of the mediums was heard gurgling and groaning, and, on the gas being turned up, was discovered "with his head twisted, like a young Laocoön, in the folds of a red table-cloth. He disentangled himself with a disturbed, suffering air." Next a tremendous gruff bass voice hailed the company. This emanated from the spirit of "JOHN KING," a notorious pirate of the reign of Queen ELIZABETH. Mr. KING seems to have said nothing of any interest, but "a few minutes afterward there were sounds of violent blows, several skeptics were struck on the head by JOHN KING'S speaking-trumpet, a sofa-cushion was flung at me, while an antimacassar was thrown in the face of another gentleman." After this a spirit named "KATE" appeared; but she merely said something about "JENNY JONES, of Hampstead," and then withdrew. Sometimes, it is said, this gay spirit administers a kiss all round. Altogether, the *séance* seems to have been a failure—indeed, one of the mediums admitted that what had been heard and seen was not enough to convert any skeptic, but that the conditions appeared to be unfavorable. It is scarcely necessary to add that Mr. THORNBURY quitted the apartment in a hardened state of unbelief.

THE FIR CONES.

AN IDYL OF CHRISTMAS-EVE.

"WELL, the old tree has gone at last," said the farmer as he latched the heavy door, and began to stamp the snow from his boots.

"What tree?" cried a girl's voice, as the whir of the busy wheel suddenly slackened. "Oh, father, not the Lovers' Tree—the old fir? Surely thou canst not mean *that?*"

"No other, Hilda—the Lovers' Tree, under which thy mother and I exchanged our troth-plight more than twenty years back. Hey, dame?" And he turned with a smile to where his wife sat in the sunset light, humming a low tune to the accompaniment of her clicking needles. She smiled back in answer.

"Yes, Paul, and my mother as well; and thine too, I'll be bound, for she also was a Brelau girl. All Brelau knows the fir—a hundred years old it was, they say."

"More than that," said the farmer. "My grandfather courted his lass under its shade, and his father did the same. Add a hundred and fifty to your hundred, and it won't be so far amiss, wife. But it has fallen at last. There'll be no more maidens wooed and won under the Lovers' Tree. Thou hast lost thy chance, Hilda." And he turned fondly to his girl.

"That was indeed a terrible wind last night," went on the dame. "It rocked the bed till it waked me from my sleep. Did it rouse thee also, Liebchen?"

But Hilda responded neither to word nor look. She had left her wheel, had crossed the room, and now stood gazing from the window to where across the valley the green obelisk of the old fir had risen. Men were moving about the spot where once it stood, and the ring of axes on the frosty air told that already the frugal peasantry were at work; and the pride of the village, confidant of many secrets, was now in process of reduction to the level of vulgar fire-wood.

In rushed two children. "Hast thou heard the news?" they cried. "The Lovers' Tree is blown down! All the people are up there chopping. May we go too, and see them chöp? We will bring home all the cones to build the Christmas fire. Ah, do let us go, mother; fir cones blaze so magnificently."

"You are such little ones, you will get in the way of the axes and be hurt," replied their mother, fondling them.

But the farmer said,

"Yes, let them go; we will all go. Get thy cloak, Ursula, and thy woolen hood. We will see the old tree once more before he is carried away. Wilt thou come too, Hilda?"

But Hilda shook her head, and did not turn or answer. The children rioted about, searching for baskets and fagot strings; but she neither moved nor spoke. Then the door closed, and all was quiet in the cottage. But still Hilda stood in the window, looking with dreamy, unseeing eyes across the valley to the opposite hill-side.

She was looking upon a picture—a picture which nobody would ever see again; upon the venerable tree, beloved of all Brelau, which, for more years than men could count, had stood there watching the tide of human life ebb and flow, as some majestic old man might stand with children playing about his kindly knees. Whole generations of lovers had held tryst under its shade. Kisses had been interchanged, vows murmured—the old, old story of human love, of human joy, of hope, of longing, of trust, had been repeated and repeated there, age after age, and still the old tree guarded its secrets well, as in days of greenest youth, and still bent to listen like a half-human friend. White arms clasped its trunk, soft cheeks were laid there, as if the rough bark could feel responsive thrill. Two centuries of loving and listening had mellowed its heart. The boughs seemed to whisper meanings to those who sought their shade—gay songs to the young, counsels to the burdened, benedictions to those who, bowed down with trouble, came, black-clad and sorrowful, to look across the valley where once the purple lights of hope had met their eyes. "Wait," the rustling murmur seemed to say to such; "only wait—wait, as I have waited, and you shall be made exceedingly glad. Behold, the day dawns and the shadows fly away!" And though the heavy heart might not comprehend the whispered words, something seemed lifted from the weight of sadness, and the mourners departed, comforted, knowing not why.

But not upon a vague picture only did Hilda look. German girls can keep their own counsel as well as girls of other nations. And for all her father's joking she had not "lost her chance" under the Lovers' Tree. Often had she sat there—sat there not alone—and now in thought she was there again. She heard a voice—she leaned to meet a kiss. "Wilhelm," she faltered, and then the vision dissolved in a mist of hot and rushing tears. In the old fir she seemed to lose a friend, an intercessor. Oh, why had this unhappy quarrel arisen? Why had she and Wilhelm loved at all, if only to be so unhappy in the end?

But, in truth, it is very easy for lovers to quarrel. Like particles of electric matter, the two natures near, attract, repel. The fire that leaps from either soul, responsive to kindred fire, fuses or destroys. A hint, a suspicion, jealousy, mistrust, the thousand and one small chances of life, come between, and all is over. Only

"The little pitted speck in garnered fruit"

is needful. A trifle, or what seemed a trifle, had been the beginning of mischief between Hilda and Wilhelm, but the breach had slowly widened till now, when for weeks they had neither met nor spoken, and the idyl begun under summer boughs was withering in time of frost like summer flowers.

To the old tree, and to him alone, did the girl confide her wretchedness. In his dumb ear she owned herself in the wrong. "Why do you not say so?" the responsive murmur seemed to breathe. "Wilhelm is true! Wilhelm is kind! only a word, and all will be well." But pride laid his finger on her lips. She neglected the kindly monitor, the word came not, and now the dear old fir was gone; and thinking of these things, Hilda's heart was very sad.

Meantime upon the hill-side a great crowd of people were assembled about the fallen trunk. Old men and women, with wistful eyes, stood there; comely middle-aged pairs, surrounded by children; young girls and their bachelors; boys with fresh rosy faces and wondering eyes—all alike had come to see once more the face of the village friend. Merrily rang the axes upon the wood. Some looked sad, some merry, as the work went on. There was much interchange of "Do you remembers," much laughing and joking, a few tears. The children with their baskets ran about picking up the bright cones which once hung like a coronet upon the forehead of the fir. Here and there a woman stooped for a chip or a small twig to carry away as relic. And then it began to grow dark. The people recollected themselves, as people will after doing a sentimental thing, and saw that it was time to go home. So in contented crowds they descended the hill to their suppers, and threw billets of the old fir on the fire, and beside the blaze partook of sausage and cheese, and laughed and gossiped no less merrily than usual, and the funeral of the old tree was over.

"We will keep all our cones, and the big fagot which Fritz tied up, until day after to-morrow," said little Gretchen; "because, you know, day after to-morrow comes Christmas-eve, and the Christ-child must be sure to find a good fire."

No one gainsaid this, so the cradle was laid aside.

All next day, and the next, did Hilda labor busily, throwing herself with feverish energy into the Christmas preparations. There was a plenty to do. The furniture must shine its brightest, veal and puddings be made ready for spit and oven, green boughs be hung every where, and, above all, the tree must be prepared. Hard and continually she worked, and as the sun set on the blessed eve all was in order. A vast fire crackled on the hearth of the "big room," thrown open in honor of the festival. Its bright blaze was reflected back from the polished panels of the tall corner clock, and danced on the rosy apples and glossy filberts of the still unlighted tree, which stood, green and magnificent, beyond. Little fruit of value did this wonderful tree bear. Jackets, stockings, leather shoes, loaded the lower boughs; above was a flowering of warm hoods and gay neckcloths—there was a wooden cow for Gretchen, a trumpet of red tin for little Paul; but the useful and the necessary predominated. Tender hands had arranged all, had hung the many-colored tapers, crowned the whole with bright-berried stems, and, in the moss at the foot, laid reverently a tiny straw cradle, with waxen occupant, in memory of that resting-place in the Bethlehem manger where once a "young child lay." And now, pale and tired, Hilda stood gazing upon her finished work.

"Sister, sister!" clamored eager voices through the closed door, "hasn't the Christ-child come yet?"

"No, dears, not yet. Go away and play quietly in the kitchen. I'll call you when he comes."

The little footsteps retreated, and Hilda seated herself before the fire with a weary sigh. It would be an hour or more before her father would return, and the lighting of the tree begin; so, leaning back in the high carved chair, she gave herself up to rest of body, leaving her mind to rove listlessly as it would.

The basket of cones stood beside the hearth. Half mechanically she stooped for a handful, and threw them on the blaze. Then a certain drowsy peace came over her, broken only by the flickering noise of the burning cones. They did not burn like other cones, she thought, and even as the idea floated through her brain, a strange, phantasmal change passed over them. Moving and blending, they began to build a picture in the heart of the fire—the picture of a tree, drawn in flaming lines. Hilda knew the tree. It was the old fir of Brelau, complete in limb and trunk. And, as she gazed, figures formed themselves beneath the boughs—figures as of people sitting there, which moved and scintillated, and, swaying toward each other, seemed to clasp and kiss. She uttered a low cry of pain. At the sound the scene shifted, the tree dissolved as in fiery rain, and the cones, raising themselves and climbing upward, stood ranged in a group on the topmost log, like a choir of musicians about to play. Strange notes seemed to come from the blaze, low and humming, like a whispered prelude, then voices began to speak, or to sing—which was it?—in tones which sounded oddly near, and yet infinitely far away. It was like a chorus of elves sung to the accompaniment of rustling leaves. And all the time it went on certain brightly flaming cones, which took precedence, emphasized the music with a succession of quick, glancing sparks, darting out like tiny finger-points, as if to attract attention.

"Look at us! look at us!" were the words of the strange *staccato* chant which sounded from the fire. "We are all light and glorious as your love used to be—used to be. It isn't so any longer." Then other cones, half burned and crusted over with white ashes, pushed forward and took up the strain in sad recitative: "Look at us! look at us, Hilda! We are as your love is now—is now. Ah, there will be worse to come ere long!" And all the time they sang, glowing strongly from within, they fixed what seemed eyes, red and winking, on Hilda's face. Then the ashes from below, drifting upward in an odd, aimless way, formed themselves into a shadowy shape, and began to sing in low, muffled tones, full of sadness. "We are dead, Hilda," was their song; "all dead! dead as your love will be—will be—before long." And at the close of the strain all the cones closed together, and emitted a sigh so profound and so melancholy that Hilda started from her chair. Tears stood upon her cheeks. She stared at the fire with strange excitement. It was burning quietly now, and without noise. She was certainly awake. Had she been dreaming?

Just at that moment the latch of the door clicked slightly, and somebody entered, slowly, hesitatingly, propelled from behind by a childish figure. "Hilda," said Gretchen's voice, "here's Wilhelm wanting to see the father. I told him to come in, because *perhaps* the father was here, or else the mother." And Gretchen's eyes explored the room in search of the Christ-child, for a glimpse of whom she had resorted to this transparent device. Then, alarmed by Hilda's stony silence, she suddenly hung her head, and, rushing out, clapped the door behind her, and left the two alone.

Hilda gave a gasp of bewilderment. She could not move. Was this part of the vision? Wilhelm stole one furtive glance at her face, then dropped his eyes. For a moment perfect stillness prevailed, then, shifting uneasily from one leg to the other in his embarrassment, the young man muttered something undistinguishable, and turned. His hand was on the door—a moment more and he would be gone. Hilda started forward.

"Wilhelm!" she exclaimed, with the hoarse utterance of one who seeks to escape from some frightful dream.

Wilhelm turned. He saw the pale, agitated face, the eyes brimmed with tears, the imploring, outstretched hands. Another second and he held her in his arms. The familiar touch melted the ice of Hilda's heart, her head sank upon his breast, and in a few broken words all was spoken and explained.

So brief an interval and all life changed! The same intense feeling which drove them asunder drew them as inevitably together now, that once the returning tides had chance to flow. Clasped in close embrace, with tears and smiles and loving self-reproachings, they stood before the fire; and as they bent for their first reconciled kiss, the fir cones, flashing once more into life and activity, rose upon the topmost log. Even the burned and blackened ones glowed with fresh fire. Hand in hand, as it were, they climbed into position, and leaped and capered side by side as if merrily dancing, while little jubilant cracks and clicks and sounds, as of small hands clapped for joy, accompanied the movement. Then suddenly the splendor faded, and sinking with one consent into ashes, the cones sifted through the logs and vanished forever, their mission accomplished, their work done.

With eyes of amazement the lovers gazed upon the spectacle to its close. As the last spark faded Hilda laid her head again on Wilhelm's breast.

"Ah!" she said, tenderly sighing, "the dear old fir! He loved us well, Wilhelm, and that was his 'good-by.'"

Perhaps it was!

THE CHAIN-GANG IN HAVANA.

ON page 1228 we give a picture showing the chain-gang at work in the plaza in front of the cathedral in Havana. Always a revolting spectacle, it is now doubly so since the condemnation of the youthful medical students who were guilty of the desecration of the grave of CASTAÑON some weeks ago. Shameful and exasperating as that act of folly was, the punishment was inexpressibly cruel and shocking. The fate of the boys who were condemned to be shot was happy in comparison with that of their comrades who were sentenced to the chain-gang. This is a punishment usually reserved for desperate criminals, whom nothing else will tame; and these delicately nurtured boys are held in close personal contact with the vilest and most disgusting specimens of depraved humanity. All the condemned students were under age, and several of those who are now wearing out their lives in the chain-gang are not more than fifteen years old. Without the strength to support the strain upon their physical system, broken in heart, and subjected every day to the harshest and most cruel treatment, we are not surprised to learn that their punishment is killing them. They were really sentenced to die by torture. Shooting would have been a more merciful punishment.

It is said that if the Captain-General had been in Havana when the trial was held, he would not have permitted such an outrage upon justice and humanity. The world will believe this when it sees him repair, as far as lies in his power, the wrong permitted by his lieutenant. He can not, indeed, bring the dead to life, but he can save the lives of the poor boys who are being tortured to death in the chain-gang.

Our illustration shows how the chain is secured about the ankle and to the waist. It is put on so as to give the utmost amount of discomfort and misery. No sound is more shocking than the clank of these chains when the gang is passing through the streets.

INNOCENCE AND GUILT.

A PICTURE like that on page 1228—in which our artist shows an innocent little girl looking, in wondering bewilderment and awe, through the bars of a cell where a young woman has thrown herself down on the rude pallet—is a sermon in itself; not a sermon of harsh reproach of sin, but of Christian charity. We can not but reflect that the poor creature, in whom all sense of shame has not died out, was once a little girl herself, as pure and innocent as the one from whose gaze she tries to hide her face, and that she may have been brought to her present condition by circumstances over which she had no control.

The fault of many good people—especially those who have never been tried by severer temptations than such as are openly confessed in prayer-meetings, and which, for the most part, are imaginary rather than real—is that they have no charity for less fortunate people who fall through sore temptation. People whose heaviest "cross" is disinclination to perform religious duties—such as attending church, being constant at prayer-meetings, reading the Bible, etc.—can hardly make allowance for those who fall through temptations to which their own petty trials are but as the shadow of a passing cloud to the blackness of midnight; and they are too often harsh and cruel when they should be forbearing and tender.

> *"What's done we partly may compute,*
> *But know not what's resisted,"*

says BURNS in one of his most thoughtful poems; and this truth should make us charitable to all who have been less fortunate than ourselves.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

WE have already announced the departure of the United States Coast Survey exploring steamer *Hassler* upon that scientific mission which, under the direction of Professor AGASSIZ, will doubtless be productive of very important results. Just before starting on the expedition Professor AGASSIZ addressed a communication to the Superintendent of the Coast Survey, in which he ventured to assume the character of a prophet, by stating in advance what it was probable would crown their efforts in the way of novelty and value.

The professor makes this communication in the hope of showing within what limits natural history has advanced toward that point of maturity when science may anticipate the discovery of facts. Basing his expectations upon the ascertained principles of science, and taking into consideration the relationships between different forms of animal life, and the succession of geological epochs, and in view of the very interesting results of later deep-sea dredging expeditions in the North Atlantic, he anticipates the discovery, "from the greater depth of the ocean, of representatives resembling those types of animals which were prominent in earlier geological periods, or bear a closer resemblance to younger stages of the higher members of the same types, or to the lower forms which take their place nowadays."

Making no suggestion in regard to mammals, he remarks that if reptiles exist in the deep waters, they must be only such as are related to the extinct types of the Jurassic periods, such as the ichthyosauri, plesiosauri, and pterodactyls; but even of these he thinks there is very little probability that any representatives are still alive.

Among the fishes he expects to discover some marine representatives of the order of ganoids of the principal types known from the secondary zoological period. Among the sharks he thinks he shall find new forms allied to *cestracion*, or *hybodon*, or *odontaspis*, as also new genera of chimæroids; and among ordinary fishes the allies of *beryx*, *elops*, etc. It is among the mollusks and radiates that objects of the greatest interest will

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probably be met with; and chief among these will be nautiloid cephalopods—perhaps even ammonites—and forms only known hitherto in the fossil state. Among *acephala* he anticipates forms resembling those from the Jurassic and cretaceous deposits in great variety; while *rudistes* will take the place of oysters, and *brachiopods* be found very abundant.

Among *crustacea* it is not at all impossible that forms may be found resembling trilobites; while among echinoderms he confidently expects to meet with spalangoids approaching *holaster*, and others akin to *dysaster*, etc.

A careful comparison of the members of the deep-sea fauna of the northern and southern hemispheres will probably prove of the greatest interest, and, judging from the peculiarities of the land and shore fauna of Australia, it is likely that the deep-sea animals will be equally divergent, and represent forms of great interest, and especially of an extremely antique type.

The professor also hopes that much light will be thrown upon the subject of the geology of the southern hemisphere, and upon the general features of the drift, since all the phenomena related to the glacial period must be found in the southern hemisphere with the same essential characteristics as in the northern, yet with this difference, that every thing must be reversed; that is, the trend of the glacial abrasion must be from the south northward; the lee side of the abraded rocks must be on the north side of hills and mountain ranges, and the boulders must have been derived from rocky exposures lying to the south of their present position. This point, however, must be established by observation. The professor thinks this will be found to be the case, with the exception, perhaps, of the present glaciers of Terra del Fuego and Patagonia.

In reply to the possible inquiry as to what the question of drift has to do with deep-sea dredging, he remarks that this connection is closer than may at first appear. If drift is not of glacial origin, but the product of marine currents, its formation at once becomes a matter for the Coast Survey to investigate; but he expresses the belief that it will be found that, so far from being accumulated by the sea, the drift of the low lands of Patagonia has been worn away to its present extent by the continued encroachment of the ocean, in the same manner as the northern shores of South America and of Brazil have been.

We have announced the discovery at Marseilles, on the 18th of September, by M. Borelli, of a new asteroid, supposed to be number 116, which he named *Lomia*. Another new one was discovered on the 11th of September, however, by Dr. Peters, of Hamilton College, New York, the same body having been observed six days afterward by Luther, at Bilk. On this account it has become necessary to exchange the numbers of these new asteroids, that of Dr. Peters constituting the 116th, while Lomia must be numbered 117.

Among the explorations of the past season in the interest of natural history, one of the most important and productive in its results was that of Professor E. D. Cope, of Philadelphia, well known for his indefatigable researches in regard to the recent and fossil vertebrates of America. The field of his labors was mainly in the valley of the Smoky Hill Fork of the Republican River, in Kansas, where, under the protection of an escort of seventy-five soldiers, commanded by Captain Butler, and detailed by order of General Pope, he spent seventeen days in the diligent prosecution of his labors. As is well known to American paleontologists, this region is one of the richest in the world in fossil remains of reptiles and fishes. Of these a large number of specimens were obtained by Professor Cope, many of extraordinary magnitude, and some of them entirely new to science. More or less complete series were obtained of the bones of animals previously known only by a few fragments, thus supplying much better information as to their affinities and position in the systems. Nearly the entire skeleton of a large fish, provided with teeth of immense power, was exhumed. This animal is to bear the name of *Portheus molossus;* and its remains occurred in such abundance as to demonstrate that it must have been a characteristic and very formidable inhabitant of the cretaceous seas.

Another discovery was that of a reptilian form related to or intermediate between the tortoises and serpents. The ribs of this animal were long and attenuated; but instead of being united in the carapace, as in the tortoise, remained separate, possibly united by membrane. If built at all on the chelonian pattern, the expanse would have been at least twenty feet. This is to be called *Protostega gigas*.

During his explorations in 1870 Professor Marsh ascertained the existence of a species of pterodactyl, or flying lizard, in the cretaceous strata of the West, and additional specimens of the same or another species were found by Professor Cope during the expedition just referred to. The most gigantic reptiles met with by him this year were species of *Ilodon*, *polycotylus*, and *elasmosaurus*. Of these *Ilodon* was found most abundantly, and one specimen will probably prove to be the largest of all known reptiles. *Elasmosaurus* had the most massive body, and must have presented an extraordinary appearance, in consequence of the great length of its neck.

We have already referred occasionally to investigations prosecuted during the past summer, on the great lakes, into the fauna and physical condition of the deeper waters; and we find in the last number of *Silliman's Journal* a more detailed account of that portion of the work carried on in Lake Superior, upon the United States steamer *Search*, under the direction of General Comstock, of the Lake Survey, as reported by Mr. Sidney J. Smith, the zoologist of the expedition.

The deepest water met with was 169 fathoms, the bottom being there covered, as in all the deeper portions of the lake, with a uniform deposit of clay or clay mud; and not the slightest trace of saline matter was detected in the water in any part of the lake. The temperature, every where below thirty or forty fathoms, varied very little from 39° F., although, in August, it varied at the surface from 50° to 55°. The fauna at the bottom was found to correspond to these physical conditions. In the shallow waters the species vary down to thirty or forty fathoms, after which the deep-water fauna begins, and the species appear to be uniformly distributed. The list of species is meagre, and the deep-water region is characterized rather by the absence of many of the shore species than by the presence of any peculiar class. The same crustaceans and marine forms met with in 1870 in Lake Michigan were also found here abundantly, together with the same species of *pisidium;* and some of the crustaceans have so far been undistinguishable from those found in Lake Wetter, in Sweden. The detailed account, of which that in the *Journal of Science* is an abstract, appears in the report of the chief engineer of the army to the Secretary of War, just presented to Congress. (Report of Secretary of War, vol. ii. p. 1020.)

Mr. Robert H. Scott, in a recent article in *Nature* upon the forms of cloud, refers to one mentioned by Professor Poëy as quite new to meteorologists, and as having been met with by him on two occasions only, and remarks that according to Dr. Clouston it is common in Scotland, where it is called the "pocky cloud," and is much dreaded as a prognostication of stormy weather. This he describes as a series of dark, cumulus-looking clouds, like festoons of dark drapery, over a considerable portion of the sky, with the lower edge well defined (as if each festoon, or "pock," were filled with something heavy), generally one series of festoons lying over another, so that the light spaces between resemble an Alpine chain of white-peaked mountains. It is essential that the lower edge be well defined, for a similar cloud, with the lower edge of the festoons fringed or shaded away, is sometimes seen, and is followed by rain only.

Mr. Diamilla-Müller writes to the president of the Academy of Sciences of Paris to say that Professor Denza, Father Secchi, and himself have been appointed a committee to make experiments both inside the Mont Cenis Tunnel and exterior to it, in regard to the oscillation of the pendulum and the absolute magnetic intensity, and asks for the loan of a pendulum with the Repsold reversion. This, however, he is informed can not be done, as there is no such instrument at present procurable in Paris, owing to the breaking up of all the shops where fine instruments were constructed.

The Copenhagen journals announce the recent death in that city of Mr. Olrik, well known to all travelers in Greenland as the Royal Inspector of North Greenland, and since 1863 as Director of the Colonies resident in Copenhagen. Constant reference is made to this gentleman in the narratives of our American explorers, and to the assistance rendered by him while residing at Godhaven. He is succeeded as Director of the Colonies by Dr. Rink, whose reputation as a man of science and as a gentleman is not inferior to that of Mr. Olrik.

Two thousand cuttings of the Ramie plant have lately been given away in San Francisco by Mr. Sneath to those who would take them and give them proper care in cultivation. In a very short time the whole were distributed, application for them being made by persons from all parts of California.

Mr. Henry Lecoq, who lately died at Clermont-Ferrand, in France, was known during life as an eminent botanist and geologist, and in his death has proved himself a benefactor to science and to his fellow-citizens. Thirty thousand dollars have been left by him to the town of Clermont, of which one-third is to be applied to the uses of the Garden of Plants, another third to the introduction of water into the city, and the remainder to the establishment of covered markets, the want of which has long been severely felt. His entire collections in natural history, geology, botany, etc., are also given to the city.

A Society of Arts, Sciences, and Letters has just been started at Winona, Minnesota, in connection with the first State Normal School in that place, having for its objects the collection of facts and materials looking toward the determination of the natural history, archæology, and general literature of the United States.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

"Christmas comes but once a year," is the old proverb, which seems to give a tacit permission to young and old to allow themselves some extra indulgences in the way of recreations, social enjoyments, and in the giving and receiving of gifts. With us Christmas is not observed strictly as a religious festival, nor is the day devoted to gross banqueting and divers excesses. From every nation we seem to have gathered some special custom, and uniting all together, celebrate our American Christmas. As time has softened the austere manners and strong prejudices which were the heritage from our Puritan and Knickerbocker ancestors, our observance of this day has grown more social and genial. For once in the year free-hearted generosity prevails; even the veriest old "Scrooge" is surprised into the bestowment of gifts and charities. The traditional stocking and the bright Christmas-tree are loaded with tokens of loving hearts, while the merry little folks delight in the pleasant fiction of ruddy, white-bearded, smiling Santa Claus, with his famous sleighful of toys, his harnessed reindeers, his fur cap and big boots, his short pipe and bag of "goodies." "Once a year" staid old folks pardon the young ones if they scream with excited joy, if they dance and frolic wildly, if they come into possession of more toys than they can manage, if they lie wide awake at midnight hours, and even if—as is too often the case—they make themselves sick with sweetmeats and candies. "Once a year" all is freedom and gladness. The purse-strings are loosened, not merely for trees and toys and Christmas puddings, but also for the bestowment of substantial gifts to the needy. With the English gentleman of olden time charity was the first duty of the day. Let not this be forgotten among the other customs which we have drawn from European nations, but bear in mind another proverb, or, rather, an exhortation in rhyme:

"At Christmas be merry, and thankful withal,
And feast thy poor neighbors, the great with the small."

In the year 1856 the young Grand Duke accompanied his parents to their coronation at Moscow, and was then, for the first time, presented to the assembled representatives of the vast Russian empire. When his mother, the new Empress—a beautiful woman, yet with the traces of the sufferings she had undergone for years very marked in her features—appeared surrounded by her children, and bearing little Alexis in her arms, there was such a joyous shout as has seldom welcomed the scion of an imperial house.

On Thanksgiving-day two Boston brothers met to enjoy the socialities of the festive occasion. One had been successful in the business of life, the other not. The brother of the two had died and left her fortune of $30,000 to be divided between them. The brother who had enough and to spare made Thanksgiving-day the pleasant time for transferring his share of the inheritance to the other.

Why should from twenty to forty passengers in the street cars be compelled to endure a continual current of cold air while the conductor collects fare from those standing on the front platform? If passengers are allowed on the front platform, this practice, dangerous to health and life, should not be suffered to continue.

From "Niles's Register," published in 1818, we learn that at that time, more than fifty years ago, Christmas was partially observed in Boston on the 25th of December by a recommendation in the public papers to abstain from business, and by some concerts of sacred music in the evening. In New York some of the stores were shut up, but the theatres was open in the evening. In Philadelphia about one-half of the people paid some attention to the day; but in Baltimore and to the southward of it the stores were shut up, the banks closed, and business suspended as on a Sunday. The churches also were for the most part opened in the morning, and the afternoon was given to refreshment and mirth, being an almost universal holiday.

A Western poem on the burning of Chicago thus describes the origin of the fire:

"That night a woman, at the hour of nine,
Went in a barn to milk a cow, and when
The beast kicked o'er her lamp, as vicious kine
Will sometimes do, it lit some straw and boards
of pine."

This sublime introduction, with what follows it, so affects the Chicago *Republican* that it offers to cheerfully publish the obituary notice of the "poet" free, if any body will find him and kill him.

Edinburgh ladies evidently intend to improve all the opportunities offered them. Twenty-eight have lately entered the University of Edinburgh, most of them for the purpose of studying medicine. Last year many professors objected to female students, but they have been overruled by the University Council, and must now submit.

A catalogue of all French publications from 1840 to 1865 has been recently completed by the German bookseller Lorenz, who is settled in Paris. The compilation has been a long and laborious work, and was interrupted by the involuntary flight of the editor from Paris a year ago. This comprehensive catalogue will be a great boon to librarians and all persons who desire to refer to the publications of French authors.

A favorite game, generally played on Christmas-eve in Old England, is known by the name of snapdragon. It is thus described: "A quantity of raisins is deposited in a large bowl or dish (the broader and shallower this is the better), and brandy or some other spirit is poured over the fruit and ignited. The bystanders now endeavor by turns to grasp a raisin by plunging their hands through the flames, and as this is somewhat of an arduous feat, requiring both courage and rapidity of action, a considerable amount of laughter and merriment is evoked at the expense of the unsuccessful competitors. The 'Song of the Snapdragon' is sung during the progress of the game, and it is usual to extinguish all the lights in the room, so that the lurid glare from the flaming spirits may exercise to the full its weird-like effect."

Seventeen persons were recently frozen to death in Saline County, Nebraska. A party of emigrants, with their families, were passing through the county westward, when, the cold constantly increasing, they concluded to camp and light a fire. They were on a high prairie, several miles from any house, but three miles from them was a piece of timber land. After unhitching their teams, the men started for this timber to procure fuel. Not returning for several hours, the women left their children to hunt for them. This is all that is known save that the next day the bodies of seventeen persons, who perished from the intense cold, were found. The children who were left in the wagons were the only survivors of the party.

A well-known student of human nature once said that a simple ball of twine would afford a boy more pleasure than an elaborate toy which could be made to do only one thing. There is no doubt of the truth of this statement. A child wants something to do his "own self." The toy that supplants the spontaneous planning and activity of a wide-awake boy is a poor one. We question whether the old-fashioned broomstick was not a more enjoyable steed for a smart little fellow than the elegantly caparisoned hobby-horses of to-day. We do not mean to intimate that pretty toys are not desirable for children. It is one of the pleasantest features of the holidays that so large a proportion of the sales go to brighten the lives of children. But let the selection of toys be wise and judicious. Give your boy and girl as much as possible to do for themselves in their play. Let invention and imagination have ample scope—these faculties will work fast enough if only they are not hindered. One almost fears, while examining the comprehensive catalogues of toys which wholesale dealers issue, that the wonderful inventions will all start off and play among themselves, and leave the children nothing to do but to stand and look on. When you choose your Christmas gifts bear in mind the universal desire of childhood to bring into active exercise all the unfolding faculties—to *do* something.

The Boston Fair for Dumb Animals received a donation from a discriminating philanthropist: $20 for kindness to horses, $15 for kindness to oxen and cows, and $10 for "less cats to destroy birds."

Plum-pudding is a famous Christmas dish both in America and in England. In other countries it has never flourished. It is related of a French king that, wishing to pay a particular compliment to an English embassador on Christmas-day, he got a recipe for a plum-pudding, and ordered his cook to make one, with strict regard to the directions. The chef of his majesty's kitchen mixed the ingredients with due care, and boiled them the prescribed length of time; every thing was attended to except one trifle—the king forgot the cloth; and the result was a curious sort of soup, served up in tureens.

Ruskin has given $25,000 for the endowment of the master of an art school at Oxford.

London journals have been discussing the difference between typhoid and typhus fevers. It is stated that they differ essentially in origin—typhus arising from want, overcrowding, and personal contagion; while typhoid is malarial in origin, and not contagious from person to person. It has been supposed that the Prince of Wales contracted the typhoid fever from some malarial influence experienced while on a visit to Lord Londesborough, in the neighborhood of Scarborough. He is said, however, to have had a severe chill following excessive heat and exertion in shooting, and this was the prelude to the disease. The Duke of Kent, Queen Victoria's father, died from cold and fever said to have been produced by sitting in damp boots after returning from shooting. Prince Albert, the Queen's husband, died from the consequences of a neglected cold.

A pretty custom is practiced in Sweden, of hanging up in front of every house at Christmas a small sheaf of wheat for the winter provision of the birds, who, without this supply, would perish with hunger. Our useful little sparrow would gratefully remember those who would be equally mindful of his wants.

While in Boston the Grand Duke expressed a desire to witness the methods of instruction in the public schools. In accordance with the request of his highness, the visit to the primary, high, and normal schools was strictly private and informal, the teachers being informed of the approach of the party only a few moments before the Duke and suit entered. Alexis expressed great pleasure at what he witnessed, and asked that documents relating to the organization of the schools might be furnished him.

The present session of Congress bids fair to be a busy one. Over three hundred bills were on the calendar awaiting the action of the Senate, and about four hundred and fifty for the House, at the opening of the session.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"Boys," said a school-teacher the other day, "what is the meaning of all that noise in school?" "It is Bill Smith, Sir, who is imitating a locomotive." "Come up here, William," said the teacher: "if you are turned into a locomotive, it is high time you were switched off."

Horne Tooke, when asked by George III. why he never played at cards, replied, "I can not tell a king from a knave."

An old gentleman of great experience says he is never satisfied that a lady understands a kiss unless he has it from her own mouth.

The brother of Beethoven signed his name, to distinguish himself from his landless brother, "—— von Beethoven, land-owner." The other signed his name, "Beethoven, brain-owner," to be equal with him.

A learned clergyman was accosted in the following manner by an illiterate preacher who despised education: "Sir, you have been to college, I suppose?" "Yes, Sir," was the reply. "I am thankful," rejoined the former, "that the Lord opened my mouth without any learning." "A similar event," retorted the clergyman, "took place in Balaam's time; but such things are of rare occurrence at the present day."

The best Form for the Democratic Party—Reform.

A story is told of a young man who was going out West to open a jewelry store. When asked what capital he had, he replied, "A crow-bar."

A countryman, walking along the streets of a town, found his progress stopped by a close barricade of timber. "What is that for?" he said to a person in the street. "Oh! that's to stop the cholera." "Ah! I have often heard of the board of health, but I never saw one before."

A Western editor lately returned a tailor's bill with the indorsement, "Your manuscript is declined; it is illegible."

"Mr. Post-office man, I want to pay the postage on this letter." "Single or double, miss?" "Double, Sir" (with a courtesy); "I was married last week."

A Notice of a Peal—Lightning.

A story is told of a person asking another whether he would advise him to lend a certain friend money. "What! lend him money? You might give him an emetic, and he wouldn't return it."

A Bad Omen—To owe men money.

I've caught a cold—
I don't know how;
I go "k-chu-z!"
When I "k-chow!"
And when I try,
Like a Chinee,
To say "p-ktts!"
I say "k-chee!"

A brilliant genius, in speaking of the much-sought-for Northwest Passage, says that the idea is a grand one, very grand. But the best way would be to tunnel it.

It is difficult to understand why some people concern themselves about their lungs, when their lungs take air of themselves.

A Head Wind—A sneeze.

Quilp, when in Rome last winter, was beset by a friend with praises of the cheap dinners he obtained at the eating-house of a neighboring *traiteur*. He declined to share the dubious banquet for considerations of *feline*, declaring that the name of a Roman *traiteur* brought up associations of the Catty-line.

Somebody once asked Tom Corwin if he had heard a certain story of Lewis D. Campbell's. "Was it about himself?" inquired Mr. Corwin. "No, I believe not." "Well, then, I never heard it," said Mr. Corwin, gravely.

A lady asked a pupil at a public school, "What was the sin of the Pharisees?" "Eating camels, ma'am," quickly replied the child. She had read that the Pharisees strained at gnats, and swallowed camels.

Light Employment—Building castles in the air.

An old lady recently directed the attention of her husband to a pair of twins, remarking as she did so, "How much these two children do look alike, especially the one this way!"

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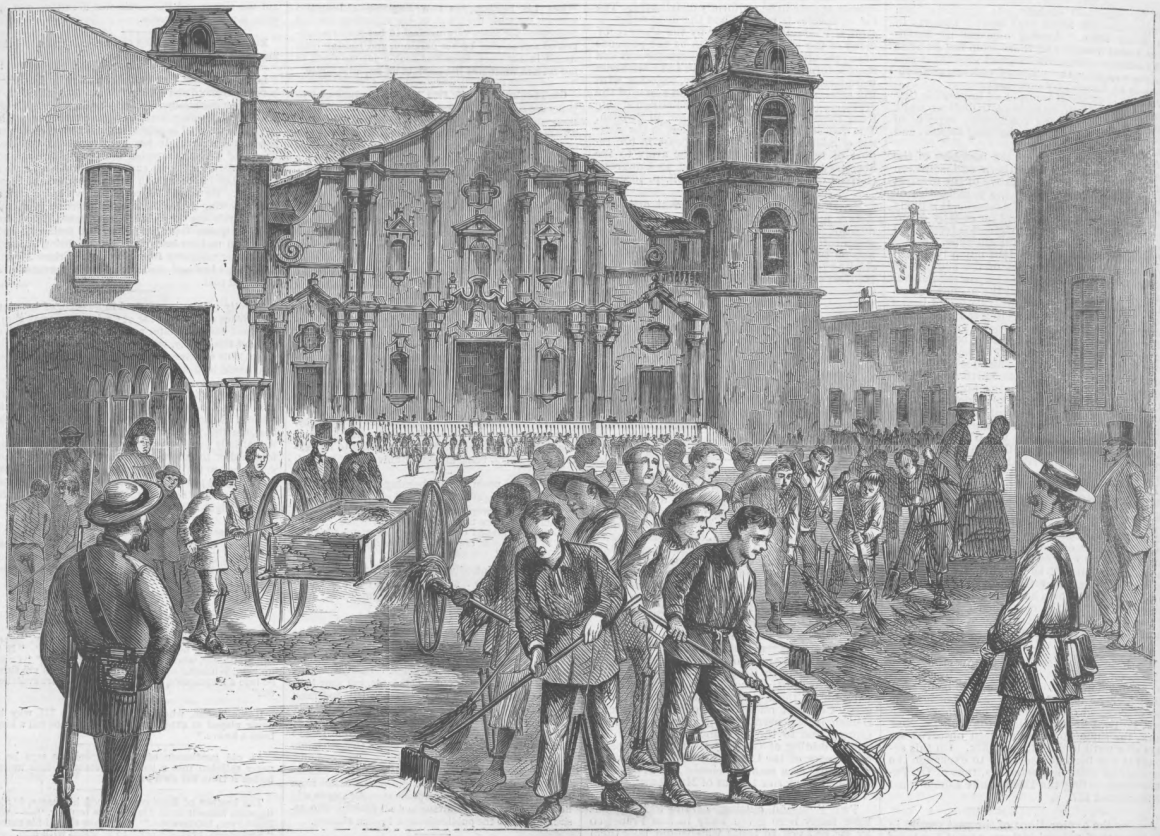

CHAIN-GANG IN THE CATHEDRAL PLAZA, HAVANA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 1226.]

INNOCENCE AND GUILT.—DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.—[SEE PAGE 1226.]

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THE PRINCE OF WALES.

FOR several weeks past the attention of the whole world has been irresistibly drawn to the palace of Sandringham, where ALBERT EDWARD, Prince of Wales, was lying sick unto death. The nature and severity of his disease seemed, almost from the beginning, to forbid hope of his recovery; but so great was the natural strength of his constitution that he several times rallied when all hope was gone, and at the moment we send this page to press his sickness has assumed a more favorable aspect. His danger has awakened the most intense sympathy, not only in England, but all over the world. His weaknesses and follies, and every trait of character which, during the last few years, has excited unfavorable criticism, and awakened fears in the public mind as to the consequences of his accession to the throne, have all been forgotten in sympathy for the man and for the royal family.

The Prince was born on the 9th of November, 1841, at Buckingham Palace, London. He received a careful and judicious training, first under the Rev. HENRY M. BIRCH, and Mr. GIBBS, an eminent barrister-at-law. After studying for a session at Edinburgh, he entered Christchurch, Oxford, where he remained for a year, and afterward passed two terms at Cambridge. He was instructed in every department of liberal culture, and, so far as was possible, "plain living and high thinking" were made the controlling principles of his early life. His conduct at college seems to have been studious and exemplary. Lord Brougham spoke of him in terms of the highest praise. He said: "Of the Prince of Wales I have only to say that, as my learned friend, Sir DAVID BREWSTER, the principal of that university [Edinburgh], can attest, he gained universal respect and esteem among all his teachers and among all his fellow-pupils. I will only add that soon after leaving Edinburgh, on a late occasion, I found that at Oxford he held precisely the same place in the esteem of his teachers and of his fellow-pupils."

On his seventeenth birthday he was appointed a colonel in the army. Soon afterward he went to Rome for the further prosecution of his studies, and remained in that city several months. His residence there was chiefly remarkable for his presentation, at his own request, to the Pope. For the first time in many centuries a prince of the blood royal of England was received by the Holy Father. In deference to the wishes of the Prince, the reception was conducted with little ceremony. On the entry of the Prince his Holiness advanced to the door to meet him, and led him to a seat. A brief conversation in French ensued, and the Prince then withdrew.

In the summer of 1860 the Prince, accompanied by the Duke of Newcastle, visited America, and made an extended tour through Canada and the United States. With the exception of a few insignificant insults from Canadian Orangemen, and a demonstration in Richmond, Virginia, disgraceful to that city, his reception was enthusiastic. The grand ball given in his honor in New York is still remembered as a magnificent popular ovation.

Two years later the Prince traveled in the East, visiting Egypt and the Holy Land, and returning to England through Austria, Germany, and France. In February, 1863, he took his seat in the British House of Lords. On the 10th of the following month he was married to the Princess ALEXANDRA, of Denmark, an amiable and beautiful woman, who immediately won the hearts of the English people. The marriage has been blessed with six children, of whom five are still living. Their names are: ALBERT VICTOR, born in 1864; GEORGE, born in 1865; LOUISE, born in 1867; ALEXANDRA, born in 1868; and AUGUSTA, born in 1869.

The seclusion of the Queen from public affairs, owing to her grief for the death of Prince ALBERT, brought the Prince more prominently into public life in the minor duties of royalty, such as holding levees and giving receptions. His last public act was a visit to Ireland last spring, undertaken in the hope of conciliating, by the exhibition of royal favor, the turbulent population of that island. The riot at Phenix Park, Dublin, and the subsequent disturbances which took place during his residence in the Vice-regal Lodge, brought the visit to a sudden and premature termination. The attempt to awaken the slumbering loyalty of the Irish people was abandoned, and the Prince and his party returned to England, convinced that something more substantial than the glitter and pageantry of a royal progress through the disaffected island was necessary to effect the desired object.

About the middle of last November it was rumored that the Prince was unwell, but no public anxiety was excited. The first medical bulletin in regard to his condition was issued from Sandringham on the 23d of that month, in the following words:

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales is suffering from an attack of typhoid fever. There are no unfavorable symptoms.

WILLIAM JENNER, M.D.
WILLIAM GULL, M.D.
OSCAR CLAYTON.
JOHN LOWE, M.D.

From this date bulletins were issued almost daily, giving the public, soon thoroughly alarmed, news of the progress and fluctuations of the disease. From the statement in a recent number of the London *Times* it appears that his illness was contracted during a recent visit to Lord Londesborough. In its issue of November 29, that paper said:

Typhoid fever is known to be a zymotic fever, arising usually from a poison generated by sewage. The more severe effects of this poison are to produce the fever; its minor effects are to induce less serious forms of constitutional disturbance. Several of the members of the distinguished party assembled at Lord Londesborough's house, which is in the neighborhood of Scarborough, have suffered more or less severely from such symptoms. Lord Chesterfield, we regret to learn, has, since his return home, been attacked with typhoid fever in a very severe form. The symptoms declared themselves somewhat later than was the case with his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, but the attack is apparently more severe.

Lord Chesterfield died a few days afterward; and in the case of the Prince the disease soon assumed a graver type. He gradually grew worse, and became unconscious. Twice only had he a lucid interval—once, on the birthday of his wife, the 1st of December, when he exclaimed, in a natural tone of voice, "This is the Princess's birthday;" and on a later occasion, when something was said in his hearing about the Queen, and he asked: "Has the Queen arrived from Scotland? Does she know I am sick?"

His mother, his wife, and the Princess ALICE were constantly at his bedside; and all the efforts of medical science were put forth to stay the progress of the disease. At one time it was hoped that the strong constitution of the Prince had conquered in the struggle for life; but a sudden relapse took place, which left him in greater danger than before. On the 10th of December prayers were offered for his recovery in all the churches, without distinction of sect. The feeling of grief for the present, and uneasiness for the future, were profound and widespread. Business was almost wholly suspended throughout the country. The telegraph lines were blocked with the multitude of messages sent to and fro concerning the Prince; and so great was the anxiety to obtain the latest news that the morning and evening papers issued extra editions at every hour. All classes and ranks joined in expressions of sorrow and sympathy.

Blended with the genuine sympathy which pervades all classes in England is the undefined dread of changes that may take place in the event of the Prince's decease, and the hope that, in the case of his survival, the danger through which he has passed may lead to a new and better life on his part. The London *Times*, referring to this condition of the public mind, says:

> We can not regret this manifestation of a national anxiety from which no one can shake himself free. We entertain, in truth, a hope that after the Prince's illness has passed away the feeling now excited from end to end of the land will leave behind it blessings both to the Prince and the people. "What have I done to be so beloved?" was the exclamation of a king recovering from sickness, whose palace was surrounded by weeping subjects when he lay low. Some such reflection must most naturally occur to the Prince of Wales in the hours of convalescence, and we can well believe that it will be followed by a resolution that the years of his maturer manhood shall be given to the service of the people who have shown themselves so anxious for his welfare. A new life may date in the case of any man from sickness—serious, if not severe—at the age of thirty, and the Prince may take occasion to profit by it in betaking himself with increased energy to the furtherance of those objects of social improvement to which, next to the education of his family, his illustrious father devoted his untiring care and attention.
>
> We, on the other hand, his future subjects, can not but derive from the suggestion of possible danger conveyed in the illness of the Prince, a greater repugnance to mere theoretic comparisons of different schemes of national government, a more determined aversion from contemplating, even in imagination, any proposition for embarking on the unknown hazards of change, for the sake of securing fanciful and possibly illusory advantages. If these prove to be the results of the feverish attack under which the Prince of Wales is now suffering, we shall be able to look back with satisfaction, if with some little surprise, on our present anxiety.
>
> Should the decease of the Prince occur before that of his mother, his eldest son, now a boy of about eight years, would become heir to the throne of England; and should Queen VICTORIA be removed by death, or abdicate, before he attains his majority, his government will have to be administered by a regency. In the present disturbed condition of affairs all over Europe, with democratic and republican agitations on every hand, and the ramifications of the International constantly extending, it is not surprising that the English people should dread the death of the Prince as a terrible calamity, and the possible precursor of changes that may result in the complete overturn of the present political and social order of the kingdom.

THE PRINCE OF WALES.—[FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.]

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GOOD CHANCE FOR INVESTMENTS.

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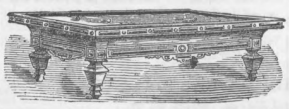

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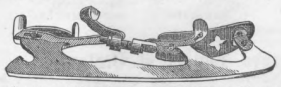

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Office of INSURANCE COMMISSIONER, BOSTON, *December* 1, 1871.

WM. HANLEY, Esq., Sec. Life Association of America:

Dear Sir.—By the clerical omission of a single figure in copying the data for Table D, page xlvi. of the Massachusetts Life Report for the year ending December 31, 1870, the Gross Receipts of the Life Association of America are incorrectly given. The amount should have been stated as in the connecting and other tabulations of the Report, viz., at $1,764,835. With this correction, the ratio of Gross Expenses to Gross Receipts in Table D, and also in Table E, page xlviii., to which the same is transferred, would be only **32.35**, and the average only **29.45**, instead of **74.64** and 40.03, as erroneously given. Though apparent at a glance, the error, used by an unscrupulous agent, might do great injury to the Life Association, which deservedly ranks among the prudent, conservative, and best managed life insurance organizations in the United States.

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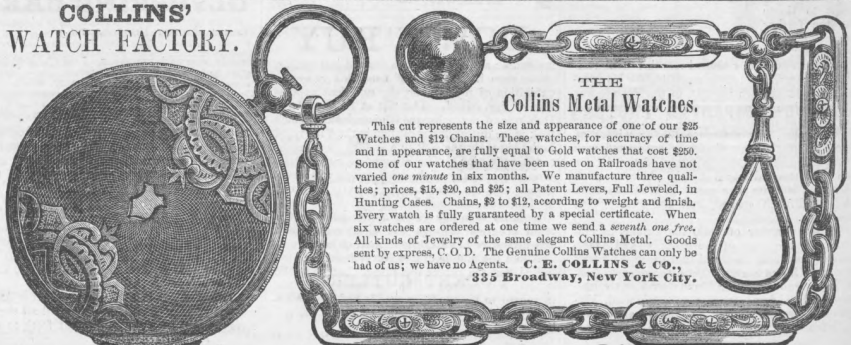

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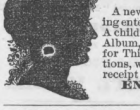

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"I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
The secret mischiefs that I set abroach
I lay unto the grievous charge of others.
* * * * * *
But then I sigh, and, with a piece of Scripture
Tell them—that God bids us do good for evil:
And thus I clothe my naked villany
With old odd ends, stol'n forth of Holy Writ:
And seem a saint when most I play the devil."
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"Let us waive the point. Well, we were suddenly alarmed by a shout on deck, 'Man overboard!' We both rushed up the cabin stairs, naturally under the impression that one of our crew had fallen into the sea—an impression shared, I ought to add, by the man at the helm, who had given the alarm."

Sir Joseph paused again. He was approaching one of the great dramatic points in his story, and was naturally anxious to present it as impressively as possible. He considered with himself, with his head a little on one side. Miss Lavinia considered with *herself*, with *her* head a little on one side. Natalie laid down her knife again, and again touched Launce under the table. This time there were five pieces of ham ranged longitudinally on the plate, with one piece immediately under them at the centre of the line. Interpreted by the Code, this signal indicated two ominous words, "Bad news." Launce looked significantly at the owner of the yacht (meaning of the look, "Is he at the bottom of it?"). Natalie frowned in reply (meaning of the frown, "Yes, he is"). Launce looked down again into the plate. Natalie instantly pushed all the pieces of ham together in a little heap (meaning of the heap, "No more to say").

"Well?" said Richard Turlington, turning sharply on Sir Joseph, "Get on with your story. What next?"

Thus far he had not troubled himself to show even a decent pretense of interest in his old friend's perpetually interrupted narrative. It was only when Sir Joseph had reached his last sentence—intimating that the man overboard might turn out in course of time not to be a man of the pilot-boat's crew—it was only then that Turlington sat up in his chair, and showed signs of suddenly feeling a strong interest in the progress of the story.

Sir Joseph went on.

"As soon as we got on deck, we saw the man in the water astern. Our vessel was hove up in the wind, and the boat was lowered. The master and one of the men took the oars. All told, our crew were seven in number. Two away in the boat, a third at the helm, and, to my amazement, when I looked round, the other four behind me, making our number complete. At the same moment Mahogany Dobbs, who was looking through a telescope, called out, 'Who the devil can he be? The man is floating on a hen-coop, and we have got nothing of the sort on board this pilot-boat.'"

The one person present who happened to notice Richard Turlington's face when those words were pronounced was Launcelot Linzie. He—and he alone—saw the Levant trader's swarthy complexion fade slowly to a livid ashen gray, his eyes the while fixing themselves on Sir Joseph Graybrooke with a furtive glare in them like the glare in the eyes of a wild beast. Apparently conscious that Launce was looking at him—though he never turned his head Launce's way—he laid his elbow on the table, lifted his arm, and so rested his face on his hand, while the story went on, as to screen it effectually from the young surgeon's view.

"The man was brought on board," proceeded Sir Joseph, "sure enough, with a hen-coop—on which he had been found floating. The poor wretch was blue with terror and exposure in the water; he fainted when we lifted him on deck. When he came to himself he told us a horrible story. He was a sick and destitute foreign seaman; and he had hidden himself in the hold of an English vessel (bound to a port in his native country) which had sailed from Liverpool that morning. He had been discovered, and brought before the captain. The captain, a monster in human form, if ever there was one yet—"

Before the next word of the sentence could pass Sir Joseph's lips, Turlington startled the little party in the cabin by springing suddenly to his feet.

"The breeze!" he cried; "the breeze at last!"

As he spoke, he wheeled round to the cabin door, so as to turn his back on his guests, and hailed the deck.

"Which way is the wind?"

"There is not a breath of wind, Sir."

Not the slightest movement in the vessel had been perceptible in the cabin; not a sound had been audible indicating the rising of the breeze. The owner of the yacht—accustomed to the sea; capable, if necessary, of sailing his own vessel—had surely committed a strange mistake! He turned again to his friends, and made his apologies with an excess of polite regret, far from characteristic of him at other times and under other circumstances.

"Go on," he said to Sir Joseph, when he had got to the end of his excuses; "I never heard such an interesting story in my life. Pray go on."

The request was not an easy one to comply with. Sir Joseph's ideas had been thrown into confusion. Miss Lavinia's contradictions (held in reserve) had been scattered beyond recall. Both brother and sister were, moreover, additionally hindered in recovering the control of their own resources by the look and manner of their host. He alarmed, instead of encouraging, the two harmless old people, by fronting them almost fiercely, with his elbows squared on the table, and his face expressive of a dogged resolution to sit there and listen if need be, for the rest of his life. Launce was the person who set Sir Joseph going again. After first looking attentively at Richard, he took his uncle straight back to the story by means of a question, thus:

"You don't mean to say that the captain of the ship threw the man overboard?"

"That is just what he did, Launce. The poor wretch was too ill to work his passage. The captain declared he would have no idle foreign vagabond in his ship to eat up the provisions of Englishmen who worked. With his own hands he cast the hen-coop into the water, and (assisted by one of his sailors) he threw the man after it, and told him to float back to Liverpool with the evening tide."

"A lie!" cried Turlington, addressing himself, not to Sir Joseph, but to Launce.

"Are you acquainted with the circumstances?" asked Launce, quietly.

"I know nothing about the circumstances. I say, from my own experience, that foreign sailors are even greater blackguards than English sailors. The man had met with an accident, no doubt. The rest of his story was a lie—and the object of it was to open Sir Joseph's purse."

Sir Joseph mildly shook his head.

"No lie, Richard. Witnesses proved that the man had spoken the truth."

"Witnesses? Pooh! More liars, you mean."

"I went to the owners of the vessel," pursued Sir Joseph. "I got from them the names of the officers and the crew; and I waited, leaving the case in the hands of the Liverpool police. The ship was wrecked at the mouth of the Amazon. But the crew and the cargo were saved. The men belonging to Liverpool came back. They were a bad set, I grant you. But they were examined separately about the treatment of the foreign sailor, and they all told the same story. They could give no account of their captain, nor of the sailor who had been his accomplice in the crime, except that they had not embarked in the ship which brought the rest of the crew to England. Whatever may have become of the captain since, he certainly never returned to Liverpool."

"Did you find out his name?"

The question was asked by Turlington. Even Sir Joseph, the least observant of men, noticed that it was put with a perfectly unaccountable irritability of manner.

"Don't be angry, Richard," said the old gentleman. "What is there to be angry about?"

"I don't know what you mean. I'm not angry—I'm only curious. *Did* you find out who he was?"

"I did. His name was Goward. He was well known at Liverpool as a very clever and a very dangerous man. Quite young at the time I am speaking of, and a first-rate sailor; famous for taking command of unseaworthy ships and vagabond crews. Report described him to me as haying made considerable sums of money in that way for a man in his position; serving firms, you know, with a bad name, and running all sorts of desperate risks. A sad ruffian, Richard! More than once in trouble, on both sides of the Atlantic, for acts of violence and cruelty. Dead, I dare say, long since."

"Or possibly," said Launce, "alive, under another name, and thriving in a new way of life, with more desperate risks in it, of some other sort."

"Are *you* acquainted with the circumstances?" asked Turlington, retorting Launce's question on him, with a harsh ring of defiance in his brassy voice.

"What became of the poor foreign sailor, papa?" said Natalie, purposely interrupting Launce before he could meet the question angrily asked of him, by an angry reply.

"We made a subscription, and spoke to his consul, my dear. He went back to his country, poor fellow, comfortably enough."

"And there is an end to Sir Joseph's story," said Turlington, rising noisily from his chair. "It's a pity we haven't got a literary man on board; he would make a novel of it." He looked up at the sky-light as he got on his feet. "Here is the breeze, this time," he exclaimed, "and no mistake!"

It was true. At last the breeze had come. The sails flapped, the main boom swung over with a thump, and the stagnant water, stirred at last, bubbled merrily past the vessel's sides.

"Come on deck, Natalie, and get some fresh air," said Miss Lavinia, leading the way to the cabin door.

Natalie held up the skirt of her nankeen dress, and exhibited the purple trimming torn away over an extent of some yards.

"Give me half an hour first, aunt, in my cabin," she said, "to mend this."

Miss Lavinia elevated her venerable eyebrows in amazement.

"You have done nothing but tear your dresses, my dear, since you have been in Mr. Turlington's yacht. Most extraordinary! I have torn none of mine during the whole cruise."

Natalie's dark color deepened a shade. She laughed a little uneasily. "I am so awkward on board ship," she replied, and turned away, and shut herself up in her cabin.

Richard Turlington produced his case of cigars.

"Now is the time," he said to Sir Joseph, "for the best cigar of the day—the cigar after breakfast. Come on deck."

"You will join us, Launce?" said Sir Joseph.

"Give me half an hour first over my books," Launce replied. "I mustn't let my medical knowledge get musty at sea, and I might not feel inclined to study later in the day."

"Quite right, my dear boy, quite right."

Sir Joseph patted his nephew approvingly on the shoulder. Launce turned away on *his* side, and shut himself up in his cabin.

The other three ascended together to the deck.

SECOND SCENE.

THE STORE-ROOM.

PERSONS possessed of sluggish livers and tender hearts find two serious drawbacks to the enjoyment of a cruise at sea. It is exceedingly difficult to get enough walking exercise; and it is next to impossible (where secrecy is an object) to make love without being found out. Reverting for the moment to the latter difficulty only, life within the narrow and populous limits of a vessel may be defined as essentially life in public. From morning to night you are in your neighbor's way, or your neighbor is in your way. As a necessary result of these conditions, the rarest of existing men may be defined as the man who is capable of stealing a kiss at sea without discovery. An inbred capacity for stratagem of the finest sort; inexhaustible inventive resources; patience which can flourish under superhuman trials; presence of mind which can keep its balance victoriously under every possible stress of emergency—these are some of the qualifications which must accompany Love on a cruise, when Love embarks in the character of a contraband commodity not duly entered on the papers of the ship.

Having established a Code of Signals which enabled them to communicate privately, while the eyes and ears of others were wide open on every side of them, Natalie and Launce were next confronted by the more serious difficulty of finding a means of meeting together at stolen interviews on board the yacht. Possessing none of those precious moral qualifications already enumerated as the qualifications of an accomplished lover at sea, Launce had proved unequal to grapple with the obstacles in his way. Left to her own inventive resources, Natalie had first suggested the young surgeon's medical studies as Launce's unanswerable excuse for shutting himself up at intervals in the lower regions—and had then hit on the happy idea of tearing her trimmings, and condemning herself to repair her own carelessness, as the all-sufficient reason for similar acts of self-seclusion on her side. In this way the lovers contrived, while the innocent ruling authorities were on deck, to meet privately below them, on the neutral ground of the main cabin—and there, by previous arrangement at the breakfast-table, they were about to meet privately now.

Natalie's door was, as usual on these occasions, the first that opened; for this sound reason, that Natalie's quickness was the quickness to be depended on in case of accident.

She looked up at the sky-light. There were the legs of the two gentlemen and the skirts of her aunt visible (and stationary) on the lee side of the deck. She advanced a few steps and listened. There was a pause in the murmur of the voices above. She looked up again. One pair of legs (not her father's) had disappeared. Without an instant's hesitation Natalie darted back to her own door, just in time to escape Richard Turlington descending the cabin stairs. All he did was to go to one of the drawers under the main-cabin book-case, and to take out a map, ascending again immediately to the deck. Natalie's guilty conscience rushed instantly, nevertheless, to the conclusion that Richard suspected her. When she showed herself for the second time, instead of venturing into the cabin, she called across it in a whisper,

"Launce!"

Launce appeared at his door. He was peremptorily checked before he could cross the threshold.

"Don't stir a step! Richard has been down in the cabin! Richard suspects us!"

"Nonsense! Come out."

"Nothing will induce me, unless you can find some other place than the cabin."

Some other place? How easy to find it on land! How apparently impossible at sea! There was the forecastle (full of men) at one end of the vessel. There was the sail-room (full of sails) at the other. There was the ladies' cabin (used as the ladies' dressing-room; inaccessible, in that capacity, to every male human being on board). Was there any disposable inclosed space to be found amidships? On one side there were the sleeping-berths of the sailing-master and his mate (impossible to borrow *them*). On the other side was the steward's store-room. Launce considered for a moment. The steward's store-room was just the thing!

"Where are you going?" asked Natalie, as her lover made straight for a closed door at the lower extremity of the main-cabin.

"To speak to the steward, darling. Wait one moment, and you will see me again."

Launce opened the store-room door, and discovered, not the steward, but his wife, who occupied the situation of stewardess on board the vessel. The accident was, in this case, a lucky one. Having stolen several kisses at sea, and having been discovered (in every case) either by the steward or his wife, Launce felt no difficulty in prefacing his request to be allowed the use of the room by the plainest allusion to his relations with Natalie. He could count on the silence of the sympathizing authorities in this region of the vessel, having wisely secured them as accomplices by the usual persuasion of the pecuniary sort. Of the two, however, the stewardess, as a woman, was the more likely to lend a ready ear to Launce's entreaties in his present emergency. After a faint show of resistance, she consented, not only to leave the room, but to keep her husband out of it, on the understanding that it was not to be occupied for more than ten minutes. Launce made the signal to Natalie at one door, while the stewardess went out by the other. In a moment more the lovers were united in a private room. Is it necessary to say in what language the proceedings were opened? Surely not! There is an inarticulate language of the lips in use on these occasions in which we are all proficient, though we sometimes forget it in later life. Natalie seated herself on a locker. The tea, sugar, and spices were at her back, a side of bacon swung over her head, and a netful of lemons dangled before her face. It might not be roomy, but it was snug and comfortable.

"Suppose they call for the steward?" she suggested. ("Don't, Launce!")

"Never mind. We shall be safe enough if they do. The steward has only to show himself on deck, and they will suspect nothing."

"Do be quiet, Launce! I have got dreadful news to tell you. And, besides, my aunt will expect to see me with my braid sewn on again."

She had brought her needle and thread with her. Whipping up the skirt of her dress on her knee, she bent forward over it, and set herself industriously to the repair of the torn trimming. In this position her lithe figure showed charmingly its firm yet easy line. The needle, in her dextrous brown fingers, flew through its work. The locker was a broad one; Launce was able to seat himself partially behind her. In this position who could have resisted the temptation to lift up her great knot of broadly plaited black hair, and to let the warm, dusky nape of her neck disclose itself to view? Who, looking at it, could fail to revile the senseless modern fashion of dressing the hair, which hides the double beauty of form and color that nestles at the back of a woman's neck? From time to time, as the interview proceeded, Launce's lips emphasized the more important words occurring in his share of the conversation on the soft, fragrant skin which the lifted hair let him see at intervals. In Launce's place, Sir, you would have done it too.

"Now, Natalie, what is the news?"

"He has spoken to papa, Launce."

"Richard Turlington?"

"Yes."

"Damn him!"

Natalie started. A curse addressed to the back of your neck, instantly followed by a blessing in the shape of a kiss, *is* a little trying when you are not prepared for it.

"Don't do that again, Launce! It was while you were on deck, smoking, and when I was supposed to be fast asleep. I opened the ventilator in my cabin door, dear, and I heard every word they said. He waited till my aunt was out of the way, and he had got papa all to himself, and then he began it in that horrible, downright voice of his. 'Graybrooke! how much longer am I to wait?'"

"Did he say that?"

"No more swearing, Launce! Those were the words. Papa didn't understand them. He only said (poor dear!)—'Bless my soul, Richard, what do you want?' Richard soon explained himself. 'Who could he be waiting for—but Me?' Papa said something about my being so young. Richard stopped his mouth directly. 'Girls were like fruit; some ripened soon, and some ripened late. Some were women at twenty, and some were women at sixteen. It was impossible to look at me, and not see that I was like a new being after my two months at sea,' and so on, and so on. Papa behaved like an angel. He still tried to put it off. 'Plenty of time, Richard, plenty of time.' 'Plenty of time for *her*' (was the wretch's answer to that); 'but not for *me*. Think of all I have to offer her' (as if I cared for his money!); 'think how long I have looked upon her as growing up to be my wife' (growing up for *him*—monstrous), 'and don't keep me in a state of uncertainty, which it gets harder and harder for a man in my position to endure.' He was really quite eloquent. His voice trembled. There is no doubt, dear, that he is very, very fond of me."

"And you feel flattered by it, of course?"

"Don't talk nonsense. I feel a little frightened at it, I can tell you."

"Frightened? Did *you* notice him this morning?"

"I? When?"

"When your father was telling that story about the man overboard."

"No! What did he do? Tell me, Launce."

"I'll tell you directly. How did it all end

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"'DO YOU LOVE ME?' HE WHISPERED, WITH HIS LIPS CLOSE AT HER EAR."—SECOND SCENE.

last night? Did your father make any sort of promise?"

"You know Richard's way; Richard left him no other choice. Papa had to promise before he was allowed to go to bed."

"To let Turlington marry you?"

"Yes; the week after my next birthday."

"The week after next Christmas-day?"

"Yes. Papa is to speak to me as soon as we are at home again, and my married life is to begin with the New-Year."

"Are you in earnest, Natalie? Do you really mean to say it has gone as far as that?"

"They have settled every thing—the splendid establishment we are to set up, the great income we are to have. I heard papa tell Richard that half his fortune should go to me on my wedding-day. It was sickening to hear how much they made of Money, and how little they thought of Love. What am I to do, Launce?"

"That's easily answered, my darling. In the first place, you are to make up your mind not to marry Richard Turlington—"

"Do talk reasonably. You know I have done all I could. I have told papa that I can think of Richard as a friend, but not as a husband. He only laughs at me, and says, 'Wait a little, and you will alter your opinion, my dear.' You see, Richard is every thing to him; Richard has always managed his affairs, and has saved him from losing by bad speculations; Richard has known me from the time when I was a child; Richard has a splendid business, and quantities of money. Papa can't even imagine that I can resist Richard. I have tried my aunt; I have told her he is too old for me. All she says is, 'Look at your father; he was much older than your mother, and what a happy marriage theirs was.' Even if I said in so many words, 'I won't marry Richard,' what good would it do *us*? Papa is the best and dearest old man in the world; but, oh, he is so fond of money! He believes in nothing else. He would be furious—yes, kind as he is, he would be furious—if I even hinted that I was fond of *you*. Any man who proposed to marry me—if he couldn't match the fortune that I should bring him by a fortune of his own—would be a lunatic in papa's eyes. He wouldn't think it necessary to answer him; he would ring the bell, and have him shown out of the house. I am exaggerating nothing, Launce; you know I am speaking the truth. There is no hope in the future—that I can see—for either of us."

"Have you done, Natalie? I have something to say on my side, if you have."

"What is it?"

"If things go on as they are going on now, shall I tell you how it will end? It will end in your being Turlington's wife."

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"REMEMBER WHAT I TOLD YOU ABOUT LAUNCELOT LINZIE!' HE WHISPERED, FIERCELY."—SECOND SCENE.

"Never!"

"So you say now; but you don't know what may happen between this and Christmas-day. Natalie! there is only one way of making sure that you will never marry Richard. Marry *me*."

"Without papa's consent?"

"Without saying a word to any body till it's done."

"Oh, Launce! Launce!"

"My darling, every word you have said proves there is no other way. Think of it, Natalie, think of it."

There was a pause. Natalie dropped her needle and thread, and hid her face in her hands. "If my poor mother was only alive," she said; "if I only had an elder sister to advise me, and to take my part."

She was evidently hesitating. Launce took a man's advantage of her indecision. He pressed her without mercy.

"Do you love me?" he whispered, with his lips close at her ear.

"You know I do, dearly."

"Put it out of Richard's power to part us, Natalie."

"Part us? We are cousins: we have known each other since we were both children. Even if he proposed parting us, papa wouldn't allow it."

"Mark my words, he *will* propose it. As for your father, Richard has only to lift his finger and your father obeys him. My love, the happiness of both our lives is at stake." He wound his arm round her, and gently drew her head back on his bosom. "Other girls have done it, darling," he pleaded; "why shouldn't you?"

The effort to answer him was too much for her. She gave it up. A low sigh fluttered through her lips. She nestled closer to him, and faintly closed her eyes. The next instant she started up, trembling from head to foot, and looked at the sky-light. Richard Tarlington's voice was suddenly audible on deck exactly above them.

"Graybrooke, I want to say a word to you about Launcelot Linzie."

Natalie's first impulse was to fly to the door. Hearing Launce's name on Richard's lips, she checked herself. Something in Richard's tone roused in her the curiosity which suspends fear. She waited, with her hand in Launce's hand.

"If you remember," the brassy voice went on, "I doubted the wisdom of taking him with us on this cruise. You didn't agree with me, and, at your express request, I gave way. I did wrong. Launcelot Linzie is a very presuming young man."

Sir Joseph's answer was accompanied by Sir Joseph's mellow laugh.

"My dear Richard! Surely you are a little hard on Launce?"

"You are not an observant man, Graybrooke, I am. I see signs of his presuming with all of us, and especially with Natalie. I don't like the manner in which he speaks to her and looks at her. He is unduly familiar; he is insolently confidential. There must be a stop put to it. In my position, my feelings ought to be regarded. I request you to check the intimacy when we get on shore."

Sir Joseph's next words were spoken more seriously. He expressed his surprise.

"My dear Richard, they are cousins, they

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have been playmates from childhood. How *can* you think of attaching the slightest importance to any thing that is said or done by poor Launce?"

There was a good-humored contempt in Sir Joseph's reference to "poor Launce" which jarred on his daughter. He might almost have been alluding to some harmless domestic animal. Natalie's color deepened. Her hand pressed Launce's hand gently.

Turlington still persisted.

"I must once more request—seriously request—that you will check this growing intimacy. I don't object to your asking him to the house when you ask other friends. I only wish you (and expect you) to stop his 'dropping in,' as it is called, at any hour of the day or evening when he may have nothing to do. Is that understood between us?"

"If you make a point of it, Richard, of course it's understood between us."

Launce looked at Natalie, as weak Sir Joseph consented in those words.

"What did I tell you?" he whispered.

Natalie hung her head in silence. There was a pause in the conversation on deck. The two gentlemen walked away slowly toward the forward part of the vessel.

Launce pursued his advantage.

"Your father leaves us no alternative," he said. "The door will be closed against me as soon as we get on shore. If I lose you, Natalie, I don't care what becomes of me. My profession may go to the devil. I have nothing left worth living for."

"Hush! hush! don't talk in that way!"

Launce tried the soothing influence of persuasion once more.

"Hundreds and hundreds of people in our situation have married privately—and have been forgiven afterward," he went on. "I won't ask you to do any thing in a hurry. I will be guided entirely by your wishes. All I want to quiet my mind is to know that you are mine. Do, do, do make me feel sure that Richard Turlington can't take you away from me."

"Don't press me, Launce." She dropped on the locker. "See!" she said. "It makes me tremble only to think of it!"

"Who are you afraid of, darling? Not your father, surely?"

"Poor papa! I wonder whether he would be hard on me for the first time in his life?" She stopped; her moistening eyes looked up imploringly in Launce's face. "Don't press *me*!" she repeated, faintly. "You know it's wrong. We should have to confess it—and then what would happen?" She paused again. Her eyes wandered nervously to the deck. Her voice dropped to its lowest tones. "Think of Richard!" she said, and shuddered at the terrors which that name conjured up. Before it was possible to say a quieting word to her, she was again on her feet. Richard's name had suddenly recalled to her memory Launce's mysterious allusion, at the outset of the interview, to the owner of the yacht. "What was that you said about Richard just now?" she asked. "You saw something (or heard something) strange while papa was telling his story. What was it?"

"I noticed Richard's face, Natalie, when your father told us that the man overboard was not one of the pilot-boat's crew. He turned ghastly pale. He looked guilty—"

"Guilty? Of what?"

"He was present—I am certain of it—when the sailor was thrown into the sea. For all I know, he may have been the man who did it."

Natalie started back in horror.

"Oh, Launce! Launce! that is too bad. You may not like Richard—you may treat Richard as your enemy. But to say such a horrible thing of him as that—! It's not generous. It's not like *you*."

"If you had seen him, you would have said it too. I mean to make inquiries—in your father's interests as well as in ours. My brother knows one of the Commissioners of Police; and my brother can get it done for me. Turlington has not always been in the Levant trade—I know that already."

"For shame, Launce! For shame!"

The footsteps on deck were audible, coming back. Natalie sprang to the door leading into the cabin. Launce stopped her as she laid her hand on the lock. The footsteps went straight on toward the stern of the vessel. Launce clasped both arms round her. Natalie gave way.

"Don't drive me to despair!" he said. "This is my last opportunity. I don't ask you to say at once that you will marry me—I only ask you to think of it. My darling! my angel! will you think of it?"

As he put the question, they might have heard (if they had not been too completely engrossed in each other to listen) the footsteps returning—one pair of footsteps only, this time. Natalie's prolonged absence had begun to surprise her aunt, and had roused a certain vague distrust in Richard's mind. He walked back again along the deck by himself. He looked absently into the main cabin as he passed it. The store-room sky-light came next. In his present frame of mind, would he look absently into the store-room too?

"Let me go!" said Natalie.

Launce only answered, "Say yes," and held her as if he would never let her go again.

At the same moment Miss Lavinia's voice rose shrill from the deck, calling for Natalie. There was but one way of getting free from him. She said, "I'll think of it." Upon that he kissed her and let her go.

The door had barely closed on her when the lowering face of Richard Turlington appeared on a level with the side of the sky-light—looking down into the store-room at Launce.

"Halloo!" he called out roughly. "What are you doing in the steward's room?"

Launce took up a box of matches on the dresser. "I'm getting a light," he answered, readily.

"I allow nobody below, forward of the main cabin, without my leave. The steward has permitted a breach of discipline on board my vessel. The steward will leave my service."

"The steward is not to blame."

"I am the judge of that. Not you."

Launce opened his lips to reply. An outbreak between the two men appeared to be inevitable, when the sailing-master of the yacht joined his employer on deck, and directed Turlington's attention to a question which is never to be trifled with at sea—the question of wind and tide.

The yacht was then in the Bristol Channel, at the entrance to Bideford Bay. The breeze, fast freshening, was also fast changing the direction from which it blew. The favorable tide had barely three hours more to run.

"The wind's shifting, Sir," said the sailing-master. "I'm afraid we sha'n't get round the point this tide, unless we lay her off on the other tack."

Turlington shook his head.

"There are letters waiting for me at Bideford," he said. "We have lost two days in the calm. I must send ashore to the post-office, whether we lose the tide or not."

The vessel held on her course. Off the port of Bideford, the boat was sent ashore to the post-office, the yacht standing off and on, waiting the appearance of the letters. In the shortest time in which it was possible to bring them on board, the letters were in Turlington's hands.

The men were hauling the boat up to the davits, the yacht was already heading off from the land, when Turlington startled every body by one peremptory word—"Stop!"

He had thrust all his letters but one into the pocket of his sailing-jacket, without reading them. The one letter which he had opened he held in his closed hand. Rage was in his staring eyes; consternation was on his pale lips.

"Lower the boat!" he shouted; "I must get to London to-night." He stopped Sir Joseph, approaching him with open mouth. "There's no time for questions and answers. I must get back." He swung himself over the side of the yacht, and addressed the sailing-master from the boat. "Save the tide if you can; if you can't, put them ashore to-morrow, at Minehead, or Watchet—wherever they like." He beckoned to Sir Joseph to lean over the bulwark, and hear something he had to say in private. "Remember what I told you about Launcelot Linzie!" he whispered, fiercely. His parting look was for Natalie. He spoke to her with a strong constraint on himself, as gently as he could. "Don't be alarmed, I shall see you in London." He seated himself in the boat, and took the tiller. The last words they heard him say were words urging the men at the oars to lose no time. He was invariably brutal with the men: "Pull, and be d—d to you! Pull for your lives!"

ORGANS IN HISTORY.

HERE are a few curious bits relative to the organ: In the Holy Scriptures the organ is mentioned eighteen times. It is, however, obvious that this instrument was very small, and capable of being carried. Organs are also mentioned by Pindar 500 years before the Christian era. The first mention we have of an organ which must have been a large instrument is one that is said to have been given to Charlemagne, and is reported to have made "a noise like thunder." The earliest organ mentioned as having existed in England was at Westminster Abbey, where there was one in the tenth century. The first organ erected in Paris was at the Church of St. Severus, in the year 1358, though they had been introduced into France as early as the third century. In the year 1463 the cathedral church of Toulouse had five organs, all on the rood-screen, which shows that even up to that period the instruments were generally small. The earliest organs now existing date from the end of the fifteenth or commencement of the sixteenth century. Those in the cathedrals of Chartres and Amiens are of this date; and those in the churches of Perpignan, Honblieux in Picardy, Moret, Clamecy, St. Bertrand des Commignes, and Solies-Villes, in France; also those at Strasburg, Nördlingen, and St. Ann's, Augsburg, in Germany. All these examples are elaborately carved and adorned with gilding and color; they are also supplied with doors richly painted. In England we know only of one organ-case which may date from before the Reformation. It is in Northamptonshire.

THE CHRISTMAS DREAM.

THE beautiful illustration on the first page of this Supplement will be a favorite in every household where Christmas is honored as a family festival. The child has gone to sleep with its little heart full of happy anticipations of the coming holiday, which shape themselves into pleasant visions of the Christmas-tree, and the presents with which good old Santa Claus will load down its lighted boughs. Even the monster jack-in-the-box does not disturb the dreamer's serenity.

What parents do not remember such dreams? and as they bend over the cradle, recall in the child's happy face and in its half-murmured words their own childish days, when Santa Claus was a real person, and they used to lie awake nights to catch the sound of the hoofs of his reindeer team pawing and pattering on the roof, or half imagined that they heard their toy-laden friend clambering down the chimney where the row of empty stockings hung? There are people foolish enough in their wisdom to think it wrong to permit children to believe in Santa Claus! A fig for such wisdom! Let the little folks take all the pleasure they can in the world of fairy imagination. The stern realities of life come soon enough, with their trials and sorrows, to drive away a happiness that can never return.

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POOR MISS FINCH.

A Domestic Story.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," "Man and Wife," etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-EIGHTH.

(Continued.)

IS THERE NO EXCUSE FOR HIM?

"RETURN to your chair and your book," I said. "Our interview is at an end. In leaving the house I have one last word to say. You are wasting your time in remaining at Dimchurch."

"I am the best judge of that," he answered, making way for me to go out.

"Pardon me, you are not in a position to judge at all. You don't know what I mean to do as soon as I get back to the rectory."

He instantly changed his position, placing himself in the door-way so as to prevent me from leaving the room.

"What do you mean to do?" he asked, keeping his eyes attentively fixed on mine.

"I mean to force you to leave Dimchurch."

He laughed insolently. I went on as quietly as before. "You have personated your brother to Lucilla this morning," I said. "You have done that, Mr. Nugent Dubourg, for the last time."

"Have I? Who will prevent me from doing it again?"

"I will."

This time he took it seriously.

"You?" he said. "How are *you* to control me, if you please?"

"I can control you through Lucilla. When I get back to the rectory I can, and will, tell Lucilla the truth."

He started, and instantly recovered himself.

"You forget something, Madame Pratolungo. You forget what the surgeon in attendance on her has told us."

"I remember it perfectly. If we say or do any thing to agitate his patient, in her present state, the surgeon refuses to answer for the consequences."

"Well?"

"Well—between the alternative of leaving you free to break both their hearts, and the alternative of setting the surgeon's warning at defiance—dreadful as the choice is, my choice is made. I tell you to your face, I would rather see Lucilla blind again than see her your wife."

His estimate of the strength of the position on his side had been necessarily based on one conviction—the conviction that Grosse's professional authority would tie my tongue. I had scattered his calculations to the winds. He turned so deadly pale that, dim as the light was, I could see the change in his face.

"I don't believe you!" he said.

"Present yourself at the rectory to-morrow," I answered, "and you will see. I have no more to say to you. Let me by."

You may suppose I was only trying to frighten him. I was doing nothing of the sort. Blame me or approve of me as you please, I was expressing the resolution which I had in my mind when I spoke. Whether my courage would have held out through the walk from Browndown to the rectory—whether I should have shrunk from it when I actually found myself in Lucilla's presence—is more than I can venture to decide. All I say is that I did, in my desperation, positively mean doing it at the moment when I threatened to do it, and that Nugent Dubourg heard something in my voice which told him I was in earnest.

"You fiend!" he burst out, stepping close up to me, with a look of fury.

The whole passionate fervor of the love that the miserable wretch felt for her shook him from head to foot as his horror of me found its way to expression in those two words.

"Spare me your opinion of my character," I said. "I don't expect *you* to understand the motives of an honest woman. For the last time, let me by!"

Instead of letting me by, he locked the door, and put the key in his pocket. That done, he pointed to t[illegible] chair that I had left.

"Sit do[illegible]," he said, with a sudden sinking in his voice, which implied a sudden change in his temper. "Let me have a minute to myself."

I returned to my place. He took his own chair on the other side of the table, and covered his face with his hands. We waited a while in silence. I looked at him once or twice, as the minutes followed each other. The shaded lamp-light glistened dimly on something between his fingers. I rose softly, and stretched across the table to look closer. Tears! On my word of honor, tears forcing their way through his fingers, as he held them over his face! I had been on the point of speaking. I sat down again in silence.

"Say what you want of me. Tell me what you wish me to do."

Those were his first words. He spoke them without moving his hands; so quietly, so sadly, with such hopeless sorrow, such uncomplaining resignation in his voice, that I, who had entered that room hating him, rose again, and went round to his chair. I, who a minute ago, if I had had the strength, would have struck him down on the floor at my feet, laid my hand on his shoulder, pitying him from the bottom of my heart. That is what women are! There is a specimen of their sense, firmness, and self-control!

"Be just, Nugent," I said. "Be honorable. Be all that I once thought you. I want no more."

He dropped his arms on the table; his head fell on them, and he burst into a fit of crying. It was so like his brother that I could almost have fancied I, too, had mistaken one of them for the other. "Oscar over again," I thought to myself, "on the first day when I spoke to him in this very room!"

"Come!" I said, when he was quieter. "We shall end in understanding each other and in respecting each other, after all."

He irritably shook my hand off his shoulder, and turned his face away from the light.

"Don't talk of understanding *me*," he said. "Your sympathy is for Oscar. He is the victim; he is the martyr; he has all your consideration and all your pity. I am a coward; I am a villain; I have no honor and no heart. Tread Me under foot like a reptile. *My* misery is only what I deserve! Compassion is thrown away—isn't it?—on such a scoundrel as I am!"

I was sorely puzzled how to answer him. All that he had said against himself I had thought of him in my own mind. And why not? He *had* behaved infamously; he *was* a fit object for righteous indignation. And yet—and yet—it is sometimes so very hard, however badly a man may have behaved, for women to hold out against forgiving him when they know that a woman is at the bottom of it!

"Whatever I may have thought of you," I said, "it is still in your power, Nugent, to win back my old regard for you."

"Is it?" he answered, scornfully. "I know better than that. You are not talking to Oscar now—you are talking to a man who has had some experience of women. I know how you all hold to your opinions because they *are* your opinions, without asking yourselves whether they are right or wrong. There are men who could understand me and pity me. No woman can do it. The best and cleverest among you don't know what love is—as a man feels it. It isn't the frenzy with You that it is with Us. It acknowledges restraints in a woman—it bursts through every thing in a man. It robs him of his intelligence, his honor, his self-respect; it levels him with the brutes; it debases him into idiocy; it lashes him into madness. I tell you I am not accountable for my own actions. The kindest thing you could do for me would be to shut me up in a mad-house. The best thing I could do for myself would be to cut my throat. Oh yes! this is a shocking way of talking, isn't it? I ought to struggle against it, as you say. I ought to summon my self-control. Ha! ha! ha! Here is a clever woman—here is an experienced woman. And yet, though she has seen me in Lucilla's company hundreds of times, she has never once discovered the signs of a struggle in me! From the moment when I first saw that heavenly creature it has been one long fight against myself, one infernal torment of shame and remorse; and this clever friend of mine has observed so little and knows so little that she can only view my conduct in one light—it is the conduct of a coward and a villain!"

He got up, and took a turn in the room. I was—naturally, I think—a little irritated by his way of putting it. A man assuming to know more about love than a woman! Was there ever such a monstrous perversion of the truth as that? I appeal to the women!

"You ought to be the last person to blame me," I said. "I had too high an opinion of you to suspect what was going on. I will never make the same mistake again—I promise you that!"

He came back, and stood still in front of me, looking me hard in the face.

"Do you really mean to say you saw nothing to set you thinking on the day when I first met her?" he asked. "You were there in the room—didn't you see that she struck me dumb? Did you notice nothing suspicious at a later time? When I was suffering martyrdom, if I only looked at her, was there nothing to be seen in me which told its own tale?"

"I noticed that you were never at your ease with her," I replied. "But I liked you and trusted you, and I failed to understand it. That's all."

"Did you fail to understand every thing that followed? Didn't I speak to her father? Didn't I try to hasten their marriage? Did I really conceal what I felt when you told me that the first thing which attracted her in Oscar was his voice, and when I remembered that my voice and his were exactly alike? When we first talked of his

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telling Lucilla of the discoloration of his face, did I not agree with you that he ought to put himself right with her, in his own interests? When she all but found it out for herself, whose influence was used to make him own it? Mine! What did I do when he tried to confess it, and failed to make her understand him? what did I do when she first committed the mistake of believing *me* to be the disfigured man?"

The audacity of that last question fairly took away my breath. "You cruelly helped to deceive her," I answered, indignantly. "You basely encouraged your brother in his fatal policy of silence."

He looked at me with an angry amazement on his side which more than equaled the angry amazement on mine.

"So much for the delicate perception of a woman!" he exclaimed; "so much for the wonderful tact which is the peculiar gift of the sex! You can see no motive but a bad motive in my sacrificing myself for Oscar's sake!"

I began to discern faintly that there might have been another than a bad motive for his conduct. But—well! I dare say I was wrong; I resented the tone he was taking with me; I would have owned I had made a mistake to any body else in the world; I wouldn't own it to *him*. There!

"Look back for one moment," he resumed, in quieter and gentler tones. "See how hardly you have judged me! I seized the opportunity—I swear to you this is true—I seized the opportunity of making myself an object of horror to her the moment I heard of the mistake that she had made. Feeling in myself that I was growing less and less capable of avoiding her, I caught at the chance of making *her* avoid *me;* I did that, and I did more: I entreated Oscar to let me leave Dimchurch. He appealed to me, in the name of our love for each other, to remain. I couldn't resist him. Where do you see signs of the conduct of a scoundrel in all this? Would a scoundrel have betrayed himself to you a dozen times over—as I did in that talk of ours in the summer-house? I remember saying in so many words I wished I had never come to Dimchurch. What reason but one could there be for my saying that? How is it that you never even asked me what I meant?"

"You forget," I interposed, "that I had no opportunity of asking you. Lucilla interrupted us, and diverted my attention to other things. What do you mean by putting me on my defense in this way?" I went on, more and more irritated by the tone he was taking with me. "What right have you to judge my conduct?"

He looked at me with a kind of vacant surprise.

"*Have* I been judging your conduct?" he asked.

"Yes!"

"Perhaps I was thinking, if you had seen my infatuation in time, you might have checked it in time. No!" he exclaimed, before I could answer him. "Nothing could have checked it—nothing will cure it but my death. Let us try to agree. I beg your pardon if I have offended you. I am willing to take a just view of your conduct. Will you take a just view of mine?"

I tried hard to take a just view. Though I resented his manner of speaking to me, I nevertheless secretly felt for him, as I have confessed. Still I could not forget that he had attempted to attract to himself Lucilla's first look on the day when she tried her sight; that he had personated his brother to Lucilla that very morning; that he had suffered his brother to go away heart-broken, a voluntary exile from all that he held dear. No! I could feel for him, but I could *not* take a just view of him. I sat down, and said nothing.

He returned to the question between us, treating me with the needful politeness when he spoke next. For all that, he alarmed me by what he now said, as he had not alarmed me yet.

"I repeat what I have already told you," he proceeded. "I am no longer accountable for what I do. If I know any thing of myself, I believe it will be useless to trust me in the future. While I am capable of speaking the truth, let me tell it. Whatever happens at a later time, remember this—I have honestly made a clean breast of it to-night."

"Stop!" I cried. "I don't understand your reckless way of talking. Every man is accountable for what he does."

He checked me there by an impatient wave of his hand.

"Keep your opinion! I don't dispute it. You will see; you will see. Madame Pratolungo, the day when we had that private talk of ours in the rectory summer-house marks a memorable date in my calendar. My last honest struggle to be true to my poor Oscar ended with that day. The efforts I have made since then have been little better than mere outbreaks of despair. They have done nothing to help me against the passion that has become the one feeling and the one misery of my life. Don't talk of resistance. All resistance stops at a certain point. Since the time I have told you of, *my* resistance has reached its limits. You have heard how I struggled against temptation as long as I could resist it. I have only to tell you how I have yielded to it now."

The reckless, shameless composure with which he said that began to set me against him once more. The perpetual shifts and contradictions in him bewildered and irritated me. Quicksilver itself seemed to be less slippery to lay hold of than this man.

"Do you remember the day," he asked, "when Lucilla lost her temper, and received you so rudely at your visit to Browndown?".

I made a sign in the affirmative.

"You spoke, a little while since, of my personating Oscar to her. I personated him, on the occasion I have just mentioned, for the first time. You were present and heard me. Did you care to speculate on the motives which made me impose myself on her as my brother?"

"As well as I can remember," I answered, "I made the first guess that occurred to me. I thought you were indulging in a moment's mischievous amusement at Lucilla's expense."

"I was indulging the passion that consumed me! I longed to feel the luxury of her touching me and being familiar with me, under the impression that I was Oscar. Worse even than that, I wanted to try how completely I could impose on her—how easily I might marry her, if I could only deceive you all, and take her away somewhere by herself. The devil was in possession of me. I don't know how it might have ended if Oscar had not come in, and if Lucilla had not burst out as she did. She distressed me—she frightened me—she gave me back again to my better self. I rushed, without stopping to prepare her, into the question of her restoration to sight, as the only way of diverting her mind from the vile advantage that I had taken of her blindness. That night, Madame Pratolungo, I suffered pangs of self-reproach and remorse which would even have satisfied *you*. At the very next opportunity that offered I made my atonement to Oscar. I supported his interests; I even put the words he was to say to Lucilla into his lips—"

"When?" I broke in. "Where? How?"

"When the two surgeons had left us. In Lucilla's sitting-room. In the heat of the discussion whether she should submit to the operation at once, or whether she should marry Oscar first, and let Grosse try his experiment on her eyes at a later time. If you recall our conversation, you will remember that I did all I could to persuade Lucilla to marry my brother before Grosse tried his experiment on her sight. Quite useless! You threw all the weight of your influence into the opposite side of the scale. I failed. It made no difference. I had done what I had done in sheer despair: mere impulse—it didn't last. When the next temptation tried me I behaved like a scoundrel—as you say."

"I have said nothing," I answered, shortly.

"Very well—as you *think*, then. Did you suspect me at last, when we met in the village yesterday? Surely even your eyes must have seen through me on that occasion?"

I answered silently by an inclination of my head. I had no wish to drift into another quarrel. Sorely as he was presuming on my endurance, I tried, in Lucilla's interests, to keep on friendly terms with him.

"You concealed it wonderfully well," he went on, "when I tried to find out whether you had or had not discovered me. You virtuous people are not bad hands at deception when it suits your interests to deceive. I needn't tell you what my temptation was yesterday. The first look of her eyes when they opened on the world, the first light of love and joy breaking on her heavenly face—what madness to expect me to let that look fall on another man, that light show itself to other eyes! No living being, adoring her as I adored her, would have acted otherwise than I did. I could have fallen down on my knees and worshiped Grosse when he innocently proposed to me to take the very place in the room which I was determined to occupy. You saw what I had in my mind. You did your best—and did it admirably—to defeat me. Oh, you pattern people, you can be as shifty with your resources, when a cunning trick is to be played, as the worst of us. You saw how it ended. Fortune stood my friend at the eleventh hour; fortune can shine, like the sun, on the just and the unjust! *I* had the first look of her eyes! *I* felt the first light of love and joy in her face falling on *me!* *I* have had her arms round me, and her bosom on mine—"

I could endure it no longer.

"Open the door!" I said. "I am ashamed to be sitting in the same room with you!"

"I don't wonder at it," he answered. "You may well be ashamed of me. I am ashamed of myself."

There was nothing cynical in his tone, nothing insolent in his manner. The same man who had just gloried, in that abominable way, in his victory over innocence and misfortune now spoke and looked like a man who was honestly ashamed of himself. If I could only have felt convinced that he was mocking me or playing the hypocrite with me, I should have known what to do. But I say again—impossible as it seems—he was, beyond all doubt, genuinely penitent for what he had said the instant after he had said it! With all my experience of humanity, and all my practice in dealing with strange characters, I stopped midway between Nugent and the locked door, thoroughly puzzled.

"Do you believe me?" he asked.

"I don't understand you," I answered.

He took the key of the door out of his pocket, and put it on the table, close to the chair from which I had just risen.

"I lose my head when I talk of her or think of her," he went on. "I would give every thing I possess not to have said what I said just now. No language you can use is too strong to condemn it. The words burst out of me. If Lucilla herself had been present, I couldn't have controlled them. Go, if you like. I have no right to keep you here after behaving as I have done. There is the key, at your service. Only think first, before you leave me. You had something to propose when you came in. You might influence me—you might shame me into behaving like an honorable man. Do as you please. It rests with you."

Which was I—a good Christian, or a contemptible fool? I went back once more to my chair, and determined to give him a last chance.

"That's kind," he said. "You encourage me; you show me that I am worth trying again. I had a generous impulse in this room yesterday. It might have been something better than an impulse, if I had not had another temptation set straight in my way."

"What temptation?" I asked.

"Oscar's letter has told you: Oscar himself put the temptation in my way. You must have seen it."

"I saw nothing of the sort."

"Doesn't he tell you that I offered to leave Dimchurch forever? I meant it. I saw the misery in the poor fellow's face when Grosse and I were leading Lucilla out of the room. With my whole heart I meant it. If he had taken my hand, and had said Good-by, I should have gone. He wouldn't take my hand. He insisted on thinking it over by himself. He came back resolved to make the sacrifice on his side—"

"Why did you accept the sacrifice?"

"Because he tempted me."

"Tempted you?"

"Yes. What else can you call it, when he offered to leave me free to plead my own cause with Lucilla? What else can you call it, when he showed me a future life, which was a life with Lucilla? Poor, dear, generous fellow, he tempted me to stay when he ought to have encouraged me to go. How could I resist him? Blame the passion that has got me body and soul: don't blame *me!*"

I looked at the book on the table—the book that he had been reading when I entered the room. These sophistical confidences of his were nothing but Rousseau at second hand. Good! If he talked false Rousseau, nothing was left for me but to talk genuine Pratolungo. I let myself go—I was just in the humor for it.

"How can a clever man like you impose on yourself in that way?" I said. "Your future with Lucilla! You have no future with Lucilla which is not shocking to think of. Suppose—you shall never do it as long as I live—suppose you married her? Good Heavens! what a miserable life it would be for both of you! You love your brother. Do you think you could ever really know a moment's peace, with one reflection perpetually forcing itself on your mind? 'I have cheated Oscar out of the woman whom he loved; I have wasted his life; I have broken his heart.' You couldn't look at her, you couldn't speak to her, you couldn't touch her, without feeling it all imbittered by that horrible reproach. And she? What sort of wife would she make you when she knew how you had got her? I don't know which of the two she would hate most—you or herself. Not a man would pass her in the street who would not rouse the thought in her, 'I wonder whether *he* has ever done any thing as base as what my husband has done.' Not a married woman of her acquaintance but would make her sick at heart with envy and regret. 'Whatever faults he may have, your husband hasn't won you as my husband won me.' You happy? Your married life endurable? Come! I have saved a few pounds since I have been with Lucilla: I will lay you every farthing I possess you two would be separated by mutual consent before you had been six months man and wife. *Now* which will you do—will you start for the Continent or stay here? Will you bring Oscar back, like an honorable man, or let him go, and disgrace yourself forever?"

His eyes sparkled; his color rose. He sprang to his feet, and unlocked the door. What was he going to do? To start for the Continent, or to turn me out of the house?

He called to the servant.

"James!"

"Yes, Sir?"

"Make the house fast when Madame Pratolungo and I have left it. I am not coming back again."

"Sir!"

"Pack my portmanteau, and send it after me to-morrow, to Nagle's Hotel, London."

He closed the door again and came back to me.

"You refused to take my hand when you came in," he said. "Will you take it now? I leave Browndown when you leave it; and I won't come back again till I bring Oscar with me."

"Both hands!" I exclaimed—and took him by both hands. I could say nothing more. I could only wonder whether I was waking or sleeping; fit to be put into an asylum, or fit to go at large?

"Come!" he said. "I will see you as far as the rectory gate."

"You can't go to-night," I answered. "The last train has left hours since."

"I can. I can walk to Brighton, and get a bed there, and leave for London to-morrow morning. Nothing will induce me to pass another night at Browndown. Stop! One question before I put the lamp out."

"What is it?"

"Did you do any thing toward tracing Oscar when you were in London to-day?"

"I went to a lawyer, and made what arrangements with him I could."

"Here is my pocket-book. Write me down his name and address."

I wrote them. He extinguished the lamp, and led me into the passage. The servant was standing there, bewildered. "Good-night, James. I am going to bring your master back to Browndown." With that explanation, he took up his hat and stick, and gave me his arm. The moment after, we were out in the dark valley, on our way to the village.

On the walk back to the rectory he talked with a feverish volubility and excitement. Avoiding the slightest reference to the subject discussed at our strange and stormy interview, he returned, with tenfold confidence in himself, to his old boastful assertion of the great things he was going to do as a painter. The mission which called him to reconcile Humanity and Nature; the superb scale on which he proposed to interpret sympathetic scenery for the benefit of suffering mankind; the prime necessity of understanding him, not as a mere painter, but as Grand Consoler in Art—I had it all over again, by way of satisfying my mind as to his prospects and occupations in his future life. It was only when we stopped at the rectory gate that he referred to what had passed between us—and even then he only touched on the subject in the briefest possible way.

"Well?" he said. "Have I won back your old regard for me? Do you believe there is a fine side to be found in the nature of Nugent Dubourg? Man is a compound animal. You are a woman in ten thousand. Give me a kiss."

He kissed me, foreign fashion, on both cheeks.

"Now for Oscar!" he shouted, cheerfully. He waved his hat, and disappeared in the darkness. I stood at the gate till the last rapid pitpat of his feet died away in the silence of the night.

An indescribable depression seized on my spirits. I began to doubt him again the instant I was alone.

"Is there a time coming," I asked myself, "when all that I have done to-night must be done over again?"

I opened the rectory gate. Mr. Finch intercepted me before I could get round to our side of the house. He held up before me, in solemn triumph, a manuscript of many pages.

"My Letter," he said. "A letter of Christian remonstrance to Nugent Dubourg."

"Nugent Dubourg has left Dimchurch."

With that reply, I told the rector in as few words as possible how my visit to Browndown had ended.

Mr. Finch looked at his letter. All those pages of eloquence written for nothing? No! In the nature of things *that* could not possibly be. "You have done very well, Madame Pratolungo," he remarked, in his most patronizing manner. "Very well indeed, all things considered. *But*, I don't think I shall act wisely if I destroy this." He carefully locked up his manuscript, and turned to me again with a mysterious smile. "I venture to think," said Mr. Finch, with mock-humility, "My Letter will be wanted. Don't let me discourage you about Nugent Dubourg. Only let me say: Is he to be trusted?"

It was said by a fool: it would never have been said at all if he had not written his wonderful letter. Still it echoed with a painful fidelity the misgiving secretly present at that moment in my own mind; and, more yet, it echoed the misgiving in Nugent's mind—the doubt of himself which his own lips had confessed to me in so many words. I wished the rector good-night, and went up stairs.

Lucilla was in bed and asleep when I softly opened her door.

After looking for a while at her lovely, peaceful face, I was obliged to turn away. It was time I left the bedside, when the sight of her only made my spirits sink lower and lower. As I cast my last look at her before I closed the door, Mr. Finch's ominous question forced itself on me again. In spite of myself, I said to myself,

"Is he to be trusted?"

TAILLESS TROUT IN SCOTLAND.

AT the late meeting of the British Association some so-called tailless trout were exhibited, which were said to occur in considerable numbers in a certain loch in Scotland, about a thousand feet above the level of the sea, and about one acre in extent. It is so shallow that a man can wade through it, and has a stony bottom, with a few weeds. Although surrounded by other lochs, the tailless trout were found exclusively in the one in question. The precise nature of the mutilation was not given.

It was stated in the discussion which ensued upon the exhibition of this specimen that in other localities in Great Britain there were streams in which trout without tails, and sometimes without other fins, were not uncommon.

MAKING SHOES.

AT the North, particularly in Massachusetts, Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont, where the Storm King rains, snows, thaws, or freezes a considerable portion of the year, the inhabitants naturally keep a vigilant look-out for their toes against forever-advancing Jack Frost, who is no respecter of persons. The inventive faculty of many active brains naturally runs upon shoes, and consequently they are frequently bringing out new devices for keeping feet dry and warm, and putting leather into forms that neither rip, leak, nor wear out till the purchaser is out of sight.

Sewing by hand is an exploded idea in a town in which thirty thousand boots are manufactured in a single week. Of course those are designed for distant markets. Pegging has had its day, because they shrink in dry weather and drop out, leaving holes for wandering water to run in. But a desideratum has been achieved which puts all former devices for keeping soles and upper-leathers in contact. Neither waxed thread, wooden pins, iron nails, nor copper brads are employed. That is not all that is curious about the matter. A machine, small, compact, and strong, works automatically, as though it had an eye to business that would shame city officials—making shoes about as rapidly as a government employé steals from the public crib.

Instead of any former kind of fastener, the whole is doweled together with leather dowels. Sole-leather is rolled between huge cylinders till it is as compact as wood. Strips are then tucked into a hopper. From thence it is paid out, by either a crank or steam, cut into the shape of pegs, and at the same instant driven through all opposition, thus clinching every thing through which it passes. The sole of the shoe is perfectly flexible, the leather pins swell and hold on like a detective to a pickpocket. That is all, and the work, theoretically, will last forever.

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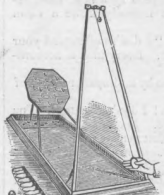

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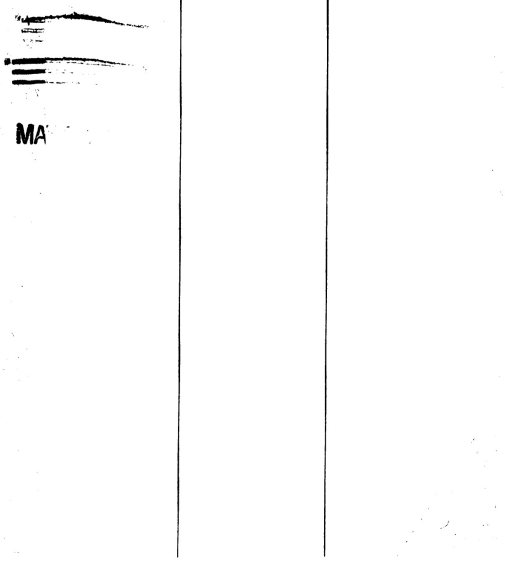

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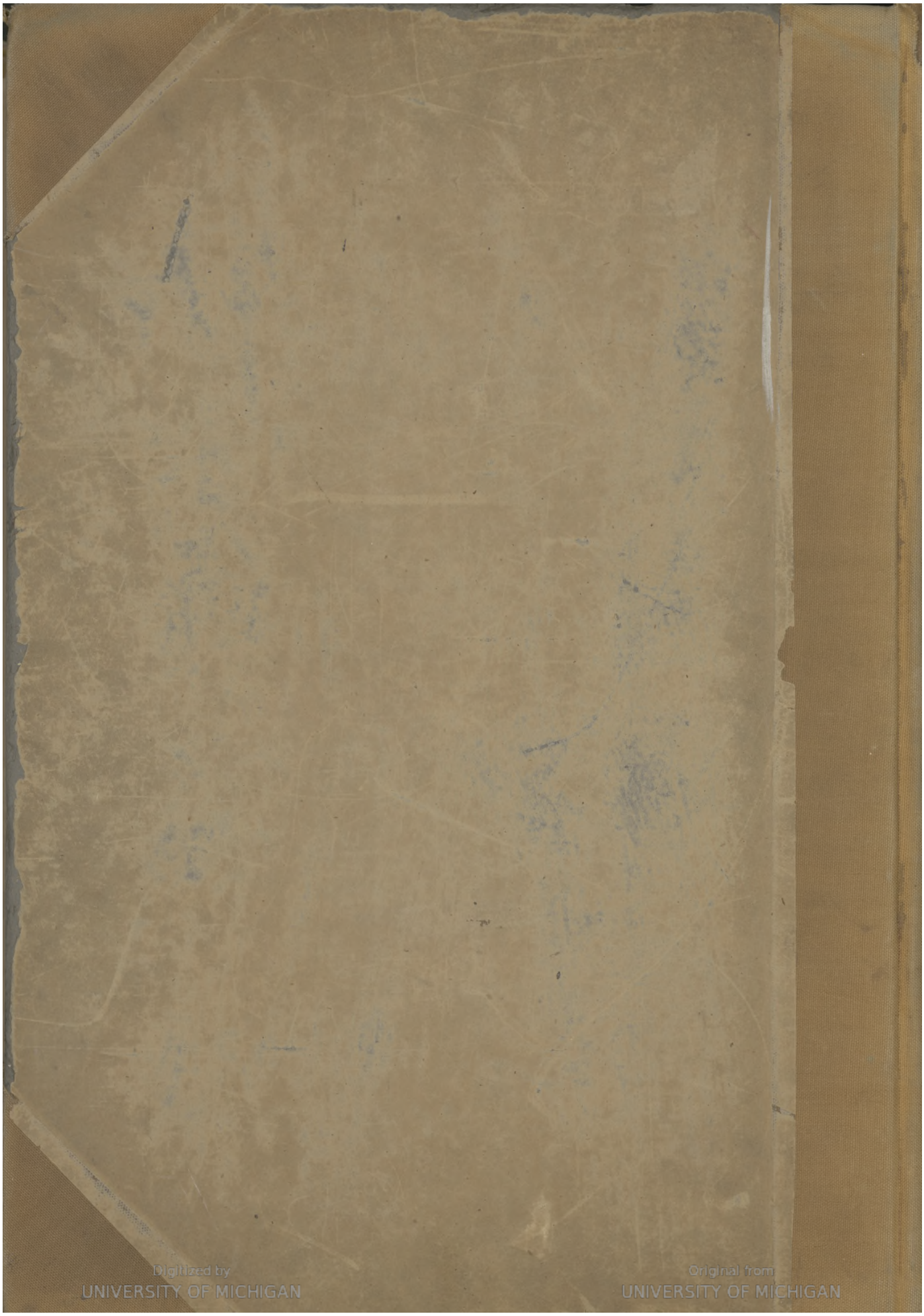

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